

Mind's Eye Theatre™

L A W S

of the

Resurrection

WE ARE THE IMMORTAL WE ARE THE UNDYING

Once the world was in balance between the material and the spirit. Then Set's jealous wrath threw all into chaos with the murder of Osiris. Osiris returned to the world, and by his return, he brought with him the secret of immortality. Now his children, blessed by his secret, stand against the chaos and corruption that Set and Apophis have wrought on the world. The Shadowlands writhe in the grip of unnatural storms, and the land of the living shudders under the burden of unbalance — the time to act is now.

SONS OF OSIRIS, DAUGHTERS OF ISIS

Laws of the Resurrection covers all the material that players and Storytellers need to create, play and storytell the Amenti, one of the mystical immortal mummies of Egypt. Within lie secrets as old as the pyramids, from the mystical paths of magic to the roads of the Underworld. Behold a world of spirits and gods, as old and secret as the sands of Egypt....

WE ARE THE HAND OF THE GODS







Prelude:

Daughter of the Nile

It started with having to close the store late.

Everyone found their ways to sneak out — “My babysitter flaked on me,” “I’m needed at home,” “I’m late for a concert,” “Thursday’s always slow, you don’t mind closing up, do you?” That was the way it always was — Sherry doesn’t have a family or boyfriend to hurry home to, and Sherry’s got no life outside of work, so she can cover for those of us who do. And Sherry always said yes, because it was better than going home to Mother, who would complain about being alone all day, but who refused to get a pet (smelly, disease-carrying), or visit the community center (bunch of old people there), or get a job (her health was “poor”). So she stayed at work until her feet were throbbing, waiting desperately for the last stragglers to get out so she could finish the work that everyone else left behind.

Sherry checked her watch — the last bus would be here in five minutes. The street was deserted, so she decided to skip walking up to the crosswalk and just cross in front of the store. If she missed the bus, that would mean a very long and scary walk home, and Mother complaining about her inconsiderate nature in not calling her if she was going to be late. She hiked her tote bag up on her shoulder and stepped out into the street...

The next thing she knew, there was silence. Nothing around her. No cars, no buses, no street noise. Just her and the wind. And a bird, sitting on the broken thing lying in the gutter.

Sherry’s mind raced with confusion. She was dead? But it felt like— what? You couldn’t say that your heart was racing or anything like that, not when your physical body is roadkill. All she knew was that part of her was lying in the road, and somehow she was standing over her body, looking at the grotesque angle of her neck and one arm, at her legs twisted the wrong way. And there was a bird sitting on her body.

The bird looked up at her, and then it spoke to her, “Hello. I’m glad I caught you before you left. I was hoping to ask you something.”

She couldn’t think of a thing to say to that. The bird cocked its head and continued, “Don’t you want to know what it is?”

Sherry still couldn’t find her voice. All she could do was nod dumbly.

The bird went on, “If someone asked you what you did with your life, what would you say?”

“I... I went to school, I took care of my mother, I worked—,” she managed to choke.





"Is that all? Is that how you want to leave your life — barely lived, without pleasure or even a duty you *wanted* to attend to?" The bird-spirit paused to let her consider this, then it said, "What if you could have another chance, another life? What if you could go back?"

"How can you promise that?" she whispered, watching helplessly as her broken body was searched by two street thugs looking to steal anything worth having. They didn't seem to notice the bird, nor did it notice them.

"Let me stay with you, and I'll show you how," the bird said.

Sherry considered its words, especially "a duty you *wanted* to attend to." Was there such a thing? She suddenly wanted to find out more. She summoned every ounce of bravery and said, "All right. What do I do?"

The bird fluttered up and wrapped its wings around Sherry's face, as if embracing her head, and she felt the presence of someone else in my mind. She flinched and tried to shake it free, but the bird-spirit silenced her: *This is the beginning of it. You have a journey to make now, one that will forge your body for the work ahead.*

• • •

When Sherry emerged on the other side, she was standing in a barren, ashy landscape under a leaden sky. A river quietly meandered nearby, and a dark shrouded figure waited in a reed boat. It looked like all the pictures she'd ever seen of Charon on the River Styx. The new spirit her whispered that this was an Aken — one of the boatmen who guided the dead in Duat, the Underworld — and that she should go with him, that he understood where she must go next. Sherry nervously approached the Aken and cleared her throat.

He turned to her and removed his hood. She couldn't guess how old he might be — he had iron-gray hair cut in Roman fashion, and his skin looked leathery as if he'd been out in the desert sun for years. His eyes were deep and stern, but also kind. He helped her into the boat, then started poling along the water. In the distance, she heard screeches, wails and strange noises that she couldn't identify. The strangeness of everything would overwhelm her, but for the voice of the ba. *This is Duat — yonder is the sound of the Dja-akh, the great spirit-storm — you must speak with the Judges of Ma'at before you can return.*

The Aken spoke little during their travels, but he answered Sherry's questions when she had them. He told her about the ghost-storm, about the ruined cities they passed. After a while, they pulled up to a sandy shore. Sherry started to get up, then nearly choked when she saw what was approaching — a man in a linen skirt and jeweled collar with the head of a black jackal. The spirit whispered quickly: *Anubis, the guide of the dead. He'll take us where we need to go.*

Anubis was a silent guide across the cool sands toward the shadowy monoliths in the distance, but Sherry wasn't sure she wanted to know what his voice might sound like. As they approached the first great shadow, in the half-light it revealed itself to be a temple complex of ruins — stone pillars, mastabas and shrines that looked familiar. The next destination is a long corridor into the





earth, built with huge stone blocks. Down the hall was darkness, a pit of inky unknown waiting for her. Without waiting to see if she would follow, Anubis started forward, and she stumbled after him, right into the darkness.

