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The Gentile Witness, Enoch Book 1

*Dedicated to my family for their
Inspiration and support;
Especially that of my wife,
Ginger Brown Jordan.*

The Gentile Witness, Enoch Book 1

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Foreword

The Gentile Witness Book I Enoch

Tribulation or the time of sorrows will begin with the two witnesses:

Revelations 11:1-12

¹I was given a reed like a measuring rod and was told, "Go and measure the temple of God and the altar, and count the worshipers there. ²But exclude the outer court; do not measure it, because it has been given to the Gentiles. They will trample on the holy city for 42 months. ³And I will give power to my two witnesses, and they will prophesy for 1,260 days, clothed in sackcloth." ⁴These are the two olive trees and the two lampstands that stand before the Lord of the earth. ⁵If anyone tries to harm them, fire comes from their mouths and devours their enemies. This is how anyone who wants to harm them must die. ⁶These men have power to shut up the sky so that it will not rain during the time they are prophesying and they have power to turn the waters into blood and to strike the earth with every kind of plague as often as they want.

⁷Now when they have finished their testimony, the beast that comes up from the Abyss will attack them, and overpower and kill them. ⁸Their bodies will lie in the street of the great city, which is figuratively called Sodom and Egypt, where also their Lord was crucified. ⁹For three and a half days men from every people, tribe, language and nation will gaze on their bodies and refuse them burial. ¹⁰The inhabitants of the earth will gloat over them and will celebrate by sending each other gifts, because these two prophets had tormented those who live on the earth.

¹¹But after the three and a half days a breath of life from God entered them, and they stood on their feet, and terror struck those who saw them. ¹²Then they heard a loud voice from heaven saying to them, "Come up here." And they went up to heaven in a cloud, while their enemies looked on.

What if there is no pre-tribulation Rapture?

How will the witnesses use the international media to get God's final message across to the world?

Brad Williams is the top Anchor in the U.S. and the world. He works for "The Network," the number one ranked news show in the country and the world. Brad makes or breaks politicians and

The Gentile Witness, Enoch Book 1

corporations at the direction of their largest stockholder, Aafre Waldger.

Aafre Waldger – world-renowned financier – with his web of control over the economies of the world and its politics, knows that the witnesses are the ones prophesied. Moreover, through his Master, he starts a plan to destroy them and allow the Antichrist and the False Prophet to rise.

John Roddenburg, anchor for Bear News, runs a close second to Brad Williams and his network is constantly attacking The Waldger Group. He befriends the Gentile Witness, Jack South.

Jack South, your common everyday baby boomer, now in his late fifties, is chosen by God to be the Gentile Witness. His only credentials are that he is a Christian. Jack is reluctant and has difficulty dealing with what he needs to do as he starts to bring down Brad Williams and The Network, and take the word of God to a worldwide audience.

The other witness selected by God, Shraya, the non-conforming Jewish Rabbi who lives in a cave on the Israeli-Jordanian border, helps guide Jack and teach him what he needs to do. Both witnesses take on the world powers to deliver God's message of the gift of salvation, for the last time.

Read what happens when a panel of religious experts on a worldwide broadcast questions Jack South, God's Witness.

Read what powers the witnesses actually have and the destruction they can cause to get people and countries to listen.

See how the power of God, working through Jack South and Shraya, shocks and brings the world to its knees in only four days.

Read what will happen behind closed doors of the most powerful countries in the world, and its largest corporations.

This is a book of fiction and all characters are a figment of the author's imagination. However, it is loosely based on the prophecy of the two witnesses as described in the Bible in Revelations 11. It also refers to the Book of Enoch from the Dead Sea Scrolls.

Books by Samuel David

The Gentile Witness Book I Enoch

The Gentile Witness Book II Elijah

You Paid What, by Darrell Jordan

The Gentile Witness Book III Cain to be released in 2015

The Gentile Witness

Book I, Enoch

By

Samuel David

Darrell Jordan

Edited by Latoya Newman

Chapter 1

6:00 AM EST Monday June 1st New York - In the City

June in New York is always different. Some days are nice and warm, others cold. At 6:00 a.m. though, it was difficult to tell if it would warm up or not, for it was still dark and New York, like other cities, blocks the view of the sky at night. So if there were clouds or clear skies I could not tell. I had just left the hotel paid for by The Network Morning Headlines TV show that had invited me to come to their studios to talk about winning the lottery. I was in a rented limousine, also provided by the studio, on my way for a national interview on television, which was going to be aired at about 7:20 that morning.

A couple of months ago I had won two major lotteries paying out over 450 million dollars after taxes. I was not the first person to win a big payout; but was the first to win two multistate lotteries in two different states, in the same week, with the exact same numbers. I suppose that made it newsworthy. I had bought a Superball and a Multi Rich Millions dollar ticket using the same number sequence and the same bonus number sixteen.

I had received the payments a few weeks ago. It was not very long after that I was contacted by several news and entertainment stations as to whether or not I was willing to appear on their shows. They wanted to discuss my incredible luck at winning such grand prizes. Through a public relations firm we had hired, we chose The Network Morning Headlines, which had the most viewership and was considered the primary news outlet in the country.

This large viewership was very important, for we had an ulterior motive that really had nothing to do with discussing winning the lottery. Part of our plan was to prove to the world that The Network was a disinformation station that censored the truth. We knew that powerful individuals controlled them. They would imply certain things to fit the needs of politicians, governments, corporations, and members of their own group, regardless of the truth.

The Network was owned by a group who many thought were part of a worldwide group of powerful people commonly referred to as The Waldger Group. The Network had also recently been the focus

of certain antigovernment groups as being the biggest culprit of deliberately feeding information to sway public opinion. After today, they might well pay a price for being that arrogant and controlling. At least that was part of the plan.

I was brought back from my thoughts when the driver said, “Sir,” as his head leaned over toward the back. “We will be pulling up to the studio door in a minute, but I will be back around 9:30 a.m. to take you back to the hotel. They usually have the guests wrapped up around that time. I will be in the same area I am letting you off at to take you back to the hotel.”

“Thanks, I do appreciate it, but I was planning on wandering around the area before I go back to the Plaza; maybe do some shopping or have lunch.”

“No problem. You can use your cell phone. I assume you have one.” He hesitated.

“Yes, I do.”

“So when you are done with your walking around, call me and I will come and pick you up wherever you are. I am assigned to you for the entire day since you are the studio’s guest all day. Therefore, this limo and I are available to you until around six or so. I will give you my card with my cell number and I will pick you up when you’re ready.” He passed back his business card through the space in the privacy glass. I took it, glanced at it, and placed it in the side pocket of my sports jacket.

“I appreciate that.”

He then pulled into the studio parking lot, drove up to the studio door, and stopped the limo. Putting the vehicle in park, he got out of his door and walked over to my side door of the limo. As he opened my door he said, “Good luck on the show and I suppose from what I hear, you are the luckiest man alive, winning the two lotteries with the exact same number. Wow! Wish it would have been me,” he added.

I just looked at him not really knowing what to say, for even today I still was not sure how this had all come about anyway. A chance meeting that I now knew had been deliberate. Here and now, a few weeks later, as per the instructions that were given to me, I was

about to go on national television and shock the entire world. However, not about the lotteries, which were only my tickets to a national television appearance and to fund what I was about to do. All of this was a carefully laid out plan that had been in the works for a very long time.

I graciously told the driver thanks then pulled a hundred dollar bill out of my pocket for a tip. As I handed it to him I said, “I appreciate your good wishes and I will call you when I am ready to go back.”

The driver replied, “Thanks.” We shook hands. I started towards the studio door where a security guard was checking the information of everyone going in.

As I walked up to the door the guard looked at me and then at his clipboard and said, “Good morning, sir. You must be Jack South, the lottery winner.”

“That’s me.” I handed him the stage pass that had been left at the hotel for me. He looked at the document, waived me in, saying, as he pointed down the hallway, “The orientation room is up on the second floor; and the elevators are just around the corner over there. They are expecting you. There is also a buffet set up for the guests today. Oh, our producer, Mr. Jonathon Langer, will be in soon to give you an orientation about your interview.”

“Thanks, I appreciate you being so helpful. By the way, has my attorney, Mark Anderson, shown up yet?”

He glanced at his list before replying, “Not yet sir, but he is on the list. When he arrives, I will tell him you are here and send him up.”

“Thanks, I appreciate it,” I replied as I started walking towards the bank of elevators.

Moving towards the elevator, I thought about what I was about to do and how here, in the twenty first century, not the days of Genesis, I was about to make the world stand up and take notice. Gabriel and Ariel had laid out an elaborate plan in a whirlwind meeting several weeks ago. Now here I was, after much soul searching, a plain old average citizen, Jack South, fifty-eight years old, married, with five kids, and about to pick up where someone had left off over two thousand years ago.

A few months ago, I was more concerned with finding a good job and having a nice life. Things change, but not like this. For now, everything I was, knew, and believed in, was completely shattered. My whole life's purpose had changed. I was just your ordinary man, not rich, but comfortable. I was not that well educated, but I read a lot so at least I could function around just about anyone and feel comfortable in any conversation. I stood about six foot one with a lean body, blue eyes, and gray hair. I considered myself healthy, with just one bad habit, and that was smoking. Why, I really did not know. I just liked it and I really wanted a smoke right now; but figured we could not smoke here.

Most of my career had been in sales and I had been quite successful in the computer industry. Unfortunately, the business became entrenched with foreigners until eventually, the jobs, along with the big bucks, just stopped. The imported immigrants worked for next to nothing and computer sales and consulting just went away. In other cases, the work was outsourced to other countries for even cheaper labor. Since that time, I had sold everything from home improvement services to advertising, and even wrote a book that was not quite as successful as I had envisioned.

As I was waiting for the elevator, my thoughts were interrupted when a woman walked up carrying a couple of dog cages. She was accompanied by a man who appeared to be a porter. He was pushing a cart with two larger cages on it. She was babbling at him about how upset the dogs were getting. She seemed quite rattled and did not appear to be in a good mood at all, at least to me. As I was standing there, waiting for the elevator and watching her fumble with the cages, I asked her, "Are you part of the show today?"

She rather snapped out a, "Yes!" Then, realizing that she was somewhat impolite added, "My dogs are quite upset and things are not going well so far this morning. We just got here late last night. The flight had a three-hour delay, and I have not had time to get my bearings. The dogs are so restless. I hope they will behave when I do the interview. You never know about how dogs are going to react."

"Are you a breeder or a trainer?"

“I breed Labradoodles in Indiana. They are a new breed that people are wanting so I was invited to talk about them on the show today.”

“Is it a special breed?”

“Yes, they do not shed very much and so people who are allergic to dogs can keep them. They’re a cross between a Labrador Retriever and a Poodle.”

As we were talking the elevator door opened. I helped her place the two loose carriers inside. The porter pushed the cart on with the other ones. She responded with a quick, “Thank you.”

It is puzzling whom television morning shows will have on for guests and what the show finds interesting or informative. So far, they had a lottery winner and a dog breeder. Goes to show you how much they would scrape the bottom of the pot to continuously feed the desire for information of any type to the viewing public. It may seem stupid, but the way it was.

As we rode up in the elevator she asked, “Are you a guest today, too?”

I replied with a simple yes, which seemed to temporarily, satisfy her curiosity. I really did not want to discuss it, and thankfully, the elevator door opened before she could ask for any further details. I helped her with unloading the dog cages, as we were met by a nicely dressed woman wearing a business suit and holding a clipboard. She began spitting out questions, almost as soon as we stepped out of the elevator.

“Hello, I am Michelle Richards, Assistant to the Producer, and you are?” directing the question to the dog person.

“Molly Sifers, from Indiana Breeders.”

“And you must be Mr. South?”

“Yes, I am. Pleased to meet you.”

