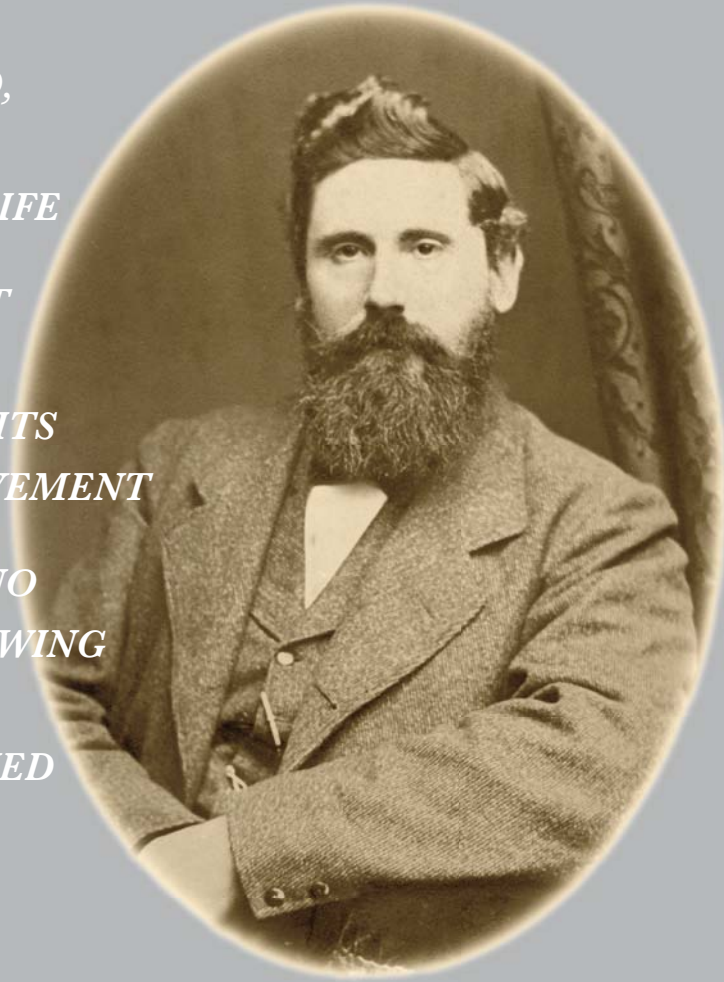


*“MY DEAR FRIEND,  
NO ONE HAS EVER  
BELIEVED IN MY LIFE  
A LIFE I AM ABOUT  
TO RELINQUISH  
IN THE MIDST OF ITS  
GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT  
SADLY, THERE IS NO  
COMFORT IN KNOWING  
THEIR EYES WILL  
ONE DAY BE OPENED  
WHEN MINE  
ARE TIGHT SHUT”*



***LAST DEED ON EARTH***

*THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF ERNST FRANKLIN  
by Mike Shepherd*

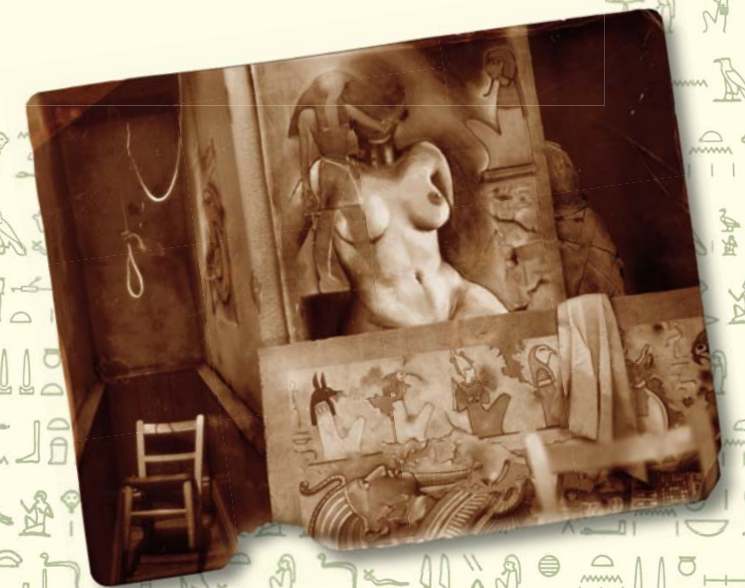
*EGYPTOLOGIST, ERNST FRANKLIN, WROTE THOSE  
WORDS IN MARCH 1886.*

*HE THEN SET UP HIS CAMERA IN A CORNER OF HIS  
STUDIO, FOCUSING ON HIS INCREDIBLE DISCOVERIES.*

*AFTER EXPOSING AND PROCESSING THE GLASS PLATE  
NEGATIVE, HE PLACED IT, ALONG WITH OTHERS AND  
SEVERAL DIARIES IN A PACKAGE, HE THEN ATTACHED  
THE NOTE AND ADDRESSED IT TO A CLOSE FRIEND.*

*FINALLY, HE WALKED IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA,  
CLIMBED ONTO A CHAIR, AND PLACED HIS HEAD INTO  
THE WAITING NOOSE. HIS LAST DEED ON EARTH.*

*THIS BOOK IS A CELEBRATION OF FRANKLIN'S LIFE  
AND WORK. USING RECONSTRUCTIONS AND MUCH  
ORIGINAL MATERIAL, IT RE-EXAMINES HIS  
DISCOVERIES AND REVEALS, WITH THE AID OF NEW  
TECHNOLOGY, THE STARTLING TRUTH BEHIND THEM.*





## LAST DEED ON EARTH. THE INCREDIBLE DISCOVERIES OF ERNST FRANKLIN

FRANKLIN'S FATHER  
FROM A PORTRAIT BY  
ALEXANDER FRIEDRICH  
WERNER



Ernst Franklin was born in England in 1822. His German parents were both archaeologists, and their total religious dedication to work left very little time for their only son.

It was surprising therefore, that this eccentric, insular, introverted young man, chose to devote his own life to the passionate pursuit of archaeology. His untimely death by his own hand, was also directly linked with the ancient world, and if the stories surrounding this remarkable man are true, with a world far less ancient.

