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The screen flickered to life with breaking news as Rabbi John Lemon sat in quiet contemplation, the soft glow of his television dancing off the ancient stone walls of his study. His gaze sharpened when the feed switched to a live broadcast of Dorian Krell and the new Pope. Dorian Krell is the name he uses in public; however, Krell's birth name is Zorvex. Only those closest to Krell know him as Zorvex. Zorvex is the latest recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize for his pivotal role in unifying the Abraham Accords. The camera focused on an ABC News reporter, who commented, "Pope Lucian VI, the newly appointed and already controversial leader of the Vatican, has declared that Dorian Krell has what it takes to be a great world leader."

Pope Lucian, dressed in an immaculate white robe embroidered in gold, stood on a podium next to Krell, addressing the world. The journalist states: "The Abrahamic Family House," the Pope declared, "is a monumental interfaith initiative located in Abu Dhabi, United Arab Emirates.

Inaugurated in 2023, it was born from the Human Rights Document... Fraternity, signed by my predecessor and the Grand Imam in 2019. This project was designed to unite the three great Abrahamic religions—Christianity—under, for Islam and Judaism—a sacred vision of unity.

More images appeared on the screen: a church, a mosque, **and** a synagogue, each architecturally distinct but equally significant, side by side. "These places of worship," Lucianus said, "are more than mere structures; they are powerful symbols. Each reflects its own tradition, but all have a common purpose: to foster peace, mutual respect, and coexistence. The complex also includes a dialogue and education center, a place where people of all three faiths can come together in unity." He continued, "Ever since Dorian Krell helped forge the Abraham Accords, he has urged me to unite the faiths, using the Abrahamic Family House as the central hub of this global religious initiative."

Rabbi Lemon leaned forward with a hopeful expression. The Pope's tone changed slightly as he concluded: "I have finally convinced the many religions to unite for the good of the world and contribute to peace, as Dorian Krell did." realized through the Abraham Accords. We can finally embrace a new era where all religions walk together. Pope Lucian stated: "Whatever

Whatever your faith, you are welcomed as brothers in the same faith in the House of the Abrahamic Family.

Krell approached solemnly, his head nodding in agreement with the Pope at his side.

Rabbi Lemon grabbed the remote and paused the broadcast. The screen froze, showing Pope Lucian VI, his hand suspended in a gesture.

Gazing at the image, Lemon murmured, with a mixture of wonder and weary acceptance, "At last the foundations for a world religion have been laid...

Perhaps now, the long shadow of anti-Semitic hatred begins to fade, and we can move toward a global church where prejudice is left behind.

The Pope turned to Krell with a solemn smile. "Now, if you'll follow me," he said, "there is something within the Vatican walls that I have waited a long time to reveal; something we kept hidden until you fully confirmed the Abraham Accords."

With the entire world watching via live broadcast, Pope Lucian VI guided Dorian Krell through the ornate halls of the Vatican. In the center of the room stood a large object, covered in rich purple and scarlet fabric. The atmosphere was thick with anticipation. Reporters could be heard whispering, "What do you think the Pope is about to reveal to Krell?"

With great care, Lucianus grasped the edges of the cloth and slowly pulled it back. Gasps of amazement arose from the press gallery as the cloth fell to the floor, revealing a strikingly lifelike statue of Dorian Krell.

The figure was flawless, so disturbingly lifelike that, for a moment, even the cameras hesitated, unable to distinguish the man from the image. His eyes, his posture, even the texture of his skin gave the impression that he could move at any moment.

As Rabbi Lemon watched the live broadcast of Dorian Krell and Pope Lucian VI, his gaze **remained** fixed on the screen. At the precise moment the cloth was pulled back to reveal Krell's lifelike image, the ground beneath the rabbi convulsed violently.

A deafening roar filled the air as a powerful earthquake struck. The rabbi was thrown from his chair and crashed to the floor as books fell from shelves and plates crashed. Outside, the terrified screams of

His neighbors were causing chaos. The television was tipped over on its side, the screen flickering.

When the shaking finally stopped, Rabbi Lemon stood up, his heart pounding. He picked up the television and placed it back on its stand, his hands shaking. Just as he adjusted the screen, a breaking news alert appeared.

He turned up the volume.

"Breaking news," the anchor said urgently, "Jerusalem has been hit by a magnitude 6.5 earthquake."

Rabbi Lemon's eyes widened. The presenter continued: "The quake struck just one day before the planned laying of the cornerstone of the Third Temple. Authorities report only minor damage at the site, and barring further aftershocks, the ceremony will take place next week."

Dorian Krell has confirmed that he will continue his trip to the Temple Mount in Jerusalem to participate in the cornerstone ceremony marking the beginning of the Third Jewish Temple. Krell stated that nothing would prevent him from advancing the vision set forth in the Abraham Accords, of which the construction of the Third Temple is a key element.

The rabbi stood frozen in stunned silence, the weight of the moment settling over him like the calm after a storm. Slowly, Rabbi Lemon knelt, overcome with emotion, and began to give thanks to God, believing that the construction of the Jewish Temple was a clear sign that the coming of the Messiah was near.

The scene changes to a small town in New York, at the home of Rose Morris.

After my service, I ran into Frank DiMora. Frank is the author of "The Last Chronicles of Planet Earth," connects biblical prophecy with current events. a book of prophecy titled "a documentary that , a events." Curious, I asked him if there was any development in the profession related to today's headlines. Our conversation turned to the Abraham Accords, which, Frank explained, were initiated by President Trump in 2020. I admitted I didn't fully understand what the accords were about, so Frank explained that he's been closely monitoring the situation, especially to see if more nations, especially those that have historically opposed Israel, decide to join the agreement.

He believes that Dorian Krell, now residing in Rome, has played a pivotal role in setting the stage for the fulfillment of Daniel 9:27, the prophecy that predicts that the Antichrist will confirm a covenant with Israel for seven years, only to break it midway, after three and a half years.

Based on the historic agreement Krell just brokered between Israel and several Islamic nations, Frank told me he is convinced the seven-year tribulation may have already begun.

"If I'm correct," Frank said, "the next thing you'll see in the headlines is the start of construction of the Third Jewish Temple." He went on to explain that the Jewish priests have already been trained and are fully prepared to resume the ancient Temple practices, as they were carried out in Jesus' time, including animal sacrifice.

He asked Frank, "When do you think the rapture of the Church will occur?"

He looked at me calmly and said, "I'm not worried about timing. What matters is being prepared when the time comes."

What concerned Frank most was the increasing number of people who still rejected the Lord's offer of salvation, especially now that he believed the confirmation of the Abraham Accord signaled the beginning of the tribulation.

While we were talking, Frank's iPhone vibrated with a notification.

"Excuse me a moment, Rose," he said, looking at the screen. His expression tightened. "There's been another huge earthquake," he said. "This one hit Jerusalem, just as a statue of Krell was being unveiled." With a serious look, Frank turned to Rose and said, "I firmly believe we're going to witness an intensification of the signs of the last days, just as Jesus described in Matthew, chapter 24. These major earthquakes are a clear part of those prophetic warnings."

I asked Frank if he'd be willing to do a weekly prophecy update with me. I firmly believed that what he said about our generation—the one Jesus mentioned as the last to witness His return—was true.

He smiled and said, "Pastor Tom and I met last week, and Tom asked if I would be willing to do weekly updates on the prophecy during church services to keep everyone informed about the latest news related to it. I told him it was an answer to my prayers."

Rose's eyes lit up with excitement. She gave Frank a warm hug and then headed home.

The following week at church, Frank began his first session on how current events point to the fulfillment of biblical prophecy. He stepped up to the podium, took out his notes, and began:

"What I want to show you today is that we, in this generation, are the generation Jesus spoke of in Matthew chapter 24. Let me read a special section from this chapter:

Now learn the parable of the fig tree: When its branch is already tender and puts forth leaves, you know that summer is near. So you also, when you see all these things, know that it is near, right at the doors. Truly I tell you, this generation will certainly not pass away until all these things are fulfilled. (Matthew 24:32-34)

Frank paused and said, "The fig tree here represents the nation of Israel. Israel was reborn as a nation after being scattered for almost 2,000 years. Jesus clearly tells us that this generation will not pass away until all these things are fulfilled."

"What is Jesus referring to in Matthew 24?" Frank asks.

"They include the signs of the last days: massive storms creating widespread chaos, wars and rumors of wars, a global rise in sexual immorality, including the normalization of homosexuality, widespread famines, extreme heat, prolonged droughts, deadly diseases, rising crime, rampant drug use, and more. These are not isolated events; they are happening all at once, just as Jesus said they would."

Frank pauses and opens his Bible to Revelation 17. His voice firmed as he read:

1 Then one of the seven angels who had the seven bowls came and said to me, "Come, I will show you the judgment of the great harlot who sits on many waters, **2** with whom the kings of the earth committed sexual immorality, and with the wine of whose immorality those who dwell on the earth became drunk."

3 And he carried me away in the Spirit into a wilderness, and I saw a woman sitting on a scarlet-colored beast full of blasphemous names, having seven heads and ten horns. **4** The woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet, and adorned with gold and jewels and pearls, and She was holding in her hand a golden cup full of abominations and the impurities of her sexual immorality. **5** And on her forehead was written a mysterious name: "Babylon the Great, mother of harlots and of the abominations of the earth."

6 And I saw the woman drunk with the blood of the saints, the blood of the martyrs of Jesus.

When I saw her, I marveled greatly. **7** But the angel said to me, "Why do you marvel? I will tell you the mystery of the woman and the beast with seven heads and ten horns that carries her..."

Frank stops there, looks up at the congregation, and continues, "But here's the key: verse 18 tells us exactly who she is: "And the woman whom you saw is the great city which rules over the kings of the earth."

"And now remember what verse 9 says: 'This requires a mind with wisdom: The seven heads are seven mountains on which the woman sits.'

Now let me ask you: How many of you here today know which city is famous for being called the City of Seven Mountains? Frank doesn't wait for an answer.

He raises his voice and declares: " **Rome!** "

Holding his Bible aloft, Frank continues, "Where is the Pope? In Rome. Where are the seven mountains? In Rome. Does the Pope lift a **golden cup** during Mass? Of course he does! And what about the colors? The Book of Revelation says the woman wore **purple and scarlet**, the colors of the Catholic hierarchy.

And the gold, the jewels, the pearls—again, all visible in the wealth and ritual of the Vatican. Don't you see the connection?

Frank steps away from the podium for a moment and adds: "The Pope has already contributed to the launch of the **Abrahamic Family House**, a major interfaith initiative that unites Islam, Judaism, and Christianity under one roof.

This isn't just diplomacy; it's the **foundation of a world religion** that is forming before our eyes. And where does it come from? **From Rome, the city of seven mountains** that Jesus warned us about.

He returns to the podium, puts down his Bible, and looks at the congregation once more. His voice softens, but he maintains his passion:

Look, I know I'm a frustrated dream, and I am. Why? Because I know many of you sitting here today had no idea about this until now. That frustrates me.

We live in the time Jesus spoke of, yet so few pay attention.

He pauses again.

“Perhaps now, with the controversial appointment of **Pope** , a man already surrounded **Lucian VI** , and his close association with **Dorian Krell** , , you begin to see not only the news, but also your Bible.”

Frank straightens and his eyes scan the congregation.

And let's not forget that while Matthew 24 gives us many signs, the prophet Daniel adds even more. He said the final generation would be marked by **an explosion of knowledge** and **rapid travel across the Earth** , something no previous generation could claim. If that doesn't describe our time, I don't know what does.

Most of you have computers or smartphones, so look at Revelation 9:21. It says “magic arts” or “sorcery,” which comes from the Greek “pharmakeia” (ϕαρμακεία).

What does pharmacy mean? Originally, it referred to the use of drugs or potions, especially in medicine, poisons, or intoxicants. Over time, they became associated with witchcraft, sorcery, and the use of drugs in magical rituals.

In the New Testament, pharmakeia generally refers to spiritual deception and idolatry, often involving the use of drugs or potions as part of occult or false practices. This current generation is undoubtedly known for its widespread drug use.

Here's a look at our drug generation: According to the most recent data, approximately 39.5 million people worldwide suffer from drug use disorders, including addiction and dependence. Globally, 296 million people aged 15–64 used psychoactive drugs in 2021, a 20% increase over the previous decade. The most commonly used drug is cannabis, with 228 million users, followed by opioids (60 million), amphetamines (30 million), cocaine (23 million), and ecstasy (20 million).

Frank stepped away from the podium and began pacing the stage, his gaze fixed on the congregation. In a firm but urgent voice, he said, "In the coming weeks, months, and years, I plan to show you how the signs of the last days will only intensify. And I tell you this because of this."

He paused, opened his Bible, and read aloud Mark 13:8: “Nation will rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom. There will be earthquakes in various places and famines. These will be the beginning of birth pains.”

Looking up, Frank continued, "In this passage, Jesus was speaking to his disciples about the signs that would come before the end of time. The use of the term 'birth pains' is deliberate: it means that these events will not only continue, but will intensify, like contractions before the birth of a child. They will become more frequent and more severe as his return draws near."

He paused and added, "Since 1977, I've been warning people to be on the lookout for these signs. And over the years, these birth pangs—these wars, disasters, and social upheavals—have only grown stronger and more intense."

Frank took a deep breath and scanned the room, his voice steady and clear. "Many of you have been following the news and know that President Trump initiated the Abraham Accords in 2020. But what many may not know is that it was Dorian Krell who subsequently confirmed and expanded those accords. I believe that confirmation marked the beginning of the prophesied seven-year covenant with Israel and numerous Arab nations. And according to Scripture, that event signals the beginning of the seven-year tribulation."

He paused, letting the weight of his words sink in. "If you've only been acting like a Christian, now is the time to get serious about your faith in Christ.

From now on, we will all need the Lord's strength and guidance like never before." If I'm correct, Dorian Krell's power as a leader will increase, and as this happens, I will share that news and connect the dots between the signs of the last days and what Krell and the new Pope are doing.

Frank begins pacing back and forth across the stage. He looks at the congregants and says, "Speaking of false messiahs, here's the latest news about another man claiming to be the Messiah. Abdullah Hashem, also known as Aba Al-Sadiq, publicly declared himself the Qa'im (Risen One) and the Second Mahdi in 2015.

This announcement followed the death of King Abdullah of Saudi Arabia on January 23, 2015, an event that some Islamic traditions associate with the rise of the Mahdi. According to sources, Imam Ahmed al-Hassan appointed Abdullah Hashem as his successor, granting him the title "Aba Al-Sadiq" and designating him as the General Responsible Authority on Earth. On April 22, 2025, Aba Al-Sadiq delivered a sermon on the death of Pope Francis.

Now that Pope Francis has passed away, Aba Al-Sadiq has taken advantage of his death to spread his message that he is the new Pope, the Messiah, and the prophet sent by God. The sad thing is that many will believe this lie!

Frank explains. The Word of God is very concise in showing us who the false messiah will be. He will be the one who confirms the seven-year covenant with Israel, which Krell had already made. Aba Al-Sadiq did not participate in the Abraham Accords, so this makes him another false messiah.

