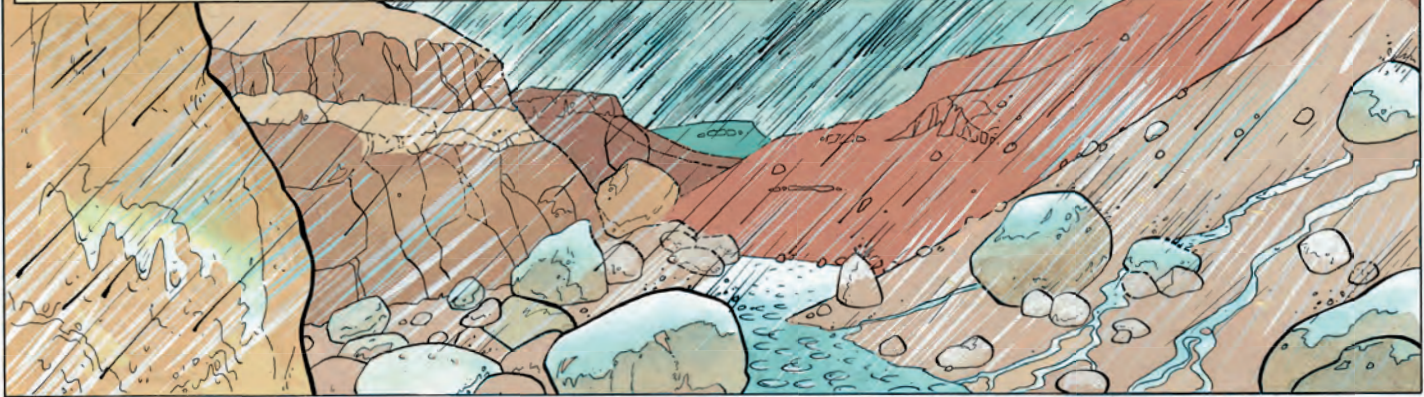


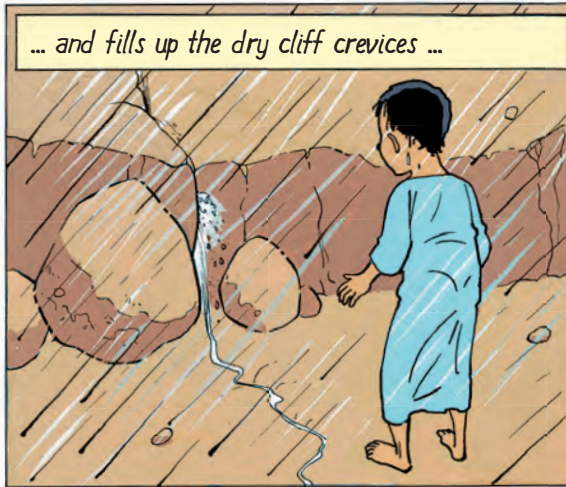
Cloudburst in Egypt is a rarity, it comes suddenly and rain falls with great intensity as if it had to catch up with years of drought...



... the rain pours down along the rocks bordering the Libyan desert ...



... and fills up the dry cliff crevices ...



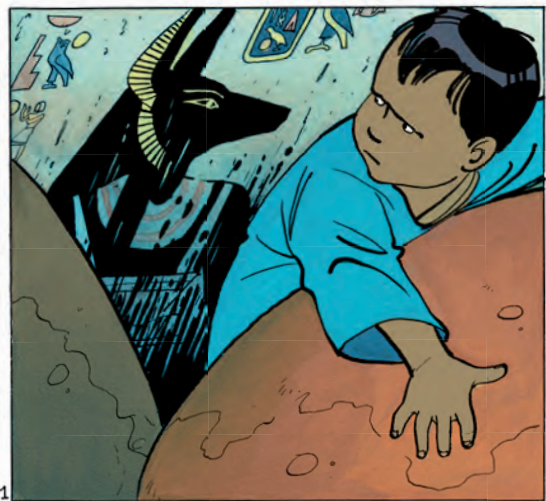
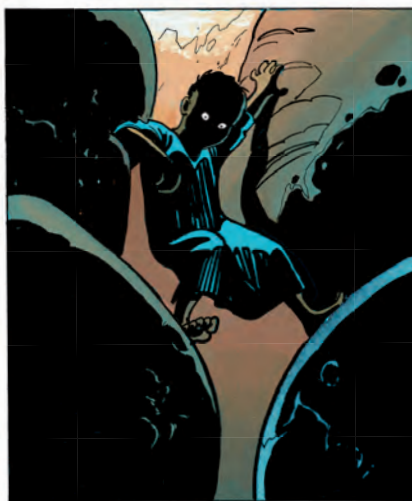
... but just as suddenly as the rain starts, it stops again ...



