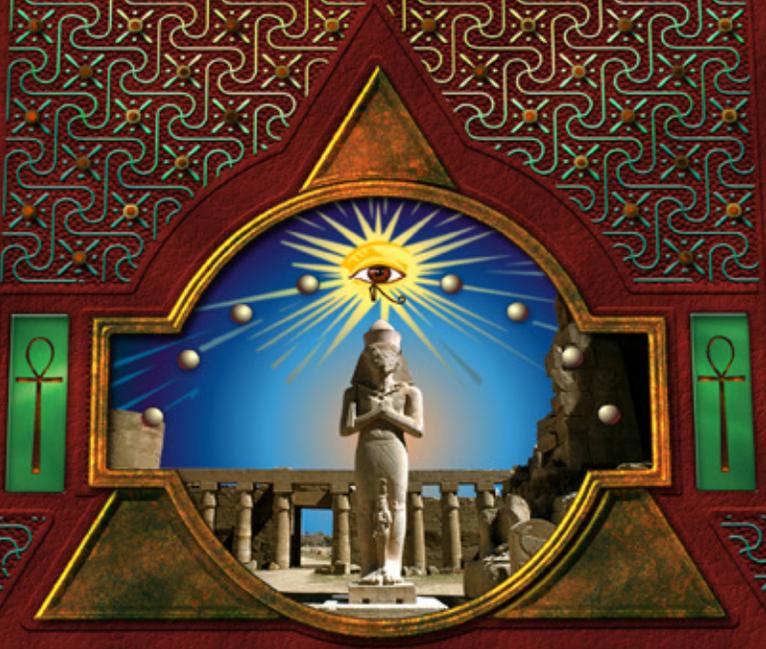


LIFE OF FARTH THE SILVER STALLION DOBSONY THE MUSIC FROM BEHIND THE MOON COVADRY STREBY LINE OF LOVE HIGH PLACE LALLANTY SURELJON ABOUT EVE JIFF CERTAIN HOUR THE CORDS OF VANITY THE JEWEL MERCHANTS BEHMOVA BY GRANDPUPES NECK THE EAGLES SHADOW THE BEST LINEAGE OF LICHFIELD PRAYER BOOKS LICHFIELD

Adventures in FanFiction

JEWEL THE ENILE



By Anna/ColdCoffeeEyes25

BRIDE MEBRIDE

URES PARTI BRANCH SHELL... CABELE

IDE MURR



THE BOOK HOUSE
Oliver
FOUR
THE BOOK HOUSE

A RED HEN PUBLICATION



A Red Hen Adventures in FanFiction Edition
(Graphics version only)