Michelle fit the stereotypical assistant producer I would expect, looking like she had just stepped out of the pages of Glamour Magazine. She was around five feet five inches tall, with perfect facial features, long blonde hair; wearing a tailored suit perfectly fit to her body and a smile as big as Texas. She was, if nothing else, pleasant to look at and acted and spoke 100% business. Looking at her, I guessed that she had probably taken this job in hopes of

being discovered by a major producer while working as an underling on the show. With her looks, I was sure she would be a hit on TV at any level. I wondered however, if Michelle really was an assistant producer or just a very attractive greeter; probably the latter.

“If you will follow me please, I will show you to the orientation and buffet room. It is right down the hall to our left. Do you need any help with the dogs or the cages, Ms. Sifer?”

“Thanks, but no. The porter is helping and the rest I can handle.”

To help, I picked up one of the cages that were not on the cart. Molly smiled at me in thanks as we followed the porter, pushing her cart with the other two cages down the hallway.

Michelle then said to Molly, “You can’t bring the dogs into the orientation room, but since we have animals quite often, we have a different area where you can care for them. If you like, you can drop them off there and then go on to the orientation room and have some breakfast.” Turning to me, she pointed to a door that was open. I assumed that it was the orientation room. She said, “You can wait in here, Mr. South.”

Not waiting for a response from me, Michelle continued down the hall to a double glass door, which opened into an outside garden. Since I was already carrying one of the cages, I followed Molly and Michelle instead of going into the orientation room. Michelle opened the door into an area that I assumed was only a rooftop, now redone into a sort of garden. There was some green space and in another area was a patio set on a deck. A gazebo covered the furniture.

Turning to Molly, Michelle said, “This is the area you can keep the dogs in. There is a dog run over there.” She pointed to a chain-linked area about six feet side by twenty feet in length. Then, pointing to another area, she told Molly there was a table set up for grooming and caring for her dogs.

I set down the one dog carrier and Molly came over and opened it up. She let out a furry black puppy that looked like it had a perm in its hair. It started running around the area avoiding its master who was trying to snap the leash onto it. With a little coaxing, the

Labradoodle eventually returned to her. She snapped the leash onto the dog's collar and then handed the leash to me.

Molly said, "Thanks for helping; I really appreciate it."

"No problem. What is the dog's name?"

"Skyez, pronounced Sky-zee," but then she added that when the puppy was adopted she would probably be renamed.

I asked her where the name Skyez came from and she replied, "Well it was supposed to be just Skye but since she was the last puppy in the litter we added Z to the end to be creative."

Well, I thought to myself, that was a different way to name a dog. Therefore, I joked with Molly and asked, "Did the mother have twenty-six puppies at one time?"

She smiled and sort of laughed and said, "No, she just had six. I guess you have a nice sense of humor, and again, thanks for helping me today."

Michelle, I noticed, seemingly impatient with me playing with the dogs and wanting to move me along, said, "Mr. South, we can go to the orientation room now if you like."

"That would be fine, Michelle. Has my attorney, Mark Anderson, made it here yet?" I asked, although the door attendant had already told me he had not.

Michelle looked on her list before replying, "He has not checked in with me yet." She then turned her attention to Molly who was fiddling with the other cages, getting the dogs out. "Molly, I will send one of our assistants out to help in a few minutes. I need to get Mr. South to the orientation room because he is scheduled before you."

She glanced at her watch and told Molly she had a little over two hours to go. "You are on at about 8:20." She then turned to me and asked me to follow her.

As we were leaving the area, I looked back at Molly and the dogs, realizing that after what I was going to do today, Molly and her Labradoodles would probably not make the show. Too many other things of greater interest would be happening at that time and neither she nor The Network had any idea what was about to take place.

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The other thing I thought was that Molly would probably never forget who I was for the rest of her life; and she would always say that I helped her or, then again, maybe not.

Chapter 2

6:20 AM EST New York - The Network Morning Headlines Studios

Michelle led me down the hall of the studios to a holding room called the Teal Room. Why it was called this, I did not know. The room was relatively small with a few couches, chairs, a TV monitor, telephone, and miscellaneous tables with an array of beverages and snacks on them. The most striking images were the pictures on the wall of famous guests; and of course, the hosts of the shows past and present. At the moment, there was no one else in the room. I assumed Mark, my attorney, would be here soon. I was somewhat hungry so I grabbed a donut and a cup of coffee. I poured in some coffee creamer and sat down on the couch facing the door to wait for what would come next.

As I sat looking around the room, I thought of all the people I had seen on this show in my lifetime; realizing of course that they, like me, probably sat in this same room waiting for their interview. Some interviews I had seen on this show were depressive, others upbeat, and then some were plain disastrous. These anchor people became good at getting people to slip up and say things they should not say. That was a definite concern of mine today.

Brad Williams was the one interviewing me today. I knew he was an egocentric who thought that the world revolved around him. According to some, he had not earned his place at The Network, but due to family connections, he was groomed for the job and, almost overnight, held the top anchor spot by the time he was thirty-one.

Brad was not a big person. He stood about five feet eleven, weighed around a hundred and sixty to seventy pounds, and was in good shape. His English heritage showed in his dishwater brown hair, brown eyes, and rather sharp features. He was, I thought, about forty-eight years old, but I was not sure. He had been voted best-looking man on TV a few years ago by a popular TV magazine and had won several awards. Moreover, for all intents and purposes, he was the most watched news anchor in America. He was also the most ruthless.

For the past two weeks, the public relations company we hired and my attorney rehashed each word of the questions I would be asked by Brad, and my responses to them. We had insisted that we get a copy of the questions prior to agreeing to the interview and were given a list of them. We went over each one and then decided at what point I would drop the ‘bombshell’ into their laps. We were sure that they were not going to like it. That was part of the plan. Push Brad to the edge and get him to lose his temper.

I pulled out the list of questions and started reading all the notes prepared for the interview. In my mind, I rehearsed the answers and my lead-in, when I would change the whole outlook of the interview. I still had my doubts about what I was about to say and what it meant to me, my family, let alone the rest of the world. This entire situation had begun with a job interview. I was in this particular predicament because I was a Christian. I suppose that over the years, my faith in God had prepared me for today, but I still did not understand why I was chosen. I guess, as the messengers had said, I was selected a long time ago; longer than I could imagine, and that very soon I would understand. I had to get past today first then they would explain more to me. So here I was, operating on absolute blind faith, in front of a national – soon to be worldwide – audience to announce something to the world nobody was going to be ready or willing to accept.

I reached into my other breast pocket and pulled out another sheet of paper. I unfolded it then read it thoroughly. I would be handing this to Brad, the Anchor, after my statement, or as I called it, my “bombshell.” I reread the information printed on the paper. It was very detailed and the contents should be easily understood. Once I stated what was on these pages, winning the two lotteries back to back would seem pale in comparison to the gift I had been given.

The door opened and Michelle entered, “Your attorney is here,” she said as she stepped aside and Mark Anderson walked in. I refolded the paper, putting them back into my breast pocket. I got up, walked over and shook Mark’s hand, “Good morning, Mark. Did you have a safe trip?”

Mark simply answered, “Yes. Let me get a cup of coffee and then we can talk.”

As Mark was getting his coffee, I moved over to the two easy chairs, which faced each other in the far corner, and waited for him to come over and sit. Mark Anderson was a bit dumpy, not at all what you would expect for a high-priced defense lawyer. Standing about five eight, balding, and well over 300 pounds; no matter what he wore he would look dumpy. However, his firm in Chicago was the largest defense firm in the country, specializing in federal prosecutions, primarily, as well as high profile criminal defense.

When we had first approached Mark and his partners, we informed them of our fears since winning the lottery that the Government may try to investigate my winnings, being that it was close to impossible to have won. After listening to us, he asked directly if we had fixed the lottery and we told him no. He then said he needed a twenty-five million dollar retainer and we said fine; and at that point, he was all in. I then figured we had hired an attorney, but then Gabriel and Ariel wanted to speak with Mark alone so I went back to the reception area and waited.

After we left Mark's firm, I asked Gabriel about what had transpired while I was waiting. Gabriel told me that he had outlined with Mark the basic plan and then questioned his faith in God.

It turned out that Mark was Jewish, even though his last name did not indicate that. He was very religious and was definitely a Christian Jew. Mark was also a leader in Cicero, Illinois and quite respected in the Jewish Community in Chicago. Gabriel went on to say that Mark, like me, understood that he was chosen by God to be a participant. Mark would be either with me or watching over me almost 24/7 over the next few months as our plans unfolded. I was to listen to him and take his advice.

Mark also connected us with a public relations advertising company. We were going to need one to get our plans to work. Based on Mark's recommendation, we hired Anthony and Williams Information Services. They initially had some difficulty understanding what we wanted, but quit asking questions once we offered a ten million dollar retainer. Therefore, we laid out our plan and they started putting the pieces together the way that we wanted. However, they had very little knowledge of our real overall plan, except for the steps we outlined that we wanted them to handle.

Mark was able to convince Anthony and Williams to do as we told them, no questions asked. I guessed that he was used to having a PR firm handle the media to feed information in the favor of his criminal clients. So for the most part, all the media exposure we needed and other things that were to happen in the next few days, were being orchestrated and handled by Mark Anderson and Luke Willard, President of Anthony and Williams.

Mark sat down, took one sip of his coffee, then looked up at me and asked, “Are you daydreaming?”

“Yes, just thinking about the past few days is all.”

“Do you think this room is wired?”

“I doubt it.”

He shook his head and said, “Well, let’s keep our voices low anyway. I assume you are ready and prepared?”

“Yes, and I just hope you are too. As we have discussed, they will probably edit the interview and will not broadcast it and kick us out of here. It is very important that you transmit the video to Luke at Anthony and Williams, immediately. Without this being done, none of this will work.”

Mark looked at me. He did not seem sure whether he should say anything or not, he asked, “What exactly are you going to say in this interview that is so important that you need me and all this setup?”

I looked directly at him and said, “After what happens in this interview, everything will begin to make sense to you, Mark; as well as why it is so important that you are here.”

Chapter 3

1:35 PM CEST Brussels - The Waldger Group Corporate Headquarters, David Matthews' Office

David Matthews III sat in his office surfing the web and various news media services. For a Monday, not much was happening of any consequence, anywhere.

David's job, working for The Waldger Group, was to find interesting things that were occurring that may or may not affect world stability. The company he worked for was not a recognized government, but a group of people who, for the most part, acted like a government. They were not elected, but acted very much as if they were.

The Waldger Group had far reaches into every country of the world. They held most of the media outlets, movie studios, press, and many of the world's largest corporations, banks, and natural resources within their clutches. Many governments and their leaders were also answering to The Waldger Group in many circumstances. The Waldger Group itself was well known, but held no accountability, except to itself.

David and his staff browsed the world's information services to make sure that nothing that could affect them slipped through. His staff consisted of over three thousand people working around the clock on twenty-four hour shifts, three hundred and sixty-five days a year. Most of his staff spoke and read at least three languages each and kept their pulse on every breaking news story and event worldwide. Information was key and the quicker they got the information the faster The Waldger Group could affect the situation.

Since David could remember, he had always been a geek. He acted like one and stereotypically looked like one. He was only five feet seven inches tall, skinny, with unruly brown hair, black eyes and wore dark-rimmed glasses. He realized early on that knowledge was the real power, not being a jock.

David graduated from MIT at the top of his class in the late 70's and was immediately recruited by the U.S. Secret Service. After twenty years of service to the government, he left the caverns of Washington, D.C. and then came in as an outsider to head the

information gathering service of The Waldger Group. Over the years, with the advent of the Internet, he was able to find out and stop many a problem, person, or persons who might destabilize their investments and power.

Located in Brussels, Belgium on the hundred and twenty acre campus, which was Waldger's Worldwide Corporate Headquarters, David's group kept a constant vigil on what was happening worldwide. When something interesting came up, they started monitoring it. Every resource was used: from the news media, internet blogs, and even underworld connections.

