

Sequential Journeys of the Soul

(Stories of The Quest for Meaning, Truth & Love)

Story One: The Egyptian Period: A Soulful and Spiritual Connection

Chapter One

The time is 3113BC, about 10-15 years before the reign of Menes (who was known to unite all of Egypt), 13 years before Thoth was exiled from Egypt for introducing a forbidden calendar to humans for astrological reasons and the beginning of the 1st Dynasty of the Pharaohs. It is the late Predynastic Period and the Egyptian State had just been founded. A new form of writing had just been established known as hieroglyphic writing. Hieroglyphics had, in fact, existed long before this time as ‘sacred carvings’, yet it had now become more of a form of communication rather than inscriptions alone. Among those that lived during this time was a well known Pharaoh (king of Upper Egypt) and father by the name of Hanor Anidon. King Hanor had taken the hand of a woman who had stolen his heart. However, due to the lack of knowledge of her descending health, she died right after Hanor became king. The two of them did produce a daughter together, with whom Hanor loved deeply. However, to have an heir to the throne meant that he needed to produce a son. So, he soon marries again.

King Hanor’s daughter, Ouca Medonn, was a devoted princess that spent days dreaming of becoming somewhat of a healer to many who were in need. Even at the young age of 17, it had always been her ambition to educate herself as well as others to the awareness of health issues and the importance of what physical health meant to those of a lesser status, or those who made their living off of manual labor. Ouca had spent a large amount of her time trying to emphasize to others the importance of regular purification rituals consisting of bathing, shaving and maintaining their dietary restrictions against animals considered unclean to eat. Ouca had begun to become aware of these issues as she would watch and measure the different classes of sect groups and their lives. The type of work that was implemented during this time was that of irrigational procedures that were needed to provide water for crops and other farming needs, and it was of these particular construction workers that were normally affected by disease and sickness.

Education back in this time was very limited, and normally was accessed only by rich males. Ouca, however, did have the resources that were needed to help educate others including even those of a peasant status. However, per the King’s discretion, Ouca did not have the approval of humanizing with the lower classes from fear of possible sickness and disease. Also, in addition, the reputation of the nobles was at

stake. It was up to their goodwill to maintain the nobility status, and not overly involve themselves with issues that the King knew was impossible or perhaps out of reach. However, with Ouca, anything was possible.

A princess' sole interest and desire should be that of glamour, money and power, and her focus should be above that of manual laborers and slaves. However, for Ouca, it was just the opposite. She felt that caring for the 'ignorant and the poor' was just as critical as caring for the 'wise and the rich', as they were commonly referred to. Egypt was becoming well established in the academic sense, and it was time to educate everyone. Ouca would gracefully take it upon herself to do just that, regardless the opinions of others. She had taken the opportunity to equate herself with the likes of such academics as the hieroglyphic writing in hopes of eliminating the language barrier between the upper and lower Egyptian regions, and wanted to teach this new found form of communication to all societies.

Being that Ouca was of a supreme inheritance, it was easier for her to become acquainted with such knowledge as the literal communication of hieroglyphics. It was a daily task for her to equate herself with the new found form of communication so that she could in turn relay the information to others. Even throughout history, it is proven that 'knowledge is power'. The more you know, the more you become acquainted with yourself, your independence and the world around you.

King Hanor had married his second wife by the name of Hatshepsut (which, ironically enough, history reveals a female pharaoh of the 28th Dynasty with the same name whom also may have been the first woman to take the title of pharaoh). Hatshepsut, nicknamed 'Hatty' was Ouca's step-mother and mother to Ouca's half-brother, Fabius. During this time, it was common for a man (especially of nobility) to have several different wives. Hatty was the 2nd to the late mother of Ouca, yet King Hanor would soon take on several more younger wives. Since the death of Ouca's mother, King Hanor would involve himself in a continuous drinking binge as he would bed each young wife in a daily fashion. This, in his mind, was a way of coping with the loss. Ouca's mother was in fact the love of King Hanor's life. For this reason, there was much apprehension on Hatty's part to hold up to such expectations that she knew she could never meet. Hatty also felt somewhat of a threat due to Ouca's yearning and aspiration to heal and care for those who were of lesser status. Hatty felt that it wasn't Ouca's responsibility. It was up to the God's to determine the fate of these individuals.

Per Egyptian customs, a girl by the age of 17 would have normally already been married per the discretion and sole advice of the father. However, as far as Ouca's concern, she had not met the person (or

suitor) that she felt inclined to engage herself with or even consider have a commitment with. During this time, it was common for there to be several different kings in neighboring areas which would perhaps provide available heirs to the throne who were looking for spouses. Ouca's father pleaded with her to take advantage of any given situation, being that the nobility of the throne remains in the family. However, for Ouca, she was not going to settle for second best. She was looking for what truly mattered, and it wasn't necessarily the throne, or what her father thought was best for her. It was what Ouca thought was best for herself.

The north flowing waters of the Nile linked upper Egypt with lower Egypt (which will, within the next century, become unified) and served as a trade route and highway for travel. Memphis was the capitol. The Amratian Society of Upper Egypt was where the first signs of hierarchical civilization were found. The Amratians lived in villages and started the first real attempt at cultivating the fertile Nile. From this period also came 'the gods of the dynastic pantheon'. Nekhbet was the predynastic vulture goddess who was originally a goddess of a city, but grew to become patron of Upper Egypt, a guardian of mothers and children and one of the *nebtj* (the 'two ladies') of the pharaoh. Hatty knew that if a god blessed any individual, that particular person was worthy of it. If not, then obviously enough, that individual was not. King Hanor also had another individual that stood by his side during his reign as pharaoh—a wise chancellor or vizier (*tjaty*). Viziers were also referred to as Ptah-hotep, pronounced as tah **hoh** teh during that time. This particular high official's name was Drakus. Drakus was solely responsible for supervising the many businesses of government which would involve tax collecting, farming, irrigation, etc. Many scribes would carry out the orders of Drakus in relation to such government business matters. Above the common orders of the vizier, one of Drakus' many jobs was also to monitor and watch Ouca, per her protection, because of his good observational and soldierly skills. Her father always thought that he was one step ahead of her, but what he soon finds out is the opposite.

As an Egyptian vizier, or chief minister, you must undertake the most important project of your career to build the king's tomb, out of respect for his leadership. Drakus had, for years, considered King Hanor to be of a supreme dynasty that deserved every bit of respect and loyalty that was physically possible. For this reason, jobs that were specifically given to Drakus by the King were considered with the utmost admiration, especially those relating to Ouca.

Ouca had begun to involve herself with the socialization and education of the village's people, that she had organized various groups allowing her the opportunity of teaching and advising them regarding health

issues. Of course, the mingling among Ouca and the 'village people' was somewhat kept under-wraps. Ouca relied on Drakus' help in organizing the meetings because his responsibility included the monitoring of the farming and irrigation matters, so he was continuously in contact with the farmers and irrigation workers. The idea of the meetings did seem to bother Drakus to a point, yet he carefully supervised and observed for the sake of not only Ouca but the King as well. Drakus felt that Ouca's heart was in the right place, and it gave him a chance to view the underlying intentions of the peasants.

Among one particular group, there was an irrigation worker by the name of 'Aaron' that had begun to take quite a liking to Ouca. Aaron was known around the village as an exceptionally skilled craftsman that appeared to be very artistic in style, and was always building and putting things together. It had also been said that he built and constructed furniture for the royals at one point in time. However, Aaron was, by far, what you would consider to be economically established, or better yet, fit for a princess. However, he was a workman that did not shy away from anything that would enable and enhance his economic ability and status. After many meetings had taken place, Ouca had begun to develop a likeness for Aaron as well. She couldn't quite put her finger on it, but she felt somewhat of an attraction to him. She also knew that the feelings had to remain secret because a relationship with a commoner would only cause trouble for not only herself, but for Aaron as well.

