

# Ziggurat

The Real Agenda In Iraq

by Chris Deggs

**This is a work of fiction apart from the bits that aren't**

Published by Smashwords  
Second Edition

A CIP catalogue record for this title is available from the British Library.

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## Foreword

It was in Babylon, now Baghdad, at Balthazar's feast, that the eclipse of this fabulous city and the empire it controlled had its future determined. Reaching out to the Mediterranean and what we know as Israel, Babylon's future was foretold, according to the prophet Daniel. Balthazar, (descendant of the mighty Babylonian king, Nebuchadnezzar), called upon Daniel to interpret the writing on the wall that had mysteriously appeared. It read: "God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it; thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting. Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and the Persians."

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

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

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

Aside from phantom WMDs and the American lust for oil, the US has another agenda for its invasion of Iraq. This, the real plan, is based on something so fantastic that it leaves 'Star Wars' in the shade. Read on:

## Chapter 1

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

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

Dr Humaz greeted him. "Did you have any problems getting here?" he asked.

Joab didn't know what to expect, but he found himself face-to-face with an Omar Sharif look alike. "No, except for combating jet-lag."

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

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

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

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

"Yes, at Harvard University."

"That's very impressive Dr Humaz."

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

"No, I wasn't. Would there be a problem if I was?"

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

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

"Yes and no. I will explain."

"It's just that I don't represent one of the major tabloids. It's just a monthly magazine called 'High Light.'

"I know. I still have copies I collected in America." Then pausing, Dr Humaz said, "The major tabloids would not publish what I am going to tell you, nor would Western news services."

"Why not?"

"Because news is not news anymore. It is more like propaganda and what I have to say does not fit in with Anglo Saxon Christian beliefs." Then, passing food and drink to Joab, he continued "Are you cognisant of the works of Zechariah Sitchin?"

"He was the guy that translated all those Sumerian texts, wasn't he?"

"He was, yes, and much more besides." Pointing to a framed certificate, Dr Humaz explained, "My doctorate is in the study of Mesopotamian antiquities, a subject that has been in my heart for as long as I can remember. This is something I share in common with Saddam Hussein."

Surprised at this Joab can only manage, "Really?"

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

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

"It was a joke," Joab tried explaining.

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

"With respect Dr Humaz I don't have time to just listen to your anecdotes. This doesn't sound like the groundbreaking story you promised."

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

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

"And we can't have that," Joab added, cynically.

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

Joab, becoming more interested, began recording the session.

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

"How did they do that?"

"They funded their own archaeologists whose mission was to reinforce the Church's view of biblical history."

"But surely their discoveries would belie this."

"That's a risk they had to take. In any case, if any findings contradicted Church doctrine, Rome refused to publish the findings."

"So it was very selective. But didn't the archaeologists balk at this?"

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

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

Getting up, the Iraqi instructed, "Please follow me. I have something to show you."

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

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

"Then use those who can."

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

"Okay so nobody said it was going to be easy. Look I'm getting a lot of flak from Langley over this. They're wondering what we are doing with our time and their money over here."

For Cane, it was really a CYA (cover your ass) exercise. Confronting such problems on critical fronts had recently seen the removal of his boss the CIA head in Baghdad because of questions about his ability to lead the massive station. Douglas didn't want to attract the same fate. He was all too aware that the Company (slang for the CIA) had closed many satellite bases in Afghanistan, amid concerns about that country's deteriorating security situation.

Joab followed the doctor into another room where, in a glass case, there were various ancient-looking artefacts. Opening the door, Dr Humaz carefully lifted out a clay tablet and laid it gently on a table. It depicted three figures and some cuneiform text.

He then explained, "Petrie's astounding findings never saw the light of day. The power of the Church saw to it that his work was never published and also made sure that the British Library never catalogued the work - one of the most important discoveries in Archaeology. In fact, it wasn't until the startling findings of Sitchin that the truth got revealed to the wider world. In Genesis 6:1-4 it reads, "There were Nephilim in the earth in those days." Nephilim is often translated as 'giants' which, although only partially accurate, is never-the-less, a legitimate and appropriate interpretation."

"Now I'm getting baffled. What do these Nephilim have to do with the Anunnaki?"

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

"Is that now accepted by the Church?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The CIA deputy scanned the document. "This is just some piss-ant journo from some piss-ant New Age rag nobody gives a shit about. Are you suggesting he's privy to this cell were tracking down?"

"Have your people got any info on an Iraqi archaeologist called Dr Humaz?"

"Yeah, he was one of Saddam's antiquity experts, wasn't he?"

"Yes, well we need to know what he knows before he tells this journalist. So get your team onto it George and come back with good news."

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

## Chapter 2

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

Pointing at the tablet, Dr Humaz answered, "Sir Laurence Gardner was the renowned author of 'Realm of the Ring Lord'. He wrote that *Every item of written and pictorial attestation confirms that*

*the ancient Sumerians were absolutely sincere about the existence of the Anunnaki, and those such as Enki, Enlil, Ninkhursag and Inanna fulfilled earthly functions with designated community duties."*

He looked up at the journalist. "This tablet depicts Anu in the centre with Enki and Enlil on opposite sides. Anu is the Emperor, and the other two are his sons."

"So where did these Anunnaki come from?"

"A planet called Nibiru."

"What were they like?"

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

"So how did the worship of these gods come about?"

"It occurred after the Anunnaki left this planet to go back home. Those humans, our primitive ancestors, were so used to Anunnaki rule that they felt lost and so desperately enjoined their return. In fact, the word which was eventually translated to become 'worship' was avod, which meant quite simply, 'work' and the Homo erectus of the time worked for the creator gods from the sky."

"This is all very interesting Dr Humaz. It certainly leaves Star Wars in the shade."

The doctor frowned deeply. "Joab, because of the way they have all been brainwashed the Anunnaki presence may baffle historians, their language may confuse linguists, and their advanced techniques may totally bewilder scientists, but to dismiss them is downright foolish."

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

"That's the most crucial aspect to all this and will be revealed to you in good time."

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

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

Taken aback by this verbal onslaught, Joab gathered his wits, and responded, "You're absolutely serious, aren't you. I never realised this history lesson was so potentially dangerous."

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

"No, I don't."

"Do you know why I chose your High Light magazine for this task?"

"No, you never mentioned it."

"It's because, from some of the articles I have read, you don't publish controversial conspiracy theories but you do seek to uncover the truth. If you lived here in Iraq my friend, you would know just how difficult and dangerous it is to expose the lies. The question is will you help me to let the world know what is actually going on here?"

"I, I think so. Yes."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"So what do you expect me to do about it, Frank. Have a quick word with my namesake in the White House?"

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

The call had been from Langley and Douglas Cane was not a happy man. His predecessor had been removed in December, following weeks of increasingly deadly and sophisticated attacks against US-led coalition forces and civilian targets. The official line had been that it was a massive operation and the Company needed a very senior, very experienced person to run it. The number of CIA personnel in Iraq exceeded some 500 people. The replacement of the station chief meant that the high-profile post had been held by three senior officers since Bush had declared an end to major combat in Iraq in May.

And now the baton had been handed to Colonel Douglas Ulysses Cane, late of the US marines. He

quickly came to realise just how demanding the job of Baghdad station chief really was. His onerous task included briefing top US officials on Iraq, providing frequent updates to Washington on the stability of the country as well as overseeing all of the operations and analysis carried out in the station.

The first of the three new station chiefs had served at the Baghdad agency before the Persian Gulf War in 1991. He went there ostensibly to run operations from across the border before the invasion of the 'Coalition of the Willing' was set up. He was fluent in Arabic as well as being extraordinarily experienced in setting up and running large intelligence operations.

His replacement had served as station chief in a neighbouring country and was to stay in Baghdad for at least a year. But he had been pushed out in December amid a combination of staffing problems and growing concern in Washington that the agency was failing to get an adequate grip on Iraqi insurgency. It had been speculated that the officer might have angered officials in the Bush administration with a pessimistic report he produced in November, saying that a growing number of Iraqis believed the US coalition could be defeated.

But the US officials denied that the report, which was quickly leaked to the media, played a significant role in his ousting. Douglas' CV stated that he, the current station chief, was a highly regarded officer 'who rose rather meteorically' during operations in Kosovo, the agency's last significant build-up of assets.

Mostly, Joab found the Ishtar Grand to be an excellent hotel, especially under the difficult circumstances in Baghdad. It was very conveniently located and extremely secure and safe; sometimes the Internet even worked. Joab took advantage of it and carried out research into what the web had to offer about the Anunnaki. And there was a great deal, mostly repetition but sometimes a juicy morsel.

Dr Humaz seemed of sound mind, but some of the stuff he talked about Joab found hard to swallow. Joab considered himself as open-minded as the next person, but the whole 'aliens from other worlds visiting Earth thing' was something he'd never been able to get his head around.

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

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

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

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

Joab eyed the early middle-aged man in the Hawaiian style shirt and had him pegged as a Yankee hack. "Sure. It's a free country."

"Only since we kicked Saddam's ass," he grinned widely.

Joab questioned such jingoistic logic but kept quiet.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Okay, it's a deal."

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

"Which is?"

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

"No. Should I have? So what does it mean?"

Ignoring the question the bogus reporter asked, "So what's your story?"

"Oh! It's just a kooky new age story about the Sumerian stuff. Pretty lightweight really."

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

"Only some stuff on the Internet."

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

Douglas Cane reckoned he had more obstacles to overcome than a steeplechaser. The latest one involved under-resourced intelligence gathering, which was caused by the fact that many of the CIA's employees had been based at secure compounds at the airport in Baghdad. His intelligence pool had been further whittled down as other operatives were working in the so-called Green Zone, the heavily fortified area in central Baghdad around the headquarters for the Coalition Provisional Authority. There were also smaller offices, known as bases, in Basra, Mosul and other parts of the country.

Cane found himself arguing with Langley over the agency's mission and priorities, saying that the CIA had been drawn too much into troop-protection work ordinarily carried out by the military themselves. As a result, he was much concerned that the agency hadn't been able to concentrate on recruiting the spies that it needed as crucial sources of information since sovereignty was transferred from US hands. He received the usual platitudes, but he had at least had his concerns noted.

Apart from all his other duties, Douglas was also in charge of setting up a new Iraqi intelligence service, drawing at least in part on former members of Hussein's Mukhabarat. But although candidates were to be identified and vetted in Iraq, much of their training was to take place outside the country, in Jordan or Egypt. However, the main problem confronting the Baghdad station was

security constraints inhibiting the ability of operatives to move about the country. Increasing random violence made it harder for people to do their jobs efficiently.

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

On a previous assignment from High Light Joab had done a freelance report on American morale in Baghdad and had discovered a combination of things eating away at the minds of the troops, as they pulled duty in the scalding Iraqi heat. The increased spate of attacks had undoubtedly raised alert levels across the country, but most soldiers in Iraq who had been there for over a year, having played critical front-line roles during the war, now had to cope with the new stress of policing.

Joab had also discovered another remarkable thing when he spoke to troops that had been there long-term. They were tired - the kind of psychological tiredness that accompanies taking part, surviving and conquering in war, and the capture of Baghdad; then watching that euphoria dissipate as their go-home date has been extended time and time again. Many troops were concerned about how they would cope when they returned to the US and were worried that their victory will be tarnished with the mismanagement of the post-war phase. As an occupation force, they were the only game in town, and as such got blamed for much that went wrong. So although it is unfortunate that they should take out their frustrations on, what they consider to be, fair game Iraqi kids, their response was not at all surprising.

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

Another assignment had taken Joab onto the streets of Baghdad to get the views of everyday people. Of the English speaking interviewees, the average Iraqi on the street believed the US would pull out before a lasting form of democracy or an orderly government was established. The average Iraqi on the street said they remained unsure of US motives in their country.

One police officer told Joab about this mismatch of expectations in that most Iraqis believed when the regime collapsed things wouldn't be much better for them. Many naive Iraqis had the vague idea that the Americans would drive up and park with the full American dream: a house, two-car garage, white picket fence and a dog. Instead, there was only one thing that Iraqis - nearly three months after the war could point to as an improvement since the fall of Saddam Hussein: freedom of speech.

Joab pondered these things as he made his way to the bombed out ruins of a mosque. Beyond this landmark, he crossed the road and saw Dr Humaz sitting, reading the paper outside a coffee house.

The scientist stood up and greeted the reporter. "I'm so glad you were able to make it".

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

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

"Oh really, where to?"

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

"And who is this friend?"

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

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

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

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

The Iraqi missed a breath. "What reporter?"

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

Dr, Humaz grabbed his mobile phone, pressed a contact, said something in Iraqi; then he quickly ushered Joab to where a small car was parked.

"Where are we going?" Joab asked.

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

"I don't understand."

"I will explain as we drive."

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

"He wasn't a reporter."

"And just how do you know that?"

"Because a reporter wouldn't know about Gizatrug."

"What the hell is this Gizatrug anyway?"

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

"And are you a member of this select group, doctor?"

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

"Compromised - by whom?"

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

"What if you're overreacting?"

"I hope that I am, but I don't think so."

"What about my stuff back at the hotel?"

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

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## Chapter 3

### **Snakes entwined a staff with wings, a sign of one who knows.**

Joab woke up to find himself in strange surroundings. All the doctor had said was that they were somewhere in the Baghdad suburbs. Joab didn't know any more about his location than that. The sun was quite high, which meant he had slept in late. Dr Humaz was nowhere to be seen. Feeling resentment as being abandoned, the journalist smouldered inside. To calm himself he did his daily stretches while wondering what the day would bring.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Between bites, Joab asked, "So why were they fighting?"

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

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

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

"Because they were far more intelligent than the primitive humans they brought into being, whom they easily manipulated. These hybrid humans were in awe of them, what they saw to be, 'Creator Gods' and came to rely on them heavily."

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

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

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

"That is so. Each subsequent race had its interpretation, but it amounts to the same thing. The Anunnaki were also known as the bene ha-Elohim, which translates as 'the sons of the gods', or equally likely, 'the sons of the goddesses'. For example, from Psalm 82: 'Jehovah takes his stand at the Council of El to deliver judgement among the Elohim', declaring: 'You too are gods, sons of El Elyon, all of you'."

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

Dr Humaz answered, "I don't know how the price of fish comes into this but the Anunnaki are not just beings from ancient folklore. They are genuine and will be on their way here very soon."

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

"That's right."

"That's it! I think my weird-o-meter has just gone off the screen."

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

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

"Green, possibly. Little, no," Dr Humaz corrected.

"What do you mean?"

"According to legend, they could have been as much as fifteen foot tall."

Joab stared at the professor. "Giant aliens! Come on!"

"So you don't believe what I have to say to you?" the professor challenged.

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

"At the moment it's being guarded by American troops."

"What!"

"I would love to take you there, but I can't," Dr Humaz said, sadly. "The best I can offer is my books, and very carefully sourced artefacts."

"So why should this ancient history interest us today?"

Dr Humaz caught Joab with his steely gaze. "Because the Anunnaki have been gone for over 3,600 years and are now overdue."

"Overdue for what?"

"For coming to take over the Earth."

Joab's eyes nearly leapt from his sockets. "Do you mean they're coming back here?"

Dr Humaz responded, "Every 3,600 years, Joab."

"What's 3,600 years got to do with it?"

"That's the time it takes their planet to orbit the solar system."

"That's one huge orbit. How come it takes that long?"

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

Now that these assertions had been backed up with scientific observations Joab thought this odd tale gained some credibility. "Okay I'll try to be open-minded about this," he said.

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

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

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

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

George Mason continued reading the report.

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

There was a newspaper article attached. It read:

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

George paused from reading to highlight this name:

'It is believed that he encouraged Dr Humaz to get involved in an underground organisation called Gizatrug. All we know about them is that their goal is to undermine US security in Iraq (there are no other details at present).

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

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

"What is it?" Joab asked.

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

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

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

'Snakes entwined a staff with wings,

The sign of the one who knows,

He who can uncoil Nehushtan,

The water dweller in Hathor's house,

Who among the Naga goddesses is?

So shed and be reborn of the Nile,

Where timelessness does abide,

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

"So what's all that about?" Joab asked.

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

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



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

"What is a caduceus?" Joab asked.

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

"It also symbolised the Kundalini energy flow up the spine," Mohammed added.

"It sounds like quite a powerful symbol," Joab commented.

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

Dr Humaz pondered the riddle. "It's a deity connected to the caduceus," he concluded.

"Hermes carried this symbol," the professor added.

"Yes, but its origins occurred long before the Greeks were thought of," Dr Humaz countered.

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

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

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

"Maybe it's the name of a serpent, a coiled serpent," pointed out Joab.

"Yes, that's possible," Dr Humaz agreed. Then he added, "The coiled serpent. I wonder if that refers to the Kundalini."

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

"So who unleashes this great power?" the doctor pondered.

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

"No that's true, but I think you may be on to something there," Dr Humaz beamed.

"I still don't understand who these Anunnaki are?" Joab complained.

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

"What's the evidence for such an assertion?" Joab challenged.

Professor Tariq answered. "One way of looking at this has to do with orbital timing. Nibiru takes 3,600 of our years to orbit the Sun, whereas Earth only takes a year. So we could say that 3,600 of

their years are equal to one of ours. Therefore, as 500,000 divided by 3,  $6000 = 138,000$  it could be said that they only lived for 138,000 of our years. So it's all relative really."

"That's still one hell of a long lifespan!" Joab stated.

"Which is why they would have seemed immortal to our forebears," Dr Humaz added. He then continued, "In any case, Laurence Gardner reduces this to more on the order of 50,000 years, and notes specifically that the Anunnaki were not immortal."

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

"Yes, that is so," the professor added.

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

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

"That's the Iraqi Gestapo isn't it?" Joab asked.

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

"No, I checked. You retrieved everything."

"Very well. But the troubling thing is the CIA is taking you seriously. Now we know that the person you were talking to was no journalist."

"Yes but they don't know I'm here, do they?"

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

"I'm sorry, Doctor Humaz. I just didn't realise."

"Well, now you do. Hopefully, not too much damage has already been done."

## **Chapter 4**

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

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

"THE POLICE! OPEN UP!" Brown shouted, itching to break down the door.

Abdul opened the door, saying, "I am always happy to help the law, but my family is dining so can we conduct whatever business you are here about in private?"

Brown flashing his agency badge pushed his way inside. "Are you Mr Al Wahd?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

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

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

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

Cooped up in what passed for a safe house Joab, feeling trapped, wondered if he would ever get back to the green, green grass of home. Now he couldn't even travel freely, and on top of all this, he was being targeted by the spooks. Shit, how did I get into all this, he wondered. Here he was imprisoned inside a mud-brick cell while outside Baghdad baked in its chaotic hell.

Mind you, compared with what was going on outside, he should have considered himself fortunate. For the first time in more than a fortnight, the hospital received seven gunshot victims. A woman in her late teens died from a bullet in the neck; a boy, about 12, and a girl, about 10, still had bullets lodged in their brains. Nobody even recorded their names.

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

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

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

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

Unbeknown to Joab they were taking him to Baquba. It was a hot, dusty drive and they had to stop near a canal to let their ageing Fiat cool its overworked engine. A mournful Arabic man's voice drifted from across the channel. Joab asked, "What's he singing about?"

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

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

"We are taking you to Baquba. The spooks were getting too close to us in Saddam City, and we need to give ourselves space to work with you."

"That's all very well Dr Humaz, but I feel like a prisoner."

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

"But I haven't broken any laws and ..."

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

The radiator, having cooled enough, was topped up with canal water and they were on the road again. Faded Iraqi army uniforms dried on pomegranate trees as they passed through small dusty townships. Combat boots lined a dirt path leading into a makeshift military camp. Young Iraqis picked ripe grapes and offered them to Joab and his companions along the way.

It was late afternoon by the time they arrived at their destination, and they were all ready to collapse and sleep.

After splashing his face with cold water, Joab stepped outside the house the trio had slept in, to get a sense of where he was. Professor Tariq soon joined him. The Iraqi academic had to keep a tight leash on him. "This is Baquba my birthplace. Perhaps you would accompany me on a morning walk," Tariq suggested. Curious about his surroundings, Joab readily agreed.

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

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

"It's a bit early for them to be working, isn't it?" Joab asked

"I guess they want to get their work done while it's still peaceful," the professor replied.

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

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

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

"Because I have things to show you."

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

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

"What thing would that be?"

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

"A key! A key to what?"

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

"What about the oil. What about getting rid of Saddam?"

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

"So why was Saddam after this mysterious key?"

"Because, while it is uncertain if Planet X is headed this way in the immediate future, one thing is sure and that is the return of this planet centres on the recovery of technology once housed at Solomon's Temple that is used to open a gateway linking Earth with remote regions of space.

Recent military and political activity here shows that the world powers are jockeying for position as if the return of Planet X is imminent. The stakes are high. This planet is at the centre of a biblical prophecy known as the 'Day of the Lord'. This was what our mass-murdering Iraqi dictator with the Cheshire cat smile, was really after."

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

"Look at this way Joab. It's a fantastic story for a man with your writing skills. You may even get a best-seller out of this, whether it is a fact or fiction."

Abdul Jabber Al Wahd, feeling angry and scared at the same time, waited for his gaolers to turn up. As the agency didn't have its own lock-up, he had been turned over to local police to be held in custody. Having been locked up overnight with no bed, food, or drink, he was in a foul mood. The CIA came for him around mid-morning and whisked him off to their Baghdad headquarters. Again he was made to wait, which he knew was to unsettle him further. Eventually, he was taken to an interview room where the Colonel and George Mason questioned him. The Colonel began by pushing a photo of Dr Mohammed Humaz in front of him. "Do you know this man?" he asked.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" Abdul demanded.

"Simply answer the question, Abdul," Mason said, coolly.

"Not until you tell me what all this is about."

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

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

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

"Of course I do."

"So who is he?"

"His name is Dr Mohammed Humaz."

"And how did you meet him?"

"We met in Libya."

"Where in Libya? In one of Gaddahfi's terrorist training camps perhaps?"

Horrified at the implication the Iraqi refuted the allegation. "No. Most certainly not. A mutual friend brought us together."

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

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

"What do you know about the 'Gizatrug'? the Colonel asked, ignoring Abdul's comments.

"The what?" the Iraqi exclaimed.

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

"I haven't heard of them, but then there are so many of my frustrated countrymen these days."

"Did you know that your good friend Dr Humaz is a member?"

"Of course not!"

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

"How would I? I have never heard of this group."

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

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

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

Yes, that's what I believe. So it's on to plan two."

"That's a bit shaky, Doug."

"Have you collected enough evidence to convince him?"

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

"Find out why he was in Libya. There could be a clue there," the Colonel suggested. He then said, "We'll let him stew awhile and question him again later."

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

Joab was already prepared with a blank tape switched on.

Professor Tariq began. "There is a lot of wild speculation in new age circles these days concerning the return of this planet X, the mysterious roaming planet that swings to the far side of our solar system, and is expected to return very soon. In fact, according to the timeline of its usual cycle, it is overdue." He opened the book at a marked page. "Now, this picture shows a Sumerian pictogram

depicting 12 planets going around the sun. In Sumerian mythology, Planet X, this twelfth planet, is called 'The Lord' and is the home of a group of beings that your Bible calls Shining Ones."

Joab perked up. "The Shining Ones! Who are they?"

