

# TIME MACHINE 19

This book is a time machine. Travel back 70 years to face the Mexican Revolution.



DEATH MASK OF  
PANCHO VILLA



**This book is  
your passport  
into time.**



**Can you survive  
the Mexican  
Revolution?  
Turn the page to  
find out.**



# **Death Mask of Pancho Villa**

**by Carol Gaskin and George Guthridge**

**illustrated by Kenneth Huey**



**A Byron Preiss Book**

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# ATTENTION TIME TRAVELER!

This book is your time machine. Do not read it through from beginning to end. In a moment you will receive a mission, a special task that will take you to another time period. As you face the dangers of history, the Time Machine often will give you options of where to go or what to do.

This book also contains a Data Bank to tell you about the age you are going to visit. You can use this Data Bank to travel more safely through time. Or you can take your chances without reading it. It is up to you to decide.

In the back of this book is a Data File. It contains hints to help you if you are not sure what choice to make. The following symbol appears next to any choices for which there is a hint in the Data File.



To complete your mission as quickly as possible, you may wish to use the Data Bank and the Data File together.

There is one correct end to this Time Machine mission. You must reach it or risk being stranded in time!

# **THE FOUR RULES OF TIME TRAVEL**

As you begin your mission, you must observe the following rules. Time Travelers who do not follow these rules risk being stranded in time.

1. You must not kill any person or animal.
2. You must not try to change history. Do not leave anything from the future in the past.
3. You must not take anybody when you jump in time. Avoid disappearing in a way that scares people or makes them suspicious.
4. You must follow instructions given to you by the Time Machine. You must choose from the options given to you by the Time Machine.

# YOUR MISSION

**Your mission is to find Pancho Villa's death mask—before his enemies can destroy it—and to hide it in a safe place.**

From 1910 to 1920, the peasants and townspeople of Mexico revolted against their corrupt government. Their leader was Francisco “Pancho” Villa, a Robin Hood-style bandit.

Peace finally came to the war-torn nation in 1920, with the free election of General Alvaro Obregón. Villa promised Obregón he would stop fighting in exchange for land, which he divided between himself and his followers.

But Pancho Villa did not find peace, and in 1923 he was shot to death.

In keeping with Catholic tradition, a plaster cast was made of Villa's face before the funeral. Villa's supporters wanted the mask as a symbol of the Revolution. The government wanted the mask destroyed. Everyone wanted the mask—but it disappeared! It's your job to find the mask and see that it makes it safely through time!



**To activate the Time Machine, [click here](#).**



**TIME TRAVEL  
ACTIVATED.  
Stand by for Equipment.**



**[Click Here](#)**

# EQUIPMENT

Most soldiers as well as civilians wore regular clothes during the Mexican Revolution. Therefore on your mission you will wear a simple peasant's outfit: a loose vest called a serape, a sombrero, a buttonless shirt, white trousers, and a pair of sandals.



To begin your mission now, [click here](#).



To learn more about the time to which you will be traveling, [click here](#).

# DATA BANK

These facts about Mexican history will help you to complete your mission safely.

1. The government of Mexico has passed through many hands. In 1519, Hernando Cortés conquered the empire of the Aztecs on behalf of Spain. The Spanish ruled Mexico until 1821. Wars and power struggles followed. The French intervened for a brief period from 1864 to 1867. There followed the dictatorship of Porfirio Díaz, who ruled Mexico for thirty-five years.

2. In 1910, most of the usable land in Mexico was owned by a small percentage of the population. Natural resources, such as oil and mines, were controlled by foreigners: English, American, German, and French. Industry and railroads were foreign-held as well. The rest of the Mexican people, particularly the Indian peasants, were poor.

3. President Díaz was overthrown in 1911, to be replaced by Francisco Madero, and the Mexican Revolution began.

4. The Mexican Revolution was essentially a movement by the people of Mexico to reclaim their country as their own. They wanted ownership of the land divided fairly among those who worked it; they wanted public education, sanitation, health care, farm machinery, roads, and fresh water.

5. Madero was assassinated in 1913 after the *Decena Tragica*: ten days of killing and terror in Mexico City. The victor, and next president, was Victoriano Huerta. Huerta was ousted in 1914 by Venustiano Carranza, who was murdered in 1920.

6. The Revolution had many leaders. Pancho Villa raised an

army in the north of Mexico. General Alvaro Obregón's army ruled the northwest. Emiliano Zapata, an Indian farmer, led an army of peasants in the south. Zapata was assassinated in 1919.

7. Villa's men were called Villistas; Zapata's men were Zapatistas; the army of the government in power were known as the Federals; and while Carranza was in power, his forces, led for a time by General Obregón, were called Carrancistas.

8. The Mexican Revolution was not a neat and tidy war with a single result. It spanned many years and many changes of power. Men who began on the same side found themselves fighting against each other as alliances shifted. Women and children often fought along with the men.

9. Villa's real name was Doroteo Arango. He spent his youth in the state of Durango, where he was no more than a slave to a rich man. He never forgot the suffering of his youth. The *hacienda*, or ranch, he worked on was called the Rancho del Rio. He was born in 1878 and died on July 20, 1923.

10. Pancho Villa was famous for his prodigious memory. He never drank and rarely smoked. He had many wives and children.

11. Before he became a revolutionary leader, Villa was an outlaw and cattle rustler. He stole only from the rich. He spent most of his time in northern Mexico and Texas. When he joined the rebels, on the side of Madero, he started with eight men and built an army of over 10,000 in a matter of months. His famous private cavalry were called Dorados—the Golden Ones. Villa fought against the Federal forces of General Huerta and First Chief Carranza.

12. The battles of the Mexican Revolution were centered around railheads—railroad junctions. Mexico was a rough country to get around in, and the army that controlled the railroads controlled the



country.

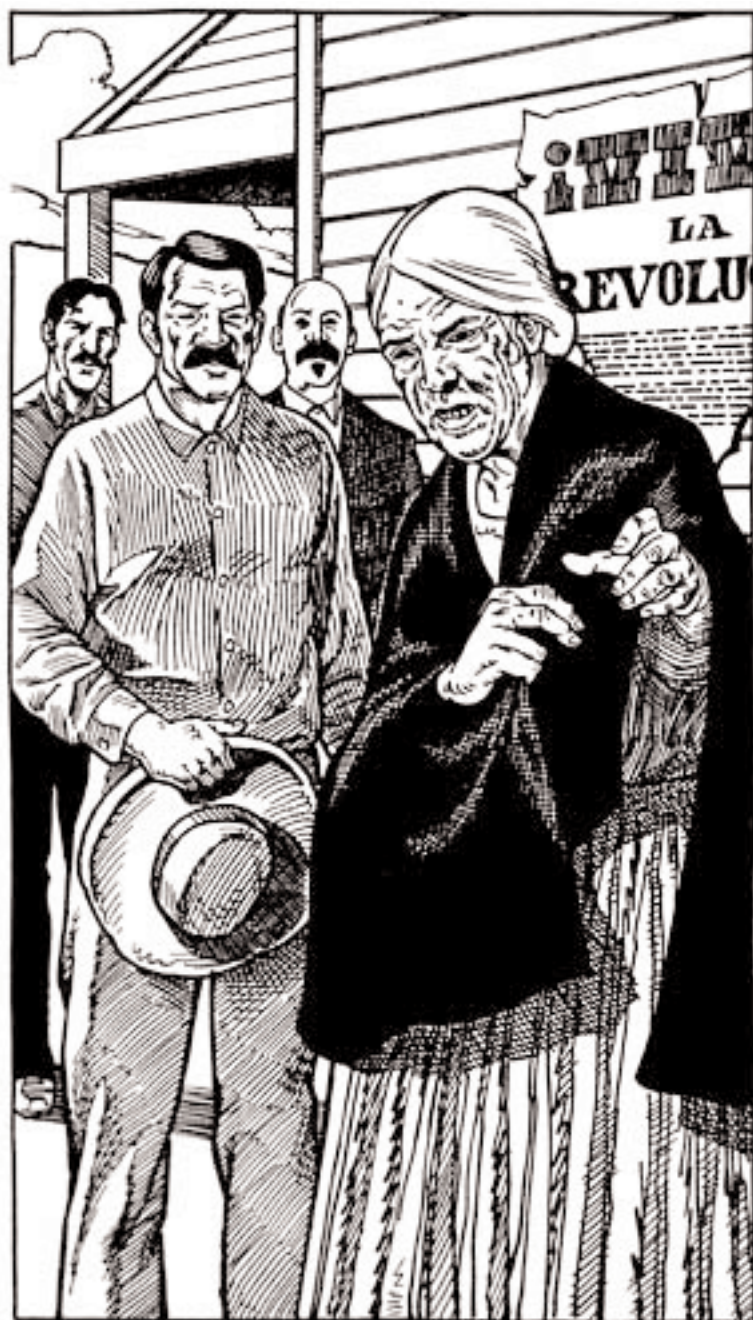
13. Villa was a brilliant military commander and won many glorious victories. He became a legend in his own time. He was finally defeated by the man who was to become the next president: Alvaro Obregón. Obregón's term lasted from 1920 to 1924. He was reelected—and assassinated—in 1928.

**DATA BANK COMPLETED.**  
**CLICK HERE TO BEGIN**  
**YOUR MISSION.**



**Don't forget, when you see this symbol,  
you can click it to check the Data File for  
a hint.**







**Y**ou are leaning against a crumbling plaster wall in a narrow alley in Parral, Mexico. It's the day Pancho Villa was shot—July 20, 1923. And it's hot.

Your landing has raised a cloud of dust that parches your throat and stings your eyes. Next to your face, a torn poster calling for *¡Revolución!* droops in the midsummer heat. You pull off a piece of the rough paper and use it to wipe the sweat from your brow.

As the dust settles, you survey your surroundings. You are behind a row of buildings. A group of peasants is blocking the entrance to the alley. They seem to be watching some kind of disturbance in the street, and their backs are to you. Some of the women are crying. The men clutch their huge sombreros and bow their heads.

You walk up behind them and stand on your toes to see what they are looking at. In the street beyond the alley, a Dodge touring car is hung up on a curb. It is riddled with bullet holes, and there's blood on the seats.

An old woman spots you. "No one was in this alley!" she says accusingly. "Why are you sneaking around back here?"

"I've never seen you before," adds one of the men. "Maybe you're a government spy, eh? Come to make sure our Pancho is really dead?"

So it's all over. Villa is dead. At least you've come to the right place. But the peasant is advancing toward you, and he doesn't look friendly.

"The murderers were disguised as peasants, like us," cries the



old woman. “Maybe you’re one of them, just come out of hiding!” She begins to shriek. “Stop! Murderer! *Assassin!*”

You sprint down the alley with a band of angry peasants on your heels. Rounding a corner, you spot a heavy wooden door at the back of a building. A sign next to the door reads “Hotel Hidalgo—Deliveries.”

Ahead of you, the alley joins a street. But your escape is blocked by two soldiers.

You might ask the soldiers for help. How could they think you’re an assassin? You’re just a kid! They could probably even tell you where Villa’s body has been taken.

Or you could hide in the hotel and eavesdrop on the goings-on.

You have only a few seconds before the peasants spot you. Choose at once!



**Ask the soldiers for help. [Click here.](#)**



**Hide in the Hotel Hidalgo. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou decide to go upstairs with the waiter.

“We’ll never get past the mob on the stairs,” he whispers. “But I know a back way. I work here, you know. I, Antonio Delgado, serve my general even in peacetime. General Villa owns this hotel. Owned, I mean.” His voice breaks.

“It is a great tragedy,” you say quietly.

“He was a great man.” The waiter nods, swallowing a sob. “I will take you because you look so much like someone I used to know—someone I fought with in more hopeful days. Come.”

You follow Antonio to a flight of service stairs near the cantina and climb to the second floor. The hallway is filled with mourners waiting for a glimpse of Villa. Antonio leads you through a door and into a darkened suite.

“The suites are joined,” he whispers. “Villa is in the next room. I’m going back down to the cantina.”

You crack the door to the adjoining suite and peer inside. Half a dozen men, some with pistols or rifles, are standing guard. The door to the hallway is closed.

Pancho Villa is laid out on a bed, the bullet wounds in his stomach still fresh and raw. You cannot see his face. It is blocked by a doctor in a black suit; he is hovering over the body with his sleeves rolled up.

“There, that’s it,” the doctor says softly. He lifts a plaster cast from the dead man’s face. It’s a death mask!

You stare from the mask to the dead man’s face. It is a mirror

image in every detail, from the kinky hair and drooping mustache to the fresh bullet hole in the forehead. You look away in horror.

The doctor puts the precious mask on a towel to dry. “We’ll always have this to remember him by,” he says sadly.

“This is how I’ll remember him!” growls one of the guards. He grips his pistol and waves it in the air. “And I’ll gun down his assassins! If it was done on government orders, I’ll shoot President Obregón himself!”

The doctor turns on him angrily. “This is no place to talk of more killing!” he says. “We’ve no proof the government ordered Villa’s murder. He had many enemies. Don’t start another war over something that might not be true.”

“Sorry,” mutters the man.

The doctor wraps the mask in the towel and puts it into his leather bag. Then he heads toward you! You flatten yourself against the wall so you’re hidden behind the door when the doctor enters the room.

Suddenly the door to Villa’s death chamber slams open! Soldiers storm in, their rifles ready.

“Heard you’re throwing a party for General Villa,” says one of them. He sneers toward the bed. “A mask-erade!”

Villa’s men back into a half-circle around their dead leader, their hands on their pistol grips. It looks as if there might be a shoot-out!

From your hiding place, you push the door slowly shut so the soldiers won’t see the doctor. The doctor doesn’t wait to see who *you* are! In a flash, he slips into the hall and disappears down the back stairs next to the cantina.

You’d better go after him!



**Trail the doctor. [Click here.](#)**





**Y**ou race toward the street, the shouting peasants just behind you. But they slow down and drop their voices to angry grumbles when they spot the soldiers blocking the alley.

“Hold it, all of you!” orders the taller of the two soldiers. The other soldier shoulders his rifle and aims it right between your eyes!

“We have orders to guard this alley,” says the first soldier. “As long as Pancho Villa is laid out in the Hotel Hidalgo, we will search anyone who tries to come through. *You first!*” He grabs you roughly by the shoulder and pats you down.

“This one’s clean,” he says, shoving you aside. The peasant who was chasing you throws you an apologetic glance when he sees that you have no weapon. One by one, the soldier searches the other peasants.

