



There goes the little fat one smelling of rose oil while I have to smell of rams!

SKVALP
SKVALP!



Evil idea!

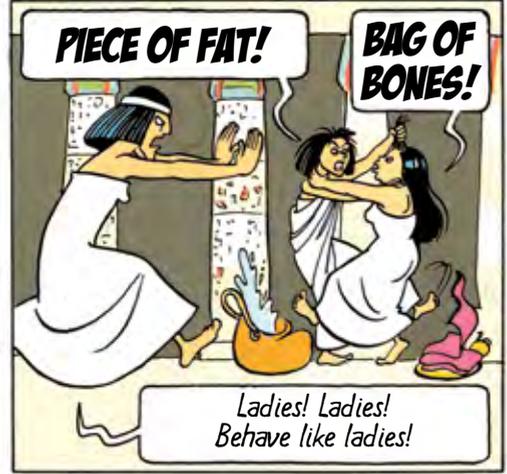


HEY! LOOK OUT!



You did it on purpose! Stupid bitch!

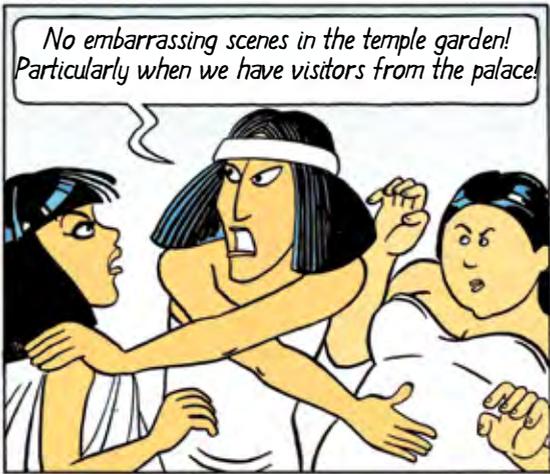
It's YOU who walks around like a fat cow! I simply couldn't avoid you!



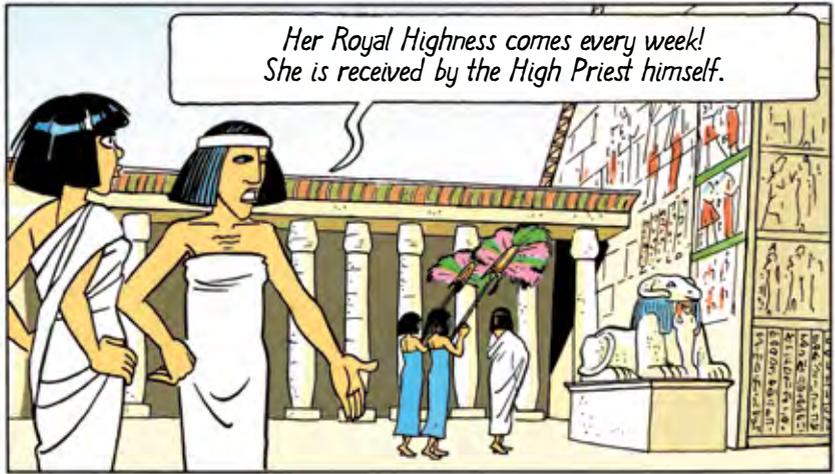
PIECE OF FAT!

BAG OF BONES!

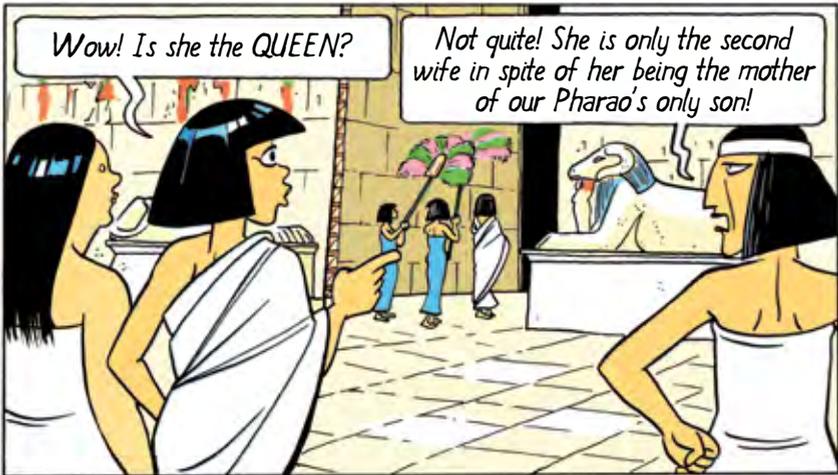
Ladies! Ladies! Behave like ladies!



