

Read a sneak peek of Book Three – Nefertiti Rampant, still in production.

The physicians continued to examine Nefertiti, still on the ground where she had landed, thrown from her fast moving chariot. They probed gently.

Nearby, a terrified police Lieutenant, Mahu, was reporting to Amenhotep. Gesturing at the overturned chariot nearby, he continued, "The horses reins and tack are even now in good order. The examination of the body of the chariot revealed no construction issues, nor were the axles or spokes faulty.

"But Majesty, the wood is broken at the pole tail near the connection with the axles. At a point under the passenger's feet, where it would be impossible to notice. The pole had been sawn in on both sides, leaving only a narrow piece of wood to hold all together in the center, with wedges. Someone has tampered with it all right. Her Majesty's weight alone would not be enough to break it immediately. If she had a passenger or a driver, it would break sooner, perhaps on the downward ramp. Certainly it would break at the first bump taken, or a corner rounded at a fast trot. She is known to drive fast."

"You mean to tell me someone tried to murder my wife!!!!!" He

roared; eyes aflame.

They cowered before him, the head investigator answering him from a head bowed under a body bowed low to the ground. "Yes sire. The Master of Horse has also inspected the pole. He says he knows of no natural way for that wood to wear down. It was tampered with, and very cleverly.

Yuya, finished calming the plunging horses, strode into the midst of the groveling group. "My grand-daughter lives?"

"Yes," he hissed, gesturing to the cluster of physicians bent over her. "Who has ever heard of such a thing? In all the millennia of Egypt this has not been done? They attack ME!"

Yuya felt this was the wrong time to remind him his brother had died in a chariot fall not all that long ago. "What are you going to do?"

"Kill everyone who works in the stables!"

"May I suggest that first you arrest everyone who works in the stables and have them interrogated. This is not the work of a stable intellect. We need to find out who is behind it."

"Please Grandfather, don't you know . . . ?"

"No my son," he said gravely, taking his arm firmly, looking down

into the cold, cold eyes, and neither do you - yet." He referred to the culprit, unaware of Nefertiti's early pregnancy. "If you wish, I will give Mahu your instructions. If I know my granddaughter, she needs you now more than anything.

" Return to her side my boy. Your police force will throw their nets. Let them work for you while you comfort her."

He nodded, his breath ragged and turned toward the clustered physicians.