THE MUMMY  
OF SETI I



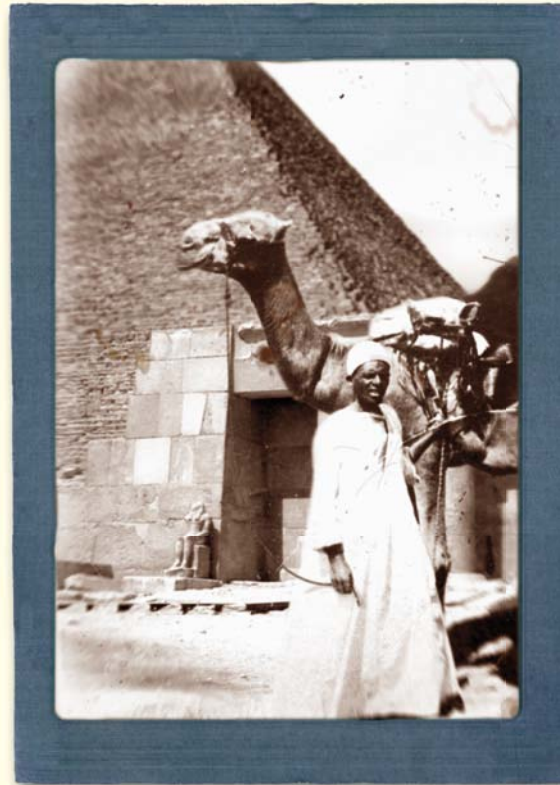
His lonely childhood set the pattern for the rest of his life. His early years, like so many of his contemporaries, were spent in Egypt. His first friend in the field of archaeology was the great German Egyptologist, Karl Richard Lepsius, but this partnership was short lived indeed. Invited by Lepsius to visit re-excavation work in the tomb of Seti I, situated in the legendary Valley of the Kings, Franklin, horrified at the damage caused to a decorated column by Lepsius' team, accused Lepsius of "wanton vandalism." Stress was already showing in this sensitive young man. He stormed out, wildly punching several Egyptian workers on the way, never to speak to Lepsius again.

**THE DISCOVERY** I will let extracts from Franklin's journals paint the scene  
(Some extracts he wrote on site, others later, hence the changes in tense. I have not updated his spellings)

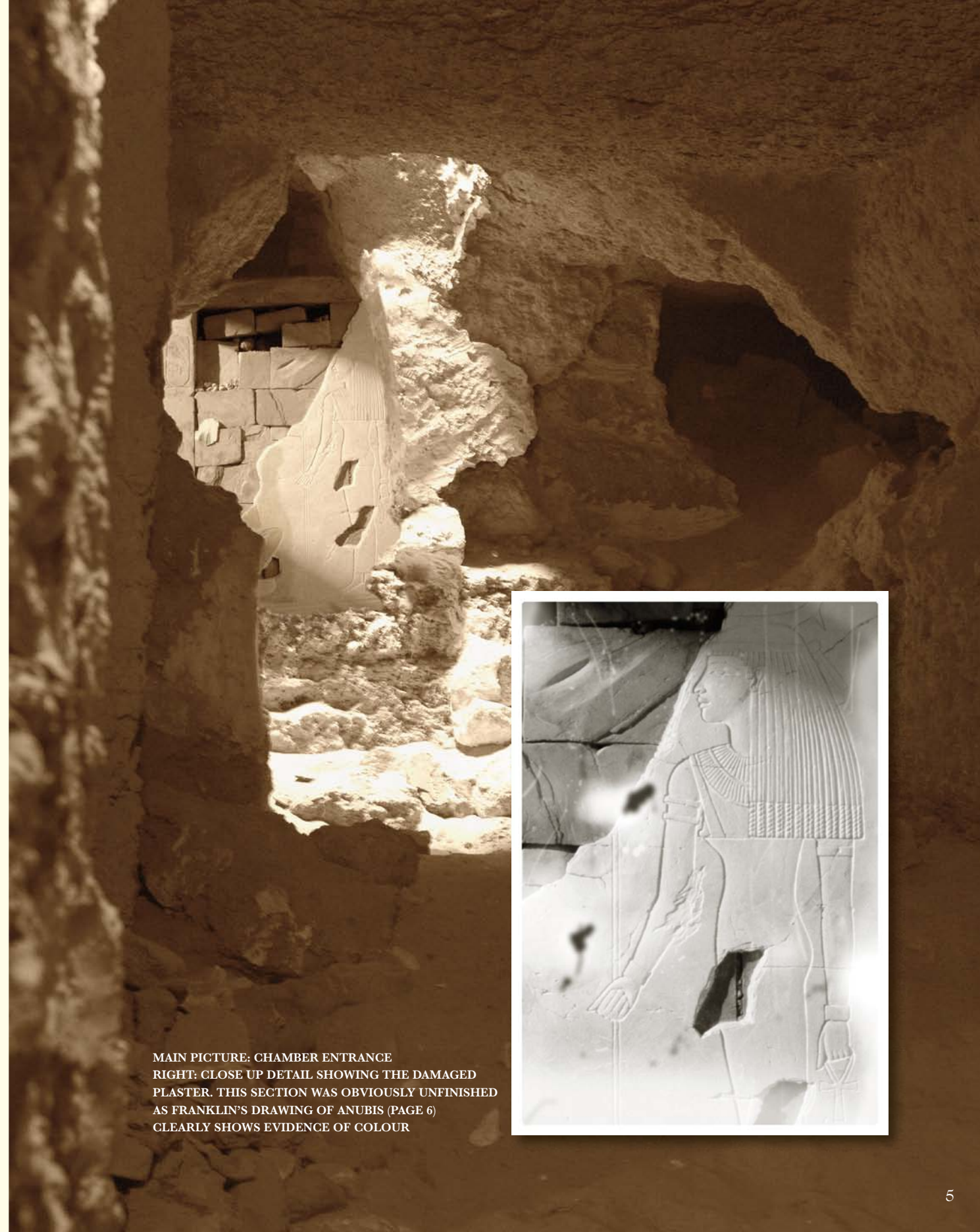
"September 4th 1858. Exhaustion forces me to take a break and some hot tea. It is 3am and I have stopped digging.... the steaming perspiration on my back is becoming a freezing blanket, soaking in the cold desert air. I have been working with only Jaromir, (right) my head worker, for nearly eight hours without a break. He is the only one I trust. The other servants and workers deserted me three days ago. They say I am mad. Perhaps they are right. My hands are raw and bleeding, and the hot tea that warms my soul tortures me through their trembling grasp."

Much of what follows is illegible and his obvious fatigue directs a lengthy, rambling prose. It wasn't for another four days, after two days sleep and the hiring of another small team of workmen, that he returned to the tomb and his journal.

"As I lifted a very large stone away, smaller fragments cascaded down, choking me with their disintegrating dust mantles. Elevating my head to dislodge grit from my eyes, I happened upon a flat, even surface. At first I thought it to be just another section of large rock, but after removing more loose fragments it became clear that my hands were tracing the contours of plastered blocking, and impressed into its surface were six oval seals, all unbroken. I called for Jaromir. My natural impulse was to hack my way through, but I am no Lepsius. We both worked with great speed, but also painstaking care, recording the exact details of the individual seals, noting not only their designs, but also their precise locations on the blocking. We were only four hours at our labours, but it felt like an eternity. Finally, the moment arrived, I began to clear away a section. With each layer of retreating dust, images developed as if I was the stonemason, carving with unbelievable speed and dexterity..... weary, but elated, I laid down my tools to admire my work."



