

Wewatta was walking. Deep in thought about his conversation with Narmer, he starts to realize that everything is slowly getting brighter. Bright white light soon envelopes him and he stops. Turning to look behind him, he sees that the whiteness stretches back beyond his sight and slowly turning forward again he tries to spot the horizon. He can't. Facing back the direction he was headed, he can now make out a faint outline of a figure.

Wewatta: "Hey! Helloooo!"

Figure: (feminine voice) "Hello."

Surprisingly, the voice seemed to come from right in front of him. He started walking to the figure, but the figure seemed to be moving away from him. He picked up his pace and so did the figure. When he stopped, it stopped. Looking back, and then to the figure again, he breaks out into a full sprint.

Wewatta: "Hey! Stop! Why are you running from me?"

Figure: "I am not running from anything, you are. You will stop when you get to where you are going."

Wewatta: (stopping) "What the fuck is that supposed to..."

Woman: (appearing beside him) "See?"

She is a tall woman in an Egyptian dress like the ones seen in hieroglyphs.

Wewatta: "But you were just..."

Wewatta pointed to the whiteness that stretched out in front of him.

Woman: "I've been right here the whole time."

Wewatta: "Where am I, who are you?"

Wewatta looked up at the black rectangular block floating above her head. It was pristinely cut and smoothed on every side, with edges and points so perfect they seemed as though they could draw blood from the slightest touch.

Woman: "I am her who is she, and you are on your way to Memphis to see Ptah. Come..."

They start walking

Wewatta: "How did you know I am on my way...?"

Woman: "I know things..."

Wewatta: (sarcastically) "Oh, yeah? Then maybe you can tell me what the hieroglyphs mean."

Woman: (smiling) "They're recipes for sushi rolls."

Wewatta: "Wha?"

Woman: (giggling) "They talk of everyday things. Perhaps if you were more specific with your question, a more direct answer may be provided."

Wewatta: "Ok, well... what's up with the whole crazy crowns and animal theme you guys got going on?"

Woman: "Ah, the crowns. The crowns are literal representations of what we physically see. Like how the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt that you were told about earlier represent the orbital and celestial poles; one with a fixed Lotus, and the other with an unseen "flower" at the center of the swirl. The crowns of Ra and Khonsu are good examples too; both are depicted as having discs for crowns. These are the sun and the moon; Ra's disc is red because it is the Sun. Khonsu's disc is white because it is the moon. The moon disc is held by a boat or a bier and this is because the because of the crescent phases that the moon goes through, it makes it look like a boat with a ball in it, sailing across the celestial sky."

Wewatta: "And the animal heads?"

Woman: "The animals are representative of the behavior of what the crown symbolizes. So, with Ra and Khonsu, they have the heads of hawks because the sun and moon don't "swirl" like the stars do at night, they soar across the sky like hawks. Hawks ride the wind and their flying is consistent, straight, and with limited movement because of it. Because Ra had always "soared" across the skies, it retained its hawk like status. Later Khonsu was depicted as a child, and that was due to the true movement we discovered the moon was making."

Wewatta: "Wait, so what about Thoth? I mean, how does the "god of writing", "fly like writing?""

Woman: "Thoth? Oh, you mean Jehuty, "He who is like the Ibis""

Wewatta: "Yeah, him."

Woman: "Like I said... Behavior. So, have you ever seen an Ibis, in nature? They use their curved bills to probe for food in the mud..."



Wewatta: "Ok..."

Woman: "Children liked to imagine pictures were made in the mud that was left from this behavior, like the Ibis was writing with its curved beak."

Wewatta: "So, He is the god of writing, not because of intelligence level, but because of its feeding habits?"

Woman: "intelligence level? No, the Ibis is no "Owl". But their behavior is so reminiscent of the practice of writing that you can't help but hold it to some level of high regard."

Wewatta: "Why?"

Woman: "Pretend you are holding a pen in your hand."

Wewatta: (puts thumb and two forefingers together) "Ok."

Woman: "Now look at it and "write" in the air."

Wewatta: (writing in the air) "oh!"

Woman: "Every time you write, whether pulp or non-fiction, you summon and use the power of "he who is like the Ibis.""

Wewatta: "So what about your crown?"

Woman: "Oh this, this is magic."