No embarrassing scenes in the temple garden! Particularly when we have visitors from the palace!

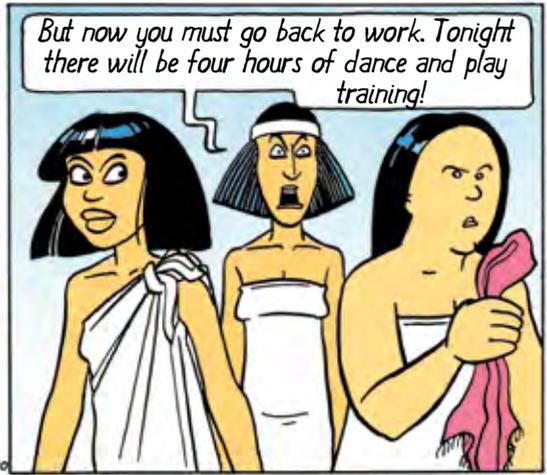


Her Royal Highness comes every week! She is received by the High Priest himself.

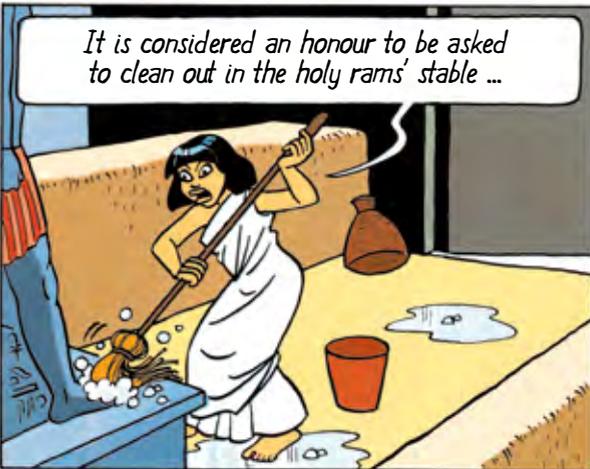
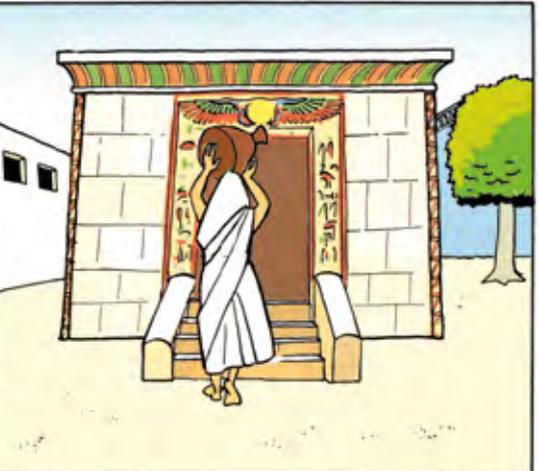


