



Niburu Child

The story behind the story...

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The principals

Elizabeth Keys a tall beautiful married lady has a lover named Charles “Shey” Gravenstien. She works as a model for Nickolis Thompson.

Shey is a lover and a hustler. With the ability to make money but is perpetually broke.

Nic, the artist is a visionary obsessed with pre pre history. His studio is filled with books on the subject. When he is not painting he is working out his theories.

Pepe Chiavi is Beth’s much older husband. A busy man. His relationship with his wife is formal.

The Story

Shey’s bungalow rests on pilings far below the bluffs of Seattle’s Magnolia district. Inside Beth and Shey make passionate love in front of the bay window filled with high rise shimmering from the morning sun. The room is covered with memorabilia of Shey’s exploits as an athlete. Football trophies, a golf set, magazines featuring sports, a stack of Playboy’s, a certificate denoting first place in a sharpshooters contest shares a frame with a picture of him holding his rifle. Three employment forms are piled on his desk, partially filled out.

The lovers have expended themselves . . .

High above the beach on a mansion’s balcony Pepe is peering through his telescope. He scans from the highrise down to the waters edge and focuses on the bungalow as Beth emerges.

Beth gets in her blue Beetle and heads towards the center of the city.

Pepe scans the city to come to a departing ferry headed for Bainbridge Island. Through his arc of vision the Olympic Mountain range slides into view.

Nic is hunched over a coffee in his studio. Around him are piles of books about ancient history. He is writing and talking to himself about Bonobo apes. An open book about the perpetually horny apes is on the table. His face is contorted in thought as he tries to find the word groupings to express himself. He speaks of genetics, Atlantis and the old testament trying to bring his thoughts out coherently.

He holds one of Zacheriah Stitchen's books, "You have unlocked the door to the past thus the future." His gaze rests on his paintings. "We will help you open it further."

The Ferry toots. Beth's car emerges and moves up the ramp passing a sign announcing "Bainbridge Island". Behind are the Olympics.

At a vast field filled with old cars in stages of decomposition Beth parks and gets out. She is carrying a brown bag full of food with the logo of the Pike Place Market on it. The Olympics are in the background.

She walks through the maze of rusting cars to come to a pathway into darkness. She enters and walks through to a door with a cow's skull attached to it. A name on the door reads "Katal Nickolis".

She enters his dingy abode and moves through the pig's sty to the fridge and stuffs the contents of the brown bag into it. Then she walks to a back door, out and into a little court with a bicycle leaning against the wall and enters Nic's studio. It is a converted trailer garage.

The high walls are hung with Nic's artwork in various stages of completion. They are life-size drawings of Beth in various postures. Some realistic, some surreal, all nudes.

Nic gets up and moves to his easel as Beth enters. She calmly goes over to the sofa and undresses. Her body is poised and powerful and she is totally in control of herself. No comments are made between the two until Beth breaks the silence with a tiny fart.

Nic sighs, "Good morning". The ensuing conversation is short and curt. Nic puts on some jazz and Beth starts to pose. She moves very slowly in her pose. She smiles at Nic and tries to get him to respond. Nic responds with a short smile as he stays intent on his work.

He mumbles, "Try to get that etheric thing going." She looks at him confused. He smiles "No. Don't try, just be yourself."

Later, at Shey's Beth and Shey are arguing about his lack of money. He is demanding to borrow \$100 bucks from her and she is refusing telling him he must find a job. He explains that his deal is coming through and that he will be a millionaire and pay her back. They wrestle then make out. She gets serious as she digs into her purse. "Nic's such a turn-on when he doesn't respond, it's the same strange feeling that I get from Pepe." She nonchalantly hands him some cash.

That night Beth arrives home. Pepe is sitting in a imposing evening chair having a brandy. They talk about the day's events. Beth of course tells him nothing about Shey or the modeling job. She tells him about shopping and the little store at the Market etc. She asks him about etheric. He mentions it has something to do with a layer of energy that wraps the body. "A very old word, from ethereal I would imagine. Mmm Blatavski disciples used the term from time to time."

She goes up to her study and opens the encyclopedia and reads up on the word.

Later that evening she climbs into bed with Pepe who is already fast asleep. She tickles him a bit and he grunts then she snuggles up close to him.

That night Nic is meditating under a huge cedar tree talking to the tree then to the stars. He pinpoints to the Orion cluster and asks questions of the stars. "We came from, we return to . . . dust? No way. We are eternal, indestructible electrical energy." Nic walks back to his shack amongst the maze of junk cars talking to himself formulating his ideas of the past. He sits in a gutted Hudson a white cat appears to listen then moves on. "Present, future, past, it's a question of focus. Bring the past in focus it becomes the present. Think dream of the future and the future instantly becomes the present." He rubs the dash of the derelict car. "Would you Hudson have given me as much pleasure and enlightenment then as you do now?"

