

LET'S GO FOR A WALK  
BOOK ONE

# PHARAOH THUTMOSE III

A LIFE ADVENTURE OF  
ASCENDED MASTER  
KUTHUMI LAL SINGH  
AS TOLD TO  
MARISA CALVI



Also by Marisa Calvi with Kuthumi Lal Singh  
*“You Don’t Have Problems, You’re Just Bored!”*  
available at [www.newenergywriting.com](http://www.newenergywriting.com)

LET'S GO FOR A WALK

BOOK ONE

PHARAOH THUTMOSE III



A life adventure of  
Ascended Master  
Kuthumi Lal Singh  
as told to  
Marisa Calvi

**BCC Publishing**  
GLENORIE, AUSTRALIA

**Copyright © Marisa Calvi 2008**

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, transmitted, or stored in an information retrieval system in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, taping and recording without prior permission from the publisher.

First published in 2009 by  
BCC Publishing  
20 Pinus Avenue  
Glenorie NSW 2157  
AUSTRALIA

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available  
from the National Library of Australia

ISBN 978-0-9803506-2-3

Cover artwork “J’Encore” by Jessica Simanowski  
[www.js-artist.com](http://www.js-artist.com)

Printed and bound by BA Printing  
Brookvale, Australia

FOR  
ISIS, KUAN YIN AND MARY



.....THE DIVINE FEMININE,

OUR ETERNAL MOTHER.....



# PREFACE

I am not entirely sure where and when my journey with Kuthumi began. However I can offer you a most memorable occasion in July of 2006 when lying wide awake at 2 a.m. in a hotel room high up in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado I heard a voice, clear and distinct call out to me, “Oh good, you’re awake!”

I knew it was Kuthumi instantly. He was on my mind as the very next day in the ballroom of the hotel I was to hear Geoffrey Hoppe channel him.

Kuthumi followed this greeting with a simple invitation, “Let’s go for a walk.”

That night accepting his invitation led to an etheric stroll through the hotel corridors and down to the ballroom. I sat upon a seat in the centre of the room and Kuthumi said, “Tomorrow when you are here, feel the energy that moves when everyone laughs.”

The next day I slept in and ran down to the ballroom just as the day’s events began. The only seat I could find was the very same place I had “sat” during my walk with Kuthumi. When the channel began the crowd laughed so hard at Kuthumi’s jokes and I lost myself within the vibrations of their laughter.

When the laughter subsided then Kuthumi announced that he had written four books that were available for whoever should choose to “download” them and bring them into 3-D reality. My heart sang as he spoke of them. My passion for writing had been bubbling away since my childhood, pushed aside by some amazing distractions I created. Now in my mid-thirties it was ready to boil over and Kuthumi provided me with the platform to really begin.

I returned home to Sydney and six months later “You Don’t Have Problems, You’re Just Bored!” was almost complete. I was doing final editing, working on layout and writing my introduction when I realised that it would also be nice to write a page about Kuthumi and began to research what was known about him. I read about his past lives and all that he achieved and as I did so our connection deepened. Not least because he would watch over my shoulder commenting on what I was reading!

During this time I once again was lying awake in the early hours of the morning, breathing to calm my mind in the hope I would sleep, only to look at the clock and see yet another hour had passed. Then Kuthumi appeared by my bedside laughing. “Why do you think you need to sleep so much?” he asked this time.

I wasn’t amused but I was grateful for the distraction he offered. “If you need to be here, could you at least be interesting. Why don’t you tell me about your past lives,” I answered.

I felt his delight at being asked and then what came next was beyond any experience I ever had meditating or breathing. Kuthumi didn’t just tell me about his past lives, he took me to them. For each life he offered me a different

way to connect with his experience. For some he offered words, some an image and others a physical sensation.

I saw an image of ancient Egypt but I felt the grandeur, tradition and permanence. Pythagorus, he said, was of the “mind” and I felt the constant swirl of thoughts. I then rode upon a camel with him as the Magi known as Balthazar, feeling the camel sway underneath me while ahead in the sky I saw the star that guided them and I felt the knowing and excitement as they travelled to meet Jesus. I felt the harshness of being St. Francis yet the depth of his connection with St. Clare. Then I visited Shah Jahan and my heart swelled with warmth and I was wrapped in a red glow as he spoke of his beloved Mumtaz.

Then I fell asleep. Finally.

With my first book near completion I began to contemplate my next adventure in writing. I began yet another of the titles that Kuthumi spoke of during his channel at Colorado but it did not flow. I had an idea for a novel but that too seemed to falter as soon as I tried to type the words. Then one day while watching television a creative spark was ignited. It had nothing to do with what I was watching, more so that I had entered that zone where my mind was quietened. I suddenly had the idea that I should write the story of Kuthumi’s lives. I heard a resounding “Yes!” It was Kuthumi and my heart agreeing in unison and in that very instant my new writing adventure was begun.

Adventures can be planned but the truly inspiring ones are those that take on a life of their own, offering up experiences that you didn’t plan for. This is what my time with Kuthumi has been like. When I accepted his first invitation to go for a walk I never imagined what that could lead to. Kuthumi has become my teacher, my friend, my guide and my inspirer. My work with him has opened my creativity both artistically and with life in general.

The book you see before you now was supposedly going to be the first part of a single book covering five of Kuthumi’s better-known lives. Yet when I began, Thutmose’s story soon became its own entity, bursting to well over four hundred pages. To some people it will appear a simple collection of anecdotes and reflections. To those who will accept Kuthumi’s invitation it will be much more.

# KUTHUMI'S INTRODUCTION

Let me extend to you an invitation. It is not the most normal of invitations, as it doesn't require you to attend a party or function. It is an invitation to travel with me across time, across civilizations, across religions and across philosophies. I invite you to turn off your simple human limitations of time and place. I invite you to open your senses. With this opening I will share with you depths of sensation, perception and experience you haven't even imagined.