Tapping the book cover, Anwar replied, "This book of Sumerian myth 'Ark of the Christ' explains this. It deals with the mythology, symbolism and prophecy of the return of Planet X. These wise beings, the 'Angels' of your Old Testament, wielded enormously advanced technology, including the operation of a star gate linking Heaven and Earth."

"What is this stargate you keep talking about?"

The professor laughed. "You don't want much do you?"

Mohammed interrupted, "The prevailing scientific metaphor 'stargate' makes us conceive of stars as being amongst the most distant objects. Even to escape the gravity well of the planet Earth is a mighty task only open to those with access to significant resources - NASA, the ESA, and the like."

Anwar commented, "There is the view favoured by those who see the planet as being subject to visits by UFOs and extraterrestrials - including the belief that many key people in our history are actually from distant planets, solar systems or galaxies."

"You mean like these Anunnaki you speak of," Joab put in.

"Yes. But among many theories about this, the most intriguing one to reflect upon is that people may themselves be 'stargates'."

"Us. Stargates! How does that work?"

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

"I take it that is a rhetorical question, Mohammed."

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

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

"Psychics and channellers already, in a special sense, know otherwise - engaging in activities to which science is not yet able to give credence. Now, to answer your question Joab, suppose that a holistic organisation of the universe was to be taken seriously. What might this mean?"

Joab shrugged.

Mohammed suggested, "It could mean that every distant physical body was in some way 'represented' on this planet."

Joab brightened, "Has this got anything to do with the weird property of holograms in that each part, no matter how small, contains the information of the whole thing?"

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

"Do you mean above 3D?"

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

"Really! I didn't know that?"

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

"What do you mean by 'keyed'?"

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

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

"Thank you for pointing that out," Mohammed Humaz said. "However, the point that merits reflection about 'keyed' lies in the experience of how we encounter another individual. We can gain a sense of a quite unique configuration of forces or energies that constitute that individual's universe. We can, to some extent, look into that person's universe. This process may be tantamount to using the person as a stargate."

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

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

"An interesting theory but I still don't get the connection to the Stargate," Joab said, confused.

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

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

"Yes, that's a hell of a lot for my brain to cope with."

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

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

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

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



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

"Please continue Anwar," the doctor encouraged.

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

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

"Yes, but the snakes in the caduceus have uncoiled." Then as an afterthought, "Isn't it used as a healing symbol?"

"Indeed it is, Joab. In fact, the College of Surgeons still use it today," Dr Humaz pointed out.

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

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

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

<https://www.laetusinpraesens.org/musings/stargate.php>

*Goodbye to Saddam City | Guardian Weekly | guardian.co.uk.*

<https://www.theguardian.com/guardianweekly/story/0,12674,946576,00.html>

*Sacred Knowledge - YouTube.* <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6KYxZl7ksaI>

## Chapter 5

### **Who among the Naga goddesses sheds to be reborn of the Nile?**

'Stargates and the Stars and Stripes by Joab Rackham' was the best he had come up with for the title of this article. He had been saving his data on the laptop every five minutes, which was just as well as yet another power cut took place. Having had little sleep he wasn't impressed to be woken up by somebody knocking at his door. He looked at the dial on his watch. It was just after 6 am.

The professor, an early riser, said, "May I come in?"

"Sure. Why not? Seeing as I'm awake now."

"Have you been working all night, Joab," Anwar asked, entering the small room.

"Just about. I couldn't sleep. All this stargate stuff was torturing my brain."

"Yes, well I've brought this book to show you. It could explain a few things."

"That would be welcome."

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

"Where will we be going this time?"

"Don't worry about that Joab. That's for us to deal with."

Joab, unhappy, looked at the professor. "I can't help feeling I'm your hostage."

"We will all be hostages if we don't get to the prize before the Americans." He then pointed to the book. "Now the codes on this page were found in your Bible, which, as you know, has been with you for thousands of years, yet they are hidden in plain sight. Opening the book at a particular page, Anwar said, "We are only concerned here with 'Creation and Destruction' as it relates to the pyramid of Giza and the Coral Castle in Florida."

Joab stared at the Iraqi. "What do they have to do with creation and destruction?"

Passing on the journalist's question, Tariq continued, "The latter was constructed by Edward Leedskalnin and Nicola Tesla."

Noting Joab's blank look, Tariq pointed at the open book. "This incredible study by, Dr Horowitz and Dr Puleo, elucidates the discovery of this New Bible Code."

"What do you mean - new Bible code?"

Turning to page 35 the professor explained, "Pythagoras, the famous Greek mathematician, was murdered, and his school was burned because he was, amongst other things, an astrologer."

Joab shrugged, "You've lost me."

Tariq, wondering what the journalist meant, said, "

"What do you mean? You are standing next to me."

Joab sighed, "What I mean is how does Pythagoras come into this?"

The professor smiled, "Pythagoras, as many people know was a philosopher and physician but what isn't so well known is that he worked with Radionics and, sound and light, which he used in healing and the practice of spiritual medicine."

Joab shrugged again. "So what does that have to do with your quest?"

"Joab, besides astrology, Pythagoras taught geometry as part of that science and of course, mathematics as a corresponding part of both."

Joab, trying to show some interest" enquired, "Does this have anything to do with his 'music of the spheres' theory?"

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

"Okay, so where do these Biblical codes come in?"

"Dr Horowitz and Dr Puleo came up with extraordinary number sequences. So let's start with the number 8, which has always been associated with the divine feminine presence."

"I didn't know that."

"Oh yes, Joab. And it was heavily symbolised by the Knights Templar in their sacred architecture and their tunics."

"This is all fascinating professor, but I still don't see the connection."

"I thought it would have been obvious by now."

"What do you mean?"

The professor, getting into his verbal stride, said, "Think of that line in the riddle - the water dweller in Hathor's house."

"Well, Professor, I haven't a clue what it means, except that I believe Hathor was a goddess in ancient Egypt."

"Hathor, the cow goddess, as the chief maternal deity, embodied the divine feminine number 8. Now, this is the interesting bit," Anwar said, his excitement growing. "Her name actually means Mansion of Horus."

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

"Well done, Joab. Her house is the mansion of Horus."

"Okay, so who is the water dweller in Horus' house?" Joab asked.

"Let's see if the Bible codes can shed any light on this." The professor flicked through some pages, then, pointing at the writing, beamed, "Ah, here's something that may help us."

Joab, wearing a puzzled expression, looked at lists of numbers corresponding to the letters of the English alphabet. "I don't see how it pertains to this mysterious water dweller."

"Please bear with me, Joab. Each number and letter has its own signature vibration."

"Yes. I get that it's all about energy. So what?" Joab shrugged.

"The Stargate we seek has its own energetic field."

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

"The professor replied, "Well English and Hebrew alphabets can be equally deciphered in this way. Even though English is read from left to right and Hebrew is read right to left, the mathematical result is the same."

Thinking that getting a straight answer from Anwar was like having teeth pulled out, Joab tried, "So now it's about language."

The professor smiled. "Yes, and the first language, called Babel, was invented to express at least in part the Godly perfection of mathematics."

"I thought it was to confuse people."

Anwar sighed. "That's Western conditioning."

"Well, I'm from the west."

"Nevertheless, Joab, Babel came from the early Semitic Mesopotamian language called Akkadian, meaning 'gate to God'. Or perhaps 'stargate' to God. Other languages developed since then do not translate the same mathematically, so the 'gate to God' aspect is hidden."

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

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

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

Anwar closed the book and looked at Joab.

"Not if we keep regarding water as we know it."

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

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

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

"Let me put it this way, Joab. In astrology, Aquarius is referred to as the Water Carrier, but it is not water as we know it."

"What is it then?"

Anwar thought about it for a moment, then explained, "Enki's identity, as Lord of Earth or In Earth (En.Ki), also known as EA, whose house is water."

"I still don't get the link between Hathor and the water dweller, professor."

Anwar reopened the book and thumbed to page 40. Looking at Joab, he said, "Here we are told that each sound or syllable, especially in Hebrew, emits a particular wave frequency of spiritual value when spoken or sung. The fact is, sounds generate electromagnetic frequencies."

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

"That's right Joab. So the water dweller is something that dwells in the wave."

"Something like Light perhaps. You know like light waves!"

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

"That's the photon, isn't it?"

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

"Okay, so what has that got to do with the key to opening this fabled stargate?"

"Timing Joab. Horus anagrams to hours and the hour is upon us. Why do you think America has invaded us at this precise time?"

"Well, they would say because of 9-11."

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

As they breakfasted the pair, excitedly, explained their discovery. Dr Humaz, amazed at the revelation, responded, "How you came to such an extraordinary result I will never know."

"Pythagorean logic, Mohammed," Tariq smiled.

"So next we have - Who among the Naga goddesses is. So what do you think that means?"

"I don't know", Joab replied. "But Naga sounds Hindu to me."

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

"How do you mean?" the doctor asked.

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

"Yes Anwar, that's right. So who is it that is being referred to here?"

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

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

Anwar brought their attention to the present. "We need to distance ourselves from Baquba before the shooting starts."

## Chapter 6

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

Nasiriyah hadn't always been a safe place though. After much provocation and seeing their comrades killed US Marines had opened fire on civilians at the location that came to be known as the 'Bridge of Death'.

Dr Jeff Goldman would never forget the wounded he had treated that day and the horrific tales the ones who recovered recounted to him. Who would have thought what started as the strange yellowy-grey light, that heralded the beginnings of a sandstorm would end in such human carnage?

As Dr Goldman headed towards the bridge, the silence felt almost eerie, following a night of continuous shooting so intense it hurt the eardrums and shattered the nerves of those unfortunates in the vicinity.

His footsteps had felt heavy on the hot, dusty asphalt as he strolled towards the bridge at Nasiriyah apprehensive of the horrific scene that lay ahead. Some 15 vehicles, including a minivan and a couple of trucks, blocked the road. Some were riddled with bullet holes while others had caught fire and turned into piles of black twisted metal.

Newspapers reported twelve dead civilians, including women and young children, lying in the road or in nearby ditches. All had been trying to leave Nasiriyah overnight, probably for fear of being killed by US helicopter attacks and heavy artillery.

Unfortunately, they had chosen to flee over a bridge crucial to the coalition's supply lines, guarded by a patrol of shell-shocked young American marines who had been ordered to shoot anything that moved.

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

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

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

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

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

Again the doctor kept quiet. What kind of platitudes could he utter to the bereaved family man? He had heard too many similar stories of late. According to other doctors and human rights groups, at least 1,000 people had died there - the majority civilians - as the US marines clashed with Iraqi soldiers. Grim figures at Nasiriyah's main hospital recorded more than 600 deaths directly related to the fighting, and he had treated over 3,000 people for injuries, Mohammed being the latest statistic.

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

"I wouldn't know where to start."

Anwar continued talking about Bible codes. "The King James Bible is encoded with the Pythagorean structure associated with high degree Freemasons. In fact, anyone who reached the highest degrees of Freemasonry was given this knowledge to help them spiritually acquire more upper matrices of thought and the spiritual power within it.

This mathematical pattern reveals the meaning of numbers in the biblical scripture of the same name. The Book of Numbers used to be called, 'In the Wilderness' but was renamed after specific codes had been worked out.

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

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

"No! Not at all. Please carry on," he sighed.

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

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

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

Fact Sheet

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

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

While their primary mission was to look for evidence of US companies that may have supplied Iraq with weaponry, ICE agents played a critical role in the recovery of artefacts missing or looted from the Iraqi National Museum.

He turned to the next page, a dossier on known smugglers. Abdul Jabber Al Wahd was listed as a suspect. "Gotcha!" he said to his empty office. He then checked computer data for further details.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Where?"

"Baghdad prison."

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

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

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

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

"So where did you two meet?" Joab asked as they sipped passable coffee.

"Here. At the hospital, actually."

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

"Yes, Anwar it was. I must say I nearly turned around and went home."

Anwar Tariq laughed, "So you didn't think much of Nasiriyah hospitality".

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

"Jeff, I didn't realise it was so bad for you."

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

He looked at the Professor, admiration shining in his eyes. "I don't know what I would have done without your help and friendship."

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

"I was doing some research, and this was the nearest town to the site."

"What site are you talking about?"

"The Ziggurat, of the ancient city of Ur."

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

The professor yawned. "We'll talk about that later, but right now I need to rest."

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

<https://www.cemml.colostate.edu/cultural/09476/pdf/ICE-culturalinvestigations2006.pdf>

<http://reliefweb.int/report/iraq/iraq-doc-goodman-team-nasiriya-another-dusty-day-paradise>

## Chapter 7

The Abu Ghurayb (pronounced ah-boo Grayb), prison, located approximately 20 miles west of Baghdad, is where Saddam Kamal (who was head of the Special Security Organisation) oversaw the torture and execution of thousands of political prisoners. The prison was under the control of the Directorate of General Security (DGS) also known as the Amn al Amm.

As many as 4000 prisoners were executed at Abu Ghurayb Prison in 1984. At least 122 male prisoners were killed at Abu Ghurayb prison in February/March 2000. A further 23 political prisoners were executed there in October 2001. It wasn't agent Mason's favourite place, but that was where Viktor Stefansky was incarcerated.

The facility, now run by the American army, occupied 280 acres with over 4 kilometres of security perimeter razor-wired fencing and 24 guard towers. Agent Mason was stopped at the main gate by armed Marines.

Flashing his ID at them he gave the name of the prisoner he had come to meet. He had to wait while calls were made and an armed escort picked him up at the guardhouse. They passed four of the five distinct compounds, each surrounded by guard towers and high walls.

Built by British contractors in the 1960s, Abu Ghurayb is a virtual city within a city. The political section of Abu Ghurayb was divided into 'open and closed' wings - the closed side housing only Shiites. The open arm held all other varieties of real or suspected activists, including the artefact smuggler, Viktor Stefansky, the man George had come to see.



After showing his ID once again, an American private took him to the visitor's area. Viktor Stefansky was marched in and sat down opposite the CIA man. His guard took a few steps back and hovered in the background.

Stefansky looked pretty worn and worse for wear. "Who the hell are you?" he asked, eyeing the Company man with suspicion. Then he said, "You got any smokes?"

The agent took a new pack of cigarettes from his pocket. Stefansky made a grab for them, but George's hand covered them, "I want some help from you first.,

"What sort of help?"

"The agent handed him a photo of Abdul Jabbar Al Wahd. "Do you know this man?"

"Should I?"

"He claims to know you. In fact, he claims you sold him some ancient artefacts, things that we found in his house."

Using this situation to his advantage, Viktor decided to push his luck. "Look Mr Spook, they stuck me in here with a bunch of fucking perverts and sadists, and I can't stand it anymore. Not only that, the bloody terrorists have been bombing the place."

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

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

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

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

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

"No. It was the other way round."

"Can anyone else corroborate your story?"

"Yeah, the bloke who bought the stuff."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"So where do I find this Abdul Ghani?"

"I'll tell you that as soon as I know, I can leave this rat hole. That and a couple of hundred fags."

"I need that name now!"

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

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

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

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

"Who is this Dr Salla then? I've never heard of him," Joab responded.

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

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

"Joab, most, if not all, criticisms of the Bush administration's motivation for launching a pre-emptive war in Iraq focus on a combination of the imperial world views of conservative politicians in power in Washington, DC, and the corporate interests that drive the political agenda of the Bush administration.

Not to mention Illuminati forces, Freemasonry, the Club of Rome etc., who all want to take control of the world with their insidious New World Order. Well, it's not theirs really. They are merely doing the bidding of the Anunnaki,"

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

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

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

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

"Such as?"

"I don't know. Perhaps the White House is hedging its bets and is waiting for the discovery of the Ur stargate. This aside, the competing clandestine government organisations are struggling through proxy means to take control of this ancient extraterrestrial technology to prepare for an impending series of events corresponding to the 'prophesied return' of the Anunnaki."

"Let me ask you something. Have you heard of the Gizatrug?"

"Jeff Goldman laughed. "You are in the heart of it, my friend."

"What do you mean by that?"

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

"More goddam riddles. Can't you guys give me a straight answer?"

"It won't mean anything to you until you are ready for it."

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

"Yes, but we haven't got any further with it," Jeff answered.

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

"Tell us then," Joab said, excitedly.

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

"Okay, but I don't see where that has gotten us any further," Joab complained.

"Please bear with me. I have discovered that the Nagas archetypal arch-fiends are the mythological birds, called Garudas. It is this fight between Nagas and Garuda's which, according to many mythologies, is the essential force or polarity which creates the world of existence."

"Like order and chaos," Joab added.

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

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

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

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

"Sorry, you've lost me," Joab said.

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

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

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

"Brilliant! That's absolutely brilliant Anwar," Jeff responded.

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

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

"I don't recall the name."

"Okay, do you know Abdul Ghani?"

"No. Why are you asking me?"

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

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

"Yeah, well now your memory has returned Mr Al Wahd you've got two choices. You can either join Mr Stefansky in jail, or you can help us find your friend Dr Humaz and infiltrate the sect known as the Gizatrug."

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

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

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

"We know where he is."

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

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

"Where's she been this time?"

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

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

"Don't worry about it. We can't let the Yanks treat us like mushrooms any longer."

"Mushroom? I don't get the connection."

"It's just an English saying meaning we've had enough of their bullshit."

Lifting his cup, Anwar Tariq said, "I'll drink to that."

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

"I think so, but you'd better check."

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

"Yes, Joab. It wouldn't have been profitable to do it for control over the oil. It has nothing to do with the alleged WMD's, and it has nothing to do with creating a Democracy in Iraq. As a result of America's pre-emptive strike many earmarked projects have been shelved. A case in point is the Columbia Space Shuttle which became a high profile victim of this proxy war. And then there's the positioning of America's airbase next to the great Ziggurat of Ur. That wasn't just coincidental."

"So when are we going to see this Ziggurat?"

"When we get an archaeologist to take us there? That's the only way the Yanks will allow us access."

"So where do we find ourselves an archaeologist in Nasiriyah?"

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

"Oh! So that's why we're here."

"Yes, and to allow me to catch up with the Doc again."

They waited for orders to attack another American convoy. From the farm hidden among tangled grapevines and tall date palms close to Nasiriyah, the guerrilla fighters, both Iraqis and foreigners, had set out on some of the raids that had killed many US soldiers in the past four months. The farmer's sad song that often rang out was really coded from a lookout, to assure commanders that passing vehicles couldn't see the band of guerrillas preparing for their next attack on American soldiers.

The men, who were, only armed with grenades and rifles, were a ludicrous match for US forces, whose superior weaponry was evident at every checkpoint in the country.

"It may seem hopeless, but with Allah's strength, we will fight until the last of the accursed American Satanists get out of Iraq," one of the two commanding officers said.

The other one agreed. "Yes, victory or martyrdom."

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

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

Colonel Fazi Mohammed's military cell received its orders and intelligence from Diyala, which lies within the northern 'Sunni Triangle' in which he was informed of impending danger to his men.

The Diyala leadership oversaw about 100 guerrilla camps, including an all-woman unit, and was backed by private donations as well as Syrian funding. The two cell leaders had been told, by their superiors, not to contact members of other cells for fear of infiltrators. Now that Saddam was out of the picture Major Abu al Fayed seemed confident that the cause was much more worth fighting and dying for.

Despite everything terrible about the deposed dictator Abu loved Saddam Hussein for one thing - his big mind He certainly knew how to think and how to plan. He had made their hearts as strong as steel.

After her shower and fresh clothes, Sam Goldman felt refreshed, relaxed and ready to face her house guests. She welcomed Anwar's big hug and kiss. "You've become very westernised," she responded, laughing.

"Let me introduce you to Dr Humaz and Joab."

Introductions over and done with, Joab said, eyeing the attractive brunette, "Mrs Goldman, as an archaeologist can you give me some background on the Ziggurat at Ur?"

They settled down with fresh brewed coffee and Samantha began. "When the first western explorers and antiquarians arrived in Mesopotamia, Ur of the Chaldees was high on their agenda. After all, it was written in the Bible as the hometown of the patriarch Abraham.

However, it turned out the site provided much more than they imagined. It was the principal city of a hitherto unknown civilisation, dubbed Sumerian by those who first identified it."

"So how did they come up with that name?"

"Probably because they came across a city they translated as Sumer."

"So when did the digging begin?"

"Excavations at Ur began shortly after World War I and were conducted by Leonard Woolley under the sponsorship of the British Museum and the University Museum, of Pennsylvania.

Woolley worked there throughout the 1920's and uncovered vast areas of the city, including the tombs of kings and queens, along with temples, palaces and the homes of ordinary citizens. The results were published over the course of the next several decades."

"Did his team discover the Ziggurat?"

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

"Really! How old was it then?"

"It had already been occupied for around 3500 years. That makes it one of the oldest cities in the world. Its inhabitants were Sumerians, the people who 'invented' the very notion of cities and civilisation. Their farmer ancestors had moved into the plains of southern Mesopotamia by the sixth millennium BC."

"Farmers! How come when it's all desert?"

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

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

"But how?" Dr Humaz asked."

"We can look for the answer later, but right now we have to get moving."

"Where are we going this time?" Joab asked, fed up with being on the run.

"We are going to Ur," Sam Goldman stated.

Brigadier General Muhammad Adil Shahwani, the head of the Iraqi secret police, was in the middle of his monthly meeting with the CIA head, Colonel Cane. Cane was annoyed. "Muhammad, I thought we had an understanding here."

General Shahwani, who like most of the Mukhabarat, resented having to deal with such arrogant infidels, smiled falsely saying, "We had to charge the Iranian Embassy employees for their complicity in the assassination of another six members of the Iraqi secret police."

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

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

"I have to know about any important operations you people are mounting, and that's how it is."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Perhaps this is where we come to compromise Brigadier."

The Police Chief soon picked up on the unspoken message, "So it's what you Americans call quid-pro-qua."

<https://www.globalsecurity.org/intell/world/iraq/abu-ghurayb-prison.htm>

<http://hrlibrary.umn.edu/OathBetrayed/Taguba%20Annex%2040.pdf>

[http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/exopolitica/esp\\_exopolitics\\_H\\_1a.htm](http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/exopolitica/esp_exopolitics_H_1a.htm)

[http://www.chinabuddhismencyclopedia.com/en/index.php/Naga\\_Goddesses\\_\(Lhu\)](http://www.chinabuddhismencyclopedia.com/en/index.php/Naga_Goddesses_(Lhu))

## Chapter 8

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

"I was under the impression it was the Greeks that invented Democracy," Joab answered.

"They invented the word but the Greeks took the concept from the ancient Sumerians", Sam explained. She continued, "It would be too much at present to expect Iraq to return to even that kind of decentralised democracy. But what history teaches us is that Mesopotamia has withstood floods, famine, plagues, invasions, and the vagaries of different, and indifferent, gods and the tyrannies of a legion of warrior kings."

"Aren't there still Jews living in Iraq as well?"

"Yes, Joab. Hanging on by their toes are a few remaining Jews, Marsh Arabs, Syrian Orthodox monks, Yazidis, all of them recalling the vortex of peoples who, ever since Enki created Eridu, have, one way or another, called this land home. And even while ancient brick cities slumber under the sands, dug in for the next attack by today's Mongols, Parthians and Turcomans, new brickworks rise in the southern desert, reproducing ancient Mesopotamia.

Indeed, everything changes, everything stays the same. At the conclusion of the Sumerian Epic of Gilgamesh, the precursor of Homer's Odyssey and the first ambitious literary work we know of, the immortal Utnapishtim [Noah], having survived the Flood, addresses Gilgamesh, king of Uruk, guardian of the shrine at Eridu and seeker after life everlasting."

