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THE JOURNAL OF JULIUS GABRIEL

EXCERPT: 1

August 24, 1999

My name is Professor Julius Gabriel.

I am an archaeologist, a scientist who studies relics of the past to understand ancient cultures. I use evidence left to us from our ancestors to frame hypotheses and formulate theories. I sift through thousands of years of myths to find single veins of truth.

Throughout the ages, scientists like myself have learned the hard way that man's fear often suppresses truth. Labeled heresy, its very breath is suffocated until Church and State, judge and jury are able to put aside their fears and accept what is real.

I am a scientist. I am not a politician. I am not interested in presenting years of evidence-backed theories to a lecture hall of self-appointed scholars so they can vote on what an acceptable truth about mankind's fate may or may not be. The nature of truth has nothing to do with the democratic process. Like an investigative reporter, I am only interested in what really happened, and what may indeed happen. And if the truth turns out to be so unbelievable that I am labeled a heretic, then so be it.

After all, I am in good company. Darwin was a heretic. And Galileo before him. Four hundred years ago, Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake because he insisted that other worlds besides our own existed.

Like Bruno, I will be dead long before humanity's bitter end arrives. *Here lies Julius Gabriel, the victim of a diseased heart.* My physician urges me to his care, warning me the organ is but a ticking time bomb set to detonate at any moment. Let it explode, I say. The worthless organ has only given me grief since it broke eleven years ago after the departure of my dearly beloved.

These are my memoirs, an accounting of a journey that began some thirty-two years ago. My purpose in summarizing this information is twofold. First, the nature of the research is so controversial and its ramifications so terrifying that I realize now that the scientific community will do everything in their power to suffocate, stifle, and deny the truth about man's destiny. Last, I know there are individuals among the populace who, like my own son, would prefer to fight rather than sit idly by as the end approaches. To you, my "*warriors of salvation*," I leave this journal, thereby passing the baton of hope. Decades of toil and misery are hidden within these pages--this slice of man's history, extracted from eons of limestone. The fate of our species now rests in my son's hands--and perhaps yours. At the very least, you'll no longer be part of the majority Michael calls, the "innocent ignorant." Pray that men like my son can resolve the ancient Mayan riddle.

Then pray for yourselves.

It is said that fear of death is worse than death itself. I believe that witnessing the death of a loved one is worse still. To have experienced my soul mate's life slip away before my eyes, to have felt her body turn cold in my arms--this is too much despair for one heart to handle. At times, I am actually grateful to be dying, for I cannot begin to imagine the anguish of witnessing an entire population suffer amidst the planetary holocaust to come.

For those of you who scoff at my words, be forewarned: The day of reckoning is fast approaching, and ignorance of the event will do nothing to change the outcome.

Today, I sit backstage at Harvard, organizing these excerpts as I await my turn at the dais. So much rides on my speech, so many lives. My greatest concern is that the egos of my colleagues may be too large to allow them to listen to my findings with an open mind. If given a chance to present the facts, I know that I can appeal to them as scientists. If ridiculed, then I fear all is lost.

Fear. I have no doubt as to the motivational effect the emotion has on me now, yet it was not fear that started me on my journey on that fateful day in May of 1969, but the desire to seek fame and fortune. I was young and immortal back then, still full of piss and vinegar, having just received my Doctorate degree with honors from Cambridge

University. While the rest of my peers were busy protesting the war in Vietnam, making love, and fighting for equality, I set out with my father's inheritance, accompanied by two fellow archaeologists and companions, my (former) best-friend, Pierre Borgia, and the ravishing Maria Rosen. Our goal; to unravel the great mystery surrounding the Mayan calendar and its 2,500 year old prophecy of doom.

Never heard of the Mayan calendar's prophecy? I'm not surprised. These days, who has time to concern themselves with an oracle of death originating from some ancient Central American civilization?

Eleven years from now, when you and your loved ones are writhing on the ground, gasping for your last breath, your lives flashing before your eyes--you may well wish you had made the time.

I'll even give you the date of your death: December 21, of the year 2012.

There--you've been officially warned. Now you can act, or shove your heads in the sands of ignorance like the rest of my learned colleagues.

Of course, it's easy for rational human beings to dismiss the Mayan calendar's doomsday prophecy as mere superstitious nonsense. I can still recall my own Professor's reaction when he learned of my intended area of focus: *You're wasting your time, Julius. The Maya were heathens, a bunch of jungle-dwelling savages who believed in human sacrifice. For God's sake, they hadn't even mastered the wheel. . .*

My Professor was both right and wrong, and this is the paradox, for while it is true the ancient Maya could barely grasp the significance of the wheel, they *had*, in fact, managed to acquire an advanced knowledge of astronomy, architecture, and mathematics that, in many ways, rivals and even exceeds our own. In laymen's terms, the Maya were the equivalent of a four-year old child mastering Beethoven's Fifth on the piano while remaining unable to pound out chopsticks.

I'm sure you find it hard to believe, most self-proclaimed 'educated' individuals do. But the evidence is overwhelming. And this is what compelled me to embark on my journey, for to simply ignore the calendar's wealth of knowledge because of its unimaginable doomsday prophecy would have been as much a crime as to summarily dismiss the theory of relativity because Einstein was once employed as a junior clerk.

So what *is* the Mayan calendar?

A brief explanation:

If I asked you to describe the function of a calendar, your initial response would probably be to describe the device as a means of keeping your weekly or monthly appointments. Moving beyond this somewhat limited scope, let us see the calendar for what it really is--a tool, designed to determine (as accurately as possible) the Earth's annual orbit around the Sun.

Our modern Western calendar was first introduced in Europe in 1582. It was based upon the Gregorian calendar, which calculated Earth's orbit around the Sun to take 365.25 days. This incorporated a very small plus-error of 0.0003 of a day per year, quite impressive for scientists of the 16th century.

The Maya derived their calendar from their predecessors, the Olmec, a mysterious people whose origins can be traced back some 3,000 years ago. Imagine for a moment, that you are living thousands of years ago. There are no televisions or radios, telephones or watches, and it is your job is to chart the stars to determine the passage of time equating to one planetary orbit. Somehow the Olmec, without precision instruments, calculated the solar year to be 365.2420 days, incorporating an even smaller minus error of 0.0002 of a day.

Let me re-state this so you can grasp the implications: The 3,000 year old Mayan Calendar is a 10,000th of a day more accurate than the calendar the world uses today!

There's more. The Mayan Solar Calendar is but one part of a three-calendar system. A second calendar, the 'Ceremonial Calendar' operates concurrently, consisting of twenty months of thirteen days. The third part, the 'Venus Calendar' or 'Long-Count,' was based on the orbit of the planet Venus. By combining these three calendars into one, the Maya were able to forecast celestial events over great expanses of time, not just thousands but *millions* of years. (On one particular Mesoamerican monument, an inscription refers to a time period dating back 400 million years.)

Impressed yet?

The Maya believed in Great Cycles, periods of time that registered the recorded creations and destructions of the world. The Calendar recorded the five Great Cycles or

Suns of the Earth. The current and last cycle began on *4 Ahau 8 Cumku*, a date corresponding to August 13th, 3114 BC, considered by the Maya to be the birth date of the planet Venus. This last Great Cycle is predicted to end with the destruction of humanity on *4 Ahau 3 Kankin*, a date determined as December 21st, in the year 2012--the day of the winter solstice.

The day of the dead.

How convinced were the Maya that their prophecy was true? After the departure of their great teacher, Kukulcan, the Maya began practicing barbaric rituals involving human sacrifice, cutting out the hearts of tens of thousands of men, women, and children.

