

## BNA 01 – Nephilim

### Description

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Be not afraid. I will try to speak to you in a way that you will understand, using a human language of your current historical dialect. It is better this way, with me using a flesh mouth, with a meat muscle, surrounded by bony protrusions and singing a song with wet vocal cords. We first tried the method of just beaming our message directly into your minds, but we did not expect the absolute carnage as so many heads burst like old lightbulbs. I wonder how many valuable prophets we lost that day... So, a corporeal form it is for me. It feels like eons ago that I wore flesh like this. It is a bit unfamiliar, and the words roll strangely off my tongue. But at the same time it feels like I became... whatever this is... just now. Time works differently here. My name is Enoch and I was once a human. God and the heavenly host insists on calling me Metatron, but please, call me Enoch.

I have been appointed by the highest authority to record the most important events in creation. However, the events are countless, and occurring all at once. As I said, time works differently here. I will simply report on the events in the order in which they occur to me. I am now reaching into the ever turbulent vortex of events. It... tickles, and is twisting rapidly around my hand. Let's see what it brings us today...

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In the early morning, high up on mount Hermon, a group of angels have gathered together in secret. Below them, a human village spreads far around the foot of the mountain. These angels in particular are the Watchers, and they are responsible for guarding life on earth. Their leader, Samyaza, is speaking to them with hushed enthusiasm.

SAMYAZA: Are we in agreement then? This stays between us. If I hear of anyone even hinting of this to anyone else, I'll make sure you'll get stationed at the gates of Eden.

His second in command, Azazel, asks the question that's on everyone's minds.

AZAZEL: What could you possibly get out of a relationship with a mortal? How can it be worth the trouble we'd be in?"

Samyaza shrugs a little uncomfortable.

SAMYAZA: Sounds ridiculous but... Love. It... almost feels like the feeling you get when the Almighty gives you praise. Remember that?

The other angels collectively heave an unsatisfied sigh.

AZAZEL: I don't think love is ridiculous,

says Azazel.

AZAZEL: I think we need and deserve to love and be loved.

Samyaza's face brightens, and he says,

SAMYAZA: Follow me. But! Leave the meat suits and don't show yourselves yet.

I should clarify. Meat suits, sometimes known as flesh vessels, are the physical human shaped shells that angels wear to blend in among humans. Humans don't react well to being exposed to our true shape, so protocol is to have your own meat suit custom made in heaven before dealing with humans. Are you with me? Good! Let's see how the Watchers are doing.

Samyaza is warmly welcomed by a human... woman... sorry, I... Well. The other angels are there too, unseen. The pair strolls hand in hand, through the village, across the fields, all the while talking and laughing. Toward the evening, their steps have led them back to the village, and finally our, her house. The invisible angels, still and watching patiently, follow them inside, huddling together in the cramped space. I don't know why they don't just make themselves smaller. Multidimensional entities should not be bound by spatial metrics. As clothes are discarded, the angels tilt their heads in confusion. It is a cold night after all. But now Samyaza is showing them how to sin.

It is some time later, and his... wife, is asleep. Samyaza is sneaking out of the house to meet his peers. He is so content, that he can not help but emit a faint glow, and the sound of ethereal music is surrounding his immediate vicinity.

Baraqiel is the first to break the awed silence.

BARAQIEL: I don't know what I just saw but it was beautiful. Didn't that come out of Adam's rib?

SAMYAZA: Don't talk about my wife that way,

says Samyaza.

AZAZEL: Wife, really? How long have you been here?

,asks Azazel.

Samyaza smiles secretively,

SAMYAZA: They are such remarkable creatures, always hungry for knowledge. Listen to them. Admire them. Tell them of the vast expanse of space and all the stars therein. Sing to them the songs of creation that they may themselves manifest their innermost wishes. Whatever they want to know. Open your hearts, my friends. Tomorrow, it's time to let love in again.

It is dawn now, and the rest of the Watchers reveal themselves to the humans. In the form of very

attractive men, of course. I said the meat suits are meant to help us blend in, but the suits have limits. They are just over the average human height, their skin a bit too smooth, and their accents unplaceable. Something off with the body language depending on how long they have practiced on operating the muscular system. This is all to say that the Watchers arrival in the village was met with astonishment, to say the least.

At first, the angels' secret arrangement seems to be going splendidly. Nobody in the village is complaining, and Samyaza and his cohorts are living a life of bliss. They tell the women about the stars and of agriculture, magic, of music and dance, medical knowledge, and of the art of beauty and makeup. And of: WARFARE. These were all things which, of course, greatly improved quality of life in the village.

Ah. There appears to be one tiny little detail. It only takes a few weeks, but the wives of the angels, their bellies, they are growing very rapidly. They soon give birth to large deformed babies, and oh dear. Each one is stranger than the last. The angels are surprised but proud, and quickly reassure the rather alarmed humans that these too are God's creation and deserve love and nurturing.

The children are growing quickly, first they become taller than their parents, and eventually outgrowing their very homes. Along with their rapid growth, they devour large quantities of food. When the barns are empty of animals, and the reserves empty of grain, they begin to eat everything in their path, including the villagers.

