

Anunnaki

The Greatest Story Never Told
Book 3 Prophecy, Power and Politics

Chris Deggs

'This is a work of fiction except for the parts that aren't'

Author of Anunnaki -The Greatest Story Never Told

Book 1 Gold, Gods and Genes

Book 2 Challenge, Change and Conquest

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Dedication

This story is dedicated to Zechariah Sitchin and the other subsequent translators of the Sumerian texts, who have shown us the Creation Story may well, have been much older and different to what historians tell us.

This story is also dedicated to Lyn my helpmate and companion who helped me edit this story.

Foreword

The archaeologists looked upon the 'Eridu Genesis'. That is what Barrymore called it. After many years of coping with the harsh Iraqi sun, Dr Thorkild Hammerson had his prize. Buried beneath the remains of Eridu, The final part of the broken clay tablet, which had kept its secret for over 6,000 years. Eridu, the world's oldest Mesopotamian city, now a massive mound of rubble in the Iraqi desert, called Abu Shah-rain, was the sacred site of Enki, a scientist Prince of the Anunnaki. He decided not to tell the Arab workers helping him on the dig. It was not unknown for them to disclose finds to competitors for payment and he did not know whom he could trust.

The Swedish archaeologist showed his colleague the piece of tablet, his face beaming. "I now have all the pieces."

Professor Barrymore Zeebub, ten years older than the Swede, finding the arduous work in the scorching sun too much to cope with, needed to rest. He sat on some brick rubble covered with sand and lit his pipe. Sucking on it, he said. "You certainly deserve it, old boy."

"Thank you. Now you can tell me what it says."

The professor, the foremost expert in Sumeriology, said, "Now we have all four parts it should make more sense."

As Professor Zeebub translated the cuneiform text, he learned that the 'earth' in Genesis was not a globe. Rather, God used pillars to raise the Earth or fruitful place up between the liquid waters and the waters in the atmosphere. This thriving place or Earth created a domicile where animal and plant life could exist. While translating the re-assembled tablet, Barrymore Zeebub had a lucid moment, an insight into the ancient mind. The professor did not know how, but he knew that if a man could evolve from matter, then the gods could also evolve. Moreover, in the ancient literature, they did so, based upon the Darwinian 'survival of the fittest' concept.

That moment of clarity changed something for Barrymore, though he did not know it at the time. His reasonable mind went into panic mode, and his Lutheran upbringing leapt in to save the day. Of course, God cannot evolve, God is perfect and complete; Nothing can be more perfect, his mind screamed. All manner of things caused lucid moments: lack of water, the harsh desert sun, or a vivid imagination. It was best to push aside such thinking.

That evening, under the stars, Professor Zeebub shared his disturbing thoughts on the matter with Thorkild, who, after two months in the desert with him had become a good friend. He looked across their shared tent at the prematurely balding, very fit Swede.

Thorkild listened to his overweight English colleague. At length, he said, "I must say I like the idea of gods evolving. It makes life seem like a wonderfully chaotic adventure."

"That may be all very well for the gods, old man, but we humans are far too unstable to take on such responsibilities."

"What responsibilities?" Thorkild probed, overjoyed that he had engaged the snobbish English Mesopotamian antiquities expert in rare and stimulating debate.

Barrymore packed his meerschaum with pipe tobacco. "We are God's children, and we need a heavenly Father who is in control."

"And you think an evolving God cannot be in control?"

"Of course not! How can he be so if he's not complete and fully evolved?"

Thorkild had his man on the intellectual ropes. "Ah! So when did God stop developing?"

"God just is, old boy. He doesn't need to change."

The professor went outside to light his pipe. The Swede followed him, "But you just said He is complete," he goaded, adding, "I find the concept of a not-going-anywhere God pretty damn annoying."

"What do you mean, not-going-anywhere? Where is God supposed to go?"

Rapidly losing the argument, Thorkild countered. "If, as you say, God is perfect and reigns supreme over the whole of creation, then, we, as chips off the old god block also cannot grow and develop, yet we have in the past clearly evolved, and hopefully we still are."

Barrymore, his face a question mark, said, "Sorry old man, I'm not following you."

"It's simple Barrymore. Either God is in perfect balance with creation, in which case, neither can evolve beyond this point, or God is in adventurous growth mode, and we can grow and develop."

He paused, then added, "From your translation of the 'The Eridu Genesis' it's clear to me that the ancient Sumerians understood this clearly."

Taking a satisfying puff, while looking at the star-lit night, Barrymore said, "Why does it have to be either-or?"

"Because, my friend, God and we humans cannot have our cake and eat it too."

The professor became pensive. Then Barrymore said, "Just because the teacher is perfect does not mean his pupils are. In fact, it is the human mission on Earth for us to aspire to God's perfection." He yawned and patted Thorkild on the back, saying, "Enough of this for now. Goodnight."

In the tent, Thorkild tossed and turned in fitful slumber. Yes, he had learned much about 'The Eridu Genesis' - disturbingly so, especially in light of the chilling calls. He had not told Barrymore about the messages he had received while engaged in the dig. The threats were veiled but implied. The mystery voice on the phone had said for him to leave the artefact hidden in the desert, where it belonged. He had no idea who was behind the call. It was not the first time someone with an axe to grind had made nuisance calls, so he paid it little attention. Uneasy thoughts about it spoiled his sleep. He had to overcome them as he had a big day ahead.

Chapter 1

Barrymore came upon Thorkild as he supervised the crating 'The Eridu Genesis'. Puzzled, he asked, "Are you taking it with you?"

"I think it's the best thing to do."

"Where are you taking it?"

"To the Baghdad Museum. It is much safer there now the war is officially over."

"Even so, it is still vulnerable to looting, old man."

"It's less risky than keeping it here."

"You could be right, old man," Barrymore agreed. "He then said, "Look, I have to be in Baghdad soon, so why don't I come with you?"

Thorkild Hammerson sealed the small wooden crate, saying, "Don't you trust me with it?"

"That doesn't come into it, old chap. I have to be there to catch my flight in two days time."

"I am leaving in 25 minutes."

The journey from Tell Abu Shah-rain to Baghdad was long and hot, perforated by shortstops, due to natural needs and military checkpoints. Following the official ending of the war in Iraq, the boundaries were left unguarded by American personnel, the remainder left in Iraq got used for training and policing purposes. At Nasiriyah, some 22 kilometres into their journey, an overzealous Iraqi military officer demanded access to the crate sitting in the back seat of the Land Rover. After a stand-off, in which the scientists argued the box held fragile artefacts that only they could handle, and only in extremely controlled conditions. The soldier, unsure of his position on the matter, having accepted the proffered money, decided it was less hassle to let them go with the contents left intact.

As the pair arrived in Baghdad, apart from the hustle and bustle of traffic and pedestrians, things seemed unusually calm. It was seven years since the invasion of Iraq by the Coalition when Saddam got toppled from his lofty perch. Now, with the war officially over, it seemed as though things were returning to relative normality. Professor Zeebub, exhausted after the long trip, checked in at a hotel.

"Why not come to the museum with me for the grand unveiling?" Thorkild asked.

"Sorry old boy, no can do. I'm lined up for a lecture tour back in America. Have to be there in two days."

Thorkild queried, "I thought you would want to be there."

Barrymore smiled, "It's your baby. You deserve the credit."

As Barrymore turned to go to his room, the Swedish archaeologist grabbed his arm. "There is something I need to tell you."

The Scandinavian seemed unsettled, so the English professor asked, "What is it?"

"Let us have a farewell coffee, and I will explain."

As they sipped strong coffee in the Mazgouf Restaurant, Thorkild said, "I had a call this morning stating that if I removed the artefact, there would be consequences."

Barrymore's cup hovered near his lips. "Who was it?"

The Scandinavian shrugged, "I have no idea, but it is not the first such threat."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I didn't know whether to take them seriously or not."

"So who do you think is behind the calls and why do they want the artefact?"

"I have no idea."

"Do you take this latest warning seriously?"

"I don't know. However, it is the fifth time this person has contacted me."

"Why is the artefact so important, other than for its historical value?"

"I don't know that either, but somebody doesn't want me to have it."

Barrymore nodded, adjusting his bow tie, an affectation for which he was well known. He had a pretty good idea why collectors of Sumerian antiquity would desire the tablet, but he didn't tell his colleague. He had not let on that the Eridu Genesis referred to the fabled Anunnaki Tablets of Destiny. Barrymore, the foremost authority when it came to Sumerian history, mainly when the legendary Anunnaki were concerned, had read that control over the tablets was essential to the mythical 'Creator Gods' for their supposed planned return. He looked at Thorkild. "Be careful out there."

As the wooden crate was where he'd left it the Swede had no idea that somebody had stolen the tablet or that the thief had taped a bomb with a timing device to the chassis of the old Jeep. As soon as he started the motor his fate, unbeknown to him, was sealed. As he headed along Abu Nawas St, by the River Tigris, the timer had mere seconds to go. Nearing the university his vehicle exploded. The effect of the blast destroyed nearby cars and killed or wounded over 30 drivers and pedestrians, as well as injuring innocent bystanders.

Although explosions were not exactly uncommon in Baghdad, this one had Barrymore on the alert. He rushed outside, breathlessly, to find out the reason for the commotion. Then he saw the wreckage of the old Jeep, spread across the road and in the river. Bodies of men women and children lay awkwardly scattered among burning vehicles.

Despite the intense heat of the day, he felt a cold chill surge through him. The blast had spread Thorkild's, Land Rover all over the road. Barrymore stood frozen to the spot as the full impact of his friend's tragic death hit him. Had, somebody, rigged the vehicle with an explosive while he and the Swede enjoyed their last coffee together. As he stood, in shock, his mind was racing. Was the tablet destroyed in the explosion or had the bomber taken it? Had it been stolen, why the useless murder? If the cowardly attack was about the artefact why did the person responsible put the bomb under the vehicle without taking the tablet? Stunned by the terrible carnage, Barrymore wondered who could have wanted the tablet so much they would go to such lengths to get it or destroy it.

Two days later, Barrymore discovered that the Baghdad International Airport had little going for it. Rude staff showed no respect to the passengers; the disorganised check-in lines were a nightmare.

The restrooms, dirty and wet, proved hazardous. All in all, it was not a pleasant experience. Then it got worse for him. As the professor stood in the unruly queue, waiting to book in, what turned out to be Federal Police officers approached him. Wearing pixelated black and blue camouflage uniforms, he first mistook them for US Army combat personnel. One of them, who had mastered rudimentary English, said, "Are you Professor Zeebub?"

"Yes, why?" he asked, with a horrible feeling he was not going to make his flight.

"Come with us." The officer ordered.

With guns pointing at him, he was not about to argue.

Barrymore, having been waiting in the hot, smelly interview room for over an hour, with his luggage, was in a foul mood. Before long a plain-clothes officer and a uniformed police officer began questioning him. The superior officer with the name tag Inspector Siwad fired questions at him, while the uniformed man translated.

"A car bomb exploded in Abu Nawas St. Two days ago. What do you know about it, Mr Zeebub."

Barrymore looked at the unshaven man with a shock of black hair. "My colleague was killed in the explosion."

"Yes, we know Dr Thorkild Hammerson died in the blast. We want to know why somebody targeted him," The detective said, so close to The antiquities expert he nearly gagged on the law-enforcement officer's garlic breath.

Barrymore shrugged, "I have no idea. I heard the commotion and went to see what had happened. It was terrible - people injured and bleeding."

The detective scowled, "16 dead and 40 severely wounded, at the last count." He paused and stared at the portly Englishman. Did Dr Hammerson find something that someone else was after?"

Barrymore stayed tight-lipped. If he said anything about the threats, he could be tied up there for hours or even days. It was best to plead ignorance. He decided. "We weren't satisfied with our dig. Just a few potshards and tablet fragments. Certainly, nothing to warrant theft or destruction."

"Where were you one hour before the explosion."

"Drinking coffee with Dr Hammerson."

"How was he?"

"What do you mean?"

"Did he seem agitated at all?"

Barrymore replied, "Not that I noticed. He was pleased to be seeing his university colleagues. However, that's all."

The detective nodded, "You can go, professor, but you cannot leave this city until further notice."

