

THE
UNVEILING

A Novel Series: Volume 2.0

K. L. COLLINS





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THE
UNVEILING

Volume 2.0

The works of K. L. Collins

The Unveiling 1.0

The Unveiling 2.0

Coming soon from K. L. Collins

The Unveiling 3.0

The Adventures of Zuko

For my mother and father

FOREWORD

Circa 2008. It all started at DreamWorks Studios. Kevin (or K.L. Collins as you know him) and I were assistants in our respective departments, each beholden to the whims of our bosses. To help us cope with the everyday madness of filmmaking and television, we would sometimes engage in conversations, scouring each other's thoughts about a multitude of topics. It was just the simple things, really: office politics, family, relationships and of course movies. Then, one random day, just like any other, I came across a YouTube video about this large mysterious planet called Nibiru. Now, I know the different planets in our solar system, who doesn't, right? But learning for the first time that a mysterious dark planet, larger than Jupiter, could possibly exist and might be on track to collide with earth AT ANY MOMENT (yes, the drama!) put me in the darkest funk I've ever been in. This, of course, intrigued Kevin! We had suddenly found something thrilling to research that dominated weeks of dialogue. This new curiosity led to various internet discoveries about the Grays (extra-terrestrials), Mayan mythology, Sumerians, the Anunnaki, and of course the Illuminati.

As we immersed ourselves in the subject matter, we became more fascinated with an array of conspiracies that were mind-boggling and oftentimes frightening: UFOs, chemtrails, microchips and flu shots, massive depopulation and FEMA coffins, and the list goes on... Kevin took a particular interest in parallels between the Old Testament and Sumerian mythology, which eventually became the genesis for these *Unveiling* books.

A year later, Kevin left DreamWorks and moved away. When he called me and said he was going to write a novel about a billionaire heir whose family is part of an ancient bloodline that controls the nation's politics and wealth... I knew we were in for something special. And of course, Kevin did not disappoint. The world of billionaire playboy Max Battenberg is so well crafted that I felt I was living in his shoes every step of the way. What person wouldn't want to be rich, good looking and living the life of a modern-day Indiana Jones? Volume 1.0 dropped us into the fast lane of expensive vehicles, ritzy nightclubs and beautiful men and women. Max's extravagant life eventually took a turn for the surreal when his father, Demetrius Battenberg,

revealed that the blood running through their veins was more ancient than the Pyramids of Giza, and that their standing in the world had bestowed them with more power and influence than the President of the United States (POTUS). Kevin's *Unveiling* books present a world in which there is more to life than meets the eye. The story of Max Battenberg is provocative in its ability to make us question, "Could any of this be true?" For Max, the rabbit hole spirals even deeper in this second book, and he must uncover who he truly is and how he intends to make a difference in today's world.

Many years have passed since those DreamWorks days, but the inspiration Kevin and I felt during that period endures in our creative endeavors. I have recently completed my directorial debut of a feature film (about an alien invasion, no less), and Kevin has finally released this book, and a third is on its way. I hope (and believe) you will derive as much fascination and enjoyment from these books as I have.

-Alexander Murillo

Writer/Director of *Watch The Sky*

Co-creator/Co-writer of the graphic novel series *Future Proof*

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A Note from the Author

If you recently completed Volume 1.0 of *The Unveiling*, and the details of it are fresh in your mind, please feel free to skip directly to Chapter One, as the story of Max Battenberg picks up in this book exactly where it left off in Volume 1.0. If, on the other hand, it has been a while since you finished Volume 1.0, or if you are fuzzy on the details of what previously transpired, please continue to the following recap. Thank you – your readership is greatly appreciated.

About QR Codes...

For your convenience, a series of QR codes have been embedded throughout this book. Each one will lead to a website or a video that delves into a topic or concept addressed in the story. To provide an example, the following QR code links to The Unveiling Series website:



To access any of these QR codes, you will need to download a QR code reader on your smartphone, which can be obtained at your local app store. I hope you will find these intriguing and informational.

Previously in *The Unveiling Series*...