I am now sitting at a desk in my home in India. There is a bustle outside. There is always a bustle outside as that is part of Indian life. I sit here now at the end of my last human period of existence. I will leave this shell we call a body soon and I will do it without regret or fear for I know not only where I have been but where I am going. I have decided not to return to this human realm again. Well not within the way that we know as human existence and not within any time frame you can comprehend. I will experience it from the other side of the veil, from that place we all come from and yearn to return to, only to rush back to human life once again when we get there.

There will be those that follow in your time who will hear me from there. They will seek within their lives the knowledge that I have gained and I will share it in more ways than just with the written words that I will leave behind. They will choose to go beyond the limitations of the human mind. They will reach into my experience. They will choose to feel.

So now my friend I will invite you.

Will you choose to feel?

Wonderful.

Now, let's go for a walk...



## CHAPTER ONE

**W**e shall start our journey in ancient Egypt. I will indulge your limited concept of time by telling you we are now stepping back to the year you refer to as 1465 BC or thereabouts. Your researchers and archaeologists are so limited with their measurements. They have taken samples from my wrappings and scraped paint from my tomb. They put them into tubes with chemicals and shine different lights upon it so they can tell the age of things. This satisfies their scientific minds. They can put things into order and make sense of the things they find. However there are many things that still don't make sense despite all their knowledge and measurements. While I am telling you this story they still don't fully understand how the pyramids were built and I am not about to spoil my fun of watching them debate and theorize by telling you. Let's just say you can all let go of the alien theory.

Each culture of man is arrogant enough to believe that they are the pinnacle of development and knowledge. That those who follow will build upon what they have learnt and experienced but this is not always the case. Society and culture ebbs and flows through time. One culture can be flying a man to the moon while others still forage in jungles wearing handwoven cloths. A society can be so grand as to build monuments to last an eternity and yet end up having to ask of others to feed their children. It all goes in cycles and the highs and lows coexist on this planet as we speak.

So it was that I was born into one of the grandest, most spectacular and most arrogant cultures of them all. It was the time of the 18th Dynasty, part of the New Kingdom period of ancient Egypt's history. My heritage was immense. The pyramids were already a thousand years old when I was born and there would be over one other millennia of our culture as it was before it collapsed under Cleopatra's reign and the Romans invaded. Egypt's structures, codes and disciplines were well-established and it worked like a well-oiled machine with each cog knowing its place and how to work within it and with its immediate surrounds. The only changes to be made were in making the machine of the empire bigger.

Even my birth followed established rules and protocol. My mother was laid upon an immaculate birthing bed dressed with the finest linens embellished with gold. Not that she noticed nor cared, as the pains of her first labour were so overwhelming. As each contraction ripped through her uterus sending waves into her spine and down her legs she recalled yet another story or memory of hearing of women dying whilst giving birth. Unfortunately this fear shortened her breath, only intensifying the pain and making it more difficult for her to push me out and thus prolonging the birth and the pain.

Of course she was well attended to but those surrounding her were of

little comfort. They too knew that women died while giving birth and having seen or heard of it so many times had this thought weighing on their minds as they cared for her. She had two of her personal maids, both on the verge of tears as they watched their beloved mistress in her pain. They wiped her face and her arms to help keep her cool as well as any blood that appeared on her legs, quickly hiding the bloodied rags so as not to upset my mother anymore. It was their role to keep her in as pristine a condition and as comfortable as a royal mother should be.

There were two midwives to perform the actual delivery. They stayed at the foot of the bed and at regular intervals would peer between my mother's legs to examine the birth canal. They would then gently prod and feel for the expansion that they knew was needed before they could start coaching the final stages of my birth. One would feel and then silently murmur to the other and they would withdraw from the bed and allow the maids to continue on with their duties.

The midwives too had their fears. They had fears for the mother and child but above all for themselves. To be overseeing a royal birth and deliver a death instead would result in their reduction from royal midwives to anonymous women amongst the multitude of palace attendants. They would lose their fine clothes, their comfortable homes and their generous salary. Each stage of the birth had to be dealt with carefully and with utmost consideration. Getting the mother to push too soon would risk injury to the mother as she pushed through a birth canal not dilated enough. The resulting blood loss weakened many women and even caused them to bleed to death. However taking too long to start pushing would place the child at risk. The midwives knew that delaying the child's first breath would result in deficiencies to the child or have it stillborn. Being a royal heir and in direct line to the throne, either result would mean the same thing; for if I had been born incomplete or feeble I would have soon been allowed to perish and given some assistance to do so.

So the midwives had to carefully consider their timing and given the choice of favouring the mother or child, this time they would choose to favour the child. This decision was made even more easily given that they were delivering not only a royal child but a future pharaoh or queen. It was then this priority that kept them detached from my mother's pain. Her questions and pleas were met with simple, quiet and noncommittal answers that only fed her fear, causing her breath to shorten yet again and intensify her pain and discomfort.

In the corner, standing over a narrow table that acted as an altar, was a young priestess performing the rites for birth. She was burning incense and chanting over and over the same simple words that were prayed at all Egyptian births, "Make the heart of the deliverer strong, and keep alive the one that is coming."

With these words the great God Amun was supposedly summoned.

He would relieve my mother's pain and deliver me safely. His arrival would be known when a breeze from the north would sweep through the room. Unfortunately Amun didn't seem to be favouring my birth as no breeze from any direction was travelling through the room. This made the young priestess nervous for several reasons. First of all she was concerned that she hadn't performed the rites properly and she might be responsible for an unsuccessful royal birth. However this could simply just be a birth that the Gods did not wish to favour and she would be the one having to report this to the Pharaoh and the other priests of the royal household. Neither scenario was one that she desired to be a part of. So she prayed harder, burnt even more incense and chanted more frequently with a stronger voice.

My mother was too consumed in her pain to be aware of any breeze or its absence. After twenty-four hours of pain and discomfort she was exhausted and could no longer hear the priestess chanting. In-between the contractions she would lay back drained of energy and in a state of half sleep only to be shocked back awake by the next pain. Her exhaustion worried the midwives, as they knew she would need her full focus and strength for the final stages.