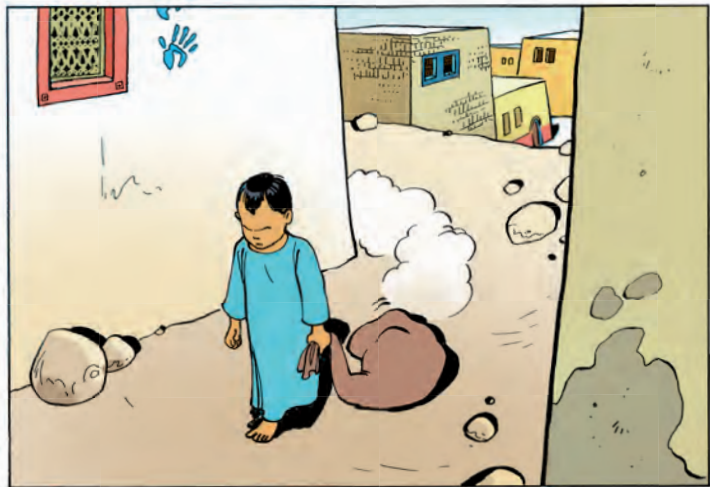
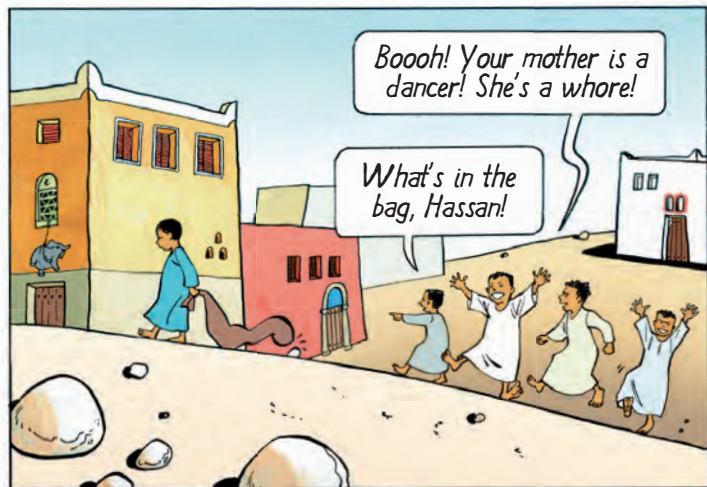
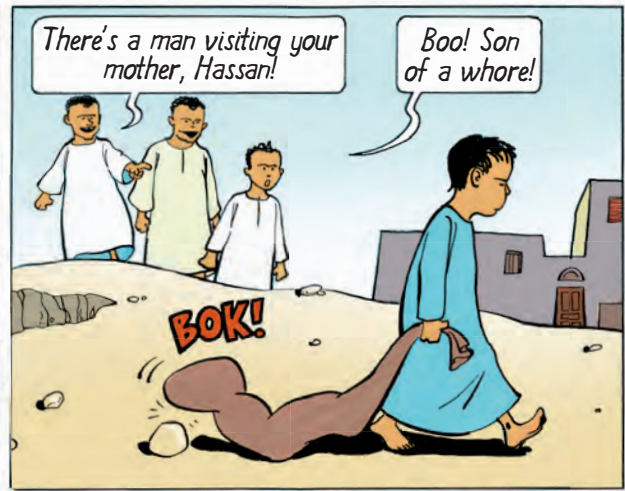
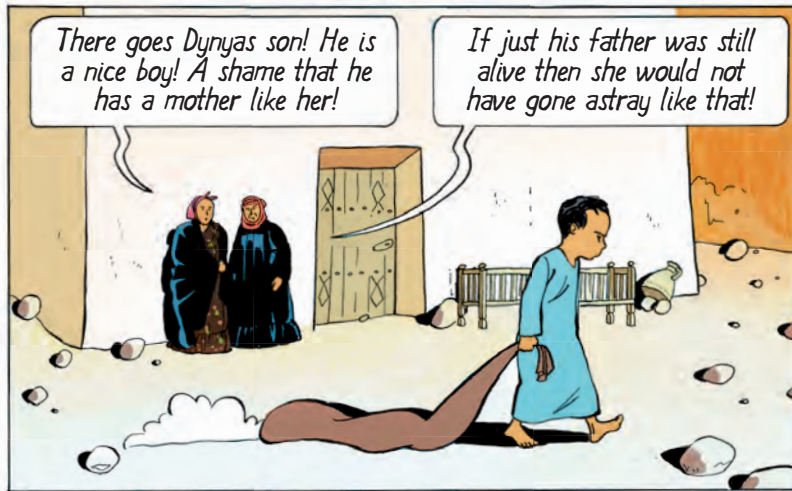
... to reveal things that otherwise would be hidden from the naked eye ...



