

# SEED



## Genesis Immortals

BOOK ONE

A Supernatural Novel

By

David Harrison



## Endorsements

I have enjoyed working with David as he has presented at our church with the youth multiple times. His origins and apologetic material is Biblically sound and creative. His material challenges youth to explore their world and examine their identity and purpose in Christ, their Creator. I look forward to seeing how God will use this novel, *Seed: Genesis Immortals* to bring God's story to life in the hearts and minds of young people everywhere.

I recommend David's ministry *Origins United* to other youth pastors, teachers, and truth seekers.

Erin Foster  
Youth and Associate Pastor  
Christ Center Community Church

Full Time youth pastor at CCCC since 1997, and Associate Pastor for about 5 years. Previously, full time with YWAM from 1992 to 1996 with a degree in Christian Ministries. Participated in youth ministry professionally in Russia, Latvia, Albania, India, and Jamaica.

David Harrison

## **Seed: Genesis Immortals**

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Unless otherwise noted, Scripture (Origin tablet – Noah’s Library) quotations are from the World English Bible (WEB) <http://ebible.org/web/webfaq.htm>

Edits and revisions to Scripture have been made consulting the original language and various translations.

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We have forgotten the face of our fathers

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by David A. Harrison

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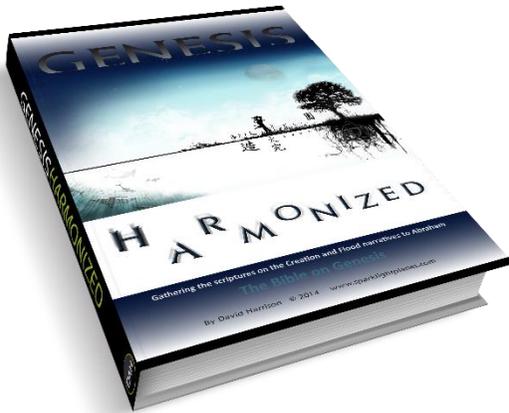
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a place of love, betrayal, temptation,  
loss, mercy, hope, death, and hopefully redemption.

Though you may have forgotten,  
this is your story.

## Dedications

My Wife April, my three sons Trevor, Kayson, & Landon  
who give me reason to be a seeker after God  
and leave something behind  
which I hope helps them fall more in love with their Maker.

**&**

Michael S. Heiser, a mentor from afar  
Matt Maiberger my mentor and brother  
Brian Godowa, Ruth Beechick, and John K. Reed:  
writers, in whose steps I hope to follow, your books inspired and challenged me.

scientists and seekers after Truth  
Peter Stcheel, Dr. Walter Brown, J. C. Sanford, Ian Juby and many more  
Answers in Genesis, Creation Today, Creation Ministries International, Reasons to  
Believe, ICR etc.

all those countless “editors”, readers and friends who helped make this book better  
than one man could have ever made it.



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## Prologue

**The universe is far more dangerous and majestic than you have been told.**

**In a world of beauty and mystery the Creator and his *elohim*\* embark on an adventure. The Origin of all our stories begins in the time before time began. The triune-One speaks through the Word...**

“They will be our imagers reflecting our glory to the creation. They shall mirror the Divine Council of *elohim* in the heavens as they take up rulership dominion on the earth as sons of God.”

“I will walk with them, for they shall be my people entering the joy of our relationship.”

“If we make them, you know what will happen... They will have the choice to live independently, to declare their word as truth and ours as lies. They will want to know what life without us will be like. And separated from the Source of Knowledge, Truth and Life, they will enter into death.

“They must be inoculated against self-life - against evil. Only then will they accept that they have chosen to walk in death separated from our life, and must die to themselves so they may receive the seed promise as a gift. The adversary will test them, but abiding in us they will overcome the father of lies.”

“You, my son will take up the nations for they are your inheritance; like a tree filling the earth, like a mountain filling the land. Upon you the proud shall be destroyed, but the meek shall inherit the earth.”

“We shall give them choice. Our desire is for true relationship - to share our love relationship with them, and for them to choose to abide, fully dependent on our life and love. By your grace they will receive the life and adventure we share.”

“It will cost us all.”

“I will pay the price...”

*Hebrews 12:2*

\* *elohim* – a being of the spiritual or supernatural realm, a term of residence.

**How does one write about the dawn of Time, of things unformed and never seen - supernatural events, proto forms, the work of origins? This is the challenge of Beginnings, of Genesis for the ancient writers. It should not surprise the reader that the words used may have deeper or multiple meanings, as the writer sought to grasp and convey meanings that may even now be little understood. Indeed, if this is the revelation of a super intelligence, a transcendent being, one should expect multiple levels of truth that transcend our precious safe havens of fossilized reality.**

When God began to create the proto-matter of heavens and the earth, the cosmos, that which was firm was formless and unfurnished (not yet filled), and darkness was over the surging mass of the deep, and the Spirit breath of God, a driving force moved over the waters-plasma. And God said, "Let there be light," and there was light. And God saw the light that it was good and to His purpose, and God divided between the light and between the darkness. God proclaimed the light, Day, and the darkness he called, Night, and there was evening-chaos and there was morning-order, the first day.

### Genesis 1 Alexandrian LXX

adapted from the Greek translation of the Torah, Books of Moses



# 1

## The Ark of Noah

### Tablets of Creation

*"I, Ashur-bani-pal, within the palace, learned the wisdom of Nebo, the entire art of writing on clay tablets of every kind. I made myself master of the various kinds of writing. . .I read the beautiful clay tablets from Sumer and the Akkadian writing, which is hard to master. **I had the joy of reading inscriptions on stone from the time before the flood.**"*

King Ashurbanipal (688-626 BC) an ancient king of the Assyrian Empire. King Ashurbanipal ruled Assyria from his palace at Nineveh. He ruled in the seventh century BC. <sup>1</sup>

### Ancient Alexandria, Egypt over two thousand years ago

"The city is under attack. It's on fire," gasped the young man as he burst through the doors.

The old soldier – or was he a priest, or just a librarian? - remained unmoved from his prayers, as if not hearing the cry from young Joseph. The soldiers had begun their terrible incursion. War had come to the city from the ocean, but they had prepared, or so he hoped.

"Your gift shall not be destroyed today, oh Maker," the old librarian prayed. "Those who come respect not the wisdom of the ages or the writings of the ancients, but seek only their own power and plunder. Yet we shall not fear, for you are with us."

Strong hands, though rough and gnarled, lifted from the floor, the prayer finished. The hands beckoned Joseph to help him rise. The librarian wrapped himself in his cloak, and the two

hurried from the great library, down narrow streets, towards the harbor. Abruptly they turned the corner. The young man moved a wooden covering, and they entered catacombs below the city.

“The ship is ready. The origin tablets are safe. The ark is hidden,” Joseph reassured his mentor, the one who had been a father to him, for he had not known his first father.

Joseph thought back to the day this man had changed his life, his whole destiny.

### **12 Years Earlier**

The sound of bare running feet echoed between the houses. Joseph paused for breath behind two large barrels. They were chasing him.

“Come back little mouse and get your stomping,” a tawny boy named Chartoff called out. He was the leader of the street gang. Kids who had been abandoned or left on their own by a sick, dying, or poor parents. Joseph found himself among the gang of street rats when his mother became ill, then died a month later.

The rhythm of feet grew closer, and Joseph ran. He had defied the leader when he had taken Sonia’s only bread. She was at least a year younger than he. The young ones didn’t last long unless they found a street brother or sister to look out for them.

The streets grew wider, with fewer places to hide. He had made the mistake of running to an area of the city he did not know well. His feet carried him into a plaza. Desperation seized him. He was in the open, exposed. Joseph’s eyes darted around looking for shelter. Then, carved into the stone above the double doors of a large building, he saw three words he recognized, ‘Truth, Knowledge, Word.’ His mother had taught him words and reading by candlelight at night.

*This could be some kind of library or temple, a place where children were not welcome or allowed. Just what I’m looking for,* Joseph thought. He dove behind a cart, and his eyes found a group of young men wearing fine cloths and sporting sparsely grown beards moving toward the building. He stole in among

them as they walked. Only cubits left and he could slip behind those doors and hide in some dusty forgotten place.

The men he hid among were in heated debate - something about war in Greece or Rome. Two of them broke off toward the building, and on entering the doorway, stopped to salute their friends.

Joseph heard shouts as the band of boys who were chasing him broke into the plaza, undoubtedly looking for him. Joseph slipped from behind the two men and entered a wide corridor inside the building, he hurried down it as quietly as he could. To his right an open hallway expanded out with colonnade pillars on the right. Too open; not a good option. On his left, a dark hallway. Joseph heard a shout behind him; he rushed forward into the dark at a full run, tripping, flailing, and falling into thin air. He landed, tripping and rolling. His foot folded below him with a crunch, his arms and head took blows from hard stone. He rolled down the last few cold stone steps in a crumpled heap.

Had anyone seen him? His body ached; his arm throbbed; he felt dizzy. Darkness closed in on his vision but he fought it off. Slowly, he tried to rise, but his ankle gave way, accompanied by shooting pain. He was back on the floor grimacing in pain, but no cry left his lips. If his pursuers had seen him enter, they needed no more bread crumbs to follow like a flock of hungry crows. Before pain could take over his body, he began crawling. He crawled what felt like thirty cubits down the dark corridor that had started at the end of 'the stairs of pain,' he dubbed them. He passed dark rooms where dark shelves towered like stiff ghosts. The rooms gave off a smell of papyrus, vellum, ink and dust. A small shaft of light drew him down another hallway. Polished metal was used as mirrors to reflect light down shafts to help give illumination to these dark repositories of knowledge. This room was full of boxes, some looking like the sarcophagus he had seen in a funeral procession of a wealthy person. He had heard stories from others of how they had wrapped the ancient rulers in cloth strips, embalmed them and housed them in these wood or stone boxes as a sarcophagus, some elaborately decorated and shaped. The

older boys on the street would dress up in rags and pretend to be the dead come back to life, scaring the little kids and laughing as they ran away. He slowly scooted to the back of the room, his ankle throbbing, and found a narrow space between a large sarcophagus with rough sides and the solid stone wall. He listened for footsteps, but quiet prevailed.

