



**THE
END**

THE BOOK

PART SEVEN

THE NINTH OF

J. L. ROBB

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THE NINTH OFF

J. L. ROBB

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The End Part One:	And Then The End Will Come
The End Part Two:	You Have Been Warned
The End Part Three:	Visions and Dreams
The End Part Four:	The Disappearance
The End Part Five:	The Two Witnesses
The End Part Six:	The Third Woe

Preface

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away."

2 Timothy 3:1-5 (AKJV)

In the New Testament, Paul talks of events and moods in the Last Days of Earth as we now know it. The description above gives some indication of what people will be like in those days.

Are there terrible times, now? Throughout history, there has always been terrible times of suffering. Tragedy and disaster. Small pox and Black Death raised their ugly heads and have killed millions. History is dotted with "natural" disasters: earthquakes, tsunamis, tornadoes and hurricanes, volcanic eruptions and giant sinkholes.

In the past however, narcissism was kept in check for the most part, except for royalty. The common man remained mostly humble because he did not have the financing to be narcissistic.

That is hardly the case today. An hour in front of the TV or social media gives one a good idea of how very special so many feel they are today. Expensive cars, homes and smart phones seem to be available readily to much of the population. Common sense tells us that this is good, not bad; but is it? Porn shops in the palm of your hand. The devil is not stupid.

Are children more disobedient to parents than in past generations? Are they more disrespectful? What about ungrateful? Lovers of money?

Social media has become a Garden of Slander, and natural affection has become unnatural affection.

Paul's message was similar to Isaiah's message seven centuries earlier:

“Woe to those who call evil good, and good evil, who put darkness for light and light for darkness, who put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter.”

These descriptions of the Last Days are happening now, more than any other time in history. Pick up a newspaper or view a news site and make note of all the *unprecedented* weather and climatic events.

John's vision, described in Revelation, indicates that the climate will get much warmer. It was not Al Gore's idea. But the cause is solar activity, not mankind.

“The fourth angel poured out his bowl on the sun, and the sun was allowed to scorch people with fire. They were seared by the intense heat and they cursed the name of God, who had control over these plagues, but they refused to repent and glorify him.”

Revelation 16:8-9

Isaiah also mentions increased solar activity when referring to the Last Days:

“The moon will shine like the sun, and the sunlight will be seven times brighter, like the light of seven full days, when the Lord binds up the bruises of his people and heals the wounds he inflicted.”

Isaiah 30:26

As each day passes it seems there is more hatred in the world. Not dissatisfaction and not disappointment. Hatred seems to be raging. One needs to look no further than Washington, DC and European capitals.

The Ninth of Av is the seventh and final book in the *The End: The Book* series. The ninth of Av is the ninth day of the fifth month of the Jewish Calendar and usually occurs late July.

The date has a tragic history for the Jewish people, including the date that the First Temple was destroyed and the date of the destruction of the Second Temple.

It is also the day of the antichrist.

Note from the Author

THE END: THE BOOK
Part Seven

The Ninth of Av

THE END: THE BOOK Series is a fictional account of the predicted apocalypse as outlined in the prophetic books of the Bible. Several readers have asked me, “Is this book true?”

It is true that the Biblical end will happen, but I have written this series as a counter-weight to the apocalyptic fiction coming out of Hollywood, like *Armageddon* and *2012*, that fail to include God and His role in this approaching war of good vs. evil that was predicted 2,700 years ago.

Any similarities between things that are occurring now and things written in this series are purely coincidental. It would be impossible to write a *true* account of the Biblically described End Times.

The Ninth of Av is the seventh book of the seven-book series and represents a day in the month of Av, the fifth month of the Jewish Calendar. The month of Av is also the Month of Mourning.

*“Why do the nations conspire and the peoples plot in vain?
The kings of the earth rise up and the rulers band together
against the Lord and against his anointed...”*

Psalms 2:1-2

J.L. Robb is an author and writer with a Bachelor of Science in Zoology, North Carolina State University. A U.S. Navy Veteran, Robb lives in the Bible Belt with his Great Dane and a kitty named Glock. Robb is a member of Civitan International, Friends of Gideons and The American Legion.

We support our Veterans!

Dedication

I dedicate *The End: The Book: Series* to Yahweh and His Holy Son, Jesus, who saved my life. He will save anyone who asks.

Thank you God for helping me write this series.

A special Thank You to daughter Erica who designed all seven book covers, web page and videos, etc.

www.TheEndTheBook.com

When asked why he had given up the synagogue for the church, Zolli replied, "I have not given it up. Christianity is the completion of the synagogue, for the synagogue was a promise; and Christianity is the fulfillment of that promise."

"Once a Jew always a Jew."

Israel Zolli, Chief Rabbi of Rome 1943

List of Main Characters

Abe the Bartender: General Manager and bartender at *The Divide Disco & Café*.

About Rehza: aka Vinny. In charge of U.S. Operations for Jihad's Warriors. Twin brother of Mohammed Rehza who is in charge of European operations.

Aludra: Sister of Muhammed Khalid, Jihad's Warrior in charge of Afghanistan and Pakistan. She and her brother live in the Korengal Valley of Death, Afghanistan-Pakistan border.

"Wild Willy" Briggs: Master of Nanotechnology. Ex-Navy, CIA and Homeland Security. Works closely with Israel's Mossad.

Chad "Chadbo" Myers: Assistant Director, Near Earth Object and Heliospheric Laboratory, Goddard Space Flight Center, Greenbelt, MD.

Chuck Hutz: a.k.a. Hutz the Putz. After auto accident, speaks fluent Hebrew and witnesses to others while in a trance.

Condi Zimmerman: Independent news anchor/reporter and host of The Condi Zimmerman Show.

Edgar Allan Poe: Homeless veteran who discovers terrorist plot. Becomes terrorism expert with Homeland Security.

Gray and Andi Dorey: Friends of Jeff Ross, philanthropists and owners of *Dine for Dollars*, a restaurant for the homeless or just the hungry.

Jeffrey Ross: Avid atheist and ex-husband of Melissa. Father of three daughters, Jami and Jenni (twins) and Audry, his youngest.

Kari Vermi: News anchor with OLNN, Omega Letter Network News. Columnist with omegaletter.com

Kipper T and Missy T: Angels who appear to Jeff in dreams.

Melissa Ross: Divorced from Jeff Ross, mother of twins, Jami and Jenni, and adopted daughter, Audry.

Samarra Russell: Married to Senator Jack Russell. Past Director, Communicable Diseases Research Center, CDC. Responsible for theft of Spanish Flu virus.

Scott Johnson: Assistant manager of *The Divide Disco & Café*.

Sheryl Lasseter: Director of United States Public Relations Liaison. Works directly for the U.S. President.

The Admiral: Justin P. McLemore. A graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy and retired four-star Admiral. Director of Near-Earth Object and Heliospheric Laboratory, Goddard Space Flight Center, Maryland.

Vinny: Aboud Rehza, a product of wealthy Saudi parents. He and his twin brother, Mohammed, had been child prodigies; and both spoke several languages fluently. A man of many aliases.

What has happened so far?

For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms.

Ephesians 6:12

Part One: And Then the End Will Come

Jeffrey Ross is Duluth, Georgia's most eligible bachelor; but not by choice. Retired Navy SEAL and successful entrepreneur, he had been married to Melissa almost 25 years; and he thought everything was hunky-dory. They had beautiful twin daughters and adopted daughter, Audry and a nice home in a country club community, nice cars and toys, what could be wrong.

Melissa asked for the divorce, begrudgingly. She loved Jeff, but he didn't believe in God, never had; but what was worse was his ridiculing of believers. Over the years, her faith grew stronger and she enjoyed her church community; but she and the daughters enjoyed it alone. No way was Jeff going to step foot in a church.

The divorce and Melissa's subsequent remarriage had taken its toll; and while Jeff wasn't a broken man, he remained in the dumps for the next four years. The most eligible bachelor wasn't available. He was hoping his wife would come back.

Jeff made new friends and maintained most of their old friendships too, as did Melissa, including The Admiral, Sheryl, Chadbo, Wild Willy and Abe the Bartender.

Nine thousand miles away, along the border of Pakistan and Afghanistan, the Korengal Valley of Death festered with various jihadist groups, Muslims with a common cause: Kill the infidels. That would be everyone except them.

Jihad's Warriors, virtually unknown, unlike al Qaeda, had infiltrated the borders of Europe and the United States for years, decades. The U.S. border with Mexico was as porous as Swiss cheese; and jihadists had taken advantage with bribery and murder.

The Chechen jihadists from Eastern Europe looked, talked and acted as American as mom's apple pie. The Arab jihadists passed easily for Latino immigrant laborers, but these were not laborers.