He goes to his studio and up to a six foot life-size drawing of

Beth. He talks to the image then checks himself laughing, reassuring himself that “you are only my drawing.” He studies it for a long time. “Are you alive? Tell me are you real or just living in my imagination? A slow moving trick of animation. A fluke. Are you real Sady? That’s what I will call you Sady.”

The next day at the session Beth asks him about what he meant by etherics. Nic gets embarrassed trying to explain his rough theory on The Shining Ones; “A lost race briefly mentioned in the early records, the “old” testaments . . . and. . . mythology I call them Nibruans. I think they were made to appear as Gods of some sort that live in or on another plain and didn’t have a body but needed one so took over humans and used theirs.” “Why” Nic laughs, “For procreation most likely since I sense they are like, well a thick woven pile of electrical impulse in a plasmic state invisible to those who do not know how to see them. Some people tried to explain their visions and called their glow “etheric doubles”. Most humans would go mad if they realized they are alive unto themselves. Not ghosts. Not even aliens anymore, they’ve been our partners so long. Almost as long as we have for that matter. . . or . . . fragmented beings. Even though they’re very real and the memory of them in our consciousness comes out convoluted because of the wrath of Yahweh, of God, the, the Biblical flood, the wrath of God slammed mankind back into unconsciousness – into neolithicness. Not until Zeus through Marduk did we begin to rekindle consciousness. The Nibruans made earth but the flood probably trapped many who could not escape because they and their human became inseparable – they remain even when their human died. They are eternal, etched in electrical impulse entwined like a ball of string. . . All Gilgamesh had to do was believe he was eternal. He would have passed through physical death into eternity held by the hand of a Nibruan. With each generation their ability to function on the physical plain diminishes. As the human population grows they make themselves available to those who want to meet them and are not afraid. But most are afraid.” “What do I have to do with it?” “Everything, they were sex-

less and you are oversexed, so they need you. To communicate to me.” “Why you?” “I don’t know I haven’t separated my facts from my imagination yet.” “You wouldn’t know sex if it was thrown in your face.” She undulates to him and around him. Nic works fervently ignoring her advances. In frustration she spits out “You’re the one whose etheric.” “We shall see we shall see.” He holds up the recently finished drawing and it is indeed more a drawing of her aura than her physicality. She looks at it wide eyed “Who is that?” It’s me. But. . . “The drawing is stark but filled with a life force. “It came out of you. . . I’ll call it apoolonia”. “It?” “Shall we ask what sex it is or wishes to be assigned to?” “I don’t understand.” “It’s an image of a Nibruan. I sense she is a she.” “What? How?” Nic smiling intently at the image. “Well, for one thing, she came through you, didn’t you Apoolonia?”

That night Beth tells Shey about the story of the Nibruans. “But it was so real, so vivid like two of the other images he gave names to. I came early once and caught him talking to them asking them questions about Atlantis and something called Nan Madhol.” “Does he make any money from his paintings?” “He ought to, they’re damn good. But he doesn’t ever sign them. Not one.” “I guess they never leave his studio?” “Yup.” “Does his friends help him?” “He doesn’t have friends just the images he pulls out of me. I don’t think he says ten words to me in the two hours I pose for him.” Shey is scheming and changes the subject. “Two hours with you nude and he doesn’t want to screw you?” They embrace.

Later that night at home Beth reveals to Pepe, “I’ve been modeling.” “Really.” “Nothing fazes you.” “I’ve understood that you have been modeling for a while now. You are exceptionally beautiful, young. So it stands to reason you would want to model. But if it bothers you why continue?” “What do you mean?” “Well you announce it to me like you’re confessing. You have nothing to be ashamed of with me dear Beth. You do satisfy yourself I would hope. One question, why did you want to know about the word etheric?” “Nic the artist I model for pulls the most amazing images out of me while I pose.” “I’m sure

he does.” “Not that. I mean, people, actual kind of people like, but not with features but fluid like. . . with exaggerated arms and things. They kind of shine in their weird way. He calls them Nibruans that live on an etheric plain. I see me in the stuff but I also see energy, force of life. Life Force. Kind of scary especially when he talks to them. .. It’s kind of like he’s not all there.” “Nuts?” “No, he’s more than sane. Totally professional. Above board. But it’s weird he’s totally intense when he talks to the images.” “How big does he paint” “Big.” “Life size?” “How did you know?” “It figures.” “Have you been following me?” He nonchalantly closes the conversation with a dismissive “No.”

