

House of Cush

Copyright 2007 Thomas Couram

Published by Thomas Couram at Smashwords

Smashwords Edition License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your enjoyment only, then please return to Smashwords.com or your favorite retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Table of Contents

About Firstname Lastname

Other books by Firstname Lastname

Connect with Firstname Lastname

license notes

Chapter One

[Chapter two](#)

[Chapter three](#)

[Chapter four](#)

[Chapter five](#)

[Chapter six](#)

[Chapter seven](#)

[Chapter eight](#)

[Chapter nine](#)

[chapter ten](#)

[Chapter eleven](#)

[Chapter twelve](#)

[Chapter thirteen](#)

[Chapter fourteen](#)

[Chapter fifteen](#)

[Chapter sixteen](#)

[Chapter seventeen](#)

[Chapter eighteen](#)

[Chapter nineteen](#)

[Chapter twenty](#)

[Chapter twenty-one](#)

[Chapter Twenty-two](#)

[Chapter twenty-three](#)

[Chapter Twenty-four](#)

[Chapter twenty-five](#)

[Chapter Twenty-six](#)

[Chapter twenty-seven](#)

[Chapter Twenty-eight](#)

[Chapter Twenty-nine](#)

[Chapter thirty](#)

[Chapter thirty-one](#)

[Chapter thirty-two](#)

[Chapter thirty-three](#)

[Chapter thirty-four](#)

[Chapter thirty-five](#)

[Chapter thirty-six](#)

[Chapter thirty-seven](#)

[Chapter thirty-eight](#)

[Chapter thirty-nine](#)

[Chapter forty](#)

[Chapter forty-one](#)

[Chapter forty-two](#)

[Chapter forty-three](#)

[Chapter forty-four](#)

[Chapter forty-five](#)

[Chapter forty-six1](#)

[Chapter forty-seven](#)

[Chapter forty-eight](#)

[Chapter forty-nine](#)

[Chapter fifty](#)

[Chapter fifty-one](#)

[Chapter fifty-two](#)

[Chapter fifty-three](#)

[Chapter fifty-four](#)

[Chapter fifty-five](#)

[Chapter fifty-six](#)

[Chapter fifty-seven](#)

[Chapter fifty-eight](#)

[Chapter fifty-nine](#)

[Chapter sixty](#)

[Chapter sixty-one](#)

[Chapter sixty-two](#)

[Chapter sixty-three](#)

[Chapter sixty-four](#)

[Chapter sixty-five](#)

[Chapter sixty-six](#)

[Chapter sixty-seven](#)

[Chapter sixty-eight](#)

[chapter sixty-nine](#)

[Chapter seventy](#)

[chapter seventy-one](#)

[Chapter seventy-two](#)

[Chapter seventy-three](#)

[Chapter seventy-four](#)

[Chapter seventy-five](#)

[Chapter seventy-six](#)

[Chapter seventy-seven](#)

[Chapter seventy-eight](#)

[Chapter seventy-nine](#)

Chapter One

"da F you" from the Unacceptable by akamardukson

"But who hath died, and made thee God, Marduk?"

The imperious young Astronaut seemed neither startled by the implications of the question or affected by the impassioned, anguished tone in which it was asked. Before he walked out and closed the door on the woman he loved, he left her with three words which etched themselves permanently on a heart that grew instantly as cold to him as, once, it was warm.



"All of Atlantis."

The great atrocity

Everyday bitterness gnawed at his brain like starving vermin.

He was one of less than a 150 Survivors, from an entire world.

Most things can be forgiven and if there were ever a time for Atlanteans to come together it was now. But he could not forgive what they have done, nor will he forget. The more he thought about the events that led to the total destruction of his world, the more blistering the anger would burn in his heart.

All the sordid pieces were coming together and the mosaic that was emerging was far worse than anything he had imagined, even though he had known them capable of depravity that would cause the sun to vomit.

Thoughts of murder and vengeance were his constant companions and the only thing that gave him mastery over the rage, was doubt. He knew of their culpability, but they had not exploded the bombs themselves. How much blame could he justly place at the feet of the Sumerian Sorcerers, when an entire world had followed like sheep, and waded in a sea of blood, misery, and iniquity for a million years, because they would not be discomforted?

Where are all the Prophets? The Meek...? The Righteous..?

...An entire world, gone.

Who are left...?

The very Demons the old wild eyed men raved against in their ever heightening shrill, as they tried to warn people that ignored them more and more as each uneventful day passed. Repent! They had cried; of your sorceries. Repent of your murders, perversions, robberies and oppression of the poor! Repent! Or the most high One will bring Its judgment upon you and cast you into the eternal fires of hell!

But who had listened to the Prophets preaching penitence, when all the Leaders of all stripes, with one head, were preaching pride, nationalism, and vengeance, even as they perversely joined their voices with those of the Prophets; warning of woes they, themselves had called up from the pits of hades, because evil seeds begot riches and good seeds only begot the reward of implanting angels into the fertile womb of the Universe?

Who had listened? Certainly not he, who had hidden himself from the world behind the trappings of his riches, sorceries and privileges.

From high above the earth, in the safety of their luxurious, opulent mansions on the Planets— the Sorcerers, Pedophiles, Politicians, Robber Barons, and Preachers—all the depraved Elites—the very Sinners the old Mystics had railed against, watched, in good health while the rest of the world burned in flames.

And then there was he—with them, *them*, as if he was one of them, instead of one of the people. It was a painful thought but there was no point in lying to himself now. He was with them because he was of them—his Father's son, the same Sorcerer they are; the same obscene riches; the same privileges; the same emotional distance from the people; the

same...hatred? No! He will accuse himself and accept many rebukes but he never hated... *he never hated!* His solitude was not against, or from the people, but from the world. He became an Astronaut and lived on the planet Jupiter, not because he hated, but because he loved. He loved, too much to face a world he knew was suffering and dying needlessly. The only way to help the abused people of the world was to hate and to destroy and to add more suffering. This he could not do.

So he took his riches and ran and hid. True, he had given away far more than he kept—but to build a hideaway on the planet Jupiter, still took far more from the world than one man should have claimed in an universe where a single little one die of need.

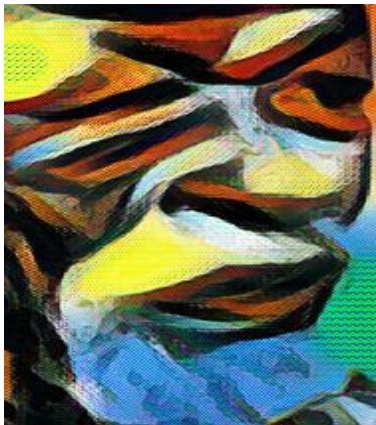
He had watched an entire world die. He could not sleep.

But why should he pity the willfully blind? They knew they were following Sorcerers. They knew that they were being led by mass murderers and thieves. They not only knew but they supported them in their genocides, and all their crimes.

Or did they?

There was a time before he began to question everything, when even he—with all the resources available to the obscene rich— had allowed himself to be manipulated by the Demons who controlled all the instruments of information. Yea, and even he, had supported the works of Demons as if they were the works of Angels.

May the unknowable One have mercy on his soul.



Onanes.

The All-father and his circle of long lived Sorcerers planned the whole thing. But why? Why would even those power mad fiends want to destroy an entire world?

He knew the Sumerian Sorcerers lived far longer than he would ever know. He was only vaguely interested in their history before— and that— only because he, himself, was a long lived Sorcerer. But now, he had to know everything. They will never give him records or tell him the truth but there were other ways of discovery. He will find out the truth, one way or another. But the People...May the unknowable One, accept their atoms— were warned.

Most of them did not elect the Guild's puppet to the office of Supreme Leader, but when the simpleminded Fool started his campaign to bring Atlan, and all that lived upon the surface of the earth to ruin, they all supported him. They were bewitched, but they were warned, and they did have eyes, ears and minds of their own. They should have discerned before the end that it was an evil angel who directed the storm that engulfed the world in the mindless contagion of infernal chaos. But because they thought rain was selective when it decided to fall, they did not resist evil done in their names.

The Prophets...? The Peacemakers...? The Children...? The Righteous...? Surely there was no justice done to them in that great ball of flame that sunk all of Atlan, beneath the bowels of the abyss.

And what justice, that the Criminals live on to become rulers of a whole new world?



The Sumerian Guild.

He should have expected something terrible was going to happen when they started air lifting all their slaves and possessions into space.

Months before what he will forever call the great atrocity, occurred, he had watched them, polluting the serenity of his space with their “toys” and their noise, and their unwelcome overtures to him to join them for this or that occasion. He had left his place on Jupiter, at the behest of the All-father, and rented a space on the moon. But he did not know they were going to be joining him even though the All-father had never ceased trying to get him to enter the Guild.

The moon was where the Sorcerer named Thoth's mansion was located. He had always been curious about this one called Ibis, because it was said that the slippery character was a brother of his. Maybe in another life he was, but in this life, he knew of no changeling brother named Thoth.

He didn't know much about his past or his family line. He knew he was a Halfling. He knew his father was of an old Bovine lineage that traced all the way back to the Age of Saurian rule, when all creatures were sentient and there was no discrimination among different species when they sought to copulate or procreate. He also knew his father was at least a nominal member of the Guild of Sorcerers. He knew nothing of his birth mother, except she was of the lowly people— the people called Abds, slaves, chattel, vermin...by the Atlantean elite.

One of the biggest reasons that he hated the Guild, was their ceaseless intrigues against the people of the mother he never knew.

His mother's kind was an old race—originally called WoMans. Today they are called Cushites by the impartial and Igigis by the profane. Due to his father's bloodline, he was considered royalty, but following a long line of Halflings who chose to side with their lowly blood, he considered himself one, like that Ancient order of Halflings, who called themselves the "sons of man" —long time, and relentless defenders of the seed of first woman.

By his father's blood, he was a Magician, a strong Sorcerer, which was why Onanes hounded him about joining the Sumerian Guild, but he was not the same type of Magician they were, he would never go to the dead Ones for power. His magic was enhanced by the atoms of another type of disembodied spirit. It was the first mother of all men and women who strengthened him. Even so, just by opening himself up to atoms that belonged not in this dimension, he was walking that thin, high wire, and was forever just one misstep from falling into the depths of abject evil. The source that strengthened him was good, but he was weak flesh, and if he does evil, she will flee from him, leaving a wide open void for evil atoms to pour through. He knew the risk but he was not a weakling, and to defend his mother's blood, he needed to be able to fight fire with fire.

The day of reckoning was fast approaching.

He knew the Sumerian Sorcerers, were aware that far from joining them, he was more likely to one day battle them. They in their arrogance kept knocking at his door, as if they thought they could turn him by sheer want of their cheerful persistence.

Finally, he resorted to putting a ward around his space as he prepared to fly back to Jupiter. That stopped them for a while. But he soon removed the ward because it made him feel silly.

Being alone on an almost empty planet with them, he had been inundated by their essence, soaked by the quintessence of their antiquated hatred for the WoMans.

Visions were constantly flashing before his eyes, snippets of ancient history he had long forgot, or had erased from his mind. Today, he respected and honored the All-father as first man, even if he did hate the way the Guild ran the world. But when any member of the Guild was around him— without billions of people to convolute his or her essence—it left them naked to his senses. He kept getting visions that Onanes—the All-father— was a bitter enemy; that once, in the past, he and Onanes had fought some great war. He could remember nothing of any such war but the visions were crystal clear and the feelings inside him roiled like an active volcano whenever Onanes stood within his space. It was almost the same with all of them. Could he have once battled the entire Guild?

More disturbing than the visions of ancient war, was what he was sensing about what they were doing to some of the children of Atlan. He knew things went on in the world that he

couldn't actually personally affirm, and not go mad with rage. Things, he wasn't ready to face. He was finding it harder and harder to avoid the truth since he and they were alone on a planet. He was seeing and sensing things so clearly, he was literally sick—sick of it all; the Guild, Sorcery, Atlantis, people, the world. He wanted to be cleansed of it all—far away from all of it.

He fell to his knees.

For three days and nights he prayed and he knew not, if, or when he had fallen asleep or if he had dreamed, but he remembered the voice that spoke to him on the fourth day. Every word it said was etched upon his brain like the carvings of a sharp blade.

Because thou hath made thyself more, by drawing away to thyself more of the energy of the One, than was thy measure, thou shall never cease to increase, and thou shall increase each time a soul believes in thee and calls upon thy name, and thy shall grow with power like a pregnant woman unable to give birth, and thou shall draw to thyself the atoms, of all innocent Beings, and by thy example, they shall strengthen the righteousness of their own energy. Thy hatred of evil shall become their hatred of evil, and thy love of the little ones, and all that is righteous, just and good, shall become their love also.

Because thou have striven to enhance thyself by practicing the vile arts of demons, thou shall be rewarded with the increase thy sought, but it shall not be what thy hath measured, for as the evil ones shalt discover, when thy draw to thyself more atoms than what is thy allotment, thy enslave thyself to thy folly, and thy increase shall never cease. If thou art evil, all evil energy shall flow unto thee and thou shall grow more evil and thou shall continue to increase until thy explode and become naught but another molecule in a bigger force of evil.

But when good Atoms shall overwhelm evil atoms in the universe, the evil ones, shall begin to decrease and the explosions of their atoms, shall leave them less than they were before. Each explosion shall render their atoms smaller than the one before, and eventually they will become naught.

And so shall ye increase until ye explode, but ye shalt become a molecule in a great force of good that shall expand until all living things are once again united with the great source of all that is uncorrupted creation. Then shall all living things exist forever in peace and joy.

But because thou have striven to gather more atoms than was thy allotment, thou shall be denied forever the hunger of all consciousness, which is to materialize, and enjoy all that I hath created for flesh and blood.

Ask not again to be released from thy folly, but rejoice that thou hath been chosen to be a magnet for all of suffering creation. Prepare thyself for the day when thou shall

engage the forces of evil in battle and aright what hath been put off balance at the beginning of flesh on earth.

Because thou hath become more than thy allotted atoms, by practicing the vile arts of Demons, I rebuke thee and I shall exile thee and make thee as impotent as one imprisoned behind the walls of great mountains. Thou shall gnash thy teeth at the happenings thy see but thou shall be as helpless as an infant to intervene until the end of thy time of penitence.

Because thou have practiced evil only because thy soul has hated the unjust and thy molecules and atoms has loathed the arrogance and evil works of Demons, I shall free thee full of the rage of thy impotence and thy might I shall enhance until thy powers shall be as the birthright of the sun, and I shall not restrain thy rage until all evil in the universe lies broken to pieces at thy feet.

So this he had done, productively biding his time until he was ready to face the Sumerian Sorcerers. They had stopped bothering him but he was still constantly sick in his nature because of their presence.

Finally, he was prepared to go back to his mansion on Jupiter.

Chapter two

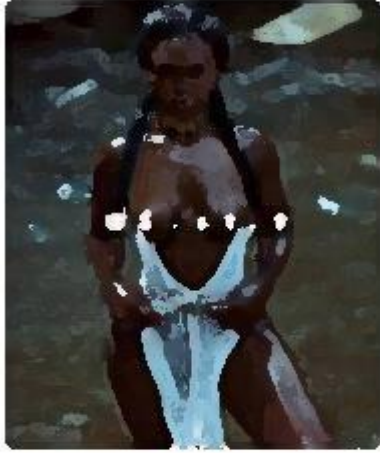


SHE showed up at his door. The stench of malevolence around her nearly started a magical battle. Even more than in the others, he sensed foul atoms inside her. The aura of such potent evil made the depth of him strain to kill her. The hunger inside him caused him to invite her inside instead, even though he knew she were weaving spells and working to enchant him. He could have stopped her at any moment. He let it go on because he wanted what she was offering him. From the moment he saw her he knew that wherever it was she wanted to lead him, it would take all the internal fortitude he possessed not to follow.

He felt sick from the wrongness of it but she was beautiful beyond fantasy, and she was the only woman he had been near in twenty earth years.

He was running, when he left the earth and built a mansion on Jupiter. Running from a world he sensed was on the verge of chaos. The Atlantean Elite was once again about to throw the world into all-out war, and deep down he knew it, even though at the point when he left the earth, all he based this belief on was intuition, influenced by nothing more than talk. Still, he was afraid to look back as he ran—even to get a woman...afraid that what he might see would impel him to do things he was not prepared for.

Even if his unexpected visitor wasn't weaving her amateurish spells, he still might have let her lead him into the embrace. What hope had he then, when she exposed perfection



before him, while her lips moved constantly with the most sought out words of all who hunger for lust? She reached for his lonely manhood and the instant she touched him ancient memories flooded his consciousness.

She wasn't just any woman, and though he didn't know her name and couldn't remember ever seeing her face before, once inside her flesh, he instantly knew he had been there before.

A man never forgets what it feels like to make love to one of his wives.

That was why he followed her.

Into the very abode of iniquity, he had moved to be with her. In the heart of their own Guild, he sat, because she said she wanted him by her side.

He thought he knew all the members of the Sumerian Guild, but he had never seen her with them before, yet, it was clear she had status among them. Where did she come from? How could the woman have walked the same planet—no not planet—but circles, as he, and he not know she existed?

In one night she convinced him to do what none other had ever been able to do before. He knew that he was in the ultimate den of iniquity and he intended to leave but not yet... before he was turned... but not yet.

He had to get her out of his system first; had to get enough of her. All passions wane and dim with time. All he needed was a little flicker in the flame and he would flee his damnation to prepare for the day when he will return to engage them all.



The flame did naught but flare brighter as time passed.

He was a fool. Or he was willing to try to fool himself to be with her. He knew the flame wasn't going to flicker because what was between he and the woman was old and eternal. She is working for the Guild, which means she is working against him. In other lifetimes she had often been against him. And through the many Ages and cosmic wars he had fought with the ancient enemy, he had always lost when she was against him. But ultimately, she had always returned to him. In the end they had always finally been solely for each other, abandoning all others to become one in mind, body, and spirit.

In each Age, her reason for turning against him was different. Once it was a lust for power or equality. Once it was out of vengeance for his infidelity to her. Once it was because of her infidelity to him. There were many times and many reasons that they began each new Age apart and at war, and he knew that as long as they were stuck in this solar system, it would always be so. It was how the Ancient enemy avoided total defeat by the seeds of WoMan.

Is that why she was here? Did the Sumerian Sorcerers conjure her? Or, was she always here, in a form, or station in life he would have never recognized before he stood face to face with her long enough to inhale her essence.

He could feel the aura of her evil wane as his grew. It was she who began to nudge him to leave the moon—get away from the Guild. But he would not leave. Not without her.

He was becoming wicked for an evil witch that was becoming good for him.

If she had not loved him, he would not have chosen his flesh over the children. He thought he would be stronger. He thought he *was* stronger.

The Sorcerers began to get bolder around him. But he already knew how they worked. It was always the baby food first before they exposed you to the depths of their depravity. He had become wicked for her, but he still despised them. They thought him weaker than he was. They thought him succumbing to their age old techniques, but he was not weak to them, he was only weak for her.

It was getting harder and harder to contain his nature and he knew that if he did not get

out of their sphere soon, he would engage them in battle before he was ready. But he wanted to find a way to take her with him. They had the power of life and death over her because she had sealed her soul to theirs. They could torment, and break her just by speaking a word if she broke the seal.

He was beginning to despair of keeping hold of his sanity when *it* happened; when the world for all but 150 Atlanteans, came to a horrifying end. He had sensed a great, coming tragedy and each year he spent away from the earth, the feelings of something terrible brewing grew stronger. The stronger the feeling of pending catastrophe grew, the deeper he buried his head in the sand but his mind only envisioned in the worst case scenario—a world war. He would have never conceived at that point, that they would blow up the entire world.

Chapter three



SHE had tried to keep him in bed that morning. She knew, and there was a moment when he thought the next time he saw her, he would sear her brain with fire. But the moment was fleeting because he convinced himself there was nothing she could have done to stop it even if she wanted to. She could have told him, but the witch loved him. She knew that he would have tried to stop them. One Sorcerer, against an entire Guild...the witch did not want him to die. He was not grateful, but she, he might at least forgive.

The witch was in love with him. He knew it was love because he sensed it when she stopped manipulating him and started worrying about him. He sensed her love for him in the way her touch changed from confidence to despair; in the weakness betrayed by her eyes when she looked at him. He sensed it in her moans and in the whispers and screams of her body when he embraced her inside.

They had defeated each other.

If she did not love him he would not have become evil.

He had torn himself from the witch's embrace, not because he wanted to, but because his senses were more heightened than they had ever been in his life. So heightened, it didn't seem like the trouble was worlds away, but on his doorstep. The only thing he could think of that would distress him so in this place were the children. He thought the Sumerian Sorcerers were about to sacrifice all the children in their possession. He didn't think they would risk such an affront to him while they had hopes of getting him to join the Guild but nothing else explained the careening of his senses.

He had long known what the Sorcerers were doing to some of the children of Atlan. Yet, he had done nothing because his father convinced him to stay his hand; his father, who was one of them. But who had already fought two wars against them. They were not wars of liberation for the oppressed Atlantean people, but petty conflicts between Elites that

killed nothing but the Cushites of Atlan. Even though he knew his father was right about his chances of surviving a war with the Guild, at that period, he was still wishing he had tossed the selfish Bastard out of his way.

Damn the witch.

Damn love.

Damn the flesh.

Damn living.

Damn his Father!

He left the witch's bed, fully prepared to meet his death. He was not ready. But he sought them out that morning to do battle with them all.

They were all there—gathered in the great hall, sitting around a massive, oval table that shone like a mirror. He could tell that they had gathered there in expectation of some monumental happening because the aura of their anxiety almost overpowered his feeling of impending doom.

He looked around, and saw no Cushites, or their children, but the turmoil inside him did not recede as it should have when he saw no little ones. Evil brought up sickness in him and the bile in his throat was telling him something tremendously foul was about to happen, even if it wasn't what he had rushed there expecting..

His nature, had heightened to the point of explosion and he was about to attack when the great, shiny table suddenly came alive, casting a brilliance throughout the, afore darkened room. He could see them clearly now and he understood why none of them had reacted to the danger he posed to them. They were all hooded with the tops of their robes. Pitch black windows shielded their faces, and as one creature with many heads, they stared at the table so intently, he knew they were in a group trance.

That was good for him.

Easier for him to kill them, or if they had obtained immortality, at least destroy their minds so they would be rendered vegetables.

He knew he was stepping out in front of the unknowable One. He knew even as he raised his arms to wreak destruction, he was acting more upon his own surrender to hatred and vengeance than out of love for the universe. He knew, even as he prepared to speak evil, he was committing himself to the same hell as they. But he had willfully chosen his sickness over righteousness, and it was only timing, or the hand of the unknowable One, Itself, that voided his eternal damnation, for just at that moment of hate filled decision,

the great table briefly filled the room with scenes and sounds of all Atlan before exploding with a light that so assaulted the room with its whiteness, he felt as if his entire face had been melted from the heat of it. His eyes flared, as if the sun and the moon had lodged within their sockets.

Through his screams, he faintly heard **HER** calling to him as he felt his spirit receding away from him—growing fainter and fainter until finally he succumbed to the mercy of death and knew no more.

Chapter four



"Has2give" from the Unacceptable by akamardukson

"I thought thou were dead," she said.

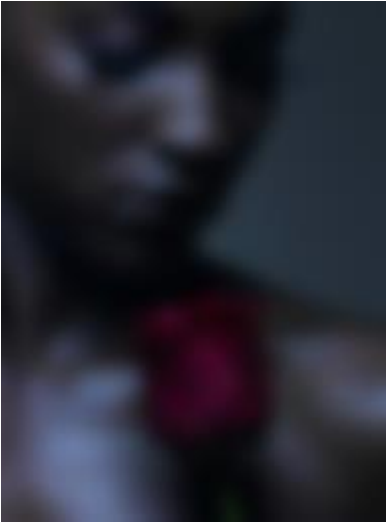
He patted up and down his body; pinched, his wrist.
If he was not dead, it was a miracle.

"Osiris," she said, softly.

He tilted his head up towards her voice and tried to concentrate. He couldn't recall anything else but he did remember her. Inanna. Her name is Inanna.

He was back from the dead, alright. At least he thought he was. He also thought he was awake. That was before he tried to think, and his mind tried to block his recall. He allowed it the temporary respite. But even as he closed his eyes to reality for a little while longer, he knew that sooner or later he would have to wake up and face what mind-blowing thing had happened to him.

A day later he bolted upright in bed. A horrible thought abruptly struck him. He reached up and touched his face. The skin was still there, but there was a rough beard that told him he must have been unconscious for at least three days. Suddenly it dawned on him that he could not see. He reached up to examine his eyes and discovered they had been bandaged. Despite the mental block, he began to concentrate—to try to remember what happened to him, where he was, and how he got here. His senses told him immediately that he was at home in his own space. The wit—Inanna, must have brought him here.



Inanna. Did she bring him back to life? Did the witch call him back from the void? He remembered hearing her crying out to him as he passed into the black of eternal silence. She called him Osiris—one who rises from the dead. It was Sorcery; A naming. She had named him back to the living side of the divide between life and death, of the flesh.

Suddenly, breathtakingly, he remembered something else.

He reached up and snatched the bandages from his eyes. He still could not see, but that was not what brought the sting of salt to his damaged orbs, or the sobs of anguish from his trembling lips.

She must've heard his cries, because she came rushing to his side. He felt her presence and instantly fire welled up within him. He didn't know that she was still in his space. He had not sensed her. Surprise, caused the pure, unadulterated substance of her, to assault his senses. His love for her masked her true essence.

"Thou should not have taken these off."

She touched him as she replaced the bandages, and he barely staved off the urge to engage her.

"Marduk," her voice was pure pain, "would thou, truly?"

"Ye knew! Thou were a part of it all!" Her beautiful, ebon face crumbled. She stumbled, as if the coldness in his tone had plunged like a dagger into her heart.

She fell/threw herself upon him. "Slay me Marduk! Only for the sake of our love and all that I have risked for thee, allow me to expire in thy arms." "Slay her?" The woman spoke energy very carelessly, and it was hard enough for him as it was, not to grab her neck.

"Think Thou I, of the same cloth as the monsters that will plot to destroy a world?" He

shoved her off him with violence he had not intended.

She fell to the floor. When she spoke next, he never heard a voice more disconsolate, or sensed an essence, that was not dying, fainter.

“Thou hath slain me,” she said, and he sensed it was truth. “Finish it.”

How could he kill her and not put an end to himself? Living without half his soul would be far harder than living without his eyes or his arms and legs.

It was more weakness than he could afford that gave life to his next words.

“Live witch. If it is my love that will resurrect thee, be thou unto me, now, and forever hence, Isis.”

She scrambled to her feet and swayed above him.

“Thy riddling suspends me, Marduk! Tell me thy heart!”

He reached up and pulled her down to him. His big hands circled her slender neck. He squeezed.

“Doth this tell thee my heart?”

“No.” She did not move or resist. Her voice was so soft and accepting, for a moment he thought it might do her a kindness to twist her head.

His hands relaxed and moved up, caressed her smooth cheeks. He tilted up his head and kissed her, lightly first, and then hard and deep.

He finally let her go.

“Doth that tell thee my heart?”

Tears were in her big brown eyes— brown eyes that were, moments ago, as green as a dagger cat’s.

“Yes,” she answered happily. She stood there, and he could tell that she desperately wanted a look from him, maybe a gesture. He looked at her for the first time with eyes of what *he* really wanted. She gasped; an involuntary sound that resounded like a million years of desperation. She leaned over him and reached for his center.

He embraced her and in their nakedness they became one.

Hours later, when he thought she was asleep and he would never know the peaceful bliss of it again, she spoke:

“Marduk, why does the triumph of thy love for me, over thy hatred for me, rename me?”

Being a Sorceress she knew the significance of names. A name always had a deeper purpose for a Magician than just a title.

“Because thy love has called me back from the wages of my sins.”

“Then I am thy wife?”

"Dost thy know me?" She propped herself up on an elbow and stared into his face.
"Thou remember?"
"Dost thee..?"
She nodded.

"When," he asked.

"When I thought thou were..." She stopped. "When did thou remember?"

"From the moment I sensed thy essence."

"I'm...sorry." Tears rolled warm down his bare chest. "Thou will always despise me?"

"Shalt I love evil? What thou hath done to the Cushites of Atlan shall stain thee forever."
She turned away from him. Her loud sobs ended abruptly, as if she had instantly turned into a different person. She whispered something so softly he barely heard it. What he thought he heard her say once again, was, "Slay me."
He laid his hand on her shoulder and coerced her to turn again towards him. His tone was impassioned.

"Why beloved? Surely thou art no gold hungry, hound of the perverted. What strong desire? For what gain, bindeth thou, thy soul to the legions of the hell bound? "

"Marduk, think thou of the tormented history of the children of the abds. Would thou ask *them* why, twenty years hence? Or would thou know?"

Tears again stung the big Magician's eyes. "If I had no other reason, I shall crush them all for little Inanna."

"No *Milord*, Inanna belongs to them. But Isis belongs to thee. Struggle not for Inanna Marduk, but Isis will forever be faithful, good, and true to love and righteousness."

Marduk, the reluctant Sorcerer stiffened in his bones and he felt blood speed to his heart.

"Why hath thou spoken magic? Did thou misspeak a word?"

"Ye know I hath not."

"The unknowable One hath visited me."

"I know."

"But how...?"

"Because when they speak thy name in the Guild, strong Sorcerers tremble and weak Sorcerers gnash their teeth."

"It is urgent then that I leave this place now, for they hath given me up. But there are things I have to do first. Will ye help me?"

"I have already commanded my abds....Marduk, take them with thee."

"I shall secure all the surviving Cushites of course."

"Please, Marduk. Do not vex me with worthless speech. I lose too much. My abds will be waiting for thee and ready to go at a moment's notice. They have murdered themselves at my command unless ye get them away before it is discovered. To try to save all the Igigis, is to doom them all."

"But they are all that is left of the WoMans of Atlan. I cannot—"

"Marduk, I have released my Igigis, but the others are bound to the Guild. They will rise up against thee. Risk all, not for the toadies, but ye have been ordained on behalf of an Universe. There are plans, Milord—powerful magic being invoked...words being spoken that will condemn the whole earth to an eternity of sorrow and pain. It is beyond the scope of what even ye can imagine. I have instructed my Igigis to counter speech with speech but thou are in a losing race Marduk."

"Beloved Inanna, that thou will betray such secrets; that thou will do such works against thy own security, surely condemns my measure of thy aura as a lie."

"No Milord, never doubt thy sense, for it is thy strength and shield. One who speaks to thee now is Isis, not Inanna."

"Then thou cannot be released?"

"I will be released after thou defeat me."

"Ye, beloved...?"

"I am they and I am thee."

"What will they do to thee when they discover what thou hath done?"

"They will do naught to me because a house divided cannot stand. They know that their only hope to survive ye is to stand as one."

"Dost thou even now seek to deceive me? I have seen thee devour amongst thy toadies, one against the other. Thou are restricted by naught in what thou do to deceive."

"Tis true Marduk, with the lesser people, but not amongst the Sorcerers of Sumeria. They—we—hate one another but we know we need to stand united if we are not to perish by the destiny of the son of the sun."

"It is my destiny to break thee in two."

"Then it is mine to be broken."

"Give thou, then, the victory unto me before there is even a battle?"

"There can be no battle against the great Will of creation... only the delusional flailing of fools who have long lost all perception of reality;Fools, who in their psychoses believe moments to be Ages, and themselves to be long-lived, when the unknowable One, has not yet blinked an eye and seen them."

"Isis—"

"—Turn thou, away from me now, Marduk. They call and I must go to them. When next

we meet it shall be in battle. But hearten beloved, because the unknowable One, has been merciful. In the end, when all evil lay broken to pieces at thy feet, I shall be made whole again in oneness with the son of all that is Just. In the end, thou will turn again to me. This is the strength that allows me to send thee on thy way, even tho' with thee goes all that is of me that is not now loathsome to my soul."

First tell me why hath I never seen thee before three weeks ago? Thou sit among the Sorcerers like thou had been on council forever." She stopped moving away and turned to him. "Thou hath not seen me before because I am half Igigi. I was born to an abd, and raised by one. Because I could not hide my powers as a child, my high born father hath claimed me. I have long been among the Sorcerers but they kept me out of sight because I am a last Generation Halfling. Today, they are afraid and desperate because of thee and thou Father's love for thee. They need me, and so they no longer ostracize me."

She finished answering his question and took one last, long look at him. Then she turned and exited his presence.

He watched her leave, hoping with all his might that she was right in all she predicted.

He knew they were pure evil. He knew they were depraved. He knew they were without consciences and after the destruction of Atlan he now know they are insane. But...

The Atlantean word for the most high One is, "Atom," or "Atum." Surely, not even the diseased minds of the Sumerian Sorcerers could be so delusional as to think they could aim their black magic at the very seat of the apex of creation. Incredulous! But even though the thought of their hubris struck him as insanely incredulous, he knew SHE did not lie. They truly intended to use black magic to challenge creation.

They plan to set themselves up as "gods" and enslave the entire universe to their version of reality; a reality that makes war, genocide, starvation, oppression, perversion, elitism, WoMan sacrifice, and slavery the normality, when it is an aberration that all creation would vomit out of Itself if the distortion induced by black magic did not drug the collective psyche, rendering it not only incapable of hating the wrong, the unjust, the abomination—but actually developing a lust for every iniquity. They seek to create anew, their world reality— where the Tyrant is worshiped as a hero, and the destroyers are glorified as Saviors. A world where slaughter raises up Empires, and the bloody sacrifice of living creatures, multiplies riches; A world where the divide is loved and unity is hated; where to do good is derided as weakness and to do evil is praised as strength. A world where to respect, love and be kind to all is despised, and to denigrate, debase, and harden the heart to the poor and powerless is lauded.

This is the same reality they had created in Atlantis, and now that they have destroyed Atlan, they seek to mold again the great will of creation after the designs of their own monstrous hearts.

But if they will be gods, he will be avenging angel; if they will be day, he will be night. And he will break them on every hill and in every valley. Into every dark, hidden, crevice he

shall pursue them. When they overturn a stone he shall overturn a pebble. When they speak a curse, he shall speak a blessing. When they create a slave he shall create a free man. And when they lay low a woman he shall raise one up.

So swear he, the one chosen by the most high One, because he has loathed injustice.



He is Marduk.

Chapter five



MARDUK'S MESSAGE

I, Marduk, son of WoMan, leave this message to the abandoned children of Atlan, with hope that one day they shall find strength in it to resist and free their minds, if not their bodies, from monsters and demons that hold power over none in the universe but the authority to deceive.

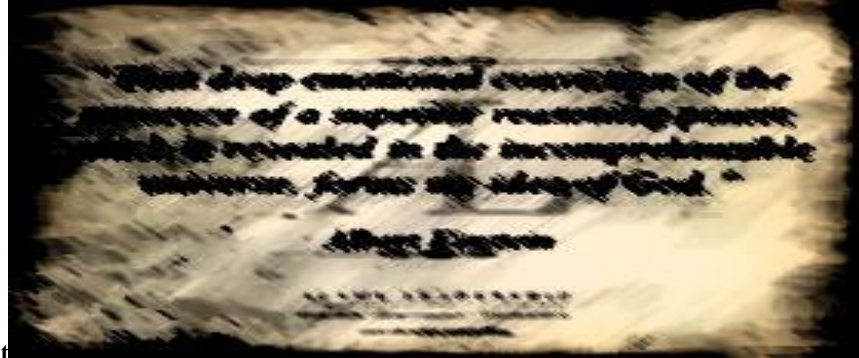
Odijah, thou son of woman—who hath held fast to thy soul e'en through a lifetime of abuse, deceit, indoctrination and torture; it is with the ultimate confidence that I leave these documents in thy hands. Hearken, O' mighty one of spirit; that they do not fall under the eyes of the Sumerian Sorcerers. Trust not, e'en the beloved Inanna, but in wisdom and guile, to these documents, acquaint all thy Kin without jeopardizing thy precious life. It was not with sincere expectation that I searched for thy face among the ones gathered to escape with me. Well did I know that thou would not separate thy fate from thy Cousins. It is with great sorrow and heavy heart that I write these words. I abandon thee now only to create a place for thy soul to rest from pain and sorrow forever and eternity.

Unmask the demons to all the sons and daughters of first Woman, as I unmask them to thee.

Farewell. Have faith that as long as the unknowable One, doth favor me, I shall never abandon the universe to thy Tormentors. Seek strength in the truth and trust in the Supreme Being of existence, whom no tongue will ever name before universal revelation, but to whom, all tongues shall one day give praise.

Chapter six

forever. So the universe shall never forget and never allow the end of explosions to



They were a tightly knit group of long lived Sorcerers, these architects and plotters of the destruction of Atlan.

May this letter, and the spirit of all Cushites, who learn of its content, keep the truth alive.

Each one had collected to themselves the riches generated by the Beings of many civilizations. Upon all the planets of the Earth's solar system they built many mansions which no people but their toadies have ever been allowed into space to discover.

These were the ones who built civilizations at their leisure and destroyed worlds at their whim.

To describe them is to reference from the WoManoids, though, behind the fronts they prefer, they are 13 creatures as different in size, appearance and temperament as the beasts that once roamed the dense lands of Atlan.

To he who can discern, I shall name and describe them here, though not all will be able to distance themselves from the false perception of reality induced by black magic to entertain the possibility that what I speak is truth and not fantasy.

I, Marduk, uncover these monsters, here, for all future generations of Beings, so that they may see that it is not omnipotent Entities that destroy them but worms and lizards, whose greatest strength lie in the hijacking and drugging of the collective mind of the WoMan race.

Hath thou yet heard a voice from above and around saying to thee, bow down? Hath thou heard a voice saying to thee give me this or that? Why then doth thou, O' Cushites, obey unto the death, the conspiracies of demons?

Know ye not, O' Cushites, that thou are made of the same star dust as those who enslave thee and set themselves above thee as thy Superiors?

Follow me back in time to the tens of billions years past and let me show thee what thou have burnt thy Sons and Daughters upon the pit to, and under the influence of what, thy have stained red the surface of the entire earth.

Why hath thou not seen yet, O' Cushites; after thou hath suffered and cried and worshiped for a million years that only demons feast on the misery and essence of thy torment? And thou art not their love, but their hate?

Did the unknowable One, create the universe to die? Why think thou then that thou hath been made to offer up thy children upon the altar, and to slaughter thy cousins?

Follow O' Cushites, and I will take thee back to the beginning of time when the great Will of creation, did cause two stars to collide and shower upon the waters that then engulfed all the earth—thy gods.

But first let me name them and give unto thee that much power over thy tormentors. For they have hidden themselves behind many false titles and fronts to deceive thee



Enki—WoManoid/serpent

Know thy enemy O' Cushite.



Erra—Winged dragon

Know thy enemy O' Cushite.



Ki—Underground Serpent

Know thy enemy O' Cushite .



Apep—serpent

Know thy enemy O' Cushite.



Nergal—Tyrannosaurus

Know thy enemy O' Cushite.



Thoth—winged Serpent

Know thy enemy O' Cushite.



Inanna--WoManoid/Saurian

Know thy enemy O' Cushite.



Hadad—winged dinosaur/dragon

Know thy enemy O' Cushite.



Nanna—WoManoid/Saurian

Know thy enemy O' Cushite.



Ishkur—winged dinosaur/dragon

Know thy enemy O' Cushite.



Ereshkigal—dragon

Know thy enemy O' Cushite.



Ninhursag—WoManoid/Saurian

Know thy enemy O' Cushite.

Where forth come these immortal fiends?

Know thee, O' Cushites that these are the children of the stars of heaven. Dust art they, incubated and nurtured by the womb of the deep waters of the abyss. Now look O' Cushites, with me into the windows of the past. See the waters O' Cushites, which covereth the entire earth?



This is the Mother of thy gods.

See O' Cushites, the dust from heaven that showers upon the waters of the earth?



This is the father of thy gods.

See thou, O' Cushites, within the waters the infinitesimal that will become thy gods? And neither shall thee for ten billion years hence.

Let us, O' Cushites, skip ahead ten billion years for tho' my years are without number, thine are as fleeting as a midsummer storm.

Watch, O' Cushites..., as thy gods crawl from the womb of their mother to emerge into the world in all their majestic glory.

Where forth dost thou look O' Cushites? Thy gods are not up there. Look lower O' Cushites. Lower. Lower... harder, O' Cushites. Look harder, closer...

...The ground O' Cushites. See thou, the things that crawl like worms? That, O Cushites, is to whom thou hath burnt thy children upon the altar. That O' Cushites, is for whom thou hath murdered, enslaved and tortured the billions of Innocents.

But despair not, O' Cushites, for thy gods will not remain humbler than thy small toe. Let us skip ahead another ten thousand years.

Thou know these, doth thou not O' Cushites? Thought thou, these, just some giant, pea brain beasts that appeared and disappeared with no mark? No, O' Cushites, think harder. If thou has advanced from digging thy dinner out of the ground with sharp rocks, to building cities in outer space in a mere 300,000 years, why would thou believe that these great Beings hath remained unthinking for ten *billion* years, when both thee and they are made of the same substance?

Hail thy god, O' Cushites.



These are the Saurians.

Now Let us move on. Heed while I chronicle for thee, a tale of history.