In conclusion, let me say this: many of you present in this church today may be those who are drifting away from the Lord as the church suffers increasing persecution. Let us remember Paul's words. The apostle Paul wrote in 2 Thessalonians 2:3. In this passage, Paul warns believers not to be deceived about the timing of the Lord's return, stating that two key events must occur first. Frank reads 2 Thessalonians 2:3. "Let no one deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of lawlessness be revealed, the son of perdition."

It's important for you to understand the key points Paul makes: "Apostasy": This is often interpreted as a widespread apostasy or falling away from true faith in Christ. It suggests spiritual rebellion or a great falling away from biblical truth. "Let the man of sin be revealed": This refers to the Antichrist, also called "the son of perdition," who will exalt himself above all that is called God and deceive many. His revelation is a clear sign that the Day of the Lord (Christ's return) is near.

So Paul basically says that Christ's return and the gathering of the saints will not occur until these two prophetic events occur. This warning was intended to ground believers in the truth and avoid panic or confusion caused by false teachings claiming the end had already arrived. Frank raises his hand and says, "I know what you may be thinking: Is there anything in the Bible that tells us when the Antichrist will be revealed?"

You may not like what I'm about to tell you, but the answer to that question is yes. That event comes from a combination of Daniel, 2 Thessalonians, and Revelation, which together paint a prophetic picture of what will happen during the Tribulation.

Frank noticed a sense of unease taking hold of the congregation: some were sweating, others seemed visibly shaken. But he knew they needed the truth more than comfort, so he persisted.

"Let me explain," he said firmly. "You have to understand what's coming."

Number One: The Covenant Confirmed: The Beginning of the 7-Year Tribulation.

Frank opened Daniel 9:27 and read aloud:

“And he shall confirm the covenant with many for one week; and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease...”

He paused and explained, “That ‘week’ represents seven years, according to the prophetic pattern of using weeks to represent years. Biblical scholars widely understand that the ‘he’ mentioned here is the Antichrist. And the ‘covenant with many’ points to a peace agreement involving Israel and various nations.” This confirmation of a covenant, as I said, will last for seven years. Frank continued, “The Antichrist breaks that covenant halfway through: three and a half years into the seven years. He stops the sacrifices—which the Jews are allowed to perform again, meaning the Temple must be functioning—and commits what Scripture calls the ‘abomination of desolation.’”

Frank looked up, scanning the room. "Do any of you believe that Dorian Krell's upcoming trip to the Temple Mount to help lay the cornerstone of the Third Temple alongside the new Pope is just a coincidence?"

He raised his voice with conviction. "No way. I don't believe it at all. What we see on the news matches exactly what is written in the Word of God. And I firmly believe that in three and a half years, Dorian Krell will stop those sacrifices, enter the rebuilt Temple, and declare himself God."

He opened his Bible again and read 2 Thessalonians 2:4 : “Who opposes and exalts himself above all that is called God or that is worshiped, so that he as God sits in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God.”

Turning a few pages, Frank stopped again and said, “Now listen to what Jesus Himself said in Matthew 24:15 : “Therefore when you see the abomination of desolation, spoken of through the prophet Daniel, standing in the holy place...”

"This moment," Frank said, "is a turning point in end-times prophecy. The Antichrist enters the rebuilt Jewish Temple and demands to be worshipped as God."

He stepped forward and added, "And yes, Revelation also confirms the chronology."

Then he read Revelation 13:5 : “And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies: and power was given unto him to continue forty-two months.”

It's 42 months, three and a half years. The second half of the Tribulation. What the Bible calls the Great Tribulation .

Frank paused and carefully closed his Bible. His voice lowered with solemn conviction.

"I hope most of you will return next week. We're going to delve even deeper into the birth pangs Jesus warned us about. What's coming is no longer just prophecy; it's already unfolding."

As Frank approached the edge of the stage, a hand rose from the congregation. A man stood up and asked, "If what you say about Dorian Krell is true, does that mean the first seal—the rider on the white horse—has already been broken?"

Frank stopped and turned around. "That's a powerful question," he said, opening his Bible in the Book of Revelation. "Let me answer you by reading the Scripture itself."

He read aloud Revelation 6:1-2: And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals, and I heard as it were thunder, one of the four living creatures saying, "Come and see." And I looked, and behold, a white horse! He who sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given to him. And he went out conquering, and to conquer.

Frank looked up and stared at him. "Since Dorian Krell confirmed the seven-year covenant with Israel and several Arab nations, that act alone identifies him as the rider on the white horse. In my opinion, the first seal has been opened."

A wave of unease swept through the sanctuary. People shifted in their seats, whispering to each other, their faces blurred by worry and confusion.

Frank raised his voice a little. "Look, church, I know this is disturbing. It's scary. But Jesus didn't warn us about these things to scare us; He warned us so we would be prepared.

Suddenly, a woman stood up near the back and shouted, "But what if you make a mistake?"

Frank looked into her eyes without blinking. "If I'm wrong, you have nothing to worry about. But if I am right—and based on everything Scripture reveals, I firmly believe I am—then everything I have said is only the beginning.

The best thing you can do is keep coming back, keep listening, and watch these events unfold. The truth will speak for itself.

With that, the room fell silent. Slowly, members of the congregation began to gather their things and leave, each silently processing what they had just heard.

The following Wednesday, a few days after Frank's message at church, his phone rang. It was his friend, Lee Turner.

"Hi, Frank," Lee said. "Are you planning on attending the laying of the cornerstone of the Third Temple next week?"

Frank's voice lights up with excitement. "Really? I wouldn't miss it. Especially after what I shared with the church on Sunday: this could be one of the biggest prophetic signs we've seen yet."

For Frank, the week flew by. The anticipation grew every day. The night before the event, he set his alarm for 3:30 a.m., knowing the news was announcing the laying of the cornerstone would be at 1:30 p.m., Israel time.

Frank's alarm clock blared loudly, breaking the silence. He groaned, got out of bed, and rubbed his eyes, still half asleep. He put on his bathrobe, quickly went to the living room, and went up to the television.

WRRK News was already covering the event live. On screen, reporter Rocko Tomblin stood on the Temple Mount, microphone in hand, the wind ruffling his hair. His tone was serious, but heavy with anticipation.

"In a few minutes," Tomblin began, "Dorian Krell, Pope Lucian VI, the Prime Minister of Israel, and leaders of the world's major religions will arrive with the chariot carrying the cornerstone of the Third Temple."

He paused and gestured to the cameraman. "Pan across the crowd," he said. "Look at this: thousands have gathered here on the Temple Mount, witnessing what many thought they would never see in their lifetime." Frank thought: If people had read the Bible, they would have known this event had to have happened.

The cart slowly approached the place where the cornerstone would be laid. As it drew near, the crowd erupted in applause and cheers. Voices

They raised their hands in praise, their faces beaming with hope and wonder. When the first stone was finally placed in place, the excitement in the air was almost palpable.

As soon as the foundation stone was laid, Dorian Krell took the podium to address the audience. Ladies and gentlemen, distinguished guests and faithful from around the world,

Today we find ourselves at a moment of profound historical and spiritual significance, one that resonates through the centuries and extends into the future. The laying of this cornerstone on the Temple Mount is not simply the laying of a stone; it is the birth of hope, renewal, and unity.

For thousands of years, the Temple Mount has been a holy place, a sacred place where generations have prayed, wept, and dreamed. It is a symbol of faith, a beacon of divine promise, and a testament to the enduring spirit of the people of Israel and all who venerate this sacred site.

This cornerstone marks the beginning of a new chapter that honors the past and embraces the future. It is a call to peace, reconciliation, and the fulfillment of ancient prophecies. Through this act, we renew our commitment to the values of justice, mercy, and fidelity.

Let us remember that this moment is not just ours. It belongs to all humanity: to the guardians of hope and the seekers of truth. May this Temple be a place where all peoples gather in worship, understanding, and communion.

As you lay this stone, may it be a foundation not only of bricks and mortar, but of unity and peace that transcends borders and differences.

May this cornerstone stand as a symbol of my enduring alliance with the people of Israel and the Arab nations who, under my leadership, joined together in a historic act of unity and peace. May it also shine as a light unto the nations, a testament to what is possible when old divisions are put aside for the sake of a shared future.

In conclusion, I would like to especially thank Pope Lucian VI, who accompanied me every step of the way on this extraordinary journey. His unwavering support and vision helped make this moment a global event.

As we move forward, the world's attention will be on Jerusalem. In the coming months, construction will begin on the Third Temple, a long-awaited sacred project. And when the first live Jewish animal sacrifice is performed within its walls, it will mark a moment that will resonate in history. I have no doubt that every media outlet in the world will be attentive. May this be just the beginning. Thank you, and may peace be with all gathered here today and around the world.

As the crowd began to disperse from the Temple Mount, the news camera suddenly shook, trembling violently. The people on screen staggered, struggling to maintain their balance as the ground trembled beneath their feet: a sudden aftershock of the 6.4 magnitude earthquake that had struck the region just a week earlier.

The camera panned the scene, capturing the confusion, and then focused on Dorian Krell. He remained unperturbed, a strange smile spreading across his face. With a brief laugh, he raised his hand and waved to the cameraman.

"I guess God just sent us a message of his approval," he shouted, his voice carrying above the chaos.

As Frank watched the broadcast, he leaped to his feet, pointing at the screen. "That wasn't God's approval, you idiot!" he shouted. "That was His warning: His wrath shaking the earth beneath your feet!"

Frank's phone rang. He answered it, still dazed. "Hello?"

It was Lee Turner on the other end. "Frank, did you see the news just now?"

Frank ascended, though Lee couldn't see him. "Yes, I saw it. There's no doubt now: everything Jesus warned us about is beginning to happen."

There was a pause. Then Lee spoke again, his voice more serious. "I've made a decision... I'm going to move to the woods of Utah, away from the cities, away from people. With what's coming, I want to be as far away from the chaos as possible."

Frank rubbed his eyes, still waking up, and replied, "I understand, Lee. I really do. But no matter where you go, what is coming—what Jesus warned us about—will reach every corner of the earth.

Another pause. Then Lee said quietly, "God bless you, brother," and hung up.

Frank slowly sat down on the edge of his sofa. He clasped his hands, bowed his head, and whispered, "Sir... now it begins."

Sunday Morning — Inside the Church

Once again, Frank approaches the front of the sanctuary, his face solemn as he looks out over the congregation. A hush falls over the room. This time he's not holding his Bible, but a folded sheet of paper.

Frank clears his throat and says, "Church, instead of just telling you what's been happening in the world this week, I want to read something to you directly. This isn't my summary; it's a real news story I found this morning. It speaks for itself."

He walks up to the podium, carefully unfolds the paper, smooths it out, and looks up one last time before reading.

"You have to listen to this," he says softly, and then begins to read.

BREAKING NEWS: A GLOBAL EMERGENCY IS DEVELOPING

[HOST: MARIA THORNE, WORLD NEWS | LIVE]

Maria Thorne (in the study, solemn tone):

Good evening, we interrupt your regular programming with breaking news about what experts are calling the most unprecedented global crisis in modern history. Multiple catastrophic events have struck nearly every continent in the past 24 hours, leaving scientists, world leaders, and citizens stunned.

This is what we know so far.

First, a *massive superflood* has devastated parts of Southeast Asia and Northern Europe following incessant rains and the rapid, unexplained melting of the ice caps. Entire cities have been submerged in a matter of hours. Emergency teams are overwhelmed, and the death toll is rising by the minute.

At the same time, the **largest waves in recorded history** —some more than 36 meters high—have hit coasts from Australia to California.

Tsunami warnings are in effect along the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. Coastal infrastructure has been devastated. Boats have been reported missing.

and oil platforms. This includes a cargo ship carrying critical humanitarian supplies.

To add to the chaos, *strong earthquakes*, some exceeding magnitude 8.0, have struck regions in the Middle East, South America and the Pacific Ring of Fire.

In Türkiye, an earthquake destroyed parts of Istanbul. In Chile, entire villages have disappeared beneath earthworks. Emergency response systems around the world are stretched to their limits.

And if that weren't enough, medical experts are sounding the alarm about multiple new diseases that have emerged almost overnight.

Hospitals in New York, Paris, and Nairobi are reporting mysterious fevers and hemorrhagic symptoms that appear to be highly contagious. Initial reports suggest at least three distinct viral strains, with no known treatment. The World Health Organization has declared Global Pandemic Surveillance Level 5.

As Frank reads the report he appears visibly shaken.

"And in the midst of this global unraveling, a shocking political event. Dorian Krell, the most recent Nobel Peace Prize recipient, a technocrat, has just been elected President of the European Union, in an emergency vote by EU leaders late this afternoon. after a

Krell, known for his transhumanist ideas and radical proposals for global governance reform, issued a brief statement: "This is the moment of planetary transformation. Order must emerge from chaos."

World leaders are gathering for an emergency summit, although it's unclear how many will be able to attend given travel restrictions, military deployments, and communications disruptions around the world.

We'll continue to provide you with hourly updates. Stay with us. This is Maria Thorne, and this is a day the world will never forget.

Frank looks up from his newspaper and his eyes scan the faces of the congregation.

"Everything you just heard," he says firmly, "is exactly what Jesus told us would happen in the last days."

He pauses for a moment, letting the weight of the moment settle.

"But what Maria Thorne's report failed to mention," Frank continues, "is perhaps even more significant: According to Israeli news sources, hundreds of workers have already begun construction of the Third Jewish Temple. And they're not talking years; they expect it to be completed in a matter of months."

A quiet murmur spreads through the crowd.

And now, with Dorian Krell newly elected as president of the European Union, reports confirm that he plans to travel from Rome to Jerusalem to dedicate the new temple, not only for Israel, but, in his own words, "for the peoples of the world."

Frank steps away from the podium. The sanctuary fell into a thick silence, now charged with urgency and wonder. Then he asked, "Any questions?"

A woman stands up. "Does this mean the seals are starting to open?"

Frank exhales firmly. "Yes, I think so."

Another voice in the crowd raises its voice: "What seals are you talking about?"

Frank's expression tightens with frustration. "These people aren't ready," he thinks. But he answers.

The seals are found in Revelation chapters 5 through 8. They represent a series of judgments being unleashed on the earth, each of which is triggered when Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, opens a seal on a scroll.

He opens his Bible and continues.

"The First Seal," he says, "I think it's Dorian Krell. He's the rider on the white horse. It brings with it a false peace, a deception.

Frank's voice gains strength as he speaks. "You've seen it. Krell rose from obscurity to global power, largely thanks to the peace initiatives he promoted, such as the Abraham Accords. But he's not fooled by his charm.

Revelation 6:1-2 describes a rider on a white horse, wearing a crown and holding a bow. He is a conqueror. This shows us the peace that Krell brought.

It won't last. That rider on the white horse symbolizes false messiahs, false peace, and political manipulation. And soon, Krell's true nature will be revealed.

Frank turns the page.

"The Second Seal," he says, "is the red horse. This horse represents war. Revelation 6:3-4 tells us that its rider is given a great sword and has the power to take peace from the earth. You saw Krell bring peace. You will see him take it away. The red horse symbolizes global war and bloodshed.

He steps back from the podium, then comes back and puts down his Bible.

