Osiris Described

Osiris was finally alone in his chamber with only his most trusted servants. He sat in a chair and let out a gentle sigh. It had been a long day for the mighty pharaoh and now he was tired. One of his servants removed his crown and another carefully took his crook from him. He smiled and thanked them warmly. He removed his false beard himself and passed it to the waiting servant.

"I am glad to be here in my chamber at last," he confided in a hushed voice. "It was wonderful being entertained tonight by those fine musicians, but the heat has made me very sleepy."

His servants helped Osiris to remove his fine, golden robes and assisted him as he dressed in his nightwear. He was a remarkable sight even without his ceremonial robes. His strong muscles and perfect posture made him seem powerful and tall, even though he was no taller than the average man.

He spoke softly but commandingly, "The night is hot. Please may I trouble you for a glass of cold water?" His servants were quick to bring what their master had requested. They knew they were lucky to have such a kind and respectful pharaoh and they adored him. He thanked them graciously and quickly drank the icy liquid with powerful gulps. His calm, brown eyes surveyed the room. The chamber contained little more than his wooden bed and chair and yet, he preferred this simple room to the other opulent parts of the palace.

"You may leave me now. Thank you for your attentions," he said firmly. At last he was alone. He liked being pharaoh and he was good at it. He was pretty sure of that fact, for his dear wife, Isis, and his grandfather, Ra, who had chosen him for the job, would never lie to him and they said it was true. He saw it too in the faces of his subjects. He felt very fortunate. Yet, being pharaoh involved a lot of noise and activity and Osiris liked time to be alone. He leant back in the chair slowly and purposefully and he let out a slow, deliberate breath from the depths of his lungs, taking in the feeling of peace and relaxation.