

# **THE PHARAONIC BROTHERHOOD**

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***Iris Boersma*** is a Dutch writer and artist born in Rotterdam, the Netherlands. Fascinated by ancient civilizations, spiritual mysteries, and humanity's search for meaning, she combines historical inspiration with visionary science fiction. Her artistic background influences her storytelling, creating vivid worlds where forgotten histories, hidden dimensions, and timeless questions about consciousness come together.

The Pharaonic Brotherhood is her debut novel, a sweeping metaphysical adventure that blends science fiction, ancient history, romance, and cosmic mystery into an unforgettable journey across time, consciousness, and the hidden layers of reality.



## Chapter 1: The Voices in the Sand

The evening call to prayer drifted across the village like a melancholy song carried by the desert wind. Above the flat rooftops and narrow streets, the sky burned in shades of crimson and gold as the sun slowly disappeared behind distant dunes. The air remained warm despite the approaching night, holding onto the heat of the day as though reluctant to surrender it. From the small window of her bedroom, Alima Ahmed watched the horizon in silence. It was the same horizon she had looked at since childhood, yet lately it seemed different. The desert no longer appeared empty. It felt alive. It felt as though something beyond those endless waves of sand was watching her, waiting for her, calling her by a name she did not understand.

Her room was simple and sparsely furnished. A narrow bed stood against one wall. A wooden wardrobe occupied the corner. A cracked mirror reflected the fading light, dividing her image into fractured pieces. Alima often stared at that mirror for long periods of time. Sometimes she felt as though she was looking at a stranger. Not because she disliked her reflection, but because there were moments when she could no longer recognize herself. A strange sensation had begun to follow her everywhere during the previous year, a feeling that part of her mind belonged somewhere else.

Sometimes she would catch herself staring at ancient symbols in books and somehow understanding them before she consciously translated them. Other times she would wake from vivid dreams with tears streaming down her face, mourning places she had never visited and people she had never met.

The dreams had begun as scattered fragments. A towering golden pyramid illuminated by an impossible sun. Endless underground oceans glowing beneath crystal ceilings. Massive stone halls stretching into darkness. Then came the voices. At first they were distant whispers. Eventually they became clear enough for her to understand.

"Return."

The voice always spoke the same word.

"Return."

And then another name would follow.

"Idris Khepler."

Every night.

Every dream.

The same name.

She had searched for it in books and online archives whenever she found an opportunity. Nothing. No historical figure. No legend. No forgotten king. The name seemed not to exist, yet it echoed through her mind with such familiarity that it often frightened her.

A heavy thud from downstairs shattered her thoughts.

Her father.

Even before hearing his voice she recognized the sound of his footsteps. Years of fear had trained her to identify every movement inside the house. She could tell whether he was angry simply by the speed of his walk. Tonight he was angry.

Very angry.

The front door slammed.

A chair scraped across the floor.

Then came shouting.

Alima closed her eyes.

Not again.

The argument had likely begun before he even entered the house. Over the past few months almost every conversation revolved around the same subject.

Ibrahim.

The man she loved.

The man her family hated.

The man she was forbidden to see.

A sudden knock rattled her bedroom door.

Not a polite knock.

A command.

"Come downstairs."

It was Rashid.

Her older brother.

The voice carried all the warmth of stone.

Alima stood slowly. Her heart already beat faster. She knew exactly what awaited her.

The living room was illuminated by a single hanging lamp whose yellow light cast long shadows across the walls. Her father sat at the table with his arms crossed. Rashid stood beside him. Mohamed occupied a chair near the corner, staring at the floor with an expression that revealed nothing. The atmosphere felt suffocating. No one spoke for several seconds after Alima entered.

Her father finally raised his eyes.

"You have been speaking to him again."

It was not a question.

Alima remained silent.

The silence itself became an answer.

His jaw tightened.

"I asked you a question."

"Yes."

The word left her mouth quietly.

Rashid cursed under his breath.

Mohamed shook his head as though disappointed by a child.

Alima felt anger rising inside her, but she forced herself to remain calm. Experience had taught her that displaying emotion only made things worse.

"You shame this family," her father said. "Have you forgotten that you are married?"

The word married felt like a chain around her neck.

