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Enoch Primordial

Chronicles of the Nephilim
The Lost Book

By Brian Godawa

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Dedicated to
the memory of the late C.S. Lewis,
and to the memory of the late J.R.R. Tolkien.
Even though it is a cliché these days,
still, they are my masters of imagination –

– after God.

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It could have happened something like this.

PROLOGUE

Expelled from the Garden of Eden on the Mountain of God, our distant patriarch Adam and his wife Havah, or Eve, the “mother of all living,” were forgotten in the mists of time. Despite being covered by Elohim’s gracious forbearance, they lived in regret the rest of their days with a forgotten people somewhere in the volcanic region of Sahand, the southern boundary of the Garden. Like a dog kicked out of its shelter, they lived as close as they could to their original home without being struck down by those who guarded its perimeter.

Their son, Cain, the first murderer, was marked by Elohim and cursed to wander the earth. Many were not sure what the mark was, but there were rumors. It was said that he had a wild dog or wolf as a companion. Others claimed the man himself transformed into a canine beast at every new moon. The actual depravity of the cursed Cain was only matched by the fertility of imagination and legend surrounding him.

Cain’s tribe migrated south from Nod through the Zagros Mountains and eventually broke away from their embittered patriarch to settle in the plain of Shinar, later called Sumer. The Shinarians referred to themselves as *unsangiga*, the black-headed

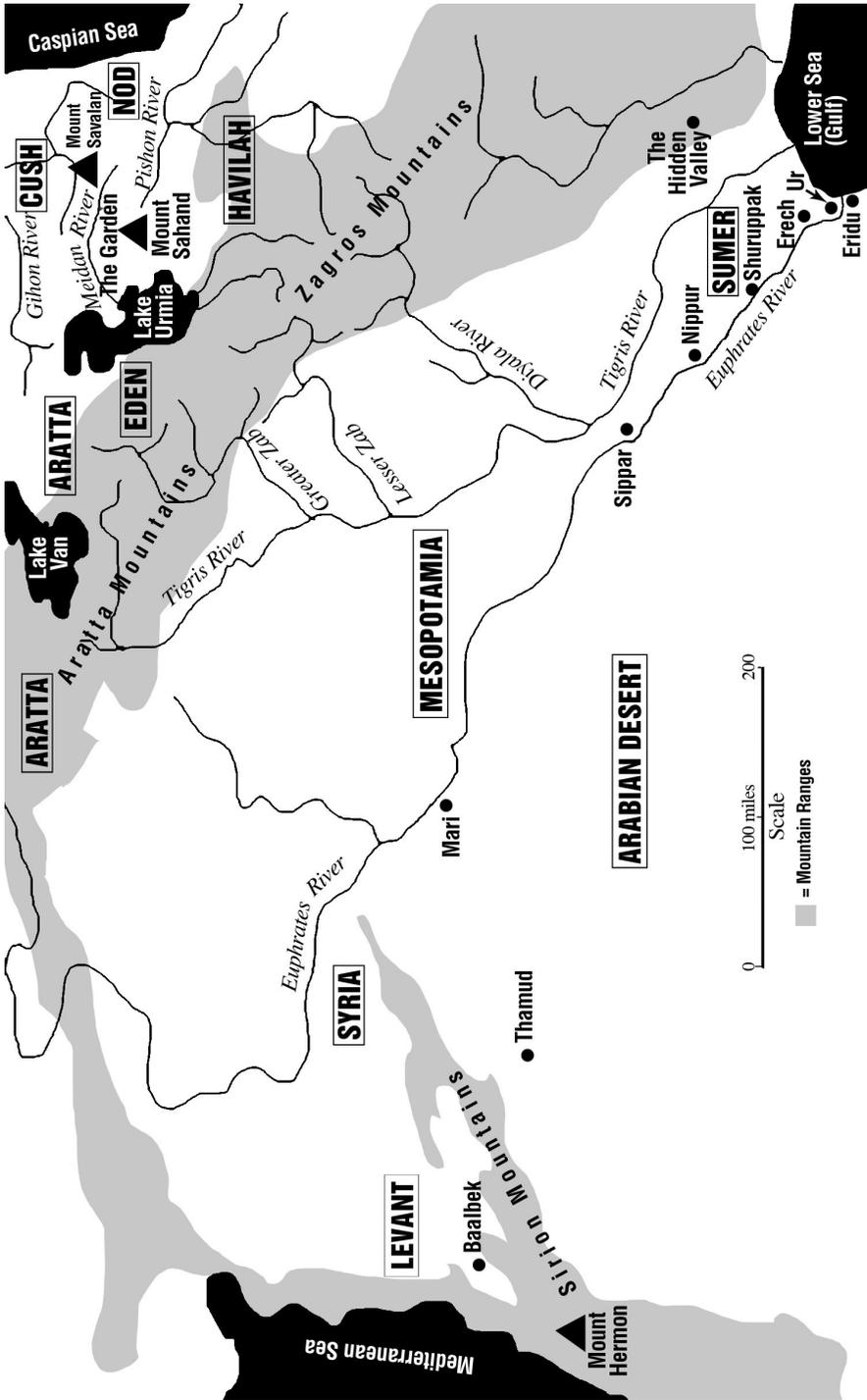
people for their predominantly black hair and dark-skinned features. Unuk ben Cain (son of Cain) was the first city builder. He created the oldest city, Eridu, naming it after his own son Irad. He also built Erech, later known as Uruk, in honor of himself. This was the beginning of the ancient cities such as Nippur, Badtibira, Larak, Sippar, and others on the Mesopotamian plains in the land between the two rivers Tigris and Euphrates.