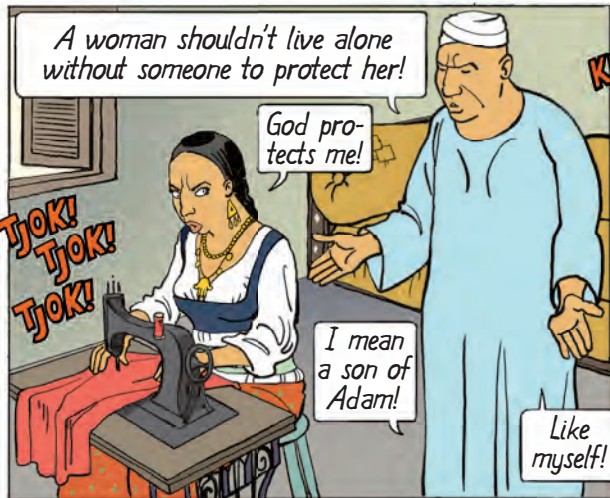
... and transforms the dry dust to clay ...











A woman shouldn't live alone without someone to protect her!

God protects me!

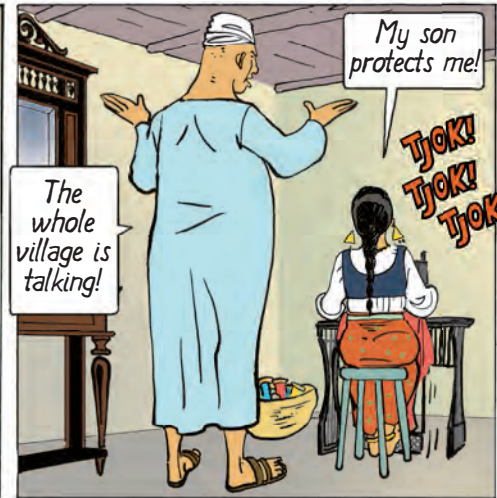
Tjok!  
Tjok!  
Tjok!

I mean a son of Adam!

Like myself!

KLANK!  
KLANK!

I know you long to take over my house!



My son protects me!

Tjok!  
Tjok!  
Tjok!

The whole village is talking!



If we married you could give up making costumes for chorus girls in Cairo!

They are artists!

KLANK!  
KLANK!



KLANK!

Now go! My son is back home!

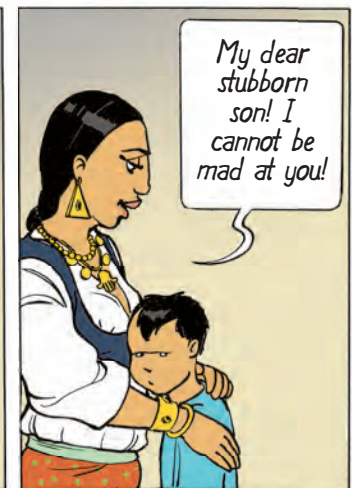


KLANK!  
KLANK!

Yes! Yes! I'm coming!



Hassan, I already told you not to come home at this time of day!



My dear stubborn son! I cannot be mad at you!

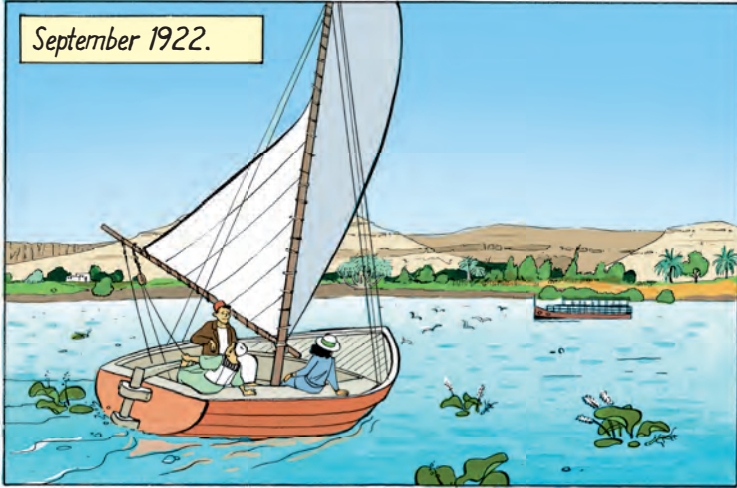


Tell me, Hassan! What is in that bag there?



