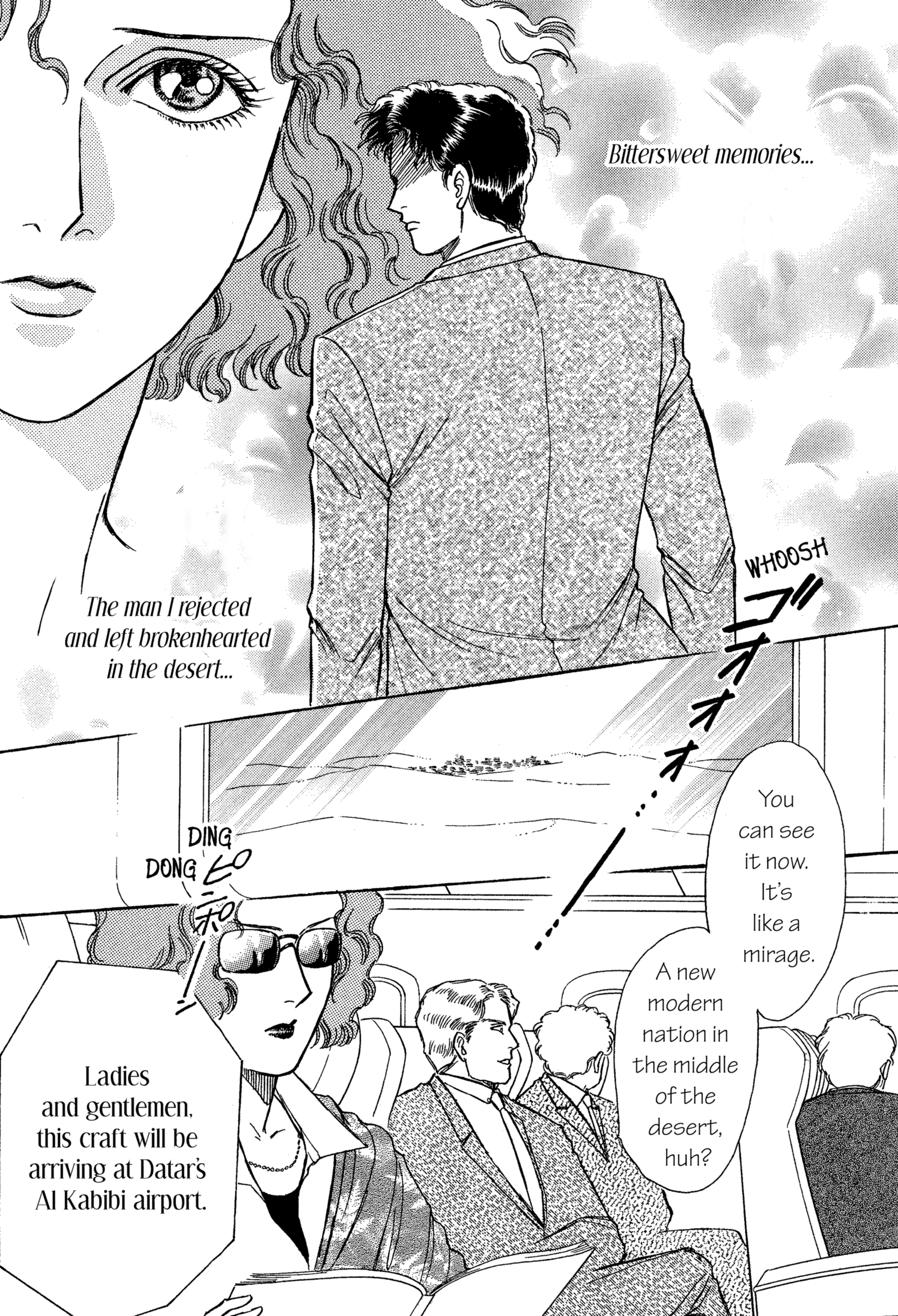




Bittersweet memories...

