

***THE DAYS OF  
LAMÉCH***

*Jon Saboe*



# High Praise for *The Days of Peleg*

“...an adventure comparable to Homer’s *Odyssey*. This fictionalized account of early civilization...gives timeless questions new scope and accessibility... The author... delve[s] into mysteries and events that have puzzled humanity for millennia. Here he reinvents Sumerian mythology, stitching in themes from the Torah and adding his own flourishes of philosophy, theology and geography....A gripping, first-rate epic that challenges current dogma.”

—Molly Simms, *Kirkus Reviews*

“.... Sometime in every man’s life, his beliefs and values are challenged, but Peleg experiences more than a mere awakening. To say he finds himself is an understatement. He is shaken to his very core of reality, or reality as he knows it.... *The Days of Peleg* is an adventure, a voyage into self and a mind-opening experience.... Well written with excellent research and vivid descriptions.

—Shirley Roe, *Allbooks Review*

“.... Regardless of how you approach the book, you will leave it realizing that it is a profound and thought-provoking work.... It will haunt you long after you finish reading it.... Saboe is a master storyteller with a forward-moving storyline, descriptive language, smooth segues, detailed kinetics during fights, vivid action scenes and landscapes that will be as clear in your mind as if they were in front of your eyes.... I cannot praise this book strongly enough.”

—Alicia Karen Elkins, *Rambles.net*

“Few writers have done much with such early times, but this massive 600-page fiction can delight novel lovers on several levels. The first level to enjoy is pure adventure.... Science is another level. Peleg—and Saboe—know a lot about astronomy, math and music, metallurgy, navigation, and other sciences.... With all these levels there is something for almost everyone. After reading this, you will never again view early history the same old way.”

—Dr. Ruth Beechick, expert on ancient Sumer, author of *Genesis: Finding Our Roots*

“blends ancient history and fiction in a way that is enjoyable to follow...well-researched historical events and legends.... will be appreciated by anyone seeking a different perspective on man’s early history.”

—*Suzanne J. Sprague, Historical Novel Society*

“It is a rare work that can combine truth with a good read. Saboe does just that with this work that is rightly called an epic. With lively imagery, fluid characters, and an engaging story line, *The Days of Peleg* captures the imagination while touching the spirit....If you have a bent toward *Lord of the Rings*, you will like this book.”

—*Roddy Bullock, Author of The Cave Painting*

“...a fantastic book...that describes a plausible history of culture, science, linguistics, geography, and more from this time period.... Saboe has obviously spent countless months researching...ancient history, ancient religions, and the sources of many old myths as he weaves a tale of adventure.... I promise, when you run out of pages to read, you’ll wish it were longer.”

—*Matt Mitchell, Modern Historicus*

# ***DEDICATION***

To that select vanguard of Peleg readers whom I would have never known had they not reached out in enthusiastic and encouraging response—and who have since become dear friends.

Special love and eternal gratitude to Atom tha Immortal, Rabbi Akiva, Gary “Zvi” Selikow, and the Grand Negus of the Osmosian Order.

My heart and mind have been immeasurably enriched and expanded because of you.



# **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

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Lastly—and most importantly—I owe an incredible dept of gratitude to the thousands of amazing Peleg fans who insisted that this book be written. It would not have happened without you. I am humbled by your continued support and appreciate each and every one more than you can know.



# INTRODUCTION

In the late 1800s, an eccentric genius by the name of Nikola Tesla performed many experiments in the fields of high and low frequency telegraphy, resonance transformation, and electromagnetic power transmission.

In his labs on Knob Hill, near Colorado Springs, he had many successes, the most impressive of which was, in 1899, when he utilized his “magnifying transmitter” to broadcast more than 10,000 watts a distance of twenty-six miles, powering more than two hundred light bulbs and several small engines!

Although various political and commercial reasons prevented many of his breakthroughs from becoming commonplace, the lesson to learn is that there are many directions and paths that technological advancement can take.