JEWEL



OF

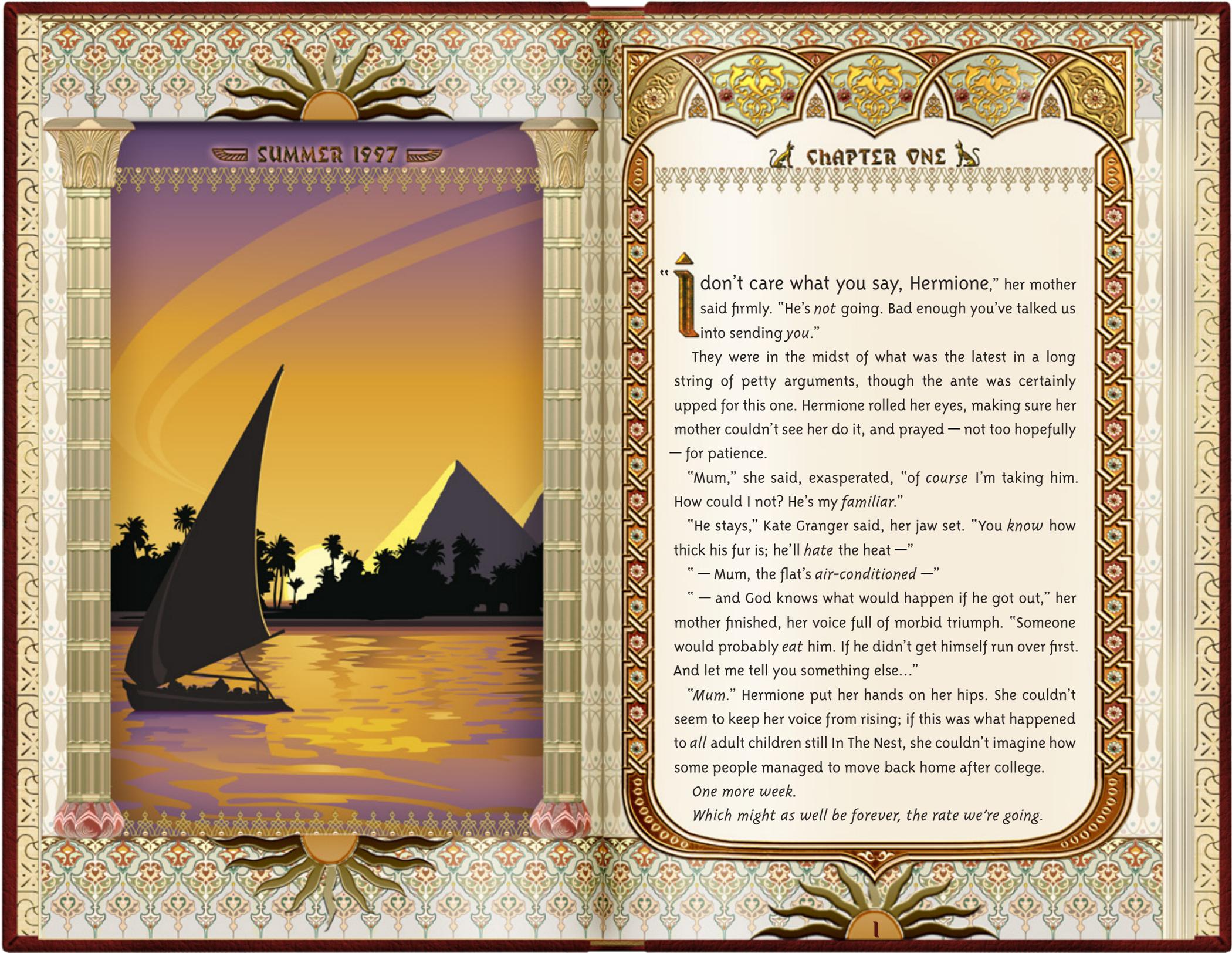
THE

NILE

By

Anna/ColdCoffeeEyes25





SUMMER 1997

CHAPTER ONE

"I don't care what you say, Hermione," her mother said firmly. "He's *not* going. Bad enough you've talked us into sending *you*."

They were in the midst of what was the latest in a long string of petty arguments, though the ante was certainly upped for this one. Hermione rolled her eyes, making sure her mother couldn't see her do it, and prayed — not too hopefully — for patience.

"Mum," she said, exasperated, "of *course* I'm taking him. How could I not? He's my *familiar*."

"He stays," Kate Granger said, her jaw set. "You *know* how thick his fur is; he'll *hate* the heat —"

"— Mum, the flat's *air-conditioned* —"

"— and God knows what would happen if he got out," her mother finished, her voice full of morbid triumph. "Someone would probably *eat* him. If he didn't get himself run over first. And let me tell you something else..."

"*Mum*." Hermione put her hands on her hips. She couldn't seem to keep her voice from rising; if this was what happened to *all* adult children still In The Nest, she couldn't imagine how some people managed to move back home after college.

One more week.

Which might as well be forever, the rate we're going.

ش بن سدد صدد ضه ش ذ ص س شج

MARTINA GRANGER

* ♪ *



،ش مذرسه مدس زشخ ،ضش خدش ش سد

And in a cool English bedroom three thousand kilometres away, Hermione Granger woke with a scream on her lips, the tiny lioness burning in her clasped hand.