Aaron seemed to be very interested in the literal communication that Ouca had interest in sharing with him and his peers, and it wasn't long before Aaron had developed the knowledge that he needed to use the symbolic form of writing and advance his sense of communication. He began to put messages together, and would tease his friends with false literal statements regarding jokes that he would make up. It wasn't long before Ouca began to see the humorous side to Aaron, which was a side that she had never quite seen before with anyone. There wasn't much humor behind the royalty scene. Money, jewels and power ran the universe, and the relationships were based on shallow, superficial pretenses. There was always too much betrayal, chaos and hurt with money being at the center of everything. Coincidentally, Aaron's behavior began to lure her to him in a way that she knew was dangerous, yet uncontrollable on her part. During the next few days to come, Drakus would (after careful observation of the situation) begin to realize that perhaps Ouca was getting in too deep with the situation at hand. He began to pick up on the sensual looks and gestures on the part of both Aaron and Ouca, and it began to bother him to the point of carrying the information to the king.

Chapter Two

The king had just finished up his daily ritual of bedding one of his many wives, and had prepared himself to take a rest. Drakus had asked permission to speak with him, considering that he felt this information was of somewhat importance. As he stepped into the king's corridors, he found that Hanor had already drifted off to sleep. Instead of waking him only to burden him with such information, he began to question his loyalty to the king, being that it was unappreciated and not taken very seriously (or so he thought). Also, should something bad come out of this for Ouca, it could possibly fall on his head. Drakus had, in fact, had his own agenda in mind. Ever since the day he had laid eyes on Ouca, he had become infatuated (if not obsessed) with the idea of having her (or perhaps the throne) as his own. Of course, to get to her would be tricky, but having Ouca's confidence and security of secrecy placed in him allowed him the upper hand as well as the additional time allowed to him for spending time with her. He had contemplated the situation for a while now, yet had recently realized that there was now competition. This was new competition, yet trivial and of no relevance to himself. Aaron had no chance thereof to become a part of the princess' life, let alone her new romantic interest. Therefore, Drakus remained calm and decided to hold out on such information to the king, and would continue monitoring the relationship in a moderate and reasonable manner.

Days had turned into weeks, and Ouca and Aaron had begun seeing quite a lot of each other. Ouca was pleased with the visual and written communication improvements that were made among the village. Fabius, Ouca's younger half-brother, had begun to show an interest in what exactly Ouca was doing and trying to accomplish. Fabius had gladly sat in on one of the sessions because he too wanted to advance his knowledge on such matters, and Ouca gladly invited him in.

Aaron and Fabius hit it off like two old brothers who had just found each other once again. Drakus was beginning to feel the threat behind such relationships that were beginning to evolve, that he decided the only other thing left to do was to take it to the queen. If the king was in a continuous drunken state-of-mind and showed no interest in the likes of his daughter or his son (his heir to the throne), Drakus was going to take matters into his own hands. He knew the emotional and envious indulgences of the queen when it came to Ouca and her late mother. However, the queen knew that through her son, she was protected. He would soon be heir to the throne and as king, everything would go her way.

Ouca's teaching sessions were soon coming to an end. The communicative form of writing was being perfected simultaneously with what teachings were available, and Ouca (after teaching all that she currently

knew and had access to) had come to a stopping point. Until she could further educate herself, there was nothing more she could do, and her business among the commoners had now come to an end. Towards the end of her last session, Ouca had set up a secret message on papyrus paper which she handed to Aaron, in hopes that his deciphering abilities would work to her advantage. She knew that under the watchful eye of Drakus, there was not much she could do in the way of communicating with Aaron. This was her last hope. As Ouca was gracefully exiting the group, Aaron took hold of the papyrus and shook his head as if to say he knew exactly where she was coming from. The message, should Aaron be able to decipher it, asked if he would meet her near the most northern cataract (flowing rapid) of the Nile around the reappearing of the stars. With that, she slowly stepped away, bid her farewell and left to return to the world she was beginning to forget.

As nightfall fell, Ouca waited patiently on the bank of the Nile near the cataract to wait on her suspecting love. She was very careful of Drakus and his possessiveness that seemed to hover around her everyday. To her knowledge, she was definitely alone. She had escaped from her room in the tower by climbing down the trellis in hopes of seeing Aaron once more. She knew how dangerous this meeting was, and what trouble it could cause for not only herself, but for Aaron as well. He very well could be executed if news were to ever get out regarding their relationship. However, Ouca had no idea if Aaron were to show, or if the relationship would ever advance past the student-teacher relationship.

As Ouca continued dreaming, she was awakened and disturbed by a noise that was coming from the bushel area near the river. As the noise startled her, thinking that it was some kind of an animal, a shadowy figure stepped forward to present an insurable outline of a creature that may or may not want to harm her. However, rather than standing up to escape this uncertainty, she remained calm for the time-being. To Ouca's surprise, as the shadowy figure began to come to light, she realized exactly who and what it was. It was Aaron. As Ouca sighed a sigh of relief and awe, knowing that it was somewhat of a miracle that Aaron managed to make his way to her, they both slowly embraced. As Aaron slowly pulled from her hold, he had explained how, regardless of the circumstances, he had deliberately and desperately wanted to decipher the note that he had approached someone, beyond his better judgment, for a little bit of help. Aaron knew that she would be anxiously awaiting his arrival, so to speed things up, he had approached Fabius in hopes of arriving in a timely manner. He knew that she wanted to meet him near the river somewhere, but he couldn't quite figure out where. With this in mind, it was uncertain what this meeting could possibly bring. Fabius willingly agreed to Aaron that he would try his best in keeping Drakus busy until he could make his

move. As far as Ouca was concerned, she wanted this meeting to be strictly confidential. However, if word were to possibly get out about their new found love, their fate would pretty much lie in the hands of anyone above their means (meaning Ouca's father). However, their young love had stumbled onto the here and now and that was exactly where their hearts were.

As Aaron and Ouca took a seat along the side of the river, emotions and heartbeats were quickly racing through their bodies. Outside of the teaching session, Ouca felt the modesty of the situation and had appeared to become somewhat of a student to Aaron. This was definitely not her field of expertise. Actually, this was something new for the both of them. However, Aaron took it upon himself to take charge of the situation. His hand gradually reached over to clutch hers, and she slowly began to lean into him. The situation seemed to be moving at a quick pace, and Ouca began to question her own incentive. Is this what she was initially after, or was she simply intrigued by his eyes, smile and humorous attitude? However, as their eyes met, Aaron leaned in to embrace the lips of a princess. In a world of status control and manageable knowledge, this was definitely the dream of a peasant who felt that love shouldn't have any constraints. The heart should lead, and we should be at the mercy of it. With this in mind, that was exactly what Ouca was doing.

As their lips embraced, Ouca felt a feeling that she thought was only dreamt of and not part of reality. However, if this was a dream, she never wanted to wake from it. Her arms became heavy and weak as she tried to give herself to him. Their first kiss shared was a very moist and arousing experience. To Aaron's disbelief, this experience was Ouca's first. It's ironic to think that a woman of such beauty and influential power would have never given such an emotional form of affection to anyone. With this in mind, the kiss also became a first-time experience for Aaron as well. The sensual side of the kiss was a little too much for Aaron to handle.

