



CLEOPATRA: THE LAST PHARAOH

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Prologue:

Narrator: It was a time of war, a time of civil unrest. It was a time of barbarism, and it was a time of despair. Civilization was still in its infancy, and the world was finally starting to take shape. As our world was starting to unfold in more organized and constructive method and as it was reaching a certain enlightenment, a Civil War was breaking out in Egypt. Chaos gripped the country as the royal members were clearly divided. Ptolemy was determined to rule with an iron fist. The only one who could restore balance to the kingdom was Cleopatra. She fled at the very moment her people needed her the most. Some said she was in no position to mount any type of resistance. Others accused her of cowardice, and they are those who believe that she fled to get reinforcements. She was a politician, a ruler, an activist and a saviour. She was a strategist and she was thinking like a general. She needed an army, and the Romans were her best chance to liberate Egypt. She was fighting for her freedom and the future of Egypt. This is her story...

Chapter 1: The Beginning

The Roman Senate was massive and intimidating. The Senate was constructed to inflict intimidation and awe. The people in the room towered over spectators. Rome had removed the monarch centuries ago and yielded to a new way of thinking. Where the power of the people would not rest squarely on the shoulders of one man, rather, it would be decided by vote, and decided through a government instead of a king. This is where this story begins to shape and where we witness the end at the beginning through a single action. A famous warrior has proclaimed himself supreme ruler of the republic and is without anyone to oppose him. It would appear that history is not without a sense of irony. It would seem that in her greatest moment of need, a queen would seek out the general to aid her in her battle to restore law and order to her land. In the centre of the room, isolated from everyone, and the centre of attention was a beautiful woman, Cleopatra. In a large chair made for a king was Julius Caesar. He was in awe of Cleopatra, which made it easier for him to give her an audience. Something about her beauty and the way she looked at him made him feel humble. He gestured to her to speak.

"Speak," he said with an even tone.

She composed herself before she spoke as she held her hand over her chest and bowed before Caesar, she said, "I am Cleopatra the Seventh of Egypt. Daughter of Ptolemy the Twelfth and Cleopatra the Fifth. I have been exiled from my country because it has been besieged by my brother Ptolemy the Thirteenth. We are in a Civil War and I ask for your assistance. Please help me or all will be lost." She was unusually nervous and it was not in her character to be this agitated. She was forced to leave her country, her family and make her way to Rome over a period of a months worth of travel.

She admired Caesar very much. She heard of his conquests and all his victories were told on a regular basis. The entire world knew him and she knew him just a little more than what most

people were aware of at the time. Caesar smiled. He pondered it wondering if it were a trap. Many had made such pleas in the past and turned out to be traps. Not very good traps, as the trapper became the trapped, and all that they thought would be won was lost for nothing. Caesar was quite sharp when it came to sizing people up or sensing certain doom before it happened, which makes his fate more perplexing. Caesar lamented over it and his response didn't take long but felt like an eternity to Cleopatra. He weighed in on it, "If I say, no, then what?"

Cleopatra was overwhelmed with tears. She still bowed her head in shame and was shaking uncontrollably. Completely distraught by the very notion of his potential rejection. She became overwhelmed with anger and looked up at Caesar and screamed, "Please!....I beseech you! Do not abandon us in our darkest hour!" Her voice trembled as she began to cry. "I cannot allow this to go unanswered. I must protect my people and defend my country. Please help me save them. I will do anything..."

Caesar nodded. "Anything?" Turned his head and looked around and back at Cleopatra and smiled. "If I say, yes, what do you offer in exchange?" She looked at him sort of puzzled by what he meant by that and said, "What do you desire?"

"What an interesting choice of words. What do I desire, indeed," he said with a thrill of amusement in his voice as he undressed her with his eyes. "Perhaps we should discuss this in my quarters."

A burst of laughter broke out in the Senate and seemed to echo from all directions. Followed by a thunderous roar of applause. Caesar quietly made his way to Cleopatra and offered his hand to her and she gently took it and graciously followed him to his room. He bowed his head as politely as he could and smiled with a hint of victory. They walked down a long narrow corridor and found a palatial villa that was decorated for a king. It was Caesar's home which echoed trophies of his conquests. It seemed more like a room of memories than a home. There was nothing cozy about it. It was almost Spartan.

Cleopatra threw Caesar against the wall and kissed him with such fiery passion. Their lips interlocked as they embraced each other vigorously. Their emotions boiled over with joy. Electricity danced over their skin as their passion ignited more deeply. So long it had been since he held her, he forgot how badly he needed to be with her. So foreign to his eyes to see her perfect smile and her angelic eyes and yet so welcomed in every way. To feel the warmth of her skin and emotional embrace that entwined their love together. It was a reaction so intense that their love seemed more like obsession and lust that was constantly devouring their souls. He could not live without her and he would always protect her. She pushed away and smiled so deeply at her lover. She started to tear his clothes off. Pushing herself more aggressively on him.

