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QUAREIA—THE ADEPT  
Module X—The True Adept  
Lesson 2: Facing Fate

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# WELCOME

*Welcome to this lesson of the Quareia curriculum.*

*The Quareia takes a magical apprentice from the beginning of magic to the level of adeptship and beyond. The course has no superfluous text; there is no dressing, no padding—everything is in its place and everything within the course has a good reason to be there.*

*For more information and all course modules please visit*

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*So remember—in order for this course to work, it is wise to work with the lessons in sequence. If you don't, it won't work.*

*Yours,*

*Josephine McCarthy*



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# QUAREIA—THE ADEPT

## Module X—The True Adept

### Lesson 2: Facing Fate

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The next step of your journey as an adept candidate is accepting, realising, then taking up the fate path that has been laid as a result of your harvest. As in death, so in life: just as in death the scales must be faced, accepted and moved beyond, so in life as an adept you must face the path that has been laid, accept it, and move forward. You started the first layer of this as an initiate, and now you move into a much deeper layer.

This is done magically in vision, as with most of this final phase of adept confirmation. And it is impossible to move forward in the finishing process until this step has been taken: you have to face the final trial in gnosis in its true sense—you must ‘know,’ and not only ‘know,’ but accept.

We will approach this from two different angles, one mystical and one magical—the two staffs of the adept that come together to complete a whole. You will recognise them, and will recognise how previous layers of your training have put down a foundation for this step, so that you can now understand it, join with it, learn from it, and utilise that learning in your future work as a fully trained, Justified adept.

This is where all the periphery of magic falls away, all the angst of mundane life, all the connections to your everyday existence, family, friends, and so forth. All cease to exist from an inner point of view, and you truly step into your core as an eternal being. This mirrors the process after death where everything is released and let go. The details of your

physical life, and all it entails, have no meaning in death; it is just you and the universal power. Acceptance and moving forward is always the key at this final stage of training, as in death. It trains you for a good, useful life, and a good death.

So let us move straight into the work.

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### *The mystical step—Neith*

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I am All That Has Been, That Is, and That Will Be. No mortal has yet been able to lift the veil that covers Me.

—Recorded from the wall of the Temple of Neith by Plutarch  
(A.D. 46–120)

Prepare your workroom, set up the altars, light the lights, open the gates, and greet the contacts. Then sit in silence and meditate to still yourself and tune into your core. As your stillness deepens, think about the sanctuary of the Inner Temple, with its water running around the edges, with the altars, and the book on the east altar.

Now think about the egregore lake, the tree on the island in the centre of the lake, and the vast powers that mediate between the nothing and the lake. Think of their utterances, their power, and the vastness of space that lies beyond them.

Let that imagery build until it is strong, and you find yourself crossing over from thinking to *being* in vision in that place. See yourself sitting on the island with your back leaning against the tree, and look out over the lake to the Void beyond. Look at the fish in the lake, and the mediation of the utterances on the threshold between the Void and the egregore. Feel the power of the tree behind you, feel her through your back, like a loving mother supporting you, and feel the shift in her power as she realises that you have to step forward into maturity. Feel her motherly power struggling to allow you to make that step into adulthood.

Something prompts you to stand up and walk to the edge of the lake. You can feel danger, but you can also feel that there is something you must do, and that all fear must be faced and overridden for you to do it.

The feeling builds, and you realise that the next step you take could destroy you...or it could uphold you for the future. You must take that

step, as there is no going back: everything behind you has gone, and everything before you is forming.

Step out onto the lake. You cannot swim to cross the lake, as there is no longer the wisdom and skills of your ancestors to uphold you—think about that. Either you will walk, or you will sink and die. Step onto the water and walk to the midpoint between the lake and the threshold with the mediators. Stand on the water and face them.

The vast angelic beings who are this threshold, who are constantly uttering, singing, and making sounds that uphold all creation, turn their eyes to look at you. Their voices become aimed at you. You hear the discordance of different voices not in harmony. As they sing, watch the Void beyond them, the stars, then the nothing.

As you look out into the darkness beyond them, you notice something moving. Something is rippling in the darkness, and the stars are moving around to align themselves to something: they are taking the form of a vast cloak draped over the shape of a human form made up of the ‘nothing.’

Watch closely: you will see the form of a human whose shape is defined by the stars around them, and by how their form blots out whatever it passes across. You see a dark arm and hand form out of the Void and rest on the head of one of the angels standing on the threshold. Then another hand appears, and another, and another... until seven hands of darkness are laid on the heads of seven of the angelic beings uttering on the threshold. As the hand touches them, the voice of the angel changes, and comes into harmony with the others. Those with no hand on them fall to a whisper.

The seven angelic beings start to utter and sing in harmony with each other, and the sounds form music, then words. You hear the words:

“I Am All That Has Been, That Is, And That Will Be. All comes from me; all returns to me. I am the Unknown, the Unknowable, and the Unseen.”

The human shape in darkness starts to change colour: its form becomes a deep blue, and you can see the outline of a female form taking shape, with hair in many long braids that fly in all directions. You cannot see her face or body, but you can feel her stare on you.

One of the angels who has been silent looks at you and you feel the

stare, which makes you look back at them. The angel speaks to you: “child, you have laid your path, now turn and face it.”

You turn on the water and look back towards the island...but the island, and everything around the lake, is not there. Instead you see a path, and on the path you see different energies taking form. Some you realise are difficult, some are bright and full of power, and some are dangerous. Beyond the path you can see the world in many different layers: you see societies, communities, landscapes, people coming and going, and events happening—all happening at once. This is your universe that you now inhabit: it is everything that is and will be connected to you in some form during your remaining lifespan, and its existence is there purely because you laid a path. When you die, it will all vanish and cease to exist.