The Divine Plan was to run America and Europe out of money. The warriors knew the West couldn't protect every single nursery school, church, synagogue, campground, shopping center, hospital and highway. It would be easy. Once economically destitute, the Islamic takeover of the world would finalize.

While Manhattan and Chicago remained the desired targets, security was tight. The Islamists would concentrate on the Bible Belt, more Christians that turn the other cheek rather than fight.

Jihad's Warriors were financed, not by Muslims so much as by a group of wealthy Japanese businessmen bent on revenge for the nuclear bombings of Nagasaki and Hiroshima during World War II. They were the grandsons and granddaughters of those burnt alive in December, 1945, the Baby Bombers. Money was no problem.

Jeffrey continues his pursuit of Melissa, now widowed, and can't help but notice all the people carrying The End Is Near signs. They seemed to be everywhere. Then there were the disappearing people, and Jeff remembered his mom's lectures.

"In the last days, sonny boy, people gonna be disappearin', yes they are. You start seeing folks vanishin' in thin air, you better find God. That's all I can say."

A creature of habit, Jeff had a routine that included the Dunwoody Starbucks every morning for coffee and the Atlanta newspaper. He was a news junkie. The Mayan Apocalypse was just around the corner, and people worldwide were preparing for The End. Ridiculous.

One warmer than usual spring morning, record heat the words of the day, Jeff enjoys his latte and paper when suddenly his world changes... again.

The brown cargo van circling the small shopping center explodes with vigor as America's first suicide bomber begins a wave of terror like the nation has never seen. Two minutes later another explosion several blocks away blows up a Dunwoody day care center. Forty-seven dead in a split second.

Jeff's Navy buddies, Chad Myers and The Admiral, work with the Goddard Space Flight Center in Maryland. Astronomy buffs, their primary concern was space objects on a collision course with planet Earth. Near-Earth objects, mostly small asteroids, had become more commonplace.

Unfortunately, news of the object most recently discovered would now have to be shared with the world as it made its way past Jupiter on a course that would hit Earth in less than a year. The object, still invisible to most telescopes, was dark, massive and unavoidable.

Sixty-five million years earlier, the dinosaurs and most living creatures had been wiped out by an asteroid only six miles in diameter. The Dark Comet was more than a hundred.

As the world reacts to the coming devastation, many begin to believe that the end really is near this time; and there was nothing anyone could do about it. There was little panic.

When Jeff's friend, Samarra receives a strange call, she returns home as instructed. She would follow the instructions as directed, or

she would receive her son's head in a box instead of the finger she stared at in desperation. And she did.

Samarra's access to Atlanta's CDC biological disease labs made her job simple and soon the Spanish Flu, one of the great killers of all time, is loosed into an unsuspecting world. It was inevitable, millions would die.

In the Indian Ocean, a hijacked nuclear attack sub vanishes. The only remnants were an oil slick, clothing and assorted debris but not enough to indicate the submarine was at the bottom of the Marianas Trench.

As New Year's Eve approaches, Jeff and Melissa visit Grand Cayman Island to celebrate memories and await the coming comet. To most it seemed the Earth would end months before the predicted Mayan prophecy.

A few hundred miles east of Grand Cayman, on the island of Montserrat, the Soufrière Hills volcano erupts and is blown into the Caribbean Sea. The massive tsunami that is generated speeds across the ocean toward Puerto Rico, Jamaica and... Grand Cayman.

Part Two: You Have Been Warned

Jeff returns from Grand Cayman Island alone. He and Melissa tried to escape the giant wave but were washed off the 4-story roof of their beachfront hotel. Melissa's body was never found, and Jeff mourns his loss. He had prayed they would reconcile, his first prayer since a child; and it looked like it might happen.

The New Year started off with a bang, literally, when the U.S. suffered its first nuclear strikes, one at the Diego Garcia island chain in the Indian Ocean that destroyed most of America's B-52 bomber force. The second destroyed the Buford Dam, Atlanta's fresh water supply.

The Dark Comet continued its journey toward Earth, two weeks until impact. Attempts to destroy the comet with the world's nuclear weapons supply failed to deter the coming tragedy.

The world became unified for the first time in history in their effort to stop the comet, and joyous applause erupted globally when the comet slammed into the moon instead of Earth. Unfortunately, the resulting debris from the lunar collision meant waves of meteor showers for Earth, many of which made it through the atmosphere, destroying numerous communities, including the Three Gorges Dam in China.

Thankful that the world was still intact, Jeff flies to California to buy his million-dollar dream car, a one of a kind 1954 Cadillac Pininfarina Cabriolet. Maybe that, he hoped, would occupy his mind a while. Shopping was great for depression.

Upon arrival at the La Jolla Jetport, Jeff's tragic misfortune continues as he is struck with the deadly and pervasive Spanish Flu. During his hospitalization, he begins to have a series of strange dreams, dreams of small white churches in fields of blooming daffodils. Dreams of a tiny Arizona town named Lukeville. The

European riots had become infectious, and America's cities did the same as gasoline reached \$8.00 a gallon. The police forces, hampered by budget cuts and not enough employees, became brutal; and rioters were killed mercilessly.

The jihadists coordinated closely with a well-organized Christian militia under the philosophy of *The enemy of my enemy is my friend*. Their common enemy was the U.S. government.

The Admiral's romance with Sheryl blossoms cautiously, at least until the kidnapping. That's when he discovered his real feelings, the ones he had sheltered for sixty years.

Recalling their private conversation, he wasn't really surprised that the President had sold out Israel; only, it wasn't Israel's God that was trying to kill everyone in America, it was Islam's God.

What was surprising, and shocking, was the rumor that there were thousands of infiltrators living and working in the nation's infrastructure: nuclear power plants, water treatment facilities, food distribution warehouses.

Vinny, a.k.a. Aboud, hasn't gotten any nicer as he continues to meet with his deputies at the concrete plant in Lukeville. The meetings, though brief, usually occurred on the Mexican side of the deep, underground tunnel connecting the concrete facility in Lukeville with the beer distributor on the other side of the border. Plans were made, plans of terror, death and destruction; and the stored weapons and nerve agents were the vehicles Allah would use.

Wild Willy continues his work with Mossad and Senator Jack Russell, Samarra's husband. The nanotech spybots were no longer experimental and looked like assorted bugs, but Will was especially fond of the dragonfly style. Looked just like the real thing.

Samarra's case goes to the U.S. Federal Court in Atlanta. The charges are numerous, including international homicide charges for the tens of millions killed because of the Spanish Flu. During the trial, Samarra's senator husband is arrested in a San Francisco shower house with a young boy and charged with possession of child porn and sex with a minor. Senator Russell stated that he thought the boy was 12, the new legal age of consent in the United States.

After Jeff's recovery from the Spanish Flu, he continues to have the strange dreams about a couple named Missy T and Kipper T, reggae music and disco lights; and the room, the one with the dark door. You don't want to go through that door. Missy T made the comment numerous times.

Jeff's life, a life that's never dull, continues to change suddenly and often. He finds himself having second thoughts about the whole religion thing, at least sometimes. He really couldn't explain how the Gideons Bible kept showing up.

One day Jeff gets a call from Samarra. Her trial was over quickly, temporary insanity; and her penalty was light. She asked if she could visit, they had been friends for many years.

During her visit to Jeff's Sugarloaf estate, yet another megacryometeorite storm hits North Atlanta. Jeff's home is spared, but a young girl in a Porsche is killed in his neighbor's driveway. The large ice bomb that hit the new Porsche Spyder was estimated to weigh 120 to 150 pounds, larger than a beach ball.

Samarra informs Jeff that she and Senator Russell are now divorced; and over the next few months, a new romance blossoms. There had always been something there.

The months passed swiftly, and soon Jeff plans a visit to his dive shop in Negril. Before going to Jamaica to check on the business, Jeff and Samarra become engaged, though a date is not set.

Jeff's journey to Jamaica is plagued with thoughts and confusion, not about his profound love for Samarra but about all the natural disasters going on. It was downright scary.

The Admiral told him about the large rock that appeared to be leaving the Moon's orbit, and he finds himself hoping to God that it wouldn't. He fell asleep and dreamed, dreams of earthquakes and volcanos, roaring seas and asteroids, drought and poisoned waters... and Melissa. He prayed in his dream, a prayer that Melissa hadn't suffered in the tsunami, that she had been killed instantly in the fall.

Part Three: Visions and Dreams

Hailstorms are the talk of every news station it seems, as Jeff cruises the highways with his new Cadillac, listening to Al-Jazeera News. Millions of acres have been destroyed in Europe, and Northern California's crops are not spared. Homeless and Starving in the U.S.A. has become the chant of protesters as the hail batters crops and wildlife into the ground.

Two years after Melissa's death, Jeff finds love with a friend from the past; and his kids are receptive to the romance, amazingly. Amazing because Samara has been acquitted of stealing the Spanish Flu virus from CDC due to temporary insanity. That theft, now in the hands of the blackmailing Jihadist Warriors is doing its job well with estimated global fatalities now in excess of fifty million.