She remembered the ceremony years ago. She remembered standing in a room crowded with relatives while decisions were made around her. Everyone had

spoken except her. Everyone had celebrated except her. It felt less like the beginning of a life and more like the closing of a prison gate.

Mohamed finally looked up.

"You belong with your family."

Belong.

Another chain.

Another lock.

Another wall.

Alima stared at him.

For years she had searched for kindness in his face. For years she had hoped he might someday understand her unhappiness.

He never had.

Perhaps he never would.

"I don't belong to anyone," she said quietly.

The room froze.

For a brief moment nobody moved.

Then her father stood.

The slap came so quickly she barely saw it.

Pain exploded across her cheek.

The force sent her stumbling against the wall.

The lamp above the table swayed slightly.

Rashid grabbed her arm before she could regain her balance.

"You will obey."

His grip tightened.

"You will forget Ibrahim."

Alima felt tears burning behind her eyes but refused to let them fall.

Not in front of them.

Never in front of them.

"I love him."

The words escaped before she could stop herself.

The silence that followed felt colder than the desert at midnight.

Her father's expression darkened.

For an instant she saw something terrifying in his eyes.  
Not anger. Not disappointment.

Hatred.

Pure hatred.

And in that moment she understood something that had  
been growing inside her for months.

There was no future for her here.

No compromise.

No understanding.

No freedom.

Only obedience.

Only fear.

Only endless years of living a life chosen by others.

That night she returned to her room long after the  
argument ended. Her cheek throbbed with pain.  
Outside, darkness had swallowed the village. Stars  
glittered above the desert like fragments of shattered  
crystal scattered across black velvet.

She sat beside the window and stared into the night.

Hours passed.

The house gradually fell silent.

Yet sleep refused to come.

Instead she found herself gazing at the dunes beyond the village. The moon illuminated them in silver light, transforming them into enormous frozen waves.

The longer she stared, the stranger the landscape appeared.

For a brief moment she thought she saw lights moving among the distant dunes.

Tiny golden lights.

Then they vanished.

Perhaps it was a trick of the moonlight.

Perhaps exhaustion.

Yet something deep inside her stirred.

A memory.

Not a real memory.

Something older.

Something buried.

Without warning a sharp pain flashed through her head.

Images exploded behind her eyes.

A colossal city beneath the earth.

Golden towers.

Vast underground oceans.

Flying vessels gliding between pyramids taller than mountains.

A brilliant artificial sun suspended within a gigantic cavern.

And standing at the center of it all...

herself.

Except it was not herself.

It was someone else.

A man dressed in black and gold ceremonial robes.

His eyes were identical to hers.

He stood atop a platform overlooking an impossible city.

Millions of people stretched before him.

Their voices rose as one.

And they spoke a single name.

"Idris."

Alima gasped.

The vision vanished instantly.

Her breathing became ragged.

Her hands trembled.

Outside, the desert wind began to howl.

A strange feeling settled over her.

Not fear.

Expectation.

As though somewhere beyond the horizon an invisible mechanism had begun turning after thousands of years of silence.

The night deepened.

The stars wheeled overhead.

And beneath the endless sands of the desert, far below the world she knew, something ancient stirred in its sleep. Something that had been waiting for three thousand years.

Something that knew her true name.

## Chapter 2: The Desert of Forgotten Kings

The village disappeared long before dawn, although Alima could not have said exactly when it happened. During the first hours after her escape she had looked back often, half expecting to see lanterns moving among the dunes or to hear the distant voices of men searching for her, but the desert possessed a peculiar way of swallowing such things. Sound vanished quickly beneath the wind, and distance seemed to erase even the strongest traces of human existence. By the time the eastern horizon began to brighten with the first pale light of morning, there was nothing left behind her except an endless wilderness of sand and stone stretching toward the edge of sight. Standing atop a dune whose crest glowed silver beneath the fading moonlight, she turned one final time and searched for some indication that the world she had known still existed. She found nothing. The realization settled over her with a strange mixture of relief and sorrow. For years she had imagined freedom as a doorway leading into a better life, yet now that she stood beyond that doorway she discovered another truth. Freedom was not merely the absence of captivity. It was also uncertainty. It was loneliness. It was the terrifying awareness that every decision, every mistake, every step into the unknown now belonged entirely to her.

