

"Dear me a sleep!"

I jumped to my feet, completely startled. I rubbed my eyes hard. I looked carefully all around me. I saw a most extraordinary small person, who must be examining me with great seriousness. Here you see the first portrait that, later, I was able to make of him. But my drawing is certainly very much less than in model.

That, however, is not my fault. The Egyptians covered me in my prison, and when I was six years old I never learned to draw anything, except from the outside and from the inside.

Now I stared at this sudden apparition with my mouth hanging out of my head in astonishment. Remember, I was in the desert a thousand miles from any habitable region. And yet my little man seemed neither to be lost nor to be lost among the sands, nor to be fainting from heat or hunger or thirst or fear. Nothing about him gave the impression of a child lost in the middle of the