

ZIGGURAT

The true agenda in Iraq

By Chris Deggs

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Anunnaki: The Greatest Story Never Told

books: 1, 2 and 3

Vincent: A Quantime Experience

Nanofuture: The Small Things In Life

Foreword

It was in Babylon, now Baghdad, at Balthazar's feast, that the eclipse of this fabulous city and the empire it controlled had its future determined. Reaching out to the Mediterranean and what we know as Israel, Babylon's future was foretold, according to the prophet Daniel. Balthazar, (descendant of the mighty Babylonian king.

Nebuchadnezzar), called upon Daniel to interpret the writing on the wall that had mysteriously appeared. It read: "God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it; thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting. Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and the Persians."

Thus, fulfilling the prophecy, the Persian king, Cyrus II, invaded and triumphed. Resulting from this oracle the Persians and Mesopotamians - today's Iranians and Iraqis - have been squaring up to each other ever since. They last fought a bruising, inconclusive war between 1980 and 1988 that claimed the lives of 450,000 Iraqis and left 750,000 wounded. Everything changes, says history, and everything remains the same.

The discovery of oil - a blessing and a curse - in 1927 made modern Iraq a target of envy for foreign powers, and the land between the rivers again became central to western interests. Britain and the US became determined to fan and whirl Saddam, a would-be Nebuchadnezzar, into the sand - as Cyrus and Alexander, the Mongols and Turks, had done to his predecessors thousands of years before.

Democracy and oil do not mix and Iraq is oil rich. It has greater resources than Saudi Arabia and, with production costs at 50c a barrel, is the lowest in the world. Forget the British and American governments' quest for weapons of mass destruction. Access to oil by an oligarchy of powerful mechanistically driven capitalists is the key, a pretext to change the regime. Iraq nationalised its oil industry in 1972 and the US did not like that.

Aside from phantom WMDs and the American lust for oil, the

US has another agenda for its invasion of Iraq. This, the real agenda, is based in something so fantastic that it leaves “Star Wars” in the shade. Read on:

Chapter 1

Joab lay on the bed, suffering from exhaustion. The Grand Ishtar Hotel had an inadequate wall-mounted fan that did little to cool down the hotel room. He wanted to get up but his tired body wouldn't let him. He could hardly raise his head from the pillow. The flight from London he was slowly recovering from hadn't helped either. He looked at his watch. It read 2.30 pm Iraqi time. He was due to meet his contact in 30 minutes. He looked at the Baghdad map on his phone. Luckily the meeting place was not far away. His contact had promised him the interview would be worth his while but wouldn't say any more than that on the phone. After the arduous flight from Heath Row it had better be worth it!

Between the American military and Iraqi police it was difficult to travel around parts of Baghdad without being questioned about your movements. The "Press Member", badge Joab carried allowed him a bit more leeway than most but even so he didn't want to have to divulge his intentions that day. Sticking to bomb cratered back alleys he followed the rapidly given instructions and found his way to the meeting place address. Dr. Humaz greeted him. "Did you have any problems getting here?" he asked.

Joab didn't know what to expect but he could have been face-to-face with Omar Sharif look alike. No, accept combating jet-lag."

"I am sorry to rush you on this but we have move on this quickly."

"Why the rush? What is this all about?"

The Iraqi smiled, "It's quite a story and all will be revealed in time. I am sorry for rushing you." Taking Joab by the arm he ushered the reporter inside the old house, saying, "Please come and share refreshment with me and I will fill you in with some details."

Agreeing, and impressed with the doctor's almost perfect English, Joab asked, "Have you studied overseas?"

“Yes, at Harvard University.”

“That’s very impressive Dr. Humaz.”

The Iraqi didn’t comment. He organised some light refreshment and they sat down. He looked at Joab nervously for a moment, and then asked. “Are you sure you weren’t followed here?”

“No I wasn’t. Would there be a problem if I was?”

“It’s difficult to tell these uncertain days. It was bad enough in Saddam’s days with his secret police but now we have both the Iraqi secret forces and the CIA to contend with.”

With growing concern Joab ventured, “So are we dealing with something sensitive here?”

“Yes and no. I will explain.”

“It’s just that I don’t represent one of the major tabloids. It’s just a monthly mag called “High Light.”

“I know. I have still got copies from when I lived in America.” Then pausing, Dr. Hamuz said, “The major tabloids would not publish what I am going to tell you, nor would Western news services.”

“Why not?”

“Because news is not news any more. It is more like propaganda and what I have to say does not fit in with their Anglo Saxon Christian belief systems.” Then, passing food and drink to Joab he continued “Are you cognisant of the works of Zachariah Sitchin?”

“Yes. He was the guy that translated all those Sumerian texts, wasn’t he?”

“He was, yes, and much more besides.” Pointing to a certificate Dr. Humaz explained, “My doctorate is in the study of Mesopotamian

antiquities, a subject that has been in my heart for as long as I can remember. This is something I share in common with Saddam Hussein.”

Surprised at this Joab can only manage, “really?”

“Yes but I will enlarge upon this aspect as my story unfolds.” Then he added, “Do you know much about archaeology?”

“Only that archaeologists always end in ruins,” he punned, wishing he hadn’t as he noticed the Iraqi’s blank look.”

“It was a joke,” Joab tried explaining.

“Well what I have to tell you isn’t,” Dr. Humaz responded, tersely. Then he continued, “Archaeology is a very recent science. It was only after Schliemann’s discovery of the ancient city of Troy that we were shown a window into the past that made humans question the invalidity of myths. His discovery set many young amateur archaeological hopefuls seeking fame and fortune by uncovering past civilisations.”

“With respect Dr. Humaz I don’t have time to just listen to your anecdotes. This doesn’t sound like the ground breaking story you promised.”

The academic stopped in his verbal tracks, got up and went to the window. He then turned around facing Joab. No longer Smiling, he said, “This is more significant than you could possibly realise young man. I have to start softly in this way so as to prepare you, and your readers, for the intellectual bombshells I shall drop later. So will you do the courtesy of listening to my preamble?”

Feeling somewhat chided, Joab agreed to be more patient and Dr Humaz continued his story. “So scientific archaeology only happened once a reluctant academia acknowledged the past being dug up in the Middle East digs. By then these archaeologists were running foul of your Roman Church that feared their findings would contradict the history of the Old Testament.”

“And we can’t have that”, Joab added, cynically.

“Well your Church hadn’t had to deal with such a challenge to its authoritative view of religious history before. Even Galileo, in order to have his life spared, had to capitulate his heliocentric view of the solar system when confronted by the dreaded inquisition. Even Giordano Bruno, a catholic monk who held to the Copernican view, having been tricked by his Church’s duplicity, was burnt at the stake in Rome. And that was only 36 years before my old Harvard University was founded.”

Joab, becoming more interested, began recording the session.

Dr. Humaz continued, “By then evidence of the Church’s misrepresentation was clearly being shown for what it was, so Western religion went into damage control.”

“How did they do that?”

“They funded their own archaeologists whose mission was to reinforce the Church’s view of biblical history.”

“But surely their discoveries would belie this.”

“That’s a risk they had to take. In any case if any findings contradicted Church doctrine Rome refused to publish the findings.”

“So it was very selective. But didn’t the archaeologists balk at this?”

“Yes but the Church was their paymaster. One such example of selective truth occurred when Sir Flinders Petrie, the most distinguished archaeologist in his field, discovered a very ancient Anunnaki gold processing plant on Mt Horeb in the Sinai. When he published his findings privately the Church stopped his funding.”

“Now wait a minute. Who are these Anunnaki you just mentioned?”

Getting up, the Iraqi instructed, “Please follow me. I have something to

show you.”

Despite the predictable tribulations for the CIA in Iraq and Afghanistan Douglas Cane willingly accepted the post of Station Chief in Baghdad. Baghdad, which was the largest foreign based station ever, still had its problems. Colonel Cane looked up from the report he was reading. “Damn it George what the hell is your team doing?”

George Daniel Mason, Cane’s veteran second in command immediately launched into his defence. “How the hell are we supposed to infiltrate this group when we have very few people who can speak Iraqi?”

"Then use those who can."

"It's not that easy Colonel. Those that can speak the lingo are mostly diplomats untrained in undercover work. Besides the language we can't travel freely because we don't look like Arabs, and you're likely be shot by any one of them."

“Okay so nobody said it was going to be easy. Look I’m getting a lot of flak from Langley over this. They’re wondering what we are doing with our time and their money over here.” For Cane it was really a CYA (cover your arse) exercise. Confronting such problems on critical fronts, had recently seen the removal of his boss the CIA head in Baghdad because of questions about his ability to lead the massive station and Douglas didn’t want to attract the same fate.

He was all too aware that the Company (slang for the CIA) had closed a number of satellite bases in Afghanistan amid concerns about that country's deteriorating security situation.

Joab followed the doctor into another room where, in a glass case, there were various ancient looking artefacts. Opening the door Dr. Humaz carefully lifted out a clay tablet and laid it gently on a table. It depicted three figures and some cuneiform text. He then explained, “Petrie's astounding findings never saw the light of day. The power of the Church saw to it that his work was never published and also made sure that the British Library never catalogued the work - one of the most important discoveries in Archaeology. In fact it wasn't until the

startling findings of Sitchin that the truth began to be revealed to the wider world. In Genesis 6:1-4 it reads, “There were Nephilim in the earth in those days”. Nephilim is often translated as “giants” which, although only partially accurate, is never-the-less, a legitimate and appropriate interpretation.”

“Now I’m getting really confused. What do these Nephilim have to do with the Anunnaki?”

“I do apologise. I know it’s a lot for you to take in. As I was about to add, a better definition may well be “those who came down”, “those who descended”, or “those who were cast down.” The Anunnaki of ancient Sumerian texts is similarly defined as “those who from heaven to earth came. Anu meant heaven and Ki, Earth, as translated by Sitchin. Now virtually all open-minded historical and theological scholars agree the Old Testament’s book of Genesis was extracted from the older Sumerian records, if only because of the similarity in their Comparative Religions.”

“Is that now accepted by the Church?”

“Some of the more liberal clerics recognise that “The Enuma Elish”, the Sumerian Epic of Creation, and Genesis share a number of common elements but in general the conservative Church avoids such rational thought like the plague, despite the Stories of a Great Flood and Deluge, also being common to both Sumerian and Biblical accounts.”

“In the light of such overwhelming evidence how can they confidently maintain their intransigence?”

“Such logic does not mean anything to the Church. However, Sitchin’s findings can only lead us to the inevitable conclusion that the Anunnaki were as real as Noah, Moses or Abraham.”

The CIA men looked at one another. They both men knew it wasn’t their fault they hadn’t made any progress infiltrating a cell known simply as Gizatrug. The previously undisclosed moves by the CIA in the Gulf underscored the problems affecting the agency’s clandestine service at a time when it was confronting insurgencies and the U.S.-

declared war on terrorism. George Mason responded. “It’s okay for the goons back in Virginia. They aren’t here. We’re not the only CIA officers having to deal with a series of stumbles and operational constraints that have hampered our ability to penetrate these insurgents Doug.”

“I know that George, but we have to do better. Now if you’re not up to the task...”

“Now wait a minute Doug! Our guys are doing the best they can. How come when our station is the largest in agency history, eclipsing even the size our station in Saigon at the height of the Vietnam War, we can’t get a handle on these guys. Handing over a file the Colonel responded, “This might be some help.”

The CIA deputy scanned the document. “This is just some pissant journo from some pissant New Age rag nobody gives a shit about. Are you suggesting he’s privy to this cell were tracking down.”

“Have your people got any info on an Iraqi archaeologist called Dr. Hamuz?”

“Yeah, he was one of Saddam’s antiquity experts, wasn’t he?”

“Yes, well we need to know what he knows before he gives this journo the dirt. So get your team onto it George and come back with good news.

Just then the CIA head’s phone rang. George Mason got up to leave. Picking up the dossier on the reporter he determined that he was going to follow up this lead himself.

Chapter 2

“So who were these Anunnaki and where did they come from?” Joab asked trying to get a grasp on things.

Pointing at the tablet Dr. Humaz answered, “Sir Laurence Gardner, the renowned author of “Realm of the Ring Lords” has written: “Every item of written and pictorial attestation confirms that the ancient Sumerians were absolutely sincere about the existence of the Anunnaki, and those such as Enki, Enlil, Ninkhursag and Inanna fulfilled earthly functions with designated community duties.” He looked up at the journalist. “This tablet depicts Anu in the centre with Enki and Enlil on opposite sides. Anu is the Emperor and the other two are his sons.”

“So where did these Anunnaki come from?”

“A planet called Nibiru.”

“What were they like?”

“Let us just say that they were very advanced beings, the patrons and founders of us Homosapiens. They were teachers and justices; technologists and kingmakers who were jointly venerated as archons and masters. However, they were very real and were certainly not idols of religious worship like the ritualistic gods of subsequent cultures.”

“So how did the worship of these gods come about?”

“It occurred after the Annunaki left the planet. So used to them were our primitive ancestors that they desperately enjoined their return. In fact, the word which was eventually translated to become ‘worship’ was avod, which meant quite simply, ‘work’ and the Homoerectus of the time certainly worked for the creator gods from the sky.”

“This is all very interesting Dr. Humaz but it leaves “star wars” in the shade.”

The doctor frowned deeply. “Joab, because of the way they have all

been brainwashed the Anunnaki presence may baffle historians, their language may confuse linguists and their advanced techniques may totally bewilder scientists, but to dismiss them is downright foolish.”

“Okay, assuming all this is correct and these people really existed what’s that got to do with us today?”

“That is the most crucial aspect to all this and will be revealed to you in good time.”

“Doctor, I’m not here to play riddles. If you have a story to tell then tell me because quite honestly this doesn’t seem to be going anywhere.”

Dr Humaz turned on his guest. "I assure you I'm not toying with you. However what I have to impart, if the information got into the wrong hands, would mean a death sentence for me and other colleagues who helped compile these findings. For years we have had to work in secret to gather this information. So do you really think I would impart the crux of this to a stranger such as yourself? If you want this story you are going to show me your commitment in getting it to the right sources.”

Taken aback by this verbal onslaught, Joab gathering his wits, responded, “You’re absolutely serious aren’t you. I never realised this history lesson was so potentially dangerous.”

Mollified, The doctor said, “Let me explain something of the gravity of this. If this information became common knowledge it would totally unbalance your Western status quo. Do you think your fundamentalist Christian governments would take such a threat lying down?”

“No, I don’t.”

“Do you now why I chose your High Light for this task?”

“No, you never mentioned it.”

“It’s because, from some of the articles I have read, you don’t

publish sensational conspiracy theories but you do seek to uncover truth. If you lived here in Iraq my friend you would know just how difficult and dangerous it is to expose the lies. The question is will you help me to let the world know what is actually going on here?"

"I, I think so, - yes."

Smiling, the Iraqi responded, "Even if it puts you in potential danger as well?"

"I haven't run from a story yet."

"We are talking about the potential destabilisation of your governments and Western religion. It is not something to be taken lightly."

"I understand that", Joab answered, secretly worried about what he was getting himself into.

"Very well, now I suggest you go away and decide if you can dedicate yourself to this assignment. I will contact you tomorrow for your answer."

As Agent Mason made his way back to his office another agent accosted him. "George, how are we supposed to build teams here, when many of our consignee agents that do take on sensitive overseas assignments are only willing to serve here on 30- to 90-day rotations?"

