



Southern Lights falling
Acrylic colours on sand on canvas

The Day the Great Flood Came
The Saga of the Annunaki
Volume 2

A Novel

written by
Christine Berthel

Also, by Christine Berthel

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Alien Skies

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*The nuclear filamentous inclusions of a human glioma.
Their relation with nuclear bodies*

C. Bertel, J. Gouranton

European Journal of Cell Biology

Volume 25, Number 1, August 1981

This tale is a reflection on Destiny...

I dedicate this book with love to the Ancients who came here long ago,

And whose civilisation has been wiped out,

To their children: The Humans of Earth,

To King Alalu of Olden Times, he who is mentioned in Sumerian tablets

And, of course, to Ea Anki, Lord of the Abzu

I also thank my husband Noël for his support and his patience, while I was writing book.

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Prologue

The Annuna and the Abzu

The Abzu... What a complicated thing it appears to fathom!

Long ago, the people of the Annuna had mastered the art to reach it, and those who had attained that enviable state taught others how to penetrate into this mysterious realm, where all souls come from and, eventually, return to.

The Annuna were a practical people, and, very soon, they discovered that you could travel through the Abzu and reach another place in space, much faster than by any means of straight movement through normal space. You just had to transfer your consciousness into the space above the ordinary spacetime, and then, you could emerge at a point you had known before, and which you had taken great care to visualise.

Of course, you have to know a place from a previous visit to visualize it correctly, a drawback which quite naturally limited the Annuna's conquest of space, during these early times.

Yes, the Annuna knew the Abzu to be infinite, almost frightening in its immensity, and in its endless possibilities. It was Hyperspace, it was unending in time as well as in space, it was the whole spacetime continuum!

It was the mirror of all that is and ever shall exist. They were aware that life flowed from the Abzu and was

sustained by it, and, inversely, that the Abzu was shaped by everything that happened in the physical universe. Each influenced the other and became the cause, and, then again, the consequence, in an eternal oscillation.

The Annuna were perpetually fascinated by it.

All of their great kings, and also some of their latter-day princes like Lord Commander Ea Anki, became so proficient in the art of teleportation that they could just wink in and out of existence, in the blink of an eye.

Hyperspace... the Abzu... What a useful means to travel through space it was!

They looked at the star constellations and knew that each star represented a place where plasma was drawn to. Through their trips into the Abzu, the Annuna learned that the magnetic field between stars could help them transport even whole crews in space ships to other star systems!

From there, it seemed only natural to explore other regions of space, first, in their own solar system, then, further away, in far-flung space stations, until they dared explore the neighbouring star system, and export and rebuild their civilisation there, for they knew that they had attained a perfect state of equilibrium on their home world.

Almost too perfect...

They also discovered a whole network of tunnels and corridors in Hyperspace which could swish you along to distant stars, but at the same time, they understood that these pathways from one end of the universe to the other required a particular technology and could only be controlled with a

high degree of spiritual elevation. If you were lacking one or the other, you would not survive the journey.

Even the highly spiritual and technologically advanced Annuna were not yet ready to take these shortcuts, in those days. It was far too dangerous!

So, they started the slow way, step by step, building up space stations, and then way stations placed halfway between two stellar systems: one of them their own home world and the other a binary star system which consisted of a yellow sun with nine planets and an almost invisible brown dwarf called “Nibiru” with three more satellites.

Then, a group of the Annuna under the leadership of Ea Anki volunteered to take the slow way and to colonize one of the alien planets: Earth!

Soon, other settlers followed and, for a long time, they lived and loved and fought and, also, died on the planet which was known to them as Ki, with its sun that was too bright for the eyes of the newcomers.

But this happy state of affairs was not to last, and a disaster happened. A terrible cataclysm — a group of meteorites — all but wiped out the settlers of Ki, and most of their ancient knowledge of old was lost, together with their records, and with almost all their technological tools which had helped them to maintain their high culture and comfortable standard of living.

They had to start again from scratch and try to restore as much as possible of their formerly advanced civilisation. But certain things cannot be repaired...

In ancient times, everyone knew about the Abzu and how to reach it. However, since the cataclysm, this precious

knowledge had been all but forgotten. No one thought it even to be within the reach of normal mortals, and the general belief held it to be reserved for a few privileged “Old Ones” from before.

