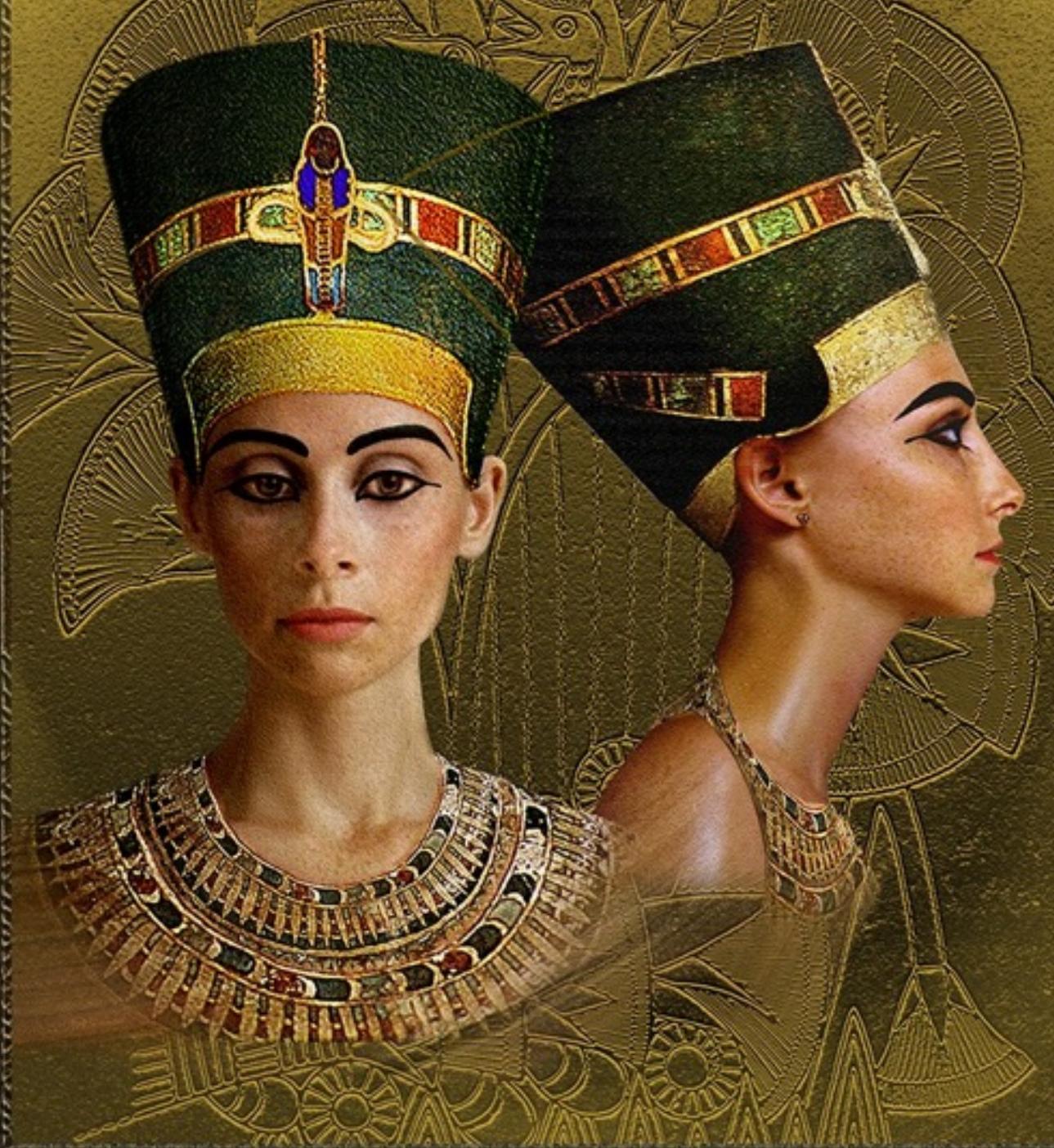
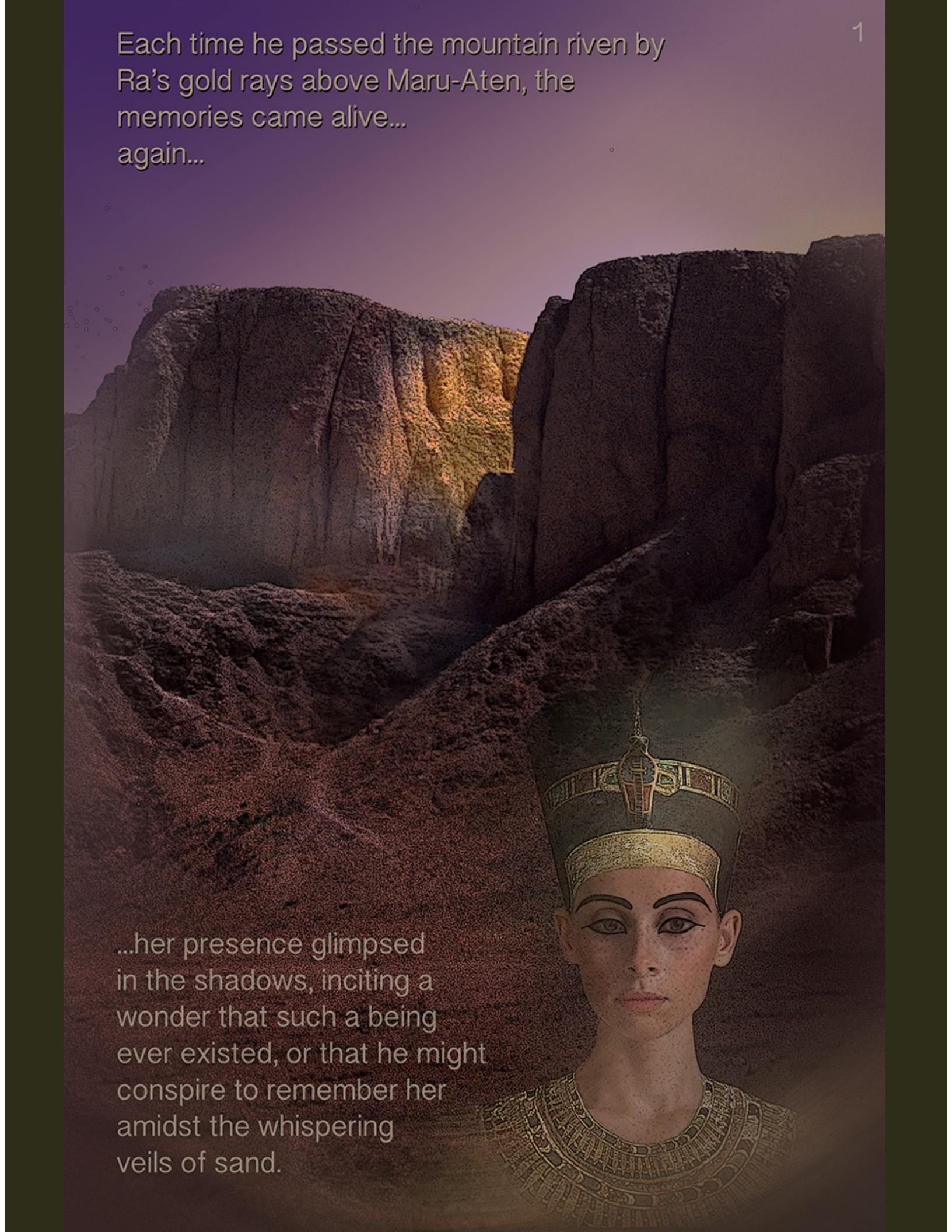


Willard Thurston



NEFERTITI'S GOWN

Each time he passed the mountain riven by
Ra's gold rays above Maru-Aten, the
memories came alive...
again...



...her presence glimpsed
in the shadows, inciting a
wonder that such a being
ever existed, or that he might
conspire to remember her
amidst the whispering
veils of sand.

The story to remember began with a caravan to Memphis. Zelea, a Glaean aristo and her maid Thera, had been abducted by a brigand who would sell them in the bazaar.

2



If Zelea once dreamt of becoming a chic Egyptian consort, after the Orphic myth, the trek in the small caravan over a rocky sand cinder desert was a teething anti-climax.



The sudden burnished dawns also daunted in this vast muted wilderness, "A mummified place," Thera dryly exclaimed.

One day a Mitanni Princess by name of Kiya joined the caravan, guarded night and day by a Nubian aristocrat called Medju. The two were an oddity here. Zelea doubted the Princess was for sale. The reprisals of the Mitanni King were well known and hellish. She suspected some kind of royal intrigue was afoot!



A sirocco impeded the progress of the caravan and delayed the coming of the brokers for the fabrics, spices, funereal offerings, perfumes and concubines
the bedowins hawked.

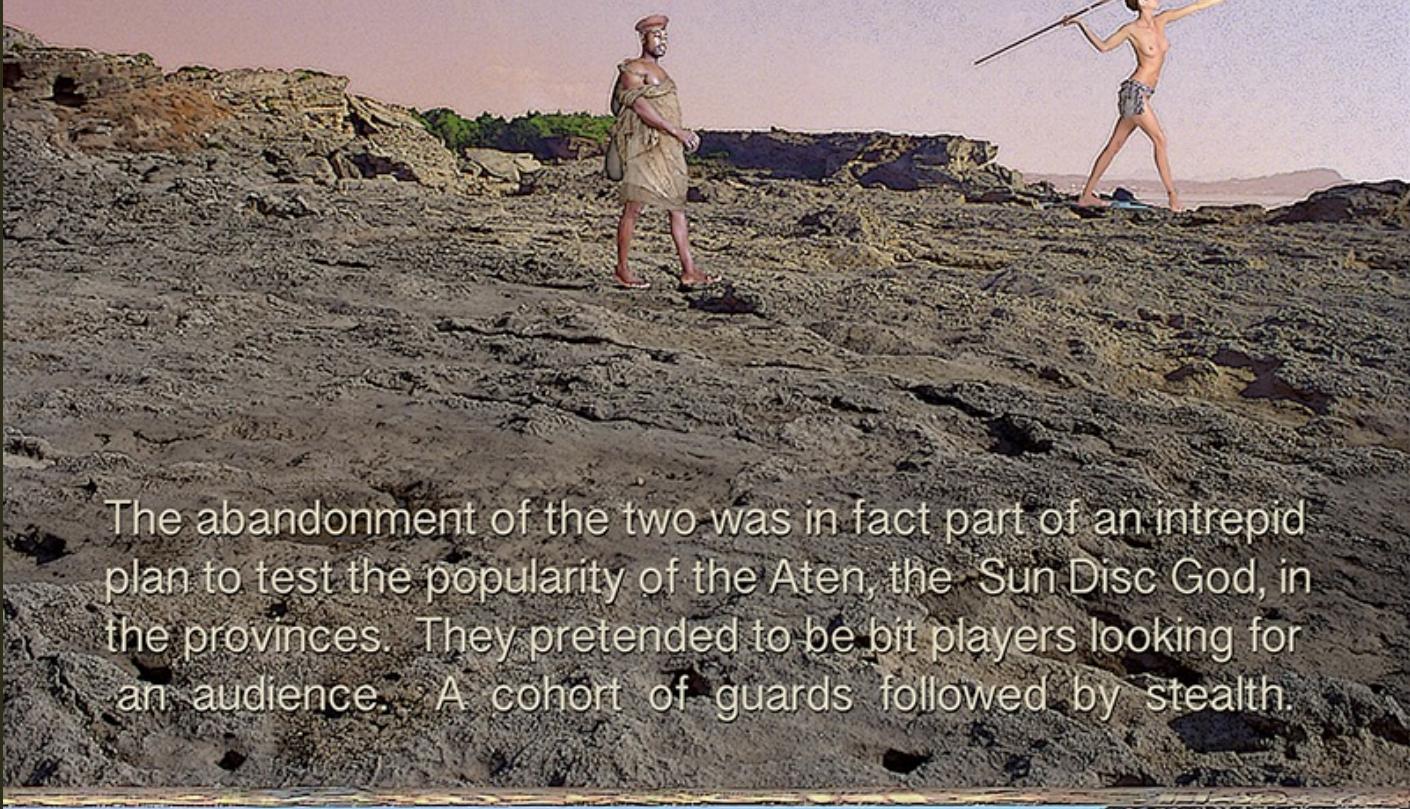


When the
gritty sirocco
subsided
everyone
was keen
to bathe.





Zelea would learn that the 'odd couple'
were abandoned by a wadi East
of the Cyrenaica Plateau



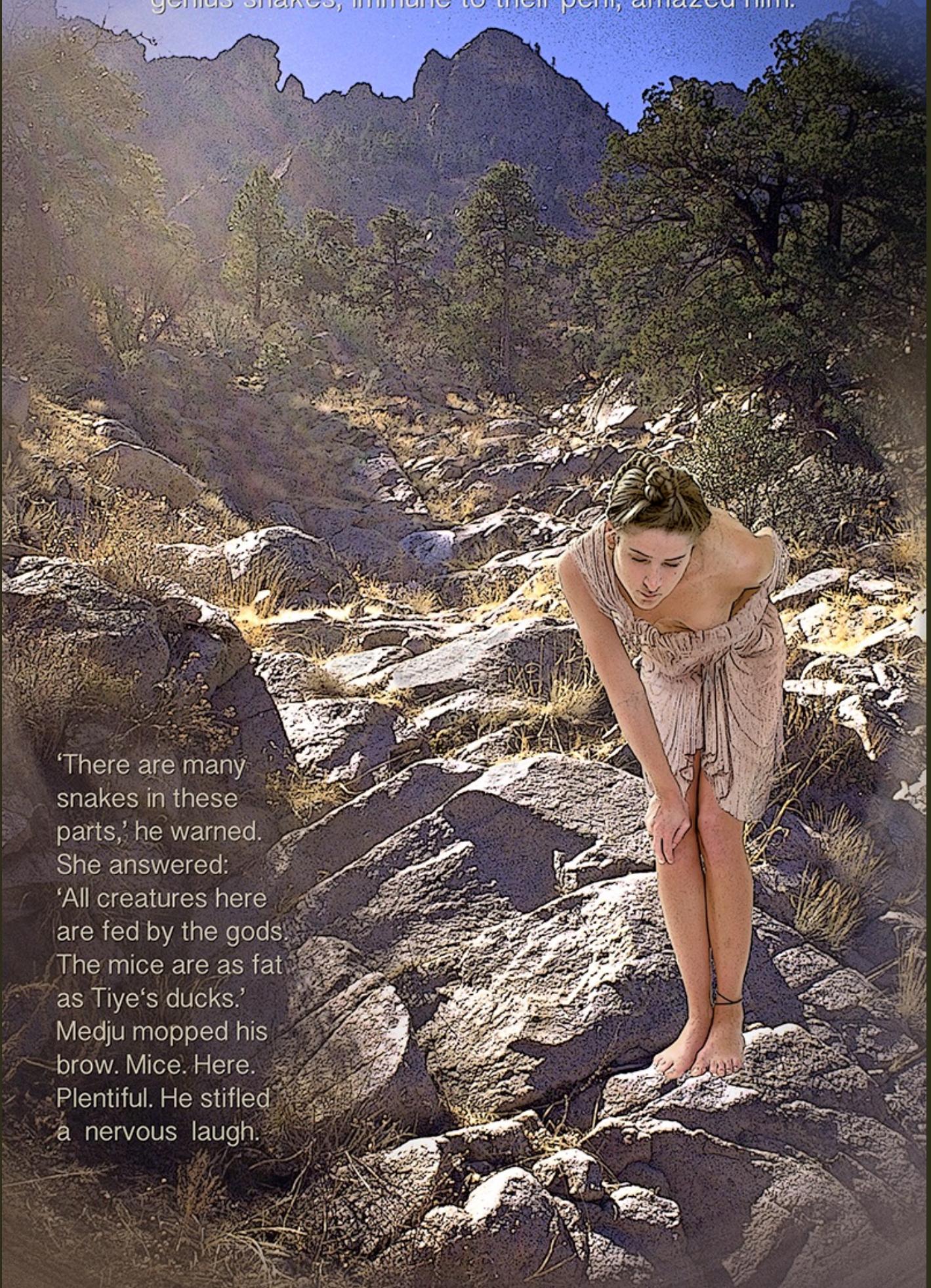
The abandonment of the two was in fact part of an intrepid plan to test the popularity of the Aten, the Sun Disc God, in the provinces. They pretended to be bit players looking for an audience. A cohort of guards followed by stealth.



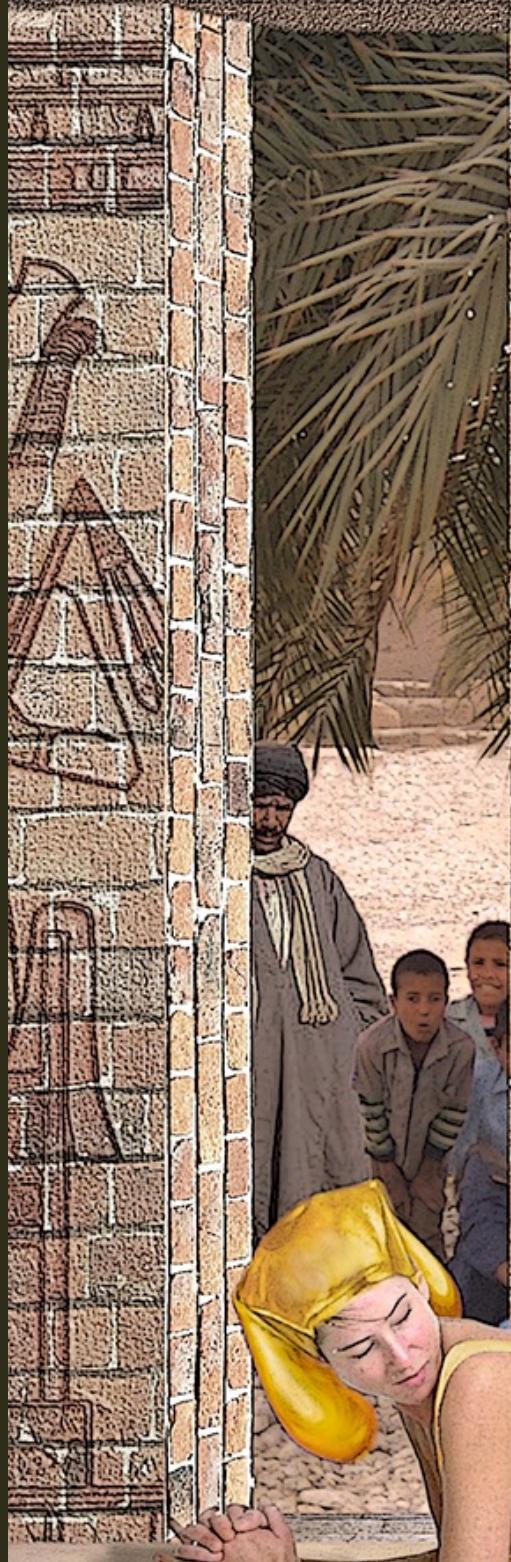
The
hoyden
played with a
javelin she found
and her pan pipes
when they
rested.