As they neared the ancient monument, a few miles away and a few hundred feet above the Ziggurat of Ur - the great stepped pyramid, US fighters etched vapour trails across the silk blue sky.

A useful turning point landmark for these 21st century winged avengers, the Ziggurat had been rebuilt, in part, by Saddam Hussein before other more critical issues took over from his building projects.

Before Saddam's efforts at restoring the Ziggurat to its former glory, the last major restoration was carried out by Urnammu, the Akkadian king, four and a half thousand years earlier.

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

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

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

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

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

"It's a good job we're with you then Mrs Goldman," Joab said.

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

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

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

"The birth of which prophet?" Joab asked.

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



Mesopotamia starting about 4000 BC.

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

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

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

"We're doing research at the Ur site", Samantha answered. Then she added, "I have my permit right here," taking it from her backpack.

"I don't care ma'am. I can't let you come past this point."

"Why not?" she asked.

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

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

"Well ma'am I think there's some kind of dam way back, maybe about ten clicks then you turn left."

The reason why Samantha and the men with her were restricted from getting to Ur was apparent to both sides involved in the firefight. After one of the US supply convoys had come under attack, swift retaliation had taken place. Abu Abdulla had his men retreat to a safer position as they came under fire from American heavy artillery.

Protected by a damaged mud brick wall, and wearing a tightly wrapped headscarf that revealed only his eyes, the revolutionary cell leader reviewed their situation. His thin frame slumped under the weight of a Kalashnikov and a military-style vest packed with hand grenades and ammunition.

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

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

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

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

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

Making as much ground as was possible with the heavily laden trucks, Abu and his men headed to Nasiriyah and the closest hospital. Abu Abdulla sat contemplating as their journey progressed. The Iraqi freedom fighter was proud to be an Islamist protecting his religion.

He also felt honoured as a nationalist defending his country from what he saw to be the Satanist infidels. He didn't care about his life as much as he did about the lives of his fellow Iraqis. Such is the will of Allah the compassionate, he thought as the seemingly endless desert passed him by.

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

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

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

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

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

She was about to say it was none of his business. Then she nearly said what relationship? Knowing he only had their best interests at heart, she said, "Things have been a bit strained between us of late, Anwar," she answered, sadness and frustration showing in her voice.

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

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

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

"You've always been very sweet to me," she sobbed, as he held her close.

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

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

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

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

As he was removing a bullet from the chest, Jeff Goldman was glad he had Dr Mahmoud Alwi to help him. The Iraqi doctor, who had been taught medicine in St. Barts, London, answered, "And it's all largely due to you Doc You've done wonders since you came here."

Before Dr Goldman could answer the lights went out. It wasn't like a regular power cut though. This one was accompanied by the whirring of helicopter blades above the hospital.

<https://www.theguardian.com/world/2003/may/18/internationaleducationnews.iraq>

<http://reliefweb.int/report/iraq/iraq-doc-goodman-team-nasiriya-another-dusty-day-paradise>

## Chapter 9

The raid unfolded before the hospital staff knew what had happened. Hassam Mahmoud, 35, a cleaner at Nasiriyah's surgical hospital, was the first to see an attack was taking place. He was approached just outside the clinic by US Special Forces troops accompanied by an Arabic translator from Qatar.

He was asked if any Iraqi insurgent troops were still in the hospital. Hassam told them they had been treated and left. Then they asked about Uday Wahdi, one of the Diyala leadership and again he said no. Although the translator seemed satisfied with his answers, the soldiers were not.

The deafening noise of the helicopters circling above the hospital's upper floors sent the few staff members on duty scurrying for the x-ray department, the only part of the hospital with no outside windows. The power cut plunged the hospital into darkness.

This intrusion was followed by small explosions, as the raiding team blasted through locked doors. A few minutes later, they heard a man's voice shout, "Go! Go! Go!" in English. Then, the door burst open and a red laser light cut through the darkness in the operating theatre, trained on the Doc's forehead.

"WHAT'S GOING ON?" Jeff verbally exploded; feeling frightened by what was unfolding."

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

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

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

"The answer is yes."

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

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

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

There was about 20 medical staff in the x-ray department. At Dr Goldman's insistence, they all congregated in the waiting room. The team, who knew members of the Diyala were being treated for bullet wounds, weren't at all surprised that the Americans had come that day because of the attack on their convoy, but they hadn't expected them to blast through the doors like a scene from a Hollywood movie.

Dr Goldman observed cynically that two cameramen and a stills photographer, also in uniform, accompanied the U.S. teams into the hospital. Maybe this was a movie, after all, Jeff thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Joab, who was quite taken by Samantha, listened intently as she continued to give him background information. "The first king of Ur", she explained, "was known as Mes-Anni-Padda, and he was succeeded by his son, A-Anni-Padda. During the reign of these kings, Ur was always at war with other states of Mesopotamia.

Eventually, an attack by raiders from Akkad ended the First Dynasty of Ur. Ur then entered a stage comparable to the European Dark Ages. It remained that way until a new king came to power. His name was Ur-Nammu. Under his rule, a government was established which enforced its laws and regulations very strictly."

"So, when was the Ziggurat built Sam?"

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

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

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

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

She continued, "This, along with an increase in irrigation and agriculture ended the first depression of Ur. The Third Dynasty ended when northern barbarians attacked. Ur then became occupied by the Babylonians, but was eventually ridden with drought and ended up being covered by many layers of sand."

"So who was it that rediscovered it?"

"The ruins of Ur were found and first excavated by the British consul J E Taylor, who partly uncovered the Ziggurat of Nanna. The British Museum began excavations in 1919 and was joined later by the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania.

The expedition completely excavated the Ziggurat, the entire temple area at Ur, and parts of the residential and commercial quarters of the city. The most spectacular discovery was the Royal Cemetery. It contained art treasures of gold, silver, bronze, and precious stones."

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

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

"Tell me about it."

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

It was too complicated to explain English terminology, so Jeff let it ride but he didn't say so because that would have involved things even more. Noting that his visitor was well dressed in Western garb he knew he was dealing with a man of substance." So how can I help you Mr?"

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

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

"His name is Dr Mohammed Humaz. You know who I mean don't you?"

"Yes, but he's not in Nasiriyah."

"Where is he then?"

The Doc shrugged, "How would I know? He could be anywhere."

"So when did you last see him, doctor?"

"Two days ago. Now I'm rushed, so I have to go."

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

"No, I don't."

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

Samantha explained, "At the end of the fourth millennium BCE, large mud-brick platforms were built at many sites in Mesopotamia. Mainstream science believes they originally supported important buildings, especially temples. By the mid-third millennium BCE, some temples were being built on large stepped platforms, like the Ziggurat over there," she explained, pointing to the structure.

"Now, while the actual significance of these buildings is unknown, Mesopotamian gods were often linked with the eastern mountains, and Ziggurats may have represented their lofty homes."

"Or they could have been built to worship the Anunnaki," Dr Humaz put in.

"Possibly," she answered, "but as a scientist, I need more to go on than that. What we do know is around 2100 B.C.; southern Mesopotamian cities came under the control of Ur-Nammu, ruler of the city of Ur.

In the tradition of earlier kings, Ur-Nammu built many temples, including Ziggurats at Ur, Eridu, Uruk, and Nippur. Ziggurats continued to be produced throughout Mesopotamia until Persian times around 500 BCE when new religious ideas emerged."

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

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

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

Nevertheless, during the autumn of 1923, they began clearing the rubble around the Ziggurat, and although the upper stages had not survived, Woolley used ancient descriptions and representations of Ziggurats to reconstruct Ur-Nammu's building. The Iraqi Directorate of Antiquities has since restored its lower stages."

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

"I'm standing where people stood over 6000 years ago," Joab said, stunned by the enormity of the experience.

"Yes Joab, It was here long before the rise of the Egyptian, Greek or Roman empires."

"That depends on what you mean by "Egyptian Empire," Dr Humaz stated.

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

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

"How do you know this copy is correct?"

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

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

Anwar, who had been listening, continued the Gilgamesh story. "The Mesopotamian Epic of Gilgamesh is one of the oldest and most moving stories rooted in the ancient wisdom-tradition of mankind. After being recited for nearly three millennia, with the advent of Christianity, it was virtually lost for a further two thousand years.

Archaeologists only found out about it just after the first cuneiform fragments of his story were excavated in 1853 at Nineveh, from the library of the last great Assyrian king, Ashurbanipal, who

reigned in the 7th century BC."

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

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

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

"It certainly stirred up considerable interest and, before long, more fragments of the Gilgamesh epic were unearthed, both at Nineveh and in the ruins of other ancient cities, including here. Then, following many years of archaeology and patient scholarship, the general consensus is that the 7th-century BC tablets, written in the Semitic Akkadian language, are a copy of a 12-tablet 'Standard Version' dating back to about 1200 BCE, which was composed by a Babylonian priest named Sin-leqi-runnini.

This version, in turn, is a blend and revision of earlier Babylonian traditions, themselves rooted in some Sumerian stories written centuries earlier in the third millennium BC."

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

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

"So where did this epic story originate Anwar?"

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

"Or it could be about", Mohammed interjected, "The immortality of the Anunnaki about the human's much shorter lifespan."

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

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

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

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

"So how can we authenticate the accuracy of the translation?"

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

After climbing to the second level, Joab, noticing gaps in the renewed brickwork, asked, "If this brickwork is new how come some of the bricks are missing?"

"After swallowing a mouth full of water, Sam responded, "The Pentagon elected to build it's massive and potentially permanent military base right alongside this. That's what you can see over there behind that long perimeter fence," she answered, pointing to the enormous complex not far away.

She then continued, "Now, to answer your question, these walls were damaged by spray-painted graffiti, of mostly patriotic or other slogans, and regimental mottoes. One example read: 'SEMPER FI' - the abbreviation of Always Faithful - the motto of the US Marines, who stormed through this region on their way to Baghdad, after forming a contingent at the base.

Other reports, by groups who cannot be named for fear of losing access to Iraqi medical patients being treated in the base detention centre, told of widespread stealing of the inscribed clay bricks baked to build and restore this magnificent structure and other ones here in Ur."

"What a bunch of Philistines!" Joab stated, angrily.

"Yes, unfortunately so but damaging that which Saddam had taken a personal interest in creating would have afforded them some satisfaction, I suppose. Plus the bricks would have made great collector's items."

After a short pause Samantha continued, "That view over there," she stated, pointing toward the US base, "was more or less unchanged for 6,000 years. Now, owing to our friends the Americans, it will be radically altered forever."

<http://www.theosociety.org/pasadena/sunrise/49-99-0/mi-wtst.htm>

*What is known about the ancient city of Ur? | Yahoo Answers.* <https://answers.yahoo.com/question/index?qid=20091103122244AAK4X78>

*The Epic of Gilgamesh: A Spiritual Biography by W. T. S ....* <https://www.theosociety.org/pasadena/sunrise/49-99-0/mi-wtst.htm>

## Chapter 10

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

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

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

"Yes, the numbers do not lie."

"What do you mean, Anwar?"

"The old Babylonian numbering and monetary systems were, based on six or sixty. The Babylonians had sixty cents to their sheqel. In fact, we still use the Babylonian system to measure time. For example; sixty seconds to the minute, sixty minutes to the hour. And it is also reflected in our modern maps and compasses - there are still 360 degrees in a circle."

Mohammed said, "Fascinating my brother. Tell me more."



"Now, the United States, the 'New' Babylon uses numbering and monetary systems based on multiples of ten. And, by decoding the Roman numerals on the Great Seal, representing 1776, we find both the old Babylonian and the new modern American systems of exchange."

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

"1110 old Babylonian sheqels are equal to 666 American dollars. These two figures, 1110 & 666 are skilfully codified into the number 1776 - the founding year of the American Republic and the beginning of America as the Biblical 'Babylon the Great' together with its mystery religion, the Illuminati."

"Anwar, that is amazing. Surely it's no mere coincidence."

The professor looked at his friend. The rapid moral degeneration in American society reflects that of ancient Babylon. In fact, the US mimics Biblical Babylon in many other ways. From her ever-increasing anti-Christian laws, her monetary system with its associated usury and all its devastating consequences, together with its immoral Freemasonic religion that has corrupted her leaders entirely

"Mohammed," Anwar replied, "It seems more than coincidental that the United Nation's belief is identical in spirit to that of Ancient Nimrod and that the UN, together with the United States openly stands for global government?" Now, as time runs out for humanity, this diabolic pair is pushing, for all its worth, to implement its New World Order."

Dr Humaz frowned deeply. "Satan drives the US and wants the world to embrace an ancient religious belief system that is contrary to the true God in every way. It will ultimately lead to humanity's eternal damnation?" He placed his hand on Anwar's shoulder. "We must not falter, my brother. The sacred brotherhood of Gizatrug must not let such a takeover happen. We must, therefore, be first to seize the prize."

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

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

"What does?" Anwar said, jerked from his meditation.

"What is the shape of a pyramid seen from the side?"

"A triangle of course!"

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

"No, I didn't know that."

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

"Okay Mohammed, but how is this knowledge going to help us?"

"I saw a triangulation in the stars just now, and it brought to mind the significance of the triangle. Maybe there is some clue in this?"

"Then if Allah sends you this sign please continue."

Mohammed took a pause to reflect on his thoughts. He then commented, "Interestingly the Triangle is also referred to as a 'Vehicle of God'. This has important UFO connotations, but we won't pursue that angle for the moment. Now, to those who practice the magic arts, the Ternary, or number three is the first sacred number, the first perfect number and it represents the counterfeit Pagan ', Trinity'.

It is represented geometrically as the triangle, and spiritually as the Third Eye of Illuminism/Hinduism. This third eye is usually designated by Hindu practitioners as a red dot clearly marked upon the forehead."

"Where did this information come from?"

"I was reading about it in 'The Lost World of Freemasonry' by Dr Ali Peter Ezzahir. He wrote, "The Tetraktys is a triangular figure consisting of rows of one, two, three, and four dots.

It was as important to the Pythagoreans as the Cross is to Christians, for it symbolised the four elements: earth, air, fire, and water. The first four numbers also signified the harmony of the spheres and added up to ten, which means unity of a higher order."

"You are truly a mine of information, my brother."

"It is said that initiates were required to swear a secret oath by the Tetraktys when they began their three years of silence as novices. They even prayed to it, claiming it had a very spiritual and varied significance. It is sometimes called the 'Mystic Tetrad'.

It was used in the Jewish Kabbala to represent the Name of God. Kabbalists believe that the Tetraktys is to be understood regarding the Kabbalistic numerology attached to the tetrad of the Holy Name Yahweh 'YHWH'."

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

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

"Okay, Mohammed please continue."

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

Anwar turned to his friend. "That's not the Babylonian Astrological sequence, which goes Fire, Earth, Air, and Water."

"Very true my brother. So what does this tell us?"

Anwar shrugged.

Mohammed continued, "Fire is the first one in both orders and the other three mirror each other."

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

"Excellent Anwar. I came to the same conclusion, but something about it did not make sense. Then I approached it differently."

"And?"

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

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

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

"We must find that answer. As founding members of Gizatrug, we exist to fulfil the Quest of letting the light of truth reveal itself."

Anwar pondered this for a while as they resumed contemplation of the stars. Then he said, "The riddle is talking about Enki manipulating human genes."

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

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

"Explain this to me."

"Enlil (Yahweh) told Adam he couldn't eat of the tree of knowledge (good and evil) but he didn't tell Eve that."

"Why not?"

"Because it was okay for her to eat it."

"How come?"

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

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

"Yes, that's correct."

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

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

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

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

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

Unbeknown to the pair Joab, who had awoken to go outside to relieve himself, saw Mohammed and Anwar deep in conversation. His journalist instinct told him they could be talking about something that would be pertinent to the book he intended writing.

So he eavesdropped on their conversation. What he didn't expect to find out was that Anwar Tariq and the good doctor were not just members of the mysterious Gizatrug but were actually part of the leadership's inner core.

There are some jobs you just have to do yourself, Douglas Cane thought, as he boarded a helicopter to take him to the Tassil Airbase. His orders had come from an anonymous but authentic source. He didn't like leaving George Mason in charge, but he had no choice in the matter. As the helicopter took off, his mind went back to his childhood. As a youngster viewing a puppet show, he sat

happily entranced and captivated by the animated, talking marionettes, believing they were very much alive and real.

One day, however, when he was a little older and saw the strings that were attached to the puppets his illusion was forever shattered. From that moment onwards, he always knew that hidden hands controlled those marionettes. The anonymous source he was ordered by was the invisible hand that now managed his life.

As the helicopter turned and headed south, he pondered the ramifications of his mission. He didn't feel singled out being a puppet dangling on the end of strings. He told himself that this was the price of living in a secure society; it was this 'Company' rhetoric that allowed him to justify his CIA actions. He considered himself better off than most. After all most people grew into adulthood without ever having known of, or seen, the hidden hands controlling their system of money, taxation, education, religion and social reform.

These, the almost invisible strings are very well concealed, where the puppets themselves - the politicians, religious leaders, heads of educational institutions, scientists, foundations, various think-tanks, media moguls and other officials generally held in high esteem by the sheeple, are concerned.

They act so incredibly convincing as to blend in perfectly with their audience. The Shadow man was under no illusions that the citizenry his people protected were the 'white hats'. Extremely evil men of all religious and ethnic beliefs, who made up the world's power-elite. They had cleverly cultivated a virtual pasture so beautifully grass-green that few people, seldom if ever, bother to look up from where they grazed long enough to notice the brightly coloured tags stapled to their ears.

No, Colonel Douglas Cane didn't question the morals of those that had the power to get him to override his Agency duties. All he knew was that this mission would help him to destabilise the mysterious Gizatrug. His intelligence had informed him that this terrorist group had originated in Giza Egypt, hence the first part of their name. The CIA referred to the last part of the name as Terrorist Regime's Untrue God.

[http://www.jesus-is-savior.com/False%20Religions/Illuminati/illuminati\\_exposed-part\\_2.htm](http://www.jesus-is-savior.com/False%20Religions/Illuminati/illuminati_exposed-part_2.htm)

## **Chapter 11**

Tassil Airbase, located approximately 310 kilometres South-east of Baghdad, loomed large in front of the CIA chief. He had never been there before and was taken completely aback by the sheer enormity of the station, which was situated 20 kilometres south-west of the city of Nasiriyah. The airfield was served by two main runways measuring 12,000 and 9,700 feet. Sited on the sandy desert, the base looked quite surreal, definitely out of place with the ancient ruins nearby.

Upon landing, a staff car driver picked him up and took him to the main buildings. After passing signs indicating: US Military Occupation Facilities and US Units 332nd Air Expeditionary Wing and 407th Air Expeditionary Group he was marched to a door marked Col. Edward K Jackson Sector Operations.

Upon the command "enter", Cane's military escort walked into the office ahead of him. With the airman dismissed Colonel Jackson said, "I got this call saying I was to expect you but nobody told me what this is about. So why would a high-ranking CIA operative want my help?"

Eyeing the dapper spit and polish type addressing him Chief Cane answered, "Colonel, this is very important. We have intelligence indicating that a dangerous terrorist cell is operating in this vicinity. We need your help to flush them out before any real damage is done."

"Colonel Cane, with respect, this is the intelligence gathering centre of Southern Iraq. If there was anything of the nature you suggest going on here don't you think we'd know about it first?"

Not wanting to get into a male mine is bigger than yours argument Doug Cane moderated a little. "Ordinarily I would agree with you, but we have been targeting this group for some time, and we have tracked them to the Ziggurat."

"And just what the hell are they supposed to be doing there?"

"Colonel what I am about to divulge has to be kept within these walls. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Chief. Now what the heck is all this drama about?"

Taking a deep breath Douglas Cane, concerned that the air force officer, after hearing what he had to say, would attempt to have him sectioned, still had to say it. "Have you heard of the 'Exopolitical Perspective'?"

"No! What's that?"

"Okay let me start from the beginning. Most of the criticisms of the Bush administration's motivation for launching a pre-emptive war on Iraq focus on a combination of our imperial world view our conservative politicians in power in Washington DC and the corporate interests that drive the political agenda of the Bush administration."

Jackson glared at him. "I'm not going to get involved in any kind of mudslinging at our Commander in Chief."

"I'm not asking you to, Colonel. All I'm saying is that these criticisms would only be valid if the reasons we are given for being here were the only ones."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Let me put it this way. This Exopolitical study provides a radically different political analysis of the Bush administration's motivation for going to war, and of the explanations offered by his critics. It provides an exopolitical analysis of the policy dimensions of a true extraterrestrial presence that is pertinent to Iraq and the US-led pre-emptive attack."

"Did I just hear you mention fucking ETs?"

"I know it all sounds mad but sooner or later we have to look seriously at what the Exopolitical lobby are saying."

"And just what the hell are these fruit loops saying, Colonel?"

"They argue that competing clandestine government organisations are struggling, through proxy means, to take control of the ancient extraterrestrial technology that exists in Iraq, to prepare for an impending series of events corresponding to the 'prophesied return' of an advanced race of ETs."

Colonel Jackson went bug-eyed. He couldn't believe what he heard from the lips of the Baghdad CIA chief, of all people. "And just when are these 'little green men' going to turn up then?"

"Just over there Colonel," Douglas Cane answered, pointing in the direction of Ur.

Turning on Cane, he said, "Just what proof have you got of this utter nonsense?"

"The location of this airbase for starters. Why do you think this huge facility was built right here?"

"Because its strategic position allows us to carry out our job most effectively."

Wondering how to proceed without getting him a free bed in a mental ward, the CIA agent continued, warily. "Colonel Jackson, have you ever considered the extent of American resources that have been put into this war? And have you ever wondered where all the money is coming from?"

"That's not my area of expertise."

"Okay, but you do realise, don't you, that the US treasury is being drained and money is being channelled from other major projects to keep this war going. As an example, the Columbia Space Shuttle is just one of the high profile victims."

"Yeah, well if that's what it takes to bring stability and democracy to Iraq, then so-be-it."

Despite the USAF officer's denial of any such possibility he hadn't had Douglas Cane thrown off the base. To the CIA chief, this indicated that he was at least intrigued by what was being said. So agent Cane continued, "This Exopolitical group is made up of front-line academics - not a bunch of navel-gazing tree huggers, Colonel."

And, I might add, the Oval Office has taken their perspective very seriously indeed. Their studies have examined all the available evidence of a historical ET presence in Iraq, and have applied this evidence to better understand the contemporary political situation in this land."

"This is crazy. If there were any validity to this theory, I would have known about it."

"Possibly Colonel but who among your men have got the balls to convey such a report to you. Your attitude today has shown me that such an incoming report would not be taken very seriously by you. That's why I have been sent here in person."

"So, who sent you?"

"Let me just say that even our Commander-in-Chief jumps to attention when he gets a directive from my source."

"That's not good enough! I need to know who I'm dealing with here."

"What we're dealing with here is a dangerous cell of people, a group much more threatening than any terrorists, whose aim is to destabilise the Western world."

"And how do they propose to do that?"

"Colonel, knowledge is power and the kind of knowledge they seek, if they were to find it, would give them immense power. Likewise, if they lead us to this source of knowledge this power will be in the hands of God-fearing Christians."

Colonel Jackson thought about this for a minute before responding, "I'm not here to fight some God damn religious war, chief. I'm here to protect the free world's security."

With his frustration building, Douglas Cane played his trump card. "Colonel if you don't give full support to this directive you may well be removed from your post."