George Mason didn't envy Frank Tate's job. As head of personnel training in Iraq this revolving-door approach Tate referred to had undercut the agency's ability to cultivate ties to warlords in Afghanistan as well as collecting intelligence on the Iraqi insurgencies in Baghdad." Well we just have to do the best we can in less than perfect conditions Frank."

"It's just not good enough. How the heck am I supposed to train people to work out in that hell hole when there is such a shortage of Arabic speakers and qualified case officers willing to take dangerous assignments?"

“You know what. The boss and I were just discussing that very point.”

“Hell George, we are so short handed here that the agency has been forced to hire dozens - if not hundreds - of CIA retirees, for god’s sake. And we have to lean heavily on translators as well as using soldiers for tasks that our officers normally perform.”

“So what do you expect me to do about it Frank. Have a quick word with my namesake in the White-house?”

Leaving the disgruntled Frank, George made his way to the IT intelligence gathering centre. He was all too aware they were fighting an uphill battle. Even without the personnel challenges, Iraq and Afghanistan were seen as being so dangerous that it is difficult for agency officers to venture outside guarded districts and compounds without security details, making covert meetings with informants extremely difficult.

The call had been from Langley and Douglas Cane was not a happy man. His predecessor had been removed in December, following weeks of increasingly deadly and sophisticated attacks against U.S.-led coalition forces and civilian targets. The official line had been that it was a huge operation and the Company needed a very senior, very experienced person to run it. The number of CIA personnel in Iraq exceeded some 500 people. The replacement of the station chief meant that the high-profile post had been held by three senior officers since Bush had declared an end to major combat in Iraq in May. And now the baton had been handed to Colonel Douglas Ulysses Cane, late of the U.S. marines. He quickly came to realise just how demanding the job of Baghdad station chief really was. His onerous task included briefing top U.S. officials in Iraq, providing frequent updates to Washington on the stability of the country, and overseeing all of the operations and analysis done in the nation.

The first of the three recent station chiefs had served at the Baghdad station before the Persian Gulf War in 1991. He went had gone there ostensibly to run operations from across the border before the invasion

of the “Coalition of the Willing” was set up. He was fluent in Arabic as well as being 'extraordinarily experienced' in setting up and running large intelligence operations. His replacement had served as station chief in a neighbouring country and was to stay in Baghdad for at least a year. But he had been pushed out in December amid a combination of personnel problems and growing concern in Washington that the agency was failing to get an adequate grip on Iraqi insurgency. It had been speculated that the officer might have angered officials in the Bush administration with a pessimistic report he produced in November saying that a growing number of Iraqis believed the US coalition could be defeated. But the US officially denied that the report, which was quickly leaked to the media that played a major role in his ousting. Douglas' CV stated that he, the current station chief, was a highly regarded officer 'who rose rather meteorically' during operations in Kosovo, the agency's last major build-up of assets.

Mostly, Joab found the Ishtar Grand to be an excellent hotel, especially under the difficult circumstances in Baghdad. It was very conveniently located and extremely secure and safe. And sometimes the Internet worked. Joab took advantage of it and carried out research into what the web have to offer about the Anunnaki. And there was a great deal on offer, mostly repetition but sometimes a juicy morsel. Dr Humaz seemed of sound mind but some of the stuff he talked about Joab found hard to swallow. Joab considered himself as open minded as the next person but the whole 'aliens from other worlds visiting Earth thing, was something he'd never been able to get his head around.

Following a comfortable nights sleep Joab hopped into the shower, turned the water on and immediately hopped out again. There was no hot water. After a quick cold shower he went down to breakfast. The omelette station was unattended at breakfast, which meant he had no one to complain to about the cold buffet. The day was warming up so Joab decided to take a stroll to a local cafe and a hot breakfast.

George Mason was on surveillance outside The Grand Ishtar, waiting for the reporter to emerge. He had waited in the hot car for over an hour being seeing the English guy leave the hotel. As the reporter was walking George left his car and followed him on foot. His quarry stopped at a small coffee shop for breakfast.

As Joab sat down at one of the empty tables, a waiter was soon at his side taking his order for a lamb kebab and strong coffee.

George Mason, wearing a Press Association badge, approached him. "You look like one of the press guys. Mind if I share your table."

Joab eyed the guy and had him pegged as a Yankee hack. "Sure. It's a free country."

"Only since we kicked Saddam's ass,"

Joab questioned such jingoistic logic but kept quiet.

George then said, "Us press guys have got to be mad working in this hell."

"So which rag do you work for?" Joab asked, just as his breakfast arrived.

George ordered coffee. Then, addressing Joab, he answered, "One of the nationals. So who do you work for?"

"High Light mag. Have you heard of it?"

"Can't say I have. What kind of things do you write about?"

"You'll just have to buy a copy and find out," Joab said, smiling.

"Hey, don't be secretive man. I'll tell you my angle if you spill the beans on yours."

"Okay, it's a deal."

"Well my paper has me on a special assignment to look at what we Yanks are really after here."

"Which is?"

“Have you ever heard of the term Gizatrug?” Mason asked, looking for a glint of recognition in Joab’s eyes.

“No. Should I have? So what does it mean?”

Ignoring the question the bogus reporter asked, “So what’s your story?”

“Oh! It’s just a kooky new age story about the Sumerian stuff. Pretty light weight really.”

“Yeah, but the Sumerian stuff is interesting. Have you read any of Sitchin’s works on the subject?”

“Not really. No.”

After finishing their coffees, just before they went their separate ways, George handed Joab a fake card with a genuine phone number on it. He said, “I got to go now. If you need any help with your research I’ve got good contacts. So just let me know.”

Douglas Cane reckoned he had more obstacles to overcome than a steeplechaser. The latest one involved under resourced intelligence gathering, which was caused by the fact that many of the CIA’s employees had been based at secure compounds at the airport in Baghdad. His intelligence pool had been further whittled down as other operatives were working in the so-called Green Zone, the heavily fortified area in central Baghdad around the headquarters for the Coalition Provisional Authority. There were also smaller offices, known as bases, in Basra, Mosul and other parts of the country. Cane found himself arguing with Langley over the agency’s mission and priorities, saying that the CIA had been drawn too much into troop-protection work ordinarily carried out by the military themselves. As a result, he was greatly concerned that the agency hadn’t been able to concentrate on recruiting the spies that will be needed as crucial sources of information for years to come, since sovereignty was transferred from US hands. He received the normal platitudes but he had at least had his concerns noted.

Apart from all his other duties Douglas was also in charge of setting up

a new Iraqi intelligence service, drawing at least in part on former members of Hussein's Mukhabarat. But although candidates were to be identified and vetted in Iraq, much of their training was to take place outside the country, in Jordan or Egypt. However, the main problem confronting the Baghdad station was security constraints inhibiting the ability of operatives to move about the country. Increasing random violence made it harder for people to do their jobs.

Joab never gave the meeting too much thought. The American was just another lonely journo trying to show off. When he returned to the lobby of the Grand Ishtar a message with a crude map attached awaited him. It was, not surprisingly, from Dr. Hamuz, who, it turned out, had set up a rendezvous to meet Joab. After quickly changing into some fresh clothes Joab took his map and began following the route the Iraqi scientist had provided him with. Out in the scorching day Joab had to run the gauntlet of desperate Iraqi kids trying to sell cigarettes and other merchandise in order to survive. As he walked on trying to ignore them an American armoured vehicle came around the corner and most of the street urchins disappeared. The troops weren't very kind to these kids, either ripping them off or scaring the hell out of them.

On a previous assignment from High Light Joab had done a freelance report on American morale in Baghdad and had discovered a combination of things eating away at the minds of the troops, as they pulled duty in the scalding Iraqi heat. The increased spate of attacks had certainly raised alert levels across the country, but most soldiers in Iraq who had been there for over a year, having played critical front-line rolls during the war, now had to cope with the new stress of policing. Joab had also discovered another remarkable thing when he spoke to troops that had been there long-term. They were tired - the kind of psychological tiredness that accompanies taking part, surviving, and conquering in war, and the capture of Baghdad; then watching that euphoria dissipate as their go-home date has been extended time and time again. Many troops were concerned about how they would cope when they returned to the US, and were worried that their victory will be tarnished with the mismanagement of the post-war phase. As an occupation force, they were the only game in town, and as such got blamed for much that went wrong. So although it is unfortunate that they should take out their frustrations on, what they consider to be, fair

game Iraqis, there response was not at all surprising.

What had once been a booming tourist industry had died in Iraq with the Gulf war in 1991. Placed out of bounds by UN sanctions, and the risk of being shot at by poverty-stricken looters or by US fighters maintaining the UN's no-fly zone, tourist attractions waned. Now a military zone, policed by the US and Iraq alike. it was no longer a civilised place.

Another assignment had taken Joab on the streets of Baghdad to get the views of everyday people. Of the English speaking interviewees the average Iraqi on the street believed the US would pull out before a lasting form of Democracy or an orderly government was established. The average Iraqi on the street said they remained unsure of US motives in their country. One police officer told Joab about this mismatch of expectations in that most Iraqis believed when the regime collapsed things wouldn't be much better for them. Many naive Iraqis had the vague idea that the Americans would drive up and park with the full American dream: a house, two-car garage, white picket fence and a dog. Instead, there was only one thing that Iraqis - nearly three months after the war could point to as an improvement since the fall of Saddam Hussein: freedom of speech.

Joab pondered these things as he made his way to the bombed out ruins of a mosque. Beyond this landmark he crossed the road and saw Dr Humaz sitting, reading the paper outside a coffee house. He stood up and greeted the reporter. "I'm so glad you were able to make it".

Joab ordered a coffee and, as they were in the shade, removed his hat. "Can we speak freely here?" He asked.

"That depends upon what you classify as freedom of speech," the doctor answered. Then he said, "When you've finished your coffee we are going for a drive."

"Oh really, where to?"

"I want you to meet a friend of mine."

“And who is this friend?”

“Someone very knowledgeable and who can help you with this assignment.”

Concerned, Joab responded, “I thought this was just between you and me Dr. Humaz. It complicates things to get other people involved.”

The Iraqi smiled, and then he asked, “Have you ever heard the word Gizatrug?”

The word made a connection in the journalist’s mind “Yes, it’s funny you should mention it. It came up in a conversation I had this morning, when the other reporter asked me the same question.”

The Iraqi missed a breath. “What other reporter?”

Joab shrugged, “Just some journo I had coffee with. Why?”

Dr, Humaz quickly took out his mobile phone, dialled a number, said something in Iraqi, then he quickly ushered Joab to where a small car was parked.

“Where are we going?” Joab asked.

“To a safer place. Now, please get in the car.”

"I don't understand."

"I will explain as we drive."

As the academic negotiated the busy Baghdad streets, Joab asked.”
What the hell is all this about?”

“He wasn’t a reporter.”

“And just how do you know that?”

“Because a reporter wouldn’t know about Gizatrug.”

“What the hell is this Gizatrug anyway?”

“I couldn’t tell you back there but it is a covert enclave of special people who are dedicated to bringing forth the truth.”

“And are you a member of this select group doctor?”

“It is a secret society, so the identity of members is not broadcast. Now we have to find you a safe place because you have been compromised.”

“Compromised - by whom?”

“That bogus reporter was a secret service agent, probably CIA. If I am correct they know where you live and that you have contact with the Gizatrug. Therefore we will set you up somewhere safe while we tell you what is going on.”

“What if you’re overreacting?”

“I hope that I am, but I don’t think so.”

“What about my stuff back at the hotel?”

“Don't worry Joab, I will have your things collected.”

Chapter 3

“Snakes entwined a staff with wings A sign of one who knows”

Joab woke up to find himself in strange surroundings. All the doctor had said was that they were somewhere in the Baghdad suburbs. Joab

didn't know any more about his location than that. The sun was quite high, which meant he had slept in late. Dr Humaz was nowhere to be seen. Feeling resentment as being abandoned, the journalist smouldered inside. To calm himself he did his daily stretches while wondering what the day would bring.

The people of Baghdad were already finding out. A neighbourly dispute had sent a bullet tearing through the gut and pelvic bones of a 12-year-old. A junior Shiia cleric with a wisp of a beard roamed a hospital, hectoring female nurses and doctors to wear hijab, while the director tried to find his way through an emergency that he had never encountered at Baghdad Medical College - should he use his last remaining cylinder of oxygen to operate on an eight-year-old boy, or wait to see what other miseries the morning would bring?

Outside, goats fed on mounds of rubbish, while gunfire crackled in the alleys between the low, crude houses. "Maybe they are celebrating because the electricity came back on," said a passer-by. "Maybe this is good shooting." Good shooting, or bad shooting, it continues. Long after American troops had taken control of Baghdad, and the world thought the war had ended, the gunfire kept going on, with Iraqis getting killed and injured at the rate of several dozen every day.

Checking the small room Joab noted that Dr. Humaz had been as good as his word. His belongings were stacked neatly in the corner. The laptop would have to stay there awhile though as Joab couldn't use it in yet another power cut. True he could use batteries but as his charger wasn't compatible with what was left of the Iraqi power system he found it more reliable to revert to the humble pen and paper.

Whilst transcribing from his taped conversation, a car pulled up outside. He went to the glassless window and saw the Iraqi doctor and another, taller, darkly bearded man, alight from the vehicle. Joab, annoyed at his feeling of powerlessness, went downstairs in readiness to confront the doctor.

They were talking quietly together as he entered the room. Noticing his presence Dr. Humaz said, "Joab, let me introduce you to Professor Tariq, an expert in Sumerian antiquities."

Not in the mood for socializing Joab launched into a tirade. “What the hell do you think you are doing leaving me here? I feel as though I’ve been kidnapped. Now I want some answers and I want them now!”

Excusing himself from the professor Dr. Humaz took Joab gently aside. “I understand that Joab, but we had to give ourselves some time before the CIA latch onto us. Please bear with me and much will be revealed.”

Slightly appeased, Joab said, “Okay but I want it straight.”

As they sat eating a cold lunch the professor, who’s English was also very good, began. “The good doctor has told me a little of your conversation with him the other day. So I will start from there. The Sumerian records recorded in great detail the stories of the Anunnaki, and among these, that of Enki, Enlil, Ninki, Inanna, Utu, Ningishzida, Marduk, and many others. Chief among these stories was the continuing conflict between Enki and Enlil, the sons of the supreme god of the time, Anu.”

Between bites Joab asked, “So why were they fighting?”

“That is a good question. Enki was half brother to Enlil and there is speculation that he wasn’t of good Anunnaki stock. This difference may well have caused the sibling rivalry. Anyway much of ancient human history, and the Biblical Genesis, can be explained as the militant differences between these two half-brothers, and how they affected the life of all sentient beings on Earth.”

Dr. Humaz put in, “But the Anunnaki princes were more than just a pair of squabbling half-brothers. They were part of the council of Gods and Goddesses, who periodically met to consider their future actions with respect to each other, and probably as a smaller, nondescript item on their agenda, the fate of mankind.”

“Why did they treat humans with such contempt?” Joab asked.

“Because they were far more intelligent than the primitive humans they brought into being, whom they soon found they could manipulate. These hybrid humans were in awe of the, what they saw to be, “Creator

Gods” and came to rely upon them heavily.”

“Well I guess being confronted by god-like beings when you were just getting to grips with making fire was certainly a big deal”, Joab added, wistfully.

