

Noah

and the
Sons of God

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Noah and the sons of God

Paul Van Dan Elzen

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Noah and the Sons of God

Words in () are Bible verses. Words in (*) are partial Bible verses.
All Bible verses are from the King James's version of the Bible.

Disclaimer

I believe that Genesis 1-9 is based on real people and events. But Genesis has very little details about them. Basically, people were wicked, violent, and corrupt. A group called the sons of God married women and had mighty children. God decided to flood the world. Noah found grace with God. Noah built an ark. He and his family and many animals survive that great flood. Genesis has almost no details about the personal lives of them before the flood. It doesn't define who the sons of God are. It doesn't even have the names of Noah's wife or his son's wives. It doesn't answer why Noah cursed Canaan. Noah and the Sons of God is loosely based on Genesis 1-9, the questionable Book of Enoch, Jewish myths, Greek myths, Egyptian myths and Pheonician myths but most of this story is just my imagination. This story is not the way it really happened. It's the way I imagined it. The persons and events that are in Genesis may have been radically different from the way I portrayed them.

Chapter 1 Tammuz

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Leviticus 10:1-2

1 And Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censer, and put fire therein, and put incense thereon, and offered strange fire before the LORD, which he commanded them not.

2 And there went out fire from the LORD, and devoured them, and they died before the LORD.

Introduction

Noah, son of Lamech, son of Methuselah, son of Enoch, painted our sacred history up to God taking Enoch away in the new holy cave's first

section. Welcome to the second section. I, Arphaxad, son of Shem, long remember when I was a seven year old boy. I was woken up late during one chilly dark new moon night by my horribly drunk grandfather. I heard grandfather shouting hatefully with his rather low elderly voice, "Ham, you dis--grace-ful -son, how dare --you --look apon my --nakedness! --Au--gh!" I heard my father Shem and his fat older brother Japheth trying to calm him down. Shem's worried voice said, "Father calm down, please..." Japheth angrily said, "Father, you're drunk!" Grandfather breathing heavily, furiously said, "Japh-eth, --shut ---up! --Ham dis—respect-ed, ---me!"

I sit up and unwrapped the warm brown furs around me. Shivering, I stand up. I grab my little long gray hooded furs and wrap them around my young chilling body. I pull my hood over my long dark brown hair. I put my thick wooden sandals on my cold feet. I strap old furs snugly around them with strips of animal hides. I run outside my father's tan-colored tent into the shallow snow on this dark starry night. Lighted by our roaring campfire's flickering flames, I see my fat, extremely old, ugly wrinkled grandfather embarrassing himself. I couldn't help but smell his sickly sweet wine breath. He stumbles around half naked in front of his three long grayish bearded sons, Japheth, my father Shem, and Ham. Japheth wear his long black hooded robe. Shem wears his long gray robe and turban. Ham wears his long brown hooded robe. They hold their staffs. Grandfather is wearing nothing but a long brown and tan deer hide awkwardly wrap around his fat bloated stomach. His trembling age spotted three fingered left hand holds the deer hide up covering his fat naked body. I frown. I watch my grandfather drunkenly shout, "Ham, how da-a-a-re -y-oo? --Look, ---at my nak-ed bod--y!" Ham stands there slumped holding his crooked wooden staff as his reddish long bearded face briefly looks up. Then my nine year old cousin Tubal walks out of Japheth's gray spotted tent. Tubal is wearing his little black spotted gray furs. His youthful dark face frowns sleepily beneath his shiny gray turban. He yawns. Tubal rudely shouts, "What the Sheol is wrong with grandfather?" His father Japheth hits his wooden staff down on the snow. His brown, long bearded face frowns. Japheth angrily shouts, "Tubal son, don't use that kind of language! Go back to my tent!" Tubal frowns and tiredly says, "Yes, father Japheth..." He turns around and walks back into his tent. Grandfather's

sore eyes look around as his other grandchildren walk out of their tents to see what all the shouting is about, including his favorite granddaughter Pe'ullah. She's just five years old and is a little bit plumb. She's wearing long tan furs and a big fluffy tan cap over her blond hair. Her pale chubby face and tearful blue eyes smiles at him. Grandfather stops shouting. He drunkenly says, "Pe'ul-lah, you --here?" Pe'ullah timidly says, "Hi, grandfather.." Ham's reddish brown face frowns painfully from behind his brown hood. Grandfather turns and shouts, "Ham, -you --creep!" Japheth holds his staff, and sadly says, "Father, enough!" My father Shem is standing by him. Grandfather angrily slurs his words as he says, "Japh-eth, r-resp-ect me-e!" Shem leans on his wooden staff and nervously says, "Father, we respect you! That's why Japheth and me put that deer hide on our shoulders and walked backwards into your tent to cover you because, -- we respect you..." Shem sadly stares. Grandfather steps right up to his face, as spittle runs down his bushy white beard. Our plump grandmother quietly walks up behind him. She's wearing her ankle length yellowish tan furs and her red long feather headdress. She's old but he's much older.

Grandfather angrily says, "Shem, do-o not,-- tell me --you respect me!"

Grandmother's wrinkled, yet lovely reddish brown face frowns intensely as she forcefully says, "Rule Three! Don't act fearful, angry, or sad!"

Grandfather vomits down on his long tangled beard and says, "Sha'ah, m-my young --lovely.." Ham stands there with head bowed low.

Ham's skinny six year old son Canaan runs out of Ham's white tent.

He is wearing his long white furs and his thick furry cap. He gleefully looks at his grandfather and laughs at him. He wildly swings his too big for him wooden staff. He rudely shakes his head as his long blond hair wildly swings around. The campfire lights up his pale scornfully smiling face and his dark blue eyes. Canaan jokingly shouts, "Hey, grandfather! --Can I have some wine? You fat old fool... Ha. Ha. Ha!" Ham looks shocked.

Sha'ah points at him and angrily shouts, "Canaan, stop insulting your grandfather! Go back to your tent!" He sticks out his rude little tongue at her. Grandfather looks at his lovely plump wife, and loudly burps. Canaan points his staff at Ham and yells, "Hey, father Ham, stand up to this fat old naked drunk! -He's naked. He's naked. Ha, ha. ha..." Grandfather looks angry. Ham's face turns pale as he shouts, "Son, shut up! Go back --now!" Japheth angrily says, "Canaan, obey your father!" Shem angrily shouts,

“Trust me, you don’t want to be involve in this!” I hear an eerie hoot. Canaan bows down and grabs a fist sized stone off the frosty ground. Sha’ah angrily grabs one of grandfather’s flabby arms and says, “Rule four, don’t curse! --Don’t you dare cure that little brat!” Canaan holds up the stone and rudely shouts, "Hey Noah, you fat old naked fool! --Stop yelling at my father or I’ll..." Ham angrily shouts, “Canaan, shut up and go back to my tent!” Noah drunkenly shouts, “Ham, shut --up! --You --look on my --naked-ness!” Canaan aims his stone. Pe’ullah fearfully shouts, "Brother, --Please don’t!" Sha’ah angrily shouts, "Caanan, don't throw that stone or --I’ll beat you!" Canaan viciously throws the stone. The stone hits grandfather just above his right eye. Noah falls back unconscious. Pe’ullah screams. Sha’ah screams. Shocked, Ham drops his staff, roughly grabs his son and asks, “O-Canaan,--how could you?” His scrawny son looks scared. Grandmother falls to her knees, and holds her fat husband tight. Sha’ah shouts in agony, “Noah! Wake up! Wake up! --Shem, --get me water and a towel now!” Shem runs to his tent. He brings a clay jar and a towel to her. Sha’ah dunks a towel in the jar of water. She gently puts it over grandfather’s swollen right eye. Sha’ah painfully shouts, “O Creator of All help!” She wipes the blood off her husband’s forehead. Grandfather slowly wakes up. He painfully screams. He stands up, and angrily pushes his wife away. He holds the deer hide up around his bulging stomach. Sha’ah angrily shouts, "Noah, you’re breaking rule three! Don't act angry..." Noah holds the wet towel over his badly bruised eye. Sha’ah bitterly shouts, "Noah, don't you dare break rule four! --Don’t curse! Don’t curse! Don’t curse!" Noah drops the towel. Furious tears roll down his dark purplish bruised eye. Noah charges towards Canaan but Shem and Japheth holds him back. Ham holds his fearful scrawny son tight. Noah bitterly shouts, ("Cursed be Canaan; a servants of servants shall he be unto his brethren. Blessed be the Lord God of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant. God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant."-*Genesis 9:25-27). I hear another hoot. Sha’ah slaps grandfather’s bloated face hard, she cries and furious shouts, “You broke --rule four! --O-no! No!--You don’t know --what you’ve done!” Noah calms down and timidly says, “Me lovely, --me -did a --silly, silly, silly...” Pe’ullah cries bitterly as she shouts, "Grandfather, --you cursed my brother so very badly!" Much embarrassed, Noah says timidly,

"Ouchy, --Pe'ull-ah, me -sorry!" Little Pe'ullah runs back to the white tent. Sha'ah shakes her head and angrily says, "Noah, you broke rule five too... Don't apologize or explain yourself..." Shocked, Ham lets go of his son. Canaan runs away. Shem sadly asks, "Father, how could you cursed your own grandchild?" Japheth angrily says, "Father, you're a disgrace..." Ham picks up his crooked wooden staff, shakes his head and tearfully says, "O-Father, --you cursed-my son Canaan to be --a slave! --I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" Ham weeps. He slowly walks back to his tent. I see that Sha'ah's face is redder than normal. Noah picks up the towel, puts it over his swollen eye, and says, "Augh, S-Sha'ah, my young love--ly... I did -- big silly... Silly! Ha, ha.. Ha.." Sha'ah very bitterly says in tears, "No! -- You broke rule four! Our families will suffer!" Sha'ah coldly walks away from him. If my grandfather ever got drunk again, I never saw it.

Three summers latter, a little after sunrise. I, Tubal, and Pe'ullah walk down through the shallow snow of these hilly woods. I feel a cool breeze. I hold my long wooden staff. I'm wearing my long gray hooded furs. Tubal wears his long black spotted gray furs. He holds his wooden staff. His shiny gray turban is on top his long curly black hair. Pe'ullah is wearing her long tan furs and her big fluffy tan cap over her sandy blond hair. We come across a large dark twisted tree in front of a small unfrozen muddy lake. The tree has three huge twisted branches with many smaller branches dividing up from them, covered in bluish green leaves, small crimson flowers and sparkling white snow. Behind the lake are several small frosted trees tightly crowded together that have many long pale yellowish withered leaves. I look down at the muddy lake's frosted uneven edges. I see little patches of brownish algae floating in the misty lake. I curiously look up at the strange tree. I say, "Wow, what a wild looking tree.. Let's climb it!" Tubal happily looks up and says, "Good idea!"

Pe'ullah nervously asks, "Arphaxad, is that tree safe to climb?" I say, "Sure..." Me and Tubal puts our staffs down by the tree's thick scaly gray trunk. We three climb up the trunk onto it's three huge twisted branches that are more than a tall man's height off the soggy snow covered ground. Each of us carefully sits back on one of the tree's large rough branches. We look up at the sparsely clouded pale blue sky above. We rest a little. Pe'ullah timidly asks, "Tubal, has God ever spoken to you?" Tubal cheerfully asks, "Like I hear you now?" Pe'ullah excitedly says, "Yes."

Tubal sadly says, "No.." Pe'ullah's cute blue eyes nervously look over at me as she asks, "Arphaxad, what about you?" I slowly say, "I've never actually heard God's voice... Why do ask?" Pe'ullah says, "I just wondered.." Tubal cheerfully says, "Let's climb higher.." I say, "Sure!" Pe'ullah look up as she excitedly says, "Sounds fun!" We climb up a little higher on the many smaller slippery snow covered branches. We hear hoots, "Who-o -o, woo-l. Who-ool." I see a big white owl with crimson trimmed feathers flies strait at Pe'ullah. The owl bumps into her. She slips off but she grabs a branch at the last moment. She hangs from it. Pe'ullah fearfully shouts, "Help me! Help!" I quickly crawl to the branch she's hanging from. I grabs her little hand. I pull her back up onto the big branch. Pe'ullah gasps and says, "Ah, thanks Arphaxad!" Tubal playfully says, "That was scary!" We start to climb down. That owl flies back towards us. It's large violet eyes shine. Pe'ullah fearfully shouts, "Nasty owl, go away!" Shocked, Tubal asks, "What the Sheol is wrong with that owl?" The owl flies away. We carefully slide down the rough trunk and jump down into the slushy snow below. Pe'ullah whines, saying, "Climbing this scary tree was a bad idea.." I timidly say, "Maybe.." Tubal happily says, "No! It was fun,..." Me and Tubal pick up our staffs. I say, "I've never seen an owl fly during the day... Have you?" Pe'ullah says, "Never.." Her worried face becomes paler. Tubal giggles and asks, "Pe'ullah, what's wrong? --The big bad owl is gone..." Disturb, Pe'ullah says, "That owl reminds me of.."

My deep brown eyes look gently at her. I ask, "Remind you of what?" Pe'ullah sadly says, "Canaan's bad dreams..." Tubal gleefully says, "So that bully is having bad dreams... Good!" I curiously ask, "What dreams?" Pe'ullah nervously says, "Don't tell anyone..." Tubal darkly smiles as he says, "I'll keep it a secret only if you tell me all about it..." Pe'ullah looks around and says, "He dreams about grandfather cursing him... He's wearing his white furs. Grandfather hatefully shouts, (Cursed be Canaan. A servant of servants shall he be to his brethren.-Genesis 9:25) My brother faints... He wakes up shivering. It's dark and very cold. He stands up in some shadowy woods. He crosses his shivering arms against his scrawny chest and looks around. He asks with much frosted breath, "Where's my mighty staff? --Mother, help me! Help me! Father help me! - -Someone, anyone, help me!" A big sleek gray owl lands on the icy ground

by him. She hoots. Her big blue eyes stares at him. She flies ahead, lands on an icy tree branch and waits for him. He follows the owl. She flies to another branch, and then another one. She waits for him. His feet and hands go numb from the bitter cold. He follows her.

He smells a sweet sickening odor. The owl lands on a frosty hill by big fat brown horned owl. My brother walks towards the shadowy owls.

Between them, a small whitish blue flame appears. A silver censer appears around the flames that magically hangs in the air from its thin silver chains.

Swirling white smoke come out of its circular opening. The odor becomes nauseating. My brother trips over something. His face hits the icy ground.

He looks up at the twirling white smoke clearing against the twinkling stars above. He sees a silhouette of a curvy princess wearing a cape, and a tiara.

He stands up. The censer's bluish flames brightens. He now sees her beautiful bluer than blue eyes, her long wavy white hair, her pale girlish face, and her rich red lips. She's holding the censer. She's dressed in a fancy pale blue dress with wide sleeves and a sparkling silver cape. She has a white stone pendant hanging from her silver chained necklace. Her owls hoot. He nervously walks up the frosty hill towards the short princess. He looks down at her smiling face. My brother shivers. He says, I'm lost...

Do you know the way home? The princess comfortingly says, --Canaan, I knowest... Canaan nervously asks, How do you know my name? Woman, who are you? The blue eyed princess gleefully says, --I am the light bearer, ---for mine father's world.... Ye must retrieve mine censers! Canaan rudely says, I hate women telling me what to do.... That's like --mother... The princess sadly says, Only mine censers shall free thee from thy curse!!! ---- Or all thy children thou shall have, --I shall take..." He trembles. Canaan asks with frosted breath, Take my children where? Her blue eyes sparkle as she sadly says, Unto Sheol.... My brother runs. Her owls flies after him.

He woke up, cried and said, Mother, mother, help me!!! O --mother! I think he peed himself based on the odor I smelled. My brother told me, Don't tell anyone or ---I'll beat you!" I ask, "Did he really cry out for his mother?" Pe'ullah sadly says, "More than once..." Tubal's dark face smiles as says, "That's funny!" I gently take Pe'ullah's little hand. I say, "Let's tell your father Ham." Pe'ullah nervously says, "No! My father would freak out!" I sadly say, "Grandfather would listen..." She pulls her little hand back. Pe'ullah angrily says, "No... He the one who cursed my brother!"

Tubal nervously asks, "What if it's more than a dream?" Pe'ullah fearfully says, "Tubal, I don't want my brother to beat me." I gently say, "Pe'ullah, trust Noah! --Maybe he can break his curse." Tubal grabs her right hands as he says, "Come on Pe'ullah, let's go!" Pe'ullah says nervously, "But Tubal,..."

We run through the snow to Noah's furry dark brown tent that's a little ways away from the other tents. Pe'ullah open the curtain and enters the tent. Me and Tubal enter after her. Our grandparents are reclining on really thick dark furs, eating small fish on sticks and eating nuts from a large wooden bowl. Grandmother is wearing her long yellowish tan furs and her red long feathered headdress. Grandfather wearing his long, long sleeved brown furs and Enoch's silly looking animal fur cap over his long white hair. Pe'ullah runs into his arms, and shouts, "Grandfather!" Noah puts a little fish on a stick down. He hugs her. Noah happily excited asks, "Pe'ullah, how are you?" She cutely smiles. Pe'ullah smiles and says, "Great to see you, grandfather!" Sha'ah puts her fish on a stick down, smiles, hugs her and says, "Welcome Pe'ullah!" Pe'ullah joyfully says, "Grandmother Sha'ah, I love you so!" Sha'ah warmly says, "I love you too, Pe'ullah! Want some fish and nuts?" Pe'ullah excitedly says, "Sounds yummy." She hands Pe'ullah a little fish on a stick. Pe'ullah eats some. Sha'ah hands her the wooden bowl. Tubal and I sit down on some furs. We wait for our grandparents to notice us. Finally, Sha'ah asks, "Arphaxad, and Tubal, when did you get here?" I say a little jealous, "We got here right after Pe'ullah did..." Our grandparents hug us. We eat some small fish and nuts. Tubal adjust his shiny gray turban as he says, "Thanks Sha'ah..." I stare at my grandfather's three fingered left hand and ask, "Grandfather, what happened to your left hand?" Sha'ah dark brown eyes look disturbed as she asks, "Arphaxad, what a rude thing to ask?" Grandfather holds up his left hand. His little finger and ring finger are missing. Noah sadly frowns as he says, "King Semjaza cut them off a long time ago." Tubal look excited as he asks, "Why? What did you do?" Sha'ah angrily says, "Tubal, you're being really rude.." Embarrassed, Noah says slowly, "It's a long story..." I say, "Grandfather, it's fine..."

Tubal gleefully says, "Pe'ullah, tell them about Canaan's bad dreams." Sha'ah's wrinkled face looks nervous as she asks, "Is my unruly grandson having bad dreams?" Pe'ullah nods and says, "Sha'ah, my brother is

scared..." Noah rubs his long bushy white beard as he says, "Pe'ullah, tell me about his dreams..." Pe'ullah nervously says, "He dreams about you cursing him... He faints. He wakes up in some woods. An owl leads him to another owl. A short blue eyed, white haired, princess appears. She holds a censer... He says to her, I'm lost, do you the way home? The princess says, Canaan, I knoweth. He asks who she is? The princess says, I am the light bearer for --mine father's world... Ye must retrieve mine censers. He's rude to her. She says, Only mine censers shall free thee from thy curse!!! ---Or all thy children thou shall have, I shall take... He asks, Take my children where? She says, Unto Sheol..." Sha'ah looks distressed. Worried, Noah says, "That's enough.." Sha'ah hugs Pe'ullah and angrily says, "Noah, I told you not to break rule four! --Cursing Canaan opened a way for, ---her..." He gently takes his lovely wife's hand. Noah, a little too happily says, "Relax Sha'ah, --she's died before you were born..." Sha'ah stare into grandfather's greenish brown eyes as she says, "But I hear you talk about---her, --in your sleep.... The short princess. Her owls! All that's missing is her white stone pendant." Noah calmly says, "Just bad dreams..." Troubled, I ask, "Grandfather, you dream about --her?" Noah timidly says, "Sometimes..." Pe'ullah sits down between her grandparents and curiously asks, "Who's grandmother talking about?" Noah nervously says, "It's---a very, very long --story..." Sha'ah sadly says, "Maybe you should tell them..." Noah holds his hands together and says, "Maybe latter..." Tubal puts his hand on Noah's shoulder as he says, "Come on grandpa, tell me... We're brave!" I timidly say, "I'm really curious..." Noah sternly says with his low elderly voice, "You're all too young!" Pe'ullah pleads, saying, "Grandfather, please tell us... I'm so worried about my brother Canaan..." He looks into her teary blue eyes. Sha'ah smiles knowingly. Noah awkwardly says, "But Pe'ullah, it might give you bad dreams..." Pe'ullah's eyes teary look up at him. Noah says, "Don't cry Pe'ullah... I'll tell you..." Tubal laughs and says, "Grandfather just can't say no to Pe'ullah..." I happily say, "Well, grandfather tell us..." Sha'ah gently nods and says, "Just don't mention certain --adult things... I'll remind you..." Noah hugs his plump wife as he says, "Yes, my young lovely... When I was twelve years old, I asked my grandfather what happened after God took Enoch....."

Eight new moons after God took Enoch, Methuselah and his wife moved into Enoch's old igloo. They recline together and snuggles on a big

pile of old furs. They're wearing hooded furs because of the painfully cold weather. He is wearing his long gray furs. He wraps animal hide strips around the heavy furs around his thick wooden sandals. His pleasantly very plump wife's feet rest on his knees. She's wearing her long brown hooded furs. He gets up, puts lots of sticks into their roaring fire pit but they are still cold. Her bloated whitish pink face warmly smiles. Her light green eyes looks lovingly at her old husband. Her wrinkled face smiles sadly.

Seven gently asks, "Methuselah, do you still wonder where God took your father?" His wrinkled brown face looks sad as Methuselah says, "I just miss him so much!" Seven thoughtfully says, "He wasn't just your father...

He was your hero." He presses his long grayish white beard next to her face as Methuselah says, "Seven, he is my hero!" Seven gently kisses him and says, "Funny, Enoch never fought in a war, never led a tribe, never explored new lands, well not until God took him... He was just a good man who encouraged people to follow God." Methuselah nervously says, "He's was a good father too... I wish I was a good father." Seven comfortingly says, "You are a good father! It's not your fault that our son and Gazzah are having problems. It's hers!" Methuselah sadly says, "Maybe, but our son is not perfect either." There's a sound at their fur curtain. Seven angrily asks, "Says who? My boy did nothing wrong except he fell in love with the dirty daughter of that no good serpent worshiper, Nehamah." Lamech and Gazzah pulls the fur curtain open and walks in. Gazzah pull back her reddish brown hood. Her beautiful smooth brown face frowns at Seven.

Gazzah says irritated, "Seven, Nehamah is a great mother... She worked herself to death to provide for me after my father died." Mother Qoph stares at her, and notices a tiny piece of snot on her left nostril as she asks, "Then why, are you so dirty?" Her right hand picks the piece of snot off of Gazzah's nicely shaped nose with her bloated index finger and her thumb.

Gazzah angrily looks back at her and ask, "How dare you judge me? You fat pink faced freak!" Lamech's narrow long brown bearded face looks uncomfortable. Seven still obsessing over the tiny piece of snot she's holding, bitterly says, "Gazzah, I grew up in Sheol! What's your excuse?" Methuselah forcefully says, "Stop it... We're family!"

They hear Asbeel's voice happily shout, "Methuselah, it's us, Asbeel and Vashti... Come out at once!" Methuselah grabs his wooden spear. He opens the fur curtain and steps outside into the stormy blizzard. Dire

wolves eerily howl in the distance. He smiles nervously. He looks up over at them as heavy snow blows all around them. Asbeel and Vashti stand on a large circular floating silver platform inside a pink semitransparent sphere.

He is dressed in his ankle length iridescent white skirt that hemline curves up in the middle and his very broad iridescent white cape-like collar. It has a fist sized glowing pink jewel in it's lower center front and glowing pink trim. His glowing golden halo crown is on top the long smooth black hair.

The top of the large silver discs that is attached to the middle of his collar's back is seen right behind his head. His friendly light brown beardless face smiles. He's holding his wife's right hand. She is dressed in her silver colored, ankle length, long sleeved gown and a brown fur coat. She's wearing her long silver cone cap on top of her graying shoulder length hair.

Methuselah says with frosted breath, "Welcome Asbeel and Vashti... Why are you here?" Vashti's yellowish wrinkled face and squinted brown eyes smile warmly as she says, "Methuselah, queen Ashtoreth has bore King Semjaza a healthy son..." Asbeel's youthful beardless face smiles as he says, "They summon you and your family to the crystal palace to bless their son Tummuz." Vashti says, "Get properly dressed... We will take you to the crystal palace." Dire wolves howl in the distance. Methuselah walks back into the igloo and says, "Asbeel summons us to the crystal palace." Gazzah pulls back her hood. She combs her long beautiful smooth black hair with a comb made of a snake ribs. Gazzah happily says, "We are so honored! Wow! If only my mother Nehamah was here?" Mother Qoph angrily says, "How dare he call us? King Semjaza almost killed us the last time we saw him!" Methuselah gently says, "Relax Seven!" They quickly dress themselves in their best furs. They walk out of the large igloo.

Methuselah takes his spear. Lamech take his staff. Except for Asbeel, they shiver from the intense cold. They step up on the big silver platform.

Asbeel spread his arms wide and says, "Welcome friends.. Shields up." A translucent pink sphere appears around the platform, protecting them from the blizzard. As they hear the dire wolves howl, the platform floats way up into snowy sky. The air around them quickly warms up. They floats up higher and higher, moving towards the huge crystal palace with all it's colorful lights on top of the great ice covered mountain. As they get close to the crystal palace, Gazzah joyfully says, "Wow, it's more beautiful than I ever dreamed!" Vashti joyfully says, "I just love the crystal palace." A big

oval entrance opens up in one of its crystal walls. Their platform floats into a huge white dome shaped room. The nearly transparent pink sphere around them vanishes. The entrance closes back into the wall. They float to the middle of the huge room and the platform slowly stops. Two servants dressed in white robes walk up to them. One of them says, "Please hand us your outer furs." Vashti takes off her brown coat, revealing her silver wedding necklace that's tightly around her neck. She hands her coat to a servant. Gazzah removes her outer hooded reddish brown fur coat revealing her copper wedding necklace. The rest of us take off our outer coats. We hands them to the servants. Several sons of God and their wives are walking around the palace.

Hephaestus, the hunchback metal worker is there. He's dressed in his shiny purple robes and turban. Several beautiful woman dressed in long sleek colorful gowns are following him. They're admiring some of his large steel iron statues. They flirt with him. Hephaestus's narrow yellowish tan face smiles when he notices Gazzah. He limps over to her, leaning on his fancy gold walking stick that has a golden goat's head on top. The women follow him. Hephaestus smugly says, "Welcome guest, to the crystal palace.. I am Hephestus, the great metalworker for the sons of God." Gazzah stares lustfully at him like the other beautiful women here.

Hephaestu's face smiles lustfully back with his crimson squinted eyes. Lamech angrily says to his wife, "Stop looking at him that way!" Her smooth brown face looks shocked. Gazzah says to him, "Are you really jealous of a hunchback just because he's, --so successful?" Lamech stares at him and says, "Of course not! --Hey Hephaestus, weren't you the apprentice of Tubal Cain." Acting insulted, Hephaestus says, "The mighty researcher taught me far more than Tubal ever could..." Hephaestus looks lustfully at Gazzah and says, "Your wife is quite lovely.." Lamech frowns and say, "That's right, she's my wife!" Gazzah says to the hunchback, "Hephaestus thank you for the compliment." Hephaestus says, "Of course..." He points to a long shiny yellow hallway that ends in a wall.

Hephaestus limps out of the way. The beautiful women follow him. The platform slowly moves through the long shimmering yellow hallway to the hallway's end. Vashti gently takes hold of Asbeel right hand. Asbeel's friendly sounding voice says, "King Semjaza and Queen Ashtoreth, your

guests are ready to enter your presence." From behind the wall, they hear king Semjaza's voice happily say, "Friends, you may enter!"

An oval entrance opens up. The big platform floats in as the extremely pleasant sweet odor of exotic flowery fruit trees enters their nostrils. Lamech sniffs the air and happily says, "Ah, that smells nice.."

Everyone on the platform sniffs the air. They slowly float on the silver platform into the gigantic brightly lit room. Floating in the middle is a huge bright yellow five pointed star shaped platform. Two large thrones are in the middle of two of the star's points. They face inward. King Semjaza is sitting on his glorious, glowing pink crystal throne shaped like Ashtoreth sitting. As always, he is dressed in iridescent white ankle length skirt, and his very broad iridescent white collar that has glowing yellow trim. His fist sized yellow jewel is on the lower front of his collar just above the middle of his muscular, hairless chest. His glowing golden halo crown is on top his long smooth black hair. Left of him, on her glorious white crystal throne shaped like king Semjaza sitting is Ashtoreth. She is quite plump, holding her not so little cooing baby boy. He's wrapped up in a shiny golden blanket. She is dressed in her fancy ankle length metallic red gown. She wears a long pointed cap just above her reddish brown hair covering her sloped forehead. Her magical crystal pink eyes looks down at the baby she has waited centuries to hold. As always, her fancy silver wedding necklace is tightly around her neck. Her wrinkled but still pretty tan face smiles lovingly. On her left side are five life-sized golden statues of saber teeth bowing down before her and five more golden statues of saber teeth on king Semjaza's right side bowing down before him. In the middle of the star shaped platform is a large extremely fancy golden altar with a grilled metal work on top. As Lamech and his wife float to the edge of star shaped platform, they look around at the strange fog that lightly covers the glowing walls and the long green grass on the ground below. Near the edges of this gigantic room are five strange tall vine covered flowery fruit trees. The tall trees are evenly spaced near the five corners of this gigantic room. Gazzah joyfully says, "Ah, my mother would love this paradise!" Lamech smiles and says, "I'm sure she would..." Grandma Qoph looks around at the many colorful animals flying around and the peacocks below showing off their long brightly colorful feathers. Mother Qoph says, "So beautiful."

The silver platform lands before the king. His guests step off. They bows down before the king. Semjaza stands up. He walks to his wife's throne, and gently pick up their cooing big baby boy. Their baby is wrapped in a shiny golden blanket. The king walks before them. He lays his happily cooing son gently on his left arm. His handsome yellowish tan face happily looks down at his son. Semjaza joyfully says, "Welcome friends.. I am at last a father! I want God to bless my son Tammuz!" He holds his son up so everyone there can see his cute son's yellowish tan face. Tammuz's is a big cooing baby, with a little reddish brown hair on his mostly bald head. His friendly eyes are pinkish brown. Methuselah walks up leaning on his spear, his dark brown eyes look closely at the big baby as he says, "King Semjaza, your son looks very healthy... You must be proud!" Seven's bloated pinkish white face looks puzzled as she says, "He's kind of big but very cute..." Gazzah looks in awe as she says, "He's awesome! I am so honor to see the Queen's son... Lamech, what do think?" He looks clueless. Lamech says, "Cute..." Irritated, Gazzah asks, "Is that's all you got to say?" He nobs. King Semjaza smiles sadly as he bows and says, "Methuselah, please forgive me --and bless Tammuz my son!" Methuselah's brown wrinkled face smiles as he says, "King Semjaza and queen Ashtoreth, I would be honored to bless your son --but... As Enoch said, You need to go back to God... I can ask God to bless Tammuz but you have to follow God for my blessing to mean much." The queen angrily stands up. She walks next to him. Ashtoreth self righteously says, "We are following your God now! Now bless my son!" Methuselah timidly says, "Queen Ashtoreth, your husband was corrupted by this world... If he stays, he will become corrupt again." Ashtoreth angrily says, "Methuselah, he must stay here! Even if he orders the sons of God on earth to return... Many will not return.. Do you want the Goat to be our new king?" Methuselah puts his hands together in prayer, and bows his head. Seven's bloated whitish pink face frowns. She bows her long white haired head and boldly asks, "Queen Ashtoreth, may I speak?" Ashtoreth curiously says, "Seven, you may speak." Seven fearfully says, "The Goat, the mighty researcher must never be king!!! He would uses every living creature for his ungodly tests!" Gazzah looks nervous, like she's dying to say something. Queen Ashtoreth says, "Gazzah, you may speak." Gazzah overly happy says, "Queen Ashtoreth, queen of heaven... I think... I think

that..." She turns towards her husband. Gazzah says, "Lamech think, there's got to be a way for our great king Semjaza to stay here --and be blessed by God." He looks puzzled. Lamech nervously asks, "King Semjaza, may I speak..." The king holds his precious cooing baby boy.

Semjaza says, "Lamech, speak.." He looks up at the king. Lamech cheerfully says, "Maybe if the you exiled the mighty researcher, his family, and all bad influences from your kingdom... God might bless you..." King Semjaza nervously says, "But the mighty researcher is my closest friend!

He made it possible for Ashtoreth to give birth to Tammuz..." Frustrated, Methuselah says, "He brings out the worst in you!" King Semjaza defensively says, "He's not that bad!" Methuselah lifts his spear up, thumps it down and angrily says, "He's the Corruptor!" Ashtoreth forcefully says, "You must exile them!" Semjaza says timidly, "But Ashtoreth..." Ashtoreth shouts, "Choose, me and our son, or ---the Goat!" Semjaza's squinted eyes close tightly as he sadly asks, "Methuselah, will you bless my son?"

Methuselah nervously says, "King Semjaza, I will bless Tammuz no matter what... Follow God on earth, and God will bless your son... And be faithful to your wife!" Semjaza tearfully looks deeply into his baby's pinkish brown eyes. His wife's crystal pink eyes look up at him. Ashtoreth asks, "Semjaza, do you love us enough to do that?" Semjaza tearfully says, "Ashtoreth, I love Tammuz and --I love you so! I'll do it!" Ashtoreth smile as she says, "Semjaza, I love you too!"

Deeply disturb, Semjaza says, "Asbeel and Vashti, summon my friend and his family..." A little latter, Asbeel and Vashti return riding on his floating disc. Behind them, the mighty researcher, his wife, and their baby are floating on his silver disc. He holds his crying little baby girl. She is wrapped in a silver blanket resting on his left arm. Naamah is behind him. She's dressed in her ankle length, tight fitting, low cut, sleeveless golden gown. She's wearing her fancy silver wedding necklace. Her golden cone cap is on top of her beautiful shoulder length blond hair. Despite her age, she looks girlishly young with her curvy figure, beautifully smooth pale face, and rich red lips. Her husband is dressed in his iridescent white ankle length skirt and his very broad cape like collar that has glowing blue trim and a fist sized glowing blue jewel on his collar's lower front. His glowing golden halo crown is on top of his perfectly combed long blond hair. He happily holds their crying baby. His light blue eyes glances down at his one

new moon old baby. Her loud cries are quite irritating to everyone there except him. King Semjaza and Queen Ashtoreth sit rigidly on their crystal thrones. King Semjaza walks over to him. He's still holding his baby boy Tammuz. His blond friend's handsome pale face smiles. His friend happily says, "Semjaza, my friend, congratulation on your handsome son!"

Naamah's beautiful pale face smiles in awe at baby Tammuz. Naanan says excitedly, "King Semjaza, thy son Tammuz is so... So glorious!" Her husband shows off his crying baby daughter who is wrapped in her silver blanket. His friend asks, "King Semjaza, can you see --her? --My perfect little princess." He proudly holds her up so they can see her beautiful blue eyes, her smooth pale skin, and her short curly white hair. Naamah looks down at her and says timidly, "But her feet..." The mighty researcher forcefully says, "She's perfect!" Naamah's silver wedding necklace flashes once. She painfully frowns.

His friend asks, "Semjaza friend, what's wrong?" Semjaza sadly says, "I'm very sorry --but you and your family must leave the crystal palace..."

Shocked, his friend holds his daughter tight. He looks very hurt. Semjaza cowardly turns away. Naamah furiously whispers, "Ashtoreth, you traitor..." His friend shouts, "Semjaza, my friend... Don't do this!"

Semjaza sadly says, "Leave!" His friend's body angrily shakes as he holds his daughter. He painfully shouts, "Without me, there would be no Tammuz, --friend!" Naamah cries and pleads, "Queen Ashtoreth, help me!

Please help my daughter!" Tears flow down from Ashtoreth's crystal pink eyes as she says, "Naamah, you and your daughter must go!" Naamah weeps, she clinches her fists, and shouts, "Ashtoreth, I was thy favorite!

Betrayer! You shall pay for this!" Ashtoreth says, "Silence!" Semjaza says, "Naamah, I'm sorry but..." His friend emotionally says, "King Semjaza, --friend, don't punish my wife and my innocent little princess..."

The king looks deeply into his blue eyes. Semjaza says, "I'm sorry, but I must serve God! --What are we without God?" His friend boastfully says, "Free! To do as we please, --with our women!" Semjaza regretfully says, "You all must leave!"

The mighty researcher points at the queen and desperately says "Semjaza, my friend, --don't let Naamah 216 (test) control you! This isn't you... I shall not forgive Ashtoreth!" Semjaza angrily says, "Friend, don't threaten my wife!" He timidly says, "Yes, king Semjaza.." He looks over at mother Qoph and cruelly asks, "Seven, is that

you? Have you have become so fat and old?" Seven trembles. Her light green eyes fearfully looks down at her feet. Methuselah lovingly holds his wife as he comfortingly says, "Seven, don't listen to him... God blessed me with you!" The mighty researcher laughs and says, "God didn't create her... I did! Do you like her little tail?" Mother Qoph cries and shouts, "You are lord Bad!" Lamech angrily shouts, "How dare you insult my mother!" Lord Bad points at him and angrily shouts, "This is your fault!" Semjaza angrily shouts, "Silence!" An oval entrance opens up in the wall. Kasdeja, enters in standing on his floating disc. He's skinny, very dark, and muscular. His three headed dire wolf Chashaq growls by his side. He is dressed in his iridescent white skirt, and very broad cape-like collar with purple trim and his purple jewel. His golden halo crown is on top his long black braided hair. Queen Ashtoreth stands up and forcefully says, "Kasdeja, remove the Goat and his family!" Chashaq's six dark yellow eyes stare at him. Kasdeja floats next to them and coldly says, "Fools, leave!" Still holding his loudly crying daughter, Lord Bad stares hatefully into his coal black eyes but says nothing. Naamah weeps and bitterly shouts, "Ashtoreth! You betrayed our love!" Naamah's baby cries painfully. Chashaq lays on it's belly and painfully whines. It bows it's heads and put it's paws over it's two outer heads. Kasdeja angrily shouts, "Leave!" An oval exit opens up in the wall. Lord Bad and his family float out on his disc. The exit closes up behind them. Ashtoreth lovingly says, "Semjaza, I know ths was very painful for you --but now God will bless our son!" Semjaza painfully says, "I know..."

Then Semjaza says, "Asbeel, bring the goat for the sacrifice..." Asbeel says cheerfully, "Yes, my king." Asbeel and Vashti float out of the room on his disc. They return floating back on the silver platform with a small black goat with a rope tied around it's neck. Vashti says, "The goat is ready..." Semjaza emotionally says, "Methuselah, bless my son..." Methuselah asks, "Do you have the knife?" The king gives him a fancy steel iron knife. Lamech holds the goat. Methuselah sincerely says, "Semjaza, lay your hands on the goat's head." Semjaza puts his hand on the goat's head. Methuselah solemnly says, "O Lord God, all life comes from you... We offer you this goat. Forgive and bless our king and his son Tummuz.... Please touch their hearts and guide them.. Semjaza, cut the goat's throat." He cut the black goat's throat. The goat screams and

shrieks. His blood flows on top the altar. Methuselah sadly says, "King Semjaza, Queen Ashtoreth, seek the Lord God! May God bless your son, Tammuz with love and peace! Let it be!"

Latter, Asbeel kindly says, "We will now take you back." Vashti gently says, "Time to go.." They walk back. They step up on the silver platform. They float up and leave through the oval exit that opens up in the wall. They float to the huge white dome room where servants hand them their outer furs back. One of them says, "Honor guests, go home in peace..." An oval exit opens up as they float out into the cold winds.

Asbeel says, "Shields up." The nearly transparent pink sphere appears around them to keep them warm. They float back to their homes.

Chapter 2 The Steaming Grounds

Pe'ullah is sitting between her grandparents. She is wearing her tan furs and fluffy cap. Noah warmly says with his low elderly voice, "So Asbeel and Vashti took them back to their igloos. Everyone got home safely..." Beneath her tan furry cap, Pe'ullah looks up at him and asks, "Grandfather, when do we meet the scary woman?" Sha'ah hugs her and says, "We already met her... Naamah's baby." Tubal frowns darkly and crosses his arms in disbelief. Tubal asks mockingly, "Wait, grandma... The baby?" Sha'ah's plump reddish brown face frowns beneath her red feathered headdress as she says, "Tubal, --she grew up!" I ask, "Really?"

Sha'ah says fearfully, "Yes, Lord Bad's daughter..." Noah's much wrinkled brown face smiles as he gently says, "Calm down, Sha'ah.." Pe'ullah asks sadly, "But grandma, couldn't she of been good?" Sha'ah sadly says, "She could of... Our old friend Gibbor was a great hero despite being Semjaza's son." Tubal's dark eyes look puzzled as he asks, "Grandmother, why did you call her father, ---Lord Bad?" Sha'ah puts her right arm on Tubal's shoulder as she angrily says, "Because that is what he chose to be!" Tubal thinks about it and says, "I guess his daughter could be ---scary..." I impatiently ask, "Grandfather, what happened next?" Noah sadly says, "Well, for the next six years, Hephaestus, the metalworker meet Gazzah at

night..." Sha'ah says sternly, "Noah, please stop!" Noah says, "You tell them.." Sha'ah blushes as she says, "Let's just say that Gazzah broke Lamech's little heart by marrying the very famous and wealthy metalworker Hephaestus." Disturbed, I ask, "But Gazzah was Lamech's wife... How could she marry Hephaestus?" Sha'ah sadly says, "It's not right but she did.." Noah solemnly says, "My father once told me that the day after Gazzah married Hephaestus. His parent's came over to his small igloo. Methuselah was wearing his gray furs, and Enoch's old fur cap. He walked through the deep snow holding his long spear. Very plump mother Qoph followed him. She was wearing her brown furs and had a dark fur bag strapped around her shoulders. Her hood was pulled back because it was unusually warm that day. They walked through slushy snow, up to Lamech's igloo. They heard their son sobbing inside..."

Methuselah asks, "Son, may we come in?" He sadly look around, waiting. The snowflakes falls on them. Finally, their son's sobbing voice says, "Come in..." Methuselah bows down, and open the fur curtain for mother Qoph. She bows her head so she doesn't hit her head on the low icy entrance as she enters. Methuselah bows his head too as he walks through the tight entrance. There is little room inside it's icy walls barely lighted by the small fire-pit's flickering fire. Mother qoph looks around and sees some broken nut shells scattered across the icy floor. She panics, falls to her knees, and grabs up the tiny nutshells. Mother qoph angrily asks, "Son, why didn't you clean up this terrible mess?" She gathers the nut shells and drops them into her fur bag. There's no answer but weeping. Methuselah leans on his spear. He gently helps his plump wife stand up. Methuselah sadly says, "Seven, quiet.! Just look at our son..." She looks up. She sees her weeping son reclining against the back of the igloo. He's sitting on top of several drab furs. Lamech's narrow brown face slowly shakes. He tearfully looks down at his rigidly crossed arms. His slightly graying brown hair has the big white streak of down in the middle of it. His hair is all messed up. He's shivering, only wearing light weight dark furs. Mother qoph is distressed to see her son's sad brown eyes red with tears. She walks over to him. She straiten out his messy hair with her bloated hands.

Mother Qoph tenderly asks, "Son, why are you such a mess?" He looks up at his plump mother. He sees her bloated, wrinkled, whitish pink face trying to smile. Lamech shakes as he whines, saying, "Ah, Mother Qoph, I

thought Gazzah, ---really loved me..." Mother Qoph gently says, "Son, it's not your fault..." Lamech angrily shouts, "Ah- mother, she betrayed me!

Why? Why?" Mother Qoph's light green eyes tearfully look down as she says, "Because Hephaestus is very wealthy, and charming, ---for a no good creep..." Lamech's bloodshot eyes look up at her as he says discouraged, "Mother Qoph, that's not exactly cheering me up..." Mother Qoph says, "Sorry son..." Methuselah boldly says, "Lamech, trust God!" Lamech stares at his parents with the most pathetic miserable look on his wrinkled brown face. Methuselah says, "Son, you shouldn't of married the daughter of a serpent worshiper..." Lamech gasps and moans. Lamech whines and says, "Ah, but I love Gazzah so much!" His father leans down and puts his arm over his son's sore shoulders. Methuselah comfortingly says, "Son, God will give you the right woman someday..." Lamech shouts, "I'll never love another woman!" Mother Qoph says, "Son, --don't say that!" Lamech angrily shouts, "I just did!" His parents get on their knees and hugs him tightly. He weeps profusely on their shoulders.

That night, Lamech sleeps miserably, until a strange but familiar crackling voice, says, "Lamech, harken to me!" Lamech wakes up, and bitterly asks, "Nehamah, why are you disturbing me?" Rather thin and hunched down, she opens the fur curtain. She slowly limps inside the small igloo, leaning on her long wooden Ashtoreth pole. He hear Nehamah's crackling elderly voice say, "Thou art already disturbed..." He looks up at her creepy Ashtoreth pole. The top third is caved in the shape of a hooded, serpent headed woman dress in a long hooded robe. Nehamah is wearing a long crimson serpent skin hooded robe. She is wearing a necklace of large bones around her neck. She limps towards him. She pulls back her crimson hood from her very wrinkled dark brown face, revealing her long frazzle whitish gray hair with dark streaks. Lamech stands up and marches up to her. Lamech angrily says, "Your daughter betrayed me!" Nehamah creepily says, "Thou wast good to mine daughter... If thou had deserted her, I wouldest cursed thee but ---mine daughter I so lovest! I shall not curse her..." Lamech emotionally says, "Make her love me!" Her very dark eyes look sad. Nehamah's crackling voice says, "Nay! --But the Serpent shall giveth thee true love --someday..." Lamech bitterly says, "I don't believe in the serpent!" Nehamah smiles widely revealing her crooked brownish teeth behind her cracked dark lips and says, "But the Serpent believes in thee..."

Lamech weeps and says, "I will never love again!" Nehamah creepily says, "Thou art a good man.. True love cometh!" Lamech tearfully shouts, "Gazzah doesn't love me!" Nehamah's dark wrinkled face crookedly smiles as she says, "I loveth thee!" She grabs him and kisses him on his lips.

Shocked, he doesn't move or say anything. Nehamah tenderly says, "I wilt leave..." She pulls her scaly crimson hood over her frazzled gray hair. She slowly limps to the fur curtain. Still shock, Lamech says, "Nehamah, wait!"

She opens the fur curtain. Nehamah creepily say, "Nothing tis left to speak..." The cold winds make him shutter. She leans on her Ashtoreth pole and limps out.

Thirteen new moons latter, Lamech dreams. He's alone, timidly standing in the middle of a frozen wasteland. He's wearing his light gray hooded furs. He looks at the gray sky above as dark rolling clouds rush over him. A howling blizzard strikes, covering everything with thick sheets of sharp icy snow. His whole body shivers. It feels like icy thorns are wrapping around him as he slowly goes numb. From the midst of the storm comes a huge white goat charging towards him. Lamech turns and runs away. In the deepening snow, each step is more painful than the last. He falls face first into the icy snow's death grip. He struggles to get up but falls down again. The charging goat is about to trample him. Lamech fearfully, asks, "Where is God?" A warm hand of a powerful man lifts him up onto his feet like he weights no more than a feather. The goat stops in it's tracks before them, and flees. Lamech tries to look at the man's face but the howling blinding white blizzard keeps him from seeing his face. Lamech shouts gratefully, "Thank you, Lord!" Dressed in a white hooded robe, the man points with his index finger. Lamech curiously asks him, "Go where, Lord?" Suddenly, the man is gone. Lamech is in a hot humid misty paradise covered with lush green plants and flowers. He looks up at the high cliffs around him and see the clear blue sky above. He hears an owl hoot. He wakes up.

Next morning, he gets dressed in his thickest light gray furs. He pack up supplies into his dark fur bag and straps it on his back. He puts on his thick wooden sandals. He ties thick furs around the sandals with strips of animal hides. He open his fur curtain, walked out into the bitter stinging cold, and walks through the deep snow to his parent's igloo. He enters through their fur curtain. He feels the great warmth within. He see his

parents snuggling together by their fire-pit. As he warms up, they drink water from a couple of their clay jars. Mother Qoph is wearing her thick brown furs. Methuselah is wearing his gray furs and Enoch's silly fur cap on top of his long white hair. Mother Qoph slowly gets up. She walks to him and hugs him tight. Her chubby wrinkled whitish pink cheeks smile. Mother Qoph happily says, "Welcome home son!" He pulls back his hood. Lamech excitedly says, "Mother Qoph, I had a dream..." Methuselah slowly stands using his spear and says, "Son, tell us..." Lamech says, "I was out in a blizzard.. A huge goat charged at me. I fell down but a mysterious man helped me up. The goat fled... The man pointed somewhere. I asked, Go where, Lord? Suddenly, I was in a hot paradise. An owl hooted and I woke up... God wants me to go there..." His mother's light green eyes look scared. Mother Qoph says, "Lamech, my son, it's just a dream..." Methuselah nervously asks, "Son, where does God want you to go?" Lamech nervously says, "To that paradise..." Mother Qoph fearfully says, "Son, the Goat is Lord Bad... Your dream is a trap!" Methuselah timidly says, "Son, your mother may be right.." Lamech's narrow graying brown bearded face smiles as he says, "Father, --I heard from God..." Mother Qoph sadly says, "Son, you just need a good wife!" Lamech forcefully says, "I must go!" Methuselah puts his hand on his shoulder and asks, "Are you sure?" Lamech boldly says, "Yes!" Methuselah says, "Ask Tubal to take you... He's very smart!" Mother Qoph's light green eyes look distressed as she says, "No! --I don't trust him.." Lamech sadly says, "Mother Qoph, I love you! But I must go..." His parents hug him tightly. They cry together. As he leaves, Methuselah says, "I'll pray for you!" The freezing winds blast them. Mother Qoph says crying, "Don't go, son! --It's a trap! Lord Bad's trap.."

He walks a long way through the storm. He sees a large group of woolly mammoths marching in the distance. He finally walks to Tubal's metal shop. It a large gray stone building with a woolly mammoth curtain over its entrance. He walks to the entrance. He hears the sounds of metal being hammered. Lamech shivers, and shouts, "Tubal, it's Lamech..."

Gibbor's huge bloated right hand opens the big heavy curtain. His large bald head and huge ears peeks out. He bows because he's taller than the entrance. Wearing enough white furs to make a tent from, Gibbor wobbles. He walks out and picks up Lamech up with one arm. He hugs him

uncomfortably tight. Lamech says shivering, smiling uncomfortably, "Hi Gibbor.. Don't squeeze!" Gibbor's squinted hazel eyes sparkle. His chubby yellowish tan face smiles widely behind his thin stringy black beard.

Gibbor shouts in his low goofy voice, "Gibbor, take friend in..." He carries him under one of his huge shoulders, opens the huge curtain, bows down and takes him into the wonderful warmth inside. He hears metal clanking sounds. The big metal shop has a wooden coat rack, and several large wooden tables filled with metal tools, ornaments, pots, spear heads, etc. All kinds of fancy metal art is hanging from the all the stone walls. Many of Tubal's copper art pieces has turn greenish. 'Aqqow greets him, dress in her ankle length blue dress. Just under her blue bonnet is her fancy steel iron wedding necklace snugly around her throat. 'Aqqow says, "Good to see you Lamech... My husband will come soon..." Lamech says, "Good to see you, 'Aqqow..." Gibbor stoops a little because he's taller than the ceiling.

He gently puts Lamech down on the gray stone floor. Gibbor says, "Gibbor put friend down..." The metal clanking stops. Tubal limps out using his dire wolf headed walking stick from behind a large curtain. His long white hair and goatee beard are soaked with sweat. He is wearing his dirty off white heavy work clothes made of large animal hides and he smells bad. 'Aqqow walks to his side, kisses his scarred pale sweaty white goatee bearded face. His cold blue eyes sparkle as Tubal says, "My pretty 'Aqqow..." As sweat pours down his face which has deep scars on his right cheek, Tubal happily asks, "Lamech, what brings you here?" Lamech says, "Tubal, I dreamed that a goat chase me in a blizzard... I fell but a mysterious man helped me up... The goat fled... The man pointed somewhere... I asked, Go where, Lord? The man was gone. I was in a hot paradise. An owl hooted. I woke up..." Under her blue bonnet 'Aqqow frowns as she asks, "So you had a weird dream..." Gibbor nods his head and says, "Gibbor dreams too.." 'Aqqow curiously asks, "So Lamech, what do you think your dream means?" Lamech nervously says, "God wants me to go there!" Tubal curiously asks, "Go where?" Lamech timidly says, "I don't know." 'Aqqow skeptically says, "Are you sure God told you to go?" Lamech cheerfully says, "'Aqqow, I'm sure..." Tubal looks sadly puzzled as he says, "H-mmm.." 'Aqqow looks way up at her huge son and says, "I'm glad Gibbor didn't have that dream..." 'Aqqow's hazel eyes look deeply into Lamech's eyes as she says, "You're depressed about your wife

deserting you..." Tubal forcefully says, "That's why me and Gibbor must go with him!" 'Aqqow gasps and says, "Tubal, no!" He nervously look at her. Tubal forcefully says, "Me and Gibbor must go with him..." 'Aqqow crosses her arms. Her tan slightly wrinkled face frowns as 'Aqqow says, "Tubal Cain, --Gibbor not go!" Tubal says proudly, "My pretty 'Aqqow, you forget how brilliant I am... We'll be safe!" She angrily grabs her blue bonnet and throws it down on the stone gray floor. 'Aqqow shouts angrily, "You stubborn old goat! Can you find this --place?" Tubal arrogantly says, "Sure love... Take care of my shop while we're gone." Lamech timidly says, "Tubal, you don't have to..." Gibbor excitedly says, "Gibbor go!" 'Aqqow says, "Gibbor, not go!" Gibbor says, "Love mother, Gibbor go!" 'Aqqow pulls at her shoulder length grayish brown hair as she says, "This place may not even exist!" Tubal proudly says, "I will find it! Look at this!" He picks up a small red clay dish with bright blue needle balance perfectly in the center of the dish. He slowly turns the dish but the needle slowly turns so it keep pointing in the same direction. Lamech looks down at it and asks, "What is that?" Tubal proudly smiles and says, "My latest, greatest invention, a magic needle that always points same direction... With this, I can find anything!"

Next morning, it is warm and sunny. It snows lightly. Tubal limps around using his bronze walking stick. He prepared two of his sledges and attaches his wolf dogs to the sledges with long strips of animal hides. They stand in front of the Tubal's Metal Shop. Lamech is wearing his light gray hooded furs. Tubal wears his heavy dark gray hooded furs. Gibbor wears his huge hooded white furs. 'Aqqow wears black furs over her dress and bonnet. They work together to filled the back sections of both sledges with huge fur bags of nuts and grains, several goat carcasses to feed to the wolf dogs, several large bronze knives, bronze hammers, hatchets, and two large bronze pots to melt snow in to get drinking water from, long metal rods, and several clay jars. They packed a whole new moon's worth of supplies, mainly for Gibbor and the wolf dogs.

Snows lightly falls. 'Aqqow looks way up at Gibbor, and says, "Son, I love you so! Don't go!" He picks up her with one of his big hands, and hugs her tight. Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Love mother! But Gibbor go.." He gently puts his mother down. She shakes her head.

Aqqow angrily says, "Tubal, bring my son back --or I leave you!" Tubal

proudly says, "My pretty Aqqow, I always returns triumphant!" 'Aqqow mockingly says, "Yeah, right... Old goat.." Tubal and Lamech walk to one sledge, with five large wolf dogs attached to it. Gibbor gets into the much bigger sledge with ten wolf dogs attached to it. Gibbor sits down on his sledge, causing it to sink down into the snow. Gibbor is so fat that he fills the sledge's extra large seat. 'Aqqow walks back to Tubal's Metal Shop. Her wrinkle tan face frowns as her pretty hazel eyes look worried.

'Aqqow angrily shouts, "Lamech, you're responsible for any harm to my son..." She waves good-bye. Gibbor shouts, "Bye Mother!" Tubal look down at his magic blue needle, points his right index finger in a direction and proudly says, "That way! Wolf dogs go!" He takes his animal hide whip and gently hits the backs of his wolf dogs. They run. Gibbor happily says, "Dogs go!" They go.

After three weeks of Tubal using his magic needle to try to find the steaming grounds, their food supplies are more than half eaten. Gibbor eats even more than they thought. He knocks down a few small trees to get more wood for campfires and more nuts to eat. Tubal builds a wood pile. He puts straw on top and strikes his flints till the sparks cause the straw to smoke. The chilling wind keep it from becoming a flame. They become very thirsty. Irritated Tubal says with frosted breath, "Be patient..." He keeps trying but the icy winds keeps putting the tiny flames out. Gibbor with clearly frosted breath says, "Need fire!" Tubal strikes his flints together. Finally sparks hit the straw so a flames grows and smokes. He carefully guards the tiny but growing flames with his furry glove covered hands. A burst of painfully cold wind blows it out. Lamech shivering and says, "My hands are freezing and my toes are numb..." As the deathly cold winds almost blows Tubal down, he struggles to steady himself with his walking stick. He keeps striking his flints together till the straw catches fire and the sticks burn bright. We all snuggle up next to each other. The raging flames keep them from freezing to death that night. Gibbor childishly says, "Gibbor thirsty!" He steps off his sledge, gathers snow into a large snowball and stuffs it into a huge bronze pot. He hangs the copper pot over the metal rods over the fire. Gibbor picks up the huge pot with thick gloves covering his huge bloated hands. He pour some steaming water into several clay jars. The water quickly cools off. They have to gulp as much as it down before the water freezes. Gibbor lifts up the large pot and quickly

gulps down the rest of the water in it. The hot water doesn't seem to bother him. As they huddle together by their large roaring campfire, Lamech bows his head and prays, asking, "God, should we return?" Tubal holds his red dish with his blue magic needle with one hand and looks at it. Tubal says timidly, "I think we're almost there..." Gibbor looks angrily shouts down with his low voice, "Go home!" Tubal slowly says with his pride hurt, "--- Alright Gibbor!"

The next day is so warm that the snow is melting and very slushy. It hard to for the wolf dogs to pull the sledge through it. Sleet falls down from the gray cloudy skies. It covers everything with thick slush. The sleet loads up the branches of all the ice covered trees till many branches are so heavy that they break off and fall down with a thud. At noon, it becomes cold. The cloudy sky becomes darker. Cold winds freeze all the slush around them solid. They shiver except Gibbor who keeps his hood pull back most of the time. Lamech's lungs ache because the terrible cold air he breathes in. He covers as much of his aching face with his furry hood as possible. Lamech says, "Gibbor, put your hood up! Your ears have got to be freezing.." Gibbor says, "Cold not bother ears.." Tubal shivering, says with frosted breath, "Gibbor, I command that you put your hood up!" He puts his hood over his huge ears. The wolf dogs struggle hard to pull the sledges which slide around everywhere the ground is uneven. It's hard for them to travel even a little bit over the slippery solid ice. With his hood pulled tightly around his face, Lamech says timidly, "O --are my feet are so cold!" Tubal struggles again to light this night's fire by striking his flints together over and over to lite the fire to keep them all alive. It seems to take forever. Finally, the sparks become a small flame. Tubal shivers a lot and says, "I did it! I must invent a better way to lite fires!"

Two weeks latter, it's deathly cold with mercilessly harsh winds. It's a miracle that Tubal was able to get a fire started every night. Wearing his dark gray hooded furs, shivering Tubal pulls his hood over most of his goateed bearded numb face. Tubal says, with much frosted breath, "I'm afraid... We eaten all our food.." Lamech prays shivering, "God, get us home before we freeze to death!" Gibbor pulls back his hood as he says, "Gibbor hungry!" Tubal shouts, "Put your hood back on!" Gibbor's sadly squinting hazel eyes look down as he says, "Gibbor obey..." He covers his large bald head and his huge ears once more. Gibbor says with his low

goofy voice, "Gibbor hungry... " One of the wolf dogs pulling his sledge howls in pain. He lays down unable to get up. Tubal stops his sledge. He slowly steps off leaning on his walking stick. He limps towards the painfully whining wolf dog. A big gush of wind causes him to slip. He falls down on his rear. Lamech looks scared behind his gray furry hood as he asks, "Tubal are you alright?" Tubal crawls through the thick snow to the sick wolf dog and shouts back, "Don't worry about me..." Covered in snow, Tubal hugs the wolf dog tightly. He removes the animal hide strips around his furry neck. Tubal tearfully says with much frosted breath, "I'm sorry... I'm so sorry!" The sick wolf dog can hardly breathe. Tubal buries his hooded head against its long gray fur. It painfully whimpers, and then stops. Looking scared, Gibbor's bulging squinted hazel eyes sadly look down. Gibbor tearfully asks, "Dog, not wake up?" Tubal looks back up at him. Tubal tearfully shouts, "Dog not wake up!" Gibbor pouts. Tubal says forcefully, "Gibbor, our wolf dogs can't pull you anymore! Pull the sledge or all your wolf dogs die..." Gibbor says sadly, "Yes, good father..." Gibbor steps off his sledge and wobbles towards the front of his wolf dogs. Tubal says, "Gibbor, I need to put this around your shoulders" Gibbor gets down on his hands and knees so Tubal can just barely reach high enough to attach the strips to his shoulders. Tubal limps over to the big sledge using his bronze walking stick. He ties the animal hide strips to Gibbor. The giant stands back up. Tubal gets a big jar from the back of the big sledge. He limps over to the wolf dogs to give them, one by one a sip of water. The wolf dogs growl. Tubal grabs the last goat carcass, chops it up with a large knife and feeds it to his wolf dogs till it's all gone. Tubal says sadly, "Dogs, we're out of goat..." After the dogs eat, Tubal gently hits the backs of his wolf dogs with a strip of animal hide and shouts, "Wolf dogs go! Gibbor go too!" Tubal's wolf dogs pull him and Lamech. Gibbor helps his wolf dogs pull the big sledge which he seems to have no problems doing.

The reddish sun sets behind the icy forest colored by the sun's dying colorful rays. Tubal shouts, "Wolf dogs, stop!" Gibbor asks with his low goofy voice, "We stop?" Tubal smiles and says, "Yep..." Gibbor shouts, "Dogs stop!" The wolf dogs stop. They lay down on the icy ground exhausted. Tubal, and Lamech watch the last rays of sunlight disappear over the crimson horizon. The dire wolves howl in the distance. Tubal gets out of their sledge leaning on his walking stick. Gibbor gets on his hands

and knees. Tubal removes the animal hide strips from him. Tubal limps through the deep snow to the big sledge. He grabs some extra furs and shakes off the snow that has pile on them. He limps back. Tubal says with frosted breath, "Lamech, wrap these around you..." Lamech steps down from the sledge, grabs his staff and says, "Sure." Using his walking stick to steady himself, he helps him wrap the heavy furs tightly around him. Tubal shouts, "Gibbor and Lamech, we need more sticks!" Gibbor nods and says, "Yeah..." Lamech nods. Gibbor and Lamech struggles against the heavy snow to go out to gather up lots of broken branches from the snow covered trees. They struggles through the deepening snow to bring the branches back in their aching arms. The snowfall is almost blinding. Tubal set up stones in a circle and lays a big bronze pot and three large clay jars by it. He sets up the metal rods over them for a campfire. Gibbor sits by the rocks. Beneath his hood, his squinted hazel eyes look down at Tubal placing a little hay on top of the many branches that they stacked up. Tubal amazingly fast, strikes his flint stones together to create sparks that gets the hay smoking. Gibbor shouts, "Good father, make fire!" Tubal shivers and says, "Yes son!" The stormy winds and heavy snow blows against them. Tubal forcefully shouts, "We must block the winds!" They sit close to use their furs to block the winds. Tubal keep striking his flints, making sparks, the hay smokes, and a tiny fire starts. He blocks falling snow with his shivering body to keep the tiny but growing fire from going out. The stack of branches burns brightly. The campfire blazes. They sit close to the fire's most blessed heat. Latter, the snow stops falling. Gibbor says, "Yeah!" Tubal says, "Stuff pot with snow." Lamech and Gibbor nod. We fill a pot with snow. Tubal shouts, "Gibbor hang pot." Gibbor picks up the pot with his glove covered hands and hangs it on the rods over the fire. They wait for the snow inside to melt. The dire wolves howl. Gibbor says with frosted breath, "Gibbor thirsty and hungry!" They cross their arms tightly and frown. Gibbor picks up the pot and pours water into three jars. They drink from the jars. The wolf dogs growl. Tubal limps to the sledges with his walking stick, and gives the growling wolf dogs water from his large jar. Tubal gently say, "Poor dogs, take a sip and sleep..." Gibbor says, "Gibbor love water! But Gibbor hungry!" Lamech gulps water down and says, "Thank God for fire and water!" Tubal spills some water. It freezes on his goateed beard. They hear dire wolves howling.

The wolf dogs growl fiercely. Lamech looks up at an icy hill as a large yellowish gray streak runs by. Its pale blue eyes reflect the fire.

Another runs by growling as its long pointed ears are blown back. Lamech shouts fearfully, "Dire wolves! Run to the big sledge!" They run to the big sledge through the deep snow. It's near their campfire. Except for Gibbor, they get into the large sledge. Lamech sees two dire wolves running behind snow covered trees. He frowns behind his light gray hood. Lamech shouts, "I'm scared!" Gibbor pulls back his white hood off his large bald head and his huge ears including the half eaten one. Gibbor says, "Gibbor help!" We look around the dark snow covered woods warmly lighted only by our campfire. We see more and more yellowish gray streaks with long furry tails circling us. Lamech grabs his staff as he fearfully says, "God, help!" Tubal angrily shouts as he lifts his walking stick up in a threatening manner, "Gibbor, deal with them!" Their wolf dogs growl fiercely at the several pairs of pale blue eyes flashing. Large dire wolves open their long fang filled muzzles wide and attack the growling wolf dogs. They fight back. Gibbor shouts childishly, "Don't hurt dogs!" He leaps up by the wolf dogs making a big thump in the deep snow. He knocks a couple of dire wolves to the sides with his over-sized glove covered fists. A couple dire wolves jump onto the big sledge with their vicious long jaws snapping.

Tubal hits one of them away with his fancy bronze walking stick. Tubal fearfully shouts, "Gibbor save me!" Lamech shouts, "Help!" Lamech violently swings his staff and hits a wolf's head, knocking it out. Two more growling dire wolves leap towards Lamech as he screams. Gibbor wobbles in front and mightily kicks them back, sending them flying. Dire wolves attack the wolf dogs. Gibbor angrily shouts, "Don't hurt dogs!" Two dire wolves leap at him but each of his huge hands grabs one of them by their furry necks and holds them up. He shakes them. Gibbor angrily shouts, "Bad wolfs!" Their pale blue eyes look wildly around. They whine horribly. The fat giant throws them off to his sides. They fearfully whine as these dire wolves hit the deep snow and flee for their lives. A couple of dire wolves leap onto their sledge. Tubal hits another leaping dire wolf with his walking stick. Lamech uses his staff to hit another. Tubal shouts, "Gibbor, don't let them get me!" Gibbor grabs him up with his huge left hand. He lovingly cradles him between his left arm and his big chest. A dire wolf leaps at them but Gibbor's mighty right fist send this one flying

back. Lamech fights another dire wolf with his staff. Lamech nervously shouts, "God help us!" Gibbor puts Tubal down. He hits another dire wolf with his fancy walking stick. Another dire wolf jumps towards them but Gibbor hits it away with his left fist. Two viciously growling, yellowish gray dire wolves attack Gibbor, snapping their very long teeth filled jaws.

Gibbor's right hand grabs one dire wolf around its furry neck and holds it up. The other dire wolf powerfully leaps up towards the giant's face. His huge chubby mouth opens unnaturally wide as the wolf's head enters his mouth and goes down into Gibbor's greatly stretching throat. He chomps down hard on the wolf's neck. Another dire wolf leaps towards Lamech but Gibbor's mighty neck muscles swings the dire wolf stuck in his mouth against the attacking dire wolf hard enough to knock it away. The one trapped in his mouth, violently thrushes its four legs around scratching him.

Its long furry tail jerks wildly. Gibbor furiously chumps down, breaking its neck in his mouth. He spits the dire wolf out onto the ice covered snow.

It slides back. Gibbor licks his big lips and with a low scary voice asks, "H-mm, hungry! Eat wolves?" The other dire wolves stare in horror and flee. Tubal smiles cruelly as he says, "Maybe...." The wolf dogs act scared.

Lamech says timidly, "No Gibbor! God told Adam and Eve to eat plants..."

Gibbor childishly says, "But wolves bad!" Lamech sadly says, "Wolves not bad... They're just starving, like us!" Gibbor's right hand keeps holding one dire wolf until it finally escapes from his large powerful hand. He flees for its life. As soon as this dire wolf flees from Gibbor, the wolf dogs growls. Tubal happily says with frosted breath, "Gibbor did good!"

Lamech thankfully says, "Gibbor, you saved us!" Gibbor says, "Gibbor hungry!" We lay down on the sledges close to the roaring camp fire for the rest of the night.

As the first golden rays of the morning comes up, it's snowing hard. Tubal wakes up, pushes the snow off of him and shouts with frosted breath, "Gibbor wake up... Gibbor go..." He gets on his hands and knees so Tubal can attach the strips of animal hides to him. Gibbor pulls the big sledge. The wolf dogs ride in back. Tubal leaning on his walking stick climbs back into our small sledge. He sits by Lamech. They shiver. Tubal wipe off the snow on him off and sleepily says, "Aw, it's so cold this morning!"

Clutching his dire wolf headed walking stick, Tubal looks down at his magic needle in his red dish resting on his knees. He points a direction.

Tubal rubs his ice covered beard and says as his teeth chatter, "That way home! I hope.." Lamech says shivering, "God, help us!" Tubal shouts with frosted breath, "Gibbor go!" The fat giant is barely able to pull his sledge through the deep snow. They slowly travel all day across the endless blinding white snow covered hills and snow covered trees. Their eyes hurt because of all the shinning whiteness. Just before the reddish orange sunset, Gibbor sees a tiny gray dot in the distance over the bleak stormy white horizon and happily shouts, "Metal Shop! Home... Eat lots!" Tubal says as he hits his wolf dogs with his animal hide strips, "I knew it! Go!" Lamech raises his arms and says, "Praise God!" Gibbor and the wolf dogs plow through the deep snow to get to Tubal's Metal Shop. The wolf dogs growls hungrily when they smell the several frozen goat carcasses stack up against the stone walls. They stop by the woolly mammoth curtain. Tubal says with frosted breath, "Thank-God I'm home!" Lamech happily says, "Let's go!" Tubal proudly shouts, "I got us home! My magic needle works!" Gibbor shouts, "Gibbor hungry!"

Lamech runs inside to the wonderful warmth and shouts, "We're back!" Lamech sees that by the shop's large fireplace are several large jars of water and several huge fur bags of nuts and grains against one of the stone walls. Gibbor gets down on his hands and knees. Lamech grabs a jars of water to gulp the water down. He grab a bag of grains and starts eating. Tubal limps off the sledge. He takes off the strips of animal hides.

Gibbor wobbles over to our sledge. He makes a big stumping sound with each of his footsteps. He bows his head, opens the large curtain, and wobbles inside. 'Aqqow, is wearing her blue dress and bonnet. She runs to her son and shouts, "Gibbor, you're home!" Gibbor says, "Mother get food and drink!" Gibbor grabs one of the clay pots, lifts it with one hand. He gulps down all the water in it. He opens one of the bags and hungrily gulfs down lots and lots of nuts. 'Aqqow joyfully says, as she hugs her fat giant, "Gibbor, ---my boy! Are you alright?" Gibbor looks down and says with his low goofy voice, "More nuts!" 'Aqqow happily smiling, says, "More nuts to eat, son..." Gibbor reaches his huge hand into the bag. He stuffs more nuts into his chubby thinly bearded mouth. He's already eaten over half the nuts in the large bag. Tubal limps in, and says, "Thank God it's so warmth!" He smiles widely and lays down exhausted on some furs.

Lamech pull back his hood and asks, "Tubal, are you alright?" Tubal looks

ashamed and says, "Sure..." 'Aqqow grabs a jar of water, sits down, puts his head on her knees, pours water into his mouth and says, "Have a drink, you old goat..." Tubal's much wrinkled scarred faced smiles as he says, "My pretty pretty 'Aqqow! Ah, that's good water..." 'Aqqow happily looks down at him with her pretty hazel eyes and says, "Look at all the supplies I was able to barter... I'm better at it than you are." Irritated, Tubal says, "I wouldn't say that..." 'Aqqow angrily says, "Tubal, don't you ever do this again!" Tubal with his pride deeply hurt says, "'Aqqow, I'll try again,--- only if ---God commands me..." 'Aqqow furiously ask, "Do you think God will?" Tubal tearfully humiliated says, "Nope! I hope not... It was bad!" 'Aqqow passionately kisses him. Surprised, Tubal happily asks, "What's that about?" 'Aqqow lovingly says, "I love it when you finally figure out that I'm right and --you're wrong!" Lamech says sadly frowning, "'Aqqow, I'm so sorry! I really thought God spoke to me.." 'Aqqow interrupts him and self righteously says, "I told you so! You fool, you endangered my family.." Lamech sadly frowns. Gibbor's big cheeked face frowns as he says, "Trip bad! No go!"

Twelve years latter, in Lamech's lonely little igloo. He's sleeping alone on top of his dull furs by the flickering fire in his fire-pit. He hears Asbeel's voice shouts, "Lamech, you are invited to prince Tummaz's royal nineteenth birthday." Vashti's voice happily shouts, "Lamech come now!" Lamech stands up. He puts on his hooded light gray furs. He puts on his thick wooden sandals. He tightly wraps fur around them with strips of animal hides. He puts on primitive thick dark fur gloves. He pulls his furry hood over his long graying brown hair that has a thick white streak down the middle. He slowly walks out. He shivers as the cruel chilling winds blow strongly against his wrinkled brown face and long beard. He looks up at Asbeel and Vashti. They're standing on top of a circular silver platform floating a knee length above the snow. They're in a pink semitransparent sphere around them. Asbeel is dressed in his iridescent white ankle length skirt. It's hemline curves up in the middle and his iridescent white cape like collar has glowing pink trim and a fist size glowing pink jewel in it's lower front. The silver disc behind him is more than half a tall man around. His glowing golden halo crown is on top of his long black hair. Vashti is dressed in her ankle length, long sleeved silver gown. She's wearing a thick brown fur coat over her shoulders. Her long pointed silver cap is on top of

her shoulder length gray hair. Her yellowish tan wrinkled face gently smiles. Asbeel's warm light brown face kindly smiles as he says, "Shields down..." The large pink sphere around them vanishes. Asbeel says, "Step on up..." Shivering, Lamech steps way up. Cold winds howl. Asbeel gently says as, "Shields up..." The pink sphere appears around them. It becomes wonderfully warm. Puzzled, Lamech says, "I've never been invited before. Why now?" The strong freezing wind howls. Vashti says cheerfully, "King Semejaza wants people to get to meet their prince..."

Lamech asks, "Are we going now?" Vashti crosses her arms tightly and says, "Yes, we are..." In the distance, he see Kasdeja and Chashaq inside a semitransparent purple sphere floating high around them on his silver disc. Lamech points towards them and curiously asks, "What's Kasdeja doing?" Asbeel fearfully says, "He protects me..." Lamech timidly asks, "From what?" Vashti angrily says, "Don't ask!" Lamech backs down.

They quickly float up over the icy plains. They travel to the village near the great mountain where many merchants gather. A huge light purple dome is near where the merchants gather. Many sons of God are on their fiery floating discs around the dome. Despite the hash winds, terrible cold, and heavy snow, big crowds have gathered outside the dome. They snuggling around lot of blazing bond fires. Asbeel floats near one bond fire where a large group of Algae worshipers wearing their green hooded robes. The dark Algae priest holds up his algae covered yellowish green staff. He shouts as his many followers repeat after him, "Algae become greater... Algae becomes greater... Algae become greater!" Asbeel, Vashti and Lamech watch him. His dark wrinkled face is mostly covered by his long light gray beard. He raises his algae covered staff and shouts hatefully, "Enough! --The false sons of God, the demons of the infinite sea oppress us.. They shall be swept away in utter torment! The Algae shall avenge us!" Asbeel, Vashti, and Lamech float down to about a knee's height above the ground, and float near him. Vashti waves her hands and respectfully asks, "Algae priest, may I talk to you?" The dark Algae priest raises his hand. His followers hush as he shouts, "Vashti, I will not speak to you in that bubble.." Irritated, Asbeel says, "Shields down..." Their nearly transparent pink sphere vanishes. Lamech and Vashti shiver from the cold winds. Vashti looks down at him as she respectfully says with frosted breath, "Algae priest, we could work together for a better world..." His dark

eyes frown hatefully at her. The dark Algae priest bitterly says, "Vashti, the lair, --I'm an Algae priest Naqan(5358)" Offended, Asbeel says, "Respect my wife!" Naqan slams his algae cover staff down on the icy ground with a thump. He bitterly asks, "Asbeel, will you kill me like Kasdeja killed my children so many years ago?" Embarrassed, Asbeel says, "Not if you're peaceful..." Naqan shouts up at him, "I'm peaceful!" His dark eyes tear up as he points up at Kasdeja. Naqan sorrowfully says, "I see Kasdeja! He killed innocent Algae worshippers for nothing!" Vashti looks guilty.

Lamech nervously asks, "What about the poison boomerang Vashti found in the hand of their priest?" Naqan hatefully stares. A strong wind causes the bond fire to wildly flicker. Naqan pauses and shouts with frosted breath, "The boomerang was Vashti's! My children die! She lied!"

Shocked, Lamech nervous says, "That can't be true!" Vashti begins to say, "Naqan, ---" Naqan furiously interrupts her, "Vashti, the lair... Demons will torment you --forever... Liar!" Heavy snow falls from the gray stormy sky. Naqan and his many followers walk away from the raging bond fire in the very bitter cold. They chant, saying in unison, "Algae becomes greater! Algae becomes greater! Algae becomes greater..." Asbeel says, "Shields up!" The pink semitransparent sphere appears around them. As they warm up, Lamech sadly asks, "Vashti, is that true?" Asbeel looks deeply hurt as he asks, "How dare you ask my wife that?" Vashti's wrinkled yellowish tan face painfully looks at him as she says, "Some things had to be..." Lamech bows his head and asks, "Why?" Asbeel sadly says, "If she hadn't, many more would of died..."

They float towards one of the dome's three large arched entrances. The freezing winds and falling snow blow strongly against the pink semitransparent sphere. Under the arch, a large entrance opens up briefly. They float inside the dome. They hear festive music. The pink semitransparent sphere around them vanishes. Two servants dressed in long white robes walk up to them and say, "Please hand us your outer furs..." Lamech takes off his outer furs. Vashti takes off her brown fur coat and hands it to the servants. Her fancy silver wedding necklace is around her neck. Lamech walks away from them. He looks down at the shiny white floor. He looks up and around at the crowded light purple dome. He sees Gibbor towering over everyone in the crowd, wearing his long white furs. Tubal and 'Aqqow are by him. Tubal tightly holds his bronze walking

stick. He's dressed in his fancy purple robe and his purple turban. 'Aqqow is dressed in her elegant long blue gown and blue bonnet. Lamech says, "You're all here!" Gibbor's two huge ears wobble including the one that was half eaten. Gibbor happily says, "Lamech, friend!" He briefly picks Lamech up and hugs him. 'Aqqow happily says, "What a wonderful place! The ceiling is so high that my son can stand up strait..." Lamech says, "The music is great too..." Tubal smiles as he says, "My brother Jubal plays great music..." 'Aqqow excitedly asks, "Lamech, have you seen Hephaestus's statue?" Lamech scratches his head and says, "No..." Tubal says bitterly, "Don't bother... It's second rate..." 'Aqqow's hazel eyes sparkle as she says, "Actually it's quite beautiful..." Tubal childishly frowns. Lamech turns around and see his parents waving to him. Lamech says, "I see you later..." Gibbor says, "Bye... Bye."

Lamech walks over to his parents. Methusleh is wearing light weight gray furs leaning on his spear. His very plump wife is wearing her brown furs. Lamech happily says, "Good to see you both..." Mother Qoph smiles warmly as she asks, "Son, have you ever seen such a warm beautiful place?" Lamech smiles back and says, "The crystal palace..." Mother Qoph's light green eyes look please as she says, "It's beautiful too..."

Methuselah hopefully asks, "Son, found a good woman yet?" Lamech looks downcast as he says, "I'm not looking..." Qadash slowly limps up behind him using her staff and says playfully, "Too bad! You're still handsome in a sloppy sort of way..." Lamech turns around. Wearing her light weight gray furs, she looks like a thin version of Mother Qoph. She's even grown out her pure white hair. Lamech cheerfully says, "Hi, Qadash.." Mother Qoph walks up to hugs her and asks, "Qadash, is our sister One here too?" One runs up behind them and hugs them both. Their light green eyes sparkle. One cheerfully says, "We three cleaning qophs are all here!" She looks just like Qadash excepts her white hair is very short.

Methuselah smiles as he says, "Long time no see, qophs..." Irritated, Qadash says, "Methuselah, the sloppy husband... Wow, your son is even sloppier than you..." Methuselah frowns. One stares at crumbs on Lamech's furs and asks, "How filthy? Maybe that's why Gazzah left you..."

Mother Qoph angrily says, "No, she left him because she's bad!" Qadash and One straitening out Lamech's long graying brown hair. They removes each tiny crumbs from his gray furs. Embarrassed, One says, "Seven, I'm

sorry...." Qadash kindly says, "Lamech, you really need to clean up to attract women..." Suddenly, he sees Gazzah walking towards him with her hunchback husband Hephaestus by her side. She's dressed in her long fancy, long sleeved, silky red gown. She is wearing a red bonnet over most of her long graying black hair. Hephaestus is dressed in shiny purple robes. He has a purple turban over his long dark gray hair. He limps along using his shiny golden walking stick that top is molded like a goat's head.

Lamech, starring at his ex-wife, says depressed, "I love you..." Qadash says encouragingly, "Love someone new!" Lamech stares at Gazzah's beautiful slightly wrinkled brown face. She smiles at him. Gazzah warmly says, "Lamech, I hope you're doing well..." Mother Qoph frowns at her as she whispers loudly, "Adulterer..." Methuselah holds his spear tightly.

Lamech tearfully asks, "Gazzah, why did you leave me?" Hephaestus's crimson squinted eyes look at him with contempt as he says, "Grow up! Thou art such a loser!" One looks closely at Hephaestus's neat shiny purple clothes and says happily, "At least Hephaestus is clean..." Mother Qoph shouts, "He despicable!" Hephaestus's gray bearded yellowish tan face frowns as he says, "Boo hoo... A pink faced freak doesn't like me..."

Qadash says angrily, "That's rude... Apologize!" Gazzah's beautiful brown face looks displeased as she says, "Hephaestus, apologize..." Hephaestus slowly says like he doesn't mean it, "Forgive me, mother cleaning Qoph..."

Gazzah invitingly says, "Lamech, let me show you something..."

Lamech's narrow face timidly frowns, "Fine..." Mother Qoph frowns and says, "He's not interested..." Methuselah says, "Me neither..." Qadash thumps her staff down and says, "No thanks..." One says cheerfully, "I want to see it..." Gazzah cheerfully says, "Then come..." Lamech and One follow Gazzah. Hephaestus limps behind them using his golden staff. They walk towards a large statue in the middle of the dome. They see that behind this beautiful statue of Tummuz are many rows of long colorful semitransparent tables and long benches that curve around the a glowing white stage at the back of the dome. Near there, Jubal is energetically playing his golden harp dressed in his black leather robe and turban. From a distance, he looks like his brother Tubal except Jubal's face has no scars and he has a thick white beard. His band of four beautiful young girls, dressed in light colorful sleeveless gowns are playing their flashing cymbals. Each girl's cymbal flashes a different bright color when she hits it

with her palms of her gentle hands. There is an aisle in the middle, a shiny golden path between the long tables and benches on either side, down to the stage which is about a tall man's height above. They see that the part of the front table on the right side by the aisle is bigger like it was designed for a giant guest. Lamech, One, Gazzah, and Hephaestus listen to the festive music. They walk up by the statue of Tammuz which is on top of a circular steel iron base that is about half as tall as a man. Gazzah bends down, puts her arms around her hunchback husband's shoulders as she says, "You've outdone yourself!" Lamech looks up at the finely detail large, life-size, steel iron statue of the very handsome Tammuz, standing there holding a lamb in his left arm and a shepherd's staff in his right hand. One looks up in wonder and says, "Wow, he's handsome!" Hephaestus's happily squinted crimson eyes stare up at his own shiny steel iron statues. His wrinkle face smiles widely behind his gray goatee beard. Hephaestus boastfully laughs and says, "Behold, mine great statue!" Lamech tearfully says, "Hephaestus, you're almost as good as Tubal..." Gazzah angrily says, "Don't insult my husband!" Irritated, Lamech says, "I was your husband..." Hephaestus frowns at him. Gazzah angrily says, "Lamech, you're such a loser!" He breaks down in tears. One hugs him and says, "Gazzah, you're are such a jerk!" Hephaestus laughs and says, "See, cleaning qophs really are pink faced freaks..." Gazzah and Hephaestus walks away. One walks away.

Lamech sees an elderly woman with shoulder length thinning white hair whose happily squinted brown eyes look his way. Her much wrinkled thin yellowish tan face smiles at him. She walks to him wearing her ankle length light green gown with long sleeves. She has her wedding necklace around her throat. An elderly but still handsome man with a long light gray beard looks over at her with his squinted eyes. He walks after her, dressed in his long white robe. He's got a pure white turban over his neatly groomed long light gray hair. He curiously asks, "Raanan, where are you going?" Raanan looks back at him and excitedly says, "Chokmah, that's Methuselah's son... See that big white streak down the middle of his hair.."

Chokmah walks up to him and happily says, "Lamech, it's an honor to finally see you again..." Lamech shyly smiles back at him and happily asks, "Raanan and Chokmah, how long has it been?" Raanan hugs him briefly and says, "Too long..." Chokmah's yellowish tan face smiles as he says, "Lamech, you've grown up!" Lamech's sad brown eyes looks down as he

says, "More like grown old..." Raanan sadly smiles and says, "You're not too old yet... Are your parents here?" Lamech says, "Yes, follow me..." He walks to the other side of the dome. His parents see them coming. Using his spear, Methuselah rushes over to them and says, "Raanan, my sister! Chokmah... Welcome..." Raanan sweetly says as she hugs him, "Yes brother..." Mother Qoph hugs her and says, "Raanan, good to see you... How's your family doing?" Raanan happily says, "Our grandchildren are all married now with children of their own..." Mother Qoph asks, "Is your brother Letaah and his wife Zemorah here too?" Raanan says with a little laugh, "They're here... Somewhere.."

The festive music stops. Lamech hear a ram's horn loudly blown. They walk towards the huge glowing white stage that is about a man's height above the dome's shiny white floor. Lamech see a spotlight shining down on a thin man standing on the stage holding his large ram's horn in his hands. His long black beard is rather bushy. He is dressed in a long sleeveless golden robe and he is wearing a golden polar bear's head on top his long black braided hair. His friendly dark face smiles widely. The man blows his ram's horn six more times with all his might. He cheerfully shouts, "Honored guests, I am Chartom, chief of the Bear tribe... Prince Tammuz's nineteenth birthday celebration begins..." The crowd cheers. At the back of the stage, Jubal and his band dance and play festive music. Lamech, his parents, Raanan, Chokmah and many others walks down the golden aisle by the many long colorful semitransparent tables that curve around the large stage. Chartom happily says, "Methuselah, son of Enoch, king Semjaza summons you to bless the royal family!" Another spotlight shines down on Methuselah. The crowd cheers. Twelve wide glowing white steps come out from the front of the stage. A spotlight follows Chartom stepping down the stairs and walking towards them. Mother Qoph happily hugs her husband. Methuselah stands up leaning on his long spear. Raanan and Chokmah are excited. The crowd sits down on the long benches behind the long tables. Lamech sees Tubal and his family walk to the front table on the right side. Gibbor sits down on the large bench behind the semitransparent blue table that is the right size for him. Tubal and 'Aqqow sit down next to him. Lamech, mother Qoph, Raanan, and Chokmah sits down together on the right behind a long semitransparent

green table. Chartom walks up to Methuselah as the spotlights follows him.

Chartom respectfully says, "Methuselah, may I help you..." Chartom gently helps Methuselah slowly walks to the stage. Jubal and his band play inspiring music. Methuselah kindly says, "Chartom, thank you..." He slowly limps up the stairs to the glowing white stage above. Two spotlights shine down on them. Chartom puts his right arm around his shoulders and says, "Let's hear it for Methuselah, son of Enoch!" The crowd cheers.

Chartom's dark face happily smiles as he says, "Honored guests, I, Chartom, cheif of the Bear tribe, happily announce that prince Tammuz will make his first public appearance!" Chartom happily shouts, "Asbeel and Vashti, welcome the royal family!" The crowd cheers wildly. A spotlight shines down on Asbeel and Vashti. They float up high above the crowd on his silver disc to near the top of the dome. His friendly light brown face smiles excitedly as he points up. Asbeel happily shouts, "Behold, the royal family!" Vashti smiles cheerfully as she shouts, "Let's celebrate!" The crowd cheers louder. Jubal and his band play royal sounding music.

Methuselah looks up. Chartom spreads his muscular arms wide. At the top of the light purple dome, a large circular entrance with glaring bright white ring around it opens up as snow pours down from it. A floating five pointed star shape golden platform inside a huge semitransparent yellow sphere descends through the entrance on top along with Kasdeja, Yerach, and Chashaq. They're standing on his floating silver disc in a semitransparent purple sphere. The snow stops pouring in when the entrance at the top closes up and vanishes. The spheres around the star shape platform and Kasdeja's disc vanish. Spotlights shine at those descending. Yerach's extremely long dark gray braided hair hangs neatly over the back of her ankle length metallic green sleeveless gown. Her kind dark face sadly smiles as her dark green eyes look nervously around. Kasdeja is dressed in his ankle length iridescent white skirt and his very broad iridescent white cape like collar that has glowing purple trim and his fist sized glowing purple jewel on his collar's lower front. As always, his glowing golden halo crown is on top of his long black braided hair. He is very skinny but muscular. His right arm is tightly around Yerach's shoulders. His dark, narrow, almost skull like face and coal black eyes looks sadly at her. On the floating golden platform, prince Tammuz holds a baaing black lamb in his

left arm. He is standing between king Semjaza and queen Ashtoreth.

Chashaq, Kadeja's three headed dire wolf bows before her. The dark gray beast has a glowing purple collar around each of its three furry necks. A large spotlight shines on them. Ashtoreth waves to the huge crowd. Many shout over and over, "Prince Tammuz... Tammuz... Tammuz... Prince Tammuz!" He's head and shoulders taller than Semjaza. The prince is thin for his great size but he's very muscular. He is dressed in his knee length silky orange sleeveless robe. He wears a golden crown on top of his long smooth reddish brown hair. His youthful beardless tan face is so handsome that all woman who look up at him sigh. His gentle pinkish brown eyes looks gracefully down at everyone there. His plumb royal mother is dressed in her ankle length, long sleeved metallic red gown. She's wearing a long metallic red cone cap on top of her very short curvy reddish brown hair except her long hair hanging over her sloped forehead. Her crystal pink eyes look somberly around. Her fancy silver wedding necklace is snugly around her neck. Ever youthful looking Semjaza is dressed like always and his glowing golden halo crown on top his head. The top of his large golden disc is seen right behind his long smooth black hair. His disc is attached to the lower back of his collar. Both Asbeel's and Kasdeja's discs gently lands on top of the huge stage. Chartom and Methuselah bows their heads low. Chartom shouts, "Quiet! Bow your heads before our great king!" The crowd calms. They stop shouting, "Prince Tammuz...

Tammuz.. Prince Tammuz..." The crowd bows their heads. They becomes quiet. Chartom and Methuselah turns towards Semjaza. He steps down from the platform, and walks to them. Semjaza look down as his beardless yellowish tan face smiles graciously. Semjaza happily says, "Chartom, my friend! Thank you for hosting my son's birthday... Lift your head!"

Chartom lifts his head, smiles and says, "My pleasure, king Semjaza!"

They hug each other. The crowd cheers. Jubal and his band stop playing.

Semjaza gently says, "Methuselah, bless us today!" Leaning on his spear, Methuselah says somberly, "King Semjaza, I'm honored to bless your son, prince Tammuz..." Two servants dressed in white hooded robes walk onto the stage. A floating golden altar floats by them. One servant is holding a small baaing brown lamb in his arms. The other holds a golden knife. The twelve steps come out of the stage. The servants step up onto

the stage as the floating golden altar follows them. They walk up by Methuselah. The golden altar gently descend to the stage floor. Tammuz looks distressed at the baaing brown lamb. Semjaza forcefully says, "Methuselah, sacrifice this lamb to God and bless us!" One servant hands him a golden knife. Methuselah solemnly says, "Yes, King Semjaza..."

One servant hands Semjaza the little brown lamb. The king grabs the small lamb. He grabs the lamb by the top of it's head. Methuselah sadly says, "O Lord God, all life comes from you... We offer you this lamb's blood to seek your forgiveness and grace... Lord God, bless prince Tammuz.." He cuts the little brown lamb's throat as the lamb jerks and screams. Tammuz puts his hand over his eyes. His black lamb cries. Methuselah puts some of the lamb's blood on the horns of the altar and pours the rest into it's base. Methuselah sadly says, "God bless the royal family... Let it be." After he properly prepares the lamb and burns it's proper parts on the golden altar, it fills the dome with a pleasant odor. Semjaza says lovingly, "Prince Tammuz, and queen Ashtoreth, kneel!" Chashaq howls. Ashtoreth points to Chashaq and says, "Quiet!" Chashaq silently lays down. Except for the gentle baaing of Tammuz's lamb, there is silence. Tammuz put his lamb down. They steps down from the platform and walks down to the king.

Chartom kneels on his knees before them. With Semjaza standing between them, both the queen and the prince kneel down on their knees.

Looking at Methuselah, Semjaza sternly says, "Bless us!" The king kneels down on his knees. Leaning on his spear, Methuselah bows his head, his aged hands come prayerfully together as he says hopefully, "Lord God, we praise you! Draw the royal family close to you so that they may serve you..." He puts his hand on the king's forehead. Methuselah solemnly says, "God bless king Semjaza with righteousness!" Methuselah, walks over to puts his hand gently on the queen's reddish brown hair covering her sloped forehead as he says, "God bless queen Ashtoreth with peace!" He limps over and puts his hand on Tammuz's large smooth forehead. Methuselah happily says, "And God bless prince Tammuz with love! God bless the royal family! Let it be! Now rise..." They slowly stands back up. Tammuz gently picks up his baaing black lamb and holds it in his left arm. Chartom stands up and shouts, "God bless the royal family!" The crowd cheers. Twelve glowing white stairs come out of the stage. Chartom helps Methuselah walk down the stairs and takes him to

where his son is sitting. Chartom walks back up onto the stage and shouts, "Let hear it for Methuselah..." The crowd cheers. Semjaza looks up proudly at Tammuz and says, "God bless you, son!" Jubal and his band play royal sounding music. Tammuz gently pets his baaing black lamb. Ashtoreth proudly looks up at her very tall handsome son. She gently smiles. The music stops. Ashtoreth excitedly says, "Happy birthday, son! Tammuz greet your people..." He bends down holding his cute lamb. He briefly hug his mother. Tammuz smiles and says, "Love you mom!" He ignores his father and shakes Chartom's hand. Tammuz says, "Chartom, begin!" Chartom gladly says, "Behold, prince Tammuz!" Semjaza happily says, "Happy nineteenth birthday son... I love you!" Semjaza hugs his very tall son. Tammuz's cute lamb baas. He looks uncomfortably out at the huge crowd sitting behind two sections of long colorful semitransparent tables. Tammuz says shyly, "Thanks for coming... Let's eat!" Jubal and his girls play festive music.

Semjaza sternly says, "Stop!" The music stops. Semjaza happily says, "Before we eat, I want my son to meet a hero... Gibbor the mighty, come on up!" The crowd cheers. Jubal and his band play heroic music. Queen Ashtoreth frowns hatefully. Lameh looks at Gibbor sitting at the extra large part of the right front table and bench. Gibbor stands up, and walks over to the stage. Tubal, and 'Aqqow cheer for him. Many in the crowd shout repeatedly, "Gibbor... The mighty... Gibbor... The mighty..." Others shout repeatedly, "Prince Tammuz... Tammuz... Tammuz... Prince Tammuz" Six thick white steps come out of the front of the stage so Gibbor can easily steps up onto the stage. Chartom spread his arms wide and shouts, "Welcome Gibbor, the mighty..." The music stops. Semjaza calmly says, "Quiet..." The crowd hushes. Gibbor wobbles up to the prince. The king shakes one of Gibbor's over-sized hands. Semjaza cheerfully says, "Gibbor, meet Prince Tammuz!" Ashtoreth puts her right hand over eyes as the king walks up on platform and turns towards the crowd. As tall as the prince is, Gibbor is a large head and neck taller than him. Tammuz nervously looks up at him. Tammuz says timidly, "Hi, Gibbor..." Gibbor claps his hands together and says, "Happy birthday, friend! Cute lamb..." Tammuz gently pets his black lamb and says, "Yes, Yapheh (beautiful 3303) is a very cute..." Gibbor playfully smiles as he carefully pets Yepheh and says, "Gibbor love Yepheh!" Tammuz nervously asks, "Gibbor, anything

you like to say to everyone?" Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Love God, love others, --do good!" The crowd cheers. Some shout, "Gibbor the mighty... Gibbor, the wise!" Ashtoreth angrily shakes her head. Tammuz asks, "Gibbor, want to eat?" Gibbor pats his over-sized stomach and excitedly says, "Gibbor hungry!" Tammuz happily says, "Let's eat..." The crowd cheers wildly. Jubal and his band play festive music. Many shout, "Prince Tammuz, prince Tammuz..." Gibbor jumps down from the stage making a loud thump. He sits down by the extra large bench by the end of this table.

Tammuz walks up on the platform with Semjaza on his right and Ashtoreth on his left. He turns to face the crowd. Chartom says cheerfully, "Servants, bring out all the great food..." The smell of delicious foods fills the dome. On top of the star shape platform, right in front of the royal family, a long golden table seems to magically appear coming up from the platform. Eight very fancy colorful crystal chairs with high backs appear coming up behind them. Ashtoreth politely says, "Asbeel and Vashti, Kasdeja and Yerach, and Chartom, come, sit down with us at the royal table..." Asbeel's disc float to and lands on the royal family's right side while Kasdeja's disc float to and lands on the royal family's left side.

Asbeel and Vashti step off his silver disc onto the platform. Kasdeja and Yerach do the same. Asbeel's disc floats away. Kasdeja's disc does the same. Asbeel and Vashti walk over to the royal table. Vashti sits down on the silver crystal chair at Semjaza's right. Asbeel sits down on the pink crystal chair at Vashti's right. Chartom sits down on the white crystal chair, at Asbeel's right. Yerach walks to the royal table and sits down on the green crystal chair at Ashtoreth's left. Kasdeja says, "Chashaq, come!" The large dark gray beast's stand up against him as it's long bushy tail wags. He hugs his furry wolf as it's three elongated heads take turns licking his dark smiling face. Kasdeja walks to the royal table. Chashaq follows. Kasdeja says, "Lay down!" Chashaq goes over to the left of the table and obediently lays down by him. Tammuz is standing between Ashtoreth on his left and Semjaza on his right. Ashtoreth gracefully sits down on her pink crystal chair. Tammuz sits down on his orange crystal chair. Semjaza says, "Let the feast begin!" He sits down on his yellow crystal chair. Servants dress in white robes walk up onto the stage and bring out colorful crystal plates

filled with fruits, flat bread, steaming vegetables, nuts, and clear crystal goblets filled with red wine for the royal family.

The servant bring out small plates filled with fruits, flat bread, vegetables, and nuts. They also place large clear crystal goblets full of red wine. The servants take the food out and give it to the crowd. The crowd eats with their hands and drinks wine from their goblets. After eating, Methuselah curiously asks, "Raanan, do you still have bad dreams?" She looks nervous. Mother Qoph curiously asks, "Why are you asking?" Methuselah slowly says, "Her dreams often seem to predict the future..." Chokmah gently smiles as he says, "My lovely wife has peaceful dreams now.." Lamech hopefully asks, "So Raanan, no bad dreams?" Her squinted brown eyes look embarrassed. Raanan shyly says, "I had a dream that I didn't tell my husband about..." Chokmah asks concerned, "What dream?" Disturbed, Raanan slowly says, "I dreamed.. A dark night... A mother steps out of an igloo, holding her crying baby... A white owl swoops down, grabs her baby and flies away! The mother screams..." Mother Qoph's light green eyes tear up as she says, "O-what a horrible dream..." Chokmah brown eyes look distressed as he says, "Let's not talk about it..."

Lamech curiously asks, "Raanan, what was it like before Enoch adopted you?" Raanan frowns as she says, "I lived in the holy cave with my dying father and my older brother Letaah... This goofy guy Enoch and a wealthy jerk brought us the most wonderful food ever... O-how my father, Letaah and me feasted! I can still taste it... Our father died..."

Enoch's wife talked Enoch into adopting us... They loved us!" Lamech tearfully says, "Mehetabel, --I miss her so..." Mother Qoph sadly says, "When you were little, Mehetabel showed you how to play with mud! How sickeningly filthy! I also hated her calling me creepy girl but now --I miss her..." Lamech frowns as he angrily says, "But Enoch let her die!"

Methuselah says sadly, "Son, he had his reasons..." Lamech angrily says, "Sure, he did!" Raanan sweetly says, "Enoch loved Metetabel very much!"

Lamech curiously asks, "Raanan, what was Enoch like?" Ranaan fondly says, "He was a good father, --except when he spanked me... I was very afraid I would never marry... He arranged for me to marry Chen's handsome son Chokmah. He's a great husband and father!" Chokmah laughs and says, "And we had lots and lots of children..." Raanan and

Chokmah happily kiss each other. Raanan gently laugh and says, "And grandchildren, and great grandchildren..."

After they finish eating, the servants take away all the crystal dishes and goblets. Sitting at his golden royal table, Semjaza smiles and says, "Chartom, proceed!" Chartom briefly bows his head and says, "Yes, king Semjaza..." Chartom stands up as the white crystal chair behind him sinks down into the huge golden platform. He walks to the front of the stage, and spreads his arms wide. Chartom happily says, "Honored guests, the royal dance shall begin..." Jubal and his band play romantic music. The royal family smiles. A spotlight shines down on and follows an extremely tall dark woman entering the dome by the arch opposite the stage. She's dressed in a beautiful ankle length sleeveless dark green metallic gown and wears a pair of forearm length dark metallic green gloves. She's wearing a dark green metallic long cone cap over her long black braided hair.

Chartom's dark friendly face gently smiles behind his long black bushy beard as he says, "But first I would like to introduce you to Shemrith, daughter of Kasdeja and Yerach..." The crowd cheers. Gibbor smiles, and says, "She pretty..." Six thick steps slide out of the stage. Shemrith steps up onto the stage. The steps slide back into the stage. Chartom looks way up at her and happily says, "Shemrith, you look lovely..." He bows briefly before her. Kasdeja and Yerach stand up. Their color crystal chairs sink down behind them. They walk to the stage as Chashaq follows them.

Yerach nervously says, "Chashaq, stay!" The three headed dire wolf's purple collars glow and it crawls back. Yerach and Kasdeja stand on each side of their giant daughter. She bows down, puts her arms around her parent's shoulders and hugs them. Her youthful dark face smiles as she says emotionally, "Father Kasdeja, mother Yerach, I'm thilled to be here..."

Kasdeja's coal black eyes lovingly looks up at his daughter as he softly says, "Girl..." Yerach joyfully says, "Shemrith, I can't believe how fast you have grown up..." Tammuz stands up. His orange crystal chair sinks down.

He picks up Yapheh off the floor of the platform and holds his lamb with his left arm. The crowd cheers. He walks over to Shemrith who is even taller than him. Kasdeja, Yerach and Chartom bow their heads before the prince and say together, "Prince Tammuz, happy nineteenth birthday!" His black lamb happily baas. Chartom looks quite please. Tammuz lovingly looks over at Shemrith's kind black eyes as he merrily says, "Happy

birthday, indeed!" They walk back to the royal table. Their colorful chairs quickly rises up behind them as they sit down. Yerach and Kasdeja sadly smiles. Tammuz looks lovingly up at Shemrith with his pinkish brown eyes and gently holds one of her gloved covered hands. He pulls her hand close to his lamb. She gently pets his lamb. Shemrith laughs and says, "Put Yephah down..." He does. Tammuz longingly asks, "Shemrith, shall we dance?" Shemrith emotionally says, "I can't wait to dance with you..." Semjaza stands up and shouts, "Not yet son, more guests have just arrived..." Ashtoreth sniffs the air and frowns. Chartom stands at the edge of the stage ready to greet the late guests.

Lamech sees a bright spotlight shines down by the arch opposite the stage. Jubal and his band plays strangely exciting music. Methuselah nervously holds his spear. Disturbed, Raanan says, "I feel uneasy..."

Chokmah puts his arms around her shoulder and says, "Raanan, relax..."

Annoyed, mother Qoph asks, "Who could they be?" Shocked, Lamech watches the mighty researcher slowly walk into the dome with Naamah, his still beautiful blond wife by his side. Naamah is dressed in her sleeveless, strapless, tight fitting, ankle length, yellow gown. She's wearing her long yellow cone cap is on top of her shoulder length blond hair. Her silver wedding necklace is around her pale neck. Gracefully walking behind them, is their short pale daughter. Her incredibly bright blue eyes shine beneath the silver tiara on top of her long wavy white hair. A sleek gray owl with big blue eyes is on her right side and a fat brown horned owl with creepy gray eyes is on her left side. Above the brown horned owl floats a tiny silver cage with a few mice squealing inside. She's dressed in a long tight fitting, light blue velvet, fancy long sleeved, v-neck style dress with an ankle length sparkling silver cape draped over her small shoulders. Lamech feels her chilling blue eyes stare at him. Around her neck is a silver chained necklace with the beautiful wide oval white stone pendant. It has a strange symbol inscribe in violet, a circle merged on the middle top of a horizontal curved line twice as wide as the circle and that ends curve halfway up the height of the circle.

The crowd cheers. The queen angrily crosses her arms. Mother Qoph looks shocked as she angrily says, "They're suppose to be exiled!"

Methuselah gently combs his wife long white hair with his right hand as he says, "Just keep calm..." Suddenly, Chashaq howls. Kasdeja shouts,

"Quiet!" His beast quietly whines and puts its front paws over its outer two elongated heads. The queen angrily stands up. Her pink eyes stare at the king. Jubal and his band stop playing. The crowd hushes. Ashtoreth bitterly asks, "Semjaza, how dare you bring them back?" She walks over and slaps him. Tammuz and Shemrith stares at them. Tammuz timidly says, "Mother, please..." Semjaza timidly says, "Ashtoreth, it's our son's birthday..." She sits back down hard on her pink crystal chair. She crosses her rigid arms and frowns bitterly. Jubal and his band play the strangely exciting music again. The crowd cheers. Tammuz hugs his shivering lamb and says tenderly, "Yepheh, it's will be alright..." The lamb softly cries.

She buries its little head in his left arm. Shemrith's glove covered hands gently touches the sides of the prince's long smooth reddish brown hair as she asks, "Who is that short girl?" Tammuz nervously says, "Her..." He carries his lamb back to the royal table. Tammuz's handsome face looks worried as he says, "Asbeel, take care of Yapheh..." The prince gently hands his lamb to Asbeel who says, "Sure!" Vashti happily says, "Yes, prince..." As the mighty researcher, Naamah, their daughter, and her owls walk near the stage, twelve wide steps slide out. They slowly steps up onto the well lighted stage. The bright spotlight follows them. Tammuz quickly walks back by Shemrith's side. Jubal and his band stop playing.

The crowd cheers. Dressed in his long sleeveless golden robes, and wearing his golden polar bear head over his long slightly graying black braided hair, Chartom spreads his bare arms wide as he says, "Mighty researcher, Naamah, welcome back!" His handsome pale face smiles as he says, "Chartom, it's all good..." They look up at the prince and cheerfully says, "Happy nineteenth birthday, Tammuz!" Naamah wickedly smiles at the queen and says, "I'm back, love! Remember, ----I'm thy favorite." The queen clinches her fists. The mighty researcher and his wife stop. Their daughter walks past them. Chartom's dark hand gently takes her right hand.

He looks down at her long sharp silver fingernails. He bows down and softly kisses her pale petite hand once. Her father protectively says, "Careful Chartom, she's mine daughter.." Chartom looks up at the prince as he romantically says, "Prince Tammuz, this sweet young lady is Layil..."

The crowd cheers. Her incredible blue eyes looks way up at Tammuz who is twice as tall as her. He bows to looks way down at her roundish pretty pale face. Her rich red lips curves up mischievously. He sees her beautiful

white stone pendant hanging from her silver chain necklace. Tammuz nervously says, "Layil, you may speak..." Layil longingly asks, "Mine prince, wilt thou dance with me?" Tammuz looks way down at her and asks, "Don't you think you're a little small for me?" Layil laughs and lustfully say, "Nay!" The crowd laughs. Shemrith walks up behind him. Tammuz looks over Shemrith's bare shoulders, lovingly looks into her warm black eyes as he says, "Shemrith, --has this dance!" The crowd cheers. Many shout, "Prince Tammuz! Shemrith, the beautiful giant..." Layil's bluer than blue eyes frown, as she forcefully says, "Prince, thou shall dance with me!" Tammuz shakes his head but slowly says, "--Very well, --latter..." Shocked, Shemrith's lovely dark face frowns as she asks, "Why did agree to dance with --her?" Tammuz playfully asks, "Shemrith, are you jealous? Let's dance!" Jubal and his band play romantic music. The crowd wildly cheers. Tammuz holds her close. Layil, her family and her owls turn around and walks down the stage's twelve thin steps. The steps side back into the stage.

Chartom waves as he shouts excitedly, "Now stand up and listen carefully..." The crowd hushes. The music stops. Everyone sitting on the benches stands up. The colorful semitransparent benches and tables magically sink into bright white floor and vanish. Chartom slowly says, "The servants will direct you... Children must stay on the sides of the dome..." Servants dressed in long white hooded robes direct the huge crowd to the sides of the dome. One servant comes over towards them and says, "Everyone who sat in the right five rows follow me..." Everyone who sat on that bench follows the servant to their proper place. As soon as the crowd is settled around the sides of the dome, Semjaza stands up, reaches out his hand and asks, "Queen Ashtoreth, shall we dance?" The queen frowns. Ashtoreth bitterly says, "No! I got a headache..." The kings looks sad and says, "Chartom, proceed..." The king sits back down. Chartom says, "Yes, king Semjaza!" Kasdeja and Yerach stand up. Kesdeja briefly bends down and pets his monster dire wolf as he says, "Sleep..." Chashaq sleeps. Yerach follows Kasdeja as he walks towards Chartom. The queen look over at Asbeel and Vashti playing with Yepheh. Ashtoreth sadly says, "Asbeel, Dance with your lovely wife!" They hand Yepheh to Ashtoreth. Asbeel happily says, "Thanks, queen!" Vashti's squinted brown eyes sparkle as she warmly says, "Queen Ashtoreth, I appreciate this!" Twelve

thin steps side out from the stage. Chartom points to Tammuz's statue and says, "Follow me..."

Chartom walks down the steps to the golden isle, followed by Tammuz, Shemrith, Kasdeja, Yerach, Asbeel and Vashti. They walk near Tammuz's steel iron statue. The crowd cheers. Jubal and his band of dancing girls plays romantic music. Chartom points up to the prince and Shemrith as he happily shouts, "Let the royal dance begin!" A bright spotlight shines down on and follows the extremely tall couple. He gently takes her dark green metallic glove covered hand. They elegantly dance together. A large golden circle appears on the shiny white floor around them. It follows them as they dance around the dome. Kasdeja takes Yerach's nervous hand. They dance as a purple circle appears on the floor around them. They dance around the Tammuz and Shemrith like Kasdeja is guarding the prince. Vashti gently touches Asbeel's long black hair as he loving asks her, "Vashti, shall we dance?" Her much wrinkled yellowish tan face smiles as she looks deeply into his eyes. Vashti longingly says, "Oh Asbeel, yes!" A pink circle appears on the floor around them. They too dance around Tammuz and Shemrith. Chartom lifts his arms up as he happily says, "My favorite wives, Piylegesh and Almah, dance with me!"

Two dark skinned long haired, black women, one really fat and the other very shinny walks to him. Both are dress in knee length metallic white sleeveless dresses. They have their golden wedding necklaces around their necks. The fat one bows, smiles widely and says, "I'm Piylegesh..." The skinny one also bows, smiles and says, "And I'm Almah.." Chartom dances with his two wives. A red circle on the floor appears around them. The circles sometimes touch but don't overlap like there is invisible walls between them. The mighty researcher and Naamah dance. Their circle is light blue. The servants tell more and more couples to join the dance.

Holding his spear, Methuselah awkwardly dances with overly plump wife. Their circle is brown. Mother Qoph watches Tammuz dance with Shemrith as she says, "Look at Tammuz, he's so in love with her..."

Methuselah smiles as he lovingly says, "Seven, I'm still so in love with you!" They dance real close to each other. Raaman smoothly dances with her husband. Their circle is bright green. The white floor begins changing colors in very colorful complex light patterns. Lamech and Gibbor stands by the edge of the dome along with everyone not dancing including Layil

and all the small children. Using his walking stick, Tubal kind of dance with 'Aqqow. Their circle is dark blue. Across the room, Lamech sees Layil's incredible blue eyes staring at him. The romantic music gets louder. The colorful light patterns across the white floor makes everything seem unreal. Suddenly her right hand grabs his left hand tightly. The colorful light patterns makes her short ankle length sparkling silver cape flash different colors. A violet circle appears around them and her owls. The small silver cage floats by them. The music and the light patterns becomes increasingly distorted. He's dancing with her and her owls. They dance wildly around. The distorted color light patterns moving around him makes him dizzy. He feels her sharp fingernails stab the back of his left hand. Layil bitterly laughs and says, "Thy foolish hair looketh like a skunk! -- Yet, at thy word, thy king exiled mine family for eighteen years... I curseth thee!" He screams. He faints. The music stops.

Shivering in utter darkness, he hears Mother Qoph fearfully ask, "Son, what's wrong? You're foaming at the mouth..." Methuselah's voice desperately says, "Lord God, help my son! Lamech, can you hear me? Lord God save him! --Let it be.." Raanan's disturbed voice says, "He looks bad!" Chokmah's voice shouts, "Tammuz, help him!" Tammuz's voice says, "I will heal him!" Shemrith's worried voice says, "Tammuz my love, be careful..." Mother Qoph cries, saying, "O-God, save my only son!" After a pause, Tammuz's teeth chatter as he chillingly says, "Augh, I never felt --so cold and sick..." Shivering, Lamech slowly opens his eyes but everything is out of focus. He feels Tammuz's large left palm over his sweating forehead. Tammuz's pale shivering face slowly comes into focus as he asks, "Lamech, can you see me?" He pick Lamech up and cradles him like a small child in his arms. Lamech wipes the foam off his mouth and shivering says, "Oww-ooo, --I see... ---But I'm --so cold! Cold and empty! Augh... My hand hurts!" He looks at the four small swelling sores where her fingernails stab his hand. The sores glow orange, and quickly heal. Mother Qoph tearfully shouts as she hugs him, "O my son, thank God Tammuz is here!" Shemrith gently says, "Your son will be fine..." Methuselah lifts his spear and emotionally says, "Praise God! Thank you so much! God bless Tammuz!" Tammuz lays Lamech back down on the floor. Lamech see Tubul, 'Aqqow and Gibbor staring at him. Methuselah slowly helps his son stand up. Lamech fearfully asks, "Why did Layil

danced with me?" Mother Qoph hugs him tightly as she asks, "Son, --what are talking about?" Puzzled, Methuselah says, "Son, you didn't dance.... You fainted." Mother Qoph angrily asks, "Where is Layil?" Shemrith points to her on the other side of the room and says, "Way over there with her parents..." Chokmah cheerfully says, "Lamech, maybe you just dreamed about her..." Raanan fearfully says, "No, it's more..."

Layil, her owls, and her parents walks over. The little cage floats behind her. Layil looks way up at Tammuz's very handsome sad face and says, "Mine prince, may we dance?" Mother Qoph, Methuselah, Raanan and Chokmah look upset. Tammuz gently asks, "Lamech, are you alright?" With his family standing by his side, Lamech sickly says, "I feel better..." Tammuz looks way down at her and curiously asks, "Where did you get your owls?" Layil happily says, "Mine parents giveth mine friends to me on mine sixth birthday..." She pets her gray blue eyed owl, running her silver fingernails over it's long feathers. She proudly says, "Lilith, tis mine gorgeous maiden..." Lilith lifts her head and hoots once. Layil pets her brown horned owl as she smugly says, "And Samuel, mine handsome boy..." Samuel lifts his head, looks at Tammuz with his creepy gray eyes. He hoots once. She opens the small silver cage floating by her. The mice inside fearfully squeal. She grabs a white mouse and closes the cage. Naamah nervously says, "Layil, thou shall not feed thy owls here..." Ignoring her mother, Layil happily says, "Behold!" Her father sternly says, "Listen to thy mother!" She throws the squealing mouse up over to Lilith who grabs the mouse in midair with her beak and slowly swallows the mouse down head first. Tammuz and Shemrith looked shocked. The other mice squeal. Layil grabs a squirming squealing black mouse. She closes the small cage, laughs a little and throw this frighten mouse to Samuel. He violently grabs it with his dark beak and slowly gulps the tiny black mouse down head first. Tammuz uncomfortably says, "These poor mice.. Doesn't that disturb you?" Her incredible blue eyes dreamily looks way up at the prince. Layil gleefully asks, "Why? Tis quite exciting!" Shemrith angrily says, "Tis disgusting!" Repulsed, Tammuz says, "Forget the dance, little girl!" Layil bitterly says, "Mine prince, thou promised..." Her father bows before the prince and smoothly says, "Prince Tammuz, graciously forgive my little princess... As a special favor to me, --please dance with her..." Tammuz harshly say, "No!" Queen Ashtoreth shouts, "The prince has

spoken!" The king and his guests stare in silence. Layil tearfully shouts, "Tis not fair! Thy foolish brother Gibbor tis better than thee!" Blue lights flash from inside her chest. She loses her voice, and whimpers like she's got a terrible tummy ache. Her father grabs her. He carries her away as her mother and her owls follow. He calmly says, "Excuse us!" Jubal and his band plays festive music. The mighty researcher and his family quickly walk to an arch. An exit opens and they leave.. Shocked, Shemrith asks, "Tammuz, is Gibbor your older brother?" Speechless, his light pinkish brown eyes tear up.

Tammuz turns towards the king and painfully shouts, asking, "Is Gibbor, --my big brother?" The music stops. Both Semjaza and Ashtoreth stand up. The queen looks scary angry. Semjaza nervously says, "Tammuz, son, ---you've got to understand..." Some in the crowd chant, "Prince Gibbor! Prince Gibbor..." Ashtoreth slaps Semjaza's face hard twice and yells furiously, "You're a disgrace! You had an affair with that whore 'Aqqow.! --Gibbor must die!" She waves her arms. Six nearly transparent pinkish serpent spirits with white eyes shoot out of both her hands. These serpent spirits are half as long as a tall man. Semjaza fearfully says, "Don't hurt Gibbor!" Shocked, Tammuz asks, "Mother what are you doing?"

Shermith angrily says, "My queen, --don't!" Some of the crowd walks away as the serpents spirits fly slithering quickly through the air to attack the fat giant. The serpent spirits crash into him and wraps around his oversized neck, arms and legs. Gibbor fearfully says, "Gibbor, scared.. Flying snakes! Augh.." 'Aqqow screams. The serpent spirits around Gibbor's thick throat are strangling him. Other serpent spirits bite and wrap around each other to wrap around his thick legs and flabby big arms, causing him to falls down on his rear. Gibbor painfully shouts, "Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!"

His mighty arms pulls some serpents spirits wraps around his huge neck off. He rolls over them but that doesn't hurt them. 'Aqqow angrily screams, "Stop hurting my son!" The serpent spirits fly back up and wraps themselves around his thick chubby neck again. Tubal fearfully shouts, "Great king Semjaza, --save Gibbor! --Save our son! The queen is killing him!" Gibbor screams, wiggles around, chokes and crying, asking, "Ouch!

Why hurt Gibbor? Why? Why?" He powerfully pull the serpent spirits off of him. He throws them away but they keep slithering back to bite him and tightly wrap around his bulging throat. Gibbor has tears running down his

chubby cheeks and stringy black beard as he fearfully, shouts, "A-aaugh, good father help Gibbor! Help!" 'Aqqow painfully shouts, "King, save our son! Please!" The king frowns. His yellow jewel glows brightly, and he clinches his fists. Semjaza emotionally shouts, "Enough!" Ashtoreth screams. She floats up in the air and turns upside down. Her cone cap falls to the floor. An unseen power twists her limbs in very uncomfortably ways. Tammuz runs to his mother's side and shouts, "Father stop hurting my mother! --I beg you!" The twelve serpent spirits stop attacking Gibbor and fly strait towards the king. A yellow semitransparent sphere appears around the king as the serpent spirits crash into it. Lightning like sparks blasts the serpent spirits back away from his sphere. About half of them blow up and vanish. The other serpent spirits circle around the sphere. Tammuz shouts, "Please stop hurting my mother!" The king stares at Ashtoreth hanging upside-down painfully screaming as her plumb body is being twisted in even more unnatural ways. Ashtoreth humiliated cries, shouting, "Augh-ow, ow! --I --surrender..." The serpent spirits fly back and enters into her. The king points at her as he furiously shouts, ""Not even my queen, --nor my son, --can question my divine right to do as I please!" The king's yellow jewel dims, his sphere vanishes. The unseen power turns Ashtoreth upright and gently lays her down. Furious, Tammuz walks up to him and tearfully shouts, "You are the worst demon... I hate you --so much!" Tammuz weeps as his father bows his head in shame. Tammuz helps his mother stand up. They cry together. Shemrith gently puts her arms around Tammuz's shoulders as she says, "Tammuz, --I'm here for you!" Her bare shoulder briefly touches his weeping face causing a purple spark and a tiny black puff of smoke. Tubal and 'Aqqow help Gibbor gets up. 'Aqqow weeps and says, "Gibbor, mother here. Mother love Gibbor.. You will be --fine." Gibbor fearfully say, "Gibbor hurts.. Gibbor go!" He, 'Aqqow and Tubal leave. Chartom's narrow, usually happy dark face frowns as he says to everyone left, "The party is over!" The servants hand everyone back their outer furs. Asbeel and Vashti get on their platform, and float by us. Asbeel sadly says, "We'll take you home..." Vashti says, "This is beyond horrible! I should of known." Lamech looks back. Tammuz hugs his crying mother tightly.

A new moon latter, morning, during an icy blizzard. Lamech sits in his igloo, wearing his light gray furs, heating his hands over his fire-pit. He

hears wolf dogs growl. Tubal's voice cheerfully shouts, "Let's find that hot paradise..." Lamech says, "Come on in..." Tubal limps in opening the curtain using his walking stick. He's wearing his heaviest dark gray furs, his long gray heavy fur boots, and his thick furry gloves. Lamech looks at him and asks, "What did you say?" Tubal proudly says, "We're going to the steaming grounds." Shocked, Lamech asks, "But last time?" Tubal rubs his long white goatee beard as he says arrogantly, "We were close... Don't worry!" Lamech nervously asks, "How do you know?" Tubal proudly says, "I have faith! Last night I dreamed that I must take you to the steaming grounds." Lamech nervously asks, "Where's Gibbor?"

Embarrassed, Tubal says, "Aqqow shouted at me... Gibbor not go! She jokingly told me that---if I left... She'll run off with a young handsome man that doesn't look for places that don't exist! She also told me, --Tubal, --you're too old! --I looked back longingly at her and boldly said, 'Aqqow, I love you but --I'm not too old to obey God... Gibbor, take good care of your mother.'" Lamech timidly asks, "Do you you have enough supplies?"

Tubal says, "I fills my sledge with lots of supplies, including a four large goat carcasses for the wolf dogs to eat, knives, hatchets, other metal tools, a large metal pots, some rods, and several large bags of nuts and grains plus clay jars." Lamech nervously asks, "Got your magic blue needle?" Tubal pulls out the red bowl and shows him the blue needle balance in the center.

Lamech nervously says, "Then let's go!" He gets dress in his heavy gray hooded furs. He puts on his wooden sandals, wraps them in heavy furs and ties them on with strips of animal hides. They steps out into the deep snow.

They steps into the snow covered sledge. They sits down next to each other. As heavy sharp snowflakes blows against Tubal's pale scared, much wrinkled, white goatee bearded face, he says with frosted breath, "Wolf dogs go!" He hits the backs of his wolf dogs with a long strip of animal hide. The wolf dogs slowly pull them through the thick snow and over an icy hill, then another and another and another.

A while before sunset, the snow stops. The clouds clear so the sun shines brightly down on them but it's still cold. Tubal says with frosted breath, "I'll start a fire." They gather broken branches and wipe off the snow on them. They make a large pile and surround it with rocks. Lamech says, "Got your flints?" Tubal says, "Sure, but I want to try something."

Lamech curiously asks, "What?" Tubal picks up a rather large chunk of

nearly clear ice shaped like a saucer and says, "I made this earlier." He takes off his primitive gloves and wipes the ice saucer chunk with his warm hands to melt the surface of the ice and makes it very clear. He set up his rods over the sticks to make a little stand. He puts the clear ice on the stand and focuses the sun's rays on the dry grass on top of the pile of sticks and says excitedly, "Watch this!" Tubal spreads some dried grass over the sticks. Tubal puts his gloves on. After a while, the intensely bright spot of the focused sun's rays cause the grass to smoke. It slowly catches on fire.

Soon the pile of sticks burn too. The fire grows. Lamech stares at the fire in amazement and asks, "More magic?" Tubal says, "I brilliantly figured out that clear ice can be shape to focus the sun's rays to start fires... But it only works on sunny days... I need something for cloudy days and nights!" The fire flickers wildly because of the freezing winds, but it does not go out...

Tubal fills a greening bronze pot with snow. He puts the pot up on the rods over the fire, and waits for the snow to melt within the pot. He takes the steaming pot, pours some hot water into two clay bowls. They thirstily sipped up the water. He also give his wolf dogs water to drink. He puts one of the goat carcasses over the fire to thaw it. He cuts it into long strips with a long sharp bronze knife and feeds the slices to his six hungry wolf dogs. They sleep under thick furs. They wake up when the sun colorfully rose over the rough icy horizon on this sunny day. Tubal looked down to look at his magic blue needle in his red bowl. He carefully checks the position of the sun. He looks back at his needle to determine which way to go. Tubal shouts, "Wolf dogs go!" Lamech smile behind his gray hood and says, "Thank God, it's a beautiful warm day!"

For the next two new moons, the weather is surprisingly good with snow gently falling but our supplies are running out. While it is very cold at night, there are no major storms. Tubal looks down at his magic needle in his bowl. He carefully checks where the needle points. He gently hits the backs of his wolf dogs and they pull us. Tubal says, "Wolf dogs, go!"

About noon, they see in the distance a huge steep icy ridge. Shivering, Lamech closes his hood over his frosted bearded face as he asks, "What's that?" Tubal's cold blue eyes sparkle as he says, "It looks a mountain that God's fist smash down... Let's go there..." They ride the sledge up to and look up at it's extremely high almost vertical icy ridges. Lamech asks in

awe, "Have you ever seen anything like this?" Tubal laugh and says, "Nope." They circling all around the huge icy ridge. They come across a hot springs next to it. Lamech excitedly says, "Wow, a hot spring.." The wolf dogs keep pulling their sledge around the ridge. Tubal looks down at his needle. He looks puzzled. Tubal says, "That's strange.. We circle around but my magic needle keeps pointing strait at the ridge..." Lamech nervously asks, "Is your needle broken?" Disturbed, Tubal says, "Maybe..."

As they circle around, Tubal points to something and asks, "What's that?" Lamech says, "It looks like a small cave.." Tubal shouts, "Wolf dogs stop! Lamech check it out..." He takes his staff, step off the sledge and walks through the deep snow to the small entrance that's too tight for their sledge to enter. Lamech shouts, "It's a cave." Tubal calmly says, "You explore! I'll stay here..."

Lamech fearfully asks, "Why don't you explore it?" Tubal mockingly says, "My wolf dogs are thirsty... I'll give them a drink."

Lamech fearfully asks, "What if something bad happens?" Tubal jokingly says, "Scream!" Lamech slowly walks into the tight icy entrance using his staff to steady himself. He slowly walks into the dark cave. Sliding around on the very slippery floor, he goes deeper into the cave, and it feels warmer. The deeper he goes, the darker and warmer it gets till the ice around him melts. He pulls back his hood and wipes the sweat off his forehead. Lamech curiously shouts, "Weird!" He hears Tubal's echoing voice, "Are you alright?" Lamech shouts back, "Yeah..." In this darkness, he slips and falls down on his rear. Luckily his thick furs cushions his rear.

He slowly gets up using his wooden staff. He looks around and sees a greenish light in the distance. He walks to the cave wall reflecting the light.

He turns and see a brightly lighted tight exit. He looks out the rocky exit.

He see misty green field like his dream. He walks out into in a huge, hot, glaring bright green misty paradise that has lots of shallow streams and flowers all around. Lamech shouts, "Praise God!" He walks to the middle of this huge hot steaming grounds covered by lots of bright green plants and colorful flowers. He notices lots of small strange clusters of colorful fruits glowing on lots of vines. He looks at the edges and sees that he is in the middle of a giant crater surround by very steep icy ridges all around. He sweats. He pulled back his hood. He takes off his heavier furs.

Chapter 3 Tukkiy,

Young Tubal's dark eyes shine as he asks, "So the great Tubal Cain found the steaming grounds?" Noah smiles and says, "Yep..." Sha'ah's wrinkled but lovely face gently smiles as she says, "Sometime we have to wait on the Creator of All's promises..." Pe'ullah brushes back her sandy blond hair and curiously asks, "What happened then?" Noah says happily with his low elderly voice, "A little latter, Tubal Cain limped into the steaming grounds, leaning on his walking stick. Lamech greeted him and shouted, Isn't it beautiful? Tubal felt the humid heat. He began to sweat so he pulled back his furry hood. They explored this strangely humid, misty land, full of weird colorful plants and many small streams. Tubal looked around and nervously asked, Where are the animals? Lamech says, I don't know...."

Latter, the sun is bright. Lamech holds his wooden staff. He wipes the sweat off his forehead. Lamech asks in wonder, "Have you ever seen such colorful plants?" Tubal's cold blue eyes looks around as he says, "Nothing like this! Let's get my collecting jars!" Lamech smiles behind his sweaty beard and says, "Sure..." They put on their heavy furs and enter the shade of the cool cave. They pulled their hoods over their heads. They walked back to the sledge. They shiver and walks out into the cold snow. Tubal chops up a frozen goat carcass with his sharp bronze ax. He feed his hungry wolf dogs. He sets several stones in a circle. Lamech gets a pile of sticks, and dry up leaves from the back of the sledge. Tubal goes to the back of his sledge. He picks up a large clear piece of ice that has been shaped like a saucer. He sets up his rods over the rocks, making a stand. He puts the clear ice on the stand above the dry leaves and uses it to focus the sun's rays on the dry leaves. The leaves begin smoking and slowly catches fire. Lamech says, "Wow, that's cool." Tubal stuffs a copper pot with snow. He puts it over the fire. He picks up the pot with his furry gloved covered hands, and pours the steaming water into clay dishes. He puts these dishes by his wolf dogs that lap up the steaming water. Tubal sadly says, "This cave is too narrow for my wolf dogs..." He pick up several furs out of his sledge. Lamech picks up several large gray clay jars that have lids. They wrapped the jars up in the furs. They hurry back to the

warmth of the steaming grounds. They pull their hoods back. They take off their heavy furs and lay them by the entrance. They're wearing their light furs. Lamech hands a jar to Tubal. He grabs a cluster of small strange reddish fruits and puts them in the jar.

Tubal bends down to pick up many other strange plants. He puts them into his jars and puts lids over them. He looks around through the hot mist at the many small lakes and streams. Lamech leans on his wooden staff. Lamech sees through the mist at the delicious looking clusters of small red fruit on the green vines. He put it near his mouth. Tubal harshly says, "Don't eat that!" Lamech puts the cluster down and hungrily says, "But I'm hungry..." Tubal's pale scared, much wrinkled face frowns as he says, "Could be poisonous... Maybe that's why there no animals?" Lamech wipes the sweat off his forehead as he says disappointed, "Augh.. No."

Latter, the sun sets over the high rocky cliffs surrounding them above. The blueish shadows spread across the misty grounds. Tubal leans on his walking stick, wipes the sweat off his forehead as he asks, "What a humid paradise? Let's spend the night.." Lamech yawns and tiredly asks, "Why not? Sounds good!" The steaming grounds slowly darken. Tubal lays his walking stick down. Lamech lays down his staff. Tubal looks up at the ever darkening cloudy sky as he says, "Wow, I'm still warm. Let's lay down on our furs." Lamech tiredly says, "Yeah." A chirp. Lamech nervously asks, "Do you hear something?" Tubal yawns and says, "Nope..." They lay down on their soft furs and fall asleep. Tubal snores. They feel slight vibrations. Strange chirping sounds disturb their sleep.

In the darkness, Lamech wakes up and asks, "Do you hear that?" Half asleep, Tubal yawns and say, "Re-lax... I feel something... Ouchy! My rear! Ow! Ow. Augh! Augh!" He screams, grabs his walking stick and jumps up on his bare feet. They can barely see the thumb sized things crawling all around them. Lamech fearfully jumps up, grabs his staff and shouts, "What are they?" Tubal yells, "Augh, run to the cave! Ouch, ow.." He quickly puts on his boots and grabs his furs. He hit those things with his bronze walking stick. Some hop onto Lamech. He frantically brushes them off. He grabs his sandals and furs. He runs. Lamech hits them with his wooden staff, as he says, "Ouch! My foot! ---I step on something!" Tubal hits the hopping chirping things with his walking stick. Tubal painfully shouts, "Ow-let's get --the Sheol out of here! Ouch! Ouch!"

Lamech helps Tubal quickly limp away from these hopping things. They stumble into the dark cave's narrow entrance. The wolf dogs howl. They follow these howls through the long slippery dark cave. The chirps horribly echos. The hopping things chase them through the wet cave's pitch black darkness. Lamech shouts, "God, help us!" Tubal shouts in agony, "Ouch! My rear hurts! Just run! Augh!" More things hop on them. They run.

They keeps wiping the things off their furs. Tubal repeatedly hits them with his walking stick. Lamech hit them with his staff. They follow the howls through the slippery dark cramp cave. They stumble to the cooler passages. Tubal falls on his right arm on top of one those things. Tubal screams again, "Augh, my arms, augh! Augh! My arm! My arm, ow!"

Lamech helps him up while still holding his sandals and furs. The things keep hopping on them. They keep wiping them off or hitting them. They rush to the freezing cold part of the dark slippery cave and shiver. Tubal hits them with walking stick. Lamech hits them too. They slide on the icy cave floor and stumble over each other as the things try to hop on them.

The chirps horribly echos. Lamech and Tubal help each other up but they slide around. The chirping things stops. Tubal moans and groans and painfully asks, "Ow, why did they stop? Augh, they must hate --the cold! Ouch!"

They feel their way across the sharp icy cave's narrow walls to the cave's exit. They stumble out the cave into the deep snow. They limp to the howling wolf dogs. They sit in the snow covered sledge. They pull their hoods over their shivering heads. Lamech fearfully asks, "What were these things?" Tubal asks in agony, "Agh-ouch! Don't know!" Lamech says with much frosted breath, "I'm really cold..." Tubal groan, shivers and says, "Ow—ow, trust me, --cold is better! Wrap us in furs or we die!"

Lamech quickly puts on his sandals and wraps them in furs with strips of animal hides. They put their furry gloves over their cold aching fingers.

They wrapped themselves in all their furs. Tubal sickly trembling says, "Ah-o-my rear hurts so! My arm, augh, ow! Augh, I feel so bad! Augh..."

Lamech removes as much snow from the sledge as he can. Lamech says with clearly frosted breath, "I'm freezing!" Shivering, Tubal coughs as snot drips out his nose. They wait for sunrise as their toes and fingers go painfully numb. Lamech waits in freezing agony.

The freezing darkness finally lightens. The first golden red rays appear faintly across the icy horizon. Ice has form on their beards. Tubal

weakly points and says, "Augh, --Go that --way..." Lamech shudders as he sadly says with frosted breath, "I will!" Tubal struggles to stay awake as he says, "Augh, ---tell --my- pretty--'Aqqow, ---I--lo--.." He faints. He takes up the long strips of animal hides out of Tubal's hands to hit the wolf dog's furry backs. They yelp. Lamech shivers and shouts, "Wolf dogs go!" They pull the sledge forward. Lamech shouts, "Tubal, wake up!" He snores. A blizzard hits. Lamech fearfully shouts, "Tubal, wake up! You got to wake up! Wake up!" Tubal wakes briefly and says, "Must sleep!" Lamech's painfully cold fingers and toes go numb. His numbing lips crack and bleed. The sharp white sheets of icy snow sting his numb face behind his nearly closed furry hood. The strong freezing winds and sharp snow attacks his bloodshot eyes. Tubal wheezes. Lamech can't see anything but blowing snow. He's so sleepy. Blinding whiteness everywhere. The howling winds scream. He uses the strips of animal hides held in his primitive furry glove covered numb hands to hit the wolf dogs to keep them moving through the deep snow. Lamech shouts fearfully, "God, help me!!!" The wolf dogs howl. The sledge slips and slides all over the vast horrible bleak whiteness. Tubal wheezes. Panicking, Lamech shouts above the howling winds, "Tubal, wake up! Tu--bal!" Lamech frantically hits the wolf dog's backs. Lamech shivers hopelessly and shouts, "God, I'm --so cold! O-God, help! Ah-hh, help..." He's so tired. He screams till his throat is all parched. He sees something out in the blinding whiteness. Something huge. He can't open his frosted eyes. He opens his eyes and sees a gigantic blue behemoth standing on its four gigantic tree like scaled covered legs. He stands near it, back in the hot steaming grounds that is filled with bright colorful plants. The behemoth affectionately wags its huge tree like scaly tail. Lamech looks way up into the overly colorful glowing purple sky and bright orange clouds above. He sees the bright blue behemoth's extremely long scaly neck towering way above the orange clouds in the brightly swirling purple haze. The behemoth bends its extremely long neck all the way down next to him. Its huge snake like face kindly smiles above him as it asks with a lovely woman's voice, "Hey handsome... Need something?"

Lamech wakes in freezing agony, sitting by Tubal. Lamech coughs a lot. He hears a lovely woman's v

oice shout, "Good Re'em, stop!" He looks up and sees the giant snowy silhouette of an unknown beast with a tent on top it's giant shoulders. It's even bigger than a woolly mammoths. It's two black beady eyes lazily look down at him. It's tiny round ears are at the back of it's almost flat very wrinkled long head which tilts down from it's long but very thick wrinkled neck. It's front legs are like large hairy trees making a loud thumps. It's enormous shoulders are quite a bit higher than it's back legs which are longer than woolly mammoth's legs. Shivering uncontrollably, he looks up at the large tent on it's shoulders and see a woman and a man. Terribly tired, he coughs and closes his weary eyes. The mighty beast grunts. The woman shouts, "Look, --he's alive..." A husky man asks, "What about the other one?" The woman shouts, "Oreb, I don't know..." An elderly man's voice shouts, "Don't just stand there.. Nowtsah, help them!" The woman shouts, "Yes, father Nasher!" Lamech struggles to looks way up seeing the tent and the tiny silhouette of a woman and a man standing on the beast's giant shoulders. She quickly climbs down a long ladder made of vines and sticks. The sledge's wolf dogs howl at her. She shouts, "Wolves, shut up!" They stop. She steps down onto the sledge, and looks back up at the mighty beast. Nowtsah shouts, "Good Re'em!" The mighty beast grunts and bows it's ugly gray head down by her. She pets it. It lifts it's long head back up. Nowtsah shouts, "Oreb, throw that end of the rope down to me..." The large husky's man wearing thick dark brown furs stands by the tent. He throws one end of a long rope down to her. Oreb shouts, "Attach the rope to the sledge!" She ties the rope to the front of the sledge. Nowtsah shakes Lamech and shouts, "Wake up! We help..." Shivering uncontrollably, Lamech struggles to looks up at the lovely woman standing over him. She's dressed in thick light gray furs. He coughs. He sees her dark squinted eyes and her pretty yellowish tan face behind her very furry light gray hood. Oreb crawls down the long ladder, and checks out Tubal by brushing some icy snow off him. He thumps his chest several times. Oreb happily shouts, "The old one still has a heartbeat!" Old man Naster's voice grumpily shouts, "Oreb, bring him up!" Oreb grabs Tubal and puts him over his large shoulders and climbs up the vine latter hanging from the side of the Re'em.

Oreb carries Tubal up into the pale green tent. He lays him down by a short thin old man sitting, holding a yellowish green algae covered staff.

He rubs Tubal's face with his hands trying to warm him up. He puts his old wrinkle lips next to Tubal's and breath into his lungs. Tubal heaves, coughs a lot, and groans. Old man Naster takes a small tan clay jar, lifts Tubal's head up and pours some kind of brown chunky liquid into his clapped lips. Tubal opens his bloodshot eyes widely, groans, breathes heavily, and tries to spits the yucky stuff out of his mouth. Naster closes his mouth and forces him to swallow. Tubal stares at him in horror and the old man has a long stringy white beard but is bald under his dark green turban. He's dressed in heavy dark green robes. His bald yellowish tan head is very wrinkled. Naster's wrinkled squinted dark eyes frowns as he harshly says, "You're welcome!" Tubal groans, coughs, and asks, "Augh, wh---y? What --filth is this? Augh..." Tubal has a coughing fit.

Nowtsah sits down in the sledge by Lamech. He sleeps but coughs a lot. Nowtsah looks up at the giant gray white spotted beast and shouts, "Re'em, go to Omer(promise)!" The mighty beast grunts, nods it's large head and pulls the sledge and the wolf dogs along with ease. The Re'em's every step in the deep snow causes a loud thump. Latter, they arrive at a large cave entrance. Still groaning, and shivering, Lamech wakes up and looks around. He sees a huge trench at the front of the cave and a line of women walking out of the cave into the deep snow, balancing big jars on top of their heads filled with weeds. About half the women are dressed in green hooded robes and the other half are dressed in hooded dresses. One after another, the women dump the weeds out of their jars into the trench. He sees that the Re'em's enormous shoulders are above the cave's entrance. Oreb and the old man climb down the vine ladder on the side of the beast. They walks through deep snow into their icy entrance. Lamech coughs and says with frosted breath, "I'm --still cold..." Inside the cave, he sees are several campfires, many people walking around many large igloos covered in colorful decorations. They are mostly wearing in long green hooded robes. Still shivering, Lamech sleepily asks, "Where am I?" Nowtsah smiles, pulls back her hood revealing her long smooth black hair as she cheerfully says, "Omer, my humble village..." Worried, Lamech asks, "Where's Tubal?" Nowtsah happily says, "He lives..." Lamech looks back at the line of women pouring weeds into the trench. His weary eyes focus on a frail looking woman wearing a dark brown hooded dress. She's unsteadily walks, having great difficultly carrying her large reddish brown

jar on top her head. One by one, the other women pour more weeds into the trench. The Re'em lowers its long flat head down and eats the weeds. It wags its tiny thin tail. Lamech watches the frail woman wobble as the jar on top her head wiggles around. He jumps up out the sledge. He runs back through the deep snow to help her. Her jar starts to fall off, but Lamech catches it just in time. She clumsily bumps into him. They awkwardly stare into each others eyes with their mouths open. He looks deeply into her squinted dark brown eyes as he hands the jar back to her. She lifts the jar back on top her head. She beautifully smiles as she says, "Hey, handsome... Need something?" Lamech timidly says, "Ah..." Nowtsah runs over to them. Oreb joins them. Nowtsah angrily shouts, "Don't help Tukkiy... My sister is so lazy!" Tukkiy angrily asks, "Nowtsah, why do you always say that?" Oreb says sternly, "You are lazy..." Tukkiy takes the jar off her head. She puts it down. Nasher walks over and says with his elderly voice, "Tukkiy, work..." The other women in line walk around them to pour more weeds into the trench. Tukkiy looks dreamily at Lamech. She struggles to pick jar up and puts it on her head. She walks over to the huge trench and pours her weeds in. The Re'em bows down its large head to eat more weeds. Shivering, Lamech walks over to a campfire. He collapses and falls asleep. Hushy man Oreb walks over, and picks him up.

Lying on his back with a thick dark fur covering him up to his neck, Lamech wakes up. He coughs. He opens his weary eyes and sees the short skinny bald old man sitting by him. He's wearing a dark green robe and turban. A small fire-pit's flickering flames light them. Naster's crooked yellowish green algae covered staff is held by his age spotted right hand. He smiles behind his stringy white beard. Lamech sees he's in a large igloo. Yellowish green algae covered stones are stuck in its icy walls. Naster's dark squinted eyes look down at him as he says, "I am Nasher, son of Owph... Algae high priest of Omer.." Lamech tries to sit up but fails. He sits up as the fur sheet that covers him slides down to his bare stomach. He lifts his sheet up, and sees that he's not wearing anything. He hears Tukkiy's voice say excitedly, "Hi, handsome, your hair is so distinctive..." She kneels by him. Her dark brown hood is pulled back behind her long smooth black hair. Her pretty dark squinted eyes look longingly down. Tukkiy says excitedly, "I checked out your body for bites marks..." His

brown bearded face blushes. Lamech turns towards Nasher and asks, "Why is she here?" Nasher laughs and says, "She likes you..." Tukkiy curiously asks, "What happened to your arm?" Embarrassed, Lamech grabs the dark fur cover and holds it up to his neck as he says, "The Goat burn it..."

Puzzed, they stare. Lamech coughs and nervously says, "I'm Lamech, son of Methuselah... Where's my clothes?" Naster points to his furs hanging on a pole and says with his elderly voice, "Over there... Your staff is over here... Luckily you were not bitten, but your friend was bitten twice..."

Lamech fearfully asks, "Is he alive?" Nasher cheerfully says, "He lives!"

Lamech nervously asks, "Can I talk to him?" Nasher comforting says, "Sure! Tukkiy, give him his stuff." She grabs his furs and staff and hands them to him. Tukkiy lustfully says, "Get dressed, handsome..." Still under the fur, Lamech grabs his furs, sniffs them, and says, "They smell clean..."

Tukkiy happily says, "I washed them..." Lamech asks, "How long did I sleep?" Nasher says, "Two days..." Tukkiy giggles and says, "I really like your hair's white streak..." He holds the dark fur right below his long brownish beard, staring at her beauty. Nasher's voice says, "Tukkiy come out, he's shy..." She slowly walks out as she looks back smiling at him.

He puts on his light gray furs, grabs his staff, and walks out. Nasher points his staff towards a smaller igloo with lots of orange ornaments.

Using his staff, Lamech limps over and bows his head to enters the tight entrance. Tubal is lying on tan furs, dress in his dark gray hooded furs. A fire pit is in the middle. Lamech sadly asks, "Tubal, how are you?" He moans and shakes his head. Tubal coughs, and sit up as he says disgusted, "Ow, that miserable putrid --taste never ---leaves my mouth..." Lamech gets down by him and asks, "What taste?" Tubal spits to the side and says, "Augh, Nasher's medicine..." Lamech asks, "What bit you?" Tubal clears his throat and says, "Augh Naster called them, --little deaths..." Lamech sadly asks, "Are you better?" Tubal laughs and says, "Ow, sure... Nasher checked out our fruits..." Lamech curiously asks, "Are they good?" Tubal's smiles widely as he says, "Naster ate some.. He told me they makes great wine!" Lamech nervously asks, "Do they go the steaming grounds?"

Tubal's scarred face frowns as he says, "No, he called it cursed grounds!"

Lamech looks nervously around as he asks, "Are we being watched?"

Tubal laughs, and points as he says, "Look at the small hole over there..."

Lamech notices a small hole and beautiful dark squinted eye behind it.

Lamech timidly says, "That's Tukkiy!" Tubal slyly asks, "Like her?" Lamech's brown eyes tear up as he says, "I --- love Gazzah..." Tubal bitterly says, "Augh... Gazzah not love you! ---Tukkiy likes you..." Lamech blushes and sadly says, "I can't love another women..." Tubal forcefully says, "It's easy! Love someone who loves you..." Lamech sorrowfully says, "I can't..." Tubal's badly scared right cheek twitches as he jealously says, "I must go home to my wife..." Lamech sadly says, "Let's go home..."

The next day in Nasher's large igloo, Tubal and Lamech are wearing their furs. Tubal's walking stick is by his side. Lamech's staff is by his side. They're sitting around a fire-pit with Nasher, Tukkiy, and Oreb.

Wearing her dull green hooded robe Nowtsah serves them nuts and odd colored small mushrooms on gray clay dishes. Nowtsah bitterly asks, "Tukkiy, why don't you help me?" Wearing her dark brown hooded dress, Tukkiy says, "I'm sorry. I'm not feeling well..." Nowtsah scornfully says, "Again..." She places the last dish on the furs they're sitting on. She sits down by her father. He's dressed in his dark green robes and turban.

Tubal's jar of red fruit is by his side. Husky Oreb, is wearing his dull green hooded robe. Nasher lifts up his algae covered staff as he says, "Let's thank the Algae that we found you two!" Disturbed, Tubal slowly says, "Nasher, I owe you my life --but I don't believe in the Algae..." Lamech timidly, "I believe in the God who made Algae..." Feeling insulted, Nowtsah says, "How rude, and ungrateful!" Tukkiy sharply says, "Nowtsah, they're guest!" Nowtsah childishly says, "You just got a crush on skunk haired guy.." Tukkiy sticks her tongue out at her sister. Nasher sternly says, "Enough!" Disappointed, Nasher says, "Lamech, we don't expect primitive peoples to understand the greatness of the Algae.." Tubal's blue eyes looks angry as he says proudly, "I'm not a primitive!" Oreb's tough looking yellowish tan face frowns behind his stringy black beard as he asks, "Then, why did we have to save you?" Lamech timidly says, "Tubal, please...."

Tubal humbles himself and says, "I'm not making my God look good, am I?" Oreb mockingly says, "Thank whatever primitive god you like..."

Nasher curiously ask, "Tubal, do you know anything about algae worshipers?" Tubal calmly says, "

Yes... Most Algae worshipers believe at first there was the endless sea and the Algae. The Algae greatly multiplied but is still one ever greater god...

Some Algae turned into plants... Some Algae turned into animals. The Algae turned some animals into people and even gods... All living things are children of the Algae. They are one with the Algae except for the demons, the one who deserted the Algae..." Impressed, Nasher says, "Wow, you're not a primitive..." Behind her green hood, Nowtsah frowns as she scornfully says, "Smart people worship the Algae!" Tubal curiously asks, "Naster, is the endless sea a literal body of water?" Nasher solemnly says, "I believe the endless sea is the night sky where the stars move around..." Nowtsah interrupts and says, "Wrong! The endless sea is the great unfrozen waters beyond the steaming grounds..." Tubal arrogantly asks, "Nowtsah, great unfrozen waters?" Irritated, Nowtsah says, "You're mocking me..." Nasher gently smiles as he says, "Lamech, tell me about your god?" Lamech nervously rubs his graying brown beard as he shrugs and says, "Asked Tubal?" Nasher sternly says, "I'm asking you..."

Lamech's narrow brown face smiles nervously as he says, "I believe that God always is... God created all... God made people more sacred than animals. God commands us to love God, worship God alone, and love all people..." Nowtsah arrogantly says, "Worship your god alone... Your god sounds extremely insecure!" Nasher says with his kind elderly voice, "The Algae is not threatened by the worship of other gods..." Oreb curiously asks, "What does your god look like?" Lamech timidly says, "God is everywhere but invisible..." Nasher, Oreb, and Nowtsah laugh. Tukkiy almost laughs. Tubal looks disturbed. Lamech asks timidly, "Tukkiy, why are they laughing?" Tukkiy giggles and says, "I'm not religious but an invisible god that is everywhere does sound funny..." Nasher graciously says, "Tubal and Lamech, leave until my family thanks the Algae, then return..." Tubal grabs his walking stick and says, "Thanks Naster." Lamech grabs his staff. They get up and walk outside. They hear Nasher's voice loudly say, "We are all part of the Algae... We thank the Algae for our family, our guests and our delicious food..." Everyone inside the igloo chants, "Algae becomes greater! Algae becomes greater! Algae becomes greater..."

Tubal and Lamech walk back inside. Lamech sits by Tukkiy. She puts her head down on his shoulder. Tubal sits by them. Nasher kindly says, "Before we eat, feel free to thank your god..." Lamech timidly asks, "Are you sure?" Nasher gently smiles and nods. Tubal folds his hand, bows his head and prays, saying, "God thank you for these good people

who save our lives... God bless them! Let it be.." Lamech points to the mushrooms on his plate and asks, "What are those?" Tukkiy says sweetly, "Really good mushrooms!" Tubal nervously says, "Some mushrooms are poisonous..." Nowtsah's yellowish tan face frowns as she says, "These are safe and delicious! I pick them myself..." Embarrassed, Tubal says, "No thanks.." They stare at him. Lamech eats some, smiles in a goofy way and says, "Delicious!" Nasher takes the lid off Tubal's jar as he says, "Let's eat this delicious fruit..." He hands them out. Tukkiy grabs one, eats it and says, "Ah, there so good!" Nowtsah does the same and says, "I agree with you..." Oreb grabs three and says, "A rare treat!" Lamech eats a couple more and says, "Man, this tastes good!" Tubal fearfully says, "No thanks..." Irritated, Nasher says, "H-mmm, medice time..." Tubal nervously says, "No! I'm fine..." Nasher picks up a small tan jar, and grabs Tubal's sore arm. Tubal screams with his mouth wide open. Nasher forcefully pours the chunky brown liquid down his throat. Tubal gags, and frowns in disgust. Lamech nervously asks, "Tubal, are you alright?" Tubal angrily shouts, "No-o-o! -Ah, o--that's so --gross!" Tubal spits out some and says, "Tomorrow, I go back!" Nasher sadly says, "You nearly died... You should rest for a week..." Tubal pridefully says, "My pretty 'Aqqow needs me!" Lamech forcefully says, "I going too..." Tukkiy forcefully says, "Lamech, don't go!" Nowtsah smiles and says, "They should return to their families..." Tukkiy's dark eyes look distressed as she sadly says, "Lamech stay!" Lamech sadly says, "My parents worry about me..." Tukkiy cheerfully asks, "Lamech, don't you like me?" Lamech nervously says, "Tukkiy, I like you --but I worship God..." Nasher reassuringly says, "Lamech, don't worry about that..." Irritated, Nowtsah says, "O-father, you're trying to marry off my lazy sister!" Nasher laughs, shrugs and says, "So..." Lamech sadly says, "I must get Tubal back safely..." Nasher grumpily says, "Nowtsah and Oreb, will help you!" Oreb says, "Yes!" Nowtsah happily says, "Yes, father..." Tukkiy bows her head. She has tears in her pretty eyes.

Early morning, Tubal comes out of the igloo, dressed in his heavy hooded dark gray furs. It's so warm that the snow begins melting. He watches the soft light from the rising sun slowly enters the huge cave he's standing in. The giant shadow of the mighty Re'em enters. It eats weeds and grunts. Tubal limps to his sledge. He grabs a goat carcass and uses his

bronze ax to chop it up to feed his wolf dogs. He picks up a large jar of water and pours it into some clay bowls for his wolf dogs to drink. He puts the clay bowls, the large jar, and the goat carcasses back into the back of his sledge. He sits down. Lamech, wearing his light gray furs walks out, and sits by him. Many watch them leave. Nasher walks out using his algae staff and kindly says with his elderly voice, "Tubal, please, stay longer!" Tubal coughs and says, "'Aqqow needs me!" Lamech sadly smiles and says, "Nasher, thank you for everything!" Nasher hugs him and says, "Come back anytime..." He backs away. Oreb and Nowtsah walk out wearing their furs and holding their staffs. They fill the sledge with as much supplies as possible. Tubal sincerely says, "God bless you, Oreb and Nowtsah!" Oreb says, "Algae protect you.." Nowtsah smiles and says, "Just go back!" Oreb and Nowtsah walk out into the deep snow and climb up the vine ladder hanging down the mighty Re'em's right shoulder. A beautiful orange sun rises in the clear blue sky. Wearing her dark brown hooded dress, Tukkiy rushes out of the large igloo, shouting, "Wait! Lamech, don't go!" She walks up to him, kisses him on the cheek and hugs him. Her smooth face sadly smiles. Lamech timidly, "Bye Tukkiy..." Tukkiy breathlessly says, "Lamech, --I'll miss you..." Lamech says, "Bye..." Tubal grabs his red bowl and balances his magic blue needle. He grabs his strips of animal hides, hits his wolf dog's furry backs and says, "Wolf dogs, go!" They pull the sledge out of the large cave's entrance. Lamech looks back. Tukkiy runs after him into the deep snow and shouts with frosted breath, "Lamech! Lamech... Lamech!" She slowly walks back inside the rocky cave's entrance. Standing on the Re'em's huge shoulders, Oreb shouts, "Re'em, go..." The ugly huge gray white spotted beast makes big thumps with every step. The Re'em follows Tubal's sledge.

The snow falls from the white clouds. Tubal and Lamech ride in his sledge. Tubal gently hits the furry backs of his wolf dogs. They pull the sledge across the icy blinding white horizon. Tubal says, "Ah, thank God, it's such a warm day!" Lamech takes off his primitive furry gloves. He watches the snowflakes fall onto his bare upturned palms. Lamech smiles as he asks, "What a beautiful day?" Nowtsah and Oreb hold their staffs. The pale greenish tent is behind them as they sit down on the massive

shoulders of the Re'em. Oreb put his arm over Nowtsah's shoulders and holds her. She lays her head down on his shoulders.

Latter, the sun is lowers in the sky. Tubal looks up at them riding on the Re'em. Tubal shouts, "Nowtsah, Oreb, we should camp now. I can use the sun to start our fire..." Nowtsah shouts back, "Keep going!" The Re'em follows the sledge. The sky becomes brightly cloudy. The sun set over the icy hilly horizon reflecting the sun's colorful rays through the pinkish clouds. It becomes miserably cold. Snow falls from the darkening skies.

Strong winds attacks them. The Re'emt keeps making loud thumps with each of it heavy footsteps. Oreb stands up on it's shoulders and shouts, "Let's camp!" Nowtsah happily shouts, "Good Re'em, lie down!" It grunts.

It lays down on it's huge much wrinkled belly. Tubal shouts with frosted breath "Wolf dogs stop!" Oreb and Nowtsah walks out of their tent. Oreb is holding a large fur bag filled with round things. Nowtsah holds a large bunch of dried sticks under her arms. The Re'em is so big that even laying on it's belly, they need to roll down their vine ladder to climb down. They walk through the deepening snow. Tubal shivers and asks, "Why didn't we stop before sunset?" Nowtsah says, "Don't worry!" Lamech timidly asks, "Why not?" Oreb takes round stones out of his bag and makes a circle in the snow. Nowtsah lays her bundle of dry sticks between stones and says, "Come here!" The strong winds blow against them. Tubal takes his walking stick. Lamech takes his staff. Their glove covered hands are freezing. They walks over to them. Oreb takes out two flints. Tubal mockingly asks, "Really?" Nowtsah takes out a small brown animal skin bag. She pours a little black powder on the sticks. Oreb strikes his flints together making bright sparks. Huge bright hot flames burst upward but the freezing winds blows it out. Lamech shivering says, "Wow!" Nowtsah pours more black powder. Oreb strikes his flints again, the powder explodes into bright hot orange flames. The wind doesn't blows it out.

Tubal coughs as he asks, "What's this powder?" Nowtsah says with frosted breath, "Fire powder..." Oreb happily says, "Even burns on water!" The wonderfully hot flames grow. The dried sticks catch fire and brings healing warmth. The campfire violently flickers in the howling winds. They sit down around the great warming fire. Tubal warms himself and asks curiously, "Where did you get fire powder?" Nowtsah proudly says, "My father invented it.. He's an alchemist..." Tubal says, "Even I don't know

how make fire powder..." Nowtsah takes off her primitive gloves to warm her hands by the flickering fire. Annoyed, Nowtsah says, "Naster is a great alchemist!" Tubal curiously asks, "Why didn't he tell me?" Oreb's face frowns behind his long stringy black beard as he says, "Many people hate alchemists!" Tubal cheerfully says, "But fire powder is amazing... It can save lives." Nowtsah bitterly says, "Some even kill alchemists!" Lamech says, "That's horrible!" Nowtsah hands the bag to Tubal. Nowtsah smiles behind her furry hood as she says, "Take this!" Tubal happily says, "God bless you!" Lamech sadly asks, "Nowtsah, where's your mother?" She closes her eyes. Nowtsah tearfully says, "Our mother died giving birth to me and Tukky..." Disturbed, Lamech says, "I'm sorry..." Acting tough, Nowtsah says, "It happens..." Tubal curiously asks, "You and Oreb are?" Nowtsah puts her arm over Oreb's shoulder as she says, "Oreb's My husband!" Oreb puts his arm around Nowtsah's waist as he says, "We better sleep..." Nowtsah smiles.

Next morning, the sky clears up. It's even colder as the orange sun rises over the pale horizon. The Re'em grunts. The campfire is slowly burns out. Nowtsah is sleeping by Oreb. They wakes up shivering and shakes the snow off their shoulders. They tightly wraps their furs around them. Oreb shouts, "Morning!" Nowtsah hugs him tightly. Tubal wakes up under his heavy furs, and shakes Lamech's shoulders. Tubal shouts, "Wake up! Wake up!" He rolls over. Nowtsah says with frosted breath, "Ah it's bone chilling cold!" Tubal grabs his walking stick, stands up, and say shivering, "Lamech, get up!" Lamech tiredly says, "Let me sleep..." Tubal kicks him once. Nowtsah walks through the deep snow to the Re'em.

Standing on it's tree like hairy legs, it bows it's long wrinkled head down to her. Nowtsah snuggles against it's head and says, "Good Re'em... Tonight, you'll eat lots!" The Re'em grunts approvingly. Lamech stands up, and brushes the snow off. They clear the snow off the sledge. Oreb cheerfully says, "We go back to Omer..." Nowtsah says, "Go home safely... Algae becomes greater.." Tubal happily says, "And God bless you and your family..." Lamech shyly says, "Tell Tukkiy, I --like her..." Irritated, Nowtsah says, "No..." Husky man Oreb mockingly says, "Tukkiy is great at not working..." Nowtsah smiles and says, "Bye..." They climb the vine ladder up the side of mighty beast. Nowtsah happily shouts, "Good Re'em, go home!" The Re'em turns around. Tubal gets out his red bowl, and

balances his blue needle. He pick up the strips of animal hides, hit the wolf dogs furry backs, points a direction and shouts, "Wolf dogs go!"

