

Pyramids of Time

*The Lost Civilization, the
Hidden Machine, and the
War for Reality*

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Cairo, 1928

The desert wind carried whispers of things best left buried.
Lucien Navarro sat in the dim study, listening to his father's frantic footsteps as he paced.
Matias Navarro, once a respected archaeologist, now a man on the edge of something far greater—something dangerous.

Lucien was twelve, but he wasn't a child. Not anymore.
"They'll come for me," his father said, shoving an envelope into his hands. "But you must remember—I found it first. Not Carter. Me."

Carter.

The man who had been his father's partner, his friend—until he stole the discovery, claimed it for himself, and left Matias discredited, ruined.
Lucien clenched the letter. "Why don't you tell them the truth?"
Matias laughed bitterly. "Truth?" He gestured to the stacks of papers, the maps marked with the tunnels beneath the Sphinx. "The truth is dangerous, son. The truth is what gets men killed."

A knock at the door.
His father went still.
The locks clicked open.

"Run," Matias whispered. "Don't look back."
Lucien hesitated—but only for a second. He slipped out the window, his feet hitting the sand as he ran.

A gunshot rang out behind him.
He never saw his father again.

Western Desert, 20 Years Later

Lucien Navarro crouched over the weathered leather-bound journal, tracing the faded ink with his fingers.

His father's final notes.

The buried tunnels beneath the Sphinx—not just myth, not just theory. Real. And stolen from him by Carter.
Not just stolen. Buried.

Carter had taken credit for Matias' findings. Rewritten history. And when Navarro's father had tried to reclaim the truth—he had been silenced.
The world never spoke of Matias Navarro.
But they still spoke of Carter.
And worse—his pupil.

Daniel Harrington.

The next generation of liars.
Footsteps approached. Vasquez. "Boss, we're not alone."
Navarro didn't need to turn. He knew.

The Keepers of the Code had been following him for years. They had let Carter erase his father. Now, they thought they could stop Navarro too?
He rolled up the map and stood. "If they make a move," he said, voice cold, "we end them."

Vasquez hesitated. "You sure?"
Navarro's gaze burned.
"They erased my father," he said simply.
Now?
He was erasing them.

Giza, Present Day

Navarro ran his fingers over the ancient stone tablet, feeling the weight of centuries beneath his touch. The inscriptions were clear.

"The Pharaohs were not kings. They were gatekeepers." "The door is not meant to open."

Navarro exhaled.

Bullshit.

Vasquez entered, tense. "The Americans have started digging."
Navarro didn't need to ask who.
Harrington. Carter's pupil.
Navarro's jaw tightened.
Harrington didn't even know his name.
Didn't know the man he idolized had stolen his entire career from someone else. That Carter had let a greater truth rot in the sand, claiming his father's legacy as his own.
Navarro curled his fingers into a fist.

Let Harrington dig.
Let him do the work.
And when he got too close—Navarro would take it from him.
Just like Carter had taken everything from his father.

A plane soared over the Pyramids of Giza, its shadow gliding across the golden sands below. The Great Pyramid, a steadfast guardian through the ages, stood in perfect symmetry beneath the azure sky. Nearby, the Pyramid of Khafre and the Pyramid of Menkaure loomed like silent guardians, their weathered stones whispering secrets of a forgotten past.

Tourists swarmed the plateau, cameras flashing, voices blending into a chorus of awe and excitement. To them, this was a place of history and wonder—a moment to capture, a story to share. Children darted between the colossal paws of the Great Sphinx, their laughter ringing out as their parents called after them. A guide, his gestures animated, spun tales of pharaohs and lost dynasties.

Yet beneath the surface of casual exploration and guided narratives, a deeper truth lay buried. Hidden chambers, unseen alignments, and celestial mysteries slumbered beneath the shifting sands. The true purpose of these monuments had faded from human memory, leaving only echoes in stone for those who knew where to look.

The sun climbed higher, casting sharp, deliberate shadows that played across the ancient structures. The Great Pyramid's geometry seemed to defy coincidence, its lines and angles forming patterns that hinted at something greater—something waiting to be understood.

