

**THE  
12<sup>TH</sup> IMAM:  
THE  
TRIBULATION  
BEGINS**

**By  
James W Parker**

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## Chapter 1

### How It Began

*“Ladies and gentlemen of the world, I am here today to announce to you that as my final act as the President of Iran I have just ordered the launching of our nuclear missiles against the nation of Israel.”*

*When the President of Iran announced to the world that his country had just launched three nuclear missiles against the nation of Israel, little did he realize that his grand plan would set in motion a series of events that fulfilled prophecies in Islamic and Christian holy writings, by heralding the return of the Islamic Messiah, the one the Bible calls the ‘ANTICHRIST’.*

The sleek black sedan rolled along East 44<sup>th</sup> Street in New York. It was followed by several other cars, including three Chevrolet Suburbans. All of them had tinted windows. It was the same as a United States presidential motorcade, but while the motorcade’s most important occupant was a president, he was not an American.

He chuckled at the irony of the situation. The automobile he was riding in was an iconic symbol that represented American industrial might and ingenuity, yet it was carrying a leader that was opposed to everything the vehicle represented.

As the motorcade approached the United Nations building, Iranian president Mustafa Zaakir's heart began to pound. This would truly be a historic day.

He had sent teasing signals that, at this particular meeting of the UN Security Council, he would be making an announcement that would radically transform the peace process in the Middle East. Such statements typically referred to some type of peace gesture, and with previous Iranian regimes referring to the nation of Israel being a blight on the world that needed to be obliterated, the media was rife with speculation that the Iranian government would be

repudiating its previous policy of antagonism.

The reports were fueled in part by leaked statements in Zaakir's government, under his direction. He could not help but think how the world would view his actions in a favorable light. And why shouldn't they? He had been making a series of reforms, including freeing multitudes of Christians who were imprisoned for simply practicing their faith.

He had a well-thought-out plan to divert everyone's attention towards Persia. Persia was once a great empire until Alexander the Great had conquered the nation. His intention was to restore the Persian Empire to its former greatness.

Even the timing was significant. This particular year the Security Council meeting was happening on the opening day of Yom Kippur, the holiest day on the Jewish calendar. This further fueled the speculation that a new era of peace would be happening in the Middle East. That is exactly what his intentions were, to usher in a new era.

He exited his vehicle and began to move toward the building along with his delegation. Even this was deliberate and part of the choreographed moment he was hoping to preserve as part of history. Inside, the other delegates were already seated and awaiting him. He had deliberately chosen to be fashionably late for this meeting. It was all part of the drama meant to heighten the curiosity of those attending.

The delegates were talking to each other as he stepped inside. They were a microcosm of the peoples of the world. Members of the democratic Western nations were cautiously optimistic about the possibility of peace in the Middle East. In America, this had been the goal of multiple administrations going back to President Eisenhower. During a previous administration, Iran had publicly agreed to halt its nuclear program, which helped that particular president score major political points at home.

This realization caused the current US ambassador to hope that a similar event would take place this day. Doing so would be a significant feather in the cap of President Jefferson Goodman, who

was facing a difficult reelection campaign.

Delegates from Muslim countries had also heard the rumors, and they had a certain sense of trepidation about Zaakir's address. Iran, by virtue of its sheer size, location, and persistent stand against America and Israel, had been a reassuring leader that these nations looked up to, even if it was not publicly admitted.



Airman Hennessey was looking at the screen in front of him. He was nearing the end of his ten-hour shift, and thoughts of getting off work began to swirl around his head as he began counting the minutes until his relief showed up.

As he began contemplating the various activities he had planned for this weekend, his thoughts drifted to the stories he heard from the senior NCOs. They had told him of the days during the Cold War when incursions by Russian aircraft at the edge of US airspace were a common occurrence. Those probing flights, which were done by both sides, caused constant alerts that would frequently involve NORAD sending up interceptors to verify the target's intentions.

He remembered veterans telling him of a time when the world nearly went to nuclear war in 1979. Right here in this very mountain in the heart of the Rockies, the computers told men such as himself that the Soviet Union had launched a massive nuclear strike against America. The launch was confirmed by two other systems at other locations. Commanders quickly met, knowing they had only minutes to make a decision on whether to retaliate for this egregious act by the Communists.

The order was given, and the large force of Minuteman missiles buried deep throughout the American West were given a preliminary warning that the country was under nuclear attack and that a launch order would be forthcoming. The entire continental interceptor force of aircraft was also placed on full alert, ready to bomb their targets deep inside of Russia.

Fortunately, cooler heads prevailed as they realized it made no

sense for the communists to choose that particular moment to attack and that there was probably another explanation. It later turned out that the entire incident had been the result of a training tape accidentally being uploaded to the computers running America's early warning systems.

Now, with the fall of the Soviet Union, NORAD was presently keeping track of all aircraft over North America in order to be able to swiftly respond to another 9/11 type of attack by aggressors using aircraft as weapons. NORAD, operating in conjunction with Canada, also monitored the thousands of satellites and other objects in the earth's orbit.

Suddenly a klaxon went off, jarring the somewhat lethargic duty crew to an instant state of heightened awareness. Immediately Major Walters, the officer in charge, ran over to Hennessey.

“What have we got, Hennessey?”

“It looks like a missile launch, sir. I got two, no, make that three confirmed launches from Iran. Verifying heat signatures now, sir.”

“What in the world are those camel jockeys thinking,” the major said as he looked at Lt. Michael Jones and barked out orders to the men and women in the room. “Jones, get a confirmation on that, and then get me the CIC.”

Within seconds, a secure dedicated line rang in General Sam Martinez's office. Knowing that the line was only used for the direst of emergencies, he hurried over to pick it up.

“What in the blazes is going on,” Martinez answered the phone abruptly.

“It's Iran, sir,” Major Walters said, anxiety in his voice. “We just picked up seismic readings and heat signatures. We estimate the launch of three missiles. They have not announced any scheduled tests recently. It doesn't look good.”

“Do we have a heading on these birds yet? Are they headed our way?”

"Unclear at this time; we're attempting to get a trajectory on their projected course now."

"Keep me advised of the status," the general said. "I'm going to call and alert the president. In the meantime, get all of our forces on alert."

The line was kept open as Martinez picked up another phone that was intended to go to an aide with direct access to the president when suddenly he remembered the commander-in-chief was at the United Nations. Realizing time was of the essence with any type of launch such as this, he made a stunning decision that he knew was violating every protocol established during the last half-century in dealing with such situations. If he was wrong, he knew he could face a possible court-martial, but if he was right...

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In recent years with things had started occurring in the Middle East at a much faster rate than in the days of the Cold War. There was the threat of Islamic terrorism as well as other radicals who might operate independently of foreign governments. The US and its allies had realized the importance of having a way for allied military commands to immediately relay information to their counterparts in other countries because minutes or seconds could make all the difference between preventing a mass casualty event or a disaster of epic proportions. This was one of those times, Martinez reasoned, as he called General Ackerman, head of the Israeli Defense Force.

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"General Ackerman, this is General Martinez CIC with NORAD. We just picked up a launch detection we believe to be three separate missiles. We're trying to get a confirmation on their trajectory. While NORAD primarily exists to warn against threats against North America, my instincts tell me they're heading your way."

General Ackerman went silent for a brief second upon hearing the news when suddenly an aide told him the Prime Minister was

on the other line. He asked Martinez to hold on a minute while he took the call.

"Martinez, we just received word, the president of Iran told the UN that he was taking steps to eradicate us. Of course, we're used to such rhetoric, but apparently, his tone raised some eyebrows. You just confirmed what he said is true. I've got to go."

"I understand and will let you know if we have anything else here. May God protect you and your country," Martinez said as he hung up the phone.

Now it was time to call the president.

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Later that day as the Senate's debate continued to grow more and more heated, a similar debate was also taking place in the House of Representatives. Speaker of the House, Dwight Gibbons, was being confronted by Representative John Askew, Democrat from Pennsylvania.

"Mr. Speaker," Askew said. "I still think that this is a matter that does not concern us in any way. This is an incident that occurred between the nation of Iran and the nation of Israel. If it is to be considered anything, then it should be considered an international incident, and that means it should fall under the jurisdiction of the United Nations. This should be a matter for them to handle and not for the United States of America."

"Why you overblown, arrogant, pompous windbag," responded Representative Jim Tyler. The Republican Congressman from Oklahoma was a tea party member and known for taking a hard line stand when it came to following the constitution.

"We should not leave this matter to the United Nations. Israel is our ally, and we are bound by a treaty with them to help them deal with these type of matters. Besides, you don't really believe the United Nations will do anything more about this than just pass some irrelevant resolution, do you? You must know that they never, ever want to make any hard decisions about anything. Besides, even if they ever did decide to pass some kind of resolution, or place some kind of sanction against the nation of Iran, they would never



take any real action to enforce it.”

He cleared his throat before adding, “Just try to remember what happened with Iraq. Don't you remember all the countries that turned out to be on the take with the oil-for-food program? That is an excellent example of the kind of things that you can expect to get out of the United Nations. I'm not saying that every person in the United Nations is corrupt, but there are just way too many of them over there who are. Just think of all those countries who made deals with Saddam Hussein under the table. We didn't find out anything about it until after the invasion and the fall of Iraq. Is that the kind of thing that you want to happen with Iran?”

“So, what would you suggest we do?” Askew asked. “Is it your intention to just outright declare war against the nation of Iran? Are you willing to risk the lives of thousands of our own soldiers just to get back at them for this one attack? Or maybe you're thinking about applying some more sanctions on them like that has ever had any kind of effect against them in the past.”

Gibbons banged his gavel on the podium and called for order. “Calm down, gentlemen,” he demanded. “Let's try and be civil. Please return to your seats. We are going to have to come to some kind of decision on this matter. This special session of Congress was convened to come up with an appropriate response to the attack on Israel by Iran. We are not here to give you all an opportunity to attack each other, so let's all get back down to business.”

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Later that day, in New York City, a similar event, to that in Washington, was playing out. Mohammed and his sleeper cell had been careful to meticulously bring all of the bomb components into the city, a small section at a time to avoid the sensors and other security features designed to check for radioactive material that could be used in a dirty bomb or worse, a nuclear bomb, like his fellow jihadists have assembled.

Mohammed laughed inside; security was always a game where one side came up with procedures to protect themselves, which then resulted in the other side coming up with countermeasures.

Then policies were put into place to counter the countermeasures, and the cycle began all over again.

Americans are foolish, Mohammed thought. There is always radioactivity present in a variety of devices and is even naturally occurring. All we had to do was patiently bring them into the city in minuscule amounts, and no alarms were set off. That is the biggest difference between the West and the children of Ishmael. America never looks at the long-term and is impatient. It would never occur to them that the rest of the world may not think the way they do. Their arrogance will be their downfall.

It took several months to smuggle in the amount of uranium and other parts necessary to assemble the nuclear bomb he now possessed. Now, in the back of his van, the fruit of their patience was ready to pay off. On September 11, 2001, Islam struck a blow against the great Satan in New York and Washington DC that forever changed the course of American history. The twin towers of the World Trade Center, which were featured in many photographs and films, were now a distant memory. Pictures of the New York City skyline showed a striking difference after the attacks. Finally, after years of wrangling, the Americans had rebuilt Freedom Tower on the site, and once again, Allah's servants would strike it down to oblivion in such a way they would never be able to rebuild it.

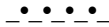
Our attack on the Pentagon changed the very nature of how the Americans viewed their own seat of government. How much more so, Mohammed thought to himself, would the victory have been if Flight 93 succeeded and reached its target of the U.S. capital while Congress was in session.

However, while these events revealed to the world the power of Islam and the greatness of Allah, what would soon happen to these two cities that night will make the events of 9/11 seem like a minor traffic accident.

As thoughts of his impending victory for the cause of Allah distracted him from events around him, he was driving along the waterfront by the East River on a path that would take him directly to the 9/11 Museum at Ground Zero.

We attempted to declare this site a victory of Islam by erecting a mosque at ground zero at the old Burlington Coat Factory building, which was struck by one of the landing gear from one of the doomed aircraft, but our attempts were thwarted by the opposition of conservative firebrands who knew the truth of what the mosque would mean, Mohammed thought to himself. No matter. After tonight the world and the great Satan will be unable to deny the supremacy of Islam over all the religions of the infidels.

As thoughts of delight began to fill his mind with anticipation at the coming events when he would detonate the nuclear bomb in his possession just outside of ground zero, he failed to notice the red SUV that was headed his way.



Ryan Holmes had just left a local bar after having too much to drink. Intoxicated, he fumbled for his keys before finally locating them. After several attempts to insert the key into the ignition, he drove off. Normally the bartender would have intervened and offered to call a cab, but this night the patrons got into a heated discussion over the day's missile attacks on Israel, which distracted him as he attempted to deal with a potential riot on his hands.

With his faculties impaired by the alcohol, Holmes ran past a red light and was now approaching another one at forty five miles an hour.



Mohammed was so focused on his own driving that he failed to be aware of his surroundings and did not notice Holmes' blazer barreling down on him on an apparent interception course.

Suddenly with no warning, Mohammed was jolted as the van was struck in front of the driver's side wheel. If it was a smaller vehicle, the outcome might have been different. However, the forward velocity caused Mohammed to lose control as the vehicle was violently pushed sideways.

Although the entire event took just seconds, to Mohammed, it seemed like an eternity as everything happened in slow motion. The

van careened off the road and into the East River, lying on the right side. As the vehicle began to sink, Mohammed was still dazed, and his mental faculties were in a state of shock as his brain suffered from the effects of a concussion when his brain collided with the inside of his skull.

Bringing himself together, he realized he needed to unbuckle his seatbelt. It was difficult since the van was already filling with water because of the broken window on his side. While nervousness and excitement were normal human reactions in such a case, one could often still release the seatbelt and swim to the surface.

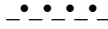
However, with the van on its side, the pallet containing the bomb broke loose, and parts of it went flying forward. Some material rested itself where the buckle went into the clasp, preventing his hand from reaching it. Try though he might, he was unable to move the object in order to free himself. Were it not for the concussion, he might have had the mental alertness to complete the task. However, his personal injuries, along with the frigid temperatures of the water, further dulled his senses, and he began to realize the battle was lost.

As death began to overcome him, he thought of the irony of it all. All those months of meticulous patience and careful planning, and now he was done in by a freak accident. His last thoughts were praise to his God, "Allahu Akbar," as he embraced the stygian darkness.

Under normal conditions, Mohammed and his van would have been found in a matter of hours. Someone would report the crashed blazer, which was now sitting against the curb, its driver dead. As part of their investigation, the police would have examined the vehicle and determine it crashed into another vehicle. They then would have searched the area before realizing the other vehicle went into the river, leading them to call for divers who would have discovered Mohammed's body. Then, upon seeing the bomb in the back, a call would have been made to Homeland Security.

However, this was not to be because, in a matter of minutes, an event would occur, which would bring tragedy to the country on a

far more horrific scale than any puny terrorist attack with a nuclear bomb would ever do. This event would tie up emergency resources to such an extent that the accident and Mohammed would simply become a minor footnote, forgotten to the pages of history.



Iranian president Zaakir sat in his office, anxiously awaiting news of the result of their attack on America. After his announcement at the U.N., he had quickly left in his limo and headed directly to the airport where his private jet was fueled and ready to take him to Iran. He was not afraid of being detained by authorities. After all, as the president of Iran, he had diplomatic immunity. More importantly, he was following the will of Allah and would be protected. He just wanted to be out of New York before the attacks started and watch them from the safety of his home country.

After the failed nuclear attack on Israel, President Zaakir could not afford another such defeat. People were already beginning to clamor for his head. Still, if he were to carry off a successful attack on America that dwarfed the events of 9/11, he would still be the envy of the entire Muslim world. He watched as President Goodman began his address to Congress. Chuckling to himself, he thought, 'if only those fools knew that while they were acting hostile, they were being led like lambs to the slaughter.'

The president began to speak:

“I want to advise not just the American people, but her greatest ally in the Middle East, Israel, that we do not intend to take these attacks lightly. Many are calling them a tragedy for the Muslim people, as one of their holiest sites has now been destroyed. To the Muslim community, let me say our heartbreaks with you over the destruction of the Dome of the Rock, which your faith teaches is where Prophet Mohammed ascended to Heaven.

“However, let us be clear; the fault for this despicable act is not the result of those of us in the West; those of us many of you call the great Satan. No, the individuals responsible for this horrific act that destroyed your sacred site are your own people. The government of

Iran intended to launch an all-out nuclear war on Israel. They launched three missiles, with each having a different destination that was clearly intended to overlap and leave no part of the Jewish nation untouched by a nuclear blast's effects.

What exactly happened, we do not know. Whether it was the hand of God or some massive technological failure, these rockets failed to arm, went off course, and all struck the Dome of the Rock. We have no doubt that this was not Iran's intention, but that does not absolve them of their guilt. Moreover, if their plan had succeeded, the Dome of the Rock would be just as destroyed, along with the rest of Israel. We consider this an act of war, and I call upon Congress to allow me, as commander-in-chief, to engage in economic and, yes, military actions that will include bringing down this barbaric regime, the opponent of both the Western and Muslim world alike.

Previous administrations tried to work with this regime, even to the point that some called it appeasement. We did so while ignoring the warnings of one of our oldest allies in that part of the world, Israel. And this is how our graciousness and desire for peace was rewarded.

I ask for this declaration, not because we desire war, but I do so to stand for basic principles of human decency and respect, moreover...."

Suddenly, a powerful high-pitched noise was heard in the background, followed by a bright light as the video feed from all of the networks suddenly went dead.

Zaakir chuckled to himself at the thought of knowing whatever else happened that night; the world would never forget the power of Islam.



Congressman Mike Stevens was a bit of an anomaly that did not quite fit most congressmen's traditional mold. Although the Colorado representative tried to avoid political labels, an examination of his voting record and leadership as the majority

whip indicated that he definitely leaned conservative. In his personal life, this was very much an accurate description of the man. As an infant, he was adopted while just a few weeks old. Being born in the years following the historic Roe v. Wade case, which essentially legalized abortion on demand, this knowledge of his adoption resulted in him being a strong opponent of abortion. Steven's reasoning was not so much based on the Bible like many in the pro-life movement; it was more personal. He reasoned that a person supporting abortion was essentially endorsing a woman's right to have him killed, a thought that he detested and found repugnant.

This is not to say he disagreed with the Bible teaching on the issue, just that he did make it the sole authority to guide his opposition to the grisly procedure. Indeed, Stevens had a strong belief in God. Still, he personally likened his views on the deity as being more akin to that of the author of the Declaration of Independence and America's third president, Thomas Jefferson. Fighting and advocating for these general principles of liberty consistently had earned him the respect of supporters and critics alike. They all agreed he was a lion on the issue. It was this strong belief that made him a perfect fit for Colorado. Geographically, the state was solidly conservative due to the vast swathes of rural areas. Indeed, these areas led by the vast Weld County had long been a thorn in the flesh of the progressives who wielded power in the urban areas and advocated greater government control.

Weld County residents so aggressively believed in local control and self-governance that at one time, the county commissioners had sued the state over unfunded mandates placed upon them. Although the county eventually lost that battle, its elected officials were at the forefront in challenging the state over areas such as gun control, abortion and proudly emblazoned 'In God We Trust' on the county seal. Back in 2013, the county commissioners were the face of a movement to secede and form the state of North Colorado. This mixture between the rural, conservative areas and the progressive areas in the cities that ran down the middle of the state made it difficult to predict each election cycle. Because of this dichotomy, Stevens' libertarian beliefs that advocated for the

freedom of both those on the left and the right to self-govern their local areas made him a perfect fit for the state and a mirror image of the state itself.

Following the attack on Israel, he flew back home from Washington later that day to be at his father's side. Although he was burdened by his choice and felt a longing to be there, knowing there would be a rare joint session of Congress. He desperately wanted to be there to show his support to the president during this trying time. However, he had gotten word that his father was in a hospice due to pancreatic cancer that was in its final stages. Receiving word that his father would probably not last the night, his choice was made for him.

He was raised to place family first, and he was not about to go against it now, regardless of what was happening in Washington. Before leaving, he held a brief meeting for the press and made his views on what happened known, and backed the president. If the media and the opposition party wanted to use that against him, that was just too bad. He would not regret his decision.

Dave Stevens held to his son's view on liberty, but with one important difference. He believed the Bible to be God's infallible word. Indeed, he revered his beloved King James Bible that he said made America great. He was fond of saying it was the only Bible that had been quoted in outer space and was the only Bible that had been to the moon and back, another great American feat that no other nation had accomplished.

Mike Stevens was in his father's bedroom at the assisted nursing home when his aide came to the door.

"Sir, I'm sorry to bother you, but you wanted me to keep you updated on the emergency session."

He thanked him for the information and went back into his father's bedroom. For now, his father needed him more than his constituents.

"What is it, son?" his father asked.

"My aide was just updating me on the joint emergency session



of Congress. The president just made a speech. It doesn't look good."

As his father's breathing became more labored, he uttered one final charge to his son.

"Mike, I have done my best to raise you right. You've made a great congressional representative for our district, and one day you may even be in charge of this great country. They will need a leader, not in Jefferson's mold, your idol, but a man in the mold of the father of our country, George Washington. You know how I taught you his thoughts on the Bible and salvation differed from Jefferson. Don't misunderstand, Jefferson was a great man, but son, you need to trust Washington's God and trust in the same Savior the first president did. Promise me you will think about these words."

"I will, father, I promise you I will sincerely consider what you have asked me. I love you."

With that, Dave Stevens laid aside this earthly realm and graduated to his heavenly home. The staff gave the family some time alone with him and then came to take his body away.

A few moments later, his aide returned. Seeing the frantic and grave look upon the young man's face, he knew whatever it was must be vital. He quietly excused himself from the room.

Going into the living room, he learned about the attack. Upon hearing the news about Washington, a plethora of tortured thoughts went through the congressman's mind. His first thought was one of anger as he wondered how any person or group of people could be so evil to flippantly kill thousands of innocent people with no worry at all.

Then he was overwhelmed by sadness and grief as he thought of all of his colleagues he had developed relationships with over the years. Were they alive or dead, he wondered. He had no idea about their condition or, for that matter, about their families. What must be going through their minds right now, he wondered. These two conflicting emotions became supplanted by guilt as his mind shifted to his duty. If everyone in Washington was dead and he was

the only surviving government leader, he might be called upon to become the new president. While he had long had aspirations to the Oval Office, this was not the way he wanted to assume the title.

Yet he knew that regardless of how he felt about it, he would need to step up to the plate and be a powerful, forceful, yet reassuring president in the mold of Ronald Reagan following the Challenger disaster. As his mind thought back to Reagan, another great president he admired, his thoughts began to meditate on his father's words. Like Washington, Reagan was an outspoken Christian, having once discussed Jesus with the former Soviet Union President, Mikhail Gorbachev. Indeed, Gorbachev would later write that it was this meeting that convinced him that Reagan's faith and belief in America as the shining city on a hill was not political rhetoric, but a sincere belief. This revelation caused the Soviet president to strike a deal on nuclear weapons with the American president.

He understood that the people didn't just need a president but a father-figure. There would come a time for grieving, but for now, of necessity, his thoughts must turn to creating and reestablishing a new center of government. As he mulled these thoughts over, the lights all over Denver suddenly went dark.

## Chapter 2

### Repercussions

Several minutes after the nuclear attack on D.C., those watching at home were unsure of exactly what happened. After a few moments of dead air, they saw the screens of the various networks come back on. However, instead of seeing the reporters in D.C. covering the president's speech, they were shocked to see anchors reporting on an apparent nuclear explosion. The crawler at the bottom of the screens said early reports indicated the president, vice-president, all the Supreme Court members as well as most of the members of Congress were more than likely killed in the attack.

Rather than rejoicing at this broadcast, Zaakir began fuming. The broadcasts were coming from the network's headquarters in New York. The fact that they were able to reach the world with this news meant that something had gone terribly wrong with the nuclear device that was supposed to go off near Ground Zero.

What happened, he wondered, then he became mindful of the fact that in the ensuing chaos, the world might never know. Perhaps this is for the best, as well as the will of Allah, he thought. This way, the world would quickly see firsthand the results of our soldiers for Allah. Besides, he would now be able to have a more accurate view of what was happening on the West Coast with the planned power outages.

"Details are still coming in," the anchor said, "but to our best knowledge, a nuclear bomb appears to have gone off in Washington DC at the same time the president was addressing a joint session of Congress over the situation in Israel and Iran. We have no additional information at this time; however, if this report of a nuclear explosion turns out to be true, it is unlikely that the president or other elected officials have survived. If this is, in fact, what has happened, it would be the worst attack to ever occur on American soil, far surpassing the horrific death toll on 9/11."

"Oh my God," the anchor shouted after seeing a new update on

his teleprompter.

“I apologize for my outburst; we are now getting reports of massive electrical failures throughout the Western United States and parts of the South. Our experts tell us that this, combined with the news out of DC, indicates a full-blown attack on the country. Ladies and gentlemen, it appears we are now at war; the question is with whom.”

Excellent, Zaakir thought. It could not have gone better. It seems, with the exception of New York, everything went perfectly. “Allahu Akbar,” he shouted.

Suddenly, his euphoria was interrupted by something else that happened during the newscast that was totally unexpected.

“We are now cutting to one of our reporters who are near to the area of the blast in DC, Susan; what's going on?”