As he withdrew, Ouca looked up at him with a look of warmth and affection. Although his hands were rough from the physical labor required in his work and source of survival, he softly caressed her cheeks and decided to move in for another kiss. At this moment, Ouca had decided to become somewhat more of an aggressor, feeling that at any time, someone could possibly come up on them. She grabbed his hand and softly placed it upon her bosom. This greatly excited Aaron to the point of taking advantage of every invitation that she was giving. As they both assisted one another in lying softly on the ground beside the cataracts of the river, Aaron took the initiative of removing his clothing. Upon the removal of his last garment, Ouca looked upon him as if she was looking onto a replica of a god that had come to save her. As

Ouca was lifted to her feet, Aaron began to slowly remove her clothing, piece by piece, never removing his eyes from hers.

As their naked bodies began to become entwined with one another, they found themselves once again taking a position on the ground to better equate their bodies' anatomy. As Aaron slowly inserted himself into the femininity of Ouca, he had found a place of uncharted territory and bliss (a place where no man had ever gone before). As Aaron softly and tenderly maintained the penetration in a stroking manner, never taking his eyes off of Ouca, he began to feel that final glow before reaching the peak of the lovemaking scheme. He securely clutched Ouca to incunuate to her the emotional state that had overwhelmed him. To his surprise, she was right there with him, ready to take that last ride to the 'peak of the mountain'.

Chapter Three

Ouca had become a woman. She had given herself to a man that held no rights and privileges as a royal, but did live a life of peasantry that had disabled him from maintaining certain things that Ouca felt were of a necessity. If Ouca was going to create a life with this man, where would that leave her, her status and her father's sanity should news of this new found affair were to get out? Aside from not currently having all of the answers, she decided that this was what she wanted, and everyone else would just have to deal with it. As Aaron and Ouca decided that it was time to refrain from one another long enough to make an appearance back home, Aaron desperately tried to find out from Ouca when he could possibly see her again. Ouca reluctantly turned to him as if to say "I love you but let's not over do it". Aaron knew that, given the circumstances surrounding their relationship, he had to do her the favor of giving her the space and time needed to create that possibility for the two of them to exist together.

Aaron softly kissed Ouca on the cheek and slowly turned towards the forest to return once again to his home in the backwoods. Ouca sadly watched as he left, not really knowing what her next move would be, or if they even had a chance. Why must people live in a world where money overpowers love? To Ouca, it just wasn't right.

As she returned home, several hours later, she noticed a note lying on her bed. It was from Fabius. The note read that she needed to be really careful from this point on, because Fabius felt that Drakus was beginning to pick up on the possibility of something existing outside of his consent. Knowing the type of individual that Drakus had become since working for their father, both Ouca and Fabius knew that it was time to confront her father about the current situation.

Upon arriving to the king's corridors, Ouca took a deep breath to allow her the severity, if needed, to confront her father on her behalf in correlation to what Drakus may or may not have already told him. King Hanor was on another one of his drinking binges, but of course he always had the time and constancy to converse with his daughter. Ouca took a deep breath and began telling her story. Little did she know, however, that there was a listener not 10 feet from where she stood.

As Ouca began speaking, she was abruptly interrupted by none other than Drakus himself. He had serenely interrupted as Ouca was beginning to explain her connection with a lowly peasant who had literally taken her over emotionally. Drakus apologetically deterred the direction of the conversation in hopes of soothing any possible outrage that could possibly occur. Ouca paused as she made a questionable gesture in his direction. "I think what Ouca is saying," began Drakus, "is that she feels deeply for those who are of less fortune because they seem to be worthy of more. Deserving as they may be, though, they have yet to receive." Ouca was taken aback as she deliberately tried to define his actions. Knowing Drakus, this whole idea had to be self-centered.

King Hanor looked on in confusion as Drakus ceased his explanation, noting that he would research more into the situation, and took Ouca by the arm and lead her outside. As they made their way through to the outside corridors, Ouca immediately withdrew herself from Drakus' hold and demanded an explanation. "Please listen to what I have to say," began Drakus. "I know what has been going on, and I think to inform your father would not be a good idea at this time." Drakus continued, "I think I have an idea that would help the situation, but I would like to talk to Aaron before moving forward with anything." Ouca listened in with distrust and disbelief, not knowing what Drakus' true intentions were. "Why would you assist me," asked Ouca.

"I know your heart is true," replied Drakus. "However, you must take this slowly. This is not a common situation that is dealt with on a daily basis. Please allow me the opportunity of speaking with Aaron on a friendly and non-threatening manner to see exactly where he stands. Once I have the notion that his heart is true, I will personally handle your father."

Ouca apprehensively gave Drakus her permission to address Aaron on her behalf. For all she knew, the worst case scenario would be that Drakus would betray her trust by disillusioning Aaron to what could be in order to favor himself. But she agreed to give Drakus a chance to redeem himself and prove his loyalty to her, or perhaps see where his intentions lie. Besides that, Aaron would never believe that Ouca could somehow lose her interest in him. And, as far as her father was concerned, maybe he needed to hear this

from Drakus versus hearing from her.

Chapter Four

Drakus sent for Aaron and asked if he would meet him near the customary (not yet constructed) base of the king's tomb. Remember that one of the main jobs of the vizier was to undertake the most important project of building the king's tomb, out of respect for his leadership. Therefore, with what Drakus had put into the initial construction of King Hanor's tomb (monitoring slaves), he felt that Aaron would enjoy the benefit of visually and physically being there at that site to take it all in and get a taste for what he was in for.

Aaron cautiously showed up as planned, and patiently awaited Drakus' return. As Aaron turned to a noise that was getting closer to where he stood, he found that it was Drakus.

"You are looking at history in the making that is fit for a king," began Drakus. "There is a huge stretch between where you stand and where I stand, socially. Do you understand that?"

Aaron listened in with question as to what exactly Drakus was wanting. "Yes," replied Aaron. "But Sir, please tell me what this has to do with me?"

Drakus smiled as he continued speaking. "Son, I have worked hard just to get to where I now stand. Even with all of the hard work I have done, I have to create a very significant and vital resting place for a man that has no sexual or self-control over himself and his actions." Drakus continued, "Each night I come out here to converse with the Gods in order to precisely piece together the pyramid of spirit, faith, peace and love." Aaron continued listening, not knowing exactly where this was going. "In order for energy to flow, reflecting on past and future lives, you must accurately create and piece together the tomb of a powerful man. Remaining in unity with the earth, as well as staying grounded in spirit, is the key. Just like the beams of light that extrude from the heavens to the earth in the form of a pyramid, so to must this object reciprocate by pointing towards the heavens to imply that unity with man, and to give them that stepping tool to heaven's door."

Aaron carefully listened to Drakus as if to imply his interest. It did set Aaron in awe as far as the liberating work of the pyramids and their construction (especially with Aaron being the builder that he is), which put man physically and spiritually closer to the Gods. But what did this have to do with him? He was not of a Godly status. The pyramids did not pertain to him or his life. Maybe this was what Drakus was trying to explain. However, he continued listening to Drakus as the explanation behind such a meeting would soon deliver itself.

“Each piece must be precise and accurate (mathematically),” continued Drakus, “and must allow for the length of the king’s time spent on earth. The taller the structure, the longer the reign of the king, and the closer he becomes to the Gods.”

Introducing new forms of counting and symbols was rare unless there was a need for it in that day and age. It appeared to Aaron that Drakus had quite an insight on how the advancement of technology and the pyramid’s structures would soon take shape as more pharaohs, scripts and important documents would develop an increasing need for them.