Soon, teleportation through Hyperspace became just another legend, and with it disappeared the ability to achieve healing and renewal of body and mind. In combination with the strong cosmic particle flow this particular planet was exposed to, and with some other ill-understood factor like a hypothetical genetic splicing, people’s life-span was shortened.

At that point, the long lives of the first settlers — whose leaders were En-Lil and Anki, the latter also known as En-Ki — seemed to defy natural causes, and, very quickly, a long life-span was deemed to be just legend, and then myth, where the living, breathing people of old were all too often regarded as gods.

But they were not.

They were just people with their quirks and shadows, sometimes wise, sometimes floundering, stumbling along their lives’ paths like their shorter-lived children. Only a few could reach the Highest Principle, the source, and reach god-like status, but these belonged no longer to the material world.

But then again, all overcame whatever darkness was lurking inside, and they transcended, in the end. And the Abzu — the Great Beyond with its tides and streams of rushing void — was essential for this.

Southern Lights Falling

Lost in Spacetime

A storm was brewing, down below.

A mighty storm which had nothing to do with the usual storms you encountered on most of the other planets, and which would appear like harmless, pocket-sized winds when compared to this one.

“Aah, another one of those monsters!” Ea Anki murmured under his breath.

His companion Anta, his wife, and the partner of his soul, had not been listening to his words. She had been concentrating on her work: evaluating the situation on Ki and trying to make sense of the many pictures and films gathered by their satellites. Print-outs and magnetised disks littered her desktop. Just now, she had been studying a recently transmitted video sequence.

They were sitting in the multi-panelled control room of Anki’s headquarters on one of Mash Shing’s medium-sized moons, Duran-na. It was an austere setting, where everything was functional and served a purpose, but the harmony of its proportions lent it a discreet beauty.

Mash Shing was the second planet when you counted the planets from the arrival in this solar system. The large, blue planet was only half-lit, at this time of the month. With its ultra-fast rotation period, a day on Mash Shing was shorter than a day on Ki, the seventh planet. The rapid rotation

transferred unimaginable quantities of energy to all layers of its atmosphere, and jet-streams were constantly racing across the planetary surface.

A dismal planet, ice-cold, with raging storms that could shred a space ship into smithereens, within an hour of exposure.

At present, Anki intently observed the dark vortex, a Coriolis hurricane, which was forming at a high altitude. Such a hurricane reached far up into the upper layers of the atmosphere, and deep down below so that it even touched the rocky core. Its destructive power surpassed the power of every storm on Ki, or on Lahmu, the sixth planet, and only the red whirlwind on the huge gas planet, Kishar, could be compared to it. Coal and ice mixed with methane were sucked up towards the outer rim of the atmosphere, darkened the vortex, and made it appear like a malevolent shadow or a force of destruction from the underworld.

In Anki's experience, such storms could last several years, and with the strong electrical currents they generated, the whole magnetic field of Mash Shing was altered, so that the instruments of a space ship coming near the planet would be jammed and flight parameters would have to be changed.

He swivelled in his chair and turned to Anta.

"If we want to go back to Ki unhindered, we should leave now", he said quietly. He motioned towards the panoramic window.

She looked up from her screen and gazed at the sight displayed in the control room's front window. The large and

slightly curved window was made of crystalline metal, and its structure could be altered to let visible light pass.

“Oh! Another one of those hurricanes!” The resignation was easy to hear in the tired tone of her voice.

They had found refuge here, on this moon with the comfortable and shielded living quarters. A huge hangar had been carved directly into the bedrock, in times past, when the Annuna first came to this star system. Twelve space vessels could easily fit into it. As it was, only six of Anki’s original ships were stationed here, the other six had been dispatched to Lahmu, the red planet, together with three hundred pilots.

Anki had given the order to the officers — all lords in their own right — to reconstruct the ruins of their ancient settlement, to salvage what could be salvaged, to render airtight the underground dwellings, and to build a small dome above the dusty surface, — and they had joyously accepted the mission. Ever since the atmosphere of Lahmu had been burnt by a plasma arc which had come from Kishar, the thin air was unbreathable, and life had to be shielded in the inhospitable landscape.

But Anki had vowed to bring the sixth planet back to life, and this idea had kindled their enthusiasm anew.