“This is Susan Carey from Northern Virginia. As you can imagine, the details are sketchy, but it is apparent that something devastating has happened to Washington. In the background behind me, you can see a mushroom cloud. This is most often associated with a nuclear attack. We are attempting to get an expert on radiation for an interview, but regardless, everyone will agree that this is an event of shocking magnitude. As we continue to get more information, I will be here to provide you with an update. Also, rest assured that although we have lost all contact with our Washington bureau, our affiliates across the country are actively involved in trying to get answers for you. As soon as we have anything new to report, we will...”

Suddenly, a noise like a dull rumble occurred. In another flash of light, the young, beautiful reporter just disappeared in an instant.

One second the camera was focused on her, then in a fraction of a second, all that remained was the microphone as it fell to the ground while the entire scene was captured on camera.

The commotion could be heard in the background as the cameraman stopped his normal motionless holding of the camera and began to move around in a haphazard manner that was more

reminiscent of an amateur making a home video. Voices could be heard in the background, babbling as what they said made no sense.

“My God, what just happened? Where did my daughter go? What happened to my little girl,” a man could be heard screaming as he looked around for her. “I was just holding her hand, and now she’s gone.”

The cameraman continued moving his camera around in a seemingly reckless manner. It was evident that whatever happened to the reporter had also struck others as well. People were going into hysterics over the disappearances, and it was all captured on live television for the entire world to see. After the audience saw several seconds of this terrifying chaos, the feed was abruptly cut and it switched back to the New York studio.

The anchor came on briefly, obviously terrified about something, and said, "To our listening audience, Things are in utter chaos here at the studio. What you have just seen has also happened here as several people just disappeared. I have to say, never in my many years of broadcasting have I ever seen anything remotely like this," he said as his voice began to crack. "This could turn out to be the strangest thing the world has ever seen. Once we have more details, we will keep you

advised.”

With that, the broadcast was suddenly interrupted as the network cut to a commercial.

Zaakir’s jaw dropped open at the sight he had just witnessed. While he was expecting reports of destruction, the sight of the reporter disappearing the way she did unnerve even him. What could possibly have happened, he wondered.

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Once Dr. Kelly had calmed Nurse Perkins down somewhat, he picked up the phone and dialed security down on the main floor.

Paul Edwards was in the security office when the phone rang.

Paul had previously served in the Army as an M.P. Following his enlistment, like many veterans, he began a year in law-enforcement. However, after seeing his share of difficult situations, instead of working for a big-city police department with a high crime rate, he chose to take the job of police chief in a small rural town. It was a welcome respite from the life and death situations he was used to, yet he was able to do what he loved. The day's events often consisted of nothing more than helping get a cat out of a tree or just being parked outside of the school every day in the morning and afternoon to help direct traffic.

Then one tragic day, a man who had too much to drink at the town's only bar was driving home and struck his patrol car on the driver's side. The impact left him with a damaged left leg that, although not severe, was just enough to end his career. In the months that followed, Edwards engaged in an intense regime of physical therapy in an attempt to repair his body enough to one-day return to the police force.

In the meantime, he was an armed security guard at the hospital and enjoyed his new job very much. He especially loved seeing the excitement of new parents who left with their new baby. It was a welcome reprieve from the death he saw in Afghanistan. This was no ordinary hospital, for its specialty was bringing new life into the world. While it did have operating rooms for situations like Mr. Newman, it did not perform many other types of surgery. This facility was built by a wealthy philanthropist who believed in the value of life.

Although not as physically able to chase after criminals as the younger guards under his authority, Edwards' experience more than covered for whatever physical limitations he may have had. This was especially true when considering that the worst situations they faced were from single fathers who attempted to spirit away the newborn child to take them away to live with their new girlfriend. This was not common, but in this day and age, one could not be too careful. Thus, each new baby was fitted with an ankle bracelet that locked the doors to the maternity ward if the child came too close to the exit doors. Although it may have been considered overkill by many, the founder of the facility insisted that his security forces be

armed, reasoning that an unarmed guard was not good for much in the event of a real crisis. The only other issues that came up were the occasional car break-ins in the parking lot.

He was thinking it was going to be another boring night when the phone rang.

“Security, Edwards here.”

“Sgt. Edwards, this is Dr. Kelley up in the maternity ward. Have you gotten any reports of strange occurrences tonight?”

Sgt. Edwards was aware that Kelley was a fellow brother through his military service; because of this, the two shared a special bond. He also knew the good doctor was not prone to practical jokes in this area.

“Not that I'm aware of. Why do you ask?”

With an excited voice that was out of place for the doctor in this setting, he said, “It's the babies. They're all gone from the nursery. There's no sign of them anywhere. None of the alarms went off, and all of the security safeguards seemed to have failed. I have no idea what is going on...”

Edward's senses began to return to the heightened state he was used to in his days fighting Muslim terrorists in Afghanistan's mountains and valleys. Despite the gravity of the current situation, he had no intention of running off haphazardly. He asked Dr. Kelley to hold on for a moment as he checked in with his other guards patrolling the hospital.

“All officers report immediately; we have a serious situation in the facility. This is not a drill!”

Almost immediately, a voice came back, “Smith here, what's up, boss?”

“We've got a report of a possible situation in the maternity ward; where are you?”

“I'm just finishing up in Radiology. I'll head on up there right now.”

Just then, another voice came on the radio.

"Jones here; I'm almost to the maternity ward. I'll check it out."

"Roger," Smith said.

"Anybody heard from Snyder?" Edwards asked. "He's the only one who hasn't answered."

Smith replied, "The last I heard, he was going to the cafeteria to get a can of pop. I'm right there. Let me go and check."

When Jones walked into the maternity ward, it was plain to see that something was definitely wrong. All the babies were gone. The entire crew of nurses were murmuring and in a state of panic. Also, the mothers were hysterical.

"Where's my baby? I keep asking you to bring her to me, and you still haven't done it," one young mother said. "What's wrong? Why won't you tell me what's going on?"

"What in the world is going on here," Jones said as a strong sense of anxiety began to overcome him.

"Boss, something is definitely going on here, still checking it out. Will keep you advised, Jones out."

"Roger," Edwards said.

Nurse Perkins took him to the nursery. At first, she walked with a seeming calmness in her stride, but as the two of them got closer, she began to tremble and hesitate as they went into the room.

"There, do you see it?" She said as she stood outside of the room of empty bassinets and began to shake. "Look! Where are all the babies? What could have happened to them?"

"I don't understand this," the burly security guard said. "How could a dozen babies just disappear from the maternity ward? Especially without setting off any alarms or being noticed."

"It gets worse," she said, her lip trembling.

"How in the world could be worse?"



“It's Dr. Webster,” she said as tears came along with a cracking voice as she pointed towards the operating rooms. “He and one of the patients disappeared from the operating room. During the operation!”

Jones walked over to question the doctors and nurses about what had happened. Realizing that they now had a real emergency on their hands, he frantically called Edwards.

“Sgt. Edwards, we've definitely got an emergency going on up here,” Jones said as the fear began to rise in his voice.

After Jones described the maternity ward scene, Edwards thought to himself, what on earth could have happened?

Down in the cafeteria, security guard Smith was trying to calm down hysterical people who were claiming that people had vanished right in front of them.

“Paul, Clayton, I'm down in the cafeteria. Folks are claiming that they saw people disappear in front of them. What is going on here?”

While Edwards ensured their guards were well-trained, nothing could have prepared them for this. It was one thing to have to deal with a drunk or even a disgruntled former hospital employee threatening violence, but how do you deal with an epidemic of people telling you that other people are vanishing right before their very eyes?

As his mind quickly began to go through the various scenarios that might have an explanation for what was going on, he realized he needed to reach out and contact the authorities.

As he had done many times before, over the years, he picked up the phone to dial 911. As he waited for the operator's pleasant voice to immediately pick up and say those well-known words, “911, what's your emergency,” he was stunned to hear a different kind of voice.

The message he heard gave a piercing, high-pitched tone of

several notes followed by an annoying voice that said, “All circuits are busy, please try your call again.”

Shocked, Edwards wondered if he had somehow, impossibly misdialed the phone number. The 911 system was deliberately set up to prevent this kind of thing from ever happening.

Even if the local 911 center were to receive a large number of calls, the entire network was designed so that overflow would go to some other 911 center across the country. This would ensure that an individual would always get through to a live person, even if it were a dispatcher in another area.

Edwards knew that for this kind of thing to happen, the entire system all across the country would have to be overwhelmed at the exact same time. Such a thing was plainly impossible unless there was some type of large-scale natural disaster happening. He dialed the number again and was shocked to hear the same recording. Knowing his first job was to protect the patients and hospital staff, he ordered Smith to the maternity ward, which would become their new base of operations. He didn't like the idea of leaving the security cameras, but in this case, with so many unknowns, he knew it was better to rely on strength in numbers. He walked over to the elevator and pushed the button to summon the car. Looking at the up and down arrow bringing the car down, he cursed at it loudly for taking so long. Finally, the friendly ring indicating the car had arrived went off, and the door began to open. As Edwards began to step into the car, everything suddenly went dark as the power went off.



A few months later President Stevens walked into a meeting with his makeshift cabinet in a conference room at the state Capitol. He had faced a great deal of pressure from pundits and other politicians who felt America's new capital should be moved to New York. The city had emerged relatively unscathed from the events of the past several weeks.

His father had made sure that he received the training for this

post. He was always teaching him something or the other. The result was that even after such a colossal tragedy, Stevens was still very much in control. He knew that the country was facing the biggest challenge in its history, but his outward appearance was calm and composed. It belied a storm of doubt, confusion, and anxiety underneath. Still, he was his father's son and the President of the United States of America. He would rather face a bullet than acknowledge his fears right now. That was what the people wanted, a fierce and capable leader, and by God, that's what he would give to them. His resolve was set in stone, and it showed as he started addressing the leaders one by one.

No one understood why the Iranian government had left the Big Apple and the Northeast unscathed. However, Stevens knew that New York had long been a terrorist magnet. Being located along the coastline with its proximity to Canada made the city vulnerable for a follow-up attack. If someone wanted to destroy the fragile government, this would be a good time, and New York would be a good place.

By contrast, Denver was strategically located almost exactly in the center of the country. Denver International Airport provided a hub through which all the spokes of airline travel dispersed to the rest of the country. Additionally, the region's vast wealth of natural resources, including oil, gas, and agriculture, made a choice quite logical. Denver was also close to NORAD. With the Pentagon and much of the military's high command structures destroyed along with the rest of DC, the city was a natural choice for the new capital.

Some had expressed concerns about its proximity to Greeley, which had a sizeable Muslim population consisting of Syrian and Somalian refugees. It was feared that they could pose a major security concern being so close to Denver. This concern was understandable. A group of Somalian refugees in Minnesota had made national news some years ago when most of the male population just disappeared almost overnight. They had returned to the Middle East to fight the infidels.

However, Weld County had a great deal of experience in this area, and as a result, the Muslim population was kept under control.

A previous sheriff had established a policy of using dogs to aid in inmate unrest at the jail. To the Muslims, a dog was considered an unclean animal and an abomination. While some Muslim civil rights groups had complained about the use of dogs as being anti-Islam, and accusing the county of Islamophobia, the sheriff had refused to cave to political correctness. This gave Stevens a strong sense of security that Denver was the right choice.

“Gentlemen, and lady, what's the current status of our nation. Let's start with the military in the event some other nation feels the urge to take advantage of our vulnerability.”

Admiral Thomas was the new Chief of Naval Operations, as were all of the service chiefs present since their predecessors were all incinerated along with the President. “Sir, the Navy is in good shape. Fortunately, our carriers are nuclear-powered and able to stay at sea for years if need be. The men are furious at what happened to their countrymen and are craving a bit of action. However, the biggest challenge we have involves staffing issues. Many of our sailors and pilots in strategic positions scattered throughout the fleet disappeared along with scores of other Americans.”

General Arnold, chief of the Air Force, was not as optimistic.

“While the bulk of our planes are ready to fly, and we have an ample supply of men to fly and maintain them, we would not be able to sustain an operation for very long. This includes providing combat air cover over the country. The problem is our planes cannot fly without fuel or electricity for repairs. The power is still out over large portions of the country, and the freeways are still a disaster because of all the crashed and abandoned cars. Getting the fuel to the planes is proving to be a bit of a problem. There are still massive amounts of abandoned and wrecked vehicles scattered throughout the nation's highways. Additionally, many of our refineries are in the South, and they have been damaged. This is an additional hindrance to our ability to obtain new fuel. We have enough reserves for several days, but after that, our planes are essentially large paperweights. We are attempting to work out the logistics and develop an efficient transport system to truck in

supplies. Still, again they are having difficulty getting through.”

The Army general spoke next.

“Our forces in Europe and Asia are well-equipped, and things are pretty much normal for them. However, domestically the problem is many of my senior commanders were killed in the DC attack. We had scheduled a special war college training event. Of course, we didn't know that we couldn't have picked a worse time. On the other hand, the terrorists could not have picked a better time to decimate all of our top leaders. How it is they were able to pick their attack to take place on the exact day most of our senior commanders were present, I'll never know. “

General Pollard, the new Commandant of the Marine Corps, sounded a more optimistic tone. “The Marine Corps is essentially unaffected as far as our physical assets are concerned. Fortunately, we don't put as much reliance on technology as the Army and Air Force. We have trained our men and women for years on fighting in this type of environment if technology were to fail. Experts have been warning of the danger from an EMP-type attack on the country for years. While this may not have been an EMP in the traditional sense of the word, the effect was essentially the same. The Marine Corps is America's force in readiness. It has long attempted to train for this eventuality. General Amos, one of the previous commandants, often talked about a Christian event called the rapture, but we don't believe that was what happened.”

“Thank you, gentlemen, now what about the domestic front,” President Stevens asked. “Jim, how are repairs to the grid coming?”

Jim Davidson, the new Homeland Security director, was thrust into the role out of necessity. Before his appointment by the new President, he was the head of the FBI field office in Denver.

“The repairs as a whole are coming along slowly. There were some areas of the country that were spared from the power failures. Still, the problem we're having is replacing the large number of transformers that were destroyed during this attack.”

“The terrorists didn't need to destroy a great deal of them

physically. All they needed to do was destroy a few of them in several key locations throughout the system. This caused a large number of substations to overload a lot of other transmitters. Like dominoes, they effectively brought down the grid throughout the entire Western United States and parts of the Northeast. Although the terrorists did not appear to target a large number, the subsequent overload destroyed far more. Still, the bulk of them was destroyed from the large number of unmanned automobiles that crashed into phone poles and planes that came down.”

“We also had a large number of aircraft around our major airports waiting to land, which is a normal occurrence. However, when the pilots suddenly disappeared, the autopilot features were disengaged, and the planes spiraled out-of-control and crashed into residential neighborhoods.”

“The problem is we don't have a large inventory of surplus transformers, and most of them are manufactured overseas. We're cannibalizing transformers from the rural areas to get the big cities operational. Those in the country are not happy about it. Still, they have more experience surviving without some of the things people in the city need, such as power. Over the years, they have learned to survive without power during tough winter seasons. In contrast, people in the cities have very little training and experience in these types of situations. Indeed, this is one reason why following the mass deaths that occurred, we saw widespread looting as people tried to get their hands on life's basic necessities. Unfortunately, it'll be years before things are back to normal.”

“Another problem we are facing is the EMP. When it went off, in addition to bringing down the power grid, it also fried every electronic device in its path; cars, computers, anything electrical. As you know, Silicon Valley, the heart of our nation's computing industry, is out there in California. Boeing in Seattle also lost the ability to construct and build any new aircraft or manufacture parts. Fortunately, Ana-chip is still functioning out in Florida. It was lucky that the owner moved the company out there.”

Susan Ferguson, the new director of Health and Human Services, was next with her assessment.

“We have some real concerns here, Mr. President. With the massive power failures, we have a major problem with food spoilage. That will become a breeding ground for bacteria and disease as well as rodents, especially this time of year. Additionally, with the power outages, sewage treatment systems are not functioning properly. We have untreated human waste backing up, and there is a real danger of a cholera outbreak. Big cities such as DC and Chicago had this problem back in the 19th century, but at least they were aware of it and planned accordingly. Our current systems to prevent this thing from happening today are simply not viable without power. Mr. President, I’m afraid we could see deadly outbreaks all across the country if we are not careful.”

“Also, due to the EMP, medical devices have also failed, resulting in tens of thousands of deaths. It just shows how dependent we all are on electricity. And as if that wasn’t enough, most of our plants and factories are dead. Even if they are working, they are severely short-staffed. If we don’t get them in working order, the people might not get enough food to survive.”

“Andy, what about the rest of the globe,” Stevens asked. “I understand there were power outages all over the world along with the mass disappearance of people.”

“That’s right, Mr. President,” Andy Ramirez, the new Secretary of State, responded. “However, the worldwide power failures don’t appear to have been precipitated by any direct attack. Rather just like here, it was the result of crashing cars, unmanned planes, and such. There are reports of missing people on every continent. I think it highly unlikely the Iranians or any other terrorist groups are behind this. For one thing, it is unlike any weapon we have ever heard of. And even if they developed such a weapon, the ability to deploy it on such a large scale would be improbable. The logistics alone required to enable this to happen across multiple time zones at exactly the same time would be impossible.”

“Interestingly, the Middle East appears to be relatively unaffected by this, as well as large parts of Asia, Micronesia, and even large parts of Europe. To be honest, we seem

to have many more people missing than any other country, and I'm not sure why. This is somewhat ironic when you figure that Iran was the reason so much of this happened.”

“Gentlemen, I know about the terrorist activity, but regarding the missing people, what do we think caused it? My father used to talk about the rapture. Those who supposedly are Christians were taken up when Christ came back to meet them in the air. Could this be it?”

After several seconds of silence, the Commandant spoke up.

“Mr. President, I don't see how that could possibly be. In the first place, it's my understanding you believe in God. In fact, you hold Thomas Jefferson up as your role model. He is the one who signed the Virginia Statute of Religious Freedom. Yet, you're still here, as are many of us who, if we were to go around the table, would likewise admit to believing in God and the Bible. No, sir, I do not. I cannot believe that this is the biblical rapture.”

“What about another supernatural explanation? Could it be something done by the Muslim's God, this so-called Mahdi,” the HHS secretary asked.

“Susan, how in the world could that be; there has to be a rational explanation for it,” Andy said.

“Yes, but didn't you say the Middle East was left virtually unscathed? I think we ought to consider this possibility seriously.”

“I'm not saying there could be some other outside force working behind this, but before we go off half-cocked, has anyone checked with someone more experienced in this than us,” the President asked incredulously.

“Andy, we've had diplomatic relations with the Vatican since the Reagan Administration. Send our ambassador to Rome to talk with the Holy Father and see what he has to say. Or is he missing too?”

“Unfortunately, Mr. President, you are correct. He is missing, but we don't know if he disappeared like the others. He was flying



back to Rome from a meeting with the bishops in Africa. That is when his plane collided with a 747 over the Mediterranean. There were no survivors. The Catholic Church is in a state of turmoil, and they're trying to choose a replacement now.”

## Chapter 3

### The Ten Horns

*And I saw and beheld a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer. Revelation 6:2*

*And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy. Revelation 13:1*

The Mahdi was sitting at his desk; he reached over, pressed the intercom and said, "Omar, I need you to come into my office."

"I'll be right in," replied Omar.

"Close the door and have a seat," said The Mahdi as Omar entered his office.

"What is it that we need to discuss?"

"I think it's about time that we started making the plans to divide the world into the ten districts."

"Okay... but isn't it a bit too sudden?"

The Mahdi shook his head, "No. It's time. It's already been over 6 months since my confirmation, and we need to get started on the next phase of my plan. We've built a lot and I think it's time we begin work on cementing it."

Omar seemed deep in thought for a few moments then nodded. "That makes sense," he said. How do you suggest we go about setting up the districts? There is a lot of work involved. And, for that matter, how will you know where each district will be located and

who will be in charge? I'm sure you already have an idea for each so why don't you let me know your plans.”

“The first district,” says the Mahdi, “will encompass the Middle East countries of Iran, Iraq, Jordan, Turkey, Saudi Arabia, Lebanon, Syria, Yemen, Afghanistan, the UAE, Pakistan, Israel, Oman, Kuwait, Qatar and extend into India. I will make my headquarters here and you, Omar, as my second in command will be in charge of the district. You will be the liaison between me and the heads of the countries in this district.”

“How will I get your orders to the people on what Allah wishes for them?” asked Omar.

“You will be responsible for setting up a chain of command starting from you all the way down to the clerics who are oversee the mosques to get word to the people on how things will run going forward. You will also need people under you to negotiate treaties and trade agreements. There will be new oil negotiations on prices and distribution to the countries that now rely on us for their oil.”

“What is the second district?”

“The second district will cover Europe. It will go from England to the Russian border and down to Spain and the countries along the Mediterranean to Greece. It will extend along the countries around the Black Sea and then along the Russian border through Finland.”

“And who will be in charge?” asked Omar.

“Saib Malik,” replied The Mahdi.

“Saib Malik? Really? You want to give him the whole European district? Is that wise?”

The Mahdi looked at him strangely, “Are you questioning my judgment?”

Omar just breathed. Then shook his head, "I'm not. But I would like a proper explanation. I know we've... worked together in the past but why?"

"Because he's good, it's as simple as that. He's one of the best clerics in the world. And his instinct and personality make him an ideal choice. He knows more about the prophecies and such than almost anyone. And now that he has seen all that there is to my reign, I think we can give him the benefit of the doubt. And besides, he's easily handled."

Omar looked skeptical, still, he knew all that. In fact, it was his own justification the last time he talked about Saib Malik, yet he was hesitant for some reason. He acquiesced, "Fine that makes sense. He can handle Europe. And the third district?"

"That would contain Russia down to the Turkish and Iranian borders and go east along the Afghan border to China. It will run along the Russian and Mongolian border. Then along the Chinese border to include Korea and Japan."

"Who will be in charge?"

"Hassan Asmi will be in charge of district three."

"Makes sense. He can handle pressure and he does keep a good grip on things. He did always like the cold."

The Mahdi nodded. He moved back and checked a file of his, closed it then moved forward again.

"What about district four?"

"That will include Mongolia, China and the rest of Southeast Asia down to Malaysia. It will extend from the Indian border to Taiwan. It will be run by Ali Nassir."

"Why him?" Omar asked curiously.

“A keen mind and a sharp tongue. Plus, with his connections and charm, he can keep a lot of people in line. That is after all, what we need. Discipline.”

“And district five?”

“That will include Indonesia, the Philippines, Australia and the rest of the Islands of the Pacific.”

“So will Abdul Wahid be in charge of district five?”

“Yes, he would be the best choice since, being from the area, he already has lots of connections there.”

Omar nodded, “He’s a stubborn one, though. And again, he rules his land with an iron fist. Nobody would dare go against him, and by proxy, against you.”

“District six would be the Northern half of Africa from Egypt to Morocco and down to Nigeria. From there it will run through Chad and Sudan to the Red Sea.”

“Then you’re putting Rajah Qaadis in charge?”

“Yes, for similar reasons. Judges are...very hard-minded. Their position gives them a certain mindset that they are the ones always in the right, so we will have to keep a bit of an eye on him. But, yes, I think he’d be a fair choice. Plus, his familiarity and experience with the area is a valuable factor to his consideration.”

“So, district seven would be the Southern half of Africa?”

“Yes, and the person in charge would be Saleem Baseer.”

“Yes... Saleem. Very...”

“Eager to please? I agree, sometimes you need someone like that. Someone who will achieve what *you* want by any means.”

“Ok, so district eight would be?”

“South America.”

“And the person in charge?”

“Jihad Mazid, a respected man. Will rule well, but also answers to me well.”

“Reasonable. District nine?”

“Central America, the Islands of the Caribbean and the Continental United States.”

“And the one in charge will be?”

“Habib Latif. Fine man and he has the brains and temperament to handle an area such as the Americas.”

“That would leave Amir Niemi to be in charge of district ten.”

“Yes, and that would be Alaska, through Canada to Greenland and Iceland.”

“So that will be the ten districts and the clerics running them?”

“Yes, and it will be your responsibility to bring everyone together and let them know what is to be expected of them. I am counting on you to pass along all the information to all the other clerics and get them started establishing their duties and their chains of command. Now the next thing we need to discuss is exactly where my new headquarters is to be located. It will be called Babilim, the ancient Arkadian name for Babylon, which means ‘The Gate of God’. Since I am Allah’s representative and people will have to go through me to know his will I think that would be the perfect name.”

“Do you have a particular location in mind?”

“It will be along the Euphrates River, about fifty-nine miles southwest of Baghdad.”

“The Euphrates? Why there? Do you hope to find that which is written will be revealed when it dries up?”

“I have no interest in that. But I do believe it to be a central place. There is a balance to it. It is, after all the Promised Land. And, it is, as they say, where it will all begin, or rather end. The Battle for Armageddon will begin when that river dries up. When every single drop of water evaporates from that river, which is when it will begin. And I hope to be ready for it. I hope to have cemented my place. So, when the time comes, they will look to me to communicate. As it is written.”

The words the Mahdi spoke made sense to Omar like they were designed to do. “Okay,” he said quietly.

“Next,” the Mahdi continued, “we have to discuss what to do about the outbreaks of violence that have been happening, against my wishes and the wishes of Allah. There are these uppity terrorist groups, like Majlis-ul-Andalus, and Lashkar-e-Nashir. Even the old guard like ISIS and the Old Khalifas, as well as many more groups like this that are wreaking havoc and we must figure out how to rein them in. There will have to be some punishment of sorts that will have to be dealt out in order to make them realize I am in charge now and they must do what I say. I represent Allah for all of Islam, Sunni and Shiite alike. There is to be no more fighting. I am the rightful heir of Mohammed. That should bring an end to the split.”