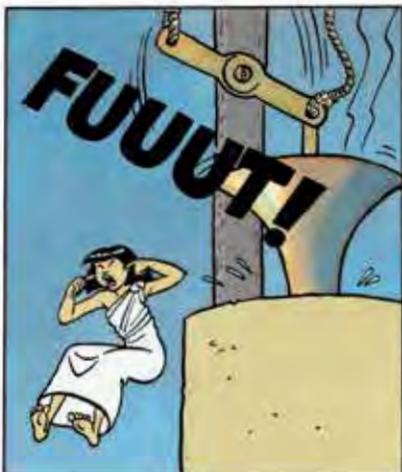
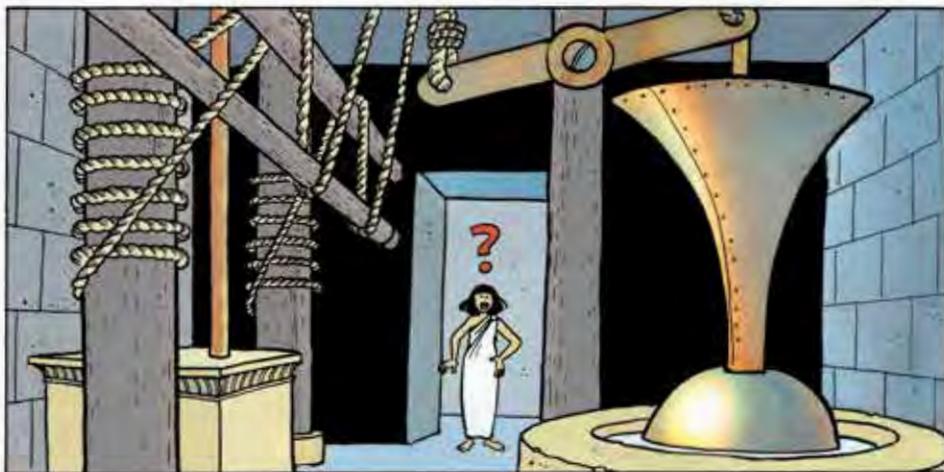
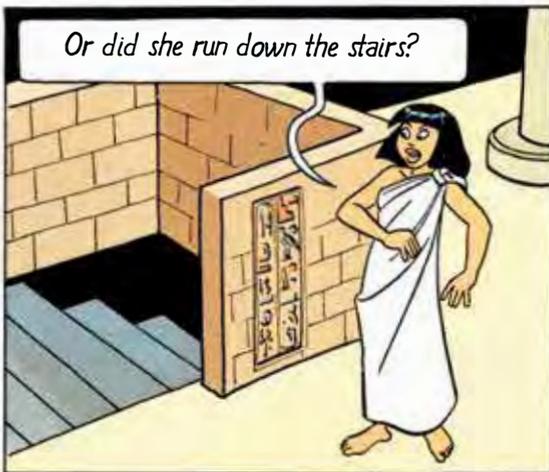
Wow! Is she the QUEEN?

Not quite! She is only the second wife in spite of her being the mother of our Pharaoh's only son!



But now you must go back to work. Tonight there will be four hours of dance and play training!





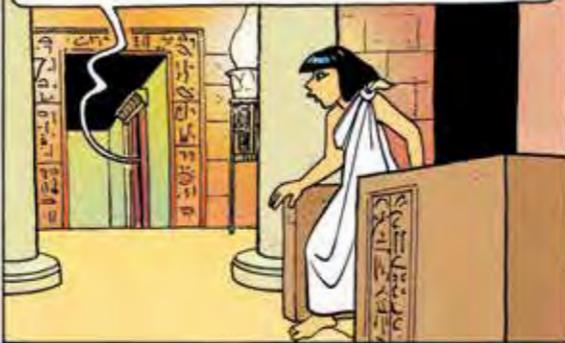
That trumpet sound ... that is the sound we hear, when the High Priest opens the doors to Amun's chapel with the help of the holy fire ... and these posts remind me a bit of door posts!



But all this business doesn't solve the mystery!



The Pharaoh's new Aten religion has to be stopped before the country is thrown into civil war, and before the Amun temple loses its power!



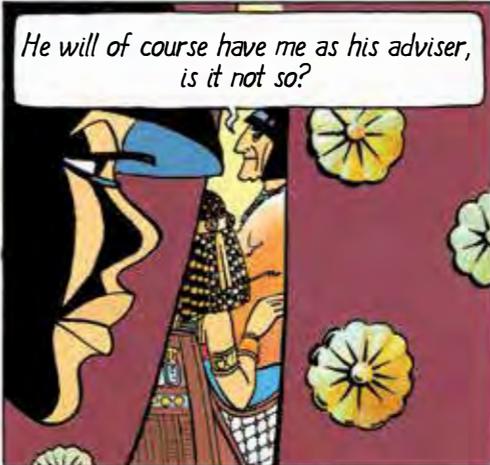
When the Pharaoh consecrates his new temple for his god, you must prove on that occasion that you are the lawful queen and that your son is the heir to the throne!