“Animals! Have you no respect?” snaps the old woman, pulling her black shawl tightly around her shoulders. The second soldier levels his rifle at her.

“Shut up, old woman,” he barks. “What are you all doing back here, anyway? If you’re waiting for the doctor to come out with Villa’s death mask, you can forget it. Our captain has sent men into the hotel to destroy it.”

“Don’t think you could have smuggled the mask out *this* way,” adds the first soldier. “There are men posted at the other end of the alley as well. And let me give you a word of advice. Pancho Villa is dead. Let the Revolution die with him. We want no more fighting, and that mask would only have become a symbol for those who

want to stir it all up again.”

The grumbling peasants, still eyeing you with suspicion, head back through the alley the way they came.

The only way you can help now is to find Villa’s death mask. If the soldiers find it first, they’ll destroy it!

You peer past the soldiers to the street beyond. A man in a white apron is sweeping the front porch of his general store. “Nordwald’s Mercantile,” reads the sign. The man wipes a tear from his cheek. He must be mourning Villa. Maybe he can tell you exactly where they’ve taken Villa’s body.



**Duck into the Hotel Hidalgo and look for the doctor the soldier mentioned.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Check out Nordwald’s general store.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou follow the soldiers into the cantina, which smells of tobacco and beer. The dimly lit room is crowded with woeful mourners.

The two soldiers you saw in the lobby are sitting at a table at the back of the stuffy room. Their uniform jackets are draped over the backs of their chairs. You creep behind them and stand in the shadows.

“Tomorrow Villa’s brother is coming to claim the body,” says one soldier.

“If he makes trouble, we’ll take care of him—and of all Villistas,” the other answers.

A guitarist wildly strums his instrument as a beautiful woman dances among the tables. Tears roll down her cheeks.

“My husband was killed at the Battle of León,” she tells the audience. “To honor him, I took his rifle and fought in his place. Now our leader, General Villa, is gone, and the only way I can honor him is to sing *corridos* that tell of his victories. This is an old one. . . .”

She begins to sing. You recognize the tune. It is “La Cucaracha”—but the words have been changed.

*“With the whiskers of Carranza  
I’ll braid a new toquilla  
A band for the sombrero  
Of my general, Pancho Villa!”*

One of the peasants in the audience laughs sadly. “We used to sing that one in the south for another revolutionary hero. He was assassinated too.” The man sings.

*“With the whiskers of Carranza  
I’ll braid a great reata  
To lasso a new horse  
For my general, Zapata!”*

The audience is moved, and their voices stir angrily. The two soldiers in the back of the room shift nervously in their chairs.

The guitarist begins again, and the room quiets. A door opens soundlessly in the corner opposite you. You catch sight of the doctor in a black suit. He is carrying a leather medical bag. There are powdery white stains on his clothes. Plaster! He must have the death mask!

The doctor nods to the musician and dancer in silent approval, then vanishes behind the door. Hoping the soldiers don’t notice, you ease your way toward the corner. Then you slip through the door into a room piled high with cases of beer. The doctor is about to climb through a trap door in the floor! His medical bag is open on the floor, and he is holding the mask!

“Wait! I want to help!” you whisper. Startled, the doctor turns around and sees you.

“Who are you?” he demands. “What do you want?”

“The mask,” you tell him. “I want to help you hide it. The soldiers out there—they want to destroy it!”

“You’re a government agent,” says the doctor. “Or worse, a thief who would sell it! Tomorrow I will present the mask to the general’s brother.”

“He’s in danger too!” you insist.

“I will only entrust the mask to someone who was trusted by General Villa himself,” answers the doctor. “What proof do you have? You are not even a Dorado!”

What’s a Dorado? You are about to ask, when the guitarist in the





cantina strums a chord wildly, and the doctor pulls away from you.

“That chord—it’s a signal!” he says. “Don’t try to follow me. If they ask, you haven’t seen me!” He grabs his bag and disappears through the trap door.

The Federal soldiers burst in on you.

“Where is the doctor?” they demand. “We know he has made a death mask. Which way did he go?”

“I haven’t seen anyone!” you say. “I was just looking for the bathroom!” Darting past the doubtful soldiers, you find a dark corner where you can jump.

It looks as if you’d better become a Dorado—whatever that is. First, you’ll have to find Pancho Villa. But what can you do to win his trust? Maybe you can get some advice from that other revolutionary hero—the one in the song—Zapata.



**Jump backward twenty-nine years and look for Villa. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump backward nine years and look for Zapata. [Click here.](#)**



In an instant, you slip into the Hotel Hidalgo and shut the door silently behind you. You're in a dim storage area at the back of a huge kitchen.

An enormous woman is taking loaves of cornbread from a gigantic oven. Suddenly her back stiffens. She picks up a meat cleaver and whirls on you!

"Out of my kitchen, you young scamp!" she scolds. "How can you even think of stealing food with the general laid out upstairs?"

Your mouth drops open in astonishment as she comes toward you, her cleaver in hand. Your eyes dart from side to side, and you see that you're trapped. You don't want to go back the way you came in!

"P-please, senõra," you begin.

The huge woman's face melts into a smile. "You poor kid," she says. "You just want to pay your respects, don't you?"

You nod emphatically!

The woman slams the meat cleaver into a block of wood and hands you a warm slice of cornbread.

"The general always wanted the poor to eat," she says. "Now off with you, through those doors."

You walk through a crowded dining room to an even more crowded lobby, where people of all shapes and sizes are lined up on a sweeping staircase. Photographers fiddle with their equipment, and uniformed Federal soldiers mingle with the crowd.

"The doctor is up there right now!" says one soldier to another. "If he makes a mask, we'll just destroy it." He and his companion

walk through another set of doors, into a room marked “CANTINA.” As the doors swing open, you hear music and stomping feet.

“Do you want to see the general?” a man asks you. He is dressed in a waiter’s uniform and looks about twenty. “Come upstairs with me.”



**Go upstairs with the waiter. [Click here.](#)**



**Follow the soldiers into the cantina.  
[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're standing in a cornfield in Durango in 1894. The heat is suffocating. It rises in waves that make everything around you shimmer.

Peasants move among the rows of corn as they pick two-foot cobs—twice the length you are used to. The men wear ragged white pants and the women wear faded dresses. Some of the workers are children; others are stooped with age. All of them look exhausted. Their eyes are vacant. They see nothing but the corn in front of them. No one notices you.

At the edge of the field a man in black sits on a horse and shouts orders. From time to time he cracks a mean-looking bullwhip.

“Get moving, you lazy cockroach!” he yells at a peasant. Then he spurs his horse and moves among the rows of corn. *Crrrack!* goes his whip. “You there! What are you staring at?” He’s talking to *you!*

“Excuse me, sir,” you say. “I was just wondering if you know Pancho Villa?”

Now it’s the horseman’s turn to stare. He brings his horse next to you, then kicks you to the ground with a muddy riding boot.

“Why would a field boss like me know a filthy bandit like him?” he answers. “Besides, he died long ago. Now get back to work!”

Villa, dead? But this is 1894! He’s still a teenager! What could the horseman mean?

You scramble to your feet, brush the dirt off your clothes, and start picking. Maybe if you help the peasants work, they will help you solve this new mystery.





“You must be new,” says the boy working next to you. “No one talks to the field boss that way. You are lucky he had his eye on Martina, or you would have gotten a whipping!” He nods toward a pretty dark-haired girl.

At dusk, you and the other workers trudge home. You’re all herded like cattle by the field boss on his horse. You pass through an ornate iron gate that reads “Rancho del Rio.” The main house of the ranch sits like a castle at the end of a long drive. It looks cool and inviting.

But home for the peasants is a group of smelly sod huts not far from the barn.

You collapse on the ground outside the huts as some of the women fetch dinner. The girl called Martina hands you a clay mug filled with black coffee, a small bowl of chili peppers, and one pancakelike tortilla filled with mashed beans. It’s all you and the others have had all day, and you take a huge bite.

*Yiiii!* Your mouth is on fire! The chili peppers are so hot that you start to choke. The boy you met in the fields pats you on the back.

“Drink some of this,” he says, handing you a mug. You take a sip. The drink tastes bitter, and immediately you feel dizzy.

“What is this stuff?” you ask.

“It’s beer, made from the best maguey cactus in all of Durango! It will calm your stomach so you can sleep. We drink it every night.”

So that’s how the ranch owners control the workers! They’re threatened, beaten, poorly fed, and have their minds dulled by alcohol! You put your mug aside.

“My father says that someday there will be a great revolution,” the boy says dreamily. “Then the peasants will own the land they work, and we will have more to eat . . .”

The worker’s eyelids are drooping. You look from one face to the next. If Pancho Villa was born in 1878, he should be about sixteen years old. But there is no sign of him.

“Is there no one here named Villa?” you ask the sleepy boy. “Is it true that Pancho Villa is dead?”

“I think it is true,” says the boy. “Villa was a bandit who lived in the hills. Why not ask Martina Arango? She is older than me, and knows more.”

Should you stay at the Rancho del Rio and question Martina? Or should you jump forward in time and look for Villa at another hacienda?



**Stay at the Rancho del Rio. [Click here.](#)**



**Look for Pancho Villa at another ranch.  
[Click here.](#)**





**Y**ou cross the street to the general store.

“Excuse me, sir,” you say to the man in the apron. “Are you Mr. Nordwald?”

“I’m Otto Nordwald,” answers the man. “What can I do for you?”

“Did you know Pancho Villa?”

“He was a good friend,” the man answers. “Many were the times General Villa and his most trusted men sat on this very porch.”

“I’ve heard that they’re making a death mask of Pancho Villa,” you say casually.

“Yes, the doctor must be upstairs with him now,” says Nordwald. “It will be a national treasure.”

“The soldiers want to destroy it.”

“That would be a great loss,” Nordwald remarks. “If I had that mask, I’d lock it away until this country settles down. But I can’t leave my store. You come back and tell me what it’s like, if you see it.”

“I will!” you promise.

You make sure the soldiers aren’t looking, and you slip through the back door of the Hotel Hidalgo.



**Enter the Hotel Hidalgo. [Click here.](#)**



It's April 10, 1919. You're in Morelos, where you're walking past the thick outside walls of the Hacienda Chinameca. It's afternoon, and the day is hot.

A group of men rest under the shade trees outside the gate of the hacienda. They are wearing large straw hats and white clothes and hold carbine rifles at their sides.

In their midst sits General Zapata! You sit down at the edge of the group. One of the Zapatistas nods to you politely.

"It's nice to relax, after all the fighting," he says. "Come to listen to our great general, eh? He's just back from a patrol. We had a report there were Carrancistas in the area—government soldiers!"

"Why are you sitting outside these walls, instead of inside?" you ask.

"Colonel Guajardo is inside preparing a welcome for our general. Guajardo is joining the Zapatista cause. Yesterday, he gave General Zapata a fine horse—see?" He points to a beautiful sorrel. "Her name is Golden Ace."

Zapata rises and mounts the horse. The gates to the Hacienda Chinameca swing open.

"Ten men, come with me!" orders Zapata.

A woman runs up to Zapata and clings to his saddle. "General, please don't go," she begs. "They say in the hills there is a plot against your life. What if Guajardo is secretly working for Carranza?"

A bugle sounds three times from inside the hacienda walls.

"Do you hear that?" says Zapata. "It is the honor call. No real

man would invite another to his home as an honored guest, then shoot him down in cold blood.”

Peering through the gates of the hacienda, you can see two rows of Guajardo’s men, hundreds of them, lined up in ranks, their guns raised to fire a salute to General Zapata.

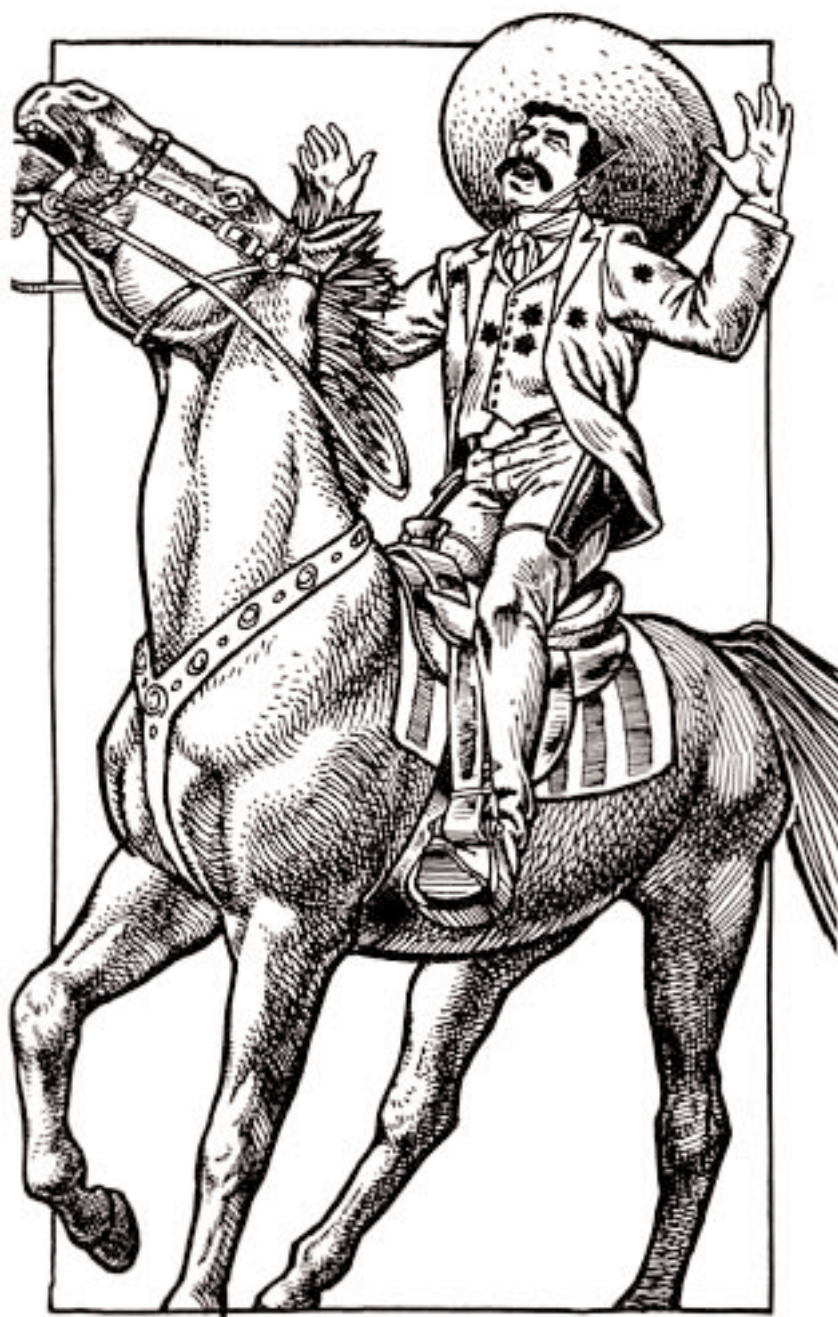
As Zapata and his men ride through the gates, Guajardo’s soldiers *lower* their weapons and fire!