“Indeed it was,” the professor continued, “Now, the Anunnaki, depending upon the context, were the Nephilim, the gods that Abraham’s father, Terah, and (according to the book of Joshua) was reputed to have served. They are also seen as fallen angels, the lesser individuals of the race from which Anu, Enki, Enlil, Inanna and the other notables had sprung. They were also “judges” over the question of life and death.”

“Hang on a minute. This is a lot to take in. Are you saying that they were all names of these Anunnaki?”

“That is so. Each subsequent race had their interpretation but it amounts to the same thing. They were also in fact the bene ha-elohim, which translates as “the sons of the gods”, or equally likely, “the sons of the goddesses.” For example, from Psalm 82: “Jehovah takes his stand at the Council of El to deliver judgment among the elohim.” “You too are gods, sons of El Elyon, all of you.”

Finishing his bread and dip Joab asked. “So what’s all this got to do with the price of fish today?”

Dr. Humaz answered, “I don’t know how the price of fish comes into this but the Anunnaki are not just beings from ancient folklore. They are very real and will be on their way her very soon.”

Joab’s eyes widened. “Now you’ve lost me. For a minute I thought you said these Anunnaki are coming back.”

“That’s right.”

“That’s it! I think my weird-o-meter has just gone off the screen.”

“What is a weird-o-meter please?” the professor queried, puzzled.

“It’s just a saying. Look guys this is all just getting a bit kooky for me. Do you really expect me to write an article saying that little green men are soon going to come here?”

“Green, possibly. Little, no,” Dr Humaz corrected.

“Coming here!”

“So you don’t believe what I have to say to you?” the professor challenged.”

Joab smiled, “Look, don’t get me wrong. I’ve got nothing against you guys but where’s the evidence for all this?”

“At the moment it’s being guarded by American troops.”

“What!”

“I would love to take you there, but I can’t,” Dr. Humaz said, sadly. The best I can offer is my books, and very carefully gotten artefacts. However the Anunnaki have been gone for over 3,600 years and are now overdue.”

“What’s 3,600 years got to do with it?”

“That is the time it takes their planet to orbit the solar system.”

“That’s one huge orbit. How come it takes that long?”

Professor Tariq answered. “A long time ago their planet, referred to as planet X by today’s astronomers, was drawn into the sun’s gravitational field and as time went on it settled into a very elliptical orbit around the sun, one that takes it 3,600 years to complete.”

Now that these assertions had been backed up with scientific observations Joab thought this odd tale gained some credibility. “Okay

I'll try to be open-minded about this," he said.

"Please excuse me," Dr. Humaz said, rising to go into another room. He soon returned, with a small wooden box, out of which, he took a scroll, which he opened before Joab and the professor.

"So I finally get to see it!" the professor reacted, excitedly.

Agent Mason felt frustrated. Joab Rackham hadn't been back to his hotel. To all intents and purposes he had vanished into thin air. All his things had gone from the Grand Ishtar as well. Sighing deeply he read the dossier that had landed on his desk. Name: Mohammed Hamuz - PhD in Mesopotamian Studies. It read:

After 5 years of sanctions had left his physics lab a crumbling shell, Dr. Mohammed Humaz left Iraq to teach at Harvard University in America. He followed a route paved by thousands of Iraq's academia's best and brightest; he escaped across the desert to Jordan accompanied only by his wife, their suitcases and handfuls of cash to bribe Saddam Hussein's intelligence agents at the border.

George Mason continued reading the report.

An estimated 2,000 academics fled Iraq's 20 major universities between 1995 and 2000. Many more left before them.

There was a newspaper article attached. It read:

Dr. Mohammed Hamuz is back. He has returned to his homeland out of loyalty to his country, pride and a deep hope to rebuild his university system to the halcyon days of the 1960s and 70s, when it was the intellectual Mecca of the Middle East. While in America he befriended a radical academic Professor Alexander Priestley.

George paused from reading to highlight this name:

It is believed that he encouraged Dr. Humaz to get involved in an underground organisation called Gizatrug. All we know about them is

that their goal is to undermine US security in Iraq (there are no other details at present).

Upon his return Dr. Hamuz took up a position in the Department of Antiquities at Baghdad University, where he was an assistant antiquities professor under Ghazi Dahwish, the head of the department. There wasn't any further indication that he was involved with Gizatrug until he returned to America for a vacation. He was tracked down by an American agent and followed. No contact was made between him and Priestley at that time. Suspicions were aroused; however, when, having returned from the States he stopped of in Libya, where, it was discovered, he met Abdul Jabbar Al- Wahd, also a colleague of Priestley.

The rest of the dossier was pretty vague, except that Dr. Humaz left his post at the university and disappeared. No explanation had been given for this. Having put the report down George Mason stretched, releasing tight muscles. He then switched his intercom on and said, "Janet, get me Agent Brown."

"What is it?" Joab asked.

"A very ancient text, with translations I am glad to say," Dr. Humaz explained, indicating the strange wedge shaped writing interspersed with English.

"I don't understand its significance," Joab complained, its meaning lost on him.

"This, I believe, is the key to our quest", Dr. Humaz announced. Then he began reading:

"Snakes entwined a staff with wings
The sign of the one who knows,
He who can uncoil Nehushtan,
The water dweller in Hathor's house,
Who among the Naga goddesses is.
So shed and be reborn of the Nile,
Where timelessness does abide,

Enter with wisdom of the spirit,
To heal the rivalry of Allah and his kin.
For Satan is not what you think,
He knowledge to the sheman gives,
Integrated prints brings forth God's wrath,
So the sheman was diddled twice,
Thus white powder did they seek,
To awaken them from long dark sleep.
For each to know who they are,
Beauty and balance is the clue,
Though Adapa's confusion led him astray.
He was right in his inner quest,
To exit from the pyramid wars.
Gold and alchemy opens the door,
Mosis with his snakes and staff,
Then Adonai usurped and YHWH become,
And EnLil's exit made Marduk king.
The Lamb of God the sign of Sin,
Whether solar disk or crescent moon,
Hermetic magic will reveal,
The staff the dead can raise,
That such a dragon can divine,
Over an arch before the eye,
As the truly free spirit flies,
Serpents dance and you know why.
For held within the print of life,
With knowingness to Eden we return,
For we have found the thing we yearn.”

“So what's all that about?” Joab asked.

“When we have deciphered the code we will know”, the Iraqi scientist replied.

“The first line – Snakes entwined, a staff with wings – is probably referring to the Caduceus,” Professor Tariq suggested.

“Yes, I came to that myself. It's the rest we need to work on.”

“What is a caduceus?” Joab asked.

“The Caduceus is one of the most ancient of symbols”, the Iraqi answered. He then continued, “You might best know this symbol as the DNA structure and the logos used by the medical profession. Since ancient Mesopotamia the caduceus, which shows two serpents intertwined around a staff (the spinal column) with the wings (the "swan")”, Professor Tariq explained. He then continued, “On either side (the two hemispheres of the brain, with the circle in the centre representing the pineal gland, or the central sun and psychic centre within.”

“It also symbolized the Kundalini energy,” Mohammed added.

“It sounds like quite a powerful symbol,” Joab commented.

“It certainly is,” Mohammed agreed. He continued, “A sign of the one who knows. So who is the one who knows? Other than Allah that is?”

Dr. Hamuz pondered the riddle. “It’s a deity connected to the Caduceus”, he concluded.

“Hermes carried this symbol,” the professor added.

“Yes but its origins occurred long before the Greeks were thought of,” Dr. Hamuz countered.

“So, as it goes back to ancient Mesopotamia in its present form and as it is a well known symbol for the DNA structure, the link would have to be Enki. So Enki becomes the one who knows,” the professor added, proudly.

“Yes that would make sense because he certainly knew how to manipulate our genetics. So now we have Enki and the symbol he may well have invented.”

“The next line reads, “He who can uncoil Nehushtan. What is that supposed to mean?”

“Maybe it’s the name of a serpent, a coiled serpent”, pointed out Joab.

“Yes, that’s possible”, Dr. Hamuz agreed. Then he added, “The coiled serpent. I wonder if that refers to the Kundalini.”

“It may well do so. After all, Hindus say the when the Kundalini is unleashed the snake uncoils”, Professor Tariq explained.

“So who unleashes this great power?” the doctor pondered.

“I think I may have it”, Mr Tariq exclaimed.” Think about it! Serpents, snake people, the Anunnaki” he then added, “Of course we still don’t know who this Nehushtan is”.

“No that’s true, but I think you may be no to something there”, Dr. Hamuz beamed.

“I still don’t understand who these Annunaki are?” Joab stated.

Working out how to explain such a concept to a beginner, the doctor wondered where to begin. He looked at Joab, the said, “According to Zecharia Sitchin the Anunnaki were extraterrestrials, also known as angels, who were an extremely long-lived race, potentially living as long as 500,000 years.”

“What’s the evidence for such an assertion?” Joab challenged.

Professor Tariq answered. “One way of looking at this has to do with orbital timing. Nibiru takes 3,600 of our years to orbit the Sun, whereas Earth only takes a year. So we could say that 3,600 of their years are equal to one of ours. Therefore, as 500,000 divided by 3, 6000 = 138,000 it could be said that they only lived for 138,000 of their years. So it’s all relative really.”

“That’s still one hell of a long life span!” Joab stated.

“Which is why they would have seemed immortal to our forbears” Dr. Hamuz added. He then continued “In any case Laurence Gardner

reduces this to more on the order of 50,000 years, and notes specifically that the Anunnaki were not immortal.”

“Yes, but considering that our Homo-erectus ancestors had an average lifespan of around forty years the Anunnaki would certainly have seemed immortal”, the doctor stated.

“Yes, that is so,” the professor added.”

Dr. Humaz continued, “Gardner points out that no records are currently extant which relates to Anunnaki natural deaths, but the violent deaths of Apsu, Tiamat, Mummu, and Dumuzi are provided in some detail.”

The conversation was interrupted by a phone call. Dr. Humaz took the call, listened, said something in Iraqi, and switched the phone off. Then he said, “I have just been informed that the Mukhabarat have just searched your room at the hotel.”

“That’s the Iraqi Gestapo isn’t it?” Joab asked.

“Yes. Now did you leave anything in the room that could be incriminating for you?” Humaz asked.

“No, I checked. You retrieved everything.”

“Very well. But the troubling thing is they are taking you seriously. Now we know that the person you were talking to was no journalist.”

“Yes but they don’t know I’m here, do they?”

“Understand that so far the spooks have never got so close to us. We have had to operate in absolute secrecy. One slip could end up with us all in their torture chambers.”

“I’m sorry doctor. I just didn’t realise.”

“Well now you do. Hopefully not too much damage has already been done.”

Chapter 4

"He who can uncoil Nehushtan, The water dweller in Hathor's house."

Abdul Jabber Al-Wahd was sitting down with his family having dinner when there was a knock at his door. At first he ignored it. But it became insistent so he had to deal with it. He shouted through the door, "Who's there?"

“The police. Open up.” Brown said, itching to break down the door.

Abdul opened the door, saying, “I am always happy to help the law but my family is dining so can we conduct this business in private?”

Brown flashing his agency badge pushed his way inside. “Are you Mr. Al - Wahd?”

“Yes. What do you want?”

“We have some questions to ask you so come with us,” Brown stated, grabbing Abdul's arm.

Becoming angry the Iraqi said, “What do you mean, come with you? I am here with my family. Leave your number and I will contact you tomorrow”.

It had been a long tiring day tracking their man down and agent Brown was not going to take any nonsense. “Mr. Al - Wahd we can either do this civilly or we can arrest you. It's up to you.”

Cooped up in what passed for a safe house Joab, feeling trapped, wondered if he would ever get back to the green, green grass of home. Now he couldn't even travel freely and on top of all this he was being targeted by the spooks. Shit, how did I get into all this, he wondered. Here he was imprisoned inside a mud brick cell while outside Baghdad baked in its chaotic hell. Compared with what was going on outside he should have considered himself fortunate. For the first time in more than a fortnight, the hospital received seven gunshot victims. A woman in her late teens died from a bullet in the neck; a boy, about 12, and a girl, about 10, still had bullets lodged in their brains. Nobody even recorded their names.

Sometimes it felt like ages since the noose had been tied around that first statue of Saddam, and the Iraqi dictator was cut off at the knees. Sometimes it was difficult to hold on to the memory of the regime's absolute power over millions of lives, or to recall in detail the American bombing that brought it to an end.

There was recklessness in Baghdad that would have been impossible for Joab to have imagined when he first arrived in January of that year. Baghdad then was a city in waiting. Iraqis had been expecting the war for months, knowing that they would lose, and the end would come for Saddam. They would only ever admit it in metaphor or sideways allusions, and their fear of direct questions was so obvious it became Joab's method of communication, too.

The city felt immune to change - bizarrely normal, as the minders from the Iraqi information ministry were so relentless in pointing out. Don't ask about that large sprawling presidential palace, Saad the minder had told Joab. There are no differences between Shia and Sunni, Kurd and Christian, he had insisted - though he regularly talked of how Shiias and Kurds were below average intelligence. It soon became clear to everyone that nothing was normal in Baghdad - although Joab did see the first functioning traffic light since the war, months after his arrival, switching from red to green. If only a city could change so painlessly, he had thought at the time.

Dr. Hamuz and professor Tariq turned up around noon. Joab was instructed to pick up his belongings because he was being moved. No explanation had been given at the time but both men look concerned.

Unbeknown to Joab the trio were on their way to Baquba. It was a hot, dusty drive and they had to stop near a canal to let the aging Fiat they drove in, cool it's overworked engine. A mournful Arabic man's voice drifted from across the canal. Joab asked, "What's he singing about?"

Dr. Hamuz answered, "He is singing of dreary days and disappointing harvests." Next they heard gunfire from the other side of the canal. "Don't be alarmed Joab. It's only a freedom fighter teaching his recruits to kill" Dr. Humaz said.

Joab had gotten used to this inhumane attitude to life. "Yes. One man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter. It just depends upon your point of view, I suppose", he responded. He than added, "I'm more concerned about where you are taking me and why."

"We are taking you to Baquba. The spooks were getting too close to us

in Saddam City and we need to give ourselves space to work with you.”

“That’s all very well Dr. Hamuz but I feel like a prisoner.”

“I apologize to you Joab, but it is the best we can do at present. If your CIA or the Iraqi spooks get their hands on you a prisoner is certainly what you will become.”

“But I haven’t broken any laws and...”

Professor Tariq interjected, “...By being in association with us you are involved and, if they catch you, they will use you to get at us. We cannot allow that to happen.”

The radiator, having cooled enough, was topped up with canal water and they were on the road again. Faded Iraqi army uniforms dried on pomegranate trees as they passed through small dusty townships. Combat boots lined a dirt path leading into a crude military camp. Young Iraqis picked ripe grapes and offered them to Joab and his companions along the way. It was late afternoon by the time they arrived at their destination and they were all ready to collapse and sleep.

After splashing his face with cold water Joab stepped outside the house the trio had slept in, to get a sense of where he was. Professor Tariq soon joined him. The Iraqi academic had to keep a tight leash on him

“This is Baquba my birth place. Perhaps you would accompany me in a morning walk”, Tariq suggested. Curious about his surroundings, Joab readily agreed.