"The Third Seal," says Frank, "is symbolized by a black horse: famine. Revelation 6:5-6 describes a horseman holding scales. This indicates scarcity, inflated food prices, and economic collapse.

Frank approaches the congregation. "Let me connect this to today's world. On October 7, 2024, Hamas attacked Israel. In response, Israel launched a war on Gaza. Since then, famine has devastated the region. This isn't just a local problem: economic pressure and food inflation are spreading throughout the world. Revelation 6 tells us that famine will follow war, and we are witnessing it right now.

Frank continues.

"The Fourth Seal," he says solemnly, "is the pale horse. Revelation 6:7-8 describes a rider named Death, followed by Hades. They are given power over a fourth of the earth: to kill with sword, famine, disease, and wild beasts. This is widespread death. It is coming."

He walks to the back of the stage, takes a chair, and places it near the edge. He sits down and leans toward the audience.

"I want to be frank," he says. "Many in this church, and everywhere, don't study the Bible regularly. Statistics say maybe 10% do.

But those who study know what the early church faced. After Jesus was resurrected, Christians were persecuted, imprisoned, and killed. They became martyrs.

Frank opens his new Bible. "The Fifth Seal, Revelation 6:9-11, shows the souls of the martyrs under the altar, crying out for justice. This seal represents persecution."

of believers during the end times. Friends, that could be us. Perhaps we are called to give our lives for Christ.

A close friend of Frank's stands up and asks, "When do you think the Antichrist will start attacking Christians?"

Frank stands up, moves his chair aside, and returns to the podium.

"Soon," he replied. "In the next three and a half years. The tribulation has begun with the confirmation of the covenant of Daniel 9:27."

He turns the pages of his Bible forward.

"The Sixth Seal," Frank reads in Revelation 6:12-17. "There is a great earthquake. The sun is darkened. The moon becomes like blood. The stars fall. The sky fades like a scroll. This is a cosmic upheaval that will terrify the earth. People will hide in fear, knowing that God's judgment has come."

Then read the final stamp.

The Seventh Seal, Revelation 8:1-6. There is silence in heaven for about half an hour. Then, seven angels prepare to blow seven trumpets.

Frank pauses. His face softens, and a strange smile appears.

This is where hope comes in. Paul writes in 1 Thessalonians 5:9: "God did not appoint us to wrath, but to obtain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ." The seventh seal introduces the Trumpet Judgments: the outpouring of God's wrath. But that wrath is for those who have rejected Christ.

Frank closes his Bible and addresses the congregation directly.

We're halfway through the seven-year tribulation. Why did I focus so much on Dorian Krell? Because, as Paul said, two things must happen before the rapture: a great apostasy, and the revelation of the man of lawlessness, the Antichrist.

He continues: "The construction of the Third Temple has begun. Krell helped make it possible. And according to prophecy, halfway through that seven-year covenant, the Antichrist will enter that temple and proclaim himself God. That's when God's wrath will be unleashed."

Frank's voice becomes firm but hopeful.

But here's the good news. If you've put your faith in Jesus, if you've received Him as Lord and Savior, then you won't be here for wrath. You and I, as children of God, are not destined for judgment. We will be raptured before it falls.

He steps back, emotion flashing in his eyes. "This isn't just a prophecy. It's a warning. And it's a promise."

At this point in Frank's presentation, Pastor John Russo came up on stage to join him. He leaned over and whispered something in Frank's ear. Frank nodded silently.

Pastor John then addressed the congregation and approached the podium.

"I want to thank you all for staying until this point in the service," he began.

"I know what Frank shared tonight isn't easy to hear. It's a difficult message, one that challenges us deeply. But if what we see in Scripture matches what we see on the news, then we would be wise to pay attention.

The Lord has not left us in the dark; His Word gives us details we cannot ignore."

He paused for a moment before continuing.

Before we say goodbye, there's something important I'd like to share, something both Frank and I have been following closely. During the time of the Abraham Accords, the same ones that confirmed Dorian Krell, Israeli police reported an unusual incident. The officers detained two men who were dressed strangely and unexpectedly. Upon questioning, these men told authorities they were the two prophets predicted to appear during the first three and a half years of the seven-year tribulation.

He looked across the sanctuary, letting the gravity of the words settle into him.

The official police report pointed out something strange, something difficult to explain. The officers who arrested these men felt strangely compelled to release them, as if they were being held by a force they didn't understand.

Pastor John leaned forward slightly, his voice calm but urgent.

Since Krell confirmed the pact, these same two men are said to have been seen preaching to the Jewish people, urging them to repent and proclaiming that the Lord Jesus will soon return.

He stepped back from the podium, letting the silence speak for itself.

But that's not the end of the story.

According to a recent report, the Israeli police chief assigned an undercover agent to monitor the two mysterious men. While tracking them on the outskirts of Jerusalem, the agent witnessed something extraordinary: a crowd of men listening intently as the two preached.

The latest police report reveals that these men have been meeting regularly with a group of 144,000 people. Frank and I are convinced: these are no ordinary men. We believe these two are the same witnesses described in Revelation chapter 11. And the 144,000? They match the description in Revelation 7: 12,000 virgin men from each of the twelve tribes of Israel. These are the ones sealed and protected from the torment of the demonic locusts foretold in Revelation chapter 9.

What's even more astonishing is the final event: these 144,000 men have already spread throughout the world, preaching the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ. This confirms what many of us feared: we are already in the first three and a half years of the Tribulation.

Moments before I took the stage to join Frank, our assistant pastor gave me the latest information on these two prophets. This is what the Israeli authorities' report says:

At 2:24 p.m. Israel time, the two men, who called themselves prophets of old, were seen preaching to a group of more than a dozen Israeli soldiers. The soldiers attempted to arrest them, accusing them of spreading false claims that Jesus was the true Messiah. But when confronted, the prophets issued a sharp rebuke. Immediately, the soldiers collapsed to the ground.

The report indicates that the soldiers then felt overwhelming and inexplicable pressure. Terrified, they fled the scene. In response, the Israeli prime minister has given direct orders to locate the two men and bring them in for questioning, specifically regarding what appear to be supernatural abilities.

And yet, even in the face of all this, some continue to reject the truth of Scripture. It's incomprehensible that anyone could ignore what the Bible clearly predicts—about the two prophets, the 144,000, and the times in which we live.

Six months had passed since Dorian Krell ratified the seven-year pact.

Now, aboard his private jet, en route from Rome to Jerusalem, he reflected silently. When the flight attendant approached with a glass of wine, she couldn't help but notice his imposing presence. Tall, with dark hair and a magnetic, almost otherworldly beauty, he effortlessly commanded attention. She whispered to herself, "I've never seen such a handsome man."

She said, "Thank you," delivered in a calm and measured voice, taking too long a moment.

She didn't move. Her eyes remained fixed on him, absorbed by something she couldn't identify.

"Can I help you?" Dorian asked, breaking the silence.

Surprised, she blinked. "Ah... I'm sorry, Mr. President. Do you want anything else?"

"No, thanks."

She stirred and walked away, still visibly shaken.

Dorian put his wine aside, opened his briefcase, and took out a carefully prepared speech. He began to review it with the same concentration that had made him a world leader. Over the intercom, the pilot's voice echoed in the cockpit.

"Mr. President, we will be landing in about thirty minutes."

As the plane descended, Dorian looked out the window. A fleet of black SUVs was waiting for him on the tarmac, their engines idling. They were there to escort him to the Temple Mount, where he would deliver the inaugural address at the dedication of the newly built Third Jewish Temple.

As the plane landed in Jerusalem, the Israeli prime minister was waiting at the foot of the stairs. The door opened, and Dorian Krell descended with serene authority.

"Did you have a good flight, Mr. President?" the Prime Minister asked.

"Yes," Dorian replied tersely. "Let's go." His tone made it clear: there was no time to waste.

The procession began its journey to the Temple Mount, winding through streets packed with thousands of onlookers. The crowd erupted in cheers, flags were waved, and the excitement was palpable.

Noticing Dorian's gaze fixed on the crowd, the Prime Minister bowed. "Today you are making history, Dorian. You will participate in the first Jewish service in the new Temple since the days of Christ."

Dorian ascended, his gaze fixed on the crowd. "This is what I imagined the day I made peace with you and your enemies." He paused and added with a subtle smile, "And I'm not surprised it only took you six months to build the Temple. Nothing impedes progress when there is unity."

The procession slowed to a stop at the East Gate. The Pope and the leaders of the world's major religions were waiting, gathered to welcome Dorian. Together, they began the ceremonial march toward the Temple Mount.

As the dignitaries made their way through the crowd, a sudden disturbance swept through the crowd. Two men stepped forward, blocking the procession. One of them, a wild-eyed figure in a simple robe, raised his voice.

"Dorio!" he shouted. "You don't belong here! This is a sacred place! Your presence desecrates it!"

The crowd gasped. Israeli security forces quickly moved in and surrounded the two intruders. The man, who called himself Elijah, raised his hands.

"Take your hands off us!" he declared with resounding authority.

A surge of invisible force surged from both men. The police retreated as if an invisible wall were pushing against them, unable to contain them. Suddenly, they both retreated into the crowd and disappeared from view.

Shocked, the Prime Minister turned to Dorian. "Do you know who he is, son?"

Dorian's expression darkened. "Yes," he said quietly. "They've been a thorn in my side for some time. I'll deal with them... soon." Dorian knew the world was watching him and that these two men had only tarnished his image.

Finally, the procession reached the Temple Mount. The dignitaries, flanked by guards and cameras, ascended the steps toward the newly built Third Jewish Temple.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the world, in a modest study filled with books and framed scriptures, Frank DiMora and Pastor Russo watched the live news broadcast. The camera slowly panned across the Temple Mount, capturing the historic scene in vivid detail: the gleaming Dome of the Rock on one side, the new Jewish Temple stood beside it. Between them stood a stark brick wall dividing the two sacred sites.

Frank leaned forward with a worried expression. He took out his Bible and opened it to Ezekiel 43:8. In a firm voice, he read aloud:

"By setting their threshold against my thresholds, and their post against my posts, and the wall between me and them, they have profaned my holy name with their abominations which they have committed; therefore I have consumed them in my wrath."

He slowly closed the Bible and looked at Pastor Russo. "I bet three-quarters of our congregation doesn't even realize what they're seeing. This isn't just news; it's a prophecy unfolding before their eyes."

Pastor Russo approached solemnly, his gaze fixed on the screen, where history and Scripture merged in real time. The sun shone down on Jerusalem, casting a golden hue on the white stones of the newly completed Third Temple. Multitudes had gathered—nations, dignitaries, and multitudes from every corner of the earth—drawn by this moment of prophetic fulfillment. Flags of the world waved in the warm wind, and an eerie hush fell over the mount as the most powerful man in the world stepped onto the platform before the altar. He wore a majestic black suit, his face serene and his gaze piercing. His words echoed through hidden speakers: Krell begins his speech. Peace has come. Through me, the covenant has been fulfilled. And now, I am not only your ruler, but your liberator. A gasp rippled through the crowd. Cameras broadcast the moment live to millions. Then, in an instant, chaos ... A loud crack was heard: a gunshot. Screams erupted as Krell staggered backward. Blood splattered the marble steps. A bullet had gone through his head, piercing his sensation. He collapsed in

the ground, motionless. His security came running in, weapons drawn, forming a tight circle around the fallen figure. The world held its breath. Cameras zoomed in. His eyes were closed, his body motionless.

News anchors began whispering the unthinkable: "The world leader... is dead."

Some began to cry. Others fell to their knees, shocked and confused. The Temple Mount descended into madness. Paramedics worked frantically on Krell and his head wound, to no avail. Krell lay drenched in blood. From the moment he was hit on the head until the paramedics stopped treating him, nearly 40 minutes passed. The day the world would see hope for a future of peace through Krell turned into a nightmare.

But then, after forty-five breathless minutes that seemed like an eternity, something moved.

A parapet.

Krell's body shuddered. At first, it was barely perceptible. Then his chest rose with a sudden, sharp gasp, as if air had been forced back into lifeless lungs. His eyes flew open. The paramedics froze.

Before anyone could react, Dorian Krell sat down.

The bullet wound was still clearly visible, but it was no longer bleeding. The flesh around it had sealed unnaturally, without scar or suture. Slowly and deliberately, he stood, unaided. His movements were fluid... otherworldly.

Then his eyes opened.

They burned brighter than before, like embers, with a supernatural fire. The crowd, stunned and silent, watched in disbelief.

And then it happened.

A roar echoed across the Temple Mount like a tidal wave. Cries of adoration, of wonder, of fear. Thousands shouted his name. Others fell to the ground, trembling, their hands raised in praise or terror.

News anchors shouted to each other in barely coherent voices: "How is this possible?" "He was dead!" "He's alive!" The Israeli prime minister, with tears in his eyes, raised his arms to heaven and shouted: "It's a miracle! A miracle!"

And somewhere, deep within the celebration... the earth shook. Stunned by what they had just witnessed, Frank turned to Pastor Russo and quoted a passage from Revelation 13:4. "Who is like the beast?" they exclaimed. "Who is able to make war with him?" In that instant, both Frank and Pastor Russo knew that a dark power had taken hold of man. It was no longer a mere political charisma, but a demonic authority. From that moment on, he would utter great blasphemies against God and wage war against the saints, just as the Bible foretold.

As police escorted Krell to safety, Frank turned to those around him and said, "If the next time we see him on the news, he's one-eyed and paralyzed in one arm, there will be no doubt: Krell is the Antichrist." Without hesitation, he opened his Bible to Zechariah 11:17 and read aloud, "Woe to the idolatrous shepherd who forsakes the flock! The sword will be on his arm and on his right eye; his arm will completely wither away, and his right eye will be completely darkened."

The next morning, a world newscast interrupted the regular programming. Krell, standing at a podium flanked by officials, with one eye bandaged and his arm in a sling, calmly assured the world that he was recovering. "I have lost the sight in my right eye," he admitted, "and the use of one arm, but I remain committed to peace and unity."

Frank watched in silence, stunned. The prophecy had come true before his eyes.

That Sunday, he addressed his congregation urgently: "What happened to Krell is not a coincidence, it is the fulfillment of a prophecy." For the next three years, Frank continued to warn his church as Krell's true nature became increasingly evident.

The room is silent, filled only with the soft rustle of paper and the gentle hum of a classical tune coming from the radio. Rabbi Lemon, sitting behind his mahogany desk, reads the *Israel Times* with a frown. The headline blares: "Krell resurrected after being declared dead: miracle or threat?"

He adjusts his glasses, drops the item, and suddenly the radio music is cut off by a high-pitched, staticky hum.

A voice breaks in, trembling and urgent.

This is Yvonne Stevens of the Global News Network. We interrupt our programming for an emergency broadcast from the Governments of the World.

Rabbi Lemon leans forward, the paper slowly slipping through his fingers.

We are receiving widespread and confirmed reports of violent animal attacks worldwide. Authorities urge all citizens to:

STAY INSIDE. Do not touch domestic or wild animals. Emergency shelters are being set up.

The first reports came from deep in the Indian jungles. Villagers say tigers, previously wary of human presence, have begun prowling villages at night. Homes were destroyed. Corpses were found: some mutilated in bed, others clasped in prayer.