JAROMIR ON THE GIZA PLATEAU



MAIN PICTURE: CHAMBER ENTRANCE  
RIGHT: CLOSE UP DETAIL SHOWING THE DAMAGED  
PLASTER. THIS SECTION WAS OBVIOUSLY UNFINISHED  
AS FRANKLIN'S DRAWING OF ANUBIS (PAGE 6)  
CLEARLY SHOWS EVIDENCE OF COLOUR



ABOVE: ANUBIS. RIGHT: THE MAIN TOMB CHAMBER FROM ORIGINAL WATER COLOURS BY FRANKLIN

“I had created Anubis. Anubis in all his canine majesty, guarding a doorway. A doorway to what? To whom? My mind raced. It was then that a strange and terrifying thing happened. Almost at the same time that I began to realize I would have to remove, possibly destroy, a section of this work to gain access, Jaromir let out a piercing scream and fled from my side. Then, Anubis himself, rushed towards me, striking me with several sharp blows. His eyes flamed with anger, burning through the smoke emanating from his flared nostrils. Finally, I lost consciousness.

Whether minutes or hours passed thus I cannot remember. I awoke alone, aware of a tremendous weight holding me down. Panic gave way to shame. It was Anubis, but only his plaster likeness, fallen from the blocking, broken and fragmented upon my chest. I laughed uncontrollably, the stress of the last months echoing in the stairway, before fading into the desert dust. Anubis was saying to me “Come, I have cleared the way, you are welcome here”.

There follows a very graphic, and, at times, moving account of Franklin and his befriended servant Jaromir as they explore the tomb’s many chambers. Jaromir was the only person Franklin trusted and allowed into the tomb, consequently progress was painfully slow. The full account is well worth reading in the form of his five volume journals, now housed in the British Museum Library. Ironically they are titled ‘Last Deed on Earth.’ I will now quote from the passages which directly relate to this exhibition. Franklin is in the main chamber having finished excavating the five Antechambers.

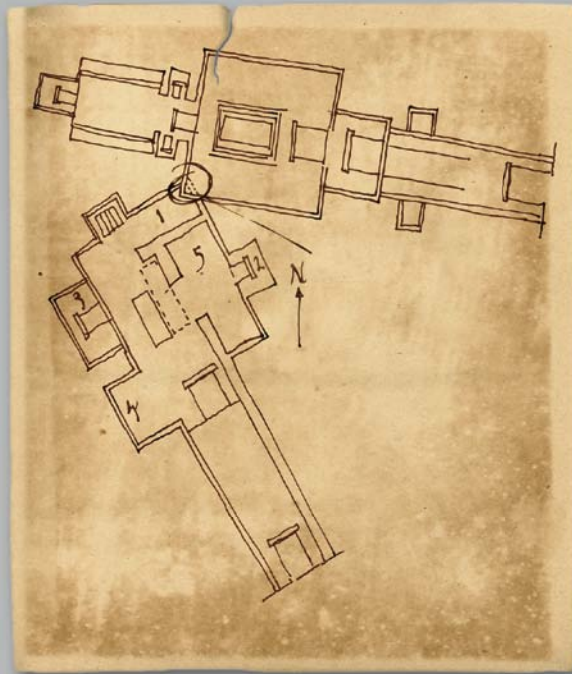


“We returned many times to the main chamber, hoping again to find some explanation for the confusion of dynastic styles. I can make no sense of the heiroglyphs, they appear to be taken from different sources with conflicting chronologies. It is almost as if the entire tomb complex is a conglomerate of many tombs, but constructed in one period of time. I feel as if I am in the midst of some elaborate hoax, but this cannot be. One of the Antechambers has been cut into, forming a section of the adjacent tomb of Rameses IV, and as this tomb is situated over mine by at least 4 feet 6 inches, my tomb has to be of an earlier date. Before 1156 BC.

I have been into countless tombs that have been robbed, either in antiquity or recent times, and one simply knows one hasn't been the first. It is a strong feeling that comes with experience, that is before all the strong factual evidence; the three intact seals, undamaged plasterwork, the undisturbed dust, the degree of stale air, the absence of chaos, the broken fragments always left in the robber's wake, and countless other signs.

The reason this tomb is empty, except for the one item I will come to later, is simple. It was never used in the first place. For what reason, I cannot readily explain. It was built, sealed and not been re-entered for well over 3000 years. No dead pharaoh or dignitary was sent to the afterlife from here, I will stake my life on it.”

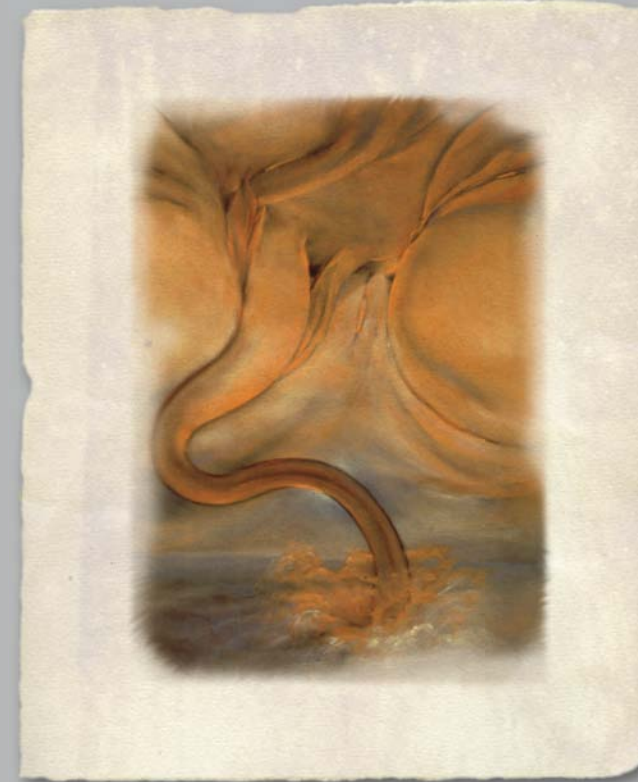
BELOW: FRANKLIN'S ROUGH MAP SHOWING THE INTRUSION OF THE RAMESSES IV TOMB IN THE CORNER OF ANTECHAMBER I IN THE NORTHERN CORNER OF HIS TOMB FK10



BELOW: FRANKLIN'S WATER COLOUR OF THREE OF THE SEALS IMPRESSED INTO THE PLASTER BLOCKING



“There are harder things to explain. The group of four wall paintings in Antechamber 1, found by Jaromir on the north wall, sections of which, including part of a painting, were cut into when the adjacent tomb was built”.



THREE OF THE WALL PAINTINGS FROM ANTECHAMBER 1

TOP LEFT: WALL PAINTING FK/WP1 TOMB FK 10

TOP RIGHT: WALL PAINTING FK/WP2 TOMB FK 10

BOTTOM LEFT: WALL PAINTING FK/WP3 TOMB FK 10

*THERE IS NO REASON TO DOUBT THE ACCURACY OF FRANKLIN'S COPIES. HE WAS AN EXCELLENT DRAUGHTSMAN*

“Again this proves the paintings are earlier than the Rameses IV tomb, and yet their style and frankness is like no other work I have seen, ancient or modern. And the more complex problem is the similarly painted slab of black granite, measuring 7 foot 3 inches in length by 3 foot 3 inches in width, set into the floor adjacent to the sarcophagus, again on the north side. It is still partially covered and the clearing and recording work is slow, it could be a cover stone to a lower chamber.

There is absolutely no doubt that its weight will be immense, we shall have to enlist help if we are to raise the stone without causing any damage, to either it, or ourselves.”