Catching sight of an adventurous Kiya seeking the Goddess's
genius snakes, immune to their peril, amazed him.

7



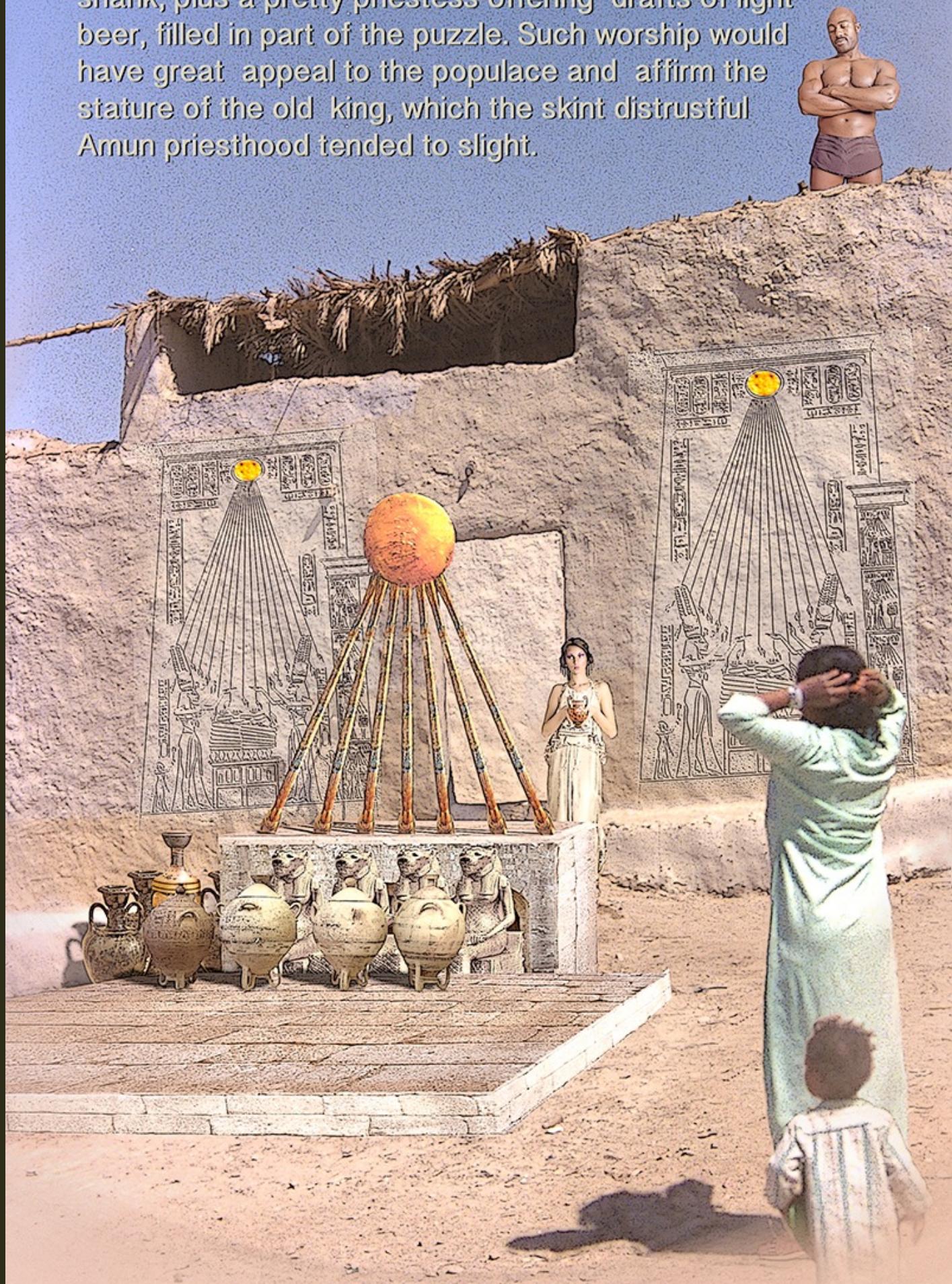
'There are many snakes in these parts,' he warned.
She answered:
'All creatures here are fed by the gods.
The mice are as fat as Tiye's ducks.'
Medju mopped his brow. Mice. Here. Plentiful. He stifled a nervous laugh.



It was the discovery of a gold ball in an abandoned temple, the very symbol of the favored Aten, that intrigued as Kiya toyed with it, for the area children were soon seen looking on, one day even an Elder. Many fresh possibilities beckoned!



Medju's discovery of the open, accessible Aten shrines, laden with oiled barley, fruit, and the occasional beef shank, plus a pretty priestess offering drafts of light beer, filled in part of the puzzle. Such worship would have great appeal to the populace and affirm the stature of the old king, which the skint distrustful Amun priesthood tended to slight.

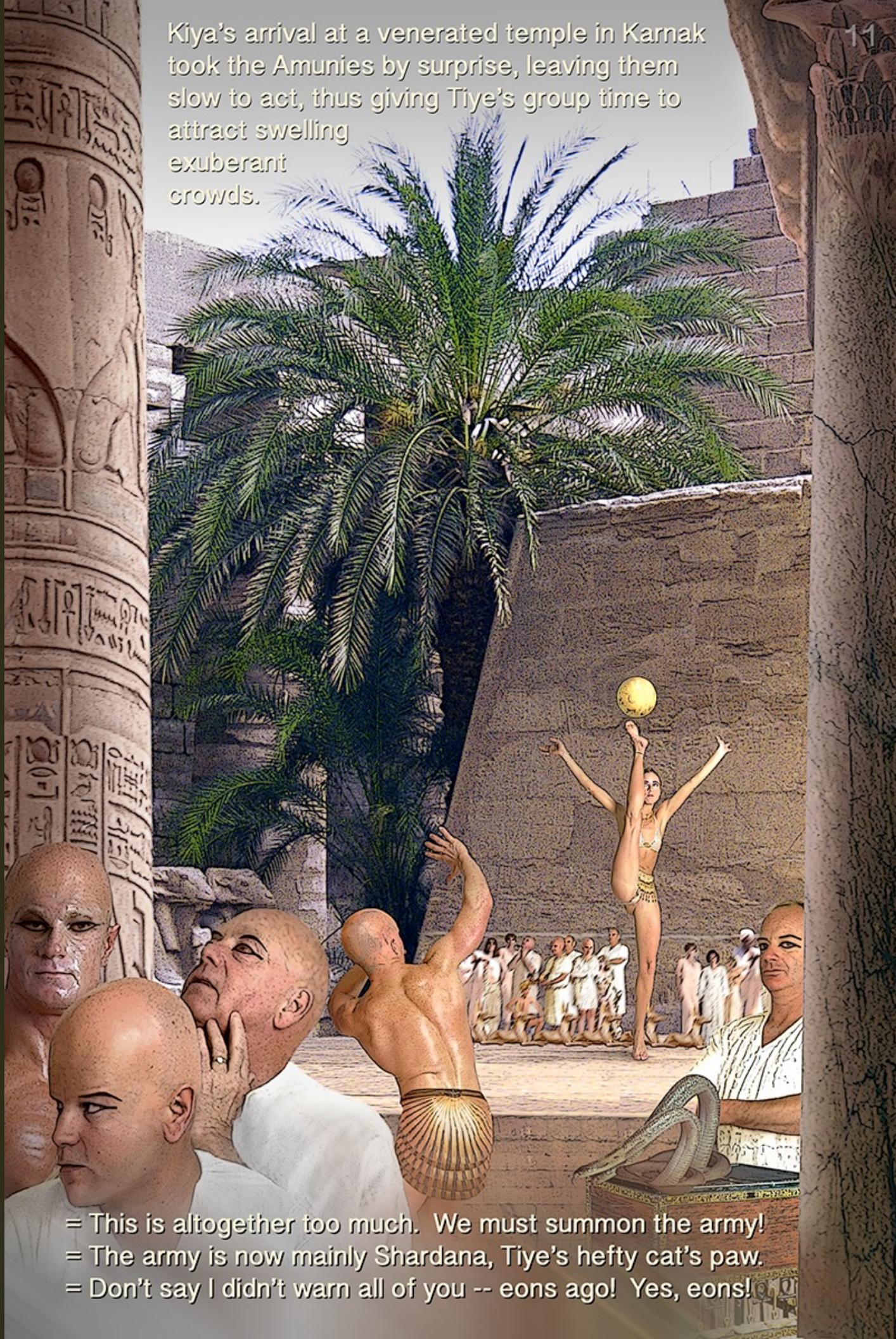


As planned, Kiya's costumes became more fetching
as her ball became more animated, intimating a most
lively God, not the fixed sterile being some imagined.

10



Kiya's arrival at a venerated temple in Karnak took the Amunies by surprise, leaving them slow to act, thus giving Tiye's group time to attract swelling exuberant crowds.



- = This is altogether too much. We must summon the army!
- = The army is now mainly Shardana, Tiye's hefty cat's paw.
- = Don't say I didn't warn all of you -- eons ago! Yes, eons!



When Kiya's performances moved into the provinces, her moxie was given full reign, the gold ball becoming at one stage the wood statue head of an officious Amunie!



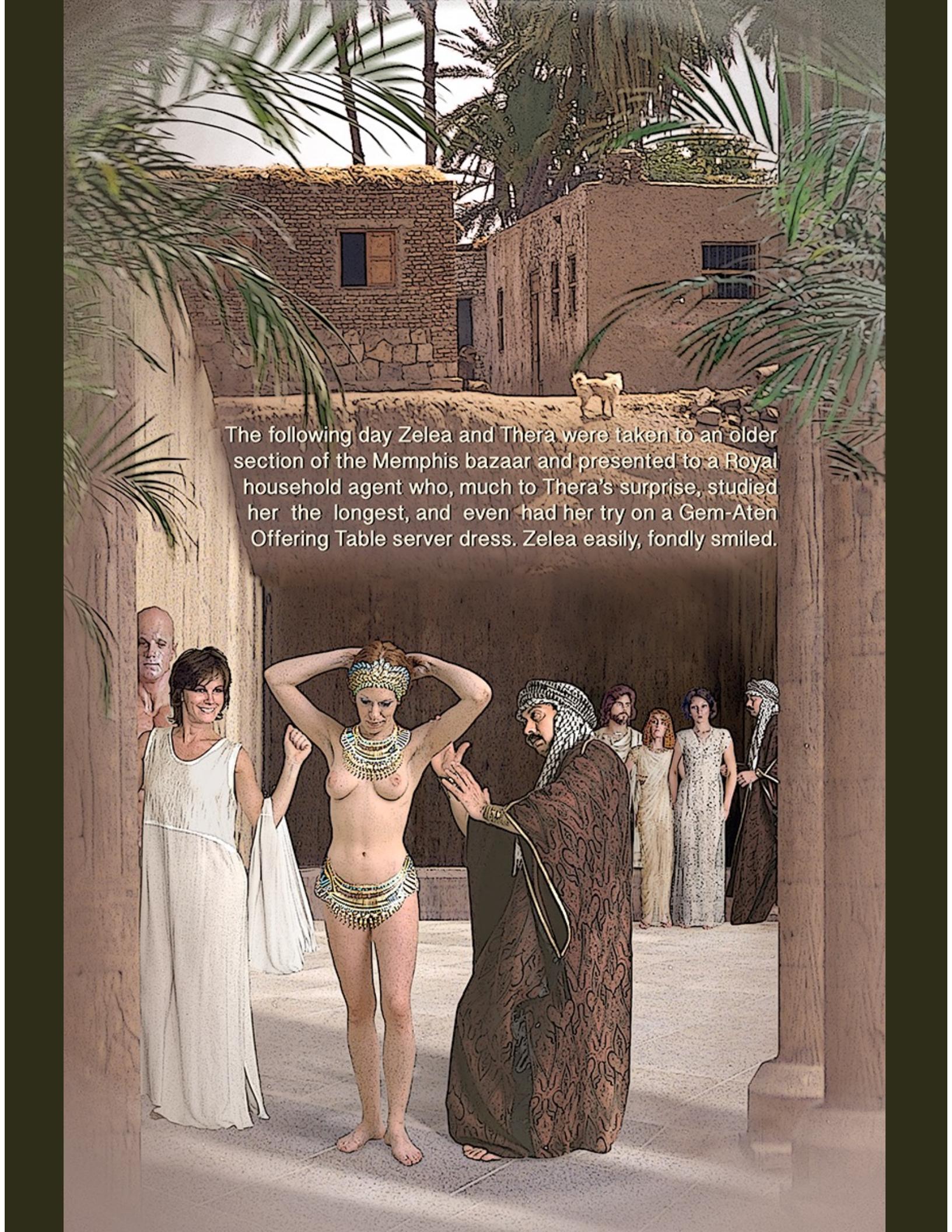
The Amun Synod was livid; It is insufferable...using the statue head of Peruatu himself in the fiend's act -- the vizier's uncle!

For Zelea and Thera the protracted stop seemed but another delay. Only a ghostly Amun temple, by a mighty river, reminded them of their former home near the Great Green Sea.

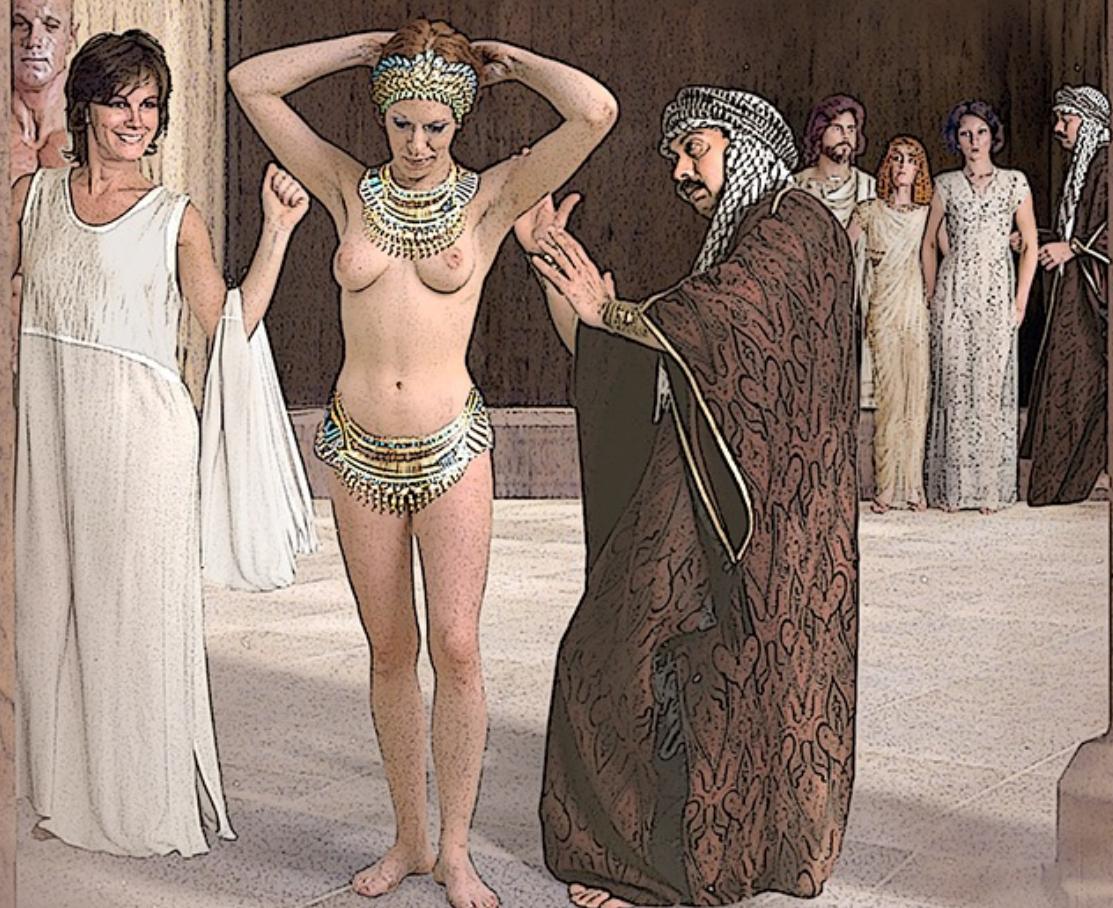


They had come a long way,
yet seemed no closer to
learning their fate.





The following day Zelea and Thera were taken to an older section of the Memphis bazaar and presented to a Royal household agent who, much to Thera's surprise, studied her the longest, and even had her try on a Gem-Aten Offering Table server dress. Zelea easily, fondly smiled.



