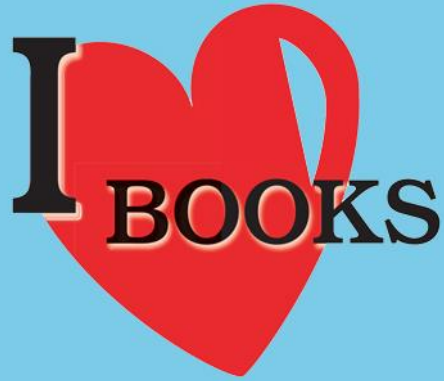




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This is a story about Violet Remy-Robinson.

Violet lives with her parents, Camille and Benedict, as well as her cat, Pudding, and her cockatoo, the Maharani. Her home is a flat that backs onto a large garden, called a communal garden, which is shared by all the people who live in the houses around it. Violet's special friends who live there are Rose and Art and Art's great-aunt, an eccentric lady called Dee Dee Derota.

Violet is always on the lookout for a mystery and, together with Rose and Art, she has already solved three crimes - the theft of an expensive jewel that belonged to Dee Dee, the kidnapping of the cockatoo



A week later, Violet, Agnes and Grand-mère were standing in the middle of the largest souk in Cairo, which is called the Khan el-Khalili. Now, I need to explain what a souk is - it is an indoor market that you find in Arabic countries. Here there were lots of small stalls and shops selling everything you can imagine, from perfume to chandeliers to slippers to showerheads. Grand-mère was in her absolute element because, if there was one





It was only after putting down the telephone to Violet that Art realised he didn't have Professor Fitzherbert's address. He rang PC Green, who spent a long time flicking through various notebooks, before announcing, 'Nope, sorry, Art, I never took the address down.'

'How else can we find out his address?' Art asked. 'Would Dolores have it?'

'Good thinking. Hold on a minute, I'll just go and check.'



discovered that there was nothing else to eat, he began to gnaw obligingly on Agnes's ropes. In a few minutes, they were loose enough for Agnes to slip her hands out and she was able to free her feet and pull off the gag. Agnes turned her attention to Violet and freed her too.

'We must stop them before they go!' Agnes whispered. 'We can't let them escape with all Nefertiti's treasure.'

Violet nodded. 'We need a plan,' she said. 'There are three of them and only two of us. Let's see what they're doing.'

Agnes looked for Mr Ratty to put him back

in his bag, but he had disappeared.

'Oh no!' she cried.

'He'll turn up later,' Violet said confidently. They had more important things to worry about than an adventurous rat.

The girls crawled silently on their stomachs to the entrance of the tomb. Ralph and Alf were busy packing up the last of the tents. Professor Fitzherbert was nowhere to be seen.

'If only one of us could drive!' Agnes sighed in exasperation.

'I can, sort of,' Violet replied and, when Agnes looked amazed, she quickly explained about her father and godfather teaching her on