The next day Beth drives aboard the ferry. As the ferry readies to depart Shey scooters aboard.

At the Bainbridge Island Beth departs and Shey follows her as she turns down the lane to the car graveyard. Beth parks and walks in. She hurriedly follows. Shey loses her and gets lost in the graveyard. After some wandering he finds Nic’s shack. He sees that there is no smoke from the chimney so he looks in, tries the door and it flops open. He quietly enters.

His nose wrinkles as he fights off gagging at the smell of the place. He shuffles to the next doorway to enter the living room to find the backdoor. It’s ajar and he goes through it. He hears some jazz wafting across the patio. By the bicycle he slips down and peeks through the translucent windows. He sees Beth slowly moving to the jazz tune as Nic intently works at his easel.

He looks around the room as best as he can and sees many life size drawings of Beth. Some as tall as six feet. They all radiate a shimmering alive quality.

The music stops and Beth looks at her watch. She takes a drink of wine and dresses. Shey hides as she prepares to leave. “Same time?” Nic nods as he works intently. She leaves.

Much later that evening Shey enters the studio grabs three drawings, rolls them up and takes them.

That night when he returns home he sees a note left by Beth that reads “I miss you? Love you.”

She scooters into the Pike Place Market with the three drawings of Nic’s that he has signed. He parks and moves into the crowd working his way to an art gallery. The owner is a small shifty guy who is sitting behind a huge table that serves as his desk. She unrolls the work. The owner smiles and offers Shey \$100 each. She feigns outrage and they settle on \$200 each.

Gallery owner wants more.

Gallery owner wants to visit his studio to prepare for a major exhibition.

She realizes a “motherload” but must not only get rid of Nic and take his paintings, he must take over his studio. He also realizes he must get rid of Beth as well.

Nic tries to explain his thoughts to Beth. Nic is drawing a horizontal pose of Beth. She moves seductively to music. As he works an idea takes shape in his mind and he uses the drawing to help express it. “The wave of knowledge spread like this, Like Chaktras in reverse because the knowledge came back down from the heavens. That’s where they went during the flood to satellites tethered to Earth by cables. The memory of this is manifested in the nursery rhyme Jack and the Beanstalk. These satellites were like what is happening today. Star Wars only tethered like barrage balloons during WW2. The old tethered satellites protected earth from asteroids. Their tethers were set at energy points. Ley line junctures as they call them in England. This also was part of the knowledge base trying to come out of our unconscious but as crystal versions of each, medieval mechanical contraptions representing the solar system, were closer now with Star Wars. The Shining Ones, the Gods, (he starts to draw from over the head in the image) Chaktras of our consciousness our plan of existence, our reality flows. Resonance points that are physical and spiritual and eventually cultural centers, they started here at Lake Titicaca then the South Pacific, Nan Madol or Burma then to China Number

5 then over to India, to 3, The Sumer culture, then on to The Nile Delta and finally waking the Kundalini of Africa. Just seven chaktras? Chaktras in the universe are endless. They resonate at each juncture point – strings of energy. Juncture points can be so heavy that they become black stars imploding so powerful that mass is created. Stars then their backwash the planets. It's like how the ancients numbered the planets from outside in. It was in the third awakening that was the most complete at Sumer – a large group of many different specialists washed ashore at Mount Arratt and the first balanced human community was re-created – you see all educated people were specialists back then – At other chaktras only small groups of specialists of a certain type survived like astronomers in Middle America – the Maya or more accurately their forefathers rebuilt the culture but from their unique knowledge base. The Egyptian group of survivors must have been doctors who worked in genetics. The history survived but was reinterpreted by the different slant on the mother language and – like now professional fields evolved into almost their own language that in just a few generations created a world girding Tower of Babble of their own making. Several of these cultural centers suffered a stiltedness that sterile technology can bring becoming no more than elaborate cargo cults sinking deeper into the mud of unconsciousness with each passing generation. Some like Egypt culture became incredible stultifying lasting thousands of years in a somnambolic state. When the Pharaoh Akhenaten tried to wake Egypt out of her unconscious mind numbing religion, he was destroyed.” He points “That’s a bust of his wife Nefertiti.”