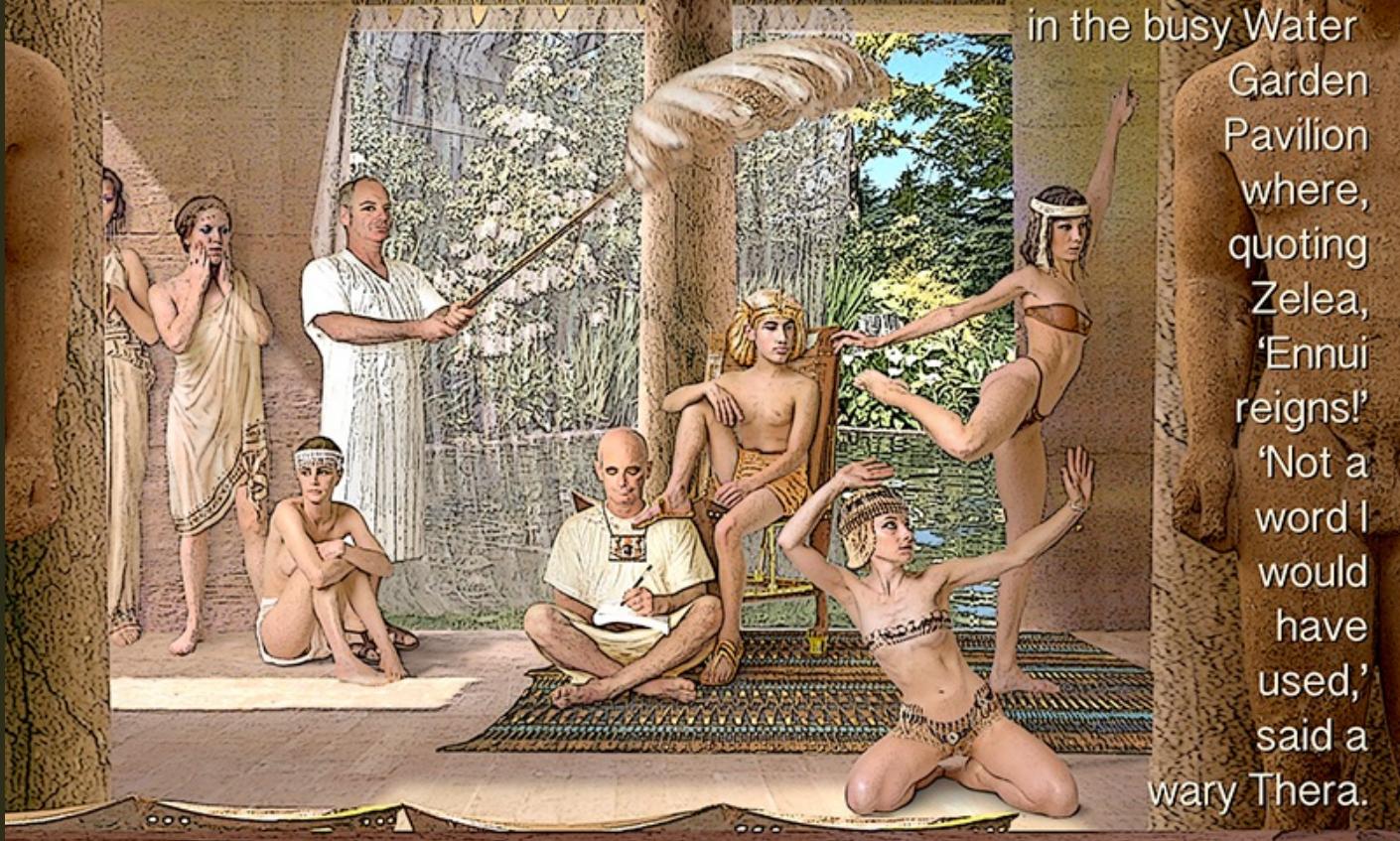
The surprise for Zelea and Thera was their sudden removal to a grander section of the bazaar where the Prince himself suddenly materialized, to raptly study not the womanly Thera, but the enigmatic, gamine Glaean-Greek aristo Zelea!



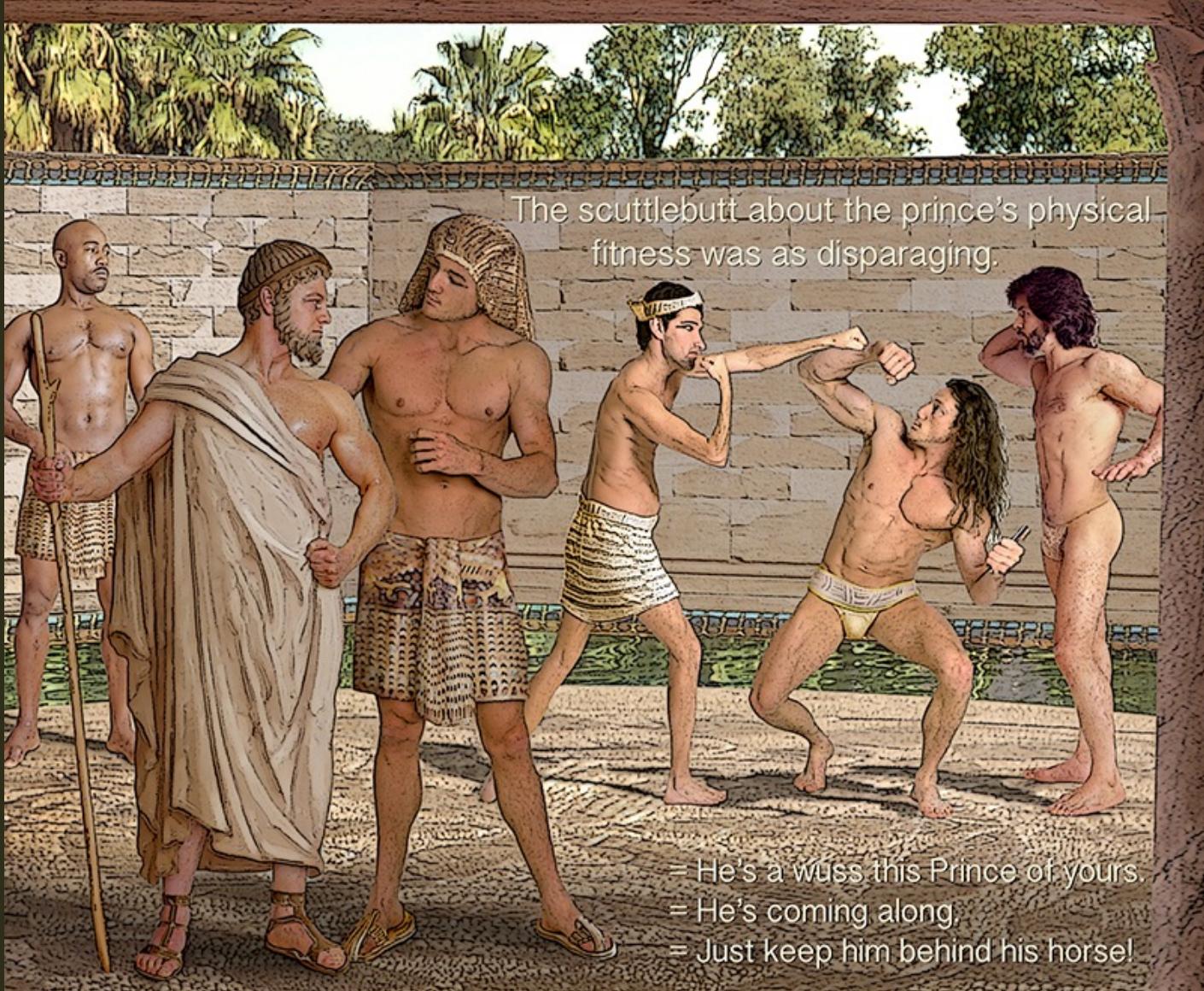
Zelea and Thera were further surprised to find themselves housed¹⁶
in the busy Water

Garden
Pavilion
where,
quoting
Zelea,
'Ennui
reigns!'

'Not a
word I
would
have
used,'
said a
wary Thera.



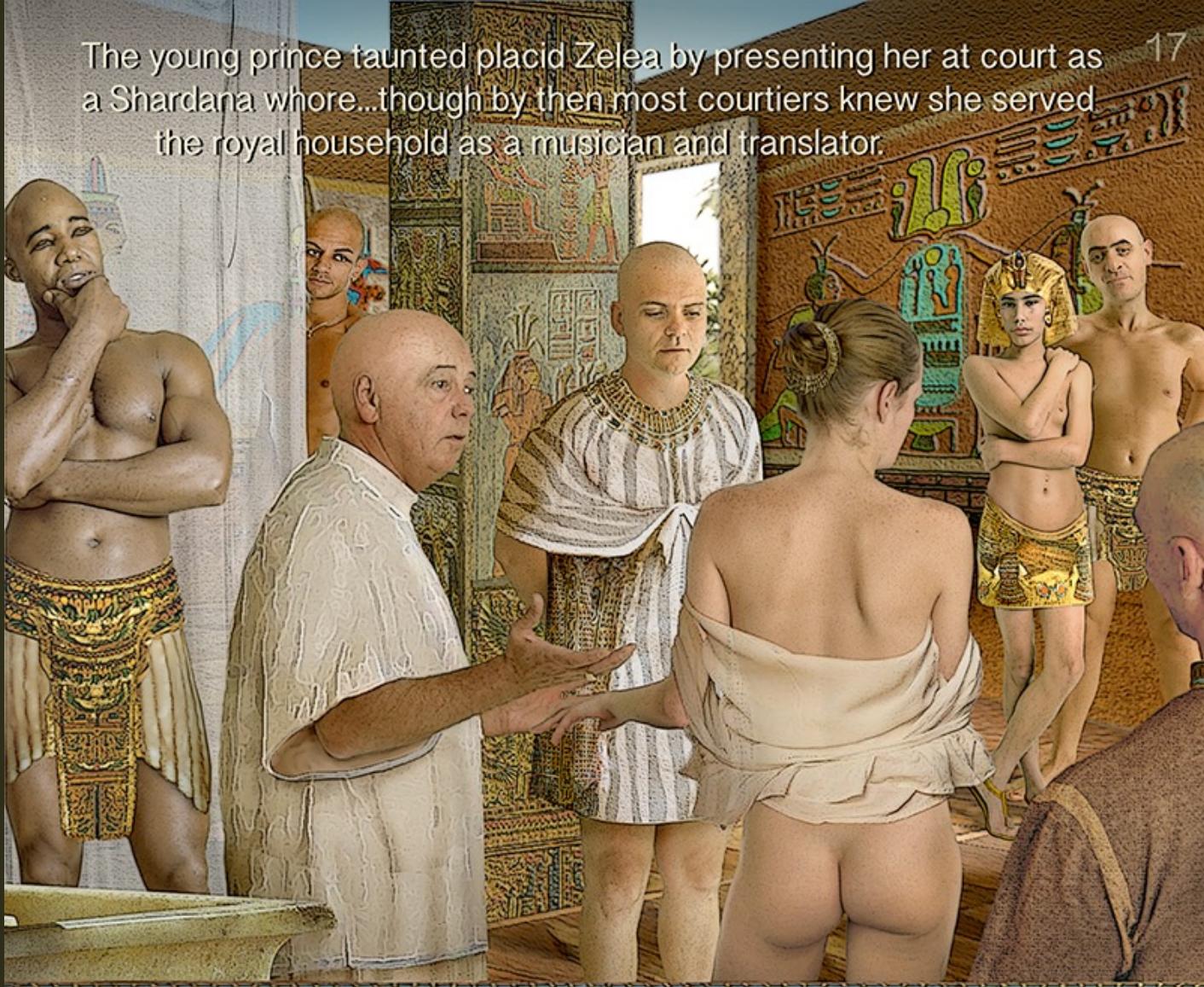
The scuttlebutt about the prince's physical fitness was as disparaging.



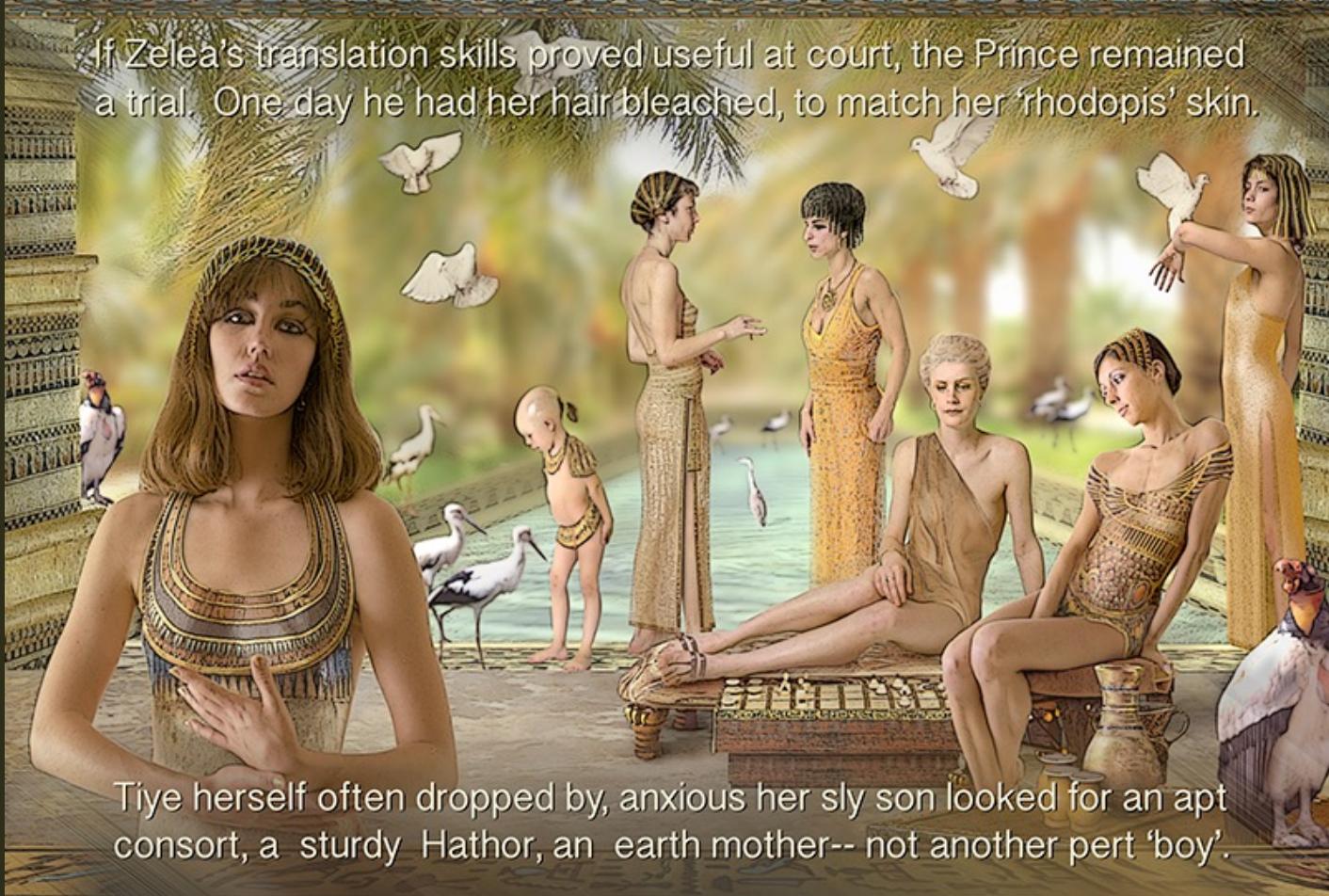
= He's a wuss this Prince of yours.
= He's coming along.
= Just keep him behind his horse!

The young prince taunted placid Zelea by presenting her at court as a Shardana whore...though by then most courtiers knew she served the royal household as a musician and translator.

17



If Zelea's translation skills proved useful at court, the Prince remained a trial. One day he had her hair bleached, to match her 'rhodopis' skin.



Tiye herself often dropped by, anxious her sly son looked for an apt consort, a sturdy Hathor, an earth mother-- not another pert 'boy'.

The Royal Proctor was firm: the Prince was not, repeat NOT, under any pretext, to adorn his seraglio favorites with facsimiles of royal attire, especially the crowns. 'Is that understood Your Highness?' 'Yeah, yeah, yeah.'



Zelea herself was cautioned by the Prince's late caprice, but as it was less vexing than some of his exploits, she went along with it, and tried to keep a straight face as the stern warning proceeded.



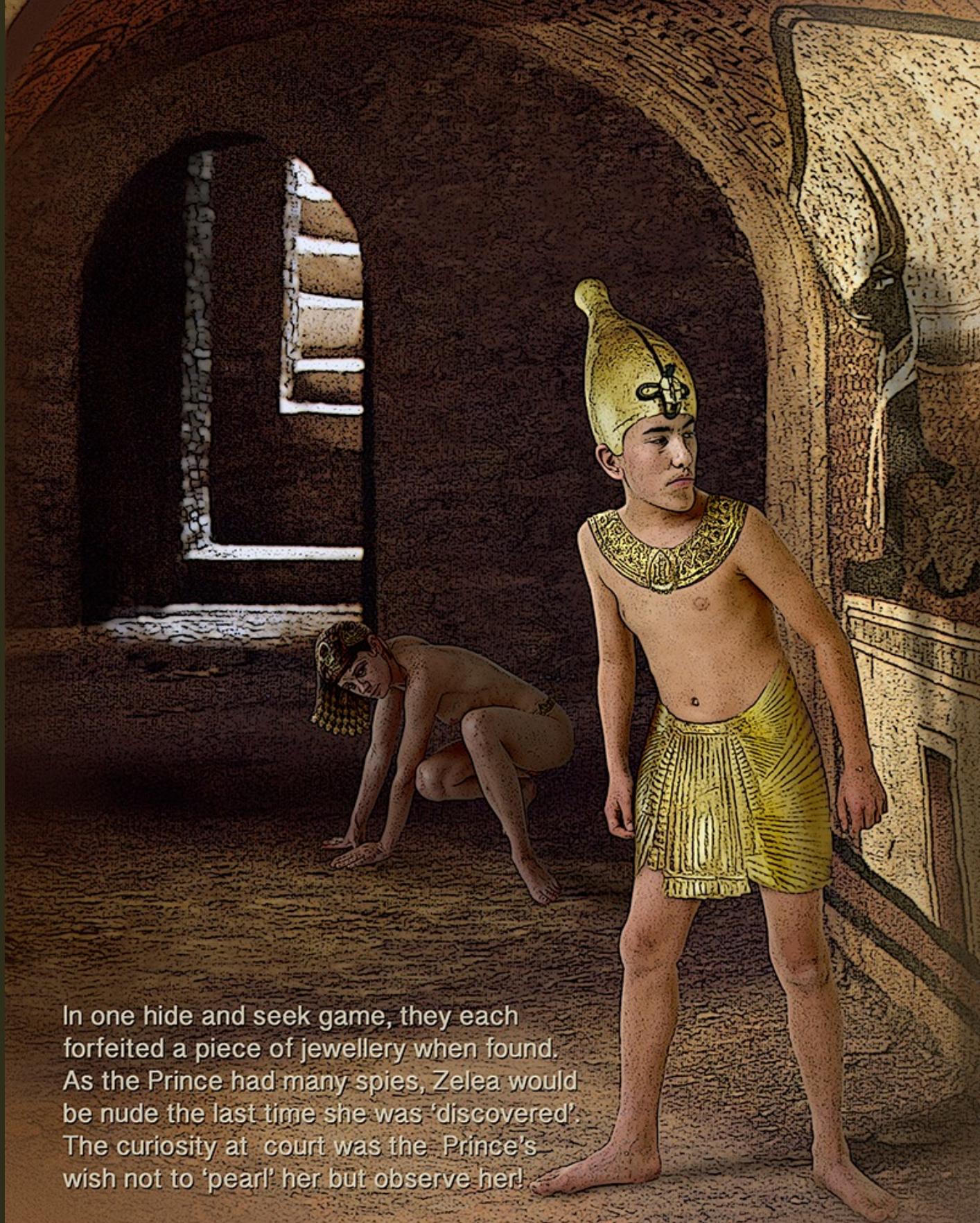
The discovery of the sleeping
Zelea intrigued the court eunuchs.
= She's that new Glaen, I think.
= The gown's one the Prince designed.
= Hard to believe it, such a one here.
= Maybe she's a jinn.



