

51BC

Dear Diary,

Only three moons have passed since the beginning of my eighteenth year but the most awful event happened today – father died! He was not ill but he has passed into the next life. Even the temple medicine men are unsure as to why. Later, we will organise a grand funeral for father that will last for days.

Earlier, I overheard the members of the court discussing what is to happen. They say that I am to rule the empire with my younger brother, Ptolemy. I do not know how to lead people and I certainly don’t want to have to do it with my immature brother. Egypt is such a rich and powerful country. I am nervous about ruling it but I would rather do so alone.

Tomorrow, I will talk to the court to tell them my plan.

Forever,

Queen Cleopatra