"Hell, maybe that wouldn't be such a bad thing! However, it seems that this alleged high source of yours has got me by the balls over this."

"Then we get your full cooperation?"

"Yeah, even though I think it's a load of hogwash."

"There's a theory doing the rounds," Anwar said, as the four walked about the second floor of the Ziggurat, "That the reason why Saddam couldn't be found in the desert storm campaign is that he hid inside the Ziggurat."

"Oh yeah right!" Joab responded, "That one's up there with Elvis being sighted on Mars."

"Yes, I know it sounds bizarre, but it got me thinking. I wonder if there is a way into the actual edifice itself?"

"Well if there is it is very well hidden", Sam put in, "No archaeologist has as yet found it."

"Yes Sam, I guess it's too much to ask for."

"Maybe not!" Mohammed responded. "I have an idea."

"Well I hope it not another one like Saddam using this monument as a hiding hole," Joab laughed.

"You can see it from here, along with the American air base, the village and the city and the religious shrine of Eridu."

The trio looked where he pointed, and Anwar picked the meaning up first. "Of course Eridu, the most revered holy place in ancient Mesopotamia and the alleged site where Enki came to Earth."

"So what's the significance?" Joab asked.

Samantha answered. "Eridu rose from a point where sea and land, marsh and sand, had been all but indistinguishable. Now, according to the world's oldest written creation legend:

A reed had not come forth; a tree had not been created. A brick had not been laid; a brick mould had not been made. A house had not been built. A city had not been built, and all the lands were the sea. Then Eridu was made the holy city, and only then, the gods created humankind."

"Yes," Mohammed added, "In ancient Mesopotamian mythology, the city and humans rose together. In Genesis, Adam and Eve lived, before the 'Fall', not in a city but in a garden. According to legend, this was at Al Qrnah, the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates, the twin rivers that snake down from the mountains north of Iraq, bringing green life to its deserts." He added, "So let's go for a drive."

Upon reaching the ground level, they noticed a dust cloud formed by a moving vehicle that was heading in their direction. Soon, out of the dust, emerged an Airforce Jeep. "Looks like we have a reception committee," Anwar stated.

"Leave this to me," Sam said, taking command.

"An NCO and an Iraqi stepped from the Jeep. The airman addressed them politely. "Good morning folks I hope we didn't startle you. It's just that this gentleman was looking for you and as I was coming this..."

Samantha interrupted, "...What gentleman?"

At that moment Mohammed recognised him. "Abdul!" he exclaimed excitedly, upon identifying his friend Abdul Jabbar Al Wahd.

"Who is this man, Mohammed?" Samantha asked.

"He is an acquaintance from my past." Then, turning to Abdul, he asked, "So what brings you here?"

"I met your friend the doctor. He told me where you were" Abdul answered, his story ready.

His job completed, the airman said goodbye and drove back towards the base.

Turning to Mohammed, Sam, annoyed at the new complication, glared at him. "And just what are we supposed to do with your friend?"

"Why, is there a problem, Sam?"

"Apart from the fact we know nothing about him and that I only have permits for us four to be in this area. No, of course, there's no problem."

"Well, Samantha what are we supposed to do? Abandon him here in the desert, perhaps?"

"What do you really know about him?"

"Relax Sam. He is a friend of a Harvard colleague of mine."

Samantha Goldman wasn't feeling at all relaxed as they squeezed an extra person into the four-wheel drive and headed for Eridu.

It hadn't been easy for Dr Goldman to obtain the permits for the team with the American occupation of the area. "There are wild animals... wolves at Ur," the governor's head of information informed her.

Samantha laughed. "I'm not new at this. I've been there many times before and was never troubled by wolves."

The Americans told him to dissuade archaeologists from going to Ur. He knew there were no wolves in the desert, neither were there any in the scant surviving marshlands of southern Iraq. He had to come up with another excuse. "Bandits," he had smiled. "Bandits, yes, maybe: the far south of Iraq has been home to those outside the law for generations. And tomb raiders smuggling antiques across the Saudi border - 4,000 since 1991."

"Bandits! What bandits?" she asked, not believing a word.

"Some renegade Bedu." Before she had a chance to interrupt, he continued, "Nasiriyah itself was founded as a garrison town by Medhat Pasha, Turkish governor of Iraq, in 1869, in a bid to subdue troublesome local Bedu tribesmen. Since then, imperial regimes, Ottoman and British, have come and gone, yet the Bedu remain."

"They've never posed a problem to me," Samantha stated emphatically.

Seeing that she was undeterred, the governor's head of information handed her a brochure on local culture, something she had no need of. 'Yes... yes to the leader Saddam Hussein!' exclaimed the cover. Seeing that Dr Goldman was serious, the official eventually stamped the necessary documents. So, armed with the crucial site permits, the group had driven on the arrow-straight road leading to Eridu.

At first sight, it had looked like an ineffably solemn mound, like something from the set of a Hollywood sci-fi movie. As they drove towards it, nothing stirred, except the hot sand thrown up by the tyres of Sam's Land Cruiser. No bandits. No wolves.

Anwar kept himself occupied by making notes, as he referred to the next line of the riddle. 'So shed and be reborn of the Nile.' What could it mean, he wondered? Why was the snake chosen? Was it for its cleverness, its ability to survive in the harshest of environments?

Then he thought, yet again, its shape resembling the flow of energy up the spine - to the crown chakra, and the third eye. The snake sheds its skin and is reborn. Turning to Joab, he passed him a note. Upon it was written 'So shed and be born of the Nile.' Underneath that, it read 'we are reborn when the pineal gland is activated by the Kundalini energy surge'.

Joab smiled and nodded, then he said, "What about the reference to the River Nile?"

"It can plainly be seen to be analogous to the human spine in that the towns along the Nile represent the vertebrae."

"So reference to the Nile is really talking about the spine," Joab said, seeking clarification.



"Yes, because the Kundalini Naga is coiled in the spine. So Enki uncoiled Nehushtan, the snake, to give humans the chance to activate their higher chakras."

Abdul, who had picked up on some aspects of the conversation over the noise of the engine, said, "That sounds interesting. What are you two talking about?"

Anwar, realising they had been overheard decided to play things down. "Oh, it's just a little intellectual game to pass the time."

Abdul responded, "Yes I see," not believing what Anwar had said.

[http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/sumer\\_anunnaki/esp\\_sumer\\_annunaki07.htm](http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/sumer_anunnaki/esp_sumer_annunaki07.htm)

## Chapter 12

### **Where timelessness does abide enter with wisdom of the spirit.**

"So what are you people doing out here?" Abdul asked, attempting to make conversation in the uneasy silence inside the vehicle.

Mohammed answered, "Samantha here is an expert in Mesopotamian antiquity. She very kindly invited us to come along."

Turning to Sam, Abdul smiled, "I apologise for my intrusion, but I hadn't seen Mohammed for many years and ..."

Still seething inside, Sam retorted. "We are not here to socialise."

Feeling uneasy in the cold silence, Joab asked, "So what is it about Eridu that makes it so special?"

"It's now called Abu Shah Rain. As Eridu, it was the earliest known city of Sumer," Sam explained, keeping it simple. "Eridu has an important group of temples where the locals worshipped their patron god Enki, of the Anunnaki."

Anwar added, "He was known as the god of the sweet waters that flow under the earth - waters essential for the fishing and irrigation the Sumerians needed for their livelihood."

"Wasn't Eridu linked to the ocean, Anwar?" Mohammed asked.

"Some claim that in ancient times the city may have been linked to the sea by waterways, but it is not known for certain if this was true."

Not wanting to be left out of Joab's education, Sam added, "Eridu was located by the mound called Abu Shah Rain. This was one of the most important prehistoric urban centres in southern Sumer, and it was built on sand dunes, probably in the fifth millennium BCE."

"It's hard to believe that there was a civilisation here even before the building of many of the ancient Egyptian temples!" Joab exclaimed.

"Yes, Eridu had a long succession of superimposed temples portraying the growth and development of complex mud-brick architecture. The unfinished Ziggurat of Amar-Sin, built around two thousand BCE stood testament to this."

The heat was intense at the site as the hot wind blew across the desert. Anwar took Mohammed aside, "What do you really know about Abdul?" he asked.

Mohammed sighed, "What can I say? I met him in Libya on the way back from America. I found out that we both knew the same person from Harvard and we became friends."

"And then he just happens to bump into the Doc. And he just happens to hitch a lift with an airman who said he was driving this way but who heads straight back to the air base after dropping your friend off."

"Yes! So what's the problem?"

"It's all a little bit too convenient, don't you think?"

"So do you think he has some sort of hidden agenda?"

"I don't know, but we have to be careful. You know as well as I do that the spooks are after it too."

Mohammed smiled, "Surely you don't think he's been planted on us."

"Stranger things have happened, and he shouldn't be here."

"Well, he is. And we just have to live with that."

Anwar, annoyed with his friend's response, turned tail and went to where Sam and Joab were in conversation.

"The Eridu site was originally excavated between 1946 and 1949 by the Iraq Antiquities Department," Sam explained, as they made their way to one of the most extensive ruins.

Anwar, interrupting her flow, said, "Tell Joab about your amazing find here."

Joab's ears pricked up. "What amazing find?"

Under the circumstances, Sam hadn't wanted to divulge anything out of the ordinary. Glaring at Anwar, who had put her on the spot, she explained, "While on a dig around here about ten years ago I uncovered tablet fragments that, when assembled like a jigsaw, was almost complete. At first, I thought it was a copy of the Enuma Elish. Both are creation myths, but this one had a different focus."

"How so?" Joab asked, his tape recorder running.

Sam continued, "Whereas the Enuma Elish tells of the creation of the universe, the tablet I discovered, which is titled, Enki and the World Order, gives function, form and purpose to an already created Earth. The thing that I enjoy most about this version is its peaceful content and musical composition."

"It appears," Mohammed added, "the Enuma Elish comes from the male creator-god perspective whereas Sam's find comes from the feminine angle."

"That's one way of putting it," she replied."

Joab then asked, "Why do you think it was written in such a lyrical fashion?"

Anwar chipped in, "Although Enki was alleged to have been Anu's son it is thought that he actually came from Sirian stock. This probably explains the reason for his predilection towards helping humans. This theory gains more credibility as he was only the half-brother of Enlil, who was much more Anu's son. Therefore Sam's find could be the interpretation of the creation from Enki's standpoint."

"That's amazing!" Sam said. "I've never heard it explained so well before." Then she added, "I don't know how scientific the Sirian connection is though."

"So, what about the lyrical association?" Joab persisted.

"All the ancient tales were originally set to music," Sam answered. Then she added, "And if the poem is read aloud, you can still evoke the emotion of song within the work. Also, the other thing about this myth that will be of interest to religious scholars is the mention and assignation of the lesser deities to their various stations and functions."

"As a myth was it recited at particular times?" Joab asked.

"In my opinion, I feel that either creation myth can be used during the re-enactment of the Babylonian New Year Festivals; one myth expresses the natural order, while the other focuses on civil order."

"So which is which?" Joab queried.

Mohammed said, "I believe that the myth expressing natural order is of the Divine feminine source, whereas the myth concerning social order stems from the dominant Male energy."

Abdul, who was taking all this in was trying to find some hidden meaning in the message but, so far, there was nothing to report back to his masters. So he asked, "Dr Goldman do you by any chance have a translation of the tablet you found, with you?"

Taken aback, Sam said, "Why do you ask?"

"Because it sounds wonderful and I would love to hear the myth."

"And what is your interest in it?"

"My dear doctor I also have a passion for ancient artefacts, the sacred heritage of our past."

"Yes, well it's too uncomfortable in this wind. We need to go somewhere cooler."

There was no way Sam was going to show Abdul the poem. She didn't trust him and didn't want him there with them. However, she was stuck with him and had to make the best of it. She was wondering how she was going to relate to the interloper when Anwar approached. "Hey Sam," he said, "You don't seem yourself today."

"It's Abdul. I know that he's Mohammed's friend, but my instincts say don't trust him."

"Then don't but don't let it get you down."

"Yes I know, but I nearly freaked when he asked if I had a copy of the poem."

"So do you have a copy?"

Yes as a matter of fact, would you like to look at it?"

"That's why I came over to you."

"Oh! And there's me thinking it was my intense sensuality and sparkling wit that attracted you."

"There's that as well," Anwar laughed, giving Sam a hug. It was a while since a man had done that and Sam was ready to take it a bit further. Then she stopped herself from kissing him, saying, "Let's stick to the poem - it's safer." She took the scroll from her bag and began, "The first fifty lines are omitted because they are fragmentary and obscure. It carries on:

When father Enki comes out into the seeded Land, it brings forth fecund seed,

When Nudimmud comes out to my fertile ewe, it gives birth to the lamb,

When he comes out to my 'seeded' cow, it gives birth to the fecund calf,

When he comes out to my fertile goat, it gives birth to the fecund kid,

When you have gone out to the field, to the cultivated field,

You pile up heaps and mounds on the high plain,

[You] . . . the . . . of the parched (?) earth.

Enki, the king of the Abzu, overpowering (?) in his majesty, speaks up with authority:

My father, the king of the universe,

Brought me into existence in the world,

My ancestor, the king of all the lands, Gathered together all the Mes and placed them in my hand."

Interrupting her recital, Anwar asked." What does that mean Sam? All the Me's in my hand."

"I have often wondered that myself. All I can think of is that Anu gave Enki the knowledge to build civilisation and the responsibility to use it wisely. It suggests he is very fertile and brings life to all he touches."

"Has that got anything to do with his role as the chief geneticist of the Anunnaki?"

"If you believe Sitchin, then probably so."

"You don't believe Sitchin then, Sam?"

"The jury is out on that one."

Anwar, who still didn't fully appreciate English humour, said, "I wasn't aware that Sitchin was taken to court for his beliefs."

Sam laughed. "No, silly. I meant I haven't made up my mind about him and his work. Shall I read on?"

"Please, Sam. I am enjoying this."

She continued, "From the Ekur, the house of Enlil,

I brought craftsmanship to my Abzu of Eridu.

I am the fecund seed, engendered by the great wild ox, I am the first born son of An."

Interrupting again Anwar stated, "I though Enki was a Sirian."

"Some academics believe that."

"How can he be from Sirian stock when Anu is Nibiruan?"

"There is a great misconception about the Nibiruans Anwar, and it is this. According to the texts, the Anunnaki are reptilian mutants of the original Lyran-Sirian Anuhazi pure strains."

"So they are some kind of ET hybrid?"

"You could say that, yes. The Anunnaki and their Beli-Kudyem human mutants were the dominant force in the Templar Solar Initiations."

"Whoa Sam, hold back a minute! Are we talking Knights Templar here?"

"I don't think so."

"So who are the Beli-Kudyem human mutants you mentioned?"

"The texts tell us they are brought about by Enki's gene-splicing."

"So Enki was some sort of Dr Frankenstein."

"I suppose you could say that," Samantha laughed.

After a short pause, Sam continued, "The human earth strains were seeded by reverse mutation and once again became new strains that are called the Adami-Kudmon."

"The Adami! Now that would be when Adam comes into the picture."

"Yes, that's right." Sam was about to continue when she heard a sound nearby. Looking up she saw Abdul heading back to Mohammed, who was erecting their tent.

"He was spying on us!" Sam exploded.

"Now come on. We don't know that for sure."

"Then what was he doing there?"

"I don't know. Why don't you ask Abdul, if you're that concerned?"

"Because I don't want him to know I'm onto him until I'm sure."

Abdul Jabbar Al Wahd prayed to Allah that he would soon be reunited with his family. Being out in the harsh desert climate didn't suit him at all. Wishing fervently to be back in Baghdad, even with the accursed Americans running things, he went about his covert work. Making sure he was alone, Abdul took out his digital notepad, composed and sent an email, after which he lit a cigarette and blew smoke rings into the afternoon sky. "That's a handy little toy. Can I see it?" Mohammed asked.

"Sure, but don't switch it on. I'm trying to save the battery, Abdul answered, feeling relieved that Dr Humaz had not seen the message he had just sent."

*Enki and the World Order (Version 1) | Mesopotamian Gods ....*

<http://www.mesopotamiangods.com/enki-the-world-order-version-1/>

## Chapter 13

**To heal the rivalry of Allah and his kin, for Satan is not what you think.**

Now that Anwar was convinced Abdul was genuine it was only Sam who still harboured an element of doubt about him. So she decided to take another tack where he was concerned. Instead of being very careful what information Sam divulged in his presence the archaeologist went for information overload to baffle him with science. This way she was still in control of the situation. So, as her group decided to stick with Eridu for a while, they went for a walk around a different part of the ancient site to see if any clues turned up.

They had chosen the archaeological site Eridu because of its Enki connection. Eridu, 196 miles south-east of Baghdad was the likeliest place for buried clues, being, as it was, the earliest known city of Sumer (Southern Mesopotamia). "Eridu, being the sacred city of Enki, is most likely to hold the clues we seek," Samantha encouraged." She added, "His symbol, the caduceus, may point us in the right direction."

"So we're looking for some kind of serpent symbol," Mohammed put in.

"And a sense of timelessness," Anwar added.

"Well it seems pretty timeless out here," Joab responded.

"Perhaps an ancient place of meditation," Anwar suggested.

As the day progressed, with only a couple of jar shards unearthed as a result of their labours, it seemed hopeless.

Then, from the mud-brick ruins. Mohammed, who was looking for clues with Abdul, shouted, "I don't suppose any of you can read Sumerian cuneiform?"

The other men shook their heads.

Sam said, "Well, just a little, Mohammed. Why? Have you found something?"

Holding up part of a clay tablet, he answered, "just this. I don't know if it will be any help. This cuneiform stuff is even more obscure than Egyptian hieroglyphics."

Sam took the piece, looked at it for a few moments and shook her head. "This is a very ancient Sumerian cuneiform. Sorry, Mohammed, I don't think I can help."

"Haven't you got any books on the subject?"

"Certainly not with me. In any case, I'm not aware of any material on that subject that I could use. Do any of you have suggestions?"

"There's probably references back at my old university in the library's archaic languages section," Mohammed answered.

"That's not much help to us now," Abdul stated.

"No, but I'll keep the tablet just in case it turns out to be useful to us and check against three languages - Old Persian, Akkadian or Old Babylonian and Elamite."

Anwar put his hand out to take the tablet, saying "I can decipher the simpler Old Persian writings".

"We don't even know if it's of any use to us," Sam said. She then continued, "Of the millions of clay tablets that have been excavated throughout Mesopotamia, with each of them bearing cuneiform writing, most of them only contained information about household lists and the like, so the chance of that piece helping us in our quest is most unlikely, Mohammed."

Mohammed smiled, "I know Sam, but please indulge me. This is the first piece I have actually found." Everybody laughed at this, lightening the tension that was building up.

After a short while Abdul, who was trying to improve his acceptance rating with Sam, suggested, "If you can copy what's on the tablet I can send an email to an Assyriologist at the British Museum."

Guarded, Sam said, "And who do you know at the British Museum?"

Abdul smiled sweetly, "Matthew Smith."

She had heard of him. "He claims to be a relative of George Smith."

"Who's George Smith?" Joab asked.

Sam answered, "He was my mentor. He was the first Assyriologist to translate the Epic of Gilgamesh tablets, and he told the world the Flood story of the Flood was written on the eleventh tablet of the series. This, of course, had caused a big stir in academic and theological circles, since the cuneiform text pre-dated the Bible writings by more than a thousand years."

"But wouldn't the theologians have been pleased?" asked Joab. "After all, it confirmed what was in the bible."

"At first, yes, they were," replied Abdul, "But when they realised the Sumerian flood story was almost identical to the one in Genesis, it became obvious that the bible story was copied from the Sumerian version."

"Anyway, he knows two forms of cuneiform; the original Sumerian and the later Akkadian, or Old Babylonian as it is sometimes called," Abdul stated, trying to get the group back on his track.

"And just how are you going to send him the image?" Sam asked. Abdul produced a digital camera, one of the accessories provided by the CIA.

"Well don't bother him with the later variants. I do know it's a much earlier language so just get him to work on the Sumerian cuneiform," Sam suggested. Then she said, "Now can we please get back to our tasks?"

The man had an aura of confidence about him that came from the arrogance of his kind. Whenever conspiracy theory is spouted, he and his brethren smiled as it only spelt further confusion for the addled masses. He was one of the elite; one of the free ones that belonged to the mysterious 'Illuminati' (illuminated ones).

Others present at the table he presided over included representatives from the Bilderberg Group, The Trilateral Commission, and the Council on Foreign Relations. While the other secret organisations were at least known to some people in the higher echelons of society, this was not - even to them.

He entered after they were assembled, sat in darkness and spoke with a mechanically enhanced voice. His protection was based on the fact that, unlike the other conspiracy groups, the 'Illuminati' is always left hanging as some secret, shadowy entity that no one can quite describe.

Also, despite various assumptions, he felt secure in the fact that nobody could quite identify what specific acts could be attributed to them - and no one in 225 years seems to have left the organisation to reveal its secrets.

Once they were all settled, the anonymous one began, "Welcome gentlemen. I shall get straight to business. What are the latest reports on Planet X?"

"Thanks to my sources the alternative press & various metaphysical messengers are dishing out lots of disinformation about the alleged return of planet X, referred to as "Nibiru" in ancient Sumerian texts popularised by Zechariah Sitchin. Our scientists have pinpointed its position and are following its progress," the Bilderberg member said.

"There is some concern that preparation for the welcome committee won't be in place at the right time," The Trilateral Commission representative added.

"That is being dealt with as we speak. Everything will be carried out as planned," the metallic voice answered.

"And the little problem of the Gizatrug?" Bilderberg asked.

"We have a man inside their group. When the time is right, we will act."

Another man spoke up. "The more prominent sources of information about this topic are coming from a group of Zeta-Reticulan beings. These entities claim to be of service to other oriented

organisations that wish to warn humans of an inevitable 'crossing' of Nibiru through our solar system, which they say will result in a pole shift of the Earth in late 2015.

These Zetas admittedly have interests in cross-breeding and genetic engineering and intend to make the Earth a home where they can live openly (instead of maintaining their presence underground and/or inter-dimensionally)," the member from The Council of Foreign Relations said.

"Do not be concerned. We have an arrangement with the Zetans. Everything will go according to plan," the shadow man answered.

Apart from Mohammed's find, the day's search proved fruitless and the oppressive heat added to growing irritability and restlessness among Sam's crew. "Time is of the essence. We can't afford to waste days out here in the desert," Anwar complained.

"So what do you suggest?" Sam asked, testily.

"I don't think the answer is to found in Eridu," Mohammed stated.

"But the riddle points to Enki, and this is his holy city," Sam responded, frustration showing in her voice.

"Yes, but look at the next line", Mohammed persisted. Then he read, "To heal the rivalry of Allah and his kin."

"Yes! So what does that mean?" Sam asked, edgily.

"It began with the story of the serpent becoming an evil symbol because this caused wars between Enki and his brother, Enlil (later known by the name 'Yahweh')," Mohammed explained.

"Enlil was called Allah. I never knew that!" Sam responded more animated.

"Yes, well these conflicts began at birth and had to do with the birthright to the royal throne of the Nibiruan civilisation in which Anu, was the leader and father of Enki and Enlil."

"There seems to be a parallel here between Enki and Enlil and Isaac and Ishmael of the of the Old Testament," Sam mentioned.