In writing a novel of antediluvian times, great consideration was given to assess the potential technologies that may have been feasible to those who lived then. In so doing, many attributes of the early earth—many much different than today—had to be taken into account.

One of the attributes that would have been different from today is the Earth’s magnetic field. John Tarduno, a professor of geophysics and chair of the Department of Earth and Environmental Sciences at the University of Rochester has suggested that our magnetosphere at that time was at least three times stronger than it is today.<sup>1</sup> Using his university’s “SQUID” (Superconducting Quantum Interference Device), he and his team were able to measure individual crystals known to be free from contamination. He also used this to match paleointensity readings from modern lava flows and compare them with known levels, confirming his technique had a high degree of accuracy.

Dr. Humphreys, a physicist at Sandia National Laboratories in Albuquerque, New Mexico, has developed a revolutionary new model for the formation and development of planetary magnetic fields.<sup>2</sup> He successfully used this model to predict the magnetic strengths and attributes of the outer planets and several moons long before probes arrived and confirmed them.

His research (using his model, in addition to projections of measurable *decreases* in recent field strength history) has suggested that, as recently as six to eight thousand years ago, the Earth’s magnetic field was as much as eight to ten times its current intensity.

A second trait of the antediluvian world was a denser atmosphere that contained more than fifty percent more oxygen.<sup>3</sup> Analysis of microscopic air bubbles trapped in fossilized tree resin, along with the crushing of ancient amber released into a vacuum chamber of a quadrupole mass spectrometer, shows that this early air contained upwards of 35% oxygen, as compared to the 21% we enjoy today.

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<sup>1</sup> < <http://www.unisci.com/stories/20011/0302011.htm> >

<sup>2</sup> Humphreys, D. Russell, *The Creation of Cosmic Magnetic Fields*, 1984.

<sup>3</sup> Anderson, Ian, *Dinosaurs Breathed Air Rich in Oxygen*, *New Scientist*, vol. 116, p. 25.

Denser air may have enabled large pterosaurs to remain airborne, and, perhaps, even contributed to their size.<sup>1</sup> In fact, the subsequent reduction in oxygen to its present levels may have assisted in their demise.<sup>2</sup>

On a planet with increased oxygen, life in general would grow much larger, allowing for the possibility of giant lady bugs and dragonflies with two-and-a-half-foot wingspans!<sup>3</sup>

An additional side effect of high oxygen content may be found in modern hyperbaric medicine. Patients in high pressure/high oxygen environments heal much faster as wounds repair themselves and often even neuro-rehabilitation occurs among many who undergo such therapy.

This would imply that life in the antediluvian world would be one of rapid healing, increased health, and unexpected longevity.

These two major differences (in addition to numerous others) from the world that we now inhabit bring us to this question:

What is the possibility that technologies or abilities *might* have existed in antediluvian times, but remain forever lost, unable to be replicated, since the environmental requirements upon which they relied no longer exist? Could the numerous ancient tales of extreme longevity, flying crafts, dragons, and pyramid energy sources have a modicum of truth to them?

Finally, two quick notes about the narrative:

Throughout *The Days of Laméché*, cubits are used as the primary unit of measurement. However, in the ancient world, a cubit could be anywhere from eighteen to twenty-seven inches, since it was generally accepted to be the average length of a man's forearm. Interestingly, the further back in time one goes, the longer the cubit becomes. For the purposes of this narrative, the "six-palm" cubit of just over twenty-four inches is used.

Secondly, the map presented in the frontispiece is based, loosely, on generally accepted outlines of Rodinia, the antediluvian landmass. This is in conjunction with the theory of Catastrophic Plate Tectonics, postulated in a paper of the same name by Dr. John Baumgartner. A more detailed coverage of this theory can be found in Appendix C.

I hope you enjoy this prequel to *The Days of Peleg*.

As always, chapter one occurs, chronologically, much later in the book.

Jon Saboe  
June, 2011

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<sup>1</sup> Ibid.

<sup>2</sup> Discover, February, 1988, p. 12.