When we last left Max Battenberg, in Volume 1.0, he was in a livery vehicle, headed across Washington, DC from the National Archives Building. He and his father's friend, Otto Khrzinsky, had just parted ways after emerging from a secret underground installation deep beneath DC. To recap, the following events are what led to this moment:

- Max, a few friends, and his girlfriend, Brigitte, traveled to New Orleans for Mardi Gras. There, a peculiar psychic named Indigo Blue accused him of belonging to a worldwide system of oppression. She also warned Brigitte and his friend Ted to get as far from Max as possible, otherwise danger would befall them. Minutes later, Ted suffered a brutal attack in the crowd.
- Max had never believed in psychics, but Indigo's prediction coming true unnerved him. For this reason, he decided to follow her advice and travel to the Money Pit on Oak Island. Deep inside the ancient booby-trapped hiding place, he recovered the missing piece to the Antikythera Mechanism, a device that provides the user with clairvoyant abilities.
- Max's father, Demetrius, dispatched him to the family's traditional rite of passage, the Battenberg Initiation. Deep inside Teotihuacán's Pyramid of the Moon, he was given an elixir known as the fruit from the Tree of Knowledge. The concoction resulted in a vision that revealed the entire Battenberg clan is descended from an ancient race referred to in Sumerian mythology as the Anunnaki.

- Shortly thereafter, Max's father was severely injured in an explosion. As a result, Max was whisked away to a secret underground installation, where his father was convalescing. There, he was told he must replace the elder Battenberg at an important meeting for a clandestine organization known as the Rizick Group. To prepare, Max was sent to DC for training about the world's über elite and the methods that they use covertly to run the planet. On his way to DC, Max discovered a top-secret underground train network with multiple compartments that are outfitted with chains and shackles, but what on Earth were they for?

Find out all there is to know about the Rizick Group in this latest installment, Volume 2.0, of *The Unveiling Series*.

THE UNVEILING 2.0

CHAPTER 1

Max sat in the Town Car's back seat, gripping his smartphone with the speaker on. Brigitte had been calm, but her voice now blared through the cabin.

"What the fuck, Max?"

He understood why she was aggravated, but he hadn't expected she would still be so angry. The driver glanced in the rearview mirror, while Max fumbled to switch the call from speaker to handset. He placed the phone against his ear and whispered, "Brigitte, I told you I'm sorry."

"Yeah, Max, but a dozen sorries are shit when you have to keep apologizing. You couldn't wait ninety seconds for me to say goodbye the other day."

Max stared, silent, from the livery vehicle's back seat. Days before, they were blocks from his home, where they had agreed to meet. Max had been the first to arrive only to discover a limousine blocking his driveway. Within seconds, his father's minions had whisked him inside and insisted upon his departure. He felt awful, watching Brigitte arrive just as his limo pulled away.

She, of course, had been speechless and was still smarting from the incident. "How do you think that made me feel?"

"Probably pretty shitty," Max replied. Varied landmarks of the District of Columbia shot by to the left and right as his current transport traveled down Constitution Avenue. They had already passed the White House lawn and the Washington Monument. Max turned toward the car's sidewall, trying to sound normal while keeping his voice low. "I'm being pulled so many different directions. I wish you could see that."

"I can, Max, but you've been acting strange. It seems like, just once, this baby and I should be a priority. I mean, fuck, you couldn't wait because of your father's plane, like it wasn't gonna wait?"

"Brigitte, my dad almost died; you realize that, right? What aren't you grasping?"

Silence rang out, signaling her compassion more than acquiescence. "It'd just be nice if you showed us the same concern

once in a while.”

Max wasn't sure if she meant herself and the baby, or her and him.

“You would've done the same thing whether your dad was hurt or not. One of these days you're gonna have to stand up to him.”

“I am sorry I haven't been around... We've both had a lot on our plates lately.” Max took a breath, and they listened to each other breathing on the phone. “I'm pretty wiped out. All this traveling...” He stared out across the streets of DC. “Can we talk about this later?”

This was not the direction Brigitte wanted for their conversation, but talk of his father's injuries had pulled the trigger on her guilt. “Sure.” Her voice was flat and emotionless.

“All right. I'll call you after I get to the hotel.”

“Sounds good. I'll talk to you then.”