Several of these rebirth centers succumbed to natural calamities particularly unstable is the South Pacific, eternally destabilized when the original “crossing” occurred. The crossing of the water planet was Tiamat and Niburu that occurred on the other side of the globe. Where Niburuns gravity ripped Tiamet’s water thin mantle inward creating the ring of fire pushing the mantel opposite out of the water. The plan worked and Earth was born. The creation of a planet of both

water and landmass for the biology to grow and evolve in was perfect for the Nibruans – they were now ready to find a way to become physical. All important was allowing the biology to grow on land and for in but perhaps 10 Nubruan years all the work came to a head as man was adapted. You see one of their years equals 28,000 earth years. So in 280,000 years man was created from Bonopo ape and the rest is now our recorded history.

She has been successful at selling Nic's drawings at \$1000 apiece. He puts money down and buys a PT Cruiser where he stows his rifle.

On his third burglary he inadvertently steals Nic's favorite Apoolonia. When Nic discovers the painting is gone he goes deeper into his "mindset" and takes her disappearance as a sign to "follow her".

He takes out his notes and starts to study; opening several books to help in clues as to where she went. His calculations tell him to go to Four Corners (Utah/Arizona).

He rushes out of his studio and gets on his cycle as Beth arrives. Nic tells her what he is doing. She doesn't comprehend at first but fears for him. She tries to stop him physically. "I'm at fault for your madness these things came out of me. I gave birth to them. I'll take you there."

They cross the sound and her car is spotted by Shey who is in the ferry line waiting to go to Bainbridge Island to kill Nic.

Leaving the ferry Beth explains that she has to stop home and tell her husband and get some things for the trip. Nic argues her out of this. "No time, no time!"

Shey calls Beth on his cell phone she tells him she will be away. "Where" "Thought I'd take a small trip to Four Corners. It's beautiful miss you. Ciao" Shey pulls his road atlas out and finds Four Corners. Shey has a distant look in his eyes as he sets his mind to follow them.

On the trip Nic explains other aspects of his theory The Mother

culture and the floods and the survivors.

At Salt Lake Nic, who hasn't driven for years, takes over the driving as Beth gets tired. Nic explains he has to be there at the right time to fulfill his destiny. "What destiny?" "Well, I don't know I think to meet the Gods." He laughs, I shouldn't be doing this I don't have a license – not even a wallet! Well you only live once."

At Moab they stop at a gas station owned by Jesse Suck who asks them where they are going. When he is told he laughs and tells them to be very careful because the Beetle is so low. "Got lots of Beetle parts in case you need some service." Behind the weasel looking Jesse, his sidekick Scud sits on the running board of an antique tow truck nursing a Bud. He smirks: Down the highway about ten miles into Arizona take a right at the sign. . . less potholes more scenery than deeper in."

She sees them leave the gas station and goes in himself. Jesse gives him the same story: Take a right etc. . . As She leaves Jesse turns to Scud. "Well scud me boy it looks like we're going to be busy this afternoon." Jesse fires up the old tow truck.

Entering the Valley of the Gods Nic sees the stone towers as archetypes. He points out the similarity of their shapes to mans creations like the Maya pyramids, the massive statues of Ramses and the Roman Collesco etc. "No _____ pyramid? "The Pyramid is different. It came before this archetypes, it marks the exact epicenter of earth's landmass after the crossing. It also serves as a time machine to measure our growing knowledge base. It may be a marker if and when the Nibruans return. But here must have been a center of the mother culture hundreds thousand years ago. Or _____ As such. . ." He surmises that the surviving ancestors of the floods found this place through interpreting their legends and myths just like we do, and decided that it was here that it all began. We call the mother city Atlantis.

The road became impassable and he parks and they walk towards one of the towers hand in hand. The heat of the day is rising.

Shey sees the blue beetle in the shimmering distance. This distracts him and the car rams a jagged edge of a rock creating a slow leak unnoticed by Shey. He parks, gets out and takes the gun with him and marches up the roadway towards the Beetle. At a point equidistant he leaves the road for a tiny pathway that leads up the side of an adjoining edifice. The trail ends so Shey has to climb around rock and gravel to reach his destination a ridge still about 100 feet higher.

Below about a thousand feet away Nic and Beth study the stones in silence. Nic looks at Beth like it was the first time, kisses her, then takes her clothes off and strips himself. They make love and as he is about to climax he rises and a bullet slams through him and Beth. Both are covered with blood. Another gunshot erupts and the bullet again hits them.

Above Shey starts to climb down back to his car but stumbles and twists his ankle. The sun rises. He tries to get up but cannot so he starts to crawl amongst the sharp boulders towards his car 2000 feet away.

In the distance Jesse and Scud's tow truck lumbers up the road. Jim points to the PT Cruiser. "Number one."

end