<sup>3</sup> Kaiser, Alexander, *Giant Insects Might Reign If Only There Was More Oxygen In The Air*, Science Daily, Oct 2006.





# ***THE DAYS OF LAMÉCH***



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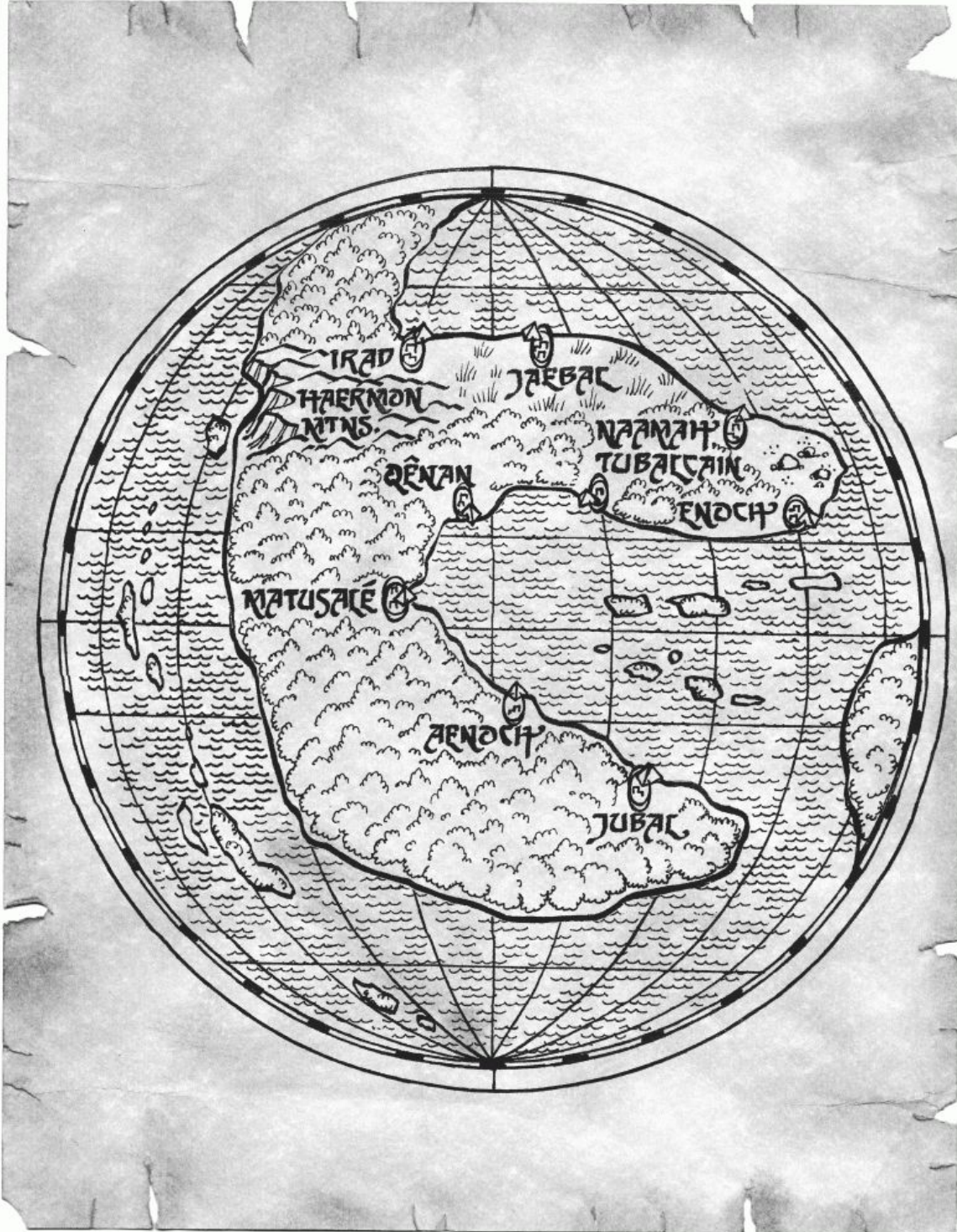
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**Cities Rebuilt or Founded after the Family Wars**  
Frontispiece from *The First Two Thousand Years, Volume II*  
Amoela the Librarian