In Assam, twenty dead. The rangers sent... never returned.

Rabbi Lemon now sits paralyzed, one hand gripping the edge of his desk.

Yvonne's voice, increasingly trembling, continues:

In Africa, the situation is worse. Elephants, long considered tame, have stampeded through villages. Lions now hunt in broad daylight, coordinating in numbers never documented before. A wildlife researcher recorded baboons using stones to raid a village in Kenya. They moved with terrifying intelligence, as if something ancient had awakened.

The rabbi's hand begins to shake.

In the forests of the Russian Urals, wolves are emerging in packs not seen in a century. Cities have been surrounded. The mayor of a Siberian village made one last radio broadcast before going silent:

“Now they watch us... as if we were prey . ”

Yvonne's voice breaks.

In New York and London, rats have emerged from the sewers in torrents of fur and teeth, slashing power lines and flooding the subway. In New Jersey, the National Guard discovered an empty nursing home. There are no hay survivors. Only clean bones.

The static returns briefly. Then Yvonne continues, now visibly shaken.

From South America: Jaguars and anacondas have invaded cities. A viral video shows a 9-meter anaconda coiled around a city bus in Manaus.

Screams, broken glass... the video cuts off with a hiss.

And in Japan, near Mount Fuji, bears are descending from the forests; they no longer fear humans, fire, or weapons. The Japanese army has deployed, but they report waves of animals too numerous to contain.

A long pause.

Rabbi Lemon exhales, thinking the report is over.

Then Yvonne's voice returns, calmer but full of fear.

It's as if creation itself has turned against its guardians. As if the earth, so long wounded by exploitation, has unleashed its beasts, not to defend itself, but to purify itself.

She stabilizes.

“We are now joined by Ariav Ben-Shahar, who claims to be one of the 144,000 sealed by the hand of God against his judgments.”

Rabbi Lemon's eyes widen. He walks toward the radio, stopping inches from it.

Yvonne speaks again.

“Ariav, can you help us understand why the animals of the world have rebelled against humanity?”

Without hesitation, Ariav answers in a calm and firm voice:

What you are witnessing is the fulfillment of a sealed judgment foretold by Jesus Christ. This is the judgment of the fourth horseman. As it is written:

«And I looked, and behold, a pale horse! And his name was Death, and Hades followed with him. And power was given to them over a fourth of the earth, to kill with sword, and with famine, and with death, and by the beasts of the earth.» — Revelation 6: 8

Silence falls. Then Yvonne speaks in a low voice:

“This concludes this emergency broadcast... May God help us all.”

The radio goes silent.

Rabbi Lemon slowly returns to his desk, pale. He sits down in his chair, places his hand over his face, and begins to pray.

From outside her window, the faint howling of dogs grows louder. And more nearby.

Krell began waging wars against nations that opposed his global ambitions. Under his leadership, the world's economies disintegrated into a blockchain-based system, eliminating all national currencies. Within three and a half years, people from all corners of the globe were worshipping Krell as their messiah.

But in his small hometown, Frank remained a lone voice of resistance.

While the world hailed Krell as a savior, Frank continued to point his flock toward Scripture. In his prophecy blog and weekly sermons, he sounded the alarm, quoting 2 Thessalonians 2:9–10: “The coming of the lawless one is after the working of Satan with all power, signs, and lying wonders, and with all unrighteous deception among those who perish...”

On June 1, 2025, Frank took the stage at his church and delivered a message he knew could divide even his own congregation. “Revelation 13 warns us of this very moment,” he said, quickly skipping to the passage. “The Pope, working hand in hand with Krell, called down fire from heaven, just as Jesus said would happen.”

He read aloud Revelation 13:13-14 : "He performs great signs, so that he even makes fire come down from heaven to earth in full view of people. And by these signs he deceives those who dwell on the earth..."

Murmurs rose from the pews. Some even stood up, arguing, "Surely no one could do these things unless sent by God."

Frank's voice rose with conviction. "If anyone here truly believes that Krell is the Messiah and that the Pope is a true prophet, then you are contributing to the fulfillment of this deception!"

He paused, scanning the room. "How many times did Jesus warn us, 'Don't be deceived'? And yet, here we are. You've seen with your own eyes what's happening: miracles that seek not to glorify God, but to deceive the world into worshipping the Antichrist."

Frank's voice echoed throughout the sanctuary with unwavering conviction. "The battle for truth is raging, and there is no time to hesitate."

He paused, scanning the room. "Wait a minute," he said, raising his hand. "Let me show you the same warning Christ gave us about the false messiah and the false prophet. This is not speculation, it's Scripture."

He turned to the congregation. "How many of you watched the news last night?"

About half the congregation raised their hands.

Then you saw it. After three and a half years of being harassed by the two prophets in Jerusalem, Krell finally had them killed. And what did the world do? They celebrated. Turn on any media outlet and you'll see people exchanging gifts and rejoicing. Why? Because the men who spoke the truth and tormented Krell are now dead.

Frank's tone hardened. "Didn't the Lord tell us to test the spirits?"

Before any of you turn away from the true Messiah, Jesus Christ, let me tell you what is about to happen, because the Bible already told us how this ends."

He opened his Bible and read Revelation 11:7-10: " And when they have finished their testimony, the beast that ascends out of the Abyss will make war against them, and will overcome them, and

will kill. Their corpses will lie in the street of the great city, which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where our Lord also was crucified. And those of the peoples, tribes, languages, and nations will see their corpses for three and a half days, and will not allow them to be buried. And those who dwell on the earth will rejoice over them and be glad and send gifts to one another, because these two prophets tormented those who dwell on the earth."

Frank looked up again. "Jesus said their bodies would lie unburied in the streets for the world to see. And in just two and a half days, the world will witness something unexpected: Jesus Christ will resurrect these two prophets. And when that happens, fear will grip the nations."

Turning to Pastor Russo, Frank asked, "Is it okay if we meet here in two and a half days? That way we'll know if I'm a false prophet or just a man who believes everything Christ has said."

Pastor Russo solemnly approached and took a step forward. "Of course, Frank. We're ending today's service right here. We'll wait and see what happens. In two and a half days, we'll know the truth."

The congregation began to file out in silence, the weight of the message hanging in the air.

As he reached the door, Frank turned to Russo. "I hope you believe what I've told you."

Russo approached, hugged Frank, and rested his head on his shoulder. In a soft whisper, he said, "Keep preaching, Frank. I've got your back."

At exactly 6:00 p.m., two and a half days after Frank's bold declaration—three and a half days after the murder of the two prophets—the congregation met again. Word had spread throughout the town that Frank was about to demonstrate that Jesus' words in the Book of Revelation would be fulfilled before their eyes.

The church was packed. Every seat was taken, and latecomers stood in the aisles and against the back walls. There was a murmur in the air, part enthusiasm, part skepticism.

Pastor Russo stepped up to the podium and signaled the sound system. "Let's put the broadcast live," he said.

Technicians switched the giant screen at the front of the church to a global news channel. The broadcast remained focused on the two lifeless bodies lying in the streets of Jerusalem. A reporter on the scene interviewed the celebrants: people laughing, dancing, and exchanging gifts to commemorate what they called the "end of the torment of the prophets."

At 6:45 p.m., murmurs of doubt filled the sanctuary. People were fidgeting, whispering. Some were beginning to wonder if Frank had made a mistake. The atmosphere began to shift from anticipation to uncertainty.

Then, suddenly, Frank rushed to the podium and grabbed the microphone. His voice boomed: "Everyone, please be quiet! I want to hear what the reporter on the scene is saying!"

The room instantly fell silent.

On the screen, the camera focused on the two bodies. The reporter, who was standing nearby, gasped. "Wait... did you see that?" he asked his cameraman. "Did her chest move?"

The cameraman adjusted the zoom, focusing on the bodies.

The sanctuary filled with gasps as the congregation watched in awe. The chests of both men rose and fell slowly; they breathed.

The reporter shouted into the microphone: "These men are alive! They're breathing!"

Seconds later, both men stood up.

The world watched, speechless, as the two resurrected prophets began to rise, slowly lifting off from the ground until they disappeared into the clouds.

Frank, overcome with emotion, raised the microphone once more and shouted: "Now you believe it?! "

A wave of conviction flooded the room. People fell to their knees, weeping. Many who had never given their lives to Christ now cried out for salvation. Pastor Russo stepped forward, his voice firm and compassionate, and led them in a prayer to receive Jesus.

That night everything changed.

News of what happened in that church spread quickly. The following Sunday, so many new faces filled the church that the waiting rooms had to be opened. The sanctuary was packed, not only with people, but with renewed faith and hearts forever transformed.

The local news station heard about Frank's challenge to "test the Spirit" and decided to interview him. A reporter, accompanied by his camera crew, showed up at Frank's house. Frank sat quietly next to his wife, waiting while the crew set up. After a few moments, the reporter reviewed his notes and turned to Frank.

"Frank," he began, "are you a prophet?"

Frank didn't hesitate. "I'm sure that after what happened in the church when the corpses came back to life just as I predicted, many people will think I'm a prophet," he said. "But I'm not. I'm just a man who knows the word of God and believes in it."

The reporter, visibly intrigued, pressed on: "Since you're right about the two dead prophets coming back to life, is there anything else you can tell us that's going to happen before it actually happens?"

Frank thought for a moment, his expression deep in thought. Then, as if he'd received a rueful revelation, his eyes lit up with emotion. "Yes," he said, raising his voice confidently. "There's something else."

"What's up?" the reporter asked, leaning forward.

"By now, most of the world believes that Dorian Krell is the Messiah," he began.

Frank, "But he isn't. Well, let me correct myself: He is a messiah, but not the real one. Krell is the false messiah Jesus warned us about. And this is how I'm going to prove it."

Frank paused, his words heavy with anticipation. "Krell has confirmed the seven-year pact. Exactly 1,258 days have passed since that confirmation.

According to the prophecy of Daniel 9:27, once the Antichrist confirms the covenant, there will be 1,260 days. That's three and a half years. And within two days, according to that same prophecy, Krell will enter the new Jewish Temple he helped rebuild, and from that same Temple, he will declare to the world that he is God.

The reporter stared at him, disbelief on his face. "Wait a minute..."
"Are you serious or is this just a prediction?"

Frank's wife, who had been listening silently, squeezed his hand and then turned to the reporter. "Let me answer you," she said. "My husband is very serious when it comes to telling people what will happen before it happens. I assure you that when Frank says Krell will declare himself God in two days from that Temple, that is exactly what will happen."

Frank added, "Thanks, honey."

The reporter remained skeptical, but Frank's tone was firm. "What do you think about this?" Frank said. "Why don't you and your cameraman come back in two days?" They can cover it live. According to the global news network, Krell plans to visit Jerusalem again in two days. And since we're nearing the end of the 1,260-day period, he'll have no choice but to declare himself God from that Temple."

The cameraman, who had remained silent until then, looked at the reporter and said, "Sounds like a great story."

The reporter turned to Frank, his voice more serious now. "All right, we'll be back in two days to cover this live."

Frank, irritated, filled with a calm confidence. "See you then," he said in a firm voice, full of faith in what was to come.

The reporter turned to Frank, his voice more serious now. "All right, we'll be back in two days to cover this live."

Frank, irritated, filled with a calm confidence. "See you then," he said in a firm voice, full of faith in what was to come.

Just as the reporter and his team were gathering their gear to leave, Frank raised his hand.

"Wait a second," he said. "There's something else I need to add about what's going to happen."

The crew paused and the reporter turned to him.

"When Krell declares himself God," Frank continued, "he won't stop there. He will also put an end to the Jewish animal sacrifices being performed at the new Temple.

And then, he'll place an image of himself right there, in that sacred space. That moment, that exact act, is what Jesus warned us about."

Frank picked up his Bible and read aloud Matthew 24:15: "So when you see the abomination of desolation, spoken of through the prophet Daniel, standing in the holy place..." He looked up, his expression serious. "Jesus was referring to this very event."

"And Paul also warned us," Frank added. "In 2 Thessalonians 2:3-4, the apostle said that the Antichrist would sit in the Temple and present himself as God."

Frank leaned forward, staring at the reporter. "So understand this: in two days, not only will we see Krell proclaim himself God, but we will see the fulfillment of two important prophetic events. He will stop the sacrifices and declare himself divine from within the Temple."

He paused for emphasis. "I promise you: both will happen. Keep that in mind."

The reporter moved forward slowly, clearly processing the weight of what he had just said, and the camera continued to record.

Two days later, the reporter and his team arrived at Frank's house, eager to see if his astonishing prediction had come true. Everyone gathered around the large television, tuned to the international news network, which was broadcasting live Dorian Krell's visit to the newly built Third Temple in Jerusalem.

The film crew on the ground followed Krell closely, carrying their equipment on their shoulders, as he and his entourage walked through the Temple's sacred halls. Tension reigned. Then, to the world's surprise, Krell headed straight for the Holy of Holies, the most sacred inner chamber, normally reserved only for the High Priest on the Day of Atonement.

Krell paused before entering, then stepped inside and turned to address the world. His expression changed: the serene, messianic visage disappeared. His features distorted into something far more intense, almost deranged. An icy silence fell over Frank's house as Krell took his seat, deliberately placed in the center of the Sanctum Sanctorum.

And then he spoke.

"Since he confirmed the seven-year covenant between Israel and its enemies," he declared Krell—I was waiting for this moment to put an end to it. From today on, there will be no more Jewish animal sacrifices in this Temple... because this Temple is now *my* Temple.

His voice grew louder, more authoritative.

This is *my* house, because *I am God*. And from now on, you will do what I say, when I say it.

The room in Frank's house was in chaos. People gasped. The reporter turned to Frank, visibly shaken.

"Who *are* you?" he asked.

Frank, calm but determined, replied: "I am only a messenger of Christ, charged with warning as many as I can about the days in which we live."

He stood up, raising his voice urgently. "If there's anyone here who hasn't given their life to Jesus, now is the time. Don't wait another second. Kneel down and give him your life before it's too late.

Frank began to pray. And one by one, everyone in the room—reporters, cameramen, guests—fell to their knees. No one was left standing. Each person cried out to receive Jesus as Lord and Savior.

As he finished his sentence, one of the cameramen looked up and asked, "What now, Frank?"

Frank replied without hesitation: "Now... we await the rapture of the Church. Meanwhile, we walk close to Christ.

He continued: "The apostle Paul warned us in the book of Hebrews: 'Do not give up meeting together, especially as you see the Day approaching.' That day is the Rapture. And with everything we've seen these past three and a half years, it could happen at any moment. So let's stay prepared. Let's stay alert. Let us remain faithful.

Frank looked around the room and added, "I encourage everyone to come to church, stay in the Word, and be watchful, just as Jesus commanded."

With that, the reporter and his team packed their bags, their hearts changed forever.

As the door closed behind them, Frank's wife hugged him tightly. "I'm so proud of you," she whispered. "You never wavered in your faith, or in your calling."

Frank hugged her and replied softly, "To Him be the glory."

The following Sunday, after church, a woman named Rose Sidore stopped Frank and asked him about the rapture from the church. Rose had heard from a reporter that Frank had talked about the timing of the rapture. Rose Frank replied that it could happen at any moment.