Aaron carefully watched in the background as slaves and huge creatures worked collectively in order to piece together stone to stone and granite to granite by way of objects that Drakus had explained was given to them via visitors from the stars that only a select few would ever get to see. However, with all that had been said, Aaron still questioned his company’s intentions, and decided to confront Drakus in a nonthreatening way.

“I need to know why you requested my company,” stated Aaron. Drakus turned to him as a devilish smile crept up on his face.

“Although King Hanor’s tomb is being constructed and raised, I feel that his time here in this world should and will be shortened. I have a proposition for you that I think may interest you.” Aaron looked on as his confusion became stronger. What could this guy possibly want from him?

“I am planning to have the king killed,” continued Drakus. “He has what we both want. I want his power and money, and you want his daughter.”

Aaron looked at this man standing before him, thinking that the ultimate is just about to take place. Not having known if Ouca has spoken with her father or not regarding himself, this vizier (the great right-hand of a very powerful man, or possibly ‘a very powerful God of men’) was proclaiming a desired execution on this particular entity’s behalf. Ouca must have said *something* to someone, otherwise how would Drakus have known about their love affair?

“How can I help in marturing a God that helps the sun rise and fall everyday? You are speaking of your king and the father of the woman I love. You should be put to death for even thinking such a thing,” proclaimed Aaron.

“Please, hear me out,” began Drakus. “You know that as things stand, you have no chance in consummating a relationship of sorts. With King Hanor out of the way, I can appoint you as my new vizier. Then, you and Ouca would both have my blessing. The king can’t guarantee a future for you, but

Ouca can. She can deliver your offspring which would be born into a world of mystery and power.”

Aaron couldn't believe the words of this great vizier that stood before him. However, he acknowledged Drakus' request. “I will have to decline any involvement in such acts, and take my chances with the underlying truth. Either he will or will not accept me, but I have enough faith to know that Ouca will follow me anywhere I go. And as far as Fabius goes, if anything happens to King Hanor, he would become king.”

“One would think that,” continued Drakus. “However, I will drive Fabius to the point of declining the throne and leaving Egypt for good.”

Aaron couldn't believe what he was hearing, so he decided to depart. As he turned to leave, Drakus grabbed his arm. Through a grasp hold, he muttered these words, “You deny me now, but should you have a change of heart at a later time, this is the best place to find me. I would also think twice before telling Ouca about this meeting. She would never believe you, and it would only push her further away from you.” Aaron looked him straight in the eyes, released his hold and left for home.

As Aaron walked towards his village, he constantly ran the last few minutes of his life back and forth in his mind. How could someone be so direct and approach someone in that fashion? All Aaron knew was that he was definitely in over his head, but he had no idea on how to get out. Ouca had his heart, from the first time he had laid eyes on her. Now, he had been approached about killing not only her father, but their king as well. Would Ouca disbelieve him should he confront her about this? She had known Drakus a lot longer than she had known him. For all Aaron knew, Ouca could see the situation as him being hungry for money, power and stability. Drakus could definitely make it appear that way. Their love had already created a web of deceit and lies, and they have yet to experience that proclaimed love. It was just one unpublicized and forbidden night of sensual and innocent lovemaking.

After Drakus' meeting with Aaron, he decided to enter the corridors to check in with the king to make himself seem concerned. As he entered the hallway, he was approached by none other than the queen herself. “Where have you been,” began the queen.

Drakus took a second to restrain himself from giving too much information under such circumstances, and stated, “I have been out for a walk.” As he turned to head down the hallway, the queen grabbed him by the arm.

“Is it official yet,” asked the Queen. Drakus turned around to address the queen in a prompt manner. “No, it is not official yet, but I am working on it,” replied Drakus. “You must leave me at my will, and

do not be too haste. If anyone catches on to what we are planning to do, we will be hanged unmercifully.” The queen released her grasp, and turned to head the other way. However, as she made it halfway down the hall, she turned to address Drakus once more. “This must go as planned. I haven’t time to allow Hanor to carry on the way he is. If another son is born, it would create a lack of influence on my part and my authority would be threatened. We must act, now.”

Chapter Five

Ouca softly caressed her hair as she dreamt of the short amount of time that she and Aaron spent together. It was very emotional and exotic, and it created a sense of need and want in her that she had never experienced before. She hoped that Drakus would carry through with his word, and find that Aaron’s heart was in the right place and that there would soon be a way for the two of them to be together forever. As she continued grooming in a soft, vertical motion, she was interrupted by a knock on the door. It was Drakus. “I’m sorry to disturb you my princess, but I do have news to give you. I met with Aaron, and all seems well. He was just a little distant and remote regarding his true feelings of you, but he assured me that he has true intentions at heart, and would like for you to meet him again soon.”

Ouca lit up as the thought of Aaron holding her once again came to light. “Did he perhaps say when or where,” asked Ouca.

Drakus stared into Ouca’s big brown eyes and replied, “Yes, he did. He would like to meet you just north of the great cave near the cataracts by nightfall.” Ouca knew exactly what he was referring to. The great cave was known as the dwelling of the ‘God of the Nile’. This place was known as a very sacred place (a place that should never be taken for granted). Upon receiving such a notice, she thanked Drakus for his hospitality and frantically left her corridors to go prepare for such a meeting. Drakus sat, not in question, but in certainty of what was about to take place. Never again would his loyalty be taken for granted. On the contrary, the nameless people involved would soon be begging for his mercy.

With Ouca out of the way for the night, Drakus decided to have a chat with the king. He would request a special meeting in the king’s chambers for later that night to discuss further issues regarding the taxations of the peasantry and upcoming revelations of the River Nile. This was a meeting that Drakus desperately needed for the king to keep for it entailed profitable information, as far as the king was concerned. The king willfully accepted and explained to Drakus to be in his chambers no later than nightfall to promptly and briefly discuss the issues. He had other plans that he wanted to keep. Drakus graciously agreed, and informed the king that he would return a half-hour before nightfall.

The proposition that Drakus had given Aaron had cluttered his mind. It was beyond his conception how someone, even as close to the king as Drakus was, could considerably conceive of such acts. It was true, however, the fact that Aaron (being of peasant status that he was) could never publicly exercise his love for Ouca with the current situation being what it was. However, carrying out such acts would definitely inhibit everything should such horrible and deadly acts be made conceivable. Aaron decided that he must talk to Ouca, and tell her everything he knew about Drakus and his intentions to kill her father. How was he going to address her? He would sneak up to her room come nightfall.

As the moon began to awaken the stars, one by one, Ouca patiently awaited her love. The sky held a beautiful array of lights, twinkling down to the earth symbolizing a wink of tranquility. It was a very pleasant night, with which one could serenely enjoy in solitude, however Ouca waited patiently for the love that would soon be arriving.

Drakus was a very intelligent one, as is prominent for a king's second-hand man. However, in noting Aaron's reaction amidst such allegations, Drakus knew that this must be something he should handle himself in secrecy. The last thing he needed was for something to go wrong, and the conscious of another lead to a miserable downfall. With this in mind, Drakus decided to prepare a small meal that would accompany their meeting. Expensive and tasteful wine would be the drink of choice, and the meal would consist of strictly vegetables and fruits. And, unbeknownst to the king, his particular glass of wine would accompany a substance better known as a deadly biotoxin that was rare in use and very undetectable among the Egyptian people. With the oral conception of such a toxin, the king would last a maximum of twenty minutes before he would fall to his death. Everything had been thought through carefully, and the time was drawing near.