# ***Part I***

## ***Escape***

*What has been done will be done again.  
There is nothing new under the sun.  
It has been already,  
in the old time which was before us.*

King Solomon



*Semjaza's ever-present rage reached a new fervor as he looked out over the expanse of Matusalé City from his Observation Platform.*

***He hated people!***

*The city stretched out before him; beautiful buildings made of carved marble, adorned with elaborate hanging gardens and ornate metalwork of silver and brass. The dome of the primary observatory pressed against the darkening western sky, while small lights could be seen from within the central library chambers where late-working attendants busily tidied the memory and meditation rooms for the next day's clientele.*

*From the east he could feel the energies of the coastal pyramid emanating, and beyond that, the endless ocean which was already dark enough to reflect some of the brighter stars overhead.*

***He hated people!***

*All of this should belong to him! Belong to him and his kindred! Not just Matusalé City, but all of the cities throughout this world. And the world's resources! The minerals, the precious stones, the silver, the gold!*

***Gold.***

*What a pure element! Somehow, it was symbolic of all that should have been theirs. It should have all been theirs! The entire planet—in fact all of creation rightfully belonged to them! For their use! For their glory!*

***He hated people!***

*It had been the greatest betrayal of all time. Only his kindred knew how to use and appreciate such amazing resources! Only his kindred had the knowledge and wisdom to properly understand the true opportunities that this universe offered. Yet, what should have been theirs was now in the hands of these ignorant, feeble fools who somehow felt they were gods in a world to which they had contributed nothing! Despicable fools!*

***He hated people!***

*Semjaza shook as a new wave of fury coursed through his entire being. His kindred would find a way to make these people pay! A way to somehow undo this eternal injustice. And if successful, a way to hurt, damage, or perhaps even overthrow the One who had betrayed them! The One whose promises were never to be trusted again! It was worth everything—even their own destruction—to accomplish this vengeance.*

***He hated people....***



## Chapter 1: Abduction

*“The irony of what brought about the end of the Family Wars was the realization that the abhorrent dehumanization inherent in those wars would be replaced by a surreptitious scheme to redefine humanity itself.”*  
—Amoela the Librarian, *The First Two Thousand Years, Vol. II*

Gaw-Bolwuen looked down at her pretty green shoes with the platinum clasps, secretly delighted at how well they matched her sash. Glancing back up at the mirror, she saw her dark emerald eyes (which also matched her sash!) peer back at her briefly before she lowered the silk-chiffon veil over them. She adjusted her dark auburn hair to make sure that it flowed properly over her shoulders, peered down again at her shoes through the veil, and finally looked away, satisfied.

She had just turned thirteen, and was among a select few who would soon be attendants to Semyaz officers, nobles, and perhaps even ambassadors. She and her classmates had been in training for several years and she was preparing for the upcoming Passage Ceremony which was only minutes away.

To say she was excited would have been an understatement—she had dreamt of this day for as long as she could remember. Gaw had been brought here to the Haermon Mountains just before her second birthday, and she could remember very little of her life before then. This place had been her home, her family, and (as she had spent her short lifetime discovering) her destiny.

She knew very little of the Semyaz—only that they had been very instrumental in ending the Family Wars of the past century—and now offered peace-keeping, instruction, and stability throughout the world for those cities that desired their help. They had settled here in the Haermon Mountains more than a thousand years ago, and it was from here that their message of hope and tolerance had spread to the cities and brought an end to the senseless devastation that had been destroying untold thousands of lives.

She also knew that the Semyaz had wisdom and understanding far beyond that of the other peoples of the world. She had heard tales of vast research facilities in the mountain caverns beyond her school where their superior knowledge was being applied for the betterment of society and the improvement of humanity.