“Safe, at least for now,” he breathed. But what about her? What about his friend?

“Please watch over Sonia,” Joseph whispered into the dark. Sleep was never safe for a street rat. Now too many waking hours caught up to him; his throbbing ankle lent a dullness to his mind. Enveloped by the dark, he listened for any sounds of his pursuers and then sleep stole over him.

“Hello little one.” A small light flickered before him. He scrambled back in retreat, but could not get back any farther.

“It is ok, son, you are safe,” the raspy deep voice called to him. “Are you hurt?” Joseph did not answer, but looked into the warm eyes that met his. From his cloak the man withdrew a small loaf of bread and some dried meat that smelled amazing.

*“He must have found me while I was sleeping, Joseph thought. Or this is a weird man who carries food with him into the lower passages of a library, or wherever I am?”* The man set the lamp on the floor in front of Joseph. He set a small flask and the food beside it as well.

“I must go now little one. Stay and eat. You are safe.” Steady, slow footsteps left Joseph in a small orb of light provided by the lamp. When all was quiet, Joseph uncurled himself from his corner. He snatched the flask and drank cool water. Had he ever tasted something so clean and refreshing? The bread was soft, the meat tough, but so savory and spicy that he had to drink more water.

*Pace yourself, don’t be greedy,* he reminded himself. He had learned this mantra during what he called the “thin times”. *Don’t be greedy: greedy children eat all they have and grow hungry, starving,* he had reminded himself many times. He still had half of

the water, and he saved part of the bread and meat, wrapping them in a small cloth he kept tied around his neck.

*I had better not stay here. It's time to leave.* He carefully held the lamp in its small stone shell, the wick rising from the oil like a worm. He tried to rise, but sharp pain and the awareness of his ankle shook him back to a sitting position. Then something caught his eye as the shapes on the sarcophagus next to his face took form in the lamp's light. It was big enough to hold a large man. The sides were encrusted with dirt and sand, but he saw something, an animal. He scraped at the side of the sarcophagus with his fingers, then produced a small sharpened stick from his pocket; his only weapon. He used it to scrape and pick away the dirt from the forms and more animals appeared. Pairs of them were walking toward a large shape. Some animals he recognized; some were pairs of creatures he had never seen. He moved along the edge of the sarcophagus. Many were of a strange shape; could those be dragons? He had heard stories of travelers encountering terrible creatures in marshes and in the seas. His eyes were drawn to four creatures with long necks stretching out before their elephant-like bodies. They had enormous tails like long trees. Some had horns on their heads and large shields or crests behind. He recognized seven pairs of cows nearby. They were all young-looking animals, some maybe even babies. The vessel they entered was huge - larger than any building he had ever seen, and as long as a city wall. He continued to examine the sarcophagus crawling around to the end, not sure what his light revealed.

*What was this? What was the meaning of these shapes?* After examining them for a while he moved on to see what was on the other side. A thick canvas covering hung over this side of the sarcophagus. He dragged and lifted the corner as it folded back and revealed the now exposed side. Again he carefully scraped and cleaned the sarcophagus's side, revealing a mountain that rose from a forest, with figures circling its summit. Joseph did

not know what it meant, yet the image drew him in. He had never seen such beautiful images on stone.

The sound of footsteps brought him back to his world. Would he be thrown out? Had the gang coerced someone to come in after him? He couldn't run; they knew he was here. He blew out the lamp, he listened and waited. They were the same steady footsteps that had left him earlier, and then he heard the deep aged voice call out in the darkness.

"Hello little one. You're still here?" It was both a question and a statement hinting at surprise. The man carried his own lamp and sat himself down in front of Joseph.

"My name is Solandris. Welcome to the library of Alexandria. Well, one of them," the man chuckled to himself. "I have more food; your lamp seems to have gone out." Solandris raised an eyebrow. "Will you come with me?"

"I, I can't, sir," Joseph croaked out. Silence hung between them for a moment.

"My foot. I fell. Please don't cast me out," Joseph pleaded. The man chuckled and responded.

"No, no, you are safe; you are my guest. May I look at your foot?"

Joseph slowly extended his leg. As gentle hands moved over it, Solandris murmured to himself, grunted and hummed as he cleaned and examined the swollen foot.

"I would like to take a better look at this in my study not far from here. It looks like you may have a few more cuts to mend as well. May I pick you up?"

Joseph nodded his consent, and strong arms gently lifted him. He winced in pain and groaned, but decided he needed to trust this man carrying him down the corridor, his steady foot-falls again echoing off the walls of the library.

Joseph now followed the sound of those same solid foot-steps through the catacombs of Alexandria, to an uncertain future. They were rescuing the second ark of Noah, though he felt that it had in some way rescued them. Solandris had also carried him in so

many ways. Joseph's memories carried him back to that dark study in the bowels of the library when he was a young boy. What had also changed his life was the question he asked through gritted teeth in that dark underground part of the library as Solandris washed his cuts, put ointment on them, and set and wrapped his broken ankle.

"What was that sarcophagus? There were animals on the side, some kind of vessel or ship, dragons and horses, and flying creatures."

Solandris' dark eyes met his question. "There are many forgotten stories here," he sighed. "So many rooms, so many stories. I do not know your story, my little friend, but if you choose to stay, you may uncover many stories and mysteries of our fathers. I am getting old; the new students want nothing to do with dust-covered legends. They seek new stories, exciting news, and the theologies of the day. They do not even know what they have forgotten. Like ones who have lost their memory. They have lost the anchor of history. They have become like ships without rudders, floating in the fog of now."

Joseph did stay. He stayed beyond the healing of his ankle, beyond his tenth birthday, and became apprenticed to Solandris, his mentor and new father. His mind often wandered back to the strange sarcophagus in the bowels of the library, and he would visit it tracing the carvings with his fingers. But he was soon caught up in his new life, and he visited that dark musty place less often, though he wondered what might be inside and how to open such a thing. Solandris would listen to his questions and request to open the sarcophagus, but his duties filled his days and the business of raising his new charge, an adopted son, took over.

"Now, widen your stance. Bring your arms to your side," Solandris instructed. He had been in the Roman Legions, a soldier in the field of war and on ships during his younger years. He now took this scraggly young boy and molded him, teaching Joseph the

art of defense, the sword and the staff. Joseph was an attentive student, knowing that his very life would hang in the balance once he left the safety of the library. He had not forgotten Chartoff and his gang who surly lurked the streets. His only distraction was his worry over Sonia. Was she still alive? He asked his mentor to help him find her, and Solandris assured him that he would, but that untrained Joseph was of no good to Sonia as he could not defend himself on the streets. They had venture out together looking for Sonia, but with dismal results. Joseph determined to train hard and earn Solandris' trust so he could roam free and search for her on his own. He loved training and working with the staff. A sword drew attention on the street, and he had little money to purchase a real blade worth its weight. A staff, one could fashion from a branch or find on almost any street disguised as a broom or a clothesline protruding from a window. Solandris trained Joseph's body, and he grew skilled and strong. Solandris also trained him in language and letters, and he spent the hot noon hours poring over scrolls and even began to learn some of the ancient markings that were on stone or clay tablets. He now ventured back out on the streets on errands, knowing he could face those he had once feared. He searched for the little girl named Sonia; it was as if she had disappeared. Few had paid attention to the little ones, and fewer still remembered, but still he hoped and asked the vendors or anyone whose attention he could get.

Solandris had assigned him to go to the tanner and retrieve an order of velum, material for new books and scrolls. Gold coins clinked in the pouch tied to his belt as he walked to the market area, staff in hand.

"The street mouse has become a shepherd," called out a distant but easily recognized voice. Chartoff stood fifteen cubits behind him, older and larger than he remembered, and behind him a group of at least ten boys congregated. Joseph slowly turned and faced them, his grip light and steady on his staff. He tucked the pouch of gold coins under his belt as he kept his eyes on the group before him.

“Chartoff, old man, I see the street has been good to you,” Joseph jabbed. He had nothing to lose by verbally jousting with this bully, and only time to gain.

“We thought you dead, and now you will wish you were.”

“Always the sweet talker, Chartoff. I bet all the girls are falling for you.” The bully stood there confused. Was this rat complimenting him? And he was not running; why wasn’t he running?

Joseph took a few steps towards the group, some of their eyes widened in surprise. Joseph felt like he was crazy too, but in his training, Solandris had told him stories of war, including how small, outnumbered groups had tricked their enemies and won against great odds.

“You must always strive for balance, and strive to keep your enemy off balance,” Solandris had instructed. “Love your enemy; treat him as he least expects and you will either win him, or at the least, tip him off balance. Then he will most often cause his own defeat.”

He could not fight all of them. He could not win, but he would not run. Joseph felt like he had been running all his life. He could hurt them, hurt them enough that they could not follow, or give the wiser ones of the group cause to think it wise not to follow him. He took one more step toward the group and sprinted right towards Chartoff. At the last second, he leapt to the older boy’s left, up onto a stone step, and brought his staff in a wide sideways arc across the side of the bully’s head and ear. He did not see the large boy crumple behind him, as several objects flew over his head. He bounded back now, sliding in a crouched position behind their leader, but in front of the next row of attackers. He swept his staff at their ankles with all his strength and felt the solid connection of wood on bone. Not waiting to see how many he had felled, he spun around another boy almost as if dancing, now placing himself in the middle of the group of surprised and groaning boys. Joseph jabbed, blocked, and went for as many feet and toes as he could find, and lastly, another unfortunate boy’s head who blocked his way. In seconds he was behind the group,

running, vaulting over a cart, and taking stairs up to the roof of a nearby house. Terse cries of surprise and anger followed him; he leapt to another roof and climbed down the side of the house into another street. No more shouts, no running footsteps. He ducked under an empty crate to catch his breath and came face to face with brown eyes and curly brown hair, and a face he could never forget.

“Sonia! You’re here! You’re alive,” he gasped. She was so thin and pale. Her face was crusted with dirt and she wiped mucus from her nose. When they recovered from their mutual surprise, they embraced. Joseph felt as if he would crush her. She was all bones, and so thin.