*The man I rejected
and left brokenhearted
in the desert...*

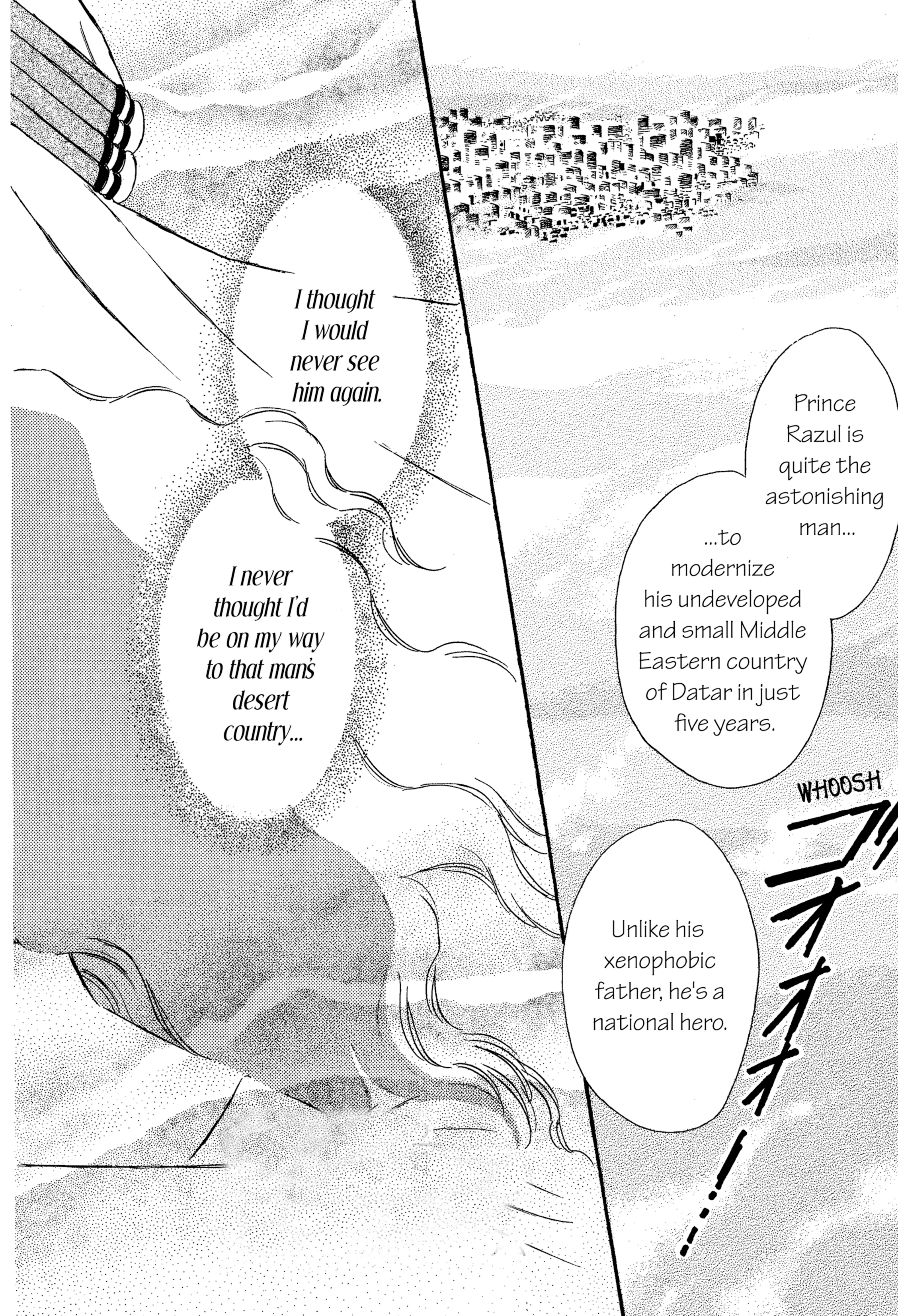
WHOOOSH

DING
DONG

You
can see
it now.
It's
like a
mirage.

A new
modern
nation in
the middle
of the
desert,
huh?

Ladies
and gentlemen,
this craft will be
arriving at Datar's
Al Kabibi airport.