She had been told that the Haermon Mountains were the tallest in the world, some towering more than a four hundred cubits above sea-level. A few offered sheer cliffs that plunged directly into the adjacent ocean; and in fact, this structure, where she had lived and studied the last eleven years of her life, was a large school and dormitory complex carved from the inland directly into the back of such a cliff.

The passage chamber, which she would soon be entering, had a large window that peered from the face of this cliff out onto the ocean, and she couldn't wait to meet her sisters who would soon be joining her there. They had gazed out of that clear crystal window often, watching the surf crash on the boulders below, often straining to see the face of the cliff as it extended far above. On a few occasions they had seen rare glimpses of the floating forests which roamed the world's oceans—some as large as the biggest

islands. It was fascinating to watch the crowns of the tree-tops mimic the gentle waves that traveled beneath them.

The door to her quarters opened and her counselor, Rin-Kendril, entered the room. She was a tall, strong woman with piercing blue eyes that bore down on anyone who misbehaved—or hadn't studied sufficiently. But Gaw had soon learned that those same eyes could soothe and support when needed.

Rin-Kendril smiled, causing her eyes to dance slightly.

"I'm so proud of you, Gaw," she said warmly, looking down at the shimmering white robe that her charge was wearing. The green sash rested across the girl's right shoulder and came to a point near her left thigh where it was fastened with a miniature dragon fashioned from platinum with wings made of gold crystal.

Gaw looked down respectfully as she shuffled slightly to mask her embarrassment. Praise came seldom, but when it did, it was sincere. Eventually she looked up with a question.

"Are my sisters ready?" she asked with more impatience than she had intended. "Will I be joining them soon?"

There was the slightest delay before Rin-Kendril answered.

"Absolutely," she said quickly, making up for the pause. "If you are ready, we can leave now."

Gaw's face broke into a huge smile.

"Oh, I'm ready," she announced, beaming. She made one final adjustment in the mirror, placed her spun-platinum bracelet (from which her colorful agate memory rings dangled) on her forearm, and headed towards Rin-Kendril's outstretched hand.

They exited her room as the thin stone door slid silently shut, and proceeded down the hallway towards the passage chamber.

These were the same dark polished granite hallways she had walked these past eleven years, but somehow they shone a little brighter as she drew near her Passage Ceremony. Reflected light from the glowing *tsohar* panels that ran along the edge of the ceiling caught her shoe buckles and sparkled back onto the walls, creating a constantly shifting mosaic of light-specks which resembled random constellations that accompanied her as she walked.

The corridor turned to the right several paces in front of them, but even before they reached the corner, Gaw could see the illumination from the *Light of the Creator* emanating from around the bend. They slowed slightly, and as they turned, they could now see the source of the light, coming from a large alcove carved into the left side of the hallway.

The *Light of the Creator* was actually a light sculpture—a monument to the Creator, in honor of the wisdom and care which he bestowed upon humanity. The knowledge which the Semyaz utilized came from him, and all hopes of human improvement—and perhaps someday immortality—depended upon how successfully the Semyaz applied his imparted wisdom.

They slowed and stopped, bowing slightly before the light. At first glance it appeared to be nothing more than a brilliantly lit column of swirling white fog which stretched from floor to ceiling, covering a space about two cubits in diameter. But as they stared into the luminescent interior, a vague form began to appear from within.

Iridescent green and purple lines materialized near the top of the column, forming symmetrical curves which slowly coalesced into gleaming wings. Soon a large head emerged above the wings which sparkled and radiated its own light from beautiful shining eyes that were both inviting and intimidating. As the wings undulated ever so slightly, a lean, tapering body appeared beneath them until (when the mirage was complete) a fully formed tail could be seen descending from the torso, coiling slightly before arriving at a point just above the floor.

Gaw was overwhelmed as always with a sense of both admiration and fear, and she glanced up sideways at her counselor—but Rin-Kendril was oblivious, her eyes focused, unblinking, into the light. When Gaw looked back at the column, there was only the swirling cloud of brightness, and no amount of staring could cause the apparition to re-emerge.

A few rows of petroglyphs were carved into the wall to the right of the column of light, and Gaw read them reverently as she always did.