Professor Tariq showed his local knowledge as they walked around. He had been born in Baquba, the capital of Iraq's Diyala province, which was some 50 km to the northeast of Baghdad, on the Diyala River. It was located within Iraq's so-called Sunni Triangle and the town had an estimated population of some 280,000 people. A centre for agriculture and commerce, continuously since pre-Islamic times, it served as a way station between Baghdad and Khorasan, on the medieval Silk Road.

As they walked Joab heard cheery voices. The humour came from the sun-fried yard of the governor's compound, in which Iraqi soldiers with well-worn machine guns chatted, their laughter shot through with the reassuring tickety-tick-ticking of old-fashioned typewriters coming from shuttered windows.

“It’s a bit early for them to be working, isn’t it?” Joab asked

“I guess they want to get their work done while it’s still peaceful”, the professor replied.

They stopped to buy oranges from one of the many vendors selling fruit from their orange groves. Seeing results of bombardment devastation around him, Joab asked, “It seems as though your town has taken a bit of a pasting,”

“Alas it is true Joab. My beautiful birth place has emerged as the centre of some of the heaviest guerrilla activity since the American occupation. This is largely to do with the presence of Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, leader of the local freedom fighters (Al-Tawhid Wal-Jihad) who has taken responsibility for the attacks.”

“So why have you two brought me to such a military hotspot?”

“Because, I have things to show you.”

Loosing his patience Joab responded. “More riddles, more tests. When are you people going to be straight with me?”

“This is all very delicate Joab. One slip-up and we are all sunk. Understand that we don’t have all the answers yet and both sides are looking for the same thing.”

“What thing would that be?”

“We don’t know for sure but the cryptic poem the doctor has could well lead us to it.” Then he added, “You could say it is kind of key.”

“A key! A key to what?”

“A key, to very ancient knowledge. A key that that is the main reason for the American occupation of our ancient land,”

“What about the oil. What about getting rid of Saddam?”

“Do you really think the Americans wanted to rescue us from Saddam’s evil rule out of some sort of compassion for their fellow man? No, they needed to oust Saddam because he was after the key as well and he was a lot closer to finding it than the Yanks were.”

“So why was Saddam after this mysterious key?”

“Because, while it is uncertain if Planet X is headed this way in the immediate future, one thing is certain and that is the return of this planet centres on the recovery of a technology once housed at Solomon’s Temple that is used to open a gateway linking Earth with far off regions of space. Recent military and political activity here shows that the world powers are jockeying for position as if the return of Planet X is imminent. The stakes are high. This planet is at the centre of a biblical prophecy known as the “Day of the Lord.” This was what Saddam Hussein, the mass-murdering Iraqi dictator with the Cheshire cat smile, was really after.”

Joab, slowly shaking his head, answered, “I don’t know professor. You guys seem really intelligent and rational yet you really seem to believe in these Anunnaki folk coming to this planet and it’s all based on some obscure ancient myth.”

“Look at this way Joab. It’s a fantastic story so a man with your writing skills should be able to get a bestseller out of this, whether it is fact or fiction.”

Abdul Jabber Al - Wahd, feeling angry and scared at the same time, waited for his gaolers to turn up. As the agency didn’t have its own lock-up he had been turned over to local police to be held in custody. Having been locked up overnight with no bed, food, or drink, he was in a foul mood. The CIA came for him around mid morning and whisked

him off to their Baghdad headquarters. Again he was made to wait, which he knew was to unsettle him further. Eventually he was taken to an interview room where the Colonel and George Mason questioned him. The Colonel began by pushing a photo of Dr. Mohammed Hamuz in front of him. “Do you know this man?” he asked.

“What is the meaning of this outrage?” Abdul demanded.

“Simply answer the question Abdul,” Mason said, coolly.

“Not until you tell me what all this is about.”

“There is no taking of the fifth amendment here. You will answer the question,” the Colonel stated, more forcefully.

The reality of his dire situation began to hit him. Iraq did not run on the American justice system. While in the clutches of the CIA he was a non-citizen, lost to the world. They could do anything they liked to him. In one last attempt to assert himself he spat out, “You Americans are no better than Saddam’s Mukhabarat!”

“Do you know this man?” Mason asked, thrusting the picture under his nose again.

“Of course I do.”

“So who is he?”

“His name is Dr. Mohammed Humaz.”

“And how did you meet him?”

“We met in Libya.”

“Where in Libya? In one of Gaddahfi’s terrorist training camps perhaps?”

Horrified at the implication the Iraqi refuted the allegation. “No. Most

certainly not. A mutual friend brought us together”

“And this mutual friend Abdul. Was it an Alexander Priestley by any chance?”

“It seems that you know everything already, so why are you playing these games with me?”

“What do you know about the “Gizatrug”? the Colonel asked, ignoring Abdul’s comments.

“The what?” the Iraqi exclaimed.

“A dangerous terrorist element seeking to undermine the good work we are doing here.”

“I haven’t heard of them but then there are so many of my frustrated countrymen these days.”

“Did you know that your good friend Dr. Humaz is a member?”

“Of course not!”

“Did you know that your mutual friend Mr Priestley is also involved?”

“How would I? I have never heard of this group.”

At this point the questioning ceased. The two CIA officers left the room leaving an agent standing guard.

Out of earshot the Colonel said, “What do you reckon then, George?”

“His body language and all other indicators suggested he is telling the truth.”

Yes, that’s what I believe. So it’s on to plan two.”

“That’s a bit shaky Doug.”

“Have you collected enough evidence to convince him?”

“We have been to his home and confiscated certain items but nothing of any great value though.”

“Find out why he was in Libya. There could be a clue there,” the Colonel stated. He then said, “We’ll let him stew awhile and question him later.”

After breakfast the trio retired to the Professor’s rudimentary study and showed them a book depicting ancient Mesopotamian artefacts. Turning to Joab he said, “I hope you are recording what I am about to say.”

Joab was all ready prepared with a blank tape switched on.

Professor Tariq began. “There is a lot of wild speculation in metaphysical circles these days concerning the return of this planet X, the mysterious roaming planet that swings to the far side of our solar system, and is expected to return very soon. In fact according to the time line of it’s usual cycle it is overdue.”

He opened the book at a marked page. “Now, this picture shows a Sumerian pictogram depicting 12 planets going around the sun. In Sumerian mythology, Planet X, this twelfth planet, is called “The Lord” and is the home of a group of beings that your Bible calls Shining Ones. According to my interpretation of Sumerian myths presented in this book “Ark of the Christ, The Mythology, Symbolism and Prophecy of the Return of you speak of? Planet X”, these wise beings, the ‘angels’ of your Old Testament, wielded enormously advanced technology, including the operation of a star gate linking Heaven and Earth”.

“What is this star gate You keep talking about?”

The professor laughed.” You don’t want much do you?”

Mohammed then said, “The prevailing scientific metaphor ‘star gate’

obliges us to conceive of stars as being amongst the most distant objects. Even to escape the gravity well of the planet Earth is a major task only open to those with major resources - NASA, the ESA, and the like. Then there is the view favoured by those who see the planet as being subject to visits by UFOs and extraterrestrials - including belief that many key people in our history are actually from distant planets, solar systems or galaxies.”

“You mean like these Anunnaki you talk about,” Joab put in.

“Yes. But among many theories about this, the most intriguing one to reflect upon is that people may themselves be 'star gates'.”

“We may be star gates!”

“Well Joab, the conventional view sees people as possibly travelling to distant planets sometime in the future. Conversely, from such distant worlds in disguise, or in some reincarnated form. But such concepts are too much for the average person to think about. Even for the more open-minded among us star gates are assumed to be linked with some distant location, but is it really like that?”

“I take it that is a rhetorical question, Mohammed.”

“Well, the future may discover otherwise. Physics may itself only be correct as a limited condition and as such is poorly adapted to subtleties of psychic dimensions that may remain to be articulated.”

“Okay. So how does this explain us being potential star gates?”

“Psychics and channelers already, in a special sense, know otherwise - engaging in activities to which science is not yet able to give credence. Now, to answer your question Joab, suppose that a holistic organisation of the universe were to be taken seriously. What might this mean? It could mean that every distant physical body was in some way 'represented' on this planet.”

Joab brightened, “Has this got anything to do with the weird property

of holograms in that each part, no matter how small, contains the information of the whole thing?"

"Absolutely. Now, supposing this 'representation' was not so much physical as psycho-physical - namely involving non-physical dimensions."

"Do you mean above 3D?"

"Yes. Modern physics is very free with its need to have up to 11 dimensions to explain matters beyond the three-dimensional. So within some such broader framework, each person, through their psycho-physical make up - how they perceive and dimension their universe - , might carry a unique patterning 'keyed' in some way to distant stellar bodies, in much the same way that Egyptian Pharaohs had a star bar code painted inside their sarcophagi."

"Really! I didn't know that?"

"Oh yes Joab. Mind you not much credence was given to this by Egyptologists until the invention of the Spectrograph, an instrument that measures the heat of stars, indicated its significance. This configuration could be understood as a key. Such a key might be reflected in the psycho-physical patterning of a single individual, surrounded on this planet by others holding other patterns keyed in each case to other stellar bodies."

"What do you mean by "keyed" in this context?"

"Well some of the language describing these phenomena might seem to be borrowed from astrologers."

The professor interjected. "Although this may well be true, justifying astrological perspectives is not our intention here."

"Thank you for pointing that out," Mohammed Humaz said. "However, the point that merits reflection in relation to 'keyed' lies in the experience of how we encounter another individual. We can gain a

sense of a quite unique configuration of forces or energies that constitutes that individual's universe. We can, to some extent, look into that person's universe. This process may be tantamount to using the person as a star gate.”

“This is all very interesting Mohammed but what has it got to do with this enigmatic key everybody seems to be looking for?” Joab asked.

“I will come to that presently but I just need to clarify this first. If each of us is effectively bonded to a distant stellar body, then much of our individual daily experience on this planet is interpreted through the configuration of forces conditioned by the bond particular to each of us.”

“An interesting theory but I still don't get the connection to the star gate thingy,” Joab said, confused.

Therefore, we may be psychically as close to such apparently distant parts of the universe as just a "hair's breadth away"; we may have much of our being there. Also, we may, each of us, be seeing and experiencing this world as "aliens." When we encounter another person we meet as star gates -- each pulling or distorting the significance of the encounter in terms of the psycho-physics of distant parts of the universe. Therefore, to answer your question, the key we seek is to unlock the star gate in us. The ancients have left us clues as to where the location of such external keys are but we have to locate the key in us to able to find them.”

“That should give you something to go on with”, Professor Tariq chuckled.”

“Yes, that’s a hell of a lot for my brain to cope with.”

“Beware of the questions you ask because you might just get the answers,” the professor added, philosophically.

Later that evening, while they ate, Professor Tariq said, "I think I have something on Nehushtan".

"I'm all ears", Joab said, excitedly.

What has the number of ears you have got to do with the Nehushtan?" Dr. Humaz asked.

"It's only a, - oh never mind!" Joab said, thinking of the Tower of Babel and the confusion of tongues.

"Please continue Anwar," the doctor encouraged.

"It appears the Nehushtan; according to biblical writers was the healing serpent. The Hebrew word for serpent is "nahash." At the root of the word are the Hebrew letters Nun, Het and Shin, which means "to guess." This was translated into other languages as "Satan," which some say mean "enemy," or "adversary."

"Thank you Anwar. That is most enlightening. The healing serpent could of course be referring to the Kundalini, if we see such an energetic process as a form of healing."

"Yes, but the snakes in the Caduceus are uncoiled also and isn't it used as a healing symbol?" Joab added.

"Indeed it is Joab. In fact the College of surgeons still use it today," Dr. Humaz mentioned.

"Okay, so who is it that can uncoil the healing serpent?" Anwar asked. Then he added, "Unless it refers to Enki changing the human genetics."

"Yes! That could well be it", the Mesopotamian expert agreed." Now we come to - The water dweller in Hathor's house. How does that fit in with Enki the geneticist?"

“I don’t know”, Anwar yawned. All I know is it’s going to be a full day tomorrow and we need our sleep.

5

Who among the Naga goddesses

Sheds to be reborn of the Nile

“Star gates and the Stars and Stripes by Joab Rackham” was the best he had come up with for the title of his book. He had been saving his data on the laptop every five minutes, which was just as well as yet another power cut took place. He looked at the dial of his watch. It was just after 6 am. The professor was also an early riser, as testified by his knocking on Joab’s door. “Have you been working all night Joab”, his visitor asked, gaining permission to enter the room.”

“Just about. I couldn’t sleep. All this star gate stuff was torturing my brain.”

“Yes, well I’ve brought this book to show you. It could explain a few things.”

“That would be welcome.”

“I know this is a crash course for you but we have to move on this. The spooks could be onto us as we speak. But even more imminent is some soon to be heavy conflict between the American invaders and our freedom fighters. So we will have to leave soon.”

“Where will we be going this time?”

“Don’t worry about that Joab. That’s for us to deal with. He then pointed to the book. “Now the codes on this page were found in your Bible, which, as you know, has been with you for thousands of years, yet they are hidden in plain sight. Opening the book at a particular page Anwar said, “We are concerned here only with 'Creation and Destruction' as it relates to the pyramid of Giza and Coral Castle in Florida, which was constructed by Edward Leedskalnin, and Nicola Tesla. Now, in this incredible book by, Dr. Horowitz and Dr. Puleo, they elucidate the discovery of this New Bible Code.”

“What do you mean - new Bible code?”

Turning to page 35 the professor explains that Pythagoras was murdered, and his school was burned because he was, amongst other things, an astrologer. Pythagoras, as many people know was a physician and a mathematician but what isn’t so well known is that He worked with Radionics and, sound and light, which he used in healing and the practice of spiritual medicine. Besides astrology, Pythagoras taught geometry as part of that science and of course, mathematics as a corresponding part of both.”

“So was he killed because of his belief in astrology?”

“That was certainly one aspect that led to his death. However, astrology, though denounced by many and scoffed at by sceptics, has been used from the beginning of the knowledge in ancient times all the way up to today, even by some of your own American Presidents.”

“Okay, so where do these Biblical codes come in?”

“Starting with the number 8, which has always been associated with the divine feminine presence, and was heavily symbolised by the Knights Templar in their sacred architecture and their tunics, when multiplied by other numbers shows something very significant to that which we seek. He began $1 \times 8 = 8$; $2 \times 8 = 16$, $3 \times 8 = 24$, etc. all the way to $8 \times 8 = 64$. Now, 64 is an important cardinal number in that $6 + 4 = 10$ which added together becomes 1 using the Pythagorean method. Now, $8 \times 8 = 64$, the

number of squares on a chess board that the ancient Egyptians invented, corresponds to the eight octaves in music and the 88 keys on a standard regulation size piano.”

“Fascinating but I don’t see any connection yet.”

The professor was getting into his verbal stride, “think of that line in the riddle that reads - The water dweller in Hathor’s house.”

“Well professor I haven’t a clue what it means, except that I believe Hathor was a goddess in ancient Egypt.”

“Hathor, the cow-goddess, as the key maternal deity, embodied the divine feminine number 8. Now this is the interesting bit”, Anwar said, getting into his stride, “Her name actually means Mansion of Horus.”

Joab, finally getting the point, exclaimed, “Mansion of Horus. So this is about Horus, not Hathor.”

“Well done Joab. Her house is the mansion of Horus.”

“Okay so who is the water dweller in Horus’ house?” Joab asked.