"That's crazy. I have appointments to keep overseas."

"You will stay here." the detective stated, firmly.

"But I have nothing more to add."

The detective rose to leave the room. Then garlic breath turned to Barrymore. "The more you tell us, the quicker we catch the bombers."

Barrymore only had photographs of the tablet, But they were better than nothing. He pored over them in his suite at the Palm Hotel. As an expert Sumeriologist, he soon translated the cuneiform script. It seemed as though the tablet was like a clue in a treasure hunt. There were references made to Nippur, the ruins of which were in south-east Iraq. However, as he was presently a prisoner in Baghdad, such information was purely academic.

Then he realised he had not cancelled his talks. He phoned a librarian friend, who looked after many aspects of his life, including his lecture timetable. "Hi Lou, old thing. Detained in Baghdad. Have to cancel talks."

Used to his abbreviated sentences, she responded, "Has this got anything to do with Dr Hammerson's death?"

He could not put anything past her. "The police are questioning me. They won't let me leave Baghdad,"

"Oh dear. That's not okay, Bazz. Shall I ring the US embassy."

"No need. Not threatened, or anything."

"It can't do any harm to inform them." Then, following a moments silence, she said, "Did somebody at the dig leak information about the tablet?"

"I don't see how anyone else could have found out. We only discovered it a couple of days ago."

"Did it get blown up in the explosion, Bazz?"

"I don't know. It's possible. Someone didn't want it removed from the site. The thing is the police don't know about it. Moreover, I want to keep it that way, old girl." He said, "Just cancel my appointments."

Kurt Simsek turned to Sally Gleeson, the Brooklyn Museum's principal project conservator. "I'm no expert at this, but there seem to be references to Lord Enlil and Nippur."

The 50s something stout woman, known affectionately around the lab as the 'Enforcer' said, Kurt, you're the best we have on hand. So do the what you can. The Colonel is calling around later today for the results."

Kurt shook his head. "No way Jose."

Sally frowned. "What's the problem?"

"Parts of the tablet are worn in some places, making it hard to read. There's only one person I know of who can decipher this with any accuracy."

"Who's that?"

"A professor at Columbia. Barrymore Zeebub."

"Then we have to get him."

Kurt swivelled his office chair to face her. "Could be a problem. The last I heard he was in Iraq."

"Where? It's a big sand pit."

He shrugged. "There is someone who might know. Leave it to me."

Louise Ipher picked up her phone. "Who's speaking?"

"Kurt Simsek from the Brooklyn Museum Antiquities Department. You probably don't remember me, but I met you at the opening of the 'Pharaohs' exhibition at the Smithsonian."

"You're right; I don't remember meeting you. How can I help you?"

"I'm trying to get in touch with Professor Zeebub, but I seem to have lost his contact details."

"Why do you want him?" she asked, defensively.

"A client needs his expertise on an ancient tablet. So can you help me."

"Give me your details, and I will contact him."

Barrymore rang the police for the seventh time and still Inspector Siwad was not available.

Frustrated and angry he contacted the British Embassy, but they could not help him. They claimed

that such confinement was unusual, it constituted a kind of prison, and their hands were tied, mainly since the Iraqi police were holding him as a witness.

As a long-term US resident, he tried the American Embassy. After being shuffled around various departments, Barrymore discovered his situation was not life threatening enough for the embassy to intervene. He decided to get out of the hotel and visit some of the sights. Although enforced tourism was galling, he knew he had to make the best of his situation.

To escape the searing heat outside, Barrymore entered the Baghdad museum to pass some time. It was his seventh visit, but there was always something there to grab his attention. While there he received a telephone call from a Kurt Simsek from the Brooklyn Museum. He had been expecting the call since Louise had passed on his contact details. After listening to the caller's reason for contacting him, he said, "Get me out of Baghdad and I will help." Fat chance of that, he thought, once he had finished the call.

Barrymore had no idea how it happened, but within six hours of the request, he was given a police escort to the airport, where a passage had been arranged to get him back to America. Although not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, he did wonder what kind of connections Kurt Simsek must have.

A suave looking man who reminded him somewhat of Pierce Brosnan met him at JFK airport. The man held up a sign with Professor Zeebub written on it. Introducing himself only as Fabian, he ushered Barrymore through the crowds, to a limo waiting in the cab rank lane

Barrymore said, "Who pulled strings to get me out of Iraq?"

Fabian flashed a million dollar smile. "That would be the Colonel. You may get to meet him."

"Colonel who?"

"Just the Colonel. Now we must get moving, or we'll have a cab war on our hands."

As the Brooklyn Museum came into view, Barrymore found it's light coloured Neo-ancient Greek Architecture imposing. Fabian guided the professor through the vast archival section, to an area titled 'Archaeological Research Unit'. They entered the ARU, and Barrymore found himself in a very familiar realm. Fabian went over to a woman wearing the ubiquitous white lab coat. She was busy studying something, her face saying 'do not disturb'. He turned to Barrymore, "This is Dr Sally Gleeson. She will look after you."

She looked up from the Assyrian pottery shard that had held her attention. "Who is this, Fabian?"

The portly gentleman answered, "Professor Barrymore Zeebub. Now, why am I here?"

"Kurt speaks highly of your expertise. We have a tablet for you to decipher."

Barrymore, feeling hot, and sweaty, said, "I'm happy to help you, but I need to scrub up first."

Fabian stepped in, "Of course, professor. Have you eaten?"

"Only on the plane. I would like a nice Earl Grey tea, though."

Sally looked at her watch. "We don't have time to spare," she muttered.

Fabian said, "A refreshed body means a refreshed mind."

Having had lunch at a nearby diner, Barrymore returned to the laboratory feeling refreshed and primed. Approaching Sally, he said, "Okay, I'm ready for it."

She summoned Kurt, and he took the professor to the tablet pieces in question.

Barrymore could not believe his eyes. "My God! The Eridu Genesis!"

"The what?" Kurt blurted.

Barrymore asked, "I say, how did you get this?"

Sally, hearing raised voices, confronted the pair. "What's going on?"

Barrymore stabbed a finger at the tablet. "This is what's going on."

"What are you on about."

Barrymore clenched his fists in suppressed rage; His face turned a beetroot colour. Taking a deep breath, he stated, "This tablet is stolen property. A man, a good friend, died horribly, trying to protect it."

Sally took the professor aside. "I don't know what you are playing at, but you are here for one reason only - to decipher that tablet. So get on with it."

"I say. You have no right to speak to me like..."

"Don't talk to me about rights. You..."

"Okay, that's enough, Fabian interjected. "I'll just phone the Colonel and tell him it's not working out with the professor."

"Will somebody tell me who this mysterious Colonel is?" Barrymore said.

Fabian looked him in the eye. "Someone who got your ass out a sling in Baghdad. Some you owe, big time. So get working on the tablet."

Sally sighed heavily, then went back to her pot shards.

Chapter 2

Marduk looked out over his city, Babylon, but nobody below could see him, or even knew that he existed. He could not have it any other way. Here he was, King of all Earthlings, yet unable to approach them directly. Marduk, the High Lord of Earth, felt increasingly frustrated. He never dreamed being in control would mean he had to stay hidden from his subjects. Here he was, the supreme ruler over all Earthlings, yet his subjects had no idea he existed. He was an imprisoned power broker, unable to exercise his might. Even more galling was that he could only vicariously use his power through his Earthbound son, Nabu, whom he could only meet in secret. "What legacy have they left me?" he moaned, looking down at his son.

Nabu, whose name meant 'prophet', looked up at the sadness in his father's eyes. "You are the eye of Ra, the all-seeing, all-knowing god, and I am your servant on Earth."

"I know son. However, what sort of God am I who cannot stroll, colossus-like, among my minions?"

Nabu sighed, "I know, but bewailing your physical limitations won't help."

"They mock me in heaven, my son."

Nabu firmed his jaw, "We will show them, father. Here and now I prophesy an end to humanity's enslavement by the Enlilites and an end to all war. There will be abundance and a glorious New Age of peace and order under your important rule."

Marduk wore a deep frown. The colossal homosaur stared down at Nabu. "That cannot be! We have cast the die. The humans are all at each other's throats, an ignorant mob, all vying for power."

Nabu smiled, knowingly. "Father, we are architects of our destiny. By resisting the dark oppression of the Caucasian slave population, By Enlil, Ninurta and his clan, we can build a brave new world, in readiness for the return of the heavenly host."

"Let me show them my true essence, and they will cower before me and do my bidding."

Nabu shook his head, vigorously. "No father! We manipulate them - not massacre them. We will build great empires out of the ruins of ancient wars. Nergal, who's treachery destroyed five great cities of the ancient world, will be shamed by our achievement. The Enlilites left this scarred earth and the aftermath of the 'great destruction' for you to clear up. We will show them."

Marduk said, "They must know I am their Lord."

"Oh, they will, father. We have overthrown Enlil and his ilk. Father, this is your time - the New Age of the Ram."

Marduk shook his head. "They were not overthrown. Before I could beat them at their game, they all returned to Nibiru, leaving me to pick up the pieces of a devastated civilisation."

Nabu huffed, "Enlil was nothing at that time. A drug-addled tyrant, who thought he was pulling Ninurta's strings. Even then only I had the guts to confront him in the Anunnaki Council."

Marduk remembered the occasion well. He was proud of his son that day, when Nabu addressed Lord Enlil, saying, "There is no justice, Enlil conceived the destruction, and carried out the evil against Babylon." Such an accusation directed at the Lord of Earth had been unheard of; even Lord Enki had sat stunned. "Yes, I think you inherited some of my fiery passion."

"So where is that passion now, father? Where is that resolve and determination that built a great mining colony on Lahmu?"

Marduk reached down and placed his claw gently on Nabu's shoulder. "You are right. They will not mock me in heaven."

(In ancient times, Patmos was also referred to as Patnos or Letois, from Leto, the mother of Artemis and Apollo. The Mediterranean Island was famous for being the refuge of John the Divine after Domitian kicked him out of Rome. Long before that, however, the island became the royal domicile of Nabu and his family.)

Following his outburst at the Anunnaki Council meeting, Nabu had made himself scarce. Before Enlil's forces caught up with him, he had left Sumer before the bombing and had set his course for the Great Sea separating Africa from Europe. There, Nabu sat upon a throne, on Patmos. Having converted the Western cities to worshipping Marduk, he took over the Mediterranean islands, setting himself up as their ruler.

Nabu, as a young Earthling, had learned from his father that his kind had started as slaves; that the great deluge had separated them from their bondage. However, even after the flood they still needed to be managed. Now Marduk was their manager, at least from the Anunnaki viewpoint. However, somebody had to keep the hybrids in order; that is where Nabu came in. Taller than most humans, standing at seven feet, he had an air of authority that few would challenge.

Away from prying eyes, he entered his secret space, concealed even from his family. This room, where he engaged in private business with his illustrious father, gave reason to his existence. This place, his control centre, provided him with a window on Man's doing. Isolated from the outside world, he unlocked a small chest and took out a little silver box. He poured a particular measure into a glass containing water. As the gold powder and water mixed a gelatinous substance formed. He stirred the mixture, took a deep breath, then swallowed it. Immediately his senses became heightened, with colours more vivid; his vision as sharp as that of an eagle, and hearing that could pick up sounds of the small port miles away. He even smelled the aroma of Tashmetum's cooking, although she prepared it in the Palace, half a mile away. As long as he kept taking the gold solution, he would remain youthful and energetic. But it was not only for personal reasons that he kept using the elixir. He acted as Marduk's eyes and ears on Earth. So ingesting the solution on a regular basis became vital for him.

Having secreted beaming equipment on Earth, he entered Marduk's code. Using the Earth's energy grid, as Emuq had instructed before leaving Earth, Nabu maintained a connection with his father. He activated the communication device and waited for Marduk to appear on the screen. Nabu saw his father's visage and passed on his greetings. He then proceeded to give him a progress report of human doings. "They love stories - the more unbelievable, the better," he said.

"Such as?"

"Oh, gods throwing thunderbolts at them or turning them to stone."

"Good! Keep them preoccupied with myths, folklore and superstition. "Make sure the stories have a Saviour theme."

Nabu responded excitedly, "Brilliant idea! But how are we to spread them?"