The Prince's own dancers, often playing warlike acts, were said to be the Prince's very own Shardana. Only the Tefnut musicians, in which Zelea also played, rivalled the stage managed warriors.



The Prince's growing fixation on Zelea's boyish looks amused many royals but not his mother nor her advisors. Still, it was Zelea's cool composure that drew the Prince's attention to the solo insular nature of the Aten.



In one hide and seek game, they each forfeited a piece of jewellery when found. As the Prince had many spies, Zelea would be nude the last time she was 'discovered'. The curiosity at court was the Prince's wish not to 'pearl' her but observe her!



Beyond the seraglio, life continued its timeless routine. Zelea actually liked going to the fountain house where a sense of conviviality prevailed among the servant women. It was there she first glimpsed the elegant newcomer Nefertiti.

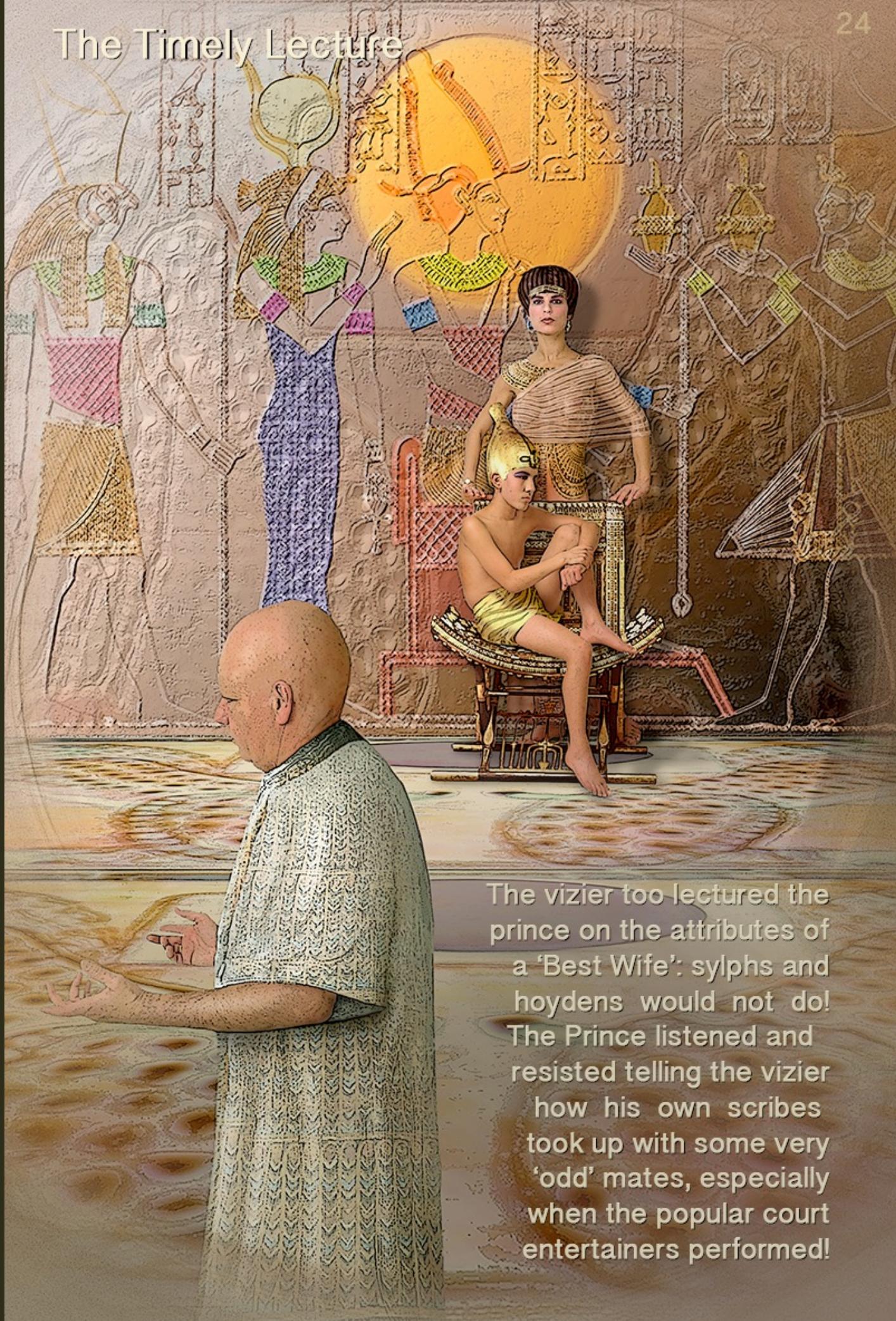


Some days, a major accomplishment was staying awake while the palace appointed storyteller, a pasty eunuch, rambled on.

The bargain Zelea struck with Tiye was that Thera would not serve as one of the Prince's 'play nurses'. The concubines readily agreed. = It's about time he got over being a peek freak. = He did tell her a joke -- the one about the Cow who croaks in the Sun and the Frog who moos in the shade. = She blushed when she saw the veil he had for her. They sometimes put such a veil on fresh corpses in the necropolis -- his wry sense of humour. = She got drunk early on today, and played dead. = She's as sly as Zelea. = He toys with Thera to irk his mother...the 'womanly' Hathor who's inappropriate.



The Timely Lecture



The vizier too lectured the prince on the attributes of a 'Best Wife': sylphs and hoydens would not do! The Prince listened and resisted telling the vizier how his own scribes took up with some very 'odd' mates, especially when the popular court entertainers performed!



Cool Zelea ignored the ever hovering priests, who wished to intimidate this upstart who'd cast a spell on the king. She responded to their footfalls by reading poetry the young king had written expressly for her!

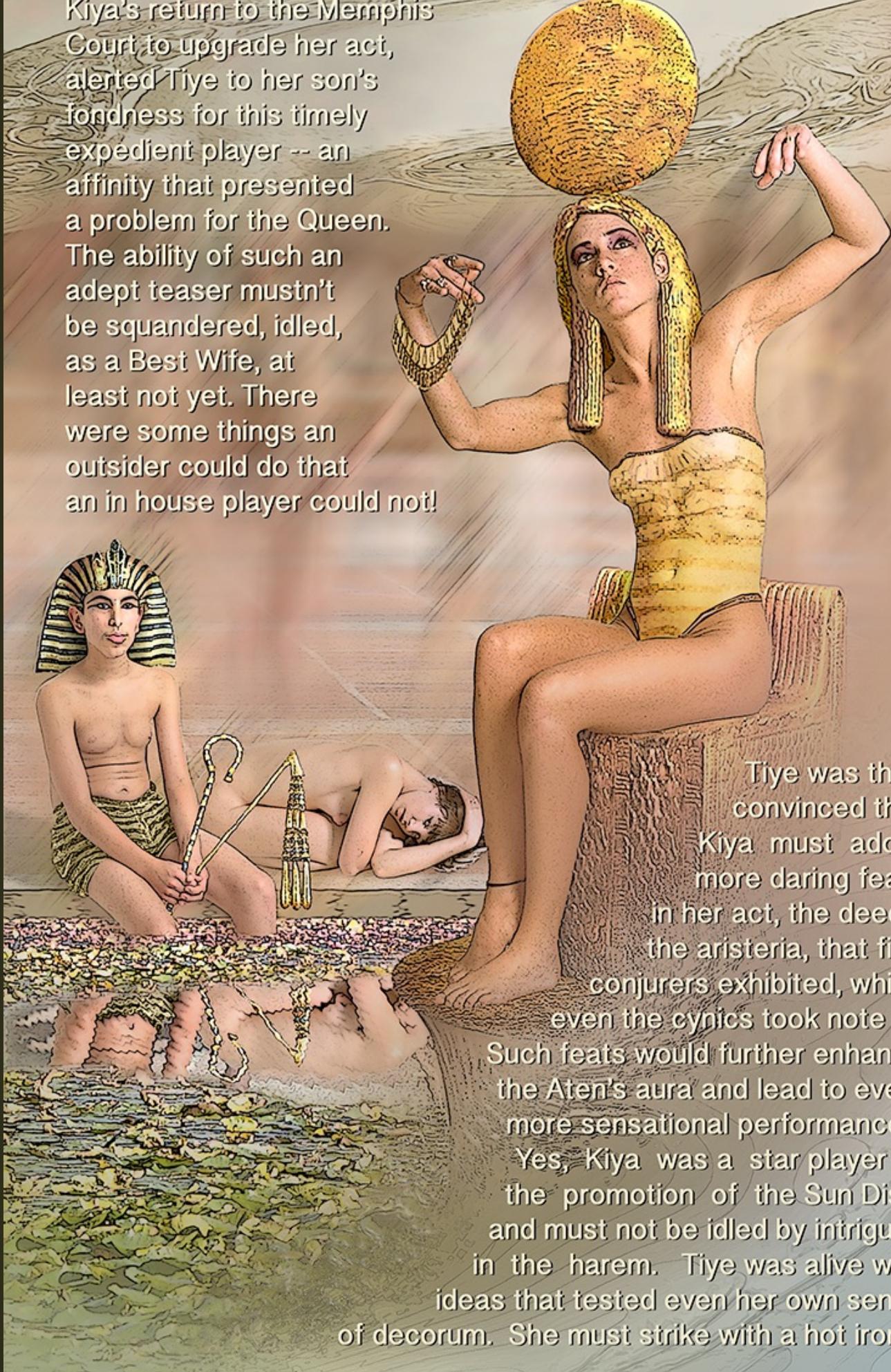


The King discovered in the gracile Nefertiti a creature not unlike Zelea, and placed her among his court dancers, all of whom with the exception of Thera, were the very boyish lasses the Vizier and his mother despaired of. But the King was managing on his own then, and simply ignored the many wayword comments.



PRINCE: Please pay attention. The arabesque before you is the archstone of the piece. Please drop in behind -- first Zelea, then Thera, Asenath, Bast and Maathor -- in a respectful silence.

Kiya's return to the Memphis Court to upgrade her act, alerted Tiye to her son's fondness for this timely expedient player -- an affinity that presented a problem for the Queen. The ability of such an adept teaser mustn't be squandered, idled, as a Best Wife, at least not yet. There were some things an outsider could do that an in house player could not!



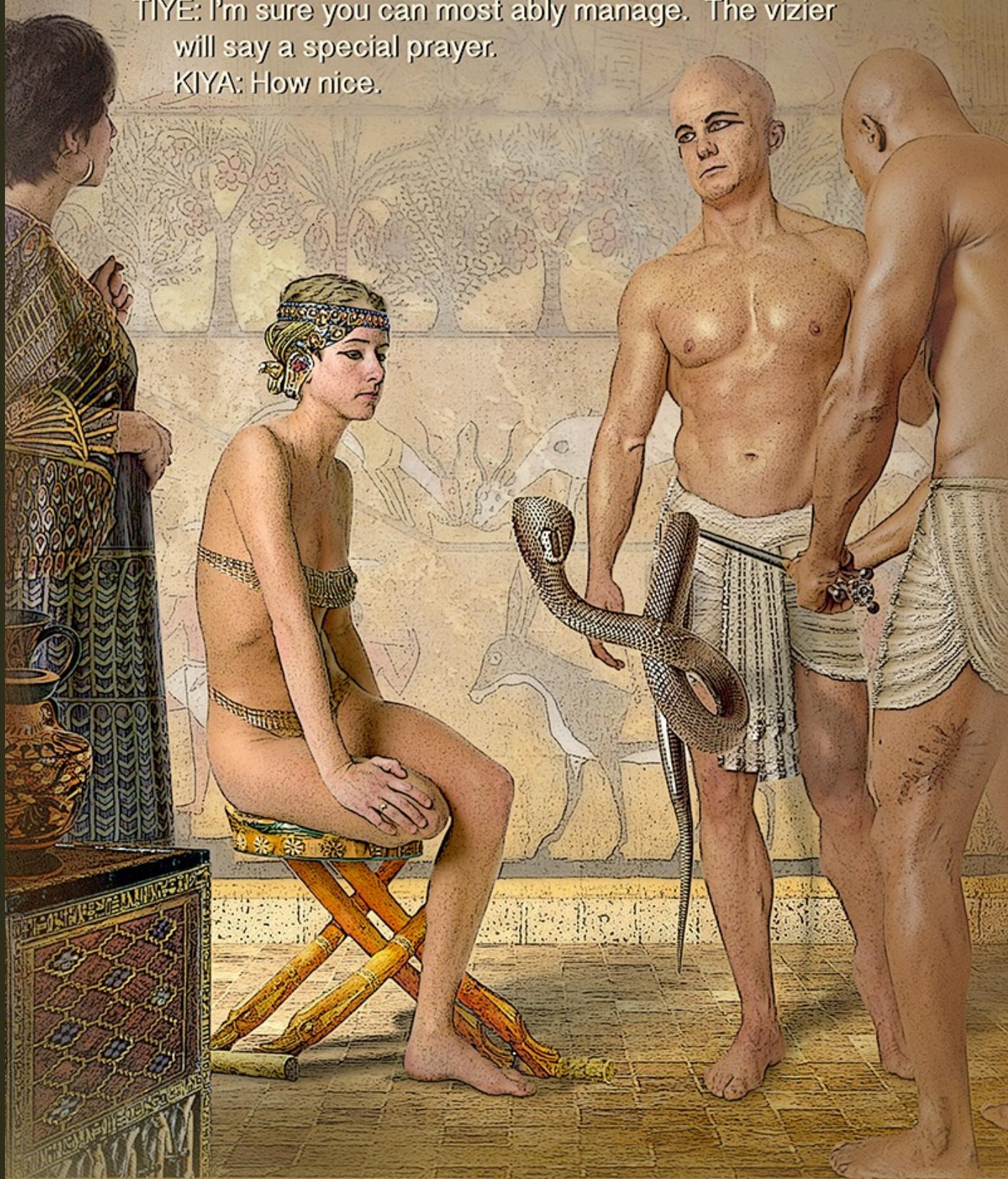
Tiye was then convinced that Kiya must adopt more daring feats in her act, the deeds, the aristeria, that fine conjurers exhibited, which even the cynics took note of. Such feats would further enhance the Aten's aura and lead to even more sensational performances. Yes, Kiya was a star player in the promotion of the Sun Disc, and must not be idled by intrigues in the harem. Tiye was alive with ideas that tested even her own sense of decorum. She must strike with a hot iron!

It was Tiye's idea to add the King Cobra to Kiya's canny act. The wranglers were diffident, to say the least, given Kiya's inexperience.

HEAD WRANGLER: It will take some very careful coaching,

TIYE: I'm sure you can most ably manage. The vizier
will say a special prayer.

KIYA: How nice.



Kiya knew that beguiling a King Cobra, an Amun icon, would vex the Amun Synod, upping her jeopardy. Such a treasonous murder wary Tiye could use to her advantage. One of the ever-dark truths!

If Tiye regretted Kiya's appeal to her son, she knew that the daring princess might be silenced by a fanatical Amun priest, an act of treason she could readily exploit! Still, the girl's artistry seemed somedays all but supernatural, in particular her late discovered ability to mesmerize even the most poisonous of cobras! Tiye decided she must not be too hasty to remove Kiya's devoted Shardana guardians.



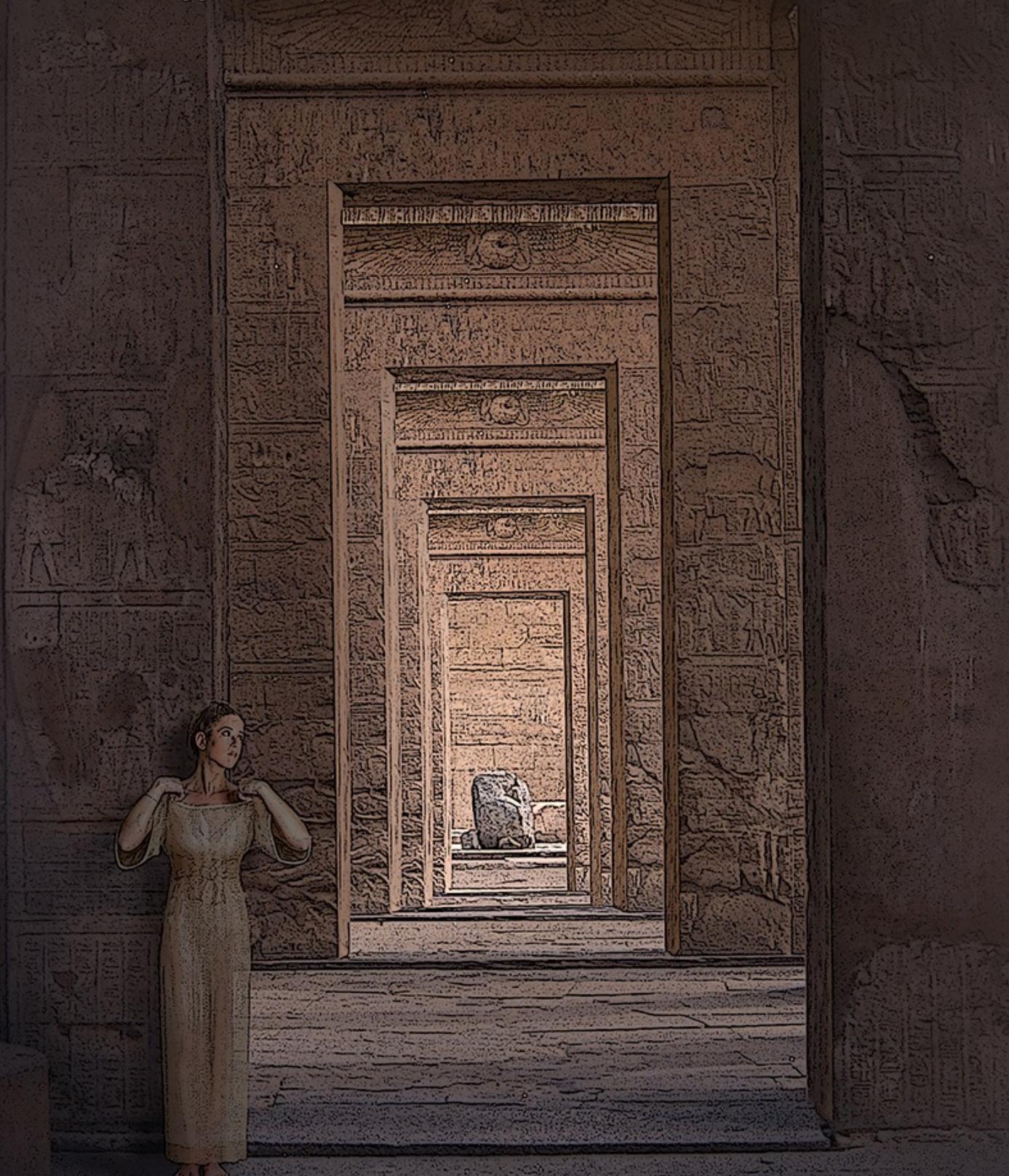
In the meantime the mischievous young King had designed a very cheeky girdle for Kiya. Never in her acts had she worn anything as impious. The Amunies would be aghast, with the head piece alone. The ankh pendants would be dire enough all on their own.