Rose comes home from church and, late at night, calls her son, Phil. She told him what Frank had told her. Rose always shared what she learned with her son, Phil, even if he didn't believe it. She hoped Phil would take it seriously and accept Christ as his Savior because of something she had told him.

In the middle of their conversation, she had a strange feeling: an inexplicable urge to check the time. She took out her iPhone. It was 11:59 p.m. Rose tells Phil that she felt something unusual, almost as if time were about to stop.

Then he looked at his iPhone again. It was exactly midnight.

Suddenly, the line went silent.

"Mom, are you there?" Phil asked. There was no reply. "Mom?" "Nothing."

Phil held the phone without getting a response, thinking my mom's battery had died. Phil hung up and went to bed.

Phil's neighborhood was quiet all night until 6:00 a.m., when a loud banging on his door startled him awake. He ran to answer it and found his neighbor, Mark, standing there, visibly shaken.

"Mark, what's wrong?" Phil asked.

Mark seemed visibly distressed. "I woke up and found my wife's clothes on the bed next to me... and her wedding ring. But she's gone; she's not in the house."

He asked her, "Have you and your wife been fighting?" I asked this because I felt that maybe she left him.

Mark shook his head. "No, not at all. We actually get along really well."

Just then, his neighbor Robin came running up, visibly distressed. "Is my wife here?" he asked urgently.

Mark and I shake our heads. "No, we haven't seen it," we reply.

Robin's face paled with panic. "When I woke up, I saw the bathroom light was on. But when I went in to look, it wasn't there. I only found her nightgown on the floor, along with her wedding ring and the cross necklace she never takes off." She's not in the house.

At that moment, a chill ran down Phil's spine. Without a word, he left his neighbors and ran into the living room, turning on the television. Mark and Robin followed close behind.

The screen lit up with a breaking news alert: "Special Report: Millions Missing Worldwide."

The three men froze, staring at the screen, as the reporter spoke urgently. "Reports are coming in from all over the world. Entire families have disappeared. The evacuation of most of the White House staff is unknown. Chaos is spreading through major cities."

The report continued: "Much of the world was asleep when it happened, but those who were awake witnessed an absolute disaster. Driverless cars crashed into each other. Planes fell from the sky. Trains derailed after crashing into stations. In every case, the vehicles were unmanned."

Scenes appeared on the screen: bodies strewn in the streets, fires burning, people running in panic.

The transmission jumped from the United States to Europe, then to Asia and Africa. The story was the same everywhere: total chaos.

All the journalists interviewed asked the same question, with fear and confusion in their eyes:
"What's going on?"

Mark broke the silence. "Who's ruling now?"

Phil looked at him speechless. Then, without saying a word, he reached into his pocket and He pulled out his iPhone. "I need to call my mom."

He dialed, but there was no response.

It was 6:30 a.m., and more of Phil's neighbors had gathered outside. People stood in the streets, confused and shocked. Nearly every home had someone missing.

Phil turned his attention back to the television. The news anchor interviewed Silas Vexmoor, director-general of the United Nations, who was trying to clarify the global crisis. Vexmoor explained that he was in constant communication with Dorian Krell, the man who had recently negotiated a historic seven-year pact between Israel and several Islamic nations.

Dorian had only recently emerged on the world stage, but he had already grabbed headlines by accomplishing what many thought impossible: bringing Israel and its former enemies to the peace table. At just 30 years old, Dorian was hailed as a political prodigy. The media described him as a rising star with an IQ reportedly above 130, a man many were already calling a "visionary leader for a

"new era."

If anyone could understand the remorseful disappearance of millions, it was Dorian Krell. As Phil, Mark, and Robin watched the news, they learned that Krell was planning to take an emergency flight from Jerusalem to the United Nations headquarters in New York. What they didn't know was that Dorian Krell had just declared himself God. The world was hungry for answers, and all eyes were on him.

Phil turned to Mark and Robin. "Last night, my mom mentioned Dorian Krell," he said quietly. "She told me about a prophecy professor named Frank DiMora, who's been watching him closely. Frank believes Krell is the same man God revealed to Daniel: the one who would confirm a seven-year covenant with Israel, just as the prophecy says."

Phil paused, his voice more thoughtful. "My mom calls me almost every Sunday after church. She's been trying to get me to accept Jesus as my Lord for years. But I constantly ignored her, telling her I didn't believe what the Bible says. Now... after everything that's happened, after all these people are gone, I'm starting to wonder if I was wrong."

Phil turned his attention back to television. The news anchor interviewed Silas Vexmoor, Director of the United Nations, who was trying to clarify the growing global crisis. Vexmoor explained that he was in constant communication with his advisor, known simply as Zorvex.

Robin looked at Phil. "Who is Zorvex?"

Phil's answer stopped him in his tracks. "Zorvex is Dorian Krell," he said. "That's his real name, his birth name. He only uses 'Dorian Krell' in public."

Robin blinked. "How do you know?"

Phil replied: "I was just talking to my mom and she said she Googled him. She found out his real name is Zorvex, no last name. He never uses one".

My mother told me that although Dorian had barely emerged on the world stage, he was already a global phenomenon. He had accomplished what many thought impossible: bringing Israel and its most bitter enemies to the negotiating table. At just thirty years old, Dorian, or rather, Zorvex, was hailed as a political prodigy. The media described him as a rising star with an IQ above 130, a man the media called "a visionary leader for a new era."

And now, with millions missing without explanation, the world turned to Dorian Krell for answers. As Phil, Mark, and Robin watched the live broadcast, they learned that Krell was on an emergency flight from Jerusalem to the United Nations headquarters in New York.

What they didn't know was that Dorian Krell had just declared himself God .

The world was in despair. And all eyes were on him.

Phil turned to Mark and Robin in a serious tone. "Last night, my mom mentioned Dorian again. She told me about a teacher by profession, Frank DiMora, who has been

He spends some time watching Dorian. Frank believes that Krell, or Zorvex, is the man God showed to Daniel. The one who confirms a seven-year covenant with Israel, just as it is written.

Phil paused. "One of the last things he said to me was, 'You'll know the Antichrist by the number of his name.' "

Mark raised an eyebrow. "The number in your name? What's that supposed to mean?"

Phil leaned forward, his voice tense. "The Apocalypse speaks of it. My mom said Frank believed that if you added up the letters in his Zorvex's name... the total was 666."

Robin's eyes widened. "So, let's find out what Dorian's birth name is in numbers." Phil opened his laptop and typed quickly. "Let's ask GPT: what is the name Zorvex in numbers?"

Seconds later, the answer appeared on the screen: Z = 156, O = 90, R = 108, V = 132, E = 30, X = 150 Total: 666

Robin stood up in shock. "That's it! That's why Dorian doesn't use his birth name. He's been hiding it so no one would find out it matches the Antichrist's number." Phil took a deep breath and said, "Guys, let's keep this a secret for now.

"For now, I don't think it's a good idea to tell people that we know who the Antichrist is." Mark and Roblin agreed.

Suddenly, Phil changed the subject. Phil looked at Mark and Robin and asked, "Were your wives followers of Christ?"

Both men nodded. "Yes."

Phil ascended slowly, feeling the weight of understanding. "My mother warned me this would happen: that one day countless people would suddenly disappear. She said it would be the rapture of the Church."

Mark spoke, his voice tinged with uncertainty. "My wife also spoke of the rapture... but is that really what just happened? Could this be it?"

With that, both Mark and Robin quietly returned to their homes, still shocked and not knowing what to believe.

Phil, not knowing what else to do, sat back down and continued watching the news. Later that day, a breaking news alert interrupted the regular programming.

The screen showed Dorian Krell's plane landing at John F. Kennedy International Airport. Moments later, a convoy of black SUVs arrived to escort him to the United Nations headquarters in Manhattan.

About 45 minutes later, another urgent news bulletin appeared on Phil's screen: "Stay tuned for a special announcement from the United Nations."

Silas Vexmoor.

Vexmoor stepped aside and handed the microphone to Krell.

"I just finished a private meeting with Dorian Krell," he announced. "I've asked him to address the world." For those watching this broadcast who haven't heard the news, Dorian recently revealed his true identity in Jerusalem.

We've all been waiting for the arrival of the Messiah. That Messiah, he claims, is Dorian Krell.

Krell stood tall and confident as he began his speech.

I regularly address the people of Rome, my hometown, where I hold the EU Presidency. He continued: "Just last week, I spoke to the leaders of several Islamic nations, nations that have signed a historic peace pact with Israel.

"But today I am not addressing a region or a religion, but the whole world, as your messiahs.

By now, everyone knows that millions of people have mysteriously disappeared. In their wake, chaos has erupted in almost every country. Planes have crashed, vehicles have collided, families have been devastated. The question on everyone's mind is: Where did they go?

Krell paused, then continued with calm authority.

The U.S. Department of Defense recently released its most comprehensive report to date on Unidentified Aerial Phenomena (UAP), covering incidents that occurred between May 1, 2023, and May 20, 2025. The investigation analyzed 757 cases worldwide. While many details remain classified, the report confirms two things: UFOs are real, and

We know where they came from. However, the findings have been hidden from the general public until now to avoid widespread panic.

He leaned forward, his voice firm and resolute.

I'm here to inform you that we now believe the missing persons were abducted by a higher intelligence, the intelligence I created.

These kidnapped people were people who, by their very nature, would hinder a world striving for unity and peace.

A stunned silence filled the press room.

Krell continued: "Think of the peace agreement that will help broker the deal between Israel and numerous Islamic nations. Not a single leader or participant in that agreement has disappeared. This is no coincidence. This is how I designed these events to unfold."

Although you have not yet established direct communication with the beings behind these events, I assure you that my intention is clear: to inaugurate a new era of peace without these sinners, a world free of those who promote division, judgment, or conflict.

It concluded with a chilling finality.

A new chapter has begun: free from chaos, free from obstacles, free from the weight of the past. The world will move forward, united under my rule.

Dorian Krell's expression was firm as he continued.

With many world governments in disarray and countless leaders missing, the United Nations has asked me to assume the role of temporary world leader to guide us through this period of global recovery. He declined their request, not because he is unwilling, but because I am their Messiah. I will not serve part-time through political means. I will serve full-time, for all humanity, every day.

I know that millions of people are mourning the sudden loss of their loved ones. But now, more than ever, we must strive for the common good: a future defined by peace, not pain.

Tomorrow, I will meet with revered rabbis, esteemed Islamic leaders, and His Holiness the Pope to commemorate the dawn of a new spiritual era, born of unity, not division. The voices of those who clung to the belief that there is only one path to God have been silenced, and in their absence, a new foundation of faith has been established. From today forward, I declare with authority: anyone who dares to proclaim the doctrine that Jesus Christ is, and remains, the true Messiah will be taken into custody. The era of exclusive truth has ended; a new revelation has begun.

In two days, he will convene a world summit with the remaining heads of state to establish a new global currency, fair and accessible to all, rich or poor. This currency will reflect our shared values and contribute to building an economy based not on greed, but on global harmony.

Even now, as I speak, every bank in the country is implementing my new economic system, at my command. Soon, every man, woman, and child will receive my mark, either on the hand or on the forehead. This mark will give them access to life in the new order. But let it be known: those who reject this system, those who reject my mark, have sealed their fate. I have authorized all governments to seek them out, arrest them, and condemn them to death. These rebels, clinging to the old faith, still deluded into believing that Jesus is Lord, will be treated as enemies of peace and unity. Their time is up.

It is my greatest honor to take my rightful place, a moment the world has awaited for millennia. As I recently declared in Jerusalem: *I am God*. And from this day forward, there will be no other, only *I* as your Lord. Now I decree: every knee will bow to me, and every tongue will confess that I alone am God. The age of doubt is over; the reign of divine truth begins with my name and my name alone!

As Krell walked away from the podium, some burst into thunderous applause, while others wore expressions of fear.

Phil froze, staring at the screen, his thoughts racing.

Is this real? Is it possible this is happening? I never thought the day would come when all the nations of the Earth would cede their sovereignty, especially to one man. But it just happened.

The next morning, Phil got in his car and drove 45 minutes to his mother's house. When he arrived, he knocked on the door, but there was no answer. Thinking she might be upstairs, he knocked harder, but there was no answer.

Worried, Phil went to the back door, lifted the flowerpot, and took out the spare key his mother kept there for emergencies. He opened the door and called, "Mom, are you home?"

As he entered the kitchen, he immediately noticed the home phone was disconnected. Beside it, on the floor, were his mother's nightgown and her reading glasses. On the counter was her Bible open, with a bookmark on Daniel, chapter 9. The passage was highlighted in yellow.

Phil leaned over and read the verse:

"And he shall confirm the covenant with many for one week; and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease; and because of the multiplication of abominations he shall make it desolate, until the consummation come; and that which is determined shall be poured out upon the desolator."

A chill ran through Phil. This is exactly what Mom and I were talking about just before midnight, he thought. Suddenly, a wave of fear swept through him as he remembered the chilling speech Dorian Krell had just given at the United Nations.

Grabbing his mother's Bible, Phil ran frantically from room to room, calling her name, but she was nowhere to be seen.

As an engineer, Phil was a man of precision, trained to observe details and numbers. He vividly remembered his mother's words the night before: "I feel something strange, almost as if time is about to stop ." Their conversation had begun at exactly 11:59 PM , and at midnight his phone ran out of battery.

Trembling, he sat and stared at the open Bible, still marked on Daniel chapter 9. His mind reeled. Is there anything in the Bible that warns against midnight? he wondered.

He picked up his phone and, in a shaky voice, asked, "Siri, is there anything in the Bible that gives a warning about midnight?"

Siri replied: "Matthew 25:6 – The parable of the ten virgins.

'And at midnight there was a cry: Behold, the bridegroom comes! Go out to meet him!'

The screen flashed with the explanation: "This parable, given by Jesus, is a warning of the end times. The midnight cry represents Christ's sudden and unexpected return. Only those who were prepared, with oil in their lamps, were welcomed."

Then came the final line: "Christians who study the Bible refer to this event as the Rapture of the Church." It is believed to be the moment when Jesus Christ expels from the earth all those who have accepted him as Lord and Savior. In this divine act, the faithful—known as the saints—are taken, while those who have rejected his offer of salvation are abandoned.

Phil's hands shook as he hung up the phone. Had they taken Mom? he wondered. Was this... the moment she'd felt was coming?

He thought of Dorian Krell's haunting speech at the UN, where he claimed that all "sinners" had been raptured. But Phil met his mother. She was the kindest, most loving person he'd ever met: a devout Christian who prayed daily, read the Bible faithfully, never missed a church service, and even led a women's Bible study in her home.

There was no doubt in Phil's heart: my mother was the opposite of evil.

The contradiction ate at him. If she was gone... what had really happened?

Phil decided to look up Frank DiMora online to see if he had written anything about UFOs in relation to the end times. Once again, Phil asks Siri to give me information about Frank DiMora regarding UFO warnings. A few seconds later, Siri directs Phil to DiMora's post from June 10, 2021. Phil reads it. On November 11, 2009, I warned you about what would happen in the near future regarding UFOs. I've left the link at the end of the quote if you'd like to access that post.