BELOW: FRANKLIN'S WATER COLOUR COPY OF WALL PAINTING FK/WP4 TOMB FK 10



BELOW: FRANKLIN'S FULL SIZE WATER COLOUR COPY OF THE LARGE PAINTED GRANITE COVER STONE FK/807 TOMB FK 10

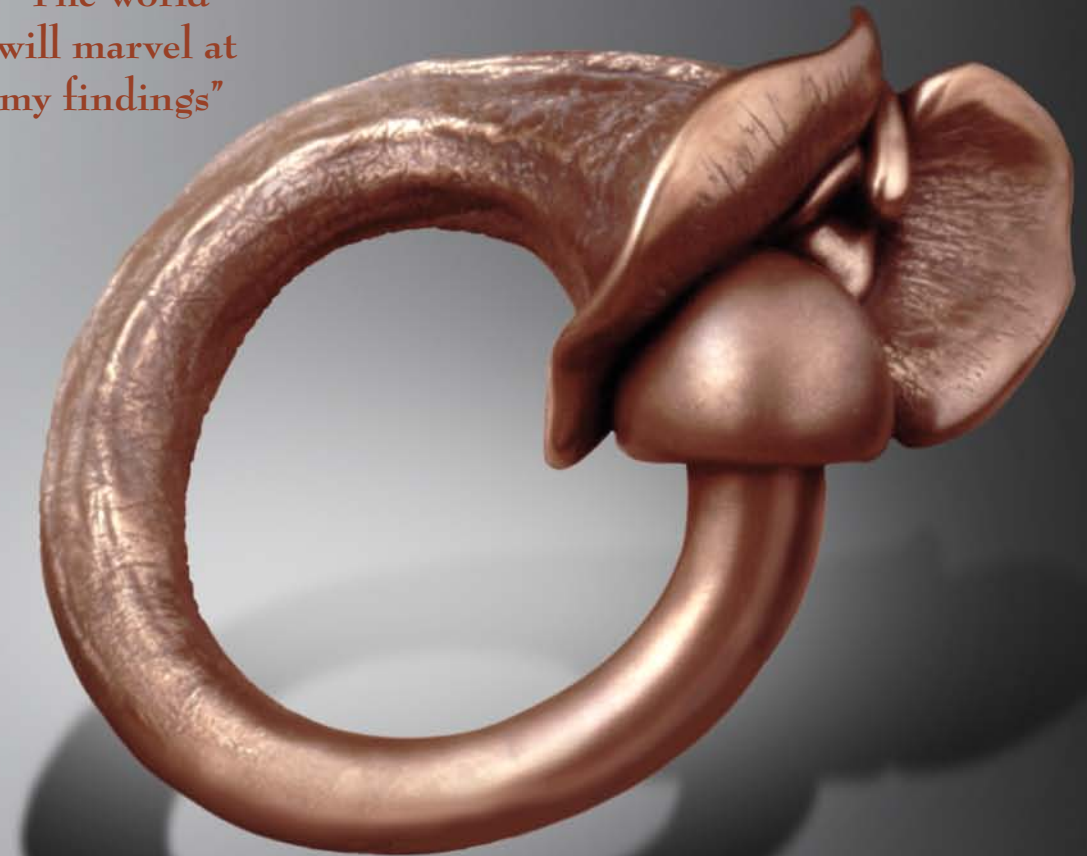


“Whether it is fatigue, or the onset of insanity which is making me doubt what I am seeing, I am at a loss to tell, but I do now fear for my mind. Although I trust Jaromir with my life, I long for the experienced companionship of a fellow archaeologist, he just shrugs and says: “To the eye of Horus all things are possible”

And there is the one item found, a small broken sculpture in the main passageway. A plant based design forming a type of collar, measuring twelve inches in diameter, made out of bronze. There is an inscription on the back, my translation skills are not good but I feel this is the essence...*I am a long-lived snake; I pass the night and am reborn every day. I am a snake which is in the limits of the earth; I pass the night and am reborn, renewed and rejuvenated every day.*

My camera will be my salvation. It has no mind to become weary, it cannot lie.”

“The world will marvel at my findings”



SCULPTURE COLLAR FK/10865

ENLARGED  
FRAGMENT  
OF ORIGINAL  
AUTHENTICATED  
FRANKLIN  
CONTACT PRINT



BROKEN  
SECTION OF  
SCULPTURE  
FK10865  
(PAGE11)

PAINTED  
GRANITE  
COVER STONE  
FK/807  
(PAGE10)

I feel this is an appropriate place to leave Franklin's narrative, summarize the facts and present the startling new evidence.

September 1858 Franklin opens tomb. He spends the next five years documenting his findings. Franklin's arguments for dating the tomb are very sound indeed. A whole new chronology for the ancient world is becoming accepted today based on the exact same principle.

The tomb and five antechambers are empty except for one item of sculpture. Franklin's description of it as plant based design, is a little coy, to say the least. It is clearly sexual, a fact that would be plain, even to a nineteenth century archaeologist. As are his reproductions of the 'frank' wall paintings and floor panel. Franklin's copies would be faithful in the minutest detail. He was an excellent draughtsman. This is backed up by his photographic evidence.

July 1863, disaster strikes. Franklin leaves the tomb to gain some fresh air, there is a mild earth tremor.



Not serious in itself, but strong enough to dislodge a roof section in the main corridor and leave the way clear for a catastrophic rock fall. (Seen here recorded by Franklin). Jaromir is killed. The tomb is re-sealed for ever. Thankfully all Franklin's work is safe in the hotel vault. Franklin, now near to total exhaustion, returns to his home in Oxford, England.

Franklin's inherited wealth allows him a grand style of living. His Oxford house is always fully staffed even though he spends little time there himself. A nurse is engaged immediately for this very sick man. Within six months he makes a full physical recovery, although the mental breakdown he suffered has left him very unstable and paranoid.

On July 12th 1864 he marries his nurse, Violet Maude (below). The ceremony is quiet, but the couple's desire for a portrait leads Franklin to another friendship and a renewed vision for the presentation of his finds in Egypt.

They meet the young photographer, Henry Taunt, assisting at Edward Bratcher's studio.

