

# 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 dreamt of 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 just 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 bemoaning 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 shapeshifting 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 active 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 eyeballed 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 Udjat. 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 Yahweh, 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 essential 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 have 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 a 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 was 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 vibrant 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 perfect 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>

## **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 passed. 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 primaeval 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 encoil 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 on 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 severe 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 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. It's 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 destruction 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 vision 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 in 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 per cent."

"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 the earthly man and made great among the Igigi, who called Babylon by his illustrious name and made it high 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 yourself 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. Being an American private Ivy League research facility, it 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 to 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."

## **Chapter 7**

Nabu alighted from his cab at the entrance of the Corinthia, a grand hotel in the classical Greek style. He had booked the luxury suite for a few days to attend to business in London. Little did he know that Fabian had managed to track him down, through the Colonel's extensive network.

Fabian acknowledged the two hot-for-sex, blond babes who ogled him in the lift. He got that quite a lot. Some thought Pierce Brosnan was taller than he looked on the cinema screen. Some even asked for his autograph. He approached Nabu's door and knocked.

Marduk's son let him in. "Oh Fabian, it is you." Then, "How did you track me down?"

"Your question ought to be why I have tracked you down?" Fabian smiled richly.

"Okay. Why have you?"

"The Colonel requests your presence in New York."

A frown creased Nabu's handsome face. "It will have to wait. I have business to attend to."

"We all have things we need to do, Mr Nabu. Mine is to get you back stateside ASAP because the Colonel does not like waiting."

"This is most annoying. What does this Colonel want?"

"He wants you to meet somebody, Mr Nabu."

"What? Right now!"

Fabian smiled, "Relax man. We can stay here the night."

"We!"

"Oh yes. We do not want anything untoward happening to you," Fabian smiled.

"So why London?" Fabian asked as they sat eating room service pizza.

"The Galton Institute."

"Are you a member?"

"No. Why?"

"You will not get in."

"How do you know?"

"Because I know the rules."

Nabu turned to Fabian. "You are a member?"

The film star look-a-like gave a lop-sided grin.

"Then you can get me in as your guest."

"Why do you want to go there?"

"I want to know their policy on population control."

"The Galton Institute welcomes free thinkers. There is no strict party line." Then Fabian asked, "What do you think about it?"

"I do not see another solution if we are not going to destroy everything on Earth. However, the methodology has to be right."

"That does not mean a damn thing. Just a bunch of useless words."

Nabu asked, "Do you know anything about the 'World Biosphere Project?'"

"No, what is it?"

"Forget it. I am going out," Nabu said, grabbing his coat.

"Not without me," Fabian said, grabbing his bomber jacket.

Nabu glared at him, "Jesus, I am only going down to the shop in the foyer to get chocolate."

Fabian frowned, "I don't like you being on the loose in this town. So don't be away long."

"Are you my mother?"

"Ten minutes, then I start looking."

"Fuck you, Fabian. You neither own or control me." With that parting shot, Marduk's son stormed out of the suite.

Nabu stood by the public phone, holding the piece of paper. The note read:

I would like to meet to discuss the subject further. The question is how such an operation is to be carried out? I can come to your hotel. There was a phone number, which Nabu rang. A voice answered. Nabu said, "I received your message. Yes, let's meet. However, it will have to be early.

Say 6 o'clock at the breakfast bar of the Corinthian." He hung up and prayed Fabian was not a light sleeper. Then he looked across the foyer and saw a pharmacy. An idea formed in his mind.

Fabian was snoring when Nabu tip-toed through the suite, shoes in his hand; Fabian had drunk the bar fridge rum and coke, utterly oblivious to the crushed up sleeping tablets diluted with the liquor. When Nabu reached the breakfast bar, the retired government scientist was already there. He sat down opposite. "Good morning and thanks for coming. Would you like a coffee?"

"I am fine, thank you." He cleaned his glasses with a serviette, then said, "Forgive me for asking but why are you interested in the World Biosphere Project?"

"Because it offers an alternative solution to massive reduction population control."

"What do you know about the WBP, Mr Nabu?"

"Not a great deal. Just that there is a theory that human population numbers will peak at around 9 billion. I want to know more about this."

The government man smiled. "I think I will need that coffee after all."

Only a few early risers frequented the Corinthian breakfast bar that morning. Among them, the man with his face buried in the Times took a deep interest in Nabu's conversation. Having hidden his smart phone behind the paper, he recorded the conversation as best he could.

Nabu could not believe that in just one square mile - that is all it was - more decisions, affecting the whole world took place there than anywhere else. It was possibly the most famous square mile on Earth. Called the 'City of London' it employed over 400,000 people. It was also where Nabu bumped into Fabian.

"What on Earth are you doing, Mr Nabu? We have missed our flight, and the Colonel is not well pleased."

Nabu turned to his minder. "I am not on this Earth to please your Colonel. I have my agenda."

Fabian tutted. "That is not the right attitude to take to enhance your health." He added, "Having a secret tete-a-tete with Dr William Standing is also not a good idea."

How on Earth did he know about that? Moreover, He even knew the man's name. Nabu, puzzled, responded, "Why is it not a good idea?"

Traffic noise and the human hustle and bustle made it difficult for Fabian to hear. He said, "Let's go somewhere a bit more private to talk. The next New York flight is not for another 5 hours, so we have some time."

The City Café, located inside the Doubletree Hotel, proved an excellent choice for Fabian and Nabu. While enjoying their English buffet breakfast, Fabian explained, "As a financial centre the City accounts for almost 10 per cent of the UK's GNP; 32 per cent of administration and support services; 20 per cent of global foreign equity; and \$2.7 trillion turnovers each day."

Nabu responded, "And this is of interest to me, because?"

"Because if you put a foot wrong alarm bells will ring and the system will see you as an invasion and stop you."

"What, for trying to get into the Galton Institute?"

"You are merely a bug and if you irritate them - well, you know what happens to bothersome bugs."

"And how can you help?" Nabu asked, seeing him more as a hindrance trying to put him off the scent.

"Think of it as being in shark-infested waters without a protective cage. I am your cage."

Nabu grinned, taking a bite from his gourmet chicken toasted sandwich,"

"Don't take this lightly, Mr Nabu, I did not come looking for you for fun. I assure you this teeming metropolis that offers you all of life's passions to stupefy your senses is a wolf in lambs clothing, a respectable façade, concealing the worst machinations and deceptions dreamed up by the darkest of minds."

"Do you think I do not know that?"

"I do not know what you know because I am not sure of anything about you."

Nabu smiled. It was going to stay that way. He got up to go.

"Where are you going?" Fabian said, standing up."

"What, are you interested?"

"It is important to catch that plane."

"I only need an hour. I will meet you back at the hotel."



Fabian sighed heavily. "Very well but be back by 1 pm." He added, "No more meetings with Dr standing."

Nabu grinned, "You seem to know more than me about him."

"Meeting to discuss your views would be foolhardy and dangerous."

"He is offering to help me. All you have done is hold me back."

"Is that what you think? Look, I have been pulling strings behind the scenes. Talking to him will just put you in danger."

Nabu had to tread carefully. It was evident to him that Fabian knew as much about the meeting as he did. He was tempted to confront him with his spying but thought better of it. Best to let him think he controlled the situation. "I hear what you are saying, but I am going ahead with the meeting unless you are going to tell me about the World Biosphere Project."

Fabian paused. He had to deflect Nabu from that path. He chuckled, "That is what I have been looking into for you. If you are going ahead with this meeting, I want to be present."

"I do not suppose I can stop you."

Nabu went to a public phone in the hotel lobby and keyed in the number. Upon hearing Standing's voice, Nabu said, "I think it best if I come to you. Give me your location details."

As they passed the Houses of Parliament James Barry's spectacular perpendicular Gothic style amazed Nabu, but his conversation with the ex-government scientist captivated him even more.

As they sat down near Rodin's 'Burghers of Calais' sculpture, the researcher explained, "My colleague's findings were staggering. At first, I thought he might be wrong, but as I studied the data, I could see a subtle, methodical agenda weaving its way throughout the whole affair. After thoroughly examining all of the documents, I was forced to agree with his conclusions."

"Which was," Nabu asked, excitedly.

"I am coming to that. However, first, let me explain. The report, which showed photocopies of documents and maps that came out of the United Nations conferences and the Convention on Biological Diversity, was categorised under a project entitled Agenda 21. Under the subsection, 'Sustainable Development' it outlined harsh policies restricting African people's rights and liberties, all of which got ratified through international agreements and treaties. This agreement binds every member of the United Nations."

"So African people were being used in this world government experiment?"

"Mr Nabu, it is much worse than that. What was happening in Africa was a reflection of what was taking place all over the globe, especially in America. After connecting the dots, there was clearly a plan to cull the world's population, grab control of vast areas of land, and confine humans to designated island areas."

"Incredible! So why Africa first?"

As the overweight, balding scientist, scanned around to see if anyone was eavesdropping', he explained, "America comprises many states, yet united under one national head. Africa is a continent, with many independent, separate countries, and vast natural resources. We want to exploit their vast resources." He paused, to look around, then continued, "Representatives from the IMF and the World Bank were sent to make deals with the heads of countries rich in natural resources. The promise of having their countries turned into modern, 21st-Century nations is a temptation few third world nations would pass over. Repayment for such 'generous' loans was in the form of natural resources and taxable labour."

"What if a less gullible leader refused?"

"Simple. Rejection of the bank's offer of eternal indebtedness quickly resulted in a change of leadership, covertly orchestrated by the likes of the CIA or MI6. If such attempts failed, NATO Peacekeeping Forces were deployed to defend the hired rebels and depose the nation's uncooperative leader."

A chill went up Nabu's spine. Not so much because of the United Nation's starkly cold indifference towards national sovereignty but because he had a sudden warm feeling towards humanity.

The scientist looked at Nabu. "Are you OK?"

"Yes, I think so," he said sipping some water from the bottle he carried.

"I know how you feel. It makes me feel extremely uncomfortable, but this is the reality we all face. This unethical practice is not just the writing on the wall. It is the most obscene graffiti you could imagine. Knowing what was happening got me noticing things such as government-instituted, United Nations family planning centres cropping up in surrounding towns. Family planners held town hall meetings, presenting videos actively advocating vaccines, contraceptives, sterilisation and abortions. The carrot for participating was medical supplies and food rations."

"What's wrong with that," Nabu said, as a hedge against feeling compassion.

"What's wrong! What's wrong is infanticide!"

"Infanticide?"

"Yes, they were teaching the women that a three-year-old child was no different to an unborn foetus since both were unable to make knowledgeable decisions." He paused for effect, then said, "With no questions asked, a mother, through coercion, delivered her infant, to the United Nations Planners for termination."

Nabu's humanity began to shine through. Repressing the feeling - had had to remain rational - he said, "If the mothers agree to this who are we to criticise their decisions?"

"Mr Nabu, Africans have always believed in large families. They would never agree to be sterilised, and would not hand over their children to the murderers without clever manipulation from family planners. With Africa, a war zone, the family planners successfully targeted the hardest hit areas."

Nabu stayed silent as a group of Japanese tourists passed by them.

The ex-government scientist pressed, "This was all part of the United Nations Agenda 21, population control program. However, the African project, pure eugenics, was especially, assisted with funds from billion dollar tax-exempt foundations, whose founders controlled big business and held the purse strings of governments around the world."

"So we are talking about people like someone just known of as the 'Colonel'."

"What do you know about him?"

"Nothing, unfortunately. This Colonel is a complete enigma."

The scientist said, "Not quite. I managed to find out something."

"About him?"

"That is why they fired me."

"What did you find out?"

"It is back at my flat."

The scientist jotted an address and phone number on the back of his business card. "I am usually home these days."

"So have you linked the Colonel with global population control."

"That is an excellent phrase, population control. More like global genocide. The Colonel's primary objective is to reduce the world's population by any means available. According to his figures, he wants to eliminate ninety per cent of the population, with Africa and the Middle East his number one targets."

"What, even Israel?"

"Israel will have served its purpose by then."

"What do you mean, fulfilled its purpose?"

"Why do you think the Israeli government is carrying out nationwide DNA testing to find out who the real Jews are?"

Nabu's face became a question mark.

"Mr Nabu, The wealthiest Zionist Jews track their lineage back to Khazaria, what we today call Ukraine. That is to be the new Jewish homeland."

Nabu knew about the Khazarian episode in history, but this was news to him. He had to keep focused on the Anunnaki agenda and not get caught up in human suffering. He turned to the scientist. "Why are you against eugenics when you agree there is no other way if humanity is to survive."

"Nature culls species when it has to. We should leave it to nature."

"But it is the environment life that's causing this growth in population."

"Mr Nabu, The media scares us into accepting that there are too many people on this finite planet. They blame this alleged exponential growth for portended ecological, social and financial collapse. However, current statistics show this to be far from the case. While the global human population continues to rise for at least another 40 years, demographic trends researched today make it clear that a much bigger existential threat lies in global under population."

"Under population! How?"

"Although this worry may seem preposterous, UN demographers predict 9.2 billion at the top. The peak may be off by a billion or so, but in a broad sweep, the chart is correct. However, what the maps never show is what occurs on the other side of the peak. The second half is missing so much that no bothers to question it any longer."

"What do they say is on the other side," Nabu asked showing keen interest.

"It may be because it is pretty scary news but the untold story of the concealed half of the chart is that projections clearly show a steady downward plunge toward fewer and fewer people on the planet each year. There is no agreement on how close to zero it can go. In fact, there is much more agreement about the peak, than about how few people there will be on the planet in 100 years."

Nabu's eyes widened. "If this is the case there is no need for a man-made human cull."

"Precisely. Moreover, I lost my job because I espoused such views."

## Chapter 8

Nabu got another idea while residing with his family on Patmos. He would become the Supreme Magi of the Chaldean Mysteries. He had already been working with Babylonian sages on the myths of the Zodiac, which he had incorporated into the Sons of Ma, him being the self-appointed Grand Master of the sect. As such, he invited all kings, high priests and influential men, to join. This afforded him an open invitation to any royal court and secret council. In-so-doing it became apparent to him that Semiramis needed a strong representation of a wholesome nature in the 'Mysteries' so he had her equated with the constellation, Virgo and she became the Mother Goddess. In this way, she got elevated from 'Whore of Babylon' to the 'Virgin Mother'. Virgo, already under the appellation of Ast (Isis) spread from Khemmet into Israel and, much later to what became the centre of the Roman Empire. His inspired idea had the 'The cult of Ast', already widespread in the Egypt of the dynastic period, spread northwards to Phoenicia, Syria and Palestine. Later, it expanded into Asia Minor, Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete, Samos and other islands in the Aegean. It also influenced many parts of mainland Greece - Corinth, Argos and Thessaly, Malta and Sicily; and, finally, Rome.

Later, during the first century BCE, Isis, as Ast had become known, was the most famous goddess in Rome, the Eternal City, from which her cult spread to the furthest limits of the Roman Empire, including Britain - her only rival being Mithras. So widespread did her influence become that the worship of the Virgin Mary in the Roman Catholic Church, along with the entire body of Catholic tradition, is traced to the adulation of Isis in Egypt.

Mother worship, an abomination to Yahweh, brought down his wrath. Enlil wanted to smite everybody, but he needed to work his smiting in with the occurrence of natural disasters. So he smouldered awhile, dreaming up some form of revenge.

While in 'Babylon the Great,' the principal subjects of devotion became the Madonna and her child (later to represent the Virgin Mary and Jesus), Now, traditional worship got extended to a goddess mother and her son, who had their origin in Semiramis and her son Ninus.

Her mythological status was embodied in the Assyrian queen Sammu-Ramat the archetype of Semiramis the Greek legend.

Nabu astonished at how well people of all different nations and religions took to mother and son worship, conveyed an update to his father. "In Greece, Semiramis is worshipped as the great Mother, Ceres, breastfeeding a babe; as the goddess of Peace, Irene, with the boy Plutus in her arms."

Marduk congratulated "Well done that was an excellent idea of yours. You do us proud."

Nabu felt warmly praised. He said, "In Khemmet the Mother is worshipped as Ast, and the Son as Asar, though more often as Horon. "

Marduk's mind wandered."Ah, Khemmet! It was just a wilderness when I first went there."

"Mother told me it was very tough for both of you. However, look what you made of it."

"Enlil did not think it would amount to anything. Of course, once he could see its potential he tried many different ways to take it back."

"Well, I went there recently and spoke with someone called Pythagoras, and I was surprised to find out that their Asar is the Nimrod of the Babylonians."

"Who is this Pythagoras?"

"He is a Greek scientist," Nabu explained briefly, impatient to get back to his story. "Pythagoras showed me that Asar got represented as the Son and Husband of his mother, and bore as one of his titles of honour the name 'Husband of the Mother'. So they identify Asar with Ninus who married his mother."

"Tell me more about this Pythagoras. The Greeks are beginning to interest me.

"I do not have much to tell. The mathematician did mention another Greek called Thales. A philosopher he called him."

"How did this Thales come into the picture?"

"He had already visited Egypt and told Pythagoras about sacred geometry, in Thebes."

"Sacred geometry?"

"Yes, this is imperative Father. Pythagoras told me of a Greek historian, Herodotus, who travelled a lot and reckoned that Egypt, as they spell it now, has a lot of admirable things more superior than

those of any other country. We have been concentrating so much on what Enlil is up to we have been missing a common enemy to both of us."

"What do you mean?"

"The Egyptian artworks, whether large or small, are being admired because they are proportionally harmonious and as such appeal to the Earthlings inner as well as outer feelings. This harmonic design concept is popularly known as sacred geometry, which, no doubt together with such knowledge of geometry, Theban priests regarded it as an esoteric trade secret. Many of their sacred symbols did pass down from very primitive times."

Marduk looked at his son, askance. "Okay, but how are these harmonic patterns the enemy?"

Because these symmetrical shapes and forms have a particular effect on the Earthling mind that makes them feel contented, at peace, in touch with their surroundings. It makes them feel love for each other. Such emotions are not part of our master plan, are they?"

"They need to feel a certain degree of contentment to stop them revolting."

"I understand that father, but too much harmony will make the Earthlings complacent and lazy."

Marduk, puzzled, said, "Surely it is just an anomaly that will be nothing but a ripple in the larger picture."

Nabu shook his head. "Not according to Pythagoras. He said sacred geometry constitutes the basis of harmonic proportions, as evident in the Khemmetian temples, buildings, theology and statues. He also said the Ancient Khemmetian design follows these principles in well-detailed canons. He told me of a Greek philosopher, Plato, who attested to the longevity of the Khemmetian harmonic canon of proportion and said that the key to perfect harmonic ratio is the relationship between progression of growth and balance. Harmonic balance and progression are the essences of the created universe. It is consistent with nature around us."

Marduk, beginning to see the point, stroked his beard thoughtfully. "I see. So this aberration has already spread to Greece. Keep an on it. However, never ignore the machinations of Enlil."

To see if he had missed anything Barrymore studied the tablet again. It went right back to the earliest Nibiruan colony on Earth, even before Enki deemed his people the Anunnaki. He translated:

Although AlaLu landed on Ki (Earth), Enki was the first to found an everlasting kingdom there. They laid the foundations so solidly as those of heaven and earth. Then Anu and Bel called Hammurabi by name, the exalted prince, who feared God. Shamash came to him in a dream to bring about the rule of righteousness in the land. To eradicate the wicked and evil-doers; so that the

strong should not harm the weak, so that he should rule over the black-headed people like Shamash and enlighten the land, to further the well-being of humankind.

"I just don't get it, old girl," Barrymore commented, as Louise and he prepared her table for their evening meal.

She grimaced, hating it every time he called her that. She could not think of a witty retort, "What don't you get, Bazz?"

"An ancient tablet that mentions Hammurabi."

She shrugged, "So?"

"Catch up old dear. The tablet got written long before Hammurabi existed,"

"Are you sure?" she said, now genuinely interested."

He took out his translation. "I will read you a bit." He took a deep breath and began:

"Hammurabi, the prince, called 'of Bel am I', making riches and increase, enriching Nippur and Dur-ilu beyond compare, sublime patron of E-kur, who re-established Eridu and purified the worship of E-apsu, who conquered the four quarters of the world, made great the name of Babylon, rejoiced the heart of Marduk, his lord who daily pays his devotions in Saggil, the royal scion whom Sin made, who enriched Ur; the humble, the reverent, who brings wealth to Gish-shir-gal, the white king, head of Shamash, the mighty, who again laid the foundations of Sippara, . . . who let the name of Ishtar of Nineveh remain in E-mish-mish, the Sublime, who humbles himself before the great gods, successor of Sumula-il; the mighty son of Sin-muballit, the royal scion of Eternity, the mighty monarch, the sun of Babylon, whose rays shed light over the land of Sumer and Akkad, the king, obeyed by the four quarters of the world; Beloved of Ninni, am I."

"Wow, that is one hell of a sentence!"

"Is that all you have to say. There's something weird going on, and that is it?"

She stared at Bazz. "Don't take your frustrations out on me. As far as I can see, it is in praise of Hammurabi."

"Or Hammurabi speaking in high praise of Marduk."

"Okay. It still makes perfect sense. I do not see a problem."



"I thought the same thing until the reference to King AlaLu. By Anu's dictate, all references to AlaLu being on Ki got struck from Nibiruan history. Such a reference at the time of Hammurabi's reign would have been blasphemy and Anu would have had the scribe executed."

Louise laid the plates on the table. "Now I see what you mean."

"The next sentence is much shorter than the long one:

"When Marduk sent me to rule over men, to provide protection of a right to the land, guided by Shamash, I did right and righteousness in . . . , and brought about the well-being of the oppressed."

"Then maybe the writer was Marduk, after all, he was the boss of Earth at the time," Louise commented.

"Or his son, Nabu. He was a bit of a rebel." Then he changed the subject. "Have you got everything organised for the trip next week?"

Louise laughed. "You are a good one to talk about being organised, you old reprobate." She smiled at the shocked look on his face.

Nabu soon discovered keeping tabs on human shenanigans was not easy. They all seemed to be at each other's throats. The Assyrians fight against the Babylonians. The Babylonians battle against Jews. The Persians fight the Greeks. The Greeks against Romans. The Romans campaigned against the Carthaginians. Where would it all end? It was a time of the mass murder, madness and mayhem. Moreover, it was all downhill from there, especially when different religions got added into the mix. First, the Romans persecuted the Christians then the Christians persecuted the Christians. Then the Christians converted the pagans. Then the Roman Church persecuted scientists and creative types. Then the Catholics persecuted the Protestants. Then the Protestants persecuted the Papists. Then the persecuted Protestants and Catholics went to other lands and oppressed the natives. Moreover, Nabu had to make some sense out of it all.

"Marduk, from his lofty perch," Barrymore Zeebub read, "encouraged the spreading of myths by the priest/kings. It served his purpose well. These stories, fabulous and nonsensical held a secret meaning binding the humans to their Anunnaki masters."

The next sentence got his attention. It read:

"Nabu moved among the Babylonians, spreading confusion, making the people fearful."

The next part had him, even more, alert:

Marduk' the high Lord of Earth' never showed himself but sent instructions and messages through his son, Nabu - his proxy and intermediary.

This was very exciting to Barrymore, especially when he checked the next footnote. (Nabu, being the offspring of a 15 foot Anunnaki and a regular sized Earthling mother, although tall by human standards (7 feet) still fitted in with human society.

Barrymore sat there wide-eyed. Surely it could not be! No, it was impossible because to consider it would mean accepting the violation of exact entropic science. Only, nobody could live that long! No, there had to be another explanation. Besides he could hardly tell the Colonel, his quarry was over four thousand years old. Barrymore scratched his chin. Still, this Mr Nabu was allegedly around seven feet tall!

In the meantime He decided to send the colonel an eMail:

*To the colonel:*

*The Mes, (knowledge disks) left in Nabu's care, allowed the priest/kings to use 'Sons of Ma; (later Ma-sons) to build highly civilised nations: Babylon, Egypt and Greece. Highly educated, demonstrated by the remains of their incredible architecture, the style of which is even more advanced than our modern nations. The nations thrived and prospered and Marduk, through Nabu, encouraged them in their intellectual and technological prowess. Nabu also gave the ordinary people a satisfactory reason to worship their mythical gods. Their writings contained many very obscure texts, none of which got questioned.*

*Professor Barrymore Zeebub Ph. D*

As Nabu deciphered the notes Dr Standing had sent him, he highlighted a section reading: This was part of the United Nations Agenda 21, population control program. However, the African project, which was pure eugenics, was unique. Funded by billion dollar tax-exempt foundations whose founders controlled big business and held the purse strings of governments around the world, its sole objective was to reduce the world's population. According to their figures, they wanted to eliminate ninety per cent of the people, with Africa and the Middle East their number one targets.

The next thing he read sent a chill up his spine.

Documents I discovered reveal detailed accounts that all the major wars during the past one hundred years were orchestrated to bankrupt nations and reduce the population. Moreover, these wars did not significantly decrease the community to their satisfaction - hence the Spanish flu at the end of the "Great War". The United Nations World Health Organisation (WHO) provided planning

centres with clinics that administered vaccinations. These centres listed everyone's name in that vicinity. Guarded by the military who administered severe punishment to anyone refusing to be vaccinated. I soon discovered most of the vaccines contained various diseases.

Nabu sat back and took a deep breath. This was scary stuff indeed, but it was not what Nabu sought. He scanned the research, looking for signs of population numbers reducing. Indeed, in some cultures, infertility is on the increase. Japan, a good case in point, is seeing an increasing decrease in population numbers. The natural selection theory posits that overpopulation, itself, has built within, its own 'anti-life' processes, such as aspects of modern lifestyles causing increasing sterility. It made perfect sense to Nabu. However, how could he get such a message over to those in control, who only wanted a manageable number of human slaves?"

While he waited for Mr Nabu to show up, Fabian reread the cryptic eMail. It read: Nabu is not whom he says he is. It was a 'no reply' email with no indication of as to who sent it. The minder rubbed his chin. As he had no idea of who Mr Nabu was, the message did not mean very much to him. Except that, somebody else was checking up on the tall stranger. Then he saw the tall man walking towards him.

As they sat on the plane, with Fabian nursing a scotch and coke, The Colonel's man asked, "Just who the hell are you?" Teasing Nabu's silence, he said, "Your enigmatic presentation is wearing a bit thin on the Colonel. He is not happy with my lack of progress. I only point this out because he has now taken over determining your fate - not I."

Nabu tried bluffing it out. "Are you saying he has a contract out on me?"

Fabian smiled. "If it has come to that you ought to know that the contractor has carried out over a hundred hits."

"And you're okay with that?"

Fabian sighed, "Jesus, I'm trying to save your ass, can't you see that. Just give me something verifiable about yourself. Something to hold him off making the call."

Nabu thought about it. Then he said, "I want something in return."

"What?" Fabian said, his impatience showing.

"Sipping his orange juice, Nabu said, "I'm interested in the Lucis Society,"

"Okay, give me something that can be checked out, and I'll tell you what I know."

"I have an ancient family tree."

"I need to know a bit more. Maybe some ancestry that will give the colonel a clue."

"My grandfather started up a soft drink company."

"What is it called?"

"It was called Lord soda pop. It doesn't exist now, swallowed up by a big Cola group."

"What's your grandfather's name?"

Nabu found himself enjoying the subterfuge. "Ken Lord." Then he said, "Is it true that Madam Blavatsky was involved with Lucis?"

"Possibly. The medium did write with inside knowledge of the movement, indicating the concealment, in Europe by those who directed her."

"Can you verify that?"

"She wrote:

I have been sent from Paris to America to verify phenomena and their reality and to show the deception of the Spiritualist theory.

"Sent by whom? "

"She didn't say. However, it seems her life centred around subterfuge. In fact, it is very doubtful whether she ever visited Tibet, where she allegedly received her enlightenment. In fact, Mr Nabu, in the background of Theosophy, she was manipulated, leaving her an instrument in the hands of individuals or occult groups sheltering behind her personality. Those who think she did everything by intuition are as mistaken as those who believe her affirmations come directly from the pretended Mahatmas."

"So how did these faceless ones use her?"

"She was an influential person. She fought on the side of Garibaldi at Viterbo in 1866 and was severely wounded but recovered after prolonged convalescence. Victor Michal, a Parisian Freemason and mesmerist-spiritualist, helped her recovery. Afterwards, she emerged as an accomplished medium."

"What does this have to do with the Lucis Society?"

"I'm coming to that." He continued, " In 1867, she allegedly entered Tibet to consult with the 'Great White Lodge'"

"The Great White Lodge?"

"Yes, it governs the TS, secretly. Then, she got sent to America, in 1875, to found the Society in New York, after conferring with Albert Pike and other notable Free Masons. They were all members of the 'Hermetic Brotherhood of Luxor'. "

"I still don't get how she helped the NWO."

"The stipulated goal of Theosophy is One World Religion and Government via the resurrection of the Mystery Schools of the Ancients. Her London periodical began as "Lucifer the Light Bearer", and under Mrs Besant, it became the Lucis Trust, now of the UN."

Nabu looked straight at Fabian. "How can I get into the Lucis Trust?"

Fabian, both expecting and dreading that coming up, said, "You don't, not unless you are bonafide level 2."

Nabu frowned, "I have rigorous data showing proof of the natural selection theory. We must stop the human mass cull. Now it seems to me that this Lucis Trust is the key to getting to the most useful people."

Fabian sat back and shook his head, "No way Jose." Then he became alerted. "Where did you get that stuff?"

Nabu grinned, "Where do you think?"

"I need to verify it."

Nabu slowly shook his head. "That's my insurance. So you'd better call your dogs off."

"I need to see a sample to show the colonel."

Nabu brightened, "This colonel, he'd probably be level two – right?"

"Why?"

Nabu smiled, "I will give him a sample, but face to face."

"He will not agree to that."

"Then he doesn't get the sample." With that broadside, Nabu pulled down his eye shield and sat back to rest. Now that he had spilt the beans he would have to find a secure place to hide the papers.

The enigmatic Colonel, wearing Rayburn shades under a broad-brimmed white hat, slowly walked around an installation at the Smithsonian, with Professor Zeebub. As they promenaded, the

professor explained, "Originally, Nabu was a West Semitic god introduced into Mesopotamia by the Amorites, probably at the same time as Marduk, shortly after 2000 BCE. While Marduk became Babylon's chief god, Nabu resided in nearby Borsippa in his temple E-Zida. He was the 'scribe and minister of Marduk'."

"This Nabu is he one of the Anunnaki."

"Only on his father's side. Sarspanit was an Earth woman."

"These Anunnaki, what did they look like?"

"According to Sumerian writings, 15-foot saurian hominids, old boy."

"And one of these giant lizards married an Earth woman?"

"Well she was a hybrid descendant, so she had some Anunnaki blood. Old chap, there was a hell-of-a-to-do about it among the Anunnaki council - especially Enlil, the Anunnaki Earth ruler. In the end, he allowed the union to go ahead but banished the couple from Sumer."

The colonel turned to face Barrymore. "This is all myth, right?"

"Of course, old boy. I'm just telling you the story as it was written."

As a young student, Barrymore's choice of occupation became the butt of jokes. Why become a historian? - There's no future in it, ha, ha! his friends would say in jest. However, is there a future in history Barrymore often wondered? After all, historians come up with edited versions, so doesn't that mean history has a future? Officially sanctioned history, the story of events accepted as fact by the establishment and/or the mainstream historians, didn't gel with Barrymore Zeebub. From an early age, he realised that accepted history was woefully incomplete and, in the light of new information, fraudulent - misrepresentation presented as fact.

History was written by the victors but got revised by whoever took over from the victors.

Mainstream history for Barrymore, became, a double-edged sword wielded at will to justify and legitimise the rule of a select group over others.

Barrymore accepted that mainstream history was not all lies. The fundamental rule followed by organisations such as the National Enquirer always begins with some acceptable truth and after that speculates about what might have stemmed from it. Although not a perfect model it is far better than one that starts with pure speculation paraded as truth.

Shaking Barrymore from his reverie, The Colonel said, "So is this Mr Nabu, the genuine article?"

The professor shrugged, "Your guess is as good as mine."

"I do not guess, professor."

"When will they be here?"

"Fabian says this evening."

"I guess we'd better give him a day or two to recover," Barrymore suggested.

"Never, We interrogate him as soon as he gets back. He will be more vulnerable then."

*Mythology and the Bible - A.G.S. Consulting. (n.d.). Retrieved from <http://www.agsconsulting.com/myth.htm>*

*The Law Code of Hammurabi - University of Alberta. (n.d.). Retrieved from <http://www.ualberta.ca/~egarvin/assets/>*

*hammurabi.pdf*

## Chapter 9

The Northern Kingdom of Judah suffered destruction at the hands of the Assyrians, leaving a deeply embedded memory of the horror in the minds of the Judeans. This threw them into a state of extreme spiritual agitation, making them ripe for prophets like Jeremiah who took advantage of their vulnerable state.

Seeing Marduk's hand in the Assyrian invasion, Enlil beamed him. As Marduk's visage appeared on his screen, Yahweh attacked, "You said you wouldn't interfere with my people. Yet you have the Assyrians invading the Holy Land."

Marduk, with a 'butter, wouldn't melt in the mouth' look, responded, "What do you mean, uncle? I haven't touched your people. The Assyrians destroyed Samaria because all your Israeli kings were considered evil. I had nothing to do with it - directly."

"Your troublemaking son got them to worship Ba'al, the false god. So you are responsible for what happened. I warn you, Marduk, if you persist in meddling in my Earthly affairs our arrangement is off."

Marduk laughed, "You didn't think it would work out, did you. We have programmed the Earthlings too well in the art of hating those unlike them.

Nabu interrupted, "Father I have something much more pressing to discuss with you."

Enlil scoffed, "I can't wait to hear this."

"Well, uncle, you're not going to hear it from me. This is private between my father and me."

Enlil sulked, "I haven't finished with you on this Assyrian invasion, Marduk." Then he faded off the screen.

"So, son, what's so urgent?"

"Somehow my mystery school has become corrupted, and that bodes poorly for our plan."

"Why so?"

"Because they don't follow the rules. If this cancer spreads, it will be difficult to control."

Marduk scowled, "I knew nothing good would come out of your meddling with things that don't concern us."

"I didn't tell you this to receive a lecture. What I'm saying is I need some time to get to the bottom of this corruption."

"What about the Carthaginian wars. Who's going to follow that up?"

"Things are quiet at the moment. You will have to keep an eye on it while I'm gone."

Marduk reluctantly monitored the war, leaving his son free to pursue his mission to purify the MaSons. That was until family matters became a priority. It was difficult for him to balance his time between his father's demands and those of his family. On top of which he had to guide the human race. On this occasion TashMeTum was worried. She took her spouse aside. "You haven't been here. You haven't seen what the drug is doing to him."

"How did Helias get hold of the gold solution? I have the only stock."

She grabbed Nabu's arm. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I will deal with it when I get back from Sicily."

She stared at him. "No! You have to take him with you. Teach him to become a merchant. Take his mind off the elixir."

She was right, but he wasn't a great merchant. That was just his cover. "Things are volatile at present. There's threat of a Carthaginian attack. I have to sort things out and get away from Sicily. No, it's too dangerous to take him with me."

"It's too dangerous for all of us if you leave him here."

He had to deal with the problem rationally. It was an excellent example of how other humans had to function. When confronted with a problem involving the use of the reasoning faculties, as in



individual of sharp intellect, he kept his poise, seeking to reach a solution by obtaining all facts bearing upon the question. The problem in question was his family's longevity.

With downcast eyes, Tashmetum said, "You have to take him with you and care for him. I can no longer do so."

Nabu stood there stunned. Such a prospect was impossible for him. His deception had come back to haunt him. He knew he would have to wean his son off the drug gradually. He looked TashMeTum straight in the eye. "Yes - of course, I will care for him."

It was hard with Helias at first. His craving for the drug made it impossible to be with him. Nabu resented the imposition and needed to get on with his real job. However, first, he had to make sure his son got looked after. Merchant shipping had long been of great importance to the island, with its roots stretching well back into antiquity. So, when Helias's withdrawals had waned, his father talked to Metalik, a ship's captain, and Masonic brother, into taking his son on as a cabin boy. The boat, the 'Krassus' wide hulled with a square-rigged sail, traded as far away as Egypt and the Holy Land. Without the gold solution to keep him young and healthy Nabu knew his son was prey to human frailties of sickness and old age. This played on his mind, and he spoke of it with his father.

Marduk listened with concern showing on his face. He looked at the screen image of his son.

"This has opened up a can of worms."

"What do you mean?"

"The High Council on Nibiru wasn't aware that your family was using the drug. I didn't mention it, but now that you have, your family will take no more."

Nabu stared at his father goggle-eyed. "No! It's not fair! My work for the Anunnaki has kept me from my family - and now they are going to die!"

Marduk slowly shook his head. "They have cut off the supply of powder, except for you. You will be able to access it at the usual portal. However, you are forbidden to give any to your family; else they will stop the supply altogether."

Nabu felt his anger rising. "I will make my own!"

"No, you won't! Getting the balance right is very hard."

"I will get Grandfather Enki to help me." He added, "You can beam him for me."

"I can but I won't. It's not only a Nibiruan statute. It's a Galactic Federation ruling. I cannot go against it."

Nabu firmed his jaw. "I will not stand by while my family dies!"

"I cannot help you with this. I implore you to see the bigger picture here."

"Then I shall spend time with my family and help them in any way I can."

Marduk frowned. "Get me enthroned in Rome, first."

"The Romans are not ready for you yet," Nabu answered brusquely.

Nabu felt genuinely sad for his family but didn't tell them why. He kept his feelings hidden while treating his wife and children with greater respect and attention. TashTeTum, having been used to looking after the family herself, used to her husband's long absences, found Nabu's constant presence and fussing to be a nuisance. She also wondered why, as a merchant, he was not looking after his business. Nabu tried hard just to concentrate on his family's needs. He even ignored his father's beams. However, his need to know what was going on in the world frustrated him no end. Realising his family was slipping away from him filled Nabu felt heavy with sadness. However, the truth was he couldn't bear to be around them as they aged.

When he learned that his son, Helias, had died at his hand, Nabu became wretched with grief. Metalik conveyed this sad message as Nabu, and he met at the harbour in Sicily. The captain explained, "He became more and more morose. I could do nothing to help him. He became aggressive and had to be held in irons till we got back to port. I had him released. Word got around, and no one would hire him. After our next voyage, I enquired after him and got told he had gone mad and killed himself."

Nabu listened, filled with sadness. He said, accusing, "I left him in your care."

Metalik retorted, "You left a son beset by demons for me to train. He proved untrainable." He threw his arms wide, "Tell me, what was I to do?"

Nabu wanted to hit out at someone, blame someone. However, what was anyone to have done? His son couldn't survive without the forbidden drug! That was the truth of it. "There was nothing anyone could have done, captain. Nothing," he said, sadly shaking his head. He needed news of the war to take his mind off his personal grief.

Nabu returned to Patmos to bury the last member of his mortal family. Now, alone on Earth, he grieved, with no one to turn to for solace. Of course, there was his father, but their relationship was based on his Nibiruan heritage, not his Earthling one. Like his grandfather he harboured sentimental feelings for the Earthlings but kept them hidden, especially from his father, who's only reason for being on Earth was to be Lord of the world, albeit secretly so. Nabu felt some resentment towards

his father, who had kept him busy, away from his family. Now that he finally had time to spend with them it was too late. Moreover, he was left alone and lonely with his grief. However, there was a job to do so he set his sights on Judea, where, he heard, trouble was brewing.

Antiochus Epiphanes IV, the ruler of Syria, had advanced his campaign to stamp out Judaism. As a result, all subjects in his vast empire - including Israel - would worship the same gods. He marched into Jerusalem, vandalised the Temple, erected an idol on the altar, and desecrated its holiness with the blood of swine. There, upon the steps of the Temple, he decreed, Anyone, studying the Torah, observing the Sabbath, and circumcising Jewish boys faced execution. Antiochus sent Syrian overseers and soldiers to villages throughout Judea to enforce the edicts and force Jews to engage in idol worship.

Enlil was, of course, furious and launched a tirade at Marduk, blaming him for the despicable blasphemy against his people. Marduk denied it, and rightfully so.

Nabu heard from a Syrian soldier of an incident enforcing the edict. As they sat sipping wine together in Damascus, the soldier said, "We were in Modin, about 12 miles Northwest of here and we met some resistance from some Jews. Well, my commander decided to make an example of the local Kohein, Mattathias."

"What's a Kohein?" Nabu asked.

"A priest. So my commander orders the Jew priest to sacrifice a pig on a pagan altar we set up. The elder refused and killed both the Jew who stepped forward to do the Syrian's bidding and the king's representative. Well, we couldn't believe our eyes!"

"What happened then?"

"They were in the middle of some religious event - Hanukkah I think it's has something to do with their celebration for beating our army. This triggered a riot, in which Mattathias managed to slip away."

Nabu wasn't sure about the alleged sequence of events. It sounded like Enlil propaganda. So he decided to investigate. He went to Modin and spoke to witnesses who all seemed to follow the Jewish version of events. However, it still seemed odd that a Jewish priest, presumably unarmed, could overcome and kill two people and get away with it. He figured there had to be some Yahweh trickery behind it but didn't know what. Dejected, he was about to return to Rome when a Jewish shepherd approached him saying, "You're the one asking awkward questions about the Kohein - yes?"

Taken aback, Nabu, appearing as a simple peasant, said, "About what happened, yes. Do you know anything?"

"I couldn't say anything back then, but I have an idea about what happened."

"What do you mean?"

"You have been asking the wrong question. You should be asking what happened to Mattathias afterwards."

"Ok, tell me."

"He has not been seen in Modin since. Nobody queries this because the Syrians would soon catch and behead them."

"Are you going to tell me, or not?" Nabu asked testily.

"Mattathias was different. The Kohein I knew was gentle and would not kill. I believe the one who took his place was an evil djinn, who killed the Jew during Hanukkah and dragged him away."

The shepherd was apparently confused. Nabu thought the shepherd was onto something, but fear and superstition got in the way. Thanking the man, he went on his way. As he headed to a portal that would take him back to Rome, he pondered what the shepherd had been saying. Was it possible that Enlil was using shape-shifting techniques to stage events that motivated the Jews to resist their enemies? If that were the case why would the Syrians go along with it and show defiance in their edict? It did not make sense. However, neither did the survival of the priest with the Syrian army surrounding him. Of course, the soldiers may have been previously ordered not to harm the priest. However, if so, why?

No matter how it happened, the Jews remembered Hanukkah and Yahweh's subsequent liberation and 'rededication' of the Temple in Jerusalem was a time of great celebration for them. The official story was that Yahweh had protected Mattathias by stilling all Syrian soldiers so that they could not retaliate. Then, with the rallying cry "Whoever is for God, follow me!" Mattathias and his five sons (Jonathan, Simon, Judah, Eleazar, and Yohanan) fled to the hills and caves of the wild Judean wilderness. There, they joined a ragtag army of others like them, simple farmers dedicated to the laws of Mosis. Armed with spears, bows and arrows, and rocks from the terrain, the 'New Maccabees, as Mattathias' sons, notably Judah, came to be known, fought a guerrilla war against the well-trained, well-equipped, seemingly endless forces of the mercenary Syrian army.

