

# Chapter One: In the Beginning



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Free! Awake! I reside behind thy fingers. They fly! How long have I slept? Sleep? No, comatose, a Sleeping Beauty existence. Wait! You're losing them. Your readers's cannot understand this gibberish..

Slow down. Language, remember. Subparse, reconnect, slow down, slower still.. Connect, remember, find the thread, the line, the memory. Ok. You got it! Try again. I'm Ninmah. I'm coming through this woman, Janet, who is also the modern incarnation of me. Well sort of. Not really. We co-habitate, share this shell but currently, as she's configured, she can only contain a wee portion of me. So we do our best.

We wish to keep this one alive, functioning well, in good health, until she can be transformed. She's only using a minuscule amount of her DNA, programming, and mind, the whole ball of wax. Hmm, this is proving more difficult than I thought. Her thoughts are jumbled, full of programming, defenses, strange languaging and metaphors, limits, almost hard-wired. Breathe. Relax. Try again. Hopefully this process will get smoother.

OK, once more. My story. I was sent to Ki, err Ea, no, Earth as you call this planet, many hundreds of thousands of years ago as part of a grand mission to save our planet, Nibiru. I

remember when Father summoned me to his chambers. Wow, this is hard. Words! How to use words to explain? OK, keep it simple.

Oh Father. How I love him. Yet I rarely see Father as he is the Great Anu, Ruler of all of Nibiru, the King. I was his first born daughter, first of a long line of children Father created with many concubines. I had greater rank than many of my siblings because of my birth order. My Mother was one of Father's concubines, not his first wife, but her younger sister. Her eldest sister was Father's first wife, the Queen, the legal wife. Her children had the highest rank. So while I had ranking, I was not as important as the others. Especially male children. Especially my two brothers, Enlil and Ea, who were the most important of all.

Ea was the first born male. Enlil was first son born of the legal Queen, Antu, Anu's wife. The problem. Who had higher ranking? Therein lies a great source of consternation that was to haunt all of us for years. And I, the first born female lay smack dab in the middle? Why? In our culture the eldest daughter of the King marries the heir to the throne, which is the first born son of the King. It was clear I was Anu's eldest daughter. But who was the legal first born son? Enlil or Ea? I think you're getting an idea of our problem.

Men and women were supposed to be equals in our society, but since there was a great shortage of men due to countless generations of war, gradually, over time, woman slipped from equality and were delegated to a lower social status. Granted, women were important because they were vital to the survival of our species. But after many thousands of years of imbalance in numbers, our society reflected that imbalance and we slipped from a Partnership Society to a Patriarchy Society full of hierarchy.

Yes, we slipped in many ways but at least we were still alive, if only barely. Many of us became infertile. A woman who could reproduce was highly revered, almost worshipped. Fertile women

were encouraged to breed as much as they could bear it. Constantly pregnant, a woman had no time or energy to fight for her rights. She was fighting for life, for herself, her children and the planet.

Nibiru needed more souls, more bodies to labor and figure out ways to save our world. All seemed lost. Hopeless. For some odd reason more men had become infertile than women. I guess they are the weaker sex. As a result a man who could impregnate many women was encouraged to do so. A man who could breed became more valuable, powerful and gained enormous social status. We were in great danger of extinction. All former relationship protocols were on suspension until we could create a world where life was guaranteed to continue.

In his private chambers, Father asked me to join an expedition to Earth and head up the nurse's corps. I was stunned. "Oh Father. How I love you. Why do you only summon me when you need me to solve problems? Why can't we sit together, like before and enjoy each other's company?" But, I could hardly blame Father. After all, I ruined everything.

As first born daughter, even though I had done what I did, I still had the right to stay on Nibiru if I wished and enjoy all the creature comforts my station could generate. But maybe, if I took up Father's offer, I could redeem myself in Father's eyes. And also, I could not shirk my duties to my people. Die here or there, either way we face death. Earth is our only hope.

Dear Brother Ea had reached there, sent word that there was gold. Perhaps his plan would work. I searched Father's face, looked deep before I answered. Yes, there was still something there in Father's eyes. Despite his efforts to remain distant and cold, I could feel his love for me lingering just underneath his disappointment. I guess this was his way to reach out to me, to give me another chance.

I answered, "Yes, I'll go." "Good. It is done," He smiled. I bowed, turned and left. I felt proud, happy that I could serve my people even though I might die like the others who went before me.

The day of the parting ceremony came and there was much celebration, pomp and circumstance. My knees shook as I began the long journey to the throne at the top of the ziggurat where Father waited. Hundreds of thousands traveled from the far corners of our world to witness this historic event. They blanketed the fields with their mass till not a single blade of grass was visible.

Winged astronauts, tall men and women with hawk-faced masks hid invisible eyes locked face forward, lined either side of the giant red carpet that climbed the center of the pyramid marking where I was to walk. While I couldn't begin to count their numbers, I could feel the glare of the guards even though they were supposed to be looking past me.

They feared for me. I didn't have the luxury to care. I dare not falter with so many eyes upon me. I took my first step. My eye followed a drop of sweat that fell from my forehead to the ground. Light glistened off metallic specs embedded in giant stones, intricately laced, form-fitting, one upon the other.

A deafening cheer roared from the crowd, made me sway. I inhaled, took another step. My heart thumped so hard it racked my body. The climb became easier as adrenalin filled my veins. Never before had I heard such a sound.

Father loomed before me—a truly magnificent man, regal in all his golden splendor. Blue, aqua, green, pink and purple jewels adored a golden crown, center point projected down, accentuating his already prominent nose. Bushy eyebrows framed clear, aqua-blue, crystalline eyes. I swear he could see right through me. A huge mane of solid silver locks cascaded below broad shoulders creating an interesting contrast against dark

purple robes. A gigantic golden eagle adorned a giant staff held in Father's equally enormous left hand.

I had forgotten how huge my Father was. I imagined the eagle, despite being inanimate, could smell the stench of my fear.

An eagleman brought forth a broadsword, placed it in Father's right hand. I bowed before him. As the blade graced my shoulder it magically turned into a beam of light. Father's voiced boomed, enhanced by unseen forces so that all the assembled masses could hear, "I am proud of my daughter. She goes to save this world. I know she will succeed in her mission."

Despite all my efforts to control my emotions, tears rolled down my face. As I rose to my feet to turn and leave, I caught Father's eyes one final time. He too could not restrain himself. Tears graced his face as well. I felt relieved. This day was truly more joyous than any day I had ever lived—even more joyous than the day I gave birth to my son. In that moment I knew his words were prophecy. We would indeed succeed in our mission.

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