As you watch, utterances, from the angelic mediators behind you, pass by you and merge with your path. As the utterance and the path meet, everything changes to accommodate it. As the seven utterances merge with your path, out of each utterance scuttles a scorpion. Each scorpion moves to a certain point on the path and nestles down on it, waiting.

The path is constantly changing and shifting, triggered by the seven utterances of Neith, a fate of harmonic weaving so strong that neither you nor any of the gods can change it. Look at the path. See how it changes constantly, yet also remains stable and set. The constant changing is the events triggered by the utterances of Neith, and they are guarded by the scorpions to ensure that the path continues as it should.

Now you must accept it. Step forward and find yourself stepping off the water onto the path. Everything around you—lake, island, beings, everything—vanishes. You are standing on a path—there is nothing else around you.

Look at the path, and look closely. Gaze into its flagstones, and you will see they are not inert, solid stone, but a complex weave of light and dark that is constantly moving, shifting, aligning itself, and reweaving bits of itself. This is a living being, the consciousness of Neith, that will uphold you through good and bad, through life and death, as you walk through the rest of your life as an adept.

Take a second step. Then stand with both feet on the path and look ahead into the obscured future. You are standing on the path that is in nothing: before you only mist. Yet deep inside, you know what is there. Accept it. Take joy in it... and fear it.

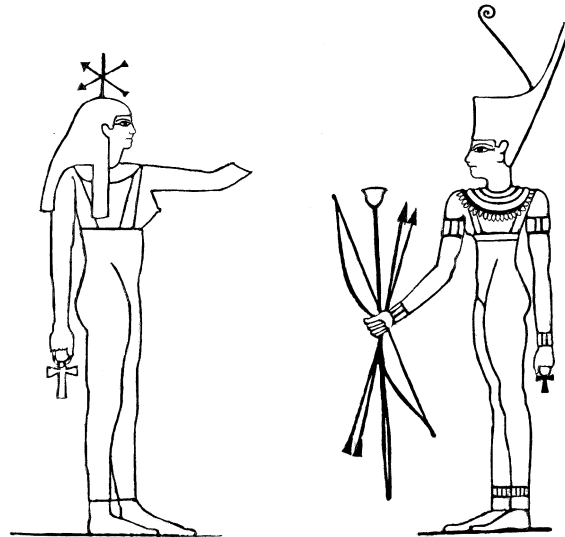


Figure 1: Neith

Utter:

“By the will of the Great God, by the design of the Great Goddess, and by my acceptance in life and death, I take up this path.”

Say this in vision and with your physical voice. Then start walking in the vision, but also open your eyes and look at the candle on the central altar. Your spirit will keep walking along the path as your body and mind go about everyday life.

If possible, stay in the magical space with the gates open and sleep for a short while to allow the deep vision to work its way through your system energetically. Even if you feel suddenly full of energy, lie down and close your eyes for a while. It needs to bed into you before it can start to externalise. If you cannot do that and have to clear the space then close down the room and go lie on your bed, or outside on the grass if possible. If you can rest and assimilate the vision straightaway then you will sustain less of a physical impact from it.

This vision should not need any explanation, as you should recognise everything in it and understand its implications. It is a powerful, once-in-a-lifetime vision never to be repeated, and a massive trigger; one of the final building blocks that moves you from student to mystical adept. Its energetic tide will work through you for the rest of your life, and its initial impact may take a while to settle.

Mother of Pepi, Isis! His nurse, Nephthys!

You who suckled him, She Who Remembers Horus! Neith,  
behind him! Selket, before him!

— P 528, *The Pyramid Texts*, James P. Allen.

How the upper side of this sky exists is in uniform darkness,  
the southern, northern, western and eastern limits of which  
are unknown, these having been fixed in the Waters, in inertness.  
There is no light of the Ram there: he does not appear there—  
a place whose south, north, west and east is unknown by the  
gods or akhs. There is no brightness there. And as for every  
place void of sky and void of land, that is the entire Duat.

—from the Cenotaph of Seti I at Abydos (Dynasty 19, ca. 1280  
B.C.), James Allen translation

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### *The Magical step—the gifts*

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The deeper mystical vision triggers profound shifts in your pattern, and as they surface in your life, you will be given inner magical gifts that will help you manifest the changes in practical work and life. They are not tools that you use; they are gifts that flow into you and work their way out to externalisation as deeply embedded skills. They subsequently trigger in different layers as and when necessity dictates.

Just when you think you have recognised one layer of a gift, another layer will form beneath it and slowly rise into your consciousness. You will recognise them, and recognise their imagery as initiatory keys to the Deeper Mysteries; and when you look closely at old, classical, and ancient texts from around the world, you will realise that they present everywhere in the Mysteries in various exterior forms. Knowing the underlying power to the gifts is key to unwrapping them.

The connection with these gifts is done in vision, and takes a slightly unusual path. If you think carefully about where you are in your training and what you are doing, you will realise why that path is taken: it is very specific for a good reason.

Once you have accepted them in vision, some or all of them may manifest for you physically. Some you may already have, but will have not realised their deeper purpose. When you do have them physically



around you, they are not specifically worked with as magical objects, rather they sit in your living space and externalise their power in your pattern of daily life and fate. You will find as a working adept that some objects come to you not to be used but simply to live with you. By doing this, the key object becomes part of your fate pattern in an exterior way, and serves to uphold its more surface power around you.