Once again one of the midwives pressed her fingers between my mother's legs and this time looked up and smiled. "Your Highness! Your Highness! Your child's arrival is imminent!" she said directly to my mother, trying to summon some semblance of enthusiasm and anticipation. However it came out with such tension that it seemed to evoke more anxiety to the entire event. The midwife then addressed the maids, "It is time to move her to the chair."

The birthing chair was to the side of the bed and just as elaborate, for simple birthing bricks to squat upon would not do for royalty. The chair had a high back for my mother to rest upon between contractions and was painted with the entourage of Gods needed for a safe delivery. Amun who had failed us so far was there as was Bes, Tawaret and Hathor. The centre of the base of the seat was carved away in a "U" shape. The sides of the seat supported my mother's legs and the opening between allowed for my arrival. A bowl of boiling hot water was placed beneath and the steam rising played its desired role in soothing those delicate areas that would soon be tested so dearly. The clear water would gradually turn a shade of pink and then red as it also collected the blood that left my mother along with me.

Her maids gently helped ease my mother from the bed to the chair, talking so softly and lovingly to her as they made the short journey. They removed the skirt tied around her waist and, supporting her arms, lowered her with absolute grace upon the chair. They then stood one on each side stroking her hair, shoulders and arms. At the first sign of my mother wincing from a contraction they would firmly grip her arms as she leaned forward and rub her back until the pain subsided.

The elder of the midwives squatted between my mother's legs. A quick

examination of the cervix made her look up with a smile. “Your Highness, your womb is ready for the child to leave,” she beamed.

Her decision to move the birth to the chair wasn't entirely premature as now the cervix was fully dilated. Whether it was the small walk to the chair or the Gods finally favouring my birth somehow things were moving ahead quickly. The second midwife uncovered a small table of implements that would now be used in this final stage; scissors and string for the cord, small knives to cut an un-ruptured birth sac or my mother if needed and then dishes for the afterbirth.

Unfortunately there was still no breeze. Any breeze would have been welcome now as the clouds of incense smoke and its cloying fragrance hung still in the air. The priestess kept busy, partly for the birth and partly for herself. She hated the sight of blood and to even think about it brought on the light-headedness and nausea that was inevitable should she actually see it. This was an utter sign of weakness for a priest or priestess especially when they had to reside over sacrifices. She had thus far disguised it well and had many strategies to help her deal with the rare occasions that saw her duties involve the red fluid.

The priestess knew to focus on her breath and make sure she was breathing deeply to keep that awful dizzy feeling at a tolerable level. She would also avoid looking at the blood instead centering on the faces of those around her. Ironically the stiff poise and quiet concentration that this projected on such occasions gave her a reputation as a majestic and stoic priestess. Her subsequent high regard within the priesthood made her the ideal candidate for attending royal births so that the high priests were unanimous in choosing her to preside. This was an honour that could not be refused. So here she was ministering to my birth in all its gory glory. No one noticed that she would stop every so often and place her hand on her belly, close her eyes and take several deep breaths. Even if they had they would have assumed she was saying a quick silent prayer not realising that it was the only thing stopping her from fainting.

As my mother tensed her whole body with yet another contraction the elder midwife placed her hand upon her belly feeling for my position. She could feel me resting as low as possible and knew now it was up to my mother to coax me the rest of the way. It was during this contraction that my birth sac decided to break and a flood of fluid spilt from between my mother's legs. The elder midwife checked the colour quickly while the maids and other midwife scurried for the cloths to soak it up. It was clear apart from small traces of blood indicating that the child was still in good health. However it would now mean that I needed to get out of my mother and breathe.

Looking up at my mother the midwife spoke calmly yet firmly, “Your Highness, with the next pain you will bear down and help your child finds its way to its new life.”

So with the next pain my mother indeed bore down with the hope that the pain would soon be over and I began my final passage to my own existence.

Each pain saw her push harder and saw me closer to birth. The maids kept stroking and supporting my mother while the midwives kept a watchful eye and coached with gentle words. The priestess kept chanting, burning incense and deep breathing. My mother's pains came quicker so the pushing was more constant and soon my head started to make itself known to the midwife crouched before my mother.

"Ohhhh!" she gasped, "The child has hair!"

This was a good sign for it indicated a strong, well developed child was making its way. I had the thickest black hair you could imagine and the crown of my head made it known to all that a robust child was about to be delivered. Such progress spurred the women on, especially my mother who was happy to know a strong child was coming from her body. The priestess looked up excitedly as she finally had something positive to put into her report to the Pharaoh and other priests. She had to take the midwife's word for it. At this stage she wouldn't even dream of looking for herself and risk fainting during these final moments. The midwives were excited too as they knew the birth was now assured. My mother was staying strong and any bleeding was within a standard amount for a healthy delivery. By all accounts it would take some unexpected complication now for anything to go seriously wrong.

"Push, Your Highness, push," the midwife was shouting as the excitement of the end being close was engulfing us all.

I could hear the sounds so much more clearly. They were getting louder as the seconds passed. Each contraction not only pushing me further along my mother's cervix but also massaging and starting to squeeze out the fluids I had been living in. I felt some discomfort now in this tight, narrow passage after my slightly more spacious womb but I could sense the anticipation of those helping me out. My mother's moans were familiar as I had listened to her speak for months. Likewise were the voices of the handmaidens as they had talked with my mother each day.

Of course it was mainly muffled sounds but the essence of the words and who conveyed them was what I felt. I had felt my mother's anticipation and wonder at the pregnancy as well as when she was upset by goings-on in the palace. I was aware of the handmaiden's sense of duty as they spoke with her. There was one voice not amongst this group that I was searching for as I was being delivered--that of my father's. As a male he was not to be present in the birthing room. He instead would go about his royal court duties until word was sent to him. In the meantime servants would dart back and forth between the birthing room and the court with updates. The messages were simple: "No child yet." I longed for the sense of calm and reason that was always present with his voice.

Now the talking in the room became even clearer and suddenly I was aware of light as my head fully emerged. The midwife cradled my head tenderly, ecstatic to see my perfectly formed face.