It was finely crafted. At another time she might have given it a try; but here, now, it was out of the question. Just how to ignore it was the real trial!



Moreover,
only a craven
peeress would
be party to such
a graven display,
one beholden to
a dippy prince,
not an ancient
politic King!

Kiya's coolness toward the Prince was a snub Tiye hadn't expected and decided the Mitanni cat could be a peerless asset. Best to get her beyond court intrigue for a time. One of Tiye's counsellors 'suggested' Kiya attend an Oracle in an old Karnak temple.



The Oracle's gamy words Kiya reflected on with wry amusement: *Be a Peri to muse an all seeing God ...perform for the gossips in the Gymnsium in Naucratis. A Mitanni brat playing with naked Greeks! Ha! What fun!*

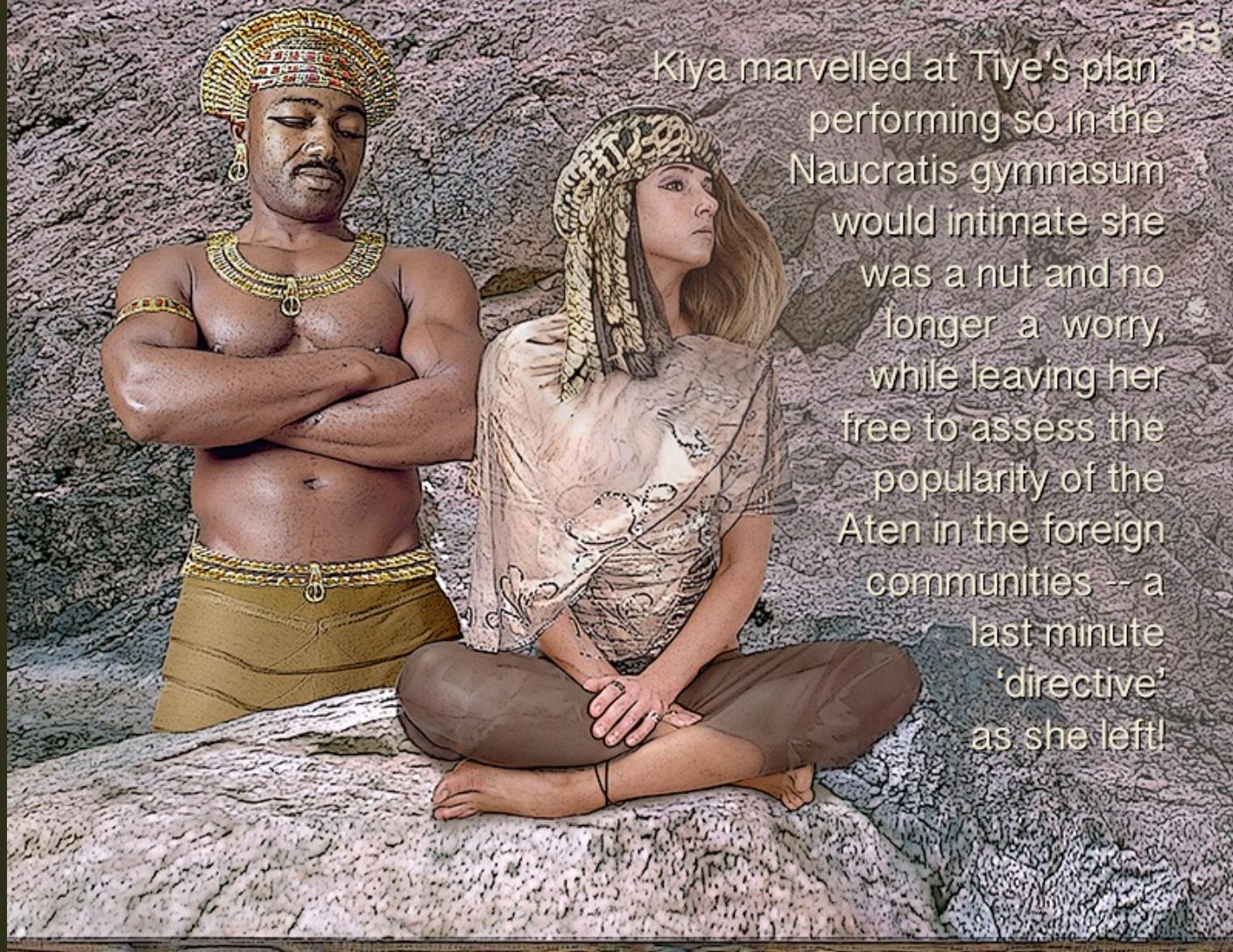
That week
Zelea, who had
been entertaining
the Prince, was suddenly
taken to the private chambers
of Nefertiti. The meeting proved
to be an acknowledgement of joint
interests. Neither of them pleased
the Amunies -- or Tiye.

NEFERTITI: Egypt weighs well all bona
fides. I hope we can meet from
time to time. I wish to learn
more about our situate lands,
including Glaea, of course,
and your extraordinary Gods.

ZELEA: 'Really only
the one, My Lady.'

NEFERTITI:
'Really! Only one? I
must learn more!'

And so
began a
candid
friendship.



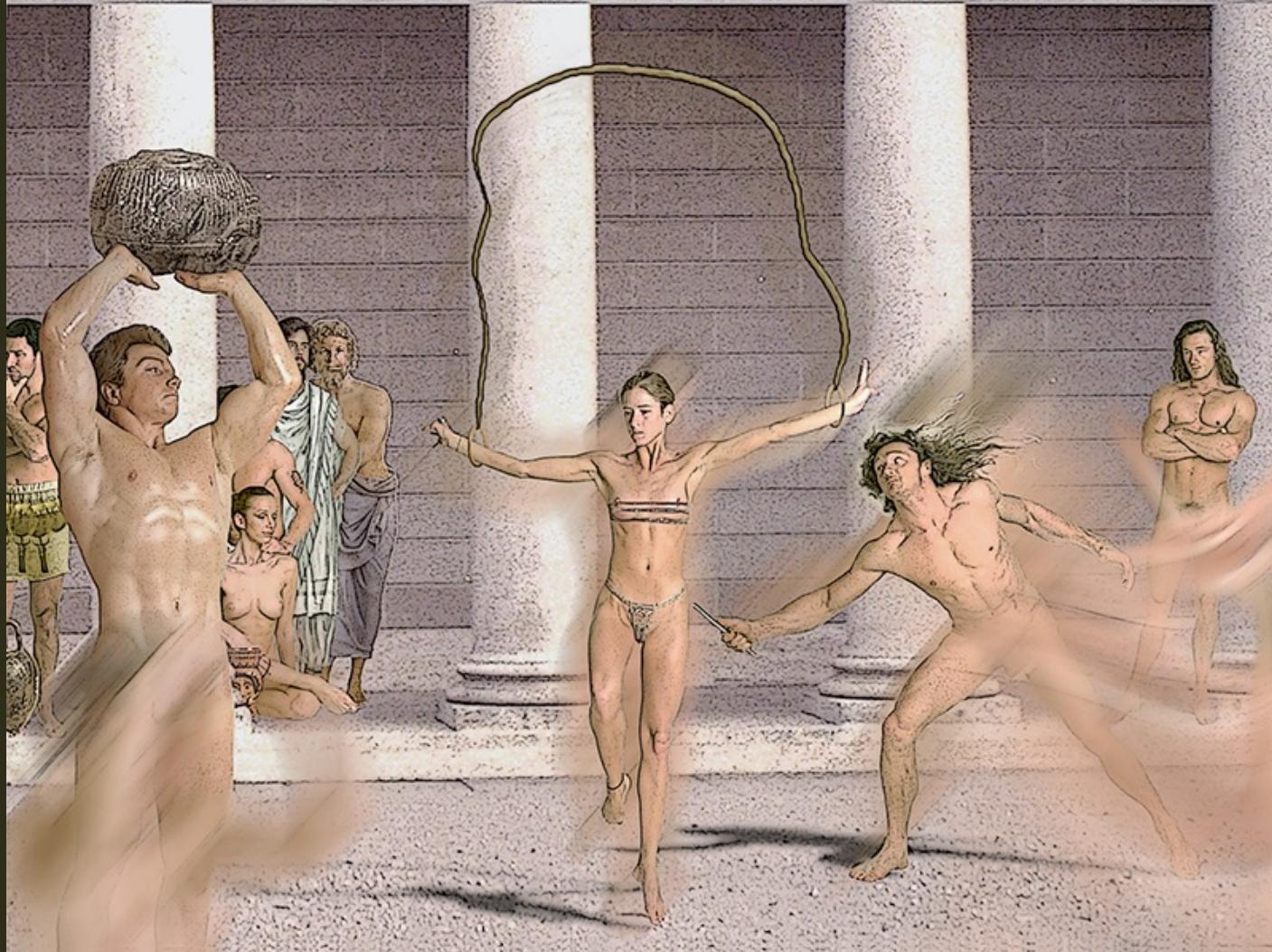
Kiya marvelled at Tiye's plan:
performing so in the
Naucratis gymnasum
would intimate she
was a nut and no
longer a worry,
while leaving her
free to assess the
popularity of the
Aten in the foreign
communities -- a
last minute
'directive'
as she left!

All copacetic until she learned of an old antagonist training in
the area who swore he'd kill her after losing a wager to her.



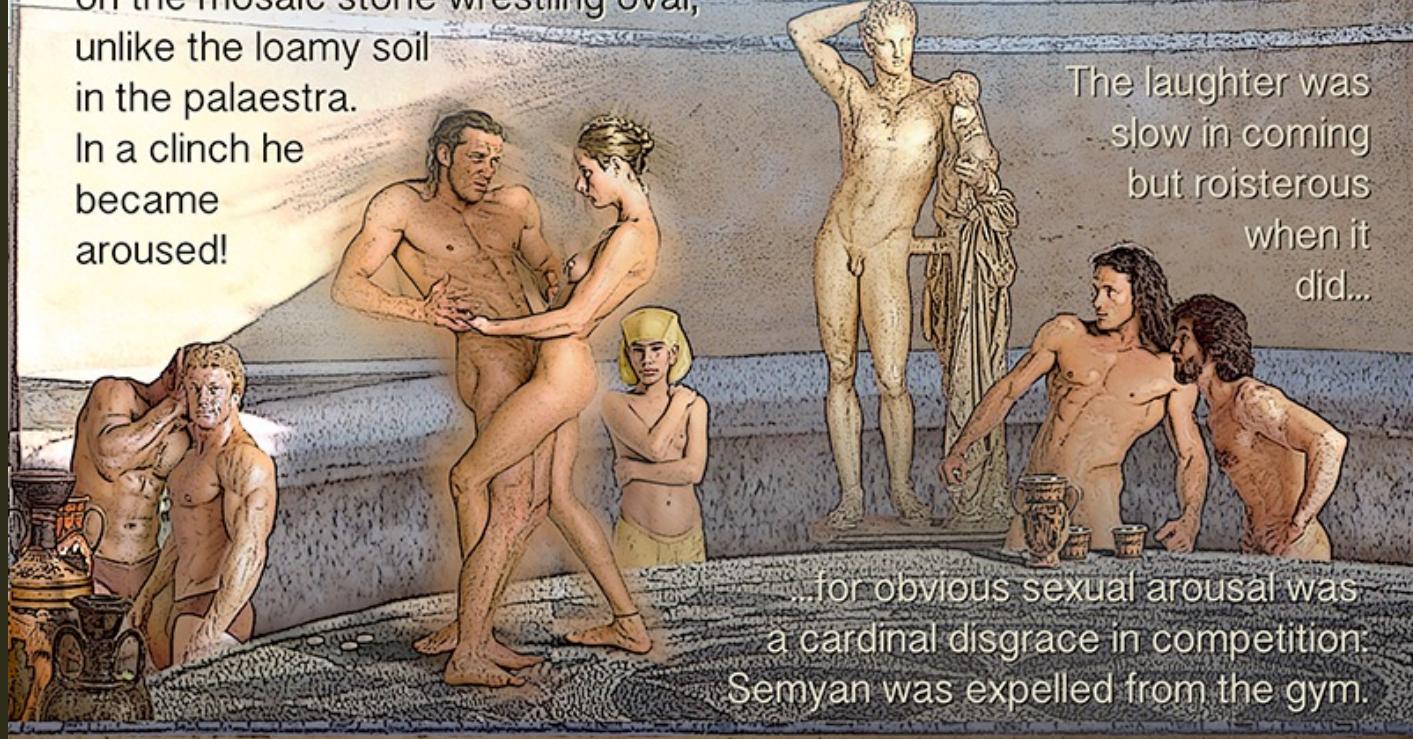


And so an alert Kiya entered the palaestra. As she expected, the ogre Semyan was soon a pest when the marshals weren't looking.



To everyone's astonishment, Kiya challenged Semyan to a wrestling fall. Semyan was amused until he realized the agile Kiya could maneuver quite well on the mosaic stone wrestling oval, unlike the loamy soil in the palaestra.

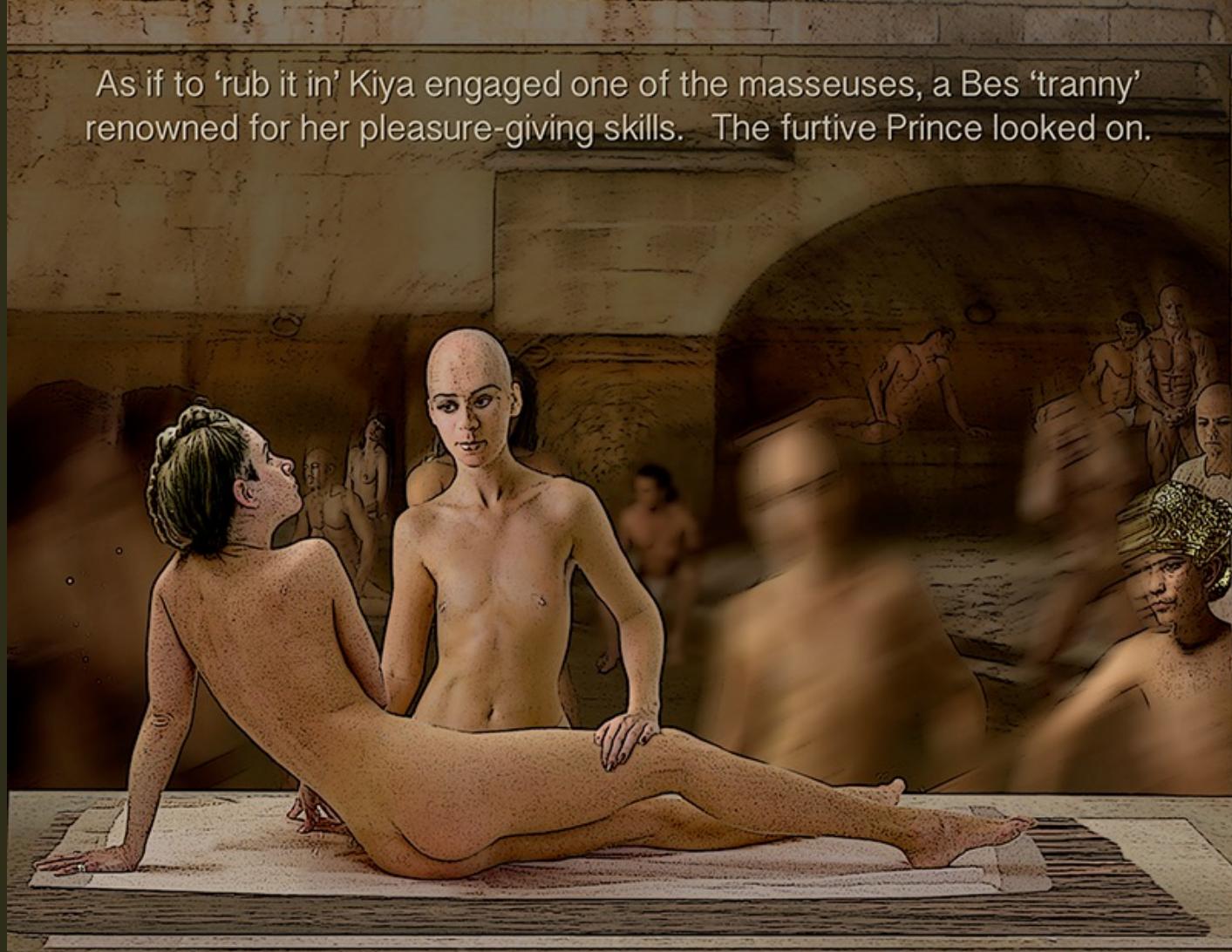
In a clinch he became aroused!



The laughter was slow in coming but roisterous when it did...

...for obvious sexual arousal was a cardinal disgrace in competition. Semyan was expelled from the gym.

As if to 'rub it in' Kiya engaged one of the masseuses, a Bes 'tranny' renowned for her pleasure-giving skills. The furtive Prince looked on.