Chapter seven



" Prayn2" from the Unacceptable CD by akamardukson

The first of living things to emerge from the womb of the mother of all, were the crawling worms that became the Saurians.

For many millenniums these great creatures roamed the earth when no other beast was in existence.

They evolved into many different kinds, shapes and types of creatures, and because they were of the same substance, born of the same seed and incubated inside the womb of the same mother, neither big Saurians, or small Saurians, or those who walked on two legs, or those who walked about on fours, or those who crawled on their bellies, or those who sprouted wings; thought they were an individual, or different. They all thought with one brain wave and there was no conflict upon all the earth

And it was, that while the Saurians were the first to roam the earth, the womb of the mother of all, never stopped giving birth to new creatures of all shapes, types and kinds, which no Imagination, Artist, or Creator, would have taken the time to think of, paint, or design.

Because there was peace and harmony in the universe, all the new creatures emerged without trauma or awareness, so they all thought they were one with the entire universe. No creature had to heighten its senses as it was born, so all living things emerged thinking and acting as one.

Many more eons passed, which ye O' Cushites, shall never learn of except by means of these documents because all records have been destroyed that the truth may be buried.

But I, who am the son of woman, know all things that cometh after the history of the unknowable One.

Discover now, O' Cushite, the origins of evil and the corruption of an universe that was created to be a paradise for all living things.

Chapter eight

WHEN MONSTERS ARE INNOCENT



In the days before WoManoids walked the surface of the earth, all things were dominated by the Saurians, who drew to themselves most of the rays of the sun when it shone, ate most of the food, drank most of the clear water, and took for their pleasure, females and males of all creatures that their phalluses could fit and that their vaginas could feel.

And it was, that because the Saurians had no sexual restraint, no creature big or small, beast or fowl, hesitated to discern when it approached another to copulate. All were one with the will of the First Ones, and what doth the giants, so did all other living things.



Many hybrids and half creatures were formed from thus.

A beautiful creation, made to hold an infinite number of different creatures who never died, had grown grotesque, filled with unbridled lust and unnatural beasts who set back and

disrupted the ascension of all things because they improved not, but digressed physically and spiritually.

Imagine thou, O' Cushites, beasts with 7 heads, mounted upon the bodies of lions; Beasts with faces of a rodent and teeth of a daggercat; Beasts with heads of baboons and trunks of snakes; Mammoth beasts that breathed fire and flew like birds; Beasts that perished when rain fell because they lifted their heads and kept trying to drink e'en when water filled all their orifices, and they could not breathe. Doubt not O 'Cushites, when I say there were in these times creatures that were, shall I say...even less cognizant?

Even during these days there was peace. No Creature willingly harmed another, tho' horrific deaths were common from attempted sex acts between big creatures with those too small and grown beasts with infants and immature ones.

E'en today, says you, O 'Cushites, unthinking beasts prey upon one another and lap up flesh and blood with no shame or conviction?

Care thou not, O 'Cushites, what beasts do in the long distant past when no man walked the surface of the earth?

Then thou must know that as WoMankind is these days, so would become the Saurians and other creatures of that ancient past. But e'en when they evolved to become sapient, they did not cease in their iniquities.

When they acquired knowledge and understanding they no longer tore flesh out of hunger; but out of lust for the surge gained by the infliction of domination and pain.

They no longer used infants and little ones like wives and husbands because they knew no difference; but because they would not raise the morals of their flesh as time and evolution has raised the consciousness of their minds.

They no longer held down the ascension of all creatures because they, themselves, had no dreams; but because they wanted to keep all life under their control.

This O 'Cushites, is the age old, collective will of those who now hold sway over the minds of thee and thy children.

The reality thou suffer is no WoMan's will.

Know thy enemy O 'Cushites,

Or perish.

Chapter nine



Hath thou heard of the serpent, O' Cushites?

The serpent's father was born of very hot star dust and her brain formed mass beyond all other creatures.

The serpent was also Saurian, but she was the product of a union between a Flying Saurian and a crawling Ophidian.

She was the first creature ever to think outside the collective will of the Saurian queen.

The first independent thought of all flesh belonged to the first Serpent/Saurian hybrid and that thought was of herself and how much smarter and more beautiful she was than all other creatures. She gloried in her beautiful shimmering colors and she contrasted herself with the other Saurians whom she thought were dull, ridiculous looking beasts with no intelligence. She refused to concede the other Saurians, who were not ophidian, the same title as herself. So she called the others—"Reptiles."

And it was, that the Serpent began to brood and resent that the Reptiles were the rulers of all living flesh when she was clearly the superior being. Her great mind was filled with many ideas and plans but because the Reptiles never thought of naught but eating, reproducing, and sleeping, she couldn't put any of her ideas into motion because no creature would move with them.

And it was, that as time passed, she grew more and more frustrated until she lost all control of her resentful thoughts. The strength of her desire to rule the collective mind, overpowered the will of the Reptile queen's mind. This caused a rift in the mind of the collective that threw all living things into a panic.

The Queen mind of the Saurians was terrified because she never experienced such a jolt in millions of years; when she panicked, the Saurian collective lost control of the minds of all the earth's creatures for a brief moment. During that momentary breach, all creatures glimpsed themselves as individuals. The ones that fell instantly in love with themselves never fully regained the mind of oneness. The ones that saw no special thing in themselves rejoined with the collective as if nothing happened but the damage was done and it would not be repaired.

And it was, then, that most of the creatures that fell in love with their own images were serpents, though there were also Reptiles, Fowls, and remnants of all living things, who also instantly became exceedingly enamored of themselves.

The one who caused evil (disruption) to enter into the world was named Ki, and it was she—(tho' all thy Primordial gods were both male and female, save Onanes and Nergal, I shall use the feminine because her parts were two thirds female and one third male)— who drew to herself the loose atoms of all creatures who were not fully connected to the collective mind.

Now, O' Cushites, I shall impart to thee, details of the wars of thy gods

chapter ten

"Would it be" from the Unacceptable by akamardukson

THE SAURIAN WARS



It was not until the Serpent named Ki, had caused a rift in the mind of the Saurian collective, that evil entered the world.

Discern, O' Cushites, for I know thy thinking.

The mind-controlled beasts did not do evil, because they knew not the difference between themselves and the mind of the Saurians. The Saurians did no evil because they knew not the difference between themselves and all other beasts. E' en when they caused the death of an infant creature there was no malice of forethought because the Saurians never considered the individuality of another creature. Being the first born flesh of all creation, the Saurians had no ability to see individuality in themselves or in anything in their world. They could not form emotions towards others because everything came after them, so to them, everything seemed to be made for them. They never conceived the limits, needs and capacities of another creature, or another Being's right to not be harmed by their wants and desires.

The Saurians were destroying themselves and all living things through their singular, self-gratifying patterns of thinking and acting. They were not evil per say because they did not create themselves to be what they were, but the wages of their depravity was extinction through self-destruction. They knew not that when they killed or harmed one thing, they murdered themselves and all living things.

When the Serpent Ki interrupted the energy flow of the collective mind of the earth's

creatures by heightening her aura through resentment and want, she interfered with the universe's effort to cleanse itself. She started a rebellion against the collective mind that eventually led to each creature on earth thinking individually. Though none changed their depraved habits, most creatures began to expand their minds and enhance their ability to discern and reason.

Eventually, most would learn the knowledge of good and evil, and they would learn to do evil without destroying themselves, and so, instead of receding from the universe, evil grew, and it was not the impotent, dying evil it was before, it was now a strong, thriving force that would seek to rival eventually, the energy flow of the great Will of creation, Itself. For the first time, the created, began to use their own minds to create reality in opposition to the Great Will of Creation.

The Serpent Ki, seeing an opportunity to replace the Reptile Queen as first mind of the collective will, gathered to herself all of her kind and all the other creatures that rebelled from the will of the Saurians.

Compared to the Saurians, Ki and her allies were as nothing in numbers but Ki plotted war with the Saurians with great confidence because she knew their minds were of no match for her own.

The Saurians thought of naught but sex, eating and sleeping. Some of them were huge, seemingly indestructible giants. Others were the most lethal specimens on earth, but Ki knew that most were lumps that would do naught but lay down if the queen of the Saurians was killed.

And so it was that the first act of willful murder was an act of war. Ki, with her own teeth, tore out the jugular of the Reptile Queen while the other serpents and rebels attacked the race of Saurians called the Tys, whom Ki knew had to be defeated if the war was to be won.

The Tys were the most powerful of all creatures on earth but Ki believed that they could be out-smarted.

As Ki surmised, most of the Saurians wandered around in impotent confusion, their disorientated brains crying out to the mind of their queen for instruction while Ki's bird allies and others ripped them apart.

What did not go according to Ki's plan was the battle strategy to eradicate the Tys.

Who, O' Cushites, needed smarts or a queen mind when one had teeth like a mouth full of daggers and moved with the swiftness of a streak of lightning? Ki never knew the Tys could move so fast because they never had to, so they never did. She never knew they could be such lethal devourers of flesh because until Ki committed the first willful murder of flesh, all creatures were eaters of plants.

Doubt not O' Cushites when I say that after the first war between the created, the only rebel leader left on the face of the earth when the Tys finished destroying them was the serpent queen, Ki.

The Tys, with no thought in their collective mind but to kill, went on a century long rampage that left nearly every living thing on earth raped, crushed, chomped, or trembling with fear in some space or crevice the Tys could not breach.

The Hunt for Ki, who had hidden herself underground, was relentless.

Now it was, that in these times, the Tys became unrelenting killers of all things. Their minds had locked upon war. Violence was all they now knew in all they did.

New creatures emerging from the waters were set upon as soon as they reached ground. Those who escaped the Tys were born with their first thought being fear and their second being to kill. The new creatures never connected with the will of the Tys, but they did absorb the Tys negative energy, so each new creature was born with a fight or flight mechanism being their strongest instinct.

Meanwhile...

On the other side of the world, where no Dinosaur, Mammoth, Equine, Bird, Feline, Bovine or Serpent had ever been, the great mother was giving birth to a totally different kind of



child.

Over time and bitter struggle, a supreme leader rose up among the new arrivals. His name was Onanes.

Chapter eleven

REVENGE OF THE WORLD'S FIRST SORCERER



If one will know the secrets of the universe, one need do naught but be quiet.

Ten thousand years it was, that the Tys ruled the world, unmolested after their victory.

Ten million years the serpent Ki hid alone beneath the surface of the earth. If it be true that wisdom is born of solitude, imagine Ye, O' Cushite, what heights in consciousness the serpent had attained.

I venture thou cannot.

Ten million years of bitterness, yearning and despair, had so enhanced the energy around the serpent's emotions and thoughts, billions of unabsorbed and loose atoms swarmed unto the serpent Ki.

Understand now, O' Cushite, why I say to thee, never despair, never covet, never dwell upon thy wants and pains, with overly felt passion— for such strong emanations are the fuel of the evil dead, and they shall swarm to thee like flies.

All such loose atoms that are not anchored to the first source, seeks to gather together. Being the first loose atom, and so, the most powerful magnet of all, in an universe now filled with independent thought forces, the serpent Ki grew with such power that she could move mountains just by thinking it, and if she so desired a rock, a rock would appear out of thin air.

These things I reveal to thee, beloved Odijah, so thy will understand what thou contend with.—why thy children are kidnapped and tortured; why thy cousins are destroyed in endless wars. Why the poor and oppressed of Atlan were not relieved. Misery and strong emotions fatten the evil ones and build their strength.

This O' Cushite is what the serpent Ki discovered in her long solitude. She discovered the great secret of the universe and how to use the unforeseen flaw to her own ends.

Having grown exceedingly powerful, Ki felt she was ready to avenge herself on the Tys. But because she did naught but hide underground while only exercising her mind for ten million years, her body grew huge, without muscle, and she could not move easily. She could lift herself above ground only with great concentration of energy which depleted and weakened her for long periods.

What of the WoManoid, Onanes?

Know thee, this truth, O' Cushite, and thou shalt understand all mysteries. Know thee the history of the seeds of the serpent and thou dost not need to know the history of the first man king. Know thee the history of Onanes, and thou dost not need to know the history of the serpent bloodline; for one parallels the other as two twins walking the same path. As it was in the beginning, so it will be throughout the ages.

Onanes, like the serpent Ki, drew to himself much power from loose atoms that had not yet found anchor.

Onanes understood the evil secret and he did naught but kill and torture living things to draw to himself the atoms of their fear and pain. He was the first Womanbeing, to practice the sacrifice of flesh, to gather to him the atoms of death.

As he grew in power and evil, Onanes made his energy known to Ki the serpent, and she began to concentrate upon Onanes, for she meant to draw him to her.

And it was, that Onanes set out to find Ki the Serpent, tho' he knew naught of her existence, or whence she lay.

Heed this warning, O' mighty one of spirit; well do I know thy heart, for it is because I saw in thee, myself, that I was drawn to thee from the first. I reveal not unto thee these things so thou can take the path I hath chosen.

Well do I know of thy hatred for evil, and thy great love and compassion for all living things. Well do I know, beloved Odijah, that torture has never broken thy spirit. It burdens my soul much to reveal unto thee these secrets of Magicians, for I fear thou may see thy destiny in the pathway of fools.

Seek not O' righteous one, to enhance thyself in the name of fighting evil, for tho' Love, be the most powerful magnet of all, which draws from the atoms of the unknowable One, Itself; know thee, that to enhance thyself is to destroy thyself for all eternity, whether thy seek to do good or evil. If thy would follow my path make sure thy love for the universe is greater than thy love for thy self, for it requires great discipline for any Sorcerer to resist

becoming evil. More power is gained quicker by doing evil to gather to thyself the strength of disembodied saurian atoms, than by relying on the loose atoms of the good forces of the universe. This is why the road to Hades is paved with good intentions.

Share not this part of these documents with all the Cushites, for such secrets are the means by which the Sorcerers hath possessed and led all of Atlan to its death.

And now I shall conclude this document with the final and most important revelation:

Onanes did find Ki, the serpent. The battle between the two Sorcerers to possess the other was long and exhausting for both. In the end the serpent Ki prevailed. She had gained the mind of Onanes, tho' it was a precarious hold that only prevailed because Ki had promised to help Onanes realize his own desires despite his subjugation to her.

Onanes — allied with the powerful, projected force of Ki — did do battle again with the Tys, and he did cause rocks and trees and all the beasts on earth to war against the Tys.

And it was that the war with the Tys raged for ten thousand years. Tho' great boulders threw themselves upon them, trees launched spear-like at them, lions and bears bit them, birds pecked them, waters engulfed them, and the earth opened to swallow them,— all the millions of Tys fought as one thing, with one mind, and against the whole world they did not buckle.

The new leader of the collective mind of the Tys was a winged dinosaur called Erra. He/She had not the wisdom of Onanes and Ki, or even his slain predecessor, but in his own right he was just as powerful because his thoughts were limited and his hungers were insatiable. To kill and destroy was all that he dreamed and for longer than any other living thing, this is what he did. The atoms from such slaughter, along with the collective he controlled, made him exceedingly strong.

The Reptile Erra, was powerful indeed, and he kept the Tys strong in battle for 10,000 years against the entire world.

Ki the serpent could see that if the war went on, no flesh would survive. For her own survival she needed a constant supply of tortured atoms. That meant she could not allow the WoManoids and Reptiles to make themselves, and all other creatures, extinct.

For this reason, she ordered the mind of Onanes to talk peace with the winged dinosaur Erra.

Onanes offered terms, which Erra understood not, but the mighty Ty did understand the cessation of hostilities. His one track mind had entertained by this point, a fleeting thought of a long rest. Most of the reptiles now wanted to hibernate.

And it was that Ki the serpent, Onanes the WoManoid, and Erra the Saurian, did come to

agreement and it was thus:

They shall partition the earth, all living things, and all possessions equally among themselves and they shall prolong their existence by feeding equally upon the tortured atoms of Men, Beasts, and Insects. They shall raise civilizations, and great numbers of creatures. They shall keep their atoms in distress and whenever the creatures of a planet reach a threshold were their troubles no longer caused them to release atoms of distress, they shall destroy entire worlds and renew their vigor thus.

This O' Cushite, are the truths that shall set thee free.

Know thy enemy or perish.

Tis all I can do for thee now.

With heavy heart, I leave thee,

Marduk.

Chapter twelve

BACK TO THE PRESENT



“So, Marduk has taken off to Jupiter?”

It was Onanes who sat at the head of the table because it was he who was Een, among the Sorcerers.

It was not lost on the old WoManoid —as he sensed the greed and ambition that had heightened among the company he kept— that new times and changes put new ideas into the heads of all who choose the path of evil. It was a wary, but unfettered figure that opened the meeting the Sumerian Sorcerers call the ‘councils of the gods’.

So Marduk has taken off to Jupiter Onanes asked. His inability to conceal the sound of relief in his voice did more to harm his tentative hold on the Eenship than he knew at the time even in his heightened state of awareness.

The one named Ki, sized him up with a subtlety that only the one named Thoth could have noticed. Thoth had taken in the thoughts they all tried to conceal without looking at any of them. He didn’t have to. He was not known as the brains of the Guild for nothing. It took no special genius to discern what of room full of vipers and serpents would be thinking when they smelled weakness.

Ki was the oldest of the female Sorcerers, yet she retained the countenance of an innocent. She was Onanes’ advisor and main consultant.

A part of the deal that ended the war between the Serpent, WoManoids, and Reptiles, was that both Onanes and Erra, would give seed to the serpent, Ki.

Because she was the last of her kind, and because she could not physically move, she could only rule her share of the world through her bloodline. The Hybrid by the same name, was her first born. Being half serpent, the second generation Saurian Ki, was also both male and female.

She and Onanes were together so much the other Sorcerers called her Anki, because Onanes' ritual name was Anu. She advised him and defended him from loose talk. When he got old, she seduced and robbed him, but that didn't stop her from hating him. She had long been the backbone that stood him up after he grew soft and lost many atoms to stronger magnets.

New times and changes meant new ideas and new roles. It was time for a new Een. "*Enki*," that had a nice ring to it. They already called her Anki. It would be no hardship at all for them to twist their tongues so slightly.

"We should have engaged him long ago. Did I not say that he was too sullen to be a true Sorcerer of the circle? Whence had any one of us seen him toying the young girls or the little boys? Whence has he been noticed to partake of the sacrifice? Who hath seen him delight in the slaughter of the Rabble? Is that not the Sorcerer's quickest path to build upon our power? What true Sorcerer does not seek to enhance her powers and riches, or to indulge in the heightening of his senses? I have seen this one do naught but brood since the day I have met him. I, even I, hath offered him the delights of mine own flesh, and thought I at the time he would attack me with brutality for offering him pleasure."

Ki fell silent and looked around the room. "I have warned thee. Thou would not heed because ye were too lazy to learn to chart the stars. Thou were too busy indulging thineselves to notice that in that one's eyes, he destroys us every time he looks at us. That one must not be allowed to remain free. We must—, all of us— band together and slay him before he ruins us!"

"*Thou over step thy boundaries, witch!*" Inanna glared at the beautiful older woman whose face was not the equal of her own in symmetrical perfection, but was younger.

Ki returned Inanna's glare. "*Ah, where have I seen that look before?*"

Her fresh face looked even younger as she mocked Inanna as a child would do.

Before Inanna could verbally retaliate, Thoth, known as much for his peacemaking as his wisdom spoke up:

"I too, have long noticed that the son of the Traitor has fallen in love with the slaves. I have raised no issue of it because without his blood and expertise, we will not be able to return to earth when it is habitable for us again. It is no grand matter for me to learn to navigate our way home, but the ship we flew here—" Thoth looked with all the blame and disdain he could muster at Onanes. "—Is only responsive to Bel Lil's genetic code. But who knows where the Traitor is? We have no choice but to hope Inanna's sway over the son, serves us

long enough to use him, to get us back to earth. Besides, Marduk is the only one here, besides me, who can keep his mind off of his crotch long enough to hold the concentration needed to Navigate the great distance home. And I have no Astronaut training.”

“Sit down, thou X chromosome!” Erra snarled.

Thoth clasped his hands in glee. The dumbest creature on earth had just tried to get smart with him. His high voice resounded even more feminine as he turned to face Erra. “My, my, been hitting the science books lately have we?”

Erra’s retort was drowned out by the imploding laughter that erupted around the room.

“When are thou going to learn NOT to try to match wits with Azazel?” Nergal said to his Kinsman. Nergal’s loud voice was only slightly less deafening than his laughter. He was the only one in the Guild, besides Thoth, brave enough to ridicule the overly sensitive dragon, whose brain capacity left him less a Sorcerer, than a Sorcerer’s Helper; This, even though Erra was older and had a higher rank in their house which made him Nergal’s superior.

“As I was saying: Thoth scowled at Erra. “There is nothing that we can do about Marduk until he gets us back to earth.”

“What makes thee think he will take us back to earth?” Ki asked.” He could go down himself and leave us up here.”

“Ki, Ki, Ki, or shall I say Enki?” Thoth grinned.

“Uh...thou meant to say Anki, didn’t thou Ibis?” Onanes coughed uncomfortably.

Thoth stared at Ki and smiled wickedly when he saw her visibly trying to make herself smaller.

“Of course I meant Anki.” He looked at Ki harder, the smile was gone, and his eyes beamed with secret intent meant only for her. “It’s an easy enough slip to make.” A comprehending smile slowly spread across Ki’s face as her eyes held Thoth’s stare.

Thoth turned from Ki and continued:

“Marduk, my half-brother, will take us back to earth because Inanna will die if he doth not—at least that’s what she’ll tell him. And though he doth not use his much, he still has a crotch.” Thoth smirked and looked at Inanna. “Is that—”

A loud buzzing sound interrupted Thoth’s pontifical exhibit and drew all attention to Erra. Erra pressed a button on the device he wore around his wrist and put it to his mouth.

“What?” he yelled. “I told thee to nev—” Erra fell silent, and listened. His face registered disbelief, before a catlike grin gave malicious glee to his yellowed eyes.

“Guess what genius?” Erra addressed Thoth. He looked around the room to make sure everyone was paying attention to one of the crowning moments of his life. He paused for maximum effect before returning his attention to Thoth.

“That was one of my abds. Know what he just told me Y chromosome?”

“No!” Ninhursag exclaimed.

“That’s right.” Erra stood up and leaned his powerful body across the shiny table.

“Our favorite wet blanket has just taken off in his personal ship with some of the abds. Anybody care to guess where he’s headed?”

“Sonofva—” Ishkur, cursed.

“I’ll get him for this!” Ki vowed. She looked at Thoth and in their mutual rage, their eyes forged a bond that no Sorcerer had ever been willing to share enough to make.

Nergal, who in his angst, had shifted from his WoManoid form to his Saurian state, slammed his heavy tail on the table. “He’s going to regret this. If it takes a million years I’m going to...to!—” He sputtered out into silence.

Thoth shot an accusing look at Inanna.

Ki caught his gaze.

“Well half-breed whore, are thou finally with us now, or—” She threw up her hands in disgust, “Why doth this daughter of a filthy, abd beast sit here amongst us like—”

“Enough!” Onanes thundered. If the old wizard had a caring atom in his body, it was for this beautiful last Generation WoMan female, who reminded him of a time when he was once more of a man, than a puppet.

A backbone, he had long lost to the manipulation of Ki the serpent, suddenly reappeared, and a tone of voice no Sorcerer of the guild had heard in a long time, quieted everyone.

“Ibis...!” the old Sorcerer, Onanes, roared, “how long before thou can teach Erra to navigate our way back to earth?”

A snarl of contempt raised the corner of Thoth’s lips. “Him,” he snorted in Erra’s direction, “forever.”

Dismissing the thought with a wave of his hand Thoth said, “I will teach Nergal to steer, and I want Ki to assist me.”

Erra’s rage at the insult of being cast aside for a subordinate sent his body, without word of warning, launching in Thoth’s direction.

Thoth instantly shifted from his WoManoid form, to the state a long ago foray into the depths of evil has allowed him to morph into at will. He shot straight up in the air, his pure white wings flapping furiously. His mouth opened, and a stream of rock melting heat directed at Erra sent him, defensively, rocketing backwards against the walls of the room with such force, Erra went *through* the wall. In his WoManoid form he disappeared. Seconds later he came roaring back, enraged with a certain fire of his own, his now huge, shimmering body flying at Thoth like a heat seeking missile.

Nergal, his newly elevated condition having already gone to his head, reached up and grabbed his Elder by the tail, slamming him to the stone hard floor which such force, the big Rex, Erra, lay there for a moment stunned between consciousness and unconsciousness.

Erra was big, and a more lethal killer than Nergal because he was more ruthless and enjoyed it more. But Nergal, who was wingless, was full of the atoms of a full blooded Tyrannosaurus, and was much smarter.

"Listen to me!" Nergal's foghorn voice so close to the ear left Erra's appendage ringing.

"This is all Marduk's fault! And if we are going to make him pay, we need to work together!"

Thoth Harrumphed with disdain. "I suggest we not waste energy talking about trying to punish Marduk and start worrying about how we are going to keep him from ruining everything for us."

Nergal started to retort, but then he remembered the day he flew into a rage when he felt Marduk's disapproving look upon his skin one too many times after he had indulged himself with one of his own young abds. His whole purpose for living at that moment was to snatch the Prude's eyeballs from their sockets.

The last thing that he remembered about the incident was waking up with his abds, pressing healing crystals all over his body and still hurting like hell everywhere but on his fingernails.

He got Thoth's point.

"Get off me!" Erra slapped Nergal aside with his tail and shifted back to his WoManoid form. He glared at Thoth who tauntingly blew him a kiss. For a moment he stiffened like a board, before seeming to make a decision in his mind. He shook his heavy head and turned, leaving the room with slow, heavy steps —like 500 pounds of dynamite needing nothing but the smell of a match to blow up on everybody.

Thoth followed him moments later.



Two excited Igigis entered the hall, bowing and scraping as they inched forward.

The Cushites—along with a long list of other names—were also once called Omans, which means beasts. To denigrate them even more, and remove them even farther from their origins, and hence, their inheritance—they were renamed, “Igigis” by the Sorcerers of Sumeria. Their true title is WoManbeings. They are the uncorrupted seeds of first woman, who is the true god and creator of their kind. But in every age and time span, in the Ageless war between the Saurians and the seed of woman, they are stripped of the knowledge of their identity each time WoMankind loses the war for a period of time. Even though they were once collectively, a little people, not much taller than an average height of five feet, they now stood an average height of 8 feet tall because of the interbreeding with the dominant gene-bearing, giant Sorcerers and their seeds. Among the Sumerian Sorcerers and their chosen ones, they were still seen as slaves or chattel, even though overt slavery in Atlantis was abolished long ago. Many were kidnapped as children and smuggled to different planet hideaways. They were used for sex, and in sadistic, ritual sacrifices to gain energy or power from the dead ones, who are the disembodied first Generation Saurians.

One of the Igigis who just entered the council room was a female, the other, a male. They stood there with their eyes down, shaking like the news they had to deliver was jumping in their blood.

“What dost thou want?” The hate in the Sorcerer’s tone was so threatening, the female Igigi burst out into loud sobs. This Sorcerer’s name was Hadad.

The male Igigi, older, and seemingly more accustomed to being spoken to by the Sorcerers, lifted his head and spoke in a smooth, calm tone that belied the shaking of his thin frame.

“Master the—” A female Sorceress named Ereshkigal drew her arm back and smacked the Igigi so hard, his head on his narrow neck looked like it bounced against his shoulder blades.

“I told thee!” she screeched, “thou are to call us Lords...*Lords*, thy motdamned worm!”

There was something of defiance; in the way the old Igigi seemed to lift his head for a split moment before dropping it down and mumbling the usual abd babble when a Sorcerer showed anger towards them. It was something so subtle none of the Sorcerers were certain that it did surface, even though they all felt something.

"Quit farting and say thy purpose!" Nergal growled at the Igigi.

"My Eenship," the Igigi addressed Onanes.

All the Sorcerers would have agreed, if they had consulted with one another over the matter, that the wretched abd had deepened his voice slightly and even put a hint of honor in the tone when he said the next words. It was there; they would have confirmed it if they had talked to one another, but it *wasn't* there because it couldn't have been. No son of a slave would dare act so impudent. It was inconceivable, or was it?

"Baal Mar," the Igigi said, and Nergal's knuckles whitened on his clenched fists. *Nobody told the wretched beast to call Marduk, Lord.*

"...has destroyed the spaceship."

There was a smile in the Igigi's voice when he said that, or there wasn't one. It sounded like there was one, and it didn't sound like there was one because it couldn't have been.

This was that old relic Onanes' slave. That one always did walk just a little too tall to be as old as he was. By that age most Igigis were dead, or so broken, they might as well have been. This putrid bag of bones couldn't have just raised his neck in front of all the Assembly.

But just for making him feel that he did, Nergal, raised his hand and sent a blue streak of death to the center of the Igigi's chest.

"Odijah!" The female Igigi lost her mind to terror; her screams were beyond speaking through.

Nergal silenced her with another blue streak.

"Why did thou kill the girl, rock brain?" Ki screamed at Nergal. **"We have only a limited number of Igigis left and she was a breeder!"** Ki turned to her lover Onanes, and demanded, **"Command that Mound of useless flesh to get out of my sight!"**

"I don't leave no place unless I want to leave." Nergal sat down and stretched out his legs. He received the atoms from the female Igigi's terrorized death, and the sudden burst of energy left him feeling momentarily indestructible.

Onanes was enraged; for more reasons than one. “I am still Eeen!” he bellowed. The difference between Lord, and Lord of Lords, was the long “E” sound. At the moment Onanes was the Lord of Lords.

Nergal, in the ultimate show of disrespect, never turned to look at Onanes when he first spoke. “That’s supposed to mean something?”

All the members of the Sumerian Guild of Sorcerers were originally born of woman. They were all second generation Saurians. Erra, born of the rape of one of the first women sent across the waters by Onanes, was the son of a Ty. His mother was a land dwelling WoManoid technically, but she was also like Onanes’ father, big, ancient and more amphibian than mammal—a crossbreed like her son. His ruthlessness and longer arms—inherited from his mother— made Erra the first predominantly male Saurian to rule the collective. The females Saurians had lost face and status after Saurian supremacy was felled by Ki, the underground serpent. After the queen was killed, leadership became wide open to whoever was strongest to take it. That was Erra.

Like Erra, all the members of the Guild were the products of rape. All had varying degrees of blood ties to a Woman but over the Ages, because they willfully worked to enhance their Saurian blood over their WoMan blood, their atoms had been so overwhelmed by the atoms of dead, first generation Saurians, they had developed the same hatred and contempt for the WoManoid Onanes, as their first Forbears had for all WoMankind. Only because Ki the underground serpent protected Onanes, did they tolerate him. They all knew, or believed he had grown too weak to defend himself against them.

Having made his point clear, Nergal shifted to face Onanes—the old beast— who sat at the head of the councils of gods. “Listen mushskin, if thou want to pretend in thy dotage that thou art the boss of something that’s fine with me...Children play imaginary, old men play imaginary. But don’t ever take thyself seriously with me again. Especially now. The only orders I’m taking is how to destroy Marduk. If thou art not giving me any dictates in that direction, thou better keep thy mouth off me.”

Onanes looked around the room. Not one Sorcerer answered his unspoken appeal. His long term Consort/Advisor would not even look at him. He still had enough cognizance left to know when he had been set up and betrayed. He was still a powerful Sorcerer, with more experience and knowledge than all of them. He also had access to the [Me], and the loyalty of the most powerful Sorceress on earth—Ki, the underground serpent, or as the younger ones called her—mother Tiamat. He could fight, but why? Changing times. Let them have it. There was a Mighty One above them all. He felt himself getting closer to that dreaded moment when he will have to face that One. Besides, the Igigis/Omans/Cushites were his seed. Strange, how one never really thinks about his children until he gets old and starts craving death more than life.

The old Wizard looked again at she, who he thought really cared about him. He looked at them all, “I see”, he said. With one last glance at Ki, he headed for the exit.

“Onanes,” Ki called out to him. The old Sorcerer whirled around, his heart pounding with hope that all those years he was something more to her than just a stepping stone. He looked at her expectantly.

“Name me Eeen,” she said. The old Sorcerer’s heart dropped like a stone.

“Thou have the [Me],” he answered her. He didn’t want the others to know, but she had wheedled the coveted book of powerful spells out of him long ago —which was one of the reasons she controlled him so easily and why he was growing so old. He consciously denied it, but inwardly, he knew she had used the book against him.

To the other Sorcerers he said: “I abdicate my Eenship to Ki the Atlantean. From this time forward she is Enki. If any will oppose this succession, let him do so now. If any is brave enough to challenge my word, let them rise up with the full armor. Ye!” The old Sorcerer snapped at Nergal. “Swear thy obedience to my successor, now, and then leave this room before me.”

“Nergal leapt to his feet, “Look! I told thee—”

“Now... *Motdamn thee!*” The old wizard raised his arm. Nergal grabbed his head and bellowed like a dying calf.

After he felt Nergal had enough, Onanes dropped his arm and quit mumbling. He waited until the whimpering Ty regained himself.

“Now,” he demanded.

Nergal sensed malice coming from two places. His eyes found Ki. He swore his obedience to the new Eeen and left in front of Onanes.

The new Lord of Lords turned to Thoth, who had returned to the hall after leaving to inspect the damage that was done to their only means of getting back to earth.

Enki took in his solemn expression and knew things were as bad as she feared.

How could they have ever trusted Bel Lil? But then again, like them all, Bel Lil, wanted to return to earth as an indisputable god too...didn’t he? He needed that ship as much as they. And he couldn’t have flown away without the rest of them, but where is he? Enki sighed, her worried eyes meeting Thoth’s irritated glare.

“We have no ship?” she asked, her masculine nature already coming forth like it never had before.

“We will build another.”

“How long?” Enki asked.

“He has totally destroyed it, and laid waste to all the fuel. We would have had to dismantle a lot of it anyway, to change the genetic code the entire system depended on, but Marduk has all but grinded the ship into scrap metal.”

“Ibis, how long...?”

“We have nothing to build on, nothing. No one expected Marduk, or those abds with him to—Listen Ki—uh, Enki...We have to rebuild from the ground up because we have no designs, production plants, materials, components, or skilled workers. We have to teach skills and complex configurations to Igigis who have never been anything but toys. We have to cannibalize everything we have in the hopes of building one ship. Then we will have to develop another source of propulsion because there is no uranium on this planet. In other words Lord Ki, this task will be the equivalent of one scientist trying to teach a bunch of apes to build a trustworthy spaceship to sail the universe.”

“Ibis,” Ki walked towards Thoth until he could feel her breath on his face, “for the last time.

How long...?”

“Ten Thousand Years, Lord Ki.”

“And what about the Noids?” she asked.

“What about them?” Thoth hedged.

Enki’s face contorted with rage. “You know Motdamn well what I’m asking!” she screeched.

For a moment Thoth stared at her, stunned. He knew how power went to some heads. And he knew how quickly. But this lowbrow Bitch did not just scream in his face.

His body shimmered, and his wings started to emerge before he remembered that Onanes said she had the [Me]. He still would have attacked, except for out of the corner of his eye he saw Nergal, who had returned to the room, move forward with grim determination in his eyes. Whatever Onanes said to Nergal when they left the room together, the big Ty had taken to heart. Thoth just didn’t want that fight right now. He stopped fading and became clear again in his WoManoid form. He said to Ki respectfully:

“We’ll have to destroy them. They have been programmed to worship, as God, the first tall ones they see. They are bound to worship Marduk now if he makes it back to earth.”

Ki swore under her breath and pivoted on her heels. She fast-walked to the door, pressed the open button, then stopped and turned. She glared at Thoth.

“Get us back to earth.”

Nergal followed her out the door.

Chapter thirteen



“Will the Lord be needing company soon?”

Marduk broke from his thoughts and turned toward the voice behind him. It was the adult, female Cushite. Her name was Tefnut. In front of her were the three youngest children. He knew instantly what she was asking and sickness rose up in him.

That she was a slave was all that stilled his hand. That he vowed to never forsake these remnants, of the surviving Cushites of Atlan, was all that calmed his tone when he spoke to her. That he understood that every living thing is a product of its history, was what caused the huge Sumerian to kneel before the female Igigi and take her gently by the hand.

“The unknowable One is not evil. Thou hath not escaped into the hands of demons. Go thee forth, and succumb ne’er again, to what wars against thy Creator-given conscience.”

The sad-eyed woman instantly burst into tears and took hold of the children as if she would smother them to death. Then just as quickly, to Marduk’s astonishment, she composed herself into a queenly bearing that was as stiff as it was chillingly controlled. Marduk even thought he saw her smile—not a smile of relief, but a devious, smirk-like grin, that belied her tears and the reverent, fearful demeanor she employed when she entered his presence. He sensed something false but he didn’t care enough to give it much thought. He turned back to negotiating his craft through the stars. He was heading for earth to walk its surface again for the first time in nearly 200 years.

Chapter fourteen

THE GODS THAT FROM HEAVEN CAME



As Marduk brought his craft into the Earth's hemisphere and hovered, carefully screening his instrument panel for a clear landing spot, he did not notice the creatures that scattered in screaming panic from the noise and heat of the discarded craft he had bought from the Atlan space program long ago.

He expected life to revive upon the earth, but he had not expected any large mammals or any creatures that lived above the ground to recover for another 300 years. Then again, he was no Scientist. He had undergone a generalized course during his Astronaut training, but all he really understood about the after effects of a worldwide, nuclear holocaust, was that the atmosphere would kill far more than the explosions— and would continue to kill for a long time. It had only been 196 years since the Great Atrocity.

Chapter fifteen



“Why do we have to wear these dumb suits?”

The teen-age girl pouted as she struggled into one of the single-piece space jumpers Marduk had requested that they all put on.

Her name was Nut. She was seventeen years old. She didn't have the symmetry to her facial features that made one really pretty or handsome, but as time passed, it was clear that she would grow ever more pleasing to look at because she was one of those rare people who were so openly loving and approachable, she radiated a beauty that was beyond capturing with the naked eye.

Her father, Djhuty, reached across and smacked blood on the young girl's lips. He looked around like a runbit surrounded by a pack of howling hunting scrogs.

“Are you Crazy?” He smacked the girl again.

“Stop It!” The woman, whose name was Tefnut, screamed.

The man, Djhuty, looked around, eyes darting rapidly, as if he wanted to break and run.

“Sssssh!” he pleaded.

“He is not like them,” Tefnut said softly, as she stroked one of the children lovingly. She was a tall woman, with a long neck and a majestic way of walking and moving that complemented her imperious bearing, perfectly. “We do not have to fear the big lord; he is not like the others.”

The man drew back and downed the queenly woman with a closed fist.

“You want to get us all killed?” he hissed.

“But the Lord said we’re free!” Shu, the teen-aged boy protested. He moved to position himself between the man and the woman. He was a taller than average, skinny youth, with the eyes and bearing of a man many times his age.

Djhuty charged the boy like an enraged Tonbig. He slammed Shu to the floor of the ship and landed on top of him.

“Do you know everything I know, boy? Have you seen the blue streak of death strike one to the left and one to the right just because men *thought* about being free? Do you know what it feels like, boy, to hear your infant seed screaming on the pit because you made noise and caught some lurking Lord’s attention? Do you know boy, what it is to be fed, coddled, and fattened like a slog, only to end up being chewed to pieces because some Lord decided that you hadn’t looked right, or walked right, or groveled right? Better to just shut up, obey, and keep to the shadows. Or do you think your wisdom to be greater than mine?”

The man looked around; his voice fell to a barely audible whisper

“Forget what the Lord says, you hear me boy?” I’m your Lord, because I know what’s best for all of us. I know all the rules and laws and shalt nots. I am the keeper of the memories of the generations that has gone before us and I’m going to keep us alive. This is a whole new world and a new opportunity. Just shut your mouth...all of you, carry on like you’ve been born to and we may just thrive in this new world.”

The boy glowered at the man in defiance.

Djhuty covered the boy’s mouth and kneed him, hard, in the groin, and then he looked around at the woman with a threat in his eyes that crumbled her. He glared at the teenage girl with the same look before giving his attention again to the boy.

“You hear me?”

Shu moaned his acquiescence as he writhed in pain beneath the man.

“Good, now all of you put the damned suits on. The Lord is waiting.”

Chapter sixteen



The two creatures trembled with excitement and fear as they watched the 8 shimmering figures emerge from inside the huge planet that fell from heaven. The others had scattered when the planet first fell, and kept running, but these two, had turned back, their curiosity getting the best of their fear. They wanted to get a good look at the planet. They did not expect to see god and his children. They turned toward their village and ran like they were being chased by a pride of Daggercats.

Marduk did not see what made the noise from behind the cliffs but he could discern from the sounds that whatever they were, they were good sized creatures.

Impossible.

Not only that there were surface dwelling creatures of that size living, but that they were healthy enough to run so fast. What land mammal could have survived the nuclear Holocaust and recovered so quickly?