Tourists moved from one monument to the next, reading plaques, listening to guides, marveling at what stood before them. Yet none of them paused long enough to question what lay beneath their feet—secrets entombed in darkness, waiting for the right mind to uncover them.

Dr. Daniel Harrington stood at the edge of the Giza Plateau, the weight of the past pressing against him. The Great Pyramid loomed before him, its ancient stones gleaming under the relentless Egyptian sun. To most, it was a marvel of human ingenuity. To Daniel, it was a riddle—a silent guardian of secrets buried beneath the sands. He ran a hand through his graying hair, fingers tracing the rough texture. Years of chasing lost knowledge had worn him down. He'd spent countless nights poring over ancient texts, decoding cryptic inscriptions, proposing theories that made him a pariah in academic circles. His energy grid theory—the belief that the pyramids were part of a vast, planetary power network—had been the final blow to his reputation. Once respected, now dismissed.

His eyes remained locked on the pyramid, but his mind drifted—back to lecture halls where he once commanded respect, back to the colleagues who now avoided him. And further still, to Carter, his mentor's disappearance. One moment there, the next... gone. The last message he'd received had been a cryptic note: *"The key is beneath the Sphinx. But some doors should remain closed."*

His heartbeat accelerated. The concealed vault under the massive paw of the Sphinx—he sensed it there, like a faint murmur at the fringe of his consciousness.

"Chasing shadows," they called it. But he knew better. Shadows had substance. Shadows held truth.

Tourists bustled around him, oblivious to his turmoil. A child ran past, laughing. Parents called after her. Nearby, a guide spun tales of pharaohs and lost dynasties, his voice bright with enthusiasm. The contrast stung. They saw history. He saw something far older—something waiting to be understood.

Adjusting the strap of his worn leather satchel, he inhaled the dry desert air. It carried something ancient, something unspoken. The answers were here. He just had to look deeper—beyond what others accepted as truth.

A voice cut through his thoughts.

"You lost?"

Daniel turned. An older man stood beside him, his weathered face unreadable. His gaze lingered—not with curiosity, but recognition.

“No,” Daniel said. “Just... looking.”

The man nodded slowly, as if weighing his response. Then, almost too softly to hear, he muttered, “Some doors shouldn’t be opened.”

Daniel stiffened, but before he could respond, the man turned and walked away, vanishing into the crowd.

Daniel sighed and turned back to the Great Pyramid. The sun cast long, deliberate shadows across its surface, the angles too precise to be coincidence. The stones seemed to hum with an unspoken truth, urging him forward.

5 years ago : Carter & Daniel—The First Clue

The air in Carter’s study was thick with the scent of old parchment and ink. Dim light from an oil lamp flickered against the walls, casting long shadows over the piles of books and scrolls strewn across the desk.

Daniel sat across from his mentor, leaning forward, eyes sharp with curiosity. He had been here countless times before, but tonight, there was something different. A weight in the air.

Carter, ever the enigma, ran a weathered hand over the surface of an ancient fragment of limestone, its symbols faded yet distinct. His other hand absently stirred a cup of tea gone cold.

“Look at this, Daniel.” His voice carried that familiar mix of excitement and gravity, the tone that always signaled something important, something hidden beneath the surface. Daniel studied the carvings—glyphs unlike any traditional Egyptian script. They seemed... misplaced.

“This doesn’t match any known dynastic timeline,” Daniel mused, tilting his head.

“It’s—”

“Older,” Carter finished, tapping a finger on the stone. “Far older.”

Daniel’s pulse quickened. “How old are we talking?”

Carter leaned back in his chair, the flickering light catching in his intense, knowing eyes.

“Older than Egypt itself.”

Silence hung between them.

Daniel swallowed. “But that’s not possible.”

Carter smiled faintly, the kind of smile that hinted at a truth too dangerous to fully voice.

“Isn’t it?” he murmured.

Daniel sat back, his mind spinning. He had followed Carter through countless theories, but this—this felt different.