"Don't ever embarrass me like that again. I thought you were rejecting my request."

"My dear, I am many things, I am not coward. I am not one to abandon my love when she needs me the most. I will never abandon you. I will always protect you."

She looked at him so desperately probing for an answer, "No matter what?"

As reassuringly as possible, he told her, "No matter what."

"I need you. I need you to save my people. I need you your strength, your courage, your armies to restore order. I need you at my side. Promise me, we will rule together."

“You have my word and my armies, we will rule together. Egypt will pledge its allegiance to Rome and you will give us certain offerings in exchange for our protection.”

Cleopatra asserted her reply and simply said, “Thank you, my love. For the glory of Egypt.”

She found her army and her love, Caesar. Ptolemy’s forces were stronger than Caesar’s. Ptolemy’s army outnumbered Caesar two-to-one. There was no way to win. Caesar had one of the strongest armies ever. What forces he had were the men that were immediately available to him, whereas the other troops were spread all over Europe. He had close to five-hundred thousand throughout the entire Republic, and only twenty-thousand for immediate action at any given time. The Republic was massive and so was his vision for Rome. The Romans were highly skilled and highly trained. It was more than an equal match, even at two-to-one odds. He was no ordinary general, he was the ruler of Rome. He was not in the habit of losing to inferior forces.

He had served in the army from the time he was nineteen. He was cunning, strong, ruthless and the most notable general in history. He was known for his battle tactics and strategy, and more notably for his bravery. He was successful in conquering Europe unlike anyone before him or afterwards. It is perhaps his unorthodox tactics that resulted in so many victories. It was perhaps his downfall as well that he was so blinded by his own victories that he lowered his guard at the worst moment possible.

Rome was the most powerful force ever in the history of ancient Europe. The Civil War would be better known as the Battle Of The Nile. The combined forces of the Roman Republic and Egypt would wage war against Ptolemy. The Battle for Egypt would result in victory for Cleopatra. She took the throne and her place at Caesar’s side. She would be the last Pharaoh of the Hellenistic Dynasty and the last queen to hold the throne. She was everything that you could want in a queen, she was brave, noble, virtuous, intelligent, charming and an angelic beauty that was unrivalled. She was as much a goddess as she was a queen.

Chapter 2: Victory!

The Battle Of The Nile concluded in 47 BC. Fire, smoke and ash eclipsed the sun and made the day as dark as night. Her brother’s forces were defeated. The Battle Of The Nile was won. Her servants carried her on a palanquin and gently lowered her to look at the captives kneeling before her. There were only a few remnants of Ganymede’s soldiers left. Most of them scattered and demoralized. The rest were in groups, and awaiting their death.

Cleopatra looked at the captive and knew her question was pointless, but decided to demand his loyalty and said, “Pledge your allegiance to me and I will let you live.”

The captive was Arsinoe’s general, Ganymedes, he was thought to have been lost at sea in a battle against Caesar’s navy. It would appear that the rumours of his demise were greatly exaggerated. Ganymede had no patience left and defiantly stated, “Never! Better to die on our feet than to serve on our knees.”

Very calmly she retorted, “You are hardly on your feet and you are hardly in a position to threaten me. If you wish to die rather than serve, by all means.”

“You are a dictator! A power hungry vixen. You are worse than your brother.”

“And if the roles were reversed, would you be as gracious?”

Very angrily he replied, “I would cut off your head.” The distain in his voice echoed in her ears reminding her to act swiftly and not to show remorse for those who wished her ill-will.

She smiled at her soldier and nodded. He swung his blade and sent the captive on the ground next to his head. His head continued to blink. There was a reason why they would put hoods on people before cutting their heads off.

Her general held his sword above his head in triumph, “Victory! He yelled, “We have won!”

“For now.” She said, while trying not to be overly joyful. “Don’t celebrate too much. I fear this is just the beginning of things to come.”

The general injected, “The others?” Probing to see if the others should be killed or spared and kept as slaves.

She hesitated...she didn’t like the idea of having to kill these people. After all, they were her people and they were her enemy. She looked at them with such distain and calmly nodded. The general nodded in acknowledgment.

Her servants picked her up and started towards the temple. The horrifying shrill of screams echoed across the desert as all the captives were executed. Victory would be short-lived. Thus began Cleopatra’s reign as queen. Forged in death and etched in blood. The last pharaoh has taken the thrown. Long live, Cleopatra.