The ultimate sacrifice--all to forestall the end of humanity.

I'm not asking you to seek such outlandish remedies, just to open your mind. What you don't know can affect you, what you refuse to see can kill you. There are mysteries that surround us whose origins we cannot fathom--yet must! The pyramids of Giza and Teotihuacan, the Temples of Angkor in Cambodia, Stonehenge, the incredible message inscribed upon the Nazca desert, and most of all, the Kukulcan pyramid in Chichen Itza. All these ancient sites, all these magnificent, unexplainable wonders were not intended as tourist attractions but are pieces to a single perplexing jigsaw puzzle which can prevent the annihilation of our species.

My journey through life is nearly over. I leave these memoirs, highlights of the overwhelming evidence I've accumulated over three decades, to my son, Michael, and to all those who would carry on my work *ad finem*--to the end. While presenting the clues in the manner in which I stumbled across them, I will also endeavor to paint for you an historical accounting of the events along the time line in which they actually occurred throughout man's history.

For the record, I take no satisfaction in being right. For the record, I pray to God that I'm wrong.

I'm not wrong. . .

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EXCERPT 2:

And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives, whomsoever they chose. . . The NEPHILIM were in the earth in those days, and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bore children to them; the same were the MIGHTY men that were of OLD, the MEN of RENOWN.”

-- Genesis: 6

The Bible. The sacred book of the Jewish and Christian religions. For the archaeologist in search of truth, this document of antiquity can offer vital clues to help fill in the missing gaps in the evolution of man.

Genesis-6 may be the least understood passage in all the Bible, yet it may turn out to be its most revealing. Occurring just before God instructed Noah, it refers to the *sons of God* and the *Nephilim*, a name that literally translates into ‘the fallen ones,’ or ‘they who fell from the sky with fire.’

Who were these ‘fallen ones,’ these ‘men of renown?’ An important clue may be found in the Genesis Apocryphon, one of the ancient texts uncovered among the Dead Sea Scrolls. In a key passage, Lamech, Noah’s father, questions his wife because he thinks his son’s conception was the result of her having had intercourse with either an Angel or one of their offspring, a Nephilim.

Did extraterrestrial blood flow through Noah’s body? The concept of “fallen” Angels, or “men of renown” interbreeding with human women may seem far-fetched, but there must be some element of truth to it, since the tale, like the story of Noah and the Great Flood, is repeated among different cultures and religions around the world.

As mentioned, I have spent a lifetime investigating mysterious wonders--magnificent structures left upon the face of this planet that have survived the ravages of time. I believe these structures were created by these “men of old, men of renown” for a single purpose--to save our species from annihilation.

We may never know who the Nephilim were, but geological evidence now allows us to reference the time frame in which they first appeared. The fact is--there *was* a great flood. Earth's last ice age was the culprit, the event dating back some 115,000 years. At the time, massive glaciers covered most of the northern and southern hemispheres, advancing and retreating, eventually peaking some 17,000 years ago. Most of Europe was buried under an ice cap two miles thick. Glaciers in North America pushed as far south as the Mississippi Valley and down to the 37th parallel.

It was the time of *Homo sapiens neanderthalensis*, Neanderthal Man. It was also around this time in our ancestor's history that the mysterious "fallen ones" arrived.

Perhaps the clans of early *Homo sapiens* did little to impress these men of renown. Perhaps the Nephilim felt it best that early man return to the evolutionary drawing board. Whatever their response, all we know is that miraculously, and quite suddenly, the world started melting.

It happened fast, triggered by some unknown, cataclysmic development. Millions of cubic miles of ice that had taken more than 40,000 years to advance suddenly melted in less than two millennia. The sea rose three to four hundred feet, engulfing the land. Sections of earth, once weighed down by billions of tons of ice, began rising, causing terrible earthquakes. Volcanoes erupted, spewing enormous amounts of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere, increasing global warming. Great tidal waves uprooted jungles, wiping out animals and devastating the land.

The planet became a very hostile place.

By 13,000 BC to 11,000 BC, most of the ice had melted, the climate stabilizing. And emerging from this muck and mire was a new sub-species, *Homo sapiens sapiens*--modern man.

Evolution or the Bible's story of creation--wherein lies the truth of modern man's rise? As a scientist, I am compelled to believe in Darwinism, but as an archaeologist, I also recognize that truth is often concealed within myths passed down over millennium. The prophecy foretold by the Mayan Calendar falls into the same category. As mentioned earlier, the calendar is a precise scientific instrument which utilizes advanced principles of

astronomy and mathematics to derive its calculations. At the same time, the calendar's origins are centered around the most important legend in Mayan history--the *Popol Vuh*--the Mayan book of creation.

The *Popol Vuh* is the Bible of the Mesoamerican Indians. According to the *Popol Vuh*, written hundreds of years after Kukulcan's passing, the world was divided into an Overworld (heaven) a Middleworld (Earth), and an Underworld, a haven of evil known as *Xibalba* (pronounced She-bal-ba). As the ancient Maya looked to the night sky, they saw the dark rift of the Milky Way and interpreted it as being a dark serpent or Black Road (*Xibalba Be*) which lead to the Underworld. Appearing in close proximity to the dark rift were the three belt stars of Orion. To the Maya, these stars were said to be the three stones of Creation.

As mentioned earlier, the Mayan calendar is divided into five great cycles, the first of which began some 25,800 years ago. This is no arbitrary period of time, but the actual length in years that it takes Earth to complete one cycle of precession, the slow wobble of our planet on its axis. (More on this later.)

The creation story retold in the *Popol Vuh* begins some 25,800 years ago when ice still covered much of the Earth. The hero of the tale is a primitive man known as Hun (One) Hunahpu, later revered by the Maya as "First-Father." Hun Hunahpu's great passion in life was to play the ancient ball game known as *Tlachtli*. One day, the Lords of the Underworld, speaking through *Xibalba Be* (the Black Road), challenged Hun Hunahpu and his brother to a game. Hun Hunahpu accepted and entered the portal to the Black Road, which was represented in Mayan legends as the mouth of a great serpent.

But the underworld lords had no intention of playing the game. Using trickery and deceit, they defeated the brothers and decapitated them, hanging Hun Hunahpu's head in the crook of a Calabash tree. The Evil Lords then set the tree aside, forbidding anyone to visit it.

After a great many years, a brave young woman named Blood Moon ventured down the Black Road to see if the legend was true. Approaching the tree to pick some fruits, she was startled to find Hun Hunahpu's head, which spit into her palm, magically impregnating her. The woman fled, the Under Lords unable to destroy her before she could

escape.

Blood Moon (also known as First Mother) would give birth to twin sons. As the years passed, the boys grew into strong, capable warriors. Upon reaching adulthood, their genetic calling would push them to make the journey down the Black Road to *Xibalba* to challenge the evil ones and avenge their father's death. Once more, the Lords of the Underworld would use deceit, but this time, the Hero Twins would triumph, banishing evil while resurrecting their long-lost father.

What can we garner from the creation myth? The name, Hun or One Hunahpu, equates to the calendric name One Ahau, a day-sign meaning First Sun. The first sun of the new year is the December Solstice Sun. The prophesied date of doom ends on the winter Solstice in the year 2012--exactly one 25,800 year processional cycle from the very first day of the Mayan calendar!