Marduk sighed, "By way of the priest/kings, of course."

"OK. But I'm still not sure how."

"Your job is to move among them to gain the confidence of the people in power. You will get them to spread these myths far and wide."

Nabu thought about this as he walked on the beach. The scriptures held clues about human hybrid origins. However, as myths and legends they took on a cryptic nature and listeners seldom saw beyond the words believing, as they did, the stories at face value. These stories spread the idea that people needed rescuing, and the hero - Marduk was their Saviour. Nabu portrayed Marduk to the priest/kings, as the saviour, who used special supernatural powers, to protect them and their people. Soon these stories began to take on important religious significance.

Nabu looked out at the calm, blue ocean. All was going well. The elixir kept his family in good health, and the populace accepted him as the 'word of Marduk', the prophet of the Lord on high. The priests spread the stories of Marduk's prowess to the people, who had been, conditioned to accept fabulously silly myths as truth. These myths held secret messages that served to maintain a private bond linking citizens, as servants, to their unknown Anunnaki masters.

Apart from his immortality, Nabu could appear and disappear at will, teleporting from one geographical location to another. Also apart from being a 'time lord' Nabu was also skilled at shape shifting, so he could become anyone he wished, complete with their experience. Mostly, though, Nabu appeared to people in his natural state, drawing no attention to himself, except for his height, standing, as he did, head and shoulders above most humans. It was not surprising that Nabu reached a full seven feet in height, him being the offspring of Marduk and his average sized Earthling mother, Sarspanit. Although tall by human standards he still fitted in with ancient society.

Despite his father's frustration, he knew that Marduk could never again show himself on Earth. Explaining why the Earthling's God was a fifteen-foot lizard posed problems Nabu did not want to face. Gone were the days when Anunnaki gods walked the planet bold and free. So Nabu accepted the role of go-between, as the High Lord of Earth's proxy and intermediary.

The Mes, (disks containing knowledge and wisdom) left in his care, by his grandfather, Enki, became his key to open the doors to the inner sanctum of the priest/kings, the chambers of the high council, even the royal court itself. Through his influence, they used masons to build highly civilised nations: Babylon, Khemmet and Greece. The high degree of civilisation, demonstrated by their sacred architecture and design, could never be doubted. Owing to Nabu's enormous contribution, his presence at secular and spiritual events was assured. This effort gave Marduk's son the chance to meet with and nurture influential persons, king makers and king breakers who would guide the tides of history. To be able to do so he needed ancient wisdom. Knowledge was power, but without the skills to use it effectively, it amounted to idle boasts.

Chapter 3

Barrymore rubbed his tired eyes. The wall clock read 9.30 pm. Kurt and Sally had left work hours before, leaving just him and Fabian in the lab. "Can't do much more tonight, old boy," he said rolling his shoulder to relieve stiffness.

"Are you getting anywhere, professor?" the minder queried.

Barrymore donned his jacket and retrieved his pipe. "Of course. It looks like a trip back to Iraq though, something I'm not looking forward to."

"I thought you would be in your element."

"Not when people want to blow you up for a clay tablet," he retorted, tapping out his pipe."

"You can't smoke in here," Fabian said, indicating a sign on the wall."

"Then old boy you'd better treat me to a meal, in a smoking area."

Fabian thought about it. "Okay, but you have to come back to work afterwards."

The professor shrugged, "Might as well. Nowhere else to go."

The River Café afforded patrons unparalleled views of the Brooklyn waterfront. The pair went straight to mains and Fabian, who knew the establishment well, went for a Niman Ranch Strip Steak and salad with fries. Barrymore opted for Duck breast with fresh vegetables. As they waited for strong coffee, Barrymore said, "So tell me about this Colonel you work for."

Fabian answered, "That subject isn't open to discussion."

"Then, to tell you the truth, old man, I don't feel comfortable working for a man I know nothing about, especially as he may have murdered of my friend to get the tablet."

Fabian glared at the academic. "Enough! Perhaps you would prefer us to hand you back to the Baghdad police. We can provide sufficient evidence to have you charged with Dr Hammerson's murder."

As those chilling words sank in, Barrymore fell back in his seat, feeling deflated. Whoever this Colonel was he seemed to wield considerable power and influence. He wondered if anybody ever saw this mystery man, whom Fabian treated like some god.

The arrival of the food broke the chilly silence.

"So what have you discovered about the tablet, professor?"

Barrymore smiled, "I'll give you one thing then we trade, an answer to a reply."

Fabian cut a piece of steak. "As long as it's not about the Colonel."

"Agreed."

"Okay, then tell me something,"

"We unearthed it at the site of ancient Eridu. This city was the earliest settlement in the region, founded, according to official records, about. 5400 BC,"

"I want to know what the tablet says, not where it comes from."

"You can't separate the two. The tablet tells us Enki founded his city on a virgin sand-dune site, with no previous occupation." Then Barrymore said, "Now my question. How did you become associated with the Colonel?"

Fabian put down his knife and fork. "I told you I wasn't saying anything about him."

"This is about you - not him."

Fabian grimaced. If he wanted to know more, he had to play the game. "Okay, I was hand-picked from a university."

"What? By the Colonel. Does he go around head hunting Uni students? If so, why?"

"Of course not. The Colonel has people do that for him." He added, "you have no idea about any of this do you?"

"To be frank, old man, no."

"Okay, I'll tell you this Much. Our work has been planned, step-by-step for a long time. In 1933 HG Wells' 'The Shape of Things to Come' predicted a second world war around 1940, originating from a German-Polish dispute. The final solution was the most successful targeted human eradication programme to date. After 1945 there was an increasing lack of public safety in 'criminally infected' areas. The plan for the 'Modern World-State' succeeded on its third attempt (about 1980), and came out of something that occurred in Basra, Iraq."

Ancient Sumer, Barrymore noted. "What occurred there?"

"Chemical strikes against the Kurds." He stared at the English professor, then continued, "Wells' book also stated, 'Although world government had been coming for many years; although the people endlessly fear it and murmur helplessly against it, no effective opposition stands against it anywhere.'"

As Bazz took Fabian's message on board, Fabian continued, "In the church alternative spiritual guidance of the 60s onward, Alice A Bailey took on guru status."

"What does this globalism have to do with Alice Bailey?"

"Bailey, an occultist, who allegedly channelled Djwal Kuhl, a Tibetan Master (demon spirit), wrote 'The Externalisation of the Hierarchy'. In it, she spoke of 'points of light' in connection with a 'New Group of World Servers'."

"How is that relevant to this stuff?"

"In it, she claimed that 1934 indicated the beginning of a new globalisation order, defined by service to the 'Forces of Light'. She maintained that out of the destruction of all existing culture and civilisation; the elite had to build this 'new world order'." Fabian paused for effect, then said, "Now get this. The Lucis Trust, which published her book, was incorporated originally in New York as the Lucifer Publishing Company."

"That's just a name – surely."

Fabian chuckled, "The Lucis Trust, a United Nations NGO, has been a major player at the recent UN summits. Assistant Secretary-General of the UN, Robert Mueller, even credited the 'creation of his World Core Curriculum for education' to the underlying teachings of Djwahl Kuhl via Alice Bailey's writings on the subject."

Bazz heard enough. It seemed the tentacles of the NWO had left nothing to chance. He met Fabian's gaze. "What's your skill that this colonel so sorely needed."

"That's another question. Tell me more about the tablet."

"Eridu was sacred to its builder, Enki. He was one of the Nibiruan Creator gods. The ziggurat ruins of Eridu are far larger and older than any others. Some experts in the field say this structure was the original tower of Babel. Even if it wasn't, it's entirely possible that his son Marduk based his tower in Babylon upon Enki's design."

Fabian nodded, then said, "My acumen in global affairs got me recruited."

"So what gave you an edge over other graduates?"

"Majors, not graduates, professor." The Colonel's man finished his steak. Looking at the English academic, he said, "My ability to face the hard questions."

Barrymore finished his meal, "Hard questions, such as?"

Fabian eye balled Barrymore. "Tell me why the tablet is important."

The professor smiled, "The Greek writings by Berossus reads Babylon in place of Eridu, as the oldest city where the kingship came from heaven."

"Came from Heaven?"

"Came from Nibiru."

"The fabled twelfth planet?"

"Yes."

"It still doesn't tell me why it's important."

"And you haven't told me what you mean by 'hard questions'."

Fabian smiled. "Dealing with global issues for the greater good isn't always pretty."

Barrymore frowned, "The ends justify the means kind of thing?"

"Someone has to take the hard decisions, and politicians haven't got the guts."

"So your Colonel plays judge and executioner."

Fabian got up. "Come on Professor, time to get back to work."

Chapter 4

So hungry was Nabu for mystical knowledge, he went to Egypt (then Khemmet) where his father had ruled as Ra. In Thebes, the city of the sceptre, he met Khadija, a high priest of Ma'at. The holy man secretly met with him in the rear court of the temple. He looked upon the visage of the tall man, reading his energy. Satisfied the stranger was a genuine seeker of truth he showed him a symbol of an eye. The holy man explained, "This is the Udjet. It symbolises the return of the full moon and the cosmic order known to us as Ma'at."

Nabu was for law and order, as long as he made the edicts and gave the orders. So Ma'at would be useful to him. He asked, "How does Ma'at bring about a Cosmic order?"

The priest checked to see if there were eavesdroppers nearby in the temple. Satisfied they were alone, Khadija said, "Wisdom and beauty in equal measure."

Nabu, puzzled, said, "I don't understand."

The priest nodded sagely. "Then it is not the time for you to learn."

"But I want to understand. Explain it to me." Nabu persisted.

The priest smiled, "Very few understand fully, including me." He then explained, "The great Father of the underworld, Asar established our system of 'cosmic law' called Ma'at. It became the duty and function of his son, Horon, the eye of the falcon, and all Horon-kings to ensure that the high principles of Ma'at were upheld and kept unchanged through the ages."

"What were these great principles?"

Khadija would say no more than that. However, Nabu left Khemmet, impressed, knowing Ma'at worship would become central to the Sons of Ma, as it incorporated the principles of the all-seeing

eye, the moon, the dimness and the quest for light, all as part of the cosmic order. Soon, with the ceremonies and ritual of the Sons of Ma, initiates became the sons of Ma'at - Ma'at's sons.

Their pledge became:

I am the personification of natural law.

I am part of the natural order.

I follow the rules of engagement.

I uphold the truth.

I seek to do what is right.

I will be just in my dealings.

Back from Khemmet, Nabu entered his temple in Borsippa, a famous ancient city of Sumer, built around a magnificent lake, south-west of Babylon, on the east bank of the Euphrates. Hapara, the chief mason, showed Nabu the plan of the temple inscribed on the clay tablet. Part of the temple was off limits to the public. This section of the temple was the chamber that interested Marduk's son. "This is where we will meet," he said indicating where he thought the meeting hall should be. "Initiates will enter between two pillars - one of iron and one of peacock copper. I am dedicating this chamber to Ma'at. All adherents of Ma'at must keep to her principles."

Yes, my Lord, your will, will be done."

"I know you will, Hapara. Your reward will be your initiation."

Nabu had gleaned much from Khadija, the Theban priest. However, he would only divulge a little at a time. Sons of Ma acolytes were expected to go through a series of terrifying ordeals on their way to higher degrees, and this became mirrored in the soul's journey through the Duat in ancient Khemmetian sacred lore. On achieving a level in the Sons of Ma new secrets would be revealed, equating with Heka, the magic of Thoth that assisted the Sumerian initiates through the spirit world to the realm of An the mighty one. The promise of immortality would be for those were equipped with both Ma'at and Heka sacred teachings, the same constituents as those of Khemmetian doctrine.

The temple construction progressed. The pillars were erected in the secret chamber, as was a statue of Ma'at. The effigy of the winged goddess whose head adorned with a feather took pride of place. She held a set of scales referring to her responsibility in the Hall of Judgement where her feather got weighed against a hopeful's heart. As the consort of Thoth, a natural magician, geometrician and a surveyor, as well as being the deity of wisdom, writing, music, medicine, art and astronomy, she held a compelling position. Thoth, Nabu's uncle, Ningishzidda, had taken most of the necessary

jobs, leaving little room for other gods to gain employment. He seemed to be a bit of a universal know all. However, he was God in Nabu's School of the Mysteries.