Chapter 3: Queen Cleopatra

Two months later.

Cleopatra stared in dismay as she witnessed the chaos unfold around her. She quickly motioned to her guards to stand down and retreat. What was supposed to be a peaceful gathering quickly turned into a battle. Many of the guests were all people of Egypt, and as fate would have it they were remnants of Ganymedes forces. Still loyal to Ptolemy and ready to declare war on Cleopatra.

The assassin stood in front her with his sword drawn. Anger filled his face. Cleopatra sat quietly and smiled at the assassin. She nodded at him.

Cleopatra gestured at the assassin, “Speak.” The assassin was just like the military people she had just conquered to regain control of Egypt. It utterly destroyed her knowing that so many of her people wished such ill-will on her. This assassin was no amateur and he is no threat to her. She was so tempted to force him to leave and she thought better to let him decide his own fate. He looked at her with such contempt. The anger that filled his voiced permeated the room as he said, “You must die for the blood you have spilt. You must answer for your crimes. We are loyal to your brother, Ptolemy! Not to you, you traitorous bitch.”

Cleopatra sweetly replied, "I am not aware of any crimes." She almost blushed as she said it and then recomposed herself. The assassin reaffirmed his accusation, "You stole the throne from Ptolemy." She shook her head in disbelief and told him, "I liberated my country." And blushed even more. "What would you have me do?" She asked of him so innocently.

"What your sister did! Demonstrate your loyalty and take your brother's side!" He exclaimed. His tone of anger kept escalating. His face went blood red with anger. The anger coursed through his veins. How could Cleopatra be so naive? It was not like her brother was a butcherer or a tyrant seeking war. Why couldn't she just have been supportive from the beginning? Instead her ideals gave way to new ideas and new ways of thinking and poisoned the minds of the Egyptians with hope, which gave way to the war. No way was this going unchecked and unpunished.

Cleopatra stated her reply factually, "My brother is dead... as soon you will be. My sister, Arsinoe..." She said while pointing to the village square outside and watched her in chains being paraded around. "gets paraded around the square as a reminder why it is not a good idea to be disloyal to your people! My other brother, sits here next to me as loyal as I am to him.

He looked puzzled and expressed a slightly confused response and asked, "And where is this faithful brother you speak of?"

"Fetching someone," she said hoping not to reveal her hand in her tone. "I am your queen and you have nothing to fear. As you can see, I am unarmed. Please, put down your weapon." She remarked with a sense evenness. "There is no need for this act of violence. Please cease and desist, and I will be merciful."

"Trust me, woman, you will no longer care when I am done with you. Soon you will be removed and a new order will take reign of Egypt."

"Any act of violence against me is an act of treason."

"Treason?! I will destroy you!"

"Do you believe that I could be so easily destroyed by the likes of you? She began to sound more hurt and angry as she continued to speak. "You underestimate me. Do you wish to put down your sword and pledge your undying loyalty to me?" More anger filled her voice, "Or do you wish to die?"

Assassin shouted, "You have left yourself defenceless!" He charged at her and yelled, "You must die!! He charges at the throne but Cleopatra barely reacts to his charge. He raised his sword high above his head as he swung violently down at the queen.

She smiles at the assassin as his blade slices through the air and finds its target with deadly accuracy. Another sword blocks his swing. Standing over the assassin is an intimidating figure - a Roman. Fear gripped the assassin when he saw how effortlessly it was for the Roman to stop him. The assassin was known for being bloodthirsty, treacherous, and without equal - until now. The assassin knew this Roman was stronger and yet he tried to recompose himself to continue what he started.

The assassin calmly replied, "I have no quarrel with you." Hoping that the Roman would not interfere further. He almost recognized him. Could it be...

Caesar calmly stated, "You do now. You picked a fight with the wrong person. She isn't just your ruler, she is my mate. Romans are very protective of their mates and we are known for becoming fierce in battle when protecting our lovers. We have an expression, If you want peace, prepare for war. Drop your sword!"

The assassin screamed at the Roman in defiance and retracted his sword to take another swing at Cleopatra. By the time he raised his sword above his head Caesar's sword penetrated through his heart and put his sword through his back. The assassin looked down in disbelief and nodded and rolled his eyes into the back of his head as he died. The other assassins stood in silence. Caesar unsheathed his sword from the assassin's torso. He looked puzzled because they did not seem afraid. Caesar asked, "How many are you?!"

The assassins were unaffected by the death of their leader and one defiantly remarked, "We are thirty strong. You are just one." He scoffed at Caesar thinking that he could not possibly take on all thirty...or could he? He was worse than an assassin, he was a Roman and he killed without hesitation, without remorse.