Using a computer program that allows one to forecast the cosmos at any date in history, I have calculated the night sky as it will appear in 2012. Beginning at the time of the Autumnal Equinox, an extremely rare astronomical alignment will occur between the galactic and solar planes. The dark rift of the Milky Way will appear to sit on the Earth's horizon, and the Sun will begin to move into alignment at its center point. This stellar shift will culminate on the day of the winter solstice, a day considered by most ancient cultures to be the Day of the Dead. On this date, for the first time in 25,800 years, our Sun will move in conjunction with the crossing point of the Milky Way and the ecliptic in Sagittarius, marking the alignment of the Galactic Equator, the exact center of the galaxy.

Somehow, the Mayan Calendar accurately predicted this celestial event more than 3,000 years ago. Interpreting the creation myth, the galactic alignment will climax with the opening of a cosmic portal that bridges the gap between our planet and the Mayan underworld known as *Xibalba*.

Call it fiction, call it fact, but somehow this intergalactic alignment will culminate in the deaths of every man, woman, and child on the face of our planet.

**-- Excerpt from the Journal of Professor Julius Gabriel,
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EXCERPT 3:

In order to better understand and ultimately resolve the mysteries surrounding the Mayan Calendar and its doomsday prophecy, one must explore the origins of the cultures that first rose to prominence in the Yucatan.

The first Mesoamericans were semi-nomadic, appearing in Central America around 4000 BC. Eventually they became farmers, developing corn, a hybrid of wild grass, as well as avocado, tomatoes, and squash.

Then, sometime around 2500 BC, *He* arrived.

He was a long-faced Caucasian with flowing white beard and hair, a wise man who, according to legend, arrived by sea along the Gulf of Mexico's tropical lowlands to educate and impart great wisdom unto the natives of the region.

We now refer to these educated natives as the Olmec (meaning: *dwellers in the land of rubber*) and they eventually became the "Mother Culture" of all Mesoamerica, the first complex society of the Americas. Under the influence of the "bearded one," the Olmec would unify the Gulf region, their achievements in astronomy, mathematics, and architecture influencing the Zapotec, Mayan, Toltec, and Aztec--cultures which eventually rose to power over the next several thousand years.

Almost overnight, these simple jungle-dwelling farmers were suddenly establishing complex structures and extensive ceremonial centers. Advanced techniques of engineering were incorporated into the designs of architecture and public works of art. It was the Olmec who originated the ancient ball game, as well as the first method of recording events. They also fashioned great monolithic heads out of basalt, ten feet tall, many weighing up to 30 tons each. How these enormous Olmec heads were transported still remains a mystery.

Of greater importance, the Olmec was the first culture in Mesoamerica to erect pyramids using an advanced knowledge of astronomy and mathematics. It was these structures, aligned with the constellations, that reveals the Olmec's understanding of precession, a discovery that gave rise to the creation myth recorded in the *Popol Vuh*.

And so it was the Olmec, and not the Maya, who used their unexplainable knowledge of astronomy to create the Long Count Calendar and its prophecy of doom.

At the heart of the doomsday calendar is the creation myth, an historical account of an ongoing battle between light and good versus darkness and evil. The hero of the story, One Hunahpu, is a warrior who is able to access the Black Road (*Xibalba Be*). To the Mesoamerican Indians, *Xibalaba Be* equated to the dark rift of the Milky Way Galaxy. The portal to *Xibalba Be* was represented in both Olmec and Mayan artwork as the mouth of a great serpent.

One can imagine the primitive Olmec, looking up at the night sky, pointing to the dark rift of the galaxy as a cosmic snake.

Around 100 BC, for reasons still unknown, the Olmec chose to abandon their cities and split into two camps, diversifying over two distinct regions. Those moving farther west into Central Mexico became known as the Toltecs. Those venturing east would dwell in the jungles of the Yucatan, Belize, and Guatemala, and would call themselves the Maya. It would not be until A.D. 900 that the two civilizations would reunite under the influence of the great teacher, Kukulcan, in his majestic city of Chichen Itza.

But I get ahead of myself.

Cambridge: 1969. It was from here that my two colleagues and I set out to unravel the mysteries of the Mayan prophecy. Unanimously, we decided our first stop should be the Olmec site of La Venta, for it was here, twenty years earlier, that the American archaeologist Matthew Stirling had unearthed his most startling discovery, an enormous Olmec fortification, consisting of a wall of six-hundred columns, each weighing in excess of two-tons. Adjacent to this structure, the explorer had located a magnificent rock, covered with intricate Olmec carvings. After two days of intense labor, Stirling and his men were able to unearth the mammoth sculpture, which stood fourteen feet high, seven feet wide, and nearly three feet thick. Although some of the carvings had been damaged from erosion, the image of one magnificent figure still remained: a large Caucasian male with a long head, high-bridged nose and flowing white beard.

Imagine my fellow archaeologists' shock at finding a two-thousand year old relief clearly depicting a Caucasian, the artifact created 1500 years *before* the first European had even set foot in the Americas! Just as perplexing was the depiction of a bearded figure

among the Olmec, for it is a genetic fact that full-blooded Amer-Indians *cannot* grow beards. Since all forms of artistic expression must have roots somewhere, the identity of the bearded white man remained yet another enigma to be solved.

As for myself, I immediately theorized the Caucasian to be an earlier ancestor of the great Mayan teacher, Kukulcan.

We don't know much about Kukulcan, or his ancestors, although every Mesoamerican group appears to have worshiped a male deity who fits the same physical description. To the Maya, he was Kukulcan, to the Aztecs, Quetzalcoatl-- a legendary bearded wise man who brought peace, prosperity, and great wisdom to the people. Records indicate that, sometime around AD 1000, Kukulcan/Quetzalcoatl was forced to abandon Chichen Itza. Legend tells that, before leaving, the mysterious wise man promised his people that he would eventually return to rid the world of evil.

Upon Kukulcan's departure, a demonic influence quickly spread throughout the land. Both the Maya and Aztecs turned to human sacrifice, savagely killing tens of thousands of men, women, and children, all in an effort to usher in the return of their beloved god-king and forestall the prophesied end of humanity.

It was in the year 1519 that the Spanish Conquistador, Hernan Cortez, would arrive from Europe to invade the Yucatan. Though they easily outnumbered their enemy, the Mesoamerican Indians mistook Cortez (a bearded white man) as the Second Coming of Kukulcan/Quetzalcoatl and laid down their weapons. Having conquered the savages, Cortez sent for the Spanish priests, who, upon their arrival, were horrified to learn of the human sacrifices, as well as one other shocking ritual: Mayan mothers were strapping wooden boards to their infant's heads in an attempt to deform their newborn child's developing skull. By elongating the skull, the Mayan would appear more god-like, a belief no doubt inspired by evidence indicating the great teacher, Kukulcan, had possessed a similar elongated cranium.

Quickly proclaiming the Maya practice to be an influence of the Devil, the Spanish priests ordered the shamans burned alive and the rest of the Indians converted to Christianity--under penalty of death. The superstitious fools then proceeded to torch every important Mayan codex in existence. Thousands of volumes of text were destroyed--text

that no doubt referenced the doomsday prophecy, and may have contained vital instructions, left to us by Kukulcan, to save our species from annihilation.

And so it came to pass that the Church, attempting to save our souls from the Devil, most likely condemned our species to ignorance some 500 years ago.

While Borgia and I argued over the identity of the bearded one depicted on the Olmec relief, our colleague, the beautiful Maria Rosen, came upon a find that would redirect our efforts away from Central America and onto the next leg of our journey.