As mankind spread out upon the face of the earth, so did the evil that followed him. For it is the heart that is taken with man wherever he goes, and the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.

Cain's cursed bloodline was replaced by Elohim with another seed of Adam called Seth, the Righteous. Seth's people multiplied and migrated down into the alluvial plains and surrounding area.

Tribal Shamans had divined that in a distant island beyond the primal sea a volcano had belched forth a mighty force of its gasses from the underworld below into the heavens above. The sun was obscured, and the earth grew colder for a time. Livestock perished, crops failed, the winters became harsher. It seemed that Elohim's displeasure with man was displayed in all of the universe.

And generations passed.



CHAPTER 1

An eerie silence settled over Mount Hermon. The ubiquitous ringing drone of singing cicadas ceased in unison. Birds of prey and land predators, stalking their next meal froze in place as though suddenly aware of a powerful predator tracking them. The sounds, the movement, all signs of life that filled the dark night just stopped. As if the wildlife knew what was coming.

Mount Hermon was about two hundred leagues or six hundred miles to the west of the Mesopotamian valley, across the barren Arabian desert. It rose above a valley at the southernmost tip of the Sirion mountain range of the Levant, “where the land rises out of the sea” of the Mediterranean. It was the tallest peak in the area, at approximately six thousand cubits or nine thousand feet. Capped with snow most of the year, it was the headwaters of the Jordan River that brought life to the wooded hills and grassy valleys of the south. It was known for its heavy dew and its evergreen cypress trees that peppered the region.

What happened next would place it in the cosmic center of the universe. A beam of blinding light punched the mountaintop from high above in the dome of heaven. It pierced the blackness with a ferocious velocity. Heaven and earth met as one.

Two hundred shining beings of light, brilliant as the stars, fell to earth from their lofty heights above the clouds. A crack of thunder announced their violent passage through the sold *raqia* or vault over the earth. The *raqia* separated the waters below on the earth from the waters above in the heaven of heavens where the temple of Elohim rested. The mountains trembled and quaked to their very foundations.

These were *bene elohim*, sons of God, a mere two hundred out of the myriads of Elohim's divine council of holy ones. These mighty beings surrounded his throne on the mount of assembly with worship and legal counsel. Certain members called "Watchers," regularly crossed the barrier between heaven and earth to carry out Elohim's plans among the sons of men. But these two hundred were not carrying out Elohim's plans tonight. These were Watchers in revolt. Led by two mighty warriors, Azazel and Semjaza, they were establishing their own mount of assembly in the far reaches of the north in direct defiance of Elohim's will.