Vinny's (a.k.a Aboud) jihadist terror group continues to wreak havoc in the United States as his twin, Mohammed, known in the small French town as The Preacher, wreaks the same in Europe. The penetration of France's largest nuclear power plant's automated facility management system was simple, and access to the plant infrastructure now rested in the hands of Mohammed.

Mohammed has a following of gullible Christians who bought his fakery; but then, he is a good actor. The basement of the small, stone church tells another story as he collects more and more propane tanks, one at a time from different locations. The church is a sitting bomb, but Mohammed loved explosions. It ran in his family. Soon enough he would meet with Dmitry to secure the procurement, now paid for in full by the secretive Japanese group, the Select. They hate Americans even more than the Muslims hate the Jews. Two billion U.S. dollars for five high-yield, thermonuclear weapons.

Jihad's Warriors have penetrated the Mexican border for several years, usually with the help of the drug cartels. Now that had all changed, and the border was more porous than Swiss cheese. The

U.S. administration continues to be oblivious to the religion of Islam and seems to think all Muslims are Arabs. That's good for Vinny.

As the earliest hurricane in Atlantic history bears down on Florida, news from Goddard Space Flight Center and NASA is no better. The dark comet's collision with the moon at first seems like a silver lining, since it would have ended all life on Earth had it not been for the moon. The moon was now pink instead of white, and the surrounding rings of debris has a divine beauty of sorts.

The beauty quickly becomes a beast as Earth begins to be bombarded by debris, and meteorites hitting Earth become common news as flights throughout the world are in disarray with many airports closing intermittently. Some reports from China suggest the possibility that the lunar debris may be poisoning fresh water supplies.

Just north of Clemson, South Carolina, a cotton farmer's crop duster is stolen with plans to dust Atlanta's new football stadium during the Super Bowl. The dual-winged crop duster is one of a kind. Powered by Daimler-Benz, the Italian Fiat CR42B engine powers the plane to the horse farm north of Marietta in less than thirty minutes. There the banner will be attached advertising free beer at Jamaica Joe's.

Jeff's romance with Samarra blossoms quickly. The chemistry had always been there, even during her marriage to Senator Russell. When the good Senator is caught in compromising positions with young boys in bathhouses, Samarra's divorce follows. Jeff feels it is meant to be.

Excited about his wedding plans, for the first time in a long while Jeff finds himself deliriously happy. He leaves for Jamaica to check on his declining SCUBA business with plans to return during Christmas when he and Samarra will marry on the beach. The flight to Negril is non-eventful, other than a few meteors in the distant sky; and he checks into the Ross Suite at the Charela Inn. A message from Rosalie, the maid he had grown to know well, is disturbing.

Jeff's flight back to Atlanta does not ease his emotional conflict. How will he tell the kids? How will he explain to Samarra that Melissa is alive and well, rescued after the Cayman tsunami by Jamaican fishermen? How will he let them know that Melissa has no memory of them, or him and is preaching Jesus to a bunch of Voodoos or whatever you call them, in the rainforests of Jamaica?

It seems to Jeff that just as things finally start going good, God throws in a monkey wrench just to keep you on your toes. Only he still cannot get his arms around the concept of a god who is invisible but created everything. That story was unbelievable, but then a lot of his life is becoming unbelievable. If he could only see a sign.

Chadbo and The Admiral continue to carefully monitor all the things flying around Earth, dismayed that it was only a matter of time before a big one hit the planet. There have been numerous close encounters with asteroids a couple of football fields long, but they are small compared to many they have discovered. Plus there is the unprecedented solar activity and stars that seem to be disappearing. The two men recognized that all stars eventually burn out, only stellar theory suggests that takes billions of years. Why would so many be disappearing at the same time?

The Mother's Day Massacre, as it is now called has caught everyone off guard. Random sniper attacks and bombings on Mother's Day claim hundreds of lives, mostly women and their children. A bombing by a Christian Militia group completely destroys Atlanta's Five Points Marta station and most of the travelers and MARTA staff inside.

As Jeff and Samarra continue to plan their New Year's Eve wedding in Jamaica, at the suggestion of Melissa, Dmitry Ustinov waits in a small Monaco café for The Preacher. The French military guarded the streets of Paris and other affected cities because of the failure of the Civaux Nuclear power plants. Israel is blamed for the intrusion into the plants' security systems, and anti-Semitism is out of control in all of Europe.

Dmitry warns Mohammed that the five thermonuclear weapons are extremely dangerous and much more destructive than the bombs of Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

“When these babies go off, Mohammed,” Dmitry whispered, “You need to be at least thirty miles away.”

Of course, as Russia’s number one illicit arms supplier, Dmitry planned to be far, far away when St. Petersburg was reduced to cinders and ash. He loved the motherland, but he loved dinars more.

Though Dmitry knows little of Jihad’s Warriors’ plans, he does know that New Year’s Eve in Times Square will be one to remember.

New Year’s Eve on a beach in Jamaica turns out to be as surprising as the soon to be Manhattan Event, at least in Jeff’s mind. The marriage is perfect, the guests are perfect, even the Voodoo priest who accompanied Melissa is perfect, her latest conversion conquest.

Melissa’s memories have returned for the most part, and she stands on the beach by the quiet surf, talking with her three daughters and pointing upward to a bright star in the clear, Jamaica night sky. Jeff glances upward at the star and was certain he saw slight movement. Maybe it was a plane.

In Manhattan, eight large, black Mylar balloons are attached to two, 2-kiloton briefcase nuclear bombs, a play being acted out in three other high-rise buildings surrounding Times Square. The suicide bombers high-five each other as the balloons are released from the Penthouse and into the dark night sky above New York City. When the eight bombs go off, they will be in the warm bosoms of seventy-two virgins.

Melissa gives the kids a big hug, turns and walks over to Samarra and Jeff. It is nearly midnight, and her head suddenly feels light. Her skin tingles and tiny goose bumps appear. She truly is happy for the newlyweds. She glances skyward, searching for the

star and is startled to see how much closer it is. Maybe it's an airplane, she thought quietly.

As midnight approaches, less than five seconds away, Melissa kisses Jeffrey Ross on the cheek and squeezes his hand gently. The white light in the sky grows in intensity and moves high above the beaches of Jamaica's south shore; and the crowd stared, mesmerized or too frightened to move. Melissa's parting words will forever stay in Jeff's mind.

"Here's a sign, Jeffrey," and with that she rises into the air, quickly toward the white light, now more like the midday sun, and disappeared. The star quickly dimmed and then it too disappeared, and silence lingered with the small crowd. The Voodoo priest who spent the evening talking with anyone who would listen about "de Lady of de Sea" and how she saved him, vanished in an instant.

Part Four: The Disappearance

As a group of large, Mylar balloons float over Times Square, the New Year's Eve celebration never turns chaotic as the nearly one million celebrants in the crowd below are vaporized in an instant, not the result of the Rapture but the detonation of several low-yield nuclear weapons, hanging below the large, helium filled balloons. Wall Street will never be the same, and ATMs across the country cease to operate.

A minute prior to the detonation and seen by only a few, some people in the crowd disappear, simply vanish; and this disappearance of people occurs all over the world. It is the beginning.

Heat records are broken daily and environmentalists continue to scream and demand more funding to prevent the warming caused by mankind. Only there is no more funding. The free world is in

financial disarray, as Jihad's Warriors continue their battle to run the West out of money.

The continuing Islamic attacks have terrorized the nation and the world; and every three months, like clockwork, the death toll dedicated to Allah, rises.

Iranian nuclear sites come under nuclear attack from an unknown source somewhere in the Mediterranean Sea, only to learn that the sites were exotically constructed decoys.

If man's attempts at destroying civilization are not enough, nature's fury raises the human and animal death toll exponentially. Unprecedented hailstorms flatten entire villages, killing people and livestock, pets and plants as leaves and branches are stripped from trees.

Chadbo and The Admiral closely monitor numerous incoming meteors, one of which the world must destroy or be destroyed by the massive, arsenic laden rock. The strike is successful; and thousands of miles above Earth, the incoming asteroid is destroyed. A large cloud of arsenic dust slowly descends on Earth, pulled by gravity.

Vinny and his Islamist gang plan small nuclear attacks along the West Coast but have no idea the West Coast will soon be no more, at least no more life.

A small asteroid makes its way from the moon's rings toward Earth but is given little priority. It is heading for the Antarctic with virtually no potential for damage.

Chadbo, concerned with possibilities, monitors the small space object and his fears are recognized. The asteroid explodes high above the Ross Ice Shelf, slamming a five-mile stretch of the shelf into the ocean. A large surface wave, a wave the size of no other, rushes northward toward New Zealand, Hawaii and the West Coast of the United States.