Mostly, communication between Nabu and his father took place through beaming (a much more advanced form of mobile phone communication). On special occasions he would use time-shifting, to visit his father in his secret residence, a hidden chamber atop The ziggurat in Babylon, Marduk's Holy city.

Marduk wasn't particularly interested in secret societies. He was much more concerned about looking after the Anunnaki investment on Earth - humanity. They would be needed when the Nibiruans returned, at the beginning of the home planet's next cycle. So when he met with his son, secret societies and mystery schools were not on the agenda. Facing his son, he said, "Yahweh, that's what Enlil now calls himself, wants to keep control of his Jews."

"I bet he does," Nabu responded, cynically.

"Yes, well we have come to an amicable arrangement concerning this."

Nabu, incredulous, asked, "What arrangement, father?"

"He has agreed not to interfere with matters of Earth if he is just left to play with his Jews."

Nabu, who hated Lord Enlil intensely, blaming him for his mother's death, balked. "But, father, why do we have to comply? Lord Enlil has no influence over matters on Earth now."

Marduk knew his son would not understand. "It's not that simple. So just leave the Jews alone, and he will leave us alone to do our work."

"I still don't understand why? we have to ..."

Marduk sighed, "We don't have to. I choose to do it this way. You do trust my judgement don't you?"

"Yes, but! ..."

"By giving his laws to the Israelites, Yahweh told them on no account to worship the gods of the other nations."

"But they already did, before he laid down the law with Mosis."

"Precisely. Enlil has presented them with an impossible task. So we sit back and see how it all unfolds. Meanwhile, you concentrate on my Babylonians."

Nabu did not understand why his father had gone soft on Enlil, but he went along with it. Now the self-styled ruler of the Mediterranean Islands, he had fomented and actively resisted Enlil's dark oppression of the slave population - humanity. He hated his uncle Nergal even more than he detested Enlil. Nergal - the treacherous dark lord of the Abzu - had nuked the five cities, indicated by the spies Abraham and Lot.

At last, the day came for Nabu to proclaim Marduk as supreme ruler over Earth and its 'New Astrological Age'. Nabu, back home on Patmos, left his secret room, locked it, and walked back to the main house, the largest on his Island of Patmos. His home, well guarded and concealed from the locals, was just a mile or so from Chora, the island's main settlement.

As he walked along the beach, he thought about what his father had said. From what he'd heard in Babylon, people did not trust Yahweh, a God who claimed to know and have done everything. How could one god be able to do everything? They wondered. Having a jack-of-all-trades, God worried them. They would not have cared if Yahweh had delegated specific jobs to lesser gods - ones to whom they could relate.

However, Theistic Dictatorship, they could not handle. What would happen should they fall foul of him, being unable to keep his unrealistic commandments. Whom could they turn to to get a second opinion? However, if they deliberately disregarded Enlil's injunction, they were severely punished until they returned to the fold. Demonstrations of smiting, sending plagues and firing thunderbolts tended to deter other Jews from disobeying Yahweh's dictates, translated by the priest/kings. However, many of them had a fall-back position by also worshipping Ba'al, Marduk's alter ego.

Despite his handy teleporting ability, Nabu could not be everywhere at once, advising learned elders how to be sure of obedience and obeisance from their human flocks. The Priest/Kings could only achieve so much from their ivory towers. So Marduk's son set up a network of people's teachers to help spread his father's message. Although this pragmatic approach proved very successful with the elite, especially if favours got granted to get their support, getting his message to the ordinary folk required a whole different strategy. They did not question Ba'al and the other gods. They just needed to be told what to do by people they respected. To ensure they thought his directives came from God, Nabu only had to whisper remotely in their ears during dreams or visions, encouraging them to believe their God had spoken to them and had given them a critical mission to fulfil; they quickly became zealots of the cause. The problem was that they rose above their stations, advocating black and white viewpoints of good and evil, seemingly divorcing both concepts from their natural selves. They got sucked in with their traditional 'lip-service' rhetoric. As a result, they were easy to deceive.

Despite his recent victories over Ba'al, Yahweh still felt discontented. He needed a makeover. In response to the Ba'al myth, using dream time messages and urgings, Yahweh got his priest/ kings to develop their profound doctrine of creation. If Yahweh was to be the only God, then he had to fulfil the roles taken by the gods of the Canaanite pantheon. So, inspired by guidance in their dreams they modelled their creation story on the Enuma Elish, cherry-picking the parts that made Enlil the nice guy. Making Creation in six days was a bit of a stretch, but Exodus was a different story.

The Yahweh version of Exodus had the Hebrew mercenary fighters become Khemmetian slaves freed from bondage by Mosis. However, the fact that they were expanding the Pharaoh's territory seems to have been glossed over with the Almighty Yahweh parting the Red Sea to let the chosen ones through in safety. Another point that Yahweh had the priesthood conveniently glossed over was the meaning of the name Israel, which commemorated Isis, Ra and El. This oversight was odd considering that Yahweh, the jealous God, told the Jews they would have no other gods but him. Also, why, if they had hated Khemmet so much, did they choose to name their 'promised land' after Khemmetian deities?

From their Exodus experience, The Israelites efficiently worked backwards to understand that the God who created the Jewish people was the Creator of the world in which they lived. Ba'al worship was a denial that God was the creator and sustainer of the universe. From this perspective, many of the names and titles carried by Ba'al were taken over and transformed to apply to Yahweh.

"No, Your Majesty. It's about an idea I have to pacify Judah."

"Oh! So what idea is that?"

"We can weaken Judah's stance if your armies invade and capture all the talented and wealthy Jews and bring them here, to Babylon,"

The King stared at his advisor. "And that will help, how?"

It seemed that the king, although the nation's ruler, wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer. "By brain-draining Judah, you stand tall and sturdy and have access to the smartest among them to help you with your projects. It will also leave the Jews floundering without strong leadership."

Nebuchadnezzar listened and nodded as Nabu outlined his plan. So, following the standard Mesopotamian practice, he deported the Jews after he had conquered Jerusalem. The deportations were enormous but indeed, didn't involve the entire nation. Some 10,000 Jews were forced to relocate to the city of Babylon, the Chaldean capital. Soon after, Judah lost its independent kingdom status, leaving earlier returned deportees without a homeland, without a state, and without a nation. Ba'al prophets taunted the remaining Israelites with statements like, "Where is your

almighty Yahweh now?" As all the most prominent citizens of Judah: professionals, priests, craftsmen, and the wealthy, were deported, it left those Jews remaining, feeling lost and helpless. Those allowed to stay in Judah eventually perished, wracked by famine. The whole situation seemed to be one of abject despair, especially for the poorer folk.

However, when Nebuchadnezzar deported the wealthy citizens, he redistributed the land among the poor. Despite this magnanimous gesture rivalries broke out between the Jews who were left. Although, the wealthy and professional Jews in Babylon prospered and regarded themselves as the real Jewish people.

At Nabu's behest, Nebuchadnezzar had the captured Jews settled in a single place. The displaced persons formed their community in Babylon and were even allowed to retain their religion, practices, and philosophies. However, some of them adopted the Chaldean religion (they named their offspring after Chaldean gods), But mostly the community remained united in its common faith in Yahweh.

Enlil was not at all happy, and he showed it, thundering around his Nibiruan palace in a black mood. He needed to vent his spleen. He angrily beamed Marduk. "You and your son will not get away with this outrage!" he exploded.

Marduk, expecting such a blast from his uncle, prepared himself. Feigning ignorance he said, "What outrage uncle?"

"Destroying Judah and forcing my people to live in that den of iniquity, Babylon."

"That was Nebuchadnezzar's doing. I have no influence over the King of the Chaldeans."

"I know Nabu's hand was in this. Well, let me tell you this. By removing the cream of my Jews from Judah, you have separated the wheat from the chaff. The wheat (my faithful Jews), will prosper and grow in your 'sin' city, while your people become fat and lazy."

Marduk laughed loudly. "Is that your best shot, uncle? You have me quivering in my sandals."

"Oh no, Marduk! You haven't felt my best shot yet."

Nabu discovered, through his spies, that Nebuchadnezzar's action did more to weaken the Ba'al religion among the Jews than it did to damage Yahweh's reputation and standing. While there were still traces of it later, Ba'al worship was never again the problem to Enlil that it was before the Exile.

"How is it that the Jews have emerged from their exile stronger and more resolute?" Marduk asked as he spoke with his son.

"It seems their God can do no wrong. They are a bunch of zealot masochists. The more Yahweh treats them poorly, the more faith they have in him. How can we top that?"

"We have to use a different tact."

"What tact, father?"

"Let me see," Marduk said, stroking his long beard. "The Jews have emerged from their exile stronger and more passionately monotheistic. They have purged me from their consciousness. Let's cede this round to Enlil. Let him become complacent while you monitor what the Jews are planning. At the right time, we will make our move."

Enlil employed the same remote application to get his Jews to wake up. He called his visionaries prophets for they were the ones to prophesy to the people.

One such zealous prophet, Jeremiah, gathered people around him and berated them, proclaiming, "I have witnessed the destruction of Jerusalem and the Holy Temple. Yahweh smote them and crushed them to dust, angered by the blasphemies in his name. Yes, I was there, and I helped those I could. I told them as I am telling you now. Repent and uphold God's laws or feel his retribution." He paused, then, sweeping his arm in an arc, said, "Heed these words, or you are all doomed!"

"How may we heed the Lord God's words all the time?" someone asked.

"Make his commandments, yours because of your love for him. Desist from worshipping Ba'al and all the other gods. Obey all his laws and live your lives accordingly. Only by so doing will you walk the road leading to restoration and redemption. "

Jeremiah had been born to the task of propheteering. It was in his blood. He had been raised in a priestly family. His father, the high priest and Prophet of Anathoth of the tribe of Benjamin, had been a servant and messenger of Yahweh since the thirteenth year of King Josiah's reign.

To gain an insight into the Jewish mood, Nabu spoke with the King, also a fellow Mason. As they talked and took refreshment, Nabu said, "Has Yahweh defeated Ba'al?"

Josiah looked at his guest. "Before I became king the Jews were being harassed within and without by pagan predators for their adoption of the Phoenician sun god idolatry and culture; becoming, therefore, subject to the curse of Mosis for their crimes."

"Have you dealt with such idolatry?"

"Since I became king of the Jews Hebrew Priests in Jerusalem rediscovered a Book of Law that has preserved something of monotheist truth. When I read it, I wept. I then called an assembly after that I had the book read to the entire population. This sharing of knowledge took three to five days during which everyone fasted on my command."

"How did the Jews respond."

"That was incredible. There was national public repentance, and I declared war on idolatry."

"That would have given a big boost to the prophets."

"Certainly, Nabu, there is great potential for prophets in times of violence. As the Northern Kingdom of Judah has suffered destruction at the hands of the Assyrians, leaving a deeply embedded memory of the horror in the minds of the Judeans, Jeremiah's services were sorely needed. His words threw people into a state of extreme spiritual agitation."

Yes, thought Nabu, making them ripe for prophets like Jeremiah who took advantage of their vulnerable state to nail down their message of doom and damnation.

Jeremiah, Yahweh's secret weapon, saw the fall of the Assyrian Empire and the death of King Josiah. Though the people deeply mourned the passing of their beloved King, the chief mourner had been the prophet himself. Jeremiah knew very well that with the untimely passing of the last pious king, the end of Judea as an independent state had been unavoidable. Indeed, following Josiah's demise, the people soon reverted to idolatry. (Even though Nabu had no hand in it, Enlil still blamed him.) Jeremiah, shocked by the new relapse of his people, worked hard to stem spiritual depravity which threatened to undermine their high moral standards. He desperately tried rallying his people.

Standing before them in the temple precinct, he said, "Let us recall Israel's earliest history as a nation, when, the faithful people had followed Mosis into the desert. There was much undying loyalty to Yahweh then. Israel's commitment to God was like that of a newly-wedded bride to her husband." He swept his arm around pointing at the crowd listening to his diatribe. "What has happened to you since? Why have you turned away from the one true God?"