Once you have done this work, don't rush out and buy external versions of these gifts. The ones you already have, just let them carry on with you, and the ones that you do not have but need will find their way to you in various ways.

To prepare for the vision, set up your working room, open the gates, greet the contacts, and sit and still yourself in the central position. When you are ready, merge your mind with the Inner Temple until you are sitting before the centre altar there. Sit in silence until you hear in vision a loud knock on the door that opens out to the passageway that leads to the Inner Library.

As you wait, you may become aware of the priest of Ptah waiting behind the south wall. He will keep a presence with you throughout this vision. When you hear the knock, get up and walk to the door in the southwest corner that goes to the Inner Library. When you open the door, a man or woman will be standing there waiting for you. They are an adept working in service.

Follow the adept down the corridor to the Inner Library, and continue with them as they go through the Library to a stone-built chamber that you had not noticed before. The space is circular, with eight stone columns that mark out its four gates. The exterior of the chamber is circular, but the work space is square and defined by the columns. In the centre is a tall stone altar.

Around the circle, beyond the columns, stand seven people, each holding something hidden by a thick cloth. The adept tells you to stand by the altar, and they circle to stand on the other side of the altar facing you. The adept challenges you with questions which you must answer truthfully. Then they ask you to place your hands on the altar so that the stone can 'read' you.

Everyone falls silent and waits. A high frequency sound starts to reverberate around the room, and one of the seven people steps forward to you and places a bundle on the altar. Unwrap it. It is a bell with ancient writing around it. Hold the bell and feel into it: it is a living conscious being. Greet the being, then ring the bell. Instead of a bell sound, you

hear a voice: “I am she who opens your throat and guards your threshold of air. I am she who warns you. I am she who is your voice at the edge of the Abyss. Take me into yourself so that your voice and mine are one.”

Place the bell to your throat. It merges into your body. You feel the power of the bell at your throat, guarding your airways and giving power to your voice. The voice of the bell and your voice are one: when you sing, sound, or utter with intent, then your voice and the voice of the bell will speak together.

The second person comes forward and places a bundle on the altar. Unwrap it and look at it. It is a scroll covered in number squares. Unravel the scroll and look at it. The number squares are fate patterns and potential pathways. Watch as the numbers peel off of the scroll and merge with your body. Taking them into yourself puts angelic patterns in you that will serve you on your fate path. They will give you a wider understanding of events as you come across them. Now eat the scroll so that the merging is completed. The scroll is the overarching foundation of the patterns.

The third person comes forward and places a bundle on the altar. Unwrap the bundle and lift out an hourglass filled with sand. This is your time. Place it at your chest: it, too, will merge into you. This is a layer of your measure. It will tell you when key times activate in your life, and will protect your measure at a surface level.

A fourth person comes forward and places a bundle on the altar. Unwrap it: you lift out a set of scales. Since you were an apprentice you have had your scales both externalised and examined in deep vision; this set of scales is a harmonic of both your inner and outer scales. It holds a record of your scales within you, and will also teach you the Deeper Mysteries of Ma’at, balance, and cause/effect. It will uphold the Ma’at within you: by having inner and outer scales, your measure is held true and strong, and cannot be interfered with.

A fifth person comes forward and places a bundle on the altar. When you unwrap it, you find a beautiful sphere of many colours yet also clear, like crystal. This is an externalisation of your core, of the whole universe in existence while you are alive. Place the sphere at your feet: it vanishes as it rolls forward onto your path. It will act as an anchor and guiding light in times of darkness. It can also act as a decoy for your core, to protect it; the core travels along the path ahead of you. This deepens your fate path, so that your path, your core, and you are all one holism.

A sixth person comes forward holding a bundle that is moving

around. They place it carefully on the altar. Out of the bundle comes a wolf pup with long tall ears. The person strokes the puppy and tells it that you are now its parent and companion, and that you will stay together until the end of your measure. When that time comes, this puppy will be a mature, strong dog who will walk with you and protect you as you travel through death. The person tells you that the dog is named Wepwawet, which means ‘opener of the ways.’

This wolf will grow strong from your actions on the path. The more you walk in Ma’at, the stronger Wepwawet will become. He will ward off evil from you on your path, guard you while you sleep, and stay close to you when you are lonely. He will warn you when you stray from your path, and in death will walk beside you to keep you from harm. He is fed by your actions: the more you strive to be within Ma’at and to serve, the stronger, fitter, and more deadly he will become. If your actions become degenerate then he will become feral and will cease to guard you. If you turn truly bad then he will block your path and abandon you in death.

The puppy jumps down from the altar and takes his place beside you. When he appears in vision to you, or your inner senses in daily life, and he is at your left side, he is opening your path up of obstacles. When he appears at your right leg, he is protecting you from some danger. Greet the puppy and pet him. He will grow from puppy to mature wolf over time. How long that takes will depend on how you live your daily life, and how you conduct yourself as an adept.

The seventh person comes up and places a bundle on the altar. They prompt you to unwrap it, and as you do, the seven companions turn their face away so that they cannot look on the seventh gift. As you unwrap the bundle, a blinding, brilliant light shines out. It is the gift of light. This is the first light, the light of creation, the light of life, the dawn, the light that holds everything, the light encased within the shell.

