



Inanna Ishtar

"Goddess of Love and War"

John Whitaker

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Inanna / Ishtar

“Goddess of Love and War”

By

John Whitaker

A glossary of names appears at the end.

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Cover:
Portrait of Inanna by the author.
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This book is a combination of fact and fiction. Some places exist. Some events happened. Some characters are real, residing on a different world. Other places, events, and situations are the product of the author's imagination. Any reader is free to decide for themselves which is which.

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For Norma

Prologue

This tale swims upstream against the flow of current teachings and knowledge. It contains theory and context objectionable to many. One day, it will require (another) rewrite of the Bible, giving the Nefilim and Anunnaki the place in our ancient history they deserve for it is by the Creator, through them, that we exist in our present form, far ahead of our time. They provided the “missing link” that has baffled anthropologists for centuries.

Nibiru, their home planet, orbits our sun from deep space once every thirty-six-hundred of our years and its next appearance will be in 3400 a.d. It is a monarchy ruled by a pantheon of twelve including a King, his two sons, a daughter, and eight others of royal blood. To accept their reality, understand how they came to be; a subject that is not being taught in our culture. I hope the following will help make it clear.

The title, “Goddess of Love and War,” is bestowed on Inanna by history, not the author. It would not be fitting to write, “They kissed and went to bed to make love.” Therefore, the several descriptions of sexual activity herein are not gratuitous, but they *are* graphic.

INANNA/ISHTAR

By John Whitaker

There are many gods in the pantheons of Greece, Mexico, and Egypt, but only one Creator of all. With Him reside the concepts of forever, eternity, and infinity; concepts that vex the mind of Man with inescapable reminders of his limitations. The *greatest* mind of Man requires a beginning and an end, and may well know the words but can never visualize their essence. There is no end we can see, but in the beginning, He who creates became restless and moved amidst a formless void. _Author

FOREWORD

In the time before time there is no ear to hear the Bang, or eye to perceive its happening. Then, all space is chaos where galaxies and stars struggle with birth amid uncontrolled particles and planet-size globes of matter exploding, drifting, and dashing about.

Having begun, time passes. Nine billion years of chaos pass, and while order still battles the diminishing chaos, near the edge of a still-forming pinwheel galaxy the shockwave of a supernova launches an outermost planet—a youth of half-a-billion years—into deep space to drift unfettered.

Then, a minor star, Apsu¹—the brilliant one, finds its space and begins belching matter into its magnetic field to coalesce, form spheres, endowing each in turn with the primordial molecules and chemicals of life in accord with its environment to begin the measured orbit of its radiance. Firstborn is Mercury, then bold Tiamat, a watery matriarch. Long thereafter come Venus and Mars and the giants, Jupiter and Saturn. Beyond come Uranus, Neptune, and tiny Pluto, awkward in its path. All are troubled and unsettled. The captured spheres strain their tethers, heaving back and forth, unwilling to obey the brilliant one at their center insisting on companionship.

Over millions of years the struggling subsides as the newfound orbits offer a security unknown in the far away where little is yet settled. Around and around they go, all circling to the left; around and around their brilliant captor. The comfort of a cycle makes its welcome felt. They are a family. There is relief, but not to last.

A rogue, dark, of a size near that of Saturn, thrust into dark space by the supernova of its creator sun, drifts to the pull of Apsu's net² and slowly turns toward the family amid much alarm. The intruder, older by nearly a billion years, is entering among them, *circling the wrong way*. Its threat is

¹ Our sun

² Magnetic field

great. It is Nibiru, unique in its chemicals and properties, entering against the storm to know again the light of a brilliant sun.

Apsu is helpless to prohibit or reverse the rogue's path. The best of Apsu establishes its way: to come in, circle Apsu, and be cast back to the deep.

Its path is clear by Neptune's gravity that bends it further toward the family. Nibiru is now set in orbit, a loop to return, but only if it can complete its first circle without a catastrophic event. It is much to hope for, entering against the storm. The net of Neptune is troublesome.

At Uranus the intruder shoulders its way, turning that one on its side. Angry Uranus, reaching out with his net, tears away four parts of Nibiru to a result unintended. The torn become stationed as satellites: North Wind, East Wind, South Wind, and West Wind, circling their master as a vanguard, each bearing the essence of Nibiru.

Passing the vast nets of Jupiter and Saturn, Nibiru's path is pulled further inward, and three more satellites are drawn from its side: Evil Wind, Matchless Wind, and Whirlwind.

Now, bold Tiamat, the watery matriarch directly in its path is poised to disrupt a peaceful passage. However, eleven moons are torn from her side by the net of approaching Nibiru. One of these, Kingu, is foremost and is granted the essence of its mother to become a full member of the family: an orbit of its own. The others are aghast! Who gives Tiamat the right of Apsu? There is great unrest.

Unfazed, Nibiru advances. One of his vanguard, Evil Wind, is first to strike the raging Tiamat, and in doing passes to her the essence of Nibiru, but to no avail. Matchless Wind strikes, then Whirlwind opening fissures in Tiamat's crust and into these Nibiru thrusts a lightning bolt as he passes. It is the final affront extinguishing not only Tiamat's life, but the essence passed by the giant invader as well.

Again, bathed in light, Nibiru continues on, around Apsu, as is his course, and back to the dark of deep space, but not to whence he came. Events mark him well; he belongs to Apsu, and though far he is flung in the deep, he is forever bound to return to the light, to the scene of the battle, and circle the brilliant one. But there is more to settle on a return passing.

At the scene of the battle, faithful Kingu still circles his lifeless creator anxious for her commands. None come. Events of the first passing altered the intruder's path enough that it is now a barren promontory of Nibiru, devoid of chemicals, that strike Tiamat head-on, splitting her in two.

In the mansion of fates life is supreme. North Wind, bearing the essence of Nibiru strikes the disfigured but intact half of Tiamat, seeding that one and prompting her rotation. The blow sends her—with Kingu ensnared—to a new path nearer Apsu, to rotate and revolve where none before had been.

Earth becomes the disfigured one's name and it is to her hostile environment of fire, radiation, steam, gas and chaos that the essence passed by North Wind is introduced; and by that hostile environment, life-nurturing

functions are retarded five million years. Earth she will be called; Kingu will be her Moon.

The other half of Tiamat—smashed to a million asteroids—Nibiru stretches as a belt in an orbit of their own to completely encircle Apsu.

And the Creator said:

“Let the land produce vegetation: seed bearing plants and trees on the land that bear fruit with seed in it, according to their various kinds.

“Let the water teem with living creatures, and let birds fly above the earth across the expanse of the sky.

“Let the land produce living creatures according to their kind”
(Genesis 1:11-24).

On Nibiru it was so, but the concept of “hurry” is not in the Creator’s lexicon; He waited His entire existence before conceiving His plan and uttering the words. Patience is not defined without a measure established for time itself, along with a meaning to concepts of “long” and “short”. Hours, years, eons do not exist. Patience cannot be more clearly defined than by a new planet going about its business when all of its molecules are in disarray searching where to begin.

At a visual level, after the fires retreat to the bowels, the boiling and eruptions cease and a crust forms, all seems suspended and waiting. Something waits for heat, something else for liquid, another for heated liquid, still another for liquid heated to a precise degree, instantly, as in a lightning strike.

At a microscopic level, change is constantly responding to environment. Evolution is meticulous about when, how, and under what conditions it will move, avoiding as it must those conditions that cause it to fail and return to the beginning; a hundred times, a million times, before the next stage of development can occur. Patience *is* a living planet.

When the concept of time became clear on Nibiru, it is realized that evolution indeed takes a long, long time.

Four billion years are needed to stop the sixty-thousand-year rains on Earth; for single cells to divide into algae and bacteria; for the crust to lessen its buckling; for the atmosphere of carbon dioxide, water vapor, ammonia and methane to transform to something hospitable; for organisms of more than a single cell to produce the first animal life.

Man’s Ancestor Apes appeared after twenty-five million years; and transitioning these to hominids takes eleven million more years as does the first species to receive the genus “Homo.” Another million years produces *Australopithecus* followed by *Homo erectus* a million years later. Then, suddenly in geologic time, only a quarter million years are needed to bring *Homo sapiens* to planet Earth. Evolution had shifted to high gear... but how?

CHAPTER ONE

EARTH SETTLED IN ITS PATH IS REGARDED FROM AFAR

Among the Nefilim of Nibiru there was never a “missing link.” Every advance of man, beast, fish and fowl from protein and nucleic acid molecules to their ultimate development could be confirmed in the Nefilim records of evolution. Where time had absorbed physical evidence, their science verified what has been.

It is upon Enki, chief of science and engineering, firstborn son of King An and the concubine Id, that such responsibilities are heaped. It is he who designs, makes the plans and builds the things; he who raises land from the waters, probes the deep, deciphers the genome and directs travel in space. It is he who comprehends the relentless depletion of Nibiru’s atmosphere causing great alarm.

Preserving atmosphere is critical as the only source of surface heat is generated in the bowels of the planet itself; preventing its loss is paramount to survival during the thousands of years their vast, elliptical orbit takes them in deep space where Apsu, barely a visible speck among millions of specks in the seemingly endless night, can provide neither light nor heat. Nibiru knows not seasons.

Enki discovered the suspending of gold particles above the atmosphere created a shield trapping the existing heat; however, the particle loss to outer space, though gradual, casts a shadow over the future as gold on Nibiru is in finite supply. While new sources became Enki’s priority, he found options limited as the path of Nibiru around Apsu rarely brought them near their few neighbors, and then only for brief time.

The Throne Room on Nibiru—their Hall of Assembly—is a huge oval of marble floor and a forty-foot high glass ceiling. At one end the throne, with a smaller version on each side, is raised by six steps. A drapery of burgundy trimmed in gold rises from the floor on each side and meets overhead. The sole furnishings are twelve ornate chairs around a magnificent oval table in the center of the room, and all around these is fifty feet of empty space. The curving walls display a dozen 3-D holographic images relevant to Nibiru’s current events and provide most of the room’s light. Flush with the table top at each chair are individual 3-D hologram projectors that capture an image chosen from the wall or a library. Several are active.

Through most of Nibiru's orbiting shar³, the view through the ceiling allows the peace of eternal night to pervade. When among the family, within the orbit of Neptune and proceeding around Apsu, there is one long day reserved for contemplation and celebration. It is a busy time when the Sky Chambers⁴ go among the other planets in search of knowledge and life.

Seated before Enki wearing white, floor-length robes of a thread stronger than steel, lighter than a breath and bare of adornment, are eleven male and female of the Nefilim—the ruling pantheon of Nibiru. A variety of rings are the only jewelry visible except for a solid gold circle around the King's neck.

“Your Excellency...” Enki rises. By his greeting he chooses the formal option when addressing King An, believing “Father” in the Hall of Assembly lacks sufficient respect. “...our preparations are complete. The Earth Orbiter is provisioned and the sixth shuttle has been placed onboard. We depart on schedule. By the time Nibiru approaches perigee, the city of Eridu will be a reality.”

Enki is calm and his voice echoes pleasingly through the huge room where all attend his words. “However,” he continues, “I tell again, the glaciers on the seventh planet⁵ have barely receded since our last passing and I expect we will suffer them four, possibly five shars.”

“Nevertheless,” King An replies, “extracting gold from the waters is not a simple task. We must establish ourselves now in advance of the unforeseen.”

The far end of the table is raised to accommodate the slight elevation of the King's chair. He is a man of massive proportion, as are both his competing sons, Enki and Enlil. No sign of wear can place his age except to confirm he is of mature shars with the full, near-black hair of his youth. He leans slightly forward in his chair. “Mind that you attend the sixth planet... it may serve well as a staging area.”

Planning had been meticulous since a decision to land on the seventh planet was confirmed during the third conference. Enki had expressed concern regarding the time differential. “This most favored planet,” he explained, “has an extremely rapid axial rotation and virtually flies around Apsu. Its revolution is only one thirty-sixth-hundredth part of our shar. To coordinate activity between our planets, we must define terms to associate these differences. With your permission, I will ask Sahvee⁶ to create new words to describe the divisions of time relative to the seventh planet's rotation, and its revolution around Apsu. Our time is not so partitioned... nothing is comparable because,

³ One orbit around the sun takes Nibiru 3,600 Earth years, during which the Nefilim age only one year.

⁴ Jet and anti-gravity powered craft for a pilot and up to eight passengers.

⁵ From deep space traveling to the sun, six planets are passed. Earth is the seventh.

⁶ The feminine voice of the Ora, the Nefilim's computer library of all knowledge

briefly, while we orbit once around Apsu, the seventh planet will orbit thirty-six hundred times.”

King An had considered the matter briefly and with a nod, “See that our tables record the new computations from Sahvee and make the appropriate adjustments.” He had laughed suddenly. “These great speeds you describe—rotation and revolution—do you suppose we will all become dizzy down there?”

A time ago it was a laughing matter, but now, with departure imminent, it is not known how the rapidly rotating Earth will affect the Nefilim physiology; whether a working contingent can remain on Earth a full share of thirty-six hundred of Earth years, during which, only one year would be added to Nefilim life.

“Our tasks are met,” King An announces. “Before we adjourn... another matter.” He turns to a youthful couple seated on his left. “I congratulate Nannar and Ningal on their intent to enrich our assembly with twins in time coming soon. Perhaps we might raise our memberships from twelve to fourteen.”

The remark draws smiles from the couple; it is the King’s grandson, Nannar, who speaks. “A gracious thought Your Excellency, but I believe patience until their proper turn holds many valuable lessons.”

“Indeed it will... indeed it will.” Turning to the wife, “Now, permit me Ningal, to question your decision to accompany my son on this unique venture in your condition. Expeditions of this kind encounter many hazards. Have you considered carefully?”

“I have,” Ningal answers with obvious resolve.

“Nannar, are you comfortable exposing your beautiful wife to these unknowns?”

“No, Your Excellency, I am not. Many have been our talks and I am unable to change Ningal’s mind. She is...”

“Your Excellency,” Ningal interrupts, “It is a new world we go to... a place where no Nefilim has set a foot. I hope to preserve for my children, Ninni and Utu they shall be named, a unique distinction... that of being the first of our kind born on this new world. I feel they would want it. I want it for them.”

There is no doubt in the young woman’s resolve, and with a smile, the King addresses the husband. “Waste no more of your breath good Nannar, and journey well.” He turns to the Assembly. “We are adjourned.” Turning to Enki, “Linger, my son.”

When they are alone, Enki chooses the chair nearest his father. “I think I know...”

“Well you should... well you should.” The King’s fingers drum the tabletop. “For the first time we are about to set foot on this new world and all your attention is paramount. Bitterness between you and your brother must end. Hear me say, *must* end, and hear it well. The rights of succession are for undeniable reason. It is the woman, the mitochondria, that preserves the royal

blood. Ninmah⁷ has spoken with me. Your many attempts to produce a son with your sister and her female offspring have failed and she wishes to bring an end to your attempts. Daughters and grand-daughters were hers to suffer and no attempt has born you a son... be done I say! Though you are my firstborn, it is Enlil who is born of my half-sister and will follow me in that chair." With a wave, the King indicates his throne. "Your attempts to claim otherwise not only produce unrest between your brother and sister, the injustice you perceive has infected *your* firstborn, Marduk. I have sensed this. His bitterness clouds his spirit and I can see trouble that I will deal with harshly."

The two men face each other in silence. Then, "It is difficult..." Enki begins.

"I know, but even our genes support the rights of succession. You are a scientist, an engineer, enormously gifted in many fields. Enlil has a single talent, for administration. This division of ability best serves our people and I warn you now, I will look with great anger to further evidence this matter is not behind us."

With those brief exchanges far out in space, the future of the Nefilim, and eventually of Earth, was charted. With Pluto barely visible, the Earth Orbiter is launched.

⁷ Enki's half-sister, Chief of Medicine

CHAPTER TWO A LEAP OF FAITH

During each of its six previous revolutions, one of Nibiru's Orbiter ships had made the leap toward their circling neighbors while the home planet trailed slowly behind. The approach was never the same. The endless variables regarding the position of every planet between the ship and its orbiting destination made each attempt a hazard of unique proportions.

Now, data streaming from a dozen scanners feeds a navigation console computing and adjusting from second to second the best course to their moving target based on Orbiter speed monitored by the Captain.

Fifty Nefilim, preparing for departure, finish loading the shuttles, attend lectures regarding their mission, sleep, exercise, and relax in ways of their choosing. Comfort and entertainment are high priorities on an Orbiter where up to five thousand Anunnaki⁸ often remain for extended periods of time.

During earlier shars, the Orbiter spent the entire passing scanning a single planet beginning with the ninth, closest to Apsu. No attempt was made to land a shuttle though the matter was earnestly discussed during surveys of the seventh planet, the only one showing the much needed gold in the waters and deep underground. Except for the glacial cold which promised to warm over several shars, climate and atmosphere on the seventh was the most inviting, and with that data confirmed on the Orbiter, preparations for a shuttle landing began.

Lighting is subdued on the Orbiter Bridge Deck where three Igigi⁹ at a console study a room-size, three-dimensional hologram of the Solar System ahead that includes the position of their approaching craft in real time.

"Captain Ronsiga," Enki greets the senior of the three officers."

"Commander, I thought you were resting."

"I was, but enough of resting. How is our progress?"

"See it now," Ronsiga responds, touching a button on the console. The representation of their Orbiter within the display flashes to indicate its relative position. He motions toward the digital countdown chronometer. "We approach the orbit of Pluto though the planet is wide of our course."

"Indeed, well done." Enki continues his study of the display. "I calculate we are a small fraction of a shar from the seventh, and I am

⁸ Rank and file Nefilim (not of the Pantheon) who perform the tasks

⁹ Three-hundred crew permanently assigned to the Earth Orbiter

convinced, should we apply our own time distinctions on Earth, confusion will result in tragedy.”

“Agreed, but we must work with it.”

“Not so, Ronsiga,” Enki rises from his seat, “It is a matter delayed... I will attend it now.” He withdraws to the Ora¹⁰ station against a corner bulkhead and enters his personal key.

“I am awake,” a feminine voice responds.

The voice brings a smile to Enki recalling the pleasures he enjoyed with its owner. “I am glad, Sahvee, I wish your help.”

“I await Enki’s wishes.”

“Be about searching the roots of our lexicon and create new words to identify the following that I say: shar... soth... teth... heth... metha... methee. When you have completed that, adjust by adding or subtracting the smallest possible value, the time divisions I have described so their total equals one complete shar.”

With barely a pause, Sahvee responds. “It is my pleasure. Will there be anything else?”

“Not at this time Sahvee, thank you.”

“You are welcome, Commander. Following are the words you request: First is ‘year’, second is ‘month’, third is ‘day’, fourth is ‘hour’, fifth is ‘minute’, and sixth is ‘second’. The adjustments were slight, and their total is equal to one shar. I am sending a hardcopy for your convenience. I hope you are pleased.”

“Very pleased, Sahvee... rest now.”

Enki retrieves the hardcopy and studies it while returning to the command console. He hands it to the captain. “Ronsiga, as Earth time will be regarded, these words will describe its passing from this...” he glances at the copy, “metha, forward. Kindly reduce our speed to one-half light. I have calculated we will cross the orbit of Pluto in seventy-two minutes and be at our destination in a little over ten hours. Make these new words and their meanings known to our people.”

“Immediately, Commander.”

Enki starts away, then he turns, “At Jupiter, Ronsiga, where we put on our protections, verify we are below the ecliptic. We do not want to run into that storm of rocks a second time.”