“Here, here is some bread and meat,” he said as he produced a small tightly wrapped packet. He never forgot the lessons of the street, and always kept food on him.

“Eat, I have more,” he implored as she hungrily took the food. He waited for her to finish and said, “You have to come with me. It’s not safe.” He held out his hand and she took it. But she couldn’t run; she could barely walk. He knelt in front of her and helped her climb on his back. Instinct led him back through alleys and streets to the library. Women and children were not allowed, but he now knew the ins and outs of the building and, he hid her in the very room he had once found himself hiding in. As he brought her water and more food, the gold coins clinked in his pouch, reminding him of a task uncompleted.

“Stay here, it is safe,” he told her “I have friends in this place.” He left quietly and accomplished his errand, taking twice as long as he skirted what was most likely Chartoff’s territory, always listening and keeping to the shadows. It was night by the time he arrived back, the bundles of vellum slung over his shoulder. He approached Solandris in his study, a light still lit the room. Joseph gathered himself and excitedly knocked on the half open door.

“Come in my son, the older man motioned him in. “You are quite late, did trouble find you?”

“I found her, I thought she was dead,” Joseph burst out, fighting back tears that now came to his eyes. “I had almost given up hope. Sonia is alive, come! You must meet her. Joseph grabbed his mentors strong hands and led him through the halls to the sarcophagus room. She was still there, sleeping.

“Perhaps We should let her sleep,” Solandris advised. “I am sure she has had quite a day, many hard days by the thin look of her. She needs rest, and your friendship. We must patiently bring health back to her. You stay with her, I will come back in the morning. Introductions can wait. Joseph sat down beside her and watched over her for the rest of the night.

The familiar humming of Solandris woke Joseph and he gently nudged Sonia awake, trying not to startle her. She awoke with a short scream, her arms flailing, as Joseph gently comforted her.

“Sonia, your safe. It’s me Joseph. Do you remember? I found you, I brought you to this place. You are safe now.” Sonia grew still and looked strangely at him until recognition filled her eyes and she croaked out, “Joseph?”

“Yes, yes. I did not know if I would ever find you, but we are here. I must introduce you to my friend, my father. Will you come with me? He held out his hand to her. Slowly she reached out and took it and they slowly walked to the nearby room where Solandris appeared to be organizing volumes of books on a shelf.

“Father, Solandris, this is Sonia. Sonia this is my mentor, my new father.” Solandris turned and knelt taking her frail shaking hand in his.

“Welcome dear little one. We have long prayed and sought for you. And now here you are, as a gift from the gods. Welcome to our humble home, the library of Alexandria.”

The next hours were filled with discovering Sonia’s story of survival on the streets; if one could call her broken tail one of survival. She had endured what many would call hell as she fought for her life on the streets. Joseph’s heart sank; he had not searched hard enough. He regretted not spending every waking moment searching for her. Here kind eyes forgave him, and she assured him that her past life was not his fault.

“We cannot change what is or what has become our past. It is a road we cannot travel again.” Soalndris reminded Joseph. You can only chose how you walk today, and trust in whoever guides your steps to give you wisdom.

The next day Joseph began showing Sonia the wonders of the library. They explored and told stories, catching up on lost time. Joseph showed her the sarcophagus with its wondrous animals. He found a shelter on a nearby roof not far from the library and they soon made a bed, found some clothes and created a place for her to stay. He would not risk being caught harboring her in the library, but at night they explored. Weeks later as they walked the streets, having just visited the harbor, they heard the shouts of young boys produced from a tussling, rambling gang. They stole away into the shadow of a strange building and found stairs leading up to a roof or second floor. Higher ground was always better; Joseph learned from his lessons. The steps continued up the side of the building leading to a circular porch on the second floor. It surrounded a central structure where large windows looked down into the interior of the building. Sturdy shutters were set into the wall on each side of the windows, but were now pulled back and latched letting a fresh salt tinted breeze flow through the building. People entered the building, men placing cloths over their heads. He later learned that these “cloths” were called a *tallit* or prayer shawl. Joseph and Sonia sat, waiting and watching the strange group below as they assembled and sang together, chanting and reciting, what one of the group called a psalm. Then one of the members stood, came forward and removed a large scroll form an ornate cabinet. In a clear deep voice, he read:

*When God created man, he made him in his likeness as imagers of God...*

*And it came to pass when men began to be numerous upon the earth, and daughters were born to them, that the sons of God, having seen the daughters of Adam-men,*

*that they were beautiful, took to themselves wives of all whom they chose.*

*The Lord God said, "My Spirit shall certainly not remain among these men forever, because they are flesh, but their days shall be a hundred and twenty years." Now the giants were upon the earth in those days (of Jared and Enoch); and after that (the days of Noah), when the sons of God were wont to go into the daughters of men, they bore to them, sons. Those were the giants of old, the men of renown. And the Lord God, having seen that the wicked actions of men were multiplied upon the earth, and that everyone in his heart was intently brooding over evil continually, then God laid it to heart that he had made man upon the earth, and he pondered it deeply.*

The assembled listeners murmured in agreement. The speaker looked up and then continued.

*God said, "I will blot out man whom I have made from the face of the earth, even man with cattle, and reptiles with flying creatures of the sky, for I have thought and reasoned about having made them." But Noe (Noah) found grace before the Lord God. And these are the generations or 'geneseos' of Noe. Noe was a just man; being perfect in his generation, Noe was well-pleasing to God, and walked with Him. Noe had begotten three sons, Shem also called Sem, the father of our people, Ham known as Cham, and Japheth their brother.*

*But the earth was corrupted before God, and the earth was filled with iniquity. And the Lord God saw the earth, and it was corrupted; because all flesh had corrupted its way upon the earth. And the Lord God said to Noe, "The time of every man is come before me; because the earth has been filled with iniquity by them, and behold, I will destroy them and the earth. Make therefore, for yourself, an ark of long green wood; you shall make the ark in compartments as nests, and you will*

*pitch it within and without with pitch - asphalt- a covering. And thus shall you make the ark: 300 cubits the length of the ark, and 50 cubits the breadth, and 30 cubits the height of it. This shall be its filled measure or volume. You shall narrow the ark in making it, and in a cubit above you will finish it, and the door of the ark you shall make out of the side; with lower, second, and third stories you shall make it. And, behold, I will bring a flood, water upon the earth to destroy all flesh in which is the breath of life under heaven, and whatsoever things depend upon the earth shall die. And I will establish my covenant with you, and you will enter into the ark, and your sons and your wife, and your sons' wives with you. And of all cattle and of all reptiles and of all wild beasts, even of all flesh, you shall bring in by pairs - two twos of all, into the ark, that you may feed them along with yourself: male and female they shall be."*

"Those are my pairs of animals, four in all," Joseph whispered.

"Hush" and a sharp look from Sonia was the response he got from his companion.

*"Of all winged birds and flyers after their kind, and of all cattle (beasts) after their kind, and of all reptiles creeping upon the earth after their kind, pairs - two twos of all shall come in with you, male and female, to be fed with you. And you shall take to yourself of all kinds of food which you eat and you shall gather them to yourself, and it shall be for you and them to eat." And Noe did all things whatever the Lord God commanded him, so he did.*

The man at the front finished, and the people broke into small groups.

"That's my story," Joseph whispered to Sonia.

"What?" she looked at him confused.

“That’s the story on my stone sarcophagus in the library. Remember the animals in pairs entering the - what did he call it - an Ark? Is it a real story?” he asked, more to himself than to Sonia. “It must be,” he continued. “The people below were so serious, as if it was their story, a story about them and their ancestors.”

*Noah.* the word sent a chill down his spine. He had to know more, but how? Surely Solandris would know.

“You were in a synagogue?” It was both a challenge and a question from Solandris.

“Yes... no,” came Joseph’s answer slowly.

“We were above it,” Sonia chimed in, drawing a look of furrowed eyebrows from Solandris.

“It was about the sarcophagus, the stone box with the animals and wonderful images on it,” Joseph blurted out. “You have to tell us what it means. Who are those people? Why were they telling a story about a man Noah, and how he was to gather pairs of animals proclaiming this god Yahweh’s judgment on the people with a flood of water, but also a way of escape on the Ark?” Joseph blurted out questions which had been building up in his mind, and now they spilled over.

“You have discovered an ancient people, the Israelites from Canaan (Israel), the kingdom of David. They hold to Yahweh, their covenant god. They claim he is the creator of heaven and earth, and that all things invisible and visible have their origin in this being.” Solandris took them to a section of the library that Joseph had not yet explored. “Ahh, here they are.” Solandris murmured as he pulled a large double scroll from a deep shelf. It looked similar to the one Joseph and Sonia had seen in the synagogue.

“This is the first book of their holy writings: Beginnings.” He gently laid the scroll on a nearby table. “Joseph, come. I believe you can now read even this, as you have grown in your lessons. It is in Greek, a translation called the Septuagint. I believe it was completed before I came here, when Philadelphus was ruling.”<sup>2</sup>

Joseph’s eyes scanned the text, recognizing most of the symbols and connecting them into words. As he slowly read the

script, his heart began to thump harder. He read about the garden of Eden, the first man of earth and his wife who were placed there. Could the land and mountain depicted on the side of the sarcophagus be this Eden? He knew that many peoples built massive towers and pyramid structures upon which they could meet with their gods. That mountain in the stone carving had beings at its summit. Were they gods? Or did they serve the One, this Yahweh? He had to learn more. He would start with the first mystery, the stone box or as they came to call it, the Origin Sarcophagus.