Fresh energy had been infused, and four teams had begun to work on the red planet with newly found passion. The men were proud of their task, and they were also proud to serve the Lord of Ki, Ea En-Ki, the prince from the mythical Angad, and each one had pledged not to let him down. As for Ea Anki, he had promised to contact them regularly and to help with his blueprints and with his guidance. They sent

regular reports, and he sent back answers, counselling them, showing that they were not alone.

All went according to plan, but still, Anki worried.

“The magnetic field of Mash-Shing’s is changing too fast!”

Anta stood up and leaned over his shoulder, looking at the readings of the stand-by magnetometer.

“Isn’t that what it does each time such a storm develops?” she asked.

As always, her nearness awoke his sensuousness, together with other steamy feelings, but now was not the time for this. He sensed danger coming their way!

Somehow, he was under the impression that things would go wrong. It was nothing more than an undefined feeling, and he could not quite pinpoint its source, but he had learned to trust his hunches. The future had a way of intruding on the present, and the stronger the feeling of an impending event, the greater the probability of its arrival, and also of the upheaval it would cause.

Meanwhile, the only thing he could do right now was to make sure to keep in touch with his men on Planet Six.

“We shall leave ahead of schedule”, he now announced. “Meet me at the hangar, in an hour.”

When Anta entered the hangar, an hour later, Anki had already prepared the ship.

As always, she felt dwarfed by the huge proportions of the hangar. The floor consisted of the black stone of the moon’s bedrock, it was carefully smoothed and polished to a

shine, and perfectly levelled. No unevenness was allowed to mar the ships' take-off. The metal walls, perfect surfaces without blemish, were discreetly reflecting the light. Crystals within the metal stabilized the overall magnetic field.

Holding a small bag with spare clothes and a couple of magnetised disks, she quickly ran to the vessel which was already flight-ready and climbed up the ladder to the opening hatch. As soon as she entered, Anki closed the airlock from inside the control room.

“Be quick!” His deep voice was transmitted over the interphone. “The field is changing faster than I thought!”

Anta complied, and soon, they were sitting side by side in front of the control panels.

The composite electromagnetic field started to build up within the central unit of the ship's drive, and the strong electric current was produced, a plasma actually. The spinning lights were reflected from the walls outside, shades of blue and deep purple, as the vessel retracted the foot pads and slowly rose into the air. Then it glided smoothly towards the hangar's airlock.

One last check of the panels and the outer portal of the airlock could be unsealed.

In the oval opening, part of the milky-white band of their galaxy was visible with its billions of stars, little, clearly defined pin-point lights scattered on black cloth. Anki halted his vessel for a moment and took in the awe-inspiring sight.

You could only feel small and insignificant when faced with such grandeur.

Then, the vessel rose vertically and veered abruptly sideways at a forty-five-degree angle.

They were on their way, and Anki felt relief overwhelming him. His sense of impending danger had told him that everything would go the wrong way, but that had probably been his imagination, or the rapidly changing electromagnetic field produced by the Coriolis storm.

“All is well now,” he exclaimed exuberantly.

After all, what could happen now? Were they not protected by the magnetic shield which was built up by their ship under the impact of charged particles coming from the central sun? It was like a cocoon, really, and Anki felt safe in it.

That was when the unforeseen happened.

In the magnetic gradient between the yellow sun and its companion —the brown dwarf star Nibiru — a frontier exists where their two fields meet, and it is just like a boundary between two phases, one oil, the other water. This boundary ebbs and flows, ever-changing, spiralling around the orbit of the second planet, the planet Anki and Anta had just left.

Strange things could happen here.

The vessel was still well within reach of Mash Shing, when the indicators of danger began to blink, all of a sudden. All signals were at odds, and the consoles were gyrating madly.

At the same time, an alarm sounded, and its strident sound set their teeth on edge. Even worse: the readings of

the magnetometer went far above the scale, and the values could no longer be interpreted.

Other instruments like the reader of suction told of an incongruity within these surroundings: a massive wall, just in front of them!

“What...?”

A wall? A massive object? Maybe, another space ship!

Anki rendered the upper dome transparent to the visible light and drew in his breath. Anta gasped.

A whirlwind!

“In the midst of space?” Anki heard fear in her voice, and it echoed his own.