Mount Hermon was their chosen abode, calculated to become a rebellious reflection of God's own cosmic mountain of Eden, the paradise now banned to all. This choice was the beginning of a complex plan of deceptive mimicry. As Eden was the headwaters of four rivers, the Pishon (or Uizhun), the Gihon (Araxes), the Tigris (Hiddekel) and Euphrates (Perath), all flowing out of the mountainous region surrounding the Garden, so Mount Hermon was the headwaters of the river Jordan that flowed into the Levant. Its surrounding territory would be called Bashan, "place of the Serpent," in honor of the *Nachash* of Eden, the Serpent of old.

The Garden of Eden had been a temple sanctuary for the presence and worship of Elohim. It was a perfect shadow of the real temple in the heaven of heavens above the waters. So Hermon would

become the cosmic mountain of passage between the heavens and earth for the Watchers — the gateway of the gods.

As the Tree of Life was in the midst of the Garden, so Mount Hermon was chosen for its proximity to the World Tree of the Great Goddess Earth Mother in the Arabian desert.

The Man and Woman were the intended priests of the Garden, cultivating and keeping it as a holy center of Elohim's cosmic order before they were banished. Mount Hermon would be a cosmic mountain that would not only connect heaven and earth, but earth and the Abyss (also called *Abzu*), the subterranean waters below which was Sheol, the underworld. Deep within the bowels of the mountain a large cavern housed a portal into the waters of the Abyss, a wide pool of thick black liquid that burned with a perpetual flame on its surface.

The two hundred rebel Watchers assembled in disorderly ranks at the center of the new Eden by the shore of the pitch-dark liquid lagoon. Azazel and Semjaza stood ominous and intimidating before them.

“SILENCE!” Azazel's voice thundered throughout the cavern. The Watchers abruptly stopped murmuring. Azazel was commanding, and he had a violent temper. Every word was like a burning ember ready to explode into a burst of flames. Azazel often looked as if he was ready to burst into flames. The skin of a Watcher consisted of almost imperceptible serpentine scales that gave off a shimmering iridescence when enflamed by any kind of passion. And Azazel never lacked passion.

“The decision has been made. We are the Seven who Decree the Fates. If any of you question Semjaza's leadership or my own, I most heartily welcome the contest!”

Azazel's hostile disposition coupled with the fiercest of warrior skills made him virtually unopposed in the band of fallen ones. No one would be contesting Azazel this evening.

Only Semjaza standing next to him had the requisite strength, intellect, and strategy capable of restraining Azazel's volatility. It bothered him that Azazel was a loose fireball who used fear and intimidation to subjugate. More could be accomplished through positive leadership and inspiration. Semjaza's words were calculated and carried the weight of authority. When he spoke, others listened, even Azazel. He stepped forward to draw attention from the simmering volcano at his side.

"Brethren, for the plan to work, we must all be in one accord. The mythology we are constructing requires a subversion of Elohim's own narrative of authority. If we do not support the narrative we may forfeit the humans' worship of us as deity. Azazel and I have carefully deliberated the Seven based upon craft and skill required for the plan, not upon partiality. We are all gods and we will all rule cities of men. The difference is mere façade. We seven will constitute the visible symbolic figurehead of the divine assembly of gods. As for the prize of our strategy, we will all share equally."

The assembly of Watchers applauded. Azazel frowned with envy at Semjaza's oratorical prowess. He was clearly more skilled at making a lie sound like the truth. Though he and Azazel were equal leaders, it gave Semjaza the edge of perceived superiority. Azazel would have to find a way to change that.

Semjaza continued, "As Anu, the high god of the heavens, I will have more responsibilities of petty bureaucracy than any of you would care to shoulder. Azazel has chosen to be Inanna, the goddess of war who will lead our military administration."

Azazel came up with the role of goddess as an attempt at humorous irony. A female divinity who could stand on the neck of the best of any male warrior was the kind of humiliation of others he frequently sought. But he was beginning to realize that maybe he didn't think that irony through well enough. He did not relish the idea of adorning himself in feminine garb and sexuality for such a long period of time. Some Watchers were already making jests about his masculinity behind his back. He concluded to himself that if he caught them he would slaughter them.