"Sam, there are many parallels between the two creation stories, but in reality, Enki and Enlil were one and the same divinity, them both having the same prefix En, which means Lord, king, and high priest. Since the dawn of time legends and exploits were attributed to them depending on whether the source was Eridu or Nippur, as each citizen regarded one of them as their god."

"So the rivalry was really between the citizens of Eridu and Nippur."

"Yes. And what do you notice about that?"

"What do you mean?"

"Look at the first letters of those two cities and tell me what you see."

"I see an 'E' and an 'N'. Oh! Now I get it. EN, the prefix of Enlil and Enki."

"I don't think it was any coincidence do you, Sam?"

"I don't know."

"I think the answer lies in Nippur."



"Mohammed, I know Nippur is the 'holy city' of Sumer and Akkad, but what makes you think the answer lies there?"

"Within, what used to be, its walls is the Ekur, the great temple of Enlil. I believe it is here that we will get some direction."

"What do you base this belief on?"

"Because one of the peculiarities of Nippur is that the Sumerian language was never lost there, and continues to be spoken by those in the area. It is a pole which attracts wise men, scholars, magicians, pilgrims of every nature, a city whose name is power."

*Nibiru/Planet X: Navigating The Sea Of ... - www.love-god.com. <https://www.love-god.com/Nibiru.html>*

## Chapter 14

**He, knowledge to the sheman gives, and integrated prints bring forth God's wrath. So the sheman was diddled twice.**

As they drove towards the ancient ruins, the high mound of man-made debris came into view. Almost a mile across and some sixty feet tall the pile, all that was left of Nippur, for thousands of years the religious centre of Mesopotamia. This was where Enlil, the supreme god of the Sumerian pantheon, enslaved humankind.

Sam had tried to persuade her companions to stay longer at Eridu, but the consensus of the group voted in favour of Mohammed's suggestion, which is why they were in Nippur.

So, accepting the decision of the majority Sam, although not entirely happy with the outcome, decided to get into the spirit of the trip. As the mound loomed bigger before them, she said, "Although it was never a capital city, Nippur had great political importance because royal rule over Mesopotamia was not considered legitimate without recognition in its temples."

"I thought it was the religious centre, not a political one," Mohammed queried.

"That's true. It was the most sacred centre in Mesopotamia. So, Nippur was the focus of pilgrimage and building programs by dozens of kings including Hammurabi of Babylon and Ashurbanipal of Assyria. Now, despite the history of wars between various parts of Mesopotamia, the religious nature of Nippur prevented it from suffering most of the destructions that befell sites like Ur, Nineveh, and Babylon."

"Which is why we are more likely to find clues to decode the riddle here," Mohammed answered, putting his point forward.

"Well we're here now so we will see," Samantha answered, smiling sweetly. She then added, "I will say this though. This site preserves an unparalleled archaeological record spanning more than 6000 years."

Disembarking from their vehicle, they noticed a solitary figure of a dark robed man about fifty metres away, with his back to them. Joab wondered how he had got there as there was no evidence of another vehicle or pack animal in the vicinity. "I wonder how he got here?" he queried, as the group assembled for instructions.

Sam brushed off the question, it being of no importance to her. "Now while you are looking around here bear in mind that Nippur was settled around 5000 BCE and played an important role in the development of the world's earliest civilisation. This city had many temples, government buildings, and important family businesses, and was probably more literate than other towns. The scribes left

thousands of Sumerian and Akkadian documents written on clay tablets. Included among this extraordinary body of texts are the oldest versions of literary works, such as the Gilgamesh Epic and the Creation Story, as well as administrative, legal, medical and business records, and school texts."

Having set up her group to carry out various tasks, Sam noticed that the stranger was still there, facing away from her. He was stooping, as though to pick up something. He then straightened up and turned her way. Sam could see his weather-worn features.

He smiled at her, showing gappy teeth. As she smiled back, he beckoned her toward him. She approached him warily, wondering why he had summoned her.

He bowed forward saying "Salaam Madam."

"Peace to you also. Now how can I help you?"

Giving a wistful smile the old Arab answered, "Perhaps it is I who can help you?"

Surprised by his reply, she uttered, "What do you mean?"

"You and your friends seek to unlock the code to find the ancient key."

Shocked at his reply, she responded, "Who are you and what do you want?"

"My name is Ibn Ben Abraim Wuzzah."

"Okay, Mr Wuzzah what do you mean about finding the ancient key?"

"There are others who also seek it but not for the right reasons."

"We are fully aware of that, which is why I feel uncomfortable talking about these things with a stranger such as yourself."

"I understand," he said. Then he turned and moved away.

As he did so Samantha, who was perplexed by the experience, said, "Don't go! Perhaps you can help us? God knows we certainly need assistance."

"Allah the magnificent knows all madam. It was he that guided me here."

The pair sat down, and the Arab asked, "Do you think it is Enki or Enlil that holds the key to other worlds?"

"I really am not sure. I was hoping that we would find something relevant at Eridu, but the rest of my friends wanted to come here."

Closing his eyes for a moment, the Arab fiddled with his wrist beads. Then he continued, "After An created the other gods Ammu, the goddess-mother of fresh water, asked her son Enki to generate humanity so that, by their work, they could bring food to the gods as offerings and sacrifices. Enki, the god of fresh water, without which no harvest was possible, made the first people out of clay.

But Enki had to deal with his wife's (NinkhurSag's) pride."

"I was not aware that she had pride issues Mr Wuzzah," said Sam.

"The Earth was created from the Cosmos, and man was made of clay using the power of Enki, the god of water."

"How does this knowledge help us," Sam queried.

Ibn continued, saying, "The goddess Ninkhursag claimed, after the creation of human beings, that she was capable of destroying the work of her husband."

"Why would she want to do such a thing?"

"Remember, she was the goddess of fertility, so she was furious that Enki's mother asked him and not her to create humanity."

"So even back then there was a rivalry between wives and their mother-in-laws", Sam responded in jest.

Either not getting the joke or just ignoring it, Ibn continued, "Enki prevented this, but he could not remove her power to create monsters, giants or deformed human beings."

"This is all very interesting but, as I said, I don't see where it helps us."

Pausing a while, the Arab smiled, saying, "Excuse me for rambling on madam but..."

Interrupting him, she said, "My name is Dr Goldman."

"Very well, Dr Goldman." He then explained. "The ancients understood something significant. They knew that the cosmos ran on two energy systems, one constructive and the other destructive. Enki represented the creative order, and his wife described the destructive system.

And all was well as long as they were in the balance. But there came about an imbalance and the Anunnaki, headed by Enlil, demanded total domination over humanity."

"But Enki was the one who interfered with humans genetically, not Enlil!"

"Yes but that is not important here, Dr Goldman. What is important is that this imbalance gave rise to religious monotheism and the one-eyed view of your present-day science."

"What do you mean?"

"Before adopting religious monotheism goddesses had as much power in the pantheons as did the gods. Both energy systems were understood and celebrated, so the cosmos was in perfect balance.

Then, having adopted the belief that this God created the universe and everything in it, humans ceased universal investigation and just worshipped God."

"Yes, this is all painfully obvious. So how does knowing about these two energy systems help us with our quest?"

"Because not everybody accepted this religious dictate. Some of the seekers after truth defied this God and partook of the tree of knowledge."

"But if this Mr God gave them everything they needed why did they bother to make life harder for themselves?"

"These, the intelligent ones saw through the Anunnaki deception and realised humans had been tricked."

"Tricked! In what way?" Sam enquired

He replied, "To enslave the humans, the Anunnaki had to make them think it was for their own good. So they distorted the truth to make humans accept their falsehood."

"Are you saying that monotheism was a deception perpetrated on humanity by the Anunnaki?"

"Yes, Dr Goldman."

"So who were these intelligent ones you speak of?"

"They, the followers of Ma'at are the ones empowered by the divine Goddess energy. They have a passion for knowledge, for learning, for being. They search for meaning and reason. They seek out their god self within."

She said, "How did they come to be in a world dominated by the one-eyed view you speak of?"

Ibn Ben Abraim Wuzzah looked about him, as though he thought they were being spied upon. Then he said, "Enki had contacts." Then seeing the look of puzzlement on her face he explained, "Enki was at least part Sirian and had Pleiadian connections.

He was the light bringer, the water carrier for humanity's salvation. Despite being held in high esteem in the Anunnaki ranks, he had a difficult task to perform. He had to comply with his father's ruling while, at the same time, attempting to improve humanity's lot."

"Well, it seems that he wasn't very successful. What with the hold that monotheism has on the religious world and the one-eyed scientists you talk about."

"Alas, Dr Goldman, you are correct. The ancients understood more about the atom than most of the scientists do today."

"Really! How so?"

"Vedic Atomism had it that the atom had three parts, based upon the idea of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva. Greek Atomism saw that the atom did not just work mechanically but that it had intelligence as well."

"What did they mean by 'intelligence'?"

"The Greeks invented a science based on values such as beauty, truth and justice. They were working with divine Goddess energy, the creative power of the universe. Therefore they recognised the creative as well as the destructive power of the atom. They called this creative power 'Nous'."

"The two energy systems you spoke of."

"Yes, Dr Goldman."

"So, it seems that science has actually taken a huge step backwards."

"Western science was rapidly accelerating until the brakes were applied by the Roman Church. Then Western science was banned, and Europe was plunged into the 'Dark Ages'. However, Islam, which was not under Roman dictate, worked with the banned Greek sciences and flourished while Europe floundered."

Samantha thought about this for a minute. Then she said, "Islam is a monotheistic religion, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. Allah, the merciful and compassionate is the one and only god."

"In which case you believe in a religion that only embraces the God energy system."

"Yes Dr Goldman, but let me explain. We never banned the creative sciences like the Western Church. In fact, we embraced the creative principle and at the same time kept it separate from our religion. In this way, we have maintained a balance in the cosmos."

"So are you saying that science in Islam is allowed to go its own way, but it is not sanctioned by your religion?"

"What I am saying, Dr Goldman is that the key to your quest is the balancing principle of these two energy systems. Now I must leave you". With that, he got up and slowly walked around the nearest mound.

"Ibn, please tell me more about this balancing principle," Sam yelled. Thinking that perhaps he was a little deaf and hadn't heard her, she followed where he had gone, but when she rounded the corner of the pile of sand and rubble, he was no longer anywhere to be seen. She wondered who the strange man was and how come he had such a good grasp of English?

<https://petruspaulusthong.wordpress.com/2017/02/10/similarities-between-sumer-and-the-bible/>

<https://www.christianforums.com/threads/are-we-evolving.7014478/page-7>

*The Nippur Expedition | The Oriental Institute of the ....*

<https://oi.uchicago.edu/research/projects/nippur-expedition>

## Chapter 15

**Thus white powder did they seek to awaken them from long dark sleep.**

Was he just a crazy old man? Sam wondered, scanning the empty space. Or did he really have something important to say? He certainly made things seem very simple but what had he meant by the 'balancing principle'? Sam wondered. All these questions kept her rational mind busy so that she didn't have to face the big one.

Where the hell had he gone? How was it possible for a human to just disappear into thin air in the middle of the desert? How was she going to explain it to the others? So, deciding they would probably think the heat had got to her or that she imagined things, Sam determined to keep the experience to herself.

The reason for such a strong CIA presence in Iraq was to protect America's interests, both military and financial. The financial aspect had a certain irony about it, Douglas Cane thought, as he ate lunch in his favourite restaurant. He was reading an article that showed that the concept of money and credit creation had actually developed right where he was, in Baghdad, when the city had been called ancient Babylon.

He read that, once relative values had been placed on commodities, (like cattle, grains or craft) silver and gold became established as a store of values and a convenient means of exchange. So, to guarantee the safety of their wealth, Nimrod, the Priest-king offered the temple vaults and protection of the gods as security for the treasure of his citizens. Observing that the bulk of deposits remained in the vaults at any one time, he developed the lucrative concept of lending other people's money at interest. This device was the key to unparalleled prosperity and unbounded influence.

Nimrod explained and franchised his scheme to certain illuminated Adepts, (bankers), who were licensed to take deposits and lend gold from the temple vaults at around 20% interest. Nimrod's next innovation was to issue clay tablet receipts in the value of the gold and sealed with the high priest's signet as legal tender - the precursor of today's paper money.

Although a wallet full of clay tablets would have been somewhat cumbersome to deal with it was a lot safer and more comfortable to carry than bullion, and it quickly gained acceptance and still has ancient Babylon's mark upon it.

As he ate, Douglas Cane's thoughts went to the treasure his people were seeking. He didn't even know if it really existed, but if it did, and if fell into his nation's hands, the US would be in control

of impressive power and be assured world domination. Then, realising he hadn't heard from his mole he made a memo to get a message to him as soon as he could.

"So, what were you so deeply engrossed in conversation about," Anwar asked Sam, as he reached for his water flask.

"He is actually a very knowledgeable man. Anwar, he was even able to help with the code."

"Help with the code! How?"

"He gave an explanation about healing the rivalry of Allah and his kin."

"That's amazing Sam. So what did he say?"

"He explained that the universe runs on two energy systems and that they have to be in perfect balance. That it is the wisdom of the spirit that harmonises the two systems."

Just then Joab came running up and verbally exploded, "Did you see where he went?"

"Where who went?" Sam asked, feigning ignorance.

"That Arab you were talking to. One minute he was there and the next 'poof' he was gone. How do you explain that?"

Now that she had to come clean, Sam answered, "I have no idea. Maybe he was a ghost?"

Mohammed, who had just joined them, said, "As a scientist Sam do you believe in ghosts?"

"No! Not really. But what other explanation is there?"

Later, as the party sat together Mohammed, who had been scribbling something on a piece of paper, said, "I think I might have an answer to the riddle of the disappearing man."

"I'm sure we'd all love to hear about it," Abdul responded.

"Okay, then I'll tell you. I've been thinking about this balancing principle the mysterious Arab spoke about to Sam. It seems that this code we are deciphering is talking about the properties of the Merkaba or star tetrahedron."

"The what?" Joab asked.

"Geometrically it comprises two interlocking tetrahedrons, resembling the Star of David except its three dimensional. These two interlocking shapes represent male and female energy in perfect balance."

"The two energy systems Ibn referred to," Sam put in.

"Exactly Sam. The one facing up is male and the one facing down, female."

"And where exactly do we find this star tetrahedron field, Mohammed?" Abdul asked.

"Our bodies. Well, it is around everything, not just our bodies." He then continued, "There is also a tube, a kind of energy axle, that runs through the body, much like the axis of the Earth that connects energetically two the north and south poles."

"What can we do to help activate this whichever?" Joab asked.

"What we have to do is learn to breathe through this tube as we consciously rotate the fields. This helps us to ascend to higher dimensional realities."

"So are you suggesting that Ibn managed to activate his Merkaba to make himself disappear?" Abdul asked.

Mohammed corrected, "He only appeared to disappear to us. To him, he appeared somewhere else."

"Now wait a minute Mohammed. How the hell could he do that?" Joab asked.

"That's not important right now. The important point is that the mystic showed us it is possible. It's now up to us to figure out how this fits in with the code so that we can activate it in ourselves."

As the group took in what Mohammed was telling them, Anwar, who had been working out things for himself, added, "This sheds new light on the riddle. The line 'snakes entwined a staff with wings', speaks of the two energy systems with the tube going through the middle. The 'uncoiling of Nehushtan is the breath that causes these two fields to rotate in different directions.

Then, 'shedding and being reborn of the Nile means that this tube acts as an eraser, in that whichever side of the tunnel you experience, the other side is erased from your consciousness.

Finally, to heal the rivalry of Anu and his kin, which means harmonising the male and female energy systems, to become at one in the tube, like being in the eye of a storm."

"That's truly amazing Anwar," Mohammed exclaimed.

"Yes, I really think you have cracked it so far. Well done," Sam agreed.

"If we are really talking about an internalised stargate here," Joab ventured, "then how can the bad guys get their greedy hands on it?"

"That's an excellent question, but one that will probably have to wait to be answered tomorrow," Sam said, yawning.

Mohammed and Abdul sat looking at the crisp night sky. The others had bedded down for the night, so the pair of Iraqis, not ready for sleep slipped outside the tent for a smoke.

Showing Abdul a copy of the enigmatic verse, Mohammed said, "We're up to here," pointing at the line that read 'For Satan is not what you think. He, knowledge to the sheman gives.' "So what do you make of that?"

"Alas, Allah has not given me such knowledge."

"Ah! But Allah has given us the brains to work it out, Let me show you."

"I would be delighted, Mohammed. So please enlighten me."

"Enki was often associated with the serpent. However, the story of the serpent becoming an evil symbol began with the wars between Enki and his brother, Enlil. Enlil later became Yahweh of the Jews. And his son, Nanna-Sin, even later became Allah."

"Surely it is blasphemy to suggest that Allah the compassionate was originally Anunnaki."

"If it is blasphemy I am but the humble messenger. The message comes from the Sumerian texts."

But Allah the merciful was not known until the time of Mohammed. So how could the Sumerians know of such things?"

"I don't know Abdul, but we are getting a bit off track here. The point is that these conflicts had to do with the birthright to the royal throne of the Nibiruan civilisation in which their father, Anu, was the leader and father of Enki and Enlil.

Enlil became jealous of his brother because Anu felt Enki (due to his wisdom and magical abilities) was the only saviour of the Anunnaki people. It was because of this conflict that Satan is portrayed as the serpent in the Adam and Eve story."

"Didn't this story have its roots in Sumer?"

"Yes Abdul, that's what Sitchin's translations tell us. In his book (The Twelfth Planet) after the Nephilim created humans to work in the gold mines of Africa. However, some were brought to Mesopotamia to help in the gardens of E-din.

But in the garden in E-din, where the Nephilim had their orchards, humans were told not to eat of a particular tree - called the tree of knowledge. Some humans disobeyed and discovered that the knowledge they gained was actually to allow them to reproduce sexually."

"Couldn't they reproduce their kind before then?"

No, because up to that point they were Enki's hybrids, a cross between homo erectus and Anunnaki genes, which, as hybrids, meant they couldn't reproduce sexually."

"So what did the Nephilim do?"

"They were furious. The Enlilites wanted to have control over The Enkiite experiment, so they made the humans leave the garden to fend for themselves in the mountains east of E-din."

"So did Enki encourage them in their disobedience?"

"Enki was not so much of a control freak as Enlil. He was the scientist who scrambled the light filaments in the human DNA to deactivate certain code functions to arrest human enlightenment, but he was not into world domination as was his half-brother."

This was a lot for Abdul to digest. He was baffled. "So let me see if I have got this right. Enki liked humans but manipulated them, and Enlil didn't like them, whichever as slaves, but didn't manipulate them."

"Yes, it's rather confusing I know, especially when we realise that Enki and Enlil are really two aspects of the same deity."

"Oh no! That makes it even harder to figure out what this message means."

Then some light dawned on him, and Mohammed responded, "Maybe not my brother. Enki, (the serpent) also known as EA, which just happens to be the initials of Eve and Adam, was both the female and male energy integrated, so whichever way we look at him, we cannot get the whole picture. Therefore Satan cannot be what we think he is."

Abdul was getting overloaded and needed to send his message to his masters in Baghdad but the subject intrigued. He queried, "That is all very well Mohammed, but I don't understand what this sheman thing is about?"

Mohammed pondered this part of the puzzle, and then remembered something. "Abdul, the name Earth comes from EA/Enki, and 'human' is related to Ninkhursag, who was Hathor (the House of Horus). Now HU (Horus) is also a transliteration of the ancient Sumerian EA, which when we translate it into Hebrew, HU means 'she'."

Seeing the blank look on his friend's face, He simplified it by saying, "All this line really means is that Satan gave knowledge to the human for humanity to know its true self. The problem was that humans were not ready for this and opted to remain as slaves of the Anunnaki creator gods they had become used to."



"So they believed it was a case of sticking with the devil they knew, rather than take a chance on a devil they didn't."

Yawning, Mohammed rose to his feet, saying, "We will tell the others in the morning. Good night Abdul."

Abdul watched his friend disappear into the desert night. Then he looked to the heavens, saying, "The answers are all there. We just have to decipher them."

<http://www.biblebelievers.org.au/bb980304.htm>

[http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/sumer\\_anunnaki/esp\\_sumer\\_annunaki07.htm](http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/sumer_anunnaki/esp_sumer_annunaki07.htm)

## Chapter 16

**For each to know who they are beauty and balance is the clue.**

"The period, known to the higher realms, as the 'Lucifer Rebellion', was recorded in Earth annals as 'the fall of man'," Mohammed said, stoking the small campfire.

"I am strangely interested in this," Abdul said, enjoying the starlit night with his friend.

"It was named after Lucifer the most incredible of angels, and the rebellion centred on his knowledge of the creational matrix patterning known as the Merkaba, which was originally intended to only be enacted internally. However, creating it internally meant you had to have your emotional body intact, along with your mental body, which protects you."

"I can't imagine Lucifer being emotional,"

"No Abdul. So Lucifer took things further than God intended. Seeing himself as the god, he created the Merkaba externally and in so doing brought about all the ills of humankind.

You see by separating himself from God, the source, it was not possible for him to activate his Merkaba internally so Lucifer did it externally, thinking it would have the same result. He couldn't have been more wrong though!

This is like saying the hydrogen bomb is the same as love because it has great warmth and light. In fact, this massive error on Lucifer's part has caused humans to 'play with fire' instead of internalising heat."

"I see, my brother. So the Americans think there is only an external Merkaba, which puts us ahead of the game."

"Yes, well this type of experiment, which had been attempted three times before the one that affected Earth, being as it was disconnected from the source, always ended in total chaos.

Our planet was terminating from Merkabas running amok and had to be brought back into male/female energy balance. When Merkabas are created from love, our emotional body becomes a living field around us but to build it externally you don't need love, only a calculating mind.

"That's so true. Now I think it is time to sleep," Abdul said, getting up. During the night he snuck out of the tent and found a quiet spot to send his latest update - about internalised Merkabas.

Throughout the aeons of time, particular people had taken residence in human form to right this wrong and most importantly to stop the awesome power of the externalised Merkaba from falling into the wrong hands. The one called Ibn Ben Abraim Wuzzah was one such person.

Sam and her group had no idea who or what they were dealing with or what role they were playing in a race to stop world domination taking place by the intelligent minds.

Sam was desperate to freshen herself up. Being involved in digs in the desert was her chosen life, but she would have killed for a hot shower and some hair conditioner. The archaeologist felt grubby and desperately needed to cleanse herself. Looking to the East, she noted the sun was just rising and the day's heat was beginning to set in.

Then she noticed the figure moving towards her. It was the same man that had talked to her before. As he shambled towards her, leaning on his stick for support, Sam felt fear engulf her. Who the hell was this guy and why did he keep coming to her?

"Good Morning Dr Goldman. We have to talk," he said, addressing her.

"Who are you really? I saw what you did yesterday, and it freaked me out."

With a smile displaying his gappy gold teeth, Ibn Wuzzah said, "Time is short, so I shall be brief." Much has happened on this planet that you and yours are not aware of. The power that your governments seek is not for them lest they come from a pure heart. Yet there is a way they can manipulate it but for them to be able to do so would be to the detriment of all human and planetary kind.

Your job is to locate this power and neutralise it before they get to it. This is humanity's only hope."

"Now wait just a minute! Just how are we supposed to carry out this awesome responsibility?"

"You are already doing it. But beware. There are those among you who are not true in heart and who seek to use you to help these false ones achieve their aim. Be wary of whom you deal with."

"Just who are you talking about here?"