“The child’s face is here! Look Your Highness,” she cried.

My mother slowly bent her head downwards to take in my features. She could hardly believe she was finally seeing my face but the immense pain of my body stretching her cervix delayed any sense of joy.

“One more push and the child is here,” the midwife urged. “Now push...”

My mother bore down and as she strained each muscle and felt my body for the last time inside of her a great gust of wind burst into the room through the open window. Amun had finally arrived upon the scene and he did so with great effect. He swept into the room and greeted me as I slipped into this world. The midwife held me up and I opened my mouth wide and breathed him in as my first breath. Then I expelled that breath with the loudest of cries. I was here, I was breathing and everyone in the room had no doubts as to my state of health and that the Gods did indeed favour my arrival.

The priestess on hearing my cry took a very deep breath that was a combination of relief and anticipation for the next part of the proceedings. She would now have to determine my condition to report to my father and knew that I was covered in the blood and other fluids of the birth. Worst of all she would have to witness the cutting of the umbilical cord. So she walked towards me breathing deep and avoiding looking at me directly until the very moment she had to. My cries were now easing and my mother’s relief at the end of the labour was clearly visible on her face as she smiled at me.

The priestess was now close by and it was time for my cord to be cut and for me to become a fully separate being. While the first midwife held me the second midwife tied a piece of string onto the cord close to my body and another piece a few inches away. She then looked up at the stiff face of the priestess. The priestess nodded and the second midwife swiftly cut through the cord.

The priestess quickly looked away and into my mother’s eyes, “Well done Madam,” she said curtly.

Looking back she did a quick scan of my body. There were no obvious deformities or conditions. My head was perfectly formed and my face although squashed from the birth was even and complete. There were two arms ending with hands that had the right amount of fingers, two legs ending with feet that had the right amount of toes. A solid chest that rose and deflated with strong lungs inside that had already made known their abilities. However the part of my anatomy that would receive the most attention lay between my legs.

“You have given birth to a complete and healthy son,” the priestess announced with a smile, her first of the entire birth. “The Gods thank you for the next Pharaoh, as does all of Egypt. We shall now help you empty your womb of the afterbirth.”

My mother could now relax and rejoice my birth. Her smile and joy spread to the maids who clucked and cooed their congratulations. As she rested

back in the chair they declared me the most special child ever born and thanked her for the honour of allowing them to be present at my arrival.

The priestess walked to her altar and returned with the birth wand, a piece of ivory carved into a flattened curve much like a boomerang. Placing it upon my mother's belly and then looking away to the ceiling as though addressing the Gods directly she asked them to help clear my mother. The midwife massaged below the wand and my mother gently pushed out the remnants of the birth sac and the placenta.

These too would have to be examined as to complete the picture of my birth. If the placenta were too pink it would mean I had arrived early and my lungs may need herbs to help them. It would also indicate that I would have an impatient and ill-considered temperament. A more developed pregnancy saw the pink turn to red and a delayed birth saw the colour start to turn to dark red or brown. While the latter colour didn't affect my health it would mean I would be of a hesitant and too cautious nature. As it was my placenta was a decidedly strong red colour. I was neither too early nor too late. My arrival was completely appropriate. The midwife relayed this to the priestess who nodded and trusted her appraisal. Thankfully now she would not have to actually look at the redundant tissue that provided this information.

The midwife wiped my face and I was wrapped before being handed to my mother for her first embrace of me. No one will ever know the feeling of joy that she had as she took me in her arms. My eyes were wide open and she looked into them with awe trying to comprehend that this little person had grown inside her. She was overwhelmed with wanting to protect me and drew me close to her. I cooed and gurgled letting her know my happiness in my own way. All the formalities and expectations fell away for that brief instant. We were simply mother and child. There were no titles, no ritual and no other person needed. It was very short-lived though.

"Bathe the mother and child," the priestess ordered of the maids and midwives. "Prepare them for the Pharaoh's arrival to meet his son and heir."

I was promptly taken from my mother's arms and our precious moment was ended. The midwives carried me to a large tub filled with water and the maids led my mother to the next room where a huge sunken bath had been waiting. They knew not to hurry and that they could take their time. The Pharaoh would be at least an hour as the priestess had to go to him at the main court which was a long walk away. She would deliver the birth announcement as well as all the details and then return with my father and an entourage of officials to meet me.

The priestess went and opened the door leading out into the corridor. Two servants sitting outside jumped to their feet awaiting her order. "Get the others and prepare the room for the Pharaoh!" she instructed. They left

immediately around a corner and she was finally alone. A wave of dizziness and anxiety flushed over her and she quickly sat down in one of the chairs vacated by the servants, closed her eyes and drew in a deep breath.

She had now been awake for more than twenty-four hours overseeing the labour from the first few pangs of pain, endured those awful final moments with the blood and now she needed to gather herself to present to the Pharaoh. The priestess rose, steadied herself and began the walk towards the court where she knew he was waiting. At the end of the corridor four young men stood guard and as she approached they stood to attention and snapped their posts straight.

“You--accompany me,” she demanded as she pointed at one without even stopping. She didn’t need him for security nor to help her find her way. He was insurance should she pass out within the maze of corridors along the way. To collapse in an area not frequented could have meant the announcement would be delayed for over an hour and the thought of this made her feel even more nauseous. He quickly stepped to walk ahead of her as any escort would, the priestess barking directions as they approached any turns or doors they would need to pass through.

It was a solid fifteen minute walk from the family rooms of the palace across to the other side where the court and other formal rooms were but despite her fatigue the priestess kept good time. As she walked she played over and over in her head the words she would use to announce to the Pharaoh that he had a son, embellished with the details of the mother’s courage and the signs from the Gods. With the child and mother safe she was free to exaggerate and make it as grand as possible. Her simple walk to the court gathered a momentum of excitement through the palace for as she passed courtiers, priests and servants alike all knew her movement through the palace meant the birth was complete. She could never stop to share any details, as these were first and foremost for the Pharaoh’s ears however she did satisfy their curiosity with a slight smile and a nod. Within these so small gestures they received the news that the royal birth had been a success.

