



Window Panes and Panels on Ankad

Acrylic colours on canvas

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Publication sur Bookelis: 22 july 2024

ISBN: 979-10-424-0882-4

Première publication sur Amazon en février, 2023

ISBN: 9798377283829

Imprint: Independently published

What Ea Enki Told

The Saga of the Annunaki

Volume 5

written by

Christine Berthel

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

Who survived Meteors and the Deluge,

To the Ana still living on their home planet, in floating cities, and on the Blue Planet,

And, of course, to Ea Enki, founder of the first City on Earth: Eridu!

I also thank my husband Noël who accompanied me on this journey into the past.

Also, by Christine Berthel

English:

The Saga of the Annunaki

Before it All Began, Prelude

Hidden by the mists of Time, Intermezzo

Alien Skies, book 1

The Day the Great Flood Came, book 2

Disclosure: The Return of the Ancients, book 3

Falling Skies, Children of the Annunaki, book 4

What Ea Enki Told, book 5

I, Alien, Hiding in Plain sight, book 6

French :

Le Chemin à travers le temps, Dialogue avec David

Autre Cieux, La Saga des Annunaki, tome 1

Quand le Déluge Inonda la Terre, tome 2

Révélation : Le Retour des Anciens, tome 3

German:

Der Weg durch die Zeit, Dialog mit David Allan Levi

Academic Publication under the name of Christine Bertel:

*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

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Prologue

I had discovered the wooden, outdated coffer in the stone gallery beside the coffin-like Mu-A-ta — the preservation chamber — of the Great Prince Anki. Such a preservation chamber must be lined with mono-atomic gold to maintain the spirit and mental patterns of its owner.

The coffer was a treasure trove for a curious young man who desired to learn more about his forbears. It contained documents inscribed on magnetic tablets, several cubes with holographic pictures, many Me-disks, and a 'keshda', the analogue calculating unit that allowed us to read and compose those Me-disks. Among the bits and miscellanies, I found the brittle envelope made of thin plant fibres.

The letter was sealed. The seal was made of beeswax and resembled two elongated triangles linked by a shared point in the middle: The seal of Prince Anki himself! A letter from my ancestor!

'At least three pages heavy,' I thought, weighing it tentatively in my hand. What would it reveal? Secrets I had not known? Secrets that were not taught to the man I was at that time?

The script was elegant and neat. The inclination denoted a certain inborn dynamism.

"Letter to my Dead Son..." it began.

Probably, I should have brought it to the Council of the Twelve, but I hesitated. After all, it was my heirloom, and

surely meant for someone of my family. Of my remaining family. Not many were left since King Alalu's exile and death. At the time of King Alalu's execution, the new Head of my House, Lord Anshargal, had given my half-sister and me into the care of his successor, King Anu and his wife, Queen Antu. Not that he had much of a choice.

'This letter belongs to my House!'

I had travelled to the continent Valinor, all the way to the sacred city of Ankabert. It had been a long voyage across two continents, by plane, by train, and then by boat. I had arrived after a two-day trip and stood shivering in the dim early-morning-light. Yawning, I had moored the boat to the quay and shouldered my pack. Next, I had undertaken the hike to the shrine. It had taken me five hours to climb the steep path leading to the four stone buildings and to enter the building belonging to my family.

No one was guarding it. What danger could there be? Who would want to look at the closed Mu-A chambers of past kings and queens from a bygone era?

Each building was made of huge stone slabs that must have weighed at least three tons. They were fitted so tightly that not even the thinnest sheet could be inserted between them. It was an ancient technology. Nowadays, we — the people of the Annuna — would use lighter, composite materials.

A long, straight corridor traversed each building, its white walls and the high ceiling conveying a feeling of otherworldliness. Somehow the white space reminded me

of the light in the Abzu — Hyperspace — with its equally white tunnels where the time flows are rushing through the spacetime continuum.

All my ancestors were put to rest here, in Ankabert, in his or her separate chamber, and the seal of each person was imprinted on the granite door. I had seen the seal of Prince Anki's wife Lady Ati, which represented the Conscious Sea underlying everything in Creation: a rectangle underneath two wavy lines. And then, the seal of Prince Anki himself, the two triangles meeting in the centre.

On the other side of that door was the Holy of Holies, Prince Anki's Mu-A.

