

PART-1  
**CLEOPATRA**

MYSTERIOUS TALE OF  
A SECRET GODDESS



DR. PRIYA ROHAN



# CLEOPATRA

**Mysterious Tale Of A Secret Goddess.**

Part 1

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# **A Journey Through Words:**

## **My Heartfelt Acknowledgment**



Hello, everyone! I am Dr. Priya Rohan, and I extend my heartfelt gratitude to each of you for picking up this book. In an age dominated by social media, where scrolling often replaces reading, your decision to immerse yourself in a book is truly commendable. Congratulations on taking this time—for me, for yourself, and for the love of literature.

This book is my debut work, my first published piece, and a culmination of years of internal struggle, self-doubt, and an intense desire to create. I finally decided to put my thoughts into words at the end of 2024, and once I started, the words flowed effortlessly. In just one month, I poured my soul onto the pages, living through my characters and feeling every scene as if I were watching a movie unfold before my eyes.

### **A Love for Books, Born in Childhood**

My love for books is deeply ingrained in my soul. Even as a child, I was fascinated by words. I remember reading my first serious book in the third grade, long before I could truly comprehend its depth. My grandmother read Vedic translations to me in our language, and I absorbed every word with awe and curiosity. Newspapers, magazines, novels—anything with words became my playground.

The first book I ever stumbled upon was a tattered, nearly torn novel from my father's library at my grandfather's

house. That book changed everything. It was a Viking adventure, the tale of a prince exploring uncharted lands, and as I read, I felt transported into his world of conquests and discoveries.

Back then, the internet was not a part of our daily lives, and books were our only gateway to knowledge and imagination. I learned about Norway's sled dogs, the use of whale fat for oil, and the icy landscapes of Antarctica—all from the pages of books. These stories ignited my imagination and shaped me into the avid reader—and eventually, the writer—I am today.

### **The Unconscious Writer in Me**

Writing was never a conscious decision; it was simply something I did. In third grade, our school had extracurricular activities that encouraged creative expression. I remember crafting a comic strip, and when my teacher read it, she laughed so hard that she showed it to another teacher. That day, as my classmates read it on the school bus, giggling uncontrollably, I realized something—I had the power to create emotions through words.

But I never pursued writing seriously. I would scribble down thoughts about the skies, planets, and the mysteries of the universe. My imagination was boundless, and my grandfather's house became my creative sanctuary with its open terraces and vast, starry skies. At just eight years old, I would sit with a hurricane lamp, writing whatever came to my mind. My grandmother would read my words with amazement and disbelief, wondering how a child could conceive such thoughts.

## **From Passion to Purpose**

Years passed. I grew up, pursued medicine, and life became busier. Yet, writing never left me. My personal musings, tucked away in notebooks, were never meant for an audience. I wrote poetry in Bengali and other languages simply as an outlet for my emotions.

One person, however, always believed in me—my husband. Although he is not from my linguistic background, I would translate my poems for him, and he would listen with rapt attention. He pushed me to write something for the world for over a decade.

I brushed it off, always saying, “I write for myself, not for others.” But fate had other plans.

## **An Unexpected Push Toward Publishing**

While my husband was working with the Indian Army, I was asked to create a comedy skit for an event. Though I did it reluctantly, the response was overwhelming—people couldn’t stop laughing. My husband saw this and insisted even more that I pursue writing. But at that time, I was deeply immersed in my mental health research in the U.S., and writing a book felt impossible.

Life continued, and in the midst of my research, I still found solace in poetry. But it wasn’t until I returned to the United Arab Emirates, started my company, Prakriti Laya, and began writing for work that I rediscovered my passion.

My mother, a book lover herself, often complained that I didn’t spend enough time with her. To make her laugh, I started creating stories on the spot, weaving tales about mosquitoes and bizarre adventures. She believed every word! This playful storytelling rekindled something inside me, and my best friend—an Emirati national—kept

urging me to write professionally. But motherhood soon took over my life.

## **Motherhood and the Creative Spark**

When I became a mother, writing took a backseat. Sleep deprivation, exhaustion, and endless responsibilities left me drained. The mere thought of writing seemed laughable—at that time, all I wished for was a few hours of uninterrupted sleep.

Yet, when my daughter turned two, a new opportunity arose. A friend introduced me to European investors interested in launching a fashion brand, and I was invited to be a partner. We named it *Cleopatra the Diva*, inspired by my childhood fascination with Cleopatra.

As planned, we wanted to add stories behind our signature seven dresses, making each piece unique. But none of the writers we approached could capture the essence I envisioned. My husband, ever my strongest supporter, said, “Why don’t you write it yourself?”

I hesitated. I felt blocked, unsure if I still had it in me. But one evening, as I stared at the clouds, something clicked. I wrote all seven stories in one night. My husband and mother were in awe. My best friend read them and said, “I feel like a queen.”

Soon, people from Europe, the U.S., and even Harvard professors were asking about the writer behind these stories. Their encouragement finally convinced me—maybe I should write a book.

## **The Birth of My Debut Novel**

Despite my doubts, I took the plunge. My husband reminded me, “Even the best writers are criticized. Just write for yourself.”

So I did.

It was a month of sleepless nights, aching hands from cervical spondylitis, and intense emotions. My toddler daughter would see me with my phone and say, “Mama’s writing.” Even my house help noticed! Yet, despite the pain, the exhaustion, and the doubts, I kept going.

When I finished, I knew this book was more than words—it was my soul, my experiences, my imagination, and my emotions woven together.

### **Refusing to Compromise on My Voice**

When the editor—an American—suggested adding Americanized expressions, I stood firm. “This book reflects my Indian and Egyptian influences. I won’t change that.”