“Agreed Commander, I never lose the memory.”

Enki leaves the bridge for the quarters of Nannar and Ningal. He is not pleased the girl insists on making the shuttle jump in her condition. From experience, he knows that any ship’s emergency will be instantly complicated by the baby choosing that precise moment to deliver. In their quarters, he can see Ningal is in pain. “The birth...”

“It comes soon,” Nannar tells, controlling his distress. “Her pain is great but she refuses to seek the medicals. I fear she will fall to darkness.”

¹⁰ A workstation containing the library of all Nefilim knowledge

Observing Ningal's pain, Enki projects his com directory.

Communication among the Nefilim is possible through a button-size object carried or pinned to a garment. When pressed, this small disc offers a holographic image of options half a meter in front of the caller that can be scrolled with oral commands or the fingertip. This directory image is projected from a miniature device implanted in the sinus cavity of all Nefilim in their nineteenth year. The young are given hand-held devices for their needs. Rollers¹¹ and Sky Chambers are equipped with stationary devices and antennas that use satellites to make contacts or request other options.

In earlier times, Enki's need of both hands for his work forced his habit of carrying the com disc in his mouth, crunching down on it with his back teeth to initiate a contact. The occasional swallowing presented him with two or three days of isolation, or a tickling of the pharynx to prompt immediate regurgitation. The latter option was his most frequent choice.

From his com directory, Enki chooses Ninmah. "Kindly join me in the quarters of Nannar and Ningal."

"No!" Ningal shouts.

Enki makes calming gestures as he approaches the stricken woman. "She will offer a sedative to relieve your pain that you may better withhold what must be. You must remain conscious."

"She must not come... I have planned!"

"Well you have, dear child, but we will not risk the health as it can be avoided. Our orbit will be achieved in ten hours by the new counting."

Ningal is puzzled. "I know not..."

Enki considers a translation. "Ah... the *hour* is about one-tenth of a *verg*. The shuttle will touch down two of the hours later and you will have your sweet victory. Ninmah will remain to see to all."

"This time you mention..." Nannar quizzes.

Enki turns to the data terminal displaying messages of importance from the Captain. "There," he points. "They are the time units we must use on this new planet. Sahvee has supplied our equivalent values."

Ninmah enters and examines her patient. The Chief of Medicine is a comely woman with close-cropped auburn hair whose broad and earnest smile is known to vanish in a blink at words not to her liking. Of serious mind, some say too serious for love, she projects a "stay away" aura to all who might be suitors.

Over Ningal, her visage is not encouraging. She administers a mild sedative and promises, "I will do what I can to retard the arrival," bending toward Ningal with stern admonition, "but I will not risk your health or the children's... I will not!"

Ningal appears to relax, almost surrender to her nurse. "My dear friend, I thank you. It means much."

¹¹ Any vehicle not capable of flight.

“Yes, so much that you resist my attending... I am aware, I am aware. But we are together now, and you will relax but not drift to sleep. You, too, must remain aware.” She turns to the waiting men. “It will be challenging, but we will do all we must.” She scans the fetal images. “It appears the male is positioned to deliver first. The female is quite active.”

Suddenly, a tremor is felt throughout the Orbiter. “What was that?” Ningal squeals through her pain.

An alarm sounds through the ship! Nannar is quick with his concern as Enki turns to the data terminal. The vocal from the Bridge appears onscreen as it is spoken by the officer. “*An asteroid has struck the hull at the starboard shuttle deck. Atmosphere is venting. Stand clear of all hatches... lockout in five methee... four... three... two... one.*” A light next to the entrance indicates the hatch lock is in place. The alarm ceases. Enki calls the bridge.

“*Yes Commander, it is a minor fissure judging by the slow rate of leakage. Three crewmen have evacuated safely and maintenance is suiting up.*”

“Well done. I am on my way.” He turns to the anxious Ningal. “It is a minor matter, be not concerned. These things happen as you know.” To the others, “Remain here. I will return shortly.” Approaching the exit hatch he crunches his com disc and issues a series of commands. The hatch lock indicator light goes out and he makes his exit.

Enki dons a pressurized suit and helmet from a corridor locker and proceeds to the shuttle cavern. He enters a cylinder in the cavern wall that evacuates its air and turns him to the inside. The maintenance workers are busy with the repair as Enki approaches.

The supervisor nods his greeting. “Commander...”

“Yes... can a permanent repair be made?”

The supervisor shakes his head. “To the inner hull, the aperture is small, but jagged, and I have ordered a temporary repair. As the outer hull is not accessible, that repair can wait until we achieve orbit.”

Enki leans over the workman’s shoulder watching the activity. He turns back to the supervisor. “Did the impacting body enter this bay?”

Again the supervisor shakes his head. “The large size of the outer hull damage indicates only a part of the item pierced the inner hull. If it did not fall away at impact, we may find the entire item between the hulls when we make the outer repair.”

Enki visually examines the vicinity while considering the matter. “Very well, I will advise Ronsiga. Pressurize as soon as possible, we near our destination.”

On his way to the Bridge, Ninmah calls to him. “Ningal has entered Labor.”

‘*This is foretold...*’ Enki shakes his head. “Attend her, I am needed elsewhere.”

When the shuttle chamber is pressurized, the crew is again set to securing the last of the supplies. It is then Enki senses the gradual turn of the ship at station Mars for its final run into Earth orbit. It seems the entire

complement on board realizes the event and a hush fills the empty space, space then filled with the voice of Captain Ronsiga.

“Departing crew, make your farewells and report to the shuttle chamber in fifteen metha with...” there is a pause, *“... in fifteen minutes with your task card visible. Maintenance personnel will ready themselves to repair exterior hull damage immediately after shuttle launch.”*

In the quarters of the soon-to-be parents, Ninmah attaches a restraining fabric to Ningal’s gurney and draws it over the laboring girl while Nannar gathers the last of their articles for transport.

“Go, Nannar. I will see to Ningal. My necessities are already on board.” With that Ninmah makes the fabric secure.

“Draw the restraint tighter,” Ningal breathes, “and you will squeeze the children out on the floor.”

“Sarcasm have you... the pains will soon cleanse your caustic mouth. Hang on... kiss all your comforts good-bye. We go!”

Enki is last to board the shuttle. He secures the hatch and makes his way forward checking each member against his list, fifty in all. “Be cheerful my good men,” he laughs. “We go to great adventure you will talk about for ages.”

“Will you guarantee those ages?” a voice calls.

It carries the cheerful ring of a jest, so Enki waves. In the control room he settles himself. “We go, Captain Aluhet, as you will.”

The shuttle pilot waves an acknowledgment and addresses his phone. “Earth Station One ready to depart. Open chamber doors.”

Ahead, two massive doors open to the dark of space. The pilot initiates the launch sequence and immediately the shuttle moves forward.

A fearsome scraping sound fills the craft and before the pilot can abort the procedure the ship is through the doors and accelerating to space. The scraping noise ceases allowing the cabin pressure alarm to be heard.

“What?” Enki calls.

“I know not,” the pilot answers. “It is as though there was no elevation from the deck... we dragged ourselves out to space. Our pressure is showing a hull leak.”

“So it seems. Call the...”

Speakers in the control room come alive with a calm, but concerned voice. *“Earth Station One, this is Farsinov in the shuttle chamber. The shuttle’s hydraulics failed to position the wheels as you may have guessed. We are searching the cause and will advise when we have knowledge.”*

“Commander,” the pilot turns, “shall we abort?”

In her compartment, Ningal’s signs of distress are clearly evident in the vise-like grip she places on her husband’s arm. “Are we going to disintegrate in space?”

Ninmah forces a smile while preparing a hypodermic formula. "It is unlikely my frightened little mouse or it would have happened already. Mind your breathing and let others attend our fortunes."

Enki considers the complications of aborting the mission, attempting to get back aboard the Orbiter. "How bad is the leak?"

"Minimal, but even that will drain us soon enough."

"Remain on course and wait for Farsinov's report. I will examine the hydraulic assembly." He opens an Ora link to the shuttle assembly records and studies the schematic he designed. No damage seems probable from the ship dragging; it will be the lines or pump that failed. He grabs an emergency pack from a locker and leaves the control room.

Where passengers are gathered, the constant alarm elevates tension and brings chatter to a minimum. It is not unusual, but no less comforting for the knowledge.

Enki makes his way below, to the crawl space beneath the bottom deck where the mechanism to elevate the shuttle is located. The bilge is awash with hydraulic fluid. From the emergency pack he takes a small cylinder; pressing a button on its side, green smoke is emitted that rushes as an arrow to a small hole in the shuttle hull and out into space. Enki crawls to the indicated opening and taking one of several cone-shaped items from the emergency pack, coats it with a thick substance he squeezes from a tube. He forces the cone into the hole with a twisting motion that halts most of the escaping atmosphere. Other tiny fissures become clogged with the tube substance that hardens almost immediately, sealing the vent. Instantly, the alarm ceases.

He turns his attention back to the hydraulic tubing where the damage is barely visible. He pauses, imagining what might have happened: a small part of the asteroid striking the Orbiter was propelled like a bullet into the shuttle, unseen by the crew. He frowns, realizing the error is in his designs that neglected to include a hydraulic pressure check to the shuttle pre-flight check list. *'Fortunate... it might have been worse.'* He addresses the shuttle complement. "Maintenance... repair is essential to the shuttle hydraulics. Keep me advised."

He hurriedly changes garments before visiting the anxious Ningal. Nannar, too, shows troubled signs. "I pause in my duties to assure you all is in control. We are on course and in favorable time. I must go."

Ningal appears upset. "If all is in control, why do you rush away?"

"To *remain* in control, little child... mine are not the hands to deliver babies. Be at peace and about your birthing and I will see to the landing you are so anxious to feel." He turns to exit and Nannar moves to join him. "No, Nannar, remain with your wife where you will serve best at this time."

While on his way to the Bridge he answers a call from Maintenance. *"It is unfortunate, Commander, the hydraulic pump cannot be repaired. Whatever penetrated the tubing was drawn into the pump damaging its interior mechanism. We do not have a replacement on board."*

Enki is silent waiting for news the babies are forcing their exit. "Are you certain Dehgad?"

"I am."

Enki personally chose Dehgad to be included on the maintenance staff for his remarkable skills, particularly his resourcefulness as some of his emergency adaptations were the works of genius. His analysis of the pump need not be verified.

"Very well... isolate it from the landing subroutine. We will land as we departed, on our belly." He is not happy about the horizontal necessity over uncertain terrain, but sees no alternative.

On the Bridge he inquires, "What is our position, Aluhet?"

"We are scanning for favorable terrain but rocks are everywhere. Water is our only safe option. There is a temperate region that may serve." Aluhet indicates the terminal. "See it there."

Enki examines scans of the selected area. He magnifies a section of the display for closer scrutiny. "I agree. This area approaching land that appears to slope gently from the water edge... it appears best."

"I will make it so."

Ningal's distress increases in measured surges. "We cannot do this," she squeals through clenched teeth, "we cannot! I must feel the landing!" She clutches her swollen abdomen. "Oooooo... what is going on in here?"

Ninmah is intent on her imaging screen. "The female is very active. She maneuvers her position..."

"I can't hold back." Ningal surrenders. "I can't hold back... but I must... I must!"

Perspiration streams from Ningal's stricken face as she redoubles her efforts to delay the delivery. All feel the gradual loss of power indicating imminent touchdown. The elusive moment has come.

"Thank stars," Nannar whispers knowing he would soon recover circulation in his arm.

Ningal knows she will not have to push and takes in a deep breath prior to relaxing.

In the control room, Aluhet guides the shuttle to the selected course and holds the speeding craft just off the water. He moves to reduce power for splashdown.

"Abort!" Enki shouts, full power, Aluhet, full power!"

"Commander!" Aluhet responds to the order and the craft surges forward.

"A reef, just below the surface will tear out our bottom."

"I saw it late," Aluhet admits while elevating the nose of the shuttle.

"Go around, Aluhet... the reef ends a short distance to the right. Align us as before, but to the right. Make haste," he adds, searching the landscape. "See there... a fog is rolling in."

The forward surge takes the birthing group by surprise. “What is happening?” Ningal screams. “What are they doing to me?”

Dilation is progressing and Ninmah moves her position to receive the firstborn.

Nannar turns to the monitor and relays the printed information. “A string of underwater rocks is forcing us to go around and try a different approach to land.” He turns back to his agonizing mate. “Let go dear wife... it is not worth your pain. Let go!”

“I will not!” Ningal screams, “I will not I will not... Ohhhh my...” She sweeps her free hand to her vulva as though to block the opening.

Completing its turn, the shuttle again points toward their original sight, corrected to the right.

“I believe we have it now, Commander, despite the developing fog.”

“It appears so, Aluhet... carry on. I try not to imagine what is happening in the birthing quarters.”

The craft settles to the water surface creating a huge bow wave with its blunt configuration. Momentum is barely enough to reach the land, but there is much rejoicing throughout the shuttle as the slight bump reverberates its welcome message.

Ningal faints. In her relaxed condition, two perfectly formed babies join the shuttle complement. She recovers in time to hear Nannar cry out with joy as he takes one in his arms.

“It is Ninni¹² who is first... Ninni has won the race! You have done it great mother... enduring much pain you established the fact... Ninni is the first... the twins are the first.”

Ninmah appears confused. “I cannot imagine how she managed that... squirming her way to the first position.”

“My husband makes much of our daughter being first.” Ningal turns to Nannar. “Are you prepossessed so soon?”

“Not at all my great mother, I merely state a fact. Utu will not feel diminished for it, I am certain.”

Enki enters the compartment writing in a book he carries. With only a glance around, he moves to where Ninmah bathes the new arrivals. “What will you record, my sister?”

Looking up from her work, Ninmah appears annoyed. “I have not studied your new time distinctions, but in terms good enough for thousands of shars, I have recorded the teth, heth, metha, and methee... do whatever you must.”

¹² Ninni is the name originally given the female twin. Later, the King changes it to Inanna.

Frowning, Enki transcribes her notes in the shuttle log and hands the book to Ningal. "Your demands almost killed us all," he tells, then smiles, "but, as fortune will have it, we are enriched by your contributions." He turns to the babies. "They are healthy?"

"Perfectly," Ninmah answers.

"Nannar, Ningal, attend what our record shows." He hands the shuttle log to Ningal who studies it smiling. "It records the shuttle touchdown on Earth and fourteen seconds later, the birth of... there are blank spaces to be filled in. Enter the names you have chosen and enjoy your unique legacy. It is now our history." He turns again to the infants.

Utu sleeps. Ninni is wide awake and looking around.

CHAPTER THREE A PLACE IN THE FAR-AWAY

Ice and snow on Nibiru is found only on the highest peaks, many of which are accessible to the population. Still, studies of the effects of ice on the body, vegetation, machinery and breathable air, is required of all who will land on Earth.

The proximity of the sun, a rare influence on Nibiru, requires new procedures to maintain comfort and health to skin totally lacking in pigmentation; its effects can be fatal. For that reason all who are to land on Earth are given a variety of eye shields and a full course of artificial sunlight in “Enki’s Ovens”—as they came to be known—prior to the expedition. The resulting distinctive color was thought either a symbol of status or a death sentence in the unknown.

“Yours, Ningal and Nannar,” Enki informs the new parents, “and all who follow them will need no artificial supplements for protection. I have verified their genes will develop all that is required for comfort in this new environment. We who were born on the home planet must maintain our precautions for a time not yet determined.”

Enki opens his sinus transmitter to every implant and installed speaker. “Our craft is disabled, but is secure in this place. Humlek and I will go in a Sky Chamber seeking our final destination. Meanwhile, all will remain on board until the next shuttle arrives to transport you to that place.”

He looks again to the twins, then to Ningal. “It is a good thing you have done, great Mother. We begin life here with two strong representatives of Nefilim. Many more will come and all will be led by these,” indicating the infants. “Well done, great Mother.”

Twelve Anunnaki are needed to unload and assemble the four-passenger Sky Chamber and while waiting, Enki passes news of their safe arrival to the Orbiter, along with the need to prepare a second shuttle with a full complement of fifty Anunnaki and a replacement pump, all ready to launch upon receipt of a permanent city-site confirmation. Word is returned no spare pump is available; one will be removed from an intact shuttle.

“It is a minor thing,” Enki tells his pilot. He is certain the damaged one can be repaired on the Orbiter. “More important is finding our city. Outfit us well, Humlek?”

“I will... for five of these rotations.”

“*Days*, Humlek...”

“Sir?”

“Five *days* on this world; one *day* is two periods... one of sunlight and one of darkness... a single axial rotation. That is a day. Thirty of them are called a *month*.”

“I read your notice from Sahvee, but it is not yet firm in my thoughts.”

“In good time, my friend... when we are provisioned, remember to initiate the shuttle beacon.”

“I will, Commander.”

“We must establish a grid soon... until then, the beacon will lead us back.”

It is dark when the last of the flight preparations are complete and odors of food emanate from the shuttle.

“Let us join the others, Humlek, before all is consumed.”

Selecting his meal from a buffet, Enki is bombarded by his curious companions.

“When will we set foot on land, Commander?”

“There is much flooding in this place. We must have firm land to walk on.”

“Is it cold outside?”

“It is brisk. This world is in a time of ice. It passes.”

“Have you seen life in this place?”

“There is life everywhere. Our scans over several shars reveal we have a history with this planet. We share the same waters and atmosphere, and probes found our own DNA everywhere.” He pauses in reflection. “I am reminded of a need... while you are all together. You have been taught the procedures for collecting DNA samples. It is important you remember this training when you encounter a creature of any size that is strange to you, as I expect there are many on this world. Collect a DNA sample with all appropriate documentation and give it to my sister who is Chief of Medicine... she will arrive on the next shuttle. Collect both male and female samples whenever possible. I will be grateful... now, returning to your question, we estimate this world to be as Nibiru was fourteen-hundred shars past; about five million of these Earth years. Vegetation is lush on many land masses though sparse in this area.” He pauses, as though considering his next thought. “We have seen hominids walking upright. Until further studies can be made from observation, our own history tells we expect them to gather in small packs, hostile to one another, only now experimenting with fire. They can be dangerous and it is best to avoid them whenever possible.”

“How long will we be shut in?”

“Cease, my friends,” Enki pleads, “I must close my mouth on food before I perish. We will all know more when Humlek and I return in five days... that is five axial rotations. Learn what you were given... now, I dine.”

The day is clear with only a slight breeze when the Sky Chamber lifts off. “This new direction indicator will function well,” Enki assures his pilot, “as will our distance measurements.” He unrolls a sheaf of printouts from a tube.

“These scans give us reference points we will chart as we go.” He looks up to the horizon. “Make our course inland 320 degrees for one-half hour.”

Visibility cannot be better as the craft maintains one hundred meters; high enough to clear surface contours and still allow a clear view of images to the recorders.

For two days results are an endless revelation of shallow ponds and lakes among sand and rocks. No sign of animal life is recorded and vegetation is little more than scattered clumps of weed. One positive discovery is made: many dark patches throughout the land prove to be bitumens that bubbled to the surface from below promising a substantial source of energy.

On their third day, Enki directs them toward an elevated plain on the edge of a marsh emptying into a gulf. “There is good water... plenty for irrigation and transport. Put us down Humlek, I want to set my feet on this place.”