GRAM'S GUESTROOM: BRITAIN



APARTMENT BLOCK: CAIRO

ARELI'S CONSORTIUM: CAIRO





ص. رشده ، شش دخ س ذ د شش دش س ش

BILL WEASLEY

* f *



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AṚĒLĪ BEN-NADĪR

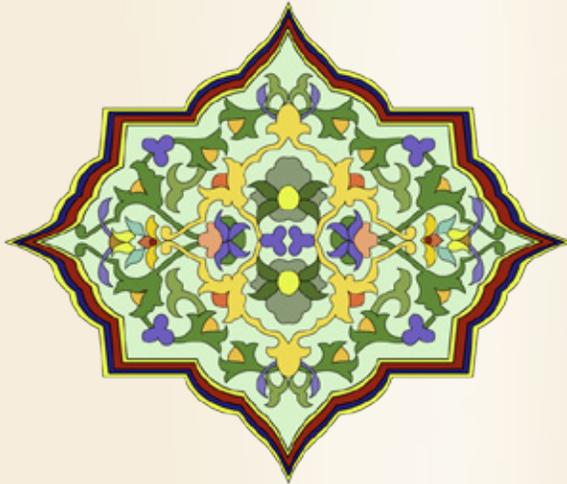
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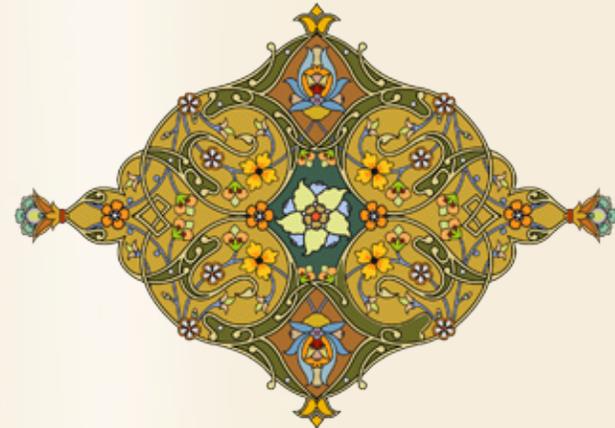
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DRACO MALFOY

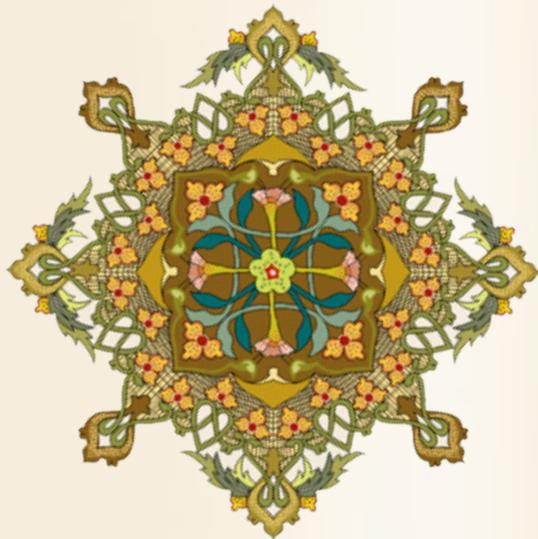
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GABRIELLE DELACOUR

* f *



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ΤΡΕΛΑΩΝΕΥ (ΑΣ ΨΕ ΚΝΩ ΗΕΡ)

* ♪ *



شش‌خس‌شد خ‌س‌دا‌ن‌ش‌ص‌س‌س‌ش‌ش‌ر

ἩΣΡΜΙΟΝΣ (ἸΝ ΜΕΜΦΗΙΣ)

* ♪ *



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THE SWIM DATE

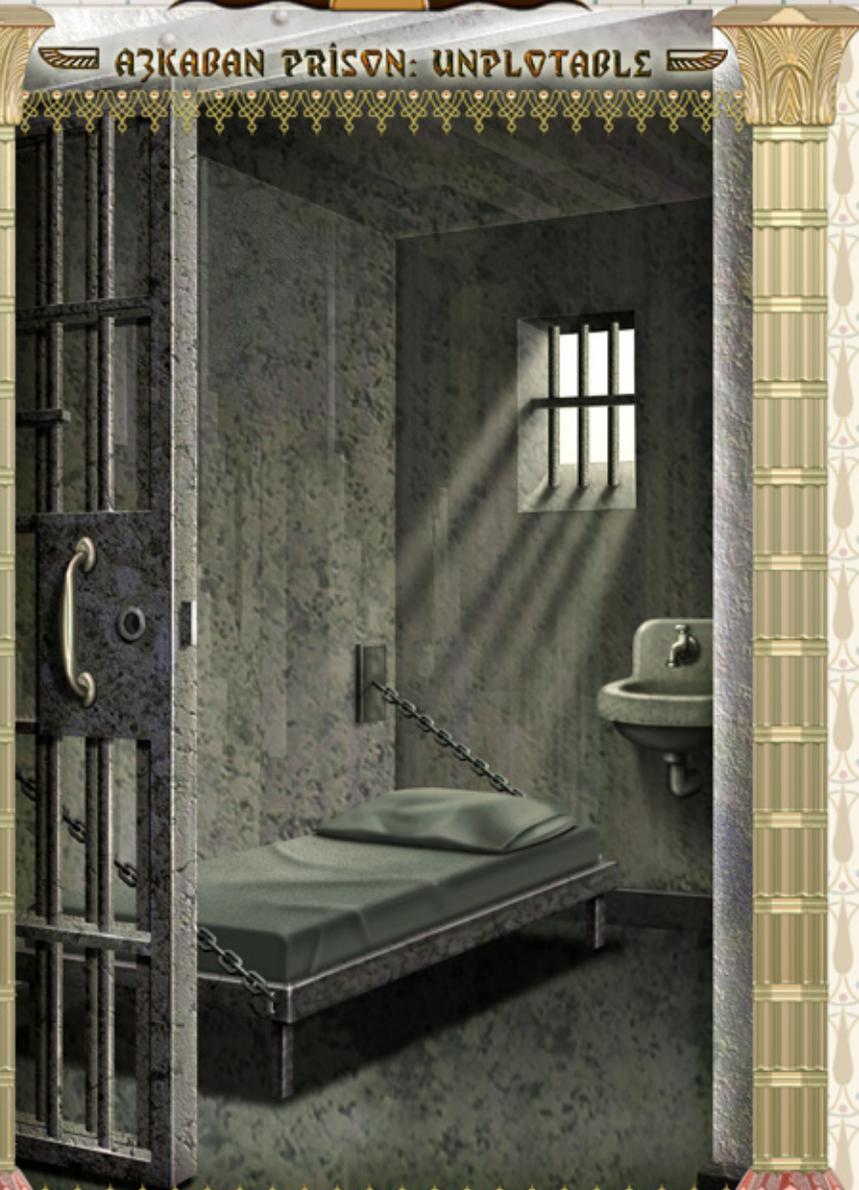
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ددش شدس آ؟ شخ سد رص مدس ندش صشد