The light expands and shines like a column before you. Step into it. Bathe in it, absorb it through your skin, feel its life-giving force fill you. The light surrounds you, then merges with you until all that can be seen is a fragment of the light shining through your eyes and glowing on your face. Wherever you go in life and in vision, this light will be seen to shine from your eyes, and your face will be bright. Before you were conceived, before you stepped into the universe, you were the light that held everything. When you were born, you were born in the dull light of existence. Now your light has been restored while still in life, the fracture is healed, and the light is complete again.

This light is a much higher layer of the light of your lantern. The light

of your lantern is the light of your harvest. This light is the harvest of all lives lived, and fills you with the Brightness. It will light your way in life and death, and define you as One Who Is With The Stars.

Step forward and place your hand on the altar once more. The seven companions circle you and link arms: they are the circle to you, the seven who volunteered from the Gathering to be your companions on the path of the Justified Adept. One day, after your death, you may possibly volunteer to become one of another seven and guide a new adept through their final trials and along the adept path.

After your trials have finished you can return to this chamber, unique to this seven, and work with them if necessary. You will join with them so that they are eight, the harmonic of adepts who work with gates, the bridges and flows of power, out of time, in service.

Bow to the seven companions. Ensure Wepwawet is at your side and, with shining eyes, turn and leave the chamber. Go through the Inner Library, through to the Inner Temple. Circle there for a while and meditate. Let Wepwawet drink from the waters of the Inner Temple if he wishes to. When you are ready to leave, ensure he comes with you. It will take a little time for him to learn to stay at your leg, so just be patient and kind.

When you are ready, merge out of the Inner Temple into your work space. Ensure Wepwawet comes with you. Once in your home and out of vision, the puppy will learn to stay close to you. Eventually you will get used to him being there and will forget about him unless he is active—that is normal. He will come into your mind, alert your inner senses, or appear in vision when he is active. Remember what feeds him, and ensure the puppy is well nurtured by your actions.



Figure 2: Wepwawet



Figure 3: Durer's *Melencolia*

## *Understanding the whole weave*

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The cusp of your completion as a trained adept is about finally moving from outer tools being given, to inner powers and catalysts embedding themselves in the unique adept path forged by your work. They become part of your path and of you. Stepping upon the water was a deeper aspect of crossing the Abyss, and the weave of an ancient creator goddess moved you from the mundane fate into the magical fate: it will be what is necessary.

Everything in your life and path will become magical, from the smallest, seemingly mundane encounter or action, to the greatest changes in your outer life. Now you are magical in the truest sense. Once all of that is in place, you are then tested, both in vision and in life, to ensure you are up to the task. Those visionary tests are timed for when you have nearly completed your training. The outer tests, however, come whenever it is most suitable for your unique weave. This means that some of them may have already come, some may happen quickly, and others will arrive unannounced at some point in the future.

Time bends and twists, and the tests that may come in the future will have a direct bearing on how you will step forward as an adept now. And how you step forward now defines how and when those tests appear in your life: it is a loop of the Mysteries.

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## *Funerary stela of Intefiqer at Abydos*

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Before we move onto the next lesson and the first of the inner tests, here is a bit of text for you to read. On the surface it is a declaration about being a 'good person,' and skills acquired in life being declared at death by their inscription on a funerary stela, but there is more to it than that. This person was an adept in the Mysteries of his time and location, and hints of this emerge in his stela.

Read it first as an ordinary person's epitaph, then as the declaration of an adept standing on the threshold of the west (death). You will see that he is also declaring his adeptship to the gatekeepers and judges, and how he used that adeptship in life.

This stela was raised at Abydos in Egypt, a very special place where kings and high-ranking officials were sometimes buried, or had funerary stelas erected in their memory, to partake in the Mysteries of Osiris. Intefiqer was vizier to Senusret I, which meant that he would have also served as a *Judge of the Porch* before becoming a vizier. He was a servant of Ma'at, governor of Waset, and as such was at the very heart of the magical and monarchic power of Egypt at that time.

Kissing the ground of Khenti-Amentiu, seeing the beauty of Wepwawet, by the chamberlain Intef, he says:

I am silent with the angry,  
Patient with the ignorant so as to quell strife;

I am cool, free of haste,  
Knowing the outcome, expecting what comes;

I am a speaker in situations of strife,  
One who knows which phrase causes anger;

I am friendly when I hear my name  
To him who would tell me his concern;

I am controlled, kind, friendly,  
One who calms the weeper with good words;

I am one bright-faced to his client,  
Beneficial to his equal;

I am a straight one in his lord's house  
Who knows flattery when it is spoken;

I am bright-faced, open-handed,  
An owner of food who does not cover his face;

I am a friend to the poor,  
One well-disposed to the have-not;

I am one who feeds the hungry in need,  
Who is open handed to the pauper.

I am knowing to him who lacks knowledge,  
One who teaches a man what is useful to him;

I am a straight one in the king's house,  
Who knows what to say in every office;

I am a listener who listens to the truth,  
Who ponders it in the heart;

I am one pleasant to his lords house,  
Who is remembered for his good qualities;

I am kindly to the offices,  
One who is calm and does not roar;

I am kindly, but not short-tempered,  
One who does not attack a man for a remark;

I am accurate like the scales,  
Straight and true like Djehuty;

I am firm-footed, well-disposed,  
Loyal to him who advanced him;

I am a knower who taught himself knowledge,  
An advisor whose advice I sought;

I am a speaker in the hall of justice,  
Skilled in speech in anxious situations.

—Abydos, memorial Stela of Intefiqer, Vizier, from the reign  
of Senusret I, twelfth dynasty Egypt. Intefiqer was  
buried in a mastaba next to the pyramid of Amenemhet  
I in the Theban necropolis).