They had several Sequoia, a20 petaFLOP/s (quadrillion floating operations per second) system based on Blue Gene technology supercomputer running programs which would, based on key words and instances, bring data to one of the workstations for scrutiny by one of his staff. If someone were to enter into a blog or send an email that said, "I hate the President," the software would read and pick up that information, no matter whose internet service was used, and then relay it to his servers. The system would then display not only the comment, but also the entire blog. It would then list every person on that blog, including IP address, as well as their personal information; address, affiliations, education, and any other information that was available.

David's systems also had the ability to monitor cell phone calls, hard line telephone and radio communications. It was based on certain key words and even voice stress.

Once received, data would be processed into a category or categories, and then sent to an analyst. The analyst would check to see if there was any threat or if it was just frivolous. If it seemed relevant, then the information was pushed up another level until either it was confirmed to be a threat or not. If the information was thought to be an issue of concern, then David would get it. David's job was to take whatever steps necessary to protect The Waldger Group.

David had many resources available to him to protect The Group. One call from him and a law enforcement agency from just about any country in the world would be knocking on the door of any

suspected attempt to undermine The Waldger Group, its leaders and or its assets.

This system had been used by several governments and still was used on a contract basis, especially after the terrorist attacks on the United States and England after 911. It was also used to track rogue governments. The Group became aware of their plans long before a group, a government, or a terrorist cell put them into action.

If you were not born in a cave and still lived here on earth, you were in their system, somewhere.

David had considerable interest in only one story today – the lottery winner – who against all odds had won two national lotteries in the United States. He knew that the odds in winning both lotteries, back to back, with the same numbers, were absolute zero. He knew that Jack South would be on the Morning Headlines today. He was hoping that the questions being asked of Jack by the anchor, Brad Williams would shed some light on how he pulled it off.

David also knew that Jack had retained a criminal defense firm and a public relations firm to the tune of thirty-five million dollars. That made no sense unless Jack really needed to have a criminal defense team for future use. He thought that possibly, as far reaching as it may seem, Jack South had figured out a way to defraud the lottery and had retained the attorney and the PR firm in order to keep the winnings.

However, through their sources, he knew that the lottery had not been tampered with, and that no one, not even Jack, was any closer to the lottery mechanisms for the drawing, than buying a ticket from a convenience store. He knew that it was not likely that Jack ripped off the lottery systems. Therefore, David was still trying to figure out why Jack needed a defense lawyer and public relations firm.

His superiors had locked onto this event and he was instructed to use whatever means to figure this person out. David then contacted The Network's President, Joe Biggman, whom they controlled, and made it clear to him that it was important for his anchor, Brad Williams, to get to the bottom of this Jack issue. Mr. Biggman said they had a contract with Jack listing specific questions. David did not care, but instructed Mr. Biggman to have Mr. Williams get the

truth. David then assured him that if there were a legal problem, the Waldger Group would take care of it.

David also had others monitoring every step Jack had made for the past few weeks. Whom he had meetings with and whom he was talking too. David also knew that Jack had moved his family out of the country for safekeeping and put a considerable amount of money for them in offshore accounts. However, David knew where Jack's family was and was monitoring that situation.

There was one thing that haunted David, and that was Jack's two advisors, friends, or accomplices, Gabriel Massinger and Ariel Roberts. For some reason, according to his resources, these people did not exist anywhere on any database. They had lifted fingerprints from glasses left after a meeting between them and Jack. They also took unauthorized high-resolution pictures of them. They ran the prints and pictures through almost every major database in the world, but to no avail. They just did not exist. There was no address, no occupation, not one piece of information was uncovered over the past few weeks. They had wracked their brains, and exhausted their resources and had come up empty.

As far as Jack South's background went, he was checkered, at best. Prior to winning the two lotteries, he was pretty well broke and did not have a current job. Jack also had a questionable criminal record going back to his teenage years, but not much as an adult other than a couple of traffic tickets. Jack, it seemed, was a happy go lucky person overall, with five kids spanning two generations. He had been married three times and each divorce had cost him more than he could ever recoup. His relationships always seemed to go nowhere.

He raised his kids without their mothers and they were, for the most part, pretty successful. One child's background was similar to David's. He was a computer guru. The other son was an officer in the U.S. military.

He had checked Jack South's federal tax returns for the past several years and felt that if they needed leverage they could get the Internal Revenue Service after him. That is, if he became any type of threat or un-cooperative. As far as The Waldger Group was concerned, a person worth half a billion dollars needed to be controlled and not

allowed to upset the balance of power. Unlike other lottery winners, Jack South had quietly hidden away most of his winnings and hired the best to take care of his money, freedom and image.

Therefore, David was here with his best people in the viewing room waiting for Jack South's interview on The Morning Headlines. He hoped that Brad Williams would do his job as he had been instructed to do by Joe Biggman. They might get some answers. The questions The Network had given to Jack and his council were not the real questions Brad Williams would ask. The aim was that Jack would not be prepared for Brad's quizzing and would slip up.

As David thought over everything, he knew he had to find out what Jack was up to; how he had won the lotteries and everything else about him that The Waldger Group wanted to know. Moreover, that came directly from the top. David always did as he was told.

Chapter 4

6:45 AM EST New York - The Network Studios

As Mark Anderson glanced around the room taking in his surroundings, he was thinking about how he had managed to get into the middle of this mess today. He had reluctantly agreed to be a part of this, he thought to himself, due solely to Jack's associate, Gabriel.

When he had first agreed to represent Jack during the meeting with Jack's associates, Gabriel had initially irritated him by asking about his religious beliefs; as well as how much he knew about God's final plan for humanity. He then went on to say that Mark had been chosen to help a long time ago. They also told him that his career had been directed by God, to be able to handle what was going to occur over the next few months and years. He was not sure he agreed with that, even now. Mark had listened to what Gabriel and Ariel had to say in the private meeting, but it was almost beyond his ability to believe. Gabriel had looked at him and said, "I guess you need some proof don't you?" Then he had just disappeared in front of Mark's eyes, while Ariel remained sitting across from him. Then, he had felt a tap on his shoulder and swiveled around to see Gabriel standing there. Then, once again, he disappeared as Mark turned back to face Ariel; and there he was sitting across the desk. He remembered the sweat pouring from his forehead. It was at that moment that he started to realize that there was a power beyond this earth in his office and that he was indeed speaking with messengers from God. The meeting reminded him of his Jewish history, when Abraham was visited by the messengers in the Sodom and Gomorrah story.

Mark had gathered his composure and listened attentively to the plan from Gabriel and Ariel. Once they finished telling him the complete story, he understood his role. What he knew was that when Jack began his ministry, the government would want to take him in and find out what made him tick. Mark's job was to stop that from ever happening. That was also why they had hired the PR firm; to make sure that Jack's visibility to the public was so high that not only would the U.S. government, but any other government, shy away from just picking him up and locking him

away to get answers. After his time with Gabriel and Ariel, Mark resolved that he would use every bit of his knowledge and power to protect Jack as long as he could, at any cost.

He looked over at his client. Jack was very quiet and calm and seemed to be in his own world. Mark wondered what he might be thinking; then his mind started wandering too as he started reminiscing about how he had gotten to this point in his life.

Mark's grandparents had migrated to the U.S. during the beginning of World War II. Like others of their kind during the period, they melted into the society called America. They chose to drop the Jewish name, Zingle, for they felt it was too difficult to use and too Jewish. They adopted the American surname of Anderson and that change allowed the family to easily integrate themselves into American society. This was a common practice of German Jews coming to America during that time. Not only was being Jewish a problem, but having a German Jewish name was difficult during that period. Therefore, the anglicized name, Anderson, resolved the issue.

After the war, Mark's grandparents eventually moved from the tenements of New York to Chicago. They ended up in a small suburb of Chicago, known as Cicero. Cicero was well known for its Jewish community. It was there that his grandfather set up shop as a small finance company, financing small purchases for immigrants that banks would usually turn down.

Mark's father was born two years later, and when he was old enough, started working in the company alongside his brother and father. The company offices were originally housed in a little one-room building; but by the early 60's they moved on to a new facility on Cicero Avenue, where it still stood today. The company was loaning out over three million dollars a year by then, at rates of up to forty-five percent. Illinois did not have any caps on finance charges, so it was simple. If you wanted to take the risk to make money, then at forty-five percent, you could make some.

His father and mother were married in 1962 and Mark was born in 1963. His brother, Michael, was born in 1964 and sister, Carolyn, in 1966. As a young man, he had little appetite for the finance business. He felt bad about the repossessions and the collections

side of financing. He let his father know that it bothered him and that he felt that loaning money was an unscrupulous practice.

Mark's father had no tolerance of him or his refusal to work in the family business. After keeping up the pressure on him, he finally asked Mark what he really wanted to do. "Practice law," Mark had told him. "I want to help people." Finally, his father gave in and sent him off to college, where he excelled. After graduation from Illinois State, he was able to attend Columbia Law School, where he graduated at the top of my class.

After graduation, he returned to Chicago and immediately took a position as a Public Defender for the City. He worked there for three years. Mark eventually opened his own law office in Cicero, specializing in criminal defense. The practice grew exponentially in the late 90's. He ended up with several high profiled federal defense cases, which he won. The practice then exploded with clients ranging from politicians, movie stars, and even people with no money. His firm also took assignments as court appointed attorneys from the state, especially capital cases, which they were very good at winning.

By 2005, there were over 200 attorneys on his staff in multiple locations. The home office was in downtown Chicago, on Michigan Avenue in the AON building. There were satellite offices in New York, Atlanta, Dallas, and Los Angeles. For the past three years, Mark usually did not take a case, but referred it to one of his capable staff attorneys. He had become more of an advisor to his clients and let other attorneys do the brunt of the work. At least that was true until this case came along.

Mark's journey in finding God came about when he lost a death penalty case and his client was sentenced to death. It was a very high profile case. He knew that his client was innocent, but he could not prove it. Unfortunately, he lost all appeals and his client was executed. That led him to do some soul searching. He had many questions swimming around in his head. He finally found his answers in God.

He became a patron of the local Synagogue and religiously started on a journey into learning about God. He had read the Pentateuch and then, out of curiosity, what Jews call the Gentiles, book. He

studied about Jesus and the New Testament. He became very interested in the Bible itself and especially the end time prophecy. Moreover, without his peers knowing it, Mark became a believer. Now, as he thought about today, he realized that his curiosity had landed him right in the middle of prophecy.

Jack brought him back to reality when he asked, “Are you ready with the video unit?”

“Yes, it is ready to go. I checked it out this morning and sent a test message as instructed by Luke at his firm. They received the video and it was useable.”

“It is very important, Mark, that immediately after the interview, you send the data. As you know, when we negotiated the terms of the interview, you are allowed to be right next to the cameras to video for me. They are expecting you to do that; but probably not expecting you to transmit it.”

“Jack, do you want to tell me what you are going to say?” Mark asked for the second time today.

“No, you will know soon enough, and I don’t want to alarm you. Moreover, as we discussed, it is very important we do this correctly. I have read over the interview questions we agreed on but I think they are going to throw some curveballs. What do you think?”

“Well Jack, a news anchor is like a prosecuting attorney. He will follow a script up to a point. They think they can make you slip, and as we rehearsed, you need to be prepared. Keep your answers to a minimum amount of words. Many have been caught in a statement that has destroyed them. So remember how we coached you. Do you have any idea what they might ask that is not on the pre-screen they gave you?”

“Yeah, I think they are going to elude to some sort of conspiracy and that I manipulated information and or fixed the lotteries. The odds of winning are very close to zero, as we all know.”

“What if they do ask that directly? What will you tell them?”

“The truth,” Jack said, “the absolute truth.”

After digesting Jack’s answer, Mark thought to himself, yes they will now all learn the truth and yet be very confused at the same time.

The truth Jack would tell them was not going to be what anyone ever expected.

Chapter 5

6:50 AM EST New York - The Network Studios

The door opened and Molly, the dog woman, entered. I was somewhat relieved to see her for I had grown tired of my attorney's continuous questioning of what I was going to say to Brad. I needed a break from his questioning and turned towards Molly. "Are the dogs calmer now?"

She replied, "They are doing fine, Jack. I needed to get some coffee and freshen up some."