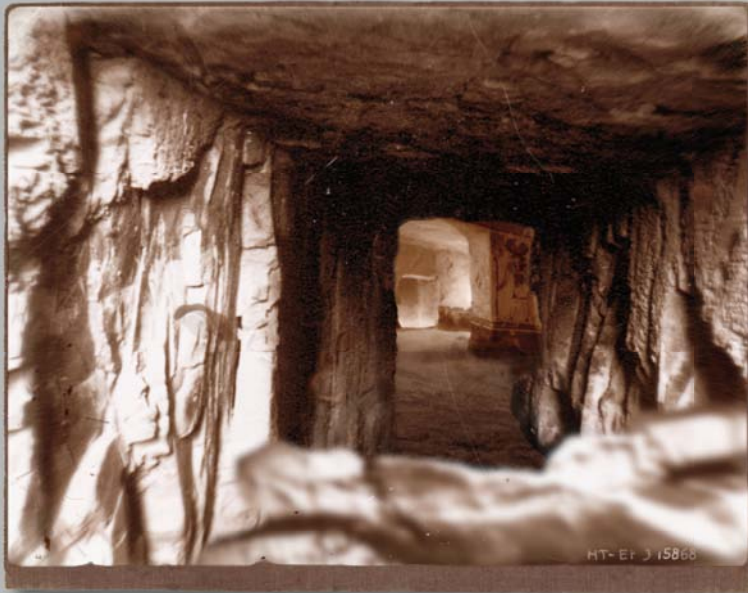
Taunt is already gaining credibility in his own right for his studies of the river Thames. The inevitable small talk during the arduous portrait sitting reveals Franklin's photographic skills with the new process 'Wet Collodion'. Although having the advantage of ending up with a glass negative, the photographer has to basically take his dark room with him, not only applying the wet emulsion to the glass plate and keeping it wet during the exposure, but also keeping it wet until fully processed. Only when dry and flat, can prints be made. Taunt, aware of the skill needed from his river experiences, can only marvel at Franklin's mastery of this elaborate procedure carried out in a hot Egyptian tomb.



FRANKLIN SAID OF VIOLET,  
"HER BLUE EYES PIERCED MY SOUL"

Violet Maude Franklin is less enthusiastic about anything connected to her husband's past exploits. She sees the whole Egyptian trip as the cause of his illness and does little to encourage any further developments. But Franklin's passion to work has returned in full. Largely fired by the enthusiastic young Taunt, who, commissioned by Franklin to make contact prints from the glass plates, found them nothing short of a revelation.

A VIEW OF THE MAIN CHAMBER LOOKING NORTH WEST



THE YOUNG HENRY TAUNT ON LOCATION WITH ONE OF HIS MANY PLATE CAMERAS

Franklin has not seen his copy paintings since his return. He hasn't even visited his upstairs studio where they are still in their crates. Every time he mentions working again, his wife states that she thinks him not quite well enough, and that he should wait a little longer. Finally his impatience gets the better of him and he insists that he is now fit to work. She pleads with him, and only relents when he becomes so agitated that she fears for his mental well being. Taunt, now a close family friend, is also becoming concerned about Franklin's violent mood swings. But there is no stopping him. Franklin decides to go public, in less than six weeks, at the next meeting of the Archaeological Society, in October 1865.

He now commits a series of judgmental errors. Firstly he decides to win his wife over by getting her involved with the preparations and the catalogue.

Far from engaging her support, the unveiling of the "profane and loathsome putrefactions", her exact words, produces an ultimatum that basically forces him to choose between her and his work. Four days later she packs up and leaves to live with her widowed sister in nearby Banbury. He continues along the road to disaster in the dubious company of laudanum and alcohol, hoping to steady his nerves. Taunt, deeply concerned for his friends well-being, arranges for a doctor to call, and in order to make sure Franklin sees him, makes it a condition for the release of the latest batch of photographic prints. Furious at what he describes as betrayal, Franklin, three nights later, breaks into the studio in a vain attempt to reclaim them. Not realizing that Taunt, like himself, equally passionate about his work, is working through the night on his own prints. There follows an ugly fight and a heated exchange of words. Franklin, the worse for alcohol, staggers home empty-handed.

When his wife left, most of the staff followed. The butler and cook, seeing the opportunities to profit by petty thieving, encourage Franklin's indulgences. He becomes dependant on them, finding them only too willing to assist with his presentation to the to the Archaeological Society, now only two days away.

The Archaeological Society is a close body, very little goes on that is public knowledge. Violet Maude's aggrieved tongue has already oiled the wheels of Franklin's fate. Some accounts, half-truths, others, like his "Perversions with the young servant girls", outright lies. So by the time Franklin arrives, rumours are rife.

Try and picture this pathetic scene. Rows of mutton chop whiskers flickering in the gas light, as heads turn to and fro in sarcastic exchanges and cheap jokes. They are already laughing as Franklin mounts the podium. His two assistants, a cook and a butler, themselves smirking behind his back, make him look more like a second rate music hall conjuror, rather than the great Egyptologist he is.



THE INFAMOUS PAIR. THE BUTLER, JAMES DUNCAN AND HIS ACCOMPLICE, EDWINA SMALL, COOK





It is impossible to conceive he is about to share with them one of the greatest finds of the century. Franklin clears his throat. The last two days have been alcohol free. He has made a supreme effort both in his appearance and demeanour. At last there is total silence. Mercifully the facial expressions of his audience are lost behind a fog of cigar smoke. He mops his wet brow with a crumpled handkerchief, and as he forces it between the stiff collar that rasps his neck, the stud breaks. The right hand side of the collar springs out. He is unaware. He is focused only on the true wonder he is about to share with them. That is why they are now applauding and cheering so voraciously. Emboldened by this mistaken reception, he signals to his assistants to unveil the copy of the granite tablet.

What better introduction to his finest achievement. For a moment, just a moment, there is a barely perceptible dimming of the lights as open mouths draw away the precious oxygen from the gas mantles. Franklin is transported back to the desert. To the first moment he too saw the tablet. They are now sharing his sense of wonder. If they were able, they would reach out reverently to caress its surface, hoping for an insight into its creator. Indeed, they are now leaving their seats to do just that. He wipes away the tears, in order to better witness this homage.

One by one, row by row, in total silence they stand. One by one, in total silence, they leave the lecture hall.

Again Franklin feels the great god Anubis smiting his cheek, but the shock this time brings him back to a world far from the desert. To a world where a broken Egyptian god is transformed into a rotten apple. A world where cries of praise echo:

“Filthy Pervert.”

“Fraud.”

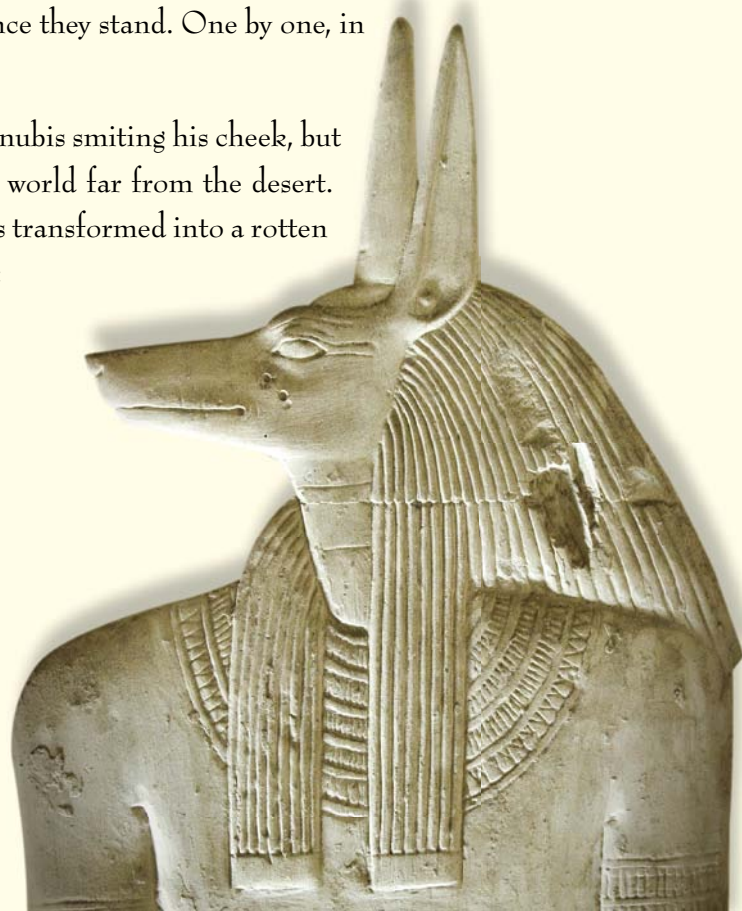
“Charlatan”.