Luckily, Azazel had taught the humans the art of warfare, and they start to fight back. Samyaza and the other angels look on helplessly, as their wives curse them. The children are now taller than any tree, and not at all children anymore. They will come to be called Nephilim.

Many years of war and chaos follow. Now, one morning, three archangels descend upon the Earth. Let me see. These are Gabriel, Michael and Uriel, and they are looking annoyed. More than usual, that is.

Uriel is the first to speak.

URIEL: Hey buddy, there's a crowd of souls outside the gates of heaven crying about being violently killed by some divine children, ring any bells?

SAMYAZA: Uuuuh

, says Samyaza. A giant behind him is currently occupied with pulling up a tree by the roots and hefting it into the center of the village. The devastation and destruction is beyond measure. The ground shakes as the giants chase down their victims. Fire. Screaming. You get the picture. Samyaza looks back at Uriel and apologetically says,

SAMYAZA: Well, to be fair, that Adam's rib really was very, uh, wonderful, curvaceous and charming and laughed at all my jokes...

And now a furious looking villager is running towards them, waving his hands and yelling.

ENOCH: No more gorgeous tall visitors in our village, thank you very much, we have giant problems with the ones we have!

GABRIEL: I can see that

Gabriel deadpans.

GABRIEL: What is your name, mortal?

ENOCH: Enoch, son of Jared.

That guy, that face. Oh right, that's me! The old me. I forgot what my original flesh vessel looked like. Okay this is weird, seems strange to narrate my own story, but fine. We will just call it "The Story Of The Watchers and The Fleshy Enoch." All good. Destiny works in mysterious ways, just like God. If I'm being honest I think they are both making it up as they go along. While God seems to make it up as she goes along, Destiny is more of a poet. But I am the chosen scribe. Here I go.

Samyaza is still stammering uselessly, so Gabriel settles for Enoch.

GABRIEL: Can you explain to me what in creation is going on here?

Enoch clears his throat and straightens his robe.

ENOCH: Well, a couple of years ago, these beautiful men came to our village. Very charming, very smart, there was nothing they didn't know. Seduced everyone, no problem. At first we didn't complain because the ladies were happy and these gentlemen taught us all kinds of nifty stuff.

MICHAEL: Like what?

Michael asks.

ENOCH: Well you know, just a little weather forecasting, writing, magic, astronomy, warfare, that kind of thing.

says Enoch.

GABRIEL: Samyaza, you-! That's heavenly knowledge, not for the humans!

Gabriel complains.

SAMYAZA: In my defense it wasn't just me—

MICHAEL: That's enough,

Michael interrupts loudly.

I understand what happened here. Disgusting. Head office will hear about this, we will ask the Almighty what we are to do with you.

He turns to Enoch.

MICHAEL: Please stand still and don't breathe until I tell you to.

Enoch opens his mouth to protest, but is suddenly cut off by a deafening noise. The archangels carry him through spacetime into their dwelling. It is very unpleasant for a human, and Enoch did not, in fact, stand still or hold his breath. When they finally arrive at the gates of heaven, he promptly pukes for what feels like an eternity.

MICHAEL: Ugh, so frail creatures.

Michael sighs.

Staggering to his feet, Enoch looks around and is blinded by heavenly light. The floor is crystal, the walls are burning eternal fire, the ceiling is a dark liquid with model constellations hanging freely in the air. Trying to stagger away, fearing for his life, he slips in the puke and faceplants the diamond hard crystal floor. His nose is broken, sadly proving Michaels point about being a frail creature.

Uriel helps him to his feet, and says

URIEL: Be not afraid. Anyone who looks at the face of God will disintegrate. Do you understand? But that's okay, because we are going to create a shield around you, alright? You can talk to God without disintegrating. But uh, it's a solid shield, so any vomit will remain inside. You might want to control yourself.

MICHAEL: Go inside and tell the Almighty what you told us,  
says Michael.

MICHAEL: Do not lie. It knows when you lie. It knooooows.

Classic Michael, ever the dramatic.

As they enter the godly chambers, Enoch hears an undignified shriek. It is unclear where it comes from. God fine tunes her divine brightness to remove the risk of Enoch decorating Her flowery tapestry with his innards.

All around God are burning serpents, impossibly winding around themselves in dimensions not safe for mankind. They are covered in eyes, inside, outside, everywhere. Enoch has a distinct feeling of being Observed.

Nothing could have prepared him for what it would be like to be in the presence of God. Some words that come to mind are: massive, endless, gigantic, exposed. But they don't do it justice. God is too encompassing to comprehend. The only feature that burns itself into your mind and leaves a lasting impression, is the multifaceted smile.

Enoch decides to jump right into it, so that he can leave this unsettling realm as soon as possible.

Enoch is now telling God about everything he can remember, while God smiles. There is actually always a smile on His face, it just has different qualities. Anyway. As Enoch gets to the bit about what

he calls lovemaking and violent offspring, the smile changes and the entire throne room shines with a furious pink light. And God, who is ALLEGEDLY all-knowing, sputters a series of incoherent noises.