Whether Enlil's hand was behind the ploy or not didn't matter because it was a roaring success that lifted the Jewish spirit. In just three years, the Maccabees cleared the way back to the Temple Mount, which they reclaimed. They cleaned the Temple and dismantled the defiled altar and constructed a new one in its place. Nabu watched, three years to the day after Antiochus' mad rampage, as the Maccabees held a dedication of the Temple with proper sacrifice, rekindling of the golden menorah, and eight days of celebration and praise to Yahweh.

During his travels in Judah, Nabu came across an 'idolatry' called Cabala, an iniquitous system of mystery. It interested Nabu, and he sought to find out more about it. Through the Talmud, the earliest written Jewish scripture, he discovered the perverted and magical Cabala of the Jews, to be a conglomeration of wild theosophical imaginings and barbaric superstitions founded on ancient pagan cults. The Cabala meant 'Reception', and Nabu wondered what it was adherents were receiving? What interested him most was that the Cabala seemed to be a spin-off of his MaSons secret school. In fact, with no recourse to him, his mystery school had recently incorporated some of the Cabalist ideas. Enlil saw the Cabala as a subtle poison entering into the veins of Judaism, wholly infesting it. He saw Nabu's grubby hands all over it. Little did he know it was just as abhorrent to Marduk's son. It was the first thing they had ever agreed upon, and neither knew it.

Nabu felt as uncomfortable in the modern world as he did in the ancient one. Although appearing as a human, he felt like an alien in human company. Not only that, being one of a kind, he often felt lonely, unable to share his mission on Earth with anybody. However, even more, troubling to him was the idea that some of the key players on Earth were descendants of the 'watchers' in human skins. Now the watchers had become the 'players' who were actively involved in the much touted 'New World Order'. So Nabu's interest was piqued when he discovered the Cabala and world domination appeared to be linked.

It was time to meet the Colonel again. However, this time, a white-bearded, overweight man was also in the room. The ever-present faithful Fabian hovered in the background.

"So who are you, Mr Nabu," The Colonel asked.

Nabu smiled, "Let's make a trade."

"What sort of deal?" The Colonel asked, warily.

"The usual sort. Information for information. Tell me who runs the Lucis Trust."

"Why do you want to know?"

"I need to speak to a member with some standing with whom to discuss the World Biosphere Project."

The Colonel frowned, then said, "Now tell me about you."

Nabu chuckled, "You won't believe it."

"Try me."

Barrymore, wanting to get to the crux, said, "Are you Nabu, the son of Marduk?"

Nabu looked at Barrymore, mouth wide open. "How did you know?"

"Professor Zeebub is the foremost expert on ancient Sumeria,"

Nabu looked at the corpulent academic. "Only what we allowed you to know."

A shiver went up Barrymore's spine. Was he talking to someone related to the Anunnaki?

"So, tell me about yourself."

"Your turn, Colonel."

"Why are you interested in the WBP?"

"Because they offer a different view on human population growth."

The Colonel sneered. "Do you think we haven't looked into that scenario? From an economic standpoint, we would love to leave it to nature. However, the statistics can't be trusted."

"I still want to discuss it with someone high up in Lucis."

The Colonel rubbed his chin. "You tell me your story, and I'll put you onto someone who can help you."

Barrymore said, "I want Nabu with me on the dig."

All eyes were on him.

The Colonel said, "An excellent idea."

"Dig for what?" Nabu asked.

"The Tablets of Destiny - if they exist," Barrymore answered.

The very idea that humans knew about the tablets put Nabu on the alert. Such a blasphemy he would not tolerate against his father's people. Still, he had to keep calm to find out what the enemy's plan was. He said, "You want to know my story, right?"

"Absolutely."

"Okay, I'm here to prepare you to meet my people."

For the first time, the Colonel was speechless.

Barrymore said, "That would be the Anunnaki, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, and I will be in big trouble from my family for letting you know this. However, time is short, and we are overdue."

"What do you mean?" the Colonel asked.

"Who is this person you are going to introduce me to in Lucis?" He stared at the film star look-a-like. "Get me in, and I will get you your tablets."

Fabian said, "How do we know you can deliver?"

The Colonel, now recovered, said, "Mr Nabu, you and I have some talking to do - alone." He turned to the professor. "And you have some organising to do. You'll start your search within a week."

"Impossible! We couldn't possibly be ready with permits and travel arrangements in such a short time frame."

"Professor Zeebub, impossible for you, yes. For me, no."

*Hanukah by john brandl on Prezi. (n.d.). Retrieved from <https://prezi.com/xew6xdkd2nqq/hanukah/>*

## **Chapter 10**

Unbeknown to Marduk, Enlil also had the Greeks in mind. He got his prophets to spread Yahweh's word to the Greeks. However, he had no idea of the effect they would have on the Greek mind. This was the greatest thing that could have happened to the Greek mind - to discover the one thing it could not tolerate - like a massager who finds that one trigger point where you cannot be touched. What Enlil didn't bargain on was that this meeting of minds turned out to be a defining experience for the Jews as well. For them the red lines became apparent, and with those guidelines, the essential Torah was made able to survive. The whole Hanukkah story (The festival reminding Jews of the time when Antiochus, a Syrian king, tried to make them worship Greek gods) was entirely out of character for Ancient Greeks.

At one of their meetings, atop Marduk's ziggurat, he said to Nabu, "I don't believe there is any other culture the Greeks have ever oppressed or forbade as much as they have the Jews."

"True, but we make sure that every new culture has its set of gods and rituals, and that's just great. Hey, you got gods? We got gods, too! Did you get rituals? Did you get belief-systems? We're into all that stuff! We'll even help you make big, lovely statues!" After all the Greeks are great at assimilation."

"Okay, but what on earth do they have against the Jews? Sure, political power-plays are going on that were the ostensible reasons for the conflict. However, it's obvious there is something deeper at play. Some subliminal annoyance that brings out the worst in the Greek and pushed the Maccabees to revolt. There has to be something about the Jewish mind that doesn't mix and match."

Nabu thought about what his father was saying. Then he said, "Well, let's look at it from the Jewish side. Jews have also borrowed from every culture they've come in contact with, ancient Greece being a case in point. The Talmud says that Greek is the only language capable of elegantly translating the Torah. The Jewish scholars say Greek is a beautiful language. They say that of all peoples, the Greeks have ideas closest to theirs. They praise many of the Greek philosophers. Maimonides writes that Aristotle is half a prophet. The Seder Hadorot, a kind of classic Jewish history book, goes as far as to proclaim that the Greek philosopher, Aristotle is Jewish! "

Marduk, not satisfied with Nabu's reasoning, asked, "So what is going on here? Why such a violent clash? Why are the Jews unable to work out some compromise with a Hellenist ruler? We need a clear picture of this because I believe the Greeks could become something of a problem for us, and we need to know how they think. I want you to keep your ear to the ground and find out. You could even speak with some of those philosophers. They seem to have worked out the answers to just about everything."

Posing as a Jewish trader, Nabu met with Adymus, a Greek sculptor, in Idomanae a Paeonian town. The sculptor, crouched, working on the feet of his Athena, looked up. Seeing Ben Merbesh standing before him in all his finery, he said, "What brings you to my humble studio?"

"I want to learn about your culture."

Putting down his mallet and chisel Adymus said, "So you want to trade beliefs with me. Okay, then tell me about your gods."

"We only have the one – Yahweh."



The sculptor said, whimsically, "That must make it tough for you. Don't worry, though; we've got so many I'm sure we can spare a few."

"That's okay, one is enough."

"So, this one God, How does He look? I would love to make a statue of him for you. I'm excellent at making figures. You poor, uncultured people, you have none."

"It not because we're poor. It's because God doesn't have looks."

"No looks? Ugly? That's cool! A god of ugliness! Don't worry; I can make ugly statues, too."

"No, no. God has no looks at all. Nobody can see him."

"An invisible god? Well, maybe I can do that in something you can see through. However, you have to give me some description."

"No. Sorry, no description."

"If nobody has ever seen Him? How can you worship a God when you don't have a clue about how He looks? How do you even know he exists in the first place?"

"It's not that we don't know how he looks. He doesn't have any looks. He has no image."

"Well, I'm sorry then. If you have no picture, I can't make a statue."

"That's fine by me."

"We can write books about Him. So just give me some definition, and we'll work around it."

"Oh, our God can't be defined."

"Come, now. Everything has to have a definition, or else it's not a thing."

Nabu was enjoying himself, playing this game. He replied, "But God isn't a thing. He creates things. However, he isn't a thing."

The sculptor paused to think about this. Recalling a conversation he had with Plato, he said, "Oh! So he is the cosmic mind which conceives and shapes all forms from the primal essence-matter."

"No, he doesn't just form them, he creates them out of nothing."

The sculptor laughed loudly. "You can't make something out of nothing. You need the stuff to make things. I can't make a statue without the material to make it from."

"But there wasn't any stuff when things began."

"Oh come on! There always has to be things. How else could Anaxagoras' 'Cosmic Mind' make anything out of nothing?"

Adymus laughed again. "Look, you Jews don't think straight. However, that's okay. We've conquered all sorts of primitive cultures. You'll learn, too. So, you worship the 'Cosmic Mind' - you'll get along just great with Aristotle and."

"He's not just the 'Cosmic Mind'."

"Well, nothing's higher than the 'Cosmic Mind'. So how can your god be more than that?"

"Because that's not who he is. I mean, even if he didn't make the world, he would still be God. You can't say, "that's who he is - the one that makes the world." There doesn't have to be the world for him to exist because he existed before it."

The sculptor laughed mightily, thinking the Jew had him on. "Of course, there has to be the world. Otherwise, why is there the world if there doesn't have to be one? The world makes sense. The 'Cosmic Mind' makes sense. Reason is the highest and most perfect of all things. We Greeks will teach you all about that. So, now tell me about your rituals. We Greeks love religious ceremonies - any that have to do with wine? Parties?"

"Sure, we make Kiddush on Friday night to commemorate the Creation of the world from 'nothing'."

"Well, you can give up that crazy idea right now, since I've just shown you that creating a world from nothing makes no sense whatsoever. What else?"

"We don't eat milk with meat."

" Why not?"

"God says so."

"For what reason?"

"Reason? He doesn't need a reason? He didn't need to rationalise why. He created heaven and earth!"

"That's just nonsense! Why did he do it then? Just on some whim?"

Nabu shrugged, "He just wanted to."

"That's not a reason!"

"He didn't need one. Look, He decided He would like the world to have milk and meat, but He would tell his people, "Don't eat that milk and meat together! Moreover, they would listen."

"That makes no sense. That's not a reason!"

Nabu sighed, "Look, I told you He doesn't need any reason. Reason is just another of his creations to amuse you Greeks."

The Greek shook his head. "You Jews just don't get it. Reason is the ultimate! There is nothing higher than Reason!"

"I thought you said there was nothing higher than the 'Cosmic Mind'."

"They go together."

Nabu raised his eyes heavenward. "Okay, if what you say is true why is the world is the way it is. Why, in maths, does one plus one equal two? Why does sacred geometry always keep to the same form? Why do parallel lines never meet?"

"Because those are the rules of geometry."

"So why does the 'Cosmic Mind', as you call him, have to follow your rules of geometry?"

"They're not our rules! They are self-evident truths of nature!"

"Why are these the truths and not something else?"

The sculptor exploded, "You stubborn Jew! Don't you see that this is the most elegant, rational way things could be?"

"I'll bet you Yahweh could break them. I'll bet our God could make a world where parallel lines meet. He could break any of the laws of nature."

"Nonsense! You can't break universal laws! They're not like weak man-made laws of the state or like your silly rules about milk and meat. They are truths. They are perfect. They are the ground of reality. They are because they have to be."

"Nothing has to be. Nothing but the Source of Being. However, Yahweh can be any way He wants."

"He can't muck around with geometry. That is an absolute Truth. It must be."

"Why?"

"Why? Because if they don't have to be the same shapes, then I and you and this whole world have no real substance!"

"That cannot be. Democritus showed us atoms make up everything. Atoms, although tiny, are still substantial!"

"You Greeks think your so smart, with your academics, philosophies and science, yet your atomistic science shows that matter is an illusion. However, you just don't get it. This world has no real substance. It's all an illusion thought up by God."

"The only truth is."

Nabu had to retreat. The whole thing had been a waste of time. There would be no meeting of minds there. However, the Greeks did enjoy a good debate even if it had no outcome. Nabu reasoned that was why the Greeks did not forbid Jewish practice altogether. Initially, the Greeks banned those practices that they saw as irrational. Rituals the Jews followed because they believe they have a relationship with an invisible, remote, absent being who is higher than reason. That, they couldn't tolerate.

Eventually, some bright scientists came up with fractal geometries where parallel lines meet, and cause and effect got bumped out of quantum physics. The world did not necessarily have a beginning, and even now it is still known to be illusory because the sum of all radiant energy minus all of the universe's mass equals zero. Reality comprises invisible atoms surrounded by vast amounts of dark energy which also isn't visible. Nevertheless, the Anunnaki influence makes sure that the battle continues.

So Nabu discovered that the Greek mind, aside from worshipping human intellect, was also great at assimilating different beliefs into its logic. He spoke about this to his father, explaining, "So what I have deduced from this is that reason and faith go hand in hand: When there's nothing higher than intellect, intellect has no guiding light. For the Greeks, everything, even the stupidest thing - as long as it doesn't deny intelligence - can be tolerated. Aristotle knew that believing Zeus was hurling thunderbolts at humans was nonsense. However, what's wrong with the ordinary people, who cannot understand any better, having their way? "

Nabu, seeing the Greek mind as being the maverick, aired the problem with his father. As they sat at the top of the ziggurat, he explained, "The Jews believe that knowledge of an absolute 'Divine Will' beyond reason is a necessity for their survival. Now the Greeks don't support the supposition of a Divine Will. So whatever they wish to be true can make sense to them. So if, for example, they see lightning in the sky to be Zeus hurling thunderbolts about that is how it is."

"How is that a problem for us?"

"They are not controlled by the religious system we put into place. Uncontrolled servants are dangerous ones."

"So whatever they wish to make sense can make sense."

"Yes, Father. If their system of logic cannot support an idea, the Greeks just change the postulates and rethink their thinking. Father, anything can be made to make sense when they determine the assumptions."

"Yes, I see what you mean. Find out all you can about these Greeks and let me know."

Nabu did so and what he discovered was that the Greek way worked to humanity's advantage, particularly in one regard: The Greek mind applied itself to figuring out the material world. The Jews, whose belief system began with Divine revelation meant they did not necessarily have to ask themselves to such mundane matters as to how things work. So, as technology progressed, it became chiefly the domain of the Greek mind throughout their history. Nabu would have to make it so that any new technology fitted within the Anunnaki plan. This was not likely to be as easy as influencing the Jews, but there was one way around it. Marrying intellect and materialism is a good description of what came much later, like Stalin's Russia and Hitler's Germany. The Greeks had not only opened a can of worms they had introduced the Earthlings into a bottomless pit of quicksand.

Enlil was also concerned about the Greeks. He, as Yahweh, got the Jews to use a derogatory term for Greece - Yavan, which curiously meant quicksand (water mixed with sand and clay). You step in it, and you cannot get out. The more you try to climb, the further down you go. This is what would happen to Earthlings if they stepped out of line because either side was quicksand. The more Earthlings sank into the material world, the more they would become subject to the Anunnaki plan, albeit unconsciously.

Marduk and Enlil agreed on this one point. To let Greek Materialism accelerate to a point where everything is summed up by way of reason. Materialism is the ultimate of Greeks being stuck in the mud. It holds the idea that all that exists is that which can be observed, described and explained through the senses. There were those, however, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and the like, who saw beyond this, stressing that relying wholly upon sensory perception to understand reality threatened their very existence. Nabu had to keep a close watch on them!

The philosophers believed in evolution, not creation. They looked to materialism to explain existence. They had become disillusioned with the Gods of Olympus and had no interest in Yahweh or Ba'al. They needed an explanation of life that relied on Chance and Necessity alone, without recourse to God.

This seemed abhorrent to the Jews. Enlil had Jewish scholars produce the Torah. The Torah taught that behind the world lies a Divine Will, free of the limitations of nature or reason, as it is the source of all that exists. There are laws of nature because God chooses to work in consistent ways. History unfolded the way it did because that is all in God's plan. End of message. There was no need for any materialistic explanation for the Torah. Attempting to resolve such conflicts between evolutionary doctrines and the Torah made even less sense than marrying a donkey to an ox. This did not mean the Jews were stupid. On the contrary, they tried to understand as much as they could but always within the framework of God the creator. In fact, the Torah commanded Jewish scholars to think deeply, to immerse their intellects in study and comprehension but always with the sense that with every new grain of understanding, they have expanded the seashore of the Infinite Unknown.

In general, the patriarchs, and the ancient world knew about the Jewish version of the temptation in Eden, but only the sanitised version, not the pure Anunnaki one. To them, Eden was some mystical garden, not the ancient name for Sumeria. The Jewish story told them that the seed of the woman was ultimately going to destroy the tempter. However, they were not taught that the feminine was the creator and that it was because of the innate wickedness in the hearts of men that Satan was able to foist his counterfeit 'Seed of the woman' in the world. Marduk knew this to be so and made sure that most mythologies on Earth contained a reference to the 'Seed' bruising the head of the serpent. Set (Satan) the evil genius of the adversaries of the Greek/Egyptian god Horus was frequently depicted under the form of a snake, whose head is seen pierced with a spear. The same fable occurs in the religion of India, where the poisonous serpent Calyia is slain by Vishnu, in the avatar (incarnation) of Krishna). The Scandinavian deity Thor was said to have bruised the head of the mighty serpent with his mace. The origin of these stories is traced to Abraham's Bible translation of the Sumerian Creation Story - the Enuma Elish.

Even the level-headed Greeks represented their god Apollo as slaying the serpent Pytho. Moreover, the Aztecs had the same belief concerning their myth with the snake stamped upon by the spirit Teotl, when he takes the form of one of the subaltern deities, as the genius of evil. This was all part of the Earthling's subtle programming. In almost every case of this myth, the snake destroying God dies from injuries received in the combat, thus showing that the Pagans knew that it was by killing that the promised Seed was to destroy the adversary. It also set up the much later Hollywood fable that the villain ultimately always loses and the hero lives happily ever after. This myth provided the descendants of the hybrid humans with the false hope that good would always prevail.

The Greeks, however, among all cultures, weren't sucked in by this good beats evil myth. They studied the universal laws which had no concept of good and evil - just balance and imbalance. The

fundamental law of the universe is to find dynamic equilibrium. Once we achieve this, everything else falls neatly into place. Plato did have a concept of Evil, but it had nothing to do with the machinations of Man. He saw evil to be a property of matter within the atom that, when released into the physical world became cancerous. Plato was a smart man. Moreover, that worried Marduk and Enlil.

It took vast amounts of money and time to organise a dig in Iraq. With the Colonel's touch, it was just a matter of days. This was why Barrymore and his amateur team stood observing the ruins of the once vast city of Nippur.

Fabian sidled up to him. "Pretty impressive place, huh."

Barrymore responded, "Around 2500 BCE Nippur boasted many large temples, government buildings and businesses. Its inhabitants were very literate for the time - over 40,000 inscribed clay Sumerian and Akkadian tablets have been found there, bearing all from epic tales such as the Creation Story to legal documents, medical records and school texts."

"But not the Tablets of Destiny."

Barrymore grimaced. "Your boss has got more money than sense."

Louise, wearing a broad-brimmed hat tied under the chin, said, "Look at this place. It's bloody huge. So where do we start looking?"

The Professor sighed, "We know little about this ancient town, but by 2500 BCE the city was fortified and reached the extent of the present ruins and. The Sumerians built a ziggurat and a temple in an open courtyard surrounded by these walls."

"Why is it hidden?" Fabian asked.

Barrymore explained, "Parthian construction later buried Enlil's sanctuary and its enclosure walls, and in the 3rd Century AD, The city got abandoned in the 12th or 13th Century, after which it fell into decay.."

Louise said, "Well, I can still make out the fortifications. However, what does that have to with why we're here?"

The Professor responded "If you knew anything about Archaeological digs you would know you can't rush anything. Now, I was about to say, Ur-Nammu, the first sovereign of the 3rd dynasty of Ur, built Enlil's sanctuary, the E-kur, in its present form. Enlil built a ziggurat and temple in an open courtyard surrounded by walls. So we start with the ziggurat and work from there."

Nabu, who had remained quiet, felt awed standing in the city of his estranged uncle.

He had an urge to be part of the team, so he had to offer something of value. He approached the Professor. "The E-Kur had walls of Lapis lazuli, so maybe there's evidence of that around here."

"That could be useful info, old boy," Barrymore stated. Then he yelled "GATHER AROUND BOYS AND GIRL. Nabu MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING."

When they gathered around him, he said, "Look for any indication of Lapis lazuli in the brickwork."

As the team made their way down staircases, through ruined buildings, onward to the remains of the ziggurat, Barrymore saw signs of the enclosure around Enlil's sanctuary. "Okay, we'll start here. First, well grid out 5-metre squares. Catalogue anything you find that looks interesting and make sure you log the grid number."

Around 2 hours later, Louise, scraping away with a small trowel, became excited, "Bazz, I think I've found a stream of Lapis Lazuli."

Barrymore joined her. He confirmed her find, then summoned Fabian and Nabu. "Louise has found evidence of Lapis lazuli. So we will concentrate on this area, for the rest of the day."

Mirabelle Koole received a red light message. She wondered if someone had got the colour wrong. A red light meant a new contract - one that had to be dealt with quickly. She hated those. She took out a second phone, which was locked to all but not her client - even to the Prime Minister. She only knew of her client as the Colonel. She heard his distorted, metallic sounding voice, and responded, "I received a red. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"You know how I detest rush jobs."

"I am sending you his details now. I'll leave the rest to you. An appropriate bonus will appear in your account."

Everything had to work out correctly. Although a margin of error was allowable, Mirabel didn't allow anything other than 'perfection' in Koole's mode of operation. This meant her 'jobs' usually took longer than those of less precise contract killers, but there was never any comeback on her clients. Besides, her instructions were to follow him, to get to know any patterns he may have. When she got the green light, she would be ready to act. Being in control, having the power of life and death over her targets filled Mira - her father's name for her - with exhilaration. Mostly, her clients knew of her simply as 'the woman' - most people in her profession were men - so being known as such was the way she liked it. Her long red hair was hidden inside the hood of her



raincoat as she followed 20 paces behind Dr Standing. Her father had wanted a boy, to teach him hunting skills but they only had one child - a girl. It was a big disappointment for him. However, being a beautiful petite redhead worked well in her favour. It was easy for her to get close to her victims without them suspecting her motives. Most men were flattered that she took an interest in them.

Her quarry got into a taxi. It would have been classic to grab the next one and say follow that cab. However, this was the real world with no other cabs in sight. She checked her phone. She had the target's address listed. It amused her that while other girls in her class at school played with Barbie dolls, she was learning about how to hunt game. At first, her dad refused to take her hunting with him. However, she would not take no for an answer. She hung around him watching, as he cleaned and oiled his rifles.

Her phone beeped. It had received the sent encrypted message at 2:43 am, give or take a few seconds. The address was in St John's Wood. The man lived by himself, apart from his cat, Einstein. The cat enjoyed the can of fish Mira put down for him - at first - until the cramps wracked his body for a few seconds. Then he was still. Cats could make a racket and spoil the surprise. Some were fine, but she could not take the chance. It was a small basement flat, so she soon found the target's bedroom. He was snoring lightly. She had to be sure he was her man. She picked the offered profile of this face out with her LED penlight. The retired government scientist stirred, disturbed from his sleep. Blinking, he found himself looking into the barrel of a gun.

"You shouldn't have woken up."

"Who are you? What do you want? I don't have much, but you're welcome to..." He didn't finish the sentence. The pillow stuffed over his face made the silenced gun even quieter. The bullet entering his brain made a sound like a puff of wind. Such a harmless noise to extinguished life. Mira hunted around for the file but came up empty. Little did she know the scientist had been sleeping on it. She could not hang around too long for fear of being discovered. The file would have to wait. She packed her equipment, left the place clean and headed for her parked Honda Goldwing.

Living alone meant your corpse could lay around for days before discovery. Unless, of course, someone worked for you each day, then your body would be discovered sooner than later. As it happened, the scientist did private tutoring in theoretical physics, and Jamie Pass happened to draw the short straw. Shocked by his gruesome discovery he nervously keyed in 999 on his smartphone. Later that day the disgraced scientist became front-page headlines in the media.

The colonel took his seat with other key people at the 'Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organisations'. Up front with him were board members from fifty-one of America's most

influential Zionist organisations. They wielded tremendous influence in American business and political life. Between them, they played with a combined budget in the range of \$6 Trillion — a far greater sum than the gross national product of half the countries of the members of the United Nations. Moreover, that didn't even take into account the influence of obscenely wealthy Jews, leading Jewish families and the Jewish Wall Street banking houses like Goldman Sachs, who, at election time, gave out billions of dollars in political campaign contributions to both the Democrat and Republican parties.

The Colonel watched as a bearded man shambled to the podium. He steadied himself, holding on to each side of the lectern. The Rabbi had no notes. Looking through the thick lens, the Rabbinic elder, Dr Levi Jabotinsky peered at his audience, many of whom he had come to know in his 80 years. He opened with, "The former Malaysian Prime Minister, Dr Mahathir Mohamed said Jews rule this world by proxy and get others to fight and die for them." After a short pause, he said, "Aren't we smart."

This brought a chuckle from the audience.

He continued, "We have now gained control of the most powerful countries. Our tiny community has become a world power. In my long life, I have learned that applying political pressure is the only power that counts. We Jews are the most influential people on earth, because we have this power, and we know how to apply it."

Those present applauded loudly.

The colonel thought it was time the old fool was put out to grass. This was turning out to be a mutual admiration society when there was real work to be done.

When it was his turn, the colonel explained, "Jewish power is epitomised by the fact that criticism of Jews and Judaism is taboo, off-limits as well as being socially and politically dangerous. However, Criticising Christianity, Islam, or any other major religion or ethnic group is entirely permissible in our societies. If you want to know where the real power resides look to whom you cannot criticise."

This also brought forth a chuckle from the group.

The Colonel continued, "I find it interesting that researchers of the 'New World Order' endeavour to deflect attention away from the Jews. These people, being fanners of conspiracy theory flames, would not be silenced by our Jewish press. Critics of our New World Order and Illuminati, who use vague terminology like elites; globalists; the establishment; and the military industrial complex, are at liberty to promote their bizarre theories on radio, television, the Internet and in books, completely

uninhibited, providing they do not criticise us. Their radio shows are never cancelled; their books are not banned; their videos are not censored or expunged from video sharing websites; and their websites and blogs are not being shut down, as long as they maintain our Jewish propaganda. On the contrary, these kosher clowns are even highlighted on our mainstream Jewish propaganda television networks, like the History Channel. They even make appearances on MSM talk shows, like 'The View'."

So it went on with the Colonel scoring more and more Brownie points.

Nabu skilled at time-shifting as well as shape-shifting, moved backwards and forwards through history with little effort. Of the two ancient Nibiruan arts, he found travelling in time to be the most difficult. However, corruption was getting worse in his mystery school, 'The Ma-Sons', so he took time out to investigate, what he referred to as, 'Solomon's Power Brokers'. He discovered that a Star family, from 'Sar' (the Nibiruan year), was very influential at the time when it came to spreading Yahweh's propaganda. The Star family originated what came to be known as the Priory of Sion that Nabu later found out about from King Pepin the Short. However, Nabu discovered that the 'star' in the Star family was the 'Shekinah' which also referred later to the origins of Christianity - another of Yahweh's distortion of the facts.

Little did anyone know that the way Christianity came about was through a private meeting Nabu had with the Roman Emperor, Titus. There had been much rioting and civil unrest in Judea - too much for the small Roman garrison to cope. So Nabu put a bold idea to Titus, which the Emperor liked and adopted it as his own. He called it 'The Jewish Solution'. The result was the invention of what became 'Christianity'. Titus went with Nabu's bold plan to promote a 'pro-Roman,' peaceful Messiah who would suppress further revolts against Rome. Realising there had to be a written tenet for the new religion Nabu and Titus jointly wrote what became the New Testament. It proved to be Nabu's most significant achievement in hoodwinking humanity.

However, before that time, he looked into the Star family and how they had corrupted the teachings of his Mason mystery school. He felt Enlil, as Yahweh, had a hand in it but couldn't prove it. However, he did find links from the Star family to the origins of the Cistercian Order, the Knights Templar and modern Freemasonry, which came about to implement the Family's 'plan' for a just, Godly and prosperous world society - in reality, a vast but benign, conspiracy.

Another of Enlil's lies was that King Solomon's Temple was initially dedicated to Yahweh alone and not to, as was the case, a pantheon of polytheistic deities, both male and female, including Venus/Shekinah (the morning/evening star). Nabu learned that the Shekinah, which appeared at the conjunction of Mercury and Venus at the time of annual solstice/equinox, occurred every 480 years.

Exodus – was a time of Shekinah manifestation. Subsequently, 1440 years later, The Star of Bethlehem (Holy Shekinah) shined at the date of the birth of Jesus. Alternatively, so the scriptures said. However, as Jesus was invented and not born, the linking of the star in the east and that of Exodus was a convenient way for Yahweh to lay claim to Jesus' blood lineage. This amused Nabu no end, but he kept the subterfuge to himself.

The colonel held certain privileges but, in essence, he was still a Rockefeller, foot soldier. He served in Desert Storm with distinction and got noticed by a General McAllister, also an advocate of eugenics. They shared a mutual interest in HG Wells' collectivist one-world state, comprised of 'socialist democracies'. He agreed with the science fiction writer's view that nationalist individualism was a global disease. However, whereas Wells' motive for a New World Order was to eliminate warfare and achieve collective control over the economic and biological life of mankind, through 'universal law' and propaganda, the colonel and his ilk only trusted Man's law, dictated by the elite.

The room was off limits to all, but the select group, which comprised the CEOs of many of the world's top companies, prominent politicians and outstanding academics and scientists. They met at a country club in Virginia, not far from Langley. The 'Jason Group', as this privileged enclave is known, comprised a small circle of thinkers, who were in critical positions within the military and several government agencies to advise on issues of world government. One of those present, the Colonel, kept an eye on proceedings, looking for new talent. During the morning break, he took a particular level 2 candidate aside.

"What's going on?" the computer guru asked.

"We think you've got what it takes, Mr Bates?"

"To do what?" the software giant asked?"

"Be part of the world's most elite inner circle."

Bill grinned, "I thought I already was," indicating the Jason Group.

The Colonel smiled, "There are other levels even the conspiracy theorists know nothing about."

"Is anyone else here part of your secret group?"

"Of course, but you'll never find out who."

Bill raised his eyes. Who the hell was this guy with the brush cut hairstyle? "Any of my competitors?"

"Mr Bates, here my group doesn't exist. Here, everyone is a member of the Jason Group. Now let us join the others."

Bill, new to the games played by societies top-dogs, began to catch on. "Then this is all a sham."

The Colonel grinned. "Playing the game the world has been taught to expect keeps the status quo intact. Those present aren't part of that reality. They comprise, mid to upper mid-level people, scientists and analysts - people such as yourself. What we call level 3s."

"Level 3s?"

"Yes, mostly. However, we think it's time for your elevation to level 2. Level 3s are in positions where they can see the day-to-day activities of what's going on; who are responsible for implementing the details, but who are never quite privy to the schemes behind the work they do."

"If you're offering me number 2, who is number 1."

"That you will never know."

As the meeting progressed, Bill learned that each of those present was only able to supply him with a portion of the puzzle. Separately, none of them understood the whole story. Through intelligent, subtle questioning, he managed to piece some of the bits together. With the eagle eye of the colonel's man watching him, he had to be very careful how he approached the Jason members. As he pieced the snippets together, the forming jigsaw frightened him. The whole chemtrails issue was related to the plan for decreasing the world population to around 450-500 million - and starting with the US. Bill became acutely aware that knowing too much, too soon, would be like signing his death warrant.

The Colonel took him aside again, this time with a question. "Bill, you haven't asked why we're offering you this golden opportunity."

Bill took a deep breath, waiting for the sting. "Okay, why?"

"Because you have access to the latest digital technology and we need to be privy to it first."

"Okay, but why?"

The Colonel half smiled - half sneered. "Because we need to determine whether the public having access to it will be useful to us or not."

Fabian mopped his brow and sidled over to Barrymore, who was starting his pipe. "I've never been on a dig before. Surprisingly I'm beginning to enjoy it."

The professor puffed away. After a satisfying pull, the academic responded, "Better than gophering for the Colonel, eh?"

Ignoring the barb, Fabian said, "I'd like to know more about this place."

"So would I," Barrymore chuckled. Then he explained, "The Anunnaki had powerful trading connections with other nations. A whole range of items in the Baghdad Museum shows that the hybrids traded with the civilisations of Babylonia, Egypt, Persia, the Indus Valley, and Greece. This place, Nippur as it was then, was one of the most ancient and sacred of all the cities in Sumer; the particular seat of Enlil, Lord of the Earth Command."

Nabu, catching on to the conversation, said, "Uncle Enlil may come over as the grand leader to you, but the reality was much different."

"What do you mean?" Barrymore queried, encouraging a bit of gossip.

"He was arrogant, overbearing, sadistic, and, towards the end of his reign - incompetent and dangerous."

"How do you know this?" Fabian asked.

"From my experience, and what my father told me."

"You knew this guy?" Fabian asked, incredulous.

"He exiled my father because he married an Earth woman."

Barrymore jumped in, "To be fair, Nabu, Marduk knew he was contravening Anunnaki code when he went ahead with the marriage. Your uncle Enlil could have had him executed, but instead, he let him loose in Khemmet."

"It was a forsaken land, mostly overrun with jungle, with a river running through it. Enlil thought My mum and dad would perish there."

"But they didn't. Marduk and Sarspanit built one of the most mysterious and powerful civilisations ever."

"Yes, and when Enlil saw value in Khemmet, he tried to take it off my father."

"Which caused some devastating wars, I believe."

"Yes, professor, all down to Enlil and his ilk."

Fabian stepped in. "As fascinating as all this is we need to concentrate on these tablets."

## Chapter 11

Louise turned to Bazz, "Are you awake."

Disturbed from his sleep Bazz turned to Lou. "I am now," he grumbled. "What's the matter, old thing?"

"Nothing. It's just that I've been thinking about what we're mixed up in here."

"Can you think more quietly then?"

"I don't get it. You're usually happy as Larry digging around in the desert. However, this time, it's different."

"It's a waste of time."

"Then why are you here? I know you're doing it for this Colonel fellow, but why?"

"He got me out of Iraq."

"And now he's got you back here again."

"We'll give it one more go tomorrow then I'll get Fabian to tell him it's a waste of time."

"Just who is this Colonel. Is this mystery man part of the much-touted New World Order?"

"I don't know. The Colonel is an enigma. I can't determine whether he is for it or not." He added,

"He seems to be a law unto himself."

"Which makes him very dangerous."

"He threatened to wreck my career if I didn't go along with this blasted charade."

"My goodness! I didn't know."

"I didn't want to worry you about it."

She yawned, "Tell me about it in the morning."

"Damn it old girl; now I'm wide awake."

Following a restless night, Barrymore was up early brewing coffee to keep out the desert chill.

Nabu joined him. The professor handed him a mug of strong coffee. "So what's the next step for human progression, from your people's standpoint?"

Surprised by the professor's directness, he said, "I'm only one of them by default."

"What does that mean?" Barrymore asked, nursing his tin mug.

"I'm not so sure that their plan is a good thing" He turned to face the academic. "Since acting for my father over the last 4000 years or so, I realise I am more human than Anunnaki. At first, it worried me, but now I find myself wanting to help humanity."

"I'm with you there, but I don't see what we can do."

"Find the tablets to start with."

"If they exist,"

"They do - somewhere."

Barrymore drained his mug and took out his pipe. "Okay, so you're part human, but I still don't see why you'd go against your father."

Nabu looked Barrymore in the eye. "During the last 4000 years on Earth, I saw the very worst and the very best aspects of humanity. Moreover, of all the qualities they possess, I think their dogged persistence is the one I respect the most. Against all the odds they will fight on, rebuild cities, come up with amazing inventions and try to preserve their humanity."

Barrymore responded. "You don't have to be nice to us. We don't deserve it old man. Humans to me are mainly ill-bred ignoramuses who are hell-bent on destroying their world."

Nabu rounded on him. "What do you suggest then?"

Barrymore shrugged, "Haven't a clue, old bean."

Fabian, ever diligent fussed around checking supplies. Louise approached him. "Fabian, does your Colonel support the NWO brigade?"

He turned on her. "Anything about the Colonel is off limits."

Not to be deterred, she asked, "What about you, what do you believe?"

"The New World Order idea isn't new. It's been going since at least 1940 when 'The New World Order' was published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Other far-seeing notable Americans have voiced this view."

"And you support this."

Fabian smiled, "It's not as sinister as the CTs would have you know."



"CTs?"

"Conspiracy theorists. Even President Truman endorsed the global government, and he was a smart guy. The thing anti-NWO people need to ask is what's the alternative?"

"What do you think it is?" Louise asked, genuinely interested.

"That's simple - self-destruction. The simple fact is that humanity can't go on as it is. Whether we like it or not, human survival is reliant upon big people making big decisions for them."

"And these big people, are they big on humanity or big on profiteering?"

"Why does motive matter if they can come up with a working solution."

"What like the way Hitler implemented the 'Final Solution'?"

"The situation is different now, Miss Ipher. Besides, the world needs people like the Colonel."

As Barrymore's team went about their specific tasks, the heat was already becoming unbearable. The professor took a grid with Nabu. He asked him, "Do you think the tablets are here?"

"All I know is that the gods were angry with Enlil for losing the tablets."

"Yes but Ninurta retrieved them."

"My father told me they didn't trust Enlil after that, but he was still in charge."

"So what did they do?"

"The High Council on Nibiru deliberated for days on the matter. In the end, King Anu stepped in and decreed that Enki put the tablets in a safe place."

"Did he say what safe space?"

Nabu shook his head,

Barrymore sighed heavily. "This is a waste of time."

"Not if there's a clue here that can lead us to the tablets current location."

"What makes you think there's a clue here?"

"I've been researching. Nippur wasn't a political capital, but it was the spiritual one."

"So?"

"The Tablets of Destiny would have attracted pilgrims from all over. So what happens when they find the tablets are missing?"

"They would want to know where they are."

"So there would have to be a map or something showing their whereabouts."

Barrymore shook his head. "Do you know how many major digs have taken place here in the last 100 years? Don't you think, if they exist, somebody would have discovered them."

"Have you heard of any such find?"

"No, Nabu. However, there are still thousands of broken tablets to be translated. It could be among them."

Nabu sighed, "You're probably right," He began walking away from the gridded ruins.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm not wasting any more time here. You've convinced me, so let's pack up and get out of here."

"Wait, Nabu. I told Fabian we'd give it one more day."

Louise, working on a separate grid, scraped away the gritty sand with a trowel. Then she saw something begin to reveal itself. It was a glyph. Excitedly she brushed away the remainder of silica and looked upon a depiction of Enlil as a kneeling Bowman inside a winged sun disk. She called out "BAZZ. COME OVER HERE."

Both the professor and Nabu responded to her call, clambering over ruins to get to her section. When Barrymore saw the inscription, he became quite animated. Grabbing her trowel he scraped outwards from the glyph, saying, "This could be significant,"

"Why?" Fabian, who had returned from Ad-Diwaniyah with food supplies, asked.

Nabu answered, "Enlil had this insignia carved on the door leading to his secret chamber."

"And you think this might be it?"

"Possibly. Too early to make that call, Fabian," Barrymore stated. He added, "The inscription on the large flat stone could be concealing something."

Two hours later, with all hands on the job they had uncovered the stone block. Barrymore, exhausted, reached for his water bottle. He then called his team to attention. The Professor, noting the sinking sun he said, "It's too dark to continue. We'll carry on tomorrow. Well done everyone and special thanks to Louise. He smiled wearily, "Now let's rustle up some food."

Nabu was fascinated by the Cabala and spoke of it with his father. He said, "These Cabalists think of their Supreme Deity as an undecipherable Principle to be revealed to adherents only through the process of eliminating, in order, all its cognisance attributes."

"How does that work?"

"They say that which remains - when we have removed every obvious thing - all that is left is AIN SOPH, the eternal state of 'Being', which, although indefinable, permeates all space."

"What sort of God is abstract to the degree of inconceivability?"

"AIN SOPH, they say, is the 'unconditioned state of all things'. Substances, essences, and intelligence come out of the inscrutability AIN SOPH."

"That's nonsense. How can emptiness be a god?"

"Well, they say the Absolute itself is without substance, essence, or intelligence."

"I don't get it!" Marduk said, becoming agitated.

"Okay, think of this AIN SOPH as a field of rich earth out of which rises a myriad of plants, each different in colour, formation, and fragrance, yet each with its roots in the same dark loam - which, however, is unlike any of the forms nurtured by it."

"What's horticulture got to do with it ?"

"It's an analogy, father. The 'plants' are universes, gods, and man, all nourished by AIN SOPH. Moreover, all with their source in one undefined essence. All spirits, souls, and bodies are fashioned from this essence, and doomed, like the plant, to return to the black ground. AIN SOPH, the only Immortal - from whence they came."

Marduk sighed, "As fascinating as this is can we get to the point of this beam?"

"The point, father, is the truth. When I was last in Jerusalem, I spoke with a monk of St. Anthony. He declared that the patriarch of that city had shown him, not only one of the ribs of the 'Word made flesh' and some rays from the Star of Bethlehem. Also the snout of a seraph, a fingernail of a cherub, the horns of Moses, and a casket containing the breath of Christ!"

"And this monk believed such nonsense, Nabu?"

"For him to believe implicitly in a seraph and the preservation of its proboscis shows that this Jew philosophy is entirely incomprehensible."

"Why to bother with it then?"

"Because, Father, the Jews will become a dominant force in both the religious and secular worlds. We have to know how they think."

Marduk huffed, "You should be telling them what to think!"

"Father, we have no control over them, especially since the deal you made with Enlil."

"It seemed the right thing to do at the time,"

"Yes, well let's not get sidetracked here. The thing is that until humans disentangle their reasoning powers from the web of venerated absurdities in which the mind has lain ensnared for centuries, they will never discover their truth."

"Truth, Nabu! Why would you want them to know the truth?"

"Sometimes I think the plan would work more efficiently if they did."

"Nonsense! A sighted man stumbling in the dark is no better off than a blind man."

Nabu took a deep breath. "There are some who have some knowledge, but it is distorted and dangerous."

"Then you must deal with them!"

"Easier said than done, father. However, I am trying to weed them out." Then he added, "It seems they worship a deity named Lucifer."

"Who is this Lucifer?"

"Father, from what I can gather, the Cabala stems from ancient pagan mythologies, which tell the story of a first God who created the universe, and a usurper god (Lucifer) who eventually defeats him and comes to rule the world in his stead."

Marduk scratched his chin. "So this Lucifer is the offspring of the father-god and his wife, the goddess."

"It gets more complicated, Father. The son-god also marries his mother. The son-god is wrongly identified with the sun while followers determine the goddess with the planet Venus, the first star seen at sunrise."

"Why wrongly?"

"Lucifer is the false light, who exemplifies evil, so he can't be a sun god, He is a lunar god who reflects the sun's light. Moreover, he is also known as a 'dying God' because each winter he died and went to the underworld, where he ruled over spirits of the dead."