At 2,700 feet in height, the wave sinks a third of the world's navies and thousands of pleasure craft. Skirting along the California

Coast, the skyscrapers of San Diego and Los Angeles are no match and collapse to what had been ground below.

In less than ten hours, millions have died along the coasts of California, Oregon, Washington and Alaska. The death toll in Japan, China, Indonesia, India, Australia and New Zealand top ten million and continues to climb. There are no longer Mexican resorts along the Pacific coast.

Jeffrey Ross and Samarra, now married, have had little honeymoon so far; and Samarra continues to recover from the strange bite. A physical toll has been taken, and she wonders if she will ever have her strength back.

Jeff rediscovers an EPROM that a homeless man gave him a couple of years earlier and finds there is a Christian extremist group in the mountains of North Georgia that appears to be working with the jihadists.

Well aware that he should take someone with him, Jeff heads to the mountains alone. His million-dollar sports car is later found in several pieces at the bottom of Tallulah Gorge.

Part Five: The Two Witnesses

With the nuclear annihilation of Manhattan, the financial hub is no more. Though ATM issues are gradually repaired, getting cash is iffy at best; but life goes on. It must.

The strange disappearance of people slows dramatically, though more of the vanishings have made their way to social media outlets. Youtube and Vimeo are awash in live videos of folk disappearing at dinners, weddings, funerals and underground churches.

President Morsi, a Shi'a Muslim of Iranian heritage, is the leader of the world it seems as more and more nations join the New World Order Federation and turn over control of their militaries. The United Nations is extinct.

Climate change is more than the talk of the town these days, and temperatures continue their upward trend. The extreme winds feel more like a blast furnace than a fresh, summer breeze.

The death and destruction caused by the collapse of the Ross Ice Shelf is realized. The West Coast of the Americas, as well as the eastern edges of Asia are not recognizable; and millions are drowned. In the process, most of the world's navies sink to the bottom of the sea.

Hailstorms are epidemic in parts of the world, even worse than the raining lunar asteroids.

In Jerusalem, two strange and tall men appear on the ancient Temple Mount, dressed in dark, burlap-looking clothes and begin to preach to the Israelis.

"You missed the Messiah," they proclaim, day after day with the same, consistent message: God brought you back to Israel, and you have betrayed Him again. You cannot keep enough of The Law to make it to the next life. Only through recognizing the Christ will you achieve that glorious goal.

Time passes and the two preachers continue their daily rants, condemning Israel for rejecting the Messiah and the entire world for their decadent ways. As months become years, the people of Israel and the world begin to hate and despise the two men who now proclaim they are the Two Witnesses of Revelation 11.

Assassination attempts become routine but to no avail as the Two Witnesses call down the wrath of the God of Heaven, and the world catches fire. Anyone who tries to harm the Two Witnesses are engulfed in flame, what science is now calling cases of Spontaneous Human Combustion.

Extreme drought encompasses Earth, and the Middle East has no rain for nearly three years. The only sources of fresh water are the frequent and horrific hailstorms. Millions of livestock and thousands of people are killed by the Hail from Hell.

The Two Witnesses, because the people do not repent from evil, call down fire from Heaven; and the world suffers her worst lightning storms in history.

Fires rage from the Appalachian Mountains to the Rockies, from the Pyrenees to the Alps; and smoke and toxins fill the air. Those with respiratory problems have no chance.

Jeffrey Ross and his group of senior citizen friends seek meaning in a world of anarchy. Vinny, a.k.a. Aboud, and the Jihad's Warriors continue their reign of terror on the United States while his twin brother does the same in Europe.

President Morsi stuns the world with miraculous acts, some not seen since the days Jesus walked the earth; and the Children of Israel become convinced Morsi is the Messiah.

Part Six: The Third Woe

Chuck Hutz, now an international star, appears on TV often, uncannily predicting unprecedented weather events. Like the Two Witnesses, he becomes more hated with his accuracy. During an interview with Condi Zimmerman, he vanishes in the middle of a conversation. While this disappearance on live TV would usually be considered a miracle, in the new and improved America, anything-God could get one in big trouble. Morality police, pushed by ultraorthodox Islamic immigrants, are on every corner.

Nuclear attacks from a Saudi-based Red Crescent ship two-hundred miles off the coast of Virginia, devastate United States Navy stations in Norfolk and St. Marys, Georgia.

Vinny kidnaps Jeff's family, threatening to kill Audry; and Jeff's obsession with Vinny grows. With help from Wild Willy, the search is on; and Will works magic with his Israeli-designed drones.

When the Two Witnesses are killed in Jerusalem, the entire globe rejoices; and the bodies are left lying in the street for three-and-a-half days. The celebration comes to a sudden halt when the Two Witnesses begin to stir and are raptured into the heavens for all to see.

A video is released though Al Jazeera News, and the Catholic world is shocked as they watch Jihad's Warriors crucify the kidnapped Pope. It seems the long awaited world domination by Islam's most prolific killers, described in the Iranian story of the Twelfth Imam, is upon them.

Militant Islam continues to spread throughout the Caribbean, and the passageway into America remains simple. Trinidad to Belize to Mexico. An unexpected event for the migrants was the plague of rabid animals, and simple bites turned fatal after thirty days of torment.

Life on Earth is quickly becoming misery on Earth, and the sun is no one's friend. Every day seems hotter and brighter, scientists now blaming the sun instead of man. Lunaroids falling from the dark-red moon continue to scatter microscopic arsenic across the planet; and water sources turn into pools of blood, caused by the hemorrhaging of all underwater animal life.

Abe the Bartender, after a near-death experience, begins to have wild dreams of a future world he hopes is only a dream: An earth on fire, a barren planet void of trees, ash-filled air, darkness and disease. Then he meets Condi Zimmerman when she books a news report series in Duluth, and they become instant friends. She tells him of reports out of Israel about the third and final woe, described in Revelation; and Abe describes the prophecy. Seven final events will come upon the world, and each is worse than the predecessor. These Seven Bowl Judgments bring much of the remaining world population to its knees. Remarkably, few repent and most curse God and anyone who believes. Christianity is nearly nonexistent.

Jeff is introduced to a pastor from England, B.J. Stagner, while searching for Vinny. B.J. and Jeff discuss the fishing around Dalton's beautiful lakes; and B.J. tells him about a new fishing buddy he met, a guy named Vinny.

Samarra, sick of Jeff's obsession with Vinny, informs him that she is filing for divorce. On the other side of the Atlantic, a large part of La Palma is collapsing into the sea, but Jeff heard neither Samarra nor the News Alert.

"There is an emergency tsunami warning for the entire East Coast of Canada, the United States, Mex..."

Prologue

“And I will pour out on the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem a spirit of grace and supplication. They will look on me, the one they have pierced, and they will mourn for him as one mourns for an only child, and grieve bitterly for him as one grieves for a firstborn son.”

Zechariah 12:10

Flight to Israel

Jeff ran in the house; and the smell of smoke permeated the hot, still morning air. In a flash, he had his belongings thrown onto a U.S. Navy burlap bag from things past. They were waiting, and expediency was most important.

He took one last look at what was once a beautiful home, before the gangs, wild animals and giant pieces of ice falling from the sky. He felt like crying but had no time for that display of emotion. He would miss Duluth, but not as much as he missed Jami and Jenni. He threw the bag in the back, and Scarlette let out a yelp. She was such a coward.

Jeff and Great Dane Scarlette rode quietly in the Land Rover toward Briscoe field and Wild Willy’s B36J Peacemaker. Hopefully they would make it before the runway was swallowed by the ever-growing field of sinkholes.

“OLN News,” he said to the audio system; and in an instant, he was listening to his obsession. It was like a never-ending movie.

“...record heat in the Holy Land, except in Jerusalem where the temperature is a mild ninety-two Fahrenheit. The dedication of the Third Temple is less than four hours away, and the Jews and Christians in Israel are celebrating zealously. There are few

security people for this dedication, and Israeli officials are duly concerned. Today is the Ninth of Av, the fifth month of the Jewish Calendar and has a history of terrific tragedies. Hopefully this will not be the case today.

“The United States, Europe and South America continue to burn, adding to the haze and darkness. With 3 major eruptions in the past week, including Yellowstone, gases and ash are killing people and wildlife as the sky grows darker with each day. England is calling the unprecedented disaster, the Days of Darkness. The eruptions are being blamed by meteorologists for all the devastating hailstorms around the world. An estimated twelve-thousand people were killed yesterday in Sydney as Australia reels from yet another unprecedented disaster.

“The Eastern Mediterranean Sea is now the world’s greatest warship traffic jam in history, as the militaries continue to surround Israel. While the new temple is being dedicated, the military cordon around the country, tightens. There are reportedly more military weapons in an area no greater than Delaware than at any time in history.