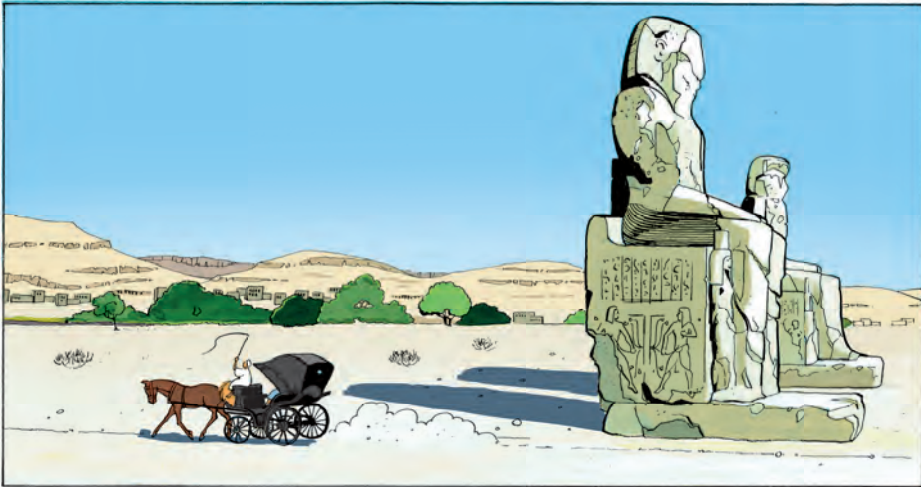
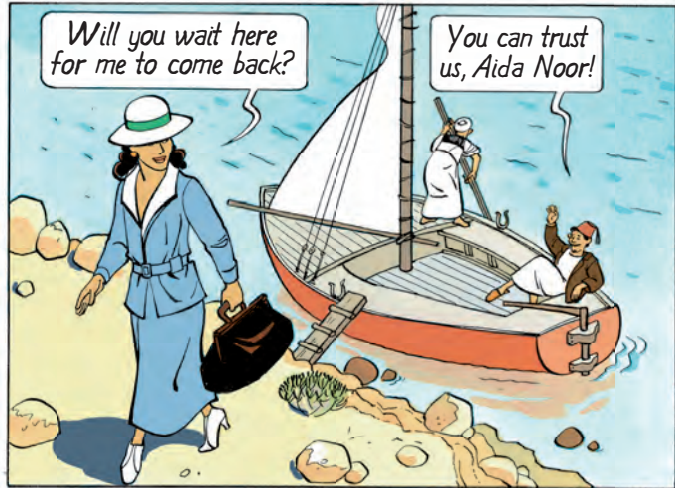


September 1922.



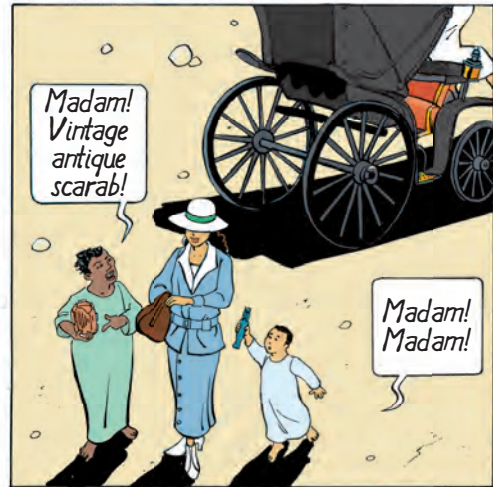
Will you wait here for me to come back?

You can trust us, Aida Noor!



Madam! Vintage antique scarab!

Madam! Madam!



Madam!

Madam!