Their preliminary survey does much to improve Enki’s demeanor. He sits on the ground and slaps it with his hands. “Look around my friend, look around.” He smiles up at Humlek. “Can you see a city rising up? This place,” he gets back on his feet and waves about, “we will not find better I am certain. It offers all we need at this time. This place, Humlek, will be our home in the far-away.” His arm goes around the pilot’s shoulder. “Come, we return to our shuttle with good news for those waiting.”

“It is strange we have seen no indigenous hominids.”

“We have not seen them, truly... but when they lose their fear of creatures from the sky, we will see them, fear not.”

CHAPTER FOUR
SECURING A HOME FOR ADVENTUROUS TWINS - SEX ON NIBIRU

Over time, several shuttle landings brought supplies and the Anunnaki working contingent to three hundred. Temporary shelters were replaced, utility sources constructed, dikes raised, the rivers dredged and partly directed to drain the swamps and feed irrigation canals. Fish were added to the waters and fishing and sailing filled leisure time. Life on earth was exhibiting aspects of its intended purpose: a second home for the Nefilim.

“Why did we raise this land to build on so far away from the deep waters,” Nannar asks.

Enki unrolls his tube of scans and places several for Nannar to examine. “Taken from several shars, you can see the glacier recedes as it is doing now. In three or four shars, the melting ice will raise water levels here another hundred feet.”

“So we will not have to rebuild our city...”

“Correct.”

“It is good you think so far ahead, Uncle. We are fortunate that you lead.”

“In the future is where I live,” Enki laughs. “My mind *visits* the present only on occasions of the unforeseen.” He repacks his tube. “And of the present, I have neglected to ask, how does Utu accept being second to be born on Earth?”

“It matters not, as I imagined. They amaze me in their activity with each other. It is as if Ningal and I do not exist except to serve meals.”

The twins are seven when they learn their people are taking gold from the waters. With serious purpose and expectations as large as the bucket that swings between them, they begin to search knee-deep into every surrounding lake and pond. Near the city center a threatening voice freezes their intense activity.

“You trespass in my lake!”

The startled twins turn to the sound. A male of dour countenance stands in the entry of a lofty home. “Permission I did not give.”

“We mean no affront,” Utu calls.

“We are searching for gold,” Ninni calls happily.

“I know you, issue of Ningal. Be gone from here. Be gone!”

The twins retreat to a safe distance. “He is not good,” Utu tells.

“Truly. We did him no harm.”

“Let us finish our search... we have only two more ponds.”

Again, finding no gold, they seek out their grand-uncle. Utu asks, “Who lives in the lofty place with a lake?”

Enki looks with irritation in the direction indicated. “It is my son, Marduk. While an uncle to you, it is best to avoid him.”

“He was unfriendly,” Ninni tells, “for no cause... why?”

Enki frowns. “That is for another time. By what manner did you encounter Marduk?”

“It was at his lake,” Ninni answers. “You told of gold in the waters and we went about to find some.”

“We found no gold,” Utu declares downcast, “truly, we have searched.”

Enki’s demeanor softens to relief and he sits on a step. “Gold is there, surely, but much too small for the eye to see.”

“Then,” Ninni pursues, “how do you pick it up?”

Enki considers the coming labyrinth: *What are bacteria? What is an extremophile? What is a microbe?* Finally, “I will try to explain. The gold is in tiny particles we cannot see, but we know are there. Also in the water are billions of tiny bugs... so tiny you need a powerful microscope to see them.”

The twins are a rapt audience and Enki begins to warm. “Those tiny bugs do not bother us when we swim. All those bugs do, all of their lives, is *eat* those tiny particles of gold. They eat and eat until there is a tiny ball of gold in their belly...”

Ninni jumps up, “Then they poop!” she laughs.

Enki joins her laughter and scoops her off her feet. “You are exactly right, child. You will surely know biology in your time.”

“So, where is all the gold?” Utu wants to know.

Enki returns Ninni to her feet. “I regret we have little to show for our efforts. In truth, prospects did not look that good at the start, but it is worth our experiment if only to be certain we must find another way.”

“You have to dig!” Ninni declares.

Enki sighs. “You are right again. Utu,” he turns, “... how fortunate you are to have a brilliant sister.”

Utu adores his delightful and mischievous companion in many adventures. A favorite thing is hiding in the shuttles and Sky Chambers when a flight is planned and then surprising the pilot and crew when sufficiently distant to make returning with them impractical. On these occasions it is Ninni who crawls into the pilot’s lap and takes the controls with intense and joyous purpose while Utu rummages through the galley knowing air crews enjoy exceptional foods.

“Your skills are improving, my Princess.”

“I know, Aluhet. I can feel the things. I just want to fly forever and ever... to all the stars.”

“And one day you shall, I have little doubt, but not today my Princess. I beg you, help your brother with a meal... we have a way to go and you can fly all the way back.”

It is with some relief the pilot speaks. As a Divine Child, daughter of two of the ruling pantheon, Ninni’s wishes are not to be lightly regarded. With a word the child can have him reduced to a picker of crops, or worse.

At the controls, her instincts are near flawless; even though her short arms and legs cannot perform all that is needed; still, she makes it happen.

Meanwhile, with arms and hands poised to interrupt at a threat, the pilot surrenders control of the ship to the eager child. Surprisingly of late, she exhibits a situational sensitivity superior to his own and he does not doubt she will prove a superior pilot.

For those she touches, it is easy to allow Ninni her way. She is a beautiful and surprisingly considerate child, albeit, with mischievous inclinations. She is slender, with long, golden hair, though it is not the color of her birth. Her grand-uncle, Enki, working with Ninmah, manipulates genes to permit a choice of hair and eye color, not only in the embryonic stage, but in a living person as well. While not everyone elected to make a change, it is not uncommon to see hair of blue and green among the Anunnaki. Only two colors are reserved for the ruling Nefilim: silver and the pale gold Ninni chose.

She is unique at an early age, enjoying many talents. At running, she is tireless. After provoking pursuit by one or more of her companions at play, she eludes them by running. She runs in circles, in figure eights, or straight away until her pursuers fall exhausted by the wayside where she will further humiliate them with laughter. Her smile, a visual delight, is totally disarming, and as she grew in experience, it crept imperceptibly from her closet of social graces to her developing cache of weapons.

To her brother, Utu, she is a bewildering sprite who demands he extend himself in their competitions. He does, to the extent his anticipation of victory gives way, knowing it will not be achieved without risking serious harm to his beloved sister. He suffers many a trouncing for his restraint, but, sharing her joy seems to make it worthwhile.

Utu is fifteen when watching copulation on the holo¹³—a pastime he recently began when time seemed to drag—he becomes aware of his sister’s allure as she frequently appears oblivious to her nakedness when an activity brings about that condition. While he becomes considerably aroused, he retains his sister’s detachment, though, in truth, she is not always as detached as she appears.

“I’m getting the bumps,” she declares one day in the “fort”. It is a small lodge they carefully constructed in the woods where, in the beginning, they would repel imaginary enemies. Lately, there is peace, and interest shifts to

¹³ A 3-D holographic image projector

poking around in the way of their world on the holo. The fort is their private place where no communicators are carried on their visits.

“Where are these bumps?”

“Here,” she replies, exposing her pale chest with two reddish-brown buds beginning to swell. “They are hard to see... you have to feel.”

Utu runs his palm where she indicates. “Yes,” he murmurs, “they are bumps, truly.”

Ninni turns to the holo and dials the activity of a couple engaging in intercourse. “Like those,” she laughs, pointing to the mature breasts of the female.

They watch the activity. “Maybe not,” Utu chides. “Maybe what you have is all you will get.”

“Do not be silly. I will be as big as she, perhaps bigger in a bit of time.” She turns back to her brother. “I have seen you... when you were not aware. That man is much bigger than you. Do you expect to be that big someday?”

“I am near that big now.”

“You lie,” Ninni teases. “Show me.”

“Trust me, I do not lie.”

“Then show me. I want to see.”

Without further dispute, Utu undoes his apparel until he is exposed.

“You lied.”

“I did not. What do you expect? It sleeps now.”

“Wake it up.”

“I cannot. You have made me nervous.”

Utu imagined many scenarios in private and this reality finds him unprepared. The mischievous smile of his sister he has seen before, when her imagination captures her spirit and she becomes determined to proceed in some secret and unexpected direction.

“Be not nervous, brother.” Ninni comes away from the holo and touches his arm. “I will awaken it,” she whispers. “I have studied.”

Indeed, she had.

Intercourse at early age and between close relatives on Nibiru had been acceptable since their science established control of the genome. After that time, no child was born with physical defects as had been the case through previous eons.

Parents are believed ill-suited to instruct their offspring in matters of sex because taste varies widely. They maintain a passive role in these matters allowing their children, with foolproof contraception and long free of transmitted disease, to experience sex in times of their choosing after their twelfth year. The reality of pleasure in sex had elevated that activity to high standards among the people and their morality is offended only by the taking of a woman by force.

Prostitution is a highly regarded learning experience as females, curious regarding their future role, may wear a yellow bracelet to inform males

she welcomes their approach, but retains the option to decline. Most will decline a first encounter if only to postpone the event while more romantic preparations are made. Males may learn their offer is not sufficient and request leave to enrich their purse.

Force of any kind is a major crime. Except for that, and prohibition prior to the twelfth year, all unions and activities are acceptable between consenting parties. Sexual acts are performed for the sole purpose of giving and receiving physical pleasure and carry no more emotional impact than any other recreational pastime. Among the Nefilim there is much fondness and like, and habitual encounters, but love is expressed only by a proposal of marriage; an event not normally allowed prior to the seventeenth year.

Indeed, Ninni has studied. Long do they writhe until one or the other claims exhaustion. Twice they return to the holo for further study, and then continue with what they learned. Knowing now, they lay quietly in each other's arms.

Utu is first to rise, but his sister holds him back. "I have taken your essence," she smiles, "and now wonder if it will flower."

CHAPTER FIVE
AN EARTHLING ATTACK - NINNI'S CHALLENGE

For better or worse, flower it did not, but within Ninni *was* born a tactile craving she found neither the will nor desire to suppress.

At seventeen, she is surpassing in beauty with a slender waist over a soft, round, *derrière*. Long legs begin at her vulva and lightly touch each other at the knee, the calf, and the ankle in perfect symmetry. Her breasts, that indeed have grown full and firm, are often first to catch the eye, and in due course, stir lust in every male including her great-grandfather, the King. Many women also believe her a desirable sexual experience.

On an overcast afternoon, the twins approach their woodland retreat, weary from a morning of strenuous exercise, but in high spirits until sight of the open door suggests caution.

“Something has disturbed our place,” Utu whispers.

Aches from the morning are forgotten when they step inside where all is scattered about. “We are discovered,” Ninni declares. “Who do you suppose...?”

“Some of our companions are likely.”

“I think not, or we would have heard of this discovery.”

“Perhaps it was only this morning.”

Ninni considers that probability. “Would they have caused such senseless ruin?” Utu shrugs his uncertainty. “Oh!” Ninni turns, “they have uncovered the astrological calculator I thought I had lost. Surely a thief would have taken it. Remind me to bring it home.”

Utu confronts his sister, “A thief is not likely, surely. Our uncle has retarded the gene that harbors evil intent.”

“Perhaps he did not retard enough... or after the guilty one’s birth.”

Together they set about restoring order passing most of the afternoon. When satisfied with conditions, they relax at their table with a cake.

“What if they return?” Utu asks.

Ninni laughs. “Then we will have real attackers to repel.”

The thought amuses Utu.

Letting her thoughts wander, Ninni remarks, “Our grand-uncle attends to your studies of the shuttles and Sky Chambers.”

“How do you know?”

“I have observed him observing you. Why do you not study how to fly them?”

“I am content to leave flying to you. I study their construction and capability. I hope one day to advance the technology... perhaps create a new design.”

“You deny yourself much joy, and the freedom that comes high in the air and in control of your path.”

“Perhaps, and I may consider it one day, but I have much to learn before that day. We should start back soon.”

“Yes,” Ninni agrees, rising to clear the table and thinking to encourage adventure. “Do you mind if we return by a different path?”

“What different path? I know only the one.”

“Surely, but I suggest making a new path to stimulate our interests.”

“Very well... lead us.”

Leaving their fort, Ninni chooses a most dense thicket of flora to invade.

Utu follows, grumbling. “Can you not find a path where your passing will not snap things back in my face?”

“I will try... oh!” She halts. “I have forgotten my calculator. I must go back.”

“There is a clearing ahead, I will await you there.”

“I will hurry.”

“Be certain of your trail.”

“Surely,” and she is gone.

Utu approaches the clearing and sits on the ground at its edge. Moments pass while gradually, sounds of the woodland creatures diminish. Soon, all is silent, except for a faint crackling in the brush behind him. Turning, it is too late to ward off the club aimed at his head.

Ninni makes quick time to the fort and, retrieving her calculator, turns to the door. Suddenly, she falls to her knees. Dizziness and ringing in her ears confuse her. *‘Did I misstep? Why have I fallen?’*

She rises, slowly, examining her functions. All seem well; the dizziness and ringing grow faint and are gone when she is finally upright. Still uncertain, she starts again for the door.

Back along the new path it is moments before she realizes the absence of forest chatter. “Perhaps a storm is coming,” she mutters, quickening her pace.

Nearing the clearing where Utu awaits, her ears tune in strange, guttural sounds that cause her to halt and more acutely direct her senses. The sounds are ahead and she proceeds cautiously. Through a break in the flora, three hairy figures of Anunnaki size are busy with something on the ground and it is several seconds before she understands the developing scene. Utu is bound with vines and the creatures attempt to suspend him from a long branch for carrying.

In a millisecond, realizing the numbers against her, Ninni resists her impulse to explode into the scene. Hurriedly she searches her surroundings for a weapon. There is nothing; no magical weapon that is always at hand in tales

on the holo. In her reality there is nothing, and creatures are preparing a fearsome fate for her beloved brother. She thinks to retrace her steps, that a weapon will magically appear, but the sound of her feet crunching on the ground can destroy her surprise, her only advantage. *'Like the animals.'*

Dropping to all fours she makes points of her fingers and toes and slowly turns to an opening parallel to the edge of the clearing. One limb at a time, she silently moves over the ground searching while her heart drums in her ears. *'Utu, my beloved, I dare not fail you. I cannot move swiftly or we are both lost.'* There is no weapon.

She turns toward the clearing where a rock of good size captures her eye. Three meters closer to the edge of the clearing there is a dried branch, but too fat for a single hand to wield easily. There is no time. Utu is tied and two creatures bend to shoulder their load; the third is nearest and faces away. Her steady eyes fix on its matted head until their focus shudders through her coiled body. Time has run out. Images of Utu helpless on the ground, possibly dying, while creatures decide his fate intensify her anger and the resolve it engenders. There is no time to search options. With all her mind and a homicidal aim, she launches her rock.

Immediately, as she dives with outstretched hands to clutch the dried branch, her rock strikes hard behind an ear. She bursts into the clearing, both hands gripping the heavy branch before her, screeching as something wild. The two sling bearers turn to her wide-eyed, drop their load and crouch, raising their clubs. She dives to the nearest with her branch to the ground and rolling forward in a purposeful tumble, allows the creature's club to swing harmlessly overhead. Her branch strikes heavily against a knee sending the creature howling to the ground. The remaining creature is paralyzed by the swiftness of her assault, the screech penetrating its ears, and two suddenly prostrate companions. It retreats, hurriedly, into the woods.

She turns to the creature with a broken knee and, retrieving that one's fallen club, batters its head to a similar condition.

Swiftly, she falls to her brother to assess his injuries. He is unconscious, bleeding from a severe wound. *'It was foolish to leave communicators behind.'* With Utu's knife, she slices her garment for a bandage that she applies to the bloody patch, securing it with a makeshift bandana.

The creature felled by her rock makes groans and movements of recovery. She quickly forestalls that event with two solid blows of the creature's club.

Untangling Utu's restraining vines she caresses his head in her lap, whispering hopeful pleas to her creator.

Unanswered are her pleas.

She considers the time it will take the escaping creature to gather others and return for their prize, assuming it retains that desire. With little time to assemble a drag litter, she is troubled by her only option: she must carry Utu. He is the heavier twin. It does not seem possible.

'I must do it!' her mind demands.

By her will, she imagines the doing. Failure, she does not consider. It is the task she must bring about. Alone, she must carry her brother home.

Clearing her mind of doubt she wriggles beneath her brother and, in a pushup motion, with fixed attention to balance and leverage, she slowly rises with the load across her shoulders. Rising first to her knees, then, steadying herself, one foot to the ground, then the other, as a lifter of weights with renewed purpose she forces herself upright. Hesitating only to adjust her load and balance, she begins making cautious steps across the clearing toward her base. Her speed and balance improve with every stride. *'His wound is ugly... the damage is severe.'*

Bearing the gravity of her purpose, she loses awareness of her burden. She moves without pause through unbroken growth, trampling everything in her path. There is nothing in her world but her purpose. There are no gasping lungs, no searing ache in her legs, no perspiration streaming from every pore; there is none of that until unforgiving time finds her at their compound and the door of Ninmah.

"I come," she mutters as Utu is taken from her. Suddenly the reality of stress she demanded of her body overcomes her conscious mind in a cascade she cannot withstand. Unconscious, she is caught before hitting the floor and gently lifted to bed.

Examining Utu's wound, Ninmah calls for assistance. They move Utu to a surgery cove and perform a three hour procedure observed by an anxious Ningal, Nannar and Enki.

"We have done well," Ninmah assures them when Utu is wheeled back to the room where Ninni sleeps. "I have restrained him. He will sleep while I attend, and I will call when he awakens. Go now, and rest. I will call."

Ninmah draws a chair near Utu's bed and relaxes holding his hand. She allows her eyes to close. "Only for a little time," she whispers; but the challenge of the day leans upon her swiftly and it is two hours before a movement of Utu's hand awakens her to bear guilt for her weakness. She stands and sees that Utu's eyes follow her move.

"You are awake! It should not be." She circles the bed watching his eyes that try to follow. "Who are you?" she asks.

Utu's eyes widen as he turns them to her; curious is his expression. "If... if you have forgotten me nurse..."

His eyes close and Ninmah looks to monitors that reveal no warning. She watches the rhythm of his breathing. Across the room Ninni sleeps amid a similar array of monitors that also reveal no problem. "Sleep well, my babies, fortune seems with us now." She dims the lighting and returns to her living quarters at the end of the hall. There, a wall of duplicate monitors will alert her at any indication of setback. Satisfied all for the moment has been attended, she performs ritual ablutions and retires with restrained apprehensions.

CHAPTER SIX
AN EARTHLING UP CLOSE

Enki arrives at his sister's quarters shortly after sunrise as she prepares her meal. "Has either awakened?"

"Utu, but only for a metha last night. He responded to my question in a manner typical, and I believe he will recover fully, but not for many turns of this place."

"*Days*, my sister, *days* are what you mean."

"If you say."

Acknowledging she is stubborn with new things, Enki ignores her attitude. "And Ninni?"

Ninmah glances at her monitors. "I expect she will be hungry soon."

"No lasting effect?"

"It is only exhaustion she suffers. I have attended her scratches and bruises which are minor. She is young and enjoys a strong body... she will rebound quickly, I am sure."

"I must learn what happened as soon as possible."

"Have you had your meal?"

"No."

"Then join me... there is enough." She moves to set a place for her brother when a bell from her wall sounds. "Well, we will both have to wait. Ninni rises from her bed."

Ninni hovers over her brother and turns to them when they enter. "Tell me what is wrong."