Finally, here is a text that you may wish to read now, or come back to at some later date. It is a very interesting historical text and is considered today to be one of the finest works of Ancient Egyptian literature. It is set in the aftermath of the death of Pharaoh Amenemhat I, founder of the twelfth dynasty, whom Intefiqer served as vizier before going on to become vizier for Amenemhat's son Senusret I. The earliest extant manuscript we know of is from the reign of Amenemhat III, around 1800 B.C..

In it, Sinuhe tells the story of his flight from Egypt at the death of his beloved Pharaoh and his eventual return as an older man.

However, as with a lot of Egyptian writing, all is not as it seems. The writing is most likely a work of fiction based on real events, yet woven





Figure 4: Intef stela

into the text are some of the steps that an adept candidate would take into adepthood, steps known and taken in Ancient Egypt, and steps that we still take to this day. As an adept you will likely recognise many things in this story, and like other magical writings you should deploy PaRDeS here to understand what is hidden beneath it.

Below the superficial story of kings and officials lies a story of gods and goddesses, inner worlds and outer worlds, steps taken, mistakes made, and dynamics coming into play. It would likely have been used as a text first to tell a story, then to inspire, then to recognise and embed its Mysteries in the reader's mind, and finally to act as a catalyst for magical change and evolution.

If you know your Biblical Old Testament well then you may also discover here an ancestor to some Biblical tales. If you choose not to read it at this point and instead wish to focus fully on your path ahead, then make a note to come back to it when the time feels right. It is also one of those texts that 'changes' each time you read it: layer after layer will

surface as and when you are ready for them.

And while you read it, take advantage of the massive resource we have that is the internet, and look up any names you do not recognise. Everything has a purpose in this story.

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### *The Tale of Sinuhe*

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I was a henchman who followed his lord, a servant of the Royal harem attending on the hereditary princess, the highly-praised Royal Consort of Sesostris in the pyramid-town of Khnem-esut, the Royal Daughter of Amenemmes in the Pyramid-town of Ka-nofru, even Nofru, the revered.

In year 30, third month of Inundation, day 7, the god attained his horizon, the King of Upper and Lower Egypt Sehetepebre. He flew to heaven and was united with the sun's disk; the flesh of the god was merged in him, who made him. Then was the Residence hushed; hearts were filled with mourning; the Great Portals were closed; the courtiers crouched head on lap; the people grieved.

Now His Majesty had dispatched an army to the land of the Temhi, and his eldest son was the captain thereof, the good god Sesostris. Even now he was returning, having carried away captives of the Tehenu and cattle of all kinds beyond number. And the Companions of the Royal Palace sent to the western border to acquaint the king's son with the matters that had come to pass at the Court. And the messengers met him on the road, they reached him at time of night.

Not a moment did he wait; the Falcon flew away with his henchmen, not suffering it to be known to his army. Howbeit, message had been sent to the Royal Children who were with him in this army, and one of them had been summoned. And lo, I stood and heard his voice as he was speaking, being a little distance aloof; and my heart became distraught, my arms spread apart, trembling having fallen on all my limbs. Leaping I betook myself thence to seek me a hiding-place, and placed me between two brambles so as to sunder the road from its traveller.

I set out southward, yet purposed not to approach the Residence; for I thought there would be strife, and I had no mind to live after him. I crossed the waters of Mewoti hard by the Sycamore, and arrived in Island-of-Snofru. I tarried there in the open fields, and was afoot early, when it was day. I met a man who rose up in my path; he showed dismay

of me and feared. When the time of supper came, I drew nigh to the town of Gu.

I ferried over in a barge without a rudder, by the help of a western breeze; and passed on by the East of the quarry in the district Mistress-of-the-Red-Mountain. I gave a road to my feet northward and attained the Wall of the Prince, which was made to repel the Setiu and to crush the Sandfarers. I bowed me down in a thicket through fear lest the watcher on the wall for the day might see.

I went on at time of night, and when it dawned I reached Petni. I halted at the Island-of-Kemwer. An attack of thirst overtook me; I was parched, my throat burned, and I said: This is the taste of death. Then I lifted my heart, and gathered up my body. I heard the sound of the lowing of cattle, and espied men of the Setiu.

A sheikh among them, who was aforetime in Egypt, recognised me, and gave me water; he boiled for me milk. I went with him to his tribe, and they entreated me kindly.

Land gave me to land. I set forth to Byblos, I pushed on to Kedme. I spent half a year there; then Enshi son of Amu, prince of Upper Retenu, took me and said to me: Thou farest well with me, for thou hearest the tongue of Egypt. This he said, for that he had become aware of my qualities, he had heard of my wisdom; Egyptian folk, who were there with him, had testified concerning me. And he said to me: "Wherefore art thou come hither? Hath aught befallen at the Residence?"

And I said to him: "Sehetepebre is departed to the horizon, and none knoweth what has happened in this matter." And I spoke again dissembling: "I came from the expedition to the land of the Temhi, and report was made to me, and my understanding reeled, my heart was no longer in my body; it carried me away on the path of the wastes. Yet none had spoken evil of me, none had spat in my face. I had heard no reviling word, my name had not been heard in the mouth of the herald. I know not what brought me to this country. It was like the dispensation of God."

Then said he to me: "How shall yon land fare without him, the beneficent god, the fear of whom was throughout the lands like Sekhmet in a year of plague?"

Spake I to him and answered him: "Of a truth his son has entered the Palace and has taken the inheritance of his father. A god is he without a peer; none other surpasses him. A master of prudence is he, excellent in counsel, efficacious in decrees. Goings and comings are at his command.