This news follows a recent report about aliens on the Moon I published recently. If you missed it, read this information and ask yourself: Does it seem like the world is being prepared for this powerful deception that Jesus warned us about? I say yes.

On December 18, 2009, I warned you that you will be hearing more news about UFOs and aliens. This is what I wrote to you. I quote: "Prophetic Sign: In part of Luke 21, we are told, 'There will be great signs from heaven.' Take a look at what I wrote in my November 11, 2009, post: "Does anyone remember the warning I gave you in my October 5 and 22 posts that you will soon be hearing more news about aliens from our world leaders?" Prophetic Sign: 2 Thessalonians 2:9-13 says the following: "The coming of the lawless one will be according to the working of Satan in all kinds of miracles, signs, and false wonders, and in every kind of wickedness that deceives those who are perishing. They perish because they refused to love the truth so as to be saved. For this reason God sends them a powerful delusion so that they will believe the lie, and so that all will be condemned who did not believe the truth but delighted in wickedness.

I don't know for sure, but it's quite possible that the powerful deception will come in the form of UFOs. Think about it for a moment. What if, after the world sees these strange UFOs, the rapture of the Church occurred? The Antichrist could come out and say that all the wicked were removed from the planet, when in fact it was the Lord's righteous who were removed from Earth. No way... I doubt that the "false miracles, signs, and wonders" that Jesus warned about could have arisen as a result of these UFOs." (end quote)

Phil notes the link provided for anyone who would like to read his 2009 warning: http://frankdimora.typepad.com/the_last_chronicles/2009/11/remember-what-i-told-you-about-extraterrestrials-nov-11-2009-.html Then he sat down, drenched in a cold sweat, stunned. As he pieced together the clues about the mass disappearances, one thing became increasingly clear: Dorian Krell's speech was a lie, and what he had just said in his UN address was practically a quote from DiMora's publication.

Phil's mind reeled. Could it be possible? Had the world's governments really surrendered their authority to the very person Jesus warned about: the Antichrist?

Still reeling from the thought that his mother had been among the millions missing, Phil got back in his car and sped home. He couldn't wait to share what he'd discovered with Mark and Robin. Upon entering his home, he grabbed his mother's Bible and ran across the street to Mark's house.

Mark quickly called Robin and the three of them gathered while Phil told her everything.

After a moment of silence, Mark asked, "Could all this really be just a coincidence?"

Phil stared at him in astonishment. "Really? Look at what the Bible says: it's word for word what we're seeing right now!"

Robin, shaking his head, finally spoke. "You know, my wife was begging me to read Revelation. I told her if she wanted science fiction, I'd just watch the Sci-Fi Channel." He paused. "I wish I'd listened to her." Robin leaned forward, urgency in his voice. "We have to tell someone.

"Go to the local news and tell them what we discovered!"

Phil raised a hand, pale. "Absolutely not."

Robin froze in surprise. "What? Why not?"

"Since Dorian Krell is the Antichrist," Phil said, lowering his voice, "speaking openly would be suicidal. Do you think he, or those who support him, will let us expose him? No. They'll come after us without hesitation. Didn't you hear what Krell said he would do to anyone who opposed him? They'll kill them."

The room fell silent.

Phil continued, "The smartest thing to do right now is to research the prophecies. See exactly what the Bible says about this Antichrist. If Krell starts matching those signs... then we'll know for sure. And then, then we can decide our next step."

Robin exchanged a look with Mark, both visibly shaken but nodding.

"Okay," Mark said quietly. "We follow the Word. We watch. And we wait."

Phil was promoted. "Here's the plan. Mark, you'll be in charge of the first four chapters. Robin, you read chapters five through twelve. I'll read the rest, chapters thirteen through twenty-two.

With everything in chaos and no one at work, Phil added, "I'll see you back here in three days, after everyone has read their section. Then we'll compare what we've learned."

Mark and Robin agreed and headed home.

Scene: Early Morning – Mark's Living Room

The morning sun barely filters through the blinds as Mark sits on the edge of his sofa, coffee in hand. He grabs the remote and turns on the television.

The screen flashes bright red: CNN SPECIAL REPORT LIVE
Emma Reyes appears on the screen, serene but visibly shaken. Behind her, a banner reads: "Angel sightings worldwide."

Good morning. This is Emma Reyes with a special report.

We're receiving eyewitness accounts from all over the world: reports of what many are calling a supernatural event. People on every continent are claiming to have seen an angel... flying through the sky, issuing a warning: Do not accept the Mark of the Beast.

Our research team has discovered a biblical passage that reflects these sightings almost word for word. I'll read it to you now.

Kings looks at the paper in front of him and begins to read. "A third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice, 'If anyone worships the beast and his image and receives his mark on their forehead or on their hand, they too will drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which has been poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation. They will be tormented with fire and sulfur in the presence of the holy angels and in the presence of the Lamb. And the smoke of their torment ascends forever and ever. They have no rest day or night for those who worship the beast and his image, and for anyone who receives the mark of his name.'" (Revelation 14:9-11).

Reyes looks directly into the camera. Some experts suggest it could be an elaborate global hoax, possibly a coordinated projection of advanced holograms. Others believe it's real.

As for us in the newsroom, we report. We don't decide. We'll let you, the viewers, decide what you believe. CNN will provide further updates as this story develops.

As soon as Mark walked through the door, he took his wife's Bible and flipped straight to Revelation. The words echoed off the page, more vivid and urgent than ever. But as he read, questions arose. Some were clear, but many stumped him. He knew he would need someone to help him make sense of it all.

However, Robin couldn't find his wife's Bible anywhere. Frustrated but determined, he looked online for the Bible teacher Phil had mentioned: Frank DiMora. It didn't take long to find Frank's prophecy website, and to Robin's surprise, it contained an in-depth, verse-by-verse study of the entire book of Revelation.

He started reading chapter five and quickly realized how clearly Frank explained everything.

About half an hour later, Robin picked up the phone and called Phil and Mark. "Hey, I found Frank's website, the one Phil mentioned. You should read his chapters there. He explains each verse so clearly; it's like someone is walking you through it step by step."

Phil and Mark agreed: it wasn't just about reading the Bible anymore. They felt they were discovering a roadmap for the events that were already beginning to unfold around them.

For the next three days, the three men immersed themselves in Frank DiMora's verse-by-verse analysis of Revelation. The more they read, the clearer the picture became. If the Tribulation had truly begun with the confirmation of a seven-year covenant, then everything Frank taught about the ten horns and ten kings of Daniel and Revelation was becoming eerily relevant.

The three men turned to Revelation 17:12: "The ten horns that you saw are ten kings... They will receive authority as kings for one hour with the beast." Then they read verse 13: "These have a purpose, and they will hand over their power and authority to the beast." The words struck Robin deeply. He made a mental note to remain vigilant, watching closely to see if the Krell would eventually form an alliance similar to the prophesied group of ten kings.

On the third day, Mark arrived at Phil's house in a hurry. As soon as he walked through the door, he exclaimed, "Did you see what Dorian Krell just did?"

Phil shook his head. "I haven't been watching TV. I'm absorbed in the apocalypse."

Mark leaned forward, his eyes wide. "He went back to Rome. He simply divided the world into ten regions and appointed a leader for each. He said they would be in charge of managing the global economic system and would report directly to him." ·

Phil's face paled. "That... that's exactly what the Apocalypse describes.

The Antichrist rises with the support of ten kings, who grant him their power. And Krell has already put that system in motion.

Mark leaned in, frowning. "Wait, what do you mean? I remember my wife once telling me there was a sign I should look for: the Antichrist would reveal himself when he subdued three of those ten kings."

Wordlessly, Phil pulled out his phone and searched. "Look at this," he said, holding up the screen. "It's right here: Daniel 7:24 : 'The ten horns are ten kings who will arise out of this kingdom, and after them another will arise, who will be different from the first, and he will overthrow three kings . '"

The room fell silent as the prophecy became clearer.

As Phil spoke, Mark and Robin began to pace around the room; the weight of what they had just heard weighed on them like a layer of lead. They moved like men on the brink, deeply uneasy, knowing that the prophecy was no longer just on the pages. It was in motion.

Phil looked deeply concerned as he turned to Mark and said, "We're going to face some serious problems, much deeper than most people realize."

Mark raised an eyebrow. "What are you talking about?"

Without immediately responding, Phil picked up his Bible and flipped through the pages until he came to Revelation chapter 9.

"Listen to this," he said, beginning in verse 3. "And out of the smoke came locusts upon the earth; and power was given to them, as much as scorpions of the earth have power."

He continued, his voice growing louder. "And they were commanded not to harm the grass of the earth, nor any green thing, nor any tree, but only those men who did not have the seal of God on their foreheads."

Phil paused briefly and then read verses 7 through 10. "These locusts are not ordinary insects. The Bible describes them as having the appearance of horses."

"prepared for battle. They have men's faces, women's hair, lions' teeth, and scorpions' tails. It's a terrifying sight."

Finally, Phil looked up and said, "Verse 11 even tells us the name of their leader: 'They had a king over them, the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in Hebrew is Abaddon, and in Greek, he has the name Apollyon , ' which means 'Destroyer . ' "

Robin paused and said, "Wait a minute, I remember reading something about people being sealed, and I think it relates to locusts." She took out her iPhone, opened Frank DiMora's verse-by-verse study of Revelation, and scrolled down to chapter 7. She began reading aloud: "*After* this, I saw four angels standing at the four corners of the earth, holding back the four winds of the earth so that no wind should blow on the earth or on the sea or on any tree. Then I saw another angel coming up from the east, holding the seal of the living God. And he cried out with a loud voice to the four angels who had been given power to harm the earth and the sea, 'Do not harm the earth or the sea or the trees until we have set a seal on the foreheads of the servants of our God.' Then I heard the number of those who were sealed: 144,000 from all the tribes of Israel."

Phil stood up, walked to the door, and left. He sat down on the front steps and covered his face with his hands. A moment later, Mark and Robin followed him and stood in front of him, worried.

Mark spoke first: "Phil, what's wrong?"

Phil looked up, his eyes filling with tears. His voice trembled as he said, "Do you understand what this means?"

Mark frowned. "What are you talking about?"

Phil turned to him. "Mark, are you Jewish?"

Mark shook his head. "No."

Phil looked at Robin. "And you?"

Robin also answered: "No."

Then Phil asked, "Are any of you virgins?"

They looked at each other in confusion, and Robin said, "You've got to be kidding. He knows I'm not."

Phil exhaled and looked at them both. "So you understand why they left us behind, right?"

Mark hesitated, then said quietly, "I guess... why did we reject Jesus?"

Phil nodded. "Exactly."

"If we understand what DiMora shows us about the locusts," Phil said, "then we realize that we will not be protected from their stings. Only the 144,000 Jewish males—virgins with the seal of God on their foreheads—will be spared the five months of torment."

He looked at Mark and Robin, his voice shaking. "Guys, this isn't just a bite or a rash. These bites will be so horrible that people will want to die just to escape the pain." He held up his Bible. "Look what it says right here: Revelation 9:6: 'In those days people will seek death, but they will not find it; they will long to die, but death will flee from them.'"

Phil's hands were shaking. "How will we escape this judgment if we don't have that seal on our foreheads?"

Mark and Robin stared at Phil, their faces pale with fear. Neither of them said a word.

After a moment, Robin turned away from them and murmured, "Maybe... maybe there's something else in the Bible. Maybe it says somewhere that others besides the 144,000 will be protected from the locusts."

Mark shook his head. "Do you know how long it would take us to read the entire Bible just to figure that out?"

Phil, still visibly shaken, pulled out his iPhone. "Perhaps AI can give us the quickest answer," he murmured. He tapped the screen and said, "Siri, are there any other people groups in the Bible who are sealed or protected from the locust stings described in Revelation?"

A moment later, the answer appeared on the screen. Phil read it aloud:

Only the 144,000 sealed tribes of Israel are protected from the locusts' torment. The rest of humanity, without the seal, will suffer five months of torment (Revelation 9:5). There is no biblical mention of any other group being spared this specific judgment.

Robin, overwhelmed, let out a frustrated sigh and threw his phone across Phil's yard. He turned to them, his face tense. "Can we even trust what Siri says?"

Mark stepped forward. "Robin, I use AI and Siri almost every day at work for research. I assure you, what Phil just read is true."

Phil stood up, clutching his Bible tightly. His voice was firm. "The right thing—what we should have done a long time ago—is to give our lives to Jesus."

Mark looked at him and asked, "Do you really think that's the only way forward?"

Phil moves forward slowly. "It's not just the only way out... it's the only way out."

Mark frowned. "What do you mean, 'exit'?"

Phil looked him in the eye and said, "If we ever want to pass from this life to eternity—to join our families in heaven after we die—Jesus Christ is the only way out of judgment and into eternal life. There is no other way."

As the three men talked, Phil's neighbor, Helena, approached from her yard.

"Helena," Phil said, surprised, "I didn't see you. I thought you were one of the ones who disappeared."

Helena shook her head. "No, I was out of town on business when it all happened. Flights were canceled all over the country, so I had to rent a car and drive home."

He looked at the three men with concern on his face. "Are your wives okay?"

Phil stepped forward, his voice deep. "They're gone... they're all gone."

Helena's expression fell and a silence fell between them.

Helena, her eyes full of sadness, asked softly, "What are we going to do now?"

Robin, his voice thick with frustration, replied, "We're still trying to figure it out."

Helena looked at them and then said, "On my way home, I heard a radio broadcast. Our new global leader, Dorian Krell, gave a speech. He ordered all businesses to resume operations immediately; he says it's time to start getting back to some normalcy.

He hesitated for a moment, then continued, "But there was something else. Krell made it clear: anyone caught looting or stealing will be severely punished. There will be no trials. If you are caught, you will be executed on the spot, by firing squad.

The weight of his words hung in the air. "He said the laws needed to change," "immediate," he added. "This has proven to be a necessary step toward creating a peaceful world under your new order."

Helena paused before continuing. "At the end of his speech, Krell mentioned that he's preparing more major changes that will completely transform our way of life. He said those announcements will be made soon."

Robin chimed in, his voice strained. "Yes, we know. We just heard Krell talking about their new enforced economic system."

Helena let out a tired sigh. "I'm exhausted from the trip; I need to get some sleep." With that, she turned around and walked quietly back to her house.

Phil turned to the others. "Guys, come in a second. I have something I want to ask you."

The three men returned to Phil's house. Phil pointed to the sofa. "Sit down."

Mark and Robin sat back, looking at each other, curious about what Phil was about to say.

Phil stood, looking at them with a firm expression. "After everything we've learned... and after what we've seen, I've made a decision..."

"I'm going to invite Jesus into my life. And I wanted to ask you if you would join me in that prayer, if you would also give your lives to Christ."

Without hesitation, Mark and Robin knelt. Phil followed them.

He reached for his iPhone and found Frank DiMora's prophecy site bibleprophecyman.com. "I want to read something that Frank DiMora includes in each of his prophetic messages," Phil said. He turned the screen so they could both see it. "As I read this aloud, just add your name. Make it yours." With open hearts and united voices, the three men committed their lives to Christ.



