

EXCERPT from The Early Scrolls

Book Two, Fate of the True Vampires, by Christine Church

Compendium

*This collection is a compendium to the already published compilation of journal entries by Kesi of Giza. **Sands of Time: Fate of the True Vampires, Book One** is the first of the series, and though the writings in this volume are dated long before **Sands of Time**, for publication purposes this collection is considered “Book Two” in the series.*

*If you recall in Book One, Dr. Brumble’s discoveries and research were taken over in 21st century America by Dr Jeff Honesby of the Australian institute, APCHI (Ancient Preservation of Culture and History Institute). On a private dig of slave quarters near the main pyramids within Giza, Dr. Honesby came upon a limestone box, hand carved with symbols from the alien language referred to in **Sands of Time**. Upon opening this box, the most amazing breakthrough to date was unearthed.*

The discovery of these ancient scrolls marks a very exciting time for archaeologists, who have been working diligently on collecting more from Kesi and children of hers, proving the existence, and possible demise of the ‘vampire’ race, as is disclosed in much later texts, not yet published.

“Not as the Others”

The entries within this publication were all found preserved within a limestone box, inside Giza slave quarters during excavation in 2001. This is the closest experts have found to full and well preserved records from Kesi that date back so far.

*Circa 15th through 16th Dynasties
Written in ancient Hieroglyphs on papyrus
English Translation was performed in 2008*

It is clear from the first few texts that these scrolls were personal entries by Kesi, written when she was what we consider today a “tween.” This gives us a glimpse into an ancient life, different from the others, even ridiculed as many are today. Read on. Kesi’s story has those working to translate this tale in awe and fascination. These scrolls and documents offer insight into a life, albeit not a human life, that no one has ever before experienced.

Journal of Kesi of Giza, Circa, 15th Dynasty

What I should say on this scroll is unclear. Who shall see this one day, if anyone, even more a mystery. But this is my life as it is, and to this I feel I must write. Particularly now, in light of this evening's events.

Perhaps I should speak of the life I have lived thus far. The life I am sure will end soon.

What the punishment is for killing a human, I know not, for none of us have ever before carried out such a terrible deed. Have the *Pet Mer* and Pharaoh created such a law for this?

Or should I remove my mind from this night's events and speak of the other children—these mortals who avoid me, casting their gazes away when I emerge from the tunnels of our unfathomable chambers?

They speak of me under whispered breaths. Most times I can disregard their banters. After all, they do not know I hear them, for few are aware of our abilities.

And yet, when before me, they bow. They know who I am; *Kesi of Giza. Daughter of the Gods*. And that I am too far dissimilar to them.

Just as they, I was born from my mother, but I play when Ra takes the form of *Atum* and creates so many tiny lights within the sky. The other children often go in once Ra passes through the *akhet*, unless they have duties that keep them without.

Though I appear the same age, I have existed for more cycles of harvest than they. I recall the birth of many, and from what Father tells me, I will live to see their passage into the *Field of Reeds*.

And so, I remain here, in my chamber, learning to write my letters and to read, to understand a language printed, not merely scribed. My assignments must be seen by my tutor and my parents. However, here alone, I speak my secrets to no one but papyrus and ink. Putting my thoughts down, hiding them away, so they are for my eyes only.

What else can I do? It is so gloomy at times, despite my exceptional vision—deep within this ancient triangular tomb structure—designed by a human, yet aided by my father's people, their knowledge and strength.

Pet Mer. They were termed by the local humans. *Sky Friends*. Those who came down from the stars so long ago. I have not yet learnt all of the details. I know only that I am half human, for my mother was born to the desert. Yet half god, for my father's people are deified, as they materialized into the Sahara from the stars long ago.

Since then the humans have ventured down to us when Ra holds the sun above, so we may feed and thrive.

Today was no different. And this is where my troubles began.

I was working my assignment when I heard the call that afternoon mealtime had approached. I hardly noticed the hunger welling inside me, so lost was I in practicing my scripts. And so I emerged out into the damp stone aisle.

The humans stood lined against the carved limestone of the inner wall, adults and children alike, all dressed in simple white linen as always.

Many of the mortal children I knew well. I often saw them outside the pyramids when *Atum* boosted the stars up into the sky.

Mostly, they avoided me. But one, Nekhure was his name, smiled whenever our eyes met, then proceeded with his ritualistic bow.

And this night was no different. He stood motionless, a tight grasp on the hand of his father. But, tonight his father observed the smile Nekhure offered me and wrenched at his hand.

Nekhure's glow faded, eyes cast down once again, lost by respect, as all humans who come to offer us their contribution.