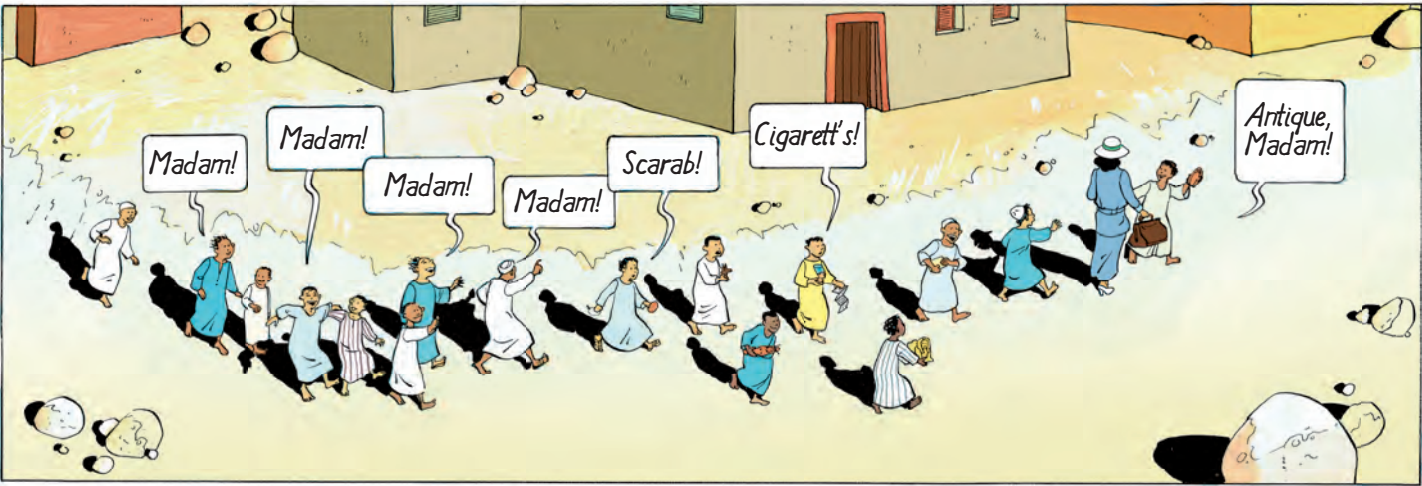
Madam!

Madam!

Scarab!

Cigaretts!

Antique, Madam!



Off with you! Yallah!



You would be spared a lot if you dressed like a village woman!



Ugh! They treat me like a tourist!

But you are! You people from the city!







Where is your little son?

Hassan?

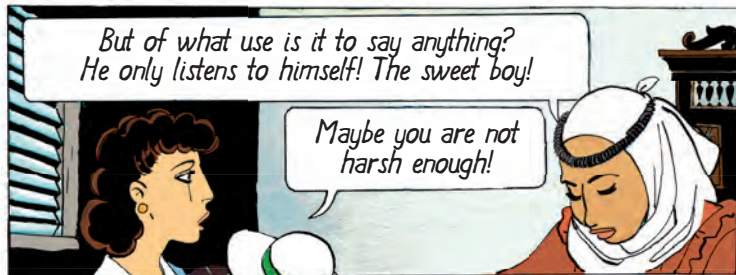


He is probably playing around on the burial ground! Anubis' Graveyard! I don't like it!

"Anubis' Graveyard"?



It is called that because of all the wild dogs there!



But of what use is it to say anything? He only listens to himself! The sweet boy!

Maybe you are not harsh enough!



By the way I am done with your dance costume, Aida. I will get it now!

Uh ... thanks!



KLANK!  
BONK!



It is perfect! With that dress I should get a raise!



Of course you should! Remember, I trained you!

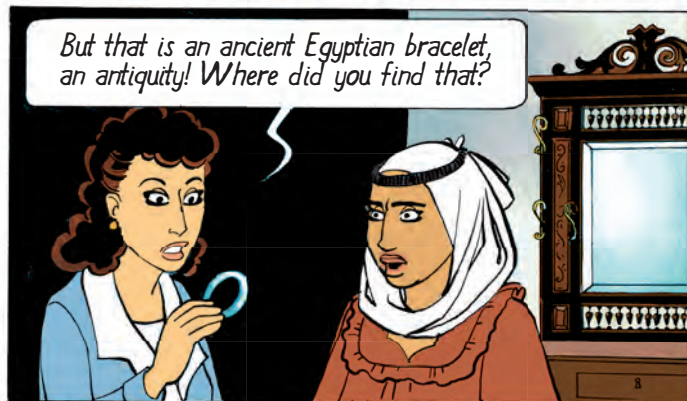


KLANK!  
BONK!



What is that?

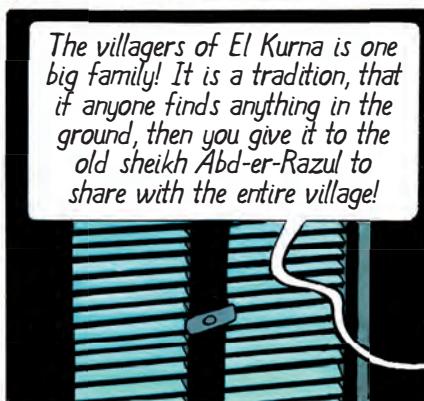
Uh, nothing!



