just returned to London on Tuesday. I've had no involvement with the writing of any of these articles. I believe they are all the work of Phillip Travis. He's a reporter for The Times, and until recently he was the Egyptian correspondent. He returned to London just a few days ago. I gather he was assigned to cover the case here because he had some familiarity with the murder in Egypt."

"Do you know Travis?"

"No. I've never actually met him. I do hear he's a bit of a strange duck, though rather competent."

"Thanks for your help, Henry."

"Anytime. Let me know when you catch the Mummy."

35 EC

Quintin Hogg receives us in his cluttered office.

"I can't say that I have anything to offer in the case. One thing, however, that did strike me interesting was the passenger list of the Eastern Empress, not that I can say it has anything to do with the Mummy Murders.

"Akram Fahmi is a procurer of wide reputation. For a price, a considerable price by all accounts, he can acquire whatever one's heart desires, be it jewels, art objects, wild animals or anything else one can think of. My guess is that he was transporting something of value to London at the behest of one of our wealthier residents.

"The presence of Abdullah Al-Saud aboard the ship was also interesting. He is a known agent of the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire. Whatever it was that Fahmi was carrying must have been of concern to the Turks.

36 EC

We catch up with Edward Hall as he is scurrying down the halls of Old Bailey. Before Wiggins gets halfway through his first sentence, Hall interrupts him.

"I don't mean to be brusque, Wiggins, but I have too many things on my mind to help you with these so-called Mummy Murders. Perhaps if the mummy's solicitor were to contact me, then I would consider defending him. At the moment, however, I have other more pressing matters."

With that he dashes down a flight of stairs.

38 EC

As we enter the autopsy laboratory, we see Sir Jasper pulling an almost white sheet over a cadaver.

"Could we have a word with you, Sir Jasper?" asks Wiggins.

"Ah, Wiggins, of course, just let me wash up." Sir Jasper walks over to the sink against the wall. "Are you investigating the death of Samuel Snead? I just finished with him."

"No, we're interested in James Windibank."

"Oh, of course, the mummy's latest victim. Who hired Holmes, Tutankhamun? Ha, ha, ha."

"No. In fact, we don't have a client."

"Just for fun, huh? Well, about the only thing I can tell you is that if it was the mummy it has powerful hands. The trachea was crushed along with one of the vertebrae of the neck. Death was instantaneous. That simple; snap."

"The papers report that the mummy wrapping were found around his neck."

"Just window dressing. It was bare hands. The bruises and the way the vertebra was crushed leave no doubt about that. There's not much more that I can tell you."

"Thank you, Sir Jasper."

"Anytime, Wiggins. Let me know when you convict the mummy. I would like to perform the autopsy on him."

50 EC

Phillip Travis is a handsome young man with the enthusiasm of youth. He appears quite eager to talk to us, an audience.

"So, you have been reading my articles in The Times. What did you think of them?"

"They were interesting."

"Thank you. The circumstances I had to work under were not good, The security perimeter around the camp was extremely strict and I could not even access the tomb, despite my numerous requests. You know I am not really a reporter."

"Oh?"

"No. I was trained as an archeologist, an Egyptologist to be exact," he says, pointing to a framed London University degree which hangs on the wall. "That's why my articles carry the force of truth."

"And what is the truth, Mr. Travis?"

"The truth is that it's not good, sometimes, to bother what is no longer, as even death may be temporary."

Travis goes to a large table in his room cluttered with books and ancient objects. On his table are a number of small mummies, as well as beakers and scattered vials. Travis takes one of these mummies, and says:

"Hello my darling baby."