It came into sight as a thing against nature, — a monstrosity —and it sucked them into its field of might, and it was turning and churning just in front of them, a black door as large as the entrance to their hangar! No stars were visible inside, and instead, a swirling tenuous trail of light slowly flowed into it, like delicate vapour which rose above a boiling pot.

Impossible to avoid it!

A minute later they found themselves inside the blackness.

At the same time, the surrounding space was not black anymore but displayed a pale, blue-grey light. Most of the commands on the control panel were dark, now, and the alarm had stopped, but outside, the flickering glow permeated everything.

“Hyperspace!” Anki exclaimed. “We have crossed into the Abzu!”

He recognized the sight and swore under his breath. How was he going to reach his men now?

Anta, too, remembered other instances when she had teleported into the Abzu under difficult conditions.

“When I tried to teleport, I was surrounded sometimes by such a grey light. It happened when I had not really prepared the settings of my destination... or when Uncle Iti tried to throw me back and out of Hyperspace”, she said. She looked worried. This was not good!

“How did we enter here?”

“Through one of the portals into Hyperspace. They exist in interstellar space”, Anki sombrely explained. “They are not stable, and they don’t have any fixed features. A major magnetic disturbance, like the Coriolis storm on Mash Shing, can displace them.”

Anta watched their surroundings. There was not much to see, but ... things... appeared to pass them by.

“We are being drawn further and further away from where we wanted to go!” she cried. “What now? Where is it taking us?”

“This is not the usual gully of Hyperspace which you can take in order to arrive at a known place, somewhere!” Anki breathed. “I don’t know where it is leading us. It is carrying us forward relatively fast; it seems to me.”

He shouted the last words: “In fact, it is a rushing torrent!”

Anta felt trapped, and her face was pale and drawn in the otherworldly light. She clutched Anki's hands, her heart pounding. They were lost in Hyperspace, rushing forward on a strange river, where no familiar feature emerged. Prisoners of Hyperspace they were!

"No one has charted these waters", Anki murmured. "It is utterly new territory. The Abzu —Hyperspace — is benign only where we make it so, and when we can imprint our own reality. This one has not been imprinted, yet. These are savage floods. Untamed...."

Undefined shadows passed them by.

"This watercourse is dark and featureless. The power of its flow is frightening..."

He thought about the dangers lurking in Hyperspace. You could be trapped there not only by a hostile entity, or a permanent resident, but also by a torrential flow of spacetime like this one from which you could not escape, for you needed a point of reference, at least somewhere.

"Hyperspace can be very dangerous", he only remarked.

"Can this be a jump in time?" she asked hesitantly.

Long ago, during another life, Anta had experienced such a jump, when planet Lahmu had been destroyed by a plasma arc. At that time, an eerie light had suffused all canals and corridors of Hyperspace, because of an event which should not have happened, and which had not been foreseen by anybody.

Yet, it had happened. And she remembered a strange and unearthly illumination, similar to the light outside.

Was this also an event that should not have happened?

Certain timelines can be cut off when the unforeseen intrudes, and then, another reality emerges. She was afraid that this might be one of these instances when a change of probabilities had occurred, and a new timeline took shape.

“One instant of No-Time has been enough in my life!”

“A jump in time?” Anki shrugged helplessly. As long as they were caught in the torrent, he could not do a reality check, and neither could he intervene, nor could he influence the outcome in any way.

No noise was heard, in this stream of spacetime, and the total absence of sound was unnatural and frightening.

“Do you think that we shall drift forever like this, Ea?”

“Nothing is forever”, he answered. “And if this goes on, I shall try to teleport somewhere else, with you, Anta. But I would hate to lose my space ship!”

They fell silent and tried to make some sense of the blurred features which they glimpsed from time to time.

After a while, — they did not know how long it lasted — the glow duplicated itself, and each part began to diverge from the centre. Was this a crossroad? Were these new pathways? A decision had to be made, and quickly.

“How to choose the right one?” Anki muttered, and then, he let himself be guided by instinct.

The ship veered to the left, and they found themselves within another river of Hyperspace, but this one seemed to run at a slower pace.

“We shall ride this one out.”

Anta nodded. Meanwhile, she had something else to think about. During their vertiginous journey in the previous flow of spacetime, she had found herself in a dream state, and visions had arisen in her mind as if the blurred... things... passing them were part of another reality. She had seen planets, and she had known that they would live on them, one day in the distant future...