Two new moons latter as the orange sun is about to set over the icy gray horizon, they see Tubal's Metal shop in the distance. Tubal shouts with mildly frosted breath, "Wolf dogs, hurry!" Lamech smiles beneath his furry hood as he says, "Thank God!" The wolf dog pull the sledge by the store's large woolly mammoth curtain. Tubal grabs his fancy walking stick.

He limps out into the deep snow and limps to the curtain. He opens the curtain. 'Aqqow kneels down on their large white fur rug. She's praying, dressed in her blue dress and bonnet. Sitting behind her with his heads bowed is Gibbor wearing his long white furs. Tubal limps in and taps his walking stick on the stone floor. 'Aqqow's hazel eyes look up excitedly.

'Aqqow emotionally shouts, "Tubal Cain, you old goat, you were gone for ---so long!" He drops his walking stick. He limps joyously towards his tan skinned, gray haired wife. Tubal tearfully shouts, "Ah, I love my pretty 'Aqqow!" Gibbor's bald head raises up as he says with his low goofy voice, "Good father back!" Lamech walks in. 'Aqqow angrily shouts, "Lamech!"

He looks scared. Tubal pants as he emotionally says, "Ah, my pretty 'Aqqow, I shall never leave you again!" They hug and kiss. Gibbor and Lamech are embarrassed. 'Aqqow pants and says, "My lover's home!"

Gibbor's huge cheeks smile as he says, "Mother like father..."

Two new moons latter. Fluffy snow gently falls from the cloudy gray skies. It's chilly. Lamech uses his staff to walk through the snow leaving a deep trail of his foot prints all the way from Tubal's Metal Shop to his parent's igloo. He nervously walks to the entrance, and shouts, "Father Methuselah, mother Qoph.." His father opens the curtain. Lamech smells the comforting odor of burning sticks. Methuselah steps out holding his spear. He's wearing long gray furs and Enoch's old silly fur cap over his long white hair. He hugs his son tightly. Methuselah tearfully says, "Thank God son! You're finally back!" Lamech boldly says, "Father, I love you!"

Mother Qoph shouts, "Lamech, my son, --you're alive!" She walks out of the igloo wearing her long brown hooded furs. His very plumb mother hugs them both tight. They enter the icy igloo's wonderful warmth and sees it's small flickering fire. Lamech looks deeply into her tearful light green eyes as he says, "Mother Qoph, I love you!" She painfully smiles and breathes heavily. Mother Qoph says, "My son, never leave us again!" They

sit down on furs, around the fire pit's warm light shining on their faces. She combs her son's long white stripe down the middle of his head. Mother Qoph emotionally asks, "O-my son, why were you gone for so long?"

Embarrassed, Lamech says, "Mother, if everything had gone right?"

Mother Qoph asks, "What went wrong?" Lamech nervously says, "We found the beautiful steaming grounds..." Mother Qoph forcefully asks, "What went wrong?" Lamech nervously says, "We, --almost died --but good people on a huge beast saved us..." Methuselah curiously asks,

"Beast? A woolly mammoth?" Lamech timidly says, "Bigger! Very ugly..

---No trunk... No tasks..." Mother Qoph curiously says, "Son, tell us about the good people who saved you..." Lamech's narrow face smiles as he says, "A woman, her husband and an old man. They took us to a huge cave...

There I met, ---Tukkiy who's got a crush on me..." Mother Qoph happily asks, "Have you finally found a good woman to marry!" Lamech blushes and shyly says, "Maybe..." Methuselah's much wrinkled brown face smiles behind his bushy white beard as he asks, "Tell us about Tukkiy..."

Lamech slowly says, "She's pretty..." Mother Qoph's bloated wrinkled pinkish face warmly smiles. Methuselah sternly asks, "Do they believe in God?"

Lamech very slowly says, "They're Algae worshipers..." Mother Qoph puts her bloated right hand on her forehead, frowns bitterly and coldly says,

"Ah, no... You already married a serpent worshiper... You saw how well that worked.. " Lamech timidly says, "I never said... I would marry

Tukkiy..." Methuselah much displeased, says with his elderly voice, "I hope not!" Much embarrassed, Lamech says, "She isn't religious..."

Mother Qoph angrily says, "Like Gazzah..." Methuselah puts his age spotted right hand on his son's shoulder, and cheerfully says, "Son, --you've gotten over Gazzah... Just say the word! And I'll get you a godly wife..."

Lamech nervously looks around and says, "No thanks."

Two new moons latter, heavy snow falls on this chilly cloudy morning. Lamech and his parents ride in one of Tubal's sledges. Wearing his light gray hooded furs, Lamech is sits in front. His parents sit in back.

He holds the strips of animal hides with his cold aching hands covered by his primitive furry gloves. He gently hits the furry backs of the wolf dogs.

He looks back at his parents. His father is wearing his gray furs, and Enoch's silly fur cap. Lamech's very plump mother is wearing her brown hooded furs. Lamech cheerfully says, "I love riding sledges..." Mother

Qoph gently says, "I guess Tubal is being nice. He's letting use this sledge..." Methuselah says, "I'm nervous about preaching here..." Mother Qoph's light green eyes sparkle as she says, "It's a great opportunity... Be happy!" Lamech excitedly says, "I hear that prince Tummuz will be there... And Gibbor!" Methuselah nervously says, "I can't believe Yerach invited Gibbor..." Mother Qoph asks, "Why not? He's a very popular..." Methuselah says, "Too popular..." They softly hear the festive music coming from the village ahead.

They arrive at Yerach's village. They see huge crowds of children with their parents all around the village's highest snow covered hill. Lamech looks around at all the igloos there. He sees Yerach's large old igloo on top of the hill. Many fluffy snowflakes are falling from the sky. Many children play in the deep snow, making all kinds of snowman, snow woman, cute snow animals, snow igloos etc. Mother Qoph says with frosted breath, "So many children are here... And many of them have come from tribes far away..." Lamech happily says, "Yes, mother Qoph..." They pulled the sledge near a large group of Algae worshiper holding their algae covered staffs. Most are wearing their long green hooded robes. Some are dressed in other kind of clothes, including one woman dressed in an ankle length dark brown dress. She's facing away from him. Mother Qoph points to the Algae worshiper's pale priestess and curiously says, "That Algae priestess looks familiar..." Methuselah squints his aging eyes as he says, "I can't tell who's under that hood..." She peacefully lead her Algae worshipers in chanting, saying, "Algae becomes greater... Algae becomes greater... Algae bless us all!" Lamech curiously looks at the woman in brown and asks, "Could it be?"

The wolf dogs pulls them near the hill where the crowd is gathered. They loudly cheer old Jubal and his band of four dancing young beautiful women. They are playing music. Lamech sees Jubal wearing his long sleeved, long black leather robe and black turban. He's playing a large golden harp. Many women are swooning, shouting, "Jubal, the musician, ah-Ju-bal, Jubal!" Some men shout, "Jubal rules!" His band playfully dances behind him, dressed in bright yellow, knee length, long sleeved thick furs and have furry yellow caps over their long hair. They're hitting their bright flashing cymbals with their bare palms. Each cymbal flashes a different color every time they hit it. Mother Qoph frowns as she says,

"Look at how those women are dressed... I bet their legs are freezing!"

Lamech looks pleased as he says, "But their legs are so pretty..." Old Jubal skillfully plays happy music on his large golden harp. Mother Qoph coldly says, "Jubal, looks a lot like Tubal." Methuselah gladly says, "He does."

Lamech shouts, "Wolf dogs stop!" The wolf dogs stop. Mother Qoph happily says, "Jubal may be a childish lustful old man but --boy he sure plays his harp well..." Lamech jealously says, "I wish I could play music like Jubal..."

Methuselah sees many in the crowd including children holding very small clay or wooden statues of Semjaza, Ashtoreth, Tammuz, Yerach, and the mighty researcher, Naamah, Vashti, Asbeel, Kasdeja and even Chashaq.

Disgusted, Methuselah asks, "Why do people worship these little idols?"

Mother Qoph soothingly says, "Calm down! Not everyone here worships them..." Many servants in long white hooded robes pull four large wheeled metallic red carts through the snow. The carts are covered by silver colored wraps. Lamech asks, "What's in the carts?" Mother Qoph sniffs and

happily says, "Tasty food and drinks." She looks up into the snowy sky. In the distance, she sees a pink semi-transparent sphere descending towards them. Asbeel and Vashti are standing together inside the sphere, standing on his floating silver disc. Mother Qoph points up and joyfully shouts, "Look, Asbeel and Vashti..." The sphere floats down to about twice a man's height, in front of Yerach's igloo. Asbeel's golden halo crown is on top his long black hair. He is dressed in his iridescent white skirt and extremely wide collar with it's glowing pink jewel and trim. Vashti is dressed in her long silver gown, long cone silver cap, and long sleeve brown fur coat.

Jubal and his band stop playing. The crowd cheers. Asbeel happily shouts, "I Asbeel and my wise wife Vashti welcome all of you to this year's children festival!" The crowd cheers wildly. Vashti calmly shouts, "You know me, Vashti, the wise... Many years ago, Yerach's husband killed several Algae worshippers including children... Many thought that he murdered them. --- But I found a poison boomerang in the hand of the Algae priest who was about to kill the great Enoch! My friend Yerach cried and has devoted her life to protecting children... She founded Yerach's Children's Festival to promote peace among all and give all children hope for tomorrow! Look up, ---Yerach arrives!" Jubal and his band play inspiring music.

The crowd looks up in the snowflake filled sky and roars. A huge five pointed star-shaped golden platform inside a nearly transparent yellow sphere descends from the light grayish clouds above. Descending inside a much smaller semitransparent purple sphere stands Kasdeja with his three headed pet. The spheres descends, stops and floats where Asbeel and Vashti float. Kasdeja's dark gray beast growls, baring it's fangs. Many including children, hold up their tiny idols of Yerach and happily shout repeatedly, "Blessed goddess Yerach, friend and protector of children! Blessed Yerach! --Blessed Yerach! --Blessed Yerach!" The crowd backs away. The yellow sphere around the huge platform vanishes. It gently lands with a thump on the hill just in front of Yerach's igloo. The purple sphere around Kasdeja's disc vanishes as his disc lands on the platform. Standing on the front point of the star shaped platform is Yerach. She's dressed in an ankle length, long sleeve, metallic green gown and wearing her long metallic green cap is over her extremely long white braided hair. Her arms spread wide open to the huge adoring crowd. Ashtoreth and Tammuz are on the platform, sitting on their large bright thrones and Shemrith is kneeling by the prince's side. She is dressed in her ankle length sleeveless sparkly green gown, long cone cap and smooth elbow length sparkly green gloves. Her long black hair is all neatly braided. Tammuz holds his golden shepherd staff. His favorite black sheep on his left arm. He's surround by many sheep. A large green snake is around Ashtoreth's shoulders. In the middle of the platform is a large golden altar with an opening in the center. Yerach's dark face graciously smiles as she warmly waves and shouts, "Welcome children! Welcome to this year's children's festival..." The crowd cheers. She point up to the rather plumb queen, sitting high on her exalted white scallop shaped throne. She is dressed in an ankle length, long sleeved metallic pink gown, and a long metallic pink cone cap is over her very short reddish brown hair. Her fancy silver wedding necklace is around her throat. She waves. Yerach's yellowish tan face happily smiles as she shouts, "Thank queen Ashtoreth, and prince Tammuz for honoring us with their royal presence!" Many chants, "O Ashtoreth, great queen of heaven! ---Ah, Prince Tammuz, great shepherd, beautiful healer!" Ashtoreth's lovely smiles as she says, "Everyone is welcome here..." To her right, is her extremely tall handsome son, dressed in a sleeveless metallic orange knee length robe. He wears his large golden crown on top his smooth reddish brown hair. He's sitting on a

crystal white throne shaped like Ashtoreth sitting. Shemrith stands by him. Tammuz is holding Yapheh like she's a baby. Many excitedly chant, "Ashtoreth, queen of heaven! Ah, prince Tammuz, great shepherd, beautiful healer! Shemrith, beautiful giant! Goddess Yerach, blessed friend and protector of children! Vashti, the wise! Asbeel, friend of all!" Ashtoreth's magical crystal pink eyes looks down at the adoring crowd. Despite Tammuz being much taller than his plump mother, Ashtoreth's throne is so tall that she's head and shoulders above him.

Several overly excited women near the front run pass Jubal and his band and shout, "Ah, prince Tammuz, ah--we --lo-o--ve you!!! --Love!" They rush towards the thigh high platform and jump up on it. Chashaq angrily growls. Kasdeja coldly says, "Fools, back!" He shoots them with purple beams coming out of the palms. They all fall down! The crowds gasps. Kasdeja calmly says, "Relax fools! Girls sleep.." Servants in white robes grab the sleeping women and carry them away. Jubal and his band briefly plays happy music. The crowd cheers.

Snow falls around them. Yerach waves and joyfully asks, "Do we love all Jubal's music?" The crowd cheers. Many women happily shout, "Jubal, the musician!" Some men shout, "Jubal rules!" Yerach joyfully says, "Jubal, come on up!" His girl band struggle to lift his large heavy golden harp up onto the platform. He walks over using his golden serpent shaped staff. He climbs up the golden thigh high platform. His four women move his harp by the altar. The crowd cheers. He takes a bow. The band bows too. The crowd cheers wildly. His pale, long white bearded, cold blue eyed face looks lustfully at his four young beautiful women.

They're wearing their bright yellow knee length furs and caps. Yerach walks over to him. She lifts his right hand up. Her dark green eyes look fondly at him. Yerach happily shouts, "Jubal, the musician!" Many shout repeatedly, "Jubal, the musician!" Yerach happily says, "Your music is wonderful! How did you become so talented?" Jubal proudly says, "My dear departed father told me that great talent comes from the Serpent and our great goddess, queen Ashtoreth! I dedicate every musical note to their glory!" Ashoreth happily says, "Jubal, your whole family has always serve me well, --except for Tubal-Cain.." Jubal and his band bow down on their knees before the queen. Jubal joyfully shouts, "My goddess honors me!" Yerach shouts, "Let's hear it for Jubal!" Jubal and his band stand up. He

briefly plays beautiful notes with his large golden harp as his woman play their brightly flashing cymbals. Then they take his heavy harp back down.

Yerach points towards Vashti and shouts, "Vashti, come on down..."

Asbeel's disc lands behind Yerach. The semi-transparent pink sphere around the couple vanishes. Vashti gracefully steps off his disc. Yerach hugs her tightly. Yerach's dark face smiles as she says emotionally, "Welcome Vashti..." Vashti says warmly, "Yerach, my dear friend!" Yerach gladly says, "Asbeel, bring Methuselah and Lamech here..." Asbeel float over by them. They lands in the deep snow near Lamech and his parents who are sitting in the sledge. Methuselah uses his spear to slowly stand up as Lamech assists him. They steps off the sledge. Mother Qoph warmly says, "Methuselah, I'm so proud of you!" Asbeel warmly smiles and says, "Methuselah, Lamech, step on up..." They slowly step up on Asbeel's rather crowded disc. It slowly lifts them up above the crowd. A semitransparent pink sphere appears around them. They floats to the giant golden platform.

The crowd cheers. Yerach gently say, "Jubal, play royal music..." Jubal and his band play royal sounding music. Yerach happily shouts, "I'm overjoyed that our special guests include, Methuselah, son of the great Enoch!" Many cheer but some boo. Yerach turns her dark wrinkled face towards the Algae worshipers and shouts, "And Algae priestess Yelalah, granddaughter of the great Calach!" The Algae worshipers cheer. Lamech looks at the pale faced Yelalah smiling under her dull green hood. Lamech cheerfully says, "It's really her!" Her Algae worshipers repeatedly chant, "Algae becomes greater..." Yerach points towards Gibbor. He is sitting near the back of the huge

crowd. He's holding a large gray fur bag of nuts. He's sharing his nuts with Tubal and 'Aqqow. Tubal is dress in his purple robe and turban.

'Aqqow is dress in her blue dress and bonnet. Yerach happily shouts, "And Gibbor, the mighty!" He and his family waves. Gibbor happily shouts with his low goofy voice, "Gib-bor, happy!" The crowd cheers. Many chant, "Gibbor, the mighty! Gibbor, the wise! Prince Gibbor!" Methuselah looks at Ashtoreth's angry face. She nervously pets the large green snake slithering around her slouching shoulders. Methuselah nervously says, "They shouldn't say prince Gibbor..." Lamech nervously asks, "Why?" Methuselah fearfully says, "It makes the queen hates Gibbor more!"

Yerach happily shouts, "And finally, prince Tammuz shall speak! We are

so honored!" Tammuz lifts his golden shepherd staff and waves to the cheering crowd. Many excited women happily shout, "Ah, prince Tammuz!

Great shepherd! Beautiful healer! Ah-ah-ahhh!" He graciously smiles, sitting on his crystal white throne, gently petting his cute old black sheep.

Yepheh is held in his left arm as his right hand waves his shepherd's staff at the crowd. Shemrith stands by his side and waves. The music stops.

Shemrith graciously waves as she says, "Calm... Prince Tammuz has an important announcement..." He stands up by his throne. Shemrith and all his sheep kneels before him. Tammuz's handsome yellowish tan face looks sincere as he says, "If you are ill, tell my servants... I will choose seven of you to heal..." He sits back down. The crowd cheers. Many shout, "Prince Tammuz, great shepherd, beautiful healer!" As the snow fall, Asbeel, Methuselah, and Lamech float to the platform. They land behind Yerach. The pink sphere around them vanishes. They steps off Asbeel's disc. His disc floats up behind him, turns vertically and attaches to the lower back of his collar. Asbeel opens his arms wide and shouts, "Welcome Methuselah, and his son Lamech..." The crowd mostly cheers but some boo. Vashti warmly says, "Thanks for coming..." Methuselah adjusts the silly animal fur cap as he says, "You're welcome, Vashti..." Lamech timidly says, "Nice to see you..." Yerach proudly says, "Methuselah, bless my festival!" He smiles. Methuselah boldly asks, "Do you have a lamb to sacrifice to God?" Yerach humbly says, "Tammuz has many lambs..."

Tammuz fearfully holds Yapheh, as he nervously says, "Not my Yapheh!"

Methuselah looks up and says, "Prince Tammuz, any healthy lamb will do..." Tammuz unhappily asks, "Why kill lambs?" Shemrith looks down

and says, "It's such an ugly ritual." Vashti looks up and says, "Prince Tammuz, it's necessary..." Tammuz frowns as he asks, "Why?"

Methuselah solemnly says, "We sacrifice lambs to God to show we're sorry about our sins..." Tammuz self righteously says, "But I haven't sinned... I'm good!"

Methuselah says, "Prince, you heal people... That's good.. But we all are corrupted by our parent's sins..." Lamech walks over to the altar.

Tammuz frowns. Irritated, Ashtoreth sternly says, "Prince Tammuz, offer a lamb!" Tammuz says, "Augh! My father has sinned a lot... I'll offer a lamb for, ---his sins!" He sadly puts his golden staff down. He stoops down, grabs a little white lamb. He hands the baaing lamb to Lamech. He puts the lamb near the square golden altar that has medium sized square hole

near it's middle. It's flames are burning with puffs of smoke coming out. Jubal and his band play sacred music. Methuselah takes out a flint knife. He turn to the crowd. While Lamech holds the lamb tight, the lamb cries out. Methuselah says, "Yerach, it's your festival. Come over." He put his hands on this lamb's head!" Asbeel and Vashti follows her. She timidly walks over. Her dark green eyes looks sad. Asbeel and Vashti stand by her. Methuselah leans on his long spear. The music stops. Yerach nervously says, "Methuselah, bless all the children here..." She bows her head. The white lamb fearfully baas. Methuselah says with mixed feelings, "Yes... Lord God, we humbly ask that Yerach's Children Festival may be pleasing to you... Lord God, may we all come to know you and obey you... Let it be..." Methuselah solemnly says, "O Lord God, all life comes from you... We seek your forgiveness and your blessings..." Tammuz and Shemrith puts their hands over their eyes as this lamb cries. The lamb scream horribly like a person dying as Methuselah cuts the little lamb's throat with his flint knife. Still holding the dying jerking lamb, Lamech shutters. They put the lambs blood on the horns of the altar and pour the rest onto it's base. Asbeel and Vashti puts their arms around Yerach slouching shoulders. Methuselah shouts, "Lord God forgive us, --and bless us! Let it be."

Latter, Asbeel kindly shouts, "It's time for us to feast..." Vashti smiles as she says, "Thank Queen Ashtoreth for so kindly providing fresh bake bread and wine for everyone here!" Yerach happily shouts, "Praise queen Ashtoreth!" The crowd cheers. Jubal and his band play royal sounding music. Ashtoreth pets her green snake and happily says, "I have graciously invited our guest speakers, Methuselah, Yelalah, and Gibbor to eat at the royal table... Come now!" The crowd cheers. They step up on the platform. A large long glowing white high table materializes up from the platform. Fancy throne like colored crystal chairs with high backs materializing up behind the table. Ashtoreth says, "Shields up..." An almost invisible yellowish dome appears over the huge star shaped golden platform which stops the snow from falling inside. The queen walks down the steps of her throne. Ashtoreth cheerfully shouts, "Servants, pass out bread and wine to all..." She and Tamuz sits down behind the glowing white long table on the two innermost chairs that look like crystal white thrones with high backs. Her seat rises so that her head is slightly above

Tammuz's head. Shemrith sits down to Tammuz' right but her seat lowers so that her head is slightly lower than his. Yerach, Asbeel and Vashti sit down to Shemrith's right. Methuselah, Lamech, Yelalah, and Gibbor sits down on the colored crystal chairs to Ashtoreth's left. Gibbor seat and floor lowers so that his heads is below Tammuz's shoulders. Sitting in the sledge, mother Qoph proudly shout, "Wow, what an honor!" She watches the many servants, dressed in white hooded robes, take off the metallic wraps off from their carts. The incredibly delicious smell of fresh flatbread floods the whole village. Mother Qoph excitedly says, "O man, I forgot how good fresh bread smells..." The servant distribute the crystal clear plates full of fresh baked flatbread and colorful crystal goblets filled with delicious red wine. Ashtoreth tears off a piece of her bread to feeds it to her large green snake resting on her shoulders. She picks up her crystal red goblet. She allows the snake to sip some of her wine. Ashtoreth says, "God bless my royal family! Now feast..." Lamech goofily smiles as he says, "Yummy..." Methuselah says, "Let it be..." Gibbor says, "Gibbor loves food!" Yelalah lifts her algae covered staff up and says, "Algae becomes greater!" Lamech notices a woman dressed in a dark brown hooded dress looking like Tukkiy among the Algae worshipers. His heart races. She's turn away from him so he can't see her face. A servant girl walks with her cart to mother Qoph and hands her a nice piece of flatbread, and cup of red wine in a clear crystal goblet. Mother Qoph smiles widely as she says, "Ah, fresh bread... Yummy!" Standing near the front point of the platform, Yerach shouts, "After you eat, return the goblets and plates to the servants." The crowd cheers.

After everyone eats, Yerach lifts her hands and shouts, "Now, our first speaker, Methuselah will teach us about God..." The chairs of everyone at the royal table lowers down. The table and the chairs dissolves back into the giant golden platform. Methuselah and Lamech walk towards the front point of the golden platform. The other speakers walk to the left side of the platform. Mother Qophs looks at the children playing in the snow.

Snowflakes keep falling. The many, many children here are building various things out of the snow including snow animals, snow people and snow castles, etc. One adorable young girl dressed in white hooded furs says to the several children she's playing with, "O-no! Boring speeches... Let's ignore them..." The music stops.

Lamech leans on his wooden staff. Methuselah, wearing Enoch's silly fur cap, leans on his spear, and happily shouts, "God made everything! --God made men and women! (And the Lord God formed the man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul. Genesis 2:7) (And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and close up the flesh instead thereof; And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh. Genesis 2:21-24) (And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. Genesis 1:28) God loves us all! God wants us all to have good relationships with God and each other! ---But an ungrateful servant of God corrupted the serpent. (Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. Job 1:6) This jealous servant, also known as the Goat or the corruptor, used the serpent to corrupt Adam and Eve... (And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, you shall not surely die: For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes will be opened, and ye shall be as gods knowing good and evil. Genesis 3:2-5) The serpent accused God of denying great things to Adam and Eve but the serpent led them into great evils including betrayal. First, they betrayed God. Then Adam betrayed Eve. (And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat. Genesis 3:12) Then Eve betrayed the serpent. (And the Lord God said to the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat. Genesis 3:13) Since then, everyone asks who is going to betray who next? Ironically, the serpent was loyal to his master... The Goat promises us knowledge and power, --but when we follow him, we become his slaves through lust, fear, hate, and death... He promises we'll

become gods but the more we follow him, the less like God we become...

Failing to love God and each other, we destroys our relationships and ourselves! We even make our own false gods but God still loves us!

Humble yourselves, repent, love God and each other! Then God will bless you and your families!" Many in the crowd cheers but many also boo.

A dark beautiful woman near the front angrily shouts, and asks, "Why believe in a God we can't even see? I have touch the great god, king Semjaza but your god doesn't even show his face..." Methuselah sadly looks at her and says, "We don't see the air but without air, we die... We need God like we need to breathe!" A man back in the crowd shouts, "Who is this Corruptor you blame?" Methuselah calmly says, "The Goat also known as --the mighty researcher..." The man angrily shouts, "His great knowledge helps many... Why do you scapegoat him?" Methuselah angrily says, "Because he is guilty of so much!" A pale mother with four small children standing by her are wearing fuzzy brown furs. She bitterly asks, "Methuselah, why does your god allows my children to starve? Why shouldn't I worship blessed goddess Yerach, who actually feeds my children?" Methuselah sadly says, "Let's asks her? Yerach, do you believe in my God?" Yerach timidly smiles as she shouts, "Yes, I believe in God! - -I'm not a goddess..." Methuselah happily says, "Believe in the God Yerach believes in..." A young mother, dressed in rags, with her young daughter by her side, furiously shouts, "That's a lie! They are the true gods!" A yellowish faced young man shouts as he hold his small son in his arms, "My son is very sick! If prince Tammuz heals my son, why should I not worship him?" Methuselah's brown much wrinkled face smiles slyly beneath Enoch silly old cap as he says, "Let's ask..." Methuselah looks up at the very tall prince holding his shepherd staff, while petting Yepheh, and respectfully asks, "Prince Tammuz, are you a god? Should he worship you?" With Shemrith by his side, Tammuz timidly shouts, "No! I serve the one true God!" Shemrith graciously says, "I too believe in God..." Yepheh baas. Tammuz hold his old black sheep tightly. Methuselah points at the queen sitting on her highly exalted white scallop shaped throne as he forcefully asks, "Queen Ashtoreth, do you believe in God --or are you the goddess?" Her crystal pink eyes look angry. She pets her green snake. Ashtoreth bitterly shouts, "I am queen Ashtoreth! --I need no other title..." Methuselah playfully asks, "Vashti, the wise, are you a goddess?" Asbeel

is by her side. Vashti calmly says, "No, I'm not. I believe in God..."

Methuselah happily asks, "Asbeel, what about you?" Asbeel cheerfully says, "I served God before there were humans..." Methuselah looks way up at Kasdeja floating on his silver disc. Chashaq growls. Methuselah shouts, asking, "Kasdeja, do you believe in God?" Irritated, Kasdeja's very dark face frowns as he shouts, "Fool, --I know God!" Methuselah nervously says, "See, they agreed there're not really gods... Worship God! Lord God, bless everyone here! Let it be... Lamech, let's go..." Lamech fearfully says, "Good idea, father..." We walks over to where the other speakers are waiting.

Yerach, Vashti and Asbeel walk to the front point of the platform.

Yerach nervously says, "I thank Methuselah for blessing my children's festival... Vashti, why don't you introduce our next guest speaker?" Jubal and his band play inspiring music. Yelalah, wearing her dull green hooded robe walks towards them. She leans on her Algae covered staff. Vashti adjusts the long silver cone cap on top her gray hair as she says, "When Yelalah, granddaughter of the great Algae priestess Calach was a little girl, she was taken away... Yelalah, tell us about yourself..." Yerach, Vashti, and Asbeel walk back. Yelalah lifts her algae staff. She pulls back her hood, revealing her beautiful long graying black hair. Her pale wrinkled face gently smiles as her tearful grayish eyes look around at the crowd. The music stops. Yelalah gently says, "I, Yelalah, an Algae priestess am honored to speak here... I remember how happy I was growing up with my grandmother Calach..." Disturbed, Yelalah says, "One terrible day, --I was taken away, and sold to be a sex slave... Those who use children this way have turn away from the love of the Algae, --like the demons of the infinite sea." Yelalah pauses, then sadly says, "I don't believe in Methuselah's God but his father Enoch, along with Methuselah, and --Asbeel, convinced king Semjaza to forbid child sex slavery for humans. They freed so many children, --like me! I thank the Algae for them... Thanks to them, Calach, my wonderful loving grandmother got to teach me how to be a good Algae priestess, --before she died... May the Algae bless all who speak up for children like me! No matter what you believe, --I believe that we are all part of the Algae. I believe that the Algae blesses all who do good. --Algae always becomes greater!" Many cheer but many jeer. She breaks down and

cries. Yelalah's kindly pale face smiles as she says, "We are one in the Algae!"

A pale old woman angrily shouts, "What about the dark Algae priest who desecrates funerals as love ones grieve?" Disurbed, Yelalah sadly shouts, "Since his beloved children were kill by Kasdeja, Priest Naqam(5358 Grudge), torments others because of his grief... What would you do if those were your children? --We all come from the Algae and the Algae can unite and heal us in love!" An old black woman shouts, "Algae worshipers are weird immoral slime worshipers! Some are even wicked alchemists!" Yelalah's tearful grayish eyes stare at her as she painfully says, "We worship life! What do you worship? A god no one sees? Snakes? Stars? Demons? --At least we don't allow child sex slavery..." Many boo. A red haired man near the front shouts, "You mean intimate child companions. That's good for children!" Yelalah angrily shouts, "It was not good for me!" The man shouts back, "Slime worshipping, promiscuous alchemists! --How dare you insult us?" Yelalah dogmatically says, "I'm not an alchemist! I'm Algae priestess... We just want to live in peace!"

Several loudly repeatedly chant, "Dirty promiscuous slime worshipers! Slime worshipers are utterly mad! Utterly mad! Utterly mad!" The red hair man shouts, "Get out you dirty promiscuous slime worshiper!" Yelalah cries. She steps back from the front. Yerach, Vashti, and Asbeel walk to the front. Yerach angrily shouts, "Stop! Respect our honored guests --or leave!" Asbeel aims his glowing pink palms at the disrespectful. Vashti calmly says, "People, tis wise to respect others..." The disrespectful leave. Jubal and his band play festive music. Asbeel puts his arms down. He and Vashti step back.

Yerach spread her arms open as she happily says, "Now, welcome Gibbor, the mighty..." His chubby cheeked yellowish tan face smiles wide behind his stringy graying beard. Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Gibbor, speak!" The fat bald giant is wearing his thick white furs with his hood pulled back. He walks wobbling up to the platform and jumps onto the front point, making a big thump. He turns around. The crowd cheers as many shout, "I love Gibbor!" Some shout, "Gibbor the mighty! Gibbor, the wise!" His bulging squinted eyes looks over at the prince holding Yapheh the sheep. Gibbor claps as he childishly says, "Hi, prince... Hi, Yapheh..." He waves at them. Yapheh baas. Jubal and his band of four beautiful

woman comes over to him and dance around him. They play their brightly flashing cymbals. Gibbor looks lustfully down at the women. Jubal holds up his golden serpent staff and shouts, "Welcome Gibbor..." Gibbor claps his hands and happily says, "Pretty women dance!" Gibbor tries to dance like them but his huge flabby fat body just doesn't move like theirs.

Snow falls all around. He looks nervous. Gibbor says, "Gibbor see crowd..." Many chants, "Gibbor, the mighty! Gibbor, the wise... Prince Gibbor!" Gibbor smiles and shouts, "Be good, not bad! Be happy, not sad!" The crowd cheers. Many shout, "Gibbor the wise! Prince Gibbor!"

Sloughing on her highly exulted white throne, and petting her snake, Ashtoreth shakes her head. Gibbor playfully says, "Love God! Love others! Do,---" Gibbor lovingly says, "Love mother! Love good father!"

Mother Qoph looks at Tubal and 'Aqqow waving their hands. Gibbor hold up his over sized hands and says, "Love-ah, love all! Love all! --O-Do good! --Do good!" The adoringly cheers him.

A tan woman wearing her gray hooded furs, looks at her timid husband and their two small children who are wearing dark furs. She bitterly shouts, "How can I be happy when all is bad?" Gibbor sadly asks, "Bad? No food? No family?" She angrily says, "I got food and family ---, but my family s so filthy..." Gibbor claps his hands and asks, "Eat food, love family, be happy!" The woman angrily asks, "Gibbor, how can I make my family be clean?" Her husband and children fearfully back away from her. Gibbor rubs his stringy beard as he thoughtfully says, "Love God!

Love family! Not clean!" Shocked, the woman sadly looks at her husband and children as she furiously shouts, "Family must be clean! Cleanliness is life!" Gibbor shouts, "Love is life! Love!" The woman lovingly looks at her family and says, "Just love my filthy family. --I never thought of that..."

She lovingly hugs her family who lovingly hugs her back. She says to her family, "I love you all! But I'm not cleaning up your filthy messes anymore, understand." Her husband says, "Yes, dear..." Gibbor smiles down at them and says, "Gibbor done!" The queen shouts, "Shield down!"

The huge yellow dome around them vanishes. The crowd cheers. Gibbor jumps off the stage. He walks wobbling back to Tubal and 'Aqqow. With Vashti and Asbeel by her side, Yerach walks to the front point, and shouts, "Thanks Gibbor..." Standing behind her, Vashti says, "Let's hear it once again for Gibbor, the mighty!" The crowd cheers loudly.

Yerach looks up at Kasdeja. He's floating way above her on his silver disc. Yerach nervously shouts, "Kasdeja, guard the prince!" He and his pet are inside his semitransparent purple sphere. The sphere vanishes. He lands his disc. Vashti turns toward Asbeel and softly says, "Asbeel, join him..." Asbeel tenderly says, "Yes, my love..." He walks to the right of Tammuz who is sitting on his throne. Shemrith happily stands by him. Chashaq growls with its three elongated jaws as they walk over to the left side of Tammuz. Shemrith smiles down at Kasdeja as she says, "Father Kasdeja..." His coal black eyes look up at his very tall daughter as he says, "Shemrith, girl... You make me proud." Many women loudly chant, "Prince Tammuz, great shepherd... Beautiful healer! Shemrith, beautiful giant!" Kasdeja points and fiercely shouts, "Any fool threatens prince, -- dies!" Chashaq growls. The crowd hushes. Ashtoreth pets her large slithering light green snake and happily shouts, "Prince Tammuz, address your subjects..." Jubal and his band play royal sounding music. Many women joyfully shout, "Prince Tammuz, great shepherd, beautiful healer... We lo-o-o-ve you!" He stands up holding Yapheh, his black sheep and his golden shepherd's staff. Shemrith gently touches his right cheek with her sparkly green gloves as she softly says, "My prince..." He passionately hugs her. There's a purple spark and a tingy puff of black smoke between them. They gently let go. He walks out to the front point, holding Yapheh. He raises his golden shepherd's staff up. He waves it. Many women shout, "Prince Tammuz, we love you! Ah, ah, ah! We love you! Ah, we love you!" Many men shout, "Prince Tammuz, great shepherd, great healer..."

Sitting in the sledge, mother Qoph watches them. Tammuz looks out at the many children playing in the deep snow. Many fluffy snowflakes fall from the sky. The music stops. Tammuz nervously combs back his long smooth reddish brown hair. He adjusts his large golden crown. Tammuz cheerfully shouts, "Children are such a blessing and there are so many children here to celebrate! The children inspire us by building their dreams from the gentle snow..." The crowd cheers. Tammuz's extremely handsome face smiles as he says, "I, prince Tammuz -and my mother are please to support Yerach's Children's Festival..." Mother Qoph shouts, "I agree with that!" Everyone cheers. Tammuz gently pets his baaing sheep. Tammuz grumpily says, "King Semjaza has done, -- good, ruling this world for many years... But he tires of his great responsibility..." Tammuz sees many

woman shouting, "Prince Tammuz, great shepherd... Beautiful healer!" Disgusted, Tammuz says, "My father has been distr-acted by many wom-..." Tammuz gently says, "Someday, I may be your loving shepherd... I will care for you like I shepherd my many sheep." Tammuz tearfully says, "--I will not be distracted... Except for Shemrith." The crowd, especially the women cheer. Tammuz look lovingly at Shemrith who blows him a kiss. Many girls shouts, "Ahh---he's so romantic..." The crowd happily chant, "Prince Tammuz, great shepherd! Beautiful healer! Prince Tammuz, great shepherd! Shemrith, beautiful gaint!"

One beautiful woman blows him a kiss and asks, "Prince Tammuz, is it appropriate for your girlfriend to be taller than you?" He blushes.

Tammuz gently asks, "What's wrong with that?" He looks up into Shemrith's sweet black eyes and gently says, "When you're as tall as I am, it's nice to have someone to look up to... Especially Shem-rith!" Shemrith jealously says, "Hey girl, find your own man..." Tammuz holds his black sheep tighly. She happily baas. Tammuz lifts up his golden shepard staff as he caringly says, "I come here to heal! I wish I could heal every sick person --but I can't!" The crowd roars. The seven people chosen walk to or are carried to star shaped platform. Sitting on her highly exulted throne, Ashtoreth forcefully shouts, "My son has graciously offered to heal seven of you... But if you disrespects my son, --you die!" Kasdeja raises his purpl glowing palms and shoots bright purple beams up into the snowy sky.

Chashaq howls. The crowd hushes. Yerach fearfully says, "Relax Kasdeja... Everyone respects our prince!" They walk to Tammuz's left and Asbeel walks to his right. Shemrith stands behind Tammuz. Yerach lifts her arms. Her long silver cap is on top her extremely long breaded white hair. Her dark pretty wrinkled face sadly smile as she shouts, "Praise prince Tammuz! His healing service begins!" The crowd cheers. She walks back to Kasdeja. Tammuz looks down at four young men carrying a sick grayish old woman who is lying on a mat, cover in gray furs. Tammuz sadly says, "Bring Lo-Ruhamah to me!"

The young men climb up the thigh high platform carrying her up by him. He gets down on his knees beside her, leans on his staff. He puts Yapheh down. The old sheep gently lies down next to her. The gasping old woman says wheezing out of breath, "Tam-muz, I --can't --breath! Help --- me..." He touches the old woman's scrawny chest. Tammuz tenderly says,

"Lo-Ruhamah breath and believe!" His left hand glows orange. He gently presses her chest. She struggles to take a deep breath as her somewhat grayish face turns somewhat brownish. Tammuz is out of breath as he says, "Breathe out.." She slowly breathes in and out. Tammuz takes his large hand off her chest and lifts her right arm up. He sweat profusely. He lets her hand go. She holds her hand up and moves her feeble arm around.

Tammuz's hand glows. He lifts up her other hand up and lets it go. He puts his hand under the back of her head and she slowly sits up. She breathes heavily for a while, then joyfully says, "I can ---breathe! I can --breathe... Oh, thank you, great prince Tammuz!" He moans. She slowly tries to stand. Still on his knees, Tammuz leans on his shepard's staff. He lift the old woman up with his mighty arms and says, "Lo-Ruhamah, I believe ---you can stand..." She weakly wobbles and then stands up. She takes a feeble step, then another and another. She sit back down on her mat. Lo-Ruhamah joyously shouts, "Great prince, --Tammuz you healed --me! Thank --God for you!" Tammuz comfortingly says, "Be well and live a good life..." The young men around carry her back into the crowd.

Tammuz leans on his shepard's staff, rests and slowly stands up as he says, "Jezreel, come to me!" A young wife, wearing brown hooded furs and is holding a small child. A man wearing white furs, helps a young blind man who is wearing tan hooded furs. The blind man holds a staff. He climbs up the platform. His family climbs up behind him. Their child pets Yapheh. The wife says, "My husband lost his eye sight... It's very hard for him to provide for us... Prince Tammuz, make him see!" His small child looks up and says, "Prince, I want daddy to see me!" Jazreel says nervously, "Prince Tammuz, if you can? Help me see!" Tammuz pulls back his hood revealing the man's bloodshot eyes. Tammuz sadly says, "Jazreel, close your eyes..." He touches the young man's eyes. His fingers glow orange. The young man says, "Ouch, my eyes are burning... Augh-augh, --Augh!" Tammuz's eyes becomes bloodshot as he says, "Believe!" Jezreel looks around and says, "I see ----but everything --is blurry.." Tammuz touches his eyes again. Jezreel shouts, "My eyes burn... Stop it!" Sweats pours down Tammuz's forehead. He shuts his eyes, and moans painfully. He take his glowing fingers off the young man's eyes as he asks, "How do things look?" As snow fall all around, he slowly opens his healthy looking eyes. He looks up at Tammuz's face in awe. Jezreel happily says, "Yes!

Everything's clear and beautiful... I see you! Thank you, thank you beautiful healer!" He hugs his large chest. Tammuz opens his blood shot eyes which slowly heal. Tammuz points to the man's family and says, "Jezreel, look at your family..." The wife shouts, "Praise prince Tammuz!" The boy joyfully asks, "Father, can you see me?" The young man excitedly says, "Yes, my son.. Yes!" He runs over, grabs his young child and wife. They hug tightly. The child waves towards Yapheh and says, "Bye lamb... Bye.. Bye.." Yapheh baas happily at the boy. Jezreel looks deeply into his wife green eyes and says, "You're so beautiful!" She joyfully says, "You are too!" They climb down the platform and walk back into the crowd. Four more sick people come up with various sicknesses and Tammuz heals them. Each time he heals a person, he seems to get their sickness. Then he slowly recovers. Tammuz looks sickly, and his reddish brown hair is dripping with sweat.

On his knees, leaning on his staff by his black sheep, Tammuz looks at a man wearing thick brown hooded furs carrying a little pale girl dressed in white hooded furs. Tammuz wheezes and says, "Bring ---Chemdah -to me!" Asbeel lifts the man and his pale girl up onto the platform. The man holds his little daughter up in his shaking arms. Tammuz pulls back her hood, revealing her long black hair touches her forehead with his glowing left hand. He touches her chest and waits for her to breathe. Tears roll down his beardless cheeks as Tammuz sorrowfully says, "I'm --so--sorry.... I'm too late! Chem-dah has died!" Her father tearfully shouts, "Make Chemdah(delight) live! Prince Tammuz, I'll do anything... Save Her!" Ashamed, Tammuz says, "I can't." Many boo. Some shout, "Tammuz, great shepard can raise her from the dead!" The man cries out and says, "Great Shephard, my little daughter is all I have! Tammuz, I believe --in you! Heal Chemdah!" Tammuz puts his staff down. He puts his left hand on her forehead and his right hand grabs her right hand. Tammuz painfully wheezes and says, "O-good God, please help me wake Chemdah! -- Chemdah, Live! Live! Live!" The crowd wildly cheers. Tammuz weeps bitterly as his hands glows brightly orange. He becomes deathly pale, and his whole body seems to shrivel. Tammuz moans, groans, and shouts, "Chem-dah, wake up! O-God, make her live... Pleeee-aaase! Wake up, little girl! O God please!" Shemrith puts her hands on his shoulder as sorrowfully says, "Tammuz stop! She's dead... Stop, you're killing

yourself.. Stop!" Streams of sweat roll down his corpse like face and tears stream down from his whiten eyes. The crowd boos.. He glows orange, holds up Chemdah's lifeless arm, lets go and it falls lifelessly down. Many shout, "Prince Tammuz, make her live!" He picks up Yapher holds his old black sheep tightly, weeping. He painfully wheezes. He lays his old black sheep down on the girl's stomach. He grabs the dead girl's shoulders with one of his large hands and sits her up in her father's arms but her head hangs totally lifeless. Yapher, the black sheep sadly baas. His fingers glow brightly orange. He touches the girl's forehead with both hands as he breathlessly shouts, "Chem-dah! O-God, bring her back! Augh! Augh! Augh!" He wheezes heavily. He looks like a withered corpse. His fingers stop glowing. He faints. Shemrith grabs him to keep him from hitting the floor. Yapher jumps off the dead girl and snuggles against him. The sorrowful father shakes his little girl's shoulders, trying to wakes her up, "Chem-dah, wake up... Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!" She doesn't. Her father hugs her and emotionally shouts, "Tammuz, try again! Try again!" Ashtoreth forcefully shouts, "My son has done all that he can for your daughter.. She's dead!" Shemrith, holds Tammuz as he slowly wakes, and slowly heals. In agony, Tammuz says in, "O—mother.. I failed!" The girl's father screams. Shemrith and Asbeel help Tammuz to slowly, sickly stand up. He picks up and leans heavily on his staff. He limps towards his mother. The crowd jeers. Ashtoreth stands up and rushes to her son and angrily shouts, "Can any of you make Chem-dah live again? Then shut up!" She hugs her son tightly. Tammuz wheezes and says, "I failed..." Ashtoreth comfortingly says, "No, my beloved son, you were brave!" Chemdah's father screams, carrying her corpse in his arms. He furiously shouts, "O Chem-dah, ---Tammuz is ---a fraud!" We all look shocked. Vashti angrily shouts, "Apollogize to your prince now!" The crowd hushes. Ashtoreth furious shouts, "You ungrateful worm! --Chashaq.."

Kasdeja points at the weeping father. Chashaq growls fiercely, hunchng it's huge furry shoulders, drools, and slowly steps towards the father. Tammuz feebly gets up and walks as he weakly shouts, "Kasdeja, stop Chashaq!" Kasdeja coldly ignores him. Yerach shout, "Queen Ashtoreth, please, stop this!" Chemdah's weeping father falls to his knees, still holding her in his trembling arms. Fearfully he shouts, "Prince Tammuz, forgive me! --I just wanted Chem-dah back!" The snarling three headed beast baring all it's

long white fangs steps up close to the trembling man's face. It's three pairs of shiny dark yellow eyes stares murderously at him. The man screams.

Tammuz forcefully shouts, "Mother, stop this now! He didn't mean it.."

Ashtoreth bitterly says, "Chashaq, respect prince Tammuz's wishes..." The snarling three headed beast backs off and stops growling. The weeping father holds his dead daughter tight. Yerach shouts, "Praise merciful queen Ashtoreth!" Chashaq steps behind Kasdeja. The crowd mostly cheers.

Asbeel walks over to the sorrowful man and comfortingly says, "I'm so sorry about Chemdah... May God grant Chemdah and you peace..." He weeps and says, "Asbeel, --thank you!" Asbeel pick up his daughter's little corpse and helps him climb down from the platform. The crowd parts before them, giving him a path to leave. Asbeel carries Chemdah away through the crowd for him. The weeping father follows him. Kasdeja and Shemrith helps Tammuz limp back to his throne. The prince sits down and slowly recovers as he says to the crowd, "I must rest..." Ashtoreth walks back up to her throne and sits down.

Lamech sees the woman wearing a dark brown hooded dress near the front, weeping. She's struggling through the crowd to get to, and climb up on the platform. Lamech's heart thump wildly as he fearfully shouts at her, "Tukkiy! Tukkiy!" Lamech sees her pretty squinted eyes weeping. She ignores him. Methuselah puts his aged hand on his son's shoulder as he says disturbed, "That's not Tukkiy!" Lamech can't look away. She heartbreakingly shouts, "O great shepherd, prince Tammuz, --find my lost baby boy!" Kasdeja frowns. His right palm glows purple as he coldly says, "Quiet, girl!" Chashaq growls at her. In agony, she says, "O, great Tammuz, great shepherd ---find my little boy! --Or just kill me!" Tammuz sickly says, "Kasdeja, I will hear her!" Kasdeja's palm stops glowing.

Tammuz looks down at her as he gently says, "Woman, --I'll try!" Ashtoreth fearfully says, "No, my son, you must rest!" Tammuz hold his golden staff tightly as he sadly says, "I must help her!" Ashtoreth says, "Careful son..." He gets on his knees by the distressed woman but his head is still above her. He leans on his staff. Yapheh kneels before him. The woman emotionally says, "Find my baby boy!" He put his left hand over her forehead. His hand glow faintly orange. Tammuz wheezes, and says, "God, show me where her child is?" He breathes heavily, drops his staff, and his eyes roll back into his head. Tammuz fearfully shouts, "Her, ----

owls-s-s!" He faints. The crowd is shocked. Yapheh fearfully baas.

Shemrith and Kasdeja, grab the prince. Jubal and his band play soothing music. The woman screams uncontrollably. Kasdeja says, "Sleep fool..."

He shoots a faint purple beam at the screaming woman. She falls asleep.

He picks her up. He put her back in the crowd. He returns. The crowd panicks. Shemrith fearfully says him, "Tammuz, wake up, my love!"

Ashtoreth rushes to her son, and fearfully asks, "Son, why didn't you listen to me?" Yerach says, "Everyone relax! Tammuz will be fine... See you next year." Ashtoreth says, "Shields up." The yellowish semi transparent sphere appears around the giant golden platform which slowly floated up into the snowy sky.

The crowd panicks. Lamech sees Tubal with his family. Gibbor fearfully asks, "Prince hurt?" Tubal says, "They make prince better."

'Aqqow comfortingly says, "He'll be fine." Methuselah holds his spear up and shouts to the fearful crowd, "Have faith! --Tammuz will recover!"

Lamech nervously asks, "Father, how do you know?" Methuselah boldly says, "I just know!" A young reddish woman fearfully asks, "Are you kidding? Our prince is dying, and the queen of heaven just ran away..."

We're doom!" Methuselah encouragingly shouts, "No, God loves us! -- We need God, --not the royal family!" Many children fearfully run to

Gibbor and shouts, "Gibbor, the mighty, save us! Save us!" The fat giant sits down as his parents stand quietly behind him. Gibbor goofily says,

"Gibbor, not big enough.. God saves!" Lamech sees a beautiful young blond dressed in her long cream colored hooded furs walk over. She

watches many children cuddle around Gibbor. He waves to her. Gibbor gladly says, "Children, Gibbor here.."

A small brown boy holding his infant sister fearfully asks, "Gibbor, -what can we do?" Gibbor spreads his large flabby arms as he says, "Love God! Love others.. Do good.."

The boy skeptically asks, "How does that help prince Tummuz?" Gibbor joyfully look at the baby and says, "Gibbor not know.... Hey.. Baby

cute!" A young yellowish brown hair girl cries and asks, "Did I do wrong thing? Am I bad?" Gibbor gently hugs her as he says, "No! You good. --

Me like you!" The girl says, "Me love Gibbor..." A pale small boy shouts, "I'm scared! --I'm so scared!" Gibbor smiles and says, "Fear not! God

love you..." The boy nervously asks, "Why bad thing happen?" Puzzled, Gibbor says, "Gibbor not know..." Tears flow down a dark young girl's

cheeks as he asks, "Does God hate us?" Gibbor hugs her and says, "God loves you... Love God!" A bitter girl says, "My little brother die... How can God lets him die?" Gibbor sadly gently says, "Maybe death not end... Maybe God took him to big igloo!" The children hugs him all around. Many children say, "Gibbor, we love you." Gibbor happily says, "Yeah, children!" 'Aqqow points to the beautiful blond and says, "Son, look, she's here." Tubal playfully smile at them. The sweet blond watching him walks over to him. Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Sob'ah.." Sob'ah playfully says, "O-Gibbor.." Lamech comes over and curiously asks, "Girl, --you know Gibbor?" Sob'ah joyfully says, "Yes! He's so big!" Gibbor bulging squinted hazel eyes smiles down at her as his oversized hands grabs her. Gibbor excitedly says, "Gibbor want Sob'ah!" He puts her on his lap. Sob'ah laughs and says, "You got me!" He has a big goofy smile on his stringy black bearded chubby face. Gibbor curiously asks, "Wife?" Sob'ah excitedly says, "You want to marry me?" He blushes. Sob'ah joyfully says, "Yeah..."

The next day, an ice blasting snowstorm hits. Cold howling winds painfully frost Lamech's face and beard. He's wearing his hooded light gray furs, gloves, and his thick wood sandals are wrapped with thick furs but his toes are numb. He uses his wooden staff to walk through the deep icy snow to his parent's large igloo. He rushes inside into it's blessed warmth. Lamech shivering and says, "I'm so cold!" He see his parents sitting together. His plump mother's bloated wrinkled face frowns. She's wearing her brown furs. His father wears gray furs and Enoch's furry cap. Mother Qoph angrily says, "What a mess, son! --Clean up!" Methuselah stands up, leans on his spear, hugs him tightly and joyfully says, "Son, good to see you!" Lamech takes off his snow covered furs and sandals. He cleans the snow away on the icy floor and he says, "O father, --mother, it's --cold outside!" The warm flickering flames lights the igloo's icy walls. They have many furs. They have water in clay jars, nuts and grains in large bags, and a large pot to urinate and or defecate in. They huddles together, sitting around the blessed heat of their roaring fire. Lamech forcefully says, "I'm --thirsty!" Mother Qoph's light green eyes look distress as she hands him a small jar filled with water and she says, "Here son.. Please clean up.." Irriated, Lamech says, "I'll try, --in a while.." He sips water. The winds howl. Mother Qoph asks, "How long till this miserable blizzard

ends?" Lamech says, "I don't know... Ah, my feet are still cold..." He grabs sticks to put into the fire. The wind howls loudly. Mother Qoph obsessively cleans every stray hair off her son's light gray furs. Lamech timidly says, "Please mother, stop cleaning me.." She frowns. Mother Qoph says, "You think the cold is unpleasant now... Wait till you're my age!" Wearing Enoch's old silly cap, Methuselah calmly says, "Mother Qoph, complaining is not good? Praise God, we're together..." Mother Qoph smiles and says, "You're right... And soon Gibbor will marry Sob'ah. She's so cute!" Lamech pulls back his hood as he says, "I miss Tukkiy... I've got to get back to her!" Worried, mother Qoph says, "No! Let your father arrange a good marriage for you, --to a godly girl..." Lamech's narrow brown face sadly smiles as he says, "But I love Tukkiy..." Methuselah angrily says, "I will never marry you to her!" Irritated, Lamech says, "Father, you haven't even met her..." Mother Qoph sips some water and says, "Son, we don't want you to get hurt, --again..." Freezing winds roars. Lamech forcefully says, "I will marry Tukkiy!" Methuselah puts his hand on his shoulder and sadly says, "Son, --God will get you a godly wife, --some day..." Lamech arrogantly says, "God already has... Marry us, --or those Algae worshipers will!" Methuselah furiously says, "Son, don't you dare!" Then he silently prays. He grabs more sticks and angrily throws them into the flames. Mother Qoph tearfully says, "Son, I am so disappointed in you... At least stay until Gibbor's wedding!" Lamech nervously says, "I guess so, mother Qoph..." The next morning, the blizzard stops. The sun comes out and it warms up but they're trapped by all the icy snow that pile up around the igloo. Lamech and Methuselah work till noon to dig out through the deep snow that's buried the igloo during the night.

Noon, a new moon later, the wedding guests travel on large sledges pulled by Tubal's wolf dogs through a bitterly cold blizzard to the ancient holy cave about halfway up the great mountain. They watch woolly mammoths marching in the distance. Lamech wearing his light gray furs enters the cave's icy entrance, wearing his light gray furs. His parents enter behind him. Methuselah leans on his spear, wearing his long gray furs, Enoch's cap. He's holding a large ram's horn. Mother Qoph is wearing her brown hooded furs. She is holding a large wine-skin and leans on her staff. They see a big flickering camp fire inside the cave. They quietly watch the

many hungry, sick, and poor families living in the holy cave with their children. The cave walls are covered in ancient paintings about God, Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, etc. A cream colored canopy is back a ways in the cave. Jabal is there, dressed in his brown hooded furs, standing with his sons, daughters, and many grandchildren. Sob'ah is by him, wearing her yellow dress. Tubal and 'Aqqow enters. Tubal holds his walking stick. He's dressed in heavy gray furs over his shiny purple robes and turban. His grayish brown hair wife is dressed in her blue, long sleeved dress, bonnet and gray furs. Two servants, dressed dark furs follow them, pulling a large wooden cart, full of food. Tubal's cold blue eyes sparkle as he happily shouts, "Tubal is here! --And I got really good food!" Many cheers. 'Aqqow emotionally says, "Yes, we do... And my big son's wedding is today!" Jabal walks up and says, "'Aqqow, how's my pagan brother?" She frowns at him. Irritated, Tubal says, "Jabal, I'm right here..." Jabal giggles and asks, "Tubal-Cain, how are you doing?" Tubal happily says, "Fine! Enjoying all that wine I paid you for Sob'ah to marry Gibbor?" Jubal's pale, long bushy bearded face slyly smiles as he says, "Yes, --it's a fair bride price.." Tubal hugs his brother and says, "Well, Gibbor loves Sob'ah!" Jabal laughs and says, "And I love --your wine..." He walks back to his large family. Lamech sees that Gibbor is wearing his long white furs. The fat giant sits down. Sob'ah sits on his huge lap. He hugs her with his huge flabby arms. Tubal happily shouts, "Servants, feed all these hungry people." Lamech watches the servants pass out lots of nuts and other good foods and drinks to everyone there. A yellowish skinny woman, and her three little shivering daughters are wearing rags. They snuggle together. they walk up to the servants. They wait in a long line. They get to the front and grab food and drinks. The woman joyfully says, "'Aqqow, thank you! We'd be dead without the great food Tubal give us." 'Aqqow sadly smiles and says, "You're welcomed.." The woman shares the nuts and grains and cups of wine water with her daughters. She sadly says, "My heart aches when my little girls are hungry." 'Aqqow's tears run down her wrinkled tan cheeks from her lovely hazel eyes as she says, "My son Gibbor eats a lot so I know..." The yellowish woman grabs Tubal hand and says, "Tubal, thank God for you! My children get to eat your truly delicious food!" Tubal proudly says, "Enjoy!" One daughter stares at Tubal's badly scarred right cheek as she asks, "Tubal, why's your face so

scarred?" The woman forcefully says, "Daughter, don't be rude.." Tubal giggles and says, "When I was a little boy, I mixed some stuff... It went boom!" They all laugh. Sob'ah stands up. Gibbor stands way up. He hits his big bald head against the cave's top. Gibbor rubs his sore head as he says, "Head hurt..." Sob'ah points at their cream colored fur canopy, and says "Look at our beautiful canopy." Gibbor bows his head and says joyfully, "Yeah, --holy wedding tent!" They walk to their large canopy.

The see that it's held up by several poles and it's furs cover all it's sides all the way down. Behind them are cave paintings about Adam and Eve.

Methuselah holds up his ram's horn, walks towards the canopy. He's wearing Enoch's goofy fur cap, and holds up his spear. He blows his ram's horn seven times. Everyone there gathers around him. Lamech walks up to his fat mother. She's holding a large wine-skin. Her brown hood mostly cover her long pure white hair. Lamech nervously says, "Mother, my left arm still hurts sometimes..." She gently straps the wine-skin onto his back.

Mother Qoph sadly says, "Son, long ago, lord Bad injured your arm and it still hurts you." Lamech says, "Mostly when I strain it." Methuselah happily shouts, "We are here to wed Gibbor and Sob'ah... Jabal, do you give your granddaughter Sob'ah to be Gibbor's wife?" Jabal walks forward and says, "Actually, Tubal paid me with lots of wine..." Irritated, Methuselah asks, "Do you approve?" Jabal sadly says, "Let me think....

Sob'ah parents were killed, so I raise my granddaughter well, --just like I raise my cattle... She will marry Gibbor and procreate! They'll have lots of really big children..." Methuselah sadly says, "Jabal, they might not have children..." Shocked, Jabal asks, "What? Why?" Methuselah sadly says, "Most children of the sons of God are barren.." Jabal timidly asks,

"Sob'ah, would you marry someone else?" Sob'ah forcefully says, "No!" Jabal's pale wrinkled face looks sad behind as he asks, "Are you sure? --- You're so young and you might not get to have babies!" Sob'ah hugs him and joyfully says, "Grandfather, I'm sure! Besides, if I don't marry him, you'll have to give Tubal back all that wine..." Jabal nervously says, "But you should be a joyful mother of children..." Sob'ah hugs him and happily says, "Grandfather, I love you.. I promise me and Gibbor will try!"

Methuselah forcefully asks, "Well, Jabal?" Jabal says with mixed feelings, "I approve, I guess..."

We cheer. Gibbor excitedly stands up and bumps his head on cave's ceiling and says, "Head hurts..." He rubs his head. Methuselah says, "Let us begin... As the first man Adam said about Eve, ("This is my bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh...."-Genesis 2:23*) Mother Qoph and Lamech walks over to them. The wine-skin is strapped to Lamech's back. Mother Qoph picks up the large green jar. Her pinkish face smiles as mother Qoph says, "Gibbor, take the wedding jar." She hands the clay jar to the fat giant. She pours wine from the large wine-skin strapped to son's back into the jar. Methuselah says gently, "This wine represents your love." Mother Qoph says, "Gibbor, take a small sip and hand the jar to Sob'ah..." Gibbor drinks it all in one big gulp. Mother Qoph pours more wine into the jar and says, "Gibbor, hand it to Sob'ah." Gibbor hands it to Sob'ah who takes a big gulp. Mother Qoph and Lamech walk back. She takes the wine-skin off his back. She lays it down. Methuselah happily says, "Sob'ah, circle Gibbor seven times to show your devotion to him but God is the center of all..." She excitedly dances all around him. He spins around watching her. As she circles him the fifth time, he gets dizzy and sits down. Mother Qoph walks back to him and asks, "Gibbor are you alright?" Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Gibbor dizzy..." He stand back up. Sobah dances around him two more times. Sob'ah hands him a fancy steel iron wedding necklace, saying, "Gibbor, take this wedding necklace." Sob'ah happily says, "O Gibbor, my necklace is so beautiful..." Gibbor lifts necklace up and says, "Pretty..." Methuselah solemnly says, "Gibbor, put necklace on Sob'ah and ask, May I tighten your necklace?" Sob'ah breathlessly says, "Hurry up, I'm waiting!" He bows. He gently puts the fancy necklace down around her delicate throat. Methuselah forcefully says, "Sob'ah, if you say yes, never ever take it off!" Gibbor childishly asks, "Gibbor tighten?" Sobah looks way up at him and shouts, "Yes, yes, yes!" He gently pulls the string to tighten her necklace around her throat. Methuselah cheerfully says, "With God's blessing, share your wine and your lives together..." Gibbor picks up the jar and sips a little, and hands it to Sob'ah who gulps down the rest. Methuselah solemnly says, "Don't share yourselves with anyone else... Gibbor, smash the jar so no one shall ever drink from it again. Neither of you shall share yourself with anyone else till death!" Gibbor throws the jar down and it smashes into little pieces. Gibbor happily says, "Gibbor smash jar!" Mother Qoph cries. She

obsessively pick up the pieces of the broken jar. Mother Qoph says, "Ah, what a mess!" Methuselah leans on his spear as he happily says, "Gibbor and Sob'ah, your old lives are over... May God bless your new life together... Enter your canopy as husband and wife." They enter their canopy. The rest of us sing and dance to happy holy music.

Morning, it's warm and sunny. At Tubal's metal shop, he and Lamech chop up several goats carcasses with hatchets. Tubal feeds one of them to his wolf dogs. He also gives his wolf dogs water to drink. Gibbor and Lamech fills the back of two of Tubal's sledges with the rest of the goat carrasses and many other supplies. Lamech, and Tubal and his family step up into their large sledges. Tubal, 'Aqqow, and Lamech ride in a sledge pulled by five wolf dogs. Gibbor and Sob'ah ride a bigger sledge pulled by eight wolf dogs. They're wearing their heaviest hooded furs, gloves, and their feet are all covered with more thick furs. Tubal's and 'Aqqow furs are gray. Gibbor furs are white. Sob'ah furs are cream colored and Lamech's furs are light gray. Tubal looks down at his magic blue needle. He points, hits the furry backs of his wolf dogs wth his animal hide strips and shouts, "Wolf dogs, go! --Back to Omer."

Two and a half new moons latter, around noon that clouly snowy day, the sky is gray with patches of dark clouds. A dire wolf howls. They see the Re'em in the distance carrying the large tent on it's huge shoulders held on by large straps. Tubal hits the wolf dogs furry backs with his strips of animal hides. Tubal asks, "'Aqqow, do you see the Re'em?" 'Aqqow says, "I see it... It's so ugly!" The wolf dogs pull the sledges towards the giant white spotted beast. 'Aqqow, Sob'ah and Gibbor stare up at the huge, ugly, much wrinkled beast that has enormous shoulders higher than it's back legs which look like hairy tree trunks. It's long rectangular wrinkled head is almost flat, and has two sunken beedy black eyes and two little round ears on top. 'Aqqow's wrinkled hazel eyes looks up as she says, "What a enormous monster?" Sob'ah looks up at it, sweetly smiles and says, "Wow, it's so big! It's actually kind of cute in a ugly way..." Gibbor looks up, smiles and says with his low goofy voice, "Big pet!" The Re'em's black beedy eyes lazily look down at them as the tiny round ears near the back of it's head perks up. It's long thick wrinkled neck tilts down towards them.

The sun's bright rays pour through a hole in the clouds. Nowtsah and a husky Obed are standing silhouetted by the tent. Nowtsah shout, "Good

Re'em, stop!" The giant beast make a loud grunt and stops. Nowtsah shouts, "O no... He's back!" Obed shouts, "Yep!" Lamech shouts up towards them, "Nowtsah, Oreb, it's us." Disgusted, Nowtsah says, "I know..." The clouds close around the sun. The sky darkens. Short old man Nasher walks out of his greenish tent dressed his long dark green robe and turban. He leans on his algae covered staff. Naster shouts, "Lamech, you've return with friends! Follow us!" Nasher walks back into his tent. Nowtsah grumpily says, "Good Re'em, go home!" The Re'em turns around and we follow them through the deep snow. The wolf dogs howl as Tubal shouts, "Wolf dogs, follow!" Gibbor happily shouts, "Dogs go, go!"

The Re'em's every step causes a loud thump. Latter, they arrive at Omer's large cave entrance by the huge trench. 'Aqqow, Gibbor, and Sob'ah looks around in wonder. They sees a line of women carrying large jars on thier heads fill with weeds. They pour more weeds into the trench. The sledge go in. They see deep inside the cave are several large igloos covered in colorful decorations. Several campfires near the igloos. They see many people wearing green hooded robes walking around. Wearing her furry hooded furs, Sob'ah says, "I've never seen anything like this..." Gibbor happily shouts, "Big cave!" Wearing her thick gray hooded furs, Aqqow says, "Yes son, big cave... I can't believe.." Tubal wickedly smiles and says, "Believe it!" Lamech looks for Tukkiy among the women carrying the jars. He finds her near the front of the line. He pulls back his hood. He longing stares at her. He happily jumps out of the sledge. Lamech excitedly shouts, "Tukkiy, I'm back!" He plows through the deep snow running strait towards her. She joyfully sees him rushing towards her. The reddish jar wobbles on top her dark brown hood. She painfully frowns as her wobbling jar falls off her head onto the snow. She runs towards him joyfully shouting, "Hey handsome... Need something!" They run into each other and hug each other. Lamech longingly says, "You!" He pulls back her hood. He looks deeply into her squinted dark brown eyes. Her smooth yellowish tan face looks so beautiful that he lifts her up in his arms. They madly kiss. She passionately presses her face against his rough long graying brown beard. She runs her fingers through the thick white streak down the middle of his long hair. He runs his finger through her smooth black hair. They kiss. Oreb and Nowtsah climb down the viney ladder on the side of the Re'em. Nowtsah shouts, "Yucky!" The Re'em lowers it's

ugly gray head to eat the many weeds in the trench. She walks next to it's head. She pets around it's large nostrils. Nowtsah say, "Good Re'em, enjoy your meal..." It wags it's thin short tail. It's giant long pinkish gray tongue sticks out it's wrinkled mouth, and licks her from her knees to her face three times. She pulls back her hood and wipes off the abundant saliva dripping all over her as she says joyfully says, "Re'em, it's so good to be back at Omer!"

About a new moon latter, around noon, at the bottom of this gigantic deep misty pit connected to the rest of Omer's caves, Lamech and Tukkiy are wearing green hood robes with their hoods pulled back. They stand before short thin old man Nasher. He is wearing his dark green robes and turban. He holds up his algae covered staff in his wrinkled hands. Lamech looks around at the many Algae worshipers deep in this huge rocky chamber. There are lots of very long stalactites hanging all around and stalagmites sticking up from the slimy steaming watery floor. The sun's yellowish rays shine down from a large odd shaped opening way above through this misty place. The watery floors are covered in algae and have many tiny things swimming in the shallow greenish waters. Lots of small colorful mushrooms are growing all over the sides of this gigantic chamber.

Nowtsah and husky man Obed stand on their right, wearing their long dull green hooded robes. Tubal, 'Aqqow, Gibbor, and Sob'ah stand on their left. Tubal is wearing his purple robes and turban. He's leaning on his bronze walking stick. 'Aqqow is dress in her pretty ankle length, long sleeved, blue dress and blue bonnet. She smiles. Her hazel eyes sparkle. Gibbor wears his white furs with his hood pulled back. Sob'ah's hood is pulled back revealing her long blond hair. Algae worshipers stand all around, wearing green hooded robes holding their algae covered staffs and or small algae covered stones.

Nasher lifts up his algae covered staff and solemnly says, "I, Nasher son of Owph, Algae high priest am here in this sacred Algae chamber, to marry my daughter Tukkiy to a good man, Lamech... May the Algae make them greater!" The algae worshipers shout as their voices echo in this huge chamber, "Algae becomes greater! Algae becomes greater!" Nasher thoughtfully asks, "What is the Algae? At first, there was just the endless sea and the Algae... The Algae became greater by multiplying, not to become lots of lonely little gods but to become one ever greater god! The

Algae's great magic turn some algae into flowers and trees... The Algae's magic transformed some plants into bugs... And transformed some bugs into fish, snakes, flying animals, and beasts... The Algae even transformed some beasts into humans, and gods! --Some turned away from the Algae, and became the demons of the infinite sea, --but the Algae always becomes greater in love as people become greater in marriage..." Surprized, Lamech looks down at him and asks, "People? Don't you mean a man and a woman..." Nasher's stringy white bearded, wrinkled face slyly smiles as he says, "No! We often marry three or more people together..." Shocked, Lamech says, "Really..." Nasher lovingly looks at his daughter as he says, "Tukkiy, take your wedding stone piece and hold it over your heart..." He hands her half of a greenish algae covered hand-sized stone piece. She holds it over her heart. Tukkiy sweetly says, "Yes, father Nasher..." Nasher kindly says, "Lamech, take your wedding stone piece..." He hands him the other half of the algae covered stone. Lamech curiously asks, "What are these for?" Nasher happily says, "They symbolize you and her... You puts your pieces together. As long as they stay together, the Algae richly blesses your marriage... Hold your Algae stone piece over your heart!" Lamech nervously puts his stone piece over his own beating heart. Nasher holds up three of his fingers and says, "Commit yourselves to the three sacred Algae's wedding promises! Algae promise one, to live kindly in the Algae's harmony with each other?" Tukkiy sweetly says, "I do..." Lamech nervously looks around. Nasher forcefully asks, "Lamech, ---do you?" Lamech nervously says, "I, ---prom-ise..." Nasher sweetly asks, "Algae promise two, to care for and love all your spouses?" Tukkiy leans her head on Lamech's shoulders as she cheerfully says, "I do.." Embarrassed, Lamech says, "All my spouses? But I'm only marrying Tukkiy..." Nasher laughs and says, "Then Tukkiy is all your spouses... Just promise!" Tukkiy raises her head off his shoulders. Lamech slowly says, "I promise..." Nasher solemnly asks, "Algae promise three, to care for any children that you and or your spouse(s) may have, bear, or otherwise end up with?" Tukkiy nervously says, "I, I, I, --do!" Lamech looks over at her as he slowly asks, "Child-ren?" Tukkiy joyfully says, "Yes, children..." Nasher solemnly asks, "Lamech, do you?" Lamech nervously says, "I do..."

Nasher taps the stone pieces with his algae covered staff once and solemnly says, "Gently lay your Algae stone pieces down, broken side

down..." They gently lay their algae covered stone pieces down on the watery algae covered floor. Nasher forcefully says, "Pick them up, and firmly press your piece against your partner's forehead(s)..." They pick up their wet stone pieces, and presses the stone pieces against each others foreheads. A few drops run down their smiling faces. They lovingly look at the rough impressions the stones pieces made on bare foreheads. Nasher's dark wrinkled squinted eyes look kind as he says, "Put your stone pieces together... Then Lamech give them to Tukkiy..." They join the algae stone pieces together, making it into one whole stone. Lamech hands her the stones to Tukkiy who carefully holds them together in her gentle hands. Nasher holds his staff up high and dramatically says, "By the love of the Algae, ---" Nasher taps the faint imprints on his their foreheads with the end of his staff once, and says, "Tukkiy and Lamech... Kiss, for you are married! Become greater like the Algae, become greater!" Lamech runs his fingers through Tukkiy's long smooth hair. They kiss. Nasher forcefully shouts and his voice echoes, "Algae becomes greater!" The Algae worshipers including Nowtsah and Obed happily shout along, "Algae becomes greater! Algae becomes greater! Algae becomes greater!"

Disturbed, Lamech timidly asks, "Nasher, shouldn't you of said something about not committing adultery?" Nasher laughs and says, "O-that.. You think it's bad to worship other gods, and for spouses to make love to others... Algae worshipers, don't.... We are all part of the Algae!"

Lamech looks uneasy. Nowtsah smiles wickedly and says, "See, you shouldn't of married my lazy sister! She didn't promise not to commit adultery..." Lamech looks nervous. Tukkiy angrily says, "Nowtsah, stop that!" Gibbor looks down at Sob'ah as he asks, "What is Adultery?"

Sob'ah forcefully says, "A bad thing you don't do!" Tukkiy sweetly says, "Don't worry Lamech! I just want you..." Husky man Obed briefly hugs Lamech tightly, and says, "Good luck! Just don't expect Tukkiy to work..."

Sob'ah happily says, "Tukkiy really loves you..." Nasher joyfully says, "Lamech, welcome to my family!" They briefly hug. Tubal cheerfully says, "Lamech, you finally got a good wife, ---and the steaming grounds..."

Lamech smiles and says, "That's right..." Nasher fearfully asks, "Haven't you two learned? Remember Tubal, the little deaths!" Tubal proudly says, "They only come out in the dark..." Nasher cruelly says, "Tubal, -- remember the medicine..." Tubal gasps. Distressed, Nasher forcefully says,

"Lamech, don't go back there! --And promise me, you'll never take Tukkiy there!" Lamech fearfully says, "I'm going back, -but I ---promise, I'll never take Tukkiy there!" Tukkiy angrily asks, "Don't I get a say in this?" Nasher sadly says, "No!" Tukkiy frowns. 'Aqqow cheerfully says, "But it's got delicious fruits.." Nasher bitterly says, "It's bait.. The cursed grounds are a death trap!" 'Aqqow turns towards towards the couple as she says, "Tukkiy, I wish you the best... You're better than Gazzah.." Lamech painfully cringes. Tukkiy says, "'Aqqow, never ever mention her again!" Tubal leans on his fancy walking stick as he happily says, "God bless you both..." 'Aqqow smiles wickedly, and puts her arms around her husband's shoulders as she says, "Like God blessed you, ---with me!" Tubal smiles happily says, "Exactly, my pretty 'Aqqow!" They kiss. Lamech and Tukkiy passionately kiss. Gibbor's large squinted eyes looks down at them. He claps his oversized hands. Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Tukkiy loves Lamech!"

One new moon latter, standing deep in the snow, near the huge icy unclimbable ridge that surrounds the steaming grounds, Tubal sweats. He's wearing his off white work clothes and heavy gloves. He leans over a large light gray stone, carving it with a large iron steel chisel. He hits it with a large metal hammer. He carves the stone into a rectangular shape. He slowly straiten up, leans on his walking stick. Tubal painfully says with frosted breath, "O-my aching back..." He limps pass Gibbor, to many other light gray chiseled stones blocks that are stacked in walls covered with snow. One tall wall has a block sized gap. Tubal says, "Gibbor, more snow along the edges!" Wearing his huge white furs, Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Yes, good father..." He scoops up snow with his over-sized hands and pushes into along the edges of the gap. Tubal smiling and , "Good son..." He points to the stone he just carved. Tubal says with frosted breath, "Put that stone here..." Gibbor grabs the stone with his flabby arms and lifts it up. He wobbles through a path in the deep snow. He carries the heavy block to the gap in the wall. Tubal says, "Careful, gently slide the block in place..." Gibbor cheerfully says, "Gibbor careful..." He puts the block into the gap but it's crooked. Tubal forcefully says, "Try again!" Gibbor yawns and says, "Gibbor tired!" Tubal sharply says, "Do it, right now!" Gibbor pouts, saying, "Gibbor obey..." Tubal directs the fat giant, to slide the heavy block in place just right. Tubal cheerfully says, "You good

son..." Gibbor tiredly says, "Gibbor good..." The incomplete house's walls are rectangular but the bottom is wider than the top. Tubal looks up at the icy unclimbable ridge and says, "That ridge looks like God's fist smashed a mountain..." Gibbor sadly asks, "Was mountain bad?" Tubal happily says, "I don't know..." Gibbor curiously asks, "Why build house? House hard..." Tubal looks up at him and cheerfully says, "They will need a safe place to stay, and ---for a surprise..." Gibbor excitedly asks, "What surprise?" Tubal calmly says, "It's a surprise..."

A new moon later, at evening, during a blizzard, Tubal, Gibbor, and Lamech ride in a large sledge pulled by ten of Tubal's wolf dogs to the stone house. Tubal is wearing his dark gray hooded furs. Lamech is wearing his light gray hooded furs. Gibbor is wearing his white furs. The back of the sledge has a large wood and metal plow, a couple scythes, a huge bag of nuts, a large bag of grains, metal poles, a hatchet, several goat carcasses, and large clay jars. The wolf dogs pull them to the snow covered stone house. Lamech stares and says shivering, "Wow! You built that.." Tubal says with frosted breath, "Gibbor helped.." Gibbor's big chubby smile reveals his oversized white teeth as he says, "Gibbor helps lots.." They step out. They grab some shovels from the sledge and clear off the snow around the entrance. Gibbor grabs his big bag of nuts and Lamech grabs the clay jars. Tubal opens the furs curtain and limps inside using his fancy walking stick. Tubal's cold blue eyes look back as he says, "Gibbor, hold curtain open..." Gibbor eats a lot of nuts out of his huge bag. He holds the large curtain open. Tubal limps into the dark house, and limps to its fire pit. Many sticks are stacked near-by. He puts lots of sticks in the fire-pit, pours some black powder from the small bag, takes two flints and strikes them. The sticks burst into hot flames and burn. The fire grows under the house's chimney. Lamech opens a jar, filled with dried fruit. They sit around the warming fire. They eat. Lamech takes off his primitive gloves. He warms his aching hands near the fire as he asks, "Why did you build this house?" Tubal's scared face smiles behind his long goatee white beard as he says cheerfully, "To have a safe place so we can harvest fruits..." Lamech timidly frowns behind his long graying brown beard as he asks, "What about the little deaths?" Tubal arrogantly says, "They hate sunlight... We'll be safe!" Lamech nervously asks, "Are you sure?" Tubal cheerfully asks, "God sent you here to enjoy the steaming ground's delicious fruits?"

Lamech nervously says, "Maybe..." Gibbor miles widely and says, "Fruits good! Gibbor thirsty..." Tubal says, "I'll melt some ice..."

Next morning, they leave the stone house, ride in the sledge to the great ridge and walk to the tight cave entrance. Lamech nervously asks, "Can Gibbor can fit into this cave?" Tubal confidently says, "Sure..." They enter the cave. Gibbor slowly squeezes into it. Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Cave small..." Tubal uses his walking stick to walk through the slippery cave to where it's warmer. Lamech follows. They exit through the hole on the other end. They pull back their hoods and look out at the hot misty grounds full of all kinds of weird green plants, flowers, and colorful fruit including the clusters of the delicious red fruits on vines. Tubal cheerfully says, "I love wine! My father cultivated a small vineyard but we can do much better in this hot paradise..." Lamech nervously asks, "Woudn't that be a lot of work?" Tubal happily says, "Trust me, it's worth it..."

A new moon latter on a bright shiny day in the steaming grounds, Lamech sweats a lot wearing his light gray robe. He swings a long scythe to cut down high standing green weeds. Behind him, Gibbor is strapped to the large wood and metal plow. Tubal sits on the plow's fur covered white seat and shouts, "Hurry up!" He is dressed in his purple robe and turban.

Lamech wipes the sweat off his forehead as he says exhausted, "How did you talk me into this?" Tubal cheerfully says, "I'm brilliant!" Latter, Tubal says, "That's enough ..." Lamech drops the scythe and lays down on the ground. Tubal kindly says, "Gibbor pull.." The giant slowly pulls the plow breaking up the hard ground. Latter, Tubal says, "Lamech, plant.." Lamech holds a large jar fill with small vines. He gently plants them one by one in the rows of soil that Gibbor has broken up. As evening comes, the blueish shadows of the ridge creep over the steaming grounds. Lamech fearfully shouts, "The sun is setting!" Tubal says, "I hear you... We go!" Gibbor asks, "Why leave?" Lamech looks up at him and nervously says, "Little deaths..."

A new moon latter, Lamech enters his igloo, wearing his light gray hooded furs. His wife is reclining on thick dark furs near the fire-pit. She wearing her dark brown dress. By her side, are the two pieces of their wedding stone are together as one. Tukkiy happily shouts, "Lamech, I'm so glad you're back... You've been gone for weeks..." Lamech curiously asks,

"Why is our wedding alga stone out?" Tukkiy lovingly says, "When you're gone, they makes me feel like you're near..." Lamech walks to her, gently grabs her right hand and says, "Tukkiy get up. Let's celabrate!" Her face looks pale. Tukkiy frailly says, "I don't feel like it.." Lamech sadly lets go of her hand and asks, "Tukkiy, are you sick?" Tukkiy cheerfully says, "It's not that..." Lamech caringly asks, "Then what?" Tukkiy's squinted brown eyes joyfully stare at him as she says, "I'm with child... Our child.." He suddenly notices her baby bump, gets down on his knees, and hugs her tight. Lamech excitedly says, "O-Tukkiy, that's great... I love you so!" Tukkiy says, "I love you too... Soon, our baby will enter the world!"

Four new moons latter, Tukkiy sits on thick dark furs in their igloo. She's wearing a loose brown robe. She very much with child. Lamech reclines by her. He wearing his light gray furs. Tukkiy breathes heavily and says, "This is hard and painful... I want children ---but this is awkward..." Lamech kisses her and says, "Don't worry, it will all be over soon..." Tukkiy fearfully says, "That's what I'm scared of..." Lamech comfortingly says, "Trust God!" Tukkiy nervously says, "That's easy for you to say... My mother died when she had my sister and me." Nasher comes in and says, "I overheard what you said... Tukkiy, you will be fine!" Her beautiful yellowish face looks pale as she says, "My mother wasn't!" Nasher walks over and tearfully says, "The Algae protects you!" He sits down and holds her tight. She hugs him back. Tukkiy painfully asks, "Father Naster, why didn't the Algae protect my mother?" Nasher tearfully says, "Don't---know..." Lamech gently says, "Don't worry, God protects you!" Tukkiy fearfully asks, "Why didn't God protect my mother?" Lamech pauses and timidly says, "I don't know." Tubal limps into their igloo holding a large win-skin. Hr'd leaning on his dire wolf headed walking stick. He's dressed in his purple robes and turban. 'Aqqow follows him, dressed her long blue dress and bonnet. She is carrying several small gray clay jars in her arms. Tubal excitedly says, "I've got great news!" Tukkiy breathes heavily and asks, "What news?" Tubal happily says, "We got wine!" 'Aqqow cheerfully says, "We got delicious wine! Nasher, have some..." Tubal pours red wine into a small jar and hands it down to him. Nasher excitedly says, "I take that!" Tubal pours wine into two more jars and hands it to 'Aqqow and Lamech. 'Aqqow sips it, smiles wildly, laughs, and says, "You old goat..." Tubal and 'Aqqow sit down together.

Nasher drinks wine from his jar and says, "That's great wine!" Tukkiy curiously says, "I've heard that the steaming grounds are really beautiful..." 'Aqqow says, "That's what I been told!" Nasher fearfully says, "A beautiful death trap..." Lamech trying to sound tough says, "I forbid my wife to ever go there!" Nasher fearfully says, "No one should go there!" Lamech looks disturb. Tubal calmly says, "O-by the way, your parents have arrived..." Surprized, Lamech asks, "What? How did they get here?" Lamech gulps down the red wine and says, "Ah..." Tubal's cold blue eyes sparkle as he says, "Remember, when I went back to my metal shop..." Lamech says, "Kind of'..." Aqqow cheerfully says, "We told your parents about Tukkiy being with child... We arranged for them to come here!" Tukkiy sits up and asks, "Are they just outside?" Tubal grins and shouts, "Yep... Methuselah, mother Qoph, come on in!"

Wearing his gray furs, and Enoch's old fur cap, Methuselah stoops down, and slowly enters their igloo, followed by mother Qoph. He holds his spear. She holds her staff. They frowns at their son. Lamech nervously says, "Hi, father.." Methuselah grunts. Wearing her long brown furs with her hood pulled back, plump mother Qoph stares. Lamech looks up at her light green eyes and says, "Hi, mother Qoph... Come meet Tukkiy..." Tubal and 'Aqqow gently cuddle as we try to ignores them. Nasher stands up, walks to Methuselah with his arms wide open and happily says, "Methuselah, you should be proud to have such a good son!" Methuselah leans on his spear, as he sadly says, "Not really... So you're Nasher." Lamech frowns. Nasher's wrinkled yellow tan face smiles behind his stringy white beard as he says, "That's me... And there is my lovely daughter Tukkiy." Methuselah sees that she's very much with child and grumpily says, "Tukkiy, don't break my son's heart!" She slowly stands up and struggles to walk to him. Tukkiy says, "Methuselah, I promise... Mother Qoph, --I love you!" She hugs mother Qoph so tightly that it embarrasses her. She looks distressed. Mother Qoph angrily says, "There's messy little piece of crust in your right eye... Why didn't you clean it off?" Tukkiy looks embarrassed. Mother Qoph takes her index fingernail and gently digs it out of Tukkiy's right eye. Lamech frowns and says, "Mother, stop that!" Irriated, mother Qoph asks, "Stop what?" Tukkiy nervously says, "Ouch, sorry mother Qoph..." Mother Qoph looks closely at her pretty smooth yellowish tan face and nervously says, "You're pretty --but so

was Gazzah..." Lamech shutters. 'Aqqow helps Tubal stands up. He leans on his walking stick. Aqqow excitedly says, "My old goat has something to say." Mother Qoph asks, "What is it?" Tubal happily says, "You would be uncomfortable living among Algae worshipers... So I built a house for you." Mother Qoph says, "Thanks but I rather live at Omer..." Methuselah gently says, "Thanks Tubal, ---but I should preach to these good people." Naster nervously says, "That might anger some Algae worshipers here... Preach gently." Lamech happily says, "Nonsense, you're all very nice..." Methuselah gently says, "I'll be respectful.." 'Aqqow nervously says, "Yeah." Tubal timidly says, "If you ever need the house, it's yours." Tubal and 'Aqqow sit back down. Mother Qoph looks down at Tukkiy with her light green eyes and joyfully says, "Tukkiy, I'm so happy that you are with child! --I want grandchildren..." Tukkiy looks frail. Methuselah gently asks, "Tukkiy, why do you look so scared?" Tukkiy look distressed as she says, "Methuselah, pray for me and my child?" Methuselah lovingly says, "You couldn't stop me from praying! ---What do you believe in?" Tukkiy nervously says, "I believe your son loves me..." Mother Qoph's whitish pink face gently smiles as she says, "You can believe in us too..."

A new moon latter, in Lamech's large igloo's flickering fire-pit, Tukkiy is covered only in white furs. She's is in labor sitting back on thick furs. The fire-pit, heats a clay jar full of boiling water. Lamech holds her grasping hand as she moans and cries out. Lamech is wearing his light gray furs with his hood pulled back. Nowtsah is on her knees besides his wife.

She is dressed in her long dull green hooded robe and holding her algae covered staff. By Notwah's side there is a flint knife, a jar of cold water, a red cord and small light gray sheets. Nowtsah calmly says, "Sister, push, push..." She uses her staff to lift the boiling water. She dips a small sheet into the boiling water and lift the sheet out to cool. Tukkiy screams. She tightly clasps Lamech shaking hand. Tukkiy painfully shouts, "Nowtsah, help me! Augh!" Nowtsah calmly says, "Push, your baby is coming.."

Lamech becomes pale as he fearfully asks, "Nowtsah, is something wrong?" Nowtsah calmly says, "This is normal.. Relax.." Tukkiy asks in agony, "Ouch! Ouch, ooo-oo, augh, --if this ---is normal? O-Algae, o-God, I'll never have a child again... Augh!" Nowtsah smiles as she says, "Sister, just push a little more... Push... I see your baby's head coming..." Tukkiy screams, cries and moans. Lamech almost faints. His narrow face

gasps behind his long graying brown beard. Tukkiy groans and moans. A baby's cry is heard. Nowtsah happily says, "Algae becomes greater! Praise the Algae!" She grabs the crying baby, cuts the umbilical cord with her flint knife. She ties it with the cord, cleans it off with the now warm sheet, and wraps the newborn baby in a dry light gray sheet. She hands the newborn girl to her mother. Nowtsah excitedly says, "Praise the Algae! Sister, you got a healthy baby girl... Name her?" Tukkiy looks down at her daughter's cute little yellowish brown face and greenish brown eyes. She breathes heavily and holds her little daughter close to her wildly beating heart. She look down in utter wonder. Lamech looks lovingly down at his tiny daughter as he asks, "Don't I get a say?" Tukkiy painfully says, "No, ---you don't! ---Her name is Yownah... She's my cute little dove..."

Three new moons latter, in their igloo, Lamech and Tukkiy sit together on thick furs by the flickering yellow light from their fire-pit. They're playing with their little but quickly growing daughter who is wrapped in a light gray blanket. Tukkiy is wearing her hooded dark brown dress. He is wearing his light gray furs. Lamech lovingly looks at their daughter's yellowish brown baby face. She looks up at him with her shinning greenish brown eyes. He cradles her in his arms close to his graying beard. Her tiny baby hands grab his beard. Lamech laughs and says, "Yownah likes my beard..." His wife lays her tired head on his shoulder and gently touches Yownah's little baby cheeks with her index fingers. Her face smiles tiredly. Tukkiy gently touches her husband's beard and says, "Our little baby girl is not the only one..." She lifts her head as they look lovingly at their cooing baby who is sucking her tiny thumb. Lamech gently kisses her forehead. Tukkiy takes her from his arms and carefully holds her tight. She gently swings her baby back and forth as she says, "Yownah... I love you, my cute little dove.." Lamech smiles down at her and says, "Ow Tukkiy and Yownah, --I love you both!"

Methuselah's voice, asks, "Lamech, may we come in?" Lamech cheerfully says, "Sure!" Tukkiy happily says, "Come in and see our beautiful baby..." Wearing his long gray furs and Enoch's cap, Methuselah enters leaning on his spear as he cheerfully says, "Hi, Son.." Lamech smiles and says, "Ah, Father.." Plump mother Qoph enters, leaning on her wooden staff. She's wearing her brown furs. Her long white hair is uncovered. Mother Qoph's light green eyes glances over at their baby as

she says, "Ah she is so beautiful..." Lamech curiously asks, "My wife or my daughter?" Mother Qoph happily says, "Both..." Methuselah sits down by them. Mother Qoph sit down by him. His wrinkled brown eyes sees Tukkiy holding her cooing baby. Methuselah curiously asks, "Tukkiy, how are you and Yownah?" Her squinted brown eyes look reddish. Tukkiy peacefully says, "Yownah is well..." He scoops up Yownah who is still wrapped her light gray blanket, and holds her close to his long white beard. Methuselah thankfully says, "O-God, bless my little granddaughter and her family..." Yownah coos as her little baby hands grab his long white beard. Mother Qoph puts her right arm around her husband's shoulders and says with tears in her eyes, "Yownah, you're so beautiful!" Methuselah gently pulls Yownah's tiny hands away from his thick beard. He hands her to mother Qoph who's light green eyes sparkle. Mother Qoph tearfully says, "I really wondered if I would ever be a grandmother..." Lamech happily smiles at his mother who's holding his precious baby daughter, giggles and says, "You are..." Mother Qoph sweetly say, "I'm now ---grandma Qoph..."

Nasher's excited voice says, "We want to see the baby?" Tukkiy happily says, "Father Nasher, come on in..." Nasher walks in. He's dressed in his dark green robes holding his algae covered staff. His dark green turban covers his very wrinkle bald head. Nowtsah and Obed come in after him. They're wearing their long dull green hooded robes holding their staffs. Nasher smiles as he cheerfully asks, "How's my grand daughter, Yownah?" Tukkiy looks up and tiredly says, "Great!" Nasher slyly smiles as he says, "See Tukkiy, the Algae protects you both..." Methuselah says, "I believe God protects them..." Nasher curiously asks, "Could God just be your name for the Algae?" Disturbed by the question, Methuselah says, "No! God created algae!" Irritated, Nowtsah says, "Wow, your unseen God is arrongant!" Standing behind her, Obed rubs his long stringly black beard as he says with his husky voice, "Ah, Tukkiy finally did something right..." Irritated, Lamech says, "Obed, Tukkiy does many things right!" Almost bored, Obed says, "Sure..." Tukkiy says, "Mother Qoph, hand Yownah to my father..." Grandma Qoph tickles cooing Yownah. She let her hold her little finger. Grandma Qoph look down in wonder as she says, "In just a moment..." Nasher walks over and asks, "May I hold my grand daughter?" Grandma Qoph slowly hands baby Yownah to him and says, "Here,

Nasher..." He gently smiles down at his tiny granddaughter as she grabs at his stringy white beard. Nasher lovingly says, "I --love --you --but that hurts.." He moves her tiny grasping hands away from his stringy beard as he says, "Algae becomes greater, little one... Algae becomes greater!"

Nowtsah mockingly says, "The Algae becomes far greater than that arrogant unseen God!" Methuselah angrily says, "Nowtsah, without God, nothing lives! You're made in the very image of the God you mock..." Nowtsah angrily shouts, "Your God is nothing! But we see that the Algae is a fact!"

Nasher sharply says, "Nowtsah, respect Methuselah!" Tukkiy breathes heavily, holds her hand against her chest and says, "Please sister, don't fight... I want my baby back!" Nasher gently hands Yownah back down to Tukkiy. She lays her tired head down on Lamech's shoulder. She shivers.

He puts his right arm around her. Nasher sternly asks, "Methuselah, does your God believe in love and respect?" As Methuselah thinks about it, grandma Qoph emotionally blurts out, saying, "God wants people to love and respect each other and be clean!" Nasher grumpily says, "I asked Methuselah..." Methuselah slowly says, "Nasher, my wife is right! Thank you for being so kind..." Nasher laughs and says, "The Algae agrees..."

Tukkiy trembles, holds Yownah tightly and painfully says, "Lamech, --I'm not feeling well..." Lamech grabs Yownah. She cries. Naster grabs his painfully wheezing daughter. She faints. Lamech fearful shouts, "O-Yownah! ---Help!" Tukkiy shakes, moans, sweats, and struggles to breath.

Lamech fearfully says, "Tukkiy, just breath... Just breath..." She vomits lots blackish chunks of liquid all over her dress. They all stare at her in horror.

Three mornngs latter, during a bad blizzard, Lamech wears his gray hooded furs, tightly holds his wooden staff, and trembles as the winds howl. He's standing just inside Omer's very large rocky entrance. He sees the swirling snow, the reddish rays of the slowly rising pinkish sun breaks through the dark purplish clouds overhead. He brings his primitive fur gloves covering his hands together in prayer. Tears flow down from his sore eyes and freeze on his frosted cheeks. Lamech sorrowfully shouts with clearly frosted breath, "O-God, help --Tukkiy!" He feels a huge hand rest on his right shoulder. He looks up at the bald giant who's bulging squinted eyes look sad. Gibbor says with frosted breath, "Friend sick!" He grabs Lamech, lifts him up and hugs him tight enough to hurt. Shivering, Lamech

angrily says, "Let me go..." Gibbor gently puts him down. Lamech barely hears his baby's cry. He walks back to Nasher's igloo. He bows down and enters the low arched entrance. An awful stench hits his nostrils. Nasher dressed as usual, is sitting by Tukkiy's side along with Methuselah and Nowtsah. They're near his blazing hot fire-pit. Lamech gasps. He sees Tukkiy in a fetus position, sweating profusely, sickly wheezingly under a large yellowish fur covering her bare body up to her scrawny neck. Several clay jars are by them. Lamech sadly asks, "My Tukkiy, is she better?"

Nasher tearfully looks up at him and says, "No..." Methuselah, kneels down on his knees and tearfully prays. Lamech sits by Tukkiy and pulls his hood back. He gently takes hold of her sweaty, trembling right hand. She moans. Lamech cries and says, "Ugh, ---this stench smells like death... O-Tukkiy, don't die!" Nowtsah sits hunch over, dressed in her long robe, chanting repeatedly, "Algae becomes greater... Heal my lazy sister!" The winds howl. Nasher throws sticks into his fire-pit. Nasher painfully says, "Must keep her warm but..." Beads of sweat run down her pale face, as she struggles to breath. Her cheeks and closed eyes are sunken. Nasher picks up a small jar, carefully opens her cracked lips and pours in some green chunkish medicine into her mouth. He picks up a jar and gently pours water into her mouth. She can barely sip down even a little water. Lamech reclines by her, holding her sweating hand. His eyes are quite red from crying. Tubal's voice asks, "Nasher, may I enter?" Nasher says, "Tubal, come in..." He slowly limps in using his walking stick. He's wearing a long gray robe and turban. Tubal frowns and says, "Ah, she's smells bad..." They stare angrily at him. His cold blue eyes tear up. Tubal sadly says, "My whole family is praying for her..." Nasher bitterly shakes his head. Nowtsah stares at him as she hopefully asks, "Tubal, you're suppose to be a great wizard... Can you heal my sister?" Tubal boastfully says, "Nowtsah, I'm amazing with metals... But not with medicines..." He sits down using his dire wolf headed walking stick. Nowtsah turns towards her father and fearfully says, "Father Nasher, tell me your medicine is working?" Nasher weeps as he says, "Nope..." Nasher puts his hand over his weeping eyes as he says, "Algae becomes greater! Algae becomes greater! ---Methuselah, ---if your God heals my daughter, --I'll be impressed..." Still on his knees, Methuselah humbly says, "So will I..." Fervently praying, Methuselah closes his much wrinkled eyes tightly as he

sorrowfully says, "O Lord God, I beg you, heal Tukkiy! O-Lord God, I beg you... Lord God, --I beg you!!! Let it be! Let it be!" Holding Tukkiy's trembling hand, Lamech desperately says, "Tukkiy, -- Yownah needs you, --almost as much as ---I do..." A cold winds howls. The flames in the fire-pit flicker. Nowtsah stands up, thumps her algae covered staff down, as she bitterly shouts, "Methuselah, your prayers have failed! I wished your arrogant god would heal my lazy sister but ---your god failed!" Methuselah sadly says, "God is Lord! If God doesn't heal her, God has reasons..."

Nowtsah angrily asks, "Like what?" Lamech sorrowfully asks, "Nowtsah, why hasn't the Algae healed her?" Nowtsah angrily shouts, "Shut up!"

Nowtsah painfully asks, "O-Tukkiy... Will anyone heal you? Anyone at all.." Lamech hopefully smiles behind his tear drenched beard. Lamech slowly says, "Sem-jaza..." Methuselah fearfully says, "No son, we trust God! No matter what..." Lamech fiercely says, "Tukkiy will live, --no matter what!" Nowtsah hopefully shouts, "The king might save her.."

Nasher skeptically asks, "But how could we get my daughter to him?"

Lamech stands up, grabs his staff, and pulls his furry hood over his head. Nasher emotionally asks, "Lamech, what are you doing?" Lamech forefully says, "Getting Semjaza!" Methuselah fearfully says, "No!

Lamech stop!" He leans up on his spear but Lamech runs around him and exits the igloo. Nowtsah follows Lamech out into the howling cold winds.

The darkness is broken up by the slivering yellow rays of sunlight entering Omer's entrance. Lamech runs out into the terrible flashing whiteness of the harsh blizzard blowing swirling sharp icy snow all around. He plows through the deep snow holding his long wooden staff. The numbingly cold winds almost knocks him down. Nowtsah can barely see him through the swirling snow. He plows towards the huge trench to a huge snow covered mound. He struggles to stand. The strong freezing winds makes his feet numb despite his thick wooden sandals tightly covered by heavy furs and strips of animal hides. He uses his staff to dig through the huge mound. He uncovers the viney ladder on the Re'em's side buried under the icy mound.

Nowtsah follows the trail in the deep snow, plowed by Lamech. He climbs the viney ladder all the way up to the top of the mound and crawls to the tent that's mostly buried under the snow. He wildly waves his arms, and excitedly jumps up and down. The mighty beast under the snow mound grunts. The Re'em powerfully rises up high shattering the snow mound. It's

four tree like legs stands up. A massive amounts of icy snow falls off it's sides almost knockng Lamech off. The painfully cold air hurts his lungs.

Lamech shouts louder than the howling winds, "King Semjaza... Save Tukkiy and I'll do anything! I do anything for you! Just don't let --Tukkiy--die! Oh, Semjaza!" Nowtsah shouts through the howling winds, "Good Re'em, come here!" The giant gray beast slowly walks over to her, wagging it's short thin tail. It's beedy black eyes look down. The Re'em lowers it's ugly almost flat very wrinkled long head by her. She hugs tightly. She climbs up the viney ladder to it's massavely high shoudlers. Nowtsah asks with much frosted breath, "What are you doing?" Shivering, Lamech shouts with frosted breath, "I believe Semjaza that can hear me!" Worried, Nowtsah shouts, "You're mad!" Lamech waves his arms, jumps up and down and shouts with much frosted breath, "King Semjaza, you can hear me! I beg you! Save Tukkiy! Don't let her die!!! I'll do anything!" Obed rushes out of Omer's entrance into the terrible cold, deep snow and howling winds. Obed shouts, "Nowtsah and Lamech, it's too cold! Come back!" Nowtsah sadly shouts, "I'm comng!" Lamech stubbornly shouts, "Not until Semjaza,---helps!" Nowtsah climbs down the viney ladder and shouts with frosted breath, "It's your life..." As soon as she gets down, they plow back through the deep snow and the flashing whiteness. They enter Omer. Lamech sits down in front of the tent on the Re'em's massive shoulders. He's shivering with his arms crossed. Lamech shouts as frost forms over his beard, "Semjaza, I 'll do anything! Save Tukkiy's life! Help! Help! Help!"

Methuselah, leaning on his spear walks out into the blizzard and slowly plows though the trails using his long wooden spear. Methuselah shouts above the howling blizzard, "Son, come back or you'll die!"

Shivering much, Lamech shouts down, "Never! ---Semjaza help! Help! Help!" Methuselah emotionally shouts, "Son, dying will not save Tukkiy!" The Re'em grunts loudly, and lifts it's long ugly head up. Methuselah looks up puzzled. Lamech looks up at the cracks of yellowish sunlight breaking through the purplish gray clouds and sees a tiny pink dot decending. As it comes near, he see two standing on silver platform inside the semitransparent pink sphere. Methuselah watches the Re'em fiercely charges away from the pink sphere. Lamech screams. He feels himself sliding off the giant beast. Methuselah shouts, "O-God, help!" Asbeel and

Vashti are standing inside as the sphere vanishes. Lamech sees through the swirling snow that Asbeel is dressed as usual. As the twirling snow hits Vashti, she bows down and shivers. She's dressed in her ankle length silver gown, and thick brown fur coat. She grabs her long silver cone cap just as the wind blows it off. Asbeel flies next to the Re'em. It fearfully grunts and briefly stands way up on its relatively short back legs, throwing Lamech forcefully off. As Lamech falls off, Asbeel mightily leaps off his platform onto the side of the Re'em. He catches Lamech in his mighty arms and amazingly jumps off the side of the Re'em back onto his quickly moving platform. The pink semitransparent sphere appears around them. The Re'em rushes away from them. They float down by Methuselah. Asbeel puts Lamech down as the sphere vanishes again. He gently pulls Methuselah up onto the platform as sphere appears around them.

Methuselah fearfully asks, "Why are you here?" Asbeel's gentle light brown face smiles as he sadly says, "You know..." They float into the rocky entrance and land by Nasher's igloo. The semitransparent pink sphere around them vanishes again. They land.

Asbeel steps down, bows down and enters Nasher's igloo.

Methuselah shivers, and shouts, "Son, don't do this!" Vashti forcefully says, "It's not your choice..." She frowns at him. She straitens out her long silver cone cap over her shoulder length gray hair. Lamech says with frosted breath, "I must save my Tukkiy!" Asbeel walks out of the igloo holding Tukkiy over his muscular shoulders. She painfully wheezes, covered only by a large fur. Nasher, Nowtsah, Obed, and Tubal follows him out into the bitter cold. They all have frosted breath when they talk.

Nasher shivers and hopefully asks, "Are you Semjaza?" Asbeel smiles warmly as he says, "I'm Asbeel, the friendly counselor.." Obed rubs his hands together to warm them as he asks curiously, "Where's Semjaza?"

Vashti cheerfully says, "At the crystal palace..." Tukkiy shakes uncontrollably. Asbeel steps up on the circular silver platform. Nasher tearfully asks, "Can you heal her?" Asbeel's kind brown eyes look sad as he says, "No! I'm taking her to Semjaza, the great healer.." Nowtsah shivers, but joyfully says, "Lamech, you were right!" Methuselah trembles and says, "No son, trust God, not him..." Vashti angrily frowns as she sadly says, "They can save her!" The wind howls. Methuselah angrily asks, "You mean Semjaza ---and the Goat!" Vashti calmly says, "Yes.."

Methuselah thumps his spear down as he angrily says, "The Goat made her sick!" Asbeel timidly says with mixed feelings, "No, he didn't... I would know..." Tukkiy shivers from the cold, moans and wheezes loudly. Lamech lovingly combs his fingers through her long black hair and tearfully says, "You will live!" Tubal tearfully says, "Let her die in peace..." Vashti bitterly asks, "Would you say that if 'Aqqow was dying?" Tubal thumps his dire wolf walking stick and angrily asks, "Vashti, how dare you?" Asbeel forcefully says, "Methuselah, step down!" Lamech cries. He gently caresses his wife's trembling, sunken deathly pale face. Lamech sorrowful says, "Tukkiy, I love ---you!" She wheezes and moans. Methuselah caringly says, "I must stay by their side..." Vashti sadly says, "Kindly step down!" Tubal fearfully steps away. Husky man Obed also steps away and says, "Nowtsah, let's go..." Methuselah angrily says, "No!" Asbeel raises his right palm. It glows as a pink beam comes out and hits Methuselah. He floats up a little and is force back a ways before he falls down on his rear. 'Aqqow and the others back away. The silver platform floats up as the semitransparent pink sphere appears around Asbeel, Vashti, and Lamech. Lamech fearfully asks, "Asbeel, why?" Asbeel sadly says, "Just following orders..." Nowtsah shouts up, "I'd hate to meet the unfriendly counsilar ..."

The pink sphere floats up into the sky. Lamech sees a semitransparent purple sphere following them. Lamech curiously points at it. Vashti forcefully says, "Don't ask!" He tearfully looks over at his trembling wheezing wife.

They float way up above the dark stormy clouds. They fly far away to the great icy mountain. They float up and see the sun shining on amazing crystal palace. Tukkiy shakes and wheezes uncontrollably. He says, "Hurry!" Lamech looks in wonder. They circle around the crystal palace that looks a gigantic finely cut iridescent yellowish white jewel, shaped roughly like a upward standing pentagon twice as tall as it's wide and thick. They float towards a shiny wall as a oval entrance briefly opens up for them. They float inside a white room. The sphere around them vanishes. It's warm inside. Two servants come forward, dressed in white hooded robes and says, "Hand us your outer furs..." Standing on the floating platform, Vashti hands her fur coat to them. Lamech hands them his outer furs. They float by a lots of life-sized metal statues of the sons of God and their wives. They enter a long shimmering yellow hallway.

Tukkiy shakes, moans and painfully wheezes. Lamech fearfully says, "Tukkiy, just breath... Just breath.." They come to the end of the hallway.

Asbeel loudly says, "King Semjaza, may we enter..." Semjaza's commanding voice says, "Enter..." An oval entrance opens up in the shimmering yellow wall. They smell the awesome fragrance of thousands of flowers. Asbeel's platform floats into a misty gigantic room with a huge five pointed star shaped, slowly rotating bright yellow platform in the middle. It floats above the long green grass and many beautiful flowers below along with peacocks walking around. Lamech's bloodshot eyes look around at all the colorful animals flying around the five large colorful fruit trees evenly space on the sides of this gigantic steamy room. He sees the king sitting on his gloriously large pink crystal throne shaped like Ashtoreth sitting. A couple of beautiful women are on the king's lap. Five golden statues of saber teeth bowing down are on each side of him. There are many beautiful women dressed in very skimpy clothes made of bright colored leaves, vines, flowers, and colorful feathers. He drinks wine out of a large red crystal goblet. Asbeel's platform float towards and orbit the star shaped platform until they are in a synchronous orbit. Tukkiy is laying over Asbeel's shoulders. Lamech grabs her sweating hand tightly. The king is dressed in his ankle length sleek iridescent white skirt and cape like collar with yellow trim and it's fist sized yellow Jewel. His glowing golden halo crown is on top of his long smooth black hair. Asbeel's platform floats to right in front of Semjaza's throne and lands. The king still looks young and handsome but his yellowish tan face looks disgusted as he smells the horrible odour coming from Tukkiy. Semjaza forcefully says, "Girls, away..." The women by him slowly back away and sit down quietly.

Semjaza says, "Bring Tukkiy before me..." His squinted brown eyes look sad. Lamech weeps desparately holding his almost dead wife's hand. He steps down. Asbeel carries Tukkiy to the king and sits her on his lap.

Tukkiy shakes uncontrollably, wheezes and moans. Lamech bows before the king. Semjaza puts his right palm on her chest. His hand glows yellow.

Semjaza peacefully says, "Breathe eazy..." Tukkiy stops moaning and wheezing. Semjaza arrogantly says, "Asbeel, leave with Vashti..." Shocked, Vashti says disturbed, "But king Semjaza..." Semjaza angrily says, "Leave!" Asbeel and Vashti bow their heads, and step back onto their platform. They floats away. An oval exit briefly opens up as they float out.

Semjaza's gently says, "Rise and speak..." He looks pathetic beneath the wide white stripe of his long hair. Lamech he says, "King Semjaza, I beg you! Heal my Tukkiy!" Semjaza cruelly asks, "Why? Your family often speaks out against me?" Tears stream down Lamech's narrow face as he says, "I'll serve and praise you forever, ---if---you--save her... I beg you!"

The king holds her up with his muscular arms and examines her deathly pale sweating body. His yellow jewel glows. His hands glow yellow. He softly glides his right hand over her forehead, down her face, neck and over the light fur that covers her down to her feet. He puts his glowing right hand just below her chest as Semjaza forcefully shouts, "Be heal! Heal!... Heal... Heal..." She painfully jerks around and moans. He puts his right hand over her closed sunken eyes and deathly pale cheeks. She struggles to open her much bloodshot eyes. Tukkiy horribly wheezes and asks,

"Lamech, ---where am, ---I?" She faints. Semjaza's right hand stops glowing as he says, "She's almost dead... --She been slowly dying for over a decade..." Shocked, Lamech says, "No, she just became ill..." Semjaza shakes his head says, "No! She couldn't do anything without great pain..." Lamech guiltily says, "I thought she was just lazy..." Semjaza sadly says, "I can't heal her... I really tried.." Disappointed, Lamech falls on his knees and pouts saying, "But you're the great healer!" Embarrassed, Semjaza says, "Even I have limits..." Lamech desperately asks, "Could Tammuz heal her?" Semjaza sadly says, "Together, me and Tammuz might be able...

But--my son really hates me! --If he tries to heal her alone, he might die!" Lamech desperately says, "Ple---ase!" Semjaza angrily shouts, "Never!" Lamech fearfully weeps. Semjaza hopefully says, "My friend might be able to help her..." Horrified, Lamech asks, "Lord Bad?" Displeased, Semjaza says, "You insult him --but the mighty researcher is Tukkiy's only hope." Lamech pauses, then says, "Get him.." Semjaza's yellow jewel faintly glows as he says, "Yes."

A oval entrance briefly opens up in one of the steamy walls. The mighty researcher floats in on his floating silver disc and lands by them. His golden halo crown is on top of his long perfectly combed blond hair. His very broad iridescent white collar has glowing blue trim with his fist-sized glowing blue jewel mounted in it's lower front. The hemline of his sleek ankle length iridescent white skirt curves up in the middle to his calfs. He steps off his floating disc. His cold blue eyes look down at her. He

bows and asks, "King Semjaza, may I examine her?" Semjaza sadly asks, "Lamech shall he?" Lamech weeps and asks, "---Why not?" The tall blond picks her up so she's laying on top of his right shoulder. She wheezes and moans. He steps back onto his disc. He calmly says, "Lamech, come with me..." Lamech steps up on the silver disc. It floats up and carries them to a wall. An oval entrance briefly opens up as they float in. Lamech sees a skinny little girl inside that looks like a six year old version of his mother. She is wearing in gray robe, sitting on a floating disc cleaning a glowing white room. Lamech sees a large circular bowl-shaped pale blue table in the middle of the room. He sees a large white ape-like creature, trapped in a large circular transparent cage that's top touches the ceiling. She's sitting, fearfully holding her little baby in her arms. Her eerily human-like white face quickly turns away from them. Lamech sees many small transparent circular cages stacked on top of each other. Inside them are the many horribly deform and monstrous little creatures trapped. The disc lands. They step off. The disc floats up, turns virtically and attaches to the lower back of the mighty researcher's very wide cape-like collar. He carries Tukkiy to and gently lays her down on the pale blue table. A fog rises from the table and lightly covers her. He takes her furs off as all kinds of thin flashing little blue beams go all over her naked body. She shakes, moans and wheezes. He studies her closely as lots of strange glowing blue symbols appear above her and fly around in circles. He quickly touches several of these symbols with his fingers. They arrange themselves into complex patterns. Lamech looks down at her pale shriveled body as he tearfully asks, "Can, ---you heal her?" He sadly says, "No..." Lamech shakes his fists at him as he shouts, "You're lying!" He calmly says, "If I replaced her failing organs, she might survive for a normal lifespan." Lamech emotionally asks, "Why did you lie?" He angrily says, "I did not lie! Greatly prolonging the dying process is not the same as healing... Her sister's organs are compatible with her life code --but if I take them, her sister dies!" Shocked, Lamech forcefully grabs his iridescent white collar just above his bare chest and desperately shouts, "Never! There's got to be another way!" The mighty researcher pauses for what seems like an eternity and then coldly says, "Seven modified energy parasites might replace her failing organs, ---but they would cause her extreme pain! --I could numb her." Disgusted, Lamech shouts, "Don't you dare ---put

demons in my Tukkiy!" He sadly says, "Then she dies----or her sister dies..." Lamech's tears flows down his frowning brown cheeks as he asks, "Numb her, ---then she couldn't feel me holding her!" He sadly says, "That's right..." Lamech angrily shouts, "No, she must feel me!" He cheerfully says, "So I take her sister's organs so your Tukkiy can feel you.." Lamech softly whimpers, "Nev-er..." Lamech weeps and shouts, "Save my Tukkiy!" Iriatated, he asks, "How?" Lamech softly whimpers, saying, "Put---the demons---in..." He calmly says, "I'll completely numb her body so she doesn't suffer..." Lamech angrily shouts, "No!" The mighty researcher asks, "Do you want to hear your wife scream for the rest of her life?" Tukkiy wheezes painfully and moans. Lamech pauses and tearfully says, "Numb her... O Tukkiy, forgive---me!" The mighty researcher reaches into a small circular transparent cage. He picks up a tiny pulsating translucent white starfish-like creature with three tiny human-like ears spaced around the center of it's back with it's earlobes facing outward. He holds it out with his index finger and thumb. He cheerfully says, "Watch this!" Lamech sees the creature dimly flash once as he has a colorless vision like a dark dream of the mighty researcher saying, "Watch this!" Shocked, Lamech asks, "What was that?" He solemnly says, "The witness! Swear that you will cultivate at least half the steaming grounds to make excellant wine for my king..." Lamech gasps and says, "I can't work that much!" He cruelly says, "Get help..." Lamech tearfully says, "That's not reasonable!" He sadly mocks him, saying, "Tukkiy---could of lived..." Lamech emotionally says, "Don't let her die! --I'll do it somehow..." The mighty researcher seriously says, "You also swear... If your wife survives more than six years, everything that's your's belongs to king Semjaza!" Lamech boldly says, "Except my Tukkiy! Semjaza can't have her!" He grins and says, "Agreed... But only if ye remain loyal! Hold out your right palm..." Lamech fearfully holds out his right palm up. The mighty researcher solemnly says, "Swear... Barak lo' paniym elohim(bless not face God)!" Lamech tearfully and very nervously says, "Barak lo' paniym elohim..." He drops the tiny witness down on Lamech's right palm. It painfully burrows into his palm. He grabs his hand. He screams.

A new moon latter, Tukkiy's crusted squinted dark eyes tries to open but her eyelids are stuck together. Her fingers rubs off the cust around her eyes. She sees the unfocused images of four kneeling around her, lighted

by a fire's flickering light. She hears Nasher's emotional elderly voice say, "My daughter lives! Praise the Algae!" Her father gently caresses her numb sunken cheeks with his fingers. Her bloodshot eyes, blinks several times as her eyes slowly focus. She see that she's wearing her dark brown dress, laying on thick furs. She looks up and recognizes her father. He's dressed in his robe and turban. Her sister wearing her robe. Grandma Qoph's bloated whitish pink face, and Sob'ah's blond hair. Sob'ah is wearing a long sleeved yellow dress. Nowtsah smiles widely under her dull green hood as she shouts, "Tukky, prase the Algae!" Tukkiy gasps. She looks around. She sees her igloo. She sees the very plump, long white haired, grandma Qoph wearing her brown furs who happily says, "Tukkiy, -you woke up! My son will be so happy! --I'll clean you up..." Tukkiy tries to speak but can't. Nasher sits her up and hugs her tightly but she doesn't feel it. She panics, breathes heavily, and violently jerks around. Nowtsah and Sob'ah grabs Tukkiy and forcefully holds her down on the furs. Nowtsah, wearing her dull green robe, forcefully says, "Sister, calm down! --I'll explain..." Nasher gently says, "Tukkiy, stop fighting! Relax..." Grandma Qoph angrily says, "You're messing up your dress!" Tukkiy struggles hard to yell with her strained gravelly voice, "---Yown-n-aah!" Sob'ah's kindly looks down as she says, "Relax, your daughter is fine..." Nasher lovingly says, "Father's here... We'll help you..." Tukkiy calms. She looks up at her father's sad squinted eyes. Sob'ah's blue eyes sparkle as she says, "Tukkiy, I'll get your daughter!" She leaves the igloo. A little latter, she walks in carrying Yownah who has grown a bit since the last new moon. Sob'ah holds the cooing baby close to her in a thick gray fur blanket. Sob'ah kneels by Tukkiy. Yownah makes happy baby sounds. Sob'ah comfortingly says, "Tukkiy, see your daughter is happy and healthy..." Tukkiy's longing eyes look over at her daughter's cute smiling little yellowish brown face, greenish brown eyes and stringy black hair. Tukkiy says with difiiculty, "Yow-nah... Yownah!" Wrapped in a gray blanket, her baby daughter coos and waves at her. Nasher smiles as he says, "Ah, your baby's cute..." Tukkiy pokes Yownah's stomach with her index finger several times. Yownah cries. Grandma Qoph fearfully says, "Stop poking her! You hurting your baby..." Tukkiy panics so Sob'ah moves Yownah away from her mother. She gently rocks Yownah so she stops crying. Tukkiy shouts with strained voice, "---I'm dead! I can't feel

anything.." Nowtsah sadly says, "No sister, you're alive... You were in great pain! He took your pain away..." Trembling, Tukkiy coughs and asks, "Who---took my---feelings away?" Mother Qoph's much wrinkled bloated face frowns as she says, "Lord Bad!" Tukkiy lays down flat on her back and says with great difficulty, "No! --No! No-o-o! --I can't feel anything! I'm a ---ghost, ---A ghost!" Nasher kisses her forehead and says, "Tukkiy, you're not a ghost!" Grandma Qoph gently puts her bloated hand over her own heart and lovingly says, "Tukkiy, --you can feel, ---with your heart..." Nowtsah laughs and says, "Actually, lord Bad replaced your heart with a little demon..." Nasher angrily says, "Nowtsah, not helpful.." Nowtsah says, "Sorry father..." Grandma Qoph encouragingly says, "Tukkiy, feel with your---soul! Feel the love! --Feel the love! Feel your love!" Sob'ah kneels down by her and holds Yownah close to her face. She closes her sore eyes, then looks at her happily giggling daughter. Tukkiy joyful voice says, "I do feel love... O-Yownah, my---little dove..." Sob'ah's pretty pale face sadly smiles as she says, "Feel the love you have for Yownah, --and feel our love for you!" Nowtsah carefully helps her sister sit up and says, "I'll help you hold Yownah." Sob'ah hands gently cooing Yownah to them. Nowtsah carefully guides her so Tukkiy can safely hold her baby despite her hands not feeling her child. As tears flow down from Tukkiy's eyes, she happily says, "My little dove-- you've grown.. Baby, I love you so!" Tukkiy angrily asks, "Why isn't Lamech here? --Ouch! I bit my tongue.." Nasher frowns and says, "He's working hard in the steaming grounds..."

Meanwhile, at the steaming grounds, Gibbor, wearing his lite weight white furs is pulling Tubal's metal and wood plow. Lamech and Obed struggle to guide it. The grounds they're plowing have already been clears of other plants. Tubal is sitting on the cushion on the plow. Lamech and Obed are profusely sweating. They are both dressed in some light weight gray skirts. They wear light weight caps over their hair to keep the sun out of their eyes. Gibbor yawns, wipes the sweat off his large bald forehead and says, "Gibbor hot and tired! Gibbor stop?" Tubal, sweating, dressed in light weight gray robe and turban, says, "Keep pulling! Lamech need your help..." Obed says exhausted, "I'm so tired!" Tubal forcefully says, "We got to get more done before the sun sets..." Methuselah using his long spear as a walking stick, walks behind them. He has a large fur bag tied loosely around his neck, filled with little vines. He kneels down and plants one

small vine about a forearm's length deep. He walks about a man's height distance away from the last vine and plants another in rows about a man's height distance away from each other. Lamech stumbles from exhaustion.

Methuselah limps over to him and says, "Son, you need rest..." Lamech yawns and says, "Father, I must work harder!" Methuselah sadly says, "Son, you'll work yourself to death... God, help us in our hard labors!"

The next day, near evening, snows gently falls from the pale sky.

Tubal, Methuselah, Obed, and Lamech are riding in one of Tubal's sledges being pulled by ten of his wolf dogs. In the distance, they see the Re'em eating the weeds in the trench by Omer's large rocky entrance. The wolf dogs pull them in. They look around at the many people sitting around the camp fires and all the igloos with their colorful decorations. They ride up to Lamech's igloo. Nowtsah comes out of an igloo, wearing her dull green hooded robes and happily shouts, "Obed, you're back!" Wearing his thick brown furs, Obed tiredly but excitedly says, "Nowtsah, kiss me!" She runs to the sledge. She kisses him. Lamech fearfully asks exhausted, "Did Tukkiy wake up? Is my daughter Yownah healthy?" Nowtsah happily shouts, "Tukkiy woke up yesterday! And Yownah is fine. Grandma Qoph is taking care of her.." Nowtsah helps her tired husband step out of the sledge. They hold hands. They walk to their igloo. Lamech happily jumps out of the sledge and runs into his igloo. Methuselah waves and says, "See you later, son..." Lamech waves back and says, "Bye father..." Lamech enters his icy igloo. He sees the flickering fire in the fire-pit with a pile of sticks near-by. Tukkiy is wearing her dark brown dress reclining against a bunch of furs looking lovingly down at their greenish algae stones she's holding together on her lap. Lamech joyfully shouts, "Tukkiy, you woke up... I'm so happy! --I was so afraid.. I love you --so!" Her squinted brown eyes fill with joyful tears. He practically leaps down by her. Tukkiy sickly says, "Me too!" On his knees, he hugs her tightly, and kisses her pale face. She presses her face against his long bushy beard. She licks his face. Lamech curiously asks, "Tukkiy, why are you licking my face?" She backs off. Tukkiy sadly says, "Because only my tongue can feel ---you..." She gently puts their algae stones next to the pile of sticks. Lamech's brown eyes look sorrowful as he says, "Tukkiy, I'm sorry... I'm sorry!" Tukkiy cheerfully says, "Don't be... Thanks to you, I will get to see our baby girl

grow up!" She licks his lips and awkwardly kisses them. Lamech happily says as joyful tear roll down his cheeks, "My Tukkiy, I love you so much!"

About two years and two new moons latter, the rising sun's bright rays enter Omer's entrance and slowly reaches Lamech's igloo. Inside, warmed and lighted by the flickering fire in the fire-pit, toddler Yownah wakes up. She's wearing little browns furs, and is wrapped in gray fur blanket. Yownah gets out of her blanket. She cries. She stands up shivering and cutely wobbles around. Her mother sleeps under a large dark fur laying next to her sleeping husband. Yownah's cries wakes Tukkiy up.

She sits up and yawns. She sees her daughter wobblingly to the fire-pit. Tukkiy's pale face cringes as she shouts, "Yownah stop! Lamech, get Yownah away from the fire!" Their baby moves her tiny hands near the flickering yellow fire. Shocked, Lamech leaps up, wearing his gray furs. He grab his little girl up by her little brown furs. Yownah looks up at him with her greenish brown eyes. She stops crying. Her father is extremely tired. He has seriously messed up stripped hair. Lamech holds his little daughter up next to his chest and caringly says, "Yownah, ---fire can--hurt--you!" He gently rocks her. He looks down at her cute yellowish brown face and her black hair. Her shinning greenish brown eyes looks up at him. He almost falls asleep. Yownah pulls at his beard and says, "Fire pretty and warm..." Tukkiy fearfully asks, "Is my little dove alright?" Lamech joyfully says, "Yes, she is... Yownah, --I'll warm things up.." Holding her close, he takes sticks from the pile. He drops them into the flickering fire. Yownah smiles at him as she says, "Yeah, fire nice..." Her mother looks lovingly at him holding their little daughter close. Tukkiy's pretty face warmly smiles as she says, "Bring Yownah here..." Lamech puts Yownah down by her mother. He sits by them. Tukkiy says, "Lamech, help me hold my daughter safely." Lamech says, "Sure." Tukkiy hugs Yownah. Lamech put his hands on her arms to keep Tukkiy from hugging her daughter too tightly. Yownah curiously asks, "Why my father do that?" Tukkiy says, "I can't feel you... If he didn't hold my arms, I might hurt you." She lets her daughter go. Disturbed, Yownah asks, "Mom, can't feel?" Tukkiy sadly says, "Excepts my heart --and my tongue.." She licks her daughter's cheek, tiny nose and forehead. Yownah cringes. Tukkiy happily says, "My tongue feels your face. That's how I know --you're real." Yownah smiles and happily says, "Me real..." Yownah hugs her mother. She lets go. Tukkiy

blushes as she looks over at her husband and says, "You know how I'm getting fat..." Lamech comfortingly says, "You're not fat... You're plump." Tukkiy nervously says, "I think --I'm am with child again.." Shocked, Lamech asks, "Is that possible?" Tukkiy laughs and gently says, "Well, we have been doing it... Yeah!" Lamech stares blankly at her for a while. He thinks about it. Yownah hugs her mother and curiously asks, "Mother, what's happening?" Tukkiy happily says, "You're going to have a little brother or sister soon.." Yownah jumps up and excitedly says, "Wow, me big sister!" Lamech gently puts his arms around his wife's shoulders and asks, "Are you scared?" Tukkiy bravely says, "I feel fine..." He kisses her, rubbing his graying brown beard against her face which she licks. Lamech joyfully says in awe, "Wow, another child!" Yownah's little hand grabs his right hand. She turns his palm up and looks at the ugly little pulsating white demon stuck on his palm. Yownah nervously asks, "Father, --what is this?" Lamech cheerfully says, "Yownah, a sign of love..." Lamech briefly hug Yownah as she happily says, "Father, I love you..."

Noah's birth

About six new moons latter, in their igloo, lighted by the fire-pit's warm flickering fire, Nowtsah and Lamech sit down near Tukkiy. She's in labor. She is sitting back on thick furs, covered in a large gray fur. Nowtsah, wearing her dull green hooded robe is sitting between Tukkiy's legs. Her algae stick is leaning against an icy wall. There's a bowl of steaming water, a flint knife, a red cord and three gray towels by them. Tukkiy watches Lamech, wearing his light gray furs with his hood pulled back, holding her completely numb hand. Nowtsah smiles calmly as she lifts the fur and says, "Sister, push, push..." Tukkiy looks at her husband's grasping hand nervously shaking. Nowtsah cheerfully says, "Push, push, --I see your baby's head coming..." With mixed feelings, Tukkiy says, "I hate being numb ---but I don't miss childbirth pains... Sometimes, it's nice not to feel..." Nowtsah comfortingly says, "Tukky, that's a good attitude... Now push... Push... Push..." Lamech gasps behind his long graying beard. He nervously watches. Their baby's cry is heard. Puzzled, Tukkiy asks, "Did I just give birth? ---How's my baby?" Nowtsah smiles down at her sister and says, "Yes --and your baby's fine! --The Algae blesses this child!"

Algae becomes greater!" Nowtsah carefully holds the crying brown baby, cuts the umbilical cord with her flint knife, ties the cord, cleans the baby off with a warm moist towel, and wraps him in a light gray towel. She hands the newborn to his father. Lamech holds their son in front of his wife and happily says, "Wow, --Tukkiy, we got a son! Praise God!" She lovingly looks down at her tiny crying son's cute little brown face and his dark green eyes as she says, "O-Lamech, he's ---beautiful!" Lamech gently holds their crying son close to her warmly smiling face. She gently licks the baby's tiny cheeks. The baby stops crying. He giggles. Lamech gently takes one of his wife's frail hands and gently moves her numb fingers over to their son. She licks his tiny nose. In wonder, Tukkiy says, "He's real, my tongue feels my baby... Lamech, name him!" Lamech looks lovingly down at his tiny son, yawns and tiredly says, "I name our son Noah... He (shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed."*Genesis 5:29) Tukkiy's squinted dark brown eyes sparkle as she says, "Noah, good name.." Lamech, still gently holding his newborn wrapped in a towel, cuddles up next to his wife, and kisses her on the lips. She licks his lips. She smiles lovingly at him. Tukky happily says, "Sister, bring Yownah in.." Nowtsah grabs her algae staff, leaves the igloo and quickly comes back carrying Yownah, wearing her little brown furs. She puts Yownah down. Yownah walks to her parents. Lamech excitedly says, "Yownah, see our new baby.." She happily laughs. Lamech shows his little daughter, the cooing newborn baby boy wrapped in a towel. Tukkiy happily says, "Yownah, meet Noah! God gave you a little brother.." Yownah's adorable face looks closely at her tiny brother in awe and cutely says, "God, --me take good care --bro-ther.."

Chapter 4 Yownah

My cousin Tubal frowns beneath his shiny gray tuban and interrupts Noah's story. Tubal skeptically asks, "Grandfather, how do you remember your birth so well?" Noah laughs and cheerfully says, "I don't... But my mother Tukkiy told me all about it, --many times..." Sha'ah's wrinkled

reddish face smiles beneath her red feather headdress as she says, "Tukkiy had the right idea..." Pe'ullah curiously asks, "Grandmother, why don't we have a children's festival?" Sha'ah cheerfully says, "You don't need a festival to play in the snow..." Noah gently says, "My young lovely is right." Pe'ullah sadly says, "Maybe... But it would be nice..." I thoughtfully say, "I agree with Pe'ullah..." Tubal's dark face smiles as he says, "Me too!" Noah cautiously says with his low elderly voice, "I'll think about it.." Pe'ullah's pale chubby face frowns as she shouts, "Back to the story!" Noah laughs and says, "About six new moons latter, I was six new moons old. Around noon, in Omer's great Algae chamber where my parents were married, my grandfather Methuselah preached to a crowd of Algae worshipers. My parents, my big sister and baby me were there along with Tubal and his family....."

Methuselah waits at the bottom of this cool huge rocky chamber. He's wearing his gray furs and Enoch's old fur cap over his long grayish white hair. He leans on his long wooden spear. He looks around at us, and the crowd of Algae worshipers wearing their green hooded robes. The orange rays of the sun dimly shines all the way down on us from the odd shaped icy opening way above. The chamber is cooler than normal because the intense cold outside. The winds howl as gentle snowflakes fall down from the opening. Methuselah's elderly wrinkled eyes looks around at all the algae and colorful little mushrooms growing on the chamber's steep slimy walls. He see many very long stalactites hanging all around and many stalagmites sticking up from the greenish rocky steaming floor. He looks at his plumb old wife wearing her brown hooded furs. She is standing by my parents and my sister. My father is wearing his light gray furs. My mother is wearing her dark brown dress. My big sister is wearing her little white furs. My mother carefully sits down on a little wooden stand. My father holds me close. I'm the cooing baby wrapped in a gray blanket.

Grandma Qoph sadly says, "Noah, -I hope you'll be much cleaner than your father..." Tukkiy looks at me, weakly smiles and says, "Thank God my baby is so healthy..." Yownah looks up and excitedly says, "Brother get bigger.." Lamech gently swings me in his arms as he says, "Yeah Yownah, he weights more too..." Methuselah looks over at Tubal and his family.

Tubal is dressed in his fancy purple robes and turban. 'Aqqow is dress in her blue dress and bonnet. Gibbor wears his big white furs. Sob'ah sits on

the back of his neck. She's wearing her yellow dress. Methuselah sees Nasher walk up leaning on his staff. He's dressed in his dark green robes and turban. Nasher cheerfully says, "Methuselah, you are welcome to speak here..." Methuselah softly says, "Thanks, Nasher.."

Methuselah graciously smiles beneath Enoch's silly fur cap. He bows his head, and brings his age spotted hands together around his spear.

Snowflakes fall. Methuselah prays, saying, "Lord God, we thank you for our lives and our loved ones... Thank you for all those who have come to hear about you... Help me to touch their hearts with your spirit and truth!"

Yownah's cute face looks bored as she impatiently asks, "Mother, why he pray so long?" Tukkiy gently says, "Yownah, that's a short prayer..."

Yownah says, "O-no..." Lamech lovingly looks down at his little daughter as he says, "Patience Yownah..." Then Nowtsah and Oreb walk in with more Algae worshipers. Nowtsah walks up to Methuselah and thumps her algae covered staff against the wet floor three times. The thumps echo.

Nowtsah angrily shouts, "Methuselah, how dare you profane the Algae's holy chamber? Leave!" He just stares. Nasher thumps his staff down and forcefully says, "Nowtsah, --I Nasher, son of Owph invited him to speak here... I say --respects other's beliefs!" Nowtsah hatefully says, "Not hateful bigoted beliefs! His insecure god demands people not worship the Algae!" Nasher's dark squinted eyes frown as he says, "His god is not the only one who is insecure here! Let him speak!" Nowtsah says, "Father, this is your fault!" Sitting on Gibbor's thick neck, Sob'ah says, "She's rude!" Yownah looks up as she asks, "Mother, why she angry?" Tukkiy sadly says, "She's scared of us..." Yownah timidly asks, "Mother, why?" Tukkiy softly says, "Because God..."

Methuselah peacefully smiles as he says with his elderly strong voice, "God always is! God made everything, ---even algae..." Beneath his hood, Oreb frowns behind his stringy black beard as he angrily shouts, "Wrong!"

Nowtsah forcefully says, "The Algae has always existed..." Methuselah kindly looks around the crowd and gently says, "Like God always exists..."

God made us in God's image, able to follow God's love or --not love...

God gave the earth to us! The Goat, a powerful servant of God was jealous of the first people, Adam and his wife Eve. The Goat tricked a serpent into tricking them to not love God and others... Like Cain, Eve's first son!" I

giggles. Yownah curiously asks, "Father, who's Cain?" Lamech sadly says, "He was a very bad boy..." Tukkiy frailly says, "Yownah, just listen!"

Methuselah slowly says, "A very long time ago, Eve had two sons. Two young brothers, Cain and his younger brother Abel... Adam loved Abel but Cain, he neglected... One day, Abel humbly sacrifice a lamb to the Lord God. God was pleased... Cain sacrificed some fruit but God was not pleased with his pride... Cain became jealous! Lord God told Cain to master his anger but the Goat's voice tormented him. In a fit of rage, Cain beat his little brother Abel to death..." Yownah childishly says, "O-no!"

Many Algae worshipers gasps in horror including a pale, brown eyed, young woman and her young son. She loudly asks, "Man, why didn't your god save Abel?" Methuselah sadly asks, "How can we respect life --if we can't kill? God allows us to choose ---to learn responsibility." The young woman angrily shouts, "Bonus man! What choice did Abel have?" Her pale young son painfully shouts, "Man, I hope your god freaked out on Cain! --Man, what your god do to him?" Nowtsah points towards Methuselah as she bitterly says, "Come on, answer!" Husky man Oreb angrily says, "We're listening.."

Methuselah nervously says, "*(And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper? And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand; When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth. And Cain said unto the Lord, My punishment is greater than I can bear. Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me. And the Lord said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him.)-Genesis 4:9-15."

The young woman's son asks, "Man, why did your god save that gnary killer?" Methuselah sadly says, "Cain was just a boy..." Nowtsah angrily shouts, "Your god is unjust!" The young woman asks, "Man, your god save Cain?" Methuselah boldly says, "Yes! --Does the Algae allows

murderers to kill or --can't the Algae stop them?" Nowtsah forcefully says, "The Algae can --but..." Methuselah calmly says, "So the Algae allows murders like my God!" The young woman's son says, "But man, the Algae punishes killers!" Methuselah sadly says, "Cain was punished... He was exiled and --much hated!" The pale young woman softly says, "Hm-m-m... Maybe.." Her young boy childishly frowns behind his hood. Nowtsah angrily says, "Chauldah girl, --don't confuse these dangerous fables with facts! The Algae is a fact! We must all accept that!" The boy asks, "Mam, are you sure?" Nowtsah angrily shouts, "Yes, you stupid boy!" Nasher walks right up, thumps his staff down and says, "Nowtsah, apologized to Zabad!" Nowtsah thumps her staff down as she shouts, "No, father! --You dishonor the Algae!" Gibbor says, "She mean..." Sob'ah says, "Yeah..."

Nasher shouts, "I am Algae high priest! You dishonor me!" Nowtsah thumps her staff down, and shouts, "Nasher is unfit to lead us! Omer's Algae worshipers, elect me Algae high priestess! --Lift up your algae staffs!" She lifts her staff high. Most of the algae worshipers lift their staffs too. Nasher sadly shouts, "Put your staffs down! --Don't abandon the Algae's love!" Still holding me, Lamech helps my mother slowly stand up. Tukkiy shouts with difficulty, "Listen to --my father. He loves the Algae more than my hateful sister ever will!" Oreb coldly shouts, "Shut up Tukkiy! --The Algae is a fact!" Yownah nervously says, "She scary..." Lamech fearfully says, "Scares me too!" I cry. The clear majority of Algae worshipers have lifted their staffs and repeatedly chant, their echoing voices shout, "Algae becomes greater! The Algae is a fact!" Nowtsah arrogantly shouts, "My people, you have elected me! I, Nowtsah, daughter of Nasher, am Algae high priestess! ---Remove the troublemakers!" Algae worshipers grab Methuselah and carry him away as he shouts, "God help me... Help me!" Plump grandma Qoph runs to his side and fearfully shouts, "Take your dirty hands off my husband!" They grab her. Nowtsah and Oreb lead them away. Naster follows them. Riding on Gibbor's thick neck, Sob'ah emotionally shouts, "Gibbor, stop them!" The mighty giant stands up, clinches his oversize fists and angrily shouts, "Gibbor, stop bad people!" Tubal points his walking stick up at him and forcefully shouts, "No Gibbor! Don't!" Gibbor angrily shouts, "Not fair!" 'Aqqow's hazel eyes bitterly stare as she says, "Sob'ah and Gibbor, we must obey Omer's rules!" Sob'ah angrily says, "I guess so.." Gibbor calms down. Exhausted and weak,

Tukkiy sits back down on her wooden stand. My father holds me tight.

Distressed, Lamech says, "Yownah, stay with your mother...!" Yownah shouts, "Father... Father!" Tukkiy timidly says, "Lamech, be careful with Noah!" Still holding me, Lamech rushes after his parents. Tubal and his family follows him.

Nowtsah leads the Algae worshipers carrying Methuselah and his wife up to Omer's rocky entrance. It's very cold. The howling winds are blowing snow in. Lamech, Tubal and his family quickly walk up to Nowtsah. As everyone shivers, Nowtsah coldly shouts with frosted breath, "Methuselah and Seven must leave now!" Sob'ah is still riding on her huge husband. Gibbor childishly frowns. Sob'ah shouts, "Nowtsah stop, or they'll die!" 'Aqqow sadly shouts with frosted breath, "Algae high priestess, please don't kick them out into the bitter cold! They will die!"

Leaning on his walking stick, Tubal limps up to her and says shivering, "Nowtsah, daughter of Naster, Algae high priestess of Omer, -have mercy!

I garentee they will not cause any more probblems.. They will leave when --it's safe.." Nowtsah forcefully says, "Tubal-Cain, you respect our rules -- so I respect you... I will allow them to stay in Lamech's igloo for a few days..." Tubal sadly smiles as he says, "Thank you, algae high priestess..." 'Aqqow bitterly asks her, "What about Lamech?" He nervously walks to Nowtsah, still holding me. She looks fondly at me. Nowtsah gently says, "The baby's cute... What's his name?" Lamech fearfully says with frosted breath, "Noah..." Nowtsah coldly says, "Lamech, you're not a problem, -- are you?" Lamech timidly says, "I'm --not --a problem..." Nowtsah harshly says, "Good!"

The next day, my family sits down on thick furs around their fire-pit. My father is wearing his light gray furs. My mother wear her dark brown dress. My father helps my mother carefully breastfeeds me. I'm wrap in my little gray blanket. Tukkiy gently licks my little fingers and my tiny nose with her tongue. Methuselah, Mother Qoph and Yownah are dressed as usual. They are eating nuts and dried fruit out of a big fur bag. Lamech pour water into our clay cups. Nasher's sad voice asks, "Naster here.. May I come in, --with some friends?" Lamech looks down at me happily cooing in my mother's arms and sadly says, "Come in..." Short old man Nasher enters our igloo's tight icy entrance. He's dressed in his dark green robe and turban. He leans on his staff. Four others, wearing long green hooded

robes enter. They crowd into the igloo and put down their staffs. A pale young woman, her young son, an elderly woman, and a young man sit down together on one side of the fire-pit's flickering flames. Lamech and his family are crowded on the other side. Tukkiy's fragile squinted brown eyes look curiously as she cheerfully asks, "Father, who are they?" Nasher cheerfully says, "The young woman is Chuldah(weasel), her son is Zabad(endure). They're the ones who asked Methuselah about Cain. The mature woman is Taphath and the young man is her son Heyman(faithful)." My big sister walks up to him. Naster happily hugs her, and says, "Yownah, my grandchild, --I love you.." Wearing her white furs, she hugs him back. Yownah smiles widely and says, "Love you too..." Tukkiy is still breastfeeding me. Nasher happily asks, "Tukkiy, may ---I hold my grandson?" Tukkiy cheerfully says, "Yes, father.." She gently hands me to him. I coo. Yownah excitedly says, "Ah, little brother... Cute." Nasher's wrinkled face smiles as he says, "Yownah, you're so cute.." He lovingly holds me, the baby in his arms. He tearfully looks down at my sparkling green eyes and the little brown hair on top of my little head. He kisses my forehead. Nasher gladly says, "Algae becomes greater... Noah, you little miracle!" My mother lovingly looks at me. Tukkiy emotionally says, "Yes father Naster. Noah is a miracle... Father, are you alright?" Naster shakes his head and bitterly says, "No! My own daughter dishonored me..." He holds me close to his chest. Lamech goofily says, "Nasher, hand me my baby..." He hands me to my smiling father. He rocks me and gently touches my little cheeks. Nasher looks at my grandparents as he says, "I'm sorry..." Yownah fearfully asks, "Grandma, why she hate us?" Grandma Qoph's bloated whitish pink face looks angry as she says, "She's just being dirty!" Nasher frowns and says, "Nowtsah's love has faded..." Holding his baby close, Lamech softly mumbles, saying, "Maybe, I should have let him ---- take her org--s." Disturbed, Tukkiy asks, "Lamech, what are you mumbling about?" Lamech timidly says, "Nothing..." Nasher sadly asks, "Methuselah, where will you go?" Methuselah sadly says, "To the house -- Tubal built for us..." Grandma Qoph bitterly says, "Tubal was right! -- Somehow, he knew this would happen." Tears run down Yownah's cute little cheeks as she asks, "Grandma, will I see you again?" Grandma Qoph cheerfully says, "Sure and ---you'll always be in our hearts..." Methuselah encouragingly says, "Yownah, trust God!" Yownah look at me and says,

"Little brother, I love you!" Grandma Qoph and Methuselah hug her. Grandma Qoph says, "We'll miss you and Noah too..." Yownah sadly asks, "Naster, you won't leave me, will you?" Nasher laughs and says, "Never ever!"

Methuselah curiously asks, "Do your friends want to ask me some questions?" Nasher cheerfully says, "Zabad has a question.." Methuselah cheerfully asks, "Zabad, what's your question?" Zabad's youthful pale face and hazel eyes look curious as he asks, "Man, what happened to Cain?"

Methuselah says with his elderly voice, "He married his sister Lilly, and built a very small city. He named the city after his son, Enoch..." Zabad frowns behind his green hood as he sadly asks, "Man, no more story?"

Methuselah pauses and says, "Some say that when Cain got old, his wife Lilly left him, and went far away... Her son Enoch searched for her but never found her." Zabad shrugs his little shoulders as he asks, "Where she split, --man?" Methuselah gently says, "Don't know..." Chuldah pulls back her green hood revealing her black hair and says, "Bummer!" Heyman's black bearded brown face looks disturbed as says, "Sounds like the beginning of another story?" Methuselah says, "Maybe.. But I don't know it." Taphath's darkly wrinkled face frowns as she asks, "How did you learn about Cain?" Methuselah says, "From the holy cave's many ancient paintings... Enoch copied them in wood carvings." Taphath skeptically asks, "Do you have them here?" Methuselah says, "Tubal has them... Ask him.."

Taphath smiles, her dark eyes shine behind her green hood as she curiously asks, "What pleases your mysterious god?" Methuselah happily says, "Being humble... Love God, worship God alone, love and help others!" Unimpressed, Taphath unimpressed says, "Sounds like the Algae's teachings, except for worship your god alone bit? Why worship only your god?" Methuselah's eye close tightly as he gently says, "A part of God's heart is in us --and only God's love makes our hearts whole... When we worship those who did not make us, we tend to become slaves to them... Algae is amazing --but people are made in God's image... Even the sons of God are not made in God's image... Everything others gives us comes from God. Why worship those who take from God? I worship God who gives us everything we have and loves us more than anyone!" Taphath frowns and says, "I don't think so." Heyman laughs and says, "But the Algae created

everything..." Methuselah gently says, "At the first there was the infinite sea and the Algae... The Algae did not create the infinite sea... God made the infinite sea!" Heyman skeptically says, "You got a point!" Nasher says, "It's getting late. Let's go." They get up and leave. Tukkiy lovingly says, "Bye father." Naster cheerfully says, "Love you all.." Yownah waves her arms and sadly says, "Come back..." Grandma Qoph happily says, "Come back anytime.." They leave.

Morning, a week latter, on this warm partly cloudy day. A nice breeze blows. The huge Re'em with a dark green tent strapped to it's huge shoulders moves near Omer's icy cave entrance. Just outside, Lamech, is wearing his light gray hooded furs. He sits down in a well supplied sledge next to Tubal. He's wearing his dark gray furs and turban. Six wolf dogs are attached to their sledge by long strips of animal hides. Lamech sees Gibbor, wearing his white furs. He sits down in a well supplied bigger sledge with ten wolf dogs attached. Lamech looks back. Nowtsah, is standing just inside the entrance. She's stiffly holding her staff.

Methuselah and grandma Qoph quietly walks by her. He's holds his spear. Grandma Qoph holds her staff. He's wearing Enoch's cap. He slowly walks out to the smaller sledge as his plump wife slowly follows. Lamech helps his aging parents into the back of the sledge. Lamech looks back at the Re'em poking it's flat ugly head into the entrance. The gigantic beast sadly grunts. It sticks it's huge grayish pink tongue out at Nowtsah and spits on her face. She wipes the saliva off her face. Angry, Nowtsah shouts, "Bad Re'em! --I'm doing what's right..." The Re'em shakes it's ugly much wrinkled, long rectangular head. It's beedly black eyes sadly look at her. It's two small rounded ears near the back of it's head wiggle. Nowtsah angrily shouts, "Re'em! Go out and lay down!" The beast briefly sticks out it's huge tongue but then slowly moves away. Each of it's big steps causes a loud thump. Lamech watches the Re'em lays down in the deep snow on it's bulging wrinkled stomach. 'Aqqow and Sob'ah walk by Nowtsah. They walk out to Gibbor. His mother is dressed in black hooded furs. She tearfully smiles. 'Aqqow says, "Son, love you! Be careful..." He gently hugs her. Gibbor says, "Moth-er, friends needs help..." Teary eyed, 'Aqqow says, "You good son..." Sob'ah, wearing her thick cream colored hooded furs's walks up to him and says, "Love Gibbor, --come back to me!" Gibbor gently picks her way up. She soothingly rubs his big ears including

the one half eaten by a feather dragon long ago. Sob'ah sadly smiles and says, "Sob'ah loves Gibbor... I will miss you!" He smooths her blushing face. Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Ah, -Gibbor loves Sob'ah! Gibbor come back!" Lamech sees Yownah, and Nasher walk by Nowtsah. Naster frowns as he says, "Nowtsah, this does not honor the Algae..." She ignores him. Yownah, wearing her little white furs, wobbles out into the deep snow. Naster follows. Lamech helps his little daughter climb up the side of the sledge. Nasher limps up behind her. Lamech and his daughter tearfully hug. Yownah's childishly pouts as she says, "Father, come back!" Lamech hugs her again, and sadly says, "In about two days..." He picks her up and puts her by her grandparents. She grabs Methuselah's thick grayish white beard and says, "Grandfather..." Methuselah tearfully smiles as he says, "Yownah girl, I love you!" She moves over and hugs her very plump grandmother. She grabs her very long white hair under her brown hood. Grandma Qoph's tears run down her much wrinkled bloated cheeks as she says, "Yownah, I love you and your little brother so much! Come visit us often..." Yownah sadly says, "No! Stay!" She cries and hugs her grandmother tightly. Grandma Qoph sadly says, "Make sure to clean up!" Yownah slowly lets go of her grandmother's hair and says, "I will be clean..." Lamech's sad narrow wrinkled face sadly smiles behind his graying beard as he says, "Yownah, take care of your mother and Noah..." Tears run down her greenish brown eyes. Yownah tearfully says, "Father, I take good care of them." Lamech tearfully says, "Yownah, be a good girl... Now go back to Nasher." Nasher smiles as he says, "Come with me..." Yownah cries and shouts, "No! no.. no..." Nasher gently pull her away.

Tubal looks at his magic blue needle and shouts, "Wolf dogs go!" Gibbor happily shouts, "Dogs go!" Yownah, Nasher, 'Aqqow, and Sob'ah wave good-bye. Lamech, Tubal, Gibbor, Methuselah, and grandma Qoph wave back. The wolf dogs pull their sledge pass the Re'em. It lowers its ugly head down moping. Yownah tearfully hugs Nasher. She watches the wolf dogs pull the sledges ever farther away into the white horizon. Nasher sadly says, "Let's go see your mother and your little brother..." Yownah tearfully says, "Not ready..." She watches a little longer. They walk back inside. They frown at Nowtsah. She frowns back behind her hood.

Five years latter, me, my big sister and our parents are sitting on dark furs around our fire pit. Our mother is wearing her dark brown hooded dress. Our father is wearing his light gray furs. I'm wearing brown furs. Yownah wearing her white furs. She puts her arm across my little shoulders. I warm my hands over our flickering fire. I hear Tubal's happy voice, ask, "Tubal here, may we come in?" Lamech, says, "Come on in..." Tubal and 'Aqqow bows their heads as they enter our icy home. Dressed in his purple robes and turban, Tubal leans on his dire wolf headed walking stick. 'Aqqow leans on her staff. She's dressed in her blue dress, black furs and blue bonnet. Me and my big sister jump up to greet them. Tukkiy frailly says, "Tubal, 'Aqqow, welcome to our home." Tubal happily says, "Hi Tukkiy.. Hey, Noah, how old are you now?" I proudly hold up five fingers and say, "I am five and a half years old!" 'Aqqow asks, "Yownah, how old are you?" Yownah's girlish yellowish brown face smiles as she says, "I'm Eight years old.." 'Aqqow excitedly says, "My old goat has a big surprize." Yownah's greenish brown eyes sparkle as she asks, "'Aqqow, what surprize?" I cutely says, "I love surprizes!" Tukkiy frailly asks, "Tubal, --what's this about?" Tubal cheerfully says, "Tomorrow, Chayah and Mala will be here!" Puzzled, I ask, "Who are they?" Yownah brushes back her shoulder lenght black hair with her hands as she says, "Chayah, daughter of the great prophet Enoch!" I claps my little hands. I joyfully say, "That's cool, -sister..." I ask, "Who's Mala?" Lamech happily says, "Mala is Chayah's much younger husband." Tukkiy frailly says, "I can't wait to meet them..." Yownah curously asks, "How will they get here?" 'Aqqow's hazzel eyes look excited as she says, "Our servants are bringing them on a sledge.." Tukkiy fearfully asks, "Tubal, did you get permission from my high priestess sister?" Tubal proudly says, "You bet!" Tukkiy gasps and asks, "How?" Tubal laughs and says, "I told her that Chayah and Mala are great explorers who will find the infinite sea..." We all gasp. Lamech nervouly grabs his skunk like hair and asks, "You what?"

The next day, my family along with Tubal and his family, and a large number of Algae worshipers stand in the bone chilling cold and howling winds outside Omer's large rocky entrance. Obed and Nasher by Nowtsah. She's wearing her dull green hooded robe. She stands out in front, holding her staff, waiting. I'm wearing thick brown hooded furs. Yownah is wearing white furs so thick that she looks like a big snowball. My father is

wearing his light gray hooded furs. He holds his long wooden staff. My mother is wearing thick black furs. She leans on her wooden staff. We're all wearing thick primitive fur gloves. Me and my big sister look out in wonder at the gigantic grayish beast. The Re'em has sparsely patches of white hair. A green tent strapped onto its huge shoulders that are even taller than its tree like back legs. The gigantic beast happily grunts by a long line of heavily dressed woman carrying large jars filled with weeds on top their heads. They walk out into the deep snow to dump their weeds into the icy trench. Then walk back inside. The Re'em feeds on the weeds pile up in the trench and loudly grunts. Nowtsah stands between Naster and hushy man Obed. She points out into swirling white snow. Nowtsah shouts with much frosted breath, "Look, --I see them!" I can barely see the sledge in the distance. They are coming towards us, being pulled by eight wolf dogs. We all shiver from the bitter cold before the sledge finally arrives.

Leaving a thick trail in the snow behind them, the wolf dogs pull the sledge up to us. A man shouts, "Wolf dogs stop!" They stop. I see two men wearing furs sitting in the front of the sledge. Behind them is an elderly lady wearing reddish brown hooded furs and a dark middle age man, wearing black hooded furs. Both holding wooden spears. Nowtsah shouts with much frosted breath, "Chayah, Mala, welcome to Omer!" Mala gets out of the sledge and helps Chayah step out. They walk up to Nowtsah, Obed and Naster. We wave at them. Despite being elderly, Chayah is in amazing good shape. Chayah excitedly says with frosted breath, "Algae high priestess, thanks for welcoming us! ---But we are troubled that you exiled Methuselah and Grandma Qoph." Irritated, Nowtsah says, "They promoted lies!" Chayah bravely says, "Like God.." The wind howls.

Nowtsah angrily shouts, "Tubal told me ---that you will search for the infinite sea... Did Tubal lie?" Tubal holds his pretty wife's hand tightly.

Nasher calmly says, "Nowtsah, please be kind..." She ignores him.

Chayah's much wrinkled brown face gently smiles as she says, "Tubal did not lie..." Obed skeptically asks, "Why would you look for the infinite sea?"

Chayah smiles behind her reddish fur hood and cheerfully says with frosted breath, "Because we are explorers!" Mala happily says, "We love finding hidden things!" Obed says with frosted breath, "The infinite sea is rumored to be way beyond the cursed grounds. ---Your wife is far too old to go there!" Mala says with a little laugh, "My old wife's tough!" Chayah

happily shivers and says, "Everybody dies! --But not everyone has adventures like me and Mala." Nowtsah's eyes sparkle behind her dull green hood as she says, "May the Algae bless you both!" She lifts her algae covered staff. She and her Algae worshipers chant, shouting with much frosted breath, "Algae becomes greater! Algae becomes greater! Algae becomes greater!" We all walk inside Omer. We looked around at the many igloos with their many colorful decorations. I see several large bonfires with many people standing around warming themselves.

Chayah and Mala use their spears as walking sticks. They walk towards a large brightly burning bonfire. We follow them to blessed warmth of the big roaring fire. Chayah pulls back her reddish brown hood revealing her long balding white hair. Lamech tear up as he shouts, "Chayah, I get to see ---you again!" She joyfully grabs Lamech. She hugs him back. Chayah excitedly says, "Lamech, great to see you again! And this must be Tukkiy.." Tukkiy weakly says, "Hi, Chayah..." They tearfully hug. Me and my big sister run up to them. Chayah curiously asks, "Lamech's children?" Yownah says as she puts her hand on my shoulder, "Yes.. I'm Yownah --and here is my little brother Noah." Mala hugs Tukkiy as he says, "You are lovely, --and so are your children..." Tukkiy leans on her staff and lovingly says, "Mala, I just love my children so much.

Yownah's my little dove. And Noah's my miracle baby." I say, "I'm not a baby... I'm a boy!" Chayah sadly says, "Lamech, I remember you as a scared little boy. You've grown..." He's speechless. I giggle. I ask, "Chayah, got stories?" Chayah happily says, "Sure do.." Yownah pulls back her hood and asks, "Are you really Enoch's daughter?" Chayah proudly says, "Sure am..." Yownah curiously asks, "Where's your children?" She looks embarrassed. Mala says, "We'll answer that latter..."

The next morning, in our igloo, we sit around our fire-pit with Chayah and Mala. Chayah pulls back her reddish brown hood. Mala pulls back his black hood revealing his long graying black hair. The yellowish flickering flames warm us up and light the icy white walls. We eat nuts, grains, and dried fruits. We pour water into small clay jars. We drink it.

We hear Tubal's voice says, "Lamech, let's go!" Lamech looks sad as he stands up and says, "Tukkiy, Yownah, Noah, Cheyah and Mala, I've got to go..." Chayah sadly says, "See you.." Mala says, "Take care!" Lamech nervously says, "I will..." We hear Gibbor's low goofy voice say, "Friend,

come!" Lamech gently hugs his frail wife, kisses her and sweetly says, "My Tukkiy, --I love you so!" She run her fingers through the wide white stripe on his graying hair. Her sickly yellowish face smiles. She licks his graying mustache and his lips. Tukkiy lovingly says, "I love you! You're sacrificing -so much for us!" Yownah and I jump up. We surrounds our father and hugs him. Yownah sadly says, "Father, I love you.. Bring me back more delicious fruits!" Lamech kisses her cheek once and says, "Yownah, I sure will!" I look up at him. I say, "Love you father! Come back soon!" Lamech sadly smiles as he says, "Love you too, son!" Our father lifts up both of us in his strong arms. He gently puts us down. He looks back longingly at Tukkiy. Lamech lovingly says, "Love you all! Bye..." He grabs his staff, and walks out. Chayah says, "Bye, bye father!" Mala dark face smiles behind his slightly graying black beard as he says, "Bye!" Tukkiy tear up as she says, "Lamech, God help him..."

Later, my mother lays down. She covers herself with heavy furs. She falls asleep. Me and my big sister sit together around the fire-pit with Chayah and Mala. Yownah softly says, "Chayah, my father told me that you love going to strange places." Chayah cheerfully says, "That's true... Ever since I was a little girl, I wondered about what's out there, --so far away..." I excitedly smile. I ask, "Isn't that dangerous?" Chayah boldly says, "Yeah, but I trust God... Me and Mala will die when God decides!" Mala puts his arm around his wife's shoulders as he cheerfully says, "I just love her!" Yownah stares at them and forcefully asks, "Where's your children?" Mala looks nervous. Chayah calmly says, "We have no children.." Surprised, Yownah combs back her black hair as she asks, "Why not?" Chayah's elderly wrinkled face frowns slightly as she says, "I didn't want to get married until Mala grew up... By the time he did, --I was too old to have children..." I hold my sister close. I grumpily ask, "Did you want children?" Chayah giggles and says, "Not much... But I do wonder what my children would of been like?" Yownah sadly asks, "Mala, are you sad about not being a father?" Mala sadly says, "I am... Still, God has greatly blessed me with Chayah!" Yownah curiously asks, "Would you go on dangerous adventures if you had children?" Chayah thoughtfully says, "If we had children, we would explore less dangerous places..."