I had learned how to dial the sequence to open this portal, and the massive slab leading to the king's chamber had slid aside smoothly.

Immediately, chaos entered my soul.

I was overwhelmed by feelings and images. The clamour was overtaking my entire mind! Colours, and hues, and countless sounds were echoing in my head, colliding with each other, hurting my inner image of self. Compromising my identity. It was as if I recalled every word and every scene, as if I myself had experienced these events...

Out of the corner of my eyes, I saw an image flickering in and out of sight, the image of a black-haired man with a slightly aquiline nose lying peacefully in the preservation chamber, his hands folded on his breast. Maybe a part of his soul was still attached to this Mu-A. Such things had

been reported. Also, there must have been a resonance with my own mind.

Carefully, I approached the coffin, while a slight breeze ruffled my own hair, jet-black like the hair of the man I had glimpsed in the coffin.

That was when it happened. Suddenly, I was pulled toward and into the Mu-A, and I was unable to resist. There was a blinding flash and a great light surrounded me. Or filled me. A dangerous situation, for when one enters the Mu-A of another Person one usually dies!

I felt urgency, and I knew that I had to recover my spirit and the sense of who I was, but it cost me a huge effort and all my mental strength. Yet... had there been love? It almost had felt like love...

What a relief! I still retained a form of consciousness and also knew who I was: Ea to-Anu, step son of King Anu. Therefore, I must have come to my senses again, and I still existed. I opened my eyes with a gasp.

For me, only a moment had passed while I had remained inside the Mu-A, but the whole setting had changed when I came to myself. I must have lost consciousness for several hours, for the light falling through the large bow window was slanted now. It was the light of the very late afternoon sun, bluish and hazy.

With a start, I sat up; This was dangerous! My spirit could have been wiped out!

Shaking, I scrambled out of the coffin. My knees were wobbly and I had to hold on to the panel where the Mu-A could be programmed. At the same time, I felt angry at myself. As if I had not had enough experience with being imprisoned in a Mu-A! Ever since my royal brothers had shut me into such a coffin — in total darkness, unable to move — I disliked closed spaces.

Well, I had only myself to blame this time.

Yet, I also felt elated. I had experienced a feeling akin to love. Above all, something most astonishing and wonderful had been revealed to me. Gradually I calmed down.

What had happened? How to put order into the flood of images, sounds and scents that assaulted me? For a long time, I sat beside the Mu-A in the wide chamber with the bow window and tried to put together the memories inundating my brain.

A wealth of knowledge had been dumped into my head. I had to classify and align these packages of knowledge by going back into the past — only mentally, of course — and connect the events preceding my ancestor's death.

But while colours and sounds threatened to drown me, I realised that it was also my story I was remembering! I, Ea, Prince of Ankad and stepson of the current ruler, King Anu, had lived that former life, that lifetime that seemed to have ended so tragically. My very own former lifetime!

I had been Prince Anki.

I read Anki's—my—letter. I studied it and then, I read it again.

And I imagined the story unfolding...

A Change of Kings

On that mild day in spring, under the blue sky, Alalgar, the King of the Annuna, or the Ana as they called themselves, stood on the high balcony of the great *Kur*, the pyramidal building of the Capital She-to-An. In fact, the Capital *was* the Kur. It was made of lightweight, composite material and resembled a grid, soaring to great heights. Inside, you could distinguish streets, buildings, and on the upper tiers, suspended gardens.

Alalgar squinted his eyes. It took him a moment to adjust to the white brilliance of the constructions.

She-to-An was a many-layered city, upheld in the heights by four spinning, magnetically powered drives. As a result, the whole Capital was floating in the air, forever drifting across the landscape below. At regular intervals, its shadow was seen flowing across the plains with the yellow flowers, while on other days, the city rose into the more rarefied air to cross a high mountain pass or climb above a local thunderstorm.

“How beautiful is our world, how knowledgeable and enlightened our culture!”

It was a shout ringing with joy. King Alalgar was happy in those times.

He knew that one day, he would rise into the Abzu — Hyperspace — where all the great souls resided. Who would be the next ruler?

Before he made that final step, another king had to be chosen. His heir. A king's apprentice. Several promising young men were among the Princes of his House. He had observed them for quite a while and tested them repeatedly without their knowledge. At least, without their official knowledge. Of course, all Princes knew that only one of them would qualify as a successor, and they were only too aware of the hierarchy and their place in it. They used to tread lightly in his presence and usually avoided major blunders.

