

**A Murder Mystery by
Raquel Zepeda Fitzgerald**

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The Eye of Osiris





THE EYE OF OSIRIS

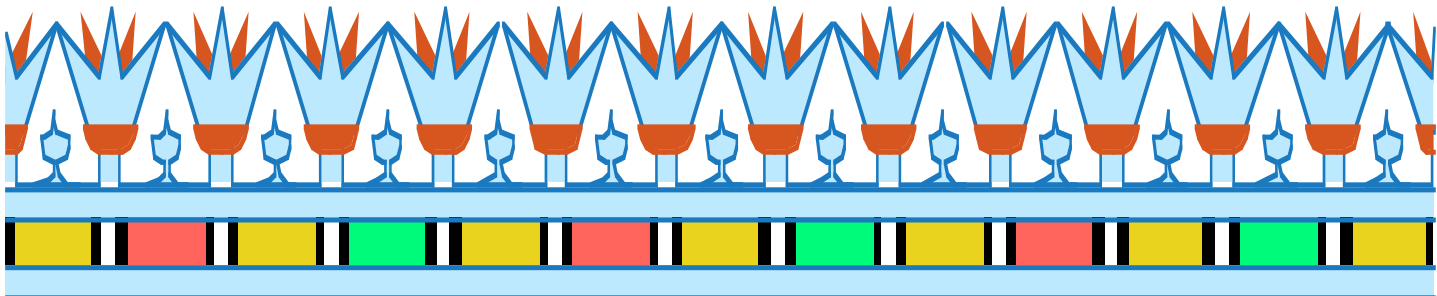
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Synopsis: This is a story about Moriah Maizon and the chilling events that enveloped the twenty-eighth year of her life in San Francisco--events that appeared to leave her life in ashes. Fueled by adrenaline only such rage could emit, Moriah's strength of character escalated; causing her to rise like a phoenix, as a champion of life.

Jim Patton's assistant, Moriah Maizon was less than satisfied. Jim was rude, obnoxious and overbearing; which were, no doubt, assets to his profession as an attorney. In the beginning, Moriah's reason for working under such conditions was simple--money. As of New Year's Eve 1986, she had one more reason for working in that office, a particular obsession. Moriah's new found desire was revenge--a force that surged a blazing energy through her veins that only her little yellow pills could calm.



Haunted by the complexities of her unhappiness, she redirected her energies upon herself. This inclination came upon her at the age of twenty eight, making her the envy and desire of many.

To Amanda Whiting, Jim Patton was quite a “catch.” Amanda was an aspiring model who wouldn’t be able to continue with her profession for the next nine months. She was pregnant with Jim’s baby. When she refused to abort the child, Jim “bought” himself out of their relationship. The next day Amanda was killed in a hit-and-run auto accident. Jim was not alarmed by this nor the mysterious calls from that “foreigner,” not even the near-miss on his life by that careless driver phased him. He had something else on his mind--cocaine.

Veronica Parker, Moriah’s charming and beautiful companion was truly a good friend who kept Moriah’s social life alive. Veronica knew all would be well when she received an invitation to a San Francisco bash that was sure to enhance their social repertory. For Moriah, a complete make over at Yosh, San Francisco’s finest salon, was the only way to celebrate the invitation. Moriah turned many heads at the gala, but no one’s head turned as hard as Jim Patton’s.

Veronica was surprised when Moriah confessed her commitment of revenge against one man. In tears, Moriah explained how her only brother Michael had ended up in prison. Only after representation from Jim had he taken the blame for a crime he did not commit. A crime that was seemingly covered up for one of his wealthy friends in Marin. She swore she would get even with Jim Patton, but first, she must find out what they had on Michael.



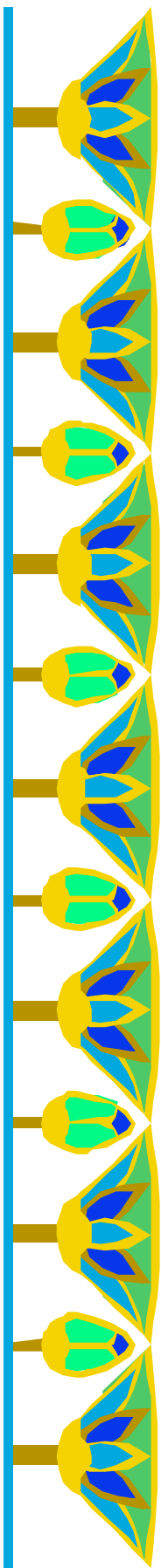


Determined to gain Moriah's attentions, Jim appeared to make strides toward becoming a fair employer. Being treated like an associate was an accomplishment in itself to Moriah, but the substantial raise he gave her caused suspicion. Only when he volunteered to get Michael out of prison, did her apprehensions subside--momentarily, that is.