“Let’s see if the Bible codes can shed any further clues. Next we look at the number 9. Now using the English alphabet ... numbering the letters A=1 through I=9, then starting over with J=1 through R=9, and repeating S=1 through Z=8, the numbers add up to 126 - which adds together to equal 9. Also, if we add together the numbers from 1 to 9 it = 45, and $4+5 = 9$.”

“That’s fascinating but I don’t see how it pertains to this mysterious water dweller.”

“Please bear with me then perhaps we may learn something together. So in another column, and listing $1 \times 3 = 3$, $2 \times 3 = 6$, $3 \times 3 = 9$, all the way to $26 \times 3 = 78 = 15 = 6$, all the ending 1 digit numbers equal 3, 6, 9 all the way down and added together = $153 = 9$.”

"I still don't see a significant connection," Joab responded, testily.

"The professor replied, "Well English and Hebrew alphabets can be equally deciphered in this way. Even though English is read left to right and Hebrew is read right to left, the mathematical result is the same. Now, the first language, called Babel, was invented to express at least in part the Godly perfection of mathematics. Babel came from the early Semitic Mesopotamian language called Akkadian, meaning 'gate to God'. Or perhaps star gate to God. Other languages developed since then do not translate the same mathematically, so the 'gate to God' aspect is hidden."

"So are you saying that mathematics is the key to finding the key?"

"This key has to do with the Tower of Babel or, as we now know, the 'gate to God'. Or perhaps 'the star gate to God'."

"It still doesn't seem to get us any closer to understanding this water dweller".

"Yes and no. No it doesn't if we keep thinking in terms of water as we know it and yes it does if we can see beyond this."

"I don't get it professor. You'll have to spell it out for me."

With a puzzled look Anwar began, "T-H-E W-A-T...."

Joab interrupted, "No, I don't mean that. I simply meant I don't understand it's significance".

"Let me put it this way Joab. In astrology Aquarius is referred to as the Water Carrier but it is not water as we know it that he carries. Now Enki's identity, as Lord of Earth or In Earth (EN.KI), also known as EA, whose house is water, is reflected in other names, as well: Adonai, Ptah, Aton, Aten, Adom, Adam, and Amen."

“I still don’t get the link between Hathor and the water dweller professor.”

Turning to page 40 the academic continued, “Here we are told: Specifically, that each sound or syllable, especially in Hebrew, emits a special frequency of spiritual value when spoken or sung. The fact is, sounds generate electromagnetic frequencies and it is these that form the basis for the computer language of your laptop”, he said, gesturing to the now blank digital equipment. So your processing programs can print out the Hebrew or English characters and words in response to the sound or wave frequency recognitions or vibrational reconnaissance.”

Joab brightened. “Wave frequency. Water could mean waves as in energy”.

“That’s right Joab. So the water dweller is something that dwells in the wave.”

“Something like Light perhaps. You know like light waves!”

“Brilliant Joab. That’s it. It’s got to be. Look! One of the alter egos of Enki is Aten or Atom. Aten was called Aten Ra. Ra, the ultimate solar deity in the Egyptian mysteries is the source of all manifestations of the sun god in all three realms of sky, earth, and underworld. Now, as lord of light, Aten Ra becomes the light from the atom.”

“That’s the photon, isn’t it?”

“It is Joab. So the mansion of Horus (the Falcon-headed lord of the sky) is really the heavens. Therefore the water dweller, the photon light, which beams down from the heavens, refers to the Photon Belt our solar system is moving into.”

“Okay, so what has that got to do with the key to opening this fabled star gate?”

“Timing Joab. Horus anagrams to Hours and in reference to time the hour is upon us. Why do you think America has invaded us at this precise time?”

“Well they would say because of (9-11).”

“There is much about the ‘falling towers, the world is not allowed to know. Now, the reason why the Americans have taken over our major sacred sites is because they know the hour is upon us and they also want the key to aid them in their world domination master plan. That’s why we must get to the star gate first.”

As they broke their fast the pair, excitedly, explained their discovery. Dr. Hamuz was amazed at the revelation.” How you came to such an extraordinary result I will never know. So next we have - Who among the Naga goddesses is. So what do you think that means?”

“I don’t know”, Joab replied. “But Naga sounds Hindu to me.”

“Maybe there is a clue if we go back to the previous line”, the professor suggested.

“How do you mean?” the doctor asked.

“Well the name "earth" can be traced to Enki, or EA, and "human" is related to Ninkhursag, who was also Hathor (the House of Horus). Now, HU (Horus) is also a transliteration of the ancient Sumerian EA . If we use Hebrew, HU means ‘she’. Now, as I recall, in India, the "nagas" were the serpent gods and goddesses.”

“Yes Anwar, that’s right. So who is it that is being referred to here?”

“Well, apart from the Bible, which looks down on snakes, the rest of the ancient world has worshipped the serpent for its wisdom”, Joab put in. Then, unable to leave then pun alone, he added,” Still, I guess it’s really easy to look down on a snake.”

Ignoring the joke, Dr. Hamuz said, “But is this really about snakes as we know them? It’s really about its shape resembling the flow of energy up the spine - to the crown chakra, and the third eye”

During the course of the U.S-led occupation of Iraq, Baquba had emerged as the scene of some of the heaviest guerrilla activity, along with the Sunni enclaves of Fallujah, Ramadi, and Samarra. It had been the site of the heaviest fighting during the June 24, 2004 insurgent offensive, as testified by the widespread damage to the town. Now there was the threat of another imminent attack Mohammed and the professor decided to take Joab to a safer place, a Southern Iraqi town called Nasiriya.

Nasiriya hadn't always been a safe place though. After much provocation and seeing their comrades killed US Marines had opened fire on civilians at the location that came to be known as the "Bridge of Death. Dr. Jeff Goldman would never forget the wounded he had treated that day and the horrific tales the ones who recovered recounted to him. Who would have thought what started as the strange yellowy grey light, that heralded the beginnings of a sandstorm would have ended in such human carnage?

As Dr. Goldman headed towards the bridge the silence felt almost eerie following the night of incessant shooting so intense it hurt the eardrums and shattered the nerves of those unfortunates in the vicinity. His footsteps had felt heavy on the hot, dusty asphalt as he walked slowly towards the bridge at Nasiriya apprehensive of the horrific scene that lay ahead. Some 15 vehicles, including a minivan and a couple of trucks, blocked the road. Some were riddled with bullet holes while others had caught fire and turned into piles of black twisted metal.

Newspapers reported 12 dead civilians, including women and young children, lying in the road or in nearby ditches. All had been trying to leave Nasiriya overnight, probably for fear of being killed by US helicopter attacks and heavy artillery. Unfortunately they had chosen to flee over a bridge crucial to the coalition's supply lines, guarded by a patrol of shell-shocked young American marines who had been ordered to shoot anything that moved.

Back at the hospital that morning Dr. Goldman and his medical team continued caring for the wounded. One little boy had been carried in with a bloodstained rag around his head. However, it wasn't the bandage around his head that told Dr. Goldman something terrible had happened to five-year-old Mohammed. It was his expression and the way he behaved. No smiles, he didn't even speak but fixed the doctor with a mournful, unyielding gaze.

Khalid, the father who carried his son to the hospital stated, "Those criminals, the US Marines wounded my little boy. May Allah take his revenge on these animals."

The doctor knew it was wise not to comment. As he checked the head wound Mohammed's dad stood beside him, fidgeting with his worry beads.

"What actually happened?" Dr. Goldman asked, as he tended to the boy's wound.

"There are now only 16 members of our family left in Nasiriya," Khalid answered, tearfully. He continued, "They open fire on our truck, killing and wounding members of my family."

Again the doctor kept quiet. What kind of platitudes could he utter to the bereaved family man?" He had heard too many similar stories of late. According to other doctors and human rights groups, at least 1,000 people had died there - the majority civilians - as the US marines clashed with Iraqi soldiers. Grim figures at Nasiriya's main hospital recorded more than 600 deaths directly related to the fighting and he

had treated over 3,000 people for injuries, Mohammed being the latest statistic.

As it was over 300 kilometres to their destination the professor borrowed a four wheel drive for the arduous trip south. As they traversed the hot dusty desert roads the professor, who was sitting in the back with Joab, asked him. "Have you worked out - Who among the Naga goddesses is?"

"I wouldn't know where to start".

Anwar continued talking about Bible codes. "The King James Bible is encoded with the Pythagorean structure associated with high degree Freemasons. In fact anyone who reached the highest degrees of Freemasonry was given this knowledge to help them spiritually acquire higher matrices of thought and the spiritual power within it. This mathematical matrix reveals the meaning of numbers in the biblical book of the same name. The book of Numbers used to be called, "In the Wilderness" but was renamed after certain codes had been worked out.

Joab's attention was drawn by an Iraqi military patrol passing them by. Realising the professor was still talking he said, "Oh! I'm sorry. I was miles away."

"Why Joab, do you find this boring?" Tariq asked, disappointment showing in his voice.

"No! Not at all. Please carry on."

"Okay. Here's a simple question for you. How many days are there in a week? How many colours in a rainbow are visible?"

"Seven. Why?"

"And what about the verse in the Bible: the something son of the something son?"

"Well it's the seventh son of the seventh son."

"Okay, now how many musical notes are there?" "Again seven."
Thinking this was trite Joab responded, "Why are you asking me these childish questions?"

"Sometimes the simplest things are the most profound so please bear with me a little longer. Now how many months in a year are there?"

"Twelve of course."

"Okay, how many apostles are there?"

"Again twelve."

"That is correct. And what are we working with Joab?"

"Numbers Professor. Now can we get on to the meaty stuff?"

Professor Tariq was very annoyed. "Pythagoras saw the immensity of what I have just told you. Yet you just brush it off as though it is meaningless."

"Perhaps I wouldn't if you told what it means?" Joab retorted.

"Handing Joab a pocket sized copy of the King James Bible Tariq said, "Look up the Book of Numbers, Chapter 7 - starting at verse 12."

Joab read the chapter and it didn't make any sense to him." I can't see anything of relevance", he said.

"No. Neither can I Joab. But we are going to meet one who can. Then you will begin to understand what these childish number games are really about."

Deputy chief George Mason pondered the document before him. Page 1
Office of Public Affairs U.S. Department of Homeland Security April
30, 2004

Fact Sheet

RECENT ARTEFACT AND CULTURAL HERITAGE INVESTIGATIONS BY U.S. IMMIGRATION AND CUSTOMS ENFORCEMENT (ICE) 1) ICE AGENTS RECOVER THOUSANDS OF TREASURED IRAQI ARTEFACTS

Before hostilities had begun in Iraq, U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) deployed a team of agents to the Middle East at the request of the U.S. Central Command. Embedded with U.S. military units, the ICE agents entered Iraq in March/April 2003 to conduct a variety of operations.

While their primary mission was to look for evidence of U.S. companies that may have supplied Iraq with weaponry, ICE agents played a critical role in the recovery of artefacts missing or looted from the Iraqi National Museum. He turned to the next page, a dossier on known smugglers. Abdul Jabber Al- Wahd was listed as a suspect.. "Gotcha!" he said to his empty office. He then checked computer data for further details.

Al - Wahd had been connected with the theft of artefacts from the fabled Treasure of Nimrud, a collection of more than 600 precious items dating back to the Assyrian civilization in 800 B.C. In June 2003, ICE agents located this treasure in a vault under the Central Bank of Iraq, where he worked. Al- Wahd was named by ICE agents as being

connected to the smuggling but, as he maintained innocently buying the items on the black market, he wasn't charged. Since the uncontrolled looting of Baghdad Museum a huge number of ancient relics have been discovered on the black market, so Al -Wahd's smuggling activities couldn't be proven.

Agent Mason, realising he hadn't got the clever Iraqi after all, was about to give up the line of enquiry when his boss walked into the intelligence centre. "We haven't got him Doug. The bastard's as slippery as an eel."

"Yeah, I thought as much." Then, handing a fax to Mason, he smiled, "but we might just get him with this."

Agent Mason scanned the fax. "You could be right Doug. Have you made contact with this Viktor Stefansky?"

"Not yet but I know where to find him."

"Where?"

"Baghdad prison."

The first time Dr. Jeff Goldman, known to most simply as Doc Goldman, visited Nasiriya was in early April. He entered southern Iraq from Kuwait with IMC's (International Medical Corps) rapid response team in order to do a thorough assessment of the hospitals in a town that had seen some of the fiercest fighting of the war.

As he relaxed in his office he opened a draw in his desk and took out the medallion with an inscribed seven step pyramid on it. There was a knock at his door. A nurse informed him that some people were

waiting for him in the waiting room.

“Hi Doc.”, the Professor said, excitedly, greeting his friend. They embraced each other showing great affection. “It’s great to see you again Anwar. Goldman was then introduced to Dr. Hamuz and Joab.

“Hey, why don’t we all grab a coffee? It’s not so great here but it’s better than nothing,” Doc Goldman suggested. They agreed and went to the canteen.

“So where did you two meet?” Joab asked, as they sipped passable coffee.

“Here. At the hospital, actually.”

“Yes, the Doc, as we came to know him, had just arrived. I think it was your first day here, wasn’t it?”

“Yes Anwar it was. I must say I nearly turned round and went home.”

Anwar Tariq laughed, “So you didn’t think much of Nasiriya hospitality”.

“It wasn’t so much the lack of hospitality. It was the lack of just about everything else, including a hospital. What with no hotels open for business, our IMC team had to set-up tents on hard concrete in an area that had no shade, no running water and certainly no electricity.”

“Jeff, I didn’t realise it was so bad for you.”

“That’s not the half of it. All that discomfort was nothing compared to the wind and dust that was so intense at times that the sun was completely blotted from the sky. Then one afternoon it started to rain but with the dense mix of wind, dust and water, it was quite literally

raining mud. In fact I don't know what I would have done without your help and friendship.”

“So what were you doing here at the time professor?” Joab asked.

“I was doing some research and this was the nearest town to the site.”

“What site are you talking about?”

“The Ziggurat, of the ancient city of Ur.”

“It's pretty much just a ruin now, isn't it?”

The professor yawned. “We'll talk about that later but right now I need a rest.”

As the four of them left the hospital another person was standing in the shadows. As they approached their cars he pressed a button on his mobile phone, waited for the connection, and then he simply said, “I have an affirmative. They have all arrived here.”

The Abu Ghurayb (pronounced ah-boo GRAYB), prison, located approximately 20 miles west of Baghdad, is where Saddam Kamal (who was head of the Special Security Organization) oversaw the torture and execution of thousands of political prisoners. The prison was under the control of the Directorate of General Security (DGS) also known as the Amn al-Amm. As many as 4000 prisoners were executed at Abu Ghraib Prison in 1984. At least 122 male prisoners were executed at Abu Ghraib prison in February/March 2000. A further 23 political prisoners were executed there in October 2001. It certainly wasn't agent Mason's favourite place to visit but that was where Viktor Stefansky was incarcerated.

The facility, now run by the American army, occupied 280 acres with over 4 kilometres of security perimeter razor wired fencing and 24 guard towers. Agent Mason was stopped at the main gate by armed marines. Flashing his ID at them he gave the name of the prisoner he

sadists and I can't stand it anymore. Not only that, the bloody terrorists have been bombing the place."

"So what do you expect me to do about it Mr. Stefansky?"

"Maybe If I help you the cops can arrange for me to serve my time in a softer prison."

"It might be possible but you are going to have to be a lot more use to me than you have been so far."