"Me too. I need to look my best on TV, right?"

She smiled at me as she poured out coffee into a Styrofoam cup and started adding sugar.

I excused myself and went into the restroom to comb my hair and make sure I did not look too bad. As I gazed into the mirror, I checked my tie, collar, and brushed some lint off my sports jacket. My hair was fine. As I looked at my reflection, I realized that in a very short time, everything that was my life for the past fifty-eight years would now change. There was a plan for me beyond my power. It was beyond anyone's power here on this earth and it was time for me to do as I was asked. I was ready, although I had no idea why I felt so calm.

I was thinking of my family and what they would think after today. I had not told my wife the whole story. Lois would have been quite upset if she knew all of it before today. She would have said no. I did not want her and the kids in the middle of this. I only explained to her that because of all the money, she and the kids would be at risk. She thought about this for a while, and then had packed herself and the boys up and moved out of the country to a villa we had bought in Brazil. They had around the clock security at this time. You never knew what people would do, especially after today. I hoped they would be safe, regardless of my personal demise.

There was a knock on the door of the restroom. I opened it to find Michelle there with another man. She introduced him as Chuck, one of the pages for the show. He put his hand out to shake and I responded in turn. Michelle said, "You are on at 7:20, just before

the 7:25 local station break away. I wanted to take you down now to get comfortable on the interview couch. Are you ready to go?”

“It’s now or never,” I responded. I motioned for Mark to follow us and together, we left the Teal Room to go to the studio where the interview was to take place. I glanced over my shoulder to Molly and waved goodbye.

She said, “Good luck. Break a leg” Mark and I then walked through the door and down the hallway, following Chuck.

Chapter 6

6:50 AM EST New York - The Network Studios, Anchor, Brad Williams' Dressing Room

In his dressing room, Brad Williams looked at the clock by the door. It was 6:50 a.m. He had just finished doing one-line spots for various affiliates around the country and was having the makeup people touch him up before the actual show started taping. He had about five minutes before it was show time for him, Brad Williams, the “Best Anchor in America,” to deliver the day’s headlines and happenings.

Today though, he was a bit uneasy. He had the interview with the multiple state lottery winner, Jack South. Ordinarily this would not bother him, he thought, but yesterday he had been called into his producer’s office and there was Joe Biggman, President of News Network. They wanted to talk about the interview with Jack South. They both knew he had interviewed several lottery winners over the years and knew what he was to do. This was the first time that he had been called in and been given a completely different set of questions for the interview than the standard ones given to Jack a week ago.

Brad had been directed by the big man himself to find out why Jack South had spent millions on a criminal defense team. This Jack was utilizing the services of the largest law firm in the U.S., which defends major criminals. He had also spent millions more on a nationally recognized PR firm. As Joe said to him, “There is something wrong with this whole Jack South thing and we want you to use your skills to get him to spill his guts on national TV.” Joe went on to say, “We are going to change the rules to see if we can catch him off guard.”

They had done that in the past; tell the interviewee that he or she was on at a certain time, sit them down early, no pre-introductions, start the interview early, and change the questions they may have been prepped for. Usually, this worked with the person and they got answers they would not normally get. It had been done before and they were going to try it with Jack South as well.

Brad was still uneasy. His sixth sense was telling him that Jack South was not the normal lottery winner. He and his demands

before the interview, like having his attorney present to video tape the interview himself, and having the legal right to a copy of the interview were not normal at all. What was Jack up to? Why all the uproar by the head of the news department and the producer?

Brad had a whole dossier on Jack, which was colorful at least. Jack had been in a lot of trouble as a kid and had been through several marriages. His life was just spotty in general. If necessary, Brad felt that he could crucify him on TV and get to the truth, but still he was uneasy.

His thoughts were interrupted when his assistant said, “Mr. Williams, time to go. We have less than two minutes before you need to be out front.” Brad looked in the mirror, smiled, tore off the paper around his neck, stood, and walked towards the door. Just another day, he said to himself.

Chapter 7

7:00 AM EST New York - The Network Interview Studio

The interview studio had a couch with the anchor's chair adjacent to it. The studio lights were on full tilt and the room was comfortable, if somewhat warm. I was directed by the page to sit on the corner of the couch next to where Brad Williams would sit for my interview.

As I sat down, I wondered why I had not at least gotten to say a cursory hello to Brad, but remembered in the coaching that they may try and set me up to see if they could learn something. A man walked up and started talking to me, "Hi, Mr. South, I am Lester Marks and I am in charge of the cameras and lighting. I want to have you move a bit closer to the arm of the couch and look straight out to the target you see over there," as he pointed to a relatively large red circle located near one of the cameras. I looked directly at the spot and Lester said, "Okay, smile. We are doing a little promo on you and all you have to do is look at the target and smile if you like. Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. He moved away from the couch.

"After about thirty seconds," he said, "We got it. You can relax now, Mr. South." He came back over to the couch and sat beside me. "Okay, here is how it works. Brad Williams will come out and sit right beside you in his chair," pointing at the interview chair. "It will not be necessary for you to get up to greet him. We will give a countdown," pointing over to an area that would be behind Brad, "over there." The assistant producer will use his fingers like this," he showed me his hand. He bent one finger down and then the rest, "five, four, three, two, one. The camera will then focus in on Mr. Williams, and then the two of you; after which the interview will begin. All I ask of you is to look at Brad when speaking. Try not to look directly into the camera. Do you have any questions?"

"No, I think I understand what to do."

"Great, I'm sure you'll be fine," as he stood and walked back to the cameras.

I glanced at my watch. It was 7:05 a.m. I looked around and it was a sea of people. There were cameras and wires everywhere. A woman

came up to me and said, “Mr. South, I need to hook up this mike on your lapel. It is wireless and you can put this earpiece in your left ear away from the cameras.” She adjusted the mike on my lapel and I put the earpiece in my ear. She then asked me to say my name, which I did. She got a heads up sign from one of the technicians located in the control booth. She said, “You’re wired and ready to go, Mr. South.” She left to go to her position, which was in the control booth in front of the studio area.

I started thinking to myself, well here we go Jack! I felt in my pocket for the piece of paper with the information I was about to share and sat rather stiffly on the couch. I looked at my watch again and it was now 7:09. I looked up and saw Brad Williams coming towards me. Stopping in front of me he said, “Mr. South, Brad Williams.” We shook hands and he sat down. Two techs came over and checked his mike. He then leaned towards me. “We decided to start a bit early on your interview. Are you ready?”

“Yes, I am as ready as I will ever be.” I glanced at my watch. It was 7:11, not 7:20. I knew now that they were definitely going to try to trip me up.

Chapter 8

7:11 AM EST New York - The Network Interview Studio

My sight line was being directed by a person standing a bit behind Brad Williams. I noticed that my attorney was ready with the portable web-enabled video unit and he was right by the camera. Everything said would be captured on the video. I only hoped the quality would be acceptable.

I looked back to the camera I was supposed to be looking at. The person there was counting down on his fingers: five, four, three, two, one, and then Brad started talking.

“Today, we have Mr. Jack South, winner of two jackpot lotteries: the Super Ball and the Multi Rich Millions. Mr. South used the exact same numbers in winning both lotteries and, in the same week. His net winnings are close to a half a billion dollars after taxes. That makes Mr. South the largest winner ever of a lottery in the history of lotteries. And,” he paused, “according to sources, his chances of winning both at the same time were zero. So Jack, how did you do it?” Brad asked as he turned to me.

“Simple, I bought two tickets in two different states and when they drew the numbers, I had won.”

“What did you do when you found out you had won?”

“I called my attorney, took the tickets over to his office, signed them in front of witnesses, and asked him to take care of it.”

Brad paused for a moment, and said, “Now Jack, since you have won both lotteries, a lot of controversy has come up as to how you could have possibly been lucky enough to win not one, but two lotteries back to back. In addition, it has come to our attention that you have retained the services of one of the largest criminal defense firms in the nation to the tune of twenty five million dollars. How do you explain that?”

It had not taken long for Brad to go for the throat to throw me off track, I thought to myself. It was time to tell him the truth and I knew he was not going to like it.

“Do you believe in messengers, Brad?”

“Messengers...what kind of messengers, Jack?”

“Biblical ones, Brad, you know, like the ones that come from nowhere and give you a mission. Like as in Abraham, for example, or Moses, Matthew, John, and Luke, to name a few.”

“Well, I know the Bible, if that’s what you mean. However, what does that have to do with you winning the lottery and getting a defense team together right afterwards? Are you saying God gave you the numbers? I don’t understand.”

“Okay Brad. Here is what happened, since you want to know. I had two messengers, by the names of Gabriel Massinger and Ariel Roberts give me an interview for a job based on an application I had sent in over the internet for a job posting. After two meetings, they hired me to do something for God, and I accepted the job. The job was to prove what the Bible said about God was true and to ensure that I had enough capital to see it through to completion. They gave me the numbers and I won the lotteries. And in addition, today, I am going to prove that through God’s power, I can see the future when He chooses that I do so.”

“Wow!” Brad said, seeming uncomfortable. “You are telling us God sent messengers to you, then you won the lotteries and they have hired you as an employee of God? That is a remarkable story. So how would you prove this?”

After I had said all this, I could see Brad was seething. I was sure that he did not like having people on the show that wanted to get out their own message. That is what good editing abilities and time delays are for, I assumed. Almost enjoying myself, I reached inside my pocket and said, “Let me read this to you.” I noted the time on my watch. It said 7:15.

“What is it?” he asked.

“It’s proof that I was visited by messengers. I assume you don’t want to believe what I told you.”

“Jack, do you really expect me or anyone else to believe what you are telling us? Are you trying to cover up the real truth of how you won the lotteries?” He watched as I unfolded the paper and saw that I was ignoring him completely.

Brad asked again, “Jack, why did you spend 35 million dollars for an attorney and a PR firm? Did you do something wrong?”

I looked up at Brad and could see the anger starting to show on his features. “Look Brad, if you let me read this it will help to explain what I am saying and that what I am telling you is the truth.”

Brad figured that in the worst case, they would not air it, so he asked begrudgingly, “What does it say Jack?”

I picked up the paper again, put on my reading glasses, perching them on the end of my nose and began to read the document. “At 7:59 Eastern Standard Time, originating from the fault known as ‘The Sierra Madre Fault’, there will be a major earthquake extending over an area of 400 square miles, centered in the San Gabriel Valley of Southern California. The magnitude will be exactly 7.9 on the Richter scale and will last an unprecedented four hundred and twenty-two seconds. Property damage will be estimated at one hundred billion dollars in damages to the infrastructure alone. And Brad,” I hesitated, looked directly into his eyes, then said, “If you do not air this and warn the people of California, what will happen is that the death toll will be exactly 83,125 people, and exactly 134,876 injuries. If you air what I just said and warn these people, the number will be only 9,124 people killed and injuries will be 15,232 people. Property damage will not change. These are the exact details with a map and knowledge only God would know.” I offered the document to him.

As he reluctantly took the document, he looked at me and retorted, “You are a frigging nut!” He looked over at his production crew and the camera operator and said, “We’re sorry people, please stop taping this now and kill the feed immediately. I’m not sure what is going on here.”

He turned back towards me and said, “You are insane and I don’t interview insane people that come and say God told them to do it.” He turned back to the camera people and the producer and said, “Have the Enquirer interview him. I will not.”

He stood, and then turned again to me. He was now standing directly over me as I sat on the couch. In a voice that seemed more like a high-pitched growl he said, “Jack, you’re a piece of crap who won’t tell the truth! Our news department will investigate everything about you and you will be destroyed. When we’re through, you’ll most likely end up in jail for a long time or in an

asylum. I guarantee you, we will find the underlying cause of this; our investigators are the best in the world...earthquake predictions and messengers from God? You picked the wrong people to piss off.” With that, he turned and stormed out of the studio.

At that point, I was sure that with the built in tape delay, the bulk of the interview had been deleted. Therefore, no part of the interview was broadcasted. I looked over at Mark, who was still taping. I got his attention, gave him the high sign signal we had prearranged which meant, “Send it now.”