As she passed more people her nausea and dizziness subsided as she too now joined them in the excitement. Those that were able to enter the court fell in behind her and the final moments of the walk saw a joyful procession heading along the corridor that approached the court. Twelve guards presided over that last stretch of hallway lining it with six on each side, and as they saw the priestess approach with the small crowd they all stood to attention as much with anticipation as duty. The two closest to the huge doors pulled them open, this was enough to let those inside know that the news they had been waiting for was about to be delivered.

As the priestess approached the guards she slowed her walk and stopped, letting her young guard approach the first of the court guards. “Priestess Arisina to be presented to the Pharaoh!” he delivered with the stiff

decorum that was required of such a statement. He then stood aside and was replaced by this guard as well as the guard who stood opposite him. They stood side by side and led the priestess along the hall, past the other guards. The remaining guards stood at attention and looked straight ahead never making eye contact until the priestess had passed and they then scanned the crowd to make sure those following were actually allowed to enter the court. They grabbed a few who were trying their luck but the lightness of the whole event simply saw them scolded with a laugh as they were pushed back from the entrance.

The priestess looked ahead hardly believing that this moment had come. As she peered down this final part of the passage and through the doors she could see straight through to a small rise of stairs that led up to the platform on which the Pharaoh, my father, was waiting. This stage raised him above any others attending court as was befitting for a man viewed not only as a king but also as a living God.

He had paced here forward and back all day waiting for news while his attendants, army commanders and viziers had endeavoured to entertain him with stories and the latest of news. When the doors swung open a hush fell across the massive room and my father walked quickly to the front and centre of the stage, standing with his hands clasped behind his back trying desperately to appear regal but bursting with curious excitement. It felt like an eternity watching the guards walk the priestess in but finally they were at the base of the stairs. Following protocol the priestess didn't look up at him until they were finally in place and she was announced by the bellowing voice of the leading guard.

"Your Royal Highness Pharaoh Thutmose, Priestess Arisina requests an audience with you," he said looking straight ahead and never daring to look the Pharaoh in the eye.

"Priestess Arisina is most welcome," My father replied with the broadest smile, barely able to contain himself as he looked to the priestess.

The guards stepped away, each to one side of the floor of the main court where they would wait to escort the priestess and my father to meet me. Those that had followed also moved to the sides to take a place along the edges and amongst the columns that lined the grand hall, wherever they might be inconspicuous and yet still hear the news.

Arisina now looked up at the Pharaoh and was momentarily taken aback. There was my father not sitting upon his throne but standing and with a huge grin on his face, which despite the circumstance was certainly not within the disciplines of a pharaoh holding court. Even though my father was known as a gentle leader this was still somewhat discomfiting for someone so entrenched in protocol and determined to execute her duties in the manner that was required of her.

"Speak Arisina. What news do you have for me?" he blurted out, leaning forward while he stood, almost as though it would help the words get to his ears

quicker.

The priestess took a step forward, crossed her arms over her chest and bowed. She slowly raised herself back to standing straight and then after a deep breath to help quell her nerves and produce a strong voice she spoke the most amazing words my father had been praying to hear.

“Your Highness Pharaoh Thutmose, Queen Isis has given birth to a son,” she announced with the solemnity and gravity she believed was required of such words. She barely had time to inhale in preparation for the rest of her announcement when my father suddenly shouted.

“Ahhhh!” he bellowed to the ceiling and clapped his hands, “Wonderful! Wonderful news! What a grand day that the Gods have given me,” and with that he bounded down the stairs toward the priestess. There was momentary chaos as courtiers and guards rushed after him.

“Let’s go and see him,” he said to the priestess beaming almost wildly as he approached her rubbing his hands together.

“Ah--Your Highness...” she stammered in absolute confusion. My father had so seriously broken the procedure of a birth announcement as she had been trained to deliver it that the priestess was completely lost as how to react. Her exhaustion layered upon this didn’t help and now she had courtiers and attendants all looking at her with the expectation that she would restore order.

As my father arrived by her side she once again found a steady voice, “Your Highness, your joy with this gracious gift from the Gods is truly inspiring, however there is much more for me to share with you,” she said quickly.

“Oh, of course there is Arisina. Isis? Is she alright?” he asked, almost embarrassed that he hadn’t immediately posed this question before the priestess had pointed out that there was much more to know.

“The royal wife is strong and healthy as is your son,” the priestess recounted with the confidence that she was regaining order.

“Wonderful, tell me the rest along the way. I must see them,” he was almost begging. He had truly forgotten his place, surrendering to his excitement and elation completely.

“Your Highness, your son and his mother need time to prepare for your visit. Let us talk here, it will give them the time they need,” she said gently as she gestured to his throne and my father reluctantly but obediently walked back and began to climb upwards.

As he mounted the stairs to his throne he invited Arisina to join him and requested a chair for her. His mood was decidedly calmer when she sat before him but her dramatic re-telling of my birth, in particular the spectacular arrival of Amun at my emergence raised his spirits once more and he was soon leaning forward in his throne laughing and clapping as he heard the details. All the while a scribe sat cross-legged upon the floor nearby making notes upon a scroll that would be copied many times over and carried across the land to proclaim

my birth. This of course would not include my father's interjections and whoops of laughter as my birth story was told.

The priestess drew to the end of the account and her weariness as well as her compassion towards my father made her grateful that she could now invite him to come and meet me. They both rose and made their way down the stairs, the priestess always remaining a step behind my father. The two guards came forward again to flank him and a small entourage of courtiers and officials gathered behind the priestess and together they set out to see me.

In the meantime the birthing room had been filled with servants who had stripped the bed of its soiled linen and replaced it with fresh bedding. The floors were washed and the birthing chair was scrubbed down with hot water. My afterbirth was removed in dishes for other priests to examine and perform ceremony over after which it would be buried along the banks of the Nile returning some of the nourishment that the river gave to our people over and over. The midwives' tools had been taken away to be meticulously cleaned and boiled before being stored away for the next birth. By the time of my father's arrival the birthing room would simply look like any other bedroom in the palace apart from the birthing chair, which was now pushed back into the corner.