"Okay, let me see that picture again." He looked at the photo, nodded and said "Yeah, that's the guy I bought the stuff off."

"What are you talking about? He said he bought it off you."

"No. It was the other way round."

"Can anyone else corroborate your story?"

"Yeah, the bloke who bought the stuff."

"No, I mean anyone else apart from him."

"I'm not going to drop anyone else in it."

"Very honourable Mr. Stefansky. So do you want to rot in this hell hole?"

"No, of course I don't. I've already told you that."

"Well I can't help you unless you give me what I want?"

The prisoner thought about it for a moment." Abdul Ghani. He was my partner and he knew that I didn't sell that stuff."

"So where do I find this Abdul Ghani?"

“I’ll tell you that as soon as I know I can leave this rat hole. That and a couple of hundred fags.”

“I need that name now!”

“Yeah, well I need what I’ve asked for now but I’m not likely to get it that quick, am I?”

George Mason hated doing deals with criminals and this wasn’t going to plan at all. Exasperated, he said, “Okay forget it. I’ll find someone else to help us.”

Viktor, losing his edge, knew he had no option if he had any chance of being transferred. “The man you seek is Mohammad Baqir al Dijila.”

Once they were settled in Dr. Goldman’s home their host informed Joab, about an exopolitical Perspective on the Pre-emptive War against Iraq. He explained that “a certain Dr. Michael E. Salla had presented evidence to support the existence of a Sumerian Star gate being located in the most important of the ancient Sumerian cities - the most likely being the ancient capital of Uruk, home of the ancient kings, which is located in Southern Iraq.”

“Who is this Dr. Salla then? I’ve never heard of him,” Joab responded.

“Dr. Michael E. Salla, is a pioneer in the development of exopolitics, the scholarly study of the main actors, institutions and processes associated with an extraterrestrial presence that is not acknowledged to the general public, elected officials or the mass media. His interest in exopolitics evolved out of his investigation of the sources of international conflict and its relationship with the undisclosed extraterrestrial presence.”

“So, do you reckon people like Bush take this seriously?”

“Joab, most, if not all, criticisms of the Bush administration's motivation for launching a pre-emptive war on Iraq focus on a combination of the imperial world views of conservative politicians in power in Washington, D.C., and the corporate interests that drive the political agenda of the Bush administration. Not to mention Illuminati forces, Freemasonry, the Club of Rome etc, who all want to take control of the world with their insidious New World Order. Well it's not theirs really. They are merely doing the bidding of the Anunnaki,”

“Yes, Dr. Hamuz told me about them. So you also think they're behind the troubles going on in this world?”

“Well, the experts doing this study certainly think so. They have provided a radically different political analysis of the Bush administration's motivation for going to war, and of the explanations offered by his critics. This study provides an exopolitical analysis of the policy dimensions of an historic extraterrestrial presence that is pertinent to Iraq and the US led pre-emptive attack.”

“How come the Bush administration hasn't clamped down on these exopoliticians?”

“We don't actually know what Bush and his cronies are doing about them but if they haven't stopped them there has to be a good reason for it.”

“Such as?”

“I don't know. Perhaps they are hedging their bets and are waiting for the discovery of the Ur star gate. This aside the competing clandestine government organizations are struggling through proxy means to take control of ancient extraterrestrial (ET) technology that exists in Iraq, in order to prepare for an impending series of events corresponding to the 'prophesied return' of an advanced race of ETs.”

“Let me ask you something. Have you heard of the 'Gizatrug'?”

“Jeff Goldman laughed. “You are in the heart of it my friend.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“When you can work out the code you will have your key.”

“More god dam riddles. Can’t you guys give me a straight answer?”

“It won’t mean anything to you until you are ready.”

Anwar Tariq entered the room. “Did I hear somebody mention the code?” he asked.

“Yes, but we haven’t got any further with it”, Jeff answered.

Anwar smiled, saying, “Well I think I might have worked out whom -the one- is.”

“Tell us then”, Joab said, excitedly.

“The water dweller in Horus’ house really gives us the clue. According to the Egyptian mysteries Horus was brought up in the swamps and learned to co-exist with snakes, among other beasts. Now we’ve worked out the water could mean any kind of wave, such as light waves.”

“Okay, but I don’t see where that has gotten us any further”, Joab complained.

“Please bear with me. I have discovered that the Nagas archetypal arch-fiends are the mythological birds, called Garuda's. It is this fight between Nagas and Garuda's which, according to many

mythologies, is the essential force or polarity which creates the world of existence.”

“Like order and chaos”, Joab added.

“Yes. You could put it like that. Even Christianity has this motive using the metaphor of an archangel (Garuda), trying to kill a snake. So one could even go so far to distinguish the polarizing West and the depolarizing East in the way they handle the snake-archetype.”

Jeff added, “So what we could be looking at here is the polarity, say, between force and matter”.

“Certainly Jeff. In psychological terms the Nagas energy can be associated with the libido, Chi, Kundalini or life energy. So what I have come to is that - the who - in this part of the riddle brings about change in a catalytic manner.”

“So it is an ingredient that brings about change”, Anwar pondered. Then he remarked, “Yes, I think that’s it. It’s vibrational. The vibration changes and so does the reality that goes with it”.

“Sorry, you’ve lost me”, Joab said.

“Okay let me put it this way. We cannot overcome our problems unless we approach it by focusing on the solution. Now the solution to any problem is on a different level of consciousness to the problem itself.”

“It has to be or nothing would ever get solved”, Jeff agreed.

“Precisely. So-the who- refers to a rising of consciousness to allow us to escape the reality of polarities. Only by so doing can we move between dimensions.”

“Brilliant! That’s absolutely Brilliant Anwar”, Jeff responded.

Joab brightened up. “Which brings to the next line - So shed and be reborn of the Nile. I wonder what that means.”

For the second time in twenty four hours Abdul Jabbar Al - Wahd was taken to the interview room. Colonel Cane and George Mason walked in and began their interrogation. "Okay Mr Al Wahd do you know a Viktor Stevansky?"

"I don't recall the name."

"Okay do you know Abdul Ghani?"

"No. Why are you asking me?"

"Thrusting his face closer to the Iraqi the CIA chief stated, "Because they know you and they say they bought black market relics from you.

Al -wahd's heart missed a beat. Now he really was in trouble. "Yes it's all coming back to me. I do recall them now."

"Yeah, well now your memory has returned Mr Al - Wahd you've got two choices. You can either join Mr Stevansky in gaol or you can help us infiltrate the sect known as the Gizatrug."

Horried at the thought of going to gaol Abdul Jabbar Al - Wahd responded, "You leave me no choice."

Smiling at his success Douglas Cane replied, "I gave you two choices so what is your decision?"

"I will attempt to find out what Dr. Hamuz is doing but how will I know where he is?"

"We know where he is."

Anwar Tariq, an early riser caught up with the Doc before he left to go to the hospital. "How's Sam these days? I haven't seen her around

here.”

“We’re both pretty busy so we don’t seem to get a lot of time together these days. She should be coming back today.”

“Where’s she been this time?”

“She joined a team of German archaeologists near Uruk. Look I’ve just brewed some coffee. Would you like some?”

“I would very much like some Jeff. As he took the cup he added, “Thanks for your hospitality but we don’t want to cause you any trouble.”

“Don’t worry about it. We can’t let the Yanks treat us like mushrooms any longer.”

“Mushroom? I don’t get the connection.”

“It’s just an English saying meaning we’ve had enough of their bullshit”

Lifting his cup Anwar Tariq said “I’ll drink to that.”

Just after the doctor left Joab joined Anwar in the kitchen. “That coffee smells good. Is there any left?”

“I think so but you’d better check.” Managing to get half a cup he sat with Anwar at the table and watched the sun come up. Then he said, “I’ve been thinking about that exopolitical group. I’d never heard of them before. I guess there must be something to this space gate theory. Why else would the Yanks have put such huge resources into this Iraqi Invasion?”

“Yes Joab. It wouldn’t have been profitable to do it for control over the oil. It has nothing to do with the alleged WMD’s and it has nothing to

do with creating a democracy in Iraq. In fact the Columbia Space Shuttle may well have been a high profile victim of such a proxy war intended to send a message to US based clandestine organizations over the pre-emptive war against Iraq. And then there's the positioning of America's airbase next to the great Ziggurat of Ur. That wasn't just coincidental. ”

“So when are we going to see this Ziggurat?”

“When we get an archaeologist to take us there? That's the only way the Yanks will allow us in”

“So where do we find ourselves an archaeologist in Nasiriya?”

“Oh that's easy Joab! The Doc is married to one and she'll be back here shortly.”

“Oh! So that's why we're here.”

“That and so Anwar could catch up with the Doc again.”

They waited for orders to attack another American convoy. From the farm hidden among tangled grapevines and tall date palms close to Nasiriya, the guerrilla fighters, both Iraqis and foreigners, had set out on some of the raids that had killed many U.S. soldiers in the past four months. The farmer's sorrowful song that often rang out is really a code from a lookout, to assure commanders that passing vehicles can't see the band of guerrillas preparing for their next attack on American soldiers. The men, who were, only armed with grenades and rifles, were a ludicrous match for U.S. forces, whose superior weaponry was evident at every checkpoint in the country.

“It may seem hopeless but with Allah's strength we will fight until the last of the accursed American Satanists get out of Iraq,” One of the two

commanding officers said.

The other one agreed. ““Yes victory or martyrdom.”

The first man, a Jordanian replied. “What else can we do and retain our honour.” Angry over the deaths or arrests of family members during U.S. raids in the hunt for Saddam Hussein and his supporters. He then added. “Allah will have his revenge for the deaths of our loved ones Fazi.”

The freedom fighter’s group also included remnants of a non-Iraqi Arab unit of Saddam's elite Fedayeen militia force as well as foreigners who had slipped across the country's long and porous borders to battle American troops. The anti-American forces were more organized than some U.S. intelligence and military officials gave them credit for.

Colonel Fazi Mohammed’s military cell received its orders and intelligence from Diyala, which lies within the northern "Sunni Triangle" in which he was informed of impending danger to his men. The Diyala leadership oversaw about 100 guerrilla camps, including an all-women's unit, and was backed by private donations as well as Syrian funding. The two cell leaders had been told, by their superiors, not to contact members of other cells for fear of infiltrators. Now that Saddam was out of the picture Major Abu Mohammed seemed confident that the cause was much more worth fighting and dying for. Despite everything bad about the deposed dictator Abu Mohammed loved Saddam Hussein for one thing -- he had a big mind and knew how to think and how to plan. He made their hearts as strong as steel.

After her shower and fresh clothes Sam Goldman felt refreshed, relaxed and ready to face her house guests. Anwar gave her a big hug and kiss. “You’ve become very westernized”, she responded, laughing.

“Let me introduce you to Dr. Hamuz and Joab.” Introductions over and done with, Joab said, “Mrs Goldman, as an archaeologist can you give me some background on the Ziggurat at Ur?”

They settled down with fresh brewed coffee and Samantha began. “When the first western explorers and antiquarians arrived in Mesopotamia Ur of the Chaldees was high on their agenda. After all, it was written in the Bible as the home town of the patriarch Abraham. However it turned out the site provided much more than they imagined. It was the principal city of a hitherto unknown civilization, dubbed Sumerian by those who first identified it.”

“So how did they come up with that name?”

“Probably because they came across a city they translated as Sumer.”

“So when did the digging begin?”

“Excavations at Ur began shortly after World War I and were conducted by Leonard Woolley under the sponsorship of the British Museum and the University Museum, of Pennsylvania. Woolley worked there throughout the 1920's and uncovered huge areas of the city, including the tombs of a number of kings and queens, along with temples, palaces and the homes of ordinary citizens. The results were published over the course of the next several decades.”

“Did his team discover the Ziggurat?”

“Let me just fill you in on bit of historical background first. By the time Hammurabi took the Babylonian throne, in the eighteenth century BC, Ur was already a place of considerable antiquity.”

“Really! How old was it then?”

“It had already been occupied for something like 3500 years, making it one of the oldest cities in the world. Its inhabitants were Sumerians, the

people who 'invented' the very notion of cities and civilization. Their ancestors were farmers who had moved into the plains of southern Mesopotamia by the sixth millennium BC.”

“Farmers! How come when it’s all desert?”

“At that time it was a fertile land, with enormous agricultural potential. Despite it being so dry the Sumerians had mastered the techniques of irrigation and used them to produce huge quantities of grain to feed a rapidly growing population.”

At that moment Anwar Tariq’s mobile phone rang. After listening to a short message he said, “A colleague has informed me that we have been compromised and the CIA spooks know where we are?”

“But how?” Dr. Humaz asked.”

“We can look for the answer later but right now we have to get moving”

“Where are we going this time?” Joab asked, fed up with being on the run from the spooks.”

“We are going to Ur,” Sam Goldman stated.

Brig. Gen. Muhammad Adil Shahwani, the head of the Iraqi secret police, was in the middle of his monthly meeting with the CIA head, Colonel Cane. Cane was annoyed. “Muhammed, I thought we had an understanding here.”

General Shawani, who like most of the Mukhabarat, resented having to deal with such arrogant infidels, smiled falsely saying, “We had to

charge the Iranian Embassy employees for their complicity in the assassination of another six members of the Iraqi secret police.”

“Yes, I understand that but anything with international ramifications, such as this, has to be run by this office. After all brigadier the Americans are training your people at our expense.”

Dollars, that’s all the Americans cared about, Shahwani thought. “It was a covert operation. We had to act quickly and the less people who knew about it the better.”

“I have to know about any important operations you people are mounting and that’s how it is.”

“Such operations have to be run by us Colonel. In the past month we have seized from "safe houses" Persian documents that showing that the Supreme Council for Islamic Revolution in Iraq (SCIRI) and its militia, the Badr Corps, served as Iranian agents in helping with the assassinations. And you people expect us to get your permission to act on such things!”

“I follow orders from Langley and my report will detail this breakdown in communication. They will decide what steps to take.”

With attempts at diplomacy the conversation continued on its rocky foundations. “Now, on different note,” Colonel Kane said, “Concerning the smuggling, the US will do everything in its power to recover Iraq’s stolen antiquities. Here’s a copy of a memo from attorney general John Ashly,” he said, passing the document over the table.

“It’s the least you could do after Donald Rumfield’s ill-judged comments that looting was merely an "unfortunate thing."

Ignoring the dig against the American government, Colonel Cane continued, "We have already targeted one of these gangs and my agents are gathering further evidence as we speak.”

“When are we going to get this information Colonel? It is our job to charge these criminals.”

“Perhaps this is where we come to compromise Brigadier.”

The Police Chief soon picked up on the unspoken message, “So it’s what you Americans call quid-pro-quo.”

8

In preparation for his arrival at Ur Dr. Goldman gave Joab a bit of historical background. “Marxist historians saw, in the gathering of rival city states that was ancient Mesopotamia, the beginnings of democracy and cooperative society.”

“I was under the impression it was the Greeks that invented Democracy” Joab answered.

“They invented the word but they took the concept from the ancient Sumerians”, Sam explained. Then she continued, “While it would be too much at present to expect Iraq to return to even that kind of decentralised democracy, what history teaches us is that Mesopotamia

has withstood flood, famine, plagues, invasions, and the vagaries of different, and indifferent, gods and the tyrannies of a legion of warrior kings.”

“Aren’t there still Jews living in Iraq as well?”