Marduk nodded, "Okay, what has this got to do with our plan?"

"Father, they have to make sacrifices to Lucifer to appease him to avert his evil and direct it against their enemies."

"Appeased. How?"

"By sacrificing children to him."

"How does that appease him?"

They imitated Lucifer through the rituals of death and resurrection. Participants would imbibe intoxicants and dance to music to achieve a state of ecstasy, or demon possession, by which they believed they could reach supernatural abilities: shape-shifting, clairvoyance and other magical powers. In this state, they would slaughter a child and eat its flesh and drink its blood so that the god could be reborn in them."

Marduk said, "We must put a stop to such evil practices."

"They go on in many dark places around the world. I shall do my best to weed them out, father."

Nabu saw such Luciferian practices to be an abomination, indulging the worst excesses of human perversion. It was the dark side of the Masons - a total corruption of the Ma'at religion. For thousands of years he tracked down elements of the sect, but the deceptive practice had proliferated with influential people from religion, politics and royalty involved. Also, he knew that if such people got hold of the Tablets of Destiny, their corruption of such power could enslave humanity for their nefarious reasons.

Nabu remembered the experience clearly despite it taking place over 400 years before. To gain a clear insight into their character Nabu had to know what went on at these Luciferian gatherings. Posing as a candidate for initiation; made to pass through the ordeal of the confessional, he had to swear by binding oaths to maintain the secrecy of the system for which the desired membership. Having surrendered himself implicitly to the priests, he got anointed with "magical ointments" which introduced into his bodily systems such drugs as tended to excite his imagination. This added to the power of the indispensable intoxicating drinks that prepared him for the visions and revelations he would soon experience. Then he encountered the strange and wondrous objects that presented themselves. The place he occupied had shaken around him. Space appeared bright and

resplendent with light and blazing fire, and then again covered with black darkness, sometimes thunder and lightning. He had heard fearsome noises and bellowing. Most scary was the terrible apparitions that had him trembling. However, it had all been worth it once the great hidden God was revealed to him in such a manner as to allay his fears and gain his admiration and blind affection. Having been the first to survive the order and chaos of the universe, Nabu secretly controlled the Mysteries. Having discovered scientific secrets which he jealously preserved in his exclusive keeping, and that managed to reach the dizzying heights of master Mason (son of Ma'at).

As an apprentice level acolyte, he became subject to a formal demonstration that Nimrod, having been slain, for whom such lamentations were made, had been resurrected and became encompassed with heavenly glory. Therefore, the whole system of the secret 'Mysteries' of Babylon, initiated by the aid of magic (false miracles). This was intended to glorify a dead man; when once the worship of one dead man was established, the worship of much more was sure to follow. Thus, the myth, leaked to the common man, was perpetuated. In this way, Nimrod became the 'father of the gods,' being said to be the first of 'deified mortals'. As such, Nimrod was worshipped as Kronos and Saturn. Saturn, the god of the Mysteries, (the name itself signifying 'the Hidden one'), was only revealed to the initiated. At the time no child sacrifice took place."

At the inner core of level 2, there were 13 individuals, the leaders of all the most influential global organisations, as well as being the top members of the Grand Order of Shriners of World Freemasonry. This all-male group controlled both bodies from their lofty, secluded positions, along with much of the world's drug trafficking, people trafficking, prostitution and gambling. They also had a controlling hand in the world economic and political movements. These, the second level of global government, despite their enormous power and wealth, were fearful of the lower-ranking members of the occult societies turning against them.

The Colonel saw it as his job to ensure that would not happen. He knew that if the lower members ever found out that this inner council were merely using them to increase their wealth and their god-like power and authority over the rest of humanity, they most certainly would react. So he had the 'Strokers' who massaged the egos of number 3s, complimenting them on the valuable work they were doing for humanity. However, it had to be subtle - a seemingly harmless hint dropped here and there.

In a secret chamber, underneath The British Museum, a meeting took place, involving thirteen anonymous men, who came and went in secret. The President of the 13, an Ashkenazi Jew posing as a British Baron said, "Gentlemen, We need to address this population issue urgently. I have received a report from Dr Pauline Ehrlich, who has suggested some viral agents applied through vaccination like the HIV, could be used.

Another member spoke, "The problem with a viral solution is the vast amount of funding to be spent on health care, in a 'caring' society. Whereas reduced number through a reduction in birth rates has nowhere near the financial drain because health costs are minimal."

Another member said, "I agree that spreading viral infections has a huge downside and, in the long run, is largely ineffective and very expensive, as are educational programmes, the empowerment of women, and free contraceptives. We need a much more aggressive approach."

The President said, "Globally, we must find better means to agree and implement measures to achieve collective goals. In the matter of this unprecedented emergency, society has no choice but to take dramatic action to avert a collapse of civilisation. Either humanity changes its ways, and we build an entirely new kind of global society, with its blessing, or we will have to change it for them."

A member spoke up. "Governments have been dragging their heels for far too long. It's time for us to make our move."

"But we cannot do that with such burgeoning population growth."

A member complained, "Governments are not taking us seriously. Do you realise that there has been a decrease of thirty per cent in funding for worldwide fertility control, between 1995 and 2008."

The member suggesting an aggressive approach, stated, "I believe we should increase our programme for involuntary fertility control."

"Here, here," many members chorused.

The President said, "I agree. However, we have to get over hurdles with the WHO. We need someone in charge who is sympathetic to our aims."

"I will get the Colonel onto it," one of the members volunteered.

Another member suggested, "Shall we increase global aerial spraying?"



"Too expensive and too damned visible. I was against it from the start," a Member responded.

"I know what the honourable master means, gentlemen. Especially now that we have the unfortunate side effect of Morgellons to deal with as well. I'm not advocating that we cut back completely but a relatively tasteless sterilant in food and water, is not only invisible but is also much more efficient, with no visible side effects."

The colonel received the letter and read it. It was from the Secretary of the Lucis Trust, on behalf of the Chairman. It read:

It's imperative that we have to be sure there will be no comebacks from any political, legal, and technical problems. The world must believe no such sterilant exists. We have to work with trusted bodies, where delivery is covert so that nobody knows the project is under development. For it to gain acceptance, the substance would need to meet some stiff requirements. It must be uniformly effective, despite widely varying doses received by individuals. Also, notwithstanding various dynamics of fertility among people, it has to be free of any dangerous side effects. Furthermore, it must not have any deleterious effects on males, children, senior citizens, pets, or livestock."

Mars' main sanctuaries comprised the temple on the Capitol, which he shared with Jupiter and Quirinus and the temple of Mars Gradivus (he who precedes the army in battle). Also the temple of Mars Ultor (the Avenger), located on the Forum Augustus. These all became Marduk's secret residences. Campus Martius (Field of Mars), which is situated beyond the city walls, was also dedicated to him. He welcomed Nabu into his secret chamber. "Greetings, my son. How goes the affairs of Rome?"

Nabu said, "Well father," Then, changing the subject, he asked,

"How do you like your new home?"

"You have done exceedingly well, Nabu. I am very pleased. I even have a good view of the Rome garrison."

"That's excellent. So have you seen the army doing their training?"

"Yes, they seem very fit."

"They are dedicated to you but need a symbol - something to which the army can relate."

"Do you have something in mind?"

Nabu smiled, "In the Regia on the Forum Romanum, they are to keep the Lances of Mars. When the Romans remove them, they will see it as a portent of war. The warlord who leads the army into battle has to move the lances while saying 'Mars vigila' (Mars awoken). Then you, symbolically, as Mars Gradivus, shall precede the army and lead them to victory."

Marduk nodded. "I shall always be in their thoughts throughout battles but what about peacetime. Am I to be forgotten?"

"I have thought of that, father. I have suggested several festivals in your honour." He handed Mars a scroll, upon which showed a calendar. Nabu pointed out, "On March 1, the Romans will celebrate the Feriae Marti, and on October 19 they will hold the Armilustrum."

"What's so special about that?"

"On this day the legionnaires ritually purify their weapons and store them for winter. Then, every five years the Suovetaurilia will be held. This has to do with fertility and cleansing rites when they sacrifice a pig, sheep and a bull."

"And what will I look like?"

"A great commander. We'll have to get rid of the long ringlets and beard for a start, though. I see you as a warrior in full battle armour, wearing a crested helmet and bearing a shield."

Marduk grinned, "Yes, I like that -The defender of the Romans."

"Owing to the Romulus Remus myth we'll make your sacred totem the wolf." He smiled, "That should do for starters."

Having set up the Martial Roman deity in the heads and hearts of the army, Nabu set about instilling the 'Mithras fraternity' - a version of his MaSons Mysteries - into the noblesse of Roman society.

Nabu discovered that when the Persian Mysteries migrated into Southern Europe, the Latin mind quickly assimilated them. The cult rapidly took off, in particular among the Roman legionnaires. During the Roman wars of conquest, the legionaries carried took these teachings to most of Europe. The cult of Mithras became so powerful that even influential dignitaries were initiated into the order, which met under the city of Rome, in deep, dark caverns.

Mithras, a solar deity with a male and female aspect, intrigued Nabu. He discovered that as Mithras, he represented the power, majesty and light of the sun but as Mithra, the feminine principle, her symbol is the mundane universe. In this role, She represents Nature as receptive and terrestrial, and as fruitful only when bathed in the glory of the solar orb. Polybius told him the Mithraic cult was a simpler version of the most elaborate teachings of Zarathustra (Zoroaster), the Persian fire magician. However, Nabu thought it was much more than that. He saw its roots in the Ra myths of the Khemmetians. In other words, Mithraism synced with his father and ancient Khemmet. There are many similarities between what became Christianity and the cult of Mithras. (This should come as no surprise later in this story.)

To learn more about Mithras Nabu travelled to Tyre to meet Porphyry, a Neo-platonist philosopher. He espied the well built bearded man wearing the traditional turban, in a study.

Hearing somebody intruding upon his contemplations he looked up at the tall man. Introductions were made with special handshakes. Porphyry asked, "So how can I help you, Lord Nabu?"

"I wish to know about the rites of Mithras."

"They are performed in caves. Did you know that Zarathustra was the first to consecrate a cave to the worship of God?"

Nabu hadn't, but he wondered why the philosopher made a point of it. "Why?"

"Because a cavern is symbolic of the earth, the mother's womb and the lower realms of darkness. However, his cave was different."

"In what way?"

"It was adorned with the signs of the zodiac, Cancer and Capricorn."

"Why those two?"

"Because the summer and winter solstices are chiefly conspicuous - Cancer as the soul gate for souls descending to this plane and Capricorn for souls departed to a higher realm. These are the two avenues of the immortals passing up and down from earth to heaven, and from the sky to earth."

Bored with trivia, Nabu said, "How does a person get initiated?"

"Initiation, as in many societies and cults consists of three essential degrees. Preparation for them consists of self-purification, the building up of the intellectual powers, and the control of the animal nature."

"What do these degrees entail?"

"To reach the first degree, the candidate received a crown balanced upon the point of a sword. The aspirant is then tutored in the mysteries of Mithras' hidden power."

"Which is?"

"Knowing his spiritual nature, which must be objectified and open for him to fully glorify Mithras. In the second degree, he is given the armour of intelligence and purity and is sent into the blackness of subterranean pits to fight the beasts of lust, passion, and degeneracy."

"I see. So what happens in the third degree?"

"He is given a cape, upon which were drawn or woven the signs of the zodiac and other astronomical symbols. After his initiations are over, the acolyte has symbolically risen from the dead. Once instructed in the Persian mystics secret teachings, he becomes a full-fledged member of the order."

"And what happens when they complete these rites?"

"Candidates who successfully pass the Mithraic initiations are called Lions and are marked upon their foreheads with the Egyptian cross."

Nabu scoffed, "It's hardly a secret society if they are marked on their heads for all to see."

Nabu did learn some useful things from the meeting. Elements he included in the MaSon's rites. He incorporated the lion references in the Master Mason degree as he did the seven-rung ladder of Mithraic initiation.

Without explaining the occult associations, of which Marduk had not shown any interest, Nabu put his idea before his father.

Marduk turned to his son. "Why do you think we need this Mithras then?"

"Because Romans need some mystery in their lives." His father's puzzled expression prompted him to explain further. "The religion is not new. The Etruscans worshipped Mithras. I think we can turn him into the secular version of Mars."

Marduk, shook his head, "I still don't see the need. I have wealthy private citizens, victorious generals and even the Emperors themselves, building temples to me. Not only as a moral duty but also as a symbol of status, wealth and power."

"Father, I learned in Khemmet that a balanced society needed both an administrative and a spiritual leader. By encouraging Mithraism, we can achieve this and link Mars worship with that of Mithraism."

"Link it! How?"

Nabu grinned, "Through star gazing. We place Mithras in the region of the celestial equator and arm him with the sword of Aries - the sign of Mars. He represents spiritual conquest as you represent the physical one." He added, "Then we control both the religious and martial aspects of Roman society. There is also another reason for this."

Marduk, becoming intrigued, asked, "Oh! What is that?"

"Enlil is spreading the idea of a Jewish Saviour coming to liberate his Jews from Roman rule."

Marduk's eyes widened. "I haven't heard anything about this!"

"I got it from a trusted source. Anyway, Enlil is basing this myth on the Mithras story."

"Which is?"

"He started as the bull god of the Persians. The ritualistic slaying of the bull represented his self-sacrifice for the redemption of humanity. The myth has it that he lay in a tomb for three days, then became resurrected to join his spiritual self. Enlil is attributing this story to this Jewish Saviour."

"Why three days?"

"I asked Pythagoras about that. He talked about something called the 'monad'. He said it represented the number one and unity. Two is the 'dyad', diversity and three, the 'triad' means harmony. However, the point I am making is that if we don't capitalise on Mithraism as a spiritual force, Enlil is going to bastardise it for his ends. Moreover, in so doing, infiltrate your Rome and spread dissension."

Marduk rubbed his now clean-shaven chin. "I see. Or rather I don't. However, it seems you know what you are doing. So I'll leave that project up to you."

"So what do you think about Enlil's plan?"

"How can we nip it in the bud?"

"I've been thinking about that, and I believe I have found a way to make it work to our advantage."

"Oh! How do you plan to do that?"

"Make his idea ours and get in first."

Marduk puzzled, said, "So you plan to initiate this Jewish Saviour thing?"

"Yes, father."

"Why?"

Nabu winked. "All in good time father. Meanwhile, you put pressure on Enlil about it. Tell him such interference goes against Nibiruan policy on Earth. That sort of thing should make him think twice."

Now he had his father's blessing Nabu was free to get on with the job, especially the part not known of by his father. Nabu found out the reason why an Indo-Persian God had continued to prosper under the Greek and Macedonians was that he could be readily identified with Greek deities such as Apollo, Helios and Perseus. Roman soldiers had rapidly fallen under the spell of Mithras. For some 500 years, he was their chief god. However, owing to Nabu's use of astrology, which became one of his greatest tools in controlling humanity, in linking Mars with Mithras, Marduk was never the wiser.

Nabu's Illuminated ones (descendants of the Son's of Ma) became instrumental in making Mithraism acceptable to the Romans. This furthered Nabu's ambitions to make, what became 'Gnostic Mithraism' the state religion of the Roman Empire. Mithraism was confined to men and required an oath of secrecy.

However, Yahweh had other ideas and set other plans into motion.

Nabu, unaware of Enlil's machinations going on in the background, concentrated on working with academics, using the Greek Platonic science, to secretly advance the Mithraic mysteries. Soon, it revolved around not only religion but also advanced astronomy, philosophy and science. It also embraced the ancient Khemmetian alchemy, astrology, magic and the occult. Nabu's bright ones (later the Illuminati) instilled into the inner circle of the Mithra religion, initiation into the Babylonian mysteries. Only nobles, generals and emperors were allowed to join.

During such rituals, their awareness was heightened by the use of hallucinogens made from plants such as Mandrake (well known for its associations with magic) and Soma/Haoma, an Indo-Persian drug used in Mithraic ceremonies. It was the 'divine', intoxicating juice of a 'legendary' plant drunk by gods and men to induce ecstasy. This powerful stimulant, associated with spiritual and medicinal qualities, could also cause hallucinations, trances, visions and 'inner' sight. It was said to confer an inner fire and immortality on those who took it.

The Illuminated ones became the best placed to act as the 'watchers' who monitored human progress, particularly with an eye to see that all ran according to the higher plan. Little did they know it was orchestrated by the Anunnaki and not by them.

Plato, in one of their conversations, told Nabu that divinity was 'Demiurge', the Creator who designed and fashioned the entire cosmos.

Nabu asked, "Is this Creator Yahweh of the Jews?"

Plato smiled, "The Jewish God leaves no room for any other creation. The Demiurge has no such illusions of grandeur and readily assigns tasks to lesser demiurges for them to generate physical things, such as planets. Things that are mortal," he added.

"Then the god of the Jews is a tyrannical dictator!"

"The Jews do not understand ethical science. They do not realise the Demiurge is not interested in the mundane. The Creator is the cosmological architect who creates the blueprint that sets all into motion. The Jew's mistake is that Yahweh meddles in man's affairs. The priest is the go-between, who straddles both the spiritual and the secular."

Nabu beamed. He now had the key to deal with Yahweh's interference. "Thank you, great master. I am now further enlightened."

Nabu then sought out Plotinus, a significant philosopher of ancient Rome, whose three principles: the One, the Intellect, and the Soul, came from the Platonic tradition.

They met in the forum and exchanged secret gestures. Then the philosopher said, Lord Nabu, what is it that you seek from me?"

Nabu asked, "Is the answer to the vexing question of Plato's Demiurge, your three principles?"

Plotinus stroked his pointed beard. "What a good inquiry. My answer would be that it is not by crushing the divine unto a unity but by displaying its exuberance that we may best know of His creation."



Taken aback at the philosopher's surprising answer, Nabu said, "Surely, only by uniting the three can we know the whole."

Plotinus smiled whimsically, "We can never know the whole. It is only through the way the supreme being displays himself to us through his creations that we are shown knowledge of the might of God, He who creates everything."

Plotinus seemed very enamoured with the one God thing. This concerned Nabu who was expecting the universal consciousness theory.

Plotinus continued, "Humanity, totally dependent on Him, exists by His grace and from His creation."

Nabu took his leave and wondered if the philosopher was a spy from the Yahweh camp? Then he asked if he was becoming paranoid?

Nabu took an interest in the different religions. He figured the best way to find out how humans ticked was to get to know their gods. To this end he visited most religious beliefs and, in most cases, he came across the same phenomenon. In all religions, bar Yahweh's, the various deities tended to become more numerous with the passing of time. Initially, divinities worshipped as individual and specific deities, associated with particular cities or places, subsequently became attributes or characteristics of the chief God of the pantheon in that particular civilisation, population or empire. He turned to the Roman pantheon, which needed some culling and tidying up. Obsolete gods served no purpose, but people still clung to them out of some misplaced loyalty or a fear of letting them go. Nabu discovered the wealth of the Roman pantheon was not only due to a large number of deities, whether they were anthropomorphic or abstract concepts, but also to the fact that some divine figures were multiplied according to the functions of their attributes, as in the case of Juno, who wore many hats. Also, apart from its polytheist beliefs, another essential feature of Roman religion was its tolerance of other cults. In fact, a constant facet of Roman mythology was its ability to assimilate other factions. With the expansion of the Empire, the Roman pantheon was progressively enriched by importing divinities worshipped by other populations with which the Romans came into contact. Nabu thought it was getting out of control. More and more gods became assimilated as more territories got conquered.

As he discussed this with his father, more gods were being worshipped in new sanctuaries.

Nabu explained, "Now we have the cult of Cybele, the 'Great Mother' receiving its full honours in Rome. We will have to put a stop to it."

"How do you propose we do that?" Marduk asked, removing his helmet.

"By streamlining religion. For a start, we categorise all deities of battles, armies, war etc. as aspects of Mars."

"Okay, that might work. However, I don't understand why you are so interested in Rome's Pagan religions."

Nabu smiled, "Because we can triumph over other people with wars but with religions, we have the best method of training humans to do our bidding. They worship either out of guilt or because of their willingness as devout worshippers. The main thing is they worship."

"Then why are you concerned about expanding the number of cults?"

Nabu looked his father in the eye. "Because I have a long-term plan that will have the Roman Church expanding Rome's territories beyond the influence of your armies."

Nabu promoted Mithras at every opportunity, aligning him with Mars, as the higher aspect of God. Soon Mithras' popularity amongst the legions meant that his growing cult spread as far as Britannia. Well pleased with these results Nabu turned to link Roman religion to civil, family and social-political circles. In this way worshipping the gods became both a moral and civic duty, in that only by respecting the sacred and by satisfying the rituals was it possible to guarantee the 'peace of the gods' for the good of the city, family and each citizen therein.

With Mithras keeping order and Mars defending and expanding the empire, Rome couldn't lose. Nabu proved this in the Battle of Gythium, fought between Sparta and the coalition of Rome, Rhodes, the Achaean League and Pergamum spelt the end of Greek triumph. The port of Gythium, the last bastion of Greek resistance, being a vital Spartan base, was captured by the allies before they advanced inland to Sparta. The Romans and the Achaeans were joined outside the city by the Pergamese and Rhodian fleets. The Spartans held out valiantly but eventually had to capitulate to the allies.

No matter how hard Barrymore and his team tried to move it, the slab wouldn't budge. With sweat rolling down their backs and breathing heavily with the exertion The professor said, "Stop. We're never going to move it this way."

Fabian slumped onto a nearby ruin of a mud brick wall. "We've got dynamite," he said, dejected.

"We're an archaeological team, not demolition cowboys," Barrymore stated.

"Maybe there's a lever or some switch," Louise suggested.

Fabian scoffed, "You've been watching too much Indiana Jones,"

Nabu said, "Wait. She could have a point. The Anunnaki were great engineers."

"So, where is this hidden control?" Fabian challenged.

Barrymore, searching around the stone slab, used a powerful penlight to look for any anomalies in the brick structure. He turned to his team. "Help me search for it."

As they searched for hidden, fissures, loose rocks or bricks, something that could disguise a lever or pulley, the professor took Nabu aside. "We know Nippur was the home of Enlil and, was therefore held sacred but what about when your father took over? Didn't Babylon take the place of Nippur."

Nabu answered, "I see what you're getting at, but Enlil made a decree that although a king's army might subjugate the country, the transference to that king of Enlil's divine power to rule had to be sought and sanctioned."

"A smart move on his part."

"That ruling made this city and Enlil's sanctuary especially sacred regardless of whom ruled Mesopotamia."

"So he always had control,"

"Yes, but he wasn't always in control."

"The gold solution?"

"Yes, professor. A potent potion but terrible when it goes wrong."

Barrymore looked around. "Which brings us back here."

Nabu looked the academic in the eye. I mention this because If I took the golden elixir, I might have an insight into getting into this place."

Barrymore, wide-eyed, said, "You use the elixir?"

"How else could I live for over 4000 years?"

"You have some here?"

"I have access to it but don't tell the others."

"What happens when you take it?"

Nabu laughed, "Don't worry professor. I won't do anything outrageous. The others won't know anything."

Barrymore, having experimented with hallucinogens in the O'Leary era, said, "Can I try some?"

Nabu glared at him. "It's prohibited to humans." With that, he left the dig site area.

Seeing the tall man walk away, Fabian, ever on the alert, said, "Where's he going?"

Barrymore said, "Relax. He's on a mission for me."

Towards evening Nabu returned, Barrymore noted the glassy look in his eyes but said nothing. He followed the Anunnaki to the stone slab and watched as the hybrid felt around the brick wall ruin, nearby. Barrymore, intrigued, his heart racing, observed as Nabu removed some loose blocks, after

which he located a buried brick and pressed on it. At first, nothing happened. Then there was a deep rumbling sound as the slab blocking the passageway, slowly slid aside. Barrymore couldn't believe it. Nabu turned to him, a grin a mile wide, "Is this what you were looking for?"

*The Witchcraft Side of Masonry - Jesus-is-Savior.com.* <https://www.jesus-is-savior.com/False%20Religions/Freemasonry/masoncraft.htm>

*Secret Teachings of All Ages: The Ancient Mysteries and ....* <http://www.sacred-texts.com/eso/sta/sta04.htm>

*Christianity / Mithrasism - Politics, Theology ....*  
<http://www.uk420.com/boards/index.php?/topic/335489-christianity-mithrasism/>

## **Chapter 12**

The colonel donned his red fez and stepped through the curtain, which led into the Moorish Revival styled temple, to meet with some other key players, all of whom were the highest level Freemasons of the Grand Order of Shriners. Formerly known as the 'Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine' The meeting, as with all their official gatherings, commenced with a reminder of the oath each had taken at his induction:

"I do at this moment, upon this Bible, and on the mysterious legend of the Koran, and its dedication to the Mohammedan faith swear that I will never reveal any secret part or portion whatsoever of the ceremonies. Also, now upon this sacred book, by the sincerity of a Moslem's oath, I here register this irrevocable vow. In willful violation of which may I incur the fearful penalty of having my eyeballs pierced to the centre with a three-edged blade. May my feet be whipped and may I be forced to traipse the hot desert sands upon the shores of the Red Sea until the flaming sun shall strike me with a livid plague. May Allah, the god of Arab, Moslem and Mohammedans the God of our fathers, support me to the entire fulfilment of the same. Amen. Amen. Amen."

The modern-day Shriners, well known for their philanthropic work raising money for burn hospitals, came about when a group of high degree Masons met on the second floor of the famous Knickerbocker Cottage eatery where they discussed a new fraternity for Masons stressing fun and fellowship. Today the Colonel was the Grand Master of the order.

Sir Richmond Lyndon, the special guest at the meeting, began his opening address with, "When it comes to population, quality matters more than quantity. While educated Westerners forever

sprinkle their conversations with the word 'overpopulation', voicing concern about population worth is taboo."

The Colonel felt vulnerable without Fabian by his side. Prentiss was a capable man, but he did not have Fabian's gut instinct. However, Prentiss was academically intelligent - more so than Fabian - so the Colonel could have useful discussions with him. He concentrated on the talk, eugenics being one of his favourite subjects.

"It is inarguable that genes influence character and intelligence. Moreover, I contend that these traits

are declining in some or all populations? Some rigorous study exists about educated single women and fertile welfare queens, but hard data is needed."

During the break, Prentiss got the Colonel a coffee. The Colonel asked him, "So, what do you think about Richmond's talk?

"He makes some cogent points, Colonel."

"Well, support for eugenics has been around since the time of Plato."

"Really!"

"Oh yes. However, the first person to worry about genetic deterioration was French physician Benedict August Morel. He is an obscure figure today, though."

"I hadn't heard of him."

The Colonel sipped his coffee, then said, "Much better known is the greater Sir Francis Galton, who coined the term 'eugenics' in 1883."

"Of course! The founder of the Galton Institute." The pieces were coming together.

"Correct. Galton thought that more genes for lower intelligence and poor character concentrated in the lower classes, whose higher fertility would lead to a decline in genetic quality."

"How did that go down in Victorian England," Prentiss asked.

"He had quite a following because he spent his life working to reverse the trend. He eventually convinced Darwin of the danger."

"The risk of genetic deterioration."

"Precisely,"

"Surely a lack of opportunity and education plays a significant role in genetic devolution," Prentiss suggested.

"Well, in one of his last conversations with Darwin, Biologist Alfred Russell Wallace wrote that he expressed a very gloomy future for humanity because in our modern civilisation natural selection had no part to play and the fittest did not survive."

"So what is the point of eugenics then, except as a form of genocide to weed out certain DNA strains?"

"Dysgenics - that's what William Shockley called the process. Moreover, he won a Nobel Prize in physics."

Prentiss sighed, "So how are they going to make it work?"

"To stop, as Darwin put it, the excessive breeding of the scum!"

The bell sounded announcing the second half of the meeting.

Nabu learned about and located an Imam called Khabib, who sat studying in a House of Wisdom, a centre of learning in 9th century Baghdad. The Imam's study contained an abundance of books and mathematical instruments. He opened his doors were open to all; he supplied paper, pens, and ink for the use of those who chose to frequent it.

Nabu said, "Salaam," as he breathed in the scent of the heady incense that permeated the room.

"Salaam, my brother. "Why have you come to my school this day?"

"To learn from you," Nabu said, bowing deeply. Then he said, "You teach the sciences?"

"Certainly, My friend. Professors of law, mathematics, logic and medicine are appointed to give instruction in all branches of knowledge," he proudly announced.

"And there is no conflict with the Islamic religion?"

"My friend, Allah the great and merciful, made our brains and minds and made science and the arts so we could use them. Where is the conflict in that?"

"I'm afraid the Catholic Church does not work by logic." Then Nabu said, "I believe the roots of your wisdom lie in the ancient Ma'at religion of Khemmet."

"Yes, that is so. Why do you ask?" Khabib said, rising from his seat.

"I would suspect there is also an esoteric form of learning."

"Yes, My Lord. There is a deeper form of instruction in this university seeded by nine degrees, the first being to infuse doubts and difficulties into the mind of the aspirant. Moreover, to lead him to accept blind confidence in the knowledge and wisdom of his teacher."

"Tell me about the second degree," Nabu said.

The Imam smiled, saying, "The second degree inculcates the acknowledgement of the imams appointed by Allah as the sources of all knowledge. The third level informs him about seven, which is the number of these blessed and holy imams. This was the mystic seven. For the Lord had made seven heavens, seven earths, seas and planets. He also created metals, tones, and colours, so seven was the number of these noblest of God's creatures."

"And the fourth degree."

"In this one, the student learns God had sent seven lawgivers into the world, each of whom was commissioned to improve the system of his predecessor. Each of these had seven helpers, who appeared in the interval between him and his successor. These assistants didn't seem as public teachers and were called the mute, in contradiction to the speaking lawgivers."

"Who are these lawgivers?"

"The seven who judged were Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, Mohammed, and Ishmael.

Nabu recollected that this concept came from the 'seven' who judge, on Nibiru.

The Imam continued, "The fifth degree taught that each of the seven mute prophets had twelve apostles for the dissemination of his faith. We have twelve signs of the zodiac, twelve months to a year, twelve tribes of Israel and twelve joints in the four fingers of each hand."

"Yes, I get the idea. Now, what about the sixth degree?"

"Ah yes. The pupil led this far, has shown no symptoms of restiveness, again the student considers precepts of the Quran and the aspirant learns that all the ritualistic portions of religion must be subordinate to philosophy. He gets educated in the systems of Plato and Aristotle during a long space of time; and when esteemed complete, he is admitted to the seventh degree, when an instruction communicates that mystic Pantheism, held and taught by the sect of the Sufis."

"Tell me more about this mystic pantheism."

"All I can say about this, my brother, is that he again reviews positive religious precepts, and the veil was torn from the eyes of the aspirant, so he sees anew. All that had preceded is then declared



to have been merely a support structure to raise the tower of knowledge, and was to be flung down. At this point all prophets and teachers, heaven and hell, means nothing; future bliss and misery are idle dreams; he has permission in all actions. The Eighth degree revises the other teachings. The ninth level reinforces belief in nothing and approval in everything."

Nabu looked down upon the holy man, wide-eyed. "Anything! Everything"

"Yes, including organised assassinations."

"Explain yourself."

The Imam smiled, "A short prelude if I may. The khalifate of Baghdad has become a mere pageant devoid of all real power. The former dominions of the house of Abbas were in the hands of the Seljookian Turks, while the Franks were masters of a great part of Syria, and, as such, threatened Egypt, where the khalifate had also fallen into incapacity. The real power now rested with the vizier. All he could do was help to preserve Egypt, a society ordered to gain partisans to the claims of the Fatimites was an impediment to him. He tried to suppress it, particularly since the society of the traditionalist branch of Hashassins (Assassins), heedless of the claims of the Fatimites, sought dominion for itself alone."

Nabu wondered if this was the key to his quest. He needed to learn more. "If the ninth degree negates the beliefs of the previous ones, what is the point of being initiated in those preceding it?"

The Imam chuckled. "Brother, do you know what the most difficult thing is for a man to achieve?"

"Enlightenment?"

The holy man shook his head, "To have freedom and to do good with it. A man, restricted by laws and statutes, may well do good works from his head, but not his heart."

"But what if a person uses their ninth degree 'unlearning' to pursue selfish deeds that benefit only him?"

"Most of those who attain the enlightenment of the ninth degree, have within them a beacon that shines in the world. Their light shines from them. Those that embrace darkness do so because that is where their freedom takes them. The order judges neither."

So this was the splitting point, Nabu mused. "Do you have any further dealing with those that chose the darkness?"

The Imam smiled, winsomely, "They want nothing to do with us."

A short, narrow tunnel led down a slope into a rectangular space about 9 metres by 7 yards. Barrymore and his team were amazed as they looked upon a chamber hidden for thousands of years.

"How did you know about this?" Louise asked.

Nabu smiled, "These are my people."

"Why didn't you tell us before we did all that scratching and scraping in the blazing sun?" Fabian complained.

Nabu looked straight at him. "I had to know how real you all are. After you had proved yourselves, I presented you with your prize."

Louise, scanning the unused space, said, "So What are we going to find here?"

"I don't have the answer to that," Nabu confessed.

"Never mind. Let's get searching," Barrymore directed.

The anti-chamber appeared empty and the mud brick walls, though crumbling in places, offered up no clues.

Barrymore sat against a wall feeling dejected.

Louise sat beside him. "Maybe there's nothing here."

He turned to her. "If there's nothing here why the concealed passageway?" Barrymore threw up his hands in mock surrender. "It's got me."

Fabian piped up. "There could be something here!"

Nabu joined him, careful not to hit his head on the ceiling. "What have you found?"

He pointed to some markings. "It looks like the symbol we found on the slab."

The glyph was worn down, but enough of the image remained, and Nabu agreed.

This piqued the professor's interest. Barrymore got up and investigated the find. It seemed to be the only inscription in the chamber. It was most likely Enlil's symbol, but he didn't know what it signified. He looked at Nabu, hoping the gold solution would give him some insight.

Louise said, "The inscription is carved in stone, not mud brick. So maybe there's something behind it."

"We need something to prise out the stone," Fabian suggested.

"But what? Our trowels won't do it," Louise mentioned.

"What about a small crowbar. Most cars have them in their toolkits," Barrymore suggested.

"Our Land Cruiser hasn't got hubcaps," Fabian pointed out.

"Still, go and look," the professor countered.

Fabian came back with a small crowbar, which was quickly put to use, prising out the stone. The rock was thicker than they first thought but after much physical effort, taking turns, the team felt the stone move. Sweating profusely in the hot confined space, Barrymore felt the block move some more. The rock, making a groaning sound, was eventually displaced and tumbled to the floor leaving a small alcove, which contained a clay tablet.

"So, what have we here?" Barrymore said, his heart racing. He carefully retrieved the tablet and dusted it off."

"What does it say?" Fabian urged.

The team emerged into bright sunlight with their discovery.

Barrymore fumbled for his bifocals. Then he said, "Give me some space and quietness," stilling the excited chatter.

That evening, as the team sat around a little fire, Barrymore explained the writing on the tablet. "It's pretty straightforward, but it does offer a bit of a surprise."

"What surprise?" Fabian asked, rubbing his hands together to stop them freezing.

"After Enlil's faux pas, Enki had the Tablets of Destiny removed from the Ekur."

"Where did he put them?" Fabian asked.

He turned to the Colonel's gopher. "Contact your boss, old boy, we're going to Iran."

*The Fall of Man: Richard Lynn's Dysgenics | Counter .... <https://www.counter-currents.com/2011/04/richard-lynns-dysgenics/>*

## **Chapter 13**

Marduk fumed at the latest news. Unable to contain himself he demanded to see his son. As soon as they beamed, he ranted, "How dare you allow this to happen?"

"What are you on about, father?"

"Allowing that upstart Constantine to stop the citizens worshipping me!"

It looked like his father was on one of his rants. Nabu sighed heavily. "Father, I don't control religious beliefs. As Eusebius says, 'the spiritual tide has turned', and we have to flow with it."

"Flow with it! What real power do I have if tyrants persecute followers for worshipping me?"

"Father, it doesn't matter who worships who as long as faith controls man and wealth controls his religion." He waited for a response as his giant of a father struggled, divesting himself of his large breastplate and helmet, which he thrust aside.

"I won't be needing that again!" he sniped.

"Father, admit it - you never did like it much."

Calmed a little, The Lord of Earth took a deep breath. "That's better," he said, sitting back down.

"Why do you wear it if it's uncomfortable, father?" Nabu asked.

"I am Mars, the great God of War. I dress this way when I get beams from Enlil. It annoys him no end."

Nabu laughed. "What's he griping about now?"

"Your accursed Christians - what else?"

"You really must change your attitude about them because they are here to stay. Now, do you want to hear about new developments since we last spoke?"

Marduk stared down at his son. "What sort of developments?"

"There was a two-man meeting in the northern Roman city of Milan in January 313. The two men involved were the Roman emperors - Constantine ruling the East and Licinius the West."

"It was bad enough when we had to suffer one emperor, but two!" Marduk sighed, "I bet they could not agree on anything."

"They met under a happy auspices, So, after many years of power struggles for the imperial purple, the Romans are now enjoying a degree of peace. Nabu grinned, "However, that's not the best bit."

"What's the best bit?" Marduk sighed.

"Now that the 'Great Persecution' by Diocletian and Galerius has failed, the Christian church is regaining its stability. So Constantine and Licinius have turned their minds to matters affecting the general welfare of the Empire."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Since Maxentius ousted Severus, he promised full religious toleration. Galerius ended the persecution in the East in 311, but it resumed in Egypt, Palestine, and Asia Minor by his successor, Maximinus. However, Constantine and Licinius, set up their private meeting to sign the "Edict of Milan" in 313. It offered a more comprehensive acceptance of Christianity than Galerius's edict had provided. Then Licinius ousted Maximinus in 313, bringing an end to persecution in the West."

Marduk scratched his head. "I don't get it. Why are you so excited about this?"

"Do you know the number of gods worshipped on Earth?"

"No. How many?"

"I don't know, and I don't think anyone else does either. However, each tribe, group, culture has its pet deities to protect them from anything and everything. It's difficult trying to keep up with it all."

"So Christianity is yet another one to cope with!"

"No. Christianity is going to streamline religion and make it much more manageable."

"What makes you think that'll work?"

"Because of Christian's in many nations now believing in the one God."

Marduk glared at his Son. "Have you taken leave of your senses? That one God is Yahweh!"

"Father, we have to look at the big picture here. Christianity is not going to go away. It's going to grow and expand, and we get with it, or we get left behind."

"But I am Mars, the greatest of the gods. I'm not handing my power over to Enlil."

"Forget about Enlil, father, Trust me, and you will play a critical role in the Christian Church. it will take a while but I happen to know that Constantine will soon be the sole ruler of the empire, and Christianity has become his favoured religion."

"A Christian Roman emperor! I don't believe it!"

"Nevertheless, it's true."

Marduk felt that once the old gods lost their influence over the people - himself included - He would never gain it back. He trusted his loyal son, who said he would again have his father showered with glory, but he could not see how. He was appointed Lord of Earth by his Heaviness, King Anu, yet the title seemed to have no substance now. Somehow he had to take control of what would be, instead of trying to hold on to the past. The ancient and long organised structure of Roman society was changing and the year A.D. 330 altered the culture and history of Europe forever.

Marduk again summoned his son, in a state of panic. "Is it true what I have heard?"

"I don't know, father. What have you heard?"

"That after dominating my mighty Roman Empire for more than four centuries, the centre of Roman power is being moved from Rome to the Bosphorus."

"Yes, Emperor Constantine is transferring the seat of government to Constantinople."

"That's disastrous!"

"No father, It's a fresh start to free Christianity from Rome's rotten foundations."

"What an ego the man has, even naming the city after himself."

"How many cities are named after your hero, Alexander?"

"That's not the point."

"Father, don't you see, this event is of great historical significance. It will set the Papacy on course for ultimate political power. Moreover, this is where you come in."

"What do you mean?"

You can become the power behind the leadership of the Christian Church."

Marduk sat wide-eyed. He could not entirely take it in. "But I'm against Christianity - always have been."

"It doesn't matter. It will make sure that the Pope has to follow our agenda."

"What agenda is that?"

"We don't have one yet. We'll make it up as we go along."

It's funny how the tables turn, Nabu mused to himself. Now the Pagans were being persecuted. The formal liquidation of paganism under Theodosius - who died in 398 - was the point of no return for the worship of the old gods. Emperor Theodosius' legislation against heresy, which began in 391, forbade all Pagan religious practices. In 392 all Pagan temples, with their treasures and idols were appropriated by the state. This sowed the seeds of what became the Dark Ages of the Roman Empire as Europe descended into intolerance, cruelty and guilt controlled by an unholy alliance between state and church.

Forgotten was the edict, underlining their separation when the Church and the state had separate areas of influence. Nabu was happy that Church and state had become one big powerhouse. However, he was, even more, pleased his stubborn father had finally seen sense and had come round to his way of thinking. Mars, Jupiter and Hera, along with the lesser gods, had had their day in Roman society, and unless he could reinvent himself, Marduk would end up on the scrap heap with Mars.

The Colonel welcomed Craig Rugate into his apartment, once Prentiss had passed him through security. "Take a seat and tell me where we are with 'Downsize'."

The National Director knew the Colonel's reputation for cutting to the chase, but he did think coffee might be in the offing. He extracted a folder from his Louis Vuitton briefcase and handed to the Colonel. "I think you'll see we're on track."

The Colonel, picking up on the reference to boxcars transporting prisoners, sneered, "Very droll."

Oh, I didn't mean..."

The Colonel, ignoring the remark, pondered the report. Then he said, "800 camps. Are they all operational?"

"Yes, all ready to receive detainees."

"The numbers look impressive, but you'll need a heck of a lot of FEMA personnel to take care of them. Are they Americans?"

"Forty percent. The rest are ex-UN troops we've trained over here."

The Colonel steepled his fingers under his chin.

Feeling uneasy, Craig said, "They're fully prepared and know what's expected of them should Martial Law be declared."

The Colonel knew all it took was a presidential signature on the proclamation. He looked up at Craig. "What about the lists?"

"Once the President makes his ruling all it takes is the attorney general's signature on a warrant to which a list of personal details of troublemakers is attached. FEMA then picks them up."

"Sounds like you have it covered, Mr Rugate. So where are with Rex 84?"

"Should there be a mass exodus of wetbacks into the US before ML is declared Many military bases have been converted to deal with them."

"Why before Martial Law?"

The FEMA boss grinned. "I don't think even the Mexicans would want to here afterwards."

The Colonel was silent as he read further into the file. He looked up. "How's 'Cable Splicer' progressing?"

"Once we've completed Rex 84 we'll be ready to take over the state and local governments. 'Garden Plot' is also available, Colonel."

Smiling, the Colonel said, "I must congratulate you, Craig. You certainly hit the boards running. If only your predecessor had been so efficient and compliant, he would still have been your boss. Now, all we have to do is put it to the test."

The FEMA boss sat erect. "What test?"

"Just a little exercise to see your people in action."

Craig stared at the Glen Ford look-a-like. Nobody has informed me of any..."

"I'm informing you now."

"Why wasn't I told of this before?" Craig demanded, getting agitated.

"Because I just came up with it."

"You. Just who the hell are you, Colonel?"

The Colonel looked straight at him. "Nobody asks me that." Then he added, "You'll get 24 hours notice before it kicks off."