I childishly say, "Tell me a story.." Smiling, Mala asks, "Which one? We once tracked the giant golden bear through a dark forest... We once

went to a salty lake where a giant blue shelled monster attacked us with its many long claws... We once climb a mountain and found a friendly tribe of tall furry white people with pointed heads..." Chayah giggles and says, "How about the time we were attacked by a flying feather dragon?" I wave my little arms. I excitedly say, "Tell me that story!" Yownah cheerfully says, "Sounds exciting.." Mala shutters as he says, "Augh, that dragon --- was the worst!" As my big sister put her arm tightly around my shoulder, Chayah cheerfully says, "Once upon a time me and Mala traded with Tubal Cain for custom made mountain climbing tools ---or as he told us." She imitates Tubal's egotistical voice. Chayah says, "The miracle of steel iron brilliantly forged by me, Tubal Cain, the great metal wizard!" I laugh and say, "Sounds like him..." Yownah happily says, "Sure does!" Chayah smiles as she says, "We got one of his sledge and six of his wolf dogs. We took plenty of supplies and strapped on heavy backpacks. Me and Mala, wore our heaviest furs. We took spears too. We covered most of our faces to keep our faces from freezing solid. We traveled far away to a strange valley. The natives there lived in fifty large igloos all connected together as one. They called themselves the Nechushtans and they wear large wooden beaked colorful masks that have long colorful feathers over their faces. Their chief wore a light blue mask with a long silver beak and bright red feathers. He wore a long winged shaped coat covered in long red feathers. He told us... Clearing her throat. She imitates the chief's mighty voice, Chayah says, "Only by sacrificing sheep to the dragon goddess Nechushtan can anyone see her fly and live! Worship Nehushtan, and we will invite you to a sacrifice..." Yownah frowns and says, "They worship a dragon, --but God is the only God." Chayah boldly says, "That's right, Yownah! We told the cheif, we only worship God." I timidly say, "Dragons sounds scary..." Chayah bravely says, "Yeah, they are..." Yownah loving looks at me as she says, "Don't worry little brother... I'll protect you." I warmly smile at my wonderful big sister. Chayah cheerfully says, "I told the cheif that we would look for their dragon... He told us that we would die... We rested with the Nechushtans till the next morning. We climb the icy mountians in the bitter cold and strong screaming winds. We saw many featherly flying animals up in the cloudly purplish skies but nothing big enough to be a dragon. We covered our faces with our furs to protect our lungs from the intense cold. As we struggled climbing up very high icy mountains, we had

problems breathing. We climbed up mountain after deep snow covered mountain. We used the dried sticks and the flints in our backpacks to start campfires to warm us each painfully cold night. We slept in our very small furry tent. After about a week of climbing these slippery rocky mountains, our feet and hands were painfully numb despite our thick gloves and the thick furs tied around our sandals. Our food run out. We were very hungry and thirsty. We could barely breathe. We saw bigger flying animals but I don't think they were quite dragons size."

I excitedly asked, "How big are dragons?" I watch the flickering fire reflecting in Chayah's dark eyes as she says, "Any vicious winged animal bigger than a short woman is dragon sized... Some land dragons are even bigger than Gibbor." She spread her arms wide. I clap my little hands. I says, "Wow, that's big!" Yownah happily says, "Wow is right..." Chayah warms her hands over the fire as she says, "One stormy evening, me and Mala climbed near a very high mountain peak. We saw an icy cave. We smell a sour stench. We enter the cave shivering. We saw a huge nest made of twisted branches, that we could comfortably lay down in. In the nest were five human head-sized purple eggs. We heard a loud screech. A firely copper and light blue blur zooms down between us. We leap away on our side as the blur landed on the nest and screech horribly." She lifted her head high, loudly screeches and flaps her arms like mighty wings. Cheyah excitedly says, "We bravely look up at the dragon's fiery copper colored long feathered wings outspread. Each wing was longer than Gibbor is tall! We jump up. We saw it's long light blue scaly neck and it's ugly bald head, it's long crooked silver beak and it's two large dead white eyes staring at her eggs. She screeches. Her huge wings fold as the dragon stands up taller than Mala. Our hearts pounded as we run into the cave's dimly lit narrowing tunnel. The dragon leaps on it's two thin scaly legs. We're out of breath. We hear loud screeches behind us. Thank God, for the tunnel's narrow walls and all it's stalactites and stalagmites prevented the dragon from flying after us. We see it's long neck thrusting it's long crooked silver snapping beak close behind us. As our grasping hands hold our spears and sharp metal climbing tools, we run deeper into the cave's increasingly tight dark passages. We look back. We watch the dragon's razor sharp talons viciously claw at us in the increasing darkness. We frantically drop our backpacks so we can fit ourselves into the cave's narrow crevices. We

painfully squeezed our cold bodies into these tight crivices. We're huffing and puffing, barely able to breath. Awkwardly swinging our spears and tools behind us to shield us from the dragon's beak and long talons. We feel our awardly contorted bodies get stuck in these tight rocky crevices. I can barely see the ugly bald dragon's bulging dead white eyes staring at me.

We hear loud screeches. It's long neck thrusts it's head and crooked silver beak very close to where we're stuck. We desperately stab her with our spears and climbing tools. Her beak snaps our wooden spears into pieces but with our sharp climbing tools, we keep her beak and talons from killing us. We're Trapped, barely able to breath the cold stench filled air. We could hardy move our aching arms. Our hands painfully hold onto our climbing tools. We squeeze ourselves even farther back in the dark crevice until the dragon's beak and talons can't reach us. After violently attacking us a for a long time, the dragon finally goes back to it's nest. The dim light becomes dead darkness. Me and Mala shivering and gasps for air. We waited and waited and waited, praying that these crushing chilling cold dark crevices would not be the graves for our awkwardly twisted bodies.

Chillingly cramp for what seemed like eternity. We feared that if we fell asleep, we would never wake up. ---The dim morning light finally disturbed the horrible ice cold darkness. We watched the dragon fly out of this numbing cold horrid place. I slowly squeeze my achingly numb cramp limbs out of the crevise that I was stuck in. I twisted my arms and legs in agony, in ways I didn't know they could twist till I slid out. I drop to my weak numb knees. I try to breathe. I struggle to even stand up. I saw Mala was still stuck in a rocky crevice. He had fallen asleep. I yelled, "Mala wake up! You've got to wake up!" God gave me the strenght, to grabs his arms and legs. I forcefully pull them out of joint. He woke up screamng. I slowly pull him out. Mala coughs a and says, "Cheyah, that -- really hurt!" I limped to and grab my backpack. I help him stand up. I grabbed his backpack and put it on him. I helped him slowly limp to the entrance. We slowly catch our breaths. I walk back to the huge nest. I step inside. Shocked and chilling, Mala shouts, "Cheyah, --after all this!" I playfully say, "I'm starving!" I pick up two human head sized purple eggs. I put them into our backpacks. Mala painfully asks "Do you want us to die?" I laugh and say, "If the dragon comes back, we're dead anyway --so

let's enjoy it..." Mala rubs his bruise arms and says with much frosted breath, "God help us!"

With him hanging onto my shoulders. Holding our climbing tools in our numb glove covered hands, we limp out of the cave into the very bitter cold. We see the glorious golden sun rising above the glowing pink and purple clouds. We slowly climb down the slippery mountain using our steel iron climbing tools. We stop on an icy ledge. We took sticks out from our backpacks. I use our small flints to start a fire. I crack open one of the dragon eggs. We cook it over the fire. We eat it. It tasted funny. We slowly limp back until we finally got to Nechushtan's huge multi-gloo structure. They took us in. We got warm us by their large firepit. They fed us something. I not sure I want to know what it was but it was horribly gross. The next morning, I told their cheif, "We saw your dragon..." The cheif arrogantly says, Impossible! I took the head sized light purple dragon egg out of my backpack. I asked, Then how did I get this? Utterly shocked, their cheif says, O-Nechushtan! --You two must stay till the divine egg hatches! A few weeks latter, the cheif called us in. The baby within the huge egg had peck a hole in it's shell with it's sliverous gooey covered beak. We watch it's goo covered whitish blue scaly head pop out of the egg. This ugly baby look at us with it's two bulging pinkish eyes. The baby dragon's tiny reddish feathers were all covered with disgusting ooze.

Whoever said that all babies are cute, didn't see this one... It screeches with a very high pitch screeches that hurt my ears. The chief bow down before us and said, "O great gods, we worship you!" I humbly said, "Stop! We're not gods, --we just adventurers.. Your dragon is a glorious creation of God..." Shocked, the chief said, "You must be gods!" Mala cheerfully said, "We not gods, we're friends..." We got into our sledge. The wolf dogs pull us back home... The end." Yownah skeptically asks, "Chayah and Mala, is that what really happen?" I burts out before they could answer, saying, "Story true... Sister, they wouldn't lie!" Mala smiles behind his black hood and graying beard as he says, "Your brother's right! Sometimes really strange things are true.."

About six new moons latter, our father, Chayah, and Mala take us in a sledge packed with much supplies. Tubal and Gibbor ride in a bigger sledge. Me and my big sister snuggle together. We travel in fairly nice warm snowy weather to our grandparent's big stone house. Tubal is dressed

in his dark gray hooded furs. Gibbor is wearing his huge white furs. His hood is pulled back exposing his big ears. I'm wearing my brown furs. My big sister is wearing her white furs. We arrive. I open their huge black bear fur curtain. I feeling the great warmness from inside the big stone house.

I see my grandfather wearing Enoch's old silly animal fur cap.

He's sitting on thick furs by my very plumb white haired grandmother. They're wearing brown furs, sitting on furs, warming themselves around their fancy stone fire-pit. Her hood is pulled back. Mother Qoph's bloated wrinkled whitish pink face smiles as she says, "Yownah, Noah, we're so happy to see you..." We runs over to hug our grandmother. Distressed, Grandma Qoph asks, "Why are you two so dirty! Don't you see all your stray dirty hairs? Comb your messy hair before you enter!" She pulls my hood back and frantically combs my dark brown hair with her bloated fingers. She pulls off every stray hair off our furs, one at a time. She put them in a small clay jar. Grandmother pulls back Yownah's hood, comb her long smooth black hair and pulls each stray hair away from her furs and put them in the same jar. Yownah greenish eyes look up as she says, "Mother Qoph, we're sorry for being so dirty." I sadly say, "Me sorry too."

Grandma Qoph takes a deep breath, and says, "I love you both anyway... I guess you're no messier than Methuselah..." He looks embarrassed.

Grandma Qoph kisses him. He smiles behind his long thick beard. He opens his arms wide. Methuselah warmly says, "Come here, children..." I says, "Grandfather, we're back..." Methuselah cheerfully says, "I see..."

Yownah's girlish face sadly smiles as she excitedly says, "Grandfather, me and little Noah miss you so much.." He hugs her tightly. Methuselah emotionally says, "I miss you both so!" Chayah is wearing her reddish hooded furs. Mala is wearing his black hooded furs. They opens the curtain, and enters the house. A cool breeze enters. Methuselah sees at his old sister. His mouth drops open. Methuselah tearfully asks, "Chayah, is that ---really you?" Mother Qoph's light green eyes light up as she says, "Wow Chayah, I haven't seen you in ages... Hi, Mala.." Mala's dark but graying bearded face smiles as he says, "Mother Qoph, you look well..."

Methuselah stands up using his spear, he rushes over to hug his sister. He weeps for joy. Chayah's brown wrinkled eyes tear up beneath her reddish hood as she says, "Brother Methuselah, --it's me, Cheyah!" Methuselah happily tearfully asks, "Oh, sister, what's you doing?" Tears run down

Cheyah's brown cheeks as she says, "Visiting your family ---and exploring!" They laugh and cry together. Latter, Lamech, Tubal and Gibbor enters through the big black bear curtain. Gibbor craws in because he's taller than the house. Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Hi, friends.." He sits down, crowds us filling about a fourth of the house.

Grandma Qoph happily shouts, "O-Lamech, my son, I love you even when you're messy!" He smiles behind his light grayish hood. Lamech curiously says, "Mother Qoph, I love you too!" Grandma Qoph comfortingly says, "Son, we're fine. We're so happy to see your children..." Even sitting, Gibbor looks down at us, waves and says, "Gibbor here!" We sit down around their big stone fire-pit. We eat delicious fruits, grains, and nuts.

Methuselah pours water into our clay cups. We sip it. Tubal's pale scared face smiles proudly as he says, "We all here together..." Grandma Qoph says, "Not all of us... Where's Tukkiy, 'Aqqow, and Sob'ah?" Tubal looks embarrassed. Lamech sadly says, "Mother, Tukkiy isn't ---well enough... 'Aqqow and Sob'ah are taking care of her.." Gibbor grabs a big cluster of red fruit out of a big clay jar. He swallows the cluster in a single gulp. He rubs his big fat stomach. Gibbor cheerfully says, "Gibbor, loves fruit!" My big sister sits close to me. Yownah grabs a cluster, picks off a few of the little red balls of fruit, and eats them. Yownah happily says, "I love delicious fruits too... Here Noah, have some." She hand me good fruit. I eat it.

Yownah sadly says, "Grandma Qoph, my father told me that you grew up in a bad place..." Grandma Qoph looks troubled as she says, "Yownah, praise God for your loving family... I grew up in Sheol. Lord Bad branded my little palm... It hurt so much!" She turns her right palm up. I see the number seven branded in her bloated palm. Chayah and Mala look distressed. I tremble and ask, "How could he be so mean?" Yownah hugs me tight as she says, "Brother, I'll beat him up!" Grandma Qoph angrily says, "No Yownah! If you even looked at him, he would kill you!" I cry on my big sister's shoulder. Yownah fearfully asks, "Kill?" Lamech nervously says, "Mother Qoph, you're upsetting my children..."

Methuselah puts his arm around his plumb wife's shoulders and says, "Son, we will respect your wishes..." Grandma Qoph passionately says, "Thank God, I escaped!" I hold tightly onto my big sister. Yownah comfortingly says, "Noah relax, trust God..." I timidly say, "Sure..." I look into grandma

Qoph's tearful light green eyes. I asks, "Grandma, how did you escaped?"

Grandma Qoph gently asks, "Lamech, may I answer?" Yownah curiously says, "Father, --please..." Lamech nervously says, "Mother, keep it brief.."

Grandma Qoph fearfully says, "Me and my sisters were in a big cage. An explosion made a hole in our cage... I squeezed out the hole. A three headed dire wolf chased me to a heavy metal door. It open by itself just before that monster would of --gotten me...." I fearfully say, "A three headed monster?" Yownah curiously asks, "Is that Chashaq, Kasdeja's pet?" Grandma Qoph says, "Yes!" Tukkiy nervously says, "Grandma Ooph, that's enough!" Yownah curiously asks, "Who open the door?"

Grandma Qoph throws her hands up as she says, "I didn't see anyone... I like to think it was God.." Yownah and me hug our plump grandmother tightly. She passionately hugs us back.

Yownah fearfully asks, "Grandma Qoph, isn't it Lord Bad, who keeps my mother alive?" Disturbed, Grandma Qoph says, "Yownah, I love Tukkiy, ----and I'm so glad she's alive... But have you seen that horrible thing stuck in my son's right palm..." Lamech sadly says, "Don't worry about me..." Methuselah says with dread, "O Lamech, my son..." I fearfully say, "Father, let's see it?" Embarrassed, my father squeezes his right hand into a tight fist. Lamech nervously says, "Son, you don't need to..." I frown. Yownah tearfully says, "Father, please..." Chayah forcefully says, "Lamech, show it to us!" Mala frcefully says, "Now!" He slowly opens his right hand and turn his palm up. I stare at the tiny disgusting creature stuck on his palm. A pulsating translucent white star shaped leech with three tiny human-like ears near it's center. It's ears look somewhat like three sixes around it's vein covered back. I feel sick.

Yownah frowns as she says, "Looks painful..." Grandma Qoph tearfully says, "Oh my son..." Methuselah says, "Augh!" Tubal coldly asks, "What did lord Bad call it?" Lamech says, "The Witness..." Gibbor points at it and says with his goofy voice, "Ug--ly..." Lamech sorrowfully says, "I couldn't let-- my Tukkiy die!" I grab my big sister's hand tightly. I say, "Ah, Father.." Tears run down Yownah's cute yellowish brown cheeks as she tearfully says, "Thanks father! --I know you would do the same for us..." Lamech closes his right hand. He hugs us both tightly. Grandma Qoph sweetly says, "Yes... My son loves you all so much..."

Latter, Gibbor opens and holds the curtain. A cold breeze blows in. We shiver. We look out at the cloudy gray sky. We see snow gently fall. I pull my hood over my head. I wave back at my grandparents as we wave good-bye. I sadly say, "Bye..." Grandma Qoph sadly smiles and says, "Come back soon!" Methuselah waves as he gently says, "We'll be waiting!" Yownah pulls her white hood up over her black hair as she says, "We'll be back!" Chayah tearfully says, "Metheselah, good to see you brother! Bye, grandma Qoph.." Mala waves and says, "Bye..." We walk out through the black bear fur curtain. Gibbor lets the curtain close. He steps into his big sledge, sits down as the rest of us crowd into the other sledge. In back, are goat carasses, a huge wineskin, pots, a bronze ax, rods, and four large wooden baskets etc. The wolf dogs pulled us through the deep slushy snow to the huge unclimbable cliffs that surround the steaming grounds. We all ride to it's tight cave entrance. Using his staff, my father steps out onto the slushy snow. He helps me and my big sister get out of our sledge. The snow is so deep that it's hard to plow through. Chayah and Mala follow us through the trail we leave behind. Gibbor steps out and wobbles to the cave. Tubal uses his walkings stick to steps off the sledge. He picks up a large wineskin from the back of his sledge. He give pours water into bowls for his wolf dogs to lick up. He grabs a goat carasses. He chopd it up with his bronze ax. He feeds his wolf dogs. Lamech walks into the slippery cave. We follow. Gibbor gets down on his knees to crawl in. He squeezes halfway in and gets stuck. I ask, "Father, can Gibbor get in?" Lamech cheerfully says, "Sure, he's fat but ---squishy..." Tubal grabs several wooden baskets, limps up behind the fat giant, laughs and shouts, "Come on, Gibbor!" The fat giant slowly squeezes through the narrow entrance. Gibbor says, "Gibbor, go..." He crawls inside. Gibbor crawls behind us. We walk to the warmer parts of the cave where there is no ice. Waterdrops fall all around us. We enter the streaming grounds. Yownah pulls back her white hood, puts her hand on my shoulder, and excitedly says, "Wow Noah, it's so warm, it's hot." I pull my hood back and say, "Wow, look at all these weird plants!" Chayah's wrinkled brown face looks thrilled. She pulls back her reddish hood. Cheyah says, "Never seen anything like this!" Mala pulls back his hood, and says, "And we've seen a lot..." Lamech laughs and says, "If you think you're warm now, just wait..."

I happily run out into this sweet smelling, hot, humid place. I look through the mist all around at all the incredibly beautiful plants, mostly green and brown but there are lots of colorful flowers too. Yownah runs after me and cheerfully shouts, "It's so beautiful and -hot... Look, the vineyard's over there!" She carelessly runs into me. We both fall on the moist green leafy ground on our backs and laugh. We sit up. We get on our knees. We gently touch and sniff the big yellow flowers on their long green stems. I happily say, "These flowers smell great." Yownah smiles and says, "They're delightful.." We stand up. Chayah, and Mala walk up behind us. They're followed by Tubal and Gibbor. Lamech pulls back his hood. Chayah leans on her spear and excitedly says, "Let's go to the vineyard!" We walk to the huge vineyard in the middle. About half of the vineyard is green with bright red clusters of the delicious smelling fruit but the other half looks withered brown. Me and my big sister look up at the steep cliffs surrounding us. Chayah wipes sweat off her wrinkled forehead and says, "Yeah, it's hot here.." Lamech laughs and says, "Get use to it.." Mala looks way up and says, "Wow, these cliffs look like a great wall.." Tubal happily says, "It's amazing!" Gibbor's big chubby yellowish tan cheeks smile wide behind his stringly black beard as he says, "Gibbor works hard!" Tubal lovingly says, "Yes Gibbor, we couldn't do it without you." I nervously says, "Father, see those many withered vines..." Lamech timidly says, "Son, it's been a tough year..." Yownah skeptically asks, "Father, will you make enough wine?" Lamech happily says, "Enough..." Tubal excitedly, says, "See that big vat over there..." We walk to a big circular wooden vat that's as tall as me. Tubal hands us the baskets. Gibbor says, "Pick fruits..." We pick many clusters of red fruit off the vines. We fill our large baskets with them. We throw them into the vat many times, till the vat is half full. Tubal's blue eyes shine as he says, "Everybody, take off your sandals and your good furs." Yownah curiously asks, "Why?" Tubal goofily says, "Crushing clusters with our bare feet is messy." We untie the animals furs around our sandels and take them off. We takes off our furs. We drop them in a pile. Us males only wearing our light weight furs around our waists. Yownah and Chayah wears their light weight furs around their thighs and chests. All our legs are bare. Gibbor steps into the vat with a big thump. My big sister helps me climb over into the vat. The clusters being crushed under my little feet feels weird. It's feels good and smells delicious. Our

father, Tubal, Chayah, and Mala jump into the vat. We all happily jump around, splashing red juices all over us. Red spots cover our bodies and our hair. Yownah laughs and says, "Good thing grandma Qoph isn't here..." I playfully jump around and joyfully shout, "She would freak out..." Lamech claps his hands says, "Yeah!" Yownah and me dances around. Yownah shouts, "I feel ---good! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!" Gibbor jumps around splashing far more juice than the rest of us. Gibbor joyfully shouts, "Gibbor splash! Splash!" I wipe the red juice soaking my hair. All our face is dripping with juice. I say, "Wow, I love being messy!" Chayah happily sings, saying, "Yeah! Yeah! Yeah.." Mala giggles and says, "Yeah.. Yeah.. Yeah.." Yownah nervously asks, "How will clean up?" Lamech says, "hot springs."

Latter, at the weird hot springs on the other side of the cliffs. Snow is all around these long pools of steaming hot water. We slowly step into a really hot pool. It hurts at first but amazing we get use to it fast. We all wash all the juice stains off our bodies and hair. We shiver as we dry off with furs. We put our heavy furs back on. We walk back into our sledges. We hurry back to Omer. I see the mighty Re'em lying on it's huge belly. The Re'em lifts it's ugly large wrinkled head up. It looks at us with it's beedy black eyes, sticks out it's long grayish pink tongue. It greets us with a loud grunt. A howling blizzard starts. Chayah and Mala follow Tubal and Gibbor to Tubal's stone metal shop. Our father, me and my big sister rush back to our igloo. Lamech joyfully shouts, "Tukkiy, we're home!" We enter into our igloo's wonderful warmth. We stop shivering. Our mother, wearing her dark brown dress is reclining by Naster. Tukkiy tiredly says, "Thank God, my family's back!" 'Aqqow, Sob'ah and Nasher are sitting around our fire. Dressed in her blue dress and bonnet, 'Aqqow says, "Welcome back! Tukkiy is feeling better..." We rush to sit around. We hugs our mother tightly. Tukkiy lovingly says, "O -my children, praise God, you're back!" Dressed in his dark green robe and turban, Nasher angrily asks, "Lamech, did you take your children to the cursed lands?" Lamech says, "Yeah.." Naster yells, "Don't do that again!" I say, "I'm not scared!" Naster fearfully says, "You should be.." Sob'ah happily says, "We got to go!" 'Aqqow says, "See you latter, Tukkiy." They leave.

About three new moons latter, near evening, in our igloo, we sit around our fire-pit, passing around a large pot, full of nuts and dried fruits.

My big sister is wearing her white furs. She is sitting by me. I'm wearing my brown furs. Wearing his light gray furs, Lamech pours water into little clay jars. He looks very tired. His striped hair looks all messed up. My mother, wearing her dark brown dress, gently licks his tangled bearded and his goofily smiling face. He reaches inside the big pot, pulls out a big handful of colorful small fruits and gulps them down. He picks up his jar and gulps the water down. Tukkiy's pale yellowish face smiles at him as she says, "Wow, you're hungry... Handsome, can I have some?" Lamech hands her the pot and says, "Sure, Tukkiy..." She eats some, then hands the pot to us. Tukkiy happily says, "My children, be thankful that God has blessed us so with all this delicious food..."

I smell a sickly sweet odour. Suddenly, twirling thick white smoke appears in front of us. As it clears, we see a whitish blue flame flickering inside a silver censer's circular opening in the middle of its violet symbol. A circle merged on top of horizontal line that ends curve upward. Naamah appears holding up the censer by its long thin silver chains. A trainer wearing long flowing silver robes is next to her. The trainer has a long silver rod, held up, in its right silver gloved hand. A mirrored ball covers the head. It has a fist sized, blue number thirteen on its upper front.

Naamah wears a golden tiara on top her shoulder length beautiful blond hair. She's dressed in an ankle length, low cut, sleeveless, tight fitting, strapless golden gown. Her silver wedding necklace is around her neck.

Golden slippers are on her feet. The sickly odour fades. Disgusted, Naamah shivers, as she asks, "How can you all live in these crappy blocks of ice?" The trainer's androgynous voice says, "I trainer 13, guard Naamah!"

Me and my big sister duck down and hide behind our terrified parents. Our father leaps to his feet. He helps our frail mother stand up. Scare, Lamech asks, "Naamah, how did you get in --here?" Her smooth pale face frowns, as her cold blue eyes stare at him. She lowers her censer. Naamah arrogantly says, "I owe you no answers..." We look at our much distorted reflections in the mirrored ball on trainer 13's head. Tukkiy angrily asks, "How dare you scare my children?" Naamah coldly says, "You have no right to complain..."

Naamah points to my father and angrily shouts, "Lamech, you lazy bum! You only produce four fifths the wine you promised..." Lamech fearfully says, "I tried! I tried! --I couldn't.." Naamah angrily shouts, "No

excuses! Witness punish..” My father screams. He holds his right hand up. Lamech painfully shouts, "Augh-gh, Stop! --I'll do better! I'll do better! Augh..." Tukkiy tearfully pleads saying, "Please stop hurting my husband! He works awfully hard!" Naamah bitterly says, "No excuses..." I fearfully yell, "God --make her go away!" Trainer 13 touches my head with the end of the silver rod. A spark. I hurt. I fall down. My father screams. My mother painfully shouts just before she faints, "Noah!" I get up hurting. Yownah tearfully shouts, "Stop hurting my family! Please! --Please! Please!" Naamah looks down at her. Naamah coldly says, "Witness, enough..." My father stops screaming. Lamech fearfully asks, "Ah-Augh... Why did he ---send you?" Disturbed, Naamah says, "My husband's busy... And you're so worthless!" Our frail mother wakes up and grabs us tightly. Tukkiy fearfully says, "Yownah! Noah! Lamech.. God help us!" Lamech falls on his knees, and cries. Yownah hugs our father, and says, "Father, don't cry... Don't cry!" I cowardly hide my face behind my mother's dress. Yownah puts her arms around my shoulders and comfortingly says, "God will save us!" Tukkiy frailly asks, "Naamah, --how can you be so mean?" She lifts her censer up, it's whitish blue flames blazes. Naamah bitterly says, "Ungrateful wench! Mine husband works hard to keep thee alive... I bet thou wish thou could feel --something... Wish, granted!" Tukkiy grabs her chest and stomach, and falls down on her knees. My mother screams out in horrible pain. I tearfully yells, "Stop hurting my mother!" Lamech begs, saying, "Please stop her pain!" Our mother's tearful screams go on. Yownah cries, angrily walks up to Naamah and shouts, "God will strike you dead!" Naamah laughs and softly says, "God doesn't care..." Trainer 13's silver rod touches my big sister head, sparks, and my big sister falls down. Lamech grabs his daughter. He falls down on his knees and lovingly holds his screaming wife's hand. Lamech fearfully shouts, "Tukkiy! Yownah! --Naamah, have mercy! Do whatever you like to me... Just stop hurting them!" Me and my big sister cry. Naamah looks down at us. She lowers her censer and softly says, "I'll be merciful this time..." Tukkiy's cries soften. Our father tries to comfort our mother as she cries. Tukkiy gasps and says, "Augh, the pain! The pain! Ah, --the pain... I never want to feel--- again!" Bitter tears roll down our father's wrinkled face to his graying beard. Naamah lifts her censer up. Swirling white

smoke pours out as she and Trainer 13 vanish. That sickly sweet odour bothers us. I see that my father is utterly humiliated. He couldn't protect us.

That cold bitter night, I lay down by my sister. We're covered with furs. I try to sleep. The night is endless. I watch the fire's orange light dancing across our igloo's icy round walls. Our whimpering parents lay down under their large furs. They fall asleep. Me and my big sister cry.

She sits up. I sit up. We stare at each other through our bitter tears. We walk by the fire-pit to warm our cold hands and feet. She takes sticks from the pile. She drops them into our fire. The burnt wood odours grow. My big sister prays, as tears run down her sorrowful cheeks. Yownah timidly says, "O-God, I'm frightened... Save us!" I bitterly ask, "Big sister, --how could God, --not help us?" Yownah sadly asks, "Maybe God did?"

Shivering, I angrily shout, "Yownah, our parents screamed ----and God, - did nothing!" Yownah weeps and says, "I believe God touched Naamah's heart or she would of hurt us more or even killed us..." I shake my little fists. I angrily say, "No Yownah, Naamah doesn't want to kill us! She wants all us cowering in fear!" Beneath her white hood, her yellowish brown face is dimly lit by our fire. Yownah bravely says, "Naamah is just a lost soul who forgot how to love..." I fearfully ask, "Yownah, what if there is no God? Then, whoever are the strongest... They are the real gods.."

Yownah hugs me and angrily says, "No, they're not!" I cynically ask, "How do you know?" Yownah wipe away our tears and says, "My little brother, --I feel God in my heart! --I see God in my love one's faces. I see God in all the beautiful plants and animals. And I hear God sometimes..." I bow my head and say, "Then God doesn't care about us?" Yownah sadly says, "Brother, that's what Naamah said." Depressed, I ask, "What if she's right?" Yownah cheerfully says, "She's wrong! God love us all!" I curiously ask, "Yownah, why couldn't the Algae be god? Grandfather Nasher believes in the Algae and he's really smart..." Yownah comfortingly says, "The sons of God have seen and heard God!" I cynically ask, "What if they're lying?" My big sister puts her gentle hand on my shugged shoulders. Yownah peacefully says, "We got to have faith..." Bitter tears run down my watering eyes. I ask, "Why? --I've never heard from God!"

Yownah tearfully smiles with a calm peace that I can't understand as she says, "But I have... And someday God will speak to you too..." I clench my little fist, and cynically say, "I wish..."

A new moon latter, we're in the sacred Algae chamber, dressed as usual. Drops of water are falling all over. Tubal, 'Aqqow, Gibbor, Sob'ah, Chayah and Mala came with my family. Tubal is dressed in his purple robe and turban. 'Aqqow is dressed in her blue dress and bonnet. Gibbor wears his white furs. Sob'ah wears her yellow dress. We walk on the algae covered floor into the sunrays coming down from the odd shaped icy opening surrounded by long pointed stalactites far above us. I see lots of algae and colorful mushrooms growing on the chamber's slimy walls. In front of us, many Algae worshipers hold their algae covered staffs including Nowtsah, and Obed. They're wearing their dull green hooded robes.

Nasher holds his staff. Nowtsah and her many followers forcefully chants, shouting, "The Algae is a fact! The Algae is a fact... The Algae is a fact... Algae becomes ----great-er..." Their voices echo. They stares at us.

Holding onto her own staff, 'Aqqow helps Tubal slowly walk up.

Obed stares at Tubal's horribly scarred right cheek marring the right side of his beard. Obed asks, "Tubal, why do you disturb us?" Tubal leans on his walking stick and sadly says, "Lamech desparately needs your help!"

Nowtsah arrogantly asks, "What help?" 'Aqqow's hazel eyes tear up as she says, "Algae high priestess, Lamech needs more workers for his vineyard..."

Naamah brutally tortured your sister in front of her children because -- Lamech didn't produce enough wine..." Nowtsah arrogantly says, "That's their problem..." Chayah and Mala angrily frowns. Nasher fearfully asks, "Send our workers into the cursed lands?" Tubal comfotingly says, "But Nasher, the vineyard's safe as long as the sun shines..." Nasher nervously says, "Algae high priestess, maybe we should help..." Nowtsah thumps her staff down and hashly says, "No!" Shocked, Sob'ah shouts as her voice echoes, "Lamech saved your sister's life! Help him!" Nowtsah coldly says, "Tukkiy was never a good sister..." Leaning on her staff, Tukkiy tearfully says, "Algae high priestess, help us or --my children and my husband will be tortured!" Nowtsah bitterly says, "You ask too much!" Nasher emotionally says, "Nowtsah, remember the Algae's love!" She ignores him.

Tukkiy tearfully shouts, "Sister, help us!" Nowtsah coldly says, "Go away..." Gibbor childishly shouts with his low goofy voice, "You bad sister!" Chayah pulls her reddish brown hood back, marches up to Nowtsah, thumps her spear down and forcefully says, "Help them or, --me and my husband are out of here!" Obed's black bearded face turns reddish

as he furiously asks, "How dare you!" Chayah marches back to her husband. They begin to leave. Nowtsah fearfully shouts, "Chayah, you must find the infinite sea..." Chayah stops. Her much younger husband walks up to Nowtsah. Mala's dark face looks disgusted as he says, "Help Lamech, and we search for the infinite sea! Or --we're gone!" She furiously frowns for a while, arrogantly lifts her head high and loudly asks, "Any volunteers..." Her voice echoes.

About two new moons latter, early morning, the pinkish sun rises over the colorful snowy horizon. Chayah and Mala take one of Tubal's sledges for their long journey. My frail mother, my big sister and me walk shivering to Tubal's stone house. Holding her wooden staff, Tukkiy weakly shouts, "'Tukkiy here..' 'Aqqow's cheerful voice say, "Tukkiy mam, come on in..." Yownah open the gray furry curtain for our mother and me. We enter. I see 'Aqqow, Chuldah and her pale son, sitting by the fire-pit in a big room with a lot of metal things, mostly copper ornaments on it's stone walls, tables, shelves and a black curtain behind them.. 'Aqqow is dressed in her blue dress and bonnet. Chuldah and her son are wearing their green hooded robes with their hoods pull back. They look down at large rectangular copper plates spread out before them. We sit down by them around the fire-pit. 'Aqqow happily says, "Hi Tukkiy.." Yownah says, "'Aqqow, you got guests" 'Aqqow smiles and says, "Chuldah and her eleven year old son Zabad..." I say, "I'm Noah.. What you looking at?" Zabad's hazel eyes sparkle as he excitedly says, "Wierd stuff, man! God stories..." Yownah laughs as she curiously says, "Let me look..." Chuldah points at a copper plate. Yownah asks, "What's it's about?" Chuldah's pale face smiles as she says, "Girl, I think it shows your God watering the ground and making plants..." Yownah frowns as she asks, "H-mmm, you think... You don't know?" Chuldah nervously says, "That's what 'Aqqow told me.." 'Aqqow calmly says, "That's what my old goat said... He translated these pictures as, (And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground. But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground. Genesis 2:5-6.)" Tukkiy kindly look at her as she says, "I looked at this earlier... My interpretation is God just thought about creating plants, and watered the ground." I look nervously around and ask, "What does

inter-pre-tation mean?" Zabad blurts out, saying, "What it means, man! Or maybe means.." I curiously asks, "Maybe means?" Chuldah smiles at me as she says, "Yeah, people often disagrees what stuff means..." I nervously ask, "Mother, how do we know what it means?" Tukkiy laughs and says, "Son, sometimes we don't..." Yownah curiously asks, "Why study pictures if we're not sure what they mean?" Zabad playfully says, "To expand our minds!" I timidly say, "To learn..." Yownah smiles and happily says, "To think.. To try to understand. O-Yeah.."

Zabad happily says, "Noah! Want to hear a groovy Algae story?" I smile. I cheerfully say, "I love stories..." Yownah happily says, "Zabad, tell us!" He gets up and walks over a large bowl full of water. Zabad slyly says, "Come here, girl!" My big sister gets up and we walks over. Zabad's hazzel eyes shine as he says, "Imagine, this bowl is the infinite sea..."

Chuldah, Tukkiy and 'Aqqow quietly watch us. Zabad's pale face smiles as he excitedly says, "Man, Algae magic transformed the biggest fish into groovy giant air breathers before the Algae made land... Sarah, a groovy big air breather got tired of swimming in the infinite sea. She said, Algae man, --I'm so tried of always grooving... I need to crash! I don't dig drowning... The Algae told her, Sarah girl, --expand our mind... Let your mind fly --to the answers... Sarah saw many plants and trippy vines floating around her so she wraps them all together with love power. --She made a groovy floating couch!" Zabad grabs a few small sticks, and playfully drops them into the pot. They float. I look down at the water's wavy waves. He takes a very thin vine and wraps the small sticks together. Zabad excitedly says, "Imagine these groovy sticks are her couch, --plants come together --as --one!" He rests his hand lightly on top of the sticks. Zabad says, "Imagine man, Sarah crashed on her groovy couch. Sarah dreamed a dream, man!" We laugh. Zabad joyfully says, "The Algae dug how outta sight Sarah was, and the Algae's mind explanded so the Algae made groovy lands... Lots air breathers went to the groovy lands --but Sarah stayed, floating on her trippy couch..." I giggle and says, "Wow!" Yownah cheerfully says, "Good story, but why did Sarah stay in the infinite sea?" Zabad is about to answer when his mother Chuldah happily says, "Cheyah, the infinite sea is way outta sight! Sarah just wanted a trippy couch to crash on!" 'Aqqow laughs. Tukkiy weakly says, "I loved it when my father told me this story!"

About two years latter, this very cold stormy evening, we're sitting around our fire inside our igloo as we hear the Re'em's loud cheerful grunts. We hear Nasher's happily excited voice shouts, "Come out! Cheyah and Mala are comng!" Wearing her furs, Tukkiy frailly says, "Wow, let's go!" Yownah's cute face looks thrilled as she asks, "Father, are they really back?" Our father goofily smiles. Lamech says, "Oh Yownah, I hope so.." I joyfully jump up and down. I say , "Cheyah and Mala, yeah!" We put on our heavy furs. We tie furs around our wooden sandals with strips of animal hides. Our father picks up his staff, helps our mother stand. He hands her staff. He joyfully kisses her. She lovingly licks his lips and beard. Tukkiy lovingly says, "My tongue feels your love –but I so wish I felt your hugs!" Lamech goofily smiles as he says, "Oh Tukkiy... I'll bring wine and let's go.." He grabs his wineskin. We hear the roarng winds. We walk out into the painful cold.

Our breathes are much frosted. We walk over to Omer's rocky entrance lighted by a huge blazing bonfire. I see the Re'em towering above everyone in the swirling snow storm. Many algae worshipers including Nowtsah, Obed, Nasher are standing by the huge roaring fire. Many throw large bundles of sticks into huge fire. I see Tubal and his family there too. We walks close to the hot bonfire. I look up at the Re'em. It's ugly elongated head is right above Nowtsah. The gigantic beast lowers it's big head so she can pet it. Nasher pets it, and shouts, "Old friend.." Nowtsah lovingly looks into those beedy black eyes as she shouts, "Good Re'em, thanks you for telling me about their return." The Re'em happily grunts and licks her from her ankles to her head with it's huge long grayish pink tongue. Husky man Obed frowns and says, "Augh, that gross..." Yownah laughs and says, "Noah, the Re'em's so cute..." I giggle as I say, "It's ugly, - but I love it too.." We look out at all the twirling snow. It hard to see Chayah and Mala riding in their sledge towards us. The hungry looking wolf dogs growl. They pull them through the deep snow and icy winds towards the bonfire. The Re'em thumps towards them. It affectionately grunts. Then it lays down in the deep snow on it's massive ugly belly.

Mala slowly helps Chayah step off the sledge. Snow blows against their hoods. They tiredly walk near the blazing hot bonfire. Lamech puts his arms around his shiverng wife and helps her stand. She leans on her staff. Nowtash spread her arms and joyfully shouts with frosted breath,

"Chayah, Mala, you're alive!" They shiver, and hold up their spears. My mother looks worried. Tukkiy weakly asks, "Chayah, Mala, are you alright?" With algae worshipers all around them, Mala proudly shouts, "We, ---survived..." We cheer. Nowtsah loudly asks, "Did you find it?" They pause. Their frosted faces look exhausted. Behind his black hood, Mala's dark face says, "First, we need good wine!" Lamech, wearing his light gray furs hands them the large wine-skin. Lamech joyfully shouts, "Here!" They take turns gulping down quite a bit of the wine. Lamech takes the wine-skin back. Chayah joyfully shouts with frosted breath, "Ahh-ahh, tastes great!" Mala takes a deep breath and says, "Yeah!" The howling winds blow snow all around us. Nowtsah impatiently yells, "Tell me! Did you find the infinite sea?" Chayah says like she's bored, "We searched, --and search --and search... Then, we gave up..." Nowtsah furiously pounds her algae staff down and bitterly shouts, "You didn't find it!" Chayah laughs, slyly smiles behind her reddish hood, and says, "But then God show us the way..." Nowtsah takes a deep breath and emotionally asks, "The way to what?" Mala dark eyes shine as he says, "To it!" Nowtsah lifts her staff up high in ecstasy and shouts with frosted breath, "Praise the Algae! Ah-ahhh-ahh!" Naster gently says, "Algae high priestess, --I guess you were right.... I always thought the infinite sea was the space between the stars..." Obed puts his arm around his wife's shoulder. Nowtsah excitedly says, "I told you, father.. I told you!" She joyous hugs her short father. Yownah cutely smiles and says, "Wow, --she's happy!" I happily say, "Yeah..." Tukky sadly says, "I wish she care that much about us." Lamech angrily says, "She doesn't." Chayah excitedly says, "Nowtsah, me and Mala looked down a cliff and we saw unfrozen waters as far as we could see... We even saw a giant air-breather swimming around!" Nowtsah breathlessly shouts with frosted breath, "Ahh, praise the Algae! Thank you, Cheyah! --I must go there!" Nowtsah and her algae worshipers chant loudly, "Algae becomes greater! Algae becomes greater... Algae becomes greater.."

A new moon later, our family walks out of our igloo to Omer's entrance. I see the Re'em's tree-like legs silhouetted against the sun rising among pinkish purple clouds. The sun's orangish rays slowly streams inside our huge cave. We see two sledges. We watch Chayah and Mala step into one well supplied sledge attached to ten wolf dogs. Chayah wears

her reddish hooded furs and Obed wears his thick black furs. Nowtsah, and Obed, walk over to them, wearing heavy furs. Nasher leans on his staff by a crowd of excited algae worshipers. Tubal, 'Aqqow, Gibbor and Sob'ah walks towards them. Nowtsah points to Tubal and says, "Tubal, they did it!" Dressed in his thick dark gray furs, and turban, he holds his walking stick. Tubal says, "Yes, Algae high priestess, they're almost as great --as I am." 'Aqqow, dress in black fur frowns says, "Old goat..." Gibbor happily says, "Good father.." Sobah wearing her cream color furs happily says, "Go, Cheyah and Mala!" Nowtsah loudly says, "Tubal and 'Aqqow have asked to come with us..." Tubal graciously says, "Thank you!" Obed looks curious asks, "'Aqqow, why you go?" 'Aqqow slyly says, "I'm not letting my old goat out of my sight..." Nowtsah gently says, "Nasher, son of Owph, I appoint you Algae high priest til I return..." Obed grumpily says, "But only till we return..." Nasher says, "But you said I dishonored the Algae..." She hugs her short bald, old father. Nowtsah kindly says, "Father Nasher, I love and trust you!" Nasher lovingly says, "Nowtsah, I love you so..." Tubal, and 'Aqqow, step into the other equally supplied sledge. Nowtsah and Obed, step in this sledge. They sit behind Tubal and 'Aqqow. They wave at us and yell, "Good-bye!" We wave back and shout, "Good-bye!" Chayah, shouts to the wolf dogs attach, "Wolf dogs go!" Tubal shouts, "Wolf dogs go!" The wolf dogs pull both sledge away. Gibbor shouts, "Bye, bye good father.." Sob'ah shouts, "God protect you! Bye!" Yownah shouts, "God keep you safe.." I shout, "Come back and tell us more stories.." We watch both sledges rush out into the deep snow, go by the happily grunting Re'em. They slowly vanish into the distant white horizon.

During the next two new moons, Sob'ah takes care of my mother. My father, my big sister, me, and Gibbor, take a sledges pulled by eight well fed wolf dogs to the steaming grounds. Six Algae worshipers follow us riding on another sledge. Each day, we enter the steaming grounds, and work hard in the heat. Gibbor swallows much fruits. We all drink water from the streams. Before the sun sets, we rush to my grandparent's stone house. We sit and talk with them around ther stone fire-pit under their chimney. We put up a large tan fur tent for Gibbor because the house was already too crowded for us and the algae workers. Each morning, we work in the

vineyard unless clouds darkened the sky. We don't work then. We leave fast.

About a new moon latter, at sunrise during a rather cold morning, we and the algae worshipers go back to Omer. Shivering, Lamech pulls on the animal hide strapped attached to the wolf dogs and shouts with much frosted breath, "Wolf dogs, go!" Wearing their whitish gray furs, the Algae worshiper's follow us. I'm Wearing my hooded brown furs. Yownah is wearing her white furs. We snuggle together trying to keep warm. We pull the sides of our hoods over our mouths to keep our young faces from freezing. I look out over the bright white horizon. I see large pine trees in the distance. Gibbor, pulls back his white furry hood, puts his over-sized hand up by his half eaten ear as he says with frosted breath, "Gibbor hear something..." Lamech curiously asks, "Hear what?" Gibbor yawns and says, "Purring..." I look around. Lamech nervously says, "Noah, Yownah, fear not..." Yownah look behind her as she asks, "Noah, did you hear a giggle?" I shiver and say, "No..." Puzzled, Lamech says, "Me neither...

Gibbor, what did you hear?" Gibbor put his hands by his huge ears as he says, "Gibbor, hears purring.." I pull my heavy fur hood tightly around my frosted face. I hear a faint giggling. Yownah puts her arm tightly around my shoulders as she says, "Noah, you heard giggling too.." I fearfully say, "I heard giggling..." Gibbor's bulging squinted hazel eyes look down as he says, "Gibbor, hears wind!" Lamech looks back and says, "It's just the wind..." Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Gibbor hears purring..." Yownah looks up at him and nervously says, "Father, ---there's not much wind today..."

Lamech nervously shouts, "Wolf dogs, rush!" They pull us near a large pine tree. The wolf dogs growl and sharply turn to the right. The wolf dogs pulling the algae worshipers keeps going strait. We hear purring. Out from some pine trees, two large black striped white sabertooths with fiery eyes, leap towards us. I see their incredibly long fangs. Their black lipped mouths open wide as their muscular sleek front legs flash towards us. The wolf dogs race away. Two sabertooths chase after us. An orange eyed sabertooth leaps over our backs. My father grabs his wooden staff and hits it's nose. It leaps away into the deep snow. The other sabertooth leaps over the sledge. Gibbor grabs the short tailed beast in midair with both his hands. It scratches him with it's claws. He forcefully throws the yellow

eyed beast away. It lands in the deep snow. Gibbor angry shouts, "Ow, -- tooth bad!" His arms are bleed. Our wolf dogs wildly growl. They race us away. I grab my big sister. Yownah fearfully shouts, "They're possessed!" The sabertooths circle around in back of us, and track us through the snow. My father hits the wolf dogs's back with his animal hide straps to make them run faster. Lamech fearfully shouts, "Rush!" The lowly purring sabertooth quickly catches up with us. I see an icy jagged cliff on our right side. We slide towards it. Yownah nervously shouts, "Father, the cliff! Watch out!" I shout, "Father, turn!" Gibbor fearfully says, "Oh-oh..." Lamech fearfully shouts, "God, help me!" Racing along the edge of this jagged cliff, the leaping sabertooths catch up to us again. I hear purring behind us. An orange eyed sabertooth mightily leaps onto the back of the sledge with great force, tilting our sledge onto one side almost flipping us over the cliff. Me and my big sister are thrown forcefully out of our seats. Gibbor grabs the sides of the sledge and leans far left. Our father hangs on by the straps. The sledge straiten out. We scream. We hear twisted giggling. We hit the icy hard ground. We helplessly slide to the edge of the cliff. We hear Lamech yelling, "Yownah, Noah, O-God no!!!"

Gibbor shouts, "Oh, --this bad!" The giggling stops. As I slide off the cliff, I shout, "O-God, help us!" Big sister reaches out to me. Yownah shouts, "Brother, grab my hand!" She grabs my hands and just barely stops sliding before she would go over the jagged cliff. She holding me. I'm hanging over the cliff. My little feet are dangling. She's slowly falls over, hanging onto me. I shout with frosted breath, "O-Yownah, I'm scared!" Yownah stubbornly shouts, "I got you, brother! Cliff or sabertooths?" I hear terrible purring coming from behind us. Terrofied, I shout, "Cliff!" She let go of the cliff. We fall way down. We're tumbling hard, spinning around, hitting the jagged icy edges on our way down. Each forceful turn hurts me. Suddenly my right leg snaps. It hurts more than anything. We roughly circle down. Finally our fall stops by one last brutal hit. Buried deep in icy snow, my right leg feels broken and twisted. Terrible Silence. I'm beaten up, freezing and my right eye is swollen shut. I cry. I shout, "Yownah, augh! My leg hurts --so bad! Help! Help..." Having problems breathing. I feel myself grow numb. Tears pour out my eyes and freeze. I'm buried alive in this icy grave. After what felt like an eternity, I hear Yownah's comforting say, "Brother, I'm coming!" I'm chill in agony. I shout, "Augh,

Yown-ah! My leg! My leg broke... Ow-augh-ugh! Help me.. Augh."

She digs around me with her little fur glove covered hands to uncover my face. I gasp for air. I see her sorrowful face behind her furry white hood.

Her right arm is hurt and she is very bruised. She slowly digs me out. I'm chilling. I'm glad to see my big sister but I'm so hurt. I moan and groan.

My teeth chatter. I say, "Save me! Augh.." Yownah says with frosted breath, "Little brother, --I will!" She picks me up in her hurt arms. She struggles to carry me. Yownah says with frosted breath, "God's not done with you... Neither am I." I rub my swollen eye with my furry glove covered hand. She carries me through the deep snow for a long way. She stumbles, and falls down. She picks me up again. I hear a girl's twisted giggling. I mournfully asks, "Yownah, do you hear --her?" Yownah's cute frosted face frowns as she bitterly says, "I hear --her. If she's giggling at us. She must be really mean?" We fearfully look around but we don't see anyone.

A sabertooth leaps towards us. I see Gibbor in the distance, running towards us. I cry out, saying, "Yownah, --God has abandon --us..." Yownah cheerfully says, "If we die, we will be with God..." As the bloodied nose, orange eyed, black striped white sabertooth leaps high above us. I scream.

Its mighty long sharp claws reach to rip us apart. Purring, its black lips open wide. It bares its knife-like white fangs. Twisted giggling. A bright green beam forcefully knocks this beast away. It lands in the snow and runs. Shivering, I ask, "Augh, what?" Yownah joyfully says, "A miracle!"

The yellow eyed sabertooth leaps towards us. Gibbor runs through the deep snow, towering way above. Gibbor angrily shouts, "Don't hurt friends!" The sabertooth turns and leaps towards the giant, jabbing one of its knife sized fangs into his right hand. Gibbor screams, angrily shouts, "Ouch! Bad tooth! Bad, owwww! Hurt hand!" His mighty arm lifts the poor beast up by the tooth that is stuck in his hand. Gibbor shouts, "Augh, Bad tooth! Ouchy, Ouchy!" The beast briefly scratches him with its powerful claws, before he crushes its head against the hard ground below the snow. The yellow eyed sabertooth pitifully cries as it dies. Gibbor painfully shouts, "Hand Ouchy! --Hurt Hurt Hurt..." He steps on the sabertooth's head and pulls his bloody hand away. Gibbor painfully asks, "Ouchy, --friends, fine?" Yownah tearfully shouts, "I'm fine but Noah's leg is broken.." Lamech drives his sledge to us, and shouts, "Yownah! Noah!

Thank God, you're both alive!" Yownah shout, "A green beam and Gibbor saved us! I say, "Ouch, augh, my leg! My leg" I hear the mean girl's whispering angry voice say, "Tis not fair! Tis not fair... Tis, --not, --- fair..." Yownah sadly says, "Gibbor, hurt his hand..." Gibbor painfully says, "Hand.. Ouchy... Ouchy..." Lamech rides the slede to us. He jumps out and tearfully hugs us. Lamech fearfully asks, "Yownah, Noah, how are you?" I moan. Yownah sadly says, "Father, I'm fine... But Noah's leg is broken.." Our father picks me up. He carries me back to the sledge. I fall into a deep sleep.

I brutally wake up when I feel my broken leg snapped back into place. I scream. I hear Lamech's voice says, "O-Tukkiy, augh, that's looks bad!" Tukkiy frail voice says distressed, "Naster knows what he's doing..." My tearful eyes struggle to open. I blurrily see Yownah timidly asks, "Mother, will my little brother be alright?" I moan. Tukkiy say, "Sure Yownah! My father's alchemy works..." I focus on Nasher. He's dressed in his dark green robes and his turban is on his bald head. He smiles down at me. My teary eyed family is on their knees. My worried father just stares. Tukkiy smiles and says, "Noah, you're safe..." Yownah cheerfully says, "God saved us.." Naster happily says, "Praise the Algae, your leg will heal.." He ties two thick sticks on the sides of my broken leg and wraps furs around them with vines to hold them in place. Nasher's kind squinted brown eyes look down at me as he says, "Sorry Noah, but this --will hurt!" He picks up a small green clay jar and pours some gross whitish yellow chunky liquid on my much throbbing leg. My sister takes my hand tightly. The gross stuff burns my wounded leg. I scream. I shouts, "Augh, my leg on fire! It's burns, ww-ow-ow-augeh!" Nasher says, "Relax, the pain will fade..." I scream again. The pain slowly fades. My father fearfully stare. Worried, Tukkiy joyfully says, "Thank God, my children are alive!" Yownah's girlish faces smiles downat me as she says, "Brother, you'll make it!" I faint.

Ten new moons latter, about a year after Nowtsah left, on a warm sunny noon, we hear the Re'em low growls. My family, dressed as usual. We puts on heavy furs. We walk out. Tukkiy, leans on her staff. We walk to Omer's entrance. I see Nasher, holding his algee staff along with many other algae worshipers including Chuldah and Zabad. I see a line of many women holding jars, full of weeds on top their heads. They walk outside

into the deep snow and dump the weeds into the trench. I see the huge grey white hair spotted beast with the dark green tent strapped around its huge shoulders. We hear its mournful growls as it feeds. We see a sledge being pulled by ten wolf dogs in the distance. As the sledge comes near, we see Tubal driving the sledge with 'Aqqow by his side. Nowtsah and her husband Obed are behind them, wearing their heavy furs. Worried, Yownah asks, "Where's Chayah and Mala's sledge?" I say, "I don't see them.."

Tukkiy sadly says, "I hope, they're alright..." As the sledge comes near the Re'em, Nowtsah shouts, "Re'em, I so glad to see you!" She stands up. She looks up. It lowers its head. She pets it. Its long tongue licks her. Nowtsah and Obed step out of the sledge. Tubal and 'Aqqow, dressed in heavy furs step out of the sledge. They lean on their walking sticks. Many cheer. Wearing his hooded green robe, standing by his mother, Zabad happily shouts, "Noah man, they're finally back!" I nervously shout, "Not all of them.."

Zabad excitedly says, "Man, don't freak out!" I look over at the distant horizon. Nowtsah and Obed hold their staffs, and walk up to Nasher. He hugs her. Nasher happily says, "My daughter, you're finally back! --Did you see the infinite sea?" Nowtsah overly joyful, says, "O father, the infinite sea is glorious! The waves, the waves, --the waves... And the sky!"

Nasher happily says, "Nowtsah, that's great!" We walk up to her. Worried, Lamech asks, "Algae high priestess, where's Chayah and Mala?" Nowtsah calmly says, "They choose to stay behind and explore..." Shocked, Tukkiy frantically asks, "Tubal, 'Aqqow, is that true?" Tubal rubs his scarred face and says, "Yes..." Yownah cheerfully says, "They love exploring so!" 'Aqqow says, "Maybe too much..." Lamech fearfully says, "I hope they come back..." I nervously say, "Me too."

A year and four new moons later, I'm eleven. I'm wearing my brown furs. My sister is wearing her white furs. Our father wearing in his light gray furs. We sit on the furs around our fire-pit, eating nuts and fruits. Our father pours a little wine from a large wineskin into our clay jars. Lamech smiles wide behind his long graying brown beard as joyfully says, "Praise God, the vineyard produced an abundance of great wine this year... Let's celebrate!" We sip a little wine from our clay jars. I happily say, "Wine is yummy!" My big sister sips some. She puts her arm around my shoulder. Yownah says, "You're not kidding, brother." Wearing her brown hooded dress, Tukkiy sips some wine, and happy says, "Ah-h-h, --yes!"

Thanks to Nowtsah, there's plenty..." My sister's pretty yellowish brown face gently smiles. Yownah joyfully says, "God has really blest our family this year!" I cheerfully say, "I believe that God is good again." Yownah combs back her black hair as she softly says, "I would hope so.." Tukkiy's frail squinted brown eyes look kindly around at us as she says, "I love you all! My soul feels your great love..." Our father puts his arm around our mother's shoulder and kisses her. Lamech says, "I love you so, my Tukkiy!" She licks his lips and beard, and sweetly says, "O-Lamech..."

I smell a sickly sweet odour. A adrogynous voice shouts, "Lamech, bring Yownah out!" Shocked, I feel a terrible chill. I fearfully ask, "What the Sheol --does Trainer 13 want?" Tears run down Yownah's pretty cheeks as she says, "Brother, I feel scared... Mother, don't let it get me!" She hugs her close. Lamech stands up and fearfully says, "Love you all! I'll straiten this out.." He grabs his staff, bow his head and walks out. We feel the bitter cold rush in. Our yellowish fire wildly flickers. We hear Naamah's cruel voice asks, "How can thou live in these misserable blocks of ice?"

My big sister hugs me tight. Yownah tearfully asks, "What's wrong with our igloo?" I angrily say, "Nothing!" We hear our father shivering from the bitter cold. Lamech fearfully says, "It's home... Why --you here?"

Naamah hateful voice says, "To collect!" Teeth clattering, Lamech angry voice asks, "Collect what? I've provided all the wine this year!" Naamah's voice coldly says, "King Semjaza desires Yownah..." We fearfully hug. Tukkiy gasps and says, "O, ---no!" Tears run down our mother's pale sickly face. Lamech angry voice shouts, "No! No! No! She just fourteen years old.." Naamah voice forcefully say, "Old enough... Do not refuse this honor!" Lamech shouts, "No!" Naamah's calm voice says, "Witness punish." Our father scream in agony. Tears runs down Yownah's cheeks. I shout, "Sister, I'll protect you!" She stands up and rushes outside into the bitter cold. Tukkiy fearfully shouts, "Yownah, don't go! --Come back!" I run out as Tukkiy grabs her staff. She stands up wobbling and limps out.

My screaming father is rolling on the icy ground screaming. Yownah fearfully shouts, "Naamah, stop hurtng my father!" Shivering, I see Naamah and Trainer 13 standing on a lowly floating circular silver platform that's inside a sem-transparent blue sphere. Naamah is dressed in her shiny yellow gown. She wearing her gold tiara. The shapely blond holds her fancy silver censer up. Trainer 13 is holds a long silver rod. Yownah gets

on her knees and says, "I'll go! Just stop hurting my father!" Naamah calmly says, "Witness, stop.." My father hugs Yownah tightly. Holding his crying daughter, Lamech shouts with frosted breath, "Naamah, please don't take my daughter! --I'll do anything! I'll do anything!" Naamah sadly says, "You already have... You sold her to king Semjaza!" My mother shivers. Her pale face stares at her reflection in Trainer's 13 silver ball covered head. Tukkiy emotionally shouts, "We'll die first before we let you take her!" She madly rushes towards our tormentors, and runs into the sphere. She furiously beats it with her staff. Yownah desperately shouts, "Mother, stop! They'll hurt you!"

I tearfully shout with much frosted breath, "Leave Yownah alone! I'll kill you!" Wearing long flowing silver robes and gloves, Trainer 13 coldly says, "You can't!" Naamah giggles and says, "Baby, --thy father sold your big sister to our king..." Lamech angrily shouts, "She's lying!" Our mother stops hitting the sphere. Yownah shiveringly asks, "Father, did you? ---Did you?" Our mother using her staff, limps to and hugs him tightly from behind. Tukkiy shouts, "No Yownah, your father would never do that!" We stand together. In their semitransparent sphere, Naamah cruelly smiles, lifts her censer up and shouts, "Witness show!" Lamech screams. He involuntary raises his right hand. Stuck in my father twitching hand, that gross pulsating star-shaped translucent white demon invades our minds. It flashes. A horrible colorless vision enters our minds. My father stands before lord Bad who holds the tiny witness with his fingers. Lord Bad seriously says, "You also swear... If your wife survives more than six years, everything that's your's belongs to king Semjaza!" Lamech boldly says, "Except my Tukkiy! Semjaza can't have her!" Lord Bad grins as he says, "Agreed... But only if ye remain loyal! Hold out your right palm..." Lamech holds out his right hand with his palm up. Lord Bad cheerfully says, "Swear... Barak lo' paniym elohim(bless not face God)!" Lamech tearfully and very nervously says, "Barak lo' paniym elohim..." Lord Bad drops the tiny witness down on our father's right palm. The tiny demon burrows into his palm. He grabs his hand. He screams. We almost faint. I feel so sick. Naamah coldly says, "Tukkiy, thy husband agreed..." Tukkiy bitterly shouts with frosted breath, "Lamech! You should of let me die!" Shocked, Yownah says, "Father, you didn't think about me..." Lamech cries. Lamech says, "Yownah, I love you! I just didn't think. Forgive me,

Yownah!" I furiously ask, "Naamah, how can you be so cruel?" Naamah sadly says, "Baby, if I was cruel, --I would of sent mine daughter...

Yownah, come!" My big sister cries. The sphere briefly vanishes. Tukkiy run after her. She loses her balance and falls down. Lamech, runs over to restrains his wife as he says with frosted breath, "Tukkiy stop or she will torture you again!" Tukkiy bitterly shouts, "Lamech, ---there is no torture worst than this!" Shivering, Lamech says, "O Tukkiy! --I'm sorry!" Tukky shouts, "I hate you! I hate you.. I wish you dead!" Yownah slowly walks towards Naamah and says, "Mother, don't hate --father! --He was tricked! Bye Noah! --Love you --all!" I run to her. I mightily pull her back and shouts, "No, big sister! I will stop them." I see Gibbor and Sob'ah runnng towards us. Tukkiy sorrowfully shouts, "Gibber help me!" My big sister walks near the sphere. Sob'ah, wearing her long hooded cream colored furs angrily shouts, "Gibbor, stop bad people!" Yownah struggles to leave but I won't let her go. Naamah shivers as Trainer 13 walks towards me and touches my chest with the silver rod. Spark, I fall down in pain.

The fat giant, wearing his white furs, runs fast making loud thumping sounds with each powerful step. Gibbor shakes his huge fists, angrily bares his oversized white teeth and yells, "Yownah friend! Bad people leave!"

Naamah's sphere appears around around her platform. Gibbor kicks the blue sphere, knocking Naamah off their feet onto her rear. Tukkiy happily shouts, "Thank God for Gibbor!" Trainer 13 leaps towards the giant.

Gibbor knocks him away. I angrily shout, "Gibbor beat Trainer 13 up!" Tearful, Lamech excitedly yells, "Yeah!" Tukkiy tearfully shouts, "Save Yownah!" That mirror ball headed creep takes the silver rod and quickly hits Gibbor all over his flabby body. The rod sparks with each hit, stunning the giant. Trainer 13 high kicks our big friend's belly, knocking him back.

Gibbor swings his huge fists at Trainer 13 but he misses repeatedly. Sob'ah angrily shouts, "Crush that creep!" Gibbor grabs the rod away and snaps it into two. Trainer 13 high kicks Gibbor up right between his thick legs.

Gibbor horribly screams. He falls down on his hands and knees, and yells, "Au-u-ugh, Ow, augh, ow-oow, O-Ouch!" My family groans. Sob'ah sadly says, "Oww-, that's one part of Gibbor that's not too big.." Gibbor shouts with his low goofy voice, "Gibbor mad!" He hits the floor of the cave so hard that the vibrations knocks Trainer 13 back onto his rear. We all feel the floor violently shake. Gibbor craws on his hands and knees. He pounds

Trainer 13's legs with his over-sized fists, breaking both legs off as sparks and smoke shoot out. We cheer. Quickly, Trainer 13, crawls on it's arms over to me. It's silver right glove violently grabs my neck. Trainer 13 chokes me. Yownah fearfully shouts, "Stop! Don't kill my brother!" My parents scream. Naamah calmly says, "Trainer 13, don't kill boy –unless they keep resisting..." My father gasps. Tukkiy hysterically shouts, "Noah my son, Noah , Noah! Please don't kill my son!" She faints. My father grabs her. I can't breath. I'm about to pass out. All I see is my horrified reflection in Trainer 13's mirrored ball. I hear my father shout, "Please, don't kill my son! Spare Noah! Please! Please!" Gibbor covers his groin with his hands as he angrily shouts, "Augh, let friend go!" Trainer 13's androgenous voice shouts, "Go away! ---Or he dies!" Yownah walks back to the sphere that briefly vanishes. Yownah steps up on the platform by Naamah. Gibbor wobbles closer, shouting, "You bad!" Yownah sorrowfully shouts, "Stop Gibbor! My brother noah must live! ---I must go..." Sob'ah sorrowfully says, "Gibbor, back off!" He shakes his fists, jumps up and down making loud thumps. Frustrated, Gibbor asks, "Gibbor, do nothing?" Sob'ah fearfully says, "Do nothing... Don't get Noah killed!" Gibbor cries. He backs off. Trainer 13, still choking me, crawls over to the platform, it's broken thighs still shooting sparks and smoke. The sphere vanishes. Trainer 13, powerfully throws me towards my parents. I hit the floor. Using it's arms, it leaps up onto the low floating platform. The sphere appears around my big sister, Naamah and Trainer 13. My father lays his unconcious wife down. He runs over and pick me up his strong arms. I stare at my scared big sister. I trembling from the bitter cold. I shout, asking with frosted breath, "O-Father, where's God?" My father mournfully shakes his head. Tukkiy wakes up and screams. My big sister stare back at me. Naamah raises her silver censer, it's whitish blue flame pour out swirling thick white smoke. We smell that sickly sweet odor. I watch through my bitter tears the smoke engulf my wonderful big sister. She vanishes into the unspeakable cold nothingness. They vanish and only that sickingly sweet odour remains. Shivering with much frosted breath, I yell with all my heart, "Yown-ah!!! Yown--ah! ----Yown---ah!"

Chapter 5 Tannah

Genesis 3:14-15

14 And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life:

15 And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise(crush) thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

I see that even my cousin Tubal gets teary eyed. Pe'ullah pouts, as she says, "O-grandfather, that's horrible.." Noah bites his lip and says, "Worst than horrible!" Pe'ullah stares as she asks, "What happened to your sister, Yownah?" Noah's greenish brown eyes tear up. Sha'ah puts her arm around Pe'ullah's shoulder as she sadly says, "We'll get to that..."

Embarrassed, Noah says, "After that, my best friend Zabad and I ---did some things..." Pe'ullah brushes back her long sandy blond hair with her little hand as she curiously asks, "Like what?" Noah playfully says, "Embarrassing things... A new moon latter, our mothers took us to Tubal's metal shop... Our mothers cried together. They studied Tubal's metal sheets... I was sitting hunched over on furs, wearing my long brown furs with my small fists clinched...."

I'm not quite crying. My long brown hair hangs over my eyes. Zabad walks over to me wearing his long green robe with his hood pulled back. He sit down by me. His pale face and hazel eyes look sad. Zabad he says, "Man, that's mess up!" My bloodshot eyes look back at him. I angrily shout, "Zabad, --God failed Yownah!" Zabad sadly says, "Man, what a bummer! Can I help?" I bitterly says, "Get my big sister back!" Zabad combs back his brown hair, frowns, and says, "Sorry man, I'm only seventeen..." I grab him, and lay my head on his chest and cry. He gently holds me for a while. I sob. I bitterly say, "I will save her! --Or I'll kill that rapist Sem--ja-za!" Zabad says with mixed emotions, "Right on!" Zabad sadly says, "Man, ---I wish the Algae,---would set her free!" I clench my fists and hatefully asks, "Man, if there really is a God? --I demand that God send an avenger --that even Sem--jaz-a would fear!"

That night, sleeping in my igloo, Zabad sneaks in, wearing gray furs, taps me on my shoulder and whispers in my ear, "Man, I know what will make you feel better..." I wake up startled and ask, "What?" I get on my furs and rush out with him into the shivering darkness. I follow my friend to Tubal's metal shop. Standing just outside the shop, Zabad goofily whispers, saying "Tubal has really groovy wine, man!" Zabad quietly sneaks in. He carries out a large goat wine-skin over his back. I nervously whisper, saying, "You shouldn't steal stuff, man..." Zabad happily says, "Man, he got more wine!" I smell the delicious wine odour and says, "Wine smells great!" We shiver from the cold. He sips from the wine-skin and says, "Chug this wine!" He hands me the wine-skin. I struggle to lift it to my mouth. I sip some. I hand it back to him. I quietly say, "Tastes fantastic --but it burns my throat a little." Zabad giggles and says, "Get use to it..." He gulps more down. I sip more. We takes turns. After a while, we both laugh and happily slur our words. We drunkenly say, "I --Dig it! I dig it!" I feel like everything that happened to my sister was just a silly dream. Nothing matters except chugging wine and acting silly with my best friend. Zabad laughs and slurs his words, saying, "Man, ---chug wine, Noah!" I happily gulp more wine but it goes down the wrong way. I couldn't breath for a few moment. Zabad happily hits my back, and I throw up. We laugh about it. The memories of my big sister hits me hard. I angrily shout with frosted breath, "Yown-ah, ---God failed you! Oh-God, failed you! God, I hate ---you!" Zabad puts his hands over my mouth as he says, "Don't freak out, --man!" We hear sounds from inside the metal shop. Zabad drops the wineskin, spilling some wine on the cave floor where it quickly freezes. We both quickly stumbled back to our igloos in the cold darkness.

Next morning, I feel sick. I sit up. I hold my stomach tightly under my furs. I throw up in front of my mother. She's wearing her dark brown dress. She holds me tight. I throw up on her dress. Distressed, Tukkiy asks, "Noah, what's wrong? ---I'll get Nasher!" I say groaning, "Mother, don't worry... Me fine..." I get dizzy. She lays me back down. She grabs her staff. She exits our igloo. Soon, my frail mother returns with Nasher. He's dressed in his dark green robe and turban. He holds his algae-covered staff. His squinted wrinkled brown eyes look closely at me He laughs and says, "Looks like a hang-over ..." Tukkiy sits down by me and angrily asks,

"Noah, is that right?" I nervously say, "Yes, mother.." Nasher says, "This morning, Tubal told me that someone stole one of his wineskins..." Tukkiy angrily asks, "Ah, Noah, was someone with you?" I nervously say, "No! I stole it." Behind her dark hood, Tukkiy suspiciously asks, "Noah, was Zabad with you?" I almost throw up again. I say, "Just me..." Nasher asks, "Really Noah... Just you?" I point to myself and say, "Yep..." Tukkiy emotionally asks, "Son, it's all about Yownah, isn't it?" I tear up. I say, "I'll get her back --someday.." Nasher shakes his staff and says, "Good, you have faith! We are all one with the Algae..." Feeling sick, I say, "The Algae, God, what's the difference? They failed us!" Tukkiy tearfully says, "Son, don't say that! There's still hope... But it's all Lamech's fault, that--- Yownah was..." Tukkiy weeps. Disturb, I sickly say, "Mother, if father hadn't saved you.. --I wouldn't of been born... Maybe, I shoudn't exist?" Tukkiy tearfully licks my face as she says, "Noah, don't ever say that! You and Yownah are all I have..." I sadly say, "Father --loves you!" Tukkiy sorrowfully shouts, "He failed --Yownah! --And I'm not really alive! I feel nothing!" I say, "And I was born because of him... You said you love me... You still feel love!" Tears flow down our cheeks. She hugs me till it's hurts. I shout, "Stop hugging me! That hurts..." She lets go. Her frail squinted tearful eyes stare. Tukkiy weakly says, "My son, --I guess your father meant well.." She uses her staff to slowly stand up. She wobbles over to some furs. She carefully slowly sits down again. She lifts a fur. Under it are the two pieces of her and my father's Algae wedding stone. I see that the algae on both peices is long dead. My mother fits the pieces together. She sadly looks back. Tukkiy slowly says, "Well son, --I did promise the Algae.." Naster gently says, "Respect the Algae!"

Next morning, the wind is chillingly cold but no snow is falling. Standing by Omer's entrance, me and my mother are wearing our hooded furs. We step into Tubal's well supplied sledge. We look up at the giant Re'em laying on it's huge belly. It's big long head lying flat in front of it, half burried in the snow. We watch the pinkish orange sun rise behind scattered purplish cloudls with golden streaks. Our primitive furry gloves cover our numb hands. Our cold feet are wrapped in many furs with strips of animal hides holding them tightly around our thick wooden sandals. We snuggle close. The freezing winds hits my face behind my furry hood. It makes our breathing painful. Tubal, dressed in his dark gray furs and

turban, holds his walking stick up. Tubal sits down in front of us and hits the back of his wolf dogs with strips of animal hides, shouting, "Wolf dogs go!" They pull his sledge through the heavy snow leaving a thick trail behind us. The Re'em gently lifts its head as its beady eyes follow us. We wave. The Re'em softly growls. We shivering. The howling winds chill our bones. Before the sun sets, we see my grandparent's stone house.

Gibbor's large tan fur tent is flapping in the wind. Tubal brushes off the snow from his long goatee white beard. Holding his fancy walking stick, Tubal carefully helps my mother get off the sledge. The strong wind blows against us. I follow. We walk through the deep snow to my grandparent's house. My numb toes and fingers hurt. Tubal shouts with frosted breath, "Methuselah, Tubal's here with Tukkiy and Noah!" Methuselah's happy old voice shouts, "Come on in!" Tubal opens the black bear fur curtain. We feel the tremendous blessed warmth of the flickering fire inside. The bear fur curtain closes behind us. I pull back my furry brown hood. I see my grandfather wearing his gray furs. My grandmother is wearing her brown furs. They're sitting together by the roaring fire in their stone fire-pit below their stone chimney. Methuselah wears Enoch's silly old fur cap on top of his long grayish white hair. My hands and feet slowly warm up. I rush over to Methuselah. He hugs me. I lovingly say, "Grandfather, I love you!" He lets me go. I hug my plump grandmother. I run my glove covered hands down her long white hair. Grandma Qoph says, "Noah, I love you ..." I lovingly say, "Me too!" Grandma Qoph frowns and says, "But you tracked in snow... Clean it up now!" I say, "Sorry..." I clean up. Then I sit down. Tubal helps Tukkiy sit down by us. She takes off her heavy furs. We all hug. Tubal sits down on furs. He quietly watches us.

Disturbed, Methuselah sadly says, "Where's Yownah?" Tukkiy cries and says, "With Semjaza!" Shocked, Grandma Qoph bitterly says, "How could God allow this dirty demon to do this?" Methuselah's much wrinkled brown face frowns bitterly as he says, "Seven, don't blame God! --We'll see Yown-ah again!" Tukkiy's pale face looks fearful as she says, "I hope so..." Methuselah sorrowfully says, "Let's pray..." Tubal cynically says, "Sure, why not?" I shout, "God failed!" Tubal coldly says, "Actually your father failed your sister..." Tukkiy weakly says, "That's right!" Grandma Qoph's bloated wrinkled whitish pink face angrily frowns as she says, "Don't blame my son --for your sickness!" Tukkiy emotionally says,

“Methuselah, --pray, pray for Yownah!” Methuselah tears up and says, “Lord God, we're powerless --but you're not... We all love Yownah... Lord God, bring her home to us! ---Let it be... Let it be!” I shake my clenched fists. I bitterly says, “If God doesn't, --I will!” Tubal leans on his bronze dire wolf headed walking stick as he boastfully says, “I will help you...” I sincerely say, “Thanks!”

Latter, I hear Lamech's tired voice shout, “Father, grandma Qoph, --Gibbor's sick!” Tubal opens the curtain. Chilling winds enter. I see Gibbor crawling in the snow. The sledge is behind him. Gibbor crawls inside and says, “Gibbor, --stomach hurt!” Snow falls off the fat giant. Grandma Qoph asks, “What a mess? O-my, I never seen Gibbor sick before...” My father, wearing his light gray hooded furs, limps in behind him. He leans on his staff. Tubal hugs Gibbor around his thick neck and asks him, “Gibbor son, what's wrong?” Gibbor says, “Gibbor work hard! Got sick!” Tukkiy sadly says, “Poor Gibbor.” Tubal puts his right hand on Gibbor's big sweating forehead and says, “He's hot! Nasher will help him... We go!” Grandma Qoph says, “Gibbor, get well soon!” We wave. They leave. We hear Tubal shout, “Wolf dogs go!” Lamech says, “Hi, Tukkiy..” She ignores him. I hug my shivering father. Lamech nervously says, “Noah, son, I love you! --How's your mother?” I sadly say, “Mother hates you, --less...” Lamech sadly says, “O-my son?” He sadly smiles. I kiss his long bearded face and say, “Father, I --love you!” We sit down by the large warm flickering fire. Lamech says, “I -- bad father!” My mother struggles using her staff to walk to us. Tukkiy's frail squinted eyes stare as she shouts, “Yes! --You failed Yownah but...” She hugs us both tightly.

Tukkiy tenderly licks his lips and says, “Come home...” Lamech guiltily asks, “Tukkiy, are you sure?” He frowns. Tukkiy fearfully asks, “Lamech, what's wrong?” Depressed, Lamech tiredly says, “Nowtsah stop sending me help... I'm way behind.” I fearfully says, “Oh, no!” Tukkiy bitterly asks, “Lamech, where's God?” Irritated, Methuselah says, “Don't blame God for my son's mistakes...” Lamech painfully says, “Father, you're not making me feel better.” Grandma Qoph says, “Son, I know you love Yownah very much, --but you messed up!” Methuselah nervously asks, “How far behind are you?” I fearfully listen. Lamech slowly says, “Way behind!” Methuselah hugs his son and says, “Son, I love you! Trust God to help...” I shout, “That didn't work!” Grandma Qoph looks at me with her

light green eyes as she says, "Noah, be patient.. God will clean up this mess.." Lamech look around as he sadly asks, "Did Chayah and Mala ever come back?" I stare at him. Tukkiy sadly says, "I don't think they're ever coming back..." I say, "I will find them someday!"

That night, my father, grandfather and me ride in a sledge and go to the unclimbable cliffs. Morning, we're shiveringly cold, wearing our heaviest furs, sitting on many furs in back of the sledges. We snuggle together, watching the pinkish sun rise above the horizon which looks pink this colorful morning. We wait until the yellowing sun rises over the unclimbable cliffs, before we enter the steaming grounds. In this hot humid land, we take off our heavy furs. Me and my father work hard, picking endless clusters of bright red fruit. We miserably sweat all over. We pick the clusters off the bright green vines. We put them into our baskets and dump them into the large circular wooden vat but it's never enough. My hands ached and bleed. My back hurt badly. My father and me hurry all day. Methuselah wearing light clothing, pick as many clusters as he can. He hands us jars of water to quench our terrible thirst. Time goes by far too quickly. I see the sun moving to the edge of the cliffs above. Exhausted, and covered in sweat. We're itching badly. We drop down lying on the dirty ground exhausted, by each other. We look up at the fading sky. I shout, "Back to work!" My whole body is sore, my tearful greenish brown eyes look up at him. I shout out of breath, "We're doom!" Breathing heavily, Lamech sweats much as he says, "Forgive me, my son! ---I almost wish that the little deaths would mercifully kill me.." I pull my long brown hair. I hopelessly say, "Naamah's going to torture us, -- more..." Methuselah says, "Don't give up!" Grandfather leans on his spear, and his long beard is soaked with sweat. Methuselah fearfully says, "We must go!" My father shakes his head. We hear Asbeel's kind voice behind us, sadly say, "Can I help!" Me and my father struggle to sit up. I see Asbeel dressed in his iridescent white skirt and wide collar with his glowing pink jewel and trim. His silver disc is attached to the lower back of his collar. He walks up to us. Methuselah angrily raises spear up and shouts, "Like you help my son before?" Beneath his halo crown and his long smooth black hair, he looks sincere. Asbeel sadly says, "I didn't know Semjaza would take Yownah..." Methuselah angrily says, "Get out, you demon!" Lamech stands up and desperately says, "Asbeel, wait... We need

help!" Methuselah shouts, "No deals!" Asbeel sadly smile as he says, "No deals, just help..." Methuselah frown at him. Asbeel kindly asks, "Lamech, may I help?" Lamech sarcastically says, "Knock yourself out..." I jump up and ask, "What about the little deaths?" Asbeel's kind brown eyes look at me as he says, "Don't worry. Just go..."

Next morning, we return as the orangish sun rises above the high rocky ridges. We enter the hot, humid steaming grounds. We smell an odd burning odor. By the large wooden vat, we see Asbeel standing, absolutely drench with wine. His clothes, his hair, his skin, and even his golden halo crown is covered with reddish stains. Me and my father run through the lush green vineyard to greet him. I ask, "What that smell?" Metheselah frowns as he says, "Ow-something burning.." On the ground by the vat are twelve large wine-skins that look full. Methuselah limps toward them. Me and my father stare at the wineskins. Asbeel happily says, "We're done!"

Lamech joyfully asks, "Asbeel, how?" Excitedly puzzled, I ask, "You work all night? What about the little deaths?" He opens his right hand. A squirming pitch black shelled, multi-legged creature, hops out of his palm. A pink beam shoots out of palm, hits the creature before it falls back into his palm. It burst into smokng flames. Asbeel laughs and says, "Yeah, they were annoying..." He throws it onto a near-by big pile of dead little deaths we somehow didn't see before. Methuselah happily says, "Asbeel, I apologize..."

A day latter, the wolf dogs pull us back at Omer's rocky entrance. The Re'em laying on it's belly, lifts it's ugly old head up and greets us with happy grunts. Tubal, 'Aqqow, Gibbor, and Sob'ah greet us, dressed as usual. 'Aqqow's wrinkled tan face passionately smiles at Tubal as she shouts, "My old goat..." Tubal gently touches his hazel eyed beauty and hugs her as he says, "My pretty 'Aqqow!" Sob'ah's pale face smiles behind her cream colored hood as she says, "You're back!" Shivering, Tubal looks up at the mighty giant and nervously asks, "Gibbor, are you feeling better?" Gibbor's low goofy voice says with disgust, "Gibbor better.. But medicine! --Yuck!" Tubal laughs and says, "I hear you..." 'Aqqow says, "Nasher's medicine is yuch—y, --but it works!" Gibbor sticks out his long tongue and says, "Yucky!" Sob'ah smiles as she says, "Gibbor much better..." Lamech gently smiles and says, "I'm glad!" I look way up at the fat giant and say, "I was worried about you!" His chubby face smiles down at me. Gibbor says,

"Gibbor better!" Sobah happily says, "They don't call him Gibbor the mighty for nothing..." They walk back to the metal shop.

Me and my father hurry back to our igloo. We enter its low icy entrance. Inside, I see my mother wearing her dark brown dress, sitting by an old gray haired lady holding a large tan happily cooing baby that's wrapped in a golden blanket. The lady is dressed in an ankle length silver gown, and brown fur coat. Her long silver cone cap is laying by her. Her yellowish tan much wrinkled face joyfully smiles down at her cooing baby.

I curiously ask, "Is that lady, Vashti?" Tukkiy loving says, "Yes." Lamech goofily asks, "Is that their baby?" Tukkiy frailly says, "Yes! And she so cute!" Behind Vashti, Asbeel gently puts his right hand on his wife's shoulder. Vashti's yellowish tan face graciously looks up as she says, "Lamech, meet our daughter Tannah... She's just three new moons old.." I look closer at the cute big tan baby wrapped up in a golden blanket. She happily sucks her thumb. Her black hair covers the upper right side of her face. Lamech awkwardly asks, "Vashti, how could you have a baby when you're so old?" Tukkiy frailly asks, "Lamech, how rude? Don't spoil her baby joy!" Embarrassed, Lamech says, "Sorry..." I timidly asks, "Did the mighty researcher help?" My parents frown at me. Asbeel's gentle light brown face smile, as he joyfully says, "No! She's a miracle..." Vashti's squinted brown eyes sparkle as she joyfully says, "The corruptor had nothing to do with my baby girl..." Tukkiy sorrowfully looks down at the cute baby and says, "Tannah's so beautiful... She reminds me, --of Yownah." Vashti says, "Tukkiy, forgive me... I should of known..."

Disturb, Lamech says, "Yes, Vashti..." Tukkiy angrily says, "Lamech, -- you should of known better!" Asbeel picks up his big baby girl in his loving arms. He holds her by his nearly bare chest. Asbeel tearfully says, "Tannah, my daughter, --I love you so! I won't let you --down like --" I curiously ask, "Let her down like who?" Asbeel pauses and says, "Nevermind..."

Sunrise, eleven new moons latter, I'm twelve years old. Yownah was taken a year ago. My family gets dressed. We hear Asbeel's distressed voice, saying, "King Semjaza summons Lamech, Tukkiy, and Noah!" My father helps my mother stand up. He grabs their staffs. We exit our igloo into the windy icy cold. I pull my brown hood over my head. Shivering, I see Asbeel and Vashti standing on a circular silver platform that's floating

just above the ground. They're inside a pink semitransparent sphere.

They're dressed as usual. Vasti wears her long cone silver cap on top of her shoulder length gray hair. Tukkiy furiously asks with frosted breath, "What's this about?" Vashti's wrinkled yellowish tan face looks sad as she calmly says, "Step up here. We'll take you to see Yownah.." Tukkiy breathlessly says with frosted breath, "O-Yownah, o-Yownah.." Lamech forcefully says, "Take us!" The sphere vanishes. We excitedly step up onto their platform. The pink sphere appears around us and warms us up. We quickly rise up. Fearfully, I ask, "How's my big sister?" Vashti calmly says, "She's alive... Sit down." We sit down. We quickly floats out of Omer's entrance. The Re'em grunts. We zoom way up into the gray snowy sky. I look down at the huge gray beast below looking smaller and smaller as we float higher and higher. Lamech fearfully asks, "Why does Semjaza want?" Disgusted, Asbeel says, "He wants you to make Yownah obey him..." My father gasps. I furiously shout, "To Sheol --with that rapist!" Shocked, Tukkiy tightly closes her eyes as she asks, "Obey her rapist? That demon king is worst than lord Bad!" Vashti tears up as she says, "At least your daughter is alive..." I point at her. I ask, "How can you serve that rapist?" She's speechless. Asbeel sadly says, "Noah, if we didn't obey him, he would send someone worst." I ask, "How can God allow this?" My parents hug me. Tukkiy bitterly says, "Noah, --I don't know!" Lamech's tears flow down his cheeks and says, "Son, don't blame God! --It's my fault.." We weep.

We look through the pink sphere, at the breathtakingly beautiful view of our icy world. We float up to the bright yellowish crystal palace on top of the great mountain. An oval entrance briefly opens up as we float in. The sphere around us vanishes. We warmly float to the end of the shimmering yellow hallway. An oval entrance briefly opens up. I smell the fantastic odours of many flowers. We hear harps playing beautiful soothing music.

We ride into gigantic warm humid throne room. I stare at the huge floating star shaped bright yellow platform slowly rotating in the middle of this misty place. On the platform's point nearest us, I see the back of Semjaza's huge pink crystal throne shaped like Ashtoreth. Five life-sized golden statues of sabertooths bowing to him are on the outer sides of his throne. I see Ashtoreth's empty white throne on the next point. It looks like Semjaza sitting. I look around at five colorful large fruit trees on the sides of this

room. I look down at the many beautiful flowers, and colorful peacocks on the grassy ground below. There are many beautiful animals flying around.

The walls are covered by fog. We float to the slowly rotating platform. I see many pretty girls, barely wearing anything but green vines and colorful feathers. Some girls are sitting around playing harps. Others are dancing around.

As the throne turns towards us, I can see my fifteen year old, big sister crying. Semjaza's right hand is around the back of her neck, forcing her to sit on his lap. She's only wearing some bright yellow feathers tied together with green vines. Semjaza is sitting on his huge throne. His large golden disc is not behind him. His youthful yellowish tan face smiles below his glowing golden halo crown. His long smooth black hair rests on top his wide cape like iridescent white collar. It has glowing yellow trim and a fist sized yellow jewel in it's lower front. He's wearing his iridescent white ankle length skirt. We land in front of his throne. I stare at my humiliated big sister. I jump up and yell, "Yownah! Yownah!" Tears stream down our mother's fragile cheeks. Tukkiy painfully asks, "O my dove, what's he done to you?" My father weeps. Yownah hopelessly stares back at us. Semjaza forcefully says, "Yownah has not been a good lover..." I shout, "Rapist!" His fist sized yellow jewel glows. Me and my parents fall to my knees, lose our voices. I'm totally paralyzed. Semjaza looks down at my father and says, "Lamech, command your rebellious daughter to treat me right for the next six years and --I'll release her on her twenty first birthday... Talk to her!" My father stands up leaning on his staff. He runs to his daughter. He hugs her tightly. Distressed, Lamech says, "Yownah, --speak to me..." Yownah fearfully says, "Father, what he does to me is... So wrong!" Lamech fearfully says, "O-Yownah, I know... King Semjaza, may I talk to my wife?" Semjaza coldly says, "You may..." My frail mother can move again. She sits up. Tukkiy emotionally shouts, "You can't ask her to accept that!" Lamech timidly says, "If I don't, Semjaza might give Yownah to the mighty researcher... Mother Qoph told me about his bloody tests... Yownah is better off with our king." Tukkiy bitterly shouts, "She'd be better off dead!" Lamech sobs and says, "Death is not the worst thing in Sheol! --I want our precious daughter to live!" Tukkiy asks in agony, "Yownah, I love you! What should I tell your father?" Yownah whimpers, saying, "Mother, ---I don't know...." Tukkiy weeps and says, "Lamech, do

what's right for our daughter... " Humiliated, Lamech says, "Yownah, if you obey the king, ---I believe he will let you go after six years..." Yownah agonizingly says, "I can't... That's like forever!" Lamech's tears flow down to his graying beard as he says, "Six years seems like forever till they're gone... It will end. You will be free!" Tears flow down from her reddened eyes. Yownah says, "Father, I can't.." Trembling, Lamech comforting says, "Yownah, know that we all love you! --Please live! Please live!" Yownah tearfully says, "Father, I'll try... I'll be good to --our king.." I watch their humiliation. I ask, "O God, why?" Asbeel and Vashti return us home.

A new moons latter, Tubal takes my parents and me to my grandfather's stone house. Methuselah takes me to the hot springs to swim. I play with my toy boat. Something unseen in steaming hot waters attacks me. My grandfather rescues me. Then Methuselah told me lot of stories about God and Enoch. His stories inspired me to think that maybe God exists.

Two years years latter, I'm fourteen years old. My family is dressed as usual. We sit around our fire-pit, eating nuts and fruits, and drinking water from our clay jars. We hear Nowtsah's troubled voice, say, "Tukkiy come quickly, our father is dying..." We put on our heavy furs. We tie furs around our wooden sandals with strips of animal hides. We put on primitive fur gloves. My parents grabs their staffs. My father helps my mother exit our igloo. I follow. We walk to Naster's igloo, the one with the orange ornaments. We enter his crowded igloo. He is laying down, covered by dark furs. He's not wearing his tuban. Obed and Nowtsah, wearing their dull green robes are sitting by his side. My father helps my frail mother sit down by him. Nasher struggles hard to sit up. My father and me stand by him. My mother and her sister tightly hug Nasher. Nasher says with diffucultity, "My daughters, ---the Algae is calling me..." Tukkiy tearfully kisses her father's and says, "Father Nasher, don't die! We all love you!"

Nasher looks deeply into her frail squinted eyes as he says, "We are one --- in the Algae's love... My daughters, my love will always be with you..."

Tukkiy cries. Nowtsah sadly says, "Father Nasher, forgive me! I have not always followed the Algae's love." Nasher coughs up blood and comfortingly says, "Nowtsah... You were harsh ---but I love you! ---Algae high priestess... I'm proud of you..." Lamech looks down as he asks, "Naster, is there anything I can do?" Nasher coughs up blood and whispers,

saying "No, Lamech! --I wish. -- I could save Yownah --before I --go..."

Lamech guiltily says, "Nasher, I failed!" Nasher softly whispers, saying, "Lamech, take --good care of --Tukkiy and --Noah." I kneel before him. I angrily asks, "Naster, how can you have faith?" Nasher says in a hoarse whisper, "Noah, --I love you! I lived, --by the Algae's love... My love lives on... Algae---becomes greater!" I cruelly say, "The Algae is a lie!"

Nowtsah angrily frowns at me. Nasher lays down, spits up more blood and says, "Then, may --God --bless you!" I bitterly says, "God is a lie too...

The only god is power!" Nasher tenderly whispers, saying, "Noah, you know better..." I tearfully say, "I --want my big sister back!" Nasher says in a fading whisper, "I --know.... I'm tired.. I just want to --sleep.."

Tukkiy and Nowtsah bend over him and kiss him. Nowtsah bravely says, "Let's go --and let him rest..." Tukkiy frowns as she emotionally says, "But he will never wake up again.." Nowtsah tearfully says, "I know, --sister.."

Lamech sadly says, "Bye Nasher..." He helps my mother stand up with her staff. She grabs my hand, tearfully looks back at her father and says, "Father Naster, --love you! I love you, father." Naster falls asleep. I cry.

We all cry. My mother cries on my father's shoulder. We leave Naster's igloo.

Three years latter, I'm seventeen. Yownah was taken six years ago.

It's so cold outside. Chuldah, Zabad and a young woman enter our igloo, wearing their green hooded robes. They sit with us by our roaring fire. I stand up, wearing my brown furs. I take sticks from our large pile of sticks.

I drop them into our bright flickering fire-pit. My mother is wearing dark brown hooded dress. She's sitting on furs with Chuldah. We are eating nuts from a large fur bag. I pour out cool water from a large wineskin into our clay jars. I sit down by Zabad and the young brown haired woman seated by him. Her arm is affectionatedly around his shoulders. Her pretty yellowish tan face gently smiles behind her green hood. They kiss. Tukkiy hugs Chuldah and says, "Chuldah, I'm glad you're here... Who's your son's girlfriend?" Chuldah hapily says, "Mam, my boy's hot wolf is Yayin..."

Even with our roaring fire, our frosted breathes are visable. I look at my mother. I say with a shiver, "Mother, me and Zabad will search for Chayah and Mala..." Behind her hood, Tukkiy fearfully says, "Noah, this is madness! They're dead and gone!" I forcefully say, "We don't know that..." Yayin says a little drunk, "Noah's --so brave..." Chuldah's brown

eyes tear up as she says, "Mam, Tukkiy's right on! --If I lose my groovy son, I'd freak..." Zabad nervously says, "Don't freak out mam, the metal wizard will keep us safe..." Chuldah bitterly says, "Little man, Tubal is old!" Yayin's dark squinted eyes sheepishly looks around as she says, "Zabad, --I'll -crash --on my pad..." She kisses him. Zabad proudly says, "Yayin, this be a man's trip!" I angrily ask, "Man, we should wait for Yownah to be freed..." Tukkiy frailly says, "Son, stay home! Pray to God for her everynight!" I frown. Zabad shakes his fists as he drunkenly says, "Hey king, free Yownah, or---our vengence be gnarly!" Yayin slurs her words as she says, "Ye---ah... Zabad, --be gnarly!" He looks frighten. She looks disappointed. I clench my fists and hatefully shouts, "God, --curse Semjaza!" Troubled, Chuldah says, "Man, --I don't dig your hate trip!" Tukkiy forcefully says, "Son, don't curse! Beg God to bring your big sister home safely..." I pout. We hear horrible wailing. Yayin drunkenly asks, "Who's wailing?" We hear Vashti's pained voice shout, "Help me! -- Something horrible has happened..." Except for Yayin, we jump up on our feet. Zabad curiously asks, "Hey groovy girl, are you coming?" Yayin fearfully says, "No, I'm freaked.." Zabad kisses her and says, "See you latter, hot wolf..." He playfully howls.

My mother puts on her heavy hooded furs. I grab my mother's staff, and helps her stand. The bitter cold winds hits us hard. We bow and walk outside. I see a semitransparent pink sphere, around a low floating silver platform. Yerach is sitting with Vashti. A very large black haired girl is hysterically crying, laying next to them. Vashti tries to comfort the wailing girl who's head is laying on her knees. The girl is dressed in an ankle length metallic yellow gown. Yerach is dressed in her metallic green gown. She's wearing a long cone cap is on top her very long braided white hair. Vashti is dressed in her silver gown and long cone cap. We shiver. Tukkiy asks with frosted breath, "Vashti, Yerach, --what wrong?" As the pink sphere vanishes, the platform lands. Vashti gently combs her fingers through the big girl's long black hair. Vashti sorrowfully say, "Step on up..." We step up on their platform shivering. I help my mother step up. We sit down. Zabad sits down. The platform floats up as the pink sphere apears around us, and warms us up. Chuldah sits down and asks, "Mams, who be ye?" Yerach's dark face and dark green eyes looks down at the wailing girl as she says, "I'm Yerach... My best friend is Vashti. Her wailing daughter

is Tannah... Who are you?" Chuldah points to her son as she says, "Mam, I be Chuldah and my groovy son is Zabad.." The very big girl wails. I curious ask, "How old is Tannah?" Vashti weeps as she says, "Six --years old.." Shocked, Tukkiy says, "Just six! But she is so big.." Zabad excitedly says, "Wow, she's outta sight!" Chuldah's pale face frowns as she says, "Little man, look! She's freaked out..." Tukkiy nervously asks, "Vashti, where Asbeel?" Vashti weeps. Zabad forcefully says, "Mam, lay it on me!" Vashti painfully says, "Lord Bad destroyed my--husband! Augh.. --Me and Asbeel were at the crystal palace. We cuddled on our silver couch in our glowing pink living room. Our daughter walked in...."

Slightly taller than her father, Tannah, is dressed in her new metallic yellow ankle length, short sleeved gown, slippers, and her yellow long cone cap. Her long black hair diagonally covers the upper right side of her childish tan face. Embarrassed, Tannah shyly asks, "Ow, did I come in at a bad time?" I happily say, "My pretty daughter, it's a good time!" We stand up. She hugs us both. Asbeel cheerfully says, "Tannah, my smart daughter... I --love you so!" Tannah excitedly says, "Father, --I love the lovely dress you made for me... It's alrighty!" Asbeel's kind brown eyes lovingly look at his daughter as he says, "My daughter, you look marvalous!" He briefly kisses her expose cheek. She cutely sighs. I happily say, "Your dress looks great on you, honey.." I run my fingers down my husband's long smooth black hair. I ask, "What's wrong, my love?" Asbeel nervously says, "I feel King Semjaza summoning us..." I say, "I don't like this..." We step up on our circular platform. It floats up as an oval exit briefly opens up in our walls. As we go down a long light green hallway Tannah curiously asks, "Father, what's this about?" Asbeel fearfully says, "Semjaza is thinking about stepping down and making his friend our new king..." Tannah's cute youthful face frowns as she asks, "Why would he do that? His friend is a jerk!" I calmly say, "King Semjaza has ruled for over a hundred years... He's tires of his responsibilities.." Disgusted, Asbeel says, "He just wants to play with his many women." Tannah frowns as she says, "He's so selfish..." Asbeel laughs and says, "Tannah, you're right.." I fearfully say, "Be careful what you say... Our king hears everything..."

Our platform floats to a wall. An oval entrance briefly opens up. We enter a gigantic dark blue sphere shaped room. It has a multitude of

colorful lights all around looking like overly bright stars slowly moving in the night sky. We see many sons of God and thier families floating on their platforms and discs around a huge shinny nearly transparent hollow sphere floating in the center. I see Yerach, standing with Kasdeja, and Chashaq. I see lord Bad floating on a platform with his still beautiful blond wife, their short creepy daughter and her two owls. Naamah is dressed in her golden low cut gown, slippers, and long cone cap. Her daughter is dressed in her blue valet dress and her sparkling silver cape. Penemue is floating on his platform, with his wife Lady Mirsha'ath and their latest inimate child companion. She's a ten year blond girl, wearing a sleeveless white robe.

Penemue is holding his glowing white tablet near his collar's fist-sized glowing red jewel. His pale, brown eyed face, stares down. He writes on his tablet with his index finger. Dressed in her long black furs and furry cap, his wife runs her fingers through his long brown hair. He gently touches the sides of his wife's short black hair. Lady Mirsha'ath's dark eyed, dark brown face smiles at their blond girl. She roughly grabs the girl by her long hair. Penemue talks to lord Bad but I can't hear what they say.

In the middle of the huge sphere, floats a large golden platform. On it, are the king, the queen, the prince and Shemrith. They are dressed as usual. They're sitting on throne-like glowing crystal chairs with high fancy backs. The king's chair glows yellow. At his right, Ashtoreth's chair glows pink. She's wearing her metallic pink gown and her long cone cap. A large green snake slithers around her neck. At the kings left, Tammuz's chair glows orange. He's holds his long golden shepards staff. Yapheh his old black sheep is by his feet. Tummuz wears his knee long metallic orange skirt, and his large golden crown on top his long reddish brown hair. At his left, Shemrith's chair glows purple. She is dressed in a sparkly green sleeveless gown, elbow lenght gloves, and her green cone cap. We float near the giant floating sphere. Asbeel forcefully says, "Our great king has a royal announcement.." Yapheh fearfully baas. Semjaza stands up. His family frowns. He spread his arms wide open. Semjaza solemnly says, "I have diligently ruled this world for many years... But I want to spend more time with my beloved family... My friend will be the new king. I believe that Vasht's wise counsil would be very helpful for him... Mighty researcher, Vashti, enter the royal sphere." We both float inside the huge sphere like it's nothing. Lord Bad walks onto the king's platform, and bows

his head. He says with false humility, "My glorious king, I am greatly honored..." Tammuz nervously holds his lamb and says, "Yapheh, quiet..." Yapheh obeys. I step off my platform, and walk before the king. I gracefully bows and nervously say, "King Semjaza, --maybe someone else should be his high counsilar.." Semjaza angrily says, "Vashti, accept your responsibility! Your authority will be second only to him..." Asbeel fearfully says, "Vashti, maybe you could do some good." Tannah happily shouts, "Mother, I believe in you!" I pause. I slowly say, "I will not serve the Goat!" Layil's super blue eyes hatefully stares as she shouts, "Thou insulteth mine father!" Naamah looks back. Annoyed, lord Bad says, "Be quiet, mine princess..." She obeys. He nicely says, "Vashti, serve me --and all your husband's debts, --I shall forgive!" Asbeel says, "Vasti, think carefully..." Tannah looks disturbed. I pause for a long while. Semjaza angrily says, "Vashti, serve my friend or --be exiled!" I painfully say, "I choose exile..." I turn away. I step back on my platform. We are about to float out of the almost transparent sphere, when Semjaza forcefully says, "Asbeel, --I appoint you as the new king's high counsilar!" Shocked, Asbeel says, "But king Semjaza, you just exile my wife..." Semjaza cruelly says, "Leave her or join her in exile!" Lord Bad smiles and kindly says, "Asbeel, be my high cousilar... You and your daughter will have a great life!" I know my husband is tempted. I shout, "No Asbeel, --don't leave me!" He pauses, he looks back and forth several times. Fearful, Tannah says, "Father, you can't leave mother! You love us too much... You love her! You love her!" I fearfully say, "Asbeel love, stay with us! --It's better to be a slave among God's people, --than to rule with the Goat!" Finally Asbeel's tearfully, softly says, "Good-bye..." He stares back at our king and fearfully says, "Good-bye, king Semjaza! --I belong with my wife and my daughter!" The king clinches his fists but doesn't say anything.

Lord bad hatefully shouts, "Asbeel, I challance you to a royal sphere duel!" I fearfully say, "Asbeel, for me and Tannah's sake, --don't!" Asbeel arrogantly asks, "Mighty researcher, do you want to challenge my guardian Kasdeja?" He calmly says, "Yes!" Kasdeja clinches his bonely fists. He smacks his palms so hard that everyone hears it. Chashaq growls. It's three purple collars glow. It bares all it's long fangs, it's six dark yellow eyes stare all around as it wags it's long furry tail. Tannah hugs her father and excitedly says, "Father, do it! Kasdeja will destroy him!" I painfully say,

"No, Tannah, --it's a trap!" Her pretty brown eye sparkles as she proudly says, "No way... Kasdeja rules!" Asbeel forcefully shouts, "If Kasdeja wins, you and your family are exiled! My family stays!" Lord Bad cruelly says, "I win, --I destroy your earthly body!" Kasdeja's black face frowns as he arrogantly shouts, "Fool, --I be death!" Lord Bad smiles wickedly as he says, "Then death shall be --my slave!" Annoyed, Kasdeja says, "I've beaten you before... Let's do this!" I shout, "No, Asbeel! Don't risk our lives!" Asbeel cheerfully says, "Vashti, trust me... It will be alrighty!" I sadly say, "No, it won't.." Asbeel confidently shouts, "King Semjaza, --I accept, if you will enforce these terms..." The king nervously looks at Kasdeja's muscular, dark boney body, his long black braided hair, his dark skullish face and his scary coal black eyes. Semjaza looks at his blond friend and asks, "My friend, ---are you sure?" He proudly says, "Don't worry!" Semjaza spread his arms out as he shouts, "Let it be!" The royal family's golden platform rises through the the top of the sphere and floats above it. Semjaza points to both of them and shouts, "The rules are absolute! No discs! No shields! Enter the royal sphere. Fight until one of you submits or their body is completely destroyed!" Vashti stops telling us her story. Tannah's head is still laying on her mother's lap sobbing. Vashti breaks down, and cries uncontrollably.

Zabad nervously asks, "Man, what happened?" Chuldah sadly says, "Little man, she's unglued!" Yerach's dark face frowns as she sadly says, "I'll tell you... I was standing by my husband, Kasdeja..." Our platforms floats to the opposite sides of the huge sphere. Kasdeja and lord Bad's discs silver discs detaches from the lower back of their broad cape-like collars, floats, turns horizontally and lands on their platforms. Naamah trembles by her husband's side, as she says, "I'm scared..." He grabs her, and passionately kisses her. He says, "I will humilate Kasdeja!" His short daughter's rich red lips smiles wickedly. Layil confidently says, "Mine mother, fear not..." Her father smiles down at her. He puts his right hand on her silver tiara that's on top her long wavy white hair and touches her bare forehead. His skin glows whitish blue, his blue eyes glow, his irises widen as a third eye appears in his forehead. Eight long golden horns sprout around his golden halo crown. His head becomes a abstract goat's head, that has four identical faces. A face in front. A face on the right. A face on the left and a face in back. His muscular arms divide into four arms

as four large eagle-like white wings with many blue eyes sprout from his back. His clothes don't change. I stare at the crystal white demon. I say to my hated husband for the first time, "Kasdeja, --I'm proud of you... Destroy him!" I kissed him on the cheek. Kasdeja softly says, "Girl, love you!

Love Shemrith! That's for real..." Our daughter is still sitting with the royal family. Shemrith shouts, "Kasdeja, father... Love you! Now win!"

He shouts, "My little girl, this fool's going down!" He pets Chashaq.

Kasdeja forcefully says, "Chashaq, --guard family!" Kasdeja becomes dark shiny purple as a pair of black eyes appear above his human eyes. He changes into a four faced jackal as four large bat-like wings sprout out of his back. He has a face in front, a face on each side and a face in back.

Each face has a long muzzle, and four coal black eyes. His head sprouts four evenly spaced long pointed jackal ears around his glowing golden halo crown. He looks like an upright standing boney jackal with four muscular arms. His white skirt, and cape-like collar that has glowing purple trim and his fist sized purple jewel don't change.

Kasdeja and the Goat jump up and fly with their wings into the huge nearly transparent royal sphere like it's nothing. Equal numbers cheer and boo each of them. They attack each other. Kasdeja grabs the Goat and forcefully throws him against the edge of the sphere. The Goat vanishes from one side. He appears on the opposite side like he was thrown from the opposite side. The Goat shoots several fist sized bright blue energy balls out of his palms. They explodes around Kasdeja who shoots purple beams back at him. He evades the beams and shoots blue energy beams from each of his four arms but Kasdeja flies around evading them. The Goat grabs the monstrous jackal and throws him up against the top of the sphere. Kasdeja vanishes and appears zooming up from the bottom. He shoots and stuns the Goat with a broad purple power beam coming out of his palms. The audience cheers and boos. Quickly flapping their amazingly powerful wings, both Kasdeja and the Goat fly around, attacking and avading each other so fast it's hard to see who exactly who being clawed, beaten, or shot. They look like white and purple blurs crashing into each other. Kasdeja shoots purple beams out of his palms at the Goat who shoots blue beams back. The blurs grab each other. They take turns throwing each other into the edge of the sphere. They appear on the opposite side like they're thrown in from the opposite direction. Their huge wings flap at incredible

speed. They crash into each other again and again. The Goat shoots many bright blue energy balls that explode all around Kasdeja. The Goat quickly cuts off one of Kasdeja's legs at the knee with a blue energy beam. The jackal's leg floats around. They keep crashing into each other and ferociously clawing each other with their powerful arms and legs so fast it's mostly a blur. Kasdeja cuts off the Goat's right two arms with his purple power beams shooting out of his clawed hands. The Goat's disembodied arms float around. The Goat tears off one of Kasdeja's long ears with one of his remaining arms. He shoots a bright beam cutting off one of Kasdeja's wings, making it hard for him to fly around. The cut off wing floats around too. Kasdeja keeps shooting more purple power beams. Finally his beams cut off both of Goat's right wings. The Goat can't evade his attacks anymore. The Goat shoots a blue energy beam that cuts off Kasdeja's left arms around his elbow. Body parts float all around them. Kasdeja blasts the Goat's right face off with a power beam. Madly flapping his three remaining bat-like wings, Kasdeja powerfully grabs the Goat by his thick throat, and powerfully chokes him in the middle of the sphere.

Naamah fearfully shakes her head. Layil smiles. Shocked, Naamah shouts as the audience goes wild, "Layil, thy father is losing!" Layil happily says, "Have faith in mine father!" Kasdeja totally overpowers the pathetically twitching Goat. Kasdeja angrily shouts with his echoing voices, "Fool --- Submit!" The Goat moans but mockingly says, "Fool! --Thou submit!"

Kasdeja ferociously rams his other very sharp right clawed hand deeply into the Goat's chest who screams in agony as his chest is broken into.

Suddenly, brightly glowing blue liquid squirts out of the Goat's broken chest all over Kasdeja. Chashaq mournfully howls. Yapheh fearfully baas.

All the drops of blue liquid quickly flow straight up to Kasdeja's jackal-like mouths. The audience cheers and boos. Kasdeja's echoing voices asks, "Augh, --what's da Sheol?" He tries to close his mouths but the glowing blue liquid is already going down his throats. The Goat says with his echoing voices, "My, --latest --modified energy para--sites!" We helplessly watch in utter horror. The dark purple jackal's many dead black eyes look mad. He pulls his hand out of the Goat's chest. Kasdeja hatefully shouts, "Fool! ---I'm immune!" He tries to cut off the Goat's head by shooting a purple power beam out of his palm but he shakes and stops moving. The Goat's echoing voices cruelly mocks him, as he asks, "Are you sure? I

made these especially for you!" Kasdeja violently shakes and furiously shout with his echoing voice, "Fool, --I read your mind! Release --kana (sudue) 909, code abandon!" The Goat's echoey voice happily says, "My parasites don't accept release codes from their hosts.." Kasdeja can barely move as the glowing blue liquid seeps into his many coal black eyes.

Kasdeja struggles to bitterly shouts, "Dis-honour---able!" The Goat echoey voice forcefully says, "Honor is for fools... Now submit!" The living liquid covers Kasdeja's eyeballs. The Goat's chest closes together and quickly heals. His cut off body parts float back to him and reattaches. Kasdeja jerkingly bows his head and says in an echoey monotone voice, "I--submit to --the lord!" Kasdeja's right leg, one wing and one of his left arm floats back to him, and reattaches. He heals. The audience mostly boos. I see that Asbeel, Vashi, and Tannah are crying. King Semjaza stands up from his crystal yellow chair and joyfully shouts, "My friend is victorious!" The audience hushes. Shemrith's black eyes look horrified as she stands up and shouts, "Hey king, your friend cheated!" Annoyed, Semajaza says, "Shemrith, don't be unlady like!" His fist sized yellow jewel glows causing her to lose her voice and sit back down.

Vashti sorrowfully shouts, "Asbeel, flee!" He holds his wife and daughter close. Asbeel tearfully says, "I'm such a fool... Vashti, you're so wise. Carry on without me." Tannah, emotionally, shouts, "Kasdeja won! He won! He won!" Yephah baas fearfully. Chashaq mournfully howls. Tammuz grabs his old black sheep as he says, "Shemrith's right!" Semjaza angrily says, "Son, sit down!" Tammuz holds his black sheep next to his big chest. Ashtoreth angrily stares at the king with her crystal pink eyes. The Goat and Kasdeja fly out together. They land on the platform where Naamah, Layil, and her owls are standing. They quickly float towards Asbeel. The Goat changes back into lord Bad. He happily says, "Asbeel, come --or your family dies!" Vashti and Tannah holds Asbeel tightly. He pushes his family away from him, and leaps onto the lord Bad's platform. Vashti cries hysterically. Tannah shouts like she's dying, "Father, father Asbeel, you can't leave us! --Can't leave, --me! God help my father! Help!" Asbeel weep as he says, "My loves! I --have to go..." Kasdeja jerkenly moves behind him. The dark purple four faced jackal with four bat-like wings, jerkedly grabs him with two of his claw hands. His other two clawed hands tears Asbeels disc off and throws it aside. Depressed,

Asbeel says, "Kasdeja, --you're my guardian..." Lord Bad laughs and says, "My slave has no choice!" Vashti calms down, wipes away her tears and says, "Lord, ---I'll be your high couislor... Have mercy on my husband! Please lord, have mercy!" Tannah whines, saying, "Please Lord, --don't hurt my father!" He shoots a blue beam that cut off Asbeel's right arm. Asbeel screams in agony. Tannah screams. Vashti fearfully says, "Lord, I apologize! Forgive Asbeel... Lord, I serve you forever... Mercy please!" Tannah angrily shouts, "Stop hurting my father!" He ignores them. He cuts off Asbeel's left arm. Asbeel screams again. Kasdeja knocks Asbeel down face first down and steps on him forcing him onto his belly. Lord Bad steps onto Asbeel's back. He helplessly squirms under his right foot. Tears run down Asbeel's cheeks as looks up at his weeping wife and daughter. Asbeel comfortingly says, "Don't worry, my loves! --My spirit will --go back --to God..." His wife's eyes flood with tears. Vashti miserably shouts, "Asbeel, I love you!" Tannah shouts, "O-father As—beel! God must save you!" Naamah looks troubled but Layil happily watches. Lord Bad points down at Asbeel and happily mocks God, saying, "The Lord said that the serpent's head will be crush!" He brutally stomps on Asbeel's head. Each stomp causes a bright pink flash. The third stomp causes Asbeel to vanish in a very bright pink flash. Lord Bad shouts in triumph, "I am the Lord now!!!" Tannah and Vashti scream in agony. Everyone there is shocked except for lord Bad's smiling daughter. Even Naamah looks disgusted. Layil's super blue eyes looks up adoringly at her father as she says, "Mine father, how great thou art?"

Vashti falls down on her knees by her daughter. Tannah hangs her head down. She furiously raises her fists. She looks up, and screams. Tannah's shakes, her yellow cone cap falls off her head as she shouts, "Just--ice, --for my father! --As--beel! Aa-aaugh, justice!" Her long black hair diagonally covering her right eye flies back like a mighty wind blew on it, exposing ---her monstrosly large bloodshot glaring white serpent's eye. Sickening hatred glares out it's vircially slit, flaming red pupil. I feel ill. I see her badly swollen right side of her face covered with translucent yellow scales and palsating purple vains around that horrible eye. I look away. I see that everyone here looks sick except for Layil. Even the king and his friend looks ill. Sitting on her chair, Ashtoreth sickly smiles. Tannah shakes her fists at lord Bad. Her glaringly white serpent eye stares at him

as she furiously shouts, "You! --And you--will drown in blood!" Semjaza angrily shouts, "Shut up!" His yellow jewel faintly glows but stops glowing. Shocked, Semjaza fearfully shouts, "Impossible!" Ashtoreth smiles. Tammuz holds Yaphneh close. He fearfully shakes his long reddish brown hair. Shemrith gasps and put her hands over her eyes. Layil angrily shouts, "Mine father, slay her!" He puts his hands on his head like he has a terrible headache and says, "I've never felt hatred like this before!" Layil angrily shouts, "Hatred tis nothing!" She jumps like an amazing acrobat onto Vashti's platform. Her owls fly over. They attacks Tannah who is much taller than her. Lilith and Samuel scratch up Tannah's legs. The short princes's sparkling silver cape swings and flashes all around her as she viciously high kicks the left side of the Tannah's face, knocking her out. Tannah falls back. She hits the platform with a thump. Her face bleeds. Instantly, I feel better. I float over to Vashti, and jump by her side. I quickly shouts, "King Semjaza, have mercy! Have mercy on them... I beg you!" Semjaza frowns down at me. Lord Bad furiously shouts, "Layil, slay them!" Layil proudly says, "Yea!" Tammuz angrily shouts, "Father, --spare them or I disown you!" I shield Vashti and Tannah with my body. Just before she would of kill us, Semjaza's yellow jewel brightly glows, paralyzing her. Semjaza shouts, "Son, I will spare them!" His friend says, "Don't be a fool!" Semjaza disappointingly says, "Friend, you're not ready to be king... A king needs compassion!" Lord Bad looks hurt. Yephneh baas. Angry, Tammuz loudly says, "Yephneh, you're right... Thanks you, father!" Lord Bad humbly says, "King Semjaza, we respect your judgment.. Please release mine little princess." Semjaza's yellow jewel dims. Layil moves again. Her father forcefully says, "Leave them alone..." Bitter, Layil asks, "Mine father, --why?" He says, "Our king commands us!" She sulks. Semjaza sadly says, "Vashti, take your mad daughter into exile, --or I will kill you both myself!" Vashti's tearfully says, "King Semjaza, thank you!" Lord Bad asks, "King Semjaza, why was Tannah so hateful?" Frustrated, Semjaza says, "Well friend, you destroyed her father's body..." Lord Bad says, "That's no reason to be ---this hateful!"

As Yerach finishes her story, Zabad's hazel eyes sparkle as he asks, "Wow man, can I see that big girl's gnarly eye?" Still comforting her wailing daughter, Vashti angrily asks, "Is this a joke to you?" Chuldah tearfully says, "Zabad little man, --I don't dig your trip!" Zabad says,

"Sorry mam, --but that eye sounds --outta sight!" Chuldah caringly says, "Zabad, be cool.." I say, "I hate to say it, --but I want to see her eye too..." Tukkiy frailly says, "Noah, --Zabad being a bad influence on you..." The big girl stops weeping. She angrily sits up. Tears flow down her left blacken bloodied eye. I stare at the long black hair hanging over the right side of her grimacing face. Horrified Vashti says, "Tannah love, don't!" She slowly pulls back the long hair hanging down over her monstrous eye. Tannah trembles and says, "No mother, --look at my eye --of justice! --You failed, father Asbeel!" We gasp. I'm sicken. I say, "I regret asking for this.." I see that hatefully flaming red slit pupil, her oversized bloodshot glaring white eye surrounded by swollen translucent yellow scales and pulsating purple veins. Vashti vomits on her dress and says distressed, "Tannah Stop! Please stop!" I turn away. Zabad covers his eyes with his hands. Tukkiy and Chuldah close their eyes tightly. Yerach emotionally says, "Tannah stop hurting your mother! --She loves you!" Tannah turns away. Vashti says relieved, "Tannah, I'm sorry.." I sadly say, "This is how I felt --when my sister Yownah was violated!" Tannah grabs my throat hard. I can't breathe. Tannah shouts, "You can't feel --my pain!" Tukkiy fearfully shouts, "Tannah, stop hurting my son!" The giant young girl lets go of my throat. I can breathe again. Tannah sadly asks, "What happened to your sister?" I breathe heavily and say, "Naamah stole my sister -so our king could, --rape her!" Tannah combs back her long black hair over that awful eye with her right hand. Tannah calmly says like it's nothing, "I will slaughter Naamah for you!" I forcefully say, "No Tannah, that's murder! Promise me, you won't!" Tannah bitterly says, "No!" Vashti's squinted eyes look disturbed as she says, "Vengeance is not wise..." Tannah bitterly says, "Vashti, you think you're so wise, -but --you didn't save my father Asbeel!" Vashti shamefully says, "I'm sorry! Have mercy on me.." Tannah tearfully says, "Mercy --is injustice!" She breaks down, cries and put her head back on her mother's lap. Vashti gently run her fingers through her young daughter's hair. Tukkiy frailly asks, "Vashti, what will you do now?" Vashti sadly says, "We'll stay at Omer..." Yerach puts her arm around Vashti's shoulders as she says, "I'll help you anyway I can, --but I must return to the crystal palace..." Vashti sincerely says, "Thanks, Yerach, you saved my daughter's life..." They hug. The pink sphere around us vanishes. Except for Yerach, we walk in the chilling cold back to

our igloo. The semi transparent sphere reappears around the platform. Yerach floats away.

Seven new moons latter, I'm 17 years and eight new moons old. I'm standing by Omer's icy entrance, this warm morning with my friends Zabad and Yayin. We walk in the snow. I'm sipping wine from a small wineskin. I'm wearing my hooded brown furs. Zabad is wearing grey furs and Yayin is wearing white furs. Zabad is holding a big wineskin. They are taking turns sipping from it. They are taking small sips but they're drunk. I chilling ask him, "Man, haven't you two sipped enough?" Yayin's yellowish tan face blushes. She kisses Zabad. Yayin slurs her words and says, "Man, we've only sip a little..." Zabad drunkenly says, "Man, sip more.." I boastfully say, "I'm not drunk --yet.." We act silly. I get serious and say, "Man, --four new moons. Then finally Yownah will be free!" Zabad pauses and says, "Man, --I -hope --so.... Hang lo-oose!" We hear a small crowd cheering. I ask, "Zabad man, --got that wine from Tubal?" Zabad laughs and says, "No --man, got this -from -ah, some--one.." Yayin laughs and says, "We got --blood --boiler?" I ask, "Yayin girl, what's that?" Her brown eyes squint sweetly. Yayin drunkenly says, "Heavy wine --mixed with --mag-ic, --magic mush-rooms..." Zabad says, "Man, --dig these cool colors... Want --some?" I sip from my wineskin and say, "Nay.." Zabad playfully says, "Come on man, --it's -out -of ---sight! --The Algae ---says..." Yayin giggles. We walk by the cheering crowd. I ask, "What --does the Algae say?" Zabad giggles and says, "Dig this --wine, --man! Ha, ha, ha.." Yayin affectionately says, "Come on, --Noah, --take a sip... It's a trip..." I ask, "Man, what's this crowd into?" Surprised, Zabad asks, "They're real?" His girlfriend kisses him and drunkenly says, "Woo-ooo..."

In the middle of this small crowd, a man wearing black furs is training Tannah how to fight. She is dressed in yellowish furs. She's is a head taller than the tall man she's playfully fighting with. Vashti watches. She's wearing gray furs and her long cone silver cap. Yerach is by her, wearng brown furs. Her long green cone cap is on top her very long braided white hair. Tannah kick the dark man in the stomach. He falls over and says, "Ouch! ---Good kick!" Tannah's hair covers her ugly eye. Her cute tan face smiles down at him, as she says, "Yes, Heyman!" I point at him and say, "I remember him. He asks Methuselah about God several

years ago.” Yayin drunkenly asks, “Really man?” Zabad happily says, “Man, --he’s --way out!” Heyman playfully fights with Tannah. Heyman forcefully says, "Hurt enemies, not friends.. Practice! Kick, kick, block, punch repeatedly, block, kick harder! Kick, kick, block, punch repeatedly, kick much harder! Punch!" Tannah fiercely fights the air around her. If she actually hit people like this, she would kill them. Heyman waves his arms and says, "Tannah, -that's enough!" She pulls back her hair, exposing her monstrously big eye. The crowd hushes. She points at her eye and shouts, "Look at, --the eye of --justice!" Nowtsah, Obed and more algae worshippers walk out to the crowd. Tannah opens hers arms wide and says as many cheer, "Almighty, justice, ---for all! --For justice, --we must all become stronger!" The crowd happily chants, shouting, "Tannah! Tannah! Tannah! Tannah! Tannah!" Tannah sincerely says, “For justice, --we will cleanse the world from the wicked! --For justice! For justice! For justice!” The crowd repeatedly shouts, “For justice! For justice, for justice..” Vashti walks out to her daughter and says, "No love... This is hatred!" Tannah shouts down at her, "Shut up!" Yerach limps as she asks, "Respect your mother?" Tannah stares at Yerach. She fearfully backs off. Yayin drunkenly says, "Wow, -she’s --dan-ger-ous.." Zabad drunkenly says, “Cool.” Vashti gently says, "Tannah, love.." Husky man Obed, wearing his dull green robe thumps his algae staff down and shouts at them, "Silence!" The crowd hushes. Nowtsah holds up her algae staff and forcefully says, "Tannah, your hate poisons us... You must leave!" Vashti emotionally says, “Algae high priestess, she’s only seven years old... Tannah apologize!” Nowtsah skeptically asks, “Tannah, will you apologize?” Tannah angrily shouts, "Coward... You will be sorry!" Obed’s stringy black bearded face angrily frowns as he says, “Leave now!” Vashti and Yerach shakes their heads. The crowd boos. Tannah stomps away through the deep slushy snow. Vashti, Yerach and half the crowd, follows her. Notwsah shouts at them, "Don't leave the Algae! Don't leave love!" Heyman walks up to her and says, "Algae high priestess, you're a coward... I will die, ---for justice!" He runs through the slushy snow after Tannah. Shocked, I ask, "Man, how can they follow a mad seven year old?" Zabad and Yayin takes turns sipping the blood boiler from his wineskin. Zabad admiringly say, "Man, --that big hot wolf is --outta sight!" He playfully howls. Yayin happily slurs her words saying, "Yeah, --Tannah girl! Yeah, yeah, yeah..." I rub my dark

brown beard. I nervously says, "She's mad!" Yayin drunkenly says, "Groovy, --mad!" Zabad kisses Yayin and excitedly says, "Yayin, --I dig you.." Yayin playfully howls.

Chapter 6 The Sea

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I curiously ask, "Grandfather, was that big girl really that scary?" Below Enoch's silly fur cap, Noah looks disturbed as he slowly says, "Her hatred was..." Pe'ullah looks up sadly beneath her furry cap and says, "But her parents were nice. She was nice..." Beneath her red feathered headdress, Sha'ah sadly says, "Maybe she was... I only saw the monster she became! Pe'ullah, hate does that!" Tubal's dark face smiles as he says, "But Tannah had great powers.." Sha'ah fearfully says, "Terrible powers..." Noah says, "Enough about Tannah! Four new moons latter, I was eighteen years old. Me and my parents visited my grandparents during a terrible blizzard... Inside their stone house, we reclined on soft furs around their warm comforting fire under their chimney. Methuselah led our family in prayer before we ate some nuts and delicious fruits. We drank water in clay jars..."

Wearing his gray furs, with Enoch silly old fur cap over his long grayish white hair, Methuselah sadly grimaces as he says, "Lord God, --bring Yownah home! --Please Lord God, let it be!" Grandma Qoph closes her eyes and tearfully says, "It's been seven long years! Semjaza promised to release Yownah this year... Lord God, make him keep his promise!"

Tukkiy longingly says, "O-God, I've wait-ed forever! God, bring Yownah home, --to me... I beg you, Lord God!" I angrily say, "That raptist better release --my big sister or --I'll kill him!" Lamech rubs back the messy white stripe in his graying hair as he nervously says, "I'm sorry! --It's all my fault.." Worried, Tukkiy sorrowfully says, "O-God, free Yownah, my precious dove!" We all bow our heads low. We pray and wait.

We hear growling sounds. Kasdeja's monotone voice says, "King Semjaza summons Lamech, Tukkiy, and Noah..." Methuselah, wearing his gray furs, stands up. He grabs his spear. Grandma Qoph stands. She grabs

her staff. Kasdeja jerkily opens the bear fur curtain. He enters.

Shemrith comes in behind him. She wears dark hooded furs. She stoops so she can enter their house. Her black eyes stare at Methuselah.

Shemrith's pretty dark face looks sad as she says, "Methuselah, pray for my father!" I look up at his narrow lifeless face. His eyes are covered by that glowing blue liquid. Grandma Qoph's much wrinkled bloated face frowns as she says, "This demon is getting what he deserves.." Shemrith tearfully says, "But he's my father... Do you hate me too?" Grandma Qoph's light green eyes look sad as she says, "No Shemrith... You're nice..."

Methuselah puts down his spear. His right hand grabs Shemrith glove covered hand. Methuselah bows his head and prays, saying, "Lord God, have mercy on Kasdeja... Free him from the Goat! Let it be." Kasdeja coldly says, "Lamech, Tukkiy, Noah, come.." Tears flow down Shemrith's smooth dark cheeks as she asks, "Why didn't God free him?" Grandma Qoph brushes back her long white hair as she says, "Patience! We'll keep on praying for him!" Methuselah rubs his long grayish white beard and says, "God will free him someday..." Shemrith weeps. Methuselah forcefully says, "Kasdeja, take us to Yownah!" Grandma Qoph pulls her brown hood over her head as she says, "I must see Yownah!" Kasdeja's monotone voice says, "No... Sleep.." His palms flash a purple light at my grandparents. They fall down on their furs and sleep. Kasdeja's dead sounding voice says, "Come!" We and Shemrith follow Kasdeja out.

I bitterly asks, "How dare you?" A purple flash. I wake up with a terrible headache. I'm laying on something hard. Chashaq sadly moans. I open my weary eyes. I sit up. We're sitting on a circular silver platform inside a semitransparent purple sphere. We quickly float high through gray stormy clouds. Tukkiy's frailly asks, "Son, are you alright?" I triedly say, "Ah, mother..." Lamech frowns. I look up at the large dark gray furry beast next to Kasdeja softly growling. Around it's three furry necks are glowing purple collars. Each head has two long pointed ears, two dark yellow eyes and long white fangs. It's long bushy tail hangs limp. I look at the horrible glowing blue liquid covering Kasdeja's eyes. Sitting by us, Shemrith cries.

We speed towards the great ice covered mountain. We fly above the dark stormy clouds. We float up by the great yellowish white crystal palace. An oval entrance briefly opens up. We enter and go down the shimmering yellow hallway. The purple sphere around us vanishes. Shemrith sadly

stands up, and steps down from the platform. She runs to Tammuz. He's holding his golden shepard staff, dressed his orange skirt and sleeveless shirt. They embrace. The platform takes the rest of us to the end of the hallway. An oval entrance briefly opens up. We enter the gloriously huge humid throne room. We smell the wonderous odours coming from all the bright colorful flowers on the grassy ground below us. We float to the giant floating star shaped yellow platform slowly rotating, in the middle of five strange colorful fruit trees evenly placed around the edges of the gigantic steamy room.

My eyes burn with anger as I see the king on his crystal pink throne shaped like Ashtoreth sitting. A couple young girls are sitting on his lap wearing only vines and feathers. He is dressed as usual. My father fearfully stands up. My frail mother nervously sits. Lamech bows as he timidly says, "King Semjaza, --please free my daughter, Yownah..." My mother pulls back her hood, her tearful yellowish face grimaces. Tukkiy looks up at him, and shouts, "King Semjaza, --keep your promise!" I see his golden halo crown is on top his long smooth black hair. His yellowish tan face and squinted brown eyes arrogantly looks down at us. Semjaza coldly says, "Yownah wasn't a good lover, --so I gave her to my friend..." Bitter tears flood my eyes. Tukkiy shouts, crying, "O--- no! O-Yown-ah!" Lamech gasps. I jump up and furiously shout, "Raping my big sister wasn't enough!" His yellow jewel glows. Semjaza angrily says, "Silence!" My throat closes up. My spine agonizingly twists. I can't even scream. I fall down. My mother screams. She tries to stand with her staff. Tukkiy emotionally asks, "King Semjaza, is my daughter, Yownah --alive?" Lamech emotionally shouts, "Is she?" My throat opens. My mother hugs me too tight. Shocked, Lamech shouts, "O-king, you prom—ised!" Semjaza timidly says, "She's alive..." Tukkiy angrily asks, "Did you command lord Bad, ---not to kill her?" Semjaza nervously pushes the girls off his lap as he says, "I don't remember... Kasdeja, take us to Sheol!" He walks towards us. My mother weeps profusely. My father tries to comfort my frail mother but she pushes him away. He step up on Kasdeja's platform. Lamech pulls out his hair out as he painfully shouts, "Let Yownah be alive! Please God!" In agony, I shout, "Big sister! Yownah.. Yownah!" We float up. A purple semitransparent sphere appears around us. An oval exit opens up in a wall. We fly outside above the raging storm.

The sphere protects us and keeps us warm. We weeps. We speedily fly far away to the fowl desert, where it never snows.

I look way down. I see a huge white five-sided, three level building, that has a tall circular silver fence all around it. Five large smoking furnaces evenly space around are part of it's fence. The building's upper levels are in the center of ones below it. Each level is half as wide as the one below it. The top level is three times taller than the others and has a five sided gold pyramid on top. In front of it's large rectangular silver door, I see Layil standing between her two big owls. She's dressed as usual. Her sparkling silver cape blows in the wind. A small silver cage floats by her.

She looks up as we float down by her. The purple sphere vanishes. We softly land. The bitter cold winds and the odour of burnt flesh hit us hard. I gasp. I ask, "What's that smell?" Lamech holds his nose, and says, "Burnt dead things..." I look down at Layil's silver tiara and her white stone pendant. It's inscribe with a violet symbol, a circle merged on top of a horizontal curved line twice as wide as the circle and that ends curve halfway up the circle's height. Semjaza shouts above the howling winds, "Kasdeja, stay!" He says in a monotone, "Yes!" Chashaq howls. Me and my parents shiver uncontrollably. The cold air is painful to breath. My father helps my frail mother to stand up with her staff. We step off the platform. We huddling together. We quickly walk on these slippery icy grounds. Layil says with frosted breath, "King Semjaza, tis an honor..." Her rich red lips smile wickedly. She gracefully walks back to the large silver door that opens by itself. She enters. Her large owls follow her. We enter.

I feel the wonderful warmth touch my frosted face. Inside is a huge glowing white room that has many transparent cages all around with all kinds of weird creatures trapped inside them. Layil walks up to her tall father. He's dressed as usual. His silver large disc is attached behind the lower back of his collar. He happily asks, "King Semjaza, how may we serve you?" Semjaza hopefully asks, "Where's Yownah?" Disturbed, his friend says, "I thought you were done with her..." Layil takes a tiny squealing white mouse out of her floating cage. She holds the squirming mouse up. Tukkiy fearfully asks, "Where's my daughter, Yownah?"

Lamech nervously looks around. Semajaza nervously asks, "Friend, where is she?" Layil smiles. Her father hestitates. Tukkiy frowns behind her dark

brown hood, and says with incredible dread, "Tell me, --did you didn't give my daughter, --to --her?" He timidly says, "About that..." I fearfully ask, "Where's --my big sister?" Layil casually throws the squealling little mouse to her brown horn owl. He swallows the white mouse down head first. Semjaza angrily asks, "Where's Yownah?" His friend protectively puts his right arm around his short daughter's little shoulders. Layil happily shouts, "Yownah, cometh!"

We stare at a large oval entrance opening in the glowing white wall behind her. We scream. Yownah's headless body jerkenly walks in. Her severed neck is caped by a silver disc with six small blue lights flashing around it's edges. She wearing a knee lenght sleeveless grey robe. Her jerking body walks in front of us. It stops. My mother faints. I falls down on my knees on the hard white floor. I'm throw up. My father screams. I scream. Beyond shocked, I stand up. I walk over to my big sister's headless body. I hug her tightly. I cries on her shoulder. I shout, "Yown—ah, big sister! Yown-ah, --you can't be dead! --I loved you too much! Augh-gh-gh!" My father pukes. Lamech shouts, "I want to ---die! Die.." He attacks the short princess but her owls jump up and pushes him back. She winks at him. Trembling, I slowly let go of my big sister's body. I stare down at the silver disc and flashing blue lights on top Yownah's neck. I point to that demoness and furious shout, "Semjaza, kill her! --Kill her! Kill her! Kill --her for Yownah!" Semjaza clinches his fists. His yellow jewel glows brightly. Semjaza shouts, "Layil must die!" A blue semitransparent sphere appears around her father, her, and her squealling owls. An unseen power brutally forces them down on their hands and knees like a great weight crushing them. Semjaza's fists angrily hits the blue sphere several times causing bright yellow sparks. Layil fearfully shouts, "Mine father, Mine father, ---saveth me!" He painfully shouts, "King Semjaza, --my friend, --stop! ---It's your fault!" Semjaza angrily shouts, "No, --it's your fault!" His friend struggles to look up at him as he says, "Please stop hurting --mine princess! You should of told me that you wanted this test subject kept healthy!" Semjaza's yellow jewel dims. The great unseen power stops crushing them. I walk up to the king. I beats his nearly bare chest with my fists as hard as I can. Tearfully furious, I shout, "Kill --her now! --Or --kill me! Augh! Augh! --Augh-gh.. Kill ---her!" Semjaza bows his head as he says, "No.." His friend helps his short

daughter stand up. The fighten owls also stand up. The blue semitransparent sphere vanishes. My mother wakes up. Tukkiy agonizingly shouts, "O-God, Yownah is dead! --Let me die! O-Yown—ah! Yownah!" I look back at my big sister's still twitching headless corpse. It's just standing there. I fall down on my knees. I weep profusely. In despair, I shout, "O--Yownah... God is dead! ---God is dead!" Layil fearfully says, "Mine father..." He bends down and holds his white haired princess tightly. He comfortingly says, "O-mine little princess..." Semjaza furiously grabs him by his throat, and asks, "Friend, how could you?" His friend sadly says, "You didn't tell us not to do tests." Semjaza bitterly shouts, "You should of known better!" Layil's intensely blue eyes stare at the king as she bitterly says, "King Semjaza, thou once loveth me..." Greatly ashamed, the king lets go of her father. He turns away in shame. An oval entrance briefly opens up for them in the wall. Layil and her father exit the room.

The king looks at my grieving father. Semjaza sadly says, "Lamech, --I'm so sorry! --Your debt is paid..." My father screams. His right hand is forcefully raised. The tiny white star shaped demon pops right out of his palm. It floats over to Semjaza. He grabs it. Ashamed, Semjaza, says, "I will give you --- anything... Just ask!" Tukkiy tearfully shouts in agony, "Yown-ah, ----a-live and well!" Lamech angrily shouts, "Give us that!" Semjaza closes his squinted eyes tightly and sorrowfully says, "Even I --- can't make the dead live!" I slap the king's face hard. I bitterly shout, "To Sheol with you and your god!" Lamech moans. Tukkiy sorrowfully shouts, "Rapist, --you kill --my precious dove! I ---hate you so--much! I hate you! Ugh.." Semjaza frowns and says, "Kasdeja will take you home..." The silver door opens by itself. I feel the horrible cold winds blowing in. We leave. We walk back to Kasdeja and Chashaq. We step up on his platform. Our many tears freeze on our cold numb cheeks. A purple semitransparent sphere appears around us. Semjaza steps outside and sadly says, "Kasdeja, take them home." Kasdeja jerkily says, "Yes."

We float back to Omer. We enters it's rocky entrance. The platform lands by our igloo. The sphere around us vanishes. Shivering from the cold, we step off the platform. The purple sphere appears around Kasdeja and Chashaq. The platform floats up and flies out. Nowtsah and Obed run up to us. Nowtsah sadly asks, "What happened?" Lamech pulls his white striped hair as he says wth frosted breath, "My daughter Yownah... She's,

she's ---dead!" Shivering, Nowtsah shuts her eyes tightly as she mournfully says, "O-Yownah... You're one with the Algae now..." Hopelessly, I say with frosted breath, "Nowtsah, --god failed her!" My mother screams in utter sorrow. Tukkiy says with frosted breath, "I want to die! --I really dead already.." She stares hatefully at my father. He's speechless. Husky man Obed asks, "How did she die?" I bitterly say, "Yownah's head was removed by, ---her!" Lamech sadly asks, "O-God, why? Why? Why?"

Tukkiy furiously shouts with frosted breath, "Lamech, you killed Yownah, my precious dove! ---Just to keep me in --this living death!" Lamech sadly says, "Tukkiy, I'd do anything!" Tukkiy scornfully says, "I know.. That how this happened!" Nowtsah furiously says, "Yownah... I will never forgive your god for allowing this!" I shout, "I agree!" Tukkiy limps on her staff to our igloo. She stoops down and walks in. Soon she limps out, hands my father his half of their wedding Algae stone. Tukkiy shouts, "Lamech, --live with your parents! --I hate you! --Leave forever!" He stands shivering. He cries. Tearfully upset, I say, "No, mother! Don't kick father out!" Tukkiy hopelessly says, "Then go with your father and I kill myself!" Lamech sadly says, "No, Tukkiy... Noah needs you! Noah, take good care of your mother!" I tearfully say, "Good-bye father." He takes his half of the Algae stone. He slowly walks away in the freezing cold. Me and my mother walk in our igloo. We sit down and cry on each other's shoulders.

The next day, just before sunset, I walk over to Chuldah's igloo, the one with lots of blue ornaments. I hear Zabad and his girlfriend inside. I hear Yayin drunkenly slurs her words as she says, "Zabad man, I----love--you!" I hear Zabad happily say, "Yayin, chug that wine, --girl!" I bow down and enter the igloo. I frown at them. They are very loosey wearing their long green robes with their hoods pulled way back. He's holding a large wineskin over his shoulder. She's sipping wine from his wineskin. Zabad drunkenly asks, "Noah, --man, ---your sister --dead?" I sorrowfully say, "Za-bad man... Why didn't God save, --my big sister?" Zabad's pale brown bearded face looks sad as he says, "Bummer man, --how --she trip...?" I nervously says, "Man, --get me some blood boiler!" Yayin's cute yellowish tan faces blushes as she happily drunkenly says, "Y-your friend --wants -to par--ty!" Zabad walks over. He grabs large wineskin lying near as the fire's flames flicker. It's warm light reflects on the curvy icy walls all

around us. He hands it to me. Zabad says, "Man, -sip.. Don't chug --this! You'll trip..." I take a big gulp from this wineskin. I say almost crying, "Yownah!" His brown hair girlfriend hugs and passionately kisses Zabad. Yayin happily shouts, "Party! Par-ty! Party!" I chug the blood boiler down, choke a little and spit some out because it burns my throat. Zabad looks worried as he says, "Seriously man, --it's a heavy trip! No chug.. No chug, chug.." Yayin's youthful squinted brown eyes looks at me seductively as she drunkenly asks, "Are you, ---man enough ---to keep chugging? Party on!" Zabad awkwardly points towards her as he says, "Yayin girl, -don't say that.. Be groovy!" I chug more and more. Yayin puts her arms affectionately around my neck and playfully kisses me. Zabad forcefully pulls her away he angrily says, "Girl, --you my hot wolf!" Yayin, smiles widely and says, "Party! Party! Party on!" I goofily say, "He-e-ey, girl, --I'll chug this tripy trip!" Zabad slurs his words and says, "Man, -- blow your ---mind!" I chug more. We all just hugged each other and acted really silly. Latter, I drunkenly say, "Zabad man, --I don't --dig how --I -fe-e-e-e-e-el-l-l... --A-a-ugh ---" I throw up. The colors gets really bright. I feel faint. I fall down on the soft furs below. Yayin wildly dances around me as she says, "He's trippin now.. Par-ty! Par---ty! Party on! Howl..." Zabad's flashing eyes looks down at me. Zabad's voice echoes as he says, "Noah man, --can you --dig it?" I look at my fingers moving around. They leave color trails. I happily say, "I'm ---feel---ing, bet-er! Woo, heavy man.." Yayin slurs her words and shouts, "I'm a --hot wolf, girl, -girl, --girl.." My head pounds. I see a bright green flash.

I wake up outside. It's dark and I'm buried in snow. My head pounds. I have no idea how I got here. I sit up. I brush snow off of me. I see huge snowflakes falling all around. They glow pink, pale purple, and light green. I struggle to drunkenly stand up. I sorrowfully asks with brightly frosted breath, "Man, where am I? ---Yown-ah, Yown-ah, --God's dead!" The giant colorful snowflakes falling all around me become shiny white. I see a bright green light beam shines down on me from the twirling purple and pink haze above. I look up. My hands shield my sore eyes from the glaring green brightness. I look way up as something fuzzy brown slowly floats down from on high. My head pounds. I hear a silly voice calling down to me, shouting, "God lives, --me great grand son!" My watery eyes focus. I see a short, balding, greenish white haired, old man

floating down. He gently lands in the snow by me wearing brown and tan furs. He has a sloped forehead, a pug nose, big jaws and a long greenish white beard. His tan skin looks greenish because of the bright green light shining down on him. His chubby wrinkled old face smiles revealing his large teeth. I ask, "Augh man, who --are --you?" He sadly looks up at me and says, "Me Enoch..." I skeptictally say, "Enoch, is---long dead!" He wildly jumps up and down. Enoch joyfully says with his really goofy voice, "Me not dead... God took me! Show me other --worlds, -and --weir-rdd-rd-d --stuff..." I drunkenly grabs him. I painfully say, "Yow-nah's --dead!" Enoch's bushy bearded face smiles under the bright green light as he happily says, "Yownah, --not gone! She with God and me..." I angrily shout, "Liar! Death -is, --the end, --man!" Enoch's kind brown eyes look up at me reflecting the bright green light as he cheerfully says, "Not for Yownah..." I angrily shouts, "Bogus man! Fool-ish, --old man!!" Yownah appears right before us, dressed in a long white hooded robe with long sleeves and fancy gold trim. I shiver. I stare at my big sister's sweet yellowish brown face. Enoch calmly says, "See Noah, --Yownah is..." She looks worried. I drunkenly shakes my head, and pukes on my furs.

Yownah sadly says, "Enoch, my little brother looks really bad..." Enoch cheerfully says, "Have faith!" I look at her. I say in unbelief, "But Yown—ah girl, --you --dead..." Yownah sadly says, "Noah, I love you! --I'm with God now..." I stare at her with mixed emotions. I trembles. I asks, "Big -sister, --how know --I, you not --de--mon?" Yownah's sweet squinted brown eyes look deeply into my soul as she sadly says, "You don't... But little brother, --you should know... Nothing, ---devoted to God is ever really gone or lost..." I slur my words joyfully, saying, "O-big sister, --I luv-v-v you-u --so-o!" I try to hug her but she vanishes. I sob. I say, "For-give me --God! Me not --know...." I turn around. I hugs Enoch very tightly and weep on his shoulder. He lovingly hugs me back. Enoch sadly smiles as his goofy voice encouragingly says, "God knows! --Me believe in you..."

With serious doubts, I say, "Enoch, --you my hero! --But me --can't--be --you.." Enoch laughs and cheerfully says, "God not want you, --be Enoch... God wants you, be --Noah! --Got of go!" He floats back up into the green light beam piercing the purple and pink swirling haze.

A bright green flash. I'm back in with Zabad and Yayin in the igloo. I'm lying on furs in front of them. Shocked, Yayin drunkenly says,

"Groovy friend back..." Zabad asks, "Man, trippy, where you --go?" I have a bad headache. I shake my head and drunkly says, "Met Enoch, man! -- Yownah --be --with God, --Way out, man!" Zabad says mockingly, "You're, tripping,--man..." Yayin happily says, "Par-ty, --Par-ty... Party on!" I throws up again.

A few mornings latter, wearing my brown hooded furs, me and Zabad step into one of Tubal's sledges near Omer's entrance. It's nice and warm.

Lots of soft snowflakes are falling all around us. Wearing his tan hooded furs, Zabad looks up at pinkish sun rising in the purple sky surrounded by orange clouds slowly turning yellow. I shout at the wolf dogs, "Wolf dogs go!" I hit their furry backs with strips of animal hides. They pull the sledge, leaving a wide trail behind us. I look over at the sleeping Re'em. It covered by thick snow, looking like a snowy hill breathing. We go to my grandparent's house. I step down into the knee high snow. I take a jug of water covered by furs to give the thirsty wolf dogs a drink. I chop up a goat carrass with a bronze axe. I feed the wolf dogs. I tie the sledge and them to a tree. We walk through the slushy snow. I shout, "Noah and Zabad here."

Methuselah's voice says, "Come on in." We open the black bear fur curtain. I see my father wearing his light gray furs. He's sitting with his parents around their fire-pit and chimney. My father is slumped over, clinging to his half of the Algae wedding stone next to his heart.

Methuselah and his very plump wife, are wearing their brown furs. He's not wearing Enoch's cap. Methuselah smiles behind his long whitish beard as he says, "Hi Noah... Hi Zabad.." Grandma Qoph's bloated whitish pink face warmly smiles as she says, "Welcome to our home.. Zabad, you look so sloppy!" Irritated, Zabad says, "Hang loose, mam!" Grandma Qoph frowns. I sit down by her. I hug her. I say, "Grandma Qoph, we're getting supplies before we explore the infinite sea.." Worried, Lamech asks, "Noah son, your mother needs you..." Zabad's pale brown bearded face smiles goofily as he says, "Man, don't freak out.. Chuldah, Gibbor, and Sob'ah are caring for her... No sweat!" Looking miserable, Lamech asks, "Does your mother still hate me?" I look into his sad brown eyes as I say, "Yeah father, --you're going to be here for a while.." My father lowers his head. Mother Qoph's light green eyes look sad as she says, "You shouldn't go to where Chayah and Mala died.." I nervously say, "They might be alive..."

Grandma Qoph says, "I wish that were true..." Zabad's frowns and says,

"Mam, you're a bummer!" Methuselah forcefully says, "Zabad, -respect my wife!" Zabad says, "Man, don't freak out!" I timidly ask, "Methuselah, may I ask you something?" Methuselah warmly asks, "What is it, grandson?" Embarrassed, I say, "I got drunk..." Mother Qoph's bloated wrinkled face frowns and says, "Noah, you know better than that!" I nervously say, "I drank some blood boiler ---and something happened..." Grandma Qoph disapprovingly says, "O---that stuff will mess you up.." Methuselah curiously asks, "What happened?" I nervously say, "A bright green light shone down on me as Enoch floated down from the purple haze. He told me God lives and that Yownah lives with God. Yownah appeared and said, Nothing devoted to God is ever really gone or lost... What do you think?" Methuselah scratches his balding wrinkled head as he asks, "Zabad, did you see anything?" Zabad cheerfully says, "Yeah man, Noah was outta sight, --then flash, he's back!" Grandma Qoph angrily says, "Zabad, you were drunk... It's all just a dream.." Methuselah says with his low elderly voice, "I don't know... Sure sounds like my father... And I believe that Yownah is with God..." Grandma Qoph skeptically says, "Come on, Noah was just messed up drunk!" I hug my grandfather. I ask, "Grandfather, was it real?" Grandma Qoph frowns. Methuselah hugs me back, smiles and softly says, "I hope so..."

Eight new moons latter, evening, I'm wearing my brown hooded furs sitting on furs in our igloo next to my frail mother. She's wearing her dark brown hooded dress. The flickering fire reflects in her sad squinted eyes and our curvy, icy walls. My mother grabs me so hard that it hurts.

Surprised, I say, "That hurts.." She loosens her grip. She lovingly licks my dark brown mustache with her tongue. Tukkiy fearfully says, "Son, --don't go to the infinite sea... I need you!" I forcefully say, "Mother, I must look for Cheyah and Mala.." Worried, Tukkiy says, "Don't look for the dead..."

Find a good wife and live..." I hopefully say, "They could be alive.." She sadly shakes her head. I timidly say, "Besides, all the girls here are Algae worshipers..." Tukkiy asks, "So... I was kind of an Algae worshiper." I angrily ask, "And how well did that work out, --for my father?" Tukkiy frowns as she says, "That wasn't the problem... And you know that!" I bitterly say, "My father failed Yownah but, everything he did, ---he did for you..." Tears flow down from her fragile eyes. Tukkiy asks, "Are you leaving because you hate me?" I kiss her on her cheek. I say, "No mother, I

love you so much! --But I got to find answers..." Worried, Tukkiy says, "Son, your love is the only thing I still feel.. Please stay!" I sadly say, "Mother, Sob'ah, and Chuldah will care for you.. I will return!" She licks my long bearded face. She cries...

The next morning, at Omer's entrance, it's cold. The pink sun rises and shines through the darkly purple cloudy sky. Zabad, Tubal, and Aqqow help me load as much supplies as possible into a large sledge.

Gibbor, Sob'ah, Tukkiy and Yayin are standing by. Zabad is wearing in his heavy tan furs. Tubal is wearing his dark gray furs with his gray tuban on top of his long white hair. 'Aqqow is wearing in her black furs with her pretty blue bonnet covering her shoulder length white hair. Wearing her green hooded robe, Yayin sadly shouts with frosted breath, "Zabad man, be careful... I groovy love you!" They wave at each other. Zabad says, "Yayin you hot wolf, --I dig you!" We wave at the aging mighty Re'em laying in the deep snow. It has ugly little patches of white hair scattered on its bulging much wrinkled body. I say, "The Re'em is such an ugly gray beast but --I will miss it." Zabad goofily says, "Man, it's way out!" We sit down in front of the many supplies including goat carcasses, metal tools, pots, etc. Tubal holds his red bowl with the magic blue needle as he says, "Here we go..." 'Aqqow sits by him, and says, "I hope we don't get lost!" Tubal proudly says, "The great metal wizard never gets lost!" 'Aqqow playfully says, "My old goat better not get lost.." Tubal hits the wolf dogs back with the strips of animal hides as he shouts, "Wolf dogs go!" The Re'em make sad noises. We ride away. I shouts, "Bye Re'em!" The wolf dogs pull us. Zabad nervously asks, "Man, how we survive?" Tubal's pale scared face smiles behind his long goateed white beard as he says, "Cheyah showed me trees that we can eat the bark of.." 'Aqqow sarcastically says, "Yummy... I can't wait.." Zabad says, "Man, what will the wolf dogs eat?" Aqqow adjusts her blue bonnets as she says, "We got several goat carcasses in back. You men will eventually hunt for the wolf dogs." I frown and say, "That sounds unpleasant.."

The wolf dogs pull us way beyond the steaming grounds. Bitter cold and raging winds. The rough slippery icy grounds seems endless. Our every painful breathe is frosted, and the blinding white snow is everywhere. Each day Tubal, me, and Zabad chop off the hard frozen bark from edible trees. We chop up goat carcasses to feed the wolf dogs. Each horrible

stormy night, Tubal using the magic black powder to start a fire. I say with frosted breath, "Thank God, for Nasher's magic black powder!" Tubal shivers and says, "Let it be...." Over our fire, we boil water in a brass pot.

We cook the yucky tree bark. We eat it. Next day, Zabad and me go hunting strange furry hopping creatures with long ears. We stab them with our spears. We feed them to our wolf dogs. Our whole bodies ache. We ride in our sledge through the bitterly cold winds that frost our beards.

There are several horrible blizzards during the next four new moons. This night, we're sitting around our fire with our hoods practically pulled shut because of the cold winds. Zabad's cheerfully says, "Happy nineteenth birthday, Man..." I'm chilling as I ask, "Really? Maybe my last.." Zabad smiles behind his hood and says, "Man, can you dig it?" I say with frosted breath, "Zabad man, you're twenty three years old.." Zabad sadly says, "Yah, man, getting old..." 'Aqqow says, "Relax Zabad, you're young..

Have you notice the weather's getting warmer?" I say, "Not really." Our fire's yellowish light shines in Zabad's hazel eyes as he shivers and asks, "Mam, are you tripping? Tubal thoughtfully says with frosted breath, "Actually, my wife is right." I say, "Let's go!" 'Aqqow shivers in her black furs and says with frosted breath, "Tubal, this trip really is miserable!"

Tubal asks, "Then why did you come with me?" 'Aqqow jealously says, "Because my old goat, I love you, and there might be pretty girls out there.." Tubal jokingly smiles as he asks, "What pretty girls?" 'Aqqow frown behind her blue bonnet as she says, "Just in case..." Zabad shivers as he dreamily says, "Man, ---meeting hot wolves would be groovy..."

Next day around noon. Gently falling snow comes down from the cloudy sky. We ride towards the endless icy white horizon. I smell an odor like rotten eggs. 'Aqqow puts her hands up to her nose and says, "Something stinks..." Zabad looks sick as he says with frosted breath, "Like rotten eggs, man!" Tubal smiles as he says, "I hadn't notice.." The wolf dogs pull us up by the endlessly wide sharp chasm about four tall men's length across. There is a long narrow ice bridge over it. Tubal excitedly says, "Look, the only way to get to the sea is over that ice bridge."

The stink gets worst as the wolf dogs pull us up to the bridge. The chasm looks like a giant endless icy crack in the earth as far as we can see. Except for Tubal, we all hold our cold noses. Tubal yells, "Wolf dogs stop!" They stop. Tubal nervously says, "That bridge looks narrower than I remember.."

'Aqqow's hazel eyes look gently at him as she says, "It may of melted some since last time." Me, Zabad and 'Aqqow step out of the sledge. We slowly, carefully walk to the edge of the chasm. The bridge is about five tall men long but is too narrow to safety cross in the sledge. We stare down into the chasm. I see only icy darkness below. Worried, I say, "I hope Cheyah and Mala didn't fall into the chasm?" Tubal forcefully says, "I doubt it!" Zabad fearfully asks, "Tubal man, --do we fall if we cross?" Tubal proudly says, "Of course not!" We step back into the sledge. We sits down. Tubal shouts, "Wolf dogs, slow!" Very slowly, carefully the wolf dogs step onto that large chunk of ice, barely wide enough for the wolf dogs to crawl up onto. It's looks slippery. I hold my breath. We all shiver. Zabad looks pale as he says, "Bogus, man!" 'Aqqow's pretty face smiles as she says, "Zabad, I trust my old goat's judgment..." The wolf dogs slowly step by tiny step pull us forward. I hears cracking sounds. The stench is worst than the cold. The wolf dogs painfully slowly pull us across. I imagine us falling into the chasm's icy grave. I hear cracking sounds. The wolf dogs pulls us to the middle. I feel the ice breaking. Zabad panics and shouts, "Man, ice breaking.. We goners!" Tubal hits the furry backs of his eight wolf dogs with his long strips of animal hides as he fearfully, shouts, "Wolf dogs run!" They run but the wolf dog in front of the sledge slips off the edge. This wolf dog is attached to the sledge by a animal hide strip. The wolf dog hangs over, swinging by it's neck growling, jerking all over, and pulling us towards the edge. Zabad screams. My heart thumps in my chest. I shout with frosted breath, "God, --don't let me die like this!" 'Aqqow quickly grabs a hatchet from the back. She chops the strip connected to the painfully yelping swinging wolf dog. We gasps. The strip snaps and the madly jerking wolf dog falls helplessly into the dark icy chasm. The other wolf dogs quickly pull our sledge over to the other side just before the ice bridge collapses behind us. We hear thumps. The yelps soon ends. We hear loud crashing sounds. Tubal's elderly blue eyes looks sad as says, "Poor wolfie..." Tubal grabs his wife, and breathlessly says, "'My prettyAqqow, ---you save me!" 'Aqqow proudly says, "That's why I'm here! Remember that!" Impressed, Zabad says, "Mam, you're was outta sight!" I'm too scared to speak. I shiver and asks, "How we get back?" Tubal holds up his fancy bronze dire wolf headed walking stick as he says, "I, --the great metal wizard, ---will do it, --somehow.." Zabad shakes his

head and says, "Man, that's bogus!" 'Aqqow cheerful says, "Zabad, we'll get back someday..." I nervously scratch my beard. I say, "Man, I hope so..."

The wolf dogs pull us through the deep snow and hilly lands till the sky clears above us just before sunset. We ride up a slippery hill by several snow covered trees. We see icy cliffs off in the distance. Tubal smiles as he says, "We're close..." I pull back my brown hood as I say, "It is getting warmer..." 'Aqqow's hazel eyes shine as she says, "Look, those tree over there have edible bark." Zabad looks disgusted as he says, "Man, I'm hungry, but tree bark is bogus!" I hungrily say, "Better than starving..." We come to a large tree. Tubal happily shouts, "Wolf dogs stop!" Tubal hands me a bronze ax and says, "Chop bark for us!" I walk through the deep snow leaving a trail behind me. I swing the heavy ax against this tree till my arms hurt, just to chip off a little bark off. I puts the bark into a fur bag.

Zabad gathers branches and stones for a campfire. We watch the sun set behind the pinkish purplish horizon. Zabad make a circle of stones. He puts a lot of branches in the center. Tubal leans on his walking stick as he says, "I'll start a fire..." I grab a metal pot. I stuff it full of snow. I grab the metal rods, and set them up over the branches. Tubal takes out his small tan bag of magic black powder. He pours it on the branches. He hits his flints over it causing little sparks. The powder explodes into a bright flames. The branches begin to burn. I grab a big copper scoop, walk over and happily say, "Thank God!" I hang the pot over the hot flames. I put the bark into the pot. It soon boils. We sit down around our fire. I scoop out water and pour it in our little clay jars so we can sooth our parch throats. I takes the metal scoop and put the boiled tree bark in some clay bowls. We eat the distasteful bark. Zabad says, "Yucky man.. Yuchy." 'Aqqow smiles at him as she says, "Thank God, we're not starving." I say, "Thank God... But it's yucky..." Tubal points towards some cliffs and says, "See those cliffs ahead, the infinite sea is just below them..." I excitedly say, "Can't wait..."

Maybe Cheyah and Mala are there.." Tubal forcefully says, "Noah and Zabad, set up the tent..." 'Aqqow gently kisses his goatee white bearded face and lovingly says, "My old goat... We need an igloo." Tubal tiredly says, "Tomorrow." We set up long branches and cover them with rather large gray furs. We set up two tents. Tubal and 'Aqqow get one. Me and Zabad crowd into the other one. We sleep.

We wake up. I look at the pinkish sun rising and shooting colorful rays over the dark cliffs. Snow gently falls down from the colorful pinkish and orangish clouds. We see some leaping furry white and brown creatures with long ears jumping around leaving trails in the snow. Me and Zabad grab our spears. We hunt down some of them. We use Tubal's axes to cut up their bloody carasses. Tubal feeds them to his very hungry wolf dogs. He starts a campfire to melt snow for the thirsty wolf dogs to drink. We eat and drink. We sit back down in the sledge. Tubal hit the backs of the wolf dogs as he tiredly shouts, "Wolf dogs go!" They pull us up the cliff near a large twisted snowy tree. Tubal hands us sharp metal climbing tools. We tie ourselves together with the long rope. As we get to the top, the air has a refreshing ordour that I have never smell before. Not sweet, not sour, but lively. We step off the sledge. I tied the wolf dogs to this tree. Standing together on top of this cliff. We look down and out in utter wonder, seeing the incredibly beautiful aqua world below us. An endless sea of liquid water with huge chunks of ice floating here and there. I see small whitish waves on top of bright aqua water that seems to go on forever into vast watery horizon touching the pale purplish sky. The sea reflects the sun and the gorgously clouded sky. 'Aqqow's hazel eyes shine as she joyously says, "God, this is gorgeous! No wonder Nowtsah wanted to see this!" Tubal proudly says, "Very lovely..." Zabad's hazzel eyes bug out, as he says, "Man, trippy! Does this prove that the Alga is a fact?" In awe, I breathlessly say, "Actually, I feel God is here..." Tubal cheerfully says, "I feel God too..." 'Aqqow looks out at the bright overwhelmingly watery horizon as she asks, "Is it too beautiful to be real!" Zabad grins behind his brown beard as he says, "Man, it blows my mind!" Tubal takes a long rope, ties it to the twisted tree and throws the other end of the rope over the cliff. Tubal wickedly smiles as he says, "Grab the rope tightly and climb down!" Tubal and 'Aqqow climb down first, then me and Zabad. We hold the rope tightly. We climb down this soggy snowy cliff using our sharp tools. We make sure our feet are on solid rock for each step down we take. It's a long ways down but it's not steep. There are plenty of rock edges to grab onto. It's slippery. We get to the bottom of the cliff. We hear gently splashing waves rolling onto the shore. The shore is covered by melting snowflakes. The gentle waves roll up on the shore. The shore feels strange beneath our fur covered sandals. It feels like very tiny squishy rocks. With his loving

wife helping him along, Tubal uses his fancy walking stick to rub the snow away and get a small sample of the strange tan stuff. We stare at the strange grainy stuff on the bottom of his walking stick. 'Aqqow stares behind her blue bonnet as she happily says, "Woo, that stuff looks like snow made of super tiny rocks..." Tubal's cold blue eyes curiously stare as he says, "Like dirt ---but not dirt..." Zabad excitedly says, "We've gone to another world, man! Groovy!" I sadly ask, "If only Cheyah and Mala were here?" Zabad sadly says, "Man, hope they're not in deadsville?" I take off my right glove and asks, "Is the not dirt safe to touch?" Tubal's eyes sparkle as he says, "Try it!" I touch the tiny grainy tan stuff between my thumb and my cold fingers. I say puzzled, "Weird..." 'Aqqow helps him limp over to the gentle waves. He kneels down, scoops a little water and tastes it. Tubal pauses and says, "This water tastes really strange..." He takes a small clay jar. He scoops up some sea water. 'Aqqow asks, "What are you doing?" Tubal curiously says, "I'm going to study this strange water." Zabad cheerfully asks, "Man, we stay down here?" Tubal sternly says, "No... The tide will rise soon..." I listen to the softly splashing sea. I ask, "How much?" Tubal fearfully says, "Sometime, halfway up the cliffs..."