Max switched off the phone as the Town Car turned left on 23rd Street, heading toward the Lincoln Memorial. His spirit sank even deeper when he spotted a street blockade before them. A series of police cruisers were carefully parked in formation, perpendicular to oncoming traffic. At the intersection of 23rd and Lincoln Memorial Drive, a dozen officers stood at attention both in the street and along the curbside. The chauffeur braked, bringing them to an abrupt halt. Max looked up and saw they were only half a block from the monument of the sixteenth U.S. president. Low on energy and patience, he leaned forward to question the driver. “What's going on?”

The chauffeur narrowed his eyes, evaluating the roadblock. “Looks like a presidential motorcade, sir. It shouldn't be long.”

Max leaned back on the leather seat, praying for quick passage. “Are there any detours?”

The driver diverted his eyes from the road to the rearview mirror. The start of rush hour had begun, and a row of cars already stretched behind them in an ever-growing queue. “I apologize, sir. The roadblock should've been on my schedule. It shouldn't be long. They've got the president's movements down to a science.”

Max considered a peculiar irony: many regarded the President of the United States as one of the most powerful and influential

men in the world. Even for a simple excursion, the U.S. Commander-in-Chief required a well-placed barricade of Secret Service and police. But Max knew a carefully guarded secret. There were others who were considerably more important than the American president. Max hadn't fully accepted that he might be one of these people, one of the world's super elite, but he was slowly beginning to grasp the possibilities.

He, of course, had no doubt that his father wielded such influence. It had been less than a week since Demetrius fell victim to a terroristic attack on one of their production plants in Brazil. His injuries had been grave. Had POTUS suffered a similar circumstance, Max wasn't so sure that the leader of the free world would have been whisked off to a deep underground hospital like the one where his father was currently being housed.

As it turned out, Demetrius had been correct about impending danger regarding their family. He had erred though, fearing for Max's safety over his own. Arrogance had prevented him from realizing that he, the almighty father, might have been the target rather than his son.

The longer Max sat in traffic, the more his mind wandered through events of late. Not only was Brigitte pregnant, but he had finally gone through his initiation. *Aliens. Shit.*

To minimize any potential threat, Demetrius had advanced the date of his initiation. Details of what transpired there had always been shrouded in mystery, not only to the world, but also to the Battenbergs themselves. What Max learned during his own induction, he still found difficult to accept. They had stripped him naked and given him an elixir to drink. The peculiar concoction contained a white powder, the byproduct of vaporized gold bullion. *White powder of gold* is what the priestess of the ceremony had called it. From what Max could gather, the elixir may have been what the Bible referred to as "the fruit from the tree of knowledge." Both Adam and Eve had been expelled from the Garden of Eden for partaking. *Was it the same elixir they had drunk?*

Of course, Max still struggled to believe anything he experienced after ingesting the bizarre blend. Could he have left his body and ventured to some faraway dimension to witness the past? *Astral projection! Seeing extra-terrestrials on distant planets?* Things like that simply didn't exist and had to be some form of

hallucination: that's what he had believed, until now. Even the idea that it all took place inside of a well-known pyramid outside of Mexico City was difficult to digest.

For countless generations, the Battenbergs had remained politically and financially powerful. Their lengthy rule had been possible because of a little-known group called "Rizick," whose far-reaching tentacles extended into global politics, commerce and banking. Demetrius was one of Rizick's prominent figures, but his injuries in Brazil had temporarily removed him from the equation. He had survived, but it would likely take months for him to make a complete recovery. Owing to the serious nature of his wounds, he had instructed Max to attend the upcoming Rizick meeting in his stead. Despite their strained relationship, Max had agreed, which is why he was in Washington, DC in the first place, for intense training.

The honking of a car horn snapped Max back to reality. *Shit. Still in traffic.* They had been waiting less than five minutes when he spotted a series of presidential limousines crossing from Henry Bacon Drive onto Lincoln Memorial Circle. The black limousines, commissioned specifically for the president, were like no others. Each was outfitted with special communications equipment, presidential conveniences and, most importantly, armor. Tinted windows made it impossible to determine which vehicle in the motorcade contained the president. To Max's relief, three Cadillac Ones shot by, flanked by police and secret service vehicles.