“Is the sun getting brighter? Scientists think...”

The sun did seem especially bright, but Chadbo had warned of such. His research and latest book, *The Temperament of the Sun*, claims that the sun is seven-times brighter than when it formed on the fourth day of creation, a belief he held until he disappeared that day. The man was brilliant.

Jeff dodged a small sinkhole, but there was little traffic. Everyone was afraid and stayed home these days, armed and ready; and it seemed a civil war was just around the corner. Already, Christian militias were bombing Islamic temples and synagogues while Islamic jihadists waged holy war against anything Christian, Jewish and atheist. It was only a matter of time before the great war of good versus evil would begin.

Glancing left, the landscape that was once filled with green, hundred-foot oaks and tall, slender pines was now a Field of Nightmares. Tall vertical, black stubs stood at attention, a salute to Satan maybe. He figured the ground would smoke forever. Twenty

to thirty wild dogs and coyotes fought among the stoic statues of once green trees, chasing something.

His mood became melancholy as he drove toward the airport. He missed the world the way it *had* been. He missed the bright yellow daffodils and the hummingbirds, the occasional snow and rainbows, the white sands of Florida beaches and majestic Smoky Mountains. It had changed fast, and he was beginning to wonder if he would make the cut, the Final Cut. *The road to perdition is wide*, he recalled; and his mother, rest her soul, had reminded him way too often.

“...mass grave discovered in Israel containing the remains of more than 4,000 Jews, all beheaded. Initial reports claim the bodies are those of the missing Messianic Jews, killed for claiming Jesus is the Jewish Messiah. Orthodox extremists are the suspected perpetrators.

“Now to the mysterious light in the sky called Blip. It is getting closer, approaching at a speed that scientists once thought was impossible. If Blip continues on the current trajectory, it will collide with Earth somewhere close to Turkey. That would be a bad day for all the military surrounding...”

He turned into Briscoe Field North Parking Lot and drove directly to the runway. The behemoth of a plane sat on the widest runway in the Atlanta area, with all ten engines idling. His left front wheel dropped into a small depression but did not tilt. He ran to the plane, trying to keep up with Scarlett as she leapt up the portable stairway. Audry greeted her at the door.

“Hurry, we gotta go,” Wild Willy shouted. “Or we won’t be going anywhere. Never seen anything like the invasion of the sinkhole monster.”

“I am so glad you made it,” Audry said, giggling.

“Well, thank you,” Jeff replied, assuming.

“I was talking to Scarlett, Dad,” the teenager said. “But I am glad you made it too.”

Jeff, Audry, Samarra and Scarlett took seats in the Video Previewing area of the modernized bomber. Scarlett jumped onto

a recliner and yelped in fear as it began to electronically recline. Wild Willy and The Admiral occupied the tight cockpit up front and revved the engine RPMs for takeoff as soon as everyone was seated.

“We have to take off!” Will shouted again, over the sound system. “Fasten up, Buttercup!”

Will was certain the ground shook beneath the wheels. He had flown the plane since his purchase, many times. He knew the feel of the bomber when preparing for takeoff. He slammed the throttles to full and finally released the brakes. The plane accelerated slowly, gaining speed at what seemed a snail’s pace; and Will said another silent prayer. He had said a bunch of silent prayers lately.

Fifteen-thousand feet to the east, a growing sinkhole collapsed under the runway and the reinforced concrete path began to slowly sink. The B36J lumbered down the runway, unaware.

Chapter One

“The world is a dangerous place to live; not because of the people who are evil, but because of the people who don't do anything about it.”

Albert Einstein

““**M**r. Ross?”
“...retaliated against Pyongyang. The submarine fired multiple rockets. We do not know whose submarine, but suspicions are the United States. Reports are that Pyongyang will glow for many years to come.”

“Yeah?” Jeff said, answering his phone.

A pause.

“My name is Vinny.”

Vinny, a.k.a. Aboud Rehza. Wanted Dead or Alive.

The man was notorious in the intelligence community and important enough to warrant a twenty-five-million-dollar bounty. The man responsible for blowing up the Buford Dam and thousands of deaths in Atlanta. He was also connected to the New Year's Eve bombing of Manhattan, now a radioactive wasteland.

“Vinny?” Jeff said, holding his breath. This man made him nervous.

Hearing the name of her husband's obsession and world's nemesis, as well as her kidnapper, she followed Jeff out the French doors and onto the patio.

The wind was picking up, and the hail melted quickly. Across the backyard, in what had been a garden before the drought and hailstorms hit, a black bear munched on peaches from the lone

Georgia peach tree. She did not know that bear liked peaches and watched the bear, pensively. Drool dripped thickly from the animal's mouth.

“Have you heard of red mercury?”

Jeff's heart raced with the question, a question concerning a rumored catalyst, at least the Defense Department claimed it was a rumor.

“I have not,” Jeff lied, loading his GPS app to trace Vinny's whereabouts.

“There is no need to load your apps, Mr. Ross,” Vinny anticipated. “This phone is way beyond *secure*. Please do not attempt to outwit me. I am trying to save your life, and many others.”

Jeff scribbled a note on a napkin and handed it to Samarra. Ten minutes earlier, Samarra threatened divorce if he did not give up his obsession with Vinny; and now here he was, on the phone.

Samarra read the note: *Google: red mercury explosive.*

Samarra grabbed her iPad-12A from the charging station and typed. She could not believe what she found; and fortunately, most credible sites claimed it was fake news. She opened a link and began to read an article about Sam Cohen, the man who developed the neutron bomb.

“You are trying to save my life?” Jeff smirked. “You have attacked my family twice; and reports are, you were responsible for wiping Manhattan off the map. And now you wish to save my life.”

Jeff checked the GPS app, and it appeared Vinny was in Lahore, Pakistan. That couldn't be, Jeff thought. Lahore had just been nuked by India. He glanced over his shoulder toward Samarra who was reading studiously.

Samarra learned about the effects of a neutron bomb while in medical school at Emory University. Basically, it was a nuclear explosion without so much explosion but much more neutron radiation. Buildings, cars and other inanimate structures were not so readily blown away in the case of a neutron bomb, but anything plant or animal would die almost instantly from radiation poison.

“That is true, Mr. Ross,” Vinny answered.

Jeff checked the GPS app again, and now Vinny’s location was London. Audry walked into the kitchen, grabbed a Krispy Kreme doughnut and sat at the table with her dad. Jeff gave her the look, but Audry paid no attention. She grabbed the pen from the table and jotted something onto an index card. She handed it to Jeff; and he read, puzzled, though puzzling was not unusual for Audry. She was a complicated young lady.

I gave Vinny one of your wafers.

“Mr. Ross, I cannot change the things I have done in the past; but be assured, I did these things because I thought it was what God wanted me to do.”

Jeff looked at Audry, more puzzled. He had never mentioned the wafers to Audry, had he?

“Your daughter saved my life from an eternity in Hell, Mr. Ross. When I took your wife and children, I did not plan to let them live; but I did. Audry is... different. I think Allah must love her very much. I think God must love her very much.

“She spoke to me about the magnificent forgiveness of Jesus, explaining that he would forgive any sin of the person who would only ask him and believe, including me.”

Jeff checked the app. Now Vinny was in Tokyo.

“Before I dropped your family off near Dalton, I told Audry I was sure that Jesus could never forgive me for all the lives I had taken, all the families I had destroyed.”

Samarra continued to read while Jeff was glued to the phone. Audry, with chocolate cream on her chin, stared lovingly at Jeff.

“Then she did the oddest thing, Mr. Ross.”

Samarra was intrigued. Red mercury, though non-existent according to the CIA and Department of Defense, was the WMD choice of the day with Islamic terror organizations. They had been chasing it globally, ready to pay big bucks, ever since the Russians made it available to the world after the end of the Cold War. Without red mercury, according to these articles, Russia would not have been

able to produce hundreds, maybe thousands, of briefcase nukes. Interesting that those briefcase nukes had never been found, she thought.

“What was that?” Jeff asked, checking the GPS again. Paris. Odd things were the norm for Audry.

Samara was deep in thought. One report in September, 2004, stated that British police arrested a group of four who were intent on purchasing the supposedly non-existent compound and were offering \$550,000 per kilogram.

Samarra did a quick mental calculation. A quarter million for a pound of mercury antimony oxide. Why? Why was it so valuable? She continued to read the article.

Developed in Russia during the Cold War, mercury antimony oxide is said to triple the yield of a nuclear explosive and led to the development of the once rumored briefcase nukes. We now know it was not a rumor.

Another advantage of red mercury nukes rather than uranium and plutonium nukes, is its undetectability. It is speculated that thousands of softball-sized Red Mercury bombs have been stolen from Russia and shipped around the globe.

