

Egypt, 1922. The sand is dragged viciously by the breeze of the wind, like a murmur of starlings. A beautiful image to picture, but in reality it is rather an unfortunate thing for us. Not everyone has the long eyelashes of a camel or its closing nostrils. The sand can effortlessly glide into our eyes. It's painful but you get used to it after a while. Every day is the same. Digging our hardest this place, then that place hoping to find the one tomb in the Valley of the Kings that has its riches still intact. Carter and Carnarvon might as well give up hope now. Tutankhamun is merely a myth and everyone knows such tales are never true. Everything that has been found is found. Theodore Davis said it himself.

**I've been lying here in the same uncomfortable position for such a long time, motionless and in the dark. It's strange knowing my fellow pharaohs are scattered around me, probably in the afterlife, while I strain to see any light shine through the cracks underground. Even in the dark the golden paint inside my coffin glistens so brightly, but the beauty is hard to appreciate because I am in a coffin after all. Is this the eternal life I was promised?**

The scorching sun glistens at its maximum luminosity, blinding me in the process. The heat waves that the sun has sent us are unbearable. Sweat develops on my forehead quicker than Charles Paddock can run the 100 metres. I wipe the sticky sand and damp, moist sweat off my forehead and proceed with my digging. Nothing discovered yet or ever. My hands are devoured by blisters and my skin is a dust. I gaze up to the lapis lazuli sky that hovers above our heads and see that the sun has moved over the other side of the valley. I'm glad.

**When I was alive, I experienced pain every day. My legs were twisted. It felt like a snake wrapped around my legs with its venomous teeth sunk into my flesh all the time. At least I no longer experience that pain. I remember when everything came to an end – my suffering was unbearable and my heart was pounding. I couldn't breathe. Then my life stopped. My resting place for eternity was being prepared for my Uncle, so it has never felt like my own. It was never intended for me, so I do not feel the power and glory that a ruler like me should. It is smaller than the other tombs I had seen in the Valley of the Kings. In the other tombs the pharaohs will have been rewarded with images of them entering the afterlife, with Osiris greeting them holding the stick of power and the key of life. Osiris looks down on me, but he was intended to greet my Uncle here, not me. Compared to the others, my tomb is 'average'.**

Water is scarce at the moment. We don't have that much with us. My throat parched with the sheer thought of thirst. I can almost smell it. The water boy was sent to collect more water at least an hour ago. He runs back to Carnarvon, gasps for breath and tells him that the outline of a staircase has been found. Suddenly all thoughts of thirst are abolished by the news, I feel a sudden outburst of excitement tinged with disbelief. By the morning a whole staircase has been dug out and a sealed wall stands at the bottom of it. Carter and Carnarvon step down. I stand tall stretching my body high, desperately trying to get a decent view. Howard begins to chip at away at the wall. Within no time a chunk of the wall falls out. It was a shame, but sometimes you have to destroy to discover. A small section crumbled and a hopeful eye peeked through.

**I hear a loud crack. The moment this happened nothing would be the same again. It must be Anubis - the son of Osiris and God of mummification. Is the one I need to lead me to the afterlife really here? I hear a large array of voices echoing throughout the tomb. The cheers of men bounce off the corners of my treasures. I could sense their sheer joy from the tone in their voices. Can they see Anubis?**

Lavish and luxurious treasures sparkle and shimmer like diamonds and all other valuable jewels. The rest of the wall is broken down and a group enter to examine. The gold on the chests gleams. The gold on the Anubis statue glows and his magic jackal collar twinkles. The gold on the coffin lustrously flashes. Oh the gold! It is both miraculous and breath taking all at the same time. I opened my mouth to exclaim my bewilderment, but no words come out. I was speechless.

**The sun can struggle no more to light my tomb, it can now easily slide through the open entrance. The lid of my coffin is slid off delicately and a bright light flashed on my eyes. I see a sudden splash of colours, purple and blue hues blind me. It must be the sun - Ra has come for me instead. The creator of creation itself is here to lead me to the afterlife – at last. This time when I close my eyes, I know I will not wake up in the same place again.**

Burton steadies his camera and takes a picture. Capturing the moment forever. Freezing it in time. The light flashes on the mummy's face. I hope it didn't disturb him.