“Some of them won’t like it.”

“Too bad,” said The Mahdi. “Allah has sent me to speak for him. I have been confirmed by both Sunni and Shiite clerics as to my identity. If they don’t want to conform to the new ways then we have to deal with them very harshly.”

“You’re absolutely right,” declared Omar. “An example will definitely have to be made of them if they don’t obey.”

“Oh, by the way, you need to have someone schedule a meeting between me and the new American President.”

“What for?”

“He found out about our interest in the Ana-chip and he is insisting on being a part of the negotiations. He claims it has something to do with national security, protection of American copyrights and some other nonsense.”

“But, why do we have to involve the American government? Don’t you already have an agreement with the designer?”

“Not yet. He claims there are some safety tests that still need to be done to make sure there won’t be any future problems. Besides, the President may put the kibosh on the whole deal if we don’t involve him. We’ll just have to let him think he’s having a say in the matter.”

“Is there anything else?”

“Yes, I need to meet with the Israeli Prime Minister about getting all the material we promised for the new Temple in Jerusalem.”

“I still don’t understand why you are letting them rebuild on the site. Why don’t we just rebuild the Dome of the Rock? It was a very holy site for us and a lot of people are upset that the Jews are building their temple in its place.”

“Because it is the will of Allah for them to do so.”

“Is that all?”

“No, I hear the College of Cardinals is going to be meeting to pick a new Pope. It seems the old one was traveling in his plane when all the chaos happened around the world, and no one has heard anything about him since. Not for the past several months. They do, however, think they may have found some of the wreckage from his plane.”

“Why should that matter to us?”



The Mahdi's eyes narrowed, "the old Pope was 'friendly' to Islam... I want to make sure that the right person is picked to succeed him. Someone who will be willing to work with us. Someone that we can control."

Chapter 4  
The New Temple

*Then the nations will know that I the Lord make Israel holy,  
when my temple is among them forever. Ezekiel 37:28*

The plane landed on the tarmac, and the tires screeched. The Mahdi had arrived in Tel-Aviv for his meeting with the Prime Minister. He and Omar had been in discussion lately about the construction of the new temple. Omar had talked to him about all the materials needed and where they could be acquired. Price wasn't the issue. Rather, the issue was architecture and land.

He sat in the back as the driver drove him to his place. Omar was right beside him. They arrived at the Beit Aghion, the official residence of the Prime Minister of Israel. It was built like a fortress, but more modernistic. Though in pure appearance, it was rather modest. The Mahdi didn't care either way, to be honest.

It wasn't going to be a long stay; they had places to be and people to meet. But what was going to be discussed tomorrow in the meeting with the Prime Minister was important. The PM had given Omar and the Mahdi the Beit Aghion to stay at because he did not use it much personally...

On the terrace, the Mahdi sat, having some tea with Omar. They were discussing all that was on the agenda the next day.

"So, the Prime Minister... everything should go over smoothly." Omar said.

"It should," the Mahdi said as he sipped his tea. "But the thing is, he will need to be convinced for the construction and cleaning up of the temple mount. I need to have an accurate representation of facts to present to him. Do you have the file?"

Omar nodded, got up, went into the other room then came back a couple of minutes later. "Here, this has everything. The entire plan for the cleanup and utilization of the rubble. The construction of the temple. The location and its reports. The costing. The builders. Where to get the material. Everything. I hope you find it satisfactory."

The Mahdi nodded in approval and opened the file to analyze it. After reading it, he closed it and put it down. He closed his eyes and leaned back. Omar observed him. He still wasn't convinced about letting the Jews build this thing, but the Mahdi had said that it was the will of Allah. So, it would be built. He was at peace. Odd. Omar leaned back and enjoyed the cool breeze and the sun. The next day would be very interesting indeed.

The following morning, the Mahdi was having breakfast when the Prime Minister arrived. The Mahdi remained seated as he entered the room.

"Prime Minister Rothberg," He said, without looking up. "Please sit," He gestured to the empty seat in front of him.

The Prime Minister, already uneasy with the odd welcome, was unsettled. Good. The Mahdi ate in silence until his plate was clean. Then picked up the napkin and wiped his mouth.

"To business, shall we?"

Rothberg nodded.

The Mahdi nodded and got up to go out onto the terrace. Rothberg followed. "The temple-" Rothberg tried to speak.

"The temple will be built. That is one thing you will not need to worry about," The Mahdi interrupted him. "But we will need to discuss the matter of the raw materials." He picked up the file and put it on the table in front of Rothberg, who picked it up and started to read.

"Are we seriously expected to provide and pay for all this?"

Mahdi turned around, a plain expression on his face, "Yes, of course, you are. What did *you* expect? It is your temple. It is being built in Israel. Of course, you will provide and pay for all this."

"I- this-" Rothberg stuttered.

"Look, Prime Minister. There are no two ways about it. It's your temple and these are the best prices you are ever going to get for the needed materials. Face it you never could have gotten the total cost this low on your own. I have done you a great favor getting it this low. You *will* provide and pay for any and all materials that are required for the rebuild. The fact that I'm not only letting you build it but actively helping you should be more than enough."

"Letting us?" Rothberg sounded indignant. "We have a sovereign right-"

"Yeah, I've heard it all before. Besides, arguing with me is not going to get you anything except waste our time. So, you have the plans, and you have the cost, everything. Now, we proceed. Understood?"

Rothberg nodded.

"Good," The Mahdi said, "As for the rubble and such, it will need to be cleaned up. The plans and process for that are also outlined in the file I handed you. Any questions?"

Rothberg shook his head.

"Good. The rebuild should be complete in just over a year. There's a lot of material in there that is hard to get. Certain kinds of marbles, stones and such. But you're a man with contacts; you should be able to get it. When you acquire the material needed to start the rebuild, inform me, and the work shall be started. Pretty straightforward, understood?"

"Yeah, I got it. I got it." Rothberg nodded.

"Good. Anything else?"

"There are these protestors, Muslim ones from the other side. They are especially becoming difficult to deal with. We've tried fighting them off, and we did manage to push them back, but they always seem to come back. And it is starting to hinder the cleanup work and the laying of the foundation of the temple. And once we start the rebuild full-fledged, I know they will come after us. This time even harder. And if the rebuild is interrupted or even stopped it would cause a lot of problems. I just want this done as quickly as possible, but it could easily become a battle."

The Mahdi considered it. This was an issue that would need to be highlighted to Omar, "Okay, I'll take a look into it." He said simply.

"You really should. As I said, I do not want any interruptions with th-

"Prime Minister," The Mahdi said sternly, as he walked up to Rothberg and raised his hands to put them on his shoulders. "The rebuild of this temple is important to me just as much as it is to you. This is the will of Allah, and so it shall be built. I will handle it. Trust me." He stared into Rothberg's eyes, making him back down.

"Well, that's everything that we needed to discuss, at least for now," asked Rothberg. "Glad we were able to get it all sorted out. I'll call Omar about anything else that comes up regarding the projects or otherwise."

The Mahdi nodded slowly, "Yes... as you should. Goodbye."

Prime Minister Rothberg left quite curtly.

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“Pastor Glenn,” asked Denise as they all sat down at the table to have dinner. “Have you heard the latest news out of Jerusalem?”

“No, what have you heard?”

“Well”, said Sam. “It seems that there was a Muslim protest at the Temple construction site.”

“Really,” inquired Pastor Glenn, “What happened?”

“It seems,” continued Denise. “They didn’t like the fact that the Temple was being rebuilt instead of the ‘Dome of the Rock’ and they started making trouble.”

“What happened then,” asked Pastor Glenn.

“The two strangers showed up and told them to leave.”

“And?”

“The crowd started to attack them, but they just grabbed some dust from the ground and threw it into the air.”

“What happened next?”

“The reporting on that is a bit fuzzy, but apparently all of the sudden boils started breaking out on the protestors and they ran away in pain.”

“What do you make of that?” Asked Sam.

“Well,” answered Pastor Glenn. “It sounds like more fulfilling of prophecy.”

“What do you mean?”

“The Bible says the two witnesses will be able to bring the plaques of Egypt against people who attack them. Boils was one of

the ten plagues God brought against Egypt by the hand of Moses.”

With that Sam, Denise and Pastor Glenn finished their meal and Pastor Glen went home.



Isaac stood near the window of his and Rebecca's bedroom. They were here in Israel now.

It was raining outside. Things had been calm for the last few days. The families were getting settled in, adjusting to their new environment. The new people, their new positions, the kids and their families had been able fit in well, so far. The environment, though foreign, was not so strange. It was actually quite familiar in the sense that there was no real cultural shock. Though, to be fair, they hadn't gotten the chance to explore much since arriving in Jerusalem. And though they hadn't talked about it with each other, all of them felt a sense of nervous excitement for what was to come. To become the High Priest of the New Temple was...

“Are you alright, honey?” He heard Rebecca's voice. He turned and saw her still in her nightgown. Sleep in her eyes. It was around 6 AM. The sky was light blue outside, and the pitter-patter of the rain had woken him up. He had always been a light sleeper.

Isaac just shook his head, “I’m good. Just thinking.”

She slowly got out of bed and walked up to him. He raised his arm, and she slid into the crevice of it.

“This new responsibility, I was just thinking about it.”

“Honey, we talked about this. I know you’re nervous b-”

“Of course, I’m nervous. But no, I’m more confused about what to do. I’ve dreamt about this for so long. You know I have.”

“Then what’s the problem, honey?”

"Now that I am here, I don't know; I am just questioning where I am. Is this real? If it is, do I deserve to be here?"

Rebecca sighed, "You know what Prime Minister Rothberg said. You're the one who was chosen for the position, honey. And you wouldn't have been if you weren't capable of handling this. So, nut up!"

Isaac smiled, "Yeah, you're right. I don't know. I just get lost in my own head sometimes. Anyway, thank you. You always bring me out of my funk." He smiled and kissed her on the forehead.

"You betcha. Now, come on. Let's start the morning. Bright and- well not bright. It's actually pretty dark outside. Darn rainclouds. Anyway, let's start the morning early. You know, once I'm awake, I can't go back to sleep again." She dragged him out of the room, holding his hand.

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Isaac was at the site of the temple rebuild. He knew it would take time for the official rebuild to complete. Until then, he had been given a more temporary place to begin his work. A much smaller place was provided. It could only hold the High Priest, the tabernacle, and a few people, but it was enough that Isaac could begin his work. It was just about finished, and he would be able to access it by the weekend.

Until then, he had been briefed on the state of the temple rebuild. The Prime Minister had quite quickly approved of the material and such to be acquired for the rebuild. All the best craftsmen of Byzantine, Arabic, Middle Eastern, and Saracenic architecture were called in and were flying in from around the world. Some held expertise in the designing side of things, while others held expertise in the actual building side of things.

All the materials required were slowly being imported and brought to the temple site. All the engineers and laborers had gotten to work, and the cleanup had almost been finished so the



foundation could be started. Though there was still a bit of trepidation in the air regarding the Muslim protestors, Isaac had been assured that the Mahdi was handling everything.

"Ah, what a sight it would be for the eyes," Isaac took a deep breath while glancing around. Amidst the machinery, labor, bricks, and sticks, he could see the temple's future – wide and tall, touched with beautiful architecture and ornaments. Though the current sight said otherwise, he had great hopes for the coming age.

The peaceful moment was soon interrupted by a loud and harsh sound of one laborer's orders.

"Move it! Move it!"

"Hey, hey, hey, what's all that?" Isaac approached the laborer, who was carrying a wooden box into the temple.

"It's uh...I don't know. I was told to take this inside," the laborer in raggedy clothes said, still carrying the box on one of his shoulders. The thick beads of sweat on his forehead and veins that popped all the way from his neck to the back of the ear told Isaac whatever this box held was of significant weight.

"Put it down, for god's sake," Isaac waved his hand in the air, allowing the laborer to finally put the weighty box on the ground.

"Open it."

"It's sealed, sir." One of the other laborers said, approaching the two from behind, "Let me help you," he said, placing his crowbar under the nails that were clammed on all four corners of the box. As he removed the lid, Isaac leaned in and saw a lot of utensils, candlesticks, and tools.

"I see. You can take this inside and...." Isaac nodded his head and turned around to face the laborer with the crowbar, "show me the altar, please. I hope it is ready now?"

"Right this way," he said, leading Isaac into the tabernacle. The ceiling of the tabernacle was incomplete with a huge hole in it, looking toward the bright blue sky while the walls on each side were half hung. A few laborers were working on building the chairs, tables, and candlesticks that had been placed in the tabernacle.

As the laborer guided Isaac toward the construction, his eyes widened with wonder.

"Wow. It's beautiful. It's just as I always imagined it to be," Isaac was in awe. Suddenly, he remembered the sacrificial alter, that was to be constructed at the back of the temple.

"What about the sac—"

"Right this way, sir. It's still in progress, but you can see we have made it exactly how Yahweh described it," the laborer said, leading Isaac into an exit located on the right of the table. Beyond that he was able to look out to an open area where the sacrificial alter was supposed to be.

"The altar is made wholly of brass. It covers a structure of stone and earth. It's elevated so that the sacrifices can be made above the ground, and the waste can go through a small pipe into the drainage. There are two ways with which you can get up on the altar; stairs and a ramp. Both are located on each side of the altar."

"What about the brass basin where the priests will be washing up before performing the sacrifices? When will it be completed?" Isaac walked around the altar with his eyes stuck on the brass structure that stood above him like a giant ship. Its shadow loomed over his face as he circled and came back to the front.

"A few days, perhaps a week," The laborer replied, crossing his hand behind his back. Isaac nodded his head and walked back toward the temple once again. The loud noises of hammer and nails echoed in the huge hall, piercing through Isaac's ears. He flinched every time the laborers hammered the chairs and tables and walked out of the tabernacle.

"Sir, these people have been waiting for you," Isaac's assistant said, approaching him with two men and a woman. They wore long gowns and turban-like cloth on their heads while holding sewing kits and needles in each of their baskets.

"Ah, you must be the robe makers," Isaac smiled and led them into a camp near the construction site. Inside was a square table with scissors, measuring tape, and other sewing tools, along with the sizes of each priest of the temple.

"You can get started here. I'm going to be in my camp if you have any issues," Isaac pointed toward the table, smiled at the three couturiers, and exited the camp only to find his wife outside, waiting for him with a lunch basket.

"Hey!" she exclaimed, dangling the basket in the air.

"Can't stay away from me for a few hours can you?" Isaac said, keeping his hands on his hips.

"This new city...is very different. I don't know what to do here. If any of your co-workers have a wife that I can do things with...?" Rebecca stepped closer.

"No way I'm letting you mingle with my colleagues' wives," Isaac chuckled.

"Is that so? Does that include our sons' wives?" Replied Rebecca sarcastically.

"Look at it...." Isaac placed his hand on her shoulder and faced toward the temple.

"Wow...it's going to be amazing," Rebecca exclaimed.

For now, it was all at peace and slowly progressing.

Chapter 5  
The New Pope

*On the death or abdication of a pope, his successor is elected by cardinals meeting in conclave in the Vatican's world famous Sistine Chapel. ... If a new pope has been elected, the papers are burned with a substance that gives off white smoke, to signal the news to the waiting crowds outside. Feb 11, 2013*

*What happens now: choosing a new pope - ABC News*

*The Addison Gayle Jr. Reader - Page 11 - Google Books Result*

*<https://books.google.com> › books Addison Gayle (Jr.), Nathaniel Norment · 2009 · Biography & Autobiography*

*It is Catholics who must choose a new pope, make dogma, pass on ideology, and formulate principles for the Catholic Church.  
No outsider can perform this.*

"It's a tragedy...what happened to him," one of the cardinals, Conner, shook his head, showing grief. He glanced around and saw the faces of his fellow cardinals who were summoned to a meeting at the Church to talk about the calamity that had struck them but most importantly, they were called to be a part of the elections that were to happen for the next Pope since the previous one had passed away. It wasn't a natural death but a tragic one – a plane crash. The incident came as a shock, and suddenly, they had no one to attend the Church.

"What do you think happened? Like...." Cardinal Evans scratched his chin, trying to hide his curiosity behind a concerned expression. The plane crash was brutal, almost unbelievable, and the missing body raised many questions, all relating to his position, which was now empty.

"He was called," a strict voice shut down the concern right away. An elder cardinal, Morris D. Hope, standing in the circle, spoke in his stern voice. Death wasn't a calamity for them, it was a

call from above, and though the cardinal did his best to stay calm about the situation, the others simply thought otherwise. For them, the incident was the ugliest with which anyone could pass on from life.

"Yes...the Pope would be in a better place," someone from the group said, opening the Bible to find a suitable verse for their situation.

"But the question remains, what happened to his body?" the concern was raised again.

"It was never found...I mean, the plane crash was enough to declare the death,"

"We need to be sure before moving on...the Pope was a man of stature, and to replace him would be a tough task."

"Indeed. Yet, it must be done soon. It has been a while since the news came in." From the looks of it, the chances of him being alive were little to nothing.

"A few minutes of silence for the Pope, and then we will decide who can take his place..." the cardinal holding the Bible said and lowered his head while others followed him.

After a moment of silence, the cardinals lifted their heads and glanced at each other, waiting for someone to say the inevitable.

"As discussed previously, the Pope is no more among us, and it is with great sorrow that I have to declare his death..." the sentence, though familiar sent a wave of distress among all of them.

"Now the important question," Cardinal Morris cleared his throat and looked around. Beyond him were some of the purest and wise men, all with immense knowledge of the holy book, its principles, and the way of life. With one glance all around, he knew it was going to be tough to choose one since all of them were up to the mark, but if someone stood apart from everyone else, it was

Cardinal Conner. At the age of seventy-two, he showed immense persistence and fortitude when the news of the Pope's plane crash had reached the Church. He had handled the duties that were abandoned by the late Pope very impressively. Though Cardinal Morris had his vote ready, it wasn't only his vote that mattered.

"Which would be answered soon after the emissary has arrived." With that, the meeting came to an end, and the college of cardinals departed, waiting for the next day when the Papal Conclave was going to take place.

The next morning, all the officials and Cardinals gathered in the Vatican, where the Mahdi was already present. They were seated among all the important personalities of the Church.

The candidates soon entered the huge hall and stood in a line. The cardinal camerlengo verified the death of the Pope by calling out his baptismal name three times in the presence of the master of papal liturgical celebrations and the cleric prelates, secretary, and chancellor of the Papal Treasury. Usually, after calling out the name, the camerlengo would take possession of the Ring of the Fisherman, which the Pope wears. The ring, along with the papal seal, is later destroyed before the College of Cardinals. But due to the missing body, the ring was nowhere to be found. Hence the camerlengo had to proceed without it.

It was almost afternoon when the ballot finally began. Before voting, the electors took an oath to obey the rules of the conclave.

"I call as my witness Christ the Lord who will be my judge that my vote is given to the one who before God I think should be elected."

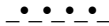
Surprisingly, after the oath was taken, the Mahdi decided to speak up. He not only spoke but he also questioned each candidate. It was the first time someone who was not on the board of Church had decided to speak, and no one seemed to object. After speaking to the candidates, the Mahdi turned to the camerlengo and nodded his head in a coy manner. Receiving instructions from the Mahdi,

he proceeded with the conclave, but there was a sudden shift in the electoral system. The camerlengo started to manipulate the proceedings until a final candidate was chosen for the position.

"Cardinal Robert, do you accept your canonical election as Supreme Pontiff?" the camerlengo asked, looking at the cardinal, the one that the Mahdi had made sure would seek favorable relations with the New Islamic State under his control.

"I do," Cardinal Robert replied. After being confirmed as the new Pope, he met personally with the Mahdi, shook his hand, and then spoke to the world.

"I, Cardinal Jacob, stand by you as the next Pope. Along with my position, I announce my recognition of Islam as just another way of worshiping the same God," he smiled back at the Mahdi and stepped down. Whispers went around the Vatican as the Mahdi, and the New Pope made their way into his new office, talking about the next steps that would have to be taken.



"I simply don't agree," Sam shook his head and placed his water bottle on the small coffee table around which he, Pastor Glenn and Denise were sitting.

"What do you mean? It has always been like that. Almost every country has a say in the electoral system," Denise countered.

"Yes, they do have a say, but they don't influence the system as he did," Sam added with agitation.

"From what I have heard, the Mahdi not only influenced the system...He changed it completely in his favor." Pastor Glenn scratched his chin, glancing at both Sam and Denise.

"That's right. This is exactly what I am talking about. How can the system let him control the electoral as though he was the central member of the committee?" Sam questioned, waving his hand in

the air.

"Okay, yes. I agree. Nobody was ever allowed to question the candidate like he did. Why was he allowed to do so, and how? Who let him?"

Denise nodded her head with perplexity.

"Indeed, all of this is very hard to believe. It has been what? Three weeks since the new Pope was elected, and since then, he has been having multiple meetings with the Mahdi. But, for what reasons, nobody knows. The press is trying to figure it all out, but all they can do at this point is monitor their movements which are frequently together," Sam picked up his phone and looked at the current news that showed yet another picture of the two figures walking out of a posh restaurant.

"They have been discussing something, but what is it?" Pastor Glenn wondered while Sam and Denise looked at each other.

Sam and Denise kept wondering what the

new Pope and the Mahdi were up to. No one really knew what exactly, but something was brewing. Half the people were worried if Mahdi would be assigned more duties. Or that if he would have more control over the political affairs than he already did.



Religious matters were like that. People would pretend to live in harmony on the front, but deep down, everyone wanted a larger share of the political arena and the powers that came with it.

And why wouldn't they? Anyone who holds power will make policies that are within the best interest of their followers. The Pope had just settled from the transition to having all the responsibilities, and the media was already after him to extract as much information as possible. Every time the two traveled from home to their office, the people and the media would flood them with questions.



"How is the future looking for the Vatican?"

"Are you planning to rule by collaborating with the Mahdi?"

"What about the disappearances?"

"Are you going to address the people soon?"

A ton of questions! And all were of utmost importance. The Pope had no choice but to address them, but how could he? It had only been a few days, and he was still trying to figure out his duties as the new Pope. For a fact, Cardinal Robert knew that he came with the popular vote, but it didn't mean that he had the full support of the public. He was holding the realm, but only because the old Pope had died. He was a favorite of the lot, and they still didn't get over the loss of such an admirable personality.

The new Pope had to live up to the public expectations, but there were some hard decisions he had to take that may or may not snatch the public popularity off of his name. It was a chaotic situation, and the realm could fall as easily as it was upheld. Nevertheless, the unfortunate demise of the old Pope was a lesson for the masses that nothing was eternal, and everything good had to come to its end soon.

Regardless, people's curiosities needed to be put to rest. And the long-due public address needed to be done by him.

"Thank you for gathering here today everyone. As you know that I have taken an oath to fulfill all my responsibilities. Along with my companion, the Mahdi, I will be overlooking many public issues and devising policies in light of the law. I would like you to hold your questions for some time, so I can settle in the office and start taking matters up one by one. Thank you."

His speech was good enough to only keep the mouths of the public shut for a few weeks. However, once the effect of his words hazed out, people started asking the right questions all over again. And the main concern in all of this was the Mahdi's interference

with the government. People only wanted to know to what extent the Mahdi had control over the public matters and how much his influence would be on the decisions that were to be taken.

"What do you suggest, Mahdi?" asked the Pope with a glass of wine in his hand. He was seated in his office with his middle finger on his left temple.

"I suggest we wait, Yousuf," The Mahdi retorted, standing by the window, looking down at the press, awaiting their arrival.

"The situation is inevitable. We cannot avoid the public, at least not for long," The Pope raised his concern again.

"Trust me with this one, Yousuf." The Pope was agitated now. He put the glass back on his table and joined Mahdi at the window with his hand around his back. He looked down at the press and released a pensive sigh.

"Yousuf," said the Mahdi. Before he could complete his sentence the Pope interrupted him.

"We have enough problems, for now. Let's not change the course to another by addressing me by my last name," He said, studying the Mahdi.

The stern expression on the Mahdi's face changed into a smile. "Don't be ashamed of who you are, Yousuf, but stand proud of your name."

The Pope was becoming dismissive about the Mahdi's innuendos and wanted to address the situation as soon as possible; therefore, he stomped on Mahdi and left the room. However, before leaving, Mahdi held him from his arm and asked him to trust him. "Do you not have faith in me?" he stressed.

He looked the Mahdi in the eye and was compelled by his words. "Then what do you suggest we do?"

"We question them back," said the Mahdi. "Every religion in the world promotes peace of everything and asks its people to love one another. Am I not right, Yousuf?"

"Where are you going with this?"

"You are not the issue amongst them, but I am. My religion is; therefore, it is time we address the situation with a sense of positiveness."

Things were starting to make sense to him. "I see," he smiled. He walked over to his table, dialed the press, and scheduled a press conference for the next day.

After the phone call had been made, people dispersed, clearing the way for Cardinal Robert and the Mahdi to leave.

"Yousuf?" the Mahdi directed. "You do realize it is all for a good cause, no?"

He nodded.

"I will get going now, Mahdi," he said. "I will see you tomorrow morning at the conference."

As his driver drove him through the city to his house, his car was recognized, and he felt watched from every alley he passed. Although he was scared, he managed to relax and ignore all the negative notions brewing in his mind. He knew what he was doing was for a good cause and wouldn't let anyone ruin it for him until something unexpected occurred and made him evaluate what he was doing.