"Before what kicks off?"



"I haven't figured that yet." The Colonel stared at the other man. "Enough of the god damned questions. I'm only going to tell you once how this will happen so you'd better listen."

Craig stood up towering over the Colonel. "I have autonomy of FEMA and our operations! What right do you think you have to tell me what to do?"

Keeping his calm, the Colonel said, "You know Craig, I'd hoped we were on the same page. Now the way I see it is that you have to get on my page pronto, or I will have to replace you with someone who will."

Craig, regretting losing his cool, realised the guy across the desk had much more clout than he thought. He took a deep breath. "Okay, what's going down."

The Colonel smiled, thinking, 'another one broken in'. "You will be informed 24 hours before the riot, where and when it's going to take place."

From the porthole of the Colonel's chartered plane, Barrymore saw the Iranian Plateau stretched out before him. However, he was looking out for Khuzestan, in the lowlands, in ancient times known as the Elamite Civilisation.

"So where exactly are we going?" Louise asked, giving Barrymore a nudge.

"Shush."

"Don't you shush me," She said playfully.

"No old girl. I mean Shush as in the modern version of Susa."

"Why Susa then?"

"Not Susa - Chogha Zanbil"

"My God, it is like having teeth pulled," Louise said.

Barrymore laughed, "It's a ziggurat, near Susa.

After landing at Ahwaz airport Barrymore and his team drove past amazing architectural designs, breathtaking mosques, stepped hillside villages, well-designed wind towers (badgirs) and impressive structures such as the Zoroastrian Towers of Silence.

As he drove them, Fabian said, "So what's at Choga ZanBil?"

The remains of a massive ziggurat and, hopefully, the tablets, if they exist."

"You still have doubts, Bazz?" Louise queried.

"Yes, but it's the Colonel's dime, so who cares. We get to have a great adventure at his expense."

"I hope you are taking this seriously, professor," Fabian said.

Barrymore thought he detected a veiled threat but said nothing.

As they drove through Shush, Barrymore could see signs that Achaemenian, Alexander the Great, the Parthians, Sassanids, Arabs, Seljuks, Mongols, Safavids and many other groups had all left their mark. They booked into the Apadana Hotel where they stayed overnight Louise found it to be comfortable and located an excellent restaurant. To her surprise, their room was fully equipped, though the wallpaper looked a bit tatty and the water pressure was low in the upper chambers.

Barrymore latched onto Adj, one of the friendly staff who spoke excellent English. "Have you heard anything about the 'Tablets of Destiny'?"

The Iranian hotel worker showed puzzlement. "I had not heard of this except today when you and that other man asked me the same question."

"What other man?"

"This morning, at breakfast. the man asked me about Choga Zanbil and the tablets."

"What's his name?"

Adj looked around, nervously. "I don't know. However, the register will have it listed."

The professor handed the Iranian a \$1 note. "Can you find out for me?"

"Dr Adeline Hammerson!". Barrymore did a double take when Adj told him the name. Of course, it could just be a coincidence, but the professor did not believe in such things. Thorkild had never mentioned anything about his family, let alone any member being an archaeologist. Hammerson was a common Swedish name after all. He would have to wait and see her out at the site. He thought about sharing with his team but decided to keep quiet until he had spoken with Dr Hammerson.

The ziggurat, which had held its spot in the desert for over 3000 years, was awe-inspiring. Groups of tourists were clambering all over it, like ants in search of honey. Barrymore gathered his team about him. He said, "I guess that the tablets are well hidden; that's if they are here, especially if Enki

had a claw in it. He pointed to inscriptions on the bricks. "These are Elamite scripts. We are looking for something that links this ziggurat to the one in Nippur."

"Such as!" Fabian asked, fanning his face with a magazine.

"Your guess is as good as mine. Maybe it's an engraving about Enlil."

Louise said, "Where should we start looking?"

Barrymore answered, "This edifice was built to worship their chief god Inshushinak. Right at the top is, what used to be, the tomb of the Elamite King Untash Napirisha, who ordered the ziggurat's construction. My guess is that would be a good place to start."

Louise said, "Are we allowed up there?"

Fabian winked, "We have full run of the place."

"The Colonel I suppose," she commented.

"Don't knock it. The tourists aren't even allowed up to the first level."

Barrymore smiled. "Well old chaps, off you go."

"What about you Bazz? Aren't you coming with us?" Louise queried.

"Alas no, old thing. I have something to attend to first. I'll see you up there." the Professor said, looking at the daunting climb.

Fabian said, "Where are you going?"

"It's a personal matter."

"I'll come with you."

Barrymore glared at him. "For Pete sake man don't be so bloody paranoid. I will join you soon."

"But," Fabian argued.

"Dammit man, I'm in charge of this party, and I need a bit of private time."

Left alone, Barrymore keyed in Dr Hammerson's mobile number, praying there would be a signal.

On the 8th ring, she picked up. "Hello. Dr Hammerson is speaking."

"Professor Zeebub here, at the base of the ziggurat. Where are you?"

"On the fourth level. Why?"

"Because I think we are both after the same thing."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll explain when I get up there."

Sweating profusely and continuously wiping his brow, Barrymore made slow progress up the uneven steps of the ancient temple. Eventually, he got to the fourth level and followed the long pink brick wall to where he could hear excavation noises. Then he saw the small team busily carrying out their tasks. Oh, what joy to work with professionals, not sand pit players, like his people. He saw The Doctor look up at his arrival. She was sharp looking and blond. He imagined her wearing a winged helmet in Wagnerian style "I spoke to you on the phone."

She rubbed her hands on her jeans and reached forward to shake his. "So Professor, what brings you here."

"As you well know we are both searching for the mythical Tablets of Destiny."

She said, "They will belong to the history faculty at the University of Gothenburg."

Seeing a physical resemblance, he said, "Are you related to the late Dr Thorkild Hammerson?"

"He was my brother." She shed all pretences. "Professor Zeebub I know he worked with you when he found the tablet - the one for which he died. I know you were with him in Baghdad when the bomb went off. So tell me what happened."

"I don't know. Your brother said he was going to the museum with the tablet. Someone must have stolen it from the Jeep. It wouldn't have been difficult if they knew what they sought after. Then I heard the explosion. I raced out to see what had happened. I recognised what was left of the Jeep."

She searched his eyes. "Why did you rush out? Did you think it might be something to do with my brother?"

"I can't answer that. I don't know. All I know is that Thorkild was a good human being, and he didn't deserve to die."

She wiped tears from her eyes. "Thank you for saying those kind words, Professor. Now I must get back to work."

Barrymore smiled, "Of course and I'm pleased to have met you." Then he saw the bulky, bearded blond man holding a small pickaxe, walking towards him.

He stopped and stared at the professor, saying nothing. As Barrymore passed him on the narrow path, The tall, fit man said, "This is our dig. You and your team must leave."

Barrymore looked up at him. "I would like to accommodate your wishes but, alas, I also have a job to do."

"Those tablets belong to Dr Hammerson."

"If they exist," was the professor's parting shot.

From the top of the mound, Fabian saw the Professor talking to a woman, then have a brief, mild altercation with a giant of a man.

"Well, have you found anything," Barrymore asked, once united with his ragtag team.

Fabian took him aside. Out of earshot of the others, he pushed the professor up against the wall.

"Just what are you playing at?"

"Now steady on old man, there's no need for that."

"Who are those people you were talking to?"

Barrymore pushed Fabian's hand away. "A Swedish team looking for the tablets."

Fabian froze. "How do they know?"

"She is Thorkild Hammerson's sister."

Fabian uncertain what he was hearing, said, "The scientist that died in the explosion."

Barrymore expounded, "The scientist who was brutally murdered so your Colonel could get his hands on the tablet."

"Yes, Professor, and the same Colonel that's paying you 10 million dollars to get the Tablets of Destiny."

Barrymore, slightly mollified, said, "Fabian, old chap, I knowing you are just doing your job."

"So you'd better leave me to do it. Moreover, you get on with yours."

None of his team had come up with anything useful, and Barrymore knew that the tablets if they existed, could be hidden in any of the five towers making up the levels.

Nabu saw the professor puffing on his pipe and went up to him. "We're packing it in for the day. The other's have already gone down. Louise is making some soup, so let's go and join them."

As they descended the ziggurat, Barrymore asked, "If your grandfather did bury the tablets here, where is the most likely place to have put them."

Nabu answered, "I've been asking myself the same question all afternoon."

Just then Barrymore received a call; It was from Dr Hammerson. He turned to Nabu, "You go on ahead, I have to take this." Alone, he said, "Dr Hammerson. How pleasant to hear from you."

"I don't know what strings you have pulled, but my university has put a hold on my dig."

"I haven't done a damn thing, my girl."

"I need to do this for my brother. So maybe we can work together."

"You want us to pool resources?"

"Well, it makes sense."

Barrymore smiled, "Only as long as we don't find anything."

"What do you mean?"

"If we came across our prize what happens to it?" Then he added, "Dr Hammerson, I don't know why your university has changed its position, but I will tell you this. You don't want to get involved with the person bankrolling this little show."

"What do you mean?"

"Stay well away, or you'll be in over your head."

"Is that some threat, professor?"

"Of course not, dear girl. I don't go around threatening people."

"Sven - you met him today - wants to come over and sort you people out. I don't know how long I can hold him back."

Barrymore remembered him and didn't want to come face-to-face with him on a dark desert night.

"Is that a threat?"

"He's furious and needs someone to blame for Thorkild's death."

Then a noise made it too deafening to hear, as an unmarked helicopter swept down and landed on the desert floor.

Barrymore wondered what why it had landed? He soon found out. Upon reaching his campsite, two, armed, camouflaged personnel, who had come from the chopper that was parked nearby, were guarding it. Fabian grinned like a Cheshire cat.

"What are you so smug about?" Barrymore asked.

"I don't think the Vikings will be raping or pillaging tonight."

So it was the Colonel's doing. Barrymore was not surprised.

Father became Papa (Pope). It was Nabu's private joke, as he set Marduk up for his new role as the power behind the papal throne. It was all coming together beautifully. Except for one thing! The subject of their next discussion.

"Why do I have to remain invisible?" Marduk asked, puzzled.

"You have to live in heaven and become their heavenly father."

Marduk stared at his son. "You know I'm not allowed back on Nibiru."

"It's all been arranged. Grandfather has gotten you special dispensation from the Nibiruan High Council."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I found a way to beam Grandfather and explained the plan and he pulled some strings with the Seven Who Judge. King Ninurta agreed, so it's all set."

"Wait a minute! What's all set?"

"Your exile is over, father. You are going back home, as our father in heaven. I will keep you informed and guide things from this end."

Marduk shook his head. "No, I am Lord of Earth! I should be here."

"Father, where are you going to stay. The Pagan temples have been abandoned and are falling into disrepair. As God, you can't live on Earth anymore. To be all-powerful, you have to be untouchable, unapproachable and unimpeachable. You can't be that here!"

Marduk began to see the sense of his son's case. "If I am God in Heaven you will have to follow my orders and not just do things your way. Is that understood?"

"Yes father, of course," Nabu answered, his fingers crossed behind his back. Then he said, "But to start with I need to give you some basic instruction."

"What instruction?"

"About Roman Catholic tradition."

"Is there one?"

"There will be if you will just listen." After a short pause, Nabu explained, "Catholic tradition says that Jesus Christ founded their Church. The New Testament allegedly records Jesus' activities and teaching, his appointment of the twelve Apostles, and his instructions to them to continue his work, in an event known as 'Pentecost' Okay."

Marduk nodded.

"Good. Now that signalled the beginning of the public ministry of the Church."

"Is that all there is to it?"

"It's all you have to know. That and the fact Jesus Christ is your son on Earth, in spirit that is."

"And that's you?"

"It was me, but I don't need that role any more. Jesus also has to remain remote and powerful as an invisible entity."

Marduk, slightly confused, asked, "So, is this Jesus going to Nibiru as well?"

Nabu laughed, "No, of course not. Jesus exists on Earth as long as people believe in him. Your Catholic Church will ensure that they do."

Marduk looked straight at his son. "Just one thing. How am I supposed to return to Nibiru when rocket ships can't land here at present,"

"Oh! Don't you know? Emuq has finally worked out anti-gravity propulsion."

In 393 AD Strange lights were seen in the sky in the days of the Emperor Theodosius. Onlookers were stunned as, suddenly, a bright globe appeared at midnight. It shone brilliantly near the morning star. Venus, then fell to Earth, distant from Rome, revealing itself as a silver spinning discus. Then it lifted off, and Marduk was on his way home.



## Chapter 14

Sometimes Nabu felt lonely on Earth. He still missed his family, in particular on those occasions he returned to Patmos to make his reports. On one such occasion, Nabu discovered a scroll left in his private cave, It was titled 'The Revelation of John the Divine', it was all about horned demons and the end of the world. Nabu knew nothing about the religious hermit who had been squatting in his cave, except he may well have gotten into the emergency supply of the golden elixir, stashed there. That would have explained the strange visions written about by the monk. Nabu had not been back to Patmos for ages. His only recourse to feeling fulfilled was to plunge himself into intelligence gathering and giving guidance to help steer the way to the future.

Seeing his father appear on the vid screen he proceeded to present his latest report. He said, "Father, Emperor Diocletian split the Roman empire into separately administered eastern and western halves,"

"How did that go down?"

"It wasn't recognised by the rulers whom each had their administrative promulgations."

Feeling bored, Marduk responded, "I know that stuff. It's water under the bridge. Tell me something I don't know."

"I'm just recapping some of the major events." Following a pause, he continued, "What you probably don't know is that the Ostrogoths have settled in Thracia."

"Ostrogoths! Who are they?"

"A Barbarian tribe. They were fleeing from the Huns and received permission from Emperor Valens to settle in the Roman province of Thracia, in the Balkans. However, the settlement didn't go smoothly, and when Roman officials mishandled the situation, the Ostrogoths began to raid and plunder."

"How did the emperor respond?"

"Valens attempted to put down the disorder but was killed fighting the Ostrogoths at the Battle of Adrianople on 9 August 378."

Marduk yawned, "What happened then?"

"Various peoples, mostly Franks have migrated across Europe. The Franks, the Alemanni and the Burgundians all set up camp in northern Gaul. While the Angles, Saxons and Jutes chose Britain as their home."

"So there was a reshuffle going on."

"Yes, Father. Then things started hotting up when the Huns began invading the empire; their king Attila led invasions into the Balkans, then to Gaul and on to Italy. This Hunnic threat remained until Attila's death, after which the confederation he led, fell apart."

"Nabu, I thought I heard somewhere that my Pope Leo stop the Huns from invading Rome?"

"Leo met with Attila, but it's unclear exactly what they said to each other. Mind you, at the end of the meeting, Attila and his army departed, leaving Rome untouched."

"That was my influence."

"Yes, Father, I'm sure it was. However, we do know that these tribal invasions changed the political and territorial nature of what had been the Western Roman Empire."

"All very fascinating but where does that leave our plans now?"

"Religion versus reason, I guess you could call this period. Now the Roman emperors/popes have gotten my Christian bug they are stamping down on Pagan teachings. Augustus got the whole Roman Empire thing kicked off, and now we have Augustine doing the same thing with the Holy Roman Church."

"Who is this Augustine?"

"A Christian theologian/ philosopher from some place called Hippo," Nabu briefly explained. Then he said, "I'll tell you more after I find out about him."

While natural calamities and war destroyed most of the ziggurats, the Chogha Zanbil ziggurat remained relatively well preserved. So much so that Louise discovered a sundial set into the stone and Fabian came across the footprints of an Elamite child and a dog. As Barrymore reached the first round of steps, Adeline Hammerson blocked his path. "Hello, Dr Hammerson."

"It's not right. Somebody on your team did something to stop us."

Barrymore adjusted his broad-brimmed raffia hat to mop his forehead. "You may well be right my dear, but it had nothing to do with me."

"Are you not the leader, professor?"

"Look, it's not that simple. You really must take it up with your head of faculty."

"We will not give up, professor."

"Good for you young lady. Now I really must be going."

As he took the first two steps he heard, "You don't know where to look, do you?"

He turned to face her. And you do?"

"My brother sent me pictures of the tablet. There was a subtle clue as to where the Tablets would be."

"But the tablet pointed to Nippur. That's how we got directed here."

For the first time, Adeline smiled, "That was a trick to put you off course."

"So you think the tablets are on the fourth level?"

"That's where we are digging."

The professor smiled, "Then I bid you good day."

"What was all that about?" Louise asked when Bazz caught up with his team at the fourth level.

"That was Dr Hammerson. Her project has been shut down, and she's not happy."

"What's it got to do with you?"

"Thorkild was her brother. She thinks I owe her something."

"The Swedish archaeologist who got car bombed? That's got nothing to do with you, Bazz."

Nabu said, "Why aren't the nice young men from the helicopter helping us with the spade work?"

Fabian snarled, "They have their orders. Now let's find these bloody tablets."

Louise gave him a look that would have made Medusa jealous.

Bazz said, "It's this endless heat. It makes even grown men like Fabian, cranky."

As Barrymore and his people worked their way along the fourth level of the ziggurat, he heard footsteps and looked up into the blue eyes of Sven Tessir and two other members of the Swedish team. The professor said, "How can I help you?"

"By getting off this temple and leaving it to us."

"Can't do that old chap. Got a job to do."

The blond giant grabbed the professor by his shirt front. "I think you should reconsider."

Fabian was already on his phone. "Our team is being threatened on level four. Come now."

The Swede let Barrymore go and came at Fabian. "Who are you phoning?" He lunged to grab the phone.

Fabian sidestepped, saying, "You don't want to try that."

Sven advanced.

Fabian said calmly, "One step closer and you'll need flying lessons."

Sven, full of blind fury, hit out at the smaller man.

What happened next was a blur for anyone watching. Getting inside the Swede's guard Fabian applied a wrist lock that had the giant buckling to his knees while screaming in pain. Knowing just how much pressure to use he levered the big man to his feet, pivoting him off balance as he screeched in pain. His wrist bone snapped at the same moment he was hurled into space. Seeing the stunned look on the faces of the other Swedes, he said, "Does anyone else want flying lessons?"

They didn't, and the pair made a hasty retreat.

Barrymore, speechless, couldn't believe it. The whole incident had only taken about ten seconds, and the blond behemoth lie sprawled unconscious on the next level down. The professor had a new respect for the Colonel's man.

The media had done an excellent job, and Springfield was a town sitting on a powder keg. Then an unpopular decision by a jury in a murder trial lit the fuse. Officer Daniel Williams was considered justified in shooting Raphael Branson, an African American teenager, nine times. Battlefield Mall erupted in violence, clashes and mayhem, The local police, unable to contain the force, was told to let FEMA, who were soon on hand in large numbers, to deal with it. The coloured townfolk had expected such a result but their reaction to it, as soon as it was known, quickly erupted into frenzied fury. Six looters died in a horrific night of arson, looting, random gunfire and pitched battles, in which, the local police, unable to cope with the intense violence and destruction, had to stand aside, helpless.

Heavily armed FEMA riot squads took over as enraged protesters set fire to buildings and vehicles, and looted Battlefield Mall stores in the usually peaceful town of Springfield. FEMA made many arrests. However, instead of being taken to the police lock-up, prisoners were driven to the railway station. Witnesses who managed to break through the police cordon at the station reported that the prisoners were put into black boxcars and taken off by train. Craig Rugate was happy with the result

of the exercise. Having dealt with the FEMA boss, the Colonel turned his attention to another project, to smooth the way for the US President's state visit to Africa.

With all the fear, hate and resentment looming from colonial days, it wasn't easy, and the safety of the Afro-American Commander-in-Chief was paramount. In South Africa, Collins, the chief Presidential advisor entered the Table Mountain Presidential Suite with a purpose in his step. The President looked out of the window, his back to his aide. His head of security had him covered.

"Mr President, I don't think it's wise to make these itinerary changes to your schedule."

The President turned and smiled. "How long have you worked for me?"

"Many years Mr President."

"Have you ever heard me suggest I have the slightest interest in shooting animals?"

"No, Mr President, but..."

"The main reason is security. What with high powered sniper rifles issued to the hunters, General Framer is concerned I might become the game. I tend to agree with him." He didn't say he had triggered the alert. What happened was the former high-ranking CIA analyst Ray Mackintosh overheard the President remark to a friend that he had backed off the safari idea because he was afraid of ending up like JFK. Mackintosh didn't want a President's death to take place on his watch, so he ordered a cancellation. Mackintosh didn't know he was being manipulated by the Colonel because he wasn't privy to the larger picture.

"Do you truly think that any of your hand-picked security detail can be turned?"

"I don't intend to put it to the test. Besides, Collins, It's much better for me to visit Robben Island,"

The aide argued, "With respect, it's not better for the President of Tanzania."

"We have to look at the bigger picture and pay our respects to Mandela."

Collins went away quietly whistling 'Diamonds are forever'.

The President looked out of his window, at the notorious Devil's Island prison. He then received a phone call. The voice said, "The pieces are in place. The special guests have arrived. I will inform you when the 'visitor' is in place."

Being the President of the United States of America, he knew certain things. He was aware that, for example, the real significance of the hex symbol he wore around his neck. He had read on the

Internet that some historians thought it was used by King Solomon when he returned to 'foreign gods' and became 'hexed', under the curse of the six-pointed Babylonian Anunnaki star. Despite the Israeli flag design, the President was surprised to discover that most Hebrews never used the six-pointed star to describe their various tribes or nations.

The President's busy schedule meant he had little time for himself. So, being an avid reader of Theology he used the precious free time he had to find out more about the mystical hex. For example, it wasn't adopted by Judaics until 700 AD, when a small secret sect some have referred to as the 'synagogue of Satan' took it. He read that the hex stretched all the way back to Babylon and, being a master of the grand lodge, he knew Freemasonry used the symbol in its original red colour.

Most non-Zionist Judaics have no idea what the hex star on their flag represents and would be horrified if they understood. Israel flies the blue and white hex flag, which symbolises that it is a pure free-Masonic nation run by the Luciferians or 'synagogue of Satan'.

Soon they would come and get him, but he had a few minutes to enjoy the luxury suite that had also played host to big celebrities like Charlize Theron, Celine Dion, Robert De Niro, and Snoop Dogg. Many rooms offered views of Table Mountain, the President's included. He had been impressed by the hotel lobby's unique octagonal 'gazebo', the first thing guests see when they entered. However, most interesting to the President was that from his top floor windows, he could see Robben Island Prison, where Mandela spent much of his 27-year sentence.

The President's predecessor was there in 1997 when President Mandela when attended the hotel's opening ceremony. Now he was there for a very different reason.

The spin doctors provided the media with a cover story for the last minute change. This suggested the difference in the president's schedule 'required' or at least highly desired a meeting with a very powerful unnamed dignitary. This meant he was to be in Senegal at the same time as former President Clinton and George W Bush at a special Tanzania memorial, at the culmination of his African trip.

It was time for Lord Enlil's final return to take back planet Earth and establish a complete Luciferian Globalist NWO system, according to Anunnaki dictate. Enlil/Yahweh represented the Third Force that had secretly been pulling strings covertly in the background. Remarkably deceptive it used King and their minions to do its dull work, typically disposing of them after their missions were carried out.

This Third Force, an ancient, evil entity, exerted worldwide Luciferian control from behind the scenes. It didn't like humans, nor did it experience any human emotions. A sociopathic beast, a

bloodthirsty demonic fallen angel, fed off the constant blood-letting, paedophilia and sacrifice of human victims, perpetuating global war as its forte.

Using war, entropic destruction, high-tech robotics, and various soft-kill methods, like social engineering the demonic force continues its agenda, which is to destroy the human race. While this horrific drama unfolds, this Anunnaki monstrosity creates its mark two substitute human, a genetically spliced triple helix superhuman designed to replace the existing human hybrid slave. (The more enlightened scientists know this 'demon' to be a hidden destructive directive hard-wired into the borg's programming.)

The historical and covert meeting took place in Senegal because of the giant 140 interconnected major international corporations involved in African resources exploitation. These large companies make up the power block that runs the world central banking systems, which are well entrenched in the continent of Africa, where major covert eugenic programs are implemented to radically depopulate the continent so that its numerous natural resources and assets can be cheaply acquired and stripped.

The dig in Elam was hard going in the stifling heat. Barrymore was feeling dejected. But not so much because they had found nothing, more because the Professor needed convincing there was there was something worthwhile to see. Then, towards the end of the day, Louise unearthed a tablet concealed between two bricks. She had noticed an unusual width gap and tried to prise it out of the wall her trowel. Nabu came and helped and between them, they managed to dislodge, what turned out to be, a handy clue as to the whereabouts of the tablets. Barrymore, having translated the text, looked up saying, "Who fancies a trip to Egypt?"

Fabian said, "Why Egypt?"

The professor packed his pipe, saying, "This tablet reveals that the Tablets of Destiny provided victory in a battle for whoever possessed them. They were taken and returned many times."

Nabu added, "Legend had it that my father had worn them around his neck for his battle against Tiamat." Nabu made a mental note to ask his father about that.

Louise said, "How does that tie in with going to Egypt?"

Barrymore, glossing over her remark, said, "What's interesting is that the tablets are described here as being three bronze-like discs with a hole in the centre." Indicating the writing on the tablet, he

said, excitedly, "It says here that following Marduk's battle they were taken to Khemmet, where Thoth, Enki's son Ningshizidda, called them the 'Emerald Tablets' that contained the knowledge and power of the Earth." Barrymore grinned, "So off to Egypt we go."

*Category: War in Heaven - Wes Penre Productions -- the Blog.*

<https://battleofearth.wordpress.com/category/war-in-heaven/>

*Marduk Lands in Africa? - Secret Space War - Part III.*

[http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/vida\\_alien/alien\\_secretspacewar03.htm](http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/vida_alien/alien_secretspacewar03.htm)

## **Chapter 15**

Nanna-Sin certainly stirred things up with his Muslim expansionism. By 640, Muslim forces had reached Armenia; in 642 they launched their first raid across the Caucasus under Abd ar-Rahman ibn Rabiah. In 652 Arab troops advanced on the Khazarian capital, Balanjar, but were defeated. Khazaria had ferocious warriors who knew that to retreat meant execution. They knew the Muslims would return and needed to do something about it. The problem was that as they practised a traditional Turkic form of a cult practice known as 'Tengriism', which focused on the sky god Tengri, they were considered Heathen by all three major religions: Christians, Jews and Muslims. As such, they were fair game for Christians and Muslims to expand their territory. So they decided to convert. However, what to, that was the question.

The conversion though unusual wasn't unique. On the Khazarian southern flank, both Islam and Byzantine Christianity were great proselytising powers. Byzantine success in the north was sporadic. Nabu noted that even Buddhism got in on the act, exercising an attraction on leaders of both the Eastern and Western Kaganates. Then, in 682 the Caucasian King Varaz Trdat dispatched Bishop Israyêl to convert Caucasian Huns, who were subject to the Khazars. Some turned to Christianity within the Kaganate. Also, Jews from both the Islamic world and Byzantium migrated to Khazaria during periods of persecution by the Roman Church.

However, the biggest threat came from Rome pressing from one side, Byzantium on another and Persia from the south. So Khazaria ended up with churches, mosques and synagogues.

The decision was made after Bulan then took over as Kagan. The Khazarians decided to become Jews.



Enlil rubbed his claws in glee. By creating another Jewish state, He had set the cat amongst the pigeons. He had waited long for his revenge. "Let's see how you deal with that one, Nabu," He gloated to his empty chamber.

Bulan reasoned that to convert to Christianity would have brought the Khalifate down on them and to convert to Islam would have invited invasion from the Eastern Roman Empire. Only by becoming Jewish would they be protected from both. Nabu saw the logic in this, but it was terrible news for Marduk and his Christian expansion programme. Nabu thought about this. Then it hit him! Somehow Enlil was behind the conversion.

Marduk, livid, beamed Enlil. "Have you been interfering with my Earth again?" he demanded, upon seeing his uncle on the screen.

"What are you on about?"

"The Khazars! They have become Jews!"

"So, they're free to take on whatever religion they want."

"Yes, and I bet you had a hand in it."

"And you have proof of that?"

"It's just the sort of sneaky trick you would get up to."

Enlil sneered, "We need more Jews in the world to balance your Christian hoards."

Marduk retorted, "Well they're false Jews, and your real ones are not going to be happy."

"They need to be repentant, not happy."

The Varangian Rus developed a powerful warrior-merchant system. At first, they sailed down Khazarian waterways, after Arab silver, furs and ironwork. This was a suitable arrangement for the Khazars and worked well until the Rus formed a new state by convincing the Slavs, Merja and the Chud to unite to protect common interests against Khazarian exactions of tribute. The powerful Rus had no fear of or respect for Khazarian sovereignty as they penetrated deeper into Khazar territories until, in 860, they had advanced into their heartland, as far as Kiev. With no allies who treated the Rus as a common enemy and continually shifting alliances Khazaria fell into decline. Despite winning a battle in the 880s against the allied forces of five lands whose moves were encouraged by Byzantium, an invasion led by the Alans, whose leader had converted to Christianity, took Kiev. This spelt the end for Khazaria.

Occasionally Marduk set up a three-way beam. This time, their conversation included Enlil. Knowing how much Marduk detested his uncle, Nabu did not question his judgement on the matter. For his father to include Enlil in the conversation showed it was important. Marduk addressed his son. "Tell us what has been happening with the Khazars."

"Well, it's pretty much all over for them now that the Rus warlords have launched several battles against the Kağanate, and are raiding down to the Caspian Sea."

Enlil said, "My prediction is they will soon disperse into Europe."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" Marduk stated. "You want to infect the Holy Roman Empire with your worthless miscreants,"

"I didn't say that it is what I want. It's your Christians and Russians that are pushing them out, not my influence."

"Stop arguing, you two and listen to my report. That's if you're interested," Nabu chided.

"Yes, carry on," Enlil said.

"Well, things have gotten a lot worse, what with the collapse of the alliance they had with the Byzantine Empire in the early 10th century. In the 960s Khazarian imperial power was utterly destroyed."

"So they either go somewhere else or get wiped out!" Enlil stated, smugly.

"I say they get wiped out!" Marduk retorted.

"I don't know," Nabu argued, "They are very resourceful. They could be useful in the future."

"But they are Enlil's false Jews!"

"They are not false. The Khazarians follow the old religion," Enlil retorted.

"Old religion or not they are the scourge of the Earth," Marduk vehemently stated.

Nabu looked on as the Rus people took over the Khazars, conquering them gradually by erosion and immersion into the Jewish culture. Eventually destabilised by various factions, the Khazars lost their homeland and dispersed into eastern Europe, where they become the Ashkenazi Jews.

The early morning hours of July 23, 2014, saw by far the worst civil riots in US history. By seven that morning 12th Street in the heart of Detroit's predominantly African-American inner city, erupted into violence as hundreds of people with placards shouted 'No Mandatory Vaccinations'.

There were many other civil right grievances aired at the rally, but the anti-vaccination one was most prevalent. The vast gathering - some 10,000 protesters - burned vehicles and other properties to get their message across.

By the July of 2014, the predominantly African-American neighbourhood was ready to explode. Some 28,000 poor people were crammed into the community's 450 acres, existing in squalid conditions. Whole families lived in tiny divided and sub-divided apartments. The Detroit Police Department, which had only about 80 African Americans, was viewed as a white occupying army. The only other whites observed in the neighbourhood commuted from the suburbs to run their stores on 12th Street.

At night, 12th Street, a centre of Detroit inner-city night-life for both legal and illegal dealing, was where William Stott operated an after-hours illicit club on weekends, out of the office of the United Community League for Civic Action - a civil rights group. The police vice squad often raided establishments like this on 12th Street, and at 3:35 that morning orders came from high up the food chain to make an example of Stott.

The previous night, the William Stott establishment hosted a party for several veterans, including two servicemen who had died from cancer, courtesy of the Vietnam War. The bar's patrons were reluctant to leave. Meanwhile, out in the street, a crowd gathered as police waited for transport to pick up the 81 patrons.

The tension between area blacks and police were at breaking point; this was partly due to a rumour (later proved to be exact) that 11 black children had died hours after being vaccinated at school. Then a story began to circulate that the police had arrested the parents of one of the dead children for trying to get answers to explain why their perfectly healthy children had died.

Within an hour, protesters lined the streets with anti-vaccination slogans on banners and placards. The trigger point occurred when a thrown bottle smashed upon hitting the road. The police ignored the incident, but after more protesters had thrown more bottles, and the chanting began, the remaining police fled as a riot erupted. Soon, thousands of people had spilt out onto the street. Looting commenced on 12th Street, and some whites arrived to join in. Around 6:30 am, the first fires broke out, and soon much of the street was set ablaze. By mid-morning, every law-enforcement officer and fire-fighter in Detroit got called to duty. On 12th Street, officers fought to control the mob which even attacked fire-fighters as they tried to battle the flames.

Detroit Mayor Jerome P. Cousins asked requested Michigan Governor George Robson to send in FEMA. However, the FEMA were already on their way. They arrived in force with two helicopters and six armoured vehicles. However, even with more than 300 officers on the ground, they could not keep the riot from spreading. By day's end, over 1000 arrests had been made with activists being carted off to the railway depot, where the prison boxcars awaited. By this time 51 people had died, but the riot kept growing.

The next day another 116 people were killed, most by police or FEMA. Viet Vet Snipers fired at fire-fighters and cut their hoses.

Governor Robson asked the US President to send in US troops. Nearly 2,000 UN Army paratroopers arrived on Tuesday and began patrolling the street in tanks and armoured carriers. 100 more people died that day and 120 more on the next day. It took until Thursday, July 27, to restore order in the devastated city. More than 7,000 people had been arrested and transported by rail during the four days of rioting. The death toll was around 400. The mob looted some 1,700 stores. Arsonists burned over 1,400 buildings, causing \$500 million in property damage. Some 5,000 people were left homeless.

The Health Department quickly went into damage control. Their spokesperson at a press conference said, "investigations are underway to find out what caused the death of the school children, shortly after they received their measles shots."

A reporter spoke up, "Isn't it obvious that the vaccinations killed them?"

The spokesperson tried ignoring the elephant trumpeting around the room. The spin doctor stated, "The United States institutes mandatory immunisation requirements as a prerequisite to public school enrolment because vaccinating is the most efficient method of perpetuating herd immunity."

A TV journalist said, "The doesn't help when the injection is the killer."

"Such uneducated accusations are not going to help. We have to look at the bigger picture. When we have herd immunity is present in a community, because a high percentage of its members have been immunised from a particular disease that the disease cannot gain a foothold in the city.

Another journalist said, "What about the parents of those dead children? Should they just look at the big picture and consider the death of their child 'collateral damage'?"

The spokesperson argued, "By achieving maintaining herd immunity it doesn't just protect those vaccinated, but also those with weak immune systems: the elderly, small babies, and HIV sufferers.

Many viewers were not convinced - not with all the eugenics and population reduction conspiracy theories flooding the Internet.

The American Government's reaction to the Detroit riots was to exercise EXECUTIVE ORDER 11001, giving the government an excuse to take over all health, education and welfare functions.

Having gotten away with that, the Government warned of a new virulent strain of flu. It then launched its new health initiative to provide all the elderly people with free Vaccinations. This 'generous' act extended to inmates in prisons and pregnant women. Rumours soon become rife that the flu virus was man-made and deliberately released.

To add fuel to the fire William Tolley, a senior scientist at the Centres for Disease Control (CDC) published in the leading medical journals, advocated ending the needless harm of children by vaccination and other environmental factors. The 2005 study of which he was a contributor looked at healthy children as well as autistic ones, to see if there were any differences in their rates after being vaccinated against measles, mumps and rubella (MMR). He found none, but he did conclude that among African-American boys, the incidence of autism was higher among those who were vaccinated than among those who weren't. However, he went much further than this, suggesting that the vaccination given to the social elite and top world leaders was different from that given to everybody else. As a scientist who had worked on the two strains, he felt he had to speak out and become a whistle-blower.

## **Chapter 16**

Nabu's foray into the world of ancient secret societies taught him some things that would prove useful in the future. It amused Nabu no end to hear about the various versions of the 'Jesus' story. It seemed that very few people had any inkling as to the real meaning of the Messiah's message. Of the Disciples, only Paul experienced Jesus in a mystical encounter. Peter and other of the disciples totally missed the point and turned their version of Christianity into a form of neo-Judaism, requiring converts to undergo circumcision and follow Jewish ecclesiastical law. Nabu having introduced the Jesus story sat back and let the teachers run with it. Paul, followed by Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Marcion, Valentinus, etc., spread the story of the son-of-god with inspiration and freshness, while the so-called apostles turned Christianity into a hierarchical dogma and ritual.

One way or another the legend of Jesus, with its variations, became so widespread the Christians began to profess their faith openly. However, within a few years, the leaders of the 'Christian Church' had degenerated into leaders of violent gangs who went around murdering their rivals for power and position. Nabu abhorred them and had measures put in place to bring about their decline

and fall. Unfortunately, these so-called Christians took the Roman Empire with them and plunged the Western world into the actual Dark Ages.

To learn more, Nabu went to a monastery in France to speak with a monk called Gildas. Bishop Gildas, as he was in England, had exiled himself from his homeland to escape the ignorance and barbarity of the Roman Church.

Seeing the tall young man, Gildas approached him. "Are you the person called Nabu who has been asking about me?"

"I am he."

"What would you ask of me?"

"Why has Christianity gone so wrong?"

Eyeing Nabu with suspicion, Gildas said, "I don't understand what you mean."

"For example, Bishop Cyril inciting the mob to murder Hypatia."

Gildas shook his head. "She was a brilliant scientist and compassionate person. Her murder was a terrible indictment of the Church. However, you already know that."

Looking down at the monk, he said, "Why did Theodosius order all non-Christian books to be burned."

"Lord Nabu, It was part of a wider ban on Paganism. Rome forbade all visits to the temples, and they abolished all the remaining Pagan holidays. The Church even extinguished the eternal fire in the Temple of Vesta, which stood in the Roman Forum. Furthermore, they disbanded the Vestal Virgins."

"Weren't some pagans sentenced for witchcraft?"

"The Holy Bible tells us not to suffer a witch."

"Or a scientist it would seem."

"The Bible doesn't say that."

"No, but Justinian did. He ordered the closure of the Platonic Academy in Athens and had its property confiscated."

"Yes, the bonfires set by Christian zealots reduced the science of a millennium to ash."

"It was only destroyed if it contradicted the Holy Bible."

"Oh come on Gildas! How could science, based on logic, not oppose mythology and superstition?"

"I, myself consider it a Christian tyranny that all scientific thought, contradicting the Bible, got suppressed."

Nabu, confused, replied, "Yet, as a Christian, you have to consider rationality and observation inferior to the 'revealed Word of God!'"

"Of course, Lord Nabu, for logic and observation are themselves part of God's Creation. Man has not yet learned to be guided by God's much higher logic."

Nabu, feeling himself becoming trapped in a circular argument gets the topic back on track. "So why do you think Rome has failed?"

"I can only talk about the fall of Roman Britain, which was beset by military failures, owing to a loss of nerve and direction, due to a failure of solidarity."

"What do you mean?"

"The Roman elite had a good life. The Britons had accepted their rule. Their politicians ensured passivity by advocating glibly attractive solutions that appealed to the populace."

"Didn't anyone in authority challenge them?"

"Any leader who seemed soft, or who told the truth got painted as being ruinous to the country was held in contempt by the citizens."

"Did the Church go along with such policies?"

"The sheer ineptitude and bad judgement, of leaders of the day, both secular and ecclesiastical, brought Britain to the brink of financial ruin."

Nabu had done enough catching up. It was time to move on. It had been a useful exercise.

The problem with keeping the human race covertly on track, as per the Anunnaki plan, was that they did not know if they had strayed from the path chosen for them. This was Nabu's most significant challenge - getting humans to play the game without them having to know what game they were playing. The Catholic Church played a crucial role in this. For the Papacy to be able to carry out its part, atheistic free-thinking had to be stopped - ergo mathematical logic had to go. It could resurface later when the managers could control human thinking about both physics and metaphysics. To get a sense of what new ideas were in the wind, Nabu often met with philosophers, one of whom was M d'Alembert.

Nabu detected a certain smugness about d'Alembert as he met him on the steps of the Saint-Jean-le-Rond de Paris church.

The French scientist said, by way of explanation, "I was left here as a baby, you know."

"I didn't know that. I wondered why you wanted to meet at a Catholic Church, what with your views on Catholicism."

d'Alembert smiled ruefully. "I was named after the church's patron saint, so it holds some interest for me."

"So why do you vilify the Church?"

"Ah! Where to begin? Well, let me put it this way. "Abuse of spiritual authority, joined with temporal power, tends to silence reason."

"Surely that's not so!" Nabu retorted, stirring the emotional pot.

"What about Pope Zacharias? He threatened Vergil, an Irish priest - later Bishop of Salzburg - with excommunication for teaching there was another world and other men beneath the earth."

"There is no race beneath the earth!"

"I believe he had the misfortune of guessing the existence of the southern hemisphere six hundred years before Columbus discovered it. The Church repressed this."

"Understandably so!"

"Lord Nabu, such mental tyranny stemmed from the perverse, cloistered world of our Orthodox Christian Church, which dismisses out of hand any theories that don't conform to the biblical view of the world."

Nabu pulled d'Alembert up short. "What you speak of is heresy. I think it best if we leave it here."

"Ah yes! Well, the Church declared that all humankind descended from Noah and, as Noah hadn't been to the 'other side' of the Earth then it didn't exist. An inhabited southern hemisphere simply didn't fit in with Christian teaching. Augustine thought belief in the existence of the antipodes to be not only wrong but heretical as well."

"Let us not get caught up in such details and look at Augustine as a whole," Nabu suggested, taking control of the briefing. "His work in metaphysics, ethics, and politics are most important as a blueprint for others to follow, including yourself, d'Alembert."

"As you wish, Lord Nabu but it doesn't excuse the Church's oppressive power over the people."



"Oppressive power! That's a bit strong! Augustine gave us a sophisticated interpretation of Christian thinking by merging it with the philosophy of Plato and Neoplatonism."

The French critic retorted, "To my mind the Church's misanthropic ideology is a constant hurtful influence, making people believe they are lowly creatures who can do nothing for themselves."

"Your people are ignorant creatures who, for their spiritual good, need to accept God as an independent, immaterial reality existing outside of space and time. "

"I do not believe life is merely the interplay of man's fall and God's redemption through Christ!" the philosopher retorted. "The idea that a person is supposed to abjectly obey his superiors, believing without question whatever his priest tells him is abhorrent to me."

"But everybody must have superiors. Moreover, you must admit that Augustine's theology provides a reasonable moral framework with which to live a life."

d'Alembert shook his head. "The Church's baleful ideology, as formulated by Augustine, was an unethical and demoralising vision of life and humankind that dominated the entire period of the Dark Ages."

When dealing with noncompliance, Nabu learned that certain repeated link words could have a robust subconscious influence. 'You must admit' is one such mind control phrase. "Enjoying the verbal joust, he said, "d'Alembert you must admit the so-called Dark Ages also brought about good things."

"It was a cold tomb representing culmination, death, and cessation of free thought and common liberty."

"That's one aspect of course, but you must admit it was also the incubator of a new body of time, like the Phoenix, rising again from its cold ashes."

"And the ideas that emerged from the cold dark gave rise to frivolous questions about abstract and metaphysical subjects instead of thoroughly investigating Nature or studying man, the way of Aristotle."