But that is an ancient Egyptian bracelet, an antiquity! Where did you find that?



Sssh! It was not me!... If any of the other villagers heard you!

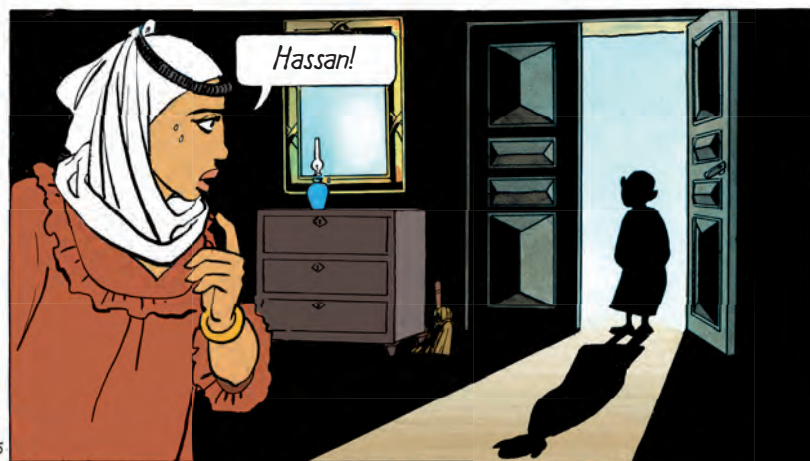


The villagers of El Kurna is one big family! It is a tradition, that if anyone finds anything in the ground, then you give it to the old sheikh Abd-er-Razul to share with the entire village!



But where did you find it, Dynya?

It wasn't me..!



Hassan!



When Hassan has decided to be silent, then I cannot get a word out of him!



But why bother! I don't want to share antiquities with a village that shuns us! Old sheikh Razul barely wanted to give us a share at the last distribution!



Hm! I know someone who buys old things! His name is Mohassib and he owns the cabaret!



What if we get caught? Everyone fears the sheikh! He is gruesome to his enemies! Even Hassan is afraid of him!



That is why I should take the items and sell them in Cairo for you! No one will notice anything if you live like you always have!



Let's try with a few things first and see what he will give!



I have to go! Bulbul is waiting for me at Luxor station!



BULBUL?

Our entertainer and singer in the cabaret! He only works there three times a week!

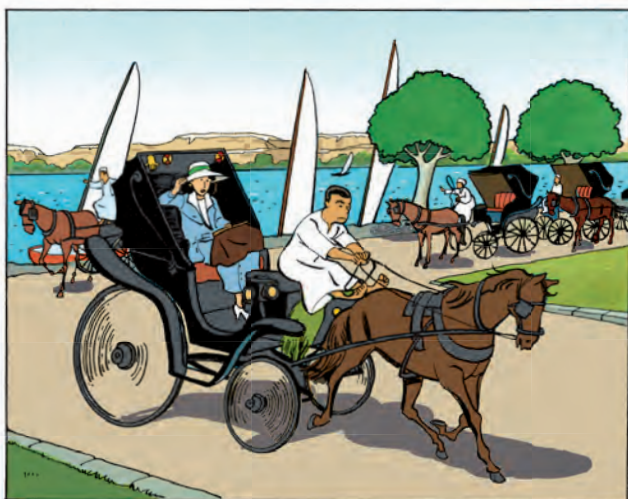


Why is that?

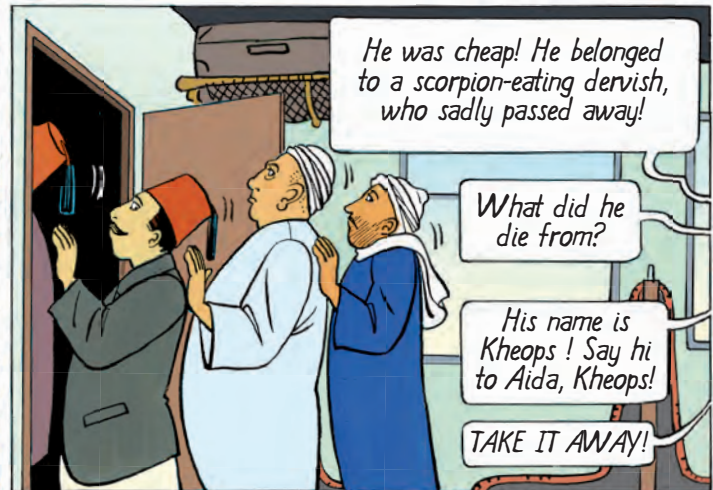
Mohassib's stinginess! I don't think he likes Bulbul, even if he is the nicest person in the world!