*I thought
I would
never see
him again.*

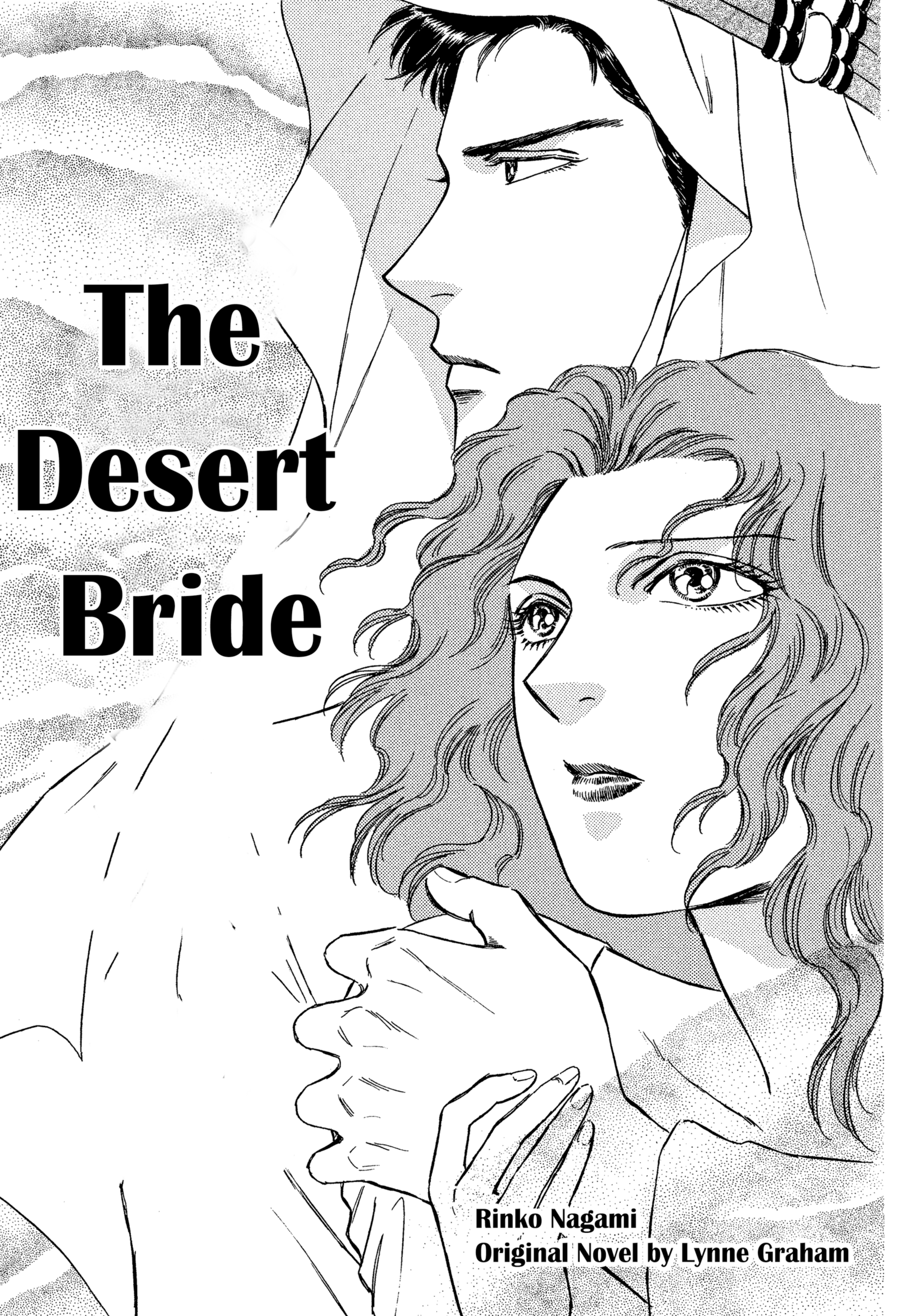
*I never
thought I'd
be on my way
to that man's
desert
country...*

Prince
Razul is
quite the
astonishing
man...

...to
modernize
his undeveloped
and small Middle
Eastern country
of Datar in just
five years.

Unlike his
xenophobic
father, he's a
national hero.

WHOOOSH



The Desert Bride

Rinko Nagami
Original Novel by Lynne Graham

...have granted
you a chance
to go to Datar
in the Middle East
to study nomadic
culture there.