“Hanging on by their toes are a few remaining Jews, marsh Arabs, Syrian Orthodox monks, Yazidis, all of them recalling the vortex of peoples who, ever since Enki created Eridu, have, one way or another, called this land home. And even while ancient brick cities slumber under the sands, dug in for the next attack by today’s Mongols, Parthians and Turcomans, new brickworks rise in the southern desert, reproducing ancient Mesopotamia. Truly, everything changes, everything stays the same. At the conclusion of the Sumerian Epic of Gilgamesh, precursor of Homer’s Odyssey and the first ambitious literary work we know of, the immortal Utnapishtim [Noah], having survived the Flood, addresses Gilgamesh, king of Uruk, guardian of the shrine at Eridu and seeker after life everlasting”.

As they neared the ancient monument, a few miles away and a few hundred feet above the ziggurat of Ur - the great stepped pyramid, US fighters etched vapour trails across the silk blue sky. A useful turning point landmark for these Twenty First-century winged avengers, the ziggurat had been rebuilt, in part, by Saddam Hussein before other more important issues too over from his building projects. Before Saddam’s efforts at restoring the Ziggurat to its former glory, the last major restoration was carried out by Urnammu, the Akkadian king, four and a half thousand years earlier.

Sam pointed this out, prompting Joab to reply, “So the Ziggurat is that old?”

“The city of Ur is a lot older than that. And Eridu, which is deeper into the UN’s no-fly zone, is much older again, possibly the world’s first city, born around 6000BC, give or take a blip of radiocarbon dating.”

As they got closer to Ur, the most ancient of cities, Sam addressed her group. “One of the greatest wonders of civilisation, and probably the world's most ancient structure”, she explained, “is the Sumerian city of Ur, yet it has been vandalised by American soldiers and airmen.”

Joab felt his excitement grow. It would be his first experience of the ancient site and they were only about an hour away. “So what have the yanks done about these vandals?” he asked.

“The US military has put the archaeological treasure, which dates back 6,000 years, off-limits to its own troops. The bad news is that they have made it difficult for anybody else to visit the ruins as well. In fact, if you're not with an archaeologist you don't stand a chance.”

“It's a good job we're with you then Mrs. Goldman.”

“Please don't keep calling me that. You can call me Samantha.” Then, talking to all three male occupants she said, “When we get there let me do all the talking. As you know the land immediately adjacent to Ur is being used by the Pentagon for a sprawling airfield and military base. So access is highly selective, screened and subject to military escorts, which I had to arrange weeks ago”

About half an hour from Ur Samantha said, “We have to be very careful about reference to the Hebrew connection here.”

“Yes, in the present Middle Eastern climate mention of the prophet's birthplace would not be recommended”, Anwar added.

“The birth of which prophet?” Joab asked.

Samantha explained, “Ur is believed by many to be the birthplace of the biblical prophet Abraham. It was the religious seat of the civilisation of Sumer at the dawn of the line of dynasties that ruled

Mesopotamia starting about 4000 BC. Long before the rise of the Egyptian, Greek or Roman empires, it was here that the wheel was invented and the first mathematical system developed. Here, the first poetry was written, notably the epic Gilgamesh, a classic of ancient literature.”

“Yes, and thanks to people like Sitchin we know that the bible writers drew their ideas from such Sumerian works”, Mohammed put in.

Just then Anwar, who was driving, braked hard, causing the Land cruiser to veer over the dusty desert road. The cause of this abrupt manoeuvre was the barrier across the road manned by an American soldier. As the vehicle came to a screeching halt the guard approached it. “Where are you headed?” he asked, eyeing the occupants of the vehicle.

“We’re doing research at the Ur sight”, Samantha answered. Then she added, “I have my permit right here”, taking it from her back pack.

“I don’t care ma’am. I can’t let you come past this point.”

“Why not?” she asked.”

“Because there is a military operation taking place up the road and it’s too dangerous for you folks to go there.”

Whether there was some kind of battle going on or not Samantha knew they couldn’t argue against it. Besides it was wise to keep on the best side of the yanks. You just never knew when you might need a little favour. “Thank you private,” Samantha replied. “Now could you tell us if there are any suitable spots around here to camp for the night?”

“Well maam I think there’s some kind of dam a ways back, maybe about ten clicks then you turn left.”

The reason why Samantha and the men with her were restricted from getting to Ur was apparent to both sides involved in the fire fight. After one of their supply convoys had come under attack, swift retaliation had taken place. Abu Abdulla had his men retreat to a safer position as they came under fire from American heavy artillery. Protected by a damaged mud brick wall, and wearing a tightly wrapped head scarf that revealed only his eyes, the revolutionary cell leader reviewed their situation. His thin frame slumped under the weight of a Kalashnikov and a military-style vest packed with hand grenades and ammunition.

His second in command joined him saying, "We have lost six men Abu and there are wounded that need medical attention. Perhaps it is time to pull back."

"Yes my brother. I think you are correct," Then he added, "At least that's one American patrol that won't kill our people".

They had to break cover to get to their vehicles, two old army trucks leftover from the first American invasion. Shells burst nearby with a deafening blast. They hurriedly loaded the wounded and left six volunteers behind to slow down any American pursuit. As the old trucks coughed into life, US all terrain vehicles were already creating a dust cloud in their direction. Abu Abdulla, who was in the first truck, sad at having to leave his six compatriots, turned to his number two. "I am very anxious my brother because U.S. raids are getting increasingly closer to the Diyala leadership."

"Yes Abu, raids in recent weeks have resulted in the arrest of one senior member and two others have narrowly escaped capture."

"Yes, and because of our fear of informants our recruiting is restricted to family members, neighbourhood friends and military colleagues."

Making as much ground as was possible with the heavily laden trucks, Abu and his men headed to Nasiriya where the closest hospital was. Abu Abdulla sat contemplating as their journey progressed. He was proud to be an Islamist protecting his religion. He also felt honoured as a nationalist protecting his country from what he saw to be the Satanist infidels. He didn't care about his life as much as he did about the lives of his fellow Iraqis. Such is the will of Allah the compassionate, he thought as the seemingly endless desert passed him by.

Joab and his companions had just set up the tent when Dr Hamuz asked, "What about the sleeping arrangements? We won't all fit in here."

"I'll sleep in the Land cruiser," Samantha suggested, adding, "after all, I'm the smallest among us. She then went to get some things from the car and Anwar followed her.

Catching up he said, "Jeff says you two don't get to see each other much these days."

Turning to the Iraqi she answered, "We're both really busy doing our thing Anwar."

"That's not much of a basis to build a relationship on though."

She was about to say it was none of his business. Then she nearly said what relationship? "Things have been a bit strained between us lately Anwar", she answered, sadness and frustration showing in her voice.

"You two need a holiday to get away from it all."

"There is little chance of that happening. Jeff is so busy at the hospital. So many people need him and rely on him that I don't get much of a look in."

Sensing her sadness and the tears welling up in her eyes, Anwar gave

her a hug.

“You’ve always been very sweet to me”, she sobbed, as he held her closer.

The busy doctor was getting even busier. He was just about to leave the hospital for the day when the army truck screeched to halt outside emergency. Dr Kamal Alwi, the only other doctor still on duty, quickly came to help. Gurneys were grabbed and the four wounded Arabs were wheeled into emergency for examination. “It was a high death toll but to get that American convoy it was worth it”, the Iraqi soldier claimed.

Not responding to such rhetoric, the Doc. said, “Stay in the waiting room while we examine these men.”

One man had been shot in the thigh. His femur had been shattered. “We’re rapidly running out plasma here”, Dr. Alwi complained as the pair did the best they could to save the lives of the soldiers.

"Compared to what it was like when I first arrived here we now live in abundance Dr Alwi. When I first got here Mahmoud the town was deserted. All life had been forced inside because of the unstable environment; even stray dogs were staying put. Lack of electricity and water caused severe increases in the number of diarrhoea cases among children. The hospitals here were unable to provide adequate care; not only had they been severely looted but only four out of 70 nurses at the general hospital were still working, due to security concerns. Compared to that, we live in luxury now.”

Amid removing a bullet from the chest, Jeff Goldman was glad he had Dr. Mahmoud Alwi to help him. The Iraqi doctor, who had been taught medicine in St. Barts, London, answered, “And it’s all largely due to

you Doc. You've done wonders since you came here." Before Dr. Goldman could answer the lights went out. It wasn't like a normal power cut though. This one was accompanied by the whirring of helicopter blades above the hospital.

The raid unfolded before the hospital staff knew what had happened. Hassam Mahmoud, 35, a cleaner at Nasiriya's surgical hospital, was the first to know an attack was taking place. He was approached just outside the hospital by U.S. Special Forces troops accompanied by an Arabic translator from Qatar. He was asked if any Iraqi insurgent troops were still in the hospital. Hassam told them they had been treated and

left. Then they asked about Uday Wahdi, one of the Diyala leadership and again he said no. Although the translator seemed satisfied with his answers, the soldiers were not.

The deafening noise of the helicopters circling the hospital's upper floors sent the few staff members on duty scurrying for the x-ray department, the only part of the hospital with no outside windows. The power cut plunged the hospital into darkness. This intrusion was followed by small explosions, as the raiding team blasted through locked doors. A few minutes later, they heard a man's voice shout, "Go! Go! Go!" in English. Seconds later, the door burst open and a red laser light cut through the darkness in the operating theatre, trained on the Doc's forehead.

"What's going on?" Jeff verbally exploded; feeling frightened by what was unfolding."

"Are you the doctor in charge?" a heavily armed and armoured American officer asked.

Dr. Jeff Goldman appeared braver than he really was. "This is a hospital if you hadn't realised. This outrageous act of aggression constitutes a flagrant disregard to the Geneva convention."

"Answer the question," the soldier demanded, adding persuasion by pointing his machine gun at Doc. Goldman's head.

"The answer is yes."

"Okay Doc this is what you are going to do. First you are going to assemble all personnel in one place. Then you will tell you staff they are going to be questioned. Anybody who does not comply will be treated as the enemy under the articles of war. Now is that understood?"

"Why don't you ask me officer? I have nothing to hide."

“Oh don’t worry Doc. I will be asking you, in front of the others.” At this point the officer had his men restore the lights.

There was about 20 medical staff in the x-ray department. At Dr. Goldman’s insistence they all congregated in the waiting room. The staff, who knew members of the Diyala were being treated for bullet wounds, weren’t at all surprised that the Americans had come that day because of the attack on their convoy, but they hadn’t expected them to blast through the doors like a scene from a Hollywood movie. Dr. Goldman observed cynically that two cameramen and a stills photographer, also in uniform, accompanied the U.S. teams into the hospital. Maybe this was a movie after all.

“Okay!” boomed the American Special Forces commander, “You are to hand over the terrorists you have been treating today, especially the one called Uday Wahdi.”

Incensed at the way he and his staff were being treated the Doc., who couldn’t stand it any longer, exploded, “Because of this monstrous intrusion those you seek are probably dying at this moment. Now if you let us get back to work we may still be able to save their lives.”

“I don’t give a fuck whether you save them or not as long as you give us Uday Wahdi,” the officer shouted.

“I don’t know who you are talking about. These patients were hardly in any condition to give us their personal details.” the Doc. retorted.

“Okay Doc you and any staff you need to assist you can get on with your work. As soon as you find this Wahdi you will inform me and we will take him prisoner, along with the others you have been treating.”

Following a rough night and in desperate need of a shower Dr. Hamuz, now the driver drove the party towards Ur. Seeing that the American's barrier had gone, he gave a sigh of relief. Now they were able to complete their journey.

Joab, who, was quite taken by Samantha, listened intently as she continued to give him background information." The first king of Ur", she explained, "was known as Mes-Anni-Padda, and he was succeeded by his son, A-Anni-Padda. During the rule of these kings, Ur was constantly at war with other states of Mesopotamia. Eventually an attack by raiders from Akkad, ended the First Dynasty of Ur. Ur then entered a stage comparable to the European Dark Ages. It remained that way until a new king came to power. His name was Ur-Nammu. Under his rule a government was established which enforced its laws and rules very strictly."

"So, when was the Ziggurat built Sam?"

She smiled, "We believe around 4,000 BC. See that it took quite a while to revitalize life in Ur and also to promote the patron moon god of Ur, Nannar. Temples were built to worship her, including the biggest and most beautiful of them

all, the Ziggurat."

"So the Ziggurat was built to the Moon god whereas the Egyptian pyramids were built to worship the Sun god."

"Yes, in a way you are right Joab. Although, it's a simplistic interpretation."

"I like to keep things simple," Joab answered, grinning.

"Anyway back to the lesson. This, along with an increase in irrigation and agriculture ended the first depression of Ur. The Third Dynasty ended when northern barbarians attacked. Ur then became occupied by

the Babylonians, but was eventually ridden with drought and ended up being covered by many layers of sand.”

“So who was it that rediscovered it?”

“The ruins of Ur were found and first excavated by the British consul J.E. Taylor, who partly uncovered the Ziggurat of Nanna. The British Museum began excavations in 1919 and was joined later by the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. The expedition completely excavated the Ziggurat, the entire temple area at Ur, and parts of the residential and commercial quarters of the city. The most spectacular discovery was the Royal Cemetery. It contained art treasures of gold, silver, bronze, and precious stones.”

It had been a very hairy night for Jeff Goldman. He wanted to tell Sam about it but he couldn't contact her. Eventually a US ambulance had carted the partially treated Iraqi's away. The American troops then left, leaving him to deal with the damage they had caused. Now, just as he was taking a nap on one of the bed's he was summoned by his daytime receptionist who informed him that a man in the waiting room was desperate to see him.

Abdul Jabbar Al - Wahd had to get results to avoid going to prison. As Doc. Goldman entered, in an attempt at small talk to break the ice, Abdul opened with, “Looks like you had some trouble here last night Doc.”

“Tell me about it.”

Puzzled, the Iraqi countered, “How can I? I wasn't here.”

It was too complicated to explain English terminology so Jeff let it ride but he didn't say so because that would have complicated things even more. Noting that his visitor was well dressed in Western garb he knew

he was dealing with a man of substance.” So how can I help you Mr?”

“Abdul Jabbar Al - Wahd, Doctor Goldman. I was rather hoping you might be able to help me make contact with a mutual acquaintance.”

Wondering how this stranger knew his name and, even more surprisingly, knew someone he knew, Jeff asked, “Who is this mutual friend you are referring to?”

“His name is Dr. Mohammed Humaz. You know who I mean don’t you?”

“Yes, but he’s not in Nasiriya.”

“Where is he then?”

“How would I know? He could be anywhere.”

“So when did you last see him doctor?”

“Two days ago. Then he went off into the desert. Now I’m very busy so I have to go.”

“Yes, of course doctor. Thank you for your time,” Abdul replied. As he turned round to go, he hesitated, and then he asked, “Do you know when he will be back?”

“No I don’t.”

Nothing much of the fabled city of Ur remained. Joab was a bit disappointed after the big build up. He didn’t know what to expect but he thought it might have been a bit like Egypt with its huge temples and pyramids. Instead hardly any buildings existed and the famous Ziggurat had only survived up to its second level.

“Samantha explained, “At the end of the fourth millennium B.C., enormous mud-brick platforms had been built at a number of sites in Mesopotamia. It is presumed that they originally supported important buildings, especially temples. By the Mid-third millennium B.C., some temples were being built on huge stepped platforms, like the Ziggurat over there”, she explained, pointing to the structure. Now, while the actual significance of these buildings is unknown, Mesopotamian gods were often linked with the eastern mountains, and Ziggurats may have represented their lofty homes.”