We rest enjoying these glorious sights and sounds. We climb back up the cliff using the long rope and our climbing tools. We walk back to our tents. 'Aqqow says with a little shiver, "We need more than a tent..." Tubal puts his right arm tightly around her shoulders and gently says, "An igloo! Make that two.." Zabad frowns as he asks, "Man, an igloo?" 'Aqqow says almost bored, "Don't worry Zabad... Just do what my old goat says..." Tubal forcefully shouts, "Get the shovels, and my hammer!" We get his tools out of the back of the sledge. He takes a metal rod about a tall man's height in length and pounds it into the deep snow with his large bronze hammer. He takes a long rope about as long as a man is tall and ties it to the rod. He ties the other end to his fancy bronze dire wolf headed walking stick. He uses it to draw a large circle in the snow. Tubal cheerfully says, "Guys, shovel off the soft snow within the circle!" We shovel scoop out the top layer of snow. It's about an elbow length in depth. Tubal points to the circle's edge and says, "Dig a hole here." We dig down about another elbow's depth to the hard rocks below. Tubal steps down into the deep hole. He shows us a strange metal tool. Tubal proudly says, "My great ice saw... Watch me!" He expertly cuts the hard snow by his feet into large icy

blocks. Tubal shouts, "Put the blocks just outside the circle.." He cuts the hard snow down to the stony ground into blocks. Tubal shouts with frosted breath, "Carefully place the blocks!" He cuts them to fit tightly together, making a layer of large blocks. He cuts around the top of them down in a gentle ice spiral almost all the way down. We place more blocks going all the way around the spiral. Tubal cuts the blocks and expertly fits them together. They go up the upward spiral until the igloo is half finished. We run out of blocks. Tubal shouts, "Dig over there. Clear away the soft snow on top!" We dig another deep hole for him. He cuts a more icy blocks. He cuts, shapes, and fits them together on the upward spiral that gets smaller towards the top. Just before sundown, Tubal takes the pole out of the small hole on top. Tubal cut out a tight entrance for the igloo and stacks blocks around it. Tubal expertly cuts a circular block. He fits it over the small hole on top. We pack lots of snow all around the igloo. 'Aqqow laughs and says with frosted breath, "Great metal wizard, you did it again!" I wipe the sweat off my forehead as I say, "We did it!" Zabad wipes sweat off his forehead as he says, "Man, --hard work is bogus!" 'Aqqow arrogantly says, "Tomorrow you two can build an igloo for yourselves.." Zabad asks with frosted breath, "Mam, can't we share?" I say, "Yeah, we work hard." 'Aqqow playfully says, "You two sleep in a tent! Me and my old goat need privacy..." Tubal gently rubs her wrinkled cheeks as he joyfully says, "My pretty 'Aqqow has spoken!" Tubal starts a campfire. The sun sets in the colorful sky. We warm our hands over the yellow and orange flames. That night, we sit around our campfire. We boil tree bark in a pot. We eat the bark and nuts. Tubal and 'Aqqow take their nice furs out of his sledge and puts them into their igloo. Me and Zabad go into our windy tent and shiver. Zabad angrily says, "Man, Tubal's a jerk!" I say, "Yep..." Zabad picks up a wineskin and says, "But man, I dig his wine..." I say, "Yeah, man!" We sit around. We drink too much. We lay down in the tent under several furs and sleep. We're cold and we shiver a lot.

Morning, me and Zabad hunt those weird hopping creatures to feed Tubal's wolf dogs. We eat more boiled tree bark, and drink melted water. Tubal helps us built another igloo. That night, around our campfire, Tubal excitedly says, "Tomorrow, you'll float on branches!" 'Aqqow nervously says, "That sounds dangerous..." Zabad happily says, "Groovy, like Sarah?"

Tubal says, "Yes, float like Sarah.." I rub my cold hands together. I say, "If you say so..."

Next day, Zabad use an axe to cut down branches. We tie them to our backs with ropes made of animal hides. We and Tubal grab the long rope tied to the large twisted tree. We carefully climb down the cliff using Tubal's climbing tools. He limps towards the waves, leaning on his fancy walking stick. Tubal says, "Zabad, drop a branch in the sea..." We carry the branches to the gentle whitish waves rowing in and splashing against the small rocks. I hear the sea softly roaring. Zabad happily walks out into icy waters going up to his thighs. He drops a branch into the bright aqua water. The branch float on top the small waves going up and down. Tubal's blue eyes sparkle as he says, "Grab the branch and push them down..." Zabad pushes the branch under the water. Tubal watches and says, "H-mm, we need bigger branches." I hand Tubal larger branches. He ties them together with rope. I grabs them. I walk into the gently splashing waves up to my waist. I try to push it underwater but I can't. Tubal joyfully says, "Noah, sit on it..." I try. I roll sideways. I splash into the cold water. My dark brown long hair is chillingly soaked. I stand up in waist high waters. I say shivering, "I can't..." Standing by the shore, Tubal rubs his goatee beard as he happily shouts, "I got an idea..."

Next day, we tied a bunch of large branches together with ropes. Me and Zabad drag it into the cold waters till the water come up to our waists. The softly roaring sea, numbingly soaks our furs. Tubal safely sits down. He watches us from the shore. I climb up on the floating branches but I fall off the side of this wobbly floating thing. I try again and again. I sit down. I balance myself. Zabad helps steadies it. Tubal excitedly shouts, "Wonderful! I named it raft... Bring it in!" Zabad shouts, "Right on, man!" He steadies the raft I'm sitting on. He pulls it to shore. I step off. I happily say, "Wow man, I dig it!" We're Shivering and soaking wet in our furs. Zabad yawns and says, "Man, I want to crash!" Tubal lifts up his walking stick, as he happily shouts, "Zabad, sleep..." Zabad lazily lays down on the shore. He dreamily looks at the beautiful clouds. I look at the waves on the endless aqua sea. I nervously say, "Tubal, if we floated out far, we might get lost at sea..." Tubal arrogantly says, "The sun rises away from shore... Just float towards sunrise to go to shore. Simple!" Zabad nervously says, "But man, --infinite sea may have infinite shores... We get lost, man!"

Tubal nervously says, "I'll just use my magic needle..." I hopefully say, "Maybe Cheyah and Mala are lost at sea. We could find them." Zabad happily says, "Yeah, man!"

Over the next year, I learn to swim. Zabad does too. Tubal instruct us how to build small rafts, cutting wedges with his metal axes into large branches. We tie them together with ropes, over large branches at right angles. We built better rafts that we can comfortably sit on if the waves are fairly gentle. Tubal shows us how to use large leafy branches to row our rafts. Tubal stays safely behind on the land. Each day me and Zabad floated farther out onto the beautiful endless sea. We're hoping to find Cheyah and Mala.

One beautiful cloudy morning, me and Zabad, wearing our hooded furs, grab Tubal's magic needle. We climb down the cliff. We push our raft out into the sea. We hear the soft splashing sounds of the waves. Using our large leafy branches as paddles, we row far out into the endless sea. I watch the rising pinkish sun reflecting over the sea's whitish waves. I bravely say, "Row straight towards the rising sun." Zabad wipes sweat off his forehead as he asks, "Noah man, why wear furs?" I tiredly say, "Remember how the sun burn our skin that one day..." Zabad pulls his tan hood back up says, "Yeah man, wear furs!" I look down at the blue needle perfectly balance in the red dish. I say, "The magic needle always point points to the right of the rising sun." We row out. The waves get much rougher. The chilling winds howl. Strong waves rock us back and forth. They carry us much farther away than we have ever been before. Two days and nights later, we're terribly tired, sick and hungry. Endlessly rocking back and forth. The cold roaring splashing sea soaks us over and over. We are so thirsty. We shiver. Snot drips out of our sore noses. The sickenly loud waves keeps us from sleeping. We both throw up over the side. We feel bad. Our lips are chapped. The howling winds and the waves calm down. The pale light of mourning promises the glorious sun will rise. I look at the magic needle in the bowl that I'm holding. My eyes water. My vision is blurry. We row. Our aching arm hurt. We look down into the dark aqua waters. We see a huge nighmarish creatures swimming below us. Sea serpents and things with large fins, tails and tentacles. We wearily watch the oddly pink sun rise in the orange sky. The sun oddly reflects across the sea's gentle waves. Zabad scoops water with his hands, and tries to drink it.

I tiredly say, "Don't drink! It makes you sick..." Zabad spits the strange tasting water out and says, "Bogus man, water everywhere --but can't drink any!" Looking pale and haggard beneath his hood, Zabad points and happily shouts, "Man, --land!" I excitedly look at the bluing horizon. I see a small dark island with large hills. Very sleepily, not knowing if it's real, I shout, "Row! Row! Row!"

We row through the splashing waves, towards the island. Our every muscle in our arms badly aches. Zabad dreamily smiles. Snot keeps running down his nose. He wipes the snot off and says, "Groo--vy!" We keep rowing. Our arms hurt. We see the island has a high hill in the middle, and lots of dark viney thin trees with yellowish leaves. We row near the island's frosty beach. We hear chirping, then a loud blowing sound. A shiny gigantic gray sea monster rises up beneath us. It's much bigger than Tubal's metal shop. It loudly splashes endless cold waters down on us. Its huge tail drives it through the sea. Zabad fearfully screams. The sea monster swims below us. It lifts our raft up on its super oversized head, dwarfing us all way up into the sky's chilling winds. Terrorified, I cough and shout, "God help!" A thick stream of water blasts out from its top, shooting up into the blue sky above. The cold water splashes down on us with such great force, it knocks us out of our raft. We fall into the chilling waters below. I hang on to the magic needle until the mighty splashing water tears it out of my hand. We swim away for our lives. The gigantic gray monster dives down, pulling us down into mighty torrents of the deep. A violent whirlpool pulls us under the numbingly cold waters. I taste the icy sea waters entering my mouth. The water stings my sore eyes. I can't breathe. My lungs hurt. I swim up with all my might to get my head above the bone chilling waves. I struggle to swim on. I see the sea monster's incredibly vast mouth opens up over the sky. It loudly crashes down on our raft. Its massive jaws breaks the raft into splinters. A huge wave clobbers me. My every aching muscle screams in pain. I can't breathe or swim anymore. I try to keep my head above the powerful waves. I can't. I'm thrust under the mighty waters. The sea water enters my throat and my throbbing lungs. I can't breathe. I'm drowning. I jerk my legs to get my head above the icy whitish waves, just to get one more breath of air. I pass out.

Chapter 7 Ahabah,

Pe'ullah's cute chubby face looks worried, as she asks, "Grandfather, if you pass out... How are you still alive?" Noah gently smiles behind his bushy white beard as he playfully says, "We were saved..." Pe'ullah nervously asks, "By who?" Sha'ah's reddish face frowns as she says, "By his old girlfriend..." Noah excitedly says, "Ahabah!" Sha'ah jealously frowns. Me and Tubal quietly listen. Sha'ah angrily says, "And Noah, you shouldn't have describe Yownah's death so brutally?" Noah timidly says, "Sorry.." Sha'ah angrily says, "Rule five! Don't appologise or explain yourself..." Noah forcefully says, "Not sorry! I told them what they needed to know..." Noah pauses, his greenish brown eyes sparkle as he says, "I woke up shivering under a colorful blanket made up of orange, green, and white feathers tied together with vines. I was near a wonderful warm fire that made a sweet burn wood odor. I opened my sore eyes. I coughed a lot. I tried to sit up but I fell back under the blanket... I burrily saw that I was in a small strange cave. I looked up. My eyes slowly focused on the most gorgous tall woman ever!" Sha'ah jealously frowns as she says, "We get it! She was ---pretty..." Noah lustfully says, "She was wow!!!"

I look up at the tall heavenly brown haired beauty wearing a long green and orange feathered headress. Those sparkling light brown eyes looking gracefully down at me. She's wearing very tight tan animal skins. Her smooth golden tan face warmly smiles. I turn my weary head. I see that my friend is lying under another colorful feathered blanket. Bare-chested, he quickly sits up with a big goofy smile on his sickly pale brown bearded face. Zabad dreamily asks, "Hot wolf, are you a goddess?" She smiles and says, "I'm no goddess, --I'm Ahabah.. What's your name? And your friend's name?" Zabad proudly says, "Groovy girl, I be --Zabad! --- And my far out friend, be Noah..." She blushes. Abahab sadly says, "I've been stuck on this small island for years.." Zabad emotionally asks, "Girl, got drinks?" She hands him a small brown jar, and says, "Here's some water.." Zabad asks, "Ah, no wine?" She looks irritated. Ahabah sadly says, "Just water..." Zabad gulps down the water fast, then says, "Bummer!

---Got mushrooms?" Ahabah frowns as she says, "No mushrooms good to eat... How about nuts and berries?" She grabs a small bag made of thin vines tightly woven together. She hands it to him. He grabs a handful of nuts and berries. He swallows these strange yellowish brown berries. His face looks like they taste bad. Zabad says, "Yummy girl, --yummy.." I gather my strength, achingly sit up bare-chested myself and nicely ask, "I'm thirsty ---and hungry..." She notices how ruggedly handsome I am. Ahabah seductively says, "Sure.." She hands me a jar of water and a small bag of nuts and berries. I sip the cool water over my badly chapped lips. The berries smell odd. Hungry, I eat the yucky nuts and sour tasting ugly berries. I sip the cool water. It feels so good going down my sore throat. I sip more water and eat sour tasting nuts and berries. I Shiver and admire her great beauty. I say, "Thanks, Ahab-ah.. How--did you get here?" Ahabah's lovely light brown eyes tear up as she says, "Me, my mother and my sisters were rowing our conoes. A deadly storm struck... I don't remember but I must of crawl on shore somehow... I woke up... My family was gone!" Zabad pats her slumped shoulders as he asks, "Bummer! --- You save us?" Ahabah combs back her beautiful long brown hair as she says, "I walked by the shore... I saw you two floating. I swam out and drag you both back to land..." I sheepishly smile at her. I joyfully say, "Thank God!" Ahabah pleasantly surprized, says, "You believe in the Creator of All too..." I confidently say, "Sure!" She looks back at Zabad's sickly ragged bearded face. Ahabah asks, "Zabad, do you --believe?" Zabad dreamily says, "Groovy girl, --I believe I love you..." Ahabah giggles and says, "You're funny..." I pull up the blanket around my chest as I say, "I can be funny too.." Her fingers gently rubs my thick dark brown beard. Ahabah lovingly says, "I bet you can.." She hands us our furs and walks out of the cave. Zabad asks as we get dressed, "Man, am I'm dreaming? Is groovy girl real?" Puzzled, I say, "I'm not sure.." Ahabah returns and asks, "Were you talking about me?" Zabad happily asks, "Grovy girl, why not?" Night comes. I fall asleep under my feathered blanket. I hear many strange chirping sounds.

Morning, we wake up near her fire-pit. We get dressed in our furs. We grab some long branches. Ahabah gets up. She's wearing her tight tan animal skins. She puts on her colorful orange and green feathered headdress. I stand by her. I notice that she's taller than me. Ahabah

excitedly says, "Follow me!" Holding our branches, we walk outside. I smell all the odd sour odors around us. Gentle snowflakes fall on us. We walk and climb through all these tangled thick dark greenish vines lightly dusted with snow that covers the grounds. We follow her. We see that the island's trees are thin, dark brown, and have sickly looking yellowish leaves. I don't see any tree trunks thicker than my neck. Dark green vines are wrapped around most of these sickly thin trees. We climb up the big hill. I see large flying animals with long wings with green, orange, and white feathers. They have long golden beaks, and brightly colored eyes. We approach them. They chirp and fly away. Many stray feathers are lying all around lightly dusted with snow. Zabad curiously asks, "Groovy girl, got those trippy feathers from here?" Ahabah's long brown hair glistens as she says, "Yes! I collect them." Zabad sadly looks up at her as he asks, "Hey groovy girl, have you tried to leave?" Her head hangs low. Ahabah says, "Yeah, ---

but all these trees are too thin to curve cones from..." I cheerfully say, "Me and Zabad make rafts by tying branches together..." Ahabah's gorgeous eyes sparkle as she hopefully asks, "Could you guys build a raft here?" Zabad proudly says, "Groovy girl, --I got skills..." Her beautiful red lips smile. Ahabah longingly says, "I so want to go Bacar... That's my village!" Zabad smiles behind his brown beard as he says, "But girl, this is where it's at.. You, me.. Just need wine!" She laughs. I sadly say, "Ahabah, even if we build a raft, we lost.." Ahabah cheerfully says, "The Creator of All knows the way..." Zabad's hazel eyes dreamily look at her as he says, "Hot wolf!" We walk back to her cave and rest.

Around noon, she walks out of the dimly lit cave. Me and Zabad sit on a bunch of colorful feathered cushions, around her fire-pit. We drink cool water from her clay jars. We eat sour nuts and berries. I put more dried sticks into the warm flames. Zabad happily howls and says, "Hot wolf!" I nervously asks, "But what about Yayin?" Zabad laughs and says, "Yayin far away... Man, love who you can.." I curiously ask, "Don't you miss Yayin?" Zabad says, "Yeah man, but Ahabah is one hot wolf!" I dreamily say, "I may be in love..." Zabad laughs and says, "Sorry man!" I jealously asks, "Really.." We hear her soft footsteps. Ahabah's lovely voice asks, "O guys, were talking about me?" I'm embarrassed. Zabad boldly asks, "Girl, can you dig it?" She mischievously smiles, and enjoys

all the attention. Ahabah sits down and seductively says, "Guys, I don't like just talking..." I say, "I don't just talk..." Ahabah seductively asks, "Really? Are you hungry?" Zabad says, "Yeah groovy girl..." She hands him some food. Ahabah says, "That's all I got.. Tomorrow, we need to gather food!" Zabad says, "Bummer.." I cheerfully say, "Let's do it!"

Night comes. We sleep as strange chirping sounds fill our ears. I wake up under my feathered blanket. The sweet burt wood smells and her warm fire is so nice. I look around the strange cave. Ahabah and Zabad are gone. I put on my brown hooded furs, and grab my branch. I look out but I don't see them. It's morning. I see dark many green vines wrapped around almost everything dusted by the falling snow. I sit down by the warm fire-pit. I drink from a small jar. They finally come back with large vine bags strapped on their backs full of nuts and berries. They're holding hands.

They smile at each other. I curiously ask, "Where did you go?" Zabad happily says, "Man, got nuts and berries... Can you dig it?" I ask, "Why didn't you wake me?" Ahabah blushes her hair and says, "You looked so peaceful. We didn't want to disturb you..." I excitedly say, "Zabad man, let's build a raft..." Zabad tiredly says, "Man, --I'm wiped out..." She frowns. Ahabah says, "Zabad, build a raft.." Zabad proudly says, "Girl, I dig it..." They take off the bags on their backs. Ahabah sits down. Me and Zabad walks out. Snow falls all around us. Zabad gently asks, "Man, how we cut vines?" I nervously say, "Sharp rocks... You seem happy?" Zabad laughs and says, "Man, you're jealous!" I say, "No.." Zabad confidently says, "Man, Ahabah really digs me!..." I ask, "Does she?" Zabad smiles and says, "Man, I don't kiss and tell... I just kiss!" We climb through the many tangled dark vines. We look around at the sickly trees and their yellowish, or orangish leaves. I hear chirps. I watch beautiful green and orange feathered animals flying above us. They lands on small trees. Their long golden beaks crushes berries and swallows them. We walks up to them. I'm surprize they have not flown away. We're so close as I could touch them. I happily say, "Man, Flying animal are pretty!" He laughs. Zabad says, "Man, she's groovy!"

We climb to the top of the hill. Colorfully feathered animals chirp and flying away. I see large rocks. I proudly say, "I got an idea..." Zabad nervously says, "Man, heavy rocks." I pick up a big rock and throw it down hard on another rock. The big rock breaks apart. Zabad picks up a piece up

and says, "Man, dig these sharp edges." I grab a piece. I start hitting it against a thin tree trunk. I hit it harder again and again and again. My hands get sore calluses. My arm gets sore. I cut the thin trunks little by little. I painfully say, "Man, my hands hurts..." I look down at my blistered hands. Zabad says, "Man, more branches!" I forcefully say, "Zabad, you too.." Zabad moans and says, "Ah man!" I rest. Zabad cuts thin trees with the sharp rock. We sweat quite a bit. The sun sets. Zabad says, "Man, I'm sore." I painfully say, "Man, you said it!" We walk back to the cave, and collapse. We didn't even take off our smelly furs.

I wake up under my colorful feathered blanket. Ahabah stands tall over me, wearing her tight tan animal skins which shows off her incredible figure. Ahabah sniffs and says, "Hey Noah, you stink..." I get up, and say, "Yeah, I do.." Ahabah seductively says, "Kind of manly..." I ask, "Is Zabad awake?" Ahabah says, "Naw! I want to show you something..." Her light brown eyes sparkle. I ask, "What?" Ahabah playfully says, "Come and see.." We walk out. We watch the beautiful orange sun rises above the hills. The oddly smelling air is so warm that the snow is melting. It's moistening the dark brown ground under the twisting tangled dark green vines we're walking through. We walk a long way. I smell an otherworldly odor. We walk to a misty treeless area covered by dark brown vines. She walks on top these vines, bends over, and pulls open a sheets of vines. She open up an underground realm. The unworldly odour stings my itching watering nose. I wipe the melting snow off my nose and beard. I look down into a dimly lit weird realm dominated by hand sized, wavy dome reddish to purplish mushrooms. They have glowing green spots and glowing dots all over these dark vines. Ahabah says, "Follow me..." She slowly walks down into the damp depths. I follow. I nervously ask, "Is it safe?" Ahabah calls up and asks, "Noah, would I take you someplace dangerous?" I nervously say, "I trust --you..." I step down on the unsteady vines under my sandals and fur covered feet. Each step takes me further down this shadowly realm beneath the many thick dark shadowly vines hiding it. I see bubbling waters reflecting the mushroom's glowing green dots. I see glowing pale yellow lilly pads floating. My sandals step into the dark shallow waters. I follow her till the bubbling misty cold waters comes up to our knees. My toes feel chilled inside my wet sandals. Ahabah's warm hand grabs my hand as she passionately says, "Look into the bubbling waters..." I look

down. I see our clear reflections between the pale lilly pads floating by us. I squeeze her grasping hand. Ahabah romantically says, "My people believe that the Creator of All made holy grounds to guide the chosen ones..." Overpowered by the otherworldly odour, I look all around at the glowing lilly pads and the vast multitude of purplish mushrooms all around us. All these little glowing green dots look like misty stars below the mysterious dark vines above. Looking down into our wavy reflections, I say, "We look good together.." Ahabah gloriously smiles. I dream. I'm standing by her in the steaming grounds with my arms covering her bare shoulders. We're watching the most beautiful brightly pulsating pink sun rising above the dark cliffs surrounding us. It shoots it's happy multicolored rays high above through the bright golden white clouds and swirling purple pink haze filling the trippy sky. The heavenly multi-colored rays warmly smiles down on us. The golden clouds and the purple haze swirl around the gorgous whitish green sun. It looking like God smiling down on us from the heavens. I passionately turn towards her. She gently carasses my manly dark beard, bows down and we kiss so sweetly.

Three days latter, after much hard painful work and sore blisters, we have built the raft. We drag it into the cave. We collect a lot of nuts and berries, jars of water and lots and lots of colorful feathers. Next morning, we drag the raft to the shore. We're dress as usual. We watch the orange sun rise over the sky's pink horizon just above the glimmering blue sea. We check our supplies in the raft. They are tied down with vines. We sit together on the shore. I tearfully say, "God, help guide us!" Below her headdress, her beautiful golden tan face shines behind her long shimmering brown hair. Ahabah gracefully says, "Creator of All, your plan be done..." Zabad's hazel eyes look all around as he says, "Groovy girl, I dig this island.." Ahabah forcefully says, "Zabad.. We leave!" Zabad fearfully rubs his brown beard as he asks, "Girl, what about the gnary sea monster?" I bravely say, "God, --will protect us!" Zabad fearfully says, "Ah, man!"

Ahabah gracefully walks to the gentle waves washing up on the grainy tan shore. Me and Zabad drag our raft out into the shallow aqua waters. Wearing her shapely tan animal skins, Ahabah steps into the waves. She steps up on our primitive raft made of many thin tree stumps tied tightly together with vines. Zabad sits by her with his head bowed low. I watch the gentle breeze moves though Ahabah's glimmering brown hair

below her beautiful green and orange feathered headdress. Ahahab nervously asks, "Got everything?" Zabad boastfully says, "Groovy girl, we got jars of water, --nut and berries. Branches to row with and all your groovy feathers,.. Can you dig it?" Ahabah smiles at him as she says, "I dig it!" I step out into the cold shallow waters. I push our raft out deeper into the bright aqua sea till the the waters come up to my thighs. Ahabah and Zabad help me climb up into our raft. I sit by them. Using our large branches, we row away from the shore. The raft gently rocks back and forth on the gorgous sea. The sun above us, reflects over the sea and it's beautiful whitish waves. We row farther away from the island. Suddenly I see the truly massive gray sea monster swimming under the sea. It speeds strait towards us making big ripples. I fearfully shout, "Sea monster!" Zabad stares at the gigantic mouthed zooming close to us as he shouts, "Bogus man, bogus!" Ahabah, calmly says, "Stop rowing... Peace..." We stop. We feel it swimming right beneath us. Zabad fearfully says, "Girl, lay it on me..." She closes her soulful eyes. She gently grasps our warm hands together. Ahabah sweetly says, "Be at peace! Creator of All, peace... Peace to all creatures... Peace sea giant... We wish you peace... Creator of All gives peace!" As my heart wildly races, I feel so tiny. I watch the massive shiny gray sea monster rise up right beneath us. Big waves splash around us. Our raft almost tips over and would of dump us into the ice cold depths of the sea. The amazingly huge sea monster turns around beneath us. It's huge tail pushes it away. Soon, the monster jumps up, it's massive shiny head rises up out of the sea into the beautiful blue sky. It's head lands back into the mighty sea loudly splashing lots of water around. It shoots up a mighty huge stream of water out of it's top. The monster peacefully swims away. I say, "Wow, --Ahabah, that was amazing!" Zabad excitedly says, "Groovy!" We row away. The sun rises. We row, until all our muscles and our blistered hands ache a lot. We see huge ice bergs floating by us. We row till the sun sets. The sky turns reddish purple, reflecting over the sea. We fall asleep. Our raft rocks endless back and forth.

We wake up shivering in our wet furs. The aqua sea is all around us with no land in sight. We watch the sun rise in the colorful cloudy sky. It's not very cold but throats are parched. We're shivering, in our wet furs. We drink the last little water from our jars. We eat what's left of the nuts and yellowish brown berries. Ahabah points. We row. Our arms ache more and

more. After several boringly painful days, we row towards the sunset.

Dark clouds fill the sky. The waves become rougher, dangerously rocking our raft. The harsh chilling winds numb our primitive glove covered fingers and frosts our faces. The ice cold water repeatedly splashes on us.

Icy sleet falls on us. We desparely hold on. Every big wave threatens to capsize our raft and throw us into the dark chilling waters. The sleet makes it hard for us to see. A thin sheet of ice coats our furs and even our skin.

We painfully shiver. Sleep is impossible. We look up at the half moon.

After what seems like forever, the storm stops. The dark clouds clears.

The overly bright sun shines above us. I'm badly shivering. My brown hood and my hair are horribly cold and wet. We're tired. We shiver uncontrollably. I look all around. I see nothing but the aqua sea reflecting the bright sun on the sea's gentle waves. I watch Ahabah and Zabad sleeping. They're shivering in their wet furs. I shout, "Wake up! Wake up!" They growl and fall back asleep. I shout, "Wake up! Wake up!"

Ahabah moans. Zabad sadly sits up and says, "Man, --go back to goovy island!" Ahabah opens her beautiful light brown eyes up and says, "Creator of All, thanks!" Worried, I say, "But we're lost... Our food and water are gone." Zabad frowns behind his furry tan hood and says, "Man, what a bummer?" Ahabah peacefully says, "Let's silently pray..." We pray.

Ahabah stands tall, points, and says, "That way..." Zabad's pale face slyly smiles as he say, "Groovy girl, I dig you!" I nervously say, "I don't think this is the right direction..." Zabad forcefully asks, "Man, is your god speaking to you?" I say, "No..." Zabad cheerfully says, "Trust, groovy girl!" Ahabah passionately asks, "Noah, don't you trust me?" Zabad says, "Can you dig it?" I look at how soaked her tight fitting tan skins are and say, "Doesn't feel right..." Beneath her long feathered headdress, and long shimmering wet hair, Ahabah says, "I feel it is right..." She points. We row with our large branches. Our muscles ache and our blistered hands really hurt. Every so often, she points again. I put my hand on her shoulder and happily say, "Ahabah, you're like Tubal's magic needle." Zabad happily says, "Man, groovy girl's better!" As the sun sets, Zabad sees the sharp cliffs in the distance. Ahabah says, "What do you see?" Zabad excitedly shouts, "Man, cliffs! Near land!" I see a shore. I ask, "Can that be ours shore?" Zabad excitedly shouts, "Man, smoke!" I see smoke going up to the twilight sky. Ahabah sweetly confident, says, "Row over there... I see

people." I hopefully say, "Could it be Cheyah and Mala?" Ahabah happily says, "Let's find out!"

Our sore arms row us to shore. The waves gently crash. Me and Zabad step down into the knee deep waters. We pull the raft to shore.

Shivering, we all walk towards the campfire. I see Tubal by it, dressed in his dark gray furs and turban. He's leaning on his walking stick by his wife.

She's dressed in her black furs and blue bonnet. I joyfully shout with frosted breath, "Tubal! 'Aqqow!" Ahabah asks, "You know them?" I say, "Yes, they're friends." Tubal excitedly says, "Noah, thank God, you're back!" 'Aqqow happily shouts, "Noah! Zabad!" By the fire's flickering light, Zabad shiveringly shouts, "Groovy girl, --you did it!" Ahabah looks disturbed and says, "Yeah, Creator of All..." I excitedly say, "Tubal, 'Aqqow, thank God! Thank God!" Me and Tubal hug. Tubal curiously asks, "Who's the tall girl?" I point to her. I joyfully say, "Ahabah!" Tubal slyly smiles, his blue eyes looks lustfully at her shivering beauty as he says, "Ahabah, --wow!" 'Aqqow frowns as she says, "Stop staring, you old goat!" Zabad hugs 'Aqqow and shouts, "Mam, 'Aqqow!" 'Aqqow's wrinkled face smiles widely as she says, "Zabad, it's a miracle!" The campfire's light dances around the grainy shore under these high cliffs.

Zabad says, "Man, need food and drink!" Ahabah and me nod. Tubal joyfully says, "Of course... Let's go." He has a vine rope tied to the twisted tree on top the cliff. 'Aqqow hands us steel iron climbing tools. We carefully climb up this high cliff. We walk through the deep snow to go the igloos. Tubal's sledge and wolf dogs are tied to a tree. Ahabah shivers saying with frosted breath, "Wow, I'm so cold..." 'Aqqow laughs and says, "Actually this is warm for us.." Abahah says, "I'm thirsty!" 'Aqqow says, "I bet you all are.." 'Aqqow turns toward her elderly husband, giggles and says, "Let's get warm by the fire!" She walks inside an igloo. She brings out a large wineskin. Ahabah gently takes it, and sips a lot. Ahabah happily says, "Wow, --this wine is good!" Zabad grabs it, quickly gulps down a lot and joyfully say, "See girl... We just need wine!" He hands me the wineskin. I take a long sip of this purple wine that is truly delicious. I joyfully say, "Ye-ah!" We sit down by the campfire. It's blessed warmth is great. 'Aqqow sets up metal rods above the hot flames. She stuffs snow into a big pot. She supends the pot from the rods. The snow inside quickly melts. 'Aqqow puts tree bark into the pot. She gets a big metal scoop and

some clay bowls. The water boils for a while. She scoops this yucky stuff into clay bowls. Ahabah looks at her bowl and asks, "What is it?" 'Aqqow says, "Tree bark.." Zabad frowns and says, "Bogus!" I say, "Let's feast!"

We're devour this yucky stuff. 'Aqqow happily says, "We'll start back to Omer tomorrow.." Zabad asks, "Aqqow mam, how we cross bogus death chasm?" Tubal proudly says, "I know how... Trust me." Zabad nervously says, "Bogus.." 'Aqqow points to our igloo and says, "Ahabah, you sleep in that igloo.." Zabad excitedly asks, "Groovy!" 'Aqqow frown as she says, "You and Noah set up the old tent.." Disturbed, I ask, "How about Tubal and you sleep in that tent.." 'Aqqow laughs. Tubal rubs his goatee beard as he says, "You brought the girl.. You sleep in the old tent!" Ahabah asks, "Maybe I should sleep in the tent?" 'Aqqow says, "No.. It's too cold for you!" I comfortingly say, "Ahabah, we'll be fine.." Zabad bitterly says, "Man, speak for yourself." Me and Zabad set up the old tent. We put on our heaviest furs but we're still freezing. We sleep very close to each other for warmth.

At sunrise, Tubal's voice forcefully shouts, "Get up and hunt hoppers for my wolf dogs." We tiredly, chillingly exit the tent. We step into the deep snow. Zabad angrily says with frosted breath, "Man, I'm cold!" I rub my nearly numb glove covered hands together as I say, "Yep!" We walk to the sledge, and take spears. We hunt those long ear hopping creatures through the frosty deep snow. We kill them. We carry them to Tubal who skins and chops up them up. He feeds them to his wolf dogs and give them water. He puts the rest of their carcasses in back of his sledge under thick furs. Ahabah and me sit around the campfire. She's wearing her colorful headdress. The cold wind blows through her green and orange feathers. It frosts her brown hair. Ahabah says, "This place is cold like Bachar, my village... Get me thicker furs!" I get old dark furs. I hand them to her. We sit down. Ahabah glorious smiles and says, "Thanks..." She puts the furs over her animal skins and pulls the hood over her headdress. Her frosty face looks disappointed. As my teeth chatter, I ask, "Why are you sad?"

Ahabah says, "I have a little confession... I asked the Creator of All to take us to my people, not yours." I look up at her beautiful light brown eyes reflecting the campfire's flames. I say shivering, "If God took us to your village, I'd would be happy!" Ahabah gently rubs my frosted beard with her fur glove covered fingers. We passionately hug. Tubal limps up behind

us and shouts, "Hey, load more supplies!" We load more supplies on Tubal's sledge. Water jars, tree bark, hopper carcass, furs, pots and scoops, long metal rods, spears, our staffs, climbing tools, hackets, other tools, lots of long greenish vines, and lots of branches etc. We put our raft on top the other supplies. I curiously ask, "Why take the raft?" Tubal ties his wolf dogs to his sledge and says, "Trust me!" The supplies are stack up high. Our raft is awkwardly on top. We step into the over-crowded sledge. Tubal and 'Aqqow sit down in front. We sit down crowded behind them. He grabs his red dish with the magic blue needle. Tubal stares down at his magic needle. Beneath her blue bonnet, 'Aqqow gently smiles as she says, "Old goat, say it..." He puts the dish down by his side. He points, and hits the backs of the wolf dogs with strips of animal hides. Tubal happily shouts, "Wolf dogs go!" The seven strong wolf dogs pull us. Ahabah puts her shivering arm over my manly shoulders. I nervously ask, "But Tubal, what about the chasm?" Tubal proudly says, "Trust me!" Zabad fearfully shivering says, "Algae help us!"

Gray clouds cover the sky. A howling blizzard hits. We all shiver under our many thick furs. Ahabah grabs her hood tightly around her frosted face and feather headress. Her pretty white teeth chatter. Snow piles up on us. The freezing winds howl. Our wolf dogs keep running through the deepening snow. All we see is snow blowing around the blinding white hills. The cold winds painfully numbs us. Ahabah badly shivers. She snuggling up to me on one side and Zabad on the other.

Ahabah says with frosted breath, "It's -- cold! My fingers and toes are numb.." Zabad shivers and says with frosted breath, "Girl, we should of stayed on groovy island..." Ahabah frowns. I hold her close as I say, "You'll get use to the cold..." Ahabah says with much frosted breath, "Creator of All, help me!" The blizzard is so bad that the wolf dogs stop.

We wait. We all snuggle closely under all our furs. The strong winds and heavy snow goes on. Tubal gets out of the sledge. He set up rocks. We gathers sticks. We all sit in tight circle around the sticks. He uses his magic black power and his flints to start a campfire. He black power blast the sticks into warm flames. We all snuggle really close. Finally, the blizzard end. The gray clouds clear revealing the yellow sun rising. My teeth chatter as I say, "Thank God!" Me and Zabad step off the sledge to clear the deepsnow off the sledge. My fingers and toes are painfully numb.

Tubal gets up, and feed his wolf dogs. He set up some metal rods over his fire. He stuff a pot with snow, and heats it. He takes the water to gives it to his wolf dogs. He gives us a good drink. 'Aqqow puts some tree bark into the pot. Soon the water boils, and cooks the tree bark. We eat it.

Still shivering, we get back into the sledge. Tubal shouts, "Wolf dogs go!" They pulls us a very long way. We watch the pinkish sun sets over the harsh pinkish horizon. We smell a really fowl odour. Ahabah holds her cute frosty nose as she says, "That smell! What died?" 'Aqqow says, "That's the chasm!" As come to it, I see what looks like a deep icy crack in the earth. I ask, "Tubal, how do we cross?" Tubal smugly smiles behind his long white goatee beard as he says, "I'll pound in three rods on this side. I'll tie a rope around you... You'll throw three climbing tools attached to long ropes to the other side. You'll climb across the chasm, pound in three more rods, and tie ropes to your rods. Then, more intructions." Ahabah timidly says, "Sounds dangerous!" Shivering, Zabad asks, "Noah man, back to groovy island!" I chilling say, "Zabad's got a point.." 'Aqqow calmly says, "Relax Noah, my old goat, knows what he's doing..." 'Aqqow forcefully says, "Right, old goat!" Tubal says with frosted breah, "Sure..." 'Aqqow tiredly says, "Let's eat, drink and sleep..." We cover ourselves with lots of furs. We sleep through this cold night till the first purplish rays of the sun reflect off the cold bluish white horizon. We all wake up shiveringly cold.

The pinkish sun rises into the purplish sky. The cold light slowly yellows. It lightly snows. Tubal limps out in the harsh cold. He uses the magic power to start a fire. He sets the rods over the fire, hangs the pot and boils water. 'Aqqow puts in some tree bark. Tubal feeds his wolf dogs some hopper carasses. He gives them water. Sitting around the life preserving warmth of the fire, we eat cooked tree bark and drink water.

Tubal limps through the deep snow using his bronze walking stick, leaving a trail in the snow. He limps near the narrowest part of the chasm. Tubal forcefully shouts, "Zabad, get me three rods and the hammer!" Zabad grabs the long rods from the back of the sledge. He grabs a heavy metal hammer, and walks to him. He hands them to Tubal. He forcefully slams the two rods deep into the ice. His hammer pounds a third rod in the middle.

Tubal says, "Get four ropes and four climbing tools." Zabad walks to the sledge. He grabs long ropes and four steel iron climbing tools. He drops

them by Tubal's boots. He walks back to the sledge. Tubal ties the ropes to each rod and ties the other end to a climbing tool. Tubal shouts, "Noah, come here!" I step into the deep snow. I walk through the trail to the icy edge of the stinking chasm. He ties a long rope tightly around my waist. I shiver. I look down into the chasm's dark icy abyss. I gasp and say, "Man, --this smells worst than rotting eggs..." I look each way at the endless dark chasm. It's about four tall men's length across the chasm dividing this icy white wasteland. I say with frosted breath, "I can't..." Ahabah smiles at me behind the furry brown hood as she shouts, "Noah, you can!" Zabad shouts, "Man, I don't dig this!" Tubal angrily shouts, "Noah, do it!" I powerfully swing the first climbing tool underhanded to throw it as far forward as I can. It doesn't quite make it. It falls down into the chasm. I breathe in that cold rotting odour. I grunt. I pull the rope attached to the heavy climbing tool to pull it back to my primitive glove covered hands. I throw it over again and again. Finally, I throw it to the other side. I pull it but it falls back down into the chasm. I tremble, and shout back, "This isn't working!" Tubal forcefully shouts, "Do it!" I angrily shout, "You do it!" Tubal frowns. I pull the tool back again. I throw it again and again till my arms are sore. I'm even sweating. I feel God give me strength to throw this heavy tool to the other side. I pull back but the tool is firmly stuck on the other side. Tubal limps over and happily says as he hands me the second climbing tool, "Just two more!" I cry. My tears freeze on my cheeks. I shouts, "Got to rest!" I sit down in the snow. I stand up and try again and again. After many more painful tries, I throw the second and then third climbing tools so they get stuck on the other side.

Exhausted, I sit down sweating and say, "I thirst." 'Aqqow walks over the snowy trail and hands me a wineskin. I gulp the wine down and say, "Man, great wine!" Zabad walk over and says, "Man, go back!"

Ahabah walks over, sits down by me. I say, "This is bogus!" Behind her furry brown hood, she looks at me. Ahabah encouragingly says, "No!

Tubal's right..." I fearfully says, "I don't want to hear that.." Ahabah bows and presses her beautiful lips against mine lips and kisses me. Strongly encouraged, I say, "H-mm, maybe..." She walks back.

Zabad walks to me carrying another three climbing tools, a hammer and three long rods. He ties a heavy climbing tool around my right hand. He ties a heavy hammer and two climbing tools around my neck. He

wrapped up several long ropes. He ties them and the rods onto my back. I get down on my furry glove covered hands and knees. I grab the middle rope that's stretched over the chasm's abyss. Zabad carefully lowers me on the rope below. My hands tightly grips the rope as my body jerk down over the abyss. I'm terrified. I hang from the rope. My aching hands slowly move me away from this edge. As I hang, I turn myself around to face the other side. I swing my legs up onto the rope and wrap my legs around them. My heart pounds within my aching chest. I say, "God! Keep me alive!" I feel all my weight pull on me, pluss the heavy climbing tools, the hammer, and the rods. My hands are achingly cold. Hanging nearly upside down, I very slowly pull myself towards the other side. I fear the climbing tools on the other side might slide off or the ropes might break or my finger and legs might slide off. Each time I painfully move my gripping primitive furry glove covered hands to move across the ropes, it takes an eternity. My underarms sweat profusely beneath my furs. My aching cold hands finally pulls me to the other side. I feel a ropes I'm hanging on give way. The climbing tool tied to my right hand hits my right arm painfully hard. I almost lose my grip. My right hands reaches out and grabs the rope to the right. I swing over to it. My legs swing up and wrap around it. The Hammer and two climbing tools tied around my neck tug around and hurts my sore throat. My legs swing up and wrap tightly around this rope so all my weight is not crushing my fingers. I pull myself to the other side. I skillfully swing the climbing tool tied to it into my right hand. I sink this climbing tool into the edge of the other side. I use it to help turn me right side up. I just barely manage to crawl up it's jagged icy edge. I'm exhausted. I struggle to crawl up. I lay down on the icy snow with three rods still painfully tied to my back. I'm heavily breathing that stinking awful cold air. I sweating profusely beneath my heavy furs. Zabad pulls the rope with the climbing tool that slid off and amazing throws it over to me on his first try. I stand up, and take the rods off my back. I place them about a man's lenght away from the edge, angled them away from the chasm and pound them deep into the ice with the hammer I brought over. After I pound the rods deeply into icy snow, I grab the climbing tools. I pulls their ropes tightly to over the chasm and tie them to the rods on this side. I curiously shout, fearfully asking, "What now?"

Tubal shouts back, "Tie your climbing tools to the ropes you brought over. Tie their other ends to the rods and throw them back..." I throw the climbing tools over to the other side again but they fall short. I have to pull them up again by the rope. After many tries, I do it. I watch Zabad take our raft off the sledge. He turns it upside down. 'Aqqow puts snow into a pot and melts it over the fire. Tubal carefully pours the water over the sledges creating a sheet of ice over it. Zabad attaches another rope to the back of the raft. They carry it to the edge. Tubal takes the climbing tool I throw over. He attaches it to the front of the raft. The raft has two branches on each side set at a right angle. Zabad carefully lowers the raft down on the ropes between the two right angled branches which acts as a rail on each side. Zabad lies down on his stomach. He lowers another rope beneath the right vine, grabs it's end and pulls it over under the left rope. He pulls it up and loosely ties this rope to itself making a circle around the two vines. He slides this rope up around the the side of the raft and tightens it. Once the raft is on the ropes, Zabad loads lots of supplies on it. Tubal clearly shouts, "Noah, slowly pull the raft over to you." I pull the rope painfully slow. The ropes swing dangerously around but I get it to my side. I remove the supplies. I stack them in the snow. Zabad pulls the raft back to him with his rope. We do this several times till all the supplies are on my side of the chasm. Tubal ties and lowers one of his wolf dogs to the raft and nervously says, "Girl, keep calm.." This wolf dog acts peaceful. I pull her slowly over to my side. The ropes swing uncomfortably above this stinking chasm. I pull her to me. I lift her up and lay her down on the icy land. I tied her with strips of animal hides to one of the poles. Zabad pulls the raft back and Tubal gently ties a nervous wolf dog to it. He lower him on the raft and says, "Boy, calm!" I pull this nervous wolf dog as the ropes swings dangerously around. The howling winds swing it a lot but he makes it to the other side. I pull him up and ties him to a pole. We do this with all seven wolf dogs. Everyone stands by the chasm. Zabad attaches a long rope to a rod on his side and to the back of the sledge. He and Tubal lowers the sledge on the raft. I slowly pull the sledge and about halfway over the chasm. A strong gust of freezing wind hits the sledge causing the rope to swing wildly. The sledge falls off over the side but sledge is tied to a rope connected to one rod on the other side. The sledge falls and swings hitting the other edge hard but doesn't break. Zabad and Tubal slowly pulls the

sledge back up on their side with the rope. I pull back the climbing tool and throw it over to them. Once they attached my climbing tool to the sledge, we try again. Cold winds blow. I slowly pull it over. It swings over the chasm, but I get it over. I get down on knees. I pull the sledge up securely on the ice.

Zabad pulls the raft back to his side. Tubal fearfully says, "Now the scary part.. Who's first?" Abahah bravely steps forward and says, "Me..." Zabad slowly helps Ahabah step down on the swinging raft. She calmly sits down in the middle of the raft. I slowly pull her over the chasm towards me. My heart wildly pounds as the freezing winds blows. I breath heavily. My whole body fearfully trembles. I sweat under my heavy furs. I can't help but imagine her falling into that stinking chasm. Each tiny pull of the swinging rope sends shivers down my spine. Finally, I get her to the edge. I grab her primitive glove covered hand tightly. I mightily to pull her up. I hold her close. I say breathing heavily frosted breaths, "Ah, th-ank -- God!" Ahabah's beautiful frosted face smiles behind her brown hood as she excitedly says, "Praise the Creator of All!" I happily say, "Shut up and kiss me.." She does. Zabad pulls back the raft. I pull 'Aqqow over with no problems. Zabad pulls the raft back. He helps Tubal sit down on the swinging raft after a strong gust of wind goes by. Tubal is obviously terrified. He lays his walking stick by his side and lays down on his stomach, grabbing the edges of the raft tightly. A gust of wind swings him dangerously on the swinging ropes. I slowly pull him across. I'm get on my knees. I reach out to him and grab his gripping hand. He fearfully get on his hands and knees. I pull him up. I help stand him on solid icy ground. I grabs his walking stick and hand it to him. He leans on his walking stick shivering. Tubal nervously says, "Fear not! Augh.." Zabad pulls the raft back to him. He hestitates but Zabad steps onto the swinging raft, lays down like Tubal did. I very carefully pull him over. On my knees, I reach out, grab his hand and pull him up. Zabad hugs me tightly as he fearfully says, "Bogus, man!" I lovngly say, "Man, I love you, Zabad!"

Four new moons latter, It's bitterly cold. The winds howl. The wolf dogs pull us through the deep snow to my grandparent's house. We left two and half years ago. We watch the setting pinkish sun set over the unclimbable cliffs under the cloudy puplish sky. The wolf dogs pull us to the black bear fur curtain. Tubal excitedly shouts, "Wolf dogs stop!" He

and 'Aqqow step off the sledge into the deep snow. He ties up the wolf dogs to a near-by tree. They walk to the stone house. Tubal shouts, "Methuselah, we're back!" Methuselah wearing his long brown furs and Enoch's silly fur cap, excitedly walks out leaning on his long wooden spear. They warmly hug. Methuselah joyfully says with his elderly voice, "Thank God! --Is my grandson alright?" Tubal proudly says, "Yes, I kept him safe!" 'Aqqow happily says, "We're finally back!" Shivering, me and Ahabah jump off the sledge and enter through the curtain. Zabad follows. I smell the comfortable odour of burt wood. We walk into the wonderful warm home. I see my very plump grandmother sleeping. She's laying on some furs by their fire-pit. She's wearing her brown furs. Her hood is pulled back. Her very long pure white hair rests over her shoulders. Four clay jars, a pile of sticks along with fruits and nuts are by her. I excitedly ask, "Methuselah, how's grandma Qoph?" Methuselah hugs me and joyously says, "She's sleeping well! --Noah, you're alive! Thank God!" His old brown eyes look at Ahabah. Methuselah asks me, "Who's the beautiful tall woman?" She pulls back her furry brown hood revealing her squashed colorful feathered headress. Ahabah says, "Ahabah." Methuselah looks her over and happily says, "Wow, she's --beautiful!" Her smooth golden tan face smiles. Ahabah curiously says, "Hi, Methuselah?" He smiles at her. Methuselah says, "Welcome Ahabah. Let's eat!"

Grandma Qoph wakes up, joyfully sits and says, "O-Noah, Tubal, 'Aqqow, and Zabad, --you're all back! Agh, your feet are dirty!" We walk back to the entrance, brush all the snow off our sandals and furs. Leaning on his spear, Methuselah sits down by his wife. Grandma Qoph joyously shouts, "Noah, --Come over here!" I sit down. I hug her and say, "Grandma Qoph, I miss you!" We hug tightly. Grandma Qoph emotionally says, "Noah, I love you! I missed you so very much... Did you find Cheyah and Mala?" Tears run down my bearded cheeks. I softly say, "No..." Her bloated, much wrinkled pinkish white face looks up at Ahabah. Grandma Qoph smiles and asks, "Hi tall girl, who are you?" Ahabah shyly says, "I'm Ahabah..." Grandma Qoph looks pleased as she says, "You're so tall and not too messy... Sit down... Let's eat..." Ahabah takes off her brown furs, revealing her tight tan animals skins underneath. She sits down by me. Ahabah says, "Sounds good!" We pick up the jars of water. We drink from them. Tubal, 'Aqqow, and Zabad sit down on the other side. We

grabs a bowl of fruit and nuts. Methuselah's brown wrinkled face joyously smiles as he says, "First we pray... Praise God, you're back! Let's eat! Let it be!" We eat and drink. 'Aqqow happily says, "Ah, real food!" Tubal cheerfully says, "Tastes great!" Ahabah picks up a cluster of reddish fruit, puts it next to her red lips. She greedily swallows them. Ahabah sighs and says, "Thank the Creator of All!" Zabad happily says, "Girl, I dig it too!" I eat and say, "Yummy!" Grandma Qoph slyly asks, "So Ahabah is the real reason you went to the sea?" I blush. I brush back my dark brown hair and say, "No, --but we did fall in love..." Ahabah blushes beneath her colorful green and orange feathered headdress. Grandma Qoph joyfully says, "Good boy! It's time --you learn to clean up and get married..." Zabad's hazel eyes jealously frowns. Mother Qoph's light green eyes stare as she says, "Zabad, you love Ahabah too.." Zabad cheerfully says, "Yeah mam, she's groovy!" I nervously ask, "How are my parents doing?" Grandma Qoph sadly says, "They have issues..." Ahabah looks disappointed and says, "Noah, you didn't tell me your parents were separated..." Methuselah laughs and says, "Of course not..." Zabad jealously says, "See groovy girl, Noah keeps secrets --unlike me..." I angrily ask, "What about Yayin?" Embarrassed, Zabad asks, "Man, who's Yayin?" Ahabah angrily asks, "Do you already have a girlfriend?" He blushes behind his scrawny brown beard. Zabad angrily says, "Noah man, you rat..." Methuselah takes small branches and puts them into the fire, as he says, "It's getting late... Let's get some sleep." Grandma Qoph says, "Praise God, you're all safe!" 'Aqqow forcefully says, "Tubal, water and feed your wolf dogs..." He gets up with his walking stick. Tubal says, "Sure..." He grabs a water jar. He cuts up a goat carrass with a big knife. He walks out. He waters and feed his wolf dogs. He walks back, cleans the snow off his fur covered boots. We all lay down on the furs covering the floor, near the fire-pit. We cover ourselves with more furs to keep warm. We fall asleep.

I wake up, get dressed and open the bear fur curtain. A cool breeze blows my long hair around and wakes everyone. I say, "It's so warm the snow may melt.." I see the sun's rays coming up over the icy horizon.

Ahabah shivers and shouts, "Close the curtain! I'm cold!" She gets up, get dressed and reclines around the warm fire-pit. Ahabah look seductively down and says, "Noah, let's go the steaming grounds first..." I forcefully say, "Latter!" Ahabah frowns beneath her pretty headdress and says

disappointed, "If you insist..." Methuselah holds his spear up and says, "Lord God, bless us all. Let it be." Grandma Qoph's bloated whitish pink face smiles as she says, "Please stay another day..." Tubal nervously says, "The snow is turning into slush. If slush freezes, we're in big trouble. We got to go!" 'Aqqow looks sad as she says, "Thank you so much but you heard my old goat!" Zabad looks scared and says, "Groovy girl, -let's split before the slushy snow freezes.." Grandma Qoph brushes back her long white hair as she says, "Noah, go see your parents... You haven't seen them in over two years." Methuselah sadly smiles as he says, "God protect you all! Let it be!" We grab a bunch of supplies and load them up on the sledge. Tubal feeds and waters his wolf dogs. We get on the sledge. Snow falls from the grayish cloudy skies. Tubal checks his magic needle, hits the back of the wolf dogs with his strips of animal hides. Tubal shouts, "Wolf dogs go!"

The wolf dogs rush through the deep increasingly soggy snow. Tubal hits the wolf dog's back and nervously says, "Wolf dogs faster! Faster!"

From morning till evening, the wolf dogs pull us except for a few short breaks. Tubal gives them water. We watch the last rays of the reddening sun breaking through the increasing dark clouds. The sun sets over the icy colorful horizon. The snow turns into sleet coating even our furs. It's getting cold. Ahabah shivers. We look all around at the sleet covering the trees with a sheet of ice. Tree branches are bending down, and breaking all over from the weight of the sleet on them. Many branches, even large branches fall into the icy snow making thumping noises. Ahabah says with frosted breath, "It's horrible!" I nervously say, "Yeah, this sleet is deadly..."

The slushy snow freezes into slippery ice. 'Aqqow happily shouts, "I see -- Omer, --thank God!" I barely see Omer's large rocky entrance in the distance. I see a huge mound of snow under which I'm sure the Re'em is sleeping under. The wolf dogs slide around on the ice. They're having a hard time pulling us but they get inside the large cave. I see Nowtsah and Oreb, wearing their hooded robes. They hold their algae sticks. Many Algae worshipers are behind them including Yayin who's holding a wineskin. Nowtsah shouts, "Praise the Algae! Noah and his friends have returned! --Obed, tell his parents." Hushy man Oreb runs off as he says, "Yes." We ride up to the Algae high priestess. Tubal shouts, "Wolf dogs stop!" Nowtsah's squinted brown eyes stare at us as she asks, "Did you find

Cheyah and Mala?" Tubal sadly says, "Sorry..." Nowtsah looks downcast as she says, "Too bad! Tubal, we need your help!" 'Aqqow sarcastically asks, "What can my old goat help you with?" Nowtsah sorrowfully says, "Our Re'em died! Our Re'em took us many places for many years --but no more." Zabad sadly says, "Mam, what a bummer!" I ask, "Can you get another Re'em?" Nowtsah sadly says, "Father Nasher found our Re'em as a baby... We haven't seen one since..." Puzzled, Ahabah asks, "What's a Re'em?" I sadly say, "The biggest ugliest beast I've ever seen..." Ahabah sadly says, "Ah, I wish I could of see it." Nowtsah forcefully asks, "Tubal please build sledges for us and teach us how to train wolf dogs?" Tubal proudly says, "Sure... The great metal wizard helps all!" 'Aqqow says sarcastically like a chant, "O-great metal wizard.." Yayin sips some wine from her wine-skin, and smiles. She runs up to Zabad, and pulls back her hood, revealing her brown hair. She passionately pulls Zabad's hood back and kisses him madly. Yayin seductively says, "Zabad, you're ----finally back! --Let's party!" He steps down from the sledge. Zabad happily says, "Yayin girl, I love you!" Ahabah angrily asks, "So you're Yayin, and Zabad's your boyfriend?" Yayin smiles as she says, "Yeah tall girl! --Hey Zabad, who's your pretty friend?" Zabad nervously says, "--Ahabah.." She step down from the sledge and sarcastically says, "Yeah, I'm groovy girl..." Yayin cheerfully asks her, "Does you want to party too?" Yayin sips more wine. Zabad goofily asks, "Abahah, can you dig it?" Ahabah thinks about it and says, "I can dig it..." Irritated, I say, "Come on, say no!" Ahabah agrees and says, "Noah, you're right! Zabad should of told me about her..." I step down. I hug Ahabah tightly.

Oreb walks back with Gibbor, Sob'ah, and Lamech. Chuldah follows them. Chuldah, wearing her green robe, happily runs to her son, kisses him and shouts, "Zabad man, lay it on me!" Zabad says, "Mam, I'm cool.." 'Aqqow jumps down from the sledge and runs to her giant son, shouting, "Gibbor, mother loves you! Gibbor alright?" Gibbor says, "Gibbor good! Love mom.." Wearing his white furs, he picks her up. He moves her close to his big bald head. He presses her smiling face against his stringy bearded chubby face and kisses her. Gibbor joyfully smiles as he says, "Gibbor love mother!" He gently puts her down. Sob'ah wearing her cream color hooded furs hugs her and says, "'Aqqow, we missed you so!" Tubal asks, "Gibbor, are you and Sob'ah good?" Gibbor picks his blond wife way up,

smooches her and happily says, "Gibbor good!" Sob'ah cheerfully says, "We good!" My father leans on his staff. He slowly walks to me, wearing his light gray furs. His hood is pulled back, exposing his long graying hair's broad white streak. His narrow wrinkled brown face warmly smiles behind his grayish beard. Lamech excitedly shouts, "Noah son, you're finally back! --Your mother is so worried..." We hug tightly. Abahab smiles. I tearfully asks, "Father, how are you ---and mother doing?"

Lamech sadly says, "My Tukkiy is --still kind of mad at me.." Lamech happily asks, "Who's the tall beautiful woman?" I excitedly say, "Abahab, and I'm asking her to marry me." Lamech excitedly says, "Wow!" I gently run my fingers through her glistening brown hair. I look into her sparkling eyes and asks her, "Ahabah, will you marry me?" Zabad frowns. Yayin's sips wine from her wineskin and asks, "What's wrong Zabad?" Zabad bitterly says, "Nothing --girl..." Ahabah looks dreamily into my eyes and sweetly says, "Noah, I believe the Creator of All planned for us to marry..."

We hug. Excepts Zabad, everyone there says, "Ah-hh..." I longingly say, "I want to see my mother!" Ahabah curiously says, "Let's go.." Lamech smiles widely as he says, "Tukkiy will be thrill to meet you!" We walk over to our my mother's igloo.

I smell the comforting odour of burnt sticks. Me, my father and Ahabah stoop down and enter. I see the fire-pits small fire reflecting off the icy white walls. My frail mother is sitting, wearing her hooded dark brown dress. Near her, I see both halves of my parent's Algae wedding stones fitted together. I see jars of water, and a plate stacked with nuts and berries.

Tukkiy tearfully excited asks, "My son, is that really you? --You've been gone forever!" I get down on my knees. I hug her. I happily say, "Mother, I'm back. I love and miss you so much!" She licks my dark brown beard.

Tears flow down from her pale wrinkled cheeks. Thilled, Tukkiy says, "Noah, you're really here! ---I feel you!" I run my fingers through her long gray hair. I look deeply into her squinted tearful dark brown eyes. I joyfully say, "Mother, I'm home!" Tukkiy tearfully says, "Son, I didn't come to meet you, because I'm having problems walking.." My father sits down near us. He sadly watches us. Lamech cheerfully says, "Tukkiy, someone wants to meet you.." Irritated, Tukky harshly asks, "Who?"

Tukkiy notices Ahabah taking off her brown furs, revealing the tight tan animal skins that show off her tall curvy body. She sits down by me.

Tukkiy looks up in wonder, and asks, "What a beauty?" Ahabah smiles and says, "I'm Ahabah... The Creator of All brought your son to me.." Tukkiy joyfully says, "Noah, are you going marry her?" I sheepishly ask, "Mother, you approve?" Tukkiy happily says, "Yeah, praise God! Methuselah will marry you two seven new moons from now. And I will get some grandchildren soon..." I blush. Tukkiy looks at my father as she asks, "Lamech, isn't this wonderful?" His kind brown eyes look worried. Lamech says, "Yes!" Tukkiy grabs the halves of their wedding Algae stones. Tukkiy sadly says, "Look Lamech, even when I really hated you, --I kept my half Algae stone... And --you gave your half stone to me!" Lamech nervously says, "I don't believe in the Algae..." Tukkiy laughs and says, "Silly, it's not about the Algae... It's about us!"

A new moon latter, I get dressed in my brown hooded furs. I put on my thick wooden sandals with thick furs tied around my feet. I put primitive fur gloves on my hands. This very cold morning, I walked out of my parent's igloo. I quickly walked over to Nowtsah's large igloo decorated with lots of orange ornaments. My feet and hands go numb along with my face under my furry hood. I shiver intensely. I smell the pleasant odour of burning sticks. I shouted with much frosted breath, "Noah here! High priestess, may I en-ter?" I hear Nowtsah's voice say, "Come in! Ahabah wants to see you..." I enter. I feel the wonderful warmth of their fire. I see them sitting around the fire-pit, eating lots of colorful little mushrooms.

Wearing their dull green hooded robes, Nowtsah and Oreb are sitting on furs. They're eating little mushrooms on clay plates. Nowtsah smiles and says, "Welcome back Noah.." I happily say, "Hi, Nowtsah..." Oreb's wrinkled face gently smiles behind his stringy gray beard as he says, "Hi, Noah..." I happily say, "Hi, Oreb.." Oreb kindly asks, "Want some mushrooms?" I say, "Not now..." I look at Ahabah wearing her squashed headdress. She's eating tiny mushrooms. I happily ask, "Ahabah love, how are you?" She nervous says, "Nowtsah invited me to live with her until my wedding! But I had problems sleeping..." I sadly say, "Sorry to hear that.." Ahabah says with mixed emotions, "Nowtsah told me about their interesting beliefs.." I curiously ask, "Did you tell her about your beliefs?" Ahabah humbly says, "I told them the Creator of All rules all --and plans all things for our destinies... Even if we don't understand why, the Creator of All plans are good..." Nowtsah giggles and says, "Noah, I like her... ---"

But her beliefs are even stranger than yours.." Oreb proudly says, "The Algae is easier to understand..." Ahabah frowns slightly and says, "Let's see... Everything started with the infinite sea and the Algae... The Algae becomes all other living things... And we're all part of the Algae --except for the demons who reject the Algae." Husky man Oreb smiles widely and says, "That's right!" Nowtsah proudly says, "See, the Algae makes perfect sense... But your beliefs are weird..." Ahabah defensively says, "Whatever... Algae worship seems weird to me..." Irritated, Nowtsah says, "Really... Noah's father has been good to my sister despite his strange beliefs." I kindly say, "Like him, --I believe God always is, and God created us to love God and each other..." Ahabah nervously says, "Algae high priestess, --" Nowtsah says, "Just call me Nowtsah..." Ahabah nervously asks, "Do you fear our beliefs?" Nowtsah frowns and says, "Yes! Don't you fear our beliefs?" I say, "I guess I do.." Nowtsah says, "My father Naster told me to trust in the Algae's love and --avoid fear..." Nowtsah and Oreb stand up. Obed says, "We'll be back soon.." I say, "It's really cold out there.." Oreb's squinted brown eyes look confident as he says, "Don't worry! Algae becomes greater." I nervously say, "Be careful..." Ahabah sadly says, "Good-by..." They put on dark heavy furs, pick up their algae staffs and walk out.

Tears run down her smooth golden tan cheeks. I ask, "Ahabah love, why are you crying?" Ahabah hugs me and says, "I had a scary dream..." She lowers her head. I kiss her red lips and say, "Tell me, love..." Disturbed, Ahabah says, "We were shiveringly. We were walking together in utter darkness through deep snow... I smelled a sickly sweet odor. A whitish blue dot appears in the distance. I see it's a campfire that we are walking towards. Behind the bluish fire, a short bright blue eyed, white haired girl appears, with two owls by her side. She's wearing a cape, and holding a censer..." Disturbed, I ask, "Did she have a necklace?" Ahabah fearfully says, "Yeah—and a white stone pendant." I say, "Go on..." Ahabah neverously says, "As we walk, many hooting owls fly in. They land around us. You fearfully shouted, "Run!" You ran away from me. I shouted, "Noah, --come back!" You kept running. Her ghoulish blue eyes stare at me. She cruelly said, "I slay all damsels --whom Noah loveth!" Her many owls attacked me. I screamed. Then I woke up." I hug her tightly, and say, "Ahabah, I love you!" Ahabah fearfully asks, "Do you

know her?" I nervously says, "Yes... My big sister was killed by ---her!"

Ahabah fearfully says, "Noah, why did you run away from me?" I emotionally say, "That dream is a lie... I would never abandon you!"

Ahabah stares deeply into my eyes as she forcefully says, "The Creator of All planned for us to be together... Believe it!" We tightly hug. I say, "Yes!"

This morning the snowflakes gently fall. I walk over to Nowtsah's igloo. I shouts, "Ahabah, let's go..." Ahabah walks out, wearing hooded gray furs as she says, "I'm ready!" We walk to Chuldah's igloo. We look at the sledge and six large furry wolf dogs tied by it. We smell the odour of burnt sticks. We enter Chuldah's igloo. I put my arm up around Ahabah's shoulders. We look dreamily into each other eyes. I look down at Chuldah, and Zabad. They're wearing their green hooded robes sitting by their flickering fire. Zabad jealously stares. I curiously ask, "Chuldah, how did you get the wolf dogs and the sledge?" Chuldah happily says, "Tubal, man..." Ahabah beautifully smiles and says, "Chuldah, take us to the steaming grounds?" Chuldah fearfully says, "Bogus, gnarly cursed grounds!" Chuldah laughs and says, "--Like go now?" Ahabah joyously asks, "Can we, Noah?" I boldly say, "Sure!" Ahabah excitedly says, "I can't wait!" Chuldah's pale wrinkled pale face gently smiles as she says, "To see unholy grounds. ---I dig it! Just split before dark!" Zabad awkwardly interrupts, saying, "Groovy girl, I really dig you.. And I know you dig me too!" Chuldah angrily says, "Man son, stop freaking out!"

Annoyed, I say, "Zabad, stop embarrassing yourself.." Ahabah kisses my forehead and sweetly says, "I love Noah.. He's my destiny!" Zabad childishly says, "Groovy girl, that's bogus!" Zabad and Chuldah put on their heavy furs. They grab their staffs and loads lots of supplies into the back of their sledge. Me and Ahabah step into the sledge. Chuldah and Zabad sit down in front of us. We sit back near the loaded supplies. Zabad holds the red bowl with the magic blue needle and sadly say, "Mam, that way.." As snowflakes gently falls, Chuldah takes the long strips of animal hides, and hits the furry backs of the wolf dogs. Chuldah shouts, "Wolf dogs go far out!" They pull us though the deep snow this nice cool day. They leave a deep trail behind us. The wolf dogs run until about noon. We see the unclimbable cliffs in the distance. The clouds above open up. The sunlight brightly shines down on us. The wolf dogs pull us to the hidden

cave entrance. Chuldah and Zabad stay in the sledge. Ahabah and me step out into the deep snow. Ahabah asks, "Chuldah, Zabad, won't you come with us?" Chuldah laughs and says, "No, girl... That's gnarly cursed grounds --but I dig it's groovy fruits!" Zabad jealously stare at us as he says, "Man, I'm there..." Chuldah laughs and says, "No son, stay! Yayin's your hot wolf.. Don't freak out!" Zabad blushes angrily as he says, "Mam, you're such a drag!"

Me and Ahabah step get off the sledge. We step inside the icy narrow entrance. Using our staffs, we carefully walk into the long dark slippery cave. The farther we go, it gets warmer until drops of water are dripping from the cave's ceiling. We walk to the wet, dripping entrance and see the glaring bright steaming grounds. Ahabah pulls back her hood revealing her squashed green and orange feathered headress on top her shimmering brown hair. She takes a deep breath and looks in awe at the very bright green misty grounds. We walk out onto the steaming grounds. I pull back my hood and closely follow her. I curiously ask, "What do you think?"

Ahabah emotionally says, "Ah, it's --so magically misty, so--brightly green, so many beautiful flowers but it's so humid! I'm sweating..." I joyfully say, "We both are!" She take off her heavy gray fur. I take off my heavy brown furs. We drops them on the moist ground covered by lush green plants.

She's wearing her tight shapely tan animal skins. Ahabah giggles and says, "Puts my island to shame.." Sweating, I say, "God show my father this place in a dream..." She looks around at these hot misty grounds. She sees the many green plants, orange, purple and blue flowers, vines, all the colorful fruits, weird plants and many small shallow streams. Sweat runs down her pretty golden smooth cheeks and neck. Ahabah slowly says, "Why don't you live here in this paradise?" I nervously say, "Little poisonous shelled demons called little deaths, come out at dark!" Her sexy light brown eyes sparkle. Ahabah slowly says, "This is just like our vision on my island..." Pleasantly surprised, I say, "You saw that too..." The sun shines down on her gorgous sweaty face. Ahabah joyfully says, "Noah, the Creator of All showed me this holy place, ---except I was nude..." Sweat runs down my forehead. I ask, "Really?" I gently run my fingers through her moist long brown hair. I put my arm around her quivering shoulders.

We look at each other until it's awkward. She forcefully kisses my lips, pressing her face against my rugged sweaty beard. Ahabah passionately

says, "Love you, Noah, --ahh..." I feel a little too shy. I push her back a little. I point to my father's vineyard. I say, "Let's look at my father's vineyard." Ahabah asks disappointed, "Can't that wait?" I wiping off the sweat from my forehead. I nervously say, "Come on..."

I run over to the large wine vat. I walk through a row of furrowed misty grounds covered by healthy green vines and large clusters of red fruit. She walks up behind me. I pick off a small cluster of fruit. I hand it to her. I smile and say, "Try this..." She takes the little ball shaped fruits, puts them up to her red lips. She slowly puts them inside her lovely mouth. She crushes the fruits with her beautiful white teeth and slowly swallows the fruit. She gently wipe off the sweat from her forehead. Ahabah says, "Ah, Creator of All! Ah, --I want more!" I happily say, "I do too!" I walk over to a vine, pick a large cluster of red fruit. I walk back to her. I hand the whole cluster to her. She devours it. Ahabah's joyfully says, "Ah-that's so --good... Praise the Creator of All!" She runs her grasping fingers through my sweaty long brown hair and moist beard. I dreamily look at her and says, "Thank God!" My heart thumps loudly within my chest. She kisses me, and playfully asks, "Am I embassassing you?" I say, "A little..." She looks up around at the sharp icy cliffs surrounding us on all sides. Ahabah longingly says, "The Creator of All made these cliffs to guard these holy grounds." We both wipe the sweat off our foreheads. We hold hands as I happily say, "Maybe..."

Ahabah asks, "Are the little deaths really that bad?" I forcefully ask, "Do you see any animals here? --Little deaths!" She curiously looks all around and points towards something in the distance. Ahabah giggles and asks, "What's about that owl over there?" I ask, "What?" I look through the mist, beyond the vineyard towards some large blue flowers. I see something move. We both run. I run ahead of her towards it. I hear a creepy hoot. A cold chill goes down the back of my neck. I stop. I clearly see Samuel, the fat brown horned owl standing by the blue flowers. Ahabah catches up with me. I stare at those big cruel gray eyes staring back at me. Ahabah looks down and asks, "Noah, why are you scared?" I fearfully says, "That's Samuel, --one of --her owls." He turns his feathered head and stares up at her. Ahabah angrily says, "Trust the Creator of All! Don't fear him..." Samuel wickedly hoots. Creeped out, I nervously say, "He's talking to me.." Irritated, she walks up to the big brown owl. Ahabah points down,

and says, "The Creator of All banishes you from this place!" Samuel angrily hoots at her. Ahabah angrily says, "Scat!" Samuel backs away from her. He flies away.

Ahabah angrily says, "Noah, believe in our destiny..." I fearfully ask, "What about your bad dream?" Ahabah says, "Fear will not rule me! What about you?" I comfortingly says, "Nothing devoted to God is ever really gone or lost." She smiles gloriously. We lay down on the grassy ground close to each other. We hold hands watching the clouds go by until the pinkish sun begins to set over the dark unclimbable cliffs. The sky has a purple haze. Bright golden clouds roll by. She stands up tall. She picks up her staff. Ahabah playfully says, "The sky looks like our vision... I'll get nude!" I timidly ask, "Really?" Ahabah cheerfully says, "Just joking..." I stand up, grab my staff, look up and say, "It's getting dark! We must go!" Ahabah laughs and says, "Let's run!" We run through the misty grounds. Our sandal covered feet splash over some shallow streams. We pick up our heavy furs and put them on. We walk into the narrow cave exit, that dripping all the time. We hear howling winds. We rush through the narrow cave that gets colder as we come to its entrance. I see that the snow has stop falling. Cold winds are howling. We walk out into the deep snow. The harsh winds blow against and stings our expose skin. We step up onto the sledge. Chuldah and Zabad are still sitting in front. Zabad says with frosted breath, "Girl, you're late. Let's split!" Ahabah nervously asks, "Chuldah, are you too cold?" Chuldah says with frosted breath, "I'm cool... Noah, let's crash at your grandparents..." I calmly say, "Yeah, let's crash." Ahabah and me quickly pull our hoods almost close to warm our faces.

The pinkish red sun sets in the purple sky with glowing pink clouds. Chuldah looks at the magic blue needle, hits the backs of the wolf dogs and shouts, "Wolf dogs, split!" They pull us through deep snow til we arrive at my grandparent's house. We steps down. Chuldah ties the sledge to a tree. Ahabah shivers. We walk to the bear fur curtain. I shout with frosted breath, "Methuselah, it's Noah, Ahabah, Zabad, and Chuldah..." Methuselah's elderly voice says, "Come on in!" We open the curtain and step into the blessed warmth inside. We brush off the snow from our feet and furs. We're crowded. All six of us sit down around the brightly flickering fire under their chimey. Grandmother is wearing her thick brown hooded furs. A large pile of sticks by her side along with pots and bags.

Grandma Qoph lovingly says, "Noah, you're back! --Everyone, let's feast!" Chuldah happily says, "Outta sight!" Zabad says, "Groovy..." Methuselah hugs me, and says, "Praise God! You're back with your gorgeous fiancée!" I joyfully say, "You bet..." We eat and drink. We lay down to sleep crowded by each other. We sleep under many furs. Even under all the heavy furs and crowded on all sides, I shiver.

I dream about that sickly sweet odour. From a cold darkness, a small bluish flame appears in a fancy silver censer. It lights up the twirling white smoke coming out of it. I see, --her. She's holding her censer up by its long thin silver chains. Lilith and Samuel are by her side. She's wearing her light blue dress, and sparkling silver cape. Her silver tiara crowns her deathly white wavy hair. Her incredibly bright blue eyes look up at me. I see hanging from her silver chained necklace, her wide oval white stone pendant. Layil mockingly says, "Abandon Ahabah, or mine owls shall devour thy maiden's flesh!" Angrily disturbed, I ask, "Why are you so mean?" Lots of swirling smoke shoots from her censer. Layil sadly says, "Behold, once I wast five.." From the smoke appears a fancy blue room with a large silver oven, a golden cabinet, and mirrored counters. A golden brush and a fancy silver tray are on top the cabinet. I watch little girl Layil and her beautiful blond mother walk in. She is dressed in a small blue dress and silver cape. Her mother is dressed in a shiny yellow gown. She's wearing a long yellow cone cap and yellow oven mitts. Layil grumpily asks, "Mine mother, why doth we live in Sheol?" Naamah bitterly says, "Mine lovely daughter... We wast banished because Lamech, -the fool, lied about us!" Layil childishly asks, "Why, wast he so mean?" Naamah arrogently says, "He wast jealous because we art a superior race!" Layil sadly asks, "Shall I ever behold the crystal palace?" Naamah lovingly picks her up and says, "Mine daughter, ye will!" Layil lovingly says, "Mine mother, I lovest thee..." Naamah gently puts her down. She takes a loaf of baked bread out of the oven. The bread is in a silver pan and smells incredibly tasty. Her mother turns the pan upside down and the fresh bread gently falls out onto a tray. She gently turns the bread right-side up. Layil looks up and cheerfully asks, "Mine mother, may I take thine bread to mine father..." Her mother takes off the oven mitts, grabs the golden brush and gently brushes her daughter's long white hair. Naamah fearfully says, "Be neat or thine father shalt be mad!" Layil gently says, "Mine mother, --I

shall please mine father..." She picks up the tray. She carefully carries it out. She smells the exciting odour of death. She walks into a glowing white room with lots of nearly transparent circular containers with little weird creatures trapped inside. She walks towards her tall father who wears a transparent hooded robe over his regular clothes. He's standing by a shiny silver work bench with metal tools on it. A bloody ape is laying on top of a blue circular table. The ape's forehead has a rectangular hole cut in it. It's off colored pale eyes are lifeless. She smiles. Her father ignores her. She waits as he cleans up. Two cleaning qophs float in on silver discs, and takes the dead ape away. Her father walks into a steam shower that washes all the drops of blood off his robe. He carefully takes off the robe, neatly folds it up and puts it away.

Her father's handsome beardless pale face looks down at his little girl. He lovingly says, "My little princess..." She bows her head. Still holding the tray in her tiny trembling hands. She happily lays the silver tray down on his workbench. She gently tears a piece of fresh bread and hands it up to him. Layil say, "Mine father, eat.." He quickly eats it. He stares at the tray on his work bench. He harshly asks, "Layil, why did you put the tray there? It could fall and make a mess!" She quickly picks up the tray, carries it back to the golden cabinet. He follows her. She reaches up. She puts the bread on top the cabinet. Her father angrily asks, "Dost thou not know better?" Layil softly mumble, "Mine father, Sorry..." He stares down at her, clinches his fists and yells, "Mine little princess acts like a filthy pig! Thou art better than this!" He harshly grabs her collar and rips it open. Layil cries, and says, "Mine beautiful dress ---tis ruin!" He angrily says, "Even the stupid cleaning qophs know.. Cleanliness is life!" Layil cries and say, "Mine father, forgiveth me!" He clinches his fists again. He furiously shouts down at her, "Stop crying or ---I'll shall give thee something to really --cry about!" She fearfully tries to stop crying. She wipes away her bitter tears. Her father yells, "Stop crying now!" Terrified, Layil says, "Yea, mine fa-ther!" The smoke clears. I bitterly say, "Your father is a monster! Why do you worship him?"

Layil happily says, "Mine father desireth perfection... Behold, mine sixth birthday..." More swirling smoke. I see little Layil, sitting by her parents. They're sitting a floating large circular light blue cushion in the center of a light blue circular room with fancy mirrors all around. Her

father is dress as usual. His golden halo crown is on top his well combed long blond hair. Naamah is dressed in a long golden gown. She wears a long golden cone cap on top her beautiful shoulder length blond hair. Her father gently strokes her wavy white hair as he happily says, "Mine princess! I loveth thee... Happy sixth birthday... My light bearer tis finally growing up to be someone I can be proud of..." He hugs her. Layil affectionately says, "Mine father, I lovest thee!" Naamah beautifully smiles as she says, "Happy birthday, Layil! We got thee a special gift this year..." Layil hugs her mother and curiously asks, "Mine beautiful mother, what gift be it?" She hands her a small white dodecahedron box with blue pentagrams on all it's sides. Naamah affectionately says, "Touch the top..." Layil curiously says, "Yea!" She touches it's top. It's sides opens up on their own. Inside are two light blue eggs with tiny white spots all over. She's almost grab the eggs but her father says, "Patience..." Her super blue eyes stare as two baby owls slowly peck their way out of their eggs. Layil painfully asks, "Why waiteth?" Naamah takes hold of her little hands and says, "They must break out on their own to be healthy.." Two tiny baby owls leaves their broken eggs, one gray and one brown. Layil's grasping hands violently grabs the fearfully high screeching baby owls. Her father forcefully shouts, "Don't harm them!" Naamah fearfully says, "Or thine father shalt be mad!" Layil loosens her grip on her tiny baby owls. Her father tenderly says, "Everyone needs friends... King Semjaza tis mine! Queen Ashtoreth tis thy mother's friend... Now, --thou has friends, Lilith and Samuel... Happy bithday, mine little princess!" Naamah cheerfully says, "Happy birthday, --Layil! --Be thou gentle with thy little friends. And they shall serve thee well..." Layil wobbles. Her eyes roll up into her head. She falls back on the cushion by them. Naamah grabs her as she asks, "Mine daughter, art thou ill?" She hugs her mother and looks up adoringly. Layil says in utter wonder, "Mine mother, I feeleth mine owl's --feelings..." Naamah warmly says, "Thou art bonding with thy baby owl's minds..." Gently holding her baby owls, Layil dreamily looked up at her father and says, "Mine father, --how great thou art!" The smoke clears. I fearfully ask, "Have any human friends?" Layil cheerfully says, "Mine mother... Doth thou lovest Ahabah?" I angry says, "Don't ask!" Layil mockingly sad says, "Yea love her.. Abandon her! -- And she shall live.." Layil giggles and cruelly says, "Or thy fair maiden

shall join Yownah's head, --in Sheol!" I angrily shout, "Never!" I hear owls hooting and Ahabah's screaming.

I fearfully wake up screaming, waking up everyone. They sit up. The flicker lights of the fire-pit dances around us. Zabad angrily shouts, "Man, don't freak out like that!" Grandma Qoph looks worried as she asks, "Noah, my grandson, --what's wrong?" I'm embarrassed. I say, "I just had a bad dream.." Chuldah frowns and says, "Bogus!" Ahabah's sadly asks, "Noah, did you dream about --her?" I fearfully say, "Yeah..." Ahabah sleepy eyes looks so disappointed in me. Methuselah comfortingly says, "Let's pray..." We bow our heads. Methuselah very tiredly say, "Lord God, you love us... Protect us and give us a good night sleep... Let it be.." We lay down and sleep.

About five new moons latter, near sunset, one new moon before the wedding. Ahabah walks to my parent's igloo. I hear her voice shouts, "Ahabah here... Noah, we need to talk..." Wearing my heavy brown furs, I grab my staff. I walk out into the cold. Shivering, I say, "Let's go inside.." Ahabah wearing a thick dark hooded furs, nervously says, "No! Let's walk!" We walk on the hard cave floor to the windy, cold entrance. The winds howls. Outside I see a blizzard. The gray sky grows dark. I nervously ask, "What is it?" Ahabah solemnly asks, "Do you want to marry me?" As the icy winds sting my face behind my hood, I ask, "How can you ask that?" Beneath her brown hood, Ahabah says, "I feel like you're drawing away from me... Do you doubt the Creator of All's destiny for us... Do you?" I say with frosted breath, "Every night, I dream of you dying..." Ahabah forcefully says with frosted breath, "Noah, I know you love me.. Trust the Creator of All!" I fearfully says, "God didn't save Yownah.." Ahabah shivers and asks, "Don't you believe Yownah is with the Creator of All?" I nervously say, "I saw a vision of my big sister." Ahabah bravely says, "Believe in our destiny! If Layil kills me, ---I'll wait for you..." I shutter and say, "You don't know ---her, -cruelty!" She cries. Ahabah furiously shouts, "How dare you fear ---her more, than you believe in the Creator of All, --and in our love! Augh, --what a coward?" I tearfully say, "Ahabah, I'm sorry but..." She interrupts me. Ahabah weeps and says, "I won't marry you! --Zabad believes more in destiny than you do..." She quickly walk away. I almost run after her. My heart feels colder than the icy winds that freeze my many tears.

I'm shivering. I can't stop weeping. I walk to Chuldah's igloo and painfully shout, "Zabad, --Aha-bah broke up with me..." Zabad wearing his green hooded robe, walks out and says, "Bummer man!" Weeping, I ask, "Got wine, --man?" Zabad hugs me and says, "Man, I got Plenty!" I hear Chuldah's voice says, "Crash here, boys!" We enter their igloo's tight icy entrance. Chuldah stands by her fire-pit's flickering flames. She's wearing her green hooded robe. Zabad says with mixed emotions, "Ahabah broke up with Noah..." Chuldah angrily says, "Man, that bogus! Let's get blasted!" Zabad and me sit down around the fire-pit. Chuldah grabs a large tan wineskin. She hands it to me. Chuldah says, "Wine man!" I fearfully ask, "Not blood boiler, is it?" Chuldah says, "No, man!" I put the wine-skin to my lips and gulp down this delicious wine. I sadly smile and say, "Man, Tubal makes great wine!" Chuldah cheerfully says, "I dig it!" Irritated, Zabad says, "Man, don't hog it." I hand the wine-skin to him. He gulps some down and joyfully asks, "What a blast?" Chuldah says, "Son man, my turn..." She gulps some down, and she says, "Far out!" She hands it back to me. Chuldah happily says, "Man, --get another hot wolf... Can you dig it?" Tear rolls down my bearded cheeks. I sadly say, "Yeah mam, -I dig it.." I gulp more delicious wine till it's dripping down my beard. I laugh and happily say, "Wine, --groovy..." We keep drinking. We get real drunk. We sing songs and act very silly sitting around the glowing warm orange fire. Very drunk, I cry a lot and fall asleep.

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Chapter 8 Justice,

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Proverbs 24:17-18

17 Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth:

18 Lest the Lord see it, and it displease him, and he turn away his wrath from him.

Pe'ullah is still sitting between her grandparents. Me and Tubal watch grandfather gently touch the sides of her sandy blond hair. Noah says with his low elderly voice, "Pe'ullah, I was heart broken! I wish I hadn't let Ahabah down..." Pe'ullah's adorable blue eyes look up at him as she says, "But then you would of never married grandmother..." Sha'ah stares beneath her red feathered headdress. Noah takes his wife's gentle hand, and lovingly says, "Sha'ah, I love you! --But I almost married Ahabah." Sha'ah jealously says, "But if you had married her, she would be so very old by now... As old as --you!" Noah giggles as he says "Yeah, --but I was young back then..." Sha'ah looks hurt. Noah lovingly caresses her wrinkled reddish cheeks as he passionately says, "My young lovely, --I'm so blessed to have such a ridiculously young and beautiful wife!"

Sha'ah slyly smiles and says, "Yes, you are!" Pe'ullah's cute chubby face smiles excitedly as she says, "So grandfather, --Ahabah would of married you.." Noah excitedly says, "Let's just says, -Ahabah really dug me!"

Sha'ah skeptically says, "Zabad told this story differently... She always loved him more!" Noah rubs his long white beard and childishly says, "Come on, --Ahabah loved me more! She was my first great love!" Noah gently taps his wife's nose and warmly says, "But Sha'ah, you're my greatest love!" Pe'ullah nervously asks, "Did Ahabah marry Zabad?"

Sadly, Noah says, "Yeah..." Sha'ah smiles wickedly as she says, "I believe she always loved Zabad more..." Grandfather frowns. Pe'ullah curiously asks, "What happen to Zabad's girlfriend, Yayin?" Sha'ah laughs and says, "Zabad married her too..." Shocked, Pe'ullah says, "He married, --both of them... Isn't that wrong?" Noah sadly says, "Yep..." Sha'ah giggles and says, "See, women dug Zabad..." Pe'ullah frowns and says, "I'll never share my husband! How --did they get along?" Sha'ah giggles and says, "Actually, Ahabah and Yayin like each other... Sometimes, more than Zabad..." Noah tries to smile as he says, "About a year and seven new moons latter, I visited my grandparents. I wore in my brown furs. We sat down. It was warm around their fire-pit below their stone chimney.

Methuselah picked up some branches from a large pile near-by. He threw them into the flames that lights up their stone house. We ate fruits and nuts and drank water..."

My head bowed low. I sadly say, "Grandma Qoph, ---I can't believe Ahabah married --Zabad..." Plumb grandma Qoph gently combs back her

long white hair and says, "Noah, you should of married her..." Tears roll down my bearded cheeks. I emotionally say, "Grandma Qoph---I loved her!" Sitting by her, my grandfather frowns under Enoch's silly fur cap. Methuselah gently says, "My wife is right... Don't fear!" I bitterly ask, "Methuselah, can you blame me? Remember Yownah..." Methuselah tearfully says, "I love Yownah so much it hurts!" Grandma Qoph's bloated whitish pink face looks distressed as she tearfully says, "We could never forget her!" I fearfully says, "Layil, will kill any women I marry!"

Methuselah darkly frowns as he says, "No! God will protect your wife..."

Grandma Qoph sadly smiles as she says, "Noah, get you a good clean wife devoted to God.. If Layil kills her, your wife will be with God..." I nervously say, "You sound like Ahabah.." Grandma Qoph's light green eyes sparkle as she says, "She was right.. --Noah, I love you! Get a good clean wife!" I sadly say, "I love you grandma Qoph!" Methuselah tearfully happy says, "And I love you both! Let's pray..." We hear Yerach's disturbed voice says, "Yerach here... Help!" Methuselah sadly says, "Come in..."

She opens the bear fur curtain. A cold breeze blows in. We shiver.

She bows her head so that her long metallic green cone cap can fit under the curtain. She walks in. She brushes off the snow from her metallic green gown and brown fur coat. Grandma Qoph angrily stares as the snow falling on her floor and she says, "Yerach, clean that snow up!" Yerach's lovely dark face looks embarrassed as she says, "Sorry, Seven!" She gets on her knees and brushes the snow out of the entrance. Her ankle length gray braided hair swings around the floor. She stands up. Grandma Qoph sadly asks, "Yerach, where's Vashti?" Yerach's dark green eyes look disturbed as she says, "In hiding... And Noah --is in big trouble!" Shocked, I ask, "Why?" Yerach nervously says, "Semjaza blames you for the vicious attack on the Children's Festival..." Fearfully, I ask, "What?" Yerach tearfully says, "This year's Children's Festival, was brutally attacked!"

The beautiful golden half circle stage that I'm standing on, floats down inside a giant yellow semitransparent sphere through the grey clouds to Vashti's lovely village. Snowflakes are falling down on the huge crowd below. I'm dressed in my metallic green gown, long cone cap, and brown fur coat. Me, Kasdeja, Chashaq, Hephaestus, Gazzah and a couple dozen servants are on the stage by a large statue which is covered by a big white sheet. Chashaq sadly howls and lies down. An entrance briefly opens up in

the back wall. Our guests including Jubal and his girls walk out behind it.

The giant yellow sphere around us vanishes. We softly land in front of the huge crowds of many happy children and their loving parents. I don't mind the blast of cold winds. I happily look around at the many children making all kinds of snowmen, snowwomen, snow animals and even snow palaces.

The servants dressed in white hooded robes walk out into the crowd. They hand out large amounts of fresh flat bread, wine and water. I ignore Kasdeja, my pathetic husband who's standing behind me. Many people standing in the deep snow are crowding up by the half tall man high stage.

The back wall is two tall men's height. The crowd joyfully shouts repeatedly, "Great goddess Yerach! Friend of children everywhere!" I warmly smile. I spread out my arms wide. I happily shout, "Welcome to this year's Children's festival! Peace, good will, and good music for all! --- Everyone cheer, Jubal is here!" He and his four gorgeous girls walk out begin dancing. He's dressed in his black leather robe and turban. He leaning on his long golden serpent shaped staff. His girls are dressed in knee length, long sleeved, tight fitting white iridescent dresses. The girls skillfully play their pairs of brightly flashing cymbals in their hands, making loud energetic music. They playfully dance around Jubal like they all just love him. Everytime his girls hit their cymbals together, colored lights brightly flash. Jubal dances in the middle of the girls. He awkwardly swings his elderly hips around. He swings his long golden staff. His pale wrinkled, long white bearded face smiles proudly. Jubal beautifully sings, "Everyone cheer, --Jubal is here! Best singer in the world, --pretty girls go ahead and swirl... Jubal sings, let's your hearts ring... Jubal loves all, come on and crawl... Everyone sing now! Everyone cheer, Jubal ---is here!" The crowds including many children happily sing along. As he finishes, he brushes off the snow that fell on his black leather tuban and robe. He lifts his golden serpent staff up high. The crowd wildly cheers. His girls fall to their knees around him. They walk to the back of the stage. An oval entrance briefly opens and they go inside. Many shout, "Jubal, the musician! Jubal, --Jubal, --Jubal..." I look down at the crowd around the stage. I notice a large wooden box near the stage.

I look at my husband's eyes that are covered by that horrible glowing blue film. His dark grey three headed dire wolf is laying by his feet. It sadly howls. I turn to the crowd. I clap my hands. I ask, "Isn't Jubal just

the greatest? --Now we have another treat.. Hepheastus, and his lovely wife Gazzah have great news..." The old hunchback is dressed in his fancy metallic purple robes and turban. He walks forward with his lovely wife Gazzah. She holds a infant wrapped in a fuzzy purple blanket held in her tender arms. She is dressed in her beautiful ankled length, long sleeved scarlet gown. She's wearing a scarlet bonnet over her long gray hair. Her wrinkled lovely brown face smiles lovingly down at her tiny infant. Her husband walks up to me. Hepheastus's yellowish tan wrinkled face smiles, his squinted red eyes sparkle as he says, "Tis such a pleasure to be at thy Children's Festival with mine beautiful wife..." I politely say, "It's an honor to have you both with us! Who's the little one?" Hepheastus turns to his wife, as he joyfully says, "Gazzah, the honors tis thine..." Gazzah joyfully says, "God has recently blessed us with a beautiful daughter..." The crowds cheers. She joyfully lift up their infant. Gazzah says, "Let me introduce ye to our wonderful daughter Kanayago..." Her hunchback husband puts his arms gently around his wife's shoulders. Hepheastus says, "We lovest little Kanayago!" They politely kiss. He gently kisses their infant. Everyone cheers. Hepheastus proudly smiles behind his long white goatee beard as he says, "O, ---one other little thing... I made a statue... Behold, ---Layil!" He thumps his walking stick down. The white sheet covering the statue behind them flies high up into air. I see the silver statue of Layil with Lilith and Samuel by her side. The beautifully detail statue is two tall man's height including it's circular pedestal about half a tall man's height.

The crowd fearfully cheers. I smell a sweet sickening odour. Swirling white smoke appears by us. Naamah walks out of the smoke. She's holding a silver censer just like Layil's censer. Trainer 13 appears behind her, wearing it's long silver robes and gloves. Out of the twirling smoke, Layil, Lilith and Samuel walk out. She's holding her silver censer. The smoke clears. Chashaq howls. I bow before them. Naamah is dressed in a long sleeve, tight fitting, shiny yellow gown. She has a shiny yellow cone cap on top her beautiful shoulder lenght blond hair. Her silver wedding necklace is around her throat. Layil's incredible blue eyes shine. The short princess is dressed in her long light blue velvet dress that has fancy long sleeves. Her ankle lenght sparkling silver cape hangs over her little shoulders. Her silver tiara is on top her long white wavy hair. Her white stone pendant is hanging from her silver chained necklace. She

excitedly steps up in front of her mother. The crowd nervously cheers. I humbly shout, "Everyone, welcome our special guests, Naamah and her lovely daughter Layil..." Naamah happily says, "Yerach, we art delighted to attend! We fully supports the Children's Festival to help children everywhere..." The crowd gasps. I respectfully say, "Naamah, that's great!" I cheerfully ask, "Layil, do you like your new statue?" She looks up at her shiny statue. Her rich red lips wickedly smiles. Her two owls pleasantly hoots like they're talking to her. Her bluer than blue eyes looks down at her two owls. They nod in agreement. Admiring it, Layil says, "Tis beautiful... Hepheastus, didst well... Lilith and Samuel art pleased..." Hepheastus and Gazzah bow down on their knees before her. Gazzah holds up their infant before her. Hepheastus says, "Layil, tis an honor to please thee.." She wickedly smiles at their tiny baby who makes happy cooing sounds. She gently touches their baby's forehead with her index finger's long sharp silver fingernail. Layil says like's she bored, "Tis cute..." Naamah gently smiles as she forcefully says, "Hepheastus, Gazzah, ye may depart..." They bow. The crowd who politely cheers. I happily say, "Gazzah, your little Kanayago is so adorable! Thanks for coming..." They walk to the briefly opening exit behind them. Most cheer.

I hear a hateful voice near the stage asks, "Naamah, how dare you bring -----her, --to the Children's Festival?" Shocked, Naamah and Layil look around. The crowd hushes. Disturbed, I shout, "Stop insulting our honored guests!" Dead silence. I hear a sorrowful woman's voice asks, "Where did ---her owls, take my baby?" A man angrily asks, "Where's my son?" A small boy near the stage fearfully asks, "Where's my little sister?" A small girl tearfully asks, "Layil, --where did your owls take my little brother?" Many children boo. I angrily shout, "Silence! Respect our honored guests or..." Some throw trash onto Layil's statue. Her two owls angrily hoot. Someone furiously shouts, "Babykiller!" More boos. I'm scare. I shout, "This is treason! Stop now, --or else!" Chashaq fiercely growls. Naamah's pale face turns red as she shouts, "Trainer thirteen, punish!"

Trainer Thirteen leaps out into the crowd and brutally attacks those whose who complained. Terrofied, the crowd hushes. The large wooden box near the stage opens up. An extremely tall muscular girl, wearing a yellow hooded robe jumps out. She's holding a large golden rectangular

shield, and a thick silver spear. She brutally stabs Trainer 13 down to the snowy ground. Trainer 13 sparks all over and smokes a lot. The hooded girl stands on top of Trainer 13. She pulls her spear out and angrily shouts, "Justice for Noah!" Many scream. Many nervously back off. Five people near the stage lift up small golden shields and wooden spears. They stand behind their shields, and shout, "For justice!" They throw their spears at Naamah. My husband jerkenly jumps in front of Naamah. Horrified, I fall down on the hard stage floor. A purple semitransparent dome appears around Kasdeja, Naamah, Layil and her owls. The five spears harmlessly bounces off and falls onto the stage. Layil's two owls hoot. Many children cry. The dome vanishes. Kasdeja shoots purple beams out of his palms. The beams kills two of those who throw the spears. The other three others reflect the beams with their mirrored shields. Two run off into the crowd. One of them, an old dark white haired man ducks down. The extremely tall girl powerfully leaps onto the golden stage near Layil's statue. Kasdeja's palms shoots purple beams but they bounce off her large golden shield. His dome reappears. The girl's hood falls back revealing her long black hair diagonally covering the upper left side of her face. I see she's Tannah. She's only twelve years old, but she's as tall as Tammuz. I crawl back on my hands and knees. I look up at her huge bloodshot glaring white serpent eye and it's flaming red vertically slit pupil. That horrible eye is surrounded by yellowish scales and pulsating purple veins. She stares down at me. I feel so sick that I can't move. Tannah shouts, "Traitor!" Kasdeja jerkenly walks out of his purple semitransparent dome like it nothing. The dome protects Naamah, Layil, and her two owls. Kasdeja grabs two spears on the stage. He powerfully throws them at the young giantess. She quickly turns. The spears hit her shield making loud ringing sounds. Kasdeja steps back into the dome. Many parents grab their crying children and take them safety away. Tannah furiously stares at Kasdeja from behind her golden mirrored shield. A pink flash. Glowing blue tears roll down Kasdeja's dark beardless cheeks. His purple semitransparent dome slowly fades away. Kasdeja puts his hands over his eyes. Tannah leaps towards him and powerfully kicks his face knocking him back down onto the stage floor. The short princess steps in front of her mother. Layil shouts, "Mine mother, flee! Lilith and Samuel, guard her!" They fly to her mother's side. Naamah fearfully shouts, "Layil, cometh!" She ignores her

mother. Like a masterful acrobat, Layil slides under Tannah's shield. She furiously kicks Tannah large legs, tearing holes into her robe.

I smell that odor. Naamah lifts up her fancy silver censer. Swirling white smoke comes out from its bluish flames. Layil skillfully kicks Tannah's large legs. The giantess stumbles, but Tannah throws her silver spear into Naamah's chest just before the censer's swirling smoke would of taken her safely away. Naamah drops her censer as the spear forcefully knocks her back. Her agonizing scream is cut short. Tannah happily shouts, "Justice for Noah!" Layil screams. Lilith and Samuel moanfully hoot. The crowd runs. Tannah crawls backwards to Naamah's censer.

Kasdeja jumps back up. He shoots purple beams down at her. Her golden shield reflects the deadly beams away from her. Layil jumps on top and furiously claws the golden mirrored shield. Tannah leaps up. She quickly pulls the spear out of Naamah's body. She knocks Layil off the stage like a rag doll with the side of the spear. Tannah grabs Naamah's silver censer.

Layil leaps back onto the stage and emotionally shouts, "Thou, --murdereth mine mother!" Tannah point her spear at her, and angrily shouts, "Alrighty, --you're next!" Kasdeja jerkingly leaps over and kicks Tannah off the stage. I'm still crawling on the stage. Truly horrofied, I shouts, "God have ---mercy!" Tannah, jumps back onto the stage. She tries to kick Layil but like a masterful acrobat, the short princess avades her kicks. Tannah throws her spear into Kasdeja's stomach. He bows over. Layil, holding her censer, attacks the giantess. Like a crazed flying animal, her feet repeatedly scratches Tannah's golden shield but the scratches slowly vanish. Kasdeja stands up tall. He pulls the spear out of his stomach and holds it up. The upper right side of Tannah's yellowish scaled face is surrounded by palsating purple vains. Her over-sized bloodshot eye stares at him. A red flash. Kasdeja jerks around. He falls down on his knees. Glowing blue tears run down the the sides his face. He falls over. Layil leaps up towards Tannah. She forcefully knocks the little princess back with her golden shield. They're both holding a censer. Tannah leaps off the stage, runs away and shouts, "Censer, away!" Swirling smoke comes out from that censer. Tannah vanishes into the smoke. I feel sick. I slowly sit up. I see Layil rush over to her dead mother's side. Down on her little knees, she cries, and holds her mother tightly. Her two owls stand by her. Their heads shamefully bowed. Layil sorrowfully shouts, "Mine mother! --Mine

mother! Mine mother..." She hits her mother with her little fists, sorrowfully shouting, "Awaken mom! --Thou canst---die! Thou art mine mother! --Oh-mine father --help mine mother!" Layil cries out. She sorrowfully shouts, "Censer, --to mine father!" I smell that sickly sweet odor. Twirling smoke come out of her censer, and envelopes them. They vanished. On my knees, I look around in utter horror at the screaming crowds fleeing. I cry uncontrollably.

Methuselah nervously says, "O-my, that's bad!" I say, "O-no-oo-o!" Grandma Qoph fearfully tears up as she says, "Tannah killed Naamah for you!" Yerach's tears run down as she says, "Noah, I must go! --God help you!" She walks out. She steps up on her platform and floats away. We get on our knees. Methuselah nervously says, "Lord God, help us now! Let it be!" Soon, Semjaza angrily walks in. His angry squinted brown eyes look down at us. His yellow jewel glows, totally paralyzing us. He's dressed as usual. His large golden disc is attached to the lower back of his collar. I stare up at his golden halo crown on top his long black hair. His right hand grabs my throat tightly. Semjaza bitterly asks, "Noah --did you, - -tell Tannah to kill --Naamah?" I feel his powerful hand crushing my throat. I fearfully whisper, saying, "No-o.." He lets go of my throat. His right hand grips my forehead. His yellow jewel flashes. I have a vision of being on Vashti's platform about six years ago. I'm floating up in the sky with my parents, Vashti, Yerach and six year old Tannah. She sadly asks me, "What happened to your sister?" I say, "Naamah stole my sister so our king could, --rape her!" Tannah calmly says like it's nothing, "I will slaughter Naamah for you!" I forcefully say, "No Tannah, that's murder! Promise me, you won't!" Tannah bitterly says, "No!" The vision ends. Semjaza bitterly shouts at me, "Naamah was murdered--and the goodwill of the Children's Festival destroyed!" His left hand grabs my left hand and holds it up. I fearfully say, "King Semjaza, --I'm sorry!" Semjaza angrily says, "Yes, you are..." I bowed my head before him. My grandparents are still paralyzed. Semjaza points his index finger at my little finger. A thin beam of yellow light cuts through my little finger and my ring finger. I scream in searing pain. These two fingers fall off. Semjaza grabs them, and bitterly says, "I'm giving these fingers to my greiving friend ---and his daughter!" I moan. He lets go of my mutilated hand. He angrily walks out. Chilling cold winds enters.

Early morning, two new moons latter. I, Tubal and ‘Aqqow enter the sacred Algae chamber. I’m wearing my brown furs. Tubal is dress in his purple robes and turban. ‘Aqqow is dressed in her blue gown and bonnet. We see Nowtsah, Obed and many Algae worshipers are wearing their green robes. They repeatedly chant, “Algae becomes greater!” Nowtsah holds up her algae staff and says, “Enough.” They stop chanting. Tubul limps over to them using his walking stick. I follow him. Husky man Obed respectfully asks, “Tubal, do you have a request?” Tubal cheerfully says, “Yes, Obed...” Nowtsah kindly says, “You may ask...” Tubal sadly says, “High algae priestess, the ice bridge broke on our way to the sea...” Nowtsah curiously asks, “How did you all get back?” ‘Aqqow sincerely says, “Noah risked his life to make a primitive bridge.” Nowtsah’s squinted brown eyes look concerned as she asks, “Noah, is that true?” I say, “Yes, but it’s flimsy.” Tubal nervously says, “I want your help to build a safe bridge.” Her yellowsh tan face smiles. Nowtsah curiously says, “You want me --to send you workers to build a safe bridge so we can safely travel to the infinite sea. --The greatest proof that --the Algae is a fact!” ‘Aqqow smiles as she says, “That’s right, high algae priestess!” Obed joyfully says, “We love it!” Nowtsah forcefully says, “Build two safe bridges!” Tubal happily says, “Good idea, Nowtsah!” Nowtsah raises her algae staff and boldly asks, “Volunteers?”

Nine new moons latter, the two bridges are built. Me, Tubal, Zabad, and some Algae worshipers go back to the infinite sea. During the next seventeen years, we spent four new moons going to the sea. Then we would explore the sea for the rest of the year. Then we would takes four new moons to get back to Omer. During this time, Tubal invented arks, large floating boxes and long oars to row them through the sea. We cut down trees, shaped them with Tubal's metal tools and fitted them tightly together. He invented pitch to coat the arks so they don’t leak water anymore. He invented anchors to keep our arks from floating away. He invented sails to use the wind power instead of oars. On long trips the air got bad inside. Tubal made large fans and ajustable windows to blow fresh air in and blow bad air out. As we sailed out for longer trips, we would get sick. Tubal figured out that eating certain dried fruits, prevented that sickness. I love sailing the sea.. We return to Omer again during a freezing cold blizzard.

A new moon latter, I visit Tubal's metal shop. I sit by Gibbor and Sob'ah. The flickering fire lights the stone walls where all sorts of metal ornaments and tools are hanging. Near the back is a thick curtain. Tubal sits down. He's dressed in his purple robe and turban. 'Aqqow sits by him. She is dressed in her blue dress and bonnet. I listen to one of his long stories. 'Aqqow acts bored. Tubal proudly says, "And that's how I fed all those starving people..." We hear a sad elderly voice shout, "Jubal here.. Tubal may I enter?" 'Aqqow looks worried as she says, "Jubal, come in!" I see old Jubal walk in. He holds onto his golden serpent staff. He brushes snow off his black leather robes and turban. Jubal sadly says, "Tubal, our brother Jabal tis very ill..." He sit down on furs. Gibbor sadly asks, "Jabal sick?" Sob'ah's tearful blue eyes look up at him as she says, "Yes, Gibbor, my grandfather is sick.." Gibbor childishly frowns. Tubal sadly asks, "Jubal, how bad is our brother?" Jubal frowns and says, "He's slowly dying.. We must hurry back!" I sadly say, "Ah..." Jubal forcefully says, "Brother, we must go in the morning.." Tubal sadly says, "Yes.." Jubal slowly says, "Brother, please help me to build the pillars of knowledge!" Tubal says, "No!" Jubal emotionally says, "Please.. Tis our brother Jabal's dying wish!" Tubal wickedly smiles and says, "Include the stories of my God on these pillars!" Jubal angrily shouts, "Blasphemy!" Tubal coldly says, "Then build them yourself!" Jubal sadly says, "Do it for Jabal! I can't build the pillars without thee..." Tubal's scarred face smiles as he says, "I know, --brother.." Jubal shakes his fists and furiously shouts, "Thou don't care about thy brother's dying wish! May the Serpent curse thy dark twisted soul!" Tubal cheerfully asks, "Is that a yes?" Jubal crookedly frowns as he says, "Yes, Tubal-Cain.."

That night, I sit down in front of the warm fireplace. Tubal is wearing his off white work apron. He's holding a wooden board on his lap and a sharp steel iron tool. A stack of thin copper rectangular sheets are by his side. I curiously ask, "Tubal, why did you agreed?" Troubled, Tubal says, "I had a bad dream... I was in a dark wet fowl smelling cave. My fat naked slimy father was down on his knees grabbing my ankles. In torment, he said, The Serpent---showed me the world burning to ashes ---or drowning in a flood! --All knowledge lost!!! Son, build the pillars! Build the pillars of knowledge! --A fireproof pillar, deep in a cave... And a flood proof pillar, in a cave high up on a mountain ..." His disgustingly bloated

slimy bearded face looked up at me. He yelled, "Build the pillars! Build the pillars! --Build the pillars!" I sadly ask, "What a nightmare?" Tubal emotionally says, "Noah, tell me all the stories Methuselah told you when you were young..." I say, "Ask him yourself!" Tubal slyly says, "I did! But I want to hear you to tell them..." I tell him everything I can remember. As he listens, he quickly sculpts pictures on the many thin copper sheets that he puts on top of his wooden board.

As morning comes, Tubal yawns as he asks, "What exactly did grandma Qoph say when you asked if you could be like Enoch?" I fondly say, "Grandma Qoph said with a little laugh, Woe... You're asking a lot! Maybe if you devote your life to God, maybe you can? Then my mother Tukkiy enter through my grandparent's fur curtain and says, Noah, it's time to go... I said excitedly, Hi mother. Grandfather been telling me stories. Methuselah looked embarrassed. Grandma Qoph and my mother hugged. I noticed something move oddly under grandma Qoph's furs where her rear is... My mother frailly asked, Grandma Qoph, which stories did grandpa tell? Grandma Qoph said, Tukkiy, grandpa told him most of his stories...

Tukkiy shakes her head and said, O-no... Very puzzled, I softly ask him, Grandpa, does grandma Qoph have a tail? Grandpa puts his hand briefly over my mouth and whispers, Sh-h-h-h, don't say anything... She's really sensitive about that.." Tubal tiredly asks, "How did that make you feel?" I sadly smile and say, "Her words that someday I could be a man of God like Enoch greatly encouraged me, despite all the bad things that happened latter. Sometimes I blame my father but he does so love my mother Tukkiy... Unlike him, I have yet to get a wife to love..." Tubal solemnly asks, "Noah, am I wrong to build the pillars of knowledge?" Tiredly, I say with mixed feelings, "I don't know... I pray to God that people will still repent and the great disaster will be avoided... But if not, I hope your columns will be helpful to anyone left who someday may find them..."

This morning, it snows heavily. I wave good-bye to Tubal and his family. They get into a sledge with his brother. Tubal looks down at his magic needle, pointed a direction and shouts, "Wolf dogs go!" The wolf dogs pull them far away into the icy horizon. Before noon, I pick up my parents. We take them in a sledge to my grandparent's house. My mother is wearing her dark brown dress and heavy hooded brown furs. My father wearing in his light gray furs. I tie the sledge to a tree. I chop up a goat

carcass and feed the wolf dogs. I give them water too. I open my grandparent's curtain. Me and my parents carefully wipe the snow off my furs and sandals. Methuselah is sitting with my grandmother and holding his spear. He's wearing his gray furs and Enoch's cap. Methuselah happily says, "Praise God! Noah, Lamech, and Tukkiy, welcome!" He stands up and puts sticks into his fire. We sit down. My fat grandma Qoph is wearing her brown furs. Methuselah hands us water in clay cups. He gives us lots of delicious dry fruit. I'm sit down by my parents before the wonderfully warm fire and it's pretty orange flames. Tukkiy frowns at my father. His narrow head is bowed low. His teary brown eyes look up at her. Her frown lovingly melts away. She puts her arms around my father's slump shoulders. She licks my father's gray beard. Surprized, Lamech says, "Woo, Tukkiy!" I curiously ask, "Father, how you doing?" Lamech combs back his long gray hair that has the broad white steak down the center and says, "Great now, son!" Grandma Qoph's much wrinkled, bloated whitish pink face smiles widely as she says, "Noah, I'm --so happy were all together --as a family again!" Methuselah closes his dark brown eyes and happily says, "Lord God, we praise you for your love... We thank you for our family. Praise God for all this great food! Let it be.." My mother licks my beard a little. Her sickly wrinkled pale face tenderly smiles. Tukkiy says, "Son, I feel your love! I don't feel much --but I do feel love, --even from my goofy husband.." His long beard face goofily smiles. Lamech says, "Tukkiy, I feel a whole lot of love --for you!" Tukkiy licks his lips and says, "I forgive you..." Tukkiy looks at me and sadly asks, "Son, are you never getting married? You're old..." Embarrassed, I say, "Probably not..." Worried, Lamech says, "Son, Methuselah can arrange a marriage for you..." I ask, "But father, --but would she really love me?" Mother Qoph's light green eyes lovingly shines as she says, "People learn to love each other... I even learned to love your messy grandfather.. I love you all so much that I didn't even complain about the big messes you just made!" Methuselah lovingly says, "Noah, I'll get you a godly wife.." I forcefully say, "No!" Methuselah angrily says, "You're scared of ---her!" Grandma Qoph comfortingly says, "Trust God to protect your future wife.." I bitterly says, "God didn't protect Yownah!" Lamech fearfully says, "Son, --you got a point..." Tukkiy angrily says, "Noah, your father is wrong! Son, don't miss out on love because of fear!" I timidly say, "I'll try..." Tukkiy furiously

says, "It's all because of ---her... God, make her die! --I will celebrate her death!" Methuselah forcefully says, "No Tukkiy! God hates celebrating death... Even ---hers.."

Six new moons latter, about noon, at my parent's igloo, during a major blizzard, we are shivering because it's so cold. Wearing our heaviest, hooded furs, sitting around the not warm enough fire, we eat cold fruits from a big furry bag. A large pile of sticks is by my father's side. He is wearing his long light gray furs. He grabs sticks from the pile. He throws them into the fire pit. The water in my clay jar is freezing around the edges. I gulp down cold water and say, "I'm leaving again." My mother's sickly yellowish face frowns behind her dark hood. Tukkiy sadly asks with frosted breath, "Son, you're a grown man but --I miss you so much when you go out to sea for so long." Lamech's teeth chatter, as he hugs her and says, "It's so cold." Tukkiy's squinted eyes stare as she says, "Noah, I'll miss you --again.." I sadly say, "I'll miss you, too, --but I love the sea." We hug. Tukkiy longingly says, "Son, I wish so much that I could feel you hugging me.." I smile and say, "I feel your hugs.." She hugs me so tightly it hurts. We eat the almost frozen fruits out of our bags. Tubal's chilling voice asks, "Tubal here, may I come in?" Tukkiy says, "Come in!" He enters our fur curtain, holding his walking stick. 'Aqqow and Sob'ah follow. I say, "Hi, Tubal.." He's wearing heavy dark gray hooded furs. Tubal's cold blue eyes shine as he says, "Good to see you, Noah..." Aqqow is wearing her blue dress, blue bonnet and black fur coat. She's holding a large wineskin. 'Aqqow excitedly says, "Let's celerbrate!" We hear Gibbor's goofy low voice say, "Gibbor not fit... Eat out here..." Sob'ah walks in wearing her heavy cream colored hooded furs. A cold wind makes us shiver. Tukkiy hands her a large bag more than half filled with fruits and says, "Sob'ah, give him this!" Sob'ah takes it outside and returns. Gibbor's voice says, "Yummy.." Tubal puts sticks into our fire. We sit down around our flickering warm fire. Tukkiy asks, "Did you get to see Jabal?" 'Aqqow says, "We saw him before he died, --but latter something wonderful happened..." Sob'ah's pale wrinkled face sadly frowns as she says, "Some really bad stuff too.." I curiously say, "Tell us all about it!" Lamech curiously says, "We're listening..."

Tubal sadly says, "We went to see my brother Jabal... We arrived at his large white tent. I tied my sledge to a tree. We walked through the

deep snow to the tent's curtain..." I, 'Aqqow, Jubal, and Sob'ah, walked in Jabal's very crowded tent. I see Jabal's grown children and grandchildren sitting around him. Lots of small children are crying. Gibbor crawls in on his hands and feet. Many small children point at him and excitedly ask, "Is that Gibbor, the mighty?" Gibbor smiles and says, "Gibbor here.." I see a pretty blond, wearing yellowish furs. A little boy is sitting on her lap. He stares at the fat giant as many move out of Gibbor's way. He sits down. The pretty blond says, "Wow, --he's big and fat!" The boy smiles and says, "See mother, giants are real.." Me and my wife 'Aqqow sit down by Jabal. She sees my dying brother laying on his back under big thick reddish fur. His many great grandchildren cry all around him. 'Aqqow says, "Augh... He looks bad!" His once long hair is gone except for his scrawny white beard. His cheeks are sunken. His wrinkled eyelids are closed. Jabal coughs and weakly say, "Children, don't --cry for me... I had good cattle, --and a good life... I love --you all!" I sadly say, "Tubal here..." Jabal struggles to says, "I'm surprized, --you came... But I can't --see --anymore..." I get down upon my knees, bends over, and hugs him. I encouragingly say, "Jabal, I ---love you brother... God loves you too! Far more than the Serpent..." Jubal slaps my face and shouts, "Blasphemy!" I kindly say, "I want Jabal to know God's love..." Jabal briefly opens his discolored white eyes. He coughs. He turns his deathly pale face towards me. Jabal says, "I know..." I sorrowfully ask, "Brother Jabal, can I do anything --for you?" His eyelids close. Jabal sickly says, "Please Tubal-Cain, --build the pillars --of knowledge!" I hold his frail hand. I kisses his wrinkled forehead and tearfully say, "Jabal, I promise!" He coughs a lot. Jabal whispers, saying, "I believe --you!" I back away. Jubal hugs his brother and says, "Jabal, I love you so! --Thou art absolutely mine favorite brother..." Sob'ah pulls back her hood, squeezes between all the children and Jubal. She gently touches Jabal's white bearded face. His right arm struggles to touch her gray hair as he asks, "Sob'ah, is that --you?" She tearfully smiles. Sob'ah holds his withered hand as she says, "Yes, grandfather, --I really love you!" Jabal weakly says, "But you, gave me --no great ---grandchildren..." Embarrassed, Sob'ah tears up and says, "You gots lots of great grandchildren.." Jabal coughs and frailly asks, "But why not --from you?" Irritated, Sob'ah says, "It just didn't happen..." Jabal coughs and angrily says, "Because you --married that fat fool!" Gibbor

sadly says, "Gibbor got no babies..." Sob'ah forcefully says, "Grandfather Jabal, I'm proud to be Gibbor, the mighty's wife..." Jabal struggles to say, "He not mighty in --pro-creat-ion..." Sob'ah cries and says, "I'm sorry..."

Gibbor's big chubby face frowns as he says, "Gibbor sorry.." Jabal lovingly whispers, saying, "Sob'ah, --I love you! But you miss out --on being ---a mother!" Sob'ah hugs him and says, "Grandfather Jabal, I love you!" He opens his tearful whitish eyes. Jabal coughs and tiredly says, "I know... I know... --I know.." He coughs a lot. We watch him fall asleep. We all cry.

Next morning, we're shivering. Our sleep is disturbed by Lord Bad's voice forcefully shouting, "King Semjaza summons Tubal, and his family!"

Shivering, I put on my purple robes and my turban. I grab my walking stick. I put on my dark gray furs. My wife puts on her blue dress, and black fur coat. She puts her blue bonnet over her shoulder length grey hair.

Jubal puts on his fancy black leather robes, and his turban. We put on our long dark boots over our cold feet. Sob'ah puts on a yellow dress and her cream colored furs. She puts on her wooden sandals and tightly wraps heavy furs around them with strips of animal hides. Gibbor puts on his huge white furs. Leaning upon my dire wolf headed walking stick, I open the tent's curtain. The freezing winds blasts my bearded scarred face numb.

I see the pinkish sun is rising over the icy horizon spotted by dark trees and rocky hills. I see lord Bad standing on his floating circular silver platform.

We walks out into the thick snow, leaving a trail behind us. Lord Bad lands in front of us. We shiver as the howling winds blows against us. Lord Bad's blue eyes stares down at us as he says, "Step up..." My cold numb feet step up on his warm platform. He moves to the edge so Gibbor can sit down. We sit down crowded together around Gibbor. A blue

semitransparent sphere appears around us. It stops the cold winds from blowing against us. The air around us quickly warms up. We rise high into the colorful morning sky. Lord Bad stands proudly. We float up to the great mountain surrounded by thick gray clouds. We come to the yellowish white crystal palace. An oval entrance briefly opens up for us. We enter a large bright red room with glowing pink floors, and a high curved ceiling.

Lots of colorful green and blue jewels arrange in beautiful designs are on the walls. We're sweating. Two servants wearing white hooded robes walk to us and says, "We'll take your outer furs..." We stand up. We take off our

outer furs. The servants take them away. We see the royal family standing along with Layil, her father and her two owls. She's wearing her light blue, fancy long sleeved, vee-cut valvet dress, sparking silver cape, and her silver tiara is on top her long pure white wavy hair. I see her wide oval white stone pendant is hanging down from her silver chained necklace. King Semjaza is dressed as usual. His large golden disc that is attached to the lower back of his wide collar distaches and flies away. The queen has a large green snake slithering around her wrinkled tan neck. She's dressed in her long sleeve, metallic pink gown. Her long cone cap is on top her short reddish brown hair. Tammuz holds his golden shepherd staff. His left arm gently holds his old black sheep lovingly against his huge chest. Some baaing sheep are around them. His beautifully dark very tall wife stands by him. She's wearing a sleeveless ankle lenght metallic green gown, elbow lenght gloves and a long cone cap is on top her long black braided hair. Tammuz is dressed in his knee lenght orange skirt and short sleeve shirt. Layil's incredible blue eyes lustfully glances way up at him.

The platform gently lands on the floor. We step down from it. Lord Bad's silver disc distaches from the lower back of his collar and flies away. He stands by his short daughter. Layil admiringly says, "Mine father..." He pats her white hair by her silver taira and lovingly says, "Mine princess..." Her owls hoot, greeting him. He smiles and says, "Good morning, Lilith and Samuel..." A long crystal clear table comes up through the glowing pink floor along with six fancy brightly collored crystal chairs with high back and fancy armrests. Ashtoreth sits down on the yellow crystal chair behind her. She pets the large snake slithering around her neck. Her reddish brown hair covers her sloped forehead beneath her metallic pink cone cap. Her crystal pink eyes look nervous. Shemrith lowers her head so Tammuz can kiss her cheek. His lips briefly glow purple. Shemrith sits down on the green crystal chair behind her. Layil sits down on a short violet crystal chair which raises her up to the table. Her owls quietly stand behind her. Her father sits down on the light blue crystal chair behind him. Tammuz gently holds Yapheh, close to his large chest. He holds his shepherd's staff. He sits down on the orange crystal chair behind him. He smiles down at his other sheep softly baaing around him. Semjaza smiles beneath his glowing golden halo crown as he says, "Tubal and your family.. Sit down and feast with us..." I limp up to the table and

gracefully say, "King Semjaza, thank you..." My family walks up. Five white chairs come up through the floor behind us, including a huge chair for Gibbor. We sit down. 'Aqqow sits down by my right. Jubal sits down at her right. Gibbor sits down left of me. The floor under his huge feet, sinks down so he can sit at the proper level. Gibbor cheerfully says, "Big comfortable chair.." Sob'ah sits down left of him and says, "Yes Gibbor, these are good chairs..." Queen Ashtoreth cheerfully says, "My twelve, serve us..." Six young men and six young woman enter the room, wearing red hooded robes printed with white serpent designs. They hold long poles that's top third are carved in the image of a skinny hooded woman with a snake's face. They carry large golden plates full of delicious smelling fresh flat bread, colorful fruits, and fancy crystal goblets full of red wine. They put them on the table. Her twelve bow before her. Semjaza's squinted brown eyes sparkle as he says, "Eat, drink, and be merry!" Jubal happily says, "I believe, I shall... Praise the Serpent and queen Ashtoreth." We gratefully eat the delicious food. We drink their tasty wine. 'Aqqow smiles graciously and says, "Queen Ashtoreth, this wine is excellent! Is this wine from Lamech vineyard?" Ashtoreth politely says, "Yes, it is..." She lets the serpent around her neck drink a little of her wine. Gibbor swallows all the food on his plate and says with his goofy voice, "Gibbor want more food!" One of the twelve, a young pretty pale brown haired woman sets another golden plate full of bread and fruit before him. Gibbor smiles down at her and says, "You pretty..." Sob'ah frowns and says, "Gibbor behave.." He looks around. He eats all the food on his plate. The pretty woman brings another plate full of food.

Semjaza sadly says, "Jubal, I'm sorry about your brother's death." Jubal's much wrinkled pale face smiles behind his bushy white beard as he says, "King Semjaza, thanks for caring..." Semjaza happily says, "Jubal, I just love your music!" His blue eyes sparkle. Jubal proudly says, "I am honored by thy praise..." Semjaza humbly says, "Tubal, your monuments were beyond art! Please build me another monument..." I sincerely say, "King Semjaza, you honor me, --but I shall not make idols... I must be true to God!" Semjaza nervously says, "Not idols, ---monuments..." I curiously ask, "What about Hephaestus?" Semjaza's face pales as he says, "Hephaestus is not as great as you. ---And I found out that he made Tannah's shield --and more!" Shocked, I ask, "How did you not know?"

Semjaza frowns as he says, "He didn't know..." I ask, "How could he not?" Semjaza coldly says, "Someone powerful erased those memories... He must be executed!" Shemrith yawns and says, "That's harsh! Execute Hephaestus for a crime he doesn't remember.." I forcefully say, "Shemrith's right!" Semjaza forcefully says, "Speak no more..." Semjaza timidly says, "Tubal, I could command you to build me a new monument..." I bravely say, "Don't.... I serve God!" Semjaza smiles as he says, "I could make you and your wife young again..." I valiantly say, "No! God has bless me to grow old with my pretty 'Aqqow..." Her wrinkled tan face nervously smiles. 'Aqqow says, "My old goat, --I'd like to be young again..." I frown at her. Semjaza guiltily asks, "Tubal, are you still mad that I committed adultery --with your wife?" I calmly say, "That was long ago..."

Embarrassed, Aqqow says, "O-great metal wizard, I'm sorry --but I've been really faithful since then.." I gently say, "King Semjaza, --I hold no grudges... If you had not committed adultery with 'Aqqow, --I wouldn't of had the joy of raising Gibbor..." The fat giant claps his oversized hands.

Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Gibbor brings joy!" Sob'ah looks up at her flabby husband as she says, "Yes, you do!" Semjaza emotionally says, "O great metal wizard, --build me just one more great monument!" I nobly say, "King Semjaza, --let Hephaestus live in peace, and I'll build you a great monument!" 'Aqqow pleads, saying, "King Semjaza, be merciful!"

The king's expression softens. Semjaza asks, "Tubal, a monument of me, --even bigger than Hephaestus's monument?" I say joyfully, "And gold plated!" Semjaza sheepishly says, "I, can be --merciful.." I sincerely say, "God understands that I do this to save fellow metal worker!" Lord Bad and his daughter giggle. 'Aqqow and Sob'ah dreamily look up at Tammuz's incredibly handsome tan face, pinkish eyes, and long reddish hair. I see Layil lustfully licking her rich red lips. Yapheh nervously baas. Tammuz gently hugs his old sheep and comfortingly says, "Yapheh, you're safe with me..." Shemrith tiredly yawns and angrily says, "Layil, stop looking at my husband that way.." Layil's rounded pale face looks up as she bitterly says, "Thou stole mine prince..." Lord Bad politely says, "Prince Tammuz, my princess likes you..." Shemrith yawns and says, "My husband doesn't like ghouls..." Ashtoreth laughs. Semjaza angrily says, "Shemrith, apologize!" Tammuz tiredly nods, and asks, "What for? Layil creeps me out.." Layil and her father frowns. Semjaza asks, "Son, are you scared of that little

woman?" Shemrith almost falls asleep as she says, "Layil, forgive me! You're kind of ---pretty.." Layil smiles wickely and says, "I shall forget thy insult.." Semjaza cheerfully says, "Now that's better..." Shemrith's black eyes close. She lays her head down on the table. She falls asleep. Tammuz bows his head and asks as he falls asleep, "Shemrith ---lo-ove?" His head falls down on the table. Disturbed, Semjaza shouts, "Son! Son!" Jubal fearfully asks, "What's happening?" Ashtoreth hands her serpent to one of her twelve and says, "Take them to safety!" They grab the tall couple and carries them out. I smell a sickening sweet odor. I see lots of swirling white smoke appear behind Semjaza's pink chair. A warrior wearing yellowish furs and a golden helmet, rushes out from the smoke. He's holds a fancy silver censer behind his rectangular golden shield. The censer pours out more white smoke. The sickening odor gets stronger. Shocked, Semjaza asks, "Ashtoreth, what did you do?" Her magical crystal pink eyes shine wickedly.

Leaping out of the swirling smoke behind him, a muscular golden armored giantess, taller than Gibbor holds up a giant rectangular golden mirrored shield. Her head is covered by a golden helmet, molded in Tannah's mad image. She's wearing thick golden armor, including armored boots and gauntlets over her powerful hands. She swings a huge silver colored mace that has a human head sized ball with long spikes at the end of a heavy metal chains. The ball crashes down at the back of the king's chair. His jewel glows brightly yellow. Tannah furious shouts, "For justice!" A yellow semitransparent dome appears just above the king and queen as the top of the chair is shattered. The long spiked ball bounces off the dome and hits the golden shield, making a loud sound. The chair's top reassemes itself. The king and queen's chairs spin around. Layil's father shoots blue power beams out of his palms but the giant shield reflects them back cutting holes in the red wall behind him. He forcefully shouts, "Princess, flee!" Layil leaps out of her chair like a masterful acrobat. Her two owls fly after her. Shocked, Gibbor stands and says, "Big bad!" Me, 'Aqqow, Sob'ah, and Jubal hide beneath the royal table. Sob'ah shouts, "Gibbor, run!" 'Aqqow yells, "Run! Son, run!" I peek out up at Tannaah. She angrily swings her silver chained mace around. Her helmet looks like her head, except for a large square openings for her oversized eye, an opening for her left eye and a rectangular opening for her mouth. Behind

the helmet, her bloodshot glaring white right eye stares down. I feel sick.

Semjaza's jewel glows as he angrily shouts, "Tannah, --die!" His unseen powers mightily pushes her back and breaks the neck of the warrior holding the censer. Many warriors wearing yellowish furs, holding shields and spears rushes out of the swirling smoke. A woman holding a shield grabs the censer and angrily shouts, "For Justice!" Tannah falls on her knees, holding her giant shield and mace. The great power lifts the heavily armored giantess up and turns her upside down. Tannah screams. Her big glaring white serpent eye stares at Semjaza. Gibbor wobbles towards Semjaza and tearfully shouts, "Stop hurting!" Under the table, me and my family huddle together. Sobah fearfully shouts, "O-God help! Protect Gibbor!" 'Aqqow fearfully shouts, "I must save my son!" I bravely say, "No, Semjaza's got this!" Jubal cowers in fear. Gibbor wobbles and shouts, "Stop hurting!" My heads pounds, and my stomachs hurts. We moan. I hold my trembling wife's hand as we suffer. 'Aqqow groans and says, "I feel so sick!" Sob'ah sickly says, "Gibbor, run!" The king's golden disc flies in and hits the back of the woman's holding the censer so hard, it kills her. A male warrior grabs the censer as he shouts, "For justice!"

Gibbor cries like a baby. Sitting on her yellow chair, Ashtoreth bitterly shouts as long pink serpent spirits come flying out of her palms, "Serpent spirits, --tie up this disgusting whoremonger!" Shocked, Semjaza says, "My queen!" The serpent spirits tie him to the chair. The golden disc misses the man holding the censer and crashes down onto the floor. Lord Bad hatefully shouts, "Safety Necah(test) 216!" Ashtoreth happily says, "Not this time!" Tannah yells, "Eye, --of justice!" Even upsidedown, Tannah's furious white serpent eye flashes red light. The king loses his powers.

The king's jewel dims. His yellow dome vanishes. Tannah rolls forward in mid-air. She lands on her feet with a big thump. More warriors rush out from the swirling smoke. Semjaza fearfully shouts, "Friend, help me!" He shouts, "Disc protect king!" His silver disc flies in fast as Tannah swings her shiny mace down at Semjaza. The disc crashes into the spike ball so hard that it knocks it against her shield making a loud ring. The silver disc crashes into several warriors and kills them. Gibbor cries. He walks towards Tannah. 'Aqqow fearfully says, "My son is in danger!"

Sob'ah tearfully says, "O-Gibbor, I'll save you!" I bravely say, "No girls, -

-I got this!" Jubal fearfully shouts, "Run Gibbor! Run!" I step out, feeling sick. I lean on my walking stick, and face the angry giantess. I calmly say, "Tannah, please don't hurt Gibbor! He's not your enemy!" Tannah shouts down at me, "Then keep him out of my way!" Her warriors point their spears at us. I grab Gibbor's huge hand and say, "Gibbor follow me!" He cries. He follows me. The disc flies towards Tannah's back. She jumps around. The disc crashes against her shield knocking her back down onto the floor. The disc bounces off of her shield and kills the warrior holding the censer. Tannah looks up at the lord Bad and furiously shouts, "You-u-u!" Another warrior grabs the censer and angrily shouts, "For justice!" Tannah leaps up. She swings her mace. Lord Bad leaps on his disc. Her long spiked ball hits his chest so hard that he's thrown back against the wall. He almost smashes through the wall. He flashes bluish white. His disc crashes onto the pink floor. The wall repairs itself.

Ashtoreth stands up. She walks towards him. Serpent spirits fly out of her palms as she bitterly shouts, "Attack!" He leaps up. He shoots blue power balls out of his palms. The power ball blows up the serpent spirits attacking him. A semitransparent blue sphere appears around him. The serpent crashes into his sphere as blue sparks shoot out. His silver disc zooms straight at Ashtoreth but Tannah mightily swings her mace down on the disc before it can hit her. The disc is knocked down and crashes. The giantess steps on it. Flying serpent spirits come out of the walls. They zoom at lord Bad and circling around his bluish sphere. Tannah slides the silver disc under her boots and moves close to the fearful king. She hatefully swings the mace's spike ball down on his head. He flashes bright yellow as his head changes into a shiny yellow four faced ox head. Each face has two brown squinted eyes each. Four long white horns grow out the top of his head. Tannah happily shouts, "Justice for Vashti!" Lord Bad angrily asks, "Tannah, how dare you?" Gibbor pulls away from me. He wobbles towards Semjaza. I shout, "No Gibbor!" Semjaza's voice echoes, shouting, "Son, run!" Gibbor painfully shouts, "Stop hurting bad father! -- Mercy!" Tannah swings her mace at Semjaza and madly shouts, "He killed my mother! -Mercy is injustice!" Gibbor tries to protect Semjaza. I shout, "Gibbor back off!" The spiked ball bashes his right hand against the right side of his head. A spike goes through his hand. It stabs his head by his big half eaten ear. He bleeds. He falls down unconscious. I shout, "My son!"

Aqqow, Sob'ah and Jubal scream. Ashtoreth happily shouts, "Serpent spirits, kill that fat fool!" Tannah smashes her spike ball against Semjaza's head again. His four faced head flashes bright yellow. He painfully shouts with his echoing voice, "He-lp Gibb--or!" The disc under Tannah's boots shoots up. She falls back onto the floor. Serpent spirits fly towards Gibbor. The sphere around lord Bad vanishes. Several blue power balls shoot out of his palms, and intercept the serpent spirits. They blows them up. He leaps towards Gibbor. He powerfully picks up the big fat flabby giant, and puts him onto his back. He drags him to the silver platform. He lays Gibbor down on his back. The fat giant's legs and arms hang over. The platform rises up and takes Gibbor away. Unarmed warriors rush out the twirling smoke, grabs the shields and spears of their fallen warriors. They step over the dead warriors.

These warriors attack lord Bad with their spears. He shoots blue power beams out of his palms. Their shields reflect his beams back and burn holes in the fancy red walls. He hits and kicks their shields hard enough to crush several warriors against the wall. Tannah hits his stomach with her mace, smashing him against a wall. He flashes blue. An old dark warrior grabs the censer and bitterly shouts, "For justice!" The other warriors throw their spears at lord Bad. His semitransparent blue sphere appears around him. The spears harmlessly bounce off. Serpent spirits also crash into his sphere as blue sparks fly. Tannah swings her mace at Semjaza's head. Lord Bad's sphere vanishes. He leaps in front of the king. He punches the spike ball with his fist, making a loud ringing sound. His sphere appears around him. Tannah shouts, "Coward!" Her furious eye stares down at him from behind of her shield. He sees his reflection in her golden shield. A red flash. His glowing blue jewel fades. His sphere vanishes. He glows bluish. He changes into his Goat form. The warriors stab him with their spears. He pushes them aside. He shoots blue power balls out of his palms as his silver disc flies towards him. His two arms becomes four. Four eagle like wings having lots of blue eyes sprout from his back. Eight long golden horns sprout up around his halo crown. His head has four goat ears, and four goat faces that has three light blue eyes each. Tannah holds up her huge shield. The power balls explodes against it, knocking her back. Her shield is badly dented but quickly heals. He jumps onto his flying disc. Ashtoreth furiously shouts, "Get him!" Many

serpent spirits knocks him off. They wraps around his arms and legs. He rolls around on the floor. Tannah stomps her golden boots at his head. He rolls away. He breaks free from these serpents spirits. Behind her golden helmet, Tannah sorrowfully says, "Before you crushed father Asbeel's head, --he said he would go back to God..." She mightily swings mace down and crushes his head. It brightly flashes blue. His four clawed hands pushes the ball off his badly injured head. Flying serpent spirits attack him all around. Tannah happily asks, "Tell me, --when I crush your head enough, --will you go back to God? Or somewhere, --else?" He rolls away as his head reforms. She repeatedly swings her mace at him but he dodges it.

We hear Layil's arrogant voice shout, "Bow before --mine father!" She leaps boldly in. Her two owls follow. Warriors throw their spears at her. She leaps out of the way. Her owls attack the warriors. Tannah furiously shouts, "Not her again!" The Goat leaps up as his four powerful wings carries him back. He shouts, "Layil, get out!" Her girly face proudly smiles. Layil shouts, "Mine father, slay thou the wicked queen! Tannah's mine!" He nervously says, "Princess, no!" Semjaza moans. Ashtoreth angrily shouts, "Attack her!" The Goat shoots power balls out of his four palms to intercept the serpent spirits attacking his daughter. The power balls blow them up. Layil leaps all around as her sparkling silver cape glides gracefully around. She jumps on the clear crystal table we're hiding under. The spike ball crashes down at us. Tannah angrily shouts, "Justice for Yownah!" Layil leaps out of the way. The spike ball breaks the table above us in two. We scream. The table reassembles itself. Layil leaps up like a crazy flying animal, as her sparkling cape flashes. The remaining warriors guard their champion. Lilith and Samuel attack these warriors. They claw several of them to death. The Goat shoots power beams at the queen but the warriors protect her with their shields. The blue beams reflect back and burn holes in the walls. More serpents spirits come out of the walls. His beams even cuts a hole into the long table we're hiding under. A blue sphere appears around him. Many serpent spirits circle around him. A few crash into the sphere. The Goat arrogantly shouts with his echoing voice, "Amazing, --you're actually stronger than your father Asbeel, ---but you're not stronger than me!!!" Ashtoreth proudly says, "If you're so strong, come out of your bubble, --coward..."

Layil leaps behind Tannah's huge shield. Her feet high kicks the giant's thighs right above her knee high golden boots. Tannah swings her spike ball down at the short leaping princess. The spiked ball hits the floor and briefly gets stuck. Tannah jerks it out of the floor. Layil attacks her.

Tannah stomps her heavy boots down at Layil who skillfully evades her boots. The heavily armoured giantess tries to kick her against her huge shield. It's rings. Layil leaps up on right arm. She tries to poke her eyes out with her long sharp fingernails. Tannah tries to head butt her but Layil leaps away. She jumps on her back, making it hard for Tannah to stand up.

The Goat looks at the many serpent spirits holding the king tightly to his chair. Ashtoreth proudly shouts, "Goat, you coward! Come out of your bubble!" He changes into his human form. He cruelly says, "About a thousand years ago, --your own mother put you in the snake pit, --hoping the snakes would eat you! She found out that your father Asbeel and you were monsters!" Ashtoreth's crystal pink eyes tear up as she angrily shouts, "That's --a lie! --You're lying liar!" He giggles and says, "When her follow serpent worshipers saw you, --the little baby, --playing with their snakes...

They believed you were their goddess, --reborn..." He laughs. Tears roll down Ashtoreth's tan wrinkled cheeks as she shouts, "Lair! I am --the beloved goddess! The Queen of Heaven!" He laughs and says, "Your worshipers kill your mother.. And your father Asbeel, --abandoned you! --The truth is that no one has ever really loved you! No one!" Ashtoreth tearfully shouts, "Liar! All my worshipers --and, and ---Semjaza, --loves me!" Lord Bad says with incredible hatred, "No! --They just used you --like everyone else!" She cries out. The blue semitransparent sphere around lord Bad vanishes. As serpent spirits attack him, he shoots blue power beams out of his palms that burns up through both of the queen's arms. She screams. Her arms fall off but she doesn't bleed. Semjaza's four faced ox head looks tormented as his echoingly voice shouts, "Friend, don't kill her! I do--love her!" The serpent spirits viciously biting lord Bad vanish. He angrily walks forward. His left hand grabs the screaming queen by her throat so she can't breath. He looks over at the king. He bitterly says, "Alright, my friend,---but she must obey!" She opens her mouth to breath.

His right palm moves near her lips. A long sparking whitish blue glowing centipede like modified energy parasite comes out of his palm. It shoots out many tiny sparks. It enters the queen's mouth and goes down her gasping

throat. She gags. Lord Bad sarcastically says, "I dare you to overpower this one! --But only a real goddess could do that... Neca(test) 216!" Semjaza rushes to her side. He grabs her as she passes out. He gently takes his armless wife in his strong muscular arms. He lays her on the floor.

Semjaza tearfully says, "I'm --sorry love, --but you betrayed me..."

Tannah gets up. Layil leaps on her back grabbing onto her golden helmet. Layil's long silver fingernails ferociously scratch at the big square openings in the golden helmet. Tannah rams her back against the wall hard enough to smash in the wall, but Layil has already leap up onto her shoulder. Tannah swings her mace and hits her own back. Layil leaps on top the helmet like a wild animal. She leaps down to Tannah's left arm behind the shield. The spike ball hits the helmet, causing it to loudly ring.

Layil repeatedly kicks up at the golden helmet, scratching it but it heals itself. Tannah swings the spiked ball down at her. Like a masterful acrobat Layil evades the spikes, as her sparkling silver cape swinging all around.

She leaps down. Tannah tries to stomps on her with her golden boots.

Tannah's horrible glaring white serpent eye focuses all her hatred down at the white haired princess. A pink flash. A red flash. Tannah shouts, "For justice!" Layil's super blue eyes tear up as she asks, "Justice? --Thou murdered mine mother!" Her father shoots power balls at Tannah, and shouts "Princess, watch out!" The giantess furiously swings her spiked metal ball down at her but the spike ball bounces off the floor. The power balls hit the huge shield, powerfully exploding, even making a small hole.

The shield quickly heals itself. Tannah lifts her shield, and swings her mace around very quickly. She throws the heavy silver mace so fast at her that it looks like a blur. Layil can't quite leap out of the way. It crushes her forehead. It knocks her against the wall. Layil's last words, "Thou cheat...--" Her owls hoot mournfully. Her father screams in agony. Tannah grabs the mace back. Lord Bad knocks some warriors out his way. He tearfully stares at his own reflection in her shield. His fists furiously hits it, knocking her way back. He mournfully shouts, "You murdered my whole family!" Tannah happily says, "Alrighty, --justice will destroy you!" She swings her mace down. The blue sphere appears around him. The long spike ball bounces off his sphere. Semjaza's yellow jewel glows. He fully transforms into his upright standing ox form with four muscular arms and four huge light orange feathery wings spread open. The old dark warrior

holding the censer, shouts, "Tannah, Semjaza's getting his powers back! -- We leave, or die!" The silver censer shoots out swirling smoke. Tannah bitterly shouts, "Augh, Heyman.. --Retreat!" She and the remaining warriors run back into the twirling smoke. They vanish. The smoke clears and the sweet odor fades. Lord Bad falls down on his knees by his daughter. He cradles his bloodied dead daughter in his muscular arms. He shouts in agony, "Mine Little princess! --You're not dead! --Thou art not --dead!!!" I see a bright violet flash. Her necklace and white stone pendant vanish. Her father faints. Semjaza transforms back into his human form. He walks over, and gets down on his knees by his friend. Lord Bad wakes up, crying, trembling and crazily says, "Layil, --thou art mine light bearer... Thou canst be dead! I, --shall not allow thee, --death! ---Mine princess light bearer lives! Her live! Her live! ---Her lives-s-s! Mime princess lives-s-s,--Augh!" Tears flow down Semjaza's eyes as he says, "My friend, --I'm so sorry! --She was your pride and joy..." He holds him close to his hairless chest.

A little later, I see the floating platform bring Gibbor back. It lands by us. Gibbor's big flabby arms and legs hang over it's edges. 'Aqqow and Sob'ah cry uncontrollably. They throw themselves on his huge stomach. I tearfully look down at my son's bleeding head. I prayed, saying "God, don't let Gibbor die... He's such a good son! Let it be.. Let it be." I squeeze between 'Aqqow and Sob'ah. I put my hands on his huge chest. Tears stream down my wife's cheeks. 'Aqqow cries and says, "God, save my son! O-God!" Sob'ah weeps. I limp up to Semjaza. He is still comforting his hysterical friend. I emotionally says, "King Semjaza, heal our son!" Distressed, Semjaza says, "I can't..." I angrily ask, "Why not?" Semjaza fearfully says, "Because of my head injuries, I can't focus... If I try now, I would kill him!" I forcefully ask, "Could Tammuz heal Gibbor?" Semjaza happily says, "Yes..." His golden disc floats to him. He steps up on his disc and says, "I'll bring Tummuz..." The disc floats him out of the red room.

'Aqqow and Sob'ah weep. Jubal leans on his serpent staff as he sadly says, "He was a dumb hero.." I shouts at him, "A wise hero!" Jubal tears up as says, "Forgive me, --Tubal-Cain, --you are --so right!" We hug each other and cry. Semjaza rides back on his golden disc. Tammuz and Shemrith follow him. The queen runs up to the extremely tall couple. Shocked, they stares down at her. Ashtoreth looks humiliated, as she says,

"Forgive me, my son!" Horrified, Tammuz asks, "O-Mother, your arms? What happened?" Semjaza walks up behind her. Ashtoreth angrily says, "His so called friend cut, --my arms off..." Shemrith forcefully asks, "Did you drug us?" Ashtoreth stares. Semjaza says with increasing anger, "Yes! She also ordered Hephaestus to make powerful weapons and armor for Tannah..." Shocked, Tammuz says, "Mother, you helped Tannah... She murdered Naamah, --the woman you loved most!" Ashtoreth bitterly says, "The woman I loved died when she married the Goat!" He's speechless. Shemrith self righteously says, "Ashtoreth, I'm ashamed of you!" Semjaza walks back to his weeping friend. Tammuz angrily asks, "But mother, why attack Gibbor? He's nice..." Ashtoreth lovingly looks up as she says, "Son, you should be king, --not Gibbor!" Tammuz bitterly asks, "Mother, don't you know who the next king is?" He points towards Layil's bitterly weeping father. Ashtoreth angrily says, "Tannah will destroy him!" Tears run down from her son's gentle pinkish brown eyes. He gently hugs at his arm-less plump mother. Tammuz sorrowfully says, "Mother, --he destroyed you..." Shemrith pulls at her black braided hair as she says, "We're all his experiments... Monsters!" Tammuz hugs his wife, as he says, "Shemrith love, you're good! Gibbor's good too --and I'm trying.." Shemrith sadly says, "But I'm dangerous..." Ashtoreth sadly says, "Shemrith dear, --everyone is dangerous... It's not just us..." Tammuz combs back his reddish brown hair as he sadly says, "Mother, that's not reassuring..." I boldly walk up to them and say, "Prince Tammuz, Gibbor needs you! Heal my son!!!" Jubal looks shy as he asks, "Prince Tammuz, can you?" Worried, Ashtoreth says, "Son, don't! You'll just hurt yourself!" Tammuz frowns. Worried, Semjaza says, "Son, be careful.." Shemrith fearfully says, "Tammuz love, you're still weak.. Wait a little longer.." Tammuz forcefully says, "My brother needs me now!"

The tall couple walks up to the fat giant. 'Aqqow and Sob'ah weep. Shemrith forcefully says, "'Move back girls!" I tearfully say, "My pretty 'Aqqow, move back..." She steps back. Tammuz leans on his golden shepherd staff. He gets down on his knees. His wife gets down on her knees by him. He puts his powerful left hand gently on the wounded side of Gibbor's bald head, near his large half eaten ear. The prince moans deeply. His hands glows orange around his brother's chubby bloody face. Gibbor moans as his wound quickly heals. Tammuz shouts in agony, "Ah,

--my head! My head.. It's hurts so much.. It's hurts!" He faints. He falls on top of his brother's big chest. His brother bulging squinted hazel eyes open. Gibbor painfully says, "Gib-bor head ---hurt! Ow... Ow hurt... --O--oww..." 'Aqqow hugs her giant son and tearfully shouts, "Gibbor, --thank God! Thank God. Son, mother loves her big baby so much!" Sob'ah hugs him, and joyfully tearful says, "Gibbor, my great big hero! I lo--ove you! I love you! I love ---you!" He puts his huge flabby arms around them both. Gibbor says, "Mother... Sob'ah... Love!" Ashtoreth fearfully says, "Tammuz son.. I told you not to not to heal that fool!" Gibbor looks at him and says, "Wake up.. Wake up, --brother!" He wakes up. He sits up. Gibbor hugs him so tightly that he says, "Brother, stop hugging! That hurts." Gibbor opens up his arms and says, "Sorry!" I sincerely say, "Tammuz, thank God for you! Thank you so much.." Shemrith helps the prince up. He leans on his shepherd staff. Tammuz humbly says, "Gibbor, I wish I were a hero like you..." Gibbor rubs his head as he says, "You hero! You heal Gibbor! Ow, --head hurt.." Sob'ah hugs her big fat husband. She kisses his bloated chubby face many times. Sob'ah says, "You're both heroes... --Thank you --Tammuz!" Gibbor kisses her and says, "Gibbor loves Sob'ah! Gibbor loves brother..." Sob'ah joyfully says, "Sob'ah loves Gibbor!" He picks her up. She kisses him a lot. He smooches her.

In this crowded igloo, we listened intently to Tubal's story. He too happily shouts, "The great news is Gibbor was healed and ---Tannah killed --her! --My brother Jubal even wrote a song about it." I rub my hands together over the fire. I joyfully ask, "Did Tannah really kill ---her?" 'Aqqow holds her wine-skin, sips wine and happily says, "We saw --her die! We even went to --her funeral..." Tukkiy's wrinkled pale face smiles as she bitterly says, "Yownah, my daughter has been avenged! Thank God!" Lamech smiles as he happily shouts, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" Tukkiy's squinted eye shine as she joyfully says, "'Aqqow, give me some wine... Let's celebrate!" 'Aqqow hands her the wine-skin and says, "Tukkiy, enjoy this excellent wine!" My mother gulps down some wine, and licks her lips. Tukkiy says, "Thank God, I can still taste great wine!" Lamech playfully rubs back his hair's white streak as he timidly asks, "Tukkiy love, may I have some wine?" She affectionately licks my father's long beard. Tukkiy frailly says, "Yes dear..." She hands him the wine-skin. Lamech sips some,

and sadly says, "Yownah my little girl, --rest in peace..." I thirstily say, "Father, I want wine..." He hands me the wine-skin. I sip some. I dreamily says, "Wow, this wine is great... ---I just wish Tannah had kill Lord Bad and Semjaza!" I hand the wine-skin to my mother. Tukkiy gulps down more wine, and joyfully shouts, "That would be, --so wonderful! Maybe --someday, Tannah will kill them!" I hear Gibbor's low goofy voice say, "Not nice!" Lamech childishly says, "Tannah's my hero!" Gibbor's angry voice says, "She bad!" Sob'ah's pretty pale face frowns as she says, "Stop celebrating, --her death! Methuselah once said, God hates celebrating anyone's death! --It's bad luck.." 'Aqqow condescendingly says, "Sob'ah, that's just a silly superstition... Let's dance!" Sob'ah crosses her arms as she says, "No!" The rest of us happily dance in this crowded igloo. My father puts sticks into the fire. He helps my mother stand up. She hugs my father. She hands him the wine-skin. She sticks out her tongue. He gently kisses her tongue. He happily sips wine. Lamech joyfully says, "Tukkiy, --I love you!" I ask, "Can I have more wine?" He hands me the wine-skin and says, "Here son!" I sip and it's tastes so good. I say, "Thanks father..."

'Aqqow kisses Tubal, and says, "Hey old goat, teach us Jubal's song..." Sob'ah frowns. I happily say, "Sing it Tubal! Sing it!" Tubal leans on his walking stick, and sorrowfully sings, "Layil's wicked owls stole our babies... Never to be seen again! Never seen again, no, no... Never seen, A-----gain!!!" We clap our hands. Tubal happily sings, "Then Tannah took her migh-ty ball, --and cracked that woman's putrid skull... Sent that bad woman to the grave, --Tannah the hero we all pra---ise... Tannah slain her! Fu, fu, fu... Tannah slain her! Fu, fu, fu... Tannah slain her! Fu, fu, fu..." We happily repeat the first chorus. Sob'ah stares at us. We sing and dance on our knees, and clap our hands. We sip more wine. The flickering fire looks so beautiful. It cast our dancing shadows across the igloo's icy white walls. Tubal expertly sings, "Children are safe because of thee... Tannah, it's your destiny! Parents happy, children play! Let --her rot in the grave.. Hurray! Tannah slain her! Fu, fu, fu... Tannah slain her! Fu, fu, fu... Tannah slain her! Fu, fu, fu... Hurray! Slain ---her! Slain her!" We excitedly sing, "Tannah took her migh-ty ball, --and cracked --that woman's putrid skull... Sent that bad woman --to the grave, --Tannah the hero --we all pra---ise... Tannah, --slain her! Fu, fu, fu... Tannah slain her! Fu, fu, fu... Tannah slain her! Fu, fu, fu... Tann-ah slain her! Slain her! Fu, fu,

fu... Tannah slain her! Fu, fu, fu... Tann-ah slain her! Yeah, yeah, --yeah... Tannah—slain --her! Slain, ---Her! --Hurray!" We drink from the wine-skin till we drunkenly slur our words, "Child--ren --- safe, --be-cause --of --thee! --Tan-nah, --- your -dest--in--y! Par-ents --happ-y, child- -pla-ay-y! Let, let----her, -r-r rot ---in the ---gra-a-ave.. Hurray! Hur--ray! Hur--ray! --Tann-ah --slain ----her! Hurray, Tannah slain her! Fu, fu, --fu.. Tan-nah sla----in ---he-e-e-e-er-r-r-r, --fu,-fu, fu-ooo! Slain ---her! Yeah! Yeah! --Yeah!" We laugh. We hear Gibbor's voice says, "Song not nice!" Sob'ah's frowns at us behind her long whitish hair.

Chapter 9 Demoness,

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Job 30:26-29

26 When I looked for good, then evil came unto me: and when I waited for light, there came darkness.

27 My bowels boiled, and rested not: the days of affliction prevented me.

28 I went mourning without the sun: I stood up, and I cried in the congregation.

29 I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls.

Grandfather told us about Tubal's Cains stories. Our plumb grandmother frowns beneath her red feathered headdress. Pe'ullah cute blue eyes look sad as she asks, "Was Gibbor really alright?" Noah gently says with his elderly voice, "He made a full recovery... Thanks to Tummuz." My cousin Tubal giggles and asks, "Grandfather, did you really believed you'd never get a wife?" Noah slyly smiles at Sha'ah and says, "Before I met Sha'ah, --yeah..." I ask, "Really?" Sha'ah playfully says, "Well, --Noah was over forty years old and the only woman he ever loved, -married his best friend.... Yeah, his chances for love were pretty bad." He looks embarrassed. Pe'ullah shyly asks, "Was that all the scary woman's

fault?" Noah painfully says, "No Pe'ullah, --I was really shy... I had to overcome that.." Sha'ah slyly says, "He did..." Noah joyfully shouts, "Thank God!" Sha'ah boldly says, "I'm suspicious of Tubal-Cain's stories..." Tubal frowns as he asks, "Why? Tubal-Cain was a great man!" Sha'ah skeptically says, "In his own mind... I seriously doubt he was as moral or --popular as he is in his stories..." Irritated, Noah says, "Sha'ah, Tubal was a good friend..." Sha'ah angrily says, "Fine... I didn't interrupt you... But did you have to describe all that violence?" Grandfather awkwardly says, "I'm just telling Tubal's story..." Sha'ah forcefully says, "Rule five!" Noah quickly say, "Got it! Don't explain myself..." Sha'ah gasps and says, "O, and that gross thing going down the queen's throat... That will give our grandchildren nightmares!" His bloated, much wrinkled bearded face frowns. Noah coolly says, "So what..." Sha'ah angrily says, "Tubal-Cain might of told the truth, --but you don't have to include all the gory details!" Noah thoughtfully says, "I'll consider it..." Confused, I say, "Layil died... So that's the end." Noah frowns and says, "No, there's more... We got up the next day, got dressed and sat down around our fire..."

As I, Lamech, Tubal, and 'Aqqow rub our aching heads, I sickly say, "Ow, ooo-, I guess I sipped too much wine last night..." Tukkiy laughs and says, "Son, I drank more --but luckily, I can't feel my head..." 'Aqqow's bloodshot hazel eyes look nervously around as she says, "But I can!" Lamech rubs the wide white streak down the middle of his long gray hair as he painfully says, "'Aqqow, --don't talk so loud!" Tubal giggles and says, "I'm fine..." Sob'ah's pretty wrinkled face frowns as she says, "You all should be ashamed of yourselves, getting drunk like that." Tukkiy's squinted eyes stare as she shouts, "Sob'ah, we're just celebrating --that murderer dying! --Yownah was... I can't even say it!" My father puts his arms around her shoulders. He rests his weary head and beard against hers sickly face. They weep. I playfully ask, "Tubal, what was --her funeral like?" 'Aqqow rubs her head and says, "Don't get him started..." I say, "Come on, I'm curious..." Tubal laughs and says, "A new moon ago, me and my family went to --her funeral... Most people there hated her! No one actually missed --her... No one but --her derange father and her owls Lilith and Samuel..."

In the crystal palace, me, 'Aqqow, Gibbor, Sob'ah, and Jubal walk to a white dome shaped room. We're wearing our heaviest furs, boots, gloves etc. Lord Bad, dressed as usual, stands on a large circular silver platform. Lilith, Samuel and the small floating silver wired cage are by him. Squealing mice are in the cage. Lord Bad sadly looks down at her owls as he nervously says, "Lilith, Samuel... Tis time for mine --daughter's funeral.." Gibbor steps up on the platform. He sits down in the middle of the platform. We step up and sit down tightly crowded around him. The platform gently rises. A blue semitransparent sphere appears around us. An oval exit briefly opens up in a wall. We float outside high above the great cloudy mountain. We hear howling winds. Jubal fearfully looks down and says, "Wow, we art high up.." We watch the orange sun slowly move down towards icy purple horizon. We see the new moon is rising, a small dark circle with just a thinnest sliver of faint light around it. We float way down through the massively thick clouds below. It's gently snowing. It's getting dark. We look down at lots of heavily snow covered trees. Sob'ah looks at Layil's father from behind her cream colored hood as she curious asks him, "Why is Layil's funeral out in the bitter cold?" His blue eyes tear up. He emotionally says, "Layil, --loved this forest..." Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Gibbor see fires..." I see a big crowd around two large bonfires in a clearing. They're in front of the two big snow frosted statues of Naamah and Layil. Between the statues, the royal family along with Kasdeja, and Chashaq stand on a huge circular golden platform. Yerach is on it, sitting in a fancy light green crystal chair. The crowd warms themselves by the two large bonfires. They're about four tall man length in front of the statues and away from each other. The bluish sphere around us vanishes. The freezing cold winds hits us. I smell the bonfires burning. We gently land in the deep snow.