Aaron had finally made his way to Ouca's side of the palace, and had tried desperately to get her attention. Of course, little did he know, that Ouca was off patiently awaiting his arrival. However, with no insight to what was actually going on, he decided to try the impossible. Aaron had secretly made his way through to a secret passage that led up to the king's corridors. The secret passage had been known by the commoners to be of a tale told by the masses who had acted as guards for the king. This secret passageway would give access to the remaining areas of the palace, including the princess' room. Aaron amazingly found the tunnel by sneaking his way through the king's guards into the passageway that was hidden underground. There, he would make his way through to the love he had longed for.

As Drakus entered the corridors of the king, he was addressed by Hatti, the queen. "Is everything okay,

Drakus,” asked the queen.

“Yes,” replied Drakus. “Please give us our privacy to discuss such matters amongst each other.” The queen agreed and allowed Drakus to enter the room.

King Hanor sat upright on his bed, looking out into the starry night. “What does all of this mean,” asked the king. “Those things that live outside of us and shine with such authority, what exactly do they do? They assist us with light and time, but there must be much more. Is that what our soul turns into once we pass from this earth? Do we too become a beacon for others left behind to help find their way?” Drakus knew that the king must have just come off of one of his drinking binges, so he decided to humor him if only for a bit. “We can only know so much,” began Drakus, “before our minds become cluttered with such nonsense. Leave it to the Gods to make sense of the hereafter. There’s not much left for us to decide anything but what we do right now.”

King Hanor turned to Drakus as he slowly began to speak, “Perhaps you are right, Drakus. However, someday we will know the truth...all of us.”

Drakus took the liberty of preparing the food that they were about to partake in. While King Hanor made his way to relieve himself, Drakus quickly mixed his glass of wine with the toxin that had been kept in a small potter bottle. Upon King Hanor’s return, Drakus asked that he sit with him and sip wine while they discussed the issues that had brought about this meeting. King Hanor sat, stem in hand, and sipped his first drink of definite disaster. Drakus watched as Hanor slowly became weakened and sick to his stomach as his dialogue slowly came to a halt.

“Drakus, something is terribly wrong. I am hurting as if my stomach has been turned inside out!” Drakus sat with a blank look as the king took his last breathe. As he dropped to the floor, Drakus sighed a sigh of relief and began to prepare for what would come next. Little did he know, however, that there had been an onlooker hiding nearby. Aaron had been watching from inside the king’s closet, waiting for a chance to escape to Ouca’s room. After the king’s fall, Aaron decided to take matters into his own hands, and portray Drakus for what he truly was...a murderer! Aaron wasn’t aware of the poison, but he did know Drakus’ true intentions and knew that he had just witnessed a murder.

Aaron sprang from the king’s clothing, jumped on top of Drakus and began screaming for help. The queen quickly entered the room and found the two men struggling. The queen yelled for backup from the guards as Drakus had the upper-hand and pinned Aaron to the floor. “Take this man from here and lock him up!” yelled Drakus. “He has murdered the king!” Aaron quickly froze with fear as he took notice to

what Drakus was trying to do. The tables had been turned, and now Aaron found himself on the bottom. “You mustn’t believe this man,” yelled Aaron. “He has poisoned the king. He must contain the bottle with which held such a fatal substance somewhere amidst his body.” The guards quickly patted Drakus down and noticed that there was no bottle or container to be found. The guards lifted Aaron to his feet and escorted him off of the premises into custody chambers. As he was escorted away, Aaron continuously yelled, “Your time will come, Drakus. Your time will come!”

The queen stopped just a moment to look at Drakus as if to say, “What have you done?” Drakus replied with a nod, as if to reply, “This is what you asked for, and this is what I have done.” With that, Drakus turned to go retrieve Ouca, for he knew exactly where she was.

Ouca had waited for Aaron for over an hour until she had decided that something must have come up. As she stood to head back home, she was confronted by a frantic object that was heavily breathing and heading her way. It was Drakus. “You must come. Something terrible has happened to your father.” Ouca stood in fear. “What do you mean,” she asked.

“Your father and I were meeting and your new suspecting lover sprang from within the king’s closet. He must have gained access through the secret passageway hidden underground. I didn’t quite know what his intentions were at first, until he grabbed your father by the face with a linen garment. He made sure that the garment completely covered your father’s face so that he could not breathe. By the time I could get to him, your father had already lost consciousness and was pronounced dead on the scene.” With this being a believable cause of death, there would be no reason for anyone to investigate further for Ouca and Aaron’s relationship would soon come to light.

Ouca felt faint as Drakus assisted her in standing. “Here, sit down for a moment,” replied Drakus. “You mustn’t over do it. I can’t lose you as well.”

Ouca could not believe the news that had just been delivered. How could Aaron possibly find it in himself to do such a thing after the time they had spent with each other? Did he honestly think that such matters should be taken into his own hands when discussion of their relationship hasn’t even surfaced yet? This was such unrealistic thinking on his part if what Drakus was telling was the actual truth.

Ouca stood up with fists of fury and decided to confront Aaron on her own. As she pulled away from Drakus, she ran back towards the palace to try and get answers from the main source. Drakus had desperately tried to get her to rethink her desire to confront Aaron, knowing that he would feed her nothing but lies and deceit. However, Ouca insisted that until she personally talked to Aaron, everything that

occurred was up in the air.

Chapter Six

Aaron sat in shackles, chained to the wall without much leisure to even maneuver his body. He was heavily guarded and could not be confronted by anyone. As he sat, listening to raving chanters right outside of his holding cell, he couldn't help but think about Ouca. How in the world would she handle such news? Aaron was sure that Drakus had already gotten to her and delivered his side of the story. It seemed that all was doomed on his part, and there was no hope for chance of escape.

As Aaron tried to catch some sleep, amidst all of the commotion, he was alerted by a visitor that had made her way through the guards. It was Ouca. As the door to his cell opened, she slowly walked in. Looks of confusion overwhelmed her. Staring in his direction, she broke the silence.

"How...what...I don't understand."

"Ouca," replied Aaron, "you must listen carefully to everything I have to say. I had made my way to the king's corridors through the secret passageway in hopes of seeing you. That was the only way I knew to get to you. Upon making my way to your father's corridors, I noticed that he and Drakus had engaged themselves in a meeting, so I kept quite hoping that soon they would both leave. I was coming to tell you that Drakus had met with me. His intentions were unruly and somebody needed to be warned. He wanted to have your father killed and needed my assistance with you as my reward. He thought that he better deserved the throne. Can you imagine me confronting your father, the king, with all of this? He would have had my head right then and there. Drakus is like a kinship to him. I am only a lowly peasant. Making such arratic accusations would have only had me martured."

"Drakus said that you attacked my father," began Ouca. "He said that you smothered him. How did my father die if none of this is true?"

"I'm not sure," replied Aaron. "I think Drakus must have poisoned him in some way. When I noticed your father having trouble breathing, I realized what must have been taking place. Drakus obviously knew that he was on his own in trying to accomplish such acts. I jumped from my dwelling, tried to attack him, but he was obviously too swift for me and I found myself buried underneath his stern hold. That was when he started yelling his proclamation, and the next thing I knew, I found myself here."

"He is a liar and you are a fool if you believe any of it," yelled Drakus, who had just arrived. "Guards, come retrieve the princess. She should not be here amongst such criminals. We are to have this criminal ordered execution as soon as day breaks."

The guards slowly grasped Ouca's arm as they tried to help her to her feet. Aaron looked on with a sigh of gloom, knowing that his final days were upon him. Ouca softly stated that she would be back, and turned to make her way to the queen.

As the queen finished assisting with King Hanor's body, preparing to have his body preserved through mummification, she turned to find an angry Ouca staring her dead in the face. "Can I help you child," asked the queen.

