

Excerpt

Treachery on the

Nile <https://d.docs.live.net/1e91183c0ec56794/Documents/Excerpt1.docx>

Vaux showed mild surprise. HE suspected he was about to hear a grave confession. He looked over to Anne who now appeared to have plunged into a deep sleep.

‘Continue, old boy.’

‘I know who you are,’

‘I’m sorry?’

‘I’m working for your former employer.’

Vaux, nonchalant: ‘Which one? I’ve worked for quite a few publications in my time.’

He looked around the cabin. The partitions were paper-thin. ‘Let’s go out on deck,’ he suggested.

The two men stepped on to the narrow starboard deck. There was a mild breeze, just enough to see the lateen sails billowing gently as they powered the dahabiya through the moonlit western desert.

Both men leaned over the wooden handrail and gazed into the scudding murky water as the vessel headed quickly south. Small islands of scrub and felled palm trees flitted by and they heard the odd squawk of wildfowl as perhaps the night’s slumber had been rudely disturbed.

Vaux said, ‘Okay. Tell me what this is all about.’

Simcoe fished a packet of Cleopatra from his pocket, then a classic Ronson lighter. He offered Vaux a cigarette. Vaux shook his head. Simcoe lit up and quickly dispelled smoke from the side of his mouth.

‘You must have noticed that clique of military men. They were there at dinner. That fellow who looks like President al-Sisi’s twin brother and had the gall to whisk Anne away to see his big presidential cabin or whatever he called it, is an army man if ever I’ve seen one.’

‘Yes, there on a sort of sabbatical as far as I could gather. This Himeidi fellow said he hoped the cool Nile evenings will help them relax and discuss some military games that are coming up—or so I understand.’

‘That’s just it, Westropp. Or should I call you Vaux?’

‘Don’t be flippant, old man. Get on with your story.’

‘It’s all a sham. This clique, or whatever you want to call them, are plotting to overthrow the current Sisi regime. There—as succinct as I can make it.’ .....