I watch my father’s last breath escape through his lips. He is gone. His hand that was radiating warmth a few moments ago is now stone cold. His last words echo throughout my mind. Blinking the tears away, I was determined to fulfill our promise. A knock sounded on the door. Standing up, I composed myself. Behind the door was my childhood friend and betrothed, Isis. Smiling sadly, she squeezed my hand in an attempt to comfort me.

 One week later, father was mummified and placed in his tomb. After the demise of Egypt’s most prosperous king, we were all in despair. The people held doubt that there would ever be another pharaoh as great as he. Even I agreed with the people. All throughout my life I had been walking behind father, only imitating him. Even so, I must execute my part of the promise to the best of my abilities.

 Another week passed and I was to be crowned king of Egypt. I adjusted my silk tunic as Isis laid a golden collar around my neck. I was on edge; I never liked big ceremonies. As we walked out the door, Isis suddenly had a coughing fit. She smiled gratefully as a servant handed her wine.

I was about to question her but she just shook it off and said, “You’ve got a big day ahead, don’t worry about me.”

 We arrived at the coronation ceremony and sat at the two thrones above everyone else. Although these ceremonies are normally lively, no one felt like celebrating after the death of my father. The ceremony started and anxiety pumped through my body. I was not ready for the responsibilities laid before me. A loud crash abruptly stopped my thoughts.

 To the right of me, Isis was on the ground unmoving. For a moment time seemed to stop but chaos broke loose. Servants rushed to her aid and the people who were at the ceremony were frantically trying to see what had just happened. I immediately brought her to our room and laid her in bed. Our personal physician scurried in through the door.

 After what seemed like hours, only a few minutes passed when the physician spoke up to me. Isis, my betrothed and dearest friend, has the same deadly sickness father had. I was speechless. Without her, I would have no family left. With her hand in mine, she weakly opened up her eyes. A tear ran down her cheek and she smiled sadly as she told me, “Don’t worry about me.”

Once again, a cold hand that was once warm rested in mine.

 The day after, I held my head high while the coronation ceremony resumed. Staring blankly ahead, there were a million thoughts circling my head. Though, only one stood out. The promise I made to love and rule for the people of Egypt. They are all I have left.