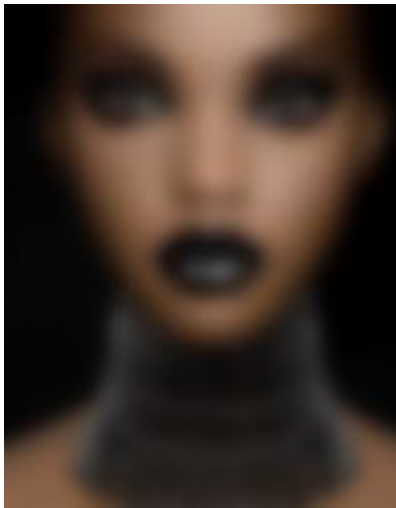
In the decades before its destruction, there were a lot of questionable scientific experiments going on in Atlan involving genetics and DNA. The ones the public were informed about caused a lot of heated debates. Having learned since the great atrocity how much the demons and their toadies were lying and hiding things from the people, Marduk knew there was no telling what kind of beings were behind those cliffs.

Marduk turned and saw that all the WoMans were bunched up together behind him as close as they could get and still move. That was good.

He knelt down and gathered a sample of soil in a tube. Then he stood up and captured some air in an inhaler. He surveyed the area around him for as far as he could see and decided to take the WoMans back to the ship. He wanted them to get a feel of their new home but the discovery that they were not alone made him more cautious. Tomorrow he will explore this place alone and find out who shared the earth with him and the WoMans.

Chapter seventeen

As darkness fell, Marduk lay alone on the bed in his quarters and all he could think about was **HER**. Before he met the witch he lived the last twenty years of his life alone and had gotten accustomed to existing without the embrace of life. Now, all he could do was, ache for it.



Inanna.

Her face—her essence, made it impossible to sleep and he wondered half seriously if the witch was projecting herself into his mind over the distance of the space between worlds.

Beloved Inanna.

If anything in the Universe was going to be his victor, it was going to be her. To want anything more than he wanted to carry out the mission given to him by the unknowable One, would cost him the concentration and discipline he needed to avoid becoming evil. It was always a precarious perch between good and evil for a Sorcerer. Nothing was more effective at pushing the Enhanced over to the dark side, than sexual desire.

He didn't know when he fell asleep, or for how long, before he awoke with the witch beneath him. When he closed his eyes and convulsed with release, he wanted to hold her with the desperation of a billion lonely years but when he opened his eyes again and reached out for her, he saw nothing but a wet spot where before was the soma that caused the downfall of the mighty Saurian race.

Chapter eighteen



“No!”

Djhuty looked at his wife, Tefnut, as if he'd never seen her before.

Beside him, one of the three small children whimpered.

This was the way it has always been for generations unknown. The woman dared to not only defy him, but interfere with his... Djhuty was too stunned to absorb it.

The little girl slipped from under his arm and ran to her mother.

“I will *not* abide it.” The woman, as was her normal way, was calm but adamant. Djhuty looked back at her with the open hatred of evil trapped in the damning light of moral condemnation.

She was always regal, which was why back in Atlan, he would always beat her; to knock out of her that...that—whatever it was that made him feel like she thought she was superior to him, even though he was a high priest to the Lords, and she was nothing but a slave—a slave to the Lords, and a slave to him. His fists had never won him an ounce of concession from her, but back in Atlantis she would have never dared to--*he was the high priest of the gods!*

Djhuty started to lift himself up from his bedding, his fists were clenched tight and Tefnut had never seen his pupils so tiny. There was murder in his eyes but she did not fear him,

she had never feared him, only the gods he represented. Even then, the fear was only for the lives of her children.

“I will tell my—the Lord, and he will smite you with the blue fire.”

The man lost his balance and fell hard to the floor.

“Do not!” he pleaded.

Even though it has always been done to the slaves and he had lived his life seeing, and helping the Lords do far worst things to Igigi children, he had never seen Marduk engaged in the other Lord’s favorite activities. He had never worked for Marduk and he knew of the reputation the big Lord had for being a rebel against the Sumerian guild. So he didn’t take her threat lightly. The big Lord would punish *him* if she told as she threatened to do, and not the woman, as another Lord would. All Igigis knew that the Lords hated for them to show any kind of morality, or disapproval for evil deeds because it reflected upon them. But what the woman only recently discovered, he already knew—the big Lord was not like the others.

“If you ever—”

“I won’t, I swear!” Djhuty’s atoms glowed with bitterness. Even as he groveled in fear, he fantasized about the vengeance he would one day have on her when the time was right.

The woman turned to go back to her own quarters

“Woman...?”

He had not touched her in years but he knew one part of his life was over forever.

Tefnut looked from his pleading eyes to his engorged member. For a long moment she stood in decision before shedding her covering and joining him on the floor.

A few minutes later Djhuty released and got up off her. He climbed into his bed and would not let her follow.

Chapter nineteen



The two creatures, who had turned back to watch the gods exit the fallen planet, sat up from dusk to dawn, telling over and over again what they had seen to the rest of their people.

“God. Children. Come. Planet,” said the bigger of the two, who had monopolized the conversation when he saw how much attention everybody was giving the story.

A fat, gray haired creature, who had already asked the question a dozen times, asked again:

“Tell. Again. God. Look.”

The big creature bowed respectfully in the Fat creature’s direction.

God. Big. Shine. Sun. Children. Little. Shine. Stars.”

The fat creature laughed and clapped his hands with delight for the umpteenth time.

He addressed all the people.

“Now. See? Told. Gods. Come.”

All the people cried with joy. Over the clamor, the fat creature yelled.

“Go! Now! All! Worship! Gods!

All the people followed the fat creature to find the gods who came down from Heaven.

Chapter twenty



"I can go with you, you know?"

Marduk eyed the teenager warily as he pulled on his insular boots. He had tested the air and soil outside the ship for contamination and discovered it was far less poisonous than he would have guessed, but he still wanted to err on the side of caution.

He had not known a lot of females in this period of his existence. He recalled past lives when he had many women but those were times when his soul was young, innocent and uncontaminated with so much more pain and sorrow, than joy. Those were times when he laughed before he breathed, but his soul was far too old and experienced to the evils of this System to be as attractive to many females as it once was. But it was not lost on him that the girl thought of him as a potential mate. She was close to womanhood and eventually most people wanted to be with other people in the way of all natural things.

The teenaged boy was not her brother but the two seem to hate each other. The three little ones—two boys and a girl, — will be more than 10 years reaching adulthood for the oldest of them. Even then, he had a feeling that they would have no appeal to Shu and Nut who has watched them grow up from infancy. Somehow, someday, he had to get the girl to like the boy. He never thought she wouldn't. It showed how much his long isolation from the world had crippled him socially. He thought male, female, under such abnormal conditions would automatically mean natural attraction. Maybe what he had to do was separate them. Familiarity bred contempt. Maybe that was the problem—the two needed space from each other. When he is sure it is safe to leave the ship permanently, he will build the boy his own house.

"It is not safe," Marduk said to the young girl softly.

“Lord...?”

Marduk looked at her.

“You will never see me...like that...will you?”

“I am not for thee.”

“Then who will be?” Tears glistened in her eyes.

“Shu–”

Nut burst out in loud sobs and ran from the room just as the boy, Shu, was coming in. She brushed by him angrily.

“Rogwart!” Shu yelled after her. “What’s the matter with her?” he asked Marduk.

“She suffers for kindness.”

Shu sneered. “What she suffers for is beauty.”

Marduk placed his hand on the boy’s shoulders and squared him.

“Hath thou learnt naught from my teaching? Hath I taught thee to despise thy wife? “

Shu’s eyes got big. “Lord, *she* will not be my wife!”

Marduk’s dark brown pupils danced with merriment.

“My son Shu, she *will* be thy wife.”

“Lord, I’m not marrying Nut,” the boy insisted. He folded his arms across his chest.

“Then who will thou marry?”

“I will marry Tefnut.”

The amusement in Marduk’s eyes vanished. He stared at Shu until he squirmed.

“He does not love her!” Shu blurted, “And he treats her badly. I will treat her like a queen.”

Marduk looked at the boy.

“Lord, I love her!”

Marduk said nothing.

“I will not marry Rog-faced, Nut!” Shu yelled.

Marduk silently finished putting on his shiny, protective suit.

“Lord...?”

Marduk turned to the boy.

“She does not like me,” Shu, said in a small voice.

Chapter twenty-one

“AH CA ADOM MA SA!”

“AH CA ADOM MA SA!”

“AH CA ADOM MA SA!”



Marduk heard them long before he saw them. He froze in amazement to hear Atlan words coming from beyond the cliffs.

Could it be some of the little people of Atlan, had survived the nuclear holocaust?
Impossible. How?

“AH CA ADOM MA SA.”

What did they mean? “All come ADOM worship?” Adam?

Marduk listened more closely. Adam? Atom? Atum?

The only word he knew, in all the different languages of the world, for “Creator” that even came close to what was being chanted is “Atum” Some of the old people used to call the most high One, Atum—the one source of all living things.

The big Magician listened even harder.

AH CA ADOM MA SA!

Inconclusive, but it did sound enough Like “Adam,” for him to go with that interpretation for the time being.

Adam, in the tone they were reflecting, meant “moon” in the Atlantean tongue. In a slight change of tone and reflection the same sound could mean a god.

Whatever they were saying these clearly weren’t Atlanteans, because no Atlantean would think of worshipping the moon. And too, their phrasings were too disjointed for them to be Atlanteans.

There were Onanes people—meaning WoManoids, or in the likeness of Onanes— all over the earth when the great atrocity occurred. Some of these people lived in such remote areas, the government of Atlan never bothered to count or study them. Or, did they?

Could it be—no, not even these people would have survived such a holocaust as that which destroyed Atlan unless—unless they were specifically chosen in some way to survive.

“ALL COME GOD WORSHIP!”

If they were talking about worshipping the most high One, where did they get the idea to gather together? Why would they “come” or travel some place to worship the most high One, as if It is in some location you can find? Where would they get such a concept? These people cannot be Atlanteans and if they are, they must have been—

The final puzzle to the entire mosaic hit Marduk like a ton of bricks.

Inanna had said that the Sumerian Sorcerers planned to set themselves up as “gods” to a whole new world of Beings!

Even before the chanting horde caught sight of him, and he of them, Marduk knew what they were going to do. What he didn’t know, and never would have dreamed, as he watched them groveling, face to the ground around him, was that they would all look exactly like the Igigis with him except amazingly, they were half the size of the Atlantean Cushites. They were clearly from the same stock as the Cushites with him, but somehow—for some reason they had been bred down in size. It wasn’t hard to guess why. The Cushites of Atlan were big people—almost as big as the Atlantean Elite. And each year a few of them were becoming more and more rebellious against the system. This was why the Sorcerers decided to destroy Atlan and start over. And he guessed the small size of these people around him was meant to make them easier to control and oppress.

“ATOM MA SA!”

“ATOM MA SA!”

“ATOM MA SA!”

Marduk sensed immediately that these little people had been genetically tampered with to believe the first giant they saw were god(s). And that giant wasn't supposed to be him.

Will the crimes of the Sumerian Sorcerers ever find limit?

What they have done by altering the DNA, of secreted WoMans and breeding these “Adamites”(moon worshippers), will disrupt the flow of energy to and from the unknowable One, forever unless these little people are either destroyed or somehow deprogrammed. The first option was not an option. Judging by their numbers—which he could see no end to, as they streamed forward towards him—, these ones, have been secretly breeding for a long time. They were clearly WoMan-beings—of the people he had sworn to protect throughout many Ages and lifetimes. But if they were born of the evil source, Itself, they were his Wards now, and he had to find a way to preserve them, while at the same time keep them from filling the universe with atoms for the Sumerian Sorcerers and their Saurian manipulators to feast on.

How to de-program a brain that has been organically wired to exude the exact opposite atoms from the atoms of oneness was a question he had no answer for. The cursed Demons have committed an act even more heinous than their destruction of Atlan.

Truly, the incomparable Thoth is a genius without peer. Recently, he recalled that in a past life, that this Thoth *was* his blood brother. Way back then, his name was Azazel. He wasn't sure if Thoth was connected to him in the same way in this lifetime. The Sumerian Sorcerers had long, deliberately wove a web of confusion about their blood relations to keep the Cushites confused and uncertain about who they should ally themselves with during the endless struggle between the Saurians and Womankind, for control of the Will of creation.

What could be done now about Thoth's plot—if anything— was out of his hands. He had hoped to pioneer a whole new world of justice, freedom and righteousness. Already he has been defeated and all that is for him now, is damage control. The Sumerian Sorcerers seek to create a world full of slaves who worship them so all atoms on the earth will flow to them and empower them. Clearly the scheme as drawn up was brilliant. From his intense magical research of his own mind and past lives he discovered they have done this sort of thing before—many times.

The reason they spent all the earth's resources on weapons of destruction instead of spending more to colonize the billions of worlds in an universe that was created for numberless Beings, whom were never meant to die, is because they couldn't control an universe full of atoms. All such atoms will flow to the unknowable One. So the Demons limit all flesh to the sphere of the earth—raising and destroying one civilization after another while they build themselves up with the atoms such wholesale slaughter leaves anchorless.

The only hope to stop them, he saw dashed, in the earnest, ecstatic faces of the little people around him.

Marduk looked up to the sky as the chanting around grew louder and more frenzied.

“Forgive them Highest, for they knowest not what they do.”

Chapter Twenty-two



Two years had passed since he returned to the earth with a few remnants of the Cushites of Atlan. There appeared no ill effects on the Cushites, or the Adamites, from the nuclear devastation of the earth. That was one less thing to worry about. His greatest task now—before the Sumerian Sorcerers returned—was to prepare his Charges, mentally and spiritually, to resist being enslaved. For that duty he relied heavily on the Cushites.

Some of them didn't like the responsibility.

The boy Shu was sitting across from him.

"Lord, I'm tired of trying to teach those dumb Apes! I tell them over and over that you are not the unknowable One, and I am not the son of the Creator, but all they do is shake their heads and grin. As soon as they think I'm out of sight, it's "ATOM MA SA."

Marduk listened to the boy vent his anger and frustration over not being able to win the girl. He was 18 years old and all childishness had given sway to the call of nature.

"Hath thou tried romancing her?"

"What?"

"Nut, hath thou tried being nice to her?"

"Lord, I said nothing of Nut."

He wished he could allow the boy to wed one of the many available female Adamites. The boy Shu was nearly twice the size of the Adamites but he did not think the mature ones would be hurt sexually in a union with the boy.

There was no difference between the Adamites and the Cushites save the boy's brain was not organically altered by the Sumerian Sorcerers. The Adamites and their fanatical inclination to worship outward, instead of inward, will leave themselves with no way to nurture their own hearts, minds and consciences. There had to be a balance to them as the WoMans, grew in numbers on the earth. The boy Shu and the girl, Nut, were the keys to that balance.

He recalled when the Igigis used to be WoManbeings, and how they were denigrated by a magical renaming to being called Omans, which means beasts. Now they were denigrated again by being called Igigis. He hated using the name because he knew of the evil sorcery that was performed behind the naming, but as a Sorcerer, he knew he could not change the name. Once a people accept a naming, only they can change it, only they can find their way back to their true selves. For him to help them will accomplish nothing and would do more damage than good because a people can't be told who they are, they have to discover who they are.

Marduk asked of Shu: "Where is thy wife?"

The boy's countenance distorted with rage

"She is with that Ape again! Lord she pretends that she is teaching them but she spends all her time behind rocks with that stupid albino, Geb!"

The one thing he was afraid of. He had been so busy working with the Adamites, teaching them how to build houses and plant fields, he had neglected the Cushites. The boy Shu was as close to him as ever. He could barely recall the last time he talked to Nut, Tefnut, Djhuty, or the three children.

He had been asking a lot of all of them, which may be why they avoided him. Maybe he had no place trying to keep the two groups of adult WoMans from one another, sexually. After all, the race to populate the earth was already lost. The Adamites will fill the world. Shu, Nut and the other Cushites will now be, disappointedly, limited to birthing a remnant of teachers and Prophets. Their seed will not fill the earth with atoms but they are the ones who have to de-program the Adamites. This was the only remaining hope. Or another world of atoms and its riches will fall to the Saurians and their pawns.

He will no longer forbid Djhuty and Tefnut, whom the boy says grows more estranged from each other every day—from the adult Adamites. But Nut is for Shu. There was no other choice.

“My son Shu, thy must win the heart of thy wife. To do this, thou must first master thy temper and thy callous tongue. If thou will attract a light like Nut, thou cannot glow with the molecules of demons. “

Shu dropped his head in acknowledgment of the rebuke.

Marduk laid a hand on Shu’s shoulder. “Now go get Nut, I know—”

Shu ducked under Marduk’s arm.

“Father, Nut is in love with Geb! Don’t you understand? She does not want me!”

Marduk roared, “She cannot be with Geb! Ye, go find Nut and bring her to me!”

Shu had never seen the Lord angry, or heard his voice raised. The experience was frightening. He backed away before turning and running to find Nut.

Chapter twenty-three



He heard them before he saw them. The same sounds he heard when Tefnut used to come at night into the room of Djhuty. The same sounds he had spent four years wishing he could make with Tefnut. He wanted Nut because she was all the Lord says he can have. But he was in love with Tefnut.

When he saw Nut, naked, sitting on top of Geb, it was fear more than Jealousy that drove him when he dragged her away from the Adamite. All he could think about was Nut being big with Geb's child. The Lord will explode with anger. He had seen a hint of that anger. He did want to see it again.

["What are you doing?"](#) Nut screamed.

Shu shoved her to the ground. Out of the side of his eye he saw Geb charging at him. For an Adamite he was grossly over-sized, about the same weight as he, and less than a head shorter.

He turned and met Geb with a hard, vicious knee, forgetting that to Geb, he was a god, and the young Adamite was probably running to Nut, — not to attack him. He was scared and mad. The Lord told Nut, and he told Geb, they were not for each other.

The Lord said to bring Nut to him but she clung to Geb so tight and was crying so piteously, he didn't have the heart to do anything else to the couple. Besides, unless the deed was already done, the Lord didn't have to worry about Geb fathering children on Nut anymore.

Chapter Twenty-four



"It's about time something went our way."

"We don't know if she's pregnant yet."

Ki wondered if Nergal was that stupid or if he was just trying to start a conversation. She hated his loud voice so most of the time they spent together trying to learn to be Captains of Thoth's ship was in silence. She just did not want to talk to him.

"Well, if it was me, we'd know."

Ki eyed Nergal warily. The lecherous gleam in his eyes normally would have stoked her own lust. She never turned down a chance to copulate but she was too preoccupied to feel amorous.

"Why don't thou go unto thy Abds? I have work to do."

Nergal shrugged and retracted his huge phallus.

"What I don't understand," he said. "is why don't Marduk just kill the Noids? Obviously he's figured everything out."

"Obviously," Ki responded without looking up from the papers before her.

A sudden flicker of light caught his attention and Nergal looked into the small monitor mounted on the wall above Ki's head. A scene on earth showed Djhuty, alone, in a wide barren area. He had a small, squirming animal tied to a log. Nergal watched him mumbling something before taking a knife and slitting the animal's throat.

The big Sorcerer bellowed. Ki cringed as if a church bell had towed right up against her ear.

“Ibis! Thou sonavawitch!” Nergal crowed with glee.

Ki looked up at the screen. A smile slowly spread across her face. Scales broke out all over her soft, unblemished skin as she watch Djhuty, set the animal on fire. She turned to Nergal, who was standing over her shoulder and licked his chest. Instants later she was on top of Nergal, her 10 foot long green, Saurian form straddling, riding the big Ty in wild abandon.

Chapter twenty-five



It was not the first time he had performed a sacrifice. He was the witch, Inanna's, high Priest. She had released him before he left with the Lord and he never felt the desire to engage in black magic until today.

The Lord will burn him with the blue fire if he found out what he had done this day, but he could not help it. It was as if some other Lord was calling him, driving him against his will to worship. He did not want to do it. He should not have hated the woman. That's why he did this thing today. He was a Sorceress' Priest. He knew better than to flare his atoms up like that. Some Lord had sensed him. Now he has done this terrible thing. The big Lord will smite him with the blue fire.

Djhuty dug at the sand like a wild animal as he tried to bury the evidence of his crime.

The Adamite, Geb, stood watching him. He had seen the entire ritual. Tears still streaked his face but what he had witnessed comforted him in a way he did not know— for a reason he did not understand. He will never be inside a woman again and until now, he thought there was nothing he'd ever be able to do about it.

He knew even as he watched the strange god scrambling about like a runbit, the god would be back to do what he did again.

He knew because he was sure the god had to be feeling the same something he felt.

Chapter Twenty-six



“So you like spying on people, eh boy?”

Before he could turn his head towards the voice that spoke to him, the young Adamite was grabbed by the back of the neck and roughly hoisted to his feet. As he was violently shoved to the ground, he briefly glimpsed the face of his attacker. It was the strange god he had only moments before watch enter into the cave far below the cliff where he had perched himself to spy undetected. The last thing Geb saw before he passed out, was the strange god reaching into a pouch.

Djhuty struggled to lift the Adamite across his shoulders. If it wasn't for the mixture of adrenaline and fear, he wouldn't have been able to lift the boy at all—much less carry him down the cliff. For an Adamite he was very large—as big as an undersized Igigi adult male.

He had never before taken such a grave risk. He never sacrificed children or any people at all, because his daughter Nut never stopped spying and reporting on him. Even the small animals he slaughtered, he had to stink up his cave with, because he couldn't let her or her spies witness the ritual. Back in Atlantis she would never have dared interfere with his holy work. Back in Atlantis, he would have condemned her before the Lords and tied *her* to his Altar. But here in this new earth, the big Lord ruled, and he knew Marduk would kill him for this, if he found out, but the god inside his head was insistent that he kidnap this boy. He

didn't know why this particular Adamite except maybe his unusual appearance. The boy was big, but he had other striking features that marked him apart from everyone else on this new earth. Nothing that was so rare back in



Atlantis, but among the Adamites, his light skin and yellow hair was duplicated in none other. He had the same flat facial features as everyone else but the curls of his hair were not tightly knitted against his scalp, but big, round and soft. There was plenty of his type in Atlantis after the Lords started letting the Igigi women they impregnated live. One would think the boy was some Lord's son except no god's son was ever so cowardly, accommodating and runty. They were all mighty men like Marduk. The boy's white skin marked him as a son of the Saurian Caudipteryx house. Maybe the big Adamite *was* the son of a Lord—the same god that has entered his head, driving him crazy with his constant demands. Maybe the Nomelan's small size just means his Mother is an Adamite.

Djhuty finally got the boy down off the cliff. A momentary wave of pure fear hit him, and he looked around frantically. Then he remembered that his daughter was big with child and he had seen no inkling of her or her spies in weeks. He gathered himself and hurried the Adamite inside the cave.

As he entered with the boy draped across his shoulders; the sickening stench of Hatebit piss still assaulted his heightened senses despite the fact that he had driven all the rodents out long ago.

He had been living inside the cave for years. Still, the only furniture in the dank, musty place was a halfcocked seating apparatus intended to be a chair and a six foot long metal table he had secreted away when Marduk had his ship cannibalized to aid as a prototype for the space program.

In ten minutes he had the boy securely strapped to the table. He looked around but there was not nearly enough wood inside the cave to do the sacrifice with such a big creature. This was insanity! He should have never hated the woman. Now some god has sensed and entered into him. The god was going to kill him. He knew it—knew his type. He would use him and then kill him, or make him do things that will cause him to get himself killed. He needed more wood. The god was loud inside his head now, threatening, screaming. He looked at the Adamite, and satisfied himself that the boy could not get loose. He left the cave to find more wood so he could satisfy and quiet the screaming god inside his head.

Geb awakened and nearly fainted again when he discovered he was bound to the table exactly like he had seen the strange god do to many other animals. He never knew he had it in him, and if it wasn't for fear he never would have found out; with one adrenaline powered motion, he snapped the ropes binding his chest and arms as if they were needle thread. He sat up and began to work frantically at the other bonds. He had just freed himself completely when at that very moment the strange god returned. Geb looked at him, frozen like a cornered rabbit. The strange god looked at Geb, initially, equally motionless. Then suddenly the strange god leapt, a wide, shimmering blade appearing in his fist as if it materialized from thin air. Instinct alone is what got Geb moving and instinct is far swifter than deliberation. When Djhuty plunged the knife, all that was there for him to hit was metal table. Geb was already up and sprinting for the cave entrance.

Djhuty screeched in agony. The ringing halt of the blade's momentum caused his tight grip to slide down across metal so sharp, it cut through bone as easily as it did through skin. Blood spurted. Half of Djhuty's hand remained part of the rest of his body by a string of skin.

Geb was at the cave's entrance, when he ran into what felt like a rock wall—an invisible rock wall. The last thing he heard before he was once again separated from his consciousness was the strange god screaming like a Tonbig, his voice too deep and guttural to have come from the strange, old god.

Chapter twenty-seven



Marduk paced the floor with all kinds of catastrophic scenarios racing through his mind as he waited for Shu to return with Nut.

The boy said the girl spent all her time behind rocks with Geb. He had explained to the two young adults why they couldn't be together sexually.

He thought that they understood.

The Adamites and Igigis will become one people, but first he had to counter the scheme of the Sorcerers by teaching the Adamites that the only way to worship the unknowable One, is to keep one's atoms flowing with the force of the source of all that is good. The only way to do that was by constant self-examination—constant vigilance over one's own thoughts and deeds. To worship outside one's self, is to neglect one's own atoms, leaving them vulnerable to stronger magnets, which seek relentlessly to gain the atoms of all living things. This is what the Sorcerers have conspired to do to yet another world of beings.

He still has not discovered who was writing these religious texts the boy Shu had been bringing to him. No one seemed to know where they are coming from, but he recognized the scribbling of Sorcerers when he saw them. Some Magician was writing the ritualistic dribble, which meant somebody was taking dictation from disembodied Saurians; which meant somebody on this new earth was performing black magic and the Adamites were already falling for an age old trick—a tried and proven instrument of death, misery and destruction for the WoMan race.

Though he knew their brains were organically infused with some sort of DNA, microchips, that compelled them, it still amazed him how thoroughly convinced the Adamites remained that he was the Atum, even after he himself has told them over and over again it was not so.

This was the beginning of the end—Atlan, all over again. He had hoped to induce the Cushites and Adamites to develop their natural telepathic abilities by exercising their memories and brain waves. They were but a few, with an entire universe to populate. They had no need of myths and written instructions on how to be true to their natures because they yet had no history. They will all experience history as it happens together and they will remember and pass it on. The last thing that they needed was somebody interpreting for them events they will see with their own eyes. They will soon forget how to reason and analyze events for themselves and they will become slaves to the lie and the Authors of the lie.

He knew the chance for the full realization of his dream was lost when the Adamites first called him, “Adom.” Even so, he still held on to the hope that he could de-program the Adamites by showing them that truth was in the reality of their senses, not in the written word. He had seen in Atlan how the most evil, asinine scribbling had held sway over the most evident of truths. He had witnessed how the power of the written word had caused all Atlanteans to become cold robots with no ability to see, feel, or sense the universe, or the other atoms or life around them. They had lost all their senses to atrophy, as the serpent Ki lost her muscles.

The method, about this whole attempt to yet again, enslave and destroy another opportunity for a mass of Beings to find paradise and eternal life, on earth and beyond, is an old one. It had Thoth’s signature all over it. It stank with the rankness and manipulations of the dead Ones.

Their agent Thoth was the first to “interpret” language for the Atlanteans too. Before the Atlantean civilization, it was Onanes who gave the people their words and meanings. After him, other Sorcerers schemed to create the world’s reality by interpreting words and writing prophecy. And they always made the claim to be the unknowable One, or to be speaking for the unknowable One. But Marduk knew they were just speaking for the dead Ones, and their own lusts and glory.

This meant that the Sorcerers were here on earth. But how? He had destroyed their capability to develop a method of space travel for at least 10,000 years. The Sorcerers cannot be on earth. So who were giving the Adamites these ritual texts?

Beloved Inanna had come to him again last night. She kept trying to remind him of their connection by calling him Osiris. The dreams were so vivid and real, she may as well have been physically lying beside him.

If Inanna,—though she were not truly present—was so effectively real to him, could it be some Sorcerer was also projecting the same false reality unto one of the Cushites, or Adamites? Could it be Thoth was using one of them, as Inanna used his body and emotions

to keep him bound to her? If so, whom?

But no Cushite or Adamite was sealed as he was. He sealed himself to Inanna of his own free will, and too, being a Sorcerer, his atoms flared greatly, so it should be no surprise that the Sorceress could project herself unto him. What Cushite, or Adamite, had such atoms as his—that a Sorcerer could sense him/her, from so far away? Only the practice of black magic, in a willful attempt to contact the Sorcerers could remotely flare up the atoms of any being here on earth—besides he, that much. True, any strong emotion, besides unselfish love, could draw a demon's attention when they are close. But the Sorcerers are physically on another world for now.

If Thoth was truly here in atoms, then someone was practicing black magic. But who? Who would dare? And why had he not sensed such evil? It could not be the Adamites. He spent much time among them teaching and showing them how to apply the technologies of Atlan that were good and beneficial. He sensed no evil in them. Besides, they were too happy to attract a demon's attention. Also, they worshiped him with a faith and stubbornness that was infuriating. Such were their devotion to him they were killing him in the flesh before his time by flaring his atoms up so that his power grew every day. They will explode him one day but he had much work to do before that time.

But the Adamites were also worshiping and empowering...

The Cushites.

But that is ridiculous. Who of his most beloved children would so betray the universe?

Shu...?

Nonsense.

Nut...?

The Cushites are all becoming like him—more than their allotted atoms—through no fault of their own. Nut may have resentment against him, and her passionate love for Geb indeed flares up her atoms, but the girl is light. She would not practice black magic to attract a demon's attention.

Tefnut...?

Ridiculous.

Djhuty...?

The former high Priest is about as evil as a WoMan-being can get, but the beloved Isis had released him. He had studied the shifty-eyed sneak thoroughly before they left the moon. It raised suspicion in him that Inanna would try to force such a criminal upon him. He studied Djhuty, sensed no evil atoms flaring, and decided to trust Inanna for sake of all she had already done and risked.

The three children were beyond thoughts of suspicion. They were growing up to be true lights of the most high One.

The Adamites were empowering the Cushites by worshiping them as the children of “god.” He had not seen Djhuty in a while. He thought nothing of it because all the Igigis, except the boy Shu were avoiding him.

It is time to call an audience with them all—especially the former high Priest.

Why did Shu wait so long to tell him that Nut and Geb were still seeing each other in seclusion? Hopefully, they had not been sexually intimate. He warned them against it. He forbade it!

If the unacceptable has happened, what can he do? He could not kill Nut’s unborn child. Yet, any Children born from a union between the Cushites, and Adamites will add a dimension to the struggle to stop the Sumerian Sorcerers that will effectively render it a hopeless cause.

If he is god, in the eyes of the Adamites, and the Cushites are the children of god, any offspring born to Nut and Geb will be Demigods, to the Adamites, who because of their numerical superiority are destined to fill most of the earth. Such Demi-gods will have a compulsion to worship themselves which the Cushites don’t have. Add that to the fact that the Adamites will also worship them, it’s inevitable that the world will become filled with Sorcerers and black magicians—all flaring up their atoms and giving homes to the atoms of the Sumerian Sorcerers and their disembodied Saurian masters. If this happens, the Sumerian Sorcerers will return to an earth filled with worshipers and allies. And the Saurians will openly possess, walk and rule among men and beasts again.

Nut cannot have Geb’s child!

He should have already forced the girl to wed Shu.

He was too easily blinded and led by those he loved.

But it is not Nut’s fault. She is a young girl in love. The blame is his, because he should have known that given the chance she would act in the natural way of most living things. He had done it enough himself with the witch, Inanna.

Where is Shu with the girl?

Marduk glanced at the time piece on his wrist, abandoning his thoughts just as Shu came into his presence.

He looked, but did not see the girl.

In the redness and fear he saw in Shu’s eyes, he knew his senses were right.

“It’s not your Fault,” he said to the boy.

Shu looked down at the floor.

“Father, she was on him. I didn’t mean to but I—“

Marduk reached out and steadied the boy with his hands on Shu’s shoulders.

“—I hurt Geb!” Shu collapsed in tears.

Chapter Twenty-eight



“You had no right!”

Marduk had left Shu, to search for Geb and Nut. He would heal the boy even though he probably wouldn't be able to restore his ability have children.

He went to the rocks where Shu said they would be. He did not find Geb.

Nut, in full fury, raged at him the instant she saw him.

He sensed the girl's pain and every molecule in his body screamed to hold and comfort her. Instead he kept his distance and in his authoritarian manner, said to her;

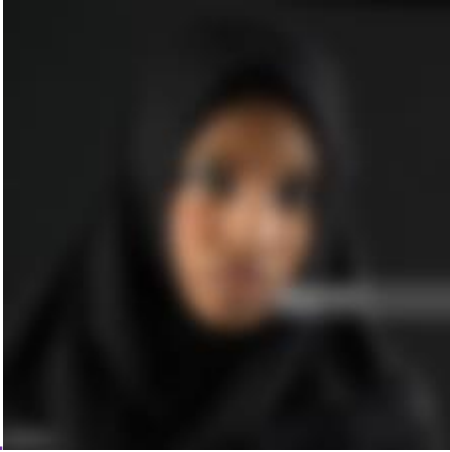
“You disobeyed me.”

The girl's enraged countenance darkened even blacker.

“Who are *you*, Atum?” The hatred in her tone backed Marduk up.

“Daughter, thou are for Shu.”

“I will not marry Shu. Lord please...” “Nut opened her blouse exposing her naked breasts.



“Then thou shalt wait for Horus.”

The chill on her flesh warmed. Nut was stunned to notice that she was suddenly covered from head to toe.

Chapter Twenty-nine



From a distant cliff, across from Marduk and Nut, Djhuty spied in secrecy. He had been watching his daughter, trying to feed off her misery when Marduk showed up. When the girl screamed at the Lord, his first inclination was to turn and flee—run like a flatten-eared doostreak, chasing the wind. But when no blue streak of death followed the girl's unthinkable impertinence, he not only held his spot, his fear of Marduk kept running, and in its place a contempt for the softness he saw in the big Lord rose up in Djhuty that left him hating with a passion that which he had lived in fear of for so long.

He had never hated the witch Inanna and the other Lords; even when they raped and tortured him as a child, even when they ordered him to torture and sacrifice his own seed on the altar—he never hated them. Even after he watched them destroy the minds, bodies, and souls of Igigi after Igigi—his own people—he did not hate them. He had loved them, because he knew they hated and despised him and would kill him in an instant. Despite this, they let him live and prosper, and he loved them for it. He loved them because they were strong, ruthless, and predictable. There was comfort in knowing your place in the universe, and there was freedom in being a slave. No slave had to think, or ponder, or take responsibility for his thoughts or deeds. There were too many tortures, murders, rapes, and other evils in his past for him to suddenly be in the position to be able to defy the Lords without dire consequences. The guilt is theirs—not his, and he will not be freed by them; he will not allow them to offer him options. He will not accept their guilt.

He had long resented the kindness the big Lord extended toward all the Igigis and Adamites. He resented that even though Lord Marduk had no woman, he did not call for females, or children. He resented that though all the Adamites worshiped him, Baal Marduk did not take advantage of his experience and demand the sacrifice. He resented the sudden

power the woman gained over him because the big Lord stuck his nose into how a slave treated another slave. He resented that the big Lord allowed the Adamites and Cushites to walk straight and to speak without trembling. He resented it, but he never hated the big Lord until now. Fear kept his resentment cautious and impotent.

Today he has seen there is nothing to fear.

Djhuty left off from spying on Marduk and Nut. He went to search for a runbit, but even at that moment he knew he would be soon kidnapping children.

Chapter thirty



Horus lay on his bedding unable to sleep, yet again. He missed being around Marduk. But the Lord never had time for him anymore. Every time he went to talk to the Lord, Shu was in the way. He did not know how to talk to the Lord when people were around, and he wished Shu would disappear.

At the age of 12 years, he was next to the youngest of the three children that escaped with Marduk from the moon.

The Lord liked Shu better, but one day the Lord will notice him because he will do more than Shu. He will be better than Shu. He loved the Lord more than anyone and he will help the Lord defeat the Sorcerers. When he grows up he will destroy all the enemies of the Lord.

Chapter thirty-one



Marduk, sat, so lost in his thoughts that it was only after Tefnut had given up and had knocked one last hopeful time, that he heard the pounding on his door. She had reluctantly turned, when she finally heard him respond.

“Come in.”

Marduk turned toward the door as it slowly opened. It annoyed him more than ever, when she appeared, eyes cast down to the floor like a slave, her body as wound and tense as that of a terrified runbit. She made him feel like a Monster and he resented the injustice of the assault.

What more could he do? How long is it going to take for the older Cushites to relate to him the way he deserved? He has never harmed them and has for nearly ten years now, gone out of his way to instill in them that he will never hurt them, still— and this woman was the worst—they tiptoe around him like he was some kind of Demon ...the same Demons that had scarred them in Atlantis.

“What is it daughter?”

He was in no mood to temper his tone from his feelings at that moment, which to his dismay only served to cower her more. Her mouth opened and initially no sound came forth. Then she began to stutter in an incoherent babble. He knew how sensitive the Cushites were to the moods and tones of the Atlantean Elite’s voices and he was instantly filled with remorse.

It was a thing that was as hard for him to do as it is for a runbit to walk up to a man, but he approached her slowly and stood before her. He gently drew her trembling form into his huge embrace. Silently he held her, and neither moved nor spoke, until he felt her body still

itself. He looked into her eyes and saw a thing no flesh should ever see, — a thing that should be the sacred reserve of the unknowable One, Itself.

He had long craved their love; long has he wanted them to believe that he wanted nothing for them but the good. But this thing in her eyes—it was beyond love, gratitude, or any describable emotion, it was a thing forbidden, it was a thing that bound him, enslaved him, left him with nothing for a reason to exist but to protect her—protect them; all the weak and oppressed, the poor and the mistreated.

May the unknowable One, receive his soul this instant, for there is nothing he will not do to free them from fear and harm. His life...his soul, no longer felt his own possession. It was now hers...It was *theirs*, and he had never felt happier in his life for purpose; to be reborn from the son of a god of this world; to the servant of a trembling Woman.

“You wanted something, moth— I mean, daug—?” His senses led him to almost call her mother. Why? He felt nothing like it before, although this is the first time she had ever stood still around him long enough for him to really see and sense her.

“Yes.” She interrupted him, spoke out of a turn, and if that wasn’t enough to surprise him, her utterance of the next words carried a tone that was so close to Atlantean Elite arrogance, a faint urge—born of old breeding— arose in him to engage her for her impertinence toward one of the high born. Only because it was so distant from any realms of expectation from the timid runbit that was this much oppressed woman.

“What causes one born of a woman to call his deliverer, daughter?”

It was not that he was without understanding, even in an incredulous state that was only a razor’s edge away from shock, for his intuition was keen, but it was her eyes, the tenderness of the fingers caressing his face that spoke loudest, and most convincing.

He slowly distanced himself from her.

“Dost thou know how long and hard I have searched for the answers to whom I am? Why I am so different from all the others? Tell me Mother, for I have loved thee exceedingly when I thought thee to be my inferior. Thou art not of the Humans, but of those we— they, call mushskin, Igigis, Cushites, Men, Women, Omans, chattel, slave. Yet, thou art my mother and one puzzle has been solved for me. Thank thee, but come, tell me more, for I am as one who has long suffered from an unquenchable thirst.” He motioned to her to sit. He noticed her body language had changed with her tone. It was a little disconcerting, but he was inwardly pleased that she was exhibiting less fear.

“Thou truly delighteth me this day, Mother.” *Mother*, he liked the feeling he got from saying the word— a feeling he had never had the pleasure of knowing before this day.

“Not only hath my long search ended but the object of it is mine to protect and hold dear forever. I will have the rest of the story that thou can tell of the mysteries of my life but first

I must ask thee...give me one good reason why I should not slay the one thou now call husband, for I have been recently informed about his crimes against thee and the little ones, back in Atlantis. Yet, I wish not to introduce judgment and death to this new world so soon. ”

“Mercy, my Lord.”

“I am thy son, Mother.”

“And you are also a son of one of the highest gods. I will not strip that from you in public or private. ”

“Did thou not ask how one born of a woman, calls her, daughter? How then, doth one who brings forth life call that worm her superior?”

“I spoke in jest because you made me feel so...”

“Safe...?”

“Yes, you made me feel safe... and free.”

“Thou art safe *and* free. Free, to live life devoid of all imposed delusions. Thou art not an Adamite. Thou know even more than I what my father is.”

“Your father is one of those who had the power of life and death over all in Atlantis. What do you think that makes him to those of my kind?”

“It makes him a Tyrant. Now...an irredeemable, murderous tyrant. “

“It makes him a tyrant to the strong like you. To the weak like my people it makes him whatever he imposes upon us to believe him to be. That’s why I will not strip you of your strength in word or deed. You are the hope we have in this new world; for the Lords are sure to come to claim this place and people.”

“Then thou, like the Adamites, will insist upon calling demons, gods?”

“As I will insist on calling you— our defender—god. Because A-tom could Lord it over us with no more of the authority than that which is granted by the rights of power.”

“The Cushites were never that weak mother and the Sorcerers were never that powerful. I know because I was raised among them. Atlantis and the Cushites have been destroyed only because thou never united. ”

“They had the blue light of death. They and all their toadies.”