As his driver passed through downtown, a small mob forced them to stop. The mob had around fifty people who were chanting words like 'terrorists, 'traitor,' and 'antichrist.' Plus, they were also holding slogans, spiraling around the car.

He panicked and immediately called the Mahdi to inform him what had happened.

However, the driver managed to get him out of the situation and drove him home safely. But, what had happened to him was etched on his mind. He had seen the sullen reality. Later, when he talked to the Mahdi, he explained how there was nothing to be scared of. The Mahdi told him that he was driving through downtown, where

people don't comprehend the elites, and promised him to change.

Since he had sheer belief in the Mahdi, he abided by his words and continued with his duties as the newly appointed Pope.

The night passed, and the morning came. Everyone was excited to see what the Pope had to say about the new changes he had implemented. As for himself he was nervous and trying to process what had happened with him the other day. But, with a brave heart, he stepped out of the house and went to the press conference where he met with the Mahdi. He welcomed the Mahdi with an embrace, which was unusual for a pope to do, and raised many questions in the minds of bystanders.

As the press conference began, he explicitly made it clear that he won't be taking any questions but only addressing them. Then, he talked about how he is observing everything and assured people that he hadn't turned a deaf ear to their concerns. Building on that point, he then delivered what the Mahdi had told him and left everyone speechless. It was apparent his speech carried an impact. When he finished, everyone clapped and cheered for the Pope, and he introduced changes for they were to bring peace amongst everyone.

## Chapter 6

### Rebuilding

*The Birth of the Savior (Imam Mehdi) - erfan.ir*

<https://www.erefan.ir> › english

*According to 91 Hadiths, there is a long absence for the Imam which will end ... of the Imam, who will bring upon the world absolute peace, prosperity and ...*

*the 12th Imam / Introducing the 12th Imam of Shia Muslims*

[...https://the12thimam.wordpress.com](https://the12thimam.wordpress.com)

*Feb 22, 2015 — Introducing the 12th Imam of Shia Muslims who will establish peace, justice and prosperity for humankind in the world after he arrives.*

After months of reconstruction happening around America the new capitol was finally being built in Colorado. President Stevens was preparing to address the nation from Mile High stadium in Denver. He headed for the stadium from his temporary office in his presidential limousine with his secret service escort. Amidst the problems that still remained, after the disappearances and attacks, the country needed someone sorted, with clear goals and a set vision, who could lift the nation back into a successful one. You rarely wish for something, and it happens immediately. The prayer of the people living in the country hoping for a better future didn't go in vain.

President Stevens hoped that he could be that someone who would be able to fix the disasters America had just experienced over the past several months. The cleanup and repair of the electrical grid was well under way, but it was taking longer than he had anticipated. He knew that he had a hard job ahead of him and he wanted to make a positive impression on the people of America in his first public appearance since being sworn in. He was nervous

about his speech yet he knew that what he had to say was important and the crowd was excited to hear from him. The stadium was at full capacity, and he hoped that showed how much the American people loved and cared for him as President.

The crowd was cheering for the new President, dressed in a sharp blue suit he had picked out the day before, as he made his way to the makeshift podium at centerfield. Along with the President, the new congress members were also present in this address and sitting on the field in front of the stage.

President Stevens walked up the podium, took the pages of his speech from his jacket pocket and greeted the audience. "Good morning people of America." He spoke forcefully and intently into the microphone so that the people who showed faith in him could listen to him directly. He was excited to share his thoughts and his visions with the people.

Upon hearing this, the whole crowd grew excited as if high on an adrenaline rush, and they started chanting, "Long live President Stevens, long live President Stevens."

These chants were so loud that they could be heard from miles away.

Once the crowd became silent, President Stevens started his address and said, "Thank you my people for supporting me and accepting me as your new President. You guys absolutely have no idea what it means to me. First of all let me thank each and every one of you who have shown confidence in my ability to lead this great nation. Right now, we all have one cause for which we all have to work collectively. As you know, America is facing a very difficult time. The attack on Washington, and the rest of the country, has caused some great disasters, which require us to continue with a great clean up."

The people nodded in agreement as he continued.

"The whole congress is working together towards this cause and

discussing appropriations to fund the clean-up along with the replacement of the destroyed electrical grid. Right now, we are in the middle of this great cause and we require your support and cooperation to get it done."

The President paused, and the crowd chanted, "We are with you, Mr. President."

He began explaining what the whole plan of clean-up would entail. He said, "temporarily we will be moving transformers from rural areas to metropolitan areas to help get the cities back up and running so that we can jump start our economy and get our country back on track. We can't afford our big cities to remain closed down and we need to get all of our people back to work. As a nation, we all must be in this together and make all possible efforts to get out of this situation."

He waited for the applause from the audience to die down and then continued.

"I am glad that the people belonging to those areas have agreed to this change and are willing to give their transformers so we can get the cities operational. These people say that they will not face any severe problems from this transfer as most of them already have generators that they have been using and they rely on propane for most of their needs. Those that were relying on the transformers for their electricity will be receiving generators and propane tanks to help them with their needs. The movement of transformers should not be affecting their daily functioning. They say that they are willing to do this for the good of the country and we want to recognize them for the true patriots that they are."

At this the stadium erupted into a thunderous standing ovation.

After this, there was a long pause as one of the members of congress went up to the President and whispered something into his ear. After hearing what the congress member had to say President Stephens nodded and continued the address.

"I am also very pleased to announce that our military forces say that they are completely ready to defend the country. They are very much confident that if any new attack happens, they will be more than ready to fight back and protect us. I would like to say that I am very proud of our military forces and that I am also very impressed with the amount of courage they have."

Again the crowd stood to their feet to applaud the military for their readiness.

As soon as the crowd had retaken their seats President Stephens continued. "It is not just the military who are ready to fight for the country, but the general public, like yourselves, are also very passionate about it. I have received thousands of messages daily from those who want to participate in this rebuilding. They have requested me to include them in this defending and clean-up process. All I can say is, I am very happy that I have such a supportive nation. A nation that is ready to work with me in these challenging times."

Once again, the crowd erupted into a standing ovation in order to show their support.

"I have a very strong belief that with your support, your love and your trust, we will be able to make America great again." He said as the crowd quieted down again. "We will be able to rebuild our country and rebuild our position in the world to the place where we used to be. I have high hopes for the future and I believe that good days are just around the corner. Don't lose hope my people. We can do this together and will emerge glorious. Thank you. "

With this, the address ended, and President Stevens stepped down from the podium. Even when he was leaving the stadium with his cabinet members, the crowd was cheering for him. Eventually the whole crowd dispersed after some time, and the stadium went empty.

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It was not only America that was facing problems at that time; the whole world was busy with a clean-up and with negotiating new trade agreements with the new Islamic government. The leaders belonging to different countries were having meetings of their own where they were trying to figure out ways to make things better again in their countries. These new trade agreements and policies were negotiated with the Clerics, who were in charge of different districts that their countries were in. Each were also involved as the Mahdi had put them in charge of the districts to represent him and the leaders wanted religious harmony among the countries and wanted to avoid any controversy based on religion.

The Clerics were under the direct control of Mahdi and presented his ideas to the leaders of the different countries. Several points were discussed and addressed in the meeting, including poverty, economy, and work opportunities. Everyone was presenting their views and aspect on different things. Even if the different leaders did not feel like agreeing to a particular policy, they felt they really didn't have much of a choice and would have to because it was in the country's best interest to agree. Also, they agreed because the Mahdi had control over all of the oil production in the Middle East, and if they did not agree, the Mahdi could stop their supply of oil. So, the leaders of the countries decided to sign the new contracts with the new Islamic government to supply oil, and for this, they needed to have good relations with the Mahdi.

Part of the agreement required that there would be a common currency for all the different countries, one that was controlled by the Mahdi. This meant that all countries would have the same currency, and they would trade in that currency only. However, the Mahdi had plans to replace this currency with the Ana-chip as soon as it was available for implantation for everyone in the world.



Once President Stevens became aware of the plans of the Mahdi to use the Ana-chip, he decided that he needed to have a meeting with Sam to go over all the details of the deal. The assistant to

President Stephens called Sam and scheduled a meeting with him for later that week.

On Thursday Sam flew into Denver from Florida for his meeting with the President. Upon landing at the airport, he was met by the Presidents driver and taken to the building where the President was using one of the offices while the new White House was under construction. Once he reached the office building, he was escorted to the Presidents' office.

When they reached the office, his knocked and said, "Mr. President, Mr. Reynolds is here for your meeting."

To this, President Stevens replied, "Very good, have him come right in. Have a seat, Sam."

Sam entered the room and sat in the chair kept right in front of the President's desk.

After a few minutes, their conversation started, and the President said, "So, what do you think we can do about the Ana-chip matter? What is this deal that the Mahdi wants you to make for its use?"

Sam explained everything he could to the President, going into as much detail as possible. The Mahdi had grand ideas and Sam tried his best to make that clear.

Once the whole deal was explained, the President said, "Sam, I want best interests to be served for America if a deal is to be finalized." After a detailed discussion, the President told Sam that there could be concerns regarding matters of national security involved as well as American sovereignty and that they needed to be addressed.

At the end of the meeting, the President said, "I see that the Mahdi is gaining control all over the world. His influence is increasing, and I believe with time things will no longer be in our control. I think we must meet with the Mahdi to discuss the chip

and its use and ask him to do what is in the best interest of America." Pausing a moment he sighed and continued. "We must conduct negotiations to get the Mahdi to influence other nations to help in building new transformers for America so that we can get the electrical grid back up to full capacity, or as close as possible."

To this, Sam nodded his head and left the President's office.

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The Mahdi wanted to set up a meeting with the President. He was trying to get hooked on a meeting with him so badly, but he wasn't able to get in touch with President Stephen as he was extremely busy. But finally, after a few days of struggle, The Mahdi was able to reach out to him and he proposed a meeting, saying that he wanted to discuss several things. President Stephens agreed to it and decided to meet after two days.

Over the course of those two days, the Mahdi created bullet points classifying what he wanted to discuss, rehearsing in his mind what he had to say. Those two days went by extremely fast, and finally, it was the day before he was supposed to meet the President. It was a cloudy day when the Mahdi left for the airport to fly to Colorado.

After his plane landed, the next morning, the Mahdi went directly to the President's office. The Secret Service met him and asked him to wait in the outer office. The Mahdi kept waiting, looking at the documents on the table. One of them was a structural plan for the country. Finally, the President appeared in his gray blazer. He greeted the Mahdi and asked how he was doing. The Mahdi replied, "Everything is fine, I am doing good. I just came here to discuss something that we all could benefit from."

President Stevens grew curious and said, "yes, and what is that?"

The Mahdi continued, "It is about the chip. It can be beneficial for all of us."

The President sat back in his chair and waited for him to continue.

The Mahdi started speaking again “The chip is an advanced technology that will take us to the future and we would be able to control everything. The chip will keep a track of a person’s personal information, medical information, and financial information. Details about every individual living in the country would be provided in a matter of seconds.” Then he started fumbling.

He took the note of the bullet points out from his briefcase and said to himself “Okay, yeah!”

Then he continued addressing to the President “The chip will be used to control buying and selling around the world during these tumultuous times. It will in fact replace money and help keep track of people. We would be able to keep an eye on everyone and everything.”

From the looks of it, President Stevens seemed so complacent and on being asked by the Mahdi, “So, what are your thoughts?”

President Stevens replied, “It’s all very interesting. I will have to discuss this further with my cabinet. Someone will be in touch.”

But the Mahdi had a hunch that the President wasn’t interested in the chip at all and he wouldn’t get back to him about it ever.

“It was nice to meet you, Mr. President, hoping to see you again,” The Mahdi said.

President Stevens counter replied, “Likewise Mahdi, take care!”

With a bit of rage and disappointment in his eyes, the Mahdi left the office.

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The Mahdi was confounded and perplexed as he wanted to have control over the world. He wanted President Stevens on board too, at least for the time being, but now it seemed like a shattered dream. It had been days and he hadn’t heard a single word from the President. His hopes were diminished and he didn’t want to lose hope.

Chapter 7  
Unification

*Pope Francis in the cradle of Islam: What might it bring?*

*Christian, Muslim and Jewish clerics urge interfaith harmony. Only concrete steps will build it. Tuesday February 19, 2019 / By Palwasha L. Kakar; Melissa Nozell*

*Can the Sunni and Shi'a unite? - Quora*<https://www.quora.com/Can-the-Sunni-and-Shia-unite>

*Jan 22, 2018 — Sunnis and Shia have lots of things in common. We both worship Allah. We give Him the highest and unique status and He alone is worthy of worship by all things.*

*4 answers · 10 votes: Yes of course. Sunnis and Shia have lots of things in common. We both worship Allah. We ...*

*Will Shia and Sunni Muslims unite in near future? Despite ...Mar 7, 2016*

*What can I do to unify Sunni and Shia Muslims? – Quora Jul 11, 2018*

After his disappointing meeting with President Stevens the Mahdi was looking for a way to have other countries under his control too. He was arranging meetings with the different leaders from all over the world. He wanted power and authority and he was trying his level best to gain it.

The Mahdi met with several big leaders from all around the world and told them to collaborate and liaison with him so that they all can be a stronger force against the ones who were disobeying them. He told about the strategies and techniques that he would be focusing on to emerge as a stronger nation - his rules and policies, his vision. He even told them about the chip, which will head them directly into the future with everything under their control. He was on a mission to propagate his plans and visions, and goals in the most compelling and convincing way possible, to get as many

leaders on board as possible. There was a raging fire of passion burning inside him and he wouldn't rest until he had made some progress.

The Mahdi was persistent and he left no stone unturned in reaching out to as many

world leaders as possible. After a while, something gave him the thought of arranging a meeting with the leaders of all the Muslim countries, so that he could bring all fractions of Islam together, under his power. He wanted to lure all the countries in his plans to dominate the whole world. He organized a meeting and sent an invite to all the leaders from the Islamic nations.



The day of the meeting finally arrived. Excitement flowed through the Mahdi as the guests started to arrive. He led them to a conference room that held a large table with chairs all around it. Within ten to twenty minutes the table was full. The leaders belonging to different Islamic nations were present there and the Mahdi started addressing them:

“Assalamu alaikum (which means peace be upon you).”

Everyone chanted: “wa alaikum salaam (and unto you peace).”

He then continued “As we are all aware of the prevailing conditions, the world is facing a lot of problems, especially the Muslims. They are trying to pin us down and they don't want us to voice our opinions or have a say in anything substantial or concrete. We Muslims are being discriminated and our rights are being violated and now I think it is high time we all should speak about it!”

There was a weird murmur in the room and everyone was trying to say something, but it was all overlapping.

The Mahdi said “Okay, now listen to me carefully!”

He took a deep breath “I think we all should join forces and be united. Having a united front will help us a lot in fighting the ones who are against us. It will strengthen our force as a nation and help us come off stronger than ever. I want Muslims to rule the world. I want us to shine, and now it is our time.”

Everyone in the room was filled with joy until The Mahdi moved his lips again “Okay... Nothing is easy, yet I have plans. I want to help each Islamic nation and I want to see them progressing and developing. I want to bring all sections of Islam together, helping each other with the problems that we face as a people and individually as well. It will not only benefit your individual nations, but it will help Muslims get the recognition and power that they deserve. I propose all those nations place command under my control as one unit and that way we can have global domination.”

Everyone was speaking at once, looking around at each other. A hush fell over everyone when someone from the table stood up.

“But how is it possible?”

The Mahdi said, “I already have the chip, which is the key to the future. It can be the source of our success; it can help us control everything. When the world will see the hidden potential of the chip and how it can be leveraged to gain domination over the world, all the nations would want to be associated with us. And this is what will make us stronger than ever!”

He sipped water from his glass as his throat was dry and then started speaking again, “I would even like to look into several matters and would ease the process for you all. I want all Muslim brothers to work together and see the rays of success hand in hand. We all are equal, that’s why I want your support. I also have plans that can work for the betterment of your nation. If you align forces with me, I promise you all a better and secure future for your nations with more resources and opportunities.”

Several of the leaders nodded in support and came in agreement, while some said they will think about it. Hence, the meeting was a huge success, The Mahdi managed to get what he needed. Now he was making plans to deal with the Non-Muslim fractions, who weren't listening to him and they were ready to be on the side of the enemy. The Mahdi was planning to do something to have them under his control too. He had a lot of nations under his control now and that taste of power made him crave more. So, he was thinking of ways to attract non-supporting nations. Every day there was a new meeting suggesting plans and policies. Even those plans kept changing by the day....

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After the meeting was over and all of the clerics had left, Omar turned to the Mahdi. “Why did you lie to them about already having the chip? You told me that your meeting with Stevens was very unproductive and the negotiations for the use of the chip had failed.”

“It’s only a temporary setback,” replied the Mahdi. “I totally misread the situation and President Stevens. I was only thinking of him as a man of ambition, who would be looking to increase his power and control over people. He’s not after power and fame or a historical legacy to make himself look great in other people’s eyes. He’s not a rival to take out. No, he is far more dangerous than that.”

“What do you mean?”

“He is a true patriot. He only wants what is best for his people and his country. He isn’t out to control the rest of the world and I never should have mentioned that idea to him. That was mostly what turned the negotiations against me.”

“So how do you plan to rectify the situation and reopen negotiations for the use of the chip? Since you told everyone that you already have the chip, I assume that you already have a plan set in motion.”



“Indeed I do. As you know, before this meeting I had several meetings with different leaders of industrialized nations who would be very helpful in constructing the new transformers for the Americans.”

“You still plan to help them recover?”

“I plan to make it look like a sign of goodwill and friendship to get Stevens back to the table. It will take him a little longer to negotiate with the different leaders over prices and materials, but he will eventually be able to convince them to come to an agreement. He’s a very persistent and persuasive man, in his own way.”

“So, what are you going to do to get it done faster?”

“I have an edge. I have new contracts with the countries that are being negotiated for our oil and can make that part of the deal. I can also convince them that, by constructing the transformers, they will be putting their people back to work and getting their economies moving again, while they continue cleaning up their countries. Also, some of them are resentful of all the prosperity in America, before the disaster hit, and have agreed to build hidden codes into the new transformers that will allow us to access them and even shut them down in the future, if we ever need to.”

“What will that do?”

“As long as he doesn’t realize that we’re behind it, it will give us a little control over Stevens.”

“How?”

“As long as he only thinks that it’s only small problems that his people can fix, caused by the decreased time in building them that I afforded him with by my negations, he’ll be grateful for the help.”

“And return to the negotiating table about the chip.”

“Exactly, as long as I don’t bring up controlling the world

anymore to him, everything should go as planned. Make it look like I'm only trying to help him fix his country and maybe he'll begin to play ball, as the Americans put it."

"What if that doesn't work? What if he does remember you saying the chip will help control the world and he doesn't want to play ball with you?"

"Oh, I have already made plans for that aspect as well."



A few days after his talk with Omar, the Mahdi called for a meeting with the Pope. The Mahdi wanted to bring the Muslims and Christians together as one religion. This could make Muslims look more powerful. It was a very brief meeting as the Pope was in a rush and he had to be somewhere else.

The Mahdi discussed how he wanted to bring the Catholic Church and Islam together and how it would benefit both of them. The Mahdi gave a rough plan to work it out between the Catholic Church and Islam, as the Pope seemed busy. He said "I liked the idea of it. Let's get together another day and discuss ways we can work it all out."

The Mahdi said "Sure, It was a pleasure to meet with you, Yousuf. God Bless!"

The Pope replied, "God Bless!"



The Mahdi was so close to his dream, to control the world. The thought of him, ruling the world was giving him chills. It had been his dream for quite a long time now and just the thought of it materializing, filled him with a sense of inexplicable power and might. He couldn't wait until that moment, and it was slowly transforming into reality. He had a smile on him the entire time on his way back home.

The Mahdi was slowly climbing the success ladder; most of the leaders of the world wanted to shake hands with him and be seen in public with him. They all had the same motive to raise the flag of Islam under Muslim control. But still, some of the remaining terrorist factions were opposing him and were going to the extreme to make The Mahdi stop. Even some of the opposing leaders joined hands with terrorists. Hence it all created a wind of chaos. The situation was getting weirder with each day instead of getting better; while the Mahdi and his people were fighting for the Muslims, they were continuously being targeted.

The Mahdi was disappointed with it, and he tried to discourage them, but the protests kept growing darker and more profound day after day. When the terrorists decided to destroy the new temple before it could be completed, the Mahdi chose to take some action and do something about it. Mahdi was basically trying to raise the flag of Islam under his control and some of the anti-Muslim figures were trying to make sure he would fail in his efforts. He decided that he needed to host a meeting in which only the leaders from the Muslim community were invited. In that meeting, the Mahdi told them that they all believed in Allah and wanted to follow his will. He told them that Allah wanted them to be equal to everyone without any kind of discrimination. He continued, "there are things that are happening around the world that are atrocious. We need to put an end to the attacks of these terrorists control them before it all gets out of hand."

A man sitting in the front row stood to his feet, faced the Mahdi and asked, "But what are you referring to?"

The Mahdi instantly replied, "All the protests and destruction that have been occurring in Jerusalem and around the world. It is ruining our chance to rule and be in control. Hence, we must control those terrorists, or it can get in the way of what we want to accomplish and can cost us a lot."

Omar spoke up. "Yes, those rebels are putting us on the road to destruction.

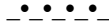
The Mahdi continued. "Without complete unification of the Nation of Islam we will never be in total control of the world. These disruptions must come to an end. These troublemakers must comply or be severely dealt with. We have no other choice. We all should make sure that things like this won't happen again. You each need to make your brothers understand that whatever they are doing is not in our best interest. You need to convince them that it is not correct; not ethically nor morally and will only bring harm to our cause." He tried to make it clear to them, "whether they like it or not, it is the will of Allah that we all must help in the rebuilding of the temple. After all the Quran never even mentions Jerusalem. It only says that Mohammed went from Mecca to 'the farthest mosque'. It never says he went to Jerusalem or that the Dome of the Rock was his final destination. That is only the invention of some men in order to claim Jerusalem as one of our holy cities and take it away from the Jews."

Some of the clerics nodded in agreement, while others grunted their disagreement to themselves.

The meeting ended with a promise that they would try to work on this and make this place free of terror. In fact, they all fulfilled their commitment and soon the temple's reconstruction began again without incidence.

Now, the Mahdi needed strong support with him as well, as he knew he couldn't fight all of them by himself. He started finding ways to get back to President Stevens. The Mahdi was trying to think of ways to get him on his side. He had a hunch that if he was going to be able to talk again to President Stevens about the chips, he needed commitments from several different nations for materials to build the transformers for America.

As the country faced several disturbances and the issue of not having enough electricity, the Mahdi asked other nations to help with the rebuilding efforts. The more leaders on board, the more likely President Stevens would agree to the use of the chips. The Mahdi wanted, no needed, solid support. He began highlighting those he could maneuver into helping him.



While the Mahdi was trying to lure the President, the Pope called and asked him to meet as he had come up with a proposal to unite the two religions.

They met the next day, and the Pope said, "you wanted to bring the Christians and Muslims together as one consolidated group, right?"

The Mahdi replied, "Yes, that is what I had hoped to accomplish. What do you have in mind?"

The Pope replied, "how about we initiate a program to allow marriages between these two religions so that they can grow close? I could introduce an edict from god allowing priests and nuns to marry."

The idea enthralled the Mahdi, and he immediately agreed, saying, "let's vote it out in a committee."

After two days, a committee was held in which the Pope and the Mahdi discussed the proposal; that committee was composed of prominent Christians and Muslim leaders, making 12 people. They discussed the idea of uniting the two religions. After all the discussions were over, they began voting to see who all was in favor of this idea. When the votes were counted seven out of twelve of the council had agreed, while five of the council members disapproved, saying that they felt it would create more chaos. But as it was a committee, the majority won. Hence, the decision to make it a rule was conformed.

The Mahdi and the Pope announced the new marriage guidelines to unite the two religions. Marriages were legalized between them; Clerics could marry nuns, and priests could have a Muslim wife. This new rule literally worked in their favor, and both religions grew relatively closer together.

The Pope had something in his mind as well. He didn't just

come up with this proposal to help the Mahdi; he liked the niece of Omar and wanted to marry her. With the rule being approved and running successfully, the Pope discussed with the Mahdi how his marriage with Omar's niece could change the whole dynamics, and he could get closer to the Mahdi further uniting the religions. The Mahdi kind of liked the idea, as Omar was a very trusted figure throughout the Muslim community and having him on their side would strengthen them even more.

While Mahdi was excited to gain more control, the Pope was preparing for his marriage. They went to Omar to ask about his niece and to say that the Pope should marry her. Omar approved in the blink of an eye, without any hesitation. The Pope was a highly recognizable man and getting him introduced into their family was a dream for many. The marriage happened on a large scale, a great feast was prepared, and people belonging to different places were invited.

After the marriage the Pope announced to the world what his new reign title would be. He told the press that his title would be one that showed the union between the two religions. He said that he would be called Peter Mohammed I from now on. Peter for the first Pope and Mohammed for the first prophet of Allah.

The marriage of the Pope and Omar's niece only served to enhance the relationship between the Mahdi and Omar. The Mahdi had created a chain of command making Omar his second. He had a discussion with the Pope about bringing him into this chain of command. He thought it was a brilliant idea and a great initiative for them to work together.