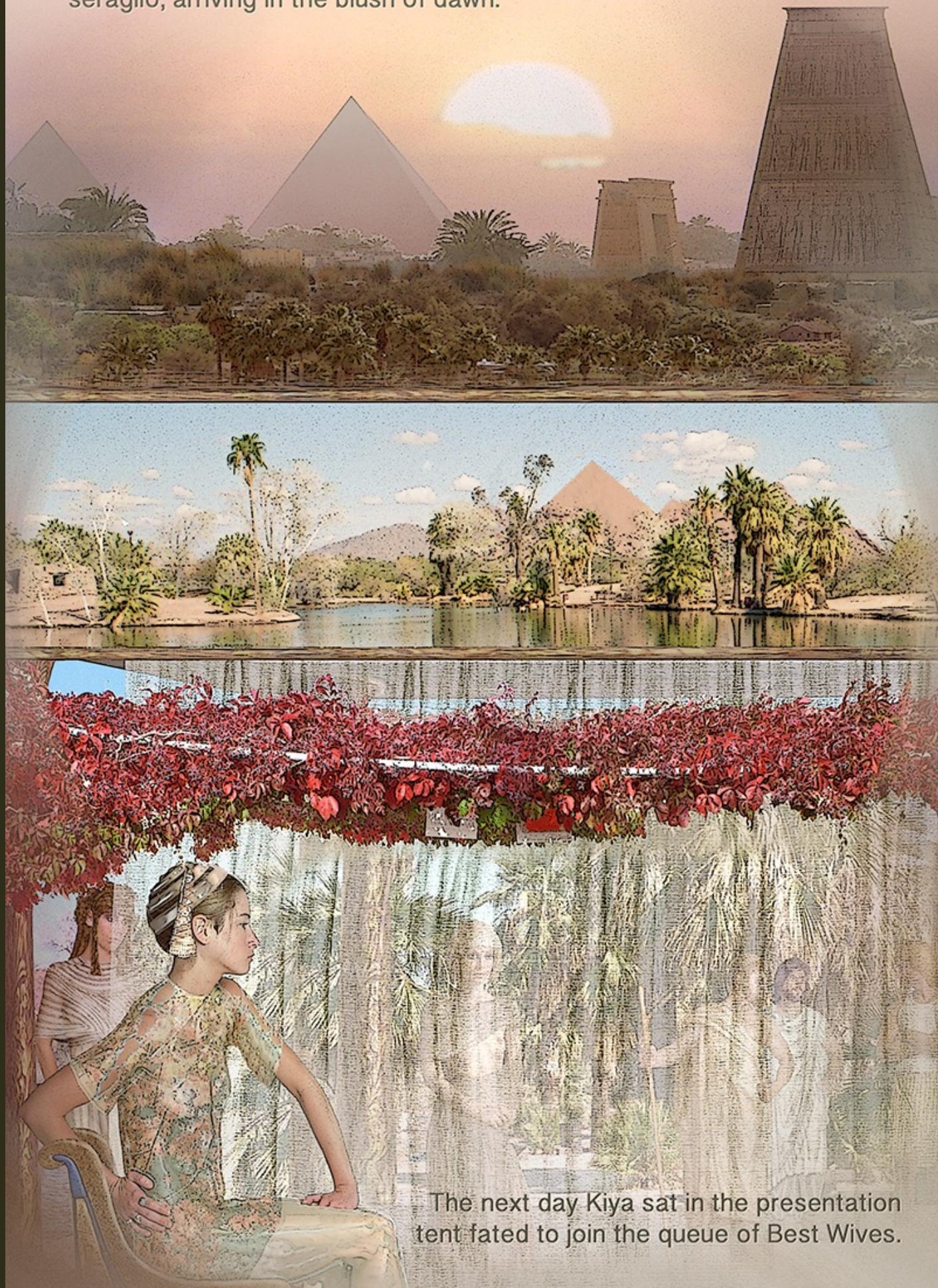


Tiye often conferred with the Lady Asya on court matters. The regime mavens strove to stay abreast of the exchanges between the two -- made difficult by Tiye's many cozy roosts in her expansive apartments.



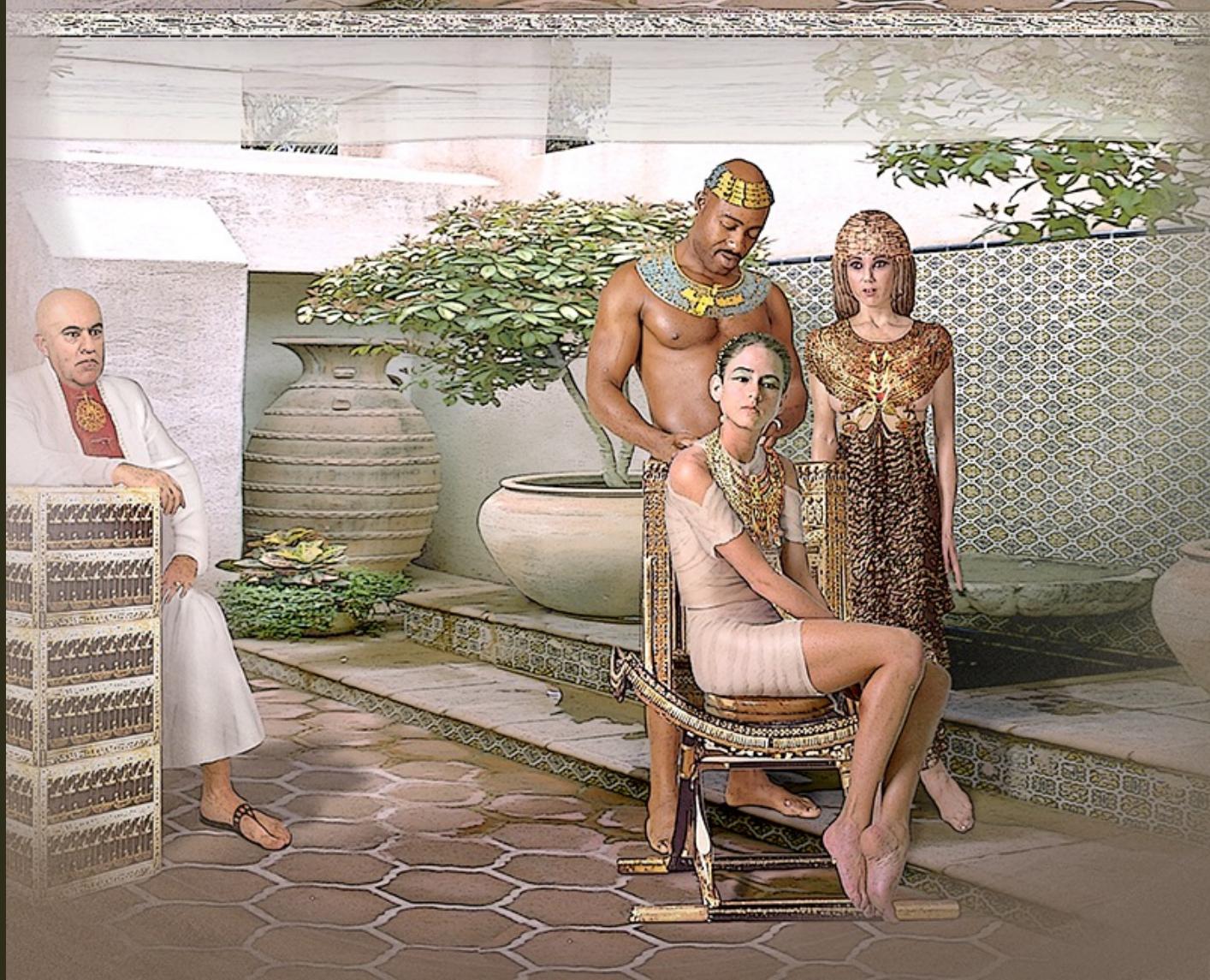
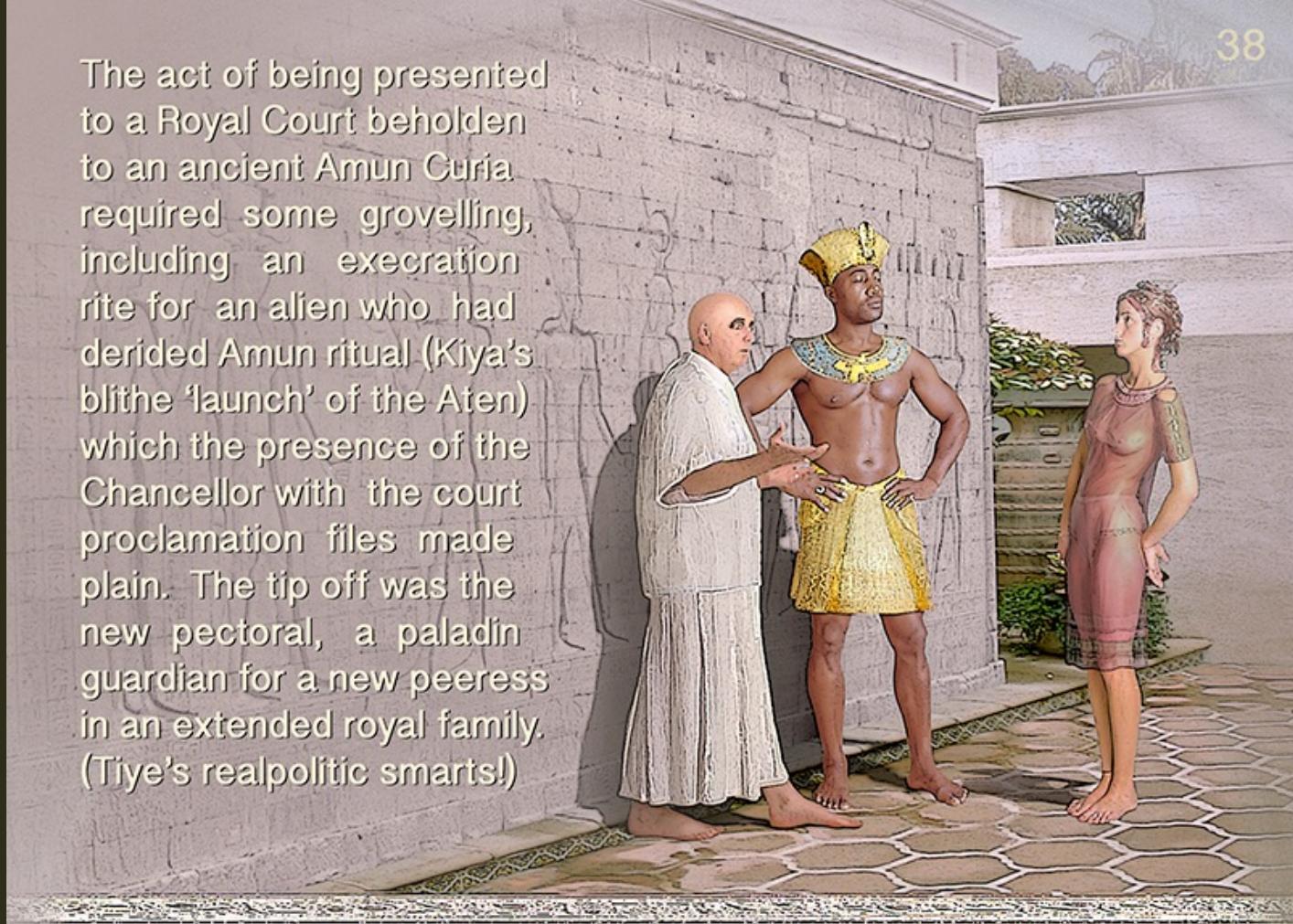
Asya was an able 'womanly' woman whose presence
Tiye still hoped might inspire the Prince to look beyond the 'boys' in his harem, his ring tails, his devoted 'aunts'.

In due course the loyal Medju was instructed to formally deliver his Mitanni 'gift' to the Memphis court and its bustling seraglio, arriving in the blush of dawn.

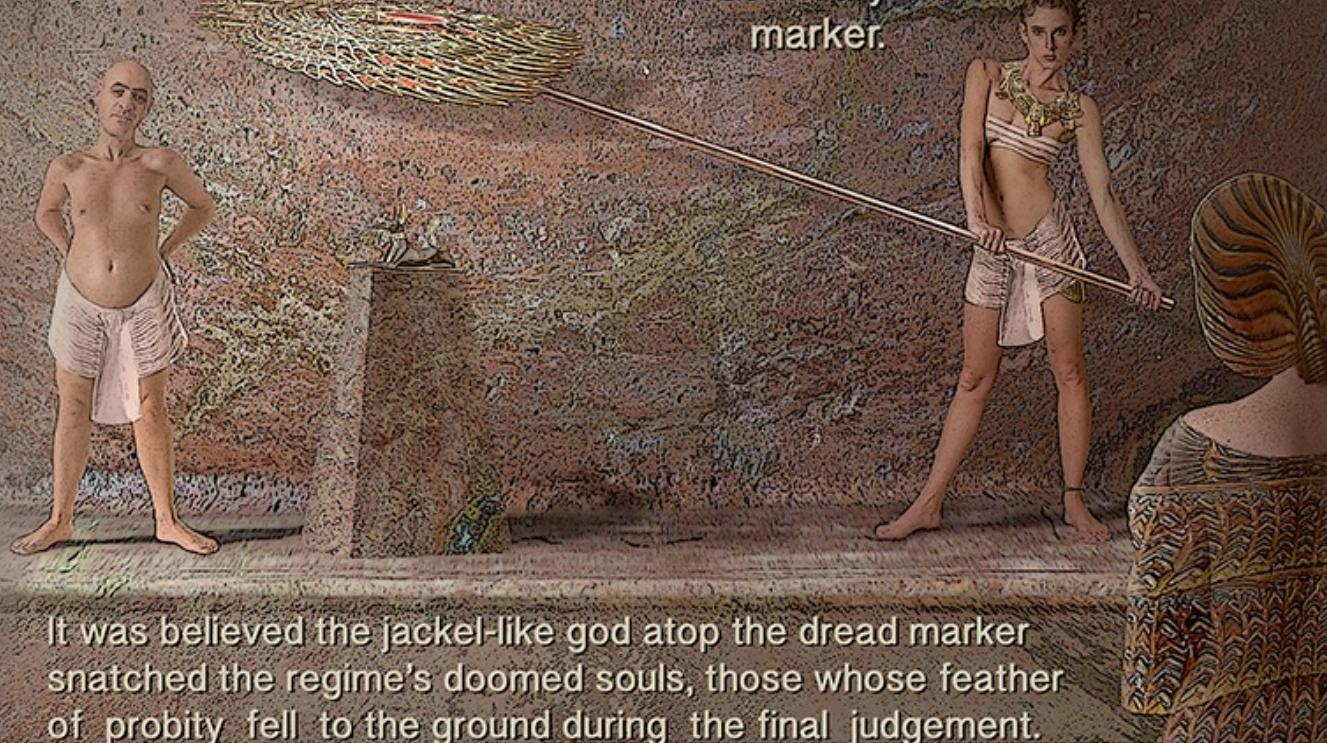


The next day Kiya sat in the presentation tent fated to join the queue of Best Wives.

The act of being presented to a Royal Court beholden to an ancient Amun Curia required some grovelling, including an execration rite for an alien who had derided Amun ritual (Kiya's blithe 'launch' of the Aten) which the presence of the Chancellor with the court proclamation files made plain. The tip off was the new pectoral, a paladin guardian for a new peeress in an extended royal family. (Tiye's realpolitik smarts!)



To test the pectoral's efficacy, Kiya snatched a vestment apron 39
and, with a puka, began dusting the head of a dwarf priest who
guarded the Maat
boundary
marker.



It was believed the jackal-like god atop the dread marker snatched the regime's doomed souls, those whose feather of probity fell to the ground during the final judgement.

The marshals soon had things in hand, while the dour Chancellor took custody of the pectoral, to be returned in due course Medju said, his words lost in the ensuing enfold quiet.



The formal Execration Rite proceeded as Tiye raised her arms slightly higher than the presiding priest's and stepped on Kiya's hands with but one foot, signaling the lesser, subordinate nature of the offence...while a line of shackled bent war prisoners awaiting execution shuffled by in the back of the temple vault.



Zelea, agreeing to Tiye's plan to help embarrass the Amunies and distance herself from Tiye's son, was seconded in Ay's household with Thera, where the servants got on with their jovial master who pretended to know few of them.

AY: Who's the smart redhead again? The one behind us.

SERVANT: That's Zelea's long-standing companion, Thera.

AY: That haik she wears is smashing. Very tickety boo.

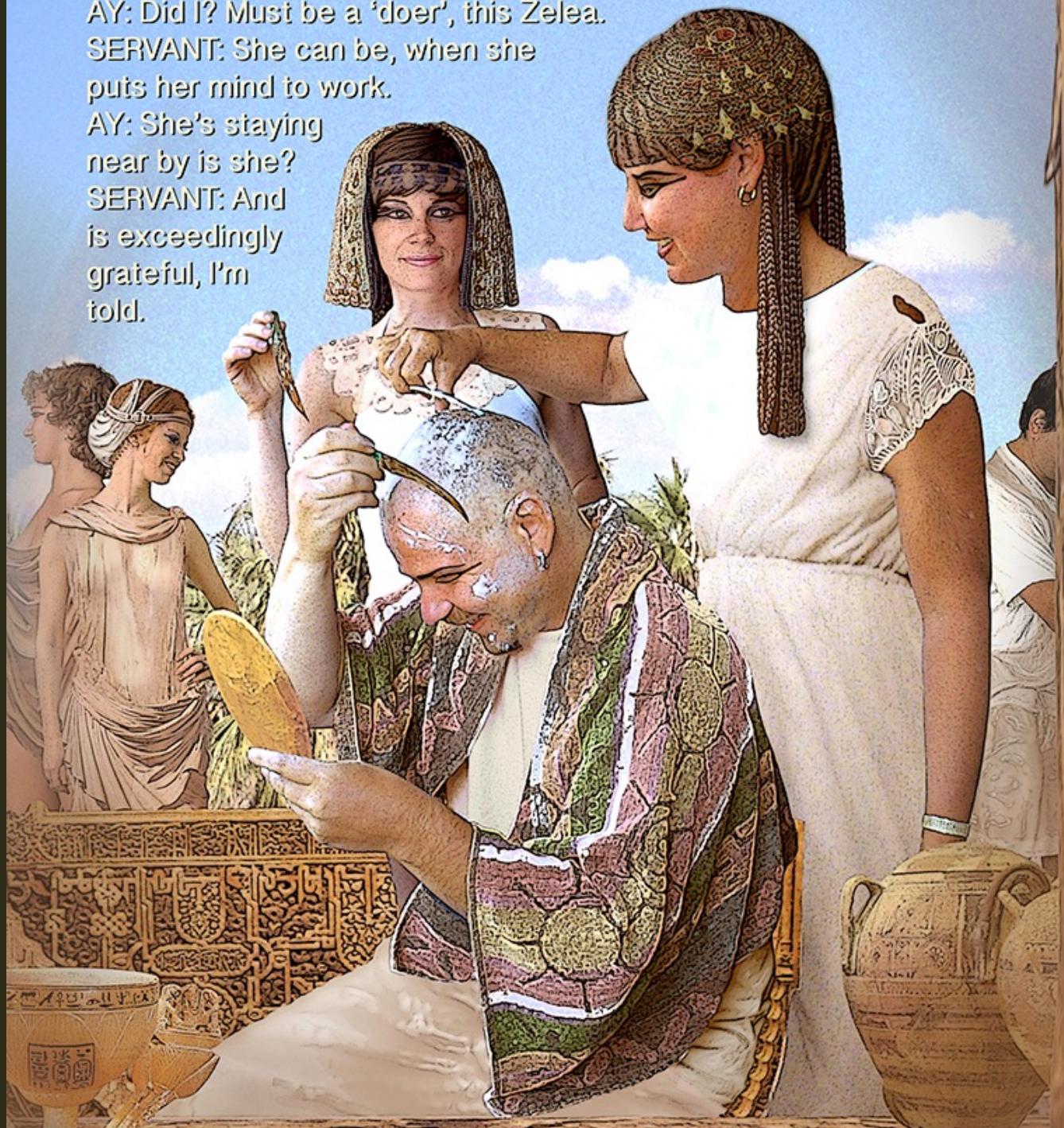
SERVANT: Must be, you instructed Sedu to design it.