“Madman”.

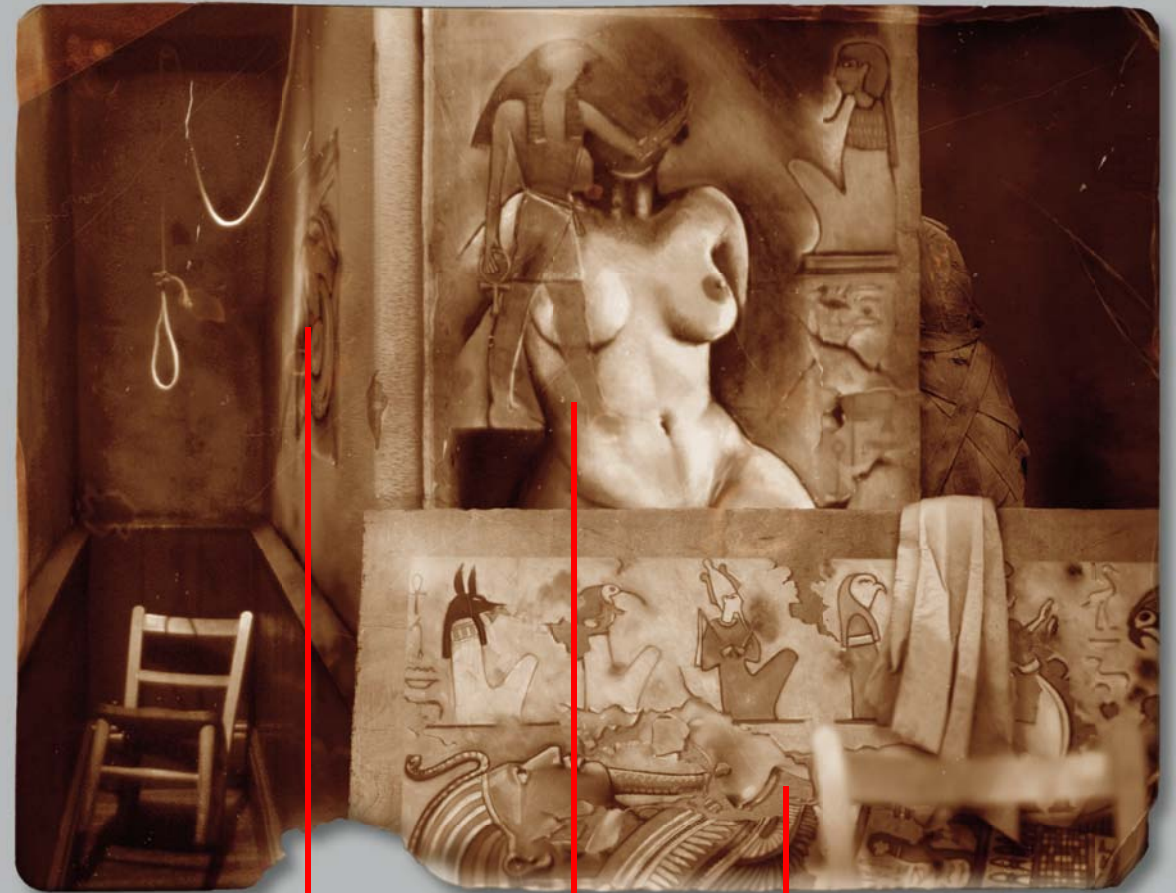
“Heretic”.

A world too painful to inhabit.

**On March 25th, 1886  
Ernst Franklin takes his own life.**



THIS PHOTOGRAPH, FOUND IN TAUNT'S COLLECTION, WAS TAKEN IN FRANKLIN'S STUDIO. IT SHOWS EXACTLY WHERE HE HANGED HIMSELF. THE CAMERA WAS STILL SET UP WHEN HIS BODY WAS FOUND.



WALL PAINTING  
FK/WP2 TOMB FK 10

WALL PAINTING FK/WP4 TOMB FK 10

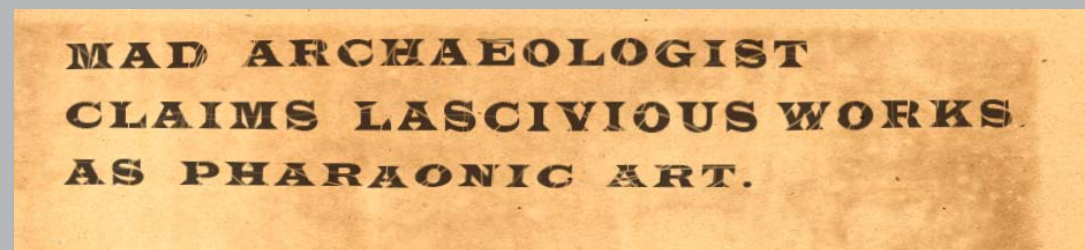
COPY OF COVER STONE FK/807 TOMB FK 10

He left the undeveloped negative plate to his friend Taunt, along with this simple message on the package:

*“MY DEAR FRIEND, NO ONE HAS EVER BELIEVED IN MY LIFE.  
A LIFE I AM ABOUT TO RELINQUISH IN THE MIDST OF ITS GREATEST  
ACHIEVEMENT. SADLY, THERE IS NO COMFORT IN KNOWING THEIR  
EYES WILL ONE DAY BE OPENED WHEN MINE ARE TIGHT SHUT.  
YOUR TRUE FRIEND? ERNST*

The details that follow are sketchy. My research led down several blind alleyways. Most of the facts were found in newspaper archives, personal diaries and journals.

Violet Maude Franklin returned to the house. Her intention was to sell up and leave the area. Even though she was not living with her husband at the time of the scandal, and expressed her own disgust at his work, her reputation was shredded by the media, only too willing, then, as now, to destroy an innocent person for a good story. And this was a good story: 'Mad archaeologist claims his lascivious works as Pharaonic art.' 'Franklin the Fraud takes his own life in shame.' 'Charlatan Franklin enters eternal damnation!'



Violet Maude Franklin, unaware of the part played by the cook and butler in all this, paid them to remove and destroy all her husband's work. Every last bit of it. This was made public knowledge by the news papers reporting: 'The Works Returning to The fires of Hell from whence they came.'

So all was lost. Or was it?