*The Creator of Light  
Emerged from on high  
Restorer of Man  
The Divine to draw nigh.*

She looked down at her five memory rings, carefully matching the appropriate colors with the correct item of her catechism.

The first ring was a brilliant, shimmering white circle which symbolized eternal light. Light—which had always existed—was constant and unchanging, and it was *from* Light which the Creator himself had emerged. A pitch-black ring was next, followed by a shining blue-green agate. Together they represented the cosmos formed by the Creator and the beautiful world of water and life which he had placed in it. The fourth ring was a polished rich brown which represented the simple people who had first inhabited the earth, while the fifth ring was a mixture of the first and the fourth. A spiral of white and brown (Light *merging with* Humanity) was woven throughout this final stone. This reminded her (and all those who served the Light) of the time when the Creator had come upon those simple people and remade them in his own image. This fifth memory ring was simply named Transcendence.

Light. Cosmos. Earth. Humanity. Transcendence. These five principles outlined everything that humanity needed to realize its full sense of history, self, and destiny. Meditating on these provided purpose and actualized the deepest needs and desires of a servant—if done with urgency and sincerity.

Rin-Kendril blinked suddenly, shook her head, and looked down at her hand which was still clasping Gaw's. Gaw was surprised to see something that seemed to resemble sorrow in Rin-Kendril's face, but it vanished as their eyes met. Gaw pulled slightly to encourage her counselor to resume their walk, and they continued towards her Passage Ceremony.

Gaw had never seen an actual Semyaz. She *had* met those who served them directly: ambassadors, artisans, inventors, and others who supported the Semyaz and their mission. It was these to whom she would soon be privileged to be an Attendant.

They passed through the archway into the ceremony chamber, and Gaw looked around quickly for any sign of her sisters who would be graduating with her. She saw none, and turned quickly to Rin-Kendril.

“Are they coming?” she asked, concern creeping into her voice.

The look on her counselor’s face startled her. It was a strange mixture of pride and regret. Had Gaw been more mature, she would have also discerned a carefully concealed panic.

Rin-Kendril spoke quickly and determinedly, her face bending down to soothe.

“Gaw-Bolwuen, you have been selected for a very special purpose,” she said, striving desperately to appeal to Gaw’s sense of duty, while at the same time begging forgiveness for having lied to her earlier.

“You and your sisters have all been groomed to attend those who serve the Semyaz. But,” she paused to get her emotions under control, “*you* have been selected for a much higher calling.” But were her emotions those of elation or trepidation?

“You are not to become an Attendant of those who serve the Semyaz,” she said quickly with finality, as if hurrying through a rehearsed statement. She closed her eyes and spoke with forced excitement.

“*You* have been specially chosen to be the consort of an actual Semyaz!”

Her eyes opened and then she said the strangest thing that Gaw had ever heard.

“Always remember that I have loved you.”

With that, Rin-Kendril suddenly spun around and exited the chamber, closing the heavy wooden door behind her and leaving Gaw standing alone—stunned and wondering what was going to happen next.

Gaw did not know whether to be excited or alarmed. She was also taken aback by her counselor’s declaration of love. Rin-Kendril had never spoken like that before. Gaw moved towards the door and tugged on it, only to find it fastened securely. Then, with no other plan, she moved towards the center of the chamber fighting back tears—and the fear of the unknown—to await whatever was in store for her.

Suddenly a movement in the domed ceiling caught her eye, and she watched as a section began to slide away, revealing a large space behind it. A cloud of dark-green smoke began to unfurl from the opening, descending slowly into the chamber.

Panic gripped Gaw as fears about her counselor’s behavior began to clash in her mind. Why had she seemed so confused?

Why had she lied?

The thick smoke uncoiled and began to move directly towards her.

A thunderous explosion at the far end of the chamber forced Gaw to drop to the ground, grasping her ears in pain. A huge crack had suddenly appeared under the crystal window from which smoke and the smell of burning metal emerged. The clearing smoke revealed a metal spike which blossomed into multiple barbs that gripped the wall below the window.