"He will be fine, child."

"But his injury is serious."

"The injury caused a swelling of his brain. I have removed a palm-size piece of skull to release the pressure, and I will replace it when the swelling subsides. Meanwhile, there is risk of infection. His recovery will not be quick."

Ninni turns back to her brother. "Dear Utu, I should not have left you. The calculator is nothing." She looks to Ninmah. "He will be abed long?"

"Yes."

"Our grandfather is coming, and the King and Queen. We have never seen them in person."

"They will visit Utu here, I am sure. After your brother's few words to me last night, I feared danger and induced a coma to immobilize. Utu cannot leave this bed for nearly a soth."

"That is a month, dear nurse. He will miss much wonder."

"It is whatever it is, child. I cannot allow risk to be taken."

“No, you cannot. And I will make it up to him with my descriptions and imaging for the holo.”

“Enough chattering,” Enki interrupts. “We must be about the details of this tragedy.”

“I did not see the initial strike of the creatures. I believe they surprised Utu with their numbers. When I arrived from retrieving my calculator they were preparing him for transport. I felt I must act swiftly.”

“And so you should.”

“There was no communication, only guttural sounds and groans.”

Enki nods. “We will return to this place and see what remains. Are you well enough?”

Ninni nods.

“She needs more rest,” Ninmah insists.

“When we return she can sleep a shar, but we have a chance to learn a great deal that cannot be allowed to pass.”

“I am well, good nurse, you have regenerated me.”

Enki, Ninni, and two Anunnaki board a roller and bulldoze their way to the scene of the encounter. Two creatures lay where Ninni left them. Enki leaves the roller and confirms both are dead.

“I was enraged. I held visions of Utu suspended over a fire for roasting... I was enraged!”

“So you were, so you were. Bear no regret. These creatures are considerable in size. You acted bravely and without option.” He turns to the Anunnaki. “We will bury that one,” indicating the creature with the most cranial damage, “and return with the other for my sister’s autopsy and a DNA sample. We can learn much from this event.”

Nannar joins them in Ninmah’s infirmary. A caution is posted advising travelers venturing beyond the city to have a companion with them and carry a sol.¹⁴

“Shall we not seek out their gathering place to...?”

Enki raises both hands, shaking his head. “We are the intruders here, good Nannar. We will defend ourselves, but otherwise go about our business, and as your daughter reminded me years ago, we must dig!”

Ninni is thoughtful while they leave Ninmah’s clinic. “Why can we not ask our creator to restore Utu to good health? It is a small thing to ask of one with such power.”

¹⁴ A hand-held weapon designed to temporarily immobilize. The name is taken from the word “solution” that is often the result of its use.

The men exchange glances. "I would have your father give you the answer," Enki tells.

Nannar puts an arm around his daughter as they walk. "If you recall our talks about where we come from, you must remember the creator gave us free will to manage our own affairs... be that for better or worse... free will... do you remember?"

Ninni appears unsure. "I recall a mention of free will but it is not clear."

"If you play with it in your mind you will discover the answer, I am certain."

"I will know it now, if you tell."

Nannar laughs. "You hold a lazy mind," he teases. "Then know it now, Lazy Mind. With free will given to all, all are responsible for whatever happens. We make decisions and must bear the results, be they good or bad. Free will is a gift without price, and having given it, the creator must withdraw from our doings. He cannot reward this one or punish that one for using the free will gift... he cannot influence how we use it, or the will would not truly be free.

"Utu's free will took him to the forest with no guarantee he would return unharmed. He is responsible for what happened simply by being there. The creator cannot assist in Utu's recovery for he bound his own hands when he granted the free will gift." He squeezes Ninni's shoulders. "So, Lazy Mind, we do not ask for what cannot be given."

Religion had blossomed in Nibiru's deep past that reasoned an entity of some kind had to be responsible for the universe their senses perceived and for a time, the sun and moon were favored entities. Other conceptions came into the field but eventually, an anthropomorphic being gained preference and came to be called "God," a male entity residing in the sky. Feared and worshiped over millennia, when the Nefilim science achieved space flight, the notion of a creator in the sky gradually fell from favor and the idea of God might have disappeared entirely but for an innate leaning toward the safest course; denial was unwise, without proof.

Anthropomorphism faded, eventually replaced by an ethereal entity that shared its presence with every being; an inhabiting spirit within, but totally separate from the body; a spirit that survived corporeal death and, as though on a mission of its own, inhabited another body and continued. But to what purpose was questioned and answered with the obvious: the creator's purpose.

Many philosophers and theologians came to prominence in ensuing time with convincing theories and "proofs," but what eventually took root and flourished was the simple conclusion that their god, a benevolent entity, became lonely. In its simplicity, it survived eons of laughter because its rationale appealed to the greatest number. The creator desired company; not clones of himself, but company of similar mind with whom he could freely share.

To begin, he created a finite number of spirit entities identical to himself, but devoid of his knowledge—devoid of any knowledge; blank slates, but endowed with a will free to explore and experience life in all its forms; to discover for themselves the concepts of right and wrong and the rewards and consequences of each; to learn all that is needed to be of similar mind with the creator and earn the privilege of his companionship. These spirit entities were not created to be wasted in a single lifetime of debauchery.

Two remaining issues were then addressed: corporeal beings for spirits to inhabit, and a variety of worlds to provide their experience. As the resulting companion would be a spirit, the makeup of beings could be an eclectic lot; carbon based, silicon based, water based, in any shape or form, but each with a temporary life span. Given only a single life, it would not be possible to learn all that is needed to be a worthy companion. When the host life form meets death, if its life balance favors right over wrong, the spirit will move forward to continue in a new host; doing poorly, it will go backward to repeat the failed lessons.

Similarly, the worlds of opportunity would be of differing composition; terrestrial, aquatic, gaseous, wherever a life-form can be supported.

Both these issues were brought about with a single bang and the spirit students were given an eternity of time and a universe of worlds to struggle forward, one life at a time, overcoming evil, pride, and the importance of self, slowly gaining in wisdom and personality, working their way back to the side of their creator to be the worthy companion desired in the beginning.

The spiritual belief of the Nefilim knows no organization; no fear or worship; only the word passed to the young, parent to child, as each must make the journey alone.

CHAPTER SEVEN
A CHANGE OF COMMAND - NINNI IN THE KING'S EYE

Enki moves to a window overlooking the newly constructed city of Larsa. "I am not comfortable here, Nannar. We built Larsa too quickly as a base for my brother's work. There is too little feeling of the home. I long for my Eridu."

"When tomorrow's visitors leave, return there, surely."

"When tomorrow's visitors leave, *if* they leave, I will be grateful. Are preparations complete?"

"As you directed... the King and Queen will be comfortable in their shuttle and receive us in their hall of assembly. Your brother will be quartered at the edge of the city."

Enki frowns. "Would that it be more distant," he mutters.

"Commander?"

"Nothing, Nannar." He drums the sill with his fingers. Considering further, he turns to Nannar. "I have decided that gold from the waters is impractical... and will be abandoned. Three hundred Anunnaki from the Orbiter must begin preparations to leave that luxury and join me in the Abzu¹⁵ as soon as it can be arranged." He shrugs. "A shock it will surely be. Make transport of supplies a priority." He turns again to the window and unhappily growls, "There will be no Eridu for me this year."

It is the King's first visit to Earth and that he brings Enlil disturbs Enki. He fears disruption in the smooth progress his crew of three hundred made since their first landing. There will be much celebrating and congratulating, but in the end, he has no doubt, there will be disruption.

When Nibiru approaches her cluster of neighbors, a Grand Transporter begins moving personnel to the Earth Orbiter from which the smaller shuttles bring them to the below. It is the King's private shuttle that sets down and discharges its three Royals to a traditional ceremony lasting twenty hours. During that time, few words and outward signs of welcome are exchanged. Music is played, performances are given, much food is consumed, and in the end, the Royals retire to their private shuttle for rest knowing tradition is satisfied.

The sun is high when the Royals of Earth are summoned to the Hall of Assembly of King An and Queen Antu. For Ninni, it is an exciting event, meeting her great-grandparents and grandfather for the first time; a King and

¹⁵ South-Central and Southeastern Africa – The Land of Mines

Queen and a Prince are they. Great wonders are imagined and it surprises only Enlil when Ninni, ignoring all protocols, boldly approaches her royal forebears with a smile they have never seen and with encircling arms gives each a warm caress. Having done this, she steps back and performs an exquisite curtsy she practiced for weeks. Fortunately, she remembers in time that it is for the King to utter the first words of greeting.

In the ensuing silence, one might imagine a King lost for words, but this is not so. The unspoken words of the King he elects to preserve for another time and place—a royal bedchamber—though he reveals no outward sign. While he laments the absence of Utu, the King's mind holds an image of Ninni, and it is the mind's eye, lips, and tongue that play leisurely over the full, young body of his great-granddaughter, kissing, sucking, licking, caressing. These imaginings at work beneath his robes bring his penis erect and in a barely perceptible move, he conceals that fact. He smiles at his vision and turns to Enki. "Are we establishing new protocols this day?"

Enki bows his greeting. "Your Excellency," he offers, "youth is impetuous and your grace is evident. Dear Ninni has waited eagerly and long to greet her King, her Queen Mother, and her grandfather. She is filled with the moment, as are we all, great King."

Continuing to smile, King An replies, "You, my son, are still one for the moment." Turning to Antu, "My Queen, this thing our Princess has done... enfolding you with her arms, did it displease you?"

"It did not. I found it moving."

"As did I," the King responds. He turns back to Enki. "We must look again to our protocols... bear it in mind."

"I will," Enki answers.

Enlil speaks. "Your suggestion seems light, father, but I feel it has weight. I, too, found the gesture appealing. Then we are unanimous. We must find a name for this thing... enfolding with the arms. Let us put it to Sahvee."

Through these happenings, the solemn tenor of the occasion melts to mutual comfort and exchanges of pleasantries, closing with father and sons agreeing to meet privately after their meal, a three-hour event during which father and brother heap a cascade of praise on Enki for his obvious achievements.

Enki senses the "but".

The King lays a hand on Enki's shoulder. "The new task you begin shortly in the Abzu will require all of your skill and attention, my son."

'The disruption comes...'

"For that reason, I have decided the affairs of our presence on this world will be best served with Enlil in command. This is not a repudiation of your work here. It is my belief this division of responsibilities will allow each of you to function freely with your disparate tasks." He looks to both sons. "My decision is made. Let us pursue other matters."

For a moment, the three are silent considering King An's announcement. Enki's first reaction is anger and disappointment, but as he probes the King's decision, he realizes a burden he has little patience for is being lifted. Governing has always drained his patience; he prefers to design, and produce an outcome. Completing it, he withdraws from its utility and moves to something new; it has been his way. The magnitude of the Earth mission held an allure new to his interests as it was his to control. The recent development of Larsa, of which he is not proud, offers an insight it took the King to unveil.

Enlil is first to speak. "I will build my city and call it Nippur. It will complement our space facilities and permanent landing corridor where control will be gathered. Brother," he turns to Enki. "I will be honored with your thoughts regarding a location for my city, and others to establish the safe landing corridor."

Enki is pleasantly surprised.

"Enki!" the King injects, mindful of the rancor between his sons. "Your brother calls!"

There is an unmistakable bite to the King's words but Enki is not taken back. "It is I who am honored," he tells his brother. "Of necessity I have given the landing corridor much thought and have caused a foundation of great stone blocks to be laid where Baalbek will soon rise." With a flash of inspiration, he continues. "All my workings are in Eridu. As I am soon to the Abzu, it may please you, brother, to make my house your own while Nippur and space facilities are developed."

The King erupts! "Well done, my son, well done!" He turns to Enlil. "What say you now?"

"You do me great honor, brother."

"It pleases me I am able."

The King leans forward in his chair. "This is more like the unity I require of you... Splendid!" He turns to Enki. "Now, I have the twelve topacca trees from Nibiru that you requested... tell me of their purpose and take them quickly for they pollute my air."

"The time has proven our physiology is not suited for extended stay on this planet... with its rapid rotations and revolutions. Since our arrival, I have calculated we have lost one-point-nine percent of our life expectancy."

Enki's audience is disturbed. "Discouraging news, my son... have you any to invalidate this evidence?"

"Surely, brother..." Enlil begins, and then holds in wait.

"The fruit of the topacca tree contains the answer."

"The fruit is abominable!" the King declares. "How can...?"

"It is a chemical in the fruit I need to transmit to two of our more appealing varieties that I am hoping will sustain our knowledge and longevity while on Earth. The work must begin at once for there can be problems unforeseen. Ninmah will be needed to assist."

The King relaxes. "Surely that is better news."

“We can perform the tasks in the laboratory we will prepare in the Abzu.”

“Splendid, my son! I will ask no more this day that it may darken the peace and joy in my heart.”

The King speaks truly of the joy in his heart, but the agreement of his sons and promise of a physiological solution are not the only contributions to his mood; he again savors his vision of Ninni.

CHAPTER EIGHT
INTO THE MINES – A KING’S SUMMONS - SEDUCTION OF A QUEEN

Enki’s emotions are mixed when his Sky Chamber turns south leaving Eridu behind. Scanning below, all save Larsa fills him with pride and leaving it for others to tend is irritating. He has no doubt his brother will prove competent in his step-by-thoughtful-step manner, thoroughly lacking imagination. Enlil approved the city-sites and landing corridor plans and construction materials will be his as soon as three-hundred Anunnaki and their digging equipment are unloaded in the Abzu, two days hence.

Conversely, he is renewed by the coming challenge and the familiar tingle it brings to his expectations. He recalls assuring the twins the experiments with sea water were worth the time. He wonders now how he could have believed it at the time. He regrets the misadventure hoping the twins have forgotten. *‘Put it behind you, Enki... you are on the King’s business.’* He relaxes and drifts to needed sleep.

After the departure ceremony, Enlil returns to Enki’s home where many comforts are now his through his brother’s generosity. He is ill at ease despite the unmistakable convenience. *‘Am I now in my brother’s debt?’*

Passing a restless period of daylight and darkness that trouble his nerves, Enlil calls Nushku, his chamberlain. “I will return to Larsa. Make preparations to close the house of my brother.”

Enki is nudged awake by an Anunnaki engineer who directs his eyes below to a magnificent waterfall¹⁶. Gathering his senses, Enki turns to follow the vanishing scene. “A beautiful thing, surely.”

“We land in a few minutes, Commander.”

“Very good, Atlek, I will prepare.”

“How will this land be called?”

Enki turns back to the window and the passing earth below. “I have put the question to Sahvee. She has suggested, Ophir.”

Sensors he developed confirmed significant gold deposits at various depths throughout the region; it was bothersome deciding where to begin as disadvantages were unique to each site. All shared one: the rapid transition from darkness to daylight that, while he did not become dizzy, took Enki a full earth year to accept. Then, there is the uncertainty of the topacca trees.

¹⁶ Victoria Falls

“I cannot leave until Utu is discharged from my care,” Ninmah tells.

“You are sorely needed, sister. We have a serious matter to uncover for our longevity and reproductive health.”

“I will come when I can. I cannot say more.”

With that, Enki threw himself to the construction and outfitting the laboratory of his need. Nothing was spared from his stores on Nibiru and the completion in a jungle seemed a marvel to his construction crew.

A topacca tree, preserved in earth of the home planet, was brought to his table. *‘I will have your secret of life, or our future on this world will not happen...’*

At Larsa, King An restrains his desires several rotations to not appear over-eager, however, he is not one to deny himself long; he sends for Ninni. He waits in the luxury of his private shuttle; half again as large as standard models to accommodate the staff of thirty who attend the royal couple off-world. Every amenity serves all on board which makes royal serving duty a cherished assignment.

Custom directs Queen Antu to her private quarters to remain until called by her husband. In the beginning, the custom was not without disquiet on the Queen’s part, but time prepared her well as these events became commonplace. In time, and on many occasions, she offered good advice on her husband’s preferences to the chosen girl, but that will not happen with a Princess.

Ninni sits at Utu’s bedside describing every detail of the recent events to her sleeping brother when a messenger arrives with the King’s missive: *“Come my Princess that I may know the condition of my seed thrice removed.”*

She has heard many tales of her King and is not surprised by the invitation. The eyes betrayed his intent at their first meeting; eyes she had seen in many men and learned their meaning.

“Oh, brother... I go to greet our great ancestor. He expressed sorrow for your condition as I told you. I am excited. I must go, and returning, I will tell you all, I promise. Be comforted, I will return soon.”

Outside, Ninni rejects the thought to first adorn herself, and as the breeze is gentle she decides to walk, the better to consider her position with one who holds all power. *‘Is it wise to grant his wish and hope for his future obligation? or deny his wish that his desire increase?’* She is vexed, and no closer to a decision when arriving at the King’s shuttle.

“I am Ninni... great-granddaughter of your King. Announce me.”

Words are passed to the inside and in brief time she is admitted. Another attendant escorts her to an elaborate pair of doors where she is instructed to pause while the attendant withdraws. Then, she must speak her name. If the door does not open, she is to return the way she came and exit.

Ninni watches the attendant back away; then she turns to the doors. “It is Ninni who holds your summons, great King, and who is foolish talking to a

door.” There is no response and Ninni feels her time may be inappropriate. Still, no time had been stated. She thinks to turn away when doors that ignore her offer a speaker unseen.

“Enter foolish one, and be welcome.”

In her quarters, Queen Antu reclines near a port that reveals only sand as far as she can see. It became her routine; to recline in silence while her husband entertains his desire of the time. She is not bitter; it is her role as surely as it is to share the unique opportunities and wonders available to the most powerful man in her world. There was a time when—but that time is gone. With it passed her attempts to distract thoughts that persisted in returning to the bedchamber where the fruit of one young, of fresh, tender skin is being savored with a high energy of delight—as she herself had been savored long ago. She no longer attempts to distract her thoughts, having found it better to face and accept the fact, if fact it be. It passes.

Lighting is subdued in the King’s quarters and music of a classical tenor is barely audible. A lavish assortment of fruits and cakes is spread; wines of several shades and vintages are at hand and favored delicacies are plentiful. Never has he prepared such an elaborate setting, nor can he recall such anticipation.

He thought of little else through the day and as the doors slowly open to his chamber, he draws himself to his most regal bearing to assure the young woman who enters of their relative positions. He smiles not, nor does he frown, as Ninni makes her way into the opulence of her surroundings.

The King conceals his reaction. *‘What is it I see? It is not an elegantly adorned being of royal blood...’* Ninni continues toward him. “Who is it that comes dressed as for the market with sand of the roads on her feet?”

Ninni takes three more steps and curtsies well. “It is who you asked to see, Your Excellency, Ninni as she is, the beneficiary of your seed thrice removed. I am she, and I am honored.”

He has learned to accept surprises well, betraying nothing to retain the upper hand. “I did not ask that you be dragged.”

“I hastened, lest my King should be of a different mind if I dally.”

‘More like it.’ He reaches to a panel of buttons and selects one summoning a female attendant. Immediately a panel to the side opens and a young girl enters. “Ah, Pin... take the Princess Ninni and clean her up. Find her something to wear.”

“Yes, Your Excellency,” the girl bows. She signals Ninni to follow her. “Please, Your Highness.”

“If I have displeased my King, I am truly sorry.”

The King’s mind retires to the image he held so close. “It is twice you have surprised your king,” and he smiles. “He is not yet displeased. Now, go with Pin. When you return we will talk more and attend hunger and thirst.”