Semjaza gestured to the five others standing beside them. "Baraqel will be Enlil, the god of air; Arakiba will be Enki, god of the waters below; Tamiel will be Nanna, the moon god; Zaquiël will be Utu, the sun god; and Ezeqel will be Ninhursag, goddess of the earth." Each of them stood proudly beaming in their new identities.

Semjaza pointed into the crowd. "Since Ramel and Sariel helped to pinpoint this location for our cosmic mountain, they shall be Ereshkigal and Nergal, goddess of the Underworld and her husband. They shall guard the entrance to the Abyss." Ramel winced. Much like Azazel, he didn't treasure the idea of assuming a female identity, and he certainly didn't like the fact that according to the myth, Nergal raped Ereshkigal to make her his wife. But at least his consolation was that he would be queen of the underworld, the guardian of the gates of Sheol.

Sariel pondered how he might play out that myth in a particularly demeaning way on Ramel.

Semjaza continued, "Each of you will have your own identity in the pantheon and will be given tribes and cities to rule over as patron deity." The solicitation of awe would not be too difficult. The physical structure of a Watcher inspired divinity in the minds of humans. At eight feet tall, with sinewy musculature, they were already towering above the average five-foot high male human.

Their finely scaled skin produced a gleaming bronze appearance that earned them the nickname, “Shining Ones.” Coupled with their elongated heads and glimmering blue lapis lazuli reptilian eyes, their luminescence reinforced a human divine distinction necessary for their deception.

Semjaza continued, “As you know, Elohim is an insufferable tyrant whose megalomania is only matched by his capriciousness. So if we want to accomplish our ultimate goal, we must give these humans a pantheon of divinity that is unified, benevolent, and worthy of worship and obeisance.”

Azazel knew that last statement was meant for him. He was currently in dispute with Baraqel over the city of Nippur. Its central location as the religious capital of the cities of Shinar made it a valuable prize for Azazel’s military stratagem and political status in the pantheon. Nippur was the first city-state location for the assembly of the divine council. Azazel knew Baraqel was a favorite of Semjaza, and that’s why Semjaza had sided with him against Azazel’s legitimate claim on the city. Semjaza’s compromise was to give Baraqel/Enlil the city, but allow Azazel/Inanna to have a residence there as well. Azazel had argued vociferously against the decision at first, but decided to give in and wait for the right moment for his own rise to power. Once he led their forces into war, he would achieve the distinction that even Semjaza would have to acknowledge and perhaps even defer to. And then Azazel would rout out all those who mocked his masculinity. He would cut off their heads and boil them in lava, which was a particularly painful torture considering that sons of God could not die mortal deaths. They were, all of them, divine.

Semjaza concluded his remarks to the assembly. “Our first task is to go out to the villages and cities and perform signs and wonders and reveal the secrets of heaven to draw the humans into our trust. If

we are to make them believe us, we must believe ourselves. So it is imperative that we never use our heavenly names again. We must always refer to one another by our adopted names of deity. But more importantly, we must *think of ourselves* as those deities. We must inhabit our roles with truthfulness. I am no longer Semjaza; I am Anu the sky god. There is no Azazel, there is only Inanna.”

Someone blurted out, “Queen of heaven!” Some laughed. Inanna marked out the heckler and schemed how she would torture him later.

Anu deflected the insult, “Indeed, she is. And she is the goddess of war. You will do well to follow her lead into battle when the time is come. Until then, find your cities, reveal your mysteries, and establish your shrines of worship. This Mount Hermon will be our divine mount of assembly. We will reside here and visit our cities on an as-needed basis.

Enlil spoke up, “But if we do not reside in our cities, will we not lose control over the inhabitants with our absence?”

Anu replied, “Your religious priesthood is responsible for crafting a graven image of you that represents your presence and rule over the city. We have developed a ritual for your priests to use to draw your breath into the statue, which becomes your living presence when you are not there. We call it the ‘opening of the mouth’ ceremony.”