There were mumbles among the crowd.

Jeremiah continued berating them. "I warn you that your ingratitude and unfaithfulness will spell your doom."

Many people become downcast at this pronouncement. One brave soul ventured, "Why did God allow Babylon to exile our families?"

Jeremiah scowled at the man, "How dare you presume to question God's motives?" Then he lapsed into a trance-like state, pronouncing, "Thus saith the Lord: I remember for thee the affection of thy youth, the love of thine espousals; how thou wentest after me in the wilderness, in a land not sown. Israel is the Lord's hallowed portion. All that devour him shall be held guilty; evil shall come upon them, saith the Lord."

Some of the crowd dispersed, but he did not notice.

"Hear ye the word of the Lord, O House of Jacob, and all the families of the House of Israel. Thus saith the Lord; what unrighteousness have your fathers found in me, that they are gone far from me and have walked after things of naught, and become naught? Moreover, I brought you into a land of fruitful fields, but when ye entered, ye denied my land and made my heritage an abomination. For my people have committed two evils. They have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. Therefore, will I cause to cease from the cities of Judah, and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of gladness and the voice of joy, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride; for the land shall become a desert."

And it did!

One of the prophet's important messages was the one in which he pointed out that wisdom, might, and riches, were nothing compared to the happiness that man achieves through real knowledge and understanding of the ways of God. This message only applied to poor people to convince them of the dignity of having nothing. Both Enlil and Marduk went along with this ploy. The promise of rewards in the afterlife was one of their best ideas.

Jeremiah, definitely Yahweh's ace card, incessantly harangued his countrymen, urging them to worship Yahweh as the one true God. However, Jeremiah had a new trick up his sleeve. He had one of the followers prostrate himself before him, crying out, "I am one of many who has burned incense unto the queen of heaven, and poured out drink offerings unto her in Judah and Jerusalem. For we had plenty of victuals, and were well, and saw no evil."

Jeremiah responded, "And has the queen of heaven looked after your needs?"

The abject acting figure looked up at the prophet, bewailed, "Since we burned incense to Ishtar, the Queen of heaven, and pour out drink-offerings unto her, we desire all things, and we have been controlled by the sword and by the famine."

Jeremiah looked down upon the ringer, saying, "When you burned incense to the queen of heaven in Judah and Jerusalem and when the children gathered wood; wars and famine you speak of are his retribution. Turn away from your false gods before it is too late!"

However, still, there was falling away from the Israelites. They abandoned the God of their ancestors, which brought them out of the land of Khemmet. They again followed other gods, of the people that were round about them. They bowed themselves unto them, and provoked the Lord to anger, as they served Ba'al and Ashtaroth.

Marduk, well aware that while the Jewish Bible made many references to Ba'al, it did not disclose his identity as the storm god, nor explain why the faithless Jews and other peoples so consistently rendered his obeisance. So Nabu had it amended putting it about that Ba'al, and the Queen of heaven were universally worshipped under various names and titles. The Babylonian myth told the same story, bringing the Jewish version in line with it. This spin doctoring served to Strengthen Ba'al's following, while annoying Enlil; creating a win, win situation for Marduk

Chapter 5

David Bramley and William Ickle fidgeted in their seats, as they waited for the Colonel to finish his phone call. They had no idea why they have been summoned to the 'inner sanctum' and secretly quaked in their boots.

Having cradled the receiver, The Colonel pored over some documents on his desk. Then he looked up at the two men. "Gentlemen, I rarely watch television, and when I do, it's only to see and hear what lies and deception you guys are feeding the salivating masses. Of late I have been sorely disappointed by your lack of effort. Perhaps the Wolf Network should be employing the Internet's conspiracy theory writers. They have far greater imaginations than your people."

David said, "When I took over as head of Wolf News Randy Murdoch told me I had autonomy over all content. My feeling is that too much of the sort of propaganda you advocate detracts from the impact it has on our viewers."

The Colonel listened. Then he turned to William Ickle. "As Director of Wolf News, do you agree with David's sentiments?"

The director fiddled with his collar. He was really in a spot. The Colonel had not commented, so if he agreed and David had made the wrong call, he would be in big trouble. If he disagreed he would have to explain why, and probably lose his job in the bargain. He took a deep breath. "I'm curious to hear what you have in mind." He could feel daggers coming from his boss as he spoke the words.

The Colonel smiled, "Wolfe News needs to get its sites aimed at getting the public to hate Muslims again. You must have them believing all Muslims are evil."

The pair nodded, relieved they had escaped the Colonel's wrath.

"Whatever you broadcast stay away from any reference to the CIA, MI6, NATO and their allies in the Middle East, in connection with this dis-information." With that instruction, the Colonel rose from behind his desk. "That's all gentlemen - and make me happy."

Once the two newsmen had left, the Colonel dialled a private phone number. "Randy, I think you should look at replacing the Wolf CEO," After a short pause, he said, "Because he hasn't got what it takes."

The Colonel, actually Colin Nelson, a Glen Ford look-a-like, knew what was at stake but still gambled on the outcome. Albert Pike, one of the Colonel's American heroes, was no visionary, as many people believed. He just outlined a plan, a brilliant idea that had been playing itself out for several decades, and was about to play its final hand. To bring it to fruition certain things had to happen, including upping the ante in the Israeli/Palestine conflict. For this to occur the big Zionist Jew Wall Street banks needed to get behind the project, something they were more than willing to do. Wars cause massive debt, and debt meant obscene profits. There's nothing like a war to get governments to loosen the treasury purse strings. And what better way to start a war than invent yet another proxy terrorist group, to demonise traditional Islam, destabilising non-globalist conforming nations. Also, as conventional Islam forbids usury, countries like Iran and Syria hamper the Rothschild world banking agenda. Apparently, somebody had to deal with them, and it was the Colonel's job to see that it all came together.

Barrymore looked at the clock. It read 6.43 am. He yawned and stretched. Fabian lounged in a chair, one eye half open. The Professor said, "That's as much as it will tell me."

"What have you learned since we came back, professor?"

He turned to face his minder. "You know old man; there are many theories as of where the knowledge of secret societies arose. The first of the two most commonly mentioned ones is that told in the Sumerian Scriptures, which goes back at least 6000 years."

"What's that got to do with that tablet?"

"You are too impatient. You would never make it as an archaeologist," Barrymore mildly admonished. He explained, This tablet, as does many others, gives credence to the existence of the Anunnaki - they who from heaven came - according to Sitchin and other translators. They were the Gods mentioned in Genesis. They were aliens who came from another world and created humankind as a slave race to serve them."

Fabian jerked awake. "You don't expect me to swallow that hogwash, do you?"

"Not a bit of it, old boy," Barrymore said, packing his pipe.

"But you believe it."

"I decipher ancient languages discovered on artifices, that all."

"So you don't believe it?"

"What I believe or don't believe has nothing to do with you or what I am doing here." The professor picked up his jacket. "So I'll be going."

"You're not finished until the Colonel says so."

Handing Fabian a CD, Barrymore said, "It's all on here, and details of my account, for my fee."

"It's too early to phone him now." Then he said. We'll go outside so you can exercise your disgusting smoking habit."

Some people took Nabu for a basketball player. Standing at seven feet, he stood head and shoulders above most people he encountered. Owing to his above average height, many people thought Nabu was a basketball player. It was much easier to use that as a cover story because nobody would believe what he was, and he was not about to tell them. For a start, he had been around a long time, a very long time. Nobody would believe he was around at the time of the great ancient civilisations. How could humans, with their fragile short lives get their minds around such a concept? He was a man with a mission - one that was thankfully coming to a close. Soon his job would be done, and he would free to do what he wanted. That was until his father's people returned to Earth. That was the only way he would see his father again. Nabu could never go to heaven. He was too human to stand the net forces on Nibiru.

However, that time had not yet come yet; he still had work to do. The world was chaotic but not enough to cause the global financial breakdown required.

He pondered these thoughts while standing in the crown of the Statue of Liberty. Having taken the cruise from Battery Park in Manhattan. Rising some 320 steps above the base, Nabu had a stunning view across to Ellis Island. He smiled secretly at the irony of the location. Nabu looked up and saw the ex-FBI director pushing his way through the tourists. The elderly man looked hot and breathless to Nabu. He offered him a bottle of cold water, saying "Thank you for meeting me here."

Panting, the ex FBI director appraised the tall man. "Central Park would have been a helluva lot easier."

"The view here is much more impressive."

"But then you don't have to climb 320 stairs to get into the park."

"I guess not," Nabu smiled, refusing to make excuses. He then shook the retired Fed's hand, in a particular fashion.

"It was a gift from France, you know."

Nabu turned on the ex-cop. "I'm not here to listen to trivia. I'm only here to find out who's behind them."

The ex-director nodded. There was no need for Nabu to spell it out. He sneered, "People think the Internet is doing them a favour, gushing out crap and calling it the truth. They're being drawn to the light like god-dam moths. However, I'll tell you this. They will come face-to-face with a conspiracy so monstrous even they will not believe it exists."

You don't know the half of it, Nabu thought. "Tell me about this conspiracy."

"It's a bit public here."

"Nonsense. Unless you have something to say that's not on the Internet."

"I'll tell you this much. An American president once said that if the American people knew what we have done, they would string us up from the lamp posts."

Nabu scowled, "I'm not interested in quotes. I want to know what you think is going on."

He looked Nabu straight in the eye. "You will be astonished at how far back this grand plan goes, and how many similarities there are in the early 21st century compared to the ! the 1990s, with two Presidents from the Bush family in power."

'Not as amazed as you would be,' Nabu thought. "So how far back does it go?"

The retired FBI boss grinned, "How far do you reckon?"

Nabu thought for a moment. "Well, the Federal Reserve was planned, at least as far back as 1910."

"Earlier than that."

"Okay, how about as far back as 1871, when Pike planned three world wars."

"Good guess but even further back."

Nabu, becoming bored with the quiz, said, "I want to know about forwarding moves."

The older man said, "Not here. I will try and arrange a meeting and get back to you."

"Meeting! Where? With whom?"

"I will contact you, with details."

Nabu watched as the ex-Fed made his way to the steps. It was comforting to know that they thought they were on top of things - that the world was playing to their tune. Still, modesty and villainy did not go together.

Nabu was back in his Waldorf-Astoria suite when he received the call. He was to go to an address in Manhattan where he would be met and vetted. Vetted! What right did these humans have to check his credentials? However, he needed to know what the conspirators were up to, so he had to play their game. Going to an unknown address to meet strangers in New York could be risky. He needed some backup. Nabu knew these people were not gangsters. They were much more refined. They convincingly smiled while plunging the knife. Nabu opened up his briefcase and withdrew a small phial filled with a gelatinous substance. He uncapped it and swallowed the contents. Soon his mind was swimming with insightful images.

Nabu alighted from his cab at the Rockefeller Triplex, 834 Fifth Avenue. Built by the Rockefeller family, the large apartments had stunning Fifth Avenue views. Among the wealthy and famous who had lived, there was the disgraced and recently deceased car magnate John DeLorean. Randy Murdoch, its latest tenant, paid \$44 million for his triplex. However, it was not him Nabu had come to see.

Nabu was surprised to see so many Prominent British and American celebrities at the function. The meeting apparently hadn't been set up just for him. It turned out to be a pleasant social occasion. The host, an affable man, resembling the film actor Glenn Ford, liked to be known only as the 'Colonel'. Among the guests, who stuck closely to their host was a Fabian socialist and a well-known economist. It turned out they were all members of the 'Council on Foreign Relations'. The CFR, ostensibly described as an American, non-profit, think-tank, had a more sinister role as the promotional arm of the Ruling Elite, who espoused the wisdom of a united world, their global government run their way.

The host sidled up to Nabu. "Edward sponsored you, which is why you are here. So tell me about yourself. Why are you interested in the development of the NWO?"

"Because I see it as the only way forward."

The colonel smiled thinly. "You will have to do better than that. What do you have to bring to the table?"

"I am a strategist."

"That's nice. Look, Nabu, or whatever your real name is, tacticians are a dime a dozen. You tell me you are the greatest strategist - and prove it - Then we could be interested."

"Did Edward tell you why I'm interested?"