According to Dr. Beverly Gregson, a British weapons expert, and I quote, “The small size of a Red Mercury nuclear weapon, the inability to detect it and the long shelf life makes it the most desired weapon of mass destruction on the terrorist wish list. There could, theoretically, be hundreds of cities across the globe with one or more melon-sized RM bombs hidden and waiting for a signal. A lad with a backpack or lunch box could annihilate several city blocks or even a small village. If the rumors of this turn out to be true, terrorism could blackmail the governments of the world.”

“Audry gave me a wafer and her Bible, Mr. Ross. She said if I let the wafer dissolve in my mouth, I would be eager to learn the truth. She said it worked for you.”

Samarra absorbed the information. For every credible article she found claiming that red mercury was a myth, she found other

credible articles claiming it was not. Sam Cohen had become an obsessed proponent.

After the first Gulf War, the International Atomic Energy Agency stated that boxes of red mercury information were found with offers to develop the compound and sell it to whoever Saddam Hussein wished. Samarra wondered why she had never seen these reports.

“I asked her where you got the wafer, I was thinking it might be poison; but she seemed honest. She said your guardian angels gave it to you, because you believed in the *Money God* at that time.

“I waited two months before eating the wafer. When I did, I suddenly had a great thirst to know the God of Abraham and how Jesus got to be his son. That is a difficult story to fathom, wouldn’t you agree, Mr. Ross?

“I started reading her Bible at page one and never stopped. It is much different than the Quran, but when I read the last chapter in Revelation, I understood. Jesus gave John this incredible vision and told him this, this Revelation story, was the *end* of the story. Then I knew the Quran could not be true.”

As Samarra studied the information concerning red mercury, it reminded her of the lost continent of Atlantis. Those in the know say Atlantis was a myth; but many who lived in 350 B.C., believed otherwise. Kind of like this mercury antimony oxide.

“Mr. Ross, are you there?”

Now Vinny was in Istanbul.

“Yeah, I’m here.”

“When I finished reading the young girl’s Bible, I was most impressed with Revelation. I was born to believe Muhammad was a prophet, but the Apostle John was the last prophet. The more that I read in Revelation and cross-referenced the footnotes, the more I began to recognize *real* prophecy. I devoured scripture, like I had a 3-track mind and can only believe it was that wafer.”

While the old Soviet Union developed red mercury as a venue for almost invisible, amazingly deadly weapons, Dr. Cohen saw its

potential in the realm of the neutron bomb. A softball-sized nuclear weapon, catalyzed with mercury antimony oxide, that could kill every person within two miles and leave the buildings intact, for the most part. You would win a war while minimizing the rebuilding costs.

“So I guess you’re now a Christian?” Jeff mocked. “Maybe a preacher? Evangelist Vinny Penny, a perfect moniker for you.”

The hatred in Jeff’s voice was evident, and Vinny thought the old man might have a heart attack. He wondered why a young, beautiful woman would have ever married such an old man.

“Mr. Ross, I understand your anger and hatred toward me. I hate myself. I have killed many, believing in my heart that it was for God. Hasn’t that gone on since Adam and Eve were kicked out of the Garden of Eden? People have been killing for God for six-thousand years.

“Here is the deal. The United States and Europe, what is left, will suffer a drone attack, *Project Drone Swarm*.

“There are hundreds of these red mercury bombs planted in cities and towns all over the world. The drone swarms will not be seen in the night sky as they fly over the targets and initiate a digital signal.

“These are very powerful weapons; and they are not mythical, Mr. Ross. I am giving you warning. This cannot be stopped, unless Jesus Christ intervenes; but it may be possible to save millions of lives. You know people that can make it happen.”

“Why don’t you turn yourself in, Vinny?”

Jeff found himself agreeing momentarily with the notorious Vinny. The world needed a Jesus intervention, but he didn’t think that was going to happen. At least not yet.

“That will not happen, monsieur,” Vinny answered with a perfect French accent. “I will help from a distance. I already have helped.”

“In what way?” Jeff asked.

Samarra continued to read, and a smile crossed her face. The United States CIA claimed the mythological substance was a ruse to set up terrorist networks. The CIA and other agencies would stage a fake sale of red mercury; and terrorists would flock to the location, willing to pay tremendous amounts of cash for the compound. When they showed up, they were captured or killed.

“I killed my boss. He was the creator of the drone swarm project.”

“Mahmud?” Jeff asked.

Vinny was surprised that Ross knew Bubba by his real name. Hardly anyone did. Mahmud looked like a Bubba if there ever was one.

“Yes,” Vinny answered. “He met his fate in an IHOP parking lot.”

Jeff recalled the story. A van exploded, and a homeless man came to riches.

“I know all about you, Mr. Ross; maybe as much as you know about me. I can help you. We have two weeks until Labor Day. After that, it will begin.

“If I am arrested, I will be of no help. Millions will die. These bombs are sitting on shelves, disguised as art. They are mounted in street lights and fake fire hydrants. They are planted in city gardens and hidden in air conditioning ducts.”

Twenty minutes passed, and Samarra had absorbed much knowledge about $\text{Hg}_6\text{Sb}_2\text{O}_8$ and its unbelievable power, should red mercury exist. She glanced outside where Audrey and Jeffrey sat pensively at the patio table.

Cohen made the claim to an anonymous news source that possibly a hundred RM mini-nukes were already in the hands of terrorists. He also claimed that Saddam Hussein, leader of Iraq at the time, had taken delivery of fifty; though none had ever been found, or reported found.

The news droned on.

“... *La Palma*. The death toll is unknown, but we do know the eruption destroyed the entire western flank of the island. Morocco and East African coasts have been slammed with waves estimated at thirty to forty feet.

“The giant wave, one of many the world has suffered the past few years, should hit the Atlantic coasts of the Americas in less than six hours. Some estimates of wave height when it comes ashore as ‘in excess of’ one hundred feet.

“In other news, a pandemic...”

“Okay, Vinny. What do you suggest?”

“The diseases spread, unbeknownst.... as parents all over the world rebel against vaccinations. Now outbreaks of once lost diseases are raising their heads. Polio is again killing children; but this time around, the elderly were vaccinated long ago and have avoided the resurgence.

“A large sinkhole has swallowed the Burj Tower in Dubai, and...”

“Be at *The Divide* in one hour.”

Jeff glanced at Samarra, studious and reading away.

“You mean *The Divide* in Duluth?” Jeff asked, incredulous.

“That is the one, Mr. Ross. A friend, a preacher, will meet you there on the second level. He is well aware of his risks but his desire is to help. Please be alone. As I said, if I am dead, I cannot help. I have confessed, Mr. Ross, to this preacher. Armageddon is upon us.”

Chapter Two

The Admiral and Sheryl landed uneventfully in Lawrenceville. There had been no meteor showers for the pilot to dodge and no inadvertent hailstones knocking a wing off or something else exciting.

The private jet taxied to a halt, but a large aircraft parked near a shelter off the East Runway caught The Admiral's attention.

"What is it?" Sheryl asked, her arm looped in his as they exited the small jet. The Admiral nodded toward the World War II era-looking plane.

"Looks sort of like Wild Willy's B-36."

"I think he keeps it at Warner Robbins Air Force Base," Sheryl said. "It's his Ferrari."

They laughed and joined the two pilots in the shuttle bus. The 15-passenger bus took the access road to the private jet quarters, passing within a quarter-mile of the large, gray plane.

"What's that?" Sheryl asked the pilot, pointing toward the behemoth.

"That, ma'am, is a B-36-J Peacemaker, once the largest plane in the world."

"I'm surprised it could land here," The Admiral said, almost certain it was Will's plane. "Whose is it?"

"Landed on the new runway, fifteen-thousand feet," the co-pilot said. "Supposedly flew in from Warner Robbins. Seems to be a big secret."

The Admiral drove the bright-red, Jeep Commander along Duluth-Lawrenceville highway and was surprised by all the abandoned properties. Surely this many people had not simply disappeared. Wild dogs or coyotes were everywhere. Sheryl held his hand tightly as they rode down the trafficless highway toward

Duluth. The American Flag at the American Legion Post waved horizontally and tall pines leaned in the wind.

“Did you get Jeff?”

“Nope,” The Admiral said. “He will be happy for us though. Wind sure has picked up.”

“Think he’s at home?” Sheryl asked.

“No one answered, and I called three times. Probably having lunch at Piatto on Main Street. He loves that place.”

The Admiral turned left on Buford Boulevard, and it was like they were in a different land. Families were eating and walking dogs, the roadside barbeque house was packed and music flowed from the Town Green.

“Looks like revitalization has worked well,” Sheryl said, amazed at the progress. “Guess they don’t know.”

After Buford Dam had been nuked, Duluth and other small towns along the Buford Highway corridor built their own reservoir and supply system. While some towns dried up, literally; the Buford Corridor only got better. Then the fires came to the mountains.