It was a ridiculous ritual to Inanna, but humans were so flesh-bound they needed concrete expressions of the supernatural realm or they would lose heart. Elohim had done a poor job of uniting spirit with these disgusting filthy sacks of meat.

Anu continued, “You will reveal the doctrine of the king as also created in your own image. This will build the mythos required to maintain orderly submission from your people in your absence, while we meet here at Hermon to complete our final plan of action.”

It was brilliant. Anu had thought of everything. He had even sent out a select number of them into the four corners of the earth, south into Egypt, north beyond the Euphrates into the Halafan hinterlands, east to Elam and the Indus Valley, and even west across the great primal seas to distant unknown islands. The Watchers would reign as gods over the entire earth and inspire countless variations on their one myth of rebellion against Elohim.

But it was the final plan that excited the loyalty and devotion of the Watcher gods. They swore an oath, to bind everyone among them by a curse, that they would not abandon their commitment to the final plan, nor reveal its secret scheme.

CHAPTER 2

The Watchers spread out over all the land, claiming their peoples and unveiling secrets to the sons of men — dark occultic secrets that men should never have known. They taught mankind the ways of sorcery and alchemy, incantations and the cutting of roots, casting of spells and the arts of divination, necromancy, and astrology. Elohim fast became a distant memory for mankind as they worshipped and served the creation instead of the Creator.

When Elohim placed the heavenly objects in their order, he did so with the intent of expressing his glory not through beauty alone, but also through story, and that story was embedded in the very physical structure of the universe above the heads of humanity. As the sun, moon, and stars revolved around the face of the earth, observers recorded movements and charted the heavens. Stars were connected by imaginary lines of constellations that depicted the future God ordained. These constellations were pictures that told a story in twelve distinct parts.

The narrative was of a virgin (Virgo the virgin) who would bear the promised seed and pay the price of justice (Libra the scales) to overcome the “wounder of the heel” (Scorpio the scorpion). This promised one would be a conqueror (Sagittarius the archer), who

would carry the weight of sins (Capricorn the goat) and bring living waters for his people (Aquarius the water-bearer). Those people would be blessed though bound (Pisces the fish). Their blessings would be consummated through a ram of sacrifice (Aries) who would become a ruling leader (Taurus the bull), a king with two natures (Gemini the twins). He would hold his people fast in his grip (Cancer the crab), and would ultimately reign as tribal king over the earth (Leo the lion).

But this narrative of prophecy would eventually be subverted by the enemies of Elohim, who transformed it into an entire substitute system of astral worship where stars were considered as controlling powers over the lives of men. Though there was no actual power in the stars, it served the purpose of the gods to divert mankind's attention from the true God of history into a god of one's own utility.

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Of all the forbidden secrets revealed by the gods, none caused quite as much hope in the heart of Inanna as the arts of whoring and war. She exploited the beauty of human sexuality by enhancing the draw of seduction through ornamentation and cosmetics. It was a particular talent of hers to twist a good thing into something bad. Women and men learned how to advertise more clearly the availability of their bodies for the fulfillment of illicit desires in violation of Elohim's bigoted exclusionary marriage covenant.

Inanna knew sexuality was a form of worship intrinsic to human nature, so the perversion of that nature into manifold excess would lead to idolatry of such a deep level as to enslave these wretched creatures to their appetites. The possibilities of sexual depravity were endless. The goal was to inspire sexual union with everyone and everything other than one man and one woman in covenant before

Elohim. Even animals, inanimate objects and children were not exempt.

One of the unfortunate results of such unrestricted copulation was the proliferation of offspring, which tended to infect humans with a repulsive desire for moral responsibility and chastity. To counter this disease, the gods taught the medicinal sorcery of bitter herbs to induce miscarriage, as well as the technique of using utensils to smash the embryo in the womb. This would enable unhindered sexual excess while avoiding the natural consequences. Inanna shivered with delight at that thought. It made her want to go out and violate a few humans herself. But that would be for later.