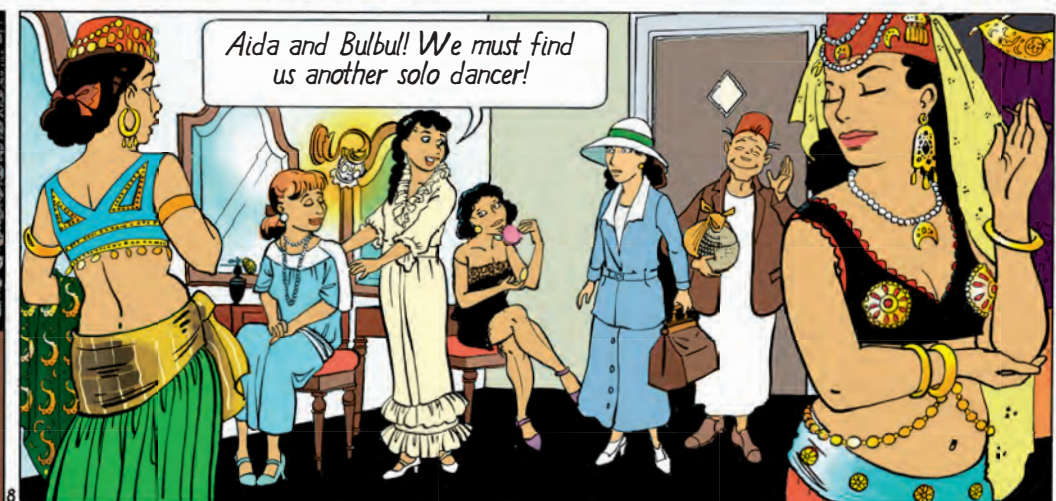
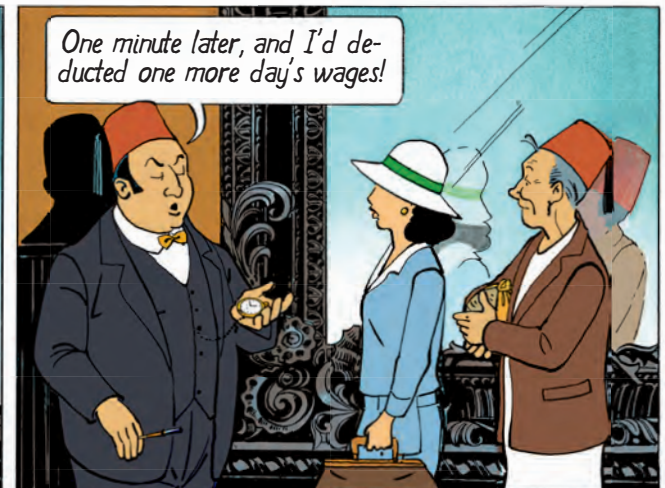
Be cautious, Aida! I don't trust anyone!













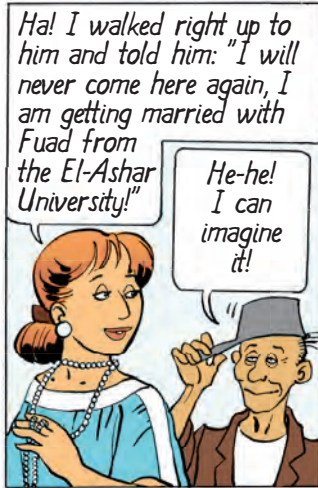


Fawzia is getting married, and this time it is for real!

Hm, does he know that you are a dancer?



Your fiancé will never know anything about your past! What did you tell Mohassib?



Ha! I walked right up to him and told him: "I will never come here again, I am getting married with Fuad from the El-Ashar University!"

He-he! I can imagine it!



"Never again, Fawzia? You are my best dancer!"



"What other cabaret is better than MY cabaret?"



What is that supposed to mean, Bulbul? Why are you not dressed up?



And you, Fawzia, you can leave, but you will come crawling back on your knees! No man wants to be married to a dancer!



Soon ...



ABDUL!