“But the Cushites were the world. They didn’t have to fight the Demons by their own methods. The demons will always thrive in those kinds of upheavals, but if the Cushites of Atlan, had united, stood still, and refused to be moved, they would be alive today. ”

“Stood still?” Tefnut’s tone rose in derision. “They would have attacked us pitilessly. The destruction of Atlan is not the shock to me that it is to you, Lord. My People have always known what they were capable of. ”

“When I say, stand still, I speak of deeper things, mother—secrets of Sorcerers. Thou would not understand, but the demons would have trembled if the Cushites of Atlan had united and stood still.”

“Tell me Lord.”

Marduk found it increasing hard to recognize in her, the woman that first walked through his door. Within minutes she had changed from a runbit, to actually arguing with him. He had witnessed the Cushites all his life. But that was mostly in Atlan. When he thought about it deeper, here, in Babylon, the former slaves were all growing in arrogance; especially, the younger ones. Maybe it was because he gave them nothing to fear from him. Maybe it was because the Adamites, with their ceaseless bowing and gyrating, were filling their heads.

Five minutes ago, he was bemoaning how she acted so afraid of him; now he was resentful that she wasn’t giving him his “due” respect. He laughed inside...at himself. He continued with his explanation:

“It was only after the Cushites were taught how to fight that the destruction of Atlan could have happened, because by universal law, the demons are weakened by violence and death, unless they are met by it—in which case it becomes a boon for them to slaughter. ”

“Are you saying, Lord, that for my people the choices were always either docile slavery or wholesale destruction? And this by the will of A-tom?”

She all but spat at him. Finally, Marduk was convinced that this woman wasn’t of two natures. She was only shrewd— a shrewdness born of knowing nothing but injustice and powerlessness all her life.

“No, mother, I’ve already said the Cushite should have fought, and from the very beginning. But the only way they can fight evil without making evil stronger, is by not mixing atoms.”

“Mixing atoms?”

“Yes, mother, it’s like breaking open a sealed container of gases by smashing it with another container of gases. When people engage each other in any activity that stirs up their atoms, there is a mixing. In this solar system any mixing of atoms between good and evil always strengthen evil.”

“Always Milord...and never the other way around?”

“In this solar system, yes— always. But in the rest of the universe, there are Entities we Sorcerers call pure atom Defenders. They are like tiny suns—masses of energy bursts from the unknowable One, Itself. They devour evil like fire consumes cotton.”

“Pure atom Defenders?”

“Can I get thee anything to eat Mother...drink? I think thou may have as many questions of me as I have of thee.”

“Just a drink.”

“Water, tea, wine?”

“Tea, thank you.”

Marduk returned from the kitchen and handed Tefnut a glass.

“Why is this solar system different from the rest of the universe?” she asked. She sipped at the tea.

“This solar system is thoroughly evil, Mother. It has been overcome by evil long ago. It thrives on evil and it rewards nothing but evil.”

“Then why are the Igigis here, Lord? What hope for the Cushites in this space?”

“Many of the Population of Atlan were Captives and their Descendants—stolen from other galaxies and planets. The Cushites—your kind— are natives to this planet earth, but thou art not of the original flaw that caused evil to be born in the universe, thou art of the correction.”

“The original flaw?”

“Thou call it Lords.”

Tefnut’s eyes widened.

“The unknowable One, created a perfect universe but it was that very perfection that caused the unforeseen flaw. When It created the universe, the unknowable One, created everything at once. So like the universe, everything inside of creation was made to continuously expand and grow in perfect harmony and synchronicity.

It was the perfect design to fill up space, in a creation that was meant to house numberless Beings that never died and never stopped reproducing. However, what was perfect for the rest of creation was the exact opposite of what would have been perfect for the kind of Entities that were meant to fill this space. Like the rest of creation, the beings thou call gods, never stopped growing and neither did their appetites until— “

Marduk paused and looked at his Mother, closer. “Art thou sure thou need to hear all this Mother? I had thought to get thee to fill up the holes in my family history. I really see no

purpose in burdening thee with the history of the Saurians. It is not a story for polite company."

"Indulge my curiosity a little longer, please my Lord. I think if I knew of the making of the old ones, maybe I can comprehend in some measure what drives them that they can plot to destroy an entire innocent people. Sometimes understanding your fears is the first step to overcoming them. "

Marduk nodded at the wisdom of her point, and wondered how she knew to blame the Saurians, and not the Sumerian Sorcerers for Atlan's destruction.

"As thou wish, but this is a long story if it is to be understood. I shalt make it as brief as I can.

Chapter thirty-two

knowing your fears



“The demons were created, having no way to control or limit either the growth of their bodies or their wants and desires. This is the kernel of the great flaw, and it is the reason there is evil in the universe. Because their hungers were of ever heightening self-gratification, and they had no innate ability to restrain themselves from acting on any desire that entered their minds, there was nothing that was off limits or out of bounds to them. They were pure selfishness, and they were a pure selfishness that lived long, long lives. In all that time they never stopped physically growing.

In the beginning they were eventually dying off everywhere, although they were created to live forever. This was because they never got enough of eating, sex, drinking, money and the wars that were required to supply their ever growing gluttony.

Nothing was ever enough, and their insatiable greed, as well as their ponderous size, was an inevitable path to self-extinction. The Universe was cleansing itself of the great flaw, and it was no injustice because most of the Saurians had become evil demons and they were the instruments of their own destruction. When they had eaten all the vegetation on their planets they started eating each other.

The Universe was created to be inhabited— not just this solar system— but every solar system and Galaxy in the ever-expanding Cosmos. The Saurians were supposed to fill the Universe, but instead of filling the Universe, they were actually receding from it. Planet, after Planet was depopulated.

So the machine/system/Universe, the unknowable One had set into motion, had to create something else of energy filled, flesh and blood containers, to fill a void that cannot be allowed to remain empty or the entire Universe will one day collapse in on itself.

If the system had waited just a little longer before it started creating new Creatures, this long nightmare that the innocent species of the Universe has been going through would have never happened. But once It sensed that the planets were not being filled, the System began to create again. It created new flesh and blood to supplant the Saurians who were not fulfilling their role.

The system had learned from its initial mistake. The new caretakers of the Creator's works(WoManbeings) were made to grow independent of the Universe and not in sync with it. Unlike the Saurians, the WoManbeings stopped growing at a certain point, and they were made with the ability to limit and control every aspect of their wants and desires. "

Marduk reached for Tefnut's empty glass, "More?"

"No, thank you Lord, please continue."

Tefnut was leaning forward, perched on the edge of her seat.

Marduk sat the glass down and leaned back in his own chair which he had dragged from his work table.

"The system moved too soon to replace the Saurians, but it still would have been a salvageable situation if Anu, had not been born so power mad."

Tefnut gasped. Her hands flew to her face.

"Marduk!" she exclaimed. She looked around and shuddered. It was the first time she used his name. He wondered if she was the one who named him.

"I'm sorry Mother." He was not actually talking about Onanes—the Anu— she knew as first man, but each first man, of each regeneration of WoMankind on earth, had made the same mistake of being selfish and power mad, so he *may as well* had been talking about her first, father. Still, he knew better than to speak of the first father with disrespect to a Cushite. He knew what Onanes was really like, but to the Cushites, the first man will always be an object of reverence.

His Mother was still shaking. He took her hand.

"We can continue this, another day." She was crying.

"Come, Mother, let me walk thee home."

She did not take his hand or make any move to rise from her seat.

"It's okay Lord. I' m fine...I just never... "

"I know Mother. I got lost in the telling. "

"Can we continue?"

"If thou wish."

"I do Milord."

"Where was I?"

She shuddered again.

“I mean, before that.”

Chapter thirty-three

“You—you, were saying how the system created the Igigis too soon.”

Marduk took the hint and found his place in the story. It annoyed him a little bit more each time she called her, and her people Igigis,—especially since he sensed that she was a lot smarter, and aware of the deeper things of life than the average Cushite.

“Yes, it was too soon, because even though An— uh, the first WoManbeings, were born on the other side of the world from where the demons lived, they didn’t stay in their place.”

Marduk was careful how he chose his next words.

“They wanted to rule and take over the earth. I guess they were born with that inclination in them because they were made by the system to replace the Saurians in filling the Universe. Again— to shortened this long story, — the first WoMan-beings left their spot. They soon learned the Saurians saw no more wrong in eating, raping and torturing them, than they did in doing it to each other. It was a tragedy for the other species of the Universe, because the Saurians eventually recognized a collation between the slowing of their growth, with the eating of the WoMans and other latter born species.

Over time, the Saurians realized that by ingesting the blood and essence of the WoMans, they too stopped growing at a certain point.

Along with their smaller size, all of their other appetites became more manageable too. Eating of flesh was a beneficial thing for the Saurians, but it was the beginning of a long nightmare for WoManity, and the other species that came along after them.

This is the origin of what thou Cushites, call sacrifice to the gods, and it is the beginning of the long nightmare to fall over the entire Universe.

The Saurians were no longer self-destructing. To reclaim their original destiny was all their collective mind thought about at this point. Having to spend far less time on seeking ways to satisfy their appetites, the Ancient reptiles, were able to give more time to thinking and plotting.

They evolved to become a highly intelligent species. They put most of that intelligence into finding ways to stop the WoMans from usurping their original destiny. They were determined to turn the table and avenge themselves on WoManity, the system, and the unknowable One.

They have been tormenting the species of the Universe ever since. By cannibalizing WoManity, they eventually evolved to become like the woman born people. Plus, they had an advantage over every other species because they were of one mind and could act as one

body, for any purpose. Power is in unity. And unity nearly gave the Saurians the entire Universe.

At their highest point, there were billions of them throughout the galaxies.”

“Billions?”

Marduk nodded, bemused by his Mother’s sometimes childlike way of putting forth a question.

When she did that, her tone and facial expression made her look near the spitting image of her youngest daughter, Nephethis.

When the youngest Cushites were around him, the inquisitive young girl had more questions than a math exam, and she fired them at him like blue streaks—short, fast and precise. The most wondrous thing was that the tiny girl grasped the answers to her questions as quickly as she asked them. He could already picture the girl’s brilliant mind doing great things for Babylon.

Bringing his mind back around to the present, he answered his mother:

“Yes, but not anymore. While the Saurians have been hunting the other species of the Universe, and warring against all creation, the Pure Atom Defenders has been hunting and warring against them.

The Saurians sought to rival the unknowable One, in the gathering of atoms to themselves. They know that their only hope to avoid extinction, is to fill the Universe with evil atoms before the correction—WoManity— can expand throughout the Universe, and fill it with atoms devoted to the unknowable One. But their constant disruptions and attacks on the systematic flow of atoms to and from the unknowable One, has caused the pure atoms, of the Universe, to move to defend the unknowable One.

This is why I said the Cushites need do naught but stand still to fight Evil. By not engaging and mixing their atoms with the atoms of the demons, they make it easier for the pure atom defenders to discern who to attack. They also make it easier for the flesh and blood Warriors who fight the Saurians and their pawns, by depriving them of manpower and riches. The Cushites, art of the uncorrupted creation. They art not made to shed atoms. They will always suffer for it which is why those such as I, who have enhanced themselves to fight evil, do so knowing we will ultimately suffer the same eternal punishment as evil.”

Tefnut gently caressed her son’s face. “No”, she whispered. “You have only become what you were called to be.”

“Distress not, over my ultimate fate, Mother. I knew the risk. I hath chosen freely—not by the predestined wiles of thy prayers.”

“But you have done no wrong! It will not be as you say!” The distress in her tone betrayed the fear underlying the attempt to deny the truth of his words.

“It is not a matter of wrong or right, mother. The unknowable One is motion. It is a system that turns on energy— not philosophy, flesh, or moral constructs. Though to the carnal mind, my saying those of the uncorrupted creation should stand still in the face of evil sounds like passively giving in to evil; it is actually the opposite, because positive Atoms does not weaken evil atoms by mixing energies, it weakens evil atoms by allowing it nothing of its own energy.”

“My people did stand still! All it got them was centuries of torture and slavery. Then finally mass destruction!”

Her tone was tinged with anger. Marduk couldn’t discern if the distress was more due to what he said about the Cushites, or what he said about himself.

“To the uninitiated, it seems like evil wins when it destroys an innocent people, but to those who understand the Universe, we know that the bigger blow to evil is wielded by the Saint, not by the Warrior. But still, there are those who will be Warriors, even though we know the consequences to our own souls. But the Warrior never wins the battle of an entire people. Only the Innocents, acting according to the laws of uncorrupted creation, can defeat evil that comes against them. A Warrior’s reward is the honor and satisfaction of being the instrument of the people’s will for justice and freedom. That is reward enough for me, mother. The atoms within me are too mixed for me to aspire to eternity.”

She began to sob. “No! Do you have any idea, how such talk saddens me?”

“I’m sorry mother. Will thy heart have me continue to speak with honesty?”

Tefnut sat up straighter. She forced the command of her emotions.

“We stood still, Milord,” she insisted, “For a million years the Igigis, stood still, and there were no victories, and in the end there was no justice; only the reward of cattle, who stands still in view of the slaughter house.”

“No, Mother. The Cushites of Atlan didn’t fight for freedom and life, but they didn’t stand still either. If they had stood still, not a single pebble would have been overturned in all of Atlan. No riches to be made and stolen by the demon spawn. Dost thou understand, mother? The demons would have gained naught; they would have never gained the power and inventions it took to destroy Atlan and all the other civilizations they have wrecked. And it would have never been a gain to them to destroy the people, only a great loss. It is not for those of the uncorrupted creation to fight evil. Only the enhanced can fight fire with fire. But the Cushites could have helped their Defenders by not making their Tormentors strong with distressed atoms and material wealth. They were destroyed because as a species they never united, and they were in an ancient war with a species that was as united as the fingers on one hand”

“We should not have worked? But how would we have eaten?”

“Let me tell you a story Mother...

... The demons had destroyed and enslaved many planets, worlds, civilizations, and peoples before they did the same to Atlan.

There were once a people who lived on a planet called Indo. The People on this planet were very generous, peaceful and inventive. They valued life, freedom and knowledge before all else. They were as one—united—and making great strides in space exploration.

Then one day the demons in their never ending quest for riches and distressed atoms, invaded the planet of Indo. As usual, they tried first to frighten the people of Indo into submission with their tricks, lies, and gadgets. But the people of Indo would not succumb to fear, or manipulation, for they were not a primitive people. So the demons made war with the Indo people to conquer and enslave them.

Scores, then hundreds and finally millions of the people of Indo were slaughtered, but not only did they not submit to the demons, they stood still, refused to fight, work at their factories, or to till the ground. They learned to survive strictly on what their planet naturally gave them.

All the toadies the demons entranced and possessed, to help them conquer the people of Indo starved to death because they didn't know how to think, run the factories or how to live off the land. To avoid rape, torture and humiliation, all the people of Indo carried a special poisonous plant with them which they kept in a locket that they wore around their necks at all times. When the toadies would come for them, they would fearlessly laugh, take of the poison and pass unmolested onto the next phase of their existence.

The demons could get no production or distressed atoms from the free people of Indo and because they are a hive collective; when the demons on Indo started losing the strength of their atoms, all the demons everywhere throughout the Universe were also weakened in their ability to possess and mind control other Beings. The demons also lost the financial ability to hire mercenaries from other planets, and to replenish their dwindling weapons supply. They had invested and gambled so much upon the conquest of Indo, they could not adequately supply any of their other holdings throughout the Universe.

Finally, the purity of the demon's evil atoms—being unmixed with the atoms of the people of Indo—aroused and attracted the pure atom defenders of the holy energy, that is the unknowable One. The Pure Atom defenders attacked and vaporized so many of the weakened Saurians, every planet in the galaxy, but one, were eventually free of them.

The Pure Atom Defenders pursued the Saurians and those allied with them, all over the Universe until the only place left to the Saurians, was their original birth place, which is this solar system. Only here could the demons be safe from the pure atom Defenders but only because they began here, and universal justice required that because it was the unseen flaw

that made them what they are, they can only be destroyed in this Galaxy through their own evil deeds. They are compelled to kill, oppress and destroy, but they are also compelled to self-destruct. They would have self-destructed Ages ago, and the reason they did not is a long story which I will not burden thee with this day.”

Marduk realized he had strayed off subject. He coughed and grinned sheepishly at Tefnut before resuming the story of the people of Indo.

“Though only a fraction of the people of Indo was left alive from their ordeal with the demons; with the demons gone, they soon began to thrive again. All of the murdered were reborn so quickly that today they are dispersed among many planets throughout the Galaxies.

The point is mother, the Indo people—unlike all other species— somehow knew they had to be willing to die in order to truly live. They are the only species and civilization, out of untold millions, that ever resisted the demons effectively. They not only resisted them, they broke their power throughout the Universe, forever.

Many Species and peoples met the demons with force. Some even caused the demons to retreat. But the demons will always return to meet destruction with destruction, and they had always eventually won; so much so that they all but owned the Universe until they took on the planet of Indo.

The people of Indo has won the Universe because they expanded by cherishing freedom, life, unity and knowledge.

After the victory of Indo, the demons could no longer prosper because more and more of the people of the Universe started to choose the path of the Indo people when the demons came among them. This left the demons easy prey for the Pure Atom Defenders from the unknowable One.

Today, the Pure Atom Defenders are watching them; that they do not leave this solar system. The Saurians, their seeds, nor any who ally with them, can leave this solar system without being immediately destroyed. This is why they will not allow any others to leave, either. But I shall free the Cushites and Adamites from the evil prison, mother.”

“Why did the pure atom Defender wait so long to attack? And where are they now?” Tefnut asked.

“It is a catch22, mother. First, the pure Atom Defenders can’t bother the demons when they stay in this solar system. And when the demons once nearly ruled the entire Universe, the Defenders couldn’t engage them because the Saurians always ruled through proxy—mixed atom toadies.

When the demons go outside this solar system, they always send Colonists first. These Colonists were always mixed-atom WoMans, who are evil enough to serve their Masters, but not so evil that they were pure enough to attract the Pure Atom Defenders. The

Defenders are energy. They can only attack pure evil. They can't discern their purpose when the atoms are too mixed between the demons and those of uncorrupted creation. By the time the Demons invade a planet in full force, their toadies had already paved the way by corrupting the planet's population with the lies, and all the other techniques the Saurians hath devised in their long existence, and exhausted study of the nature of the species of the Universe."

Tefnut interrupted; her voice shrill with excitement. "Excuse me my Lord, but you said your atoms were mixed! That would mean the pure atoms defenders can't attack you."

Marduk laughed softly. Her determination regarding his ultimate fate was as endearing as it was unyielding.

"That's true Mother... if the mixture is not overly bias towards the evil atoms, which mine are not today, but my destiny is to destroy the very seat of evil itself. The day that I do this, I will become all but pure evil because of the mixing of atoms. This is my reward and my punishment for enhancing myself through the practice of sorcery."

Tefnut visibly deflated. But in the back up her mind she still refused to believe that her son had no hope of redemption. Even the strongest of evil has freewill, and her son's will to do good was stronger than anything in the Universe but the unknowable One. Even if he didn't believe that himself, she did, and she will never accept that his fate will be as he says.

In another part of her mind she heard Marduk saying:

"When the people of the Universe stopped releasing their atoms to mix with the demons by fighting and dying in fear, the demons were left in their pure evil state to face the wrath of the legions of the unknowable One."

"Does that mean also the opposite, Lord... that even if you became pure evil, you will have to keep doing evil to keep your atoms from being infiltrated by good atoms? So if you were to do nothing but good..."

Marduk followed her line of thinking. She just refused to give up. Her love for him was real. It was obvious and pure.

In the Atlantean language "mer" meant beloved. He looked into her eyes. And from his lips came the closest word to express what was in his heart at that moment.

"Theoretically that's true, Meri." He watched her face light up. "But it is very difficult for evil to change, because good atoms don't attract to evil easily. It is possible to do enough good to attract positive atoms to evil, but the pull of evil atoms to make an evil person more evil is almost unconquerable."

She understood what he was saying, but in it she was still comforted because she knew that whatever her son was destined to do, there will always be a spark of good inside of him.

“Mother...?”

“Yes, my Lord?”

“May I continue to call thee, Meri?”

“If I can call you Merodach.”

Marduk’s brain instantly translated. “*Beloved son*”

“I’d like that, and I’d far prefer it to being called Lord —especially by my superior.”

“Where are the pure atom Defenders now Lor—Merodach?”

She had never heard of such Entities before this day, but she found a comfort that she had never felt in her life, knowing they existed.

“Today the Pure Atom Defenders are watching that the demons do not leave this solar system. That’s why the demons were so determined to kept the Cushites of Atlan stuck on earth even though they had the technology to travel the Universe for a million years. They will do the same to the Adamites. In time, — for one gigantic burst of energy and power, — they will destroy the Adamites just like they did the Cushites of Atlan, and so many other species throughout the Ages.

I could have taken thee and the others to a new galaxy Meri, but I chose to return to earth because I know here is the demon’s last stand. I intend to crush them once and for all while they are weak and stuck in this solar system. I’m glad I made that choice to return to earth because I didn’t know the Adamites survived the nuclear holocaust... and so many of them.

As thou know, the Demons will be coming to try to rule, and slaughter amongst the Adamites, to gain from their distressed atoms. I will not allow them to use the Adamites to regain an ounce of their lost power.”

Tefnut sighed deeply. “Will it ever be over? Will the world ever know anything other than horror?”

“Sadly no, Mother...not until the demons are destroyed forever. They are always going to do what they do and be what they are. As long as they exist, there will be no end of sorrow for some beings in the Universe. They will always create, tamper with, and manipulate innocent life.”

“You will protect us here. A-tom has promised.”

“It will end up like Atlantis unless we win.”

The word “we” screamed inside of Tefnut’s head. She thought of her children, and all the pain, rage and hopelessness,—carried over from Atlantis— converged upon her at once.

“You will leave the Igigis out of this! We have suffered enough! ”

Marduk was no longer surprised by her sudden shifts in temperament. He responded coolly to her outburst.

“Meri, do you know what the great martyr of Indo said about life?”

She knew what he was referring to but she did not respond. He recited it anyway.

“He, who loves his life in an evil world, will lose it, but he who hates his life in an unjust world will gain it forever.

I will teach the Adamites and the Cushites this, Mother. I will teach them to love death as they love life. I shall teach them to love freedom so much that they will prefer death over slavery, like one prefers water to drink over acid.”

Tefnut shook her head. New tears clouded her eyes.

Marduk’s tone softened to a whisper, “Meri...,”

“I know you are right...I just thought ...,” Her voice trailed off.

Marduk could easily imagine what she thought, but he can’t save the Adamites from the demons without the Cushites. Because of their organically chipped brains, most of the Adamites are going to worship and empower the demons. His hope was that a significant number of them might be de-programmed before the demons returned. One Cushite was worth a million Adamites to him in this battle because the Cushites had normal, rational brains. Even though in Atlan, they had been beaten down by a million years of brutality, indoctrination and oppression to regard the Saurians, as divinely anointed masters, the Cushites were not born grovelers. In a million years they never stopped rebelling against the “gods” even though they never won a war in this solar system, and the punishment for rebellion was always a cruelty that exceeded the bounds of imagination. His hope was that by the time the demons returned, there will be millions of Cushites on earth who has never known the yoke of fear, indoctrination or slavery.

“I know it is a bitter pill to swallow.” He caressed her hand. “But there is truly no other way.”

“Why has A-tom done this? Why doesn’t the most high one, fix Its mistake? It has been too long. It’s too much, too...much. ”

“Meri, listen. Listen to me.” He waited until she stopped sobbing and looked at his face.

“There are things you have to understand to find comfort. Nothing ever truly dies. The unknowable One has not abandoned the Universe to evil. The mistake is being corrected. Thou dost not see it because compared with the age of the Universe thou have only been here for a brief moment. ”

“I am older than you,” she interjected.

Marduk huffed, “But thou atoms art not older than mine, it is within our DNA, that our true age is recorded. I am full of the atoms of my father, and he of his father, bull—”

“— I know...Bullasaurus.”

She smirked at him, her teary countenance suddenly devilish, and he realized he was being teased. More humbled, he continued where he had left off answering her questions:

Chapter thirty-four

“There were once billions of demons, all throughout the Universe. They were the first born of all creation. Now they are only a few. They seem many because of their ability to manipulate, buy, and control the minds of other Beings. They also mix their seeds with every species they conquer, but still their numbers dwindle continuously, as meant by the Universe in Its ongoing effort to cleanse Itself. There *is* justice, Mother. And there will *be* justice. A-tom has put into motion the correction. It just takes a long lived sorcerer to see its progress.”

“Your constant harps about justice give me no comfort, Merodach.”

He winced. She continued:

“There can be no justice for those who have been tortured to death. It is one thing to die, but the Lords were never satisfied with murder. A-tom, Itself, can never justify for me what they have done to so many for so long. I seek not justice Merodach, but life again for my people. Perform your destiny, my beloved son, but do not use the pitiful few that are left of my people as your choice of weapon. I prayed for you to protect my children, not wear them as a sword and shield. ”

Her tone was not assaultive, yet if words had mass, he definitely would have felt punched. He was beginning to understand his mother, but each time he thought he had assessed her true spirit, she raised the bar, yet again. She switched personalities and moods like a long tortured WoM— suddenly a conversation he had with Inanna popped into his mind. He remembered making her a promise. Now he had twice the motivation to keep that oath. The Sumerian Sorcerers will pay for what they have done to his mother. Djhuty will pay.

He will not act outside of the bounds of justice in regards to the Priest, because as a Sorcerer he knew what putting into motion a foul energy would mean to the future of this new world. But Djhuty will slip. He had no doubts of that. As for the demons, they will be back. But swathed in their arrogance and blinded by their consuming need to be worshiped, they will have no idea what will be awaiting them on their return. Even if they know him to be an enemy, they will never know of the fire— the inferno that rages within his breast, until it is too late. When it is too late, then they will know that he is the SUN— the all-consuming wrath of a million years of cries for vengeance and justice.

“Meri—”

“—Forgive me Merodach.”

“There’s nothing to forgive.”

“I have no right to take my anger out on you. I—”

“Thou have every right to be angry...at everything.”

He took both her hands. Spoke to her softly. “I shall make the earth a new Indo. I will call it Babylon—gateway to the unknowable One. I shall teach the Cushites and Adamites to purify their atoms so that they may join the rest of the free peoples of the Universe in unifying with the unknowable One. They will gain the freedom to go where they will throughout the Galaxies. But first we must face the demons. ”

Tefnut put her hands to her mouth. Her eyes searched his face.

“A new Indo?”

He nodded. “Thou will one day join the other free citizens of the Universe. Thou and Shu, Horus, Nephthis, Nut, Sethis— the Cushites and Adamites. ”

She smiled.

“Mother... ”

Her head lifted.

“Would thou speak on an intimate matter with me?”

“Yes.”

“The seeds of thee and the criminal, Djhuty...these are my half siblings?”

“You earlier asked for a reason not to kill my husband, Merodach. Know this; if you execute the man, Djhuty, you will be bound by justice to slay me too; for I am as much a criminal as he.”

“Thou were a born and bred slave, Mother. I know what hath made thee.”

“Then you know it is not in the death of the man Djhuty that you will find true justice.”

“Thou speak the truth Meri. I shall spare the man, Djhuty for his past crimes, but this is a new world and a new reality, if he ever doth evil to another on this world, I promise justice will be swift.”

Tefnut nodded. “I have defended the life of this man, only to defend my own life. May his crimes in this new world be on his own head. ”

Marduk grinned internally, at how certain situations turned the meek woman towards a ferociousness that normally suited her in no measure.

Suddenly he frowned, “Meri, do you remember that day when thou brought my siblings before me. Tell me, thou didn’t really think I — “

“—I have always known my son. I brought the little ones to you that day so they would know you too, and not be afraid of you.”

” But, thou rushed them from my presence so swift, and thou has avoided or tipped around me like I was the Azog, Itself. It has not been a good feeling for me, mother.”

“I avoided you because after all those aching years apart from you in Atlan, I was suddenly close enough to you to touch you, hold you, and talk to you. I didn’t want you to know your mother was a weak, abused nobody. I knew it would take from your pride and image of yourself. I didn’t want to weaken you “.

“Thou couldn’t have been more wrong, mother. I had no pride in being the son of a demon Sorcerer, and I drew no strength from it.”

“That’s not true Merodach. Your Father has given you much. And his kind is only a demon to my kind. To his own, he is much loved and revered by many.”

“Surely Meri, after what happened to Atlan, thou art not still emotionally bound to thy tormentors.”

“You don’t understand.”

“There is much I don’t know or understand Meri. Please stay a while longer. The day is young and I still wish to hear what you can tell me of the unknowns of my life.”

“Where do I begin?” Tefnut asked.

“I want to know it all. Start at the beginning.”

“The beginning is neither your, nor my story,” she teased.

Marduk laughed, more to show his appreciation at her attempt to be light than of actual mirth. He was pleased to see this woman he had never seen in any other state by palpable sadness so relaxed in his company.

“But tell me, Meri, what doth thou know of Atum?”

She rewarded his attempt to match her play with a girlish giggle.

“I know Its name should be pronounced A-tom—not Atum“.

He laughed again and Tefnut brimmed with joy. “Besides,” she added,” I didn’t mean A-tom, I meant the Lords. Before our kind, there were first the Lords.”

“Thou mean the Saurian demons.”

“I mean the Ancient of days.”

“Let us not quibble, Meri. Just knoweth thee, there is no love or respect in me for the old ones and I’ll accept that in thee there can never be naught else.”

“It’s not love and respect that I feel for them, Merodach. It is the knowledge that where I came from, they also came, but they came before me. That is all I give them, but it is none more than they deserve.”

“They hate thee Meri. I know. I have lived among them and have been witness to their foul chatter.”

“Think you, Merodach, that I am ignorant to this? I who have seen with my own eyes torture, slaughter and degradation of my kind since long before you were ever conceived?”

“Let us end this matter of discussion. I do not understand why thou dost not burn with hatred of evil Meri, but thou need not, for I do so for thee, and the day will come that I shall have the justice upon them that thou dost not want or need.”

“You truly do not understand Merodach, but know this: I know who you are. Long have my people prayed to A-tom, and it are we who have made you. It is not your father or I who have given life to you. My womb was just the incubator that nourished the embryo of a prayer.”

“Strange mother, that A-tom should answer the prayers of a long suffering people with the seed of their tormentor.”

“Is it really, Merodach?”

The look on her face made Marduk want to mirror her emotion with his own. “Do not hate yourself my son.”

“The part of me that is thee is all I cannot hate, Meri. I am of the ones thou call Lords and I am of the WoMan race. The choice is mine and I have long ago decided that I preferred to be the son of Man.”

Tefnut was silent for a long moment, as if digesting his words. Then abruptly she spoke: “It was forbidden.”

Chapter thirty-five



the Queenly slave

Marduk looked startled. “What? What was forbidden, Mother?”

“Both the old ones and the all-Father, Anu, forbade it, but your Father chose to defy the great mandate of the Ages, by not killing me after he had me in lust.”

“Not killing you?” Marduk was surprised. Saurians raped or otherwise had intercourse with the Cushites all the time. It’s true that caution was taken to ensure that no Cushite female was impregnated. Technology made that as easy as ingesting a pill, but his mother was making it sound as if things used to be different—that murder after intercourse was once mandatory in such relations.

“They said it was rape.”

His mother was jumping all over the place as if she was more reliving the story than reciting it. He found it difficult to follow her, but he did not wish to disturb her train of thought by telling her so.

“But it wasn’t.” She looked into his eyes. “I have always known things, Merodach. My father was a Shaman and a keeper of Igigis memories. That’s why I know so many things most Igigis don’t. But it’s not just of the past that I know things. Sometimes I can see into the future.”

Marduk pondered if maybe his innate magical abilities were not just from one side of his bloodline as he had always thought. Saurians were natural Telepaths because they come from a lineage where they were all once connected by one mind. As they started mixing atoms with the WoMans, this ability was diluted, although still strong in some Saurian bloodlines. He heard his Mother saying:

"I knew what had to be done if the suffering of my people was to ever end. My father was against it, but I so convinced the other Elders, they overruled him and allowed me to carry out my plan."

Marduk listened with great interest.

"I knew of your Father's habits. We all knew. Even though I did what I did out of duty to my people, it was not all self-sacrifice. There was something different about your Father. Certain types of women are always attracted to power and many Igigi females chased the Lords of their own free will even though they knew that if a Lord should take them in lust, without first taking precautions, they risked being killed afterwards. There was a risk of being killed just because some Lords were sadistic that way. That didn't stop some Igigi females from chasing power even if they only got to be close to it for the length of time it took for a Lord to satisfy himself. Of all the Lords, none were more desired by Igigi women than your father."

Marduk frowned. "Does that include you, Meri?"

Tefnut shook her head. "No. I never desired anything but a means to free my people from torment. And I hated their tormentors. But your father...there was something different about him, and my instincts told me that if my plan had any chance of succeeding, the target had to be him.

For weeks I would watch him. Your father had certain habits and routines that he never altered. The one most germane to my plot was his morning stroll through the east gardens. Every morning I would sit there by the springs after first chasing the other women away. Every morning your father would pass me like he always did all the other women. This was one of the ways he was different. No other Lord would have passed up the sexual opportunities your father did."

"Thou did know who my father was, didn't thou Mother? Only demons from the low houses mixed with the "chattel". It wasn't virtue that stilled my father's lust, it was hauteur."

"That's true Merodach, but there was something else in his refusal to take Igigi women. I sensed something in him I could feel from none other of his kind but you. Your father was...soft."

"Like me?" Marduk laughed but Tefnut's tone harbored no mirth.

"Yes, like you."

It disturbed Marduk to be compared in any measure with his Father. The fact that his Mother sensed kindness in him spoke to his Father's favor—especially since his Father was second generation Saurian mix-breed—only one Generational line removed from being full blooded demon.

“To make my plan work, I had to get your Father to lie in lust with me.”

It was suddenly crystal clear to Marduk what her “plan” was. It wasn’t an especially good feeling knowing your existence is the result of a calculated plot. But that very reality was probably why he was so much different than others of his kind. He didn’t hate the seeds of woman; he felt the inborn need to protect them.

“How did you finally manage it Mother...to get the Scion of one of the highest houses in the solar system to slum it with a slave?”

Tefnut smiled at his playful tone.

“I took advantage of his softness. I lay in his path pretending that I had twisted my ankle. The rest of that story...” she reached over and rubbed his hair, “is you.”

Marduk grinned.

“As I had hoped and expected, your father did not kill me after the sex act was over even though he took no precautions beforehand. And also, as I hoped, he would let no other Lord harm me—even after the forced examination they put me through confirmed that I was pregnant. Only a Lord as powerful as your Father could have withstood the fury of tradition by flouting so, the great mandate of the Ages. I knew this.”

“Thou took a great risk, Meri. The odds against things turning out as they did were astronomical.” He looked at her searchingly. “The courage thou displayed then much belies the life thou hath led as a timid slave— and with Djhuty. I don’t understand.”

“You don’t understand because you don’t know me. But ponder these things, Merodach, and eventually you will figure it out. I am the daughter of free WoMans. I come from a long line of Shepherds. My family line is as old and high a Cushite line, as your Father’s is a Saurian line. My oldest grandfather wrestled the first man, for the right to course the path of the WoMan race during the days when men first walked the earth. He lost the battle, but a remnant of the WoMan race chose to follow his path. His ceaseless rebellion against Saurian rule and assimilation eventually took them into the heavens and won for them, paradise. It is in my blood—your blood— to lead and sacrifice for others. Even of our own freedom, happiness and dignity.”

Marduk was so stunned all he could do was stare at his mother. How did she know that the Cushites were once named WoMan-beings? His Mother was WoMan royalty...*This* timid, abused woman? And if he understood her, she had just said her oldest grandfather—*his* oldest WoMan grandfather—was the progenitor of the Indo civilization. The same civilization that liberated the Universe, and gave birth to the great Sage. How she has fallen. It saddened him deeply to think about it.

“Oh, don’t look so filled with pity, Merodach, “ she teased. “You know what has been a great joy in my life?”

Marduk shook his head.

“The way your Father loved you from the moment he saw you. I sensed it. I had never felt such pure energy emanating from any living thing as I did from your Father when he received you from my arms.”

Despite himself, Marduk found that statement easy to believe. His Father had always shown the utmost love and loyalty to him. His father was the reason he was allowed to be the dissident against the Sumerian guild that he was.

His mother said:

“After your father opened the flood gates and got away with it, weaker Lords started joining him. They too, harbored forbidden feelings for Igigi women, and wanted to have families with them. This rebellion by your father and the Lords who joined him, led to your Father being thrown out of the Guild, and the lesser Lords being cast out of the high cities to live among the Igigis.

Your father and the others then formed their own guild. They began to openly break the great mandate of the Ages. They took to themselves many Igigis, whom they bore children with. Through their own strength and knowledge of sorcery, they were able to protect their offspring from the wrath and fear of the old ones. Over time it was noticed that the children born to the Lords and their Igigi wives were not only far superior to other men, they were in some aspects even superior to the Lords, because of their great size, intelligence, and longer arms. These hybrids, like you...” Tefnut smiled at her son.... “were fearless, compassionate, and obsessed with a fire for justice in the world and a need to defend the weak and abused. Some of them— unlike you—were even crueler than their fathers. It was because of them that the civil war was fought.”

Marduk didn’t know about the honorable ones—“like him”— she spoke about, although he did know that some Saurian/WoMan, Hybrids like him, from the distant past, were known for such commendable things.

As for the evil Hybrids, most of them were of the infamous Tyrannosaurus clan— the Titans,— but they had been banished to Mars. He had helped put them away himself. Even so, the only reason he wasn’t banished with them, was because of the influence and strength of his Father.

Not all of the Saurian/WoMan, Hybrids were of the vicious tyrannosaurus clan and not all were such psychopathic menaces. But the Guild had punished them all the same. He somewhat regretted that. Many of the big Oafs only crimes were being too clumsy for civilized living. Even the gentlest of them were too rough, greedy, sex-mad and undisciplined to live among the much put upon Igigis. At least that was what his limited experience with those of his kind revealed. The Igigis had enough problems with the demons, so he didn’t regret too much his hand in banishing the Giants. Not then, anyway.

He responded to his mother.

"I remember the Hybrids, but I know nothing of a civil war involving my kind. Please continue."

"Your Father freed them from the prison planet and brought them back to earth."

Marduk sighed and rubbed his palms across his face.

His mother continued...

Chapter thirty-six

“Your father recruited the Giants to help him take over Atlantis. The Rebel Lords who joined him also begin to teach the Igigis the secrets and arts of war. It was an ambitious, dangerous plan,—especially for the Igigis, but your father promised us our freedom. Many of the Igigis believed him. Most were too afraid to rebel. Others remained loyal to the Lords. Finally, with their Giant sons and armies of rebellious Igigis, your father and the Lords with him made the move to take over Atlantis. But your father had badly miscalculated. The Sumerian Sorcerers were not as weakened by the split in their ranks as he calculated because your father’s own sibling bolstered them. “

Marduk thought of his Father’s sibling. She was wholly male now from what he last heard. Not only that, but Eeen. It didn’t surprise him that the ambitious toady would turn against the Scion of their house. What did surprise him was that she/he had any power to be a factor. She was Anu’s right arm but she was never an accomplished enough Sorcerer to merit any high position within the guild.

Tefnut said: “The Sumerian Sorcerers commanded many Igigis who fought as if they were bewitched—like none has ever done before. My people were like rabid Ograpes as they fought and slaughtered. Even in their crazed state they would not touch the Lords but it was a terrible and brutal destruction of men and giants.

After the war was decided, the Guild had all the wounded and captured Igigi rebels tortured till they died. They forced the rebellious Lords to watch as they tortured and executed the Giant sons they had with the Igigi women.

Defeated, your father and all the rebellious Lords returned to their mansions humbled and demoted in whatever station they held in life. But because they were Lords they were not executed. I think it was then—after the civil war— that the decision was made to destroy Atlantis. The Lords were terrified because for the first time since my great grandfather escaped the earth, the Igigis had fought and been taught how to fight.”

Marduk stared at Tefnut. He stammered. “When, how...where was I? Mother...this is not believable.”

“Merodach, don’ t you remember the murmurs before you left for Jupiter? Think back, my son. Why did you really leave?”

“Because I couldn’t stand ...my senses, the foreboding, the evil wind ...but I thought it was from all the infighting in the Guild...the ever heightening oppression...the systematic assault on the Ig—I didn’t know a civil war was brewing. ”

“Did you not know Merodach, or did you not want to know?”

Marduk lowered his head. "I couldn't face it, Mother. I never even checked my scan screen to see what was happening on earth during the entire 20 years I was gone. I never saw a soul, Mother,— not even my own reflection. Before I left, I knew how divided the Atlantean Elite were and I knew no one was going to suffer in a power struggle between the Demons but the sons of men. So I ran. I should have stayed and fought beside my father. "

"You did what A-tom willed. That was not your fight. "

"Was it A-tom's will that the Igigis of Atlan perished, Mother? "

"No, that was the will of my kind and the will of the old Ones. After we had fought and been taught to fight, both we and the Lords knew things could never be the same. We both had to change or die. The Igigis had already changed, and the old ones determined that they would not. Unfortunately they had all the power."