And war, now *that* was an art. Inanna taught the craft of making instruments of death more accessible to the wicked. Knives, slings, arrows, shields, breastplates, and spears would become more ubiquitous than instruments of peace. These things were not in and of themselves evil, but if you want mankind to do more damage, you need to provide a technology for accomplishing that damage beyond the reach of one man wrestling another to the ground with fists, rocks, and clubs. Evil men will always seek to kill. Warfare technology simply provides them the ability to carry out their evil on grander scales with more destruction. Unfortunately, it would also provide good men with the ability to defend themselves against such evil. But Inanna could overcome that minor technicality with government control of the private populace. Take away the dissidents' swords and clubs and they are more docile and obedient to the power of the state which was the power of a god. To Inanna, the human race was an unfettered malignancy on the earth that required occasional strangling to keep it from getting out of control.

CHAPTER 3

At first, people all across the land bowed in awe before the glory of the gods and their revelation of secret knowledge. Then they worshipped and built shrines expressing their submission. This first step of the three-part plan of the gods had been successful.

At Mount Hermon, Anu inspired the surrounding peoples to build the first holy temple to the gateway of the gods called *kadingir* (pronounced “ka-ding-ee”). Embedded into the mountain in step-like structure, it dominated the landscape, serving as the temple of Ereshkigal, goddess of the Underworld, Sheol.

It was now time for the second step of their plan. All across the land, in every city and every village presided over by a god, the citizens were called together in congregation before the holy shrine at the center of the city. The priest-king of each city, called the *ensi*, introduced their patron deity who then heralded a proclamation to the people — the proclamation of the Sacred Marriage.

In the city of Nippur, Enlil, Lord of the air, was supposed to be the patron deity and Inanna a secondary authority, but Inanna’s intensity and assertiveness gained her a more devoted following of which she never ceased to remind Enlil. For that reason, she could

often find ways to usurp Enlil's authority, as she did that day during his announcement of the Sacred Marriage rite.

Enlil stood before a hushed audience. "Citizens of Nippur. You have been our loyal servants and for that we thank you. You have honored us with these shrines and with your worship and obeisance. But a new day has dawned upon the world. And with it, a new opportunity for union between gods and men."

Inanna butted in, stealing Enlil's thunder with her characteristic impatience and bravado. "We are instituting the Sacred Marriage rite. All women will have the opportunity to be given in marriage to the gods."

The faces in the crowd were unmoved. They didn't quite yet understand what they were hearing. Inanna continued. "By the authority of the pantheon, we are temporarily suspending all marriage covenants across the land. This will give every woman a right over her own body to choose. If you volunteer for this high honor you will transcend your pathetic earthly limitations and become one with deity. You will be liberated from your oppressed status as the 'weaker sex.' And the fruit of your womb will be demigods who will rule the earth."

Inanna rose to a crescendo as the thought flitted through her mind that even Anu would not be more eloquent at this moment. "I can think of no greater privilege than being a childbearer of the gods! And that privilege begins today. All those women who desire the Sacred Marriage say your goodbyes to your fathers, your husbands, your siblings and your lords, and come to the holy shrine of Enlil this evening. We will perform a mass marriage ceremony and celebrate your newly exalted status!" Inanna was smugly satisfied with her delivery. She had practiced all morning and relished the jealousy Anu might feel at her stirring oration.

The crowd however was not impressed. They stood in stunned silence. They had not anticipated such an outrageous offer and did not know what to do. Slowly, they melted away with solemn faces back to their homes to contemplate their options. Was this truly voluntary or was this another play on words that Inanna and Enlil were so adept at doing? Would there be punishment for those who chose not to marry the gods?

Inanna looked with contempt upon the dispersing crowd. Poor insects. They had no idea that she was actually a male, and that Enlil was not the only one who was going to have his way with their women. Inanna was already concocting scenarios of violation that would be just violent enough to satisfy her without killing the victims.

Enlil was plotting how he might someday stab Inanna in the back, metaphorically or literally if at all possible. Either way would suit him just fine.