You say that your son is too young to sit on the throne of Egypt? But dear friend, that is no problem ...



He will of course have me as his adviser, is it not so?



But it is late now, my friend. You better leave before somebody sees you here!

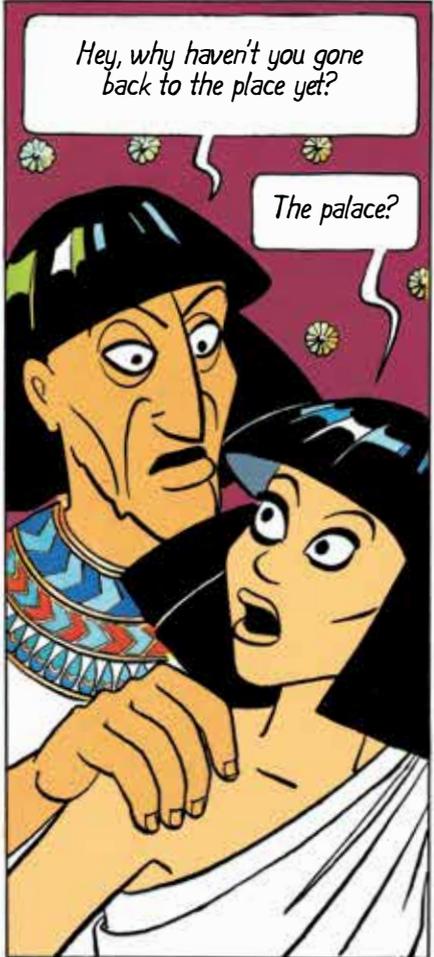
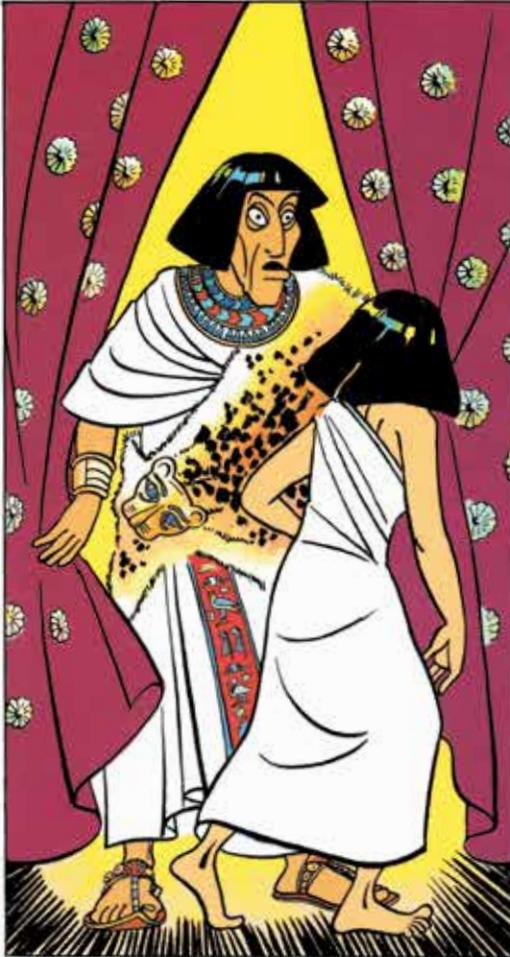


We will see each other again in a week, if it is Amun's will.





Ohh! I didn't manage to see who she was!



Hey, why haven't you gone back to the place yet?

The palace?



But I live here in the temple... I am a member of Amun's harem!