I look up at the gold statue of Naamah. It's three tall man in height including it's circular pedestal. My sister's egg shaped golden coffin is in front of her statue. I look over at Layil's silver statue. It's about two tall men in height including it's circular pedestal. Her egg shaped silver coffin is in front of her statue. The winds chill our bones. It's so cold that it's painful to breath. We see many shadowy owls sitting on the tree branches. They softly hoot. We stand up. Layil's father and her two owls steps down from the platform. He walks through the deep snow to the golden platform.

Lilith, Samuel and the small floating cage follows him. The huge platform is about two tall men in diameter and a man's foot in thickness. We rush over to a bonfire to warm our cold glove covered hands. Our feet are freezing in our boots. The large blazing fire feels wonderful, even melting the snow around us. Snowflakes gently fall. I stare up at the shapely golden statue of my beautiful sister gracefully dancing in her royal gown. Her long cone cap is on top of her gorgeous hair. Her golden coffin reflects the flicker flames. Semjeza, lord Bad, and Kasdeja's golden halo crowns glow, along with their colorful jewels and trim. Their large circular discs are attached to the lower back of their collars. Layil's father and her owls walks to her coffin. The small floating cage follows them. He opens the small cage. He pulls out a squealing black mouse. He tearfully says, "Here Lilith..." He throws the mouse to the sleek gray owl. She catches the mouse in her beak. She swallows it down head first. Tears run down his pale cheeks as he says, "Here Samuel." He takes out a gray mouse and throws it to the fat brown horn owl. Samuel catches the mouse in mid-air with his beak. He swallows the squealing mouse head first. Lord Bad walks to his wife's golden coffin. He weeps. He gently touches his wife's coffin. It becomes transparent. It is gently lighted from within. I see Naamah inside, dressed like her statue. She looks like she's peacefully sleeping. He sorrowfully says, "O-Naamah, bring --our daughter back... Come back to me, Naamah! ---Please.." The coffin becomes solid gold again. I can barely hear someone softly sing, "Tannah slain her..."

I see king Semjaza, dressed as usual. He stands by Ashtoreth. The armless queen is wearing a red snake skin coat over her ankle length metallic red gown. She wears a long cone cap on top her short reddish hair. Several sheep are baaing around Tammuz. He weeps. He leans on his golden shepherd staff. He holds a baaing brown lamb. He's wears a long brown coat. His gold crown is on top his long reddish brown hair. Shemrith stands by his side. She's wearing a long sleeve black fur coat, long black gloves and her black cone cap. Kasdeja stares behind the eerily blue glowing film that covers his eyes. His sad three headed, dark gray dire wolf is by him. Yerach looks very old. She's sitting on a fancy light green crystal chair. She's holding a metallic green staff in her right hand. She's wearing a long white fur coat over her metallic green gown. Her green long cone cap is on top her very long braided white hair. Her dark face and her

sunken green eyes look discolored. Snowflakes falls all around her. I hear someone quietly sings, "Tannah, --the hero --we praise..." Semjaza's blond friend walks over to him. The floating cage stands still. Layil's two owls jump up on her coffin. They sadly hoot. Layil's father sadly says, "Lilith and Samuel, --I know, --be ye quiet..." He and the king walks up to Yerach. In this crowd of well dressed people, I see that Hepheastus, Gazzah, and their beautiful daughter. They are lighted by the bonfires. I watch the king puts his right hand on his blond friend's shoulder. Semjaza gently says, "My best friend morns... Respect Layil's funeral! --Kasdeja, shall enforce that.." Kasdeja jerkingly aims his right palm at a large snow covered tree. It's a safe distance back from the crowd. Several owls on that tree's branches suddenly fly away. Kasdeja shoots a bright purple beam that hits this tree's top and moves down to it's trunk. The tree glows faintly purple. It's large branches fall off, as the trunk tips over. The trunk hits the icy ground and shatters. We gasp. Shemrith walks up. She takes hold of her mother's left hand and says, "Mother, don't strain yourself." Vashti says, "I won't." Layil's father looks back at the silver coffin. Semjaza stands in front of us all and mournfully says, "My best friend has suffered another great loss... A new moon ago, Layil, his beloved daughter was murdered by Tannah, the mad! --Here are the facts... Twenty four years ago, Asbeel, a good friend of mine had a horrible accident... His young daughter Tannah went mad. She senselessly attacked us.. Layil heroically protected the innocent. I mistakenly allow Vashti to care for her insane daughter... Eighteen years years ago, Tannah, the mad, and her terrorist cult cowardly attacked Yerach's Children Festival... Naamah, my best friend's beloved beautiful wife was brutally murdered by Tannah, the mad! --Yerach, lovingly known as goddess friend of children was there.." The crowd cheers. Semjaza sadly says, "Yerach, -I know it's painful--but tell them.."

Semjaza helps her stand up. She leans on her staff. Yerach grimaces as she sadly says with frosted breath, "The children were having a great time -- when that terrorists cult attacked! ---They hurt many children..." Her off colored eyes fill with tears. Disturbed, Yerach says, "Tannah, the mad, a blood crazed teenager stab Layil's innocent mother Naamah with a huge spear... I remember how --Layil -cri--ed!" Yerach wipes the tears out of her eyes, and with increasing anger says, "Years latter, --I saw Tannah, the mad, chop her own mother's head off... --I loved Vashti, the wise! ---I can't go

on..." She cries. Shemrith help her mother sit down as she says, "Mother, you've said enough.." Shemrith bends down and hugs her mother. Yerach softly says, "Shemrith, I love you so! --You're so beautiful..." Shemrith stands up. Semjaza politely says, "Thanks, Yerach! ---A new moon ago, Tannah, the mad, and her terrorist cult invaded my crystal palace. Layil died bravely defending us from Tannah!" Ashtoreth walks in front of him. Semjaza sadly says, "Tannah, the mad, --even chop our beloved queen's arms off!" Ashtoreth emotionally says with frosted breath, "My beloved king... As Tannah attacked you, --I tried to defend you, my beloved king, --but that monster chopped, --my arms off! --Layil saved my life but --Tannah slain --her... This true hero will never be forgotten!" Layil's father walks forward. He weeps and says, "I want --my family back!" Shivering by my side, 'Aqqow angrily asks, "Tubal, can you believe how much they lied?" I warm my glove covered hands by the huge bonfire. I thoughtfully say, "My lovely 'Aqqow, if the king told the truth, he would have to execute Ashtoreth! --He loves her.." 'Aqqow passionately kisses me and says, "O-great metal wizard, you are so -- very wise, ---and sexy!" I giggle and say, "When the queen said, this true hero... I believe she meant Tannah..."

Semjaza puts his arm over his blond friend's shoulder and says, "Death of our love ones is especially hard for those of us who live forever... Even if our bodies are destroyed, our spirits go back to God... When Adam sinned, God told him, "(In the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread, till thou return to the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. --Genesis 3:19) My best friend's daughter returns to the dust --but her bravery shall live forever!" His weeping friend says, "Layil's --mine light bearer... I won't let thee, --be dead!" He slumps his shoulders and cries. Semjaza sadly says, "Friend, --I'm so sorry.." His friend emotionally asks, "Can't you hear her? ---Saying, --Mine father.. --Mine father... Mine fath-er.." Semjaza sadly says, "Friend, whatever you say... She will live in your heart forever..." Her father rushes over to his daughter's coffin. He looks down at his own distorted reflection. On the middle top of her coffin, a glowing white oval appears with Layil's violet symbol inscribe on it. A line twice as wide as a circle merge on top of it that ends curve halfway up the height of the circle. Her coffin becomes transparent and is gently lighted from within. We see her lying, looking like she's peacefully sleeping. She is wearing in her dress, cape, and her silver

tiara. He weeps. Semjeza sadly says, "Everyone pay your respects..." The big crowd gets into line.

We walk through the deep snow to get into line. We're very cold and the wind is chilling. I hear many owls softly hoot. The line slowly moves.

I hear someone softly sing, "Tannah slain her.. Fu, fu, fu.." We finally walk up to her coffin. I hear the squealing mice. I watch Jubal's cold blue eyes look down at her as he bitterly smiles. 'Aqqow shivers and says with frosted breath, "It's amazing, how good she looks..." Puzzled, Gibbor asks, "She sleep?" Sob'ah sadly says, "No Gibbor... Her dead.." Gibbor frowns.

I lean on my walking stick, and look down at her. I notice that her silver chained necklace and white stone pendant are missing. I turn towards her father and curiously ask, "Where's --her necklace?" He tearfully says, "I don't know.." He closes his eyes painfully tight. For one moment, I just see a father grieving for his dead daughter. I look up at Tammuz, weeping, holding a brown sheep in his arms. I ask, "Why are you weeping?"

Shemrith sadly says, "Yapheh died last night!" Gibbor's chubby face frowns as he asks, "Yapheh, dead?" Tammuz weeps and says, "Yes, Gibbor..." Tears run down Gibbor's big bulging squinted eyes. Shemrith's beautiful dark face sadly smiles as she says, "Prince Tammuz, Yapheh was very old --and had a very good life with you... But I'm still here, --love!"

Tammuz lovingly says, "Shemrith love, forgive me! --But that nightmare.. Then Yapheh died!" They sweetly hug. He holds his little brown lamb. He leans on his golden shepherd staff. Sob'ah looks up and curiously asks, "Prince Tammuz, --tell me about your nightmare?" Tammuz fearfully says, "I was in bed --with my wife and Yapheh. Then they were gone... Lilith and Samuel stood at the foot of my bed. The sleek gray owl said with a sultry woman's voice, They're gone... I asked, How can you talk? Lilith playfully said, Of course, owls talk... I asked, Where's Shemrith and Yapheh? The fat brown horned owl said with a creepy man's voice, Gone!

--Embrace the light bearer.. I asked, Who? Lilith mockingly asks me, Are you dumber than Gibbor? Samuel cruelly says, Thy soul belongs to --her!

Two new moons till eternity... He laughs. I woke up. Yapheh had --died!"

Shemrith gently hugs her husband. Someone very softly sings, "and cracked that woman's putrid skull..." Semjaza looks at my brother and says, "Jubal, I love your music --but do you hear someone singing, --Tannah slain her?" Jubal fearfully asks, "King Semjaza, what?" Semjaza's yellow

jewel briefly glows as he angrily says, "You didn't write it!" Jubal holds his chest like he dying. I grab my brother. I fearfully ask, "Jubal, what's wrong? Semjaza help him!" Jubal can't speak. Semjaza calmly says, "He's fine..." Jubal recovers, hugs me and says, "brother, I'm afraid..." Tubal sadly says, "Jubal, I'm here!" Jubal breath heavily and fearfully says, "Tubal, --we must build the great pillars of knowledge." I sadly says, "Yes Jubal, --we will honor Jabal's last wish..." We step down from the platform and rush through the deep snow back to a wonderfully warm bonfire.

Hephaestus the hunchback, Gazzah, and their seventeen year old daughter walks up over to us. Hephaestus is dressed in his metallic purple robes, boots, gloves, and turban. He uses his goat headed golden walking stick to limp towards us. Gazzah's hair has turn light gray, her brownish face is wrinkled but she's still pretty. She's wearing a hooded reddish long fur coat along with fancy red boots and gloves. Their daughter is wearing a gray hooded fur coat over her ankle length beautiful metallic violet gown.

Gazzah cheerfully says, "Kanayago, greet the great metal wizard!" This beautiful red eyed, young woman rushes through the snow to hug me and passionately kisses me. Kanayago's light brown face sweetly smiles as she says, "O-Tubal, you saved my father's life! How can I ever repay you? You're such a great --man!" My jealous wife pushes her back. 'Aqqow angrily says, "Kanayago, he's my great lover! --You'll have to find your own love among lesser men..." Kanayago sadly says, "'Aqqow, --you're so blessed!" Aqqow says, "I am!" Gazzah's beautiful dark eyes sparkle as she sincerely says, "Tubal thank you so very much! --If you had not spoken up, the king would of executed my very wealthy husband..." Hephaestus limps up, and hugs me tightly. His yellowish wrinkled tan face and squinted scarlet eyes tearfully look up at me in awe. Hephaestus humbly says, "O-Tubal, thou great metal wizard, forgiveth me! --I wast so ungrateful to you... Yet thou saved mine unworthy life!" I proudly say, "Of course, I did..."

Tubal's story ends. Aqqow's hazzel eyes look annoyed as she says, "Kanayago just kissed you on the cheek... And didn't I say, This old goat is mine! I wasn't jealous..." Tubal smiles and says, "My pretty 'Aqqow, she did more than that.." 'Aqqow frowns. Irritated, Lamech says, "Tubal, stop talking, my head hurts." Tukkiy happily says, "I don't feel my head." Gibbor's low goofy voice says, "Story not nice!" Irritated, Sob'ah says,

“Gibbor’s right. These stories are not nice.” I put my hands on my pounding head and say, “I like them. --O-my head.”

One new moon latter, a little after sunset, I’m visiting my parents in their igloo. I’m wearing my brown furs. We’re sitting, shivering around the not warm enough fire-pit. Tukkiy is wearing her dark hooded furs.

Lamech is wearing his light gray furs. I’m sitting by a big pile of dry branches. I throw a few sticks into the all important fire. I hear Methuselah's elderly worried voice shout, "Methuselah here!" Lamech's sad brown eyes look nervous as he says, "Father, --come in..." My grandfather bows down. He walks in. He’s wearing his gray furs and Enoch’s silly fur cap. He leans on his long spear. Tukkiy curiously asks, "Methuselah, how did you get here?" Methuselah’s grayish white bearded elderly face frowns as he says, "Kasdeja took me..." Lamech nervously asks, "Why?" Methuselah sadly says, "Tammuz is dying!" Lamech sadly asks, "That’s horrible --but why come here?" Methuselah tiredly says, "I need Noah’s help!" Puzzled, I ask, "Doing what?" Methuselah's brown eyes look serious as he says, "Fighting something ungodly!" My father helps my mother slowly stand up. Tukkiy angrily says, "Noah son, don't go! If anything happens to you, we would be helpless... Let Tammuz die!" Methuselah sternly says, "Tukkiy, don't say that!" I ask bitterly, "Why not? --His father Semjaza raped my sister and..." Methuselah looks deeply into my eyes as he says, "Tammuz heals people! He shouldn't die for his father's sins..." Tukkiy bitterly says, “But then Semjaza would know what it’s like for us to lose Yownah!” Methuseah forcefully says, “Noah, come!” I ask, "Methuselah, --why should I?" Methuselah bitterly says, "It's ---her!" I furiously shout, "Layil's dead! She can't come back!" Methuselah fearfully says, "Then something like --her, --has..." Lamech bravely says, "Father, I'll go instead!" Methuselah forcefully says, "Sorry son, but I need Noah!" My father looks hurt. Lamech says, "So father, I'm useless..." Tukkiy licks his gray bearded face and lovingly says, "Not to me..." We get down on our knees and weep in each other's arms. Disturb, I say, "I can’t let –her, --do this! I'll go!" I grab my brown hooded furs and put them on. I wrap furs tightly around my sandals with strips of animals hides. I grab my staff. Tukkiy sorrowfully says, "Son, don’t go! --Noah, - -I can't lose you too.." I forcefully say, "Mother, I must go!" My father's deep eyes pour down tears. Lamech fearfully says, "My Tukkiy’s right!

Son don't go..." Grandfather and me pull our furry hoods over our heads. We open the fur curtain as bone chilling winds blows in. Methuselah boldly says, "Noah will return!" We leave. Shivering, I see Kasdeja and Chashaq, floating on their small silver platform. Chashaq growls. Kasdeja's dead voice says, "Come!" We step up on their platform. We sit down by Chashaq. The beast waves it's long bushy tail. It's six dark yellow eyes look wildly around. The platform rises up as a semitransparent purple sphere appears around us. We quickly warm up. The sphere protects us from the deathly cold winds. I stare at the glowing blue film over Kasdeja's eyes. Chashaq sadly whines. Methuselah lays down his spear by his side. We rise high into the sky. We float all the way to the great mountain, way up to it's sharp icy peak. The sun is setting over the cloudy red horizon. We see the incredible yellowish white crystal palace. Heavy winds blows against the sphere around us.

An oval entrance briefly opens up in the palace's yellowish white wall. We enter into a long shimmering yellow hallway. We float to the hallway's end. An oval entrance briefly opens up. We smell the many fragrant flowers inside. We float inside Semjaza's gigantic misty throne room. The purple sphere around us vanishes. We look around at the five large evenly spaced fruit trees. Floating in the middle is a tall man thick, gigantic flat, shiny yellow five pointed star shaped platform. The royal couple is sitting on their thrones by each other. They are on two of the platform's five points, facing inward. On both outer sides of them are five life sized golden saber-tooth statues bowing down before them. Gibbor is standing in the middle of the platform. Shemrith is sitting near-by with Tammuz laying his head her knees. She is wearing a sparkly green gown, elbow length green gloves and a long cone cap. Tammuz's orange nightshirt looks ripped. He looks deathly ill. I look down at misty grasslands below where colorful animals are flying around. We float forward and land on the huge platform near the royal couple. We sweat in this hot humid room. We take our outer furs off, step down and hand them to two servants in white hooded robes. They say, "We'll take those..." They walk away. Kasdeja jerkingly steps down. Chashaq follows him. Kasdeja's disc detaches, and floats down to the floor. They steps up on his disc. We see Semjaza sitting on his large crystal pink throne that's shaped like Ashtoreth sitting. I see our arm-less queen sitting on her large crystal

white throne shaped like Semjaza sitting. Ashtoreth is plumper. She's dressed in her ankle length metallic red gown. A metallic red cone cap on top of her short reddish hair. I hear Tammuz moan. His head is laying on his wife's lap. He is sweating all over. Gibbor stands sadly behind them.

We walks over to them. Methuselah leans on his spear and he asks, "Shemrith, --how is the prince?" Her dark, pretty face looks miserable. Shemrith tearfully says, "He's dying..." Tears run down Gibbor's chubby cheeks as he says, "Brother sick!" Tammuz coughs and weakly says, "---Bro--ther!" Gibbor sits down. Tammuz painfully says, "I --feel so bad!"

Gibbor whines says, "Gibbor feel bad.." Ashtoreth stands up and walks over. She looks at the fat giant. He fearfully stands up, and wobbles.

Gibbor fearfully says, "Don't hurt Gibbor..." Embarrassed, Ashtoreth says, "Gibbor, forgive me..." He nods. Ashtoreth sits down by her son. The king walks over to hug the flabby giant, saying, "Gibbor, my son.. Save Tammuz!" Gibbor forcefully says, "Gibbor try!" He hugs his father back.

He briefly lifts the king up. Semjaza smiles and says, "Yes, son..." Lord Bad floats on his silver disc into the throne room and lands by them. He steps off his disc. It floats up, and attaches itself to the lower back of his cape-like collar.

Methuselah limps toward the king, leans on his spear and asks, "Semjaza, what happened?" Distressed, Semjaza says, "Shemrith, -tell him..." Tears roll down her beautiful dark cheeks. Shemrith sadly says, "My husband, dreamed that I was gone... Our bed's warm red sheets were pulled off by a freezing wind. He felt icy sharp things stabbing his chest but he couldn't move except for his eyes. He looked up at --her. Glowing in the darkness, she was standing on his chest, wearing her light blue dress, sparkly silver cape and her tiara. Her unnatural blue eyes stared down at him. She got down on her hands and knees. Her possessive voice asked, Mine prince, why lovest me not? She rips opens his nightshirt. She takes off her necklace and holds her glowing white stone pendant in front of his eyes. He can't help but see the violet symbol inscribe on it. A circle merged on the middle top of a horizontal curved line twice as wide as the circle and that ends curve halfway up the height of the circle. She proudly said, Behold, the reward mine father gaveth me long ago, for seducing thy father ---to convince king Semjaza to end mime family's exile... Behold, mine symbol! The circle tis eternity and --the line beneath tis death...

Eternal death! She slammed her necklace down against his large chest and shouted, Thou must lovest me! Tammuz woke up screaming." Shemrith gently opens his torn night shirt. Shocked, Methuselah says, "Lord God, have mercy!" I see violet swollen sores across his large tan chest in the shape of Layil's symbol. Tammuz wheezes and says, "O-oww! It hurts.. It --hurts!" Ashtoreth tearfully says, "O son, Semjaza tried many times --to heal you --but he couldn't..." Disturbed, Gibbor says, "God help brother!" Methuselah leans on his long spear and forcefully says, "Let's pray! Lord God, save Tammuz! Heal him from this wicked sickness... Let it be! Let it be!" The king and the queen kneel down. We pray for a long time.

Around midnight, Chashaq howls. I stare at the dark gray beast's three long muzzled heads which are sniffing the air. I smell that sickly sweet odor. Chashaq's six dark yellow eyes look all around. It snarls and lowers its long bushy tail. I feel a chill run down the back of my neck. I walk to Shemrith's side. She is so tall that even sitting, her head comes up to my neck. Tammuz loudly wheezes. His face is disturbingly pale and dripping with sweat. His wife gently runs her glove covered fingers through his long reddish hair. His parents are praying. Methuselah and Gibbor stand right behind them. Tammuz briefly wakes up. His bloodshot eyes looks up. He painfully coughs. Shemrith tenderly smiles as she says, "Tammuz love, I'm here for you..." He faints. Gibbor yawns. Chashaq howls. We see thick twirling white smoke appear in front of us. Lilith, the smooth gray owl and Samuel, the fat brown horned owl marches out of the smoke. The sickly sweet odor becomes stronger. Layil's father walks up to the owls and emotionally asks, "Is it, --her?" They happily hoot, "Who-o-o, who-o-o. Who-ol!" From the swirling smoke behind them, swoops down a violet eyed white owl with scarlet trimmed feathers. She's wearing Layil's silver chain necklace. Her dark talons carries her fancy silver censer. I see the whitish blue flames swirling inside the censer's circular opening. The white owl drops the censer between Lilith and Samuel and lands by it. My grandfather aims his spear at her. Samuel creepily hoots. We gasp. The white owl's violet eyes become bluer than blue. Methuselah humbly says, "Lord --God, protect ---us!" I watch those incredibly bright blue eyes float up out of the white owl's head. Long red optic nerves stick out the back of these eyeballs. The disembodied shiny white eyeballs look at us. The white owl's empty eye-sockets glow blue. The fancy censer

gently rises up like it's being pick up by someone. We gasp. The short ghostly princess appears as her eyeballs float up into place. Her long light blue dress, her sparkling silver cape, and even her silver tiara look like ghostly smoke. Her silver clawed right hand holds up the censer by it's thin silver chains. Her very pale roundish face and rich red lips wickedly smile. I can see strait through her except for her eyeballs. I see her eyeballs floating behind her girlish face making her look owl-like. Her father joyfully spreads his muscular arms and longingly asks, "Mine princess, art thou --her?" Her rich red lips smile as she says amused, "Mine spirit tis I..." He tearfully bows down. He tries to hug her but his arms go strait through her. He stands up. He curiously asks, "Mine light bearer, tis that mime stolen censer?" She proudly says, "Yea, mine father..." He happily says, "Well done!" I look down at the white owl's glowing eye-sockets.

Ashtoreth bitterly shouts, "Layil, stop torturing my son!" The short princess smugly says, "Safety nacah(test) 216..." Bright bluish lights flash inside the queen's chest. She falls down but Semjaza grabs his plump armless wife in his strong muscular arms. Her metallic red cone cap falls off and hits the floor. Semjaza angrily shouts, "Friend, stop --her!" Lord Bad forcefully says, "Layil, release them!" She gleefully says, "Nay..."

Tammuz wakes up, groans, and says, "Moth--er! Mother..." Ashtoreth shouts as blue lights inside flash inside her chest, "Augh, --Tammuz! My ---son! My -son -Augh.." She faints. The ghostly princess floats towards the prince. Lilith and Samuel follow. She bitterly says, "Mine prince, why loveth me not!" Shemrith angrily shouts, "Because you're a ghou! --Leave us, -alone!" Tammuz hoarsely says, "Shem-rith, --" He faints. Gibbor wobbles between them as he angrily asks, "Why hurt brother?" She joyfully says, "Tis exciting!" Gibbor rubs his bald head as he asks her, "Ah, what happened to babies?" She cheerfully says, "Thou shall never know..."

Gibbor beats his mighty chest, and shouts, "You mean!" His over-sized fists tries to hit her but she quickly dodges his every blow. She stands still. He clobbers her down with his fists but they go strait through her. Gibbor asks with his low goofy voice, "What?" Even her silver tiara is undisturbed. She mockingly says, "Fool, --thou cannot hurt mine spirit!" He fearfully backs away from her.

Her father angrily shouts, "Safety nacah(test) 625..." Her short ghostly body jerks in agony. Then she giggles, and says, "Mine father, --

thou put thy parasite in mine flesh, --not mine spirit!" He shouts forcefully, "Kasdeja, stop her!" Kasdeja and Chashaq floats towards her on his disc.

His palms glow purple as he aims at her. Chashaq growls. The princess hatefully shouts, "Release kana(subdue) 909, code abandon!" The blue film over Kasdeja's eyes flashes. Glowing blue liquid squirts out of his mouth, nose and eyes. The liquid spills onto the floor and slithers away. His eyes become coal black again. He joyfully shakes his long black braided hair.

Chashaq joyfully stands up and licks his face. Kasdeja hugs his pet and shouts, "Chashaq, we be free! Free! Free!" He looks at his daughter weeping for Tammuz. Shemrith sorrowfully says, "O-father, --help us!"

Kasdeja shouts, "Run, --girl! Run!" Shemrith tearfully shouts back, "Father, --no!!" The princess childishly shouts, "Attack Gibbor!" Gibbor fearfully says, "Don't hurt Gibbor!" Kasdeja's dark skull like face looks disgusted. He lifts his muscular arms, and aims at the high ceiling. He shoots a purple beam up out of his palms, blasting a big hole in the ceiling.

Chashaq happily howls and wags it's tail. The princess furiously shouts, "Obey me, --or thy daughter dieth!" Kasdeja shouts like it's a big joke, "To Sheol with you all, --fools!" Shocked, Shemrith shouts, "Father, no!" His fiery silver disc zooms him and Chashaq up out through the hole in the ceiling. The princess screams. The hole quickly repairs itself.

Her spirit angrily floats towards the painfully wheezing prince.

Shemrith pulls off her elbow length sparkling green gloves. She sticks her hands out and shouts, "Ghoul, stay away from my love ---or I will touch you!" The princess laughs. She floats forward as she says, "Thou canst not touch mine spirit.." As her spirit tries to go through Shemrith's out stretched hands. Shemrith hand bones glows purple as she bitterly says, "As your wicked father once asked mine. --Are you sure?" Black smoke come out of both her glowing hands. It invades the ghostly princess's chest.

Her spirit screams. She's stuck to Shemrith's hands as she childishly shouts, "Cheater! Thou ---cheat! Cheat! --Help!" The white owl painfully hoots. Lilith and Samuel attack Shemrith. They hoot and brutally claw Shemrith's arms with their long talons. The princess breaks free and floats away. Black smoke from her arms make the owls sick. They fearfully wobble back and fly away. Tammuz briefly wakes up. He grabs his wife's bleeding arms. His hands glows orange and heals her. A little black smoke enters Tammuz's hands. He faints again. The princess floats to and hits

Shemrith over her head with her censer. Her spirit angrily shouts, "Thou whore!" She floats above them, giggles and asks, "Doth thou make mine prince --ill?" Shemrith puts on her gloves and sadly says, "We touch only briefly... And he heals himself..." Shemrith sadly shouts, "Tammuz, wake up!" He is barely breathing. She weeps. Semjaza rushes over and puts his hands on his son's chest. His jewel glows. His hands glow yellow.

Semjaza painfully shouts, "Tammuz son, --don't die on me! Live! Live! Live!" Lord Bad leaps over. His right hand grabs her spirit's throat as he bitterly shouts, "Layil, I shall teach thee!" Her owls angrily hoot. The princess says, "Safety ---nac-ah(test) 625!" Blue lights flash from deep inside her father's chest. He lets go of her throat. He falls to his knees. He asks in agony, "Ah, --my chest! --How?" Proudly smirking, the princess says, "When I died, the parasite thou put in me, I put it in thee. Thou art, --mine father!" He can barely move. He violently shakes.

Semjaza jumps up, and furiously shouts, "Layil, I command you to stop this and heal my son!" Her spirit laughs and says, "Nay..." Her owls happily hoot. The king's fist sized yellow jewel glows. Her spirit screams and vanishes. The white owl wearing her necklace painfully hoots.

Semjaza's hands glow yellow as he kneels by his son and touches his son's swollen chest. Tears flow down his eyes as he shouts, "O-gracious God, help me! Save my son!" He hugs his deathly pale son. He cries. Her spirit appears behind him. I fearfully shout, "Watch out!" The princess possessively says, "Mine prince!" Semjaza's jewel glows. She vanishes again. The king looks down at his friend shaking as blue lights flash from inside his chest. Semjaza sadly says, "Friend, she knows your incantations, because ---she's you!" His friend struggles to say, "You'--re ---wrong!

Wrong!"

The short floating princess appear before us. Methuselah points his spear at her and boldly shouts, "The Lord God commands you to depart!"

The princess furiously shouts, "Silence!" He chokes, unable to say another word. I grab my grandfather and say, "O-God, --help us!" Methuselah stops choking. I shout, "Layil, God will punish you!" She does several cartwheels and powerfully kicks me to the edge of the platform as her claws tear into my furs. I drop my staff. I fall off the huge floating platform but I grab it's edge at the last moment. I shout, "Help me! Help!" I look way down at the grassy grounds below. Methuselah falls to his knees, struggles

to grab my hand and says, "Noah, --take my hand!" He powerfully pulls me up. I climb back up. I grab my staff. We crawl timidly away. I fearfully ask, "What can we do?" He just stares at me.

The princess holds up her censer, and shouts, "All mine owls, I summon ye!" Her censer's bluish flames blaze. Swirling white smoke shoots out. An army of hooting owls fly out of the smoke. The sickly sweet odor gets even stronger. The censer's flames dim as the smoke clears. Semjaza shouts, "Enough!" His jewel glows brightly yellow. A yellow semitransparent dome appears around him and his friend. Her spirit screams. She drops her censer. She vanishes. The white owl's empty eye-sockets stop glowing. She faints. His friend screams, holding his chest as blue lights flash inside him. Semjaza regretfully says, "Friend, accept --her death!" His friend shouts in agony, "No! No! No!" Many owls fly around them. Semjaza waves his hands. Several owls explode in mid-air and fall dead. The other owls land all around the edges of the gigantic star shaped platform. Semjaza's yellow jewel glows brightly as he says, "Sorry friend!" His friend screams. Bright yellow sparks shoot out all over his friend's body. An unseen power lifts his friend up against the top of the dome. The white owl wearing her necklace wakes up and stands up. Her eye-sockets glow blue. Coming out of his friend's jerking body, the ghostly princess calmly floats down towards the king. The princess says like she bored, "Safety kana(subdue) 777!" The king's jewel dims. Bright violet lights flash from deep inside the king's large chest. The yellow semitransparent dome vanishes. Layil's father falls down hitting the floor hard. He violently shakes and curled up into a fetal position. Her spirit picks up her censer and shouts, "Mine!" Lilith and Samuel fly back to her. She floats over to the white owl. Her spirit says, "Aluwqah, thou dost well..." Her army of owls hoots. Nearly paralyzed, Semjaza fearfully asks, "What happened?" The princess floats over to him and bitterly says, "Long ago, thou exiled mine family! But when thou made love to me, --I put mine pet---in thee! --And long, --waited for mine revenge!" Semjaza fearfully says, "But --I welcomed you back..." Her rich red lips kiss his lips. Her spirit bitterly says, "I forgiveth thee, --not!" She pushes him so he falls back onto the floor. Violet lights flash inside him. Semjaza struggles to fearfully shout, "Friend, re-lease --me!" His blond friend agonizingly says, "I --don't -know --the code!" Semjaza painfully shouts, "But she's --you!"

Lying in a fetus position, he groans. Blue lights flash inside him. He painfully says, "I'm not, --her!" The king weeps. Violet lights flash inside him. Semjaza agonizing shouts, "O gracious --God, save --my son Tam—muz! --I have sinned, sinned --so badly but --I'll return to you!!! Punish me, punish me, --but save my good son, --O gracious God... Augh! Augh.." He faints..

Her spirit floats towards Tammuz. Shemrith cries out, saying, "God, help us! O God help!" She takes off her gloves. She tries to block the princess who jumps around so fast that she can't touch her. Sharp fingernails scratches Shemrith's left cheek. She cries. She instinctively move her hands to protect her face. The princess quickly reaches into Tammuz's chest and pulls out his naked translucent spirit. His spirit looks like him but is only a man's foot tall. Her clutching little hand squeezes his helpless spirit. His spirit tries to screams but can't make a sound. Shemrith shouts, "Ghoul, --put Tammuz's spirit back!" The princess's glaring white eyeballs that have red optic nerves sticking out in back look happily down at him. Her spirit giggles and asks, "Mine prince, be I too small for thee?"

Shemrith leaps towards her and tries to grab his spirit but the princess zooms away. Shemrith weeps bitterly and shouts, "Help me!" The princess loosens her grip. Dark magic drags Tammuz's shrinking spirit into her censer's swirling whitish blue flames. Gibbor looks down at Lilith and Samuel, drools and says, "Gibbor hungry!" Shemrith desperately shouts, "Layil, I'll do anything you want... Just let Tammuz go free?" The princess asks, "Wouldest thou? --Then die as he dieth!" Aluwqah's eye-sockets keep glowing blue. The white owl jumps up and flies circling around us. Lilith, and Samuel happily hoot. The princess shouts gleefully, "Slay them all!" Her army of owls circles around us. Me, Methuselah and Gibbor protect each other. Shemrith weeps. She jumps up, and removes her gloves. Her deadly hand's bones glow purple. She hits the owls attacking her. They drops dead as puffs of black smoke enter them. Shemrith shouts, "Stay away!" Only the white owl is not attacking us. Methuselah stabs a few of the swooping owls with his spear. I hit some with my staff.

Shemrith hits more viciously attacking owls. Her hand puts off little puffs of black smoke anytime she touches them. Gibbor hits several owls with his fists, knocking them back. The owls scratch him with their talons.

Gibbor says with his goofy voice, "Gibbor hungry!" His bulging squinted

hazel eyes stare at Lilith and Samuel. He licks his lips. I lift my staff. Methuselah says, "Lord God help us! Help us all Lord God..." I timidly say, "God help me!" The princess giggles and says, "Thy God whom allow thy --big sister, --to die!" I cry. Methuselah stabs another owl with his spear. He encouragingly says, "Yownah is with God now!" I shout, "You're right!" Her spirit shouts with incredibly icy hatred, "Thy drunken dream wast not true... Yownah's head, --rots in Sheol!" I cry uncontrollably. She laughs. Gibbor sneaks up on Samuel and grabs him. The giant opens his chubby mouth extremely wide and swallows the creepy owl in one big gulp. A pain filled hoot is followed by crunching sounds. The princess screams. Gibbor pats his over-sized stomach as he says, "Owl taste good!" Her spirit's furiously brokenhearted voice shouts, "Fool, thou murdereth Samuel! Owls, ---avenge!" Her shiny solid eyeballs drips tears behind her horrified ghostly pale face. She hugs Lilith tightly against her breasts and shouts, "Ah, Lilith, flee thou to safety!" Twirling white smoke comes out of her censer. Lilith flies into the smoke. She vanishes. Methuselah skillfully stabs more swooping owls with his spear. Many owls swoop down on us. Shemrith uses all her strength killing many owls with her deadly purple glowing hand bones. Many owls drop dead onto the floor. I see the queen wake up. Blue lights flash inside her. Ashtoreth looks over at her lifeless son, and shouts, "Tammuz, my son! ---My --son!" As Gibbor fights the owls with his bloodied fists, Shemrith shouts exhausted, "O Tam---muzzz!" She faints and falls down. Gibbor falls to his knees to shields her with his big fat body. We're exhausted. The many owls are about to overpower him.

Still in a fetus position Layil's father struggles to shout, "Re--lease, -Na-cah(test) 2--1----6... Code, ---lev-ia---than!!!" He faints. Ashtoreth opens her mouth wide. The gross sparkling bluish white long multi-legged modified energy parasite crawls out her gasping throat. It falls onto the floor. It slithers away. As owls scratch up Gibbor's back, he says, "Gibbor -hurt a lot. --Ouchy! Ouchy!" Ashtoreth, gasps hard, breathes rapidly and regain her breath. She struggles to stand up without her arms. Two dozen serpent spirits with fiery red eyes fly out of her arms stumps. They slithering through the air towards the owls attacking Gibbor and Shemrith. The serpent spirits chase these vicious owls away from them. The princess floats over to her paralyzed father. She slaps him. Her spirit bitterly asks,

"Mine father, mine father, --why hast thou forsaken me?" He doesn't answer.

Ashtoreth forcefully shout, "Ghoul, put my son's spirit back --or I'll..." The princess angrily swings censer around and arrogantly shouts, "His spirit tis mine!" Two long serpent spirits flies out of Ashtoreth's arm stumps. They quickly slithers through the air towards the princess who skillfully dodges them. She gracefully swings her shiny censer around.

These flying serpents spirits turns around to attack her again. She throws her censer high up in the air. Her right hand quickly grabs one serpent spirit by the neck and her left hand grabs the other one. They wrap their long scaly bodies around her and neck. She knocks their heads together three times. They explode and vanish. Her spirit grabs up her falling censer by it's thin silver chains right before it would of hit the floor. The princess giggles and asks, "Arm-less hag, what can thou doeth?" Ashtoreh furiously shouts, "All Serpent spirits, ---come to your queen!" We hear lots of strange hissing sounds. The princess floats back. Many, many arm length hissing serpent spirits fly in through the walls to attack the army of owls.

The princess sticks out her tongue and spitefully asks, "Whom does thou think thou art?" Many serpent spirits enters into the queen's body. They becomes one with her. Her crystal pink eyes glow brightly. Ashtoreth painfully shouts, "The wrong mother, ---for a mean little dead girl to mess with!!!" Several serpent spirits slither out of her right arm's stump, and combines into a monstrously scaly long semitransparent pink spirit arm that has a long fingered clawed hand. Serpent spirits, come out of her left arm's stump and transforms into another spirit arm. Two more monstrously long arms pop up below those arms and two more arms below them. She leaps towards the princess and punches her mouth, brutally knocking her back.

Shocked, her spirit floats back and whines, yelling, "Thou cheat! Thou cheatest! --Thou art unfair! Unfair! Thou unfair cheat!" Ashtoreth hatefully smiles as she shouts, "Right on, dead girl!"

The many serpent spirits chase the army of owls. The princess angrily shouts, "Owls, devour the cheating queen!" The white owl who is wearing her necklace lands on her arm. The other owls attack the queen while trying to avoid the flying serpent spirits. The queen's long spirit arms knock many owls down to the floor. Many softly hissing serpent spirits surround the ghostly princess who skillfully kicks and claws them, causing

many serpent spirits to explode around her. Many serpent spirits forcefully push her spirit towards the angry queen. The princess twirls around like a ball, quickly kicking and clawing many serpent spirits, causing them to explode. Her spirit expertly leaps out of the way of queen's six long arms.

She dodges the hissing serpent spirits all around. She fly up, and stands on the shoulders of Semjaza's pink throne that looks like the queen. The short princess pridefully shouts, "Behold, mine feet!" I watch her dress's hemline rises up to her knees revealing her scaly white owl-like feet and long silver colored talons. I fearfully asks, "What is she?" Methuselah stabs another owl with his spear, and says repulsed, "A most twisted creation..." Gibbor wobbles and says, "Gibbor scared!" As the flying serpent spirits chase the many owls all around, the queen marches up to the king's throne. The princess nervously says to the white owl, "Aluwqah, protect mine censer!"

The white owl grabs the censer by it's chains and flies among the other owls. Many hissing serpent spirits force her spirit down from the king's throne. They pushes her ever closer to the furious queen. The princess twirls around like a ball. She claws the serpent spirits all around, making them explode. Her swooping owls fiercely attack the queen to help their princess avoid the queen's six monstrous arms. Ashtoreth's fists change into serpent heads biting and killing several owls. The princess moves like an amazing acrobat. She avoids all Ashtoreth's quickly moving arms that have deadly serpent heads as the serpent spirits attacking her all around.

Two of the serpent heads at the end of the queen's spirit arms bites into the princess calves, and holds her tightly. Ashtoreth's arms changes back into angry arms with fists pounding the attacking owls away. She punches the princess in the stomach. One arm changes back into a serpent's head that bites into princess's right arm. The princess's owl like legs wildly kicks, and her long sharp talons slices through the queen's red dress and scratches the queen's right shoulder. The queen's long serpent arms forcefully moves the princess away from her bleeding shoulder. Many hooting owls are also fighting the queen. The princess claws more serpent spirits with her talons and her claw like fingernails, causing many serpent spirits to explode. The many serpent spirits also fight the many owls attacking the queen.

Methuselah heavily leans on his spear and tiredly says, "Noah, ---It's up to God now.." I leans on my staff as I say, "Grandfather, I'm scared!" I watch three of the queen's fists furiously punch the trapped princess all over. Her

spirit shouts, "Mine owls, help!" Her spirit is being twisted in unnatural ways by the queen's long monstrous spirit arms. The princess uses her great acrobatic skills to slip out of the queen's scaly serpent arms. Many owls attack the queen to help their princess get away. Her spirit floats upward. Her glaring white eyeballs sadly looks down at all the dead owls lying on the floor. The queen's many serpent spirits chase her many owls around.

I watch the princess slowly disappear except for her floating eyeballs that have long red optic nerves sticking out in back. Finally her eyeballs slowly vanish too. We fearfully look all around this gigantic misty room.

Ashtoreth's scaly pinkish spirit arms swing wildly around fighting away the many hooting owls attacking her. Her flying serpent spirits defend her.

Suddenly, unseen talons violently scratch the queen's lower back, making it bleed. Ashtoreth shouts, "Ouch, -ooo, --Augh! --Serpents spirits, guard me!" She fearfully turn in circles, searching for her invisible enemy. All the queen's serpent spirits circle around her. Many owls swooping down at the queen are killed by these serpent spirits but many serpent spirits explode when they are clawed by the many owls. We hear the princess's wicked laugh. Terrified, Ashtoreth circles all around, her six scaly pink spirit arms swinging madly around her searching the invisible princess. Ashtoreth moans and closes her eyes tightly. She sniffs the air. Despite her six powerful arms and the serpent spirits circling around her, invisible sharp talons slice open her sloped forehead open so blood runs down into her pink eyes. All her fists become serpent heads. Ashtoreth sniffs the air and says, "--I smell ---her!" Four of the queen's long spirit arms instantly strikes her lower left side. Their powerful jaws bite into the invisible princess, biting into her limbs. They holds her spirit in a vice like grip. Her spirit's floating eyeballs and their optic nerves becomes visible. Her bluer than blue eyes drips tears. Her very pale girlish face, her long white hair, her dress, cape and her tiara becomes visible. The many serpent spirits chase her owls away. Even with all her great acrobatic skills, she can't escape from the monstrous scaly pink arms of the vengeful queen. Ashtoreth stares at her wildly jerking prey as she shouts, "Dead girl, --take this!" Four of serpent heads on the queen's arms turn into fists. These ugly scaled clawed fists pounds the horribly screaming princess's roundish face and stomach.

Her tormented spirit shouts, "Aluwqah, --saveth me! Augh!" The white owl flies above her. Her dark talons hold the fancy silver censer by its thin chains. Twirling white smoke shoots from the censer's opening. The odor is overwhelming. The swirling smoke flies over to and encircles the whining princess. Her spirit vanishes from between the queen's viciously attacking arms. The smoke flies back up near the censer. Her spirit appears from the smoke. The white owl with glowing blue eye-sockets lands on her shoulder. The smoke clears. The princess grabs her censer. She points to Tammuz's tiny naked spirit tormented in the censer's bluish flames, and furiously shouts, "Vengeance for, --Samuel wilt come thy way!" Ashtoreth cries and shout, "O-oo, --great serpent, ---save my only --child!" I see a puff of pink smoke appear a ways behind the princess. Four pairs of glowing pink eyes with vertical red pupils shine in the smoke. The cruel princess laughs as she asks, "Doth thou call on --the great serpent?" A Gibbor sized ghostly fiery orange four-faced serpent-like dragon appears. He silently flies up behind her with his six large bat-like red wings. The fiery dragon has four long arms under his chest and two long legs curled up under his scaly belly. He shakes his head that has a face on each of his four sides. His huge front jaws opens extremely wide, and a pair of long white fangs unfolds. Aluwqah hoots once. The princess laughs, and says, "There be no great Serpent! ---aughh-h-h..." Before the fiery dragon gulps her down to her waist, her spirit throws her censer to Aluwqah who catches the censer but the flying serpent spirits knock it out of her talons. The censer falls down on the shiny yellow floor. The fiery dragon scaly throat greatly stretches as he slowly swallows the princess. The serpent's front jaws lifts her spirit up, turn her upside down and swallows her down to her knees. Her large owl like legs wildly thrashes around his widely stretching jaws. He wildly swings his long scaly tail. Aluwqah's violet eyes appear in her eye-sockets. Only the princess's scaly white owl like feet are sticking out of the fiery serpent's much stretched mouth. He wildly swings her up back and forth as he swallows the rest down. His six large fiery red wings wildly flap around. I see her spirit struggling inside his flaming orange scaly belly. Aluwqah, the white owl flies away. She is protected from the serpent spirits by what's left of the army of owls. Exhausted, the queen falls down on her knees, and smiles. All her serpent spirits vanish.

I joyfully shout, "Praise God!" Methuselah sadly says, "But Noah, -- Tammuz may be dead..." I say, "But praise God, we lived!" Shemrith wakes up, weeps and puts her gloves on. She sits down and cuddles up to her lifeless husband. The queen falls to her knees by her son. She weeps and embraces him with her spirit arms. Ashtoreth sorrowfully weeps and says, "Son, son, --I can't live without you! O-Tammuz! Tammuz!" Me and Methuselah walk over to them. Gibbor cries behind us. Methuselah passionately says, "Lord God, heal Tammuz! Let it be! Let it be!" I see the fiery serpent like dragon's front face looking sadly down as his echoing familiar voice says, "---God sent me here to fetch Layil... God is going to have a little talk with her..." He acts like his stomach hurts as her spirit struggles, trapped tightly inside his belly. Shemrith lays Tammuz's head back on her lap and says in agony, "O-Tammuz, Tammuz my love, ple---se come back to me! O-God please!" The fiery dragon's familiar voice hopefully echoes as he says, "God will..." Ashtoreth desperately asks, "Can you save my son?" His echoing voice cheerfully says, "Daughter, have faith in God!" He flies down. His front right arm picks up the censer by it's thin chains. I can barely see Tammuz's tiny naked tormented spirit in the censer's spiraling whitish blue flames. The fiery dragon's left hand glows pink. He touches the censer as a little puff of smoke comes out.

Tammuz's small spirit appears in the dragon's left hand. He gracefully flies over and puts the spirit back into Tammuz's chest. Aluwqah swoops down, grabs the censer and flies away. Twirling smoke comes out, and encircles the white owl. The remaining owls flies into the smoke. They vanish. I see that the prince's face still looks grayish and his sunken eyes do not open. His weeping wife and mother cry out. The dragon looks over at the paralyzed king, as his echoing angrily voice says, "Release kana(subdue) 777, code naap(adulterer)." Semjaza's chest briefly flashes violet. A slimy hand-sized, glowing bright violet creature that looks like a ball of worms that has a pair of flapping dove wings come out of the king's chest.

Semjaza moans, and asks, "How did you do know the release code?" The four faced dragon's echoing voice says, "Don't ask!" The slimy winged creature flies towards us. It looks like a squirming glowing ball of long tangled worms. The creature swoops down at us. Methuselah quickly stabs it down with his spear. He pick his spear up, and the slimy creature slides off and flies away unharmed. Disgusted, Methuselah says, "That's gross!"

Semjaza rushes over to his son, and his weeping wife. Tears run down Shemrith's dark cheeks as she says, "O-king, heal my love!" The king lifts his son's head off Shemrith's lap and hugs him tightly. Semjaza shouts in agony, "O-gracious God, help me heal my son! Help me focus! Help me focus now or -my son dies! Gracious God save him! --This morning I shall return back to you, O-gracious God! Heal Tammuz, --Plea---se! Please!

Please!" Semjaza feels the peace of God and peacefully says, "Gracious God, thank you!" His Jewel and his hands grows brightly yellow.

Tammuz's limp body jolted back to life. The prince's bloodshot eyes open up. His face becomes less grayish. He gasps for breath. His parents lovingly holds him close. They gently puts his son's head back on Shemrith's lap. She gently brushes his long reddish brown hair with her glove covered hands. Shemrith joyfully says, "Tammuz, my love! Thank God, --you're alive! You're alive!" Painfully weak, Tammuz tenderly says, "Shem-rith, my love, my dear love..." She gently smiles down at him.

Ashtoreth gently touches him with her six spirit arms and joyfully says, "Tammuz, my son, I love you son! Thank God you're alive... I'm --so happy!" He stares up at his mother's long serpent spirit arms and her bloodied forehead. Shocked, Tammuz asks, "Mother, --the arms? What happened to you?" She hugs him with her arms and kisses him. Ashtoreth lovingly says, "My son, --my arms to lovingly hold you with!" They hug for a while. Tammuz reaches up. He touches the queen's bloodied forehead. His hand glows orange as he says, "Mother, I --love you! Thank you!" The queen's sloped forehead quickly heals. He touches her lower back and heals her other injuries. Semjaza weeps and says, "Thank God, I praise you, gracious God for saving Tammuz! --I shall keep my sacred promise!" Tammuz gently smiles and says, "Father! --I --do love you.."

Semjaza puts his hand on his tall son's shoulder as he loving says, "Son, I love you too! I'm so sorry! I let you down so badly.." Gibbor gets up and wobbles towards them. Gibbor says, "Gibbor help!" Tammuz says in pain, "Love you brother.." Shemrith's black eyes sparkle as she says, "Gibbor, do good!"

The queen looks up. Ashtoreth excitedly asks, "Father Asbeel is that you?" The four faced fiery dragon says with Asbeel's friendly echoing voice, "Yes, my daughter..." He changes into a ghostly, much bloated image of his human form. He appears dressed as usual. Asbeel sorrowfully

says, "Ashtoreth, --forgive me!" She stands up by him. I can see the princess tightly trapped in his much bulging belly. She struggles. He puts his hands over his much stretched stomach and moans. Methuselah happily says, "See Noah, it was up to God!" Ashtoreth angrily cries as she asks, "Father, --why? --Why did you abandon me so long ago?" His kind light brown ghostly face sadly smiles. Asbeel emotionally says, "Long ago, me and a beautiful serpent worshiper name Shoshan fall madly in love... We were unable to have children, so I made a deal with --the Goat... And you were born... Shoshan turned against us. She put you into the serpent pit but the snakes loved you! When the other serpent worshipers saw this, they believed that you were their goddess! Shoshan tried to kill you again. They threw her into the serpent pit.... After your mother's brutal death, --I just couldn't face you... Daughter, --forgive me! Ashtoreth, forgive me!"

Ashtoreth weeps, as she emotionally says, "But father, --I needed you... I really need you!" Asbeel says tenderly, "I was a coward but --I do love you!" Asbeel says sorrowfully, "Noah, tell Tannah that I love her too! Tell her, I said, --don't kill anymore!" Disturbed, I sadly say, "I will!" Leaning on his spear, Methuselah says, "We'll pray for Tannah..." Asbeel walks over to the prince and says, "Tammuz, my grandson, I love you too!" Tammuz painfully says, "O-grandfather... Thank you for saving me!" Shemrith tearfully says, "Thanks you Asbeel!" Asbeel sincerely says, "Just praise God!"

Semjaza points at his paralyzed friend as he forcefully asks, "Asbeel, please free my best friend from this terrible modified energy parasite!"

Asbeel hatefully shouts, "He's no one's friend!" Semjaza whines saying, "Asbeel, please! Asbeel, I beg you.." Asbeel hesitates for a while but slowly says, "Release necah(test)625, ---code Lucifer.." The blue lights inside the king's friend stop flashing. A glowing light blue feathered winged creature that looks like a gross tangled ball of squirming worms comes out of his chest and flies away. Lord Bad jumps up and fearfully says, "Asbeel, --thank you! Thank you!" Asbeel hatefully says, "You! --- You should go with Layil..." Lord bad hatefully shouts, "Screw her!" The king gently smiles at him. Semjaza comfortingly says, "Friend, --go with your daughter.. You love --her more than anyone.." He looks sadly at her spirit trapped in Asbeel's stomach. He slowly softens his scowl. Frustrated, he says, "I'll go... I just don't understand --why she's so mean!" Semjaza

hugs his queen, as he tearfully says, "Ashtoreth, I love you so ---but I must go back to God!" Her magical crystal pink eyes stare as she say, "Semjaza, but you belong with us!" Semjaza lovingly but forcefully says, "I belong to God..." He pushes her back but her six spirit arms will not let him go. Tammuz says sadly, "Father stay!" Semjaza says in agony, "Son, I love you but I must go! I promised God... Ashtoreth, let me go..." She cries bitterly, as her spirit arms slowly lets go of him. Her spirit arms vanish. Lot of serpent spirits come out of her back and flies away. Tammuz stands up. Semjaza hugs his very tall handsome son. Semjaza sorrowfully says, "Son, I am so proud of you! Forgive me and obey God!" Tammuz forcefully says, "Father, stay!" Semjaza tearfully says, "I can't! I must go back to the heavens!" They hugs tightly for a long time.

His friend walks up to the king. He hugs him and emotionally says, "King Semjaza, --don't leave me!" Semjaza hopefully says, "Come back to God with me!" Distressed, his pale blond friend says, "I'd be punished!" Semjaza tenderly says, "Then we will be punished together!" His friend forcefully says, "King Semjaza, stay here! I'll do anything for you!" Semjaza sadly says, "If that were true, --you'd come back to God with me!" His friend happily says, "But you're the king of the world!" Semjaza sadly hopeful says, "Come back and we will be together forever! ---Or you be, --king of earth!" Tears flow down his friend's cheeks as he nervously says, "I can't go back to God!" Semjaza lovingly says, "Yes you can! Yes, you can! Yes you can, --but -----you won't..." Methuselah angrily says, "King Semjaza, he must not rule!" Semjaza frowns and sadly says, "Methuselah, I'm sorry but this must be..." His friend longingly says, "Don't go! You're my king!" Semjaza angrily says, "Be good to our families --or you'll fear my return!" His blond friend says, "Yes, my king... I promise!" They breaks down and cry. The king pushes him away. Asbeel nervously says, "It's time..." Layil's father transforms into his goat form. The Goat's disk comes off from his back, tilts horizontally, floats down and he steps on top of his silver disk. A large faint circular tunnel of light appears behind them. Asbeel changes back into his serpent like dragon form. I see that the ghostly princess is still trying to get out of his stomach. As we watch him flies towards the tunnel of light, Methuselah loudly asks him, "Asbeel, are you the serpent who tempted Eve?" Asbeel kindly says, "No... I am a seraph, a heavenly fiery serpent... That guy was a snake!" Methuselah

skeptically asks, "Is that really truth?" Irritated, Asbeel says, "Look at my legs! That guy doesn't have any.." Asbeel shows off his legs. He enters the tunnel of light and vanishes. Floating on his fiery silver disc, the Goat follows him on his fiery disc into the faint tunnel of light and vanishes. The tunnel fades away.

Chapter 10 Judgment

Deuteronomy 32:22

22 For a fire is kindled in mine anger, and shall burn unto the lowest hell(sheol), and shall consume the earth with her increase, and set on fire the foundations of the mountains.

Sha'ah sees that both me and Pe'ullah are frighten by this story. Her wrinkled reddish face sadly smiles as she says, "Relax, and just look at Enoch's silly old cap..." We look up the really silly gray and brown furry animal cap on grandfather's head. We giggle. Noah smiles as he says with his low elderly voice, "Don't laugh at Enoch's sacred cap!" He giggles. So do we. I happily say, "So Asbeel took Layil to God.. The --end?" Noah happily says, "Right on, Arphaxad. I never saw --her again." Sha'ah says with a scary voice, "Except in his bad dreams.." Grandfather looks disturbed. Sha'ah gently says, "Rule three..." Noah smiles as he boldly says, "Don't fear silly dreams!" Sha'ah smiles beneath her red feathered headdress. Pe'ullah's cute pale face smiles curiously as she asks, "Did bad king Semjaza really go back to God?" Noah adjusts the silly fur cap as he gently says, "All I know is that I never saw him again..." Tubal's dark face smiles wickedly as he asks excitedly, "Did lord Bad really become the king of the world?" Noah tiredly says, "Yes! A king of terrors! Well, that's the end.." Pe'ullah excitedly says, "I want more stories... What happened to Lord Bad?" Tubal excitedly says, "Yes, more stories! More stories!" I say, "Please grandfather.." Noah's greenish brown eyes sparkle as he says, "Me, Zabad, his family, Tubal and his family kept going back and forth from

Omer to the sea and back to Omer again. Nowtsah introduced me to Jemimah(dove, peace), and her two husbands, Achad(259 one) and Sheniy(8145 second). They wanted to sail the infinite sea. They quickly became my crew. Five years latter..."

I step off our sledge leaning on my staff. I see the smoke rising from my grandparent's chimney. My crew gives the wolf dogs water to drink. They chop up a goat carcass with an ax to feed them. I walk through the deep snow, leaving a trail behind me to my grandparent's bear curtain. I shiver and shout, "Noah here!" I hear Methuselah's low elderly voice gently say, "Come on in..." I brush off the snow from my brown furs. I hear Grandma Qoph's voice says, "Good to hear your voice, Noah.." I open their curtain. I feel the great warmth inside. I step on a thick white fur. I close the curtain. I see my very plumb grandma Qoph. She is wearing her very clean brown furs. She's sitting by my grandfather in front of their flickering fire under their stone chimney. He's wearing Enoch's old silly fur cap over his very long white hair. Grandma Qoph's much bloated and wrinkled whitish pink face frowns. She points to a big bowl of warm water. Grandma Qoph shouts, "You're covered in yucky snow... Clean up! Clean your sandals, dirty furs, and wash your smelly feet... Noah, I love you --but you're a mess..." I wipe off all the snowflakes on my furs, hair and beard. I untie the animal skin strips around the furs around my sore feet. I take off my thick wooden sandals. I thoroughly wash my feet in her bowl. I giggle. I asks, "Grandfather, how do you live with all her cleanliness?" Methuselah, wearing his gray furs, lovingly hugs his very plumb wife. His much wrinkled face happily smiles behind his white beard. Methuselah gently laughs and says, "I really love Seven! --And she loves me.."

Grandma Qoph says, "That's right! Noah, just be clean? It's not like I'm shouting cleanliness is life, --all the time..." Methuselah kisses her and says, "Thank you, Seven!" Grandma Qoph smiles and says, "Grandson, come here..." I walk over. I get on my knees. Her light green eyes stare at me. Grandma Qoph nervously says, "You missed some snowflakes..." Her bloated hands pick off several tiny snowflakes from my furs, and my graying beard. We hug tightly. I say, "Grandma Qoph, --I love you!" I sit down by them. Methuselah sadly smiles as he says, "Noah, it's been a long time..." Grandma Qoph sadly says, "How's your mother doing? I'm amazed she's still alive..." I happily say, "She and my father are actually

doing well... Anything, interesting happen here?" Disturbed, grandma Qoph says, "Noah, one cold morning, we were eating fruits and nuts when prince Tammuz and Shemrith visited us. They told us that Yerach died and..."

We hear a voice, say, "I am prince Tammuz... I'm with Shemrith. May we enter?" Wearing his gray furs, Methuselah excitedly says, "Wow! The royal couple..." My messy husband cheerfully says, "Come on in!" We watch the tall prince opens our curtain. The bone chilling winds blow in. The prince bows his reddish brown hair head. He walks in dressed in his orange skirt and short sleeved shirt. He holds his golden shepherd staff. His pinkish brown eyes look troubled. He holds the curtain open for his giant wife. We shiver. She is dressed in her long sleeve black gown. She's holding her long black cone cap with her black gloves. She's so tall that she has to bow her long black braided haired head down to enter. The freezing winds doesn't bother them but chills us. He closes our curtain. We look up at them. Tears run down Shemrith's lovely dark face as she says, "My mother Yerach, --has died.. And my father did a..... O-please, pray for him!" Methuselah sadly says, "Tell me..." Tammuz sadly says, "Within days of Kasdeja being freed, his wife died..." Shemrith's black eyes look disturbed, as she says, "My mother is my father's great obsession! Last evening, in her purple bedroom, me and my prince were by her side. She was dying. Lying on her large bed, wearing her pale green nightgown. She was under her light green sheets. I held her withered hand. Barely breathing, her face looked grayish. Her sunken eyes closed. I don't know if she even knew we were there..."

My glove covered right hand holds her cold hand. She peacefully breaths her last. Tammuz lovingly puts his hand on my shoulders. We cry. Tammuz sadly says, "Shemrith, my love... She's at peace.." Soon my father rushes in. Chashaq follows him. Kasdaja bitterly shouts, "Yerach, I be back!" No answer. Tormented, Kasdeja shouts, "O-Lord, bring Yerach back---or I'll!" He pulls off the sheets. He grabs her corpse. He puts her over his right shoulder. Her long white braided hair reaches down to the floor. Tammuz says, "Kasdeja, --I'm so sorry..." My father aim his right palm and painfully says, "Sleep!" A purple flash. Tammuz falls down asleep on the floor. I angrily ask, "Father why?" He shouts, "I got to!" He carries her corpse out. I run after him. Chashaq blocks me, and fiercely

growls. My father's disc detaches, and floats down. He and Chashaq steps up on it. They float down the shimmering yellow hallway. I get on a small platform. I floats after them.

At the hall's end, he shoots a wide purple beam out from his palm that blasts a hole big enough for us to float in. The aroma of sweet flowers inside doesn't smell right. Chashaq growls. We float inside the gigantic throne room. The hole repairs itself. My father floats to the gigantic floating star shaped yellow platform. I see the Goat and a young girl that looks like Naamah sitting on their huge thrones. There are have two sets of five live sized golden statues of sabertooths on their outer sides. I look around at the five strange fruit trees around this misty place but see no other beautiful girls. The Goat is dressed as usual. His four large wings full of eyes are outspread against the back of the king's crystal pink throne that's shaped like Ashtoreth sitting. The Goat's four faces have three shiny light blue eyes each. He has eight long golden horns that stick above his golden halo crown. The blond girl sitting on the white crystal throne looks just like a young Naamah. She's wearing a sleeveless yellow gown and a long yellow cone cap on top of her shoulder length hair. Kasdeja lands in front of the Goat who's four arms are crossed. Chashaq bows it's three heads.

The Goat's front three light blue eyes stare at my father. The Goat says with his echoing voice, "You're late.." I land behind my father. Kasdeja painfully shouts, "Make --Yerach live!" The Goat's depressed echoing voice says, "I don't know how to make the dead live, -----yet..." My father holds my mother's corpse over his shoulder. He aims his purple glowing palms at the Goat. Kasdeja bitterly asks, "Fool, --then who's the girl?" The Goat's echoing voice says, "A copy..." The girl sadly bows her head.

Kasdeja shouts, "Layil lives!" The Goat's echoing voice painfully says, "Her body is quite dead! Only her spirit remains in this realm... I don't know how... Much research will be required..." Tears gush out of my eyes.

I shout, "Father, --he admits he can't bring mother back!" My father ignores me. The blond girl lifts her head. The Goat's echoing voice cheerfully says, "Using Yerach's life code, I could make a young beautiful copy..." Kasdeja's black eyes hatefully stares as he shouts, "Get Yerach's spirit back!" The blond girl sadly frowns. I angrily shout, "Father, let mother rest in peace..." He turns back, his long black braided hair swings under his glowing golden halo crown. I hug my skinny father tightly.

Kasdeja sorrowfully says, "Girl, ---Yerach's, my life!" The Goat's cheerfully echoing voice asks, "If I get her spirit back, --wilt thou serve me forever?" My father pushes me away and shouts, "Do it, --Lord!" I shout, "He's lying!" Chashaq growls. The Goat spreads his four arms wide. I try to stop my father from sitting my mother on the Goat's lap. The Goat smiles behind my mother's grayish face as her long white braided hair hangs all over him. I cry out. His arms hugs my mother's slumped corpse. My father aims his palm at me and says, "Sleep..." A purple flash. Next morning, my loving husband wakes me up in our bed..." Grandma Qoph tear up as she says, "Shemrith, that's terrible. We will pray for Kasdeja..." Tammuz graciously looks down and says, "Thank you, Seven.." Methuselah bows his head, and somberly says, "Let us pray... Lord God, -Kasdeja needs your love! His daughter suffers... He suffers. Lord God, give Kasdeja another chance.. Let it be..."

Grandma Qoph says, "The royal couple then left..." I sadly say, "That's horrible..." Grandma Qoph says, "I feel so sorry for them..." I angrily says, "If Tannah had killed lord Bad, this would not have happened." Methuselah forcefully says, "Tannah is not the answer..."

Grandma Qoph's bloated pinkish face frowns as she asks, "Are you sure? I feel death, --is the answer for murderers!" I angrily say, "Yeah, Tannah killed --her!" Methuselah sadly asks, "And how well did that work?"

Grandma Qoph furiously says, "Her be gone!" Tears run down Methuselah's eyes as he says, "Yownah's gone!" Disturbed, I say, "Layil still haunts my dreams.." Grandma Qoph sadly says, "Oh Noah, just remember your wonderful big sister! Not that ghou." I tearfully say, "I --always will! O-Yownah.." We all hug each other. We cry on each other's shoulders.

Methuselah gently asks, "Would your crew like to talk to me?" I say, "Yeah..." Methuselah cheerfully says, "Invite them in.." Grandma Qoph says, "I bet they're messy..." I open the fur curtain as a cold breeze chills us. I shout, "Come on in!" Jemimah and her two skinny husbands, Achad, and Sheniy walk in. They're wearing their green hooded robes and outer furs. Jemimah is real plumb. She pulls back her hood revealing her chubby dark face and shoulder length black hair. They carefully clean their themselves and their staffs. They very carefully take off and clean their boots. They clean their heavy outer furs and put them neatly down by the

curtain. They thoroughly clean every snowflake off each other. Grandma Qoph says, "Noah, take the bowl over so they can wash their smelly feet..."

I hand them a bowl of water. They carefully wash their feet. They sit down by my grandparents. I sit down too. Grandma Qoph looks pleased as she says, "They're actually clean... I like them!" Jemimah smiles as she says, "I'm Jemimah, and these two are my husbands, Achad(259 one) and Sheny(8145 second)." Grandma Qoph says, "Welcome.. Have some food and drink..." Jemimah's dark brown eyes shines under her hood as she says, "Sure.." Methuselah gets up using his spear. He grabs three clay cups, and puts them down. Grandma Qoph grabs a large jar by the fire. She pours hot water into the cups. She hands the cups to my crew. They slowly sip the steaming hot water. Grandma Qoph grabs a big bag of fruits and nuts. She hands it to them. They very neatly eat from the bag. They put the shells into a clay jar. Jemimah gently smiles and says, "Thanks.."

Methuselah curiously asks, "Jemimah, what would like to talk about?" Jemimah's pretty dark eyes looks puzzled as she says, "You talk about your god as a person.." Methuselah says, "Yes, I respectfully tell God what I need and or want.." I quietly listen. Achad's youthful yellowish tan face smiles behind his stringy black beard as he curiously asks, "Does your god talk back?" Methuselah sincerely says, "Achad, sometimes God speaks quietly to my heart..." Sheny's dark narrow, black bearded face frowns as he says, "But sometimes your god doesn't talk --back?" Methuselah sadly says, "Sheny, that's up to God.." Sheny's light brown eyes looks skeptical as he asks, "How do you really know it's your god talking? --Not just your own thoughts?" Methuselah thoughtfully says, "God's words are true, just -but offers mercy... If not, it's not God talking.." Sheny sadly asks, "We often don't know what's true... How do we find out?" Methuselah says, "Humbly, --let a question be a question until God answers it clearly..."

Achad frowns as he asks, "How long do we have to wait for an answer?"

Grandma Qoph sadly says, "It may be a very long time.." Sheny angrily asks, "Maybe never?" Methuselah sadly says, "That's up to God..."

Jemimah asks "Is your god really a person?" Methuelah gently says, "A loving, faithful, just but --merciful person..." Achad curiously asks, "A male or female person?" Methuselah smiles at his wife as he says, "(So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. Genesis 1:27) God created them in

God's image. (And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man.

Genesis 2:23) Eve was Adam's very own bone and flesh and they shared God's image. God has the best qualities of both.." Shocked, Sheny says, "Your god's weird!" Grandma Qoph laughs and says, "Yup, God can be weird." I giggle. Achad smiles as he says, "The Algae is more of a greater reality than a person... The algae is our origin and our ever greater future!"

Sheny gently smiles as he says, "We clear our minds and chant to know we are all part of the Algae, --the unity of all living things..." Jemimah's chubby face warmly smiles as she says, "We tell our children stories about the Algae being like a person teaching them, and helping others... But the Algae is beyond the personal... If your god is such a loving person, why is there so much sickness, hatred and injustice?" Methuselah sadly says, "These were caused by Adam and Eve turning away from God... We are now plagued by selfish desires, injustice, sickness, and death!" Grandma Qoph curiously asks, "If the Algae is the harmony of all living things, why is there so much violence in nature and hatred in people?" Jemimah smiles as she says, "Lives must compete to become greater... Death is a necessary part of life... Death frees us from our failures so the Algae can become ever greater... Hate is the growth pains we overcome with the Algae's love."

Methuselah frowns and says, "Death is not God's plan! Death is God's punishment..." Sheny angrily smiles as he says, "I guess we agree, --to disagree..." Jemimah politely says, "We better go now..." Methuselah humbly says, "Come back anytime.." Achad cheerfully says, "Methuselah, we may..." Irritated, Sheny says, "Even Algae worshipers have disagreements.." They put on their furs. They put on their boots. They walk to the curtain, and leave. We shiver. I hug grandmother's Qoph and my grandfather. I put on my thick wooden sandals. I ties thick furs over my feet with strips of animal hides and put on my heaviest furs. I say, "Good-by..." Grandma Qoph sadly says, "Please come back more often!" Methuselah sadly smiles and says, "God protect you..."

A new moon latter, Zabad and his family are shivering with me in a sledge. The wolf dogs enter Omer's big rocky entrance. Yayin as always is holding her wineskin. She's wearing her green hooded robe. Zabad is wearing in his light gray furs. Ahabah is wearing hooded furs over her tight tan animal skins and her green and orange feathered headdress. We ride up

to Chuldah's igloo. The one with many blue ornaments. I smell burning sticks, and great smelling mushrooms cooking inside. Zabad get out. He stands by their igloo. Zabad happily shouts with frosted breath, "Chuldah, your far out son is back!" We hear Chuldah's happy voice says, "Zabad man, priase the Algae! The whole pack is back." We get out and walk. Holding our staffs, we bow and enter her wonderful warm igloo. We take off our outer furs. I see the fire-pit's yellowish light shining across the igloo's icy walls. A young boy who looks like a very young Zabad rushes over to him. Zabad happily says, "Bar-Zabad man, you cool?" Bar-Zabad says, "Me cool, father.. Grandmother's groovy... The Algae be fact, man!" Chuldah happily says, "Right on!" She holds her algae staff. She's wears her hooded robe. Chuldah lovingly says, "--Zabad son, come here." She grabs Zabad and kisses him. Zabad cheerfully says, "Mam, --Bar-Zabad digs you!" Chuldah madly hugs him and says, "Yeah! Bar-Zabad, Zabad and Yayin,. --The pack is back... Hi Noah.." Looking older, Ahabah adjusts her headdress on top her graying brown hair as she says, "I'm back too." Chuldah insultingly says, "The tall hot wolf cultist.." I frown at her. Zabad says, "Hang loose mam, we be cool..." Bar-Zabad says, "Chuldah's mam, you so cool." Chuldah's pale brown eye face smiles as she playfully says, "Bar-Zabad man, you be outta sight? How old be you?" Bar-Zabad says, "Me be six.. Can you dig it!" Chuldah says, "I dig it!" Yayin takes a sip, yawns, and says, "I'm zonk, --need to crash.." Chuldah points to some furs and says, "Yayin, crash on those furs..." Yayin lays down on those white furs. She falls asleep. Ahabah excitedly says, "Noah, the Creator of All says it's time go to my village." Chuldah frowns. I sadly say, "I don't know where Bachar is." Ahabah's wrinkled beautiful face smiles as she says, "The Creator of All will lead us." Chuldah fearfully says, "Zabad, Yayin, Bar-Zabad, don't go! ---Nowtsah warned me, --squaresville cults zonk your minds." Zabad laughs and says, "Mam, don't freak out!" Bar-Zabad excitedly says, "Ahabah says groovy girls are there." Worried, Chuldah says, "Bar-Zabad, bogus cult girls be cursed! --Ahabah has no child because she cursed!" Ahabah break into tears and asks, "Creator of All, why didn't you plan children for me?" Zabad angrily says, "Not cool, mother!" I angrily say, "Stop insulting Ahabah..." Chuldah says like she doesn't mean it, "--I'll be cool..." Chuldah pick up a big plate of delicious looking mushrooms and asks, "Mushrooms anyone?"

A new moon latter, I'm wearing my heavy brown furs. I'm standing on the grainy, frosty cool tan shore with my friends and my crew. I look out at this misty sunny morning. I'm by our wooden ark, anchored in the shallow waters. Gentle waves rocks it. Tubal is wearng his dark gray furs, and his tuban. He leans on his fancy bronze dire wolf headed walking stick. 'Aqqow stands by him, dressed in her blue dress and her black fur coat. Her blue bonnet covers her light gray hair. They look worried. Zabad and his family are wearing heavy furs over their usual clothes. Ahabah is wearing her green and orange feathered headdress over her graying hair. Zabad excitedly asks, "Groovy girls, are we ready?" They say, "Yeah.." Ahabah's wrinked gorgous golden tan face gently smiles as she warmly says, "Thanks Noah for trusting me..." I say, "Let's go, beautiful..." Zabad's pale face looks jealous as he says, "Careful man! That's my hot wolf!" Yayin hugs and kisses Zabad and playfully says, "Don't forget I'm your hot wolf too!" Her pale, brown hair son looks embassassed. Bar-Zabad says, "Cool it, mother.." Yayin laughs, and says, "Bar-Zabad my cool son. --I be groovy..." He hugs her. I see tears in Tubal's eyes. I ask, "Are you alright?" Tubal tearfully, takes his steel iron knife out of his pocket as he says, "I regret not stopping Naamah from marrying lord Bad, - - so long ago. --But I approved of their wedding in exchange for this cursed knife!" He throws his knife down into the snow. He sobs. 'Aqqow puts her arms around his elderly shoulders and comfortingly says, "Tubal, Naamah married that demon, not you... You're a good man!" Tubal guiltily says, "But..." 'Aqqow forcefully says, "No buts..." Worried, Tubal asks, "Noah, do you need me to go with you?" I smile and say, "No!" 'Aqqow's wrinkled tan face smiles as she says, "My old goat, --they'll be fine... We're too old for this..." I rub my graying beard. I say, "It's fine!" Tubal proudly says, "If you have a terrible crisis? Just ask, --what would Tubal do? -- And do it!" Irritated, 'Aqqow says, "Enough, old goat... They trust God..." Zabad joyfully says, "Man, let's split!" Me, Zabad's family and my crew step onto our large raft. We row out to our ark. We climb up it's vine latter to it's upper deck. We pull the raft up by it's rope. My crew pulls up the heavy metal anchor. They set up our large sail. Ahabah stands tall in the middle of the deck, and points. I look out at the vast sea. It's so beautiful beneath the bright blue sky. For the next four new moons, the weather is great. Gently cool winds, gentle snow and some sleet briefly falls.

Early, this chilly morning, I wake up shivering in my small room. I put on my brown furs. The ark endlessly rocks back and forth. I sip wine from my wineskin. I suck on old fruits. I climb up on the deck. I feel uncomfortably cool as wet winds and lightly falling snow blow against my forehead. I pull my hood over my long hair. I look up at the gray cloudy sky. We all look out the endless sea. I dreamily look up at gorgeous Ahabah. She's wearing furs over her tan animal skins and her colorful headdress. She stands tall by Bar-Zabad. He looks like his father when he was a little boy. Bar-Zabad frowns and shouts, "Man, what a drag? Stuck at sea for four new moons!" I nervously say, "Bar-Zabad, enjoy the beautiful sea!" Bar-Zabad says, "Man, if you say so.." I happily say, "God will lead Ahabah to Bachar.." The wind blows through her long graying hair. Ahabah sweetly says, "The Creator of All planned it.." Bar-Zabad sarcastically says, "Man, my mother gets drunk --and this hot wolf hears the Creator of All..." Irritated, I say, "Don't call her a hot wolf!" Bar-Zabad arrogantly says, "Man, look at her.. Hot wolf!" Ahabah gently says, "Bar-Zabad just means I'm beautiful." I say, "Can't argue with that..." I hear Yayin's voice say, "Hey son man, get more wine..." Bar-Zabad says like he doesn't mean it, "Gro--ovy?" He walks away. I jealously ask, "Why did you allow Zabad to marry you ---and Yayin?" She frowns beneath her colorful green and orange feathered headdress. Ahabah scornfully says, "He asked! My husband has more faith than you! --And he has really good wine.." I rub my manly beard. I sadly say, "But.. But... But.." She joyfully looks out at the gentle sea. Ahabah smiles and shouts, "Praise the Creator of All! Look over there..." In the distance, I see a couple in small reddish conoe, decorated with large orange feathers. They're rolling on top of the small waves. Ahabah's golden face shines as she says, "I know them..."

I happily shout, "Take down the sails!" Ahabah waves at her husband and shouts, "Zabad, we did it!" Zabad and my crew take down our sail. My crew goes below to row our long oars. They row towards the conoe. As we get close, I see the middle age good looking couple in the conoe. Their reddish brown faces smile. They wear yellowish brown animal skins and orange feathered headdresses over their long black hair. Ahabah excitedly shouts down, "Nathan! Deborah, --I'm finally back..." Deborah sadly asks, "Ahabah, where's your family?" Ahabah tearfully

says, "The Creator of All took them..." Nathan's smooth black bearded face looks sad as he says, "Ahabah, I'm sorry..." Deborah shouts, "Ahabah, follow us!" They row to huge ice sheet near huge glaciers. Cold winds blows snow all around us. In the distance, I see a few deer and wild hogs running wild. Nathan and Dehorah step up onto the ice sheet. He lifts the conoe out of the icy waters. He drags it behind him. My crew cast the ark's anchor by the ice sheet. I say to my crew, "Take care of the ark..." Jemimah happily says, "Yes, Noah!"

We climb down the ladder to the ice sheet below. Taking her wineskin, Yayin sips some and says with frosted breath, "Chilly --but my wine is--so good... Want some?" I happily say, "Yes, Yayin!" She hands me the wineskin. I sip some good wine. I hand it back to her. Nathan and Deborah take out a pairs of very wide thorny snow shoes out from thier conoe. They put them on. They tied them on with small ropes. Doborah dark eyes look around as he says, "Wait friends, it's slippery. We got snowshoes for you all." Nathen forcefully says, "Put these on!" They hands us four pairs of snow shoes out of their concoe. I say, "Thank you!" I tie these awkwardly wide shoes with small ropes tightly under my thick wood sandals and the furs around them. The rest of us put on the snow shoes. It's hard for us to walk in these awkwardly wide snowshoes.

Ahabah joyfully notice that Deborah's stomach has a slight bump. Ahabah asks with frosted breath, "Dehorah, are you with child?" She blushes.

Dehorah joyfully says, "The Creator of All blesses us with a daughter..."

Nathan drags their conoe leaving a trail as he proudly says, "Nadar told us a new moon ago..." Ahabah joyfully hugs her and says, "That's wonderful! ---I wish I had a child..." Bar-Zabad looks up at her and says, "Mam, you got me!" Yayin hugs him playfully and possessively says, "Bar-Zabad, --- you be my groovy son! --The far out Algae gave me you." Bar-Zabad sheepishly smiles as he says, "O, mam.." Ahabah looks sad. Zabad puts his arms over his wives shoulders, and says, "Hang loose, groovy girls, --we're family!" Bar-Zabad looks up at Ahabah as he says, "Mams, I love both my mothers.." Ahabah bends down. She holds him close. Yayin frowns and sips wine. Ahabah lovingly says, "Bar-Zabad, I love you too..." Shivering, Dehorah nervously says, "Ahabah, --you have an interesting family..." Nathan, hugs his wife from behind. His arms lovingly hold her around her stomach. Dehorah's pretty face glows as she warmly says, "And now, ---I

have a family..." Nathan kisses her and says with frosted breath, "Deborah, --I -lo-o-ove you!" Nathan points to a icy mountain in the distance. He drags their conoe. We follow them.

Snow falls all around us. I freak out. I see large shiny red eyes surrounded by yellow feathers peering at me behind a glacier but Ahabah, Nathan and Deborah stay calm. I see this dragon's long crooked pink beak, it's long gray feathered neck and it's large orange feathered body. It walks into our veiw. Tall as Gibbor, it walks on it's two long scrawny brown legs. It has long sharp black tallons leaving nasty footprints in the snow. Bar-Zabad grabs his mother and says, "Yayin mam, --dragon!" Yayin fearfully says, "Son man, don't freak out!" Zabad looks scared as he says, "Bogus, man!" Ahabah smiles and calmly says, "Fear not! Feather dragons are our guardians..." I nervously rub my frosted beard. I ask, "Really?" Deborah calmly says, "The Creator of All sent feather dragons to protect us from the Bi'uwsh(wicked) tribe." Nathan calmly says, "Just do peace.." He slowly gets down on his knees along with his wife and Ahabah. They peacefully close their eyes. Me, Zabad, Yayin, and Bar-Zabad awkwardly get down on our knees on the hard ice. It's hard wearing these awkward snow shoes. I feel the hard cold ice on my knees. Nathan, Deborah, and Ahabah peacefully say, "Praise the Creator of All for feather dragons.. Dragons, we are at peace with you... Peace. Peace. Peace..." I fearfully look up as the feather dragon angrily walks towards us. My heart pounds, and my knees hurt. I shiver. I say with much frosted breath, "I wish Gibbor was here..." Ahabah forcefully says, "Quiet! Close your eyes... Be at peace..." My heart pounds. I force my eyes close. I trust in God. I hear heavy footsteps approach. The ice cold winds blow snowflakes against my frosted face and beard. Those footsteps sound so horribly close that I shutter. I hear the feather dragon run away. I slowly open my eyes. It's gone.

We help each other stand up. Nathan grabs his conoe. We follow. We look around at the glaciers. In the distance I see brown woolley mammoths marching. We walk to the base of this steep mountain. There are many large thick reddish brown trees around. I also see hogs and deer here and there. Our snowshoes grip the icy path beneath us. I see that many trees have been cut down. Just stumps are left but new branchers are growing out of them. We carefully walk on the very narrow icy slipperly path up the mountainside. Bone chilling winds blows snow against us. As

we climb higher, the air gets thin, making it hard for me to breathe. The thin air doesn't bother Nathan or his wife. Yayin sips from her wineskin and says a little drunkenly, "This seems danger-ous..." Zabad fearfully looks down says out of breath, "Man, we're high..." Deborah sadly says, "Yeah, my father fell off! --We try to avoid that.." Nathan sadly smiles as he says, "We have faith! We walk the narrow path..." We walk way up where the mountainside curves inwardly, not too far from it's peak. We see twelve colorful wooden shelters held up by large reddish trees growing out of the side of the mountain. They're covered with snow and long icicles. The shelters are decorated with bright feathers. Shivering and out of breath, Zabad asks, "Man, why live so high?" Nathan, dragging his conoe, nervously says, "The Bi'uwsh tribe!" We hear something. We look way down. I see feather dragons near the base of the mountain lookng tiny. They're noisily fighting over a freshly killed deer on the icy ground. We walk to the only wide place on this narrow path. A small friendly tribe walks out to greet us. Breathing heavily and feeling faint, we walk towards them. Most of them wear tight animal skins, but others wear heavy ponchos. They all wear feathered headdresses. About half have golden tan skin and the other half have reddish brown skin like Nathan and Deborah.

I gasp for air. Chilly winds blow. I see a short, skinny, ugly, very old, big hairy eared, reddish brown skinned woman wearing a long feathered yellow headdress on top her bald much wrinkled head. She wears an ankle lenth thick puncho covered in long gray feathers. She's slowly limps towards us wearing her snow shoes. She's leaning on her large crooked reddish branch. I stare at her narrow much wrinkled, smiling face, her long crooked nose, dark sunken eyes, and long chin. She says with her sweet elderly voice, "Welcome to Bachar(Choose) village!" Deborah happily shouts with frosted breath, "Nadar(5087 promise), Ahabah's back with friends!" Nadar smiles wide revealing her crooked brownish teeth as she says, "I've been expecting her..." Nathan sadly says, "--Her family died many years ago!" Nadar sadly says, "The Creator of All told me.."

Ahabah excitedly walks up to her, and bows down. She affectionately hugs the old woman. Ahabah tearfully happy says, "Praise the Creator of All...

Nadar, you're still alive!" Nadar joyfully says, "I am, dear... You've grown tall." She frowns and points to Zabad. Nadar grumpily asks, "But why did you marry that goofy pagan?" Ahabah nervously says, "I love Zabad..."

Nadar's dark sunken eyes stare harshly at Yayin drunkenly sipping wine.

Nadar disapprovingly says, "And his other wife?" Ahabah nervously says, "Yayin's --she's nice.." Yayin says out of breath, "Mam, I be --cool.."

Nadar points her bony index finger at me. She curiously asks, "What about the other man?" Embarrassed, Ahabah says, "Noah.. He's a good man,--but lacks faith.." I frown. Nadar looks up, hugs Ahabah and gently says,

"Ahabah, ---I so love you! Praise the Creator of All! After all these years, you're back." I take a deep breath and ask her, "How do you know all

this?" Nadar smiles as she says, "I am Bachar's prophetess... Deborah is my apprentice..." I excitedly say, "Cool!" Zabad childishly says with

frosted breath, "Mam, groovy girl has been homesick... Can you dig it?"

Nadar cheerfully says, "I dig it!" Bar-Zabad's youthful face frowns as he says, "Mam, what a trip?" Nadar laughs and says, "The Creator of All

planned all --but I don't understand you..." She winks at me. Nadar slyly says, "Noah, --if I were Ahabah, --I would of waited for your faith to

grow..." Irritated, Ahabah asks, "Are you sure it will grow?" Nadar happily says, "Yeah... Now dear, let's feast at the temple..." Bar-Zabad excitedly

says, "Man, I'm hungry..." Yayin sip wine and says, "Yeah..." Nadar slowly limps up on the narrow path as she calmly says, "Follow me!" The

villagers and their children follow her. The villagers get in line behind her.

Nathan drag his conoe behind him. Deborah walks behind him and says,

"Friends, stay close.." We carefully follow them up along the icy narrow path. Nathan and Deborah are near the end of the line. We're right behind

them.

My feet are freezng. I look down at the wide awkward snow shoes that keeps my feet from slipping. Snow blows all around us. We carefully walk up on the slippery ice to a yellow shelter that completely blocks the narrow rocky path. One by one the villagers enter the shelter's overhanging entrance covered with long colorful feathers and icicles. Nathan drags his conoe through this shelter, followed by his wife. Zabad, and his family go through. I enter this narrow shelter as they exit though the back. I see a brown conoe hanging from the high ceiling, several snow shoes and a bunch of furs. I leave. We walk to Deborah and Nathan's shelter. He drags his conoe inside. Deborah says to us, "Stop! Nathan needs to hang our conoe up..." Soon, I enter their narrow shelter and see their conoe hanging from their high ceiling. We walk through more shelters, as Yayin drunkenly

sips wine teethering along the path. Even wearing snowshoes, she almost slips off the edge. Zabad quickly grabs her. He steadies her. Yayin pouts beneath her green hood as she says, "Whoops-eee!" Zabad fearfully shouts, "Yayin mam, stop sipping wine!" Bar-Zabad fearfully out of breath says, "Mam, I love you! Don't crash here..." Bar-Zabad hugs his mother tightly. Ahabah grabs Yayin and fearfully says, "Yayin, be careful.." Yayin drunkenly says, "Don't --freak out!" We walk through the twelve shelters before we get to the tall long but very narrow rectangular reddish temple. It's largely covered in snow and has long icicles hanging down all around it. The weird temple is held securely under a huge branch of a reddish pine tree growing out of the side of the mountain. The temple mostly snow covered dark wooden roof slants down away from the mountainside. The villagers and us are in a line behind Nadar. She's at the front of the temple's narrow door that has lot's of colorful feathers in a fancy design. Nadar pulls a rope that pulls the tall temple door way up. She ties the rope to a low branch of the huge tree. Nadar happily says, "Creator of All, --bless all who enter!" The villagers and their children says in union, "Creator of All, bless us all."

Nadar limps in. The villagers follow her in, one at a time. I smell an odd odor. Nathan and Deborah enters. Zabad walks under the door followed by Ahabah, Yayin, and Bar-Zabad. Deborah gently shouts, "Noah, untie the rope." I untie the rope. I'm the last one to enter the temple. I walk in. The door makes strange creaking sounds as it slowly slides down behind me. This narrow dark reddish temple is lighted by a tall barrel shaped green lamp. It's on top a small knee high pale wooden stage in the middle of the temple. The stage divides the temple into two sections. Front of stage and back of the stage. A translucent green film around the lamp, gives the light a weird greenish tint. Three dark little barrel shaped hand drums are on the edges of the stage. Nadar gently says, "Take off your snow shoes and hand them to Nathan..." We take them off. We hand them to Nathan. He carefully walks between the crowded villagers. He hangs their snowshoes on the wall. I look around the long dark narrow temple. The side walls are uncomfortably close to each other. I see high above the stage are three conoes hanging from ropes. The conoes are longer than temple is wide. We're so crowded that we can hardly move around. I'm cold but with so many people together, the place is warming up. About half

the villagers walk over the stage to sit on the back side. Me and Zabad's family sit down together on the hard wooden floor on the front side. I look at the villagers sitting around. They're wearing their animal skins, or ponchos, and colorful feathered headdresses. I see Nathan smiles at his wife's little baby bump. They sit down on the stage. Nadar leans on her branch. She limps to and sits down on the small stage. She grabs a hand drum. Nadar musically thumps the drum with her aged hands, as she joyfully shouts, "Praise the Creator of All! Little Ahabah's home!" The villagers says in unison, "Praise the Creator of All..." The lamp's greenish light makes the old woman look less ugly. Nadar forcefully says, "Nathan gets the wine, seaweed soup, sweet tree bark and happy roots for our guests..." Nathan walks between the villagers. He hands me a small wineskin, a red clay bowl and a small bag. He hands Zabad, Bar-Zabad, Ahabah, and Yayin the same. I sip the seaweed soup. It tastes good. I open my bag. I see orangish tree bark, and long stringly yellow things moving around. Bar-Zabad looks into his bag, and says, "Father man, I don't dig this..." Zabad smiles as he says, "Bar-Zabad son, hang loose.." Bar-Zabad frowns. Yayin hugs him and says, "Son man, be cool.." Zabad comfortingly says, "Little man, expand your mind..." Yayin gulps down wine from the little wineskin Nathan gave her. Yayin says, "Man, --this is weak!" Bar-Zabad looks embarrassed. Yayin gulps more wine from her wineskin. She grabs a long yellow stringy moving things and swallows it. Yayin excitedly says, "Yummy... Son, dig these groovy roots.." Bar-Zabad frowns. He picks up a stringy yellow thing. He take a bite and happily says, "Far out!" Zabad nervously picks up these yellowish stringy things. He stares down. They creepily moves around his fingers. Zabad gasps, and says, "Man, --roots too far out for me..." Yayin kisses him and says, "Zabad, expand your mind!" Zabad distastefully says, "You groovy girl --but nah.." Bar-Zabad eats more stringy things and asks, "Father man, can you dig it?" He puts them back into the bag. Zabad says, "No, man!" Bar-Zabad forcefully says, "Not groovy, man!" I pick up the tree bark, and chew it. It's so sweet. I happily ask, "Ahabah, why does this tree bark taste so good?" Ahabah nervously says, "It's a secret..." I pick up a yellowish stringy moving thing and put it by my lips. It wiggles against my beard. I eat it. It tastes wonderful. I happily ask, "Ahabah, what are these?" Ahabah beautifully says, "Happy roots..."

After we eat, Nadar grabs a drum. She uses her banch to stands up. Holding her dark drum, Nadar happily says, "Ahabah, come up..." Zabad looks puzzled. Ahabah happily jumps up. She sits on the stage by Nadar and Deborah. They grabs the other hand drums. Nadar hits the drum in a musically haunting melody. Nadar joyfully sings, saying, "Creator of All! We are thankful! We are joyful! You lo---ve us! Creator of All... Plans our good! Even pain, can be good... Creator of All. We love you! We trust you! You planned good! You lo--ve us..." Deborah and Ahabah play the same melody. Nadar gracefully dances. We sing along, singing the same words several times. I look up at Ahabah in the greenish light as she gracefully plays her hand drum. She sits back down with us. Nadar plays the haunting melody and says, "Creator of All... Your plans be done! We trust your plans. Creator of All, we follow you..." At twilight, she raises the temple door way up. A cold breeze makes us shiver. I see the sun's purplish light fading. Nadar calmly says, "Creator of All, take us safely home.." The villagers walk out until only Nadar, Nathan, and Dehorah, me and my friends are left. Nadar lets go of the rope and the door slowly slides down. I nervously ask, "What now?" Zabad shivers and says, "Man, it's freezing outside..." Yayin yawns and says, "I'm sleepy..." Ahabah happily says, "We'll sleep at the temple..." Nathan smiles as he says, "You're welcome!" Deborah says, "Nathan, set up the hammocks.." Bar-Zabad looks worried as he says, "Man, --the temple's creepy..." Nadar smiles widely as she says, "Relax! You can check out anytime you ---like...." I feel a chill. I look around the narrow dark temple. Nathan grabs several hammocks. He hangs them about thigh high above the rough floor. We sit on our hammocks. They swings as we carefully lay down. Nathan lays heavy furs on top of us. It's weird laying on a hammock, trying to sleep while swinging. My sleep is troubled by the howling winds and sleet outside. The sleet makes odd banging sounds.

I hear Nadar's powerful voice. She interupts my quickly forgotten dreams. Nadar say, "Wake up Noah..." I breathe heavily. Her ugly face and dark sunken eyes smiles down at me. Nathan and Deborah are behind her. I see that Zabad, Bar-Zabad, Ahabah, and Yayin are already dressed. They look disturbed. Yayin, wearing her green robes hold her head and says, "Ah bummer! I'm out of good wine.." I notice Nadar's big hairy ears beneath her yellow feathered headress. Nadar sadly says, "Noah, the ice

storm last night has seal us in for three days..." Shocked, I awkwardly sit up. Zabad nervously says, "Bummer man, bummer..." Bar-Zabad childishly says, "Man, let's split!" Deborah frowns and says, "We're safe here..." Nathan smiles behind his black beard as he says, "She's right..." Yayin pulls back her hood away from her graying hair, and says, "But I'm - -out of good wine..." Embarrassed, Bar-Zabad hugs her and says, "Mam, you were blasted! --Just crash.." Ahabah cheerfully says, "We'll get through this.." Yayin painfully says, "Ah, --my head hurts..." Bar-Zabad runs to the door. He pulls hard on the rope but the door won't rise. He swings from the rope but it doesn't move. Bar-Zabad angrily shouts, "Man, this is gnarly!" Nadar playfully smiles as she says, "Bacar's villagers will dig us out.." I nervously says, "But three long days..." Nadar smiles revealing her crooked brown teeth. She nods. Disturbed, I say, "God help us.."

Morning, three days latter, the villagers finally dig us out. We pull the door up. We put on our snow shoes. I visited Deborah and Nathan's shelter. Nathan cooks tree bark in a clay jar filled with water. He makes seaweed soup over thier fire in a large pot. Nathan hands me two bowls. As we eat, several villagers enter and leave saying, "Excuse us..." They enter their shelter as the cold winds make us shudder. We stand up, and let them squeeze by. Irritated, I ask, "Nathan, how can you stand this?" Nathan's reddish face smiles as he says, "We like them..." Deborah warmly says, "We're use to it.." Nathan sets up their hammocks. Deborah lies down on hers. Deborah yawns and says, "Nathan, I'm tired.. You and Noah get supplies..." Nathan cheerfully says, "Noah, come with me..." I asked, "Where?" Nathan says, "To get seaweed and happy roots.." I nervously say, "Sure.." Nathan grabs two flint knives. He hands me a large bag, and two pairs of long oversized boots. He unties the conoe from the ceiling. We leave. We shiver much as he drags his conoe behind him this bright sunny day. The wind blows snow against us. The path down is quite slippery. We walk to a shelter. Nathan shouts, "Excuse us.." A voice says, "Sure, Nathan.." We walk into the next shelter. Nathan drags his conoe through it. Holding the bag and boots, I squeeze by a man, his wife, and their young son. We quickly go. I sadly ask, "How do they stand this?" Nathan cheerfully says, "They like us!" I look down at a herd of wooley mammoths marching along in the distance. I see deer and wild hogs

running around. I curiously ask, "Where's the feather dragons?" Nathan laughs and says, "Don't worry, they're around..." We carefully walk down the slippery path to the base of the mountain. I follow him to the icy sea.

We take off our snow shoes. He puts them into the conoe. We put on these overlong boots. He puts his conoe in the calm sea. We get in. I sit down.

We use the paddles to row the conoe. I ask, "Where are we going?"

Nathan's dark eyes shine as he says, "It's lowtide... We're going to seaweed beach..."

We row through the chilly waters till I see a beach. It's covered by lots of round gray rocks and tiny tannish rocks. I see long dark green plants growing out of the rocks in the shallow waters. Gentle waves wash over them. We step out into the shallow cold waters reflecting the glaring sun.

We pull the conoe up onto the beach. The sun shines down on us. Nathan forcefully says, "Follow me..." We walk along the shallow waters. Even wearing waterproof boots, my feet feel painfully cold. Nathan grabs a long sheet of seaweed with his glove covered hands. He cuts it with his flint knife, leaving about a hands length of the seaweed attached to the stone.

He drops the sheet of seaweed into the bag I'm holding. He grabs more seaweed, and cuts it. He puts the seaweed into the bag. I shiver beneath my furry brown hood. I ask, "How much do we need?" Nathan laughs and says, "As much as we can get before the tides rises.." He grabs more seaweed. I ask with frosted breath, "How do feel about your wife being Nadar's apprentice?" Nathan says with mixed emotions, "I'm proud of my wife, --but I'm also jealous... I am only a worker but she's important." I look up his orange feathers headdress. I enviously say, "But you have a beautiful wife..." As he works, Nathan cheerfully says, "The Creator of All has blessed me with her.. I love Deborah! I will care for her and our child any way I can.." I sadly say, "I wish I had a wife.." Nathan asks, "Hmmm, why don't you?" I close my eyes, and tremble. I say, "I almost -- married the woman I love..." Nathan asks, "Which woman?" Teary eyed, I say, "Ahabah..." Shocked, Nathan asks, "One of your friend's wives? The tall one." Embarrassed, I say, "Yep. I love her but, ---I hate Layil!" Nathan curiously asks, "Who's she?" I sorrowfully say, "Worst of all demons... My big sister ---Yown--ah was killed by --her!" Nathan angrily says, "The Creator of All planned your good, --believe it! --Stop fearing Layil!"

Shocked, I have nothing to say. He keeps on working. I notice the whitish

waves are getting bigger. Nathan says, "Let's go!" We get into the conoe. We paddle back. I help him get supplies during the day. For six new moons me, Zabad and his family sleep at the temple.

One special dark night at Bachar's temple, the only light is the greenish tinted lamp. I nervously hold my staff. I'm breathe heavily. Zabad, Ahabah, Bar-Zabad and Yayin stand by me. They are dressed as usual. We silently watch Deborah, covered by a large deer hide. She's squatting on a smooth brown wooden delivery stool on the stage. A large brown cushion is behind her. She cries out. Nadar sits between Deborah's outstretched legs. Nadar is wearing her grey feathered poncho and her yellow feathered headdress. I see a hand drum, a large red bowl filled with steaming hot water, white towels, a flint knife and a long scarlet thread on the stage. Nathan is wearing his yellowish brown animal skins and wearing his headress. He is on his knees by her, holding his wife's trembling hand. Deborah moans. She cries out. The greenish light makes Deborah's painfully grimacing face look brown. Nadar warmly smiles as she says, "Deborah, now push! Push! Push! The Creator of All has planned for this child to have a long and fruitful life..." Deborah moans. Nathan nervously says, "Creator of All, --your plans --be done!" Deborah painfully shouts, "Aa-augh! Augh.. O-Creator --of all, augh, ---help me! Augh!" Deborah moans. Nadar smiles widely as she calmly says, "Push! --Push, a little more! I see your daughter's head.." Her husband glances down at his wife. Nathan emotionally says, "Deborah, --I will always love you!" Deborah shouts, "Augh! The -pain! The pain... The pain! A-a-a-ugh!!" Nadar powerfully says, "The Creator of All has good plans for you.. Just push a little bit more.." Nathan breathlessly says, "I see our daughter coming out.." Deborah cries out and moans even more. I hear the cry of a small baby. Nadar's age spotted hand expertly ties off the umbilical cord. She picks up the flint knife over a large red clay bowl and several towels. She cuts the umbilical cord. She lays the knife down. She cleans off the small reddish baby with a wet towel. She wrap the child up in a dry towel. Nadar helps Deborah recline on the large cushion behind her. Nadar joyfully says, "Praise the Creator of All! Deborah, you have a healthy daughter.." The tiny baby cries. Deborah cries. Nadar gently hands the tiny baby to her mother. She moans. She lovingly holds her tiny daughter. Big tears in her eyes. Her reddish baby's cute chubby face frowns. The baby swirls around,

wrapped tightly in a white towel. I watch her baby looks up at her with the cutest dark shiny eyes. Nathan gently touches his tiny daughter's cute cheeks as he tenderly says, "Deborah, --we have a daughter..." Deborah breathes heavily. Nadar picks up a hand drum. She softly plays a gentle melody. The baby looks up. She stops crying. Nadar gently says, "Deborah, name her..." She painfully breathes. She holds her baby next to her wildly beating heart. Deborah lovingly says, "Nathan, --name --our daughter." Tears run down from his eyes. Nathan humbly asks, "Are you sure? I'm not special like you.." Nadar plays her drum. I see Nathan looks at his twirling super cute daughter. Deborah hands him their tiny daughter and says, "My husband, name her!" On his knees, he joyfully takes their baby into his loving arms. Nathan joyfully says, "Look at her, --twirling.. I name her ---Sha'ah(look at).. I tiredly lean on my staff. I look back at Zabad and his family. They look joyful. Nadar takes her branch, plays her drum, dances around and powerfully says, "Everyone, welcome Sha'ah! The Creator of All bless us all!"

Before we lay down on our hammochs, the old prophetess walks over. Nadar looks at me with her dark sunken eyes and sadly says, "Noah, the Creator of All says--go back to Omar to say goodbye to your mother..." Shocked, I ask, "What?" Nadar sadly says, "Trust me.. Go back!" I nervously ask, "What about Zabad and his family?" Nadar smiles wide as she says, "They will stay here for the next two years... Then come back for them." Zabad, wearing his tan furs, loudly says, "Mam, I go back with Noah..." Ahabah puts her arms over his neck, and says, "Zabad, --let's stay..." Yayin kisses him and says, "Don't leave your groovy girls behind..." Zabad frowns as he says, "No, no, --my hot wolves go with me!" Bar-Zabad looks up and says, "Man, hang loose... Don't split.." Zabad nervously says, "Son man, --you said this place is creepy?" Bar-Zabad, wearing his green robe happily says, "Yeah man, --but this place is outta sight!" Zabad sadly says, "Bogus, --you all want to stay?" Ahabah and Yayin hugs him. Ahabah looks down and forcefully says, "Please!" Yayin playfully says, "Your hot wolves want to stay.." She howls and laughs. Bar-Zabad, forcefully asks, "Father, can you dig it?" Zabad nervously says, "I ---can dig it.. Happy wives, --happy son, happy life..." I ask, "Yayin, can I have a sip?" Yayin says, "You bet..." She hands me her wine-skin. I sip a lot. I hand it back. Zabad nervously say, "Man, --come back!"

I say, "Sure, man.." Morning, I walk down the slippery narrow path, holding onto my staff. I walked back to the ark. Me and my crew set sail.

The weather is stormy with dark clouds, high winds, and dangerously big waves. Six new moons latter, with God's help and Tubal's magic needle, I finally find our beach. Tubal and some Algae worshipers greet us. My crew let down the sail. Sheniy lets down the anchor. Achad let down our large raft. I climb down. I get into the raft. I paddle to shore. Tubal looks curious as he asks with frosted breath, "Where's Zabad and his family?" I say, "At Bachar.." Tubal laughs and says, "They must like Bachar.. They may never leave.." I tremble. I sadly say, "Bachar's prophetess told me to go back before my mother dies." Tubal suspiciously asks, "Maybe she just wanted you to leave..." I fearfully say, "Let's go see Tukkiy.." Tubal calmly asks, "Why not?" The sun sets.

Next mourning, wearing our heaviest furs, we load up the back of the sledge with supplies. Tubal and 'Aqqow sit down in front. I sit down behind them. Tubal looks down at the magic blue needle that alway points the same direction in his red bowl. Tubal proudly shouts, "Wolf dogs go!" He picks up the strips of animal hides. He gently hits the backs of his eight wolf dogs. They pull us through the deep snow, leaving a thick trail behind us. Before sunset, we cross over one of the two bridges over the stinking chasm.

During the next four new moons, we shiver as we ride through several harsh blizzards. We look around over all these endlessy misserable icy cold slopes. We see nothing but snow and blindingly white endless horizons. I do see some trees once in a while. Each evening, we use the magic black power to start the all important fire. We try to warm our frosted numb faces. Each day, the wolf dogs pull us through heavy twirling snow and against the strongly stinging winds. We finally get to Omer's large rocky entrance. The wolf dogs pull us inside the freezing cave. We see the igloos with all their colorful ornaments. We see several groups of wolf dogs being fed. Many Algae worshipers shout, "They're back! Algae becomes greater.." Tubal's family come out to greet us. Shivering, beneath her blue bonnet, 'Aqqow shouts with frosted breath, "Thank --God, they're back!" I shouts, "I made it! Wolf dogs stop.." I look out the entrance for something. 'Aqqow sadly looks at me as she asks, "What are you looking for?" I sadly say, "The Re'em..." 'Aqqow sadly says, "You know that the Re'em died a

long time ago..." I sadly say, "Yeah.." Wearing his huge white furs, Gibbor runs towards us. His heavy steps make a big thumps. Sob'ah, his blue eyed wife follows. I see her hair is graying. She's wearing her cream colored hooded furs. Sob'ah happily shouts, "Noah, great to see you back! Where's Zabad and his family?" I sadly say, "At Bachar.." I look way up at Gibbor's big ears. His chubby gray stringy bearded face smiles. He joyfully picks up his wife with one hand. He smooches her. Gibbor joyfully says as he puts her down, "Friends back!" Sob'ah hugs us. I back off. Gibbor picks his whole family up and excitedly says, "Family, good!" He puts them down. He pick me up and says, "Friend!" He hugs me and puts me down. I walk to my parent's igloo.

I shiver in my thick brown furs. I shout with frosted breath, "Father, mother... I'm home!" I hear Lamech's distressed voice says, "Son, come in... My Tukkiy is dying!" I bow my head. I rush into their warm igloo that's lighted by their small flickering fire. Her balding white haired head lays nervously on my father's lap. My withered mother is wearing her dark brown dress. A pile of sticks is by them. I see my old father sitting, hunch over. He's wearing his light gray furs. My father gently touches her. She's wheezing. She's having a hard time breathing. I say, "Mother, I'm home." She slowly turns her head. Her wrinkled sunken eyes are closed. They are crusted over. Tukkiy struggles to say, "Son, --thank God, --you'-re -home! --I just want --to hear your voice again..." I drop my staff. I falls to my knees by her. Tears stream down my father's eyes as he says, "Just yesterday, --she was fine..." Tears run down to my beard. I pull off my furry gloves. My cold hands gently touches my mother's deathly pale much wrinkled face. Weeping, I say, "Mother Tukkiy, ---I lo--ve ---you! I love you... love you!" My father weeps. Tukkiy wheezes and says, "Son, --I feel --your love! --Let me --lick your face..." I put my face next to her yellow crusted, vomit stained lips. Her discolored tongue gently licks my mustache and cheeks. Tukkiy wheezes again and happily says, "Noah, --I feel --you! I feel --you're --really here!" I cry. I hold her and ask, "Mother, --can I do anything--for you?" Tukkiy wheezes and says, "My son, you-'re here... And I love you! --Your life --blesses me!" She painfully gasps. I kiss her withered cheek. I emotionally shout, "Tukkiy, my mother! Mother.." My father cries. Lamech kisses her as he says, "My Tukkiy, --don't die.. I love you so. --I love you.. I love you, my Tukkiy!" Tukkiy

turns her face towards him, wheezes and says, "La-mech, ---I --love you! --
-But --I have --been --dy-ing --forever... Love,--- you..... O-Yownah,
my... Augh..., a-a-hh., oww.." My wheezing mother stops breathing in
my father's grasping arms. Lamech sobs and says, "O-Tukkiy, --I want to
die with you! --What do I have to live for?" I put my hand on his shoulder
and say, "Me.." My father cries uncontrollably. We hugs each other tightly.
We weep together. My old father falls asleep in my arms. I lay him down.
I wrap my mother's body in large furs and put it outside. I come back in. I
feel horrible sorrow. I can't sleep at all.

I get on my knees by my sleeping father. We are warmed by his fire
pit's flickering orange flames. Crying, I ask in agony, "O God, --now
what?" Shocked, I actually hear a mighty clear voice speak to me... (And
the Lord said, "I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the
earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air;
for it repenteth me that I have made them." -Genesis 6:7). Truly horrified, I
bow my hairy head low. I angrily weep. I cried out, and shout, "Not now, -
-God! My mother died! ---And now you tell me everyone else will die! --
Ah, Lord God, don't kill everyone! --And why tell me? ---I'm just a lonely
old man --with no wife --or children... Have mercy! God, have mercy on
us!" I cry. I hear a troubled voice asks, "May we enter?" I nervously ask,
"Who's there?" The sad voice says, "Uriel..." Another sad voice says,
"Remiel." I fearfully say, "No one has seen them for decades.." Uriel's
voice says, "Noah, it's really us..." I fearfully say, "Come in.." They bow
their heads to come into my father's igloo without their disks. I see a very
dark stout one. He has long black braided hair with a glowing golden halo
crown on top his head. His glowing orange jewel and trim reflects it's light
off the igloo's icy round walls. His reddish tan friend enters. He wears a
golden halo crown on top his long brown hair. His glowing green jewel and
trim reflects off the icy walls. The dark one's chubby cheeks frowns. His
dark red eyes stares at me. He sadly says, "I'm Uriel... This is my friend
Remiel... I'm sorry, about your mother..." I weep. I angrily say, "You
could of save my mother!" Remiel's rugged face looks sad as he says, "She
lived long enough.." I shout, "Doesn't feel like it! --And God is going to
kill everyone... I must warn them!" Remiel looks sad as he forcefully says,
"No!" Shocked, I angrily shout, "I must!" I look up at him as he bitterly
says, "Knowing will not change their hearts... They will attack you!"

Disturbed, Uriel says, "God has ended the Goat's earthly kingdom..." Shocked, I ask, "--What?" His dark red eyes look deep into my soul. Uriel gently says, "Noah, a vision..." He grabs my forehead with his right hand. His orange jewel brightly flashes.

I experience what Uriel experience six years, and one new moon ago. I see Uriel and Remiel standing on their floating discs descending down from the heavens during a terrible blizzard. Harsh winds blow huge dark swirling clouds around. Lightning lights up the night sky. Remiel's semitransparent sphere is green. They float down towards the yellowish white crystal palace with all its colored lights shining out in many directions. Out of the crystal palace, comes a semitransparent red sphere floating towards them. They see Penemue and Lady Mirsha'ath inside.

They float by them. Uriel's thoughts politely say above the howling winds and thunder, "Penemue, Lady Mirsha'ath, take us to your king..." Penemue nervously holds his small white glowing tablet in his hands. His pale face briefly looks up as his thoughts coldly say, "Ye art not welcomed!"

Remiel's rugged face frowns as his thoughts ask, "Do you want to say that to Michael, --the enforcer?" Dressed in her long black furs and furry black cap, Lady Mirsha'ath arrogantly shouts, "Thou threatens us?" Beneath his glowing golden halo crown and his long smooth brown hair, Penemue's brown eyes fearfully looks down at his glowing tablet. Penemue's thoughts nervously says, "Follow us!" Lady Mirsha'ath's wrinkled lovely dark brown face looks puzzled as she asks, "Why didst thou invite them?"

Penemue fearfully says, "Lady Mirsha'ath... 'Tis wise to avoid Michael..." Uriel and Remiel follow them. An oval entrance briefly opens up for them. We enter a large white dome shaped room. I see lots of full length golden frame mirrors on the walls and many life sized steel iron statues of the sons of God with their wives. The red sphere vanishes. They step down from his floating disc. It floats up, turns vertical and attaches itself to the lower back of Penemue's collar. The green semitransparent sphere around Remiel also vanishes. Uriel and Remiel step down from their silver discs. The discs float up, turns vertically and attaches to the lower back of their collars. Penemue says as he looks back down at his tablet, "Remain here..." He quickly walks away. Lady Mirsha'ath frowns at them.

A little latter, a dozen trainers, with blue numbers on the upper front of their mirror ball heads walks in. They are dressed in long flowing silver

robes and hold long silver rods. Penemue, lord Bad, and a cute little four year old girl enters the room. She is dressed in a cute scarlet sleeveless gown with gold trim. She wears a scarlet gold trimmed cone cap over her short pink hair. The little girl has crystal pink eyes. Her little hands play with a small ball that flashes different colors when she taps it. She follows lord Bad. They admire themselves in one of the full length mirrors. They walks in front of us. The trainers position themselves around them.

Penemue walks over to his wife. Her winkled dark brown face looks lustfully down at the cute girl's tan face. Lady Mirsha'ath curiously asks, "Lord, whom be thy desirable little maiden?" He looks down at the little girl. He puts his right hand on her little shoulder. He proudly says, "Girl, you tell them..." Her crystal pink eyes shine as she says, "I'm Ishtar..."

Lord Bad's handsome pale face looks up as he asks, "Uriel, Remiel, --why are you here?" Uriel's dark chubby cheeks droop as he says, "God is angry with you!" Irritated, lord Bad asks, "About what?" Remiel looks disgusted.

He combs back his long brown hair. Remiel angrily says, "As king, in your first year, you legalized child sex slavery --and appointed Penemue as your spokesperson!" Lord Bad forcefully says, "Don't call me king... I am the Lord! --I just gave my people what they want..." Uriel humbly says, "Lord, --you suppose to teach these savages God's ways... But you worship yourself --and use the savages for, ---your ungodly tests..." He cheerfully says, "I only use what my people give me..." Remiel bitterly says, "Men, women, and children... What did they get in exchange?" Lord Bad sarcastically asks, "Does it matter?" Disgusted, Remiel says, "Not really..." Little Ishtar's magical crystal pink eyes looks up scared. She stops playing with her colorfully flashing ball. Uriel gently but firmly says, "Lord, --humble yourself and repent! --Or God will send --Michael, the enforcer, six years from now!" Remiel fearfully says, "And God will judge the savages too!" The little girl cries. She looks up at lord Bad. Ishtar fearfully asks, "Lord, what does judge mean?" He gently picks up the little maiden in his muscular arms. Ishtar's little hands grabs his perfectly combed blond hair as he wipes away her tears and says, "Ishtar, God loves people too much to judge them..." Remiel emotionally says, "God will judge! Lord, --don't you care you're going to get your people killed."

Ishtar fearfully cries. Annoyed, lord Bad says, "You scared Ishtar! Leave now!" Uriel's dark red eyes tears up as he emotionally says, "Lord, please!"

He holds Ishtar close to his nearly bare chest. He takes the flashing ball from Ishtar in his right hand, and taps it to make the ball flash pretty colors. Ishtar calms down. Lord Bad says again, "Leave!" He walks away holding the cute girl. His trainers escort them. Penemue and Lady Mirsha'ath also leave. Remiel bitterly says, "Uriel, let's go..." Their discs come off the back of their collars and floats down onto the floor. They step up on their discs. A greenish sphere appears around Remiel. They float out of an oval exit which opens up for them. A storm is raging outside. They fly back up high into the heavens.

Uriel's sad voice says, "Six years latter, one new moon ago...." Uriel and Remiel are among a thousand of their brothers coming down from the heavens with them. They're standing on their many fiery silver discs.

Golden halo crowns are on top their heads. They follow an extremely muscular, reddish brown skinned brother that has long white braided hair. His light brown haired friend is floating on a disc by him. The muscular one stands tall on his flying golden disc. One thousand brothers descends down through the scattered clouds below on their discs. The muscular one's glaring golden eyes glances over at his friend's smooth yellowish tan face. The army of brothers are dressed in ankle length iridescent white skirts and very broad iridescent white cape-like collars with glowing colorful trim. Their collars have one fist sized jewel of various bright colors in their lower front. The muscular one crosses his mighty muscle bound arms. His collar's brown fist sized jewel trim glows. His friend's aqua jewel and trim also glows. Uriel's dark chubby face sadly frowns as he asks, "Michael, is there no other way?" Michael shakes his head and forcefully says, "It's time!" Remiel's rugged face frowns. The army descends towards the yellowish white crystal palace on top of the great ice covered mountain. They surrounds it. They look down at it. It looks like a gigantic finely cut jewel, shaped roughly like an upward standing pentagon. It's twice as tall as it is wide and thick. Many oval exits opens up in it's walls. Their rebellious brothers float out standing on their silver discs inside their colorful semitransparent spheres. The exits close up. Remiel nervously watches Penemue floats over in his reddish semitransparent sphere. His fearful brown eyes stare down as he writes on his white tablet with his index finger. Penemue looks up and nervously asks "Michael, the enforcer, --how may I serve thee?" Michael's glaring golden eyes angrily

stares. Gabriel's squinted green eyes look sad as he gently says, "Penemue, --get your king..." Penemue's pale face looks down at his tablet, he writes with his index finger and says trembling, "Yea.."

Penemue floats back. An oval entrance briefly opens up in the palace's wall. He enters. Soon, Penemue, and five others float out on their discs. They're inside their semitransparent colored spheres including Kasdeja. Chashaq by his side in his semitransparent purple sphere. They floats near us. Finally, lord Bad floats out on his disc inside his semitransparent blue sphere. Kasdeja's dark face turns towards him as he fearfully asks, "What now, fool?" Lord Bad forcefully says, "Remain loyal!" Remiel's rugged reddish face angrily stares. Lord Bad arrogantly says, "Michael, Gabriel... Tis mine world!" The enforcer angrily uncrosses his overly muscular arms. Micheal forcefully says, "Surrender!" Gabriel sadly says, "Lord, --ask God for mercy while you can..." Lord Bad wickedly smiles, and says, "(And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.-Genesis 1:26) --God said that the savages rule earth! They follow me! --Did God lie?" Gabriel cries as he says, "Lord, don't do this!" Lord Bad proudly says, "The savages will follow me, --forever! It's their nature..." Remiel furiously stares. Tears run down Uriel's dark chubby cheeks. Gabriel weeps. Micheal shakes his long braided white hair as he bitterly says, "Not, --if they are dead!" Lord Bad arrogantly says, "God loves them too much to destroy them!" The enforcer's glaring golden eyes frowns. He points at him. Micheal angrily says, "The Lord rebukes you! God loves them too much to let you torture them forever.." Chashaq sadly howls. About half of lord Bad's followers surrender including Kasdeja. Their colorful spheres vanish. They bow down, float forward and put their hands up. Kasdeja fearfully says, "God forgive us, --fools!" Chashaq sadly howls by his side. Thick black chained handcuffs appears on his wrist and all who surrendered. Their discs float behind Michael and Gabriel. Lord Bad bitterly shouts at them, "Traitors!" Michael's fist sized brown jewel glows brightly, totally paralyzing lord Bad and all his followers. Above those who surrendered, a circular light tunnel appears. They float up into it. They vanish. The crystal palace briefly flashes blue so brightly that it blinds the army. Lord Bad and his remaining

followers flee. They zoom back into the crystal palace through its briefly opening entrances. Semitransparent colored spheres appear around each member of the army except for Uriel. The enforcer shoots a bright brown beam out of his palms. The beam hits the side of the crystal palace, causing a big explosion. A lot of smoke comes out. The palace quickly repairs itself. Many small silver discs with many glowing blue eyes on their rims come out of the palace's briefly opening exits. I hear loud sounds of gigantic chunks of solid ice breaking apart. The small discs shoot blue power beams, bouncing off their brother's protective spheres. The spheres briefly vanish each time the army shoots their colored beams out of their palms. The army's beams quickly destroy most of the flying discs in the cloudy sky. The discs explode and fall down. They leave trails of gray smoke all the way down till they crash into the icy snow below. The army's beams destroy the last small silver discs.

We watch huge chunks of ice around the base of the palace fall down and crash into the sides of the mountain. The crystal palace slowly rises up into the cloudy bluish gray sky. A huge semitransparent yellow sphere appears around the whole floating palace. Michael looks up, as his thoughts angrily shout, "Stop them!" The army flies up faster than the palace above the scattered clouds. The army shoots their colored light beams that bounce off the yellow sphere. The enforcer aims both his palms at the quickly ascending palace. He shoots a powerful brown beam that penetrates the sphere. It hits the crystal palace, causing a large smoking explosion. The yellow sphere vanishes. The smoking crystal palace stops rising but quickly repairs itself. The palace shoots many blue power beams, hitting many of the army's semitransparent spheres and bouncing off. The army ascends above the crystal palace. Their spheres briefly vanish when they shoot beams onto the palace causing more explosions. A lot of gray smoke comes out. A huge blue semitransparent sphere appears around the palace, deflecting all their beams. The palace quickly rises high in the grayish sky. The army ascends with it. The enforcer angrily shoots down a very bright brown beam out of his palms but his beam bounces off the huge blue sphere. Michael intensifies the beams he's shooting until his beam penetrates the sphere. It hits the palace causing an even bigger explosion. The huge blue sphere vanishes. The palace turns upside down as a lot of smoke comes out of it. The army stops

shooting. The crystal palace falls a long way. It almost crashes down onto the mountain's peak. Gabriel fearfully shouts, "O-no!" The crystal palace barely stops its fall. It stops smoking. It quickly repairs itself. The blue sphere reappears around it. Michael spreads his overly muscular arms out wide. His thoughts mightily shouts, "All together brothers, trap them!"

The army quickly spreads out around the whole mountain down to its base. Except for Uriel, the army spread their arms wide. They shine like bright stars. Their semitransparent spheres quickly spread out and join together to become one super gigantic semitransparent iridescent white dome three times as tall as the great mountain. The gigantic dome slowly descends down and shrinks around the mountain, trapping the flying crystal palace beneath. Michael's thoughts shouts, "Surrender!" The palace ascends near the top of the gigantic dome. Its blue sphere briefly vanishes.

The palace's top point shoots out a powerful violet beam at the dome's top. The dome absorbs the beam's vast energies. The army groans. The palace stops rising just before it would hit the gigantic dome's top. It turns sharply and flies downward. The iridescent dome slowly shrinks around the whole mountain, trapping them against the mountain. The crystal palace sharply turns and zooms down diagonally towards the front of the mountainside. Its blue sphere briefly vanishes. The palace shoots a very bright violet beam blasting the mountainside that causes bright red thundering lightning to flash out. Just before the zooming crystal palace would crash. A huge swirling five pointed star shaped dark violet flaming hole opens up in the mountainside. Lord Bad's thoughts shouts out with insane hatred, ("--I will be like the Most High! -*Isaiah 14:14)" The palace zooms into twirling black flames of the hole. The crystal palace inside the blue sphere suddenly stops. It's frozen solid inside the dark twirling flames.

The whole mountain rumbles. Thundering red lightning flashing out from the hole. Gabriel glowing like bright aqua star fearfully shouts, "He's utterly mad!" The ice on the mountainside melt and turn into steam.

Frozen inside its blue sphere the palace flattens like a thin wall, then unflattens. It flattens vertically like a sheet, then unflattens. Its front and back come together as it vanishes into the dark violet flames. A great violet flash of overpowering chaos shoots out of the hole. The army's gigantic dome completely comes apart. They're thrown way back. They stop glowing. Out of the hole, massive black and dark violet flames shoot out,

sending huge amounts of black smoke spurting upward into the sky. The army's colorful individual spheres appear around them. More thundering red lightning flashes out of the slowly growing twirling hole as black smoke is filling the sky. Uriel and Remiel watch in utter horror. The whole mountainside glows reddish. Remiel fearfully asks, "Gabriel, what's happening?" Gabriel's face turns pale. His fearful thoughts shout, "The Goat tore a hole into Bowr... If this hole keeps growing, --it could scorch the whole earth!"

Michael standing inside his semitransparent brown sphere shouts with his mighty thoughts, "Brothers, take positions! Lord God, help us!" They all bow their heads. Their thoughts shout in unity, "Lord God, save earth through us!" He and Gabriel zooms under the massive spurting black and violet flames. Thundering red lightning flashes out from the twirling hole. Massive black smoke rises up. Michael and Gabriel's spheres fly together. They combine as one bigger semitransparent brown sphere with a brightly glowing aqua sphere inside it. The army flies a safe distance away around the increasingly massive black smoking flames spurting out of the hole.

Thundering red lightning flashes out. The brightly brown and aqua sphere flies close to the rumbling mountainside where reddish orange molten lava is slowly running down around the growing flaming hole. The thick black smoke is greatly polluting the skies above. Thundering red lightning flashes out all around. Michael and Gabriel's thoughts shout in unity, "Form the ring!" Their brightly glowing sphere circles next to the mountainside around the growing twirling hole. They circle around the spurting flames faster and faster creating a bright aqua light trail behind them. Thunderous red lightning strikes their sphere several times. The Orange lava is turning yellowish around the hole. Lava flow down the mountainside. They circle faster around the massively spurting black and violet smoking flames growing across the molten mountainside. Their aqua light trail becomes a very beautiful aqua light ring around the spewing flames and smoke. Michael and Gabriel's bright sphere zooms out of the gigantic ring. Their sphere divides back into two individual spheres.

Michael thoughts shout, "Brothers, power up the ring!" The army's spheres vanish. They shoot various bright colors beams all around the edges of the beautiful aqua light ring. The ring's outer edges stretch back around and behind the molten mountain. The growing spurting flames

brutally stretches out the inside edge of the light ring as thundering red lightning keeps flashing out. The army's beams have sealed the ring's outer edge around the whole mountain. The aqua light ring around the huge chaotic hole has stop it from growing. As the mountain loudly rumbles and thundering red lightning strike all around, Michael's thoughts powerfully shouts, "Brothers, --close the ring!" The army groans. They increase the intensity of their beams. The inner edge of the beautiful aqua ring slowly shrink around the swirling star shaped hole. It's diameter shrinks to about six tall men's height. Thundering red lightning still flashes out from it.

Black smoke has filled the sky.

Michael and Gabriel's spheres vanishes. Standing side by side, on their floating discs, they bow their heads as their thoughts shout in unity, "Lord God, give us more strength!" They aim their palms and shoots four beams evenly space at the inter edges of the aqua light ring. Their beams slowly shrink the light ring's opening to about a man's height in diameter but the overly powerful narrow flames still spurt out from it. Red lightning flashes wildly around it and hits Micheal. His reddish large jawed face painfully frowns. His thoughts shout, "Uriel, Remiel, help me!" Remiel's green sphere vanishes. Uriel jumps onto his disc. Uriel's disc attaches to the back of his collar. Remiel's sphere appears around them. Behind the ring, lava pours down the mountainside all around the sides of the huge smoking hole. Micheal and Gabriel stop shooting their beams. The army's thousand beams has stop the hole from growing. Michael zooms by the center of the huge bright aqua light ring where dark smoking flame squirt out. Remiel flies Uriel near the enforcer. Micheal thoughts says, "Uriel, when my thoughts shout now, burst all your flames of God to neutralize the flames of Bowr for one moment!" Michael spreads his mighty muscular arms wide. His thoughts shout, "Lord God, help us!" Gabriel's thoughts sadly shouts, "Michael, be careful..." Michael's fist sized brown jewel and reddish hands glows brightly. A brown light ball comes out of his jewel.

The ball becomes a glowing brown hexagon holy shield that's about a tall man's height in diameter. He grabs the shield. His body turns almost upside down to aim the shield strait at the dark spurting flames squirting out of the center of the light ring. Thunderous red lightning repeatedly hits his shield. His golden disc is above him, aimed to push him and the shield against the powerfully spurting flames. As more red lightning flashes out,

Remiel moves Uriel closer to the incredibly powerful stream of dark violet flames. Red lightning hits Remiel's semitransparent green sphere several times. Michael's thoughts shouts, "Now!" Remiel's sphere vanishes. Uriel's palms shoots out a massive burst of orange flames down at the center of the aqua light ring. The powerfully spewing dark flames are stop for one brief moment. Michael, instantly zooms, his mighty arms push the holy shield in front of him against the flames. His golden disc shoots massive brown flames out of the back, quickly pushing the holy shield against the small opening of the aqua light ring. Remiel's green sphere appears around Remiel and Uriel. Michael's disc stops shooting flames out it's back. Thundering red lightning bursts out from shield's edges. It strikes Michael, and burns him badly. He groans. Gabriel quickly shoots his bright aqua beams out of his palms. His beams completely seal the holy shield over the light ring, which seals the red lightning behind the shield. The holy shield becomes one with the aqua light ring and moves back against the giant flaming hole. The hole vanishes. The glowing molten lava slowly moves down the mountainside burying the holy shield under the bright yellow lava. Micheal turns upright and groans. The molten mountain stops rumbling. The army stops shooting their beams.

Exhausted, Michael kneels down. Uriel's thought sadly asks, "Micheal, how hurt are you?" Michael's thoughts comfotingly says, "God will heal me.." Remiel's thoughts says, "Thanks Micheal!" He nods. The light ring slowly fades away. The hole is gone but the molten mountain still smokes.

Micheal turns toward his army as he happily shouts, "Thank the Lord God!" Remiel looks up into the badly polluted sky covered by thick black smoke and sadly says, "The sky is so polluted. How could the mighty researcher do this?" Uriel angrily says, "He doesn't care..." From the heavens, a great green light shines down that miraculously clears up all the blacks smoke polluting the sky. Micheal, Gabriel, Uriel, Remiel and the whole army look up into the bright green light. The light focuses onto the mountain's melted smoking peak. They float around it. Then they heard. (And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh: yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years.-Genesis 6:3) Beneath the green light beam Remiel's rugged face looks greenish. As the light vanishes, Uriel tearfully says, "Remiel, --God is going to judge the

savages! --They probably think a hundred and twenty years is a long time..." Remiel tearfully hugs his friend back and sorrowfully say, "But we know better..."

The vision ends. Uriel lets go of my forehead. I shake my head, and stare at his dark red eyes. Uriel kindly asks me, "Do you have a question?" Troubled, I ask, "--Uriel, why did God create Bowr?" Uriel slowly says, "When God first created the heavens and the earth, time and space were very chaotic... Bowr cushions time and space..." Confused, I say, "I don't understand..." Uriel picks up a gray clay jar, and holds it over the stone fire-pit. Uriel slowly says, "Imagine time and space is this jar... Drop it on stone, and.." He drops the jar, it hits a fire-pit and the jar shatters. Uriel sadly says, "It shatters!" He picks up another jar. He drops it on soft furs and the jar lands softly unharmed. Uriel happily says, "Drop a jar on soft furs, and--it's fine... Bowr is the soft furs under time and space." I fearfully says, "Bowr doesn't look like soft furs... But flames and lightning!" Uriel smiles and says, "It's complicated but it works..." Curious, I asks, "Why did lord Bad go there?" Remiel shakes his long dark brown hair as he says, "He's mad!" I fearfully ask, "Could he get out?" Remiel nervously says, "I didn't know he could get in... Layil might get him out..." I say, "But she's dead!" Remiel's rugged face frowns as he grumpily says, "That hasn't stop -her, --so far..." I nervously asks, "What should I do?" Remiel sternly says, "Noah, preach love God, love each other and repentance!" Uriel's dark chubby beardless face smiles as he says, "If people listen, --God will spare them!" Remiel angrily says, "But if they don't, God will destroy them!" I angrily shouts, "So if people don't repent, --God will murder everyone! God, ---is so heartless!" Uriel puts his strong right hand on my shoulder. Tears flow down his dark chubby cheeks. Uriel painfully says, "No, --God is heart broken! --You savages would rather bully each other --than love each other." Remiel bitterly says, "One hundred and twenty years from now, God will judge the human race..." I harshly shout, "Then God shouldn't judge anyone!" Uriel stare at me as he says, "That would be worst... Noah, you have found grace with God... If people don't repent, --the human race will begin again with you..." Confused, I ask, "How? Me and all the children I'll never have!" Uriel sadly smiles at me and says, "God will give you a family..." I say discouraged, "But I'm---too old! -- Besides, a hundred and twenty years from now, I will be ---long dead!"

Uriel gently says, "God will give you and your family extraordinary long lives!" I angrily shout, "God should not judge anyone!" Remiel grabs my forehead with his left hand. His green jewel brightly flashes. Remiel forcefully asks, "If God did not judge anyone, –forty years from now?" I have a vision.

Confused, I feel like I'm falling in darkness. As I fall face first, a small bluish white star appears below me. Falling towards it, I see it's actually a slowly rotating, glowing white dodecahedron shaped building with huge blue pentagrams on all its sides. I just barely miss hitting this huge building. As I fall past a huge blue pentagram on one side, I see gigantic light blue city with glowing white roads far below me. In the middle of the city is a gigantic five sided mirrored pyramid outline with pulsating blue lights. As I fall past its peak, I see that the pyramid is thrice as tall as it is wide. It is twice as tall as the city's tallest five sided buildings that have one golden pyramid on top of each. As I fall towards the glowing white road below me, I see many silver platforms floating around and sons of God floating on their discs. I'm zooming down towards a nervous crowd. I see an army of trainers marching between them. Many small discs fly above them. I scream just before I would hit the road, but an unseen power suddenly stops me. I float above the crowd. Some of them look like little furry people with bright faces. Shocked, I ask, "What are they doing here?" I look way up at the gigantic pyramid reflecting everything around it. Far above it, I see the floating glowing white dodecahedron building slowly rotate. Suddenly, the unseen power instantly zooms me up towards the dodecahedron building's bottom side. I scream as I go through it like a ghost. I float into a spotlessly clean pink room. I see many qophs holding golden brushes brushing the hair of many young women who look just like Naamah. They are reclining on blue velvet couches looking at themselves in golden hand mirrors they're holding. They're dressed in shiny golden gowns. They wear long golden cone caps over their smooth blond hair.. They wear silver wedding necklaces and golden slippers. I see a trainer holding a silver rod watching them. I try to run away but I run into a qoph. Actually, I float strait through her like a ghost. I can't believe that they don't see me floating around. I look down at my semitransparent hands.

I float through a pink wall to a large black room. Shocked, I see a flesh and blood Layil standing in front of me but she's not wearing her necklace. I scream. She doesn't respond. Her super blue eyes stare down at the transparent floor at the gigantic city far below, slowly rotating. Horrified, I see other fresh and blood Layils standing all around. They're all dressed in their light blue dresses, sparkling silver capes and wearing their silver tiaras over their long pure white wavy hair. They are staring down at the city. I flee from them. They don't notice me. I float back. I notice the sleek blue eyed gray owl walking with one of them. I float above them. This Layil is wearing her silver chain necklace with her white stone pendant hanging from it. She gracefully walks to a wall. An oval entrance briefly opens up. Lilith and her enter an elevator. I float above them. We go up. An oval entrance briefly opens up.

I follow them into a large circular light blue room that has a mirrored ceiling and many fancy mirrors all around. In the middle, I see lord Bad sitting on a big flat circular floating blue cushion. Six young Naamahs are cuddling with him. They're wearing sleek sleeveless, low cut, yellow gowns. Two are standing by his sides. Four are crawling up on the cushion behind him. At the back of his cushion is a big white owl with large violet eyes. I can't believe they don't notice me. I float close to them. I even put my hands through their faces. I furiously shout, "Lord Bad, look at me! -- Layil, you murdered Yownah! ---Die! Die! Die!" They don't notice. I look around at the fancy mirrors hanging on the wall. Lord Bad sadly looks at the fancy full length, scallop shaped, golden mirror with a bust of Naamah on top. It has lots of little mermaids, parrots, and pythons with glowing eyes molded on it's gold frame. Layil angrily watches the Naamahs cuddling with her father. His handsome pale beardless face smiles as he asks, "My princess, how are you --and Lilith?" Layil pouts and says, "Us miss Samuel..." Lilith sorrowfully hoots. Lord Bad comfortingly says, "I and Aluwqah miss him too..." The tall white owl behind him, hops down front, and bows her head. Layil's blue eyes shine as she hopefully asks, "Mine father, wilt thou give me hundred babies to play with?" He curiously asks, "What happened to the last hundred?" Layil smiles wickedly as she says, "Tis more entertaining if only --I alone knoweth.." Frustrated, He says, "Layil.." She winks at him. She pets Lilith and Aluwqah's heads. Her rich red lips pouts. Layil whines, saying, "Mine

Father, ----ple----ase..." His voice softens as he says, "Very well, mine little princess..." She hugs him. Layil angrily asks, "Mine father, --why lovest thou these Naamah qophs?" Shocked, I say, "Qophs, --can look like anyone! I thought all qophs look like my grandmother.." Lord Bad puts his right hand gently on his daughter's rounded cheeks. He sadly says, "But you're a qoph too..." Irritated, Layil painfully says, "Mine many bodies art qophs, ---but mine spirit tis I! --None of these maidens art mine mother..." His eyes tear up as he says, "Believe me, princess, I know.. It's the best I can do..." Layil excitedly says, "Nay, --marry me, mine father!" Uncomfortably, I watch him gently touch her fancy silver tiara. He says, "Tis not right for fathers to marry their daughters..." Layil bitterly says, "Thou hypocrite! Thou married mine mother... And she wast thy great, great, great, multiple, multiple, multiple, great, great, great granddaughter..." Aluwqah angrily hoots at her. Lord Bad looks down at his short daughter and shouts, "That's different!" Layil fearfully backs away and sadly says, "If thou sayest so..." She pets her owl. Layil sadly says, "Lilith, let us depart..." The unseen power zooms me out of the dodecahedron way down and away to a silver dome.

I go through it's wall like a ghost. Inside I see the dome's dull gray walls. As I float down to the shiny white floor, I see Kasdeja standing on a small rectangular silver platform that's floating. His three headed pet, Chashaq is by him. Beneath Kasdeja's halo crown, his long black braided hair hangs loosely over his broad iridescent white collar. His glowing purple jewel is mounted in his collar's lower front and his purple trim faintly glows. He pets his dark gray companion who affectionately wags it's long furry tail. Kasdeja's very dark face frowns as he coldly says, "Bring in the losers!" An oval entrance opens up. Many terrified people including several little furry people are force in by trainers. They're wearing knee length sleeveless gray robes. The trainers threaten to shock them with their long silver rods. Mirror balls cover the trainer's heads.

Each trainer has a different blue number by their forehead. They wear long flowing silver robes. Soon, the dome is overcrowded with frighten people.

I fearfully asks, "God, what is this?" I feel useless. I stare up at Kasdeja's coal black eyes. He self righteously says, "The good hard working people send their unwanted burdens here... Hand the robes to the trainers!"

Disturbed, I asks, "Did their own families sent them here? No! People

can't be that bad!" One of them looks familiar. The very old, much wrinkled pale face, hazel eyed, white bearded bald man who's limping around. At first I think he's Zabad but his pale skin is somewhat yellowish. I loudly ask, "Bar-Zabad, why are you here, man?" He can't hear me. Bar-Zabad shakes his fists, coughs and boldly shouts, "Fight, --the man!" A few around him shakes their fists including a little white furry man with a big mustache. They make angry noises. I hear Chashaq growl. I look up at it's three pairs of long pointed ears. It's dark yellow eyes stare murderously down at Bar-Zabad. Kasdeja points down to him as he coldly says, "Chashaq, attack that fool!" The monstrous beast leaps off the platform. The three headed beast viciously mauls Bar-Zabad with it's powerful claws. Bar-Zabad screams. Tears flood my eyes. I shout, "Bar-Zabad, --oh no!! No-oo.." The beast's sharp white fangs repeatedly bites into his aging body. Those who shook their fists timidly back away. The white furry man runs away but there's nowhere to go. Chashaq doesn't quite kill Bar-Zabad. It leaves him on the shiny white floor squirming in his own blood. He painfully moans. I furiously shout, "Bar-Zabad man, ---I want to kill -- whoever sent you here!" I float over above him. He struggles hard to say his last words, "God Man, --forgive ---my --grand-child --girl.. Augh... Au-uu-gh!" He groans and dies. I scream and cry. Chashaq leaps back up on the floating platform. I look at all these people trembling. Their head dejectedly bowing. A little furry woman with brown hair and yellow skin, looks up at Kasdeja and asks, "If we do what you say, --will we die quickly?" He comfortingly says, "Yeah girl..." Except for the white furry man, they all take off their gray robes. They hand them to the trainers who neatly folds the robes up. The white furry man tries to run out but the trainers chase him down and shock him repeatedly with their rods. He screams till he dies. An oval exit opens up. The trainers leave and takes his corpse out. The exit closes. Kasdeja aim his right palm at the naked furry woman. His palm glows purple. I emotionally shout, "Stop!" His beam hits her. She scream and dies quickly. Kasdeja shoots beams out of both his palms at all the other naked people crowded in the dome. I scream in horror. I look around. I see all these naked people lying dead on the floor. I cry. Chashaq howls. An oval entrance opens up. A trainer walks in and bows. Kasdeja's coal black eyes looks down as he coldly says, "Send in the cleaning qophs..." The trainer's androgynous voice says, "Yes, Kasdeja!"

The unseen power zooms me quickly away across the city to a large blue building.

I float through the wall like a ghost. Inside the walls are light blue. I see two endless parallel lines of small children including furry children.

They look like they're five to ten years old. They're wearing colorful sleeveless robes. I see a few parents standing by their children's sides.

Many hand sized silver discs with tiny glowing blue eyes are flying above them. At the front of the line, I see Penemue and Lady Mirsha'ath. Four trainers are by them holding their long silver rods. Near them, next to the wall are big two silver statues of muscular men twice as tall as a tall man.

Behind them, trapped in six large circular transparent cages, are huge white and black striped sabertooths with large black feathery wings on their furry backs. Penemue's golden halo crown is on top his long smooth brown hair.

His pale beardless face looks down at his hand held glowing white tablet.

He's dressed in his iridescent white skirt and very broad collar that has his red jewel mounted in it's lower front and glowing red trim. His silver disc is attached to the lower back of his collar. Lady Mirsha'ath stands by him, dressed in her black furs and thick furry black cap. Her dark eyes looks lustfully at the children in line. Her short hair has turned gray but her smiling dark brown wrinkled face is still pretty. Lady Mirsha'ath cheerfully says, "Thy parents were unfit... But lovely children, ye may be fit to serve us? ---As intimate child companions, -or test subjects, -or processing.. But lovely children --if thou art naughty, ----thou shall be sent to --her..." Every child there shudders. A mother hugs her little girl. They have yellowish tan skin and dark brown hair. They walks up to Penemue. He looks up briefly from his glowing white tablet. He says, "Test subject." A trainer grabs the little girl by her arm but she resists. She cries. Her mother nervously asks, "What's will be done to my daughter?" This trainer points to a winged sabertooth and says with a calm androgynous voice, "Her brain will be implanted into that winged saber-tooth.." The little girl cries. Her mother fearfully says, "My sweetheart, don't cry, or they might send you to ---her!" The girl's teary squinted brown eyes look up. She says, "Mommy, I'm scared! --I don't want to be a saber-tooth..." Her mother says with false cheer, "My sweetheart... You'll be a flying saber-tooth... Won't that be something. Be a good girl!" The little girl tearfully says, "Mommy, I don't know.." Her mother tries to comfort her by saying, "Trust me sweetheart,

being a sabertooth is better than ---her!" They hug tightly. Her daughter fearfully says, "If you say so, mommy.. I'll --be good." The trainer takes her peacefully away. I shout, "No way!" A little furry boy walks up to Lady Mirsha'ath who coldly says, "Process..." Another trainer takes him away. A cute little black girl walks up to Penemue. He puts his hand briefly on her little cheeks, and smiles. Penemue cheerfully says, "Intimate child companion..." Another child walks up to Lady Mirsha'ath as she says, "Process.." Another cute little pale boy walks up to Penemue. He looks up briefly from his tablet and says, "Test subject." A brown boy with black curly hair walks up. Lady Mirsha'ath lustfully smiles down at him, puts her elderly hands on his cute little cheeks, and says, "Intimate child companion..." A little furry girl with blond hair and red eyes walks up. Penemue looks up from his tablet and lustfully says, "Intimate child companion!" I angrily shout, "Someone stop this!" The trainers takes these little children away.

A big explosion. A large hole opens up in the light blue wall. A bunch of ragged warriors wearing yellow furs, holding steel iron spears and golden mirrored shields rushes in. They throw their spears at the hand-sized floating silver discs. The spears bounce off the semitransparent blue spheres around the discs. The disc shoot blue beams at the warriors. The beams bounces off the warrior's golden mirrored shields. Four warriors enter, carrying Ashtoreth on white scallop chair. She's wearing a dark red robe. A golden helmet is over her short graying hair. Her crystal pink eyes and wrinkled tan face frowns. Ashtoreth shouts, "Destroy the discs!" Many semitransparent pink serpents spirits slither through the walls and attack the small discs. They destroy many of them. Penemue angrily shouts, "Sabertooths attack!" The circular cages float up so the winged sabertooths can jumps up and fly around. A sabertooth swoops down. It grabs a warrior with it's knife like fangs and flies up with him. This warrior drops his shield and shout, "Augh, --for justice!" He explodes, and kills them both in mid-air. They fall down and hits the floor. Another sabertooth flies down, grabs another warriors who shouts, "For justice!" She drop her shield and explodes. Lady Mirsha'ath hides behind Penemue. He shoots a red beams out of his palms at Ashtoreth but several warriors jump in front of her. They reflex the beams away with their golden shields. Tannah rushes in. She's holding her huge golden mirrored shield and bloodstained

mace. She's wearing her golden armor and her helmet that's shaped like her head. Her right hand holds her silver mace that has a human head sized heavy metal spike ball at the end of its heavy chain. She swings the long spiked ball around. Her big bloodshot eye stares at Lady Mirsha'ath.

Tannah self righteously shouts, "Lady Mirsha'ath, --justice!" Lady Mirsha'th painfully shouts, "Penemue! Help me!" He quickly shoots a red beam out of his left palm at the giantess but his beam just harmlessly bounces off her huge shield. Penemue fearfully drops his tablet. He puts his right hand over Lady Mirsha'ath's tearful eyes. Horrified Penemue shouts, "My lady, look not at Tannah--or thy brain wilt melteth!" Lady Mirsha'ath shuts her eyes but her nose, eyes and mouth bleed. Marsha'ath painfully shouts, "That eye-- tis --in mine --head! Augh!!!" Ashtoreth bitterly shouts, "Serpent spirits, kill that lewd lady!" Several serpent spirits fly towards them. Penemue's disc detaches from the back of his collar and floats up. He picks up his trembling wife up in his powerful arms, and quickly leaps onto his disc. Penemue shouts, "Shield up!" A red semitransparent sphere appears around them. Many serpent spirits crash into his sphere. Penemue furiously shouts, "Golems, slay Tannah!" His disc quickly flies them away. Tannah angrily swings her mace around and shouts, "You cowards!" The two statues of muscular men that are even taller than Tannah come to life. They walk towards her, making loud clanking sounds. The serpent spirits have destroyed most of the silver discs. The giant statues attack the giantess. She swings her heavy metal chained spiked ball all around. She hits one of the statues in the face. The other statue punches her shield hard enough to knock Tannah back against a wall. Her dented shield quickly heals. It remolds itself into a perfect golden mirror. More fierce warriors enter through the hole and attack the trainers. They throw their spears at them and use their shields to block the silver rods. Even when their spears hit a trainer, they mostly bounce off. The flying serpent spirits also attack the trainers. A few warriors run into the trainers, drop their shields and shout, "For justice!" They explode next to them, turning them into piles of sparking limbs and burning smoke. More trainers come to fight them. Despite her limp, Tannah powerfully leaps and drop kick the statue that punched her. The giant silver statue topples. It falls on its back, making a loud crashing sound. Tannah limps on top of it. She repeatedly swings her spiked ball down on its head

making horrible clanking sounds. The large silver head cracks open. Many sparks fly out. The other statue grabs her ball with its metal hands and kicks her stomach. Tannah spits out blood. She swings her shield around with such great force that the statue's metal hand breaks apart. Sparks fly. Her shield quickly heals. She swings her mace. Its heavy metal long spiked ball knocks its cracked head off. The headless statue falls on the floor, making odd sounds. It sits up. A warrior, drops his shield, jumps next to its neck, and shouts, "For Justice!" He explodes. This statue sparks, smokes and stops moving. Tannah expertly avoids the other statue's punches and kicks. Despite her bad right leg, she repeatedly smashes into this statue's face with her mace, until its head falls off onto the floor. Its neck sparks and smoke but the headless statue keeps attacking. The giantess pulls a large flashing knife out of her armor, and rams it into the statue's metal neck. She leaps away. The flashing knife in the statue's neck explodes, destroying its chest as its arms fall off. The statue falls. It lays dead on the floor.

More trainers quickly skillfully attack her but many serpent spirits knock them down. Tannah expertly smashes several trainers with her golden shield and her heavy spiked ball. The furious giantess kicks several trainers way up into the air. They are smashed against the wall. More warriors shout, "For justice." They explode, turning the attacking trainers into piles of sparking smoking metal. Her warriors keep picking up the spears the dead warriors have thrown. They throw them again and again at the trainers. The serpent spirits knock more trainers down. The last trainers get too close. A warrior, drops her golden shield and shout, "For justice!"

She explodes and destroys them. Despite all the warriors who killed themselves, many warriors still live. Tannah limps over to Ashtoreth.

Tannah bows down and says, "Sister Ashteroth, we got them!" The former queen looks at all the scared children. Ashtoreth happily shouts, "Children, I'm general Ashtoreth.. Follow me!" The cute blond furry girl runs to Tannah. She fearfully says, "Tannah, --if we're caught, they send us to--- her!" Tannah removes her helmet, looks down at her and forcefully says, "Relax, --I promise you that we will kill you all before I let that happen!"

She limps back into the hole. The warriors and the children follow Ashtoreth out. I tearfully ask, "O-God, ---is this the hero I prayed for?" I black out.

I appear behind Tannah. She limps through an over-crowded red warehouse. It's teeming with her warriors. They're holding their golden shields and their spears. I see many small children among them. She removes her helmet. I see that she's old, her long lopsided hair covering her left eye has turned gray, and her face is scarred. She holds her helmet. She lays down her shiny but bloodstained mace. Tannah shouts as the warriors savagely cheer, "We all have suffered much --but justice triumphs! The righteous dead will live again!" They wildly cheer. She points to her big horrible eye. Tannah hatefully shouts, "Lord Bad must look into my eye of justice --before justice burns his corrupt world into ashes! For justice! -- For justice! For Justice!" Her warriors shake their fists. They repeatedly shout in unison, "For justice! For justice! For justice!" They loudly cheer. She limps away. I floats over to a man and a woman wearing filthy furs. They're sitting in a corner with their three small children who are sleeping by them. The children are wearing white furs. The man nervously says, "Tannah's --mad.. Why do we fight for her?" The woman sorrowfully says, "She freed our children! --And only Tannah and general Ashtoreth are powerful enough to fight Lord Bad..." The man gently pats his children's heads. He depressingly asks, "What a choice?" The unseen power zooms me to a small dark room. Tannah sits crowded on the dull gray floor. In front of her, Ashtoreth is dressed in her dark red robe. She sits on her white scallop chair. A nervous, young blond man stands by them. He's wearing his dull yellow furs. Tannah looks down at Ashtoreth as she cheerfully asks, "Sister, have our spies finally found the great magic deep inside the pyramid that powers lord Bad's corrupt world?" Ashtoreth's crystal pink eyes shine as she enthusiastically says, "Yes sister, --but we have even more glorious news... The pyramid wizard has joined our righteous cause, --to unleash the great magic's fury, -- at your command!" Tannah joyfully says, "Alrighty!" A serpent spirit floats in. It's jaws hold a blinking red button. It carefully puts the bottom on the armor around Tannah's left arm. Ashtoreth cheerfully says, "Just push the red button and ---all will burn!" Tannah happily shouts, "And justice for all!" The pale young man nervously asks, "Are we all going to die?" Tannah furiously shouts, "Of course, we'll die! --But we, the righteous shall live again!" The man nervously says, "Tannah, you could just push the button now... We don't need to fight." Tannah angrily shouts, "Coward! The righteous should die

fighting, -before our glorious resurrection!" The young blond man shakes his fists and shouts, "For justice!" Confused, I ask, "What are they talking about?" Tear flow down Ashtoreth's pink eyes, as she bitterly says, "Since Tammuz and Shemrith died, I just want to join them..." I black out.

Suddenly I'm floating above an over-crowded spotless white land lot by a road in front of the great mirrored pyramid. I float down around a vast crowd of extremely clean people, and furries. An army of mirrored ball headed trainers are dressed in their long flowing silver robes. They are holding their long silver rods. I watch the cleaning qophs riding on little discs cleaning everything in sight. Many small silver discs with glowing blue eyes fly just above the crowds. I look up at the sunny blue sky.

Silhouetted by the noonday sun, a huge floating five pointed star shaped steel iron pedestal with a giant monument on top slowly descends. It's covered by a great blue sheet. As it floats down to the spotless white lot below, the cheering crowds gets out of it's way. The giant pedestal softly lands. Many Layils are standing around the huge draped statue. They are dress as usual. In front of the draped statue, on a big golden platform, I see Lord Bad standing by Layil, and Lilith. A small floating silver cage with mice inside floats by them. Behind them, is a man dressed in fancy crimson robes and turban. He's holding a golden goat headed staff. The man looks like Hephaestus with his goatee beard and long gray hair but he's not a hunchback. By him is an old woman, dressed in fancy violet robes, wearing a long violet cone cap over her short white hair. I float closer. I see several sons of God floating on their discs way above. Many small silver discs fly above the crowds. I hear Lord Bad's voice magically coming out of these discs. His short daughter holds her fancy silver censer up by him. Her father spreads his arms wide. The crowd fearfully cheers.

Lord Bad happily shouts, "I and mine light bearer make this special appearance to celebrate mine latest monument by our great metal worker Valcan..." The crowds cheers. The man dressed in crimson robes bows before them. He holds up his golden staff. Lord Bad kindly says, "Valcan, you may speak..." His yellowish tan face smiles, his squinted red eyes look proud. Valcan steps forward and says, "I'm proud to serve the Lord! I dedicate this monument, Semjaza's great return, to my beloved mother Kanayago..." The old woman leans on her golden staff. He bows. The crowds warmly cheers. Kanayago happily says, "Son, tis an honor!"

Vulcan sadly says, "I only wish my grandfather Hephaestus had lived to see this..." The crowd cheers. They step back. Lord Bad emotionally shouts, "Someday, our great king ---Semjaza shall return to our world -- Sheol, --to lead us to glory--but only if we remain loyal!" The crowd repeatedly shouts, "The Lord! The Lord! The Lord!" Layil opens up her small floating cage near Lilith. She takes out a small tan mouse, and holds up the tiny fearful creature. Lord Bad cruelly says, "The disloyal, --I give to my light bearer..." She smiles and throws the squealing mouse to Lilith who catches the mouse with her gray beak. She swallows the mouse down head first. The crowd hushes. Lord Bad happily shouts, "We shall cleanse our world from all filth and terrorism before king Semjaza's great return! -- Unveil the monument!" The blue sheet covering the gigantic statues flies way up into the sunny sky unveiling the monument. There are five huge statues standing on the giant pedestal. A shiny golden statue of a smiling Semjaza, twelve tall men tall with his left arm is affectionately around the shoulders of a golden statue of lord Bad. He has his right hand held up. In front of them, about half as tall, is a silver statue of Layil with her arms spread open. Her smile is wicked. By her sides are shorter bronze statues of Lilith and Samuel. Valcan and Kanayago proudly looks up at his monument. Valcan smiles. The crowd repeatedly shouts, "The Lord, the Lord, the Lord..." I float up near Lord Bad.

I hear a loud explosion. I look up. I see a low level room of a shiny light blue crystal building blow up. Smoke pours out of it. A large circular silver platform comes out of it's smoking hole. On this platform, I see a dozen warriors standing around Ashtoreth. She's sitting on her scallop shaped white chair. I look at the golden platform where Lord Bad, Layil, Lilith, Valcan and Kanayago are standing. This platform floats back against the mirror pyramid where an oval entrance opens up. Panicking, Valcan and Kanayago run back. They quickly enter the pyramid. The entrance vanishes. Ashtoreth is wearing a dark red robe and a golden helmet. Her warriors hold their spears and shields. They surround her. They're wearing yellow furs and golden helmets. Many small silver discs zoom towards them. The disc shoots blue beams at her from the glowing blue eyes on their rims. Ashtoreth angrily points at lord Bad and shouts, "Serpent spirits, attack!" Thousands of semitransparent pink serpent spirits appear all around. Many of them attack the discs attacking their queen. They ram

into the disc's spheres, overpower them and blow the silver discs up. Other serpent spirits zoom, slithering, flying through the air towards Lord Bad, Layil and Lilith. He shakes his fists. A blue semitransparent sphere appears around them. Many, many serpent spirits crash into his sphere. They explode shooting bright sparks all around. Many small silver discs zoom towards and shoots blue beams at Ashtoreth's platform. It rises up high into the air. I see more serpent spirits crashing into Lord Bad's protective sphere. Serpent spirits fly all around, attacking the small silver discs, and blowing them up. I hear another explosion. I see a huge smoking hole in the lower side of a large shiny building. Large chunks of the building fall on the people on the glowing white road below it. Out of the rushing smoke, Tannah zooms out. She's standing hunch over on a large circular silver platform, holding her huge shield in front of her. She swings her silver chained mace. She's wearing her golden armor and her helmet. Her big platform swoops down zooming strait towards Lord Bad and his daughter. Lilith fearfully hoots. The crowds screams. The giantess mightily leaps off just before her platform crashes against lord Bad's semitransparent blue sphere. She lands on the gigantic pedestal. She falls face forward. Her platform mightily explodes into huge fiery yellow and orange thickly smoking flames. As the huge explosive burning flames and smoke around the sphere dies down, I see that Lord Bad, Layil and Lilith are unharmed. Serpent spirits zoom towards them. The sphere vanishes. Lord Bad shoots blue beams out of his his palms at her. She stands up. She hold her shield in front which reflects the beams away from her. Layil and Lilith leap away. They fight the serpent spirits. Lord Bad's sphere reappears around him. More serpent spirits crash into his sphere making bright sparks. Worried, lord Bad shouts, "Mine princess, --come back!" Layil angrily shouts, "I shall avenge mine mother!" Lord Bad fearfully shouts, "Layil, stop!" She quickly kicks and scratches several serpent spirits with her long silver talons. They explode. Holding her silver censer with her left hand. Layil sadly says, "Lilith, I sendeth thee to safety!" Lilith sadly hoots. Twirling white smoke comes out of her censer. Lilith vanishes into it. I smell that odor. Layil skillfully dodges all the flying serpent spirits around her. She arrogantly says, "Mine disc, come! ---And all ye owls!" A small thick rimmed circular silver disc zooms to her. Many feathery owls fly from all around and land around her. She hops into her

disc. She sits down. Her disc zooms her way up into the sky. Her many owls fly up following her.

The unseen power pulls me way up into the sky behind Layil and her owls. They fly to Ashtoreth's platform high in the sky. The warriors and flying serpent spirits protect their general. The vicious owls slaughter many warriors on the platform. A few warriors falls off. Many serpent spirits combine with Ashtoreth to become her six long scaly pink spirit arms. She stands up and kills several vicious owls with her six arms.

Ashtoreth's last surviving warrior is killed by the brutally attacking owls. I see the white owl land in Layil's small disc. Layil forcefully says,

"Aluwqah, guard mine censer!" Aluwqah grabs the censer with her talons.

Layil leaps off to attack Ashtoreth with her flashing silver talons and sharp silver fingernails. Aluwqah rides in her disc. Ashtoreth's scaly serpent arms and pinkish serpent spirits fiercely fight Layil and her owls. Layil leaps all around her like an amazing acrobat. Her silver talons slash at amazing speed. Two of Ashtoreth's arms change into large large serpent spirits that bite into her arms. Layil's sharp talons and silver fingernails claw everything around her trying to get free. She circles all around at amazing speed but the long serpent arms hold her tight. The pink serpent spirit also attack her. I see many serpent spirits destroy the last of the small silver discs. Ashtoreth's crystal pink eyes bitterly stare as she shouts, "You're just mean little girl!" Layil fully stretches her owl-like legs out with incredible skill and with one fast strike, her razor sharp talons cuts Ashtoreth's throat open. Layil giggles and joyfully shouts, "Thou art dead, -old hag!" Ashtoreth moans. Her large platform quickly descends. All the serpent spirits around vanish. Layil leaps onto her disc. She takes her censer back from Aluwqah. Her many owls fly after her, looking like a large feathery cloud.

Ashtoreth's platform crashes against the gigantic mirrored pyramid. It powerfully explodes. The great pyramid is barely scratched. Several cleaning qophs ride up their small discs. They clean the burnt places where the crash occur. I zoom down to the roads below. The crowds have left.