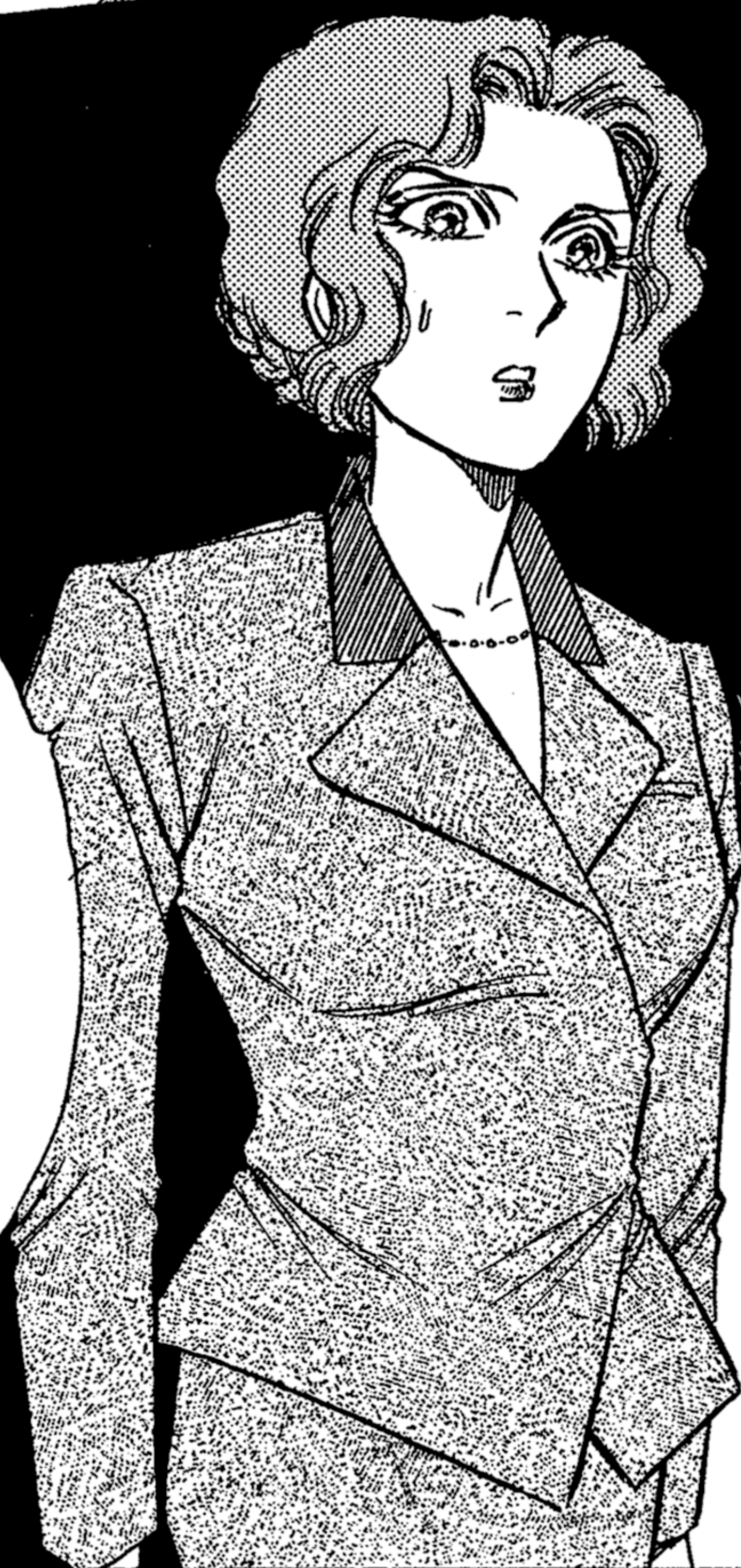


Dr. Morgan,
the higher-
ups of the
university...

What?

*Two months
ago, no one
would have
believed the
dean's unofficial
announcement.*

You want
me to go?
You want a
novice like me
to go instead
of the more
senior
staff...?



Datar...?

*I was
defamed.*

And to a
country like
Datar that's
tough on
women?



We all
know
that.

Such
favoritism!
There's a
budget
shortage.