It is he who subdued the foreign lands while his father was within his Palace, and reported to him what was ordered him to do. Valiant is he, achieving with his strong arm; active, and none is like to him, when he is seen charging down on Ro-pedtiu, or approaching the mêlée. A curber of horns is he, a weakener of hands; his enemies cannot marshal their ranks. Vengeful is he, a smasher of foreheads; none can stand in his neighbourhood. Long of stride is he, destroying the fugitive; these is no ending for any that turns his back to him. Stout of heart is he when he sees a multitude; he suffers not sloth to encompass his heart. Headlong is he when he falls upon the Easterners; his joy is to plunder the Ro-pedtiu. He seizes the buckles, he tramples under foot; he repeats not his blow in order to kill. None can turn his shaft or bend his bow. The Peditiu flee before him as before the might of the Great Goddess. He fights without end; he spares not and these is no remnant. He is a master of grace, great in sweetness; he conquers through love. His city loves him more than itself, it rejoices over him more than over its god. Men and women pass by in exultation concerning him, now that he is king. He conquered while yet in the egg; his face has been set toward kingship ever since he was born. He is one who multiplies those who were born with him. He is unique, god-given. This land that he rules rejoices. He is one who enlarges his borders. He will conquer the southern lands, but he heeds not the northern lands. He was made to smite the Setiu, and to crush the Sandfarers. Send to him, let him know thy name. Utter no curse against His Majesty. He fails not to do good to the land that is loyal to him."

Said he to me: "Of a truth Egypt is happy, since it knows that he prospers. But thou, behold, thou art here; thou shalt dwell with me, and I will entreat thee kindly."

And he placed me even before his children, and mated me with his eldest daughter. He caused me to choose for myself of his country, of the best that belonged to him on his border to another country. It was a goodly land called Yaa. Figs were in it and grapes, and its wine was more abundant than its water. Plentiful was its honey, many were its olives; all manner of fruits were upon its trees. Wheat was in it and spelt, and limitless cattle of all kinds. Great also was that which fell to my portion by reason of the love bestowed on me. He made me ruler of a tribe of the best of his country. Food was provided me for my daily fare, and wine for my daily portion, cooked meat and roast, fowl, over and above the animals of the desert; for men hunted and laid before me in addition to the quarry of my dogs. And there were made for me many dainties, and milk prepared in every way.

I spent many years, and my children grew up as mighty men, each

one controlling his tribe. The messenger who fared north, or south to the Residence, tarried with me, for I caused all men to tarry. I gave water to the thirsty, and set upon the road him who was strayed; I rescued him who was plundered. When the Setiu waxed insolent to oppose the chieftains of the deserts, I counselled their movements; for this prince of Retenu caused me to pass many years as commander of his host. Every country against which I marched, when I made my assault it was driven from its pastures and wells. I spoiled its cattle, I made captive its inhabitants, I took away their food, I slew people in it; by my strong arm, by my bow, by my movements and by my excellent counsels. I found favour in his heart and he loved me, he marked my bravery and placed me even before his children, when he had seen that my hands prevailed.

There came a mighty man of Retenu and flaunted me in my tent. He was a champion without a peer, and had subdued the whole of Retenu. He vowed that he would fight with me, he planned to rob me, he plotted to spoil my cattle, by the counsel of his tribesfolk. The prince communed with me and I said: "I know him not, forsooth I am no confederate of his, nor one who strode about his encampment. Yet have I ever opened his door, or overthrown his fence? Nay, it is envy because he sees me doing thy behest. Assuredly, I am like a wandering bull in the midst of a strange herd, and the steer of those cattle charges him, a long-horn attacks him. Is there a humble man who is beloved in the condition of a master? There is no Pedti that makes cause with a man of the Delta. What can fasten the papyrus to the rock? Does a bull love combat and shall then a stronger bull wish to sound the retreat through dread lest that one might equal him? If his heart be toward fighting, let him speak his will. Does God ignore what is ordained for him, or knows he how the matter stands?"

At night-time I strung my bow, and tried my arrows. I drew out my dagger, and polished my weapons. Day dawned and Retenu was already come; it had stirred up its tribes and had assembled the countries of a half of it, it had planned this fight. Forth he came against me where I stood, and I posted myself near him. Every heart burned for me. Women and men jabbered. Every heart was sore for me, saying: "Is there another mighty man who can fight against him?"

Then his shield, his battle-axe and his armful of javelins fell, when I had escaped from his weapons and had caused his arrows to pass by me, uselessly sped; while one approached the other. I shot him, my arrow sticking in his neck. He cried aloud, and fell on his nose. I laid him low with his own battle-axe, and raised my shout of victory over his back. Every 'A'am shrieked. I gave thanks to Montu, but his serfs mourned for him. This prince Enshi, son of Amu, took me to his embrace. Then carried

I off his possessions, and spoiled his cattle. What he had devised to do unto me, that did I unto him. I seized what was in his tent, I ransacked his encampment.

I became great thereby, I grew large in my riches, I became abundant in my flocks. Thus God hath done, so as to shew mercy to him whom he had condemned, whom he had made wander to another land. For today is his heart satisfied. A fugitive fled in his season; now the report of me is in the Residence. A laggard lagged because of hunger; now give I bread to my neighbour. A man left his country because of nakedness; but I am clad in white raiment and linen. A man sped for lack of one whom he should send; but I am a plenteous owner of slaves. Beautiful is my house, wide my dwelling-place; the remembrance of me is in the Palace.