Several names came to his mind. Anshargal, Alalu, Anki... All three belonged to his House.

Their society was extremely well-ordered, and every citizen had a particular place in the complex hierarchy. The number in the hierarchy was very important.

But even more important than the number was the ability to procreate and have children.

Since the beginning, the people of the Annuna suffered from a gender imbalance. Usually, one woman would have two husbands, one after the other, separated by many years. The time to raise a child for each.

Unfortunately, not everyone was able to have a child. Many were infertile, men and women alike. Artificial insemination did not always work. Innumerable conferences and lectures had been organised to find a solution; untold heated debates had taken place... King Alalgar had forgotten how many.

The spiritually inclined people argued that it was their extraordinary longevity that was the cause of the shortage

of children. Perhaps such long lives precluded numerous offspring. And there was speculation about the number of available souls.

'Long life... the cause and a curse,' he reflected and asked himself if the number of available souls was somehow limited in the Universe.

Therefore, the question was how to raise their numbers to expand and colonise new worlds. He knew that they needed genetic renewal if they wanted to survive as a race, and artificial insemination did not help much in that respect. His own line had been chosen for kingship because of the relative fertility of its members.

Then there was the space program. Certain tasks had to be accomplished in space, under very difficult circumstances. I took many teams of specialised and highly trained workers to assemble carefully tailored composite materials in the middle of the void, to construct an airtight vessel while orbiting the planet, and weld and repair metallic parts in zero gravity. Therefore, genetic engineers and biologists had developed a new biomaterial and imprinted it with the mind patterns copied from living people. These mostly grey-skinned bio-androids were expensive but irreplaceable in space.

'They almost seem to be alive!'

However, there was one drawback: such bio-androids had to be imprinted anew every four to eight years or so, because the imprint would fade eventually from their neural pathways.

Alalgar sighed and positioned himself beside the small telescope. He had ordered to place it on the parapet since She-to-An's citizens loved watching the scenery below.

At that moment, ground side, a vehicle loaded with solar panels drove past. Alalgar adjusted the telescope. Three passengers were sitting in the driver's cabin.

'Probably headed for the spaceport,' he thought. 'I'm sure that a bio-android is part of the crew.'

He frowned. In the long run, these greyish, short-lived creatures were not a satisfactory solution. "We need more children!" He muttered under his breath.

There was this young prince... Anki was his name, and his lover was a woman they all would have liked to marry. She had blue eyes, a rarity among their people.

As was the custom in their society, the elder brother or the mentor — in this case the King himself — would share the wife of the younger man, at least once. Ati, the blue-eyed woman...

For a while, Alalgar hesitated.

'Anki shall hate the idea of sharing!'

But for the greater good of all and by the rituals in their society, he would comply. Alalgar did not doubt it, for obedience was a highly prized virtue.

On the other hand, the prince was still young. He lacked experience and he certainly was short of all knowledge about the pitfalls and the plotting at the royal court. But perhaps even more important, he did not possess the drive,

the all-overriding ambition to be number one in the hierarchy.

Take his home town for example. He had chosen to live on ground level rather than in the Capital where guidelines were set and government business concluded. You had to be in contact with other government officials and be an active part of the arcane world of power if you wanted to rule efficiently.

“Why?” Alalgar had been puzzled.

Anki had simply answered: “I prefer to live with my family in a spacious mansion with a garden rather than in the cramped quarters of the Capital!”

But Alalgar suspected that the main reason was his reluctance to share his wife, even though Ankad’s gender imbalance made that necessary and even when the High King himself had asked for it. For every girl, two boys were born. Twice as many. Under such circumstances, society had to find a satisfying solution. Satisfying for everyone.

Now, what about Alalu? He was by far the more experienced man. Moreover, he was capable of taking decisive steps to drive the space program ahead and influence policy....

Yes, Alalu would be a good King.

However, he would appoint Anki Head of the Abzu — all matters relating to Hyperspace — and Director of the Space Program.

The space program was supported by all the Major and Minor Houses of Ankad. A joint consortium administered it, and therefore, the spaceport was neutral territory, a nation

within the nation. But its director was appointed by the High King, and Alalgar would hire Prince Anki.