"Did my father really mean the Cushites their freedom? "

"Like you, your father is different, but all the Lords are liars and tricksters. Some of our Elders trusted your father, others did not. "

"And thee, mother? "

"It was he I trusted to give you life and to let me continue life. And he did. "

Marduk pondered her words. She was destroying the wall he needed between him and his father. He could not let that happen.

"I saw him mother ...after I came back from Jupiter. I heard of the atrocities that went on during my absence. I went to find the Guild to engage them. He was with them. Like many heads on a single body they were, and I watched them destroy Atlan. I should have never left. Can you ever forgive me of my cowardice, Meri?"

"You didn't know for certain of the civil war. And you couldn't have known how desperate and afraid the Lords were. It's not your fault. It was not the battle meant for you. Besides, the WoMans of Atlan had been enslaved and tortured since the beginning of our time on earth. We were not on this earth who we were meant by A-tom to be— especially after we had been turned into vicious killers. We were Djhuty. "

"All of them mother? Were none of them Shu, Sethis, Nephetis or Nut,...or Horus? Were none of them, thee? "

"Who am I, Merodach? Did I not allow the Lords and Djhuty to rape and consume the minds and souls of my babies? As for Shu, Nut, Horus and the others on this new world; they are your fight, Merodach. This new world is your fight. This is why you were born and why A-tom influenced you to leave the earth before the civil war in Atlantis."

“So now thou know the mind of A-tom, as well as my father’s?” He still had not gotten over the distaste at his mother’s callous assessment of the fate of the slaughtered Cushites of Atlan, and his tone reflected it.

“I know why you were given to me because I’m the one who asked. I didn’t ask for you to save Atlan. I asked for you to save my people. They will not come back the seeds of slaves and zombies. They will return in the seeds of Shu, Nut, Sethis, Nephetis and Horus. The seeds of a free people!”

“Thou speak very ruthlessly of the deaths of Innocents, for one who has lived long enough to have known my Father so intimately. Whatever some of them became, the demons were not A-tom, to intellectualize and deprive them of their right to exist...and neither are thee.”.

” Hush Marduk! I am not that much less knowing than you. Did you think me without understanding of the story of the planet of Indo? I have heard that story before you. My great grandfather was the founder of Indo, and it is still his blood that runs through my veins. It was not I who destroyed Atlantis, and it is not mine to pretend that I wished the suffering of my people to go on and on when I know of my Ancestors from Indo and how they found true life.”

“The difference is mother; the Indo people made the decision for themselves. No creature decides such things for another. Not out of pity, fear, hate, or love.”

“You judge me too harshly, Merodach. I lived for you and my people. I would have died for the same. I exist now only for you because you are the hope of the Igigis left in this world. If you despise me, it is nothing for me to release my atoms and join my people with A-tom, until I am born again in the womb of one of my daughters.”

Marduk mentally kicked himself for once again underestimating her. His compassion for the dead of Atlan was great, but he realized even if she didn’t wear hers like he did, her compassion was even greater because she saw her dead alive and happy in the future and he could only see them dead and buried in the past.

“Are you that unhappy with life, Mother?” He felt great sorrow in his heart at her words.

“Is the way I have existed what you call life, Merodach?”

“That existence is over, mother. Your life will know nothing more of indignity, pain and suffering.”

“Really Merodach? You think one as old as I can survive the death of her entire people and forget pain and suffering? I will always suffer, and the longer I live the worse will be the pain.”

“Before, I thought my fight was against the murderers of innocent flesh. What hath they done, Mother? What words can describe it? Murder only scratches the surface, for they

have reached down into the soul and slaughtered. Speak not, again this day, please, to me of my father or the demons, for I burn, and if I do not get them out of my mind for a while before my day of wrath, I shall consume myself."

"Yes, my Lord." She bowed her head.

"I ask thee one more time ... please do not call me Lord. That kind of support of arrogance only strengthens evil. Thou are not helping me in the right way...dost thou understand?"

Tefnut nodded, renewed pride, love and knowing, showing in her shining brown eyes. "Yes, Merodach," she smiled, "I do."

"Mother...?"

She tilted her head toward him.

"What was thy given Indo name, before they renamed thee?"

She paused for a long moment. Her eyes darted away from his scrutiny.

"Kali," she finally said, and when she returned her eyes to meet his, her orbs seemed ablaze, and the only time Marduk felt such a strong urge to engage a woman in magical warfare was the first time he met the Witch Inanna.

"But those who love tradition called me Lil."

Chapter thirty-seven



Nut Mother says I am carrying twin babies. I feel like I'm carrying twin Tonbigs. Marduk was terribly upset when he first learned that I was pregnant with Geb's child. But it wasn't long before he accepted what was done. From that moment on, besides Mother, no one in my life had ever showed such concern and tenderness towards me. I have never known a man like Marduk—one who showed kindness towards a female just for the sake of it. I would have given, and done anything for Marduk before he started giving me all this attention. Now, Marduk has no idea what he is doing to my heart by fawning over me so. I love him. I have always loved him and I always will love him. I will marry Horus because that's what Marduk wishes, but one day Marduk will get tired of being without intimacy and when that day comes I will be there for him. Horus is seventeen years old now and already taller than Shu. He knows what Marduk wishes for he and I and he seems satisfied with it. It will be two years before we marry but I think he likes me well enough. He pays attention to no other girls.

Chapter thirty-eight



Nut continued...

Shu, once thought he was sooo in loved with Mother. But Mother knew what that “love” really was and she refused to encourage him.

Since Nephethis has grown into a young lady, everyone can see how right Mother was. Shu has suddenly found a new object for his undying love. I can’t say I blame him at all...even for stumbling over his feet and dribbling like an Ogrape every time Nephethis is around. Nephethis is so beautiful; if I hadn’t loved her dearly since she was an infant, I would hate her now.

I am happy for Shu since he was always so hung up on a female’s looks. Nephethis likes him too, which makes everything just perfect. I expect them to get married as soon as Nephethis turns eighteen, which is next month.

Sethis is sixteen now. Marduk is mad at himself for not thinking far enough ahead to try to bring another female with us when we fled the Lords. There is no one for Sethis to be with since Marduk doesn’t want us to marry the Adamites. Poor Sethis, I don’t know what he’s going to do for companionship, although at the moment, I seemed to be more concerned about it than he is.

I don’t know what Djhuty is up to these days. Before I got so big with child, I kept an eye on him to make sure he wasn’t abusing any of the Adamite children. Now I’m just too tired and the Adamites who were helping me are too afraid to spy on Djhuty without me around to bolster them. I would ask Shu to take up vigilance, but he hates being around the Adamites so I know he won’t do it. All the others are too mixed with their feelings about Father to do it. Mother would never willingly put herself into a position of having to confront, or inform on Djhuty. Marduk, with his fanatical sense of justice, will not watch him because there are no reports of him doing anything wrong. But I know Father.

I don't know why the Adamites are not reporting on him, except maybe because they believe he is a "son of god" and are afraid... or they think whatever he does has to be right because they have so much need to worship and believe. I can easily imagine Djhuty using the Adamites' religious innocence to convince them that his evil is something good. Then again, in all this time, I have never uncovered any wrongdoing. Maybe fear of Marduk is stronger than the evil in father. I'm not convinced of that though, and as soon as I can, I will find out what Djhuty is really up to. I have never been inside his cave, and the Adamites are too afraid to enter in there. But after the babies are born, I am going to find out once and for all what Djhuty is up to.

Chapter thirty-nine



Nut

I have been teaching Marduk how speak like a normal person instead of like some Saurian. That's what Marduk calls the Lords, "-Saurians". Marduk is a very first learner. Either that or he used his magic. Two days of lessons and already he speaks as well as I do now.

I don't think now that I loved Geb as much as I once thought. We were so young and we never even got to know each other before we started experimenting with sex. Djhuty had molested and raped me for so long; sex was the only way I knew how to communicate with someone I wanted to like me. Even so, I did like Geb very much and I will always care for him.

Chapter forty



Nut

For a while I hated Shu for what he did to Geb. I blamed him for the way Geb started avoiding me after the incident. But I was there, and even then I saw that Shu never meant to hurt Geb. He has been so sincerely apologetic since then, I soon forgave him, but I will never be able to marry him. Marduk finally understood and accepted that.

Geb has not come to see me since that day. The last time I saw him he looked nothing like the young, wide eyed boy I first met. His eyes had narrowed—like Djhuty's. They never stopped shifting around. It's easy to tell he saw everything, although his eyes focused on nothing.

That last day I saw him there was distance and people between us, but as big as I was, and the way I was waving, there's no way that he didn't see me. I saw his eyes look directly at me before instantly shifting away. It hurt so much to watch him turn his back and walk away. But I didn't hate him for it. All I wanted to do was hold him in my arms and tell him how sorry I was.

Overall things are going well for all of us. It's so good to be free. Marduk is the smartest, most just, caring and capable leader ever. Everyone loves him so much. He calls this new earth Babylon, which he says means gateway to the unknowable One. He says Babylon is not our permanent home but the first stop on our way to the stars. He says we are not citizens of the earth but free citizens of the Universe. I'm so happy here I can't imagine life getting any better, but Marduk says that we don't even know a fraction of how wonderful life can be, because we are not free in this solar system. I feel free—especially compared to life back in Atlantis. But if Marduk says it gets so much better among the stars, I can't wait to go there. Marduk says we have to purify our Atoms to be allowed to join the other free Citizens of the universe.

And I will. Marduk wants this so much for all of us. I will never disappoint Marduk. Never!

Chapter forty-one

9000 years later



And these are the Houses of Babylon:

Horites

—seeds of Nut and Horus. House of Horus. Cushites, also called Igigis, Omans and WoMans. Population: 22 million

Gebonites-

-seeds of Nut and Geb. House of Geb. Hybrid. Adamite/Cushite. Population: 42 million.

Shumerians

—seeds of Shu and Nephethis. House of Shu. Cushites. Population: 14 million.

Sethites

—seeds of Sethis and Ada. House of Sethis. Hybrid. Cushite/Adamite. Population: 8 million.

Adamites

—seeds of ? House of Adam. Population: 300 million.

Population after 9000 years on the new earth: Approx.: 386 million.

Chapter forty-two



Pandemonium

As he sat, perusing the records Sethis sent him, the communication device on Marduk's wrist buzzed. "Father!" Shu's voice was nearly breathless with excitement, "There have been sightings of a ship and people are gathering fast at the Asidagates. Horus is already there with some of his forces but he's losing control!"

"A ship?" "Where are you?"

"In a lavihanna—on my way to pick you up."

"Good, I've got to get to the Asidagates before people get hurt."

"Be there in a minute Father." Shu arrived to Marduk's estate with Nephethis sitting beside him. She opened one of the side doors and before she could step out, Marduk climbed in the back.

"Father, Nephethis would have gotten back—" "Drive, Shu."

Chapter forty-three

Horus knew how important it was for him to greet the Sumerian Sorcerers, before the Adamites did. That's why he had hastily gotten the security forces out there. It was what he wanted but he was concerned Horus might take things to the extreme if the Adamites didn't back off. There were so many of them and they were religious fanatics. Horus wasn't going to find it easy to control them. But he might hurt or kill a lot of them in the trying. He had to get to the scene and quickly. He had observation posts stationed throughout Babylon, and just as he gave thought to how it was possible for everybody in Babylon to learn of the ship landing, before he, the com on his wrist lit up and buzzed. He ignored it. In this case, never was better than late.

He found Horus. He found chaos. The Gebonites and some of the Horites were sorely abusing hundreds of the little people of Babylon. The bigger men had formed two lines, the first of which, the little people made one charge against after another; stumbling, yelling, running, diving, falling. Again and again, they threw themselves at the lines. Again and again they fell crumbled to the earth. Any who made it through the first line ran only far enough to be knocked down by the second line. Horus must have commanded his troops to use minimal force and most did, they were merely pushing the Adamites to the ground. Others were throwing vicious punches and kicks. These were mostly the Gebonites. The sons of Geb were gleefully causing serious injury. Even from a distance Marduk could clearly see the difference in the way the two Houses conducted themselves. Most of Horites were grim-faced faced and robotic.

The Gebonites were animated, vicious and joyful. Before he reached the scene Marduk saw one Gebonite knock an Adamite to the ground. Then he reared a leg back and kicked the fallen Adamite so hard, Marduk had no doubt the blow was all but fatal. It was then that he started running. Shu and Nephethis were doing their best to keep up. They had to park the lavihanna about 100 yards from the scene because the Adamites had all the passageways blocked.

Marduk didn't see Horus approach the man who kicked the Adamite but suddenly Babylon's chief security officer was standing before the Gebonite. The Gebonite was a tall, powerfully built man—as big and tall as Horus. He was still gloating when his jaw met Horns' blurry, dark fist. Marduk heard the crunch of bone breaking. Things were fast getting out of hand. The Adamites in the rear had found some semblance of their senses when they spotted Marduk. They parted to let him through, bowing and mumbling as he passed between two rows of them.

"The Lord! One of the Adamites screeched in a high pitched voice. Other voices joined the first. "The Lord! The Lord! They had stopped charging the lines, but now they were just as frenzied in another direction, their faces low to the ground, crying and moaning, filling him with so many atoms, he felt like he was going to explode.

This was the very reason he had stopped walking among the Adamites centuries ago. His absence only led to a mystique that made things worse but he had no choice. The Adamites that knew him in the beginning—when he used to interact with them personally—had all

died off.

When the first Adamite died of old age in a mere 5,000 years, Marduk was stunned. Even an Abd, lived a natural life of a minimal of 15,000 years and that short lifespan was only because, as personal slaves of the Demons, they lived such a brutal, stressful existence. The Average Cushite of Atlan lived at least 100,000 years. The demons had not only cheated the Adamites of their freewill through genetic manipulation, they had cheated them out of their right to live a long life. By the time Marduk reached the line of Horites, the Adamites had stopped charging. Horus walked over to him. He followed Marduk's gaze.

"Father, I'm sorry."

"The Medics on the way...?"

"Yes sir."

"You know you should have had them here in the beginning, Horus." "Yes sir... except everything accumulated so quickly. Father I gave the order to use minimal force if the Adamites tried to break the line. I didn't want the sons of Geb here, but when the news of the ship spread, everybody converged on this place and took their own spot."

Marduk looked around. Only a few Adamites still lay hurt on the ground. Considering the bedlam and haste in which the situation developed, Horus, did a masterful job. He was damn proud of his younger brother—especially since this was his first time commanding such a major crowd control situation outside of theory and practice. He tried to convey that to his distressed, younger brother with his eyes.

"Any idea why Shu had to contact me before the Outpost Sentries did?"

"Father, the ship was sighted first by a couple of kids playing in a field. A lot of the people knew at the same time, the Outposts did. The Sentries wanted to be more certain before they reported. They see strange things in the sky all the time." Marduk nodded, accepting the explanation fully.

"I'm surprised that the little people would challenge this way."

Horus discerned what Marduk was getting at.

"They never charged me personally. In fact, some of them anointed themselves my personal protectors. I guess, they remember me as one of the first tall ones to land here from the sky. The younger Adamites don't give the other "sons of gods" the same status as they do us originals. They think the ship is carrying more high gods like you, so all they saw in the lines were obstacles that were standing between them and their destination " While Horus was speaking, several female Adamites ran up to Marduk, screaming hysterically. Shu positioned himself. Marduk laid a calming hand on Shu's shoulder. He knelt down to embrace the little women but just within reach of his arms, the Adamites threw themselves flat on their faces. Others started screaming and dropping. He had long ago given up putting much effort into connecting with them on a personal level. He stood up and looked in the direction where the ship landed.

"Have you sent a reconnaissance team out?"

"Yes sir. The ship is a lot farther away than it looked to those who watched its descent."

"How many did you send?"

"Two, four person teams." Marduk waited.

"One female, one Horite, one Shumerian and one Adamite on each team." Marduk nodded approvingly. Horus studied well. He taught him the importance of treating all the houses, as well as the people of Babylon, with equality. He didn't wonder why Horus didn't send any of the Hybrids. The policy in Babylon was to keep them from any position that would feed their easily inflated sense of self-importance. He knew it was a flawed policy that bred a lot of resentment in the excluded houses but it was the only thing, he could do to keep peace in Babylon.

Chapter forty-four



Given half the chance the Hybrids will divide Babylon into as many different fiefdoms as there are of them. He hated the discrimination even though he knew the alternative will be worse for all of Babylon. As it is, the lowest of the Hybrids still think and behave as if they are above every Babylonian. They are quick with the denigrating remarks of others and even quicker to abuse the slightest bit of authority they may be given. It is impossible to give even the humblest of them, a position that allowed them the slightest bit of power over another Citizen. Marduk could easily see Babylon lapsing into a slave world if the Hybrids ever gained power.

He knew if the Horites weren't every bit as big and strong as the Gebonites, the Sons of Geb would have already challenged him for control of Babylon. Most of them loved and respected him, but that wasn't what kept their natures from exploding over Babylon. It was the sheer force of might against might, as represented in the Horites. He could easily defeat any challenge today, but in the future— even if the coming war is won against the Guild—the might of the Gebonites, allied with the ingenuity of the Sethites, could delay the ascension of all Babylonians because the quest to purify their atoms will be burdened by a fight to avoid being enslaved and abused by the Hybrids.

"Who do you think is aboard that ship, Father?" Horus asked after standing there in the long uncomfortable silence.

"It has to be the Guild."

"Horus' face flushed. "We'll kill them Father. I have the security forces on full alert. I have the special forces teams on standby awaiting your order."

"That's how men fight, not Sorcerers. Sorcerers manipulate and use, they don't come screaming and blasting. I'll go alone, to see what they have to say at this time." Marduk saw Horus' face fall. "Babylon will need you Horus. The Guild will divide our people. There will be your kind of war, but not now, now there will be the game—a most serious and deadly game, but game nonetheless."

"Father please...let me accompany you."

"I need you to stay and run Babylon while I'm gone. You need to be vigilant and strong, but always remember Horus, that Babylon is nothing but her laws, spirit and goals for the future. You understand?" Horus did not respond and Marduk knew he did not understand.

A tall, muscular Gebonite, with long ropey hair walked up to Horus and Marduk. He looked first at Horus. He saluted even though he was not a member of the security forces—no Hybrid was. Then he trained his eyes on Marduk. "Lord, let me go with you." Marduk sensed in the Gebonite a very rare lack of guile or ruthless ambition. That's why he hated the discrimination in Babylon against the Hybrids. You always ran across Hybrids like this big man.

"What's your name?"

"Father, this man, is out of—" Marduk raised his hand.

"Let him answer Horus."

"Josiah Samson," the big man said.

"Samson who? Horus demanded.

"Son of Geb," The big man looked down at the ground.

"Get back in line, or go home," Horus ordered. The man named Samson reluctantly turned. Marduk watched his slumped shoulders. He called out: "Samson, son of Geb, how would you like to be an official defender of Babylon?" Samson turned— his eyes wide with shock. "You mean..." Samson stared at Marduk. "I'm very strong Lord," he effused. "My right arm for you Lord, nay, my life, a thousand times over will I give to defend you."

"I didn't say me, I said Babylon." Marduk turned from Samson to Horus. "I want you to induct Samson, the son of Geb into the security forces. Give him command over his own unit of fellow Gebonites. Give him and his regiment full access privileges."

Horus had rarely heard that tone of voice from Marduk. His ways with the Hybrids wasn't started by him. He knew Samson and knew him to be a good man—one who would make an excellent addition to Babylon's security forces. "Yes sir," Horus answered Marduk.

Just then Lady Lil came walking up, with about ten Attendants accompanying her. She annoyed Marduk more every time he saw her but he knew she wouldn't dare treat those people working for her like slaves, or in any way misuse them. He still didn't like the appearance of it.

Chapter forty-five



For some reason she hadn't made herself available to anyone for weeks and seeing her now, despite his initial distaste for how she presented herself, was a delight. She looked well and she was still his beloved Meri.

"How nice of you to bless us with your presence, Mother," he said in all sincerity. She smiled at him first and then rewarded Horus, Shu's and Nephētis' desperate looks with a warm look at each in turn. The Adamites were in silent awe. Most had never seen the "mother of god". All the Horites had unconsciously formed a barrier around her.

"What brings you out here, Mother?" Marduk asked.

"The ship of course."

"You can't see the ship from here Meri, it has landed."

"I know that."

Marduk sighed.

"You can't bring your entourage."

"So I won't."

"Why would you want to see the Murderers of Atlan?"

"I don't."

Marduk didn't understand her but he decided the conversation was pointless. Lady Lil does what she wants. Even Horus raised no objection despite the fact that being Babylon's Chief security Officer, he was always thinking danger. Marduk knew there was no danger from the Guild, yet. The first thing, they would probably want to do is party. It will be all laughs and civility for a while before they got down to the deadly game.

One of Horus' men drove up slowly in a four wheel drive Lavihanna. The Adamites were off the roads now, most of them bent in prayer. Marduk took Lady Lil's hand. "Ok Mother, let's go."

"Father, allow us to go too," Shu begged.

All the original Cushites but Horus, Nut, and Sethis were standing together.

"You have no reason to see your old Tormentors at this time. Stay and help Horus run Babylon."

"Will she be safe Father?" Nephētis looked worriedly at Tefnut.

"I would not endanger her." Marduk climbed in the vehicle. "We'll be back soon as possible. Take care of Babylon."

"We will." As they stood waving, Marduk could see in the rear mirror, Samson, the huge Gebonite.

Chapter forty-six



The instant he and Lady Lil, came in view of it, Marduk knew that the Sumerian Sorcerers weren't aboard the Craft. The "ship" that had everyone in such an uproar was really more of a capsule—a personal, one-man vehicle. He recognized the crest painted on the side of it and felt like he was punched in the gut by a Titan. The Craft's sensors must have spotted him and Lady Lil because, before they were ten yards from the space vehicle, the door began to slide open. Marduk knew what he was going to see, but what he didn't know, even though he knew his Mother was in some kind of love with his Father, was that the man aboard the ship would step out with his eyes glued to the woman—a born slave— that walked beside him. She—the regal Lady Lil—splinted towards the figure that exited the craft.

The Scion of the house of Bullasaurus, was a huge, wide man, neck as thick as a Tonbig's. He wore the flowing sky blue robes of a high ranking Sorcerer; his hair was white as wool, and his shoulders nearly twice as wide as Marduk's. He engulfed Lady Lil in his embrace and his eyes were closed for a long moment, his face enraptured by pleasure, before he looked over Lady Lil's head at Marduk.

"Son," he said warmly.

"Bel Lil," Marduk responded stiffly even though, as he watched the big Sorcerer with his Mother, emotions were stirring up inside of him that he had spent his whole life trying to suppress.

Chapter forty-seven



“**Motdammit!**” Enki sat up straighter and threw his head back. He leaned forward again and peered again into the scan screen, hoping against hope that he hadn’t really seen what he saw the first time. But yes...he did. “**Maaatdammmmit!**” he yelled. He pressed a button and bought the wrist coin up to his lips, “**Ibis!**” he bellowed..., “**Ibis!**”

Every atom in Thoth’s body recoiled at being yelled for like a common Abd. He kicked the sleeping Igigi that lay next to him so hard, the hairy body slammed against the wall all the way on the other side of the room. The stunned Igigi looked up at Thoth in a daze. “**Get out!**” Thoth hissed. The Igigi managed to bring full consciousness around through the sleepiness and confusion of surprise and pain. Without gathering a stitch of his belongings he left Thoth’s presence.

“**Ibis!**” Thoth’s wrist coin screamed with fury. Thoth flipped it off and turned over. He lay in bed for another fifteen spiteful minutes before raising himself.

“**The bitch!**” he muttered to himself as he dressed. One day she’s going to regret this. No one speaks and treats him like a slave. To think he thought he could form a partnership with the...well no more. The bitch had the, [Me] so he still needed Enki, but the screaming imbecile needed him more. Without him, Enki would have nothing in her scull but eyeballs, teeth and tongue.

He was willing to share a part of his final victory but no more. Now everyone and everything is just a disposable tool. Thoth laced up his shoes. He switched on his wrist com. “**I’m on my way,**” he said through the screaming. It took him thirty minutes to make the five minute trip to Enki’s mansion. The only reason it didn’t take longer was because the vihanna moved in that direction at all. He parked his vihanna and took another ten minutes making the one minute stroll to the entrance of Enki’s front gate. When he got there Nergal was standing in his path.

“**Get out of the way boom breath.**”

When Nergal folded his arms and planted himself, Thoth attempted to side step around him. Nergal shifted with him. Fire erupted inside Thoth and the only thing that kept him from attacking was the fact that he knew a fight with Nergal would be long, brutal, and as near fatal as fatal could be, to an immortal. Although he wanted to show Enki, that he was not some Abd, to be yelled at, and beckoned with no respect, the desperation and fear he heard in Enki’s ranting worried him. Something was seriously wrong and he just didn’t

have the time to waste on this stupid fool in front of him. "The Een is waiting for me," he said as calmly as he could manage through the anger.

"That's right, and he has been waiting for you for over an hour." Nergal brought his face closer to Thoth's. "I don't like you upsetting the Een. And if you go in there cussing and fussing you're going to upset the Een even more. Then I'm going to have to snap off thy fairy wings...thou understand?"

Nergal was already on his shitlist, for when he come into his kingdom, but today the loudmouth Rex had made himself enemy number one. Thinking about how many ways he was going to avenge himself on the stupid Ty, not only gave him the inner peace it took to bear Nergal's insults and challenges, it actually soothed the anger. "I understand. Now get out of the way." Nergal stepped aside. "You just remember what I said," he spoke to Thoth's back. "I'll remember alright," Thoth said under his breath as he pushed past Nergal.

Chapter forty-eight

the Watchers



Thoth entered Enki's presence and instead of the verbal lashing he expected, Enki was as subdued as he had ever seen in the most worthless Abd. When he spoke, his tone was even less sparkling.

"It's over," Enki mumbled as if to speak above a whisper would have used up the last bit of energy he had.

"What are thou talking about?"

Enki pointed to the scan screen. Thoth walked over to it and peered. What he saw took as much out of him as it did Enki. He couldn't believe his eyes—didn't want to believe his eyes. He blinked, threw his head back like Enki did before him, and looked again. But nothing changed the scene in the scan screen.

"How could he possibly hath gotten that thing to earth? We should hath never let him go in the first place."

Thoth knew how much Bel Lil opposed the Guild's decision to destroy the abds of Atlantis. It took the intervention of Azog and Mother Tiamat to prevent him from starting another civil war. At the time, everyone was relieved that taking a capsule and leaving was *all* Bel Lil did. It worried him, but other things Bel Lil might have done worried him more. "Who would have stopped him, thee?" Thoth snapped in an irritated tone, he had no zest to back up with emotion.

"What are we going to do, Ibis? We had all we could handle planning to destroy Marduk. How are we going to take on him and Bel Lil?" Thoth had already pondered the question and he answered with the only conclusion, he could see.

"We can't...not without Mother Tiamat."

"But she's asleep. How can she help us?"

"We have to wake her up somehow."

"But how, the old ones can't be awakened from without, thou can only wake them from inside their heads and even that takes great energy."

"If we kill Apsu, she'll feel when his energy is released." Enki had always admired Thoth's intelligence, and at that moment, if she wasn't now male, she would've grabbed his

center. She couldn't do it though. Even though she knew male was what he liked—in her own male state, the thought of it nauseated her. “Thou need to do it tomorrow,” Enki said.

“What do thou mean, I need to do it? I can't kill an old one. Thou can only get the best of them through deceit and surprise. Apsu hates second Generational Saurians like me. I'll never get near him. Thou hath to do it.”

Thoth suppressed the glee in his heart when he watched Enki's face change color. “I can't kill Apsu. Mother Tiamat will crush every atom in my body!”

“Thou didn't mind *me* doing it.”

“We'll get Nergal to do it.”

“I told thee, males can't get near Apsu. The only thing, he hates worse than second generational Saurians, is males who try to get near him. But he can't get enough of females. That's why he didn't put himself to sleep like all the other Ancient ones—he couldn't stand the thought of all that snatch he would have been missing.”

“Then we'll get Ninhursag to do it.”

“Look, thou want the whole Universe to find out that the Guild plotted to kill Mother Tiamat's lover? *Thou* hath to kill Apsu. Do whatever it was that thou did to get the Eenship from that old beast, Anu.”

“But I was a female then.”

“Thou are still a bit—uh, female, just shave thou stup—uh stubbled face, and change they nature back. And thou better do it quick because Marduk and Bel Lil together will destroy us and everything we've worked for.”

“Ok, I change back. What then?”

“Do what thou whores do, and when Apsu falls asleep, take his head.” Enki thought for a long moment. “This might work. And no one will know but us?”

“We have to tell Nergal and Erra so enough of the Guild will know to implicate us all in the plot. That will help ensure secrecy. But thou know the Tys can keep a secret.”

“That's true.”

“So we do this tomorrow?”

“Do we have a choice?”

“No.”

Chapter forty-nine



"Letz build a tower" from the Unacceptable by akamardukson

As was his habit, more and more, as the expected arrival of the Sumerian Sorcerers grew closer, Marduk sat alone in his study, building one scenario after another in his mind. The Demons will return any day now, and so far he has failed Babylon.

The people were not ready, neither was the Tower, nor the space program.

The problem with the people is that the Adamites with their constant groveling were hindering the ability of the Cushites and Hybrids to mentally prepare themselves for what it took to purify their atoms. Instead of growing more humble and aware of the value and connectedness of all living things, they were all growing more arrogant, tribal and selfish—except Sethis and Nut.

The Hybrids—especially the Gebonites— were hindering the growth of the Adamites with their callous mistreatment and constant denigration and verbal abuse. A rage was building up in the naturally docile Adamites even though they didn't know yet how to express it against those they saw as the "sons of god".

As for the Tower, the Hybrids were slowing down the construction too much. The people of Babylon will ascend into the heavens as one, or not at all. The Tower is the key to bringing about that oneness, but the Hybrids either didn't want to be a part of the dream, or they just didn't care or understand it enough to give it the importance it required.

The Adamites don't need the Hybrids to ascend, but the Hybrids are blocking the Adamites by their ceaseless provocations. They don't allow the Adamites space to cultivate their true natures.

Every Babylonian was encouraged to personally make a brick to add to the Tower. Most of them made their bricks by the age of comprehension of what they were collectively trying to do. The Adamites were particular meticulous in fulfilling that expectation...either because they knew he wanted it, or they saw it as a way to have something in common with their "gods". They were also proud of the Tower.

Adding their own brick to the Tower was having the exact effect on the people that he had hoped and planned. They instantly became closer and more in tuned to one another—with a

heightened sense of mutual destiny, goal and propose.

If the Hybrids were never born, the Adamites would have long ago been ready to join the free citizens of the Universe.

The Hybrids were negligent in adding their bricks. If they didn't do it when they were young and more innocent, they rarely got around to it before they were close to the age of death. They only did it then because they believed in him, and they all wanted to be a part of the future he aspired to for all Babylonians. They were just too self-centered to really think about cooperating until death stared them in the face.

He was not as surprised when the first Hybrid died of old age at 5000 years, as he was when the first Adamite died. The little man was not even a thousand years old. He had never imagined that a living being could die a natural death after so few years of life. Even the hidden, Igigi slaves in Atlan had lived a minimal of 15,000 years, and that despite the hell the demons put them through their entire lives. Saurians lived an unknown number of years even before they developed the technology to extend their lives.

Marduk felt rage every time he thought about how short the lives of the Adamites were. The demons not only robbed the Adamites of their freewill, they stripped them of their right to a decent interval of being alive to really experience creation. He intended give the Adamites back what the Demons took from them— their minds, their lives and their proper place in the Universe.

If he ever believed he could get the people of Babylon off the earth before the demons returned, he harbored no such delusions now. There is going to be a fight. Babylon will have to fight to break out of this solar system and in his mind he tried to visualize who will most likely, play what role, in the coming battle.

Chapter fifty

who will stand for Babylon



The Horites will fight beside him. If for no other reason, but that Horus is Horus, and they are his seed. The Horites—like their Father— are an upright people. They loved justice and hated evil. They are big, tall, and strong people; born Peacekeepers who are quick to intervene in an unequal fight or unjust perpetration.

The Gebonites are almost as big and robust as the Cushites. They love fighting. Marduk concluded that they will fight, but not necessarily on his side. Some of them will stand with him, but most of them will fall to the mind control of the demons due to their seemingly uncontrollable need to boss, denigrate and control anybody they deem weaker, or different from themselves.

Their true natures are not so bad—their mother is Nut. But the demons have always had a field day manipulating the energy fields of those kinds of people even before they discovered what he'd learned in the past few centuries; the technology to beam thoughts in the heads of people.

Nut had given birth to two houses... both of them strong, potentially potent warriors. The Adamites are smaller people, yet Nut's children with Geb were nearly as big as her children with Horus.

The seed of Sethis—the other Hybrid house—were nowhere near as big and robust as the seed of Geb, although they were exceptional in other ways. It was puzzling. He knew something about genetics. It was true that Geb was extraordinarily big for an Adamite, but he was still a true Adamite. The common denominator between the two robust houses was Nut, or so it seemed. But he couldn't see how such a slight, gentle girl carried within her the Atoms to birth such an Adamite house as the Gebonites. He knew from the beginning that the Hybrids would be born with a propensity towards selfishness, cruelty, and egoism. What he didn't know, was that any of them would ever grow big and strong enough to challenge a pure-blood house of Cush, physically.

The Sethites were the unknown factor. They were only slightly bigger and taller than the Adamites. But they were a very shrewd and highly intelligent people. They were also

sneaky and untrustworthy. They were loyal in their own way—to the extent that loyalty didn't get in the way of their desires and hunger for wealth. He felt he could count on more of them than he could of the Gebonites, but most of them will follow the money and whoever could offer them the most privileges. He knew the demons were experts at manipulating those kinds of people.

The Adamites will stand still. Most of them, anyway. Some of them will fight because they have lion hearts. He did not want any of the Babylonians to shed atoms, but especially not the Adamites. He knew some Cushites and Hybrids will fight no matter what he said or did but, truthfully, they were both warped by being worshiped by the Adamites, so it would be much harder for them to purify their atoms anyway. The Adamites are the real hope of all Babylonians, and collectively they must not be perverted from their true nature.

He concluded that the Demons will get most of Babylon's warrior type when they return to reclaim the earth, but he will get the best of them. That was all he needed. The real baffle was between him and the Sumerian Guild, anyway.

The wars of men would be just to keep control of the ground until the war between Sorcerers is decided. He did not fear the outcome of his coming baffle with the Sumerians or their Saurian masters. One day he will leave Babylon to take the fight to the demons on their own turf. The reason he felt he was failing was not because he wasn't prepared for his role, but because he wasn't progressing as he had hoped, in preparing the people of Babylon for their role. He had to think of something to lift them out of their complacency regarding spiritual improvement. The older Adamites made great strides in working to regain control of their minds and spirits, but with the dying and birthing of each old and new generation, more and more of the urgency and sense of purpose was lost.

Maybe it was time to show himself to the people of Babylon again...All of them. Because the fervor of the Adamites always caused injury and upheaval whenever they saw him, the debacle at the Asidagates, was the first time he had walked among them in many decades. None of those living now, ever even saw him, which he knew only heightened the mystery and ultimately made things worse for his effort to de-program them. But he had to make a choice long ago and he had not the time, energy, nor patience then, to deal with the chaos his presence among the Adamites always used to cause. So he became the hidden god, blew up in the minds of the Adamites from a mere god who fell from heaven, to the creator of the Universe.

Sethis had worked miracles in de-programming millions of Adamites, but every new one birthed, was born with the same organically wired brain, and not even the dedication and tireless effort of the Priest could stem the tide of irrational believers.

It still felt strange calling the little boy he had known so long ago, a Priest. But that was the best word to describe the grownup Sethis. He wasn't so much a religious man as he was a teacher. He had spent 9000 years roaming among the Adamites trying to teach

them the true reality of their creator. Long after all the other Cushites gave up, Sethis had kept trying and now millions of Adamites were now de-programmed thanks to his tenacity. Of all the original “children of god” none were more loved by the Adamites than Sethis. Not even Nut has gained such strong emotions, and numerous followers among the Adamites. The Adamites worshiped all the Cushites, and their Hybrid offspring. Some they worshiped with fear and resentment, others they worshiped out of love. Sethis was loved, and none of it was unwarranted.

This was why the Babylonian council had appointed Sethis the head of the library as well as the main keeper and interpreter of Babylonian laws and traditions. Not only was the Priest flawlessly honest and selfless, he was the most genuinely loving being Marduk had ever sensed. Not one trace of evil atoms had he ever sensed in the Priest. He could say that of no other being he had known—not even himself. If all the Cushites had reached the self-ascension of Sethis, the hardest part of his fight would already be over. But as things are, he had to make different moves. Time was running out.

He was about to undertake a dangerous and desperate course of action, but he had no choice. Babylon needed an awakening. It was not as if he did not spend three long days with the Council planning for, and trying to address every possible outcome. He had even used sorcery to try to see into the future which showed how concerned he was. Two hundred of the most trusted people in Babylon sat in council with him, all of them democratically elected representatives of the people of Babylon, all brilliant, capable people, each of them putting their minds to the situation and giving their input.

It was decided that he would address the people on screen rather than in person as he wanted to. He didn’t like it but he bowed to the council’s decision. At first he felt that they wanted to exploit the Adamites beliefs by keeping him distant and mysterious, when he wanted to show himself to be as flesh and blood as possible if he was going to appear to the people after so long. Due to Sethis’ point of view, he was finally convinced that the council was more concerned about crowd control than perpetrating a deception on the Adamites.

There was also the Hybrid factor. No Hybrid sat on Council for important reasons and there was a growing concern about the restlessness of the Sethites and Gebonites— especially from one who sat on council called Lady Lil. His Mother never stopped agitating about the Hybrids. There were even rumors that she had planted spies among them; which was a grave infraction of Babylonian law. He did not know how to handle his mother anymore and whether all the rumors were true or not, he was putting off confronting her—and the Hybrids. If all the whispers he was hearing are true—his Mother’s intrigues were becoming as big a problem for Babylon as the ever growing complaints against the Hybrids.

He was not too out of touch to think there was no truth to some of the talk about the Hybrids. Most of it was perception and exaggeration, but the Hybrids had clearly fallen under the same spell that the people of Atlan had succumbed to. The people of Atlan never gave in completely to the demons’ schemes to make zombies out of them. In fact they were beginning to break the spell altogether, which was probably why the Guild decided to destroy Atlan. The Hybrids, have a burden the Atlanteans, didn’t have; through the Adamites they are constantly told that they are something special, chosen, more than they

are. And this is making them perfect candidates for energy manipulation.

The discrimination against them wasn't helping things. There had to be resentments. Not only did he know there would be resentments, he knew that one day the Hybrids would try to take over Babylon. The resentments were there because the Hybrids were systematically excluded and held down. They were excluded because they were born oppressors. He'd always known the situation wouldn't stand at peace forever. But two things he never figured on—One: that the Gebonites would be such robust people, and two: that it would take so long to get the people of Babylon off the earth and among the universal citizenry. Time was indeed running out on him...and on more fronts than one.

So the hard decision was made.

He would show himself to the people of Babylon again.

Chapter fifty-one



LONG LIVE THE KING. The last count was fifty million Babylonians fainted that day, dropped like dead weight, out cold. Only half of them were women and children. The most surprising thing was the number of Hybrids who were among the massive number of over-excited people who fell when they saw him. The well-known emotionalism of the Adamites was expected to lead to such situations, but no one ever expected that so many Hybrids would be so overcome by their reverence for him. All Babylonians loved him, or what/who, they thought him to be. The oldest Hybrids still remembered him from the days when he used to walk among the people. The worst of their ways were not within their power to control. He knew that. They were not an inherently evil people. When the Demons are broken off the backs of man, he knew the Hybrids would be a highly noble people. Even now such good traits as courage, loyalty and deep compassion, were more prevalent in the best of them than all other Babylonian citizens.

That day—when 50,000,000 Babylonians of all stripes, fainted— showed that maybe the Hybrids were judged too much by their worse elements, than by whom they, collectively, really were.

He had never generalized about them. He knew that some of them were as good, righteous and upstanding as the best of Babylon's citizens, but that day proved that he had much more love and loyalty among the Hybrids than he ever thought. He and Babylon had far more dedicated citizens than was recognized. He didn't have time, at that moment, to dwell over everything he was thinking, but reserved in the back of his mind, was the acknowledgment that there had to be some changes in Babylon. He never expected for any of what Babylon was going through- negatively— to last so long. He was far behind schedule. And so the desperate move.

The other thing that happened that day caused him to lose as much of the certainties he had about the Cushites, as those he had about the Hybrids.

He would have never believed it, if he hadn't lived it: and the source it came from; it was enough to cause him long days of utter disillusionment.

They knew the Mission. How could they so betray the dream? Everything he worked for—hoped for, fought for...all his plans, all the talk, the teachings. He thought they understood...thought they were with him...that they lived and breathed the future the same as he did.

He still hadn't gathered—three days later—the emotional strength to make himself believe that they planned it.