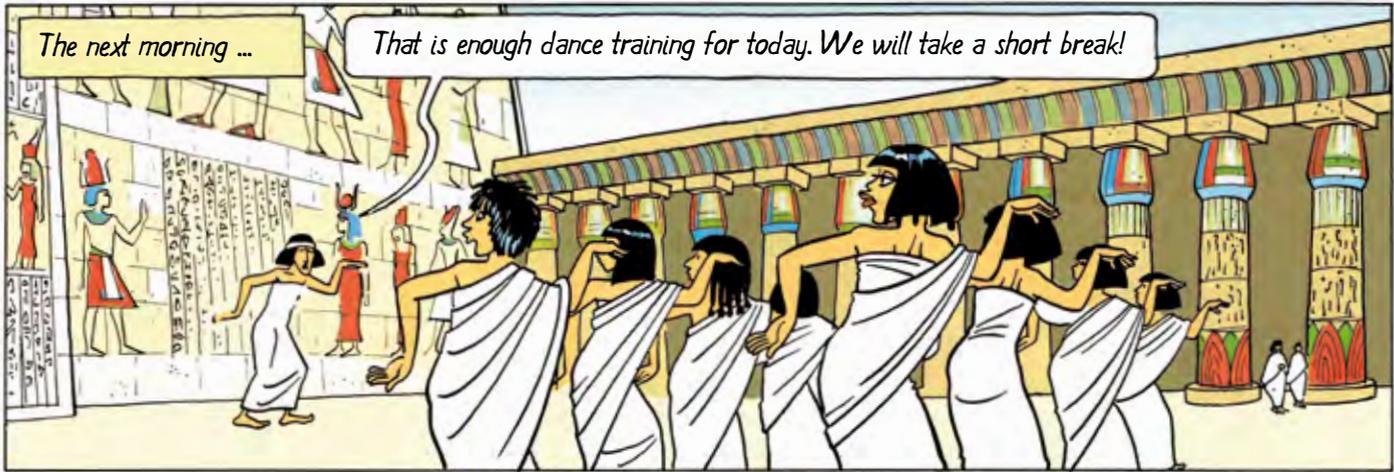
Oh yes, I can see now!
See what?



Strange coincidence!

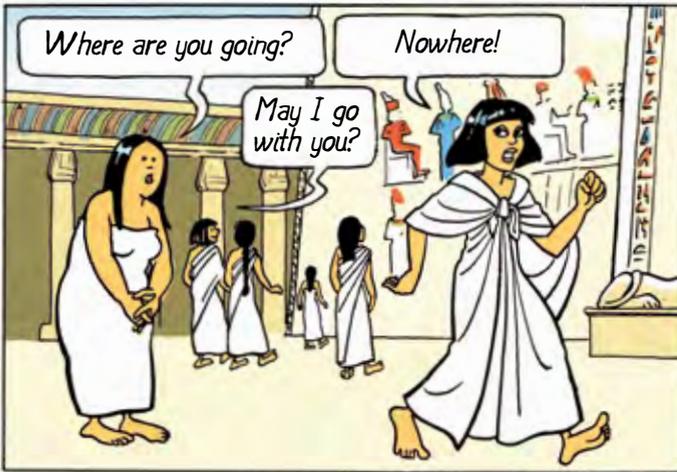


Strange man!



The next morning ...

That is enough dance training for today. We will take a short break!



Where are you going?

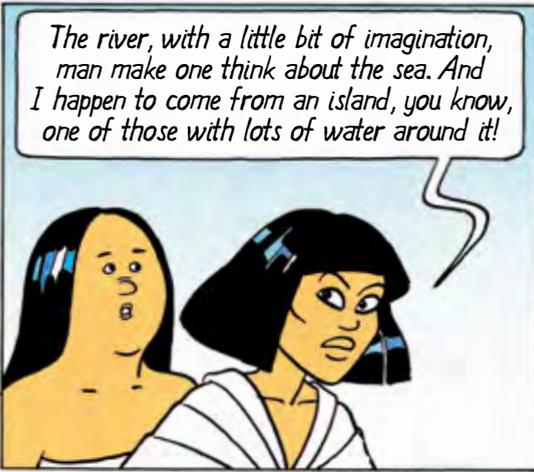
Nowhere!

May I go with you?