AZKABAN PRISON: UNPLOTTABLE



دزىش زوزبان ب . سددزىس ش خ ، شش خدشخ

SYBİL (PAST & PRESENT)

* ♪ *



JACK TRELAWNEY AND SYBİL

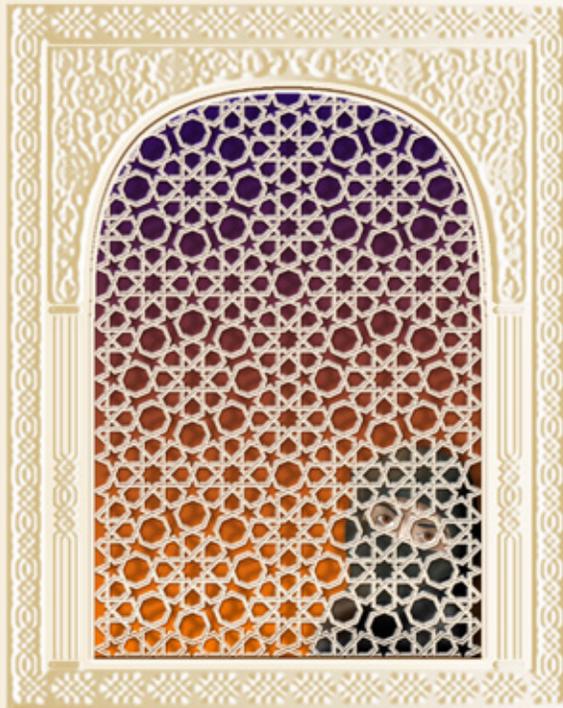


CASINO: ANYWHERE AT ALL



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SOME INCIDENTAL GRAPHICS



شش سد ذرت ذرخ صد دذش ، دذش رش



بددندش شدسآ ،ش دذخشدش شش دس سد

FLEUR DELACOUR

* f *



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"It's better than doing nothing," Hermione said defiantly, and raised her wand. "Are you with me, Sal? Or not?"

A moment of tense silence, broken only by the sound of Cleo's purring. Sal, looking half-worried, half-angry, opened his mouth to say something, then shut it again and only nodded.

"*Gryffindors*," he muttered under his breath. "Let's hope we all live to regret this."

"Just let me get my shoes on," Hermione said, "and I'll be ready."
Danger Granger was back in the saddle.



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خمس رندش خا ، شخس شدش ضد



PRIVATE AIRSTRIP: DESERT



سر دس شش دس شش خذ ، شخز نس خ

UNCLE FAROUK

* f *



ضدش سدس سدسه ضدخوب ، شد صد زرش



MUSIC ROOM: ALEXANDRIA





MEANWHILE, BACK AT HOGWARTS

"Who says I'm worried?" Draco demanded, and summoned his best bad-boy sneer. "If I were you, princess, I'd be worried about keeping up with *me*."