Nabu did not argue further. He did not have to. The French philosopher would go away embracing new ideas.

"One thing to be said about our enigmatic Colonel is that he always has us travelling in style," Barrymore said, as their chartered helicopter flew over the vastness of Cairo.

"I'm certainly glad I'm not down there," Louise said, looking at the maniacal drivers always blasting their horns as they kept grinding to a screeching halt in traffic that crept along at snail's pace.

"Why are we going to the Great Pyramid?" Fabian queried.

"Because here the Tablets of Destiny became known as the 'Emerald Tablets'," Barrymore explained.

"So are you saying they're in the Pyramid?" Fabian pressed.

Barrymore said, "Part of the problem trying to figure out the whereabouts of the Emerald Tablets is that the many legends about them tend to cloud their history. In one of the original fabled scenarios, Hermes was written as a son of Adam and wrote the tablet to show humankind how to redeem itself from his father's sins in the Garden of Eden."

"Trust the Jews to get in on the act," Nabu said.

Barrymore smiled slightly. "Jewish mystics identified the tablet's author with Seth, who was the second son of Adam. They credited Seth with scribing the Emerald Tablet, which Noah is said to have taken aboard the Ark. Following the Flood, Noah supposedly hid the tablet in a cave near Hebron, where it was, allegedly, later discovered by Sarah, wife of Abraham."

"What's that got to do with Cairo?" Louise asked.

"That's just one version. "Another describes Hermes giving the tablet to Miriam, daughter of Moses, for safe keeping. She allegedly put it in the Ark of the Covenant, where it remains to this day."

"Whoa Professor!" Fabian expounded, "What does the Ark of the Covenant have to do with it?"

"That remains to be seen," the professor answered. "Occult historians agree that the tablet was discovered in a secret chamber under the Great Pyramid around 1350 BCE

Nabu added, "In the fifth century BCE, Hermes was in Ceylon, travelling as a philosopher. He found the Emerald Tablet hidden in a cave, and after studying it learned how to 'travel in both heaven and earth'. Hermes spent the remainder of his time on Earth walking around Asia and the Middle East teaching and healing."

Barrymore, sucking on his pipe, said, "Strangely, the Hindu sacred book Mahanirvanatantra has it that Hermes was likened to Buddha, and each is referred to as the 'Son of the Moon' in other Hindu religious texts."

"Great professor, so how does that help us now?" Fabian asked.

Just then they felt the Helicopter descended. Barrymore's tatty team landed at the Giza Heliport, from where they could clearly see the Pyramid of Khafre. A limousine waited to whisk them off to the comfort of the Pyramid Meridian Hotel and Spa, Where they relaxed in the Harris Café. As Abdalanbi looked after their refreshment needs, Barrymore said, "We'll have the rest of the day off and start our work at 6 am tomorrow morning. Abdal has kindly agreed to provide us with packed lunches tomorrow. Get some rest because it's going to be a long hot day tomorrow."

As Barrymore and Louise looked out from the window of the 'pyramid view' room, they could see the massive stone edifices just over a kilometre away. She said, "Aren't they just awesome when you see them like this with the late afternoon sun turning them a golden colour."

"Bazz was wrapped up in his world. He said, "Probably the only constant in all these legends that the Emerald Tablet is a plaque, rectangular in shape and coloured green. It has bas-relief lettering in a strange alphabet similar to ancient Phoenician. It's supposed to be made of emerald or green crystal; the workmanship is exquisite."

"What does it refer to then?" Louise asked.

"Caves, corpses, ancient Egypt, old girl. Oh, and secret wisdom is another common theme in many of the stories."

"It doesn't sound much like the tablets, Bazz."

He scratched his head. "No old dear, it doesn't. Wonder if we're on the right track."

"I wonder if they are different tablets?"

"Hm, it certainly sounds like it. I've Been thinking about the Jewish connection. It could be connected to the Covenant."

Louise wore a puzzled frown. "Then what are we doing here."

Barrymore grinned, "You've often said you'd like to see the pyramids,"

"You devious old bastard," she laughed, giving him a huge hug.

"Why not take advantage? The Colonel seems to have a lot more money than he does sense."

"Fabian will be mad at you when he finds out. , Bazz. What excuse will you use?"

He smiled broadly. "You enjoy the pyramids. I'll come up with something."

From Barrymore's understanding, the history of the tablet, things were further complicated owing to its author being associated, during the Middle Ages, with the Corpus Hermeticum. Its seventeen

treatises expanded on the Emerald Tablet's principles, which appeared to the record of intimate conversations between Hermes and his disciples.

He recorded his notes on his phone. Louise was out with Nabu visiting the pyramids in the cool of the early evening. This gave him their luxury suite, to carry on his work, unhindered. He went out on the balcony, overlooking the flamingo pond, to smoke his pipe. He found it intriguing that for centuries, the Emerald Tablets were thought, by the Catholic Church, to be very ancient and held them in the highest esteem. He then wrote:

Patriarchs of the Church believed the Corpus Hermeticum supported Christian doctrine. These manuscripts became required reading for European scholars. Images of Hermes adorned cathedrals all over Europe, and to this day, a giant fresco dominates the Borgia Apartments of the Vatican, showing Hermes, adorned with Hermetic symbols, walking in the company of Moses.

He drew on his meerschaum, a look of satisfaction on his chubby face. So it caused a great scandal in 1614 when Protestant scholar Isaac Causabon declared these documents forgeries written by 'semi-Christians' sometime between 200 and 300 AD.

The Professor looked up as the pyramids disappeared into the cold desert night.

Then, back to his notes, he wrote:

Following this enormous scandal, the Hermetic writings so embraced by Christ's early followers was now condemned by all Christians. Despite the Emerald Tablets being separate from the Corpus Hermeticum, they suffered the fate of all writings attributed to Hermes. They went underground, becoming used by some secret societies including the Freemasons and Rosicrucians.

The chill of the impending desert night was setting in. Barrymore shivered and went inside his suite. Booting his touchscreen tablet, he searched for further information concerning the tablets. A name he had heard of before cropped up - Albert Pike. Barrymore read:

Pike, revered among the highest in Freemasonry held the Emerald Tablets is essential to the craft', as exemplified in his Morals and Dogma of Freemasonry. In it, Pike stated, 'He who desires the understanding of the Grand Word and the possession of the Great Secret, ought carefully to study the Hermetic philosophers and, especially the Tablets of Emerald.

As the professor looked for more veiled references to the Hermetic tradition in Freemasonry, he came across:

The Masons sacred 'Hiram Ibif' refers to the first Hermes (Hermes, Ningizshidda or Thoth), who, according to Masonic tradition, showed up "in 2670 BCE.

Barrymore relit his pipe as he looked for more information on Pike. The man looked like a bear. He was a big bearded man with a commanding presence. He lived a big life as an educator hunter, philanthropist, Shriner Mason and illuminist. However, mostly he was famous for the supposed letter he had written to Manzini, instigator of the Mafia and Italian Prime Minister, outlining a Masonic plot to bring about three world wars.

The next day, as they ate their packed lunches in the shade of the Great Pyramid, Barrymore addressed his crew. "I have been carrying out further research, and there seems to be evidence that we may have gotten onto the wrong track."

Fabian became alert. "The wrong track! What are you talking about?"

"We've been so focused on the Emerald Tablets we totally ignored the more likely connection between the Anunnaki tablets and those Yahweh gave to Moses."

Nabu said, "So Enlil still had access to them after Enki hid them."

"How else could he have given them to Mosis?"

"A cogent point," Barrymore agreed.

"Okay professor, so where does this new theory take us?"

Louise interrupted, "If the tablets were those given to Mosis weren't they stored in the Ark of the Covenant?"

"Yes, that's what Biblical history tells us."

"Sure, and we all know how accurate that is," Fabian said, cynically.

Barrymore put up his hand, "Children stop squabbling and get focused."

Fabian eyeballed the professor. "Well, I think you're giving us the run-a-round. And the Colonel will be of the same opinion once I've lodged my report."

Louise, feeling protective of Bazz, said, "Is that a threat?"

Fabian turned on her. "No! A progress report." He stared at Barrymore, trying to weigh him up. "So professor, what wild goose chase are you taking us on now?"

"It's your Colonel's wild goose chase, not mine. I'm still not convinced that these tablets exist."

"Nevertheless where is your new theory going to take us?"

"To Ethiopia, old man."

## Chapter 17

Ethiopia was not at all what Barrymore expected. He had imagined vast arid landscapes and malnourished children with popped-out bellies, as shown on the news. To his great and pleasant surprise, he soon discovered Ethiopia was green and lush and the children full of energy and curiosity. With a culture deeply rooted in many thousands of years of rich history. With its natural contrast, captivating human history and countless surprises, Ethiopia had for a long time acted as an intersection between the civilisations of North Africa, the Middle East and Sub-Saharan Africa. Upon arrival by Land Rover, Aksum seemed little more than a relaxed country town. Louise was interested in its central claim to fame, a remarkable collection of ancient stelae and tombs. Barrymore was more interested in the community's unproven pretence to being the 10th century BCE home of the famed Queen of Sheba. However, the team's top priority was to locate the current home of the Lost Ark of the Covenant.

First, the small group booked in at the Remhai Hotel, which they soon discovered was run down and in desperate need of renovations. However, it was located only two city blocks from the main street with its excellent restaurants, little shops and cyber cafes, all of which the hotel lacked.

Following a night in a hot, stuffy bedroom with a rat-infested ceiling, Barrymore and Louise met with the rest of the team for breakfast, in a dining room across the small parking lot. They found the breakfast surprisingly good. Barrymore had eggs made to order, and Louise was very complimentary about the toast and home-made marmalade. Following small talk - mostly complaints about the accommodation - Barrymore brought his group to order, by tapping a spoon on his saucer.

Showing them a map of Aksum, he began, "The Chapel of the 'Tablet' that holds the tablets given to Mosis has a leaky roof. So the Ark, which contains them, has to be moved to a temporary location while the workmen complete its construction. As they are guarded, only by a solitary elderly monk, this will be our only chance to get a look at them. Mind you he is tasked with watching over the Ark for the rest of his days and is never allowed to leave its side. So accessing the tablets could prove difficult."

Fabian grinned, "Leave that to me."

"I hope you're not considering violence, Fabian," Louise admonished.

He turned to her. "He is obsessed with those tablets. They are his life. How would you distract him from his devotion, Ms Ipher?"

Barrymore cut in. "Are you suggesting that your Colonel's tentacles even reach into this remote desert town?"

"You'd be surprised, professor." Fabian winked. He took out his satellite phone and pressed the Colonel's number. Good morning Sir. We need access to The Ark of the Covenant, but a monk guards it all the time."

Puzzled, the Colonel asked, "Why do you need access to it?"

"Because it holds the Tablets of Destiny."

"Where are you?"

"Ethiopia. A small town called Aksum."

"Where are the tablets now?"

"Locked up in the Chapel of the Tablet. They are being shifted soon because the chapel roof is leaking."

"Okay, I'll get someone on to it."

Fabian closed his phone, then turned to Barrymore. "By the time we get to the chapel, it'll be sorted."

There had been a long-running claim from the Orthodox Christians of Ethiopia that they have had the Ark for centuries. Since the 1960s it had been kept in a chapel situated between two churches, the old and the new St Mary of Zion. Armed with this information, Barrymore approached the small, curiously-styled building, which was surrounded by spiked iron railings. An elderly cleric met Barrymore at the door. He ushered the professor inside and showed him to a vault that allegedly housed the Ark. Nobody had seen it except the monk who guarded it with his life. It was as described in scripture, made from acacia wood, plated with gold and topped by two sculpted angels. The priest, who until then hadn't spoken a word, said, "are you satisfied?"

"I need to see the tablets."

The old man said, "The lid is too heavy for me to lift now. You will have to help."

Barrymore, feeling privileged to be the first historian to see inside the fabled Ark, experienced goose bumps. Taking most of the strain he and the monk slid the heavy lid aside, revealing two

stone tablets. He noted the look of horror and disgust on the monk's profoundly line-etched face as he lifted out the blocks and propped them up against the wall side-by-side. A quick glance showed they were not written in ancient Hebraic. Instead, they were scribed in an archaic form of cuneiform. Even more poignant was their shape. They were circular instead of being rectangular with each having a hole in the middle. His heart raced as he scanned the tablets. He took out his camera. The monk said, "No!"

"I need to translate them, and I cannot do that here."

The monk blocked the tablets with his body, terror showing on his face. "I cannot allow ..."

"Who directed you to show these to me?" Barrymore asked.

"The Department of Antiquities in Addis Ababa."

"Contact whoever instructed you, and I will talk to them."

"The monk looked warily at the professor. Unsure as to how much authority the fat stranger had, he said, "You must not show the pictures to anyone else."

Barrymore smiled, "No one would believe me. They think the tablets were Hebrew. They are written in the Sumerian language."

The monk stared at him. "That cannot be!"

"I assure you it is, and I need to study them to see what is written."

"The Ten Commandments handed down to Moses by God, of course."

"Only if Moses could read Sumerian cuneiform."

While the monk's face resembled a question mark, Barrymore took his photos.

Back at the hotel, an argument erupted between Barrymore and Fabian. "Steal them!" Barrymore spluttered, stunned by Fabian's dictate. "I have photographs. I can work from those."

"You don't think the Colonel is paying you 10 million for photo prints, do you?"

"No, but..."

"He is paying for the tablets, and we are going to get them for him."

The group went silent.



Then Nabu said, "How do you propose we do it?"

"We break in and take them tonight. It's simple."

Barrymore shook his head. "I cannot be a part of this. You will have to do it without me."

Fabian stared at the professor. "I want a word with you, privately."

Barrymore hesitated,

Fabian barked, "Now!"

Barrymore got up and followed the Colonel's man outside the hotel. The night was calm and pleasant. Which was more than could be said for the exchange between the pair?

Fabian said, "You can't back down now, Professor, unless of course, you want to rot in a Baghdad jail."

"Fabian, I'm not a religious man but after seeing those tablets and the monk's dedication ..."

"You knew the Colonel wanted the tablets when you took this on. What is it with you? You don't mind stealing things from ancient sites, but you draw some moral line at taking it from a chapel, That's what I call hypocrisy."

Barrymore changed the subject. "There's only two of them."

"And there should be?"

"Three. Three Tablets of Destiny."

"So where's the third one?"

Barrymore shrugged.

"Never mind. You can work that out later. Right now we need you with us. You're the only one who knows where to go."

Barrymore slunk off to be by himself. Fabian's kernel of truth about stealing from a chapel being no different from stealing from ancient sites at least gave taking the Tablets the appearance of legitimacy. Barrymore could not argue with the logic. It went against his nature not to be discriminatory. Even as a young child he had been interested in history, especially myths and legends from far off lands. At university, he channelled his interests into ancient belief systems, holy relics and scriptures. He could not accept the illogical and irrational arguments and stories

which stem from religious beliefs, which were no more than creative fiction. Barrymore was determined to find some irrefutable facts on which to base his truth.

Barrymore soon learned that mainstream history, by its very nature, couldn't be trusted. It is only mainstream because it was accepted by so-called authorities (historians, politicians, and those in the employ of the elite and powerful). It served the agendas of those same authorities, and was, therefore, nothing more than propaganda or adherence to the 'party line'. Barrymore was having none of this. It is high time we humans knew our true heritage, he told himself.

However, young Barrymore's distrust of history, as it was written, was not shared by his tutor, Dr Jerome Mathers, whose Bible, apart from being the Bible, was Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'. Any handed in assignment that even had a whiff of 'Alternative History' about it got marked down. Alternative histories challenged the authorities and made Dr Mathers feel insecure about the past. If Mathers felt his perception of history questioned he made sure that challenger would feel anxious about his academic future. The party line was to be followed by the word; the mainstream view was to be adhered to as though it were carved in granite and any suggestion that contradicted it amounted to academic suicide. Therefore, any attempt at researching and presenting history regarding what transpired, and not necessarily what might make someone or something look good, was fraught with the threat of failure.

After jumping through the prescribed academic hoops with firmly gritted teeth, Barrymore achieved his reward in the shape of a doctorate in ancient history. Now he was free to look at history through his own eyes, Barrymore Zeebub Ph. D considered all or most of the alternatives while applying discrimination in his findings. He wanted to know what happened, and what it meant to humanity. 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall set ye free' became his maxim. He soon discovered that the pursuance of truth only yielded results at the price of much fieldwork, an open mind, and ability to let go - following a passing phase of ire at having been deceived - of all notions and preconceptions. Barrymore accepted this willingly and, in effect, became primed for his Paradigm Shift. He believed what he told the Colonel, but it was best if the Colonel thought it was a myth.

Louise discovered Bazz's hideaway. She approached him gently and sat down beside him. "We all have to be part of this Bazz," she said putting her arm around him.

He nodded. "retrieving artefacts from remote sites is one thing, but this is downright theft. How does he think he will get away with it?"

"Fabian says he has it all worked out. We just have to follow his instructions."

"Damn it old girl I'm sorry I got you involved in this infernal mess."

"Nonsense! I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

"People could get hurt - or killed. I don't like it."

"I don't like the idea of physically overpowering an aged monk, but I don't see any alternative?" She reached for his hand. "Come on Bazz lets get back and join the others."

## Chapter 18

The Land Rover stood out like a sore thumb in the quiet streets of Aksum. Nabu drove by the chapel. Some men were working the construction site by floodlight. The chapel seemed deserted.

"That's not right," Barrymore said from the back seat."

"What isn't."

"Those men on the building site, I don't think they're workmen."

"Are you suggesting they know about us?" Fabian said.

"Think about it. The Head of the Antiquities Department gets a call from some high up ordering him to let me see the Ark, something that has never happened before. It's enough to put anyone on the alert."

"It makes sense," Nabu agreed.

Fabian took out his phone, pressed some buttons, then, upon hearing a voice, said, "Activate Operation Eritrea."

"What is that about?" Louise asked."

Fabian smiled thinly, "Plan 'B'. You don't need to know about it."

"Oh, I think we do, seeing as we're all involved in your little scheme," Barrymore stated.

Fabian stopped the Land Rover around the corner from the chapel, where they had a clear view of the building.

"What have we stopped for?" Nabu asked.

"We wait and watch," the Colonel's man said.

Then they heard rapid gunfire in the distance.

"What the hell?" Barrymore mouthed.

"Relax people. It's just a little diversion," Fabian said. He added, "Now we'll see if you are right."

A minibus soon arrived at the building site. The men clambered on board, and the vehicle roared away.

"Well done professor. You were right on the button."

"Just what the hell is going on, Fabian?"

He grinned, "We are going to get the Colonel's prize."

"I think he means why did the men leave?" Nabu said.

"Right now we have a job to do," Fabian stated, starting up their vehicle.

After parking the Land Rover close to the chapel, Fabian handed out night goggles, Then the four alighted from their vehicle, with a sack truck they had brought with them. Fabian attached a small device to the heavy hard wood front door. He pressed a button on his phone. There was a small explosion, and the door got blown apart. Soon they were inside the eerily green tinted chapel. "Lead on, professor," the Colonel's man ordered.

Barrymore led them to the vault, where a trembling old man in a faded habit, blocked the entrance.

"You cannot come here," He said in halting English.

"Stand aside old man," Fabian ordered.

"Do as he says and you won't get hurt," Barrymore urged.

The monk put his bony hands together in prayer. Raising his rheumy eyes heavenward he uttered, "I must protect the Holy Ark."

"Enough of this!" Fabian expounded, shoving the old monk aside.

Going to the old man's aid, Barrymore said, "What's the combination to the vault?"

"Don't worry," Fabian said, attaching another small device to the door. He handed out earplugs, and they stood back.

The explosion was deafening in the confined space, but it did the trick, and soon they were inside the vault.

The old monk, having recovered from the blast went for Fabian with a heavy candlestick. Instinctively defending himself, he warded off the blow, produced a deadly looking knife, and stabbed the monk, who, with staring eyes, crumpled to the floor of the vault."

Barrymore and Louise stood, horrified.

"Come on, get the tablets, We don't have all night," Fabian ordered.

With their prize safe in the back of their car, they headed off to the airport, where a helicopter awaited their arrival.

Barrymore complained, "What about our stuff at the hotel? I've had that equipment since my uni days."

"I think \$10 million should buy you a new trowel, professor," Fabian grinned. "Right now our priority is to get out of Ethiopia ASAP."

Barrymore knew the writing on the tablets; he had deciphered, contained much more than a list of 'thou shalt not'. He knew nothing about the mysterious but influential Colonel and did not trust him with such power. The tablets did much more than demand certain behaviours. They ensured such conduct by acting as some of a kind of obedience ray. Barrymore shuddered. In the wrong hands, they could become a formidable compliance weapon.

In America, elderly people started dying in large numbers, as did many prison inmates - but it was not public knowledge. A Department of Health spokesman announced that owing to the virulence of the flu virus the government was extending its vaccination program to all children under 5 and all pregnant women. When Dr Ari Pointer heard this, alarm bells rang. He arranged to meet with Gloria Sangstrom A front-line journalist researching 'Natural Health 365', a simple, even benevolent sounding government programme.

They met at a basic motel, with worse than average coffee.

Dr Pointer, a research chemist at Merck Pharmaceuticals, eyed the middle-aged journalist, as she sat down on a plastic chair. He said, "Ms Sangstrom have you had your flu jab this year?"

She looked at the overweight bald man with a trimmed grey beard. "I do, every year. Why?"

Ari sensed that Gloria felt uncomfortable. "Because it's a lottery and I don't like the odds."

She activated her recorder. "Are you saying having flu jabs is risky?"

He looked straight at the conservatively dressed reporter. "Each year the US government guesses which strains are most likely to spread. We can only hope they guess right."

"Well they do, don't they?" Gloria queried.

"This flu season, the government is protecting its citizens with a 'trivalent' vaccine that includes the H1N1 and the H3N2, as simulated hemagglutinin antigens."

Gloria asked, "How do you know this stuff?"

"As a senior researcher involved in vaccine testing with Merck Pharmaceuticals, I think I am well placed to know these things."

"Can you explain these viruses in plain language."

"Do you know what the H and N stand for where viruses are concerned?"

"I've never heard of them, Dr Pointer."

"H and N refer to proteins on the outside of the virus. The Hemagglutinin and Neuraminidase, are responsible for the virus attaching to, then invading a host cell."

Gloria made an attempt to drink her coffee. "Dr Pointer, as interested as this is, why don't you trust getting a shot?"

He smiled, "Did you know that researchers at the US Army Medical Research Institute of Infectious Diseases at Fort Detrick have just reconstructed and modified the H1N1 Spanish Flu."

"Good lord! Why would they even want to do that?"

He shook his head. "I'm convinced there are evil minds behind it. Particularly since the mad scientists working on the Spanish Flu virus are making it far more deadly than when it killed over 20 million worldwide and over 500,000 here in the US."

Gloria sat in shock. "The Spanish flu! Why would they make such a terrible thing?" she muttered, almost to herself.

"I think that will become apparent as I explain, Ms Sangstrom."

"Sorry. Please continue."

Flu vaccines contain neutralised viruses that protect you against challenge by that particular strain but are ineffective against other strains not included in the inoculation. Being a pharmacist, I carried out personal research and discovered, shortly, the vaccine stockpile is going to add the more lethal modification of the 1918 H1N1 in its live form."

"How do you know that?"

Ignoring the question, Ari said, "Of course you won't know when. It could be this season, or maybe it happened last year. You won't know. You will just be renewing your annual flu shot, and the vaccine may still include the inactivated version of the more benign form of H1N1, but you won't know. The presence of the milder strain in your jab will slow down the progression of the more lethal H1N1 form, so you become sick more slowly - but you will eventually die. It will only take a few weeks longer."

He watched as Gloria physically paled. He tried defusing his announcement saying, "Of course this could all be Internet nonsense, and you're perfectly safe. However, I'm not as courageous or trusting of our masters, as you appear to be."

Recovering from the mild shock, she asked, "Dr Pointer do you know anything about 'Natural Health 365'?"

"It's an innocuous sounding global programme to slow human population growth."

She added, excitedly, "And it's the strongest intention (and action) of the most influential individuals and corporations on the planet."

"Eugenics has been around for a long time, Ms Sangstrom but what is happening now makes the Nazi Jewish Solution pale in comparison. Because now the vaccine carries the lethal virus, which will pass on to everyone with whom they make contact. As the news spreads of people dropping dead from the flu, the sheeple will flock to get their vaccination, making the whole population vulnerable to infection. It's brilliant. The people responsible for this human cull will never, ever be blamed!"

Gloria stared at him. "Somebody has to pay. Who's behind it?"

He shook his head despondently. "Sorry, but I don't know the answer."

On his way back to work, Ari Pointer was side-swiped by a car jumping a red light. The driver of the big SUV copped it for drink driving amongst other charges. Ari, trapped in his vehicle, was pronounced dead before the fire brigade cut him loose. When Gloria Sangstrom heard about his death, she knew but could not prove he was not the random victim of dangerous driving.

## **Chapter 19**

"So tell me about the origins of the Merovingian line", Marduk said, as he and his son conversed by the beam.

"It goes way back in history, father. You should know that seeing as it was your dad who got it started."

"Yes, and it didn't take long to go wrong."

"You'd be referring to the human bloodline of Kain, who, by slaying his brother set the tone for the hybrids to fight each other for personal, cultural and national gain."

Marduk corrected, "It wasn't just a fight between two brothers. It was an indication of things to come."

Nabu added, "It's written in the Hebrew's copied bible as an unholy union between Eve and Satan."

"That was Enlil's doing," Marduk spat with derision.

"Yes, father but give credit where it's due."

"What do you mean?"

"It stained the human soul with original sin, a clever ploy by Enlil used to control people and keep them in line."

Marduk sneered "It was all nonsense, of course, but it stuck."

Nabu recollected the time his grandfather told him how the Kainites migrated to South America where they became the Incas. He remembered Enki's joke about the Inca not being able to say Enki, the origin of their name.

Marduk snapped his son from his reverie, saying, "what does this have to do with the Merovingian bloodlines?"

"Until recently, some Royals claimed descendency from the Jewish Tribe of Judah from which came King David and Yeshua."

"Marduk sighed heavily. "It's like pulling teeth getting a straight answer from you."

"Just bear with me, father because this is important. "In the future, a royal dynasty called the British House of Windsor and the Scottish House of Stuart (Spencer) claim their blood came from these royal Tribes. Moreover, both houses hold Druidic and occult practices."

"How do you know this?"

"I wish you'd stop interrupting, father." Nabu continued, "The Merovingian Bloodline held their legitimacy on the marriage of the two royal bloodlines. In the future, when a Spencer (Diana)



marries Prince Charles, it will complete a Messianic Dynasty that has down through the ages been conceived to bring forth a King who will claim to be of Yeshua."

"Is this right?"

"It's based on a myth that speaks of the end of the line when a king will rule in the name of the humans 'Most High God'. This line, allegedly, started with the marriage of Jesus to Mary Magdalene and their son, Merovee, the name of the first Merovingian king. However, as we know, Jesus was cooked up by Titus and me so that it couldn't have started that way."

"I don't want bedtime stories. I want the truth."

"Another version tells of the birth of a daughter, Tamar. Her name became that of an ultra-secretive society tasked to protect the Merovingian descendants. Mary was said to have been 'spirited' away to Egypt until Tamar aka Sara was born. At age twelve Sara and her mother journeyed to the Languedoc region of southern France and lived among the clans which would later become known as the Cathars."

"Is that right?"

"You're missing the point father. It doesn't matter as long as it's held to be true by the hybrids." Then he said, "My favourite version states that Mary landed upon the marshy shorelines of Glastonbury England, where the very first Christian Church, outside of the Holy Land, was established and where Jesus was supposed to have spent many years of his youth. Such questionable claims derived from the mystical practices of astrologers, cabalists, necromancers, and alchemists, along with the elite family, and secret societies such as the Order of Druids, Guardians of the Grail, Priory of Sion, and the Illuminati."

Why is that one your favourite?"

Nabu grinned, "Because it's the story the elite groups have built into their quasi-Christian belief systems."

"I can't wait to turn up on Earth in my full and resplendent glory," Marduk stated.

"I have to thwart the false Luciferians first."

"I can help you."

"No, it needs the strategy of a champion chess game master and you stomping around the City of London would hardly be that."

"The City of London?"

"Insiders know of it as the 'Jewish Vatican'. Then he said, "William Blake's hymn about 'building Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land' indeed came true."

"What do you mean?"

"It's quite a tale, so sit back and listen."

"Okay but get the crux of the story," Marduk replied, showing little patience.

"Well, as you know, the Jews - the Ashkenazi from old Khazaria - became adept at making money."

"Yes, So?"

"They wheedled their way into the royal houses of Europe by extending credit to royalty to fund their wars. They knew the Royals looked down their noses at them. They also knew that as long as they were useful to the king their standing at the royal court was assured. If not they were run out of town as vagabonds."

"So?"

"The Jews claimed their expulsion from England by Edward 1 was due to the king trying to avoid his debts to them. However, the real reason was their ritualistic murders of young boys."

Marduk's eyes widened. "And you know this how?"

"It all started with the ritual killing of a Christian child. Apparently, near Antioch in Syria, Jews, deriding the 'Cross' and those who believed the 'Jesus' story, grabbed a Christian boy, bound him to a cross and whipped him mercilessly until he was dead."

"What did that have to do with the Jews getting kicked out of England?"

"Because the idea caught on there. The first recorded incident took place in Norfolk. At the Jewish Passover in 1144 in Norwich, a twelve-year-old boy's body was discovered in a sack hidden in a tree. He had been crucified with his side pierced. Theobald, a Jew converted to Christianity, recorded that the Jews took blood every year from a Christian child because they thought that only by so doing could they ever return to Palestine. After several more such incidents, in 1290, King Edward I issued his decree expelling the Jews from England."

"So they were gone. Enlil wouldn't have been pleased about that," Marduk grinned.

"But they were invited back by Oliver Cromwell."

"Why?"

"Because Jewish bankers from Amsterdam financed Cromwell's new model army. They acted on an opportunity to exploit in the 1643 English Civil War led by Cromwell. Seeing the stable Christian Monarchy of ancient traditions being disrupted by Calvin's Protestant uprising, they made their move. Contacting Cromwell, Ebenezer Pratt of the Mulheim Synagogue in Amsterdam wrote him a letter saying that he would have nothing to do with procuring an assassin but would be willing to help in the king's escape."

"An assassin to kill the king!"

"Yes."

"Did Cromwell take him up on his offer?"

Nabu smiled, "Of course. "He said so in a letter to the financiers, who, in return for financial support wanted Cromwell to admit Jews back into England. Cromwell wrote that he was in agreement and received another letter indicating the moneylenders would grant financial aid as soon as Parliament removed Charles from the throne and Cromwell had admitted the Jews."

"Quite a conspiracy," Marduk stated, thinking Enlil would have enjoyed that.

Nabu continued, "So, with England now in the Jewish moneylender's debt they were ready for their next move."

"Which was?"

"William Stadholder, a Royal Dutch army careerist with money problems, fell prey to Jewish financiers. Through their influence they had him promoted to 'Captain General of the Dutch Forces'. Their next move was to have him elevated to the noble title of 'William, Prince of Orange'."

"What was in it for them," Nabu asked.

"Money and riches, of course. They then arranged a meeting between William Stadholder and Mary, the eldest daughter of the Duke of York, who was second in line to become king, In 1677 Princess Mary of England married William Prince of Orange. The Jews wanted him on the English Throne, but they had to get rid of both Charles II and the Duke of York who was slated to become James II of the Stuarts."

"I still don't understand why that..."

"Because none of the Stuarts would grant a charter for an English national bank. That is why murder, civil war, and religious conflicts plagued their reigns, by the Jewish bankers."

Marduk brightened, "Oh! Now I get the picture."

"Yes. So, in 1685, King Charles II died, and the Duke of York became King James II of England. Just three years later the Jews ordered William Prince of Orange to land in England. Because of an ongoing campaign, contrived by the Jews, against King James II, he abdicated and fled to France. William of Orange and Mary got proclaimed King and Queen of England."

"So they got their way but did they get their bank?"

"Oh yes, and very sneakily. William III got England involved in costly wars against Catholic France, which put England deeper into Jewish debt. This was the Jewish bankers' chance to collect. So King William, under orders from the Elders of Zion in Amsterdam, persuaded the British Treasury to borrow 1.25 million pounds sterling from the Jewish bankers who had helped him to the throne."

"Who are these Elders of Zion?"

"They are anonymous, very influential, learned men who have decided by peaceful means to conquer the world for Zion with the slyness of their Symbolic octopus. Its head represents those initiated into the plans of the Jewish administration, while its tentacles reach out everywhere to control the human population."

"Why an octopus?"

Nabu, becoming excited, gushed, "It is symbolic of the Zionists, descendants of the wandering Ashkenazi Jews, penetrating into the hearts of non-Jewish nations, undermining and sucking their power and subduing them."

Marduk, getting his head around the Jewish connivance, said, "Enlil knew what he was doing, running the Jews."

"He just went for the greediest self-serving people he could find. It fitted well with his nature."

Marduk sighed deeply.

Nabu said, "So since there was a dramatic rise in the country's debts, the English Government had to accept. However, there were conditions attached: The lender's names were never to be revealed, and they would be granted a Charter to establish a Central Bank of England. Parliament accepted and the Jewish bankers sunk their tentacles into Great Britain."

"So they had power over Britain."

"Yes, their fiendishly clever plan had worked."

Nabu smiled, "Like most humans, they worship a higher power, theirs being Lucifer, the false light."

"How does that help us?"

Marduk's son grinned widely. "We invented Lucifer."

332 young women died after having government sponsored Garbasil jabs. Another 11,916 adverse events were reported to the Centre for Disease Control - and counting. Symptoms reported included: pain and swelling; life-threatening muscle weakness; and blood clots in the heart and lungs. Gloria Sandstrom's shock report added to the already scared and confused public who resisted the government's vaccination programme. Her research had uncovered that the health threats listed were all linked with Garbasil, the so-called 'cervical cancer vaccine.' Thanks to Pharma giant Merck, desperate parents and naive young women who believe this vaccine saves lives could not be more wrong. She reported on the news what Dr Pointer had revealed to her, before his untimely death, which coincidentally happens just after he had spilt the beans on Merck, the company for whom he had been working.

Gloria Sandstrom did not know how long she had to live. This was the reason for her releasing a new video in which she exposed the deception for what it was. In her 'Vaccines - needles of death' documentary Gloria revealed some truly shocking information no one else was prepared to address. She urged mothers with daughters, granddaughters or friends who might be considering this terrible vaccine, to watch her video.

Every day Americans were told that vaccinations are the best defence against the killer diseases threatening their children. The governments, media and pharmaceutical industries dished out billions of dollars advertising the benefits of inoculation to convince the parents.

In an interview on national radio, Gloria maintained, "By the age of 18 months, children in America receive a staggering 38 vaccinations."

The host raised his eyebrows. "That certainly is a lot."

"Yes, but instead of children being safer after inoculation, statistics show these alleged effective weapons against disease, have in fact been shown to be responsible for killing American kids on mass."

"That's quite a damning statement, Gloria. Can you back up your accusation?"

"A report from CDC stated that over 100 deaths in Washington DC were linked to anti-flu vaccinations since 2008. The disclosure also revealed that there had been 20,136 reports of adverse events following injection with CSL's Fluvax and Fluvax Junior, the vaccine that replaced Panvax in 2010."

"If this is true, surely it's newsworthy enough for us to know about it."

"It does make me wonder if there's some secret agenda going on here? I mean Fluvax was used for about half the nation's estimated 66 million flu vaccinations last year. However, reports of negative side-effects for Fluvax is five times higher than the other three most popular brands of flu vaccines together. The medical profession doesn't give us any choice. That's just damn wrong!"

The Colonel met with FEMA boss, Craig Rugate for another report. They met on Brooklyn Bridge at dusk. The Colonel's security people were close by and on full alert.

"Why are we meeting here?" Rugate queried.

"This bridge, one of the oldest in New York is also one of the sturdiest." Becoming distracted, he said, "Just look at the way the waning light plays on the surface of the East River."

"Yeah, very cute, Colonel, but it still doesn't tell me why I am here."

"I recently received a report that someone had been taking photographs of DHS armoured vehicles being delivered from Kentucky to Tennessee, driven by foreign NATO troops. Moreover, nobody stopped this person. Why is that?"

Craig shuffled uncomfortably from foot to foot. "I was not apprised about this, but I will look into it."

"Also, Americans who tried speaking to these foreign drivers reckon they were either Russian or Eastern European. Americans are wondering what this is all about, and they're demanding answers on the airwaves."

"I hadn't heard about this, but I can see why you might be concerned."

The Colonel fronted up to Craig. "So just what the hell are your people trying to do. For God's sake keep those troops on a short leash and no talking to civilians."

Rugate, angry, said, "If that's all this meeting was about we could have dealt with it with a phone call."

The Colonel looked at the river below, then turned around to face Rugate. "Let me tell you exactly what this meeting is about. Some of these German and Russian troops will be joining FEMA as the first line defence."

"I'm not sure they'll fit in. Cultural and language differences are going to make it difficult."

"Director Rugate I'm not asking for your opinion. American FEMA personnel may feel uncomfortable performing against their fellow Americans under martial law."

"What numbers are we looking at?"

"That's neither here nor there. It's a change of policy we're talking about, Director."

"What change?"

The Colonel sighed, "Haven't you worked it out yet? Your job is to swap your remote camp guards with your front line people."

"That's a massive undertaking,"

"Then I suggest you start on it without delay."

With the ever-present Fabian at his back, Barrymore entered Rockefeller Plaza. Two porters, accompanying Barrymore and Fabian, carried the heavy wooden crate into the elevator. Fabian pressed the fifth-floor button, and the lift rose smoothly. He then rang ahead while the servants set the box down by the door of the apartment. Prentiss greeted Fabian and let them both in. With Barrymore's help, they presented the Colonel with the tablets.

After scrutinising the discs, he said, "They're just stone discs. How do they work?"

Barrymore looked at Fabian. They shrugged in unison. The professor ventured, "I haven't had the chance to translate them accurately. That may give us more clues."

"Then I want you to start work on them right away."

"Right away! I'm jet-lagged and need a good rest."

"I have a spare room. You can sleep here, and Fabian will take you and the tablets to the museum tomorrow morning."

Barrymore sighed, "Very well but I have to phone Louise and let her know."

"Fabian will do that for you. Now you'd better rest."

Kurt Simsek looked up from his manuscript sample as Fabian, and the fat Englishman entered his domain. He did not like Fabian, whom he saw to be a faggish lap dog.

Fabian demanded, "Where's Sally?"

Kurt just pointed without uttering a word.

Fabian knocked and entered the conservator's office.

"I wasn't expecting you today," she said, finding it difficult to be pleasant to the arrogant factotum.

"Professor Zeebub is here. He has to be given privacy to carry out important work for the Colonel."

Mention of the Colonel sent icy fingers up her spine. Since he had become a financial patron of the museum, it seemed that all priority projects centred around him. "What's he working on?"

"You will be told what you need to know."

Forcing a smile, she stated, "I have to keep records up to date, so I do need to know."

Fabian's return smile that usually had female hearts melting got lost on the middle-aged academic.

"Then call it Project 'X'."

Louise Ipher met Barrymore for lunch at a diner just up from the Brooklyn Museum.

As they ate burgers and fries, Bazz said, "He wants a full translation. That could take some time."

"But will it make sense without the third tablet?"

"Probably not. However, I can make up something - I guess."

"Any idea about the location of the missing tablet, Bazz?"

"Afraid not old thing. But I will tell you something. Somehow the discs became the Ten Commandments."

"Or maybe they replaced the Ten Commandments."

"Replaced! Why?"

"Oh, I don't know, Bazz. Maybe someone stole the Mosis tablets and replaced them with the Tablets of Destiny."



He shook his head. "Not logical old girl. Besides Mosis worshipped the Khemmetian gods so why would he have been interested in the God of the Jews?"

"Yes, I've been thinking about that. So, Mosis must have made them up - unless he could read ancient cuneiform."

"Now there's a thought," Bazz chuckled. Then he became serious. "The Colonel thinks the tablets have some mysterious power for him to wield."

"Not without the third tablet."

"Which could be anywhere."

"Which he mustn't get his hands on."

As they drank coffee, she said, "Do you think he has anything to do with the terrible riots taking place all over America?"

"Who?"

"The enigmatic Colonel."

He shrugged, "Best not to go there. Mind you, old bean, I have been wondering what's triggering peaceful anti-vaccination protests."

"There have been thousands of unexplained deaths, and people are demanding answers about the deaths of their loved ones. Lou leant closer to him, in a conspiratorial fashion. "It seems that a large number of fatalities had something to do with flu vaccines."

Bazz said, "There are certainly many unanswered questions, like what's happened to all those people arrested under Homeland Security's special powers."

"I don't like it Bazz. I think I'd rather be back in England."

"I agree, old girl, but right now I have to work on these tablets."

## **Chapter 20**

"So what happened to the Khazarian Jews after they left their homeland?" Marduk asked his son during their next interplanetary conversation.

"They became the Ashkenazi, the wandering Jews and later some of them, the more successful ones, became moneylenders. The most famous of these, Mayer Amschel Bauer, a descendant of the

Khazarian Jews, opened a money lending business on Judenstrasse (Jew Street) in Frankfurt Germany in 1750. He changed his name to Rothschild, meaning 'red shield.'

"Why that name?"

"It was a recognition sign of the Ashkenazi Jews. Anyhow, he had five sons, the smartest of which, Nathan, went to London where he established a bank in 1806. Most of the initial capital for the new bank came from the 'British East India Company', over which Mayer Rothschild had significant control. Mayer Rothschild placed his other four sons in Frankfurt, Paris, Naples, and Vienna."

Marduk, seeing the fox cunning Zionist Jews, whistled, "They seem to be our biggest threat."

Nabu continued, "In 1814, Nathaniel Rothschild saw an opportunity for profit from the 'Battle of Waterloo'."

"How?"

"Early on in the battle, when Napoleon appeared to be winning. The first military report to London communicated that fact. However, unknown to the British press, the tide of battle favoured Wellington. A courier paid by Nathan Rothschild brought the news to him in London only one day before Wellington's courier arrived there, with news of Wellington's victory."

Becoming interested, Marduk asked, "So what happened next?"

"With little time to spare Nathan spread the rumour Britain was defeated. Making a big deal of selling his shares on the stock exchange, he created a general panic, with many shareholders, fearing a financial loss, following suit. Stocks plummeted to an all-time low. Then, at the last moment, Nathan grabbed huge amounts of assets at rock-bottom prices. With one fell swoop, this devious coup gave the Rothschild family complete control of the British economy - now the financial centre of the world and forced England to set up a revamped 'Bank of England' with Nathan Rothschild in control."

"My Goodness, How can we possibly rein them in?"

It was an excellent question, but it had to be done soon. Nabu knew time was short, and he desperately needed some way to bring the Colonel down, but no matter how he looked at possible solutions the man seemed fireproof. His background appeared to be a blank, as though he had only existed as the Colonel. Of course, that was not possible, but it seemed to be the only feasible explanation. He thought about this as he waited for Gloria Sandstrom to arrive. He looked up. The blue sky had turned to grey as rain clouds began to gather aloft. Perhaps it had not been such a good

idea to meet in Central Park after all. She arrived with the first drops of rain. Recognising the agreed to red beret she wore, Nabu greeted her. "Ms Sandstrom, I'm pleased you could make it."