The small group studied the Septuagint text, and other texts they could find about this Noah and his ark. Many historians had written accounts. This Noe or Noah was known by many names: Noach; Utnapishtim to the Babylonians; Fuhī to the ancients of the east; Xisuthrus to the Chaldeans, Manu to the people of India; Deucalion to the Greeks; and many other names even in distant lands. How had all these people known about and revered this man? Many kings even traced their lineage and right to rule back to Noah.<sup>3</sup>

They brought the sarcophagus on wooden rollers into one of the mirror-lit rooms. The sarcophagus was far too large and heavy for Solandris, Joseph and Sonia to move it to the upper level. How long it had been down there, not even Solandris and the other librarians knew. One said that a retired, now blind librarian might know. They tracked him down. He told them a tale of the great Pharaohs of Egypt, and when after conquering Syria with his armies the young Alexander the Great founded Alexandria in the small port town of Rhakotis by the sea, he set about the task of turning it into a great capital. Alexander had carried many treasures from the old lands to inaugurate this new capital and establish the library.

“Perhaps it was placed as they built the library,” Joseph speculated.

Now the question arose; how could they open it without destroying it? Solandris examined the jigsaw joint connecting the lid, marveling at how this could be done in stone.

“The lid is sealed in wax, just as the Pharaohs sealed their mummification jars,” he told his young students. There were faint traces of soot on the edges, and discoloration. “If we could slowly heat the stone, the wax would melt, but how could we do it without cracking the sarcophagus? If we heat it too hot or too quickly it may break or destroy whatever may be inside.”

“Come here,” Sonia motioned them to the kitchen, her eyes sparkling. They followed. “Place your hand on the sides of the stove,” she told them. They both touched the warm stone, which grew hotter as they came closer to the coals. “We could make a stove around the outside and place coals in it,” she exclaimed. She could see the confusion in their faces. Were they about to dismiss her. Her mind raced. “How do we get water to cities?” she asked in frustration.

“Aqueducts and ditches,” Joseph and Solandris answered together.

“We could build a fire aqueduct with clay on the side of the sarcophagus. The heat will move to the stone, just like to does in this fireplace, and help open the lid.”

Solandris grabbed her up and spun her around. “Invention from the mind of one so young. You are a clever girl.”

They set to work bringing in clay, carefully forming it against the stone just under the lid, and allowing it to dry. Solandris set up a fire pit nearby. Fire in this part of the library was dangerous, and so their preparations must be made at night. They brought in water buckets and sand as precautions. They had spent most of the night preparing, and decided that they would begin the next evening as to draw as little attention as possible.

“It may take hours,” Solandris told them. “We must be patient. If we over-heat the stone, it may explode.” He had seen men wounded around camp fires because they had placed stones too near the fire which had popped with the sound of a whip as

small chunks sprayed outward like sharp knives to the hurt of any too near.

They placed the coals in the clay trough, slowly fanning them, adding more if they grew too dark, and replacing the burned-out ones. Hours passed, and Sonia brought them food as they tended the fire. They made as little smoke as possible, closing doors and stuffing cracks with cloth so that others in the library would not be alarmed and this project suddenly stopped.

Joseph watched the coals as they burned with inner heat, the warmth made him sleepy and he fought to keep his eyes open. The darkness of the library and the shadows played tricks on him. *I should have gotten more sleep*, he thought.

Then something turned his attention to the sarcophagus. He saw the wax turn shiny and drip from a corner. He called the others, and they used cloth wrapped mallets and wood shims to slowly nudge the lid out of its grooves. They slid sturdy poles under the open edge and lifted. They had made a wooden ramp on one side, which held the weight of the large lid as they slowly pushed it off and to the side, with much grunting. Together, they peered in.

Nothing. It was empty. Dust swirled around Joseph; the sarcophagus was empty! His eyes watered, more from the disappointment than from the sand stinging his face. Sand? Where was sand coming from, He could not see the forms of the library around him. He looked up into a gloomy sky as a dark form obscured the moonlight above. Where were the library, Sonia, and Solandris? Shadows enveloped him; the form, a huge wave of sand, crested and was now rushing toward him. He would be crushed, swallowed in sand. Joseph dove into the empty sarcophagus, cracking his head and bruising his arms.

Joseph awoke, gasping. He had fallen asleep on a bench, and now lay on the floor, dazed but awake in the dark belly of the library. Images of the dream flashed through his mind.

Solandris appeared at the door carrying more coals.

“Ah, I let you sleep, but it seems you had a painful awakening. I believe the wax may almost be melted. Go call Sonia.”

Joseph wanted to mention the dream, but could not find the words. Was it foolish to feel so scared? In the next hour, the small group saw the wax turn shiny, and they set out to remove the lid. Joseph moved back nervously.

“What’s wrong my son?” Solandris asked.

“I, uh... I think I dreamed about this. It feels like I’ve done this before, and then the waves of sand came and crushed me.”

Concerned looks met him. “I know it is foolish, but maybe this thing was never meant to be discovered.” Sonia took his hand.

“Tell me your dream.” Joseph looked at her and told them his dream. They listened and calmed his fears.

“Let us return to the sarcophagus,” Solandris advised. “I have lived too long in fear of omens and gods. We must trust the path we find ourselves on.” They slowly separated the lid from the box, sliding it onto the wood supports. After much grunting and sweating, the lid was off, and the dirty crew rested as they passed around a small skin flask of cool water.

The open sarcophagus drew them toward it. Joseph held back as Solandris reached in moving fabric away.

“I have only seen this type of wood in the far east, where some say dragons still roam. This is the long green wood, bamboo.” He grunted as he tried to lift the bamboo chest.

“That won’t do,” he murmured to himself. Joseph we will need ropes and winches.” Joseph hurried to a store room and located to ropes and a large block and tackle, like he had seen on ships. When he arrived back, Solandris had placed a large beam across two sturdy shelves. They attached the winch threaded the ropes and tied them to the ends of the large bamboo chest. Slowly the large box rose. Solandris pulled on the chest, guiding it down next to the sarcophagus as Joseph played out the rope.

“Now we see what gift long forgotten awaits us.” Solandris removed the latch and lifted the lid. He carefully removed a large cloth covered rectangle, unwrapped it and cradled the large stone tabled in his hands. Joseph moved closer looking over his shoulder, and recognized images on the top above strange wedge shaped marks.

“Those look like some of the images on the sides of the sarcophagus, Joseph murmured. Curiosity drew him over to the sarcophagus. He bent over the edge and picked up a long curved package. He unwrapped the cloth revealing a long bow, marbled wood grain and strange markings etched in to the side and inlaid with gold. He had never seen workmanship so beautiful. The trio spent the next three nights examining the strange and wonderful treasures inside the Origin Sarcophagus. Beautiful weapons wrapped in cloth, some Egyptian and some older of unknown architect, but all of deadly design. The large bamboo chest held many thick stone tablets. Joseph could not understand most of the markings, but a ribbon of images on some of the tablets gave him hints at what the writing contained. Solandris seemed years younger as he catalogued and studied the artifacts. Joseph peered into the now empty sarcophagus remembering his dream, almost feeling the sand grit in his mouth grinding on his teeth. He let his fingers reach to the bottom. There was sand there, but he no longer felt fear. He felt a ridge under his fingers and brushed away the sand. A reddish bronze circular shape poked from under a discarded fold of cloth in the sand at the bottom of the crypt. Joseph stretched to reach further, his fingers swept away dirt and encircled round cool metal. He drew out a strange cylinder almost the length of his arm and just smaller than his wrist. It gleamed a reddish gold and each end featured a creature with an open mouth full of sharp teeth.

*Could those be serpents or dragons?* he wondered.

Joseph held the cylinder in both hands. The others were busy with other artifacts. Holding one end, his fingers traced the dragon’s form, one body with two heads. This, as well as some of the older weapons, had the marks of many battles: a slight dent, a scrape, and a dark patina - perhaps blood in crevices and cracks. Near the center of the cylinder a series of three raised ridges protruded. They seemed foreign, and to the side a circular knob covered part of an elongated notch. He pushed the knob to the other side of the notch and heard a faint click. His heart thudded again. Should he go get Solandris, who was now in the other

room? He held the cylinder out horizontal to the floor and pressed the middle ridge. The cylinder exploded at both ends, twin shafts shooting out from the mouths of the dragons with a whoosh. One end punched through a nearby barrel and water gushed out. Joseph almost dropped the cylinder. What was this? A staff? A piece of magic?

“Wow.” he breathed. Realizing that every muscle in his body was tensed, he shook his shoulders, relaxing. What would the other ridges produce when pressed?

“Here we go,” Joseph took a deep breath and pressed the ridge to the right. The twin ends sprang back inside their shell. He pressed the third ridge. Nothing happened. So he began again, making sure no nearby barrels met the same fate as the first. Twin cylinders shot out, whoosh. His hands remained steady. Now he pressed the third notch again. Gleaming blades, each longer than his hand, appeared on the extended ends. It was a weapon, like nothing he had ever seen or imagined. On pressing the second notch, the blades retreated, and the twin cylinders withdrew when he pressed the first notch again. How did such a thing happen? He moved the knob back, then pressed the ridges. Nothing happened. This must be some kind of intricate machine. What kind of mind could have designed this dragon staff?

The trio continued to examine the tablets and artifacts. Hours turned into days and days to weeks. Together they removed layers of mystery from the tablets one letter, one phrase at a time. Solandris researching weathered history and language books. He set Joseph to the task of copying the strange writing from the stone tablets onto papyrus, so that the tablets would be handled and exposed as little as possible as they struggled to translate the script. A few tablets were damaged, incomplete and some needed to be mended, but even with careful restoration, many lines of text were cut short or missing. Solandris kept a journal of their progress. He found joy in piecing together the story of the tablets but lamented the damage and loss of history that they could not restore.

Secretly, Joseph practiced with the staff. It had incredible balance, and he was not sure Solandris would let him use and keep something so priceless. But when he touched it he felt connected to some larger story, to that man Noah, and somehow he wanted to live an adventure, to live for some grand story. If this Creator Yahweh was real, he wanted to meet this Being someday. The text said that God spoke to Noah and he walked with God. Maybe this same God would speak to him, too? Joseph started talking to this Yahweh, feeling silly at first, as if talking to the wall, but he shared his hopes and dreams, asked questions, and believed someone or something was actually listening.