"Alas, I cannot tell you. That is something you have to work out for yourself". With that, the Arab turned to go.

Samantha Goldman, needing more information, said, "Don't go Ibn. We need some help to locate this source of power. At least give me a clue."

Turning, the old man said, "Dr Goldman, first you have to locate it in yourself."

Then she asked, "How do you just disappear like you did yesterday?" He didn't answer her. He was no longer there.

Colonel Edward K Jackson figured he had enough to cope with as operations commander at Tassil air base without having to get involved in the CIA's kooky schemes. However, having ascertained that Colonel Cane's directive came from way up the line he had to comply.

With this in mind, he had set up a closed doors committee to look into, what he termed, 'the crazy stargate thing'. Turning to the small enclave, he said, "What gets talked about in this room stays in this room. Is that perfectly clear?"

"Yes sir" the others chorused.

"Okay! so what have we got?"

"Do you think this 'stargate' they're looking for is in Eridu?" someone asked.

Another chimed in "From the data we have gathered on this I'd be surprised if it isn't because it's where, according to the translations, the Anunnaki were supposed to have landed."

"Is there any concrete evidence to substantiate this?" the colonel asked.

"I may have something here," a geologist on the team answered. As part of our research into land structures we have had to take into account the magnetic grid lines and what we have discovered is that the 01-12 grid line directly connects to the 01-21 grid line, where 'ALL' the pyramids are!"

"Okay! So what the hell does that mean?" Jackson asked, out of his intellectual depth.

"I know its kind of complicated to the layman, but please bear with me sir. The main Becker-Hagens grid node #12 is over in the Rustmani tribal area of Pakistan." Then, passing diagrams among the group, he continued, "As you can see in the link I made where the X is it's where all the grid lines meet over Pakistan.

But what the X doesn't show is a list of all cities in Iraq that are within a 1/4-degree of the grid line (When headings are compared, that is)."

Then having got the group's attention, he handed around another chart. He then said, "Now you have an attached list of those cities, towns and villages in Iraq - about 788 of them - in this file. As you can see some of the villages in southern Iraq are on this list!

Now, if you circle them on a map of Iraq, you can get a ruler and connect the dots to make the grid line. As you will see the ancient site of Eridu is precisely along an Earth Star line, and is related to the Anunnaki, in that Anu means sky and Ki-Earth."

There was stunned silence for a minute, then the colonel spoke," So you think these grid lines are important to this Stargate thing we're supposed to be looking for?"

"Of paramount importance sir. Let me explain. Another anomaly we discovered is that the Dome of the Rock, which was allegedly built over Solomon's Temple, is precisely along the same Earth grid line as the ancient Anunnaki site of Eridu.

These locations and other power points along the same line connecting nodes 01 and 12 are found just a couple of miles away from the exact 01-12 grid line path.

The reason for this, we believe is because the waves of energy are probably pretty intense when you're kind of close to the main line like that."

"If the gate is where you say it is then why have our targets left the area?" the colonel asked, already knowing he wasn't going to get an answer.

<https://www.cyberspaceorbit.com/eridu.html>

## Chapter 17

**Though Adapa's confusion led him astray, He was right in his inner quest, to exit from the Pyramid wars, gold and alchemy opens the door.**

Iraq's national museum, which was identified as a prime target for looters, had sent the coalition commander and the head of CIA another memo on the subject of looting. It stated that the American command in Iraq had not fulfilled its obligation in making the 'Looting Problem' the second top priority. It went on to state that continued looting of the museum could mean 'irreparable loss of cultural treasures of enormous importance to all humanity. (More than 270,000 artefacts had already been taken).

It further asked why the US army had still failed to post soldiers outside the museum. Owing to this Colonel Cane had been summoned to a Joint Chiefs of Staff meeting to discuss the problem.

Entering the room, where the top brass sat around a large table, Douglas Cane was still seething inside. There were two reasons for his severe agitation. The first cause stemmed from the odd and

unsettling email reports he was getting from Abdul Jabbar Al Wahd, in which the mole had stated that a man had appeared and disappeared in front of him.

This was not what his secret service superiors wanted to hear, and he did not want to be replaced because of such reports. The second reason for his discomfiture was that the meeting was a total waste of his time, a mere cosmetic exercise to keep the museum officials off their back.

Although the official line from Washington was to protect these valuable artefacts at all costs the truth of the matter was very different. At best the Coalition forces did not care if the Sumerian treasures ended up on the black market. And at worse, they actively encouraged looting to help get rid of anything that could prove embarrassing to the biblical version of history.

General Ray Gardner, the head of ORHA (Organisation for Recovering Historical Artefacts), was livid. "We only asked for just a few soldiers at each building or, if not snipers, then just one or two tanks," he said.

"It's not that easy," Major Christopher Charcoal, a US Army civil affairs officer, responded, "Our tanks are deployed for specific reasons."

"With respect Major, your tanks have been idle since they have been inside the city, yet your generals refused to deploy them. Now look what has happened," he answered angrily, thrusting the newspaper article across the table to the American spokesman.

"We are doing what we can to rectify things General."

"Rectify things! It has now been more than two weeks since the last memo was sent, and we were told it had not even been read."

"And what about the hospitals Major," another member of the committee added. He then continued, "Hospitals, which were also ransacked and what did you do to protect them? Absolutely nothing!"

"We had not imagined that the Iraqis would resort to killing their own people," Major Charcoal responded.

"The Iraqi's have been killing their people ever since the West helped Saddam Hussein take power, General."

Douglas Cane thumped the table to get the committee's attention. "All this squabbling isn't going to get anybody anywhere. Sure we made mistakes gentlemen. So we're not fucking perfect! But we can learn from these mistakes. Let's look at some positive ways we can increase security in these areas," he stated.

Then, before he got a response, his phone rang. Excusing himself, he went to a more private space to receive his message.

The message had been direct and straight to the point. Although it was not the directive, Douglas had expected. The caller had merely and coolly ordered that Cane use his resources to locate and eliminate an Ibn Ben Abraim Wuzzah, the latest threat to the secret government's plans.

"Integrated prints bring forth God's wrath!" What's that supposed to mean?" Joab asked as he and Mohammed drove to the nearest town to pick up food supplies.

"Enlil was furious that Enki permitted humans to have access to knowledge, the mixing of the Anunnaki with human genes, thereby becoming more 'godly' and equal to the Anunnaki. To strike back at Enki, and in an attempt to regain his power over humans, Enlil vowed to tarnish Enki's

reputation by spreading the idea that the serpent of wisdom was evil. As you know the biblical writers indeed took this to heart."

"But what does that have to do with this stargate thing we are looking for?"

"Because the stargate is really an externalised Merkaba. To enter it safely, you have to be perfectly balanced in the male and female energies."

"Okay, so why would that incur God's wrath?"

"Because the Merkaba is externalised, it is cut off from the source (God) and can only be activated by two sources. One, a person with harmonised integrated male and female prints or two, further mechanisation to open it mechanically."

"Can it be opened mechanically?"

"It was made mechanistically so with the right technology, who knows? Anyway, look at the next line."

Joab read it out. "So the sheman was diddled twice. What does that mean then?"

I've been pondering that and all I've been able to come up with is the first time the human was tricked was when Enki fiddled with human genetics and the second time is when they were forced to leave the source by being kicked out of E-din.

However, it's the next line that could give us more help. The one that reads: Thus white powder did they seek."

"That's about alchemical changes to gold, isn't it?"

"Yes, Joab. Now, as you have heard the Anunnaki came to this planet some 500,000 years back to take our Earth's gold. Now I will go into a bit more detail about this. You see it wasn't the actual metal they wanted it was the White Powder of Gold they transmuted from it.

This white powder has been described in many different ways by sages and wise beings. It is in essence, the Elixir of Life. It is likewise, The Philosopher's Stone of Alchemy, the 'manna' of your ancient Hebrews, and even the 'What is it?' of the ancient Egyptians."

"Okay Mohammed, wait a minute I have to get this on tape. After checking everything was working, Joab said, "Okay Mohammed I'm ready."

The Iraqi doctor continued, "In our science, the white powder of gold is the ORME (or me) - i.e. gold (or any of the Precious Metals) in a monatomic form - which can result in Superconductivity within an organic body)."

"So what does ORME mean?"

"Orbitally Rearranged Monatomic Elements." He paused, then added, "When the white powder of gold is mixed in water, it becomes the Elixir of Life, the alchemist's dream, the genuine Holy Water. It is also known as The Golden Tear from the Eye of Horus, or that which issues from the mouth of the creator."

It was also known as the 'spittle of God' - not the word of God, but the spittle of God. Others even referred to it as the semen of the father in heaven and the Milky-Way. Now, putting the white powder in water doesn't result in it dissolving. Instead, it forms a gelatinous suspension, and looks very much like a vial of semen."

Just at that moment, Mohammed's eye caught the obstacle ahead of them. Instantly switching from mystical to normal mode he slowed the 4WD down and stopped a few metres in front of the Iraqi soldiers blocking the road.

"Leave this to me," Mohammed said. as one of the soldiers walked towards their vehicle.

"With pleasure, but what is this all about?"

Mohammed didn't respond. His eye was on the Iraqi soldier heading in their direction. The tall, lean man, wearing a military-style vest stuffed with grenades and machine gun ammo, cradled an old but serviceable Kalashnikov.

There followed an exchange in Arabic after which Mohammed and Joab were ordered to get out of their vehicle.

Mohammed showed the soldier Dr Goldman's authorisation to carry out the dig. The soldier looked at it scornfully and then spat on the sand. Although Joab hadn't a clue what they were saying even he could see that things weren't going too well.

Just then another soldier came forward. He sported a Saddam Fedayeen logo - a winged heart - tattooed on his hand and wore camouflage print pants and a T-shirt. He had covered his mouth with a black-and-white scarf, though the other men with him weren't disguised. He smiled, salaamed, and then asked, in reasonable English, what the problem was.

As the first soldier deferred to him, it was reasonable to assume that he held a higher rank. Mohammed explained who they were and that they were just after supplies to take back to Nippur, where we were working.

The officer told Mohammed that the area was off limits as they were about to ambush an American patrol. It was said so casually that it made Joab shudder.

There was another exchange in Arabic then Mohammed turned to Joab, saying, "This is the situation. We can't go into town to get supplies. However, it has been suggested that we go to their camp where they have some basic foods and petrol for the car."

"Well that sounds okay," Joab responded. But Mohammed wasn't looking at all happy. So Joab said, "Okay, there's a downside to this generous offer, isn't there?"

"I'm afraid so Joab. In exchange for the supplies, they want Sam's car."

"Sam's car! I don't get it. How the hell are we supposed to carry the supplies they so generously want to give us?"

"They said they will swap with one of their vehicles, but I have a feeling we won't do so well out of the deal."

"Tell them no. Let's just turn around and get the hell out of here."

"I would Joab, but we don't have enough petrol to get back to the group."

"Shit! So are you saying we have to go along with their stinking deal?"

"I'm afraid it looks that way unless Allah steps in and shows us another way."

It wasn't the prophet that stepped in. It was an armed soldier who got in the car with them. A gun barrel pressed against Mohammed's neck prompted him to stop the car outside a remote, overgrown farm surrounded by a high wall.

The pair were then escorted by guerrillas who entered the paramilitary compound through a padlocked side door. Mohammed warned Joab of snakes as they walked down a dirt path strewn

with military boots, charred metal parts and tubs of freshly picked dates from the tall palm trees that cast shadows over the compound. Stockpiles of canned food could be seen from the path as they were ushered into a building to await their fate.

## Chapter 18

**Moses with his snakes and staff, Then, Adonai usurped, and YHWH become, And Enki's exit made Marduk king.**

From a farm hidden among tangled grapevines and tall date palms two hours south of Baghdad, Mohammed and Joab waited to hear from the officer they had spoken to previously. Rather than sacrificing Sam's car Joab had suggested he could tape a favourable interview from the freedom fighters perspective for his magazine.

The officer had had not discounted the possibility of such a trade for provisions but had been called urgently away before any deal was done.

There was a lot of movement and shouting in the makeshift camp as guerrilla fighters, both Iraqis and foreigners, set out on yet another raid, the like of which had killed dozens of US soldiers in the previous four months.

Faintly in the distance, Mohammed could hear the dirge, the farmer's song that was code from a lookout point, to assure commanders that passing motorists couldn't see the band of guerrillas preparing for their next attack on American soldiers.

"Why don't we just piss off while they are so busy?" Joab suggested, entirely out of his depth.

"They may only be armed with grenades and rifles Joab, but they could make a real mess out of us and Sam's car."

"Then what the hell are we supposed to do?"

"We have to sit tight. I will pray to Allah for guidance. You pray to the god of your choice".

"If praying is our only chance we haven't got a fucking prayer", Joab retorted, failing to see the humour in his own remark.

"I get it, yes. Very funny Joab. But prayer can be mighty you know". Anyway, being held here gives me time to tell you more about this monatomic gold, that's if you want to hear about it."

"You might as well. At least it will pass the time."

"With such unbridled enthusiasm how can I refuse", Mohammed responded, sarcastically. He then continued, "For alchemists, the goal had always been to make the white powder of gold, to make 'the container of the light of life'. After that, if you stood in its presence, you wouldn't age."

"You are kidding, aren't you Mohammed."

"Not at all. It is also said that if you partook of it, you would live forever. Its history goes back to our wise ones: Enoch, Thoth, Hermes Trismegistus, and the same being by any other name, who ascended to heaven by partaking of the white drops and thereby avoided death. This is talking about ascension to the 5th dimension without having to die in the 3rd."

"How is that supposed to work then?"

Mohammed thought about how to answer this question. He was silent for a minute. Then he said, "He who integrates the two spiralling forces of the Merkaba moves into the 5th dimension and cannot be seen in the 3rd dimension."

"That old guy. The one who disappeared in front of us. Did he go into the 5th dimension?"

"Well, he certainly wasn't visible in the 3rd any longer. So, yes I suppose he was able to activate his Merkaba."

"Then he could help us find this stargate."

"Possibly, yes. That is if we see the Arab mystic again."

"But surely he turned up when he did for a reason!"

"It's possible Joab. Who are we to know? Anyhow, let's get back on track here. Did you know that in The Egyptian Book of the Dead and the Papyrus of Ani, based on papyrus from the Old Kingdom Egypt - there is a curious repetition of the phrase, 'What is it?'

Samples from the papyrus read: I am purified of all imperfections. What is it? I ascend like the golden hawk of Horus. What is it? I pass by the immortals without dying. What is it? I come before my father in Heaven. What is it?"

Listening, Joab waited for Mohammed to pause, then he said, Ani, that sounds pretty much like Anu, doesn't it?"

"It does, yes. Now, this what is it? is the same as the white powder of gold."

"How do you know that?"

"Well, Joab the latter question repeats itself for hundreds of times throughout the lengthy ancient document. The 'What is it?' literally translates into Hebrew as 'manna'. Even a modern dictionary may define manna as 'What is it?' The manna was the bread taken by the high priest, the Melchizedek priest.

Your Moses told the Hebrew people at one point, 'You have not kept the covenant, and so the manna is being taken from you. But it will come back in the end times'. And guess what? Those end times are here for you right now, and the manna is turning up in the 'Photon Light' washing over our planet right now!

He told his people this will occur when we are a nation of high priests, not an elect high priesthood."

"That would certainly make a nice change".

"Yes, humans in their present depleted state cannot handle the power of any religion that is connected to the source, which is why they see their religion as the source itself."

"As a Moslem do you include Islam in that?"

"That is a good and courageous question, Joab. The answer is I have to. I yearn for a time when all humanity is united under the criteria of the source and not just our idea of it."

Joab thought about this for a moment, and then he said, "In such a scenario we wouldn't need religion, would we?"

"Not if we lived our lives religiously." Then Mohammed smiled and continued, "So, see that the manna, the white powder of gold, is the food, the light, one takes into their body.

You take it in through your cells and, if you allow it to, it will upgrade your DNA. It is indeed the Food of the Gods and those who make it their food become gods and goddesses on Earth."

"That's all very well but how can we make this white powder of gold?"



"Modern day Rabbis may well tell you that no one has known how to make the manna, the white powder of Gold, since the destruction of the Temple of Solomon. The technique is, supposedly, a lost art or lost knowledge. But others will argue that when the high priests left the Temple (when it was destroyed), they took the secret out into the desert and organised a commune called Qumran.

There, they became the Essene Brotherhood. Anyway eventually, the white powder was used to nourish a woman named Mary, a High Priestess of the Temple of Isis, and finally, she gave birth to a man named Jesus."

"Jesus, Mohammed! I haven't heard that one before."

"Yes well, some learned people claim that it was the white powder of gold that allowed Jesus his many gifts, including his ascension into heaven."

"Well you'd expect Jesus to have Christ consciousness, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, you could say that. Anyway, these gifts include perfect telepathy, the ability to know good and evil when it's present, (it's not as easy as you may think) and to project thoughts into another person's mind."

"And it's all down to this white powder?"

"Yes, Joab but there's even more, such as the ability to levitate, or to walk on water. And by excluding all external magnetic fields (including the Earth's gravity), the white powder of gold takes you beyond the fourth-dimensional space-time continuum, and you then become a fifth-dimensional being.

Just imagine it! You can literally think where you would like to be, and be there."

Looking at him Joab responded, "I'd certainly like to be away from this shit hole."

"We could try meditating to see if it would work," Mohammed added, lamely.

Joab moved to the window to see what if anything was going on outside. Apart from the armed guard consigned to them everything seemed uncannily quiet. Then they heard the explosions and chattering gunfire that rent the air. The patrol had been hit.

Samantha checked her watch. It was only a 40-minute drive to the town, and the pair had been gone a good three hours. Sighing, she went back to reading her notes.

Just then she looked up to see Ibn Wassah walking towards her. "Hello," she beamed as he bowed and salaamed.

"Dr Goldman. I only have a little time here so I will be brief."

"Ibn, I know you have the power to dematerialise. So why can't you go through the gate?"

"It is not for me to determine such things. I am merely the messenger."

"Then what is the message?"

"You are close, closer than you think. Yet there are those that would do you harm to gain the knowledge you seek. They have the means but not the location."

"Then, please tell me the location Ibn, so that we can do our work."

"You have to be ready. If you are not truly ready the experience will destroy you. Do you understand the seriousness of what I am telling you?"

Stunned, Sam stammered, "Yes, I think so."

Then he reached inside his djellaba and produced a small silver case. This he gave to Samantha, saying, "This is the food of the gods. Who-so-ever enters the gate has to ingest this first."

"Thank you Ibn," Sam responded, taking the proffered gift.

"There is one more thing then I must away. Look for Enki's exit."

"Enki's exit! But where is....? The question hung unanswered in the air as Ibn had disappeared again.

An hour or so later, elated but battle-wearied, the surviving Iraqi troops sauntered back into their desert camp. Shortly after that the commanding officer they had spoken to before and a handful of Guerrillas agreed to be interviewed. Joab started his tape recorder, and the leader began,

"We will fight until the last vestige of the American presence in Iraq is gone."

"How are you going to be able to overcome the vast numbers and military superiority of the Americans?" Joab asked.

Smiling, the Iraqi answered, "Our fate is simply victory or martyrdom."

"Are all your men fighting with you Iraqis or are some of them sympathisers from other Arab nations?"

Abdullah, the cover name of the officer being interviewed, answered, "Our courageous fighters are mostly former Iraqis."

"Are your young men conscripts?"

"Army officers and young Iraqis joined in the struggle against American domination and for national liberation because they were angry over the deaths or arrests of family members during US raids in the hunt for Saddam Hussein and his supporters."

"Are you one of Saddam's former officers?"

"No, I left Jordan for Iraq just before the war, when volunteers from neighbouring Arab countries lined up at the borders to show their willingness to help Iraqi soldiers."

"So you are actually Jordanian."

"Yes."

"So what drew you to the Iraqi cause? Were you stirred up by the possibility of a Jihad?"

"No, I was drawn, not by religious beliefs but by the fear that war in Iraq would lead to the Western rule of the Middle East. I have since met like-minded Syrians, Egyptians and Afghans from other cells as well."

"What was it that actually made you commit yourself to this cause?"

"I saw what the Zionists did to Palestine, how they destroyed Palestinian homes," he said. "I told myself I could never let this happen to another Arab country. The Americans are only coming to occupy Iraq, to drain this land of its natural resources and we cannot allow this to happen."

The interview was interrupted by the thrumming of rotor blades as a pair of heavily armed helicopters flew towards the farm camp. The only forward warning of their imminent arrival was an inadequate bullhorn siren wired to a microphone. Soon everyone was ducking for any cover they could find as air to ground missiles unerringly found their targets.

Joab could hear yelling and screams as, what was just minutes before, the makeshift military camp, erupted into flames, as exploding vehicles and buildings added even greater heat to an already scorching day.

Mohammed grabbed Joab's arm, saying, "We have to leave now. Follow me, and we will see if any of these vehicles are actually working."

As they emerged from into the afternoon sun, their eyes took in the horror of decapitated bodies and mangled machinery before them. Being in survival mode, their only aim was to get out of the camp as fast as they could before American ground troops arrived.

With the initial attack over, the pair also had to escape before the remaining guerrillas regained their wits. They headed to the first vehicle they could find that seemed in reasonable shape.

As Mohammed encouraged the truck's engine to start Joab grabbed some of the surviving food supplies and threw them into the canvas covered tray of the old vehicle they had commandeered. They could hear the anguished shouts of the freedom fighters as their transport coughed into life.

Mohammed floored the accelerator, and they roared away in a cloud of dust, bullets pinging on their tailgate as they left the Iraqi militiamen in their wake. They had escaped by the skin of their teeth. Mohammed, turning to Joab, said, "It looks as though Allah came up trumps after all."

Joab, who was just pleased to have escaped from the rebel's clutches, responded, "I can't argue with that Mohammed."

<https://www.facebook.com/OnePhilosopherStone/about>

*White Powder of Gold - bibliotecapleyades.net.*

[https://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/ciencia/esp\\_ciencia\\_oro4.htm](https://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/ciencia/esp_ciencia_oro4.htm)

*September 2003: Week Two: This Far and No Further.*

<http://www.iraqtimeline.com/sep03/sep03week2.html>

*Resistance fighters vow to attack until U.S. troops leave ....* <http://www.mcclatchydc.com/latest-news/article24439300.html>

<https://www.facebook.com/OnePhilosopherStone/about>

## **Chapter 19**

**The lamb of God the sign of Sin, whether solar disk or crescent moon, Hermetic magic will reveal, The staff the dead can raise.**

The quiet, nondescript man in seat 22H mused over his role in the global scope of things. He was one of the alleged evil men attempting to set up a deliberate counterfeit New World Order. He was the kind of man the world might see as the Anti Christ, but he did not see it that way. To him, the world was weak and sick and needed a steady hand at the helm. Travelling incognito under the alias Smith he marvelled at what he and his kind had achieved.

The NWO establishment the secret government had been building was nearing completion, with just a few final bricks to be put in place. This was his reason for flying Gulf Air to Saudi Arabia where he would connect with a military transport plane for his flight to Tassil Airbase. He had taken the bold step to leave his total anonymity behind to take on the role of bricklayer for the final phase.

"I hope they haven't run into any problems," Anwar said, as he sat next to Sam.

"They should have been back hours ago. I wonder what is holding them up," Samantha said, her anxiety showing.