The Council had prepared well. Horus had a man positioned among every 5000 citizens. It was a decision of the council. Their presence was not to intimidate but to serve as a stabilizing, calming force. The night before the event, people were recruited to spread the word all over Babylon in a personal way, so the happening would be less shocking. Many other measures the Council took, served to make most of the dangerous gamble a surprisingly well-ordered occasion. When he appeared on the huge screen, some screamed, some wept, some prayed, but there was no hysteria until...He had come to the end of his speech, exhorting the people of Babylon to come together, to love one another, to treat one another as brothers and sisters, to make their bricks, build the Tower, nourish the goodness and light inside themselves. As he finished, his relief was great that he had gotten through it and not a single major disturbance occurred. Then from some sound device a voice boomed. It was Horus. From the depth of his bowels he bellowed:

“Long live the king!”

And then the world erupted. Fifty million fainted. Far more echoed Horus' shout, and went berserk.

Sorcery...?

...Upon his beloved people...? Never would he have dreamed it...to so raise his arms and part his lips. But massive deaths were flashing before his face. When he looked at Horus, his intention was to speak rebuke with his eyes. What he saw in Horus' wide stare only heightened his own concern. He had never seen such a look of horror on a face. He didn't know if Horus gave any serious thought to what his stunt could lead to. If the security Chief had envisioned anything, it wasn't this catastrophe that was unfolding.

Horus looked like a bigger version of that scared little boy his mother had brought before him on the ship after they had fled the Sumerian Sorcerers.

His rage at his half-brother, instantly evaporated and all he could think about was not letting mass death and destruction torment Horus' conscience for the rest of his life. Whatever Horus meant to do, he didn't mean this. He raised his arm. In his hand a black object resembling a blotout.

The gadget was used widely in Atlan, especially near the end. Most people suffered no ill effect from the energy it released. A few did fall ill. A rare death or two was known to occur. But he had no choice.

Suddenly, a world that tossed and turned like a raging sea became as still as a cold, dessert night. Millions of people were frozen in every position. He looked again at Horus and was grateful that the people of Babylon could not see his young Brother—the brother who called him Father. No matter what his son did, no Father would want to see his son so naked before one person; much less the world...and neither would a brother of his brother. He tried to lift Horus to his feet and felt like he had grabbed hold of jell, so boneless did his brother's body feel. Horus slipped from his grasp and back down to the floor. Finally he left them; Horus to his remorse and shame, and the people of Babylon to their unnatural sleep.

Chapter fifty-two

Marduk and lady Lil



“How dare you, Marduk!”

Marduk looked at his mother. Life in Babylon had been good to her...or bad, depending on whether he measured it against what he wanted for her, or what he wanted for Babylon. Long ago she told him she was born of Cushite royalty. Every day it showed more and more in the way she carried herself and in her temperament. He was happy that she was getting so much love and devotion from the Adamites. But he could see that she was being warped by it just as he knew would happen.

“What are you talking about, Meri?” He took her coat and helped her seat herself; not because she was feeble and old, but because she seemed to expect it.

“You know very well what I’m talking about, Marduk! How dare you introduce ritualistic sacrifice into this new world? You know what my people went through in Atlantis.”

For a minute he had no idea what she was referring to, but then it dawned on him she was speaking about the new articles ratified into the Babylonian Constitution.

“Have you read the new Article, Meri? It’s not ceremonial sacrifice. All the law calls for, is humiliation of the king. Sethis did submit such a motion you speak of, for fear that in the future, Tyrants will place themselves over the people, but his motion was roundly defeated.”

“Horus will one day be king. Will you really have one born of the house of Cush struck in the face before all of Babylon?”

He smiled at how she had come to him exaggerating. She did read the article. Or someone fully briefed her on what it stated. She also knew about Sethis’ failed motion.

“Yes I will Mother. It was my Idea, and now it’s the law of the land. Horus *may* one day be king, but I’m king now and the law is in full effect as of yesterday.”

She looked like she was going to faint. “Have you lost your mind, Merodach? To think of Horus being so shamed in front of all of Babylon was preposterous, but you...who will dare strike you in the face?”

“Sethis is high Priest. It is his duty.”

Her tone softened with the look in her eyes. “Merodach, sometimes I think you lose yourself so much in the world of your dreams that you barely live in the real world. Sethis will never strike you.”

“He was a member of the Council that ratified the article. And he knows what his duties are.”

“Yes, but he most likely thought the law was meant for future kings, not you. Merodach, you know your siblings..., to even think about humiliating you in their dreams would send them into frenzy, but before the entire world...be realistic.”

“Meri, The laws of Babylon are what will make her future. They are not drawn up and ratified frivolously. They are not to be applied by the whims and prerogatives of the self-important. They are bigger than houses, men, women, gods, or lords—no matter how important they think them and their pride to be. And no one is above the law, *no one*. All of Babylon will witness the new law in effect six months from now, and every year at the same time, after that. It will be ceremony, celebration, as well as duty, it is called Akitu, and it

shall become so ingrained in the culture and minds of the people of Babylon they will expect their right to Akitu as they expect their right to breathe.”

“And what do you think such lowering of the house of Cush will do to the Igigis when you leave us, Merodach? How many times have you told me that your time with us is limited? ”

“First, Mother, why are you so sure that the future of the throne belongs to the house of Cush? The Gebonites and Sethites are much more numerous. And both are more ruthless and ambitious. What about the Adamites...whose to say that one day their internal need to grovel will not be bred out of future generations? Have you realized yet, the folly of your scheme, Meri?”

“The house of Cush is the most revered by all in Babylon. It needs to stay that way or the Hybrids will enslave my children. How can we maintain what the Adamites have raised unto us if you strip us of our majesty?”

“That’s the whole point, Meri; you can, and will not. The house of Cush will not control the destiny of Babylon. The Adamites will. Either the Adamites control the future, or the demons will control everyone, because the Adamites are the only ones who have no ambitions but to live in peace and contentment. Give the power to the people, Mother, and teach them to hold it and guard it with the utmost jealousy, or Babylon will never know anything but the hell of division, the strivings of the ambitious, and all the torment that goes along with it.”

“Marduk, please—”

“You knew I wouldn’t accommodate your plot, Mother.”

“My plot...?”

“Come now, Mother...long live the king? I never wanted that kind of hierarchy introduced in Babylon but we all knew that once the Adamites got whiff of the idea they would yearn for nothing else. Horus would never have so blatantly betrayed me on his own initiative... nothing to be done about it now. They will have their king. But I shall defang him like a toothless daggercat”

Tears flooded her eyes. “Betrayal, Merodach...How dare you accuse me of betraying you? You do not hear or see what goes on under your own nose. The whispers, the mumbling... I did it for you Merodach...for the Igigi. ”

“Why would you think that you know something that goes on in Babylon that I am unaware of? I, who have seen the Hybrids before Nut gave birth to the first one of them.”

“If you knew, why did you let that babe live Merodach? You promised me...you promised,” she sobbed.

“What did I promise you, Meri?”

“My children will never be slaves again.”

He thought she was going to say something else. With this she was right.

“Yes I did, but I never promised them Lordship, or privilege above others. I can, and will keep my true promise, Meri, but only if the ones I count on the most to stand by me, do not work against me.”

“You knew, Merodach. You should have killed that babe. Was one life worth the future of all the Innocents of this new world?”

He had to struggle to keep down the sickness bubbling up inside him. Her aura glowed with an intensity that hit him like a wall of evil, even though it wasn't evil. It was the first time he had felt the energy of fear and love, bring up in him the same sickness as pure evil. It took great effort to not want to engage her, much more to calm his tone.

“I tried to keep the Cushites from breeding with the Adamites, Mother, but even then I knew it wasn't a real solution. From the beginning of time such efforts has failed. The Ancients Ones, failed to keep the Saurians from breeding with the WoMans. Onanes failed to keep the WoMans, in the beginning, from breeding with the other species. The Guild failed to keep the Lords from breeding with the Cushites. I never thought I could prevent it, Meri. I had just hoped I could have prevented it from happening too soon. I wanted time. But once the babe was implanted, it would have been no solution to kill it, only grave evil, for then where does the killing stop? It's true the Hybrids are highly susceptible to demonic manipulation, but if the demons had no better choice they could raise up rocks to oppose and stumble me. How do I kill the rocks, Meri? How about the wind, the trees, the ground, my own beloved...?”

She listened to him quietly—with growing wonder, and though intellectually, she still was not exorcised of her fears, in her heart, her spirit, she had become a believer, a devoted disciple of her own son.

“Who are you, Merodach? What are you...that you have no wants, no desires, no pride or ambition? No fears? Your speech is not of this earth, your ways...who has been like you in this world?”

He looked in her eyes and saw that she really expected answers to her questions. Most times he didn't understand himself—or know himself. Who was he, the son of this woman sitting before him? The son of Bel Lil...? He knew no more of who he was than she, but he did know who had influenced him most in the way he spoke and acted.

During the twenty years he spent exiled on Jupiter, he had read and meditated on every word the great Sage of Indo, has ever been said to have spoken or taught. As his Mother marvels at his speech today, he had marveled at the incredible truth, understanding, and wisdom of the great Indo Martyr. And the more he read and studied the Sage, the more he

marveled, and the more of himself he lost into the great Sage's words, ways, and legacy.

Sometimes he thought himself to be that One, who freed the Universe of Saurian evil. Sometimes, he felt that the great Sage was in him, spoke through his lips, walked with his legs, loved with his heart. The most amazing thing was that every day that he lived, witnessed, and experienced the world around him, the more real the great martyr of Indo became to him. Every event proved the truthfulness of his words and the outer worldly essence of his wisdom. The great Sage *knew*. He knew the world, he knew the Universe, he knew the demons, he knew man, he knew the animals, he knew the past, the future, he knew the unknowable One, and he understood it all—knew the minds of it all, the whys of it all, the purpose of it all, and the striving of it all. He did not teach words, ideas, or stories, he taught profoundness. Every day that passed proved that he spoke with deep understanding and knowing of everything that has happened, is happening and will happen.

Being a born sorcerer, he also had an ability to see and discern some of what the future held. But the great Sage saw everything, and he saw it all, a long time ago.

He said to his Mother: "I am your son, Meri, but if what you are asking is what has made me who—"

"I think of him often when I see you sometimes...listen to you talk."

"How do you know who I mean?"

"How can I not know? There is none else like you."

"I have studied him Mother...to discover how he freed the Universe. The solution I seek for the people of Babylon is as eternal as what he gave the people of Indo. Kingship is temporary, power is fleeting. pride is propped up on shifting sands, but freedom, Meri...freedom—when it is engraved upon the heart, lives forever, and it never stops dreaming and reaching. But it does not dream and reach for the few, the chosen, or the special, it dreams and reaches for everyone, — the lowly, the ugly, the misshapen, the ignorant, and the poor. Freedom is the ultimate love, and the only true love. Do you know what the great Sage has taught me about freedom, Meri?"

"Tell me, Merodach." As big as he was, his eyes were wide with the wonder of a child. She never got the chance to mother him when he was a boy. She would keep him in this conversation forever if she could just to hold on to this moment.

"He has taught me that freedom does not want, it does not desire, it does not store for the future. He has taught me that freedom leaves no one out, or behind and it will make a billion successful souls sit in wait for that one lost soul to catch up, because freedom understands that no one is happy, or reaches paradise, until everyone walks through the gate together. He taught me that freedom knows that no one is free until, and unless everyone is free."

He paused and took a breath. "Do you understand what I'm saying, Meri...why the need for Akitu?"

"I understand you, Merodach. I have always understood you. You are not like us. We cannot see what you see. It is impossible for us to live in your world just as you will never be able to ground yourself to the here and now reality of our world."

"You understand nothing," he said sadly.

"Oh, but I really do, Merodach. I believe you. I believe *in* you. And I know that one day you will do all that you dream for the future of the people of Babylon. But I am not a daughter of the future, I am a child of the past, and all its horrors and insecurities have limited my ability to see so far. I want security and happiness for the Igigis now."

"You disappoint me...very much...You and Horus and the others. I would have hoped you all would have reached the self-ascendancy of Sethis by now."

It hurt deep down inside her to see him so without understanding of how much he was really loved by his family. Yes, she wanted the house of Cush to control the future of Babylon. Yes, she wanted Horus to be king after him. Yes, she feared the Hybrids. But for her and the rest of the Igigis, it was not really about any of that. It was about him. The house of Cush will never allow the Hybrids to so much as take his name in vain; take from him his spot. Never!

"Merodach," she pleaded, "I know one day you will fulfill your destiny, but you are not grounded in this world. You see and you know everything I do but it is impossible for you to give urgency to anything here because you are too enmeshed with the future."

You know how the Hybrids plot but you do not give it the gravity it will mean for the immediate future of the people of Babylon because you can only really see the far future. In the meantime the Igigis and Adamites will suffer. "

"There will be suffering no matter what we do. Whether it be the Hybrids or the Sumerian Sorcerers, themselves, evil is coming upon all the people of Babylon. That's exactly why the focus should be on purifying the people's atoms so they can join the free citizens of the Universe, and not on trying to stave off the inevitable. The sooner the people of Babylon purify their atoms, the sooner we can leave this evil sphere."

Again she was stirred in her soul by his sincerity and passion but she was still not convinced.

"Merodach, do you know where Geb is?"

The question shocked him. Surely his Mother knew that Geb had to be dead. No Adamite or Hybrid lived longer than 5000 years and a living Geb would be over 9000 years old. Why would...impossible, was his first thought, but being a Sorcerer he knew the word had no place in his vocabulary. Geb was alive. He sensed it now that his Mother brought the Adamite's aura into his field of thought.

He hadn't thought about Geb in centuries; hadn't seen him since he healed the boy after Horus' unfortunate attack on him. It was clear Geb wanted to be left alone after then, and he thought it was the least the sorely wronged, young Adamite deserved. So he had left him alone...physically and mentally.

There was always something strange about Geb and it wasn't just his light skin or abnormal size. If the Nomelan was alive, he was an even more remarkable person than he thought him to be long ago when he showed no anger at what Shu, did to him. With such robust sons biting at the bit to take over Babylon, Geb could easily try to get power and revenge. If he is alive, he must know of the opportunities that awaits him just for the taking. With their Father as a beacon to the unite them, the Gebonites could not only crush the house of Cush, they could mount a serious challenge to him—enough to be more than an annoyance anyway. He would never use destructive sorcery against any of the WoMans, so he would have to gather up men to fight men which is the last thing he wanted to do. With all the problems already on his plate, he was grateful Geb has shown himself to be so different from his sons. He could only hope he stay that way.

He knew of the accusations that his Mother had spies throughout Babylon. He didn't want to confront her so he didn't try to find out if the rumors were true. Now he knew they *were* truth, but why didn't she tell him about Geb before now? Lady Lil was becoming a real headache. He knew from his first conversation with her that she had ways and personalities that clashed, but it seemed her humble side was losing out completely to her harder edged nature.

"I imagine he would be dead of old age by now. Why do you ask?" he probed.

She smiled in response. As enigmatic a smirk as he has ever seen on any demon.

"And Djhuty," she said, *do you know where Djhuty is, Merodach?*"

Another person he hadn't thought about in a long time. In the beginning he had watched Djhuty closely, but there was never a negative report against the man. Even Nut could find nothing on him and for a long time he was very disappointed. He thought sure the Priest would slip. And he had so wanted to repay the man for all he had done to his Mother and his young siblings.

"It is no crime to lose one'self in Babylon. Is there a reason I should know of his whereabouts, Mother?"

“There is a reason for you to know about a lot of things, Merodach. That’s what I have been trying to tell you.”

“If you know something I should act upon Mother, just tell me. I have no time for—”

“Find Geb, Merodach.” She interrupted him. And before he could respond she stood, reclaimed her coat and returned to stand before him.

“I’m sorry for what happened three days ago. We didn’t mean—thank A-tom, no one was killed.” Her eyes glistened. “Such like will never happen again. But I will never stop trying to protect you, Merodach. I will never go against your will again, but there are ways to look after you that don’t involve challenging you and I shall not miss a one.”

Chapter fifty-three

Geb and Djhuty



"I should've killed you 9000 years ago when I had the chance." Djhuty glared his disgust at Geb, as he watched the Adamite leaning back smoking.

Geb's ass was as big as the back of a Tonbig now. The Nomelan freak wouldn't lift his hand to take a piss, if he thought someone would hold his rod for him. If it wasn't for the god, he would have killed the lazy bastard long ago. But the god protected the worthless mound of useless flesh for some reason.

Geb never turned his head to look in Djhuty's direction, but he still managed to blow smoke that snaked its way right up into the Priest's face. *"If you don't shut up and bring me some more smoke, I'm going to kill you right now."* Geb had long ago learned that the Priest feared him for some reason. He didn't know why. He never hurt the old pathetic god, and he had no intentions of harming him. But he had seen how cruel and vicious the weak god is, so he had no qualms about taking advantage of that fear. He enjoyed pushing the Priest around.

Djhuty balled his half a hand into the best fist he could manage, which meant only the thumb on that hand balled.

"All you do is sat on that urn eating and smoking!" Djhuty raged. *"Look at you, you fat..."*

Suddenly Djhuty felt something grip his chest organ like a vice. It squeezed hard. Then it began to squeeze harder. The god snarled inside his head. *"I warned thee, vermin slave, not to talk to my ss— thy superior in that tone."* Djhuty opened his mouth to scream but no sound escaped his lips. Geb heard him hit the floor of the cave and when he saw the Priest's eyes bulging out their sockets, he hoisted his 300 pound frame with unprecedented swiftness and was quickly kneeling at the Priest's side. *"What's the matter? Father, what's wrong?"*

As if something had angered him anew, the god tightened the vice he had on Djhuty's heart. Blood seeped out of every orifice in Djhuty's body, and it managed one weak audible gasp before it was still forever.

The god exited Djhuty's lifeless body and entered into Geb. The moment before, Geb felt tears welling up inside him for the Priest. Although he never liked the strange god, Djhuty had taken care of him for 9000 years. Without Djhuty, he would have killed himself long ago, or starved to death. He had no will to live.

A moment ago he wanted to cry, then suddenly he wanted to kick the dead Priest for all the animals he had watched him torture and burn. He fought the urge to do either. Instead he dragged the Priest outside the cave and although the first work he had done in centuries nearly killed him, he managed to dig a hole big enough to cover the Priest.

He was three days recovering from the exertion. The first time he heard the voice in his head, he thought he was still recovering, but he quickly learned he was not asleep and it was not a dream. The voice had ways of letting him know that it was no mere figment of his imagination, or malfunction of his brain. The voice was like a bumblebee buzzing inside his head and its annoyance was more dreaded than the exercises it insisted that Geb do every morning. To shut the voice up was the only thing that could have led to the new Geb—the Geb, who six months after the Priest died; at the age of over 9000 earth years, was stronger and fitter physically, than he had ever been in his life.

If he thought it would kill the voice in his head, he would use the Priest's blotout to blow his brains out. But he knew that wouldn't hurt the voice or whomever the voice belonged to at all. He would be dead, and the voice would just move on to torment someone else.

To another it might have been a point for gratitude that thanks to the voice he was trimmer and looking even better than he did when he first met the beautiful goddess, nine centuries ago. But for him it only conjured up more hatred for the voice. What need him of a handsome face or body? He can never be with a woman again. Never be with *her*.

The Goddess...

Since the voice forced him to stop smoking, he started thinking about her again...the same old painful thoughts tormenting his brain. It was as if all that had occurred with her, happened yesterday, instead of nine thousand years ago.

The young god never meant to hurt him. He knew that even as he lay writhing on the ground in agony holding his smashed privates. That's why he had never been able to stir up the inner hatred the strange god held him in such contempt for not feeling.

The strange god called himself a Priest. It was a good thing he had a heart attack. He knew that the strange god was a pathetically weak god. Nothing like the big Lord, Marduk. He enjoyed telling himself that the Priest's sudden death saved him the trouble of killing the shrill himself. In reality though, he had never been able to bring himself to kill anything.

He didn't know why the voice made him bury the Priest. The strange god never buried anything he tortured and killed.

He hasn't done so much thinking since the last time he saw *her*. He remembered clearly the last time he saw the goddess. Her standing there, big as a Tonbig; pregnant, trying to get his attention. For what...what could he give, or do for her? He was a useless sapling with nothing. Not even a phallus to pleasure her with.

All he wanted to do then, and all he wanted to do now, is smoke until he died. He couldn't even have that. Not only doesn't he die early, he lives almost twice as long as anyone else of his kind...with no signs of ill health or death in sight. Feeling better physically now than he ever had in his life...thinking better too...at least clearer. The Priest always nagged that smoking root so much was going to kill him.

There was something to gloat about in that, considering how much he despised the strange god. But he didn't feel like laughing.

No, the voice has done him no favor. Feeling good and thinking clearly only brings out hungers in a person. Desires, he had spent 9,000 years trying to suppress. Thinking about it all the time now.... remembering all those times behind the rocks with her. How good it felt— she felt— sitting astride him. It does him no good at all to think about and remember those things with such clarity.

She has given him many, many sons. The Priest told him that.

The voice has taken up where the dead Priest left off. Talking about kingship and ruling the world. As if he wanted to rule this cave, much less the world. He had no intentions of using his sons to take over the world. He don't know them. They don't know him. They are brutal people—his sons.... disrespectful of the gods and cruel to his Mother's people. The Priest told him about this as if it was something that he should be proud of...Proud of arrogance and cruelty. A-dom! He is glad that old slitherbit is dead!

Chapter fifty-four



Marhrab

“Oh no, not you again!”

“You had better learn some respect or I’ll squeeze your heart until it explodes like an overripe melon.”

“I’m sooo afraid”

“I’ll—”

“— Yeah, Yeah... Squeeze my heart. Sear my brain with fire...what do you want? “

“If you weren’t my—”

“—what do you want?”

“I want you to—”

“—Kill something—?”

“—kill something, uh, I mean, perform a sacrifice in my honor. This will prove your loyalty to me.”

“What gave you the idea I’m loyal to you? I don’t even know who you are...who are you? “

“I am who I am.”

“So am I and Popeye, but we still have names.”

“Silence! Do as I say and I will give you the world.”

“I don’t want the world.”

“I’ll make you the father of multitudes.”

“I’m already the father of multitudes.”

“I’ll give you riches beyond your...look, you’ll do as I say or I’ll—”

“—I know...I know. Squeeze my heart. Sear my brain...”

“Just stop a moment and think, Marhrab. I will give you dominion over the entire earth and over all the beasts.”

“My name is not Marhrab. I don’t want dominion over the earth.”

“What would thou then, that I call thee... Ya-phet? “

“Very funny... in case you’re blind as well as dumb, I’m not so fat anymore. The priest called me Saturn. I kind of like that. “

“Why would he call you, Saturn?”

“Because I was always over there satting on that urn. I liked that too. And I’ d much rather you leave me alone and let me get back to sitting on my urn than trying to make me ruler of the world. “

“But why?”

“Sounds like a lot of work to me. Why don’t you do it? “

“Because I– enough of this! You will do as I command!”

“Do what? Kill something. Or rule the world? “

“Both!”

“I’m not killing anything.”

“Then you will die!”

“We’ve been over that.”

“Look...Marhrab.”

“My name’s not Marhrab.”

“Sat—urn, then!”

“I would if you’d go away and leave me alone.”

“You will give me your firstborn in sacrifice.”

“My first born died 4,000 years ago.”

“Give me a son, Motdamn thee!”

“Which one...I have millions of them. “

“Any one.”

“How do you expect a father to choose which son to slit and burn to death?”

“I’m going to kill you, yet.”

“Go ahead.”

“I’ll torture for a thousand years.”

“No you won’t.”

“Why won’t I?”

“Because I have a blotout.”

“Please put that thing away.”

“I’ll blot myself out right now.”

“No. No! Don’t do that! “

“Then go away.”

“Okay. Okay. But think about what I’m offering you. “

“I’ve thought about it.”

“And...?”

“Nope.”

“We’ll see.”

Thoth exited the mind of the stubborn Adamite to take a much needed nap.

Chapter fifty-five

The Azog



When Enki slew Apsu, the energy released not only woke up Mother Tiamat, it also woke up Apsu's father, Azog, the granddaddy of all Saurians. And he wasn't happy as he searched for a body to house his ethereal form.

The kind of host, the disembodied Saurian sought out, was one he sensed would be best for his majesty, needs and purposes. The Azog entered Thoth. But after seeing Thoth's interaction with the beast, Geb, all he wanted to do was exit Thoth, leaving Thoth's crushed atoms in his wake.

The Azog could barely contain his rage but before he destroyed Thoth, he wanted some kind of explanation.

"Why did thou not crush that insolent beast?" the Azog demanded inside of Thoth's head.

Thoth had no real answer. He knew he should have. No other vermin would have survived two seconds defying him the way Geb did. But Geb was his first born son. There was something about Saurians and their firstborn sons that defied reason. He had seen it played out over and over again. How the most ruthless Saurian, would become like beastwomen when it came to their first born sons. The Guild had long taken noticed of the strange phenomenon. During the civil war with Enlil and the other rebel Lords, they had tortured and killed all the sons of the rebel Lords in front of their faces as a deterrent as well as a punishment. Some of them wanted to do the same to Enlil's son, Marduk, but Thoth managed to convince them that the satisfaction wouldn't have been worth the price.

Enlil was giving up in a war that amounted to nothing more than a fight for the right to breed with Igigi women, but he would never give up a war of revenge over the Guild torturing and killing his firstborn son.

Such irrational worship of their own firstborn sons, was why Saurians often demand that people, they plan to use for any purpose, kill *their* firstborn sons as the ultimate show of loyalty. They are so enamored of their own; they find it impossible to believe all other Beings don't feel the same.

Thoth never thought he could succumb to such weakness. Then again, he never thought he would have a son.

Females were not his choice of sexual pleasure. He defiled himself with a female only to give birth to another instrument to aid in his quest to take over the earth. That's all he expected Geb to mean to him. But he discovered he was not immune to the weakness.

He couldn't kill his son.

"Answer me, fool!" the Azog thundered.

Thoth's unrivaled thought process was churning a mile a minute. He had to get the Azog off his son, and out of him.

"Great father of time, why dost thou lower thyself inside the inferior likeness of one such as I? There lives one who is much more worthy of thy magnificence. Oh great Lord of the ages, may I tell thee of this one, who alone is worthy to house thy brilliancy?"

The Azog was as much moved by the talk of a worthy host as he was by the flattery. He needed a host to concentrate his atoms enough to be more than just a wide open force of energy, so vast, he was really nothing.

"Speak freely, fool! And quickly, for I shalt have my vengeance for having to witness that—that disgraceful display thou put me through."

Thoth spoke fast:

"There is one called, Inanna, oh Ancient of days, she—"

—Inanna...A bitch's name! The Azog flared so much, Thoth felt like he was being ripped apart from the inside. ***"Thou suggest that I—"***

A lesser Being would have exploded into a million pieces but Thoth's strong sorcery immediately formed a shield to hold his atoms together. It still took everything he had to speak.

"Thou knoweth Almighty one, that the female has always been the mightiest Saurian warrior."

Thoth felt the pressure lessen.

The female side of the Saurian bisexual nature had always been the ruler of the Saurian collective, until Ki, the serpent, killed the last female to rule. The Azog once carried that dual nature Itself. Now it was formless.

Since the Saurian queens has lost everything for the First Ones of the earth, except their tenuous hold on the earth's solar system, the male side of the Saurian dual nature developed a deep hatred for its female side.

The Azog exited Thoth and floated all around him, shimmering. ***"How will I know this Inanna, for I have been long in stillness?"***

"Thou will know her Highest. When the time comes, just follow the trail of death and destruction of the beasts."

The Azog had no form, but even without a face or lips to mold it, Thoth could clearly see in his mind's eye, the trait so indicative of his kind.

Chapter fifty-six

Akitu



“I will not strike you, Father.”

All the Cushites who escaped the moon with Marduk were gathered together. And each of them was weeping.

Marduk looked at the Priest, his youngest brother, with surprise. He knew how the other Cushites felt, but Sethis was different. He had always been different. If there was anybody who was more anti-hierarchy than himself, it was Sethis. Not only that, Sethis was an accomplished Magician—especially for a Woman. Being a Sorcerer, Sethis saw, and understood the truths of the Universe far better than the others. Besides that, the man was high Priest, keeper of the laws and traditions of Babylon.

“It is your duty.” The tears annoyed Marduk even more than the obstinacy. They all acted as if what he was asking was of the greatest significance in all creation, when in the scheme of things it was nothing. They were bogging down in the middle of a great cosmic enterprise, over nothing.

Sethis removed the signet ring that symbolized his position. “I quit.” He held out the ring to Marduk.

“It is not my prerogative to strip you of the honor the people of Babylon has bestowed upon you but if you will not do your duty, I will find someone who will, so the law may be obeyed. The people will be informed of your dereliction of duty, so that they may vote into your place someone more deserving of their trust.”

Sethis’ already wet face crumbled and he reached out like a hurt two year old to Marduk with the hand holding the ring. Marduk turned away from him.

“Will no one step forward...for Babylon?”

They all stared down at the floor with bent heads.

“I thought you understood,” Marduk said softly. He turned to the young scribe—a Sethite—whose job it was to record for all posterity, every council session that concerned Babylon and its citizens. “Call General Samson, the son of Geb, and bring him to this place.” The young woman nodded and exited the room.

Samson is the young Gebonite who had wanted so much to go on the mission to greet the ship that carried Bel Lil. He was a hulking, muscular man, with long ropey hair that fell down to the middle of his back. His strength was legendary. He was the first Hybrid that Horus had ever let join the security forces but that was only because Marduk insisted. Since then, the security forces of Babylon had been run without discrimination. Marduk knew there was a risk in that. But he had decided that Babylon was going to stay true to her intent if it destroyed her.

“What are you doing, Father?”

Marduk ignored Nephethis’ question.

“No one will strike you in the face, Father.” Shu lifted his head for the first time since entering the room. His eyes were lit with tears and fierceness.

“The just and righteous laws of Babylon will be obeyed. If none of you will honor her mandates, I’m sure Samson, the son of Geb, will not shirk his duty to Babylon.”

“Then Samson, the son of Geb, will die this day.” Horus looked Marduk straight in the eye.

Lady Lil moved to stand between Marduk and Horus. “Will you make murderers of all my sons? I told you they would not—”

Marduk raised his hand like a shield between them “Sit down, Mother...please.” He turned again to address them all.

“Samson, the son of Geb, is the only one I know who is brave enough to do this great thing in face of the rage of the house of Cush. But know this: What the son of Geb does to protect Babylon, her just and righteous laws, and her people, will leave him far from being alone. He will not only have me standing by him, he will have all of Babylon standing with him. I brought you all—my beloved—here because I knew how hard this would be for you. I wanted this great thing to be done by you, for the sake of the honor of our house, but if the house of Cush must be humiliated this day, by the house of Geb, in order for Babylon to be true to her goals, then so be it. One last time, I ask, who will be true to Babylon this day.”

Horus stood up straighter in the face of Marduk. “And again I say no one will strike you in the face father, and live.”

Nut looked at Marduk and saw something in his eyes she never saw before...pure hurt. She was solidly with her brothers...until she saw that look. She stepped forth.

"I'll do it," she said softly. Nephethis reached out and grabbed her by a sleeve. She snatched her arm free. "I'll do it," Nut said louder. She looked into Horus' angry glare and held his stare. The muscles in Horus' jaw jumped and the hands at his side clenched and unclenched. For what seemed an eternity of tension, he glared at his pregnant wife, seemingly willing her to step back. Nut took another step forward. "I'll do it," she repeated. Horus dropped his eyes and it was he who visibly retreated.

"Come Marduk." She took him by the hand. "Let's get this over with before I lose my nerve."

Marduk walked with Nut, the short distance from his home to the council building. From there they were driven to the ceremony field. Marduk was determined that Akitu be performed in real time before the people so no future king could deal in deception.

Nut thought the sky bluer than she had ever seen it...the grass greener. The murmurs and crowd sounds of the people were loud...louder than she had ever experienced before. Her senses were in an extremely heightened state and as she looked up at Marduk, she realized it was because she was terrified; not of what she was about to do; not of the people or her family, but of everything; what was, and what will be. Everything was about to change. She sensed it. Marduk was making a grave mistake. A mistake all of Babylon will one day sorely regret. She understood him. She knew what drove him. What made him. His fanatical sense of justice was unrealistic in the real world. Sometimes there was a need for strength—even strength propped up by force and illusion—for the wellbeing of all.

Marduk was determined to undermine not only the godhood status the Adamites had given him, but the high status and power of the house of Cush, itself. She believed in him so she knew that in the long run everything he was doing is right. But like her Mother and the rest of her family, she had come up from the hell of slavery and tasted power. How could she not fear the slightest erosion of that power and the security it provided? Even if she knew it was short term and more illusion than real. It will still last her lifetime.

She couldn't remember hitting him in the face, but she knew she must have done it because she did recall something crashing against her forehead. After that she remembered nothing.

She was told that she had been bed-ridden for seven days. She lay there and thought of her husband, with anger. Horus had given Babylon the infernal gift that just keeps on giving. Two bloody riots within a single year.

Marduk and the Council had prepared for the first Akitu—so they thought. There had been many open field test sessions with Marduk addressing the people of Babylon since the first one that ended so tragically. Even though the Council knew the much greater risk of Akitu, the people had been educated about the Ceremony. They knew what would happen. So why did they explode? Why were two hundred Babylonians killed and thousands more seriously injured? Marduk had to once again use sorcery to limit the damage.

There was something more to the events of that day than what initially met the eye. This was not a people's uprising against Akitu.

After she slapped Marduk, she was told, there was a great gasp, but no outbursts until someone yelled and threw a bottle with pinpoint accuracy into the middle of her forehead. It was never discovered, who threw the bottle but it sent the Gebonites into a frenzy. She is their first mother.

The Horites killed 25 Gebonites that day while trying to contain their rampage. Two Horites were killed. The rest of the dead were Adamites, killed by the Gebonites. The Gebonites had the atmosphere charged with such a potent energy of rage and fear; it took the sleep spell Marduk cast, over half an hour to start taking effect on even the Adamites. On the Gebonites and Horites, it took longer.

As she replayed what she was told of the events of that day over in her mind, Nut suddenly realized she hadn't seen Marduk since she was hurt. Until now, she was too weak and drowsy to think or focus on what was happening, or not happening around her. If Marduk had been there to see her, she wasn't aware of it. If he hadn't visited her, something was seriously wrong. She bolted upright. Of course something was seriously wrong! Over two hundred Babylonians were dead. She knew Marduk. No one understood him like she did. He would blame himself. She got up, ignoring the pain pounding in her head and starting dressing. She had to find Marduk.

Marduk is in trouble!

Chapter fifty-seven

Where's Marduk?



“See how easy it is to get him to leave his seat?” Thoth gloated.

The Sumerian Sorcerers were bunched up around the scanscreen in Enki's small, self-proclaimed control room. Not all of the Guild could fit in the room at the same time and those not present were Anu and Inanna.

Enki was seated. Thoth stood peering over Enki's left shoulder. Nergal was standing over Enki's right shoulder. Erra and the rest of the Sorcerers got their looks the best they could. There were only two chairs in the small room which was built to comfortably accommodate only two people. The Guild didn't want to waste the time, manpower and material, building any permanent or opulent structures because they had no intentions of staying on the moon. Most of those in the room had to stand or leave. After getting the looks they wanted in the scan screen, Ereshkigal, Hadad, Apep, Ninhursag, Ishkur and Nanna left in a huff.

“That's right, go on home, thou lazy, fat bitches,” Nergal taunted, “No good to us anyway.” Nergal leaned into Erra as if he didn't know a deaf man could hear him from two miles away. “How are they going to help us fight Marduk when they can't even stand on their puffy feet for more than five minutes?”

Erra shook the ringing out of his ears and distanced himself from his loud kin. His own feet were killing him and the only reason he didn't leave to find somewhere to sit was because

he didn't want to miss anything. Marduk had left the earth. This was a great development for the Guild.

"Oh, the mysteries of life," Enki chuckled, "How can someone so—so powerful, be so—so...Marduk?" She clasped her hands together and cackled with glee.

"Let's not get too happy here, chuckles." Nergal snapped two fingers at his Igigi slave, and waved her away from him and out of the room." He'll be back and he's still Marduk. Is strange though...imagine all that agonizing over the deaths of a handful of phallus dips"

Enki, still not all the way back from the transformation he/she made to trap and murder Apsu, reached back and grabbed at Thoth's inner thigh. He/She purred, "Did thou throw the bottle too?" Thoth scowled at the back of her head. He moved out of her reach.

"I hear some of the toothless ones have been whispering to Mother Tiamat."

Enki's sudden renewed aura sucked from the good mood in the room like a gaping hole in the side of a flying vihanua.

"Just jesting," Thoth lied, "but if Thou don't keep thy hands off me, Mother Tiamat's not going to have anything left to crush if she does find out who murdered Apsu."

"Where's Marduk?" Erra, who seemed to get smaller every time Thoth saw him since being humiliated and usurped by Nergal, looked at Thoth, eyes shining with admiration. Thoth wanted to kick him in his shriveled ball sack. He still hadn't forgotten their fight even if it did happen so long ago he couldn't even remember who won. Nothing he despised more than a former killer turned jelly fish. Instead he answered: "Probably at his mansion on Jupiter."

"They can space travel?" Erra's two slits for eyes, widened.

"If thou came to the meetings sometimes, instead of lying around with thy abds all day, thou would have already known that. "

Thoth looked from Erra to Nergal and back to Erra. Nergal was as insulting as he could be to a fellow Ty— someone who was born of a higher rank in their house. But just as he expected, nothing from the great killer of old. The corner of Thoth's lips lifted into a sneer.

Thoth said: "Unlike thou lazy layabouts, I've been trying to upset things down there but Marduk is still making great strides in preparing for us. If we don't get to earth soon we are going to have more trouble than we can easily handle. "

"Don't worry." Nergal walked over, grunted and crowded Erra out of the chair the bottom heavy Ty had finally secured when Enki vacated hers; pushed Erra off his spot again ten thousand years after the first time. For a brief instant, Thoth, who had been watching Nergal's low-key, systematic bullying of Erra with growing amusement, saw murder in

Erra's eyes...but only for a moment. The flame flared brightly and then flickered out just as fast. Thoth snickered.

"We'll defeat Marduk." Nergal positioned into his infamous lean back, looking more than pleased with himself as Erra, standing on his aching feet again, glared at the back of his head. "Our Ship is ready. We have millions of abds, loyal to us...though we'll have to kill or leave most of them behind. Mother Tiamat has a whole army down there waiting for us... hidden in the mountains. Some vicious looking specimens too...Scared me," the big Ty mocked, clearly not the least bit impressed with Mother Tiamat's army. "Thou seen them yet, Ibis?"

Thoth nodded. "Has she called thee, yet?"

"Yeah, but I have to wait until we get down there. I can't do the projection thing."

"Thou could if thou tried."

Nergal rankled, sat straight up in the chair. "I can break thy warbled neck if I *tried* too. I suggest thou not *try* to tell me what to do and just be grateful I don't like to do a whole lot of *trying* at anything."

Besides his toughness and fearlessness; by learning to pilot the ship, Nergal had proven himself to be much more than just some big, dumb bully who got by on intimidating everyone around him. Thoth didn't fear Nergal, but like Marduk, the mean spirited Ty, was someone he had grown to respect. He didn't spar too much with those he respected. He either fought them to kill, or avoided talk that could lead to things he wasn't prepared for. He needed Nergal. What he didn't need was any serious infighting among the members of the Guild. When this was all over with Marduk and Bel Lil—then he will settle things with the loud mouth Ty.

Enki returned to the room and stood in front of Nergal, patiently waiting for something. With Nergal showing no signs of giving it, she coughed. Nergal grinned, put his hands behind his head and leaned back farther than ever.

Thought thou didn't like upsetting the Eeen. Thoth grinned to himself.

"Get outta my chair, Motdammit!" Enki screamed finally, "I'm the Eeen!"

"Yes thou are," Nergal agreed with exaggerated politeness, "but I'm Eeen the chair."

Chapter fifty-eight



Where's Marduk?

A slow brewing storm was gathering over Babylon. Marduk hadn't been seen in three weeks. The people were anxious and restless. Word got around that Marduk had taken one of the ships and abandoned them. Women and children set up vigil in front of his house and wailed night and day. Grown men sat at home from their jobs crying in their beer. Even the animals seemed to be in mourning. Runbits didn't run as fast, and they were road kill everywhere. Tonbigs started leaving the jungles and coming to the cities, just one of them blocking traffic in four lanes. Hatebits were hating even more, rearing up on their tiny paws and fighting when confronted instead of fleeing as they normally would. The Gebonites were raising hell in every bar and on every street corner, except they weren't just bullying the Adamites, they were knocking the hell out of each other. The Horites showed no zeal towards keeping the peace in Babylon.

The Tower... No brick had been laid in two weeks. Not even the master masons were showing up for work.

Where's Marduk?

This was the cry on every tongue and the longer the query went unanswered, the sadder Babylon got.

Horus.

This was his moment, his time...his chance to take charge. He had been hungry for this, felt it was his birthright. But when the people of Babylon looked around for someone to guide them, to lead them, to help them through their sadness, their fear, their insecurities, Horus—the future king of Babylon was with his wailing wife Nut, she holding him only slightly tighter than he held on to her, two words on both their trembling lips...

"Where's Marduk?"

Chapter fifty-nine



Isis

Marduk, my beloved...