Then he, Alalgar, would leave.

First Interlude

But I must start at the beginning to bring order into the chaos of all those new memories with their cacophony of speeches, words, music, and with the flickering light-impressions of old events that were new to me...

I need to establish the proper chronology.

The Abzu... What was it? No one was quite sure, and no one knew the whole answer.

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

We are a practical people, and, very soon, we 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.

What an extraordinary discovery! It changed the future of our race.

Yes, we knew the Abzu to be infinite and certainly frightening in its immensity. It was endless and therefore contained infinite possibilities. It was the space above space, it was Hyperspace, it was never-ending in time as well as in three-dimensional space, it was the whole spacetime continuum!

We guessed 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. It was the mirror of all that is and ever shall exist.

Yet, there were many uncharted regions, dangerous ones...

Teleportation changed our lives. Hyperspace... the Abzu... What a useful means to travel through space, it was! But of course, you have to know a place from a previous visit to visualize it correctly, a drawback which quite naturally slowed down our conquest of space, during these early days.

Our forebears had looked at the star constellations and had discovered that each star represented a place where plasma was going to and coming from within the cosmic web. Through our trips into the Abzu, we, their descendants, learned that the magnetic field between stars would help us transport even whole crews in spaceships 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 stations, until one day, we dared explore the neighbouring star system, planning to export and rebuild our civilisation there, for we knew that we had attained a perfect state of equilibrium in our home world.

Almost too perfect...

Perfection does not allow for evolution, because evolution would cause it to change from a perfect state to an imperfect one. A fall from grace.

We, the Annuna needed change.

We also discovered a whole network of tunnels and corridors in Hyperspace which could swish you along to distant stars. However, we 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.

Who better than I would know that? After all, as Lord Anki, I had been appointed Head of the Abzu, and Hyperspace was my domain!

The Space Program

Anki, as director of the space program, advocated carefulness and a methodical, slow approach to travel from star to star.

One cold day in autumn, he was standing on a podium on the esplanade facing the spaceport. Despite an audience of at least a thousand people, the assembly of men and women appeared lost and forlorn in the wide area. At the far side, he could make out the launch pad from where the huge space rocket had been fired into orbit, half a year ago. It had been one of Ankad's star ships for interstellar travel. It would orbit the planet until the first crews were sufficiently trained and ready to board the *anabat*, the disk-shaped vessels built for interplanetary trips. A total of six *anabat* would be flown into the huge cargo hold of the rocket ship.

Ultimately, it was the pilot of the rocket who would fly a crew of three hundred men and women to their far destination: first one of the waystations, then to the neighbouring stars, a binary star system with one yellow sun and an almost invisible partner radiating only in the infrared spectrum.

Two of the disks were waiting at one side of the area, each perched on a contraption of magnetic spools where its drive was being recharged. These disk ships were powered by a directional plasma that produced its own magnetic shield. They were composed of very heavy metal, the metal

being in the fourth stage of matter, neither gaseous, nor liquid, not solid, but something else altogether.

A formidable technology which allowed breath-taking manoeuvrability.

Like all pilots, he wore his hair cut short. Long strands of hair would interfere with the enhancer helmets that allowed to calculate even the most complicated flight path.

Today, he would outline his program and explain his choices in front of a large audience. The golden coronet on his head contained magnetic micro spools and one of the Me-disks filled with data about the organisation of his staff, the most probable trajectories for the space rockets, the materials needed, and — of course — the costs for the development of such an enterprise. Incidentally, the Me-disk also provided help should the need for instant teleportation arise. Recently, violence among the citizens had risen unexplainably. You never knew what might happen.

Drones fitted with cameras transmitted his words to all homes and households on the planet.

It was a windy day; a blue-grey haze had covered the sky and the temperatures had dropped. But that was to be expected at the approach of winter. Everyone was wearing thick woollen coats. The men and women standing in the front row were all members of his staff, eager and dedicated, waiting for their director to begin.

Anki cleared his throat.

“Our space program is a great opportunity for our people for what project can be greater than fan out in the

galaxy and discover new star systems? Discover the wonders of the galaxy and of alien worlds? We shall marshal all our forces and use all available means to achieve this. Now I promise you: We shall materialise this ambitious project! Our research on the subject shall advance all other branches. What a great adventure!”