Just then they heard a loud engine noise and a few seconds later saw the shape of a vehicle just ahead of a massive cloud of dust. "Looks like we've got visitors and if I'm not mistaken, that looks like an Iraqi army truck," Anwar stated.

"I wonder what it's doing out here?" Sam queried.

As the truck came to a halt, Sam yelled, "It's Mohammed and Joab."

"Praise be to Allah for delivering them safely," Anwar extolled.

"Where on earth have you two been?" Sam asked. Then she added, "And where's my Land Cruiser?"

"Alas, a victim of this war I am afraid."

"What do you mean, Mohammed?"

"It was destroyed in an American attack on an Iraqi military compound. We were lucky to get away with our lives."

"I wouldn't count on it!" Sam retorted angrily.

Joab added, "Sam, we're very sorry, but the whole thing was out of our control. The good thing is we managed to get alternative transport and some provisions as we left."

"That thing you turned up in is no compensation for my Land Cruiser. I've got a bloody good mind to sue the Yanks for another one."

"You could do that Sam," Mohammed agreed, "but how would you explain what we were doing in the camp in the first place?"

Sam shrugged. She knew he was right and so let any other remarks go.

Later, as they sat around the fire eating cold meat rations from cans, Samantha made an announcement. Looking at the small, tired band, she said, "I saw Ibn today, and he gave us a clue."

"What clue?" Abdul asked.

"He said to look for Enki's exit."

"And did he happen to point out where that is?" Joab asked.

"Not exactly but in the code, it says Enki's exit made Marduk king."

"How does that help us?" Mohammed asked.

"I think we will find the answer back in Eridu", Anwar suggested. He then added, "After all that is where Enki's sacred place is."

"So it's all been a waste of time coming here," Joab complained.

"I wouldn't have met Ibn Wuzzah if we hadn't come here," Sam challenged.

"Yes but that doesn't make sense. If the old Arab can appear just where he wants to why couldn't he do so at Eridu?" Mohammed pointed out.

"So what are you saying, Mohammed?" Sam asked.

"I don't know. Maybe we are here to discover something else, something that will lead us closer to the Stargate."

"We can't hang around here forever on that basis Mohammed. I think we have to take a vote on where we go next."

As the military transport plane prepared to land at Tassil Airbase Smith saw the two main runways on the sandy desert floor loom before him. Two fighter squadrons waited in readiness on blistering hot concrete not far from the 36 hardened aircraft shelters known as 'trapezoids' or 'Yugos,' as they had been built by Yugoslavian contractors sometime before 1985.

The aircraft soon touched down inside the 22 kilometres of security perimeter fencing. A blast of 120-degree heat hit Smith as he emerged from the plane. He was quickly ushered to a waiting staff car, which took him to meet Colonel Edward K Jackson in his air-conditioned office.

Although Smith, as the Master Illuminati, lived a life of virtual anonymity he wasn't taking any chances of being recognised. Before he met with Colonel Jackson and Douglas Cane, who had also been summoned, he donned dark glasses and wore a wide-brimmed sun hat low on his head.

His involvement with the secret government meant he had to live a grey life, an existence in which all but a few people knew he lived at all. His involvement with the 1983 Montauk project, and thus the Philadelphia experiment of 1943 had made him well aware of the existence and influence of the Greys and the deals they had done with the American government. Smith was no stranger to the reality of ETs and inter-dimensional travel and what that portended.

They were waiting for him to arrive and Douglas Cane was glancing at his watch as Smith, escorted by two air force personnel, entered the room. He acknowledged the two officers and then sat down at Jackson's desk.

Looking at the two colonels, he announced, "Gentlemen we are about to be a part of history, part of something so stupendous that it has never happened for thousands of years."

The two officers nodded in agreement but not really knowing what they were nodding about.

Smith continued, "Therefore it is imperative that we secure and contain ground zero (Smith speak for star gate) within 7 days."

"Seven days! That only gives us a week!" Colonel Jackson said, stating the obvious.

"Do you have a problem with that?" Smith replied, with quiet menace showing in his voice.

"It's just that we haven't yet been successful in locating ground zero..."

"You've been given plenty of warning so why have you not secured that area Colonel?"

"Because we don't know what it is that we are supposed to be securing."

"Of course you don't Colonel. That's why other people are out there finding it for you." Then, turning to Director Cane, he asked, "Has your mole provided the necessary information?"

"Not as yet Sir. Although I am informed that the team he is infiltrating is putting the pieces together" said Cane

Smith did not like what he was hearing. He got up, walked to the door, looked around, then he asked, "Colonel is this room clean?"

"Yes Sir, very secure."

"Very well gentlemen I shall continue. Now what I am about to say is known to only a handful of people and has to be kept within these walls. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes Sir," the pair chorused.

"I cannot emphasise enough that only the highest officers on this planet are privy to this knowledge."

"I am honoured to move in the same circles as our president Sir."

"The President of the United States does not know of this."

Douglas Cane stared at Smith; his eyes showing surprise he uttered, "The President doesn't know?"

Smith continued, "That is neither here nor there. What is important is that we are expecting some extraordinary guests to arrive at ground zero very soon and we have to be there to welcome them. Do I make myself clear?"

"Special guests! What guests?" Colonel Jackson asked, puzzled.

Details are not necessary Colonel." Then he asked, "Do you know why I have had to alter my plans to make this trip out here?"

They shook their heads.

"It is because of your incompetence, gentlemen!"

Going on the defensive Colonel Jackson responded, "With respect Sir!..."

"With respect nothing, Colonel. If everything had been in place and in readiness for the arrival of our significant guests, I wouldn't have to be here talking to you about it now. We have seven days gentlemen, and the clock is ticking."

With that Smith called the meeting to close. As he left the office, he turned, saying, "You gentlemen have been afforded a very great honour, and you must accept the responsibility that goes with it. If our guests are not looked after well, it will mean not just dire consequences for you but for the world itself."

Sam and the team voted and chose to return to the archaeological site comprising Eridu, now known as Abu Shah Rain. They came to a consensus, reasoning that, like Eridu, which is also known for the patron god Enki (EA), 'god of the sweet waters that flow under the earth', seemed the likely place for Enki to hand over rule to his son Marduk. And thus be the place of Enki's exit.

As the old army truck rattled along the dusty desert road, Joab, who was under canvas in the back with Mohammed and Abdul, asked, "What's that about the 'the Lamb of God the sign of Sin whether solar disk or crescent moon."

Mohammed thought about it, and then he said, "It's about the moon."

"The moon?"

"Yes, Joab. Sin was the Sumerian Moon God the Ziggurat of Ur is dedicated to. In your bible, it states The 'lamb of God takes away the sins of the world'."

"Yes, but isn't it referring to Jesus as the Lamb of God, not the moon?"

"The moon was around long before your Jesus was. The ancients understood that the full moon was the perfect time to offload emotional baggage. Why do you think dog's bay at the full moon?"

"I don't know! Why?"

"Because the moon is like a powerful magnet and draws to itself blocked energy from the Earth. This is why the full moon often stirs up emotions in people by reflecting them back to them so that they can see their emotional blocks and, hopefully, deal with them."

Joab reflected on what Mohammed had told him. A little later he asked, "So what does this stuff about the moon have to do with this stargate?"

Mohammed answered, "It is to do with purification."

"What do you mean, purification?"

"Whether solar disk or crescent moon, hermetic magic will reveal. This speaks of purification through integration, not separation. The solar disk is gold, and the crescent moon is silver, and the two have to be balanced to bring about harmony. Such equilibrium allows the experience of the Hermetic magic."

"Which is?"

"It is the sealed and internalised stargate, the Merkaba," Abdul stated, excitedly.

Mohammed had recognised a change in Abdul's attitude towards the quest they were embarked on since they had left Nippur. He couldn't quite put his finger on what the difference was exactly, but he had noticed that Abdul was more open and forthcoming. He seemed to have more of an aura of peace about him, as though he had thrown his fate to the wind.

Coming to the end of their long dusty drive Samantha pointed out the mound called Abu Shah Rain, which was one of the most important prehistoric urban centres in southern Babylonia.

She explained that it was built on sand dunes, probably in the fifth millennium BC and it ultimately showed the sequence of the pre-literate Ubaid civilisation.

Anwar acknowledged this, then he said, "So where do we go from here?"

She answered, "I don't know Anwar. But I have something to show you." She took the silver case out of her pocket and carefully handed it to him, saying, "Be careful that you don't spill it."

"What is it?" He asked, gently handling the small case.

"You're right", Sam smiled, "It is the 'what is it?' of the ancient Egyptians."

"You don't mean the white powder of gold?" Anwar said, excitedly, as he opened the case. Then he asked, "Where on Earth did you get this?"

"Ibn gave it to me."

Stunned, Anwar said, "This is worth its weight in gold, literally. So why did he give it to you?"

"Perhaps he thinks I am the one."

"What do you mean by the one?"

"One of us has to go through the stargate so perhaps that someone is me."

Anwar couldn't believe his ears. "Sam do you know what you are saying?"

"I know it's dangerous, that's why Ibn gave me the powder - to protect me."

"Do the others know?"

"No, I haven't told them yet. I wanted to tell you first."

Later that night, armed with the information about the monatomic gold, Abdul found a quiet corner to send his email. His batteries were nearly flat, so he had to be quick. Halfway through his message, Abdul heard a sound. Quickly turning around he came face to face with Mohammed. There was silence for a moment. Abdul set about shutting down his notepad but not before his friend caught a glimpse of the email. "Who are you going to send that to?" Mohammed asked, accusingly.

"My brother you don't understand."

"You are right Abdul. So explain to me why you are sending messages and who they are for?"

"It is very complicated ..."

"No Abdul! It is straightforward. You either tell me everything here and now or you explain it to the whole group."

"I didn't want to do this Mohammed, but I was forced to."

"Who forced you to spy on us?"

"They threatened me with prison if I didn't co-operate."

"So you mean the spooks."

"Yes, the CIA in Baghdad."

Mohammed felt betrayed. He had persuaded Sam that Abdul was genuine when he should have listened to her female intuition.

However, the worst thing was that they had all been compromised by Abdul's treachery. Turning to the traitor, he asked, "How did you get the Gizatrug then?"

"It was supplied by the CIA."

Dr Humaz froze. He had no idea that the spooks knew such intimate details about Gizatrug and the realisation was alarming to him. "What do the spooks want then?"

"I don't know the details. I was just told that they were after something you were looking for. When I first joined your group all I cared about was keeping out of prison but now it is different."

"What do you mean by different Abdul?"

"I came to realise that you are engaged in important work. Vital work and, although I don't really understand what it is, I realise I am part of it."

"What do you mean, part of it. You are only here to spy on us. You betrayed us, and by doing so, you have compromised the whole mission, to say nothing of putting our lives in jeopardy."

"Yes that was so, and I am truly sorry. I was just thinking of myself and getting back to my family. Look, Mohammed, I don't understand why this has happened, or why we are all here together at this time but I am pleased that you have caught me tonight because now I can clear everything up."

"I should report you to Samantha."

"Please don't tell anyone else my friend and I beg of you not to judge me too harshly. I don't know why but I now know that I had to be here and if what happened was the only way for that to come about, then who am I to question Allah's plan?"

"You are not making much sense, Abdul."



"That's because it doesn't make a great deal of sense to me either. All I know is that tonight is my atonement in readiness for whatever Allah has in store for me."

Mohammed hadn't heard Abdul being so religious or earnest before. He certainly seemed sincere. Yet could he be trusted? Turning to Abdul, he said, "Give me the digital notebook."

After it was handed to him, he placed it on the ground and smashed it with a rock. Then, looking at his friend, he said, "Abdul, I will leave you to your atonement. I will decide after I have slept on this serious matter whether I will tell the others or not." With that, Dr Humaz headed back to the tent.

## Chapter 20

**That such a dragon can divine, over an arch before the eye.**

The shadow man looked up at the two interlaced triangles over the arch in the centre of the wall facing him. The symbol represented, according to the secret government iconography, the sexual organs in the act of procreation, (spirit and solidity in equilibrium).

Spirit, in his quasi-religious cult, was identified as the active-male principle in Freemasonry, while the material realm was considered the passive-female law.

It was a symbolic representation of the sex force, or the New Age 'sacred serpent' the Kundalini energy, which he saw to be a deliberate perversion of the pure Love of God.

As he waited for the inner circle to arrive the shadow man mentally noted that this very star was mentioned and condemned by the Father of our Lord Jesus in Amos 5:26 (and it was called by Him, 'the star of your god, Molech' (Baal).

It was in existence long before the time of Solomon, who took this symbol upon himself when he went into idolatry, after which it became known as the 'Seal (or mark) of Solomon' in all magic and witchcraft.

It has proven, self-confessed links to universal Masonry, which is directed and controlled entirely by the dominant Independent Order of the B'nai Brith (sons of the cult, or covenant).

The shadow man had studied this symbol thoroughly. He knew that the 'Hex' or Six-Pointed Star became the symbol of the Sabbatarians, the Jewish mystics of the Cabbala, and was knowingly adopted from these sources as the symbol for Zionism - Political Judaism.

Judaism, the newly formalised belief system of the Pharisees, which arose in Babylon with the commitment of the oral 'tradition of the elders' (which Christ continually denounced) to writing after the destruction of the Temple in AD 70.

Judaism, which is a man-made religion of Talmudic tradition and Cabbalistic occult superstition, represented the institutionalised nullification of all Biblical law and doctrine. The Shadow man thought that Judaism's God was not the God of the Bible, but was instead one of the strange gods of the Talmud and the religious self-worship they instil.

The illegal Jewish State of Israel, created by the UN on May 14, 1948, intentionally adopted the occult symbol of the Six-Pointed Star (of Ashteroth or Astarte). It now adorned the Knesset (Jewish Parliament) proudly displayed on the Israeli flag and elsewhere, requiring explicit Jewish Cabbalistic recognition.

His attention was then directed to the 12 men entering the meeting hall, each through a different door. Once they were seated, the shadow man began, "We are here as servants of the creator gods. We are in readiness for their arrival. I have spoken to them, and they are pleased with our progress". After a short pause, he said, "Now gentlemen do you have any questions?"

One of the members spoke up. "Yes, Grand Master. My question is do we know the location yet?"

"That will be revealed soon."

"Surely the creator gods know where the location is so why can't they tell you?"

"As a servant of the Illuminated ones I do their bidding. I do not demand answers from them."

Another delegate responded, "Perhaps it is time you did Grandmaster."

"Are you questioning my wisdom in this matter?"

"Grandmaster, time is moving swiftly, and we don't have the location yet. Desperate times call for desperate measures so why don't you seek their help?"

"I have my reasons, and that should suffice unless of course, you don't trust my judgement."

"It's not that. It's just that we have to find this location in just a few days and all we have is a bunch of incompetents looking for it."

"Gentlemen, any challenge to my authority has to go through the correct channels. This is not the time or the place."

The member sat back, deciding not to push it any further.

They negotiated bomb craters and a ragged metal carpet, at least a mile long, of spent rockets, artillery shells, cartridges and the bleached metal bones of burned-out military vehicles. Sam pointed the finger at a second mound rising from the sands. "Look, Abu Shah Rain."

A shiver runs up Mohammed's spine whenever he was in the vicinity of Eridu, the mother of all cities, the seed of Ur. Its crumpled ziggurat, built and rebuilt over many thousands of years, became the building prototype of the Parthenon, St Paul's, the White House, and not forgetting the World Trade Centre.

Clambering out of the army truck at the ancient site, what hit Sam first was not the history but a wall of heat and an even hotter wind. The group's feet crunched across seashells - thousands of years old - and cartridge shells. Only Enki knew who was shooting at what there, during the Gulf war. The Iraqis had told Sam that the Americans have been taking pot shots at these archaeological sites ever since their invasion, but it is precious little visible to bomb at Eridu.

Whatever pure strength this city once encapsulated had long been buried under the sands, like the kings who built and rebuilt it. If not hubris or war, Sam wondered, what determines human ambition?

The earliest village settlement of Eridu around 500 BCE had grown into a substantial mass of mud brick and reed houses by 2900 BCE, covering the city. Eighteen superimposed mud-brick temples at the site underlined the unfinished Ziggurat of Amar-Sin, the ruins of which held the attention of Sam and her group. "Now if there is some kind of inter-dimensional portal where is it?" She asked.

"I take it that was a rhetorical question," Joab said.

"Let's look closer at the clues," Mohammed suggested, trying to take his mind off his missing friend. He hadn't seen his friend since their conversation the night before, but he didn't want to bring it to Sam's attention, not yet anyway.

For her part, Sam didn't much care where Abdul had gone. He wasn't her responsibility. Maybe he disappeared like Ibn Ben Wuzzah, she mused.

"What's this about the staff the dead can raise? Does it mean the staff can raise the dead or the dead can raise the staff?"

"Trust a reporter to be so pedantic with word structures," Sam laughed.

"No, wait a minute Sam. Joab could well have an important point here," Anwar suggested.

"What point?"

"The staff with the caduceus was also one of Moses' tools. The serpent, for the Hebrews, represented salvation and wisdom. Moses' copper serpent staff, often utilised by his brother, Aaron, was made famous for performing miracles."

"Interesting, but I don't see the connection, Anwar," Sam said.

"Another connection between the staff and the serpents occurred during the Exodus when the staff was seen to transform into snakes. Aaron was high priest and had been trained in magic, possibly in Akhenaton's mystery school. He and Moses received instructions from a collective of that main Anunnaki family (who taught Moses the alphabet)."

"I still don't get it, Anwar," Sam responded, getting annoyed. Then she asked, "Is there any reference to this magical staff raising the dead?"

"Not that I know of, but isn't it interesting that during the Exodus, the name Jehovah, YHWH, took over from Adonai at the same time that Enki departed the Earth and Marduk became the leader of his father's family."

Mohammed felt they were missing something, a vital link that would bring all the pieces together. "This whole thing keeps coming back to the symbol of the caduceus. So where in Eridu was this symbol to be found?"

"If only we could locate his Abzu," Samantha said, partly to herself.

"His what?" Joab queried.

"Enki lived in an underwater palace, or Abzu, somewhere in Eridu. That was where he had a laboratory to create mankind."

"And just how are we supposed to recognise this Abzu?" Joab asked.

Mohammed shook his head. "No Sam, Enki's laboratory was in Zimbabwe, not Eridu."

"That may well be, but it doesn't explain this magical staff."

Before the argument could be settled, they looked up and saw Abdul approaching their camp. He held a staff in his right hand, one that had a carved snake entwined around it.

"Where have you been, Abdul?" Mohammed asked.

Without answering he went up to Mohammed, saying, "I want to talk to you alone."

"We don't have any secrets here!" Sam snapped. "Whatever you have to say can be said to all of us."

"This is personal," Abdul stated, simply.

Mohammed tried smoothing things over. "If it's something personal, just friend to friend, I will hear what he has to say." With that, he and Abdul walked to where they couldn't be overheard.

When they were out of earshot Mohammed, pointing at the carved staff said, "Where did you find that?"

"I didn't exactly find it."

"What do you mean? Where did you get it?"

"I went for a walk during the night. It was wonderfully peaceful, and I met our friend Ibn Wuzzah. He confirmed what I had been feeling. Then he gave me the staff."

"What exactly did he confirm?"

"That I am the one to enter the stargate."

Stunned by that remark, Mohammed stared at his friend, "This is too much Abdul. You betrayed us! So how can you be pure of heart?"

"I don't know dear brother. All I know is that Allah has decreed it so I cannot argue with that."

"Are you going to give this astonishing news to the group, or am I?"

"Have you said anything about the emails?"

"No, but I don't know why I haven't."

"So Samantha still thinks I am a member of the Gizatrug."

"Yes, I suppose so Abdul, but you're going to have to tell them everything and rely on their mercy,"

"It would make things too complicated."

"It will be too risky for you if you don't."

Abdul felt very strange but couldn't identify the strangeness. Since his meeting with Ibn Wuzzah, he was focused entirely on what he had to do and couldn't allow anything else to distract him.

Looking Mohammed in the eye he said, "My brother, please tell them what you will but only after I have done what I have to do."

"I'm not sure about this. I think you should come clean before you go."

"I know this sounds strange Mohammed, but I am not the same person that I was. It was a different me that did those terrible things. Please just get me the white powder, and I will be gone."

"What do you mean, gone? Gone where?"

"I am going to the portal to do what I have to do."

"But we don't even know where it is, let alone knowing how to enter it?"

"I do."

"Where is it then?"

"You do not need to know. Just get me the white powder."

"And how am I supposed to get it off, Sam?"

"You will think of a way."

The CIA Chief, who was well aware of the exopolitical analysis of the policy dimensions of the historic extraterrestrial presence pertinent to Iraq, kept his covert role in the affair secret from even his closest colleagues in the Company. He was determined that of the competing clandestine

government organisations struggling to locate and take control of the ancient extraterrestrial technology that existed in Iraq, the United States would triumph.

So, to prepare for an impending series of events corresponding to the 'prophesied return of an advanced race of ETs, as hinted by the man who called himself Smith, Douglas Cane co-ordinated 'Operation Zero Point' with his counterpart, Colonel Jackson. He was further aware that he had to carry out his mission successfully or the consequences for him wouldn't be worth thinking about.

It was this last awareness that had set into place a series of events at Tassil airbase. A reconnaissance helicopter had located the group in Eridu. Next, a patrol of US marines had been deployed to contain the area in readiness for his and Colonel Jackson's arrival at the site.

"Are you kidding Mohammed?" Sam asked in disbelief, as she collected samples from the temple ruins.

"Where do you think he got that staff?"

"I don't know. But I didn't think it would be Abdul."

"Why not him, Sam? Who did you think it would be? Think about it. Abdul joined us unexpectedly. Can you not see he had to join our group."

"I don't know, but I'm not about to let that powder of gold out of my sight".

"Sam, why did Ibn give it to you?"

"To help me get through the gate. To help whoever ..."

"Sam, you thought it was you, didn't you?"

"Well, Ibn Wuzzah kept appearing to me. I just thought ..."

"Look, I don't know why Abdul would be chosen, and I don't know why you weren't, but this isn't some kind of competition. Whoever is chosen needs and deserves the blessing and support of the whole group."

Sighing heavily, Sam said, "Yes, I guess you are right. It just takes a bit of getting used to." With that, she took out the silver case and handed it over to Mohammed.

He took it from her saying, "What Abdul is about to do goes beyond the definition of courage Sam. He is literally going into an unknown reality experience, one from which he may not return."

"Yes, I know," she answered, quietly, feeling the depth of the words.

[http://www.jesus-is-savior.com/False%20Religions/Illuminati/illuminati\\_exposed-part\\_3.htm](http://www.jesus-is-savior.com/False%20Religions/Illuminati/illuminati_exposed-part_3.htm)

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## Chapter 21

**As the truly free spirit flies, serpents dance and you know why.**

Abdul was in place, wherever that was. He sat quietly in the shade of the ruins breathing deeply into his diaphragm, feeling the powerful energy surging through him as he relaxed into the sensations he was experiencing. He could feel the pleasure of the healing process begin within him, and for the first time in his life, he experienced pure bliss.

His willingness to participate in the process was, in a way, determined for him. Yet he was at ease with what he had to do, even though he was not exactly sure what that was. However, he was willing, because willingness is the key that allows everything else to happen. He did not have to try to be perfect because his desire assured that the process would be efficient.

