

# The Genes of Isis

## Book Two:

### The Casting of Shadows by Justin Newland

#### 61. The Chosen People

The sun was setting when the Solarii gathered in the Temple of Prana, where the formal solar worship was to be held. Saqqara stood at the central pivot in his golden-yellow robes, his aura glowing in the astral like a beacon. Behind the exotic outward display, there was a deeper, less visible story - that of the leprotic disease - and that was the one on which Dashur was focused.

The numbness was the worst of it. Gradually, their nerves were shutting down. Their senses too - everything had a hollow ring to it, muted like being underwater. Ironically, they were beings who harked from a planet of fire, and it was fire that caused them the greatest danger. A flame could burn them and they'd not feel a thing. Irex's brother had burnt his hand in a candle flame and only noticed when the flesh mottled and turned black. With skin enfolded, it would fall off in lumps. This affected their appearance. After the Casting of Shadows, the Solarii were strong, fine human-like specimens. Now, it was embarrassing. Their appearance was appalling, degrading. The women suffered the most, understandably. Even Dashur was not immune: just the other day, he recoiled from seeing his own reflection in a pool of water. For a dreadful moment, he'd thought it was a hybrid.

There was hope as Saqqara made crystal clear. "Look towards the solar furnace," he said, addressing the massed ranks of the Solarii, gathered in the open colonnaded temple, "It will be our saviour. This furnace is a gift of the gods, a gift of the sun god Ra, to whom we offer our profound thanks."

Dashur grimaced: he thought all that was premature. Everything appeared good: a burgeoning city, the city of Jizah, and now, in its midst, a solar furnace, humming with power, its four triangular sides glowing in late afternoon sun. But in his short time on earth, he'd learnt that the way of things was radically different to the sun, where everything moved seamlessly from plan to perfect actualisation. On earth, a seed of randomness annoyingly inserted itself into the nucleus of every event, rendering the end result unpredictable. In short, he could not be certain the solar furnace was going to work.

High Priest Saqqara had more to say as he announced to the heady crowd, "We are the first ones to come here and survive the hard test of the Casting of Shadows. From the dust of the earth, we have built this great furnace, which as we speak, glows with the iridescent power of the sun. As

a people, as a civilisation, we are enhanced by our achievements and by what we leave behind us and so this solar furnace is the beginning of a magnificent dynasty. Because we are the first and the original, we shall forever influence the path of all who follow in our wake.”

The crowd hushed as the High Priest spoke about the imperial greatness and power of the Solarii and how they would enter the very fabric of human kind. “The Surge is a solar gene, a seed of the future development of the human race. Realise that we hold the keys to the flowering of the human race in our hands. We are their gods. They should be only too pleased to be in our presence!”

That bombast and rhetoric seemed pleasing to the Solarii, who clapped and shouted vociferously, ignoring their ailments for the moment.

“One day soon,” Saqqara continued, “we shall cross the great waters of the sky goddess Nut and return to our doubles on the sun. The sun is our home and Ra is his name. For the moment, we are here on earth, courtesy of the god Geb, whom we revere.”

The crowd bowed low in reverence at hearing the gods’ names spoken out loud. Even Dashur prostrated himself, like a good Solarii. The gods did not tolerate hubris and he was only too well aware of the pitfalls of his elevated position.

“See how beneficent they are,” Saqqara cried, holding up the crook in his right hand. At first no-one, not even Dashur, knew what he was talking about, until someone in the crowd looked up and pointed at something in the sky. It was moving - towards them at a pace. It was an object - a flying object. As it approached, Dashur could see a man sitting on a machine. It was Imhotep on the air machine! It was flying through the air like the wing of a hawk.

“This is a wondrous day,” Saqqara said, his voice shrill and excited. “See and believe the greatness of the Solarii and the benevolence of our gods.”