I looked at my watch. It was 7:16 a.m.; forty-three minutes to go.

Chapter 9

7:19 AM EST New York - Anthony Williams Advertising Corporate Headquarters

At the offices of Anthony Williams Advertising, Martha Johnson, was sitting waiting for the email of a video that she was to reprocess and send out. It came in at 7:19 a.m. to their New York office's email box. She validated that the data was there, and ran a quick virus scan so that other email programs would not reject the attachment. Once she was satisfied that the file was clean, she immediately put the video into a queue that sent it to over thirty million email addresses worldwide. She also sent the video to every news station in the world, including but not limited to, government TV stations in China, Europe, Russia, the Middle East, and most countries of Africa, and South America. It was loaded up to Facebook, MySpace, and Twitter with prearranged fake user blogs already set up.

She then sent it to conspiracy theorists and outspoken individuals who did not like any form of government, as well as several non-conforming organizations in the world.

Next, she picked up the phone and called what was nicknamed the Rouge Network in the U.S., legally known as Bear Network. They were a non-conformist network that employed the right wing, John Roddenburg, as their primary news anchor. Martha knew that they originally wanted Jack on their show, and that after they saw this video, and the events it predicted, they would move heaven and earth to get him into their studios for an interview. She told John's assistant that a video of the Morning Headlines that had not been broadcasted was in John's in-box and that Jack South should be available for an interview after the event described in the video. Jack could be there at the studios somewhere between nine to eleven a.m. She asked the assistant to call her back immediately to confirm.

Next, she calmly sent a confirming message to the source of the video. She explained that the video was now worldwide and confirmed; and that she fully expected John Roddenburg at Bear Network to be calling within the hour.

Then, she settled down to watch the interview herself.

Chapter 10

2:25 PM CEST Brussels - The Waldger Group Corporate Headquarters, David Matthews' Office

David Matthews had been watching the Morning Headlines and right after the leading question about how he had won and why he had hired a major defense firm, the show had cut to commercial. No answers to the questions were aired. He knew immediately that the producer had stopped the live feed on purpose, in order to avoid broadcasting the answer.

For what reason was the live feed interrupted? He knew there was usually a one to two minute delay on live interviews, so they could bleep out a cussword or anything deemed necessary to be eliminated. However, he was surprised that the entire interview was now gone. They had cut to a commercial and then back to the news desk. It was as if the interview had not happened at all.

As he turned away from his monitor, his phone rang. It was Wendy, one of the senior internet surfers. She simply said, "I think you need to get on your PC and look at the video feed and the internet blogs about Jack South. The rest of the interview is there; and you will not believe what it contains."

He hung up, logged on to his computer, located the file, and within five minutes was on the phone directly to Aafre Waldger.

Chapter 11

7:25 AM EST New York - The Network Interview Studio

Jack sat on the couch, not moving. Mark walked over and said, “Jack, I sent it and I just got confirmation from Luke’s firm that it was okay and sent out as planned. Now what?”

“Wait till they throw us out; and please start videotaping everything until we do leave. We may get some more action from these people. They’re volatile.”

As if on cue, the side door suddenly burst open and Jonathon Langer walked in. He was screaming at the top of his lungs coming to a stop directly in front of me. “Who the hell do you think you are? I have enough problems keeping the end of the world signs off the plaza and off the air and you...you come in and screw up the whole dammed thing with your bull!”

I calmly looked at my watch and saw that it was 7:26 a.m.; thirty-three minutes to go. I looked up at Langer and politely asked, “Are you going to warn the people in California? You still have time, Mr. Langer.” As I said this, he began ranting and raving again. He screamed for security to remove my attorney and me.

I stood up from the couch I had been sitting in and said, “Hey, no hard feelings.” I started backing away from him and as I did, I said loud enough for others to hear while addressing Langer, “By the way, after this is done, sir, you will find it hard to find a job as a trash hauler in Jersey. But to make your life easier, I’ll give you the winning pick three and pick four for tonight’s New York lottery drawing.”

Langer’s jaw just dropped. I looked around and saw everyone looking my way. I said, “369 for Pick 3 and 6667 for the Pick 4. Remember those numbers. You may need the money after today.”

Jonathon Langer began ranting again. His face was puffy and beet red. His eyes were almost bulging from their sockets. With his arms in the air, he screamed, “Homeland Security is getting a copy of this tape! You have tried to cause panic in this country! You will be arrested, prosecuted, and thrown in jail! As a matter of fact, you cannot leave this studio until I contact the authorities. You’re a jerk Jack.”

“Okay, Mr. Langer, I’ll wait for them to come. I have no problem waiting.” I sat back down on the couch and said nothing more. I thought about pushing him further to see what his reaction would be, but chose not to, because it really did not matter. Everything he had said and his refusal to air the warning was all on tape and would soon be on the internet along with the interview he and Brad had stopped. He could explain to his viewers and his boss why they had both gone into a tirade, stopping the interview, with the result that they would be contributing to the deaths of over eighty-thousand people.

He called me a few more names before leaving the room. I looked at my watch again as Mark and I sat on the couch. It was 7:29 a.m. In 30 minutes, the entire world would change. We were right on schedule.

Chapter 12

7:30 AM EST New York - The Network Interview Studio

Mark leaned over to me and said, “You know the producer is right. If you’ve caused a panic, you can and will be, prosecuted. And it will not take them long to come get you.”

“First of all,” I replied, “that is why we hired you to make sure that does not happen. Secondly, if what I said is going to happen, does actually happen, then I did not cause a panic and I am sure you are aware that prosecuting me for foretelling an event is not against any law. Nevertheless, we will wait until the earthquake hits, and then we can go. They might in the meantime think, I believe, that I might get arrested if we stay here until then.”

Mark just looked at me.

I suggested he call his office and start running interference. “Contact Homeland Security and the FBI and tell them I am your client and send out the additional video of this guy’s tirade. Anyway, I am sure they most likely will not really be interested in arresting me or taking me in for questioning, not yet at least.”

I watched as Mark sauntered away. He began making calls and uploading, I assumed, the video of the producer’s onslaught moments ago. I thought that I had probably been rude to Mark, but decided not to say anything for now. I looked at my watch again. This time it was 7:32 a.m. I wished I had access to a computer. I was curious about what blogs were saying in regards to the video and the reaction to the full interview. I hoped that by the time the day was over, all the participants in this show and its anchor would be history, and looking for a job somewhere else. I doubted this would happen. However, even more so, that the American public would lose faith in their primary network and would quit believing the stuff they fabricated or lied about. That would be a victory. Disabling The Network was a primary goal. It was now 7:33 a.m. With twenty-six minutes to go, I waited on the couch.

Chapter 13

7:44 AM EST New York - The Network, Anchor Brad William's Dressing Room

The makeup people had been waiting for Brad to come back into his dressing room to do the customary touch up before he went back on the anchor desk. As he entered the room, Sherry said, "Brad do you want us to do some touch up?" She could see he was quite angry.

"I need all of you out of here now. And I mean now!" yelling at them.

"Sure, Mr. Williams." She motioned to her assistant and they scuttled out the door as quickly as they could go. She noticed that he made no additional comments as they were leaving. That was good for them.

As he watched them leave, he sat down in his chair and realized that he should not have been so rude. However, he was quite upset; not only with Jack, but also with himself, for losing his temper. How this idiot had gotten the better of him, he had no idea. He looked at his watch. It was 7:46. Luckily, only thirteen minutes left to go before Jack South was proven a liar. Then he would go on the air and make a statement to that fact; and start the process of destroying him. He did not like anyone making him look like an idiot. He knew he should be on the news desk right now, but after the tirade with Mr. South, he really needed to calm down and get himself together. He had even tried walking around the Garden Roof to get his composure back; but he was still quite angry.

As he sat in his chair, he was thinking that in spite of the fact that this person probably broke the law with Homeland Security and was a nut, he had failed to get what was asked of him. In hindsight, he knew that he should have kept probing Jack and made a fool out of him. After all, he was Brad Williams, the best at this. Somehow, South got the better of instead.

Who in the world would ever believe his story anyway? God gave him the numbers and God was going to destroy Southern California? What bothered him above all was that Jack had said that if the network did not warn the people and the authorities, then the death and injury toll would be almost ten times more than what it

would be if they did inform them. The other fact was that with the odds at zero, he had won the lotteries; so maybe he could tell the future. He stopped himself from thinking this way. No one could predict such an event with exact details. It was not possible. He still had a bad feeling about all of this and was getting concerned.

He leaned back in his dressing room chair and closed his eyes, trying to clear his head. He had to get back on in a few minutes and act as if nothing had happened. All of a sudden, he heard the door open abruptly and was immediately awake. He glanced at the page standing there and then looked at his watch. It was 8:00 a.m. He must have dozed off.

The page, looking sheepish, said, “You need to come immediately to the Control Room, Mr. Williams. The interview you gave is all over the internet, every word of it. You walking out, everything you said, as well as the producer’s comments afterwards to Jack.”

“What?” Brad said. “How in the hell did that happen?” He ran all the way to the newsroom.

By the time he made it to the Network Control Room at around 8:02 a.m., everyone was looking at the big sixty-seven inch high definition screen on the back wall. The sound was turned up very high. On the screen was the news anchor for KTIB in Los Angeles, one of their affiliates. He was reporting that a major quake had just hit the area. They could all see the shaking right on TV. Brad looked at his watch. It was 8:02. He went to a chair in the corner and just sank into it.

Jack South had been right and he had just blown the biggest story of his career. He began watching the clips on the internet with the computer monitor next to him, showing him walking out of the interview with Jack, including cussing him out, and all the rest of it. He knew then that it was all over the world, and all the other networks. This might just end his career. Jack had set him up.

Chapter 14

8:03 AM EST days New York - The Network Control Room

As they watched the news from California, the screen went blank. “Oh my God,” one of the pages said. The engineer in the room started scanning channels and picked up their affiliate in San Diego where the news flashes were just coming in from the Los Angeles area, in southern California. The time on the West Coast was now 5:04 a.m.

Brad knew he should have been on the desk immediately broadcasting, but all he could do was sit and stare at the screen. The other monitor in the room showed his co-anchors, Nancy Arms and Catherine Kwan now broadcasting live from the anchor desk as the information was coming in from various sources around the affected areas.

The door of the control room opened and Joe Biggman entered the room. He looked over at Brad and said, “You royally screwed that one up, didn’t you?” He turned to the producer and said, “Your tirade is all over the internet now too; every word of it.” He turned back to Brad, “Where is the paper he gave you during the interview?” Brad reached inside his pocket and withdrew the now wadded up ball of paper, trying to smooth it out. Joe literally grabbed it out of his hand, smoothed it out on the counter, opened it, and scanned the information on the page. He then asked, to no one in particular, “What was the exact time of the quake?”

One of the news support gurus replied, “Exactly 7:59 EST, sir.”

Then he said, “Do we know the magnitude yet?”

“7.9 sir, and before you ask, it was centered in the exact spot that Mr. South said it would be, and as best as we can ascertain, it shook a little over 7 minutes. Preliminary data shows exactly 422 seconds.”

He looked around the room then focused his attention on Jonathon Langer again. “So, Mr. South tells Brad here that if he doesn’t air this interview then a certain amount of people will die and be injured, but if you do, then only around ten percent of that number. Therefore, instead of going with it, Brad cuts the show off. Then, Mr. South’s attorney tapes you threatening him with going to jail.” Joe looked to the others in the room. “So, we have 90% of the

deaths on us because we would not air it, correct?” No one said a word. All that could be heard were the computers and the monitors. Finally, he said, “Does anyone know where this Mr. Jack South is at the moment?”

Jonathon piped up, “I think he is sitting on the couch in the interview room where we left him.”

“Well that surprises me. Why is he there, may I ask?”

“Well, I told him I was sending a tape to Homeland Security and he would be placed under arrest. I told him not to leave.”

“What did he say?”