He paused and swallowed a sip of water from the crystal cup placed on the metallic stand with the microphone. His personal *keshta* provided diagrams and charts. He smiled fondly at his wife who was standing in the front row with their son. She was wearing a white coat, while the young boy was clad in dark blue like Anki. Petyan. He wanted him to be proud of his father. Perhaps, Petyan would even choose to become one of the pioneers when he was old enough. Or follow in his father’s footsteps and become a pilot.

How happy his son had been when he was gliding down the long slide on the playground! His face had been positively ecstatic. “It’s like flying!” He had later exclaimed. “Now I know: pilot, it shall be!”

Anki’s eyes scanned his audience. He knew most of them, and when a face seemed unfamiliar, the Me-disk would provide the necessary information. Moreover, he had a spare one with even more detailed data in the breast pocket of his uniform. Satisfied and happy, he resumed his speech.

“Still, I advise caution. We, the people of the Ana, are highly spiritual and technologically advanced. However, we are not yet ready to take shortcuts through Hyperspace. It is far too dangerous! I do not want accidents to happen on

the construction sites, nor do I wish to lose even one crew in a tunnel of Hyperspace.” He knew how to motivate them and exclaimed: “Each life is precious!”

Several men and women spontaneously clapped their hands. Anki smiled, for his wife was among them. *‘Of course, she is biased towards me and supports me publicly.’*

“I know that you would love to see those *anabat* take flight immediately, but I intend to make sure that all our preservation units, the Mu-A, are fully functional. The technology to build them is still new and very complicated. We need to mine for great quantities of ores, mostly iridium and gold. You all know that we must first take six or seven pictures of the mind with a sheet of monoatomic gold which stores the mind patterns of each crew member. Then, these sheets shall be inserted into each individual Mu-A unit. But the most complicated task will be mine: I must accord each pattern with its owner and link the whole to the calculating system, a kind of very large *keshta*. Very large!”

He paused to look at them. They appeared to have great expectations.

“Safeguarding the minds of my crew members and keeping their bodies healthy is the most important task. And I shall spare no effort and take all the time I need to check and double-check each and every one of the Mu-A!”

Applause. Something akin to love was emanating from the audience.

Anki smiled.

Thus, they started the slow way, step by step, building up space stations in our own interplanetary backyard, and later the waystations in interstellar space.

These waystations had to be built in the middle of nowhere, one at a time. According to Anki's plan, the materials had to be hauled on rocket ships across huge distances of space, all the way to the colossal construction site of the next platform. There, workers in space suits began assembling laboriously the different parts into airtight bases with large storage rooms, hangars, and airlocks. And living quarters.

The waystations were placed halfway between two stellar systems: one of them their 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.

This feat had only been possible because of the preservation chambers. By now, the ingenious technology had been fully developed and the Mu-A were at last safe. Such coffin-like chambers were real resurrectors: Even someone who was sick could be healed very efficiently inside.

As Anki had promised repeatedly: "They preserve your mind when you sleep away during a long trip through space! And incidentally, they keep your bodies healthy."

Two of Anki's teams had travelled to the more outflung waystations from where they had sent space probes to

map out the planets of the neighbouring star system. Teleportation had not even been necessary to reach the platforms. That was reassuring, for teleportation could not be mastered by everyone and usually not at an early age.

Their probes entered the interplanetary space of the yellow sun. The results were encouraging: many planets were spiralling around the central sun, one incongruous rock planet, two ice planets, two gas giants, a belt of asteroids, and four inner planets, two of which appeared to be compatible with life, planets six and seven.

Planet six was promising. There, the yellow sun was too far away to damage the eyes. It resembled a red dustbowl and they called it “Lahmu”.

All appeared well on the surface. Yet, Anki felt unease and apprehension growing. Something was wrong.

People seemed different. Over the years, their mood had changed on Ankad. The population seemed restive, and, gradually, open conflicts became more frequent.

Only recently, he had held a speech to inform an audience about the advances in his research, but when he climbed on the podium, no one fell silent and the buzz of angry discussions or shouts hailing a colleague continued. No one smiled at him, let alone sent him feelings of love, except Ati, his wife, of course. And his son who had entered the Academy of the spaceport. His graduation ceremony was imminent.

Angry eyes. Angry shouts.

“Advances in the space program? What advances?”