My mother had been taken into an adjoining room to be bathed. It had an enormous sunken bath and the maids undressed what clothing remained on her and then walked her into its waters that had been kept ready for this moment since her labour began. Oils had been added to the water and they gave the air a syrupy fragrance and soothed her spirit while the warm waters refreshed her body and washed away the last traces of the birth from between her legs. She sat on a stair within the bath while the maids poured water over her, and washed her with soft cloths. She wanted so desperately to sleep and the warm water was making it so easy to close her eyes but knowing my father would be here soon helped to keep her awake.

After the bath the maids dried her and dressed her in beautiful fresh silks. By the time she was being led back to bed to lie down I too was being placed in my basket as I had also been bathed and dressed. My basket was woven of reeds and sat within a frame of gold decorated with the same Gods that had adorned the birth chair. Beside it was a small table upon which two statues of Bes and Hathor were placed. They would now protect me in these first days as I grew accustomed to my new life.

My mother came and looked over me before she climbed onto the bed and lay back. The midwives returned and checked her one last time. She was slightly torn from my birth and now that she was freshly bathed they could see this more clearly. They had prepared a poultice of crushed herbs and this was spread upon a leaf that would help hold the herbs against my mother's tender

skin. The leaf was then bound between my mother's legs, protecting her more from infection than it would actually heal her.

With all the fussing finally over my mother lay back against the soft pillows. A young servant boy was gently fanning her and relieving her from the now stagnant evening air. She wanted so much to sleep but knew that my father would be there any moment and she was as eager to see him as he was to see us both. Looking over at me she could hardly believe that this was all over. Her joy at my safe arrival was equalled by her pride in giving my father a son. After all the favour that had been received by her in life thus far, she felt that she had somehow returned the good fortune that the Gods had given her. Within this pride there was also a sense of superiority. She could now walk with her head just a bit higher knowing that the palace and all its officials would have to respect her that much more.

In particular was one person who she knew would not take this news well at all. This person was also missing at my birth announcement in the court. It was Hatshepsut, my father's highest wife and my aunt. That is correct--she is my father's sister. Hatshepsut and my father were born of the same father but had different mothers. Hatshepsut's mother was a "full" royal having been born of a mother also of royal lineage. My father's mother was merely a "lesser" wife having been chosen by my grandfather from amongst his consorts within the palace. So my grandfather in order to strengthen the path of his sole male heir to the throne married his son to his daughter.

The fact that her life would always be lived below that of my father simply due to the circumstance of her gender never sat well with Hatshepsut, especially as she had been born first. By the time my father was old enough to be involved in court matters she was already well experienced and would take every opportunity to humiliate him and make fun of his lack of knowledge. Not surprisingly my father never exercised his marriage rights with Hatshepsut and despite their private chambers being next to each other he had never crossed her door. He didn't even know what the interior of her rooms looked like.

Some of your history books tell of them having a daughter together who would then become my wife. Hatshepsut did have two daughters though neither was of my father. A diplomat fathered one daughter as part of a marriage before that to my father. The other was by some anonymous courtier who she sought out to satisfy her one night. Hatshepsut had many male consorts who visited her chambers. They were ushered there with utmost discretion but it was common knowledge within the palace. There were few secrets any royal could truly keep beyond their private chambers.

Despite the urge to provide a male heir of her own body she now asked the physicians to provide her with the herbs needed for preventing pregnancy. She did not require the complications that an illegitimate male child would have brought upon her. All would know that the child had not been fathered by the Pharaoh. To have her daughters usurped by the son of a consort was

bad enough, to have a son of her body usurped would be worse no matter how tenuous his claim to the throne. So on the several occasions that the herbs didn't work Hatshepsut would remain in her chamber for several days while the priestesses and physicians arranged the necessary procedure. The court would simply be told she had a fever.

History would now repeat itself as I lay here the sole male heir born of a lesser wife. Isis, my mother, was one of my father's royal consorts, a group of women gathered amongst the daughters of senior palace officials and diplomats from surrounding regions. These women were here to please, pamper and indulge my father however he chose or required. While he did indulge his more carnal desires with many of them, he generally obtained them more for company and conversation as they were a wonderful relief from the heaviness of his official duties.

My mother would gradually become the woman that he sought more than the others. She loved discussion and was a born philosopher and this satisfied a part of my father that no other person, duty or worship could. He would call for her after a full day of court duties or training with the army and they would talk for hours eventually falling asleep, more often than not in each other's arms. The gentle love that overwhelmed them both helped my father forget his woes with Hatshepsut, even if it further inflamed her jealousy, as he grew happier by the day. It was upon the realisation that he wanted my mother and no other in his bed that he announced that she would become his wife and so began the union that would make my arrival possible.

Isis knew the extent of her luck at being chosen to be a royal wife and to be truly loved. Many consorts were merely toys or ornaments to their assigned patrons. Worse yet some were just a female to be laid upon and empty their seed into without any regard or affection. She understood and acknowledged the blessings that were granted to her and believed that her gratitude and thankfulness were now recognised by the Gods in the birth of a son.

My father, Arisina and the entourage were now nearly at the birthing chamber. As they got closer my father's excitement and exuberance escalated. His pace quickened which meant that of the guards and the exhausted priestess had to as well. The young guards stood tall as my father approached then two of them walked ahead and opened the doors. A wave of rose oil scent swept outwards greeting them all.

The opening of the doors saw the few servants inside run through side doors to adjacent rooms so that when my father finally entered the only people within the room would be the two midwives by the window, the maids in the opposite corner, the young boy beside the bed with his fan, my mother on the bed and me in my crib to her left and in direct line with the doorway. The guards stood back to flank the entrance just in time to avoid being pushed aside

by my father as he made a beeline to my crib. The small entourage that had followed him waited in the hallway.

The smile he shone down on me as he first looked at me brought tears to my mother's eyes. It was the pure joy and love of a new father and he too felt tears. Once again his excitement overtook protocol and he swept me up in his arms, the sudden movement of his masculine hands jolting me from my first sleep and I bellowed.