What of the hundred or so glass plate negatives in the possession of Henry Taunt, now in his own shop and studio premises in Oxford? The cook and butler had already shown themselves capable of dishonesty, would they pass up the opportunity of a quick sale? The public at large may have been scandalized by the collection, but there were plenty of private collectors to whom this work would have a great appeal.

If Franklin's discoveries were outstanding, the re-discoveries are nothing short of miraculous. They start, not in the hot deserts of Egypt, but in the archives of a photographic library in Swindon, England.

I was approached by a friend and photographer to give my opinion on a design for an exhibition showing a 'Now and Then' photographic scenario of the River Thames.

They had used previously marked tripod points to record, with digital camera and lap-top computer, images previously captured 130 years ago by, none other than, Henry Taunt. We needed access to Taunt's original glass plates to produce new prints. He was a prolific and highly commercial photographer, leaving behind countless immaculate records and boxes of glass negatives. Several people over the years have been inspired to reproduce Taunt's work, and most of his plates have been sorted and catalogued.

I viewed the neat stacks of faded cardboard boxes with interest, and was impressed with the neatness of the labels, all, presumably in Taunt's own copperplate handwriting. They listed the various locations, names and dates of portrait sittings, but one in particular caught my eye. Printed on it were four simple words that were to change my life and start me off on my own dig into the past:

### **ERNST. FRANKLIN. EGYPT. 1864.**

This, only one year after I happened upon, by sheer chance, Franklin's original journals in the British Museum. (I was engaged on another project and was two pages into the journals before I realized it was the wrong Franklin). I read more, I was fascinated but not in any great depth, and until the connection with Taunt was made, gave it very little thought.

Since then I have reprinted the surviving glass plates, and travelled half-way round the world following leads as to the whereabouts of Franklin's finds. At times, at risk to my own life. I have found the original bronze sculpture and every one of Franklin's fantastic copy paintings and diaries. But I possess only a single copy painting and a section of original wall painting. These were the price for my silence, along with the rights to copy the others and take a replica cast of the 'collar'. The identity and the location of the collector has to remain as buried as Franklin's Tomb.

The validation work carried out by the anonymous owner is genuine. I contacted the authenticating bodies myself. Their reports only add to the incredible mystery. A startling, dispassionate paragraph from the summary of the sculpture and wall analysis reads: 'Franklin's dates are wildly out. The surface breakdown on the inscription of the sculpture FK10865 certainly suggests an age between 2000 and 3000 years. The base metal however, is showing a least 6000 to 8000 years, impossible yet to explain. Similarly, the painted wall section has the same two distinct dateable surfaces.'

There is an even greater problem, to which we can also find no rational explanation. The 2/3000 year old painting is without a doubt bonded to the back of the 6/8000 year old surface’

The tests carried out on a fragment of paper from the original drawing in my possession, although far less spectacular, were just as rewarding. Franklin and the paper were from the same period in time.

Of Franklin’s claims there can be no doubt. The chemical spectography of the remaining photographic prints and plates, authenticates the photographs. Modern cameras may lie, but Franklin’s pictures are indeed genuine.

It was known that Taunt added more dramatic skies to landscapes that needed enhancing, but the level of manipulation required to create the Franklin tomb, would be beyond his capabilities and the technology of the day.

The exhibition I have put together is designed to put the spotlight on Franklin. To turn the clock back 140 years to that fateful day when Franklin thought, he too, would turn the clock back. Back 3000 years.

We owe it to Ernst Franklin to applaud his discoveries, not to mock. We owe it to Franklin to answer the questions he asked. Who? Why? When?

Above all, we owe it to Ernst Franklin to clear his name.

From the proceeds of an exhibition\* and sale of prints and documents, it is my intention to do just that. The location of the Franklin tomb FK10 is well documented. I already have provisional clearance from the Egyptian authorities to take a team into the valley, and re-enter the tomb in the Autumn of 2002.

With your generosity, you can be part of this team. Thank you.

**Mike Shepherd** December 2000

*\*Please turn to page 22 for a full up-date*



ERNST FRANKLIN 1822-1866

The contents of this book were first published in December 2000. It was produced to further enhance my exhibition 'Last Deed on Earth', a celebration of the remarkable life of Egyptologist, Ernst Franklin.

After extensive research, the exhibition took two years to put together. It attempted once again to bring as faithfully as possible, Franklin's discoveries before the unsuspecting world.

It included a full reconstruction of the tomb entrance with a miniature of the main chamber, and a small section of Franklin's studio. Also many items of sculpture, reconstructed from photographic evidence, including a cast taken from the actual controversial 'collar'.

I produced copies of many of his watercolours, a full sized rendering of the painted cover stone, and displayed the original Franklin work FK/WP 1.

The idea of the exhibition was to produce sufficient funds to return to Franklin's lost tomb FK10, and to find enough remaining evidence, not only to substantiate his claims, but also, to clear his name.

But this was not to be. Put quite simply, history repeated itself, and with all the bitter irony it could muster:

There is no need to go into all the details. Suffice to say, that apart from a handful of people, the exhibition was received in much the same way as Franklin's first unveiling to the Archaeological Society. The suicide could be interpreted as deliberately ignoring the same ultimatum as Violet Franklin put to her husband, thus finally bringing a failing relationship to an abrupt end.

There were many times during the exhibition when I overheard similar comments to those aimed at Franklin, only the language had lost its Victorian charm. As a result, I foolishly destroyed much of the original work. All that physically remains are a single 'collar' cast, the full sized pastel of the cover stone, (now proudly displayed on our sitting room wall), the tomb and chamber reconstruction, and the original Franklin drawing of the wall painting FK/WP 1.

So, why republish the book after an interval of thirteen years?

To answer that question we should travel back in time to that fateful day of Franklin's presentation. We must try then to imagine the departing angry crowd fading into the swirling cigar smoke, their minds full of disgust and disbelief. But this time, we see a solitary standing figure deep in the shadows. He is applauding. A lone voice of recognition in a wilderness of ignorance and doubt.

He may have changed history.

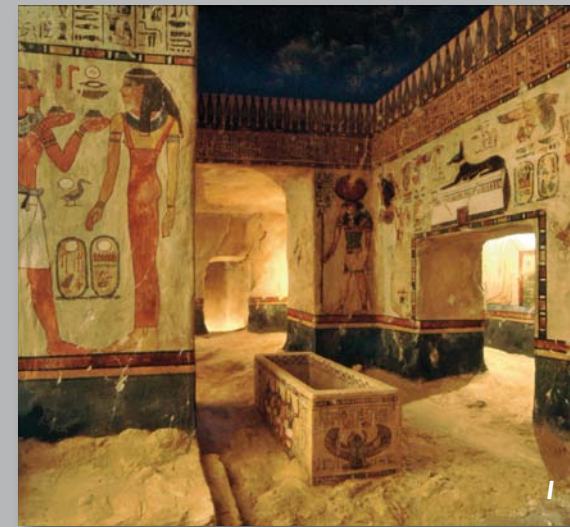
Last week, I received an email in response to a viewing of the 'collar' on my Franklin web page. It was the first time I had ever heard it described exactly as was meant to be. I know Franklin would be the first to agree. I am only sorry he will never know.