English is spoken differently worldwide, and I wanted my book to feel authentic, not altered to fit a specific audience. Every word was my emotion, my expression, my truth.

If you connect with it, welcome to my world. If not, that’s okay—find a book that speaks to you.

### **Gratitude and Final Words**

I wouldn’t be here without a few incredible people:

- I would never have learned to write without the divine blessings of the goddess of knowledge, Ma Saraswati. With deep reverence, I bow my head to the Devis and Devatas for their grace, which has guided me every step.

- My greatest inspiration is my daughter, Vedantika—she is the light that fuels my creativity and purpose.
- My husband, Rohan—without him, even the thought of writing would have been impossible. He is my foundation, the essence of the *Shakti*—the power—I carry. But my gratitude, love, and appreciation for him are far too sacred to be contained in mere words. We have our own language of love, a silent understanding that needs no articulation. So, I will reserve our little ceremony of thanks for a space that belongs only to us. He knows—without words—how deeply I cherish him.
- To my parents, whose unwavering honesty and unbiased opinions have been my source of confidence—thank you.
- A special place in my heart belongs to my beloved Mimi and Khushi, my pet babies, whose presence and love remain inseparable in my soul.
- And to my best friend, Muna—my unwavering pillar of support—you are the rock I can always lean on.

To every reader who picks up this book—I see you. I appreciate you. I thank you.

This is just the beginning. I will write more, create more, and embrace this new journey as an author.

**Thank you all!**

## About The Author



Dr. Priya Rohan is an Indian multifaceted professional whose journey from cosmetic dermatology to mental health specialization reflects her deep commitment to healing and understanding the human psyche. She founded Priya's Prakritilaya, a successful venture in the United Arab Emirates that embodies her holistic approach to mental wellness. She is a prestigious member of the American Psychological Association, the American Board of Hypnotherapy, the American Association of Drugless Practitioners, and many others. Beyond her clinical expertise, Priya is an accomplished artist, creating stunning abstract paintings showcased on Fine Art America, further highlighting her creative spirit.

Recently, Priya has ventured into the literary world, authoring her debut novel, the first in a series centered on Cleopatra. This evolution marks a significant milestone in her creative journey, blending her passion for storytelling with her profound understanding of human emotions and historical depth. Her novel explores timeless themes of love, power, identity, and destiny, weaving a narrative that bridges the past and future, offering readers a rich, immersive experience.

Priya's unique ability to merge genres and her healing philosophy across mental, emotional, and temporal planes shines through her writing. Her work not only entertains but also invites readers to reflect on the complexities of the human soul. With her debut, she is set to make a lasting impact on the literary world, offering a fresh perspective on historical fiction while staying true to her roots as a mental health professional.

Through her

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Priya connects with a global audience, sharing her insights, art, and literary journey. Her series promises to be a captivating exploration of love,

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Om Aim Aim Aim Hreem Hreem Hreem Sarasvatyai  
Namah'

# Chapter 1



## **CLEOPATRA - Mysterious Tale of a Secret Goddess**

She's all over; you can't deny her even after 2,200 years. She's the soul of her country, the soul of the Egyptian universe. She's the Queen, the one and only Cleopatra, the diva.

**Current date: 7th Nov 2023, Alexandria, Egypt**

The Egyptian guide has been patient with the tourist group; answering all of their questions was not easy. He's just 22 and became a tourist guide this year without much knowledge or information. Still, one thing he has is his utmost patience.

Everyone in the tourist group asked only about Queen Cleopatra. He was thinking of reading more about her the next day, as he was tired as hell today.

He kept saying basic and exaggerated things about the past Queen, but he could see that this was not doing its job.

Out of frustration, he sat on a flat rock lying nearby. After a few sips of water, he felt much better and finally looked up. He saw those beautiful eyes fixed on him. At

first, he was so surprised that he forgot to react, but slowly, he regained his courtesy and smiled back at those beautiful eyes.

It was challenging to guess her nationality: brownish-reddish copper hair, beautiful big brown eyes, pinkish-white skin with a bit of tan, a long sharp nose, thin pink lips, and a petite frame. This girl looked like a dream. For a fraction of a second, he thought he was watching Cleopatra herself.

Awestruck by her beauty, he couldn't say anything, but the girl came closer and greeted him with a beautiful smile.

The next day, people saw a beautiful foreign girl with the most inexperienced tourist guide roaming around. Everyone judged this girl for not having enough intelligence. But the actuality is that she didn't have enough money to book someone experienced and was in a real hurry. Hence, she booked him as her tour guide for one week. They agreed to go to all the exotic places in Alexandria until she was delighted with her findings.

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# CLEOPATRA

## MYSTERIOUS TALE OF A SECRET GODDESS PART-1

The book *Cleopatra: Mysterious Tale of a Secret Goddess part 1* is a fictional story blending history, science, adventure, and romance. It follows Stylianos, a young and inexperienced tour guide in modern Alexandria. He unexpectedly becomes entangled in a mysterious and magical adventure when he meets Zy, a foreigner with an enigmatic past.

The story unfolds as Stylianos and Zy travel through time dimensions to ancient Alexandria in 50 BC, where they witness the grandeur of Cleopatra's reign. Stylianos grapples with his love for Zy, the mysteries of the ancient world, and the realization of his unique role in Zy's cosmic mission.

Interwoven with themes of time travel, divine intervention, and romance, the narrative explores Cleopatra's mystique, eternal beauty, and profound impact across timelines. It captures the complexity of human and divine connections, set against the rich backdrop of Egypt's past and present.



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