"Ah, little one, your strong lungs were not exaggerated," he laughed as he spoke to me.

The midwives were standing in shock, as it was to be the priestess's duty to hand me to my father for his first inspection. Instead he had gathered me up for my first embrace without any assistance. He pulled me close to him, instinctively soothing me and I soon settled again as he carried me to the side of my mother's bed.

"Isis, what a wonderful gift you have given me," he said to her gently and bent to kiss her on the lips, "May the Gods eternally bless you."

The priestess now accustomed to the fact that this birth was not going to follow the procedure she had trained for smiled at the midwives who were still standing wide-eyed at my father's behaviour. She beckoned to them to come closer and they approached the foot of the bed. My father was too entranced by me to even notice them and so the priestess once again drew him back to some semblance of the required formalities.

"Your Highness, I present to you Maperre and Arahk-Ra, the midwives who helped bring your son," she announced gesturing with her hand towards them.

My father turned to the women and smiled. They would never understand just how much appreciation he held for having his wife and son safe and healthy. They bowed to him and then stood straight with their eyes cast down.

"Your skill and care will always be remembered," he continued to smile at them.

They nodded and bowed, both saying, "It was our honour Your Highness," softly as was expected and acceptable in return for this recognition. The priestess was about to deliver the dismissal signalling the end of their duties when my father once again spoke.

"Arisina, see to it that these women are rewarded for their wonderful work," he said.

"Oh--ah--Your Highness this is not necessary," she hesitated. Arisina was beyond exhausted now and knew every time my father broke from the set proceedings it just added to the time before she could sleep.

"Arisina, I insist!" he spoke stronger now. "Get one of the courtiers waiting outside to gather wine and meat for their families. He will also give them a gold piece each."

The midwives now gasped and looked up. The gifting of wine and meat was more than enough, but a gold piece was above anything that could be dreamt of. This would feed their families for months, provide new clothing and even buy a donkey. Arisina too looked at my father in shock. It took her a moment before she gathered herself and gestured to the midwives to follow her to the doorway. She took a deep breath, waved towards her a senior court official and repeated my father's orders. He and those around him looked at each other confused but were assured by the priestess that this was indeed the Pharaoh's command. The courtier then nodded and with the midwives smiling and giggling behind him they walked away down the corridor to gather their reward.

The priestess returned to the chamber where my father was now sitting on the edge of the bed next to my mother, alternating his smile from me to my mother. There was only one last duty for her to perform and that was to invite the officials milling outside the door to now meet me as well.

"Your Highness, shall I call in your courtiers?" she asked.

Without looking away from me my father nodded and with that the priestess waved to the guard by the door. The senior guard nodded to the group in the corridor and they silently walked into the room forming a single orderly row. One at a time they walked to my father, bowed, looked at me, gently relayed a congratulations or compliment to my parents and exited the room. It was the most simple of the requirements for the birth and the priestess wasn't going to even try and make my father place me back into my crib to receive the palace officials as was expected. She hid a yawn behind her hand as she watched them file quickly through the chamber and soon they were all done and gone.

"Your Highnesses, is there any other duty I can assist you with?" she asked, hoping there wouldn't be.

"Arisina, you have done more than enough, the maids and servants can now take care of us. You are free to go," he replied.

"It has been an honour," she said as she bowed low.

With a parting look at the lovely picture of the three of us Arisina left the room. There was one last duty she would have to do now and she dreaded this one most of all. She considered omitting it entirely but it would not be worth the complications that it in itself would then attract. She would now have to officially tell Hatshepsut about my birth. The priestess knew that she would in fact have already heard the news. Hatshepsut had many servants and maids who happily spied for her and one would have certainly carried this to her within the hour or so since my birth. Arisina had to pass the Queen's quarters on the way to the carriage that waited for her so she decided that she may as well get it over and done with, and then she could sleep in completion.

Arisina headed into the corridor that led to Hatshepsut's chambers and as she did another priestess entered from a side passage.

“There you are! Ready to break the news?” she smirked to Arisina. Ma-Keet was another of the senior palace priestesses. Her sole duty was in performing ritual and prayer for Hatshepsut. “She knows already and she is not happy,” she said, gloating at the opportunity to spread her mistress’s displeasure.

Arisina merely nodded. She was too tired to enter into small talk and she also knew that Ma-Keet had a tendency to take a conversation and twist it to serve her purposes. The less said around her the less ammunition she would have to use against her at a later time. Arisina kept walking towards the doors of Hatshepsut’s chambers while Ma-Keet, following alongside her, yelled to the guards to open the door. The pair walked in to see Hatshepsut reclining on a lounge. Her two daughters were sitting nearby, one having her hair brushed by a maid, the other playing a game of Senet with another maid. They all appeared quiet and trying to behave as though things were fine.

Arisina had to act as though she was the first through the doors with the news of my birth and so she conducted herself as she did with my father. She took a few paces inside the door, crossed her arms over her chest and bowed. She then straightened up, keeping her eyes cast down until Hatshepsut acknowledged her.

“Speak! Is it true?” Hatshepsut commanded.

Arisina was accustomed to Hatshepsut’s harshness and remaining composed she raised her eyes and calmly stated that a male had been born to the Pharaoh’s lesser wife. Hatshepsut’s face flushed and the muscles along her jaw sharpened as she clenched her teeth and lifted her chin while her daughters kept their eyes down.

The priestess was about to excuse herself when Hatshepsut stood and walked towards her, stopping next to a table. Hatshepsut absently started to stroke a statue that was on the table as she smirked, and then without looking up she asked the question, “Will the child live?”

“Yes,” answered Arisina evenly. “He is most rigorous, one of the strongest babies I have ever seen.”

Arisina needn’t have added those other details and Hatshepsut certainly didn’t want to hear them. The words had barely left the priestess’s mouth when Hatshepsut reached down, grabbed the statue, and smashed it to the floor. There was no smirk on her face now as it turned the deepest red. She turned to look at her daughters, her hands clenched into fists by her side, shaking her head from side to side.