AY: Did I? Must be a 'doer', this Zelea.

SERVANT: She can be, when she puts her mind to work.

AY: She's staying near by is she?

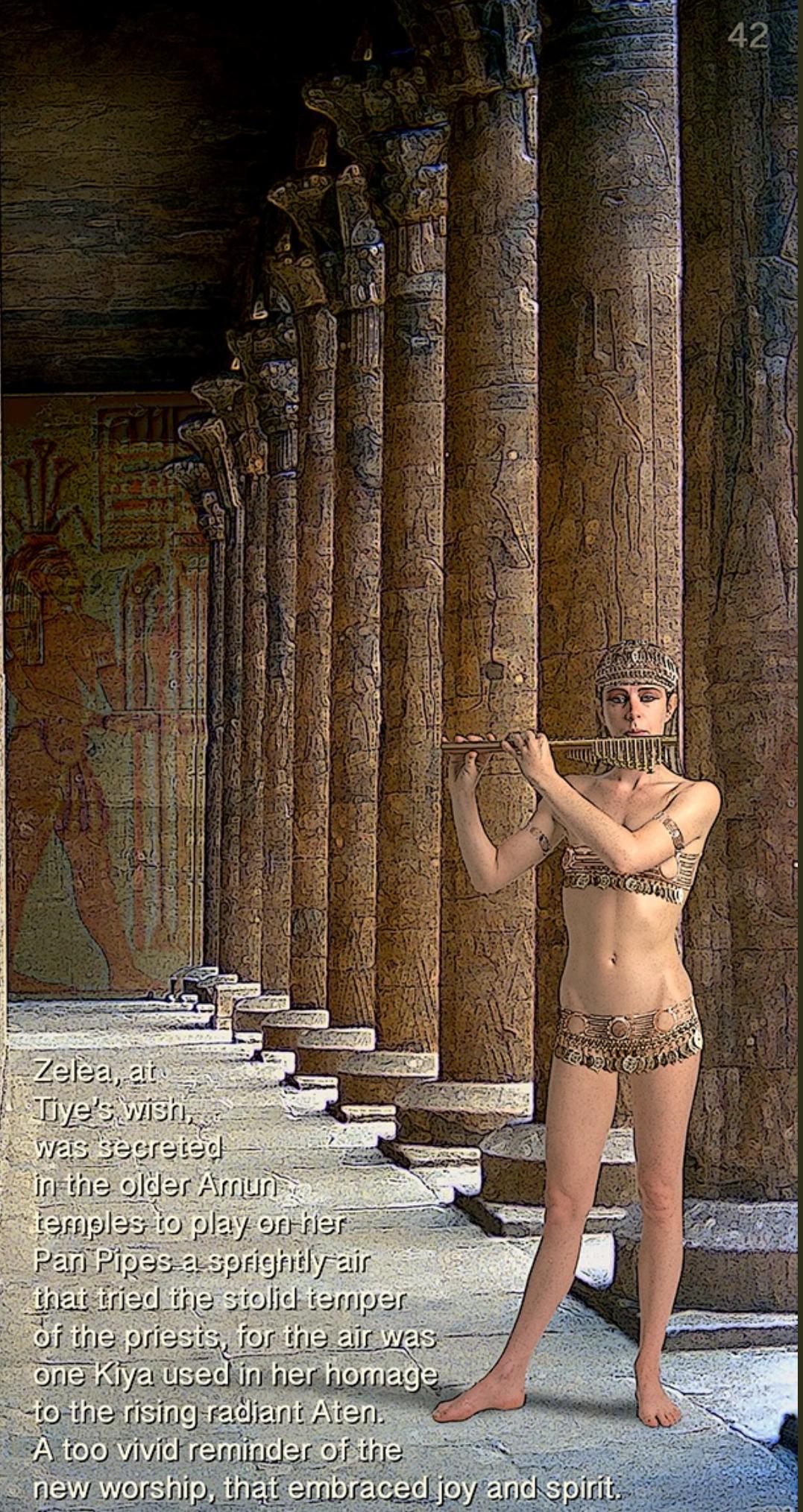
SERVANT: And is exceedingly grateful, I'm told.



AY: Concentrate now, you're not skinning a calf.

SERVANT: Oh much older and wiser than a calf.

AY: Which you need reminding of, far too often.



Zelea, at
Tiye's wish,
was secreted
in the older Amun
temples to play on her
Pan Pipes a sprightly air
that tried the stolid temper
of the priests, for the air was
one Kiya used in her homage
to the rising radiant Aten.
A too vivid reminder of the
new worship, that embraced joy and spirit.

Nefertiti becomes a Daughter of Maat, the goddess who champions truth, harmony, world order and justice.

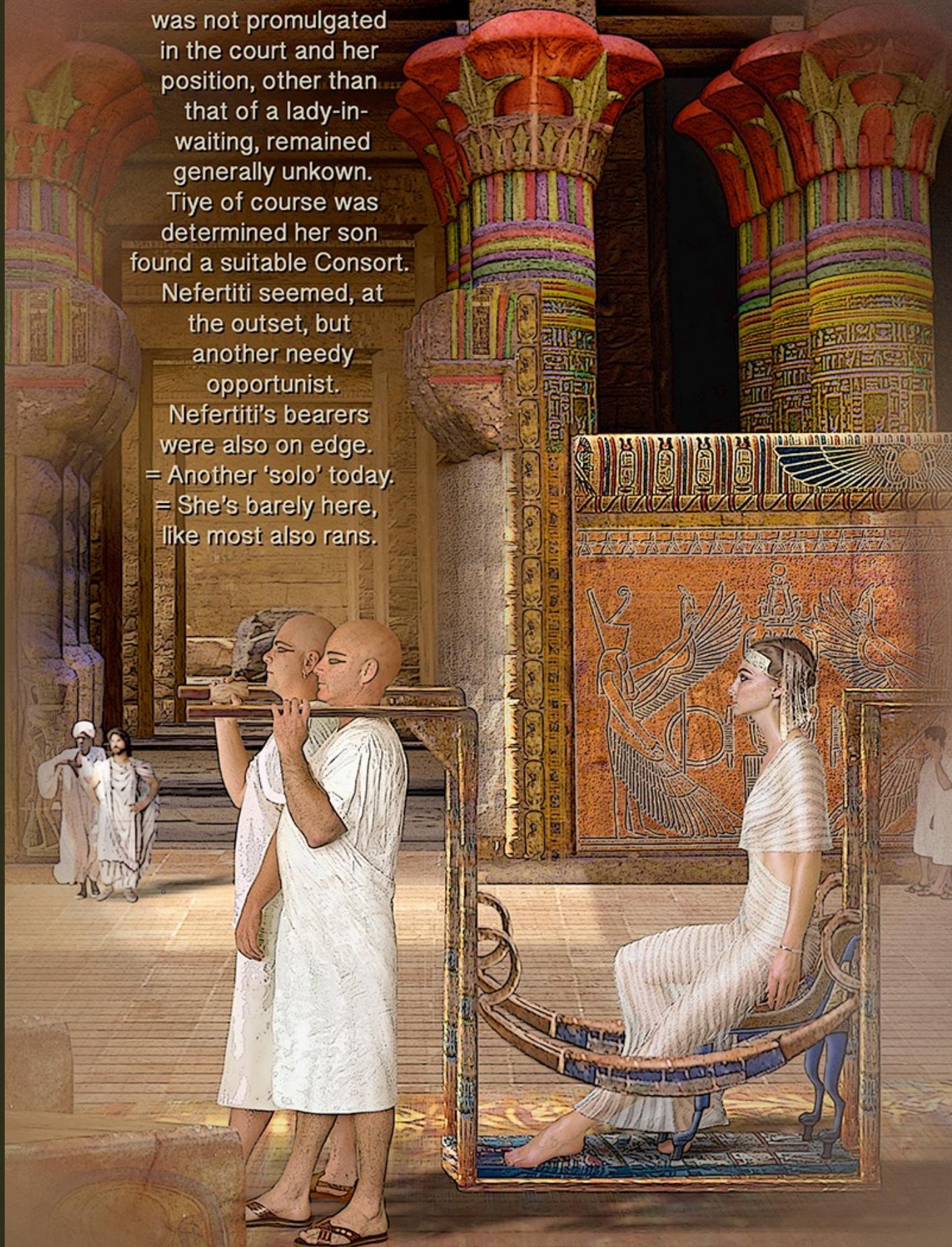


AY: Clever. The rite is
ages old and rarely invoked.
TIYE: Another croc in our
pantry. Not a lapwing after all.

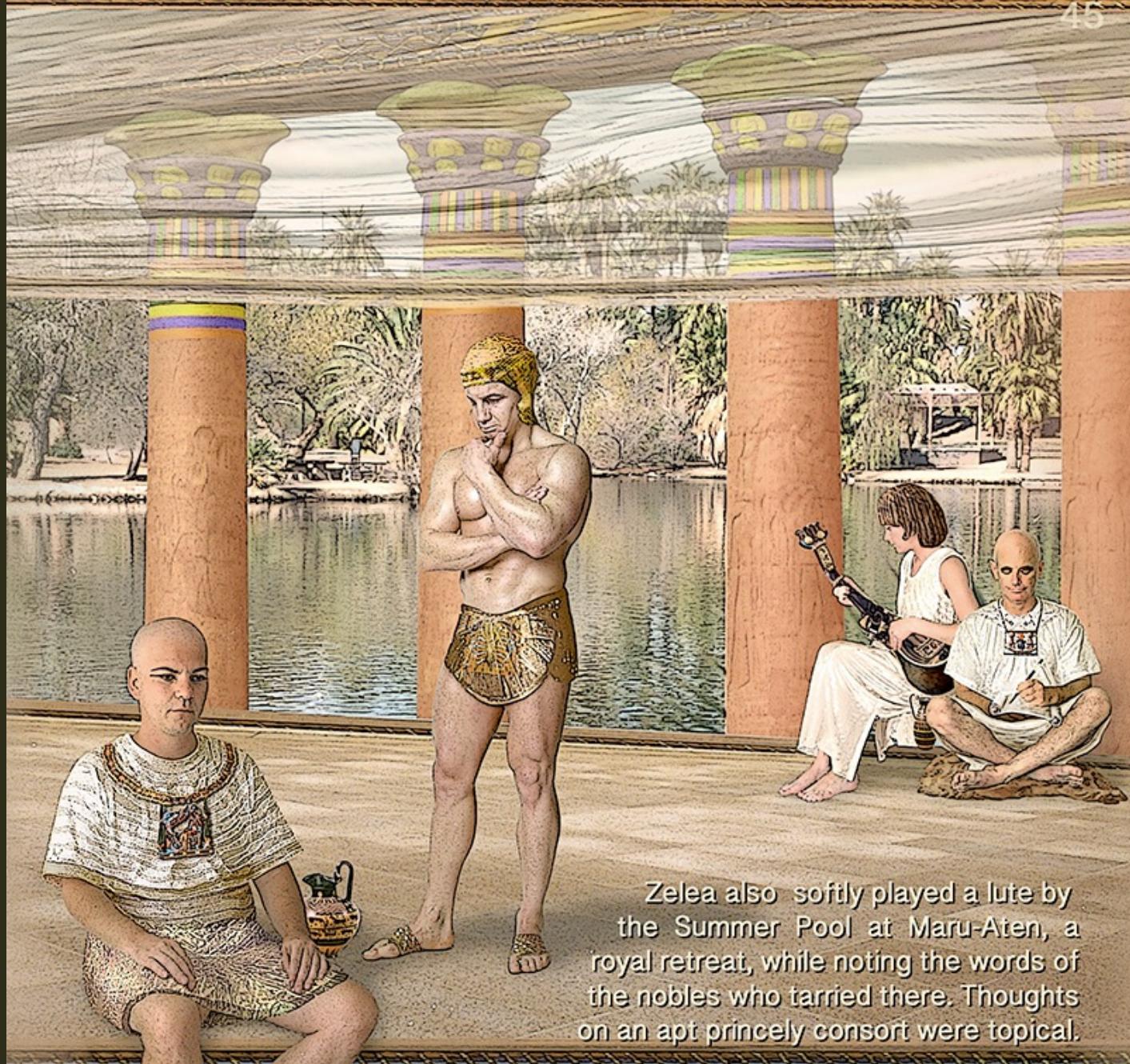
But Nefertiti's new status
was not promulgated
in the court and her
position, other than
that of a lady-in-
waiting, remained
generally unknown.
Tiye of course was
determined her son
found a suitable Consort.

Nefertiti seemed, at
the outset, but
another needy
opportunist.

Nefertiti's bearers
were also on edge.
= Another 'solo' today.
= She's barely here,
like most also rans.



= You got anything else lined up? If this be another crap out.
= Keeping one eye open. A new dhow shipyard up the river.



Zelea also softly played a lute by the Summer Pool at Maru-Aten, a royal retreat, while noting the words of the nobles who tarried there. Thoughts on an apt princely consort were topical.

Said one, 'It's out, this rumor about the Prince's new 'boy'. The toffy courtiers anticipate a new style of royal gown, one that showcases, as they put it, a 'fragrant sex'. It's likely piffle, yet a further rumor says that anxious Tiye is dusting out the vault.'

When Nefertiti visited Sedu, the court couturier, for a new gown, she was unaware Tiye had already instructed Sedu on what was required: a gown that 'flattered' a gamin figure by hiding the chest but not the belly and mons. By then realist Tiye needed a backup plan. Moreover, such a gown would be a test of Nefertiti's own resolve!

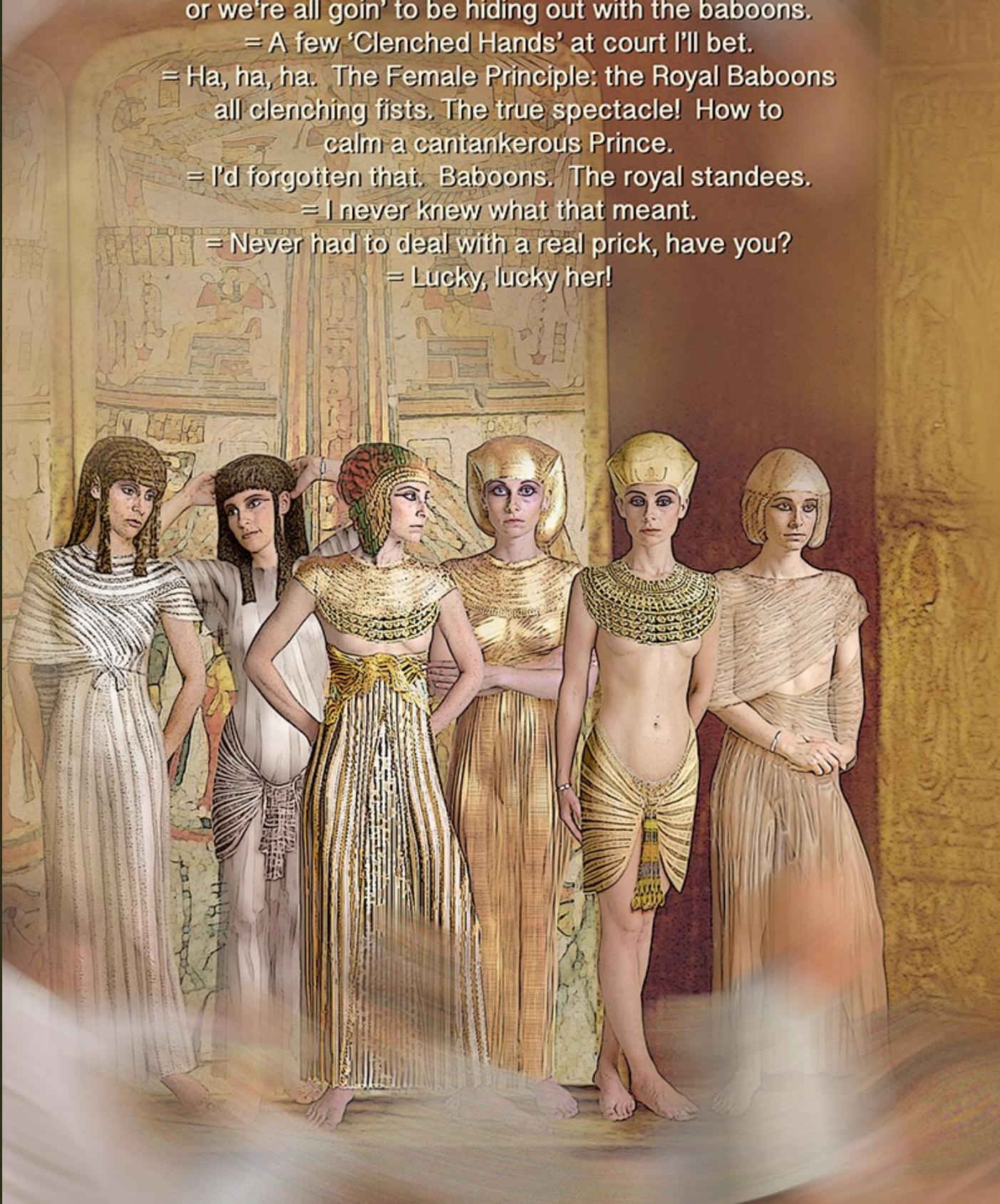


NEFERTITI: The pectoral's a gift from Ay's cousin. I hope you can incorporate it into one gown. A suggestion only.
SEDU: I've a model for the gown, who's about your size.
NEFERTITI: Fine. That'll lighten some of the guesswork.
SEDU (to herself): Today will be a fine test case, dear!

The Prince soon learned of Sedu's assignment and instigated a larger collection. Sedu was relieved because she hadn't broached Tiye's request with Nefertiti or the Chancellor. Nefertiti was delighted with the result.

The remarks of Sedu's observant assistants were less optimistic.

- = Nice, but not the peeled stuff Tiye asked for.
- = Let's hope the Great Aten Hymn is a show stopper, or we're all goin' to be hiding out with the baboons.
- = A few 'Clenched Hands' at court I'll bet.
- = Ha, ha, ha. The Female Principle: the Royal Baboons all clenching fists. The true spectacle! How to calm a cantankerous Prince.
- = I'd forgotten that. Baboons. The royal standees.
 - = I never knew what that meant.
- = Never had to deal with a real prick, have you?
 - = Lucky, lucky her!