Suddenly, her guide was gone, and she was alone in the dark. The only light came from a guttering torch nearby. Which way should she go? What was she supposed to do? When faced with a situation she couldn't fathom, her instinct was always to stand still and wait for something to happen. But the spirit burning in her refused to let her be led by the hand: *Don't you want to know what happens next? Don't you want to know more?*

Sherry took the torch from the wall and started down the corridor, the darkness hemming her in on all sides, except for the light that encircled her. Whenever the fear started to overwhelm her, the spirit in her cajoled and berated her onward. Movement caught the corner of her eye. She turned and the torchlight illuminated brilliant colors — carnelian red, malachite green, lapis blue, gold leaf. There were figures of queens, pharaohs and gods made of those colors. She recognized the figures of Isis and Osiris, and a great feeling of reverence washed over her.

She continued onward, but still watching the beautiful hieroglyphics unfold their story on the wall, telling the tale of Osiris and his treacherous brother Set, of Isis hunting down her husband's torn body to rebuild him, of the warriors called the Shemsu-heru who were created to serve Horus and his father. The hieroglyphics grew more familiar — she realized she could even read some of it, or perhaps the spirit was translating for her. The story was about a temple dancer, called Tia bint-Sef. She was the daughter of a pharaoh and a concubine. She could never be a princess because of her birth, so she was consecrated to the gods. She learned the sacred dances of the temples and the not-so-sacred dances of the court, and in all her ways, she was considered beautiful. She was loved by many because she listened to those who came to her with grief and worries, and by her listening and comfort, she took their burdens onto herself. Even her father loved her for her listening ways and for her dancing soul when his spirit was tired. When Tia died, her father had her mummified and placed in his own tomb with goods and companions to comfort her until he came.

Sherry paused for a moment to study the story — her own, she realized — and heard strange music from further down the corridor. It sounded wonderful — in a primitive sort of way — and she hurried ahead to see what she would find. There was a tableau in one of the chambers, as if a show was being set. Sherry stared, then blushed and started to turn away, but the spirit became forceful and made her turn back. *This is your past, your First Life! This is where you came from. This is who we are.* Her guide would not let her shrink until she looked fully upon this now-shared past..

The scene was of cool marble floors and alabaster walls, the drifting scent of perfumes, and fine linen hangings. There was a party of men and women, most wearing close to nothing because their linen clothes were nearly transparent. Many wore thick black wigs and golden jewelry. Sherry let her gaze drift over the crowd, until a pair of eyes — her own, lined thickly with





kohl — locked with her. She wore a short skirt adorned with a beaded girdle, a jeweled collar and a slave bangle on her left ankle, and her hair was in a top-knot from which dangled a red ball on a silver ribbon. She danced to music that sounded vaguely familiar. It was plucked strings, drums, sistrums and flutes. No one from the group could take their eyes from her. Her body was strong and beautiful. Sherry wondered, *Was I really like this?* The only answer could be yes. The strange ache grew more powerful, and tears came to her eyes. Her guide asked what was wrong and suddenly, without thinking what it might say, she blurted, “I want to be that! I want to be strong and beautiful and not afraid of anything!”

Perhaps you will be, when we finish our journey.

Sherry finally emerged from the darkness of the tunnel to find Anubis waiting for her. He said nothing, but led her toward another chamber. The spirit told her this was where they would meet the Judges of Ma’at, where they would decide if the match of Tia and Sherry was right and whether she could return. The torch was taken from her, and she stepped into a vast hall. She was aware of many eyes on her. She felt compelled to look up, and she was struck by their facial expressions — stern and cold, but fair. Most looked human. The rest were like nothing she had ever seen — a synthesis of animal and man and history that the ~~gods~~ of ancient Egypt could have never imagined.

Sherry didn’t remember everything they said, but she could not forget that they pointed out every sin she had ever committed until she wanted to crawl into the sand and die. Worst of all, they said, was that she lived in constant fear of rules and “authorities” who were neither gods nor kings, but who held the same sort of power over her. She had no defense. She knew she had did wrong in their eyes. But then a kinder judge spoke. The match between the spirit and her was a good one. It had the potential to be more than just a return to life, but a return to something *better*. That judge thought that she could be more if she just understood what she never had.

The final judgment was made: “Tia bint-Sef, you are thereby judged fit to return to the living world to seek that which you shrank from in your wasted time. Relearn your passions, seek out new vistas of thought, and in doing so, serve Ma’at by bringing your passion to a world hungry for just that.”

Sherry couldn’t remember how she returned to the living world — something about Anubis taking her out of the judges’ presence and pointing toward a bright spot on the horizon, and—

Suddenly, she awoke, swaddled in scented bandages that covered her face. She tried to tear at them with hands as bundled as mittens, and there was a flurry of voices. Someone restrained her while a man’s voice soothed her, “Easy now. We’ll have these off you in a moment.”

And with a click of scissors, the bandages fell away from her body, and suddenly Sherry was staring into the faces of a group of people who were wearing linen robes like the priests and nobles of her first memories. An old man with a shaved head smiled at her and made a gesture of greeting. “Welcome back, daughter of Isis.”