While excavating an Olmec dig in La Venta, Maria discovered an ancient Royal burial site, and unearthed the remains of an elongated skull. Although this bizarre, inhuman-looking cranium was not the first such skull ever located in Mesoamerica, it would turn out to be the only one found in the Olmec homeland referred to as the Serpent Sanctuary.

Maria decided to donate the skull to the Museum of Anthropology in Merida. Upon speaking to their curator, we learned, quite to our surprise, that similar skulls had recently been unearthed in burial grounds located on the Nazca plateau in Peru.

Was there a link between the Maya and Inca civilizations?

The three of us found ourselves at an archaeological crossroad. Should we continue onto Chichen Itza, an ancient Mayan city central to the doomsday prophecy, or leave Mexico and pursue our lead to Peru?

Maria's instinct was to travel to South America, believing that the Mayan calendar was but an important piece to the doomsday puzzle. And so the three of us boarded a plane bound for Nazca, unaware of where our journey was leading us.

As we flew across the Atlantic, I found myself perplexed by something the physician in Merida had shared with me. Upon examination of the elongated cranium, the medical examiner, a man of good reputation, had stated, quite emphatically, that the massive bone deformity of this particular skull could not have been caused by any known elongation technique. To back-up his claim, he arranged for a dentist to examine the dental remains, the results of which yielded something even more startling.

It is a fact that human adults possess fourteen teeth in the lower jaw.

The elongated skull Maria had found only possessed ten.

-- Excerpt from the Journal of Professor Julius Gabriel,

Ref. Catalogue 1969-73 pages 13-347

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EXCERPT 4:

The Nazca plateau in southern Peru is a barren desert, forty miles long and six miles wide. It is a desolate, unforgiving flatland, a dead zone cradled by the Andes mountains. It also happens to be an extraordinarily unique geology in that Nazca's underlying soil contains high levels of gypsum, a natural adhesive. Re-moistened each day by the morning dew, the gypsum literally keeps the indigenous iron and silica stones that proliferate the desert glued to its surface. These dark pebbles retain the sun's heat, giving rise to a protective shield of warm air that virtually eliminates the effects of the wind. It also makes the plateau one of the driest places on Earth, receiving less than an inch of rain every decade.

For the artist wishing to express himself on the grandest of scales, the Nazca plateau becomes the perfect canvas, for what is drawn upon this plateau tends to stay there. Yet it was not until a pilot flew overhead in 1947 that modern man first discovered the mysterious drawings and geometric lines carved upon this Peruvian landscape thousands of years ago.

There are more than 13,000 lines crossing the Nazca Desert. A few of these markings extend for distances exceeding 5 miles, stretching over rough terrain while miraculously remaining perfectly straight. Although some would like to believe the lines represent prehistoric runways for ancient astronauts, we now know them to be astronomically aligned, marking the positions of the winter solstice, the Equinox, the constellation Orion, and perhaps other heavenly bodies as yet unbeknownst to us.

More bizarre are the hundreds of icons illustrating animals. At ground level, these colossal zoomorphs appear only as random indentations made by the scraping away of tons of black volcanic pebbles to expose the yellow gypsum below. But when viewed from high in the air, the Nazca drawings come alive, representing a unified artistic vision and engineering achievement that has survived unscathed for thousands of years.

The artwork of the Nazca plateau was completed at two very distinct time intervals. Although it seems contrary to our notion of evolution, it is the earlier drawings that are by far the superior. These include the monkey, the spider, the pyramid, and the serpent. Not only are the likenesses incredibly accurate, but the figures themselves, most larger than a football field, were each drawn using one continuous, unbroken line.

Who were the mysterious artists who created these desert images? How were they able to accomplish such a magnificent feat on such a grand scale? More importantly--what was their motivation for carving the figures into the plateau in the first place?

It was in the summer of 1972 that Maria, Pierre, and I first arrived in this wretched South American desert. At the time we weren't at all interested in the drawings, our intent being simply to determine the relationship between the elongated skulls of Mesoamerica and those found in Nazca. I can still recall my first week working on the plateau--swearing at the vile Peruvian Sun which tortured me on a daily basis, blistering my face and arms. If you had told me then that I would eventually return to this purgatory of sand and rock to live out the rest of my days, I'd have thought you insane.

Insane.

I struggle to even write the cursed word. By now, many of you may question whether you are reading the accounts of a scientist or madman. I must confess, not a day goes by that I don't debate the very issue myself. If I *have* lost my mind, then it was Nazca that did the deed, her incessant heat causing my brain to swell, her unforgiving surface pounding the arthritis into my bones for decades. Any chance of attaining inner peace fled the day I condemned my family to that desert. I pray Michael forgives me for raising him in that hell hole, and for the other childhood unjustness I brought to bear upon his tortured soul.

From the summer of '72 to the winter of '74, our little trio toiled in Nazca, unearthing hundreds of deformed skulls found in ceremonial burial grounds located close to the Andes mountains. A thorough examination of each skull revealed that the deformations had been caused by the strapping of wooden boards across the child's head at an early age.

It was in January of '74 that we discovered a royal burial ground, situated close to the Andes mountains. The walls of this incredible tomb were made of enormous columns of rock, each weighing between 10 and 20 tons. Within the subterranean chamber were thirteen male mummies, each possessing an elongated skull. Our excitement reached new levels after extensive x-rays and other tests revealed that the deceased, like the La Venta skull Maria had found, had achieved the shape of their skull purely as a result of genetics!

Discovering a new race of men proved to be as controversial as startling. Upon hearing of our find, Peru's President ordered all of our artifacts placed in a basement vault of the Archaeological Museum in Ica, away from public viewing. (To this day, the skulls can only be seen by special invitation.)

Who was this mysterious race? What caused them to be born with skulls twice that of normal size?

We know the first people to arrive in the Andean region were hunters and fishermen who settled along the Peruvian coastline sometime around 10,000 BC. Then, around 400 BC, another group arrived on the Nazca plateau. What know little about these mysterious people, other than they referred to their leaders as the Viracochas, demigods who were said to have migrated to South America just after the great flood. The Viracochas were described as pale-skinned wise men with deep, ocean-blue eyes and flowing white beards and hair. These ancient rulers apparently possessed superior intelligence and larger than normal cranium, their bizarre appearance no doubt influencing their followers to practice the art of skull deformation in an attempt to emulate their royal leaders.

The physical resemblance between the Viracochas and the great Mayan teacher,

Kukulcan, is too incredible to ignore. The fact that a tall, bearded Caucasian also appears in the legends of numerous other ancient Andean cultures provides further clues of a link between Mesoamerican Indians and those of South America.

The most dominant Indian civilization to rise out of the mountainous jungles of South America were the Inca. Like the Maya, they too worshiped a great teacher, a wise man who advanced his people through the teachings of science, agriculture, and architecture. Although we now know that most feats credited to Inca ingenuity actually originated from earlier ethnic groups, written accounts tell us it was this bearded Caucasian who inspired the creation of the great Inca roadways as well as the famous agricultural terraces built along steep mountain slopes. The bearded one is also believed to have been the artist who created the older, more sophisticated drawings of Nazca. Although he is known by different names among various Andean cultures, the Inca worshiped him simply as Virococha, meaning “foam from the sea.”

Like Kukulcan among the Maya and Quetzalcoatl to the Aztecs, Virococha is the most revered figure in Inca history. Were the Viracochas of 400 BC his ancestors? Could he be a distant relative of Kukulcan? If so, does his presence in ancient South America have anything to do with the Mayan Calendar and its forecast of doom?