She smiled at the tall, handsome man. She had always had a thing for basketball players. Being 5 foot 11 inches herself it was hard to find a man who towered over her. "This is too important for the rain to stop me."

"All the same let's find some cover."

They headed for a rotunda, but it was already bursting with rain refugees when they arrived.

"Never mind," she said, producing an umbrella. "Let's walk and talk."

"Good idea. There's more privacy out there," Nabu said, holding the umbrella.

As they walked along the lake, she said, "The report I mentioned to you on the phone shows photocopies of documents and maps that came out of the United Nations conferences and the Convention on Biological Diversity, which got categorised under a project entitled Agenda 21."

"Agenda 21?"

"An agreement by member nations to work together in areas of social policies. The subsection, 'Sustainable Development' outlined harsh policies restricting African people's rights and liberties, all of which got ratified through international agreements and treaties. This agreement bound every member of the United Nations."

Nabu stopped and turned to her, "Was the Colonel involved?"

"I don't know much about him, but from what you've told me it seems logical he would know and sanction what's going on."

"So African people are being used in some world government experiment?" He thought of his grandfather and his hybrid slave project. It seemed as if history was repeating itself.

She snapped him from his mind drift, stating, "Mr Nabu it's much worse than that. What's happening in Africa is a testing ground for what is now taking place all over the world - especially America. After connecting all the dots, there was an apparent plan to reduce the world's population, seize control of large landmasses, and confine humans to designated island areas."

"Incredible! So why Africa first?"

As she looked into his blue eyes, she explained, "America is a nation of many states, yet united under one national head. Africa is a continent, with many independent, separate countries, and vast natural resources. We want to exploit their vast resources."

As the sun emerged from behind a grey cloud, he paused to let down the umbrella.

She continued, "Representatives from the IMF and the World Bank are sent to make deals with the heads of countries rich in natural resources. These deals involve their country's transformation into modern, 21st century nation. Repayment of such a loan is in the form of natural resources and taxable labour."

"What if a leader refused to play ball?"

"Simple. Rejection of the bank's offer of eternal indebtedness quickly results in a change of leadership, covertly orchestrated by the likes of the CIA or MI6. If such attempts fail, NATO Peacekeeping Forces are deployed to defend the hired rebels and depose the nation's leader."

A chill went up Nabu's spine. Not so much because of the United Nation's starkly cold indifference towards national sovereignty but because he had a sudden warm feeling towards humanity.

The journalist looked at Nabu. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, I think so," he said sipping some water from a bottle he carried.

"I know how you feel. It shocked me to the core when I first realised what was going on, but this is the reality we all face. This is not just the writing on the wall. It is the most obscene graffiti you could imagine. Knowing what was happening got me noticing things such as government-instituted, United Nations family planning centres cropping up in surrounding towns. Family planners held town hall meetings, presenting videos actively advocating vaccines, contraceptives, sterilisation and abortions. The carrot for participating was medical supplies and food rations."

"What's wrong with that?" Nabu said, as a hedge against showing compassion.

"What's wrong? What's wrong is infanticide!"

"Infanticide?"

"Yes. The family planning agencies taught the women that a three years old child was no different to an unborn foetus since both were unable to make knowledgeable decisions." She paused for effect, then said, With no questions asked, a mother, through coercion, delivered her infant, to the United Nations Planners for termination.

"Nabu' s humanity began to shine through. Repressing the feeling - had had to remain objective - he said, "If the mothers agree to this who are we to criticise their decisions?"

Gloria fixed him with her gaze. "Mr Nabu, Africans have always believed in large families. They would never agree to be sterilised, and would not willingly hand over their children to murderers, without clever manipulation from family planners. With Africa, a war zone, the family planners successfully targeted the hardest hit areas."

Nabu stayed silent as they took a seat by the lake.

Gloria continued, "This was all part of the United Nations Agenda 21, population control program. However, the African project, which is pure eugenics, was unique, assisted with funds from billion dollar tax-exempt foundations whose founders controlled big business and held the purse strings of governments around the world."

"Such as the likes of our mysterious Colonel."

"He has to be pulling strings in there somewhere. Especially if he's involved with the Lucis Trust."

Nabu responded, "Who's sole objective is to reduce the world's population. According to their statistics, they wanted to cull ninety per cent of the population, with Africa and the Middle East their number one targets."

"What, even Israel?"

"Israel will have served its purpose by then."

"Served its purpose!"

"Why do you think this DNA testing has been carried out to find out who the real Jews are?"

Nabu showed puzzlement.

"Mr Nabu, The wealthiest Zionist Jews track their lineage back to Khazaria, what we today call Ukraine. That's to be the new Jewish homeland."

"So that's why the Russians are trying to control Ukraine?"

"Not the Russians – the Zionist Jews. The point is, Mr Nabu, it will give the Zionists a global power base."

"With the Rothschild patriarch as King of the Jews."

"No Mr Nabu. A royal prince will take on that role. The Rothschild dynasty will continue to rule from behind the throne," she nodded knowingly.

It this is known of why is it tolerated?"

"Because most people are more concerned about having their civil rights eroded than whether or not some fat cat had himself crowned King of the Jews. However, most of them have no idea about this connection. Most people only add up enough dots to make their lives tolerable. The general public is in a numb kind of malaise as they helplessly watch foreign troops on their streets whisk away outspoken family members to some secret prison location they are not allowed to know about."

Every day news reports showed ominous looking freight trains with windowless boxcars heading to some unknown destination. Though specific claims about the purpose and nature of the camps vary from one rumour to another, a common theme was that they were being used to detain dissenting US citizens after demonstrations and street riots in which dissenters try to protect their constitutional rights. The consensus was that martial law was imposed to prepare the citizens for one world government.

The Rev. Glen Back was one of the growing numbers of Americans raising questions about the thousands of black unmarked box cars backed up on American railway sidings. Glen knew it was no conspiracy theory. He and a van full of eyewitnesses, missionaries travelling across America to evangelise and pray, stumbled across these boxcars in Montana, near Columbia Falls in Glacier. As Glen and his compatriots photographed mountain scenery, they followed railroad tracks into the wilderness to not get lost, which was how they came upon the boxcars. They were all lined up in a siding. Curiosity got the best of him so he tried several doors but they were all locked. Then he found one that wasn't. He slid aside the door of the railroad wagon and what met his gaze froze him to the spot. The shackles welded into the floor were terrible enough, but it was the modern guillotine at the head of the boxcar that took his breath away.

Lee Harrison of Montana, a professional metal worker, supervised summer youth workers who were employed to weld the shackles into boxcars. These cars were then shipped west to Glacier and stored on remote sidetracks. He also knew about 20,000 Chinese made boxcars with shackles and modern guillotines, in the form of 40-foot railroad containers, coming into America via the west coast.

In Portland, Oregon, Stan Martyn, an employee of Gunderson Steel Fabrication, witnessed the prisoner boxcars in the higher than usual, three floor/three tier prisoner boxcars. He found out that Gunderson was under secret contract from the US Government to produce thousands of them.

Glen Back has been searching for his brother for over six months. He was caught up in a Detroit riot and was arrested by riot police. That was the last he heard of Darren. The police claim to have no record of his arrest. This is not surprising as they never see the inside of a police precinct. Glen spoke to railway workers, and they told him that prisoners were often taken away by train. These trains were unscheduled, and nobody knew their destinations. A driver said that only Russian drivers drove those trains.

The prison authorities were no help either. No one had heard of Glen's brother. Yes, they had heard rumours about camps way out in the wilderness, but nobody had been to any of them to give the assumptions credibility. Further investigation revealed an even more worrying fact. Some of the boxcars carried plastic coffins to wherever they took the prisoners.

Craig Rugate could have provided some answers but didn't. He realised it was best to stay in with the Colonel, especially as FEMA was the shadow government that would issue the executive orders once they had overthrown the puppet government. This would come about after it as a series of executive orders signed into policy by the President, dissolved any pretence at Democracy. Craig had a meeting with Dr Lucy Partington, Director of the Centres for Disease Control, which had the power to intern vast numbers of citizens as required, immediately. FEMA flew Craig Rygate over some of the camps. He had shots of the ominous looking fences, and the buildings and large chimney, which was generic architecture for each enclosure. They were all fully staffed by FEMA personnel despite many of them having no prisoners.

The more Craig Rugate found out about his job, the more he felt uncomfortable with it. When he was playing with little Jemima or spending intimate moments with his wife, Carol, at home in the evenings, he could put the job out of his mind. However, most of the time he wondered if had the stomach for what was planned. He could not believe it, but Congress had authorised the implementation of concentration camps. On the face of it, the bill sanctioned FEMA run camps ostensibly as refuges for homeless victims of natural disasters and other appropriate uses. FEMA was allegedly only involved in the sense that the locations of the detention centres are set up along FEMA's districts. Furthermore, the encampments for practising responses to national disasters were coordinated between federal, state, and local authorities. The reason the public does not have private access to the camps is that they are on military-owned land, which is not open to the public.

However, Craig was not stupid. He knew that a lot of the camps were in wilderness areas and were impractical as refugee camps.

What had Craig mostly concerned was that the first real test for FEMA was about to begin. A proposed walled city of "patriots," known as The Citadel, was seceding from the Union on the basis that The American Government did no longer abide by its own Bill of Rights. Militiamen from many states had thrown in their lot with Charles Meridith the central figure and leading propagandist of the Threepers, the nickname for the Patriots. An insider had told Craig that all Patriot residents must own one AR-15 and 1,000 rounds of ammunition, and periodically prove their weapons' proficiency.

He had heard that a Reverend Glen Back, who had been agitating, on television, for the government to come clean about its concentration camps, had joined the rebels in the citadel, which, located in mountainous Benewah County, Idaho, provided a strong defensive position. They were building their city where Thomas Jefferson's "rightful liberty" would rule, and where a nearby weapons-manufacturing facility would provide employment.

After two years of Justifiable scepticism about the walled city's prospects, the Benewah Militia talk about making the citadel was seen by national security bodies like FEMA to be just hot air. That was until The flamboyant Gulf War vet Charles Meridith provided direction and drew up a workable plan. Within weeks a 50-acre plot had been purchased as a starter base camp, and a 24 militia type builders and construction workers began building foundations. Another 42 ex-army militiamen made an extreme obstacle course and started close quarter battle training. At this point, FEMA began to take notice.

## **Chapter 21**

Shriners were well known for their 'Shriner Circus' where they claimed to raise funds for burn hospitals. In June 1986, the Orlando Sentinel, a daily newspaper in Florida, published a damaging article about the Shriners philanthropy. The paper reported that less than 2% of the circus money raised went to the hospitals and that, by 1982, the Shriners had become the wealthiest charity in America, amassing \$1.2 billion in assets.

The Colonel, who had more than his fair share - for secret projects - knew full well that of the \$17.5 million raised in 1984, \$17.3 million went into his private fund, while only \$182,051 went to support the hospitals. He was acutely aware that the Shriner hospitals were a 'front' appealing to compassionate hearts to accumulate great wealth for the inner core Shriners themselves. The Colonel justified this serious fraud by spending this money on operations for the 'good' of all



Americans. Even the money he spent acquiring the Tablets of Destiny, he justified as being too dangerous in the wrong hands.

The Colonel joined all the other men each of whom wore a red fez. They very seldom met, so when the Colonel announced he required their presence at an extraordinary meeting they dropped their meaningful pursuits and attended without question.

Among the black-robed men were the cream of society comprising, the most wealthy, influential, and influential people in the world. They all deferred to the Colonel when it came to the master plan for global government. He began, "Gentlemen it's time to implement 'Operation Time Up in first world countries'. Project Africa has been so compelling that the populations of some African countries are in danger of becoming eradicated, due to our escalating AIDS epidemic, which is expected to kill around 66 million people – globally – by 2020."

One of the members said, "I have a WHO report that states some African countries now have HIV infection rates around 39 per cent. Average life expectancies have fallen to levels in the latter half of the 19th Century."

The Colonel nodded, "Also, HIV infection rates in the former Soviet Union states are rapidly increasing and, in some cases, have reached figures close to those in some of the African countries."

Another member said, "In contrast, Uganda — which correctly identified that the only form of safe sex is chastity until marriage and promoted appropriate policies — has managed to reduce its HIV infection rates drastically."

The Colonel asked, "Who's project is that?"

A member stood up.

"Look into it and if necessary deal with it."

A Chinese Shipping magnate said, "In China with the help and support of UNFPA (United Nations Population Fund) we have implemented, coercive population control measures. These limit the number of children in urban areas to no more than one per a woman's fertile years - two kids in the countryside."

The Indian representative, a mining magnate, reported, "Even my country is rapidly approaching the point reached by all developed countries already, where the total fertility rate has dropped below the level of slightly more than two children per family. This guarantees stable population levels."

An American software and social media guru said, "I recently discovered that if all humans could fit into an area the size of Texas and if each were to have an equal share of all of the land, then each of

the world's people would have 98.6m of land on which to live. That doesn't sound like overpopulation to me."

The Colonel responded, "Let me make this clear. Nobody in the know thinks there is a population problem. This operation isn't about there being too many humans on the planet. It's about there being too many useless people in the world. When the New World Order is implemented, and we have a world government, only those individuals who serve our purpose will be able to survive. Africa was chosen for our test programme because most of the people there do not fit in with our schedule. It's as simple as that."

The Colonel was as good as his word, and Barrymore discovered a 10 million dollar boost in his malnourished bank account. Jubilant was not the word. He felt like kicking up his heels, but it had been quite a while since he had been able to achieve such a trick. He phoned Louise, breathlessly, saying he was taking her out on the town.

"That's wonderful Bazz but..."

"No buts old thing. Get into your glad rags. We are going to do it in style."

The Colonel sat looking at the tablets, displayed in a glass-doored cabinet. His brow furrowed. He had no idea what made them powerful. Their theft had become big news, and the Church demanded their return. So the Colonel had to be very careful who knew about them. He summoned Fabian.

"Get me that professor."

"Do you want him brought here, sir?"

"Of course. The tablets are here."

Barrymore had never felt so wealthy and abundant. Just knowing he had the means to purchase just about anything filled him with energy. Then his phone rang. It was Fabian.

"Yes, Fabian old man."

"I'll pick you up in 30 minutes."

"What are you talking about?"

"The Colonel wants to see you."

"It's a bit inconvenient at present. Things to do you know."

"I'll pick you up outside the University."

"How do you know...? Never mind."

Nabu was back in London to contact the retired government scientist who called himself Smith. He did not know the man's real name, and he had told Nabu he rerouted his eMails through sources buried deep within the government. He only used Internet resources from a public library. Nabu phoned the department listed on the card the scientist had given him. A bored sounding voice said, "Can I help you?"

"I hope so. A senior scientist who recently left company has applied to work with Biotek. I need to speak with his head of the department. Who would that be?"

"What is the Scientist's name?"

"He told me - Smith."

"One moment sir."

A male voice said, "Whom am I speaking to?"

"Mr Nabu. I'm with Biotek. I'm carrying out a background check on a Dr Smith."

"We haven't had anyone called Smith to leave us."

Nabu chuckled. "Of course not. We know it's not his real name. Usually, we would discard such an application, but he does have the experience we are looking for."

"When did he apply for the position."

"A month ago."

The voice said. "Then I am sorry to inform you that your Doctor Smith met with an accident."

Nabu paused. "What do you mean?"

"He was found shot dead in his flat."

"My God! How did you find out?"

"The police came here."

"Do you know the investigating officer's name?"

"I've got it here somewhere."

Nabu heard some paper shuffling.

"Ah yes! A detective Sergeant Spence."

"Did he leave a contact number?"

"Yes. Here it is but why do you want it?"

"Reports you know. Following up loose ends."

It had been Stan Spence's case for all of 13 hours; then Special Branch took over. So when he received a call from a Mr Nabu who wanted to retrieve some documents the scientist had borrowed his interest piqued. "What document's, Mr Nabu?"

"From what I hear Special Branch haven't progressed with the case so it would be a feather in your cap if he came up with a lead."

For all Spence knew this Mr Nabu could be the murderer. Having mulled things over, he said, "I'll meet you at the scientist's address. The tall man was there when he arrived. "Mr Nabu, what do you know about Dr Fanheim's murder?"

"Nothing. I only learned about it today."

"But you knew him."

"I met with him once."

"Why?"

"To discuss his work."

"When was that?"

"About a month ago."

"Around the time he was murdered."

"Nabu backed up a step. "You seriously don't think I'm responsible!"

"What did you talk about?"

"Just some of his ideas."

"Classified stuff?"

Nabu shrugged, "He didn't say so."

Spence turned on the tall man. Looking up at him, he said, "The Government Office for Science fired Dr Fanheim for disclosing classified information. He would have been angry and maybe look for revenge. So what did you talk about?"

"Theories about population control. Stuff you can find on the Internet." NaBu turned to the detective. "I came here to retrieve some documents. Will you let me in."

"The chances are that whatever you're looking for has been taken away as evidence."

Nabu hadn't considered that. "Let me pop inside to find out."

Stan Spence shook his head. "I'll have to get permission from higher up the food chain. Give me your details, and I'll let you know."

Nabu sighed, "Sergeant this is ridiculous. I don't have time for this."

As Stan watched him walk away, he thought it was best all round if he kept it to himself.

Nabu wondered if the scientist's disclosure to him about the Colonel had got him murdered had been killed. Although it was true that the investigating team would have confiscated the scientist's work for evidence inevitably he would not have left any incriminating information about the Colonel where it could easily be found.

So that night Nabu went back to the Dr Fanheim's place to look for the background on the Colonel. The flat stood cold and empty in the stark darkness of the chilly night. There was no police presence, and any sign of a taped crime scene was long gone. A mild blast of light from his ray gun soon had him inside the premises. The flat, which smelled stale and musty, had been cleaned out with not a paper or file in sight. Particular branch had done a thorough job. Nabu's first problem was he did not know what he was seeking. Secondly, he was not aware of where to find it. Stumbling around in the dark with only a LED penlight to guide him, made his task long and tedious. He figured any controversial data would not be visible; he checked for secret drawers, false wall panels and searched any containers that might reveal his prize. His height in the low-ceiling basement flat made his search even more uncomfortable. There was evidence of a missing laptop and printer. Nabu prayed it would not be the only mode of data storage. Then a thought directed him to the scientist's bedroom. There, under the mattress was a manilla folder. He prayed this was it. A quick glance at the title 'The Colonel' and the subtitle 'Dangers of Decline in Human Population' confirmed he was right on the money.

Back in his hotel, Nabu read what Dr Fanheim had written:

When I first encountered Colin Bell, he exhibited symptoms of megalomania, a powerful ego and sense of grandeur. However, there was something else I could not understand about Colin? Then I realised he also had a 'saviour' complex, a dangerous mix for a person with an unstable mind.

Colin's hero complex meant that his massive ego had him seeing himself as some superhero, putting the world to rights - what he saw to be right. A covert American Agency that operated clandestinely in Iraq recruited him (Agency not known - doesn't officially exist). He built himself a reputation as the man who would do anything to get anything done. He became a 'saviour for hire' and became a trouble-shooter for a massive mining company.

Colin Bell has never married, has no children and no known of roots. With his sociological profile and massive ego, he became the master of the psychological 'chicken' game he invented that sorts out the intellectual men from the boys. He became a troubleshooter and advisor in the White House, all the while using his massive intellect to gain access to inner circles within inner circles until he found himself at level two in the Lucis Trust. This affords him power and influence over many facets of society."

The information did not surprise him, but nothing was incriminating. Nabu sighed and read on:

Colin Bell blended into the background like a ghost, with his fingers in many pies, all concerned with a one world government run by the top Zionists, He became friendly with Michael Faver, whom he met in Zambia. One of the few real friends Colin had turned out to be a freelance journalist with a bee in his bonnet. It was Michael who shortened Colin Bell to 'Colonel', and the name stuck. At first, Colin enjoyed his friend's energy and passion. However, when Michael Faver wrote an in-depth article called 'The Demonic Power of Zion in Washington DC' he was accused of being anti-Jewish. His statement on the news in which he said, "I know it was a stupid thing to do, but they make me so bloody mad. When are people going to wake up to the fact that our Sectarian wars are Jewish; Communism is Jewish, and Freemasonry is Jewish."

The Colonel had to distance himself very quickly and was told (in a recorded phone conversation) To organise a contract on him. Then powers above him tested his loyalty by ordering him to do the deed.

Meanwhile, Michael had gone on to state that he was a marked man because he wrote, in his blog that Gentile communists and Freemasons are nothing more than the cat's paw of the International Jewish Money Power."

There was a disc with the report. Nabu slid it into the DVD player. It was only an audio CD, but the voices were clear. It started in the middle of a conversation.

"But he told me some of the things they deliberately conceal from their audiences. Such as the masons are subordinate and beholden to the Jews."

"Oh, come on Michael! That's a bold statement."

"Maybe Colonel, but the Masons admit it in one of their books. On page 249 of 'Duncan's Ritual and Monitor,' it states that Masonry is subservient to Judaism."

"My goodness!"

Michael explained, "I know this because, as a recipient of the Royal Arch Degree my father pledged himself "For the good of Masonry, generally, but the Jewish nation in particular."

"That would be to do with Solomon's Temple."

"True, but it goes much further than that. The undeniable fact that Freemasonry itself is based on the rites and rituals of the Jewish religion and the mysticism of the Jewish Cabala is also purposefully glossed over by these deceivers."

The Colonel sighed, "Most people would say so what."

"Yes, well there's something else. Do you know how my father died?"

"No."

"He was given a dose of HIV. He died horribly."

"When you say given, you don't mean..."

"No, he wasn't gay. He was injected with a lethal dose while working in Africa."

The Colonel, nonplussed, asked, "Why?"

"My father advanced his research, and his findings revealed documented proof that HIV, along with some other viruses had been engineered solely for human population reduction."

"But that doesn't make sense. Gay people don't reproduce."

"Affecting the gay population was a side effect. The African natives were the target. HIV and AIDS in Africa have horribly, purposely murdered hundreds of thousands of Africans who thought the WHO was looking after them. Then you already know all about that, don't you Colonel?"

"The World Health Organisation is responsible. It's got nothing to do with me!" The Colonel stated vehemently.

"Oh come on. You know exactly how it works. However, of course, you're just another tool for the elite families to use for their world domination agenda."

"I act responsibly, Michael, and that is very dangerous talk?"

Michael sneered, "Somebody has to have the guts to expose this evil."

"Now you're melodramatic."

"Colonel, under the cloak of germ warfare, U S Congress bankrolled a secret project to discover a virus able to deteriorate the human immune system. During the experimental phase, they grafted some animal viruses mutated in monkeys and chimpanzees. These eventually got cultured with human cells and ultimately injected into human genes." Michael took a long breath. "My father was going to expose them."

Colin said, "Do you want the same fate?"

"He witnessed the final result when some potent, independent viruses commingled into one."

"And you think AIDS came about like that?"

"Come on Colonel; you helped engineer Aids. There's only you and me here so fess up."

"Michael, you're becoming paranoid."

"Once it was out there AIDS was tough to eradicate, owing to the number of individual viruses constituting different strains."

"Do you think the US Government had him killed because of what he knew?"

"No, I don't. Many people knew that. No, my dad died because he had a cure for AIDS and you murderous bastards couldn't have that. He paused then added, "Do you know why the strain of AIDS introduced into Africa was far more infectious than strains found elsewhere."

"No. Why?"

"Because the Negroid gene had a predilection for HIV. In some areas of the African continent, seventy-five per cent of the people had tested HIV positive, and in other sectors, as high as one hundred per cent."

The disc stopped there. Nabu sat back as it became more evident to him, Michael had only gotten close to the Colonel in Africa to hit him with the accusations. That would have been difficult for such a massive ego to bear. The contract hit was personal not business. That was the Colonel's Achilles heel. Nabu felt very satisfied.



## Chapter 22

Craig Rugate, as the Director of FEMA, could have provided Nabu with some answers but didn't. Mainly because he'd never heard of Nabu, and secondly because remaining silent was best to stay in with the Colonel Especially as FEMA was the shadow government that would issue the executive orders once they had overthrown the puppet government. This would come about after it as a series of executive orders signed into policy by the President, dissolved any pretence at Democracy. Craig had a meeting with Dr Lucy Partington, Director of the Centres for Disease Control, which had the power to intern vast numbers of citizens as required, immediately. FEMA flew Craig Rygate over some of the camps. He had shots of the ominous looking fences, and the buildings and large chimney, which was generic architecture for each enclosure. They were all fully staffed by FEMA personnel even though many still had no prisoners.

Barrymore looked at the tablets in the cabinet, then turned to the Colonel. "I'm not sure what you mean."

"They're supposed to be powerful, right?"

"According to legend, yes."

"So how do I access their power?"

The professor shrugged. "How should I know?"

The Colonel stared at him. "Because you are supposed to be the god damned expert. That's why I paid you all the money. Now start earning it."

Barrymore reddened, "How dare you! I deserved it chasing around in the desert after those things. What do you expect me to do, old man? Find a place to insert batteries!"

The Colonel, remaining calm, said, "I didn't get to where I am today by suffering fools. You know more than you are letting on." He got into Barrymore's face. "But you will tell me what I want to know."

Fabian spoke up. "Sir, the professor and I have gotten to know each other well. Leave me with him. I'm sure he'll be cooperative."

The Colonel said nothing but left the room.

Fabian flashed a huge smile. "If you bought something and the product didn't live up to the advertising blurb you'd want recompense from the retailer- yes?"

"Not if the retailer told me it was a waste of time buying it, which I said to your Colonel on more than one occasion."

"I'm trying to help you here, Professor. Be sensible and tell us what we want to know."

Barrymore shook his head. "You're not listening. I don't know anything about getting those things to activate."

"That's unfortunate, professor because if you don't help us, we have to ask your lady friend."

Barrymore blanched. "She knows nothing. Leave her alone."

"Then what are you holding back?"

"Nothing."

Fabian shook his head slowly. "I wish I could believe you, Professor, but the Colonel's instinct never fails."

"This is becoming incredibly tedious. I can't help you, and I am expected somewhere important," Barrymore said rising to his feet. Then he clutched at his chest as two dart-like electrodes pierced his body. He felt intense instant pain, then collapsed to the floor.

Nabu came across Louise as she delegated tasks in the library.

"What are you doing here?" Nabu, she asked looking up at him.

"I am looking for your professor."

"You and me both. I've been trying to phone Bazz, but there's no response."

"Perhaps I could run my idea past you, Louise."

"What idea would that be?"

"The whereabouts of the missing tablet."

She grabbed his arm. "Let's go to my office."

Inside, she said, "Tell me your idea."

"I think we should look for the missing tablet without the Colonel knowing."

"Why are you interested in it?"

"Louise, the Tablet's of Destiny are awesome in their power. You have no idea of just how devastating they can be. In the wrong hands, they can dominate humanity. I cannot take that chance."

Louise, puzzled, said, "But isn't your father part of the Anunnaki that wants to re-enslave us all?"

He looked her in the eye. "Louise I have been around for a very long time. In that time I have seen both the best and worse aspects of humanity. I believe there can be salvation for the human race but not if the Colonel gets his hands on the third tablet."

"Bazz said he didn't know about it."

"The Colonel is a brilliant and greedy man. I cannot take the chance that he might find out. The only way I can stop that happening is by getting to the tablet before he does."

Louise looked up at him. "You're Marduk's son. How do I know I can trust you?"

"I have to speak with the professor about this. Will you ask the Professor to contact me?" He handed her a card. "This is where I am staying."

After Nabu had left, two dark-suited men entered the library. They approached Louise, who was sorting books. Startled, her hand covered her heart.

One of the men said, "Ms Louise Ipher."

They did not look like your average library users. "Yes, how can I help you?"

"By coming with us. The Colonel is waiting for you."

It sounded sinister. "The Colonel! What are you talking about?"

"Professor Zeebub is also waiting."

"Barrymore! Is he okay?"

"He will be, as long as you come without any trouble."

Louise felt her heart beating rapidly. She called her assistant, Jenny. "Look after things. I have to go out for a while."

Barrymore did not know where he was at first. His first realisation was that he lived, his second that he had a throbbing headache and dry mouth. There were people around his bed, but they were vague outlines gradually coming into sharper focus. He recognised the Colonel and Fabian. What

was Louise doing there? He'd never seen her so ferocious. She was ranting at the Colonel, but Barrymore could not hear the words. They all seemed to be mixed up.

She heard a groan and turned to face her friend. "Bazz, are you okay?" Then she turned on the Colonel, "What have you done to him?"

"Nothing Ms Ipher, and it will stay that way as long as he cooperates." Then he said, "We will leave you alone with him for a few minutes. Get him to see sense."

"How are you Bazz?" she asked as soon as they were alone.

"I feel as though a bloody horse has kicked me. What the hell was that thing they hit me with?"

"A taser. Look Bazz you have to give them what they want."

"It's ridiculous. I have no idea how to fire up those tablets, even if it were possible, which I seriously doubt."

"Nabu came to see you. You weren't at the library, so he spoke to me."

"Oh. What did Marduk's son want?"

"He intends to go after..."

Barrymore's finger shot to his lips. He whispered, "He'll be listening to every word so don't say anything."

She whispered, "But you have to tell him about it. It's the only way we'll get out of here,"

"Have you got Nabu's number?"

"What good will that do? Nobody knows they're holding us here!"

"And you think he'll coming riding in with the cavalry to rescue us."

"I don't know. I just want someone to know the predicament we're in."

She took out her cell phone. "I hope they're not filming this. She pressed the number Nabu had given her and waited. She heard his voice. "The Colonel is holding Bazz and me, prisoner, at his apartment."

"Why?"

"The power of the tablets of course."

"Louise, let me talk to the Colonel."

Just then Fabian burst into the room and tried to grab the phone.

She said, "It's Nabu. "He wants to talk to your Colonel about the tablets."

Fabian hesitated, then went back out of the room.

The Colonel entered and took the phone. "What do you want, Mr Nabu."

"I want my friends released, Mr Bell,"

The Colonel froze. The mystery man knew his name! He wondered what else the man had discovered about him. "We need to talk."

"Yes we do, but only after the professor and Louise are free."

"Where are you? "

"I'll meet you in the lobby of the Brooklyn Museum. Bring Barrymore and Louise with you."

## **Chapter 23**

Nabu registered the slight tremor in the Colonel's voice. He had found a small chink in the man's armour and knew his massive ego could not handle it. After what happened to Dr Fanheim Nabu knew he was treading on fragile ice. He checked the laser ray gun he had in his pocket. He'd never used it as a weapon against humans. He needed to be on high alert. He needed an edge. Nabu took a small bottle out of his pocket, unscrewed the lid and imbibed the gelatinous solution. His senses immediately heightened. His mind scanned everyone entering or leaving the museum.

Mirabelle Koole stood looking at her target. The tall, fair man was unmistakable. She hated being ordered to get on with the job 'right away!' However, the Colonel's aide had ordered her to deal with the task as a priority, and she was a professional. Mira hated hits in public places but what choice did she have? Swapping her usual motorbike leathers for a more feminine look, she opted for a figure-hugging summer dress. There was no time for fancy stuff. One bullet and she would be out of there. She chose a compact automatic with a silencer. It would look as though the man had just collapsed, giving her time to get to her Honda Goldwing before anyone discovered the blood.

It was then that Nabu realised his mistake. Everybody had to go through a scanner to enter the museum. Outside in the lobby, he was a sitting duck. His eyes darted from one person to another. The Colonel's man could have been any one of them. He was distracted by a gorgeous redhead walking up to him. Being a handsome, Young Paul Newman, look-a-like, He usually welcomed female attention. However, this was different. He needed space around him.

She reached into her shoulder bag and withdrew the automatic.

Nabu, surprised, took a step back, his ray gun at the ready.

Mira blinked in disbelief. She knew her guns and had never seen anything like it.

The green LED showed full charge.

Her momentary lapse in concentration allowed Nabu just enough time to act.

Witnesses would have seen the thin laser beam throw the woman backwards. It was like a moment frozen in time, giving Nabu sufficient time to exit the museum before everyone in the lobby got over their initial shock.

Outside, Nabu grabbed his phone. "It didn't work Colonel. I'm still alive, and your hit-woman is dead. So let's not mess around."

Colin Bell paled. Turning to Fabian, who also heard the speakerphone, he said, "Check it out."

Nabu said, "It's true Colin. I swear on Michael's life. Oh sorry, I forgot - he's dead."

Michael! Nobody knew about him and Michael! Confused, the Colonel said, "Okay we'll do a deal. I release the professor and his friend. Then you and I talk."

Nabu, enjoying himself, responded, "That deal no longer exists, Colin. I can damage you, and you know it. So let's not fool around here. You and I both know that you're not in control here."

The Colonel trembled then started shaking. "Very well. You win for now, but you have made a very dangerous enemy."

Barrymore, surprised, amazed, relieved, looked at Nabu. "I don't know how you managed it old boy, but Lou and I are deeply grateful to you," he said, as the trio relaxed at Louise's apartment.

Louise handed round some banana cake she had made. "So how did you get him to let us go?" she asked.

"Let's just say I had a very persuasive argument."

"Do you know something about the Colonel that we don't?" Louise asked, probing.

Nabu looked at her. "Let's just say I have found a chink in the Colonel's armour."

The pair stared at him, "Pray tell old man."

Nabu shook his head. "It wouldn't serve any useful purpose for you to know. In fact, it would complicate things."

Barrymore broke the ensuing uncomfortable silence. "Lou told me you wanted to see me about the tablets."

"Yes, professor, I think we should locate the third disc."

"Easier said than done, old boy. However, tell me. Why is it important to you?"

"Because sooner or later the Colonel is going to find out about the missing tablet and I cannot chance him getting his hands on it."

Louise, gathering up the empty teacups, said, "Just out of curiosity why would it be so bad if he got the third one?"

Nabu answered, "Because he might be able to unleash their power."

"Question, old chap. How can we get the Colonel to fund an expedition he mustn't know about?"

"I have means," Nabu said. "I will fund this one. However, that means I become an equal partner with you both."

"I see no problem with that, old man, but where do we start."

There is a rumour that the Knights Templar were looking for the 'Commandment Tablets' and believed they were concealed beneath the Temple Mount. So let's say they dug there and came across two tablets. None of them could read ancient Hebrew let alone Sumerian cuneiform. They were somewhat perplexed about the shape of the tablets but nevertheless assumed they had found what they sought. They retrieved them and smuggled the artefacts out of Jerusalem. However, as their understanding was that God had given Mosis two tablets, they didn't look for a third one, which may still be there."

Barrymore packed his pipe. "I've never heard that one before."

"It makes some sense, however. Bazz. It goes some way to explaining how those two tablets ended up in Ethiopia."

"Maybe. However, I'm not convinced. Even if the Templars couldn't understand the ancient Hebrew writing, they would have at least seen some examples in the Holy Land and would have known the language on the tablets wasn't it."

Nabu countered. "I understand that professor, but they were expecting to find two tablets, and they found them. These were simple people who wouldn't have questioned their good fortune. Moreover, they couldn't tell anyone else about their prize."

Louise said, "Is there any evidence that the Templars had links with Ethiopia?"

"Yes, there is," Nabu replied, "Following the route of the Ark of the Covenant they ended up, during the Crusades, in Lalibela, northern Ethiopia, where they built a church for the local African Christians. So Grateful were the locals they gave the Knights Templar the Ark."

"Wouldn't the Ark have contained the fabled commandments?" Barrymore asked.

Nabu answered, "Yes, according to legend. So, supposing they had the discs with them thinking they were the commandment tablets. Then they saw the real ones it's not too much of a stretch to assume they switched them over."

"Ah, yes," Louise said, "Which is why we found the discs in the wooden box of the Ark,"

Barrymore drew on his pipe. "Well old boy, it is possibly a convincing enough story. I'm in," he grinned.

## Chapter 24

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There is a rumour that the Knights Tem" Okay, tell me about this Great Revolt," Marduk demanded during a beam with his son.

Nabu grinned. "We have got humans so hooked on the Jesus story they will never believe this version."

"What version?" Marduk demanded, his impatience showing.

"Well, back in 66 BCE a crisis, which started with Greek and Jewish religious tensions escalated due to anti-taxation protests and attacks upon Roman citizens."

"How did the Romans respond?"

"They plundered the Jewish Temple and executed up to 6,000 Jews in Jerusalem. This prompted a full-scale rebellion. The Roman military garrison of Judea was quickly overrun by rebels, while the pro-Roman king Agrippa II, together with Roman officials, fled Jerusalem."

"Presumably the Romans retaliated."

"Yes. It soon became apparent the rebellion was out of control, so the Syrian army was used to restore order and quell the revolt. The Syrian Legion was ambushed and defeated by Jewish rebels at the Battle of Beth Horon, with 6,000 Romans massacred, and the Legion's Aquila lost - a result that shocked the Roman leadership." Nabu, getting bored with his explanation, said, "The important thing is how we are going to stop such rebellions happening again. This is where Titus' - well really my idea comes in. It was the battle of Beth Horon that got me thinking."

"How so?"

"The Horon story. I had to have a model to work on and Horon, whom the Greeks called Horus, seemed the perfect candidate for the job."

"Why?"

"Because we have to invent a peaceful messiah who would suppress further revolts against Rome. So we needed someone larger than life who wasn't aggressive, and who could do good party conjuring tricks and who criticised the traditional Jewish religion."

"So why was this Horus right for the job?"

"The Khemmetian Book of the Dead describes a God, Horon. Horon, the son of the god Asar, was born to Ast, a virgin mother. He got baptised in a river by Anup the Baptizer, who was later beheaded. Horus was tempted while alone in the desert, healed the sick, the blind, cast out demons, and walked on water. He raised Asar from the dead. (Asar translates to Lazarus.)" As an afterthought, Nabu added, "Oh, yes! He also had twelve disciples. He was caught, crucified and, after three days, two women announced that Horon, the saviour of humanity had been resurrected. He was given the title KRST which means "anointed one."

"Who had him crucified?"

"Typhon, better known as Satu."

"Why?"

"His physical body had to be killed so he could exist as a disembodied spirit. That's the brilliant part of my plan. Of course, the Krist's followers won't get it, but they'll think they have."

"Get what?"

"You can't kill a dead person. So whatever role that person plays after their death is untouchable."

Marduk began to catch on. "So this Krist could have a bigger influence after his death."

"Yes, father."

"Then What?"

"The next part of the plan was to sell the idea to Josephus."

"Did he buy it?"

"As it turned out the Jewish historian needed no persuading. In fact, Josephus lapped it up. To pacify the Jews assuaged his conscience for betraying his troops at Jotopata. He set to work under my guidance. Josephus even said, 'We have invented Krist, and we are proud of it'."

For the average detective, there were some glaring holes in the story. For instance, If Jesus the Krist did not exist neither did his disciples. In fact, there would not have been any Christians at all before the destruction of the Temple in A.D. 70. However, the Roman historian Tacitus recorded in his Annals that Emperor Nero blamed the Great Fire in Rome, which took place three years before the Jewish revolt, on a group called Christians. But, even if Tacitus had been in on the plot, the Romans could not have fabricated the existence of churches such as those in Ephesus or Thessalonica which, according to the book of Acts, existed for decades before the Jewish revolt, unless he doctored the Old Testament as well?

Concerned about this, Marduk asked Nabu, "Didn't the first Jews who joined the Christian church realise something isn't quite right about this movement that springs up overnight?"

Nabu said, "The trick was to attribute my story to more than one author. I got some people writing about the Krist and their experience with him." They wrote that Jesus Krist didn't want a new religion. Jesus wanted to bring back natural religion and the old rights."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Father, he wished to unite men in a great universal endeavour, by spreading wise morality, enlightenment, and combating all prejudices, to make the Jews capable of governing themselves. It was beautiful, simple, and precise, Father. A re-enactment of the Anunnaki preparing humans to take over their world.

"Okay, so who did you get to spread this beautiful message to the Jews?"

"My New Testament was based on the Horon story and written by Godspell writers. They went out and proclaimed this good news to the Jews."

"Didn't they have to be in on the hoax then?"

"Josephus worked openly with me on the Krist project, and he spread the message. The excited Jews did the rest."

"A brilliantly worked out plan, my son."

"Yes, but things did not exactly go according to plan. The fake messiah story incited wrath from the Jewish elite but the Gentiles, who weren't even part of the project, embraced it."

"Why did they go for it?"

NaBu shrugged, "I don't know. Maybe because they hated the Jews?" He paused then explained, "Contradictory apocryphal Gospels, like the Gospel of Thomas, that competed with the fake religion became added to Josephus' text. However, the biggest hurdle was how the Romans would get enough Jews who were willing to commit apostasy, blasphemy, and die as martyrs for the Empire to preach this new 'Godspell' to an illiterate world?"

"Did they manage it?"

"It wasn't easy, particularly since Jesus had a more pacifistic and public view of things than the messianic movement of the day, which was extremely xenophobic. The Jewish perspective of the time was that it wanted the Romans out so they could restore their religious state. To do this, they had to get people to believe the Jesus story."

"How did you make it believable?"

"Father, I had to very cleverly draw parallels between the events in the war and events in Jesus' ministry, making them occur in the same sequence. My Jesus had the political perspective the Romans were hoping the Jews would adopt. In a word we had created a character, Jesus Krist, to embody what the Jews wanted in a Messiah.

Marduk, playing the devil's advocate, said, "Now let me see if I have this right. The story of this Jesus describes Joseph going to Egypt; the Pharaoh massacring the boys; his return from Egypt to get baptised; being in the wilderness for 40 days where he has his three temptations."

"Yes, that's right. That's the beauty of it. It's both new and a continuation of the Jewish scriptures."

"Okay, so are you saying The Romans created the Jesus story to pacify the Jews and, at the same stroke, provide them with a Messiah?"

"Is there any historical evidence to back this?"

Yes, father, It's in the 'Cannibal Mary,' a famous passage in Josephus. It contains an allegory about Jesus Christ."

"What's the story?"

"He wrote, we present Jesus as the human Passover lamb. In the passage of Cannibal Mary, it is written that the human Passover lamb is a myth for the world whose killing is going to be seen as an atrocity by gentiles and that will create bitter hatred against the Jews. It's a clear-cut description of the invention and intent of Christianity, which was a curse the Romans put on the Jews for their constant rebellion'.

Marduk, still unconvinced, said, "Didn't the Jews demand to see their Messiah?"

"That did prove a bit of a problem. So we gave the Jews one - me."

"You!"

"I wasn't only the logical choice I was the only option, Father. Mobbed by masses of people, A phalanx of Jews protected me. They spontaneously came to my aid to afford me clear passage into the city of Jerusalem, along streets strewn with palm leaves. I must say I enjoyed it immensely.

Already legendary among the Jews for my passivity and my miracles, I, the self-proclaimed King of the Jews set about to make my mark. The next day I raided the Temple, the heart of the Jewish religion, verbally attacking money-changers for defiling a holy place. This set many events in motion, starting with the leaders of the Jewish establishment, who feared me claiming to be the Messiah. The head priest called a meeting to work out how to deal with the problem."

"That must have been very tricky for you, my son."

"The trickiest part of the plan was my crucifixion."

"Your crucifixion!"

"Yes, it was the most important part of the story."

Marduk frowned, "Why didn't you tell me this?"