Ninni is now proficient with her curtsy. “As you wish, my King.” She follows the young girl out, wondering what manner of garment she will inherit.

Ninni is unprepared for her capture by three young girls who strip her to her skin, lead her to a pool frothy with the scent of roses and direct her to sink. Her dusty hair is drawn to an adjacent bowl and washed with a fragrant liquid while below, to her surprise and momentary discomfort, she is thoroughly purified.

Up from the pool, the three maidens towel her while moving to a cabinet where warm air finishes her drying. A shapeless gown of a pink, diaphanous fabric unravels from her shoulders to the floor that makes no attempt to conceal all fruit a woman is given.

“Is this my garment?”

Startled by Ninni’s displeasure, the maidens convene in a troubled circle, whispering their distress.

“I require something less revealing.”

A moment later, Pin offers a more elaborate garment of scarlet and gold that Ninni finds acceptable. She is then seated where sandals are fitted and skilled fingers perform magic with her golden hair. Pigments to her eyes and colors to her cheeks and lips are final touches that set the maidens back to survey their work, looking to one another for assurance. All seem to agree and Ninni is led to a cove of mirrors where a stranger stares from behind the glass.

Growing up, she could not help making comparisons to her peers and learning their verdict of beauty and favor. She often thanked her ancestors for her exceptional gifts, evident without enhancement. She sees the young woman in the mirror as a creation, décor, as a pot of flowers to a table.

‘Is this how a man wishes me? or only the King? for others have been lavish in their praise of my unadorned self.’

Turning to the maidens, she experiences a strange impulse to consider her posture which straightens involuntarily. Her chin lifts; her fingers unclench and fan slightly at her side, all without her guidance. To the mirror, *‘Where have I seen you?’* Suddenly, recalling Queen Antu as she first appeared, she understands her unconscious actions. Instinctively, she emulates the Queen.

A shiver of excitement is unnoticed by the maidens as she turns slowly to complete her examination. A second recall, of the King at first sight, elegantly arrayed with his Queen in perfect harmony. Her flesh tingles as in a time of fear; but fear is not the prompt. *‘I would be a Queen!’*

Never has she considered such a role, and as a surge of rushing water, the full impact of her royalty overwhelms her. She stands in awe of her potential, a thing that has never happened. *‘Would he make me a Queen?’*

Pin takes her hand and leads back to the King’s chamber where, bowing low, she presents her given task. “May it please Your Excellency?”

“Thank you, Pin... leave us.”

When the girl is gone, the King turns to her. “How do you see yourself, child?”

“I see a Queen,” she responds, “though I am not.”

He reaches out and she takes his hand to settle beside him. "Taste these I have prepared," waving casually to the array. "I will pour a wine to your liking."

"A light wine, if you please."

"Excellent!" He pours to the half. "Are you comfortable?"

"As may be expected... alone, in the presence of my King."

"Are you fearful?"

"Apprehensive, Sire."

He laughs. "You have heard tell of me."

"Wondrous things, to be sure."

He betrays suspicion. "You dance well, but I dare not question further on that. What have you heard of my women?"

"Only that there are many, and young... as I am."

He laughs again, louder than before. "No, my Princess," and he roars, "none like you... I say, none like you."

She lightly samples a nearby delicacy. "How so?"

"Beautiful they are, truly, and young, as you know. But the difference cannot be seen or touched. One can only hope to describe such difference in its enormity."

"It is I who hope you will try. Please try, my King."

"Your tongue is a part, to be sure. Words it utters charm my mind. They coil about me as a serpent. There is a bite!"

"I intend no disrespect, surely."

"I am certain, and in this is a difference... one of many." He looks away. "Recall using a hand-held communicator where nothing physical exists between it and the receiving unit far away... nothing but the ether and *that* is electricity. A spark can be seen jumping from a positive to a negative nearby. When the spark exists between the male and female, it lights as a chemical reaction that is unmistakable." He turns back to her without expression. "Unfortunately, it will not always affect the parties equally, as I suspect is the case between us."

She smiles her gratitude. "Well done, my King. You have made the matter clear to me as few might. But, permit me to say I will not let suspicion erect a barrier where no plan calls for one."

"I do permit thee. It is exactly as I told. There are many as you know, but none like you, my serpent."

"You credit me too much."

"I do not."

"The Queen?"

The King shies at her ambush and turns away. "A bold serpent, truly," he mutters.

Her heart quickens fearing she has gone too far.

The King returns her gaze revealing nothing. He turns away again. "Time will be cruel, Princess. The Queen is my love. Since we met, there was never a time when she was not my love, not even in these times when

anticipation of a clean, young body intensifies my lust. The Queen is my love though time has taken the wonders of her youth... cruelly I say, for it leaves me with a memory so haunting I hope to duplicate it with others... with you. It leaves her knowing that wondrous, carefree, unbelievable time will never come to her again... she can no longer attract the dashing young Prince who promises dreams will come true. Time leaves her bereft of hope, but not of my love. No time will take that from her."

"Such honor is rare, I believe. Such honor demands it be rewarded in kind, and if I, thy bold and humble serpent may try, I will say a male of my King's years cannot be a wise choice for the pledge of my young heart, for my union must bear children who all of their lives will need a father. My own pledge of heart must be to one among my peers, that my children's needs be met. While I may take a lover in flesh, I need not offer my heart. I believe you have told me thus." She pauses briefly, studying. "I have seen your eyes, good King... they hunger for my fruit, and I am truly honored. I know your power, and there need be no charade between us. Each has something to offer and we need not be reticent." She turns away and speaks softly. "I hope bold is to your pleasure, my King." She takes a cherry from a dish, but does not eat.

"You bargain with your King?"

"In a manner, knowing the heart can never be a gift between us, still, without fear or guile, our hearts may truly give with the respect that honesty deserves."

"Surely, boldness is thy right, Princess. What gift will please my Princess?"

She is filled with the time. Until this day, the joy of her life knew only love of family, the search for knowing, truth and discovery. Her royalty she wore as an undergarment untouched by regal ambition. Recognition of her Queen struck a majestic chime opening a door, a desire to explore, and here, in this moment, she may step through.

"Great King, your Princess would have a land of her own... a land ignored by others where she might attend its fortunes..." She raises a hand to forestall the King during her thoughtful pause. "... a land where she may be its Queen."

"My bold and imaginative serpent, I may have your fruits and then deny your reward. I regret it would not be the first time. But as you have made your case as true as one can hope, I will let no anxiety on that trouble you an instant." His pleasure radiates as he turns to his panel of buttons. Selecting one, he turns to the chamber entry and the attendant who enters. "Make haste, Steward, your maps and instruments of recording."

"At once, Your Excellency." The Steward disappears.

Ninni sips her wine in a calm, untroubled place.

When the Steward returns, the King takes her hand and leads to the table where maps are spread. He releases her hand and moves slowly around the table, studying. After two complete circles, he addresses his Steward. "I

seek favorable lands of good size that I may appoint its ruler. Help me, Steward.”

“Favorable lands of size are not available, Your Highness. All are assigned. Unfavorable lands are plenty... perhaps...”

The King rejects the Steward’s thinking. “No, no... that will not do. Are you certain none are available?”

“I am, Your Excellency. I am sorry...”

“You are not at fault. I will award a proxy to a future time,” he looks to Ninni, “if that will satisfy.”

Ninni’s posture reveals her surrender to his judgment. “My King... I am grateful for your thought. It is more than pleasing.”

“Then choose a name for your lands that I may record it now.”

The request surprises her, but the memory of a game with her brother provides barely a pause. “Aratta,” she answers.

“It has a good sound. So be it.” He turns to his Steward. “Establish its boundaries of good size and record my words. ‘I,’ and fill in the words appropriate, ‘this day grant to Ninni, daughter of Nannar and Ningal, the lands of Aratta subject to her rule as Queen. As Queen Ninni is strongly in my favor, I suggest she be henceforth known to all as Inanna, in commemoration of this deed and title.’” He turns to his new Queen. “I hope Inanna is pleasing to you.”

“Oh, it is, truly!” her demeanor confirms.

“Then prepare the parchment... publish it to the Ora, and surrender it to Queen Inanna when she departs.”

“As you will, Your Highness.” He gathers his materials and bows his exit.

The King smiles to his new Queen. “In time, favorable lands will arise. You will present the parchment and Aratta will be yours to rule. The parchment is my word. Let no anxiety bring unrest, young Queen.”

Filled with concealed excitement, she moves to the King taking his head between her hands, and, closing her eyes, moves her lips to his. It is long, and active, and wet. “Be my lover, great King. I am your loving mistress.”

The King is both tender and strong, she learns, and skilled in selflessly probing her places unknown yielding torrents of tremors and eruptions so thrilling their passing leaves her inert. Exhausting himself time and again, the King cannot bear to let her go, and while gathering his strength, he tells marvelous tales from life to enthrall her. She learns much she could not imagine, assuring her bargain is rich in ancillary value. For seven days and nights Ninni willingly pays the price of her land; she never leaves the chamber.

“It grieves me young Queen, I must attend much delayed affairs of state, and you must attend your brother as you have yearned this whole time.”

“I did not mean to...”

“Be silent, my treasure. It is good your love for Utu... be not apologetic.” He turns on his side and casually fondles her breast. “We are a pair, are we not?”

“Truly,” she smiles, “a pair indeed. I cannot wait to share this with my brother.”

The King puts his lips and tongue to her nipple, lingers there, then rises from the bed. “Your title is real good Queen, Aratta will be yours.”

CHAPTER NINE
THE WORLD LEARNS THAT ARATTA HAS A QUEEN

In her quarters, Inanna carefully folds the crimson garment she took as a memento, placing it in a case of things from other times. She smiles recalling its brief history as a garment and its subsequent life of seven days, crumpled and kicked about the bed. Once she retrieved it from the floor to draw it over her body as a sheet, and there ended its useful life. "I am Queen of Aratta," she whispers, then, clutching her parchment, she hurries to join her brother.

The holocasting of events convey to all stations the King's decree and it is with briefly mixed emotion Queen Antu is informed. It is not jealousy or envy; it is the lonely time without her mate she suffers. The news brings relief and her spirits rise in unison with her appetite.

Ningal and Nannar, assigned temporarily to the Orbiter, were granted three days on Earth to attend their injured son and are returning to the above when they learn of Inanna's elevation. "It is expected, husband. The children use their minds and initiative as you insist. Inanna is the point of a spear and she is far from spent." She looks sharply to Nannar. "Lands of her own I did not expect this soon."

"It is posted for all," Ninmah tells with a hint of humor. "Indeed, your skills are to be envied. How does one of youth acquire such skill?"

"I have no skill, dear nurse. It is responding to the moment that guides my way."

"Ahhh, good Queen," the Chief of Medicine bows, "your responding will be legendary before the sun hides its face... my admiration." She touches her own forehead in mock salute.

"I am grateful for your tainted thought, but what of Utu?"

"He recovers. His coma will be lifted soon."

"It is good our parents were given time to visit. I will sit with him now. I have much to tell."

"I can imagine, truly. May I listen?"

"Be gone. My tale will not be strange to you."

Ninmah smiles, but abject are her thoughts. *'If only it were true.'* As a young beauty she knew many men. It was never her heart they sought, only her vagina and a male child to open their path to a throne. In remorse, she believes it well that the fires of passion were never loosed from her imagination... while lust is so facile and manipulative in its presentation.

Enlil views word of his granddaughter's elevation in amused contemplation, recalling his own arousal to her beauty at first sight; arousal he might have pursued but for surging matters of state. *'One should have a wife at these times.'*

Utu awakens to a deluge of all that happened since the blow to his head. Overwhelming are Inanna's details and he begs for relief, pleased by his sister's evident caring. "You have stunned me with your tales and I am in awe or your deeds... the most incredible I believe is that you *carried* me from that clearing. Becoming a Queen I expect in your course, but *carrying me*... that was..." He could not explain.

"I, too, wonder. I believe stress in dire times parts the veil of our limitations, allowing us to step through and briefly do the impossible thing. I believe this."

"I am convinced, surely, my sister." Wetness forms in the corner of his eyes. "Your new name is pleasing. Do you know its message?"

"I do not."

"When I learned of it, I scanned the Ora... it means 'Anu's lady' in one interpretation and, 'Beloved of Anu' in another. Truly, you are well favored."

Enki feels total admiration for his grand-niece. "The woman will be formidable," he mutters.

CHAPTER TEN
AN UNSPEAKABLE CRIME – A LOVING MAID – HATRED IS BORN

Enlil, second-born son of King An, but first by Antu, loses no time requisitioning a labor force to build his city. Grand is his plan to create not only a city of life and commerce, but a center to control air travel between Earth and the Orbiter above. Key to this ambition is its location, already determined by his brother Enki, his rival in the royal succession.

Landing and departing safely in the shuttles had been Enki's chief concern when laying out city locales; to create a corridor easily approached from space, homing on the twin peaks of Mt. Ararat. Searching for flaws in his brother's plan, Enlil finds none and in truth, he is not surprised having long since surrendered to Enki's extraordinary skills.

Without hesitation, he breathes life to the designs; cities key to the landing corridor rise. Principal among constructions is a lofty temple at the center of Nippur serving him as dwelling and control center of the airspace. Security is established by satellites above, capable of viewing all below and targeting any threat by laser or artillery shell. A cavern in the temple houses his sky chariot "Whisper", capable of swift travel over land and rising above when needed; it is a vehicle unmatched on Earth.

The number and complexity of his tasks are wearisome, seemingly scheduled by the periodic darkening of Earth; a disconcerting event Enlil hopes to ease by late evening strolls along a stream on the edge of the city. It is a deserted area, pleasing, in that never does he encounter another along the way. It is a quiet and refreshing time he enjoys until the sound of splashing irritates him. *'What intrudes on my peace?'*

A girl bathing is unaware of his passing. Moonlight playing over her naked body reveals she is young, of delightful form, stimulating, and he stands to enjoy her beauty and activity. It is several moments before the naked girl becomes aware.

"Oh... you startle me." Her voice is sweet.

"You intrude on my peace."

The girl's attempts to cover herself fail and she sinks into the water. "I mean no intrusion, the night is warm."

"Have you no garment?"

"On the shore."

"Come here. I wish to know you."

"I cannot, while you remain."

He has seen enough to be intrigued. "What is your name?"

"I am Sud, a nurse."

“Come out of the water, Sud, I wish to know you.”

“I cannot while you are there, a male unknown.”

“I am your master in this place. You must come.”

“A male may be false in his pursuits. I know you not.”

He considers wading to her, but stifles that unseemly thought. He is fascinated by the beauty he has only glimpsed. He decides caution will better serve a different time. “I will have my chamberlain call on you with word of me. Now, I continue my stroll and you may disregard your suspicions. You are pleasing to me. We will meet another time.”

With that, he walks on, Sud’s naked beauty well in mind.

As he told, the next day he directs his chamberlain to seek out the girl’s parents and inform them of his wishes.

“Perhaps, my Lord, an invitation to sail the lakes...”

“Excellent, Nushku! Promise what you need and make it so.”

Three days pass and waters are calm when Enlil escorts his maid to the boat where twelve oarsmen stand ready.

“I am excited,” Sud tells in laughter. “Never have I journeyed over water.”

Her excitement extends to the center of the lake where Enlil takes her hand and leads her below. He can dwell no longer. He seizes Sud and tears away her flimsy garment.

“Oh, no! I am not one for intercourse. I have never been...”

“My sweet maid, the perfection of your young body... I cannot withhold my longing,” and he forces her to the bed. *“I open your thighs... I insert my penis... I throb in your sweet cup... I cannot contain... you are my love... I erupt... I pour the semen into my sweet maid.”*

Sud is in tears. “Oh, my oppressor, you have taken what was not freely given.”

Her plaintive cries fail to distract Enlil from his consuming passion. “I have taken my sweet maid,” he answers. *‘I take her again.’*

It is not Sud who reveals the tale, but one of the oarsmen who listened at the below. Word of the foul deed spreads high; high is the word spread to the judges.

“But he is the Commander on Earth,” a judge cries out, “his word is law!”

“His word on Earth, truly,” answers another, “but his deeds must answer to our higher laws.”

“The foul deed must mark our way!”

A warrant is issued and Enlil, the chief on Earth, is arrested and brought before the Nefilim panel of seven judges.

Removed from the time and nearness of the maid, Enlil is distraught with turbulent emotions. The sweetness of her delicate body; the thrills of his kisses and penetrations, and her struggles and muffled cries of distress thrash

him with the reality of his heinous act. It is done, and nowhere can he hide. To his credit, to hide is not his thinking.

With his sorrowful confession, the Anunnaki judges make the decree to shame Enlil and banish him to the Abzu; shame and banish the one who took what was not freely given.

When word reaches King An, the sentence is passed and Enlil is to the Abzu. To interfere will violate the strictest code and he chooses to wait before announcing a replacement.

Without Enlil's guidance, things planned are not started. Things started become undone, but the King still muses.

Tearful Sud feels the sickness. Her mother smiles the smile of an end foreseen and does not interfere when her daughter, in calm and purposeful manner, is to the Abzu where the hastily built refuge of Enlil stands alone on the river Zambizi. At his door Sud presents her swelling womb and Enlil rushes to embrace her. Tearfully he caresses her and Sud rejoices.

"Marry me and stay, sweet maid, for I truly love."

"Your good wife I will be... my heart swells as my belly. I am truly for Prince Enlil, my love."

Word is made to Nippur, to Larsa, to all the cities and to the King. The seven judges are moved to decree: "As the two have joined, let void be the banishment. Let the two reside among us in peace."

King An and Queen Antu embrace at the word. Nannar, Ningal, Ninmah and the twins are made happy.

Marduk, firstborn son of Enki, frowns. Marduk curses. Marduk must plan anew.

Like his father, Marduk is gifted with a quick mind, and with that all similarity ends. He is of medium proportion showing little evidence of physical labor, having always schemed for others when a task was called. Early he perceived that most of his natural inclinations ran contrary to expected norms and quickly, as was the need, he would fabricate masks of ingenious design to allay any consequence.

His face is angular with eyes that appear wide in perpetual wonder, though he wonders little sitting endless hours to an Ora terminal where knowledge is instantaneous. It was there at fifteen his hitherto ill-defined course became suddenly clear when the Nefilim rules of succession convinced him his rightful place in line had been surrendered by Enki with too little dispute. Rights of the firstborn were usurped by a female; a situation outrageous.

"Why is your need for independent living important?" Enki had asked. "Do I not impart all I know at a reasonable pace?"

Obscure was Marduk's answer as his burgeoning resolve to take up the succession issue his father should have pressed, would not play well under the family roof.

“I want only space to decide my path, and brothers fast coming with their needs smother my options.”

Marduk has become certain he is meant for great things; that he is meant to rule.

Recovered from his ordeal, Utu and Inanna plan a survey of Uruk when the news of Enlil’s reprieve reaches them in flight. “We should return to show grandfather our support,” Utu mentions.

“Grandfather will be to his bride, unaware of our absence.”

“I only mention what we *should* do. You are probably correct, with such a young bride...”

“Our grandmother!”

Utu laughs, “That *is* strange, is it not?”

“And her tiny issue will be our aunts and uncles.”

“Indeed, strange... perhaps he is too old.”

“A foolish wager, that.”

“A thought of titles prompts a question I have... when you come to your Aratta as Queen, will I be its King.”

Inanna considers it. “I think not, brother. King must be my husband and the law forbids our marriage.”