Layil rides in her disc, and bitterly shouts, "Attack Tannah!" Many owls swoop down towards Tannah. As the giantess smashes trainers with her spiked ball, she stares up at the smoking wreckage sliding down the pyramid. She kicks a Layil up into the air. Tannah painfully shouts, "Sister

Ashteroth, my general, --all- will-burn!" She looks up at the many vicious owls swooping down at her. I feel her overpowering hatred as owls start dropping out of the sky. Layil fearfully shouts, "Augh, flee --Mine friends!" Most fly away. The rest fell dead. Layil rides her disc towards her father. I float to the limping giantess. I see that her horribly over-sized bloodshot glaring white serpent eye is clearly seen behind the helmet's big square hole. Her normal eye is covered by her long gray hair. I hear more explosions. I look up and see several explosions blowing up the lower levels of several near-by large shiny buildings. Heavy chunks of debris falls down from these crystal blue buildings and crash below. Out of the smoke comes many ragged warriors. They float out on small gray platforms. They're holding their golden mirrored shields and steel iron spears. The warriors on their flying platforms swoop down to attacks the many trainers and Layils on the giant pedestal. Behind the warrior's mirrored shields, they throw many spears at them. The trainer and Layils evade most of the spears. Several warrior swoop down and jump off, landing on the giant pedestal. They fiercely attack the trainers who swing their long shocking rods against them. Many Layils masterfully take many of the warrior's shields away and slaughters them. Several warriors madly rush towards them, drop their shields, and shout, "For justice!" They mightily explode killing themselves along with some trainers and a few Layils but most Layils leap away at the last moment. The leaping Layils skillfully disarm many warriors and claw them to death with their long silver talons. Behind their small mirrored shields, many warriors repeatedly stabs their spears into the many swiftly moving trainers. Many trainers and Layils fight to keep Tannah away from lord Bad. Tannah limps, towering way above them, holding her mirrored shield up in front of her. Her mace's spike ball savagely smashes the trainers in her way turning them into sparking, smoking pieces of twisted metal. Any Layil who fails to leap out of her way is splattered by the heavy metal spike ball at the end of mace's heavy chains which makes all kinds of sickening sounds. The smell of death is all around. Tannah's horrible furious eye flashes pink fury towards lord Bad. I feel the great hate. It sickens even him. I watch his semitransparent blue sphere slowly fade away. Layil lands her disc. She leaps out of it. Her father shoot blue power beams at the angry giantess but she skillfully reflex them away with her huge mirrored shield. Lord Bad

shoots blue power balls at the giantess. A couple Layils attack her back.

Tannah swings her mace around as the Layils leap out of it's way. The blue power balls crash into her shield and powerfully explodes. They blast her back a ways. They badly dent her shield which quickly heals itself. Lord Bad's sphere appears around him. Layil angrily shouts, "---Disc attack!"

Her disc floats up. It violently zooms towards the hateful giantess who turns around. The disc crashes into her shield, and knocks her on her back.

Tannah shouts, "To Sheol with that!" Tannah somehow leaps up and swing her mace down smashing the disc with her long spike silver ball. Layil's disc explodes in fiery smoke. Many warriors attack Layil. The Layils protect her by slaughtering many warriors. Many shout, "For justice!"

They explode killing some Layils. Only five Layils are left. The trainers with their silver shocking rods kill more warriors. More warriors attack the trainers, drop their shields and shout, "For justice!" Many trainers are killed. Their remains shoot out many sparks and smokes a lot.

The last five Layils attack the rest of the warriors. Tannah holds her shield in front of her and quickly limps towards lord Bad. A couple of Layils masterfully leap all around her, scratching Tannah's shield with their sharp talons. Tannah swings her mace down at them, and hits them. Then She stares at lord Bad. Her over-sized ugly eye focuses her fury down at him. He's standing inside his semitransparent blue sphere. His palms shoot blue power beam onto the sides of his sphere making it bluer and fearfully says, "Strengthen sphere!" Tannah's big ugly eye's flashes the pink light of infinite hate that greatly weakens him. Her glaring white eye's red pupil flashes intense red light. He agonizingly groans. The beams coming out of his palms fades. He holds his head in agony. His blue sphere around him fades away. He screams. He shoot blue power beams and flying power balls out of his palms but her surviving warriors throw their spears at him, making it hard for him to aim at Tannah. Despite her bad leg, she skillfully ducks and evades his bright blue power balls. They hit many things around her and explodes. Her shield reflects his blue power beams away from her.

The last three Layils attack the giantess. She stares at lord Bad from behind her golden shield. I feel ill. Behind that big square opening in her golden faced helmet, that bloodshot glaring white serpent eye surrounded by yellowish translucent scales and pulsating purple veins, focuses such overwhelming hatred through it's flaming flashing red slit pupil that even

the trainers around her are falling down dead. Lord Bad's large silver disc detaches from the back of his collar and floats down to his feet. Before he can jump onto it, Tannah leaps forward and hits his chest with her spike ball, sending him flying off the huge pedestal. He crashes hard against the mirrored pyramid behind him. He flashes blue and falls down. His disc zooms straight at her. It crashes into her large shield, knocking the mad giantess back a ways. She mightily swings her silver spike ball down repeatedly on his disc, until it explodes into pieces. Her mighty shield in front of her protects her from the disc's shrapnel. Tannah quickly climbs down the huge pedestal. She quickly limps towards lord Bad. Layil sees that her father is in trouble and leaps towards him. Her sparkling silver cape flaps all around. She boldly leaps down between Tannah and her father. The other two Layils also attack the mad giantess. Layil emotionally shouts, "Mine father!" Tannah holds her large shield up. She powerfully swings her heavy metal spike ball all around and furiously shouts, "Alrighty, Just--ice!" Layil bitterly shouts back, "I shall desecrate thy flesh!" Layil throws her censer to lord Bad and sadly shouts, "Mine father, flee!" He catches her censer by its long thin chains. Like an amazing acrobat Layil jumps on top of the other two attacking Layils like they're stepping stones to attacks the mad giantess. Tannah thumps them back with her heavy shield. She swings her mace's long spike balls at the end of its chains, down on Layil. Lord Bad fearfully watches as Tannah smash Layil's head in with her spike ball. Tannah stares back at lord Bad with that unspeakable eye. Layil's ghostly spirit flees from her body but her eyeballs and their long red optic nerves look solid. Worried, Lord Bad holds the censer and shouts, "Mine princess, get one of your bodies! –And Come with me!" Her spirit flies around the giantess, and scratches up her armor but the mad giantess ignores her. Lord Bad shoots one last blue power ball out. Despite Layil's ghostly attacks, and the power ball exploding against her shield. She keeps attacking. The limping giantess swings her mace and violently hits lord Bad's chest with her long spiked ball, knocking him back hard against the mirrored wall. He flashes blue. He screams. The giantess hits his head, smashing it with her long spiked ball. He flashes bright blue. He drops his censer. He slowly heals. Lord Bad fearfully shouts, "Help me---Augh!" Some warriors bravely fight the remaining trainers to keep them away from the mad giantess. The warriors

close to the trainers, drop their shields, and shout, "For justice!" They explode, killing themselves. They also kill the last trainers. Her spirit flies towards the last two Layils. She points to her dead body and says, "Wear mine necklace!" One Layil leaps over to her corpse, grabs the necklace and put it around her neck. Her spirit enters into her. She shakes her head and proudly shouts, "Mine spirit tis I!" She leaps ahead of the other Layil.

Tannah furiously swings her heavy metal spike ball again at lord Bad. He just barely rolls out of the way. Layil leaps way up against the giantess's golden mirrored shield, admires her reflection and happily says, "I be, -- perfection!" She leaps around like a fantastic acrobat, slides under the large shield and viciously claws Tannah's muscular legs. Lord Bad crawls on his hands and knees towards the censer that he drop. Tannah kicks Layil against the inside of her shield, crushing her body. Her dead body falls down. Her spirit floats out, points to the last Layil and says, "Wear mine necklace!" The last Layil skillfully slide under Tannah's shield. She grabs the necklace off her corpse. She jumps away and put on the necklace. The ghostly princess enters into her. Layil shakes her head, laughs and says, "Mine spirit tis I!" I float near Lord Bad. He grabs the censer and stands up. Tannah hits his head against the mirrored wall with her silver spike ball. His head is flatten and flashes bright blue. His head quickly heals itself. He falls down on his rear next to the pyramid. Tannah's eye flashes red light, focusing infinite hatred down at him. His eyes close tightly. He holds the censer. He agonizingly groans. Red flashes. He pulls at his long blond hair as I float by them.

Tannah drops her heavy metal mace, bends down, and grabs lord Bad by the throat. She angrily lifts him way up near her helmet. He fearfully stares down at the blinking red button on her left arm. The giantess kicks him in the stomach. He groans but won't let go of the censer. Layil tries to pick up the heavy silver mace but it's too heavy so she drops it. Tannah pulls lord Bad's squirming pale face next to her golden faced helmet.

Behind the large square opening in her helmet, that horrible big bloodshot serpent eye projects hate beyond hate. Red and pink flashes. He struggles hard but she's much stronger than him now. Lord Bad shakes but he can't look away from her soul piercing red pupil flashing red and pink light.

Tannah furiously says, "You, ---you murdered my father Asbeel! Now your own magic will burn your corrupt world into ashes. --I once said you

would drown in blood! --But I settle for ashes... ---The righteous dead, -- will live in paradise!" Floating above them, I stare down at the blinking red button. Lord Bad trembling, asks her, "But Tannah, --what if you are wrong --and everyone, --- just dies?" Red flashes. Crazy tears flood down the mad giantess's eyes. The hand strangling lord Bad moves his face towards the blinking red button. Tannah happily crazy shouts, "As long as you -- don't rule over us, ---it's alright!!!" Layil masterfully climbs on top of Tannah's shield and jumps down onto her left shoulder. She masterfully leaps up and using her sharp talons to viciously scratches the mad giantess's horrible eye. Tannah screams in agony. She drops lord Bad down on his rear. Layil jumps down on her arm. Tannah's gauntlet covered finger moves towards the blinking red button. Layil desperately puts her little hands between Tannah's index finger and the button to stop the mad giantess from pushing it. Terrified, lord Bad quickly shouts, "Get me out!" Twirling white smoke comes out from the whitish blue flames inside the silver censer. The smoke surrounds him. Lord Bad changes into the Goat. His four many eyed, eagle like wings spread out around him to shield his body. That sickly sweet odor becomes unbearable. Time slows way down as Tannah's index finger penetrates through Layil's hands, to push the button. I feel time stop. The Goat is vanishing into the twirling white smoke around him. Layil screams, and shouts horrified, "Augh, --mine---" The Goat's wings slowly closes over his three front eyes. For less than a moment, lord Bad see a blindingly bright violet flash instantly burns Layil into a skeleton. I'm blown away. I hear overpowering thunder.

Instantly, I'm far above the city, even far above the dodecahedron building floating high in the sky. Twirling white smoke appears by me. The fancy silver censer appear behind it. From the censer's small circular opening shoots out a mighty blast of overpowering dark violet flames. Somehow the Goat is shot out from the censer's small opening. The surging stream of violet flames propels him far away as it burns his wings and his back face off. The unseen power thrusts me by him. He spins around as his blue sphere appears around us, and blocks the flames. I look back at the censer exploding into little pieces. The surging dark flames fade away. As we are flung far across the night sky, I see that his wings and his back face are completely burnt off. I look way down at the huge dodecahedron building engulfed by swirling dark violet flames and red

lightning. It explodes in bright yellow flames. I hear his thoughts screams in agony. His thoughts bitterly shouts, "Augh, Augh---Layil! O-Lay---il-l... Augh, --we're falling! Falling -O-o-o-u-uuch!" I stare down at the gigantic darkly burning molten crater that use to be his city. It's covered in massively swirling dark violet flames. Bright red lightning flashes far away in all directions. As we fall, the Goat bitterly shakes his eight horned head. His painful thoughts shout, "La---yil! Layil, ---I fail you! A-a-augh!" I look down in absolute horror. The exploding dark violet flames spread all around the icy lands as far as I can see. Violent red lightning strikes everything in sight. Even huge glaciers burst into flames and burns. Shocked and confused, I ask, "O-God,-- is everyone going to die?" The Goat's three remaining faces cry out. His thoughts furiously shout, "Augh, Tannah, --thou destroyed mine world! --I hate you! I hate thee!" His thoughts screams. We fall into the gigantic dark flames below.

Red lightning strikes his sphere. He shoots blue beams out of his four palms, making the sphere solid blue. We fall streaking down through the dark flames. We crash into molten lava below, mightily splashing bright yellow lava up into the dark flames. Utter darkness. I smell the horrible stench of death. I hear Remiel's disturbed voice, say, "Many, many years latter..." Dimly lit by the sky's weird violet glow, everything looks intensely grainy under the thick black clouds blown by the strong howling winds. I'm floating above the much cratered scorched lands of ashes and poisonous circling smoke. I look up at the oddly intensely glowing sky. Thundering red lighting flashing out now and then. I float down to just above the thick layers of ashes and more ashes being blown all around by the strong howling winds against the dry scorched, sharply cratered lands. I hear scratching sounds. Rocks breaking beneath my floating feet. A hole opens up as lots of ashes fall down inside. The Goat claws his way up out of the massive amounts of dirty ashes. He crawls out. He stands up, glowing whitish violet because of the weird light here. The ashes come up to his thighs. His wings are burnt off. His backside is badly scarred. The strong howling winds knocks him down. Black smoke and ashes flies past us. The stench of death is nauseating. He struggles to stand up. He walk through the deep ashes. I float behind him. Multitudes of ashes slowly fall down all around us. His goat like faces look all beaten up. His many eyes look whitish under the intensely violet light. He frantically wipes the ashes

off his three dirty faces as he painfully shouts, "So --filthy!" He limps through the deep ashes against the howling winds. Ashes everywhere fly all around us as black smoke engulfs us. Thundering red lightning lights up the sky, making him look pink for a moment. He cries out in agony, his echoing voices shouts, "Augh, filthy filth, and more filth! Augh, --the filth! The filth!" He screams. His four arms tries to clean his ash covered body but the winds are always blowing more dirty ashes against him. His four hands frantically try to wipe off the ashes. The Goat angrily shouts, "I must clean up! Must get clean! Clean! Clean! O, --the filth! --The filth! Augh.." He moans. His powerful legs move through the thigh high ashes. He limps through the wind's swirling black smoke. His many whitish eyes look all around at the huge sharp craters littering these dead lands. I black out. I hear Remiel's voice say, "Many years latter..." The smells of death is even worst. I'm floating behind the Goat. He struggles through the deep ashes to get to a gigantic jagged crater. Red lightning flashes above.

Twirling black smoke and ashes fills the air all around us. Thundering red lightning lights up the intensely glowing violet sky. It makes everything look pinkish. He slides down halfway into the huge crater. I float down after him. He grabs onto the side of the crater. Two of his clawed hands shoots blue beams out of his palms. The beams cuts a large circle into the side of the crater. He cuts the circle into fourths. His powerful clawed hands tears into one fourths of the circle and pulls out a heavy, thick slab of rock. He casts it down into the crater. He does the same with the other three fourths. He has created a hole big enough for him to squeezed into the dark cave behind it. He falls down a ways to the cave's floor. A load of ashes falls down on top of him. It's dark down there. His glowing golden halo crown, his fist sized glowing blue jewel and his glowing trim are the only light to see by. He dusts himself off as his echoing voice painfully says, "Finally, --I can clean up!" He obsessively removes all the ashes all over his body with his four clawed hands. He walks for a long time. He finally cleans himself from all of the ashes that covered him. His eight long golden horns are shiny again. He walks down the cave's long passage to a huge underground chamber. I dimly see a huge stone pillar covered with lots and lots of small sculpted pictures all over it. The Goat points to it. He coldly says with his echoing voices, "Interesting... Tubal and Jubal's pillar of knowledge..." He studies the pictures as his echoing voices says, "A

primitive history..." He points up to one picture of an upright standing goat. He laughs and his echoing voices asks, "Does that --suppose to be me?" He points up to another picture. He sadly whines, his echoing voices asks, "Is that a picture of--of, ----her!" Her tormented voice says, "Mine father, - ---mine father, --mine father..." The Goat briefly glows whitish blue. He changes into his human like form. He bitterly cries. Lord Bad emotionally asks, "Layil, my little princess... My light bearer.... Where are you? ---- Layil! Lay--il!" He runs after her voice all the way back to where he fell down. He climbs back up to the hole he cut in the crater. He leaps out of the hole. He looks stark whitish violet under the weird glowing sky. The howling winds blow ashes and the swirling black smoke strongly against him, making him filthy again. He climbs out of the crater. He struggles to rush after her tormented voice through the grainy black ashes all around. Thundering red lightning lights up the violet glowing sky and swirling black clouds above. I float after him. The harsh winds and stinking smokes knocks him face down into the filthy ashes. He stands up. Red lightning makes everything looks pink for an instant. Layil agonizingly voice endlessly cries, saying, "Mine father, mine father... Mine father!" Tears run down lord Bad's dirty ash covered face. He painfully shouts, "Mine princess!!! Mine light barer! O—Lay--il! Layil!" He stares through all the swirling black smoke and ashes filling the air all around him. He doesn't see her. A flash of red lightning. I hear loud thunder. The wind howls. He searches as her tormented voice repeatedly shouts, "Mine father, --mine father.. Mine father!" I hear Remiel's sad voice says, "Endlessly, -- he searches for, --her! ---Among all the charred, scorch ruins of Sheol, --- once known as earth..." I wake up shivering by my sleeping father. I look around and see nothing strange. I fearfully ask, "Was it all just a bad dream? --I sure hope so... "

Two days latter, soon after the sun rises on this cold but clear morning. Me, Lamech, Methuselah, Seven, Chuldah, Gibbor, Sob'ah, Nowtsah, and Obed are gathered deep inside Omer's Algae chamber. Here loud voices echo. The sun's pretty pinkish rays reflects deep down on us through the frosty mist below the large odd shaped opening far above us. Lots of small colorful mushrooms and algae grow all over this chamber's sides. Many long stalactites are hanging downs and stalagmites sticking up from it's slimy foggy caves floor. We're here, along with many Algae

worshippers standing in the cool, algae covered shallow waters. In the middle of these shallow waters, my mother's dead body lays face up. She's wrapped in lots of algae except for her face. We stand on one side of her. Nowtsah, Obed and the other Algae worshippers stand on the other side. My family is dressed as usual. The Algae worshippers wear their thick green hooded robes. My weeping father sadly holds the two halves of his algae wedding stone. Gibbor is wearing his huge white furs with his hood pulled back revealing his very big ears. Sob'ah is wearing her cream colored furs with her hood covering her long whitish hair. Nowtsah, and Obed, wear their dull green hooded robes and hold their algae covered staffs. Many algae worshippers, standing around Tukkiy are holding staffs and or algae stones. Old white haired but still husky man Obed somberly says, "Algae high priestess Nowtsah, --lead us..." Her yellowish tan face has many wrinkles, her squinted eyes are sunken and her thinning white hair sticks out behind her hood. Nowtsah lifts her algae staff up and encouragingly says, "Algae becomes greater!" The Algae worshippers join her and chant, saying, "Algae becomes greater.. Algae becomes greater.. Algae becomes greater!" Their voices echo. They stop. I tearfully look down at my mother's dead body laying face up in the shallow greenish algae covered waters.

The high priestess tears run down her wrinkled cheeks. Nowtsah says with frosted breath, "Our most honored custom is to tell our dead love ones our feelings before we move on..." She and Obed walks up to my mother. They pulls back their hoods. They leans on their algae staffs, and gets down on their knees. As tears roll down from her eyes, Nowtsah emotionally says, "Tukkiy my sister, I, Nowtsah, daughter of Nasher, mourn your death --but as Algae high priestess, --I know you're always part of the Algae... And Algae becomes greater! --Algae always becomes greater! My sister, we didn't always get along... You acted lazy. I didn't know that you were dying.." Old husky man Obed shivers, frowns and says, "Tukkiy, --you deserved better.." Nowtsah sadly says, "I hated you marrying Lamech, that goofy God cultist --but he --loved you... He gave you many more years--and a good son, --Noah... But it cost us, --your precious daughter Yownah! --Still, --my father was right.. Lamech is a good man..." Obed helps her stand up. Nowtsah says with frosted breath, "Good-bye

Tukkiy... Algae becomes greater!" They gracefully back away. Nowtsah says, "Lamech, your turn..."

Lamech leans on his staff. He walks to my mother's corpse. He pulls back his light gray hood. Lamech shivers, and says, "Thanks, Nowtsah..."

He falls down on his knees, splashing the shallow water by his dead wife.

Tears stream down his eyes to his grayish white beard. He takes the two halves of his algae wedding stone. He gently puts them together. He lays them down on his dead wife's breasts. Lamech shakes his head and sorrowfully says, "My Tukkiy, --I miss you! --I miss you --Tukkiy! I'm so sorry about --Yow-nah, --your little dove! Forgive me! --Tukkiy, thank you so much --for giving me a comforting son, --Noah... Tukkiy, --I love you!

So very much! I'm --so sorry about Yownah! I'm sorry!" He leans down and kisses her pale yellow cheek. He weeps bitterly. I help my father stand up. He leans on his staff. He weeps on my shoulder. We walk back.

Gibbor and Sob'ah walk to my mother's side. The bald big eared giant makes a loud splash as he gets down on his knees. Sob'ah kneels by him.

Gibbor's big chubby face tearfully smiles behind his stringy light gray beard. Gibbor sadly says, "Gibbor likes Tukkiy!" Sob'ah shivers in her thick cream colored furs and says, "Me too! I loved Tukkiy.." They get up and walk back.

Chuldah puts her pale face close to my mother's face and says with frosted breath, "Tukkiy my groovy friend... I miss you... You're far out! You're outta sight!" Chuldah slowly stands up and walks back.

My grandfather and my fat grandmother limp forward. Methuselah leans on his spear. He gets down on his feeble knees. He puts his elderly hands together. Methuselah emotionally says, "I didn't approve of my son marrying you --but I now believe it was God's will.. Love is God's greatest blessing! Lord God, I love you! I thank you! Tukkiy, I thank you too. -- Let it be!" Seven helps her very old husband slowly stand up. Seven leans on her staff over my mother's dead body but she doesn't get down on her knees because she's so very plumb. She pulls back her brown hood, revealing her long pure white hair. Tears fill her much wrinkled eyes, her bloated whitish pink face tearfully smiles as she says, "Tukkiy, you had a hard but -- meaningful life.. We love you! We miss you and we always will! God be with you forever..." She and her husband help each other to limp back to us.

I nervously walk to my dead mother. She's wrapped in all that glistening slimy algae. My feet are cold, even wearing my thick wooden sandals covered in thick furs. I get down on my knees. I shiver. I put my long bearded face close to my mother's lifeless face. My heart hurts. Tears run down from my eyes. I say, "Love you, mother! Mother, you loved me so, --despite all my many faults... Tukkiy, you encourage us despite everything bad... I feel guilty... If my father had let you go, --my big sister Yownah would be alive.. She would be doing great things for God! --And you would not of suffered so... ---Instead Tukkiy, --you gave birth to me..." Tears stream down into my beard. I tremble. I weeping eyes look up and I ask as my voice painfully echoes, "Mother, --was I worth it?"

Chapter 11 Sha'ah

2 Peter 2:4-5

4 For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment;

5 And spared not the old world, but saved Noah the eighth person, a preacher of righteousness, bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly;

I'm sitting by young Tubal inside our grandfather's dark brown furry tent. We curiously listen. Pe'ullah is sitting between our grandparents. Grandmother is wearing her long sleeved, yellowish tan furs. She wearing her red feathered headdress. I eat another small fish on a stick. I eat a few nuts from the large wooden bowl I'm holding. I look up and ask, "Why did God speak to you, right after your mother died?" Noah shakes his head and slowly says, "Not a clue.. Well, that's the end." Pe'ullah nervously asks, "How did you know it was God talking to you?" Noah shrugs his shoulder and says, "I just did.." Pe'ullah's cute blue eyes look up at him as she asks, "Grandfather, tell me how you fall in love with grandmother?" His elderly, wrinkled, bloated face smiles sweetly as he says, "That happened latter..." Sha'ah sweetly smiles back. Tubal forcefully says, "Come on, tell us all

about it!" Grandfather's greenish brown eyes sparkle. Noah says with an elderly laugh, "Well, your grandmother was a wild child --and she like boys... Lots and lots of boys.." Sha'ah angrily says, "Noah, don't embarrass me." Noah laughs and says, "But Sha'ah, you embarrassed me..." Sha'ah laughs and says, "That's different... Your love life was --so dull.." Noah cheerfully says, "Sure..." Pe'ullah's pale chubby face smiles as she says, "Grandfather, --please tell us!" He teasingly smiles behind behind his long bushy white beard. Noah cheerfully says, "Pe'ullah, wants to hear about Sha'ah falling madly in love with me?" Pe'ullah excitedly says, "I sure do! Tell me all about grandmother --and the boys..." Tubal's young dark face gleefully smiles as he says, "This sounds good!" Sha'ah's dark eyes look embarrassed as she asks, "Pe'ullah, Tubal, not now! Maybe when you've grown up a bit?" Noah lovingly looks over at her as he says, "Sha'ah, --sure grow up... She was such a cute little baby!" Disturbed, I say, "Wait, Sha'ah... That's the name of Deborah's little baby? -- Grandmother, you're not her! ---Are you?" Sha'ah happily says, "Yeah, I was cute.." A little disgusted, I say, "--And Noah was already an old man when he watched you being born? --Wow, --that's yucky!" Noah blushes. Sha'ah points at me as she angrily says, "Arphaxad, you're being even ruder than Tubal.. Me and Noah had a wonderful love story! --Alright Noah, tell them, --but don't screw up our wonderful love story... Rule seven!" Noah says, "Sure! You're never responsible for what we do... It's my fault..." Noah sadly says, "After my mother died, Methuselah taught me how to preach for six new moons... I believed that people would repent if I told them God would destroy them. --But that was forbidden. I first preach to Omer's Algae worshipers but most of them treated me as a joke..."

Inside Jemimah's igloo, she and her husbands sit around their fire pit with me. They're wearing their green hooded robes. I nervously say, "God always is the true God... We must love God and each other!" Jemimah pats her large belly. Her chubby dark face looks bored. Jemimah says, "Ah, Methuselah made far better arguments..." Sheniy's light brown eyes shines behind his green hood as he says, "It's alright, Noah.. You're not bad.." Achad's youthful yellowish tan, black bearded face looks proud as he says, "But the Algae is just better --than your god.." Nowtsah enters their igloo, laughs and says, "What a huge enthusiastic crowd?" I sadly say, "Thank you Nowtsah, for letting me preach.." Jemimah's dark brown eyes shine as

she happily says, "Our Algae high priestess is so kind... At least, you're not preaching hate like Tannah does.." Sheniy nervous says, "Many actually listened to her." Achad's youthful face frowns as he says, "They follow that mad giantess..." Nowtsah jokingly says, "But Noah, --we just laugh at you.." I'm embarrassed. Jemimah kindly says, "Noah means well." I timidly ask, "What if God was angry?" Nowtsah points her algae staff at me and angrily says, "I am letting you preach your nonsense. ---Don't preach hate, or you're out.." I sadly nod and says, "Yes... Me and my crew better go.."

During the next four new moons, we ride in a sledge. The wolf dogs pulled us through the deep snow, over one of Tubal's bridges. We finally come to the steep cliffs where it's warmer. We sleep at our old igloos. The next morning, we climb down the slippery cliffs using Tubal's metal climbing tools. We carrying many supplies in our backpacks. Our largest ark is anchored next to the beach. We climb up the ark's ladder and put our supplies inside. We set sailed. During the next four new moons, we sailed through several freezing storms. I had doubts about finding our way back to Bachar but I have peace we are sailing the right way. This beautiful sunny warm morning, Jemimah looks out from the top of our mast. Behind her green hood, Jemimah's dark chubby pretty face joyfully shouts, "I see glaciers. And I see Bachar's mountain ..." Achad looks down and shouts, "I see Dehorah and Nathan rowing towards us." I look down onto the aqua waters reflecting the bright sunny sky. I see them rowing their canoe towards us. They're wearing their tight yellowish brown animal skins and their orange feathered headdresses. We follow them around the icy glaciers to the great ice sheet. They pull up their canoe. I climb down our latter holding my staff. Nathan hands me a pair of snowshoes and says, "Put these on under your sandals." I put them on and tie them tightly. Holding our staffs, we walk over this vast icy landscape. In the distance, we see deer leaping around, woolly mammoths marching, hogs eating, and a large feather dragons walking around. Nathan pull their canoe behind him.

I follow them across several icy glaciers. We lean on our staffs. Our broad snowshoes keep us from slipping around. Nathan drags their canoe to the base of their mountain. We carefully climb up the narrow slipper icy path. We slowly walk up higher and higher. The bone chilling howling winds blow and the air become thinner. It's hard for me to breath. We

finally come to the broad place where Nadar's villagers are standing with her. She leans on her long crooked reddish wooden branch. She's wearing her long gray feathered poncho and her yellow feathered headdress. A tall muscular golden tan man is by her side wearing his tight tan poncho. He wears a green feathered headdress is on top his long brown hair. He holds the small hand of a wildly moving toddler. She's making growling sounds. The toddler is wearing yellowish furs and a cute little red feathered headdress. I see Nadar's extremely wrinkled, reddish brown sunken face joyfully smiles revealing her crooked brown teeth as she shouts with much frosted breath, "Noah, you're on time..." Dehorah's shoulder length black hair gently waves under her orange feathered headdress as she runs over to the toddler. She picks up the toddler up in her loving arms. Dehorah says with frosted breath, "Sha'ah, calm down.. Mommy's back!" The tall man smiles. Nathan, walks up and puts his muscular arms loving around wife's shoulder. They hold their rumbustious little daughter up. His handsomely black beard face smiles. Their cute daughter growls. Dehorah takes off her animal skin gloves. She gently touches little daughter's tiny reddish cheeks. Sha'ah bites her fingers. Deborah painfully says, "Ouch... Stop biting mommy!" Nathan gently opens his little daughter's mouth as he says, "Sha'ah, don't bite mama!" I walk up to them. Nadar's elderly voice sweetly sings, "Creator of All, ---thanks for this child... Your plans are good.. Bless us all! Creator of All.." Sha'ah gently yawns. She falls asleep in her mother's arms. Her little reddish face looks so peaceful. Deborah puts her gloves back on. Dehorah sarcastically asks, "Ouch, ouch, --Isn't motherhood great?" She hands little Sha'ah to her loving husband. Nathan kisses his his daughter's forehead, and happily says, "Dehorah, I think so..." She gently rubs her nose against his nose. I take deep breathes because the air is so thin. I stare at Nadar's long crooked nose, long chin, sunken cheeks, and dark shiny eyes under her yellow long feathered headdress. I curiously ask, "Nadar, --how did you get their daughter to sleep?" Nadar happily says with frosted breath, "Trust the Creator of All and --you can do it too.." I skeptically ask, "Really?" Dehorah giggles and says, "Yes, --but trusting takes time... And I'm still learning." She leans too close to Sha'ah. The toddler briefly wakes up. Little Sha'ah throws up yellow vomit on her mother's face. Dehorah shakes her head and asks, "Sha'--ah, --why?" Nathan takes Sha'ah from her. He takes a small fur and

wipes off the vomit off his wife's face. Nathan laughs and asks, "Isn't she cute?" They look down at their little daughter sleeping. They smile together. Nathan happily hands the toddler back to his wife and says, "Sha'ah, we love you!"

Nadar cheerfully says with frosted breath, "To the temple..." Sha'ah wakes up and squirms. We walk up the narrow slippery icy path. Nathan drags their canoe behind him. They takes turns holding their toddler. Every time Nathan holds his daughter, she giggles but every time Dehorah holds her, she cries until Nadar sings again. I look down at the wide awkward thorny snow shoes that keep my aching feet from sliding. I look up at the shelters built next to trees growing out of the mountain's side. We slowly carefully walk up to a narrow green shelter that wasn't there before. I pause. I say, "I don't remember this green shelter." Nadar slyly says, "That's Zabad's Shelter.. Number thirteen." We walk through the green shelter. A cocoe is hanging from it's high ceiling. There are furs, pots, etc but no one is home. We walk to the yellow shelter that has lots of colorful feathers decorating it. Nathan hands their daughter back to Dehorah. The toddler cries. Dehorah softly sings, "Creator of All, thanks for this child... Thanks for the child... Your plans are good. Bless us all! Creator of All.." Sha'ah stops crying. Dehorah holds her close and says, "It kind of work..." Sha'ah cries again. Nadar sweetly sings the same song. Sha'ah falls soundly asleep. Nathan pick up the conoe, puts it over his head, walks up to his entrance and says, "Excuse me..." We enter their shelter's narrow entrance that has lots of icicles. Nathan hangs his canoe on their tall ceiling. We leave. We enter the next shelter. The family inside greets us. We carefully walk by them. I look up at the canoe hanging from their tall ceiling. I squeeze by them. I walk towards a brown shelter. Deborah turns towards us. She puts her daughter down but hold her hand tightly. Her daughter tries to crawl away. Dehorah nervously says, "Sha'ah careful!" Sha'ah stomps her little feet, and growls. We walk through ten other colorful shelters blocking our slippery path. The families in these shelters greet us. We walk out the back.

As we walk near the temple, Dehorah hands Sha'ah back to Nathan. Sha'ah happily wakes up and giggles. Dehorah pretty reddish face frowns as she asks, "Why does Sha'ah cry when I hold her but she giggles for you?" Nathan smiles and happily says, "I'm just blest..." Deborah, and

Nathan says in union, "Creator of All, bless us all..." Sha'ah giggles. Nadar stands by the colorful feather covered narrow door. Nadar pulls the rope to open it, and says, "Enter..." I smell an odd odour. Nathan carries his daughter in followed by his wife. I shiver. I walk into the narrow but very long dark red temple. The temple is faintly lighted by the tall barrel shaped lamp on the pale wooden stage. The lamp has a translucent green film stretched all around it. The light has a weird greenish tint. I look up at the three canoes hanging from the ceiling. I see that Zabad, Ahabah, Yayin, Bar-Zabad are waiting for us. They're sitting on the reddish wooden floor. Zabad and Bar-Zabad look strange. They're wearing orange feathered headdresses, tight brown animal skins, and furry boots. Bar-Zabad has grown quite a bit in the last two years. Yayin sips wine from her wine skin. Ahabah wears her shapely tight tan animals skins, and her colorful orange and green feathered headdress. Nadar enters, leaning on her branch as she happily says, "Creator of All, thanks! You planned for us to be here today.."

The colorful door squeaks and slowly slides down behind her. Nadar says with her powerful elderly voice, "Nathan, put the snowshoes away." He gives his little softy growling daughter to his wife. We take off our snow shoes. We hands them to Nathan. He hangs them on the wall, by all the others. Deborah lifts her daughter up. Sha'ah cries. Dohorah sings, "Creator of All, ---thanks for my child... Your plans are good.. Bless us all! Creator of All... Creator of All..." In her mother's arms, Sha'ah joyfully giggles wearing her cute red feathered headdress. She falls asleep. Nadar smiles. She leans on her branch. She sits down on the small stage that has three hand drums on it's edges. We sit down on the stage. I turn towards Yayin. I curiously ask her, "Yayin, what happened to Zabad and your son?" Her yellowish tan face and squinted dark brown eyes frowns. Yayin nervously says, "They've gone native!" I curiously ask, "Zabad man, --is that true?" Bar-Zabad excitedly says, "Man, the Creator of All is outta sight!" Zabad smiles behind graying brown beard as he says, "Noah man, --we saw the light of God, man..." Yayin sips more wine and nervously says, "He's changed.. He doesn't drink as much... More wine for me!" I ask, "Zabad man, what happened?" Zabad's hazel eyes shine as he excitedly says, "Nadar was jamming at the temple. -A groovy little voice said, "I, -- God Man, created the Algae... And man, --I knew it was the truth!" Nadar's dark sunken eyes shine as she says, "Zabad, it's the Creator of All, good

plans for you.." Zabad happily says, "Yeah..." Bar-Zabad shouts, "The Creator of All is far out!" Ahabah's lovely face smiles behind her beautiful graying hair as she says, "I'm thrilled... My family is no longer pagans, -- except for Yayin..." Yayin sips wine, and arrogantly says, "I believe in reason and logic... Algae becomes greater! Algae becomes greater!" Bar-Zabad happily says, "Man, Bachar rules!" Zabad smiles and happily asks, "Yeah son, why not stay forever?" Ahabah sadly looks down at him and says, "Zabad, we should go see your mother..." Yayin sips more wine and joyfully says, "Let's go back.." Worried, Zabad says, "Groovy girls, --my mother Chuldah might not dig God Man..." Bar-Zabad says, "Man, just hang loose.." Nadar forcefully says, "Zabad, your mother Chuldah misses you. Go!" Zabad says like he doesn't mean it, "Nadar, --I can dig it.."

Nadar points her branch at Nathan and says, "Nathan, gets wine water, seaweed soup, sweet tree bark and happy roots for our guests...." He grabs a wineskins, small red clay bowls, some small bags and hands them to us. I sip some weak wine. I raise the bowl of the good smelling seaweed soup. It tastes good. We open our bags. I pick up a small piece of cooked tree bark. I chew it and it's so sweet. I look down at the stringly yellow things moving around in my bag. Yayin combs back her gray hair. She eats some of the yellow stringy things. She swallows them. Yayin a little drunk says, "Love these happy roots! Yeah, good food... Good wine!" She gulps down more wine. Zabad swallows a hand full of those long yellow moving things and says, "Man, I dig scarfing happy roots!" I nervously say, "Man, I thought you didn't like them.." Zabad swallows more and says, "I opened --my mind..." Ahabah smiles as she says, "He can't get enough now.. Why don't you eat some..." I pick up some stringy moving things and put it by my lips. I slowly eat some. They tastes great. I feel happy. Bar-Zabad swallows a handful of them and says, "I dig happy roots!" Yayin sips wine, eats some happy roots and drunkenly says, "They'e, groovy..." We sip more much watered down wine.

Dehorah gently hands Sha'ah to Nathan and says, "Take her, my love.." He holds his daughter close to his big chest and says, "I'll protect Sha'ah.." They lovingly smile. Dimly lighted by the tainted greenish light, Nadar and Dehorah step up on the small stage. They grab two of the hand drums. They play a haunting melody. They gracefully dance around the large lamp. They joyfully sing together. Nadars elderly but still powerful

voice combines with their playful voices. They happily sing, saying, "Creator of All! We are thankful! We are joyful! You lo---ve us! Creator of All... Plans our good! Even our pain, can be good... Creator of All. We love you! We trust you! You planned good! Creator of All, plan our good! You lo--ve us... You love us.. You love you, and we follow you!" Nadar smiles widely revealing her crooked brownish teeth. Nadar says, "Ahabah, join us..." Ahabah steps up on the stage. She's a head taller than Deborah. Ahabah grabs the third hand drum and gratefully says, "Yeah..." Wearing her beautifully tight tan animal skins and her headdress, she hits her hand drum with her right palm, and plays the haunting melody. She gracefully dances around with them. Ahabah's charming voice joins their harmony, singing, "Creator of All! We are thankful! We are joyful! You lo---ve us! Creator of All... Plans our good! Even our pain, can be good... Creator of All. We love you! We trust you! You planned good for Dehorah, Nathan, and Sha'ah! And for Zabad and his family! For Noah too! Creator of All, plans our good! ... Creator of All love us... And we follow you!" Nadar hugs them and comforting says, "Now go to where the Creator of All sends you.." She puts down her hand drum, grabs her branch, and limps towards me. Under her yellow feather headdress, her extremely wrinkled, long nosed, long chin face sadly looks down at me with her dark shining eyes. I say, "Good-bye Nadar..."

Me, Zabad and his family go back to our ark. During the next eight new moons, we sail the beautiful bright aqua sea back to our beach. We climb it's cliffs with Tubal's metal tools and ropes. The wolf dogs pulled our sledge all the way back across one of the stinking bridges, all the way pass the steaming grounds, and back to Omer's entrance. We visit Chuldah's igloo. We're chilling just outside her igloo. Zabad shouts with frosted breath, "Chauldah, --I'm back with my pack.." Chuldah happy voice says, "Man son, praise the Algae. Come on in!" We lower our heads. We rub our cold glove covered hands together. We walk into her wonderful warm igloo. Chuldah, is wearing her green robe. She's sitting by her lovely warm fire-pit. She's holding her Algae-covered staff. We sit down on nice furs by her. Behind her hood, Chuldah's pale wrinkled face stares at Zabad and his son. They're wearing brown animal skins and orange feathered headdresses. She pulls back her hood off her whitish gray hair. Chuldah angrily asks, "Zabad man, --Bar-Zabad, where be your Algae

robes?" Her grandson's youthful yellowish pale face smiles. Bar-Zabad boldly says, "Mam, the Creator of All is far out!" Zabad looks nervous as he says, "God Man, made the Algae.." Ahabah's golden tan face smiles beautifully under her green and orange headdress. Shocked, Chuldah shouts, "O-Man, this is heavy! Nowtah was right about this cult!" Bar-Zabad's eyes look glazed as he says, "Chuldah mam, --the Algae is a fable..." Chuldah points her algae staff at him and angrily shouts, "Bar-Zabad, the Algae is a fact! This ---bogus cult of hot wolves zonk your minds for their squaresville god!" Irritated, Ahabah says, "We're not cultists!" Yayin squints her brown eyes and shouts, "You're mad cultists! You seduced Zabad.. Chuldah mam, lay it on them!" Chuldah angrily says, "Yayin, --you married Ahabah too! You not cool.." Embarrassed. Yayin says, "Yeah, but we --like her...." Chuldah angrily says, "Girl, that's gnarly! You know the Algae be fact --but you let that hot wolf zonk their brains!" I nervously say, "Chuldah, calm down.." Chuldah bitterly says, "Noah, Ahabah--split!" Bar-Zabad calmly says, "Hey mam, hang loose! Ahabah is groovy.. Noah groovy.." Zabad's pale wrinkled face frowns as he forcefully says, "Mother, don't freak out... Ahabah be one of my hot wolves!" Chuldah angrily shouts back, "But Noah's not! He splits!" Zabad says, "Mother, I don't dig this..." I stand up and sadly says, "Zabad man, --I better go!" Zabad says, "We'll go with you..." Chuldah shouts as we walk out into bitter cold, "Son man, don't split." Ahabah shouts back, "We'll come back when we're welcome." We get into the sledge. I say, "I feel God wants me to go the great mountain to peach." Zabad say, "That's far out." Bar Zabad excitedly says, "Yeah.." Ahabah says, "It's the Creator of All's plan." Yayin says, "Man, get me lots of wine and I be cool.."

About three new moons latter, about noon, against the blindingly white horizon I barely see the great mountain. The mountain peak has collapsed. The whole mountain looks melted. Bar-Zabad, points at it and excitedly says, "That mountain looks freaky..." Ahabah's wrinkled but beautiful face smiles as she asks, "What happened to it?" Yayin sips wine from her large wine-skin. As the wolf dogs pull us near the base of the mountain, I look up. I see that the crystal palace and the holy cave are gone. Just a cooled lava stream and ice where the holy cave was. We see a bunch of merchants trading their goods. A small crowd is around them. Holding my staff, I step out of the sledge. I tied our sledge to a small tree.

Zabad and his family follow me. We walk up to a fearful pale young merchant, wearing dark furs. He's standing by his food stand. I curiously ask, "What happened to the great mountain?" The merchant fearfully says, "My family heard loud thunder... We went outside. We saw the crystal palace fly. A giant bubble cover the mountain. Then dark flames melted the mountain and fill the sky with black smoke. Magic lights stop the flames and a great green light clean up the sky." Bar-Zabad jumps up and down as he shouts, "Hey everybody, listen up to Noah's groovy message!" Yayin, wearing heavy hooded furs, acts embarrassed. Yayin sips wine from her wine-skin and says, "Son man, don't freak out.." A crowd gathers around us. I happily shout, "Love God and others! Be blessed! God commands us to love God and each other! Be good, be true, keep promises. Help others. God helps those who obey..." One skeptical merchant loudly asks, "Obey what, exactly?" I happily shout, "Feed the hungry! Give water to the thirsty! Care for the sick! Husband and wives be faithful... And be thankful to God!" A pale young woman wearing heavy white hooded furs, says, "But if we help others, we'll have less... We don't have enough for ourselves." A young brown woman frowns at a dark young man as he boldly says, "But my wife sometimes says no... I need women who say yes!" His wife slaps him. A sickly old yellow tan woman, wearing a black hooded robe bitterly says, "The gods have deserted us! --What should I be thankful for?" I happily shout, "God has not deserted us! Just see all the good things around you..." The old woman painfully says, "I'm blind... I don't see anything!" The crowd boos. Ahabah emotional shouts, "Stop booing!" Zabad waves his arms around and happily shouts, "The Creator of All, blesses the groovy!" The crowd stop booing. A pale old man, wearing black furs and turban lustfully points to Ahabah and shouts, "She one old hot wolf!" Ahabah nervous says, "Thank you.." Yayin jealously asks, "What about me?" The old man looks at her and howls. Yayin's squinted eyes shine as she sips more wine. I shout, "Listen! God is just asking you to respect God and be nice to each other!" The crowd pauses. The old blind woman bitterly says, "We're suffering! And you ask us to waste our food on bums!" The crowd boos. A young woman shouts, "They're crooks, trying to trick us out of our hard earned goods!" Ahabah sadly says, "No, we want to help you all... Love the Creator of All!" I say, "God loves you --so love God.." The pale old man laughs, claps his hands and says,

“Grab them hot wolves! We’ll love them!” Many of them agree. Bar-Zabad frowns and says, “This is bogus!” Yayin fearfully says, “I’m freaked... Let’s split!” I say, “Split!” The crowd becomes violent. We jump back into the sledge. I hastily shout, “Wolf dogs, go!” The wolf dogs pull us quickly away just before the crowd would grab us. They run after us.

For several days, the wolf dogs pulls our sledge across the deep snow and many slippery hills. We arrive at the Bear tribe’s village across this icy plain. They have about forty large igloos arrange in large circle with white and gray bear furs around their entrances. There are three igloos near the center with one huge igloo in the center. I see Yayin lustfully look from under her hood at the about thirty mighty dark warriors. They’re holding their long wooden spears and standing by the outer igloos. They wearing heavy polar bear furs with bear heads covering the top of their heads. She sips wine. Yayin says with frosted breath, “Yeah, - Bear tribe warriors!” Zabad shivers and says, “Yayin, I be your warrior! Can you dig it?” Yayin says like she’s bored, “I dig it...” Bar-Zabad rubs his glove covered hands together. His young face frowns childishly as he says, “Yayin mam, stop embarrassing me!” Ahabah shivers. She dreamily looks around. Her beautiful eyes look please at all dark muscular men around. Ahabah happily says, “Hopefully, the Bear tribe will listen to the Creator of All.” Zabad jealously says, “Hey, hot wolves, stop drooling...” Ahabah looks down at her husband and sadly says, “I’ll try..” Yayin looks dreamily and asks, “What for?” Zabad and her son frown at her. One big stout warrior walks towards us. I shout, “Wolf dogs, stop!” The stout warrior’s dark young face stares as he points his spear at us. He roughly asks with frosted breath, “Come peacefully?” I nervously say, “Peacefully... Tell Chief Chartom that Noah, grandson of Methuselah, wants to talk.” The warrior says, “Yep.” He walks to and enters the huge igloo in the center of the village. Soon, he and a fat women carrying a large wooden bowl walk out towards me. She’s wearing hooded thick white bear furs. The fat woman says to me, with frosted breath, “I be Chartom’s favorite wife, Emunah(faithful 530). Sip seven times from the friendship bowl...” I step out and take the bowl from her hands. I take a sip. It’s extremely sweet but it kind of burns my throat. It’s taste shoots up my nose and fills my mouth. Zabad takes the animal skin strips that the wolf dogs are attach to and says,

“Man, that wine smells good..” I sip the friendship wine six more times. I gasp a little each time I sip. I hand the big bowl back to her. I feel unsteady. Emunah’s dark chubby face frowns, as she forcefully says, “You came alone!” I say, “Just me and my friends here...” Emunah says, “Come.” Emunah and the warrior walk me to the huge igloo. I wobble, feel dizzy and say, “I feel like I’m about to black out..” I faint but a warrior grabs me.

Suddenly, I’m sitting on thick bear furs in this huge icy igloo. A small fire burns in their fire pit. A large piles of sticks are neatly stack up near by. I look up at their very wrinkled chief sitting on his throne made of thick bear bones. He’s wearing thick golden colored bear furs with a golden bear head over his head. He’s surrounded by several old wives and six of his his full grown sons, and many grandchildren, etc. His tallest most handsome son looks down at his short, scrawny brother and arrogantly says, “Towbiyahuw(goodness2900), --you’re nothing..” Chartom angrily says, “Chamac (cruelty 2555), respect little brother.” All the chief’s sons, and his grandchildren bow before him as Chamac bitterly says, “Yes, father...” Emunah gently grabs the chief’s elderly hand and kisses it. I try to get up. I bow before him. He looks at me with his dark sunken eyes.

Chartom asks, “Great grandson of Enoch, what do you want?” I slur my words somewhat, saying “Chief Char-tom, I tell --your tribe to --love God and --each other...” Chartom bitterly says, “I was once told how the sons of God heal Towb Dobe... They gave us four commands... Stop worshiping idols! Don’t slaughter other tribes! Feed the hungry and be faithful to wives.. We obeyed... But my old friend king Semjaza left. His friend oppressed us! And your god abandoned us!” I cheerfully say, “God loves you --and the Bear tribe!” Chartom angrily says, “Liar... Your god may even destroy us! But the great Bear god will save us!” Shocked, I slur my words, saying, “No! God will bless the Bear tribe --if you Love God and --each other!” Chartom emotionally says, “Then bring back my old friend king Semjaza!” I painfully say, “I can’t... But love God and the Bear tribe will prosper!” Chartom fearfully shouts, “Noah, swear to me that your god will never destroy the Bear tribe!” I fearfully say, “I can’t.” Chief Chartom sadly says, “Then leave!” I nervously ask, “May I talk, --to your tribe? -- I’ll just tell them to love God --and each other.” Chief Chartom thinks about it and says, “I will allow it...”

Emunah and the warrior helps me walk with my staff out back into the bitter cold because I can barely stand up. Emunah powerfully shouts with frosted breath, "Chief Chartom commands... Listen to Noah! Then he leaves." Out of the igloos, comes all their men, women and many children.

Emunah shivers and says to me, "Hurry up!" I pull my furry hood over my head. I lean on my staff. I look around all the people around me. I look back at my friends cheering me from our sledge. I cheerfully shout, "Love God and others and you will be righteous! For God rewards the righteous and punishes the wicked!" The villagers silently stare at me. Emunah forcefully says, "Now leave with your friends.." Shocked, I say, "But I -- got more to say..." Emunah forcefully says, "You said enough! Leave before we sacrifice you to the Bear god.." I nervously say, "I'll --split.."

Using my staff, I walk back to our sledge. I sit down by Zabad. I pick up the red bowl with the magic blue needle. I look where's it's pointing. I grabs the animal skin straps attached to the wolf dogs. Discouraged, I shout with frosted breath, "Wolf dogs, --go!" They pull us away. Zabad frowns as he says, "Man, what a bummer! They didn't dig the Creator of All at all!" Bar-Zabad angrily says, "Man, that was bogus!" I shake my head and ask, "O-God, why didn't they listen?" Ahabah gently smiles and says, "Noah, the Creator of All didn't open their hearts.. It's not your fault!"

Yayin takes a sip of wine, drunkenly laughs under her green hood and says, "You -- not -inspiring..." Frustrated, I ask, "Yayin, could I have a sip?"

Yayin hands me her large wine-skin and says, "Sure man, you're bumming..." I sip a lot. I pass out. Zabad grabs the strips and our wolf dogs keep going..

Several days latter, near sunset the wolf dogs pull our sledge back to Omer. I walk to Zabad's igloo and shout, "Zabad man, Noah here.." I hear Yayin's voice say, "Zabad, your --best friend is here.." Zabad happily says, "Groovy!" I bow down and enter through their sparkly white icy entrance and their green curtain. We hug. Zabad smiles behind his graying beard as he excitedly says, "Man, I feel the Creator of All wants us groove back to Bachar." Bar-Zabad happily says, "That's where it's at!" Ahabah, wearing her tight tan animal skins, and her long orange and green feathered headdress says, "I feel it too." Yayin smiles excitedly as she says, "This hot wolf, wants to go.." Yayin playfully howls. Zabad excitedly says, "Hot wolves, we're tripping..." I say, "Alright, man!" That night, I sleep in their

igloo. I'm covered by thick furs. I dream about the mysterious Man in the white hooded robe. I can't see his face but I hear him sigh. I see a village of tiny men with empty eye sockets. They're holding the leases of big dark robed women. The Man in white weeps. We wake up early in the morning.

We get dressed in our heaviest furs. I put on our thick wooden sandals and tie thick furs around them with strips of animal hides. We also put on thick primitive gloves over our hands. We pick up our staffs. We walk over to Jemimah's igloo, the one with light green ornaments. I shout, "Jemimah!"

Jemimah's voice says, "We'll be out soon.." Jemimah and her two husbands walks out. We walk together to Omer's rocky entrance. Some friendly Algae worshipers have two sledges being pulled by seven wolf dogs each for us to ride in. One for me, Zabad and his family. The other for Jemimah, Sheny, and Achad. We sit down in our well supplied sledges.

I have brought Tubal's little red bowl along. I hold the bowl with the magic blue needle in my glove covered hands. I look down at it and shout with frosted breath, "Wolf dogs go!" Jemimah also shouts, "Wolf dogs go!"

The wolf dogs pull us all the way over many hills and through the deep snow to the steaming grounds. We gets lots of fruits and other supplies.

We leave before the sun sets.

Three new moons latter, at noon, the vast gray clouds above are dark. The ice chilling winds and heavy snowflakes are covering everything. It dangerous for us to cross either one of Tubal's heavily snow-covered bridges. The wolf dogs pull us slowly, carefully through the deep snow, carefully crossing an icy bridge over the stinking seemingly endless crack in the earth. We all gasp from the horrible stench. The strong winds push us to the edge of the bridge but the wolf dogs manage to pull us to the other side. They pull us all the way to the Algae worshiper's camp near the cliffs by to the sea. The clouds clear. We see the sun set in the pretty colorful cloudy horizon. The Algae worshipers let us sleep in their igloos. Early morning, we walk out into the deep snow. The purplish sky turns pink. We leave a deep trail in snow behind us. We climb up the edge of the cliffs.

We watch the pinkish sun slowly rise over the dark but glistening waters.

We attach our long rope to the tree on top this cliff. Wearing thick gloves, we tightly hold onto Tubal's steel iron climbing tools. We carefully climb down the jagged slippery icy cliff, down to the beach below. The snow covering all those tiny tan rocks has mostly melted. I look out at the three

arks floating near-by, anchored in the shore's shallow waters. The arks are made of logs cut precisely with Tubal's saws to fit tightly together. They're thickly covered and sealed with pitch inside and out. I see the bright orange sun reflecting in the sea's gentle waves. Our largest ark is about twice as big as Tubal's old metal shop. It gently rocks in the calm waters. It's twice as wide as it is tall, not including its mast that is as tall as Gibbor. This ark is twice as long as it is wide. The deck has thick wooden rail about half a tall man's height all around its edges except where the rope ladder hangs.

In the center of the deck, are the ropes that control the rudder. There is a thick square sliding door on the floor of the deck. The door is half as wide as a tall man is tall. A wooden ladder is attached on the side. We ride a raft with two paddles attached to it, out onto the waves. We row out to the largest ark. We climb up the rope ladder. We take the supplies down inside, and climb back up to the deck. We climb down the rope ladder. We get back into the raft, return to shore and get more supplies. We do this several times. We climb aboard and tie the raft in between the rail with strips of animal hides. I shout, "Sheniy and Achad, put up the sails!" They shout, "Yes Noah..." A cool breeze blows. Sheniy and Achad put up our large rectangular animal hide sail. They tie it tightly onto the thick wooden mast.

They take our six long wooden oars down below in case the wind stops blowing. Jemimah and her two husbands pull up this ark's heavy metal anchor. They also operate the ventilator to keep the air fresh down below.

We watch the sun rising high into the clear blue sky. A few scattered pinkish white clouds are here and there. I hold the small red bowl to see where the magic blue needle points. I look down and I shout with slightly frosted breath, "Let's sail!" Jemimah takes hold on the ropes that control the ark's rudder. The gentle winds blows against our sail. We head out to beautiful vast aqua sea's gentle white waves. We sail by the scattered icebergs into the endless bright waters. I look out in wonder at the peaceful horizon.

Three new moons latter, near sunset, Zabad, Ahabah, Yayin, and Bar-Zabad are shivering with me on the deck in the misty air. I'm wearing my brown hooded furs but my furry glove covered hands are still cold.

Jemimah, wearing her green hooded robe is standing by the mast. She's pulling the ropes that control the rudder. Zabad and his family stand together. Yayin is wearing her green hooded robe. She's holding her wine-

skin. Zabad and his son stands by her. They're both wearing dark furs over their tight animal skins. They're wearing their orange feathered headdresses. I look up at Ahabah wearing thick white furs over her shapely animal skins. She's wearing her green and orange feathered headdress on top of her beautiful shoulder length graying hair. The ark gently rocks back and forth. We look around at the calm gentle waves of the vast darkening sea reflecting the sun's last streaking rays. We look at the beautiful orange and pink scattered clouds in the purple sky. I cry. I bow my head. Ahabah walks over. She puts her right hand on my slump shoulders and gently asks, "Why are you so sad?" I look up at her beautiful face gently smiling. Shivering, I say, "My mother died three years ago --but..." Ahabah's beautiful light brown eyes look down deeply into mine as she says, "But -- you sometimes forget that Tukkiy is dead... And you still look around for her..." As tears flow down my cheeks, I sadly say, "Exactly..." Ahabah happily says, "Your mother is with the Creator of All... And --she's proud of you!" She takes off her gloves. Her gentle hands softly touches my long beard. I ask, "Are you sure?" Ahabah says with frosted breath, "Yes, she is..." Zabad jealously looks at us and shouts, "Ahabah, you're my hot wolf!" She walks back to her husband. Yayin strongly hugs her husband and proudly says, "Hey Zabad, I'm the hot wolf that gave you a son..." Zabad hugs her back and says, "Yayin, you hot wolf, --I love you and Bar-Zabad!" Ahabah jealously frowns. Bar-Zabad says as he frowns, "Mam, stop embarrassing me!" They all hug.

Ahabah looks up worried at a tiny dark cloud on the distant horizon. She looks scared. Ahabah asks with frosted breath, "Creator of All, why?" I nervously ask, "What is it?" Ahabah shouts, "--Noah, -take the sails down now!" Zabad laughs and says, "Ahabah, --hang loose.." Ahabah shouts, "A great storm is coming fast!" Bar-Zabad fearfully shouts, "Noah man, hurry!" Yayin look around. She takes a sip from her wine-skin, laughs, and says, "Son, don't freak.." I look over at Jemimah. I shout, "Take the sails down!" Her chubby face and shiny dark eyes looks up at the calm sky. Jemimah asks, "Why? The sky is so peaceful..." I forcefully say, "Just do it!" Jemimah rushes over. She open the sliding door in the deck's floor. Jemimah forcefully shouts, "Sheniy, and Achad, take the sails down now!" Wearing their thick green robes, they come up. Both Sheniy and Achad asks, "Why?" Bar-Zabad nervously shouts, "Ahabah heard from

God Man... The storm be outta sight!” Embarrassed, Yayin says, “Bar-Zabad, don’t freak out...” Sheniy’s black bearded narrow dark face and light brown eyes frowns as he says, “Not the Creator of All again...”

Irritated, Achad looks worried behind his stringy short black beard as he says, “Yep! Again...” Yayin sips from her wine-skin and says, “Again..” Jemimah puts her hands on her plump wide hips as she forcefully says, “Do it!”

I, Zabad, Sheniy, and Achad rush over to the mast. Sheniy and Achad climbs up the mast’s short ladder. As we untie the ropes holding the wide sail down. A powerful howling icy wind blasts us so hard that it almost knocks us down. The sail flaps violently. Strong winds knock Zabad’s family and Jemimah off their feet. Her fat rear hits the deck. The growing waves rock us back and forth. I see massive dark clouds coming towards us. They’re blackening the sky. I see great flashes of lightning.

Dangerously sharp sleet rains down on us, hurting our hands and faces.

Lightning flashes and thunder roars. Sea water splashes up onto the deck. Zabad’s family and Jemimah stand up but the winds and splashing waves knock them down again. The sleet is coating everything with a thin layer of ice. Yayin drops her wine-skin. It slides under the rail and falls into the sea. A brief calm. I, Zabad, Sheniy and Achad hold on tightly to the slippery mast. We work together removing the thick ropes holding the sail to the top of the mast. A blast of icy winds threatens to throw us down onto the hard deck. The dark sea’s increasingly hostile waves rock us harder.

Lightning races across the sky. A noisy wave hits the ark, tilts it and splashing ice cold sea water over the rails. Zabad’s family and Jemimah slide down the icy deck towards the rail. I shout, “God help them! Help!” Zabad shouts with frosted breath, “No man, --no!” They bump hard against the rails. They just barely grab onto the rail with their arms. My beard is coated with sleet. I’m so painfully cold. I, Zabad, Sheniy and Achad desperately hold onto the ice coated sail. The sharp sleet raining down hurts our hands. It makes the flapping sail too slippery to hold onto. I shiver. The icy sail slips out of our grasping hands. The sail hits the slippery deck. The wind calms. I shout above the noisy loud waves, “Grab the sail!” Hanging onto the icy rail, Bar-Zabad shouts, “Man, --I don’t dig this!” The large sail slides strait towards Zabad’s family. Ahabah shouts above the crashing waves as the sail hits them, “I’ll --get it!” She reaches out and somehow grabs the sliding sail. Yayin and Jemimah grab her

slippery arms. Ahabah holds onto the sail. Another calm. The ark levels out.

Sheniy and Achad step down from the mast's ice coated ladder.

Zabad fearfully shouts as icy sleet rains down on us, "Son man, groovy girls, --hold on!" We hear the sea's growing waves crash against the ark.

The wave violently sprays Zabad's family and Jemimah with more sea water as lightning flashes and thunder roars. They're holding onto the icy slippery rail for their lives. They're sliding all around as sleet rains down and sea water splashes over them. A loud pounding wave hit the ark that violently rocks us and splashes near freezing water all over. We're so soaked that our hands and feet are going numb. I hold onto the ice covered mast tightly. A huge wave tilts the ark. I watch Bar-Zabad almost falls off the edge, under the rail into the stormy sea. Zabad shouts above the thunder, "Son man, don't let go!" Bar-Zabad shouts, "Help! --Help!"

Yayin grabs her son by his wet furs. She shouts above the noisy waves and thunder, "Son man, --hold on! Hold on tight!" Zabad fearfully shouts, "O-Yayin girl save our son!" Soaking wet, Yayin shouts, "Algae, --save my silly son! O--Algae help!" She fiercely hold onto the rail with one arm and super humanly pulls her son's up by his icy wet furs. She pulls him back from under the rail onto the icy deck. I, Zabad, Sheniy and Achad struggle to hold onto the slippery mast. They keep grabbing me. I try to open the slippery ice coated door by our feet. Lightning lights up the sky. Painfully loud thunders crashes. Another calm. I pound the door with my aching fists. Breaking the thin ice over it. I manage to open it's sliding door.

Zabad, Sheniy and Achad hold tightly onto me and the mast. Sea water is falling down into the ark through the open door near our feet. Zabad's family and Jemimah let go of the rail. They crawl on their hand and knees towards us. They drag the sail against the very slippery wet deck. As they crawl, I'm on my sore knees with Zabad holding my feet and, Sheniy and Achad holding him. I reach out my numb hands towards Ahabah. I just barely grab her icy wet right hand. A huge wave loudly crashes against the ark, tilting it, and spraying us with freezing cold water. I feel Ahabah's grasping hand slip out of my hand. Her family, and Jemimah are holding onto the sail. They slide back towards the icy rail. Numbing cold sea water sprays us as sleet rains painfully down. A miracle happens. Somehow the ark violently tilts back the other direction before Zabad's family and Jemimah would hit the rail. They slide towards me, still holding onto the

large tangled icy sail. I reach out my numb slippery hand. I powerfully grab Ahabah's arms with all my might. I feel her arms slipping out of my hands but I somehow I pull her up by the mast. Zabad pulls me closer as Sheny and Achad bravely grabs onto us. Lightning bolts light up the falling sleet. The thunder roars louder than the crashing waves. Zabad, me and Ahabah carefully awkwardly stand up on the slippery deck. We grab onto the ice coated mast. We pull Bar-Zabad, Yayin and Jemimah closer. They are still holding onto the large tangled sail. Sheny and Achad climb down through the open deck door. I pull Bar-Zabad, Yayin, and Jemimah to the mast. Ahabah climbs down the ladder. Me and Zabad grab onto the tangled icy sail. Bar-Zabad, Yayin, and Jemimah step down the icy wet ladder. Zabad's icy pale gray bearded face frowns as he shouts, "Man, watch out below!" We somehow wrap up the slippery large sail. We push it down through the open door. Another loud crashing wave hits the ark. It splashing us with lots of near freezing water. As the painful sleet rains down on us, lightning flashes, and thunder roars. Sea water is rushing down from the sliding door. We can barely see through all the sleet. A huge lightning bolts light up the sky. Thunder roars so loudly it hurts our ears. Zabad jumps down. I grab onto the ladder as numbing cold water pours down on me, soaking my icy wet beard. I struggle with all my might to close the icy sliding door above us. It stops the sea water from flooding in. The sliding door slowly closes tight. I watch the last bright sliver of light be close off. We're trapped in utter shivering darkness. I have to find the ventilator in the dark. I turn it off to close the adjustable windows to keep more sea water from rushing in.

I'm freezing. My soaked numb feet slide across the floor. We all grab each other very tightly. We cough. My nose is running down with snot. We hear the thunder, crashing waves and hard hitting sleet. The sea water swooshing around us is ankle deep. It's slowly rising. The ark tilts and we fall down many times. The cold water chills us, splashing on us with each big wave crashing against the ark. The warmth of our bodies together is the only faint warmth we feel in this ice cold, soaking wet darkness. Our numb hands grab some ropes attached to the sides. We endlessly rock back and forth, feeling increasing ill and coughing more.

Our numb wet feet and ankles hurt so much. I cough. I rub the snot off my freezing wet nose. The storm goes on endlessly. The air is not good but I can't run the ventilator as long the storm rages. We're battered, bruise and

coughing. I'm so tired and soaking wet from all the cold water splashing on us. I'm so sick of all this endless rocking back and forth. Uncontrollably shivering, I cry out and say, "God, --I'm so cold! --And my feet hurt so much!" I cough. I shouts, "God, don't let us die like this! --Have mercy on us, God! Have mercy... Mercy!" We group hug tightly for warmth. I hear Yayin, Jemimah, Sheniy and Achad's voices repeatedly, painfully cough and shouts, "Algae becomes greater! Algae become greater! Algae becomes greater!" I hear Yayin's angrily shouts, "--Hey Algae, --don't let me die sober... Save my goofy son!" I hear her cough and blows her nose. Bar-Zabad shivers and shouts, "Mam, stop embarrassing me... God Man, help! Help!" Zabad says in agony, "Creator of All, save my groovy son -- and my groovy girls! Creator help!" Ahabah cough several times and her lovely voice calmly says, "Creator of All! I don't understand --but I trust your plan! Your plans for us are good... You love us! You love us... And we love you, Creator of All.." Ahabah's prayer calms me.

I feel a most violent wave loudly crash. It knocks us hard against the sides of the ark. We're being thrown around in utter darkness, tilting the ark so much it almost turns us upside down. The freezing cold water splashes repeatedly against our already soak furs and skin. We're shivering, badly bruised, painfully freezing, and snot running down our noses. We're coughing, and trapped in a big mercilessly rocking coffin. We're hanging on to each other for dear life. The air becomes harder to breath. I hear my own voice shout, "We're going to live!" Yayin voice says, "Bogus man, we're doom!" I hear splashing waters, falling sleet, and more thunder.

Jemimah and her husbands repeatedly say, "Algae becomes greater!" The storm goes on for what seems like eternity and beyond. We're all heavily breathing. We're wiping snot off our noses. I feel faint. We all so terribly cold tired, sore and going numb but we keep each other awake. The ark loudly hits something so hard that we are thrown to one side. I hear the side of the ark breaking and sea water rushing in. Everyone here but Ahabah screams. Ahabah coughs and shouts, "Creator of All, --I trust you!" The storm stops. I'm faint. Breathing is hard. I crawl up the slippery ladder. I try to open the sliding door but the sleet above has sealed the door shut.

The cold water inside rises to our thighs. I bang on the door, trying to break the thin ice. My numb hands hurt. I drop down and splash into the deepening numbing waters. Trying to stay awake, I shout in despair, asking

“God, why? Why? Why?” I hear Yayin, Sheny, Achad, vomiting into the waters. I feel sick too. I can hardly breathe. I hear Zabad climbing up the ladder. He pounds on that door more than I did. I hear another splash. He faints. He drops down into the ice cold waters which rises to our chests. I hear Sheny, then Achad, then Jemimah, and even Yayin climb up the ladder, bang on the door but they fail to open it. Yayin furiously splash water around and shouts, “So much --for your, --Creator of All plans!”

Yayin coughs and cries out, saying, “Son, --the Algae is punishing you --- and Zabad for joining that ---squaresville cult!” Zabad angrily shouts, “Yayin, that be Bogus --and gnarly.” Bar-Zabad coughs and comforting says, “Mother, hang --loose!” I hear Jemimah sickly cough and says, “We’re returning to --the Algae..” Her husbands blow their noses and say, “Algae becomes greater.. Algae becomes ---greater..” In this awful cold darkness, we’re dying. We can’t breath much. We’re about to pass out. I hear Bar-Zabad weakly swim over to the ladder. He struggles to climb up the ladder. He weakly knocks on the door above him a few times. Bar-Zabad coughs, wheezes as his much shivering voice says, “God Man, --be groovy! Let it be!” I hear a squeak. He slides the door open. A blindingly bright beam of sunlight shines in. It hurts my eyes. I close my eyes. I shout, “Thank God! Praise the Lord!” Water pours in from above. I slowly open my eyes which adjust to the bright light flooding the ark’s inside. Bar-Zabad climbs up onto the deck, takes a fresh breath and shouts down, “Man, groovy air, come on up!” Yayin swims over, climbs the ladder and steps onto the deck. She is followed by Ahabah and Zabad. We’re soaking wet. We shiver much. Jemimah, Sheny and Achad swim over, climb up through the door. I struggle to swim over. I struggle to climb up the ladder, out from the dark waters. I take a life giving breath. I step onto the deck. It’s amazingly warm up here. Our soaking furs and long hair drips lots of drops of water.

It’s so warm that the thin ice coating everything is actually melting. We’re coughing, and having snot run down all our noses. We cling to each other for warmth. I joyfully shout, “Thank God!” Ahabah coughs a lot and says shivering, “I don’t feel so good..” Zabad looks up and hugs her tightly and says, “Groovy girl, --I love you!” We blow our noses. We rub the snot onto our soaked cold furs. Yayin hold her son close and says, “Son man, everything’s cool... Like I said..” Bar-Zabad vomits a little and says,

“Bogus, mam!” I look around. I see that the ark is stuck onto a large jagged gray frosted rock sticking out of the shallow aqua waters. Near-by, I see a strange colorful rock-filled coast that has yellow and purple rocks covered in algae. The rocks stick out of the waters near a lightly frosted shore. I cough. I happily shout, “Another miracle, --land! --Lower the raft!” Jemimah shivers in her drench plump robe with her hood pull back, and excitedly shouts, “We’ll do...” The bright sunlight is warming us. Behind the shore, I see jagged hills and lots of small trees and thorny vines covered with a layers of ice. Many tree branches are broken off by the heavy weight of the sleet. Shivering with snot running down his nose, Zabad looks confused as he asks, “Man, what about us?” I nervously say, “Man, stay with your family till we know the land is safe..” Jemimah, Achad, and Sheniy walks to the raft tied between the rails. They unties it. They lower the raft down by it’s rope onto the calm gentle waves. I pull out the rope ladder out that attached to the ark between the opening of the rails. We climb down. I step onto the gently rocking raft. Jemimah, Sheniy, and Achad climb down after me. Jemimah’s husbands grab the raft’s paddles. They rowing us up to the colorful sharp rocks and glistening shore. We step out into the shallow waters and pull the raft up on to the shore. Jemimah’s chubby face looks around as she says, “I see no dangers...” Achad coughs, his robe is soaking wet, rubs his snotty nose and says, “We need shelter!” I pray, saying, “God, help us... Let it be!” We walk on the puddle filled grounds. I see nobody. I only see a few small flying animals here and there. Sheniy’s dark narrow face smiles as he says, “I see some flints.” Achad’s dark brown eyes frown as he says, “But it’s too wet to start a fire.”

Sheniy spot something in the distance. He shouts, “Praise the Algae...” He runs ahead of us. We follow. I see a small icy pond near what looks like a small old shaped rocky light purple entrance to a small cave. Jemimah slides her hands down the sides of her big stomach as she says, “Looks a little too tight for me...” Achad’s yellowish tan face smiles as he says comfortingly, “I’ll crawl in...” He squeezes in. I hear his voice says, “I see a faint light ahead..” Sheniy crawls in after him. I hear Sheniy’s voice says, “The cavern is actually --hot... Noah, you got to see this...” It’s tight but I crawl downward into this cave. I see this faint bluish glow ahead and feel warm. I see some rocks and bones laying near-by. I look

around and curiously ask, “Who arrange these rocks?” Sheniy picks up a human skull, points to it and says, “Probably him...”

Grandmother Sha’ah looks bored behind her furry hood. Pe’ullah yawns. Sha’ah interrupts grandfather’s very long story, saying, “Noah, -- tell Pe’ullah about me! She didn’t ask about Zabad, or the bear tribe, or the terrible storm, or the tiny scaly people hiding in that cave...” Noah coldly says, “Sha’ah, rule six!” Sha’ah seductively says, “Sorry, Noah.. But please get to the important stuff, --me!” Noah’s greenish brown eyes sparkle as he cheerfully says, “Sure Sha’ah... For about ten years, we couldn’t find Bacar. We sail to many strange islands. I preached to some really weird tribes. They didn’t repent. Eleven years after we last left Bacar, one bright sunny morning, I finally saw their mountain in the distance... As we sailed by some glaciers. I saw Nathan and Deborah row their canoe out to us. We followed them to the great ice sheet. Jemimah and her husbands took down our sail, and dropped our anchor. I left Jemimah in charge of the ark. I let down our raft. I climbed I down the rope ladder. Zabad and his family climbed down. They step onto the gently rocking raft. Me and Zabad rowed our raft to where Nathan and Deborah had already pulled up their canoe onto the huge ice sheet ...”

Nathan is wearing his yellowish brown animal skins, and his orange headdress is on top his graying hair. He hands us snowshoes. We put them on. Nathan’s handsome but wrinkled reddish brown face gently smiles as he says, “Good to see you, Noah...” I happily ask, “Nathan, how did you know we be here? We’ve been gone for eleven years.” Nathan says, “Nadar told us.” Deborah’s pretty but wrinkled reddish brown face smiles under her orange feathered headdress as she joyfully says, “You and your friends have finally returned...” Nathan drags their canoe behind him. We slowly walk through the snow around a bunch of glaciers. We walk in our awkward snowshoes way up their mountain’s narrow path where it’s hard to breath. Ahabah curiously asks with frosted breath, “Deborah, how’s your daughter?” Deborah looks sad as she says, “We’re worried..” Yayin trembles and asks, “Is Sha’ah sick?” Nathan shivers and says, “Not exactly..” Bar-Zabad, wearing thick brown furs and his orange feather headdress says with a laugh, “Man, -I bet it’s heavy!” Yayin yellowish tan wrinkled face frowns as she says, “Don’t laugh! --I’m sober...” Zabad rubs his long graying beard as he boldly asks, “Nathan, lay it on me, man!”

Nathan's brown eyes tear up as he softly says, "Sha'ah's --with child.." I nervously ask, "Woe! Isn't she a bit young?" Deborah blushes as she says, "She's fourteen.." Bar-Zabad excitedly says, "Way out!" Zabad self righteously says, "Mam, I don't dig that.." Deborah brushes back her graying black hair as she nervously says, "We tried to be good parents... We even tied her up --but she always escapes..." Nathan sorrowfully frowns says, "--I failed her." They cry on each other's shoulder.

We awkwardly walk up the narrow path up to the broad place. Then we walk on to Zabad's green shelter. As we walk through, Ahabah cheerfully says, "Wow Yayin, our shelter just like we left it." Yayin looks around and says, "I'm so thirsty..." Ahabah sadly smiles as she says, "This place is nice..." We exit. We greet the family in the yellow shelter as we walk through it. We walk in Deborah's shelter. I see Sha'ah reclining a long feathered cushion, wearing a loose tan poncho. She is very much with child. Nathan looks nervous as he gently says, "Sha'ah, --be a good girl..." She ignores him. She adjusts her red feathered headdress on top her long smooth black hair. She looks up at us. Sha'ah curiously asks, "Which of you is Noah? --You're all so old..." I nervously say, "Me..." Irritated, Bar-Zabad's hazel eyes look down at her as he says, "Girl, --I'm young..." She looks intently at his brown bearded, yellowish pale face. Sha'ah coldly says, "You look like you're twenty one..." Bar-Zabad boldly says, "Right on, girl!" Sha'ah laughs and says, "That's rather old..." Bar-Zabad looks insecure. Deborah gently says, "Sha'ah, behave yourself!" Zabad looks down at her, and says, "You've been bad girl..." Yayin says, "Zabad, cool it! She'll be a groovy mother..." Sha'ah's youthful pretty reddish brown face pouts as she says, "Yeah..." Ahabah looks sad as she says, "Sha'ah, --I wish I were a mother.." Bar-Zabad hugs her, laughs and says, "Hey, hot wolf, --you're a mother to me.." Yayin grabs him, and says shivering, "Bar-Zabad, you be my groovy son..." Zabad puts his arms around his family and forcefully says with frosted breath, "Peace groovy girls! We're all family.." They look so happy together. I enviously say, "Man, your family's beautiful..." We leave their shelter, as Sha'ah seductively says, "See you latter, --Noah."

We walk up in the freezing cold through Bachar's other ten shelters, greeting each friendly family inside. They let us walk through their narrow shelters. We finally come to the narrow reddish temple held up by a huge

reddish tree growing on the side of the mountain. It's narrow door is covered with colorful feathers. I pull it's rope to pull up it's door. We enter the wonderfully warm dark temple. The door slowly slides down behind us. We take off our snowshoes and put them up on the wall by the others.

We take off our outer furs. I see short ugly old Nadar sitting by the large greenish lamp, wearing her long gray feathered poncho and her yellow feather headdress. Nadar says with her sweet voice, "Welcome friends...

Praise the Creator of All!" Ahabah smiles widely as she says, "Praise the Creator of All, Nadar--you're still alive... And I love you so much!"

Ahabah gently touches Nadar's long crooked nose and chin. Nadar smiles revealing her brownish crooked teeth as says, "I know... I love you too Ahabah.."

Ahabah longingly says, "Noah and my family were lost at sea for so long..." Nadar's extremely wrinkled sunken face smiles as she says, "Not lost, dear.. The Creator of All takes us where we need to be..."

I see that Bar-Zabad with his brown beard and hazel eyes looks like his father when he was a young man. Bar-Zabad excitedly says, "Nadar, God Man's plans are far out!"

Nadar hugs him and excitedly says, "Right on, Bar-Zabad!" Zabad smiles as he says, "Man, I dig being back!"

Nadar points her bony finger at me and says, "Noah, -you're going to preach to the Bi'uwsh(bad, wicked) tribe." I curiously ask, "How did you know?"

Nadar's dark sunken eyes, and long chinned reddish brown face smiles sweetly as she says, "It's the Creator of All's plan for you... But go alone."

I nervously ask, "Shouldn't someone come with me?" Nadar laughs and says, "Too dangerous, --but you'll be fine." Ahabah's light brown eyes

looks angry as she says, "The Bi'uwsh men are monsters... Most deserve to die! Noah, don't go!" Deborah looks nervous as she asks, "Nadar, are you sure?"

Zabad fearfully says, "Noah man, I love you.... Don't go!" I bravely say, "God wants me to.."

Nathan fearfully says, "The Bi'uwsh men will probably kill you.." Nadar cheerfully says, "Nathan relax, --a feather dragon will help Noah.."

Confused, I ask, "What?" Nadar gently laughs and says, "Just trust God's plan! --Two mornings from now, follow the woolly mammoths..."

I nevorsly ask, "Are you Sure?" Nadar calmy says, "Sure..." The sun sets. We set up four hammocks. We lay down to sleep. I dream about the tiny eyeless men. They bow before a huge white goat. The tiny men shout, "Yes, lord god!"

I wake up nervously swinging.

I try to go back to sleep but I can't. In my hammock, I'm lay under heavy furs, swinging back and forth.

Mourning, I shiver. The pinkish sun rises and a slim sliver of light shines though a small crack in the roof. An ice cold breeze makes me shiver. I sit up and get out of my hammock. I see that Deborah and Nathan have already left. I put on my heavy hooded furs, thick wooden sandals, and cover them with furs and tie strips of animal hides around them. I strap on my wide snowshoes. I put on thick gloves, and grab my staff. I pull up the door and awkwardly walk outside into the cold. Wearing these snowshoes, I awkwardly walk down the narrow slippery path. I greet the villagers in their shelters. I visit Deborah and Nathan's shelter. I'm badly shivering. I'm out of breath because the cold air is so thin. I say with much frosted breath, "Deborah, Nathan, Noah here." Nathan tiredly says, "Come on in." Nathan is sitting by his wife and their wonderfully warm fire-pit.

They're wearing their yellowish brown animals skins. Their orange feathered headress are on top their long graying hair. He puts sticks into their fire. The burning sticks smell great. Nathan ties his conoe with a rope and pulls it up near the shelters top. I see his fourteen year old daughter wake up in her swinging hammock. She's wearing a loose red poncho. She walks over and sits down by her parents on a long colorful feathered cushion. Nathan boils sweet tree bark and seaweed in a clay pot. He pours it into little clay bowls. He hands me some squirming happy roots. I curiously ask, "Deborah, when will your daughter will give birth?"

Looking worried, Deborah says with mixed emotions, "Nadar says Sha'ah will give birth to a daughter before the next new moon..." Sha'ah happily says, "Me and Ramah should be married by then.." Nathan frowns as he says, "I don't trust that eighteen year old!" Worried, Deborah asks, "Sha'ah, are you sure he's the father?" Sha'ah's cute reddish brown face looks insulted as she says, "Yeah, it's him..." I shly say, "I sure hope so.."

Deborah tearfully says, "Sha'ah went out, to only the Creator of All knows where? --She been with all the bad boys!" Nathan grumpily says, "And men..." Sha'ah angrily says, "So I went out a few times.. --I love Ramah!"

Tears run down Dehorah's wrinkled cheeks as she says, "I hope so... Me and your father are earnestly praying for you." Sha'ah's cute face pouts as she plays with her long black hair and says, "I'm just a little wild..." I say, "A little..." Nathan puts arms around his wife, and comfortingly says,

“Deborah, you are a great mother...” Then Nathan sadly says, “I failed you both...” Deborah tearfully says, “Nathan, you did your best... What else could of you do? Hit her?” I laugh and say without thinking, “Maybe, he should hit her...” Sha’ah angrily says, “You’re mean! Did your parents hit you?” Embarrassed, I say, “No...” Sha’ah angrily shouts, “Then shut up and stop giving my parents bad ideas!” Deborah forcefully says, “Sha’ah, apologize...” Sha’ah childishly asks, “Why should I?” Frustrated, Nathan says, “So I don’t hit you..” She lowers her head, and her pretty dark brown eyes sweetly look up at me. Sha’ah says, “Noah, --forgive me..” I say, “Sure, Sha’ah..” Nathan nervously asks, “Should I hit her?” I pause and sadly say, “I don’t know... My grandfather hit my father when he was a boy to stop him from playing with fire...” Deborah curiously asks, “Did it work?” I say, “Yup, but it also made him fearful.” Nathan forcefully says, “Sha’ah didn’t even listen to Nadar!” Deborah says encouragingly, “Nathan, the Creator of All’s good plans for Sha’ah will be done... Let’s pray...” We put our hands together in prayer and bow our heads. Sha’ah giggles. Deborah solemnly says, “Creator of All, we love, trust your plans... Creator of All, you love us... Help Sha’ah, please!” We all say, “Let it be..”

About noon, we sit around near their small fire. I look up at the canoe hanging from the ropes above us. We hear Nadar’s elderly but sweet voice say, “Nadar here...” Nathan opens the narrow door for her and says, “Welcome prophetess!” Cold winds blast us. We all shiver. I see Nadar, wearing her gray feathered poncho, and yellow feathered headdress. She walk in holding her long crooked reddish branch in her age spotted right hand. Nathan closes the door, stopping the freezing winds from entering. Deborah stands up, and brushes back her shoulder length hair as she nervously says, “Sha’ah’s ready.” Nadar looks down at Sha’ah sitting on a big feathered cushion. Nadar gently smiles, and looks at Sha’ah’s very big stomach. Sha’ah’s wearing her red poncho. Her red feathered headdress is over her smooth black hair. Furry gray gloves cover her hands, thick tan boots cover her feet and her wide snow shoes are attached to her boots. Nadar gently says, “Sha’ah, come..” Her cute face frowns. Sha’ah arrogantly says, “Ramah and me don’t need counseling... We love each other..” Nadar sadly says, “All couples needs counseling...” Deborah timidly asks, “Should we come?” Nathan forcefully says, “We should be

there!” Nadar smiles widely as she curiously asks, “Would you want your parents present?” Nathan nervously says, “No...” Deborah’s face blushes. They help Sha’ah stand up in her awkwardly wide snow shoes. Nadar gently takes her hand. Nadar turns towards me as she forcefully says, “Noah, come with us!” I stare at her friendly face’s sunken cheeks, long crooked nose and chin. I nervously ask, “Why?” Sha’ah frowns at me and says, “Yeah, why should this elderly fat creep come?” I look down at my big stomach. Nadar sweetly says, “He’s a preacher... He must learn how to counsel...” Sha’ah angrily says, “You just like him!” Nadar nods. I grab my staff. We walk out into the harsh freezing cold winds. Snow falls all around us. We shiver. Sha’ah carefully walk up the narrow snow covered path. Nadar says with frosted breath, “Nadar here..” The man inside the shelters answers, “Sure...” We walk through their shelter and out his back door. The harsh cold winds are painful. Our feet and hands become numb walking through the deep snow on this very narrow path. We go through the other nine shelters. We walk up to the snow covered temple. It’s held up by the giant tree growing out of the side of the mountain near it’s peak. Nadar happily says with much frosted breath, "Creator of All, --bless all who enter!" Sha’ah and me says in union, "Creator of All, bless us all..." Nadar pulls the rope which pulls up the temple’s door. We joyfully enter the blessed warm of this very narrow temple.

The creaking door behind us slowly descends. By the greenish light of the large lamp, I see a young muscular golden tan young man with long brown hair and a short beard. He’s sitting on the small stage. He’s wearing tight light gray animal skins, and a long red feathered headdress. Despite being with child, Sha’ah runs over to him as she shouts, “Ramah!” She hugs and kisses him. He doesn’t seemed thrilled. Ramah’s squinted light brown eyes look at me as he asks, “Who are you, old man?” I nervously says, “Noah... I’m a preacher.” Irritated, Ramah forcefully says, “Don’t embarrass us...” Nadar walks towards them. She puts down her branch. She picks up a hand drum from the stage. She plays a musically haunting melody. She slowly gracefully dance around the stage. Nadar joyfully sings with her soft but powerful voice, saying, "Creator of All! We are thankful! We are joyful! You lo---ve us! Creator of All... Plans our good! Even pain, can be good... Creator of All. We love you! We trust you! You planned good plans! Creator of All, you lo--ve us..." We sing her song a

couple of times. Nadar stops dancing. She puts down her hand drum. She picks up her branch. Her ugly sunken shiny dark eyes stare up at Ramah.

Nadar calmly says, "Ramah, ask!" Ramah nervously asks, "Do I have to marry Sha'ah?" Shocked, Sha'ah forcefully says, "Ramah, you want to marry me!" He frowns behind his short brown beard. Ramah says, "Ah..."

Nadar sweetly says, "Our laws is when you have a child with someone, -- you marry them! If you're already married, we castrate you... Ramah, -- what's the problem? Many men desperately want to marry a beautiful young girl and have a family?" Sha'ah cheerfully says, "See Ramah, -- you're so lucky to get --me!" Ramah nervously asks, "Nadar, --am --I --the father? Sha'ah been with others!" Sha'ah frowns, and angrily says, "Hypocrite... You been with others too." Nadar laughs and says, "Ramah, --you're the father!" Distressed, Ramah asks, "Are you sure?" Sha'ah happily shouts, "She's sure!" Nadar's much wrinkled lips smiles widely, revealing her crooked brownish teeth under her long crooked nose as she calmly says, "How often have you known me to be wrong?" Ramah slowly says, "I'm, --the fa--ther... But can I trust her?" Nadar angrily says, "Wrong question! --Ramah, you have a family to take care of... Can they trust you?" Sha'ah look deeply into his light brown eyes as she sweetly asks, "Ramah, can I? --I love you!" Troubled, Ramah says, "But, but, but, she's.." Nadar sweetly says, "I know, --but she loves you... Be good to her or --you're have no right to complain." We return to Deborah's and Nathan's shelter. I sleep on a hammock. Early in the morning, I get dressed in my heavy hooded furs. I put on my thick wooden sandals. I tie furs around them with strips of animal hides. I quickly eat some seaweed soup. I strapped on my snowshoes, and put on my thick furry gloves. I grab my staff.

I walk out into the cold air that is really thin. It's hard to breath. I look from these glorious heights at beautiful pinkish sun rising up into the orange sky that has scatted glowing light purple clouds. I look way down. I see deer hopping and big hogs moving through the pinkish white landscape. I see a couple feather dragons jump out, grabs a large hog and tears it apart. The deers and other hogs run away. I carefully walk down the narrow slippery path. I politely go through the shelters. I thank the familes. I walk down the slippery path to the base of the mountain. I see a herd of brownish woolly mammoths marching. They leave a deep trail

behind them. I awkwardly follow their trail. My breath is quite visible and my feet are freezing but at least the air is easy to breathe. I follow the mammoth's trail for a long time. Slowly step by step, I follow their trail over many icy hills.

About noon, snow lightly falls all around me. I hear angry drums and hogs squealing in the distance. I look up at the bright sun surrounded by gray clouds. I struggle to walk in these awkward snowshoes across the deep snow. I find a giant fancy igloo with a pointed top. Three severed human heads are on its entrance. They are mostly covered by snow. I hear footsteps. Shivering, I turn to see three very tall women wearing long dirty brown furry hooded robes struggling hard to carry heavy backpacks. These women have red muzzles strapped over their mouths. Red collars are around their throats attached to red leashes being forcefully held behind them by a big tall golden tan man wearing a long yellow poncho. Two other big tall golden tan men are with him along with a huge pink hog. The big men have long brown beards and are tall as Tummuz. They wear furry caps over their long hair. They have long fancy ivory spears strapped onto their backs.

One of them has a huge pinkish hog on a short leash. He wears a muddy black poncho. The other man is dressed in a white poncho. He wears an ivory crown with three long points over his cap. The big dirty man stops, bends down, and hugs his happily squealing hog. He sees me and shouts, "Look, a little man..." Shocked, I try to run but I can't run in these snowshoes. The big man wearing the ivory crown points at me and shouts, "Little man, stop! Who are you?" These almost giant men quickly walk over to me. They smell terrible. I gasp. I put my hands up and fearfully say with frosted breath, "I'm Noah..." The man wearing the crown looks down at me, spreads his arms wide open and kindly says, "I'm Chief Sar(Chief 8269), Bi'uwsh's chief..." I put my arms down. Sar points to the dirty man and says, "This is my friend Cheziyr(swine 2386). And the real man protecting us from these vicious women is Lachats(oppress 3905)..."

"Walk with us!" Despite the bad stench, I walk with them. I notice the women painfully groaning under their heavy overly large backpacks. One of them looks down at me. I see her tearful light brown eyes and the top half of her golden tan face looking like she's trying to scream behind her red muzzle. She looks like Ahabah. I feel so sorry for her.

Lachats, tightly holding their leashes, and angrily asks with frosted breath, "Little man, what's wrong?" I struggle to control my disgust. I look up and timidly say, "I'm here to tell you to love God and --love each other..." Lachats's dark eyes squint as he asks, "Which God? The Real Man --or that old witch's Creator of All?" I blurt out, saying, "The real God!" Cheziyr's green eyes sparkles as he happily says, "Oh, the Real Man! What says the Real Man?" His hog's cute black eyes looks up at him. His hog softly squeals. Snow falls all around us. I shiver. I boldly say, "Love everyone!" Chief Sar's light brown eyes looks down at me, as he happily says, "We're already doing that! We love all real men!" I'm confused. He grabs me, and picks me up. He hugs me till it hurts. Sar cheerfully says, "Even little men, --like you..." He gently puts me down. I tremble and ask, "What about the human heads?" Lachats laughs, and says like it's a joke, "Just women's heads... Look!" He walks over to the igloo. He brushes the snow off one of the heads with his hands, clearly showing it's a woman's head. I'm shocked. I timidly ask, "And why are these women tied to leashes and have muzzles over their mouths?" Cheziyr laughs and says, "Little man, dumb!" Chief Sar calmly says with frosted breath, "Our woman caused lots of violence before the Bi'uwsh tribe required men to keep their women muzzled..." Lachats fearfully says with frosted breath, "Woman's voices drive men mad!" I look back at the women moaning. They're struggling to carrying their heavy backpacks. The woman who looks like Ahabah trips over a stone. She falls down on her knees and cries. Lachats take his spear off his back, and hits her head twice with the spear's blunt end. Lachats angrily shouts, "Woman, get up! Carry your load!" She's struggles hard to stand up under her heavy burden. She stops crying but painfully whimpers. The other two women fearfully ignore her. I furiously shout, "Lachats, you didn't need to hit that woman!" Lachats angrily asks, "Are you a little women lover --or just stupid?" I sadly ask, "Chief Sar, why does he treat women like this?" Chief Sar sadly says, "Because women are vicious animals that endanger real men's lives." Shocked by his answer, I curiously ask, "Chief Sar, what are real men like?" Chief Sar smiles and gently says, "Real men are loving, caring people." Confused, I nervously say, "That sounds good... Do real men hit hogs like Lachats hits women?" Cheziyr bends over and kisses his hog's long snout, and says, "No! We love hogs!" Chief Sar thoughtfully

says, "Real men only hurt hogs if they attack us --or we're about to eat them." I look up and nervously ask, "Do you real men love your mothers?"

Chief Sar sadly says, "We never knew our mothers... Our fathers raise us..." I curiously ask, "Why?" Lachats points to the women moaning at the end of his red leases, laughs and asks with frosted breath, "Don't you know that women eat children! Are you a woman lover?" I nervously ask, "What's wrong with being a lover? Chief Sar said real men are loving!"

Lachats angrily shouts, "Not to women! That would endanger real men's lives..." I nervously say, "Chief Sar said that women are cruel --but Lachats is vicious, --like a woman?" Lachats takes his spear off his back and points it at me. Insulted, Lachats shouts, "I'm not like a woman! Apologize or die!" Sar waves his hand and says with mixed feelings, "Lachat, stop! The Real Man said be kind! Maybe we should treat even women nice like hogs..." Lachats puts his spear back on his back and painfully shouts, "No chief Sar, real men protect hogs from women!" Cheziyr says as he looks down at his beloved squealing hog, "Yeah, protect hogs!" Chief Sar angrily says, "Enough!" The dirty man's eyes tear up as he gently pets his hog's furry back. Cheziyr slowly says, "When I watch little piglets snuggle with their mothers, I kind of wish I knew my mother, --if she wouldn't eat me."

I curiously ask, "Do women raise daughters?" Lachats laughs and says, "Dummy, women eat little girls too! Only the toughest real men can raise, --I mean train girls!" The three tall women painfully moan with each step as to carry their heavy backpacks.

I nervously ask with frosted breath, "Chief Sar, may I talk to the rest of Bi'uwsh tribe?" Chief Sar sadly says, "Only a Real Man's seer may talk to the whole tribe..." Lachats interrupts and angrily says, "That woman lover said --I was wrong to hit that woman!" Sar sadly asks, "Maybe, you were?" Cheziyr puts his dirty arm on my shoulder and happily says, "Little man, is a seer... He will pass great test!" I fearfully ask, "What great test?" Lachats stares at me and says, "You stand before Sore Eye, --our feather dragon... If he kills you, --you failed!" Chief Sar fearfully says, "Noah, I like you..... Forget the test!" I look back again at the women barely able to walk with those heavy backpacks strapped to their backs. The woman who looks like Ahabah tries to shout but the red muzzle strapped too tightly over her mouth stops her. I see her eyes, red with tears, staring at me. I fearfully say with frosted breath, "Test me..." Chief Sar sadly says, "Noah, don't!"

Cheziyr cheerfully says as his hog happily squeals, "Come on, little man... My hog believes in you!" I say, "Test me.." Lachats sadly says, "Don't... I really don't want to see your little head ripped off." Sar hugs me again and sadly says, "Let's go.." I fearfully saying, "God help me.."

We walk through the deep snow. We hear angry drums and hogs squealing louder. I see in the distance, a tall thick white wall of ice about two tall men high. The wall has a huge wooden drawbridge in front. As we approach, Chief Sar shouts with frosted breath, "Open the drawbridge!"

The drawbridge comes down and the smell is even worst than the men. I gasp. We walk inside this very fowl smelling village. I see men beating huge red drums. There are several large pens with lots of pink and gray hogs squealing in them. At the back of the village is a huge rectangular wooden cage. Inside it, is biggest nastiest feather dragon I've ever seen. It makes awful sounds. I look around at the many large pointed igloos. I see several woman's heads on top of their entrances. I curiously ask, "What's the big wall for?" Cheziyr bends down, hugs his happy hog and fearfully says, "To protect our hogs from the old witch's feather dragons." We walk to the middle of the small village. Cheziyr walks over to the three moaning women on Lachats's leashes, unties the backpacks. He takes them off these woman's backs. He puts the backpacks down on the snowy ground. Chief Sar's light brown eyes look down at me as he asks, "Noah, are you sure?"

Lachats nervously says, "Little man, --Sore Eye will rip your head off..." As many swine squeal, I see many women and young girls on leashes, muzzled, wearing those long dirty brown hooded robes. I take a deep breath and say, "Chief Sar, I'm sure!" He grabs his ivory spear and lifts it up. Chief Sar forcefully shouts, "Bi'uwsh's men, gather! Is this man a Real Man's seer? --Sore Eye knows!" The men stop banging the huge drums.

All the men come out of their igloos. They stand around us. Lots of them are holding one or two women or girls on leashes. I even see young boys holding girls on leashes. I'm surround by many tall scary long bearded men. Every men here have a fancy ivory spears strapped onto his back. Chief Sar sadly says, "Follow me!"

We walks near the huge dark wooden cage that has big wooden barred door in front. The smell is even worst here. I hear angry awful sounds. I look up at the huge ugly feather dragon, flapping it's small brownish orange feather covered wings. It's two long scrawny scaly brown legs violently

claw at the wooden bars of it's cage with it's knive-like black talons. Inside the cage, I see several skeletons of both hogs and humans lying scatted around. Snow falls. The hogs squeal in their pens. I see several big nasty piles of dragon poop inside. My heart pounds. I stare up at this monster who is taller than Gibbor. It's very long neck held up high. It has a bulging blood colored left eye and an empty right eye socket. It's long crooked tan beak is below it's eye, surrounded by long yellow feathers. Lachat shouts to the women at the end of his leashes, "Sit!" These women sit down on the cold icy ground. The other men tell their women to sit down too. All the men and boys stand watching. Chief Sar raises his spear up as he nervously shouts, "Noah, come!" Cheziyr shouts as his hog squeals a little, "Little man, speaks for the Real Man.." Lachat angrily lifts his clinched fists and shouts, "Little man, is a no good woman lover!" As Sore Eye claws the thick wooden door, Chief Sar shouts, "Sore Eye, step back!" The dragon peacefully steps back. Chief Sar waves his fancy ivory spear and loudly asks, "Sore Eye, is Noah a Real Man's seer?" He puts his spear back on his back. He unties the thick rope around the cage's door. He opens it. Sar sadly says, "Noah, hand me your staff and walk in..." Shivering, I can't seem to catch my breath. My heart pounds. I almost run but I hand him my staff. The petrid odor is even worst. I slowly walk in through the thick wooden door. Sar slams the door behind me shut. He quickly ties the ropes around it. He backs off. The hogs fearfully squeal. I hear really awful sounds above me. I pull my furry hood back and look way up at the ragged feather dragon's blood colored eye. It's long scaly thin legs are taller than me. It's long grey feathered neck lowers it's ugly head and moves it's long crooked beak by my head. I can't run. I can't fight. Sore eye could cut me in half with one stroke of his long sharp talons. My heart pounds violently. Trembling, I close my eyes tightly. I step forward and pray. I step in a big pile of frozen dragon poop. It breaks open under my snowshoes. It stinks horribly. I gasp. My foot feels so weird. Tears roll down my bearded wrinkled cheeks. I cry, saying, "God, --I praise you for this drag--on. Sore Eye, --I'm --at peace --with you... Peace Sore Eyes. Praise God for... O-Yownah, big sister, I may see you soon.. O-Mother, I love you... Praise God for peace and --Sore Eye! Peace.. Peace... Peace... Let it be! Let it be.. Let it be.." I hear truly awful sounds. I feel the tip of it's beak scratch the top of my shivering head. My heart calms. I hear the hogs squeal. Fear

melts away. I say, "Praise God for Sore Eye.. God give us peace... Peace... Peace.. Peace... Let it be!" My eyes tightly shut. Sore Eye stops making awful sounds. I hear this monster step back from me. I hear the ropes being untied. The door slowly being open. Chief Sar happily shouts, "Noah, the Real Man's seer.. Come out!" I open my teary eyes. I walk out of the cage with dragon poop mostly under my right snow shoe. The chief hands me back my staff. I pull my hood back over my white hair. I nervously pull at my long beard because I can't believe that Sore Eye didn't kill me.

We walk to the middle of the village. Lachats points his spear at me and angrily shouts, "Little man is really a bad witch!" Chief Sar forcefully says, "Little man passed test..." Lachats fearfully shouts with frosted breath, "That witch threatens real men's lives..." Chief Sar raises up his spear and forcefully says, "Little man Noah, is a seer!" Lachats fearfully back away. The huge pink hog happily squeals. Cheziyr pat me on the back and asks, "Little seer, what says the Real Man?" Snow gently falls.

I look around at all the tall shivering women and girls sitting on the ground that have with leashes tied to their collars and red muzzles tied tightly against their mouths. I look at all the big tall men around them wearing their long ponchos. I shout with frosted breath, "The real God wants real men to love the real God and love everone else!" Several big tall men says, "We love the Real Man and --we love all real men!" I slowly say with frosted breath, "The real God wants you to be loving even, --to women... You should treat woman as kindly as you treat your hogs." The crowd hushes. A big fat man angrily asks, "What did little seer say?" Many grabs their spears, and shouts, "This women lover, --hates real men!" Chief Sar shouts, "Little seer is not a woman lover! He's just nice..." About a third of the men shouts back, "Little seer is kind... Treat women like hogs.. Treat women like hogs!" I tremble but boldly say, "Chief Sar told me that the Bi'uwsh tribe put women on leases and muzzled their mouths because women are vicious... That real men are loving to hogs, and not just loving to men." Several men happily shouts repeatedly, "We love hogs! We love hogs! We love hogs!" I sadly ask, "Should real men be cruel to any living thing?" Some men repeatedly shout, "Women, women and girls! Women, women, and girls!" I angrily ask with frosted breath,

“Should we act like women?” Lachat angrily shouts, “Never!” I shiver. I happily shout, “Real men are loving, --even to women!” Lachat bitterly shouts, “Woman lover, you’re confusing us! --We’re protecting real men’s lives! Protect real men! Protect real men!” Several men repeatedly shout, “Protect real men!” I forcefully shout with much frosted breath, “Listen!” The men stop shouting. I angrily shout, “Cruelty to hogs is cruelty! Cruelty --to women is --still cruelty.. The Real God wants us to be loving to all, --including women!” Cheziyr bends over, kisses his hog and shouts, “Little seer says treat women good like hogs!” The crowd is divided. About a third of the men shouts back, “Treat women like hogs.. Treat women like hogs!” But two thirds of the men repeatedly shout, “Protect real men! Protect real men’s lives! We care about real men!” Chief Sar lifts his spear up and shouts, “Enough! Noah, you go now!” Confused, I timidly say, “But Cheif Sar, I passed great test!” Chief Sar cheerfully says, “That why we don’t kill you, --but your message is unpopular..” Cheziyr’s hog happily squeals. Cheziyr puts his left hand down on my shoulders and says, “Little seer, the Real Man will make you popular someday... My hog says so...” I look around at all the shivering women and girls whimpering. They’re sitting, on the cold snowy ground hunch over with their heads downcast. The huge drawbrige opens. Chief Sar sadly shouts, “Open the drawbridge.. Good-by, little seer...” The hogs squeal. Angry drums play again. I look back at the tearful woman who looks like Ahabah. I feel sick. Depressed, I ask, “God, how can you allow this? Did I failed you again?” I awkwardly walk out of their village in my snowshoes that are still stained with dragon poop. Sorrowfully, I pray, saying, “Lord God, help these women! Help these men see women as people..” I walk back to the base of the mountain. I walk up to the green shelter and tearfully shout, “Zabab man, I’m freezing... I need to crash!” Zabad opens his shelter door and asks, “Man, what’s stinks so much?” I say with frosted breath, “I staped in dragon poop...” A few moments latter, he hands me a big clay bowl filled with water and some old rags. Zabad says, “I love man, but you stink! Clean up first.” I clean up.

I’m so cold. My fingers and toes are numb. The icy winds hurt so much as I clean up. Finally, Zabad opens their door. Badly chilling, I walk into their wonderfully warm narrow shelter. I remove the frozen snot from my nose. I sit down by his family and their beautiful flickering fire. Zabad

looks at me and says, “Man, you look bummed!” I nervously say, “Man, they treat women bad!” Ahabah hugs me and says, “Praise the Creator of All, you live! --But I told you those men are monsters!” I say with mixed emotions, “But they’re nice to men...” Bar-Zabad excitedly says, “Crazy man!” Yayin sips wine from her big wineskin and gasps asking, “Man, -- what’s their trip?” I sincerely say, “They actually believe that women are child eating monsters.” Shocked, Yayin says, “Gnarly!” Bar-Zabad says in disbelief, “Bogus, man! I don’t dig that...” Yayin hugs Bar-Zabad, smiles wickedly under her green hood and licks her manly son’s brown bearded face. Yayin playfully says, “Son, you taste good!” She playfully howls. Bar-Zabad nervously says, “Mother, --you’re freaking me out..” We laugh. Zabad nervously says, “Yayin, be cool..” I hopefully ask, “Would you like to sail with me again?” Yayin takes a big gulp of from her wine-skin and shouts, “This child eating monster stays home!” Ahabah nervously says, “The Creator of All planned for me to stay home too.” Zabad fearfully says, “Man, Ahabah is right on!” Bar-Zabad fearfully says, “That last trip was too way far out!” I ask, “Is that a no?” Zabad hugs me but says, “Sorry man... We can’t dig it!”

During the next two years, I preached to various tribes. Me and my crew walk through very deep snow into a strange valley. It’s painfully cold. We’re wearing our thickest hooded furs. We cover the bottom of our faces to keep our them from freezing. The icy snow is so deep it’s hard for us to walk on even with our snowshoes. We hold our staffs. I see a huge wooden idol of a red, copper and blue flying feather dragon. It’s huge wings spread out in front of many large igloos all connected together. I see many of this tribe dancing around their idol. They’re wearing colorful wooden masks with long beaks and many feathers. They’re wearing long winged coats, covered in blue and copper feathers. They’re holding long red spears. One of them stops dancing and curiously walks up to us. His long winged coat is covered in dark blue feathers. His large copper colored mask has light blue feather on the sides. It has a long black beak and wide white markings around it’s eyes holes and cheeks. He asks with much frosted breath, “Stranger.. Come in peace?” Shivering, I rub my furry gloves covered hands together. I pull down the furs around my mouth and say, “Yes! Peace man..” Me and my crew spread our arms wide. We drops our staffs on the deep snow. He lifts his red spear up and asks, “Strangers,

who are you?" Shivering much, I say, "I'm Noah, son of Lamech... And this is my crew. Jemimah, Sheniy, and Achad..." He forcefully says with frosted breath, "I am 'Ayit 5861(bird of prey) of the Nechushtan village... Are you here to worship the divine dragon goddess Nechushtan?" I gently say with frosted breath, "I worship the God who created Nechushtan..." Ayit angrily says, "If you don't worship Nechushtan, leave.." I ask, "May I talk to your chief?" Ayit shouts, "You may.." Jemimah's chubby dark face nervously looks around as she says, "We should leave..." Sheniy's dark face and light brown eyes looks scared as he says, "Let's go!" Achad's yellowish tan stringy black bearded face smiles as he says, "No. Let's stay..." Jemimah sadly says, "Too dangerous... Noah, we'll walk back where it's safe. We'll wait for you.." I shiver and say, "Jemimah, take care.." Ayit returns, grunts and says, "Come..." My crew walks away. Ayit takes me by their huge wooden idol. We walk out of the extreme cold into the cool large entrance of all these igloos that are connected together..

Several warriors aim their red spears at me. We bow our heads. We walk a long way through many igloos to a large one. A big fat women wearing a long coat thickly covered in bright red feathers sits on her brightly feathered throne. Her warriors guard her. She wears a light blue wooden mask over head that has a long crooked silver beak. It has long copper colored feathers on it's sides. Her mask has bright red and white marks. Her mighty voice commands, "Bow! --I be chieftess Libbah 3826(heart)." I get on my knees. I bow before her. Cheiftess Libbah forcefully asks, "Who you be?" I nervously say, "Noah, son of Lamech..." She angrily asks, "What's your message?" I look up at her and cheerfully say, "Love the God who created all people and Nechushtan... God loves you and your people... Love God, love all people and God will bless the Nechushtans!" Libbah laughs angrily and says, "That's dumb! I've seen the divine dragon goddess fly through the heavens! Why should I love a god that --I've never seen?" I emotionally say, "Deep in our hearts, we know we were created to be loved --and to love... Does Nechushtan love you?" Libbah arrogantly says, "The divine dragon goddess is too great to love us! We exists to serve Nechushtan!" I nervously say, "My God loves us ---and love is greater than Nechushtan..." Libbah furiously shouts, "You insult Nechushtan --like Cheyah did! Is your god her god?" I cheerfully say, "Yes.." Libbah shouts, "I'm merciful! Leave or die!" I fearfully bow

my head. I say, "Chieftess Libbah, God wants to bless the Nechushtan village..." Libbah nods her head and says, "Leave!" I sadly ask, "Chietess Libbah, do you know what happened to Cheyah and Mala?" Libbah angrily says, "My father once told me they stole an egg from Nechushtan... They left and he never saw them again.... Ayit, throw him out!" I stand up on my snowshoes. Ayit grabs the back of my arm and forcefully says, "Go!" I nervously say, "Bye..." Ayit takes me to the entrance where he pick me up and throw me out into the bitter hateful cold. I shiver. I walk through the deep snow all the way back to my crew. I sadly say, "That went badly.." Sheniy laughs and says, "At least they let you go.." Achad says, "You're lucky.." Jemimah sadly says, "Let's go..."

A year latter, we sailed to a weird island that has lots of huge icebergs floating around it. Early this sunny cold morning, my crew puts down our anchor. We row our raft to these icy lands. I use my flints to start a campfire. Wearing our heaviest furs, we sit around our fire eating sweet tree bark, and nuts from our backpacks. Latter, we climb up a steep rocky snow covered mountain range. We're shivering a lot, even wearing our heaviest furs, primitive gloves and thick wooden sandals covered with furs, and snowshoes. I hold my staff. My crew holds their algae covered staffs. We're carrying lots of heavy supplies in our backpacks. We take our snowshoes off and put them in our backpacks. Using Tubal's steel iron climbing tools, we struggle to slowly climb up a dangerously steep icy cliff. We carefully climb up onto a huge rocky icy plateau. The air is rather thin. We put our climbing tools back into our backpacks. Holding my staff firmly, I hear something. I look around at the many small trees of different kinds. I see many large stones just beneath the snow. I don't see what made the sound. Shivering, I say, "Let's chop wood." Jemimah says with frosted breath, "Good idea." We take out our hatchets out of our backpacks. We chop many small branches off. Jemimah takes a large bag out of her backpack. We put the branches into it. We gather lots of nuts. We chop the hard frozen bark off trees we know that are good to eat. We put these chunks in our backpacks. Freezing winds blows.

Dark clouds cover the sun. A blizzard hits. Heavy snow makes it hard for us to see. We cover our faces to protect our noses, lips and lungs from the bitterly cold howling winds. With our faces covered, it's harder to breath. We're shivering much. My feet and hands go numb. I hold onto

my icy staff. We slowly walk through the deepening snow. We leaving a deep trail behind us. The bone chilling howling winds blows thick snowflakes that sting my eyes behind my hood. Sheniy shout, "Noah, we need fire!" Jemimah's fat body shivers as she shouts with frosted breath, "These strong winds will just blow it out?" I shout above the howling winds, "I got magic powder, --starts fires anywhere!" Achad forcefully says, "Better try than die." Sheniy angrily shouts, "Gather stones.." We find seven large rocks. We dig a large hole in the snow and put the stones around our hole. We take the icy sticks out of the Jemimah's large bag and pile them in the hole. Achad rubs his gloves together as he shouts, "These winds --will blow --our fire out!" Jemimah hugs him and says, "Calm.. Our bodies will block the winds!" We sit down by our circle of stones. We spread our furs out to block the winds. I take out the small bag of magic black powder. I pour a little on our sticks. I hit my flints together. Spark. The powder instantly explodes into bright flames. Despite our best efforts to shield it, our fire goes out. Sheniy's dark narrow face frowns as he shouts, "Try again!" Achad fearfully says, "It's hopeless." Jemimah forcefully says, "We have hope!" My teeth chatter. I nervously say, "God helps us!" I pour more black powder on the branches. Hit flints. Spark. A burst of flickering flames burns for a while. A gust of wind blown it out. Achad look sorrowful as he shouts with frosted breath, "We'll die!" Jemimah hugs her husbands. They tearfully shout, "Algae help us! Algae becomes greater! Algae becomes greater!" I look down at my small bag of magic powder. Not much left. We huddle tightly together to block the winds. I try a third and a fourth time but the flames go out again. Sheniy shivers and angrily asks, "Why --did you take us here? No one is here! Go back.." I uncover my mouth. I sadly say, "Sheniy, forgive me!" Jemimah bitterly says behind her hood, "That's putting it mildly..." I wipe the frozen snot off my nose. I shout, "God save us!" I fearfully pour out the last of the black powder on the smoking branches. Hit flints. Spark. A huge fiery bursts out. A nice fire starts. My right furry sleeve catches fire. I put it out in the snow. We spread our fur all around to stop the freezing winds from putting this fire out. We look down in silent wonder. Glorious orange flickering flames burns the sticks inside our circle. Those glorious warm flames flicker a lot in the howling winds. The strong winds blows but amazing our growing beautiful fire survives.

We warm up our numb glove covered fingers. We keep our furs spread around our great fire to shield it from the blinding snow and winds.

We keep our furs just far enough away from the fire to keep them from catching fire. The howling winds calm. I hear faint footsteps. My hands are being warmed above the beautiful hot flames. I look around through the heavy falling snow. I see a small trees out there. A furry thing peeks out. I nervously shout, "Jemimah, I saw a furry!" She shivers, and frowns behind her snowy hood. Jemimah angrily asks, "A small animal?" I nervously shout, "More like a small person..." Sheniy uncovers his mouth, laughs, and shouts with frosted breath, "He's lost it!" Achad sadly shouts, "Yeah, he sees things not there..." We look around but we see nothing but snow, trees and rocks. Jemimah uncovers her chubby face and says, "Noah, we need more sticks!" I get up. I walk through the deep icy snow using my staff. I use my hatchet to chop more branches. I walk back and drop them into our glorious fire. I sit down by them.

Chilling winds howl. I hear footsteps. I look at a small tree through the swirling white snow. Behind it, is a short furry blond man carrying a small wooden club. He struggles to walk through the deep snow towards us. He's wearing long reddish brown wild cat furs. He wears a wild cat's head on top his sloped forehead. His skinny body is very furry. His bright yellow eyes looks hungry. He wears thick furs tightly around his feet. I stare at his sad wrinkled stark white face, overly big blond mustache, flat nose, and protruding jaws. Jemimah shouts as we protect our beautiful fire, "I'm mad! --I see --a furry..." Achad nervously says, "I see a furry too..." Sheniy lifts up his algae staff and asks, "Is he a demon?" I forcefully say, "No! He's human, --a person..." Jemimah shouts, "Yes, --he's part of - -the Algae... Sheniy, calm down!" He lowers his staff. The blond furry man approaches us. He shouts with much frosted breath, "We cold! May we sit around your fire?" I shout, "Yes!" Sheniy angrily shivers and says, "Put your club down first!" The furry man lowers his club and says, "I'm Mared (4775 rebel)." Puzzled, I shout above the howling winds, "I'm Noah..."

Where's the others?" Mared happily shouts, " ---Friends come out!" About thirty short furries walk out from behind many small trees, wearing red, yellow, gray, or white wild cat furs and heads, including some babies held in their mothers arms. Their eyes are bright yellow, orange or red. Their men have very big mustaches. They're shivering as they walk

through the deep snow. They all look hungry. Many hold their small wooden clubs up. Mared happily shouts, "Put clubs down! Friends."

They sit down closely around us and our campfire. Plumb Jemimah asks, "Do you all have to sit so close?" A furry woman wearing a grey hooded fur, shouts above the howling cold winds, "Yes, we need warmth! I'm Na'veh (beautiful 5000)." I look at her long white fur around her pale orange face and her bright red eyes. Jemimah smiles and says, "Hi, Na'vah.. My name is Jemimah." The winds calm. The snows stop falling. Achad's yellowish tan face smiles as he joyfully shouts, "The blizzard's over!" Jemimah joyfully shouts, "Praise the Algae!" I breathe heavily. I say, "Praise God!" I stand up, and chop more sticks. I put them in our fire. I take a few small rods from my backpack and arrange them over the flickering fire. I take a copper pot out of my backpack. I fill it with snow and hang the pot over the rods. The furries curiously watch. I drop chunks of tree bark into the boiling water. After a while, I take a large spoon and take some chunks out. I eat some. I give some to my crew. Mared hungrily says, "We're very hungry? Can we have some?" I cheerfully say, "Here..." I give the furries the rest of the cooked tree bark and the rest of our nuts. I boil more tree bark. I give it to them till it's all gone. The furries share it and eat. Na'vah smiles, her bright red eyes shine as she says, "Thanks for fire --and strange food..." I cheerfully say, "I'm glad to share..."

Her flat nosed, large jawed pale orange face smiles widely as Na'veh asks, "Why you come here?" I joyfully say, "To tell everyone to love God and each other!" She and the furries frown at me. Mared frowns behind his large blond mustache as he skeptically says, "My people don't believe in gods or goddesses..." I curiously ask, "Mared, have you seen the sons of God?" Mared angrily says, "Yes, many years ago.." I emotionally asks, "Are they not proof that God is real?" Mared clinches his fists. Na'veh's bright red eyes angrily stare as she bitterly says, "They're invaders! There are no gods or goddesses! --My parents barely escaped from them..."

Achad says, "We agree.." Sheniy angrily smiles behind his snow covered hood as he says, "I believe the sons of God are demons from the infinite sea!" Mared's stark white face frowns as he skeptically says, "Demons are just another word for invaders.." Disturbed, I ask, "Na'veh, how do you know there is no God?" Na'vah forcefully says, "God is suppose to be

good --but the sons of God are bad!” I sheepishly say, “They did some good things... They fed the hungry, healed many sick, and stop tribal wars..” Mared bitterly shouts as our fire flickers, “They stole many women! --And --force their stupid religion on us!” Na’vah’s pale orange face grimaces tearfully as she says, “The bad lord tortured many—of us... Many didn’t escape!” Embarrassed, I say, “Yes, ---but that bad lord rebelled against God!” Mared strokes his large mustache as he sarcastically says, “So god isn’t responsible for god’s leaders..” They crowd around me tightly. I boldly say, “God lets us all choose...” Na’vah furiously shouts, “#^%\$#, a good god would not let anyone torture us in their name... God isn’t real --or god isn’t good!” I forcefully say, “But God stop Lord Bad!” Na’vah angrily says, “God shouldn’t allowed him to harm us in the first place! --Do you believe God is good --for abandoning us?” I timidly say, “God is still here! God even spoke to me once..” Mared frowns angrily behind his large blond mastache as he says, “Well, I don’t hear your god!” Na’vah angrily shouts, “Me neither! Hey god, say something good or get the #@*\$%^ out!” Jemimah proudly says, “Me and my husbands believe believe in the Algae.” Na’veh looks puzzled as she scratches the side of her long white furry head and asks, “You worship yicky slime...” Jemimah self rightously says, “We worship the Algae! All living things come from the Algae --and become much greater over time..” Na’veh laughs and says, “That’s dumb! We all came from mothers...” Shocked, Sheniy asks, “You don’t believe that the first mothers came from the first living things..” Na’vah mockingly asks, “How can there be a first living thing? There have always been mothers having children, going back forever and forever and ever...” I rub my frosted beard as I nervously say, “You don’t believe there was a first mother...” Na’vah laughs and asks, “A first mother? Who would her mother be? God? And who is god’s mother?” Mared’s wrinkled stark white face and bright yellow eyes looks curious as he asks, “Noah, where do you believe mothers came from?” I boldly say, “God made the first mother...” Na’vah laughs, her youthful pale orange face curiously smiles as she asks, “And who is God’s mother?” I calmly say, “God always was, is and will be!” Nav’eh sarastically says, “So your God just always lived --- but mothers couldn’t just always have mothers. So dumb! Algae dumb too..” Irritated, Sheniy arrogantly says, “You’re dumb if you really think that.” Mared frowns furiously as he says, “Don’t insult my pretty woman,

you slime worshiper!” Sheniy darkly frowns as he angrily shouts, “Ignorant beast!” Shocked, the furries all angrily stand up. They lift their clubs and shake them. I nervously say, “Sheniy, --apologize now!”

Jemimah nervously says, “Please Apologize!” His light brown eyes look nervous. Sheniy timidly says, “I’m, --- sorry...” Na’vah angrily shouts, “You don’t respect us! So get the “#^%\$#^% out!” I sincerely say, “Na’veh, forgive us! I respect you --and your people..” Sheniy frowns.

Jemimah says, “I respect your people too! Don’t judge us by what my foolish husband said...” Achad submissively puts his glove covered hands together and sadly says, “Forgive us! Let us stay..” Na’vah furiously shouts, “No!” Sheniy fearfully says, “But I said I’m sorry...” Mared’s wide wrinkled lips frowns intensely as he shouts, “We don’t forgive any who call us beasts!” I sincerely say, “But I, Jemimah, and Achad didn’t call you that... Please, let us stay..” They murderously stare at Sheniy. Na’vah cruelly smiles wide, her bright red eyes hatefully shine as she says, “Hmmm... Alright, --kill “#^%\$# Sheniy --and we can be friends...” Mared angrily says, “Kill him ---or leave forever!” Sheniy fearfully looks around at them and nervously says, “Let’s go...” I wickedly smile as I say, “We shouldn’t have to...” Achad smiles wickedly as he says, “Maybe we should kill Sheniy..” Jemimah shouts, “No! We leave now!” We angrily stare at Sheniy. We leave. I sadly look back at the furries and say, “Maybe, we could of saved them, if Sheniy hadn’t insulted them..”

A year latter, we have sailed back to Bachar. This early cool morning, we climb up on our snowy deck. Fluffy snow sprinkles down on us. I’m holding my staff, and wearing my brown hooded furs, gloves, and thick sandals with heavy furs tied around them. I say, “Praise God, we’re back to Bachar!” Me, Jemimah and her husbands, are wearing gray furs. We watch the pinkish sun rise over the distant mountain, up into the light purple sky’s scatter glowing gold and reddish purple clouds. Jemimah and her husbands are by her plump side. They pull back their green hoods. She puts her arms around their shoulders. Jemimah joyfully says, “Praise the Algae.. What a glorious morning?” I look out on the gentle blue waters, reflecting the colorful sky. Many snowflakes fall on the sea making tiny ripples. Nathan and Deborah, row their redish conoe out to meet us. We sail to the gigantic ice sheet. Wearing gloves, and boots, Jemimah’s husbands takes down the sail. They drops our achor. I kindly say with frosted breath, “Jemimah, see

you latter...” Jemimah’s dark chubby face smiles as she says, “Yes, Noah!”

Sheniy and Achad lowers down the raft on a long rope to the gentle waves.

I climb down. I step aboard the raft and row it out to the ice sheet.

Wearing their tight yellowish brown animals skins, and orange feathered headdresses, Nathan and Deborah step up onto the ice sheet. They pull their conoe up out of the icy waters. They help me out of my raft. As I hold my staff, I briefly hug them and joyfully say, “Hi, Deborah and Nathan..” Deborah happily says, “Welcome back Noah! Nadar told us.” I say with frosted breath, “Kind of creepy..” Nathan smiles as he says, “Yeah, --Nadar always knows....” Sheniy and Achad pulls the raft back onto the ark by it’s long rope. We put on our wide thorny snowshoes.

Deborah looks sad. The gentle winds blows through her shoulder lenght graying hair and her bright orange feathered headdress. Her husband’s dark brown eyes tear up. I ask, “Deborah, Nathan, why so sad?” Deborah shakes her head as she says, “I don’t want to talk about it...” I ask, “Nathan, what happened?” Embarrassed. Nathan pauses, and says, “Ask Sha’ah...” He drags their conoe behind them. We slowly walk in our awkward snowshoes pass the great ice sheet and the many large glaciers around, to Bachar’s steep mountain. The gentle snow falls. We see hogs, deer, and a couple of colorful feather dragons fighting over a deer carcass. The dragons leave us alone. We slowly walk by them all the way to Bachar’s mountain.

We walk up the narrow icy slippery path. He drags their conoe behind them. Our snowshoes keep us from slipping off. We walk up to where the mountainside curves inwardly, not too far from it’s peak. We see the colorful wooden shelters decorated with bright feathers, spotted with snow and icicles. The shelter are held on by the large reddish pine trees above them growing out of the mountainside. It’s snowing. We walk to the only wide place on the narrow path. We’re tired. The air is thin so we rest for a while. I see a small brown shelter with lots of icicles hanging from it, in front of Zabad’s narrow green shelter. I say out of breath, “I don’t remember that brown shelter..” Nathan gently says, “It’s new...” Deborah’s dark brown eyes shine as she says, “We built that shelter for you..” I happily say, “Thank you! But why?” Deborah happily says, “Nadar told us that you will live here for the next five years.. Tell your crew to go back and pick you up then.” I ask, “Five years? Are you sure?” She smiles and

nods. We walk up the slippery path to the fourteen shelters and the temple.

I walk up to my shelter, open its narrow door and walk in. It's narrow but does have a nice fire-pit, and a comfortable hammock. We exit out though its back door. We walk up to Zabad's green shelter. I smell the pleasant odor of burning sticks. I shout, "Zabad man, Noah's back!" Deborah shouts, "We're here too!" Zabad's voice say, "Groovy man! Come on in.." We walk inside one at a time. Nathen drags the conoe pass the little fire-pit, and just outside Zabad's warm shelter. He comes back in. I look up at Zabad's conoe hanging from his high ceiling. I look around at the furs, pots, etc. Zabad and his family sit down together by their fire-pit. A large clay pot cooking stuff is above its flames. They're wearing their tight brown animals skins, and orange feathered headdresses except for Yayin.

She wearing her hooded green robe. Ahabah's gorgous light brown eyes look at me as she says, "Noah, praise the Creator of All, you're back! Sit down." Nathan nervous says, "We must be going.." Zabad's pale wrinkled long gray bearded face looks disturbed as he asks, "Nathan man, are you sure?" Nathan nods. Deborah tearfully says, "We're concerned about Sha'ah.." Deborah and Nathan walk out. I sit down by Zabad. Yayin sips wine from her wineskin and says, "Groovy wine!" Bar-Zabad's brown bearded pale face and hazel eyes look uncomfortable as he says, "Yayin mam, --crash!" Yayin drunkenly smiles and says, "Hang loose, son!"

Being thirsty, I ask, "Yayin, can I have a sip?" Yayin's pretty wrinkled face sweetly smiles. Yayin hands me her large wineskin and says, "Sure, no sweat! Have a blast!" I sip her wine. It's much stronger than I expected.

Shocked, I ask her, "Wow, what is this?" Yayin excitedly says, "Blood boiler, --man... It's outta sight!" I take another sip, cough a couple times, and stare at her lustfully. I say, "Yes mam, it is.. You little hot wolf!"

Irritated, Zabad's jealously says, "Careful, man! That hot wolf's mine.."

Bar-Zabad angrily says, "Noah man, that's my mother! God Man, not cool with that.." Ahabah's beautiful golden tan face looks jealous as she angrily says, "Zabad, --I'm your hot wolf too!" Ahabah and Yayin frown at each other. Zabad laugh and says, "Groovy girls.. Man, I'm lucky!" I giggle and say, "I --know..." Ahabah says, "Noah, stop sipping blood boiler! You suppose to be a preacher of righteousnes..." Embarrassed, I sip a little more, cough and timidly say, "Forgive me.." I hand the wineskin back to Yayin. Zabad happily hugs me tight as he says, "Love you man! I dig

you..” I gratefully say, “Zabad man, I dig you too..” Yayin gulps down more wine and drunkenly howls. Zabad grabs her and angrily says, “Yayin girl, behave yourself!” Ahabah and Bar-Zabad frown at her. I stand up with my staff and say, “I better go...” I exit out into the bitter cold. I walk to the yellow shelter and say, “May I come through...” A voice says, “Sure, we like you...” I enter their warm shelter, wave to the happy family there and walk out to the other side.

I walk to Nathan’s shelter. I shout, asking, “Noah here, may I enter?” Nathan’s sad voice says, “Noah, come in...” I open their door. I walk into the great warmth of their narrow shelter. I see Sha’ah, wearing tight brown animals skins and her red feathered headdress. She’s sitting on many colorful feathers with her head down between her knees. Her parents stand behind her, near their small flickering fire. Sha’ah bitterly cries. I see that she has grown up into a shapely young woman. Deborah sadly says, “Noah, talk to Sha’ah.” I walk over with my staff. I sit down by her. I sadly ask, "Sha’ah, what’s wrong?" Sha’ah lifts her head and insultingly says, “Leave me alone! You’re too old to understand me.. I’m a gorgeous eighteen year old.. And you’re what, --almost five hundred.” Deborah says, “Sha’ah, don’t be mean!” I curiously say, “Sha’ah, please tell me..” Tears run down from her dark brown eyes, to her cute reddish cheeks as she bitterly says, "Ramah, divorced me.." Shocked, I ask, "Why?" Sha'ah tearfully says, "Claims I was --unfaithful..." Without thinking, I ask, "Were you?" Her parents frown. Sha'ah pauses and playfully says, "I can't help that some men -- are rather clingy..." I nervously ask, “Where’s your daughter?” Sha’ah wipes away her tears, and says, “Nadar is caring for my daughter Tiyrah(fortress) at the temple...” I cheerfully say, “Ah good, --I was afraid that...” Sha’ah wickedly smiles as she says, “That Ramah got her. He doesn’t want her... I’m glad!” I dreamily look into her sparkling dark brown eyes. She bows her head, looks up, and winks her eyelashes. Sha’ah playfully says, "It’s silly how much you like me!" Nathan grunts. Deborah angrily says, “Stop teasing that good man!” Sha'ah giggles and says, "Mother, don’t be silly... I know he’s a good man.." I nervously ask, "How do you know?" Sha'ah laughs and seductively says, "I feel it in my wild little heart!" I laugh. Nathan stares at me and says, “I’m not sure...” Deborah forcefully says, “I am! It’s our daughter that I’m worried about...”

Three new moons latter, before sunset, I quietly enter the temple. I sit down by the large barrel shaped lamp on the small knee-high tan stage between the long temple's narrow walls. Out of the shadows, wearing her long gray feathered poncho and long yellow feathered headdress, the short elderly prophetess slowly limps over behind me. The rough wooden floor creaks beneath her. She puts her long crooked reddish branch down by my staff. She picks up a small dark barrel shaped hand drum. She slowly steps up onto the stage. By the eerie greenish tinted light of the lamp, under the three conoes hanging from the high ceiling, Nadar slowly dances around me. The light casts her shadows across the reddish walls where the snowshoes are hung. She hits her hand drum, playing a hunting melody. Her severely wrinkled, long crooked nosed and long chin face playfully smiles. Her dark much sunken eyes reflects the greenish lamp. Nadar gently says, "Sing with me..." Startled, I say, "Sure." She sings with her rough elderly but loving voice. I join in. We sing, saying, "Creator of All! We are thankful! We are joyful! You lo-ve us! Creator of All... Plans our good! Even pain, can be good... Creator of All. We love you! We trust you! You planned good! Creator of All, planned our good! We love you... You love us.. You love us..." Nadar giggles. I sing with her, saying, "Creator of All! We are thankful! We are joyful! You lo---ve us! Creator of All... Plans our good! Even pain, can be good... Creator of All. We love you! We trust you! Sha'ah comes!" Shocked, I interrupt her, asking, "What did you just sing?" She adjust her headdress on top her wrinkled bald head and big hairy ears. Nadar smiles widely and says, "Sha'ah comes. --Creator of All, plans our loves.." Shocked, I say, "Nadar, you know about us?" Nadar gently laughs and asks, "How could I not? ---I go..." She picks up her branch, walks over to the rope hanging from the temple's high ceiling. She pulls the rope down that pulls the narrow door up. She slowly walks out into the cold. The door creeks down.

A little latter, I hear a gentle knock. I pull the rope that pulls up the temple's narrow door. A cold wind enters. Sha'ah walks in and looks around. She wearing frosted furs over her shapely brown animals skins. Her red feathered headdress is over her shoulder length black hair. The temple door creaks as it too slowly slides down. Sha'ah quietly asks, "Where's Nadar?" I shiver. I say, "She's out..." Worried, I ask, "How's Tiyrah?" Sha'ah happily says, "My daughter is sleeping at my home..."

We hug each other. I let go. She's keeps hugging me. She kisses me. I push her back and say, "Slow down, girl..." She laughs. Sha'ah says, "You never married you because --you're so shy!" I lustfully say, "Ahabah wanted to marry me, --and she's gorgeous!" Sha'ah skeptically asks, "Then why didn't you marry her?" My eyes tear up. I say, "Layil --told me in my dreams, that if I married Ahabah, her owls would devour her!" She looks disappointed. Sha'ah says, "Because of a stupid dream... Dreams are not real!" I fearfully say, "But her cruel spirit is!" She asks in disbelief, "What? Is Layil dead?" I nervously say, "Kind of..." Sha'ah points at me and shouts, "You're scare of a dead girl!" I fearfully say, "You don't know --her! Worst of all demons, --ghosts, ghouls, --whatever!" Sha'ah forcefully says, "Listen, fear never stops me from loving anyone! --Do you believe in --the Creator of All?" I timidly say, "Yes... God even spoke to me once..." Her brown eyes sparkle. Sha'ah mockingly fearful asks me, "Is God greater than ---her?" I nervously rub my cold hands together, and say, "God is greater than anyone..." Her cute rounded face and crimson lips seductively smiles. She gently play with her shimmering black hair. Sha'ah says, "Stop worrying --and just love me!" I put my arms around her and move my white bushy bearded face closer to her youthful face. I move in to kiss her moist lips but I stop just before our lips touch. I nervously ask, "May, ---I kiss, ---you?" She coldly pushes me back from her sweet lips. Sha'ah bitterly asks, "Why couldn't you just kiss me? --Let's just be friends..." I angrily say, "But I, --love you! What did I do wrong?" Sha'ah arrogantly says, "Women, --hate telling men how to love them! That makes me feel like I'm your mother telling you what your father should of... But you're really bad at this! --So listen carefully... Most women want strong bold playful men who stand up for themselves to lead women, --not weak cowardly boys who follow women!" Sha'ah blushes as she says, "Men who have a really great time, --with me! --Simply put, act strong and tough, --great! --Act weak, worst than bad!" I nervously ask, "Then why, --do you like me?" Sha'ah submissively looks down, blushes and says, "The Creator of All put you --in my wild little heart... If you really love me, lead me by my ten manly rules for loving women!" Puzzled, I spread my arms wide open and ask, "What rules?"

Sha'ah forcefully says, "Rule one, if you ask how you did, or do I love you? --You failed! Observe, don't ask..."

Rule two, tell me --what to do... Don't ask! If I don't like it, --I'll say no! And don't always agree with me... That's boring...

Rule three, don't act fearful, angry or sad --and never beg, --even if I run off with someone!" Sha'ah's cute face seductively smiles as she says, "Act like you don't care ---and I'll probably come back to you someday..."

Sha'ah angrily says, "Rule four, don't curse! Cursing anyone, --hurts me!"

Sha'ah says, "Rule five, don't apologize or explain yourself! You'll look weak!" Sha'ah humorously says, "Instead, --joke about our silly mistakes... If I laugh, --I'll probably forgive you... Or just say in a bold friendly way, I, you --or we did a silly... Or it's a silly, ha, ha, ha..."

Puzzled, I ask, "Shouldn't we take our mistakes seriously?" Sha'ah laughs and says, "No! That just makes me angry... Apologizing makes you pathetic, --but joking makes it funny!" I curiously ask, "Why say silly?"

Sha'ah laughs and says, "Silly is a happy word... Most words about our mistakes makes us feel stressed, --but gently saying it's a silly, --is a great way to avoid nasty fights..."

Sha'ah says forcefully, "Rule six, demand respect! --If I don't respect you, calmly walk away like you don't care until I apologize... If I don't, --get another women!"

Sha'ah smirks and seductively says, "Rule seven, --I'm never responsible for what we do... It's your fault!"

Sha'ah cheerfully says, "Rule eight, be mysterious! Keep secrets, --like how much you love me... Telling me just make you boring... But tell me all the really important stuff!

Sha'ah seductively says, "Rule nine, don't always be good to me... That's boring! Be a little bad sometimes --but not too bad..."

Dead serious, Sha'ah sadly says, "Finally, rule ten, don't need me or --I'm gone! --You must always be willing to replace me with another woman..." Sha'ah humorously jealous says, "--But not too willingly..."

Disturbed, I ask, "Sha'ah, --why, can't I need you?" She tears up. Sha'ah says, "I once loved a boy... But he was... Weak! --I fell in love with a strong man.. I left the boy and --the boy kill himself... Then the strong men left me for another girl..." Tearfully, Sha'ah angrily shouts, "Never again!" I sadly say, "Sha'ah, --I'm sorry.." Sha'ah angrily shouts, "Rule five!" I

forcefully say, "Don't apologize!" Her eyes reflect the lamp's eerie green light. I slowly ask, "Is this what your parents taught you?" Sha'ah laughs and says, "Nah, they're sweet... They taught silly things like unconditional love, being responsible, and trust.... I learn my real life rules from my lovers." I forcefully say, "Maybe your parents are not silly.." Sha'ah laughs and says, "Now that's funny! ---Well, my parents taught me to have faith... You ---need more faith! --Say, --I enjoy women.. I enjoy women.." I nervously ask, "Why?" Sha'ah sadly says, "Because you're so shy! Saying you enjoy women turns your fear of women into thrills, and you'll do much better with gorgeous women like me." I timidly say, "I enjoy women... I enjoy women.." Sha'ah laughs and says, "Also say until you believe it, --I'm a sexy man that women want to be desired by!" I nervously ask, "Really?" Irritated, Sha'ah asks, "Want to be just friends?" I blush and slowly say, "I enjoy women and ---I'm a sexy man women want to be desired by.." Sha'ah forcefully says, "Again!" I say less nervously, "I'm a sexy man woman want to be desired by... I'm a sexy man woman want to be desired by!" She submissively bows her head, and slyly smiles. Sha'ah lovingly says, "Noah, believe in yourself, --and I might believe in you someday.." I boldly say, "Yes, --my young lovely..."

Three new moons latter, Sha'ah and me recline together on a big pile of colorful long feathers near the flickering orange flames of the fire-pit. I'm wearing my brown furs with my hood pulled way back. She's wearing her tight brown animals skins but not her headdress. I run my fingers gently through her dark glistening hair. I passionately kiss her moist crimson lips. We put our arms tightly around each other. I hear a disturbing sound of an opening door. I feel a chilling breeze. The door shuts. I hear a small child's voice ask, "Mother, ---what's he doing to you?" Sha'ah calmly says, "Nothing bad!" I sit up. I see her cute little daughter, wearing a pink poncho, and a red feathered headdress on top her short curly brown hair. She wears furry gloves, boots, and snow shoes. They're all thickly dusted with snow. Tiyah's golden tan face and dark brown little squinted eyes stare. Tiyrah asks, "Mother, who is he?" Sha'ah stands up, walks over to her. She puts her loving arms around her. Sha'ah comfortingly says, "Noah.. A good man... Noah say hi to my four year old daughter..." Tiyrah looks confused. I timidly says, "Hi, Tiyrah..." She timidly asks, "What you doing --with my mother?" I blush. I can't say a

word. Irritated, Sha'ah forcefully says, "Tell her --and make it good... Rule three!" I barely say, "I --like --your mo--ther..." Sha'ah angrily says, "That's it, Noah! --Let's just be friends!" Shocked, I nervously say, "No, I want you to be my wife!" Shocked, Sha'ah furiously asks, "Be your wife?" Tiyrah curiously asks, "Is he my new father?" Sha'ah smiles down at her as she says, "No, Tiyrah! I'm a beautiful young woman and --he's disgustingly very old coward!" Sha'ah angrily asks, "Noah, if you can't talk to Tiyrah, --how can you ever face my father?" I angrily say, "Rule Six... I demand respect!" Sha'ah bitterly shouts, "Rule Three! Don't act fearful, angry, or sad! ---Never mind loser, --we're done! I hate you! I hate you! --I so hate you!" Tiyrah cries and fearfully says, "Mother, stop shouting! --Are you angry with me?" Sha'ah holds her close and kindly says, "No, --you're a great daughter!" Sha'ah angrily shouts, "Noah, you made my daughter cry!" I sadly say, "I'm --so-..." Sha'ah furiously shouts, "Rule five, you cowardly loser!" Confused, I say, "But you..." Sha'ah interrupts me, and furiously shouts, "Rule Seven!" Tiyrah tearfully says, "Mother, you're hurting my ears!" I feel so bad, thinking about rule six. If Sha'ah doesn't respect me, walk away like I don't care. I grab my staff, stand up and calmly say, "Good-bye.." I pull my furry brown hood over my long white hair. I turn away. I hear Tiyrah cry. My heart aches. I force myself to calmly walk away. Sha'ah walks right behind me, furiously shaking her fists. Sha'ah furiously shouts, "Don't you dare walk away from me, --loser! You disgusting dirty old man! Apologize to my daughter! --We're not done yet!" I ignore her. I open the wooden door. I feel the freezing icy winds hit my tearful face hard. I hear Tiyrah cry even more. Sha'ah emotionally says, "Tiyrah, stop crying... I love you! I love you!" I leave as Sha'ah marches up behind me and hatefully shouts loud enough to hurt my ears, "Cowardly old loser, --come back and --apologize to my daughter! --Loser, coward, --no woman could ever love you, --you disgustly very old loser! --Loser! I hate you! Coward, I hate you! --Disgusting creep! Augh-gh, --Au—gh!" I walk out into the numbing cold. Howling bone chilling winds hit me. I slide dangerously around the narrow icy path. I forgot to put on my snow shoes and my feet are already numb but I'm not going back.

My icy cold feet hurt as I carefully walk down the very narrow icy path to Zabad's green shelter. I unhappily shout, "Zabad, it's Noah.."

Zabad's voice says, "Noah Man, crash here!" I enter their warm shelter. I cry a lot. Zabad hands me a wine-skin and ask, "What happened? Lay it on me, man!" I sip his good tasting wine. I say in agony, "Sha'ah said --- let's be friends!" Bar-Zabad says, "Bummer, man!" Yayin says, "Bummer.." Ahabah says, "Noah, don't drink too much.." I ignore her. Me Zabad, and Yayin pass around the wine-skin and sip wine till it's all empty.

Grandfather Noah, wearing Enoch's silly old cap over his long white hair, says, "I got very drunk. I forget the rest..." Shocked, Pe'ullah put her little hands over her ears under her fluffy tan fur cap as she asks, "Grandmother, were you really that mean to grandfather?" Embarrassed, Sha'ah says, "No, --I wasn't!" Tubal's dark boyish face wickedly smiles under his silver turban. Noah's boldly says, "Yeah Sha'ah, --you were cruel!" Sha'ah angrily says, "Rule seven!" Noah laughs and says, "We didn't disrespect me! You did..." Sha'ah angrily says, "Yes you did! --- You put me under so much pressure, --demanding me to become your wife in front of my little daughter..." Noah calmly say, "Rule three!" Sha'ah emotionally says, "Rule three is only for men! --It's alright for women to be fearful, angry, --or sad.. Woman can even beg!" Noah smirks behind his bushy white beard as he playfully says, "I was just too scary for you! --My cute little girl.." Sha'ah bitterly says, "I'm not laughing.." Noah laughs and says, "But I am!" Sha'ah cracks a smile and says, "I was cruel... But Noah, --I had to strengthen you..." Noah calmly say, "You mean test me.. And if I failed?" Sha'ah laughs and says, "You would die all alone!" They laugh and hug each other. Puzzled, Pe'ullah asks, "What's so funny?" Noah giggles. Sha'ah smirks and says, "Pe'ullah, it's just a silly.. Don't be so serious..." Tubal laughs and says, "I get it! --I get it!" Me and Tubal stand up. We briefly hug our grandparents. We sit back down. Noah says, "Next morning, I woke up sweating under thick furs swinging on my hammock. I had a bad headache. I was still wearing my heavy furs, gloves and my sandals with thick furs tied around them. I stumbled out of the hammock and hit the floor. I borrowed a pair of Zabad's snowshoes. I grab my staff and walked outside. The bone chilling winds blasted me. I struggled wearing these awkward wide snowshoes. Strong cold winds blew against me. I walk through the various shelters, greeting their families. Some of them were not pleased with me drunkenly going through their

shelters. I walked up the narrow slippery path up to Bachar's temple... I heard a hand drum. I pulled the rope to lift the temple door up..."

Wearing these awkward wide snow shoes, I stumble inside. It's much less cold here but I'm still shivering. The temple's eerily creaking door too slowly descends behind me. It closes off the painfully cold winds. I look over at the short ugly big hairy eared prophetess sitting on the wooden stage. She's hitting her hand drum. She's playing a gentle melody. I pull back my hood. I can barely see by the dim green tinted light coming from the large lamp. It's in the middle of this very narrow dark temple. Nadar looks really old, wearing her gray feathered poncho, and her long yellow feathered headdress on top her bald wrinkled head. I sit down by her. My drooping head pounds. I drop my staff. Nadar softly sings, "Creator of All, --your plans are good! We trust that your plans are very good.. We love you, Creator of All! You love us." My tears run down into my beard. I drunkenly say, "Nadar, --Sha'ah left ---me! ---Why? ---Why? --Why?" Nadar stops playing. She puts the hand drum down. Her bony right hand lays down on my slump shoulders. Her extremely wrinkled and sunken cheeked face sadly smiles. Nadar comfortingly says, "I know... But Noah, trust, --that the Creator of All's plans for you --are good... Those plans will be done!" I cry like a baby. I lay my weary head down on her fragile shoulders. I tearfully slur my words. I say, "But I'm --all alone and -- I really, really --want --a wifey!" I raise my head. Her dark loving eyes shine. Nadar softly says, "Noah, don't cry... I'll get you a wife!" She picks up her branch. She hugs me tightly. Shocked, I emotionally ask, "--What?" She gently grabs my beard with her bony fingers. Nadar forcefully says, "But Noah, --you must promise me! --Stop getting drunk to numb your heartaches.." Puzzled, I asks, "Why? --It works..." Nadar sorrowfully says, "Because one day you may get very drunk -and curse your own family! You must control your emotions!" Nadar lets go of my beard. I say, "Nadar, --I'd never --curse my family! I promise I won't get drunk again!" Nadar's elderly gentle voice says, "I hope so..." I sob and shout, "I, I, I --won't!" Nadar's elderly sweet voice says, "Beriy'ah's(creation 1278) lost her husband last year... I'll introduce you to her... She's about forty five years old --but she could still bear you children..." I hug her again and joyfully say, "God -bless you, --Nad-ar!"

Grandmother Sha'ah interrupts grandfather's story again and forcefully says, "Noah, please don't say too much about Beri'y'ah... The story is about me!" Noah laughs and says, "Yes, it is... I'll skip ahead to my first wedding.." Sha'ah says, "Thank you." Grandmother kiss grandfather. Pe'ullah smiles between them. Pe'ullah cutely shouts, "Story!" Noah playfully says, "Three new moons latter, early morning, at Bachar's temple. Beri'y'ah, was a charming mature big breasted lady, that had lovely golden tan skin, long curly dark golden hair, and gorgeous hazel eyes. Her much dimpled nose was so cute... She wore a beautiful white poncho at our wedding and her headdress had long green feathers. I wore an overly tight brown animals skins and an orange feathered headdress... I guess I was already fat by then..."

Beri'y'ah and me stand by her mother who looks very much like her. Her mother is wearing her tight gray animal skins and wears a yellow feathered headdress. Beri'y'ah hugs her tearful mother as she sincerely says, "Love you mother..." Her mother wrinkled hazel eyes stare. I lazily lean on my long wooden staff. Her mother says with mixed emotions, "Beri'y'ah, my lovely baby, is marrying a really old man..." Beri'y'ah's golden tan face with the cute dimpled nose smiles at me. She says, "But Noah is a good and healthy man.. Trust me, mother!" Her mother nervously says, "If you say so..." I say, "I love your daughter!" Her mother says, "You're kind of fat.." Embarrassed, I say, "I'll eat less..." I look out at our guests tightly crowded on both sides of this long but very narrow red wooded temple. Three conoes hangs from the high ceiling. Zabad and his family stand around. Yayin is holding her wine-skin. They are dress as usual. They wave at me. I see other guests and their children standing by them. Behind the stage, I see Sha'ah, Tiyrah, and her parents crowded by other guests. They quietly argue. I see my greenish looking white canopy at the back of the temple. Standing by her mother, Sha'ah's cute little daughter is wearing her pink poncho, boots, and red feathered headdress on top her short curly brown hair. Sha'ah and her parents are wearing their animal skins and colorful headdresses. Tiyrah's little golden tan face frowns at me. Deborah is carrying a bright red jar shaped like a human heart in her hands. I see the small dark hand drums, large wine-skin, and a large gray jar on the stage by the greenish tinted lamp. It lights the temple brighter than normal. The large gray jar filled to the brim with

happy roots. Nadar uses her branch to climb up the knee-high stage. She's wearing her long gray feathered poncho and long yellow feathered headdress. She holds up her branch. Nadar joyfully shouts, "Creator of All, you love us! Creator of All, we love and trust you.. Creator of All, planned our good.. Even pain can be good... Deborah, set the jar of love down on the stage and let's dance... Ahabah, join us!" Deborah steps up on the stage. She puts the heart shaped jar down by the flickering lamp. Zabad, Bar-Zabad, and Yayin cheers. Ahabah steps up onto the stage. Nadar, Deborah, and Ahabah pick up their hand drums. They play a happy melody. They gracefully dance around the small stage. I look back at Beriy'ah's golden face and her cute little dimpled nose. Beriy'ah excitedly says, "Noah, let's look at our canopy.." Her long curly dark golden hair and graceful pink lips look so pretty. She pulls me close to her big breasts. I joyfully say, "Beriy'ah, I can't wait!" We gently hold hands. We walk over, climb over the stage and we squeeze ourselves past various guests including Sha'ah, and Tiyrah. Sha'ah jealously stares. Tiyrah's dark squinted eyes look up at her as she asks, "Mother, what they doing?" Irritated, Sha'ah says, "Tiyrah, I'll tell you latter.." Me and Beriy'ah fondly look at our white canopy. A sacred tent that's a little taller than a tall man. It's white fur coverings looks light green because of the lamp's eerie green tinted light. The furs are held up by four upright smooth wooden poles that's tops are connected to a thin rectangular wooden frame. The furs more than cover all sides down to the wooden floor. I hear the hand drums and the sounds of their gently dancing feet stop. Deborah struggles to pick up the heavy wine-skin. Deborah happily shouts, "We got good wine for everyone! But don't sip too much..." The wedding guests get in line to sip wine from the wine-skin she's holding. When we get to the front of the line, we both sip some great tasting wine. After everyone sips some, Deborah puts the wine-skin back down. She stands by Nadar. Ahabah picks up a large gray jar filled with squirming happy roots. Her wrinkled but gorgeous golden tan face smiles. Ahabah happily shouts, "Happy roots for all!" We all cheer. I see Ahabah is tall and shapely in her tight tan animal skins. Zabad, Bar-Zabad, and Yayin frown at me. Beriy'ah looks mad. I look at her cute dimpled nose. Ahabah passes out happy roots to all. Ahabah's right hand takes a big handful of them out of the large gray jar. She puts a nice pile of squirming yellowish long thin happy roots into

my grasping right hand. Beriy'ah joyfully eats happy roots. Her gracious pink lips open wide. She puts the long stringy moving things into her mouth. She slowly eats them. We kiss. I look down at the shiny yellowish squirming things between my fingers. I curiously say, "Beriy'ah, happy roots look strange... But they taste great!" Beriy'ah joyfully says, "And they make us happy!" I hold my staff. Ahabah takes the large jar away from the stage and jumps back onto the stage.

Nadar lean on her long crooked branch, as she happily shouts, "Noah, Beriy'ah come on up!" Holding my staff, I step up onto the stage with my bride. I notice Nathan has his arm around Sha'ah's shoulder. He looks nervous. Tiyrah looks bored. Deborah and Ahabah pick up their hand drums. They hits their hand drums with the palms of their hands, making a musically haunting melody. They dance around the lamp casting their shadows against the temple reddish walls. Nadar joyfully sings with her elderly but powerful voice, saying, "Creator of All! We are thankful! We are joyful! You lo---ve us! Creator of All... Plans our good! Even pain, can be good... Creator of All. We love you! We trust you! You planned our good! Creator of All, plans our good! We lo--ve you... You love us.. We love you!" We sing this song a couple more times. We stop singing. They put their hand drums down. Ahabah steps down and walks back to her family. Zabad smiles happily beneath his orange feathered headdress as he says to her, "Groovy girl, your dancing is outta sight!" Yayin's squinted eyes happily stare as she says, "Hot wolf!" She playfully howls. Embarrassed, Bar-Zabad nervously says, "Mom, --be cool.."

Nadar emotionally shouts, "Praise the Creator of All! Noah and Beriy'ah's wedding begins! ---Deborah, tell our guests about the wedding.." Happily, Deborah loudly says, "First, Noah and Beriy'ah will sip wine from the jar of love... Second, they will submit to the Creator of All's plan for them... Third, the bride will dance, circling around her groom seven times... If no one interrupts her dance, --they're married! And fourth, they will greet us and enter the canopy of ---love!" She lovingly glances at Nathan, her still looks handsome husband, Sha'ah, their troubled daughter and Tiyrah her curious granddaughter. Nadar's wrinkled, very sunken, long crooked nosed and long chinned face smiles widely, revealing her crooked ugly brown teeth. Nadar excitedly shouts, "The Creator of All

blessed the first humans and said, “((*) Genesis 1:28, ---be fruitful, and multiply,---”) Deborah picks up the heart shaped jar, and says, “Noah, receive the jar of love...” She hands it to me. Deborah picks up the large brown wine-skin. Nadar softly says, “Deborah pour in the wine..” She pours it into the small heart shaped jar till it’s full to the brim. Deborah happily says, "Noah, sip half the wine... Then give the jar of love to Beriy’ah..." I lift the jar up and sip. It tastes great so I sip more than half. Irritated, Deborah says, “Leave some for Beriy’ah.” Embarrassed, I say, “Sure..” I hand the jar of love to my graceful big breasted bride. She slowly lifts it to her lips. She gracefully sips the wine till it’s gone. She fondly holds the jar. Deborah puts the wine-skin down. She goes back to her family. Nadar solemnly says to me and Beriy’ah, “Keep the jar of love, --till one of you dies... Then bury it with your mate..” Beriy’ah happily says, “I will..” Nadar lovingly asks, "Noah, Beriy’ah, do you both believe that the Creator of All’s plan for you is to be fruitful together and multiply?" I pause, then say, “Yes..” Beriy’ah holds the jar next to her big breasts, as she joyfully says, “I do!” Nadar sweetly asks, “Do you both submit to the Creator of All’s plan to be faithful and dedicated lovers... Kind, respectful and forgiving... To be an example of Creator of All’s love to your children!” Nadar’s dark eyes and much sunken cheeks hatefully frowns, and her sweet voice becomes frighteningly harsh as she says, “--But if you are cruel, unfaithful, disrespectful, hold grudges, fail to cuddle, fail to keep mating, or leave your mate, --the Creator of All has planned --seven horrible curses, --for you!” Nadar smiles and sweetly asks, “Do you both submit to the Creator of All’s plan?” I nervously say, “Sure!” Nadar picks up her long rough branch, swings it down and wacks my forehead hard enough to make it bleed a little. I painfully says, “Ouch! --Why did you hit me?” Nadar sweetly says, “It’s a wedding ritual...” I wipe a few drops of blood off my forehead. Beriy’ah smiles at me and nervously says, “I do..” Nadar picks up her branch and wacks Beriy’ah forehead hard enough make her bleed a little too. She moans. My bride holds her jar tight. She looks strait at Sha’ah who holding Tiyrah’s little hand tightly. I notice several men glancing lustfully over at Sha’ah. Nadar gently says, “Anyone who would stop this wedding, --must speak before Beriy’ah dances around

Noah the seven times --or be silent for eternity! ---Beriy'ah dance!" My bride holds onto our heart shaped jar. She dances joyfully around me once. Nadar happily shouts, "One..." My bride gracefully dances around me again. Nadar shouts, "Two.." I happily watch my slim big breasted bride dances around me the third time as her shapely body bounces all around under her beautiful white poncho and the long green feathers of her headdress that gracefully sways back and forth. Nadar shouts, "Three.." I hear Nathan forcefully say, "Sha'ah, --just accept it..." I hear a young man's voice emotionally say, "Sha'ah.. --I'll need you... I need you!" Sha'ah cruelly says, "You're so last week..." Even by the lamp's green tinted light, I see Sha'ah face getting redder. Tiyrah fearfully looks up. Beriy'ah dances around me the fourth time. Nadar happily shouts, "Four!" Sha'ah tearfully shouts, "Noah, --I apologize --for disrespecting you! ---Marry me!" Beriy'ah dances around me again. Nadar shouts, "Five..." Sha'ah pushes her parents and her daughter away. She jumps up onto the stage as she angrily shouts, "Beriy'ah stop!" She blocks Beriy'ah from dancing. I forcefully shout, "No Sha'ah, you stop!" Deborah and Nathan hold Tiyrah tightly as she shouts, "Mother! Mother..." Beriy'ah angrily shakes her jar at Sha'ah and furiously says, "Sha'ah, you whore! Get out of my way!" Sha'ah childishly says, "You're not the Creator of All's plan for Noah... I'm am! --Noah, loves me!" Nadar seems undisturbed. My bride stops dancing. Her dimpled nose twitches. Beriyah self righteously says, "Foolish whore, --how dare you talk about the ---Creator of All's plans!" Nadar thumps the bottom of her branch on the stage and calmly asks, "Sha'ah, --you against this wedding?" Sha'ah puts her arms possessively around me as she says, "Yes... Noah, lo-ooves me! --And I love him..." Tiyrah's cute golden face smiles as she joyfully shouts, "I knew he's my new father!" I push Sha'ah away and coldly say, "No! --I love Beriy'ah... ---I can trust her!" Nadar thumps her branch down again. Nadar says almost like she's bored, "Sha'ah overruled..." Beriy'ah's mother happily shouts, "Praise the Creator of All! Thank you, Nadar!" Four villagers jump up on the stage, grab Sha'ah and drag her to the temple door. Sha'ah shouts, "Noah, you lo-oove me! You lo-ooove me! ---Marry me, --please!" Deborah, Nathan and Tiyrah walk towards them. Sha'ah shouting suddenly stops. Nadar calmly says, "Beriy'ah, you may complete your dance and be Noah's wife..."

Beriy'ah bows her dark golden haired head, with green feathered headdress on top. She holds the heart shaped jar by her big breasts. She cries. Her cute dimpled nose twitches. Beriy'ah says in agony, "Noah, --I'm sorry, --I can't marry you.." Trembling, she hands me the jar of love. Shocked, I sadly say, "But Beriy'ah, --I love you!" Tears stream down her golden cheeks. Beriy'ah says, "I know you do! ---But can you honestly tell me you --don't love that, --whore?" I sadly say, "I did..." Beriy'ah bitterly says, "You still do..." I hug her tightly. Almost crying, I say, "Beriy'ah, don't let --her, get --between us!" She kisses me once, and pushes me away. Beriy'ah painfully says, "She is between us..." My bride steps down and hugs her happy mother. Disturbed, I say, "But... But... But..." Nadar gently puts her left hand on my shoulder and says with her elderly sweet voice, "Noah have faith! --And obey manly rules three and six.." Shocked, I just stare down at the short prophetess who smiles knowingly.

A new moon latter, the sun is setting in the clear but fading blue sky on this not so cold evening. I'm inside my cozy brown shelter, wearing brown furs with my hood pulled way back. I'm hugging a plump but cuddly forty year old woman. Her reddish face smiles. We're reclining against my large cushion decorated with many colorful feathers. I look at the flickering warm flames dancing around in my small fire-pit. I look back at the pretty woman wearing white furs. Her long white feathered headdress is on top her short brown curly hair. I look at her pretty dark green eyes and her chubby reddish tan face. I go in for the kiss. I kiss her red lips. She kisses me back. She runs her fingers through my long white hair and beard. She says, "I wondered if you ever get around to kissing me..." She stops kissing. I ask, "Hadassah, when will I see you again?"

Hadassah gently laugh and says, "Latter, but don't wait so long before you kiss me.. I'm not that patient.." She gets up. She puts on her outer furs, gloves, and snowshoes. She grabs her staff. She opens the door. A cold breeze comes in. She walks out. She closes the door behind her. I set up my hammock. I lay down. I gently swing. A little latter, a voice says, "Noah, I'm back?" I get out of my hammock and happily say, "Hadassah, come back in!" The voice says, "I'm Sha'ah, --let me in!" I say with mixed feelings, "I guess so.." I open the door. A cold wind blows in. She closes the door. She walks in wearing her tight brown animals skins, and red feathered headdress. Sha'ah excitedly says, "Come back to me! You

don't love her..." I laugh and say, "I don't know yet... But Hadassah is really cute and cuddly." Sha'ah seductively says, "Noah, -I want you bad!" She puts her arms around me. She tries to kiss me. I gently push her back. I coldly say, "If I let you --come back, --we go slow..." Tears flow down from her eyes as she says, "Noah, let's start over where we left off... I need you!" I coldly say, "No! You will have to earn my trust --over time..." Sha'ah whines, asking, "Noah, why?" I laugh and say, "Because I'm a sexy man --that women want to be desired by..." Sha'ah tries to kiss me and says, "I can't wait!" I push her away again. I say, "You got plenty of other men... Go for it!" Angrily hurt, tears run down her smooth cheeks. Sha'ah says, "You're so mean..." I smile and say, "I know... Now leave!" She angrily opens the door. A chilly wind blows in. Sha'ah angrily shouts, "You dirty old---!" I interrupt her and calmly say, "Rule six!" She calms down. She bows her head submissively and says, "Noah, I respect you! See you latter..."