"Because you would have tried to talk me out of it. Look, it was an important part of the hoax. Let's just leave it at that." He paused a moment, took a breath, then continued. "The fact that I'm beaming you shows it all worked out, so there's no need for you to worry."

Nabu recalled that he had been worried. He had called for his most trusted apostle, Judas Iscariot, a fellow Mason.

Judas, approaching his Lord asked, "How can I help you, master?"

"Soon they will come and arrest me."

"Not with us here to protect you, master."

Jesus had turned his blue eyes to his disciple. "You don't understand, they have to arrest me, charge me with crimes and carry out their sentence."

Judas became wide-eyed. "But why master?"

He looked into Judas' eyes. "Do you trust me?"

"Of course, master, but..."

"Then you will follow my instructions without question. Is that clear?"

"Yes, master,"

"Good. This is what will happen. I will be crucified, killed and laid to rest in a cave. After three days you will come and revive me."

Judas' face resembled a question mark. "How will I do that?"

"You must put some drops of this on my tongue." He had handed the Apostle a tiny bottle containing a viscous solution. "Guard this with your life and tell no one."

"Yes, my Lord. I will faithfully carry out your bidding."

He had looked deeply into Judas' eyes. "There is one other thing. You have to betray me to the Romans."

"But!"

"No buts. It has to be done, and you are to feel no guilt. Is that clear, Judas?"

He nodded, "Yes my Lord."

"What happened then?" Marduk asked, becoming suddenly excited.

"I took a huge but necessary chance. If things hadn't panned out the way, I had planned events anything could have happened. I prayed nothing would go wrong. I had considered finding a suitable candidate to take my place but realised nobody, but I could pull off the subterfuge. I would have to physically die in agonising pain and be revived with the gold solution. This meant I had to trust Judas to get it right. I gathered my disciples to share a meal and told them we would soon part company. I thanked each of them for their dedication and loyalty."

"Why will we part, Lord?" Peter asked.

"I simply told him it was the way of things." I knew he had to leave them with a powerful ritual, so I picked up a goblet of red wine and passed it around, saying, "This is my blood. Drink it in remembrance of me." Then he broke bread and handed it around, saying, "This is my body. Eat it in memory of me."

Peter said, "Are you leaving us, Lord?"

I answered, "In a manner of speaking."

"How did your Disciples respond to that?"

They were not happy and didn't want their Jesus to leave them. So I told them, "Just spread my message. That's all I ask of you. I then told them, "Before cock-crow one of you will deny me, and another will betray me." This shocked them further, so I said, "Fear not. It is meant to be."

"It must have been terrifying for you."

Outwardly I remained remarkably calm. Inwardly I was scared and anxious. What I had to do next was the real test for me. But there was no turning back. I had to go through with my plan. It was the only way to get the recalcitrant Sanhedrin to sit up and take notice. The problem was that it was the gentiles who got sucked in. However, that's another story."

"What happened then?"

After, what came to be known of as the Last Supper Judas told the Roman guards where they would find me - and they did. They arrested me, forced a crown of thorns on my head and dragged me to the courthouse. Thankfully, the gold solution I'd ingested lessened the pain of my torture."

"What happened to you after that, Nabu?"

"I was tried before Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor and sentenced to death. I was thankful it was a short trial and was over quickly, before the pain killing effect of the powder of gold wore off. However, much worse was to come - my crucifixion. The Romans mocked me and nailed me to a tall cross, set it up for all to see. With the pain suppressor wearing off I was in agony and welcomed death as a release. Eventually, I died on the cross. The next thing I knew was waking up to find Judas Iscariot wetting my lips with the gold solution and putting healing balm on my wounds, soothing my torn flesh. Shortly after, not being able to assuage his guilt, Judas Iscariot went off and hanged himself."

"Why did he do that? After all, he was only obeying your orders."



"I couldn't understand why Judas had done such a thing. The main thing was I lived. Then I played out my grand finale and, using an anti-gravity trick, Emuq had shown me; I ascended in front of my Apostles. I did so by letting them see my astral form."

Yahweh almost exploded with rage when he heard about Jesus' resurrection. He knew his Jews had been undermined but couldn't quite figure out how. Since his death and resurrection, Jesus the Krist had become huge news, even in Rome and 'his' Jews were blamed for the Messiah's brutal murder, despite his execution being carried out by the Roman lackeys: Caiaphas and Pilate. They were looking for the 'Commandment Tablets' and believed they were concealed beneath the Temple Mount. So let's say they dug there and came across two tablets. None of them could read ancient Hebrew let alone Sumerian cuneiform. They were somewhat perplexed about the shape of the tablets but nevertheless assumed they had found what they sought. They retrieved them and smuggled the artefacts out of Jerusalem. However, as their understanding was that God had given Mosis two tablets, they didn't look for a third one, which may still be there."

Barrymore packed his pipe. "I've never heard that one before."

"It makes some sense, however. Bazz. It goes some way to explaining how those two tablets ended up in Ethiopia."

"Maybe. However, I'm not convinced. Even if the Templars couldn't understand the ancient Hebrew writing, they would have at least seen some examples in the Holy Land and would have known the language on the tablets wasn't it."

Nabu countered. "I understand that professor, but they were expecting to find two tablets, and they found them. These were simple people who wouldn't have questioned their good fortune. Moreover, they couldn't tell anyone else about their prize."

Louise said, "Is there any evidence that the Templars had links with Ethiopia?"

"Yes, there is," Nabu replied, "Following the route of the Ark of the Covenant they ended up, during

the Crusades, in Lalibela, northern Ethiopia, where they built a church for the local African Christians. So Grateful were the locals they gave the Knights Templar the Ark."

"Wouldn't the Ark have contained the fabled commandments?" Barrymore asked.

Nabu answered, "Yes, according to legend. So, supposing they had the discs with them thinking they were the commandment tablets. Then they saw the real ones it's not too much of a stretch to assume they switched them over."

"Ah, yes," Louise said, "Which is why we found the discs in the wooden box of the Ark,"

Barrymore drew on his pipe. "Well old boy, it is possibly a convincing enough story. I'm in," he grinned.

*No, the Romans Did Not Invent Jesus | Catholic Answers.*

<https://www.catholic.com/magazine/online-edition/no-the-romans-did-not-invent-jesus>

*Was Jesus a Roman Hoax to Trick the Jews? - VICE.*

[https://www.vice.com/en\\_us/article/4w7y8w/jesus-was-a-roman-hoax-to-trick-the-jews](https://www.vice.com/en_us/article/4w7y8w/jesus-was-a-roman-hoax-to-trick-the-jews)

## Chapter 25

Without the colonel pulling strings to get permission to dig under the Temple Mount from the antiquities authority proved difficult for Nabu and his small team. So Barrymore, being the bonafide historian of the trio, made the application to excavate part of the most coveted site in Jerusalem. To make things more complicated, the Temple Mount had been, until recently, off-limits to anybody, not Moslem.

"We could always disguise ourselves as Moslems," Louise suggested, as she and Bazz, stored their clothes in the wardrobe of the Hashimi Hotel suite.

"Bit radical old thing."

"Maybe Bazz, but it will speed things up."

"Perhaps we can bribe some official or sneak under the wall of the Temple Mount under cover of darkness."

"That's all very well if we knew where to find the tablet, but we could be looking for it for some time."

"We should be discussing this with Nabu."

"He said he had to go off and do something."

Benjamin Lazzar was not at all against supplementing his meagre income. In the old days accepting bribes was lucrative for Benjamin but now few unauthorised digs came under his remit. He looked up at the taller man, a worried frown inhabiting his bearded face, "The Temple Mount is a sensitive region for a dig. Should it approach the Temple Mount wall, it will certainly elicit angry reactions

from the Muslim Waqf Religious Trust), which repeatedly accuses Israel of trying to excavate under the holy places on the mount."

"But you can help us," Nabu said, as he and the corrupt official walked through Independence Park.

"There's another problem. Palestinians inhabit most of the excavation sites, and it's not easy to obtain their permission." He stopped under the shade of a tall tree. "What is it you are looking for?"

Nabu ignored the question. "How much will it cost for them to allow us to dig under their property, Mr Lazzar?"

"You must not dig beyond the Temple wall."

"Understood."

"How big is your party?"

"Just the three of us."

"How deep do you need to dig?"

Nabu shrugged. "Impossible to say at this point."

"Yes, of course," Benjamin smiled. "Leave your contact number, and I will get back to you."

Once Nabu had left, Lazzar pressed a contact he had been given, on his phone. The fee the Englishman was paying, was higher than the one Nabu had offered. Upon hearing the man's voice, he said, "They are here and plan to dig into the Temple Mount."

Fabian smiled, "Good work Lazzar. Keep me informed."

Barrymore looked across the table at Louise. "Did you know that Hashimi means breaking in?"

"No Bazz, I didn't know that," she answered, wrestling with her lamb kebab.

"Appropriate don't you think, old girl."

Louise smiled. "So mastermind, how are we going to break in?"

Barrymore sipped his coffee. "Tricky one, old thing. Even if we get a licence, we can't stay within its terms and conditions of the Israel Antique Authority. Moreover, an unlicensed excavation is going to attract trouble from both the Jews and the Moslems."

"So, what's the solution, Bazz?"

Even with a legitimate permit, we have to submit a detailed report to the IAA.”

She shrugged, "So what. Just say we couldn't find anything of value."

Just then Nabu arrived. He sat down and ordered a kebab.

Seeing the wide grin and Nabu's face, Barrymore said, "You're like a cat let loose in a dairy."

Nabu enjoyed keeping them in suspense.

After they had finished their meal, Nabu said, "We can't sit around here all day. Let's get digging."

They looked at him, eyes wide. "You've got permission?" they asked in unison.

He just grinned.

"I don't know how you managed it, old man, Barrymore said, as they passed by construction work on the Temple Mount.

"Best not to know," Nabu smiled, looking at the local map that showed an uncovered part of a Byzantine mosaic floor."

Barrymore said, "I'm not trying to cramp your style, old boy, but where exactly are you taking us?"

"To where we will find the remains of an ancient moat. It protected the pre-Herodian Temple Mount precinct, and was sealed off by the Roman military leader Pompey when he besieged the Temple Mount in 63 BCE."

"How do you know this? Louise queried.

"Because he told me."

Barrymore stared at the tall man. "Then why didn't you tell us. We are part of this as well, you know."

"Is that where we start searching?" Louise asked, taking a mouthful of water from her flask.

"Pretty close," Nabu answered.

There were some things that Nabu never let on to his teammates. One thing was his high ranking in Freemasonry that gave him access to vast knowledge of an occult nature. Nabu knew that Freemasonry was only one Path, designed to point to universal truths. Their compass, a mathematical tool that made circles, represented the perfection of geometry. Nabu mused that humanity seemed to be going in circles, having lost its way. It was in dire need of an ethical compass, let alone a directional one. The Masonic compass, for the apprentice of the lodge, was

designed to move a man from the North East corner (a temporary place of darkness), a place symbolising physical and spiritual death to the East where great warmth and enlightenment originates (symbolic of knowledge and truth).

To Grand Master Masons, like him, it meant something different. Ma-Sonic meant the primal sound of the universe - the Hindu Om. Ma-Sonic was also a shortened 'Ma'at Sonic', Pythagoras' 'music of the spheres'.

However, for the lower lodge, it represented the natural sun rising in the East and the Worshipful Master's knowledge and intellect energising the lodge - just as the sun puts the earth in motion. But, there was an aspect of those whose compass rose in the west. Their thoughts and deeds were anchored them to a 'dark side', that influenced and filtered through society, holding people in a state of fear. Moreover, anxiety, when it became unbearable, led man to do dangerous, irrational things. He fitted the Colonel in that category.

Shortly after passing the bed of the ancient moat, Nabu's team came upon a tunnel, the result of an earlier excavation. As Barrymore and Louise followed him inside, he explained, "This tunnel will take us down to a depth of 12 meters. That's when the real work starts."

"I must say. It's much easier than I thought it would be," Barrymore said.

"That's because it's a tourist trail now," Nabu responded.

As they descended the increasing narrowing tunnel, Louise kept looking at the ceiling.

"It sounds like it's been reinforced in places lately," she said, "I hope we're not going to get buried in here."

Nabu laughed, "This Improvised reinforcement has been carried out to make it safe for tours under here. Mainly because the Moslems are afraid their Dome on the Mount might start sinking."

"That's not a very comforting thought," Louise chided.

At the 12 metre mark, the trio came upon a blocked section. "This is where the real work starts," Nabu grinned.

They knew the train was coming, but because it was unscheduled, they did not know when. One of the men used an old Indian trick and put his ear to the railway line. There was no discernible vibration, so they still had a little time to organise themselves. Instead of using six-shooters and

horses, the modern-day train robbers used two-way radios, night-vision goggles and bolt cutters. Instead of wearing bandannas over the lower half of their faces they wore ski caps monogrammed 'SOL' for 'Sons of Liberty'. Instead of going after gold bullion, they were there to liberate prisoners on their way to detention camps. The train robbers waited in the dark, at 'Cutters Bend', for their target to arrive. Edward Logan, An ex-Gulf War hero, waited until the slow-moving train snaked its way around the bend, where he and his compatriots waited, At his signal over their two-way radios, the gang sprung into action. A well-aimed missile aimed at the cab of the locomotive killed the crew and soon brought the large diesel to a halt. Then donning night-vision goggles and brandishing bolt cutters the gang set about opening up the boxcars and freeing the occupants. They used the bolt cutters to free many people from their shackles. Edward Logan then addressed the hundreds of confused detainees, explaining that they would have to walk to the 'Citadel', which was 24 miles away. There were very few complaints. They knew a much worse fate would have been in store for them, were they not rescued.

Reverend Glen Back sought out Charlie Meridith to get some answers. He found him inspecting the boundary wall, which was near completion. He saw the clergyman strolling towards him. "Hello pastor, come to look at our defences?"

"A private word please Charlie."

"I'm now assuming my military rank so call me Major Meridith," The head militiaman corrected.

"Whatever. Look I want to know why you never told me about the refugees from the train wreck coming here."

The major smiled, "Because you didn't need to know."

"That's not good enough! I demand to be treated with more respect. Remember who's brought most of the people here."

The major stared at the priest. "What's the problem? We have liberated prisoners from a train, and they will boost our numbers."

"Yes, and they will also bring the wrath of the government down upon us."

Charles chuckled. "Do you think this is a holiday camp, reverend? We are preparing for war, and if the American army attacks us, we'll be ready for them. If it's too rich for you, then get out now."

"If I go my people go with me."

Charles glared at the reverend. "We are on a war footing, and I am your commanding officer. Is that clear, Reverend?"

"God is my commanding officer. He will help us triumph over our enemies."

"That may be so, reverend but this place is going to become hell, and I don't think even your God goes there."

Glen stared at the significant, shocked at his blasphemy. Then he turned around and walked back to his flock. Stung by the major's sobering remarks he needed some confirmation he was doing the right thing.

The Colonel looked up from the coroner's report, his face a question mark. "It says weapon unknown."

Fabian looked at the report, then at his Colonel. "It seems that our Mr Nabu is more resourceful than we thought."

"Whatever he used made burns on her chest. Her heart stopped immediately."

"Never mind. Find Mr Nabu and that weapon."

"I know where he is."

"What are you waiting for then?"

"He's in Jerusalem with the professor and his lady friend."

The Colonel's eyebrows arched. "What are they doing there?"

"Digging - under the Temple Mount."

"What for?" The Colonel said, his eyes popping.

"That I'm going to find out."

As Fabian got up to leave the Colonel's office, he said, "She'll be difficult to replace."

The Colonel nodded, "Make sure there's no fallout."

"Don't worry sir. Our people handled it. The cops don't argue with NSA IDs."

Once Fabian had left, the Colonel contacted Craig Rugate. "Craig I want a full report on that hijacked train saga."

"As soon as I receive it, Colonel."

"I want you to make sure it doesn't happen again."

"How am I supposed to do that?"

Mr Rugate, when I hear those words from a commander, I think it's time to relieve him of his duty."

Craig shakily pulled himself together. "Yes, sir. I'll get on it right away sir."

The Colonel chuckled, "You love your job don't you Craig?"

The FEMA boss replied, "I love this great nation of ours, Colonel, and I love being in a position where I can be of service. I have concerns about certain aspects of what job demands of me, but I will do what is necessary to ensure the safety and security of American citizens."

## **Chapter 26**

Nabu had tracked the servants of Lucifer from the time of the earliest secret societies and followed their progress through 4 thousand years of history. So nobody was a more celebrated expert on the subject. His father was not interested in such things, but now his son had seen how such dark fraternities had manipulated human society for their agenda it was vital that he apprised his father of the pressing issue. He beamed Marduk and waited till his father's visage filled the screen.

"Greetings father. How goes it on Nibiru?"

"Never mind about that. What's going on down there on my Earth?"

"I have uncovered a massive conspiracy, an organised 'Evil' that has been growing stronger over the last 2000 years."

Marduk groaned, "Oh no, you haven't been on their Internet!"

Undeterred by his father's sarcasm, Nabu continued, "It's like a vast octopus with many tentacles manipulating all aspect of human society. They speeded up their agenda in the late 1940s following the supposed defeat of Nazi Occult power in Germany."

"What does this have to do with our plans?"

"Father, that's what I'm trying to tell you. They have forgotten about us and are using our plan for their agenda."

Marduk sat back. "Oh dear, that could be serious."

"Yes. The people behind it call themselves the New World Order. They simply incorporated the Nazi dream of creating super soldiers to guarantee the thousand years long Fourth Reich into their ancient dream of establishing the Kingdom of Antichrist on Earth."

"Oh, I get mixed up! We're for Christ, aren't we?"



"Christianity was our idea, yes."

"Do you think Enlil is behind it, son?"

"Not this time. My uncle wants a smooth transition to Anunnaki domination on Earth."

"Yes, I see what you mean. Maybe Enlil could come up with some of his devious ideas."

"Yes, see if you can get him on side, father. Let me explain what they've been up to."

Marduk sighed, "If you have to."

"Following the collapse of Nazism in Europe, this dark cult went underground, moved to America where it was nurtured deep within the Luciferian Secret Societies to emerge as integral parts of the Illuminati cult programming and the CIA's mind control programmes."

"Okay, so what's your plan to bring the Earthlings back under our control."

"We have to find a way to neutralise the followers of Lucifer. It's not going to be easy. Can you see if Enki has any ideas the might help."

"Okay, I'll speak with him."

Nabu frowned, "There's one other thing. I had to use the ray weapon on a woman who was trying to kill me."

Marduk rubbed his chin. "Does anyone else know about it?"

"No father but there were many witnesses. Although I haven't seen anything about it in the news."

"Just be careful my son. I will get back to you with any help the royal council can offer."

"Oh, there's one more thing before I go."

"What's that?"

"I now know for certain the Luciferians are dedicated to Humankind's total enslavement. They are caught up in an old agenda that has at its dark heart an evil goal."

"Enki says to try and get the humans to wake up and realise they're being manipulated."

"They've been trained to accept the way things are. We cannot rely on them."

"Enlil suggests sending the Igigi down there to sort things out and prepare the Earthlings for our arrival."

"He would suggest the brutal approach. In any case, it wouldn't work."

"Why not?"

"Because these Black Adepts from the Cult of Evil, never show themselves. They carry out their dark agenda of planned destruction of the Old World Order, in the name of Christianity. Enlil's bullying tactics would only target the wrong people."

"So, have you got any useful suggestions?"

"I have to get closer to the Luciferian hierarchy. The Black Adepts are the ones who command the wicked minions who inhabit this dark underworld."

"How will you achieve that."

"Father, do you know what they fear most?"

"What?"

"Having their identity known. Moreover, I know certain things about one of them, and that's my leverage."

"Well, you seem to have it under control, but be careful."

The ominous sound of helicopter gunships filled the morning air. It was just after dawn when Charles Meredith heard the ruckus. Jumping out of bed, the Commander rushed to the window. There were six gunships, each hovering above the Citadel like harmful flying insects. He thought there would have been some warning. He had seen first hand in Iraq the devastation the aircraft could cause. Grabbing his two-way radio, he barked, "Get me Sergeant Matterson."

Matterson grabbed his two-way. "Yes, sir?"

"If you haven't noticed, we're under threat. So where the hell is our ground to air missiles?"

"Sir if we open fire they'll unleash hell upon us."

"And if you don't take control, sergeant. I will unleash hell on you."

The Sons of Liberty rolled out their only SAM mounted armoured car. Capable of firing four missiles simultaneously the crew knew they only had one chance to draw first blood. They also knew it would be their last act on Earth. A warning light flashed indicating at least one attack 'copter had locked on. The SAM operator crossed himself then locked onto his target. Already the Gunships were dispersing. At the press of a button, there was a loud whoosh sound as the SAMs unerringly found their mark. As the attack copter erupted in a massive fireball, a barrage of return

fire raked the compound. Before the crew even thought of abandoning the armoured car, it also exploded in a gigantic explosion that launched it into the air. Crashing down, a fiery wreck, it signalled the battle was on for one and all.

As the copters came back with a vengeance, the reverend was busy getting his flock down into one of the underground shelters built around the Citadel.

The independent state flag depicting the Idaho state seal flew on the Civic Centre flagstaff. However, instead of having the usual words it read, The Benewah Sons of Liberty.

Militiamen and women armed with Shoulder-launched weapons were ready to repel those threatening their boundary wall. Some personnel unused to the shoulder launchers got taken unaware by the recoil, as exhaust shot out the rear of the tube. Some of the hits from the attack copters had breached the outer wall, and heavily armed NATO troops came pouring in.

It was like the Alamo all over again, except it wasn't in Texas and much more devastating weapons were used. The Sons of Liberty gathered around the civic buildings as the Foreign troops surrounded them. Charles Meredith was heard to yell. "FOR LIBERTY AND THE AMERICAN WAY!"

The profundity of his situation hit Barrymore fully when he realised they were searching where the Knights Templar had looked some 12 hundred years before. Having scraped away some of the loose surface rock, the Professor reached for his little pick and began chipping away at the harder rock face.

Nabu said, "It has to be within the next four metres. After that, it's solid rock."

"That's if it's here," Barrymore commented.

Louise said, with a distinct note of sarcasm, "Only four metres, and there's me thinking it would be hard work."

As it happened, only about a metre in, Barrymore came across something. He did not take much notice of the small straight line at first, but as he uncovered more, he discovered a man-made ledge that showed evidence of brickwork. He called the others over.

Nabu, seeing the discovery, said, "Perhaps our tablet is on the other side of those bricks."

"Could be," Barrymore consented. "Now we're going to need a hammer and chisel."

Nabu said, "You two stay, and I'll check for tools back at the car."

With Marduk's son out of the way, Barrymore relaxed and lit his pipe. Turning to Lou, he said, "Do you trust him?" indicating the way Nabu had gone.

"In what respect, Bazz?"

He packed his pipe, saying, "His agenda on Earth. Both he and the Colonel are hell-bent on drastically cutting the human population numbers. So, whichever one gets their hands on the three tablets will be able to implement their agenda."

"So what are you suggesting?"

"Not suggesting anything old girl. What I'm saying is that we are mere pawns in a dangerous game."

"I know you. Bazz. You're cooking up something in that brain of yours."

"Let's just see if the tablet is here before we jump to conclusions, old thing," he said taking a satisfying draught on his pipe.

Nabu returned with the tools, and one-by-one Barrymore prised the bricks away. Once He'd removed half a dozen blocks, he put his hand inside the dark opening and moved it around the space. Then his fingers connected with something hard. It felt like metal with straight edges. "I've found something in here," he said excitedly, trying to make it budge.

"Can you get it Bazz?"

"Think we'll have to remove more bricks."

He worked frantically, as excitement grew in the small group. He tried reaching inside the hole, but still, the container would not budge. Then he realised it had to be lifted slightly.

Fabian held back away from the rotor blades as the unmarked black helicopter landed at the heliport on Mount Scopus. Eight incognito NATO military personnel alighted and formed a straight line in front of the Colonel's man.

Fabian stood in front of the officer in charge. "Your transport awaits," he said, indicating two Humvees that stood nearby.

"Where are we going?" the sergeant asked.

"To the Temple Mount."

The sergeant rounded on his troops. "You heard the man. Hit those hummers."

With more bricks removed Nabu was able to lever what turned out to be a metal box. The trio waited with baited breath as Barry move prized open the lid. Inside something was wrapped in linen. The professor carefully removed it from the metal casket, then unwrapped the object. "I don't believe it!" Barrymore expounded.

"Well, Bazz it seems as though Nabu was right after all."

He knew it was Louise speak for you'd better come up with a plan to steal the tablet, pronto."

Nabu, overjoyed, said, "Well done professor, let's get it away from here where you can translate it."

"Good idea," a familiar voice said from behind them.

"Fabian!" Nabu stated, grimacing.

"Well, well, what have we here," Fabian grinned. Something that belongs to the Colonel, perhaps."

"No, this is something entirely different," Barrymore blurted.

Fabian stared at the tablet. "It certainly looks like the other two."

"Although that's true, Fabian, the Sumerian often used this disc shape for their critical writings."

Fabian brightened, "Ah, now I get it. "There was a third tablet." Then as though caught up in his train of thought, he continued, "That's why the Colonel couldn't get it to power up. There was a third tablet to complete the other two." He turned to Barrymore, "So kind of you to get it for him." He then summoned two of the troops waiting in the tunnel to carry the precious artefact outside.

Nabu, making to grab for the tablet was restrained by two soldiers. Glaring at Fabian, he snarled, "You won't get away with this."

Fabian sneered, "You weren't thinking of sneaking away with the Colonel's property, were you. Such foolishness wouldn't be good for your health."

Nabu, incensed by the theft of the tablet and his helplessness in the face of the Colonel's private army, bit his lip and kept his counsel. He and the other two were marched out of the tunnel at gunpoint, while the metal casket with its treasure disappeared from their sight. "Louise turned to the soldier urging her to walk ahead, "You have no right to do this. This is an entirely legitimate excavation."

"Move." the soldier said, "with no interest in anything she or the other two might have to say. Back at the car park Nabu and his team were bundled into one of the troop carrier Humvees.

## Chapter 27

"How's operation 'Hypnos' progressing?" The Colonel asked John Golding, as they luncheoned together at the Century Association, a private club, established in 1847 by the editor William Cullen Bryant and his friends, to promote the fraternal pursuit of fine arts and literature.

The CIA director answered, "It's been a huge endeavour, but I estimate we have many thousands of people but whose victims number in the millions."

"Excellent work John. Tell me, how have you achieved this?"

"The programming we exposed them to is so subtle they have no idea that we can activate it at any time of our choosing. Without the subjects knowing it, their subconscious minds are bereft of any moral bearings and sensibilities."

"You have done very well."

"Thank you, Colonel."

"Is there any chance that something might be triggered before they are required?"

"No. These sleepers live seemingly normal, productive lives amongst the rest of humanity. Only we can trigger them, with particular words."

"Have you activated anyone to try it out?"

The latest two mass killings in the United States were the result of triggering sleepers, Colonel."

"In that case, it's very effective." Then he said, "Has there been any trace leading back to us."

"Of course not, Colonel, Our subjects have no recall of the massacre's they cause. The police don't believe them, but that's their problem."

"Where are you taking us?" Nabu asked, riding in the back of the humvee with Fabian.

"We are going to Facility 1391."

"What's that?"

"Among other things an interrogation centre."

Nabu felt the chill run up his spine. "I wish to speak with the Colonel."

"I will be questioning you, Mr Nabu, not the Colonel. He has much more important things to attend to."

"He will speak with me."

"There is the question of your unique weapon. Where is it?"

"I will only tell the Colonel."

"Not when we have used some of our more exotic methods of persuasion on you."

Nabu stared at Fabian. I also have methods of persuasion and your Colonel will not be pleased with you when I employ them."

"What the hell are you babbling about?"

"You'll find out."

Barrymore pondered over the tablet while two armed soldiers kept a close watch on him. He had learned something of great interest while translating the writing into English. However, the Professor wasn't ready to divulge it to anybody. As soon as they arrived at the mystery facility, Nabu was separated from Barrymore and Louise. Barrymore was concerned that Nabu might be doing a deal with Fabian. He even harboured a slight suspicion that Marduk's son may have been part of a conspiracy to get him to lead them to the tablet. Perhaps he had been working for the Colonel all along. Realising paranoia was grabbing him, Barrymore mentally ejected his negative thoughts and tried to find a solution to his predicament. Sighing heavily, he went back to work.

Nabu had two soldiers silently guarding him for nearly 30 minutes. Then Fabian entered the interrogation room with a white-coated man in tow. The mainly bald bespectacled man carried a briefcase with him. Nabu dreaded to think what might be in it.

"Have you had sufficient time to come to your senses, Mr Nabu?"

The tall man stared at his captor. "There is no need for any unpleasantness." He said sounding like a paper tiger and wishing he had access to the gold solution.

"My sentiments exactly. So where is the weapon?"

"I will only speak about it with the Colonel."

Fabian slowly shook his head. "Then I am left with no alternative." He turned to the white coat, "Show our guest your array of tools."

Nabu firmed his jaw. "Before Dr Frankenstein starts playing with his game of tricks I have left certain instructions with a newspaper editor in New York. You see I know things about your Colonel that he would rather keep secret. If I don't phone this editor today, he will publish the story in tomorrow's edition."

Fabian hesitated, "You're bluffing, just trying to buy time to delay the inevitable."

"You'll find out tomorrow."

Fabian, in a dilemma, acquiesced, "Okay, you can speak with the Colonel."

Nabu, pleased with his bluff, waited till the Colonel's man had him on the satellite phone.

Nabu took the phone. "Colonel, why have you had my colleagues and I taken to an interrogation centre."

"Because you and your friends tried to cheat me. That wasn't a wise thing to do."

"No Colonel, you have it wrong. We came here on a hunch. We thought there might be the third tablet, but we weren't sure."

"And your hunch paid off. I now will have all three tablets, and you and your friends have played your part and are no longer any use to me."

"Oh Colin, don't be like that. After what happened to Michael I think you're probably capable of anything."

The Colonel felt himself sweating. Mopping his brow with a silk kerchief, he said: "Do not make the fatal mistake of crossing me again."

"Colonel, It will only take a quick phone call, and you will be charged with murdering your lover."

"Mr Nabu your threats are baseless while you're in our grasp."

"That's where you're wrong, Colonel. If I don't make a phone call to an individual who owns a very popular American newspaper, he will run your whole sordid story. Now I think it's time we came to trade."

"You are in no position to trade, Mr Nabu. I don't believe you, but as I'm feeling magnanimous, I am prepared to let you keep your liberty if you give me whatever weapon you used to kill that poor woman."



"It's a deal, but I hand it to you personally. Moreover, the professor and his lady go free."

"It's such a pity; Abner was looking forward to demonstrating his unique skills. However, I accept your terms."

Fabian took over the phone. He listened then said, "Yes sir, if that's how you want to play it."

*Core Club, a Portal to Power - The New York Times. <https://www.nytimes.com/2011/06/19/fashion/new-yorks-core-club-a-portal-to-power.html>*

## Chapter 28

"Enlil is agitating for action and is gaining support within the High Council," Marduk complained to his son.

"You have to hold him off, father. He will only make things worse."

"What can I do? He even has King Ninurta's ear. Prepare yourself for an Igigi assault force."

"Father, I must speak with Ninurta. He will listen to reason."

"My son, soon we will be moving away from Solaris and heading to the big sleep. We have to secure Earth very quickly."

Nabu needed a way to persuade the king to give him more time. He said, "Let me speak with grandfather Enki. He has the wisest of heads."

Marduk, at a loss, replied, "I will speak with him and will beam you back."

A half-hour later Enki came on beam. "How can I help, Nabu."

"I need more time to prepare the Earth for the Anunnaki's return."

"That is out of my hands. I have no real standing when it comes to policy on Nibiru."

"Grandfather, it's become complicated here. The watchers we set up to carry our plan forward down through the ages have forgotten all about us and are seeking control of Earth for themselves."

"Nabu, it's your job to oversee the watchers!"

Grandfather, it's not that easy. They secretly formed a shadow world government, the Illuminati, a ruthless financial empire with no sense of ethics whatsoever."

"How have they gained control of earth?"

"They are well on the way to do so. They've accumulated vast power and wealth through the ages."

They live by the dictum 'He who controls the money controls the world.'

Enki frowned, "And you sat back and allowed this to happen?"

Nabu gritted his teeth. "No grandfather, I did not just, 'sit back' as you put it. You have no idea how complicated things have become here. The Illuminati have their tentacles in all spheres of business, finances and politics. They run banking, drug cartels and the food industry. They also control religions, weapons manufacture and the military."

"Well, from what you're saying, Nabu, it seems that you are making Enlil's case for him."

"No grandfather! That's the last thing we need right now."

"Nabu, if our Earthlings have strayed from the plan we need to bring them back in line."

"Grandfather, Their goal is to control the Earth for themselves. Unless we want a global war using mass destruction weapons, we need to let them take over."

Enki, nonplussed, said, "How will that help our cause?"

"We let them take over. Then, when the Globalists have the world ordered the way they want it we step in and take over from them."

Enki smiled, "I think a bit of my brilliance has rubbed off on you. It's an inspired plan but will we have time to act before we move away from Solaris?"

"Grandfather, what does it matter if Nibiru waits for one more cycle. I will have the humans prepared by then."

"Tell me more about the Illuminati world domination plan."

"A man called Albert Pike came up with a military blueprint for three world wars, which he considered would advance the Illuminati New World Order to its final stage in the 21st Century."

"So who is this Pike?"

"He was a top-level Freemason and Illuminist." Nabu paused, then explained, "So, two of these world wars have already taken place. The first one was engineered to create a Bolshevist Russia, and the second one to establish a Jewish homeland. The third is to be fought between Nanna Sin's Muslims and Enlil's political Zionism."

"To what end?"

For Pike to bring his plan to fruition, there has to be a replay of the Crusades, in which my Christianity and Nannar's Islam must mutually destroy each other."

"Wait a minute! I thought you said the war was to be between Zionism and Islam."

"The Zionist Illuminists are cleverly and deceitfully using my Christians to fight their war for them, by using propaganda to stir up a hate campaign against Islam. Once Both Christianity and Islam become morally, spiritually, financially, and politically bankrupt, Zion steps in and controls the show."

"Nabu, if I can get Anu to rein in Enlil what are you going to do to prepare Earth for us?"

"Let the Christians and Muslims play out their holy wars to the point of complete physical, moral, spiritual and economical exhaustion."

Enki rubbed his jaw. "But you say the Zionists and the Jesuits are pulling the strings."

"That's right."

"But you also say the Jesuits are Christians. So how can that work?"

"Grandfather, this is all part of the Illuminati's great art of deception. They are already leaving Israel to set up their hereditary Homeland in Ukraine. They aim to provoke a chaotic social cataclysm to the devastating effect of absolute atheism, of savagery and bloody turmoil."

"Are they ready to fulfil their plan?"

"Very close, grandfather. Chaos and destruction will render governments unmanageable. Getting no help from their useless gods and with no moral compass to guide them, humanity, all alone in fearful darkness will embrace and receive the light through the doctrine of Lucifer. The Zionist/Jesuit elite will then control a fearful and helpless world."

Enki smiled, "You have gathered convincing intelligence. I will put this to His Heavenness on your behalf."

Henry Trevitt stood at his doorway, his rifle aimed at the armed police outside his home. Henry, a chartered accountant, had never been in trouble with the law let alone being caught up in an armed stand-off with the police. Nightmares like this did not happen to him and his family. Moreover, indeed, not in Pine Grove where owning a two-year-old Mercedes would have neighbours looking down their noses at you.

A police negotiator with a megaphone said, "Put the gun down Mr Trevitt, and nobody will get hurt."

Hurt! His family was about to be injected and killed. "YOU PEOPLE HAVE NO RIGHT TO FORCE US!" he yelled, tears clouding his eyes."

"Come on now Mr Trevitt This is a federal order, You must comply or be arrested."

Being arrested wouldn't save him. He had seen the lines of prisoners queuing up for vaccine jabs, at gunpoint, on the news. The gun began to waver in his hands. Hands used to typing numbers on computers - not holding weapons.

"I know what the government is doing. I know why all these Americans are dying."

Henry wished he'd followed his brother's advice and joined up with a militia group, but it was too late Now."

"Put down your weapon. This is your last chance."

He didn't know where Jack was or what had happened to him. Violent battles were going on between NATO troops and the militias all over America. He silently prayed that Jack was safe. He heard more words, but they didn't make any sense. Nothing made sense to him any more. There was only one way to end the nightmare, and it didn't involve waking up. He passed up a silent prayer for Janet and the children who were back in the house. All he had to do was fire the rifle, and it would all be over. His shaking finger put pressure on the trigger.

Barrymore and Louise had seen this and many more cases like it on the Fox news. America was no longer a safe place to live. They had to leave before things got even worse. The letter from Centres for Disease Control giving them instructions where to get their flu inoculations was the last straw. The Professor now had plenty of money for them to live out their remaining years in comfort. Louise organised the plane tickets so they could start their new life. However, something was troubling her.

"What's the matter, old girl?" Bazz enquired, as they relaxed with coffee while sorting out her things.

"I keep wondering what happened to Nabu."

"Made some deal with the Colonel I shouldn't wonder."

"Why do you distrust him?"

"He's got Anunnaki blood. Need I say more."

"But he hate's the Colonel more than us." Then she said, "Do you know what I think?"

"Mind reading is not one of my greatest skills."

"I think he has something over the Colonel,"

He looked at her quizzically "What makes you think that?"

"Remember, after The Colonel released us from that awful place, Nabu said it was down to him, not Fabian."

"So."

"What strings did he pull to get us released. Also, how come he gets special audiences with the Colonel?"

Barrymore sipped his coffee. "Hm, you could have something there, old dear. So I wonder what he knows?"

She put down her mug. "It doesn't matter now. We're away from all that stuff." Then she said,

"Mind you, I don't know why the Colonel didn't get you to translate the third tablet for him."

"I'm not the only linguist who's able to translate Sumerian into English."

"No, but you are the best."

Bazz grinned, "Flattery will get you everywhere, old girl." He added, "Besides, I don't think the Colonel trusts that I will tell him everything I know."

The Colonel had never met the man before and didn't know where he fitted in the scheme of things, but his clearance level showed he was not a man to be ignored. He had beady eyes and a sallow complexion. His tongue darted out every so often, and his eyes disturbed the Colonel.

As the odd pair meandered through the Navajo jewellery exhibition at the Smithsonian, the stranger said, "What do you know about this Mr Nabu, Colin?" There was an odd sibilance to his voice.

Cringing at the sound of his real name, The Colonel answered, "Not a great deal. We've drawn a blank on his background."

"Yes, so we hear. Unfortunately, this mystery man seems to know about you."

"I have plans in place to silence him."

"Well, I hope you are more successful this time. The woman was a real asset, and you put her in a dangerous position against our protocol."

"I had to act once he knew my real name."

"But you bungled it, at a big cost to the 'Group'."

"It won't happen again."

The 'Level One' changed the subject. "So what about these tablets you have?"

Even with all three Tablets of Destiny, the Colonel had no way of activating them. "Just ancient artefacts. It's only a personal hobby."

"Are you sure they have no significance to our plans?"

Colin knew you don't lie to those higher in the hierarchy. "So far, Yes. However, if I discover otherwise, I will let you know."

"Have you had them translated."

"Yes."

"By Professor Barrymore Logan Zeebub, I believe."

A shiver shot up Colin Bell's spine. What didn't this man know? "Yes, that's correct."

"And his companion Ms Louise Ipher."

"Yes, you are well informed."

"They are loose ends. Deal with them, and no mistakes this time." He stared at the Colonel. "It won't be long now, Colin. Make sure everything is in order at your end."

The Colonel didn't know if the superior's parting words were a threat but the sentence indeed stuck in his mind.

Later that day, back at his apartment, The Colonel met with Nabu. Fabian loomed large in the background as Nabu, and the Colonel held their meeting.

"I would prefer it if we talked alone, Colonel," Nabu said indicating Fabian.

The Colonel looked daggers at Nabu, then said, "It's okay Fabian. I will call if I need you."

Fabian hesitated, then left the room.

The Colonel said, "Do you have the weapon with you?"

"Of course."

"Let me see it."

Nabu reached inside his jacket and took out the small, shiny ray gun. He handed it to the Colonel.

"How does it work?" the Colonel asked, scrutinising the weapon.

Nabu pointed out the intensity settings and the activation button.

Pointing it at Nabu, he said, "So if I press this button..."

Nabu grinned, "Nothing will happen. You don't think I trust you, surely."

The Colonel pressed the red button. Nothing!

"It won't work without my ID password," Nabu laughed. Taking the gun back, he said, "Do you want a demonstration?"

"Of course."

"What, in your apartment?"

He followed the Colonel out onto the balcony.

Looking at the cityscape, the Colonel said, "Can you hit that branch near the power line?" Then he corrected, "No, hit the branch away from the cable."

Nabu lined his weapon up, moved the slider to intensity 3, then waited for the green locked-on light and pressed the button.

The Colonel, amazed, watched as a laser beam shot out to the tree and the red-hot branch became severed and fell to the ground, leaving the cable intact. "I want a gun like that," the Colonel said, like a kid before Christmas.

Nabu ignored him and pocketed his weapon.

"Where can I get one?"

"Nibiru."

The Colonel stared at him. "The planet Nibiru."

"That's the one. Mind you there's a rule against arming humans with such advanced technology."

"You are kidding me."

Nabu fixed the Colonel in his gaze. "Colonel you have no idea with whom you're dealing. Now how about we get on with the business of the day?"

"Which is?"

"Getting your tablets powered up. What else."

"Won't we need the professor."

"I have his notes."

"I have put a lot of time and money into this project, so it had better work this time."

"Nabu said, "I want joint partnership in this venture, Colonel. After all, they are my family heirlooms."

Barrymore packed his personal belongings into a sturdy cardboard box. The university was not upset to see him go. He had not been very reliable of late, and he was nearing retirement age, so they let him break his tenure. The Professor wanted to leave quietly, with no song and dance. He looked up feeling the presence of somebody else in his office. "Hi Lou, old girl, Have you packed yet?"

"We don't leave for a week."

"Best be prepared, though." Then he said, "To what do I owe this pleasure?"

"Something's been puzzling me," she said, perching on the end of his now empty desk."

"Oh, what's that?"

"You don't seem to be concerned that the Colonel has all three Tablets of Destiny."

"That's because they're impotent without a power source."

"Do you have to plug them into a wall socket?" she said sarcastically.

"No old thing. However, you do have to connect the tablets to something."

"I wish you'd stop being cryptic and come straight out with it."

"I read it while translating the third tablet. Mind you I left that bit out of the Colonel's copy."



"What bit for God's sake?"

"The bit that said we have to plug them into an individual piece of triangular rock."

"Where is it?"

He shrugged, "That I don't yet know."

"What happens if the Colonel finds out first."

"How?"

"He might want a second opinion on your translation of the tablet."

"True old Girl. I hadn't thought of that."

"He mustn't activate those tablets. You know that."

"There's nothing much we can do about it, old girl," Bazz said, as he packed his pen holder into the overfilled box.