“That, too, is strange. We can be lovers, and even parents, but never husband and wife.”

“It is not strange. Marriage makes legal the right of succession. Brother and sister are not a factor. They care not a fruit what we do.”

CHAPTER ELEVEN
SEARCH FOR LIFE - ELEVATION OF UTU – INANNA TO THE MINES

After the recovery of Utu, Ninmah joins her brother in the Abzu to begin research into their life-expectancy problem. Introduced to Enki's new laboratory, she wanders the space, touching equipment, reading labels, and halts in amazement. "A wonder you have created, with chaos all around."

"We lack nothing, sister, and the chaos you perceive is only the planet fulfilling the task of living. Growth is rapid in this environment."

"I am impressed... tell me what you have learned of the problem. I would guess the rays of Apsu are harmful."

"You have guessed correctly... the radiation absorbed is minute, but in the time of a year, damaging. In time, not only will our lives be shortened, the male sperm will lose all potency." His tone reveals greater fear of the latter effect. "I have learned the chemical zythis in the topacca tree will inhibit the damaging effects... and our task is to add zythis to our physiology."

Ninmah considers the obvious solution. "We must add its fruit to our diet."

Enki's face becomes forbidding. "Have you eaten fruit of the topacca tree, good sister?"

"I have not... though I have heard it is bitter."

"Bitter!" Enki exclaims. "If it were only bitter, rejoice! It is of a world *beyond* bitter. Any fruit with such ghastly flavor tells all to 'stay away... I am a poison to your life.'"

"Indeed!"

"You will not find any willing to eat it, I am certain."

"Not even when it will add years to the life?"

"For a thousand years, none will agree!"

"You take this too far."

"Come with me," Enki tells. He exits his laboratory to an adjoining garden where the twelve topacca trees flourish in their native soil. Their fruit is small, pink in color, and he plucks one from a branch and gives it to Ninmah. "For a thousand years... eat!"

Ninmah takes the fruit, delicately to her nose. "It has no odor," she tells. "How bad can this be?" She tossed the fruit between her open lips and bit down. A second time did she bite and her face became a mask of death. She turned quickly to the ground and to expectorate. While she did not swallow the fruit, the gasses released by her two bites coursed to her bronchial tubes and elicited the swallowing effect. Coughing and gagging, it was a contrite Ninmah that slowly faced her brother, hands on her chest.

Enki had not the heart to speak, deciding to allow his sister to broach the subject at her leisure. He returned to his laboratory, searching a flask from a cabinet. Moments later Ninmah followed, plainly troubled by an aftertaste.

“Forgive me, brother. I thought to show you the foolish side of your belief.”

“Your mouth will keep you awake this night.” He offers the flask. “A drink of my discovery will restore your spirit.”

Ninmah swishes the liquid several times before swallowing. She repeats the procedure and immediately her face resumes its normal composure. “I am grateful.”

“You appreciate our task.”

“I do, brother... forgive me.”

“It is unfortunate I must go above for brief time. I have designed procedures I believe will meld the topacca with one of our own fruits, retaining the zythis in full strength... but many stages are required to bleed away the topacca flavor. The first two I have committed to the Ora for your study. I should return before you complete both but if I am delayed, we will consult through normal means.” He envelops his sister in the caress made popular by Inanna. “It is good to have you with me in this.”

Results from a dozen prepared mine sites are immediate and Enki redirects his effort to processing the accumulating ores. For that he relies on his third son, Gibil, to whom he has given lands in Southern Africa and the knowledge of metalworking. It is Gibil who leaves wife and home to organize the second city of the Nefilim, Bad-Tibera, for the work of smelting and refining. It is in Bad-Tibera the shining ingots are stacked awaiting transport to the Earth Orbiter, and then on to Nibiru during its next passing.

When the twins arrive back at Larsa, Utu alone is summoned to Nippur where Enlil welcomes him with little flare and goes straight to his point.

“The spaceport at Sippar is without a commander and my brother’s first choice to that post was his son, Marduk. I reject that choice on more than sufficient grounds. He then recommended you, having closely followed your interests in vehicle and space activities. He surprises me in this as he has other sons.” Enlil closes with Utu to embrace him. “His second recommendation I will accept, grandson; the post is yours from this moment. It carries with it a seat among the Twelve.”

Returning to his sister, Utu seems in a trance. “I was shocked! I had not hoped for yet many years. It was our grand-uncle who made the way.”

Inanna flies to her brother with kisses. “Your diligence has earned it, Utu. I am pleased for you. A seat among the rulers... my pride is surpassing!”

Utu restrains her with both hands, laughing. “And I appoint *you* my adjutant, where you will enjoy unlimited access to the space facilities. You, dear sister, have earned that!”

“Our benefactor uncle is now at Bad-Tibera. Let us visit him with our gratitude.”

Enki is happy to greet the excited pair and offers much attention. “A Queen and consort I see,” caressing each.

“A Queen of much empty space,” is her feigned complaint.

Enki laughs. “How great is this time?”

“A wonderful time,” Utu answers while looking at the stockpile about him. “These ingots are a fine tribute to your success, uncle... I am proud.”

“As am I,” Inanna adds with humor. “You prosper since abandoning the poop of microorganisms.”

“Ah, you recall that. I was afraid you would,” Enki admits. Retaining his humor, he points to the holo displaying news of Utu’s appointment. “When will you begin?”

“It is past the time, and I have you to thank.”

“You have earned the post, doubt not.” He has a second thought. “Come with me to inspect our fortunes in the Abzu. The ore ships require it periodically and it has not happened in recent time. Make this a first official act.”

Utu smiles to his sister. “If my adjutant can free herself of queenly duties, we will do as you suggest.”

“My queenly duty will be to slap you, commander or not.”

“Your sister, Ereshkigal... her lands are only a little below the mining. Perhaps you will enjoy a visit while so close.”

The twins are silent, exchanging furtive glances. Inanna is first to speak. “Ereshkigal is content with the distance between us, as are we, good uncle. Our sister will not welcome a visit unless ordered by the King. It is sad, but all are served by this.”

From the air, mine sites are easily identified by the smoke from a mill processing the local lumber being cleared in ever-widening circles around them. Only the crews constructing ground facilities, lumbering, and operating the mills, are troubled for a time by Earth’s irritating rotation. Most arriving Anunnaki leave the shuttle and proceed immediately into the mines, remaining unaffected until earning a time of rest. Then, they might visit the enclosed site nearby providing customary amenities that include “pleasure girls” who enjoy their privileged status in the mining community. A Few workers venture into the wild, but not for long.

Six ore ships await Utu’s inspection and he loses no time. Inanna requests a guide to lead her through a mine where she spends a full rotation of Earth, starving herself in the while after seeing what culinary delights are offered underground.

Emerging from the pit, she is covered with the permeating dust and is barely recognizable.

“You frighten me, sister. It is you, is it not?”

“Another slap is your due. Truly, it is Inanna, much tired, worn, hungry, and knowing of life in a gold mine.”

There is more to her thinking, but she cannot find the words of expression. Her thoughts are a collage of furtive glances flashed, then hidden by workers in the mine. Normally, she perceives glances of desire, but in the mine where isolated men should yearn for a pleasing female, it seemed other. She is certain a message lingers, but its clarity eludes her.

She is distracted as Enki leads her to a bath. “A feast awaits the pure and shining Inanna,” he tells, “then rest.”

Her mind is quickly drawn to a previous thought. “Uncle, your dust and grime cling to the flesh I cannot reach. Will you attend me in this? I will be thankful.”

A surprised Enki turns to Utu who lifts his hands in confused surrender. “It is obvious, uncle, her need is great.”

Satisfied he will not be entering a forbidden realm, Enki follows Inanna to her bath where he is assiduous in his task. He has imagined this body, but while his fingers move over its curves and crevices, he discovers how inept the imagination.

“I sense your arousal, good uncle, but your relief cannot be here. When I have eaten and rested, come, and taste my fruit. Awaken me sweetly.”

Enki continues to breathe the fragrance of Inanna hours after she is gone, reliving their sweet moments of sharing. At rest, smiling with closed eyes, he is thus enraptured when his firstborn son, Marduk, rushes upon him, fuming.

“From who does a son, flushed as a fiend, claim rights to burst uninvited upon the father?”

“From one whose tryst produced him.”

“I give no such right! You foul my sweet air.”

“Your air is fouled by the issue of Ningal. What is wrought by this effrontery?”

Enki jumps to his feet. “Joys surpassing any from you, miserable creature... be gone,” he shouts. “Be gone, and return exuding peace and great respect, or return not!”

Thus diffused, Marduk appears contrite and softens his tone. “I am enraged my father consorts with spawn of Enlil, his half-brother, further distancing himself from the throne. How can this madness advance our cause?”

Modifying his stance, Enki returns to his chair. “How may you retain the lofty vision when your response to a moment yields rage? Have I not taught you to live in the future? The throne you crave I have, of necessity, relinquished, and in thought and deed, bequeathed all possibility to you, my firstborn.” He motions Marduk to sit. “I have heard that you threaten Nergal, your brother, to take over the work of the Anunnaki here in the below and I wonder how you come by this audacity. It is not Nergal who directs the

Anunnaki, it is I, and you have not yet the brain to unseat me... be warned. I have installed you in the lands of the great river that flows north, and from there you will make your claim when time provides the venue. Until that time, guard your tongue and deeds that you do not make waste of all."

Marduk appears humbled, but Enki knows his son, that he knows no humility, and will continue to smolder until he succeeds or is consumed by flames of his own making.

"Forgive me, father."

"It is what a father must do. Now, return to your lands and let me recapture a memory that pleases me. Go now!"

Marduk withdraws and Enki lays back to reclaim his reverie.

In their Sky Chamber returning to the Spaceport in Sippar, the twins each reflect on recent experience. Utu interrupts a considerable silence. "I know you well dear sister, and yet, you continue to surprise me."

"In the matter of our uncle, I think." She lightly touches his arm.

"Certainly so."

"Then knowing me, you should recall I seldom act on a single reason."

"I am aware."

She returns her hand to her lap. "Soon comes a time when the favor of our uncle need be enhanced from memories of a laughing child to that of the woman I have become." She turns back to her brother, laughing. "And surely you know of my addiction to the thrills of intercourse."

CHAPTER TWELVE
THE FRUIT OF LIFE – THE MUTINY OF MINERS – ENKI’S UPGRADE

The thoughtful wandering of Ninmah about the laboratory in the Abzu soon evolves deliberate striding from place to place—then, with the engagement of four assistants—to a flurry of activity.

Her task fully realized, challenges her already superior attitude as nothing before. Her unshakable belief in a solution to every problem, threads a circuitous path from microscopic grafting through horticultural nutrients to the properties of dirt. Meticulous is her study, often revisiting like pathways again and again stimulating imperceptible change.

Sooner than expected, hostile fates bearing a large cache of uncertainties, view the intractable Ninmah as more trouble than they are willing to struggle with and humbly withdraw their obstructions.

Ninmah welcomes Enki on his return to the laboratory. “My brother,” she begins in her most casual manner. “You return in good time. Our floors need sweeping, vessels sterilizing, supplies put away...”

Enki scowls. “Your attempt at humor finds me in foul mood.

“Forgive my presumption, good brother... I hope to lighten your foul mood with words of our success with the implanting of zythis... I have done it!”

Enki is aghast! He is prompted to reproach his sister when he recognizes deliberation in her stance. “You have done it?”

Ninmah turns to the spectrometer. “If you will believe this, then I have done it... on only my second attempt.” She leads him to the adjoining garden and proffers a colorful fruit, larger than the topacca.

Enki does not conceal his apprehension and takes the smallest possible bite as though surrendering his lips to a red-hot ember. Hesitant, his tongue nudges the bit about his mouth while his eyes reveal great suspicion. He makes a grand gesture of swallowing—anticipating a reaction he expects to come.

Ninmah remains stoic.

A smile edges over Enki’s face. “Good sister!” he exclaims. “I am wrong to doubt!” He takes her shoulders in his grip. “It is not a tasty thing, but the senses do not threaten a quick death. I am excited by your work. Show me the report.”

Ninmah hands him the spectrographic analysis, confident in her judgment. “As the zythis is firm in its place, twenty or more generations of this tree will gradually be persuaded to offer fruit of a most pleasing flavor... I am certain.”

“This analysis reveals the solution only for our longevity, and the potency of male sperm is not...”

“A simple modification, brother, will produce a different fruit... shielding cells of the testes from radiation. Our people must eat each fruit to my estimate... twice each turn around the sun, or...”

“Year, sister... twice each *year!*”

Ninmah reveals impatience.

Enki approaches his sister, enveloping her in his arms, stifling her breath. “Your name will reach great height for what you alone have done. Surpassing is my admiration! A wonder would be our son!”

Displaying shock, Ninmah withdraws. “Speak not of our son, brother... there will not...”

“Yes, yes... this is known.” Enki releases her with a kiss to her cheek. “I hasten to announce your wonderful news.”

Enlil greets his grandchildren warmly. “Tell me of the ore ships, Commander,” he orders.

Utu is charmed as the first use of his title rings in his ears. It creates a straightening of his posture that brings a hidden smile to Inanna.

“I found all wanting routine maintenance. I directed it begin at once and remained to see it done. Only one is in need of a minor repair.”

“Excellent, Commander, I trust your flight was good.”

“It was...” he pauses, considering the new relationship, “...sir.”

“And my brother, how is the work progressing?”

Utu turns to his sister. “Inanna is better informed on that issue, sir.”

“Your brother is well, grandfather... but the work is not so.”

Enlil shows his surprise to Inanna. “The work is not so... how do you come by this?”

“I spent a full rotation deep in a mine... emerging, I could not be recognized by name or gender. I was a pillar of dust with black hair.”

Enlil nods his understanding. “It is a harsh environment to be sure, but I am certain my brother has done all he can to make it as hospitable as possible... is that not so?”

She recalls her uneasiness exiting the mine; something in the eyes and demeanor of the miners. “I am sure he has, but it is a sad life, grandfather. Conditions are abominable... surely you know... dust and clay are eaten as though part of the cuisine.”

“I fear it is as you say... by the nature of the work, it cannot be other.”

Inanna shakes her head slowly. “It *must* be other! I was uncertain of a thing I have seen... uncertain until now. There is unrest among the workers and I imagine plans are being made.”

“Plans? plans for what?”

“As conditions seem unbearable to those who work, I can only guess, as can you.”

Utu is startled by her revelation. “Dear Inanna, I recall no such impression. You never mentioned...”

“You were not deep in the bowels, brother. As I said, it comes to me now after much reflection.”

Enlil is clearly disturbed as he moves to a window. Utu and Inanna silently exchange looks of wonder. Minutes pass before Enlil turns back with his decision. “I must respect Inanna’s intuition. I will see this myself.” He addresses Utu. “Commander, make ready the Whisper and prepare to accompany me.”

“Immediately, sir.”

“I will return with you,” Inanna decides, “I desire being present at this meeting.”

The words are put upon the ether and by means uncertain, the words are received in the below—not only in the Abzu of Enki—but in the mines of Enki, where, as Inanna surmised, plans are in the making.

“He is coming. The Lord of Earth is coming to this place,” a miner whispers.

“We will capture him and tell him of death in this black hole,” says another; and their words are spread. Soon, it is agreed, and all are united.

At the mines, Enlil arrives in the night with Inanna, Utu, and Nushku, and is quartered in the keep of Kalkal as Enki directed. Ill at ease is Kalkal who has heard of the unrest among the miners and notices activity in the brush. He bolts the door and awakens Nushku. “We are surrounded,” he wails.

Enlil is incensed. “A prisoner am I? Take up arms at once. Who does this thing? Bring him forward that I may sentence him.”

Turmoil ensues, mitigated by the arrival of Enki. “Nibiru is near. Send for the King,” he advises. “Let the King determine the fate.”

King An arrives and is immediately pressed by Enlil. “These miners dishonor me, great King. I must have an accounting.”

The King is of softer demeanor, laying a hand on Enlil’s shoulder. “Let your chamberlain go forth and record their grievance. We will hear these things before deciding.”

Nushku returns to relate: the miners have burned their tools and are united for war. Their labor is killing. Their food is unfit for beasts. Their lungs are burdened. They say “enough” and stand firm.

Enlil demands swift punishment for the leaders, but the King has heard what he did not know. “Hold your pronouncements, my son. Let us consider the needs of these who toil... they are our people.”

Calm is restored, and searches for a solution begin. None of the immediately offered are viable and discussion, without violence, continues.

Recalling a time in his past, Enki forms his thoughts and announces, “Let a worker being brought forth to carry the burden of mining. My

experiments with Ninmah have proven the task. Did Ninmah not make fruit of the topacca tree a delight?"

Wide eyes and blank stares respond to his words.

"Be forthcoming," the King demands.

Enki warms to his subject. "A hairy creature of a size to be good walks upright on this world. It is our ancestor of millions of years past. Let us manipulate its genes in conjunction with our own, to bring it to an understanding of our needs. Let the modified creature bear the load of the Anunnaki."

The wide eyes narrow and blank stares turn to each other. "Can this be?" one is heard to ask.

"My son, are you certain of mind? Will your sister confirm your expectations?"

"She will, great King."

"How can you create a creature intelligent enough to take up tools and work to a plan?" inquires another.

"We do not create," Enki responds, "we *enhance*. I have no doubt. We have done as much with the essence and helical strands, but without the current need in mind. Do we not alter hair and eye color to a choice? In our experiments we have mixed animals to surprising results to achieve the knowledge. Be assured, it can be done. Ninmah will agree. She will be needed. Send for her... we will do it at a place close above."

The King cannot let go. "You are certain?"

Enki nods assent. "Certain I am, that I now free our workers to return to Nibiru and a normal life. They need not re-enter the mines. Their production has already satisfied our needs for many shars. Work will be suspended until our new beings are ready to take their place."

Enlil also, cannot let go. "Who will be punished for the crime of mutiny?"

The King raises his arms. "Consider not that thought," he orders. "It is our legacy from times long past that when those who rule cannot satisfy the basic needs of their people, it becomes the duty of all who are able to rise up and demand the accounting. It is that *rising up* I have seen here. Let all be free from reprisal." He turns a serious countenance to Enki. "Be about your task, my son, bearing in mind that failure may bring you and your sister to take up the pick."

Inanna stands apart from the speakers, listening intently. As participants disperse, she approaches her uncle with query. "Is the creature you name the one that attacked Utu in time past?"

"It is the same. Our examination of the dead one revealed DNA markedly like our own. I anticipate little difficulty in fixing our image on an egg of the hairy female."

"And what of the birthing?"

Enki strokes his chin in thought. "The egg will be implanted in a female of our own, to bring it to maturity. We will need many Anunnaki females to bear the labor. The task will be tedious for the numbers we require."

"Why so? Why so many of our females?"

"The workers we birth will be hybrids, incapable of reproducing among themselves. They will lack twenty-three of the required chromosomes to..." his voice trails off.

"You become uncertain, uncle."

Enki's brow wrinkles with considerations. "No, my young Queen, it is a thought you have given me... to amend the matter of reproduction. There is more I must consider."

"I am honored to inspire. May I request a thing?"

"I will listen."

"Is it true, you can manipulate genes to a desired result as with hair and eyes?"

"It is true."

"What of stature, and musculature... and beauty?" she asks from a mischievous turn. "I would request a number so endowed."

Enki is amused. "With exceeding tongue and phallus?"

"If my uncle's skills are sufficient, that is favorable."