“He basically said that when this was all over, I would be lucky to get a job hauling garbage in Jersey.”

“He’s probably right. Anything else?”

“Yeah, he gave everyone the Pick 3 and Pick 4 numbers for the New York drawing tonight.”

“Well, considering his track record and your unemployment as of now, I suggest you go buy a ticket. You may need the money.”

Finally, he turned his attention to Brad. “Okay, here is what we are going to do for damage control. See if you can get Mr. South on the air, live, and let him tell his story. Mess this up, Brad and you will be like this idiot,” jerking his head towards the former producer, “Who no longer works here, and will never work in TV again as long as I am around.”

Joe then stormed out of the room slamming the door behind him.

Chapter 15

8:15 AM EST days New York - The Network Interview Studio

“Jack, let’s get out of here before I can’t help you,” Mark said.

“They will be here any minute and when they do, start taping again. I mean everything. Tape it all.”

“Okay,” he paused, “You’re footing the bill, and it’s your butt, not mine.” He seemed to be losing patience with me.

Immediately to my right, I noticed Michelle come running across the studio heading for me. She stopped and started stuttering, “Ja-Jack, they want you upstairs in the newsroom. You were right about everything, and they, they want you in, in the newsroom please. Sorry, I am a bit nervous.”

“I understand, Michelle, but we are leaving now. I just called for my car,” I lied. “We are going over to Bear News, where we are not treated like garbage. Also, tell your superiors that members of your staff have threatened me and within the next twenty-four hours, The Network will be receiving a lawsuit in regards to my treatment from your producer, Jonathon Langer and your anchor, Brad Williams. It will also include breach of contract.”

I turned away from her and said, “Let’s go, Mark. We are going over to the renegade network, Bear News.” It was loud enough that anyone within fifteen feet could hear. “We will leave in an hour or so.”

As soon as we got to the elevator, we saw Brad Williams running down the hall with a microphone in his hand and two camera operators in tow. When they were within about three feet of us, the elevator door opened and Mark and I entered.

Brad put one of his hands in to stop the doors from closing and said, “Jack, we need to talk. You can say anything you want; but I need you to come back to the studio.” He hesitated, then said, “We will do it live and we won’t cut any of it out; not one word.”

Still in the elevator, I leaned out and asked, “Are those cameras live right now?”

“Yes,” Brad answered.

“Then listen to this. You wouldn’t let me warn people of a natural disaster and so instead of a few dying and being injured, now 90% more are suffering. That would not have happened if you had let me finish to begin with. It’s your show. You explain it to the people of California.” With that said, I stepped back and allowed the elevator doors to close with Brad staring like he was in total shock.

We rode the elevator down to the ground floor and walked out through the side door that we had entered from earlier this morning. I figured we would take a cab over to Bear News, but as we stepped out the door, a man handed me a folded slip of paper and said, “Over here, sir.” I unfolded the paper and looked at it. It said that I was to follow this man. It was signed by Gabriel.

The man led us to a limousine and opened up the passenger door. Ariel and Gabriel were sitting inside. Ariel said, “Get in.”

Chapter 16

3:25 AM CEST Brussels - The Waldger Group Corporate Headquarters, David Matthew's Office

At his computer, David was watching both Bear News and The Network News on his thirty-six inch desktop monitor about the earthquake in California, using split screens. On another monitor, he replayed the internet video feed of the interrupted interview with Jack South. He had just finished speaking with his superior, Aafre Waldger, who told him to find out everything about Jack South and how he was able to predict this so accurately. He was also to monitor his movements, wherever he went.

As instructed, he then called an associate they had used before in New York to start tracking Jack and whomever he associated with. The man they would now use was not conventional, and to be honest, he was something of a shadowy figure who took chances. However, they needed answers, and he was the best. David's instructions to Presley were to use whatever tracking means necessary to keep 24/7 tabs on Jack and to send updates via text to his cell phone. He was to include pictures if possible. No contact and no rough stuff were to be used, period. As of right now, he knew that Jack had left the Morning Headlines Studios in New York and had refused any more interviews with them. He also knew that Jack had stated that he was going to Bear News. This was a concern.

Bear was a renegade network that had no ties to The Waldger Group. They helped other critics of the Group to monitor their activities. They were good at broadcasting a lot of innuendos about The Waldger Group that were primarily about one a world government and their ability to control the economy, the governments, and the officials of the entire world. Bear News implied that they were a hidden government, which governed the public ones. Therefore, according to Bear News, The Waldger Group was working in the shadows, pulling the strings worldwide.

David smiled to himself, because the reality of it was, they were right. However, Jack South seemed to be a problem and somehow, he had this feeling, very soon, South would start attacking The Waldger Group also. When that happened, he would probably be

told by his handlers to get the CIA or Homeland Security involved. They would need far more in-depth interrogation in order to find out what South really knew. As of yet, that order had not been given. He was told not to do anything other than to track him. Under no circumstances was Jack to be interrogated or harassed by any agency, anywhere. Using their extensive resources, the Group had gotten the word out to several worldwide agencies to let South do whatever he was doing for now and not make a move on him until they were told to.

Amazing, David thought. They could actually tell the CIA, FBI, Interpol, and even Mossad what they could and could not do.

He started thinking again about Jack going to Bear. Who knew what he would say or how things might go. The one thing they knew for sure is that this man had an uncanny power to see the future or had a direct link to something or someone not of this world. This made Jack unique. That also made Jack valuable. If he knew what was going to happen on a worldwide scale, then he needed to be controlled, if that was at all possible.

Chapter 17

8:35 AM EST Washington, D.C. - FEMA Headquarters, Director Samuel Jordan's Office

The director of FEMA, Samuel Jordan, was in his office in conference with his staff. They were all listening to the news feed of the earthquake in California on Bear News. "According to current estimates, the entire region, as described by Jack South, was a complete mess; streets, homes, businesses. Infrastructure such as water, gas and electricity, are completely destroyed," the news anchor was saying. Samuel knew that a 7.9 was not so critical, but four hundred and twenty two seconds of shaking, as this person predicted, was. Buildings and other infrastructure were not prepared for that.

He had recently been appointed as the Director of FEMA. He had been picked by the Administration solely based on his political ties and his ability to speak on camera effectively. He secretly thought that he got the job because he looked more like the Marlboro Man without the cowboy stuff. The media liked him on camera. He fit their profile, which was better for them than his predecessor was. Now, as leader of FEMA, his job encompassed keeping the public secure in a disaster. He was in his office at around 7:50 a.m. when he saw that he had an email from The Network. Out of curiosity, he had opened it and clicked on the video icon. It was seldom that The Network would send him an email, but when they did, it was usually of some importance or a request for an interview. After he had watched the video, he could not understand why it had been sent from them. He checked the sender's name and realized that it was actually spam, because whoever had sent it had added another letter to the Network's email address.

It was about that time that his telephone rang and he was told to turn on the TV. He then learned of the news in California and it hit him, this person, Jack, had predicted it and in exact detail. How could this man know all this? How in the hell did he win those lotteries? No one had ever predicted such a disaster in such detail before as the earthquake in California this morning; even down to the moment it would begin. The worst part was that South put the death toll solely on The Network and Brad Williams; discrediting

the entire network, for they would get the blame. It was all over the world's news stations as well as the threat from Jack South to Brad Williams that if Brad did not broadcast the interview, the death toll would be ninety percent higher.

He knew this was a setback for The Network. It was owned and controlled by The Waldger Group, of which he was a minority member, as were many others in his administration. Having their best anchor destroyed on national, TV did not bode well for the future. Somehow, they needed to neutralize the damage done to The Network or they would definitely lose their market share. Since The Network was the Administration's primary propaganda source, the damage could cause the current administration to lose votes in the polls and possibly affect the view of the people on issues that were important to The Waldger Group. However, he knew that was not really his business and that the right people would take care of Mr. South, eventually; and neutralize him if the need should arise.

He was also wondering why Homeland Security had not immediately picked up Jack South and find out how in the hell he is able to do this. However, when he asked about it in the earlier conference call with his boss, Jamal Jones, the Chief of Homeland Security, he was told to deal with his own issues and not to involve himself with Jack South. So here he was, just waiting with his staff here for the green light from the President to start the gears of the department that was supposed to react and provide resources in national disasters.

Sam knew from the news reports that it appeared that the earthquake was centered in the San Gabriel Valley and had wiped out most of Pasadena and the surrounding communities as far south as Rosemead; as far north as La Canada; other foothill communities, and parts of Los Angeles. The death toll, personal injury, and property damage were going to be the worst of any natural disaster ever in the history of the United States, if this Jack person was right. In addition, the costs of lives and property would probably be in the billions.

He was well aware of the consequences of Katrina in New Orleans and the inability of quick response. He knew decisions needed to be made quickly. The movement of resources needed to begin

immediately. If Jack South was right, the death toll was going to be unmanageable. Getting that cleaned up, identifying the bodies, or even finding them, was going to be a catastrophe in itself.

Once a game plan was announced the movement of personnel, equipment, and supplies would begin. He also knew from the TV coverage that the Governor of California had already contacted the President a few minutes ago, requesting that the area be declared a disaster. He was also aware that the National Guard would soon be called out to immediately seal off the area and start patrolling the streets in order to provide aid to the people as needed. At least all this would happen only after everyone was told to put the Federal Government in gear.

Unfortunately, like New Orleans, this area had a lot of crime to begin with. Gangs, looting, robberies, rape, and carnage would be rampant. Some decisions would have to be made immediately to control the streets and then evacuate the area as needed. This was always a major issue.

In California, there were several FEMA camps. These would be, opened for survivors immediately, to provide some food and shelter for those who needed it. The media counts being quoted were shocking; that it could be up to half a million refugees from the area, if not more. The pictures on TV literally made California look like a war zone.

He turned his attention back to the TV monitor. The Bear News Anchor, John Roddenburg, was announcing that Jack South was on his way to their studios and that they would be broadcasting his interview live, within the next hour or so.

Samuel turned to his assistant, Laura Rogers, and said, "Please try again to get the President on the phone and let him know that we need to move forward as soon as possible."

Chapter 18

8:35 AM EST Washington, D.C. - White House War Room

President Richard Stevenson looked around at his Cabinet in the War Room. They had just finished looking at the tape of the interview that had made it to the internet and around the world. They had all just sat dumbfounded at the idea that this person had the ability to do this and had tried to warn the people of California; but Brad Williams had blown it, at least that is what the public would think.

They also had the news feeds of several networks nationally and internationally reporting on the situation at hand. The President motioned to one of his aides to turn the volume down. As that was being done, he turned to the cabinet members who were present at the time, and began speaking.

“The first order of business here is, as you all know, to get on the air immediately and declare California a disaster area. The quake hit about half an hour ago and we need to get Homeland Security and FEMA in gear immediately. Samuel Jordan has already called, but I was unable to speak with him. I will call the director of FEMA here momentarily and instruct him to move forward as quickly as we can.”

He also told them that he had spoken with the Governor of California a few minutes before and had assured him that they were going to authorize the National Guard to move in and declare martial law in the entire southern California area from the grapevine down to San Diego.

“Because of the total destruction in the area, I am using presidential powers invoking Article One, Section Nine, which will be immediately imposed for the affected area. It needs to be very apparent to the public and to the state of California that in this case, the National Guard will have all police powers in the area until order is restored; and that may take some time. We need to immediately establish a command center and start moving Guard troops in. Is that understood?” He paused, looking around the room to see if there were any objections, then he continued. “Get me the presidential order typed up so that I can sign it and send it to Congress. In addition, someone write up a press conference

speech so that all of this can be announced to the public. Call the networks and to announce that we will address the nation and give further details in the Rose Garden in about thirty minutes. When you call the networks, let them know that no questions will be answered until we have a better handle on this; and that includes questions about Jack South. Any questions?”

The secretary of defense, Christopher Albiger, asked, “What about this Jack South guy? Are we going to move on him and find out how this happened?”