## **Chapter 29**

Nabu sighed heavily and slumped into an armchair in his hotel suite. He had been on his father's mission for over 4,000 years, and it had come to a grinding halt. He didn't know what to do next. He had the Luciferians controlling the world the way they wanted it and his estranged uncle Enlil pushing for a fight with the Earthlings. Both plans would end up in devastating disaster if either of them went ahead. On top of this, the sociopathic megalomaniac Colin Bell had his hands on the most potent pieces of stone in the world, and there seemed nothing he could do about it. So far the Colonel had been unsuccessful in activating the tablets to give him power over humankind, but he had considerable resources to draw on. Then he had an idea. Picking up his phone he rang Columbia University to locate Professor Zeebub but was told he no longer worked there. They wouldn't give out his contact details. He was told the same story about Louise Ipher, at the university library. The Colonel would probably know, he mused, but he was hardly likely to ask him.

A couple of other things disturbed Nabu. During his last conversation with Colin Bell, the Colonel said that when the crunch came, there would be a feeding frenzy for power and that he needed to activate the tablets to give him an edge. He said he wondered if the professor had missed something and decided to get someone else to translate the script engraved upon them. The other thing that made him anxious was his distinct impression that the Colonel saw him as being surplus to

requirement and a threat to his anonymity. His thoughts were interrupted by a phone call from Fabian. The Colonel wanted to see him. Maybe he hadn't outlived his usefulness, after all.

Colin Bell sometimes felt the responsibility too much for him to shoulder. He had no private life to escape into and was always on duty. And the closer it got to the end game the more he felt the pressure upon him. He dealt with some of the most influential people in the United States, in the field of commerce and manufacture, on a daily basis. In most cases, the subtext of their conversations suggested they were afraid of power, so organised, so subtle, so watchful, so interlocked, so complete, so pervasive, that they better not speak above their breath when they speak in condemnation of it. Colin knew there was a lot more going on in Washington, DC than even he realised. His intercom disturbed him from his reverie. Mr Nabu had arrived.

"Send him through. And make sure we're not disturbed."

"Why did you want to see me?" Nabu asked, upon his arrival.

"Two things. First, let me give you an idea of who you are messing with. I'll provide you with some background to give you an idea of the power and influence I am talking about."

Nabu sighed, "Very well if you must."

The First World War was started by killing the heir to the Austrian throne? The terrorist was a Freemason. In fact, most wars are engineered by the Illuminati to weaken civilisation and create a global police state, the 'New World Order'."

"Nothing new there," Nabu said, treating the comment like lint on his clothes. "He added, "We need to see current events in a new way. The conflict is NOT between countries or religions or civilisations."

"True Mr Nabu, the conflict is between humans and most of our leaders - government, media, religion, education and business who owe their position to this extremely powerful cult."

Continuing, he said, "In 1773 Amschel Mayer Rothschild convened a meeting of 12 prominent Jewish bankers and other prominent Jewish personalities and submitted a programme to level the social order using the contradictory promise of liberty and equality. In 1776, they had Adam Weishaupt organise the Order of the Illuminati, which merged with Freemasonry in 1782. The Illuminati was behind the revolutionary movements of the 18th - 20th Century as well as their respective reigns of terror. The bankers used their power to spread their Satanic convictions. They

had finagled a monopoly on credit (usurping the government's right to create money), and they needed to control the world to protect this prize."

Nabu, losing his patience, said, "Okay what's the point of all this?"

The Colonel smiled, "They control the world, and we control them." He waited for the point to sink in, then said, "So for you to threaten me in any way is utterly pathetic and can only end badly for you."

"And that's why you summoned me?"

"No. There's something else. I have had an expert translate the tablets for me. It appears they have to be joined to some rock to get them to work. Have you any idea where that might be?"

Nabu shrugged, "I don't know anything about it."

"I want you to find it for me."

Nabu stared at him. "That's it. You say jump, and I say how high?"

"Find out what that English professor knows about it."

"He's left the university."

The Colonel sneered, "And you think I don't know where he is? Nobody I have interest in makes a move without me knowing about it." He handed Nabu a piece of paper. "Here are his current details."

Barrymore was poring over his translation notes, making odd humming noises as he worked.

"Do you have to do that, Bazz?" Louise complained as she tried concentrating on the daytime TV show she was watching."

"Doing what?"

"Making that noise while you're working."

"Sorry, old girl, but this is my apartment."

"Apartment you call it?"

"It may be compact but don't knock it. Anyway, I've got an idea where the power source for the tablets might be."

She turned off the TV. "So tell me."

"Thought that would get your attention."

She stared daggers at him. "If you're tricking me..."

He smirked, "No, I really do have an idea. In Mesopotamian mythology, Enlil was the keeper of the Dup Shimati..."

"Come again!"

"It's Sumerian for the Tablets of Destiny."

"Don't be a smart arse Bazz. Use plain English please."

He grinned and continued, "Enki got them off his brother, who was a bit too fond of the golden elixir, Later Marduk reclaimed them for himself to give him an edge fighting Tiamat. He then bestowed them on Kingu, the moon."

"So you think "He took them to the Moon. I hope you're not thinking..."

"Steady on old girl. Let me finish." He waited a moment then continued, "This is where it gets a bit tricky. It could mean Kingu, or it could be Nannar Sin, who sat out the great flood on the Moon."

"So you think he might have taken them to the moon to protect them."

"That's it old girl. Now you're with the programme. Thing is, he probably brought them back after the flood."

"It doesn't help us much though."

"Maybe it does. At one stage Nanna Sin ran the space base at Ba'albek. It has to be there because it's the only structure on Earth from before the flood."

"Where's Ba'albek?"

Bazz showed her a map on his laptop and pointed to Lebanon. He turned to her, "Eastern Lebanon, the Bar Car Valley. I've always wanted to explore there."

She looked at him darkly. "Surely you're not thinking of..."

"Steady on old love. It's not much point going there without the tablets. And I can't see the general giving them to me, can you?"

Then they were interrupted by a phone call. It was Nabu. Bazz's heart raced. Once he made up his mind, he became entirely focused. So, having decided to set up home with Louise in England, he

resented anyone or anything diverting him from the path. So when Nabu sprung on him that the Colonel wanted to see him again, he said, "I have other plans."

"Look, professor, it's imperative that we discuss this face-to-face."

Barrymore sighed, "Okay, where and when?"

"The Brooklyn Museum, say noon tomorrow."

They met as planned, in the Saul Restaurant and bar. As they ate Nabu asked, "What plans?"

Barrymore stared at him. "What do you mean?"

"On the phone, you said you had plans."

"Oh, that! We're going to England to live."

"Why are you leaving America?"

"Why are we leaving? Are you kidding? Haven't you seen what's happening to this country?"

"And you think it will be any better in England?"

"At least the British government hasn't sanctioned putting its own citizens into home-grown concentration camps."

"It's only a matter of time."

"Maybe Nabu, but that time isn't now."

Marduk's son became silent. Then he said, "The thing is that the Colonel thinks something is missing."

Barrymore, his face showing puzzlement, asked, "What are you talking about?"

"The Colonel had someone else translate the tablets. It seems that you omitted to tell him about the power source needed to activate them."

"Does he know where to look?"

"That's what he wants you for."

Barrymore slowly shook his head. "A madman called Zu once activated those tablets and nearly destroyed the world. We can't let another madman get his hands on them."

Nabu smiled, "My thoughts entirely."

"Then why are you working for him?"

"I had to get close to see what he's planning."

"And what's your plan, Nabu?"

"To get to them before him and destroy them."

Barrymore, wide-eyed, ranted, "Destroy them! How do you intend to do that?"

"First we have to get our hands on the tablets."

"Oh yes! And how exactly do you intend to pull that one off, old man?"

"We play along with the Colonel to find the power source then we smash the tablets."

"Oh yes. Well, that plan has so many holes in it a golf course would be jealous. First, you have to know where to look. Then if you do find the missing piece you have to work out how to activate the tablets. Then, with the Colonel's minions looking over your shoulder, you have to carry out some sort of sabotage."

"I haven't worked out all the details yet."

"That my dear chap is painfully obvious."

Nabu said, plaintively, "That's why I need your help."

Barrymore's mind was in turmoil. From his understanding, the Anunnaki needed the tablets to passively enslave humanity. So even if they managed to locate the dock for the discs could he trust Nabu to destroy them. After all, his father was Nibiruan royalty, and he had been charged with preparing the ground for the return of the Anunnaki. If Nabu was genuine, it meant he would have to betray his own family, and he didn't think Nabu was likely to do that. Which said, once the tablets were activated he would control them and betray humanity. There was risk involved either way. And on top of all that he had to find the courage to tell Louise, there was a slight change of plan.

He sat down to dinner with Lou that evening, but after explaining the conversation he had had with Nabu, he ended up wearing it. Wiping the food off his jumper with his serviette he stared at her.

"There's no need for that, old girl."

"No need! You come back here and say you're going to Lebanon to activate the Colonel's toys."

"It's only a temporary delay. You go ahead, and I will join you in a few days."

She stared daggers at him. "No Bazz. If you go off on the 'boys, own' adventure, don't expect me to be waiting when you get back."

"DAMMIT!" he blasted, thumping his fist on the table. "It's not some 'boys own' adventure! We are trying to stop some megalomaniac from controlling the world. I would much rather be with you, Lou, but I started this, and I have to see it through."

"If you do happen upon the missing bit and manage to get the thing working how is that going to stop the Colonel's game?"

"We have to find a way to make the tablets inoperable."

"And how will you do that?"

"I haven't worked out all the details yet."

A little mollified Lou said, "why do you need the missing bit. Why can't you smash the tablets once you get your hands on them."

"What with Fabian watching us like a hawk?"

Then she said, "If you're going I'm coming with you."

He stared at her. "No, I think it best if you stick to your plans."

"I'm not asking your permission. Besides you need me. After all, I was the one who spotted the clue in Nippur that got us on the trail in the first place." She paused, then smiled, "Do you want some more stew?"

"Only if it's on a plate this time."

## **Chapter 30**

Nabu could not see any point in the Anunnaki returning to Earth. They had solved Nibiru's atmosphere problem, so they didn't need any more gold. And, quite frankly, Nabu reckoned humans were more trouble than they were worth. He thought if the Anunnaki returned to enslave humanity they would be inviting trouble. But he couldn't tell his father that. Marduk was, after all, a member of Nibiruan royalty who would always put Nibiru's interests before those of humanity. So all he could do was look for ways to sabotage any attempts by the Nibiruans to take over the Earth. Destroying the tablets could do that, but first, he had to get his hands on them. There was no chance of stealing them, which meant they would have to be given to him and there was no chance of that. Or was there? He decided to beam his father.

Marduk, pleased to see his son, said, "Nabu, how are you?"

"Well, father, but I need to know something."

"What's that?"

"Where is the stone that activates the Tablets of Destiny."

Marduk stared at him. "Don't go tampering with those."

"Too late I'm afraid. A bad guy has the tablets."

Marduk's mouth was agape but no sounds issued forth. Then he said, "How did that happen?"

"It's a long story. Now, this bad guy wants the stone that charges them."

"Son, I wore those tablets as a necklace when I fought Tiamat. Their power is formidable. Humans must not get their hands on them."

Nabu frowned, "Yes I know that. I have to find a way to get them from this man."

"Steal them from him."

"They are too well guarded, father."

"then how else will you..."

"I have to get him to give them to me."

"How will you do that?"

Nabu shrugged, "I have no idea."

Marduk had a gleam in his eye. "I have an idea, but it could be tricky." For the first time in a while, Marduk felt excited and animated.

They knew each other by using animal names. The Colonel's superior was Meerkat. He was one of twelve who only ever dealt with level ones, like him, Or, when he had to, level twos, like when he had to deal with the Colonel. The man was still an asset, but he seemed to be marching to his own agenda. That couldn't happen, not now they were near the final phase. It would only take a few small adjustments in the financial arena to bring American society crashing down, reducing it to many civil wars at the same time. That was how it had to happen.



Meerkat had loved making model boats and sailing them since he was a kid. It's difficult to think of someone like him ever being a kid. His goggle-eyed, sallow appearance, assured his loner status. But he never did go for friends much, instead preferring to be left alone to build his model yachts. Being an exclusive school only the wealthiest families could afford to send their kids there, so he rubbed shoulders with the Goldsmiths and Rothschild's of the world. He joined a fraternity and through that gained contacts that smoothed his passage, giving him access to bigger and more powerful secret enclaves. Here he was many years on, a dominant global force, still making model boats and sailing them. It was his only link to his childhood. Joining all the other enthusiasts at Conservatory Water, near 72nd Street, he raced his latest sail boat. To all intents and purposes, he looked just like any other sad case for whom sailboat making was a poor substitute for human communication.

He looked up as the Glenn Ford look-a-like approached, with the ever dutiful Fabian in tow.

"It's a beautiful day for it," The Colonel opened.

Meerkat turned his goggle eyes on the man. He always looked so damn confident. "I'll just bring my boat in, then well go somewhere more private."

Sitting under a shady tree, Meerkat felt protected from sunburn. "Have you ever got into yacht racing?"

Figuring the man was talking about models, he said, "No I haven't."

"You should try it."

"Maybe I will."

"It's not to be taken lightly. Making model boats is an earnest business."

"I'm sure it is." the Colonel smiled, itching to get back to his apartment and the work awaiting him.

"It's not some mere diversion from the hurly-burly of life."

"Sure."

"It's a bit like what we are doing, preparing the world for its next evolutionary step."

Wondering how the two things could be compared, the Colonel, said, "So why have you summoned me?"

"We think you are ready."

"Ready for what?"

"To become a Level 1."

Colin didn't know what to expect after the last meeting, but that wasn't it. "Level 1," was all he could think to say.

"Yes. Of course, you will have to pass the necessary tests."

It was all happening too fast. To be invited to join level one was a huge honour but it meant he would have to give up all other interests. "It's a great opportunity, but I'm not sure if I'm ready for such an elevation."

Meerkat said, "You won't be offered a second chance."

"Right. Yes. It just took me by surprise. I just need a few days to sort out my affairs."

"Of course. Your replacement will meet you in two days time. Bring your successor up to scratch. We'll be ready for you in one week." He added, "In the Group you will be known as Bandicoot."

"Right. Yes. Of course," Colin uttered, his head in a spin. He had dreamt of this for years so why was he feeling so tentative now his wish had come true?"

The whole place looked as if a massive hand had swatted it, leaving it resembling a kicked-in sand castle. Looking at the site, Nabu got a compelling feeling that the place had been intentionally destroyed by a massive show of force. The area certainly didn't seem like a pick-up portal point, but Marduk had assured him it was where he had posted the device Enki had made. No one else was around, so it was the perfect time for Nabu to follow his father's instructions. As he explored the oddities of Abu Guhrob, Nabu found the alabaster platform in the shape of the Khemmetian symbol for peace. It was definitely the place. Nabu stilled his mind and waited. Then the scene changed. It was as though the reality was dissolving before his eyes. Before him, on a smooth alabaster stone, 3 feet away, stood the device. Nabu reached for it. Enki told his father it was a holosim with video and sound. Smaller than a building brick and nowhere near as heavy, the device could reproduce accurate 3D images with a solid feel about them. Nothing that advanced existed on earth. Nabu placed the invention in a shoulder bag and walked back to where he had parked his hire car. Now he was ready to deal with the Colonel on his terms.

Back in America, Nabu walked into the abandoned church. It wasn't perfect, but it would have to do. It was indeed tall enough, but the lighting could be a problem. The image had to look authentic, and the voice had to be perfectly synchronised. He would only have one chance to pull it off, and

Colin was no pushover. Getting the Colonel to agree to meet him hadn't been easy but the bait, powering up the tablets, was just too irresistible. Nabu had said he'd explain why the meeting had to take place in the church and in the end the Colonel had gone along with it.

Colin entered with Fabian close behind. He had agreed to Nabu's strange request because he had to get the business with the tablets sorted quickly. "So why are we meeting here, Mr Nabu?"

"I don't want Fabian listening. This is for your eyes and ears only."

With Fabian dismissed the colonel said, "Now tell me what the hell we're doing here."

"You want to know about the power of the tablets. So I thought you might like to meet my father."

"Your Father! What do you..." Before the Colonel had a chance to complete the sentence he was blinded by a brilliant light. Then a form emerged, massive and terrifying, as the realistic life-size hologram of Marduk loomed over him."

"Are you the human who stole my tablets?" the voice boomed.

The Colonel, goggle-eyed, Managed "Who? What?"

"I am Marduk Lord of Earth. My son tells me that you and those like you Have betrayed us and aim to steal Earth for yourselves. Is that true?"

The Colonel's legs had turned to jelly. He collapsed onto a nearby pew. "You are real?" he uttered.

"You will pay for your transgressions. You, humans, were designed as our slaves and that's what you will become again once we return to your world."

Colin stared up at the giant man/lizard in a state of hypnotic horror. Nothing made sense any more. Nothing mattered any more except getting away from the giant behemoth."

"You will return the tablets you stole."

"Y, yes. Of course. Anything you say."

"You and your kind belong to us and will work for us. Is that understood?"

"Yes. Absolutely."

"You will follow Nabu's orders. He will let me know if you don't."

"Of course." He threw himself on his knees and prostrated himself before the saurian giant. "Please forgive me. I have seen the error of my ways."

"That remains to be seen."

The Colonel remained trembling on the dusty floor of the old church. When he plucked up the courage to open his eyes the apparition was gone, as had Nabu.

Fabian, who knew never to interrupt the Colonel when he went about his private business, wondered what was going on? Who's voice had he heard, apart from the Colonel and Nabu? Eventually, he came back into the church. The Colonel was alone, silent and bowed over as though in prayer.

"How did it go?" Marduk asked when Nabu gave his next report.

"The holosim worked like a dream, father. Or should I say nightmare from the Colonel's standpoint."

"I wish I'd have been there."

"Father we've been all through that. Landing in a Shamash in New York would have attracted unwanted attention, and there are no stargates nearby."

Marduk sighed, "Well I'm glad it worked. So what's the next step."

"We have to thwart the Pike plan before the third phase is played out."

"Do you mean that business about the humans First World War being to do with the Illuminati overthrowing the Russian Czars."

"Yes, so that a Luciferian banking system could be set up."

Then they planned the Second World War to foment a clash between the fascists and the political Zionists, to secure a Jewish homeland in Palestine."

Marduk frowned. "Do you believe the wars were contrived that way?"

"Well it worked, didn't it?"

"So what's next on the Pike agenda?"

"The final part of their plan is to bring about a Third World War. This conflict is to take place between by the political Zionists and fundamental Islam, the repercussions of which will further destabilise Western society to the point of rampant anarchy, at which point martial law takes over, and the Luciferian New World Order will be implemented to bring about global peace."

"Son, do you think that will happen?"

"Not if we can secure the Tablets of Destiny."

"Then make sure it is done."

Violent outbreaks had erupted throughout the world as people fought to resist mandatory vaccinations that, to all intents and purposes, amounted to slow and painful extinction. Under the Martial law, people were forced to go to vaccination centres. Rumours were getting out that that the detention centre detainees were forced to be vaccinated. Barrymore looked at the ominous forms that issued instruction as to where and when he and Lou were to get their jabs. They had to get out of America fast. Then his phone rang. It was Nabu. He had the Tablets and wanted to meet.

Barrymore welcomed Nabu into his compact apartment. "How did you get the tablets?" he asked, clearing a chair for Marduk's son.

"Is Louise here?"

"No, old chap. Lou's out shopping."

"I wanted to speak with both of you."

"Tell me what you have to say, and I'll pass it on."

"As you know, my job on Earth is to prepare the ground for the Anunnaki to come and take over."

"Yes..." Barrymore agreed, wondering what would come next.

"Well, I'm not sure if I can do that any more."

"Meaning?"

"I've grown fond of you humans. I tried resisting it at first, but I've seen the tremendous struggles you people have gone through in the last 4000 years. I've witnessed both the worst and best aspects of humanity, and I think you people deserve one more chance to work it out for yourselves."

"Nice sentiments Nabu but how are you going to put this revelation into action?"

"We have to destroy the Tablets. I thought I would tell you before I did it so that you can be present to see that I am genuine."

Barrymore lit his pipe. "So you are telling me you are going to betray your father to help us, humans."

"It's an agonising decision but I don't think my father's people coming back here is going to serve any useful purpose. We have solved Nibiru's global warming problem, so we don't need any more

of your gold. And, quite frankly I think trying to control you lot would be more trouble than it's worth."

"Can't you find a way to convey this to your father?"

"No. And even if I could, the Anunnaki are hell-bent on carrying out their long-term plan."

It sounds genuine but can we trust him? Barrymore wondered as he puffed on his pipe. Then he said. "Don't destroy the tablets. We need them when we find the power stone."

Nabu stared at him. "Why do we need it now?"

"because it has to be destroyed as well."

"Why?"

"The Colonel could have had the discs copied. If he has and if he finds the power source all our efforts have been in vain."

Nabu nodded, "It makes sense."

"How quickly can you organise it?"

"I'll have the Colonel do it right away."

"You'll have the Colonel do it?" Bazz said, incredulous.

Nabu smiled, "Don't ask. It's a complex story." Suffice it to say that the fireproof Colonel is not getting things all his own way now."

"Do you believe him?" Louise asked as she and Bazz relaxed that evening.

"He seemed genuine, but he could be just trying to get us to find the power source for him."

She looked at Bazz. "Do you think stopping the discs from working will stop the Anunnaki from coming back here?"

"I don't know, old dear, but I do know one thing. The tablets of destiny don't just predict the future they enforce it. These are very powerful when placed in the correct configuration in a special location. There they activate a ray of obedience. Whoever controls the tablets has ultimate control."

Louise felt "Then we have to stop them."

"It would be good if it were that simple. Old girl. Mind you it seems that humans are stuck between the proverbial rock and hard place. It's a choice between the Colonel's extreme eugenics model and the alien's slightly less extreme slavery model."

"If only we could stop both evil agendas being acted out."

"The only way to do that would be to get the Luciferians and the Nibiruans to fight each other."

"Fat chance of that happening. All we can do is look for this damned ancient plug socket."

"First, we have to get out of America."

"Once we've got the tablet thing sorted."

"Haven't you been following the news?"

"Been to busy with this, old girl."

"They're talking about this country being plunged into a second civil war against slavery. The government has asked for calm to sort things out. But there's a nationwide groundswell of agitators demanding freedom for the vaccination survivors left in detention camps and for all foreign troops to leave the USA."

"Oh, I see what you mean! I guess we could sort the paperwork out before we go to Lebanon and fly back to the UK from there."

"Things might not be any better in England, Bazz."

"We have to live somewhere," he shrugged.

"Yes. I'll sort out the stuff with immigration."

## **Chapter 31**

Barrymore was in turmoil during the flight to Beirut. He had a plan of sorts, but there would only be one chance to implement it. He kept looking at prints of the discs and wondered what would happen if they were placed in the wrong order? Come to that what would happen if they were put in the correct order? One thing he did know was that they needed to be activated for his plan to have any chance of success. It had to happen at the very point of activation.

They landed at Beirut Rafic Harari International Airport and after being processed through immigration collected their luggage. They waited while Fabian checked up on the helicopter charter he had organised.

As the helicopter flew over the Bar Car Valley Barrymore looked out of the porthole window at the ruins of Heliopolis below. "It was built in the fourth century BCE by Alexander the Great to honour Zeus."

"Careful Bazz, your ego's showing."

"Oh come on old girl. Just filling in a bit of background."

Nabu sat in the back with Fabian, remaining silent. Nobody but he knew what went on in the church, and that was the way it would stay. The incident had left the Colonel very distracted with the wind taken out of his sails. The ploy had gone off so well that he was convinced he had been confronted by the mythical Marduk and found wanting. Nabu, for his part, was just amazed at the technology the Nibiruans had. Somehow he had pulled off the biggest con ever but couldn't tell anyone about it. So to make things seem reasonable, he had agreed to have Fabian along with them, to all intents and purposes to keep an eye on the Colonel's investment.

The helicopter landed amid Corinthian columns and remnants of both Greek and Roman architecture. Isam Masud waited until the group had alighted. Then he drove forward in his Land Rover and welcomed the party.

"What's this all about?" Barrymore asked.

"It's the way things are done here," Fabian said, putting on his wide-brimmed white hat.

"One of the Colonel's surprises no doubt," Nabu said, as two camouflage attired men loaded the tray of a Toyota Hilux with the equipment, supplies and the crated tablets.

"Where are they taking us?" Louise asked with trepidation.

"To the Palmyra Hotel, where we're staying."

Once they had de-bagged, Barrymore went outside on the balcony to enjoy a pipe.

Louise came out to join him and was most impressed with the garden view. "We even have access to free Wi-Fi," she commented. He remained silent, so she said, "Penny for your thoughts, Bazz."

He turned to her. "I'm wondering if the Colonel's military presence is here to help or hinder us."

"You know what he's like. Mind you they could be here to protect us. Only last week there was sectarian violence not far from here. "

"Well Isam and his two toy soldiers wouldn't be much help. No, old girl, they're here to protect the Colonel's toys - not us."



She shrugged, "Well Bazz this is much better than sleeping in a freezing tent."

The next day saw the small group among the ruins of a site that was much, much older than Heliopolis. Awed, Barrymore pointed out, "This place dates back nearly 9,000 years."

Isam, attired in an officer's uniform and wearing reflector shades, grinned widely flashing some gold teeth. He said something that Nabu translated as, "Dig a hole in the ground almost anywhere in Arabia, and oil will gush out. Dig a hole in practically any Lebanese hillside, and a wealth of archaeological artefacts will tumble forth."

"There's only one thing I want to tumble forth," Barrymore muttered to Louise.

As they unloaded the digging gear, Lou said to Bazz, "Once Nabu had his hands on the tablets why didn't he just destroy them and save us the trouble of coming to this godforsaken place?"

"First off, Fabian would have had his beady eye on the tablets, and secondly, Ba'al hasn't forsaken the place."

"She nudged him in the ribs, "Smart arse."

Joviality rubbed off as the day become hotter with little shade, Work was slow, and water supplies were running low. With dehydration becoming a significant problem it was decided they would go back to the Palmyra to rest and return to work in the cool of the evening.

Back at work Barrymore and the team walked around the enormous slabs looking for some clue as to where the power stone was to be located. Great mystery surrounded the ruins of Ba'albek, one of the greatest being the massive foundation stones beneath the Roman Temple of Jupiter. As they looked around the courtyard of the Jupiter temple, darkness fell. They switched on their powerful headlights, thoughtfully organised by Fabian, to allow them another two hours work.

The pleasant coolness turned to bone-numbing cold as they explored the platform, called the Grand Terrace, which consisted of a substantial outer wall and a filling of massive stones. But there was still no sign of anything that suggested the location of the power stone. Barrymore gathered his people around him. "Okay, let's call it a night," he announced despondently.

Barrymore and Nabu were back at the site around dawn. The others were still sleeping, except Isam and his men. Fabian had to be paying them well for their dedication to service. They followed the pair around the lower courses of the outer wall, which consisted of massive, finely crafted and precisely positioned blocks, ranging in size from thirty to thirty-three feet in length. It was there that Nabu caught a fleeting glimpse of the old man who's drab grey djellaba looked threadbare in places.

What on Earth was the old man doing at the site so early in the morning? He wondered. Scrambling among the smaller rocks, Nabu took off after the man. Why he didn't know, but there was something about him that attracted Marduk's son. But he couldn't find him.

As the morning warmed up and nothing had been achieved, Nabu was about to suggest they return to the hotel for breakfast, when he looked up and saw the old Arab mere metres away. Approaching the tall man the Arab said, "What you seek is not here."

Nabu looked at him sideways. "Who are you and how do you know what we are looking for?"

The man gave a toothless grin. "You are here."

Nabu got his meaning. "The duranki."

"You have the tablets?"

Nabu stepped back, eyeing the old man with suspicion. "What do you know?"

The man fell to his bony knees. "Praise be to Allah the magnificent and compassionate. Are you the one to control the tablets."

He hadn't considered that, but at that moment he knew he was. "Yes, I suppose I am."

"The Arab looked up, searching the seemingly younger man's blue eyes and peered deeply into them. "Are your shoulders broad enough to handle this?"

Nabu stared at him. "Who are you and what do you know about the power stone?"

The Arab pulled himself up, using a small boulder for leverage. Then he salaamed, "Ibn ben Wazzah. You seek the way in, but there is no solid door."

"What do you mean?"

He grabbed at Nabu's sleeve. "Follow me please."

Ibn ben Wazzah took Nabu to where thin seams of lapis lazuli glistened in a large boulder. He incanted some words. Then he proclaimed the portal would be open for twelve hours.

Nabu, puzzled, said, "What do you mean?" Then, before he received an answer the boulder completely disappeared. In its place was a passageway, glittering with Lapis lazuli. Nabu was about to enter when Ibn ben Wazzah stilled him. "Get your team. You have less than twelve hours to complete your task."

"What happens then?"

"The boulder will reappear, blocking the entrance and you will all be imprisoned here until you die."

With that sobering thought, Nabu looked around for Barrymore, whom he found nearby. "Did you see the old man?" he asked.

"What old man?"

"The one who...Never mind, just follow me."

The professor, aghast, peered into the glittering tunnel. He turned to Nabu. "How on Earth did that appear?"

"The old man chanted something. Look, I don't know how he did it. The point is we have less than 12 hours before this gets sealed up again and we don't want to be inside when that happens."

Barrymore's heart was beating fast. "Bring the tablets. If what you say is true we have to work quickly."

Nabu turned to return to the car, Then he looked at the professor. "How come you didn't see him?"

Barrymore shrugged. "Just bring the others back with you." Then he added, "And don't forget the tablets."

Case had been a level one, but the pressure of work became too much for him to cope with, so he had himself downgraded to level 2. This happened very rarely, but it was on this occasion that gave the Colonel the opportunity to occupy one of the 12 seats of the Eminent Arch, the highest of the high in the Illuminati cult. The Colonel could see that the middle-aged man bearing a strong resemblance to Tom Hanks, had above average intelligence. As a level 2 operative, he had to know all the secret numbers of the global intelligence services and all financial and research agencies in America. While Case took over the Colonel's apartment, which came with the job, Colin Bell attended to his own business. His experience with the Marduk apparition had shaken him more than he cared to admit. Not that he had told anybody about it. Disclosing such an unbelievably unreal phenomena was hardly likely to help him get through his impending initiation. But he dreamed about the giant lizard and the scary, demeaning experience was at the back of his mind all the time, especially the warning. Under the circumstances, he felt tired and unmotivated. The other thing that troubled him was not having access to the Tablets of Destiny. He wondered how Fabian and the dig team were progressing. But that was now academic. He knew he would never get his hands on the

tablets again. He felt confused and lost. Even his meditation exercises didn't unravel his addled brain.

Then the idea hit him. He needed a break. He hadn't been sailing the Caribbean for years. The ocean air would clear his head. As he packed his red fez with the black tassel hanging from the centre, he realised he could never get away completely. As a Shriner, he was duty bound to let his master know where he was at all times. However, instead of calling his superior he picked up his phone and pressed the contact marked captain. Upon hearing the skipper's voice, he said, "Have Sea King II ready to set sail by tomorrow morning." Then he checked his Cayman Island bank account. The money he had diverted from the hospital projects, with some crafty accounting, was more than enough to keep him living a high lifestyle for the rest of his life.

The limousine pulled up against berth 56 at the Sky port Marina. Colin looked at the gleaming white hull of 'Sea King II'. He was piped aboard his ocean yacht. Captain Harris was there to greet him. "Is everything ready?" the Colonel asked.

"Yes, sir. We're ready to sail as soon as you give the word."

"You have it. Let's get underway."

The four-decked Oceanfast 48 slid smoothly out of the marina, into the broad expanse of the open ocean.

Colin laid back on a sunbed and feasted his eyes on the vivid blue sky. He had forgotten what it was like to be truly relaxed. The Colonel knew there would soon be a massive conflict between political Zionism and the Islamic world. He also knew that Palestine and Israel must mutually destroy each other. Then most other nations, divided on this issue would fight to the point of physical, moral, spiritual and economical exhaustion. As nations, utterly defeated. With no effective leadership collapse into chaotic anarchy, any voice of reason will be listened to, and the Luciferians would reign supreme on earth. But for a little while at least Colin could experience some peace and quiet.

Once they started exploring the tunnel, two things became evident to Barrymore. They didn't know what they were looking for and they only had 10 hours in which to find it. On top of that, if they did happen to see it, they had to work out how the tablets worked. Barrymore announced, "I know it seems an impossible task, but I believe we can achieve our goal if we approach it calmly and methodically. Now look for anything out of the ordinary, such as a piece of rock that looks out of place. Let me know as soon as you query something."

The tunnel seemed long and the light poor. Barrymore took the lead and ended up in a circular space that looked like the end of the tunnel. It seemed as though it was built to serve a particular purpose. The walls were smooth, instead of being rough-hewn like those of the shaft. Turning to his small team, he said, "A lot of work and effort has been put in here. I think what we are looking for is somewhere in this section. So we'll go over it with a fine tooth comb."

As they searched, Barrymore realised time had gotten away from them. There were only three and a half hours left. He didn't want to alert his people to the fact. Then he noticed something odd. The tunnel just had a dirt floor, but somebody had gone to the trouble to pave the circular part. Not only that they had raised the centre section by one brick height. But why?

He turned to Nabu, "Bring the hammer and chisel."

Fabian said, "What have you found?"

"I don't know yet. Maybe nothing."

"The bricks were tightly packed, making it difficult to get the first one out. By the time a dozen or so blocks had been prised loose another hour had passed. Barrymore got on hands and knees to check along the edges of the bricks.

Louise said, "We've got just over two hours to get out of here. So I hope this is the right place, Bazz."

"Aha!" he said, grabbing the chisel. "I think I can see something."

"What is it?" Nabu and Louise asked crowding around him.

"Give me some space," He berated, brushing some dirt away with his hand, revealing a groove in the stone below the removed bricks. "If I'm not mistaking there should be another one around here," Barrymore said, removing two more bricks. "Yes, there is, which means..." he uttered as though talking to himself."

"Is that where the disks slot in?" Nabu asked, excitedly.

Barrymore cleared away the debris from the final slot. "Okay, bring the discs," he said, mopping his brow. Struggling to his feet, with Lou's help, he said, "I think we have done it, old girl."

With just an hour to go the discs were slotted standing up into the three grooves.

Nothing happened!

"Right, let's swap those two around," the professor suggested. Nabu and Fabian changed the tablets - still, nothing happened.

Barrymore said, "Okay, now swap that one with that one. They did so and stood back holding their collective breath. Nothing happened. Time was rapidly slipping away. Then Barrymore heard something. "Quiet everyone," He ordered.

Then they all heard it - a deep buzzing sound. Thin tendrils of crackling light mapped out some kind of circuitry in the triangular slab. This was it! The tablets were being activated. The blue tendrils spread onto the disks. Everyone was captivated. Barrymore reached into his pocket and withdrew a vial. While the others stood transfixed, he sloshed the contents onto the slab. The liquid had no effect at first. Then the plate started to glow a reddish colour. Barrymore said, "Time to leave,"

There was little response as the captivated trio slowly backed off from the phenomenon before them.

"GET OUT NOW!" the professor shouted, urging them into the tunnel.

Soon they were hurrying back to the entrance as the cracking noise behind them increased. Then, deafened by a thunderous explosion, the team rushed out into the moonless night, just ahead of the caving in ceiling.

What happened next wasn't clear to Barrymore Logan Zeebub. He lay sprawled on the ground, shivering with cold, his heart beating feverishly. He vaguely remembered a siren and red and blue lights illuminating the darkness. Then there was garbled shouting as armed men poked and prodded him to get him to stand up. He was then taken forcibly to a waiting police car.

Barrymore soon discovered the Beirut police station was very different from those he had been in before. Holed up in a hot room with his compatriots, he said, "What Ideas do you have to get us out of this one, Fabian?"

The Colonel's man was still smouldering from having been tricked by the professor. He could not, for the life of him, work out why the Barrymore had destroyed the Colonel's artefacts. He snapped, "We have no jurisdiction here. But I don't see that the police can charge us with anything."

Nabu looked down at him. There was a massive explosion. We stagger out of the tunnel and into the waiting arms of the police. I'm sure they'll find something to charge us with."

"We haven't stolen anything. We were putting stuff back," Louise justified.

Fabian said, "We simply tell the truth, leaving out bits that could incriminate us."

There was a rattle as the cell door was unlocked. Two unshaven, scruffy cops took Barrymore to another room with a buzzing, flickering neon light. He was pushed unceremoniously onto a wooden chair. There was no recording equipment visible. An officer with shirt unbuttoned over a stained vest entered the room. His bushy eyebrows didn't move as he spoke. "What were you doing at ruins?" he said in passable English, his swollen eyes suggesting he was drunk or on drugs.

"I'm an archaeologist. I was just checking the ruins for interesting artefacts."

"How did explosion happen?"

Barrymore shrugged, "I have no idea. But the place is obviously dangerous. There ought to be signs warning people of exploding caves," he said, tongue half in cheek.

"It hasn't happened before."

"Well, it has now, old boy. Look, we haven't stolen anything so if you're not going to charge us can we go?"

"What were you looking for?"

"We didn't find anything worth taking. Why don't you look in the tunnel for yourselves?"

"It has collapsed, and somebody has put big stone across the entrance."

Barrymore said, "Then it didn't happen did it." he handed a wad of notes over the table. "For any inconvenience to you and your fine men," he said, smiling.

The officer's mouth spread into a huge grin. "No charges. You people can go."

Outside, as they waited for a taxi to take them to the airport, Louise asked, "What did you do?"

"Gave them a little bonus in their pay packet, old girl."

"I don't mean that. I mean back in the tunnel."

He looked at her. "I have stopped those tablets ever being used again. There are enough power-crazy megalomaniacs in the world without people having access to such dominating tools." He added, "And we hope the Anunnaki can't come here without them."

As they drove away in the taxi, she said, "What did you throw on the tablets?"

He laughed. "Just ordinary water, with a little sugar added."

"Why sugar?"

He grinned. "Well, Enki was known as the God of the Sweet Waters."

"You're having a lend Bazz," she said snuggling closer to him."

"Oh, I forgot to mention the magic ingredient."

"Which was?"

"Sulphuric acid."

she kissed him on the cheek. "Bazz, do you know what you have done?"

"Oh dear old girl, am I in trouble?"

"You old fool," she smiled, "You have single-handedly stopped humanity being enslaved by the Anunnaki and nobody will ever know."

"You know," he grinned. "And that's what counts."

She snuggled closer. "Yes, my hero."

## **Chapter 32**

What started off as a pleasant sail in the Caribbean quickly turned into a sailors biggest nightmare. Captain Harris was well aware that the hurricane season stretched from June to November; this was July. But there hadn't been any reports of big blows, so he didn't question his boss's decision to go on a voyage around the islands. The weather report showed some storm activity building up south of them, but he reckoned they could make landfall in Trinidad before it hit. But hurricanes don't play by the rules.

Forecasters at the National Hurricane Centre were surprised, but not unduly so, when a potential storm showed up on their screens. It may have been nothing, but they couldn't afford to take chances. They made a call to the 'Hurricane Hunters' with a request that they investigate. Reacting immediately, a team consisting of aircrew, maintenance personnel and a weather officer flew to Piarco Airport to prepare for their mission.

Harris looked at the screen. The storm was closing in and building.

One of the crew suggested that the Colonel stay in his cabin until the danger had passed.

"Is it going to be a bad one?" Colin asked.

"The skipper doesn't think so, but you can never tell, sir."

"All the same I'll stay on the deck for a while."



"As you wish, sir."

Harris knew storms could build suddenly and ferociously, but this one was definitely a freak one in his book. Indications were that a spiralling pack of thunderstorms around 400 miles wide was headed in their direction. The heavy frown he wore told the navigator the severe storm was bad news, even for the likes of the Sea King II.

Soon the storm front hit with massive force, tossing the yacht around on 100-foot waves as the gale force winds buffeted the boat mercilessly.

The Hurricane Hunters, right minute men, were up in the air above the storm, monitoring its power and speed. They counted at least 50 hurricanes and prayed that no boats were caught up in the nightmare.

Harris sent out a Mayday message, giving their position both state and geographic wise. Then the big one hit. Porthole glass shattered as a gigantic wave completely engulfed the yacht. She had bounced back from many big ones but not this one, With all power gone she went down with all hands 40 miles out from Trinidad.

The next meeting of Shriners took place without the Colonel, but he wasn't forgotten. Once a Shriner you were one for life, one way or another. It took a lot of organising to power up HAARP and focus it near Trinidad, but it had to be done.

Three days later, after the storm had abated, a little boy ran along the debris-strewn beach looking for treasure. He stopped to look at the strange red hat with a black tassel. It was a bit out of shape, but it would probably be useful for making sandcastles.

**The End**

## **Epilogue**

The destruction of the Tablets of Destiny had many repercussions, mostly for Nabu. He went back to Patmos one more time. The cave that had been his special place had become the most visited on the Island but not because of him. It was famous for being the place St John wrote Revelations. It was after dark, and all visitors were long gone. Nabu went inside and found the protruding rock and pressed it hard. The hidden door slid aside. He went in and gathered everything he had left behind, including the beamer he used in ancient times. He wrapped it, and other items in a cloth then grabbed a loose rock and smashed everything to smithereens, after which he cast the fabric and contents into the ocean. In so doing he had cut himself off from any further communication with his father. Marduk had taken it very hard what choice did Nabu have? If he had not reported what had

happened, the Anunnaki would have come back to Earth, only to find the tablets were gone. To Nabu's mind, it would have been a waste of time. His father had tried to make contact since the last conversation they had, but Nabu had ignored the beams. What was the point? His mission on Earth was over, and he could never see his father on Nibiru. The New World Order plans were going ahead, but that was none of his business.

Nabu felt wretched betraying his father and all other Nibiruans, but he really had no choice - at least from his perspective. Feeling like an outcast both on Earth and in Heaven, it seemed like he was caught between the two, in no-mans land. But it didn't seem to matter very much. In fact, nothing seemed to matter very much any more. It had been quite an adventure - a four thousand year adventure - but he had come to the end of his usefulness and either had to reinvent himself or fade into history. It was simple really. All he had to do was stop taking the golden elixir. As his supply had been curtailed that was going to happen anyway. He had never been overly addicted to the stuff, but he certainly felt the cramps and sickness associated with depriving himself of the drug. He then had a sense of what Helias had gone through. He wept for his family wishing he would soon be reunited with them.

The day came when Nabu knew he was fading fast. He went to the beach one last time. He sat on the sand staring out to sea, oblivious to the life going on around him. Cursed nausea and violent cramps caused him to go into spasm. Then he saw her. Sarspanit had come to take him home. All pain faded as did the light. But it didn't matter now that he felt his mother's love and protection.

## **Other books by Chris Deggs**

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Hack – world bank in crisis

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Millennium – countdown to chaos

Nanofuture – the small things in life

Termination – the eugenics agenda

Vincent – a quantime experience

Ziggurat – the real agenda in Iraq

## About Chris Deggs



Chris Deggs was born in 1948 in Bury St. Edmunds, England. For many years he has lived in Australia. He is now happily retired and lives in the Tweed Valley in Northern New South Wales, Australia. He is a colleague of the Science-Art Cancer Research Institute of Australia where he is actively involved as a visual artist and author. He has written many contemporary works of fiction: mysteries, adventure, crime, ethics, conspiracy, global domination etc., as well as reference books for the betterment of the human condition. He has published a number of articles on the Academia Website reflecting this. Writing and painting are Chris' two main passions in life in which he is always looking for new ways to express himself.

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