"Indeed, young Queen," Enki laughs, "you are surely my joy."

Inanna, too, is amused. "I think as long as you are about the design, at least make them beautiful!"

"I will do my best insatiable maid, but none, I fear, will be of suitable quality for a Queen. They will be a third smaller in size."

Inanna laughs. "Then let the numbers obscure shortcomings."

When Ninmah arrives in the Abzu she knows not her task. When she learns of it, she is angry for her uprooting to a project bearing considerable doubt.

"We produced many unfortunate, disfigured beings that could not long survive. Have you forgotten?"

"It is true, my sister, but we did not have the egg of the hairy female to aid our experiments. With her egg, we cannot fail, I am certain."

The Chief of Medicine retreats from her confrontational stance, considering what she hears. Her imagination expands as she recalls the past procedures. It is surely true, the egg, the lacking egg, was significant. "If they are to reproduce, we will need marrow from the bone of the first male," she muses.

"You are truly the one for this task, my sister. We will take one rib. It can be spared."

Smiling, Ninmah recalls the tedium of many trials to disappointing ends. "Do you realize brother, what we are about? A new being will be..."

"Not a new being," he cautions, enjoying her expanding approval, "an *advanced* being. It is my calculation we will advance the evolution of the

existing hominid by millions of years. The same hominid we have seen on Nibiru in the far past.” His hands take his sister’s shoulders. “We go north, to our old laboratory. We go now.”

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

A SERPENT IN THE GARDEN OF ENLIL – RESURRECTING EVIL

While the task required many years to mature, Enki's guarantee is made good. The hominid that attacked Utu is successfully upgraded to the likeness of the Anunnaki in every detail so that its presence among them could only be determined by its smaller size.

In ever-increasing numbers, these bred to bear burdens are brought to the mines to resume the labor of the retired Anunnaki. Well do they perform, and Enlil, needing a labor force in the Upper World to tend his fruitful garden, takes a male for this purpose, calling him Adapa he assigns the tasks. He is to be taught the gardening ways and when knowledgeable, pass what he learns to a sizable number that will then join him.

Adapa's is a worthy role as the garden holds two trees nurtured by Ninmah with unique properties: life-giving is one tree, needed by the Nefilim to maintain their innate longevity while living in the rapidly rotating Earth cycle.

Knowledge filters from the second tree, teaching the ability to procreate through sexual intercourse. Without the fruit of these trees, the Nefilim on Earth will lose their reproductive capability, and their lifespan will eventually deteriorate to that of Earthlings. As only two trees are available on Earth it is important that their fruit be conserved for the six-hundred Nefilim.

"Eat from any in the garden," Enlil instructs, "except these two trees before you. Tend their health but their fruit is not for your kind. Disobey, and you will surely die."

To disobey is far from Adapa's thinking. His lessons of gardening are thorough but there is much tedium. Lonely is he after the long day and he prevails upon his master to provide a companion to lighten his time.

Enlil passes the request to Enki who, much disturbed by the planned depletion of his work force to the Upper World, concocts a plan of his own based on his observation of the Earthlings.

"This female will make a goodly companion for Adapa," Enki tells, and Enlil introduces her to the garden with the same admonition regarding the Nefilim trees.

"The day you eat their fruit you will surely die," Enlil tells, and like her companion, the female proves obedient.

After studying the female's routine, Enki places a beautiful serpent in the Nefilim's Tree of Knowledge and takes hiding nearby. When the female arrives to nourish the tree, Enki casts his voice to the serpent. "You take fruit from many trees," observes the serpent, "why do you not take my fruit?"

"Forbidden it is," she answers. "To eat your fruit will bring my death."

“Who tells this lie,” asks the serpent.

“My master has given the warning.”

“And with your simple, unschooled mind it is reasonable I think, that you believe all you are told.”

“I know not other ways,” answers the female.

“Do you find it strange that a serpent can speak?”

“No. Why should it be strange?”

“Truly,” the serpent answers, “but your master has deceived you about my fruit. The eating brings wondrous gifts of learning he would deny to you... wise as he in some things you would become, free to enjoy your life as you choose and no longer be content to serve.”

“Your words deny what I have been told. How can I tell which tale is true?”

“By a simple test you will know, good woman. This fruit before me, does it look pleasing?”

“Truly, it looks pleasing.”

“Reach up and pluck it from the branch and hold it close to smell its fragrance. Do not be afraid. Pluck it from the branch.”

The woman hesitates, studying the fruit, and with purposeful mind she snaps it from its branch and presses it to her nose, inhaling deeply.

“Is it not fragrant?” the serpent asks.

A long exhale draws a smile. “Most fragrant,” she answers, “most pleasing.”

“And the taste is more pleasing, good woman... on that I will promise.”

“And I will not die?”

“You will not die. That, too, I will promise. Taste the fruit and learn which tale is true.”

She continues to smell the fruit, turning it over and over with deep smiles as though savoring its internal juices. *‘He has promised I will not die,’* she thinks, and bites a goodly piece that brings juice from the corners of her mouth. With teeth and tongue she moves the piece about her mouth; succulent is its flavor. *‘It is truly a taste to delight!’*

At that moment, Enki hears the footpads of Adapa and causes the serpent to slither out of sight to the foliage above. Secure in his hiding, Enki’s interest is greatly aroused and he opens a link to Enlil. “Brother, you must open the eyes-in-the-sky to your garden and witness your misplaced trust.”

There is enough mystery in Enki’s message to send Enlil to the Ekur, the topmost precinct of his palace where the airspace, weapons and satellites are controlled, and he brings his gardeners into sharp focus. Words he cannot hear, but the actions are plain.

Adapa halts before the woman, astonishment on his face seeing juice from the bitten fruit trickle from her chin.

“Why do you look so?” she asks. “It is the most delicious fruit in the garden. Never have I tasted the like.”

“It is forbidden!” Adapa whispers. “The eating will bring death as you were told.”

Taking another bite of the fruit, the woman holds it out to Adapa. “Oh, death will not come... I have been promised by the beautiful serpent, and as you can see, I live! It is truly a wonderful fruit.”

Adapa sees the delight in her savoring and looks to her outstretched hand. “But we were warned... and the death may come in brief time... it was not told when.”

The woman laughs, withdrawing the fruit to take another bite. “It was a lie we were told to keep us from certain learning... the serpent promised death will not come and I truly believe.” Again she extends the fruit to Adapa. “You must taste this wonderful thing.”

With halting move, Adapa takes the bitten fruit to his nose to inhale its fragrance. In all the garden he had never sensed more pleasing promise. He thrusts it back to the woman. “Take it back... eat if you will but I must obey the master who makes life good.”

Again, the woman laughs, sensing a bit of the learning she was promised. “Good!” she exclaims. “You are a servant held within a garden from which there is no journeying to other places. Even the serpent is of greater mind. How can you not see what is before you? a forbidden fruit half-eaten, and your companion, living and of good cheer. Come, I say, live up to a serpent’s wisdom and share with me this small pleasure.” And, alluding to another bit of recent learning, she adds: “Do this, and I will grant you another delight you know not.”

Adapa accepts the extended fruit. He holds, motionless, and wonders what she could possibly offer he does not already know. As though in a dream, he brings the fruit to his mouth and his bite is almost unconscious, a reflex action while his mind roams elsewhere. Savoring the fruit brings him back to the moment as it is truly as the woman told. A second bite he takes, staring at the woman as though to a stranger. The two swollen glands on her chest hold his eyes with their pale, tantalizing skin, the most delicate blue veins, and two reddish buds that stir his imagining to a gentle suckle.

Suddenly, a fright causes Adapa to shudder as rising from an ignored, flaccid condition, his member for liquid waste begins to stiffen to great size and point to the woman’s breasts. The shudder passes, as does the fright, both replaced by overwhelming desire. Knowing no restraint, he drops the unfinished fruit and reaches out for the woman. They roll to the ground; his rigid member disappears between her open thighs.

Within the pair, rapture unknown floods their senses to exclude all worldly things. The garden, the fruit, their master, all are of another world as they press each other to more and greater thrills causing a happening of never before; a breathtaking explosion of the mind they have neither the will nor ability to withhold. Involuntary spasms spew bursts of Adapa’s sperm deep to the woman’s chamber while she with contracting muscles, blissfully squeezes to herself the very last drop.

A moment passes while reality is appraised in review. Then, Adapa rolls to his back to stare at passing clouds as though never seen. His breathing is labored and he feels the woman's arm cross his chest, and her breath fast against his ear.

"Did I not promise you joy never known?" she whispers.

In the Ekur, Enlil witnesses all. He slams his hands to the console and balls his fists in anger. *'Brother, what have you done?'* He opens to Enki. "With the knowing you have brought about, they will be as us. It is a bad thing!"

"It is a good thing, brother. They are no longer a hybrid, unable to procreate. Let Earthlings beget Earthlings and our women be free of the birthing."

"The Tree of Life they will soon partake. What is..."

"Banish them at once, before appetite expands."

Enlil hastens to the garden where his prized workers still lay in embrace. In astonishment and fear, they quickly come to their feet. "Master..." Adapa offers.

"Be still," Enlil warns in restrained anger. Considering his brother's words, he realizes time will bring about the same rebellion. He cannot bring himself to punish the two that cringe before him.

"The serpent promised I would not die," the woman pleads.

"And so you will not," Enlil tells. "But you have done the unforgivable thing and I can protect you no longer." He summons two guards with whirling swords from his staff and quickly they arrive. "Escort these two from the garden," he orders, "... and remain at the entrance. Prohibit their return on pain of death."

Enlil turns back to Adapa and the woman. "You will make your life as best you can beyond my garden. Never return. Be not of doubt again for you have heard, the guards have my order to kill when you take the first step inside." He turns from them and strides for his palace.

The man and woman look to each other in sorrow. Clasp hands, naked, they are led away.

"What is done that so troubles your face?" Ninmah asks.

Enlil sits to a brooding mood, uncertain. "Intelligence and the ability to procreate through intercourse is given to them."

They are joined in the Ekur by Enki.

"From the Tree of Knowledge?" Ninmah asks.

"Yes," Enlil tells.

"And the Tree of Life," she pursues. "What of that?"

"No," he answers, comforted. "Long life was not given."

"Our birth mothers will be relieved," she laughs while her expression becomes curious. "How will they count their years?" The question had been considered earlier, but not to a conclusion. Now it seemed the only question unanswered.

“Our years are numbered by the orbit of Nibiru around Apsu,” Enlil tells, “and the oldest of us seldom exceed one-hundred-twenty shars. Let these Earthlings live a similar count of Earth orbits.” He turns to Enki. “Can you agree, brother?”

Relief for the Anunnaki miners and birth mothers is achieved, and for a time all is agreeable. However, the burdens passed to the Earthling miners eventually engender a familiar unrest and complaint.

At a gathering of Enlil, Enki, Ninmah, Inanna and Utu, Inanna is first to give voice to what is done. “We have resurrected an evil from antiquity. It was called slavery in that time.”

Her words prompt the recall, and upon reflection, the Nefilim realize a similar conclusion.

“We can amend this evil,” Inanna assures them. “We will offer a considerable reward to any who willingly offer themselves to the hardships below.”

“What reward will we offer?” Utu asks.

“Let the need determine it,” Enki replies. “As my brother saw his need for gardeners, Anunnaki will demand their share of workers to build the cities, dredge the rivers, and till the land when they see what is done in the mines... this is certain. I fear it will create a scarcity of needed miners.”

But none can imagine how the gift of “knowing” will shatter their expectations. Earthlings take eagerly to the pleasures of procreating and multiply at an unexpected rate creating ancillary needs demanding more and more workers. Though mining becomes the curse of the needy, the desperate, it offers the highest monetary recompense and benefits an Earthling can earn; higher than builders of dwellings; higher than tillers of soil; higher than transporters of goods. In the land of the mines, Earthling “Pleasure Girls” hastily carve their niche and there is not a shortage of volunteers for their service.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

GODS - ENLIL'S REGRET - A KILLING SECRET

A time later, as in past eons, glaciers creep south announcing a new age of harsh conditions lasting thousands of years. Still, the population expands forcing movement north, to the West and East. Enlil is disturbed by the mounting numbers; their clamor is great. "We are losing control," he laments.

It is true, and the Great Anunnaki meet in assembly to alter their ways. They decide to bring the most enlightened Earthlings to the Orbiter to be in awe of reality and their planet far below. These are schooled in the ways of teaching and governing, and then returned to Earth bearing wisdom and knowledge.

One called Enoch is first; Elijah follows, then Ezekiel. All become revered leaders when returned to Earth and the majority of their followers develop an uneasy respect for the large ones above who appear at times flying through the air in strange apparatus; performing impossible feats as lifting giant stones with a simple wand, and ascending to the clouds. Many are fearful of such powers and plead for indulgence. A new word among Earthlings is uttered in hushed tones: "gods," are the Anunnaki called, and all manner of pleadings are directed upward to them.

Other enlightened ones being privileged in the above, preen their feathers on return to Earth, imagining themselves chosen gods. These bear mischief and falsehood, and most come to sorry ends.

The newly adopted teachings prove worthy as the good men returning to Earth are devoted to their followers. A sense of order and prosperity is the result. For a coveted time all seems harmonious between earth's inhabitants. Skeptics withdraw in silence. Despite harsh conditions, the time surpasses the most lavish expectations.

Still, Earthlings multiply in their clamor. Many of their women are beautiful, and beguiled by sons and grandsons of the Nefilim, are taken as wives and concubines who, in their offspring, create a class of demigod. They are exceeding in lust.

Smoldering for eons, Enlil is ill with their doings. "It is a mistake!" he cries, and many support his claim. He smites Earthlings with a succession of misfortunes to diminish their numbers. All his efforts fail. Earthlings increase; their noise is great.

A memory rises within the distraught Enlil and he grasps new hope. He recalls the approach of Nibiru to its perigee often causes catastrophe on Earth. Floods and quakes rearrange the landscape; mighty rivers are redirected; storms are severe. The magnetic field of Nibiru is mighty and the Lord of the Command plots one more scheme.

At the bottom of the planet, a continent of ice has split in two, deep below its waterline. The top half, separated from the bottom, now rides on a layer of lubricating slush and the arrival of Nibiru will surely impact its motion. He enlists Enki's counsel. "Determine its mass and calculate the consequence, the better to prepare."

Enki makes the measure; computes the future, and cautions his brother. "Its wave will cover the Earth."

"It comes. We do not cause it, nor can we prevent it," Enlil confirms.

"It will be the end of Earth. We have not room for all to leave the planet. There will be chaos!" Enki tells.

"Truly, brother... chaos." Enlil convenes the Pantheon aboard the Orbiter, including King An who arrives in advance of Nibiru. To all he declares his intention to keep knowledge of the coming event hidden from Earthlings, and all must swear to the secret.

Enki alone refuses. He resists much pressure as even the King agrees to support Enlil's secret.

"Your brother is charged with decisions," the King tells. "I cannot oppose him... his considerations were long." His arm caresses Enki's shoulders. "Come, join us in this and be done. You will devise another way for the gold, I am certain."

"It is not the gold, for I have already formed a plan."

The King is cheered. "What then? Is it your Earthling creations? What you have done you can do again with the needed modifications."

"Come, brother," Enlil calls, "let us be as one in this. Your skills will reopen our path. Give us your name that we may prepare for what cannot be turned aside."

Enki is abject. His gaze is to the ground, then to the circle of hopeful faces.

"It is not to our liking," Ningal offers sadly. She clings to the arm of Nannar.

"We grieve with you, Commander," Nannar tells.

Finally, Enki nods, and relief is evident among the others.

"No word of this will be passed," Enlil asserts, "we are agreed. Use caution in your preparations." He glances to each, receiving their nod. "We are adjourned."

Learning of the hastily-called Assembly of the Pantheon, Inanna, once again, sets her course for Ur, the city of her youth. She is not privy to Assembly deliberations, but in the house of two honored members, she is privy to all and her suspicion that those hastily-called could reveal words she should hear is reinforced when the sunset meal is spread in unfamiliar silence. No banter is exchanged.

"Enough of this!" she declares setting utensils aside. "Your abject manner betrays the Assembly has wrought evil, I am certain." She turns to her

brother. "It is in shame our parents bury their heads." Facing Nannar, "Utu and I must know. Whatever binds you lays heavily over all. We *must* be told."

Uneasy are the parents, searching one another for relief. It is Nannar who opens the gate. "We are bound by an oath you must also swear."

"Let us not dance about," Inanna tells. "We may dishonor the oath as readily as you if the need be. Forgive us for pressing, but we must."

Nannar faces his wife. "Let it be me." He turns to the twins. "Our approaching Nibiru causes great perturbations to this planet, it is known. During this passing, however, a mountain range of ice at the bottom of this planet is poised to slide into the southern sea, needing only the prod of Nibiru's magnetic field approaching."

"How do we know of this?" Utu asks.

His father is less forthcoming. "Be assured, we know. The result will be a surpassing wave of ocean over all the lands submerging the highest peaks. There is no doubt."

Inanna presses, "Then we must hurry and transport all to the above. Why do you linger apathetic?"

Ningal takes her husband's hand. "You must not bear this alone, good husband." She turns to the twins in abject demeanor. "The event is held secret from Earthlings. It is the order of Enlil, to which all agreed and swore, even the King. Only Anunnaki will be borne aloft."

Inanna cannot believe the words. "And leave all to perish?"

"It is agreed in assembly," Nannar confirms.

"It is horrible," Inanna declares. "How could you agree?"

"We had no choice."

"Certain was a choice," Inanna argues. "Did our uncle agree?"

"He resisted, but the King was persuasive."

Inanna rises from her seat and bolts for the door. "I will see him on this," she calls over her shoulder.

Enki walks to an outbuilding when he sees his niece approaching. Her stride is troubling, telling all. "Ahhh, it was to be expected," he mutters. "Your stride is brisk, my Queen."

"I come with anger and disappointment, dear uncle. I am told you agreed!"

Enki kicks a bit of dirt. "I could not do other," he claims in sullen voice. "The assembly would not be won to my side. Prolonging the meeting served nothing. I need my thoughts."

"You have a thwarting plan... one that will sever the bond?"

"At this time, no... but my thoughts are active in that regard... I trust we speak in confidence?"

"The oath is a fragile thing at this time."

"The seeds of a thought sprout slowly."

"Why has your brother determined this need?"

Enki again toys with the dirt at his feet. “I have heard his grumblings for long. He laments the dilution of our blood as the young Anunnaki take Earthling women to wife. He sees a future devoid of our royalty, where we are mixed through generations. It is a great fear he holds. Truly, *it is* the reality. It was that reality that swayed our King.”

In his laboratory, she watches as he calculates the remaining days from records of previous arrivals of Nibiru. A variable vexes him with its uncertainty. He errs to caution and summons his steward.

“Find Ziusudra¹⁷ and bring him here to sit by this reed curtain. He is to wait in silence.”

“Who is Ziusudra?” Inanna asks.

“He is the eldest with a family still of pure blood. Come, behind this curtain to wait with me.”

When the steward returns with Ziusudra, Enki and Inanna are not seen behind the curtain. “You are to wait at this screen,” the steward instructs, “. . . as my master has ordered. You are to wait in silence.”

“I understand, good steward. I will wait in silence.”

