

the queen of egypt

By thiefchild

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yeah...just as it says. its a fairytale i made up for school. plz tell me if its good or not =D

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/thiefchild/34405/the-queen-of-egypt>

Chapter 1 - the queen of egypt

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1 - the queen of egypt

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Once upon a time, in the era of immortality in Egypt, there lived a young girl of about 15 years of age
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<b>Once upon a time, in the era of immortality in Egypt, there lived a young girl of about 15 years of age. She had olive skin and long, black hair ties with many gold ornaments. Her gown was made of light silk, embroidered with brown leaves. Dark kohl lined her eyes, illuminating her grey-green orbs, abnormal to so many women among the household. A knock rapped on</b><b> Lily</b><b>'s Ebony
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quilted door. Atemu, the current ruling pharaoh of the realm, also her biological father, strode into the room. He glittered with unequaled jewelry that was traditional for the kings of Egypt, but he didn't need jewels to prove his status. He wore power like a cloak. "**Lily**! Viymese Ishbal is here to see you...she said it was quite important. AND DON'T SLOUCH!" Atemu swiftly turned and slammed the door behind him, leaving **Lily** blinking in his midst. Quickly she changed into light velvet breeches and cotton shirt. Pulling on her black leather boots, she got excited. "maybe we'll go hunting again!" she exclaimed aloud, pulling on her brown cloak. Although it was summer, the nights were chilly. She practically ran out into the courtyard. The Nile loomed ahead of her, the light playing on the water, the trees swaying softly in the breeze. Viymese Ishbal sat on the bank, meditating. Quietly, so as not to disturb her, **Lily** sat down next to her father's servant. Her effort failed, because Ishbal came out of her trance immediately. Ishbal was an old woman, of about sixty years old. Her white hair fell to her waist, tied in a long, straight braid. Her tunic was well made, but only worth about 10 **Geneih**. She had straw sandals, and her toes were ghastly and gnarled. Suddenly, Ishbal chanted softly, a tear running down her wrinkled face. **Lily** leaned in, but the language was one she wasn't familiar with. "I'm...so sorry, the pharaoh...he ordered me to..." **Lily** stood up, scared. With a deafening crack silver light enveloped **Lily**, smothering her in blinding light. **Lily** woke up in a dark room. The cold was unforgiving, and the only light that was in the room was from 5 grates in the wall, letting in slithers of light here and there. **Lily** looked out of her 'prison' window. It looked down onto swirling desert. Fearful, **Lily** screamed and screamed till she had no breath, begging for someone to let her out, to find her. No one answered to her desperate cry. Weeping, **Lily** sank to the foot of her sturdy bed. Three days and two nights she waited, now hysterical for the lack of food and water. Oh, how she longed for the sweet taste of red wine, of heated apple juice, the taste of freshly baked bread. About one mile away, Cleopatra, Daughter of pharaoh Atemu and sister of **Lily**, rode in disguise as an Egyptian warrior. She had cut her long black hair short, and stolen armor from a nearby inn, and had also bought a noble steed with the money from her palace clothes. Cleopatra was looking for a dank tower, after hearing the terrible truth from Ishbal. Cleopatra heard her sisters' cry of despair and rode towards the sound. Right in front of her stood the tower, tall and lonesome. Thinking it would probably go better if **Lily** didn't know it was the daughter of her assailant, Cleopatra put on a different voice and called: "Fair princess! Do not despair, for I am here to rescue you! Tie your bedclothes together then try to damage the grates!" **Lily** did as she was told, desperately tying her bed sheets together to form a rope, then thumped on the grates with all the strength she had. The once metal bars crumbled against her weight, giving away from centuries of rust on them. **Lily** threw her bed sheets out of the window and climbed down, quickly, ignoring the pain in her arms. Immediately she hoisted herself onto her savior's steed. They rode at top speed to Alexandria, stopping only to feed **Lily** the plentiful food stored in Cleopatra's saddle blanket. Finally the imperial city's lighthouse rose into view, and a flicker of hope pierced **Lily**'s heart. If the people of Egypt knew of Atemu's assault to her, they would overthrow the pharaoh and elect a new one. A strong one. One who would look after Egypt properly. As soon as Cleopatra and **Lily** strode into the city, the peasants cheered with admiration. Confused, Yula asked her supposed "knight" how they could've known, only a member of the royal family could get the news to travel that fast. Grinning widely, Cleopatra shod off her helmet and revealed her true identity. **Lily**'s eyes filled with tears of realization, and she hugged her sister like the morning sun would never appear on the horizon again. On their triumphant ride through her palace kingdom, **Lily** and Cleopatra passed the executioner block. They gasped in shock when they saw their fathers head on

a wooden pike, his body left to rot on the mud-ridden street. A tear lined each sister's cheek. Assailant or no, Atemu was still their father. They were greeted with thunderous applause as they entered the antechamber. When **Lily** passed the villagers , they bowed low. Confused, **Lily** looked up to the head chair, the one where all kings and queens of Egypt sat when their coronation occurred. On either side of the magnificent chair was a tapestry embroidered with the image of **Lily** wearing the traditional Pharaohs clothing. Jaw nearly attached to the floor, **Lily** realized why the villagers were bowing. She was now the ruler of Egypt. Eyes wide with amazement, she turned to her sister. She was avoiding her eyes. It was stunningly obvious that Cleopatra wanted to be queen, to rule over both upper and Lower Egypt. Biting her lip, **Lily** faced the crowd of people that were assembled in the chamber. "My people!" **Lily** said, her heart racing. "I am not the queen which you seek. If it wasn't for my beloved sister, I would still be in that tower, alone and starving. Make her Queen, and reap the benefits!" The people cheered and bowed low to Cleopatra. She was awarded her coronation symbols, and sat down on the throne. Cleopatra made **Lily** her private adviser, and they all lived happily ever after in the palace of Alexandria overlooking the never-ending sea.

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