"Is that a thing to say to a princess who has just lost her father? I just want you to know that I know everything about Drakus' deceiving self and the jealousy you had over my father's younger wife. Should she have gotten pregnant, your position as queen would have been put at risk should my father favor her over you, and it seemed that it was only a matter of time before you would crack. Although I can't prove it, or prove that you were involved with my father's death, I will find a way."

"Ouca," replied the queen, "you are simply hurting right now. Please don't make things worse for the entire family or make any quick assumptions. You know that I loved your father. Is there anything I can do to help you with the pain you must be suffering from?"

"Yes," replied Ouca, "as a matter of fact, there is. The man you are holding in custody for the murder of my father is soon to be the father of the unborn heir to the throne. I am pregnant with his child. Drakus has ordered an early execution. You must delay that execution until everything has been sorted out and his innocence has been declared. He can remain in custody, but the implementation of his death must be delayed, if only for the sake of our unborn child."

The queen couldn't quite fathom everything that has just happened, or just exactly what kind of connection Ouca had with this prospective criminal. However, she agreed to have Aaron's execution delayed until further notice. Should there be another actual heir to the throne, this would definitely only complicate things more.

"We must give way to Fabius' return. Upon his arrival, we must discuss the issue of your father with him as a group," stated the queen. "Remember, he has now achieved the throne. He is our new king." Fabius had been off on a quick journey to assist and monitor the Egyptian soldiers in keeping and removing foreigners from their land. He had absolutely no knowledge of what had just occurred with his father, or the current status that he now held. It was suggested by the queen that they simply wait for his return.

The Egyptian civilization acted on the notion that if their society (meaning agriculturally) and its people

were in good and positive standing, then the pharaoh and his priest (vizier) were doing their job. Up until this point, there had been no squabble or mishap concerning the harmony of the Egyptian people. Now, they had a king that had been assassinated and a commoner who was at fault.

Word quickly spreads regarding such a tragedy. Stories tend to get twisted, and you end up with rumors regarding the royals and the status of their country at stake. All Ouca knew was that she had to protect the interest of herself and her *questionable* unborn child. Little did anyone know that Ouca was currently unsure of her physical status, but she knew that would be enough to sustain Aaron's life and perhaps soon-to-be found innocence.

Aaron, unsure of just exactly what was going on, knew that his time was limited. He had no idea what story Ouca had been telling regarding their relationship and of how it had changed even the brink of society as they knew it. Aaron was a commoner who had come onto the scene just as that with nothing much to give but his heart and soul. To Ouca, that would have been plenty. However, when royal blood tends to play a part in the scene, it seems that even the very brink of your heart and soul isn't quite enough. You must sell out.

Ouca made her way back to Aaron's holding cell. Not wanting to make her presence known to the surrounding guards, she got Aaron's attention through the small window right up from where he sat.

"Ouca, where have you been? What has been going on," asked Aaron.

"I have managed to give us more time to sort everything out and prove your innocence," replied Ouca. "I know in my heart that you had nothing to do with my father's death. I just don't quite know how to prove it."

"Ouca, you mustn't involve yourself in all of this. There is no way I can have the upper-hand on this deal. Drakus holds one of the highest positions to the king that anyone can hold. He serves as the priesthood to the royals. This is a man that resembles loyalty, faith and honor. Who, in their right minds, would excuse all of that to help ensure a peasantry's life and innocence? I can't fight this. I have to take the fall."

"I can't let you do that," replied Ouca. "If you will not declare your innocence, I will do it for you. If you don't try, Aaron, they will kill you." After a short hesitation, Ouca stated, "I can't let the father of my unborn child go down like that."

Aaron was immediately taken aback. "What did you say," asked Aaron.

"I said that I can't let the father of my unborn child leave us alone in this world for a crime that he did

not commit,” stated Ouca.

“You mean to tell me that you are with child,” asked Aaron. “You are pregnant with my child,” asked Aaron again as he tried to reassure himself that he was understanding Ouca’s words correctly.

“Yes, Aaron, you heard me correctly. This is true as far as everyone else is concerned. There is a chance that my feeling is not correct concerning my physical well-being, but we will know in time. If that is not enough reason for you to fight this thing, though, I don’t know what is. There has got to be a way for us to prove your innocence. We have got to get to Drakus, because he has all of the answers. Maybe I can lure him into confessing the truth.”

“No,” replied Aaron. “Please, just do me the favor of keeping your distance from him. Perhaps with you delaying my execution I now have more time to think things over. I’ll need your help in carrying out certain things on the outside. I have friends in the village that I think can help with the logistics of things once they find out of my whereabouts. Many of them have plans of the Egyptian palace with which you live, as well as many secret passages that extend to and from certain corridors within the palace. Give me a chance to put a plan together, and perhaps we can work something out.”

This was enough to at least comfort Ouca for the time being, knowing that Aaron had not given up completely on his final days. They were now no longer a definite. The battle had been won by Drakus, but chances were good that he would lose the war.

Chapter Seven

Days following the initial expiration of Aaron’s execution date, the rains began to fall. The waters of the Nile river began to rise. The end of that month was near to come to pass, and the rising waters (due to the excessive rainfall) kept increasing. The waters had begun to rise to a level of flooding that the Egyptians would soon refer to as ‘achet’ or perhaps the flood period. This period would, unbeknownst to the Egyptian people, last for about four months.

Many of Aaron’s friends had heard about his mishap, as did everyone in Egypt. He was limited with visitations, and could only visit with those who were approved by the queen. Aaron spent his days in thought, contemplating his options and how he would exonerate his name. Given his small amount of visitation rights, he had limited sources (as well as limited means) to help in excusing his assumed guilt and putting the rightful person behind bars.

As days turned into weeks, Aaron began to lose the positive thinking that he had at one time had. The waters of the Nile were beginning to cover the land. The rains had been constant for over a month now,

and Aaron had begun to assume that with the agricultural importance and well-being of the land being at hand, his innocence was of no longer an issue. All that was known throughout Egypt is that a noble king was dead, and they had someone in custody being charged for the death of the king. It wasn't real advantageous for the Egyptian people to focus on what did or did not happen, as long as justice was being served.

Fabius had made his way back to society, and had reviewed all of the evidence surrounding the death of his father. He couldn't quite fathom how Aaron could carry through such harsh actions. He never once saw such a hint of that kind of an attitude during any of the conversations and meetings he had with Aaron. However, there had to have been some sort of a logical explanation to all of this. All that Fabius knew was that Ouca was claiming to carry Aaron's child, and he was kept in custody behind bars. Drakus made it very difficult for Aaron to have any outside visitation. Fabius had carefully listened to Drakus' statement regarding the incidences surrounding such horrible acts. However, interaction between Fabius and Aaron were limited. There was no way Drakus was going to go down like that should his part in the incident be portrayed.

However, unbeknownst to Drakus, Fabius had another plan in mind. Why would it be of such concern for Drakus, if he was in fact innocent, to keep Aaron's contact with certain individuals (that were directly involved with the incident) limited? This is one thing that Fabius was determined to find out. Coincidentally, Fabius decided to set his plan into motion. He was going to call a special meeting with Drakus and request to conduct the meeting with a couple of officials who would see to it that everyone would have a fair chance at justice. Fabius would allow Drakus an opportunity to once again explain what had happened. Since a few months had passed, he was going to see if his story still held up that way it had before.

Ouca would occasionally make her way to her father's corridors to simply meditate and revive that spiritual presence with him that she once felt when he was alive. As she made her way into his room, she was interrupted by a servant who had requested to speak with Ouca privately.