Seeking answers, we abandoned the Nazca desert and headed for the Andes mountains, intent on exploring two ancient sites believed to have been created by the Inca deity. The first of these was the fortress of Sacsayhuaman, a monstrous structure erected just north of Cuzco. Like the royal tomb, the walls of this mind-boggling citadel are composed of giant irregularly-shaped granite boulders which have miraculously been fitted so perfectly together that I could not wedge the edge of my pocket knife between the stones.

It strains the imagination to think how the Andean Indians were able to transport stones weighing 100-tons or more over ten-miles of mountainous terrain from their distant quarry, then fit them perfectly into place along the fortification. (One 28-foot high monster weighs in excess of 700,000 pounds.) Archaeologists, still struggling to explain away this unfathomable feat, have attempted to duplicate a small fraction of Viracocha’s legacy by transporting one medium-sized boulder from a distant quarry using advanced engineering principles and a small army of volunteers. To this day, every undertaking has failed

miserably.

We know the fortress of Sacsayhuaman was erected to protect its inhabitants from hostile forces. The true purpose behind the design of Viracocha's other structure, the ancient Andean city of Tiahuanaco, still remains a mystery.

Situated 12,500 feet above the Pacific in the Andean mountains of Bolivia, the ruins of Tiahuanaco rest on the ancient shoreline of Lake Titicaca, the highest body of navigable water in the world. After examining the impossible engineering feats at Sacsayhuaman, I would have sworn that nothing henceforth would surprise me. Despite this, the site of Tiahuanaco was simply overwhelming. The ground plan of this ancient city consists of three limestone temples and four other structures, all set on a series of raised platforms and sunken rectangles. As in Sacsayhuaman, the majority of construction consists of impossibly large boulders fitted perfectly together.

But there is clearly more to Tiahuanaco than meets the eye. A hidden agenda is present here--an agenda that may portend to the very salvation of our species.

Dominating the city is the remains of the Akapana, a step pyramid whose four directionally-oriented sides each measure 690-feet. The purpose of Akapana, alas, must remain a mystery as the invading Spanish used the structure as a quarry, robbing the temple of ninety-percent of its facing.

The most wondrous structure in Tiahuanaco is the Gate of the Sun, a single, massive block of stone weighing 100 tons. This mammoth work of art stands in the northwest corner of the complex like some prehistoric *Arc de Triomphe*. Somehow, its creator managed to transport this enormous block of stone from a quarry miles away, carve out a perfect portal of a door using God-knows what kind of tool, then vertically align the piece into place.

Giant pillars proliferate in the city. At the center of a sunken, rectangular open-air pit stands a 7-foot tall red rock carving of Viracocha himself. The elongated skull is present, as well as the prominent forehead, thin straight nose, and the beard-covered jaw-line. The arms and hands are folded. A final feature worth mentioning: Rising along either side of the wise man's robe are two serpents, similar to those depicted throughout Mesoamerica.

The most controversial structure of Tiahuanaco is the Kalasasaya, a sunken temple located in the center of the city, surrounded by huge walls. Twelve-foot-high stone blocks have been erected within its confines. Although Pierre concluded that the Kalasasaya had to have been a fortress, Maria believed otherwise, recognizing the alignment of the erect, monolithic blocks as being similar to those found at Stonehenge.

As usual, Maria turned out to be correct. The Kalasasaya is not a fortress but a celestial observatory, perhaps the oldest in the world.

So what does all this mean?

Five years out of Cambridge, my fellow archaeologists and I had found overwhelming evidence indicating a superior race of Caucasians had influenced the development of both the Mesoamerican and South American Indians. These bearded men, possessing genetically deformed skulls, had somehow designed and overseen the construction of magnificent monuments, the purpose of which still baffled us.

Maria was convinced that the design of the Kalasasaya observatory was too close to that of Stonehenge to be a mere coincidence. She believed that it was imperative that we continue following the trail of this Caucasian race and their ancient wisdom east to see where it would lead.

Pierre Borgia was not happy about this. Two years at Nazca had been more than enough to satiate his appetite for archaeology, and he was being pressured by his well-to-do family to return to the States to pursue a political career. The problem was that he loved Maria, in fact, the two of them had planned to wed in the spring.

As much as she cared for Pierre, Maria was not ready to give up her quest to resolve the Mayan prophecy, insisting that we continue to follow the bearded ones' ancient trail to Stonehenge.

The thought of returning to England was all the enticement we needed, and so I booked us passage and we flew onto the next leg of our journey, one I knew was destined to break-up our little triumvirate forever.

-- Excerpt from the Journal of Professor Julius Gabriel,

JOURNAL OF JULIUS GABRIEL

EXCERPT 5:

When it comes to Giza, the subject of *who* built the Great Pyramids is just as important as *when*, *how*, and *why*. You see, the Giza structures are a paradox unto themselves, erected with unfathomable precision for a purpose that still remains a mystery thousands of years after their completion. Unlike the other ancient monuments of Egypt, the pyramid of Giza were not built as tombs, in fact, they lack any identifying hieroglyphics, internal inscriptions, sarcophagus, or any treasures to speak of.

As mentioned earlier, erosion at the base of the Sphinx would later prove that the structures of Giza had been erected in 10,450 BC, distinguishing them as the oldest in all of Egypt.

You'll notice that I do not refer to these wonders as the pyramids of Khufu, Khafre, and Menkaure. Egyptologists would have us believe it was these three pharaohs who commissioned the monoliths built. What utter nonsense! Khufu had about as much to do with the design and construction of the Great Pyramid as George Washington did the D.C. monument erected in his name.

The fallacy dates back to 1837, when Colonel Howard Vyse was commissioned to excavate Giza. The archaeologist, having made no significant discoveries to speak of (and quite desperate for funds), conveniently managed to locate quarry marks bearing Khufu's name in a rather obscure tunnel he himself had haphazardly excavated within the pyramid. For some reason, no one seemed to question the fact that the identifying markings had been painted upside down (some even misspelled), and that no other inscriptions were found anywhere else inside the Great Pyramid.

The Egyptologists, of course, preach Vyse's discovery as the gospel.

Many years later, an Inventory Stela would be unearthed by the French archaeologist, Auguste Mariette. The text appearing on this stone, the ancient equivalent of an historical placard for tourists, clearly indicates the pyramids were built long before

Khufu's reign, referring to the structures at Giza as the House of Osiris, Lord of Rostau.

Osiris--perhaps the most revered figure in all Egyptian history--a great teacher and wise man who abolished cannibalism and left a lasting legacy to his people.

Osiris. . . the bearded god-king.

Maria and I spent most of our time examining the Great Pyramid, although the entire Giza site plan lends itself to one mysterious, yet very distinct purpose.

The exterior of the Great Pyramid is as mind-boggling as its interior. Having previously discussed the temple's measurements in relationship to the value *pi*, precession, and the dimensions of the Earth, I'll proceed to the structure's four limestone-block sides. As incredible as it may seem, each side spans 755 feet, the pyramid coming within a mere eight inches of being a perfect square. Each side is also aligned to true north, east, south, and west, facts that make a greater impact when one realizes the Great Pyramid is constructed of 2,300,000 stone blocks, each weighing between 2.5 and 15 tons. (In the smallest of the three Giza pyramids lies a single stone weighing 320 tons. As I record these words in the year 2001, there are only three cranes in the entire world that could lift such a monumental weight off the ground.) Yet, as was the case in Tiahuanaco and Stonehenge, no machinery was used to move these incredible weights, which had to be transported from a distant quarry, then placed into position, often times hundreds of feet off the ground.

