

Two warring spirits are loose on the world: Seth, the ancient Egyptian god of chaos, and King Ra'Mun, a pharaoh sworn to protect his people and reunite with his long-lost love Queen Neferkari. When Seth forms an unholy alliance with a billionaire arms dealer, it is up to Ra'Mun - with the help of a young couple, Raymond and Marie - to defeat the god of chaos once and for all.

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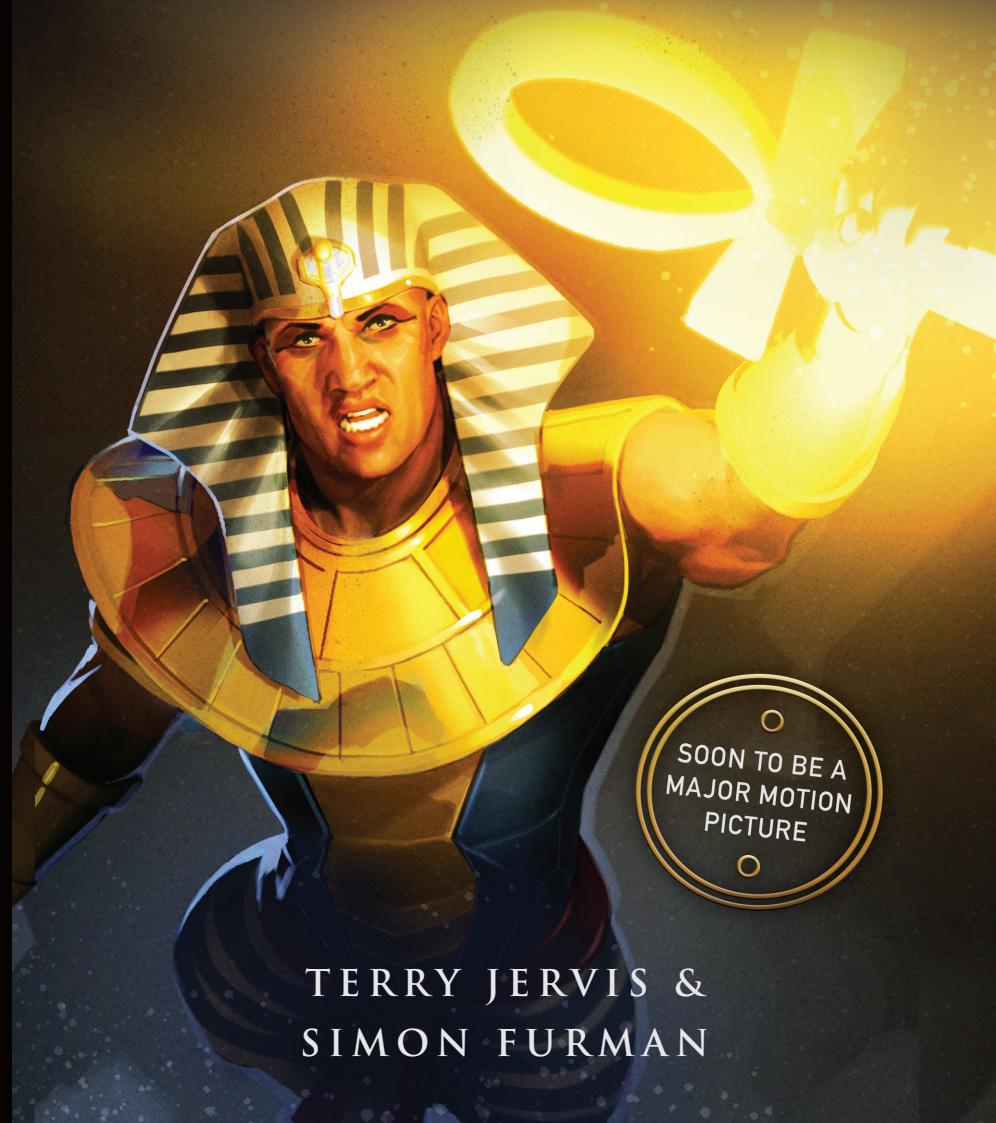


SPIRIT OF THE PHARAOH

TERRY JERVIS &
SIMON FURMAN



SPIRIT
OF THE
PHARAOH



SOON TO BE A
MAJOR MOTION
PICTURE

TERRY JERVIS &
SIMON FURMAN

CREDITS

Created by Terry Jervis

“Hope Has Arrived” – original story by
Terry Jervis & Stan Berkowitz

Written by Simon Furman

Covers & Illustration by Alex Ronald

Jewellery designed and made by Gladman & Norman and
Worcestershire Medal Service Limited – Royal Warrant Holder
and Medallists to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