Caesar nodded and stated, "Then it will be a fair fight."

Assassin said, "You are no match."

Caesar replied confidently, "We will see which of us is still standing." While musing over the blood left on his sword. "Defend yourself and I will make this quick."

Caesar attacked! Within in minutes the room was filled with blood and dead assassins. Horrifying screams echoed through the temple and slowly were all silenced. More stood outside wondering why there was silence. Caesar stood outside with a decapitated head in his hand. He almost looked like the severed head of Medusa. A hush overwhelmed the crowd. The assassins stood in shock as the stared at the severed head of their leader.

Caesar angrily said, "Looking for him?" He threw the head at the assassins and watched it rolling on the ground. The head was still blinking. The other assassins recoiled in fear. Caesar pointed at the head and said, "Now pick that up!" They fumbled for the head and managed to pick it up. The head kept blinking at them.

Caesar cringed at the sight of the head and said, "Disgusting..."

Caesar held his hand high for all to see. His thumb pointed towards the sky.

"I will only use my thumb to defeat you. The last time I used my thumb was in the Colosseum. This is a very different arena, but still worthy of my thumb. Up means you live and down means you die."

He aggressively motioned thumbs down. Caesar kneeled with his shield carefully covering his body. A volley of arrows drowned the sun in a sheet of darkness. Silence of horror filled the air as the arrows violently exploded through all the assassins and desperately attempted to go through Caesar's shield. The assassins died - horribly. Their screams were grotesque and their blood flooded the ground and stained the soil with defeat.

Silence.

Caesar poked his head above his shield and realized that the arrows had stopped. His shield was riddled with arrows. With a single swing of his sword he sliced the arrows off. One of his men stood in front him grinning.

Augustus patted Caesar on the back and remarked, "You fought well."

Caesar shook his head in disbelief and disappointedly said, "I must be getting old. Missed a step or two."

Augustus whimsically said, "At least the attack came from the front and not from your back."

Caesar acknowledge and replied, "Indeed. Do you see any knives in my back."

Augustus looked all over and patted his back, "Not yet." He winked at Caesar to reassure him.

Caesar reminded himself to take care of his queen. "I must attend, Cleopatra." He said.

Caesar walked past all the dead bodies and watched the palace guards removing them one at a time. He looked almost embarrassed by the display of violence. He cringed at all the bodies and blood and covered his view of it with his hand. He stopped in front of Cleopatra and knelt before her and took her hand gently and smiled.

Cleopatra tried so hard to reassure him. She said, "My love, do not fret. You fought valiantly." She leaned into him, held his face and smiled with so much pride.

Caesar was so angry with himself. He tried to agree with her but he knew he was right. In a factual reply he said, "I was caught off guard." He said with a hint of embarrassment. "It will not happen again."

Cleopatra was so distressed by his answer. She said, "Am I not still here? Am I not safe because of you? Safe in your arms." Sounding more and more frustrated with every attempt to reassure Caesar that everything is fine. She wraps his hands around her waist and smiles at him. Very lovingly said, "You saved me. You protected me. Look at the carnage around you." She pointed around the room of dead bodies gradually being removed by Cleopatra's people. "You believe you are not a man? You protected me!"

Caesar could almost not forgive himself despite his victory. He was still angry with himself. "And if I was not here?" He said in exasperation. He held her hands even more tightly. "I want to ensure your protection whether I am a few feet or a few hundred miles from you. You are my world. I am nothing without you. Your safety cannot be compromised."

"Don't," she said. She shook her head. "I am fine. You always look at the negative."

Caesar stated proudly, "I'm a general!"

"We are alive, my love! She sounded so excited and continued, "Because of you, we are alive. You are happy that you won? She stated with a hint of concern in her voice, "Aren't you?"

Begrudgingly replied, "I am grateful that I won. I am equally grateful that you are unharmed. I only want you to be safe. I was lucky. A general does not weigh his victories on luck. He wins battles because he smarter and stronger than his opponent. Not because he gets lucky." His tone went flat and his stare became stern.

She was so overwhelmed by how upset he was by the attacks. Almost as though she had grown too conditioned to them and paid no attention to them. She didn't know how to reassure him. She said with all confidence, "I knew you were here. Even as his swung his blade at me, I knew you would protect me and you did." She held his face so perfectly and said more lovingly, "My protector... Now you have more cause to be happy." So overjoyed to tell him the news her face burst out into the sweetest smile.

Curiously said, "Do tell?"