Zapata stands in his stirrups, his arms outstretched, as his body is riddled with bullets. Then he crashes to the ground. The Zapatistas outside the gates scatter as Guajardo’s men, still firing, pursue them.

You are frozen with horror. But in your peasant’s outfit, you look like a Zapatista. You’d better get out of here!



**Jump before you get shot! [Click here.](#)**





**Y**ou're sitting on the ground outside one of the sod huts at the Rancho del Rio. Martina Arango is walking toward you.

"You'd better get some sleep," she says. "The field boss said if the corn is not completely picked by tomorrow night, everyone's rations will be cut in half."

"Why doesn't everyone quit?" you ask.

She smiles sadly. "You must be new to Durango! How can we leave, with no money? The *patrón* of the Rancho del Rio pays us in metal discs, not money. The discs are only good here at his ranch. Every tortilla, every cup of water costs us. We get more and more in debt."

Several young men carrying lariats and saddles trudge toward the huts.

"It's my brother Doroteo and the other cowboys!" says Martina.

A stocky youth with tousled hair saunters toward you; he's walking bowlegged from a lifetime spent on horseback. Doroteo Arango—of course! It's Villa! His face is caked with dust and his mustache is just starting to grow in.

"No matter how many broncs we break, the boss says it's not enough," he tells Martina as he slaps dust from his chaps.

Martina spoons bean mash onto a tortilla and hands it to her brother. He wolfs down half of the tortilla in one bite.

The field boss rides out of the growing darkness and snaps his whip.

"Time for bed!" he yells. "Everyone inside!"





The workers offer no protest. You follow Doroteo and Martina and several others.

The hut has a dirt floor and is almost empty, except for a faded picture of the Virgin perched in a corner. Some of the workers cross themselves and lie down on straw mats.

The field boss bolts the door from the outside. The air is stifling. The room is so crowded that some of the workers must sleep standing up. You huddle in a corner, afraid to close your eyes because of the cockroaches and beetles.

But you must have drifted off to sleep, because you awaken with a start. The field boss has opened the door, letting in a welcome waft of night air. Behind him, a man on a stallion is silhouetted in the moonlight. He must be the ranch owner, you decide.

“Uh-oh,” whispers Doroteo. “The *patrón*!”

The field boss strides into the hut and grabs Martina by the wrist.

“It’s your turn,” he growls, pulling her to her feet. “The *patrón* wants you for a wife!”

Doroteo is up like a shot. “The *patrón* already has a wife!” he says.

Martina tries to pull away, her eyes wild with terror. The field boss puts his pistol against her temple and drags her out the door. Doroteo follows, with you on his heels.

“You’ll throw her out when you get tired of her, you animal,” he yells at the *patrón*.

The field boss drops Martina’s arm and comes after Doroteo. Doroteo leaps onto the man like an angry leopard and grapples for the pistol. A shot rings out. The *patrón* grabs his chest and topples from his horse! The field boss lies still on the ground as Doroteo rises, the pistol in his hand.

“They’ll hang me for this,” says Doroteo.

“It’s all because of me!” cries Martina. “Hide in the hills—it’s your only chance!”

The field boss groans and starts to come around. Doroteo kisses his sister and sprints off across the moon-shadowed estate. A few of

the peasants shuffle from the hut to carry the wounded *patrón* to the main house.

“You’d better get out of here too,” says Martina. “You saw the whole thing. If they can’t find my brother, they’ll hang *you*!”

You slip into the darkness. Maybe you’d better look for Villa a little later in his life. All of the legends about him say he spent years as a bandit in the hills of Durango and Chihuahua. And for now, he’s headed for the hills! But how far ahead should you jump?



**Jump to 1910 and stay in Durango.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Jump to the state of Chihuahua in 1912.**

**[Click here.](#)**





**Y**ou're in Cuernavaca, the capital of the state of Morelos, in southern Mexico. It's the evening of October 20, 1914.

The lights are on in a busy-looking storefront office. Stepping inside, you ask a young clerk directions to Zapata's headquarters.

"Who is looking for Emiliano Zapata?" asks a slender man who emerges from a back room. He is dark-skinned, with piercing brown eyes and a huge black mustache.

"I am," you say, introducing yourself. "I want to ask him about Pancho Villa."

"I am Zapata," says the man. "If you've come to invite me to confer with him before the convention at Aguascalientes, I have already agreed."

"That's excellent!" you reply. He must think you are a messenger from Villa!

"Indeed," says Zapata. "Now that General Huerta has fled the country, we have just Carranza to deal with. And maybe Obregón. Francisco Villa and I are working toward the same end, he in the north and I in the south. We both want the land returned to its rightful owners. I look forward to meeting him!"

It seems that Zapata won't be able to advise you on how to win Villa's trust—they haven't even met yet!

"They say that Villa's boyhood at the Rancho del Rio was worse than my own," Zapata goes on. "But I remember my fury when a rich hacienda took over an orchard that belonged to my village. I swore I would never rest until it was returned."

“You have fought long and hard,” you say, hoping you’re saying the right thing!

“Much blood has been spilled,” Zapata agrees. “But just five years ago, in Mexico City, I was working for a rich man whose stables are fancier than most men’s houses. Now thousands of men follow me into battle! We have made much progress! But I long to farm my fields in peace. Maybe in five years.”

He hurries away to prepare for the convention. You slip back out to the street.

You could jump to the meeting between Zapata and Villa. But who are all these men—Carranza? Obregón? You’d better learn more.

You could jump ahead five years. Maybe Zapata could help you then—Villa would still have four years to live. Or you could look for the young Villa at the Rancho del Rio.



**Jump ahead to Morelos in 1919.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Jump backward to the Rancho del Rio in 1894. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're in Durango, at the foot of the Sierra Madre mountains that separate Durango from Chihuahua. You can see a large herd of cattle grazing in the distance. It's 1910.

The hills are rumbling with the sound of nonstop thunder, but the skies are clear. The rolling thunder grows louder. It's men on horseback! They are galloping down from the hills!

The horsemen rumble past you. They wear sombreros, and bandoliers of bullets criss-cross their chests. Bandits! The leader of the gang peels his horse away from the group and rides back to you. It's Pancho Villa!

"What are you doing out here?" he demands. "Do you think you can spy on one of *my* raids? Don't you know I am the greatest bandit in all of Mexico?"

"Yes, sir, Señor Villa!" you reply. "I am no spy. I want to join your band!"

"Runaway, eh?" Villa grunts. "Had enough of a cruel *patrón*? I ran away myself once. . . ." He pauses for a moment. "Up you go, then."

Villa hauls you up into the saddle behind him, and you take off after the other bandits. You hang onto Villa for dear life as you bounce in the saddle. Your legs are sore and your rear end is black and blue after five minutes!

Villa fires his pistols—one in each hand—into the air. "Outlaws!" shout the few men who were guarding the cattle. They gallop away without a fight.

You spend most of the day in the saddle behind Pancho Villa as

he and his men drive the cattle, lowing and snorting, to their hide-out in the remote foothills.

You camp under the open sky and watch for most of the next day, as Villa and his men butcher the cattle and spread the meat under the sun to dry. The smell of fresh blood is overpowering, but in time you get used to it. You try to think of what you can do to win Villa's trust. But you don't have the skills to help. Toward evening, Villa remembers you.

"You're not much of a rider!" he says, laughing. "You must have been a field hand. Me, I was a cowboy. But, like you, I ran away and joined a band of outlaws. I changed my name to Francisco 'Pancho' Villa after a famous bandit. Now *I* am famous, and people fear me! But I am no common thief. I steal only from rich men, and I help the poor. That is the difference between a thief and a bandit!"

"Whose cattle were these?" you ask.

"Once these cattle ran wild on the lands of Durango and Chihuahua," answers Villa. "But then the dictator, Porfirio Díaz, granted these lands to his favorites—the wealthy ranchers. They claimed the cattle as their own. I have simply *reclaimed* them, you see?"

"But what will you do with all this meat?" you ask.

"I will sell the meat and use the money to buy arms and ammunition," says Villa. "Then my men will have enough guns to take train-loads of cargo that we can trade across the border for more guns and supplies. You see?"

"Are you gathering an army?" you ask.

"For now, I am going to my little adobe house in Chihuahua City," says Villa. "But then I will move to the hills and gather men to fight for a new president—Francisco Madero. He is a rich man who fights for the people. A little fellow—but he has a great soul."

"Can I join you?" you ask. You could surely win Villa's trust if you join the Revolution!

"You're not much good on a horse," says Villa. "Can you shoot? Are you a hard worker?" He grabs your hands and turns them over. Then he glares at you, his eyes narrowing.

“You are no field hand! Your hands are smooth! Maybe you *are* here to spy on me!”

Villa drops your hands and pulls out a pistol.

“You are young. I will give you a chance to run away before I shoot you!” he says with a sneer. “Now go!”

You run as fast as your feet will carry you and drop behind the carcass of a steer. Shots ring out as you jump in time.



**Jump to Chihuahua in 1912. [Click here.](#)**



It's the summer of 1921. You're standing next to a small adobe building at Pancho Villa's ranch.

The ranch looks like a busy little village. Besides the large, whitewashed main house, you see several shops, a telegraph office, and a small chapel. There is modern-looking farm machinery in the distant fields, and everything looks clean and well kept.

"Are you ill?" says a woman's voice.

"No!" you answer in surprise. A woman has come out of the adobe building and is looking at you curiously. "Do I look ill?"

"You look fine!" She laughs. "But you're standing next to the infirmary. You should be at the school! Come, I'll walk with you."

"I don't think we've met before," she goes on. "I'm Soledad, one of General Villa's wives."

"One of?" you ask.

"Oh, yes," she says, smiling. "There are three of us living here at Hacienda Canutillo. I've heard there are others as well. But we all get along. He is a great man and wants many children. You're not one of his children, are you?"

"No!" you say. "But I'd like to meet him!"

You don't have to wait long. Pancho Villa is standing on the steps of the schoolhouse, where he's speaking to a group of workers clustered around him. He is stocky and bowlegged, and he is smiling broadly behind his huge mustache.

"At last the school is finished!" he says, waving a pistol. "And soon it will have a bell! You will hear it ring, just like this!"

The pistol behind his back, he shoots the weather vane on top of

the new schoolhouse and makes it spin. The crowd claps and cheers.

"This is what you have fought so bravely for, my men," Villa proclaims, "and your brave *soldadera* wives as well. Two-thirds of my hacienda is now yours to farm. Finally, every child at Canutillo will have a future!"

"Listen to my husband," Soledad whispers to you. "He is the greatest man in all Mexico!"

"I grew up working like a dog on a rich man's farm in Durango," Villa goes on. "There was no thought of education then. Finally I ran away. For ten years I hid in the Durango hills. I changed my name to that of a bandit, so people would fear me. I robbed and killed to stay alive. To survive, I ate rattlesnakes and beetles, and even the lice from my hair."

"That sounds horrible!" you mutter to Soledad.

"It was worse than you can know, young one." Soledad shakes her head sadly. "His father was worked to death, then his mother was kicked to death when she tried to keep the rich bosses from hauling his brother away to the army. And his sister . . ." Her voice trails off. "It was very bad."

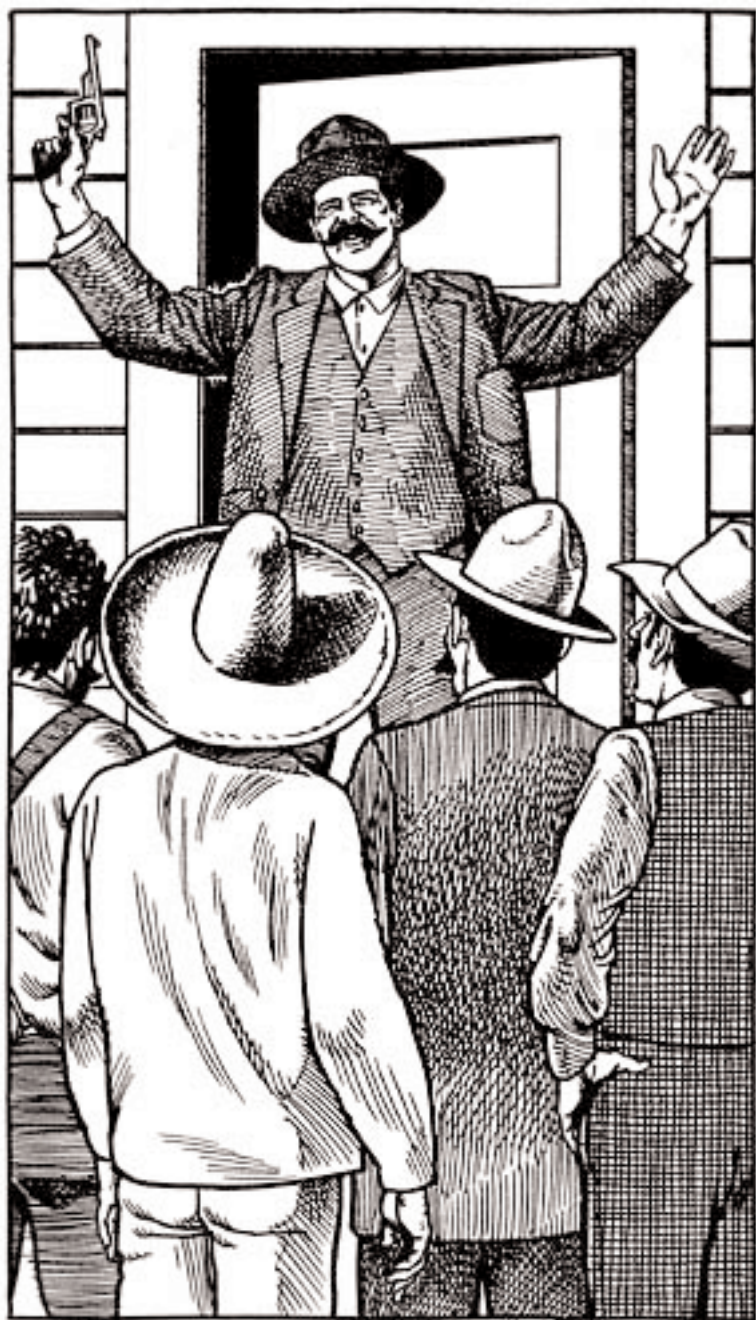
"But now the hard times, and the war, are over," Villa is saying. "I have a fine place. I am a fine person, no?" He grins, and struts like a rooster. "My wife Soledad has taught me to read and write. You and your children shall join me. Together, we will fight a new revolution!" He thumps his head with his finger. "A revolution of the mind!"