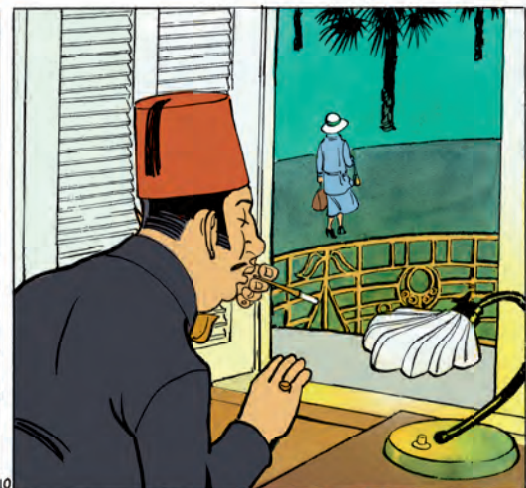
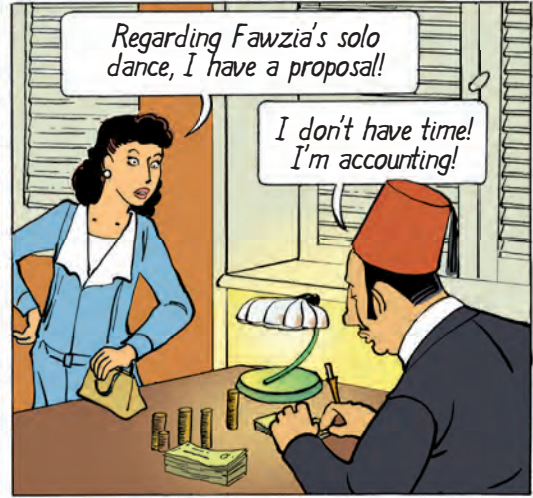
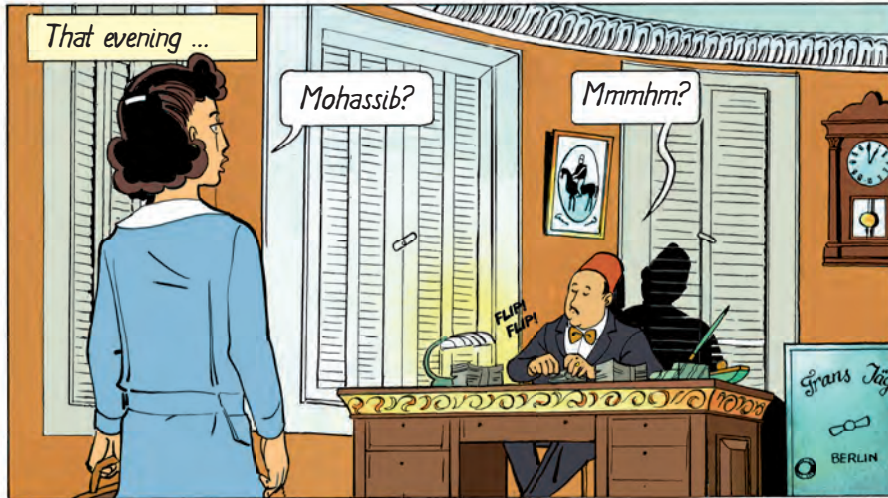


Bring this congratulatory letter to the El-Ashar University. It is adressed to a man named Fouad Khattab ...



... and you, you little bleating worm, will pay for what you have done! Your making fun of me will not go unpunished!



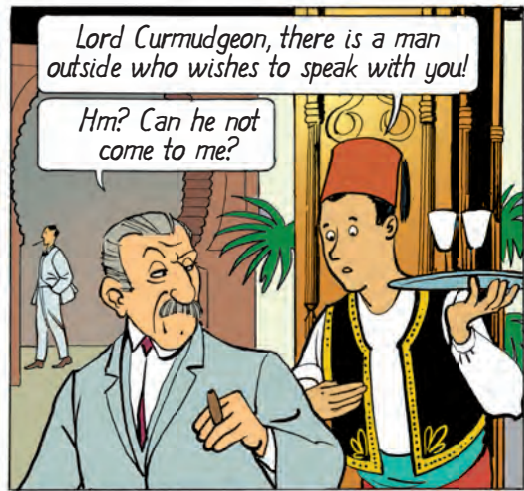






Hotel Mena House.

I gave my native servant a handsome tip, after which he strongly advised me against venturing into the dark and dangerous jungle!



Lord Curmudgeon, there is a man outside who wishes to speak with you!

Hm? Can he not come to me?



Only if you insist, my lord! He is Egyptian! Due to the hotel's reputation, we cannot have all these fellahs running around and peddle their goods!

Then ask him to peel off! Now, as I said to the native servant ...



I told him so, but he insists that it will be of vital interest to you!



Let me go and speak to him. Then you can continue your exciting tales from India!



Mr Curmudgeon! Thank you for coming ...

I'm not his lordship, but his advisor in archaeology! What do you want?



Are you interested in antiques, ancient Egyptian jewellery? Then meet up tomorrow at 3 in the morning behind the El Hussein mosque!



And come ALONE!