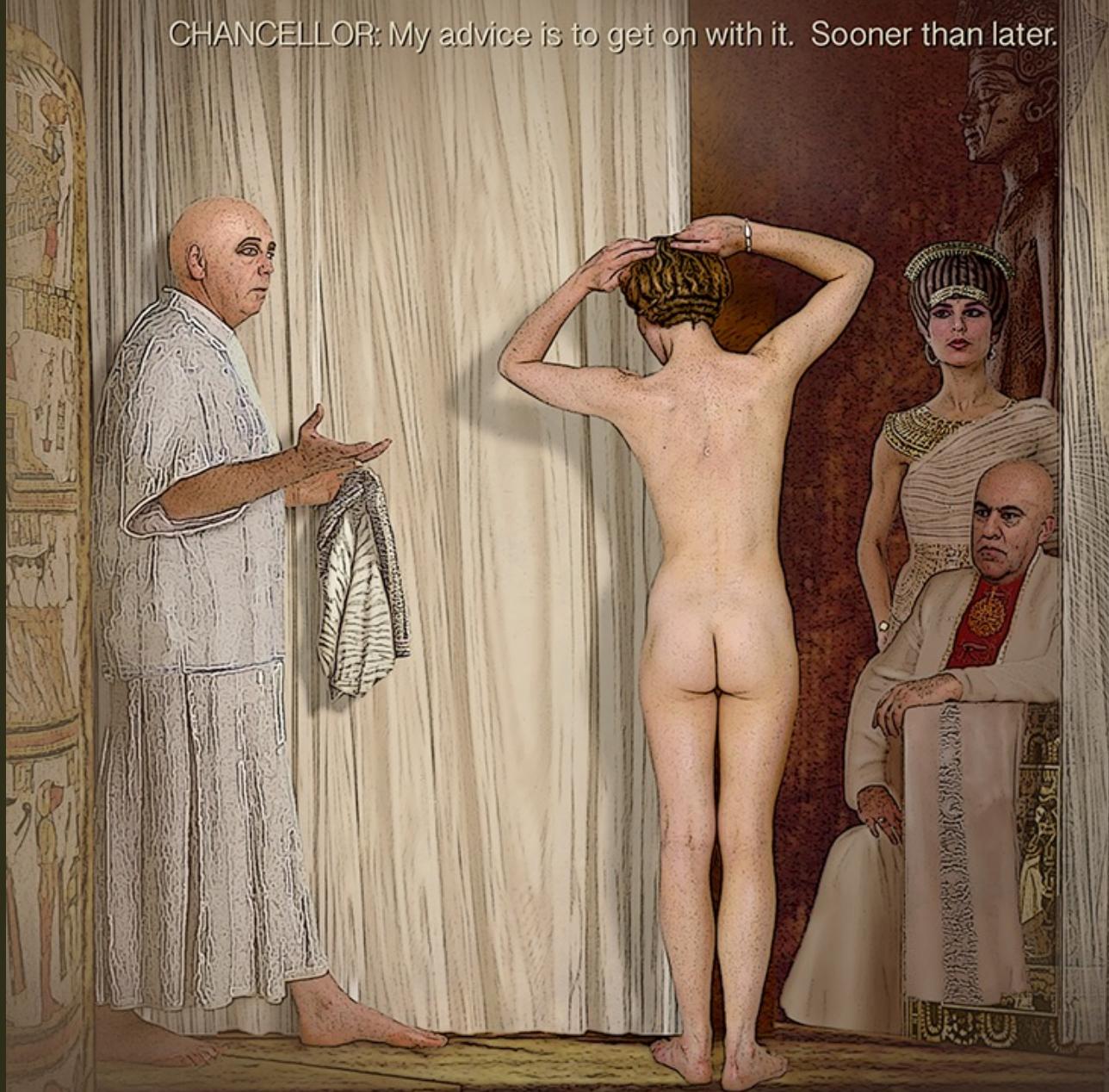
What finally stung Tiye was the rumour, initiated by the Amunies, that said Nefertiti was a freak, an androgyne -- making the Prince a 'bangster', infected with the Greek Curse. Tiye thus arranged for an Amunie diehard to examine Nefertiti, who would discover her to be 'arrestingly normal', as the Chancellor fondly remarked. Later he and Tiye compared notes.

TIYE: Her boyish form remains a problem. A womanly Hathor she is not, and a Hathor is needed to flesh out the Aten's fertile aspect.

CHANCELLOR: She has a fine contoured belly and labia. Put a gown on her that plainly shows all and the ambiguity is effaced. It's the "in" fashion anyway, this late resort to such deshabille.

TIYE: A sudden staging at the Window of Appearances, perhaps.

CHANCELLOR: My advice is to get on with it. Sooner than later.



It was Nefertiti's demure nature and her, till then, unremarked beauty that made the debut of the new gown the event it was. As much comment was generated by the Prince's fancy girdle, which amplified his manhood. The duo who would subsequently appear for many years at the 'Window of Appearances' was seen for a first time so matched -- a vision that would outlive both of them!



TIYE: Look how the cat bird stands, pretending indifference. How she taunts and hoodwinks him. Such artful self-effacement! Unbelievable!
CHANCELLOR: She'll do; she has poise and ready wit: she calls the new chatelaine who oversees her dress 'my under house parlor maid'.

In an artist's abode near the Valley of the Kings, Nefertiti elected
to devise a stance for the Window of Appearances. Her
old trusted servant, Nefer, in tow.

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NEFERTITI: A half silhouette I think, to greet the rising Aten.
Like so. This gown may be the best of the lot you think?

NEFER: A knockout. Olden gods often dressed so.

NEFERTITI: Bless them. If I can only get the giggles out.

NEFER: Giggles, smiggles. You're a flower in radiant bloom.
As the mystic said: a Nubile Goddess Forever.



Nefertiti's discovery of a particular shard of obsidian glass was a concern for her. She went to the devoutly mystical Medju for an explanation, knowing also that he was mindful of his own welfare!

NEFERTITI: The light shining through it reveals many colors. Is the uniate Aten then a family of Gods after all? I wonder.

MEDJU (suspicious): Perhaps the glass is playing a, a trick.

NEFERTITI: It is a curiosity, for the light of the Sun Disc is the Great Unifier. Perhaps it is a trick. A jealous spirit at work.

MEDJU: The tones blend. Maybe the God sees many children in It's transcendence. Children make you see color do they not?

NEFERTITI: You are a fine expositor, Medju.

The compliment she knew would rally the gatemouths, if need be.





One aspect of the tension between the Amunies and the court was the refurbishing of an older temple, the Aten artists working on one area as the Amun specialists appropriated another, creating a distinctive temple for public gaze, but a building few people actually felt comfortable with!

The 'problem bust' as it came to be known, was the first such sculpture Tuthmosis was retained to create, which Tiye was not happy with. The Chancellor, who actually liked the work, was stymied. Ay was happily away on a priestly recruitment drive when the problem bust was finished.

TIYE: She looks like some pie-eyed boy -- the problem, yes?

CHANCELLOR: Perhaps if the eyes were a little more...focused?

NEFERTITI: I think it's quite lovely.

TIYE: No one asked for your opinion.

CHANCELLOR: Perhaps, we might reconsider what it is we really need.

TIYE: We need a Hathor, not a cute dumpling, you knucklehead!



On his return Ay visits a dour Tuthmosis...

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Ay: The pectoral is
devised from a stitched fabric?

TUTHMOSIS: Yes. Though this one might be shelved too. Tiye's. obsessed with the eyes. The busts out front are the most life-like. Nefertiti is round-eyed and often looking down. But they expect a hard severe look. I may have to reset the eye's yet again. Pity.

A further complication was a pronouncement by the Pythia in Naucratis -- in response to a question placed by an Amun Lector who wished to know what Queen Consort would rule Egypt in the coming years. The answer was slyly ambiguous.

PYTHIA: An aristocratic alien with light skin...or a royal princess who rises from the dead!



The Orphic tale of 'light skinned' Nitocris then intimidated the royal seers, and the hunt for such a one caused a stir.

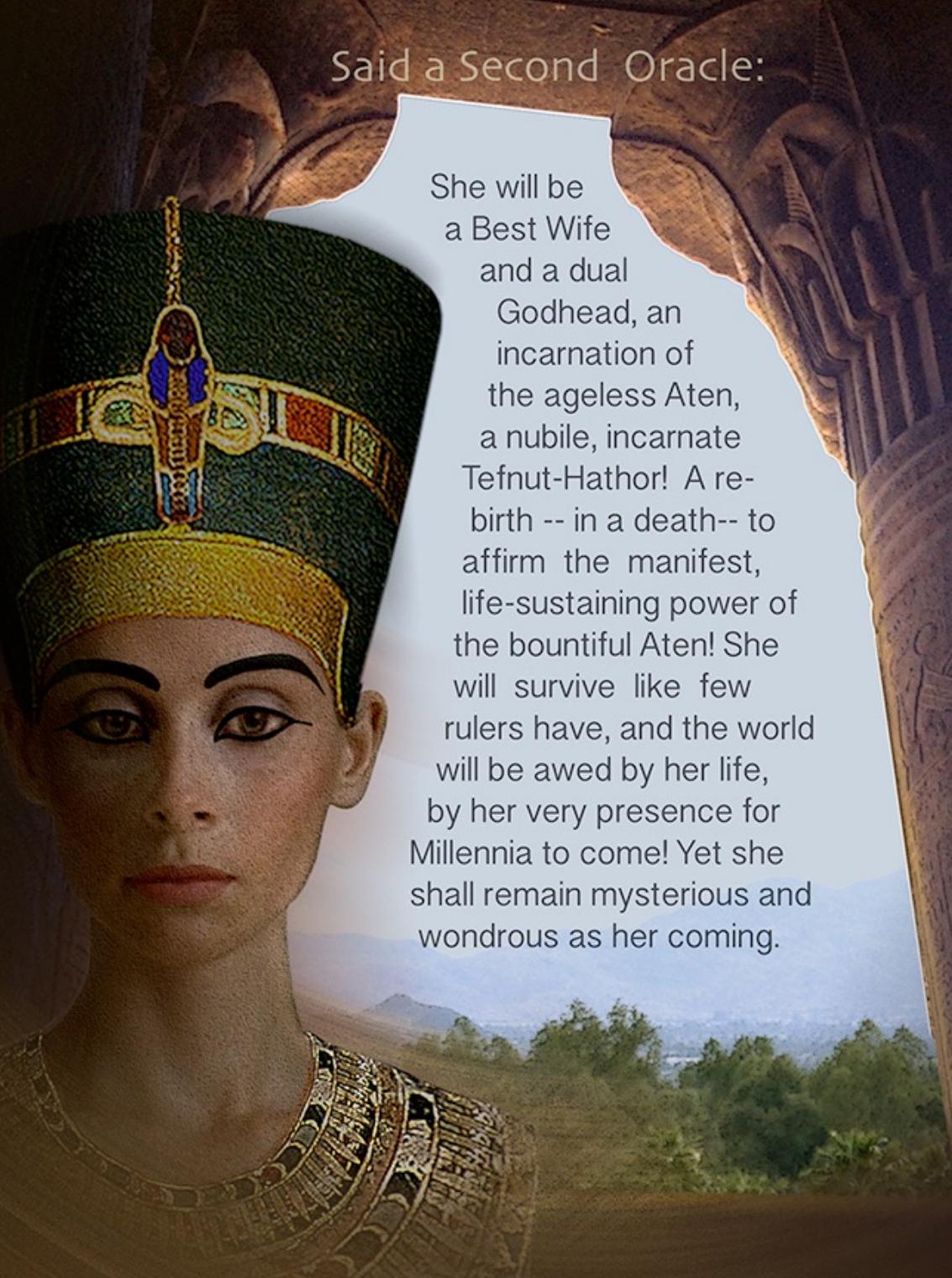
Tiye's faction tried to slight the Pythia's reply. Nefertiti knew the pronouncement would be bruited about and decided her best response must be quiet indifference. Indeed that day she bathed with her servants, to appear at ease.



Conspiratorial voices inside the shrine:

- = She has agreed then?
- = To the staging of the murder yes, in substance.
She's not thrilled about the requisite appearance in the necropolis, nor the use of a drug while she's there.
- = But she recognizes the exigency of the deed as the only way of foiling the Amun strategists with their newly prophesied Queen -- the Orphic tale of Nitocris?
= She does, yes. At the wadi then.

Said a Second Oracle:



She will be
a Best Wife
and a dual
Godhead, an
incarnation of
the ageless Aten,
a nubile, incarnate
Tefnut-Hathor! A re-
birth -- in a death-- to
affirm the manifest,
life-sustaining power of
the bountiful Aten! She
will survive like few
rulers have, and the world
will be awed by her life,
by her very presence for
Millennia to come! Yet she
shall remain mysterious and
wondrous as her coming.

Nefertiti took some comfort knowing that Ay and the Chancellor had fleshed out the details of the mock death. Thus she returned to the lake wadi to await the signal for she and Nefer, her devoted servant, to skip off by themselves to encounter the snakes Ay had planted. Nefer was terrified of snakes, and would not hang around.

NEFER: You look preoccupied.

NEFERTITI: A little tired.

Maybe we should take a stroll by ourselves, yes?.

NEFER: Maybe so. I'll get some fruit to take..





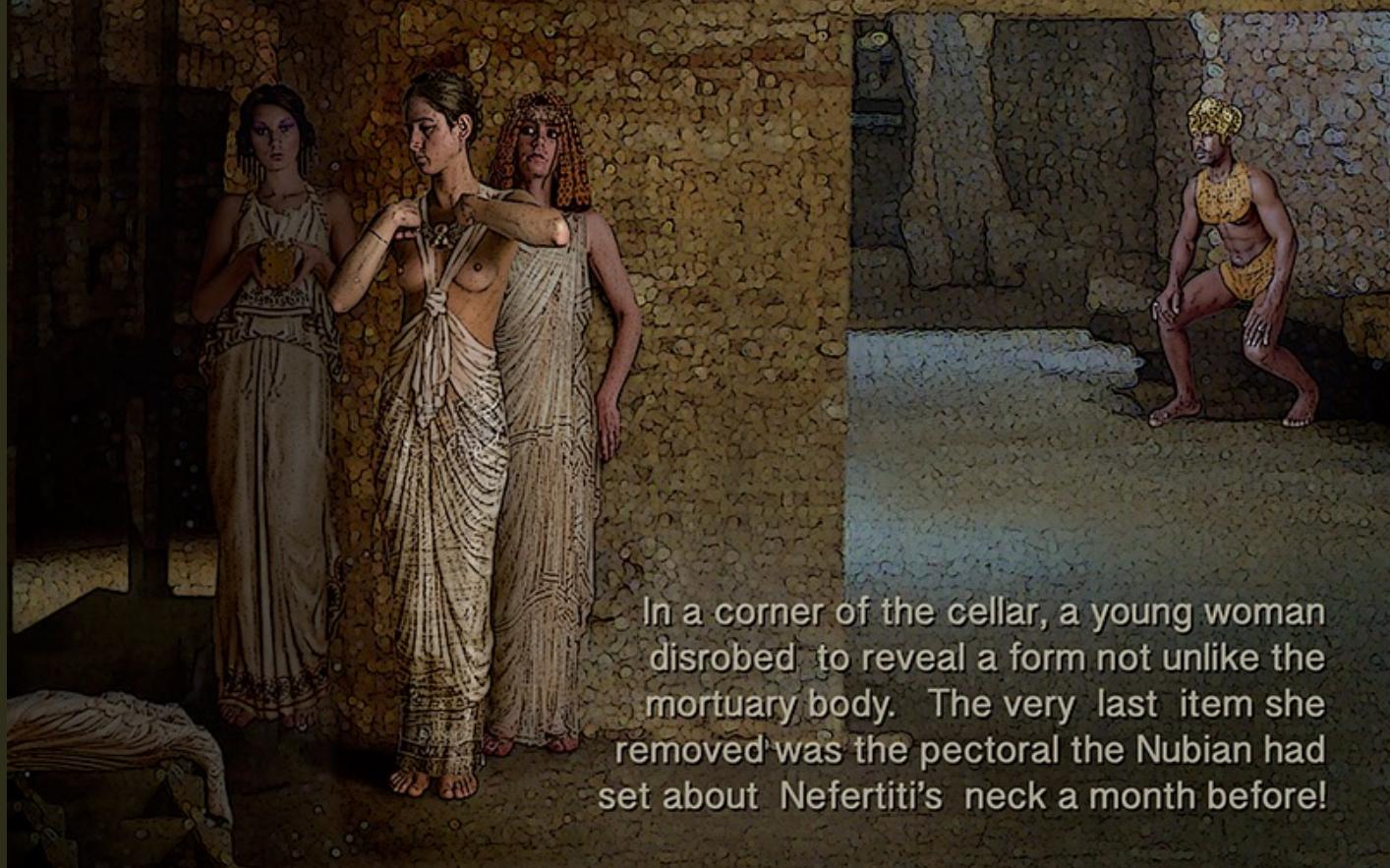
The well-rehearsed attack with Ay's pet python!



A local farmer saw a woman pull the limp form onto an embankment and steal the pectoral -- the ruse to get Nefertiti out of the water to allow the 'drowned' lady to be found by the local police and removed to a necropolis.



Thence -- to an embalmer's pier, in the Amun necropolis, came a fresh body with limbs bound to deter assault. The Amun Elders proclaimed no unusual event, treating the demise as the death of an apostate, and allotted a mere bondwoman's burial rite. But as Nut's reign reached its apogee that night, a most odd incident in a storage cellar took place.



In a corner of the cellar, a young woman disrobed to reveal a form not unlike the mortuary body. The very last item she removed was the pectoral the Nubian had set about Nefertiti's neck a month before!



After her 'resurrection' Nefertiti spent a while as a 'shade queen' at Maru-Aten. Kiya continued to extoll the Aten and would become a Best Wife herself. She and Ay played a board game before she left a last time for the interior. Speculators never learned who in fact won.

Tiye's last move was to send Kiya back to the provinces, to keep the Aten aura, its spirited and beneficent presence, intact, should the Amunies stage a comeback, particularly in the cities. Ay set out the itinerary, the allotted guard escort and supply caravan.



Asya listened in. How long? she asked. About five months, said Ay. Said canny Kiya, Until the old king croaks. That's a lot of sun, said Asya, and urged Ay to alter the allotments of water, oils, tents and sand screens.

The young Prince's liaison with chic Nefertiti became fused with a devotion to the Sun Disc, the Aten, a devotion that would eclipse two millennia of venerable adulation of the old gods, their natures, myths and legends.



When he died his reign would be expunged from the royal archives and his rule remain unknown until the modern era.