Men, women, and children file into the new building. General Villa watches proudly from the porch. You decide to speak to him.

"General Villa?" you begin. A tall young man hobbling on a cane pushes you aside. "Hey!" you protest. You've come a long way to talk to Pancho Villa, and you're ready to push the young man back!

Suddenly the young man pulls the handle off the cane and aims it at Villa. You see a flash of metal. It's a gun!

"Look out!" you yell at Villa, while you tackle the man with all





your strength. The gun fires into the air as the man loses his balance and falls to the ground. You tumble on top of him.

By the time you can scramble to your feet, Villa has his pistol aimed at the young man's head. You pick up the cane and hand it to the general. Men rush out of the schoolhouse and lead the intruder away.

"My enemies follow me even into retirement," Villa says with a sigh. "Maybe the revolution will never be over for me. I thank you, my young Dorado, for saving my life."

Young Dorado? Villa seems to know you from somewhere! He climbs the steps to the school.

"Please wait here. I would like to give you a reward." Moments later, Villa is back. "This is a treasure that will last you for your whole life," he says. "I give you a future."

He presents you with a book. It is a beginning reader. "ARBOR," you read, under a picture of a tree; "BALÓN . . . CASA . . . DIARIO . . ."

"*Gracias*, General," you tell him. Villa has given you something you know he values above all of his possessions. But it won't get you anywhere with the doctor. When did Villa make you a Dorado?

Maybe you should look for Villa at a time when he was less concerned with education!



**Jump back to Durango in 1894.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Find Villa as a bandit. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou decide to stay at the cockpit for a while. Maybe you can learn something else about the imposter that you can tell the real Villa.

You look for the man who's pretending to be Villa. He watches the crowd as a man lowers another fighting cock into the pit.

"My money's on the little brown one," says a gambler. "He looks quick!"

"You're crazy!" says another. "Five to one on the big black-and-white." Most of the onlookers bet on the larger bird, the one they think is Villa's.

The roosters fly at one another. Glints of light flash from the razor-sharp silver spurs the birds wear on their ankles. You try to close your ears to their piercing shrieks and your eyes to the slashing spurs.

"Who'll give me ten to one on the injured bird?" yells the imposter. Has his rooster been hurt? You open your eyes to peek. But it's the brown bird that lies flapping on its side. "Villa" is betting against his own rooster, the one that seems sure to win!

"I'll take that bet!" someone shouts.

"Me too!" yells another.

Soon everyone except the imposter is betting on "Villa's" rooster.

The black-and-white rooster backs away from the injured bird. The fallen bird struggles to its feet, and attacks!

"Villa's" bird squawks, leaps onto the top wire of the fence, and flies out of the pit the loser. You manage to grab it.

All around you, men are swearing in disgust. The imposter is trying not to look smug as he collects handfuls of cash.

“You snake!” mutters a short man with mousy hair. “You *trained* that bird to fly the coop in the middle of a fight so you could bet against it! I lost a week’s pay!”

Suddenly there is a hush in the crowd as the doors to the room slam open and a man stomps in. You would know that face anywhere. It’s the *real* Pancho Villa!

“Look at me well,” he says, “so you will all know me, Francisco Pancho Villa. I *earned* my reputation as a great cockfighter. I win through my skills as a handler and trainer, not by cheap tricks. If you were stupid enough to bet with this man . . . you deserve to lose your money.”

He walks slowly over to the imposter. You can see that the real Villa is taller and much broader than his impersonator.

“But this man deserves to lose it more!” says Villa, grinning. The imposter makes a tentative gesture toward his hip, but Villa has his pistol drawn in a flash. He reaches into the imposter’s pocket and pulls out a sheaf of bills. “Make sure they all get their money back,” he says, handing the wad to the short man with mousy hair.

“You—leave El Paso, before I shoot you,” he says to the imposter. The trembling man is gone in the blink of an eye.

“And *you*,” says Villa angrily, turning on you. His eyes narrow. “How can you work for a man like that?” He grabs the rooster from your arms and shakes the bird in your face.

“The next time we meet, I will shoot you too! Now *get out!*”

You vamoose. This hasn’t turned out at all the way you’d planned. You’d better jump backward an hour or so and make sure that *you’re* the one to tell Villa about the imposter.



**Jump backward one hour and look for Villa’s hotel. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're in a crowded marketplace, and you're being jostled on all sides. You see that the merchants and their customers are dressed in loincloths or skirts, and cloaks of colorfully dyed cactus fiber.

What happened to Mexico City?

"Roast puppy!" a vendor bellows. "Only three cocoa beans!" People shriek with delight and rush over. You decide you're not hungry!

"Is this the capital?" you ask a nearby merchant.

"Tenochtitlán, center of the world!" He proudly opens his arms. Then he inspects your clothes. He doesn't look impressed. "You must be from far away," he remarks. "Here for the New Year sacrifices?"

Tenochtitlán . . . sacrifices.

You must have jumped back almost four hundred years! You're still on the site of Mexico City, but these are the Aztecs!

You'd better look for a deserted place where you can jump back to the twentieth century!

As you walk along, you can see that Tenochtitlán is beautiful—and crowded! In the center of the city are grand palaces and huge stepped pyramids that rise from paved plazas. Trees and gardens are planted everywhere. Some of the gardens are floating on ponds of water. Parallel to the streets, a maze of canals runs through the city. People ride in canoes as if they were cars or buses.

You round a corner and come face-to-face with a giant rack that stretches into the distance. It is filled with human skulls—thou-

sands of them!

Horried, you head in the opposite direction. Soon you reach an open-air athletic stadium, all of stone. Several young men are playing a sort of basketball in the arena. They are watched by a huge crowd.

The players never touch the ball with their hands, but they use their knees, elbows, and hips. The crowd in the stadium cheers as the youths throw themselves on the stone floor for each shot at a stone hoop above their heads.

You watch for a while, but they always miss, so you decide to join a long line of people who are waiting to climb one of the pyramids.

You squint from the sun and examine the altar at the top of the pyramid. There is a dead Indian up there, lying on a blood-drenched block of stone! A priest painted in black holds something up to the sun. It's a human heart!

"Next!" calls the priest. Another victim is tied to the altar, and everyone on line moves up a step.

You look for someplace to run.

A guard wearing a jaguar skin prods you back into line. Now that you look, you can see that there are guards all over the place.

"Don't try to run away," says the woman in front of you. "Haven't you heard what's happened? It's an *honor* to be sacrificed at such a time! Quetzalcóatl has returned! He and his fellow gods have come from across the sea. They have pale skin and golden hair. Some of the gods have four legs! And there's a roundmouthed servant who belches smoke!"

Men from across the sea? It sounds as though the Spanish have arrived, with horses and a cannon. Of course! It's Hernando Cortés, the future conqueror of the Aztecs!

"Listen!" says the woman. "Our emperor, Montezuma, has ordered the young warriors to play *tlachtli*, the sacred ball game, to celebrate Quetzalcóatl's return."

A roar erupts from the stadium. Yelling and shouting, people run toward the pyramid.



“Someone must have put the ball through the hoop!” says the woman. “He will receive the possessions of any spectator he can catch!”

The guards turn to face the onrushing crowd—and you take advantage of the commotion to bolt.

You dive into an empty canoe that’s moored on one of the canals and push off into the water. There’s a blanket or cloak thrown across one of the seats. You duck under the cloak and huddle at the bottom of the boat. You’ve had enough of Mexico for the moment. You decide to head for Texas!



**Jump to El Paso, Texas, in 1913.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're in the capital of Mexico—Mexico City—on February 20, 1913. The city is a wreck.

Everywhere you look are barricades and looted stores, broken windows and blackened cars. Here and there, bloated bodies lie unattended in the streets.

City residents pick their way slowly through the wreckage. The people look stunned; their faces are as shattered as the burned-out buildings.

“What happened?” you ask an old woman. Her head is covered with a sooty, once-elegant lace shawl. She is poking at a pile of rubble.

“Have you been in hiding?” she asks. “General Huerta has taken over Mexico City from President Madero. Don’t bother looking—there is no food here.” She shakes her head in sorrow.

“Thousands of civilians were killed.” She returns to her task, prodding the ruins of a building. “Now we must search for our dead.”

“Wait!” you say. “How long has this been going on?”

“For ten tragic days,” answers the woman, looking back over her shoulder. “We are calling it the *Decena Tragica*—ten tragic days.”

“Just one more question,” you say, trotting along beside the woman. “Do you know where I can find Pancho Villa?”

“The last I heard, he was north of the border in El Paso,” says the woman. “But don’t let any of Huerta’s men hear you speak of Villa! Now let me be, or else join in. This was once my daughter’s store. I must find her body.”



“I—I’m sorry,” you say, backing away. You climb over a crumbled wall and look for a place to jump. You can catch up with Villa in El Paso.

But your foot catches on a piece of wire, and you trip. The wire is attached to a pole, and it is falling on you—throwing sparks! It’s a live electrical wire!



**Jump! [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou are standing on a street in Jimenez, Chihuahua. It's the summer of 1912. A crowd is gathering across the street in front of a hotel, and you join them.

You watch as a group of uniformed soldiers drag a man out of the door of the hotel. The man is wrapped in a blanket and looks as if he's shivering with fever. It's Pancho Villa!

"Courage, my general," shouts the man next to you.

"Viva Madero!" calls Villa weakly.

"What's going on?" you ask the man.

"General Huerta has ordered Villa's execution!" says the man.

"They are taking him to a firing squad!"

"Why?" you say, shocked. It's too soon for Villa to die!

"Villa helped President Madero to overthrow the dictator, Díaz. In just two years, Villa gathered a huge army and won many battles. Madero pardoned him for all of his past crimes and made him a general!"

"Then why would he allow him to be shot?"

"President Madero doesn't know! Some of us Villistas have telegraphed the capital. If only the president is in time . . ."

You follow the Villistas to a whitewashed wall near the town square. A firing squad is lined up facing the wall. A young lieutenant strides forward and, with his bayonet, scratches an *X* onto the wall.

"Stand there!" he orders Villa. "Where is General Huerta?" he asks one of his soldiers.

"Who is this Huerta?" you ask.

“There he is,” answers the Villista. He points to an eagle-eyed officer with the upright posture of a lifelong military man. Huerta has tight, leathery skin stretched over a balding head, and a trim white mustache.

“President Madero appointed Huerta to command the Federal army,” the Villista explains. “Villa must serve under him. And Victoriano Huerta *hates* Villa! Our General Villa is not part of the regular army, you see? Huerta says Villa has stolen a mare. It’s crazy! The mare was taken as war booty—General Huerta got his limousine the same way!”

“Is there nothing we can do to stop this?” you ask. The Villista shakes his head. General Villa is standing against the *X* and emptying his pockets. He hands his watch and his money to the men on the firing squad.

“I am ready to die,” he says.

General Huerta nods curtly to the young lieutenant. The men on the firing squad shoulder their rifles.

Then you hear a scuffling noise behind you. A boy has fallen off his bicycle onto the street, his foot twisted under a pedal. He wears a messenger’s uniform. The telegram!

“*Wait!*” you scream to the lieutenant. “A message!” Scrambling to the fallen boy, you rip the telegram from his hand and race back to the Federal lieutenant.

The lieutenant opens the message and reads it quickly. You think you see a faint smile cross his lips as he hands the telegram to General Huerta.

“President Madero has spared you, my friend,” he says to Pancho Villa. “We’re to take you to prison in Mexico City.”

The crowd breaks out cheering. Villa winks at you as he is led away.

“You have saved my life, young friend,” he says. “But I’m afraid that this is all I have left to give.” He hands you a packet of cough drops. You hand them back.

“You’ll be needing these in prison,” you tell him. “You’ve got a bad cold! I hope you’re feeling better when we meet again!”



But should you look for him in the capital? That's where the prison is. Or do you want to try Texas? Villa spent some time north of the border, you remember.



**Jump to Mexico City in 1913. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump to El Paso, Texas, in 1913.  
[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou have been marching for days, Antonio at your side, through blazing desert heat. In front of you and behind you, Villa's army is a twisting snake that leaves its tracks in the parched landscape.

Finally the caravan of troops, artillery wagons, and supplies reaches Saltillo, a sleepy-looking city of white adobe buildings.

It doesn't stay sleepy for long. Federal machine gunners are waiting for you at the edge of town! They have built a machine-gun nest, blocking the main street into the city. From the outside, the fortified nest looks like a beehive of sandbags and brick. But the sting of its bullets is deadly.

"Look out!" shouts Antonio, pulling you behind a brick building. Villa's troops take cover as machine-gun fire rips into walls and windows, signs and trees. You hear screams of agony as Villista soldiers are hit.

"Our troops won't be able to get much farther until we take out the Federals' machine gun nest," says Antonio.

"But there's no way to knock out the machine guns except to charge up the street!" you say. "You're not trying to get a bullet in your other arm, are you?"

"Antonio Delgado does not make the same mistake twice." The boy winks. "Who said anything about charging up the street?"

You decide to wait by the wall of the building until you see what Antonio's up to. He crawls away and soon returns, lugging a wooden box. It's full of dynamite!

"The streets are all blocked, so we'll make a path *between* the

streets—through the buildings!” says Antonio. He puts a stick of dynamite between his teeth—as if he’s a pirate with a knife in his mouth—then buries another stick next to the brick wall. He lights the fuse.

