

It was a night at the start of winter. The moon shone brightly in the sky of Upper Egypt, the wind groaning in the desert while the convent, with its thick fortress walls and broad shoulders, was half drowning in the darkness and half glowing in the white flames of the moon like a fabulous animal from the Revelation of John. A monk traveled along the thick wall to keep watch, an old rifle hanging from his shoulder and when he arrived at the dome he sat down below it, leaning in the darkness towards the night. The rare stars sparkled beyond the moon in the center of the silky sky. There, a wolf's howl ran amongst the sands.

A distance from the large building were dispersed small and meager sinking edifices, the majority of which accumulated in silence, abandoned.