Abdul carefully mixed the white powder with water and watched as it became gelatinous. He then swallowed the substance and waited to see what effect it would have on him. After a little while, the Arab began to feel new sensations. He felt an enormous sense of freedom, as he relaxed and just let the energy flow through him. He felt a weird sensation of integration of whole of himself as he experienced his unity of being.

The broken parts of him seemed to come together, all the fears he had kept in darkness and all the light he had been afraid to shine. Concepts like right and wrong dissolved into each other as these and other events arose in him and faded away in his breath.

All the stuck energy of his childhood, birth, past lives etc. simply merged into his living presence as the left and right hemispheres of his brain integrated and became whole. Also, he knew precisely what the riddle meant because the answer to it was the process into which he had just entered.

He took up the staff and followed the instructions of Ibn Wuzzah. He mentally pronounced the words of power given to him. Mekut-El-Shab-El Hale-Sur-Ben-El-Zabrut Zin-Efrim-Quar-El. Then, with a relaxed mind and body and a knowing that his soul would be called, he waited for his destiny to unfold.

He began to become invisible as he ascended into a higher dimensional overtone. Next, he experienced the counter-rotating fields in his aura forming the sacred pattern of a star tetrahedron. These fields accelerated to the actual speed of light and, as whole number harmonics became incredibly complex scales within scales, his fractal self was at one with the entire cosmos.

Colours changed turning everything into a red fog that seemed to take the shape of a flying saucer. This redness then quickly progressed through the whole rainbow spectrum; then to blinding white light that slowly receded leaving all physical objects looking like they were made of gold.

The golden hue later became translucent, and suddenly everything appeared to become very transparent. Now Abdul could see right through things, but before he had a chance to get used to this, he found himself in total blackness. Then he made a 90-degree shift in direction, after which he saw himself in an entirely new world on a different dimensional level.

As the afternoon sun began sinking to the horizon, Samantha and the group sat down for the day's debrief. Just then, they saw the dust cloud in the distance and heard helicopters overhead. "What's going on? Joab asked.

"Looks like we have company," Mohammed answered.

"I don't like the look of this one bit," Anwar added.

"Just keep calm. We are not doing anything illegal so leave the talking to me," Sam suggested.

Very soon the encampment was surrounded by US Marines, and they were approached by a black officer wearing shades. Turning to one of his subordinates he ordered, "Sergeant get their details and confine them to their tent."

"You can't treat us like this. We have every right to be here," Dr Goldman stated.

"Lady we can do just what the hell we see fit to do so don't give me any of that fucking scientist bullshit."

"I know my rights, and I will see you answer for this outrage," She persisted.

"Corporal," the officer barked, "Take this woman away and confine her until further notice."

"Just what are we supposed to have done?" Joab asked, reasonably.

"You and your party are being held here for questioning under the terrorist act. You will answer questions when we are ready, not ask them."

After a short while, another helicopter landed and from it emerged two men, one in uniform the other in civvies. The coloured Marine officer approached them. They exchanged words, and then Colonel Jackson and Douglas Cane approached Joab and the others. "Keep them separated from each other for questioning purposes," Agent Cane ordered.

"What here or back at base Sir?" the sergeant asked.

"Here, to start with."

As Dr Humaz was marched away from the others, he said, "I have a right to know why I am being treated this way!"

Sneering at him Douglas Cane said, "Terrorists don't have any rights."

In the fifth dimension, the reality was anything Abdul thought it was, so by mentally seeking advice the council appeared before him. He had never realised what being in the fifth dimension actually meant until it became his moment-to-moment living presence reality. The committee acknowledged and congratulated him.

They told him that they could not act on the space gate unless an emissary from the third dimension asked them to do so, which was why he was there. They told him that he needed to know as much as possible about integration and unity consciousness so he could take more of the higher-dimensional light and wisdom back to his 3D world.

"Are you a member of the group known as the Gizatrug?" Cane asked.

"I don't know what you are talking about," Sam answered, through gritted teeth.

"Dr Goldman, what exactly are you people doing out here?"

"We are engaged in a perfectly legal archaeological dig."

"And what are you and your team looking for, doctor?"

"Just any artefacts we can find."

"Artefacts, huh! Are you sure you aren't looking for something else?"

"Like what?"

Cane looked Samantha straight in the eyes. "Okay doctor let's cut the crap! Your so-called team is a bunch of god damned terrorists belonging to the Gizatrug.

Now I don't give a monkey's fart whether you are tied in with them or not but if you don't give me what I want I will have you tried along with them, and you can carry out your goddam digs from a cell in Guantanamo Bay."

"So what do you want?"

"The location of the space portal."

"The what!" Sam exclaimed, feigning surprise.

"We know that you've been looking for it and I want to know where it is."

Sam laughed derisively. "You think we are looking for some sort of space portal. You've been watching too many Hollywood movies."

"Very well doctor you will be charged under the terrorist act and be sent to Cuba. That will probably wipe the smile off your face."

Colonel Jackson was not faring any better with Mohammed Humaz. Dr Humaz we know you are a member of Gizatrug, so there's no point denying it."

"I don't know what you mean,"

"Now let's not pussyfoot around here. We need the location of that gate, and we need it now."

"What gate?"

"The stargate of course,"

"I don't know the location of any stargate, so there's not much point pursuing this."

"I will determine that, not you, doctor. Now I will ask you one more time what is the location of this space portal?"

Mohammed knew he was in deep trouble. The American Bill of Rights didn't exist out in the Iraqi desert, and the US air force Colonel was not about to let up. "Look, I have heard something about a fabled spaceport in Eridu, but I certainly don't know where it is."

"So who in your group does know?"

"I haven't got a clue. You will have to ask my team yourself."

Losing his patience, Col Jackson replied, "Very well doctor if that is how you want to play it I am charging you under the terrorist act. You will now be taken to the detention centre at Tassil airbase."

"Terrorist act! Are you mad? I am a scientist, not a terrorist." Before he knew what was happening two marines had grabbed hold of him and marched him to one of the waiting helicopters. As he waited to see what fate held in store for him, armed guards brought his friends to the aircraft in which he sat waiting.

## **Chapter 22**

### **For held within the print of life.**

Professor Alexander Priestley, Harvard academic and expert in Mesopotamian antiquities, began reciting a translated passage of Sumerian text to his students. "The morning proceedings began outside the temple, in the courtyard of the Bit Akitu (House of the New Year Festival in Akkadian). Enlil and Enki were awaiting Anu at the 'golden supporter', standing by or holding several objects."

He then paused and turned to the class. "The Akkadian terms, whose precise meaning remains elusive, are best translated as 'that which opens up the secrets'."

"Are you talking about the Sun disks and the splendid/shining posts." one of the students asked.

"Yes, that's correct. Now Anu then came into the courtyard accompanied by gods in procession. He stepped up to the Great Throne in the Akitu courtyard and sat upon it facing the rising Sun. He was then joined by Enlil, who sat on Anu's right, and Enki, who sat on his left; Antu, Nannar/Sin, and Inanna/Ishtar then took places behind the seated Anu."

"Professor", another student asked, "can you tell me..."



His question was cut short as Alexander Priestley's mobile phone rang at that very moment. Without answering the student's query the professor, explaining he had to deal with an emergency, excused himself and left the lecture room.

In a quiet space, he listened to the message. He then informed the administration department that he had to take time off to deal with the personal business that had to be attended to urgently. Having made his excuses, the professor left the university grounds in his readiness to meet the person who had phoned him.

"Are you sure your information is correct?" he asked the man sitting on the park bench beside him.

The caller, who was of Arab origin, answered, "I am afraid so, Alex. The message informed us that they're incarcerated at some desert airfield, ready to be shipped to Cuba."

"Very well, in that case, we must all consider that we have been compromised and had better take appropriate action."

"What action would that be Alex?"

"Contact all the key members of this country and tell them to remove anything that could possibly connect them with the Gizatrug."

Looking at the academic he said, "That could take quite a while, sir. Do you really think such drastic measures are necessary?"

"I wouldn't have suggested such a measure if it were not the case."

Joab was really pissed off. He had the story of a lifetime, and now he could not use it because all his tapes and notes had been confiscated. He drank weak coffee as he waited for Douglas Cane to return. The CIA boss came back to the room Joab was being detained in, with another agent in tow.

"You've been a busy boy Joab."

"Yes, well it's my job."

"I particularly liked the taped interview with those terrorists, especially after they had killed some of our brave boys."

"Like I said we were their prisoners. I didn't have any choice but to listen to them."

"And did you agree with their sentiments?"

"I was there as an objective interviewer. I don't take any sides in this crazy shit taking place out here."

"So how come you've been working with an anti-American terrorist group, Joab?"

Joab eyeballed Crane. "My friends are not terrorists and haven't been involved in any anti-American activities."

"They are members of a known terrorist group called Gizatrug, and as such, they fall under the category of terrorists."

"The Gizatrug is an academic organisation seeking ancient knowledge, nothing more, nothing less."

"That may well be so but the knowledge they seek, if they find it, could well undermine the American efforts to bring about Democracy in Iraq. That, in my book, marks them as terrorists."

"That's got nothing to do with me. I'm only after a story."

"Yes, Joab. One you won't be using."

Colonel Jackson approached Cane outside the interview room. "Has he told us what we want to know?"

"Not as yet but I think the journalist guy is our best bet, especially if we let him write his story."

"What about that woman. It was her team so if anybody knows anything she would have to be the one."

"Okay, we'll question her again, and we won't be so soft on her this time."

"I need to take a shower and put on clean clothes, and I'm not answering anything until I get freshened up," Sam demanded, as Cane began questioning her.

"You answer my questions, and you get your shower Doctor, but not before." Then he continued, "I'll ask you again. Do you know where the stargate is located?"

"How many times do I have to say no before you get it into your thick heads. NO! NO! NO! There, now are you satisfied?"

Keeping his cool the CIA chief continued, "We know you were getting close, Doctor, but we don't know just how close."

"Yeah, well maybe you should ask your spy, that's if you can find him."

"What are you talking about, doctor?" Douglas Cane asked, wondering he they found out about Abdul."

"You know very well who I mean. Abdul Jabbar Al Wahd, the man your lot planted on us."

"Planted on you. What on Earth are you talking about, doctor?"

Sam, knowing she had broken through a chink in his armour, continued, "The irony is that it was he in the end who went looking for your 'gate'."

Douglas Cane was confused. He had assumed that Abdul's absence at the camp was due to him getting wind of the raid and lying low until all the brouhaha was over. However, now there was another possible scenario to account for the Arab's absence. "What do you mean, he went to the gate?"

"All I know is that Abdul decided he was the one and left to find the gate. That's the last we saw of him."

"Which direction did he take?"

"Concerned are we?" Sam goaded.

"No, but I'm becoming very annoyed. Now, in which direction did Abdul head off?"

"I don't know. I didn't see your spy leave. However, if he did find that gate he may have gone through it and if that's the case where does that leave you?"

Cane hadn't considered the gate as a two-way street. "So why would he do a thing like that?"

"Perhaps to right a wrong. How should I know?"

The agent thought about it for a minute. Then, turning to the other agent with him, he said, "Organise a search. Get choppers scouring the area. We have to find that guy."

"If he has gone through the gate you'll need more than your pathetic helicopters to locate him," Sam responded, sarcastically.

"You won't be laughing once you get sent to Cuba Doctor. They love smart-assed academics over there, especially female ones."

<http://www.darkstar1.co.uk/ds17.html>

## Chapter 23

Joab, separated from the rest of his group was in a cell by himself. It was brightly lit with incessant white noise drowning his thoughts. He had read about this strategy used by the spooks to deprive prisoners of sleep and weaken their resolve. He had no idea how Sam and the others fared, but the intermittent interrogations left him a frazzled wreck.

Every couple of hours he was taken from his cell to be questioned by either Jackson or Cane. They asked the same questions over and over. Joab could hardly keep his eyes open as the single bright light blinded him in the otherwise darkened room.

The shadowy figure interrogating him could have been either Jackson or Cane, but the reporter was past caring. Joab expected the same questions, but this time it was different, as was the interrogator. He was softly spoken with a Bostonian accent.

"Mr Rackham, we have checked with High Light, and they confirm your story, so we're prepared to believe that you a reporter working for the magazine."

"Then return my research and let me go," Joab said, weakly.

The shadowy figure chuckled, "It's not that simple. You have consorted with a terrorist group, and that's a serious crime."

"How many times do I have to tell you, people? I was with an archaeologist and her team?"

"They are also members of the Gizatrug, a dangerous subversive organisation trying to undermine what America is doing here."

"I know nothing about that."

"You are guilty by association." He paused, then asked, "What was Dr Goldman after?"

Joab stared at the shadowy form. "I don't know what you mean?"

"Did she ever mention a stargate?"

Joab wondered how much Sam had divulged. "Stargate?"

"Yes, Mr Rackham. Stargate."

"All I know is she talked about looking for evidence of ancient technology among the Sumerian ruins."

"Did she discover this ancient science?"

"Not as far as I know. We were arrested before we had a chance to uncover it."

"Did you know that the CIA had a man planted in your group?"

Surprised by the shadow man's frank disclosure, Joab said, "Not at first. But we learned later that Abdul had betrayed us."

"What has happened to him?"

Joab shrugged. "I don't know. The spy left us before the raid. We assumed he gave away our position, which was how you found us."

"When did you discover he worked for the CIA?"

"He confessed to one of our people. Then he left us, and we didn't see him again."

"Where did Abdul go?"

Joab, irritated, said, "Somewhere out in the desert. Where else could he go?"

"Did one of the team kill him?"

Joab was not expecting that one. "No. He just left."

"Mr Rackham, do you expect me to believe, that you find out the man you took into your group and trusted has been spying for the CIA and you let him walk away unscathed. No, I think somebody killed him and buried him in the desert."

"Think what you like. I saw him walk away and he hasn't been seen by any of us since."

Sam, alone in her small cell, brushed away a tear as she thought of Jeff. She feared she would never see him again. Worse still, he would have no idea where his wife was or even if she was alive. She thought about Mohammed and the others, wondering how they were faring.

Then there was Abdul. Had he achieved their goal? Sam's mind was all over the place. Mentally and emotionally exhausted she eventually fell into fitful sleep.

Then next thing she knew was being hauled back to the interview room. This time it was lit, and she could see her interrogator. He was different. Despite the early hour, he wore a broad-brimmed hat and black shades. A soldier pushed her onto a chair facing him.

She sighed, "This is a fucking waste of time. I've told you everything I know."

"Dr Goldman, what did you do when you found out Abdul was a spy for the CIA."

"Nothing. He left us just before your people turned up."

He looked at the notes in front of him. "Dr Humaz says he knew Abdul was a spy the night before. So you must have known about him long before we arrested you."

Sam shook her head. "Dr Humaz never told about Abdul until he had gone again."

"What do you mean?"

"He had gone off in the night and come back in the morning."

"Why did he come back when he knew you would probably kill him?"

"You'll have to ask Abdul that if you're able to find him."

Mohammed prayed to Allah that his friend had succeeded in finding and going through the stargate. He would never know of course. Whatever would happen would come to be without him being any the wiser.

Dr Humaz now knew why Abdul had to be part of Sam's team. Who would have thought he would be the one. Sam certainly did not think so. Dr Goldman figured it would be her. But Allah moves in mysterious ways.

Station chief Cane was in a bind. He was going over the CIA's position with Colonel Jackson. "Do you think they can be successfully charged with carrying out acts of terrorism," he asked.

"Well that word is a very emotive one these days, and it seems to cover a hell of a lot of ground, but this is a tricky one." Then he asked, "Have any of them given us the information we want?"

Cane shook his head. "I'm beginning to think they don't know where our man went."

"Are you suggesting they didn't kill him?"

Douglas sighed, "We'd have a hell of a job proving it."

"What charges can we lay against then?"

"We'll let them cool their heels in the brig while I get some legal advice."

"What about the journalist?"

"What do you mean?"

"He works for a Swiss magazine. They sent him out here on a legit assignment."

Cane got it. "If he doesn't send a report, they'll want to know where he is and that could raise all kinds of problems."

## Chapter 24

**With knowingness to Eden, we return, for we have found the thing we yearn.**

The Shadow man was well versed in ancient mystical lore. He knew that the eye in the sky in classical mythology was viewed regarding the seemingly unattainable and immortal 'secretwisdom'. He clearly understood that regarding the disobedience by Eve, where she was deceived by the Serpent into believing that she could be 'like God' and thus able to distinguish between 'good and evil', was not the full story. He wasn't one of the flocks who believed that this strict prohibition by the Creator, led to the expulsion of both Adam and Eve from paradise and, as God held Adam responsible for the actions of his wife, separation from the divine source.

The Serpent promised Adam and Eve that their eyes would 'be opened' if they ate of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Not many people knew that the word eyes, in Hebrew can be translated as 'knowledge'. And Opened can also be translated as 'broadened'. The Serpent promised Adam and Eve that their knowledge would be broadened if they ate of the forbidden fruit.

He, the Shadow man had been partaking of the forbidden fruit for many years, and he knew that the Hebrew word for 'eyes' is not plural, but singular. What the Serpent actually told Adam and Eve was that their 'eye' would be broadened by knowledge and this 'eye' that Scripture wants us to consider, is not the physical organ of sight, but the eye of the mind or soul, the 'third eye' of clairvoyance in the Hindu religion. This was the eye he looked up at in his private study - the Eye of Ra and the All-Seeing Eye in Freemasonry.

The Shadow man now understood that the eye above the pyramid on the American dollar, the currency Americans use every day, was, in fact, the eye of the Anunnaki proxied by their 'watchers' on Earth, of whom he was one. Every time the dollar was used, as a method of exchange for other items, it proclaims its warning - that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing but such expertise in wrong hands is an evil thing.

The shadow man seldom, if ever looked at the eye on his dollars. He didn't need money for he had power, tremendous power. He and his kind, the self-chosen elite of world society, had it all their own way. After all the people they manipulated, the civilised people of the 21st Century were the most conditioned, socially engineered people the world had ever known. Not only were their

thoughts and attitudes continually being shaped and moulded by him and his kind, but their very awareness of the evolving human design was subtly and inexorably erased as entropy accelerated.

The windows of their perceptions were carefully modified and precisely regulated as they partook of their chosen opiate each day. And even this was not indeed selected by them. They existed in a semi-hypnotic state that for them, passed for reality. These, the sheeple had no idea what the real world domination game plan was and even if they were clued in enough to appreciate the big picture, it would have been an exhausting and endless task to explain the broader issues to them.

Their conditioning had been carried out a little at a time so that it was not noticed by the sheeple. The people were oblivious to this process as issues of conventional wisdom got scientifically implanted in their public consciousness bit by bit - by a thousand media clips, peddling fear and anxiety each day. Yes, civilised people become tamed sheeple. Thus, the primary principles clearly show how our current establishment systematically arose historically, in such a fashion as to discourage any dissent from any popular 'politically correct' opinion.

It was this sense of confidence and overall control that allowed people like the shadow man to assume that the pendulum would always swing in their favour. It had always been that way so why would things change now? So, with a genuine belief that god, the ultimate power broker, was on their side, how could they possibly lose?

However, the Shadow man also knew something else. The watchers were even watching him. No matter how high he climbed up the ladder of power he, like everybody else, was still in servitude to more elevated criteria. In the case of the shadow man, it was the Nibiruans, the Anunnaki of old. Their last communication with him informed him the gate had been sealed off and they could not use it. Owing to that, he was no longer needed by them.

He couldn't blame the gods for abandoning him, as he had severely let them down. They had put their faith and trust in him to help them achieve their long-held desire to dominate the world. This coup, had it been successful, would have afforded him even higher power and prestige and allowed him to proudly show himself for who he thought he really was. Now, this was not to be, as the Stargate of Eridu was beyond his control, and he would have to take responsibility for his dismal failure.

Although many of us would say the shadow man had warped values, he was at least a man of unquestionable honour. He sat in his home in silence looking at the eye floating over the pyramid above the curved arch in the big hall. 'The eye sees all,' he said quietly to himself as he opened a drawer in his desk that revealed the handgun. He calmly removed the weapon from the draw and slowly placed the muzzle against his temple. 'The eye sees all,' were his very last words, then blackness.

The shadow man's housemaid alerted the police the next day. The hall door had been locked, but she had her own key. After knocking and getting no reply, she went into the room and found him dead, slumped over his desk.

Lieutenant Payne, the officer in charge of the investigation, couldn't see any evidence of foul play. As there wasn't any suicide note recording the reason why he had taken his own life, he wondered what sort of pain and anguish would lead a person to take such drastic action? An inspection of his wallet showed the deceased to be a Harvard professor. So why, Payne asked himself, had Professor Alexander Priestley killed himself?

**The End**

[http://www.jesus-is-savior.com/False%20Religions/Illuminati/illuminati\\_exposed-part\\_2.htm](http://www.jesus-is-savior.com/False%20Religions/Illuminati/illuminati_exposed-part_2.htm)

## Epilogue

Joab sat working at his computer, composing his, as yet, untitled book concerning his recent adventures in Iraq. Thinking he was going to end up in America's notorious Cuban concentration camp Joab had given up all hope of getting his story out into the world. Then, all of a sudden, they had all been released and were informed that they were free to go. Mohammed had merely said it was the Will of Allah and who was Joab to argue with that?

The reporter had even had his audio tapes returned to him, minus the one with the freedom fighters interview on it. No explanations had been given for their sudden release. Sam and her group were merely escorted back to Nasiriyah where she was reunited with her husband.

They all wondered what had become of Abdul Jabbar Al Wahd. Despite a thorough search of the Eridu area by the Americans, there was no sign of him at all. As his body had not been found, Mohammed prayed that his brave friend had been successful in his mission. He had told the others about Abdul's secret agenda owing to coercion by the CIA. Sam had said she was not at all surprised but, under the extraordinary circumstances, she did not hold it against him.

Baghdad Station Chief Douglas Cane was transferred back stateside where, after intensive debriefing, he retired to a farm in Virginia. George Mason became the new station chief. It was his turn to take up the enticing but poisoned chalice in Baghdad.

Joab pondered all this while typing this story. What was that mysterious secret society called the Gizatrug all about he wondered? Then the title of his book hit him. It was so obvious. Gizatrug was merely an anagram of Ziggurat.

## 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 writes 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 ethics and human survival. Chris has written 17 books to date. Writing and painting are Chris' two main passions in life in which he is always looking for new ways to express himself.

## Other books by Chris Deggs

Anunnaki – the greatest story never told – book 1 -gods, gold and genes

Anunnaki – the greatest story never told – book 2 - challenge, change and conquest

Anunnaki – the greatest story never told – book 3 – prophesy, power and politics

Black Pope – secrets of the Vatican

Entropicus book 1 – The Mastery of Alchemy

Entropicus book 2 – The Mystery of Atlantis

Entropicus book 3 – The Madness of Androids

Hack – world bank in crisis

Investigation – the nunnery murders

London Lies - The Terror Agenda

Marlowe – A Quantime experience 2

Millennium – countdown to chaos

Nanofuture – the small things in life

Plane Truth – What happened on 9/11

Termination – the eugenics agenda

Vincent – a quantime experience 1

## **Connect With Chris Deggs**

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<https://www.feedaread.com/search/books.aspx?keywords=chris%20deggs>

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### **Outernet**

If you are in the area you can catch up with Chris and say G'day at local art and craft markets in Tweed Shire, New south Wales, Australia.

First Sunday of month Pottsville Markets

Second Sunday Chillingham Markets

Third Sunday Uki Buttery Markets

Fourth Sunday Murwillumbah Show-ground Markets