Then came the day, the transcriptions and much of the translations were complete. Solandris said they must return the tablets, the weapons and all else back into the Origins Sarcophagus. Solandris included a copy of his journal describing their discovery and a list of the artifacts on vellum and sealed it in a jar, using the wax method he had learned, and placed their story of discovery within the sarcophagus. Joseph could not bring himself to part with the staff. He had practiced with it at night in secret and he kept it hidden in his room.

He did not know if his mentor would allow him to keep it, and he felt a burning guilt within his chest. Perhaps he would confess. He had never had much to call his own. It was too easy to let one day follow another and not expose his deed. It felt like too many secrets had piled up. He hoped that if Solandris discovered his deception that he could forgive him. He hoped the Maker would forgive him.

One evening, Sonia came to him. They had all eaten a special dinner celebrating the day Solandris had found Joseph. He couldn't remember the time of his birth, so it was this day he chose to celebrate.

*Had it really been 12 years since he had found a new home, a new father. Since he had lost her and then found her.* Joseph thought. Sonia joined Joseph on a broad window ledge as he sat overlooking the harbor. She placed a small carved bird in his hands.

“It is an alabaster dove, to remind you of the story. The story of hope that God keeps his word and that they found a new earth, a new home. Her eyes left his and returned to her hands which fidgeted on her lap. They mate for life,” she said, “the doves.”

“It’s beautiful. You made it?” he asked. She nodded, smiling. She then showed him a twin dove hung around her neck, and she hugged him. Words caught in his throat, heat rose to his face, and his mind went numb, so he just held her and stroked her hair as they looked out toward the harbor, colorful sails and flags full and blowing in the evening breeze, looking like a garden on the ocean.

The rumors were true. A nearby coastal city had been burned. The sky brought the message’s truth with dark, burnt-smelling clouds. The city hummed with activity. Some people fled, others fortified their homes. Soldiers marched the streets. The invaders had set their eyes on the prize of Alexandria and would descend like crows to take the city. Rumors flew from neighbor to neighbor. Would they burn what could not be taken? It was civil war, some said. Others said it was invasion. The invaders could not prevail, some argued; but the red moon at night implored wisdom of another kind.

With the help of torches, Solandris, Joseph, and a few others made their way out of the catacombs. Outside of the city, there was a small cove where a ship waited for them. They had left their home, the library, and the city behind them. It had taken a few strong men and a cart to get the sarcophagus out of the library and the city a few nights before. Some soldiers were bribed, but many others helped, for it was a small way to rebel against the new threat to their home.

“Where is she?” Joseph asked the shadow of Solandris before him.

“Patience, young man. Your dove will return.” Joseph caught the reference to the story that had changed both their lives. Joseph knew he had changed, but so had Solandris. Solandris had never prayed before the discovery of the

sarcophagus, but now he was known for it. He had lived for the gods of Rome, fought for its leaders, and later worked in the temple libraries, but now his heart served another. Solandris and Joseph had become brothers on a quest to know the Creator they had discovered in the ancient tablets. But as Joseph walked, the cold metal against the middle of his back reminded him of a small part of him that had not changed. The dragon staff lay in a sheath strapped to his back, under his clothes. Joseph had designed a harness so that he could reach over his head and pull the staff out from hiding in a flash; he hoped he wouldn't need it on this trip.

A small form and a glint of blue flit across their path. Then they heard the sound of a turtle dove calling out. It was their signal.

"Caw, caw," Joseph replied with the sounds of a raven. Moments later, Sonia darted into the path and into his arms. Two large satchels, full of provisions, were strapped to her back. The trio along with several others had taken different paths out of the city to draw less attention. Solandris had a friend at the library in Pergamum, across the Mediterranean, and they had letters of welcome written in his hand. They continued on the winding path to the small cove where the ship awaited. It had taken a small fortune to arrange for the crew and ship, as many were fleeing the city. Solandris was thankful for the assistance of old friends, soldiers and seafarers.

They set sail in the dark hours. The men strained at the oars, as the breeze had not yet risen. The black of night gave way to grey and then to a morning fog as the ship made its way under the power of the men and an occasional slight breeze. Joseph and Sonia rested in the hold among sacks of grain and jars of oil. The Origins Sarcophagus was secured by large ropes and barely visible amongst the stores and trade goods piled around it.

"Sails ho," came the cry from a sailor, jolting them from drowsiness, and they scrambled up on deck. They saw nothing, for the fog had thickened, then they gasped as a monolith with sails and rows of oars protruding from its sides emerged from the fog.

The two ships crossed paths at nearly 90 degrees as the smaller broke over the wake of the larger.

“Perhaps that giant will just pass by us,” a sailor breathed.

“Maybe they have not noticed us; we are just a small merchant vessel,” another spoke to his mate. They collectively held their breath as the behemoth glided by, the sound of oars smacking the water, chains grinding, and the muffled sound of a low chant to a drum beat by men bent to their laborious task. Like a ghost, the war ship was gone, just like it had come. Silence filled the air, a silence they hoped would continue. Then a trumpet sounded from the fog and sailors with grim looks scrambled back to their stations, and those on the oars re-doubled their efforts.

“Put as much distance between us as we can,” the captain called. “Perhaps she will pass us or lose us in the fog.” They sailed on, the breeze stiffening and moving the fog in bellows as if they were already under another type of sea, between waters. The wind was both an ally and a foe. It filled their sails, but also threatened to blow the concealing fog way. The morning sun broke through and the waters of the sky began to lift and separate under its power.

Then a chill shot through all those on deck. Behind them and gaining, the behemoth war ship came, moving toward them powered by its oars as if on hundreds of legs it crawled across the water.

“We can’t outrun her, we don’t have enough men or oars!” the first mate warned to the captain. His face drawn in desperation. The two men faced each other in grim silence. They could continue what looked like a futile evasion, buying some time but perhaps incur more wrath when caught. Or they could raise their flag, and face down this war ship with stern resolve. At least they would not appear to be fleeing in fear, though fear is what the captain saw on the faces of his men.

“Raise the flag. Prepare to be boarded,” came the stern order. “May the gods grant us favor.” A thick dread descended upon the small ship, crew and passengers.

“Go below.” Solandris ordered Joseph and Sonia, but they just stared as the shadow of the beast drew closer. When the larger ship was within fifteen cubits, men emerged with ropes and hooks. Like a spider shooting out webs, the giant spewed out grappling hooks which caught the smaller ship. With clanks and groans, the two ships were drawn together. The crew as well as Solandris, Joseph, and Sonia braced themselves as the small ship rocked back and forth and finally with the protest of wood scraping on wood, the two ships came together. A brief silence hung in the air.

“She’s a troop carrier,” breathed a sailor. “Probably bound for Alexandria. Perhaps we can get off with a bribe.”

With swift, practiced silence, they were boarded by men adorned in leather and shining metal. The one in charge addressed the captain.

“What is your ship and your destination?”

“We are but a humble trade ship, the Green Rose. We are bound for ports in Anatolia with trade goods and a few passengers. How can we serve you, my lords?”

“That remains to be seen,” the soldier replied as he made his way through the ship inspecting crew, passengers, and items. Joseph and Sonia remained aft in the stern of the ship. As the soldiers drew near them, Solandris addressed the soldiers.

“We seek your counsel, these being treacherous waters and dangerous times. What may humble ships like ours do to remain out of the fray?” It was meant as a distraction, but only the chief among the soldiers moved to converse with him. Joseph now had soldiers on either side of him. One of the nearby soldier turned and whispered to his comrade.

“You know we are short of oarsmen in the galley due to the sickness. Captain’s going to want to take her. Men for the oars; women for... well, you know..., and we take what we want, burning the rest.” Joseph overheard the exchange, unknown to them, a vision of his friend’s dark future cast before his eyes imagination: He was chained to the oar of a war ship, bent and drained, Solandris sick and dying next to him, and Sonia? Sonia

was gone from him forever at the mercy of hard and cruel men. It took but seconds for this nightmarish future to flash through his mind, and even less time for him to decide this would not be their fate.

*I would rather be crucified than to see my friends die a slow death and be subjected to the evils of men,* he thought. He slowly lifted his hands to his head, then his right hand slid down between his shoulder blades and grasped the dragon staff. The soldier next to him misinterpreted his actions and snorted in triumph.

“This one’s ready to surren...” he began, but never finished as his head was impacted by the cylinder shooting from the end of the dragon staff which sent him reeling as he tumbled over the edge of the ship into the water below. Another soldier opposite him crumpled to the ground, his helmet caved in by the other end of the staff. Joseph had lined the staff up behind his back so that when the twin shafts released, they met two unprepared foes.

“They mean to make us slaves, steal our lives, and plunder the ship!” he shouted at the sailors. “Save your lives and fight!” For an instant it was as if no one heard him, then chaos ensued as they read the truth of his words in the cold eyes of the soldiers. Swords flashed in the hands of the soldiers, but the sailors knew the ship like their best friend. Weapons, that had been hidden for just such an occasion, were drawn out from crevices, coils of rope and shadows. Amidst the confusion, Joseph lost Sonia in the fray of the ensuing battle. His attention was quickly drawn back to his own survival as he met an incoming blade with his staff, making the enemy think twice about this young man.

“Cut the lines,” came the desperate cry from the captain. Their only chance was to separate themselves from the wave of incoming soldiers bent on overpowering the sailors and their ship. Joseph had four lines cut with the blades of his staff before a dark hulking form swung at him from above. He was hurled back, crashing through an opening and into the hold below. He felt a sharp pain in his stomach. He pressed his hand to the area and it came away warm and wet. The dark form was upon him again, pinning him to the floor with Joseph’s own weapon. Pain and

crushing force upon his chest, he couldn't breathe, and darkness began to cloud his vision. Then the sound of a thud, a cry of pain, and the weight lifted from his chest. The soldier above him had been dealt a blow from behind. The struck man lashed out with his sword, but a large oil vase collided his head. The soldier crumpled to the floor, bashing his head on a beam as he fell.