The colonel looked up, fixing Nabu in his stony gaze. "First, you have to pay your dues. Only then do you feed at our table."

The Fabian seemed a little more friendly. "The colonel gave you the once over and found you wanting - right?"

"Who is he? How come he's at the top of the tree?"

The Pierce Brosnan look-a-like wagged his finger. Naughty! We don't ask personal questions. Otherwise, I would be very curious about you."

Nabu refused yet another alcoholic drink (it did not go well with the golden drug). "What's a Socialist doing in a nest of Conservatives?"

He grinned, "We're all brothers here. We all belong to our little personal fraternities. However, here we're birds of a feather."

"By fraternities do you mean secret societies?"

He smiled, "History is replete with whispers of secret societies. Accounts of sages or priests charged with guarding the forbidden fruit of ancient cultures. Prominent men were meeting in secret to direct the course of civilisation, as recorded in the writings of all people."

Yes, Nabu thought, I am a secret society of one. "So what do you think is the oldest secret society?"

"The first was the Brotherhood of the Snake, also called the Brotherhood of the Dragon."

"Does it still exist?"

"Oh yes, under many different names."

"Does it have religious overtones?"

"Of course. Religion has always played a major role in the structure of these organisations. Communication with a higher source, often divine, is a familiar claim in all but a few."

Nabu looked down at the Socialist. "Are you a member?"

"That's a personal question, Nabu," he answered, again wagging his finger.

Try as he might Nabu could not find anything on the colonel. It was pretty obvious he had a military background, but even that info seemed to be off limits. As a follow-up, it appeared that the Fabian was the best bet. So Nabu arranged to meet him in Central Park, near the 'Angel of the Waters', an enormous iconic fountain in Bethesda Terrace. Nabu learned its message was 'love'. The angel, topping the fountain, God's representative in New York, represented love, the most complicated and corrupted of human emotions.

"You're a mystery, Nabu," Fabian the Socialist said, as they strolled to the big multi-tiered fountain. That intrigues me."

Nabu countered, "Your Colonel is a mystery to me."

Ignoring that comment, the Fabian said, "Do you know why Woodrow Wilson allowed himself to be led around by Bernard Baruch?"

"What is this - twenty questions?" Nabu chuckled.

"For the same reason, he changed his mind on the Federal Reserve Act."

Nabu sighed, "Okay tell me why."

"Because of his affair with Mary Peck. That was a big deal for anybody back in 1913, let alone the US President."

"Okay, So what? It happens," Nabu shrugged.

"But all is forgiven because three years later President Woodrow Wilson proposes, at the League of Nations, to 'Enforce Peace' - a somewhat contradictory concept - in a world needed to prevent the recurrence of the Great war by setting up a world government."

"What are you trying to say?"

"Isn't it obvious? Wilson was just a puppet on a string." He paused for effect. "On December 15, 1922, the CFR endorsed World Government in its magazine 'Foreign Affairs'. In the article, the Author, Philip Kerr, stated that there wouldn't be any lasting peace in the world as long as it split into many nations. He believed, as do I, that until we've created an international system, wars, famines and poverty would remain in control."

"So how does it work in practice?" Nabu asked.

The Socialist found an empty bench by the lake. They sat down, looking out over the rippling water at the angel sculpture in the centre.

Nabu said, "You haven't answered my question."

"Have you heard of the Open Conspiracy: Blue Prints for a World Revolution by HG Wells?"

"No, can't say I have."

"He was a Fabian Socialist, you know, like me. He wrote that the political world must weaken, efface, incorporate and supersede existing governments. He stated that the Open Conspiracy was the natural inheritor of socialist and communist enthusiasms; it may be in control of Moscow before it is in control of New York. The character of the Open Conspiracy will now be plainly displayed. It will be a world religion."

"Which religion?"

Fabian laughed, "Judaism of course. Do you know what the Lenin School of Political Warfare in Moscow taught students in the 1930's?"

Nabu turned to the Socialist. "Why all the questions."

"What do you want to do, sit here and look at the ducks?" the man chuckled.

"I want a straight answer."

"The students were told that one day they would spread the most theatrical peace movement the world had ever seen. The capitalist countries, stupid and decadent, would fall into the trap offered by the possibility of making new friends. They got taught that the day would come, in 30 years or so and they must lull the bourgeoisie into a false sense of security." He rose to his feet. "Got to get back to the office." Then he added, "Oh by the way! There are no straight answers."

The Colonel stood on the balcony of his apartment, looking at the world go by below. At Fabian's voice, he turned around. "Did you meet with him?"

"Yes, but I wasn't able to get him to divulge anything useful."

"Are you telling me there's nothing in the database to give us any clues about this Mr Nabu character?" The Colonel asked, pouring two tumblers of whisky.

Fabian took his glass. "It's as though he doesn't exist."

"Social security records, green card, medical records?"

"Nothing. Look, I've carried out a thorough check. No drivers licence, no military records, no police records – zilch."

Shaking his head, the colonel said, "In your opinion, Fabian, is he a threat or an asset?"

Fabian sipped his scotch. "He knows where you live. He wants straight answers. He doesn't give anything away about his beliefs."

The Colonel rubbed his short greying hair. "Okay, work on him. Get him to open up. Find out what he wants. If you think he poses a threat, lose him." Then he asked, "What about the tablet. Has it been decoded?"

"Yes, Colonel. It and the report are at the museum."

"Why is it not in front of me?" he demanded.

"The professor wants to meet with you face-to-face."

"Why?"

"He wants to ask you some questions."

"About what?"

"About why his friend was blown up in the Jeep."

The Colonel looked Fabian in the eye. "Do we know anything about that?"

Fabian shook his head. "How our friend got hold of the artefact is of no concern to us."

"I think it's time the professor was shown his place in the pecking order. Bring him to our interview room, along with my tablet and the report."

The Fabian downed his whisky and left the apartment. The Colonel left to his thoughts mused over the secrets his group possessed. They were so profound that only a chosen, well-educated few were able to understand and use them. The Colonel's thought humanity was weak and incapable of sustaining itself unless it came under his helpful guidance. Nobody was likely to challenge him, not while he took his orders from the very top. The Colonel carried out those orders covertly while having his people spread disinformation over the Internet to confuse and confound the gullible. How he loved that Internet. However, Mr Nabu was an entirely different story; one he could not read.

For his part, Nabu, wondered who the mysterious Colonel was? He apparently wielded lots of power. Even so, he was a cog in a bigger wheel. He answered to someone, and Nabu wanted to find out who that was. Fabian wasn't going to tell him, so he had to go to someone else. He figured that Fabian would not give straight answers because he did not know any. He was too far down in the food chain. So who was pulling the colonel's strings? The Rockefeller family perhaps. The colonel

wasn't used to such a luxurious lifestyle. That much was apparent. So someone was paying the bills? The Colonel was not readily available so he would have to work on the socialist. His phone rang. It was a return call. Nabu listened, made an arrangement and rang off. Maybe he would start to get some answers.

Nabu waited on Ellis Island, the point of entry for over 12 million third class and steerage passengers arriving at New York by steamship between 1892 and 1954. He browsed the museum exhibits in the vast halls, once brimming with weary, nervous, excited migrants searching for their haven in the brave new world of America. Although he was not particularly interested in the city's rich immigrant past, it wiled away the time as he waited for his tardy friend. Then, among the milling throng, he saw a familiar face. "Hello, Frank, thanks for coming."

"I didn't know you were in the Big Apple."

"I discovered a coffee shop while I was waiting. Let go there."

After ordering refreshments and sitting down, Frank, an elegantly dressed man in his fifties, said, "So what is it that you think I can help you with?"

"I want you to check out a couple of people for me, in your professional capacity of course." He took out his smart phone and showed the lawyer a couple of images he had sneakily taken at the Colonel's party. "That one is known only as the Colonel and that one, his factotum, is known as Fabian."

Frank looked at the images Nabu had managed to snap. "What's your interest?"

"Possible business partners. Look, I know there's not much to go on, but the colonel lives in Rockefeller's apartment building over on Fifth Avenue."

"What sort of business?"

"Frank, you don't need to know that."

"Well, there's not a helluva lot to go on."

"There must be a leasing agreement for his apartment."

"You spoke with this colonel – right?"

"Yes,"

"So what did you talk about?"

"As I recall, modern American history."

"Did he express any particular views?"

"Nothing of a personal nature, except his certainty that only a ruling elite can save this world."

Frank removed his spectacles and wiped a lens with a paper serviette. "I'll see what I can do."

Nabu smiled, "Thanks, Frank, I owe you."

"Yes, big time. And I'll need your billing details."

For Nabu money was no object. When he needed funds, he put one of his high-art paintings on the market or cashed in some blue-ribbon shares. Being around for over four thousand years had given him the opportunity to amass works of arts with accurate hindsight. He preferred handling his finances that way. Although, he had no trouble securing loans, on the strength of his MaSonic standing, which opened many doors to him in the commercial world.

A CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD ORDER.

<http://shofarministries.net/WorldOrderHx.pdf>

A history of the New World Order? Part II - Michael Journal. (n.d.). Retrieved from

<http://www.michaeljournal.org/nwo2.htm>

Chapter 6

One of Marduk's bones of contention was that he was lauded in the Jewish Bible but under the name Nimrod. The book of Genesis lists Nimrod as a descendant of Ham, the third son of Zuisudra (Noah). Well, they certainly got that wrong! After the flood when men began to multiply once again and to establish settlements, the majority of Noah's descendants had settled in the valleys of Mesopotamia, though a few spread out into Palestine and north-west Africa. After about a thousand years Nimrod was born in what was to become Ethiopia.

Yahweh referred to him as 'a mighty hunter before the Lord'. But the term wasn't exactly complimentary, implying ruthlessness and a lust for power. Because of his association with NimRod, as the founder of Babylon, Yahweh's pronouncement about the hunter was a slight against him. He became alerted. Nabu had arrived. "Greetings son. What have your people found out about this Nimrod?"

"Well, according to tradition, Nimrod set out to establish himself an empire and began by conquering the cities which had become established in Mesopotamia. He also founded another city -

Ninevah. After establishing his kingdom in the Tigris/Euphrates region, Nimrod consolidated his power by creating a state religion."

"Tell me more about that."

"Well, in his worship of the gods he included worship of the emperor (himself) and that of SatAn and his demons. He is also into Babylonian astronomy which had been corrupted by star-worship."

Marduk listened. Then he said, "How did a brutish hunter come across such knowledge?"

"He spent some time in Khemmet, where he studied the Egyptian mystery religion perpetuated there from before the flood, by the wife of Ham, a descendant of KaIn. Now he wants to put an astronomical/astrological observatory on the pinnacle of a pyramid, or tower, at Babel."

Marduk rubbed his bearded chin. "Better keep a wary eye on him."

Nabu ventured, "I think his heyday and usefulness to Yahweh is past. He has served his purpose. I have heard he is elderly and not in the best of health."

"Nevertheless, he could be a danger to us. I suggest we say pleasant things about him and when he dies to make sure that all accolades ascribed to him become my story." Marduk, struck with a good idea, turning a negative into a positive, said, "Yes, After Nimrod's death make sure his priests give homage to me, as his alter ego in spirit."

But Yahweh, seeing Marduk's plan, threw a spanner in the works. The rebuilding of Marduk's massive tower, by Nimrod, got interrupted by Yahweh, to prevent Nimrod from extending his sway over all of the inhabited earth. He halted the work by confusing their language so they could no longer cooperate efficiently with one another, nor indeed comfortably inhabit the same region together. Consequently, the human race got dispersed, and as men were scattered they carried with them remnants of primaevial revelation from God, and Satan/hero worship, invented by Nimrod. This system of muddled half-truths became known to Bible scholars as the 'Babylonian Mystery Religion'. From this sprang subsequent false religions and endless mythological systems.

To confuse things further, Enlil changed the name of Marduk's temple in Babylon to commemorate Nimrod. Marduk's name became translated as the Greek Aesculapius. Marduk, also the god of wisdom like his father, was the god of instruction and the tutor of many of the other gods and heroes of the Babylonian pantheon. In Babylon, Marduk was Bel or Ba'al (lord or master). Under this name and derivatives of Bel were worshipped by the Canaanites, Phoenicians, Syrians and to some extent by the Khemmetians. Later, the Greeks associated him with Hercules under the name Melkarth, a transliteration of Marduk. Ba'al was also related to 'Ba'al-zebul', 'lord of the flies'.