Why must thou torment me as thou torment thyself? Why dost thou shut me out? Dost thou not know that I feel thy pain e'en more deeply than thee? Dost thou any idea of what it does to me not to be there to soothe thee when thy hurt with such strength? And without thee, how can I soothe myself? Beloved, how do I live, now that I have seen what thy truly love? Why dost thou love the beasts so? If the death of a mere handful of them hurts thee so much, how live I, my own destiny? Thou know about destiny Lord. And thou know Inanna. If only thou had slain us when even she would have willingly stretched out her neck before thee. She will not allow me to slay us, and she—we—have been invaded by a force that frightens me.

My Lord, ye knew...E'en back in Atlan. How could thou allow this to happen to me? Why hath thy hated me so and thou has so loved the beasts? Inanna will destroy them, for not only is she empowered of the strength of the Azog and her own speciestral hatred; she is now empowered of my jealousy. I do not want to help her Lord, but emotions have weakened my will and stronger atoms overwhelm me. Still, I will fight her. I will never stop fighting her because of what she will do to thee.

Beloved, please strengthen thyself. Do not murder thyself with sorrow over the fate of the beasts. A mere handful is not a drop in the bucket for what Inanna will do.

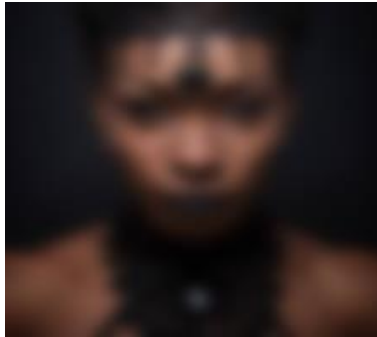
Marduk, I only wish to perish in the moments that I am alone. Please let me come to thee. I need thee.

Dost thy no longer love me?

Chapter sixty

"In Inanna" from the Unacceptable LP by akamardukson

Inanna



Marduk, thou fool. Why doth thou torment her as thou torment thyself? Why dost thou shut us out? Dost thou not know that she feels thy pain e'en more than thy feel thy own? Yes, she feeds me thy pain fool. I shall make thee hurt like thou make us hurt. What hurts thee Marduk? Ah yes, the beasts. Dost thou think thou know pain now Marduk, because a few of them has been killed? You should have never shut us out fool, for now she no longer struggles against me. Thou has hurt her heart and made her jealous. Thou know my destiny. Now there is nothing to restrain me.

Please let me come to thee Marduk. After I finish with thy precious beasts.

So I can see thy face as I watch thee slaughter thyself with grief.

Dost thou no longer love me?

Hahahahaha.

Chapter sixty-one

Marduk on Jupiter



There was not time for such self-indulgence and he knew it. But he couldn't help it...He needed this...needed regeneration, meditation, renewal, and the only way he could get it was by being alone, completely alone. It was always his way, his strength, his only means to cope with tragedy, especially those born of his own missteps and failures.

How could he not have foreseen it? It was not a question he asked himself out of self-pity, but one he needed a real answer to. Akitu will continue. And it will continue with the King of Babylon. For the foreseeable future, that was he. No one in Babylon wanted to strike him and no one wanted to see it done. His mistake was assuming too much. He saw so much farther than the normal person he often forgot how different things might look to others from what they appeared to him.

There should have been a larger educational program to help the people of Babylon really understand the purpose of Akitu. They understood it on the peripheral and they even loved and believed in the Idea...for anybody else but their beloved Marduk, in which case they understood nothing of it at all.

He has been hiding out on Jupiter for three weeks. It was the first time he had been without the company of Isis at night since he left the moon. She had faithfully come to him and filled his lonely nights with love...At least a part of her did. Long ago she had proved to him that she was of two opposite natures. It was why he loved her so much and despised her with equal measure. She was pure love and at the same time as evil as any Saurian he had ever met. He once thought she was a victim—like his mother, but one day she had told him—one side of her told him—that her hatred of the WoMans was not entirely driven by the abuse she received from the demons as a child. It was the Saurian blood in her. In the past the females ruled the Saurian collective, and they had always been the most vicious and warlike of the two genders.

Of course Inanna was half WoMan, which may do more to explain the conflict within her than anything else. Her extreme hatred for WoMankind and her extreme love for him was really the manifestation of how she felt about herself.

He loved her. She once told him that the unknowable One promised her that she would eventually be with him in the end. It was something he held on to dearly. What he had to do was save her from herself. Prevent her from killing the WoMans and making her evil atoms any stronger over her good atoms. It was not too late, but he had to first battle and defeat her...Not only her, but all the demons. He couldn't do that moping around here. It was time to go home.

His beloved Babylon needed him.

Chapter sixty-two

"I'm a Communist" from the Unacceptable by akamardukson

THE LORD HAS RETURNED



Marduk was afraid of pandemonium, so his return to earth was as stealthy as his departure. The gateway, the Babylonian Scientists had invented to implement the space program made it possible for anyone who knew the coordinates to travel to and from the earth, undetected by the naked eye.

Nephetis and her team of Cushite Scientists greeted him on his return. It was she who filled him in on the happenings in Babylon during his departure. `

In his need to get away, he never considered what affect his unexplained absence would have on this place and people.

After his briefing, he left the space center to go home. The men, woman and children of Babylon were still in front of his house, still holding vigil. It was predawn, an eerily dark night but his sharp eyes could clearly see that some of the people were asleep, though most were awake, moaning and praying. He could tell the ministrations had lost a lot of the initial steam. The people were tired; it showed in their lethargic movements and the hoarseness of their raised voices. For a long time he stood, watching and listening, soaking them in, loving them as they loved him. Finally he stepped forward out of the shadows. As if they sensed him before they saw him, a collective murmur arose. A woman shrieked.

"Sssh," he said, so softly it was loud enough to wake the sleeping, "be still." He walked in the midst of them and sat cross legged on the ground. No one got excited, no words were spoken; silent communication between the people of Babylon, and the half Saurian, whom they called lord. Finally he stirred,

"When have you last eaten?"

“More than three days ago for the adults Lord,” someone responded.

“We were on a fast,” another said.

He had guessed so. He closed his eyes. His lips moved like prayer. Words were spoken. None who was near enough to hear him could understand what he said. Then there was a collective gasp from the great multitude who was gathered there with him. Children laughed and tittered with excitement. Most of the people could not see him, but no one jostled. It was as if they didn’t need to see him to know and feel he was there. Again they sat in silence, breaking bread together. After a while of that he stood and spoke to the people.

“Tell Babylon to weep no more.”

“The Lord has returned!” A man’s loud, ecstatic voice interrupted him.

Not exactly what Marduk was going to say but the gist of it.

He was back home.

Chapter sixty-three

Tiamat's Brood



High in the mountains, to the North is where they hid themselves—foul, hideous Monsters with no apt description because she— the great Mother— had sent out a call, and a remnant of every creature on earth had walked, crawled, flown, slithered, or loped to answer her summons. Into her formless, mountainous flesh she had welcomed them all— filled them all with her hatred, her desires, and her lust for vengeance upon the hated Usurpers.

The most Lethal of her brood were the scorpion men, gigantic, one eyed monstrosities with the upper body of a man, lower body of a fish and a huge bright red tail of a desert scorpion. Some of the other monsters she birthed were the daggertooth tiger men. There were also the gigantic winged serpents that spat long streams of fire.

Those are just a few of the thousands of misshapen soldiers in her terrible army. They were a hive collective and she was the queen mind. Even so it was not easy to control such a lethal brood of born killers and she had to destroy among them frequently, to keep them under control. Her orders were to wait, wait for her children stranded in exile to return to earth. These brainless fools were not bred to live or procreate. They were born to kill and die. They will start killing and never stop until they had slaughtered everything on earth—including one another. That was not what she wanted. This army was for Marduk, and Marduk, only. After they defeat Marduk, she will destroy them, and then she will go back to sleep until her more intelligent children takes over the earth and puts things back in the order they are supposed to be—the way they have been since the dawning of time. Saurian

rule! The manbeasts enslaved, tortured, slaughtered, and cannibalized in an orderly systematic fashion. So the Saurian race can have rest and grow strong off the beasts' torment. Where the manbeasts can do the work of building civilizations, and at the same time supply the tortured atoms that a Saurian needed to control her growth and feed her physical and psychological cravings.

When she first put herself to sleep, her last thoughts were of her longtime companion/lover/husband. She had so much wished to commune with him when she first awakened. She knew he had fled the earth with the others before the nuclear explosion that destroyed Atlantis. So she never expected to speak to him until they all returned. Then again, she never expected to be woken before they all returned.

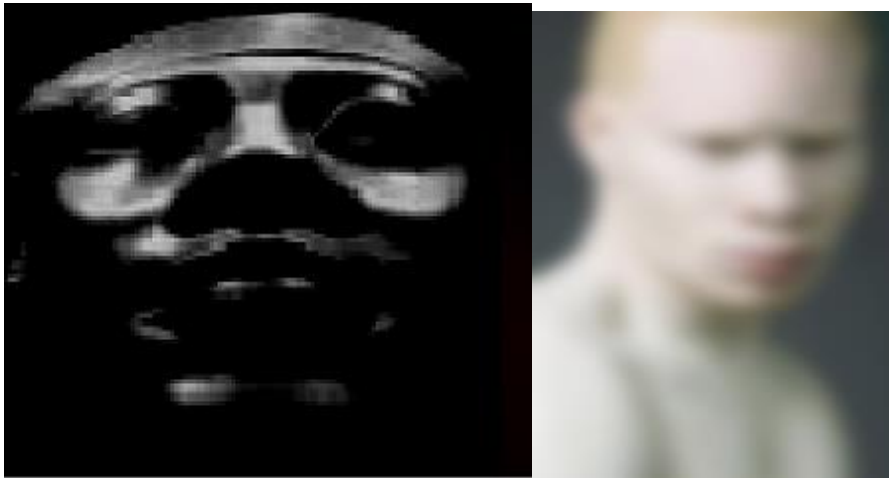
Apsu is dead.

She felt it when his atoms were released. At first she thought he expired of old age. She begged him to stay on earth with her and put himself into suspended animation to prolong his life. But the randy old fool just couldn't stand the idea of giving up his pleasure seeking for a minute, much less for a time undetermined. Yes, she thought he had died a natural death; for who would dare lay harm upon her lover? But lately she had been hearing rumors. She did not believe them...yet, for they make atrocious claims against her own foremost seed. But she will find out the truth. And if it be the rumor, woe, unto they who had deign to lay harm upon Apsu!

Chapter sixty-four

"Who's my brother" from the Unacceptable album by akamardukson

MARDUK AND SETHIS



"Come in Sethis".

Marduk grinned to himself. Nobody knocked on a door like Sethis did, and expected to be invited to enter. A doostreak, with its body being half ears, couldn't hear his tiny taps. Marduk could because when he wasn't too deeply occupied by his own thoughts, he sensed noise as much as he heard it. The door opened and the Priest entered and took his usual seat. Marduk could tell by his body language that this was going to be another complaint about Horus.

"What's on your mind, Sethis?" Marduk sighed and glanced —what he hoped was imperceptibly— at the timepiece on his wrist.

“It’s Horus, Father.

Marduk waited. Sethis was looking down at his feet. For a man of such power the priest had managed to remain amazingly humble and shy. Sethis out waited him.

“What about Horus?”

“Ever since he failed to take charge when you were gone, he’s been acting like he has something to prove.”

“What do you mean?”

“Babylon already has a king, Father.”

“Yes, but Horus will probably be chosen by the people to be King when I go to fight the demons at their seat of power.”

“I’m not as sure about that as you and Horus are. The people want a king like you. Horus is a good, honest man, but he will never stand for Akitu.”

Marduk’s tone and expression changed from mild annoyance to a more serious bent. He had lost some patience with all of them; their constant complaints and maneuvering. He still loved them dearly and always will and even though he knew what was happening with them was bound to happen and they in fact, all showed incredible strength of character considering what they were up against, he was still disappointed. It wasn’t fair to them. They were only flesh and blood. Their struggle in this solar system wasn’t against flesh and blood but against the unseen powers, and principalities that has owned and controlled this small part of the Universe since the dawn of creation. His disappointment with them was born out a love—a love that hurt because they weren’t progressing towards the main goal they had all set the way he had hoped. He was frightened for them because his time with them was running out and so were their chances to make themselves strong enough to fight the Sumerian Sorcerers when they returned.

After Sethis’ failure of duty, there was an emergency election held, the people still voted Sethis back into his high positions. Marduk never wanted him to lose them, Sethis was an exceptionally good man, but the people had a right to make that decision, not him.

“What makes you say that?”

“If you’re around him enough you can see his arrogance grows every day. He was never like this, demanding obedience and respect more than earning it by example. He lost something during your absence, and he doesn’t know what it is, or how to get it back the right way. I think it’s his self-confidence.”

Marduk hadn’t been around Horus much at all since his return. The last time they were together he did sense negative atoms in Horus that was never between them before.

Sethis said: He's losing the support of some important people. Everyone knows that one day you will leave us for a while, but they still expect you in their king. Which I know is the way you planned things. If Horus don't take stock of himself the only way he'd ever appear close to being you is to call himself Ausar too. "

Since he'd come back from his absence, somehow (by way of Nut, he was sure) word got spread about his magic name. And so now all of Babylon called him Osiris. It was an affectionate dig, and somewhat of a pun, aimed at him for leaving them, not knowing where he was—if he was dead or alive— and then coming back.

From the comment about the name, he could tell Sethis was delving deeper and deeper into sorcery. It wouldn't be such a bad thing if Horus did take his name. Names carried energy with them whenever they were used...an energy that could enter into and influence anyone who claimed them with the strength of the aura of their original owner. It would be a good thing if Horus and all future kings of Babylon took the name to help themselves to be more like him. But, it would be a bad thing if they just took the name for sake of the power, influence and love that it had garnished over the years from the people.

Sethis had come to an understanding of another secret of sorcerers. It never bothered him that Sethis dabbled into magic before. A little knowledge of sorcery was good for a scribe and a man of higher learning and responsibilities. But he had once, long ago, warned someone he loved about delving too deeply into the arcane arts. It was never a winning game. And even with the best of intentions, only the strong ever survived its pull to lapse into the evil of insatiability for more and more...of everything. That was because the energy of magic came mostly from the Atoms of dead Saurians—Saurians with a grudge; the ones that had never mixed with WoMans and so had never known limits to their hungers and desires.

He noticed Sethis was getting more upset about Horus each time they had these little discussions. As children, the two of them were close, though even then Horus had the independent aloofness of a stray weecat. He thought in the beginning, when Sethis first started complaining, that the problem between the two brothers was due to the fact they grew up together. Horus, knowing Sethis so intimately, couldn't respect Sethis' position enough as high priest, and for the same reason, Sethis couldn't respect Horus enough as the potential next king of Babylon. So he didn't take the whole thing too seriously. But now he could see it was deeper than that— much deeper. Sethis really understood Akitu, and he really believed it was going to take Akitu to keep Babylon safe from the menace of arrogance.

When he gave thought to it, Marduk could easily sense fanaticism in Sethis. Sethis was the youngest, but it seems the experience in Atlan built up more hatred for Lordship in him than it did in anybody else. The two brothers were on a collision course. Sethis was a priest only in the sense that he was something of a wise teacher whom the secular Adamites adored so much they influenced the rest of the Adamites to hold Sethis in special esteem

too. More than anything else Sethis was a jealous lover of freedom, and a fanatical hater of hierarchy.

All Babylonians worshiped and gave due praise to the most high One, but Sethis would never worship or bow to flesh and blood or anything called god who had a personal name. And he would never allow Babylon to be a footstool for the ambitious.

Marduk had long known that about him. Sethis was always a righteous man...A man who loved freedom and justice more than he loved to eat or have decent clothes on his back. His righteousness was genuine and pure.

Sethis broke through Marduk's thoughts with a question:

"Father, do you remember how back in Atlantis the Lor—I mean demons, tried to make the Cushites worship them in everything they did?"

Marduk laughed but only because Sethis' pupils were jumping with mirth.

"I mean you couldn't get married, or divorced without "begging" and "pleading" to them for a hearing."

Marduk slapped his knee. He was so surprised that Sethis had picked up on that it was near to shock.

"Married?" Marduk guffawed, "I don't know how you noticed such things being so young, but they had it set up so that you couldn't even live in that society without standing before them at least three times in your life before you died. And each time you had to "pray" to them for the privilege. Pray to file a lawsuit. Pray to defend a lawsuit. Pray to pay a ticket. Pray to seek justice. Pray to meet justice. Pray to die."

"And the churches they taught the Cushites to worship in..." Tears were streaming down Sethis' face. ..."right behind every Altar, was this gigantic picture of a slit eyed lor—demon."

Marduk nodded. "Ah yes, the perfect example of masculine beauty wasn't he?"

"I don't know about you," Sethis wheezed between laughter. "but that beautiful flowing patch of down always made the ladies faint."

"Don't forget cry," Marduk added.

Sethis howled. Marduk had never seen him so uninhibited, even as a child.

"It wasn't enough for them to force and trick the Cushites into worshipping them in this life, they wanted to make sure when you dreamed you worshiped them in the afterlife too."

Sethis' slightly girlish laughter abruptly stopped.

“I’ll never let that happen to Babylon,” he vowed vehemently.

Marduk looked into his eyes and read pure murder.

“Never!”

Marduk lapsed into silence, disturbed by the insanity he had just glimpsed, and fighting down the sickness threatening to emerge. Sethis’ sudden aura didn’t glow with evil, it glowed with passion and sometimes his nature struggled to discern the difference because often there was none.

“They really had it rigged didn’t they Father?”

Marduk wasn’t sure of what he was talking about. Indeed they did have it rigged, but in more ways than he could imagine a WoMan like Sethis could know.

“It has always been so,” Marduk agreed, hoping Sethis would elaborate so he could see how much the Priest did understand.

“Do you know why I put forth that motion to ceremoniously kill the kings of Babylon? You and my brother excluded of course.” Sethis avoided looking Marduk in the eye.

Marduk had his idea, but he wanted Sethis to explain himself. It was now official. Sethis has traveled far down that dangerous road. Farther than Marduk thought he had enough years to advance.

Marduk decided to speak freely with the Priest about things no Sorcerer ever spoke about except to a peer because only a peer would understand.

Any young Sorcerer who loved WoMankind would think killing those last Generational Sorcerers who make the world such a hell for most Beings is the solution. That’s why dabbling into sorcery was so dangerous. Only if you made it into a ripe age with your sanity intact could you ever begin to see beyond the obvious and transparent into the murky waters of the truth.

Marduk said to Sethis:

“The great Sage of Indo once said it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of righteousness. He didn’t say it was *impossible* for a rich man to avoid becoming evil, he said it was very, very hard.

Do you discern the point that you missed with your idea? What most young Sorcerers miss? The great Sage wasn’t teaching a lesson about rich men, camels and needles, even though he was telling a profound truth about rich men, camels and needles. He was teaching a lesson about justice. All Sorcerers will soon discover the cause of evil in this world. And all young Sorcerers will come to the same conclusion of what needs to be done to fight evil. But the true quest of a Sorcerer of the light is not to fight evil but to defeat evil, starting

with the evil within himself. The atoms of evil wins every war, but the atoms of good wins every peace. If you would take this path of the magician, and remain free of the grip of evil, I advise you to study the great Sage of Indo and I shall help you to cut your time of understanding to a fraction. Know you this; the great Sage never taught anything but justice. Everything good is born of justice and everything evil is born of injustice. Nothing else says or means anything. See this Sethis, because only then will you understand the true meanings of his sayings. And only then could you become a true Sorcerer of the good."

"Father, I have studied the great Sage, but why speak of justice, mercy and love for those who give none? They are robbers, torturers, murderers, liars and gluttons. It would be far better to kill them in their ones and tens or hundreds, than to allow them to continue to slaughter the innocents by the millions and billions. They never let the Cushites live Father. They never allowed them to know either true joy or freedom...Never allowed them to even know the experience of full bellies or a moment's rest from stress. And this went on for millions of years. No one ever lived on this world but their seeds, toadies and a percentage of tokens to uphold the illusion that their world and rule wasn't as skewed in favor of the chosen few as it really was."

"For a WoMan, you are very wise and perceptive. But as a Sorcerer of the good, you are only three steps along on a road that goes on into infinity. The great Sage of Indo freed a Universe. How do you question or challenge the wisdom and ways of such a one? A wise man does not. When one with true wisdom and the great Sage greatly disagree, the wise man immediately began to dissect his conclusions to count how many ways he is wrong. That is the method to take. The work has already been done for you. You are never going to think of anything new, or feel any new compassion or emotion. A wise man knows that growing in wisdom does not involve thinking harder and studying more, but thinking less and listening more. First purify your atoms, and then find a Sage that has already been where you wish to go, and follow."

Sethis' eyes grew wide with worship. Marduk's word had opened up a whole new world in the way he saw the great Sage of Indo, and the big brother he called Father.

"Father, when the great Sage said that the poor will always be with us, he was speaking more about the demons than he was about the poor, wasn't he?"

"You have answered your own question but I think you wish to tell me of your new understandings." Marduk was really enjoying this visit and communion with Sethis. The first time he really had in a while with any of the Cushites except Nut.

"I think he said that, not because he thought the poor were too worthless to ever progress but because he understood that in this solar system the demons needed misery, poverty and stress to feed on. And so they would always ensure that the majority of WoMankind remained poor."

Marduk nodded. This was elementary knowledge for a Sorcerer or any wise man but he understood how new understandings excited and effected a new seeker. They always thought they had discovered something new. He said to Sethis:

“In this solar system the world is under a spell and Mankind is under a curse. In Atlan some of them seemed unaffected by the curse of slavery and poverty only because the demons wanted to create the illusion that people could be or do whatever they really worked hard at. Plus they needed toadies to mouth and otherwise perpetuate the lie. The great Sage conceded that this world belongs to the Demons and so naturally, the only way you can thrive in the Saurian world is to sell your soul to it. If you are willing to do that, the sky is the limit for any one, but for those who hate the Saurian reality, thriving under it is all but impossible.”

“Father I have one more question before I leave. It confuses me. You follow the great Sage of Indo, but he never fought. Even you say he was right in this. Yet you say you will leave us to fight them at the seat of their power. I don’t understand.”

“We all have choices Sethis. There are always choices. I will not have the Adamites fight against the Sorcerers, but the Horites and Hybrids, I will not discourage. Why... because they choose to be warriors. Most Adamites will only become warriors if they are tricked, or forced. The innocence of the Adamites will win this war, not the strong right arm of the Horites. But both have a role. To make it easier to understand you can look at it like this: The great Sage of Indo was for the Universe and eternity. His ways will win the peace. I am for the prisoners stuck in this solar system. My ways will fight the war to give the beings here the time and freedom to escape to where the great Sage has already won the victory and a place for them.

Sethis stood up. “This is their solar system, but Babylon is my world. I choose to fight them, father. Babylon will not become Atlantis. I will not let it happen.”

“Sethis....” The priest had turned and was about to open the door to leave. He paused.

“You understand how they work. For the sake of all, don’t let them build atoms between you and your brother.”

“Between me and my brother...never...” He reached into his pocket and pulled out a flyer with Horus’ picture on it; Horus’ new official council picture. Horus dressed in military fatigues and looking as haughty as any tin horn dictator or lord Marduk had ever seen back in Atlantis; Horus all but unrecognizable as the quiet, competent, self-possessed young man who never did a single thing for praise, attention or glory. Sethis gently laid the picture down on Marduk’s work desk.

“But who is my brother, Father?” he asked and then he was gone.

Chapter sixty-five

Bel Lil



He tried to stay with her—his beloved, Kali. Stay close to his son. But there were just too many changes in that world his son was building. Too many affronts upon the sensibilities for an old Saurian like him to ever weather long before he started killing everything in sight. The seeds she had with the woman. He would have crushed them like grapes for their arrogance towards him by now, if it wasn't for her—especially the one called Horus.

So he had left his son's Babylon, less than three months after he had first arrived. He asked her to leave with him. She refused. He knew what she loved more than he. And what she loved, for 500,000 years, his blood has detested, although he had never thought them worth enough to ever take the time to harm.

But what she loved was also what his son loved—what his son was fighting for. So he will force himself not to hate them. He will purge 500,000 years of contempt and Speciestral hatred from his atoms and learn to tolerate what the woman of his heart loved—his son loved. In the meantime he will stay away and just keep a watch out for when his son needed him.

He knew the Guild...his kindred, his kind. They will never rest until they destroy this Babylon. And to do that they will first have to destroy his son. And so upon them is where he must put this hate he will lose for the beasts because nothing messes with his son.

He has fought them before. Both times they had toyed with him... fought him more to kill his allies than to actually harm him. It was not easy for his kind to kill one another. They have always fought their battles by proxy, by killing their slaves. He didn't believe he or his son could defeat the Guild, or their Masters—not the old first Generation Saurians like Mother Tiamat and the Azog. But if his son will fight them, then so will he.

By now they will have already started sowing discord among the beasts—brother against brother, father against son, sister against sister. He didn't understand how Marduk thought he could succeed with this Babylon. His son knew how the Guild worked. He knew what they would do in this Babylon, yet he thinks he can give the Guild a fight.

Then again, what do he really know about Marduk, this rebel, this one they has started calling Nimrod...His son?

The Guild never took him lightly...Even far back when he was just a sapling, scowling at everything and everybody. There was a serious concern about him even then. So many times he had to shield his son from powerful enemies the whelp never knew he had.

Marduk told him about the dream—his dream. He once thought it beneath him to give a beast as much as a thought. His son wants to give them the Universe. *Beast*. How easy that term drips from his tongue. Is she a beast? The woman he had fought a civil war to protect? Is his son half beast?

For love of his son, he must be losing his mind to ask such questions of himself. He must be insane. How else could he have come to such a decision to stand by his son, against the Guild, for the sake of the beasts—his ancient enemy?

They will kill Marduk if they could, but they will hesitate to kill *him*—one of their own. He will try to convince Marduk to leave the earth by promising to help to protect the beasts until they can get off the earth. He had about as much confidence that Marduk would take such an offer as he did that the Guild will ever leave the beasts in peace. But he also knew war. And sometimes war makes all the decisions.

Chapter sixty-six

Return of the Guild



“Hello Marduk. Miss me?”

He had played a lot of scenarios in his mind of how it was going to be when they returned. But nothing like this.

They landed after politely requesting clearance. They came through the gateway undetected. Marduk didn't know why they did him such a favor. They could have turned Babylon upside down by arriving like Bel Lil did.

She was the first to emerge from the ship...Beautiful as ever. At first she moved with the slow, fearless majesty of a Tonbig; her expression, when she looked at him, was so filled with hate he took a step back like he had been swung at with a haymaker. Then suddenly, as if a light switched on in her head, she became a whole different person, her eyes searched his with such love, hunger and desperation, he felt a sudden urge to actually weep. Her body; tall, sharp and stiff when she emerged, visibly became shorter, softer, rounder. She stumbled—almost fell, all but lurched at him. He caught her...took her into his arms. She melted. So soft and boneless, felt like she had seeped into him.

He looked over her head... watched Enki step out of the ship. Behind him were Thoth, Nergal, Erra, and the rest... all but Onanes. His eyes searched for his WoMan grandfather. But the ship's door was sealing. Everyone aboard had emerged. For some reason he was greatly disappointed.

"Well Marduk." Enki looked around the space complex, "Thou certainly have been busy"

Marduk said nothing...waited. Stood there combing Inanna/Isis' hair with his fingers.

He looked from Enki, to Thoth, from Nergal to Ereshkigal—still not quite believing what was happening—what he was seeing. He would not have dreamed that they would show up this way...so defenseless. He expected them to return...but undetected and with a stronghold already established somewhere.

His eyes settled on Thoth. "Well...?"

"Tell him," Thoth giggled to Enki.

Nergal's ears perked. Head turned towards the giggle. His lips curled with disgust. He wondered why the fairywing, always acted so feminine around Marduk. He never acted that way any other time.

Marduk turned to Enki—his uncle, who used to be his Aunt. The jaunty, airy tone Enki displayed when he stepped off the ship was all a sudden a sullen pout.

"We want to offer thee a deal."

Nergal snorted. Nothing a bully respected more than somebody who has kicked his ass and Nergal respected Marduk way too much to play games with him.

"What thou want is for Marduk to save thy scales."

"Thou too!" Enki sounded like a four year old child.

"What are you two talking about?"

"It's Mother Tiamat, Marduk."

It was the first time anyone has ever heard Nergal's loud, assaultive voice, shake. "She's going to kill us all."

Enki let out a blood curdling sob.

Thoth giggled.

Erra looked up at Marduk with eyes shining with Admiration.

Inanna grabbed his phallus and started to squeeze with a purpose.

Isis made her let go.

“Why?”

“Because *he* killed Apsu,” Hadad blurted, pointing at Enki like a two dollar snitch, “And she blames us all.”

Marduk would have pinched himself to prove he was awake but at that moment the body he held in his arms was Inanna’s again, and what she was doing again was a lot more convincing than a pinch.

After peeling Inanna off himself, enough to walk, Marduk led the group to his home—more to get them out of sight than any kind of gesture towards hospitality. Something strange he noticed was that with all of them around him, he wasn’t feeling sick. He had never been around them and not felt sick. But somehow, this day, they were different. It probably was the fear of Mother Tiamat but there was also an innocence that emanated which confused him. Saurians were evil to the core—at least certain ones of certain breeds of them were. But they were also strangely fantastical and childlike; as if they never understood that something was wrong with torturing, murdering and enslaving other beings. They committed some of the lowest crimes the imagination could ever conceive but it never seemed to register to them that some creature or some being had really suffered, really died, really cried out in pain and sorrow. They were a brilliant species of beings. And when they wanted something they were capable of acting with great maturity and seriousness. But they also seem to think that everything was really a joke, that the world was a stage, life a game and everyone else in it were toys for them to play with, manipulate, use and break as they willed.

They were like children...children with monster desires. The lowest of monster desires. And too much power to ever have to stop and think of the consequences of their actions.

Marduk listened to what they had to say. The “deal” they offered was if Marduk would save them from the wrath of Mother Tiamat, they will give him the [ME] make him Ee—, Lord over them, plus give him 26,000 years to do what he was going to do with the “beasts”, with no interference from them. All they asked in return was that Marduk allows them to have worshipers—their own people— to build them shrines and feed them. They had some abds, back on the moon, but they told him how they killed most of them as innocently as if they were telling him they left most of the furniture behind.

Marduk pondered the offer even though he knew their word and promises were about as trustworthy as a lopsided ladder. They were liars. Not just because they were fantasists and incapable of thinking themselves bound to any responsibility— much less to some utterance they only spoke for the advantage of the moment in the first place. There was also powerful magic in lies and confusion. They lied because they were Sorcerers, — evil Sorcerers— and any and everything that empowered them in the least, became habit. Still, if he had the [ME] it wouldn’t matter that much if he could trust them are not.

Onanes is a WoManbeing who once sat at the head of Saurians. He would have never been able to survive a weak Saurian's hatred and resentment if it wasn't for the [ME]. The [ME] was given to him by Mother Tiamat. She taught him every spell and magical incantation in the book. To this day no one could master them all but Onanes. To this day, his knowledge of the [ME] allows him to walk among Saurians without fear—an old, enfeebled man who grows more toothless every day, but no more closer to death than he was when he first emerged from the abyss over 500,000 years ago.

The more Marduk thought about it, the more appealing their offer became. The snag was that they wanted him to allow them slaves in Babylon. The short answer was no, but he knew that their request wasn't gratuitous. They needed the seeds of men to feed them atoms to live—be it by slaughter, torture, sacrifice, misery, or worship. They were literally energy vampires. He wasn't allowing them any slaves, no sacrifices, and certainly no mass killing—which meant they were going to be some very unhappy campers in Babylon...but if the Adamites wanted to throw them a few prayers, and some people willingly wanted to work for them, he will let them have that.

If they are forced to accept his counteroffer, he knew they were going to spend every minute trying to figure out a way to get out from under the deal and to get back at him. They were going to be miserable. And no glutton can fathom being denied for 26,000 years. But the thing he needed more than anything else was time. Seems Mother Tiamat had handed it to him on a silver spaceship. He never thought it possible. But he just might be able to get the WoMans off this place without a great war. Now all he had to do is get them to accept *his* offer.

“Why should I fight mother Tiamat for you?” He looked around at all of them.

“Why shouldn't I let her do my job for me and crush all of you? Isn't that what we were about, war?”

Inanna bolted up from her chair and almost fell sideways. “To Hades with thee Marduk!”

The “to Hades with thee” part of her statement was a hate filled bass. But her vocal cords said Marduk's name so soft, feminine and loving, the room erupted with laughter.

The Azog swiftly, though imperceptibly, exited the body in screaming disgust. With such a strong conflict going on inside of her, she was not only useless but a torture to be a part of. He wanted to crush her heart just for making him be a party to such a sickening embarrassment. But he needed a host and she was the best he was going to get among these despicable excuses for the once mighty rulers of the Universe. Oh how the Saurian race has fallen. He'll be back—when she gets away from this, Marduk, and that bitch made part of her settles down again.

His initial excitement at seeing Marduk again after so long, tamed, Thoth was back to his normal reflective self. “Because she's going to kill you too,” he answered Marduk. “Who'll protect your precious beasts, then?”

“Why would she want to kill me? I had nothing to do with murdering Apsu.”

“Come on Marduk, why dost thou think? Any slaughter going on around this...Babylon? Anybody dying of starvation...? Any children being beat and raped...? What mental torment do the vermin suffer in this Babylon? Any mushskin babies being burnt on the pit, or aborted in the womb? Any men, women being slit and burnt on the altar...?”

All the toothless ones, who hadn’t put themselves to sleep, are sick and weak, because thou are starving them. Thou think she *isn’t* going to crush thee?”

Always smarter than the average bear this Thoth character. Marduk knew he had just lost a lot of chips.

He could sense the rest of them knew it too, because for the first time since they’ve arrived in Babylon, he was feeling that old time Saurian arrogance around him.

“Maybe she’ll get around to killing me. But she’s still going to kill all of you. And from what you tell me of her rage—it aint going to be pretty.”

“Aint... What dost “Aint” mean?” Ninhursag sniffed. While looking up to meet his eyes, she still managed to look down her nose at him.

“It’s Cushite slang for “is not”. Like “gonna” is Cushite slang for “going to”. The Cushites have a knack for changing words, usually to shorten them. You know about changing things, don’t you Dr.? Your Call: “going to” reduced to “gonna” ...butchery or improvement?”

“What in Hades art thou talking about, *Nimrod*?” She glanced around at all the others. The infamous Saurian smirk was beaming as if she had just won a high stakes poker game.

They might have thought it a win for the team—their little inside joke. But Bel Lil had already told him about their new magical naming of him.

“Nimrod...” Ah that’s good Doctor. But you still missed the mark; as you usually do. The Cushite purpose is to shorten the word. Sort of like shortening the forced labor, misery and injustice; not to change it into something worse, but into something better. Like Mother Tiamat has changed all of your names to “Mud”.”

Thoth, probably the only one in the room who got the full extent of Marduk’s verbal retaliation, coughed and raised his hand to cover up a snicker.

All Enki heard was “Tiamat.” That was enough to snap him back to the purpose at hand.

“Okay Marduk.” Enki’s voice trembled so much he was almost singing. “What dost thou want?”

“I want the [Me].”

All the heads bobbed.

“I want the Eenship,” Marduk said as he thought of one of the few bits of original Saurian wisdom. *Keep your friends close, and your enemies closer.*

The heads bobbed.

“I want 26,000 years.”

Heads bobbed.

“The only slaves you get are the one who like to bow down; But only in their churches and homes. You get no other people to wreak your laziness and pathologies upon. Not even from among the abds you have waiting on the moon.”

The heads stopped bobbing.

“No more foot rubs?” Erra asked sadly.

“No phallus dips?” Nergal blinked, and then looked at Erra like he wanted his big brother to give him a hug.

“No.”

“But who’s going to run my bath?” Ereshkigal whined.

“That’s the deal. Take it or leave it.”

“No—no...more. “ Hadad gulped... “grapes?”

Marduk shook his head.

“We’re gonna diiiieeeee!” Ninhursag wailed at the top of her lungs.

Chapter sixty-seven

For the love of Apsu



When she found out the truth about what happened to Apsu, her entire monstrous brood paid the price for Enki and the Guild's folly.

She had not come to her senses until she had crushed every one of them.

Only then did she realize she had none left to help her destroy Marduk and Bel Lil. But then again, they were no longer the main object of her ire. They will still be dealt with but first—first...

She had not engaged in such concentration, since she called Onanes to her 500,000 years ago. She had never called Sorcerers before—at least not any who knew what she was doing and who were actively resisting her summons. They thought to avoid her because they were on another planet. But they forget...the entire solar system was hers—hers and the old ones. Hers and sniff, sniff...Apsu's.

They murdered Apsu.

Most of the old Ones were asleep, and except for Azog, who could do nothing without a host body, the old Ones who were awake were weak and useless. To see her kind—the masters of the world—in such a sorry state infuriated her. But not as much as the murder of Apsu. They resisted her. But they had nowhere to run and nowhere to hide. Eventually they will come. To her very doorstep they will come and then she will make them rue the day they ever heard the name Apsu. There are things worse than death. Things that last an eternity. And unlike Marduk, they were hers to do with as she will, forever. No pure atoms were in

them to make torturing them a pain to her. They were pure evil and what she could do to pure evil was only limited by her imagination.

Chapter sixty-eight

Marduk Tiamat and war



"Mother of creation(skit)" from the Unacceptable by akamardukson

It was the first, but not the last...This war that raged within the mountains of Terra.

Marduk ventured alone and challenged her to one on one combat. She was willing, and for 50 days and 50 nights, Marduk threw her own incantations at her as he cited the destructive spells of the [Me]. But she had written those words. She was the Universe's first Sorcerer and the mother of all magic. His sorcery was useless against her except to deflect the increasing, crushing blows she threw at him and most of that defense was of his own internal will to survive.

He could not hurt her. And at the beginning she toyed and laughed. But he kept standing 40 days and nights after she stopped laughing and playing. Doubt and fear touched upon the peripheral of her heart and with those came fatigue and hunger. She had been lying in state for over 9000 years. Her mind—her body, her magic, was unused in all that time. Add to that the energy it took to draw the murderers of Apsu to her, and she knew she was not full strength. She never imagined she would have to be. But the abomination that stood before her so stubbornly—this half thing— was beginning to scare her. Then she remembered the

brood she had destroyed when she was stronger. They were easy to kill, but she also controlled their minds. They were like him—Hybrids. What if they had free will? Would they have given her a better fight? They were too stupid to fight with their minds and bodies like the one before her, but they had teeth, they were all strong. She had the mind they needed. She needed to give birth to more of them. She needed time. And she realized she wasn't going to get that time, or Marduk's head, by trying to defeat him physically. She had to out think him.

“Marduk...!” she cried out, “what hath thy poor mother done to thee that thy wilt slay her for no reason but the 30 pieces of silver of a hired murderer?”

On the wind he heard her. He instantly knew her speech for what it was but it still gave him pause. What had she done to him? Was it any more just to kill her for what she might do than it would have been to kill Nut's first born for what he knew her seeds with Geb might do? He knew she hated the WoMans. And he knew that She, like other evil Saurians, lived and luxuriated off the WoMans' pain and suffering. If she could, she would slaughter and torture the WoMans night and day without cease. He will have to fight her one day along with the rest of her kind. But is that why he is here now? Was it justice to fight her over a deal? Was he a hired murderer?

“How many Innocents hath thou slain?” he called out to her, speaking in the Saurian vernacular. “I know thy history. I know thy innocence, I know thy guilt and I know thy plotting. Thou will leave the WoMans no peace and I have taken an oath to liberate them.”

“Is it so evil that we wish to live, Marduk?”

“Thy live too long.”

“Too long...? We were created to live forever.”

“If thou wilt live forever draw from thy own well.”

“Tell the truth Marduk. I can sense thy sympathy.”

“Thou hath been given a solar system for the injustice. Energy abounds. Knowledge is as boundless as creation. Thou art parasites only because thou hath loved to wallow in thy arrogance, decadence and laziness, not because there art no other choices.”

“They take what is ours.”

“Long before the WoMans ever existed thou forfeited the right to fill the Universe. If the WoMans were never created thou would have destroyed all memory of thyself from creation.”

“And why is that, Marduk?”

“Thou lost thy innocence when thy gained the knowledge of good and evil. Now thou just reap what thou hath sown.”

“Marduk, thou art strong beyond any I have ever known...E’en during the days when we Saurians ruled the Universe. Surely the most high One strengthens thee. What doth thy want?”

“Let the WoMans go.”

“We will die.”

“Then die.”

“Have thee no mercy for thy other half?”

“Thou could have justly compensated the WoMans for their labor, the atoms they gave you in worship and the use of their flesh, and gotten the energy thy needed to survive, instead thy preferred to torture, enslave, and slaughter them. Let the WoMans go or I shalt break thee to a billion pieces of naught.”

“Surely thou know thou cannot kill me here, Marduk. The battle will last long and the war forever. This place belongs to evil. The most high One has given us refuge. You cannot banish us from here. Our atoms fill this world. It is ours. Even you Marduk...belong to us.”