Cleopatra grabbed his hand and placed it gently on her abdomen. He knew almost instantly what the news was going to be. He looked at her with such perplexity.

"I am with child," she said nervously. She looked into his eyes and caught a glimpse of happiness. Suddenly replaced with concern.

His reaction couldn't have been more perfect and more stressful, "More to worry about!!"

He paused and looked into her beautiful face and couldn't stop smiling.

"You will be a great father."

"And you will be a great mother."

"Fortune favours the bold."

"It does indeed."

Chapter 4: It's A Boy!

The cries of a newborn could be heard throughout the palace. Tears of joy cascaded down Cleopatra's face. The newborn didn't say much other than cry. His lungs were in perfect working order. Babies like to test sound waves and see how much resonance they can create.

Caesar knelt next to his blushing mate and softly touched the baby's cheek.

Caesar glowed with pride. "Beautiful! He is loud. He wants all of Egypt to hear him. He will make a great soldier. His battlecry will be heard by everyone!

She didn't know how to respond, "My love, let's not make any predeterminations just yet. I see him as king."

What a perfect idea thought, Caesar. "No predeterminations?...King? He is one day old. If he is to be king then he needs a name worthy of a king. What shall we call him?"

She studied the baby's face and smiled at him. She closed her eyes tightly and opened them with surprise, "We could name him after the father? Caesarion."

He nodded with approval, "Caesarion it is. Excellent. A name worthy of a king."

"You seem restless."

"There is trouble in Rome. I must return and attend to matters before they get out of hand. I will return. I will be at your side as always." Caesar looked at the end of the massive room and saw one of soldiers beckoning to him. "I am being summoned by one of my soldiers. I will return momentarily."

Caesar carefully put his shield and sword off to one side as he made his way to the hallway. Meanwhile, Cleopatra was holding Caesarion and rocking him in her arms when she heard sound that was barely audible and suddenly her hair exploded upward.

An arrow.

She saw the arrow buried in the babies crib. She frantically looked all over the room and the most uncalming sensation gripped and she slowly looked up and turned around to lock her eyes into the eerie gaze of another assassin. A shadowy figure loomed menacingly over Cleopatra from the balcony. The assassin had such a sinister expression on his face. He slowly reached into his quiver extracting another arrow. He took aim. Cleopatra was in shock and it was a fleeting moment of mere seconds that felt like eternity.

She screamed!!!

"Caesar!!!! The baby!!!" She shielded the baby with her body as the assassin took careful aim. He drew his bow back and aimed directly at Cleopatra. His focus was broken suddenly with a shrilling scream coming from the darkness of the hallway.

Caesar charged into the room and exploded towards Cleopatra with such force and velocity, that he almost lost all control. He gathered speed and was almost in front of the assassin.

The assassin regrouped and aimed. He scoffed at the old man's attempt to charge to her rescue. Pathetic. He found his target again and took careful aim. His bow was directed at her head and there was no way he was going to miss this time. Caesar was moving much faster than he perceived. Fast for an old man. The assassin took aim with extreme prejudice and was not going to be stopped. There was no way Caesar could stop it. Or was there...

He grabbed his shield and hurled it violently to intercept the arrow. Screaming at the shield to go faster to stop the arrow that was about to penetrate through Cleopatra. He desperately needed it to stop the arrow. The assassin desperately needed the arrow to go through Cleopatra's head and kill her.

He fired.

The thought of Cleopatra dying in his arms was not an option. The arrow was mere inches away from killing her. The arrow was locked on Cleopatra. There was no stopping it. It had found its target. Everything went into slow motion. There was no rhyme or reason for anything anymore. Her fate was sealed. She was going to die.

All was lost.

Suddenly, Caesar's shield tore into the floor with such ferocity that it was tearing up the concrete and marble as though it had no substance. It chewed up so much debris as it

violently intercepted the arrow, that no one could see if she was safe or not. The debris and dust settled....a cloud of dust cloaked her and the baby from his vision. Wait...could it be? Was it possible? Did she survive?

Cleopatra and the baby were safe! The shield stopped directly in front of them and stopped the arrow in a nick of time.

Humiliated! The assassin was not going to be robbed of his prize. Enraged by this defiance, he would have his revenge!!

Caesar continued to charge towards Cleopatra. His shield would protect them both. He had his sword. More than a match for the assassin. The assassin turned to face Caesar. He had the high ground. This was all over. He aimed his arrow at Caesar. As he drew his bow back, he reacted violently as he did not anticipate Caesar's response. Caesar stood and looked at the assassin with contempt and flung sword with deadly accuracy at the assassin. The assassin had only had a fraction of a second to react. It sliced through the arrow, splitting it in half and then sliced through the assassin's head and split his head in half. It was too late as it tore through the assassin's head and pinned him to the wall. The assassin was dead.