The chain of command had comprised of the ten clerics who had confirmed the Mahdi. While Omar and the Mahdi were the leaders now the Pope was added to that chain of command bring the Catholic Church more under the control of the Mahdi. After the union, of the religions, several issues were discussed related to the country's situation. These included new rules, regulations and proposals were discussed for making the country prosper.

Chapter 8  
Bavilim

*And a woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication: and upon her forehead was a name written, **MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH.***

*Revelation 17: 4-5*

*And the woman which thou sawest is that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth. *Revelation 17:18**

“Omar,” said the Mahdi.

“Yes sir, what is it that you need?”

“I believe that it is time to start planning the construction of my new headquarters.”

“You mean Bavilim?”

“Exactly! I want this city to be the most beautiful and luxurious city in the world. I want to have only the best materials used in its construction and only the best craftsmen designing and building it. After all it is to be my new home and the place that all the current world leaders will have to come in order to have an audience with me. It will also eventually be the new world capitol.”

“This will be very expensive. Where do we come up with the funds to begin construction?”

“Oh, it won’t cost us hardly anything. Most of the materials and labor force, as well as all the food for the city, will be supplied by all the Islamic countries and the Islamic people.”

“You expect them just to give you everything for free, so you can live in the lap of luxury.”

“Not to me,” replied the Mahdi, with a sarcastic grin. “It will be given to Allah. To build his new, most holy city, as their tribute.”

“Yes, yes of course,” agreed Omar. “They will all want to be a part of that.”

“Once Babilim is built, and the new financial system is in place, it will become the new economic center of the world. It will be powered by solar and wind power, supplemented by nuclear. It will be the most modern city in the world, with only the best of everything. The city will be surrounded with several oases with lots of trees and gardens.”

“It will be the envy of the entire world and everyone will want to come to enjoy its luxury and decadence.”

“Yes, it will. But, for now, I need you to start contacting every one and letting them know what each country needs to supply for the construction to begin.”

“That’s going to take a while.”

“So, you better get started on it right away.”

“Yes sir.”

“Oh, and maybe you should begin by sending a construction crew to start clearing and preparing the worksite. You will need to contact the President of Iran, in my name as Allah’s representative, to have him start sending all the heavy equipment needed to do the job.”

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“Hey Sam,” Said Pastor Glenn. “Have you heard the latest news from the Middle East?”



“You mean the construction of Bavalim ordered by the Mahdi?”  
Replied Sam.

“Yeah.”

“We were just discussing it this morning. I thought that it was going to be called New Babylon, or something like that. Isn’t it being built at the site where Babylon used to be?”

“Well, Bavalim is an ancient name for Babylon. It comes from the Arkadian language, that means ‘gate-way to god’. Are you surprised that he would call it that, since the Devil is always copying God?”

“What do you mean?”

“You know. Jesus said He was ‘The Way’. He said ‘no man comes to the Father, but by me’.”

“Ok, I get it. You’re saying that the Mahdi is claiming to be the only way to Allah, or god. How long do you think it will take to build?”

“Knowing the ego of the Mahdi it will be at least a year to a year and a half to complete. He’ll want the city to be as extravagant as possible. And money will be no object to him, so he can get it built as quickly as possible. Not only that, but I would be willing to bet that he’ll be trying to make the Taj Mahal and Buckingham Palace look like shacks compared to his new home. The place will probably have every modern convenience that you could possibly imagine.”

“Man, I bet it’s going to be really expensive to build.”

“Oh, I don’t think it will cost him anything.”

“Why’s that?”

“I think he’ll make all the Islamic countries pony up and supply

everything it takes to cover the costs of building and running the city.”

“Do you think they would really be willing to do that for him?”

“Oh, he won’t say it’s for him! He’ll convince them that they’re doing it for Allah. That god deserves the very best capitol city possible.”

“So they’ll think it’s tribute to Allah and they’re going to be blest for doing it?”

“Absolutely, they’ll probably be falling all over each other trying to out give everybody else.”

“How will they all be able to afford such an extravagant city?”

“I’m pretty sure it will be an annual income based on a percentage of the country’s gross national product, as well as a percent of whatever they have in their national treasury to start with. That way each country can feel that they are giving an equal share of the cost to Allah, if say each country gave maybe ten percent.”

“You mean like our tithes to the Lord?”

“Exactly. No matter what each person makes they each give ten percent of what they make back to God to provide for the church and the needs of the pastor and his family.”

“So, they’ll give money to buy everything needed and pay the workers?”

“Probably not. A lot of the countries will probably supply the raw materials to build everything, as well as workers. The workers will probably be fed from animals and other foodstuffs, provided by the different countries as well as a place to live. They’ll also probably have a form of healthcare to take care of them. A lot of workers will probably donate a portion of their time as a gift to Allah for the privilege of being allowed to build and live in his holy city. They

probably won't have to get much monetary compensation because they won't have to buy much of anything. Some kind of work clothes or uniform will probably be supplied to them. I'm sure that between all the different Islamic countries they will be able to supply all the building materials that will be needed to construct not only the city, a palace for the Mahdi and a mosque for the people to worship in, but also all the material for clothes, furniture, all the office equipment they'll need as well as automobiles and city vehicles for work crews and even sanitation. There will also be plenty of gold, platinum and jewels supplied to really deck out the place."

"You think it's really going to be some kind of new wonder of the world?"

"Oh, yes. Remember, Babylon is supposed to be the new financial center of the world. All of the world leaders are going to want to travel there to conduct their business with the Mahdi, eat all the best food available and enjoy all the worldly pleasures that the city will be able to offer them."

"Hmm. It's really going to be something to behold."

"Yes it will, and it will also be the Devils playground."

— • • • —

"Omar!"

"Yes, Mahdi?"

"I want a progress report of the construction of Bavalim. How is it going?"

"Splendidly, sir! As you already know the ground was cleared and leveled two months ago. The pipes for sewage and the electrical lines have been laid and the foundations completed. The power plant and the recycling center are well under way. Right now makeshift housing is in place for all the workers and more are

showing up everyday all wanting to have a part in building Allah's holy city. The designs for the mosque are ready and the workers and craftsmen are ready to begin construction as early as tomorrow."

"Wonderful news! Remember this will be Allah's most holy city. This must be the most beautiful mosque ever built."

"Oh, it will be. You can count on that. The architects have been working on this design for months and assure me that there has never been anything like it ever conceived before, much less ever been built."

"Amazing! And my palace?"

"The architects are working on the plans as we speak and construction will begin as soon as the work on the mosque is completed."

"Wonderful, are we getting all the materials that we need to build everything? Is everyone cooperating and providing their share?"

"Yes sir, we're receiving material everyday for the construction. We've gotten iron, gypsum, zinc, lead, cotton and feldspar from Egypt and cedars, semiprecious stones and pearls from Lebanon. Syria has sent chrome, iron and marble and Turkey has supplied feldspar, copper gold, chromium, antimony, strontium, pumice, barite, emery and mercury.

"Very good, what else?"

"Jordan has supplied clothing for the workers, aluminum from Qatar and besides the heavy equipment Iran has sent feldspar, lead, zinc, iron, chromium and manganese."

"Very good, and what about Iraq, Kuwait and Saudi Arabia?"

"Iraq sent diamonds, kaolin, gold, gravel, sandstone, cement,

bauxite, clay, limestone, gypsum and bentonite. Kuwait sent us oil and Saudi Arabia provided iron, gold, copper and feldspar. Yemen has sent us marble, gold, lead, nickel and copper. Oman sent copper, marble, coral, chromium and gypsum. Afghanistan has supplied rubies, emeralds, lapis, lazuli, copper, lithium, gold, iron, bauxite and tourmaline.”

“Very good, very good indeed, it sounds like we’re getting everything we require for the city. What else?”

“Ok, let’s see. We received chromite, gold, copper, bauxite, feldspar, ruby, topaz and emeralds from Pakistan. Ethiopia sent gold, copper and platinum. Indonesia has sent lead, silver, gold, bauxite, nickel, timber, tin and copper.”

“Excellent, do go on.”

“Algeria sent iron, lead, zinc and feldspar, while Morocco sent fluorine, iron, lead, zinc, copper, silver, cobalt, gold and manganese. Sudan sent tin, gold, silver, chromite, cobalt, lead, zinc, copper, aluminum, manganese, gypsum, mica, granite, nickel and cotton.”

“It sounds like everyone is sending what we required from them.”

“Yes sir, they are and there is still a long list from the other countries.”

“That’s ok, I’ll finish looking over the list later. Let everyone know that they are doing an exceptional job and that Allah is well pleased with them. What about food supplies? Are the workers getting enough to eat? We want them well fed and rested so they can continue to work their best for Allah!”

“Oh yes sir! All the countries are providing plenty of food. We have sugar beets, maize, potatoes, lentil, sheep, goats, cattle, figs, bananas, olives, grapes, lentils, chickpeas, poultry, eggs, hazelnuts, apricots, cherries, chestnuts, figs, olives, tea, lemons, limes,

tomatoes, wheat, soybeans, sunflower seeds, dairy, fish, vegetables, wine, groundnut, sesame, sorghum, watermelon, onion, eggplant, hot and sweet peppers, okra, cucurbits, mango, guava, millet, alfalfa, seafood, legumes and all kinds of foods. These are probably the best fed people around and this city will be the best supplied and well stocked in the world once it's completed!"

"This is all wonderful news indeed. Allah will be well pleased with all the contributions his people have and will continue to make. I can hardly wait for the next report I receive from you on how well everything is going."

"Thank you, Mahdi. I am so glad that you are pleased with the progress so far."

"Yes, I am very pleased and will be looking forward to your next report."

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"Omar," said the Mahdi. "I need you to come into my office and bring me up to date on the progress at Bavalim."

Omar entered the Mahdi's office and said, "I have the information that you wanted."

"Good, it's been several months and I am curious as to how things are progressing."

"All is going well. The mosque was completed a little over a month ago, the power station and the recycling plan are both up and running."

"How about the palace?"

"Your new home is about half finished and should be ready for you to occupy it in about 6 weeks."

"What about the rest of the city?"

“Dwelling accommodations for the workers and their families have been started and should be completed in about three months according to the construction foremen.”

“And what about accommodations for visiting dignitaries?”

“They will be started as soon as the palace is finished, as well as offices and conference rooms.”

“What about the restaurants and places of distraction for the guests?”

“All of the plans have been drawn up and I have them right here for your approval.”

Omar handed the Mahdi the rolled up plans and he began looking them over.

“Ah, yes these are excellent and will do very well indeed.”

“Thank you sir. I think that the work crews have been making a lot of progress and Bavalim should be completed in about nine months, if all keeps going according to schedule. When will you be coming out to take a personal tour of the works done so far?”

“Very soon, I think. My schedule has been very full these last several months.”

“I understand, you’re a very important man and a lot of people are demanding your time.”

“Speaking of progress, how is the Temple coming along in Jerusalem? I haven’t heard anything for awhile and I was just curious.”

“I thought I sent you an update on that last week. According to the report sent by Isaac Levinson, the High Priest, the rioting has been stopped, and the demonstrators have been dealt with. He also said the Temple is about two thirds completed, at this time.”

“Sounds like you’re doing a good job for me on all fronts.”

“Thank you, Mahdi. I am trying to do the best I can for you, and for Allah.”

“Keep up the good work, Omar.”

“I will, Mahdi.”



Chapter 9  
The 144,000

*Then I heard the number of those that were sealed: 144,000 from all the tribes of Israel.*

*From the tribe of Judah 12,000 were sealed,*

*from the tribe of Reuben 12,000*

*from the tribe of Gad 12,000*

*from the tribe of Asher 12,000*

*from the tribe of Naphtali 12,000*

*from the tribe of Manasseh 12,000*

*from the tribe of Simeon 12,000*

*from the tribe of Levi 12,000*

*from the tribe of Issachar 12,000*

*from the tribe of Zebulun 12,000*

*from the tribe of Joseph 12,000*

*from the tribe of Benjamin 12,000*

*Revelation 7:4-8*

While all of this was happening, Israel was being divided into two major factions, ones who accepted that Jesus was the Messiah, the others who didn't. The Prime Minister was one of the non-believers who had not yet accepted what the two strangers had been saying about Jesus of Nazareth being the awaited Messiah. He feared that this new division among the people could seriously harm the Nation of Israel. However, the ratio of the ones who believed in it was increasing day by day, and it was starting to interfere with the plans of the Mahdi and the Muslims; and the Mahdi didn't want it to interfere with his plan to control the world. He said they needed to stop the movement before it started causing

him problems. New rules and regulations would have to be set up as well as ways to enforce them before it was too late.

The news that Jesus of Nazareth had been the long awaited Messiah was spreading rapidly across Israel. The preaching of the two witnesses confirmed it to be true. Many of the Jews were converting into Messianic Jews by believing in those witnesses. As per the teachings of Moses and the prophets, there was supposed to be a coming Messiah and the way those two witnesses were explaining the meanings of those prophecies to the people, they had no choice but to believe in it.

Messianic Jews were on the rise; their believers were increasing day by day, making it harder for Mahdi and Peter Mohammed I to bring unity to the religious world by uniting the religions. The Mahdi was becoming very frustrated with the situation. He was trying to think of ways to turn the tables so that people would stop believing what the witnesses were saying and unite under his rule. The problem was any time authorities tried to approach them to stop their teaching flames would come out of their mouths, to protect themselves, or they would perform some other miracle that just further convinced the people to believe what they were saying. It seemed that people from every tribe of Israel had someone in it who was claiming to believe in the Messiah. These new Messianic Jews were not being silent about their beliefs either; they were reaching out to their families and their friends to spread the word. He had to find a way to put a stop to their teaching, but how?

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The Mahdi wanted to gain power, and he didn't want to let go of the achievements that he had worked so hard to get. Hence, a new financial system was being implemented in which freedom was given to the people who were willing to use it. New rules were being made, meetings with Clerics were happening every week to discuss the country's situation and how to advance it. This new system was beginning to be used by all the countries that had dealings with the Mahdi, but he knew he still had to get his hands on the Ana-chip if he was going to be able to gain total control of all the world

finances.



With all the news coming out of Israel, Pastor Glenn contacted Sam to arrange a meeting. After two days, they met in his office to discuss the news of how everything had been changing since the two witnesses had been proclaiming Jesus to be the Messiah. Pastor Glenn was not shocked to see how Jews were converting into Messianic Jews. "I've been following the news out of Jerusalem," he said to Sam. "The Bible says that, because of the preaching of the two witnesses, that a hundred and forty four thousand people will start to believe that Jesus is their awaited Messiah. There will be twelve thousand from each of the twelve tribes of Israel who believe."

"What will happen after that?" Asked Sam.

"The next thing will be that missionaries will be sent out from Israel to evangelize the world."

"I don't think the Mahdi is going to sit still for that, do you?"

"No," said Pastor Glenn. "I think soon we will be seeing a new rise in persecution against people who convert to Christianity. You know I told you that ever since my television interview, the day after the rapture, that people have been contacting me."

"I remember," replied Sam.

"Well, recently the questions have been more about the two witnesses claims of Jesus being the Messiah and if I believe it."

"You tell them he is, right?"

"Of course; as Christians we believe Jesus came to die for the sins of the world. The only way the rest of us could have been saved was for the Jewish nation to reject Jesus as Messiah and for him to be crucified, and then rise again. Now it's time for Israel to realize

that mistake and accept him.”

“So do you think it’s time to start distributing the blank chips?”

“I think the time is getting very close. Has a deal been struck with the Mahdi yet on their use?”

“Not yet, President Stevens has stopped negotiations, preventing the sale.”

“Have you spoken to him about it? Does he understand the implications of what could be happening?”

“Not yet, I haven’t been sure how to approach him on the subject. I don’t know his stand on Christianity. I know he says he believes in God, but I don’t know if he has accepted Jesus as Lord and Savior.”

“Well, we better talk to him soon if we want to make use of the blanks. Are they ready to use?”

“I’m headed to London tomorrow to meet with Tom at the World Bank and to run a few more tests, but I think they’re ready as they ever will be.”

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The meeting was at Tom’s office, and it was held on a very sunny day, so they were served with chilled juices first. After the refreshments, they talked and Sam told him that they were ready to execute the chip at the bank. It seemed to be functioning smoothly.

“I hope this is going to work as well as you say it will,” said Tom.

“Everything seems to be in order with the chip and the program hidden in the computer,” replied Sam.

“Now all you have to do is get President Stevens to sign off on

the deal with the Mahdi.”

“Well, Pastor Glenn and I have a meeting with him in a few days. Hopefully we can convince him to go along with our plan. I just hope he understands that if the Mahdi doesn’t use our chip, he’ll be able to get to use something else and we’ll be left out in the cold.”

“How do you know that?”

“Prophecy. There will be a ‘mark of the beast’ and some form of ‘666’ according to the Bible. We just need to make sure he uses our chip or all our efforts will have been for nothing.”



A few days later Pastor Glenn and Sam met with President Stevens to discuss the Ana-chip and the deal with the Mahdi. Pastor Glen witnessed to him about Jesus and as he spoke President Stevens reflected back on his last conversation with his father, before he died:

*“Mike, I have done my best to raise you right. You’ve made a great congressional representative for our district, and one day you may even be in charge of this great country. They will need a leader, not in Jefferson’s mold, your idol, but a man in the mold of the father of our country, George Washington. You know how I taught you his thoughts on the Bible and salvation differed from Jefferson. Don’t misunderstand, Jefferson was a great man, but son, you need to trust Washington’s God and trust in the same Savior the first president did. Promise me you will think about these words.”*

*“I will, father, I promise you I will sincerely consider what you have asked me. I love you.”*’

“Mr. President, you seem distracted,” said Pastor Glenn. “Do you understand what I have been saying to you?”

“Yes, yes of course,” replied President Stevens. “I was just remembering what my father said to me, just before he died and a

promise I made him.”

“And what was that?” Asked Pastor Glenn.

“Very much like what you were just saying. He said that I needed to trust in the God of George Washington and put my faith in Jesus and follow him. Do you really think that allowing the Mahdi access to the chip is in our best interest?”

“Yes, we do,” answered Sam.

“Then I won’t stand in your way. Contact the Mahdi and tell him that you have convinced me to let you make a deal with him.”

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“Omar, come into my office,” said the Mahdi over the intercom.

“What’s wrong?” Asked Omar, as he rushed into the room?

“Nothing,” replied the Mahdi. “Everything is going our way. I just got off the phone with Reynolds. He says he has convinced President Stevens to allow our deal to proceed.”

“So, we can start implementing your plan. Does this mean you won’t continue with the operations in America?”

“Of course not, everything continues as planned. We don’t want him interfering with us anymore and his new problems will keep him occupied and out of my way.”

“Ok, I’ll get everything started. What about your concerns with Israel and the two trouble makers?”

“Get the Prime Minister on the phone. I think I need to speak to him about this matter before it gets further out of hand.”

The Mahdi had a detailed call with the Prime Minister in which they discussed the need for something to be done about the two witnesses and the new Messianic Jew sect that had started to form.

He said they needed to stop the movement before it started causing problems. New rules and regulations have to be set up and ways to enforce them before it's too late. The Minister replied, "Let's meet tomorrow and talk about it?"

The Mahdi agreed and started creating notes for the meeting tomorrow.



Even though the Mahdi could be very rude and arrogant, he also had lots of charisma and charm and he was very confident about himself and his abilities. He felt that given the right opportunities and time he could get anyone to go along with his ideas. Due to being the representative of Allah, he thought of himself as superior to everyone else. He didn't worry about anything, or any one, and considered everyone else as inferiors. As he was not afraid of anything, he wanted people to be petrified by him and obey him at all costs. He wanted global domination and every sector of the world to bow to him and listen to his orders. He had this superiority complex, and he never wanted to let anyone get ahead of him or intimidate him.

The Mahdi was extremely smart and cunning and he knew how to make his path and get what he wanted. There were times when he deliberately made others think that they were better than him, or that they could intimidate him or make him nervous, but it would all just be a part of his plan. Just to get deals and to lure people into believing him. No matter how complex or rough the situation would be, he would find a way out of it, as he was always at least one step ahead. While others would be planning for the next moment or what would happen tomorrow, he would be thinking about the next month. But this time, it was different. This whole situation had made the Mahdi pretty restless too. He was just thinking about the meeting with the Israeli Prime Minister and how to make it work.

He had to meet with Rothberg the next day, and flying to Israel was not easy. It wasn't a long trip, but it still tired him. He went to

bed early that day after creating bullet points for the meeting tomorrow. He was supposed to wake up at 7 in the morning, but the restlessness wouldn't let him sleep properly, and he was just thinking about what would happen tomorrow. After just sleeping for three to four hours, he woke up quite early. It was around six, and the morning was beautiful. Purplish sky and a cool breeze coming in through the windows of his room; he could hear the birds were melodiously chirping outside.

After getting out of bed, he went to take a shower and shave. It was his daily ritual to shower first thing in the morning and start the day with a bit of recitation. Hence, that's what he did. He showered and cleaned his teeth with a miswak, and wore a musky scent. After getting fresh, he recited and went downstairs for breakfast. As he stepped down, he could smell the breakfast being cooked in the kitchen. He went and sat on the dining table and was served a fancy breakfast. There was fresh juice on the table, some oatmeal, bread, butter, and scrambled eggs.

While enjoying his breakfast, he closely studied the points he had made and prepared what he was going to say. The Mahdi was a little fidgety because the Prime Minister of Israel was a prominent personality, and he could help him a lot here. So, he didn't want anything to hit south; hence he was just preparing to be at his best. He read all the points closely and didn't want to blow this opportunity.

The Mahdi didn't want to be late as he knew that Rothberg was a man of principles and valued discipline more than anything. So, he wanted to respect that and wanted to be there on time. After skimming through his notes, he started getting ready. His clothes were pressed and he wore a smoky grey kaftan. He took his briefcase, with his notes and left his house around seven thirty.

It was an extremely sunny day, and the sun was blazing its hotness irrationally. The Mahdi's private plane, along with the pilot, had been waiting there for about twenty minutes. He went to the private jet hanger, where one of his assistants took his briefcase and whatever else he had in his hands and put them in the plane.



“I hope that you have a pleasant flight and a very productive meeting,” said His assistant. “Call me if there is anything else that you need.”

It was around 7:45 – 7:50am when the Mahdi boarded the plane, took his seat and the pilot began to prepare for to take it off.

“How long will the flight take,” asked the Mahdi.

“Jerusalem is about six hundred miles away” replied the pilot. “So from the time we leave the hangar and take off, till the time we land in Jerusalem will be approximately two hours.”

“Very well, let me know when we are arriving. I will be preparing for my meeting.”

“Very good sir.”

The Mahdi clogged his ears with ear buds because they started to ring as the plane took off.

The journey was not very long, but the Mahdi was quite restive; hence he started looking through some newspapers which were laying there on the table. He took a newspaper from the stack and started skimming through it. All the papers were filled with the same kind of news, and several articles about the same topic:

*"The rise of the Christians"*

*"The two witnesses"*

*"The Messiah."*

The Mahdi flipped the page over, and it was the same; he read one of the articles that stated about two witnesses, it was a detailed article that said:

*‘“Finally, the Messianic sect is rising, and it got extensive information about the two witnesses.*

*The people who saw them claimed that both of them began praising the Lord. They thanked him for everything and started spreading the word. "Yahweh is one; you need to believe that, don't run away from your religion and accept it."*

*"Yahweh is the most forgiving and always there to help you out; he is there to guide you in every edge of life." the other one continued, "He is the Only One, and the Most Merciful, the one who let you grow in your mother's womb and then gave you a whole body to live." His voice got more melodious, and the tone got even more subtle.*

*The other one proclaimed, "Now gather to us; Yahweh is always there to guide you. He sent the Messiah to die for your sins and so that people could learn from him and take lessons from his life." They both echoed and said unanimously, "You need to repent of your sins and turn back to the one true God. He has sent us here to tell you that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah prophesied by the prophets. He came and fulfilled all of the prophecies, and now you need to call on him and ask him to be your Lord and Savior."*

*One of them said, "Only he is the one who can save you from destruction and bring you back to life. So, listen to Yahweh and follow his teachings."*

*The people there were a little scared, but then someone shouted, "Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah; he is our prophet and our Lord." There was a different kind of joyous rush in the place, and many started shouting:*

*"Jesus of Nazareth"*

*"Jesus of Nazareth"*

*"Jesus of Nazareth" ‘*

The Mahdi was almost finished with the article when he heard his pilot announcing their descent to the Jerusalem airport. After landing, he put everything into his briefcase and stepped out of the

plane. At the jet hanger, a car was waiting for him. The driver was sent by the Israeli Prime Minister to get the Mahdi and bring him to his house so there wouldn't be any inconvenience on his part.

It was a big posh car, and the seats were quite comfortable. The Mahdi reached the Prime Minister's office in just a few minutes. The driver opened the door for him, took his case and asked the Mahdi to follow him. The front gate was made up of bronze and was instilled with wires. Two guards were there standing under an umbrella. The driver spoke to them and they opened the gate. As The Mahdi entered a large fountain at the entrance gave it a fancy look.

Another man met him at the door and took him to a room and asked him to wait here. He handed the Mahdi's stuff to him and left the room, saying: "I will check to see if the Prime Minister is ready for you."

A moment later the man returned and led him to the Prime Minister's office.

His office had a lavish exterior and a well-decorated interior. The Mahdi was observing the room until the Prime Minister appeared. He was tall and wearing an overlong white kaftan. His beard was shinning as if it was covered in glitter. He paced towards The Mahdi with the help of his wooden stick, and they both greeted each other, and the Prime Minister asked him to sit.