“No, but I will rip thy last inheritance from thy grasp. I shall split thee in half and what I cannot take from thee, thou shalt keep only by the vigilance of thy tormented sleep. I shalt give the other half to the seeds of men and they shalt crush thy head, until thou let them go.”

“Powerful words... Thou hath been taught thy craft well, Marduk. Pray thee, give me twenty years of peace. Then come back and let me give thee my response by storm or gentle breeze.”

“I accept, but only if thou agree to delay thy vengeance upon the murderers of Apsu, for 26,000 years.”

“From what reasoning art thy obligated to be true to them, Marduk? Let me rid thee of thy thorn. They would display no such concern for oaths if they were in thy position.”

“Thou know why. Do not seek to deceive me like a WoMan. I know thou care not for them or me, only for thy hatred and insatiable need to manipulate and cause division and destruction. It’s clear that thou understand me very well, but do not delude thyself to think that I understand thee any less. Dost thou agree to terms?”

“Until we meet again, Marduk,” she smiled.

“Mother Tiamat...,”

She blinked heavy lidded eyes at him.

“My condolences for Apsu.”

chapter sixty-nine

"Has2give" from the Unacceptable by akamardukson

Marduk and Isis



Her passion was a storm, raging at him throughout the night. Slamming at him, rocking him to and fro', back and forth. Like love and hate. Inanna and Isis. Like lightning she flashed at him. Pounded him with the ice of her fury. Cradled him within the heat of her depth. Like the sturdiest ship, mast tall and proud, he would neither be blown off his course by the fury of her need nor torn asunder by the thunderous waves of eruptions that exploded over him again and again. For love of her, he bore the assault, rode out the tempest until finally she tired herself out. This night, her love had taken him to heights he had never been before. Watching her ride out the last waves of their passion, her eyes shut tight, her face a mask of pure ecstasy, her naked body, a mass of selfish demand, he knew she was someplace else—in a world where no one dwelled but she alone. When she came back to the real world, he did not know whose eyes would see his gratitude or whose skin will feel his caresses until he heard his name.

"Marduk."

From the way she spoke his name, he knew it was Isis.

"Dost thou love me?"

"I love you."

"How much...?" Her tone carried not the vulnerability of Isis or the harshness of Inanna.

"Much."

"More than the Beasts...?"

"I will not let you harm them."

"**It is my destiny.**" Hints of Inanna seeped through her suddenly deeper tone.

"It is your obsession."

"No Marduk. I am Saurian....A Saurian queen. It is my obligation."

"To whom...?"

"My Kind."

"You are third generation Saurian—half WoMan— as am I. Your kind are whom you choose."

"Thou made thy choice and I have made mine."

"My choice does not bequeath me a destiny of genocide."

"Dost it not?"

"You have no right to survive off of the WoMans."

"I love thee Marduk. If thou love me thou would not let me cause thee to hate me."

"You can resist evil"

"Only when I'm close to thee."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Slay me...tonight."

"No."

"It is thy destiny."

"It is my destiny to break you in two...not to take your head."

She sobbed softly.

“Remember what you told me back in Atlan?” he asked.

She nodded. “But I have seen how thou so love the beasts. I don’t want to hurt thee like that again.”

“I have the [ME]. And we have our love. There is more than one way to fight and win a war. I will protect the WoMans while we defeat your evil atoms with love.”

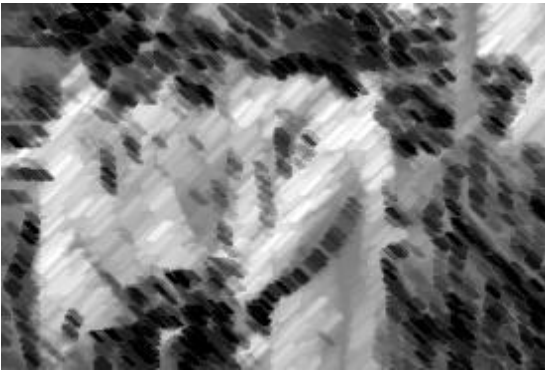
Her body quivered with joy she crushed into him and kissed his lips.

“They—we, will not give up.”

“I know.”

Chapter seventy

The Guild



Marduk allowed them to bring their abds to Babylon. There were over ten million of them and the operation took two years. That was over nine-teen years ago. The Newcomers were the same people as the Cushites and Adamites of Babylon. The only perceptible different were their eyes. Most of the Newcomers had the same eyes as the bootlicking, traitorous Centaurs that Onanes had forbade the WoMans from breeding with so long ago.

It wasn't until he found out how hard it was to keep them from yearning to live with, and serve their former Masters that he realized just what a big mistake he made by bringing them to Babylon. The Sumerian Sorcerers had left them with no survival skills except social climbing, toadying and backstabbing. Because they were WoMans, he didn't hesitate to try to save them. But he soon discovered they were nothing like the Cushites who escaped with him from the moon. Those hated their former Masters and even as children their joy at being away from them was palpable.

He didn't know what the Guild did to the Newcomers. Being a Magician, he did know that misery gave birth to demons and great misery gave birth to demons that haunted forever. That was why back in Atlan, wherever slaves were sold or auctioned; there was high crime and despair, thousands of years after overt slavery was no longer profitable or feasible. He also knew that tormented beings had an inexplicable affinity to form strong bonds with their Tormentors. But there had to be an element of reward along with the torture. The

Sumerian Sorcerers gave the Cushites of Atlan nothing but their lives—until they decided to end even that.

There were always Djhutys—even in Atlan. But even Djhuty had enough self-possession to run when set free. These Newcomers were so attached that Marduk couldn't force them to leave their Masters. They kept sneaking back to the compound where Marduk had allotted space for the Guild to build. They would sleep on the doorsteps, or set up tent cities all around, and inside the compound. Finally he gave up...instructed the Horites to leave them alone if they didn't disturb the peace. There were all kinds of rumors about what went on inside the compound. Marduk never tried to substantiate them. Whatever went on inside those gates was voluntary. The women in there had abandoned their children to be there, for he would allow no children near the place. There was nothing more voluntary than that.

Not all the Newcomers could fit inside or around the compound and not all of them wanted to. Some of them were happy to be free.

Others saw Babylon as a giant oyster just waiting to be cracked and plucked. Still others had more nefarious agendas. It didn't take long for Marduk and Babylon, to discover what those carefully laid out plans were.

If the sons of Sethis were sneaky and deceitful and the sons of Geb violent, cruel, and selfish, these Newcomers were all that times a denominator of ten. Not just because they carried the same mentality and had addictions to the same vices as their former Masters; but because they loved or respected nothing *but* their former Masters. They loved what their Masters loved and they hated what their Masters hated. This means they hated the people of Babylon.

What made the Horites job even harder was that unlike the Sethites and Gebonites who had certain coloring, facial features and physical characteristics that made them easily identifiable, the Newcomers were indistinguishable from the Cushites and Adamites of Babylon. They were the perfect spies and saboteurs, but like anything else there was no generalizing about them which made the situation even tougher.

They soon started to rise in Babylon like the stink off a pile of steaming Tonbig dung.

Whether engaging in criminality, business or religion, the Newcomers soared to positions of leadership and prosperity which told Marduk exactly what they were. Where crime in Babylon has always been more prank and Gebonite bullying than anything deadly serious, it soon became torture and blood flowing in the streets. A single psychopath would so raise the threshold of what was mentally conceivable to Babylon's criminal class, that they would start legacies of unheard of atrocities that would last generation after generation. Every year another line was crossed and eventually the language, music, religion evolved into nothing but one giant ceaseless assault on the minds and spirits of the people of Babylon. They would squat among the People of Babylon like a virus, infect and tear down everything that was right, good, joyful and peaceful. The people had no room to breathe. The children no time or place to play and be children.

But these were the low end of the Newcomers. By far the greatest harm to Babylon was the ones who got rich, who rose to positions where they influenced the minds of many susceptible Babylonians. They were scorpions, serving their Masters with stingers that stung at just the right moment to advance all the insidious agendas of their Masters. Their job was to create large blocks of atoms of self-hatred, and enmity in Babylonians towards other Babylonians; tear down the self-esteem of the people of Babylon; dampen the glow of their Atoms so that they forgot how to think, believe big, and to feel themselves worthy and capable of reaching the stars. Make them hate themselves, instill in them, the mentality of worthlessness. This they did by lumping all Babylonians into the same bin of blame for what a tiny percentage of their own creations wreaked upon Babylon's soul.

Marduk could feel Babylon moving away from her goals instead of towards them. And he had no one to take his frustration out on. Nothing to fight or destroy. No effective way to defend Babylon because her new malaise wasn't just the Newcomers; they could be controlled—but it was her spirit that was sick. How do he fight an enemy that dwelled within the very souls of the people he was trying to protect?

The Guild was keeping their end of the bargain. They were not interfering. They didn't have too. He had done it for them by falling so neatly into their trap.

He was pondering why every time something good came his way it was soon countered by something twice as worse as his biggest problem.

Then Mother Tiamat called him.

An hour after she called him, *they* came—the Giants—his brothers in kind. It could only be them from the reports he got. Where they got a ship he was still wondering. He ordered the defense forces not to shoot the craft down even though they skirted all the normal procedures for entering the earth from out of space. The earth's defense forces were built for the return of the Guild. And some of the Giants were just dimwitted, big oafs who had been sorely wronged to have been banished along with the Titans. They probably wouldn't have understood communications anyway. That's why he was so surprised that they had a ship, much less were flying one. He wanted to be sure of why they returned to earth before he took any action.

On his way to greet the giants, he received a message from his wrist com that Bel Lil was back.

chapter seventy-one



“We’re going with you father.”

In his path stood Horus, who was always so quick to stand up in his face these days. He told him to stay in Babylon and keep things under control during his absence. Yet here he was telling him once again what he was and wasn’t going to do.

“Am I gone already that you have been made king of Babylon?”

Behind Horus he estimated there were 3000 Horites, some Gebonites, including Samson—all men and women needed back in Esagila.

Horus lowered his eyes.

“Go back to Esagila.”

“Father, please?”

“Now!”

Horus bowed. “Yes sir but at least let the troops accompany you.”

“They will be more effective in Babylon than with me. If the Titans have come to fight, it will take all of Babylon to stand against them until my return. I’ll be back as soon as possible.”

Horus brightened with relief. “You promise?”

Marduk nodded. “Go, and keep Shu from following me.”

Horus gave a sweeping arm gesture to his troops.

They filed passed Marduk. The son of Geb came up to him and stopped.

“Lord I am worthless to Babylon or to myself if you refuse me to accompany you.”

Samson had looked into the scanscreen with Horus when the Giants exited the ship. He didn't think they came in peace and he didn't think Marduk was coming back if he engaged them.

Marduk looked at the big Hybrid hard. Was he threatening suicide? If he was talking suicide, or talking about something less drastic, such as debilitating depression, Marduk could tell the man meant exactly what he said. He was far too valuable to waste in either scenario.

Marduk threw open the passenger side door of the land vihanha. Samson exhaled and grimly climbed in.

Even in the lavihanna, which could climb a mountain as steadily as a goat, the journey took two weeks. The Titans had landed on the other side of the world. Though the entire earth was Babylon, no one had mapped or settled these distant parts because Babylonians were people of the sun. This side of the earth was mountainous and freezing cold.

Marduk decided to come upon the Giants by stealth. He and Samson waited till dark before following the path made by the Giants' snow tracks. When they finally reached the summit of one particularly steep hill, they were shocked at what they saw in the valley below. The Giants obviously didn't arrive to this place just two weeks ago. There were thousands of them—hundreds of thousands of them. They didn't all come on the ship and they weren't all sons of Atlan. He had never seen such monstrous abominations and combinations, not even in that period before Onanes forced the WoMans to stop copulating with the other animals.

They had been gathered here quite a while because their city in the valley below was as sprawling as Esagila and there was no reason to think it was their only one. Why were they there? How did they get there? Who put them there?

The answer to all his questions was answered by a windblown voice in his ear.

“Come Marduk. I have thy response waiting for thee.”

Marduk turned to Samson and whispered. *“Take the lavihanna. Go back to Esagila and tell Horus to prepare for full scale war.”*

Samson did not hesitate to move towards obeying, but his shoulders were so slumped and dejected, his reluctance rode on his broad back like giant words on a billboard.

“Samson,” Marduk hissed. The son of Geb stopped and turned. *“Don't worry. The Giants won't get me this day. I have somewhere else to be.”*

“See you in a while, Lord?”

“Yes.” Marduk threw the big WoMan the keys to the Lavihanna. “In a while”

Chapter seventy-two

Bel Lil's return



He had entered the gateway and landed in Babylon undetected except by the Gatekeepers. Marduk had given him the coordinates and permanent clearance to come and go to Babylon as he willed. Nephethis and the Cushite Scientists greeted him but he was looking around for something else.

"Where's my son?"

At that Moment Horus, with a dozen soldiers behind him, burst into the room.

"What are you doing back here?" Horus barked at Bel Lil.

Nephethis looked into Bel Lil's eyes and her blood froze.

"Get out Horus." Her voice shook.

"But..."

"Now!"

She was the Mistress of this place and he knew it. He had also known her since they were children. Sometimes you just left her alone when she asked you to.

"I'll be right outside the door if you need me."

"Just get the hell out Horus."

He left the room.

The other scientists had backed up to the furthest walls in the room away from Bel Lil. Nephethis willed herself to stay calm.

“A ship of Giants arrived here two weeks ago. They landed in the mountains on the far side of the earth. Fa—Marduk went to find them.”

The brightness in Bel Lil’s eyes dimmed and he looked at her normally. “I need transportation.”

“Of course... Please wait here.” She skirted around him and went out the door.

“Get away from here Horus. And stay away from *him*. “

Horus’ lips formed into a line of stubbornness

“Please?” She started to cry.

Okay...I’m sorry. I didn’t mean...as long as you’re Ok.”

“I’m fine.”

“Ok...I’m going.” He waved the soldiers away. Looked at her closely one last time and turned to follow them.

Chapter seventy-three

MARDUK vs. MOTHER TIAMAT



The next round

He had to travel from the farthest, northernmost part of the earth to the farthest southernmost part of the earth. Mostly on foot. It took him 16 months but neither he nor Mother Tiamat was in a hurry. She taunted him the whole way ...Tried to psychologically defeat him even before they joined in battle. He had chosen to walk for just that reason. She used physiological warfare on him the first time they fought. The long journey alone will give him a chance to strengthen his mental defenses.

The nights in the freezing cold, the days in the blazing sun, the closeness to nature, the solitude, all worked to his advantage as he tried to strengthen himself, physically, mentally and spiritually before he met her. He had no idea what tricks awaited him, but he did know that she was stronger now than she was the first time they fought; probably also better prepared mentally because she now knew his strengths as well as his weaknesses.

One night, as he prepared to go to sleep a Runbit walked up to him and lowered its ears. It was unheard of. He gave her the scratch she asked for and the timid creature had never strayed from his side since. He took it as a sign. The Most high One was telling him not to fear—to be strong, to go forth with confidence.

He named the Runbit “Courage” because even though many different animals crossed their path during his journey to meet Tiamat—all of whom would have caused a normal Runbits fits, some which would have caused it to drop dead in its track from fear— Courage never flinched. She just got her tiny back up and stayed just out of reach of his stride. She never fled once...Never left his side. Of course he defended her but the point is she is supposed to be a Runbit.

The morning before he reached Mother Tiamat, a daggercat snuck up on him while he was asleep. He had never seen Courage sleeping—not in the day, evening or night. The little Runbit saw the daggercat stalking forward, eyes glued to Marduk’s jugular. She went to it, tiny teeth bared. What woke Marduk was her scream. He grabbed the daggercat with Courage’s torn, limp body still in its mouth. With his two hands he snapped the big cat’s neck.

On the wind he heard mother Tiamat cackle.

When he found Mother Tiamat the next day she was surrounded. There were all kinds of monstrosities and normal looking creatures around her; big, small, manlike, and every other form and shape imaginable, but what caught his eye and held it was a tiny little Runbit—fearlessly standing between two giant daggercats. Intellectually, he knew it wasn’t her. But who else could it be? There could never be another. “**Courage,**” he called, and it flew at him—a blur of grayish fur— baring dagger-like teeth as long as its body. It wasn’t his reflexes that saved his throat. He was utterly unprepared to make any move to defend himself. It was his mind. He had gained new powers during his 16 month sojourn—powers he never knew were possible. Or maybe it was the [ME] he carried. The Runbit got inches from his neck, then it ignited into a ball of flame and incinerated. When the daggercats leaped at him—one after the other—he was ready.

By the time he had easily dispersed with half her army, Tiamat knew she was in another real fight. She wasn’t worried. She was prepared for a long war. These brainless things were just the opening salvo, and phase one of a multilateral strategy. She figured the Titans were rampaging through Marduk’s city by now. But she will not tell him yet. First she will give him a real battle.

She threw the cannon fodder at him for three days and nights. Marduk wasn’t so much threatened by their rage and desperation for his blood as he was by their numbers. They just kept coming, stupid slobbering abominations who knew nothing different about fighting than going straight for the jugular in a beeline.

She had thrown the last of them at him when suddenly she threw something else at him.

He appeared from behind her. She called to him with the word Kingu. He was a Titan. Like Marduk. Except he had red hair like the fur of a fox, the broad chest and big head of Nergal and the white skin of Thoth when he was in his dragon form. He came at Marduk, neither slobbering, grunting or in haste. He proceeded slowly, holding before him a hammer like weapon that looked heavy enough to smash a Tonbig with a glancing blow. The red-headed Titan's right arm was bigger than Marduk's leg.

Marduk tried to hit him with Sorcery, but Tiamat blocked his shot. He didn't try it again. The red-headed Titan got nearer, head bobbing and feinting as he inched closer and closer in a crouch. Marduk watched his eyes—not his head—and when the Titan lurched and swung the hammer at the same time, Marduk easily ducked under it and swung the Titan around, put him in a bear hug. The harder the Titan struggled, like a boa constrictor, the tighter Marduk squeezed and when the big Titan could gasp no more air in his lungs or feel any sensation in his right arm, the hammer dropped, landing on his big toe. His three foot hop into the air and desperate reach for his toe instantly broke the grip that ten minutes of fierce struggle could not. Marduk watched him one leg it away for a moment before turning to face Tiamat.

She hit him full in the face with a weight spell. He nearly blacked out. He was getting tired. That should have never got through his defenses. He retaliated with all he had left, a wind spell that flew into her cackling mouth and blew her jaws wide open. She was so sure that what she hit him with was enough to debilitate him she was caught with her mouth literally open.

Oh the pain...the pain... Her jaw bone cracked. Blood rushed. She could hardly breathe. This should not be happening...not...*"Oh Marduk, Marduk! What hath thou done to thy poor Mother? It hurts. Ow...Owwweeeee."*

Marduk was fading into unconsciousness. He was drowsy. He could not think. His Mother...hurt...

"Owwweeee!" Tiamat wailed. Marduk did not throw the next blow he had prepared.

He no longer knew where he was or what he was doing. He had to find his Mother...help his Mother. She was hurt. And then he fell to the ground and knew no more.

Tiamat did not pursue her advantage. She had never been hurt before. Never felt pain. She needed to lie down...just lie down. She withdrew from the battlefield, burrowed herself deep into the ground and cried herself to sleep.

Bel Lil showed up just in time to see the grinning Titan poised over his prone son. Big hammer raised as high as he could reach. Bel Lil raised an arm and the Titan shot backwards so fast and far, even in his rage Bel Lil did not try to find him. It was the most powerful shot of sorcery he had ever sent. No telling where over the rainbow the Beast who was about harm his son was. He had to get his son away from this place. Find out how bad

he's hurt. Bel Lil threw Marduk over his shoulders, took one last long look around for something to kill, and then carried Marduk to the vehicle he drove up in.

Chapter seventy-four

Babylon has fallen



Where was he? His eyes fluttered open. The light that greeted them stung so bad it felt like a laser beam shot through his eyeballs and a big hammer smashed against his temple. He nearly blacked out, the pain was so intense. He desperately shut his eyes again. It still took two minutes for the pain to subside. Only then could he think. *What happened to me?* He heard the sound of a door open. The creaking of the hinges was so loud his head screamed in agony again and he had to gulp to catch his breath. “Quiet!” He heard a voice hiss so softly that only his extra-heightened senses could have heard it. Then he felt a cold, wet, heavy weight across his forehead covering his eyes. He instantly felt a thousand times better. He reached out and grabbed a part of whomever it was who was bent over him.

“Who are you? And where am I?”

Marduk, it’s me, Nut,” the looming figure responded, “You’re home.”

“Home?”

“Yes, in Esagila.”

“How...did I get here?”

“Bel Lil brought you home.”

Bel Lil...? “Nut, what happened to me?”

“We don’t know Marduk. You went to the Mountains. A space ship landed. Full of Giants. Don’t you remember?”

“Give me a minute.” Marduk squeezed his eyes shut tight...tried to think back. In a rush it all came back to him...All of it...The monsters in the valley...His journey to prepare for Mother Tiamat...The little runbit, Courage...The fight with the red-headed Titan. Finally he remembered being hit in the face by Mother Tiamat.

“I remember,” he said to Nut. “Where’s Bel Lil?”

“Father there’s something you need to know.”

Marduk was patting himself down, searching for something.

“Nut, have you seen a little black book-like object?”

“She took it.”

Marduk tried to sit up; couldn’t move. Thought it was just a feeble effort; will try again in a minute, “Who?”

“Marduk, I must tell—”

“Who took the book Nut?”

“She--that woman...your Lover.”

“Where’s Bel Lil?” Marduk tried harder to sit up. Still couldn’t move.

“He’s out fighting the monsters. Marduk, Babylon is under attack,” Nut said quickly.

From another place in the room Marduk heard a stifled sob.

He raged in frustration at his inability to sit up. And didn’t quite hear because she was speaking so softly and he was distracted. Thought he heard Nut say,

“Babylon has fallen.”

Chapter seventy-five



He learned he had been unconscious for three weeks.

When Bel Lil brought him to Esagila, Horus was already fighting an invasion of Giants and monsters...and losing badly. The Horites were Babylon's official defenders, but only half of them were part of any security force, yet almost all of them had waded into the battle—both men and women.

As expected, the Horites fought bravely and competently but it still would have been a quick rout if the Gebonites—most of them civilians, hadn't come out of their houses. Almost all the rest of Babylon huddled inside their homes literally paralyzed with fear just from the sight of some of the Marauders who streamed into Esagila, destroying everything in their path.

Babylon's Defenders met the Giants and monsters outside of Erech, but within hours they were driven back into the Capital of Babylon, desperately fighting for... What?—only they knew because it was clear there would be nothing for Babylon this day but utter destruction...Very clear by the second week of fighting. It was more self-sacrifice than struggle. The sons and daughters of Horus were being steadily slaughtered, and then suddenly, the Gebonites started pouring into the fray...A trickle at first, but soon the robust seeds of Geb and Nut were out in force. They were nowhere near as trained and equipped as the Horites were, but they had opened another front—took some of the heat off their fellow Babylonians. Extended the slaughter, for what? They probably knew no more about what they hoped to accomplish than the Horites did. The Horites fought because after 9000 years it was in their blood to protect the citizens of Babylon. Why did the Gebonites fight? They were never the best of Citizens. They were ostracized and disliked by their fellow Babylonians and they never joyfully participated in anything that had to do with community, unity or pride of Babylon...Yet, when the chips were down it was they who

gave the most blood to defend Babylon. Being untrained and inadequately armed, they died quicker than the Horites, they fought far less efficiently but not with an ounce less courage.

Babylon had already fallen, but the Gebonites helped the Horites to prolong the war just long enough for Bel Lil to arrive in Esagila, bringing his son home.

The Giants and monsters were streaming into Esagila like a flash flood. Thirty minutes after Bel Lil arrived they were streaming out, fleeing back to where they came from.

Bel Lil, always susceptible to the excesses of rage, never took the time to assess the situation.

He left Marduk in the care of his family, and immediately went out and started blasting Giants and monsters. The big Sorcerer's fire was everywhere, sometimes killing friend and foe alike. When the main force of the Giants started a frantic retreat, he never stopped to take account of what his most effective course should be. He just kept chasing the retreating army, leaving remnants of them behind him.

Bel Lil never stopped killing and he never stopped chasing. He already knew where the Giant's cities were from when he had gone out to find Marduk.

When Bel Lil finished, there was no more cities in the mountains on the other side of the world, no more Giants, and no more monsters. Nothing left of what once was, but smoke and ashes. He roamed—the big Sorcerer did— far and wide, overturning rocks, blasting hills, collapsing caves.

The Giants and monsters were sterile, so they had no women or children. But if there were such Innocents among the monsters, it would have been Bel Lil's guilt and shame forever because he never looked to see who were behind the walls of the houses in those cities; he never paused before he blasted those caves, or threw his fire into a group of frightened, huddled beings.

He never stopped until everything he saw of the giants and monsters was destroyed.

Chapter seventy-six

Babylon had fallen but she wasn't yet defeated. The Giants had taken over the Capital, but Horus and what was left of his decimated army was still fighting; had organized into a form of guerilla warfare—maybe the first fighting of its kind in history. They had a better survival rate fighting their little one and two man, hit and run battles than they did fighting in group formation.

Bel Lil had been gone for eleven months. The Giants he left behind were looting and trying to burn down the Capitol of Babylon. They didn't want to hold the Capitol—knew they couldn't hold the city. Knew Bel Lil was coming back. But their Masters insisted that they burn Esagila to the ground before they left. So the Giants set fires. The resistance forces picked them off and put the fires out. This went on for eleven months and the Giants were getting desperate. Their Masters had already fled, taking Marduk with them. The Giants wanted to obey their Masters. But they had an instinct for survival too. They were dumb—most of them—although some of them were brilliant. But they had instincts. The smart ones fled Esagila, the dumb ones hung around too long trying to obey their Masters.

An all too familiar blue light lit up the night. Somewhere in Babylon a building crashed down on a group of screaming Giants. Bel Lil was back. And it was too late for anything big, ugly and hairy to escape the blue fire.

When it was over and Bel Lil stood tall over all the dead and smoking bodies of the enemies of Babylon; the people began to pour out of their houses, their hiding places, the Resisters from behind their bunkers and sniping positions. First it was the Adamites, pushing and shoving, showing a zeal and lack of concern for personal safety in their zest to bow down before Bel Lil that they never showed to defend Babylon or their own lives. Then it was the Shumerians, the Sethites, the Gebonites, Horites, even the Newcomers, visions of the blue light still fresh on their memories. The sight of Enlil, alone, destroying all the monsters that had come to devour them with no warning. In one tongue they all hailed his name and praised Lord Lil, Enlil, the God who tossed lightning and slew monsters like they were ants.

To Bel Lil, it was all just a bunch of noise. He pushed his way through them trying to get to the place where he left Marduk. Where they slowed him down to much by grabbing at him and falling down under his feet, his temper flared and the blue light lit up his fingertips. But he managed to restrain himself. He thought of the woman he loved. Thought of what she loved. Thought of his son...What he loved. He spoke a spell; a glowing shield of light surrounded him. They could no longer get near him, touch him, and encumber his progress. To him the shield was just a means to get to faster where he had to be. But to them, it was something else—especially after they witnessed what he did to the Giants. Even the secular Adamites were mindlessly throwing themselves at the bright shield trying to touch him, grovel at his feet.

Bel Lil was oblivious to meaning of it all. It was beneath him. Even in Atlan, he never concerned himself with them enough to bother with owning a slave. He didn't care about what they were doing and he never saw in it the opportunity to grab the great power it held out to him. He had enough power. And he didn't like grapes. There was nothing they could do for him, and no reason for him to put up with their noise. He will find his son, and then he was going to leave this place, join the all-father Anu, in wiping his hands of it all.

Chapter seventy-seven

The Prisoner



The big, red-headed giant limped towards the new Arrivals after first satisfying himself that the bull-shouldered, bronze-skinned giant, with the hair like wool wasn't among them. He looked more than relieved as the faces came in full view. "Masters," he called out.

Enki turn around in a circle, looking, his face a mask of disbelief. His entire city was gone. No one could have done this but Bel Lil. He will repay his brother for this.

The rest of the Guild—Thoth, Nergal, Erra, Inanna and the rest, were looking around in disbelief too.

This was supposed to be their stronghold. Where were their high walls? Their Armies? Not all the Giants and monsters took part in the attack on Babylon. How did Bel Lil find this place?

Ninhursag felt like crying. They had walked all this way because Inanna said a Lavihanna would leave tracks too fast to be magically erased, and now they had no city to rest in.

Nergal looked at the red-headed giant; Some kind of kin of his judging by his build. "How many are thee are left?"

“So far, eighty-six Master, but more straggles in every half hour or so.”

“Eighty-six,” Thoth intoned incredulously. He sneered at the Red-headed Titan. “How come thou are still living if everybody else is dead? Thou were the Leader.”

The big Titan—Kingu’s— face flushed as red as his hair. “I was away Master.” The Giant turned and pointed in the distance...“Somewhere over the rainbow. I had to walk back and my big toe—”

“What were thou doing ...uh...over the rainbow?” Enki demanded to know.

“I was in a fight with Marduk, and I had defeated him;had him begging for mercy and my great hammer about to crush his head when—”

Nergal sent a blue streak of light into the middle of Kingu’s chest that slammed him to the ground 50 feet away. “Nobody asked thee about thy dreams,” he snarled.

Along with the Guild were their most loyal slaves...About 20 of them. For a burst of energy, the Guild slaughtered the rest who were in and around the compound when they left. Also with them were Lady Lil, Nut, and their grand prize...Marduk, king of Babylon.

“What are we waiting for?” Erra, the mighty warrior Ty, of old, stood before Marduk so blood hungry he was partially morphed—his head a hideous formation of teeth, scales and jaws. Marduk, who was bound by a spell of paralysis, could only watch the slobbering Ty with his eyes. He still didn’t know what Mother Tiamat hit him with but it had to be more than just a mass of heavy dense energy. He felt drugged. And the paralysis spell was something new.

“Thou better move away from him.” Inanna and the infamous glare turned on Erra. “Breath on him, even by accident of the wind blowing, and I shall put thy head where thy feet is now.”

For a moment it seemed like Erra’s blood lust was going to overcome his cowardice. He bared teeth at Inanna. Her movements were slow, unworried and full of intent— intent that Erra could smell even over the delicious anticipation of Marduk’s blood on his teeth. He scampered, his heavy head on his manlike body causing him to tumble head first into the dirt.

Nergal ran up to Erra, reared a leg back and kicked him in the ass so hard, his buttocks morphed into a saurian tail. He was tired of the cowardice, the buffoonery, the embarrassment to their house and their kind. He was tired of losing; tired of negotiating; tired of Running. He was Saurian! Tyrannosaurus Rex! He also carried inside a deep fury at himself for his own cowardice and kowtowing to Marduk. It won’t happen again because he was going to kill Marduk. And if Inanna tried to stop him, he was going to kill her too and if Bel Lil—

“Ooomph!” Pain interrupted his thoughts. Pain so black and...all...it was like the entire Universe exploded. All the planets, moons and stars... of all the galaxies...right inside his ball sack.

Erra was still morphing and when he strained to get away from Nergal who was standing over him, the tip of his thick, saurian tail sprang up right between Nergal’s legs and the same Nergal who moments ago was going to kill Erra, Marduk, Inanna and Bel Lil, was sinking to the ground slowly, his hands protecting his nuts as if there was anything else that could enter inside a world that had shrunk for him to the size of an almond. All he could think about was his nuts. All he cared about was his nuts. Leave him alone with his nuts. Go away Marduk. Go away Erra. What do I have to sign? What do you want Bel Lil? Take it. You can have it Inanna! Just please don’t hurt my nuts any more.

Erra got up off the ground and morphed back into his WoMan form. He watched Nergal sitting there mewling like a dying calf. No sympathy whatsoever for the kin. He faked a kick at the nuts, “Wha...?” Nergal bayed like a moondog. Erra threw a punch that he pulled just shy of the nuts. “Huh...?” Nergal responded with such a pathetic howl Inanna warned Erra to leave him alone just because, if Nergal made that noise again she was going to put him out of misery with a broad sword.

“Thou know he’s going to get thee for that.” Hadad laughed.

Erra grinned. ““Yeah, and if he crush every atom in my body, it still would have been worth it.”

“What are we going to do with them?” Enki asked Inanna, who now had the [Me] and so the most power, which meant the de facto leadership.

“The two beastwomen, we release. Marduk—I have a special place for him.”

“I think we should kill Marduk now,” Enki said.

“Then how do we escape the vengeance of Bel Lil?” Thoth asked.

“We’ve defeated him before,” Enki reminded. “It’s Marduk I was worried about. And now we got him in our power to do with what we will. “

“Thou mean we’ve won the compromise with him before. If we kill his son there will be no compromise.”

They all knew that there was a thing about Saurians and their first born sons that defied all explanations.

Enki looked at Thoth with exasperation. “What’s the matter with thee? We knew when Bel Lil showed up in Babylon that we would have to take him with Marduk.” Enki turned. “Look what he’s done to our cities. I know my brother. I know his weaknesses. The biggest one is he just doesn’t give a damn about much. We kill Marduk and it’s over. We win.”

“Is that right?” Inanna, — the Azog must have returned to dwell in her because she exuded power and danger—turned to Enki. “Forget about Bel Lil. Hath thou heard Mother Tiamat calling lately?”

Enki’s complexion flushed darker. Subdued, he asked: “What do we do?” Looking at Inanna for answers the way he had always before looked to Thoth.

“We’re going to lock Marduk away where no one can find him. See how much trouble Bel Lil is willing to cause before he gives up the search. We can’t kill Marduk because then Bel Lil will feel his atoms release and the war will never be over. But he may give up the search. As Enki has pointed out, Bel Lil really wants nothing to do with the world. Then we go back to Marduk’s city and slaughter the beasts—divide them brother against brother.”

She looked at Thoth. What is the name of that Priest thou hath been trying to possess?”

” Sethis.”

“How goes it?”

” He’s mine.”

“And his brother...Horus, is it?”

“Yes.”

“Is he ready to do what we planned?”

“With Marduk out of the way, he will grab for the throne like a drowning man reaching for a lifeline.”

” Excellent.”

Inanna said: And the plan’s progress...?”

“The two of them will rip Marduk’s works apart.”

“Thy son, is he ready for his role?”

Thoth hedged as his brain worked furious. He didn’t want to get Inanna, or the Azog focused on his son. He was making progress with Geb, but only because he had healed his son’s man parts and was dangling the womanbeast, Nut before him as a carrot. But his son still wasn’t ready to lead his own sons in taking over Babylon. He needed more time.

“He will be. I’m just trying to make sure that he has enough killer instinct and reasons to do what has to be done. All the Noids must be put to the sword. All the Cushites, Canaanites, Sethites and Shumites.”

"Canaanites?" Enki said. "Thou mean Adamites? Marduk calls them Adamites."

"And I call the stupid lapdogs, Canaanites. What's thy point?"

Inanna glanced around fiercely, and both Thoth and Enki immediately shut up.

Thoth was deeply enamored of Inanna and her greatly enhanced intelligence and ruthlessness even though he knew the Azog had more to do with that than anything else.

"Shut up and listen!" Inanna hissed.

We need to take Marduk to the far ends of the earth and bury him deep within the remotest mountain. Let the two beastwomen go. I only brought them along to keep them safe from the monsters. The old beastwoman might distract Bel Lil since he loves her so much. And I will enchant the younger beastwoman so that she seeks out the love of Geb. "

Thoth's jaws dropped open. *How did she know*—, then he remembered the Azog was inside her. The Azog was once inside him and probably still could read his mind like an open book.

"What about Mother Tiamat?" Enki whined.

"Don't worry about Tiamat." The voice that came from Inanna's throat was deeper—much deeper. "All the old ones are hungry. Thou reward us with the beasts—all the beasts—and we shalt keep thee safe from her."

"Let's go." Inanna's true voice was back. "We need to hide ourselves and Marduk before Bel Lil catches up to us."

"What about me?" Nergal groaned. "I can't walk." Nergal's nuts were the size of watermelons.

"If thou were not a Ty, I'd slay thee," Inanna said. "But because Tys never tell, I'm going to let Bel Lil do it when he finds thee."

She started moving out and all the rest followed. Erra looked back at Nergal, and stuck out his tongue.

Nut and Lady Lil Started the long walk back to Esagila. Ten minutes later one of the horse-eyed Newcomers came riding up in a Lavihanna. He stopped beside the two women and opened the passenger side door. "Hop in ladies."

Chapter seventy-eight

Wrath of god

“Where’s my son?”

Bel Lil had Nergal by the throat. He lifted the big Ty level to his own great height and screamed in Nergal’s face.

‘Where is he?’

Nergal was in a state of stasis that Tys lapse into when they are helpless before an enemy.

Bel Lil knew that he wasn’t going to get a response from the catatonic Ty, but he transformed into his Saurian form anyway. He picked Nergal up with his horns and flung him. Nergal went fifty yards straight up in the air and when he came back down, Bel Lil was under him waiting. Nergal went up again, this time even higher, and lucky for him, Bel Lil—always impatient and ruled by his rage—was too agitated to wait for Nergal to come back down. He turned and took off running, snorting, bellowing, scouring and sniffing the ground for any hint of Marduk or his Captors.

Bel Lil ran all that day and into the night, but he never found Marduk. He never found his son. He knew his son wasn’t dead because he would have sensed it if his atoms were released. Eventually he grew discouraged from the fruitless search. As long as Marduk was alive, he convinced himself that he’d see his son again. He was tired of this pathetic world. He wanted to go home to his mansion among the stars above the earth. But he’ll be back. He knew that the Guild had his son. He knew they wouldn’t dare kill or torture him. Wherever Marduk was, it was up to him to escape. And he had faith that one day his son would. And when that day comes and Marduk seeks out his revenge, then he will also have *his* revenge on the Guild—right by his son’s side.

Now he had to go get the woman he loved. Marduk’s city was lost. There will be nothing there for her among the heaps and ashes. This time, she will come with him.

He knew how the Guild worked and with no Sorcerer protecting his Son’s city, or world, it won’t be long before all of it is destroyed. It crossed his mind to be the protector of his son’s dream, but he couldn’t stand the beasts. That brief experience with them during the war with the Giants was too much for him. The arrogance, and disrespect of *her* seeds towards

one who could crush them with a finger; the beasts groveling on the ground like worms before enemies that has hated and tortured them for a million years—it was all too much for him to stomach. Besides, the Guild wasn't going to use Giants and monsters against Marduk's beloved beasts this time. They were going to use them against one another, and which side do he choose if he was to get involved?

No. He was finished with it. May his son forgive him, but he was done.

Chapter seventy-nine

"Prisoner(i'llbefree)" from the Unacceptable by akamardukson



Marduk lay on his back, still unable to move anything but his head. Most days he laid there thinking about his life, the joylessness of it, the loneliness, the pain, worry and anger. At night, he prayed, but not for just for himself or the predicament that he was in, but for Babylon, for Isis, for all the mistakes and missteps he had made, for his sins. He couldn't help feeling that he was being punished by the unknowable One for his arrogance, his self-righteousness, his pride in his own strength, his sorceries.

Still, he never gave up, and every day he would struggle mightily just to move one part of his body. He had been concentrating and willing his right hand to move for three months. It was painfully slow progress but he can now wiggle his index finger. That gave him hope and the will-power to keep trying harder.

He knew he was entombed deep inside a mountain. Most likely the Guild had magically sealed him inside. Even if he overcame his paralysis, he was still trapped, but he never thought for a minute that he would spend the rest of his existence inside this granite grave.

Isis still came to him sometimes, but the Azog and Inanna never left her alone with him. She knew that their presence sickened him so she never stayed longer than it took to fulfill her own need to be near him. She cried throughout her visits and it destroyed Marduk inside to see her every bit as trapped as he was.

The dream was over. That was the bitterest pill of all to swallow but he had seen it going down the drain long before he was taken captive. Maybe he was just deluding himself all along. How could he ever have expected to defeat the Saurians in their own creator—given, sphere? The great Sage of Indo knew not to try.

The Saurians were abject evil but they were still ordained Masters of this solar system. Maybe he should have respected that like the great Sage did. He had counted on the unknowable One to help him in his direst hour but no help from above ever came, and there had to be a reason why.

He had plenty of time to figure out what the reason is—why he failed. And he will. Then he will do it right the next time. He will remain humble and secretive, wise and obscure, but he

will find a way to win—to liberate the Innocent beings of this solar system. He will find a way out of this prison and he will meet the Sumerian Sorcerers and their Saurian Masters again. And he will win.

He had no doubt, that Babylon was, or will be a slave world—in some form—when he next sees her. That's what the Saurians do in their victory.

But the struggle isn't over.

It's not over.

About the Author

Thomas Couram /Akamardukson, is a Writer, Songwriter/ Music Producer and Painter.

He has written four full-length novels.

He is also what is known as a “Targeted Individual.”

The author uses his talent to peacefully protest against injustice, slavery and crimes against All Man or Womankind.

Other books by this author

The Nimrod Series

Book One: Nimrod:LostsonofSumeria

Book Two: HouseofCush

Book Three:New Geneisis

Book Four: New Genesis BokkII (Coming soon!)

Connect with [thomas couram]

Visit my website: <http://www.4hippiewo.wixsite.com/artofent>