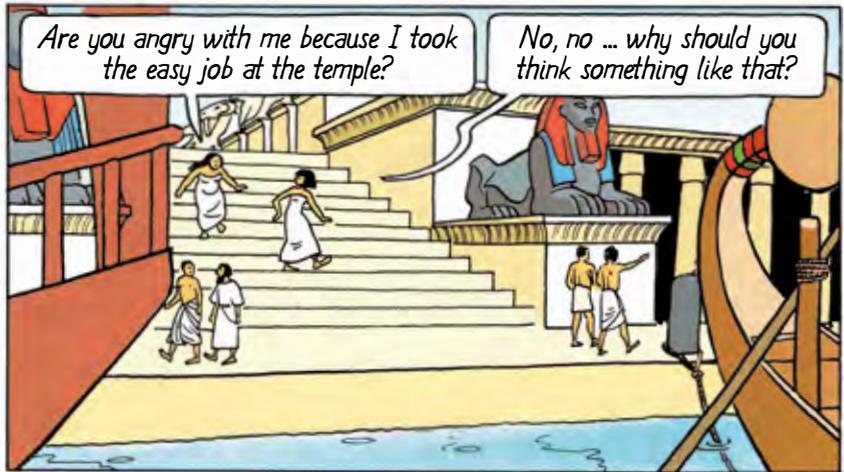


I'm just going down to the river!

Is that where you always go?



The river, with a little bit of imagination, man make one think about the sea. And I happen to come from an island, you know, one of those with lots of water around it!



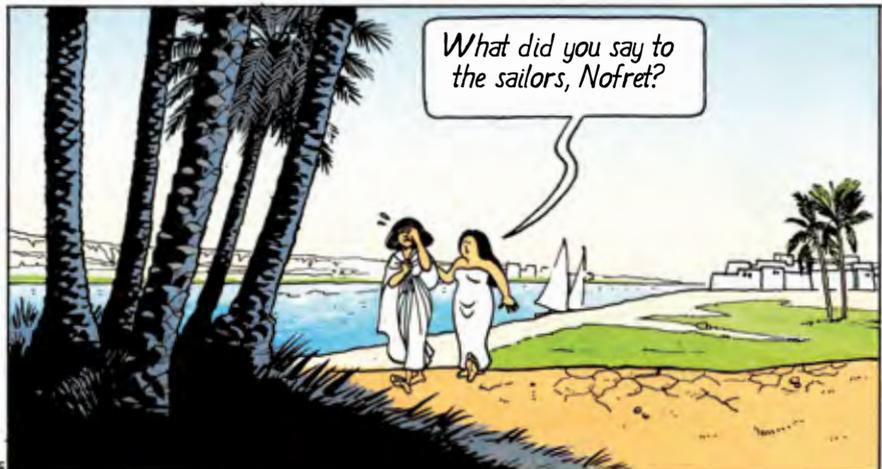
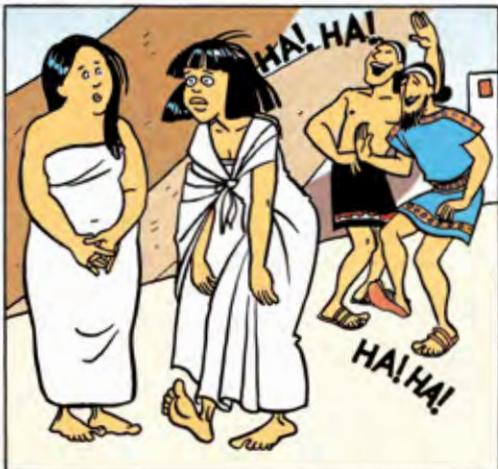
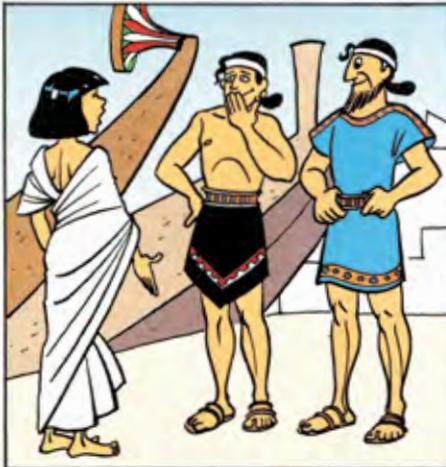
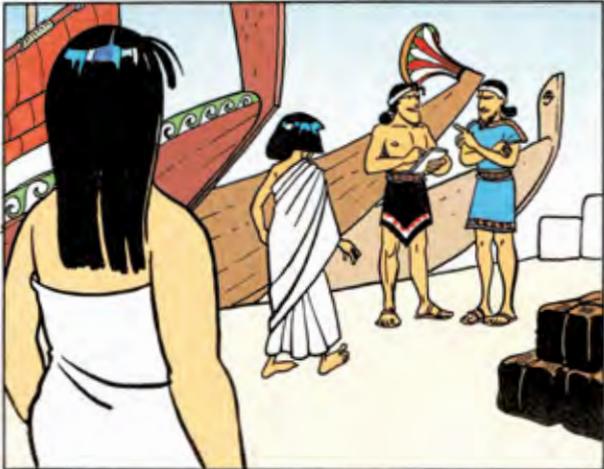
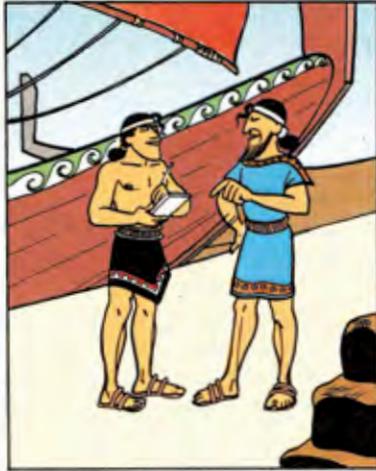
Are you angry with me because I took the easy job at the temple?