As the fires moved southward, burning one town after another, many residents began to move; and housing prices dropped accordingly. When the fires stopped a year later, the low housing prices brought a small population boom.

“Yeah,” The Admiral said, understanding. “People don’t seem to know or care that the world is ending.”

Sheryl agreed. More people than ever thought the Bible was myth. Pakistan and India were in a nuclear standoff. North Korea nuked South Korea. Initial, unsubstantiated reports were that North Korea had suffered nuclear retaliation from someone, probably a U.S. Nuclear sub. This surely must be the beginnings of the War at Armageddon, or Gog of Magog; and she found herself depressed on a day she should have been happy.

“Maybe they don’t know,” Sheryl quipped, longing for the days of non-nuclear wars, no asteroid strikes and a normal climate,

“because they don’t *want* to know. Like someone not going to the doctor, because they are afraid they might have cancer.”

A sudden gust blew a large wastebasket across the Green, and signs from a group of *Pedophile Rights* demonstrators flew across the parking lot.

Pedophile rights? What was the world coming to, she wondered, knowing in her mind exactly what the world was coming to: The End, at least the end as we now know it. Man, it was hot, she thought. Maybe Earth was becoming Hell itself.

“What if no one comes?” she asked, thinking about their surprise wedding.

They had discussed where the wedding should be, maybe Cape Cod; but she had cold feet about anything beachy or too close to the coast. It seemed to her that the coasts of the world had become dangerous places.

He parked the red Jeep in the City Hall parking lot, and they meandered across the Town Green toward *The Divide*, hand in hand.

The Fountain on the Green was the center of activity and water blew sideways in the stiff breeze. They walked up the steps and into *The Divide*, crowded with news junkies gathered around the many flatscreens.

The Admiral scanned the room, but Jeff was nowhere to be found. A table of eight celebrated a birthday on the second level and a couple of men sat in the corner.

They walked to the bar where Abe the Bartender adjusted the volume on one of the TVs. He spotted The Admiral and Sheryl immediately.

“Well, well. A surprise,” Abe greeted. “Jeff didn’t mention that you were coming to town.”

“It is spur-of-the-moment,” Sheryl said. “We’re getting married,” she whispered.

“Really?” Abe said. “It’s about time.”

He winked at The Admiral and gave Sheryl a hug.

“Want a fresh lemonade?”

Sheryl nodded in the affirmative, and The Admiral asked that a bit of vodka be added to his.

Abe knew The Admiral and Sheryl well and had for several years. It seemed they had been engaged forever, but the past few years had been anything but normal.

“Never saw you partake until after five. Getting nervous about the marriage?” Abe asked, arching his eyebrow and smiling at Sheryl.

In the dark corner of the second level, two men conversed quietly; and Jeff still could not believe who the preacher turned out to be. None other than the guy he met in Dalton, B.J. Stagner from England. B.J. was the guy who taught Vinny how to fish, and he might introduce him to the man who nuked Manhattan.

Jeff knew he could spend the rest of his life in a federal prison, or worse, for not arranging the immediate capture of B.J.; but he had a gut-feeling. Plus, did he trust the government?

“Where is Jeff?” Sheryl asked Abe.

She could hardly wait to tell him and Samarra. She was as excited as a school girl at the prom.

“He’s upstairs talking to some guy I’ve never seen before, some tall guy,” Abe said as he spiked The Admiral’s lemonade.

The Admiral read the trailer across the OLNN newsfeed, and Sheryl knew right away that something was going on. The Admiral’s eyes were wide and glued to the trailer.

“What’s wrong, Justin?” she asked.

The two men walked silently down the stairs, as Jeff escorted B.J. to the front door. They did not shake hands or slap each other on the back in friendship, and Abe made note. Jeff did not look happy.

“More bad news,” The Admiral said, nodding at the TV over the bar tuned to BBC. “Isn’t that Leanne Jones, the British gal who rescued a Muslim immigrant from drowning last week in Runnymede?”

“... should hit the East Coast in about two hours. Cape Cod and Boston have begun evacuation, as have other cities to the south.”

“Yes,” Sheryl said, listening intently, “That is her or her twin. The reports said she was a news commentator. BBC is big stuff.”

“A large part of La Palma Island collapsed into the Atlantic Ocean, which has been predicted for years, when the Cumbre Vieja volcano erupted. Canary Islands monitoring buoys detected a small rise in sea level at 6:12 AM, Eastern Standard Time. At this point, there is no indication how massive the wave will be when it hits the United States. It could be minimal, or not.”

“Let’s go to Tim Andrews in Casablanca. Tim, you have been based in North Africa since you moved from Vidor, Texas. Have you ever seen this much activity? Has Morocco had any effects from the eruption?”

Jeff spotted The Admiral and Sheryl and was surprised. Their visit came with no notice, and he wondered what was up. He felt sick.

“Man,” Sheryl said, looking at Jeff. “You are as pale as Justin’s skinny, white legs. Are you okay?”

“My legs are not skinny,” The Admiral said, laughing.

Abe glanced at Jeff and was concerned. He looked like he was going into shock, gray and clammy.

“No, I’m fine,” Jeff lied. “Let’s get a table.”

“Leanne,” Tim said, “Much of Casablanca is under a state of emergency, as is the entire coastline of Africa. This eruption had been anticipated for a number of years.”

Abe motioned the new hostess-manager, Jacqueline Potts. The tall woman with black hair with a blue streak grabbed a few menus and made her way through the growing crowd.

“Jackie,” Abe said, “this is Sheryl and her hubby-to-be, The Admiral. You will see them wander in from time-to-time, when they’re in town. Everything is on the house today.”

Jackie shook hands with the couple, a glint of curiosity in her smile. They seemed pretty old to be getting married.

Jackie Potts, at 32 years of age, was one thing if she was no other. She was a great judge of character, and she liked these two. Still, she wondered how love could be on anyone's mind these days. She had read the complete Bible nine times, cover-to-cover; and the world was definitely headed for a bad day. Why would anyone want to get married?

"Ya'll are so cute!" Jackie said, leading them toward a table for four. "Follow me."

"The tsunami hit the coast about an hour ago and has been followed by three more waves. The third wave was the largest," Tim continued, reporting from a hilltop safe zone, wiping beads of sweat from his forehead. The heatwave was even worse than the dreaded Texas heatwaves.

"When are ya'll gettin' married?"

"Tomorrow," Sheryl said, nonchalantly, as though marriage was a daily activity. She strained to hear the latest tragedy ploy on the news. Another tsunami, and she thanked God for intervening. They had planned to go to the coast to get married.

"Really?" Jackie said, and stopped in her tracks. Tears of joy now flowed from her eyes. "I want to hug your necks," and she did. "Bless your hearts. Ya'll look so happy. How long ago did you meet?"

"Casualties are high, with some estimates in the tens of thousands. It is very populated along the coast, Leanne."

"Last century," The Admiral said with a smile.

"Leanne," reporter Tim Andrews continued, *"The talk of the town is not the tsunami or the windstorms but something called Red Mercury. Ever heard of that?"*

The hostess laughed and thought the old guy was funny. He reminded her of her grandpa. She started to seat them; and Jeff asked if they could have a corner booth, something away from the crowd when he heard the red mercury comment. He stopped.

"Yes," Leanne said, *"I have."*

Leanne Jones had heard of red mercury. It was also the talk of London. Her best friend, Dr. Beverly Gregson, lived in Manchester and was a nuclear weapons expert; and that was all she talked about lately, the devastation that was associated with the compound.

“So, what is the talk, Tim?” she asked.

Jackie escorted the three to a corner booth, wondering why they wanted to be so isolated; but when she turned to seat them, they all stood watching the news. She had never seen so many newsaholics until she got the new gig at *The Divide*.

She placed three menus and a wine list on the table; and Jacqueline the hostess rejoined the group watching the news alert but not knowing why.

“Leanne,” Tim said, glancing out to sea from the hilltop, *“I had never heard of red mercury until this morning when I arrived in Morocco. Apparently, it is sort of a catalyst of some kind that makes a nuclear weapon tens, maybe hundreds of times, more destructive.*

“There is a lady in England, maybe you have heard of her, who is the world’s expert on red mercury. Most governments say the substance does not exist; she says otherwise.”

“Dr. Gregson,” Leanne said. *“She is my closest friend. We went to college together.”*

Sheryl watched Jeff. He was acting bizarre, he was pale and he was sweating. The wedding news seemed to pass right over his head.

“We need to talk,” Jeff said, and they took a seat at the table with three menus.

“I’ve heard of Red Mercury,” The Admiral said. “Supposedly does not exist, according to the CIA.”

Jeff glanced quizzically at the man dressed in the dark, purple suit. He looked familiar.

“Well then, you guys are not going to believe this story,” Jeff began, spreading the black, linen napkin in his lap.