As the sun rose higher, the desert gradually transformed. The cool shadows of dawn retreated across the landscape and disappeared beneath waves of heat that seemed to emerge directly from the earth itself. The dunes shimmered beneath the growing light. Their graceful curves resembled frozen oceans, vast tides of golden sand suspended in time. Alima walked for hours without encountering another human being. There were moments when the silence became so complete that she could hear her own breathing, moments when the only movement visible for miles was the shifting of sand along distant ridges. Yet despite the emptiness surrounding her, she could not escape the sensation that she was moving toward something rather than away from it. The feeling had grown steadily stronger since the night she left home. At first she dismissed it as imagination, a natural consequence of fear and exhaustion, but the deeper she traveled into the wilderness, the less convincing that explanation became. It was not a thought. It was not a voice. It was something older and stranger, a subtle current flowing beneath her awareness, guiding her through the desert with a confidence she could not explain.

Several times during the day she found herself thinking about Ibrahim. His memory arrived unexpectedly, appearing in fragments as vivid as if he were walking beside her. She remembered afternoons spent discussing history in crowded cafés, evenings spent exchanging messages long after midnight, and conversations that wandered from ordinary subjects into

mysteries neither of them could fully explain. Unlike everyone else in her life, Ibrahim had never treated curiosity as a weakness. He had encouraged it. He had once told her that history resembled a ruined palace whose visible walls represented only a fraction of what once existed. Most people, he said, spent their lives studying the ruins while ignoring the foundations buried beneath them. The thought returned to her now with peculiar force. Somewhere in the back of her mind she wondered what he would say if he could see her crossing this forgotten wilderness. Perhaps he would laugh and call her reckless. Perhaps he would tell her she had finally become part of one of the mysteries she loved to discuss.

By late afternoon the landscape began to change. The familiar dunes gave way to fields of weathered stone rising from the sand like the remains of some ancient kingdom consumed by time. Jagged cliffs interrupted the horizon. Dark outcroppings cast long shadows across narrow valleys where the wind whispered continuously through cracks and crevices. The region felt older than the desert surrounding it. Even the sunlight seemed different here, subdued somehow, as though filtered through layers of invisible memory. Alima paused frequently to examine unusual formations carved into the rock. At first she assumed they were natural patterns created by erosion, yet the longer she studied them, the more deliberate they appeared. Straight lines intersected at precise angles. Geometric designs repeated themselves with mathematical consistency.

Certain symbols appeared again and again, half hidden beneath centuries of dust. Their familiarity disturbed her deeply. She had never seen them before, yet something within her responded to them immediately.

As evening approached she discovered a pillar protruding from the sand at the base of a rocky ridge. Nearly three quarters of its original height remained buried, but enough was visible to reveal that it had once formed part of a much larger structure. The stone was unlike anything she had encountered before. Its surface possessed a faint metallic sheen that reflected the dying sunlight in shades of bronze and gold. Drawn by curiosity, she knelt beside it and brushed away layers of accumulated dust. Beneath her fingers emerged a sequence of symbols carved with extraordinary precision. The moment she saw them, an unexpected chill passed through her body.

For several seconds she simply stared.

The symbols were meaningless.

At least they should have been.

They belonged to no language she recognized.

Yet as she continued examining them, understanding arrived with alarming clarity. The meaning appeared in her mind before she consciously translated it, as though someone else had whispered the words directly into her thoughts.

## **The Path Below Remains Open.**

Alima pulled her hand away as if the stone had burned her.

Her heart hammered against her ribs.

She read the symbols again.

The translation remained unchanged.

The experience should have been impossible. She possessed no knowledge that would allow her to interpret such writing, and yet she knew with absolute certainty what the inscription said. A feeling she had struggled to ignore since leaving home now returned with greater intensity than ever before. It was the same sensation she experienced during her dreams, the same strange familiarity that accompanied every vision of the unknown city and the mysterious figure who called himself Idris. For a long moment she remained motionless beside the pillar while the wind moved quietly through the surrounding rocks. Then another thought occurred to her. If one inscription existed, perhaps there were others.

She spent the remainder of the evening searching the area.

As darkness gathered around the cliffs, she discovered dozens.