*If I hadn't accepted
this opportunity...
I would have lost my
place within the
university.*

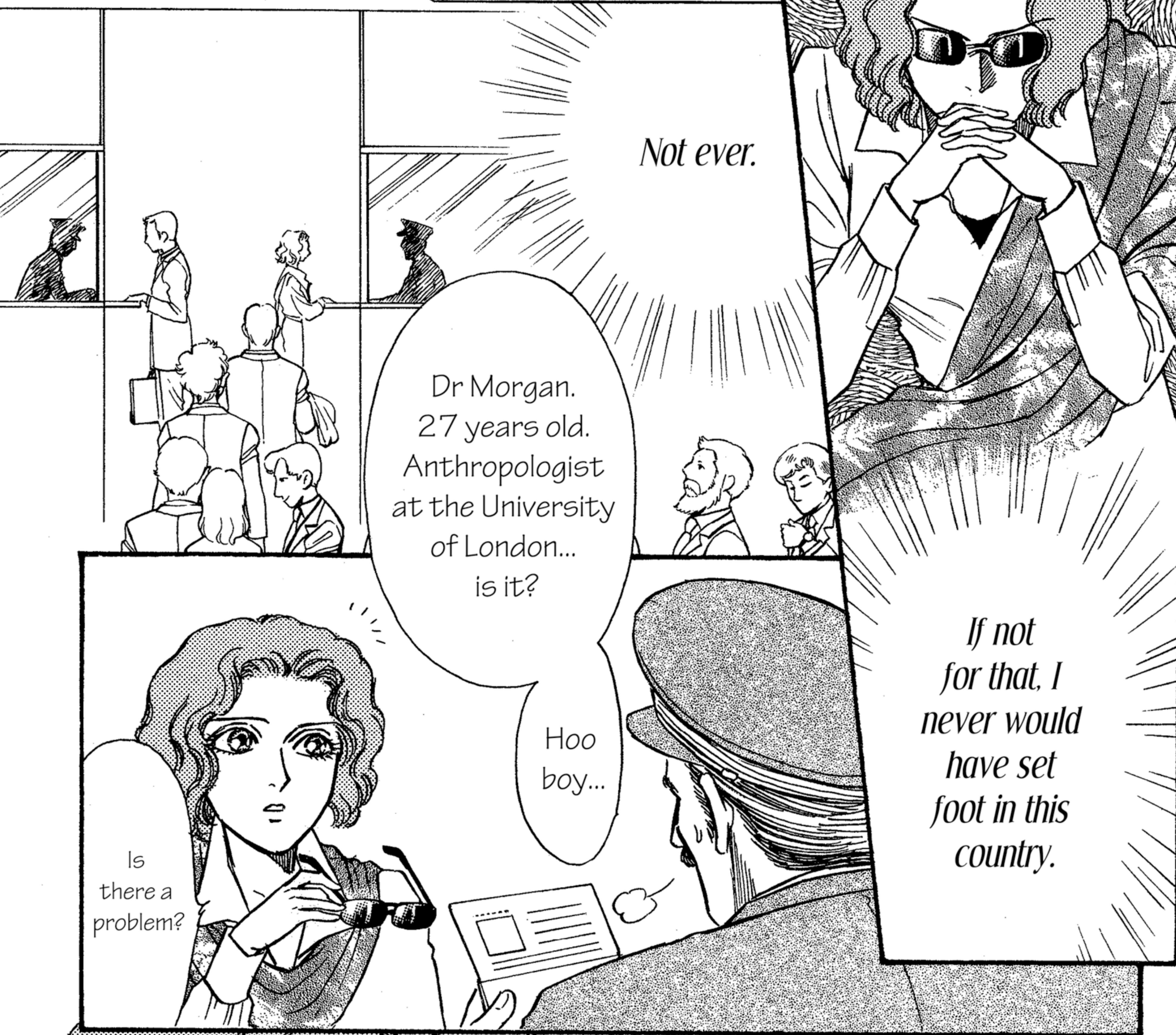


*That's why
I couldn't turn
him down.*

IMMIGRATION

For Foreigners

— Immigration —



Not ever.

Dr Morgan.
27 years old.
Anthropologist
at the University
of London...
is it?

Hoo
boy...

Is
there a
problem?

*If not
for that, I
never would
have set
foot in this
country.*



P-please
wait. My visa
was legitimately
issued by the
Datar embassy
in London...

What?

You
cannot
enter the
country
with this
visa.

...It
may be a
forgery.