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Synopsis

***“Slaves of Gavakh”* is an epic tale of fallen gods, a struggle for freedom, and the power fueled by human emotion.**

When a starship crashes on Earth in 4000 BCE, its alien crew makes contact with the first tribes of Mesopotamia, offering them knowledge—and with it, power.

But instead of salvation, humanity receives new gods. And with the gods comes slavery.

Majestic temples, divine worship, the birth of demigods... and a betrayal that will forever alter the course of history.

Against the backdrop of cataclysm,
unfolds a drama of father and son, love
and fanaticism, power and sacrifice.

Who will the one born of two bloodlines
become—god or man?

**And is humanity ready to inherit
the legacy of the Anunnaki?**

SLAVES OF GAVAKH



Part one
Stellar Wanderers

Part One: Stellar Wanderers

Prologue

A massive alien ship, gliding silently through the void, shimmered with metallic light beneath distant stars. Commanded by Anshar, a seasoned explorer of a long-lived starborn race, the vessel was returning home after a successful interstellar mission.

But fate, cold and merciless, intervened.

Without warning, a critical malfunction erupted in the ship's core navigation systems. The vessel shuddered violently, dragged out of its hyperspace corridor, and flung toward

the nearest habitable planet — Earth,
circa 4000 BCE.

The entry through the atmosphere was brutal. Lightning struck the outer hull, disabling vital components. Fire bloomed in the underbelly. The ship plummeted into the primitive forests of Mesopotamia.

Inside the main medical bay, Ishtar lay broken.

Her once-luminous skin had faded to an ashen hue. Her breath came in shallow gasps, and her eyes flickered with the last embers of awareness. At her side, Anshar knelt, cradling her gently.

Across the chamber, Ea, a young engineer and healer, stood helplessly. His tools trembled in his hands.

— "There's nothing left, Anshar..." he whispered. "The gavakh reserves were nearly depleted by the crash. We don't have enough to stabilize her."

Anshar ignored him. His eyes were fixed only on Ishtar — his love, his light.

— "Stay with me..." he whispered.

Ishtar stirred faintly, her fingers brushing his cheek.

— "It's not your fault, Anshar..." she breathed. "You... were everything to me."

He tightened his grip on her hand,
desperate to hold her spirit within this
world.

— "I promised I'd protect you. I swore it."

Her voice weakened to a whisper.

— "We... will always be together. Even
if..."

Her words dissolved into silence.
Her fingers slipped from his.
Ishtar was gone.

Anshar froze. His eyes — so rarely
betraying emotion — brimmed with
tears. A god, now broken.

They buried her beneath stone and silence, in a hastily built shrine outside the ruins of their ship. When the others had departed, Ea approached Anshar, who stood staring into the endless sky.

— "There was nothing more I could do," Ea said gently. "The energy was too low. Her death... wasn't your failure."

Anshar turned, his expression carved from steel.

— "Not my failure? I am commander. I was meant to protect her. Now she lies in soil among a primitive race that doesn't even have names for the stars."

Ea rested a hand on his shoulder.