Marduk didn't find it very flattering but having a dark side held a particular fascination for his followers and boosted their numbers.

In the northern wilderness, where he had lived as a child, Nabu was befriended and mentored by Chickawa, a native medicine man. From him Nabu had become prophetic, receiving visual messages by singing, chanting and muttering (in 'other tongues'); as well as using oracles. Nabu became the original of both Apollo (Nabul) and Hermes, as the Greeks knew them.

The one common element to Nimrod/Marduk in all his manifestations is the symbol of the snake, serpent or dragon. Nimrod, who had taken the dragon as his personal emblem, became the source of all dragon myths. The thread of snake lore is evident in all of Marduk's guises regardless of nation, pantheon, or role. Having a scaled body was a good start and carrying the caduceus of entwined serpents added to the image. The caduceus had been his father's most famous symbol. EnKi had presented him with it, before leaving for Nibiru.

Nabu knew his father wasn't at all interested in disciplines like Astrology but some important things had happened, and he needed to bring his father up to speed. He would only talk about Babylonian astrology, though. Only Sons of Ma initiates were privy to the 'real' astrology. Once Nabu had Marduk on his vid screen, he said, "Babylonian astrology is a deliberate corruption, based on the idea that the entire universe was created and had worth only about the Earth."

"Why should that interest me?" Marduk huffed.

"Because it may very well affect the outcome of our plan."

Marduk sighed, "I suppose you had better tell me then."

"Your Babylonians saw it as no accident that the stars and planets got set in a certain order by God and creation. These antediluvian patriarchs developed a system of constellations to serve as perpetual reminders of man's fall and the promise of a coming Redeemer, as well as a record of the angelic conflict down through the ages."

"How does that affect our goal?"

Unless you were a fully paid-up member of the 'Mysteries', you didn't get the real story. In fact, it was the members of the 'Mysteries' that made up this lie, to protect the innocent, of course. Nabu, peeved, replied, "For your information, father, I have been orchestrating this celestial reminder to push your story." It was beautifully set out to brainwash the masses.

"And get them to worship me as Marduk/Nimrod?"

"Yes." What Nabu didn't tell his father was that the Sons of Ma placed the constellation Draco, the dragon, which lies coiled about that point of the sky they called 'entire North', at the most prominent place in the heavens. Even the initiates of the Mystery Schools didn't know its real significance. But that didn't matter because deeply embedded memories of their homosaur ancestral beginnings got buried in their unconscious minds. So it was very significant that the Anunnaki lords would pick the centre of the circle, the earth's north pole, describing the sky every 25,858 years - one Nibiruan Sar. Nabu continued explaining. "Around 2000 years BCE the north pole centred exactly on the star Alpha Draconis, the brightest star in the constellation. This part of the Dragon was depicted attempting to encircle the constellation Ursa Minor, the 'little flock', namely the faithful remnant of Israel or the people of Yahweh. This descriptive prophecy got written in 'The Book of Revelation', "

"What's that?" Marduk said.

"It gets a bit tricky, but I'll try to explain. I went forward in history to follow a thread I was working on and discovered that a mystic hermit who lived on my island wrote a doom and gloom prophecy, in which he describes devastating events yet to be enacted in human history. It secretly denotes the most disastrous battle of all is yet to be fought on earth and in space, just before the return and takeover by us. The pole star, Polaris in Ursa Minor, will next enter the constellation Cepheus, indicating God (An) as the triumphant king over all the earth."

"I still don't get the significance."

"Let me finish. In your Babylonian astrology, it's also notable that the dragon's head got crushed under the foot of a hero who at the same time is using a club to beat to death the Hydra who has stolen the fruit of immortality. The cleverly embedded message suggests the human hero has subdued the dragon and serpent, therefore has no reason to fear them again."

Marduk's face brightened. "So we let the Earthlings think they are stronger than they are!"

"Exactly father! By believing they have triumphed over the evil serpent, they will become complacent and not worry about it, thus leaving the Anunnaki snake to coil them without their becoming alert to it."

"Well done my son. You are a credit to all Nibiruans."

The next stage in Nabu's subtle psychological control was to make Marduk, like Ba'al, the big hero. So the scribes wrote the Babylonian Creation Epic describing Marduk as the god's leader of the rebellion against Tiamat, who had planned their destruction. Yahweh's Hebrew cognate for Tiamat was Tehom, used in the Bible only to describe 'the deep' upon which Yahweh moved at the beginning of creation. Later a part of the 'Tehom' was imprisoned within the bowels of the Earth (in

Jewish rabbinical tradition) and opened to release the 'waters from below' at the same time the vapour canopy collapsed during the flood to destroy the civilisation of Noah's day. This destruction, caused by a tsunami triggered in Antarctica, is falsely said to have come about because of excessive influence by Satan in the affairs of men, such as intermarriage with mortals producing giants on the earth with various genetic defects of a serious nature.

Marduk was furious at Enlil for spilling the beans about his father's scientific experiments, in the Jewish book. He was shocked when he found out about the reference to giants and genetic defects. Nabu thought it would become even more noticeable if they made a fuss about it. So the Yahweh creation story and the Anunnaki creation epic both sat side by side in the Jewish scriptures. In the Anunnaki/Babylonian version, Marduk wins and the other gods in a list of fifty names, traced to the gods of antiquity, eulogised him. This epic got to be read aloud every New Year's day in Babylon in front of the statue of Marduk.

New Year's Day was the most important day of the Babylonian calendar. During the ceremonies, the people carried statues of Marduk and his son Nabu, to a particular shrine outside of the city, where Marduk would prophesy, and Nabu would interpret his words. The statue of Marduk and its attendant regalia were captured by conquerors several times but were always returned and connected with reincarnation and the resumption of his rule over the earth. Marduk, the great god of war, was only wounded once in all his battles. This mishap occurred when his helmet slipped from his head. As a result, he received a fatal blow but being a god, resurrected himself. It was in this warrior aspect that he was related to Mars, the god of war.

"Yahweh's Bible tells us that Nimrod is the founder of Ninevah," Marduk said, having studied the scripture.

Nabu, in a regular meeting with his father, said, "It's not in the original creation story, so why does the Jewish Bible make special mention of Nimrod?"

"Did Enlil purposely add it in to distort the story? Or maybe add in his superhero to take attention away from me?" Marduk asked.

Nabu Shrugged, "I don't know. Maybe because he was the first to become mighty as a hunter?"

"Well only four pairs of Earthlings came forth from the Ark but, with your grandfather's genius, all the animal species were regenerated. The ferocious among them posed a threat to human survival, so, as he brought destruction to the tiger, the leopard, the lion, the Python, etc., Nimrod was regarded as the great benefactor, the man above all others to be honoured by his fellows and commemorated by posterity."

"We can use this to our advantage, father."

"How so?"

"We put it about that Ba'al is the great Nimrod, the Babylonian's protector. The Jews will pick up on this, and he will also become their hero. And here's the best part. Enlil won't know it is you."

Enlil took no time at all to put a different spin on Nimrod. Yahweh knew that by denigrating Nimrod, he also threw mud at Ba'al. Using the character of the hunter's parentage he had prophets spread the message that his grandfather, Ham, was depraved for looking upon the nakedness of his drunken father, the patriarch, Zuisudra, while Shem got given a special blessing because of his purity. So, very shortly after the deluge, the human race was divided into two camps, one for the Lord and righteousness among whom Shem took the leading part, the other for unrighteousness with Ham as the first apostate. Nimrod descended from the latter branch of the family tree.

Therefore, followers of Ba'al followed the black sheep of the household. Yahweh then had it put about that Nimrod, being a 'mighty hunter before the Lord' implied that, instead of honouring the Lord he belittled the Lord's power to protect His own. Perceiving the menaced condition of the vulnerable human race, Nimrod, trusting to his prowess, came forward as the bold saviour of the world, and becoming a mighty one in the earth attracted men's attention away from the Lord. The natural result of the admiration of a man of Nimrod's character must necessarily have been to destroy reverence for God, and thus lead to the adoration and worship of the creature instead of the Creator. This duplicity worked a treat, and Ba'al once again fell from grace.

Marduk fumed that his uncle had once again turned an insult against Yahweh to his advantage.

Nabu took the brunt of his father's considerable wrath, accepting responsibility for not foreseeing the potential disaster. Then he said, "Now Yahweh is having it proclaimed that Shem is Melchisedeck, (Priest of the highest God); a veritable colossus in the Lord's cause."

Marduk glared at his son. "You will go to Nineveh and make it known that Nimrod built the city; that he was King Ninus. Tell the people there that the name Nineveh means "The habitation of Ninus."

"Why do you demand this of me, father?"

"Because it's not right that Nimrod pays for Ham's wrongdoing!"

"Yes, but the damage has been done, and I can't undo it."

"Have it known that the prophets of Yahweh spread lies about Nimrod; that he did glorify the Lord; that God had endowed him with hunting skills to do his will on Earth."

Nabu asked, "What about Semiramis? How do we portray her in the Eyes of Ba'al's worshippers."

Marduk stroked his beard, thoughtfully. "Hm, I see what you mean. She's hardly highly esteemed.

"Yes, a mixture of beauty and depravity."

"I know! We will turn her into a mystery, an enigma so she cannot be judged."

"How am I supposed to do that?" Nabu queried, showing some annoyance.

Marduk beamed, "I can see a whole new potential occurring, Nabu. The mystery within the myth. It's enigmatic, open to many interpretations, confusing yet enticing. We can have the humans trying to unravel the impossible for millennia to come."

"How do we package it?"

"We call it the Chaldean "Mysteries" set up by Semiramis. We have it known that her husband's apostasy was quite open, and consisted mainly of leading men into sensuality, teaching them that they might enjoy the "pleasures of sin" without fear of retribution from a holy God."

"It that plausible, father?"

"Why not? After all, in Nimrod's hunting expeditions, he was accompanied by troops of women and musicians. He played games and got involved in all kinds of revelries - in fact, everything that pleases the natural heart. In this, he insinuated himself into the favour of the world."

Nabu smiled. "I think that could work. We can have it known that it was after the death of Ninus (Nimrod) that the secret "Mysteries" were set up by Semiramis and her followers."

Nabu made sure that Nimrod's death is not noted in the Scriptures, but left the people with a tradition that his end was violent. Thus the mystery was born as the very death of Nimrod constituted the foundational theme of the Mysteries.

But Nabu had already set up the first mystery school dedicated to Ma'at, with the Sons of Ma. So he decided to look into the legend and what he found, angered him. It came as no surprise the Enlil was using the Semiramis to denigrate his father in the eyes of the Babylonians. But to go as far as to suggest Queen Semiramis, the ancient effigy of the Assyrian empire, famed for her beauty, strength, wisdom, voluptuousness, and alluring power, built Babylon with its hanging gardens, was beyond the pale. Her beauty was incomparable and compelling. Matchless in symmetry, her every gesture was wholly dignified and graceful. A man's strength she possessed and more than the power of a man's mind. Despite her feminine allure, the undoing of many-a-general she commanded her army, founding an empire and ruled with an iron glove.

"He is speaking about InNana," Marduk said, at the next family meeting.

"I already figured that much, father. However, I'm more concerned that he has cunningly shifted the creation story focus to his side of the family by saying his son was Nimrod."

Marduk surprised his son, saying, "Well it does make sense. NinUrTa was a skilled hunter and Nimrod could easily be a derivation of his name. So I wouldn't put it past Enlil to incorporate him in one of the oldest Hebrew documents."

"But it's a downright lie! Babylonians are calling him the war-god called 'the Arrow, the mighty hero' A cult of NinUrTa worshippers is growing in this city as we speak."

"So, what are we to do about this. An open challenge is hardly going to work and would probably make matters worse."

Nabu pondered the problem. "Hm, we could portray NinUrTa as the great destroyer of Babylon, not its builder."