O God, whosoever thou art that didst ordain this flight, show mercy and bring me to the Residence! Peradventure thou wilt grant me to see the place where my heart dwelleth. What matter is greater than that my corpse should be buried in the land wherein I was born? Come to my aid! A happy event has befallen. I have caused God to be merciful. May he do the like again so as to ennoble the end of him whom he had abased, his heart grieving for him whom he had compelled to live abroad. If it so be that today he is merciful, may he hear the prayer of one afar off, may he restore him whom he had stricken to the place whence he took him.

O may the King of Egypt show mercy to me, that I may live by his mercy. May I salute the Lady of the Land who is in his Palace. May I hear the behests of her children. O let my flesh grow young again, for old age has befallen, feebleness has overtaken me, mine eyes are heavy, my hands are weak, my legs refuse to follow, my heart is weary, and death approaches me, when they shall bear me to the city of Eternity. Let me serve my Sovereign Lady. O let her discourse to me of her children's beauty. May she spend an eternity over me!

Now it was told the King of Upper and Lower Egypt Kheperkere concerning this pass wherein I was. Thereupon His Majesty sent to me with gifts of the Royal bounty, and gladdened the heart of this his servant, as it had been the prince of any foreign country. And the Royal Children who were within his Palace caused me to hear their behests.

*The decree which was brought to his humble servant concerning his return to Egypt*

Horus, Life-of-Births; Two Goddesses, Life-of-Births; King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Kheperkere; Son of Re, Sesostris, living for ever and ever. A Royal decree unto the henchman Sinuhe. Behold, this decree of

the King is brought to thee to instruct thee as following:

Thou hast traversed the foreign lands and art gone forth from Kedme to Retenu; land gave thee to land, self-counselled by thine own heart. What hadst thou done, that aught should be done against thee? Thou hadst not blasphemed, that thy words should be reproved. Thou hadst not spoken in the council of the nobles, that thy utterances should be banned. This determination, it seized thine own heart, it was not in my heart against thee.

This thy Heaven, who is in the Palace, is established and prospereth daily; she hath her part in the kingship of the land, her children are at the Court. Mayest thou long enjoy the goodly things that they shall give thee; mayest thou live by their bounty. Come thou to Egypt, that thou mayst see the Residence where thou didst grow, that thou mayst kiss the earth at the Great Portals and have thy lot among the Companions. For today already thou hast begun to be old, thy manhood is spent.

Bethink thee of the day of burial, the passing into beatitude: how that the night shall be devoted to thee with ointments, with bandages from the hands of Tayt; and a funeral procession shall be made for thee on the day of joining the earth; the mummy-shell of gold, with head of lazuli; and a heaven above thee; and thou placed upon the hearse, oxen dragging thee, musicians in front of thee; and there shall be performed the dance of the Muu at the door of thy tomb; and the offering-list shall be invoked for thee and slaughterings made beside thy stele; thy columns being shapen of white stone amid the tombs of the Royal Children.

Thus shalt thou not die abroad. 'A'amu shall not escort thee. Thou shalt not be placed in a sheep-skin, when thy mound is made. Yea, all these things shall fall to the ground. Wherefore think of thy corpse, and come.

This decree reached me as I stood in the midst of my tribesfolk. It was read aloud to me, and I laid me on my belly and touched the soil, I strewed it on my hair. And I went about my encampment rejoicing, and saying: How should such things be done to a servant whom his heart led astray to barbarous lands? Fair in sooth is the graciousness which delivereth me from death; inasmuch as thy ka will grant me to accomplish the ending of my body at home.

*Copy of the acknowledgement of this decree.*

The servant of the harem Sinuhe says:

Fair hail! Discerned is this flight that thy servant made in his

witlessness, yea even by thy ka, thou good god, lord of the two lands, whom Re loves and Montu, lord of Thebes, praises Amun lord of Karnak, Sobk, Re, Horus, Hathor, Atum with his Ennead, Sopdu, Neferbau, Semseru, Horus of the East, the Lady of Imet who rests on thy head, the Conclave upon the waters, Min in the midst of the deserts, Wereret lady of Punt, Har-uer-re, and all the gods of Ti-muri and of the islands of the sea: they give life and strength to thy nose, they endue thee with their gifts, they give to thee eternity illimitable, time without bourn; the fear of thee is bruited abroad in corn-lands and desert-hills, thou hast subdued all the circuit of the sun.

This thy servant's prayer to his lord to rescue him in the West, the lord of Perception, who perceiveth lowly folk, he perceived it in his noble Palace. Thy servant feared to speak it; now it is like some grave circumstance to repeat it. Thou great god, peer of Re in giving discretion to one toiling for himself, this thy servant is in the hand of a good counsellor in his behoof; verily I am placed beneath his guidance. For Thy Majesty is the victorious Horus, thy hands are strong against all lands. Let now Thy Majesty cause to be brought Maki from Kedme, Khentiaush from Khentkesh, Menus from the lands of the Fenkhu. They are renowned princes, who have grown up in love of thee, albeit unremembered. Retenu is thine, like to thy hounds.

But as touching this thy servant's flight, I planned it not, it was not in my heart, I conceived it not, I know not what sundered me from my place. It was the manner of a dream, as when a Delta-man sees himself in Elephantine, a man of the marshes in Ta-seti. I had not feared. None had pursued after me. I had heard no reviling word. My name had not been heard in the mouth of the herald. Nay, but my body quivered, my feet began to scurry, my heart directed me, the god who ordained this flight drew me away. Yet am I not stiff-backed, inasmuch as suffering the fear of a man that knows his land. For Re has set the fear of thee throughout the land, the dread of thee in every foreign country.