Another huge explosion—as the window buckled outward slowly until it collapsed into shards that (mostly) flew out into the open air and the ocean below. But some of the pieces were pulverized into tiny crystals that hovered for a few seconds in the air before blowing back into the room and cascading down on Gaw, creating dozens of tiny cuts in her skin and clothing.

There was now a gaping hole that extended all the way to the floor where the beautiful crystal window had once been, and Gaw could feel the stiff breeze of the ocean winds blowing into the chamber.

She glanced up and saw the green cloud retreating in the face of the incoming gust of air. Filled with never-before-experienced confusion, she sat motionless on the chamber floor, petrified with indecision.

Suddenly a collection of ropes flew into the chamber through the opening, coalesced into a large net that covered the room and descended down around her. The net began to constrict across the floor, and as she struggled to get out from under it, she found it was covered with a sticky substance that only entangled her further.

*Her beautiful gown! And her shoes!* She shuddered at her irrational and vain concerns—mental screams which had come unbidden to her mind.

The edge of the net approached her, catching her feet and arms, and rolling her up into a sticky matted ball. The bottom of the net constricted underneath her, enveloping her completely, and then began to drag her slowly toward the edge of the opening—beyond which was the sheer cliff face that descended into the rocky waters far below.

All vain thoughts disappeared as she realized she was being pulled through the opening, and she scratched and clawed with all of her might, trying desperately to cling to anything she could reach through the netting. But there was only polished granite, and even the stickiness of her hands could not slow the relentless pull towards the cliff's edge.

A man's gruff voice shouted from beyond the opening.

"Tell Laméch we only got one!"

"What do you mean?" another voice responded. "We were told this would be an entire class! Where are the others?"

"Don't know," said the first voice. "We only take what we can get."

With that, the net containing Gaw slid over the edge and she screamed as she felt the gut-wrenching rush of free fall. The side of the cliff which she and her sisters had often tried to view from the window was now rushing past her as she descended swiftly towards the rocks below.

Her descent ended abruptly as the rope to which the net was connected grew taut. She looked up and saw two giant winged creatures facing away with what looked like a large box or container fastened between them. The other end of the rope from which she was swinging was attached to this container.

Two heads emerged from the container, and she realized these must have been the source of the voices she had just heard. They were holding the rope and slowly hauling her up towards them. One of them shouted a command—apparently to the two creatures—for they immediately began to fly away from the cliff, lurching at unbelievable speed out over the expanse of the ocean below, spinning and jerking Gaw in every direction as she was slowly reeled up and into the container.

Eventually she was hauled over the edge and rolled unceremoniously into the center of the compartment.

Through her netting, she could see the cliff get smaller and smaller as they flew out over the unknown ocean below. She watched as the only home she had ever known quickly disappeared over the horizon.

As she tore her eyes away, she looked around and saw a third man with a large dimpled jaw standing over her. He said something softly before turning away.  
*“Even one is still worth it all.”*

## Chapter 2: Discovery

*“The savaged, broken masses who survived the Family Wars welcomed the civilizing philosophies of the Semyaz as a drowning man welcomes air. It required subsequent generations who had never known the horrors of war to realize that the Semyaz were patiently engineering their own pervasive and furtive agenda.”*

—Amoela the Librarian, *The First Two Thousand Years, Vol. II*

Laméch pressed the edges of his feet into the divisions between the tiles and paused for a final breath as he neared his goal.

He clung to the side of Matusalé City’s main pyramid, only a few cubits short of its summit. The pyramid towered more than forty stories above the other structures in the city below, which now appeared to Laméch to resemble an expanse of toy buildings made of clay and ceramic, with a mirror-like model of a shipyard directly below to the east.

The beginnings of sunrise could be seen over the ocean as some of the easternmost stars began to fade. Behind him, far to the west, he thought he saw a glint of light reflected from a Semyaz observation platform.