Most onlookers gazing upon the Great Pyramid do not realize that the structure's sides were originally finished with highly polished casing stones, each of these 115,000 blocks weighing 20,000 pounds. Only remnants of these casing stones remain today, the majority having been destroyed after a massive earthquake in AD 1301, yet we know the limestone blocks had been cut with such precision and skill that the blade of a knife could not be inserted between them. One can only imagine what the Great Pyramid must have looked like thousands of years ago--a six million ton structure covering 13 acres--shimmering under the Egyptian sun like glass.

While the exterior of the pyramid is a wondrous sight to behold, it is the interior of this mysterious structure which may conceal its true purpose.

The Great Pyramid contains several passageways which lead to two barren rooms, innocuously named the King and Queen's chamber. The true purpose of these

rooms is still unknown. A concealed doorway along the northern face leads one down a narrow passage which connects to a corridor ascending straight into the heart of the pyramid. After a brief climb, one can either enter a claustrophobic, 130-foot long horizontal tunnel leading to the Queen's Chamber, or continue ascending still further by way of the Grand Gallery, an impressive vault-like corridor that leads up to the King's Chamber.

The Queen's chamber is a barren, seventeen by eighteen foot room, with a twenty-foot high gabled ceiling. Its only notable feature is a narrow ventilation shaft, the opening a mere 8 inch by 9 inch rectangle. This shaft, as well as the two found in the King's chamber, had remained sealed until 1993, when the Egyptians, seeking to improve the pyramid's ventilation, hired the German engineer, Rudolf Gantenbrink, to use his miniature robot to excavate the blocked ventilation shafts. Images taken by the robot's miniature camera revealed the shafts were not blocked, but sealed from within by a sliding apparatus, a tiny door held in place with metal fittings. When unimpeded, the shaft would open directly to the sky.

Using a sophisticated clinometer, Gantenbrink was able to calculate the exact angles of projection to the night sky. At 39 degrees, 30 feet, the Queen's southern shaft had been directly targeted on the star, Sirius. The King's shaft, at 45 degrees, on Al Nitak, the lowest star among the three situated on Orion's belt.

Astronomers soon thereafter discovered that the three pyramids of Giza had been painstakingly aligned to mirror the three belt stars of the constellation Orion as they appeared in 10,450 B.C. (The legend of Osiris is also linked with Orion, his wife, Isis, with the star of Sirius.)

Was cosmic alignment the true purpose behind the excavation of the shafts, or were they designed to fulfill another function?

The Grand Gallery is an incredible engineering accomplishment unto itself. Less than seven feet wide at floor level, the walls of this corbeled shaft gradually narrow along either side as they rise to meet the twenty-eight foot high ceiling. Climbing at a 26 degree incline, the tight passageway runs upward more than 150 feet, an amazing architectural accomplishment considering the Gallery's vaulted masonry supports the entire weight of

the upper three-quarters of the pyramid.

At the summit of the Grand Gallery is a mysterious antechamber, its walls composed of red granite. Strange pairs of parallel grooves resembling tracks for an ancient set of partitions have been carved into the wall. From here, a small tunnel leads into the King's Chamber, the most impressive room in the pyramid. The chamber is a perfect rectangle, 17 feet, 2-inches wide, 34-feet, 4 inches long, its ceiling rising 19 feet, 1-inch off the floor. The entire chamber is composed of 100 blocks of red granite, each weighing in excess of 70 tons!

How could the ancient builders possibly have managed to lift these granite blocks into place, especially in such confined spaces?

Only one object is present within the King's Chamber, a solitary block of mud-colored granite, its interior sculpted out like a giant bathtub. Situated along the western wall, the piece is seven and a half feet long, its width and depth each measuring three and a half feet. The solid block of granite has been cut with unexplainable machine-like precision. Whatever technology was used to slice this object was superior to any tool possessed by modern man.

Though no mummy has ever been found, Egyptologists continue to identify this hollowed object to be a lidless sarcophagus.

I have a different theory.

The King's Chamber appears to function as an acoustical instrument, gathering and amplifying sounds. On several occasions, I have found myself alone in the room and used the opportunity to actually climb into the bathtub-shaped coffer. Upon lying down, I became overwhelmed by what felt like deep reverberations, as if I had climbed into the ear canal of a giant. I do not exaggerate when I state that my bones actually rattled from the overwhelming vibrations of sound and energy. Further discussions with electronic engineers reveal that the geometry of the apex of the Great Pyramid (at 377 ohms) makes it the perfect resonator, matching the impedance of free space.

As bizarre as it sounds, it is my theory that the Great Pyramid had been designed to function like some incredible, monolithic energy-channeling tuning fork, capable of resonating radio frequency-type currents, or perhaps some other as yet unknown energy

fields.

More sobering facts: In addition to our own investigation of the Great Pyramid, Maria and I spent countless hours interviewing some of the top architects and engineers in the world. Upon calculating the tonnage, labor, and space requirements involved with building the structure, each of these professionals rendered the same startling conclusion--the Great Pyramid could not be duplicated--not even today.

Let me reiterate this: Even using our most sophisticated cranes, human beings of our own era could *never* have erected the Great Pyramid.

And yet, the Great Pyramid *was* constructed, some thirteen thousand years ago!

So then, *who* did build the Great Pyramid?

How does one seek answers to define the impossible? What *is* the impossible? Maria prescribed it as “a faulty conclusion drawn by an ununiformed observer, whose own limited experience lacks the information base to comprehend accurately something that is simply not within their own acceptable parameters of reality. ”

What my beloved was trying to express was this--mysteries remain mysteries until the observer opens their mind to new possibilities. Or, to put it more succinctly--in order to find a solution to what is perceived as the impossible, seek impossible solutions.

And we did.

Logic dictates that, if human beings alone could not have built the great pyramids, then someone else had assisted them, in this case--another species--one obviously superior in intelligence.

This simple yet disturbing conclusion was not derived out of thin air, but from hard, empirical evidence.

The elongated skulls found in both Central and South America tell us the members of this mysterious species were humanoid in appearance. Various legends describe them as being tall Caucasian males, with ocean-blue eyes, and flowing white beards and hair. Several of the most successful ancient cultures in history, including the Egyptian, Inca, Maya, and Aztec, had revered these beings as men of great wisdom and peace who had arrived to establish order from the chaos. All were great teachers, possessing an advanced knowledge of astronomy, mathematics, agriculture, medicine, and architecture that

elevated our savage race to nations of ordered societies.

The physical evidence left to confirm their existence is undisputable.

This humanoid species also had a clear agenda--to preserve the future of humanity, their adopted children.

What a bizarre and frightening conclusion Maria and I had stumbled upon. Here we were, two modern-day thinkers, doctoral graduates from Cambridge, presenting each other with theories that would have made Erich von Daniken proud. Yet we were not proud, in fact, our initial reaction was one of shame. We were not some Swiss hotelier turned author, we were scientists, renowned archaeologists. How could we possibly approach our colleagues with such preposterous notions of alien intervention? And yet, for the first time, my young bride and I felt as if our eyes had finally, truly opened. We could sense a master plan at work, yet still felt frustrated that we could not decipher its hidden meaning. Our humanoid elders had left us instructions in the Mayan codices, painstakingly duplicating the message upon the Nazca plateau, but the codices had been burned by the Spanish priests, and the message of Nazca still eluded us.

Maria and I felt frightened and alone, the Mayan calendar's prophecy of doom hanging over our heads like the sword of Damocles.