That one simple connection is justification enough to offer; once again, Ernst Franklin's amazing story.

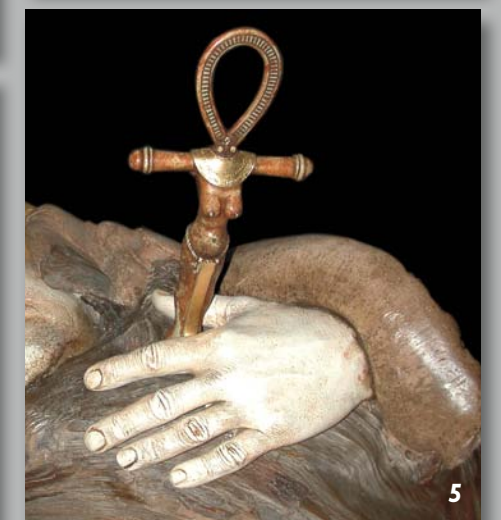
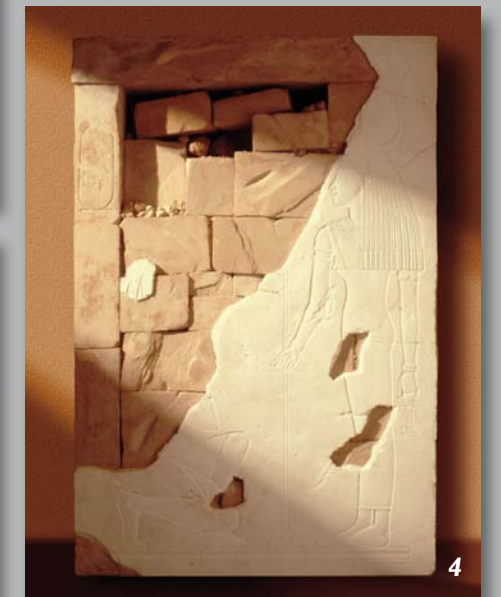
Happily, I have a wife who shares my deep passion for Egypt, and we visit this beautiful country time and again. Often, when we stand high above the Kings' Valley, I find myself smiling at the thought of all the undiscovered treasures still to be found there. I also wonder if there will ever come a time when the world will be ready for Franklin's amazing discoveries.

Mike Shepherd. Luxor 2013

## Details from the exhibition showing the faithfulness to the original photographic evidence



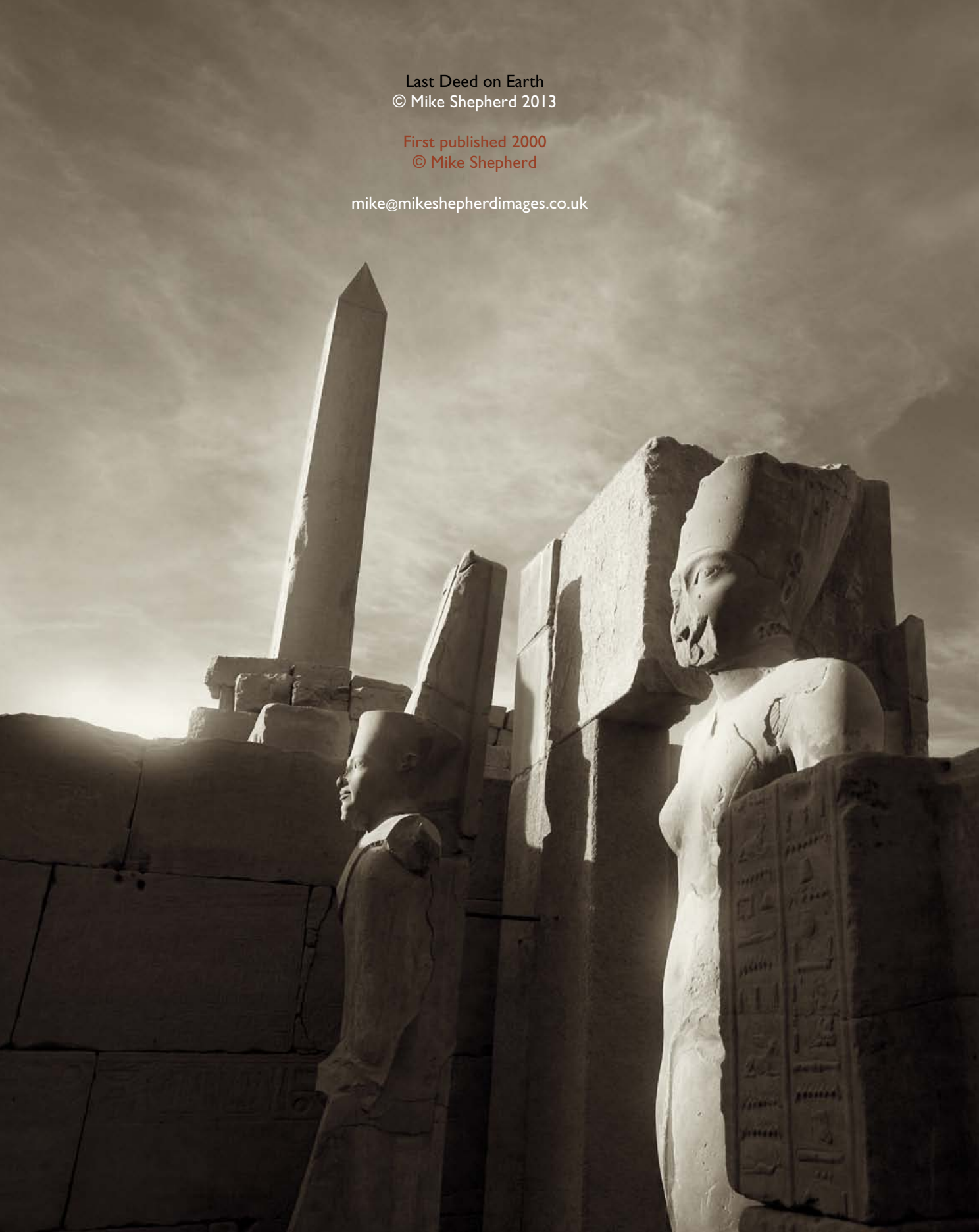
1. MINIATURE CHAMBER RECONSTRUCTION
2. THE 'RING OF SINGULARITY' A CAST OF THE ACTUAL 'COLLAR' FK10865
3. DETAIL FROM THE INSTALLATION OF FRANKLIN'S STUDIO, DESIGNED TO PUT THE VIEWER IN THE PLACE OF FRANKLIN IN HIS LAST MOMENTS
4. TOMB ENTRANCE INSTALLATION
5. A SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION OF THE DEATH OF FRANKLIN



Last Deed on Earth  
© Mike Shepherd 2013

First published 2000  
© Mike Shepherd

mike@mikeshepherdimages.co.uk



MAD ARCHAEOLOGIST  
CLAIMS LASCIVIOUS WORKS  
AS PHARAONIC ART.

***LAST DEED ON EARTH***  
THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF ERNST FRANKLIN  
© Mike Shepherd 2013