Sonia emerged from the shadows, a dark line across the side of her face and chest. It grew and poured a bloody stream down her cheek. She lifted a bloody arm toward Joseph, then fell against him. His vision slowly cleared, and as he looked beyond her, he saw the soldier's body slumped over a crate. They had underestimated his dove. Her groaning whimper brought his mind back, and he turned her over. He felt her face. The blade had cut to the bone, and her chest and arm were badly cut. Joseph tore his clothes, ignoring the growing ache and wound in his stomach. He quickly made bandages for her wounds, but the life was pouring out of her like wine from a broken vessel. He heard Solandris fighting above, recognizing his rhythms and grunts from his training with him. He was making each man who attacked him regret his last actions. Joseph heard a shout of triumph from above.

"We've broken free!" a sailor cried out. *They must have gotten the ships separated and driven the soldiers back.* Thought Joseph. But then he felt and heard a *thunk*; light appeared above, then a hissing sound filled the air. *Thunk, thunk, thunk.* Firelight filtered down to him. Smoke began to fill the air. Someone on the war vessel had released a firebrand, and the others, thinking it an order, followed suit. Now it was the cries of men afire that reached his ears. The men above still fought the soldiers, though some now fought the burning flames instead.

Joseph pulled Sonia close to him; she felt so cold, but breathed in his ear,

"I am with you." She coughed. "Fire will destroy the tablets, our records, everything." Her words shook him. Years of work, the wisdom of his life lay next to them. He could not let fire claim them and destroy them forever. He found his staff, lifted Sonia

atop some crates next to the stone sarcophagus, and crawled to the side of the ship. He retracted the shafts of the dragon staff and wedged the main cylinder between a beam and the hull of the ship. Better for the sea to claim the tablets and entomb them, than for fire to burn the ship, crack the heated stone and destroy the Origins Sarcophagus. He closed his hands around the staff, whispered a hurried prayer and touched the ridge lever. The twin shafts shot out from the dragon's mouths and punched a small hole in the side of the ship. It was like seeing the barrel split open the first day he had touched the staff. He levered the staff free from splintered wood and repeated the action, each time increasing the flow of seawater. He moved to the other side of the ship, now crawling through the water. He punched two more holes in the hull as exhaustion and loss of blood sapped his strength. Joseph turned back to Sonia. As the sea rushed in, he could not hear the men fighting above. The form of a soldier appeared in the hatch above. He jumped into the water, his hot armor causing the water to steam around him, his face dark with soot and burns.

"You... you're trying to send us all to Poseidon's realm instead of the flames of Hades?" the question spewed out like an accusation. The soldier lunged at Joseph, not seeing the staff held just below the water level. Joseph deflected the blow. The soldier twisted around him, driving his sword into Joseph's chest. With his remaining strength, Joseph touched the staff's handle and the blade shot up into the jaw of the soldier. As the man toppled over he sank into the rising waters. Joseph barely clung to life, yet pulled himself through the water next to Sonia. He drew her close, and once again he was against the side of the sarcophagus. He wove his free arm into the ropes surrounding the ornate box, bringing his face near the carvings.

"Be with us, my Creator," he whispered as the smoke and water washed over him. The ship sagged into the waves, hisses of air escaping wherever they could. The waters surged over the entwined couple, claiming the ship, choking out the hungry flames

but consuming the ship all the same, fire and water trading places in their hunger.

Joseph tried to breath, but only water filled his lungs. A panic over took him as his body spasmed, aching for air, then calmed. *The stillness is beautiful*, he thought. His mind slowed like the last ticking of an unwound clock. The light faded as the waters rose. Joseph's heart filled with gratitude for the life he had been given, a life full of love, purpose and hope. He held his dove and prayed that they would find a new land on the other side of these waters - waters that steadily carried them to the next world.

1. This statement of his was uncovered in 1853 by Hormuzd Rassam  
<http://www.answersingenesis.org/articles/cm/v9/n1/who-said-it>  
Tracing Genesis Through Ancient Culture - Paul James-Griffiths <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gFgohPpu0rE>
2. the Septuagint [http://www.setterfield.org/Septuagint\\_History.html](http://www.setterfield.org/Septuagint_History.html)
3. Noah found in history <http://www.nwcreation.net/noahlegends.html>  
After the Flood by Bill Cooper  
<http://www.apologeticspress.org/apcontent.aspx?category=9&article=64>  
<http://www.icr.org/article/noah-flood-gilgamesh/>  
<http://www.noahs-ark.tv/noahs-ark-flood-creation-stories-myths-sumerian-kings-list-sumerian-eridu-genesis-kings-list-instructions-of-shuruppak-atra-hasis-epic-of-gilgamesh-berossus.htm>



## 2

# Illumination

## Divers

*The past is still, for us, a place that is not safely settled.*

Michael Ondaatje

*Who controls the past controls the future:  
who controls the present controls the past.*

George Orwell

“I’m never going to get out of here alive.”

The darkness descended, thousands of pounds crushing him to the ocean floor, a fossil imprinted on steel and silt. The air slowly pressed from his lungs, and the behemoth groaned echoes out into the water as it settled down atop him for its eternal rest.

*I’m never going to truly live,* he thought.

Then a blinding light shone around him.

“Welcome. Enter into the house of your father,” he heard as peace flooded away all the pain and fear, and he felt lifted to the surface and into the light.

Steven woke, the dream fading with the slowing of his beating heart. Tears stained his face, and he wiped them away with his sleeve, as if that would also clear away the memories of the past.

Day seven of the archaeological dive expedition.

## Off the coast of Egypt - once ancient Alexandria - present day

### **Egypt Daily News:**

Archaeologists diving off the coast of ancient Alexandria, Egypt have discovered a sunken ship dating to over two thousand years ago, Possibly from a time when the city was attacked and parts set afire. Inside may be many artifacts which are as yet undisclosed. Divers continue to examine the wreckage as archaeologists seek to determine the ship's mission and cargo. It seems to have sunk while fleeing the burning city and was itself a probable victim of fire according to initial reports. More to come as discoveries unfold.

"You doing the dishes down there?" Markov spoke into the communications unit. Steven was finally surfacing and had been weirdly quiet on this dive into the Mediterranean depths.

"Just picking up your room. You're one messy boy," came the jab from the man surfacing.

"This is our fourth dive near this area," Markov replied. "What do you hope to find? More jars?" he leered as Steven surfaced with the winch. As the water poured off him, Steven stripping off his scuba face mask and hood.

"Got a present for you, you scrawny Hungarian *kope*," Steven cracked a smile to his old friend. They had known each other since dive school, and encouraging words often took the form of sarcasm. Markov was the most creative prankster Steven had ever known.

"The old man is going to flip over this. It practically floated to the top when all the debris, beams and wreckage were cleared off it. I don't understand: it looks like stone, but floats like wood. I bet you 50 injera at the Ethiopian dive you like so much that this stone box thing is hollow and our destiny awaits inside."

"Agh, you promise the world," Markov scorned, "but you leave without paying the check."

“Let’s get this thing to Angie for clean up and let the forensic docs do their thing,” Steven drawled. “If this thing gets a scratch, there will be hell to pay. It took a month for Angie to speak to me after you broke that Egyptian figure.”

“Like that was really my fault,” Markov groaned. “She’s crazy, you know. she’s trying to prove, along with that Joseph Davidovits guy, that the Egyptians created synthetic stone for everything from their pottery to many of the pyramid stones. What’s that process called again?”

“Geopolymerization,” replied Steven. “And they have proved it in the lab, testing real stone from some of the oldest pyramids. Some claim it’s in the actual hieroglyphic records of the Famine stele, the stele of Irtyzen, the fresco of Ti, and the Manethon text. The delusioned archaeologists just mistranslated the stuff or ignored it cause it didn't fit their preconceived ideas of ‘dumb ancients’ The ancient Egyptians and many other ancients were brilliant geochemists as well as engineers.” <sup>1</sup>

“Yeah, or they think aliens did it, like those religious E.T. seekers on a certain history channel show about ancient aliens,” smirked Markov.

“Oh, you know you love that show,” jabbed Steven. “They do bring the wonder back; too bad they never cite sources, and then push their agenda without balanced information. Why did you call them *religious* E.T. seekers?”

“In my book they use the same blind faith as most other faiths. Their evidence is circumstantial gap filling. If something is a mystery or we have not figured out something they fill in the blank with, ‘it must have been aliens.’ Many atheists are jumping on the alien wagon to answer the origin of life question, theorizing panspermia. The latest among them would be that ‘science guy’ Bill Nye, saying he thinks life came from mars and we are all descendants from ‘Martians’. I don’t know where life came from, Maybe it was aliens, but some of those guys just sound religious. When you ask them for evidence, they start saying things you might hear from an intelligent design creationist. Steven, I know your views, and your one of the most rational guys

I know, but I still don't see the evidence in your corner." Markov challenged.

"Well my skeptical friend," Steven eyed him with a sparkle in his eyes. "We may have something here to make even them jealous. If what I saw on the sides of this ark-crypt thing show what I think they are showing..."

"Now don't you start up with those theories of supernatural beings, a Divine Council of El or God, *elohim* and Sons of God running around on the planet seeking hotties to marry," Markov quipped. "That Michael S. Heiser guy has you sucked into his Jewish/Christian Godhead nonsense found in what, the Torah, ancient Jewish books, and ancient near east manuscripts?"

"Well, at least no one could mistake us 'water dogs' for highbrow intellectuals, by the look of us," Stephen's gray-green eyes sparkled. He hadn't shaved in a week, and seawater did no favors for the body. He would have to get cleaned up before they went to see the docs. Though he and Markov didn't see eye-to-eye on everything, he was never bored with their conversations. They had met in dive school, and later formed their own archeological dive company after a stint in NUMA learning from some of the best under water archeologist on the planet.

The divers used a winch assisted by lift-bags to finished pulling up the artifacts. The most dominant of the artifacts was a large rectangle-like sarcophagus, a torpedo-shaped object with some kind of relief work on its sides. Markov gave a low whistle. "Buddy, you weren't kidding. I'm getting goosebumps just looking at that thing. What is carved on the sides, I can't quite make the markings or images out, too much ocean sludge."

"You'll see it all once the docs get through cleaning and acclimating it," Steven eagerly replied.