He had evaded the night Enforcers and began his ascent shortly before midnight, creeping slowly but steadily up its smooth inclined face using nothing but his bare toes and his specially made gloves and thigh-leggings treated with resin. Early on he had maneuvered to a corner where two of the pyramid’s faces met, and now he was in position to continue on to the next phase of his operation.

The pyramid was known simply as the Power House. Deep in its bowels were mechanisms that generated waves of ionized power which leapt from its apex in short jagged bursts of static lighting which glowed—incandescing the surrounding air with all the colors of a polar borealis. Laméch knew very little of how energy was generated within, but had heard there were giant tidal-driven machines which twice daily generated vast power. This was somehow stored and then amplified and released upward, being focused into the tip of the pyramid before escaping into the sky to provide the power needed for the city’s nearly twenty thousand inhabitants.

It was the standard power plant and city model designed by the great city planner, Aenoch, and was used by all nine of the world’s cities which had populations similar to Matusalé.

Aenoch was famous throughout the world for his city architecture and energy systems, but he had not been heard from in over eighty years. According to some rumors, he had set out alone on a secret venture to infiltrate and examine the technologies of the Semyaz, but any attempts to confirm or deny this had failed. Those who had set out to investigate had also never been heard from again.

To Laméch, this account of Aenoch provided an excitement that his scholarly but uninspiring father never could. He could never understand how someone who knew so much could be so indifferent and apolitical.



# **APPENDIX F**

## **GLOSSARY**

**CONTROLLER:** Master Librarian who travels between cities to share and synchronize information among other libraries.

**FAMILY WARS:** The wars fought among the early cities. As living space became scarce, each city created its own criteria for optimum residents and soon began banishing or exterminating those who did not meet its hereditary standards. Conflicts between cities occurred as each city accused the others of refugee warfare.

**FOREST PEOPLE:** Denizens rumored to live outside of the cities in the wild. Presumably, either the descendants of refugees from the Family Wars, or malcontents who want nothing to do with civilization.

**FOUNDER:** Either the owner/establisher of a city, or the person for whom a city was built.

**HAERMON MOUNTAINS:** Range of mountains along the north-west coast--the highest in the world. Inhabited by the Semyaz and the location of their facilities.

**IMMERSION CHAMBER:** Preferred method of execution in the cities. The condemned is placed in a cage that is above water in low tide—but beneath the water at high tide.

**INFANT KING:** The constellation that predominates the story of the Seed, as told by Aenoch.

**JAERAD WINES:** Expensive wines from the grasslands between Irad and Jaebal.

**LAWGIVER:** Class of people designated to create laws, usually under the authority of a Founder.

**LIBRARIAN:** Class of people trained in perfect aural or visual memory to provide archiving for books, music, contracts, and history. Most work within the city's central library, but some are contracted by wealthier people or are developed and commissioned for private use.

**NOBLE-GLOBE:** Lamp filled with various noble gasses that glow when in the proximity of a Power House

**NON-OPT:** Epithet. Person deemed “not optimum” by the early cities prior to—and during—the Family Wars.

**OBSERVATION PLATFORM:** Large craft in the form of a golden disc, rumored

to be piloted by Semyaz, but few reliable accounts exist. A single large platform was reportedly observed over each city at the cessation of the Family Wars.

**POWER HOUSE:** Energy dissemination system enclosed in a large pyramid structure near the city docks. Designed by Aenoch and used in his modern cities. Utilizes tidal forces for energy production and coils for storage.

**SEED:** As taught and envisioned by the Semyaz, the new, improved human of their own making. As taught by Aenoch, the One who would someday come and remove the curse of guilt and death, and restore creation to its original glory.

**SENSORS:** Semyaz agents, trained to discern mental dissent or rebellion.

**THE PATH:** Anti-Semyaz resistance movement of which Laméché is a member.

**TSOHAR:** Lighting modules or panels of indeterminate design used by the Semyaz. They do not utilize the usual broadcast energies of a Power House.

**UN-FALLEN:** As taught by Aenoch, entities that are related to non-corporeal Semyaz, but chose not to oppose the Creator's plan of creation and redemption.