The chauffeur turned toward Max with a satisfied smile. "It'll just be a moment, sir."

"Very good," Max replied.

The pendant around his neck contained a tiny microchip. It had been implanted in his arm just days after birth. The minuscule piece of technology was smaller than a grain of rice, but it contained some of the most advanced microscopic circuitry available in today's modern world. Demetrius had finally admitted to its existence, so Max had located it and removed it from the fleshy part of his underarm. From that point on, he had worn the tiny device around his neck in a small glass pendant. This provided him the option not to carry it, when he wished for privacy from his father's prying eyes.

Max had no clue that anyone beside Demetrius had access to

the chip, which provided detailed personal information about his location, heart rate, body temperature and other important vitals. As his Town Car edged through the opening blockade, the chip around his neck activated. The homing beacon beamed his location to a high-tech craft more than 800 miles above them in orbit. A woman Max had seen, but still didn't believe existed, had easily hacked in to the chip's mainframe. Unlike Demetrius, she possessed the technology to calibrate the microchip for sound. If and when she desired, she could easily tune in and listen to Max's conversations.

Her name was Aurelia, a designation perfectly suited to her persona. At six feet tall, she was slender yet well proportioned, like an art deco statue that had come to life. Silky blond tresses seemingly fluoresced, cascading down her back like liquid light. She stood before a large picture window, staring into the night from what appeared to be an ultra-modern living room. Sleek furnishings sparsely populated the circular, minimalist space. A perfectly smooth gray concrete floor had an oval couch on one side with a glass and metal coffee table before it. A single dark pedestal sat beside the picture window, and Aurelia had her hand resting upon it. Her mannerisms were ethereal, giving her a faery-like, otherworldly appeal.

While she stood at the window, staring into the darkness, her stocky cohort, Sutekh, approached from the couch. He was three and a half feet tall and built of sinewy muscle. When he stood at her side, his head barely reached the bottom of her chest. He stepped beside her and gazed into space, as they had done hundreds of times before. For more than a decade, they had been a team, and their sole concern was focused on one man: Maximilian Battenberg.

Sitting atop the pedestal beside the window was a unique implement that measured one square centimeter and looked to be a piece of simple tinfoil. In reality, the technology was infinitely more sophisticated. Hidden within its microfibers were small neuro-connectors and pathways that directly linked the wearer's thoughts to the ship's mainframe. Aurelia picked up the square and placed it against her right temple. Like a second skin it quickly adhered to the side of her head. Without so much as a blink, she turned to Sutekh and spoke. "Are you ready?"

He continued gazing through the glass. In lieu of an answer, he simply nodded.

"There isn't much time. If we don't go now..." Her voice trailed off. It had never been Aurelia's habit to speak about unfavorable options.

Sutekh remained contemplative. "You realize with each visit we are losing our ability to control him."

She and the small man locked eyes, pondering this new reality. She knew he was right. Weeks earlier, they had stolen into Brigitte's house while she and Max were together, presumably asleep. Within minutes of their arrival, they had lost control of the situation. Before they could sedate her, Brigitte had awakened, kicking and screaming. To their dismay, it had taken both of them to restrain her.

On top of that, Aurelia had been conscious that Max, while immobilized, had nevertheless been cognizant of his surroundings. It had become painfully clear that he was now more than likely aware of their existence. Without a doubt, their next moves concerning him would need to be formulated with delicacy.

Aurelia turned to Sutekh to let him know, "I'm bringing the ship online."

In the blink of an eye, the tiny square connected the electrical impulses of her brain to the ship's control center. Their craft, nearly 800 miles in orbit, came to life, pivoting around until the large window tilted down, pointing toward the North American continent. As she concentrated, the transport plugged into her thoughts, becoming an extension of her very being. While the change seemed infinitesimal, the ship contorted, altering its configuration from circular to oblong. Aurelia took a deep breath and exhaled as she transferred her attention to the planet below. In a moment's time, she had hacked in to the chip around Max's neck.

"He's in the Capitol."