You run backward to a group of soldiers. “Dynamite!” yells Antonio. You all drop to the ground. *Boom!* Clods of earth and flying plaster rain around you. When they settle, you look up. There is a gaping hole in the wall!

Antonio plants another stick of dynamite against the far wall of the building and dashes away from the sizzling fuse. *Boom!*

“Come on!” he cries.

Taking turns lighting fuses, you and Antonio explode your way up the street until you see the machine-gun nest through a storefront window. The soldiers spot you!

“Get down!” you shout. Bullets pepper the building, and broken glass falls like sleet.

“Death to the Federals!” Villa’s troops scream as they charge through the new tunnel you have made. “Down with Huerta, down with the dictator!” You hear bursts of shelling and machine-gun fire as the Villistas overwhelm the machine-gun nest.

“*Viva Villa!*” the troops shout. “*Viva la Revolución!*”

The fighting lasts for most of the day, but the Federal troops are disorganized and even more weary than Villa’s forces. Gradually, the shooting dies down. The Villistas have won!

Filthy and exhausted, the victorious soldiers file toward the town hall. General Villa sits inside behind a small table.

“You have fought hard and well, my troops,” he says. “Today we can hand Carranza Saltillo, the capital of his home state. Tomorrow—Mexico City! Capital of the Revolution!”

The troops yell and cheer.

“You all know what I like after a victory!” continues Villa. “A fine reward to the one who finds it!”

Shouting and shooting, the Villistas scatter throughout the town.

“I know what he wants,” says Antonio. “Come on!”

Should you stay in Saltillo and search for whatever Villa wants?







Or do you want to jump ahead to Mexico City? It sounds as though Villa's planning a *big* victory there.



**Stay in Saltillo and search the town.**  
**Click here.**



**Jump ahead to Mexico City. Click here.**



**Y**ou're at the back of a passenger car on a speeding train, steaming south from the city of Juárez. It's November 15, 1913.

The car is almost empty. Peering over the back of a seat, you see a few dozing workmen and a short, thin conductor who's busy checking his pocket watch.

You look out the back window. Cargo cars, each one loaded to overflowing with coal, snake backward for as far as you can see.

Suddenly the brakes screech until your eardrums almost burst, and sparks fly up from the tracks as the train jolts to a halt.

"Is it bandits?" squeaks the conductor.

"There's too many of 'em," the engineer yells from his post. "It's a whole darn army!"

Your heart jumps with excitement as Pancho Villa, a pistol in each hand, boards the train.

"Good morning, señors," he says. "Conductor, will you be so kind as to telegraph your dispatching office in Juárez? You will tell them that General Villa's fierce revolutionaries have made so much trouble in Chihuahua that you can't get through today. You will have to return to Juárez."

The quaking conductor does as he is told.

"All right, men!" calls Villa. "Unload the coal!"

This is a perfect time for you to join in. The men on the train will think you came with Villa, and Villa's men will think you were on the train! You slip out the back of the car and join the Villistas, who are shoveling coal over the sides of the cargo cars.

Soon mountains of coal are lining the railbed. You are covered with black soot from head to toe and can hardly speak without coughing. Villa strolls past your coal car.

“Good work!” he calls out. “Even our youngest revolutionaries work hard for our cause!” He slaps you on the back, and you dissolve in a fit of coughs as he strolls on down the line of cars. He hasn’t recognized you under all that dust. Finally the work is done, and you brush the coal dust from your clothes.

“All aboard!” yells Villa. “We will have a little surprise for the Federals in Juárez!”

You climb aboard with several of Villa’s men. The train lurches and heads back toward El Ciudad Juárez. But this time its cargo is revolutionary soldiers!

“Where did General Villa get this idea?” you ask one of the soldiers. “Did he read about the Trojan horse?”

The Villista shrugs. “He is full of tricks, our general. He is a military genius! I have never heard of this horse you speak of—but General Villa was *born* on a horse. If this horse exists, he will know about it.”

Maybe not—you remember that Villa can’t read yet. He probably wouldn’t know the ancient Greek story.

At every stop, Villa holds a pistol to the conductor’s temple, while the little man shakingly telegraphs your progress. By nightfall, the train pulls into Juárez.

“One half of you will be soldiers tonight and storm the Federal garrison,” commands Villa. “The rest of you will be collecting donations for the Revolution. Go to every casino and gambling hall in Juárez, and take every peso and every dollar! Then I will buy guns and supplies for my Army of the North!”

The troops cheer, then scatter to their tasks. Villa retires to a private railroad car to plan his next campaign. In just a few hours, his men race back to report on their victories and to dump bags of money at his feet.

It seems *everyone’s* doing Villa favors tonight! You don’t think there’s much you could add that would stand out. You don’t have a

gun, so you might have some trouble trying to rob a casino. You'll have to try to earn a reward from Villa later in time.



**Jump to Torreón in 1914. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou rifle through the objects on Villa's desk. There must be something you can take ten years into the future to prove to the doctor that Villa trusted you.

Suddenly there is a noise at the door. It's Antonio!

"Stop! *Thief!*" he yells. You can hear the sound of running footsteps outside the train. "I *knew* there was something fishy about you," says Antonio. "You're a *spy!*" He spits out the word as though it's a watermelon seed.

Two soldiers rush into the car and bind your hands behind your back.

"Take the spy out to be shot with the Federal officers we captured," orders one.

"But I'm *not* a spy!" you insist.

The second soldier pushes you roughly out of the car. "Sure!" he says. "Maybe we should just tie you to the front of *El Niño* here." He pats a cannon that is mounted on a flatcar. He laughs and prods you forward, then takes you to a bleak railyard where several Federal officers in rumpled uniforms are lined up in front of a firing squad.

"Here's another one," says the soldier, casually pushing you into the line.

"Ready!" orders the captain of the firing squad. You squeeze your eyes shut.

"Aim!" You say your prayers. Should you jump in time in front of all of these people?

"Wait!" says a familiar voice. It's General Villa! "This one's a



messenger, not a spy.” He nods to a soldier, who unties your hands. You break out in a sweat of relief.

“Th-thank you,” you manage to mumble.

“You saved me from execution in Chihuahua,” says Villa, “and now I have saved you. We are even!” He chuckles. “My men have been ordered to take a little detour from our goal to reach the capital. We must move sideways, and take Saltillo, the capital of Coahuila. First Chief Carranza may be an idiot, but we will do as he says—for now! Why not join my troops?”

“Yes, *sir!*” you say.

Antonio runs across the railyard. “I’m sorry I thought you were a spy!” he says, gasping. “Now you can fight with me! Do you want to watch the executions?”

You’ve had enough of firing squads. “No, thanks!” you tell Antonio. “Let’s get ready for the next battle!”



**Go with Antonio. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're on a wide boulevard in a Mexican city. But the cheering crowd is so thick that you're not sure which city.

"The war is over!" shouts a man next to you.

"The Revolution?" you ask.

"The War for Independence from France! This is the greatest day in history!"

"Er, what day *is* this?" you ask.

"It's July fifteenth, 1867!" he yells. "All of Mexico City will remember this day!"

Mexico City? "What happened to Juárez?" you wonder aloud.

"Juárez?" says the man. "Here he comes now. *Viva* President Juárez!"

He slaps you on the back. "Juárez has had the French emporor, Maximilian, tried and shot. Now Juárez returns."

You thank the man and push your way through the rejoicing crowd. It seems you have jumped to the time of *President* Juárez, instead of to the city that bears his name: *El Ciudad Juárez*! You're almost fifty years off track!



**Jump to *El Ciudad Juárez* in 1913.**

**Click here.**





**Y**ou hurry down Main Street in El Paso toward the hotel. A boy, wearing knickers and waving a newspaper, runs down the wooden sidewalk.

“Extra! Extra!” he cries. “Mexico’s new president assassinated! Huerta seizes Mexico City! Read all about it!”

“What happened?” you ask, grabbing the boy by the shoulders.

“Francisco Madero—the man General Villa helped put in office! He’s been shot! There’s a new dictatorship!” He pauses for breath. “This is sure to start up the Revolution again!”

You race up the street and into the hotel. You must tell Villa the news!

It takes your eyes a moment to adjust to the dim light. The hotel is pretty seedy.

“Where’s General Villa’s room?” you ask. A hotel clerk in wire-rimmed glasses and sleeve garters barely takes his eyes off his newspaper.

“Second door, top of the stairs,” he answers. You take the steps two at a time and raise your fist to knock at the door.

The door opens a crack—and the barrel of a pistol is leveled at your face. Then the pistol is lowered and the door swings open.

“It’s my young friend from Chihuahua,” says Villa, running a hand through his uncombed curls. He looks weary but glad to see you. The room is cluttered, and you are surprised to see several cages of pigeons stacked by the window.

“You certainly saved my hide that day!” he goes on. “I must tell you how I escaped from prison—in disguise! A bowler hat, a

Spanish cape . . .”

“My news is not so good this time,” you say. “I’ve come to warn you.”

Villa motions you to sit on the bed, and you tell him about the imposter. Then he sits beside you and puts an arm across your shoulders. You notice that he’s wearing a black armband. “Thank you,” he says, sighing sadly. “I need all the friends I can get on this dark day.”

“Then you know about President Madero?”

He nods slowly. “I would have given everything to help him. He promised free elections and land for the poor. Now all those dreams . . . gone. Villa must fight again.”

“Can I help?”

He points toward the bureau. “Get paper and string.”

You rummage through the clutter and get him what he wants. With intense concentration, he writes a message on a small bit of paper.

“The Americans laughed at me,” he says. “They thought I was keeping pigeons to eat them.” He takes one of the white birds from a cage and ties the paper to the bird’s leg. Then he opens the window and sends the pigeon flapping away.

“She will tell my plans to those who should know,” he says. “I shall cross El Ciudad Juárez, raise an army, and capture the Torreón railhead! When we control the railroads, we will control Mexico!”

“And now you must go,” he says, “for I have much to do. I must take care of this imposter, and I must raise money for ammunition and supplies. But I would like to give you something for your help.” He picks up a pigeon cage. In it is a single, snow-white bird.

“She is a prize,” says Villa. “You can train her!”

“I appreciate your gift,” you say. “And now I would like to donate her to your cause. You can care for her and use her better than I.”

Villa graciously takes back the bird.

You can’t be of further use to him here, but at least he seems to trust you. You decide to meet up with his army later. Where did he



say he was going?



**Jump to Juárez. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump to Torreón. [Click here.](#)**



It's April 1914. You're at the railroad junction of Torreón. Tracks extend in all directions like spokes on a giant wheel. "Viva Villa!" cheers a crowd of spectators.

A train chugs in. It's bursting with soldiers! They cover the roofs and hang onto the side ladders, while they wave and fire victory shots into the air. You see women on board, too, with rifles slung over one shoulder and babies in shawls slung over the other.

The engine huffs to a halt. Boxcar doors clang open, then soldiers pile down the gang-planks and lug the wounded on litters.

"Isn't it wonderful?" someone asks you. A boy stands next to you, smiling a gap-toothed grin. He has a gash across his cheek, and his arm is in a sling. "What a battle!"

"I—I wasn't there," you say.

The boy eyes you suspiciously. Then he proudly puffs out his chest.

"I was a great hero—the bravest of all the dynamite-carriers! I charged right into the Federals' machine-gun fire! That's how I took a bullet in my arm."

You're not sure if that sounds brave or just foolhardy. But you don't ask. "Doesn't it hurt?" you say instead.

"Nah! I'm Antonio Delgado! Nothing hurts me!"

"General Villa's army certainly has grown," you say.

"He is brilliant!" answers the boy. "He left El Paso a year ago with eight men, and now he has over ten thousand! He controls the whole state of Chihuahua, and now he's taken Torreón. Soon we'll take the capital and end the war!"

“Where is the general?” you ask.

“He’s in his private railroad car,” says Antonio, pointing to the car behind the engine. “The one with a Dorado guarding the door. The Dorados are Villa’s private honor guard. The name means Golden Ones. But I think Villa’s in a bad mood. He’s having trouble with First Chief Carranza, the head of the revolutionary armies. Villa has to obey Carranza’s orders—the first chief will be president of Mexico when we win the Revolution!”

You head down the tracks for Villa’s railroad car. A soldier with a golden armband guards the door. He must be a Dorado! Maybe you can ask him how he got to be one. But just as you reach the entrance, General Villa himself stomps down the metal steps.

“That idiot Carranza!” he bellows. “I’ve asked him to cut off the federal reinforcement troops, but he does nothing! He sits, like a stone, safe in Chihuahua City. *I* made it safe! *I* conquered all of Chihuahua! How are we supposed to move on to the capital if *he* won’t move? If only I knew what he is up to!”

Villa grabs the guard’s arm. “Come with me!” he orders. “I want to check on our supplies and encourage the wounded.”

The two men march past you without so much as a glance. It seems Antonio was right—the general is not in a good mood. You decide to wait for him in his railroad car.

Mounting the steps, you find yourself in a comfortable office. There are curtains on the windows, and at one end of the car is a large wooden desk, covered with papers.

You see several objects on the desk as well—a paperweight and Villa’s hat. And there are copies of the telegrams Villa has sent to Carranza—telegrams asking for help.

You might be able to win a reward from Villa if you can tell him what Carranza is planning. Maybe you should jump to Chihuahua City. Or perhaps there is something on the desk you could take to the doctor! It wouldn’t be a gift—but would that matter a decade from now?



**Find something of Villa's to take to the doctor. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump to Chihuahua City and spy on Carranza. [Click here.](#)**



It's the end of February, 1913. You're on Main Street in El Paso, Texas. It's a small, dusty town. Behind nice-looking fronts, most of the buildings are shacks or sod huts. In the distance, you can hear the lowing and snorting of corraled longhorn cattle.

Two boys in knickers and a girl in a flowery ankle-length dress are rolling a hoop with a stick. They seem strangely carefree, compared with Mexican kids you've seen lately.

A barber with slicked-down hair leans beside his candy-striped barber pole. A local barber should be a good source of gossip!

"Is Pancho Villa in town?" you ask him.

He spits tobacco juice, and the juice squirts in an arc over the street.

"Holed up at the hotel," says the barber, pausing to spit again. "He wouldn't be in the saloon—doesn't drink, y'know. This time of day, he's probably fighting those cocks of his." He nods toward a lopsided adobe building.

You enter the dark, smoke-filled building. Men wearing everything from cowboy chaps to tweed suits are crowded around a small pit fenced off with chicken wire.