She looked skeptical. "So you'll do it?"

Draco hesitated, then nodded.

"Yeah," he said. "I'll see your expedition — and raise you a rare book and a convicted felon."

Her face lit up. "*Excellent*."

That settled, they turned back to their homework.



شش شد خدند دندت ، سد دش سدس س ص

Ginny frowned. "But how would he know where to look for the book? And how would he find out about this Priestess thing in the first place? Even *Hermione* didn't know she had it until just before she left for Egypt."

Gabrielle raised one shoulder in an offhand Gallic shrug. "That's easy," she said. "He was in prison, wasn't he? He must have gotten the information while he was there."

Four pairs of eyes met and held in the firelight, wide with sudden realisation.

"Of course," Ron groaned. "Why didn't we think of her before?"

Even from beyond the grave, it appeared, Rita Skeeter was still making trouble.



ش سد صد خد زز خدش زز رشش ضد دش

He couldn't fold back the plain black robe on the top of the pile, but there was nothing stopping him from drawing his own conclusions about what was peeping out from underneath it: a drift of floaty floral-patterned fabric he knew all too well, and a shining loop of amber beads.

Oh, this was worse than he'd *thought*.



GRINGOTTS: ALEXANDRIA

EVENING IN ALEXANDRIA





خسوخ، شخودند ز سرشبن خسو سرش

HARRY & GINNY

* ♪ *



ش د ص ، س د د ز ش ز ز ب ن ب . س د ز س ش

LUCIUS MALFOY

* ♪ *



ضد دلدس شش خأ ، دش رشه ، ذسر زخص

"Why do you care, Harry Potter?" she wanted to know. "That's not why you're here, after all."

"I don't *know* why I'm here," he said, surprised at how easily the truth fell off his tongue. She shrugged.

"Fair enough."

"You didn't answer my question."

She rolled her eyes. "It's silly."

"Try me."

She smirked, unamused. "You infuriating puppy... you never give up, do you?" Her expression was deliberately closed-off, unreadable. "I *hate* Dumbledore's Balls. Always have."

Harry thought fast. "I've never seen you dance," he said cautiously. "Is that it? You don't like to dance?" His eyes narrowed. "Or is it that you *do* like to?"

Silence, in this case, was an affirmative.

"I'm not a very good dancer, myself," Harry said, but once again his body was giving him the lie; he'd already pulled her just that much closer, torso-to-torso. For a brief moment, he thought she might pull away... then, with a little sigh, she relaxed into him, her head falling naturally onto his shoulder, her curls tickling his chin. He caught a faint whiff of her plumeria shampoo, but for once didn't associate the scent with Divination at all.

They rocked together in the center of the bare stone floor, moving to inaudible music. *This gets stranger and stranger*, Harry thought, but decided not to question the moment, not now.

He could wait a little longer for his answers.



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SEVERUS SNAPS

* ﺯ *



خسرد زرخدث تم دسرشد خسش، دسد

Hermione felt her muscles going weak at the Lady's touch, felt her gills flutter and slow. *You will?* she breathed, half-resigned. *You promise?*

Of course. Another hard yank – almost, but not quite hard enough to break the chain. *Don't you believe me?*

And then, a rush of water like scissors through silk, and a scream. Hermione felt the fingers on the amulet slide away, felt her gills open and pulse with renewed energy. She looked down, and could have wept with relief.

Fidel.



HATSHEPSUT: FEMALE KING



HOGWARTS: AUTUMN/WINTER



1997

سیدس روز مدرس ششده خداند مدرس ریح ، ضده سس ز

TIME PASSES

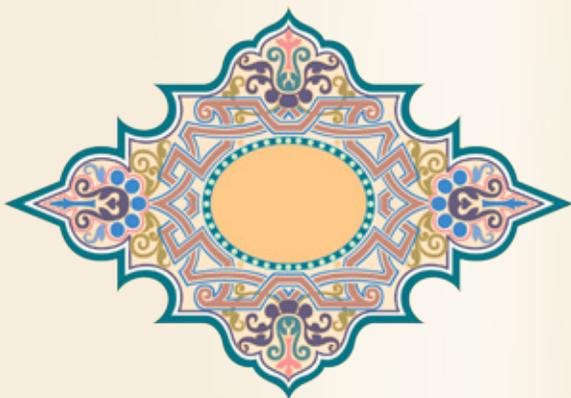
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ذخیره ادب ضد ششده ص سدخ رخسد

SYBİL THERLAWNEY (HERSELF)

* f *



ضدندش خسس زبخ دذث . شس ضدآ

You're a coward if you don't, she chided herself. What's the worst that can happen?

