

To **High Priest Menkheperre**
Aten Temple, Helios Gate,
IUNU

19th of Shemu Month IV
In the 18th year of Senusret III's Pharaonate

Menkheperre,

By the waning rays of Ra, whose barque no longer burns across the sky, I send you this letter. You walk in the light of the Aten now. I write from what was once the house of the sun.

The morning sky is a wound.

On the fourth day of the Shemu festival, as the obelisks turned their sharp praise to the heavens, the sun did not rise golden. It rose hollow. A disc of shadow rimmed in light—a crown with no king. We fell to our knees. Some wailed. Others vomited. Even the sacred ibises fled the reflecting pool.

We anointed the altar. We sang the ancient hymns. I invoked the seventy-two names of Ra—but no warmth came. The priests turned to me, and I had no words. Only the feeling that something had left.

Your Aten would call this *purification*. A new light, stripped of gods. But I say this is abandonment. This is Ra turning his back, or worse—Ra being unmade.

You tell the people we no longer need statues, rituals, amulets. But without them, we have only absence. What Akhenaten sees as simplicity, I see as emptiness. And now, the sun itself follows suit.

The Nile has turned erratic. The floods do not come when they should. The people whisper that the gods are angry—but I fear they are simply gone.

Menkheperre, I do not write to challenge your authority. I write because if this is the new order, if the Aten has swallowed Ra, then we must decide what it means to be Egyptian when the Eye of Heaven no longer sees us.

Preserve this scroll in the vault beneath the High Gate. Hide it where only the old records sleep. Let it be read when the statues are raised again, and someone wonders what became of the priests of the sun.

Let it be known:

In the reign of Pharaoh Senusret III, when the great river receded and the shrines fell silent, Ankhuemmaat, servant of the House of Life, inscribed the sudden red eclipse over Waset, that the dimming of Ra's eye should not swallow the breath of Kemet into the sands.

You are receiving this letter because you once stood beside me, before Akhenaten rose, when Ra still answered. Read this not as defiance, but as a cry from the other side of light.

May Ma'at guide your silence.

In ash and longing,
Ankhuemmaat
High Priest of Ra
WASET