And she had also remembered something from her past, a long-lost world where she had lived, once, with her mate, under a purple sky, the sky from the dawn of life, when the ruling powers of planet Ki had not yet awoken.

But she had already been alive, then ...

So many worlds existed in the Universe. She marvelled at its inventiveness and at the complexity of spacetime. Past and present had combined, here in Hyperspace, and appeared to be interwoven, forming a whole, where some threads belonged to the past, while others were part of the normal arrow of time.

It was as if Anki had read her thoughts, for the workings of their mind were very much alike.

“Spacetime is a continuum”, he now said. “When you rise in the Abzu, high up, you see a large stretch of time, and real space seems small in comparison. On the other hand, in the universe of infinite space, the one where we live out our lives, the contrary happens. Here, time —our present — exists just for an instant. We shall get out of here, Anta, it is just a question of... well, time!”

His prediction came true. At last, they slowed down, and with startling suddenness, the stream of spacetime spewed them out, and they emerged again in the known universe.

The familiar sight of their galaxy was comforting, and they recognized the planets of the star system which they had left twenty hours before. Normality, at last!

They had landed between the orbits of Mummu and Lahama. Lahama was the eighth planet, and Mummu the last one, but it was orbiting close to the central sun, and invisible, at this moment.

The sun was too close for comfort.

Anki shielded the panoramic window immediately and changed the parameters of their rotation, for the sun was messing with the ship's drive, and its brightness hurt their eyes.

Then, he took measurements of the position of certain stars, and compared them to the planets of the system, while he tried to establish exactly where and when they had landed. He frowned at the result and repeated his calculations.

This could not be! So, he measured the respective position of all planets again, and computed all, for the third time.

At last, he looked up from his screen and exclaimed: "Centuries have passed, while we were gone!"

Anta's eyes widened in shock.

"Yes", he insisted. "Many centuries! Who knows in what state we shall find Ki? And Lahmu? I have to contact my teams immediately! Too much time has passed..."

And something else weighed on his mind.

“I have been able to distinguish certain details, while we were travelling through space and time, and I have seen a terrible event: Not far from here, in the near future, — I do not know when — a gigantic flood shall drown our people on Ki!”

He bowed his head and whispered: “Atalantash shall be sunk!”

“What...?” Anta was aghast.

“I have seen a huge wave engulfing it all! We must warn them!”

She looked at him, shocked. Cold dread pervaded her. Then she asked:

“Is the future fixed already? Can it be changed?”

Anki remained quiet for a while. What he had seen had been life-like, as if the event was on the point of happening. However, he did not intend to let hope die, and he just shrugged helplessly.

“You must go to Atalantash and warn King Ashana!”

She shook her head violently. “This cannot be allowed to happen! We must fight against such a fate! But we must be together! Don’t let me go there again without you!”

He refused. “This is too important, Anta. I can better protect you from Hyperspace! And I can also analyse the reasons for such a disaster, more easily. Moreover, I have an obligation to the men I had sent to Lahmu and a promise to keep.”

Anta almost cried, but she knew that he was right.

So, they separated: Anki brought her to a secure place on the western continent, whereupon he took his space ship to the sixth planet.

The White City

Ashan Utusha to-Anu, King of the South, had returned from Hyperspace.

After a long tumultuous life — he had been the first king of Atalantash — he had left and gone into a region of peace and quiet in the Abzu. His father, one of the Watchers and a great leader of old, King Anu, had helped him to teleport and to transfer his spirit and soul into Hyperspace together with his former body, for only a parent or a lover can do so. Ashan's name bore witness to this illustrious family connection.

Only a handful of people among the Annuna on Earth — the Annunaki — were still able to teleport, and nowadays, most people did not even believe any more in such a possibility. Ashan agreed with his half-brother and mentor, Lord En-Ki, who deemed this to be a calamity. How were people to regenerate their bodies and souls without it? And even more important: how could they ascend to the higher levels in the Realm of Soul-Spirit, if they rejected its existence?

Ashan was a good and kind man, and, therefore, he could avoid the more barbaric lower regions where unenlightened souls imprint the realities of unenlightened lives on the fabric of spacetime, and where they repeat the sins, they have committed during their sojourn in the material universe. Thus, he reached a region full of light and enjoyed