Several hours later, a clean-shaven Steven appeared at the water acclimation tanks, and his disheveled appearance was, well, a bit less disheveled. There was already a murmur around the compound as to their find. The docs had been hard at work re-acclimating the pieces to a non-aquatic environment. The stone artifacts being the most durable, were coming clean first.

Angie swept past him, a faint glance in his direction. He was ignored for a couple more hours, and then they all gathered around the rectangular sarcophagus object as techs examined the lid joints.

“Do we have all the photographs and scans of the outside?” Angie asked. “Send them to the professor, with copies to records.”

“Got them, done and done.” Amr, Angie’s colleague and right arm replied. He had handled the media and public relations side of almost every project she had been involved with for the past five years and the two worked together as if of one mind. He was also the unofficial security chief for the project.

“Steven, Markov. You guys earned your pay today,” Amr complemented them. This is... well, I have never seen anything quite like it. Angie is enthralled as you can see, and impressed with you two as well, she just isn’t showing it right now. In the zone if you know what I mean.” They turned again to face the sarcophagus box like object.

The side facing Steven showed a mountain rising from a jungle, rays of light emanating from its peak. Clouds surrounded the peak and figures encircled it. At their center one larger figure sat on a throne. Steven’s excitement grew. *Could this be depicting the mountain of God in the Garden of Eden?* He almost blurted something out, but on second thought decided to keep quiet and explore further. He continued to move around to the end of the artifact. It had what looked like a map of earth, but with more land and small oceans or lakes. *No large oceans, no... Americas.* This did not quite make sense. *Was this earth, or some other planet? Markov has to see this.* Steven thought, as he remembered their conversations about exo-planets and alien life. He would have to study the photos and scans later.

On approaching the other side, Steven involuntarily sucked in his breath. A large vessel in clear relief appeared. It was nested in the earth. It almost looked more like a submarine or elongated egg than a ship. *Now this thing was alien looking,* he thought. As he moved closer he noticed animals, most young or juvenile,

some in groups of four, some in groups of, was it fourteen? Yes fourteen, he counted. *What were those strange looking creatures among the recognizable ones?* He thought. *An apatosaurus, and those looked like triceratops, and what was that flying, a pteranodon?* There were other strange creatures he couldn't put names to. Then like a the boom of a sail boat, the thought hit Steven. *Noah's Ark?* But this was not like any Noah's Ark depiction he had ever seen. The vessel was not a long box. And there were too many animals, or were there? He remembered back in high school, he briefly attended a youth group, because of a girl. The teacher there had ranted against the silly Noah's Ark depictions in most kids books. The ark was way too small and they only showed two animals, a pair. This teacher explaining that in the Hebrew language it referred to multiple pairs of animals: two pairs, four, of the unclean kinds, and two sevens, fourteen, of the clean kinds. The teacher had mentioned how these "ancestral kinds" or original species taken onto the ark held all the genetic information needed for the land and flying creatures to speciate and diversify from after the flood. He had argued that material evolutionists claim that all life was practically wiped out twice, maybe more, on planet Earth after it emerged from minerals eons ago. If evolutionists claimed all creatures on earth originated from "primordial soup" and then rebounded after two extinction events, then in comparison, it was no less scientifically and biologically possible that life on earth survived Noah's water extinction event, especially with multiple pairs of the major ancestral kinds of young land and air creatures preserved with Noah on his ark.

What seemed like long ago classroom fairy tales had just showed up on the side of a very ancient stone sarcophagus that he had pulled up out of the waters of the Mediterranean.

"It's put together like a jigsaw puzzle," one of the techs called out. His voice carried the nervous tone, of someone dealing with things outside their knowledge bubble.

Angie moved in closer to examine the joints on the top of the sarcophagus. “Could it be...?” she paused, “cast stone? It would be incredibly difficult to get this complex jigsaw fit by carving the stone.” She examined the seam, where a dark shiny bead showed between the joints.

“Resin wax, to seal the container, like that used on mummy jars in the Pharaohs’ tombs,” Angie said. “The wax is a wonderful sealant glue, but a pain to open. It has essentially bonded in the stone. We’re going to have to heat this until the wax melts, yet heat it without destroying what’s inside. Steven, did you say the wreckage you found indicated sinking by fire?”

“Yes, that is the running theory, based on some charred timbers recovered. But I think there is more, I just haven’t found evidence of what else caused the ship to sink yet.”

“Destruction by fire doesn’t make sense.” Angie continued. “If fire finished off the ship, it would have affected or even destroyed the sarcophagus and the wax seal. Markov, can you rig a type of electric blanket, but in a band about six inches wide. We have to heat this thing, slowly and evenly, but not too fast or too hot.”

Markov was their resident ‘make electronic things work’ guy. Steven nicknamed him MacGyver after seeing him fix a communication device in a diving transport bell while 120 feet below water. While Markov got to work, Steven continued his personal examination of the sarcophagus. He moved from the Ark scene to the other end of the sarcophagus. Again earth appeared, this time more recognizable. But the artist/creator of this scene must have gotten their measurements wrong: the Americas and Euro-Africa were a bit closer with more exposed land mass or something. Then he remembered having seen a topographical map showing the continental shelves. That was it! The sarcophagus map before him showed the continental shelves above water. If this map was accurate, one could practically walk all over the planet between continents. It couldn’t be accurate though. According to conventional history, humans weren’t mapping the planet before or during the ice age. Somebody, from

the depth of history was definitely playing them for fools. But how could this map maker show the continental shelf shape of the continents? They would have to have been hundreds of feet underwater unless there really was a time in recorded history when higher continents and lower oceans existed, making this map true. As he reexamined the stone map, his eyes were drawn to two Islands at the bottom. Two islands at the bottom of the world? Not possible. And then an image of the ancient and hotly debated Piri Reis map flooded into his mind. Those two islands were Antarctica with no ice on it. The shapes on the sarcophagus map matched the old pre-Columbus map so well that Steven could pick out features only discovered in the 70s with modern mapping techniques that could “see” under the arctic ice.

“This map would have to have been created from observation before the ice age,” Steven breathed to himself. Then he remembered reading a book by Karen Mutton called, *Sunken Realms*, a survey of underwater ruins from around the world. Amazingly there are numerous sites all over the world on coastlines below current ocean levels that indicated that in the near past ocean levels were lower and some of the earliest civilizations started in these coastal areas and then were overcome as either continents settled or ocean levels rose, or both.

“Modern historians and cartographers aren't going to like this,” He said to Markov a bit later. Markov was putting the finishing touches on his ‘sarcophagus warmer.’ “That sarcophagus displays an ancient map carved in stone, or maybe not carved, but molded by a mind who knew stone chemistry, re-agglomeration and cartography. This find would vindicate such marginalized adventure-explorers as Thor Heyerdahl, Gavin Menzies and David Fasold. Explorers who claim that ancient man navigated and mapped the glob well before the time of European exploration.” Steven continued. “If the global legend are true and there was a global flood, the ancient survivors of this post flood cataclysm era passed down their knowledge of mapping, seafaring navigation, and ship construction to their descendants. This would mean the

ancient world was mapped, globally traveled, and traded. Only with wars, post cataclysms and the passing of hundreds of years had a degeneration of cultures and knowledge led to the isolated state of the European cultures - until their emergence back into the world of exploration.”

“Yeah, and this is just the outside,” Markov shot back, a twinkle in his eyes. “Man, it’s like everything we have done - diving, research, shipwrecks has led us up to this adventure. I feel like a kid again.”

The next day, under the close direction of Angie, Markov’s makeshift electric blanket strip slowly heated the jigsaw stone seam until the wax softened, then melted. They all wore masks as a precaution to whatever content was inside, safeguarding against anything turned toxic. She recruited Steven, Markov, Amr and one of the techs.

“The plan is to slowly push shims in the cracks of the lid to keep them separated as together we slowly slid the lid sideways out of its grooves and then raised it.” Angie instructed. With a light sucking sound, the seal was breached and the large stone lid slid sideways and up out of its many grooves, and together they lifted it out of place. A collective sigh escaped the group. They gently set the lid aside as Angie looked into a space sealed off for thousands of years from the eyes of man. Eager tension filled the room.

“Bring the lights. Get non-essential personnel out,” she sternly ordered.

“You two,” Amr said pointing to two lab assistants. “Make sure no reporters or unapproved photographers get near here. Go!”

“Steven, Markov, you're going to want to see this, and I need your help,” Angie motioned them closer. Inside lay sealed cylinders possibly containing leather scrolls, objects wrapped in a rough cloth, and a large box.

“Lift that large box out gently,” she intoned. Markov and Steven each straddled a side of the sarcophagus, then lifted the large box out of the stone crypt.

“Mother of Oden, it’s heavy,” Markov grunted. “Either gold or rocks in here,”

“With our luck, it’s rocks,” replied Steven. “Is this bamboo?” he questioned as light revealed the outside of the box, and his arm swept the dust away. Angie closely examined the chest. “Yes, I believe it is, you can see the growth rings unique to bamboo here, and here,” she pointed out on one of the curved areas.

They moved the heavily-lacquered bamboo chest onto an examination table. Angie removed the clasps and lifted the lid. She removed a heavy rectangular package wrapped in leather. It had the shape of a large book.

“Ah, we found Noah’s Encyclopedia Britannica collection,” Markov joked.

“We don’t know where this sarcophagus and its artifacts are from,” Angie retorted, a bit annoyed. “You two are always jumping to conclusions.”

“Yeah, but the sides,” retorted Markov, a bit too red in the face. “Who else carves a huge vessel with animals going into it?”

Angie rolled her eyes trying to ignore his comment. She slowly unwrapped the first packet. Another layer of cloth held the item. The cloth looked to be made of a fibrous plant. She removed this layer and stepped back.

“It is a book,” she exclaimed. A thick stone tablet was revealed, with intricate markings creating lines of text. She turned it over and the text continued. On the top and bottom of the tablet a pictorial relief could just be made out.

A guttural growl emerged from behind them. “You kids started without me?” a deep cracked voice echoed inside the tent. The smell of old books and tobacco pipe smoke assaulted them.

“Professor Lewis, I..., we..., we...” stammered Angie.