"Princess," began the servant, "there is something I must tell you. I haven't a reason to keep it concealed much longer." Ouca looked on in question as she urged the maiden servant to continue. "When the king passed away, I was responsible for preparing his wardrobe for burial. I came across this potter that was hidden within one of the king's cloaks. It looks like something that was specially crafted for the king, perhaps given to him as a gift. I feel, however, that it may have a relation to his death."

Initially, Ouca wasn't too concerned with its significance until she took a closer look at the bottle and realized that she had seen it before. It had belonged to Drakus. Ouca had suddenly remembered the accusations that Aaron had made regarding the actions of Drakus surrounding the death of her father. As she removed the bottle's top, she noticed that at the bottom of the bottle remained perhaps a teaspoon of a substance that was undeniable. It was obvious enough that this was a crucial piece of evidence that could turn everything around. This could very well have been a toxic that had been used to poison her father. The next question was how any of this was going to be proven. The substance could have also been a wine that was being drank by Drakus during the time of the meeting. However, what was it doing hidden among the king's clothings and how did it get there?

Ouca graciously thanked the servant for coming to her with this issue versus going to the queen, and bid her farewell. Ouca's only hope was to corner Drakus and have him admit to the incident (which she knew would never happen), or perhaps try some other strategy where perhaps Drakus would corner himself. She did know, however, that she needed to discuss these issues with Fabius. Perhaps together they could put an end to the lies and deception and allow Aaron to gain the freedom that he truly deserved. Fabius, of course, had his own plan to set in motion. He was planning to conduct a formal meeting with Drakus. However, Fabius had been missing in action for quite some time, and no one knew just exactly where he was.

Coincidentally, Ouca took it upon herself to discuss the new found issue before Fabius would have time to meet with Drakus. Upon Ouca's request, Drakus was addressed regarding the events surrounding her father's death. Drakus had confirmed to Ouca that when he had initially met with Aaron on her behalf, he had given him the bottle as a welcome token which was full of the chosen wine of the royals. He once again assures Ouca that he is innocent of any crime and tries to convince Ouca that Aaron was definitely at fault for the death of her father. Ouca proclaims that if he was in fact telling the truth, he would drink the remains of the wine from the bottle to prove that poison was not the cause of death. As Ouca sat in a hazy daze, waiting for his reply, the queen intercepts. Drakus had excused himself for he wanted to find Fabius and perhaps discuss some issues near his father's tomb. However, before Drakus could get away, the queen addressed him regarding the whereabouts of Fabius. The queen knew should Drakus' actions be revealed and brought down, he would make sure that he would bring her down as well. The queen felt that a quick interception was order, so she demanded to know the location of her son. Drakus soon admits that he and Fabius had a confrontation earlier regarding the events of his father's death, and that was the last time he had seen him.

The Nile River had begun to cover the land with black mud. This event was beneficial in that it prepared the land for the sowing and growing period, with which the Egyptians referred to as the 'peret'. However, in the midst of much environmental and communal activity, Aaron's concern was for sure placed on a lower level of importance. The Egyptian people could have very easily put Aaron to death as they saw fit, yet Aaron had a few of the royals on his side. This was the only thing that was keeping him alive. Remember, this wasn't just an uncivil act against the people, but an act against the very foundation that the people depended and relied on.

The rains were continuing its heavy fall over the area. Ouca convinces Aaron to leave, even though she is undecided about his innocence. Aaron tries to reason with Ouca and declare his innocence once and for all. Aside from all of the lies and deception, Ouca did feel in her heart that Aaron had been wrongfully accused of a crime that he did not commit. However, with all of the evidence pointing in the direction that it was, it left Aaron with that one option-to escape. Aaron quickly realizes that Ouca is right. Should he remain in custody, the Egyptian people would eventually have him executed. His next question was *how* he was going to escape. Ouca had just the answer. She had devised the perfect plan for their get away. She would create a diversion and allow Aaron the opportunity to literally walk away from the custodial hold that had been keeping him from society and his family.

Ouca knew just exactly how to get to Drakus. All she needed was a chance to get in to see Aaron, one last time. Coincidentally, Ouca had approached Drakus with one final request. She and Aaron both knew that his time was limited. However, he wanted to see his long lost brother that would soon be in town, due to word of Aaron's conviction. Ouca pleaded with Drakus to allow these two brothers to meet in private, without any chains or restraints, for it would probably be the last time they would ever get to converse with each other again. After some careful thought, and seeing Ouca express herself in such a shrill way, Drakus agreed to allow these two brothers some personal time alone.

Ouca had taken the liberty of setting up the exact time of the meeting, for she knew exactly how the meeting needed to play out. She also knew that for this particular meeting, there had to be some careful preparation. Her plan had been enforced, and she knew exactly what needed to be done. All she needed now was some help from a friend. The perfect person to fit this role was her father's maiden servant. What she could do to assist Ouca and her plan would forever change the life of everyone involved.

Chapter Eight

As Drakus' men kept Aaron's holding cell secured, carefully monitoring anyone that went inside, they

were approached by a messy and unkempt man who had introduced himself as Alex, Aaron's brother. They had previously been informed regarding the planned meeting with Aaron and his brother. With Drakus' previous approval, and no reason to question anything else, the guards allowed Alex to enter into Aaron's holding cell.

Upon Alex's admittance, the guards resumed their positions and allowed the assembling of two long lost brothers to continue at its linger. About 45 minutes into the meeting, Alex revived himself as he quickly motioned for the guards to open the door. As the guards opened the door, Alex slowly walked away as he hung his head in shame. This was symbolic as to how such actions of his brother had disgraced the family and were now allowing him to pay his dues after the family's sorrowful goodbye. As the guards glanced in the cell (making sure that Aaron was still positioned as he should be), they noticed that Aaron was there with his head down. They quietly shut the door behind them, forgetting to replace the manacles that had kept Aaron burdened and secured.

Ouca, for months, had studied the schedule of the guards. She knew exactly when the guards would rotate, and just how long it took them to get back into position. As the time for the first rotation of the day came to be, the guards began conversing with one another as they began to reposition themselves. From inside the holding cell came the voice of a female. It was Ouca. The new guards looked at each other in bewilderment, wondering just exactly what and when she had gotten into the chamber.

"Drakus had given me some time with Aaron, but I now am late for a meeting that I need to get to," explained Ouca. As they looked in the cell, they noticed Aaron once again positioned with his head down against the corner of the room. The doors were opened, and Ouca was released.

As the dusk turned into nightfall, and the rains continued to take its course, Ouca made her way to that special meeting place where she and Aaron had commenced their relationship several months before. As she positioned herself on a log near the river covered by some trees, she was interrupted by a noise coming from directly behind her. As she turned around, she noticed that it was Aaron.

"You made it," exclaimed Ouca. "I can't believe that our plan actually worked."

"It was your brilliance that got us through," explained Aaron. "You have literally given me back my life."

As the two lovers sat across from each other, glaring into one another's eyes, Aaron broke the silence. "Come with me. You have no reason to stay here. How can you expect me to leave the source of my love and my unborn child?"

“No, I can’t,” replied Ouca. “I have recently discovered that I am not with child.” Aaron looked on with eyes full of sadness. Ouca continued, “Once they find out what we’ve done, they will come after you with blood in their eyes for sure this time. I have to stay and make sure that Drakus gets what he deserves. He is guilty. I know that now. And, eventually, I will find a way to prove it. You, however, have to leave. They should be coming for you soon. Your best way to go should be towards the bridge crossing the Nile. It is very risky, so please be careful.”

As the rains steadily fell, Ouca and Aaron bid their last farewell. How can you possibly say goodbye to the one and only true love of your life? If you’ve ever heard the saying, “If you love someone, you have to let them go,” this situation surely became the object of that emphasizing cliché.