Caesar snarled at his kill and felt better. He stood victoriously in front of Cleopatra and the baby like a wall. He scanned the room for any more threats. His men were responding to the chaos. Caesar could hear them charging towards the room.

Cleopatra looked up at her love and felt relieved, but only for a moment. Her eyes widened and yelled, "Caesar!! Behind you!"

Another assassin with a sword swung fiercely at Caesar and Caesar blocked his swing with his armour bracelets. He kicked the assassin and knocked him down and quickly tore his shield out the floor. Just as he turned around the assassin swung down at him again and Caesar blocked the sword coming down on him. Caesar looked for his soldiers. Many of them were charging into the palace. Chaos ensued all around. A frantic upheaval occurred as the room was flooded with Romans and Assassins. He pushed the assassin back with all his force. He held his hand high and screamed,"

"Sword!!"

The assassin became more aggressive and more violent. He attacked with such determination. One of the soldiers threw his sword through the air and within seconds the sword was almost in Caesar's clutch. The sword flew through the air with such impossible accuracy and Caesar reached up for it and grabbed it as the assassin sliced downward at Caesar and again, Caesar easily blocked his attack. Caesar counterattacked and sliced the assassin in half.

Caesar looked for Cleopatra and couldn't find her. He panicked as he scanned the room for her. He found her and as he ran over to her and another set of arrows were shot in her direction. Caesar dove through the air and landed in front of her and baby. The arrows only found the shield. One unfortunately found Caesar... in his back. His soldiers swarmed and killed the other assassins. Victory. The danger was over...for now. The calm before the storm.

Cleopatra was so relieved. "My love."

Caesar dropped to one knee and struggled to speak calmly, "Being a parent isn't that difficult after all. Told you, you were worrying for nothing." Caesar tried to pull the arrow out of his back but it was futile. He pointed several times, "My love, would you mind?"

Cleopatra smiled uncontrollably and showed Caesar she was still holding the baby. "The baby."

"How thoughtless," he said trying to remind himself to remain a gentleman. "Give me, Caesarion, and I will hold him while you pull the big arrow out of my back."

"It's only in your shoulder. Hold still. Deep breath." She pulled it out. Caesar was so proud. Caesarion looked so calm. The baby was sound asleep.

"Rest little one. We have had a busy night." Caesar handed the baby back to Cleopatra.

"My love, he is our future. We are in one piece because of your bravery."

"Indeed. Got lucky again. Hopefully my luck won't run out. This is why we need each other so we can protect each other. I pray we never lose each other."

"My love, there is nothing that I would not do to protect you, to protect us and our future. I would go to the ends of the world and back again to see that our love survives. Even in death, I would be at your side."

"The afterlife will be more enjoyable because we won't have to worry about death. We will already be in Valhalla. Before I die, I will get this attended. You alright?"

"We are both fine." She said proudly.

"Let's keep it that way. Let's see what our future has in store for us."

Chapter 5: The Future

14th of February 44 B.C.

The months and years passed almost without notice. Cleopatra and Caesar grew closer. Caesarion was growing up so quickly. He was only three and already Caesar was planning his future and placing him on the throne of Egypt. Cleopatra and Caesarion were spending months at a time with Caesar in Rome. Caesar's Villa was more cozy than it was before Caesarion. It had more a woman's touch. Every time they left Rome and went back to Egypt, she was plagued with guilt. She felt it was unnecessary to keep traveling back and forth. Egypt could easily be ruled by her brother, Ptolemy the Fourteenth, while she could rule at Caesar's side. This plagued her constantly and almost drove her to madness. She looked at her kingdom from her palace balcony and decided to head out to find answers.

It was night and the darkness that encased the sky was illuminated by thousands of stars twinkling brightly, and Cleopatra walked the streets alone under a silence of a full moon. Her cowl concealed her identity. There were not many people out at night. A dark alley way that was eerily illuminated by a small fire beckoned her to investigate. A shadow that was cast on

the wall by the fire, motioned to her to follow and it guided her to the fire, and took form of a woman cloaked in a cowl like Cleopatra, sitting at fire motioning Cleopatra to sit next her. Cleopatra sat across from her next to the fire.

The Oracle peered out of an exposed corner of her cowl and inquisitively asked, "Strange that you come to me on the day of love. Perhaps it is Aphrodite that you should be having a council with and not me. It is on this day, I reveal myself to you because what you seek has everything to do with love."

"Aphrodite? The day of love?"