No, no ... why should you think something like that?



It's exciting by the riverside!

Yes!



These sailors came from the Keftiu Islands, my home country. I wanted them to take me home with them.



To convince them, I told them who I am, and that half a year ago I was kidnapped by some pirates, together with my sister ...



But they did not believe me! They said that the priestess' daughters had drowned while out sailing a long time ago!



Is it really true that you are the daughter of ...

Well, I speak the truth for once, and no one believes me!



My sister and I were consecrated in the mysteries of our temple to become priestesses, the successors of our mother!



Each of us were entrusted a magic secret which we never told to anybody, do you understand?

Not even to each other?



No. Because each time we agreed to tell our secret to each other, we started fighting about who would tell it to the other one first!



I was supposed to be priestess and queen of the Keftiu Islands and now I am the keeper of the rams of a foreign god that doesn't mean a thing to me!



But if I am determined to live, I will at least live in richness, no matter how!



Let's go home, Nofret! It's so dark and we are very far away!



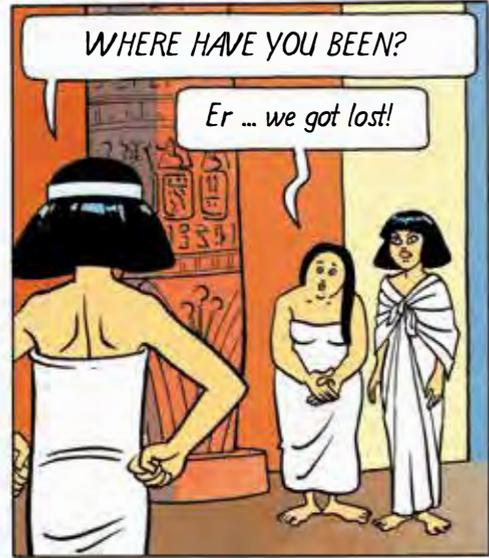
We will surely get trouble because we have been away all day!

Let me do the talking!



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

Er ... we got lost!



Merit, you have not ironed the sheets ... and the sacred rams have not had their hay, Nofret! I will report to Tuya, The Consort of Amun!



Wait ... we ... er, have bought some jasmine oil!

Very well! I will confiscate it!



And hurry up and do the things I said, or I will tell on you!

Aye!