Two hours and a pitcher of lemonade later, the story had been shared. Sheryl agreed not to contact the President or Homeland Security, a risky move at best. She could spend the rest of her life in

a federal prison instead of in marital bliss; but according to Vinny, the Senate and heads of the intelligence agencies were a part of the plan. The plan was to be the destruction of the most powerful country ever to grace planet Earth, which would open the world to conquest by the forces of the New World Order and President Morsi.

“Apparently, the intention is not to convert the United States to Islam but to destroy it. Let’s go to the house,” Jeff suggested. “Samarra should be home by now.”

“I can’t comprehend how this catalyst could work,” The Admiral said, walking toward the front doors. Outside the late afternoon sky darkened. “By the way, why is Wild Willy’s B-36 sitting at the airport in Lawrenceville?”

“He told me,” Jeff laughed for the first time this day, “that it was for our evacuation to Israel. He thinks an EMP will take out all the power any day now, and the plane is shielded heavily. Will had the plane refurbished but used the old tube-type electronics, minimal micro-circuits.”

The three said their goodbyes to Abe the Bartender, and Abe closed their tabs, scanning the fake buy-sell barcode.

The sun was setting, and soon the dark red moon would rise, barely visible. The last bit of news Jeff heard on one of the TVs as he exited the café, stopped him in his tracks for the second time that day. To Jeff, it seemed some sort of climax was about to take place.

“Blip is back.”

Chapter Three

It also forced all people, great and small, rich and poor, free and slave, to receive a mark on their right hands or on their foreheads, so that they could not buy or sell unless they had the mark, which is the name of the beast or the number of its name.

Revelation 13:16-17

What is your first memory, Abe?" the doctor asked. Abe cried quietly and tears flowed down his face. The hypnotic journey to this point had been quick and depressing; though in actuality, he was forty-minutes into the session.

Abe's morning appointment was at 9:00, and he arrived fifteen minutes early, as usual. He did not believe in *late*. He checked out the diploma hanging on the wall just inside the entry, *Dr. Dave Cook, Hypnotherapist*.

He checked in, met with Dr. Cook, relaxed in a comfy chair with headphones and was monotonized into a hypnotic stupor within ten minutes.

Dr. Cook, not a medical doctor but a Ph.D., met the man everyone called Abe the Bartender three years earlier while volunteering at *Dine for Dollars*, now rebuilt after the fire. They hit it off right away, because Abe had always had a curiosity in hypnotism and the benefits thereof. Though not best buddies, their paths had crossed several times. Dave had been surprised by Abe's call, an invitation to his wedding and a request to meet.

"Abe? What is your first memory? Can you recall?"

"My father beating the crap out of my mother with a belt," Abe said without pause.

“How old were you?” Tim asked.

Abe had invited Dr. Cook to *The Divide* for breakfast and conversation, which was a little odd in itself. They met the next morning; and Abe was full of questions, most about relationships. He explained that he had become very “smitten” for the first time in years, actually decades, and feared he wasn’t relationship worthy. He had never had success.

“How old were you,” Tim asked again.

“Four,” Abe said with a sob. “Maybe three.”

The breakfast meeting had lasted two hours, and Dave learned a lot about the man he met three years earlier.

Abe’s father was physically abusive to both Abe and his mother but seemed to idolize Sarah, his older sister. That idolization did not last, because Abe’s father was killed in yet another Israeli skirmish with Hezbollah. He explained that growing up in Israel had been difficult and was happy when his mother took them to New York to live with their uncle’s family. He did not escape the fighting. Uncle Herschel was a mean man and was always giving Aunt Helen a smackdown.

“You said at breakfast that you loved your mother but was sure she did not love you. Why do you believe that?”

Abe recalled the painful memories, though he had not recalled the memories until he turned forty. Now the memories were plain as day.

“She didn’t watch me,” Abe replied.

The doctor listened as Abe told his story and was surprised at the detail.

“When I was about one-year old,” Abe continued, “Mom left me in the bathroom sink. She was giving me a bath but left for a few minutes. I turned on the hot water and was scalded before she returned. I do not remember, thankfully; but I was in the hospital three days.”

Abe did not remember the pain or the trip to the hospital but had heard the story many times over the years.

“Then there was the near-electrocution at age three when I stuck a metal fingernail file into an electrical outlet, once again left alone.”

Abe’s composure was now relaxed and there were no more tears. There was more anger if anything. Dave thought about his own childhood in the sixties. Parents didn’t seem to worry so much back then. Giving a three-year-old a metal fingernail file today would be child abuse.

“And there was the falling incident,” Abe said.

“How old were you then? Where did you fall?”

“I fell out of the car,” Abe said. “A blue, 1962 Kaiser Carabela with white sidewall tires. I remember it like it was yesterday.”

Dave listened and had never heard of a Kaiser Carabela as Abe explained how he simply opened the back door and rolled out into the street. He remembered the siren of an approaching ambulance and his head, wrapped in a big, white bandage.

“They were built in Argentina.”

“Do you think your mother was negligent?”

“Yes,” Abe said after a short pause. “She didn’t fasten my seatbelt.”

The session continued for twenty minutes before Dr. Cook awakened him from his hypnotic state.

“You okay?” Dave asked.

Abe rubbed his eyes and smiled. He felt amazingly happy and energized.

“I feel great.”

“Abe, let’s get together again next week if you have time,” Dave suggested.

“Aren’t you going to put me under?” Abe asked, looking at the doctor in utter seriousness.

“We’ve already been there, big guy,” Dave said, patting him on the back. “You will recall in a while.”

Another appointment was scheduled, and Dave walked Abe to the door, then hesitated.

“Abe, I have a question. You are here today because you are getting married to a woman you describe as ‘an accomplished and beautiful woman.’ You are a lucky man.”

Dave paused, choosing his words carefully.

“So what’s the question?” Abe asked.

“A couple of months ago, we were talking at *The Divide*. We both agreed that the end of the world as we know it is upon us. We discussed that blip of light you and a few others have seen, and you said that you believed it was one of the signs in the sky announcing the return of Christ.”

“I remember,” Abe said. “And I know where you’re going.”

“Where?” Dave asked.

“Because I said that anyone who would fall in love, with the world in the mess it’s in, was an absolute nut.”

“Yep. That’s the question. Now you’re in my office getting prepared for marriage.”

Abe didn’t say anything at first, squeezing his right wrist. He reckoned the pain could be from the buy-sell implant the week before. Many internet posts had protested the requirement, and a few said it was the mark mentioned in Revelation. He turned and shook Dave’s hand.

“God weaves mysteries in our lives, don’t you think? She came out of nowhere.”

Abe walked out the door of the doctor’s office and toward his 1965 red GTO, one of three GTOs that he owned. A brisk breeze held the office door open, and Tim walked out to the porch.

The sun was bright, brighter than it used to be, he thought; and he watched Abe as he strolled across the parking lot. He liked the man and would talk to him further about the *blip*. He also prayed silently that Abe would get over the hatred he had in his heart for his mother. Then he could have a relationship. And besides, if his memory was correct, 1962 cars did not even require seatbelts. If parents only knew what they do to their kids.

“Abe,” Dave said, and Abe turned to face the hypnotist. The doctor’s hair suddenly looked grayer. “I hope that you can find love in your heart for your mother. You know, seatbelts were not a requirement until 1966. Your mom could not have fastened your seatbelt if there was none.”

Abe glanced skyward, as though in search of an answer; but he knew the answer. He did not know what the sound was but saw nothing unusual.

“The 1962 Kaiser Carabela was ahead of its time, I guess.”

Dave turned to walk back in his office when he heard the sound, like a whoosh; and then the entire earth shook. He spun quickly around.

Abe was lying on the hot, asphalt parking lot, the black Cadillac Escalade a few feet away sat scrunched with four flat tires; and a huge chunk of crystal-clear ice shattered and spread across the parking lot. Then two more hit.

Dave rubbed his eyes and slapped the side of his head, as a shard of ice flew by and slammed into the building. He was certain he had not seen what he had just seen. A chunk of ice the size of a car could not fall out of the sky. He guesstimated the mass at three, maybe four-hundred pounds. There wasn’t a cloud in the sky.

People rushed out of the few office buildings that remained occupied after the fires, curious and frightened. Dave ran toward his newest patient, still stationary on the ground but suddenly turned and ran back to the building, as did all the others.

The otherwise quiet, Georgia day turned into a day of loud whooshes as a mega-hailstorm slammed the cities of Buford, Suwanee and Doraville with a near blizzard of huge hailstones the likes of which the world had never recorded in history. The same unprecedented atmospheric event happened throughout the world.

Seeking shelter inside his concrete and tempered glass building, Dave turned to check on disabled Abe. He searched the parking lot, but Abe was nowhere to be seen.