I remember holding my wife, feeling like a lost child who, after learning about death, struggles to comprehend his parent's concept of heaven. The thought made me realize that, for all our exploits and accomplishments, our species, from an evolutionary standpoint, is really still in its infancy. Perhaps this is why we are so prone to violence, or why we remain such nourishing, emotional creatures, always wanting for love, always feeling alone. Like 30,000 year old toddlers, we simply don't know any better. We're a planet of children, Earth--a massive orphanage, with no adult minds to guide us as to the ways of the universe. We've been forced to teach ourselves, learning the hard way as we go, living and dying like red blood cells circulating with reckless abandon throughout the body of humanity--so young, so inexperienced, and so naive. The dinosaurs had ruled the Earth for 200 million years, yet our first ancestors had only fallen from the trees less than 2 million years ago. In our incredible ignorance, we fancied ourselves superior.

The truth is, we are nothing but a species of children--curious, ignorant children.

The Nephilim, the “fallen ones” had been our elders. They had been here long ago, had taken *Homo Sapien* women as their wives, providing our species with their DNA. They had taught us what they felt we could grasp, and had left us clear markers as to their presence. They had also tried to warn us of a calamity to come, but like most children, we had turned a deaf ear, refusing to heed our parent’s warning.

“We’re still infants,” I remember telling Maria. “We’re fragile, naive infants, thinking we know everything, obliviously rocking in our cradle while the serpent crawls in through the open nursery window to slaughter us.”

Maria agreed. “You realize, of course, that the scientific community will scorn us.”

“Then we mustn’t tell them, at least not yet,” I said. “Humanity’s prophecy may be written in stone, but the future is still ours to determine. The Nephilim would not have gone to all this trouble to warn us of 4 *Ahau*, 3 *Kankin* without also leaving behind some weapon, some means of saving ourselves from annihilation. We must find the means to our salvation--then, and only then, will the rest of the world listen with an open-mind.”

Maria hugged me, agreeing with my logic. “We won’t find the answers here, Julius. You were right all along. While the Great Pyramid is part of the prophecy’s puzzle, the temple appearing on the Nazca plateau is in Mesoamerica.”

-- Excerpt from the Journal of Professor Julius Gabriel,

Ref. Catalogue 1975-77 pages 12-72

Photo Journal Floppy Disk 4: File name: GIZA, Photo 17

JOURNAL OF JULIUS GABRIEL

EXCERPT 6:

Chichen Itza--the most magnificent Mayan city in all Mesoamerica. Translated, the name means; *at the brim of the well where the Wise Men of the Water live.*

The Wise Men of the Water.

The city itself is divided into an old section and new. The Maya first settled in Old Chichen in 435 A.D., their civilization later joined by the Itza tribe, around 900 A.D. Little is known about the daily rituals and lifestyles of these people, although we do know they

were ruled by their god-king, Kukulcan, whose legacy as the great Mayan teacher dominates the ancient city.

Maria, Michael, and I would spend many years exploring the ancient ruins and surrounding jungles of Chichen Itza. In the end, we felt convinced of the overwhelming importance of three particular structures, these being the sacred cenote, the Great Mayan Ball Court, and the Kukulcan Pyramid.

Simply put, there is no other structure in the world like the Kukulcan pyramid. Towering above the Great Esplanade of Chichen Itza, the precision and astronomical placement of this thousand year old structure still baffles architects and engineers the world over.

Maria and I eventually agreed that it was the Kukulcan pyramid the Nazca drawing had been intended to represent. The inverted jaguar within the desert icon, the serpent columns at the entrance to the temple's northern corridor, the icon of the monkey and whales--everything seemed to fit. Somewhere, hidden within the city, had to be a secret passageway into the Kukulcan's inner structure. The question was--where?

The first and most obvious solution that came to us was that the entrance was hidden within the sacred cenote, a naturally-formed sinkhole located just north of the Kukulcan. The cenote was yet another symbol of the portal to the Mayan underworld, and no cenote in all the Yucatan was more important than the sacred well in Chichen Itza, for it was here that so many maidens were sacrificed after Kukulcan's abrupt departure.

Of more importance was the possible connection between the cenote and the Nazca pyramid drawing. Viewed from above (just as in Nazca) the sacred well's layered, circular limestone walls could easily have been interpreted as a series of concentric circles. In addition, the carved Mayan serpent heads, located along the northern base of the Kukulcan pyramid, point directly at the well.

Intrigued and excited, Maria and I put together a scuba diving expedition to explore the Mayan cenote. In the end, the only thing we found were the skeletal remains of the dead--nothing more.

Alas, it would be another structure in Chichen Itza that would change our lives forever.

There are dozens of ancient Ball Courts in Mesoamerica, but none rival the Great Ball Court at Chichen Itza. Besides being the largest in the Yucatan, the Great Ball Court, like the Kukulcan pyramid, is a structure that has been painstakingly aligned with the heavens, in this case, the Milky Way Galaxy. At midnight of every June solstice, the long axis of the I-shaped field points to where the Milky Way touches the horizon, the dark rift of the Galaxy actually mirroring the Ball Court overhead.

The astronomical meaning behind this incredible design cannot be overstated, for, as I have discussed earlier, the dark rift of the Milky Way is one of the most important symbols of the Maya culture. According to the *Popol Vuh*, the Maya book of creation, the dark rift is considered to be the road that leads to the underworld, or *Xibalba*. It is here where the Maya hero, One Hunapu, had journeyed to the underworld to challenge the evil gods, a heroic, though fateful challenge ritualized by the Maya in the ancient Ball Game. (All members of the losing team were put to death.)

According to the Mayan calendar, the name One Hunapu equates with One Ahau, the first day of the fifth cycle--and its last--the prophesied day of doom. Using a sophisticated astronomy program, I have charted the heavens as they will appear in the year 2012. The Great Ball Court will once again align itself with the dark rift, only this time on the day of the *winter* solstice--4 Ahau, 3 Kankin--humanity's day of doom.

It was on a cool fall day in 1983 that a team of Mexican archaeologists arrived in Chichen Itza. Armed with picks and shovels, the men proceeded to the Great Ball Court in search of an artifact known as the center marker--an ornamental stone found buried at the center point of many other ball court fields in Mesoamerica.

Maria and I stood by and watched as the archaeologists unearthed the ancient artifact. The vessel was like none any of us had ever seen--jade instead of rock, hollow, the size of a coffee can, with the handle of an obsidian blade protruding from one end of the object as if it were some Mayan "sword in the stone." Despite many attempts to remove it, the weapon remained wedged in tight.

Adorning the sides of the jade object were symbolic images of the ecliptic and the

dark rift. Painted on the bottom of the piece was the detailed face of a great Mayan warrior.

Maria and I stared at this last image in absolute shock, for there was no mistaking the man's facial features. Reluctantly, we handed the center marker back to the expedition's leader, then returned to our trailer, overwhelmed by the potential implications of the object we had just held within our hands.

Maria had been the one to finally break the silence between us. "Julius, somehow-- somehow our own destiny has become directly entwined in the very salvation of our species.

The image upon the marker--it's a sign that we must continue our journey, that we must find a way into Kukulcan's pyramid."

I knew my wife was right. With renewed vigor, forged from feelings of trepidation, we continued our search, spending the next three years turning over every rock, exploring every ruin, uncovering every jungle leaf, investigating every cave in the region.

Still--we found nothing.

By the summer of '85, our frustrations had mounted to the point where we knew a change of venue was necessary simply to preserve what little sanity remained. Our original plan had been to travel to Cambodia to explore the magnificent ruins of Angkor, a doomsday site we believed was linked to both Giza and Teotihuacan. Unfortunately, access into the area was still being denied to all outsiders by the ruling Khmer Rouge.