“This is not over yet,” Hatshepsut muttered under her breath. Then she turned to Arisina and hissed, “Go! Your duties are over!”

The priestess barely bowed and quickly turned to leave the room. As she crossed the doorway she thought she heard whimpering tears from one of the daughters, however she was so overcome by exhaustion now she hardly cared. In a short time she would be in her chambers at the temple, on her bed and

drifting off into a blissful sleep. Knowing this, Arisina's exhaustion seemed to accelerate and her feet grew heavy.

Arisina's two maids greeted her as she returned to her own room and they followed her as she crossed the floor and sat on the edge of the bed. They began to take off her jewellery and then her clothes. The priestess was starting to sleep even as they did this and they instinctively knew that she wouldn't be using the bath they had prepared, instead wiping her quickly with wet cloths to cool and refresh her. Then, not worrying about her makeup or even a nightdress, they helped her lie back onto the bed and covered her with a sheet. The maids silently collected her clothes, put away her jewellery and left for their chamber nearby. Arisina was in a deep sleep before they even closed her door and spent the night dreaming of breezes, statues smashing and my father's smile.

I was now stirring from my slumber as hunger pangs started to make themselves known in my stomach. As blissful as it was to be with my mother and father in our cosy configuration, my need to eat could not be delayed. My cries grew stronger and I began to thrash my arms and legs as best I could in my swaddling. Although my father was enjoying watching my display, relishing my physical strength, my nurses understood better.

I would have a team of three nurses who would care for me, alternating through the day and night to attend to my needs. There would also be two wet nurses to feed me. These were women from amongst the palace staff who had children recently and also enough milk to nourish a second child. It was a position allocated out of circumstance and meant their family would be moved to the more luxurious apartments of the palace to be near me while I needed milk. My mother would have loved to feed me. Her maternal instincts were also strong but she was not in the position to challenge protocol. So as one of the nurses stepped forward and collected me from my father explaining that I needed to be fed, my mother said nothing and watched me being carried away. Her heart ached and it would every time this happened. My mother and father both followed me intently with their eyes until I passed through the curtain that hid the doorway to the small room in which the wet nurse waited to feed me.

My father then turned to my mother. He was still beaming and leaned over her, cupping her face in his hands and gently kissing her hair and forehead. "Come to my room tonight," he whispered in her ear.

"Thutmose!" she giggled in response.

"I want you both with me tonight," he said, eyes wide, his voice full of love. "I want to wake and see you both there. I want to hear his cries during the night. Please come and stay with me."

"Am I allowed?" Unlike my father, my mother knew she had rules to follow. Amongst these were that she must stay within the birthing room for three weeks to recover and heal.

My father laughed, "I am Pharaoh. I think that I may decide where my wife and child will stay!" With that he gestured to the most senior of my mother's maids, "Arrange for my wife and child to stay tonight in my chambers."

The maid bowed and turned to the nurses and servants repeating this request. They began to hurry about preparing for the move. Thankfully it wasn't too far. However the maid had one concern; how to move my mother? She could never be expected to walk despite it not being too far but still it was too much to ask of a woman exhausted from her first birth. Also it was now up to the maid to ensure my mother healed, and even though there was minimal tearing my mother would still require utmost care. She walked to the door and a guard immediately came to her.

"We need to relocate the royal mother to the pharaoh's chambers. She cannot walk and must be carried. Can you arrange this?" she spoke with authority but it was more of a plea for help.

The guard merely nodded in response and then turned to some younger guards, "Go and collect the sedan, and don't waste time or I will have your heads!" He turned to the maid, "It is done. All will be ready shortly."

As the young guards ran down the hallway the maid returned to the room and continued to oversee the other servants. Cloths for me were being stacked in piles and my mother's clothes were being gathered. The senior nurse gave directions to the others and then left to oversee the set up of the nursery in my father's chambers. A short line of servants followed her, some with arms bundled with clothing, some carrying trays with bottles of oils and soaps.

My father remained sitting on the edge of my mother's bed stroking her hair as she told him about the birth. They were in their own world seemingly oblivious to all the movement around them until four guards walked in with the sedan, an elaborate chair with handles extending along the base from which it was carried. This now would be how my mother was transported. It arrived with good timing as I had just finished my first meal and was being brought back into the main room. The nurse was taking me over to place me into my crib, assuming that I would be moved to my father's room laying in it--but of course my father had other ideas.

"I will carry him!" he declared putting out his hands.

So it was that my journey to my new bedroom was taken in my father's arms. In fact if he could have, he would have carried my mother and me both. Instead, we now formed a procession starting with my father holding a very content child, flanked by guards, then behind us four guards carrying my mother in her portable throne, and lastly two more who brought my crib. Several female servants transported the remainder of my effects, including most importantly my statues of Bes and Hathor.

We walked along the corridors and on reaching my father's rooms they all once again dispersed into different duties. The sedan was carried straight to

the bedchamber and once it was lowered her two maids helped my mother from it and guided her to the bed. The servants removed the sedan as my crib was put next to the bed and the servants who placed it also left. The women continued to fuss about placing my statues and organising my effects. All the while my father walked forward and back, cradling me and admiring every detail of my face. He would do this for another hour or so until the fuss and bother was settled and the senior nurse dismissed most of the servants.

My mother having known she was finally in the bed where she would sleep had drifted off soon after her arrival despite all the movement. My post-feed stupor had turned into deep sleep along the corridor and now my father too finally grew hungry and weary. He handed me back to my nurse who placed me in my crib and then after a quick meal allowed his butler and personal servants to prepare him for the night. My father slid into bed beside my mother, giving her one last kiss on the forehead, and then lying on his back he fell into a deep sleep where he dreamt of me growing into a warrior twenty feet tall crushing Egypt's enemies with the Gods Amun and Ra by my side.



“Pharoah Thutmose III” will be available for purchase on January 26th, 2009.

To buy the full version of this book then please go to  
[www.newenergywriting.com](http://www.newenergywriting.com)