As Veronica and Moriah marked their calendars for Saturday, March 13, they joyfully contemplated visions of yet another exciting soiree--the oncoming costume party. No doubt, with a theme like "Egypt BC," their costumes could only be described as "garb le'maximum exposure." In search of Silicon Valley's "wealthiest and most handsome," Veronica and Moriah set out for the Cats Castle in the Santa Cruz Mountains where the masked guests awaited them.

Aunt Sarah, hostess of the event, planned to give Moriah the privilege of playing a "special role." What Moriah did not know was that this "special role" would be during a ceremony planned by the members of her group at the Temple of Osiris. This Temple of Osiris was a beautiful, exotic sanctuary for a secret order of the Rosicrucians called the Eye of Osiris.

Not since the filming of "Cleopatra" had such an elaborate depiction of Egyptian life been seen. Aunt Sarah, or "Bastet," as she was known to her colleagues, had her guests driven to the mansion on chariots. Everyone was in Egyptian costume, and the servants were dressed as Egyptian slaves. Moriah was mingling when she received a telephone call from the San Francisco police telling her that her brother, Michael, was found dead in his cell. When Bastet heard of this, she led Moriah on to another room, where they could rest. Stunned, Moriah and Veronica followed Bastet into another area of her mansion, far away from the party.



At the swivel of Nefrititi's statuette, they found themselves inside a temple where eleven people awaited them. Upon their arrival, Bastet, informed her colleagues of Michael's death. As a man dressed like a jackal chanted, Moriah and Veronica stood together in astonishment:

"I swear I'll get even." Moriah grasped the scarab upon her bosom that bore the mysterious emblem of the eye. Tears rolled down her cheeks as they all knelt and chanted. The voices echoed into the distance as she felt herself falling into a vacuum of wind that caressed her into a dizzy state of slumber.

"Moriah! Moriah! Wake up!" Veronica whispered as she shook Moriah.

"What happened?" Moriah answered drowsily.

"I don't know, let's get out of here, I think they drugged us, Moriah, I'm scared."

What? What time is it? What happened?" Moriah sat up. She looked around. "Where are we?"

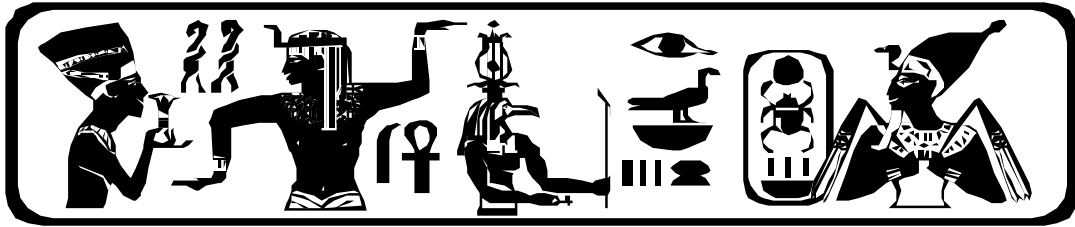
"We're in one of your lovely aunt's guest rooms. Moriah, it's ten a.m. Let's get the hell out of here."

"How did we end up in here?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you, I don't remember anything after that crazy chanting. I think we were drugged and I hate to tell you this Moriah, but I think your Aunt Sarah is a little strange."

"She's always been a bit eccentric."

"Well, this is beyond eccentric. Do you remember anything about last night?" Veronica implored as she stared into her eyes. *I hope I don't have to remind her about her brother.* "It's coming back to me." Moriah put her hands atop her head. "Oh, God! Michael, Michael was murdered in his cell last night- was it a dream, Veronica? Please tell me it was a dream." She bowed her head into her trembling hands .



The incidents of that evening continued to haunt Moriah when she returned to San Francisco. Only now did she understand the great power of the amulet she'd held and wished upon the night before, as she read in amazement, the first page of that morning's issue of the Examiner:

HIGH TECH MURDER was the headline. San Francisco's newspapers hadn't had anything this exciting since the Zodiac murders. Police claimed that Jim's will awarding 20 million dollars to Moriah was a forgery, and that she had done so by accessing the confidential information through her computer. The only thing the police didn't understand was the mysterious emblem left upon the victim's forehead, painted with his own blood. One columnist referred to it as the Eye of Osiris: ". . . This eye is not the typical Eye of Horus used in Egyptian symbolism. Instead, it appears to be related to Osiris because of the unusual symbols below the eye."