"Do you need anything?"

The Mahdi shrugged. "No, No! I am good, thanks...."

Initially, they both talked about each other's health. Then now, things began to heat up a little when the Mahdi started talking about the current issues and how people were empathizing with the Christian sect and turn into believers after the rise of the Messiah.

Next he opened his briefcase and took the notes out; he thoroughly read them and said, "Yeah, umm...." He took a slight

pause and said, "If it keeps on going like this, it may create trouble for us. My people estimate that many thousands of people, representing each of the twelve tribes of Israel, have been converting. Even though it is a relatively small number right now, it can easily notch up more in the coming times. Hence, we need to do something before that happens."

Prime Minister Rothberg nodded in agreement and said, "Yeah, you are right, something has to be done; otherwise, it could put us in a lot of trouble. It could divide the Israeli people in two. There have always been Messianic Jews, but never before in such numbers."

"I have a suggestion that may help our situation from getting any worse, at least here in Israel," said the Mahdi.

"What's that," asked Rothberg.

"I have access to a microchip that I am planning to implant in to all the Islamic people for the purpose of setting up a new financial system to make it easier to buy and sell without the bother of printing money."

"Is that so? And how will I benefit from this?"

"Only implant the chip into people who are following traditional Jewish teaching. If the Messianic Jews can't buy or sell in Israel they will leave and go somewhere they can."

"Is that the only benefit of the chip?"

"Actually, no, it also has the ability to keep track of a person's medical and personal history. It can have many useful attributes."

"So, this chip is ready for implantation right now?"

"Yes, but it may take several months to get the people used to the idea and implanted."

“Maybe we can help the process along. Give incentives to the first people who sign up to receive the chip.”

“Yes, yes and also pass laws that make it impossible for these Christians to get the chip. That way fewer people will listen to these, so called, witnesses and won’t convert.”

“When will the chip be available? We still need to finish the temple and get the sacrifices started again. I’m having a meeting this afternoon, about the progress so far, with Isaac Levinson, our new High priest. I want to bring him up to speed on what we have been discussing as well.”

“Very good.”

“Maybe I could talk to him about having some Islamic teachings introduced to the Israeli people, just so we can have a better understanding of each other.”

The Mahdi shook his head and said, "You're absolutely right. We must unite as brothers in this hard time and show our uniformity."

So, Rothberg basically agreed to the idea of issuance of chips for Israel, which was the primary reason Mahdi arranged a meeting with him. The Mahdi couldn't be more excited. As he boarded his plane for the return trip to Bavalim he had a broad smile on his face. He felt as if he had just conquered the world.

Chapter 10  
The New Christians

*After this I looked, and there before me was a great multitude that no one could count, from every tribe, people and language, standing before the throne and before the Lamb. Revelation 7:9*

*And he said, these are they that have come out of the great tribulation; they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Revelation 7:14*

After getting back to Babilim, the Mahdi started working on acquiring the chips. He also needed to make sure that the other demands of the Israeli Prime Minister were catered to, and he started working on making sure that all the needed materials for the temple were arriving in Israel. Rothberg kept in constant touch with the Mahdi to know about the progress and any problems that have slowed the work because of protests and demonstrations, although there have been fewer and fewer of those as the Mahdi and the ten Clerics had cracked down on them.

As things were going pretty smoothly with the Israeli Prime Minister, the Mahdi wanted to meet with several other world leaders to gain more power and control. He had this thirst for power that could never be quenched, so with the help of Clerics, Mahdi arranged meetings and talked to leaders of other countries. In those meetings, Mahdi focused on Islam and how they could raise the Islamic flag amongst the rise of the Messianic Jews.

The Mahdi was persistent in getting as many leaders as possible to follow his lead. Hence, he suggested building mosques and teaching their people more about Islam and its principles and values. It was basically part of the negotiated contracts to bring tolerance of Islam around the world and start indoctrinating some of the people in its teachings.



Although the chips had not begun to be distributed in Israel, as of yet, some of the new Messianic Jews decided to leave Israel and go to other countries where they had family. They wanted to spread the news that Jesus was the long awaited Messiah after all, so that others in their families could be saved as well. They also wanted to reach other Israelites, who were scattered around the world.

The Mahdi was trying to do whatever he could, with the help of the ten clerics; several new amendments were formed. They were trying hard to keep the situation from getting out of hand. People in several countries around the world were starting to listen to the Messianic Jews who had left Israel, and they were putting faith in the Messiah. At first the Jewish Christians had only preached to their families and friends, but as the months went by they also started reaching out to other people around them. No one could do anything to stop it, to stop them from believing in it. Christianity was like a flower, with its petal blooming in several shades. And the Mahdi decided to be the one to pluck that flower and kill it. He had now gotten quite stubborn enough to stop anyone who came in his way. He didn't want any more distraction, and he just wanted to be crowned as the ruler of the world. The Mahdi was here to rule, and he never forgot his core purpose; hence he was leaving no stone unturned to reach there. The Mahdi was quite worried and agitated with this whole situation; He was afraid that he would lose power and it would all go in vain. Even though he talked to several leaders each day, he still had this fear of losing it all and wanted to assure his success. He had been instilled with rage now, a frenzy to get more, to get the throne; hence he made sure to make all the ends meet.



While the Messianic Jews were busy in their deed, certain factions in America were utterly confused. These people thought they were Christians and were conflicted when they were left behind. They could not understand what and what not to believe. So, after watching Pastor Glenn in the interview, they started

contacting him to understand the matter better. Just to burst their bubble of confusion and to make sense out of it, they were constantly trying to contact him and get his perspective on this. Pastor Glen explained that it wasn't enough just to attend church, be baptized, or do good works.

So, Pastor Glenn tried to explain it to them as per the Bible. He stated: "Even the Bible says that you have to make a personal profession of faith and repent from your sins (whosoever shall call upon the Lord shall be saved, if thou shalt confess with your mouth and believe in your heart thou shalt be saved). Salvation isn't earned. It is a gift from God (not by works of righteousness which we have done, but by His mercy He saved us). It's by grace, through faith, not things we do (baptism, attending church, doing good to others). I met a guy in college who told me he was born a Christian, but the Bible says 'all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. No one is a Christian just because they were born into a Christian family or in a Christian nation, and everyone has to make a personal profession of faith."

The people who contacted Pastor Glenn listened to him, and most of them accepted what he had to say. Even Pastor Glen had several meetings with his people to explain further what was going on and why they were left to go through the tribulation, even though they thought some were Christians. He also met with several different groups as he had 'revivals' around the country and met with those who got in touch with him. A young man had said he was 'born a Christian' and had a misconception about Christianity, so Pastor Glenn connected with him and to clear up his misunderstanding on what it took to be a Christian.

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“Andrew,” said Pastor Glenn. “I don’t know the teaching on Christianity that you were raised with, but no one is born a Christian”

“I don’t understand,” replied Andrew. “I was born into a Christian family, both of my parents claimed to be saved.”



“They very well may have been, but that doesn’t make you a Christian by default.”

“But,” continued Andrew, “I was raised in church and baptized at a very early age and assured by many people, over my lifetime that I would be going to Heaven.”

“Still, no one is born a Christian. The Bible tells us that ‘all have sinned and come short of the glory of God’. Just because you’re born in a Christian nation, or into a Christian family that always attends church and studies the Bible, you have to make your own profession of faith.”

“What do you mean?”

“The Bible says ‘whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved’ each individual must do that for themselves. No one can do it for us. We each have to ‘confess with thy mouth and believe in your heart that God has raised him from the dead’. There must be a time in your life when you actually made a decision to repent of your sins and personally ask Jesus Christ to forgive you and come into your life.”

“I think I’m beginning to catch on to what you mean.”

“That’s great; do you want to ask Him right now?”

“Oh yes, yes I do!”

With that Pastor Glenn led Andrew Thomas in the prayer of salvation and Andrew invited Jesus to become his Lord and Savior.



Pastor Glenn even had several sessions to clear the doubts of certain people. There were dozens like those, confused and balled out with whatever was happening. They couldn’t differentiate the right and wrongs amidst that. So, Pastor Glenn was there for all of them, and he taught them about the details of Christianity. One

person who came to him had always thought it all started with baptism, and unless your body is pure from all the sins, you wouldn't be able to surface over water again. Pastor asked him to sit down and then made him understand that whoever told him that, meaning to or not, had misled him, because it was not true. Pastor Glenn had several public gatherings and one-on-one meetings to help different people understand the truth. As a result of his traveling around and meeting with people several new churches began springing up around the country and people began witnessing to family and friends about the truth of the Gospel.



A few days after his return from his travels, Denise and Sam invited Pastor Glenn for dinner at their house. Denise prepared a fancy meal, and she was talking to Sam about the ongoing situation in America when the bell rang. Pastor Glenn had arrived wearing a silk cassock, walking with his wooden stick.

Sam went and opened the door; Pastor came in and shook Sam's hand. He took the shoes outside and greeted everyone.

"Hey, Denise, how are you doing?" He chimed.

Denise, who was setting up the dining table, replied, "I am good, thanks. You tell me, how have you been?"

Pastor Glenn gave a half-smile and nodded, "I've been well" After saying it, he tilted towards Sam and asked about his health too. "Sam, long time no see? How have you been?"

Sam shrugged. "Just here, you already know the situation of America right now."

Then Pastor Glenn started talking about the Messianic Jews and how they were influencing America. Pastor Glenn obviously knew more about it, so he told them in detail about the two witnesses and how they are a Muslim barrier. The discussion took a drift and diverted to the Mahdi.

While polishing the tableware, Denise said, “The Jews are finally on the rise; it must create hurdles for the Muslims.”

Pastor Glenn said, “Yeah, the Mahdi is already all over the place about it.”

Sam also said, “Yeah, he tried contacting me too.”

They were discussing it until Denise called, “Food’s ready; let’s eat first.”

Then they stopped the chit-chat and sat down at the table to eat. After eating and listening to the news from all his meetings, Pastor Glenn left, saying that he had to be somewhere else, but promised he would see them soon again.



The Mahdi called the pope to have him come to talk about what to do about the new Christians. Upon receiving the call the pope left the Vatican and traveled to Babilim for the meeting.

“Come in Yousuf and have a seat.”

“I would prefer for you to refer to me by my rightful title.”

“It’s just us, Yousuf. There’s no need to stand on formality.”

“What is so important that you called me to come to Babilim?”

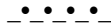
“I need your help in curbing the rise of these new Christians. They’re going to start causing us problems if they continue to grow in numbers.”

“And just what do you think I can do about it? After all they are not joining the Catholic Church, so I don’t have any control over them.”

“They’re not? This may be harder to deal with than I thought.

I'm going to have to give this more thought. In the meantime take advantage of the pleasures afforded in Babilim while you're here."

"I wish I could, but I better get back to Rome before someone becomes suspicious of my absence. They already feel that you and I spend more time than we should together. They think I am neglecting my duties as Pope to be here with you."



After a while, Pastor Glen held a meeting and invited Sam along with Tom to discuss about the chips. The Mahdi had begun distributing the chips, and Pastor didn't want to let him hold the rope of control. So, he wanted to do something to keep Christians in dominance.

The meeting was held at Pastor's office, and they both reached there around 3 p.m. It was quite a sunny day, but the high-speed fans at Pastor's office saved them from the wrath of the blazing sun.

The meeting started with basic greetings, and then they started discussing the chips.

"I heard the Mahdi is all ready to implant chips in every Muslim. I also hear he is getting very close to having deals with several other countries to begin implanting their people as well," added Pastor Glenn.

"Yeah! Everything seems to be moving that direction." Sam was not finished, but Tom interrupted him.

"I heard that he had given the first supply to Israel, and it's turning out not to be very successful there? Seems like most of the Jews feel it's an attempt to turn them into Muslims and their saying no."

"I have heard, though" said Sam, "that the Prime Minister and some of his staff are planning to have the chip implanted, as an example."

“I don’t think we have much to fear there,” said Pastor Glenn. “Israel is God’s chosen people, and while some may take the chip, I don’t believe everyone will. Remember God is going to seal and protect the hundred and forty four thousand so they can go out and evangelize the world. God always has a remnant of people who follow Him, no matter what everyone else around them is doing. They will be reaching out to their own people first, especially their friends and families. Then they will reach the rest of the world. Remember Revelation talks about an innumerable amount of people, from every nation and tongue that will come out of the ‘great tribulation’ and ask Him when He will avenge their deaths.”

Chapter 11  
Distribution

*Also it causeth all, both small and great, both rich and poor, both free and slave, to be marked on the right hand and fore head, so that none can buy and sell unless he has the mark, that is, the name of the beast or the number of its name. Revelation 13:16-17*

“Omar, come into my office, I need to discuss something with you,” said the Mahdi over the intercom.

“What is it that we need to talk about,” Asked Omar as he entered the room?

“As you know I have just met with the leaders of several Islamic states and we have reached an agreement to have all their subjects implanted with the chip. This will be the beginning of the movement to implant everyone in the world.”

“But,” replied Omar, “you don’t have any chips to distribute yet.”

“I plan to have a meeting with Sam Reynolds to get some. He has assured me that he has convinced President Stevens to let our deal go through.”

“So are you still putting the other part of your plan into operation, what about the transformers? Are they responding to our commands?”

“Absolutely perfect, their receiving our commands and causing small brown outs and rolling black outs in different parts of the country. The Americans are starting to become frustrated with the problems. That’s the only reason America hasn’t gotten any further in their recovery, but they are still ahead of the rest of the world.”

“Does Stevens suspect anything?”

“Not yet. The fool just thinks it’s just some bugs in the system, from the accelerated

construction. Just as I suspected he would. He thinks his people can successfully clean up the system and get it working properly in the near future.”

“Little does he know, huh?”

“Right you are. Very soon he will regret that he ever tried to get in my way.”

“Anything else?”

“Right now I just need you to call Reynolds and set up a meeting to get some prototype chips. Tell him that I need them for demonstration purposes.”

“Okay, then what?”

“Once we have the chip we can begin having our people reverse engineer it. After that is done we can start mass producing them in one of our own factories so we can have an uninterrupted supply of our own.”

“Then what, you know it will probably take at least two years to get the chips produced, distributed, and implanted into everyone. Don’t forget we still have to gather everyone’s

information to be programmed into the World Bank computer.”

“Yes, I know, but we will deal with that when the time comes.”

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A few days later the Mahdi took his private jet and flew to Florida. Upon landing a driver met him and drove him to Ana-chip, where he was meeting with Sam Reynolds and picking up some

prototype chips. When he arrived, the Mahdi was met and escorted to Sam's office.

"How was your flight?" Asked Sam as the Mahdi entered his office.

"It was long, but pleasant enough. I had plenty of work to keep myself occupied for most of the trip."

"You're probably tired from the long flight, so I won't take too much of your time. That way you can get to your embassy and have a rest."

"Do you have the prototypes for me to take back to Babilim? I need to set up the demonstrations. I have several leaders of different nations coming there to see how the chips work and to finish working out the details for distribution and implantation to their people."

"Yes, I have several chips for you to take with you. They're here in this briefcase."

"And when will you be able to start shipping chips to me? I want to start implanting into my people as soon as possible and get our new financial system in place."

"We have already begun mass production of the chip. So as soon as we receive your initial payment, we will begin making arrangements to have the first shipment sent to you in Babilim."

"And how long will that take, approximately?"

"About two to three weeks for you to receive shipment. Barring any unforeseen complications arising of course."

"Of course, but you don't expect any complications, do you?"

"No, no foreseeable ones. Everything seems to be running smoothly. You should have your first shipment soon."



“Perfect,” replied the Mahdi. With that he took out his phone, called his banker and authorized a wire transfer for the initial payment. When the transaction was completed he prepared to leave Sam’s office.

“Don’t forget your briefcase and enjoy the rest of your trip.” Said Sam as the Mahdi got up to leave his office.

As the Mahdi left Sam’s office he was met and escorted back to his car and driver where he was then driven to the embassy for the evening, where he enjoyed a very pleasant night’s sleep. He was certain that all of his work was about to start paying off and was completely satisfied with how the meeting had gone.

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As soon as the Mahdi had left and been escorted back to his car Sam reached for the phone and called Pastor Glenn to let him know that everything had been set into motion.

“He’s gone,” said Sam over the phone.

“Do you think he suspects anything?” Asked Pastor Glenn.

“No, I think he seemed pretty satisfied with himself and the deal we made. I’m sure he thinks everything is going along as he planned.”

“Great, I’ll start getting in touch with all my contacts and making arrangements to start shipping out the blank chips, so they will be in place when we need them.”

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“So, how did your trip go?” Asked Omar, as he entered the Mahdi’s office.

“Everything went according to plan,” replied the Mahdi. “I have the chips and the first shipment will be arriving soon. I need you to

have some of the chips delivered to our engineers so they can begin work as soon as possible.”

“Yes sir.”

“I also need you to arrange a meeting with all of the medical staff of Bavalim for The day after tomorrow.”

“The staff sir, why?”

“There’s a team coming in from Ana-chip that will be instructing them on the implantation of the chips. They will be arriving tomorrow so have living quarters assigned for them.”

“How long will they be staying?”

“About three weeks. They will train the medical personnel and then supervise the beginning of the implantation of everyone in Bavalim. They will make sure that our people can handle everything and that there are no complications.”

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“Are they on their way?” Asked the Mahdi.

“All of the Ana-chip people have boarded the plan and it is lifting off as we speak,” said Omar.

“Is everything proceeding on schedule?”

“Yes sir. About half of the Bavalim personnel have been implanted without any complications.”

“Very good, and what about the chip?”

“Our technicians have completed taking it apart and studying it and are just about ready to send the schematics to the plant for mass production.”

“Very good. Have any of the other medical personnel teams

arrived yet to begin their training.”

“Not yet sir, they should start arriving tomorrow.”

“Good, I want them assigned to teams as quickly as they arrive so they can begin training. I want them here and gone as quickly as possible so that implantations can begin in all the Islamic countries. How is the programming going at the world bank?”

“Mr. Wellington says that his people are entering the staff’s information as quickly as possible, but it will take time. There’s a lot of information to enter for each person.”

“This will take forever. If he can’t get the Bavalim staff entered any faster how long will it take to get the entire world?”

“Well sir, we didn’t anticipate this much delay. We just had our people fill out paperwork and sent it to London for his people to enter.”

“Is there a way to make the process go any faster?”

“Well he did suggest that we set up our own personnel here and in the other countries to enter the information ourselves into computers and then download the information onto a USB drive to send to him in London and his people can download it into the computer instead of entering it personally.”

“Very well, contact the other clerics and have them relay the message to the countries in their districts to begin setting up centers for the processing of the information. Tell them to have all the people in their countries start filling out their information, and that of their families, and have them deliver it to the centers for processing.”

“Yes sir, but you know that’s still going to take some time. After all there are several billion people in the world to process.”

“Well then, shouldn’t you get it started as quickly as possible?”

Don't just stand here talking to me! get a hold of everyone as soon as possible."

"Yes, Mahdi. I'll get my people on it right now."

"Good, be sure that you do. I want this done today."

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"Omar, I need an update on the chips."

"Yes Mahdi, I'll be right in."

"Well, how is it going? We've had another delay getting a shipment from Ana-chip and I want to know when we will start getting shipments of our own chips from our Chinese friends."

"The Chinese government says that sent a huge shipment out yesterday and that another will be ready in two weeks. You know if you didn't keep doing rolling blackouts in Florida you would have gotten at least two more shipment by now."

"I know, but I want to make sure that we still have control over the transformers that we helped President Stevens get. I want to make sure that his people haven't been able to correct the problem. I want the people in America ready to turn on him when the entire system goes down. He's not cooperating with our people in America who are trying to get Americans implanted."

"Our people are getting implanted and there are lots of American who seem to be cooperating and agreeing to get the chip."

"Not enough, only about fifteen percent of their citizens have come forward to be implanted. I want them all to comply."

"Remember, Mahdi, Americans value their freedoms that are guaranteed by the constitution. Many of them look as this as an infringement on those freedoms and are refusing to comply at this

time.”

“Then he needs to order them to comply.”

“Sir, he says he can’t do that. He’s not an absolute dictator. He has to be reelected and he answers to the people, not the other way around.”

“Well he needs to find a way to get them to listen and comply.”

“I’ll contact his people and see what can be done.”

“You better!”

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“Pastor Glenn,” said Sam. “Have you received word on the blank chips we sent out?”

“So far, there have been no problems with delivery. All my contacts have reported receiving the chips and have put them in storage for when they are needed.”

“Good. Tom says that he has inputted all our information into the World Bank computer and he’s waiting for your contacts to start sending their information as well so the Mahdi won’t become suspicious of us.”

“Yeah, that’s the last thing we need is for him to check the records and find that we’re not in the system. Especially since you’re the one who invented the chip, why wouldn’t you be willing to use it?”

“He also said the he has been stalling on inputting data into the computer, but that the Mahdi is becoming irritated with the process and wants it to go faster.”

“What’s he going to do about it?”

“He had to give the Mahdi and his people a way to speed up the process. His own people were starting to wonder why they were doing all the work so he suggested the Mahdi set up regional centers to collect and input the information themselves and then send USB drives to his people who would just download everything.”

“Well I’m sure he did everything he could to buy us time to get our chips distributed.”

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“Omar, I could use some good news right now. How are things progressing?”

“Well sir, so far we have set up over two hundred processing centers in more than thirty countries and they have been processing almost fifty people a day at each center. It’s easier to get the worker information in the larger cities, but the smaller communities are a bit tougher to come by. Medical teams have been trained to implant the chips and will begin next week.”

“Why not sooner?”

“We used up all the chips we had already received on the workers here in Bavalim and the processing centers, but we have several shipments enroute to the centers and the Chinese government says that another plant is coming online and soon they will be doubling our supply.”

“Very good, keep me updated on the progress.”

## Chapter 12

### Rebellion

*I considered the horns, and behold, there came up among them another horn, a little one, before which three of the first horns were plucked up by the roots.* *Daniel 7:8*

“Welcome,” said Rajah to Saib and Hassan, as they entered his office. “I’m glad to see that the two of you could make it on such short notice.”

“Your message seemed urgent,” stated Saib.

“And very cryptic,” continued Hassan. “What is so important that we had to drop everything and rush to this meeting?”

“Yes, what is it,” asked Saib? “Someone in Babilim may start to take notice of our meetings.”

“I understand your concerns,” replied Rajah.

“So why are we here?” repeated Hassan.

“Because the time is almost here for us to act,” answered Rajah.

“It’s about time,” said a frustrated Saib. “In the almost three years since this, so called, Mahdi appeared he seems to have done more to favor Israel than he has the Islamic people.”

“That’s right,” echoed Hassan. “First he makes peace with them, instead of wiping them out. Then he allows them to rebuild their temple instead of rebuilding the Dome of the Rock, a most holy Islamic site.”

“Not only that, but he makes Islamic countries supply the

material they need at very favorable rates,” ranted Saib.

“I agree,” said Rajah. “It’s been over a year since they finished construction and started sacrificing to their god, Instead it should have been a place of prayers lifted up to Allah. It’s a disgrace!”

“I agree completely,” said Saib. “And what about that city that he built for himself? He lives like a king, enjoying all the luxury and decadence that it affords. Robbing all the Islamic countries of their resources and food so he can entertain heads of state like royalty. Trying to prove to them that he is as good as they are, or even better.”

“That’s right,” quipped Hassan. “The representative of Allah shouldn’t care about fame and prestige, or living a life of luxury. But what can the three of us do about it?”

“Well, that’s just it,” replied Rajah. “It’s not just the three of us.”

“What do you mean?” asked Saib.

“Yeah, who else is with us?” inquired Hassan.”

“I have been meeting with the heads of several groups who are fed up with restrictions placed on them by the Mahdi,” answered Rajah.

“Like who?”

“Ibrahim Dajani, for one.”

“The head of the Palestinian Liberation Organization?”

“That’s right.”

“Who else?”

“Kazem Hussein, of Isis.”

“Is that all?”



“No, I also spoke with Abdel Khalil.”

“Of Hezbollah?”

“That’s right, and I also met with Mahmoud Yassin of Hamas.”

“Anyone else?”

“Yes, Eman Selah of Al-Qaeda and the leaders of several other smaller groups as well.”

“That sounds great,” said Saib. “So when do you think we can make our move?”

“Well,” said Rajah, “I want us all to get together sometime in the next week to set up

our final plans.”

“Will do,” said Saib. “Just let me know when and where.”

“Me too,” agreed Hassan.

With that the two men got up and left Rajah’s office and returned to their district headquarters to await further instructions.

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“Omar, have you finished getting the reports from your people and the other clerics?”

“I’m not completely finished with the report yet. Both Saib and Hassan were out of their offices and I haven’t been able to get in touch with them as of yet.”

“What do you mean, out of their offices? Where were they? This information is important.”

“I’m sure they were just out getting updates from their people and will have what we need as soon as possible.”

“In the mean time can you update me on the other districts?”

“Yes sir, I have that information right here.”

“Good, let’s have it.”

“District one.”

“Your district, I’m sure that you people have good news for you.”

“Very good, sir. They tell me that between seventy and seventy-five percent of the people in district one have supplied their information and have been implanted with the chip.”

“Excellent, and district two?”

“That’s Saib’s district, remember?”

“Quite right and you still need to get a hold of him. District three, oh yeah that’s Hassan’s district. What about district four?”

