

Relics of the Past

Exploring Ancient Egypt



“Be yourself; everyone else is
already taken.”
— Oscar Wilde

The water rush down the wash and into the slot canyon below. Two hikers had started the day to sunny weather without a cloud in the sky, but they hadn't thought to check the weather north of the canyon. Huge thunderstorms had brought a deluge of rain and produced flash floods heading their way. The two hikers had no idea what was coming. She was aware that things could go wrong. In fact, she had trained her entire life in anticipation that things would go wrong one day. She had quiet confidence as she started to see that this was the day that all her training would be worthwhile and useful. At this point, she had no idea just how wrong everything would go that day. She wondered if the note had reached him. She scolded herself for not handing it to him in person. She trusted her friend, but so much could happen. She waited impatiently for word. She considered the birds to be her friends. She'd put out food for them each morning. She wanted rainbow hair. rainbow hair. That's what she told the hairdresser. It should be deep rainbow colors, too. She wasn't interested in pastel rainbow hair. She wanted it deep and vibrant so there was no doubt that she had done this on purpose. She didn't understand how changed worked. When she looked at today compared to yesterday, there was nothing that she could see that was different. Yet, when she looked at today compared to last year, she couldn't see how anything was ever the same. The wave crashed and hit the sandcastle head-on. The sandcastle began to melt under the waves force.

She considered the birds to be her friends. She'd put out food for them each morning and then she'd watch as they came to the feeders to gorge themselves for the day. She wondered what they would do if something ever happened to her. Would they miss the meals she provided if she failed to put out the food one morning? The piano sat silently in the corner of the room. Nobody could remember the last time it had been played. The little girl walked up to it and hit a few of the keys. The sound of the piano rang throughout the house for the first time in years. In the upstairs room, confined to her bed, the owner of the house had tears in her eyes. “Can I get you anything else?” David asked. It was a question he asked a hundred times a day and he always received the same answer. It had become such an ingrained part of his daily routine that he had to step back and actively think when he heard the little girl's reply.

Dave wasn't exactly sure how he had ended up in this predicament. He ran through all the events that had led to this current situation and it still didn't make sense. He wanted to spend some time to try and make sense of it all, but he had higher priorities at the moment. The first was how to get out of his current situation of being naked in a tree with snow falling all around and no way for him to get down. It was a simple green chair. There was nothing extraordinary about it or so it seemed. It was the type of chair one would pass without even noticing it was there, let alone what the actual color of it was. It was due to this common and unassuming appearance that few people actually stopped to sit in it and discover its magical powers.

The time had come for Nancy to say goodbye. She had been dreading this moment for a good six months, and it had finally arrived despite her best efforts to forestall it. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't keep the inevitable from happening. So the time had come for a normal person to say goodbye and move on. It was at this moment that Nancy decided not to be a normal person. After all the time and effort she had expended, she couldn't bring herself to do it. She asked the question even though she didn't really want to hear the answer. It was a no-win situation since she already knew. If he told the truth, she'd get confirmation of her worst fears. If he lied, she'd know that he wasn't who she thought he was which would be almost as bad. Yet she asked the question anyway and waited for his answer.

“I'm selfish, impatient and a little insecure. I make mistakes, I am out of control and at times hard to handle. But if you can't handle me at my worst, then you sure as hell don't deserve me at my best.”

— Marilyn Monroe

She was infatuated with color. She didn't have a favorite color per se, but she did have a fondness for teals and sea greens. You could see it in the clothes she wore that color was an important part of her overall style. She took great pride that color flowed from her and that color was always all around her. That is why, she explained to her date sitting across the table, that she could never have a serious relationship with him due to the fact that he was colorblind. Another option you have is choosing the number of syllables in the words you speak. You probably have never considered this option before, but you have it every time you open your mouth and speak. You make so many choices like this that

you never even think about, but you have the choice with each one. What are you going to do with this knowledge? He slowly poured the drink over a large chunk of ice he has especially chiseled off a larger block. He didn't particularly like his drinks cold, but he knew that the drama of chiseling the ice and then pouring a drink over it looked far more impressive than how he actually liked it. It was all about image and he'd managed to perfect the image that he wanted to project. She's asked the question so many times that she barely listened to the answers anymore. The answers were always the same. Well, not exactly the same, but the same in a general sense. A more accurate description was the answers never surprised her. So, she asked for the 10,000th time, “What's your favorite animal?” But this time was different. When she heard the young boy's answer, she wondered if she had heard him correctly.

It was the best compliment that he'd ever received although the person who gave it likely never knew. It had been an off-hand observation on his ability to hold a conversation and actually add pertinent information to it on practically any topic. Although he hadn't consciously strived to be able to do so, he'd started to voraciously read the news when he couldn't keep up on topics his friends discussed because their conversations went above his head. The fact that someone had noticed enough to compliment him that he could talk intelligently about many topics meant that he had succeeded in his quest to be better informed. Patricia's friend who was here hardly had any issues at all, but she wasn't telling the truth. Yesterday, before she left to go home, she heard that her husband is in the hospital and pretended to be surprised. It later came out that she was the person who had put him there. Don't forget that gifts often come with costs that go beyond their purchase price. When you purchase a child the latest smartphone, you're also committing to a monthly phone bill. When you purchase the latest gaming system, you're likely not going to be satisfied with the games that come with it for long and want to purchase new titles to play. When you buy gifts it's important to remember that some come with additional costs down the road that can be much more expensive than the initial gift itself. There were about twenty people on the dam. Most of them were simply walking and getting exercise. There were a few who were fishing. There was a family who had laid down a blanket and they were having a picnic. It was like this most days and nothing seemed out of the ordinary. The problem was that nobody noticed the water leaking through the dam wall. A long black shadow slid across the pavement near their feet and the five Venusians, very much startled, looked overhead. They were barely in time to see the huge gray form of the carnivore before it vanished behind a sign atop a nearby building which bore the mystifying information "Pepsi-Cola." The red line moved across the page. With each millimeter it advanced forward, something changed in the room. The actual change taking place was difficult to perceive, but the change was real. The red line continued relentlessly across the page and the room would never be the same.

“You know you’re in love when you can’t fall asleep because reality is finally better than your dreams.”
— Dr. Seuss



Egyptian Art Annals

The wave crashed and hit the sandcastle head-on. The sandcastle began to melt under the waves force and as the wave receded, half the sandcastle was gone. The next wave hit, not quite as strong, but still managed to cover the remains of the sandcastle and take more of it away. The third wave, a big one, crashed over the sandcastle completely covering and engulfing it. When it receded, there was no trace the sandcastle ever existed and hours of hard work disappeared forever. The computer wouldn't start. She banged on the side and tried again. Nothing. She lifted it up and dropped it to the table. Still nothing. She banged her closed fist against the top. It was at this moment she saw the irony of trying to fix the machine with violence. They had always called it the green

Stela of Tatiasset

river. It made sense. The river was green. The river likely had a different official name, but to everyone in town, it was and had always been the green river. So it was with great surprise that on this day the green river was a fluorescent pink. There are different types of secrets. She had held onto plenty of them during her life, but this one was different. She found herself holding onto the worst type. It was the type of secret that could gnaw away at your insides if you didn't tell someone about it, but it could end up getting you killed if you did. "Do Not Enter." The sign made it clear that they didn't want anyone around. That wasn't going to stop Jack. Jack always lived with the notion that signs were mere suggestions, not actually absolute rules.