

BES



The sun has risen, and will not set
As these four gods are displeased yet

For lo, their shrines are lacking votives —
Endeavor, then, these simple motives:

To Bes, the god of making merry,
Present the fruit that vineyards carry.

Ptah, the god of life and power,
Would like an obelisk, or tower.

Seshat, goddess of weights and measures,
Desires coins, her favorite treasures.

And Thoth, the god of law and reason,
Believes a coiled snake is pleasing.

Beware when crafting gifts for gods —
Though a collective, they are at odds.

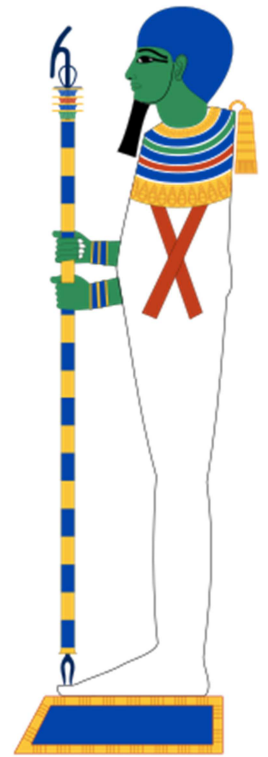
Thoth, whose wisdom reigns supreme,
Must have his gift be largest deemed.

Seshat, though much more generous,
Must have her gift best that of Bes.

Not least, Ptah, so proud of craft,
Rebels if honored less than Seshat.

Take care to heed this last command:
Spend all the clay that is at hand.

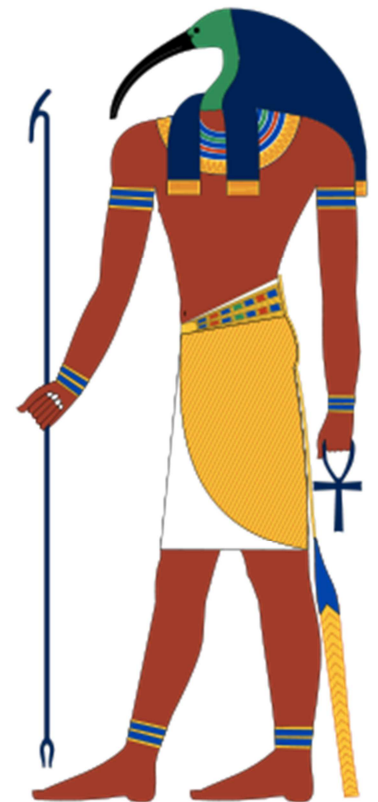
Once all the gods have been appeased,
Their hidden treasure may be seized.



PTAH



SESHAT



THOTH