That evening the priests had eaten their sacrificial meal of goat and barley offerings and assembled in the courtyard of Enlil's shrine in anticipation of welcoming the arriving women for preparation in the Sacred Marriage. Enlil and Inanna bickered all the way from their residence in the shrine out to the courtyard. Inanna thought the images of them carved out of stone and wood were terrible representations. Ugly and unflattering. Enlil thought they were good enough.

“Good enough?” barked Inanna. “Incompetence is not ‘good enough.’ If we chopped off a few hands, you can rest assured, these deplorable artisans would sharpen their skills and take their duty more seriously.”

Before Enlil could respond, they were in the courtyard, and the sight was not encouraging. It was already late into the evening and

there was not a single woman in line to offer herself to the gods. Not even a whore or prostitute. A messenger pazuzu, an ugly dog-faced flying creature with a double set of bat-like wings, would later bring them the message that this was the picture all over the land.

“These malicious conniving ingrates,” spouted Inanna. Even Enlil was angry. Since taking on flesh, his sexual desires were increasingly consuming him as he looked upon the beauty of these daughters of men. He wanted them, and he wanted them now.

“What should we do?” asked Enlil.

Inanna was deadpan. “If they won’t give themselves to us, then we’ll have to take them by force.”

Enlil broke into a knowing grin. For once, he and Inanna were entirely in agreement.

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The night was unusually quiet in the city of Nippur. Families had stayed inside their mud brick homes fearing reprisal for not volunteering their daughters and wives to the gods. Families were hushed as they ate their meals, and went to bed early, hoping to hasten the coming of the next day and with it, a return to normal life. Many were finally falling asleep as their exhaustion overcame their worry with slumber.

Then the streets became alive with the tumult of soldiers marching and barging into homes at random. They held fathers and sons at spear point while others dragged the females of the household and chained them by the neck to the backs of carts drawn by oxen. Screams intruded on the darkness throughout the city, awakening others with fright. There was nothing they could do to protect themselves, only wait and hope they might be overlooked. They couldn’t even pray to the gods, since it was the gods who were kidnapping their women and girls.

About fifty female hostages were herded into the courtyard of the shrine. It was not a very large courtyard and the shrines were simple enclosed structures. Inanna thought they would have to build upon this unimpressive residence with ornament and pillars and gardens. A god deserved to be in the most expensive and extravagant building of the city. They were gods after all. In fact, she had plans of turning it into an Edenic brothel of sacred prostitution.

Inanna and Enlil stepped out onto the dais. Enlil spoke to the crowd of women, some of them crying hysterically, others in silent terror.

“My women. My beautiful women. There is no need for you to fear us. Though we were treated disrespectfully this evening, Inanna and I only desire to bless you with our bounty. Sometimes, disobedience to the gods brings chastisement, but it is a chastisement out of love for your best interest.” Enlil scanned the crowd as he spoke, looking for his first choice.

“Oh, stop your pontificating and start choosing,” muttered Inanna. She tromped out into the crowd and grabbed a young girl of only thirteen by the arm, and another of fourteen in her other hand. “The younger, the better.”

The girls squealed and squirmed, but they were like a couple rabbits in the strong arms of the eight-foot tall divinity as she carried them to her shrine to have her way.

It was going to be a busy night for Enlil. His skin radiated with hunger and virility. But he was not violent like Inanna. He would actually seek to inspire some kind of gratitude in his victims. A mixture of pleasure with the pain would make him feel compassionate and thoughtful.

Enoch Primordial

The night was long. Too long for those poor women of Nippur. But it was not only Nippur where this atrocity was happening. Before Inanna and Enlil embarked upon their plundering, they sent their flying messenger pazuzus to as many other cities of the plain as possible, explaining their predicament and solution and encouraging the other gods to follow suit.

And follow suit they did. The rapine throughout the land rose up as wailing tears in the ears of Elohim.

CHAPTER 4

Anu received word of Nippur's horror and its resounding influence on the other cities of the plain, and he instantly knew it was Inanna's scheme. It was all he could do to contain himself. He would journey to each city himself and force each god to personally apologize for their reprehensible behavior. But first on his list was Nippur.