Music soundtrack “Hope Has Arrived” by Patti Austin
(Grammy Award Winner), Terry Jervis, Dave Gordon
and Tony “Skully” Cooper

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TERRY JERVIS—CREATOR OF SPIRIT OF THE PHARAOH



Terry Jervis was born in London's East End. His playground was old bomb sites – factories and places still left devastated after World War Two. That's where he made his toys and created fictional worlds. Pop radio hadn't officially started and tuning into pirate stations like Radio Caroline and Luxemburg was always tricky (crackly low-powered medium wave reception of the time). Television was still new to homes and many didn't have them. His uncle had a Rediffusion TV set which played out shows on a black & white screen (there was no colour TV at the time) and you had to put money in a slot at the back to get to watch for a limited time. Reading books and comics was a cheap form of escape – mainly from second-hand book stores as for him they were still an expensive luxury item. He was raised by his mother who was a new arrival of

West Indians (Caribbean) who had arrived from Jamaica two years before. Being one of the few black (or ‘coloured’ children as it was back then, when the rooms for rent had signs which denied us, the Irish and dogs) he always had to fight racists and bullies. Always because he was taught by his mother to defend what was right and just. For a shy child, books and comics strengthened his mind and the ability to dream that he could become the hero in one of the books, comics or magazines he read. Now, he has created his own in *Spirit of the Pharaoh* with elements of his character.

WHO DID THAT CHILD BECOME?

Known as a creative powerhouse in media circles, Terry Jervis’ forty-year career spans working with the BBC, in Hollywood, UK central government departments and a range of business industries. Starting in comic and science & fantasy fiction books, which he describes as his greatest influence to the power of his imagination, Terry’s media career began in news and current affairs leading to music, sport, fashion, drama and entertainment across film, TV, radio and publishing. Some notable companies he has worked with are Marvel, LEGO, Shell, Motown, Def Jam, Warner’s, Rolls-Royce, the Royal Air Force and Buckingham Palace.

His skills as a producer and director on television shows and events led him to create iconic programmes and merchandising with car show Top Gear, Star Trek, Star Wars, Batman, Trace & Sky Sports, Venus and Serena Williams, Michael Jackson, Queen, Madonna, Pavarotti, Quincy Jones, Patti Austin, LL Cool J, The Rolling Stones, Will Smith, Whitney Houston,

Stevie Wonder, Nelson Mandela and many more.

Apart from entertainment production, his business is now media consulting and production (heavily engaged in creative ideas development and commercial activity around intellectual property rights such as merchandising and events) Terry’s scope and history provides a valuable insight to the worlds others dream of accessing. He has always found solutions to life’s challenges.

Spirit of the Pharaoh for him is a project with greater meaning. You will just have to read it to find out what that is!

—David Sloane, founder of Sloane & Co. (www.sloane.co.uk)

TERRY JERVIS QUOTES

“The most powerful tool we have is the mind and the imagination. From this we make all things possible. If we can dream it we can achieve it.”

“I have never thought of myself as poor or disadvantaged because my mind was always rich with thoughts of possibilities.”

“I am a dreamer. I never feel ashamed of saying this. I am also a realist – I work out the best way to achieve my vision of things, so my dreams become a reality.”

“It is important to see the world, but you can’t get the best from the world unless you learn and shape how the world sees you.”



DRAMATIS PERSONAE



Ra'Mun the First	The last and greatest of the Ancient Egyptian pharaohs
Raymond Randle	Aspiring tech-engineer, DJ and restless soul
Kirk Blazer	RAF test pilot and adventurer
Marie Nichols	Fashion model and determined spirit
Jade Langley	Senior Operations Officer for MI6
Albie	Grand Vizier to Ra'Mun the First
Neferkari	Ra'Mun's queen and eternal soulmate
Seth	Demi-god, Lord of Chaos and the Underworld

Lord Peter Welton	Wealthy industrialist and antiquities collector
Cora Dandridge	Raymond's maternal grandmother
Reginald Blazer	Kirk's great grandfather (RAF pilot)
Jed Hentie	Mercenary
Wes Denning	Archaeological dig manager
May Osborne	IT specialist
Marcus Lang	Egyptologist
Bruno LeDuc	Aide to Lord Welton
Hendrik Steyn & Jan Kline	Mercenaries
Bogdan Dementyev	Russian oligarch
Abel Creed	Head of WelTech security
Jarreith Cox	DJ All-Nighter
Connor Dooley	WelTech technician



CHAPTER ONE



SOUTH-WESTERN SAHARA, 1922

The fuselage seemed to be coming apart around him. And it was, Blazer knew without having to confirm it visually, a very long way down.