“I know you just couldn't stop once you opened up the candy jar, I don't blame you,” he chuckled. “Let's take a look, shall we?” He shuffled up next to Angie. “Stone?” he asked.

“Yes and no,” Angie replied. “If I am right, this will turn out to be synthetic re-agglomerated stone. I presume, the same knowledge that formed the Egyptian stone vases and many of the oldest pyramid stones came from whoever made these and the sarcophagus. I believe this sarcophagus artifact will pre-date Egyptian civilization when we have the leather and organics carbon dated. This sarcophagus kind of reminds me of the bitumen that archeologists found in Kuwait used to sheath their ancient reed boats.”<sup>2</sup>

“What is this?” Markov gaped at the blade of a sword emerging from its covering. They had been ignoring the sarcophagus and had not noticed him pull out a cloth bound object. The sword was immaculate, gleaming in the light.

“It looks like steel and bronze,” the Professor exclaimed, “but that would be highly irregular if this is pre-Egyptian. Our enigmas thicken, my mystery machine friends,” the old man winked, tugging on his grizzled beard. “Let's get to work, it may take me a couple of weeks to decipher the writing, and that is if the tablets are intact. This specimen has had a rough history by the wear and chips, but also remarkable. Etched in stone, eh, Well, someone wanted this to last for a while.”

“He has been in there for almost a week. What have we really discovered? The papers are starting to speculate on our discovery, saying our stone sarcophagus holds the library of Noah, or even the tablets of creation.” Gavin, a junior archaeologist on the site mumbled. The shiny newness of their discovery had waned as the work of deciphering, dating, and discerning what had actually been found took over.

He showed them various papers and tabloids spread out on a table with headlines like, “Tablets of Creation Found!” and “Hoax or History: New Find in the Mediterranean”.

“I bet one of the interns leaked this to try to get a book deal.”

Amr placed his hand on the stack of newspapers and faced the group his thick eyebrows furrowed and a strange intensity in his eyes. "Let's hope for now they think it is a hoax, because if the wrong people take this seriously, it could put this project in danger, even your lives. You all know I am a Muslim. I believe in peace, truth and the goodness of Allah. But there are others who would see a real discovery of ancient tablets, especially those that might confirm a Jewish history and authenticate the Torah as a threat to all that they believe. Now I don't know what we have discovered exactly and what the tablets will reveal, but from now on only the five of us including Professor Lewis have access to the tablets. Is that understood." His firm look was met with slow nods and confused looks. "I will brief you all on the ramifications after we meet with Professor Lewis. I deal in truth and reality, not conjecture. Ah, there is the old man." Amr spoke his tone showing the respect he had for professor Lewis, 'old' for him being a term of honor.

"Professor are you ready for us?" He asked, as the haggard man entered the room.

"Not just yet my friends. Why don't the six of us meet in my shack, um office tomorrow."

"What have you found, what do they say?" Angie asked. Markov and Steven had joined her, having finished an early morning dive recovering more of the wreck. The seas were often calmest in the early hours, and their dive had begun in the dark before the dawn had made its appearance.

"Come on in," the old man welcomed them in. "Coffee? No. Well I can see you're impatient for news young ones; we will dive into the murky waters of history, my way. You two still look wet from the sea," He joked with the two divers. He cleared his throat, moving some large worn books to the side, revealing the first aged tablet. The five, Steven, Markov, Angie, Amr, and Gavin arranged themselves around the professor.

"Ah, you may chose not to believe what I am about to tell you, but after, you will only have two choices. I wanted to have

the most important tablets translated – to make sure of what we have and the accounts they describe. Either these are true accounts to which all of human history and discovery must bow or they are an amazing fiction. In summary these tablets describe a supernatural Creator, maker of all things, giver of knowledge, life and wisdom. All of our legends are distortions and evolutionary fairytales if this Being's story be true. Or, these tablets and their message are the greatest sham hoisted upon an evolved humanity destined to disintegration in death or heroic hopeful destiny for those trusting in their minds."

"Do you think this discovery will re-write the history books and challenge the establishments to recant their philosophies?" ask Gavin.

"I dare to say, I hope, but doubt. For I know men follow their hearts desires over allegiance to truth and discovery. I have discovered that people follow their hearts and money. If there is money to fund it, then "science" will study it, the same with history. Perhaps it will start a few searching, questioning and learning for themselves." The old man sighed as if weary of too many debates or at least weary of fending off "religious" arguments disguised as science.

"What does the primary tablet say?" asked Angie

"It tells of the library of Noah coming into Terah and Abram's position from Nahor great-grandson of Peleg cousin of Job or Jobab. That's probably the famous guy who got in the middle of a debate between the Accuser and God. After Abram left his homeland he journeyed to Egypt where he makes a gift of tablet copies to Pharaoh Khufu or you may know of him as Cheops.

*"I quote, 'Behold a gift to you King Khufu. The annals of my fathers, back to the cataclysm and beyond to our origins in the Ancient of Days.'*

Contained in this library were the ancient histories, technologies of building, mathematics, the Stars Story about God's plan of redemption told in the star groupings, and other ancient learning."

"The Historian Josephus writes about Abram, later called Abraham:

He communicated to them arithmetic, and delivered to them the science of astronomy; for before Abram came into Egypt they were unacquainted with those parts of learning; for that science came from the Chaldeans into Egypt. <sup>3</sup>

"I deduce that this gift from Abraham set Egypt ablaze in a renaissance, for the ancient accounts describe a mountain of God and his divine council. Sparking the minds of the Egyptians into a firestorm of beliefs and philosophies on the afterlife, the Egyptians wanted to meet with God or the gods to commemorate the meeting of the shining ones with men. The account of Enoch the immortal who cheated death, re-breathed life into their distorted legends. Abram's gift was a blessing and a curse for they mixed Noah's library and its teaching with their current beliefs. The promise of a coming redeemer - defeater of death became distorted with the Egyptian beliefs of gods adopted from Nimrod and Babylon. But this is just my opinion of its effects in Egypt, many will argue against my findings. This is a twin account scribed from Noah's library, the second Ark of Days, as legends tell. The original tablets probably traveled with Abram, but have been lost to history. Some say they reside in the ark of Moses. The one the Israelites built at the command of God and carried on their wanderings journey to the promised land. But let these tablets tell their accounts. Let them paint you a picture of a world lost in the memories of men.

I ask your patience and grace as translation is a bit of wizardry, science and deduction. The translator must, to the best of their ability live in the world of the author. They must be aware of the technologies, the culture, the knowledge, and the intent. For example, this is why, dear Angie, your re-agglomerated pyramid stone theory has been ignored. The texts were there, but it took one versed in the ancient alchemical chemistry of the Egyptians to correctly translate the Famine Stele, and behold it

speaks of stone and the smells they produce from chemical reactions or when heated, like that of onion and garlic, not actual onion and garlic - the Egyptian mineral cataloguing system. <sup>2</sup>

I will do my humble best in this case to bring you the closest words, meanings and to, as a wizard, bring back a world long kept in these markings in stone.”

“Do we know who wrote these accounts, these stone tablets?” asked Angie

“Like most ancient writings, they are not directly signed, but there are clues. Each tablet ends with a kind of summary - ‘this the account of the generations of the heavens and earth’ or This is the account of Adam in the day he was created’. So, we must examine the text closely, for it holds clues.” The Professor turned toward the tablet before them and his notes.

1. (Why the Pharaohs built the Pyramids with Fake Stones by Joseph Davidovits p110)

2. bitumen that archeologists found in Kuwait used to sheath their ancient reed boats

**SECRETS OF WORLD'S OLDEST BOAT ARE DISCOVERED IN KUWAIT SANDS**

<http://www.goldenageproject.org.uk/18secrets.php>

<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/science/science-news/4761821/Secrets-of-worlds-oldest-boat-are-discovered-in-Kuwait-sands.html>

3. *12 Josephus' Complete Works, Antiquities of the Jews, Book I, chapter VIII, para. 2.*

<http://penelope.uchicago.edu/josephus/ant-1.html>

<http://creation.com/egyptian-history-and-the-biblical-record-a-perfect-match>

<https://answersingenesis.org/answers/books/unwrapping-pharaohs/>

<https://answersingenesis.org/archaeology/ancient-egypt/a-correct-chronology/>



Join me for the exciting sequel book

## **Watters: Immortal's Cataclysm**

Noah is adopted into the family of Naamah and Tubal-Cain, then sets off to find his own family with Tubal-Cain, only to encounter an evil which menaces all of their lives, and threatens to steal his calling.

Steven makes more discoveries in the Mediterranean depths as the tablet group continues to explore the ancient writings from Noah's Library and the scroll of Solandris.

The calling of Noah to warn the whole earth. The Ark as you've seldom imagined. The flood cataclysm as you've never seen it before, and more dinosaurs, brings us into book two of the Genesis Cataclysm series.

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# David Harrison

Speaker, Author, Artist

I'm a supernatural creationist / degenerative evolutionist.

I have been a K-12 arts and humanities teacher, an English teacher in China and have worked with youth in churches for over 5 years. I am an, artist, writer, speaker, carpenter, sci-fi and comic book enthusiast, a graphic designer, and property manager in Fort Collins, CO.

I love playing with my three rambunctious sons, loving my amazing wife – April, and exploring anything related to origins or dinosaurs. I am a Bible nerd who love speaking to youth about their origins, identity and purpose in Jesus Christ.

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## **My spiritual Bucket List includes:**

- Creating and producing a graphic novel that explores supernatural creation through Noah's flood cataclysm
- Attending and speaking at a major comic-con with my own books, graphic novel and booth
- Writing all five supernatural Biblical thriller novels in the Genesis Cataclysm series, and more books
- Speaking at a major youth conference
- Hanging out with Michael S. Heiser ( <http://drmsb.com/> ) an amazing Hebrew scholar and writer, as well as Ian Juby of Genesis Week (<http://www.genesisweek.com/> )

**The Greatest achievement or work of God is not his Creation, but is his Redemption; for creation cost him but days. Redemption cost him, his Son, as he enters into our story for the joy of restored relationship.**