Together, she and Sutekh tracked Max's movement as he crossed DC in his Town Car. During the brief surveillance they remained silent. When Max reached his hotel, he made a few calls, ordered room service and began to watch TV. Without warning, a sudden bout of laughter overcame him.

The man from the yoga studio, Max thought, unable to forget

the stranger who had somehow afflicted him with symptoms of uncontrollable laughter and unexplained muscle spasms. *What did he do?*

The miniature device, despite having been removed, still remained quite effective at monitoring his vitals, including infinitesimal changes in body temperature that were often due to eating or drinking. Aurelia and Sutekh quietly watched changes occurring as Max erupted with laughter. Both his temperature and pulse had increased in addition to his body's electrical conductivity. The chip also held the ability to measure Max's exhaustion, which was more than apparent. He reclined on the bed and quickly fell asleep in his clothes with the TV still blaring in the background.

Satisfied that he was on his way into deep slumber, Aurelia finally spoke. "I'll clear a path and bring the ship down over his hotel." A moment later, she and Sutekh made their way toward the couch against the far wall. Even though the piece of furniture appeared solid, it unfolded into a large membrane that encircled them like a protective womb. With them both secured inside, Aurelia barked an instruction.

"Brace yourself."

For someone with average sensibilities, the interstellar craft's movement would have been nearly imperceptible, as if it had vanished from one spot and reappeared in another. But Aurelia and Sutekh had some of the most heightened senses in the galaxy. With just a thought to do so, the ship had locked onto its new position just meters above Max's hotel. Due to its astonishing speed, a path through space first needed to be cleared or an impact could occur and prove fatal. Once the proper precaution had been completed, the ship had literally slingshot itself with such velocity that the human eye would have been unable to detect it.

Within a fraction of a second, the craft had come to a standstill, hovering fifteen meters above Max's hotel. For a single moment, the mere blink of an eye, the transport was visible while its hull collected the data it needed to cloak itself. Tiny panels that comprised the exterior were each cameras and projectors at the same time. While the craft was in any given position, it could photograph and project images of what the naked eye thought it should be seeing.

Had they landed beside a tree, the craft could easily have created a mirror image of this tree, or of any landscape it was blocking from view. As such, anyone who looked in its direction, instead of seeing the ship, would see whatever the ship obscured, creating the illusion of invisibility. When traveling in areas of high traffic, the only danger involved avoiding other moving objects that were unable to perceive the ship's presence. At this point, there was no one on or near the roof, so this was not a concern.

The protective shell unfolded from around them, and reconstituted itself into the circular couch. Aurelia pulled her suit jacket aside to reveal a compact utility belt. Satisfied that all was in place, she crossed to the center of the ship.

"Let's get this over with."

Without a reply, Sutekh joined her beside a large circular portal that began opening in the center of the floor. Aurelia nodded as a soft white light shot down from the ceiling and bathed the opening in its glow. Together she and Sutekh leapt into the light and floated down toward the roof's surface as the golden beam gently buffered their fall. The moment their feet touched the roof, the light shot back up into the ship and, in a flash, the portal vanished entirely.

Although they knew the ship was there, they gazed upward into the stars, their view seemingly unimpeded.

Together, she and Sutekh hurried to the roof's entrance. There was no doubt it would be locked from inside, but this was hardly an obstacle. So far, Earth had not presented a single security measure that their technology could not bypass.

Just a few hours earlier, Max had checked in to his hotel, where he was now sleeping soundly. After a few calls to friends and to Brigitte, he had ordered room service.

He channel surfed following his meal, but quickly fell into a deep slumber. When the outer room door chirped ever so quietly, he did not stir. Its electronic lock had disengaged, allowing access to his room. Like thieves, Aurelia and Sutekh crept inside. After gently closing the door, she followed him down the short hall into the larger chamber where Max was asleep. He slumbered on his side, facing the sliding glass door to the balcony. Aurelia

had always relished seeing him, and this time was no different.

In the background, an infomercial on acne skincare echoed in the room with countless testimonials. Sutekh circumvented the bed until he was facing Max. He removed a triangular red sticker from his jacket and gently placed it on Max's forehead. Assured that he was now immobilized, Aurelia opened her jacket and removed a sleek eight-centimeter syringe from inside. She double-checked the cartridge containing a purple neon solution before she turned to Sutekh.