Enlil mentally kicked himself. He had missed out on a great opportunity. If he had initiated the idea of the 'Mysteries' Yahweh would have had the minds of the Jews as well as their bodies, hearts and souls. But his nephew had seized the day. His spies had found out about the existence of the Ma'at mystery school but couldn't find out much about it. Enlil secretly admired Nabu for coming up with the idea and implementing it. But it should have been him and, because in all essentials the "Mysteries" of the different nations were the same, each being fashioned after the pattern of the "Mother" nation Babylon, of which, try as he might, he could not gain control. But he could disrupt events and cause conflicts to occur, then sit back and observe his handy work. His primary reason for so doing wasn't to thwart Marduk and his son. No, that provided a bonus. His primary motivation, partly stimulated by his drug addled brain, was to ferment unrest among Earth's peoples to make controlling them more useful. He didn't see this as a bad thing. It was entirely honourable because it furthered the Nibiruan cause, which to him was all that mattered.

Marduk was bristling with pride and felt he, had, at last, got his revenge. Now, as both the sacred and profane both resided within the mysteries good and evil could not be apportioned to them. The Mysteries were separate from religious worship. As such they developed their mythologies, in which they drew upon the geometry of the heavens for inspiration, deriving notions from arrangements of the Zodiac. For example, Nimrod became identified with the constellation Orion. Thus, Babylon the Great became the excellent "Mystery of Iniquity" of the Gospel Age.

Just as that great system had its small beginning in the days of the Apostles, being alluded to by Paul in his quote 'The mystery of iniquity doth already work', and afterwards attained such

enormous dimensions that it managed to deceive the whole world. Even Nabu was amazed how his false Semiramis Mystery in Babylon, which began in a small way, grew and extended to such an extent that all nations became void of judgement. Or as Timothy eloquently put it 'Only those who worship the true God had the spirit of a sound mind'.

Palmerston Hotel room number 343 seemed just like any other hotel room from the outside. But the interior told a far different story, as Barrymore found out when Fabian opened the door with his electronic pass key. The room decor wasn't what he expected for a luxury suite. Apart from one chair, occupied by a man sitting the shadows of the darkened room, the suite was bare. Turning to Fabian, the professor said, "What's going on here?"

"You asked to see the Colonel. Here he is, so voiced your concerns."

Barrymore felt unnerved by the seated man's silence. Then he said, "I want to know who killed my friend. "

"Ah, that would be Dr Hammerson, would it not?" The Colonel said from the shadows

"Yes, it would. So if you will tell me who you got the artefact from, I will waive my fees."

"Oh, indeed," The Colonel replied calmly.

"Was it stolen on your orders."

The colonel smiled, "All artefacts are stolen from somewhere, Professor Zeebub."

Then, changing the subject, he stated, "This room is affectionately known as the torture chamber. The CIA used this room to extract information. They used various methods, including forced nudity, the slamming of detainees into walls, prolonged sleep deprivation and dousing inmates in icy water."

Barrymore, feeling extremely uncomfortable, said, "I don't see what this has to do with..."

"No, I'm sure you don't, professor. Then let me enlighten you. You're overweight and out of shape. How long do you think you could survive such torture?"

"Now see here!" Barrymore objected.

"No. You see here, and you'd better listen. Professor, you are way down in the pecking order, and you'd better know your place. You majored at Cambridge in Oriental History. You lectured in Oxford, before being head-hunted by Columbia University, to head their history faculty. You met and became friends with Ms Louise Ipher, a fellow Brit and the two of you have become great friends. You have a doctorate in Sumeriology, which is why we are interested in you. And that is the

only significance you hold for us. You will do what I tell you and you will stop asking questions about what happened to your friend."

Barrymore felt a chill run up his spine. "But my work is finished here."

"Once you have explained what the tablet says, in layman terms, I will determine if we still need your services."

"It's all on the disc."

"In your words, professor."

"What now?"

"I don't have time to waste."

Reference to Louise could have been some veiled threat. He couldn't take the chance of upsetting this Colonel character further. "Very well, but I don't have my notes."

"I'm sure you will do your best, professor," the Colonel said, smirking.

"Very well. First, a bit of a preamble though to give you a sense of what we are dealing with, In ancient texts, the Anunnaki as 'gods' who came from the Heavens. The word Anunnaki means, 'Those Who From Heaven to Earth Came'. However, they were advanced alien beings, not gods."

Noting Fabian's look of derision, Barrymore continued, "They are believed to be from the planet, Nibiru. The Anunnaki arrived on Earth during the time of prehistoric man, Neanderthal (or even before), to mine for gold. They needed the gold to repair holes in their planet's atmosphere. After mining for many of their years, the Anunnaki decided to create man, in their image. So EnKi and his team of scientists altered primitive man's genetic and created modern man,"

The Colonel only said, "So tell me about my tablet."

Barrymore continued, "The Anunnaki gods had sacred cities in Sumer. Enlil, the Lord of the Command and grand ruler over Earth, had Nippur as his town. He had a retreat, which had a secret sacred place where Enlil kept the 'Tablets of Destiny'. There's a reference to these fabled tablets on 'your' stolen artefact."

"What's so special about these Tablets of Destiny?" The Colonel asked.

"Legend has it that he who has the tablets wields tremendous power."

"Then I want them, and I will pay handsomely."

Barrymore said, "They're only a legend, so good luck with that. Now if you gentlemen don't mind, I will take my leave."

"Not so fast, Professor Zeebub. Am I to take it that these tablets are buried somewhere in the Nippur ruins?"

"That's what the Eridu Genesis suggests."

"Eridu Genesis,"

"Yes, it's what we called the tablet we had found before somebody stole it."

"Eridu Genesis. I like it. It has a ring to it."

"So what's your price for finding it, professor."

"As you pointed out, Colonel, I'm overweight and unfit. I don't think I could handle it,"

"Don't worry Professor; Fabian will look after you."

As the shadowy man rose from his seat, Barrymore said, "As you seemed determined it will cost you ten million."

"Get me the tablets and the money's yours."

Nabu took out a device, resembling a mobile phone, that worked using light beams. He keyed in code, and Marduk's face lit up the small screen. "Hello, father. "How are things in Babylon?"

"It's good to hear from you. Where have you been? I haven't received a beam for ages."

"Never mind about that! I think Enlil is up to his old tricks."

"What do you mean?"

"The Earth today has 6.8 billion humans. Population growth, exponentially, will soon reach about 9 billion. Some Earthlings, who control human society are using new vaccines; that could lower human numbers by up to 15 percent."

"What's wrong with that? We don't need that many humans when we return."

"That's not the problem. The global controllers aim to take this much further. Some Earth politicians, bureaucrats and even some radical activists of the 'environmental' movement seek to reduce Earth population to under one billion people. To them, humanity is seen as a threat to the planet and even to itself."

Marduk scratched his chin. "I see your point. We could be needing more than that. And you think Enlil is behind this plan."

"He's always hated the Earthlings. This plan has been a long time coming. I need to go back to the source of this rebellion against our authority."

Marduk nodded, "You know he is going to deny it, don't you?"

"It has his style written all over it."

"Still, if he denies it there is little we can do."

"Except foil his plan."

"That ball is in your court, my son."

Nabu was well aware of that.

Marduk still felt frustrated, having no access to the subjects he ruled over. Anu the Sublime, King of the Nibiruans, and the Supreme Lord of Heaven and Earth, decreed the fate of the land assigned to him. He was given dominion over earthly man and made great among the Igigi, who called Babylon by his illustrious name and made it great on Earth. Now, there were those among the human population who had taken it upon themselves to run their agenda and there was nothing Marduk could do about it while concealed in Babylon. Only through his intermittent contact with Nabu, his son on Earth, could he have any say in the ways of man? Now he was concerned so, beaming Nabu, he voiced this worry to his son. "Nabu do not put you in harm's way. The elixir can only do so much to protect you. You are not invincible."

"I know that father and-and I been stepping carefully but the more I expose this nest of vipers and learn of their evil plans the more I make myself vulnerable."

"Your grandfather EnKi and I have been talking. We believe you have to create a shield for yourself by delegating others to be your eyes and ears on the ground."

"Father, there are remnants of the 'watchers' shapeshifters, some barely able to hold their human form. I don't know who to trust among them."

"You must find those loyal to our plans."

"And how am I supposed to do that?"

EnKi and EmUq are working on that. Meanwhile keep safe."

"I am getting closer to the source of the rebellion, father. I cannot stop now."

Barrymore enjoyed lecturing at Columbia University. It being an American private Ivy League research facility gave him access to state of the art technology, far more so than in England. The downside was its location, nestled as it was in the Morningside Heights neighbourhood of Upper Manhattan in New York City. The hustle and bustle of New York used to make him feel vibrant and alive. But as the years wore on it his 'Big Apple' lifestyle became increasingly stressful. But his job made up for it, and he was in danger of losing all that by being AWOL without letting anyone know. The reason he even had a job to go back to was down to the Colonel. It seemed that the man had control over his life. Barrymore needed to get Louise's perspective on things, so he invited her to lunch at Tacombi. The professor loved its quirkiness. With Tacos served from a Volkswagen Combi, it didn't feel like a restaurant as much as an art installation in a gallery with a taqueria set up in the middle of a concrete garage just off Houston Street."

Enjoying her taco, Louise said, "You can't just disappear like that. After that Iraq affair, you had me worried."

"Didn't have much choice, old thing. That Colonel chap had his man Fabian watch me like a hawk."

"Yes, well I don't like the sound of him. You'd be better off keeping entirely away from him."

"It's not that easy, old girl. Our Colonel's summoned me for another meeting."

"Refuse, He can't make you do what you don't want to do."

"He has offered me a very lucrative commission."

"To do what?"

"Find him the fabled Tablets of Destiny."

Louise sat back, eyes wide. "Seriously. How lucrative?"

"He agreed to 10 million buckeroos."

"You are kidding!" Then she added, "And for that, you sell your soul."

"Ten Mill' for doing what I love doing. It's no contest."

Louise frowned. "I don't know Bazz. It sounds iffy to me."

He reached for her hand. "I want you with me on this."

"You mean on the dig?"

"Why not? It's going to be quite an adventure."

"I don't know, Bazz."

"Won't it be dangerous for you to go back there."

Just then his phone indicated a text. He looked at Louise. "Have to go, old dear, The Colonel calleth."

"Be careful."

"Ring you later. Check your passport and things."

The Colonel had Fabian pick up the professor and transport him back to the Brooklyn Museum."

Kurt Simsek looked up from his research as Barrymore and Fabian entered the lab. "What are you doing back here?"

Fabian asked, "Where's Sally?"

"She's away. I'm in charge."

"Not anymore, Dr Simsek, I'm now in charge. And when the Colonel gets here he will be in charge."

"The Colonel is coming here, today?"

"Yes Dr Simsek, very soon. He will need a private room to speak with Professor Zeebub."

"Yes, of course. I shall have to run it by Sally Gleeson, though."

"I thought you were in charge," Fabian smirked.

As Barrymore and the Colonel began their private conference in the curator's office, the former said, "Why am I here?"

"Because you are my adviser on all things Mesopotamian, professor. So tell me what you know of a person called Nabu."

"Yes. Now, Nabu - the Jews call him Nebo - is the Sumerian and, later, Babylonian god of wisdom and writing."

"So he was a real person."

"As real or as fictional as any of the Anunnaki."

"He's one of those Anunnaki!"

"Why does that surprise you, Colonel?"

"I thought they were giant lizards. This Nabu seems to have been entirely human."

"He is alleged to have been mostly human in physiology. Babylonians worshipped him as the son of Marduk and his consort, Sarspanit."

"Is it true that these Anunnaki lived a long time?"

"According to legend, certainly a lot longer than us. Why?"

"Could this Nabu character still be alive?"

"Hm, that's a good question," Barrymore said, stroking his white beard. "If he existed and had access to the alleged liquid gold solution, possibly. Why do you ask?"

"I met with someone who called himself Nabu. Could it be him?"

Barrymore shrugged, "Can't answer that old man. Maybe his parents were Mesopotamian nuts, like me. But tell me this. Why is this man attractive to you?"

"He has no history - no identity. He has a strange kind of power about him."

"Sounds like an interesting fellow, especially if he is the genuine article. I would like to meet him."

"Yes, I thought you would. I'll have Fabian organise it."