Whether I be at home or whether I be in this place, it is thou that canst obscure yon horizon. The sun riseth at thy pleasure, the water in the rivers is drunk at thy will, the air in heaven is breathed at thy word. Thy servant will hand over the viziership which thy servant hath held in this place. But let Thy Majesty do as pleaseth thee. Men live by the breath that thou givest. Re, Horus and Hathor love this thy august nose, which Montu, lord of Thebes, wills shall live eternally.

Envoys came to this servant, and I was suffered to spend a day in Yaa to hand over my possessions to my children, my eldest son taking charge of my tribe, all my possessions being in his hand, my serfs and all my



cattle, my fruit and every pleasant tree of mine. Then came this humble servant southward and halted at Paths-of-Horus. The commander who was there, in charge of the frontier-patrol sent a message to the Residence to bear tidings. And His Majesty sent a trusty head-fowler of the Palace, having with him ships laden with presents of the Royal bounty for the Setiu that were come with me to conduct me to Paths-of-Horus. And I named each several one of them by his name. Brewers kneaded and strained in my presence, and every serving-man made busy with his task.

Then I set out and sailed, until I reached the town of Ithtoue. And when the land was lightened and it was morning there came men to summon me, ten coming and ten going to convey me to the Palace. And I pressed my forehead to the ground between the sphinxes, the Royal Children standing in the gateway against my coming. The Companions that had been ushered into the forecourt showed me the way to the Hall of Audience. And I found His Majesty on a throne in a gateway of gold; and I stretched myself on my belly and my wit forsook me in his presence, albeit this god greeted me joyously. Yea, I was like a man caught in the dusk; my soul fled, my flesh quaked, and my heart was not in my body, that I should know life from death.

Thereupon His Majesty said to one of those Companions: Raise him up, let him speak to me. And His Majesty said: "Lo, thou art come, thou hast trodden the deserts, thou hast traversed the wastes; eld has prevailed against thee, thou hast reached old age. It is no small matter that thy corpse should be buried without escort of Peditiu. But do not thus, do not thus, staying ever speechless, when thy name is pronounced."

But verily I feared punishment, and answered him with the answer of one afraid: What speaketh my lord to me? Would I might answer it, and may not. Lo, it is the hand of God, yea the dread that is in my body, like that which caused this fateful flight. Behold, I am in thy presence. Thine is life; may Thy Majesty do as pleaseth thee.

The Royal Children were caused to be ushered in. Then His Majesty said to the Royal Consort: "Behold Sinuhe, who is come as an 'A'am, an offspring of Setiu-folk."

She gave a great cry, and the Royal Children shrieked out all together. And they said to His Majesty: "It is not really he, O Sovereign, my lord." And His Majesty said: "Yea, it is really he."

Then brought they their necklaces, their rattles and their sistra, and presented them to His Majesty: "Thy hands be on the Beauteous one, O enduring King, on the ornament of the Lady of Heaven. May Nub

give life to thy nose, may the Lady of the Stars join herself to thee. Let the goddess of Upper Egypt fare north, and the goddess of Lower Egypt fare south, united and conjoined in the name of Thy Majesty. May the Uraeus be set upon thy brow. Thou hast delivered thy subjects out of evil. May Re, lord of the lands, show thee grace. Hail to thee, and also to our Sovereign Lady. The horn of thy bow is slacked, thine arrow loosened. Give breath to one that is stifled, and grant us our goodly guerdon in the person of this sheikh Si-mehyt, the Pediti born in Ti-muri. He fled through fear of thee; he left this land through dread of thee. But as for the face of him who sees Thy Majesty, it blenches not; as for the eye that regardeth thee, it fears not."

Then said His Majesty: "Nay, but he shall not fear, he shall not dread. For he shall be a Companion among the magistrates, he shall be set in the midst of the nobles. Get you gone to the Chamber of Adornment to wait upon him."

So when I was gone forth from the Hall of Audience, the Royal Children giving me their hands, we went together to the Great Portals, and I was placed in the house of a Royal Son. There was noble equipment in it, a bathroom and painted devices of the horizon; costly things of the Treasury were in it. Garments of Royal stuff were in every chamber, unguent and the fine oil of the King and of the courtiers whom he loves; and every serving-man made busy with his task. Years were caused to pass away from my flesh, I was shaved and my hair was combed. A burden was given over to the desert, and clothing to the Sandfarers. And I was clad in soft linen, and anointed with fine oil; by night I lay upon a bed. I gave up the sand to them that dwell therein, and oil of wood to him who smears himself with it. There was given to me the house of a provincial governor, such as a Companion may possess; many artificers built it, and all its woodwork was new appointed. And meals were brought to me from the Palace three times, yea four times, a day, over and above that which the Royal Children gave, without remiss.

And there was constructed for me a tomb of stone in the midst of the tombs; the masons that hew tombs marked out its ground-plan; the master-draughtsmen designed in it; the master-sculptors carved in it; and the master-architects who are in the Necropolis bestowed their care upon it. And all the gear that is placed in a tomb-shaft went to its equipment. And ka-servants were given to me, and there was made for me a sepulchral garden, in which were fields, in front of my abode, even as is done for a chief Companion. And my statue was overlaid with gold, and its apron was of real gold. It was His Majesty caused it to be made.

There is no poor man for whom the like hath been done; and I enjoyed

the favours of the Royal bounty until the day of death came.

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