The President then looked around the room and said, “Listen to me very, very carefully. Under no circumstance is Jack South to be picked up by any agency or any information released about him from state or federal levels until I tell you different. No renegades here; we go by my game plan. Do you all understand?” He paused again, seeing if there were any dissenters then said, “This includes local agencies and the entire federal government. Please get the word out.”

They all nodded in agreement; and then he said, “Go to work. We have a mess in California that is of biblical proportions, and we need every man at the helm.”

The President then motioned to Jamal Jones, Director of Homeland Security, “I need a moment of your time alone, Jamal,” he said as they left the room.

Chapter 19

8:35 AM EST New York - Somewhere in New York Traffic

I looked at Gabriel as Mark and I climbed into the limo. He motioned for Mark to sit on the same side as me, facing him and Ariel. The driver pulled away from the parking area of the studio and headed towards Fifth Avenue, into the early morning traffic of New York, which never ceases.

Gabriel looked directly at me. He said, “Jack, I see that you pulled it off without a hitch, but I also see that you are very troubled as well. I do understand, and it will get more complicated and troubling.”

I looked directly at him then turned my head to look out the window, knowing that possibly thousands, make that millions of people, thought that I could be the cause of such a disaster. It was so hard for me to figure out which side I was on; and he was right, it was troubling me a lot. I looked over at Gabriel and said, “It always hurts me when another human, no matter who they are, die. Even people being executed for crimes bother me at times. I know death is the natural progress of life, but even natural catastrophes do not make it any easier. I also know that this one was planned and that there are going to be a lot more people dying.” I knew that because we had already talked about this when we first met.

Ariel said, “Jack, the last time God said He would destroy the world all He kept was a small remnant. There was no plan to save humanity then, as now. You are able to warn them, this allows them to prepare and make peace with God. The other witness will be the opposite of you. He will cause disasters and kill many in the name of God. Your function, at least for now, is to warn the people of what is coming and allow them to prepare. All of this, as you know, is part of the time we are in and you were chosen. You will I know follow as God tells you to. Am I right?”

I bowed my head and simply said, “I am my God’s servant. And I will follow his instructions faithfully and deliver as I have promised.”

Gabriel took his hand, laid it on my head, and said, “You are a good servant, Jack. You will be fine.”

Mark was sitting there taking all this in, shaking from head to toe, and then he said, “Who the hell are all of you?”

Gabriel looked at him and said, “We are the messengers of God, Mark. I have told you that before.”

“Oh my God!” he said. “How did I get into this?”

Gabriel said, “You are a man of faith and you were selected. We know you will do what you can to help. You are a side player in a big story and we need your expertise until Jack leaves here. Eventually, they are going to try to incarcerate him and see if they can coerce anything out of him. You know the system and you can stop them, or at least slow them down. That is all you have to do from this point forward. You are in no danger and your firm can and will make the difference.”

“Are you angels. Are you really from God?”

Gabriel smiled. “No, we are messengers. We discussed all of this before. You have read too many books and seen too many movies. We look just like you, but we have powers you do not have. When this is all over, through your faith, a special place will be made for you in heaven. I know you’re fearful, but we need you now more than ever.”

While they spoke, I thought about the picture of the guardian angel I had once received as a gift when I was a child. Now, as I sat across from the two men, they looked to me just like everyone else, not like that picture from my childhood. I suddenly realized that when the strangers had gone to Abraham and dined with him, they were like Gabriel and Ariel, possibly the same. Now I was in the same situation. Could this have been the same way Abraham had felt thousands of years ago?

I noticed Gabriel and Ariel were both dressed in suits, ties, and wing tipped shoes, as they always did; and looked like any other business people. Gabriel had an athletic appearance with a straight jaw, short blonde hair, blue eyes, and a fair complexion. His nose was longer than normal and he had a strong chin. Ariel, on the other hand, looked Middle Eastern, with black hair and dark eyes. His complexion was dark also. He was thin and stood only about five ten. Gabriel was well over six feet. One looked very different

from the other. I guessed that like the people here on earth, the messengers came in all shapes and sizes too.

“Jack,” Gabriel said, “We need to go over what is going to happen at Bear News.”

“Okay. Hopefully Luke, from Anthony and Williams, sent the graphics we need.”

Mark responded, “They are there Jack. Luke sent them. He called me to confirm it.”

Then I asked, “Is John Roddenburg doing the interview?”

Gabriel looked at Mark, who turned to me and said, “Yes. He will be the one.”

Gabriel handed me three typed pieces of paper from a folder on his lap. “This is what is going to happen next, in detail. Leave it with Mr. Roddenburg before you leave today. Bear News will need it to analyze all the data. It goes against most weather and physical knowledge currently known here on earth.”

I started reading the pages and was immediately in shock.

“Gabriel,” I said, “This will pretty well decimate a large portion of the U.S. in less than a few days, let alone the other parts of the world.”

“That’s very true Jack, but we have already discussed most of this and you are aware of what is to occur not only now, but over the next few years. You are also aware that for the prophecy to come true, the U.S. needs to be disabled as a world power. This and the California disaster are only the first salvo. It is going to get much worse. Jack, I know you are a compassionate person, but you need to understand. As we discussed before, it will all make sense in due time. You will understand then and this will no longer bother you during your ministry. However, let me reinforce again to you, the only way to get them to listen is to make them fear God and that is what we are going to do. Do you understand, Jack?”

I nodded my head, then quietly said, “Yes, I do understand. I just wish there was another way.”

“Now Jack,” Gabriel said, “you know how Noah and Abraham felt.”

Mark's phone rang. He answered and listened for a little while before saying, "Okay, I will get back to you on that. Yes, soon....In just a few minutes...Okay, I will call you right back." He folded his cell and then turned to me.

"Jack that was John Roddenburg's assistant from Bear News. They want to have a panel of religious leaders to question you as part of their interview today. I am to call back and say yea or nay. I think we have gone over those types of questions pretty well in the last few days. We knew that eventually, someone was going to request it. Do you feel comfortable with that, Jack or should we tell them no?"

I looked at Gabriel and asked, "What do you think Gabriel?"

"It's up to you Jack. We have discussed what to do when you are at a loss for words. You know how you need to communicate with God when that occurs, correct?"

"Yes, I remember what you told me. So I guess that I am ready." I then added, "Can I use the 'If you don't believe or you threaten me, I will cause an immediate catastrophe' scenario if needed?"

"Not yet. Not until we have Shraya, the second witness, in place so that he can act on those threats. We do not want you being able to call God's power by your word yet. That will be Shraya's position and ability. For now, you are the good guy, telling people what will happen so the believers can make preparations to avoid individual disaster."

It got very quiet for a few moments, and then Mark said, "You should also make it known that you are going to hold your first sermon in Kansas City, Missouri for the people at Memorial Park on Thursday. Luke has already obtained all the permits and the equipment we need. It has all been shipped already and will be set up and ready by then. There will be secure seating on both sides of the stage for security issues. That is for the dignitaries, if they should choose to attend. However, under the circumstances, I think many will. You're now well known and after this next interview, you will be very famous in some people's minds and extremely infamous in others."

Mark also added, "Luke's firm is sending special invitations to the President of the U.S., Israel's Prime Minister, Great Britain's Prime

Minister, the Prime Minister of Canada, President of Mexico, most of our U.S. allies, and a few enemies. They will get them this evening after the interview today. I'm sure that by the end of the day, everyone in the world will want to attend to hear what you will do next."

"How many people do you think will come then?" I asked Mark.

Gabriel piped in and said, "Have you ever seen the television broadcast of the Muslims in Mecca?" Not waiting for an answer, he continued, "It will probably be something like that."

"How are we going to accommodate them," I asked. "It's going to take a lot of equipment and preparation for all those people to be able to see and hear the sermon."

Mark said, "The reason we hired Luke's company is that he can put on a Super Bowl or Woodstock. All it takes is money and you have plenty of that. It will be fine Jack, it will be fine."

Then Gabriel said, "Take note, that on that day, someone will try to assassinate you. It is okay. We know who it is and will deal with it."

"Thanks Gabriel. That is just what I wanted to hear. How do you know they won't be successful?"

"Have faith Jack, have faith. We just want you prepared."

"So Jack, do I call Bear News and tell them okay?" Mark asked.

"Yes, tell him it is okay." More to think about, I thought. This was getting to be a very long day.

Mark was on the phone finishing his call, as the car slowed and eventually came to a stop. The driver turned his head to say, "We're here."

Chapter 20

9:10 AM EST New York - Bear News Headquarters

I looked out the window of the limousine at the huge crowd assembling outside the Bear News building. As I looked up, the limo door opened and a security officer stuck his head in and said, "Hurry please, my men will surround you and get you into the building; otherwise, this crowd will tear you apart." He looked at Mark and asked, "Are you coming too?"

"Yes," Mark replied.

It occurred to me that the guard could not see either Gabriel or Ariel, or else he would have asked them too; and yet Mark and I still could. "Let's go, Mark," I said. Mark looked at Gabriel who winked at him and then climbed out of the car. We sprinted for the doors between the guards.

The security detail was good. It only took about ten seconds to push the crowd away and get us safely through the doors. They were then locked and barred by Bear News' private security force. The people outside the building were screaming and waving their arms and hands in the air. Many had signs that said 'Save Us', and 'Satan Is in Our Midst.' I turned around from looking through the glass door and asked, "Where are we going?"

"Up to the third floor, to the studios," the guard said. I took note of his nametag, which said McDonald.

"Thanks, Mr. McDonald," and then I looked at my watch. It was 9:12 a.m.

Chapter 21

9:15 AM EST Washington, D.C. - White House Rose Garden

“Ladies and gentlemen of the press,” Press Secretary, Christopher Hughes began, “The President will be out in a moment. I want to let you know that we will not be taking any questions nor answering any at this time. The President will speak to you briefly about the disaster we face in California and what steps the federal government and its agencies are currently taking. A full copy of the statement will be delivered to you afterwards, along with an executive order that will be implemented immediately.”

Secretary Hughes stepped away from the microphones and stood next to the other cabinet members already present. The Sergeant of Arms then stepped up to the microphone and announced, “The President of the United States.”

President Stevenson walked down the walkway from the White House, up to the podium and said, “Good morning everyone and thank you for coming on such short notice. We are all aware of what has happened in Southern California and that this act of nature is one that we knew might be coming someday. We are moving as quickly as we can to start the process of helping secure the areas affected in California and to provide immediate aid for those in need. FEMA and Homeland Security are already mobilizing in the area to meet the needs in California, as necessary.”

“I have spoken to Governor McClellan of California and have advised him that we have declared a state of emergency not only for the affected area but the surrounding areas as well. We are also implementing Article 1, Section 9 and declaring martial law in those areas. The National Guard is mobilizing as we speak and will have a command post set up shortly. Rioting and public disorder will not be tolerated and all police powers are being given to the field commanders and their troops. They are to take whatever measures are necessary to secure the area and keep the peace.”

“Due to the incredible amount of death and injury, we are moving portable hospitals and appropriate personnel in as quickly as we can. The Red Cross mobile units are being flown in as well. Due to the amount of personnel needed, all unnecessary flights to Los Angeles have been diverted to San Francisco or San Diego. With

the exception of military and humanitarian aid in the usable parts of the airport, LAX, due to damage, will remain closed until further notice. What is left of it will be under military control. Thank you for your time and patience. We have a lot of work to do.”

His speech over, the President turned and walked out of the garden towards the White House, as several reporters were calling out questions that they knew would not be answered.

Chapter 22

9:30 AM EST New York - Bear News Viewing Room

We could see the anchor desk from the glassed in area we had been escorted too. There was a large flat-screened monitor to the right of us mounted on a wall, where we could watch the actual feed. It was a bit confusing. We could sort of make out the words from watching the anchor desk, but with the delay on the monitor, it was like an echo.

Mark and I watched the President's Rose Garden speech and then watched the commentators take their jabs at what was said, what they thought should have been said, and what they themselves would have said. Welcome to American media. No matter what was said, there was always an army of people more than willing to give an opinion and some actually got paid for it."