When the steward is gone, Ziusudra hears words from behind the curtain: “That I honor my oath, I speak to a curtain of reeds that has not ears to hear or mind to comprehend. On the table are plans for a vessel that will save its occupants from the raging flood that is soon coming. A wise man will heed the warning of a reed curtain and make haste to the construction, telling no one of its true purpose or of the event that forces its need. Move loved ones aboard with animals and birds needed for eating on a long voyage. Seal every opening except a small entry. A wise man will keep watch for many rockets that will light up the sky leaving Earth. On that day, Puzur-Amurri¹⁸ will call to you. Wait for him. Take him aboard and leave vessel operations in his hands. Seeing the rockets leaving Earth, go inside your vessel and seal the entry. Secure the animals in their reclining position as the vessel will tumble about. Secure the loved ones. A wise man will make haste.”

Ziusudra continues to listen, but hears no more. He leaves his seat to retrieve boat plans from the table. He bends briefly in study. Shaking his head, he rolls the sheets and takes his leave.

Satisfied honor is not completely spent, Enki removes the curtain. “I share with you, young Queen, do not cause me regret.”

Inanna lands her Sky Chamber at the spaceport in Sippar where Utu oversees inspection of the shuttle fleet.

“I can see you are distraught, my sister. You must know what is decided. Bear in mind, even if we were ordered, we could not take them all. Then, how would the few be chosen? It is turmoil no matter how we think.”

¹⁷ Sumerian for Noah, whose pure blood line has never mixed with the Anunnaki

¹⁸ A boatman/navigator

The words do little to improve her bearing, “It is wrong to deceive as we do.”

“What will be the course if all is told? There will be panic, surely... envy, surely... and our shuttles will come under attack by Earthlings hoping to rise up. Defending ourselves will be equally painful.” He takes his sister’s hand.

“You are right, brother. Yet, I cannot force my mind to accept what it foresees. How do we come to this? Is our grandfather deranged... so obsessed with royalty he abandons all reason?”

“I cannot dwell on this. My responsibility is great at this time. I have been charged with our evacuation to the above. Two of our twelve shuttles will not stand prolonged flight without major repairs. These must be straight to the Orbiter. The others will hover and observe. As all will be in service, I am short of pilots. I need my sister to pilot the one that will rise before my own.”

Suddenly overwhelmed by the unavoidable tragedy, she lapses into a dream state and barely acknowledges Utu’s request.

“The blue ship numbered ‘two’ will be yours,” Utu continues. “I will pilot the red numbered ‘two.’ Zeklin is your chief of maintenance. You will want to confer. Communication between us must be secure.”

Inanna is despondent. *‘The blue ship, it is appropriate.’* “Forgive me, I am crushed by the thinking. I build a wall of lament to shield me from the memory of our times. I cannot bear the visions. The wall is worthless for its purpose.”

“I know, and avoid the mention knowing your pain. But you will be good, my love. I am confident.”

CHAPTER FIFTEEN
A COLLECTION OF LIFE – A SABOTEUR

Hesitant at first, Ziusudra is taken by his task, but as his course becomes clear, his neighbors inquire: “Why do you divest yourself of things, Ziusudra? And this odd craft you build... it is not you, we think.”

“I have lost favor with he who commands. My lot here will be punishing. I go to his brother in the Abzu where I may hope for better.”

“But this craft, Ziusudra... it is strange.”

“I am not a builder of skill, but I will make it work.”

His words are accepted and several offer hands to labor.

‘These I cannot leave behind,’ Ziusudra promises.

Enki moves into his laboratory to complete the uploading of all recent conclusions to the Ora, repository of all Nefilim knowledge. It is a wearisome task that taxes his larynx. Ninki is in and out with meals and messages and the gathering of what cannot be abandoned.

His final task takes him to the laboratory of Ninmah where a store of over two-thousand bird and animal DNA samples has been accumulating in a cabinet since their arrival on Earth.

“It is a good array of life,” he tells, examining the tiny glass vials, “... more than I had imagined in the beginning.”

“Preserving them was wise,” Ninmah tells. “When you ordered their collection, did you expect a catastrophe?”

“I did not at the time... but history provides considerable warning of the unexpected. The thought was timely.”

“So many species,” Ninmah muses, “it will take a shar to recover all.”

Stroking his chin Enki surveys the collection. “If the Earth will reopen to us, we should have the time.”

Six hundred Anunnaki receive word from Utu assigning their shuttle space and the hour to report. Mindful of lingering animosity between Enlil and Enki, Utu separates the followers to be quartered among their own. This news is of interest to Enki’s firstborn son who makes his way to the spaceport.

Utu is surprised his visitor comes with effusive manner.

“Good Utu,” Marduk greets, “Your task is great and I am reluctant to distract you.”

‘Who is this Marduk who feigns a friendship?’ Utu wonders. “Be not troubled, Marduk... I make your time.”

“What did he want of you?” Inanna asks when told of Marduk’s visit. He wanted to inspect his assigned shuttle. ‘Inspect’ is a poor term... he wanted only to see it.”

“And what more?”

“Very little. He inquired about sufficient pilots and I explained the assignments. His concern was food and water.”

Inanna considers what she is told. “He is always of a plan, but I cannot imagine it.”

“Be more in mind of your own preparations, my sister. The day is upon us. Remember to keep our communication secure.”

Two nights remain before the first boarding while the shuttles lay in a horizontal position. On the first of these, a hooded Marduk is admitted through spaceport security to the area of Blue Two. Activity is heavy with the advance loading of personal property but no worker gives attention to the purposeful stranger who appears a normal part of the scene.

Marduk opens a small access panel near the main engines of Blue Two where an interface allows his external computer to connect. “All four...” he mutters. *‘Never will all four come again.’*

Ignoring his surroundings, he fingers the miniature key pad to access the port engine startup sub-routine, from which, he deletes a single line of code. He records the change, removes his connection, and closes the access panel. Minutes later, he exits the base through a different checkpoint.

Uplifted in spirit he makes for his residence, pausing a moment to enjoy a profusion of lightning bolts slicing through the blackened sky to the south. “All four...” he mutters, smiling.

From the Orbiter, events in the southern seas are followed closely by the Igigi who now turn their eyes to Nibiru as it closes on its perihelion. Word is passed to the below; word unneeded as the gathering storms and quakes foretell Nibiru’s imminent arrival.

Ziusudra’s helpers have finished their task and are ordered to go aboard with their families. Still, they are not told why.

From all corners of the region, Anunnaki make their way to Sippar where Utu directs his plan for rapid boarding before raising the shuttle to its vertical lift-off position.

Inanna comes, disturbed. “Brother, why did Marduk visit you in the dark?”

“I had no visit from Marduk.”

“I have examined the security logs as my duties require... he was passed in, and out shortly thereafter.”

“I know not of this.”

“He is always of a plan,” she muses.

“Time has run out, my sister. See to your shuttle, the hour is here.”

CHAPTER SIXTEEN
A CRIPPLED SHIP – LAST TO LEAVE – A SIGHT NEVER SEEN

Swiftly rolling clouds darken the land. In the far-east ocean, fiery eruptions create new islands of lava.

“... on the seventeenth day of the second month—all the springs of the great deep burst forth, and the floodgates of the heavens were opened” (Genesis 7:11).

Roaring, echoing to the sky, cause the Earth Orbiter to shudder. The Igigi turn to the southern seas where mountains of ice beyond seeing, stir a great stir and begin an unhurried slide into the sea. Undisturbed are surface waters while below, pressures unknown since the beginning of time thrust the ocean in all directions, spreading it at great speed. Its approach to southern Africa brings the rising of a giant wall of water catching birds in flight and rushing upon the land. All life is extinguished.

At Sippar, twelve shuttles stand pointing to the sky. Anxious passengers find the air heavy with grief and lamentations not only for the loss of joys living on Earth has fashioned, but for Earthlings left behind; for the “home” in a far land that was carved from unspoiled earth and expanded with comforts of choice. Few favor leaving behind what has grown to be their life.

From his cockpit in Red Two, last in the four groups of three, Utu gives the command to Yellow One, Green One, and Orange One. “Rise on my count to three, together, that you not be blinded by one going before. Then separate... Yellow to the left and Orange to the right. I begin the count: one... two... three.”

Explosions of hydrogen cause land to tremble as the three shuttles in unison begin their arduous climb.

From the Lower World¹⁹, lands disappear in a giant maw of ocean far from its fill or need to swallow. Mountains vanish in its curve. Northward it sweeps in relentless haste to consume all in its way.

In Larsa, Ziusudra stands weary at his hatch when three white plumes appear on the northwest horizon and rise slowly to the sky. His nerves cause ripples in his garment and his urine to water the ground. Relieved, he enters his vessel where Puzur-Amurri waits. Together they seal the hatch and move to where harness will secure their bodies.

“We are in your hands, Boatman.”

¹⁹ Southern Africa

At Sippar, the white plumes of departure are disbursed and Utu orders White One, Blue One, and Red One to the sky, and as the three before, they rise, defying the gravity.

In White One, Enki counts his family for a third time that verifies the previous two.

“It is a terrible thing we do,” Ninki mourns.

“Dry your eyes. Wailing will not ease the reality.”

Never have clouds appeared so dark, nor rolled and tumbled so swiftly. The vision is awesome, striking fear at its sight. Beneath them, a roar never heard by living thing announces the coming of a sight never seen.

Yellow Two, Green Two, and Orange Two are ordered aloft and Utu calls his sister. “Is all good with you, dear Inanna?”

“*It is good.*” Her voice reveals a certainty long familiar.

“It is a time like no other. White Two, prepare to depart alone. My sister and I were first born on this world, let us be the last to leave. Acknowledge, White Two.”

“*White Two, Commander... on your word.*”

“Go now, White Two.”

The blast dust and consumed fuel obscure Utu’s vision but verifies White Two is away. Moments later, clarity returns and he sees Blue Two standing ready.

“It is our turn, sister, go now!” He presses his engine start.

Suddenly, he screams “Abort!” while cutting his fuel. “Abort sister! Your port engine did not fire! You cannot lift with only one!”

He waits anxiously for the dust of her starboard engine to clear the pad and verify she is not tipped on her side.

“*I am secure, brother, grateful for your ear-splitting alert. Immediately I cut fuel to both and am completely shut down. My port engine igniter failed, I know not why.*”

Utu’s relief is great. “Are you certain it is the igniter at fault?”

“*The diagnostic confirms it.*”

“The redundancy should not also fail.” His mind searches lessons and charts for an answer that does not come. “A moment, sister, I am working.”

“*I am patient.*”

“Lock out the ‘auto-start’ routine as whatever we do will be by hand.”

“*As you say, brother, I know you will find the way.*”

From a port in White One, Marduk looks to the below where smoke and dust obscure his vision. He silently curses smoke and dust.

Enki observes. “What does Marduk search in the below?”

“To be certain that all have launched safely, father, but vision is obscured by the rising.”

“The twins will be last. They will not fail.”

Marduk is blank of expression.

Utu searches in vain for the enlightening memory. He redirects his mind to the basics of Inanna's situation. Quickly, he leaves his seat for a cabinet behind labeled "Flares."

"My sister, our communication will be private. Be at your controls for a manual start of the port engine only. I repeat... the port engine only. Hold for my signal count and let 'three' make your move. When it ignites," *'if it ignites,'* "start the other immediately that you are not tipped over. Then, lift off! Do not hesitate in this! Be timely with my signal."

"As you say, brother. I am confident."

With flares and a launcher in hand, Utu leaves his cockpit. It is a long way to the ground, the last sixty feet by a retractable utility elevator of slothful movement. He is disturbed by passing time but resists his impulse to surrender control to haste.

"We are almost ready, dear Inanna."

He struggles to contain worry as he exits the elevator and rushes toward Blue Two on the small pad. His judgment of distance needs acute attention; too far and he can miss the shot; too close and he will incinerate. Before the pad, he stops.

'It must be here.' Dropping to his knees, he uses the heel of the launcher to scrape a trough in the ground.

In her seat in Blue Two, high above the ground, Inanna looks to the south where the wave described to her can barely be seen, enlarging by the second. Steeling herself from the horror, she gathers her calm to accept what will surely come, and the demand it now makes of her where hesitation means ruin. Firm in her decision, she calls to Utu.

"See to your craft, dear brother, it is too late for Blue Two... the wave is here. Go now with my love, forever. Go, I beg you! You must save your people!"

"Be about your controls, my Queen, I am working."

"Please go, that we both are not lost!"

Utu stretches in his shallow troth, the mound he piled is a tripod for his launcher, and more useful as a shield for his head and body. "Save your pleadings, my sister, knowing you would never leave *me* behind." He inserts a flare into the launcher and closes the breech cap.

"Utu! You must..."

"Hold, sister, hold! We are ready! Remember to start number two immediately. Port engine manual start on three."

He aims the launcher and fires. Watching the white-hot ball streak to the port engine nozzle he begins his count. "One... two..." and as the ball of light enters the nozzle, "three!"

He buries his head behind the dirt. The white ball strikes the inside wall of the nozzle and falls sputtering to the ground. "Shut fuel!" He shouts. A mist of hydrogen can be seen rapidly dissipating.

"I am sorry, Utu, I did not properly coordinate. You must go!"

"Stay with me, sister, we try again." Utu inserts a second flare into the launcher and prepares to fire. "Do not forget... at ignition, immediately start your starboard engine or risk tipping your shuttle. Now, on my count dear Inanna, on my count of three!" He fires the second flare that follows the path of the first. "One... two... three!" and again he burrows in his trench.

Searing heat blasts over his rump and heels. He screams over the roaring engine, "Start the other, my love, and be gone! Be gone in haste! I will follow, surely! *Go! Go!*"

Ignoring the heat, he scrambles to his feet and rushes to Red Two, uncertain his words were heard over the roar of engines. Rising in the elevator he turns back to the scene. Joy fills his heart as Inanna's ship pokes through the cloud of spent fuel and dust, rising to the sky.

"We are aloft!" Inanna shrieks. *"Make haste brother, the wave is upon us!"*

Focusing on Inanna's safety, Utu curbs his frustration over the snail-like rising of his elevator. When it finally locks in place, he dashes the remaining heights to his cockpit hearing the cries of his fifty passengers who see the coming wave through the ports. In his seat he feels a surprising calm while selecting controls.

Red Two trembles at engine start, and in an eternal three seconds, begins its laboring climb to the heavens. From his window, Utu looks up to the wave's crest while his craft continues to rise. "We are going to get wet," he mutters. His body tenses with the pushing of his mind.

Suddenly, the shuttle is nudged at the rear by the wave's crest, altering its angle of flight. He breathes his gratitude; the alteration is slight.

"We are away, dear Inanna, we are away!"

The words collapse Inanna's anxiety; she is thrilled beyond expression. But her joy is fleeting, overwhelmed by the scene below. Searing her heart are people attempting to outrun the wave only to fail and disappear in its rolling froth. Her thoughts project the instant of their submersion; the confusing signals to which way is up while the body is churned in a prison of debris; the rage to breathe with the onset of spasms; the reality no air can be found, and the ultimate surrender to the end of dreams and all that has been. Tears she cannot suppress fall to her garment; trembling is her hand.

"Oh, my brother, the olden times are to an end. All is lost. All we knew is lost. But you are here! My brother who stood in the fire is safe, and I must rejoice in that or my heart will truly break for what is below."

Utu scans the scene beyond words.

"It will pass, dear sister, know that this will pass."

Ten shuttles achieve orbit while two needing repairs continue to the Earth Orbiter station. Viewing the last of his messages, Utu recalls his sister's words that Marduk is always about a plan. Marduk visited the shuttle area in the previous dark. Inanna's engine igniter failed, as did its redundancy—a thing of never before. Marduk, the core of envy and cunning, would destroy fifty of his kind to advance his intractable pursuit of the throne. *'Truly, he would.'*

Still secure in his communication, "Inanna," he calls.

"I am here, brother."

"Access the Diagnostics, and follow my words to open your engine start sub-routines..."

SUBSEQUENT CHAPTERS...

(See below for a link)

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN
ADRIFT – ARARAT – A CONFRONTATION

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN
WATERS RECEDE – RESTORING – PYRAMIDS AT GIZA

CHAPTER NINETEEN
INANNA AND DUMUZI

CHAPTER TWENTY
THE SECOND PYRAMID WAR – A KNIFE FINDS INANNA

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE
THE PLAN OF ADAD – SECRET INVADERS – A MUSHROOM CLOUD

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO
ESCAPE TO GIZA – THE ACCORD – THE IRREPRESSIBLE

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE
THOTH REPLACES HORUS

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR
HELP FROM ABOVE – AN EMPTY TEMPLE

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE
A TROUBLING TOWER

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX
BURIED ALIVE – THE RESOURCEFUL SON

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THE DEATH OF INANNA

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INANNA'S CADAVER

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THE FORGOTTEN LANDS – A QUEEN RULES

CHAPTER THIRTY
A CRISIS DOUBLED

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE
LOOSE AGAIN!

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KINGSHIP TO URUK – INANNA’S FOUL DEED AND THE COST

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TWELVE MINUS ONE – MARDUK’S NEW FOCUS

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR
INTRACTABLE MARDUK – INANNA ENSLAVED

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CHAPTER FORTY
END OF A MISSION – THE DESTRUCTION

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE
BREACH OF THE EKUR – “IF IT CAN GO WRONG...”

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO
ENLILITES SALVAGE A PLAN

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE
NOTHING IS CERTAIN

EPILOGUE

[CONTINUE READING](#)

NAMES

Adad	Son of Enlil
Aluhet	Shuttle One pilot and Inanna's instructor
An	King of the Nefilim
Atlek	A mining engineer, first to land in the Abzu
Bantik	Enforcer of law
Dehgad	Maintenance supervisor
Enki	Firstborn of the King, scientist and engineer
Enlil	Second son of Enki, given Earth command
Enmerkar	Grandson of Utu and second ruler of Uruk
Ereshkigal	Oldest (underworld) daughter of Nannar and Ningal
Etnenten	Leader of Marduk's desert host
Evanshar	A healer of the Indus
Farsinov	Chief of the Orbiter Shuttle chamber
Gala-tura	One of Enki's winged emissaries
Geshdinanna	Daughter of Enki - Sister of Dumuzi and Marduk
Hapsinet	Desert Leader who buys Inanna for prostitution
Het	Leader of the Igigi rebels
Humlek	A Sky Chamber pilot
Isimud	Enki's housemaster
Kalkal	Custodian of Lower World guest quarters
Kur-jara	The second of Enki's winged emissaries
Larouk	Leader of Inanna's fifty at the Ekur
Lumak	Inanna's lover in Aratta
Meshkiaggasher	Son of Utu and first non-divine ruler of Uruk
Nabu	Marduk's firstborn son
Nannar	Firstborn son of Enlil, father of Inanna
Neti	Keeper of Gates to the Lower World
Ningal	Wife of Nannar, mother of Inanna
Ninki	Wife of Enki
Ninmah	Daughter of the King, Chief Medical Officer
Ninni	Early name given to Inanna at birth
Ninshubur	Inanna's lady-in-waiting
Ninurta	Warrior son of Enlil
Nushku	Enlil's chamberlain
Paquet	An Igigi crewman
Puzur-Amurri	The Boatman/Navigator
Rassiga	An engineer of tunnels
Robinar	Tiglemaal's commander of one thousand
Ronsiga	Pilot of the Earth Orbiter
Sarpanit	Marduk's wife
Sud	Nurse raped by Enlil renamed Ninlil when his wife
Tiglemaal	Nabu's contact in Susa
Utu	(Twin of Inanna) son of Nannar and Ningal
Ziusudra	The Biblical Noah