“Ali reports that China is only a little under fifty percent, but they do have over a billion people. However, he says the rest of the countries report being closer to sixty five percent.”

“Tell him they need to do better. What about district five?”

“Abdul says South East Asia and Australia are at seventy percent, but that the Philippines and the other Pacific Islands are having trouble reaching most of their people and aren’t near that far along.”

“Well, tell him to see what can be done to reach them. What about district six?”

“I will, sir. Rajah reports that the cities are almost seventy percent, but the native tribes in the jungle refuse to be implanted. Something to do with their superstitions.”

At that moment the Pope walked in for his regular meeting with

the Mahdi.

“Ah, just in time. Why don’t you give me an update on your people. Have they all been implanted?”

“Just about, sir. There are still some areas in North and South America that haven’t reported in yet. We’re having the most problems in the United States. Only about a third of the catholic people there have accepted the chip.”

“Then refuse them communion or to give them absolution or something to get them to comply. Tell them that you received a message from god that they should comply.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Now Omar what have you heard from district seven?”

“Saleem reports a very similar situation to Rajah. The cities are complying, but the tribes are refusing.”

“Well, they’re going to have to do something, and quickly. What about district eight, we’ve heard Yousuf, but what does Jihad have to say?”

“He says they’re at sixty percent.”

“That’s all?”

“He says there are a lot of missionaries there trying to convert the people.”

“Missionaries?”

“Yes, sir. Some from Israel and some from the United States. They’re telling people they’ll be doomed to Hell if they take the chip.”

“And people believe them?”

“Some, but not all. In fact part of the reason we’re not at higher percentages everywhere else is mostly due to missionaries, especially ones from Israel.”

“I thought the Prime Minister was taking care of the problem there.”

“He’s trying, but the two strangers are still preaching there and people are listening to them.”

“I thought the people were going to the Temple to sacrifice, now that it’s completed.”

“They are, but many of them stick around to hear what the strangers have to say, and some believe it.”

“Why hasn’t the Prime Minister gotten rid of them?”

“He has sent police there to stop them, but he says the police reports fire, hail, darkness or some other strange things happening every time they confront them. He says they’re getting afraid of what might happen next.”

“This is getting ridiculous. I’ll have to speak to him myself about this matter. What about

district nine?”

“Habib reports that Central America is at fifty percent.”

“That’s all?”

“He says there are a lot of small villages in the mountains that are hard to reach. He also reports missionaries in the area.”

“What about the United States?”

“Well, you’re pretty familiar with that situation, sir. From your dealings with President Stevens.”

“Well don’t hold back. What’s the bad news? How many have received the chip?”

“Less than thirty-five percent, sir. You know Americans and their precious freedoms. They don’t want to be told what to do.”

“What about district ten?”

“Much better sir, except for Alaska which is part of the United States. Amir reports that around sixty percent of the people have accepted the chip.”

“We need to do better.”

“Yes sir.”

At that moment Omar received word that Hassan was on the phone with his report. After hanging up he told the Mahdi that Hassan had told him that about sixty percent of the people were implanted, but again missionaries were slowing the process. Then he was told Saib was on the other line and began speaking to him. The Mahdi noticed the dissatisfied look on his face and asked him what was wrong.

“He said that only fifty percent of Europe has accepted the chip and the leaders haven’t tried to motivate their people to take it.”

“Is he still on the line?”

“Yes sir.”

“Then you tell him right now that he better start reminding those leaders that their oil contracts with us require them to make sure that their people comply. Make sure they understand that we will stop all shipments of oil if they don’t get their numbers up to standards and fast.”

“Yes sir, I’ll tell him immediately!”



“So did you get your marching orders from ‘his holiness,’” asked Saib.

“Yeah, I did,” replied Rajah glumly. “He’s really pushing to get everyone implanted, isn’t he?”

“He sees it as his way of controlling everyone,” agreed Hassan. “Have you spoken to everyone yet?”

“Yes, I had a meeting with all the leaders just the other day,” said Rajah. “They are all willing to come together as one unit to wipe out Israel.”

“What about the Mahdi’s treaty with Israel?” asked Hassan. “Omar and the other clerics are backing him on it.”

“Yeah,” replied Saib. “They’ve all bought into his being the official representative of Allah and accept everything he says. Especially Omar, he doesn’t question him on anything.”

“I’m not surprised you feel that way. You’ve never agreed with Omar on anything before,”

quipped Hassan.

“That has nothing to do with it,” snapped Saib. “But I still wonder what we can do about this ‘Mahdi!’”

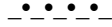
“Don’t worry about that,” replied Rajah. “I have a plan to take care of him.”

“Really, what is it?” asked Saib and Hassan together.

“Isis has agreed to give us one of their best snipers to do the job for us,” replied Rajah.

“When are you planning for him to do the job?” asked Hassan.

“In a few weeks,” said Rajah. “The Mahdi is planning a worldwide broadcast to announce his progress and his plans for the world. Everyone in the world will watch as he is shown not to be Allah’s representative as they watch him die.”



“What time is your speech today,” asked Omar.

“I will be speaking at six this evening,” replied the Mahdi. “That way it won’t be too early or too late for most of the world to see live. The rest can see it later on rebroadcasts.”

“What will you be speaking on?”

“All the progress that has been made in the world since the catastrophe three years ago. The reconstruction that has been accomplished. The progress of implanting the chip and building a new global economy. Peace in the Middle East, starting with the peace treaty with Israel, the rebuilding of the temple and the removal of the heads of several terrorist groups that used to cause trouble everywhere.”

“Sounds great, you’ve really accomplished a lot since your arrival.”

“Yes, I have, and I plan to announce a lot more things to come.”

“For the benefit of all mankind?”

“Yes, for them too, but mostly for the benefit of Allah and his people.”

“Things? Like what?”

“Oh, you’ll just have to wait for the speech like everyone else.”

“But, I’m your second in command and I have no idea what you’ll be talking about. Don’t I at least get a preview?”

“Not this time. I want everyone, including you, to be surprised. I wouldn’t want to ruin it for you.”

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That afternoon, with Omar and the Pope watching from the wings of the stage the Mahdi walked out to the microphone to make his speech. With all eyes on him as he began to speak, a lone gunman took aim from the rafters behind the spotlights. Suddenly a shot rang out and the Mahdi was struck by the bullet in the forehead, and he sunk to the stage floor.



Chapter 13

Resurrection

*And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to death; and his deadly wound was healed: and all the world wondered after the beast. Revelation 13:3*

As the shot rings out and the Mahdi slumped to the floor both Omar and the Pope rush to his side. Kneeling down to examine the body of the Mahdi Omar calls out: “Somebody get a Dr. in here right now!”

“Is he alive?” asked the Pope.

“I’m not sure,” answered Omar, “but I don’t think so. Where is that Dr?”

“Where did that shot come from?”

“I’m not sure. Security, find out who fired that shot and take them to my office! I want to deal with them personally.”

The cameras, never being turned off, the whole world looked on in shock and amazement as the scene progresses. At that moment Dr. Akil Abbas, the head of the Bavalim medical staff, comes rushing into the room and towards the lifeless body of the Mahdi.

“Everybody get back and give me some room!” shouted the Dr.

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In Florida at the home of Sam and Denise Pastor Glenn has come over to watch the Mahdi’s broadcast with them.

“What was that?” asked Denise suddenly. “What just

happened?”

“It’s the Mahdi,” said Sam. “I think he’s been shot.”

“But I thought he’s supposed to be the Antichrist,” said a stunned Denise. “He can’t be dead, can he?”

“Calm down you two,” said Pastor Glenn. “No matter how it looks right now, I don’t think it’s over yet.”

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“It’s done,” said Saib ecstatically.

“It worked,” agreed Rajah. “We’re finally rid of that imposter. Tell the men to start the attack on Israel. They have nothing to fear from him now.”

“Now everyone will know that he was not the representative of Allah,” snapped Hassan. “They’ll all know that he isn’t the savior of the world.”

“What’s happening now?” asked Saib.

“The Dr. is pronouncing his death,” answered Rajah.

“Wait a minute,” cried Saib.

“Did you see that?” shouted Hassan.

“No, it can’t be true,” said a distraught Rajah.

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To the amazement and delight of everyone in the room, and to the surprise of the whole world, just as soon as the Dr. pronounces the Mahdi dead he stirs. No sooner than the Dr. announces his demise the Mahdi begins to move and sits up. He rises to his feet,

wipes the blood from his forehead and the wound that used to be there has disappeared.

“The wound,” shouts Omar. “It’s gone. It’s completely healed.”

“I don’t believe it,” said a stunned Dr. “I know it was there, but it’s as if it never happened.”

“Of course it is,” said the Pope confidently.

“What do you mean?” asked Omar.

“I mean god has performed a miracle and brought him back to us,” said the Pope.

“What?” said the Dr.

“He means that I am Allah’s representative to the world and he’s not finished with me yet,” said the Mahdi defiantly.

At that moment Fath Kazem, the head of Bavalim security, bursts into the room and

shouts: “We have him!”

“Who?” asks the Mahdi.

“The shooter,” answers Kazem. “He was caught trying to leave Bavalim.”

“Where is he,” demanded Omar.

“In your office,” replied Kazem. “Just like you told us.”

“Take me to him,” said the Mahdi. “I’ll deal with him myself.”

• • • •

“Did you see that?” asked Sam. “Did that just really happen? Did he just rise from the dead?”

“I thought only God could raise Himself from the dead,” said Denise. “Wasn’t that one of the ways that Jesus proved He was God? Raising Himself I mean?”

“Relax,” said Pastor Glenn quietly. “Yes only God can raise the dead.”

“Then what did we just see,” asked Sam? “Did God perform the miracle just to confuse

the unbelievers.”

“No, I don’t believe that’s what happened,” replied Pastor Glenn.

“Then what do you think happened?” asked a confused Denise.

“Well, I’ve always had some questions about the Mahdi,” answered Pastor Glenn slowly.

“What do you mean,” asked Sam. “What kind of questions? You never said anything to me about having questions about him.”

“Questions about where he really came from and how he really got into the Jakaram well,” said Pastor Glenn. “I don’t believe in occultation and I don’t think he was hidden in that well for a thousand years, just waiting for Allah to bring him forth at just the right time.”

“So who do you think he is questioned Denise.

“Everyone there was sure that no one climbed into the well,” said Sam. “Do you think he just materialized there from nowhere?”

“Something like that,” answered Pastor Glenn.

“You’ve got to be kidding,” replied Denise sarcastically. “Is that what you really think?”

“What I think,” said Pastor Glenn “is that Satan likes to imitate

God.”

“And,” said Sam and Denise together.

“And since the Antichrist is supposed to work through the powers of Satan and be able to seemingly perform miracles,” continued Pastor Glenn. “And since Revelation seems to indicate that the Antichrist will recover from a fatal wound...”

“Yes, please go on,” they said together again.

“Well, do you think it’s possible to kill a demon, or maybe even the Devil himself?” asked Pastor Glenn.

“You think he’s the Devil,” scoffed Sam. “I’ve met with him several times he’s just a man as far as I can tell, and not as clever as he thinks he is. After all we seem to be able to keep several steps ahead of him. Haven’t we?”

“The Devil’s not God,” said Pastor Glenn emphatically. “He may have convinced himself he’s God’s equal, but he’s not. He’s not all powerful or all knowing. He also can’t be in more than one place at a time.”

“But, the Devil himself?” said Denise.

“Or one of his demons representing him,” replied Pastor Glenn. “Remember he likes to imitate and copy God.”

“So,” said Sam.

“Jesus became a man and dwelt among us,” said Pastor Glenn. “You don’t think the Devil wouldn’t copy that move too?”

“Maybe...,” said Denise slowly. “I guess he could.”

“But, why?” asked Sam.

“What better way to take advantage of an existing legend and hijack an established religion as his own, answered Pastor Glenn.

“He appeared out of nowhere and climbed out of the well. This caused the Islamic people of the world to follow him. Then, not really being human, he allowed someone to seemingly kill him and now even more people will be willing to follow him unquestionably.”

“Is that how you really see things?” asked Sam.

“I really don’t know,” admitted Pastor Glenn. “But I can see God letting him work it this way.”

“Is this the only way it could happen?” asked Denise.

“No,” said Pastor Glenn. “I heard, when I was younger, that some believe that the Antichrist would die and then Satan would take over his body and make it seem like he came back to life. Only God would know for certain how He’ll work everything out, but I trust that He still has everything under His control. No matter what the real explanation.”

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As the Mahdi walks into Omar’s office Rifat Khaled, the attempted assassin, jumps to his feet and begins to back away, towards the opposite wall.

“No, it...it...it can’t be,” stammered Khaled. “I shot you... you’re dead. You have to be...you can’t be alive.”

“Yes you did, and yes I am,” stated the Mahdi matter-of-factly. “Allah was not through using me yet so he revived me.”

“Allah, forgive me,” sobbed Khaled. “I did not believe that you were the Mahdi, but if Allah has brought you back... I was wrong.”

“You want forgiveness! Then tell me who put you up to this,” demanded the Mahdi. “Tell me everything you know about their plans.”

“It was three of your clerics who wanted you dead,” answered Khaled.

“Which three, tell me their names right now,” ordered the Mahdi!

“They are...,” said Khaled hesitantly.

“Tell me now,” demanded the Mahdi in a louder voice than before. “Don’t worry what they *‘might’* do to you if you talk. Think about what *‘I will do’* if you don’t tell me!”

“Saib Malik...”

“That swine!” shouted Omar. “I knew he couldn’t be trusted.”

“Who else?” said the Mahdi.

“Hassan Asmi and Rajah Qaadis,” whimpered Khaled as he sunk to his knees.

“And their plans for after my assassination?” questioned the Mahdi.

“An attack on Israel to wipe them out for good,” answered Khaled.

“Ignoring my treaty with them?” demanded the Mahdi.

“You were supposed to be dead by that time,” replied Khaled. “There by nullifying the treaty. According to them anyway.”

“How were they going to wipe them out?”

“They’ve been meeting with the leaders of ISIS, the PLO, Al Qaeda, Hezbollah, the Taliban and several other jihadist groups,” explained Khaled.

“I thought we had taken out all the leaderships and most of the members of those groups,” said the Mahdi to Omar. “How can they

still be operating on a level to accomplish this?”

“Every time you took out one of the leaders, he was replaced by someone even more radical,” said Khaled. “And every time you captured a real jihadist, and made them name their confederates, they would give you the names of people who weren’t even associated with the group. Most of the ones your people rounded up were innocent victims and you got hardly any members of the groups. They’ve been in hiding; training for the day they thought they were strong enough to oppose you. When Rajah brought them all together, and explained the plan, they were all more than willing to come together as one force to destroy Israel once and for all. However, they would only attack if you were dead.” “Omar,” said the Mahdi sharply. “I want those three traitors rounded up and brought to me for punishment as quickly as possible.”

“Yes Mahdi,” he replied. “It will be done right away!”

Omar turned around to face Fath Kazem and ordered: “Get your security teams together and round up those traitors.”

“Yes sir,” cried Kazem as he snapped to attention and saluted the Mahdi. “Right away,” and he rushed out of Omar’s office to carry out his orders.

“Now Omar,” says the Mahdi. “Get the Israeli Prime Minister on the phone and let him know what is happening. Tell him that he needs to alert his troops to be prepared for a surprise attack. If they get their planes into the air right away they may be able to catch this scum by surprise and give them a death blow instead.”

The Mahdi turns to Khaled and asks: “where are they attacking from and with what weapons?”

Khaled gave all the details of the attack, that he has privy to, and Omar relayed everything to Prime Minister Rothberg. In Israel the Prime Minister calls General Ackerman, at the Ramat David Air Force base, and passes along the information. General Ackerman then sounds the base alert to launch all fighters who take off and are



able to reach to attacking forces just as they are about to cross the border at three different locations. General Ackerman then calls General Schechter, of the army, to inform him of the news. General Schechter alerts the troops who move out to counter any PLO insurrection they may find and to head to the borders to meet any opposing forces that make it past the air response.

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After getting off the Phone with the Prime Minister, Omar asked: “What do you want done with the prisoner?”

“Have him taken to a holding cell. If his information doesn’t hold true I may want to talk to him again and it won’t be pleasant. I assure you that,” states the Mahdi emphatically.

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A few hours later the Mahdi receives a phone call from The Israeli Prime Minister informing him of the success of the counter-attack.

“Thank you for the information, Mahdi,” said the Prime Minister. “I hope that this will be the last time we have to go through that. It was a very close call.”

“You’re very welcome” replied the Mahdi.

“By the way,” added the Prime Minister. “I saw that you had a very close call yourself. I’m glad that you’re ok.”

“Indeed,” said the Mahdi. “I’m very thankful to Allah that he feels that he still has need of me. By the way, I think that we need to talk about setting up a buffer zone around Israel.”

“A buffer zone?” said the Prime Minister.

“Yes,” replied the Mahdi. “One that will be patrolled by your people. One that will make it harder for any more surprise attacks.”

“I appreciate that,” replied the Prime Minister.

“We’ll discuss it later,” said the Mahdi. “Right now I have other pressing matters I need to attend to. Why don’t you be my guest in Bavalim next week.”

“It would be my pleasure,” stated the Prime Minister. “I’ll see you next week.”

“Excellent, see you next week,” replied the Mahdi, hanging up the phone.

Chapter 14  
Persecution

*Then the Dragon became furious with the woman and went off to make war on the rest of her offspring, on those who keep the commandments of God and hold to the testimony of Jesus.  
Revelation 12:17*

*And it was given unto him to make war with the saints and to overcome them: Revelation 13:7*

*And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held:*

*And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?*

*And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled. Revelation 6:9-11*

With the pace that everything was flowing, the Mahdi had a fear that it would snatch away all the power from him. Millions of people had taken the chip, and many had converted to Islam, after seeing his death and 'resurrection' on TV. But he felt his dream of getting enthroned with global domination was slowly fading, and he was not happy about it.

The Russians had, in one night, reestablished the Soviet Union. Not only that, but the Chinese who he thought had been working with him, were making their own move to take over new territories.

The Messianic Jew sect was starting to convert people into believing in it. The outbreak was greater than expected; about fifteen percent of the population of Israel had already converted into Messianic Jews. Also, the reason behind this massive turnout was that the converted ones started to preach as well. That's why it was spreading like wildfire. Not only that, but around the world, especially in America, many people had started claiming to be Christian, so it wasn't only Messianic Jews on the rise, but Christians in general, and it was causing the Mahdi great consternation.

It created such restlessness for the Mahdi that he called a meeting with the clerics. That meeting was conducted in Babilim, and it required all the clerics, from all ten districts, including Omar and even Pope Peter Mohammed I. While the highlight of the meeting was majorly the integration of chips, several other points were discussed too.

"The three traitors have been caught and executed," Said Omar. "They have been replaced with loyal men. So why are you still so upset?"

"And," said the Pope. "Not only that, but millions of Catholics have suddenly agreed to take the chip and many of them are converting to Islam. Because of your miraculous recovery I have convinced them that Islam is the true religion and that you are god's representative on earth. I now answer to you."

"That's all well and good, but, the way everything is progressing, I am afraid we will lose much of our power soon." The Mahdi said with a crack in his voice.

"You may be right," said Jihad. "We have built this all from scratch with so much hard work, and seeing it getting snatched away from us is hard to imagine."

The Pope calmed them down. "Don't worry, we'll figure it out." He took a deep breath and continued, "Let's look at the bright side.

We have the chips that are going to be integrated all over the world soon....”

“But still,” moaned Amir, “the Christians are getting ahead of us. Even some Muslims are converting. Suppose we won't do anything right now. It will be all slipped from our hands.”

“That can't be allowed to continue,” demanded the Mahdi.

Omar scrunched his eyebrows, “How about we create reforms for Muslims? It will attract the converted ones to get back to their original roots?”

“That is a good idea,” commented Saleem. “We can also create more job opportunities and health facilities that would just be catering to the Muslim faction?”

“Will that be enough to stop the conversions?” asked Abdul.

“If it's not,” growled the Mahdi, “then we will have to proceed to stronger measures.”

“We could always try arresting people who convert,” replied Jihad.

“Maybe a few executions will keep them from converting,” snarled the Mahdi.

Ali, sitting somewhere in the back, stood up and chimed, “How about we introduce new technologies within our country? Getting new tech always works and attracts people to dive in and know more. We can also make a limitation that only Muslims would be able to benefit from them?”

Mahdi interrogated, “What kind of technologies?”

“Like the way we are introducing the chip. We can also introduce an online payment method and online currency. Initially, we can start a scheme through which you can get free bonus credit

that you can avail yourself. Plus, it would only be for the Muslims. Which will intrigue the others even more.” Ali explained.

The Mahdi nodded, “That is a great idea. We can work on it, right Omar?”

He was looking for a response, but Omar was writing something down on a notepad until he finally replied, “Yes, yes! Absolutely”

The Pope also listed down some advancements that could be made related to the mosques and religious aspects. Along with that, several new rules were discussed for implementation. New regulations were made that were highly in favor of the Muslims; the major point that was highlighted was the problem of the Messianic Jews and the new Christians springing up around the world. The rules that were suggested were strictly for the persecution of these new Christians. Someone also told the arrests and executions of those who would convert from Islam. Mahdi approved of it and it was to be included in the list of new rules and regulations as well.

Another rule was made, according to which the converted ones wouldn’t be able to buy anything from the Muslims, and they had to handle the trade on their own.

Soon after that, the rules were starting to be imposed, and the Mahdi began making plans for the arrests and persecution of these new Christians to try and dissuade people from joining them. He knew they would be coming in the future; along with that, he was looking for ways to distribute the chips faster, including forced implantation of people who didn’t want to accept it. Mahdi was really close to achieving everything as he began chip implantation worldwide.

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The new rules were getting imposed slowly and somehow worked in Muslims’ favor. It created havoc amongst Christians, especially Pastor Glenn. He was constantly hearing about it, and it didn’t let him sleep properly for days. Pastor Glenn was in such a

restless state, and he called Sam.

Sam was sitting in front of the TV, watching the news. The news channels were also stating the same information about Mahdi. They all were praising Mahdi for his smart and intellectual brain, and his new rules were being commended worldwide.

While he was lost in the news world, the phone started ringing. The call was over a landline, so Denise picked it up.

“Hello,” She greeted.

“Hey, Denise! How are you doing? It’s Pastor...”

“Oh hey, Pastor!!! How are you doing?” Denise was rushed with happiness.

“Well, I am doing good and would love to chat with you more, but can I talk to Sam?” He took two seconds to continue, “it’s kind of urgent?”

Denise shouted, “Sam, Pastor Glenn is on the phone; he’s asking for you!”

Sam stood up from the couch and headed towards the right corner where the landline was placed. Denise put her hand on the receiver and whispered slowly, “He seems stressed!”

Sam took the receiver and said, “Hey, all good?”

“Not really.... Did you see the news?” Pastor’s voice was breaking a little.

Sam gushed. “Yeah, I was just watching the news. That Mahdi is a turbulent force against us...”

“Yeah... We need to do something because the people who were converting are in trouble now,” He uttered so quickly in one breath.

“I think we should talk to President Stevens about it?”

suggested Sam

“Yeah, that’s a good idea.” There was a long pause. “What are you doing tomorrow?”

Sam said abruptly, “I’m free.”

“Let’s call him tomorrow!!”

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The next day Pastor Glenn contacted President Stevens, to ask if he was free to meet.

The President answered with an affirmative,

and the next day they went to the White House. He called them over there because he was becoming a direct ally for Christians. Due to that, some Muslims were protesting out of his office.

When Sam and Pastor arrived, President Stevens greeted them and offered them refreshments. They both took the glass of fresh orange juice as it was pretty hot these days.

Then Pastor blew his doubts off in a single sentence; “The Mahdi is getting ahead of us. We are not doing anything to stop it.”

President Stevens seemed disturbed as well. “Yeah, it is getting so much weirder. I am also getting threats for helping you guys out.”

Sam pinched them with their words, “the Mahdi is extremely cunning; he can go to the extreme to get what he wants...”

“Yeah, that’s what is worrying me,” shrugged Pastor Glenn.

President Stevens seemed so agitated with those new rules and looked so stressed and tired. “I think we should just focus on integrating chips right now. Let's put all of our



energy on this one thing and see how it goes,” he said while yawning.

Pastor Glenn sensed that President was a little bit stressed. He asked if he was doing okay and then finally suggested: “Let’s meet some other time. We can also narrow down the points and discuss them later. Until then, we will continue working to integrate chips and make this process as fast as possible.”

President Stevens nodded, and then both Pastor Glenn and Sam left the house, thinking about how to fasten the process of implantation.



The Mahdi was highly content with the imposition of those new rules, and everything was running smoothly. Just one thing was not going in his favor, and it was tormenting him from the inside, as he was a perfectionist. He wanted everything in his control, and it should happen how he wanted to. Apparently, President Stevens was acting as a barrier in this whole scenario. He was a competing force to the plan of the Mahdi for global domination.

Initially, it all started with a hush-hush that President Stevens had shaken hands with the Christians, and he would be supporting them. Even one article in the newspaper said that Messianic Jews and President Stevens had made a deal, and they are each other's ally now.

The Mahdi thought those were just baseless rumors or some article trying to get some attention by publishing fake news. So, the Mahdi paid no heed to it, but when he heard the same thing from every other person repeatedly on a loop. It was when the Mahdi's mind tripped a little. He couldn't wrap his head around it because he thought President Stevens was on his side. Now he was covered with anger and rage.

