

The Tale of Hoor

The foundation mythology of the Neophyte Hall in the OSOGD redaction

Horus was the first born Son of Ra the Sun, the giver of life and light unto the World. He was called therefor Ra-Hoor, the Eidolon of his Father. Yet, it was not to be his fortune to be seated in his father's place, upon the throne of Ra when Ra's time was done. No, the ancient stories tell us of how one day he was 'thrown from his horse' and landed upon his head and died. However the consequences of this death were to be far wider reaching than any among the Neteru or among the Folk of Earth could know.

You see, there was a rivalry amongst the other children of Ra and Nut, of the Sun and Space Herself. There was Isis, the first born daughter of Ra, the Throne Herself, and Osiris the Green God were bound in their mother's womb, they were lovers even then. Set the Definer and Nephthys the Dark were there also. From the very beginning there was mortal conflict amongst them, Set against Osiris. Or so some say. Others remind us that Geb and Ra were both the Lovers of Nu and who can say who is who's Father. Without the Heir apparent what could they do? And again who but these Neteru themselves can say the true nature of their motivations

Isis and Osiris, Nephthys and Set lived as marrieds in that dim and distant past. There came a time when Osiris went on a journey to the south to the land of Punt for indeed Osiris is a Black God. In his journeys he learned of dance and rhythm and saw many wondrous animals and many finely wrought goods made by the people of those lands. He returned unto Khem with his retinue and great store of wealth with which to enrich the Two-Lands.

There waiting to meet him by the southern most pylon of the Black Land was his brother Set and his retinue. Set had laid out a great feast with which to welcome back his brother. They all feasted and played and drank until the Moon shown round and full at the zenith of the sky. Set did then bring out from hiding a cabinet about the size of a man. He declared that who so fit exactly into this cabinet would claim it as this prize that evening. Now, this cabinet was wondrous to behold wrought of fine woods and copper by the best of the craftsfolk of Khem. One by one each of the members of the entourage of the Gods entered the cabinet and each was too large or too small. Set himself entered and was far too big for the space therein. At last it came Osiris' turn and with his eyes gleaming with delight and with pride, for his mind quickly knew his brother's plan to give him so fine a gift, he entered the Sarcophagus as Set named the cabinet. He fit perfectly.

Set quickly closed and latched the door on the box and with several of his followers threw the Sarcophagus into the Nile the Beautiful God. And Osiris did die.

The body of Osiris drifted Northward down the Nile and came to rest in the land of Lebanon where a beautiful cedar tree did grow up about it so tall and strong and beautiful that the King of Lebanon had it cut down to form the central pillar of his feasting hall. Little did he know the true reason why the tree was so great: The Green God lay dead therein.

Some say the Set did this awful deed for revenge. That Osiris did succumb to temptation and spent a night with his sister Set's wife Nephthys. They being Gods did engender a child. Set was so out raged that he then attempted to abort the child through most violent mating with his wife but this was not to

be. Instead the vigorous proddings of the shaft of Set did deform the head of the boy that he did have the face of the Jackal. When he was born he was exposed by Set in His desert to die but Isis, although angered by the betrayal of her husband could not leave this product of her husband's loins to die. Thus did she take in the Jackal headed one and rear him as her child and named him Anubis. Great were his powers of scent and hearing, so much so that the Great Enchantrix herself gave him the title Opuat, Opener-of-the- Way. He became her watch dog and blood hound and was to aid her in many ways in the days to come, but those stories are not this one

Some say this story is a lie.

When Isis did discover the deed of Set, she and Anubis searched wide in the world to find the corpse of her husband with hopes of resurrecting him. With the help of Anubis and many great adventures to be told in another tale, She did find her mate in the pillar of the Hall of the King of Lebanon. She posed as a nurse maid in service to the Queen of Lebanon to aid her with the sickly child she had born. Isis bided her time until she could be alone in the feasting hall and rescue her Husband.

One night when the Moon was dark and the whole world was quiet, She did steal silently into the Feasting Hall. Using her great craft she cracked open the shell of the Great Cedar and released the Sarcophagus of Set which held the body of Osirus. She loosed the pins that held fast the door and swung it open. With in she beheld the face of her Brother, Her lover, Her Husband, the Green God, indeed now truly Green of Flesh.

She wailed in sorrow so piercingly that the son of the King died of fright and the Great Cedar did crack further and the very roof did threaten to collapse.

Shedding Her enchantment disguise of a nurse maid she swept her wings about the body of Osirus and lifting her skirts she entered his coffin to kneel over his body.

So great, so profound is the Beauty of Isis the Divine that even in death did the Phallus of Osirus attend to her call. She mounted him and danced the bitter sweet dance of mourning until the Great God did come forth into Her. Then she gathered up His Body, box and the boy Anubis and fled back to Khem, the roof the the Feasting Hall of the King of Lebanon collapsing behind them.

It was at the very moment that Osirus did come forth in to Isis the Divine that Ra-Hoor, the Elder Horus was 'thrown form his Horse' and died. It was He that now dwelt within the Womb of Isis.

When Set heard that Isis was to attempt to revive Osirus he set our to hunt her and destroy the body of Osirus. The tale of their adventures is for another day but when Isis fled she had to leave behind the infant Horus. She bundled him is swaddling clothes and lay him in a basket in the bull rushes in the Nile where the crocodiles would not find him.

A Great Lotus grew up around the basket and sheltered the child from all climate and manner of disturbance. He sat therein suckling upon his finger. He was Hoor-Paar-Khraat, the Babe in the Lotus. Om Mani Padhme Hum.