"Is he ready?"

Sutekh gently nudged Max before reaching across to open his eyelids. Just as they hoped, Max's pupils were unresponsive. "Affirmative," Sutekh replied.

Without hesitation, she and Sutekh rolled Max onto his back, and Aurelia repositioned his head gently on the pillow, tilting Max's chin toward the ceiling. Pleased, she maneuvered the syringe into Max's nostril until she pierced the posterior wall of his sinus. Closing her eyes, she concentrated on the needed path as she angled the needle upward. In an instant, the tinfoil chip on her temple fluoresced in unison with the handle of the syringe. The eight-centimeter needle immediately began elongating until it found the optic nerve and traveled across it, passing the pituitary gland until it finally reached Max's pineal gland.

Although her eyes were closed, the tinfoil square blinked once to indicate that the needle was in position. In tiny spurts, the syringe began emitting microscopic doses of the purple solution. With each injection, the solution began eating away at a calcified shell surrounding Max's pineal gland.

"I'm nearly done," Aurelia indicated.

Sutekh quietly observed the procedure, watching as Max's fingers twitched, opening and closing into a partial fist. "You realize, very soon, we'll be unable to immobilize him."

Aurelia felt encouraged as she withdrew the syringe from Max's nostril. "Perhaps by then, it won't matter." She returned the syringe to her belt and repositioned Max in a more ergonomic posture. "Okay, let's go."

Sutekh surveyed the room to assure there were no signs of their presence left behind. In the same way they entered, they

stole into the hallway, and Sutekh carefully shut the door. The last thing he heard were the words of a teenage boy on the infomercial, celebrating the clarity of his skin.

Together, he and Aurelia made their return to the roof. After they reassumed their position, the control chip on her temple pulsed and the ship's portal opened above them. The beam of soft gentle light enveloped them, and they leaped upward and disappeared into the craft. As the portal closed, all signs vanished of the ship's presence.

Aurelia approached the giant observation window and gazed out on a spectacular penthouse view of Washington, DC. "Shall we?"

Sutekh glared at her since she readily knew his response. "You know how much I hate this place. Of all our missions, this planet is by far the worst."

"I know, Sutekh. This is why our work here is even more important." In a moment of hesitation, she looked across the landscape. "I'll bring us back to observation distance."

As she had done less than a half hour before, Aurelia diverted her attention to the path needed to return them to orbit. They crossed to the couch, and it transformed again into a protective cocoon, completely surrounding them.

"Brace yourself."

The ship pulsed with energy, and the cloaking device lifted for less than the blink of an eye. In the same instant, the ship vanished, shooting into space, where it reassumed its position in orbit. The entire 1600-plus-mile journey had been completed in less than 30 minutes. When the protective membrane unfolded, Sutekh and Aurelia stared down on the small blue planet. Only from such extreme distance did it appear completely peaceful.

Without another word, Sutekh approached the center of the room above where the portal had opened. With a mere swipe of his hand, copper rods rose from the floor until they formed the skeleton of a pyramid. He entered the assembly and sat in lotus position. After a deep inhale, he relaxed, breathing out the tensions of the hour. Sutekh closed his eyes and began his descent into deep meditation.

Aurelia peeled the tinfoil device from her temple and placed

it on the pedestal beside the window. Filled with trepidation, she gazed upon the North American continent, praying that their work with Max would suffice.

Some 800 miles below, Max quietly slumbered, unaware of the visitors who had joined him once again in his room. In the interior architecture of his brain, the purple solution was doing as intended, dissolving the calcified shell that surrounded his pineal gland. For more than a few months, Aurelia had been working to free the often-ignored gland from its organic prison. With the majority of the shell dissolved, fresh blood circulated causing the glandular structure to pulsate.

In that instant a form of lucid dreaming began. Max entered a state that was neither awake nor fully asleep but somewhere in between. He spotted images that seemed entirely real. At the same time he was aware of himself in bed. As the landscape of slumber crystallized around him, he saw the familiar face of Enki staring back at him.