"Hmmmmmm....one day, you will see. You seek knowledge?"

"Yes."

"You wish to know the future?"

Cleopatra softly replied, "I do. What can you tell me?"

The Oracle reached out to Cleopatra gesturing her to take her hand. "Offer me your hand."

Cleopatra extended her hand to the Oracle and the Oracle held it. Something unusual about the Oracle, her hand almost looked identical to Cleopatra's. She scanned her hand very carefully with her fingers. The Oracle smiled and nodded. She gently turned Cleopatra's hand over and in the centre of her palm was the Eye of Horus: The future.

The Oracle was almost in shock by her revelation. "You are not supposed to be here. You have a lover who lives in Rome?"

"Yes."

"He is your mate?"

"Yes."

"He is Caesar?"

"Yes."

"You two are not supposed to leave each other's side," she said with an unsettling tone in her voice. "You are to rule together, not separate."

"Why?"

"You have faced death together?"

"Yes."

"You have defeated death together?"

"Yes, we have. Many times."

"Your little one almost became a shish kebab, she said laughing at the vision of it in her head. "Your mate is most brave. He is fearless. He looks death in the eye without hesitation. Separate, you will both die. Together, you will be invincible."

"How?"

She sounded so disturbed when she claimed, "I see death. Your reign was forged in death and etched in blood. There is a price to pay. The payment will be your lives!" She grabs her arm tightly to get her to listen. "You can escape this fate! You must trust me. Go to your lover now before all is lost.

"Who are you?!" Cleopatra asked out of frustration. She grabbed the Oracle and pulls her hood off the Oracle's head. She is a mirror reflection of Cleopatra. Cleopatra recoiled from her and almost collapsed from the shock. She looked at her confused. The Oracle was an exact twin of Cleopatra.

"I am your past, your present and your future. There is so much to show you. So much to tell you. I must share this with you before I leave. Cleopatra, no one can kill you. No mortal can vanquish you from this Earth. This is part of your power as queen. If death is to find you it will be by your own hand. So as long as you live the Pharaohs live. Your death will end everything."

"How can this be?"

"You think too much. Act quickly."

"Who are you? I must know."

"I am the Oracle. I see the future. You may call me, Porrima."

"Porrima? The goddess..."

"Time! You must make haste. Leave now! Before all is lost."

"And Caesar?!" interjected Cleopatra.

"Beware the Ides of March," the Oracle said coldly. Then she paused as though she was reflecting on her next words and locked her stare with Cleopatra and suddenly yelled, "Run!" The Oracle continued to scream as she slowly starts to fade into the darkness of night. The Oracle extends her hand outward as though she wants to touch her but cannot. She retracts her arm softly as her countenance expresses sadness. She nods sadly and she fades away without a trace.

Cleopatra stands in awe of what she witnessed. Her heart sinks suddenly. She clings her chest in anguish. She sees her lover standing gesturing her not to go further. To stop and not worry any more over things she cannot control. He closes his hand and holds it against his chest and bows his head to her and suddenly vanishes.

"Caesar!" And no sooner did she scream out his name that the flames in front of her were extinguished suddenly. Darkness eclipsed her. It would take just over a month to get there in time. Was it already too late?

Chapter 6: 15th of March 44 B.C.

The Senate was barely functioning. It was rumoured that Caesar was plotting to remove the Republic and transform it into an empire. His voice alone would be the law. Why would Caesar need to destroy the Senate when he was already a dictator. The whole point of having a Senate was to have an impartial system of representing the best needs of the People. How can you do that if the ruler is a self-appointed dictator? He had power. There was no value. Unless...

Caesar lamented about all the worlds he had conquered, all that he had achieved and was almost saddened by the idea that there were no more worlds left to conquer. He stared over the city of Rome and felt a certain contentment in what had been a lifetime of work. The Senate was not what Rome had intended for its people. It was corrupt and needed to be banned. Caesar had no fear of dismantling the Senate and yet he felt his idea of becoming dictator was correct. For the best interest of the people of Rome. Something foreboding kept gnawing at him.

Augustus, one of his most trusted soldiers and friends. Caesar needed to speak with him before he went to the Senate with the sad news that their days were finally numbered.

Augustus interrupted Caesar and said, "Caesar, you must heed my warnings, there is something foul about to happen. There is treachery amongst us." There was concern in his voice.

"Augustus you worry too much. You know what a cautious fellow I am." He produces his sword at Augustus's throat "I think of you like a son. One day you will inherit all that is mine. He sheathed his sword.

"What of Caesarion?"

"He is too young and he is already set to take over from his mother. Someone needs to rule Rome. I cannot do this forever."