One day, seeing the radiance of the boy's corona Sobek the Great Crocodile of the Nile the Beautiful God and being unafraid of the bullrushes as were ordinary crocodiles, He entered in to where the Boy was seated upon the Lotus. Small and beautiful Sobek decided Horus was good to eat and swam forward to gobble the child up.

Just before the Great Jaws of Sobek could clamp down upon his body the little infant jumped up and landed upon the back of the mighty Crocodile. He jumped up and down and beat upon the hard skin of Sobek with his tiny fists until huge wounds were torn in Sobek's flesh.

"Who are you, tiny child that you can harm me I who am Sobek the Great Crocodile of the Nile? Who is your mother, who is your father that you can do this to me?"

"I do not know," said the boy, But I have defeated you. Yield or I will destroy you-who would be my destroyer!" And the Crocodile of the Nile was abased before him.

Sobek swam to the shore where the boy climbed off and when in search of his Mother and Father.

Horus's Mother found him as she came back to the Nile and told him of her flight from Set and his Father's fate. The boy was enraged and vowed to avenge his Father. He grew in strength and battle prowess studying naught else in his will to destroy his Father's destroyer.

He then did seek out Set and engaged him in mortal combat. Some tales say that the battle raged for days and He defeated Set, others that Horus won but his Mother Au-Set released his captive and paid a hideous price for it. But the tale I know says that they fought and fought but Horus never could quite win. Set would always escape to fight another day.

Exhausted from battle and wandering by the Nile far from any other folk, Set having escaped vengeance yet again, Horus came upon Ibis Headed Tehuti who was waiting for him.

Tall and thin as a reed, lightly built and frail to the eye, Tahuti appeared to be easy game for Horus to vent his frustration upon. Horus lashed out upon the Meditating God with sword and spear and hammer fists but the God was never where he struck. Already worn from the day's combat the Young Horus fell in a swoon unable to strike his "easy prey".

"Who are you that no blow can fall upon you? Who are you that your are never where I strike? Who are you that with out ever laying a blow upon me I lay at your feet defeated, I who have never been beaten?"

"I am Thought," said the Ibis Headed One, "Who are you that you would strike such blows against one who meditates by the bank of the Nile?"

"I am Horus the Young," he answered, beginning to sit up to look at this strange god. "I am the Avenger of Osirus my Father and Isis my mother."

"You are wrong." said Tahuti. "Come, I will show you," and they walked into the desert.

Tahuti, Djed-Hu-Te, Tau-Hu-Te, the Mind of God, the Lord of Information, the God of Time, the Dweller in the Abyss, the Meta-Neter took the younger Horus into the Desert and Initiated him there. For thirty one days he instructed Him in the ways of Mind and Magick until Horus did remember his True Nature.

"I am not just the son of Osiris and of Isis, I am the Sun of Ra! I am the Heir to the Throne! Set is my Twin Brother. How can I fight him? How can I not!?"

Look but closely to his name, said Tahuti, master of words, "Set is the Neter of Definition. All that is separate from Atum, the One, is so by virtue of his being. If you, and all else, is to exist, Oh Hero, Set must Be. To destroy Set, you must have the assent of all that is, whether it be Atom or the smallest particle of matter or the faintest whisper of the breeze.

"Abide here awhile for I must go. Rest and ponder what you have learned." Horus the Young, the Avenger of Osiris and Isis, the God of War, sat in meditation gazing at a flower in wonder.

A soft hand lay itself upon his shoulder. He did not start. It soothed his shoulders and troubled brow. Without thought, with his eyes barely open he let it guide him to lay upon the warm earth. Soft warm and fragrant flesh relaxed his own as it undressed him. He was caressed and aroused and passion awoke in him. But not the passion of war and destruction, of vengeance and of killing. A passion as yet unknown to Horus. Gentle hands brought life to his Phallus and a warm and wanting Vulva welcomed it. The joy and pleasure he felt was only exceeded by the realization that upon him lay Isis his Mother.

She stayed with him for thirty-one days, teaching him all the Arts as Tahuti had taught him the Sciences. She awoke him to his Man-hood and Initiated him in the mysteries of Life.

One morning he awoke alone but unafraid. Upon his chest lay a Golden Ankh with thirty-one gems thereon. He remained in the Desert for thirty-one days, one for each of the Colored Gems. He pondered what he would do. He had an Idea.

Horus walked boldly in to the camp of Set unarmed. He had never before been able to find where Set stayed when they were not at battle, but now for some reason it was perfectly obvious.

Surprised his sentries did not warm him, Set leapt for his Spear. He dove at his long time assailant meaning to put an end to his turmoil. Horus simply stepped aside the thrust and Set fell stumbling upon his spear shattering its shaft. Set swung with his sword and Horus ducked agilely and the sword shattered against a stone pillar. Set in his frustration threw his shield at Horus but again Horus was not there and the shield buried itself into the earth. Set desperately grabbed a drinking cup and threw it at Horus. Horus simply caught it and filled it from a hanging wine sack and offered it back to Set. Set fell down laughing.

"There was a time," Horus said, "when we nursed at the same breast, that we shared the same womb, that we were children together. Now, I remember oh my twin-brother. Let us drink and be at peace oh thou Set the Definer, oh thou Manifester Unto the Light."

"Hail thou Ra-Hoor-Khuit, Illuminated One, now you are ready to be King! I drink to you."

And they did.

KHABS AM PEKHT
KONX OM PAX
LIGHT IN EXTENSION!

Sources: Principally Israel Regardie, Aleister Crowley, and Sam Webster