GOD: WAIT, STOP. DESIST. I FIGURED OUT THE REST. I DIDNT EVEN THINK THEY WOULD WANT TO... DEFILE THEMSELVES LIKE THAT. AND CHILDREN. THEY SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO... HOW DOES THAT EVEN WORK? WHO DESIGNED THAT? THIS BUFFOON APPARENTLY, BECAUSE I WAS SO UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THE JUNK THAT I LET IT STAY ON THE ANGELIC MEAT SUITS BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO BOTHER MODIFYING IT ANYMORE. AND NOW THIS MESS... BUT SOMEBODY HAS TO TELL THEM THAT WAS NOT COOL.

There's a beat of total silence.

GOD: ENOCH, I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU. AS I HAVE MORE IMPORTANT STUFF TO DO, TELL THE WATCHERS THIS:

The throne room is now covered in darkness, and God's voice is the only tangible thing, and it is growing in volume.

GOD: ALL WATCHERS ARE HEREBY CAST FROM GODS LIGHT AND HAVE NO PLACE IN HEAVEN. YOU WILL BE BOUND IN CHAINS FOR ALL THE REST OF TIME, AND YOUR ABOMINATIONS WILL BE WIPED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH. VIOLENTLY. HOW'S THAT SOUND? WAS THAT TOO HARSH?

Now. Before we continue, you should know that I was FURIOUS at this point. I had just lost half my village, and my wife had left me for another man... shaped entity. I am not proud of what young Enoch is about to say.

ENOCH: Seems like a severe but justified punishment.

GOD: GOOD... GOOD. OKAY.

Says God.

GOD: GO TO THEM AND DELIVER THE MESSAGE. YUP. MAKE IT SO. I HAVE SPOKEN.

ENOCH: How do I get down again, Lord?

GOD: AH YES, I WILL YEET YOU.

ENOCH: Wha-

GOD: YEET!

(WHACK)

And Enoch is once again suddenly transported without holding his breath or staying still. After a while he found himself on solid ground along with the Archangels. His teeth feel wrong in his mouth and he feels further away from the ground. His calves are showing rather indecently beneath his robe.

GABRIEL: You can't move while being transported.

Gabriel says.

Enoch ignores the archangel. He has just caught sight of Samyaza, who is just now talking to his, Enoch's, ex-wife. Look, it's complicated.

He marches toward the couple, pointing angrily at Samyaza.

ENOCH: Hey! You have been cast out of heaven!

SAMYAZA: What?

ENOCH: Yes, I have a holy message to deliver. Gather all the Watchers!

Samyaza has a sinking feeling, but calls for his fellow angels nonetheless.

Enoch takes a breath, and delivers God's message just as he remembers it.

ENOCH: All watchers are hereby cast from God's light and have no place in heaven. You will be bound in chains for all the rest of time, and your abominations will be wiped from the face of the earth. Violently. How's that sound?

AZAZEL: Is that a rhetorical question or part of the message?

Asks Azazel.

ENOCH: Yuh-yes.

Enoch tries to sound assertive.

SAMYAZA: That makes no sense

, Samyaza mutters.

ENOCH: You will be plunged headfirst into the abyss for what you've done. Go sit in the naughty angel corner, if you will,

Enoch says proudly.

ENOCH: But first, your offspring will be smote.

As Enoch utters the last word, Michael draws his flaming sword. And with a flash he has beheaded five of the abominations. Gabriel and Uriel are not far behind.

The Watchers are grieving for their children's future that is now never going to be. Their wailing is reaching all the corners of the world, and their tears flow until a new river was formed. The name of the river long forgotten. By me.

They know it would be useless to try to fight against the will of the Almighty. Stronger angels had tried to defy God before. The ground is starting to shake. In the blink of an eye, the angel's true forms have manifested, only for their wings to burn like a *cinder* a moment later. The earth crumbles below the Watchers' feet, and they are falling into the abyss with a horrifying shriek. And finally, the ground is closing up again. It looks like the abyss was never even there. And now all is quiet. All sounds faded away, and the village lies silent.

With a flash of lightning, something lands burning in a large crater. It is humming, and Enoch is feeling his bones threatening to pulverize. A thousand eyes peek out from the edge of the crater, but, they are quickly melting together to just two eyes. A child. The creature speaks to Enoch without opening its mouth, voice unnecessarily loud, given how silent everything else is.

GOD: WALK WITH ME. WE HAVE MUCH TO TALK ABOUT. YOU DID GOOD. WE ARE INCREASINGLY SHORT ON STAFF IN HEAVEN, AND I WOULD LIKE TO OFFER YOU A JOB...

—

Thus ends the story of the Watchers, as my story of transformation was only just beginning. And is that not the way of all creatures? You are, in a way, always finding yourself in a slow but purposeful metamorphosis. I look forward to when you find out what intricate patterns and colours will decorate your wings.

Change is always terrifying and constantly racing towards you like a ruthless deluge, threatening to abolish everything you know to be true. Be not afraid.

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