The wooden framework of the small reconnaissance biplane, a Blackburn R-1 Blackburn, was held together by little more than tautly stretched Aurora and wire, a combination of lightweight elements never meant to withstand the kind of punishment currently being meted out at fifteen thousand feet above sea level. In the open cockpit, protected only by goggles and a leather flying helmet, Blazer was taking an elemental battering too, gritting his teeth against the churning onslaught.

The storm he'd run into was like no other he'd seen. It seemed to rise up from the desert sands far below in swirling funnels of sound and fury, the vortices flecked with black and gold lightning, before

mushrooming into brutal, ugly thunderheads that now converged like hungry jackals around the limping, stuttering aircraft. A lesser stiff upper lip might have quavered and crumbled but Airman Reginald Blazer, who'd not so long ago navigated the raging battlefields of Belgium and France under a hail of anti-aircraft fire, was made of sterner stuff, and let any underlying fear fuel his determined grip on the stick and pump his seasoned pilot's senses.

Behind a hairline crack in his goggles, Blazer's glittering pale blue eyes narrowed to pinpoints of concentration. Only twenty-five, he'd nevertheless clocked up over six hundred flying hours in and out of wartime, and the Blackburn felt more like an extension of him than simply the sum of its mechanical parts and aerodynamic design. One thing he knew for sure, neither of them was going down without a fight.

That wasn't the Blazer family way. Danger, loss of life or limb, these were things you stared down, or grinned in the face of. It was right there in the Blazer family motto, which went back to medieval times, "Contra mortis, contra" – in the face of death, defiance.

Forgetting the meagre instrumentation panel, Blazer tried to feel his way through the rapid-fire buffeting impacts, the sudden vertiginous plunges and treacherous air currents. Instinctively, he knew that to resist the storm's chimerical patterns would be fatal, and only hasten the end. He had to ride this out and hope the Blackburn could take the beating.

More for some semblance of protocol than out of actual hope, Blazer tried the radio again, shouting over the buzz of the propeller and the roar of the storm. "Mayday, mayday... this is Echo-Nine-Zero on routine mapping exercise, over..."

Blazer hesitated. He had no idea where he currently was. His last visual fix had been well over fifteen minutes ago, and by now he could have been blown fifty, even a hundred miles off course. With his teeth, he pulled off his left flying glove, revealing a strangely chunky and ornate gold signet ring set with a blue lapis lazuli gemstone. Secreted within, under a hinged lid, was a tiny compass, but the needle had gone haywire, flicking back and forth in a chaotic frenzy. He was, for all intents and purposes, flying blind.

"Anyway," he resumed gamely, "I've hit some ungodly chop. Came out of nowhere. I'll have to try and set her down somewhere... I'm getting torn apart up here."

Blazer lifted his finger from the raised transmit button. Waited. And waited. Nothing. Not even static. The deafening silence had a muffled underwater quality to it, the kind that had followed the booming, ringing impact of artillery shells on the battlefields at Verdun. Gamely, he pressed the button again. "Well, over and—"

The last word stalled in Blazer's wide-open mouth. Ahead, a vast cyclonic funnel of spitting, crackling sand loomed, and deep within something else stirred. Strange elongated phantoms of what appeared to be smoke and flame churned and flowed with the whirlpool motion of the wailing wind, coiling around and around like a basket of angry snakes. Then, to Blazer's horror, a giant face materialised, in appearance dry and desiccated, the weather growing physical dimensions as it pushed out at him, baring broken stumps of teeth. It couldn't be real, his rational mind told him, but—

Instinctively, his hand pressed the control stick hard to the right, the plane banking sharply. As if alive, the funnel shunted sideways,

mirroring his evasive manoeuvre, and clipped the Blackburn's left wing – which shredded instantly, the jolting impact slamming him back in his seat, teeth cracking together audibly.

Dazed, Blazer felt the Blackburn go into a tailspin, losing altitude rapidly. That never-say-die part of him stared down the encroaching loss of consciousness as he attempted to correct his steepening descent, but with half a left wing, it was a losing battle. As the sky suddenly cleared, a tableau lifted straight out of a history book appeared below; a glittering vista of gold-peaked pyramids and landscaped palace gardens. Dimly, he heard a bellowing, booming vocal thunderclap scream “RAMUN!”



CHAPTER TWO



How to explain what happened next? It was like trying to recapture a dream, at once vivid and elusive, and turn it into a rational narrative.

Somewhere between consciousness and oblivion, in strangely elongated moments as the Blackburn fell from the sky like a pheasant at a shooting party, Blazer was hit by a tidal wave of sensory input. Past scenes he sensed, rather than saw, crashed directly onto the back of his retinas, one overlaying another. It was like being there, only not. Unable to influence his imminent impact with the ground or question his own sanity, Blazer simply sat back and went with the flow, a captive audience...

The axis of everything, or so it seemed to Blazer when he pieced it all together later, was the pharaoh. A young man, perhaps not