The Mahdi immediately dialed President Stevens, but he didn't pick up the call. No response was making him more furious. He

tried contacting President Stevens several times, but Stevens seemed to be ignoring him. Hence, it was clear to Mahdi whose side he was on. Mahdi was now sure that the President was of no help to him. So, he knew what to do...

“Stevens is neither implementing these rules nor stopping the new Christians, said the Mahdi, angrily. “All this time, he’s made it look as if he was on my side, but he was fooling me. So, the next step is to activate the back door to the transformers and begin causing some major problems around America. That at least should keep Stevens busy and out of my way. If that isn’t enough we may have to take it even further; maybe even a nuclear strike against America. It will be a big jump and could cost a lot of lives, but it may be necessary.”

Omar said, “are you sure you want to go that far? Taking on the United States in open war?”

The Mahdi was really close to Omar and was always a fan of his focused mindset and his way of explaining things. So, he said, “maybe we’ll drop the idea of war, at least for the time being.”

Even though he backed off from the vile idea that was chirping in his head, the Mahdi still wanted revenge. He wanted President Stevens to somehow pay for his deed and make him realize that the Mahdi was still in power and control. So, he started power outages in the areas under the President's rule. Even congress was going against President Stevens for not cracking down on the Christians, creating an atmosphere of war and revenge. Both the parties wanted to gain control and authority and were going to the extreme to get the throne....

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While the Mahdi was on this bandwagon of enmity and hatred against President Stevens, going against Mahdi had cost the President a lot. He didn’t do it intentionally, but he was now paying the price. Every day there seemed to be new havoc outside his house. A group of people would constantly be at his office,

protesting and screaming.

President Stevens was being labeled as a traitor by some Muslims. It affected him profoundly, and he wanted to wash that title away. He was utterly disturbed, and there was only one way to have a clean slate with Muslims again, which was to try and repair relations with the Mahdi as best he could without compromising himself.

President Stevens was trying to arrange a meeting with the Mahdi, but the Mahdi blatantly ignored his calls and emails. He didn't want to associate with Stevens anymore as he felt that he was already just a few steps away from his dream. The Mahdi just wanted revenge now. The picture that he had always painted in his head to rule like a king was turning out to be true.

Having no contact with the Mahdi took a strain on Stevens, and one fine evening he decided to fly to Babilim uninvited. After Air Force One touched down at the Bavalim airport President Stevens headed for the Mahdi's office. As he entered a large waiting area two armed guards were sitting there.

As Stevens headed towards the door one guard stood up to ask who he was. He said with an authoritative tone, "I am President Stevens."

"Ohhh, your... Just who invited you to come to Babilim?" chimed one of the guards.

"Well, can you go and tell the Mahdi that President Stevens is here?" He replied sluggishly.

The guard went inside, and the Mahdi's loud outburst could be heard the next moment. He started shouting at the guard then came out of the office after a few moments. He then angrily asked the President, "Why are you here? Who asked you to come over?"

Stevens was standing there with a puzzled look. "I am here to clarify some things," he replied with a blank stare.

The Mahdi was fumed; his face had gotten red like a tomato. “What is there to clarify now?” He gave a cold stare.

“I didn’t pick any side, and I am still an unbiased individual who wants the betterment of America”, stated the President matter-of-factly.

The Mahdi scrunched his eyebrows “Betterment of America, by stabbing people on your side? I didn’t expect it from you.” the Mahdi shouted vehemently.

It was inevitable that the Mahdi had made up his mind, and he was outraged by the President that he didn’t even let Stevens speak. Whenever he started to speak, the Mahdi would cut him off, with his fits of rage.

President Stevens was furious and disheartened by this rude behavior. He was here to sort things out, but after seeing the unreasonably arrogant behavior of the Mahdi, Stevens was quite disappointed. He sensed that the crack in the glass had gotten bigger, and the differences couldn’t be mended. Still, he tried to make him understand and gave it another shot.

The President said, “People in America have freedom of religion, so I couldn’t just crack down on them like you wanted me to. It doesn’t mean that I am against you.”

President Stevens thought, “Why does he think so highly of himself?” The Mahdi looked like a ball of fire; whatever he was saying was a straight-up dig against Stevens. After bantering for a few minutes, Mahdi brushed him off and went inside the office.

President even prayed for him, saying, “I hope his crown of superiority fades away soon.” Then he left the office, and the glimpse of hope that he came with evaporated like a stream of water vapor.



The Mahdi was in the phase of control. He didn't care who was suffering or whom he was hurting; just one thing mattered, power. Dominance, control, and the crown were all going to be his soon. The Mahdi's plan was taking the form of actuality after the implantation of chips.

Since the chips began to be implanted, it had started to get hard for the new Christians worldwide to get the things they needed to survive. The Mahdi forced other governments to crack down on Christians from different worlds. In Muslim-controlled countries, entire families are arrested for the conversion of just one person to try and force people to comply with his orders.

While on the other hand, Sam and Pastor Glenn were trying their best to turn the tables. They began the distribution of blank chips to groups around America. These groups in turn helped get them to new Christians around the world, who were beginning to find it harder and harder to get even basic items for the continuation of normalcy. It changed things a little bit and worked out in favor of these Christians, but they knew that soon the real suffering would begin.

President Stevens also tried to intervene worldwide, speaking on behalf of human rights. It frustrated the Mahdi more, and now it bloomed the idea of war was in his head again. Instead of going back and forth with all this chaos he decided that now was the time to end things once and for all...

Chapter 15  
War

*And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.*

*Revelation 6:8*

*And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood;*

*And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind.*

*And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places.*

*Revelation 6 12-14*

“Did you hear the news out of Russia this morning,” Vice President Ben Carlson asked President Stevens as he entered for the morning briefing.

“How could I not,” replied Stevens. “It’s all over the news. They’re not talking about anything else this morning.”

“Who would have thought it?”

“What, that the attack on Ukraine was just a distraction to hide their real agenda of reestablishing the old Soviet Union?”

“I mean they must have been planning that for years.”

“I know. They had to infiltrate key military site and manipulate

elections to get their people into position.”

“I can hardly believe they wasted all that manpower and military resources attacking Ukraine just to hide what they were doing elsewhere.”

“Yeah, all that time and destruction taking over one country.”

“Well, it did finally pay off for them, I guess. All these years later.”

“What do you mean paid off for them?”

“Here it is, several years later. They’ve had a chance to rebuild their armies and restock their arsenals and in one night they moved on their neighboring countries without any resistance. They had people in place to shut down response at the military bases and their people in positions of leadership who were quick to capitulate and turn their countries back over to the Communists.”

“Ok, I see that. This time they didn’t lose anybody and they took over several countries very quickly.”

“I’d say it was quick. All in one night.”

“But how did they get so many troops built up on the border without anyone paying attention?”

“That’s easy, for years they’ve held drills on the borders.”

“What do you mean?”

“My uncle used to tell me about when he was in the army.”

“Ok?”

“Several times when he was on border patrol soviet tanks would suddenly charge toward the border, like they were really attacking. At the last possible moment they would suddenly turn away from the border, before crossing, and return to their previous positions.

This was a common practice for them and every time it happened nobody could be sure whether or not they were really going to cross the border and attack.”

“So I guess this was a common practice along all their borders?”

“I guess so, and after all these years the move was real and they pushed through everywhere with little resistance.”

“And what about the Chinese?”

“They’ve always had a relationship with Russia. I guess they were in on the plan and made some of their own.”

“But they took some casualties in their move.”

“Yeah, I guess South Korea was a little more ready for an attack across the demilitarized zone.”

“But they are still failing against the combined army of the Chinese, Vietnamese and North Koreans. Even with the help of our troops already stationed there.”

“Taiwan and the rest of South East Asia aren’t doing much better against the rest of the Chinese army.”

“I’ve been on the phone with the Chinese leaders, warning them that if they persist, we will be moving to help our allies, but so far they’re not backing down. They don’t even care that they have attacked one of our bases.”

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A few days later Vice-president Carlton enters the office of President Stevens and says: “sir, the Chinese still have not ceased their attacks. What are you prepared to do in response?”

“Have our fleets in the Pacific converge on the Chinese mainland and, if they don’t stop their attack, begin shelling their



cities. Tell them to launch all cruise missiles for targets further inland.”

“Is that all?”

“No. Contact Secretary of Defense Talmadge. Have him meet with the Joint Chiefs to begin mobilization of all of our ground troops for an all out assault.”

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“We have to act now,” said the Mahdi.

“Why?” asked Omar. “What’s so important that we need to do something now?”

“Because the distraction of the conflict between America and China is keeping everyone distracted. Stevens isn’t backing down from supporting the new Christians and I’m getting tired of his interference.”

“So what do you plan to do to stop him?”

“Were your people able to acquire that old Chinese submarine?”

“Yes.”

“Have they been able to adapt it to launching SCUD missiles?”

“I believe they have.”

“Good. Does Iran still have any nuclear material at their disposal?”

“Last I heard they had some plutonium 239 left over from what they got from Russia. At the time of the attack on Israel and America they had not finished the last bomb, so it was never used.”

“Very good. Have it shipped from Iran to your people. Once it arrives have them incorporate it into one of the SCUD missiles as

soon as possible.”

“Then what?”

“When your people finish the work on the submarine I want them to take the nuclear missile and head for American waters.”

“How will one missile eliminate Steven’s interference? And won’t he just retaliate against us, here at Bavalim?”

“It’s a Chinese submarine. If they detect it they will think the Chinese launched the missile in retaliation for the shelling of their cities.”

“And if they don’t realize it’s a Chinese submarine that launched the missile?”

“Then when they check the explosion they will recognize the nuclear signature as Russian made and think they are working with the Chinese.”

“But what will all this accomplish? They’re already fighting the Chinese.”

“A well placed missile will set off a nuclear retaliation against whoever was thought to have launched it.”

“I didn’t think America had an automatic retaliation system.”

“They didn’t, before the attack on Washington and the American electrical grid. Since then, however, the new congress set one up, over President Steven’s veto. They said it was better and safer for all Americans.”

“Little did they know.”

“Yeah, with that new system in place missiles will automatically be launched against eastern Russia and China to try to prevent further attacks.”

“But doesn’t Russia and China have second strike capabilities?”

“Of course, and so does America.”

“So...”

“So once we get everything started they will be taking out each other for us and I will be able to continue my plans, I mean Allah’s plan, for Islam to finally take control of the world.”

“What about Europe? Don’t you think they’ll step in and try to do something?”

“Europe has already suffered two world wars. If the destruction is taking place in a different part of the world...”

“Far from them?”

“Yes, far from them. I think they’ll just sit this one out and let America and Asia fight it out without them. Russia, China and America, as well as the Pacific rim, will take most of the destruction. Might even wipe out their fleets in the Pacific.”

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“What’s the news out of America?” asked Tom.

“I don’t know,” replied Sam. “Communications have been down ever since the attacks started.”

“It’s sure a good thing you and Denise were here in London when it happened.”

“Yeah, if I hadn’t needed to make those adjustments to the World Bank computer; I don’t know what would have happened to us.”

“Do you think Pastor Glenn is ok?” asked Denise.

“I don’t know,” replied Sam. “He told me, before we left, that he

was heading to west Texas to meet with one of his cell groups.”

“I hope he’s ok,” said Denise with a worried look on her face.

“Have you heard the latest out of Bavalim?” asked Tom.

“No, what have you heard?” answered Sam.

“Seems the Mahdi has taken the opportunity to start rounding up Muslims who’ve converted to Christianity,” replied Tom.

“They’re to be executed if they don’t recant and return to Islam.”

“I thought President Stevens had gotten the Mahdi to back down on those threats,” said Denise.

“He had, but since the attack, nothing has been heard from him. I guess the Mahdi is taking this opportunity to make his move against them,” answered Sam.

“Is there anything new on the Chinese front?” inquired Tom.

“They’ve stopped their progress into Southeast Asia,” said Sam. They seem to be pulling back towards their borders. Probably regrouping for a stronger attack.”

“What about Russia,” asked Denise?

“Still pushing south, towards the Middle East,” said Sam. “They don’t seem to care that so much of their country was struck.

Nothing

seems to be stopping them.”

“At least their moving slowly,” added Tom.

“I think they’re just trying to make sure that they have total control of all the captured countries,” replied Sam. “They’ll get there before too long.”

“If someone doesn’t stop them first,” added Denise.



“So Omar,” questioned the Mahdi. “What is the latest on the war?”

“Our missile hit Las Angeles, like you wanted. Then the automatic retaliation happened like you thought it would.”

“Small scale at first?”

“Yes, then each side started building their response.”

“And it kept escalating?”

“Yes sir. First China started firing long range land based missiles at targeted American cities. Next they added short range missiles from their navy against the American fleet in the Pacific.”

“And after that?”

“Russia and North Korea launched their missiles.”

“Targets in Guam, the Marshal Islands, Hawaii, the Philippines and Australia were neutralized. However, one Korean missile headed for Seattle went off course and struck Vancouver instead.”

“Idiots... can’t get a simple destination targeted correctly, can they?”

“They did manage to hit their other targets, sir.”

“So what is the expected death count?”

“Initial attacks are estimated to have taken out between three and four hundred million people. After that it’s estimated that about another five hundred million could die from the radiation fallout, dust clouds and nuclear winter that is expected to set in.”

“What about Stevens? Did he survive?”

“It’s believed that NORAD was taken out, but communications are out and nothing can be confirmed.”

“What about Russia and China?”

“Several Russian targets were hit, but their armies are still headed south. China has pulled back to its borders on all fronts and we believe they are regrouping there. We don’t have any estimates on how much of their army was lost, but most of their fleet was wiped out.”

“So where are the Russians, exactly?”

“Since the re-establishment of the Soviet Union their armies have managed to push through, from the Ukraine, through Romania and Bulgaria then down through Turkey. Their armies in Georgia managed to push through northern Iran and Iraq just north of Baghdad. They meet in southern Turkey and moved through Syria.”

“What are they planning? Are they moving against me?”

“I think their plan is to take over all the oilfields and resources of the Middle East.”

At that moment, Hussein Fasi, one of Omar’s subordinates ran into the Mahdi’s office with some new information on the Russian army.

“What is it,” snapped Omar.

“Sir,” answered Hussein, “the main contingency of the Russian army has suddenly turned west and enter the buffer zone headed towards Israel.”

“Israel,” questioned the Mahdi. “Why Israel? They have no oilfields. What could the Russians possibly want there?”

“I don’t know,” replied Omar. “This is very curious indeed.”



As the Russian army heads into the buffer zone, set up by the Mahdi, suddenly the mighty hand of God reaches out to protect His people. A plane flying cover over the attack suddenly has a lightning bolt shoot through the cockpit and pilot causing the plane to fall out of the sky and crash on the lead tanks causing them to explode. Then another flash of lightning hits a troop carrier taking it out. Next a truck full of weapons and ammunition is struck and the resulting explosion takes out several vehicles around it. While all this is happening the Death Angel of God wipes out the troops as they turn to flee the devastation around them. Vehicle after vehicle is struck and planes drop out the sky and in less than half an hour the entire invading army has been destroyed as Yahweh performs another miracle to save the Nation of Israel.

## Chapter 16

### Desecration

*And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days. Daniel 12:11*

*But when you shall see the abomination of desolation standing where he ought not to be, then let those who are in Judea flee to the mountains. Mark 13:14*

*He [the man of lawlessness] will exalt himself over everything that is called God or is worshiped, so that he sets himself up in God's temple, proclaiming himself to be God. 2 Thessalonians 2:4*

*When they shall have finished their testimony, the beast... will make war with them ... and kill them... their dead bodies shall lie in the street...and they of the people and kindreds and tongues and nations shall see their dead bodies... and they that dwell upon the earth shall rejoice... make merry... and send gifts to one another... after three days and a half.. they stood upon their feet... and great fear fell upon them which saw... and they ascended up to heaven in a cloud. Revelation 11: 7-12*

“Well,” said Omar. “Looks like everyone is looking to you for leadership again.”

“As well they should,” replied the Mahdi. “With Stevens out of the way we should be able to get back to my agenda without delay.”

“Are you sure the Christians won’t keep being a hindrance. They’re still out there preaching and converting people.”

“I think we should be able to take care of them.”



“How sir?”

“Start by getting Rothberg on the phone and set up a meeting between us.”

“What will that do?”

“You just let me worry about that. Just arrange the meeting and then get the pope on the phone. I want to make sure he understands his role in this matter.”

“Yes Mahdi, right away.”

Omar puts in a call to Israel and arranges the meeting with the Prime Minister for the following day. Next he calls the Bavalim office of the Pope and asks him to come to the Mahdi’s office. When he arrives the Mahdi tells him of his plan and explains what needs to be done.

The next morning they both board the Mahdi’s private jet, with a contingent of Bavalim security, and fly to Israel. At the Jerusalem airport he tells the security staff to wait while he and the Pope go to see the Prime Minister.

When he arrived at the Prime Minister’s office he is escorted in and Rothberg rose to greet him. “Did you have a pleasant journey?”

“It was ok. Let’s get down to business. You have to do something about these Messianic Jews. They’re leaving Israel and interfering with my business around the world.”

“What can I do about it? I can’t just keep them from leaving Israel.”

“If you had done something about the two strangers, when they first appeared, I wouldn’t be having problems with them now.”

“We have tried to deal with them. For over three years, we’ve tried to deal with them, but every time...”

“Don’t start with your tales of flames from the mouth and bouts of hail and darkness. I’ve heard it all from you before and I’m getting tired of your excuses. That’s why I’m here today.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’ll show you.”

With that the Mahdi contacted his security force waiting at the plane and told them to meet him at the temple with their weapons. They left Rothberg’s office and the two of them headed to the temple.

As they approached the temple they were met by Isaac who said: “Mr. Prime Minister, your Eminence what brings the two of you to the temple this morning?”

“We are here on business of sorts,” replied the Rothberg. “Please, don’t let us interrupt the morning sacrifices.”

“That’s ok,” said Isaac. “My sons can handle the Priestly duties, if you need to talk to me.”

“That’s not the business we’re here to take care of,” interjected the Mahdi.

“Oh,” replied Isaac quizzically. “Just what business are you here for?”

“We’re here to take care of your problem,” said the Mahdi.

“What problem?” Asked Isaac. “I didn’t know I had a problem.”

“The two strangers,” said Rothberg.

“Oh, them,” replied Isaac. “I hadn’t really thought of them as a problem. I mean they do draw crowds who are curious as to what they have to say, but I don’t bother them and they don’t bother me. They’ve never interfered with temple business.”

“You don’t think that what they’ve been saying, the past three and a half years has caused problems?” Inquired Rothberg.

“I’ve listened to them every now and then, and what they say is interesting, but I haven’t made up my mind about them yet. Some people believe what they say and some don’t,” continued Isaac. “They can be very compelling though, but if you don’t try and interfere with their preaching they don’t cause problems.”

“Well, they have caused problems for me,” stated the Mahdi flatly. “And I plan to take care of the situation, once and for all.”

“How?” Asked Isaac and Rothberg together.

At that moment his security forces arrived and the Mahdi ordered them to open fire on the two strangers. When the shooting stopped the two strangers lay on the ground, dead. A nearby news team, who were doing another story on the temple, filmed the incident and called it in to their home office.

“I don’t believe it,” said Rothberg. “As final as that, without any resistance?”

“I don’t know what your problem has been. You should have done this years ago. It wasn’t that hard.”

“What do we do now?”

“What do you mean?”

“With the bodies. We can’t just leave them there.”

“Why not? Let everyone see that they’re gone for good.”

“But, the news crew...”

“What about them?”

“They’ll report what happened.”

“Good, then the whole world will know they’re dead. Let them come, setup and broadcast everything. Show the whole world.”

“...but for how long?”

“Who cares,” said the Mahdi as he headed for the temple door. “Now that’s two things I’ve taken care of for you.”

“What do you mean?” stammered Rothberg. “What TWO things?”

“Who do you think took care of the Russians for you,” asked the Mahdi snidely over his shoulder.

“Yahweh, of course,” replied Isaac emphatically. “He has always protected His people in times of danger.”

“Who do you think I am?” said the Mahdi, defiantly. A lightning bolt striking the brazen alter behind him as he turned to enter the temple.

“Yyyou...” Stuttered Isaac with amazement.

“That’s just one of the names I’ve gone by over the years. How do you think I survived a rifle shot to the head? How do you think I just happened to appear in the Jakaram well?”

“But you’re just a man! And a gentile at that! You can’t go into the temple!”

“Am I? Or have I just been taking this form for the past several years? Now it’s time for me to reveal who I really am. To you and to the entire world!”

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“Oh ‘Enlightened One,’” cried Omar in a frightened voice as he

burst into the Mahdi's office.

“What is it?” Demanded the Mahdi angrily at Omar's interruption.

“The news cast,” exclaimed Omar.

“What about it?” replied the Mahdi curiously.

“We have a huge problem in Jerusalem,” replied Omar reluctantly.

“What kind of problem?”

“The two strangers.”

“What kind of problem could they possibly be,” said the Mahdi with a superior tone in his voice. “They're dead and gone. They can no longer interfere with my plan.”

“They are gone,” replied Omar with caution. “But, they're not exactly dead.”

“What are you babbling about, you fool,” snapped the Mahdi angrily. I've seen their dead bodies on the television for the past few days. Of course their dead!”

“No, sir, they're not,” said Omar fearfully.

“Spit it out Omar,” demanded the Mahdi. “What are you trying to tell me?”

“I was watching the news on television,” replied Omar hesitantly.

“And?” asked the Mahdi.

“They were televising the celebrations going on about the death of the two strangers, when they suddenly stood up and began to rise into the air.”

“They did what?” Said the Mahdi, suddenly confused and visibly shaken from the news.

“They rose into the air and disappeared into the clouds,” said Omar. “What are we going to do? There’s no way to hide it. Everyone around the world was able to see everything because the media was covering it.”

“What is the public’s reaction so far,” inquired the Mahdi with a sigh.

“Most of the people are worried and scared,” replied Omar.

“But,” said the Mahdi slowly.

“The new followers of Jesus are celebrating,” answered Omar. “They say that they see this as a sign from God.”

“This is bad,” said the Mahdi quietly. “Very bad.”

## You Don't Want To Be There

Although the story in this book is fictional, it is based on actual prophecies of the end times from the Bible. The events may not occur exactly the way they are written here, but they will happen, and there is nothing in this book that has not already happened, is not happening now, or could not happen in the very near future.

Will you and your loved ones be ready? Are you 100% sure you or someone you know is going to Heaven? The Bible teaches that you can be sure. If you or anyone you know is not ready, then you need to get ready now. There are five things you need to know and only one thing you must do to be ready.

### 1.) You need to know that the Bible is the word of God.

2 Timothy 3:16—All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness:

2 Peter 1:21— For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

God told men what to write, and they wrote down His words in the Bible. It's like getting a letter from the president of a company; it probably was not written by him personally. He probably dictated it to his secretary, and she wrote the letter for him.

### 2.) You must know that Jesus is the God of the Bible.

Isaiah 9:6- For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Isaiah 7:14- Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign: Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.

Matthew 1:23- Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

John 1:1- In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the Word was God.

John 14:9—Jesus saith unto him, have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Phillip?

He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?

Revelation 1:8—I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

Jesus is either Almighty God or a liar.

- 3.) You must know that we are all sinners.

Romans 3:10—As it is written, there is none righteous, no, not one:

Romans 3:23—For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God:

We are all in the same boat: we have all done wrong.

- 4.) You must know that because of our sin, we deserve to go to Hell.

Romans 6:23—For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Romans 5:12—Wherefore as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned:

The curse of death in the Bible is spiritual death that separates us eternally from God in a place called Hell. We are made up of 3 parts, a body, a soul, and a spirit. Your soul is eternal and must dwell somewhere. If you are physically alive, you can dwell on Earth and interact with the world around you. If you are spiritually alive, you can dwell in Heaven with God. If you are spiritually dead and physically dead, you can't dwell on Earth or in Heaven, so you end up going to Hell, a place God made for the Devil and his angels.

- 5.) You must know that Christ suffered and died on the cross to pay for your sin and was buried and rose from the dead. After that, he was seen by over 500 eyewitnesses. This is exactly what the Scriptures said would happen.

Romans 5:8— But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.



1 Corinthians 15:3-6 For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures: And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures: And that he was seen of Cephas (Peter), then of the twelve: After that he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some have fallen asleep.

Jesus did all this for you, but there is still one thing you must do.

Romans 10:9-10- If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart, man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth, confession is made unto salvation.

Romans 10:13- For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord *shall be saved*. (not maybe, shall be)

There has to be a time when you called on Jesus to save you.

You can believe in marriage and think it is a good thing. You could have gone to several weddings where people got married, but if you have never stood up and said the vows and had someone say them to you, then you are not married.

You have to call on Jesus and ask him to be your Lord and Savior.

If you believe what you have just read, then there is one thing you must do. You need to call upon Jesus right now. Pray this simple prayer out loud:

Dear Jesus, I know you are God and that the Bible is your word. I believe that you died in my place to pay for my sin and that you rose from the dead, proving that you are God. Right now, in the best way I know how, I call upon you and ask you to be my Lord, my Savior, and my God. Thank you, Jesus, for dying for me. Help me now to live for you. Amen.

*(Taken from a message preached by Dr. David Teis, Senior Pastor at Liberty Baptist Church, Las Vegas, NV. Sermons by Dr. Teis can be heard at: [www.experienceliberty.com](http://www.experienceliberty.com) and KVXL radio 101.1 in Las Vegas).*