Augustus nodded, "I humbly accept. Not now. I have much to learn. I must take my leave of you. Mark my words, there is deception amongst us. You are doing too much with your rule. The Senate exists because we rejected the monarchy. Look at Cleopatra."

"Look at Cleopatra, indeed. She is as benevolent as she is beautiful. You could not ask for a kinder queen."

"Then look at Ptolemy and what he did."

"He was removed... by me."

"I see your point."

"And if I remove the Senate, my job will be that much easier."

"Your voice alone?!"

“Would you prefer hundreds of voices that could care less about you? Or one that does care?”

“And if the next successor isn’t as even minded as you are? Then what?”

“Pray that never happens.”

“There is a flaw in your thinking.”

“Is there? Caesar laughs.

“Whatever you say, Caesar. You know what is best for us.”

“Very well, be off! I must attend my friend, Brutus. The Senate has some sort of surprise waiting for me, he said as he drew his sword out and stared at. Almost anticipating something and implying that no one could get the drop on him. He would soon be proven wrong.

Cleopatra arrived in her ship which was taking forever to reach land. With every wave it pulled her back out to the sea and further away from land. She finally docked on land with only moments to spare. She could not afford to wait for her horse, and ran frantically towards the Senate. Her whole life laid in the balance. Arrive in time, and they would rule forever. Unstoppable. If it is too late, both of them would be doomed.

One hour later at the Curia of Pompey

She ran as hard as she could. The sound of her heart pounded in her ears. She could hear the Oracle screaming at her to run. Her heart was racing so fiercely she could barely breathe. The adrenaline was coursing through her veins and she could feel death all around her. The stench of it permeated her with despair. Her arms outstretched to grab Caesar. Every turn, every step accelerated faster and faster. Events and time accelerated in front of her. She could almost sense him! The faster she ran, the slower she moved. Everything around her began to accelerate and it was though she were moving through quick sand. Time and space moved at such speed and she kept reaching out to grab Caesar. She could see Caesar at the Senate and all the events that unfolded in mere seconds. Then everything stopped! Time and space were normal again and she dropped to her knees. Before her laid the remains of her fallen love. His soul was gone and he had shed his mortal coil. All that remained was despair.

Caesar was dead. Laying in a pool of his own blood. Stabbed twenty-three times by different members of the Senate. How could a warrior of his reputation be so easily killed by people who were not even trained killers? It would appear that history is still full of unanswered questions. Could it be he let his guard down one too many times? That he was blinded by his own success and could not perceive the imminent attack on him because it never occurred to him? Would he have still been alive if Cleopatra had been at his side before the attack? Or would they both been killed by the Senate? What would the world have been like if they had ruled together without the Senate? His luck had finally run out due to his contemptuous behaviour towards the Senate. His power had corrupted him and he was soon to make himself King of Rome. The monarch was abolished centuries ago because the rulers ruled with an iron fist and did not give to any moral governance. Found by his true love. She held his lifeless, blood-soaked body and cried uncontrollably. Caesar had let his guard down for the last. This time it cost him.

Cleopatra sobbed uncontrollably as she knelt next to Caesar. She was shaking violently. Totally destroyed by Caesar's death. She could barely speak. She started talking to him as though she were consoling him, "I tried to get here as quickly as possible. The Oracle said we should rule together and never part from each other. That our separation would make us weak and our unity would make us invincible. She also told me that if we ruled separately we would both die. How could this be? Forgive me, my love. My lack of action may have killed us both. You promised to protect me, no matter what. Now you are dead. As I am afraid I will be, too. Goodbye, my love." She stood up and motioned to some slaves to grab his remains and return his body to his quarters. "Forgive me..."

Narrator: The great Senate of Rome was killed by their own actions. Their fear compelled them to act in violence and their fear would lead to their end. The Senate died with Caesar and gave birth to the Empire. Both the senate and Caesar were deceased. Cleopatra's life ends in tragedy. Her reign was marked with conflict and difficulty. It was forged in death and stained with blood. She remained queen for thirteen more years until Augustus, the first Emperor of Rome, defeated the armies of Egypt and transformed Egypt into a state of the Roman Empire. Cleopatra knew it was over. Nowhere to hide, now where to run. She withdrew to her palace and both her and Mark Anthony committed suicide by poison. Egypt was ruled by the Pharaoh's for over three-thousand years. Egypt's past was smeared in blood. The God's demanded payment and the payment would be their death. Egypt must die. The last Pharaoh was dead and so was the future of Egypt. The ruling sovereignty was vanquished and their culture replaced with Roman beliefs. The payment was made in full. So ends love - in tragedy.

The End. ;) xx

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