“Or they could have been built to worship the Anunnaki”, Dr Hamuz put in.

“Possibly, she answered, “but as a scientist I need more to go on than that. What we do know is around 2100 B.C.; southern Mesopotamian cities came under the control of Ur-Nammu, ruler of the city of Ur. In the tradition of earlier kings, Ur-Nammu built many temples, including Ziggurats at Ur, Eridu, Uruk, and Nippur. Ziggurats continued to be built throughout Mesopotamia until Persian times around 500 B.C., when new religious ideas emerged.”

As the party walked up to the huge mud-brick base Sam continued. “Now here you can see where Saddam’s grand plans to restore Babylon to its former glory included replacing the Ziggurat’s decayed and stolen bricks that were robbed for other buildings.”

Pausing to look at the huge edifice facing him, Joab asked, “Sam, So how did the Babylonian traditions survive despite vandalism and erosion?”

“Their tradition survived through such biblical stories as the Tower of Babel. However, as I have mentioned, by 1922, an excavation jointly sponsored by the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania Museum under the direction of Leonard Woolley began work at this site. A combination of hot sun and exhausting work created a great deal of stress among the team. Nevertheless, during the autumn of 1923, they began clearing the rubble around the Ziggurat and although the

upper stages had not survived, Woolley used ancient descriptions and representations of Ziggurats to reconstruct Ur-Nammu's building. The Iraqi Directorate of Antiquities has since restored its lower stages.”

As they climbed the steps, to the second level, Samantha, turned to Joab. “You are now standing in the religious seat of the civilisation of Sumer at the dawn of the line of dynasties that ruled Mesopotamia starting about 4000 BC.”

“That’s over 6000 years ago”, Joab said, stunned by the enormity of the experience.

“Yes Joab, it was here long before the rise of the Egyptian, Greek or Roman empires”.

“That depends on what you mean by “Egyptian Empires”, Dr. Humaz stated.

“I know there are many theories concerning how far back the Egyptians go but I only work on facts.”

“Then how is this for a fact Sam? In the Temple of Dendera there is the copy of a very ancient astrological chart on the ceiling that, according to the configuration of the heavens at that time, astronomers say is at least 13,000 years old.”

“How do you know this copy is correct?”

“Because it is a perfect duplicate of the original that I have seen in the London Science Museum”.

“Okay, I take your point Mohammed. Anyway, that aside”, Sam responded, turning to Joab, “To reiterate, it was here that the wheel and the first mathematical system was invented, along with written poetry, and, notably the epic Gilgamesh, a classic of ancient literature.”

Anwar, who had been listening, continued the Gilgamesh story. "The Mesopotamian Epic of Gilgamesh is one of the oldest and most moving stories rooted in the ancient wisdom-tradition of mankind. After being recited for nearly three millennia, with the advent of Christianity, it was virtually lost for a further two thousand years. Archaeologists only found out about it only after the first cuneiform fragments of his story were excavated in 1853 at Nineveh, from the library of the last great Assyrian king, Ashurbanipal, who reigned in the 7th century BC.

"It's amazing they survived at all. After all that time, I mean", Joab stated, surprise showing on his face.

"Yes, that's right. And almost another twenty years elapsed before the clay tablets were deciphered by George Smith at the British Museum. On December 3, 1872, he announced, to the newly-formed Society of Biblical Archaeology, that he had *discovered among the Assyrian tablets, an account of the Flood* in one of the story's later episodes."

"I bet that upset the Christian Church!" Joab exclaimed.

"It certainly stirred up considerable interest and, before long, more fragments of the Gilgamesh epic were unearthed, both at Nineveh and in the ruins of other ancient cities, including here. Then, following many years of archaeology and patient scholarship, the general consensus is that the 7th-century BC tablets, written in the Semitic Akkadian language, are a copy of a 12-tablet "Standard Version" dating back to about 1200 BC, composed by a Babylonian priest named Sin-leqi-unninni. This version in turn is a blend and revision of earlier Babylonian traditions, themselves rooted in a number of Sumerian stories written centuries earlier in the third millennium BC."

"I suppose the Church would have welcomed this conflict of views."

"Yes Joab, and there are those who say the Church was behind this rift to cause doubt concerning the pre-biblical stories. Anyway since neither the Sumerians nor Babylonians recorded their history, in the modern sense, exact dating is very difficult."

“So where did this epic story originate Anwar?”

“Nobody knows for certain but we do know, according to the Sumerian Kings List, that there was an historical Gilgamesh -- in Sumerian spelled gis-bil-ga-mes, which is conjectured to mean "the (divine) old one is youthful."

“Or it could be in reference to”, Mohammed interjected, “the immortality of the Anunnaki in relation to the human’s much shorter lifespan.”

“A moot point”, Anwar conceded. However, it could simply have been a name probably given at an initiation or coronation rite, symbolic of spiritual rebirth and divine kingship. In any case this king reigned sometime between 3000 and 2500 BC in the city-state of Uruk near the Euphrates, not that far from here.”

Sam continued, “Now, according to the Babylonian epic, Gilgamesh himself inscribed his story on a stone tablet. It had widespread and long-lasting appeal, for versions have been found all over the Mesopotamian region, and as far north in Asia Minor at the Hittite capital of Hattusha (Bogazkoy).”

“Did they find this poem in one piece Sam?” Joab asked.

“If only they had been that lucky. No, they had to piece the epic together from widely-scattered fragments. In fact there is no single complete rendition of the Standard Version existing, and what we do have comprises variant Sumerian, Hittite, and Akkadian streams.”

“So how can we authenticate the accuracy of the translation?”

“To a certain degree our belief is based on trusting the translators got it right. However, extraordinary scholars, such as Smith, Woolley, and later, Sitchin, have studied the ancient Mesopotamian languages so intensely that their translation is the best model we have to go by.”

After climbing to the second level, Joab, noticing gaps in the renewed brickwork, queried this. “If this brick work is new how come some of the bricks are missing?”

“After swallowing a draft of water Sam responded, The Pentagon elected to build its massive and potentially permanent military base right alongside this. That’s what you can see over there behind that long perimeter fence”, she answered, pointing to the huge complex not far away. She then continued, “Now, to answer your question, these walls were damaged by spray-painted graffiti, of mostly patriotic or other slogans, and regimental mottos. One example read: 'SEMPER FE' - Always Faithful - the motto of the US Marines, who stormed through this region on their way to Baghdad, after forming a contingent at the base. Other reports, by groups who cannot be named for fear of losing access to medical Iraqi patients being treated in the base detention centre, told of widespread stealing of the inscribed clay bricks baked to build and restore this great structure and other ones here in Ur.”

“What a bunch of Philistines!” Joab stated, angrily.

“Yes, unfortunately so but damaging that which Saddam had taken a personal interest in creating would have afforded them some satisfaction I suppose. Plus the bricks would have made great collectors items.” After a short pause Samantha continued, “That view over there”, she stated, pointing toward the US base, “was more or less unchanged for 6,000 years. Now, owing to our friends the Americans, it will be radically altered for ever”.

“The irony to America’s mission to destroy Baghdad, the site of ancient Babylon is that the United States is actually the new Babylon” Dr. Hamuz stated. He and Anwar were the only ones still awake and they were talking of things most profound, things that Joab and Sam were not privy to.

Anwar responded, “Babylon - the baby lion. Yes, well America is certainly that.”

“Yes my brother its roar is an immature one. If only the people knew that the proof is hidden within the Great Seal itself.”

“Yes it’s easy to see, from a numerological viewpoint.”

“Well Anwar, you’re the expert on that so tell me more.”

“Okay. Now the old Babylonian numbering and monetary system was sexagesimal, that is, based upon six or sixty. They had sixty “cents” to their “dollar”. In fact we still use the old Babylonian system to measure time. For example; sixty seconds to the minute, sixty minutes to the hour. And it is also reflected on our modern maps and compasses - there are still 360 degrees in a circle after all. Now, the NEW Babylon’s (America’s) numbering and monetary system is centesimal, based on multiples of ten. Thus, by decoding the Roman numerals on the Great Seal, representing 1776, we find both the old Babylonian and the new modern American systems of exchange.”

“This is most intriguing Anwar. So how does this work?”

“Mathematically, 1110 old Babylonian dollars are equal to 666 American (New Babylonian) dollars. ($0.6 \times 1110 = 666$) - These two figures, 1110 & 666 are skilfully codified into the number 1776 - the

founding year of the American Republic and the beginning of America as the Biblical “Babylon the Great” together with its Mystery Religion, the Illuminati.”

“Yes Anwar that is amazing. It is no mere coincidence that the rapidly degenerating society of today’s America reflects that of ancient Babylonia? From her ever-increasing anti-Christian laws, her monetary system with its associated usury and all its devastating consequences, together with its immoral Freemasonic religion that has totally corrupted her leaders - she mimics Biblical Babylon in every possible way.”

“Mohammed”, Anwar replied, “It is also not coincidental that the United Nation's religion is identical in spirit to that of ANCIENT NIMROD and that the UN, together with the United States openly stands for GLOBAL GOVERNMENT? Now, because it’s time is rapidly running out this diabolic pair is pushing, for all its worth, to implement its New World Order. It wants the world to totally embrace an ancient religious belief system that is contrary to the true God in every way and that it will ultimately lead to the second death and to eternal damnation?” He then added.” We must not falter my brother. The sacred brotherhood of Gizatrug must not let such a takeover happen. We must therefore be first to seize the prize.”

Giving a huge sigh, Mohammed, weighing up the seeming impossibility of the task at hand, replied, “But we are no closer to finding the key and with the Americans controlling this area we cannot move freely.”

Both men sat silently for a while, contemplating the desert sky, as though waiting to be shown a sign in the stars. Dr. Hamuz broke the silence. “It has to do with the importance of triangles.”

“What does?” Anwar said startled, jerked from his meditation.”

“What is the shape of a pyramid seen from the side?”

“A triangle of course!”

“Yes Anwar. Did you know that the Triangle is used in every degree of Freemasonry as a representation of their satanic deity (written as G-D, or YOD)?”

“No. I did not know that.”

“Well, they use the Triangle in the form of their jewels, furniture, aprons, grips, signs, and emblems. In fact their Royal Arch, and the Royal & Select Council use the Triangle for their Scottish Rite, including The Order of the Knights Templar and The Order of the Eastern Star for women.”

“I did not know this Mohammed but how is this knowledge going to help us?”

“I saw a triangulation in the stars just now and it brought to mind the significance of the tri-angle. Maybe there is some clue in this?”

“Then if Allah sends you this sign please continue.”

Mohammed took a pause to reflect on his thoughts. He then commented, “Interestingly the Triangle is also referred to as a “Vehicle of god,” - which has important UFO connotations, but we won’t pursue that angle for the moment. Now, to those who practice the magic arts, the Ternary, or number three is the first sacred number, the first perfect number and it represents the counterfeit Pagan “Trinity.” It is represented geometrically as the triangle, and spiritually as the Third Eye of Illuminism/Hinduism. This “third eye,” is usually designated by Hindu practitioners as a red dot clearly marked upon the forehead.”

“Where did this information come from?”

“I was reading about it in “THE LOST WORLD OF FREEMASONRY”, by Dr Ali Peter Ezzahir. He wrote, “The Tetraktys

is a triangular figure consisting of rows of one, two, three, and four dots. It was as important to the Pythagoreans as the Cross is to Christians, for it symbolised the four elements- earth, air, fire, and water. The first four numbers also symbolised the harmony of the spheres and added up to ten, which means unity of a higher order. It is said that initiates were required to swear a secret oath by the Tetraktys when they began their three years of silence as novices. They even prayed to it, claiming it had a very mystic and varied significance. It is sometimes called the "Mystic Tetrad." It was used in the Jewish Cabbala to represent the Name of God. Cabbalists believe that the Tetraktys is to be understood in regard to the cabbalistic numerology attached to the tetrad of the Holy Name Yahweh "YHWH."

"So do you think that by unlocking the deeper meanings of the Tetraktys we may find the key?"

"My brother, I am as in the dark as much as we all are. However, perhaps a little light will dawn as we proceed."

"Okay Mohammed please continue."

"In the Cabbala, the Tetragrammaton, the ineffable, unpronounceable (Jewish) name of G-d is transliterated "YHWH" or "YHVH" and is pronounced "Yahweh" or "Jehovah," - Yod, He, Vau, He, the god of the Cabbalists. Satan to the initiated Adepts! The four letters also refer respectively to the four "elements" of fire, water, air and earth, in the order named."

"However, that is not the Babylonian Astrological sequence, which goes Fire, Earth, Air, and Water", Anwar added.

"Very true my friend. So what does this tell us?" Anwar shrugged. Mohammed continued, "Fire is the first one in both orders and the other three mirror each other."

"Anwar began to get with it." Life has to start with fire. By following it with Water it emphasises the female energy principle. And when it follows up with Earth it emphasises the greater density of the masculine principle."

“Excellent Anwar but there is another aspect to this. I came to the same conclusion but something about it did not make sense. Then I approached it differently.”

“So what did you discover?”

“In the inner sanctum of the mystery schools the sequence that ends with Water is connected to the divine feminine whereas the order that ends with Earth is connected to the masculine ray.”

“So my summing up was a trick to put us off the scent.”

“Yes, only by looking beyond the obvious can we find the rare jewel of truth. Therefore, my dear Anwar, the answer awaits us in the Earth.”

“Yes, as founding members of Gizatrug we exist to fulfil the Quest of letting the light of truth reveal itself.”

Anwar pondered this for a while as they sat in silence contemplating the stars. Then he said, “The riddle is talking about Enki manipulating human genes.”

“So how does that fit in with him being the serpent in the Garden of Eden?”

“A good point, but don’t forget that the Bible was invented from Enlil’s side, not Enki’s.”

“Explain this to me.”

“Enlil (God) told Adam he couldn’t eat of tree of knowledge (good and evil) but he didn’t tell Eve that.”

“Why not?”

“Because it was okay for her to eat from it.”

“How come?”

“Enki always set out to improve the humans’ lot to encourage them to better themselves. Even his gene splicing was done in such a way that our ancestors still had some free will. Now Adam was the list maker, not the creative one. His job in the garden was to keep order but Eve; the divine feminine on Earth was the creative force giving birth to humanity.”

“So it was okay for her to partake of the tree of good and evil because her connection with the divine feminine ensured that what she did was good.”

“Yes, that’s correct.”

“So was it because she got Adam to eat the fruit that the pair was banned from Eden?”

“Well it was always Adam’s choice. I don’t think that Eve, and consequentially all the women on earth, ought to be blamed for his decision to eat the fruit, do you?”

“So the Patriarchs of the Bible used this misconception to justify looking down upon women.”

“Islam is not without stain where the subjugation of women is concerned.”

“Sadly no, but all this will have to change soon and we need to find the key to help it happen.”

Unbeknown to the pair Joab, who had awoken to go outside to relieve himself, Saw Mohammed and Anwar deep in conversation. His journalist instinct told him they could be talking about something that would be pertinent to the book he intended writing. What he didn’t expect to find out was that Anwar Tariq and the good doctor were not

just members of the mysterious Gizatrug but were actually part of the leadership's inner core.