Inside, two roosters strut and circle each other. Suddenly the cockpit is a tornado of shrieks and cackles, flying feathers and droplets of blood, as the cock attacks. You can hardly stand to watch.

There is a burst of cheers from the onlookers, and a flurry of money changes hands.

"Dollar on the big red!" someone shouts.

"Two on the black and gray!"





Across the room from you, a stocky man in khaki trousers holds a rooster close to his chest and pets the bird idly as he puffs a cigar. His face is hidden by a wide-brimmed hat, but you can see his droopy mustache.

“Is that Pancho Villa?” you ask a man in the derby hat of an Easterner.

“It sure looks like him.” The man gazes across the room in admiration. “They say he almost single-handedly overthrew the Mexican dictatorship. And he’s a champion cockfighter, too!”

You squeeze through the crowd toward Villa.

“General Villa?”

“Maybe,” he grunts. “What do you want?”

“I just wanted to, um, say hello, and see if there’s anything I can do for you.”

The man grinds his cigar butt with the heel of his boot and takes a final swig from a bottle of beer. He hands you the empty bottle.

“New fight’s about to begin,” he says gruffly. Then he shoves his rooster into your arms. It squawks and squirms. “Put my bird into the ring.”

Yes . . . *sir!*” you say eagerly, juggling the restless rooster and the empty beer bottle. You set the rooster inside the fence and look for a place to dump the bottle.

But wait a minute—Pancho Villa doesn’t drink alcohol, you remember. And come to think of it, you’ve never seen him smoke a cigar, either! This man must be posing as Villa to get better odds at the cockfight!

Maybe the real General Villa will reward you if you tell him what’s going on. But should you leave before the fight is over? Or stay at the cockpit to keep an eye on the pretender?



**Look for Villa at his hotel. [Click here.](#)**



**Stay at the cockfight. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou jump back to Villa's private railroad car and settle down to wait for the general. He bursts into the car, and he's waving a telegram.

"That idiot Carranza!" he yells. "Now he wants me to go to Saltillo!" He stops short when he sees you. "What do *you* want?"

"I've just come from Chihuahua City," you say. "I overheard First Chief Carranza's plan. There is more—he plans to let General Obregón take Mexico City."

"Not if *I* get there first," says Villa. "We'll march to Saltillo, and *then* take the capital! Are you with us?"

"Yes, *sir*!" you say.

"Even though you have brought me bad news, you have done well, my young spy," says Villa. He reaches into a heavy wooden box with metal handles. "I have something for you."

At last! Could this be the gift you've been hoping for?

Villa pulls a container of vanilla ice cream out of the box. It's an icebox!

"Have some!" he says. "I've been saving it. It's the last cold treat you will have before we cross the desert to Saltillo."

It's not what you wanted, and it's soupy from the Mexican heat, but the ice cream tastes good.

"Thanks!" you tell the general. Villa is busy gobbling, and he nods as you leave the car.

Should you go to battle at Saltillo? Maybe if you're brave, you can win a reward. Or should you jump ahead to the capital? Villa's sure to get there soon!



**Join Villa's army as they march to Saltillo. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump ahead to Mexico City. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're on a street lined with shops and stalls in the town of Aguascalientes—"Hot Waters." It's late October 1914.

Across the street, a familiar-looking boy is waving to you. It's Antonio! He runs over to you with a cheerful yell. Suddenly you hear a thundering, and the ground starts to shake.

"Look out!" says Antonio. A stream of men on horseback gallop past, their golden arm-bands shining in the sunlight.

"It's the Dorados!" Antonio says reverently. "Villa's personal cavalry!"

You scramble out of their way. "How do I get to be one?" you ask. But Antonio just laughs and tugs at your sleeve.

"Come *on*," he says. "The convention is beginning! Villa, Zapata, and Obregón are meeting at the Morelos Theater. Maybe the Revolution will be ended for good!"

You follow Antonio through the back door of the theater and hide behind a red velvet drape on the wall. Peeking past the curtain, you can see a podium set up on the stage. Every seat in the house is taken.

Villa is seated in the front row, his Dorado bodyguards on all sides. His hair is slicked down and his uniform pressed. He folds his hands on his belly and smiles.

"There's Emiliano Zapata!" whispers Antonio, pointing. "He's a Zapotec Indian, and his army has swept the south!" Zapata is surrounded by his men, most of them in white peasant outfits.

You spot General Obregón standing behind the podium. His dark

eyebrows seem to jump from his pale face as he frowns in concentration.

“Will General Villa please come forward?” he asks.

Villa strides to the stage. Obregón pins a medal to the bandit’s shirt. Villistas pound their carbines against the floor in applause.

“I thank you for the medal,” says Villa. Then his face darkens. “But what we Villistas really want is land for the people!”

“We too!” scream the Zapatistas. “Restore our lands!”

Obregón raises his hands for quiet. “First, a new government,” he says. “Then we’ll talk of land.”

“Why isn’t Carranza here?” someone yells. “Why is he having Villistas and Zapatistas arrested? The Revolution is over, and we want to have an election. He must step down and allow us to *vote* for a new president.”

“Carranza will step down if General Villa agrees to resign as well,” says Carranza.

“I’ll resign my command as soon as Carranza leaves office,” shouts Villa.

The room erupts with arguing voices.

“Maybe we should both shoot ourselves at the same time,” suggests Villa sarcastically. “That would solve everything!”

“Death to Obregón and the Carrancistas!” someone shouts. A shot explodes from the audience and hits the ceiling of the theater.

“Death to the Villista and Zapatista dogs!” Now pistols are firing into the air all around you.

“That does it,” you hear Villa grumble as he sweeps past you toward the back door.

“This means war,” Obregón is saying from the podium. “I will lead Carranza’s troops against Pancho Villa!”

“There’s going to be more fighting,” says Antonio, pushing past you as more shots ring out. “Maybe you’ll have your chance at becoming a Dorado after all!” He slips out the back door after Villa.

You’re about to follow. Suddenly a shot strikes the wall above your head. The velvet curtain falls and knocks you to the ground. It’s heavy, and you try to struggle free. But it’s hard to breathe. And

men are running for the door. You'll be trampled! Jump!



**Click here.**



**Y**ou are on a deserted stairwell in a mansion in Chihuahua City. Below you, a fountain burbles in an interior courtyard. At the top of the stairs, you can see a carpeted hallway and several ornate doors.

One of the doors slams open, and a harried-looking man backs into the hallway.

“*Si*, Señor Carranza,” he says, hurrying toward the stairs. You duck behind a potted palm tree on the landing until he scurries past. Then you sneak up the stairs and peer through the door.

An old man with a long white beard is sitting at an elegant table. He’s surrounded by his aides. It’s First Chief Carranza!

“Villa won’t like this,” says an aide.

“Blast Villa!” shouts Carranza. “He will do as I say and move from Torreón to Saltillo. I don’t want him to have the glory of taking Mexico City. He would become too popular. General Obregón will take the capital. The orders have already been sent!”

The discussion continues, but you’d better jump back to Villa quickly if you want to be the first to tell him of Carranza’s plans.



**Jump back to Villa in Torreón.**

**Click here.**





It's August 1914. You're behind a palm tree facing a wide boulevard in Mexico City.

You join a cheering crowd that throngs the street. There's a parade coming!

"Hooray!" people are shouting. "The Revolution has ended!"

"What's going on?" you ask a bystander, a young man with a thin mustache. From the chalk dust on his sleeves, you guess he is a schoolteacher.

"It's General Alvaro Obregón, leading his troops. He has taken the capital for First Chief Carranza," says the man. He sighs. "Carranza will follow in a few days. He's to be our new president, I guess."

"Aren't you glad the fighting has ended?" you ask.

"It may have ended for now," answers the man quietly. "But Francisco Villa still rules the north, and Emiliano Zapata the south, and neither one thinks much of Carranza. I hope they will work out their differences at Aguascalientes. You've heard about the great convention for the revolutionary forces?"

"Oh—er, yes!" you answer. "I hope it goes well!" You work your way through the crowd to the edge of the sidewalk.

The parade is passing. At its head is a handsome man with short dark hair and heavy eyebrows. His uniform is immaculate, and his mustache and beard are neatly trimmed.

"*Viva Obregón!*" shouts the crowd. So this is Obregón. His tidy appearance is certainly a contrast to Villa's unruly curls and rumpled jackets.

“General Villa should have been here today,” says a soft voice near your ear. It’s the schoolteacher again. “Villa won all of the battles. And he always built schools in the towns he took!”

“I guess he’d agree with you,” you say thoughtfully. But Villa’s not here, and Carranza has had his way.

“*Viva Carranza!*” yells the woman standing next to you. She is staring directly at you and the teacher! “If I overhear any more such talk, I’ll report you!” she threatens. “President Carranza is having Zapatistas and Villistas arrested!”

You’d better leave the capital and look for Villa at the Aguascalientes convention.



**Jump to Aguascalientes. [Click here.](#)**



I t's early summer of 1915. You're in a wheat field nestled between rolling hills outside the town of León. But a battle is raging around you, and the green fields are rapidly turning red with blood.

*Boom!* A grenade explodes to your left and throws clods of mud into the air. A low-flying plane scatters bullets across the battlefield. The plane is hit! It's crashing! You dive into one of the many trenches that scar the wheat field.

The trench is filled with soldiers, all sweating with the heat and stress of combat. The bottom of the trench is puddled with water and muck. Biting green flies buzz around the wounded. A man slumped next to you wears the armband of a Dorado. You're about to speak to him when you realize that he is dead.

Recoiling in horror, you work your way through the trench. The soldiers are frantically firing their rifles and heaving grenades at an unseen enemy. But you recognize their uniforms. These are General Obregón's men!

"A cavalry charge!" screams a soldier. "Villa's Dorados are trying again!"

A horse flies over the top of the trench. Its rider is a Dorado with a grenade in his teeth. He is going to pull the pin and drop it in your trench!

One of Obregón's men catches the horse's bridle with his bayonet. The horse shrieks and spills its rider into a coil of barbed wire.

*Boom!* The grenade explodes! You feel as though you're caught in an earthquake. A landslide of mud and debris cuts you off from the rest of the trench. You huddle at the bottom of your trench hole



and cover your head with your arms. How are you going to get out of here and find Villa? Maybe you'd better jump.

*Fi-i-i-eeuu!* A shell screams and explodes in a spray of water and muck. When the smoke clears, you see a crumpled figure lying in the mud. You pull him down into the trench. It's General Obregón—and his right arm is blown off at the elbow!

You grab him and try to keep his head out of the mud. He's as white as a sheet and groaning with pain. "My arm!" he mutters, staring in horror at the jagged bone jutting from his flesh.

"I'll help you, General," you say, tearing at his tattered shirt. "You'll make it." Using a stick to block the knot, you wrap a tourniquet around his bicep. His breathing is raspy.

"All this killing . . ." he says, gasping. "So worthless."

"I'm going for help, General," you say. You peer over the edge of the trench. Another wave of Villistas charge, and they're met with Federal machine-gun fire. Men scream and fall everywhere. You almost shriek when you feel a bony grip encircle your ankle. Obregón has grabbed you with his good hand.

"Don't let Villa's men capture me." His teeth are clenched in agony. "We'll lose the war."

"But you'll die if you stay here!"

"Shoot me," he pleads, holding a small pistol in his trembling hand.

*No*, you think, pulling away.

"Do it!" His pain-filled eyes implore you. "Please! It's a small gun," he begs. "The larger a soldier's courage, the smaller his gun. You see, I am a . . . brave man. Now you . . . must be . . . brave too."

"I can't!" you whisper. "Don't you understand? I can't!"

"Then I'll do it myself. Going to . . . bleed to death anyway." He closes his eyes and puts the barrel against his temple.

You stare in horror. Should you go against mission orders and interfere with history by stopping a suicide? Or should you leave him to his fate and go find Villa?



**Grab the gun and prevent the suicide.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Leave Obregón and search for Villa.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou and Antonio race from the Saltillo town hall. “Villa wants asparagus!” he whispers. “It’s his favorite food!”

“And I know where to find it!” you say. “The store you dynamited!”

Back at the store, sacks of grain have spilled, and jars of fruit and vegetables lie smashed. Townspeople eye you warily.

“Come in!” Antonio calls to them. “We won’t hoard food the way the Federals did!” Their eyes brighten, and they begin to gather food. “General Villa says more people have died from starvation during the Revolution than from bullets,” Antonio explains.

You rummage through the debris. Suddenly Antonio cries, “*Aha!*” He gives you a jar.

“Present it to Villa,” he tells you.

“But you found it!”

“*I win Villa’s favor in battle,*” brags Antonio.

You thank him and head for the town hall.

Villa grins when he sees the asparagus. “You deserve a reward!” he says.

He offers you an asparagus tip. Hardly something you can present to the doctor in Parral in exchange for the mask!



**Jump ahead three months to Mexico City. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou are back in Parral in the state of Chihuahua. It's November 2, 1915.

There seems to be some sort of fiesta going on. Banners, ribbons, and papier-mâché lanterns dance in the warm breeze beneath a deep orange sunset. But you're in the cemetery!

Townspeople in booths are selling skeleton cookies and candy skulls. Villistas with Dorado armbands wander with their families among the graves. Many of them are arranging table settings on the mounds and tombstones.

You spot Antonio with a rifle in one hand and a chocolate skeleton in the other. His eyes have lost their eagerness. They are eyes that have seen defeat and too much death.

"What's going on?" you ask.

"It's a holiday," Antonio explains. "The Day of the Dead, when we dine with our ancestors in their place of rest."

Villa moves among the families; he's making small talk and taking food from different plates.

"Smart, huh?" Antonio says. "That way he guards against poisoning. He has to be extra careful as long as Carranza is president."

Villa is speaking to a group of his followers, some of them Dorados. You and Antonio wander over to listen.

"We have fought well, despite our recent setbacks," says Villa. "But the Americans have certainly turned out to be fair-weather friends! Obregón beats us twice, and their President Woodrow Wilson stops selling us guns!"

The crowd mutters angrily in agreement.





"The revolutionary armies all want the same things," Villa goes on. "We want land for our people, better education, a better way of life. The only thing we disagree about is the leadership of Carranza."

The crowd hisses and boos.