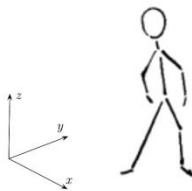
Wewatta: "Magic? It looks like it's just a box."

Woman: "Yes, a box... of wonder. You know that angle that Narmer told you about? Well if you put eight of those perfect angles together, then you get a perfect box."

Wewatta: "A box?"

Woman: "Yes, but let me show you the magic of the angle..."

She proceeds to draw three lines that intersect to a point, i.e. a corner, and places it to the ground a few feet away from Wewatta.



Wewatta: (looking at it) "And?"

Woman: "Walk to it"

Wewatta starts walking to the "corner" and the closer he gets, the further the corner gets, and the longer the "X", "Y", and "Z" axis lines grows. He stops and looks at her.

Wewatta: "So... it will just keep getting..."deeper?"."

Woman: "Yes, much like when you divide a line in half, you can do so indefinitely."

She looks to the corner and motions him to go further

Woman: "Go ahead, keep trying."

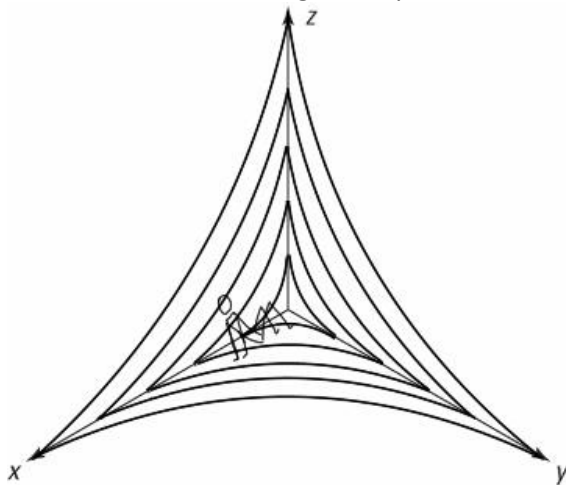
Wewatta looks at her, then to the corner. Taking a deep breath he breaks out into a full sprint. The "X" and "Y" lines on the ground, on either side of him, shoot further back behind him and away from each other to beyond the horizon. The center "Z" axis shoots straight up into infinity. No matter how fast he goes, the corner consistently remains just a few feet in front of him; at the floor, just out of reach. With one last burst of energy he throws himself into it and tumbling toward it he comes to rest with his legs outstretched to it. And it remains, just out of reach.

Woman: (kneeling next to him) "See?"

Wewatta: (frustrated) "Ok... so a never ending corner. What's so special about that?"

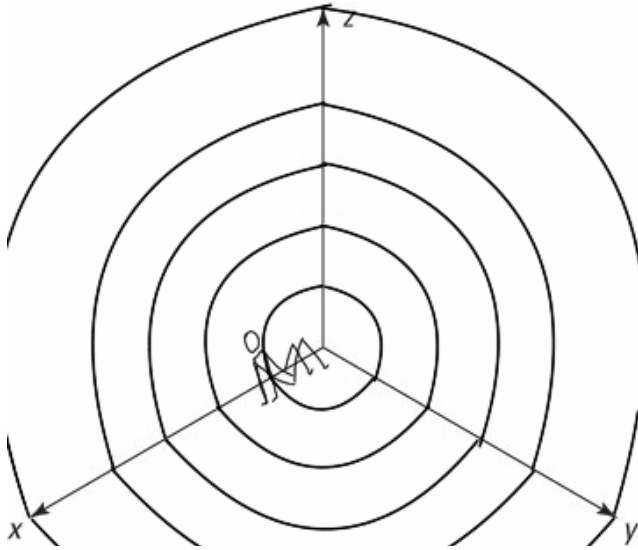
Woman: "It is quite powerful. It is like a magnet. With the point moving continuously out being the positive, and the space between the lines continuously moving in; those being the negative."

Curved lines start rushing to the point in the corner on all three facades of the angle.



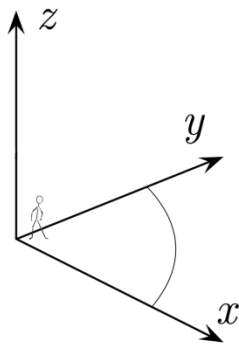
Woman: "Also, just like magnets, you can switch the polarity. This way the space between the lines grows, and is the positive, while the point "shrinks", gets smaller, and is the negative."