After committing their lives to Jesus, the three men stood and embraced, filled with a sense of peace and unity. Phil looked at Mark and Robin and said, "We should meet during the week to study the Bible together, pray, and ask God for strength and guidance. We're going to need it for what's coming." They both nodded, their faces more determined than before.

And it came to pass that a week had passed. Phil, Mark, and Robin gathered in quiet communion, with the Word of God open before them. The light from the window fell upon the pages of Scripture, but a shadow lingered, heavy with the events of the days that had passed.

Phil looked at his brothers and asked, "Have you been standing firm in the Word?"
"Have you been studying?"

Both Mark and Robin nodded solemnly. "Yes," they replied.

But Robin, his spirit troubled, spoke quickly: "Have any of you been to the market?"

Phil and Mark exchanged glances, then shook their heads. "No, since last week."

Robin lowered his voice. "I went yesterday. But I came back without any food."

Phil leaned over, concerned. "Why not?"

Robin's eyes darkened. "Because they installed scanners at the entrance, hand and face. And there were soldiers at the gates, armed and guarding. They weren't merchants, but thugs, like in the time of the pharaoh. They looked for the mark of Krell on the hand or the face. And anyone who tried to buy without it... they captured them."

Mark frowned. "Did they take her?"

Robin moves forward slowly. "I saw it with my own eyes. Men and women, handcuffed and led like sheep to the slaughter. No one spoke. No one intervened. Fear held their tongues."

A thick silence fell over them, and then Phil opened his Bible and read the following words from Revelation 13:17: "And no one was able to buy or sell except he who had the mark..." Robin tells Phil to turn on the news. She walks over to the television and tunes it to CNN.

SCENE: "LIVE FROM THE STREET" The spotlight focuses on a newsroom and the live location. A giant screen behind the reporter displays images of chaos: sirens, arrests, military checkpoints. Emma Reyes reports live. She stares into the camera, serene but shaken. We're speaking to you from what was once a busy downtown market, now transformed into a controlled zone under the authority of the Global Supply Control Division, established by the Krell messiah.

In the past 72 hours, thousands of people across the country—and an untold number worldwide—have been arrested for refusing to use what authorities call the "Krell Identification System," a biometric signature now mandatory for all economic transactions, such as food, medicine, and

and fuels. As Emma speaks, images show people being dragged away, while others hide their faces. Soldiers in black uniforms and carrying weapons advance through the crowd.

Authorities maintain that the system is necessary for peace and order. But resistance is growing, especially among religious communities who claim the mark fulfills an ancient prophecy. Many cite a passage from Revelation, chapter thirteen of the Bible, a verse that warns that no one can buy or sell unless they bear the mark of the beast.

What we're seeing now isn't just law enforcement, but a moral reckoning. Families torn apart. Mothers clutching their children as officers wrestle them to the ground. Ordinary citizens—teachers, nurses, veterans—
They refuse to obey for reasons of conscience and faith.

The scene continues. The screen behind Emma shows stark and illuminating images: people handcuffed, some crying, others kneeling in prayer. A young man is seen holding a sign that reads, "I serve God, not Krell."

As we report live, images continue to arrive from several cities: images of people arrested for refusing to cross the road. Some remain silent. Others defiant. All determined.

Emma listens through her earpiece as CNN news reports that they're about to cut to the recording of an interview. A weary woman, surrounded by officers, speaks just before she's led away.

"I would rather go hungry than deny the Lord."

CNN news tells Emma you're live again. A pause. Her tone is low, more thoughtful now.

Emma Reyes, what we're witnessing is no longer just imposition, but conviction colliding with mandate. Faith versus fear. Prophecy versus politics.

For many, the cost of belief has never been greater.

One last heartbeat. He regains his composure and solemnly despises himself.

From CNN, this is Emma Reyes... reporting live.

The room where the three men are sitting is dimly lit. Phil's television flickers, CNN still on.

Robin suddenly jumps up, panicking. What am I going to do? I'm almost out of food! He looks at the others, his eyes wide open, his breath labored.

Seriously! I might only have two days left! What am I supposed to do then?

Phil is calm but firm, Robin. Breathe. I have enough, plenty. We'll get through this together. You're not alone.

Robin continues to show signs of frustration, almost shouting, "Yeah?" And what happens when none of us have anything left? So what, Phil? Do we just sit here and starve?

Phil looks Robin in the eye with calm determination. "Then we'll deal with that when we get to that bridge. Not before."

Silence. The tension persists. Mark bows his head, whispering a prayer while the television continues to play in the background.

Phil says, if things get worse... and we really run out of food, we're not short of options. We can go to my cabin in Big Bear. It's remote and peaceful. We can hunt, fish... live off the land if we have to.

A faint, tired smile spreads across Robin's face. Phil says it may not be comfortable, but it's better than starving to death in the city.

Robin exhales slowly. The panic in her eyes begins to fade, and she says, "Do you really think that'll work?"

Phil says with determination, "I do." And more than that, he believes the Lord will provide.

Mark nods, placing his hand firmly on Robin's shoulder. The fear hasn't gone away, but for now it's manageable.

The scene shifts to Rome, where Dorian Krell meets with the seven kings entrusted to him and who collaborate with him. A dark, metallic chamber, cold and vast. Screens cover the walls, flickering with red light. In the background, sitting on a raised throne-like chair, is Krell, wrapped in black, mechanical robes that vibrate with an invisible power. In front of him stands Lukas.

Varnik, sweating and trembling, his skin covered in festering sores. Lukas Varnik is one of the seven. He's from Germany.

Krell, calm, looks at Lukas with disturbing authority. He has requested an audience, Lukas. Now speak. Why do you present yourself before me like a dog, unclean and trembling?

Lukas (Wincing, his voice weak but burning with desperation)

You know why I have come. These sores burn mercilessly. My skin rots, and I cannot sleep. My breath is bitter, my soul is wasted, and reports are coming in from all over the world. Millions upon millions of people have these same sores. There are reports that people who reject your mark do not have these sores. People are spreading the word that what we are witnessing is what Revelation calls the First Bowl. They say these assessments are a judgment from God. Lukas reaches into his pocket, pulls out a piece of paper, and reads it to Krell. Revelation 16:2: A severe and painful flame breaks out in all people who have the mark of the beast and worship his image.

Krell leaned forward slightly, amused. You bear the mark. You chose it freely. And now you're complaining about its price?

The room is vast and echoing, filled with shadows. A long obsidian table runs down the center, where seven figures, once powerful rulers, now sit silently. At the head of the room, towering above them all, sits Krell, their self-proclaimed messiah.

Lukas Varnik stands, trembling, his face pale with rage and pain. His skin is covered with sweat, and his movements are stiff.

Lukas's growing anger echoed in his voice. You promised safety: food, peace, unity under your name. But as soon as I received your mark, my flesh turned against me. It burns, it festers; my body is plagued!

He tears his shirt, revealing boils and swollen ulcers covering his chest and arms. Look at me! Look!

The other six kings shift uncomfortably in their seats. Each hides similar wounds beneath their fine robes, their faces tense and frightened. But none dare to speak.

Lucas falls to his knees. His voice cracks as he feels intense pain. "Then take these sores away from me...! Take this curse away from me!"

Krell narrows his eyes. He doesn't stand up, but his voice cuts through the camera like a sword.

Lukas, you're one of my kings. Start acting like one. Show strength and the wounds will begin to disappear.

Lukas clutches his sides, groaning. A sickly red glow lurks beneath his skin, as if something alive were burning inside him.

Krell finally stands, towering over everyone. His voice rings out. This meeting is over.

The chamber doors open with a soft hiss, releasing a blast of cold, sterile air. The seven kings sit motionless, their faces twisted in pain, their eyes lost in thought. They all carry the same affliction beneath their robes, but none dare speak of it.

Krell turns and walks into the shadows at the back of the chamber. His black robes trail behind him like smoke. Just as he's about to disappear into the darkness, he stops.

Slowly, he turns to face them, his voice echoing in the cold silence. Krell shouts, "Prepare my army."

The kings look up, startled, unsure if they heard him correctly.

Africa has risen up in defiance. They reject my authority, and their rebellion must be crushed before their resistance spreads to other nations. He takes a step forward, his eyes blazing.

They think they can fight destiny, me. I want their strongholds destroyed, their leaders silenced, and their spirit shattered. No delays.

The kings nod slowly, though neither speaks. Krell's gaze lingers for a moment longer, then he turns and disappears into the shadows without a word.

It's been a week since CNN reporter Emma Reyes went live reporting that police were taking people who didn't have Krell brand food to buy.

Scene: CNN Headquarters – Executive Office

A week has passed since Emma Reyes' chilling live report aired, and the images of people being dragged away for rejecting Krell's brand are still fresh in the minds of millions.

In a sleek, glass-walled office on the 22nd floor, Emma stands across from Wayne Zecaro, CNN's chief executive. The city looms large behind him, but his eyes are on her. Wayne asks Emma, "What's the top story tonight?"

Emma places her briefcase on the table, opens it, and takes out a series of high-resolution photographs. She places them in front of him, one by one.

Dead fish, miles of coastline stained red, boats floating in water the color of rusty iron or, if you prefer, blood.

Zecaro frowns and takes one of the photos. What... is this?

Emma says, "Didn't you hear? Did you hear what?" Our religious analysis team believes the sea has turned to blood.

Zecaro stares at her in astonishment. Are you serious?

Emma reaches into her folder and pulls out a printed statement.

It refers to Revelation 16:3 : "The second angel poured out his bowl on the sea, and it became like the blood of a dead man, and every living thing in the sea died."

It's been a week since Emma Reyes' explosive live report on Krell's brand app. The world hasn't calmed down; on the contrary, it's crumbling.

Inside his office, CNN CEO Wayne Zecaro holds a stack of photographs Emma has just placed in front of him: red-tinged waves, miles of lifeless sea creatures, and oil tankers adrift in crimson waters.

He looks up with a frown.

Wayne says: " "And what is this... a prophecy? Are you telling me we're actually going to broadcast this?"

Emma turns around and, while looking out the window, says, "Call it what you want. Prophecy, coincidence, ecological disaster. The truth is, something is happening out there. The oceans are changing. Millions of species are dying. No one gives the public answers, so I do.

Tonight's report will focus on the sea turning blood red... and the mass die-off occurring beneath the surface as we speak.

Whether people believe it's the end of times or not... they need to see this.

Zecaro looks at the images again, his mouth tight. He says nothing. The silence stretches on.

Emma leans forward and carefully takes the photos from him. Wayne, this story is crucial.

Do you understand what it means that the sea is actually turning into blood?
We are witnessing the collapse of the global food chain. Our oceans, our livelihood, are dying.

Haven't you noticed? Since Krell declared himself God, the world has descended into chaos. Temperatures break records daily. Droughts spread across every continent. Storms ravage coastlines, some with waves nearly 30 meters high.

Krell has dragged us into global wars. COVID resurfaces, mutated and stronger.
And now... the sea.

Emma lowers her voice, but its intensity increases. And there's something else.

There are credible reports of Jewish men traveling the world telling people that Krell is not God... but the Antichrist.

It's said each one bears a seal on their foreheads. And none of them, Wayne, not a single one, has been affected by the plagues ravaging the rest of the world.

I spoke with Mary Word, head of our religious analysis team. She believes these men are the ones Jesus spoke of: those who would be resurrected at the end of time.

They preach the Gospel of Christ openly... and no one can touch them. No government, no military force, not even Krell's own security has been able to stop them. Doesn't that seem strange to you?

Mary showed me the Scriptures herself: passages about 144,000 sealed Jewish witnesses. And, honestly, I think she's right. I believe God sent them... to counter Krell's deception.

Zecaro says nothing. Behind him, the city stretches out, silent and vast under a darkening sky. The quiet hum of traffic and life feels distant now, almost irrelevant. The weight of what's happening settles in the air.

Emma gathers her files, ready to leave. But just as she reaches the door, Zecaro speaks in a low voice, almost a whisper.

Zecarus says, "I hope we're wrong about all this." But something inside me tells me... that it would be wise to start listening to what those Jews preach.

Emma pauses, taking in the moment. Then, without a word, she nods and heads off to the CNN studio to present her report.

Emma takes a seat at the press table. She opens her briefcase, takes out the report, and places it carefully in front of her. With a calm breath, she smooths down the front of her dress and adjusts her posture, adapting to the rhythm of the routine.

The studio hums softly around them: cameras adjust, lights warm up, the countdown ticks down.

Just seconds before the broadcast, a crew member approaches.

Without saying a word, I placed a small piece of paper in front of him.

Emma looks at him. As she reads, her face tenses, subtly at first, then unmistakably worried.

He looks at the crew member quietly. "Are you sure?" The crew member answers quietly, "It's confirmed, Emma." He steps back into the shadows as the red light above the camera comes on.

Live.

Emma blinks once, stabilizes, and begins her live report.

As Emma begins her report at Phil Sidore's house, Mark and Roblin watch the CNN report. The three men listen to the report Emma just shared with her boss. The only section of Emma's report that differed from what she had discussed with her boss was the paper the crew gave her just before going on air. That paper read: "All the rivers and springs have turned to blood, like the blood of mares." Emma read a warning from Revelation 16:4-7, which says, "Rivers and springs of fresh water also turn to blood." Emma ends her report by saying, "This is a direct judgment because of the shedding of the blood of the saints and prophets."

As Emma walked toward her car in the dimly lit parking lot, her heels clicked against the concrete, until they were drowned out by sudden footsteps.

Two men in black tactical gear emerged from the shadows. Before she could react, they held her firmly, expertly, and silently.

One of them grabbed her wrist, turned her hand over, and searched for her.

The second man held her chin, tilting her face toward the light. I examined her forehead carefully.

Nothing.

Unbranded.

Without a word, they dragged her toward a black van parked nearby. On the side, barely visible in the darkness, was written in gray the word "Economic Control Unit."

Emma was forced into the back seat. The doors slammed shut with a cold, final click as the vehicle sped off.

The journey passed in silence until they reached the facility: gray, windowless, and clinically conditioned. Inside an austere interrogation room, the two men finally spoke.

AGENT : You've been marked, Miss Reyes. There's no mark on your hand. There's no mark on your forehead. You have a choice: take the mark of Krell now... and join the global economic order...

The second officer spoke. If he refuses, he will be transferred to a hospice. Termination by decapitation.

Emma stared at the two agents, stunned, but not devastated. The room was silent, the silence oppressing like the weight of eternity.

Finally, he spoke. "Would you give me a few minutes alone... to reflect on what you said?"

One of the officers approached coldly. You have four minutes.

Without another word, they left and the heavy door closed behind them with a mechanical noise.

Emma sat silently, her breath coming in short gasps. Her mind was racing, but her heart was beginning to calm. She thought of the reports—the 144,000 Jews traveling the world, untouched by the plagues, preaching the gospel of Christ. Then she remembered the report he gave about an angel flying around the world warning against accepting the mark of the beast. In her mind, she knew that angel was no deception.

She lowered her head and whispered, trembling.

Jesus... I put my faith in You. I believe that everything that happens in our world is what Your Word announces to us. Please... come into my heart. Be my Lord. Be my Savior. This may be my last prayer before I'm taken where I don't want to go... But I belong to You now. Amen.

Tears streamed down her cheeks. She didn't wipe them away.