"So I have decided to stop fighting and return to the hills," says Villa. "I will take only a few of my loyal Dorados with me. The rest of you may return to civilian life. Some of you may have trouble with Carranza's Federals. If you would prefer to go into exile in the United States, I will help you. That is all, my friends. Good-bye!" He strides toward you through the crowd.

The crowd bursts into cheers. "*Viva Villa!*" they shout.

If only you were a Dorado! Then you could go with Villa into the hills. The General sees you eyeing a Dorado's golden armband.

"Do you wish you had one of these?" he asks you as he pats his golden band. "Let us hope there'll be no more fighting. Then you won't need one. But you have been a great help to me. Perhaps you should head for the safety of the United States for a while."

He reaches into a pocket.

"Here you are, my young friend," he says, handing you a bundle of cash. "Take this money and go to the U.S. It came from my own currency factory!"

"*Gracias*, General," you say as Villa turns to another of his followers.

You run your thumb through the pile of strange bills. Would the doctor in Parral accept these as proof of your friendship with Villa? He had the money printed in his own factory, after all! Or maybe you should take Villa's advice and jump to the U.S. The last time Villa took to the hills, he spent a lot of time north of the border!



**Jump ahead to 1923 and find the doctor.**  
**[Click here.](#)**



**Jump ahead four months to the**  
**American-Mexican border. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou grip the gun and pry it from Obrégon's fingers. But Obrégon grabs your hand and twists the gun to point directly at his face. His thumb is on the trigger!

*Click.* The pistol doesn't fire.

With a surprising burst of strength, Obrégon wrestles the gun from your hand and holds the weapon to his head to try again.

*Click.*

He stares at the gun for a second. Then his eyes roll up and he collapses.

"General? *General!*"

You scramble to the top of the trench. Soldiers are running in all directions. The wounded crawl through the muck and beg for help.

Two orderlies with white armbands are carrying a stretcher. "Over here!" you yell. But they load someone else onto the stretcher and cart him away.

No help! The general is going to die!

You slide back into the trench and roll Obrégon onto his stomach. Then you hold your breath and submerge in the muck. You wriggle up beneath him so he's in a fireman's carry across your back. Digging your fingers into the mud bank, you begin to crawl. Obrégon's inert body is unbelievably heavy.

"The gun . . ." he mumbles. From the corner of your eye you see it slip from his hand. "My aide cleaned it . . . last night." A creepy gurgle escapes from his throat. Obrégon is laughing! "He must've . . . forgotten to . . . reload."

You drag yourself and your burden out of the trench. Rifle fire

shrieks above your head. The Villistas, pursued by Obrégon's cavalry, are retreating in the distance.

The orderlies spot you and come running. They load Obrégon onto a stretcher.

"You've won, General!" they say. "The Villistas are fleeing! General Villa is defeated and heading back to Chihuahua!"

"Thank God," says Obrégon, his voice fading to a whisper. "Now perhaps this insane war will end." His eyelids flutter closed.

"He'll be all right," an orderly tells you. "You have saved a great man today. He'll want to thank you when he wakes up. Will you come with us?"

The invitation is tempting, but it's time you found Villa. He's sure to be unhappy about losing an important battle. Maybe you can do something to console him. Don't tell him you saved the life of his enemy!



**Jump to northern Mexico. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou decide to go find Villa. Maybe he'll be pleased if you can tell him of the death of his enemy, and he'll give you a reward.

You turn your back on Obrégon and start to climb out of the trench. Obrégon puts the gun to his head. But you just can't let him do it!

You slide back into the trench.

*Click.* Obrégon pulls the trigger. The pistol doesn't fire.

*Click.* He tries again, to no avail, and collapses as you wrestle the gun from his hand. He makes a desperate wheezing sound in his throat. To your horror, you realize that Obrégon is laughing!

"My aide . . . cleaned my gun . . . last night," he says, choking. "But he didn't . . . didn't reload it."

Throwing the gun away, you scramble to the top of the trench. Rifle shots still zing over your head. But in the distance, you can see that Villa's army is in retreat.

A dead Dorado lies at your feet. You are tempted to steal his armband. But you would be taken prisoner or shot if you were caught with it by Obrégon's men.

You spot a Federal officer leading two orderlies who are carrying an empty stretcher. The men pick their way through the fallen bodies as they search for the wounded. They pick up no one.

"Over here!" You wave desperately. "General Obrégon is wounded!"

The men come running. "We've won!" yells one. "Tell the general that Villa's retreating all the way to Chihuahua!"

But you decide you've done enough. If Villa ever hears that you saved the life of his archenemy, he may never give you a reward!

You slide into another trench and jump.



**Look for Villa in Chihuahua. [Click here.](#)**



It's four o'clock in the morning on March 9, 1916. You're on deserted Main Street of Columbus, New Mexico, and wondering if you should jump ahead a few hours or wait for people to wake up.

You don't have to wonder for long. All at once there is a thunderous noise as a raiding party of horsemen gallops down the dark street.

"Hee-yaw!" one of them yells, firing his gun into the air.

"*Viva Villa!*" shouts another as he smashes store windows with the butt of his rifle. They're Villistas!

American soldiers, some in longjohns, race from the garrison at the end of town. Where is Pancho Villa?

You run up the street. Rifles bark from every rooftop. The Villistas rear their horses and fire wildly.

*Baaa-rooom!* The ground rumbles, then slams up against you. A gasoline drum has exploded near a large building. It must have been hit by a stray bullet. A sign swims before your eyes: Commercial Hotel.

You squint and try to focus your eyes. You're lying on your back in the middle of the street. Flames are licking from the hotel windows. Women and children in nightgowns are screaming on the sidewalk.

But their screams fade to a distant hum in your ears, and the flames fade to blackness . . .

Dampness touches your forehead. You wince and sit up. You're on a featherbed.





“Easy. You’ve had a slight concussion.” A woman puts a cool wet cloth on your brow. “And someone has picked your pockets.” You check. The money Villa gave you is gone.

You look out a window. The town is burning in the distance.

“The Villistas?” you say. “Why?”

“No one really knows why,” answers the woman. “No one is even sure if Villa himself was here. Half the town swears they saw him, and the other half is certain it was someone else. But the raiders were Villistas for sure. Maybe they wanted the guns and supplies at the Thirteenth Cavalry garrison. Or maybe Villa’s angry at the United States for supporting Carranza. Who knows?”

“Where did they go?” you ask.

“They fled south. My husband, Major Frank Tompkins, is assembling his platoon to chase Villa into Mexico. But illegally—without the permission of the Mexican government. I hope they find Villa and hang him!” Tears roll slowly down her cheeks as she looks across her burning town.

“I’m looking for Villa too,” you tell Mrs. Tompkins.

“The rest of the garrison is leaving at dawn to join up with the El Paso garrison,” she says. “It’s commanded by General Pershing. Black Jack Pershing. He’s tough as nails and smart as a fox. President Wilson is sure to order him into Mexico—and with Carranza’s permission, I’ll bet! Pershing will find Villa if my husband doesn’t—and someone will hang him!”

You need to find Villa quickly! But with whom should you ride south?



**Join Tompkins’s platoon. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump ahead and join Pershing’s troops.  
[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou are back in the smoky, dark cantina in the Hotel Hidalgo in Parral. It's 1923. The doctor has turned his back on you and is hurrying away.

"Wait!" you say. "I have something I can trade for the mask. It was given to me by Pancho Villa himself!"

You hold out the sheaf of currency.

"*Pah!*" says the doctor. "The revolutionary currency is worthless—it came and went like the wind. Every general and every army that came through here printed money. And even the poorest family in Parral has boxes full of this stuff. Don't bother me with something you could have gotten anywhere."

It seems you're wasting your time here. You'd better get back to your mission. Villa should be somewhere near the U.S.-Mexican border.



**Jump backward seven years to the U.S. border. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou decide that trucks would be faster than horses, so you trade your horse to one of General Pershing's soldiers in exchange for his seat in a dusty Dodge truck.

"Good luck!" he says, leading your horse away. "You'll need it!"

The convoy of trucks is ready to leave as you settle into a back seat. Next to the driver is a square-jawed lieutenant. He wears pearl-handled revolvers.

"Name's George Patton," he says gruffly. "You the guide?"

You nod and study the maps and charts he hands you.

"Like my pistols?" Patton asks. "Used them in the 1912 Olympics in Stockholm, Sweden."

"Really? What was your event?"

"Pentathlon—a little bit of everything. Cross-country run, horsemanship, swimming, fencing, and pistol shooting. Didn't place, though. Most of the others used special pistols. Since I'm a soldier, I used the guns that might someday save my life!" He grins and pats one of the revolvers.

For five days the trucks buck and snort across the wastelands of Chihuahua. You are choked by dust and exhaust fumes. The men spend more time fixing tires than they do traveling. When the convoy makes headway, it's mile after slow, grinding mile. You'll never find Villa at this rate!

A shot rings out! Another! Patton has his guns drawn in a flash. Then he laughs out loud. The truck behind you is backfiring. It makes a horrible noise and jerks to a stop.

The convoy halts for repairs. You and Patton and two of the other

trucks drive ahead to scout the desert. In the distance you spot a broken-down ranch nestled between two hills.

“Better see if we can buy some corn,” Patton says. Leaving the engine running, he walks across the sand.

Suddenly three Mexicans gallop down the hills. They’re firing pistols. “Death to the American invaders!” they cry. One of them is wearing a Dorado armband! Maybe you can get them to pick you up and take you to Villa!

“Hey!” you shout, waving your arms. “Stop!”

The firing continues. “Get down!” Patton shouts at you. He quick-draws and shoots.

One of the riders spins backward, toppling from his saddle. His spurred boot catches in a stirrup, and he is dragged behind his horse in a dusty cloud.

The other two Villistas are less than ten feet away, their guns pointed directly at Patton.

*Blam! Blam!* The soldiers from the other two trucks fire on the Villistas. Both fall from their rearing horses. The man with the Dorado armband continues firing wildly, even as Patton levels his pistol to shoot him again.

Then the Dorado slumps to the ground, and the shooting is over. Patton’s men cheer. You turn your eyes away.

Patton and several of the soldiers check the ranch house for anyone who might be hiding.

“Looks like Villa’s been here,” he reports on his return. “But he’s long gone, and there’s no food. Guess these fellas were the rear guard.” He ties the bodies of the three Villistas across the hood of the truck. They look like hunting trophies. You shudder.

“When we get back to the convoy, I’m going to recommend we abandon the trucks,” Patton goes on. “They’re too slow. We’ll never catch Villa this way.”

Nor will you—and you’re not sure you want to hang around with these guys much longer. You’d better switch to some other transport.







Saddle a horse. **Click here.**



**T**hanking Mrs. Tompkins, you pull yourself out of the cozy bed and head for the army garrison in search of Major Tompkins.

You find him just inside the busy fort, where he's barking orders to a group of sergeants.

"I want to join in the search for Pancho Villa," you tell him.

The major smiles. "You're the kid who got knocked out in the raid? Thanks for the offer, but this is a job for trained soldiers."

"But I've traveled across the border, and I know what Villa looks like," you insist. "I can help as a guide."

"Hmm, that might be useful," Major Tompkins admits. "No one here has actually seen him. Okay, you can ride with me. We're going to rendezvous with General Pershing across the border."

You ride with Major Tompkin's troops for six days. There has been no sign of Villa. But the troops are exhausted from the heat and harassed by Villista sniper gunfire.

The soldiers talk of nothing but finding Pancho Villa—so they can hang him! You'll certainly win Villa's favor if you can warn him first. But you'll have to be careful to hide your mission from the American soldiers!

Finally the troops rein up at a deserted railroad junction in northern Mexico. You see a plume of dust rising in the distance.

"It's General Pershing!" says Major Tompkins. The plume of dust grows. Soon two columns of American cavalry ride up. Behind them rumble two hundred army trucks.

The general, lean and saddle-toughened, rides up to Major



Tompkins, who salutes smartly.

“There’s no sign of that rascal Villa,” says the general, saluting back. “And President Carranza says he doesn’t want American troops on Mexican soil. He says he will take care of Villa and that we are here illegally.”

The soldiers around you mutter and grumble.

“Well, I say we’re here and we’re staying!” Pershing continues. “That bandit Villa can’t raid towns north of the border and get away with it!” The men cheer. “But we’ll have to depend on horses and trucks and forget about using Mexican trains.”

You want to get to Villa as fast as you can. Which group should you join?



Go by truck. **Click here.**



Go on horseback. **Click here.**





It's 1917. You're standing outside General Obregón's headquarters in Mexico City. A guard spots you.

"Hey!" he yells. "What are you doing in here?" Then he pauses a moment, as though he recognizes you. And you recognize him—he's one of the orderlies from the battlefield of León, where Obregón was wounded.

"I know *you*," he says. "You're the kid who saved the general's life! You sure haven't changed much. Come to collect your reward?"

He ushers you into Obregón's office.

The general is tapping tobacco into his pipe. It is difficult for him; his right arm is missing.

"I've come on behalf of General Villa," you say. "He has fought for his country for many years. He wants the war to end."

"As do I," says Obregón. He lights his pipe and blows out the match. Then he points toward you with the end of the pipe.

"I owe you for saving my life at León," he says. "And President Carranza has treated Villa badly. But I will be running for president against Carranza in the next election, in 1920. I do not wish to have Pancho Villa for an enemy.

"Tell General Villa that if he wants to keep fighting, so will I. But if he wants to lay down his weapons, then perhaps all Mexicans can work together as one people. We all need each other."

"Thank you, General," you say. "And may peace be with you."

"One more thing," says Obregón. "Tell General Villa that I will have a pleasant surprise for him after the election!"





Find Villa after the election. [Click here.](#)



**Y**ou go to your tent and try to fight sleep. The wind howls. You open the tent flap and look out. Freezing, swirling, shrieking whiteness buffets you.

Grabbing two blankets, you plunge into the storm. Sand mixed with snow drills your face and stings your eyes. Sagebrush tumbles past.

Tents are starting to flap away like huge bats—and that gives you an idea for a rescue! Stealing to Antonio's tent, you loosen the front stakes that hold it into the ground.

As the tent rips into the air, you can see Antonio huddled in the back. His two startled guards run to the front of the tent to reanchor the stakes on the outside. Crawling on your belly under the back of the tent, you grab Antonio's shoulder.

"It's me!" you hiss, untying his hands. "Here's a blanket—we have to fly!"

The two of you worm your way under the back of the tent. Then, shrouded in gray woolen blankets that blend into the night, you disappear into the storm.