Four new moons latter, about noon on this gloomy cold stormy day, I'm wearing my heaviest hooded brown furs, and my furry gloves. My sandals are wrapped with furs and my snowshoes are on my sore feet. The snow blows heavily all around me. I'm firmly hold my staff. My awkward snowshoes leave a deep trail behind me. The freezing howling winds are against me. My snowshoes keeps me on the mountain's slippery narrow path. I walk up to the yellow shelter. Lots of long icicles hang from it. By their colorfully feather decorated door, I shout, "Noah here!" The winds howl. I hear Tiyrah voice asks, "Is that new father?" Nathan grunts. Deborah's sad voice says, "Probably not, Tiyrah.." Nathan's grumpy voice says, "Come in..." Deborah opens the door. I step into their warm shelter. Deborah closes the door. The cold winds stop. Sha'ah is standing by her father. They are wearing their tight animal skins and their headdresses. Her five year old daughter is playfully sitting on the back of Nathan's neck. Her little legs hanging over his chest. Tiyrah wears her pink poncho, and headdress. Their conoes hangs from their ceiling. Her cute daughter's dark squinted eyes looks happy. Tiyrah says, "Hi, Noah..." I pull back my hood. Nathan's reddish wrinkled face looks stern behind his gray beard as he asks, "Noah, What do you want?" Deborah says, "Our daughter told us you want something..." I nervously say, "I do! Deborah, Nathan, --I want to marry your daughter!" Tiyrah playfully pulls Nathan's long gray hair as

she excitedly says, “New father...” Nathan looks back at her. Sha’ah nervously asks, “Father, mother, --may –I marry Noah?” Nathan forcefully says, “No!” Irritated, I ask, “Nathan, why not? I’m a good man..” Nathan harshly asks, “Are you?” Deborah angrily says, “Noah, you said you love Beriy’ah. You said couldn’t trust our daughter...” I calmly say, “I changed my mind..” Deborah bitterly says, “After Beriy’ah dumped you! --And Sha’ah done only the Creator of All knows what ---to change your mind!” Tiyrah sitting on Nathan neck, laughs and happily says, “Nothing bad...” Sha’ah boastfully says, “I’ve been good... Tell them, Noah!” I smile and say, “She has...” Tiyrah combs back her short brown curly hair with her little hand. Tiyrah cutesy says, “Mother been acting, --good!” Nathan smiles back at his granddaughter. Nathan gently says, “Tiyrah, Noah, is far too old... He could die any day...” Tiyrah sadly says, “Ah... Noah die..” I boldly say, “Only God knows how long I’ll live... I promise to take good care of Sha’ah as long as I live!” Deborah shakes her head. Sha’ah pleads saying, “Oh father, I love Noah... He’s my future.” Nathan sarcastically says, “More like the ancient past...” Deborah sadly says, “Sha’ah, he’ll just get older... Do you really want a decrepit old man..” Sha’ah laugh and says, “Believe me, he’s not decrepit...” Deborah sadly says, “Not yet...” Tiyrah curious asks, “Grandfather, what does decrepit mean?” Nathan looks back and gently says, “Sickly.. Unable to do much...” Deborah asks, “Noah, what kind of future would my daughter have with you?” I forcefully say, “A future! --What future will she have without me? Bad reputation, divorced and a daughter abandon by her father... Who else wants her?” Insulted, Sha’ah says, “I’m an extremely desirable nineteen year old woman! There are other men...” Nathan angrily says, “Yeah!” Embarrassed, Deborah says, “Lots of men..” Tiyrah happily says, “But I like Noah --and his beard...” Sha’ah smiles and says, “Me too..” I somberly ask, “Deborah, any man you trust more than me?” Tears fill her eyes. Deborah fearfully says, “The other men are creeps like Ramah..” Nathan sadly asks, “Sha’ah, --do you really want –this extremely old preacher?” Her cute dark brown eyes looks deeply into her father’s eyes. Sha’ah happily says, “Yes, father!” Tiyrah pleads saying, “Grandfather, -- say yes... Say yes!” Nathan slowly asks, “Noah, what bride price will you pay?” Puzzled, I ask, “What bride price do you want?” Nathan smiles wickedly behind his gray beard as he says, “H-mmm, --Harvest Algae, tree

bark, and happy roots for us for the next three years.” I slowly say, “Sounds like hard work.” Deborah sadly says, “It is! If Sha’ah was a virgin, we demand seven years...” Sha’ah hugs me. I nervously say, “I, ---agree...” Deborah’s frighteningly harsh voice says, “Sha’ah... Noah... The Creator of All has planned seven horrible curses if either of you fails to love the other!” Sha’ah shivers and fearfully says, “I ---know...” I nervously say, “Yeah.” Tiyrah closes her squinted eyes shut as she says, “Grandmother is scaring me...” Nathan gently takes Tiyrah off his neck. He puts her down, and hugs her. Nathan comfortingly says, “Tiyrah, Grandmother loves you!”

A new moon latter early morning, in Bachar’s crowded temple lighted by it’s greenish lamp. Me, Sha’ah, and Deborah stand on the small stage under the three canoes hanging from the high ceiling. I’m wearing overly tight brown animal skins and an orange feathered headdress. Sha’ah is wearing her long red poncho and long red feathered headdress. We stand together near the large green tinted lamp. By it are a large brown wine-skin, the red heart shaped jar, three hand-drums and a big jar of happy roots.

Deborah is wearing a long gray feathered poncho and yellow feathered headdress. She holds up a long crooked reddish branch. Deborah tearfully says, "Our great prophetess Nadar recently died... I, Deborah am -- Bachar’s --new prophetess..." She pauses. I look out at Zabad and his family standing together. They’re dressed as usual. Our pale greenish looking white canopy is behind them. Nathan and Tiyrah look proudly at her. Deborah emotionally says, “We miss Nadar! --But praise the Creator of All! --Noah and Sha’ah’s wedding begins! ---Ahabah, tell our guests about their wedding..” Ahabah steps up onto the knee-high stage. Ahabah happily says, “Noah and Sha’ah will sip wine from the jar of love... They will submit to the Creator of All’s plan for them... Sha’ah will dance, circling around Noah seven times... If no one interrupts, --they’re married!

They’ll greet us and enter the canopy of --- groovy love!" She smiles as tears run down her reddish wrinkled cheeks. We cheer. Deborah lifts up her branch and excitedly shouts, "The Creator of All blessed the first humans and said, “((*) Genesis 1:28, ---be fruitful, and multiply,---”) Ahabah picks up the heart shaped jar, and says, “Noah, receive the jar of love...” She hands it to me. She picks up the large wine-skin. Deborah

softy says, "Ahabah, pour the wine.." She pours wine into the heart shaped jar till it's full to the brim. Ahabah happily says, "Noah, sip half, not more..." I sip a little less than half of this great tasting wine. Ahabah says, "Give the jar of groovy love to Sha'ah." I hand it to my young bride. She quickly sips the wine till the jar is empty. She holds the heart shaped jar tightly. Ahabah puts the wine-skin down by the lamp. She walks back to her family. Deborah solemnly says, "Keep the jar of love, --till one of you dies... Then bury it with your mate.." Sha'ah's youthful face smiles as she says, "I will!" Deborah lovingly asks, "Noah, Sha'ah, do you both believe that the Creator of All's plan for you two is to be fruitful together and multiply?" I say, "Yes..." Sha'ah holds the jar tightly by her nice breasts. Her dark eyes submissively looks at me. Sha'ah gently says, "I do..." Deborah forcefully asks, "Do you both submit to the Creator of All's plan to be faithful and dedicated lovers... Kind, respectful and forgiving each other... And to be an example of Creator of All's love to your children!" Her reddish wrinkled face frowns. Deborah solemnly says, "But if you are cruel, unfaithful, disrespectful, hold grudges, fail to cuddle, fail to keep mating, or leave your mate, --the Creator of All has planned --seven horrible curses, --for you! --Do you both submit to the Creator of All's plan?" I nervously say, "Sure..." Deborah swings her rough branch down and wacks my forehead hard enough to make my forehead bleed. I painfully says, "Ouch!" Sha'ah happily says, "Yeah!" Deborah wacks her daughter's forehead harder. It's bleeds more. Sha'ah childishly asks, "Ouch! --Mother, did you have to hit me so hard?" Deborah sarcastically says, "Be faithful, my daughter, --or the Creator of All will hit you a lot harder!" I looks out at the many crowded guests both in front and back of this very narrow temple's stage. Beriy'ah holds hands with a young gentlemen. Beriy'ah's mother smiles. Deborah curiously asks, "If anyone would stop this wedding, --speak before Sha'ah dances around Noah seven times --or be silent for eternity! --Sha'ah dance!" Several men stare at Sha'ah, but don't say anything. Beriy'ah gently nods. Her mother frowns at me. Sha'ah holds our heart shaped jar tightly. She dancing joyfully around me. Deborah happily shouts, "One..." Sha'ah gracefully dances around me again. Deborah shouts, "Two..." I happily watch my shapely young bride dances around me the third time. Deborah shouts, "Three..." Sha'ah dances around me again. Deborah shouts, "Four..." And again.

Deborah shouts, “Five...” And again. Deborah shouts, “Six...” And again. Deborah happily shouts, “Seven!” We hug tightly. Deborah joyfully shouts, “Praise the Creator of All! Noah and Sha’ah are husband and wife as the Creator of All planned...” Sha’ah madly kisses me. I kiss her back. Deborah joyfully says, “Greet our guests.. Then enter the canopy of groovy lo-o-ove!”

I shout, “Let’s celebrate!” Ahabah smiles and says, “Noah, the Creator of All has finally increased your faith! If you had faith like this earlier, I would be your wife..” Zabad jealously frowns. Sha’ah grabs me and says, “But Ahabah, you’re not his wife! I, --not you, taught him to have more faith..” Ahabah looks down and asks, “Faith in what?” Sha’ah ignores her. Zabad walks up to me. I curiously ask, “Man Zabad, is this groovy or what?” Zabad looks happy as he playfully says, “Man, far out! You scored one young hot wolf!” Zabad jokingly howls. Yayin looks at Sha’ah behind her green hood, sips wine and says, “Hot wolf!” She playfully howls. Ahabah frowns. Sha’ah smiles. Bar-Zabad jealously says, “Noah, God man, gave you one groovy girl,” Sha’ah slyly asks, “Bar-Zabad, can’t you find a groovy girl to marry?” Bar-Zabad rubs his brown beard and says, “Mam, groovy girls find me... Why marry?” Ahabah disapprovingly says, “The Creator of All rules...” Bar-Zabad moans and says, “O-God Man... Maybe when --I’m Noah’s age.” Ahabah laughs and asks, “Do you really think you’re going to live that long?” He look nervous. Tiyrah playfully runs up to me. I try to pick her up but she’s a little heavy. Tiyrah cheerfully says, “I knew you would be my new father..” I smile and say, “Yes, --you did..” Sha’ah hugs her daughter and says, “Told you...” Deborah nervously says, “Me and Nathan are trusting you with our daughter... Remember, the Creator of All watches you.. Be good!” Nathan grunts and says, “Yeah..” Deborah holds her branch, tightly hugs her daughter and says, “Sha’ah, my daughter, --I love you so!” Me and Sha’ah step down. Nathan grabs her hand and says, “My rebellious little girl is married, --again..” He hugs her. He hugs me. He lets go. Me and Sha’ah walk back to our greenish looking white canopy. We pull up the fur covering. We walk in. Deborah, Ahabah, and Nathan happily dance around. They play a joyful melody on their drums. They sing, “"Creator of All! We are thankful! We are joyful! You lo---ve us! Creator of All... Plans our good! Even pain, can be good... Creator of All. We love you!

We trust you! You planned our good! Creator of All, plans our good! We lo--ve you... You love us.. We love us! Creator of All!" They sing and dance for a long time.

Latter, back at our shelter, we're laying near our small warm fire-pit's flickering orangish flames. We've taken off our clothes. Me and Sha'ah lay together on a large feathered cushion. A colorful feathered sheet covers us up to our shoulders. I sit up. My head droops. My wife sadly puts her head down on my slump shoulder. She gently runs her fingers through my long beard. She lifts my head and kisses my forehead. Sha'ah gently says, "Noah, ---you were nervous.. It happens..." Depressed, I say, "Actually, it didn't..." Sha'ah cheerfully says, "It's just a silly... The Creator of All will help us --with --this..." I fearfully ask, "What if I can't, --you know?"

Sha'ah angrily shouts, "Rule three!" I bravely say, "Sure, my young lovely!" Sha'ah's seductive dark eyes shine as she says, "If you're worried, --about pleasing me, ---just..." She whispers in my ear. I blush and say, "Wow! That's interesting..." Sha'ah kisses my lips and says, "Talk to my mother, the prophetess... Nadar taught her --stuff..."

Ten new moons latter, on this cloudy cold morning, Nathan, Tiyrah and I stand nervously in Bachar's temple. It smells odd. The tall barrel shaped lamp lights everything with it's greenish tint. Nathan and me nervously holding our staffs. I'm wearing my brown furs with my hood pulled back. Nathan is wearing his yellowish brown animals skins and his orange feathered headdress. Tiyrah is wearing her pink poncho, boots, and red feathered headdress on top her short curly brown hair. Nathan forcefully says, "Noah, you must work harder! We need more Algae and happy roots." I tiredly say, "I'm working hard." Irritated, Nathan says, "Well, work harder! Unless you want work seven years.." I fearfully say, "I'll work harder!" Nathan quietly smiles and says, "I guess, ---you're doing much better with your wife.." I shyly smile and say, "Yeah, that stuff your wife gave me --really helped... Praise God!" We hear Sha'ah cry out. She's covered by a large feathered sheet, squatting on a smooth brown wooden delivery stool. Deborah is sitting between her outstretched legs. Behind Sha'ah is a large brown feathered cushion. Deborah is wearing her long gray feathered poncho, and her yellow feathered headdress. I see on the stage a small dark hand drum, a large red bowl filled with steaming hot water, white towels, a flint knife, and a scarlet cord. Sha'ah painfully

moans. Tiyrah looks fearful as she asks, "Is mother dying?" Deborah encouragingly says, "No Tiyrah! --Your mother is fine..." Nathan grabs Tiyrah's little hand. Sha'ah cries out in pain. Tiyrah's dark squinted eyes stare as she nervously asks, "Are you sure?" Deborah happily says, "The Creator of All is blessing your mother!" Nathan lovingly says, "Noah, my daughter needs you now..." I walk over to my wife. I use my staff to step up onto the stage. I sit down. she's squatting. I take hold of her tightly gripping hand. Deborah warmly says, "Sha'ah! --Push! Push! Push! The Creator of All planned for this child..." Sha'ah moans as she says, "Creator of All, --help me... Help me!" Sha'ah painfully shouts, "Aa-aaugh! Augh.. help me! Augh! --Augh!" Deborah calmly says, "Push! --Push! I see your son's head.." Her whole body shakes under the sheet, as her face grimaces. She moans and groans. I stare at her. She grips my hand so tightly that it hurts. I emotionally says, "Sha'ah, you're --doing great!" Sha'ah cries out in agony, saying "Augh! Not great! --This hurts so much.. A-a-a-augh!! I'm never doing, --this again! Ah-ah, never! Never! Au---gh! Augh!" Deborah comfortingly says, "Sha'ah, push --a little bit more.."

I nervously say, "I see... Ah, --wow... Wow!" Sha'ah screams. We hear our newborn son cry for the first time. Deborah helps Sha'ah gently recline back on the large cushion behind her. Deborah picks up the scarlet thread. She ties off the umbilical cord. She picks up the flint knife. She carefully cuts the umbilical cord. She dunks a small white towel into the hot water in the red bowl. She gently cleans our small crying son with the towel. She wrap him up in another towel. Deborah joyfully says, "Praise the Creator of All, --my daughter! --You have a son..." Our baby cries out. Deborah gently hands my son to his mother. Tears run down her smooth reddish cheeks. Sha'ah painfully says, "It still hurts, augh... Oh, --O-but here's --my son.. My son!" She lovingly holds our tiny baby close to her breasts. I look down in wonder at our tiny brown bald son. He's crying. He's wrapped tightly in a white towel. I gently touch my son's tiny forehead. Nathan and Tiyrah step up to look at our newborn child. Tiyrah joyfully says, "Cute little brother... Hurray!" Nathan tenderly smiles. I look at my wife's pretty pained face. She tenderly kisses our crying baby's forehead. Tears fill my eyes. I say, "O-son, --I love ---you! Sha'ah, Tiyrah, I love you both!" Sha'ah warmly smiles at me. Deborah picks the hand

drum up. She plays a gentle melody. Our tiny newborn baby boy stops crying. He giggles. Tiyrah playfully dances around the stage. She softly plays her drum. Deborah gently says, "My daughter, name him.." His mother holds her little baby by her wildly beating heart. Sha'ah gently says, "My son, ---your name is Japheth(expansion)..” Tears run down to my white bearded cheeks. I humbly says, "Hi, Japheth.." We stare in awe at our newborn infant son. He's so cute. His tiny dark eyes look up at us. Tiyrah smiles as she says, "Japheth, my little brother.. I love --you!" Deborah softly plays a joyful melody. Japheth giggles. My wife's tearful eyes look at me. She hands our giggling son to me as Sha'ah asks, "How do like being a father?" I tearfully, tenderly pick our tiny baby up. I gently hold him. I nervously happily says, "Sha'ah, --I'm speechless... ---Oh, wow!" Nathan curiously looks down at his grandson and says, "I got a grandson now... Wow!" Deborah raises her branch and joyfully says, "Everyone, welcome Japheth! The Creator of All bless us all! --- Grandchild, number two!"

Deborah puts down her branch, plays her hand drum and dances around. Holding my newborn, I watch. She happily dances but she looks sad. I ask her, "Deborah, are you sad?" She stops dancing. She brushes back her long graying hair beneath her yellow feathered headdress.

Deborah softly whispers in my ear, saying, "Yes... Your wife is the only women in Bachar to be with child since your wedding..." Disturbed, I tightly hold my precious giggling son. I look down at his shiny little eyes and smiling brown face. I gently kiss his little bald forehead. I touch his chubby smiling cheeks with my fingers. I emotionally says, "Lord God, --thank you! I'm a father, o-wow!" I hand Japheth wrapped in his little white towel back to his young mother. Sha'ah youthfully smiles down at our little baby boy and says, "Japheth, I love you so ---but I'm never doing this again... I don't remember giving birth to Tiyrah hurting so much.."

Next year, at the temple, Deborah joyfully says, "Praise the Creator of All! Sha'ah, you have another son..." Our newborn cries out. Deborah's gently hands our newborn son to his mother. She's under a feathered sheet, reclining on the large feathered cushion behind her. With painful tears running down her trembling cheeks, Sha'ah says, "Ah, the pain is outta sight! --O-but look, here's my newborn son.... I don't remember Japheth's birth hurting so much." She lovingly holds him. She looks down at our

tiny golden brown son. He has a little brown hair on top his cute little head. He cries. He's wrapped tight in a white towel. I gently touches my son's little cheeks. I look back at my wife's pretty youthful face as she tenderly kisses his right cheek. I says in tears, "Sha'ah, you've given me --another son.. Sha'ah, thank you love!" Deborah plays a joyful melody on her hand drum. Our new baby giggles. Deborah gently says, "Sha'ah, name him.." Tiyrah's emotionally dark squinted eyes look down at her newborn brother as she excitedly asks, "Mother, what's my new brother's name?" Her mother painfully breathes. She holds her tiny baby close to her. Sha'ah joyfully says, "Shem(8035 definite)! --Son, I love you so. My baby, I really love you---but I'm never doing this again..." Tiyrah looks down and happily says, "Shem's --so cute!"

Next year, at the temple, Deborah joyfully says, "Praise the Creator of All again! --Sha'ah, you have a third son." Our newborn baby cries.

Deborah gently hands the reddish newborn to Sha'ah. He wrapped in a towel. She's sweating a lot. Her tears run down. Sha'ah breathes heavily and says, "A--a--a-ggh, I'm hot --and I hurt so! I hurt! --O-o-- here's my newborn --son.. O yeah!" She lovingly looks down. She holds her small reddish brown son. Deborah dances and plays her drums again. Our baby stops crying. He giggles. His mother tenderly kisses his forehead. Sha'ah hands up our newborn baby boy to me. He cries again. I gently touches my son's cute little reddish nose. I look back at my wife's pretty sweating face.

I tearfully say, "Praise God for my growing family!" The prophetess stops playing. Deborah says, "Daughter, name him.." My wife sweats, painfully breathes and holds her little son close to her wild beating heart. Sha'ah calmy says, "Son, your name is ---Ham(2526 hot) ! I --love you --too!"

Tiyrah looks down at her newborn brother and says, "And so do I..." I happily say, "Me too! Hi, Ham.."

Chapter 12 Hatred

Inside our grandparent's dark brown tent, me and my cousin Tubal listen. I watch Pe'ullah excitedly sway between our grandparents knees, and happily says, "Wow, Sha'ah! That's how you married grandfather..."

And my father Ham was your cute little baby..." Grandmother gently strokes Pe'ullah's sandy blown hair under her furry cap. Sha'ah cheerfully says, "Yes Pe'ullah, those were really good old days, --long ago..." I curiously ask, "Grandfather, what were our fathers like, --as little boys?" Noah nervous says with his elderly voice, "They did things, --like..." Sha'ah forcefully says, "Noah, don't embarrass our sons..." Tubal laughs and wickedly smiles as he says, "Grandmother, our fathers couldn't of done anything more embarrassing than your love story..." Sha'ah frowns. Noah laughs. Sha'ah sweetly says, "Tubal, I gave Noah permission to tell you about, --my wonderful love story... My sons haven't given us permission to talk about their little sillies." Tubal gleefully asks, "Which of our fathers got into the most trouble?" Sha'ah grumpy asks, "Who do you think?" Tubal quickly says, "Ham..." Shocked, Pe'ullah says, "My father was a troublemaker..." Noah sadly says, "He still is.." Sha'ah giggles and says, "O-yeah! Ham like to run around naked ---and..." Noah forcefully, says, "Sha'ah, don't embarrass Ham.." Irritated, Sha'ah says, "Fine... At least, I didn't curse one of his sons." Noah nervously laughs and says, "That was a --really big, big silly, silly ---ha, ha, ha..." Sha'ah looks disgusted and says, "You did, --look silly!" Noah calms down and says, "Rule six.." Sha'ah submissively bows her head as she says, "I respect you!" Noah smiles widely and says, "Good girl, Sha'ah... Eight new moons, after Ham was born, Jemimah, Sheny, and Achad, returned in the ark to pick us up..."

I'm carrying Japheth on my shoulders. He's wearing little black furs. Sha'ah holds little baby Ham in her gentle arms. He's wearing tiny brown furs. Tiyrah playfully holds Shem up. He's wearing gray furs. Me and my family climbs up the ark's ladder. We put them down on the deck.

Jemimah smiles beneath her green hood, and says with frosted breath, "Noah, welcome aboard! --Who are all these?" I giggles. I say, "My wife and children..." Behind his green hood, Sheny's light brown eyes look at my children and sadly says, "Lucky! Jemimah couldn't have children.."

Achad sadly says, "We're so jealous of you.." Shem cries. Japheth and Ham cry too. Sha'ah gets down on her knees, playfully tickles them and says, "My little boys, cheer up.." They stop crying. Tiyrah's golden tan face smiles widely, "Let's go to Omer!" I shout, "Jemimah, you heard Tiyrah.. Pull up the anchor and set sail!" Ham crawls. He looks up at me.

I smile down at my youngest, smile and say, "Father's here..." I lean down on my staff, bend down. I pick my baby up and my youngest son in my left arm. I gently touch his little reddish brown face. Ham giggles.

Sha'ah looks over at him. She touches his cute little nose and says, "---O-Ham, my son, you're so cute..." I nervously say, "I hope my father get to see my children..." Sha'ah says, "You haven't seen father for over twenty years, --but I know he's alive." I say, "I hope you're right.." We gently hug and smile fondly at our baby.

That night our ark gently rocks. I'm on deck wearing my hooded brown furs. My wife and children are sleeping below deck in our cabin.

Jemimah, Sheny and Achad are sleeping in the other cabin. I climb down into the shadowy darkness. My wife wakes up. I hear Sha'ah say, "Over here, Noah.." I carefully follow her lovely voice. It's so dark. She's laying on thick furs, covered by more thick furs. I take off my furs. I lift the furs that my wife is sleeping under. I lay down next to her. I cover us. Sha'ah tiredly says, "I've been waiting for you.." I happily say, "My young lovely..." We gently kiss. We snuggle together. We fall asleep. I wake up but Sha'ah's gone. I panic, and sit up. I look around the shadowy darkness. I nervously shout, "Sha'ah, --Sha'ah, Sha'ah!" A huge owl lands by me.

In darkness, I barely see the owl's shadowy outline. Her faintly glowing big blue eyes stare at me. I hear a sultry woman's voice, "Any maiden ye wed, --her owls shall devour!" Shocked, I wake up for real. I grab my wife tightly. Irritated, Sha'ah sleepily says, "Rule three!" I let go of her. I nervously laugh, and bravely say, "I'm being silly... I shall not fear!"

Sha'ah says, "Good... So what, --you dreamed that --her owls will eat me..." Shocked, I ask, "How did you know?" Sha'ah laughs and says, "You talk in your sleep..." We snuggle. We fall back asleep.

Three new moons latter, I hold my staff. We're shivering on deck. Jemimah pulls the ropes controlling the rudder. Her husbands are by her side. They're wearing their green hooded robes. My wife stands by me.

She's wearing her tight brown animals skins and her red feathered headdress. Tiyrah wears her reddish animal skins and her red headdress.

She's playing with her three little brothers. Japheth is wearing his black furs, Shem wears his gray furs, and Ham wears his brown furs. My crew lets down the anchor near the lightly frosted shore. The other two arks are near. I look at the steep cliffs behind the shore. The tree on top has grown

larger. Then, I hear marching sounds coming from the ark next to us.

About twenty warriors leap onto our deck. They're holding golden shields, and wearing golden helmets and yellowish furs. Their female commander shouts, "Surrender!" I drop my staff. I put my hands up and say with frosted breath, "I'm Noah, --a friend... Peace! Everyone be calm.." Sha'ah and Tiyrah get down on their knees. My sons run to me. I hold them close. Tiyrah fearfully says with frosted breath, "Mother, I'm scared!" Sha'ah comfortingly says, "Tiyrah, The Creator of All protects us!" Our toddler sons cry. I calmly say, "My sons, don't cry... Father's here." Jemimah and Achad fearfully put down their Algae sticks. They raise their hands up. Sheny swings his algae staff around. I forcefully shout, "Sheny, drop it!" Achad fearfully shouts, "Or they'll kill you!"

Jemimah shouts with much frosted breath, "Sheny, I love you! Put your staff down!" Sheny's gray bearded dark face frowns as he shouts, "Jemimah, Algae becomes greater! Algae becomes greater!" The warriors point their spears at us. Sheny swings his algae stick. A warrior stabs his chest with his spear. Sheny quickly dies. Jemimah and Achad screams.

Jemimah emotionally shouts, "O-Sheny! Sheny.. No!" Achad cries. The commander angrily shouts, "Shut up! On your knees!" We all cry. We fall to our knees. Our hands are held up. Terrified, Tiyrah whines, saying, "Mother, help!" The commander shouts, "Shut up, girl! --Noah, why did he attack us?" I tearfully shout, "My friend panicked... We're not enemies! Don't hurt us!" The commander angrily shouts, "Tannah, --will know!"

Noon, Four new moons latter, in a harsh cold blizzard, we shiver uncontrollably. We ride in three heavily loaded sledges being pulled by wolf dogs. Our mouths and noses are mostly covered by strips of fur. It hard to breath. Icy snow blows against my sore eyes. My shivering arms are around little Shem and Ham. Tirya and Japheth are sitting with their mother in another sledge. Jemimah and Achad are held in another sledge.

As blinding white snow swirls all around us, we finally arrive at Omer by it's large trench and it's large rocky entrance. I see other warriors march out into the deep snow. They're holding their spears and shields. They shout, "For justice! For justice! For justice!" The wolf dogs pull us inside the less cold huge caverns. Bond fires light up the inside. We see that many igloos here have been utterly destroyed. Many algae worshipers

fearfully stand by their bond fires. The commander shouts, "Get out!" We step out of the sledges. The warriors roughly search us for weapons.

Jerimah and Achad angrily stare. A warriors take Japheth from his mother. Other warriors forcefully take Shem and Ham away from me. I angrily shouts, "Don't take my sons! Don't hurt them!" They ignore me. Our sons cry. Tiyrah painfully asks, "Where are they taking my brothers?"

Disturbed, I softly say, "Don't know..." A warrior slaps her. Sha'ah cries out, and shouts, "Augh , Tiyrah... My sons! O-Creator of All, --help me!

Help me!" The female commander shouts, "Shut up or die!" The warriors point their spear at our backs. We're silent.

The commander shouts, "Walk!" We walk all the way down to the huge dark sacred Algae chamber. Only the dim light from the large odd shaped opening far above us lights this rocky chamber. A little snow falls into the opening above. I see small mushrooms and algae growing all over. Many long dripping stalactites hang down. Stalagmites sticking up from this damp cool chamber's foggy slimy watery floor. The warriors behind us shout, "Tannah! Tannah! Tannah!" Their voices echo. In front of us, I see little snowflakes falling on the muscular giantess. She's wearing her thick golden armor. She's sitting on a huge red throne made of bodies fused together. They're encased in shiny red stuff. Her huge rectangular golden shield is leaning against her throne. Her fancy golden helmet lays on her lap. Her gauntlet covered right hand holds up her huge silver mace. A very old dark warrior limps out from behind her huge throne. He leans on his spear. He looks familiar. He forcefully shouts, "Bow before Tannah!" His voice echoes. The warriors behind us force us down onto our knees on the cold slimy floor. Except for the old man, the warrior get down on their knees too. I fearfully asks, "Are you Heyman?" He forcefully says, "Yes, Noah... Be quiet!" I notice that Jemimah and Achad are fearfully on their knees before the giantess.

I silently look up at the giantess's shoulder length graying hair diagonally covering the left side of her tan wrinkled face. Her over-sized bloodshot right eye stares down at me. Sha'ah and Tiyrah look up at that glaring white serpent eye's flaming red pupil. Crying, Tiyrah asks, "Mother, why is she so ugly?" I feel sick. I look the upper right side of her swollen yellowish scaly face. Purple veins are pulsating around that horribly big eye. Tiyrah throws up. She holds her stomach. Tiyrah

tearfully says, "My stomach hurts... It hurts! It hurts.." I shout, "Tannah, - please stop!" Sha'ah desperately shouts, "Please, stop hurting my daughter!" Tannah cheerfully says, "Alrighty..." Tiyrah stops crying and slowly says, "I'm, --I'm --feeling better.." Tannah points her index finger towards her bloodshot eye and angrily says, "But don't insult the eye of justice!" Heyman stands before us. Tannah forcefully asks, "Noah, -- where's is he?" I fearfully ask, "You mean, the mighty researcher?"

Tannah angrily shouts down at me, "The mighty researcher... The Goat, Lord Bad,--The Corruptor --or the Satan! --I don't care what you call Azazel..." I timidly say, "You said a bad word..." Tannah shakes her fists and furiously shouts, "Yes, I said his cursed name! --Where the Sheol has he been hiding from me, --for the last twenty four years?" As we are bowing on our knees, I nervously say, "He's trapped in Bowr..." Irritated, Tannah asks, "Where's is that?" I loudly say, "I wasn't there, ---but Uriel showed me a vision... Many sons of God fought lord Bad and his followers around the great mountain... He flew the crystal palace like a giant flying animal --but the palace was trapped under a dome much bigger than the whole mountain... Somehow, lord Bad bore a hole into the mountain. He -- flew inside to a place of dark flames so hot it melted the mountain!"

Tannah angrily asks, "You believe Uriel's lies?" I sincerely say, "Tannah, I visited the great mountain... It's looks just like my vision." Tannah bows her head down and sorrowfully asks, "Do you know where my sister Ashtoreth is?" I sadly says, "No... I fear that Ashtoreth, Tammuz, and Shemrith were probably in the crystal palace when it flew into Bowr..."

Upset, Tannah shouts as her sorrowful voice echoes, "Stand before me!" I stand up. I walk past Heyman in front of the giantess. I'm shivering. Snowflakes fall from far above. She is so tall that even sitting, her head is still way above me. I look at that horrible glaring white serpent eye. It's flaming red slit pupil looks down at me. Tannah painfully asks, "Noah, --are you helping the curruptor?" Tears flood my eyes. Shocked, I ask, "Tannah, --how can you ask me that? --He let ---Layil! Cut Yownah's head off!" I hold up my left hand and say, "Look! Semjaza cut off two of my fingers and --gave them to those demons..." My voice echoes through the huge chamber. I bitterly shout, "I hate him! --And I was very happy when you killed, ---her!" Tannah looks please as she happily says, "Alrighty, friend! --The Goat will drown in blood!" I sadly look over at

Jemimah and Achad still silently on their knees. Tannah nervously asks, “Noah, why were they with you?” I calmly say, “Jemimah and Achad are my crew..” Tannah points to them and curiously asks, “Why would Algae worshipers help you?” I timidly say, “Ask Jemimah..” She looks down at the fat Algae worshiper and forcefully asks, “Why?” Jemimah, looks up and shouts, “The infinite sea is sacred to Algae worshipers like me and my husbands! Noah made our dreams of sailing on the infinite sea come true...” Achad cries as he says, “O-Sheniy, --so loved the sea...” Tannah harshly asks, “Who’s Sheniy?” Jemimah tearfully says, “My other husband... Your warriors killed him!” Tannah cruelly says, “Shut up!” She points down to me. Tannah softly asks, “---Noah, – you got a question?” Snowflakes fall. I nervously ask, “Does my father still live?” Tannah gently says, “Yes! Methuselah and mother Qoph live too... They’re in protective custody.” I joyfully shout, “Thank God!” My voice echoes. I fearfully ask, “Where’s Nowtsah and Obed?” Tannah calmly says, “Obed died before I came.. I executed Nowtsah for treason..” I gasp. Sha’ah nervously asks, “What’s Treason?” I say, “Threatening a leader’s power...” Tannah happily says, “Noah, now that we’re friends again, -- Heyman will take you to your sons... Tubal-Cain is with them...”

Heyman forcefully says, “Noah, your family, Jermimah and Achad, stand up..” We get up off the slimy cave floor. Jemimah and Achad weep. Four warriors walk up to Heyman. They are carrying their golden shields and spears. Heyman shouts, “Follow me!” We follow him. He slowly limps leaning on his spear until we come to a small cave chamber. A large fire-pit in the center. It’s yellowish flames brightly warms up this chamber. Lots of stalactites hang down, slowing dripping little drops of water and little stalagmites sticking up from the floor. Heyman points, and says, “They’re over there...” I see my three little sons watching in old Tubal play with a big colorful squarish toy top. He is sitting on a large white cushion. He’s dressed in his purple robes and turban. His right eye has a weird transparent blue thing over it. ‘Aqqow stands behind him. She’s dressed in her long blue dress and bonnet. A wine-skin is tied loosely around her neck. Gibbor is wearing his white furs. He’s sitting on the floor next to a huge gray bag. The fat giant is playfully holding up Sob’ah, his cute white haired old wife with one hand. She is wearing her knee length yellow dress. He puts her down on his lap. Then his other hand picks her

up. He does this over and over. Sob'ah flaps her arms and playfully says, "I'm flying... I'm flying.." He sits her down on his lap. Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Gibbor hungry.." He grabs the bag, reaches in and put out lots of nuts. He munches them and shares them with his wife. Jermimah and Achad sits down on the damp floor and weep. Heyman and his warriors leave.

Me and my family walk up to old Tubal. He's bald now but he still has his long goatee white beard. His deathly old wrinkled scarred pale face looks weird with that blue magnifying thing that makes his eye look unnaturally big. Tubal happily says with his fragile voice, "Boys, spin top like this and –magic!" He spins the big top by the thin copper pole on top. It stands spinning. The top has four sides of different colors, namely green, blue, purple and red. The top's pointed bottom half is copper colored. Japheth excitedly looks at it spinning and says, "O-ooo boy, Yeah.. Wow!" Shem's golden brown face smiles as he shouts, "Yeah.. Top! Top.." Ham's cute reddish face smile as he says, "We-eeee.. Weee." Gibbor claps his over-sized hands and joyfully says, "Sob'ah, pretty magic!" Sob'ah says, "Yes, Gibbor... Top pretty.." Ham giggles and grabs the top before it stops spinning. Japheth forcefully takes the top away from his baby brother. Ham cries. Gibbor frowns as he says, "Not nice.."

Sha'ah runs over to our three little sons and joyfully shouts, "Japheth, Shem, and Ham! O- my sons..." She gets down on her knees, and hugs them tightly. Ham cries. Sha'ah emotionally says, "Praise the Creator of All! My sons, my sons, --I love you so! ---Ham,--stop crying!" She picks up her little baby in her loving arms. She tickles him and kisses him. He giggles. Ham says, "Ma, ma., ma.." Tiyrah's youthful yellow tan face smiles as she excitedly shouts, "Little brothers! How are you?" I rush over to them leaning on my staff. I joyfully shouts, "My sons... Thank God, you're alright!" I gently pat their heads. Tiyrah gets down on her knees, hugs Shem and says, "Shem, --you big boy.." Shem excitedly shouts, "Tiyrah—Yeah... Tiyrah.." Tiyrah joyfully says, "Shem, I was so worried about you --and your brothers.. You're only two and a half years old." She lovingly hugs him. Shem happily says, "Tiyrah.. Ye—ah! Yeah.." She picks him up and hands him to his mother. Sha'ah warmly says, "O-Shem... Mother loves you so!" Shem cutely says, "Moth-er, --luv! Luv!" Japheth happily holds the big colorful top up and says, "Mother, me love

top!” She puts Shem down. She hugs Japheth. Sha’ah cheerfully says, “Japheth, o-you got a fancy toy..” Japheth joyfully says, “Yeah mother, --top! Love top!” I lean on my staff. I get down on my knees and hold them all close. I tearfully say, “My wife! My children! Thank God! Thank God for you all!” Japheth cutely says, “Love father.. Got top!” I gently brush back his black hair. Sha’ah frowns. Shem happily says, “Father.. Me love fa..” Ham’s dark brown haired head wiggles as he giggles and says, “Fa.. Fa, Fat...” Tiyrah’s squinted brown eyes looks at Tubal and curiously asks, “What’s that weird thing over your eye?” Tubal proudly says, “My eye focus-er. It helps me see.” Tiyrah says, “Wow! Cool!”

Jemimah walks over and curiously asks, “Noah, who’s the old man with the weird eye thing?” I say, “Tubal, --an old friend..” Sha’ah looks at the fat giant and curiously asks, “Is that --Gibbor?” I happily say, “Yes... The woman on his lap is his wife, Sob’ah.” Achad walks over and hugs Jemimah. Achad sadly says, “Jemimah, I’m scared..” Jemimah fearfully says, “Achad, Algae becomes greater..” They softly chants, saying together, “Algae becomes greater... Algae becomes greater..” Tubal tiredly holds up his walking stick and says, “Noah great to see you.” I nervously ask, “Tubal, great to see you too!” Tubal sadly says, “--Noah, you shouldn’t of come.” I sadly say, “Too late... What happened?” Tubal frowns behind his long white goatee beard and says, “Fives years ago, I came back after building the pillars of knowledge... Jabal died before we finished. About ten new moons ago, Tannah conquered Omer.” Sha’ah look sad as she says, “I’m sorry about your brother...”

‘Aqqow’s hazel eyes stares at my family. ‘Aqqow happily asks, “Noah, are all these your children?” I proudly say, “Yes...” ‘Aqqow happily says, “Wow, God has blessed you! Two daughters and three little boys... Where’s your wife?” I point to my wife who’s wearing her tight fitting brown animal hides and her headdress. I timidly say, “Sha’ah’s my wife..” Shocked, ‘Aqqow asks, “Sha’ah, how old are you?” Sha’ah childishly says, “I’m twenty four years old..” ‘Aqqow looks at Tiyrah who’s wearing her reddish animal hides and headdress. ‘Aqqow asks, “Girl, how old are you?” Tiyrah happily says, “I’m ten years old...”

‘Aqqow’s hazel eyes look disgusted at me and says, “You married Sha’ah when she was just thirteen years old... You’re worst than my old goat!” Tubal proudly says, “‘Aqqow, you mean, --your great sexy metal wizard!”

Aqqow jokingly says, “Yes, great metal wizard..” She kisses him.

Embarrassed, I say, “Aqqow, --Sha’ah was nineteen when I married her...

Sha’ah’s first husband Ramah is Tiyrah’s father..” Disturbed, ‘Aqqow says, “O-boy...” I curiously ask, “Sob’ah, how are you and Gibbor doing?”

Sob’ah nervously says, “We’re fine, mostly..” Gibbor fearfully says with his low goofy voice, “Tannah scare Gibbor...” Sha’ah turns towards Tubal and asks, “Tubal, why did Tannah take my sons to you?” Tubal bows his head in shame. His wife comfortingly puts her hands on his shoulders.

‘Aqqow sadly says, “Because he works for Tannah, --making her shields, armor and weapons...” I angrily asks, “Tubal, why?” Tubal shamefully says, “I’m sorry!” ‘Aqqow cries and then says, “Because Tannah would kill me, Gibbor, Sob’ah, Lamech, Methuselah, and grandma Qoph if he didn’t work for her...” Shocked, I say, “That’s horrible.... Still, I feel God wants me to preach here.” Tiryah fearfully asks, “Father, what if it’s not God you feel?” I bravely say, “Tiyrah, have faith! -- Tannah likes me. Maybe she’ll listen..” Jemimah painfully cries out and shouts, “Tannah is a murderous monster!” Achad holds her tightly. They weep. Achad’s yellowish face frowns as he says, “Sheniy, --didn’t deserve to die that way!”

The next day, early morning, we’re sleeping. We’re still dressed in our clothes. Heyman, comes with four of his warriors. Heymen shouts, “Noah and your family, come! Jemimah and Achad, stay!” I get up. I come out of the igloo and ask, “Heyman, where are we going?” His long white bearded wrinkled dark face smiles. Heyman says, “To see your father and grandparents..” My family comes out. I see Japheth is holding his prized top. We follow the old warrior and his four guards to a large igloo.

Several warriors are guarding it. Heyman leans on his spear, and shouts, “Methuselah, --they’re here!” Methuselah’s voice shouts, “Noah, come on in!” Holding my staff, I bow down and enter their igloo’s low icy entrance.

My family follows me inside this crowded igloo. The flickering flames from their fire-pit lights it’s icy walls. Methuselah leans on his spear. He’s wearing his gray furs and Enoch’s silly animal fur cap. He looks very frail.

He hugs me tightly. Methuselah sadly says, “I love you Noah!” I hug him back. I emotionally say, “Grandfather Methuselah, --I love you!” Behind him, I see my father sleeping, wearing his long light gray furs. He’s reclining near my plump grandmother who is sleeping. She’s wearing her brown furs, and is laying on dark furs. Her breathing is making odd

sounds. Lamech wakes up briefly, sits up, waves, and sadly says, "Hi son!" He lays down. He falls asleep. I nervously ask, "How are they?" Methuselah sadly says, "It's a miracle we've lived so long! --My son isn't doing well... And my wife sleeps a lot.."

I proudly point to my wife and says, "Look at my big family!" Amazed, Methuselah looks at them, and asks, "Your --big family?" I tearfully say, "Yes!" Sha'ah smiles and says, "I'm Sha'ah, Noah's gorgeous wife..." My grandfather's extremely wrinkled, sunken cheeked brown face smiles. Methuselah playfully says, "Thank the Lord God! --And your wife is so young!" Sha'ah says, "And these are my four children." Methuselah laughs and says, "You've been busy..." Sha'ah joyfully says, "Tiyrah is my intelligent daughter... And my little boys are Japheth, Shem, and Ham." Methuselah studies Tiyrah's frowning golden tan face as he asks, "Tiyrah, what's wrong?" Tiyrah's squinted brown eyes look nervous as she says, "My mother had me before she married Noah..." Shocked, Methuselah asks, "What?" Tiyrah tearfully, "My mother married my father Ramah... But he abandoned us..." Methuselah gently hugs her and comfortingly says, "Well, --you got a good father now!" He slowly lets go. Sha'ah cheerfully says, "My boys, meet your great grandfather Methuselah..." Sha'ah gently pulls her three little sons towards him. Ham seems scared. He crawls off the other way. Japheth and Shem wobble towards Methuselah. Japheth walks up, holding his top up and asks, "Who be you?" Leaning on his spear, Methuselah gets on his feeble knees. He puts his hand on his little shoulder, and says, "Me be Methuselah..." Lamech wakes up, claps his hands and happily says, "Me a grandfather... O-boy!" Tiyrah adjusts her red feathered headdress that is on top her shoulder length curly brown hair and rudely says, "And I thought Noah was really old... You're all ancient!" Lamech sadly asks her, "Me Lamech, --old?" She looks at his much wrinkled narrow white bearded face and bad teeth. Tiyrah forcefully says, "Very!" Irritated, Sha'ah says, "Tiyrah, be polite!" Lamech gets down on his knees, smiles, and hugs his black haired grandson, as he asks, "Who be you?" Japheth shows him the big top and says, "Hi, I'm Japheth.. Me love top!" He hugs him. Lamech cheerfully says, "Japheth, love you a lot!" Lamech looks at his golden brown grandson Shem and asks, "And you?" Shem happily says, "Shem... Love..." Lamech hugs him and says, "Love you too! And who's the little one crawling away?" Sha'ah laughs and says,

“That’s my baby, Ham...” Sha’ah walks over and picks up him up. She holds him in front of Lamech and Methuselah. Ham’s reddish brown face frowns. He cries. Lamech sticks his thumbs in his ears. He makes a silly goofy face. Ham laughs at his grandfather and grabs the broad strip of white hair on his balding head. Lamech pulls away and makes more funny faces. Lamech excitedly says, “Ham, me --love you.. Yeah!” Ham laughs... Methuselah smiles and says, “God bless your children, Sha’ah...” Her little sons gather around her. She holds them all close. Sha’ah nervously says, “Sometimes I feel a little too blessed...” Methuselah happily says, “Yeah, but --you love them..” Sha’ah laughs and says, “Sometimes... Will Tannah hurt my children?” His sunken brown eyes water as Methuselah says, “I hope not! --But the whole world is mad!” I cheerfully say, “I believe God has good plans for my children.” Sha’ah’s pretty face smiles as she says, “I believe that too! Don’t you?” Methuselah nervously says, “Yes, but it’s easier to tell others to believe that..” Tiyrah fearfully says, “I don’t know...”

My grandmother wakes up. She makes odd breathing sounds. Her much wrinkled bloated whitish pink face smiles joyfully. She stares at us with her much sunken pale green eyes. She struggles to sits up as her long pure white hair swings around her face. Grandma Qoph asks with her rough elderly voice, “Noah, --did you really come back?” I tenderly say, “Yes, grandma Qoph!” I lean on my staff and get down on my knees by her. We hug tightly. Grandma Qoph excitedly asks, “All these children, are they yours? You said you wouldn’t marry..” I softly say, “I meet someone...” Grandma Qoph looks around and excitedly asks, “Where is she?” I point to my wife who is crawling over to us. She is wearing her tight brown animal skins. Our three small sons are holding onto her. Her face gently smiles beneath her red feathered headdress. Sha’ah seductively says, “I’m Sha’ah...” Shocked, grandma Qoph says, “Ah--Noah, --no wonder you changed your mind!” I laugh and say, “You said it!” Shocked, grandma Qoph shouts, “But --she’s got a spot of dirt on her left knee!” Grandma Qoph grabs a towel, dunks it in a bowl filled with water. She grabs my wife’s knee and forcefully rubs off the small spot of dirt. Sha’ah nervously asks, “What are you doing?” Grandma Qoph angrily says, “Cleaning your filthy clothes!” Irritated, Sha’ah says, “I didn’t even notice!” Grandma Qoph shouts, “Slob!” Methuselah forcefully says,

“Seven, --Love is more important than cleanliness...” Grandma Qoph, is huffing and puffing in anger. She tries to calm down. She puts her towel in the bowl of water and says, “Sorry Sha’ah.. --I just like things being clean!” Irritated, Sha’ah says, “Alright.. I usually like clean.” Grandma Qoph sweetly says, “---Now let me see your little children up close... Please...” Sha’ah angrily says, “Fine but don’t complain if they’re dirty.. Tiyrah, come...” She walks over, and stares at Grandma Qoph’s much wrinkled face and pale green eyes. Tiyrah boldly says, “You’re fat, old and you look strange..” Grandma Qoph closely studies her, hugs her close and says, “Tiyrah, you’re clean... Good girl!” Tiyrah hugs her back and says, “I like clean too..” Sha’ah happily says, “Boys, meet your great grandma Qoph..” Japheth walks, wobbling over to her. Shem and Ham crawl over. Grandma Qoph nervously looks at them, seeing some dirt, but shrugs it off. She lovingly puts her bloated arms around all three of them. Japheth hold up his prized big top and says, “Hi there... Look at my big top..” I proudly say, “That’s my eldest son Japheth..” Grandma Qoph looks at it and says, “Hi Japheth... Where did you get that pretty top?” Japheth little brown eyes shine as he says, “Tu-bal..” Grandma Qoph angrily shakes her head and says, “I should of known.” Shem cutely says, “Me Shem.. Love-ma..” Grandma Qoph happily says, “Great grandma Qoph loves you... You so cute!” Sha’ah points to his little brother and says, “Little baby Ham...” Grandma Qoph picks him up. My reddish baby looks at her with his cute little brown eyes. He pukes a lot on her long white hair. She looks furious. Sha’ah quickly grabs Ham away from her. Grandma clinches her fists, huffs and puffs and shouts, “Ham! Cleanliness is life!” Her bloated hands wipes the greenish puke out of her long slimy white hair. I forcefully say, “Grandma Qoph, --Ham’s just a baby!” Sha’ah nervously says, “Ham’s silly, silly.. Grandma, come on, say silly, silly, silly.. Laugh and you’ll feel better!” Grandma Qoph furiously says, “Augh! Silly, silly, silly.. Ha, ha, ha! --Ah silly.. Ha, ha” She calms down. She smiles. Surprised, grandma Qoph laughs and says, “Silly. Ha, ha. silly... Silly Ham, ha, ha. --Silly. Silly, silly, silly... Ha, ha, ha, ha.” She grabs the towel in the bowl of water and carefully cleans the putrid greenish vomit off her hair. She happily hugs Sha’ah and Ham. Grandma Qoph says, “Thank you Sha’ah! Silly, silly actually works! --I feel better..” Sha’ah proudly says, “I know..” I proudly say, “My young lovely, --is smart...” We hear Heyman’s

loud voice angrily shout, “Noah, come out alone!” I walk out. I nervously ask, “Why?” Heyman frowns bitterly and says, “Jemimah insulted Tannah yesterday! That’s treason!” I fearfully ask, “Were you spying on us?” Heyman sadly says, “We listen to everything... Come!”

Heyman and his four of his warriors take me to the dimly lighted sacred Algae chamber. Many warriors are standing around. I see Jemimah and Achad on their knees, wearing their green hooded robes before the golden armored giantess who is standing so tall in front of them. Her golden gauntlet covered fists are clinched. Her huge golden shield leans on the left side of her morbid red throne. Her mace is on it’s right armrest. She’s wearing her golden helmet shaped like her head with two square holes for her eyes to see through. Leaning on his spear, Heyman forcefully shouts, “Bow before Tannah!” His voice echoes. Everyone except him bows down on our knees on the cold slimy floor. The old warrior turns towards the giantess. Heyman says, “Noah’s here!” Tannah kindly says, “Thanks, Heyman..” The other warriors stand up and loudly chant, “For justice! For justice! For justice!” Their voices echo. Haymen says, “Noah, stand before Tannah!” I stand up and walk in front of the incredibly tall giantess. The warriors stop chanting. Tannah looks down at me through the square holes in her golden helmet as she says, “Noah, Jemimah called me a monster... That’s treason!” I fearfully say, “My friend was grieving over her dead husband, Sheniy! --Did you spy on us?” Tannah calmly says, “My warriors always listen..” I look up at her horrible white serpent eye’s flaming red vertically slit pupil. I ask, “What about privacy?” Irritated, Tannah says, “Privacy is an enemy of justice! The innocent want to be watched over and listen to...” I nervously say, “But silly people say silly things when they’re hurting... Tannah, please have mercy on Jemimah!” Tannah angrily says, “Noah, I like you, --but--mercy is injustice! ---Jemimah, say your last words?” Achad is bowing on his knees. His tearful dark eyes look way up, his stringy light gray bearded face grimaces as he says, “Tannah, --please don’t kill my wife! Ple---ase!” Tannah angrily shouts, “Shut up!” I shout, “Don’t kill Jemimah! She didn’t mean it!” Tannah forcefully says, “Jemimah, your last words!” Jemimah’s dark chubby face looks over at her sorrowful husband as she tenderly says, “Achad, live for me! --I love you so much! Sheniy will always be part of the Algae! Algae becomes greater.” A pink flash. Her

voice screeches. She moans. Her eyes, nose and mouth bleeds. She quickly dies on her knees. She falls over. I fearfully cry. Her tormented husband stands up and screams. Achad furiously shouts, “You hateful demon! --You will be tormented forever! The Algae curses –you!” Behind the large square hole in her golden helmet, that monstrous glaring white serpent eye stares. A red flash. Achad screams behind his hood. His whole face bleeds. He falls down dead. Tears fill my old eyes. I weep. I painfully shout, “You –killed, --my friends! Why?” She sits down on her throne. Tannah says, “They committed treason!” I whimper and tearfully say, “You’re not ---God! Only God has the right to kill us!” Tannah lifts up her mace and swings it around, and shouts, “God failed my father Asbeel -- and my mother Vashti! ----But I execute justice, --for all!” I sadly say, “You kill many! --Who are you?” Falsely happy, Tannah says, “I’m alrighty..” She takes off her helmet and holds it. Her long graying hair mostly covers the left side of her face. Even her horrible eye looks like she feels bad. Tannah tearfully says, “Noah, sometimes, I see the corruptor disguise as my father... He tells me not to kill... But justice demands killing!” I bitterly ask, “Tannah, --what about love?” Tannah calms down and says, “Noah, we should love good people --enough, --to kill those who hurt them!” I bravely asks, “Tannah, may I preach love God and others in Omer?” Tannah nervously says, “Yes... But don’t discourage my warriors from killing bad people... That’s treason, --understand!” I fearfully say, “Yeah, I do...” Tannah kindly says, “Heyman, gather all the people of Omer here... Noah wants to preach...”

Later that day, everyone in Omer gathers in the sacred algae chamber. Sunlight shines down through the odd shaped rocky opening way above, highlighting all the colorful mushrooms and yellow green algae on the chamber’s walls. Many long wet stalactites hang down and stalagmites sticking up all around us. I lean on my staff. I nervously stand in front of Heyman. He leans on his spear. Behind him, Tannah sits on her huge morbid throne. Her helmet is on her lap. Her golden shield is standing against on the left side of her throne. Her right gauntlet covered hand grips her huge silver mace. I see my whole family standing in front of me. My family and friends look nervous. Tubal is sitting on a white cushion, holding his walking stick. He’s wearing his eye focus-er. ‘Aqqow is by him, dressed in her long blue dress and bonnet. Her wine-skin is tied

loosely around her neck. Gibbor is sitting near her, eating from a big bag of nuts. He's wearing his white furs. Sob'ah is sitting on his huge lap. She looks like a small child wearing her yellow dress. Tannah's many warriors stand behind them holding their shields and spears. Behind them, are many fearful algae worshipers wearing their green hooded robes. Tannah's echoing voice says, "Heyman, introduce our guest speaker..." Heyman limps in front of me and shouts, "This is Noah, a friend of Tannah... A preacher of righteousness..." The warriors echoing voices shout, "For justice! For justice! For justice!" The algae worshipers politely clap.

Heyman's much wrinkled dark eyes angrily stare as he says, "Keep the message positive!" It's uncomfortably cool but I'm sweating. I pull back my hood. I look at my fearful family and friends standing closely together. I look around at the big crowd of warriors and algae worshipers that are in front of me. I mumble to myself, "O-God, --what should I say?" I hear Tannah says, "Noah, speak up!"

I gulp. I slowly say, "God loves us --and wants us to, --do good things..." Heyman angrily shouts, "Speak up!" I take a long deep breath. I emotionally shout, "When we love, --really love God and others, --we help those in need and we encourage them! God loves that!" I pause and loudly say, "--But when we're ungrateful, selfish, jealous, cruel, and arrogant --we cause terrible injustices, --like my family has suffered!" I tearfully shout, "--Long ago, Naamah stole my big sister Yownah --and gave her to king Semjaza, --to be a sex slave! I demanded that God send an avenger that even Sem--jaz-a would fear! I told Tannah... She promised to slaughter Naamah.. And she did!" The warrior echoing voices shout, "Tannah! Tannah! Tannah!" The algae worshipers are silent. I sorrowfully say, "I meet Tannah when she was six year old girl... Her father, --my friend Asbeel, was murdered by lord Bad! Latter, my big sister's head was cut off by lord Bad's daughter! Tannah slaughter ---Her! Hurray!" I pause. The warriors and even some algae worshipers cheer. My family and friends look uneasy. The warriors echoing voices shout in unison, "For justice! For justice! For justice!" I sadly say, "And Tannah keeps on slaughtering.." The crowd cheers. I hopefully shout, "But someday, --the righteous will live in peace. They will love God and each other! --Let us pray... Lord God, touch our hearts... Help us to love! May we cause no injustices.. Let it be." I happily shout, "Love is of God --but God will

demand justice one day!” The warrior shout in unison, “For justice! For justice! For justice!” I look up at the giantess and say, “Thank you, Tannah for letting me preach... I’m done!” Tannah calmly says, “Good Noah, go back to your family and friends...” She swings her long chained mace around several times. Tannah happily shouts, “You heard Noah... God demands justice!” I walk over to my family. We all hug each other. The warriors repeatedly shout, “For justice! For justice! For justice!”

Methuselah says, “Noah, you did good..” I sadly say, “But they didn’t really listen...” Grandma Qoph hugs me and weakly says, “Grandson, I loved your preaching... Too bad Tannah didn’t listen to the parts about love..” Sha’ah nervously says, “If she had, she would of killed us...”

Tiyrah look confused as she asks, “Mother, why?” Sha’ah cynically says, “Because he preach against her hatred --but she didn’t hear it...” Japheth looks up as he says, “Mother, I was so scared...” We hug him. I say, “God is with us..” Sha’ah lovingly says, “Son, the Creator of All plans our successes..” Shem timidly says, “Me glad, God with us...” Ham happily says, “Ham, la, la, love you...”

A young pale blond warrior girl, walks over to us. She’s wearing a golden helmet. She’s carrying her shield and spear. Shem looks at her and says, “Pretty..” Japheth says, “Yeah...” Ham fearfully says, “Sca,--Sca--ry..” Sha’ah hugs him and says, “Relax Ham, I’ll protect you!” The blond girl gently smiles and says, “Hi Noah, I’m Zilpah (2153 trickle) --I like your massage about love..” Surprised, I ask, “Zilpah, you actually listened?” Her pretty bright blue eyes dreamily looks up at me. Zilpah sincerely says, “I do... Tell me more about your God, --and love...” My wife steps between us. Sha’ah jealously says, “Careful girl, --he’s my husband!” Zilpah angrily says, “Alrighty!” Tiyrah nervously says, “Mother, you’re embarrassing me..” Sha’ah says, “Tiyrah, you’re understand one day..” Tiyrah curiously asks, “Why did you join Tannah?” Zilpah emotionally says, “When I was small child, my family was slaughtered by robbers... Tannah slaughtered them. She’s my hero --so I follow her but I kind of --like your loving god..” Surprised, Sha’ah says, “Girl, maybe the Creator of All, --did planned for you to came to us..”

Confused, Zilpah asks, “Creator of All?” I gently say, “Another name for God...” I nervously says, “Zilpah,-- hope you won’t be disappointed in us..” Zilpah says, “I don’t know --but I’ve decided to find out..”

A new moon latter, me and my family walk to the small chamber where Tubal and his family live. I'm wearing my brown furs. Sha'ah is wearing her tight brown animal skins. Tiyra wears her reddish animal skins. They're both wearing their red feathered headresses. Japheth is wearing his black furs.. He possessively holds his big top. Shem wearing his gray furs and Ham wearing his brown furs. Gibbor is wearing his white furs. He's squatting, his fabby knees bend down as his over-sized hands hold a thick tree trunk. The trunk is about as long as a tall man's height. Gibbor stands up tall. He lifts the trunk over his bald head. He hits stalactites hanging from chamber's high ceiling and break little stalactites off. Sob'ah is wearing her cream colored furs. She squats, then straitens her legs while lifting a much smaller tree branch. 'Aqqow is wearing her blue dress and bonnet. She squates, then lifts her rather large wine-skin over her head. They do this over and over. Tubal, sits on his large white cushion. He is dressed in his gray robes and turban. Tubal's right blue eye looks really big being magnified by his eye focuser. His walking stick by his side along along with many small green, blue and red balls. Tubal frail voice says, "Lift! One more time!" His family squates again. Gibbor lay down the tree trunk and grabs the bag of fruits and says, "Gibbor hungry.." 'Aqqow looks up at him and says, "Son, don't eat all of it!" He sticks his hand into the bag and grabs a big clusters of red fruits. He stuffs them into his mouth. His large white teeth munches on them. He swallows them in one gulp. He hands the bag to his mother. Gibbor hungrily says, "Yes, mother.." Tubal notices us and happily says, "Noah and Sha'ah, welcome! Hi, children.." Puzzled, Japheth asks, "Father, what they do?" Puzzled, I say, "I don't know..." Tubal's pale old face smiles as he gladly says, "Exercise..." Japheth, tightly holding his big top, runs to him and asks, "Exer---cise?" Tubal cheerfully says, "Using your muscles to become healthier.. Japheth, you still have my top.." Japheth spins it on the floor and says, "Me love top!" Ham craws over to the top and says, "Top.. Top..". Ham grabs it. Japheth grabs it back. Ham cries. Tubal pulls an identical top out from beneath his cushion. He gives it to Ham. Tubal playfully says, "Ham, I made this big top... For you!" Ham laughs and says, "Mine." He plays with it but can't quite make it spin. Tubal spins it for him. Ham happily giggles. His top spins. Sha'ah curious ask, "'Aqqow, do you like exericing?" 'Aqqow says, "My old goat insists we

exercise..” Tiyrah brushes back her short curly brown hair, as she asks, “Tubal, why don’t you exercise?” He looks down at his legs. Tubal sadly says, “I can’t... But my pretty ‘Aqqow can.” Her wrinkle tan face smiles. “Aqqow slyly says, “My lover does --other exercises...” Tubal laughs and says, “Gibbor, I throw balls at you... Have fun..” He throws a soft green ball up at the fat giant. Gibbor tries to move his head out of the way but the ball hits his big half eaten ear. Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, “Gibbor, got hit....” Ham’s reddish baby face looks scared as he says, “Ah no, oh, oh..” Tubal forcefully says, “Try again, Gibbor!” He throws a blue ball but Gibbor moves surprisingly quick. The ball misses him. He claps his over-sizes hands together. Gibbor says, “Gibbor fast!” Tubal coughs and frailly says, “Yes son.. ‘Aqqow and Soba’ah, --dodge these balls!” He throws a red ball at ‘Aqqow and a green ball at Sob’ah. They moves out of the way. These balls miss them. Tiyrah smiles beneath her red feathered headdress as she asks, “When did Tubal start these exercises?” ‘Aqqow slyly says, “About seven new moons ago...” Tubal caringly says, “I want my family to be healthy!” ‘Aqqow’s hazel eyes looks down at him, as she says, “Look who’s talking...” Tiyrah notices that Gibbor is more muscular as she curiously says, “H-mmm, all this exercising is making Gibbor stronger... Are you teaching him how to fight?” Tubal giggles and says, “Silly girl, no!” ‘Aqqow happily says, “But we will teach my big son how to dance... Tiyrah, you want to excerice? It’s fun!” Her dark squinted eyes frown. Tiyrah says, “No thanks...” Shem excitedly asks, “Can I? Can I?” Tubal cheerfully says, “Sure, Shem! I’ll throw balls... Don’t get hit.” Shem smiles happily as he says, “Yeah..” Ham smiles as he says, “Play...” Sha’ah forcefully says, “Tubal, don’t throw balls at my sons... You might hurt them..” Tubal cheerfully says, “Relax Sha’ah, these balls are very soft..” Our sons run over to him. Sha’ah forcefully says, “Tiyrah, you exercise too!” Irritated, Tiyrah asks, “Mother, do I have to?” I gently say, “Come on, Tiyrah... It looks fun..” Tiyrah grumpily says, “Fine...” Tubal throws balls at them, over and over again. Sometimes the small colorful balls hits them. Sometimes they miss. I put my arm around my wife’s shoulder. Sha’ah says, “Our children are having a good time.” I gently kiss her forehead. I carress her long smooth black hair and say, “I love their mother..” Sha’ah excitedly says, “That’s me!”

Four new moon latter, we're sleeping over at my grandparent's crowded igloo. I hear Methuselah's mournful voice says, "Wake up.... Seven, wake up! Please, wake up! O-Lord God.. No-o!" He bitterly cries out. Shocked, I open my eyes. I rush over to him. I hug my very plumb grandmother's cold body. I tearfully say, "Grandma Qoph, wake up! Please, --I love you so... Grandma Qoph! --Augh.." I gently touch her cold pale bloated wrinkled cheeks. My tears fall from my bearded cheeks. Methuselah tearfully says, "She's dead..." My old father crawls over. He cries like a baby next to her plump dead body. Lamech emotional says, "Mother Qoph, mother Qoph.. Mother... O-no.. No. No. No!" Methuselah cries emotionally and says, "Son, God has taken her, --from us!" We cry. We hug each other and cry more. My children wake up. My little sons start crying. Tiyrah silently stares at her pale dead great grandmother. Sha'ah wakes, come up behind me and angrily asks, "What's wrong?" I loudly sob and say, "Grand-ma Qoph--died!" Sha'ah shouts, "Noah, rule three! Don't act fearful, angry or sad! You're woke our children.." I bitterly say, "You're being silly! --You expect me, --not to cry now?" Sha'ah angrily says, "I expect you to act manly!" I wipe my tears out of my sore eyes. I coldly say, "Sure.. Rule two! Me tell you what to do... Sha'ah, --be respectful!" Our children come up to me. We watch Methuselah and Lamech cry like babies. Disgusted, Sha'ah forcefully says, "Methuselah, Lamech, stop crying! Be men! You're disturbing my children." With tears dripping from his beard, Methuselah furiously cries out and says, "Sha'ah, my lover, --just died! --I feel that the Creator of All didn't plan for you, --to have a heart!" Lamech cries on his shoulder. Sha'ah self righteously shouts, "Noah, Methuselah insulted me! Tell him to appologize!" I stand up. I calmly say, "Rule six..." I turn away from her. Sha'ah angrily shouts, "Noah tell him to appologize now!" I ignore her. Sha'ah angrily shouts, "Don't ignore me! Tell him to appollogive, please!" I ask, "Tiyrah, do you want to stay?" Tiyrah says, "No, mother is acting badly.." I say, "Then let's go." We put on our heavy furs. We put on our sandals. We wrapped furs around them, and tie strips of animal hides around them. Sha'ah grabs me and says, "Don't ignore me! I gently push her away. I quickly dressed my three crying sons in their heavy furs. I pick up Japheth and put him over my shoulders with his legs around my neck. Japheth asks, "Father, where go?" I cheerfully say, "Out." I pick up

Ham. He cries. I swing him around in my arms. He stops crying. I say, "Tiyrah, grab Shem." Tiyrah takes Shem's little hand. Shem tearfully says, "Tiyrah.. Tiyrah.." He follows her. I grab my staff. Sha'ah rushes behind me and asks, "Where are you going?" I ignore her. Sha'ah emotionally says, "Noah, --I'm sorry! --Don't leave me! Please don't leave!" I say, "Bye.." Me and Tiyrah calmly walk out with my three sons through their fur curtain into the cold.. We go for a little walk where we can cry in peace.

The next day, around noon, in the sacred Algae chamber, me, Lamech and Methuselah stand before Tannah. She's sitting on her throne with her helmet on her lap. Heyman is by her side. He sincerely says, "We're sorry for your loss.." Tannah sadly asks, "Methuselah, what kind of funeral would you like for Seven?" Methuselah says, "I don't want her put in algae... Put my wife in a dry chamber, --and seal it up after I say my final good-byes..." Tannah sadly smiles as she says, "My friends, it will be done.. May God give her peace.."

Latter that day, my grandma Qoph has been laid on a dry floor in a rather small gray chamber lighted by a small torch. We're dress as usual. We look down at Seven's corpse. Her long white hair has been nicely combed. She dressed in a long brown furs with her hood pulled back. Her sunken eyes are closed. Her much bloated, much wrinkled face looks grayish white. I'm crying. 'Aqqow sadly asks, "Noah, want some wine?" I sadly say, "Yes.." She hands me her wine-skin. I sip. I cry. Methuselah, holds his spear. He cries. He limps over by his dead wife. Lamech holds his staff. He helps his father to get down on his knees. They weep over her. I cry behind them. I sip more wine. Methuselah tearfully says, "Thank you, Lord God for all the years I had – with Seven... But--it's never long enough! O-Lord God, --I've lived too long! --Seven, we will meet again... Let it be! Let it be!" Lamech helps him up. Methuselah weeps. Lamech weeps over his mother and says, "Mother Qoph, --I don't know what to say... Mother, --I love you! I miss you so.. Mother... Mother... I'm --so alone!" Methuselah hugs his son and says, "Son, --you still have me." He hugs him back. I say, "Me --too, father.." I lean on my staff. I fall down on my knees by my grandmother. I'm slightly drunk. I cry and say, "Grand-ma Qoph, me love you--.. Me glad you --met me family.. I --wish they got to --know you better.. You --with God --now.. God --so lucky!

Grand-ma—Qoph.. Me love you! Me love you..” Sha’ah and our children walks up behind me. Sha’ah helps me stand up. Yes, I’m crying but my wife doesn’t complain today. Sha’ah gets down on her knees by my grandmother and says, “Silly grandma Qoph, the Creator of All welcomes you home.... Tiyrah, and my sons say good-by to your great grandmother..”

Tiyrah kneels by her and sadly says, “I bet you’re cleaning up the Creator of All’s igloo right now..” Tiyrah stands up. Japheth holds his top, falls down and says, “I loves you, grand ma.. Bye. Bye..” Shem bows down next to him and says, “Say hi to God..” Ham bows his head down with his brothers and sadly says, “Ham play.” Their mother takes her boys in her arms. Sha’ah sadly says, “Let’s go now..” Methuselah slowly limps away using his spear. I follow. My family backs away. Gibbor carries Tubal with his huge arms. ‘Aqqow and Sob’ah follow. Gibbor sadly says with his low goofy voice, “Bye bye...” Tubal sadly says, “Seven, you didn’t like me... I hope I will prove you wrong.. I am the great metal wizard..”

‘Aqqow sadly says, “Seven, you were a great woman who will be greatly missed..” Sob’ah gets down by her and says, “You said you grew up in Sheol --but the great love you gave your family will live forever!”

A new moons latter, we visit Tubal again. We’re dressed as usual. Japheth is holding his top. I see a huge silly looking mirrored shield laying against a wall. I see Gibbor wearing his white furs. He lifts up two heavy tree trunks. He hold one trunk in each hand. ‘Aqqow and Sob’ah are lifting small branches. ‘Aqqow is dressed in her blue dress and bonnet. Sob’ah is wearing her yellow dress. Shem points to the fat giant and excitedly says, “He strong..” Sha’ah cheerfully says, “Yeah. Gibbor..” Japheth looks at Sob’ah and says, “Dress pretty.” Tubal is dressed in his purple robes. He’s sitting on his white cushion. Two large circular mirror cymbals are by him along with his walking stick. He watches his family through his blue eye focuser. He throws colorful little balls at Gibbor who quickly moves out of the way so the balls don’t hit him. Tubal happily shouts, “Squat, stand up, lift leg, other leg. Squat again!” Gibbor, ‘Aqqow and Sobah squat, stand up, lift one legs up, and then lift their other leg up. Ham happily says, “Ex—er-- ex-er..” Sha’ah says, “They’re excericing..” Tubal throws more little balls at Gibbor. He mostly evade the balls. Amazed, Sha’ah asks, “How can that flabby giant move so quickly?” I cheerfully say, “Practice, --I guess.” Tubal looks at us and says, “Hi Noah, watch this... Family dance

time!” He picks up the large cymbals. He hits them together, making silly music. Shem joyfully says, “Music..” Gibbor and his white haired wife dances near the fire-pit. They circle around each other. They cast shadows on the glistening gray walls. ‘Aqqow happily says, “Sob’ah dance around my big boy... Son, do kicks, but careful, don’t kick Sob’ah..” Gibbor says with his goofy low voice, “Gibbor careful..” Sob’ah gracefully dances around her gaint husband. He kicks his legs way up. Tubal speeds up the cymbals’s clanging as he says, “Sob’ah kick Gibbor. --Gibbor rolls away...”

Sob’ah kicks way up to his stomach but it doesn’t hurt him. She tries to kick him again but he quickly rolls away like a big chubby ball. Sob’ah tries to kicks him but Gibbor rolls away too quickly. ‘Aqqow forcefully says, “Son, grab us... Do those moves.” Tubal’s slows his musical clanging. ‘Aqqow and Sob’ah do a silly dance on each side of Gibbor. They look like small children compared to him. He awkwardly dances. Gibbor says, “Gibbor grab.. And moves!” His huge stomach flaps around. He grabs them in his over-sized hands. He lifts them up. He effortlessly swings them around. Sob’ah gets dizzy and says, “Gibbor, --me dizzy... Put us down..” He gently puts them down. Sob’ah wobbles and says, “Me head spins.” ‘Aqqow happily says, “Son, back off... Do fancy dance moves.” He steps safely back. She and Sob’ah do a goofy dance. They happily spin around, clinch their fists and moves their arms back and forth.

Gibbor imitates their dance moves. Sob’ah joyfully dances and says, “Fancy kicks... Kick up, kick, kick..” They happily kick their feet up high. They’re good at it. Tiyrah walks up to Tubal as he plays his cymbals, and says, “Tubal, their dancing looks like---.” ‘Aqqow grabs Tiyrah from behind. She puts her hand over her mouth. Sha’ah frowns and angrily says, “‘Aqqow, take your hands off my daughter!” ‘Aqqow cheerfully says, “Tiyrah, isn’t it great that Tannah’s warriors always watch over us --and listen to our every word... Understand!” Tiyrah nervously nods. ‘Aqqow lets go of her mouth. Tiyrah nervously says, “Yes ‘Aqqow...” Sha’ah thinks about it and says, “They’re listening...” Sob’ah’s blue eyes sparkle as she joyfully says, “Dancing expresses my feelings of love and joy..”

Shem’s cute golden brown face smiles as he asks, “Can I dance?” Tubal plays his cymbals, coughs and says, “Yes Shem... You dance!” Shem awkwardly dances. Ham kind of baby dances. Japheth’s childish brown face frowns as he says, “Not me! They look silly.” Sha’ah grabs my arm,

and asks, "Hey Noah, shall we dance?" I say, "Yes!" Tiyrah brushes back her short curly brown hair as she smile and says, "Can I dance with Shem?" I say, "Sure." Shem jumps up and excitedly says, "Yeah, Tiyrah... Yeah dance!" They dance. Japheth laughs at our dancing. We joyfully dance.

Tubal puts his cymbals down and says, "Enough dancing.. It's story time..." 'Aqqow grabs the huge flimsy shield. She hands it up to Gibbor. He holds it. 'Aqqow sweetly says, "Son, --story time.. You, the hero are attacked by all us bad monsters...." Sob'ah frowns, brushes her whitish hair over her pale wrinkled face, growls and says, "Gibbor, pretend we're bad monsters.." Our little boys growls. Tiyrah growls too. Except for Tubal, we circle at a safe distance around the hero. Even me and Sha'ah act like goofy monsters. Tubal plays silly music. 'Aqqow cheerfully says, "Hero, aim your shield at us! When we see our reflection, we fall back... You safe!" Gibbor nervously says, "Bad monsters scary.." Tubal comfortingly says, "Gibbor, it's just make believe..." We all growl and circle around you, the big hero. He aims his flimy mirrored shield at us. When we see our reflection in the shield, we fall back down. Gibbors dances around to the music. He does high kicks safely away from us. We see our reflections, and we act like we're being kicked back. We do this many times. Gibbor awkwardly dances around. He happily says, "Gibbor hero! Bad monsters fall..." We hear Heyman roughly march in with four of his warriors.

They're holding their golden shields and long spears. He looks angry.

Heyman's wrinkled dark brown face frowns as he says, "Stop!" Tiryah and our small sons fearfully gather around me and Sha'ah. She comfort them in her loving arms. Leaning on my staff, I nervously asks, "Heyman, what's wrong?" Holding our boys close, Sha'ah says, "You're scaring my boys.."

Tubal coughs and frailly says, "We're just playing..." Heyman points his spear down at him and angrily says, "You're making weapons... You're training that fool to fight us!" Tubal playfully says, "That's silly.. What weapons?" Heyman points at the flimsy shield and says, "That shield!"

Puzzled, Tubal calmly says, "This flimsy prop? Gently push your spear against it." Heyman pushes his spear's tip against the shield. The spear tears right through it without any effort. He pokes the shield several times till it is full of holes. He and his warriors laughs. Heyman scornfully says, "This shield is a joke.." Tiyrah angrily says, "Heyman, please stop scaring my little brothers." Sob'ah sweetly says, "It just make believe..."

Heyman's hateful dark eyes stare as he arrogantly says, "It better be... Even if Gibbor had, --Tannah's indestructable shield and mace and even better armor... And she was unarmed and naked, --my great Tannah would slaughter that fat fool!" His warriors shouts, "Tannah! Tannah! Tannah!" I fearfully say, "--We just having playing.." Sha'ah nervously asks, "Are you scared of us?" Irritated Heyman say, "Are you joking?" Gibbor fearfully says, "Tannah scares Gibbor!" Sob'ah says as her husband gently hugs her, "Sob'ah protect Gibbor.. My hero, don't be scared..." Heyman and his warriors leave.

About two years and eleven new moons latter, we're visiting Tubal again. 'Aqqow quietly stands behind her very old husband. He is sitting on his white cushion. He's dressed in his puple robes and wearing his purple turban is over his very wrinkled bald head. His eye looks weird through his blue eye focuser. His dire wolf headed walking stick and his big cymbals are by him. Tiyrah is wearing her reddish animals skins. She playfully dances with Shem and Ham. Shem wears his gray furs. Ham says, "Ham, loves dancing." He wears his brown furs. Gibbor and Sob'ah do a silly dance. Me and Sha'ah happily watch our black haired, son Japheth. He's wearing his long black furs. He's playfully spinning his beloved top again. He watches it's pretty colors, red, blue, green and purple spin around in awe. Sha'ah cheerfully asks, "Japheth, how old are you?" Irritated, Japheth says, "I'm playing! Mother, you know I'm six." Sha'ah sadly says, "Love you, Japheth.." He ignores her. Tubal happily looks at the big old colorful top. 'Aqqow watches them. She's dressed her blue dress and bonnet. Her wine-skin is loosely tied around her neck. Tubal coughs and says, "Japheth, you really love my top..." Japheth cheerfully spins it and says, "My top great!" His youthful brown face smiles. Japheth excitedly says, "Tubal, I want to make tops like this..." Tubal sadly says with his frail voice, "When you're older..." Tubal points to his ugly scarred right cheek as he says, "Look at my scars! I don't want this happening to you.."

Japheth keeps spinning his top and excitedly says, "Wow, Tubal, you're so smart!" Tubal tearfully says, "I am the great metal wizard! ---But I have not always been wise.." Japheth curiously asks, "What's the difference -- between smart and wise?" Tubal sadly says, "Smart, you know how to do lots of cool stuff.... Wise, you know what you should do, --and you do it.... Gibbor is wise... He loves God... Loves others... Does good... Wise

better than smart!” Japheth stops spinning his top. He hugs the frail old man tightly. Japheth lovingly says, “Tubal, you are wise... --I love you!” Tubal tiredly says, “I love you too---Japheth... Can I play with your top?” Japheth laughs and says, “Yeah, you love tops too..” Tubal excitedly says, “Yeah, I made it!” Japheth hands him the top. Tubal playfully spins the big colorful top around quickly. They watch it spin and it eventually till over. Tubal faints. ‘Aqqow sadly says, “Japheth, --Tubal needs rest..” I gently say, “Japheth, we better go..” Sha’ah gently pats his curly black hair as she says, “You can play with him latter..” Japheth sadly asks, “Do I have to...” I forcefully say, “Yes, son!”

About two new moons latter, we’re visiting Tubal again. We’re are dressed as usual. Tubal is sitting on his cushion. He plays goofy music on his big cymbals. He dressed in his purple robes and turban. His dire wolf headed walking stick is by his side. ‘Aqqow’s wine-skin is loosely around her neck. She’s dressed in her blue dress and bonnet. We’re pretending to be bad monsters circling around our giant hero. He’s dances joyfully around, his huge stomach flopping around as he aims his flimsy mirror shield at us. We playfully fall down when we see our reflection in the shield. Five warriors rudely march in holding their shields and spears. The female commander forcefully shouts, “Come now!” Tubal stops playing his cymbals. He lays them on his feeble knees and grabs his walking stick.

Japheth grabs his top. Tiyrah and our boys fearfully gather around us. Sob’ah’s pale wrinkled face looks scare as she says, “Gibbor, story over..”

He stops dancing. I grab my staff. Tubal stares at the cammander through his blue eye focuser as he weakly asks, “What’s happening?” She angrily says, “Heyman’s dead! No walking sticks or staffs! They’re weapons!”

The warriors points their spears at us. I drop my staff. Tubal puts down his walking stick down. Tubal fearfully says, “Gibbor, carry me... Follow the warriors..” Gibbor straps his silly shield onto his back. Gibbor nervously says, “Yes, --good father..” He grabs the white cushion that Tubal is sitting on with one hand. He lifts them both up.

With spears at our backs, we walk all the way down to the sacred Algae chamber. Our feet gently splash the shallow greenish waters on the hard cave’s floor. Me and my wife nervously look around at the many long dripping wet stalactites hanging all around and the stalagmites sticking up from the misty floor. We see lots of algae and small colorful mushrooms

growing along the sides of cave walls. Dim light shines down from above into this misty chamber. Little snowflakes slowly fall down from a odd shaped opening far above us. I see a huge crowd of warriors and algea worshipers. Tannah stands in front of her morbid red throne. She's wearing her golden armor. Her helmet is laying on the seat of her throne. Her mace is on the throne's right armrest. Her huge rectangular gold mirrored shield is leaning against the left side of her throne. I see Methuselah leaning by my fearful father. He's wearing his gray furs and Enoch's cap. My father is wearing his light gray furs. He leaning too. They wave at us. We wave back. Many warriors stand in front of the giantess holding their golden shields and spears. They're wearing yellowish furs and golden helmets. I notice Zilpah is sadly standing among them. We walk towards Tannah. We hear Gibbor's loud footsteps. Sob'ah follows him. 'Aqqow walks over to Methuselah and Lamech. Gibbor gently lays Tubal down by 'Aqqow. Tubal sits on his white cushion with his big cymbals on his knees.

I look way up the muscular giantess. She looks distressed. Her long grayish hair diagonally covers the human side of her face. I see her overly big serpent eye surrounded by yellowish scales and pulsating purple veins. The female commander steps in front of her. The commander turns towards us, holds up her spear and shouts, "Bow before Tannah!" We bow before her. Tannah's tormented voice echos, as she asks, "Who poisoned Heyman?" A pale warrior says, "Tannah, -Heyman was very old... Old people die." She stares down at him. His pale nose bleeds. He falls down on his knees. The pale warrior painfully says, "Tannah, forgive me!" Tannah tearfully says, "Alrighty.."

She points her gauntlet covered right hand around. Little snowflakes fall from above. Tannah furiously asks, "Who poisoned Heyman?" Her voice echoes. No one answers. Her bloodshot glaring white eye looks around at us all. My stomach feels sharps pains. Everyone look like they're suffering. My heads pounds. Our children cry out. Sha'ah cries and says, "Creator of All, --my stomach, hurts! --My head, au--gh!" I hear many moaning, and crying. Gibbor whines, saying, "Gibbor hurt! --Gibbor hurt!" Methuselah, Lamech, and even the warriors, and the algae worshipers groan. Tannah suddenly points to and stares down at Tiyrah who screams. She holds her stomach in agony. Our pain fades away. Japheth fearfully holds his top next to his chest. Shem and Ham cry. I

watch Tiyrah's nose bleed under her red feathered headdress. I painfully shout, "Tannah, stop hurting Tiyrah!" Sha'ah emotionally shouts, "Tannah, --please don't!" Tiyrah painfully shouts, "Tu--bal... Tubal! Tubal!"

Tannah stares at Tubal and his family. Gibbor takes his shield off his back. He holds it in front of him and his wife. Tubal holds a mirrored cymbal in front of him. He looks fine. 'Aqqow grabs the other cymbal and holds it in front of her. She looks fine. Sob'ah stands behind the flimsy mirrored shield her husband is holding. They look fine. I cling onto my family.

Methuselah and Lamech hug each other. Lamech cries and says, "Father, --that really hurts!" Methuselah comfortingly says, "Son, thank God, it stopped!" The giantess looks down at Tubal, 'Aqqow, and Sob'ah. Tannah angrily asks them, "Why are you three not suffering?" Tubal fearfully says behind his large mirrored cymbal, "My cymbals reflects your hate away..."

Sob'ah behind the flimsy shield, nervously says, "Our silly shield does the same.." Tannah calmly says, "Warriors, execute these three traitors... Noah, stay out of this!" Japheth tearfully says, "Father, help Tubal!" I stand up and emotionally shout, "Tannah please, don't kill them!" Tannah's big white serpent eye's flaming red vertically slit pupil stares at me as she says, "Noah, my friend, --you love your family... Shut up and they live!" I throw up.

My young beautiful wife and our children hold onto me. Japheth cries and shouts, "Tubal! O--no!" I tearfully pray, saying, "God protect us! --God, please help Tubal and his family!" Sha'ah hugs me fearfully as she says, "Noah, do something!" I look into her disappointed eyes. I ask, "What?" Sha'ah angrily says, "I don't know but.. But... But.. But.."

Tiyrah's squinted tearful eyes look guilty as she says, "It's all my fault! --I betrayed Tubal!" I put my hands on her shoulders. I comfortingly say, "No Tiyrah... It's my fault! You're a good girl!" Sha'ah lovingly says, "Your father's right! It's never our fault." Shem looks up at his big sister and says, "I love you, --Tiyrah!" Japheth sadly says, "Me too..." Ham giggles and says, "Tiyrah, you bad!" A dozen warriors surround and aim their spears at Tubal, 'Aqqow, and Sob'ah as she playfully says, "Gibbor story time, kick bad monsters away!" Gibbor holds his shield in front of him.

The warriors aim their spears at them. Gibbor dances up to them. He kicks three warrior's shields with his big right foot, sending them flying up in the air back against the cave wall. They're knocked out. Little snowflakes fall.

Tannah stares at Gibbor but his flimsy mirrored shield reflects her hatred back at her. Her left hand covers her eyes. Tubal shouts, "Dodge spears!" The warriors throw their spears at the fat giant. He dodges them. The spears miss his shield too. 'Aqqow shouts, "Kick! Kick... Kick.." Gibbor dances around and kicks more warriors up into the air. They fly way back and land on top of some of the other warriors. Tannah bitterly shouts, "Justice warriors attack!" Three warriors run towards the fat giant. They throw their spears at him. He dodges two of the spears but the third one hits his right shoulder. He painfully pulls the long spear out of his bleeding shoulder. He throws it aside. Gibbor says, "Ouch! --Bad monsters, bad!" These warriors runs up to him. 'Aqqow shouts, "Kick and roll away!" One warrior shouts before he can throw his shield aside, "For justice!" Gibbor kicks the shield, sending this warrior flying way up. Gibbor rolls back away. This warrior powerfully explodes in the air. Gibbor cries. 'Aqqow fearfully shouts, "Again and again!" The other two justice warriors run to him, throw their shields aside and shouts, "For justice!" Gibbor moves his shield away from them and kicks them up into the air. They loudly explode. Gibbor wobbles around and shouts, "Foot hurts! Ears hurt!"

Tubal holds his cymbal in front of him, as he furiously shouts, "Tannah, do you care about your warriors dying? Gibbor can kill them all! --Coward, why don't you fight Gibbor, the mighty? Because --he will kill you!" Little snowflakes falls around them. Tannah bitter voice echoes, saying, "You insult justice! --Die!" Tubal's fragile voice sarcastically says, "You kill me.. A small child can kill an old cripple like me... How glorious? --But can you kill Gibbor, --the mighty?" Tannah's right leg looks stiff as the armored giantess limps to her morbid throne. She grabs her golden helmet and puts it on. Her left hand grabs her huge golden mirror shield. Her right gauntlet covered hand grabs her silver mace that has a human head sized spiked ball at the end of it's heavy chains. She swings it around. Tannah hatefully says, "Tubal, I will execute that fat fool! --And your family will become part of my throne..." Her horrible bloodshot glaring white serpent eye hatefully stares behind her helmet. A pink flash. Tubal gasps. Gibbor holds up his flimsy mirrored shield, and dances around the giantess who's a head taller than him. Her warriors stand back and shout, "Tannah! Tannah! Tannah!" She swings her long chained

heavy metal silver mace at him. Sob'ah shouts, "Dodge ball!" He quickly bows. The spike ball almost hits him. The flabby giant barely dodges the spike ball again and again. The giantess looks down at him. She swings her mace down at him. He quickly moves out of it's way. The spike ball hits the cave floor and loudly rings. Sobah shouts, "Kick!" Gibbor powerfully kicks her huge golden shield, knocking her back a ways. He looks at his reflection in her shield. Gibbor happily says, "Gibbor see Gibbor!" The mad giantess charges at him. She angrily swings her mace's spiked ball down at his head. He ducks but the ball's spikes scratches the left side of his lower back. Gibbor yelps. He dances away. His back bleeds. Gibbor painfully says, "Ouch! Back hurts! Hurts.. Hurt!" The very tall giantess swings her shield to the side. She quickly kicks his big fat stomach. Tubal shouts, "Roll back!" Gibbor groans, and falls on his back. He rolls back like a ball, as he moves his flimsy shield to the side. Tannah kicks at him with her armored boots. She swings her mace way down. Gibbor rolls back out of it's way. The mace hits the floor making a loud ring. Gibbor jumps up back against the cave wall. He holds his flimsy shield up. Tannah stares at her reflection in the flimsy shield. A red flash. She trembles. 'Aqqow shouts, "Kick hard!" Tannah swings her shield in front of her. Gibbor kicks her shield hard enough to dent it, knocking her back on her rear under her heavy shield. Her shield heals itself. Under her golden shield, she swings her mace around. It's spiked ball hits Gibbor's big right foot, stabbing it. Gibbor yells, "Footie hurt! Ouch! Ouchy—y.. Ow!" He falls on top of the shield making a heavy thump. She's trapped her under her shield by his great crushing weight. Tannah swings the mace around at his head. She misses. Sob'ah shouts, "Grab mace!" His oversized right hand grabs the mace by it's chains and pulls. Tannah mightily holds onto her mace. She powerfully lifts her shield up even with the fat heavy giant on top of it. She turns the shield sideways causing him to slide off. Gibbor's goofy voice shouts, "Gibbor hold mace.. God help!" He won't let go of the mace. His flabby arms become more muscular as he struggles to overpower her. Tannah desperately holds on. Gibbor slowly pulls the mace out of her gauntlet covered right hand. Tannah jumps up, and grabs her shield up with both hands. She hits it's top over Gibbor's bald head. He's screams. He wobbles back from her. 'Aqqow shouts, "Swing mace at bad monster!" Dazed, he painfully says, "Yes, mother...

Augh!” He angrily swings the mace, hitting her shield repeatedly, making terrible banging sounds. The spikes tears small holes into her shield.

Through the holes in her shield, Tannah’s focuses her incredible fury at him. Tubal shouts, “Shield up!” Gibbor lifts his big flimsy shield in front of him. A pink flash. Shocked, Tannah screams. She closes her eye tightly.

She spits out blood. Gibbor moves his shield down. He mightily repeatedly swings the mace around against her huge shield before it can heal. As the spiked ball bounces off her damage shield, the very tall giantess slams the bottom of her shield down on Gibbor’s injured foot. He screams. Gibbor painfully shouts, “Ouchy. Foot hurt, --Ah foot! Ouchy..” The mad giantess tries to slam his head against her shield again but his over-sized left hand holding the flimsy shield blocks it, protecting his head.

Gibbor cries. He hops around on his one good foot. He falls back on his rear. Tubal shouts, “Roll back!” Gibbor quickly rolls back like a big ball.

Sob’ah shouts, “Dodge boots!” Tannah lifts her shield up. It’s holes heals and vanishes. She loudly stomps at him with her armored boots.

Gibbor hops up on his good foot. The warriors shout, “Tannah! Tannah! Tannah!” Tubal shouts, “Run!” Gibbor quickly limps away still holding the mace as she charges after him. She swing her shield aside. She repeatedly high kicks her armor boots at his head but he dodges them. He hits her boot with the mace’s spike ball at the end of it’s long heavy chains.

Tannah madly shouts, “For justice!” She low kicks his right shin. Gibbor shouts, “Ouchy, Ouch.. Augh! Hurt so much!” He limps hopping away on his good foot. He holds his right shin while still holding his flimsy shield.

The mad giantess mightily leaps up to him. She kicks his flimsy shield, tearing it in two. She hops back before the fat giant can hit her with the silver mace. Gibbor forcefully swings the heavy metal mace up at her.

Gibbor hops on his good foot and madly shouts, “Bad monster! Augh!”

Tannah swing her huge shield around to protect her. Gibbor repeatedly swings the mace’s long spike ball, loudly banging it against her shield. As the spiked ball bounces off, Tannah moves her shield aside. Sob’ah

fearfully shouts, “Dodge fist!” The mad giantess punches Gibbor’s forehead with her gauntlet covered right fist. He’s dazed. His forehead

bleeds. Tubal furiously shouts, “Smash her!” He’s swings the mace up at her. The mad giantess blocks the pounding mace with her shield. ‘Aqqow

fearfully shouts, “Roll away!” Tannah move the shield aside, her

monstrous glaring white serpent eye stares at him. Red flash. Gibbor screams in agony. His big round nose bleeds as he quickly rolls back away from her. He's still holding the silver mace and his torn shield. The warriors shout, "Tannah! Tannah! Tannah!"

Tubal fearfully shouts as he throws his cymbals to 'Aqqow and Sob'ah, "Do it, girls!" 'Aqqow and Sob'ah run towards the extremely tall giantess. The warriors throw spears at them. 'Aqqow and Sob'ah masterfully blocks the spears with these large cymbals. Tannah runs after the rolling fat giant and tries to stomp his head with her armor boots.

Gibbor swings the mace against her boots. The heavy chain trips her. She falls down face first. Gibbor angrily looks at the warriors and shouts, "Don't hurt wife --or mother!" The warriors stop throwing their spears at 'Aqqow and Sob'ah. Tannah jumps up, looks around the edges of her huge golden mirrored shield and proudly shouts, "--Eye of justice!" Her warriors excitedly shout, "Tannah! Tannah! Tannah!" Behind her golden helmet's big square hole, her monstrous eye and it's flaming red vertically slit pupil projects sickening brutal hatred. A red flash. Gibbor screams as he rolls around on the floor. He closes his bulging squinted eyes tightly. His big round nose, huge ears, and eyes bleeds. His left hand holds his torn shreds of his shield in front of his eyes. He awkwardly swings his mace but Tannah is out of reach. 'Aqqow runs up to the giantess and violently shakes the wine-skin around her neck. She aims the wine-skin up as a stream of smoking black liquid shoots up and splashes against Tannah's helmet, blinding her. She moves her huge shield around to block the stream of black smoking liquid. The mad giantess screams. She grunts. Tannah holds onto her shield and furiously shouts, "My eyes! --O-my eyes! --You dead! Augh-ah-ah!" She removes her helmet and throws it at Gibbor's face but his left hand catches it. Tannah's fingers desperately wipes the smoking black liquid out of her eyes. Gibbor drops her helmet and painfully shouts, "Ouch! Hand hurts! Hand ouchy... Ouch.." 'Aqqow and Sob'ah hide behind Gibbor and their cymbals. Tubal angrily shouts, "Gibbor attack!" Gibbor drops his flimsy torn shield. He leaps up towards Tannah. He powerfully swings the long chained spiked mace up around at her helmet.

She ducks. He swings the mace, and repeatedly hits her shield. He's forcing the giantess back against the cave wall. Tannah painfully shouts, "Augh, my eyes! My eyes.. My eyes.." Her own shield is trapping against

the wall. Sob'ah shouts, "High kick!" Tannah lifts her shield. She tries to slam it on Gibbor's injured foot but he high kicks the shield back against her. She is forcefully slams against the wall that makes a loud banging sound. Gibbor angrily shouts, "Bad monster!" He repeatedly hits her shield with the long spiked ball tearing a hole in it. Tannah tearfully squints her eyes and angrily says, "I -can see -again..." Her horrible bloodshot eye stares through the hole. Red flash. Gibbor screams. He backs off while still swinging the mace. The shield quickly heal itself and blocks her hate. She limps forward, bows down and grabs her helmet. She puts it back on. She does a powerful high kick but Gibbor's left hand grabs her boot, and pulls her up by it. She falls back upside-down. Her helmet and shield crashes against the floor. They loudly rings as she drops the shield. Gibbor swings the mace down. It's spikes hits her back but her thick armor protects her. 'Aqqow angrily shouts, "Kick! Kick!" Gibbor holds her upside down by her left leg. He kicks her back several times and painfully shouts, "Footie hurt... Ouchie. Ouchie.." Tannah screams. The muscular giantess mightily kicks up her right leg up towards his face but his head dodges her armored boot but it hits his injured shoulder. He screams. He drops her. Tannah leaps up quickly.

I see Gibbor swings the mace up but her right gauntlet covered hand forcefully grabs it. The ball's long spikes stabs through her gauntlet covered hand. She won't let go. Her left hand grabs his other hand. They both try to kick each other but their huge legs block each other. From behind the big square opening in her golden helmet, her glaring white serpent eye projects her fury. A red flash. His nose, eye, and ears bleed. Tannah furiously pulls her mace away from him. Tubal fearfully shouts, "Roll away! Grab big shield!" Gibbor quickly rolls back like a big fat ball to the huge shield. His over-sized hands grabs the shield on it's sides. He jumps up, and holds it up in front of him. The mad giantess who is even taller than him, furiously swings her mace down against her shield, making horrible clanking sounds. She tears a head sized hole in it. She growls like a demon. Her horrible eye stares through the hole. A pink flash. Her pulsating purple veins and her flaming red slit pupil flash pink and red, projecting infinite hatred. Tubal faint. I hear 'Aqqow and Sob'ah scream behind him. They fall down cowering behind their cymbals. We all falls to our knees and moans in agony. I see that even behind the golden mirrored

shield, Gibbor's nose, eyes and ears are bleeding. He holds the huge shield up in front of him, as he childishly shouts, "You hurt wife! -- And mother!"

He desperately charges forward. He growls. Tannah swings her mace with amazingly brutal speed tearing a big hole in the golden mirrored shield but Gibbor rams that shield against the mad giantess with such incredible might, that the mad giantess is thrown back a long ways. She falls down on her back, making loud clanging sounds. Gibbor holds up the huge shield, and leaps towards her with his knees closed tightly together. She tries to kick his crotch but his huge knees blocks her armored boots. Tannah's eye flashes pink. He almost faints as he lands on her stomach. She loudly groans. Gibbor cries, shouts, "Augh! Knees hurt! Knee ouchy- ooo." He slams the shield down at her neck. Her mighty hands grabs the shield's bottom. She holds it above her helmet. Tannah kicks his fat rear hard.

Gibbor painfully shouts, "O-oo, rear-ouchy, ouchy.. Bad monster! Bad, A-a-augh!" He slams the shield down on her helmet, making a loud clanking sound. Her muscular arms keeps the shield from hitting her neck right below her helmet. Gibbor growls. He kicks her mighty arms out of the way so the bottom of the shield slams against her thick neck. Red flash.

Gibbor spits out blood as I hear the horrifying sounds of her neck bones breaking. He falls unconscious by her side. Our agony ends and I know that Tannah is dead.

Sha'ah fearfully grabs me and says, "That's --horrible!" I kiss her forehead. I hug her and shout, "Sha'ah, --It's over! Praise God!" Our noses drip with blood. Our children snuggle around us. Sha'ah emotionally says, "My children, the Creator of All saved us!" Tiyrah frowns as she says, "Oh mother, --I hurt so much!" Sha'ah happily says, "Tiyrah, don't worry! --I'll recover..." Shem fearfully asks, "Why did bad monster fall asleep?" I sadly say, "Shem, she's dead!" I hug my confused little son. Ham cries as he sadly asks, "Father, did Gibbor killed bad monster?" I sadly say, "Yes Ham.." Sha'ah cheerfully shouts, "Yep, bad monster dead... Let's celebrate!" Japheth hold his top and says, "I hurt..

Hold me.." Sha'ah lovingly holds him. I sincerely say, "I love you all so much!" We hold each other tightly. The many warriors stare horrified at silently at their dead champion. Many algae worshipers shout, "Praise the Algae! Algae become greater! Algae becomes greater!" I see 'Aqqow, Sob'ah, and Tubal slowly wake up. Shocked, Zilpah walks over to us and

shakes her pretty head. Disturbed, Zilpah says, "I can't believe Tannah's dead... She was my hero.." Her teary light blues eyes sorrowfully stare at Tannah's dead body laying by Gibbor..

'Aqqow runs to her giant son. Little snowflakes fall down around them. I watch Gibbor wake up. He grabs his swollen bruise knees and shouts, "Gibbor knee hurt bad!. Knees hurts bad! Ouchie.. Knee hurt! Hurts! Hurts. Augh..." Me and my family walks over to them. Gibbor craws on his injured knees. He throws the golden shield aside. He sits. His bulging squinted hazel eyes look shocked. He spits out blood. He softly touches his badly bruise shoulder, forehead, knees and his other injuries.

Gibbor painfully says, "Gibbor hurt, hurt, hurt! Ouchy.. Ouchy!"

'Aqqow's hazel eyes look lovingly at her big son as she says, "Son, -- you're hurt! --But mother loves you lots!" Gibbor painfully says, "Love mother!" Sob'ah walks over to him. Gibbor says, "Gibbor love Sob'ah!"

Sob'ah looks up at him and says, "Gibbor good husband... You saved us! I Love Gibbor! Love.. Love.. Love.." Then he looks sadly down. He fearfully pokes the giantess but she doesn't move. Gibbor says with his painfully goofy voice, "Tannah, --story over... Wake up.. Wake up! Wake up!" He shakes Tannah's dead body. 'Aqqow sadly looks up and says, "Son, she dead..." Ashamed, Gibbor says, "Ouchy ouch! Tannah, --not wake up?" Sob'ah gently says, "Tannah not wake up!" Gibbor cries like a baby. His mother and wife hug him. Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Gibbor did bad!" 'Aqqow hugs her son's huge stomach and comfortingly says, "Gibbor my son, you did good... Real good!" Sha'ah walks up to him, laughs and says, "Gibbor, don't be a silly hero! --Killing that bad monster was great! Feel good about it!" I sadly say, "Sha'ah, Tannah was kind of --my friend... She just wanted justice.." I look up at the fat giant and say, "Gibbor, good people hate killing! --You feel bad because you are good." My young wife and her daughter frowns at me. Sob'ah seductively says, "Gibbor, don't worry... Sob'ah make Gibbor feel good!"

I walk over to my father and my grandfather. Methuselah sits down. Lamech limps over and sit by him. I sit by them. Methuselah frailly says, "Noah, --God saved us!" Lamech painfully says, "I was so scare... It's a miracle we're alive.." I sadly say, "Yes father, it's a miracle." We sob on each other's shoulders for a while. I get up and walk back to my wife and children. Tiyrah happily smiles and says, "Wow, --Gibbor killed Tannah!"

Ham's cute reddish face smiles as he shouts, "Hurray for Gibbor, the mighty!" Japheth nervously holds his top and says, "Mother, me scared! -- Are we safe now?" Sha'ah hugs and comfortingly says, "Yes, Japheth, we're safe!" Japheth spins his big colorful top. Tiyrah's brown squinted eyes look curious as she asks, "Mother, did Tubal planned all this?"

Sha'ah's pretty face smiles beneath her red feathered headdress as she says, "You bet, he did..." Japheth plays with his top and happily says, "Tubal is so smart!" Shem nervously says, "Scary smart..." Ham happily asks, "Father, --no more Tannah?" I put my arms around all my sons as I tearfully say, "That's right, my sons... We're safe!" Sha'ah hugs our children too and comfortingly says, "The Creator of All planned all this to protect us.." Tiyah curiously asks, "Wasn't it Gibbor and Tubal who protected us?" I confidently say, "God used them to protect us!" Sha'ah seductively says, "Noah is right!" I grab my wife. I kiss her lovely crimson lips. 'Aqqow walks over to her cripple husband and sits down by him. 'Aqqow cheerfully says, "You were right, old goat..." Tubal coughs and proudly says, "I'm almost --always right!" She kisses her frail elderly husband. They hug.

The female commander walks up to Gibbor. The commander forcefully says, "Gibbor, the mighty, you killed Tannah! --What do you command?" Gibbor looks at her, sobs, and says, "No more kill! Love God! Love others! --Do good!" The commander bitterly shouts, "Warriors, this fool doesn't understand justice! --Follow me!" Except for Zilpah, all the other warriors march out, shouting, "For justice! For justice! For justice!" Zilpah walks up to us and asks, "Can I join your group?" I happily say, "Sure!" Sha'ah frowns at us.

About a three new moons latter, me, my family, and Tubal's family are in a small cave chamber lighted by a small torch. We're dressed as usual. We sadly stand together. We look down at Tubal's dead body laying face up on the dull gray floor. He's dressed in his favorite purple robes and turban. His bronze dire wolf headed walking stick is by his side. His sunken eyes are closed, his sunken cheeks droop, and his scarred long goateed bearded face looks grayish white. His wife weeps. She's wearing her blue dress and bonnet. Her wine-skin is around her neck. She's holds large rectangular copper sheets under her left arm. Lamech is wearing his light gray furs. Sob'ah wears her yellow dress. Methuselah leans on his

spear before us. He wears Enoch's old cap over his long white hair.

Methuselah sadly says, "Tubal was a good friend.... Lord God, grant him peace. Let it be!" Crying, Japheth holds his big colorful squarish top in his hands. Tiyrah bows her head. Shem nervously looks around. Gibbor groans. He crawls on his hands and knees because of the cave's low ceiling.

He crawls up next to Tubal. Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Bye, good father!" He crawls back. 'Aqqow weeps as she says, "Last night, my old goat died in his sleep... Great metal wizard, I'll miss you..." Lamech looks down at him and says, "Tubal-Cain... I'll miss you too..." 'Aqqow's much wrinkled tan face sadly smiles as she says, "Bye, Tubal.." My old father puts his hand on her slumped shoulder. Lamech goofily looks at her and says, "'Aqqow, --me sorry for your lost.." 'Aqqow weeps. She hugs my old father and says, "Thanks, Lamech.. You have suffered too.." Tears runs down my bearded cheeks. Sha'ah comes up behind me and sadly says, "Noah, don't cry! -- It's makes me feel sad..." I hold back my tears, and smile at my beautiful wife. I cheerfully say, "Sure.. Rule three." Sha'ah giggles and says, "--Tubal was so silly.." I smile and say, "Yes, --he was.."

Crying, Japheth holds up his big top and says, "Good-by Tubal... I keep your top forever!" Ham sadly says, "Bye, bye... Me miss you." Tiyrah sadly says, "Tubal, --forgive me for you know!" Sha'ah puts her hand on her shoulder and cheerfully says, "Tiyrah, don't be silly... It's never our fault.." Shem bows down by Tubal, gently touches his face and says, "Tubal, say hi to God for me.." I put my arms around my son and say, "Shem, my son, I'm sure he will..." Zilpah holds her shield and spear, as she sadly says, "Tubal, I wish I got to know you better..." 'Aqqow hands me her wine-skin and sadly says, "Noah, Tubal knows you love great wine..." I put the wine-skin around my neck. I sip some delicious wine. I say, "Thanks 'Aqqow... He was a good friend.." 'Aqqow forcefully says, "Noah, Tubal gives you four tents he inherited from his brother Jabal..." I say, "That is so good of him." 'Aqqow says, "Tubal wants you to build a bigger ark..." Surprised, I ask, "Why?" 'Aqqow says, "So you can carry more supplies for longer trips to preach to more people." I timidly say, "But I've never built an ark without Tubal..." 'Aqqow hands me the copper sheets as she forcefully says, "He taught you all you need to build arks... Just follow these plans." I sadly say, "I'll try.... Thanks 'Aqqow..."

I watch Sob'ah follow Gibbor, as he crawls close to Tubal. He cries. Gibbor

says with his low goofy voice, "Bye bye, good father.." Sob'ah gently touches his bruised knee and kindly says, "He was a good father.. We'll miss Tubal." They walk back. Methuselah limps forward leaning on his spear. Lamech, holds his staff. He comes over and silently hugs me. I sip a more wine. I look down at the plans etched into the copper sheet that I'm holding. Methuselah sadly says, "Lord God, despite his many faults, give Tubal peace --and love.. Let it be! Let it be.."

One new moon latter, our families and Zilpah are standing in the small cave chamber where Tubal's family lives. I'm wearing my brown furs. I hold Tubal's large mirrored cymbals in my hands. I have my new wine skin around my neck. My wife and our children are standing by me. The fire pit's orange flames keep us nice and warm. I see a small light blue canopy. Zilpah is wearing her yellowish furs and her golden helmet. She's holding her shield and spear. Sob'ah is wearing her yellow dress. She stands by Gibbor. He's wearing his huge white furs. Sob'ah joyfully says, "I love weddings!" Gibbor badly limps and says with his low goofy voice, "Knees ouchie! ---But mother happy!" He sits down. Zilpah's blue eyes sparkle as she says, "Someday, I want to marry someone adventurous." I see my father leaning on his staff as he holds hands with 'Aqqow. She is dressed in a ankle length white gown and bonnet. He is wearing his light gray furs. My father looks better than he has for a long time. His narrow much wrinkled brown face has a goofy smile behind his well groomed whitish gray beard. Even his hair's wide white striped is neatly combed over his bald spot. I nervously walk up to them and ask, "Father, are you sure about this?" Lamech joyfully says, "Son, I love 'Aqqow!" Disturbed, I ask, "'Aqqow, isn't it too soon to get married again? Tubal died only a new moon ago.." 'Aqqow cheerfully says, "Tubal wanted me to be happy -and I'm happy!"

Latter, my father and 'Aqqow stand together before Methuselah who's wearing his long gray furs and Enoch's silly animal fur cap. My father holds a copper wedding necklace in his left hand. He leans on his wooden staff. 'Aqqow holds a rather large brown clay jar. Some of her white hair protrudes from her white bonnet. Methuselah nervously says, "Lamech son, put the necklace around 'Aqqow's throat and ask, may I tighten your necklace?" He puts the fancy copper wedding necklace down around her much wrinkled throat. Lamech nervously asks, "May me

tighten it?" Methuselah forcefully says, "Aqqow, if you say yes, --never ever take this necklace off --till he dies!" 'Aqqow's old hazel eyes look into his brown eyes as he says, "Go for it!" He pulls the string that tightens the necklace around her throat. Methuselah says with mixed feelings, "Now with God's blessing, share your wine and share the rest of your lives together..." They take turns gulping down the wine from the large brown jar. Methuselah says solemnly, "You two shall not share yourselves with anyone... Lamech, smash the jar so no one shall ever drink from this jar again. Neither shall either of you share yourself with anyone else till death!" Lamech happily smashes the jar on the floor into little pieces. Lamech says, "Hurrah!" Methuselah leans on his spear as he tearfully says, "Lamech son --and 'Aqqow, your old lives are over... May God richly bless your new life together... But before you two enter your canopy as husband and wife, I'm giving Noah Enoch's cap."

Grandfather takes off the old silly looking animal fur cap from his balding wrinkled head. I step up holding my staff. I timidly say, "I'm not worthy!" Methuselah smiles behind his white beard as he says, "I'm too old to travel, --but you must preach to many tribes far away... Noah, take it!" I grab the cap. I put it on. Everyone cheers. My father and 'Aqqow come up to me. Lamech says, "My son, you got Enoch's cap.. Me proud of you!" 'Aqqow joyfully says, "Wow Noah! What an honor.." Sha'ah smiles and says, "Noah, I'm so proud of you!" Shem golden brown face looks up as he says, "Father, me proud too." Ham happily says, "Father, that's great!" Japheth holds his top up and says, "Cool father.." Tiyrah squinted eyes look up as she says, "Yeah so cool.. It's outta sight!" Gibbor says, "Noah get good cap!" Sob'ah encouragingly says, "Noah, you're the man!" Zilpah's combs back her blond hair as she forcefully says, "Noah, you rule!" I humbly say, "God rules, Zilpah!" Then Lamech and 'Aqqow hold hands and playfully walk to their light blue canopy and happily go inside. I sip wine from my new wine-skin. Sha'ah frowns and says, "Don't get drunk again.. Play music!" Irritated, I say, "Just a little more.." I sip a little more. I hit Tubal's mirrored cymbals together, playing happy holy music. We sing and dance. Sha'ah dreamily says, "I love weddings.." Shem looks uneasy as he says, "I think weddings are creepy.." Tiyrah nervously says, "Shem, I agree with you..." Japheth yawns and says, "I don't care.." Ham sticks out his tongue, and says, "Weddings are boring!"

Zilpah's pretty pale smooth face look down at him as she says, "Ham, I bet you'll get married someday.." Ham childishly says, "Never ever!"

Chapter 13 Ark

Disclaimer

The Bible doesn't answer many questions about the ark. Did Noah built earlier arks? How was the ark built? How long did it take? Who helped Noah build the ark? How primitive or technologically advance was the ark? How did they care of all those animals? I believe that a great flood did almost destroy the human race. I believe that Noah saved a lot of animals from extinction, but I don't claim that my fanciful version is how it really happened.

Pe'ullah is sitting between our grandparents. Grandfather pauses. My rear is sore from sitting so long on these dark thick furs. Cousin Tubal is sitting by me. He's wearing his dark spotted gray furs. His silver turban is on top his long curly black hair. We both eat nuts out of the wooden bowl that I'm holding. Pe'ullah's pale chubby face looks disturbed under her tan furry cap as she asks, "Did Gibbor have to kill Tannah?" Sha'ah sadly says, "Pe'ullah, if he hadn't, Tannah would of killed Gibbor, Tubal, 'Aqqow, and Sob'ah... She might of even killed me!" Pe'ullah fearfully says, "O-no!" Grandfather frowns behind his long bushy white beard. Noah sadly asks, "What else could Gibbor do?" Pe'ullah girlishly pouts as she says, "Grandfather, --I don't know..." Me and Tubal eat more nuts. I curiously asks, "Did Tubal-Cain poison Heyman?" Sha'ah laughs and says, "That's silly! If he would poison someone, he would poisoned Tannah..." I curiously asks, "What if Tannah was immune to poison? She wasn't a normal person..." Noah kindly says, "Listen, Tiyrah shouted Tubal, --

because she knew that Tubal was training Gibbor to fight Tannah!" I cynically ask, "Are you sure that Tubal didn't poison them?" Sha'ah's dark brown eyes sparkle as she says, "Silly Arphaxad, Tubal couldn't possibly know that Gibbor would win... Tannah was an awesome fighter! Poisoning Heyman would of endangered all our lives..." Tubal bows his head, his dark face frowns as nervously says, "Yeah, --Tubal-Cain was a good man... He wouldn't do that..." Noah lovingly looks around at us as he slowly says, "After my father married 'Aqqow, --we traveled back to the beach where my arks were. The friendly Algae worshipers there, helped us built a new ark according to Tubal's plans. It was twelve tall men in length, four tall men wide and two tall men high. The mast was two tall men's height. It's deck had a wooden rail around it and large raft was tied to it. We took a lot of supplies. We even took ten wolf dogs and a sledge... On deck with my beautiful wife behind me, we set sail. I held the red bowl. I looked down at the magic blue needle that always points the same direction.

Sha'ah gently said, You love the sea with all it's beautiful whitish waves! I smiled back at her... I said, I love all the colorful clouds too... I taught my family, along with Gibbor, Sob'ah, and Zilpah to be my new crew. We took turns operating the ventilators to keep the air fresh. We took dried fruit to eat to keep us from getting sick on long journeys. Except for a few nasty storms, God blessed us with great weather, blue skies, gentle winds, and beautiful colorful clouds. We sailed to many strange lands for many many years. I preached to many interesting tribes but ---they all rejected my massage... I ate too much. I become fatter... Tiyah and Shem fell in love so I married them... Zilpah and Ham fell in love too... The less I say about their love, the better except I ended up marrying them... I felt strongly like we should go back the Bear tribe one last time, --so we did..."

On a cold misty morning, I repair our raft. My family is up on deck with me. We're dressed as usual. I look up at a sliver of light from the almost new moon in the reddish sky. I hear Gibbor's loud thumps. He limps up on the deck. I see him sit down. His pale white haired wife walks towards me. She's wearing her cream colored furs. She looks old. Sob'ah gently asks with frosted breath, "Should we go with you to the Bear tribe?" I calmly say, "No Sob'ah! Stay on the ark." I look up at the fat giant's chubby face and really big ears. Worried, Gibbor says, "Bear tribe might attack." I forcefully say, "Gibbor, I want to save them! Not hurt them.."

Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, “You good!” My wife, Tiyrhah and my three sons come up to me. Sha’ah shivers, and says, “Don’t go! They might sacrifice you to their Bear god...” Ham fearfully says with frosted breath, “Father, we need you!” I gently say, “Ham, trust God...” Japheth bravely says, “Father, take me with you!” I forcefully say, “Japheth, it’s too dangerous. ...” Shem shouts, “Father, the Bear tribe won’t listen!” I sadly say, “Shem, if I don’t come back, --you must lead our family!” Shocked, Shem asks, “Why me?” I sadly say, “Because you can!” Worried, Shem says, “Father, you’re too old... Me and Japheth should go with you.” I say, “If we die, our family would not have a fit leader.” Insulted, Ham forcefully says, “I could lead!” I sadly say, “Ham, my son, I love you! -- But you’re not a leader.” Ham frowns. Zilpah happily holding her shield and spear says, “I can lead!” I nervously say, “No Zilpah, you’re too violent!” Japheth forcefully says, “Father, I’m coming with you! I insist!” I nervously says, “If you must...”

Six days latter, during a howling blizzard on this dark cloudy morning, me and Japheth ride through the deep snow in our sledge pulled by our ten wolf dogs. Sharp icy snow blows against our numb faces. We tighten our furry hoods over our faces. Even wearing our heaviest furs, we shiver, and our frosted noses are runny. I hit the furry backs of our wolf dogs with the animal hide straps that I’m holding in my numb primitive glove covered hands. My fat son is by me. We have a huge amount of supplies stack up in back. I look down at the magic blue needle. The wolf dogs pull our sledges through the deep icy snow, leaving a thick trail behind us. I nervously say with frosted breath, “Wolf dogs, stop!” On this icy white plain, I can barely see through the heavy snow blowing all around us. I barely see the forty large igloos in a large circle. The icy winds howl. Three igloos are near the center and a huge igloo is between them. I’m wearing my snowshoes under my thick wooden sandals along with thick furs tied tightly around my numb feet. The howling winds quiet down. I say, “Japheth, I go in alone!” Japheth bravely says, “No father!” I forcefully say, “Obey me! Take our sledge behind those trees... If I don’t come back by evening, go back to the ark!” Holding my staff, I get out of the sledge. I step into the deep numbingly cold snow. I struggle walking in my awkwardly wide snowshoes to the Bear tribe’s village. The freezing winds blows against me. Mighty muscular dark warriors, wearing long

white polar bear hides, and holding their long wooden spears rushes towards me. Their tallest warrior is a head taller than me. He looks down at me with his dark piecing eyes under his white bear head. He shouts above the howling winds, "I'm Qara(7121, call out)! Who are you?" I shout, "Noah, son of Methuselah!" His young dark frosted face frowns.

Qara asks, "Noah, --you still live?" I forcefully shout, "Yes Qara! Does Chief Chartom still live?" He sadly shouts, "He died many years ago....

His only son Towbياهوw (2900 Goodness) is our chief now!" Disturbed, I ask, "Didn't Chief Chartom have many sons?" Qara forcefully says, "They died! Don't ask! Come!"

I awkwardly limp leaning on my staff. I struggle to walk through the snow to the huge igloo in the center. We enter into it's much blessed warmth. A beautiful fire burns in it's fire-pit. A large pile of stacked sticks is near-by. I pull back my hood. I straiten Enoch's furry cap. I see the throne made of bear bones. A short very fat woman, dressed in thick blond bear furs holds a big bowl of friendship wine with both of her plump hands.

A bear head is over her head. She stares at me and asks, "Qara, --who's this?" Qara nervously says, "Princess Rachamah (7361 maiden), this is Noah, son of Methuselah..." Her bloated dark friendly face looks puzzled.

Rachamah asks, "Noah, --really? How old are you?" I nod and say, "Very old." Rachamah nervously says, "I saw you in a bad dream... You helped me!" I ask, "What?" Rachamah hands me the bowl and says, "Sip the friendship wine." I sip it. The wine is even sweeter than I remember it but it burns my throat. I sip it six more times. I gasps each time. I hand the bowl back to her. I faint. I wake up. Qara stands way above me. His spear is pointed down at me. The fat princess is by him. I struggle to sit up. I look up at the skinny, long gray bearded chief sitting on his throne. He's dressed in his thick golden bear furs. Four pretty young women affectionately attend him. They're dressed in long white bear furs. The chief's long curly gray hair is mostly covered by the golden bear head around his dark narrow face. His black sunken eyes stare. He says, "You met my beautiful daughter, Rachamah." I slur my words, saying "Chief -- Tow--biy-ah-uw, ---your-r girl --fat..." He frowns but laughs.

Towbياهوw says, "I would sacrifice you to the Bear god --but you're too old..." I nervously say, "I --meant God --loves Rach-amah! --God loves and --love God!" Towbياهوw skeptically asks, "Are you really Noah,

great grandson of Enoch? That silly cap was his?” I drunkenly say, “Y-y-up!” He giggles. Towbياهو sadly says, “My father was harsh..” I cheerfully say, “God loves you, --love Rach-amah --and your tribe!” He closes his dark eyes tightly. Towbياهو angrily asks, “Then why can’t you promise us that your god will never destroy us?” I nervously say, “You destroy ---your-selves... Worsh-ip-ing a bear. Less --like G-God than --you are..” He’s insulted. Towbياهو emotionally asks, “Why did king Semjaza abandon my father?” I slowly say, “-Semjaza -screwed --up!” Irritated, Towbياهو rubs his long gray beard and asks, “Noah, --what do you want?” I say, “Preach God, --love, and stuff..” Rachamah laughs. She looks curious. Rachamah says, “Father, I would like to hear him preach...” Towbياهو lovingly says, “Alright princess.. Get his son!” I fearfully ask, “Chief, --what son?” Rachamah laughs and says, “No one lives as long as you without help... Qara, let’s go!”

Rachamah, Qara and four warriors take me out into a freezing blizzard. I cover my head with my hood. I walk in these awkward wide snowshoes outside their village. Rachamah shouts with frosted breath, “Call your son!” I shiver. I shout, “Don’t hurt him!” Rachamah jokingly says, “I, princess Rachamah swear by the Bear god... Call him!” I shouts above the howling winds, “Son, come out!” Hidden behind some snow covered trees, the wolf dogs pull the sledge out. Japheth fearfully shouts with frosted breath, “We come in peace!” I nervously say, “This is princess Rachamah.” Japheth’s frosted eyes look fearful as he says, “Please, don’t hurt my father!” Rachamah happily shouts, “Too late now! You’re guests!” The warriors point their spears at us. I emotionally say, “Don’t hurt my son!” Rachamah laughs and shouts, “Relax! I don’t kill guests until after I eat...” I notice that Japheth’s chubby black bearded face looks lustfully at her. She points at him. Rachamah asks with frosted breath, “What’s your name?” Behind his black hood, Japheth says, “I’m Japheth, son of Noah...”

Japheth drives our sledge to the Bear tribe’s village. The freezing winds chill us. Rachamah, Qara, me and the four warriors walk to the huge igloo. We enter it’s wonderful blessed warmth. We stand before their chief. The four young women are by his side. Rachamah happily says, “Father, this man is Japheth, son of Noah.” The chief forcefully says, “I am Chief Dowbياهو... Tomorrow at noon, your father will preach to the Bear

tribe...” Japheth says, “Thanks chief for letting my father preach.” Chief Dowbiyahuw says, “I be nice... Noah, just preach love your god and others and your son lives...” I timidly say, “Sure...” Towbiyahuw kindly says, “Stay at our guest igloo.”

Noon, the next day, the sun is shining brightly in the warm blue sky. It’s barely freezing. The winds are gentle. I’m standing in front of the center igloos. Japheth stands behind me. I lean on my staff. I’m wearing my brown furs. Enoch’s old fur cap is on top my head. Qara and four other warriors stand by me. They’re holding their long wooden spears. Chief Towbiyahuw sits on his throne outside. He is dressed in his golden bear furs. Rachamah and his four young wives, are by him, along with lots of children and grandchildren. Chief Towbiyahuw loudly says, “Listen to Noah!” I feel a gentle warm breeze. I see all these friendly people around me and all their many children. My son cheers. Japheth fearfully says, “Father, just say nice things, like you preached to Tannah...” I cheerfully say, “Trust God...” I cheerfully shout, “Love God and love each other! And God will rewards you!” They all listen but they look confused.

Rachamah with her blond bear head over her head, curiously asks, “Who is your God?” I timidly say, “The God king Semjaza told you to worship...” Rachamah’s bloated dark face frowns as she says, “King Semjaza deserted the Bear tribe before I was born. --Tell us who your god is!” I gently say, “God means greatest powers --but God is also a loving person... God always was, is, and will be! God, the Creator of All including life and love! God breathed into us a part of God’s heart that no other creature has... God loves us! And God wants to be loved by us like children love good parents! God wants us to love each other... God gave us this wonderful world and God wants us to take good care of it.” My son and much of the crowd cheers. I sadly say, “But many follow powers that use us for their cruel tests...” The cheering stops. Japheth nervously says, “Careful father..” I forcefully say, “Powers that promise that we can be gods.. --But what kind of gods? Gods of selfishness, hate, war, and death..” Japheth looks scare. Many boo. Towbiyahuw shouts, “Noah, Stop! --Are you insulting the Bear god?” Everyone stares. I bravely says, “No! Chief Towbiyahuw, you know the Bear god far better than me...

Does the Bear god love you, and your tribe?” Chief Towbiyahuw forcefully says, “Yes! He has protected our tribe for generations.” The

tribe cheers. I happily say, "Good, --my God also loves your tribe!"

Towbiyahuw bitterly says, "No! Your god threatens us with death!" I can't help but ask, "Chief Towbiyahuw, --did my God kill your brothers?" The crowd gasps. Embarrassed, Towbiyahuw furiously says, "They were unlucky!" Shocked, Japheth fearfully says, "Noah, be nice!" I forcefully ask, "Chief Towbiyahuw, why didn't the Bear god save your brothers? ---If you had worshiped my God, -your brothers might not of been --so unlucky.." Loud boos. Japheth looks pale and gasps.

Towbiyahuw points at me and shouts, "Qara, --kill Noah!" Shocked, Rachamah steps in front of me and yells, "Father no! Maybe his god could of saved your brothers..." Furious, Towbiyahuw shouts, "Princess, --he's accusing me of killing my brothers.. He must die!" Rachamah timidly says, "Father, you would never kill your brothers --and Noah never said you did!" Qara forcefully shouts, "Princess Rachamah, get out of the way!"

Rachamah angrily shouts, "No!" Towbiyahuw tearfully furious shouts, "Rachamah has betrayed me! --Qara, muzzle her!" She screams. Qara, grabs her and tie her up with ropes. He ties a tan muzzle tightly over her face. Chief Towbiyahuw stands up from his throne. He roars like a wounded bear. Tears of madness in are his black piercing eyes. He clinches his fists, and points at me. He spits in my face. I plead, saying, "Chief Towbiyahuw, please spare my son!" He walks over to Japheth and spits in his face. Japheth fearfully asks, "Chief, are you sacrificing us to the bear god?" Towbiyahuw furiously shouts, "No! ---To a sacrifice, we give friendship wine... They die happy... The bear god will slowly rips your guts out in screaming agony! --Prepare them!" Four warriors tie us up with ropes. Our hands and feet are tied behind our backs. The chief leads them out. They carries us outside their village. Qara pulls Rachamah behind her father. The warriors drops me and my son into the deep slushy snow face up. The warriors lift their spears. Towbiyahuw and his warriors angrily growls. Their growls echo all around the icy white plain. The slushy snow beneath us melts, making us wet and colder. We hear inhuman growls and loud thumps. Something big is coming. I awkwardly stretch my neck, trying to see it. The thumps get louder. In the distance, I see a giant golden bear running on all fours toward us. He's as big as a giant sloth. The chief and his warriors calmly stand by us. Rachamah whimpers behind her tan muzzle. Japheth fearfully asks, "Father, what's coming?" I shiver and say,

“A really big bear! --Japheth, have faith in God... And be at peace!”

Disturbed, Japheth asks, “What?” The towering monster bear steps up in front of us. He stands way up on his hind legs. His huge shadow blocks out the sun’s light. Laying face up with my arms and legs tied painfully behind me, I see the glowing whitish violet clouds behind the long clawed bear. He looks like a demon god. Japheth panics and shouts, “Ah man! -- God help us! Please.. Help... Help God! Help!” I nervously say, “Peace son, – have God’s peace! Peace! Peace!” The chief looks up. He growls like he’s talking to the bear. I see the giant furry long muzzled, big fanged, black lipped bear angrily waves his huge golden paws. He growls inhumanly as his pale green eyes look hatefully down at us. The bear falls down on his front legs in front of us with a thump. His huge slobbering pink tongue licks my bearded face. Saliva covers and drips all over me. Japheth screams. I hear Uriel’s voice calmly says, “Goldie, no hurt!” With saliva stinging my eyes, I look up. I fuzzily see Uriel standing on his floating disc above us. The monster bear stands up on it’s hind legs in front of him. The bear brutally growls at him. Uriel calmly says, “Chief wrong.... They good!” The giant golden bear bows his head and says with a deep voice, “Fine...” He gets down on his front legs with a loud thump. He turns around and runs off. Uriel quickly floats up into the glowing whitish violet clouds.

Amazed, I say, “Japheth, Uriel saved us!” Confused, Japheth asks, “What?” Qara nervously asks, “Chief Towbiyahuw, does this mean they’re innocent?” Towbiyahuw angrily shouts, “No! ---The Bear god’s great curse is on them! --Throw them out with the traitor!” Qara timidly says, “Yes!” He unties us. Four warriors point their spears at our back. Qara forces Rachamah, to walk by us. Japheth quickly unties Rachamah and removes her muzzle. Qara angrily shouts, “Run! We’ll keep the wolf dogs and the sledge...” Me, my son and Rachamah run away through the deep snow. We run until we’re exhausted. Breathing heavily, we stop. The fat princess cries. Rachamah shouts, “What’s wrong with my father?” Japheth gently hugs her. She cries on his shoulder. Japheth says, “Don’t know...” I joyfully say, “Thank God for Uriel ---and this nice warm weather..” Puzzled, Japheth says, “Thank God that giant bear didn’t kill us! But -- what about Uriel?” Disturbed, I say, “Son, you must of seen Uriel talking to the giant bear.” Behind his black hood, Japheth’s brown face frowns as

he say, "No, father! --You almost got us killed!" I calmly say, "Japheth, respect me!" Rachamah bitterly cries. Japheth angrily says, "Father --but your preaching was hateful.." I sternly say, "I told the truth!" Japheth fearfully says, "But father, I was --so scared!" We hug tightly. That night, we find a small ice cave. Japheth gathers some sticks. I start a small fire inside the cave with my flints. Shivering, I ask the fat princess, "Rachamah, you said I was in your bad dream?" Rachamah sadly says with frosted breath, "Yes! I dream that a great wave swept my village away... I was drowning... I felt your hand reach down to me from above. -- Somehow, you got me into a huge floating box."

About a year latter, snow gently falls down on us this mild pinkish cloudy morning. A gentle wind blows against the ark's rectangular gray sail. My whole family, Gibbor, and Sobah are sitting on the ark's gently rocking top deck. Gibbor holds a huge bag of nuts. He's munching nuts and sharing them with his old white haired wife. She's wearing her cream colored furs. I'm holding my staff. I'm wearing my long brown furs, and proudly wearing Enoch's fur cap on top my long bushy white hair. I look down at the magic blue needle in the red bowl. I notice that my stomach has gotten a little bit bigger. My happy wife is by my side. She's wearing her very tight brown animal skins. Her red feathered headdress is on top her graying hair. I look down at a wine-skin, a large green wedding jar, and a copper wedding necklace that are on the top deck. Tubal's cymbals and Japheth's beloved top is by them. I look over at the brown canopy that is near the front of the ark. My raft is tied to the side of the ark. My oldest son Japheth, is wearing his black furs. Rachamah wears her blond bear furs including it's bear head. They're standing before me and my wife.

Rachamah is short fat but lively. Her chubby face is all smiles. My family stands behind them. They're dressed as usual. Sob'ah and Gibbor stand in front of them. I cheerfully say, "Adam said about Eve, ("This is my bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh..."-Genesis 2:23*)" Sha'ah picks up the green wedding jar. Sha'ah's wrinkled face tearfully smiles as she says, "Japheth, my son, --take the sacred wedding jar." He grabs the jar. His mother picks up the wine-skin. She pours the purple wine into the jar till it's half full. Sha'ah tearfully says, "Japheth, this is the sacred wedding wine.." She lays the wine-skin back down. I gently say, "Japheth and Rachamah, this wine represents your love... Son, sip a little and give the jar

to Rachamah..." My son's chubby brown face slyly smiles behind his smooth black beard. He slowly sips the wine. He hands the jar to his bride. She sips the sparkling purple wine. Rachamah hands it to Sha'ah who puts it down by the wine-skin. I slowly says, "Rachamah, circle Japheth seven times to show your devotion to him but God is the center of all..." She happily dances around him. The bride's very plumb body bounces all around. My son's loving brown eyes follows her till she's circles him seven times. Sha'ah picks up the wedding necklace. She hands it to our son, as she says, "Japheth, take the wedding necklace." He takes the shiny copper necklace. Rachamah dreamily asks, "Japheth, is that for me?" He nods. He lifts the pretty necklace up. Japheth dreamily says, "The necklace is beautiful --but not as beautiful as you..." He lovingly puts the fancy necklace down over her curly black hair and around her plump neck. I solemnly say, "Japheth ask her, shall I tighten your necklace? Rachamah, if you say yes, never ever take it off!" Japheth excitedly asks, "Rachamah, shall I tighten your necklace?" Rachamah loving dark brown eyes shine as she joyfully says, "Yes, big boy..." He pulls the string to tighten it around her really thick throat. I cheerfully says, "With God's blessing, share your wine and share the rest of your lives together... Always share yourselves with each other!" Sha'ah gently picks up the green jar and hands it to Japheth. He sips quite a bit. He hands the jar to his bride. They keep handing the jar to each other and sipping wine till the jar is empty. My son Japheth holds the jar tightly. I solemnly say, "Do not share yourselves with anyone else! Japheth, my son, smash the jar so no one shall ever drink from it again... Neither of you shall share yourself with anyone else till death!" Japheth throws the green jar down hard on the top deck, smashing it into little pieces. We all cheer. Gibbor sits down. He happily holds his bag of nuts. Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "Jar smash!" Sob'ah happily says, "Jar smash!" Sha'ah laughs and asks, "What a silly custom?" Sob'ah's pale much wrinkled face smiles as she says, "It's romantic, --not silly." Gibbor lovingly says, "Sob'ah..." I leans on my staff. I happily say, "Japheth and Rachamah, your old lives are over... God richly bless your new life together! Enter your canopy as husband and wife!" They walk to their brown canopy. Japheth stops and looks down at his colorful top. Irritated, Rachamah says, "Leave it! -It's loving time!" Japheth cheerfully says, "I guess so..." They go inside. I pick up the wine-skin. I sip the great

tasting wine. Sha'ah impatiently says, "Stop sipping so much wine. Play some happy holy music already!" I gulp a little more wine down and say, "But my young lovely—I need more wine to get into the right mood..."

Sha'ah forcefully says, "Rule Five!" I nervously say, "O- rule five.. -- Don't explain myself..." Sha'ah angrily says, "Explaining yourself makes you look weak!" I forcefully say a little drunk, "I sip wine! --Then --I play music..." Sha'ah says with mixed feelings, "That's better... I guess.." I gulp more wine. I put the wine-skin down. I pick up the big cymbals. I loudly hit the cymbals together, playing happy holy music. Me and my lovely wife dance.

We watch Ham and his blond wife dance wildly. Gibbor put his empty bag down. His old wife dances around him with lots of playful kicking. I joyfully hit the cymbals together. Shem and his wife gracefully dance together. She combs back her curly brown hair with her hands.

Tiyrah's squinted dark eyes look joyful as she says, "Shem, you remember our beautiful wedding?" Shem slowly says, "Kind of..." Tiyrah pretty golden tan face gently smiles as she says, "You were just eighteen years old and I was --twenty six... I love being married to a younger man.." Shem jokingly says, "I'm now older --and Tiyrah, you---" Irritated, Tiyrah says, "Don't say it! --Let's just say I'm twenty six forever." His handsome golden brown face smiles. Shem says, "Sure!" Tiyrah curiously asks, "Shem, is something bothering you?" Shem sadly says, "Tiyrah, I thought we have children by now..." Tiyrah laughs and says, "I'm in no hurry!

The Creator of All planned to give us children at the right time." Shem nervously says, "I hope so!" Sha'ah walks over to them and says, "Shem, my son, don't be silly... You will be a father someday.." Tiyrah forcefully says, "Shem, listen to our mother!" Shem confidently says, "Yes, Tiyrah!"

Shem and Tiyrah passionately dance. Sha'ah walks back to me. We watch Ham and Zilpah dance wildly. She wears her golden helmet. She plays with her long blond hair. Zilpah curiously says, "We've only been married for a year... Why didn't we marry earlier?" Ham playfully says, "We had good times! --Why did we marry?" Zilpah happily laughs and says, "Your father catch us one too many times!" He rubs his dark brown beard. Ham angrily says, "I think you got us caught on purpose.." Zilpah hugs him passionately, licks his bearded face and says, "Good times!" Ham excitedly

says, "Let's go down below..." Zilpah smiles and says, "Let's go, go, go!" They run to the hatch. They climb down.

Latter, the ark gently rocks. Holding my staff, I watch the whitish sun sets among the bright reddish purple clouds. The sky darkens. I say, "It's --getting dark... Let's go --down below." Gibbor limps over and opens our large hatch. He, Sob'ah and my family climb down. I climb down the hatch's ladder into the shadows below. I walk to my room. I put down my staff and take off Enoch's cap. I hear my wife yawn. Sha'ah sleepily says, "I'm really tired... Lay down with me." I lay down without taking off my furs. I kiss her forehead and tiredly say, "My young lovely..." We cover ourselves with our thick gray furs to keep us warm. Sha'ah yawns again and tiredly says, "Goodnight..." I happily say, "Sleep tight..." We snuggle together. We fall asleep. I wake up. I lay there for a long time but I can't get back to sleep. I gently kiss my wife's forehead. In the dark, I put on some extra furs and grab my staff. I put Enoch's cap over my tangled hair. I slowly walk in the dark to the hatch's ladder. I climb up and walk out onto the bone chillingly cold top deck all alone. The sail wildly flaps around. The icy winds blow against my long bearded face. The ark rocks more than usual. I shiver. I look out at the roaring waves all around. I look up at the dark cloudy sky. I get down on my knees. I bow my weary head and pray, saying with frosted breath, "God, --I'm so old... Lord God, what should I do?" Just before I faint, I feel absolutely horrified by something I don't remember.

I feel a hand shaking me. I wake up face down on the deck. I feel sick. I hear Sha'ah's fearful voice shout, "Help! Noah's down and he's not moving!" My sore nose is very runny. I can't move for a few moments. I turn on my back, and rub the snot off my nose. I feel a bit better. I slowly open my weary eyes this bright shiny morning. I focus on my pretty wife who's down on her hands and knees. She's wearing her very tight brown animal skins and her bright red feathered headdress. I notice she's gain some more weight. I hear the sounds of everyone climbing up the hatch. They walking out onto the top deck. I shiver. I close my weary eyes. I vividly remember a terrible dream. (And God said unto Noah, "The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth. Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and

without with pitch. And this is the fashion which thou shalt make it of: The length of the ark shall be three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits. A window shalt thou make to the ark, and in a cubit shalt thou finish it above; and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof; with lower, second, and third stories shalt thou make it. And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; and every thing that is in the earth shall die. But with thee will I establish my covenant; and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons' wives with thee. And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female. Of fowls after their kind, and of cattle after their kind, of every creeping thing of the earth after his kind, two of every sort shall come unto thee, to keep them alive. And take thou unto thee of all food that is eaten, and thou shalt gather it to thee; and it shall be for food for thee, and for them. -Genesis 6:13-21)" Sha'ah shakes me again. I open my eyes wide. I look up at her. The rest of them look down at me. Gibbor and Sob'ah sit down. They're dressed as usual. Sha'ah angrily frowns and asks, "Noah, are you just drunk again? Answer me!" I shake my head. I tiredly sit up and say, "No, --my young lovely... I just fell asleep and had a bad dream.." Sha'ah combs back her graying hair, as she asks, "Was it another bad dream about ---her!" Distressed, I say, "No, Sha'ah... I dreamed that God said that a huge flood was coming! --And we must build an even bigger ark and fill it full of animals..." Sha'ah angrily asks, "Are you're scared of another stupid dream?" I grab her gentle hand, and say, "No way! Not when I got a hot wolf like you!" Sha'ah playfully howls. We all laugh.

We hear weird roaring sounds. Shocked, Japheth looks up into the sky and asks, "Rachamah, what am I seeing?" Rachamah's chubby dark face looks up amazed as she says, "Flying discs?" Ham fearfully shouts, "Demons!" Zilpah fearfully asks, "Weird aliens?" Amazed, Seth says, "Men on discs!" Tiyrah nervously looks up and says, "Mother, I see four strange men floating down towards us..." Sha'ah lustfully says, "Handsome men..." Gibbor waves and happily says with his low goofy voice, "Friends!" Sobah looks please as she says, "Good looking friends.." I look up. I see Uriel, Remiel, Gabriel and Michael standing on their

floating discs. They land in front of us. Their golden halo crowns shine on top their long glistening hair. They're dressed in ankle-length iridescent white skirts and very wide cape like collars that have glowing trim and one glowing fist-sized jewel in the collar's lower front. Uriel's jewel is orange.

Remiel's jewel is green. Gabriel's jewel is aqua. Michael's jewel is bright brown. Shocked, we stare at them. Michael looks scary because of his large chest, his huge bulging muscles, his long braided white hair, his glaring golden eyes and his big chinned tough-looking reddish brown beardless face. Michael gently says, "Be not afraid! --I'm Michael, the enforcer..." I timidly say, "I saw you fight lord Bad in my vision..."

Michael confidently says, "Yes..." Sha'ah looks at me and asks, "Noah, you know these handsome men?" I point at them. I say, "Yup... Uriel and Remiel talked to me when my mother died... And Michael is their leader..."

Uriel's dark red eyes stare at me. His black chubby beardless face looks sad. Uriel gently says, "Noah, you need a bigger ark!" Shocked, I ask, "What?" Remiel's roughly reddish tan beardless face frowns as he says, "God told you last night but --you fainted." Shocked again, I ask, "Remiel, really?" Remiel sadly says, "Yes..." I curiously ask, "How long is a cubit?"

Uriel's long black braided hair is blown by a gentle breeze as he says, "About one fourth of a tall man's height.." I nervously ask, "How big will this ark be?" Gabriel's smooth yellowish tan beardless face sadly smiles.

His caring squinted green eyes look at me. Gabriel gently says, "About seven and a half tall men high, twelve tall men wide, and seventy five tall men long..." I say, "Wow, that's big!" Tiyrah points to Gabriel and asks, "Who are you? And why are you here?" A breeze blows threw his long smooth brown hair as he says, "I'm Gabriel, the gentle researcher... We are going to build a big ark, ---and over a hundred thousand life preservation units." Her squinted brown eyes look lost. Tiyrah asks, "What are life preservation units?" Gabriel smiles and says, "Fancy cages..." Sha'ah skeptically asks, "Wouldn't all that take years to build?" Remiel forcefully says, "Decades..." Shocked, Sha'ah says, "I'll be too old to go anywhere by then.." Uriel happily says, "Don't worry Sha'ah... God is giving your family extremely long healthy lives." I nervously ask, "Will I really live that long?" Remiel laughs and says, "You will be ridiculously old." With Gibbor sitting behind her, Sob'ah timidly asks, "What about me?" Uriel gently asks, "Sob'ah, do you really want to know?" Sob'ah looks up at him

and says, "I asked, didn't I?" Remiel's rugged reddish tan face looks sad as he says, "Sob'ah, God has already blessed you with a very long and healthy life –but..." Sob'ah sadly says, "I get it..." Her giant husband's bulging squinted hazel eyes look down at her. Gibbor sadly asks, "Sob'ah, get what?" She brushes back her white hair. Sob'ah tearfully says, "I won't live to see this ark built... Maybe that's a good thing.." He picks her up and gently hugs her. Gibbor's low comforting voice says, "Gibbor loves Sob'ah!" She hugs him back.

Shem whispers something in his wife's ear. Tiyrah emotionally says, "My husband has a question." Gabriel gently says, "Shem, tell me." Shem hopefully asks, "Gabriel, will Tiyrah and me have children --soon?"

Gabriel's green eyes tear up as he gently says, "Someday, --but not for a very long time." Tiyrah frowns and says, "But I'm already getting a little old..." Uriel sadly says, "Tiyrah, trust God and ----be very, very, very patient..." Zilpah looks pale as she asks, "When will I become a mother?"

Uriel sadly smiles as he says, "Zilpah, about the same time..." Rachamah nervously asks, "And me and Japheth?" Remiel sadly says, "Rachamah, the same..." Japheth looks distressed. Rachmah angrily says, "Another words, not for many years!" Remiel sadly says, "Yes!" There's an uncomfortable silence. I timidly ask, "Michael, what now?" His glaring golden eyes look down at me. Michael calmly says, "Sail towards the sunrise... In three days, you'll come to a land of huge trees..." I timidly ask, "Then what?" Gabriel cheerfully says, "I'll teach you..." Puzzled, I say, "Gabriel, --you are far more skilled than we are... Why don't you and your brothers just build this huge ark for us?" Gabriel sorrowfully says, "We could... But you humans cherish what you work for, --far more than what you're given... God gave Adam and Eve everything they needed and more --but they're were not thankful... So Noah, work hard to save your family! Thank God for them, cherish them and --never take them for granted!" Michael forcefully says, "Noah, obey God --and stop drinking so much wine!" I fearfully say, "Yes, Michael..." Micheal says, "We go..." Their discs lift them up into the sky. They float away.

Three days latter, snow gently falls down from the cloudy sky. Me and Sha'ah are dressed usual. We climb up on the top deck by ourselves.

Strong cool winds blow against the ark's large rectangular sail. We watch the beautiful reddish sun slowly rises beneath the many streaking purplish

pink and orange clouds over the dark aqua sea's roaring waves. We rock back and forth. I grab the ropes controlling the rudder. Sha'ah holds the small red bowl. I look down at it's magic blue needle. Sha'ah cheerfully asks, "Are we going the right direction?" I confidently say, "Yes, my young lovely.." She puts the bowl down. We rock back and forth. I smell a strangely sweet scent. I put my right arm loving over over my wife's shivering shoulders. We look out over the multitude of whitish sparking waves in the vast aqua sea reflecting the gloriously colorful sky above.

Sha'ah excitedly shouts, "I see land!" Slowly appearing over the yellowish horizon, I see a silhouettes of many misty hills sprinkled with many tiny dark trees. I walk over to the hatch. I bang on it and happily yell, "Everyone up! Land!" They come up. The wind blows harder. The ark rocks more as we sail towards a rugged coastline. The hills and trees are much larger than they first appeared. Tiyrah comes up behind us and excitedly asks, "Mother is that the place Michael talked about?" Sha'ah joyfully says, "Tiyrah, I believe so.." Rachamah ask, "Are those trees on those small hills?" Japheth excitedly says, "Those hills are mountains."

Zilpah rubs her long blond hair by her golden helmet as she says, "Come on! If those are mountains, those trees would be gigantic." Gibbor claps his over-sized hands and says, "Gibbor like big trees!" Sob'ah smiles and says, "Can't wait to see these trees up close." Ham fearfully asks, "How can we cut down trees that big?" Shem nervously says, "I have no idea.."

Tiyrah happily says, "I bet Gabriel knows.." Japheth says, "He better.." I forcefully say, "Let's go!" Sha'ah submissively says, "As you command.."

We sail near the coast. Snow falls. I see the waves splash up against the large jagged rocks on the shore. I excitedly shout, "My sons, take the sail down..." They say in unison, "Yes father.." They climb up the mast. They unties the ropes. They carefully takes down the large sail. They rolls it up. They carries it to the hatch and takes it down below. I happily shout, "Gibbor, throw the anchor." Gibbor smiles bearing his large white teeth behind his chubby cheeks as he says, "Gibbor do it!" He limps over and picks up the very heavy metal anchor. He throws the anchor over the side of the ark. It makes a big splash. I shout, "Let down the raft!" My sons say, "Yes, father.." My sons unties the raft. They pick it up. They let it down by it's rope, and gently set it on the waves. Ham walks over to me and asks, "Father, is this place dangerous?" I calmly say, "Don't know,

Ham... Me and Gibbor will check it out..” Standing by his side, and holding her spear, Zilpah looks excited as she asks, “Should I come?” I forcefully say, “Zilpah, no!” The wind blows through her long blond hair sticking out of her golden helmet. Sha’ah puts her arm around my shoulders as she confidently says, “Zilpah, I’m sure it’s safe.” Tiyrah nervously asks, “Mother, then do you want to go with Noah? --Since it’s safe?” Sha’ah nervously says, “Nah, --I’m obeying my husband... It makes him feel like a real man.” Tiyrah skeptically says, “I bet..” Japheth giggles and says, “Mother’s scared..” Sha’ah frowns. Rachmah’s chubby face smiles widely as she says, “But I’m not... I believe in Noah..” Shem’s golden brown face looks excited behind his brown beard as he asks, “Father, can I go with you?” I say, “No, Shem... If anything happens to me, you must lead our family..”

About noon on this warm sunny day, the forest smells strangely sweet. I’m wearing my long brown furs. Enoch’s silly looking animal fur cap is on top my long white hair. Gibbor is wearing his long white furs. He is holding a small shield and an over-sized wooden spear. We walk through the sparkling snow covered hills near the mountain range. Gibbor limps behind me and says, “Knees hurt...” I hold my wooden staff. Gibbor holds a shiny metal shield that is a small for him. I stare up at the scattered sunlight shining through the various green leaves and pines needles on the many huge snow frosted trees above us. They are so thick and tall that their branches seem to reach up the clouds above, casting shadows everywhere.

Gibbor finds a thin scaly gray tree about twice as tall as him. On the ground around it are lots of huge tan colored, thick shelled nuts. The fat giant bends over, puts down his shield, and picks many nuts up. He cracks the nuts open. He munches on them. His bulging squinted hazel eyes happily look down. He hands me nuts and says, “Love nuts...” I eat the yummy nuts. I hungrily say, “I love nuts too..” Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, “Gibbor get more...” He shakes the tree causing more nuts to fall down. After we eat, we walk away. He forgot to pick up his shield. I shout, “Hey Gibbor, get your shield..” The big eared giant limps back, and grabs his shield. We walk all around, leaving our footprints in the snow behind us. We look for dangerous animals. We only see a few small flying animals and a few mice darting through the slushy snow. We walk by a beautiful flowing stream with green grass on both sides sticking out of the

snow. We see a large beautiful unfrozen lake. It's clear waters reflect the blue sky and the tall trees all around it. I walk up to it. I bend down. I put my right hand gently on top of it's steaming warm waters. Gibbor limps behind me and excitedly says, "Gibbor swim..." He drops his shield and spear. Gabriel quickly floats down on his disc and forcefully shouts, "Get away from that lake now!" Looking confused, Gibbor pick up his spear and shield. He steps back. I step back a few steps from the lake and ask, "Why? We need water." Gabriel floats near me and says, "This lake is dangerous... Get your water from the streams." I see a strange wave on this clear lake's surface like something big is moving under it. Gibbor curiously asks, "What in lake?" Gabriel floats his disc over the middle of the lake and nervously says, "An experiment.." His disc slowly descends, barely touching the surface of the water. His disc slowly rises. The waters under him grabs the disc like a huge bear claw. It splashes water all around. A water thing rises up, shaped like the front of a stingray. It's bear claws shaped mouth bites into the disc which flashes a bright aqua light down at it. For one moment, I see the huge stingray shaped creature glow in the lake. It lets go of his disc and descends back into the waters where it's invisible. Gibbor's bulging squinted hazel eyes look scare as he says, "Gibbor, not swim!" Gabriel laughs and says, "Good..." Gabriel floats over to us. I fearfully say, "When I was a boy, I was attacked by a thing like that..." Gabriel gently smiles and says, "Yes, --a small one..." Disturb, I ask, "An experiment? --Who's experiment?" Embarrassed, Gabriel says, "I don't want to say..." He quickly floats up into the sky and flies away.

The next day, around noon, it's warm. We all walk through the forest. I see Sob'ah carrying a pot. She's wearing her yellow dress. The rest of us are dressed as usual. Tiyrah and Shem are carrying pots too.

Gibbor holds his spear. He has five folded tents strapped onto his huge back. Gibbor say, "Knees hurt. Carry tents.." Sha'ah is carrying a large wine-skin. Japheth carrying his top. Ham carries two hatchets. The rest of us are carrying bags. We pick lots of fruits and nuts and put them into our bags. We find a nice shady place. We take the tents off Gibbor's back. We set them up. The dark brown tent is mine. The gray spotted one is Japheth's. The tan one is Shem's. The white one is Ham's and the yellow one is Gibbor's. We gather stones, branches and weeds for a campfire. I puts the stones in a small circle. I strike my flints together making sparks

over some dried weeds. The weeds smoke. I carefully blow on them till a nice warm fire starts. We sit down around our flicking campfire. We eat a lot of fruits and nuts out of our bags. Sha'ah sips wine from the wine-skin.

She hands it to me. I sip wine. I pass it to Shem and so on. Everyone sips wine till the wine-skin is empty. Japheth spins his beloved big colorful top on the palm of his right hand. It wobbles. It falls off. Rachamah gently smiles at her playful husband as she says, "Japheth, put your old top away..." Japheth spins his top and says, "No, princess Rachamah... I want to spin top!" Rachamah frowns and says, "You're acting a like child." He frowns. Sitting by me, Sha'ah says, "I'm thirsty but our wine is gone..." I forcefully say, "Let's get water. Follow me!" We grab our large clay pots.

Ham carries his iron hatchets. We walk to a crystal clear stream. We fill our pots up with water. As we walk back, and rest. Zilpah wearing her yellow furs and golden helmet leans on her spear. Her bright blue eyes looks up at a huge thick tree casting a long shadow. Zilpah excitedly says, "Wow Ham, we're going to cut down big trees like these..." He walks to the tree that's as thick as tall man's height. Ham nervously asks, "Really, Zilpah?" She dreamily says, "Yeah.." He hits the tree with his hatchet as hard as he can. It barely scratches it. Tiyrah, wearing her reddish animal hides, and her red feathered headdress, sadly asks, "How could we ever cut down trees like these?" Shem puts his arm comforting around her shoulders, as he says, "With God's help.." They gently kiss. Their plumb mother, wearing her overly tight brown animal skins gently comes up behind them. Sha'ah smiles beneath her red feathered headdress as she cheerfully says, "Shem's right! Trust the Creator of All's plans for us.."

Gibbor points his spear up as he says with his low goofy voice, "Friend comes down.." Sob'ah looks up, as she dreamily says, "O- that good looking friend.." I happily shout, "Hi, Gabriel..." He gently floats down on his disc. Gabriel happily says, "Hi Noah..." He points towards Ham. Gabriel shouts, "Ham, step back, ---before that tree falls!" Ham arrogantly says, "That tree will never fall!" Gabriel shoots a bright aqua beam out of his right palm that slowly cuts diagonally across the tree's trunk. I smell the sweet odor of burnt wood. Ham angrily says, "That's cheating!" Gabriel's smooth yellowish tan face just smiles. Ham steps back. We hear the loud sound of wood cracking. The huge tree falls away from us. It falls on several small trees, and loudly crashes. It sounds like

thunder. Surprised, I ask, "I thought we had to build the new ark by ourselves." Gabriel gently combs back his long light brown hair with his hands, and happily says, "We will! --But we includes me and twenty three of my brothers... Look!" His very wide collar's aqua jewel glows brightly projecting a ghostly aqua image of a long ark floating in the stormy sea in front of him. The ark has a thick nearly flat roof. Skinny shiny windows are under the roof all around. The front sixth of the ark is triangular, including it's roof. The ark's front smoothly curves outwardly down from the roof's front point back into the ark's hull and midsection. The ark's middle two thirds are rectangular and it's rear sixth has a flat half oval shaped roof. About one third up on both sides of ark's long rectangular midsection, are six evenly-spaced large cones pointing forward smoothly merged into the ark. The ark's rear section curves outwardly down from the roof and smoothly merging into the hull at the midsection. I see a wide rectangular door just below the windows in the middle of one side. Gabriel's green eyes shine as he says, "The ark will look like this..." Disturbed, I ask, "Where's the upper deck, mast, and --sails?" Gabriel gently says, "Doesn't need them..." Shocked, I ask, "What?" Gabriel comfortably says, "Trust me..."

Japheth is still playing with his colorful top as he asks, "How can God flood the world?" Disturbed, Gabriel says, "The glaciers on this mountain range are slowly melting into a huge pool of water. The glaciers will break open and their waters will carry your ark out to onto the ocean... Then God will throw a comet into the ocean!" Puzzled, Japheth asks, "What's a comet?" Gabriel sadly says, "A huge chunk of ice." Japheth angrily says, "That's stupid!" He frowns. Gabriel says, "You probably think this new ark will be big?" Japheth nervously says, "Wait, a chunk of ice that big might do it!" Gabriel forcefully says, "No.. If your toy top was the new ark, Gibbor would be the chunk..." We all stare at the fat giant. We gasps. Gibbor says with his low goofy voice, "That big!" Sha'ah nervously puts her right arm around my shoulders as she curiously asks, "Gabriel, how long will this flood last?" Gabriel nervously says, "About a year.." We gasps again. Gibbor says with his low voice, "Year, --long time!" Sob'ah looks up at him and sadly says, "Very long time." Ham nervously asks, "Won't it get dark in the ark?" Gabriel calmly says, "No! Light crystals will light it..." Zilpah holds her spear up and happily shouts, "Wow! Light

from crystals... But how can we save all these animals?" Gabriel cheerfully says, "My brothers will bring the chosen animals from far away..." Tiyrah skeptically asks, "Can we really save every kind of animal?" Gabriel sadly says, "Every major kind of land animal... We'll save a couple small sloths but not the giant ones... We'll mostly save the smaller animals..." Gabriel smiles and excitedly says, "We will save lots of bugs, worms, and swarming things!" Sha'ah looks disgusted as she asks, "Why save bugs? They're yucky!" Gabriel kindly says, "Trust me, bugs are part of God's great plan." Shem looks sad behind his long dark brown beard as he asks, "Are all the big animals going to die?" Gabriel calmly says, "No, we'll save some... A couple woolly mammoths but not mastodons... We'll take baby animals." Ramamah skeptically asks, "How can we build enough cages?" Gabriel comfortingly says, "My brothers will build most of the life preservation units and we'll help you with the rest." Japheth's black bearded face frowns as he asks, "What about cleaning up all the animal poo?" Gabriel cheerfully says, "The life preservation units will be self cleaning." Zilpah, holds her spear up again, and nervously asks, "Won't all these animals fight each other?" Gabriel calmly says, "No! They will be peaceful..." Disturbed, I ask, "How? Animals fight!" Gabriel nervously says, "Don't ask.." I forcefully shout, "Gabriel, tell me!" Embarrassed, Gabriel says, "Modified energy symbiotes." I shake my head in disgust. I angrily ask, "You'll put little demons into all these animals?" Gabriel defensively says, "They're not demons..." I ask, "What's the difference?" Gabriel nervously says, "Demons inflict pain on their hosts, ---but modified energy symbiotes make their hosts feel good... They're nice!" Sob'ah gently leaning on her huge husband, nervously says, "I sure hope so... Hurting animals is bad!" Gibbor says, "Yeah!" Shem curiously asks, "How can we possibly feed all these animals?" Gabriel gently says, "You'll take a huge amount of food along... The modified energy symbiotes will cause the animals to hibernate most of the time, greatly reducing how much food they'll need. We'll grow crops and harvest more food from the sea." Ramamah nervously asks, "How do we start?" Japheth acting tough, says, "I want to know!" His wife lovingly smiles. Gabriel slowly says, "I'll give you special tools... You'll build carts, cranes, and scaffolding... My brothers will make a super strong tall

man thick hull and a half a tall men thick, seven and a quarter tall men high wall down the center.”

Over ten years latter, on this bright sunny day, me and my wife lean on our staffs. We stand closely together, on top the tall scaffolding surrounding the huge less than half completed ark. I’m wearing my brown furs and Enoch’s furry cap. My wife no longer wears her animal skins because she has gain more weight. She now wears a wide long yellowish tan robe. She still wears her red feathered headdress. We see several sons of God floating on their discs. We watch Gibbor, wearing his white furs, slowly climb up the scaffolding. He’s carrying a large thick board on his mighty shoulders. Seth is operating the tall wooden magic crane built into the scaffolding. His crane is lifting a thick heavy board up on it’s thick ropes. Japheth guides him. He works hard to carefully connect this board to one of the ark’s construction connectors. I see Uriel and Remiel watching us from above. They’re floating on their discs. I look down at the snowy ground. I see Ham driving a huge wooden cart, pulled by a woolly mammoth. The cart is carrying heavy boards. The cart leaves deep tracks in the snow. We watch Gibbor limp around. He insert the thick board he’s carrying into a large construction connectors in the sides of the huge ark with his mighty over-sized hands. Sob’ah, dressed in her good yellow dress is holding a big bag of fruit and nuts. She slowly walks up the scaffolding towards him. She hands the big bag to the fat giant. Sob’ah cheerfully says, “Hey Gibbor, take a break. Eat fruit and nuts..” Gibbor happily says with his low goofy voice, “Gibbor love Sob’ah --and fruit and nuts...”