The air machine flew into view - a single, high-backed seat with a plinth for the feet, a couple of arm rests, and an elaborate array of pipes down the back to handle the astral exhaust. Straps around his wrists, ankles and chest kept Imhotep safe on in flight as he moved the machine with increasing confidence above the temple, much to the acclaim of everyone below.

“Hail, Imhotep!” came the exalted cry.

“This is a propitious moment,” Dashur cried, “See how this machine flies like the wing of hawk. That is how it shall be named, the Hawk’s Wing.”

As Imhotep brought the Hawk’s Wing down in the midst of the open colonnade, the people applauded wildly. Irex stepped forward and undid the straps, allowing the burly figure of Imhotep to stand on the plinth, from where he received the rampant acclaim of the crowd.

Dashur wore a huge smile. “So the crystal combination worked,” he said, lauding the achievement. “Already we own the earth, now we own the air! There is nothing we cannot do!”

Saqqara took up the reins, saying, “Imhotep has applied a unique combination of crystals to move the Hawk’s Wing through the air and they are emerald green, yellow pearl and turquoise. This

sacred trio symbolises the green of the sun, the yellow of the corona and the blue of the Earth.”

There was a hush as everyone went silent, a pregnant moment, when something from the astral worlds gathered, a moment when history seemed to stand still. It fell to Dashur to complete the auspicious ceremony, “From henceforth, the ground on which we stand shall be called EGYPT and will forever enshrine the crystal trio of Emerald Green, Yellow Pink and Turquoise.”

At this poignant moment, the Semites stepped into the swirling astral atmosphere, redolent with imperial power and majesty. Fryme, Benjamin and Tarsus seemed taken aback and stood transfixed as if by some overpowering force of nature. A motley crew, petite and diminutive against the tall, stocky Solarii, it was the Semites who seemed bewildered by their intimidating cousins.

Dashur welcomed them. “Welcome, you have come at the moment of the birth of Egypt, the land you call Mithrayzim. You have helped us acclimatise to the rough and sometimes-inhospitable clime of the Earth, now we will forget your sacrifices and services. The Earth sees, hears and records everything in the great Akashic record where it will be written that the Semites served the greatest race that ever lived on Earth and were made great by your proximity to us. And that will be true. It will be written that you carved out a place for yourselves here in the heart and soul of Egypt, by helping us build this stunning furnace. And that will be true. And it will be written that you will become the chosen people and that also will be true. This is the sacred pledge of the Solarii. As soon as we have recovered from this debilitating disease, we shall set about delivering these promises.”

Tarsus listened to every word, mouth agape. All he could manage was to ask, “And how will we be this chosen people?”

Dashur took over the rhetoric. “To receive the Surge in the human race, we will choose the most fitting tribe. They will be the chosen people. They are the Semites!”

While the Solarii in the Temple erupted in applause, Tarsus and the Semites were dumb-stuck. After a while, Fryme, little shy Fryme, stepped forward, emboldened by the moment, “This is indeed a great privilege,” she said, her voice croaking with emotion. “We are a people who do not forget, and we will never forget this pledge. We will show by example the rest of our kind how to best use the Surge.”

As the Semites congratulated themselves, Saqqara said, “We have added the capstone to our furnace, now we need to add one to the structure of our civilisation. We need a leader, a king and pharaoh. I have consulted the oracle of the gods and it has revealed to me that the Solarii closest to the gods in astral development shall be the one with whom they will grant their grace and favour.”

Everyone took a moment to realise the import of the High Priest’s words. Who was closest to the gods? Who would that be?

Saqqara continued, his voice taut and tense, very different to use usual timbre. It was as if someone or something else was speaking through him, “The oracle of the gods chose Dashur.”

This was another momentous occasion in which a hierarchical structure was appearing,

with everyone placed within it. This was new and original and would template for coming epochs. Dashur took his seat on the throne of Egypt for the first time, saying, “I will serve Egypt, I will serve the trinity: the sun god, Ra, his consort the sky goddess, Nut, and her lover, Geb the earth. I will be who I am.”

His words were met with a roar of acclaim and calls of wonder.