I sighed. I wished for friends beyond the others such as myself. And Nekhure was always polite to me. He was closer to my age than most of the others.

Though I would never express my inner feelings, it formed an ache within my heart for him to cast his gaze away. To see him bow his head, the short, straight ebony hair falling over his face and obscuring him from my vision.

It is not easy, being of a divergent race. But it is the station to which I was born. I have spoken to Mother of this desire to be one with the humans, to play in the sun, to take my meals as they do.

Mother always displays the utmost of sympathies. But, she explained, that I am "not as the other children. They were born to serve you, not to be your friends."

At my frown, she had stated, "Kesi, you are special. You have gifts they can only long for, and so they envy you. They were raised to worship, not to love or associate with the children of the *Pet Mer*."

I had nodded and let it go at that, but I knew she understood my own lack of empathy for this peculiar circumstance.

I watched the others engage in recreation, do their chores and whisper secrets that I am never privy to—only the other *Pet Mer* children understand. Yet they care not in the least. Humans are beneath them. Why do I feel so much more than they?

The time arrived to take sustenance. Nekhure and all the humans who worshipped the "gods from the sky and their progeny" ventured the journey downward to us. I waited my turn, as always.

Offspring always take their meals first, age playing the regulation with which we line. I must confess, I despise this routine. At least twice per day I wait with the others, watching as the youngest ones take their feast foremost. Those who cannot yet walk or talk are held by their *Pet Mer* parent, who pierces the thin flesh of the human on their wrist or even finger, then allows the sucking his or her pleasure and fill.

As I slowly age, my turn in the line descends. The eldest always feed last, if they feed at all, for I have heard they need not feast each day as those of us who are younger.

As luck would have it on this night, my turn came and my one human friend, Nekhure, was to be my meal.

Though I knew this was as it was meant to be, and that Nekhure would be well enough to feed us another day, it still felt to me as if this was somehow a violation.

I wish to be one with Nekhure, not to view him as mere repast.

Humans eat animals, I reasoned as I approached my friend. *They make meat and blood their sustenance*. And here I needed to do the same; take my meal to keep me alive and moving onward through the ages.

My stomach groaned, my veins throbbed.

Nekhure stood before me.

My parents, the other *Pet Mer*, and the humans they had taken as mates—even their children, watched. My heart raced as faces all around stared in expectation. My hands shook and

the pressure overcame me.

And then I did the unthinkable.

Within Nekhure's ear, I spoke. "I do not view you as subservient to myself."

And with that my small fangs pierced the thin flesh of his throat. Though generally we only took the wrist, I had been close to his ear in order to whisper and, wanting none to know I had spoken to him, I chose the closest route with which his blood throbbed at the surface of flesh. His head tilted back, his moan apparent to all.

The warm sweet flavor filled my mouth quickly. More hastily than the wrist ever offered. I drank, I swallowed and I sighed.

I could barely comprehend the gasps that echoed from stone and rock, passed from those both human and not. Behind and around me.

We do not drink from the throat, echoed the commands within my mind. I had not known why, but yet once again, it is as I was taught.

But it was at that moment I understood the reasoning. Even within the haze of ecstatic rejuvenation, all at once it became clear. How quickly the blood flowed, as if the Nile spat it from its depths.

Oh, how wonderful.

I had experienced nothing of its ilk.

However, beyond the elated tunnel of bliss I heard the voices.

Frantic.

Panicked.

Kesi, no! Stop!

A drop of warm crimson escaped my lips. I felt its descent. I heard it. I even smelt its decadent perfume as it died within the sands at my bare feet.

Never spill blood when feeding. Each drop is precious.

I could scarce grasp what had transpired. Only that the chill dank air of the underground struck me as if a powerful sandstorm stampeded my body.

I was dragged away from Nekhure.

Through the burrow that was my vision, I saw him collapse—a boulder that tumbled from above. Had I taken too much? Would he now die a mortal's death? These thoughts sat idle in my mind, but prominent was the unsatisfied hunger. My head swam with confusion.

I heard a voice reverberate from the tomb walls.

"She killed him! He is dead! Oh, by Ra's light the Pharaohs shall never feed us again. We will starve!"

A swarm of bodies moved in, the chambers echoed so loudly with bellows, I could not hear a single decipherable voice. It was not me the swarm hovered over, but Nekhure.

Before reality could take me into its cold grasp, my mother embraced my arm and wrenched me from the carnage I had caused. I followed, carefully pulled along as if by a snail. Once within, I was placed upon my bed, my body obeying without question.

And now I sit here alone, writing my secret words, waiting to hear if Nekhure is alive or dead.