Sob’ah lovingly says, “Love you too..” He gulps down all the fruit and nuts. Suddenly, he wobbles. He drops the bag off the scaffolding. Gibbor says in agony, “Sob’ah, chest –hurt! Ouchie! Ouchie!” The sons of God floating on their discs sadly watch. Gibbor puts his over-sized hands on his huge chest. He tumble down with a mighty thump. Sob’ah falls on her knees and tearfully asks, “Gibbor love, what wrong?” Gibbor in great pain says, “Chest ouche, ouchie... Ouchie! Ouchie! Augh-hh!” Me and my wife rush over to them. I shout, “He’s having a heart attack..” I press down on his huge chest. I shouts, “Sons, help us!” My sons rush over. Sob’ah cries, shouting, “O-God, help! Help us!” Me and my sons forcefully push down on his big chest. His stomach is even bigger. Sob’ah tearfully shouts, “Gibbor, you can’t die! You’re always been here, --for me... Gibbor, stay

with me! Stay! Sta-aaay!” Ham’s reddish brown bearded face looks scared as he shouts, “O-Gibbor, please don’t die!” Shem emotionally asks, “Father, what can we do?” I sadly say, “Take turns pressing his chest and blowing into his mouth..” Japheth tearful says, “Yes father!” We take turns pushing down on his chest. We blow into his over-sized nose and his drooling mouth. We repeatedly push our palms down with all our might. We blows into his huge chubby mouth again and again and again. He briefly wakes. Sob’ah hugs his neck tightly and pushes her face against his cheeks. Gibbor says slobbering, “--Ow --ow, bye- bye Sob’-ah.. ---Gibbor - see God --in --big -igloo.... Bye, Gibbor ---go, --go.....” His wife’s eyes are red with tears. Sob’ah emotionally shouts, “No Gibbor! --No! Stay with me! --Don’t go! Stay! Stay! O-God, no! No! No! ---No!” Gibbor actually smiles as he stops breathing. His bulging squinted hazel eyes become lifeless. We press on his chest and blow into his mouth over and over again but he doesn’t respond. Sha’ah calmly looks down and says, “Too bad Sob’ah.. You’ve been lucky to have him for so many years.” Sob’ah screams so loud that it hurts my ears and madly shouts, “Quiet, whore!” I tearfully say, “Sob’ah, --I’m not giving up!” Shem boldly says, “Neither am I..” Japheth says, “Save Gibbor..” Ham fearfully says, “I don’t know.” Me and my boys press down on Gibbor huge chest many times. We blow into his huge chubby mouth over and over again and over again. I shout, “Don’t give up! Just keep going! O God, help us... Help!” We keep trying and trying and trying for what seems like forever. He doesn’t wake up. Uriel, and Remiel float down by us. Sob’ah angrily shouts, “Uriel, Remiel, save Gibbor!” Uriel’s dark chubby face looks sad as he says, “Sob’ah, --it’s time to say good-bye..” She screams at him. Sob’ah bitterly shouts, “Get Gabriel! --I know he can heal Gibbor!” I shout, “Yes, get Gabriel!” Ham angrily shouts, “Get him now!” Remiel calmly says, “I’m sorry but it’s Gibbor’s time to die...” Sob’ah sobs. Uriel sadly says, “Gibbor lived a good long loving life with you...” Tears stream down her pale much wrinkled cheeks. Sob’ah bitterly shouts, “Shut up! --Noah’s whore already gave me that stupid speech!” Sha’ah looks insulted. Remiel sadly says, “Sob’ah.. Gibbor’s dead..” She tearfully stares at his lifeless squinted eyes. Sob’ah sorrowfully says, “I always worried about me dying... I never thought Gibbor would die before me! ---I want to die!” Uriel emotionally says, “No, Sob’ah! Live --on for Gibbor.” Sob’ah

bitterly cries and shouts, "I want to die! I'm alone... I'm so alone!" I sadly say, "Sob'ah, you're not alone.. God is with you, and so are we.. You are not alone" Sob'ah cries uncontrollably over Gibbor's huge body. Uriel and Remeil bows their heads.

Night, four new moons latter. Me and my wife are in our tent laying together covered up to our necks by our deer hides. We're sadly awake in the darkness. We can barely see. Sha'ah curiously asks, "Noah, what's troubling you? --Is it Gibbor dying four new moons ago?" I slowly say, "Yes... Sob'ah is hurting bad... I should talk to her.." Sha'ah forcefully says, "No! --We'll talk to her.." I softly say, "But she's still mad at you.." Sha'ah giggles and asks, "So what? I'm not letting her tempt you!" I say, "Really, you don't trust me! --Sob'ah is

even older than --me!" Sha'ah seductively says, "You're much older than me ---but I still lust for you.... So we'll, --talk to her!" I curiously say, "H-mmm, let's do it..." Sha'ah lustfully says, "Thought you would never ask..." We passionately kiss and more.

This unusually warm sunny morning, I get dressed in my furs. My wife puts on her yellowish tan hooded robe. We put on our thick sandals, grab our staffs and walk right out into the wet slushy snow. We walk through the melting snow to Sob'ah's very large yellow tent. We hear her sobbing inside. I gently ask, "Sob'ah... May we come in?" Sob'ah's disturb voice asks, "Why not?" Leaning on my staff, I gently open her tent curtain. Me and Sha'ah walk in. The rising sun dimly shines through her tent. I see her sitting on dark furs, wearing her yellow dress. Her weary head rests on her knees. Her arms tightly crossed like she's cold. Her pale much wrinkled face and reddish blue eyes look up at us. Sha'ah cheerfully asks, "Sob'ah, how are you?" Sob'ah angrily shouts, "You don't care! --Gibbor dies ---and you tell me how lucky I am!" Sha'ah calmly says, "I don't want you, --to feel so sad.." Sob'ah shouts, "You're an expert at not feeling! You only care about yourself.." Sha'ah sadly says, "I care... I just don't like being sad... We move on!" Sob'ah asks, "Move on to what? --Gibbor's dead! Unlike you, I have no children! ---Uriel said, --live on for Gibbor... What the Sheol does that mean?" Sha'ah nervously says, "Not sure..." I sadly say, "Maybe God wants you to tell Gibbor's stories..." Sob'ah angrily sobs and asks, "Why? Why? Why?" I cheerfully say, "Because Gibbor can lives on in your stories.." Puzzled, Sob'ah asks,

“Which stories?” I say, “Happy stories..” She sobs. Sob’ah slowly says, “When I was sixteen years old, I beg my grandfather Jabal to take me to Yerach’s Children Festival... He gave me a cream color hooded fur to wear because it was so cold... He wore his spotted brown hooded furs. During a bone chilling blizzard his wolf dogs pulled our sledge all the way to the children’s festival. The blizzard ended just before we got there. Jabal joyfully said, The blizzard ends... Praise the great Serpent and Ashtoreth! I said, I praise them more if I had been nice and warm coming here. Jabal smile and said, No, you wouldn’t! ---Without cold, warmth is meaningless. I looked around at so many people feasting. So many small children were playing together. They made happy things out of all that snow. I said, Grandfather, I’m happy! He smiled. I was a little old to be playing with the little kids but --so what... I made a really big snow snake that had big bulge in the middle like he ate something really big. I said, Grandfather, look what I made... Jabal leans on his Ashtoreth staff as he said, Good girl, the great Serpent will bless you and my many cattle. We listened to Yerach’s boring guest speakers. Among them, I saw a huge big eared giant wearing long white furs... He was so big! He said something about love... Latter, the friendly giant sat down on the snow. Many small children gathered around him. They formed a long line to greet him. Many children happily shouted, Gibbor, the mighty! We waited a long line. My grandfather tiredly lean on his Ashtoreth pole. Many children sat on Gibbor’s huge knees. Others hanged from his big flabby arms. Three little girls even climb up over his bulging stomach to hug his thick neck. They played with his stringy black beard. We waited for an eternity. Finally, I walk up to the big giant. Even sitting, he was taller than my grandfather was standing. Gibbor pointed down at me. He said with his sexy low voice, Cute girl... I shyly said, Me Sob’ah.. You so big! Gibbor said, Soo-ooo.. Irritated, Jabal slowly says, My granddaughter’s name is Sob’ah.. Sob’ah.. Gibbor pauses and said, Sooo’ah... Jabal raised his Ashtoreth pole and said, No, --Sob’ah... Sob’ah. Sob’ah! Gibbor very slowly said, Sob’--ah. Sob-ah.. Jabal said, Gibbor, that’s right.. I excitedly said, Gibbor, lift me up high! He picked me up with one hand and lifted high into the air. He swung me around like I was his toy. ---It was great! Jabal freaked out. He waved his Ashtoreth pole and shouted, Put her down! Gibbor asked, Ah, what? Gibbor gently lowered me. I shouted, Keep me up! --I’m flying. I’m

flying! Gibbor said, Yeah, --Sob'ah..." Jabal angrily said, "Put her down now!" Gibbor said, Sorry... He gently put me down. I shouted, Gibbor, lift me up close to you.. He does. I saw that his bulging squinted hazel eyes looked confuse. He lifted me up next his chubby handsome face. I rub my fingers through his stringy beard. I touch his big ears including the half eaten one. I kissed his smooth bald head. Several little children behind me, shouted, Get down! It's our turn! Jabal shouted, Gibbor, put Sob'ah down now! He gently put me down. As we walk away, I shouted back, Love you Gibbor! Jabal laughs and said, Gibbor is your uncle Tubal-Cain's, --sort of son... I excitedly ask, Can we visit uncle Tubal... Jabal frowns, pauses and said, Maybe, --but my brother is such a creep."

A new moon latter that warm evening, we sit around our campfire near our tents. We're eating large nuts and colorful fruits. Sha'ah is wearing her yellowish hooded furs and her red feathered headdress. She looks up at the new moon and says, "Look at the clear beautiful night sky... See the new moon's faint sliver of light." I look up and say, "Yep.." I see that Japheth is wearing black furs. He plays with his top. Rachamah wearing her blond bear furs. She frowns at him. I see that Ham wearing his brown furs and Zilpah wearing her yellowish furs. They lovingly hold hands. Zilpah's blue eyes look teary as she asks, "Ham, do you believe, we'll ever have children?" Ham laughs and says, "We sure are trying!"

Rachamah's dark chubby face looks unhappy as she says, "I've got a child, --my husband.." Japheth childishly says as he spins his top, "I'm not a child..." Tiyrah sadly says, "I'm old... Shem, I doubt we'll ever have children.." He gently puts his arm around her shoulder. Shem sadly says, "Tiyrah, I got doubts too..." Sha'ah laughs and says, "My silly, silly children, Gabriel promised you'll have lots of children someday..." Tiyrah frowns and says, "Mother, you didn't wait! You already had me and my three brothers when you were much younger than us." Zilpah's eyes reflects the flickering campfire as she says, "Tiyrah's right... We're never have children." Irritated, I say, "No Zilpah, Sha'ah's right! --She didn't wait --but I did... Trust God!" My wife kisses me. Tiyrah happily says, "Sob'ah, tell us another Gibbor story..." Sob'ah smiles as she says, "I remember the first time I visited my uncle Tubal-Cain's metal shop --to see Gibbor, the mighty..."

It's snows. Me and my grandfather stand by Tubal's metal shop's woolly mammoth curtain. Jabal nervously shouts, "Tubal-Cain. Jabal and Sob'ah are here... May we come in?" 'Aqqow's harsh voice asks, "What do you want? --Tubal's busy!" I longingly say, "'Aqqow, --Sob'ah here, I want to see Gibbor, the mighty!" 'Aqqow's troubled voice asks, "Why do you want to see my son?" I happily say, "I met Gibbor at Yerach's Children's festival.. Please let us in.." 'Aqqow gently says, "Sob'ah, come on in.." My grandfather opens the curtain. I smell the wonderful odor of burnt wood. We walk into the wonderfully warm metal shop. It has such a nice fire in it's large fireplace. We hear clinking metal sounds. 'Aqqow's forcefully says, "Jabal, don't call my husband Tubal-Cain!" Jabal pauses and says, "He was once was so proud of being a descendant of Cain.." 'Aqqow nervously says, "That was before he knew Cain's real father." Jabal angrily grips his Ashtoreth pole and says, "I hate that creep too... He even abuses the queen of heaven!" I see so many pretty copper and bronze and shiny things hanging all over the walls and on the wooden tables. I look way up. I see Gibbor holding a big bag. His bald, big eared head bowed down because he's taller than the tall ceiling. Gibbor happily says, "Cute girl, Sooo-.." Irritated, Jabal slowly says, "Her name is Sob'ah! -- Sob'ah.." Gibbor thinks about it and says, "Ah, Sob'ah.." Jabal happily says, "Good, Gibbor." The fat giant sits down by me, reaches into his bag, and pulls out lots of nuts. He munches on them. The nuts smell good. He happily says, "Gibbor, hungry. Nuts good!" I excitedly ask, "Can I have some nuts?" Gibbor childishly says, "Yeah, Sob'ah.." He hands me far more nuts than I can hold in my small hands. Lots of nuts fall onto the floor. Irritated, 'Aqqow says, "Son, you made a mess... Clean up!" He look down at her. Gibbor sadly says, "Mother, Gibbor sorry.." He grabs the nuts off the floor, and eats them. 'Aqqow says, "Son, don't eat food off the floor." I eat the nuts being held in my little hands and I say, "Nuts good... Thank you Gibbor.." He eats more nuts from his bag. He hands me more nuts as he says, "Gibbor like ---Sob'ah." I look up and say, "You're so big and strong. --Pick me up!" He picks me up with one hand. He swings me around. I say, "I'm flying. I'm flying.." The clinking metal sounds stop. 'Aqqow nervously says, "Gibbor, be careful with her... Remember low ceiling." Jabal fearfully says, "Gibbor, put her down.." Tubal comes out from behind a curtain, wearing his dirty smelly thick off white work apron.

Tubal grumpily asks, "Gibbor, what you doing? Who's that girl?" Startled, Gibbor swings me too high and hits my head on the ceiling. I say, "--Ouchy." Jabal raises his pole and angrily shouts, "Gibbor, you hurt Sob'ah! Put her down now!" 'Aqqow sternly says, "Gibbor son, you got to be more careful." Tubal stares at his brother and asks, "Jabal, why are you here?" Jabal nervously says, "Sob'ah beg me to take her here, --to see Gibbor.." Tubal frowns behind his white goatee beard as he asks, "How does my niece know about Gibbor, --being here?" Jabal nervously says, "I told her about Gibbor being your --sort --of son..." Tubal angrily strikes his bronze walking stick against the stone floor and says, "Thanks brother! --You never took Sob'ah here to see me, her uncle, the great metal wizard.." Embarrassed, Jabal says, "Sorry, Tubal-Cain.." Irritated, Tubal shakes his head, and says, "Please, just call me Tubal." Jabal timidly says, "Yes, Tubal..." Tubal turns towards me and gently asks, "Sob'ah, is your head hurt?" I cheerfully say, "It's nothing... Just a boo, boo." Tubal gently says, "I'm happy to see you! --But you're here to see Gibbor..." I curiously asks, "Are you really the great metal wizard?" Tubal joyfully says, "The great one! Yes!" He looks up at Gibbor. Tubal lovingly says, "I'm proud of Gibbor too." I happily say, "You should be..." Gibbor's sweet squinted eyes lovingly look down at me. Gibbor asks with his sexy low voice, "May Gibbor kiss Sob'ah?" I excitedly say, "You may..." I lift my head up towards him. He leans down close over me. Jabal says with mixed emotions, "H-mm, I don't know if I approve.." Gibbor's chubby face comes close to my lips as he whispers, "Wait.." He smiles widely and sits up. Shocked, I say, "What?" 'Aqqow cheerfully says, "Just wait..." I wait and wait. Tubal happily talks endlessly about himself. I'm bored and getting a little sleepy. Finally, Tubal boastfully says, "And that's how I invented bronze!" I feel a powerful hand grab me from behind my shoulders. He lifts me up high by his chubby puckering lips. I excitedly prepare to kiss him. He drools all over and super kisses me. He gently sits me back down. I joyfully put my hands together and say, "Wow, --what a kiss!" Lighted by our flickering orange campfire, we watch Sob'ah sheepishly lowers her head. Her long white hair hangs loose. Her pale face blushes as Sob'ah says, "Wow, what a slobbering first kiss!" I hug my wife. I kiss her seductive crimson lips. And I'm not the only one kissing. I put out our campfire. We all walk back to our snow frosted tents.

Several years latter, it's cold on this snowy twilight. We're all here, except for Sob'ah. I wear Enoch's cap. We're wearing our heaviest furs, standing in the deep icy snow under several huge trees. We shiver.

Snowflakes fall. In front of us, are two stones buried under the snow. A big stone and a small stone. We watch the pinkish sun set over the dark mountaintops and the huge trees under the bright purple and golden clouds scattered in the darkening violet sky. My wife's right arm is on my shoulders, warming me. Sha'ah sadly says with frosted breath, "Noah, say some words... No crying, --rule three.." We walk forward. I lean on my staff. I sadly smile. I laugh and say, "It's silly how we wish time away until we have no time... Each precious moment is a gift from God..."

Sob'ah always cheer us up until she slept and didn't wake up... Her beloved husband seemed invincible until his heart gave out..." Struggling to hold back my tears, I cheerfully say, "Sob'ah is with Gibbor now! --And they are with God... We say good-bye.. Let it be..." I bend down. I gently put my glove covered hands on the snow covered little stone. I step back.

Sha'ah steps forward. Her reddish face frowns under her red feathered headdress as she says, "Noah, don't cry!" I happily say, "Sure..." Sha'ah says with much frosted breath, "Sob'ah, --I'm sorry for what I said, --but the Creator of All did blessed you with Gibbor for many years..." She steps back. Shem and Tiyrah walks forward. Shem holds his arms next to his chest to warm himself as he tearfully says, "Sob'ah, you were brave...

You and 'Aqqow saved Gibbor's from Tannah.." Tiyrah's golden tan face and squinted eyes looks sad as she says, "Sob'ah, you were such a good wife... I hope I'm as good a wife for Shem.." They step back. Ham and Zilpah walk forward. He smiles. Ham laughs and says, "Sob'ah, you were very pretty, --for a woman even older than my father..." Holding her spear up, Zilpah tearfully says, "Sob'ah, I loved your Gibbor stories..." They step back. Japheth and Ramamah walk forward. Japheth tearfully looks down and says, "Sob'ah, you were the most moral person I've ever known.." Ramamah's dark chubby face frowns under her golden colored bear head as she asks, "What about me?" Japheth laughs and says, "Except you, Ramamah..." They hug. Ramamah sadly smiles and says, "Sob'ah, you were more moral than me..." I sincerely says, "Lord God, thank you for our lives.. Lord God, grant Sob'ah and Gibbor peace.. Let it be. Let it be..."

Early morning, about four years before the flood, the sun shines brightly but I'm still cold. I'm wearing my long brown furs and Enoch's furry cap. I lean on my staff. I see several sons of God floating around on their discs. I slowly walk up the twenty one cubit high, six cubit wide icy wooden ramp to the ark's six cubit wide entrance. I'm tightly holding onto the ramp's right handrail. I walk into the top deck's front hall that's in front of the middle wall that divides the ark from front to rear. I see the middle wall's arched entrance is five cubits tall and five cubits wide. Behind the arched entrance, I see the top deck's back hall. At it's end, is a shiny white spiral staircase and it's handrails. I look up at the sun shining through the giant white tent above me. It's on top the tall scaffolding all around the ark. I hear the ramp creaking. I look out the entrance. I see small woolly mammoths marching up it. They pull cranes that my sons are sitting on. The mammoths have one rope tied to each of it's long tusks. Shem's mammoth enters the ark pulling his crane in. It carries a rectangular transparent window, four cubits long, two cubits thick and a cubit high. Two large hooks attached it to two thick ropes and to the window's top. The widow has four, half cubit long pegs on both the top and the bottom. I say, "Hi Shem, be careful..." Shem respectfully says, "Yes father." His mammoth positions his crane by the right side of the entrance. Japheth's mammoth enters, pulling his crane in. It carries an identical window. He's sitting on his crane. His stomach bulges. I say, "Hi, Japheth." Japheth cheerfully says, "Hi father." Concerned, I say, "Son, you're getting overly plump like your wife." Japheth defensively says, "We enjoy eating..." I say, "Love you, son.." He smiles. Ham's crane enters carrying another window. I say, "Hi, Ham.." He ignores me. Shem shouts, "Mammoths stop!" They stop. My sons step off their cranes. They grab their ladders, big buckets, and large brushes. They put the ladders against a wall by Shem's crane. They climb up their ladders holding their buckets and brushes. They carefully pour pitch on top the six cubit tall wall between two columns. These columns are evenly spaced all around the top deck's walls. Each column is two cubits high and two cubits and quarter cubits thick. My sons brushes pitch evenly over and between the columns including the holes for the window pegs. They climb down. Shem sits down in his crane and forcefully shouts, "Pull rope one!" His mammoth's long trunk pulls one of these ropes. The crane's long arm extends upward.

Shem says, “Stop!” He pulls a lever that locks the arm in place. Shem says, “Pull rope two.” His mammoth pulls the ropes attached to the hooks on top of the window. It lifts the window above the wall, in between the columns. His mammoth slowly moves the window over these two columns.

Shem shouts, “Stop! Japheth, and Ham... Carefully insert the window between the columns.” They climb their ladders. They slowly position the huge window perfectly between these two columns. I nervously watch.

Ham’s long bearded face frowns as he says, “I wish Gibbor was here...”

Rapheth lowers his head and says, “That would be nice.” Shem brushes back his long graying dark brown hair as he says, “It’s our job now...” I feel sad. Shem pulls a level that slowly lowers the window between the two columns. Japheth and Ham guide the heavy window down perfectly so the bottom pegs fit into their holes. Shem says, “Remove the hooks.” Japheth and Ham removes the hooks from the top of the window.

Uriel and Remiel walk in, dressed as usual. A burst of wind blows against Uriel’s long black braided hair. He cheerfully says, “Shem, Rapheth, and Ham, take a break..” My sons walk over to me. I curiously ask, “Uriel, what’s this about?” Uriel gently says, “Your family need to work faster...” Ham angrily says, “You work faster!” Rapheth tiredly says, “Ham’s right..” Shem nervously asks, “Uriel, really?” Uriel sadly says, “Yes, Shem...” Remiel’s rugged reddish tan beardless face looks concerned as he forcefully says, “Your family must build a massive roof... Install many water hoses, food dispenser hoses, waste collector hoses, etc. And build the top deck’s cages in less than four years.” I nervously ask, “Remiel, can we do all that?” Remiel forcefully says, “You must!” Ham bitterly asks, “What have your bothers done for us?” Uriel happily says, “My brothers built the hull, the middle wall, and twelve engines... They are working on ventilation, water purification, waste processing, and sea harvesting systems. They are also building the multitude of cages for the lower two decks.” My sons groan. I hopefully ask, “Uriel, Remiel, couldn’t people still repent, --if I preach more to them?” Uriel sadly lowers his head. Remiel says, “They won’t...” I tearfully say, “I’ve failed all those people... If only I preached better, --they would repented and live!” Uriel tearfully says, “Noah, you were a good preacher... They failed to listen...”

Four new moons latter, I'm using a weird large blue drill to carve a small cubit squared opening in the ark's cubit thick, six cubit wide, seven cubit tall door. When I get done, I sit down by my staff on the upper deck's front hall. I look up at Shem and Rapheth crawling on the cubit thick and wide wooden beams above me that connect the ark's middle wall to it's right wall. I see the tall scaffolding surrounds the ark above them. I see many rows of these beams, that have about a cubit space between them. I see sons of God floating on their discs, watching us. Shem and Rapheth slowly crawl backward from the middle wall. They pour pitch from their large buckets. Their large brushes cover the beams with a thick coat of pitch. The ark's huge door opens out upward on it's two cubits thick hinge attached to the ark's ceiling. A small woolly mammoth marches in, pulling a large wooden cart. Ham is sitting on top the cart's large pile of black cubit square tiles. They are fourth of a cubit thick. He holds a thick rope that has a big hook at one end. I look up at his messy long graying brown hair and long beard as I say, "Hi, Ham..." Ham whines saying, "Father, this work never ends.." I yawn. I say, "Son, you're right..." A woolly mammoth comes in pulling another cart. Zilpah sits on top this cart's pile of tiles. I cheerfully say, "Hi, Zilpah..." Zilpah forcefully says, "Noah, I'm here to work, --not talk.." Uriel and Remiel walk in. The door closes behind them. Remiel gently says, "Ham and Zilpah, carefully hook a tile and throw your rope's other end up to them." They attaches their hooks to a tile each. They throw the other ends of their ropes up to Shem and Japheth who grabs the ropes. They drops them over the other side of the beams they're on. Remiel looks sad as he says, "Pull the tiles up to them." Ham and Zilpah pulls their end of the ropes down which lifts the heavy tiles up to the beams. Shem reaches down and struggles to lift it up onto the beam he's crawling on. Japheth does likewise. Uriel cheerfully says, "Shem, Rapheth, coat the tiles thoroughly... Then insert them exactly the way we instructed..." Remiel sternly says, "This roof needs four layers of interlocking tiles." Shem and Rapheth struggles to lift these tiles. They sweat. They coats these tiles with pitch. They struggle to carefully inserts their tile between the beams. The tiles sides touch the beams. They fuse into the beams, becoming one with them. Japheth huffs, then tiredly asks, "How many tiles do we have do this with?" Remiel calmly says, "About forty five thousand." Ham groans. Rapheth angrily says, "That will take

forever...” Uriel cheerfully says, “Be glad the tiles are so lightweight.”

Shem tiredly asks, “Lightweight, are you kidding me? This is really hard work..” Remiel sternly says, “Good... Earn your blessed future.” Shem angrily says, “But you guys could easily build this ark yourself!” Uriel cheerfully says, “True, --but this is Noah’s ark.. Thank God, --you all got a future!” Japheth’s graying black bearded face frowns as he shouts, “This is miserable work!” Remiel angrily says, “Japheth, be happy that we attached the roof’s three hundred support beams for you...” Ham yawns and tiredly says, “We’ve worked forever.. ---Our wives are now too old to have children.” Zilpah shakes her long graying blond hair as she says, “I’m not --that old, ---yet! Am I?” Uriel happily says, “Trust God.. You all will have lots of children after the flood... I promise!” Japheth asks in disbelief, “Really?” Remiel smiles widely as he says, “Life will go on...”

A dim morning, two years and four new moons latter. During a cold blizzard, we chilling walk out our tents through the heavy snow, wearing our hooded furs. Furs are strap around my thick wooden sandals but my feet are still painfully cold. Our breathes are quite visible. I look up. I see that the branches of the huge trees around us are loaded with snow. I look at the huge stumps of many tree we cut down to build the ark. Even these stumps are covered in snow. We approach the ark and the twenty one cubit tall wooden ramp. It’s against the ark’s side door. The huge scaffolding was taken down two new moons ago but it’s seems like it should still be there. We walk up the snow covered ramp, holding onto it’s slippery rails. I say, “Open.” The ark’s big wide door opens up for us. We enter the ark’s blessed warm top deck. Many light crystals on it’s ceiling light it up. I say, “Close..” The door closes behind us. We take off our heavy furs. We’re wearing our light gray work robes. Shem points up at the four silver platforms in a row just below it’s ceiling. Each platform is about five cubits squared. Puzzled, Shem asks, “What are those silver squares on the ceiling?” I say, “Gabriel put them up there. Platform one, down.” The silver platform next to the door floats down to the floor. We stare at the half cubit thick platform. Zilpah excitedly says, “Cool! What it for?” I say, “To carry animals off the ark after the flood.” Ham asks, “Can we use them now?” Shem sadly says, “Gabriel said we can only use them for the animals after the flood!” Sha’ah angrily asks, “Why?” Japheth tiredly says, “It would make it too easy for us...” Irritated, Rachamah frown as she

says, “Japheth, Gabriel’s a jerk!” Ham angrily asks, “What the Sheol?” Tiyrah says, “Noah, do you know how to use it?” I say, “Yeah, Gabriel showed me... Platform one, up.” It rises back to the ceiling.

Me and my family work hard. We’re climb up on our ladders. We attach and organize multitudes of long hoses of various colors and thicknesses from all over the ceiling. They’re hanging down from everywhere. The thick waste collector hoses go down into holes in the deck. The top deck has lots of outlines of where all the cages will be. We work for a long time. Frustrated, Tiyra brushes back her curly graying brown hair. She wipes the sweat off her golden tan forehead. Tiyrah tiredly says, “I’m so sick of these hoses... It gives me such a headache.” Ham working by her, exhausted says, “Hoses, hoses, everywhere... How many hoses?” I groan and say, “Over two thousand...” Sha’ah brushes back her white hair as she frustratingly asks, “And how many cages do we have to build?” Tiyra’s squinted brown eyes look depressed as she says, “Augh, -- over four hundred...” Zilpah shakes her long graying hair head as she cheerfully says, “That will be a challenge.. We’ll do it!” Japheth’s long graying bearded brown face looks sad as he asks, “Father, is all this hard work really worth it?” I encouragingly say, “My family, all these hoses will water, feed, and clean many big beautiful baby animals... Yes, it’s worth it!” Shem tiredly yawns and says, “Hope you’re right, father...”

Rachamah frowns, as she says, “Let’s eat..” Sha’ah tiredly says, “Good idea, Rachamah.” Japheth yawns and says, “Me too...” I hungrily say, “Yeah.” We climb down our ladders. The ark’s door opens up. A cool breeze blows in. Micheal and Gabriel walk in, dressed as usual. Micheal’s reddish big jawed face frowns as he forcefully says, “Eat latter! Work more now!” Ham frowns, pulls at his graying beard and shouts, “Jerk!” Except for Ham, we climb our ladder and get back to work. Micheal’s powerful rugged hands combs back his long white braided hair by his glowing golden halo crown. His glaring golden eyes stares down at Ham who then fearfully lowers his head, climbs up his ladder and gets back to work. Gabriel gently says, “Noah, the flood is just a year, and four new moons and seventeen days away... Over nine hundred big baby animals lives depend on you and your family...” I timidly say, “We’ll do our best..” Micheal flexes his huge muscle bound arms, crosses them and stares up at each of us but he doesn’t say a word.

The morning after last the new moon before the flood. The freezing winds howl. Snow falls hard on me and my shivering family. Our feet have thick furs tied over our thick wooden sandals but our feet are still painfully cold. We're wearing our heaviest hooded furs. Together, my shivering family carefully walks up the long snow covered wooden ramp using it's handrails to steady ourselves. The strong cold winds makes this difficult as the ramp sways. Shem and Japheth are carrying a large quarter of cubit thick, treadmill between them. Ham and Zilpah carry another treadmill just like it. Rachamah and Tiyrah carry a large heavy four cubit wide, fourth of cubit thick board. It has lots of small carefully drill holes around the edges and in the board's middle. Strong winds threatens to blow this heavy board out of their grasping hands. Sha'ah carries the big blue drill. I lean on my staff. I carry five large green cushion sheets that are being blown all around me. The winds howls. My wife notices tears in my eyes behind my frosted beard and wrinkled face. Sha'ah harshly says, "Rule three!" I look at her frosted face under her hood. I forcefully say, "Sha'ah, not now!" We walk up to the ark's large door. I say, "Open." The two cubit thick door opens up. I feel a wonderful warm breeze come out from the door. The top deck is dimly lighted by the light coming in from all the ark's windows. It's still somewhat dark so I shout, "Lights on..." The light crystals on the ceiling lights things up. Rachamah combs back her graying black braided hair with her glove covered bloated hands as she says, "O boy, light crystals rule!" Japheth joyfully says, "Yeah!" I look in at the well lighted front hall. It's six cubits wide, and twenty two cubits long. At the end of the front hall is the middle wall's arched entrance. Near the back wall, I see the four cubits wide spiral staircase that has shiny white handrail. We walk in under the ark's large door. The blessed warmth feels so good. I tearfully ask, "If only, --I had told everyone about the flood? Maybe --they would of repented?" Sha'ah turns towards me and bitterly says, "No! You told them to love the Creator of All --but they cursed you... You told them to love life and each other but they only hated... They chose death!" My wife's words disturbed me. I say, "Close." The door closes down behind us. It stops the chilling winds from blowing against our shivering backs. I sorrowfully say, "Sha'ah, --that's really morbid... Their children didn't choose death!" Sha'ah coldly says, "Too bad for them..."

I shake my head. I look around at the long rows of large wooden cages on both sides of the front hall. They're on the right side of the ark.

All rows of cages on the top deck are ninety six cubits long and four cubits wide. All four paths on the top deck are three cubits wide and two hundred cubits long. The cages have thick nets over their fronts. The net are tied down to the thick rings attached to the deck. All the large cages on the top deck have thick ropes security tied to thick rings on the deck and thick rings on the ceiling. These thick ropes hold the cages securely in place. I look up at the multitude of very long colorful hoses hanging from the ceiling.

We've connected them to the cages we've built. I look to the right and the left of the front hall. There are two paths on each sides of the front hall.

These two paths divide up the four rows of cages on both sides of the front hall. A total of eight rows of cages. Two rows against the front wall. One on each side of the ark's door. In front of them path one. Then two rows of cages with their backs against each other on both sides of the front hall. A total of four rows. In front of them is path two. Then two rows of cages against the middle wall, one on each side of the arched entrance. The back side of the top deck has two more paths and eight more rows of cages. Most top deck cages have a cage attached on top of them. A few have two.

We hear a soft humming. Rachamah curiously asks, "Where's that warm fresh breeze coming from?" I say, "Look way down that path... See those weird walls." Rachamah's chubby face smiles as she asks, "The yellow walls?" I say, "Yeah, they're ventilators." Japheth sniffs the air and says, "The air is so fresh." They smile at each other. Shem, Japheth, Ham, and Zilpah lay their treadmills down. Rachamah and Tiyrah put down their board with a thump. We put our other supplies down. We look at the many ladders, tools, buckets, brushes, ropes, and big cushions sheets, and one large net with a thick board attached at the bottom. We pull back our hoods and brush all the snow off our heavy furs. We take our furs and gloves off.

We hang them up on the hooks on the large cages on the side the ark's door. I try to lighten the mood by saying, "--But thank God, --just one -- more big cage to build!" Tiyrah cheerfully says, "The big one for the two baby woolly mammoths... I bet they'll be cute..." Shem's golden brown bearded face smiles at her as he says, "Tiyrah, not as cute as you.." Tiyrah giggles and says, "Shem, you're cute too." Japheth's head droops as he tiredly says, "Princess Rachamah, I can't believe we built all this!"

Rachamah puts her arm over his slumped shoulders, laughs and says, “Japheth my love, we didn’t... We just help the sons of God a little... We’re just like little children helping their parents build a big igloo.” Ham angrily says, “All these many years of hard work just to teach us to work hard!”

Zilaph sweetly kisses him, then says, “Yep.. We learn new skills that will help build a new world.” I tiredly say, “Zilpah, good attitude!” Sha’ah’s lovely face happily smiles as she says, “I believe the Creator of All will bless all our hard work...”

I lean on my staff. We rest a while. I look back at both long row of cages against the right wall. I point to the empty space behind the first path on the right side next to the front hall. Lots of peg holes are in the deck outlining where the treadmills, walls, etc, will be. Many large rings are in the deck and on the ceiling above. Plus rings in the deck in front of the cages. Each row of cages on the front side of the top deck has twelve deck level cages lined up in the row. These cages are eight cubits long and four cubits wide. Each row has one cage six cubits tall. It has eighteen cages three cubit tall in nine stacks of two, and six cages two cubit tall in stacks of three. Each row has a total of twenty five cages. The cages on the top deck’s back side are only six cubits long. Their rows have sixteen deck level cages. Each row has thirteen cages, three cubits tall in stacks of two and three cages two cubit tall in stacks of three. These rows have thirty five cages each.

Ham nervously grabs his graying beard and asks, “Father, how many cages have we built?” I think about it and slowly say, “The top deck has one hundred and ninety nine cages on the right side of the ark... The top deck has two hundred and eighty cages on the left side of the ark. As soon as we finish this cage, we’ll built four hundred and eighty cages.” Shem’s brown eyes shine as he cheerfully says, “Time to finish this...” Tiyrah gently brushes back her curly brown hair and admiringly says, “Shem, you said it!” I point to some peg holes by the front hall. I say, “Shem and Japheth, coat those peg holes, then place your treadmill here.” They take a bucket and dip their brushes. They thoroughly coat these peg holes. They pick up their treadmill, carefully position it’s many quarter of cubit long pegs above the peg holes that we drilled earlier. They lower it into place. I point to the peg holes parallel to the first and say, “Ham and Zilpah, do the same...” They coat those peg holes. They line up their treadmills pegs

above them and lower it in place. I say, "I'll put the gutter in place." I coat the peg holes for the gutter at the back of the treadmills. I try to pick up the seven and a half cubits long, half cubit wide shiny white gutter. It's too awkwardly heavy for me to move. Shem sees me struggling and says, "Father, I'll help you.." He helps me position the gutter right behind the treadmills. We put it's pegs into place. I connect the thick waste disposal hose to the long gutter. I pause and say, "Thanks Shem... Now let's get the water and food trough in place." He dips his brush into the bucket. He coats the trough's peg holes with his brush. He grabs the narrow trough. We connect it in front of these two treadmills. We connect the water hoses to the trough's water sections and the thick food hoses for it's food sections. I point to some near-by peg holes. I say, "Tiyrah and Rachamah, coat these peg holes." They coat them. Shem and Japheth help them pick up the heavy six cubits long board. They line up their fourth of a cubit thick board next to the hall and lowers it's pegs into place. They grab their ladders, buckets, and brushes. Tiyrah grabs a rope. She ties one end to a ring securely connected to the deck, near the back of this cage. She strings the rope through the small holes from the bottom of the board to it's top corner as she climbs a ladder. She ties the rope other end to tie a thick ring on the ceiling above it. Tiyrah climbs down the ladder. She moves the ladder to the front of the cage. She grabs another rope. She ties it to another ring in front of the cage, then strings it through the small holes on the edge of the board. She climbs the ladder to strings the rope up through it small holes. She ties the end to another ring on the ceiling that holds the board in place. My children and their wives dip their brushes in their large buckets. They climb their ladders and coat the top of the this cage's four walls. Three of this cage's walls are the walls of the cages around them. I say, "Ham and Zilpah, help them pick up the board and puts it on top of this cage." Ham says, "Father, that's so hard!" I say, "Ham son, just do it..." Zilpah smiles and says, "I like doing it..." It's hard for them even working together to lift that heavy board between them. They struggle to lift it up as they climb up their ladders. They slowly slide the board on top of this cage. They carefully string a long rope through the long board's many holes on top and the holes on the top of the other boards. They tie them all together. They climb down. They grab several more thick ropes. They tie the ropes to three more large rings by the hall to securely attached them to the deck.

They string their ropes up into small holes going up the middle of the board. They climb their ladders. They tie these rope's other end to three thick rings in the ceiling. They coat the new cage's walls with their brushes. They glue long sheets of dull green padding against the inside walls. They attach two shower heads near the top of the cage. They connect the shower heads to hoses hanging down from above. Zilpah climbs a ladder. She attaches a light crystal inside of the cage on top.

Zilpah says, "Cage light." The crystal lights up. Ham smiles up at her and says, "Cool!" Zipah joyfully says, "Brighten.." The crystal shines brighter. Rapheth says, "So cool.." The rest of us look up at the bright light and says, "Ah..." Ham happily says, "Light off..." The crystal stops shining. Zilpah climbs down from her ladder.

I say, "Family, attach the net..." Together, they grab the big eight cubits wide, six cubit long net made of many thick cushy ropes. They pick it up. They climb their ladders. They ties the net to the small holes in front of the top board. The bottom of the net is attached to an eight cubits long board, that is one quarter of a cubit thick and wide. This board has three rings, one near each end and one in the middle. I look down at three rings attached to the deck in front of the cage. When they finish, they put away their ladders. I say, "After the animals enter their cages, we're tie these nets down to the deck." Worried, Sha'ah says, "Sounds like more hard work.."

Tiyrah's squinted brown eyes looks nervous as she says, "Because it is! Can we can really do all this?" Shem puts his arms around his wife shoulders and says, "Tiyrah, God knows we will!" Japheth combs back his long graying hair as he happily says, "Shem, let's celebrate.." Rachamah joyfully hugs him, kisses him with her chubby lips and says, "Japheth, it's loving time!" Japheth childishly says, "Princess Rachamah, --I'll get my top.." Zilpah's pale wrinkle face joyfully smiles as she says, "Yeah!" Ham tiredly frowns. I say, "Let's pray..." We get down on our knees. We bows our heads. I sincerely say, "God thank you! --And Lord God, help me and my family to do what is pleasing to you.. Let it be."

Mornings, three warm days latter, we walk from our tents to the ark. I feel the wet slushy snow beneath my thick sandals. I use my staff to steady myself. I'm wearing my long brown furs and Enoch's cap. I have a small wine-skin tied loosely around my neck. I feel drops of water falling down on me from all the huge trees above us. I see snow melting off the

their branches. Sha'ah, who is a plump, is by my side. She's wearing her long yellowish robe and her red feathered headdress. She's carrying Tubal's big cymbals. Our family follows us. Shem is carrying a large wooden bowl with fruit and nuts in it. Zilpah is wearing her yellowish furs, golden helmet and uses her spear as a staff. Japheth lovingly holds his beloved top. We walk up the ramp together. I say, "Open." The door opens up for us. We enter. We stand under the first silver platform. I say, "Close." The door closes behind us. We happily dance around on the top deck's front hall. Sha'ah joyfully plays Tubal's big cymbals. I sip good wine from my wine-skin. Me and my family joyfully dance and sing, "Praise God, we got it done! It's done... It's done.. It's done.. Thank God, it's finally done!" Shem holds the bowl. It's full of bright green and red fruits and large tan nuts. Tiyrah eats some nuts, picks up a cluster of green fruit from the bowl, pulls off some little fruits from the cluster. She lovingly puts them into her husband's open mouth. Rachamah grabs some red fruit out the bowl and eats them. Japheth sits down and spins his colorful top. Zilpah and Ham playfully dance around each other. She holds her spear up. Ham sheepishly asks, "Zilpah, why are holding your spear up?" Zilpah joyously shakes her spear and shouts, "My spear shows I'm victorious! We got all that work done!" Ham whispers something in her ear. Zilpah happily says, "Yeah!" We sing. We hear Uriel's voice shout, "Uriel and Remiel here... May we come in?" We stop. Shem puts the bowl down on the deck. I shout, "Sure..." Uriel says, "Open..." The door opens up as a cool breeze comes in. Uriel and Remiel walk in. They're dressed as usual, minus their large discs. Uriel's muscular arms are down by his side. A transparent cubit cubed block is stuck to his right hand. Remiel says, "Close." The door closes behind them. A little bit drunk, I say, "Ur-iel, Remiel, --wel-come.." Remiel's rugged reddish brown beardless face frowns at me as he sternly says, "Noah, stop drinking so much wine.. It's bad for you..." I shrugs my shoulders and say, "Just celebrating..." Sha'ah puts her cymbals down and happily says, "Uriel, we got all our cages done!" Uriel's black chubby beardless face gently smiles as he says, "Good... Now look!" He points to the square opening in the ark's door. I cheerfully say, "That's the window I carved into ark's door." Uriel cheerfully says, "Watch..." Uriel lifts the block and slides it back into my window and says, "Seal." The clear block attaches to my window.

He pulls his right hand out. I angrily ask, "Why did you block my window?" Uriel forcefully says, "We need to keep the water out --but you can still see outside." I look out at the crystal clear window. I say, "But I want to send flying animals out to look for plants.." Remiel forcefully says, "Noah, put your right palm against the window and say, unseal." I press my palm against it and say, "Unseal." My palm stick to the block. I pull it out with ease and it's not heavy. I hold it up and ask, "How can it be so lite?" Uriel happily says, "It's special." I slide the slippery block back into my window. I say, "Seal." The block attaches. I take my hand out and say, "Nice!"

Uriel says, "Now, follow us..." I say, "Yep." We follow them through the arched entrance into the back hall. We walk to the spiral staircase. They grab it's handrail. Shem looks down. He notices that around the pole in the center of the white spiral staircase is a smooth light green cubit slide. Shem points to it and curiously asks, "Uriel, what's the little slide for?" He turns towards us. His chubby cheeks smiles. Uriel says, "To make it easy for animals to go down to the lower decks." We follow them. We step down the spiral staircase to the middle deck's left hall. It's eighteen cubits long and four cubits wide. There is a wide gap in the handrails for us to walk out of. I feel a fresh gentle breeze and hear a soft humming sound. I see two rows of dimly glowing white cages stacked against the back wall. One row at each side of the staircase. All rows of stacked cages on the middle deck are two cubits wide, seven cubits tall, and ninety nine cubits long. On this side of the middle deck, each row is made up of thirty three stacks of three cubits long cages. Two to four cages per stack. There are one hundred cages in each row. The first narrow path is in front of the back wall's cages. All paths between the cages on the middle deck are only one and half cubits wide. They are two hundred and four cubits long. I look over at the four cubits tall circular entrance to the middle deck's right hall. We look up. We're amazed to see the eleven cubits high ceiling's multitude of transparent flying animals houses in stacks of three in long rows. These houses vary a lot in size but the average one is about cubit cubed. Tiyrah looks up in awe as she asks, "Uriel, how many flying animal houses are up there?" Uriel cheerfully says, "Sixteen thousand, eight hundred..." Tiyrah emotionally says, "Wow! Does that include flying bugs?" Uriel gently says, "No. Tiny swarming things are down below." Amazed, Shem asks,

“How can there be so many?” Remiel gently says, “They’re carefully arranged. The middle deck’s ceiling has twenty eight rows of flying animal houses in stacks of three. Each row has a hundred stacks.” Japheth holding his top, stands next to his fat wife. Ham looks around at all the glowing white cages with transparent doors on their fronts. He looks up amazed at all the flying animal houses and breathlessly asks, “You guys built all this?” Uriel proudly says, “Yes..” Zilpah breathlessly asks, “How many cages are on this deck?” Remiel proudly says, “Four thousand, eight hundred cages....” I sip wine from my wine-skin. Shem curiously asks in disbelief, “Remiel, how can there be so many?” Remiel gently says, “Most animals are rather small.” Uriel’s dark red eyes sparkle as he cheerfully says, “And even smaller animals will be on the lower deck... Follow me.”

We follow them towards the circular entrance to the other side. We walk pass three narrow paths. We walk to just before the circular entrance. We turn on the fourth path towards the ark’s front section. We feel a gentle clean breeze. We follow them through this long narrow path. We look at all the glowing white cages on both sides of us. Rachamah, being fat barely fits through this path. She says, “I feel squished. Why are these paths so narrow?” Annoyed, Japheth says, “Uriel, it hard for us to walk through..” Uriel gently says, “To save all these animals, we can’t waste space on wide paths.” Remiel laughs and says, “Rachamah, Japheth and Noah... Just lose some weight..” Irritated, I say, “This is tight..” Sha’ah nervously says, “It sure is..” The low humming seems louder. I look at the strange cubit thick yellow wall around and above a green door at the end of the fourth path. We walk to the door. There are cubit long empty spaces between the rows and the pulsating spongy yellow wall where the humming breeze comes from. I lean on my staff. My three fingered hand touches and squeeze the moist spongy wall. It’s feels weird, like a living breathing thing. Ham looks disgusted. Ham says, “Yucky...” We back off. The green door opens up.

We squeeze in the narrow doorway. We enter a huge outwardly curved triangular chamber. A giant green canister takes up most of the space inside. There are three other big long canisters crowding this room, one blue, one red and one purple. Tall white shelves are against the walls. We look up. I see that the canisters goes up beyond the eleven cubit high transparent ceiling, connected to weird machines with flashing lights, and

lots of thick tubes going out everywhere. By the middle wall, is a big drain and a four cubit wide half submerge yellow ball. Near the green door is a two cubit wide oval silver door in the middle wall. I curiously ask, "What's all this?" Uriel happily says, "The big green canister is for food storage, and processing. The blue canister is for water intake, and purification. The red canister is for waste processing. The purple canister is for harvesting food from the sea. We will store all the seeds and other supplies on these shelves." I curiously ask, "All the seeds?" Remiel says, "We don't know which plants will survive the flood... We'll help you gather a multitude of seeds for crops, trees, flowers, and herbs and store them in pots." We look down at the transparent floor. We see that the canisters go all the way down to the hull. Down there, by the middle wall is another drain and a big yellow ball. I curiously ask, "What's the big balls for?" Remiel calmly says, "If water leaks into the ark, they drain the water and the balls pump the water out." Uriel gently says, "Follow us." Uriel opens the silver door. We follow them through the door to the other side of the front section. It looks like a mirrored image of the left side except it has a small spiral staircase by the middle wall. This side's green door opens up. We walk through the narrow doorway to a narrow path with smaller cages on each side of us. We walk to the front hall. Remiel points out the sixteen long rows here and calmly says, "The cages on the right side of the middle deck are arranged like the left side except these cages are only two cubits long and are shorter." We look around at all these smaller glowing white cages. We walk through the circular entrance to the spiral staircase. Uriel kindly says, "Step down to the lower deck... Gabriel will show you the rest." Surprised, I says, "You two are not coming with us." Remiel gently says, "No.."
Disturbed, Sha'ah asks, "Why not?" Remiel forcefully says, "We need to work."

We step down the white spiral staircase. It's low ceiling is only four and a half cubits high. We step into it's back hall. I lean on my staff. I see Gabriel standing before us, dress as usual minus his disc. His golden halo crown glows on top his smooth long brown hair. Behind him, I see several of his brothers on both sides of the back hall. They're working on endless tiny transparent cages in each of the five paths between the twenty rows of cubit wide very stacked cages. Ten rows on each side of the left hall.

Behind them, I see a four cubit tall, two cubit wide oval silver door to the

lower deck's right side. Gabriel cheerfully says, "Hi Noah..." Shocked, I say, "Gabriel, --how many tiny cages are here?" His squinted green eyes shine. Gabriel joyfully says, "The lower deck's front right has ten rows with a total of three thousand three hundred cages for small animals. The front left's ten rows has eleven thousand and two hundred cages for much smaller animals. The rear right's ten rows has nineteen thousand, eight hundred for tiny animals like mice and worms. And the rear left's ten rows has one hundred and twenty six thousand, seven hundred super tiny cages for small bugs, etc. The lower deck has a grand total of one hundred sixty one thousand life preservation units..." Shem's puts his right arm around his wife's shoulders. Tiyrah shyly smiles and asks, "Gabriel, why save so many bugs and worms?" Disgusted, Rachamah's dark chubby face frowns as she says, "I hate bugs and worms! Do we really need them?" Gabriel's smooth beardless yellowish tan face looks hurt as he says, "Bugs and worms are beautiful! Many plants couldn't survive without them. They also help clean up lots of waste... Trust me, without bugs and worms, the world would stink!" Rachamah looks around and curiously asks, "Gabriel, where's Micheal?" Gabriel sadly says, "Princess Rachamah, --Micheal's busy... He's always busy." Japheth spins his large colorful top on his right hand as he nervously asks, "What now?" Gabriel kindly says, "Follow me.." Rachamah gently says, "Japheth, my love, please stop playing with your top.." Japheth stops and childishly says, "Yes, princess Rachamah.." Gabriel shows us around the lower deck's thousands of small to super tiny cages. We follow him into a long path by the middle wall and walk towards the ark's rear section to another green door surround by a humming pulsating spongy yellow wall but this one sucks air towards it.

The green door opens up. We walk inside a large well lighted curved chamber. We see a huge transparent bowl, mostly filled with water, that goes up to this deck's low ceiling. It fills the ark's left rear section except for a two cubit wide path around it. There's a space with another drain and a big yellow ball. Inside the bowl, we see many small fish, other small creatures and water plants. Sha'ah breathlessly says, "Amazing!"

Rachamah combs back her long graying black braided hair with her bloated fingers as she says, "O-my, it's so beautiful!" Japheth, still holding his top, hugs his short fat wife and says, "So are you, princess Rachamah.." Tiyrah stares at the huge bowl and happily shouts, "Wow! That is so

cool...” Shem asks in awe, “Gabriel, what am I looking at?” Gabriel gently says, “The left side’s fresh water aquarium.” Tiyrah happily asks, “You mean there’s another one on the right side?” Gabriel joyfully says, “Right on, Tiyrah!” Zilpah looks confused as she asks, “Why? Won’t enough sea creatures survive the flood without us?” Gabriel gently says, “Most water creatures will... But some water creatures need fresh water, not sea water. --We’ll protect some of them.” Zilpah’s pretty pale wrinkled face smiles at him and says, “Good job, Gabriel!” Gabriel humbly says, “Give God the glory!” I say, “Let it be..” Ham frowns.

Near the green door, by the middle wall is an oval silver door.

Gabriel opens it and says, “Follow me..” We walk through it to the ark’s right rear section. It looks like a mirror image of the left section except there’s a four cubit wide shiny white spiral staircase near it’s curved right wall. Gabriel grabs the handrail and steps up onto the stairs. We follow him up to a huge outwardly curved chamber that has a giant green canister against it’s back. Three other long canisters also curve back against the rear, one blue, one red and one purple. Lots of flashing lights and thick tubes are everywhere. Tall white shelves are against the walls. I see a drain and a half submerge big ball by it. We see that the canisters curve back up beyond the high transparent ceiling to the back half of the top deck’s rear section. I curiously ask, “Are these canisters like the others ones?” Gabriel happily says, “Yes, for food, water, waste, and harvesting.” Sha’ah’s dark brown eyes looks nervous as she asks, “Harvesting what?” Gabriel calmly says, “Plankton, super tiny living things that some whales eat...” Tiyrah asks, “How can huge whales survive eating such tiny things?” Gabriel gently says, “There are great multitudes of plankton... These whales don’t starve and neither will you.” Tiyrah looks skeptical. I look down at the transparent middle deck and see a giant fish bowl lighted below us and cheerfully say, “That’s some fish bowl..” Sha’ah looks down and happily says, “Oh, they’re so pretty.” Ham nervously asks, “Where will we sleep?” Gabriel cheerfully says, “The living quarters are on the top deck... Follow me.”

Gabriel takes hold of the handrail. He steps up onto the spiral staircase. We follow him up. We step up onto the top deck’s right rear section. I lean on my staff. I see at the front where I would expect the middle wall would be, a sixteen cubits long outwardly half circle shaped

aqua wall. Behind the half circle, I see a transparent wall with a silver door. Behind that wall, we see the tops of the right rear canisters, lots of colorful tubes and flashing lights. Ham nervously says, “That looks weird...”

Zilpah excitedly says, “It’s wild!” Shem curiously asks, “What in the half circle wall?” Gabriel calmly says, “The control room.” Puzzled, Tiyrah asks, “Control room? What’s that?” Gabriel gentle face smiles as he says, “Where the captain steers the ark.” Confused, I ask, “Shouldn’t that be at the front?” Gabriel kindly says, “You’re safer back here.” Rachamah nervously asks, “Japheth, do you see our living quarters? I don’t see any..”

Japheth stares down at his toy top and asks, “Rachamah, did you say something?” Gabriel points to the other side of spiral staircase. There against the curved right wall are four small empty wooden rooms with open doors. Gabriel kindly says, “Rachamah, here.. One room for each couple.”

Ham’s face looks redder than normal as he angrily says, “They look animal cages...” Disappointed, Rachamah asks, “Really? This huge ark and we’re suppose to live in those tiny rooms.” Gabriel coolly says, “This is about survival, not comfort...” Japheth nervously asks, “How small are these rooms?” Gabriel says, “About three and a half cubits long and five cubits wide... But the floor inside is real cushy.” Sha’ah grumpily says, “I was hoping for better.” Zilpah nervously asks, “Are these rooms soundproof?”

Gabriel happily says, “Completely.” Zilpah hugs Ham and excitedly says, “Yeah!” He smiles widely. I softly say, “That’s nice...” Sha’ah kisses my bearded cheek and seductively says, “More than nice!” Gabriel cheerfully says, “Let’s go in the control room...” Gabriel walks to the half circle and says, “Right entrance open...” An oval entrance opens up in the half circle. He walks through it’s thick entrance. We follow him inside the circle shape aqua chamber. The entrance closes up and vanishes.

Inside, is a chamber about twelve cubits in diameter. It’s about five cubits tall. It has a flat pitch black floor and ceiling. In the center of the ceiling is a two cubits in diameter glowing white circle with a long green needle in the center. I point up at it and say, “That looks somewhat like Tubal’s magic needle.” Gabriel says, “You’re right! It shows you what direction you’re pointed in.” Around the middle are two rows of four thick cushioned aqua chairs. They’re roughly ball shaped floating about a cubit and a half off the floor. I look nervously around. I ask, “Where’s the windows?” Gabriel smiles widely as he says, “Fear not. You’ll see

plenty!” I frown at his non-answer. Sha’ah frowns too. Rachamah happily says, “You guys built this for us...” Gabriel softly says, “We did..” Zilpah excitedly says, “Wow, this is cool!” Ham says, “Weird!” Gabriel walks in front, points to the front middle right chair and happily says, “Noah, sit down here...” I walk over. I drop my staff down on the floor. I sit down on this comfortable cushioned chair with a high back. It has two wide armrests with a hand-sized glowing white ball floating slightly above each armrest. The other chairs don’t have the balls. Gabriel politely says, “Sha’ah, sit at his left... Shem, sit by your father. Tiyrah, sit by your mother.” They sit down by me. Gabriel says, “The rest of you sit on the back chairs...” They walk to the back row. Zilpah puts her spear down. Ham and Zilpah sit on the back two left chairs. Japheth holds onto his top. Rachamah frowns. They sit down on the back two right chairs. I rest my hands on the white balls. Annoyed, I ask, “Gabriel, where’s the windows?” Gabriel says, “Say view...” Confused, I slowly say, “View..” An image of the huge trees outside and the shore appears all around the curved wall along with an outline of the ark as seen from the rear section. I’m speechless. Sha’ah breathlessly says, “O-wow!” Rachamah happily shouts, “This is magic!” Japheth gently says, “No, princess Rachamah.. It’s miraculous!” Shem nervously asks, “How do we use the rudder?” Gabriel softly says, “The balls on Noah’s armrests controls the rudder and the ark’s twelve engines.” We gasp. Cushion sheets quickly comes out of the sides of our chairs. They wrap around our stomachs, chest, and shoulders. Sha’ah fearfully asks, “What’s this?” Gabriel gently says, “Safety straps...” Ham tries to get out of his chair as he shouts, “Get these straps off of me!” Gabriel calmly says, “Ham, just say strap release.” Ham fearfully shouts, “Strap release!” The straps goes back into the sides of his chair. He jumps up. Zilpah forcefully says, “Ham, sit back down!” He sits down. Gabriel says, “Strap.” Ham’s chair strap him in again. Ham fearfully jerks around. Zilpah comfortingly says, “Ham, just relax like me..” He nervously says, “Yes, Zilpah..” I curiously ask, “How can I look around?” Gabriel laughs and says, “Just say turn to where you want to look.” I say, “Turn to the right side.” Our eight chairs move around as one unit to face the right side of the ark. I playfully say, “Turn to the rear.” Our chairs turn towards the rear. I say, “Turn to the front.” We turn until we face Gabriel again as he slowly says, “Say tilt slowly down.” I say, “Tilt

slowly down.” The images seem to slowly look down till we looking through the outline of the ark at the ground below it.” I playfully says, “Till up.” The images quickly look up into the outline of the ark’s roof and the cloudy sky above it. I say, “Level front...” The images tilt back to a level view. I frown. I ask, “The view from the back is confusing.” Gabriel says, “Say front view..” I curiously say, “Front view.” The images moves like we’re quickly moving to ark’s front. I playfully say, “Left, middle view..” Our chairs rotate left and the images move back through the outline of the ark to it’s middle. I excitedly shout, “I like this!” Gabriel slowly says, “Say magnify two times.” I say, “Magnify two times.” The images around us grows twice as big.

I say, “Magnify twenty times! Front view, spin right.” The images grows huge. We quickly move to the ark’s front as our seats spins around, making me feel dizzy. Zilpah happily shouts, “This rocks!” Rachamah excitedly says, “O-boy..” Japheth sickly says, “I might throw up.” Tiyrah gasps and says, “Mother, --I feel sick!” Sha’ah angrily says, “Noah, stop this!” I freeze up. Ham closes his eyes. Zilpah frowns. Sha’ah looks angry. Gabriel calmly says, “Magnify off! Turn to front.” The chairs stop spinning, and the images go back to normal. Zilpah happily says, “That was wild!” Shocked, Shem emotionally asks, “Father, why?” I say, “Shem my son, I was curious...” Tiyah looks pale. She almost throws up. Ham fearfully shouts, “Noah, don’t ever do that again!” I cheerfully say, “Ham, don’t be silly....” Sha’ah angrily says, “Ham’s right. Noah, you made Tiyrah feel sick.” Tiyah sickly says, “Augh, I feel queasy. Ou-oww..” I boldly say, “I’ll consider it...” Sha’ah’s face is redder than normal as she angrily says, “Do!”

Next morning, me and my family are on the top deck. We’re wearing our light gray, knee long work robes. I’m wearing Enoch’s cap and Sha’ah is wearing her red feathered headdress. We’re on the wide path by the big wooden cages against the left wall. We’re about twenty five cubits away from the pulsating yellow wall and a green door. These cages are held in place by thick ropes tied to rings on the deck up to rings up on the ceiling. Lots and lots of long colorful tubes hanging down from the ceiling between the rows of cages. Me and Sha’ah hold hands. I lean on my staff. We watch our children and their wives work in front of the three end stacks of cages. Ladders are against these cages. These stacks have three cages per

stack. Those cages are six cubits long, four cubits wide and two cubits in height. By them are twelve yellow rectangular containers, a quarter of a cubit deep, one cubit wide and two cubits long. In them are soil and tiny plants. Tiyrah climbs up her ladder. Shem picks up one of the heavy containers. He carefully hands it up to her. She struggles to slides it on top. She pushes it back. Tiyrah excitedly says, "It's cool how this locks in by the window." Shem's golden brown, graying brown bearded face smiles up as he says, "The sunlight from these many windows will shine on these plants." Tiyrah's yellowish tan wrinkled face frowns and says, "But taking care of them will be even more hard work." Ham climbs his ladder. Zilpah hands him a container. He struggles to lift up and slides it into place. Ham kindly says, "I love plants.." Zilpah boldly says, "Many plants may not survive! That's why were taking many plants and a vast multitudes of seeds." I notice that Japheth is fatter. He struggles to steps up on his ladder. Rachamah lifts up a container. He hands it to Japheth as she says, "Japheth, don't fall on me!" Japheth lovingly says, "Yes, princess Rachamah! But step back a little." He awkwardly climbs up his ladder. He slides the container into place and pushes it back against the window.

Chapter 14 Flood

Disclaimer-

The number of days after the flood begins that an event happened are an approximation, not exact days. Some events could be off by more than a week.

Luke 4:5-6

5 And the devil, taking him up into an high mountain, shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.

6 And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them: for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it.

Our grandfather pauses, his bloated, long bushy bearded face looks thoughtful. Sha'ah's dark eyes tear up under her red feathered headdress. Pe'ullah look up as she asks, "Grandmother, why are you crying?" Sha'ah gently says, "I was thinking about Sob'ah's funeral... She was such a sensitive friend... Too sensitive." Tubal laughs and says, "Grandmother, you're crying... You're breaking rule three!" Sha'ah childishly says, "I'm not crying! --Besides, it's only wrong for men to act fearful, angry, or sad... Woman can be vulnerable.." Pe'ullah's chubby pale face frowns as she sadly says, "But grandmother, men have feelings too.." I forcefully say, "Yes, we do..." Sha'ah sadly says, "Yes, --but men are suppose to protect women... These feelings get men and their women killed! --Dead men can't protect me..." Pe'ullah playfully combs back her sandy blond hair, laughs and says, "Glad I'm a girl... I can express my fears, anger and sadness --but men shouldn't." Tubal arrogantly laughs and says, "But men rule!" Noah forcefully says, "Enough..." Pe'ullah humbly asks, "Grandfather, may I tell you something?" Noah curiously asks, "What is it, Pe'ullah?" Her cute blue eyes look up at him. Pe'ullah timidly says, "I hear God's voice sometimes." Noah cheerfully says, "That's great! --What's God telling you?" Pe'ullah sadly says, "I got to free my brother Canaan from your curse.." Noah guiltily asks, "Did God say how?" Pe'ullah sadly says, "No... But God said there is a way..." Noah shamefully bows his head. Sha'ah gently caresses his long bearded cheeks as she says, "Noah, cheer up... There is hope for Canaan..." Noah tearfully says, "I hope so.... Back to the story... My family and the sons of God worked hard for many years to build the gigantic ark... The years slowly, painfully went by, but me and my family didn't seem to age much... I wished I was young when we started..."

A little before sunrise, seven very warm days before the flood. I'm laying on our furs in our tent. My cushy wife is sleeping on her back next to me. Only a couple of deer skins covers us up to our armpits but we're still sweating. I'm disturbed by dreams I don't remember. I roll around. I get up on my elbows. I caress my wife's long beautiful hair. I gently kiss

her right wrinkled cheek without waking her. I lovingly look down at how peacefully she's sleeping. I get up. I put on my light gray work robe. I put on my thick wooden sandals but don't strap any furs around my feet. I grab my staff. I walk outside. It's unnaturally warm. The ground is wet, muddy and squishy. I can't believe how all the snow around us has melted, even off the tree branches. I look around at my son's tents. The first dim pink rays of sunlight invade the starry purple sky. I shake my hairy head. I ask, "God, why is it so warm?" I get down on my knees on the muddy ground. I bow my head. I put my hands together in prayer. I moan. I tearfully say, "Lord God, please don't kill them all! There's got be other good people, -- somewhere... Thank you God, for sparing my family --but we sin too... Why do we get to live?" I feel dizzy. I fall forward. My long bearded face hits the muddy ground. I pass out. I wake up wet just after sunrise. I grab my staff. I slowly stand up on my aching feet. My hands wipe the mud off my face and tangled beard. I shake my head. I close my sore eyes. I slowly remember God saying something to me. (And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation. Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens, the male and the female: and of beast that are not clean by two, the male and the female. Of fowls also of the air by sevens, the male and the female; to keep seed alive upon the face of all the earth. For yet seven days, and I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights; and every living substance that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the earth. -Genesis 7:1-4) I'm very disturbed by God's words.

I go back into my dark brown tent. I bend down by my wife. I sadly say, "Sha'ah wake up! Wake up! God spoke to me again.." She slowly wakes up. She yawns. Sha'ah sits up and slowly asks, "Really? --What did Creator of All say?" Disturb, I say, "Take our family to the ark... The flood is seven days away." Sha'ah forcefully says, "Let's go! Rule three.." I calm down. I say, "Yes, my young lovey.." My plump wife quickly gets dressed in her gray work clothes. She puts on her red feathered headdress. I put on Enoch's cap and grab my staff. We walk out. We gently hold hands. We look at my son's three tents. Japheth's tent is gray spotted. Shem's tent is tan and Ham's tent is white. I shout, "My sons, get your wives... We're going to the ark!" We hear Shem's voice shout back, "Yes, father.." Rapheth's voice shouts, "We're coming.." Ham's voice shouts,

asking “Can’t I sleep a little longer?” Zilpah’s voice shouts back, “Ham, we go now!” Soon, our children and their wives come out wearing their light gray work robes. Tiyrah wears her red feathered headdress and Zilpah wears her golden helmet. She holds her shield and spear. We take down our tents. We fold them up, grab our furs, and other supplies. We carry them with us. We sweat as we walk through these muddy lands until we approach the ark.

The sun shines down behind the gigantic silhouetted ark. The clear blue sky brightens above. High in the sky, I see five of Micheal’s brothers on their fiery discs. They’re inside their colorful semitransparent spheres including Gabriel who is inside his aqua sphere. I see Micheal on the ramp standing by the ark’s open door. He’s dressed as usual. Micheal looks so ferociously muscle bound. His large golden disc is behind the lower back of his wide cape like collar. He watches his brothers. They float towards the ark from far away. One of his brothers descends. His sphere vanishes. He lands by Micheal. He’s carrying several shiny transparent squares. He steps off his disc. His disc floats into the ark. He shows Micheal his squares. He walks inside. Holding my staff and the ramp’s rail, I walk up with my family. Another brother lands. His sphere vanishes. He shows his squares and walks in. Another brother lands in front of us. He steps off his disc. It floats into the ark. Micheal’s piercing golden eyes stare at the thin cubit wide and long shiny transparent squares. I see that the squares are divided into many tiny squares with many tiny creatures crawling in them. Micheal slowly smiles. His brother walks in. I boldly ask, “Micheal, why are you here?” Micheal forcefully says, “To make sure all our animals get in!” Tiyrah nervously asks, “Micheal, why is it so warm outside?” Micheal gently says, “Some animals need more warmth to live so we warmed it up for them.” Tiyrah’s squinted brown eyes look amazed as she asks, “You guys can do that?” Micheal says, “Sure.” Another of his brothers lands by us. He does the same as the others. Shem curiously asks, “What are all those squares for?” Michael smiles and says, “To bring the many tiny animals from far away.” Sha’ah skeptically asks, “How can we possibly take care of all these animals?” Micheal laughs. Gabriel lands his disc behind my wife. His aqua colored semitransparent sphere vanishes. He steps off his disc. It floats inside. Micheal happily says, “Ask Gabriel.” A

gentle breezed blows though Gabriel's long brown hair under his golden halo crown as he says, "Fear not, Sha'ah... I and some of my brothers will care for all the beautiful bugs, worms, spiders, slugs, salamanders, small lizards, mice and other little critters on the lower deck... Uriel, Remiel and some other brothers will care for the medium sized animals on the middle deck. Your family will only have to take care of the big babies on the top deck... Just four hundred and eighty couples." Ham gasps and says, "Sounds like a lot of hard work." Zilpah nervously says, "Ham, this time you're right." Gabriel's squinted green eyes look excited as he says, "Micheal, great to see you! --How long will you be here?" Micheal gently smiles and says, "Till the flood comes." Gabriel happily says, "That's great! --Not the flood, --you being here." Gabriel walks in. Rachamah excitedly asks, "What now?" Micheal forcefully says, "Help my brothers..." We walk in under the ark's huge door. I look up at the four silver platforms floating just below the ceiling. We walk through the arch entrance to the back hall. We walk down the spiral staircase to the lower deck. We mostly watch his brothers putting thousands of tiny creatures in their tiny transparent cages. We carry the empty squares out once the brothers have taken all the mostly bugs and little swarming things out of them. Late that night, we're tired. Me and my sons walk to our tiny rooms with our tired wives.

Sunrise, six days before the flood. We're crowded in our small rooms. My light crystal shinning wakes me up. Sha'ah is already dressed, wearing her work robe and headdress. I get dressed in my work robe. I grab my staff. I put on Enoch's cap. The green door opens for us by a yellow pulsating ventilation wall. We walk through a long path between two long rows of large cages to the top deck's right hall. We feel a warm breeze by the ark's open door. Micheal is standing just outside, as he forcefully says, "Careful! Don't step on the small animals." We look down at our feet. We see a line of small animals, like rabbits, moles, small lizards, etc. going up the ramp. I look up. I see several colorful semitransparent spheres coming from far away. Inside each sphere is one of Micheal's brothers. They're floating on their fiery discs. One by one, they float down. Their spheres vanish. They land by the ramp. Each one holds two small animals in their hands, a male and a female. Cute little animals

mostly. They lay the animals down on the ramp. The brothers float up, and fly away. Each pair of these tiny animals peacefully go up the ramp in a strait line. They enter the door. I see a pair of frogs hopping around and a pair of salamanders, and some small lizards. My wife bends over. She picks up two strange furry animals. She stares at their bright green eyes, small pointed ears, long stripped tails, and overly long back legs. They don't struggle in her hands. Sha'ah curiously asks, "What strange animals are these?" Micheal kindly says, "Lemurs... They're smart." I notice that their creepy colorful eyes don't even look at us. Disturbed, Sha'ah asks me, "Don't they look like they're dreaming ---with their eyes wide open?" I look down at them and say, "It's creepy..." Sha'ah sadly says, "Noah, that's how you look when you're happily drunk..." I ask, "Really?" Irritated, Sha'ah says, "Yes... You don't know anything." She puts them back down. Other pairs of small animals go by us. We carefully follow them, pass the arched entrance to the left hall to the shiny white spiral staircase. We watch the tiny animals get on the small light green slide. We watch one pair of cute little animals after another goes down the slide and around the pole. Sha'ah's reddish wrinkled face happily smiles as she says, "That looks enjoyable.." I hug her. I says, "Yeah.."

Five days before the flood. Me, and my family are wearing our light gray work robes. We have large bags made of vines loosely tied around our necks. It's so warm, that Sha'ah and Tiyra are not wearing their headdresses. I'm not wearing Enoch's cap either. Zilpah is not wearing her helmet or carrying her shield and spear. Uriel and Remiel, are dressed as usual minus their large discs behind the lower back of their collars. They also have large bags tied around their necks. We crowd around the middle deck's narrow back hall. I see the eight long rows of softly glowing, medium sized white cages that are on both sides of back hall. Many are already full of medium sized animals crowded in their cages. The first row of stacked cages is against the back wall on both sides of the staircase. The second row is on the other side of the first narrow path. The third row is against the backs of the second row in front of the second path. The fourth and fifth rows are on the other side of the second path. The fifth row is against the backs of the fourth row. The sixth and seventh rows are are on the other side of the third path. The sixth row is against the back of the

seventh row. The eighth row is against the middle wall. We stand around the staircase as eight pairs of animals slide down it. We grab them. Japheth grabs two little orange foxes. He puts them into his bag. Tiyrah grabs two weird gray shelled animals that have very humped backs and thin little tails. She puts them into her bag. Rachamah grabs two green snakes and puts them into her bag. Shem grabs two brown raccoons. He puts them into his bag. Ham grabs two ugly yellowish tan lizards with big throats and long scaly tails. He puts them into his bag. Zilpah grabs two monstrously big red land crabs. She puts them into her bag. Sha'ah grabs two big dull green turtles. She puts them into her bag. I grab two bad smelling furry black animals with a white stripe going from their cute little noses to long very bushy tails. I put them into my bag. Uriel points towards the front side of the hall by the sixth row. There are no animals in this row. Uriel points up to the top cage, next to the hall and says, "Japheth put the foxes up there." He squeezes into the third path. He climbs way up to the top cage as his rear rubs against the cages on the fifth row. He opens the glowing white cage's little transparent door. He sees two little adjustable harnesses inside suspended between the sides of the cage by a flexible cord. Japheth asks, "What's the harnesses for?" Remiel says, "The harnesses prevent animals from bashing against the cages." He takes the male fox out of his bag. He puts him on his little treadmill, and slides the fox into his harness. He does the same for the female fox. He closes the cage's door. He climbs down. Japheth angrily says, "These paths are too narrow!" Remiel sternly says, "Japheth, just lose some weight... Tiyrah, put the armadillos in the cage under the foxes." She climbs up. She opens the cage door, takes one out of her bag, and puts the armadillo in. She slides on his harness. Tiyrah happily says, "I like them." She does the same for the other one. She closes the door. She steps down. Uriel points towards the cage under it, and says, "Rachamah, put your snakes in there." She squeezes into this narrow path, and opens the cage door. She takes her snakes out of her bag, and puts them in their harnesses. Rachamah angrily says, "These paths are way too narrow for me... I'm barely able to squeeze into them." Uriel gently says, "Rachamah, just do your best, --and maybe lose some weight.." Rachamah angrily says, "Princess don't lose weight!" She closes the door. She squeezes out of the path. Remiel calmly says, "Shem, put the raccoons at the bottom." He does. Uriel points up and says, "Ham, put those

bearded dragons next to the fox cage.” He climbs up, and open that top cage’s door. He take a bearded dragon out of his bag, and puts him in his harnesses. He does the same for the female. Ham asks, “What ugly creatures?” He closes the door. Then he jumps down. Remiel happily says, “Zilpah, put the coconut crabs in the cage below the bearded dragons.” She takes one reddish shell, multi-legged creatures with big pincers out of her bag. She steps up a little, opens the little door, and puts a coconut crab in their harnesses. She does the same for the male. Zilpah’s pale wrinkled face looks puzzled as she says, “These creatures look fierce but they don’t act like it..” The crabs crawl on their slowly moving treadmills. Zilpah closes their cage’s door. Uriel gently says, “Sha’ah, put the turtles below the crabs.” She gets on her knees, and crawls. She opens it’s door. She take them out, and puts them in their harnesses. She closes the cage door. Remiel says, “Noah, put those skunks at the bottom.” I put my staff down. I get on my knees. I crawl into the tight path between two rows of stacked cages. I open the cage door that’s below the turtles. I take out the one of bad smelling furry animals from my bag. I puts his harness on him. Then I take out the female skunk and put her in her harness. I close the cage door. I squeeze out of the path.

Sha’ah looks up at all the rows of flying animal houses attached to the ceiling and curiously asks, “When do all the flying animals come in?”

Uriel smiles wide with his big chubby cheeks as he tearfully says, “The day before the flood... You all must rest on that day.” I watch more animals come down the spiral staircase. We grab them on their way down. Uriel and Remiel grab some too. Two of their brothers come in. They do the same. We do this over and over again until it’s late. I’m so tired. Even Zilpah yawns and says, “I’m so sick and tired of this.” Uriel cheerfully says, “Everyone relax.. --And look at what we found.” I curiously ask, “What?” Uriel excitedly says, “A couple of behemoths...” Ham cynically says, “They died out a very long time ago!” Uriel’s dark red eyes shine as he says, “Not quite...” Zilpah happily hugs Ham till he’s embarrassed.

Zilpah excitedly says, “Wow, the legendary giants behemoths! Did you guys build a cage big enough for them?” Remiel laughs and says, “Look over here...” He walks over to the left side of the hall. He points towards the fourth row, by the hall, to the third cage up of a stack of four. We walk

by the second path. We stare inside at a couple of tiny weird looking blue and aqua scaled creatures wobbling around on their slowly moving treadmills. They're wearing their tiny harnesses. I lean on my staff. I look closely at them. Their heads, necks and tails look like snakes but their bodies looks like tiny woolly mammoths without the wool. Their dark beady eyes look like they're having a good dream. Disappointed, I say, "The ancient legends said that they were gigantic... But these creatures are as tiny as baby chickens." Remiel proudly says, "They're tiny when they hatch --but they slowly grow up to be great big giants..." Rachamah yawns and skeptically says, "If you say so.." Shem yawns and says, "I'm really tired!" Japheth yawns and says, "Me too." Sha'ah yawns and asks, "Uriel, can we go now?" Tiyrah tiredly puts her head down on her husband's right shoulder and says, "Please!" Uriel happily says, "You can go... We'll finish up." Tiyrah yawns and asks, "Don't you want to sleep?" Remiel happily says, "We don't sleep... You'll help us do the other side tomorrow." Rachamah unhappily says, "Please no!" Japheth yawns tiredly says, "Princess Rachamah, --we'll get through this." Ham shakes his head and says, "Maybe we would be better off if we just drown." Zilpah hugs him and says, "Ham, it's not that bad.." The rest of us groan. We walk up the staircase. We walk back to our small crowded padded rooms. We fall asleep, still wearing our work robes.

Morning, three days before the flood. We're laying on the cushioned floor of our small dark room. Sha'ah wakes up, and tightly clings onto me. Only our large deer skins cover us. She turns around and rubs my sore shoulders. Sha'ah childishly says, "Noah, wake up! --I had a bad dream.." Startled, I sit up and rubs my weary eyes. I say, "Light on, dim." The small light crystal above us dimly lights up our tiny room. I look deeply into her dark brown eyes. I ask, "Sha'ah, --what?" She hugs my bloated chest tight. Sha'ah fearfully says, "I don't remember much... Just your naked bloated body floating face down in a pool... I grab your hunched cold shoulders and tried to pull you out, ----but I heard your ghostly voice say, "I don't know, --if it's up to you.." I gently hug my plump wife. I calmly say, "Sha'ah, trust me... It is up to you!" Sha'ah fearfully asks, "Are you sure?" I calmly say, "Yes, my young lovely..." My wife holds tightly onto me. We get dressed in our work robes. I put Enoch's cap over

my long tangled hair. She puts her headdress over her smooth long white hair. We grab our staffs. I open our tiny room's door.

We walk out to a green door. I say, "Open." The door opens upward. On the other side is a pulsating yellow wall creating a gentle fresh breeze. We walk through a wide long path with large animals cages tied to all the rings. The large nets covering the cages on both sides of us. We walk down to the front hall. I see our children and their wives are already working.

They're wearing their work robes. Large baby animals are peacefully entering the ark's door. I happily say, "Hi, sons.." Sha'ah's pretty wrinkled reddish face smiles as she says, "Hi wives.." They greet us saying, "Noah, Sha'ah, good morning.." My wife looks at a couple of white baby bears, and a couple of baby crocodiles. They are going to a stack of two cages where Shem and Tiyrah lift the cage's large net. Japheth picks up a white baby bear. He puts her on the top cage's slowing moving treadmill. He slides her into her harness. He picks up the male bear and does the same.

Puzzled, Sha'ah says, "Those babies look happily drunk --but they knew which cage to go to." I say, "Yeah.." I turn. I see Micheal standing by the door. His mighty arms are crossed. He watches the many animal couples walk in. After the last animal couple on the ramp goes in, I watch Micheal's golden disc comes off the lower back of his iridescent white collar. It floats down by his feet. He steps up on it. His collar's fist sized brown jewel glows. The ramp gently tilts to the right until it gently lays on the muddy ground below. From far away up in the sky, I see a huge circular silver platforms inside a colorful semitransparent brown sphere. It quickly floats down towards us. The huge sphere vanishes. The platform slowly, gently moves right next to the door.. I see six of Micheal's brothers on the huge platform. They have many big baby animals from far away. I look back at Shem and Tiyrah. They lift a net as a couple small baby crocodiles walks into their shallow pool in the cage below the bears. Shem slide the crocodiles harnesses on. Shem and Tiyrah carefully lowers the net. They ties it's board down to the rings in front of it. Rachamah and Ham lift a large net up in front of another stack of two cages. Two baby lions walk to them. Zilpah picks up two yellowish lions. She lifts them up to the top cage's treadmill. She puts on their harness. Two baby goats, one white and one black walks into the bottom cage. They slides into their harnesses by

themselves. Rachamah and Ham carefully lowers the net and ties it down.

Shem and Tiyrah lift another net over another two cages. Japheth carefully picks up a male lamb. He slides him into his harness. He picks up a female lamb and does the same. Two tiny gray baby wolves happily go into the cage under them. Puzzled, Shem looks at the pups and says, "These dire wolves pups look tiny.." Tiyrah laughs and says, "Gabriel told me they're not dire wolves... They're small wolves..." Shem says as his wife puts her head on his shoulders, "These poor animals are so crowded.."

Tiyrah nods in agreement. Sha'ah points to the door and says, "Look Noah, even more big baby animals." I tiredly say, "Wow..." We watch many weird big baby animals we've never seen before walk in from the huge platform. They walk into the ark's door and go to their cages.

Before the sun rises on the sixteenth day after the last new moon, me and Sha'ah are wearing our work robes. I'm wearing Enoch's cap and Sha'ah is wearing her red feathered headdress. There's an odd smell.

We're very tired. We stand by Micheal. We're beneath the ark's large open door. Me and Sha'ah hold hands. I lean heavily on my staff. A nice warm breeze blows through our long white hair. Micheal's reddish face looks somber. His mighty arms are crossed. Sha'ah yawns. I look up at the cloudy night sky over the vast dark waters. I see the horizon turn purple. The clouds above slowly turn reddish, then pink with glowing golden stripes. Sha'ah tearfully says, "Noah, the sky, looks so beautifully peaceful... But tomorrow, our old world --dies..." I hug my plump wife.

Tears run down my very wrinkled bearded cheeks. I sadly ask, "If only people had loved? --And valued all lives?" Sha'ah tearfully says, "They wouldn't be judged --so harshly.." Our eyes tiredly close. We hold hands more tightly. Together we wait. I open my eyes. I see the sun's first bright pink rays glimmer over the gentle waves. From a distance, a multitude of flying animals comes. They look like a long black cloud. They gets closer.

We hear chirping. Sha'ah opens her beautiful eyes as she nervously asks, "Micheal, what's coming?" Micheal forcefully says, "Flocks..." Sha'ah curiously asks, "Of flying animals?" Micheal sadly says, "Yes... Thirty three thousand six hundred of them." I yawn. I boldly ask, "Should we help them?" Micheal calmly says, "No! This is a day of sacred rest...

Worship God." Puzzled, Sha'ah asks, "Don't the flying animals need our

help?” Micheal cheerfully says, “No... They know the way...” We walk into the ark. We walk through the arched entrance. Holding our staffs, we grab the rail of the spiral staircase. Sha’ah holds onto me. We step down to the middle deck. Our family is already sitting on the narrow left hall. We sits down next to Shem and Tiyrah. We lay our staffs down. Shem’s golden brown long bearded face looks excited as he asks, “Father, are the flying animals coming?” I cheerfully say, “You bet, son!” We hear many flapping wings and much loud chirping. A stream of flying animals fly down the spiral staircase. They fly right above us, and goes to their small houses on the much crowded ceiling. Tiyrah looks up nervously and says, “I hope they don’t poop on us..” Zilpah angrily says, “They better not!” Rachamah watches the many flying animals enter their houses above us as she says, “Somehow, each couple knows which house is theirs.” In wonder, Japheth’s long bearded wrinkled brown face looks up as he says, “So many flying animals.. So many...” Ham frowns and says, “Too many..” Sha’ah happily says, “My children, look at all these beautiful feathered animals -- and a few ugly bats.” A couple of scaly green winged animals with very long beaks and tails fly by us. Sha’ah points at them and asks, “What the Sheol are those uglier than bats things?” I watch those strange creatures go inside one of the bigger houses on the ceiling. I laugh and say, “I bet Gabriel loves them...” Tiyrah laughs, and her squinted brown eyes shine as she says, “Yes father, they’re so cool!” I shout, “Let’s pray!” We bow our heads. We put our hands together. I humbly say, “Thank you Lord God! For your grace, and my wonderful family... Thank you God for even the stuff we don’t understand... We know you love us! Let it be...” We all says, “Let it be..” All day, more and more flying animals come in as we worship God.

On the seventeenth day after the last new moon, my whole family stands together behind the ark’s large open door. We’re wearing our light gray work robes. The ark is well lighted by it’s many light crystals. I lean on my staff. Rachamah reaches up and puts her right flabby arm over her husband’s slumped shoulders. He fearfully holds onto his beloved colorful top. We look down out at the quiet dark sea and the shadowy rocky shore. Micheal and the ramp are gone. We look out at the horizon slowly turning orange as the white sun slowly rises up from behind the sea’s glistening

waters. The sun rises up into the clear violet sky above. Tiyrah's squinted brown eyes frowns as she skeptically asks, "Mother, is this really the day we feared?" Sha'ah emotionally says, "I don't know... How can it be so peaceful?" I nervously say, "Notice, Micheal's gone." Sha'ah angrily says, "Rule three!" I nod. A howling hot wind hits our faces, bringing a horrible stench to our noses. We gasp. Shocked, Rachamah asks, "What's this hot wind and --that awful smell?" Ham holds his nose and shouts, "I'm out of here! Zilpah, come!" As the fowl hot wind blows through her long blond hair, Zilpah forcefully says, "No.. I got to see this!" Ham walks holding his crooked staff. Rachamah holds her nose and says, "Ham's right... This stinks!" Japheth grabs his fat wife and says, "Princess Rachamah, I'm with you!" They walk. Sha'ah fearfully asks, "Noah, can I and Tiyrah go to the control room?" I calmly say, "Sure..." They walk. The stench worsens. The hot wind howls. In the distance, we see huge dark clouds rolling in. Giant lightening flashes across the sky. Shem nervously says, "Father, maybe we should go in too." I gasp. I nervously say, "Son, let's go!" Zilpah forcefully says, "Not yet!" We see the sea's restless waves grow large as the dark clouds zoom towards us. We hear Gabriel's voice forcefully shout, "Go to the control room now!" Zilpah angrily says, "Not yet!" The ark's two cubit thick door comes down. Shem forcefully says, "You heard Gabriel." She looks out the door's crystal clear window. Me and Shem rush to the ark's rear section through the first long path. We rush between many large animals in their cages. Shem helps me quickly walk. I use my staff. We come to a green door. I say, "Open." It swings up. The yellow wall pulsates. We walk in. We rush to the half circle in the middle wall. I say, "Open." An oval entrance briefly appears and opens up. We walk in. I see that Sha'ah, Tiyrah, Japheth, Rachamah, and Ham are already safely strapped in our floating cushy aqua chairs. Japheth tightly hold onto his top. Ham looks worried. Ham asks, "Where's Zilpah?"

Something powerful knocks us rightward. A loud thump. Me and Shem are thrown down on shiny black floor. We slide against and bump into the back curved wall. I frantically shout, "View, left side!" Our chairs rotate left. The aqua wall all around us changes into images of huge waves of water rushing down the mountains. The waters tear any small trees away in it's path. Many small trees loudly hit against the ark. The rushing waters forcefully shoves us out to sea. We feel the floor tilt wildly back and

fourth. Everything shakes. We crawl on our hands and knees to our chairs. We grab our chairs. We struggle to get up. We sit down on our chairs. Straps quickly cover our stomachs, chests and shoulders. I look up. The green needle in the glowing white circle moves wildly around. The control room rocks back and forth. I frantically shout, "Right view, middle." Our chairs turn to the right side. We see the stormy sea from the ark's middle. Great lightening bolts flash as huge crashing waves thrust us out. Dark clouds cover the sky. Heavy steaming rains falls harder than any blizzard I've ever seen. The thunder is so loud it hurts our ears.

Distressed, Ham shouts, "Zilpah, why aren't you here --with me?" Trees and rocks loudly hit the ark, rocking the ark back and forth in the boisterous waves of the sea. I see the green needle rapidly turns one way and then another. Thunder roars. Steaming rain pounds the ark. An entrance briefly opens up. Gabriel calmly walks in. He's carrying Zilpah up in his gentle arms. Her forehead is bleeding. The room is tilting all around us but it doesn't seem to bother him. His feet stick to the floor like a bug's feet do. Gabriel sadly says, "She got a little bang up when the small wave hit." Zilpah angrily shouts, "Let me go!" Gabriel softly says, "Relax..." More thunder. As a big wave hits the ark, Gabriel carries her to her chair. He gently puts her down in her chair. It's straps quickly wrap around her. Gabriel touches her forehead which stops her forehead from bleeding. She yells. She struggles against her straps. Ham laughs and shouts, "Zilpah, --just relax like me!" Zilpah angrily shouts back, "Ham, that's not funny." Gabriel calmly says, "Ark, mute... Front view. Front." We no longer hear the pounding rain, the crashing waves, and loud thunder. We gasp. Our chairs turn towards the front of the ark. We see the great storm from the front view of the ark. We feel the harsh movements of the ark being swamped by waves. I nervously ask, "Gabriel, did you say --little wave?" Gabriel softly says, "Yes..." He points a direction and says, "Ark, that way! Engines speed two..." The green needle shows we're turning right. We're push back in our cushy chairs as the ark's engines mightily speed us away from the shore. Gabriel nervously says, "The big wave will hit about noon... Relax!" Shocked, Sha'ah asks, "Are you kidding?" Gabriel cheerfully says, "Trust God.." Sha'ah angrily says, "You're not the Creator of All!" He calmly stands. Gabriel timidly says, "But God --is

with us!” As the room tilts back and forth, his feet stick to the floor. We feel the ark speeding across the mighty waves. We’re tilt more. Tiyrah fearfully asks, “How big is the big wave? --And then, will we be safe?”

Gabriel timidly says, “Big enough to crush this ark against a mountain... Then, more dangerously big waves.” Zilpah shouts, “Exciting!” Ham fearfully says, “We’re doom!” Gabriel comfortingly says, “Don’t fear! I’ll ride the waves...” Shem’s face turns pale as he asks, “Ride the waves? What does that mean?” Gabriel says, “Ride the waves..” Rachamah gasps and says, “I’m going to be sick.” Japheth says, “Princess Rachamah, me too.” Ham gasps and fearfully says, “Dear God, save us!” I put my hands on the glowing white balls floating just above my armrests. I look up the white circle. I see where it’s green needle points. I childishly ask, “When do I get to control the ark?” Gabriel gently says, “When it’s safer... Sound on soft..” The ark speeds far away.

Just before noon, the horrifying storm with it’s crashing waves and pounding steaming rain makes it difficult to see. Bright white lightening shoot throughout the gigantic black clouds above. The constant rocking back and forth makes us all feel yucky. Tiyrah almost throws up. Sha’ah gasps and nervously says, “Hope, I don’t throw up..” Rachamah and Japheth are not looking good. Ham has fainted. Zilpah’s pale face smiles widely. Gabriel nervous says, “Big wave comes...” He points a direction and says, “Ark, turn left, then follow my index finger... Engines, prepare for speed 3.” The ark turns left. The engines roars. The ark speeds. We’re pushed to the sides of our seats. Mighty thunder roars. Steaming rain pounds the sea as the waves crash all around us. A huge waves rocks us. I feel like we and the sea are falling down towards Sheol. I fearfully say, “Turn left. Tilt up.” I hear banging as things hit the ark. Our chair turn left as we tilt up. Except for Ham, we bow our heads. We quickly silently pray. Gabriel carefully points his index finger. The engines roar. As bright giant lightening fills the violet sky, I see it... I see it, even through the heavy steaming rains. A wave toweling up into the black heavens above. A huge lightening bolt lights it’s gigantic white crest, --the wave. Gabriel calmly points his his index finger diagonally away from the wave. He moves his index finger around. We speed diagonally away from the wave’s massively falling crest. We tilt diagonally. It looks like the whole stormy sea is

turning upside-down ready to crush us like a God's fist crushing a tiny bug. The giant crest is falling down towards our rear. Gabriel moves his finger around. The gigantic crashing wave chases us. Mighty crashing waters from the heavens are shown by the flashing lightening. Thunder and engines roars. We tilt on our side. Gabriel calmly stands, tilting with the control room. We speed sideways under the massive crashing crest that's catching up with us. We zoom quite a ways under the wave. I feel like I'm being thrown down into a huge pit as a mountain is about to fall on top of us. We hear loud knocking and the creaking of thick wood. It sounds like the ark is about to break into pieces. Ham wakes up and screams. We feel sick. Our sore stomachs feel like they are crawling up into our throats. We're gasping. We're being brutally jerk around. We hear more knocks and low squeaking sounds of thick wood being twisted. The ark turns upside-down, as the gigantic wave pounds ever down on us. I look up at the green needle spinning around. The mighty waters loudly bash and spin us around. Finally, we turn upright again. We rock madly. Me, Tiyrah, Rachamah, Japheth, Shem, and Ham have all vomited over our robes. I can't believe that Sha'ah and Zilpah didn't throw up. Tiyrah sickly gasps and says, "Mother, I feel so, so bad.. Owwww..." Sha'ah cheerfully says, "But I didn't throw up.. Good!" Gabriel happily points a direction and says, "That went well... O—another wave..."

Day 39, early morning. Pounding rains, crashing waves, and thunder go on endlessly as we rock back and forth. The stormy waves are always throwing things against the ark, causing nearly constant banging. We hear loud slurping sounds. Despite the light crystals, the bright lightening flashing through the ark's many thick windows onto the multitude of colorful tubes on the ceiling disturbs us. Me and Sha'ah are wearing our light gray work robes. We lean on our staffs. We're on the top deck's front hall by the ark's large door. We tiredly look at the second row of cages behind the first path. It's next to the front hall, on the left side of the hall. There, we see Shem and Tiyrah wearing their work robes. They're working inside the baby woolly mammoth's cage. We rock back and forth. We look at the tan colored baby woolly mammoths behind the thick net over their cage. Their four thick legs, walk on their treadmills as their long tan wrinkled trucks gently swing around. Their cute beady fiery eyes look

comfortably dazed. I see that Tiyrah is filthy. She's on her knees by a gutter. She holds a large thick white tube like device attached to a long tube on the ceiling that's making the loud slurping sounds. She presses it against various parts of the gutter. Her mother stares at her very dirty daughter.

Sha'ah asks, "Tiyrah, what are you doing?" Disgusted, Tiyrah says, "The baby mammoths are cute, --but their poo keeps clogging up the gutter."

Shem adjusts the mammoth's harnesses and safety straps because they have grown a lot since the flood began. More banging. Next to the hall on the other side is another large cage. Ham is climbing a ladder next to it. Zilpah hands him a green clay water pot. Ham says, "It's time to water the plants."

He climbs up onto the top of cage and squeezes under the low ceiling. He waters the plants near the window. Zilpah says, "Be careful.. There's hundreds of plants that need watering today." Me and Sha'ah walk up to them. We see in this cage, there are two large pig looking baby animals with huge mouths and large white teeth. They have little rounded ears and thin little tails. I curiously asks, "Zilpah, what are those?" Zilpah

nervously says, "Remiel told me those giant pig like things are call hippopotamuses and they're extremely vicious." Disturb, Sha'ah asks, "Even with the symbiosites inside them?" Zilpah forcefully says, "Yes!"

More banging, tilting and rocking. Tiyrah emotionally shouts, "Noah, mute the sound! It's driving me mad!" I calmly shout, "Sound.. Mute!" Sha'ah takes a deep breath and says, "I hate the endless banging! ---But rocking in silence feels terrible too." I say, "Yep." Sha'ah tiredly asks, "Will this horrible rains really end tomorrow?" Stressed out and tired, I say, "It better.." Sha'ah looks back at the mammoths and sickly says, "These animals all look so happy... I wish Gabriel put the symbiosites into us..." I laugh and say, "Lucky animals!"

Evening, one hundred and eight days latter. Day 147. Me and my family are in the control room. We sitting in our floating chairs. Sha'ah is asleep despite the banging. Her head is bowed down. Japheth is spinning his top on his chair's right armrest. I puts my hands on the small glowing white balls floating over my armrest. I tiredly say, "Front view, slowly turn right. Engines speed one." I look up at the green needle turning somewhat.

On the curve walls around us, we see images of lots of snow falling into the gentle waves of the sea. Our chairs slowly turn. We see nothing but

snow falling and waves rolling out endlessly. Our chairs turn from front to rear, and back to front. Shem tiredly says, "Father, I don't see any land anywhere.." I calmly say, "Shem, have faith.." Tiyrah yawns and says, "But caring for so many animals is such hard work." Shem shakes his head and says, "We never get enough sleep." Rachamah grumpily says, "And when we do sleep, we're trapped in these tiny rooms. --I feel like we're buried alive!" Japheth says, "Father, I don't know how much more I can stand." I giggle and say, "Silly Japheth, we'll make it.." Zilpah says, "Noah's right. We'll tough it out!" Ham angrily shouts, "Zilpah, speak for yourself... I hate this so much!" More things bang against the ark. Sha'ah wakes up and grumpily says, "Ham son, what's wrong?" Ham whines, saying, "Mother, --I want a nice easy life!" Sha'ah comfortingly says, "Someday son, our silly lives will be nice and easy... Believe it, --I do!"

The gentle breeze becomes a strong wind. The waves grow. We feel the ark go down suddenly. I see something weird. Shocked, I say, "View. Tilt slowly down... Engines off..." The images around us tilt slowly down in front of us. I see that under the dark aqua sea in front of us, are the small twin peaks of a long gigantic mountain just below the waves. A huge white crested wave rises up from behind us. More banging. The wave towers over us. I gasp. Ham screams. The powerful wave hits us, and shoves us forward. I fearfully shout, "Ark, avoid rocky peaks!" The mighty wave splashes us up above the rocky peaks into the heavens. We tilts down rightward and fall. I look up at the green needle shaking more than turning.

Ham emotionally shouts, "We'll all going to die!" Zilpah angrily shouts, "Ham, shut up!" We fall hitting the sea hard. We hear thundering splashes. The ark almost tilts back upright as we crash below the waves. The ark's right side loudly hits down against the jagged mountain's twin peaks. We forcefully stop. It painfully knocks us around with a mighty thump. Only our tight safety straps keep us from being thrown out of our chairs. We hear wood twisting and cracking. The control room is awkwardly slanted.

We're stuck between the tight peaks. We hear wood creaking and breaking. We hear water pouring in and horrible unknown sounds. Shem fearfully shouts, "We're stuck!" I say, "I feel like we're tilted down a little rightward." I quickly say, "View. Tilt slowly up.." The images on the wall tilt up showing us that the ark's middle top is just below the waves. I calm down and say, "Silly, silly, ha, ha, stop! Silly, view rear..." Our view

moves back to the rear. We see that the ark's rear is barely above the waves crashing over it. I look up. The green needle shows me that we turn slightly to the left. An entrance in the images around us briefly opens up. Uriel and Remiel walk in front of us. Their feet stick firmly to the black floor in our slanted control room. Uriel gently asks, "Is everyone all right?" Sha'ah angrily asks, "What the Sheol, --just happened?" Remiel calmly says, "Noah, found the tallest mountain peaks around here..." Tiyrah nervously asks, "How bad is the ark damaged?" Uriel calmly says, "The right side is leaking, several engines destroyed, and the ark's door was damage... But the water pumps should keep us from being too flooded." Ham fearfully asks, "Can you guys get the ark unstuck?" Remiel nervously says, "Not really..." Japheth nervously asks, "How can we survive under the sea?" Uriel happily says, "Praise God, the flood waters are slowly go down." Remiel comfotingly says, "The ark's door should be above the sea in about three days.." Me and my family groan. Rachamah asks, "Wait, the door is damage? How can we ever get out?" Uriel's dark red eyes shines as he says, "Trust God!" Remiel gently says, "We'll work on it."

Three days latter. Day 150, evening. Me and Sha'ah are wearing our ankle long gray work robes. We're sitting in our cushy floating chairs in the control room. I'm wearing Enoch's cap. She's wearing her red feathered headdress. The images around us, show us that it's snowing and the ark's door is no longer under the sea. Sha'ah tiredly say, "Luckily, the ark's door was not block by the peak, --but it was close." I happily say, "Praise God, Remiel repaired the ark's door.. And the sea is going down.." Some more things bump into the ark, making banging sounds. Sha'ah grumpily says, "Slowly, --very slowly..." I excitedly say, "Sha'ah, let's look out the door." Sha'ah nervously asks, "Why? We can safely see everything from the control room.." Distressed, I say, "I've been trapped with all these animals for a hundred and fifty days... I want to feel real snowflakes on my hands!" Sha'ah angrily says, "Rule three!" I calm down. I say, "I'm being silly... I'm going!" Sha'ah nervously says, "But Noah, opening that door is dangerous!" I laugh. I say, "I'm going! Safety straps off." The straps holding me to my chair come off. Sha'ah forcefully says, "Not without me! Safety straps off..." Her straps come off. We stand up. We grab our staffs.

We walk across the slanted floor to the wall. I say, "Open.." An oval entrance briefly opens up in the wall. We walk out. We walk to a green door. I say, "Open." The door opens upward. We walk under it. I look back at the pulsating yellow wall that keeps the air fresh with its gentle humming breeze. Sha'ah's dark eyes look repulsed as she says, "Those weird walls creep me out.." I say, "Yeah, but they keep the air fresh.." We walk across the wet slanted floor in the first wide path. It's slippery. We walk between the large cages with their thick nets and many large rings on both sides of us. More bangs. The light crystal dimly light this deck and all those weird colored tubes on the ceiling. We look around at all the baby animals laying motionless on their treadmills. Sha'ah fearfully asks, "Why do our animals look dead?" I gently says, "They're fine. Gabriel put them into hibernation." Sha'ah looks at them and says, "The baby animals have grown a lot since the flood began... As they grow, they'll get even more crowded.." I stop by the ape cage and say, "Yup.." I hear more thing bang against the ark. I stare down through the thick net at this young ape couple. I see the furry brown ape laying next to his reddish smaller mate. Their harness have been set up so they can lie down. The straps on the harness keep them from being throw against the cage during storms. Their arms are so long. Their faces are unnaturally pale. They are just laying on their treadmills. Distressed, Sha'ah says, "Those apes look dead! I comfortingly say, "Gabriel said they're fine..." Sha'ah nervously says, "They look a lot like us. They look like big hairy people... It's so creepy.." I thoughtfully say, "When God created them, he was planning ahead on creating us." Sha'ah asks, "Do you think they love each other like we do?" I happily say, "Like I love you!" Sha'ah lowers her head and seductively says, "And --I love you.." I happily say, "Yeah, I do!" I hug and kiss my wife. We walk all the way through the slippery wet path, by many animals behind their large nets that are tied to rings on the floor. We walk under the four silver platforms on the ceiling to the ark's huge door. We look out its crystal clear window. We see the snow falling into the endless sea's gentle waves. Sha'ah nervously says, "Let's just look out your window... It's cold outside." I lean on my staff. I excitedly say, "Door open!" The huge thick door creaks as it slowly opens up outward. A frosty breeze hits us. Snowflakes fly in. We chill. The snowflakes makes the floor even more slippery. Sha'ah shivers and says with frosted breath, "It's --so cold!" I

shiver. She puts her shivering arms around me. She lets me go. I look outside at all the little white snowflakes falling everywhere onto the vast aqua sea. The sea level is about half a cubit below the ark's door. I turn my left palm up. I feel gentle cool snowflakes fall on my palm and melt. It's so nice. I shout, "Ah it's so glorious!" The mountain rumbles. I slip. I fall back, and hit my head... I'm knocked out.

Latter, I hear Sha'ah coughing. I wake up laying on my back shivering. I'm under furs up to my neck. I cough a lot. The back of my head hurts really badly. I feel sick. I blow my nose. Lots of snot shoots out of my big swollen nose. I'm dazed. I shake. I shiver. I touch my aching head. I feel the bandages wrapped around it. I groan. I wipe the snot off my sore swollen nose. I hear Sha'ah's shivering voice say, "Noah, -you woke up! --Thank the Creator of All!" I open my eyes. Out of focus, I see her shivering. She gently touches my damp bearded cheeks. She steps back. We both cough. My eyes haven't focus yet. Someone comes into view. I recognize Gabriel's cheerful voice saying, "I told you Noah would be fine.." Moaning and shivering, I sit up. My eyes focus on my loving family. They're standing all around me. They're wearing their work robes. I see that we're in the control room and I'm laying on an aqua colored couch. Shem takes hold of my right hand. He tearfully says, "Father, we almost lost you! I was so worried... Father, I love you!"

Sha'ah shivers and cough more. Puzzled, I cough and painfully ask, "What happened? O-the pain.. The pain.." Japheth, my fat son sadly says, "Father, you hit your head. Then you slid out the ark's door into the sea..."

Rachamah joyfully says, "O Noah, I'm so glad you're alive..." I cough again and ask, "How am I alive? --Augh..." Sha'ah coughs. I see snot coming out of her cute reddish nose. Ham hugs me tightly and says, "O-my father, I love you! --My brave mother jump into sea! She pull you back into the ark..." Tiyrah's squinted brown eyes look sad as she comforting says, "Father, you're safe now!" Zilpah holds her spear up and comfortingly says, "Noah, me and Ham have been praying for you... You will survive!" Sha'ah shivers. I shiver. We cough. I ask moaning, "Where did this couch come from?" Shem's long graying brown bearded face smiles as he says, "Father, your chair change into that couch.. It can do that." Sha'ah hugs me, she coughs again and tearfully says, "O Noah, ---I love you so!" I fall sound asleep.

Morning, sixty nine days latter. Day 219. We're all busy taking care of the animals. It's hard for me to move around because the floors are tilted to the right. I lean on my staff. My wife is by my side. We walk to a large cage on the right side next to the middle wall towards the rear. I see a young dark brown and white bull with it's mate. Their safety harness are on too tight. Sha'ah unties the ropes and lifts the net. I say, "They're grown a lot since the last new moon. I'll loosen their safety harness.." I adjust their harnesses. Then I step out. We tied the net down to the rings again. We watch them through the thick net. The young bull and it's young mate are slowly walking on their treadmills. The slant of the floor makes this difficult for them but they're happily dazed. The treadmills stops. They eat and drink from their trough. I sadly says, "We're low on food for the animals." Sha'ah cheerfully says, "At least they'll have this one good meal before Gabriel makes them hibernate again." The showers above them, sprinkles water all over them, to clean them up. We walk through the arch entrance to the back hall where Shem and Tiyrah are caring for the pigs.

Shem lifts the net. Tiyrah craws in. She adjust their harnesses. She craws out. They tie the net down again. The cage above this half cage that has a couple of penguins in it. Tiyrah curiously asks, "How can their cage always be cold?" Shem tiredly says, "Gabriel did something..." I say, "Shem, Tiyrah, let's go!" We walk. They follow us towards the front where Ham is lifting a large net of one of the larger cages. Zilpah walks inside. Inside are two tall long neck feathered creatures. Tiyrah cleans up the large feathers on these treadmills. Sha'ah points to them as she asks, "Are those baby feather dragons?" I laugh. I curiously say, "Let's ask Ham?" We walk up to him. Sha'ah curiously asks, "Ham son, are those baby feather dragons?"

Sounding bored, Ham says, "Rather small feather dragons... Uriel calls them ostriches.." I say, "Ham and Zilpah... Let's go.." They follow us.

We all walk back to the front hall. We go through the arch entrance to the back hall. We walk to where Japheth and Rachamah are standing. She holds up a large net as Japheth brushes a couple of small horses and adjust their harnesses... One brown horse and one white horse. I say, "Japheth and Rachamah, let's go.."

We all walk to the control room. We sit down in our chairs. I look up at the green needle in the white circle above me. Sha'ah's reddish face frowns as she asks, "Why do you look at that needle? It hasn't moved

since we got stuck, seventy two days ago.” I say, “I just like to.... Rear view, rear, tilt slowly down...” Latter, I excitedly say, “Stop!” Looking way down from this mountaintop, I see other mountain peaks sticking up above the sea’s waves. Some peaks are near and some are far away. I joyfully shouts, “Thank God! See those peaks out there!” Ham frustrated, says, “Really...” Tiyrah’s golden tan face and squinted eyes frowns beneath her red headdress as she says, “At this rate, we won’t see the ground for several more new moons.” Zilpah sadly says, “Even Uriel doesn’t seem too hopeful.” Rachamah sadly says, “I’m afraid we’ll eventually run out of food --for the animals.” Shem sadly says, “Stuck up here, we can’t even harvest plankton...” Sha’ah gently says, “Son, trust that the Creator of All has planned all this for our good!” Japheth picks up his top that he left earlier in his chair. He spins his top on his armrest. Japheth hopefully says, “Gabriel will save us! He’s even smarter than Tubal was.” I boldly say, “I believe God will save us!”

Morning, forty days latter, Day 259, me and Sha’ah, are wearing our work robes. We hold our staffs as we walk to the spiral staircase. I’m wearing Enoch’s cap. She’s wearing her headdress. We see Shem and Tiyrah are busy watering the plants against the ark’s many windows.

Sha’ah curiously asks, “Why doesn’t Japheth and Rachamah ever water plants?” I laugh and say, “They’re too fat to get up there.” I take hold of staircase’s safety rail. We carefully step down to the middle deck. I walk forward from the narrow left hall towards the circular entrance. We see a few of Uriel and Remiel’s brothers caring for some medium sized animals.

Sha’ah follows me. We look around at the rows of stacks glowing white medium sized cages. We look up at the multitudes of flying animals hibernating in their transparent houses on the high ceiling. Sha’ah points up at them and says, “They all look like they’re sleeping.” I say, “They been in hibernation since we got stuck here... We’re really low on food.” I turn on the third narrow path towards the ark’s rear. We squeeze through this long narrow path that has cages tightly on both sides of us. We walk about halfway down. I stop to look the motionless small tan sloths. They have white spots and cute dark noses and dark oblong rings around their closed beady eyes. Sha’ah laughs and says, “They look funny with their wide faces, huge arm and claws. ---And that super silly hair!” I curiously ask, “I wonder if they hibernating?” Sha’ah giggles and says, “Looks like it..” I

say, "But they usually look like this." I sadly stare. Sha'ah sadly asks, "Why do you look so sad? They're fine.." I emotionally say, "But they're so small... I've seen giant sloths bigger than bears." Sha'ah emotionally says, "And you wish we saved a couple of giants sloths.." I get teary eyed and say, "Yeah, I do!" Sha'ah cheerfully says, "Let's go back to the back hall." I say, "Young lovelies first." She turns around. I turn around, my fat stomach squeezed between the cages. She walks back. I follow. We lean on our staffs. We steps into the narrow front hall.

We see Uriel and Remiel standing behind the circular entrance in the back hall. We walk over to them. Uriel happily says, "Hi Noah... Can I help you?" I look up at the high ceiling's many rows of triple stack flying animals houses. I boldly say, "I want to send a flying animal outside to look for plants." Remiel smiles approvingly and says, "Good idea... Which one?" I timidly say, "I don't know..." Sha'ah looks up at many flying animals in their transparent houses. Sha'ah points up to one and says, "How about that black one." Remiel's rugged reddish tan face smiles as he says, "Yes, send that raven... I like ravens.." Uriel points up at a smaller white flying animal and says, "I like doves better.. They're gentler.."

Remiel frowns. I laugh. I ask, "Why don't I send both?" Sha'ah thinks about it and asks, "Why not?" Remiel points to the hibernating ravens, smiles and shouts, "Male Raven, wake." The raven slowly begins moving around. Uriel points to the doves and says, "Female dove, wake." The dove slowly begins moving around. Remiel says, "Male raven, come down and obey Noah..." The raven flies down from his little cubed house in the middle of the his stack. He lands on Noah's right shoulder. I say, "That feels funny..." Sha'ah smiles seductively and says, "You look manly." Uriel shouts, "Female dove, come to Noah.." The dove flies down and lands on Noah's left shoulder. Sha'ah laughs and says, "Not so manly..." We turn back. We step up the staircase to the top deck's back hall. We walk through the middle wall's arch entrance. We walk up to the ark's door. I look out my cubit cubed clear window in the door's middle. I put my right palm next to window block and cheerfully say, "Unseal." It sticks to my palm. I pull it out with ease. A cold breeze makes us shiver. I lay the window block down by the door and say, "Unstuck." It lets go of my palm. I feel cold. I forcefully says with frosted breath, "Raven, fly around and look for plants... Come back at sunset!" The raven jumps off

my right shoulder, and fly out through the open window. Shivering, I say, "Dove, --same thing.." The dove flies off my left shoulder. The dove flies out the open window. I put my hand down on the block and say, "Stick."

Shivering, I put the block back into my window and say, "Seal." The breeze stops. I pull my hand out. We look at the many animals in the large cages around us. We walk and look at a brown camel and his tan mate.

They're on the other side of the first path across from the woolly mammoths. We watch the scrawny camels walking on their treadmills, despite the floor being slanted. Sha'ah laughs and asks, "Why did the Creator of All put those silly humps on their backs?" I say, "Don't know but they look like they're having good dreams... Sha'ah, you're my good dream." She kisses me.

We walk to a green door. Behind it is a pulsating, humming yellow wall. Sha'ah says, "Open.." This green door opens upward. We walk to the half circle entrance in the middle wall. I says, "Open." An oval entrance appears and briefly opens up. We walk into the empty control room. We sit down in our chairs. The safety straps cover our chest. I sadly ask, "Where is everybody?" Sha'ah laughs and says, "Silly, they're all very busy taking care of the animals." I put my hands on the white balls over my armrest and say, "Rear view, tilt down, slowly rotate right." The curved wall around us show us images of what's around us. Our chairs slowly rotate. We look way down at the mountains around us. We see mountains sticking way up from the endless sea. Sha'ah fearfully asks, "Noah, do you believe that many land plants survive?" I say, "If they didn't! We got lots of plants and seeds with us!" Sha'ah forcefully says, "Ark, find the raven..." I say, "Ark, find dove! Magnify twenty times." Our view tilts way up. We rotate quickly left. I see my pretty dove flying in the beautiful cloudy sky. Sha'ah angrily asks, "What? I want to see my raven, --not that stupid dove!" I calmly say, "A little latter... Relax and enjoy..." Sha'ah angrily says, "Come on. Find my raven!" I say, "Rule six!" Irritated, Sha'ah says, "Silly, silly Noah.. I'll let you watch your silly dove." We watch my dove fly around for a while. I say, "Find raven, magnify thirty times.." Sha'ah impatiently says, "Finally.." We takes turns watching our flying animals until they both fly behind some mountains out of our view.

That evening, my whole family is dressed in our best furs standing by the ark's door. I'm wearing Enoch's cap. Sha'ah and Tiyrah are wearing

their headdresses. Zilpah is wearing her helmet and holding her spear and shield. Rachamah holds onto Japheth. He holds onto his beloved squarish top. We all look out the window in the ark's door. The pinkish sun sets in the glowing red and golden scatter clouds with purple streaks. The sky slowly darkens over the other lower mountains and the glistening sea. We see the dove and the raven in the distance flying towards us. I put my right hand on my window and say, "Unseal." I pull the block window out. A cold breeze blows in. I set it by the door. I say, "Unstuck." The block stops sticking to my palm. The raven flies in first. He lands on my right shoulder but he brings us no plants. Sha'ah fearfully says with frosted breath, "O-my! My raven didn't find any plants..." Ham pulls at his long graying dark brown hair as his teeth chatter and he says, "We're going to starve!" Zilpah says shouts, "Ham, shut up!" Tiyrah's squinted eyes look hopeful as she says, "Maybe the dove found a plant." The little dove flies in and lands on my left shoulder. Me and the dove sadly look at each other. No plants in her beak or her talons. The cold makes our breaths visible. I put the clear block back into the window and says, "Seal." The cold breeze stops. Zilpah angrily says, "The flying animals didn't find any plants. What will the animals eat?" Rachamah's chubby face fearfully asks, "Did the flood killed all the land plants? Are we going to have to eat the animals?" Shem happily says, "No, we got enough plants on board to eat." Tiryah tearfully says, "I'm losing faith!" Japheth holds his top tightly and says, "No! Gabriel said, we can eat sea plants." Tiyrah asks, "What will our hungry animals eat?" Japheth nervously says, "Gabriel is working on that..." I desperately say, "Lord God give us hope,-- help us! Let it be! O-let it be.."

Sunset, seven days latter, Day 266, my depressed family stands around the ark's door. They're dressed in their best furs. We stare at the open cubit squared window. The black raven flies in. He has no plants in his beak or talons. We cry and hug each other. We have no words. Our heads are downcast. The dove flies in and moans. I slowly lift my weary head. I see a small green olive branch in my dove's little beak. Tears of joy flow down my bearded wrinkled cheeks. Tiyrah happily shouts, "Mother, look!" Sha'ah joyously shouts, "Praise the Creator of All! An olive branch.." I joyfully say, "Praise God! Let it be." Shem hugs his wife and emotionally says, "Tiyrah, there's real hope!" Tiyrah says in awe, "Yes

Shem, there is!” Japheth still holding his top shouts, “Princess Rachamah, the world may recover!” Rachamah says, “Great, --we won’t have to eat the animals.” Ham grumpily says, “Don’t bet on it!” Zilpah seductively says, “Ham, don’t be like that! Let’s celebrate, ---privately!” Ham happily says, “Zilpah, I won’t be like that..”

Morning, day 267. Me, my sons and Zilpah are wearing our hooded furs and our large back packs. Me and my sons hold our staffs. Zilpah is holding her spear and golden shield. She wears her helmet. We’re wearing thick sandals on our feet with furs are tied around them. Primitive furry gloves are on our hands. Snowshoes are in our backpacks. We stand by the ark’s huge door under platform one. Japheth holds a rolled up rope ladder. Sha’ah, Tiyrah, and Rachamah are standing under platform two. Sha’ah and Tiyrah are wearing their headdresses. Rachamah is wearing her blond polar bear furs with the polar bear head on top her head. Sha’ah fearfully says, “Noah, don’t go! You’re too old for this...” I boldly say, “Trust God, --I’ll be fine...” Tiyrah looks at her husband as she says, “Tell me absolutely everything you find!” Shem wearing his gray furs, grabs her hand briefly and says, “Tiyrah, --I will tell you everything!” Ham leans on his crooked staff as he fearfully says, “Zilpah, don’t go! --This is a man’s job.” Zilpah laughs and says, “Ham, worry about yourself! I’m ready for anything..” Ham leans on his staff. He frowns. We look up at the five cubit square silver platform that’s floating above us. Shem points up at it and sadly asks, “Father, if only we could use platform one?” Puzzled, I say, “Yes Shem... It would be so much easier.” Japheth shakes his head and says, “Gabriel said no! He must have a good reason.” Ham tucks his graying dark brown hair under his furry brown hood as he says, “No! He’s just a jerk!” Shem nervously says, “Father, you haven’t open this door since your accident...” Japheth’s graying black bearded face looks worried as he says, “Father, don’t go...” I sternly say, “Japheth! We do this together!” Ham’s reddish face frowns as he asks, “Zilpah, why are you armed for battle? Our enemies are all dead!” Her pale face smiles as her blue eyes shine. Zilpah boldly says, “Just in case... Maybe a giant sea monster will attack me!” Tiyrah laughs and says, “I thinks she really wants to fight..” Rachamah laughs and says, “Touch luck!” Ham hopefully says, “Hope we find lots of food for the animals!” Rachamah excitedly says, “Yeah, they need food now!” I say, “Japheth my son, do you have the long

rope..” Japheth looks concerned as he says, “Yes, father.” Sha’ah gently says, “Noah, my sons, and Zilpah, come back safely...” I gently say, “Sure, my young lovely!” I look out the clear window and say, “Open..” The ark’s door creaks. It slowly opens up. The cold winds hits us. I boldly say with frosted breath, “Japheth, let down the ladder.” Worried, Japheth says, “Father, please stay behind... We almost lost you once.” I forcefully say, “No!” He attaches the rope ladder to the edge of the door. He unrolls it down to the icy ground below. We tie our staffs behind our large backpacks. Zilpah slides her spear behind her backpack. Japheth gets on his hands and knees. He carefully climbs down the rope ladder swinging in the howling winds. He swings down to the rocky grounds below. He stands by the bottom of the ladder. He holds it steady as Zilpah climbs down, follow by Ham. I slowly get down on my knees. Shem carefully helps me to get on the unsteady ladder. I slowly climb down the over four tall men’s length rope, swinging back and forth in the chilling winds.

Japheth and Zilah help me off the ladder. Shem comes down last. I hear Sha’ah’s shivering voice say, “Close.” The door creaks as it swings down and closes.

We untie our staffs from off our backs. Zilpah takes her spear off her back. We take our snowshoes out of our backpacks. We strap them on beneath our fur covered sandals. Shem loudly asks with frosted breath, “Why do I feel so cold?” I chillingly say, “The warm ark has spoiled us -- and the strong winds make it feel colder ...” I forcefully say, “Japheth, hand us the rope.” As the winds howl, I tie the rope firmly around my big stomach. I hand the rope to Shem who does the same, followed by Zilpah, Ham, and Japheth. The chilling winds blows against us. We look back at the snow covered ark that’s slightly tilted between the jagged twin peaks.

Shem shouts above the howling winds, “Our ark fits perfectly between those twin peaks.” Beneath his furry black hood, Japheth says with frosted breath, “God stranded us here on purpose...” Ham frowns as he asks, “Japheth, why would you say that?” Japheth thoughtfully says, “Ham, do you really believe that we’d just got stuck on a mountain this easy to go down.” Ham angrily says, “Deep snow, slippery... Not easy!” Zilpah eagerly says, “Sha’ah says that the Creator of All plans things we don’t understand.” I forcefully shout, “Turn left.” We turn left. I nervously say, “Sons, Zilpah walk --slowly forward.” We awkwardly move forward

wearing our wide thorny snowshoes. I see that the long icy mountaintop gently curves downward to its dark side. We walk through the deep snow.

I look around. I see the jagged edges of the mountain are very steep. The strong winds makes it hard for us to walk. We leaves deep trail behind us.

We look around. This rocky mountaintop is about twenty tall men wide and gently curves downward into the mountain's dark shadows. We slowly walk way down to two thirds of the way to the sea. We see a steep cliff and four narrow twisted paths going down from it. It's less cold here. The winds howl. We lean on our staffs. We awkwardly walk and climb down the first shadowy path. Our wide snowshoes keep us from slipping. The path ends with another steep cliff. We nervously look down this high cliff.

We struggle to climb back up the first path. We walk down the second path that ends in a big dark cave. Zilpah excitedly says, "Let's explore the cool cave!" I forcefully say, "No! Next path." We tiredly struggle to walk back up this slipper path. My toes are cold and they hurt. My body aches. We carefully take the third path down. It ends with another steep cliff. We moan. We struggle hard to climb back up through the thick snow. We leave our big footprints behind us. I'm very tired. We slowly, carefully climb down the fourth icy slippery path. We climb down all the way to the dark mountain's coast where it's cool. We sweat in our heavy furs. The ice has mostly melted around here. We look out at the whitish waves over the shadowy aqua sea. I see beautiful mountain islands all around us. We look down through the waters but don't see the ground below. We watch the gentle waves splash against the many boulders all around here.

We climb onto the boulders. We slowly circle around the mountain till we come to the sunny side where there is a vast place of waters only about a tall men's height deep. It has lots and lots of long yellowish green sheets swaying under these greenish waters. Shem points towards them and asks, "What are those long sheets?" Japheth smiles widely and excitedly shouts, "Seaweed." I joyfully shout, "Praise God!" Ham happily says, "Father, it's food!" I excitedly say, "Yeah Ham... Food for our animals. Praise God!" Zilpah holds up her shield and spear. Zilpah skeptically shouts, "Wait! There could be monsters in those waters!" She unties the long rope around her waist. She slips out of our rope holding us together. She climbs up the largest boulder around. I forcefully asks, "Zilpah, what are you doing?" Zilpah shouts, "Finding out!" Ham unties our rope around

him. He follows her up the big boulder. She takes off her furs, snowshoes, sandals, and gloves. She's only wearing her work robe and her helmet. She picks up her shield and spear. Ham fearfully asks, "Zilpah stop! A monster might get you!" Zilpah excitedly says, "Or I could kill it and feed it to the animals!" Japheth looks disgusted as he says, "Gross!" Shocked, Shem says, "Really gross!" Holding her shield and spear, she slides down the boulder into the fairly shallow waters. She swims out looking around. She dives under the water. She swim to some giant seaweed and cuts it with her spear. She swims back holding a sheet of seaweed. I see a large gray fin rise up from the waters a ways behind her. A fishy sea monster bigger than her quickly swims up behind her. Ham, stands up on the large boulder, and shouts, "Zilpah, behind you! Sea monster!" She quickly turns back around in the sparkling green waters. She swims as quickly as she can. It zooms up behind her splashing feet. She climbs out onto a boulder just before the sea monster's gray and white head rises out of the water. Its huge sharp white jaws open wide and bites at her. She turns, stabs the sea monster near one of it's dead black eyes with her spear and jumps away from it. It swims away, bleeding. Zilpah hops from one boulder to another. She and Ham walks back to us. Zilpah holds up the sheet of seaweed and shouts, "Seaweed! I got it!" I angrily say, "Zilpah, you were reckless!" Worried, Japheth asks, "How can we harvest sea weed with sea monsters out there?" Zilpah angrily says, "So what? We'll kill them!" Shem asks, "How?" She ignores him. Ham looks into her blue eyes and fearfully says, "Zilpah, I love you!"

Latter that day, me and my family step down the spiral staircase to the lower deck. Gabriel meets us by the back hall. I say with mixed feelings, "Gabriel, we found lots of seaweed but..." Gabriel's squinted green eyes pleasantly shine as he joyfully says, "Good! You found it..." Ham angrily asks, "You knew... Did you know about the sea monster?" Gabriel calmly asks, "The sharks? My pet will chase them away." Zilpah angrily shouts, "You should of told us about the sea monsters!" Gabriel's smooth yellowish tan face gently smiles as he says, "I didn't want to spoil your fun..."

Morning, six days latter, Day 273. Me and Sha'ah stand by the ark's large door. I'm wearing my brown furs and Enoch's cap. On my right shoulder stands the raven and his mate and on my left shoulder stands the

dove and her mate. Sha'ah is wearing her long yellowish furs and her red long feathered headdress. My left hand holds my staff. My right palm presses against my cubit squared window block. I forcefully say, "Unseal!" The crystal clear block sticks to my palm. I pull it out. I put the block by the door. I say, "Unstuck." The block stops sticking to my palm. A chilling breeze blows in. We shiver. Sha'ah seductively smiles beneath her red feathered headdress and says with frosted breath, "You look manly with all those ravens and –doves on your shoulders..." My teeth chatter. I say, "You bet, my young lovely... But they are kind of heavy." Sha'ah gently asks, "So what?" I smile back. I look at them on my shoulders. I joyfully say with frosted breath, "Ravens, doves, God bless you! Be free!" They quickly fly out up into the clear blue sky. I bend over, put my palm down on the block. It sticks to my palm. I put the clear block back into the window. The chilling breeze stop. I say, "Seal." The block stops sticking. My hand comes out. I put my right arm around my wife's gentle shoulders. Sha'ah says, "They're free.." We smile.

Sunrise, thirty four days latter, Day 307. I stand by the ark's door. My three sons and Zilpah are behind me. We're wearing our furs. Four large bags are tied up behind us. Me and my sons hold our staffs. Zilpah holds her spear and her shield. Japheth holds the rope ladder. We tie them behind our backpacks. I say, "Open" The ark's huge door creaks slowly open. A cool breeze blows in. We watch the bright yellowish orange sun rise slowly above the beautiful silhouetted mountaintops. The sun rises up into the purple but bluing sky. A few scatted golden pink clouds slowly move. I excitedly look down our mountain as far I can see. I say with my joyful elderly voice, "I can't tell for sure, --but it looks like dry land."

Shem gently says, "Good! We got garden tools and some seeds in our bags." I say, "Let's go!" Ham grumpily asks, "More hard work?" Puzzled, Zilpah says, "I don't get gardening." Rapheth forcefully asks, "Do you like feeding animals?" Zilpah excitedly says, "Yeah." Shem happily says, "Gardening helps us feed animals." I say, "Throw your bags over." Shem picks up his big bag and throws it out the door. It drops to the icy ground below and thumps. Ham, Zilpah and Japheth throw their bags out. More thumps. Japheth attaches the rope ladder to the edge of the ark's door.

Latter, we're down by the boulders carrying our bags behind our backpacks. The cool winds are gentle today. I have the long rope tied

around my stomach, tied to Shem, tied to Ham, tied to Zilpah and tied to Japheth. I'm in front, and Japheth is in back. We're climbing down on the sunny side of the mountain. We walk to the shallow pools where all that seaweed was. We take our bags off, sit down and rest. From here, we clearly see that the sea no longer flows between the mountains. The land below is drying out. Large rivers are where the land was once deep under the sea. We climb up the largest boulder around here. We stand together.

We look out at the vast drying pools. Amazed, I say, "Wow! We and the sons of God harvested all that seaweed..." Zilpah sadly says, "And the sea has left.. It's dry now.. --No sea monsters here." Worried, Ham says, "No seaweed either!" Shem sadly says, "Gabriel put the animals back into hibernation because we're low on food again." Japheth laughs and says, "That's why we're planting seeds." I nervously look down. I fearfully say, "Gabriel's pet scares me..." Zilpah holds up her spear and says, "It's cool!" I boldly say, "Let's go down and plant seeds!"

Latter that day, we're further down the overly warm tilted mountainside. We climb down to about fifty tall men's height above the muddy, much cluttered valley below. I see a huge river running through the middle of the valley. The only live plants I see are scattered weeds. Debris is all around, scattered pieces of just about anything, especially branches, slime, and yucky dead rotting stuff. We're hot. We sweat a lot. We smell bad. We take our heavy bags and our backpacks off our backs. We put them next to a large boulder. We take off our snowshoes and our furs. We put them between dry boulders. We're only wearing our light gray work robes. I dig just under some debris with my staff, exposing some dark soil.

It looks good. I happily say with my elderly voice, "The soil's good!"

Shem skeptically says, "Father, I hope you're right.." Japheth uses his staff to check the soil and confidently says, "It's good." Ham grumpily says, "Better be!" Zilpah puts her arm around his shoulder and says, "Ham, cheer up!" My sons and Zilpah open their bags. They take their hoe heads out. They attached them to their staffs. Zilpah attaches her hoe head to the back of her spear. Together, we start to clear out a small patch of land. We break up the soil with our hoes. Ham take out a jar of seeds from his bag.

We scatter these seeds over this moist soil. I curiously ask, "I wonder where the olive trees are?" Shem's golden brown face frowns as he says, "I don't see them." Japheth rubs his long graying black beard as he says, "I

only see some weeds and dead stuff.” Ham cheerfully says, “My brothers, -we will find the olive trees.” Pleased, Zilpah asks, “Ham, are you being hopeful?” Ham laughs and says, “Yeah! That dove found olives trees and -so will we.” I excitedly say, “Ham son, you’re right! Praise God!”

Fifty seven days latter, Day 364, twenty seven days after the second new moon. Me and Sha’ah are in our small, crowded, tightly padded room. We’re sleeping together under our deer skins. I wake up cuddling next to my plump wife. I sit up. I remember a dream. I was wearing my good furs and Enoch’s cap. I was floating helplessly around in a dark void of vast nothingness. A brilliant green light beam pierced the void. The light shined on me. My wrinkled skin, my long white hair and my beard faintly glowed their natural colors. The glorious green light pulsed to the majestic voice that I heard. (And God spake unto Noah, saying, Go forth of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee. Bring forth with thee every living thing that is with thee, of all flesh, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth; that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful, and multiply upon the earth. Genesis 8:15-17). As the voice spoke, my family appeared floating around me, dressed in their best clothes. A beautiful warm forest appeared around us. We floated down to the tall green grass below us. The brilliant green pulsating light beam greatly expanded, as numerous flying animals flew above us. A multitudes of different kinds of animals filled the huge gorgeous forest. Then I woke up.

I gently rub my wife’s shoulders. I excitedly say, “Sha’ah, wake up! Wake up! --God told me, it’s time to leave.” She slowly wakes up. She sits up under our dear hide. Sha’ah happily shouts, “Thank the Creator of All! --But why didn’t we leave fifty seven days ago?” Puzzled, I say, “Don’t know...” I put on my brown furs and Enoch’s cap. I grab my staff. Sha’ah puts on her yellowish robe and her red feathered headdress. She grabs her staff. I open our small door. We walk out of our tightly padded room. She stares at the three small rooms, next to ours. I say, “Ark, rooms soundproofing off.” Tiyrah moans. Sha’ah stands by my side as she shouts, “Everyone come out!” Tiyah moans as we hear her voice says, “Ah, Shem stop, the soundproofing is off!” Shem’s angrily voice says, “O-o-no! --Augh!” We hear Rachamah yawn and say, “Ah, I’m, --I’m so tired...”

This better be important!” Japheth’s tiredly voice asks, “What is it, father?” Zilpah’s voice shouts, “Ham, wake up! Wake up..” Ham’s angry voice shouts, “Never! Augh..” Soon, they open their doors. They come out of their little rooms, wearing their work robes. They stare at us. They hold their staffs. Rachamah forcefully asks, “Are we finally leaving this box?” Zilpah holds up her spear and hopefully asks, “Noah, can we go?” Shem angrily asks, “Father, can we?” I timidly say, “Yes, Shem... God told me it’s time to go!” Japheth says, “Thank God!” Ham curiously asks, “Father.. Did you tell Gabriel?” Sha’ah calmly says, “Ham my son, he hasn’t told him yet.” Ham nervously asks, “What if Gabriel says no?” I proudly say, “He won’t! --God, his boss, told me to go!” Zilpah excitedly says, “Now that’s what I want to hear.” We walk to a green door by the rear section’s spiral staircase. I say, “Open.” The door opens. We walk out pass the gentle humming pulsating yellow wall. We walk through the first wide path that has large cages crowded with all kinds of big animals on both sides of us. They’re behind their thick nets. The large animals look dead in their harnesses, because they are hibernating. I look around at the many ropes tied to the rings in the ceiling, tied to the cages and tied to the rings on the deck. I look at the multitude of colorful tubes hanging down from the ceiling. We walk down the ninety six cubit long path to the right hall. Suddenly the all the skinny animals here slowly wake up and gently move around. The crocodiles splash their tails in their crowded pool. The mammoths hold each other trunks. The wolves howl. The little horses neighs. The ostriches squeaks. The hippopotamus fight. The apes hug each other. Tiyrah’s golden tan face joyfully smiles as she shouts, “It’s a sign! Life begins again!” Shem says, “Praise God!” Sha’ah and me hug.

Me and my family sit down together by the ark’s door. We put our staffs down. I happily shout, “Open.” The ark’s door’s slowly creaks open. A gentle cool breeze blows in. We hear Uriel and Remiel’s voices shout from the middle deck, “Be free!” We hear lots of chirping, wings flapping and other weird sounds. Soon, hundreds of amazing colorful flying animals zoom up the spiral staircase. They fly through the circular entrance and over our heads. Masses of flying animals loudly flap their many wings above us. They fly out the ark’s door. We watch multitudes flying towards

the icy mountaintops into the beautiful blue sky that has so many big white clouds scattered all around. The sun's golden rays shine down through the clouds, all the way to the dry ground way below. The seemingly endless stream of flying animals look like magical winged clouds being blown out the ark's door. They are all so beautiful. More and more of them fly out the door to go to their new homes. So many flying animals fly above us that it seems that there is no end of them. Then the last few hundred fly out.

Latter that morning, me and Sha'ah walk to a large bull cage. We watch a huge but skinny young brown and white bull and it's mate moo together. We untie the large net in front of them from it's rings in the deck. Sha'ah nervously says, "Look at their how sharp their horns are. How big they have grown. If they were not so creepily happy?" I laugh and say, "They could easily kill us.." We lift the large net up. We enter their crowded cage. I remove the harness from this young bull. Sha'ah removes the harness from this young cow. We pull up the net as Sha'ah says, "Follow us." The bull and the cow obey her. They follow us out of their cage to the three cubit wide path to the right hall. They follow us to the right hall to under platform three and four. I say, "Platform one, down." The five cubit square silver platform gently floats down to the floor. Me and Sha'ah step up on it. The bull and the cow step up on it. Sha'ah nervously says, "We're kind of crowded." I say, "Yep." I pet the bull's back. Sha'ah pets the cow's hind quarter by it's long but skinny tail. I say, "Open." The ark's big door creaks opens outward as a gentle cool breeze blows in. I calmly say, "Gabriel taught me how to use this platform." Irritated, Sha'ah says, "But he didn't let you use it until now." I angrily say, "It better work!" Sha'ah forcefully says, "Rule three!" I say, "Silly, silly, silly me... Float slowly. Follow my index finger." Platform one along with us, the bull and the cow slowly rises up. I point forward. We float out of the ark's wide open door. We nervously look down at the gigantic mountain. I point up at an angle as we float above the ark. In awe, we look down at our ark. It's still stuck between those weird twin peaks. Sha'ah says in awe, "Wow, our mountain is --so very tall... It dwarfs the others mountains around us... Noah, it's scary up here... Go down -- gently.." I comforting say, "Sure, my young lovely." I point down to the huge river. Near it, our many crops are quickly growing. As we slowly

float down, the bull and cow happily look around. They moo a little. I pet my bull and ask, "I wonder if this bull and his mate even know we're here?" Sha'ah joyfully says, "I'm happy! And I know I'm here with you." I smile and say, "Me too!" We slowly float halfway down the mountain.

I say, "--Floating down is so much better than going down by foot." Sha'ah laughs and says, "That why I didn't go with you earlier." We float down to near the crops by the large river. Sha'ah curiously asks, "Did you ever find the olive trees?" I say, "Yes." I point to one of the near-by mountains. I say, "The olive trees are near the top of that mountain." Sha'ah asks, "How did they survive?" I hunch my shoulder, laughs and happily say, "A miracle.." I gently land our platform near our crops.

We look up way and see platform two floating down from our mountain. As it comes nears the ground, we see two huge but skinny young brown woolly mammoths on it. They're crowding Shem and Tiyrah. They are tightly holding onto the mammoth's long tusks, to keep them from falling off the edges. Shem points his index finger towards the ground next to us. Platform two gently float down and softly land by us. Shem gently pets the long trunk of the male mammoth. Tiyrah pets the truck of the female one. Shem happily shouts, "Wow, we made it all the way down!" I nervously say, "Shem, that looks dangerous!" Shem tiredly says, "Yeah, father.." Tiyrah's squinted brown eyes fondly looks at the huge mammoths and says, "Wow, they have grown so much... And they're still so cute!" I cheerfully say, "Yes Tiyrah!" Shem happily shouts, "Mammoths go free!" Together, the huge mammoths happily march off the overcrowded platform. They march towards the great river. The wind blows through Tiyrah's curly brown hair as she says, "I'll miss them... But not their poo.." Sha'ah joyfully says, "My children, the flood is finally over!" Tiyrah cheerfully says, "Yes mother, --but it will take over a week to get all these animals out." I tiredly say, "The sons of God will help us."

We look up. We see platforms three and four coming down. They gently land next to us. Japheth and Rachamah stand on platform three along with seven small sheep. Ham and Zilpah stand on platform four along with another seven small sheep. Puzzled, Rachamah asks, "Noah, why are we saving so many sheep?" I hunch my shoulders and say, "God told me to save seven pairs of clean animals, including bulls, sheep, goats,

deer, and some weird long necked animals.” Japheth curiously asks, “Father, why save so many?” I timidly say, “We suppose to sacrifice a couple of them.” Rachamah laughs and says, “But that would still leaves twelve of them. Why so many?” I lean on my staff. I shrug my shoulders and say, “Don’t know... God said.” Ham cheerfully says, “God must like clean animals.” His wife shakes her graying blond hair. Zilpah’s pale blue eyed wrinkled face frowns as she asks, “Then why does God wants us to kill them! I kill what I hate! --I protect those I love!” She grabs her husband. He looks embarrassed. Puzzled, Ham asks, “Well father, do you know?” Puzzled, I say, “Not really...” Sha’ah’s dark brown eyes lovingly looks at me as she obsessively says, “You sacrifice something you love, ---to get or keep someone ---you love even more!” I nervously say, “Sounds scary!” Sha’ah angrily says, “Rule Three!” I say, “Silly me... I’m not scared.” Sha’ah happily says, “Good!”

Latter that day, me and Sha’ah, are wearing our furs. I’m wearing Enoch’s silly looking fur cap and Sha’ah is wearing her red feathered headdress. We’re standing on platform one along with two big tall weird yellow orange spotted animals. They have four long skinny legs and are so tall they have to bend their very long necks down to keep their heads from bumping into the ceiling. They also have a pair of pointy ears and small strange rounded horns on top their oblong heads. I see Gabriel walking towards us through the arched entrance. He’s dressed in his very wide iridescent white collar. He’s wearing his golden halo crown over his long smooth brown hair. His beardless yellowish tan face joyously smiles.

Gabriel excitedly happy says, “Micheal’s coming! Take the rest of the day off.” Shocked, I ask, “Why? I like taking the animals down.” Gabriel’s green eyes look sad as he says, “The giraffes wouldn’t do well here...

Micheal and me will take them to where they belong.” I timidly say, “--Sure.” Sha’ah grumpily says, “Very well.” We step back off platform one.

Gabriel steps onto it and says, “Open.” We watch the ark’s door open upward. A cold breeze blows in. We watch a gigantic circular silver platform float down into view. It slowly floats right up against the ark’s open door. I see Micheal and six of his brothers stand in the middle on his platform. They’re facing us. Below his glowing golden halo crown, Micheal’s long pure white braided hair blows in the wind. Sha’ah excitedly

asks, "Gabriel, may we greet Micheal?" Gabriel laughs and asks, "Why not?" Gabriel looks up at these weird tall animals and gently says to them, "Giraffes, follow me!" He walks out the huge door. The tall animal couple step off platform one. They follows him. Gabriel turns back and says, "Platform one, up." Platform one floats back up against the ceiling. Leaning on our staffs, we follow behind them onto the gigantic platform. The moment our feet touch it, we're all magically warm and comfortable. Gabriel gently says, "Close." The ark's door closes. We and the giraffes walk near Micheal and six of his brothers. Gabriel stops, spreads his arms wide and happily shouts, "Hi, Micheal!" Micheal crosses his overly muscle bound arms and cheerfully says, "Gabriel, my friend! --You brought guests." Gabriel warmly says, "Sure did.." Micheal smiles as he says, "Noah, I see you survived... How are you?" I happily say, "I'm good.." Micheal's glaring golden eyes stare at me as he says, "Don't drink wine!" I timidly ask, "Why?" Micheal angrily says, "Because I said so!" Sha'ah curiously asks, "Micheal, what should we do?" Micheal sternly says, "Love God, love others, and feed the hungry... And don't worship idols, kill others or cheat on your spouses... --Ignore God, and you'll wish you had drown! Now go!" The giraffes bend their necks down. Micheal gently pet their heads. Gabriel happily says, "Micheal, I'll get the rest of our giraffes... Your brothers here can get the apes, the monkeys, the hyenas, the kangaroos, the rhinos, the hippos, the dragon lizards, the ostriches, etc, etc, etc..." Micheal smiles and says, "Sounds good!" We turn around. We slowly walk back towards the ark's door. I says, "Open.." The door opens. Gabriel and six of his brothers follow us inside.

I, Tubal, and Pe'ullah listen carefully. Our grandfather ends his very long story. Noah says with his low elderly voice, "After we got all the animals off the ark, I built an altar. I sacrifice a lot of the clean animals on it. (And the Lord smelled a sweet savour; and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease. Genesis 8:21-22) Then God gave me and my sons some rather long instructions, --so I'll paraphrase it. Basically, God

said, "Have lots of children. Animals will fear you. You may now eat the animals but you must not drink their blood. Those who kill humans, will be killed by humans, for humans are made in the image of God... And God made a solemn promise to us, and to the animals not flood the earth to destroy it... God put a rainbow in the clouds as a sign of this great promise." I get this ugly feeling that I should ask my grandmother for more details. I can't help but boldly ask, "Sha'ah, do you know something that Noah doesn't know about the flood story?" Her reddish wrinkled face and dark brown shiny eyes look surprised. Sha'ah forcefully says, "No!"

Tubal's dark boyish face smiles wickedly as he says, "Yes, you do!"

Sha'ah, tell us!" Pe'ullah sheepishly asks, "Grandmother, do you know something more?" Noah gently curious asks, "My young lovely, is there more?" Sha'ah nervously asks, "Noah, remember when I saved you from drowning?" Noah happily says, "Yes... Tell us..." Sha'ah fearfully says, "But it will upset you!" Noah boldly says, "No more secrets! --I promise, I'll keep calm.." Tubal cheerfully says, "This will be good!" I nervously say, "I'm not sure.." Pe'ullah says, "Grandmother, tell us! --I'm so curious!" Sha'ah nervously pauses, then sadly says, "That evening, we walked on the slanted top deck to the ark's huge door. Noah had Enoch's cap on. I had my red feathered headdress on. The wet floor was somewhat tilted down towards the huge door. We looked out Noah's window. I said, "Let's just look out your window. It's cold outside..."

As I stand by his side, Noah playfully says, "Door open!" As the ark's door opens upward, a cold breeze hits us. I shiver and say, "It's --so cold!" I put my shivering arms around his plump chest for a while. I slowly let him go. Noah looks out at the white snow falling into vast glistening aqua sea's gentle waves. He turn his left hand up. Gentle snowflakes fall on his hand. Noah happily shouts, "Ah, it's so glorious!"

Waves splash water up onto the floor, making it very slippery. Suddenly, the mountain shakes as snowflakes blows against our faces. My husband loses his balance. He slips back. I try to grab him but I grab Enoch's cap instead. Noah hits the back of his head against the floor. He slides out the ark's wide door. He splashes down into the sea. He floats face downward.

He drifts away in the gentle waves. I take off my headdress. Uriel and Remiel comes up behind me. I throw his cap and my headdress inside. I'm

about to jump into the sea when Uriel sadly shouts, “Sha’ah stop! ---It’s time for Noah --to die! He’s lived good very long life!” I forcefully shout, “No! I will save him!” Remiel quickly shouts back, “If you do, he will curse one of your grandchildren and --your families will suffer a great horror for generations...” I clench my fists and angrily shout, “I will save him!” I jump into the shockingly cold sea waters. I splash and shiver. Swimming, I hear Uriel’s sorrowfully voice shouts, “Sha’ah, --I don’t know if it’s up to you...” My fingers and toes, my soaked robe, my face and my hair feel like wet crackling ice. I shiver, swimming with all my might, through the freezing waves towards Noah’s floating body, that’s being lightly dusted by the falling snow. He’s drifting away but I’m catching up. My shivering breasts ache from the ice cold waters. Remiel angrily shouts, “Sha’ah, let him die! Noah would not want his family cursed!” I angrily swim on. Remiel angrily disturbed shouts, “I can’t allow this! Stop or I’ll....” As I reach my husband’s body, I lift my head above the waters and furiously shout, “Try to stop me!” Remiel aims his right palm at me. He angrily shouts, “Stop! --Stop! ---Stop!” His right palm shakes, as it glows green. My toes are painfully numb. My numb hands mightily grabs Noah’s hunch shoulders. I swim back. I pull his body through the ice cold sea. Snowflakes fall into my eyelids. I swim to just under the ark’s open door. I look up. Remiel’s palm stops glowing. He pulls some of his dark brown hair out. Remiel tearfully says, “Forgive me! --Forgive me! I can’t...” Uriel gets down on his knees, reaches down into the waves, and mightily pulls us up out of the sea. Painful cold water splashes down from our drench shivering bodies, our robes and our long hair. The icy breeze stings my exposed skin. Uriel gently lays us down on the wet slippery front hall. I see that Noah’s head is bleeding. Uriel calmly says, “Close.” The ark’s door closes down behind us. That stops the painfully cold breeze from hitting us. We’re chillingly soaked. I’m shivering. I put my ear next to Noah’s chest. He’s not breathing. I forcefully press my hands against his chest and pump the water out of my husband’s lungs. I breathe into his much wrinkled snotty nose and mouth. I blow into them over and over and over again until he finally breathes. Uriel’s black chubby face and dark red eyes sorrowfully frowns. His long black braided hair hangs down by his sides. Uriel bitterly says, “Sha’ah, --you’re very selfish!” I angrily shout back, “Never said I wasn’t!” Then I

say with incredibly mixed feelings of horror and joyful love, “Uriel, --I never understood why Sob’ah was so mad at me...” Uriel sadly asks, “And now?” I break down into tears and sorrowfully say, “Now, --I know!” I holds up her husband’s cold soggy bearded head. I cry joyful tears over him.”

Horrorified, Noah stares at his wife. He closes his tearful greenish brown eyes tightly. He breathes heavily. He slowly shakes his head, opens his tearfully eyes, and says, “Silly, silly, silly, ha, ha, ha... Silly, silly, ha, ha...” He calms down a little but sadly asks, “Sha’ah, --you knew?” Sha’ah nervously says, “Yes, dear..” Noah painfully says, “Silly, silly, silly, ha, ha, ha... Silly, silly Sha’ah, --you really should of --let me die! --Ha, ha..”

Sha’ah angrily shouts, “No, you shouldn’t of cursed Canaan!” Shocked, Pe’ullah says, “Grandmother, it’s your fault my brother Canaan is curse!”

Tubal rudely says, “Yes Pe’ullah, it is!” Sha’ah angrily says, “No, rule seven! --I’m never responsible for what me and Noah do... It’s his fault!”

Annoyed, I says, “Rule seven is irresponsible..” Sha’ah defensively says, “Why? I didn’t curse that brat!” Distressed, I say, “But you knew..”

Pe’ullah sorrowfully says, “Canaan maybe my bratty brother but ---I still love him!” Noah sadly says with mixed feelings, “Well, too late now...”

Silly Sha’ah, --I love you!” Pe’ullah whines, and asks, “But how can we save my brother?” Grandfather looks nervous. Sha’ah cheerfully says,

“We’ll pray about it... It will be fine! Trust the Creator of All’s plans.”

Tubal skeptically says, “Yeah, --right..” Noah mournfully says, “Pe’ullah, -

--I’m sorry!” Sha’ah angrily says, “Rule five!” Noah boldly says, “Forget rule five! Pe’ullah, this time, --I’m really sorry!” Sha’ah angrily frowns at him.

Still shocked, I say, “It’s getting late... We better get back to our parents... They’ll worry about us.” Sha’ah happily says, “Let’s all hug before you all go.”

Tubal affectionately hugs Sha’ah and says, “Love you, grandmother..” Pe’ullah tightly hugs Noah, sadly smiles and says,

“Grandfather, I love --you.. I’m glad you’re alive!” I hug Noah. We all warmly hug each other. Sha’ah seductively bows her head and look up at her ancient husband as she says, “Noah, you’re still my hero.. --Like your hero, Enoch!” They kiss. I nervously say, “Good-bye, grandparents.”

Tubal happily says, “See you latter...” Pe’ullah says, “Love you both!”

We walk out of their tent into the gentle snow covered ground.

I, Tubal, and Pe'ullah walk back together through the hilly snow covered woods, leaving our deep frosty footprints behind us. My feet feel cold. We watch the pinkish sun beautifully sets behind the shadowy snowy treetops. The snow gently falls. The sky reddens as the glow of the sparsely scattered yellowish orange clouds slowly dims. Beneath her tan furry cap, Pe'ullah's pale rounded face looks nervously around as she says, "Let's go back to the strange tree..." I nervously ask, "Why? It's getting dark..." Pe'ullah cheerfully says with frosted breath, "Arphaxad, God is telling me to..." Tubal's dark youthful face smiles as he sarcastically asks, "Really? Does God have a scary voice?" Pe'ullah cutely says, "No, God's voice is nice." I curiously say, "You said something about God talking to you to Noah... Do you hear God talking to you right now?" Pe'ullah cutely smiles as she says with frosted breath, "I do..." Worried, I ask, "Are you sure it's God?" Pe'ullah confidently says, "Absolutely!" Tubal's youthful dark face playfully smiles beneath his shiny gray turban as he says, "Arphaxad, you're spooked..." I nervously say, "Maybe..." A shivering winds blows. Tubal puts his right arm around my shoulders, he giggles and says, "Don't worry, I'll protect you!" Pe'ullah sweetly asks, "Arphaxad, will you come with us?" I timidly say, "I guess so..."

We walk down several hills, watching the sun's last rays cast their long shadows down from all the tall trees around us. As the snowy sky grays, we walk to the large twisted tree in front of the small strangely unfrozen lake. Behind the lake are many smaller trees crowded together. They have many long withered leaves, casting their long faint shadows over us. I look down at the muddy misty lake's frosted uneven edges. Our dim reflections are disturb by falling snowflakes and the little patches of algae floating around. We look up at the tree's many twisted branches, partly covered in snow. These branches have dark leaves and small crimson flowers sticking out of the snow. I uncomfortably say, "That's one wild looking tree!" Tubal laughs and says, "Yeah, it's scary at night!" Pe'ullah walks over to the lake. We follow her. Pe'ullah cheerfully says, "It's by the lake..." Tubal slyly asks, "What is it?" Pe'ullah says, "The thing I need..." I hear a soft screeching sound as a weirdly moving wave travels from the center of the misty lake to it's muddy frosted edges. I nervously ask, "What's that sound?" Pe'ullah gently says, "Nothing..." I hear another soft screech. Another waves travels through the lake like something big is

moving under it's dark waters. Pe'ullah sweetly says, "Fear not Arphaxad, -
-God is with us!" She points down into the shadows around her fur covered sandals. She bends over and picks up a shiny thing partly covered in algae and mud. A muddy chained necklace. I shiver. I nervously say, "Careful, Pe'ullah!" Tubal's dark eyes look playful as he says, "Arphaxad, don't freak out!" Pe'ullah's muddy little hands lifts up the shiny silver necklace. Hanging from it's chains is a large pendant tangled in brown algae. Pe'ullah excitedly says, "Wow! --What a beautiful necklace..." I say, "Sounds familiar..." Tubal cheerfully says, "I'll clean it up a bit..." He gently removes the algae from around it's wide oval pale stone pendant. In the dimming light, I can barely see the pendant's dark symbol, a circle merged on top of a long horizontal line that ends curve halfway up. Pe'ullah almost puts the necklace around her neck. I forcefully shout, "Stop!" She stops. Pe'ullah sadly asks, "Why? God told me, --that this necklace can free my brother.... And it's --so pretty.." I forcefully say, "It's ---her speaking! --Not God!" Tubal greedily stares at the beautiful necklace. Tubal forcefully says, "Pe'ullah, hand me the necklace! --To be safe.." He tries to grab it away from her but she strongly pull it back away from him. Pe'ullah possessively says with frosted breath, "Tis mine!" I fearfully shout, "Pe'ullah, throw it away now! --It's cursed!" Pe'ullah whines, saying, "But it can save my brother from Noah's curse! --I've got save Canaan!" I put my hands together in prayer and shout, "Lord God, - rebuke this cruel spirit!" Her whole body shakes. Pe'ullah asks with much frosted breath, "God, --what should I do? --What should I do, God?" She wildly shakes. She almost throws the necklace but stops at the last moment. She breathes heavily. Pe'ullah agonizing whimpers, and says, "Yes, ---- God... Yes!" She throws the necklace up over the middle of the misty lake.

As the shiny necklace falls, a pale owl swoops down gliding on it's dark trimmed feathers. She grabs the necklace in mid-air with her long talons, and flies to one of the twisted tree's many lower branches.

Silhouetted against the gray cloudy sky, the owl's large shining violet eyes turn bright blue. We hear a cruel girl's voice say, "Mine spirit tis I..."

Shocked, Tubal fearfully asks, "Did that owl just say something?" Pe'ullah fearfully say, "Yeah, --the owl said mine spirit tis I.." I nervously say, "I heard it too." I feel the owl's glowing piercing blue eyes staring down at

me. The owl giggles and coldly shouts, “Arphaxad, --I curse thy family! -- Twain of thy descendants shall find my censers... And invite mine father, --to devour, --the souls of thy people!” I’m scared speechless. Upset, Tubal shouts back, “Lying owl! That will never happen!” The owl hoots like it’s laughing. Tearfully, Pe’ullah looks up at the owl and shouts, “Noah said God stopped you!” The owl’s mean girl’s voice giggles and happily says, “God didst, --till thy gloriously drunken grandfather cursed Canaan to be mine father’s slave!” Pe’ullah childishly angry shouts back, “No, he didn’t... Noah curse my brother to be the slave of his brethern.” The shadowy owl’s bluer than blue eyes shine down. Her cold cruel girl’s voice says, “Brethren tis not just brothers and uncles --but great ancestral leaders... Thy mother Zilpah tis a descendant of Cain... And Cain’s father tis --mine father! ---He be --brethren!” Pe’ullah breaks down, falls on her knees and cries like a baby. Tubal helps her up and gently says, “Don’t cry... We’ll protect Canaan, --somehow..” I angrily point up at the demonically possessed owl. I shout, “You have no right to torment us! -- The Lord God rebukes you!” The owl’s cold cruel girl voice becomes increasingly deranged as she bitterly shouts down at me, “Thy God, -may rule universes-s-s-s, ---but, -earth, --earth, --earth --tis mine father’s world! --Augh-ah!” She furiously hoots, sounding like she’s both weeping and laughing at the same time. Her hoots stop. Her long talons grips her necklace tightly. The owl’s eyes turn violet again. The owl flaps her large wings and flies up into the darkening sky. Tubal hugs Pe’ullah comfortingly. Pe’ullah tearfully says, “My poor brother is doomed!” I put my right hand on her trembling shoulder. I say, “No, Pe’ullah! Have faith in God! --And us...” Tubal’s youthful dark face sadly smiles as he says, “With God’s help, we will protect each other!”

I remember this from many years ago. Noah’s curse still haunts us... But not every strange thing since then is about ---her... My good friend Tubal grew up to be a great inventor. He married Pe’ullah. He built small arks. He and his wife loved going across the sea exploring strange lands. They came back one time with a strange old woman, and an even stranger story... One gentle but still cold day, Tubal and Pe’ullah, were wearing their thickest furs. They were climbing up a mountain range from far away. They used Tubal-Cain’s old steel iron climbing tools and ropes to climb halfway up a jagged icy mountain. They found, mostly buried under a

massive amount of ice, a huge wooden roughly ball shaped thing about eight tall men long or thirty cubits in diameter. They used their climbing tools to break through the ice that covers a small circular sliding door. It opened up to two sides by itself. The bottom of the door was about three cubits above the thick ice covering the ground. They climb up inside it's lowest floor that has a low ceiling. They saw a ladder in the middle of this frosted small somewhat tilted room that look like it's full of eggs. They slowly walk towards the ladder, sliding around this icy room. It's very crowded with a multitude of shiny egg-like things all around stacked on top of one another. They're stuck on all the walls and the low ceiling. In this curved tilted frosted slippery room, they bow their heads. They carefully walk downward over many egg-like things towards the icy ladder. They climb the ladder to the next floor. By the dim light, they see a multitude of more shiny eggs things all around, varying in sized from the tip of a little finger to one the size of a child. Pe'ullah slides around the slippery floor.

She steps on some more egg like things and asks, "What kind of eggs are we stepping on?" Tubal's dark face looks carefully down at one of the bigger frosted eggs. He rubs off the frost and sees through the clear container. Inside is a strange furry duck like, beaver like animal stuffed tightly inside. Disturbed, Tubal says, "Not eggs.. Containers.." In this shadowy ice cold room, Pe'ullah stares at all the frosted containers. She see that each one has a strange animal stuffed into it. Pe'ullah shudders as she asks, "Ow, it's disgusting! Who would stuff all these dead animals into these egg like containers?" Tubal says with a laugh, "Someone really weird!" Pe'ullah curiously asks, "Tubal, how long do you think they been here?" Tubal laughs and says, "Looks like they been here forever."

Pe'ullah curiously asks, "Like before the flood?" Tubal nervously says, "Maybe..." They slide back to the ladder and climb further up. They see more multitudes of containers on each of the shelter's six increasingly dark floors. They climb up onto the top floor. The smallest much curved floor is the darkest. We hear a buzzing sound. Pe'ullah fearfully says, "What's that buzzing?" Tubal happily said, "Sounds mechanical."

The dark walls covered in many egg shaped containers suddenly glows so brightly that it hurt their eyes. Tubal looks down and screams.

Pe'ullah screams. They see what's inside the largest egg-shaped container here. A lifeless, elderly, naked, scrawny, bald woman tightly curled up

inside. Tubal fearfully shouted, “What the Sh----?” Pe’ullah tearfully stares down at the withered brown woman. The huge egg slowly opens into two sections. Pe’ullah fearfully says, “A dead woman... This is going to stink!” Surprised, Tubal says, “The odor is actually sweet...” The old woman suddenly shivers. She takes a very deep breath. Pe’ullah sadly shouts, “She’s alive!” Tubal fearfully asks with frosted breath, “How?” Puzzled, Pe’ullah says, “Ah, --magic..” The shivering old woman slowly sits up. She crosses her arms and legs in front of her. Her bald head is sloped, her lower jaw is rather large, her large pug nose is very wrinkled and her sunken shiny eyes are light brown. She catches her breath. Her hoarsely voice says with frosted breath, “Help me! I’m ---so cold!” Tubal takes off his outer furs. He hands them to her. Worried, Tubal says, “Here, warm yourself!” She tightly covers her head and her scrawny shivering body with the thick furs. Pe’ullah sadly asked, “How are you?” The much wrinkled woman’s light brown eyes fearfully looks up. Her teeth chatter. She softly says, “I’ll --live...” Tubal nervously asks, “Who are you?” Shivering, teeth chattering, the ancient woman says with frosted breath, “Lily...” Someday, I might paint this --and other stories in a third section of the new holy cave.

The end...