She sat up straighter and turned her gaze toward the door, waiting for what would come next.

A few moments later, it opened.

The two officers entered without any expression.

Are you going to take the mark of Krell?

Emma stood, shoulders back, her voice clear and unwavering.

No. I've made my decision. I belong to Jesus Christ, not Krell. He's not a god.

The officers exchanged a glance. Without a word, they approached her and led her out of the room.

Emma did not resist.

He walked with silent strength, knowing he had already won the only battle that truly mattered.

The black SUV pulled up in front of a cold, concrete building, marked only by a towering digital image of the Messiah Dorian Krell, his eyes peering down like a false god surveying his domain.

Inside, the atmosphere was sterile, silent, and filled with fear.

The officers led Emma through a series of metal corridors to a holding cell. Inside were others—men and women of all ages—calm, serene, determined. They, too, had refused to accept what was now openly known as the Mark of the Beast.

From her cell, Emma heard the echo of distant footsteps down the corridor. One by one, the prisoners were led away. None offered resistance. And as each one made their final journey, those left behind raised their voices, not in fear, but in faith.

Praises to the Lord rose in gentle harmony. Prayers resonated. Courage filled the room like light dispelling darkness.

Then the door opened.

It was Emma's turn.

Two officers intervened and removed her arms. She didn't resist. She walked with her head held high and her heart strong.

At the end of the corridor was a large chamber. In the center stood the guillotine: shiny, sharp, and efficient.

One of the agents looked at her. "This is your last chance, Emma. Accept the mark... or die." Emma looked him in the eye, her voice calm and unwavering. "Let's get this over with. I can't wait to see Jesus!"

She was forced to her knees. The cold steel of the bond pressed against her neck. The sword hovered over her like a shadow of judgment, but she felt no fear.

In the stillness of his heart, he prayed. He thought, "Lord, I'm coming home. Please... receive my spirit."

A last breath. A final peace.

The leaf fell.

And Emma Reyes left behind a broken world... to enter into eternal joy and rest in the presence of her Savior.

Scene: CNN Headquarters – That Night

The same night the Economic Control Unit kidnapped Emma Reyes, the atmosphere at CNN went from tense to absolute control.

Heavily armed agents stormed the newsroom, discreetly but effectively taking control of the building. No resistance. No explanations. Orders in lonely.

At dusk, a new presenter appeared on the air: neat, impassive, reading from a carefully crafted script. His face was unfamiliar. His tone, mechanical.

Behind the scenes, the staff whispered about Emma's disappearance, but no one dared ask questions. Surveillance cameras monitored her every move. Armed guards patrolled off-camera.

The new host, operating under direct orders from the Krell regime, delivered the evening's broadcast with chilling precision.

The new news anchor stated that, effective immediately, all broadcasts will adhere to standards of global unity. Mention of the Bible, religious prophecies, or any unauthorized spiritual claims are strictly prohibited.

No reference was made to Emma. No explanation was given.

Only silence, a cold and calculated silence.

The voice of truth had been replaced... by the voice of the Antichrist's control.

A year had passed since Krell's henchmen silenced all media outlets that dared to oppose him. The world had grown quieter... but no freer. The truth had been hidden, as had those who refused to accept the mark.

Phil Sidore, along with his neighbors Mark and Robin, had managed to hold out. But as the months passed, their food supplies dwindled.

Refusing to bow to the Krell or accept the mark of the Antichrist, he made a desperate decision.

Phil led them deep into the woods, away from surveillance drones and checkpoints, to a small, weather-worn cabin he owned in the remote Big Bear Wilderness.

There, surrounded by towering pines and snow-capped peaks, the three men learned to survive off the land: hunting and gathering food. They fished until every stream turned to blood. They built traps, identified firewood, and prayed before each meal.

Life was hard. The silence of the forest was both a refuge and a reminder of how much the world had changed.

But in that cabin, far from the eyes of Krell the Antichrist, they were still free.

As the days passed, the underground news network continued to broadcast news: rumors of judgment spreading across a destroyed world. Phil, Mark, and Robin, isolated but informed, recognized the signs immediately. They were the same judgments foretold in the Apocalypse they were studying.

They themselves had read it: Revelation 16:8-9: “*The sun was given power to scorch people with fire. And they were scorched by the intense heat and blasphemed the name of God... and did not repent.*”

The heat had become unbearable. The crops withered. The rivers dried up. And then came the report that shocked them: the Euphrates River **dried up** completely .

complete. Just as Revelation 16:12-16 warned. It was a sign that the kings of the East would soon rise, marching toward a war prophesied since ancient times.

But it wasn't over.

Soon, clandestine broadcasts reported a global catastrophe: giant hailstones, weighing nearly 45 kilos each, fell from the sky. Entire cities were destroyed. Lives were lost. There was no defense.

Phil and his neighbors barely survived, finding shelter in a nearby cave as hail ripped through the surrounding forest. When the storm passed and they returned to the cabin, it was completely destroyed, crushed under the weight of the hail.

Phil stood before the ruins, his voice firm. We knew this was coming. The hail... it's written in Revelation. It's another bowl judgment.

They salvaged what they could, carrying supplies piece by piece into the cave. It took hours, but they managed, building a new shelter within the stone walls that had saved them.

That night, as the fire dimmed, a soft sound woke Mark from his sleep.

He sat up, alert. Then he bent down and shook the others.

Wake up. I think there's someone out there. Phil rubbed his eyes and nodded. Mark brought up a flashlight.

Turn that off! If there's anyone out there, you'll lead them right to us!

Mark quickly turned off the light. Phil crept up to the cave entrance, crouching, listening. Every second felt like an hour.

Finally, he turned around. It's clear. There's nothing out there. But just as he entered... Shouts sounded. Flashlights shone. A squad of Krell enforcers burst into the cave, weapons raised.

One of the thugs shouted, "On your knees! Hands on your head! NOW!" Any sudden movement and we'll shoot. Do you understand?

The three men knelt, their voices trembling. They said, "Yes... I understand."

An agent approached with a flashlight and examined each of them. He shone it on Phil's hands and then his forehead. He had no marks. Then he checked Mark and Robin. Some of them are known to bear the mark of Krell.

The three were handcuffed and driven two miles through the woods to a line of black SUVs waiting for them like shadows in the night.

A heavy silence reigned inside the vehicle until an officer in the front seat turned around.

An agent speaks. It is mandatory now. All citizens must bear the mark of our messiah, Dorian Krell. We are taking you to a detention center. You will have one last chance: accept the mark... or face execution by beheading.

The weight of those words crushed the air inside the vehicle. Neither man spoke.

Until the officer gets upset and leans in. Remember Emma Reyes from CNN?

Phil moves forward slowly. Yes... we watched her often. She was one of the few who still told the truth. The officer sounds cold. They took her to the same center you're going to. She refused the mark. We decapitated her.

He laughed and his eyes sparkled in the rearview mirror.

The agent speaks again. Unless you change your mind by the time we arrive... you'll suffer the same fate.

The truck moved forward in the darkness, its headlights piercing the fog. Hope faded with every mile. Yet, deep down, the three men clung to something deeper than fear: faith.

The scene was repeated just like with Emma Reyes. It was a repeat of what Emma did: the three men rejected the mark and went to be with Jesus.

Scene: Vatican City – World Media Meeting

Six and a half years had passed since Dorian Krell confirmed the seven-year covenant with Israel, a moment that transformed the world.

Now, the countdown was approaching its final stretch.

The large square in front of the Vatican was filled with tension. News agencies from every continent had set up their cameras and satellite trucks, all pointing toward the balcony of St. Peter's Basilica.

Reporters hurriedly whispered into microphones, their voices mingling with the murmur of the anxious crowd. Flags from dozens of countries waved. Pilgrims, officials, and skeptics gathered to witness what many believed would be a historic proclamation.

At the center of it all stood two towering figures: Dorian Krell, still hailed by millions as the messiah, and beside him, the Pope, his appointed prophet, dressed in ornate robes of purple and scarlet.

As the cathedral bells rang, the world watched and waited for his words.

Krell steps to the edge of the balcony, raises both hands, and says, "Come, my children, and bring the sting of my reign to the people of this world. Let them experience the power of my kingdom." As he finishes saying that, the sky darkens—not from night, but from thick smoke billowing from a vast chasm that rifted the earth days ago. The air is stifling. The sun hasn't been seen since. A deafening hum shakes the sky as a swarm of creatures, black as midnight, floods the streets, swirling like a tornado with purpose and intelligence.

Each of these demonic locusts is grotesque and terrifying: they have iron exoskeletons that glow through the smoke. Their eyes, like glowing embers, are disturbingly human. Their hair, like twisted ropes, creaks with hunger. And from their backs, snake-like tails, pulsing and tipped with poisonous stingers. , waves wildly in the wind. Their mouths, full of dandelions ,

With a thunderous roar, millions of these demonic locusts descend not only upon one city or one , No nation, but upon every corner of the earth, upon every person on earth who does not have the seal of God on their forehead.

They attack without mercy.

As each freed soul is pierced by a stinger, an excruciating pain erupts, unlike any known to man. Screams fill the air. Bodies writhe in torment. There are no escapes. There is no relief. There is no cure.

The world is plunged into five months of pure terror.

People wander the streets like shadows of their former selves, in unrelenting pain, their minds shattered. Their bodies are twisted by convulsions, their faces ravaged by suffering. They are the living dead, tormented but unable to die.

Many try to take their own lives. They jump from rooftops. They swallow poison. They point guns at their heads. But it's all in vain. The Lord God doesn't allow their spirits to depart.

Death itself flees. For five excruciating months, humanity is subject to divine judgment, a horror the world has never seen and will never forget. And the stings... never cease. Not until the time appointed by God passes during those five months.

By the end of the fifth month, the world's population is exhausted, but Krell forces his armies to prepare for one last stand. Krell moves all his forces to a place in the Middle East called Megiddo, north of Jerusalem. One of the seven kings under his reign meets with him and announces that it has been 1,259 days since he first proclaimed himself God. Krell takes the king aside and says, "Tomorrow, the 1,260th day, I will prove to the world that I am the true God and win the battle against the one who calls himself Christ Jesus."

One of Krell's soldiers, who heard what Krell said, began announcing to his companions that Krell would not fight against any earthly kingdom. Krell said, "We will fight against Jesus Christ." For years, he had heard people talk about the final battle between Jesus and Satan. This battle is called the Battle of Armageddon.

One of the soldiers listening said, "Is this some kind of joke?" The soldier replied no, that the battle is recorded in the Book of Revelation.

If Krell really is Satan incarnated as Krell, we will all die in that battle.

A lieutenant who was listening to the soldiers intervened in the conversation.

Guys, stop chattering and get some rest if we're going to fight Jesus. You're going to need all the strength you can get. The lieutenant lights a cigarette and walks away from the soldiers.

A soldier says there's no way I'll try to fight Jesus Christ. Tomorrow, if I see Jesus coming to fight us, I'll drop my weapon and bow down to him.
With that, the men will retire to sleep.

Just as the prophets of old warned on the 1,260th day after Krell (Satan) proclaimed himself God, the day of battle is coming.

The nations, deceived by demonic spirits, had united like moths to a flame, gathered by the Antichrist at the Valley of Megiddo, also called Armageddon. Armies from every corner of the earth, driven by hatred, ambition, and rebellion against God, formed a united front to wage war, not only against Israel, but against Heaven itself.

The sky darkened with smoke and thunder. The sixth bowl of God's wrath had been poured out, and the Euphrates River dried up, opening the way for the kings of the east. Tanks rumbled, missiles were loaded, and the ground shook as countless soldiers prepared for a last desperate stand.

Jerusalem was surrounded. Bombed. Devastated.

But then... the heavens opened.

A blinding light pierced the darkness and the armies were paralyzed with fear and terror.

Jesus Christ appeared mounted on a white horse, dressed in a robe dipped in blood. On his head were many crowns, and his eyes were flames of fire. Behind him rode the armies of Heaven, dressed in white linen, mounted on white horses. Angels. Saints. Redeemed souls from every tribe and language. They came not with weapons or swords, but with divine authority.

Jesus finally comes as the Lion of Judah to reclaim a world surrendered to Satan when Adam and Eve fell. Jesus descends from heaven. "Out of his mouth comes a sharp sword with which to strike down the nations..."

The Antichrist and the False Prophet, arrogant and deluded, summoned the kings of the earth. They pointed their weapons at the sky. They launched missiles. Fire raged.

But none of that mattered.

With a single word, the King of kings unleashed his judgment.

A sword of divine truth swooped down: spiritual, irresistible, and devastating. The earth shook violently. Mountains split. Valleys rose. The ground beneath the armies fractured. Hailstones weighing nearly 90 pounds fell from the sky. Darkness descended, followed by blinding lightning.

The forces of evil were destroyed by God , not by human hands, but by the power of himself.

Blood flowed through the valley. The Scriptures say the carnage was so great that blood flowed as far as a horse's tail for 1,600 stades (about 290 kilometers). Birds of the sky, summoned by an angel, descended to feast on the flesh of kings, generals, and powerful men.

The Antichrist and the False Prophet were captured alive and thrown into the lake of fire .

And so the battle was over. The rebellion was crushed. The kingdoms of this world became the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ.

The King had returned, not as a suffering servant, but as a conquering King. His feet landed on the Mount of Olives, and it split in two, forming a great valley, opening the way to his throne in Jerusalem.

The dust of war had settled.

Smoke no longer rose from the fields surrounding Jerusalem. The roar of battle—the clash of armies, the roar of rebellion—had been silenced by a single name: Jesus!

Now the Mount of Olives stood still, split in two by his descent, just as the prophets had foretold. The armies of the Antichrist had been defeated by the breath of his mouth; their weapons had turned to ashes before the radiance of his glory. The blood-soaked earth bore witness to judgment... and mercy.

The East Gate—long closed, its stones ancient and cold from centuries of silence—began to tremble.

A radiant light burst onto the horizon as Jesus, dressed in white and crowned with many wreaths, approached. His eyes were like fire, his presence commanding and comforting. Behind him followed his redeemed, clothed in linen.

white: saints from every tribe, nation, and tongue. Among the saints were Phil, Mark, Robin, and Emma, who followed their Messiah Jesus as He was about to cross the Eastern Gate to fulfill another prophecy.

Trumpets were heard, not from human hands, but from heaven itself.

The door, once closed by empires and religions, was opened at His coming, not by force, but by authority.

The king had returned.

He crossed the Eastern Gate in perfect peace. The stones beneath his feet echoed with the ancient prophecy: "And the Lord will be King over all the earth. In that day there will be one Lord, and his name one" (Zechariah 14:9).

As Jesus entered the Holy City, those who remained in Jerusalem—those who had survived the Great Tribulation—fell to their knees. Some wept. Others sang. Everyone watched in amazement.

He ascended the steps of the restored Temple Mount, taking his rightful place on the throne of David now established for a kingdom that would extend over a thousand years and into eternity.

Peace took over the city like a blanket of dawn.

The Lion of Judah had come not only to conquer... but to reign.

The Lord's Prayer that Jesus taught his followers to pray had also been fulfilled: "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

And the world would never be the same again, thank God.

Not the end! Just the beginning!