When Anu arrived with an escort of twenty other gods, Inanna was not even awake from her long night of exertion. By the time she was coherent and aware of what was going on, not even she with all her fury could withstand the ten gods who held her and dragged her out to the courtyard. She saw Enlil bullied in like manner to stand beside her. An audience of the city elders and the families victimized by Inanna and Enlil were assembled before them.

"People of Nippur," Anu announced, "I return to you the daughters and wives who were not touched by the reckless actions of your patron deities."

There were about thirty of them who had not been violated by Inanna and Enlil. They raced out of the midst of the priests into the arms of their families, weeping with both pain and joy. The other

twenty or so were already impregnated and would have to remain in holy confinement in the quarters built behind the shrine for this very purpose.

“And now, your patrons have something they want to tell you.” Anu looked straight at Inanna, awaiting her response.

Inanna was close enough to hiss at Anu, “We’ll look weak. They’ll never respect us.”

Anu returned the hiss, “You are a fool, Inanna. You’ve already lost their respect. Men don’t follow cruelty. They follow justice. Apologize or I will have you whipped naked and then we will see how much respect you will receive.”

Inanna glared back at him spitefully. She refused to open her mouth. Enlil jumped in, “My people. My precious worshippers, Inanna and I would like to extend our deepest heartfelt apology for our — excessive enthusiasm last night.” *His choice of words was clever*, thought Inanna. *Qualified apology*. It gave her an idea.

“As your gods,” she interrupted Enlil, “we are responsible to care for you and provide for your needs.” Anu could see it coming. He knew her too well. “And as our people, you are responsible to obey us. We should not have acted so hastily, and we will not be so harsh in the future. But can you not see how you only hurt yourselves when you refuse to offer your daughters and wives out of love? Can you not see how you hurt us as well? Let us move forward and put this behind us. All is forgiven. All is blessed.”

It was amazing, thought Anu, how Inanna could turn an apology into an accusation without a blink. And deliver it as if she was an objective mediator rather than the offending party. Of course he expected as much. But it was better than nothing.

Inanna would not forget this moment. One day, she would have her chance for revenge on Anu and his bullying ways. Her rising anger was tempered by the amazing fact that afterward, Anu

appealed to the people again to volunteer for the Sacred Marriage, and this time, at least thirty came forward. Sure, they may have realized they had no real choice or that things would only get worse if they did not “volunteer”, but nevertheless, they volunteered. Inanna could not deny it; Anu had turned the embarrassment into a victory. The gods would have their brides for breeding.

CHAPTER 5

The offspring of the union between the sons of God and the daughters of men were called *Nephilim*. A Naphil grew quickly in the womb and depleted the mother's nutrition to a deadly level. Their gestation period was five months. Though they were humanoid in appearance, they had a slight bluish grey tinge to their skin color and sported an extra digit on both their hands and feet, for a total of twelve fingers and twelve toes.

But there was one other important trait that would prove to be problematic for the breeding interests of the gods: Nephilim were large, very large. A mature Naphil could reach heights of seven, eight or even nine cubits tall. The Nephilim were giants. Their fetus therefore was manifestly huge and tended to stretch a woman's womb cavity to its limits. For this reason, a Naphil could not be born in a human way. It would have to rip its way out of its mother, killing her in the process. This was all very natural for its kind, since the dead mother would be the newborn's first meal.

This inconvenient technicality meant that the gods had to cloister the carriers into isolated quarters and pursue a rigorous disinformation campaign to keep the public from discovering the truth.

But leaks had occurred and rumors spread about the deadly consequences of the Sacred Marriage rite. All of mankind feared what they worshipped in place of Elohim their creator.

Within five months, the first Nephilim were born and celebrated in the cities and villages across the land. These firstborn were called *Rephaim* because they were the most pure of the breed and they would become kings and rulers of the earth. The inhabitants of Shinar called them the Igigi, demigods who served the Anunnaki gods, or “those who came down from heaven.” New flocks of women, regularly chosen, repopulated the harems of the gods with vessels worthy of their seed.

Generations passed. Giants multiplied upon the face of the earth and subdued it.