Curved lines start shooting out from the point and away from Wewatta.



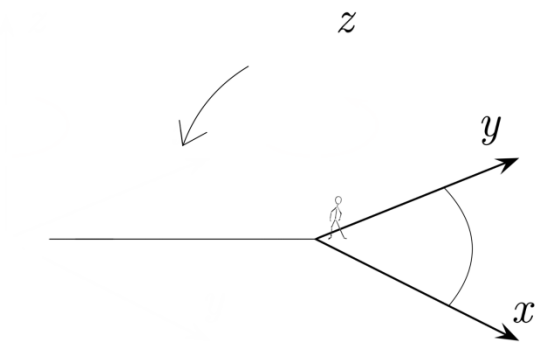
Woman: "This is where the Ankh symbol comes from."

The lines stop emanating from the corner with one curved line stopping slightly behind Wewatta. He stands up and turns to it, his back now facing the corner.

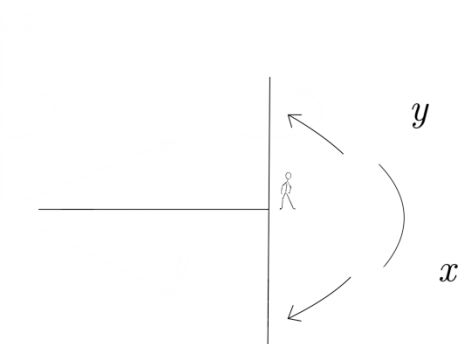


Wewatta: "How is that an ankh?"

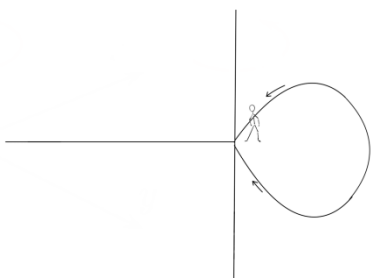
Woman: "Well if you bend the Z axis down..."



then stretch the Y and X axis out...



Then connect the curved line to the center point."



Wewatta: "Hey, that's where the scorpion's mouth would be if this was representative of that right hand rule Narmer told me about."

Woman: (Smiling) "It's the flattened representation of the breath that flows to and from that corner."

Wewatta “looks down at the ground, first with wonder, then credulity.”

Wewatta: “It’s still just a corner.”

Woman: (giggling) “Don’t let Serket hear you say that. But yes, by itself it lacks... boundary.”

Wewatta: “Boundary? Well I guess if you put eight of them together, at right angles...”

She Smiles

Wewatta: “You could have a box. One that expands forever, like... self-inflation.”

She Smiles and nods

Wewatta: (turning to her) “Are we talking quantum physics here? I mean for that to be a model for a self-inflating universe you would have to fit a universe into it.”

Woman: “or... a big pile of poop”

Wewatta: “Huh?”

Deep rumbling laughing comes all around

Wewatta: “who... what, was that?”

Woman: “That’s Khepri, he loves that one.”

Wewatta: “oh, ok. (rubbing his forehead) So let’s see if I have this straight, flowers are stars, the sun and the moon are hawks, that scorpion angle is magic, the “breath of life” comes from a corner, and eight of them pointed at each other make some sort of ever expanding box with a pile of poop in the middle... like a tesseract with a poopy center.”

Looks at the woman suspiciously

Wewatta: “Did I forget anything?”

Woman: “Yes, the Ibis.”

She points into the distance and Wewatta starts to see the landscape slowly reappearing in front of him. A lone Ibis flies into view, gracefully lands to the muddy ground below, and starts “probing” for food.

Wewatta: “Oh yeah, Birds write with their beaks.”

He turns to face the woman but sees she is no longer beside him. Looking into the distance behind him, he sees the white fading behind him with the woman waving in the distance.

Wewatta: (yelling) “Wait!”

Wewatta: "Will I see you again, I..."

He looks back to the Ibis probing in the mud

Wewatta: (softly) "...I'm scared."

He turns back to her

Woman: "That's ok, even if you don't see me, I am with you."

And just like that, she was gone.

Facing the Ibis once again, Wewatta looks past it, and spies...

Memphis