Don't answer that question – don't.

Weak with trepidation, she crossed the street and rang the bell.

A moment's pause. A shuffle of movement, from behind the little house's brightly-lit living-room windows. A figure at the door, stooped and lined and greying but – amazingly – still the same, still familiar enough to bring a lump to Sybil's throat.

"Who is it?" the woman asked. Her voice was half-fearful, half-curious. "Who's there?"

Sybil closed her eyes, and felt her lips tremble.

"It's me, Mum," she said. "Just me."

A gasp. "Sybil?"

Caution was replaced by a disbelieving kind of joy. Her mother crossed herself, took a step forward. "Sybil?"

Sybil nodded. "Yeah," she said, and felt happiness boiling up inside of her, fierce and sudden and as bright as a possibility. "Yeah, that's me."

Smiling, she stepped forward into the light.



of Book Two

AUTHOR'S NOTE



Well, no it's not the Author's notes. It's the designer's.

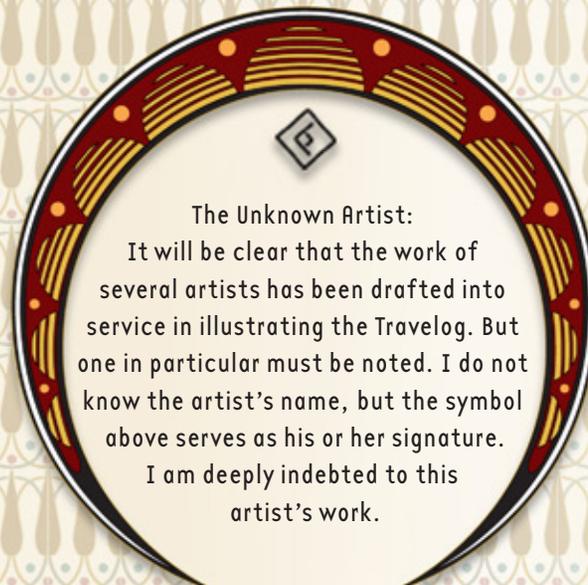
Anyone who actually reads Arabic is probably either somewhat offended, or laughing their heads off at the gibberish in the headers. Yes, it is just the Jade Priestess legend set in an Arabic font. It gave me the look I was after. What can I say?

I actually managed to fit all of the graphics from the project into this booklet, although they are somewhat out of order and occasionally have been resized. Most of them originally were merely dropped in as chapter tails, although I did include the text that accompanied a few of them, where they had a particular applicability to a specific place in the story, and I had put a bit more work into them.

But a number of the others were also used to end off a specific chapter or another. You can probably guess which are which.

Nearly all of the "Arabesques", as I say, were from the collections of historic clip art from Aridi Computer Graphics.

COLOPHON



The Unknown Artist:

It will be clear that the work of several artists has been drafted into service in illustrating the Travelog. But one in particular must be noted. I do not know the artist's name, but the symbol above serves as his or her signature.

I am deeply indebted to this artist's work.

The layout and formatting of this document was created in Adobe InDesign. Illustrations/decorations were, for the most part, constructed utilizing commercial clip art from the incomparable Marwan Aridi and LiquidLibrary (now a property of Gettyimages), modified in Macromedia Free-Hand and Adobe Photoshop. The lioness illo on the Author's Note page was traced from digital photographs taken of the façade of the old Federal Reserve Bank in downtown Los Angeles. The Sekhmet pendant was very loosely inspired by one (in silver) from Amber Moon jewelers of Bisbee Az. Cover was created in Adobe Photoshop utilizing a stock photo from LiquidLibrary.

Fonts used are: the Triplex family, from Emigré foundry for body text, script fonts are Josephine Hopper, and Rodin from P22 foundry. Titling, chapter headings and pagination are set in Mystic Prophet, a font from Harold Lohner. Various dingbat fonts, both commercial and shareware have also been used in the project. The Arabic font, so far as I can discover seems to be Freeware, or, at least my copy had no foundry information.

Special mention should probably also be extended to Jack Davis and Linea Dayton for their efforts in producing The Photoshop 7 One-Click WOW Book.

Graphics design by J. Odell (J0del@aol.com)