# Horus

# T H E C E R E M O N Y

King Horus stood from behind a thick velvet curtain, admiring his throne room. Eight pillars, each a sculpture of the gods, surrounded the massive throne room. Meniehm, the goddess of intellect, stood proud with those wild curls down her spine and a third eye engraved on her forehead. She was across from Zaragosa, the God of water. Crashing waves swirled in a circle around Zaragosa’s frame as the Staff of Charlotte laid in his grip. Delorme, the God of fire, held a small flame in each of his six hands and his menacing vertical pupils sent a chill down Horus’ spine. While Malhotra, the Goddess of healing appeared angelic with wings stretched behind her back. The presence of the eight gods lived within the engraved stone figures as each held a place in history of Belbourne. The throne room was a mere reflection of the gods’ influence, both grandeur and reverent in nature.

A set of footsteps approached. Horus let out a sigh, knowing his moment of privacy had left.

“You need rest, your Grace,” Yasuke said from behind Horus.

“Not now, the ceremony is to begin.” Horus refuted.

“I saw what bit you. That was no ordinary snake. Vissers numb your magic for who knows how long.”

“I am healed now. There is no cause for alarm.”

“I’m sure you are, your Grace.”

Horus pulled his attention from the crowd and threw it to Yasuke.

“What is it that you want to say?”

“Mysteriously your enemies acquired your *one* weakness, and equally curious, a Conjurer came to your aid. All right before the entire country would be gathered together.”

Yasuke had a point. Horus was so consumed with finding the truth… Was he blindly walking into a trap?

“May I propose a suggestion, your Grace?”

Horus nodded.

“If I were you, I would get your family to their chambers, lock the doors of the throne room then slaughter the Lynnhavens and the Argonese.”

“And defile Tyrio’s ceremony with chicanery!”

“What you call tricks, I call justice.”

Silence held the breath between them.

“You asked me only hours ago, *among your friends to find your enemy*. I have done that. No matter your choice, I will defend your decision to the death, your Grace,” said Yasuke, he left and made his way back to his seat near Lord Hashi.

Horus took his sight back to the throne room and his guests, but Yasuke’s words bit into his mind more than he admitted. Who was the man who healed him? Where did the Visser come from? Simultaneously, Horus’ enemies were everywhere and nowhere.

Horus then found *them* among the crowd. The people not worth mentioning a name.

The Lynnhavens.

 His blood boiled watching Lord Winston’s big belly shuffle in his seat. The man took up two spots on the plush bench, he was so large. The hair on his head now only grew above his ears. Years of wearing hats turned the man all but bald.

“Your Grace, we are ready to begin.” Nuria said, bowing.

Horus stepped out in front of the crowd. Only the royal-born were permitted entry into this room. Walking past the two sentries standing guard, he climbed atop the shimmering black staircase to Zeldin’s Throne: The throne for the one true King.

Floating shards of obsidian swayed in the air, staying within a confined area synched to one spot. Iron and gold engraved in the steps led up to the seat in a complex pattern of petrified dragon scales with ancient jewels scattered throughout. On the wall behind Horus was the design of an eight-pointed flake of snow; each point symbolized one of the eight gods decorated with lapis lazuli, onyx, and yellow diamonds. When Horus drew closer, the levitating pieces of black glass merged into a chair. The spine of the throne comprised of eight shards each long as a spear. Zeldin’s Throne was immaculate in creation, truly made for descendants of gods. Nothing less.

“Thank you all for your appearance tonight. Though this sad occasion has brought us together, we will celebrate Lord Tyrio’s life.” Horus studied the room around him. All the faces of individuals at one point in time he may have trusted. Now, with Tyrio and Calvin gone, everyone was an enemy.

“Belbourne is a symbol of what we can accomplish, no matter the cultural difference that exist between us. We can learn something from each of us. Last summer I tried Plumqais for the first time. I had no clue they were the berries in Plum pie, and they are also in many cleaning materials. This is most valuable import from Orischka, and even though nothing else can grow in that environment, Plumqais flourish.” Horus smiled at the Orischkan audience- the Chieftain in particular.

“Even in Quelize and Argon. The best wine comes from Quelize and the supplest lamb I have ever tried originated from Argon. It is amazing what happens when we put all of these goods together and what we can create.” Horus turned to Lord Hashi.

“Lastly, the Khlothüese family. The mines full of charcoal and iron provide almost every other nation with the raw resources for weaponry. We will begin the ceremony with our neighbors to the west. Not only that, but Khlotho is the home of the Goddess Malhotra. Today we will see her in action through Lord Hashi’s youngest daughter. Please help me welcome Lady Akiko.”

The crowd burst into an applause.

Akiko presented an Urhu, a two-stringed bowed musical instrument, to House Savinaun.

“When Lord Tyrio visited our home a few summers back, he was infatuated with the music of our people. I present this to your family in honor of the High Priest.” Akiko said.

“Thank you.” A teary-eyed Mateo said.

Mateo took the instrument from Akiko’s hands. Horus had not seen Mateo in this manner: vulnerable.

Akiko bowed with a fist in her palm and then took center stage.

Her garment was in the classic colors of Malhotra- ice blue and pearl white. She donned a pyramid headdress with two white and blue ombre ribbons that feel past her knees. She embodied the goddess Malhotra with perfection. Even as she stood still, the crowd waited her movement with bated breath.

As Horus watched, Rahmel his middle son, rushed up the steps to him.

“Father I have new information regarding Lord Tyrio’s death.”

Rahmel was an honest child. He took note of Rafael, Tyrio’s nephew, who accompanied him. Whatever had been discovered, it was urgent.

“Speak.”

“I know the one who murdered the High Priest Tyrio.”

The time had come. Horus responded, “Bring them to me at once.”