Maria had other ideas. Surmising our extraterrestrial elders would never have fashioned an entrance into the Kukulcan that could have been stumbled upon by looters, she believed it in our best interests to return to Nazca and attempt to decipher the rest of the ancient message.

As much as I despised the thought of returning to that Peruvian landscape, I could not argue with my wife's logic. We were clearly getting nowhere in Chichen Itza, despite the fact that we were both convinced the city was destined to be the site of the final battlefield.

Before leaving, there was one final endeavor I had to complete before we embarked on what would prove to be our last, fateful journey together.

Armed with crowbar and mask, I broke into the archaeologist's trailer late one night--and rescued Kukulcan's center ball court marker from its kidnapers.

-- Excerpt from the Journal of Professor Julius Gabriel,

Ref. Catalogue 1981-84 pages 08-154

Photo Journal Floppy Disk 7 & 8: File name: MESO, Photo 223

JOURNAL OF JULIUS GABRIEL

EXCERPT 7:

It was the summer of 1985, and we were back in Nazca.

For the first six months, the three of us commuted daily from a small apartment in Ica, a bustling little city located ninety miles to the north of Nazca. But our dwindling budget soon forced us to relocate, and I moved my family into a sparse, two-room dwelling in the farming village of Ingenio.

Having sold our camper, I was able to purchase a small hot-air balloon. Each Monday morning at sunrise, Maria, Michael, and I would soar a thousand feet over the desert pampa, photographing the myriad of lines and magnificent animals etched upon the plateau. The remainder of the week would be dedicated to a thorough analysis of the photos, which we hoped would reveal the message that might guide our entrance into the Kukulcan pyramid.

The overwhelming challenge of translating the Nazca drawings is that there are far more false clues than real ones. Hundreds of animal figures and thousands of shapes proliferate the desert canvas like prehistoric graffiti, the majority of which were not created by the original artist of Nazca. Rectangles, triangles, trapezoids, clusters, and impossibly straight lines, some over 25-miles in length, are spread over 200 square miles of dune-colored flats. Add to these the human-like figures carved into the surrounding hillsides and you can see how daunting our task was. Nevertheless, our efforts eventually helped segregate what we deemed to be the more vital etchings from the rest of the Peruvian epigraph.

It is the older, more intricate drawings that hold the real message of Nazca. We can

only guess at the date of their origins, but we know they are at least 1500 years old.

The hieroglyphs of Nazca serve two distinct functions. Icons we termed, “primary” drawings are used to describe the story behind the doomsday prophecy, while “secondary” figures etched in proximity to these icons provide us with important clues to help decipher their meaning.

The artist’s tale begins at the center of the desert canvas with a figure Maria had nicknamed the Nazca sunburst, a perfect circle consisting of twenty-three lines extending outward from its perimeter. One of these lines is longer than the rest, extending some twenty miles across the desert. A dozen years later, I would discover that this elongated line was precisely aligned to Orion’s belt. Shortly thereafter, Michael would locate an iridium canister buried at the heart of this mysterious starting point, the contents of which contained an ancient map of the world (see June 14, 1990 entry). This parchment seem to identify the Yucatan Peninsula and the Gulf of Mexico as the final battleground for the Armageddon to come.

Lying in close proximity to the sunburst is the Nazca spider. Its specific genus-- *Ricinulei*, is one of the rarest in the world, and can only be found in some of the most inaccessible areas of the Amazon rainforest. Like the whales and monkey, the Nazca spider is another species not indigenous to the Peruvian desert. For this reason, we considered it to be a directional icon, in this case, celestial by nature. It turns out the spider is an incredibly accurate terrestrial marker designed to direct the observer (again) to the constellation of Orion. The straight lines of the arachnoid have been oriented in such a way as to track the changing declinations of the three Orion Belt stars, the same series of stars the Egyptians used to align the great pyramids of Giza.

Surrounding the sunburst, scattered about the plateau, are more than a dozen bizarre drawings of winged predatory creatures. Note that I am not referring to the more recent drawings of the hummingbird or pelican, two species indigenous to the area, but, instead, to a series of hellish-looking beings, the likes of which I still cannot identify. These mysterious, taloned creatures proliferate the Nazca canvas, and I am still at a loss as to their function.

The longest zoomorph on the plateau is the 617-foot Nazca serpent. Unfortunately,

much detail of the beast has been obliterated by the Pan American Highway, which cuts across its torso. The serpent's presence on the pampa may symbolize the dark rift of the Milky Way, then again, its proximity to the Nazca pyramid, like the monkey and whales, may offer it as a signpost directing us to Chichen Itza, a Mayan city dominated by the image of the Feathered Serpent.

The serpent's tail, like the sunburst and spider, has been orientated to Orion.

There are several other drawings that stand out as pieces of the Mayan prophecy. The last that I shall mention--and our favorite--is the figure we nicknamed the Nazca astronaut. Suffice it to say that the presence of this 2,000 year old extraterrestrial being remained a vision of comfort during our days on the pampa, a convincing reminder that we were not alone in our quest, at least in spirit. The owlish-looking humanoid male, adorned in uniform and boots, has his right hand raised in what could only be interpreted as a gesture of friendship. Clearly set apart from the rest of the Nazca message, the giant E.T. has been etched upon one of the hillsides like an artist's signature on the margin of a painting.

December 23, 1989.

After more than four years of work on the Peruvian desert, I decided to take my family to visit the most impressive of the ancient drawings: the Trident of Paracas. Located 100-miles north of the desert pampa, this figure, often referred to as *El Candelabro*, or the Andes Candelabra, has never been officially linked to the Nazca drawings, even though its intricate pattern, size, and age easily qualifies it as a work of our mysterious artist.

The Trident's creator chose to engrave this colossal symbol on an entire mountainside facing the Bay of Paracas. The magnificent icon consists of a three-pronged candelabra design similar to that of a devil's pitchfork, except the pointed ends, all facing up, are embellished with petal-like features. Because the etching is exposed to much harsher weather conditions than those of Nazca, the artist dug much deeper into the hillside, carving the icon's outline a full three feet into the salty crust-like surface of the mountain. At 600-feet long and nearly 200-feet across, the Trident of Paracas is an easy landmark to spot.

I remember the three of us staring at the ancient marker from our boat on that fateful day in December. As the setting sun at our backs turned crimson, the Trident's crystal-like soil began sparkling in the diminishing light, giving the outline of the icon an almost luminescent red glow. This effect seemed to energize Maria, who quickly surmised that the Candelabra must surely have been left as an ancient signpost, directing our civilization to the Nazca desert.

-- Excerpt from the Journal of Professor Julius Gabriel,

Ref. Catalogue 1985-90 pages 31-824

Photo Journal Floppy Disk 8 & 9: File name: NAZCA, Photos 34& 56

Final Entry

A dozen years have passed since my Maria died. Despite my best efforts, pieces of the Doomsday puzzle remain missing and our salvation as a species lies in the balance. Failing health has forced me to pass the baton to my son sooner than I had hoped, placing the burden squarely on him to complete the marathon. I pray Michael can complete the journey.

I pray for us all. . .

-- Final Excerpt from the Journal of Professor Julius Gabriel

August 24, 2000

EDITORS NOTE:

"Unofficial word" is that Professor Gabriel died of a heart attack back stage during his speech to a hostile Harvard crowd. Rumored to be among the invited guests was author Steve Alten.