Aaron turned away from Ouca and headed towards a world of uncertainty. Where would he go, what would he do? Ouca watched in anger, as she knew that this whole thing had evolved due to Drakus’ selfishness and greed. Given Aaron’s status, it was real easy for Drakus to act on the self-centered pretenses of his own power and money, thinking that he had the upper-hand. Ouca had fallen in love, Drakus knew it and vowed to himself to put an end to it.

As Aaron vanished from Ouca’s sight, she reluctantly turned to a world of uncertainty herself. She had in fact figured out the true standing of her physical status. She was definitely pregnant. However, she knew that if Aaron were to gain knowledge of such fact, it would have persuaded his decision of not leaving. She knew if he were to stay, he would have definitely been put to death.

As Ouca turned to leave, she heard a loud scream coming from behind her. She turned just in time to witness Aaron’s thrust off of the bridge and thrown into the water. She gasped as she ran towards him. The current flow of the water, due to the constant rains, had increased to a powerful and gushing flood. Aaron was overtaken by a huge wave that had knocked him from the bridge into the gushing river. Ouca was helpless as she tried to assist him in any way possible.

As he was thrown from side to side, he was bashed directly into a huge rock that stood erect from the river. The impact of the hit was so severe, that it knocked Aaron unconscious as he continued floating downstream. Ouca screamed in fear, for she knew that she was helpless. There was nothing that she could do. The event was almost like watching your own life helplessly float away with you being powerless to stop it. If there was ever a reason to take someone else’s life into your own hands and do with it as you saw fit, this was the current emotion that overtook Ouca concerning Drakus. She would end his career, if not his own life, once and for all.

Ouca's initial confession of her pregnancy was just a hoax, in hopes of relinquishing the guilt that had been placed on Aaron at that time. However, during the midst of Aaron's custody and the stress she had been placed under, she finally determined without a doubt that she was in fact pregnant. Now, Aaron was gone, Drakus was gaining power by the minute and Ouca was carrying an illegitimate child who would never know his own father. The time for war was upon them. Ouca vowed to herself that Drakus would in fact go down.

Ouca headed straight towards Drakus' corridors. There, she would find Drakus and the queen discussing a few details in private. Upon her admittance into the room, she immediately began bashing both the queen and Drakus, for she knew that they were both at fault for the actions that had taken place over the past few months. The queen immediately began trying to console Ouca, reiterating the fact that she had experienced a lot over the past few weeks, and that she was reacting on impulse to the emotional cycle which had infuriated her.

Drakus had requested, from the queen, to spend some time with Ouca. He felt that perhaps he could comfort Ouca and get her past this hardship that she had been experiencing. The queen agreed, and dismissed herself. Drakus took Ouca by the hand and slowly began to confess his undying love to her. As he started to fully confess his heart to her, three guards forcefully pushed their way through the door. As Drakus jumped to his feet, he was approached by the first guard with looks of concern.

"We have just left the premises of Aaron's cell," began the guard. "He has managed to escape."

Drakus looked on in confusion as he tried to comprehend how an escape was even conceivable. Before he could even speak, it hit him that Ouca had to have been behind it all. As he turned to address Ouca, she immediately began her discourse of how both he and the queen would pay for everything they have done.

"Where is he, Ouca," asked Drakus.

"Why would you be so concerned with his whereabouts when it is you that should take the blame for what happened to my father," exclaimed Ouca.

"We have already gone through this. You know of my innocence. Why would you allow a criminal to go free among our people," asked Drakus.

"A criminal is currently *ruling* our people," exclaimed Ouca. "You mustn't worry about Aaron. You can guarantee that his presence will never again be known here. He took it upon himself before he left to prove his innocence to me. He drank the substance from your personally engraved bottle, and within moments he was dead. There is no way he could have been responsible for that attack on my father. If you

restrained Aaron as soon as he leaped from my father's surreptitious passageway, then he would not have had time to have my father drink the substance, be restrained by you and have the bottle thrown back into the clothing, hoping to never have the bottle originate again. Unless the two of you had conspired this deal together, that only leaves you to blame."

Drakus was stunned as he was deliberately confronted with such accusations. However, in most 'innocent until proven guilty' cases, his innocence was still valid until the case itself was proven. Coincidentally, Ouca had figured it out and there was no way he was going to allow her the opportunity of taking from him what he was on a mission to gain.

As the guards began to take heed to Ouca's story, they were immediately told to restrain Ouca and take her in for aiding an escaped criminal. Ouca immediately demanded that the rightful person in charge of such travesty be taken into custody. The main guard immediately responded to Drakus, "I'm sorry, we need to restrain both of you until this whole thing has been sorted out."

"What do you mean, you can't do that," proclaimed Drakus.

"Would you please come with us," asked the guard.

As the guard reached for Drakus' arm, Drakus pulled out a warrior dagger from his cloak and reached to slash the arm of the guard. As the guard released his hold in agony, Drakus turned to escape. As he turned around to head towards the door, he was immediately thrust to the ground as a small dagger pierced his heart. The one person responsible for putting Drakus down was none other than the maiden servant herself. As Drakus fell to the floor, in agony over what extended from his heart, the queen had immediately entered the room oblivious as to what had just taken place.

"What in the world is going on here," exclaimed the queen.

"It's interesting that you run in to save your partner," announced Ouca. "We know the truth about everything."

"I'm sorry, but I don't quite understand what you are referring to. Drakus abided by his own orders. If there is any guilt to reside over, it could be none other than that of Drakus himself."

"When a person is guilty of murder and deception," began Ouca, "he is consumed by guilt. If he is consumed by guilt, he acts on guilt. We all know that misery and guilt cooperate with each other. It takes one to accommodate the other. Drakus was guilty of wanting the power of the throne, and you were miserable being in the position you were in. That could only lead us to one conclusion. You both acted simultaneously to aid one another in your current positions. He needed the power and you needed the

recognition.” The queen was stunned as Ouca continued. “If you leave quietly and never return to our land, we’ll allow you to live forever with that guilt. If you should return, you will surely perish.”

The queen did not quite have the audacity to oppose Ouca, so she quietly excused herself to gather her things and excuse herself from the palace, never to be heard from again.

There is nothing written or noted in history, or perhaps anything that has ever been recovered, regarding such a king that to many is worthy of being titled a ‘time-honored king’ though his time may have been cut short. However, what history does tell us is that there is existence of evidence regarding an Egyptian king (outside of King Tutankhamun) and perhaps a son or brother that was found in a largely intact tomb. Frustration and irritation has been a great part of trying to figure out the identity of these two men, or perhaps even who the father was and how he died. However, great possessions lie within the remains of such a tomb, and it leaves to reason that one of these men was king, followed by his successor. The question remains as to why these two men would have been buried together. Did they die that close together? What was their union in life? A lot of Egyptian records tend to be silent. Of course, in a lot of cases, situations and their circumstances tend to become still and hushed in order for someone to maintain that sense of innocence and trust. Many people in King Hanor’s situation were deliberately quieted at the hands of Drakus. For this reason, remaining records of King Hanor’s life had been vanished. The findings of this tomb and the story that it tells does seem to fit Ouca’s chronicles. Perhaps, the story of King Tut and King Hanor are related in some way, even though they existed so many years apart. This is something we may never find out or will never be able to determine. Nevertheless, per our story, Ouca eventually vanishes (rumored that she continued her love of teaching, traveling all over Egypt to do just that) and her servant eventually gains a God Son that she raises from birth on. Coincidentally, Ouca continues spreading the knowledge and wisdom of power to the commoners, and her heirs are left to finish the dynasty. Good, in this case, would and did eventually prevail.