"So you *are* a spy!" says Antonio in wonder. "Come on, then—Villa's in the mountains. He's wounded."

Battling the biting storm, you and Antonio work your way deep into the hills. You are so cold you can no longer feel your fingers or toes. Finally, you climb a rugged slope to a cave beneath a granite outcrop.

Inside lies Villa, trembling and feverish, covered with sweat.

A woman in a black shawl bends over him.





“He was shot in the leg by Carrancistas,” she says. “Only time he’s ever been wounded. Come. You can help me change the dressing.”

Villa’s eyes open, bulging with pain. He grips your sleeve as the woman peels away the bloody bandages.

“The American Expedition is leaving,” you tell him. “You will no longer be hunted.”

“You are a good little spy,” he says, gasping. You have to turn your face away. The wound looks raw, and you are afraid it’s infected.

“Go to—to the capital,” Villa says. “Tell General Obregón to get Carranza off my back. If he will lay down his arms, so will I. Do this for me and I will make you a Dorado.”

A Dorado! Your mission is almost done! You know you’re not supposed to change history. But wouldn’t it be nice if you could reach Obregón before Villa was shot? Maybe you could arrive in the capital just a little early . . .



**Jump backward in time to Mexico City.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Jump forward in time to Mexico City.**

**[Click here.](#)**





**Y**ou are standing on the Monte de las Cruces, overlooking Mexico City. No one has noticed your appearance—you are surrounded by eighty thousand Indian peasants who are marching on the capital! They are armed with clubs and knives, rusty rifles and farm implements.

“The Virgin of Guadalupe will protect me,” says the Indian next to you. “And Father Hidalgo sprinkled me with holy water. Bullets will bounce off me!”

“My wife prayed while she wove my sombrero,” says another. “I will put it over a Spanish cannon barrel so it can’t shoot!”

Spanish?

“Soon we will gain our independence from Spain,” says a third. “*Viva* Father Hidalgo, the rebel priest, Father of Mexico!”

“What year is this?” you ask.

“It’s 1810, of course. Death to the Royalists!”

It seems the fight is the same, but you’ve jumped too far back in time. Mexico isn’t even free of Spanish rule yet. Anyway, you should have known you can’t interfere with history. Villa will have to be wounded.



**Jump to Mexico City in 1917. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou've been riding for weeks with General Pershing's cavalry, searching for a trace of Pancho Villa. You've been living on parched corn and Mexican beans, and your legs are covered with saddle sores. Your clothes crawl with fleas. But you can't remove them, because you're freezing!

Another mountain looms ahead. You sigh. Another pass to cross. The troops rein up.

"Diiiiissssmount!"

The soldiers slide from their horses, but they're under orders not to sit down. If they're allowed to rest for even a minute, the men fall into exhausted slumber.

To keep yourself awake, you admire the view. You're on a broad, flat mesa-top, dusted white with snow. You're high above purplish plains, dotted with cattle. It's a perfect place to pitch a tent and sleep!

Pershing assembles the troops.

"That's it, men," he announces. "Villa's slipped through our fingers. President Wilson has ordered us back to El Paso. We'll camp here tonight and head north in the morning. Go ahead and butcher the last of our cattle for dinner."

You help the men pitch tents and set up camp. Dinner turns out to be two skinny long-horns. The soldiers butcher the cattle and barbecue the meat at makeshift campfires. As you eat, the wind begins to whistle. More snow swirls down.

"Scouting party comin' in, General," a sentry reports.

The exhausted scouts urge their starving mounts forward



through the deepening snow. Tied to a rope, a young Mexican in a tattered sheepskin vest stumbles along behind them. Gaunt and white-faced with cold and fatigue, he looks at you with wild, fear-filled eyes.

It's Antonio Delgado!

A scout pushes Antonio to the ground beside your campfire. "Caught this Villista begging for food at one of the ranches."

You grab a canteen and casually kneel next to the prisoner. Antonio takes a sip of the water and spits it back into your face.

"Traitor!" he hisses.

Then he looks into the faces of his captors. "Pancho Villa is dead!" he shouts. "He was shot by a Carrancista bullet. He is *dead!*"

The soldiers drag him to a tent and leave him tied up inside.

Could Villa really be dead? It's only the winter of 1917! Antonio must be lying—and he must know where to find Villa! You'll have to help him escape!



**Wait until night and free Antonio.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**T**he doctor has his back to you. He is opening a trap door in the floor of a storeroom behind the cantina.

“Wait!” you say. “I *am* a Dorado.” You show him your armband.

“Come on, then,” whispers the doctor. “I didn’t notice it before. *Hurry!* There are Federal officers out there.”

You follow him through the trap door and down rough wooden steps into darkness. He lights a candle. You are in a brick cellar. Footsteps thud above your head. The officers are searching the storeroom!

“They won’t find us here,” whispers the doctor. “But they must not see you with me. They already suspect me of making a mask. President Obregón’s term is over. The new government is afraid the people will begin the fighting again. The mask must be hidden!”

“But how will I get it out of here?”

“We will disguise you as the poorest orphan of the war. Hold the mask.”

He hands you the plaster death mask. It is the image of Villa. You turn it over in your hands. Villa’s blood stains the inside, and bits of his hair are stuck into the plaster.

“Slip it onto your back, under your shirt,” the doctor instructs. “You must walk bent over, as though your back is hunched. Use this stick as a cane.” He hands you a splintered board that was lying on the floor. “Get the mask to Otto Nordwald,” the doctor continues. “He was Villa’s friend and supported his campaigns.”

The noises upstairs subside. The guitar in the cantina plays a bal-lad. Walking like an old peasant, you sneak out of the cantina and





across the street to Nordwald's general store. The mask is a raised hump on your back.

"You poor kid," says Otto Nordwald, spotting you from the porch. "The war has left you begging in the streets, eh? Come inside and eat."

You hobble into the store. There are no customers. Everyone is across the street in the Hotel Hidalgo. Then you freeze. Two soldiers are dragging the doctor out of the hotel. A third searches the black medical bag. He throws the bag to the ground in disgust and motions to the others to release the doctor.

"My back," you whisper to Mr. Nordwald. "Villa's death mask is hidden under my shirt. You must hide it!"

Nordwald's eyes open with surprise as you slip the mask from under your shirt and straighten up.

"Give it to me quickly," he says, "before the Federal soldiers come looking for it! I have a safe."

You follow him to the back of the store and watch as the death mask of Pancho Villa is hidden away—in Otto Nordwald's safe.

But before your mission is accomplished, you'd better make *sure* it's safe.



**Jump to Chihuahua, Mexico, in your own time. [Click here.](#)**







**Y**ou are outside Canutillo, Villa's hacienda. It's 1920. The house is long and white, with a red-tiled roof.

There seems to be some sort of ceremony going on. You join a cheering group of Dorados who are clustered on a patio near the entrance to the house.

You are just in time to see President Obregón and Pancho Villa, framed in a doorway by a cascade of purple bougainvillea bushes. They are shaking hands—left hands.

It seems your message has worked.

"There is much we can do for Mexico without having our country torn apart by distrust and bloodshed," says Obregón grandly.

"You have given Pancho Villa good reason not to fight."

"If it takes a ranch to satisfy you and your followers, it is a small price to pay." Obregón salutes Villa and the Dorados, then mounts his palomino and rides away.

Villa opens his arms. "Look, *amigos*! A house, barns, and *twelve thousand acres*! Who could imagine all this, when we labored as children on the lands of others?

"This is what we have fought for, we who offered our blood and lives to the dream of good land and free elections. For us the war is over. For many of our comrades, it ended much sooner. They shall not be forgotten."

"*Viva Villa!*" the cry goes up. Even the toughest Dorados have tears in their eyes.

"There is one last duty I wish to perform as general of the Army

of the North.” He motions you forward.

“For you, my young spy.” He slips a golden armband up your arm, then removes his sombrero. “General Doroteo Arango Francisco Pancho Villa hereby officially recognizes you as a Dorado.”

People cheer, clap, and shoot their pistols into the air. Men bring out guitars, and women bring coffee and a platter of peppers stuffed with white sauce, red seeds, and green leaves. On each end of the platter is a Mexican flag—red, white, and green.

At last you’re a Dorado! But you don’t have time to enjoy the festivities. You have one thing left to do. As the party begins, you slip away.



**Jump to the doctor at the Hotel Hidalgo.**  
**[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're standing in a large courtyard room in the Museo de la Revolución, in Chihuahua. The white plaster walls, with their colorful painted borders and the Mexican tile floors, look cheerful and bright.

You recognize one of the exhibits. It's the bullet-ridden Dodge touring car Villa was driving on the day he was shot.

And in a display case—a star attraction—is the death mask of Pancho Villa. The smooth plaster is ghostly white. You stare at the familiar face. You're lost in thought.

"It's really something, isn't it?" says a museum guard. "Now we'll always know what he really looked like."

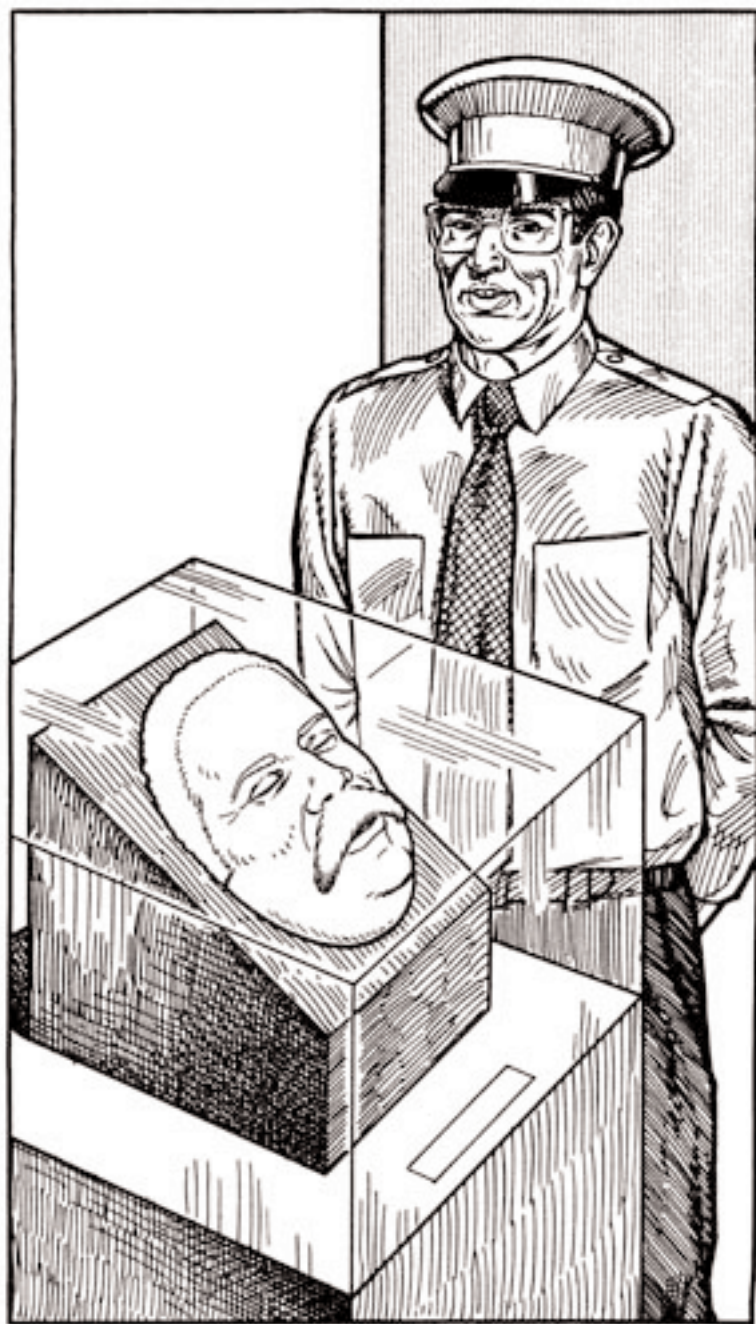
"How did they find it?" you ask.

"You heard it was lost?" says the guard. "That's some story! They never *would* have found it if an art teacher hadn't gone searching through the closets of the Radford School! Who would have thought that a merchant from Chihuahua would keep that mask hidden until the nineteen-thirties and then give it to his daughter's school in El Paso? Nordwald, his name was. Friend of Villa's, they say. And now it's been returned to a good home. You from around here?"

"Er, sort of," you answer, grinning.

It's the guard's turn to be thoughtful.

"You know, I never can look at that mask without being thankful that Pancho Villa fought for what he believed in," he tells you. "It just goes to show you what a difference one person can make. And his memory lives on in that mask."



“It’s a good thing they found it,” you remark. “It almost makes you feel as if you know him! *Viva Villa!*”

“*Viva Villa!*” the guard agrees. “*Viva la Revolución!*”

**MISSION COMPLETED.**

# DATA FILE

Page 2: Were kids likely to be suspected of murder in 1923?

Page 11: Where was Pancho Villa from?

Page 13: Who does he mean by “the general”?



**Page 17:** What was Pancho Villa's real name?

Page 27: How did Emiliano Zapata die?

**Page 46:** What happened in Mexico City in early 1913?

Page 84: Where is this money likely to be valuable?

**Page 98:** Which one is more adaptable to rough terrain?

**Page 105:** You're so close—are you sure you want to break a rule of time travel?

## About the Contributors

CAROL GASKIN has written eight previous books for young readers, including the Forgotten Forest series: *The War of the Wizards*, *The Magician's Ring*, *The Forbidden Towers*, and *The Master of Mazes*. She also writes nonfiction articles for adults. She is the author of Time Machine #13, *Secret of the Royal Treasure*, Time Traveler #2, *The Legend of Hiawatha*, and Time Traveler #3, *The First Settlers*.

GEORGE GUTHRIDGE has sold two novels and more than fifty short stories and novelettes to such magazines and anthologies as *Analogue*, *Asimov's Fantasy and Science Fiction*, *Stardate*, *Nebula Award Stories*, and *Year's Best Science Fiction*. In 1982, he was a Hugo finalist and runner-up for the Nebula Award. A former science magazine editor and professor of English, he currently lives in a Yupik Eskimo village on an island in the Bering Sea where he divides his time between teaching and writing.

KENNETH HUEY is an illustrator, designer, and writer. He is a past president of the Dallas Society of Illustrators and his work has appeared in comic books throughout the country.