John Roddenburg was dressed casually, which was common when national disasters took place. Tomorrow he would most likely be at ground zero reporting live, from California. He stood about six feet two inches, weighed around 200 pounds, and had a full head of perfectly groomed brown hair. His eyes were brown and he had not a trace of body fat. Roddenburg was a powerful man who commanded attention on and off the camera. He was a man unto himself. As a renegade, he drove the establishment nuts with his innuendos and threats to those in power. He was big believer in conspiracy. To him, the world was controlled not by governments, but a few select people; and he made his views known everywhere. His following included a combination of right-wing government control haters, radical talk show hosts, religious leaders and their flocks who were afraid of the "beast rising to power." His following was almost like a religion and his network and shows ran second only to The Network in ratings.

John Roddenburg had graduated from the University of Missouri's, School of Journalism in the middle of his class. He played football for the Tigers and was an All American at his position of tight end; that is until at a Texas Longhorns game, when he blew out his left knee after completing a pass.

After graduation, he worked as a Junior Reporter with the Kansas City Star. He then moved to a local TV station and became an on

the street reporter. He quickly rose to weekend anchor, then anchor of the evening news in Kansas City with a Bear News affiliate.

Within two years, his theories and accusations of the political arena won him the top job as Anchor for Bear National News. He had written three books about how governments rip off and control its citizens. He was considered by many to be a definite threat to the government, both in and out of Washington. Fortunately, in spite of his accusations about the government, he was still supported by the management team of Bear News management who generally gave him a free hand in news reporting. Mark and I both knew that after today, quite unbeknownst to John Roddenburg, he would be the most watched broadcaster in not only America but also the world.

I turned my attention back to the monitor. Brian Wilcox was reporting from the south lawn of the White House. John Roddenburg had asked him, “What exactly does Article One, Section Nine mean?”

Brian responded, “It means John, that Habeas Corpus is suspended till the government stabilizes the area. In non-technical language, your Constitutional rights are suspended until the order is rescinded. For example, you may want to stay in your property even though it has not been damaged by the quake, but you have no right to stay there if asked or told to leave. On the same note, if you are arrested for a crime, for example, the usual process such as Miranda rights, forty-eight hour maximum hold in jail without a charge, and other rights are suspended. If you are arrested, you can be held indefinitely until the order is rescinded.”

“Wow!” John exclaimed, “So what you are saying is that the military now has all the power to do as they deem necessary and the people’s constitutional rights have been taken away?”

“Basically John, that is right. Even though someone might want to challenge this order, it would take years for that to happen. No search warrants, no Miranda, no nothing. It’s like being in a third world country.”

“Thanks Brian for your input. Now for more on the FEMA and Homeland Security movements, here is Ann Davies, live from San Diego, California.”

The news reporters for Bear were taking apart the President's speech line by line and then showing or implying that the government was doing very little in California. This was typical Bear tactics and if not for what was about to happen next, it would just be another day in John Roddenberg's life of being the watchdog for the nation of our government's actions.

Mark seemed still in a daze and he finally leaned over and said, "I don't think the security guard saw Gabriel and Ariel in the car, but they were in plain sight. But you and I could see them."

"Well Mark, now maybe you realize that behind us is the power of God."

Chapter 23

9:40 AM EST New York - Bear News Viewing Room

They cut to a commercial; John Roddenburg came out from behind the news desk and walked to the door leading into the glass-enclosed room. He opened the door and walked in, with his hand outstretched. He looked directly at me as he said, “You must be Jack South.”

I reached out, shook his hand, and said, “Yes I am.” I added, “Thanks for having us on such short notice Mr. Roddenburg.”

“Call me John,” he said. “All my friends do.”

“Okay, John it is.”

He looked over at Mark and said, “You are?”

Mark replied, “I am Mark Anderson, Mr. South’s legal advisor.”

“Well, pleasure to meet you,” he said, as they shook hands. “Will you be a part of the interview coming up here soon?” he asked Mark.

“No, I am just observing and taking notes in case the bureaucrats try to do something stupid.”

“I know what you mean Mark.”

He turned back to me, “Jack, we should be through with the President’s speech commentaries in a few minutes. Then we can chat for a few minutes and you can give me the agenda you think I need to have for our interview. We will then go on live television in about an hour or so. In addition, since we are doing your interview without planning it and with all the news, we will be doing it in parts. Therefore, it will be interview, commercials, news updates, and so on. Then we will probably air it in full several times over in the next few days. Is this all okay with you?”

“In its entirety?”

“Yes, in its entirety.”

“Then sure John, this will work for me,” I said.

“You know my producer told me to tell you, Jack that almost every television in the world is going to be tuned in. You are big news Jack, big news. Are you ready for that?” he asked.

“Yes, and that is what we expected. Especially from your show John, we know you will let the truth out.”

“Well in the meantime, there’s coffee, cold drinks and snacks over there,” as he pointed to a small room off to the right. “Please help yourselves and we will chat soon.”

As John Roddenburg left, I asked Mark, “Coffee?”

He nodded his head and said, “Sure, why not?”

Chapter 24

4:45 PM CEST Brussels - The Waldger Group Corporate Headquarters

David Matthews was still monitoring the events on Bear News about the California disaster and the video about Jack's interview with The Network that morning. His phone rang. It was Betty from the headquarters building located a few blocks away on the Waldger campus. She said that he was needed at the conference room there in fifteen minutes and that a car was just about there to pick him up. She also told him to bring whatever he had to date on Jack South with him. Mr. Waldger would be expecting a complete update. David told her that he would be downstairs in a few minutes and hurriedly grabbed the files he had been accumulating on Jack South. He had his assistant copy and email them to Aafre's assistant to be distributed to the attendees at the meeting.

David assumed the meeting was being called on an emergency basis for in all his years, the director had never once called an impromptu meeting. He also assumed that everyone was being brought together. Many would be attending via a secure conference line from other parts of the globe. It would normally take two, maybe three days, to get everyone here. The first part of the meeting would probably be to watch the interview with Jack South by John Roddenburg at Bear News.

Afterwards, there may be some very hard questions directed at him. David hoped he had the right answers. He grabbed his laptop as he walked out of his offices: then getting on his cell phone, he called the contact who the Group had monitoring Jack in New York.

As he hurried down to the car, it dawned on him that he was not usually invited to the conference room as a participant; so there must be something up that would allow the real powers of the world to include him. He was both concerned and elated that he might finally find out exactly who was who in this group. He knew the leader. He had been hired by him personally, several years ago, like many of the other members as well. However, he also knew that by taking the job, he had made a lifetime commitment and that he had to be very secretive about what he did for them. He could not even share any details with his wife or family.

The phone was ringing on the other end. Finally, Presley answered in New York. “Presley, it’s David. I wanted to let you know I am on my way to a closed-door meeting. I also wanted to check and see if you had any updates for me on Jack South.”

Presley replied that he was outside the corporate headquarters of Bear News and that prior to Jack arriving at the Bear News building, a huge crowd had amassed outside and it was close to a riot when their car pulled up and security had to rush them inside. Presley then described the atmosphere outside the studio. “There were a lot of people with homemade signs for and against Jack. The crowd has swelled to well over a thousand people outside the studios in the past hour or so. Just so you know, David, we are trying to get into the studio. Security is very tight and the doors are actually locked and manned. We have called one of our people who should be able to get us in another way, so we can monitor what is happening in there. Oh also, his attorney is still with him. That’s about all we have right now.”

“Thanks Presley. I appreciate your diligence on this. By the way, for the next few hours, my cell will be off. If something urgent happens, please call my direct line and Sheryl will pick up. It is okay to speak to her. She is my personal assistant.”

“Will do,” Presley replied, as he hung up.

David walked out the door to the waiting car that was there to pick him up. He opened the back door and slid into the seat before realizing that in the car with him was another man; it was Cardinal Luke Richital from Rome.

Chapter 25

9:50 AM EST Washington, D.C. - White House, the Oval Office

The President and Jamal Jones, director of Homeland Security, were having an off the record meeting in the Oval Office. Jamal assumed it was about Jack South, but he waited for the President to speak. He had known and worked with Stevenson since he was in the State Legislature in Illinois. Stevenson had been very vocal on state issues from early on in his career, and in a short time had reached star status in the state until he was eventually elected Senator. It seemed to Jamal that since he had known him, Stevenson just seemed to get things done. Stevenson was very popular and good looking. He was six feet two inches tall and appeared to stand even taller. He had little body fat, and weighed around 180 pounds or so. His balding top only seemed to add to his stature as the years went by.

About eight or more years ago, the Democratic Party decided that Stevenson should run for President. Jamal became his campaign manager in Illinois. In the process, he, like Stevenson, learned that in order to get to the presidency you had to take orders. They figured it out and played the game. After the election, Jamal was appointed as Director of Homeland Security for all his years of service with Stevenson and helping to get him elected. Like others who attach themselves to a rising star, Jamal did so willingly. To him, Stevenson was his star. However, he still had his own ambitions too.

“Jamal,” the President said. “You and I are going to go down to the War Room alone and will be attending a video conference with The Waldger Group that is in Brussels. During that conference, we will also be watching to see what Jack South is saying in his interview on Bear News. It is important that we understand what this person’s agenda is and how it is going to affect all of us in the coming days. There is something different going on here. I think we are dealing with a power that is helping him and that we have prepared for all these years. If Jack is who we think he may be then we cannot even begin to stop him and his ability to cause destruction for the next three plus years.”

“What are you talking about?” Jamal asked. “Why could we not stop him?”

“Jamal, we all knew that one day we would have to fight a war not of this world. That is what we have prepared to do for hundreds of years. For instance, the ICBM System was built just for this purpose, to protect us from something not of this world; not the crap fed to the public about protecting our shores from nuclear attack. Unfortunately, Jamal, the person we suspect Jack South to be may have the power to torment us for some time. However, after he is gone, assuming he is the one, we will prepare for that final battle against his masters, which we will win. We will then set up the perfect government and turn the earth back into an Eden.”

“That is all supernatural to me. I mean, I have read the Bible, but I thought the Catholic Church said all that stuff had already happened in Revelations and that none of this was relevant to what they call the last days.”

“Well they are wrong and we know they are; and so do many powerful men in the Church. However, if the time is now and our nemesis from another world is setting the time clock, then we have to be ready to act. We will only get one chance. So keep all this in mind today during the interview and during the conference.”

“I will do my best sir. Are we ready to go now?”

The president looked at Jamal with a worried face and said, “Yes, let’s go. They are waiting for us.”

Chapter 26

9:55 AM EST New York - Bear News Viewing Room

John Roddenburg was winding down comments on the presidential Rose Garden speech and giving an update on the carnage in California, along with clips from the internet of my interview with Brad. Then, his co-anchor took over and offered even more coverage for the viewers from California, including press releases provided by FEMA headquarters in Washington.

Mark and I were sitting inside the room with the coffee and snacks. I was actually hungry. It was almost 10:00 a.m. and other than the donut hole in the Teal Room I had eaten, I had had nothing else to eat. Therefore, the fruit and pastries were looking good. I helped myself to a plate full. Mark just sat quietly drinking a cup of coffee, loaded with sugar.

John Roddenburg walked in smiling and asked, “You two doing okay? Do you need anything else? If you do, I can send a runner out to get it for you,” as he busied himself getting some ice in a cup and then poured himself some soda.

John looked up at me, then pointed over to a small table in the room with some chairs around it, “Let’s talk; we have about thirty minutes till we go live. Oh Jack, one more thing before I forget, we have all the graphics and the software your people sent. We hooked up a computer and a large viewing monitor that we use in the newsroom. You can use it if you like. Want to tell me what they are for, Jack?”

Direct and to the point, well that was John, I thought. As we all sat down, I answered, “They are for the viewers to understand what is going to happen next. In addition, we would like a climatologist or meteorologist for the interview, if you have one available, for I only know specifics, not scientific details. I am not sure I can explain the far-reaching effects.”

“So, is it weather related?”

“Yes, it is all weather related for now.”

“So what else is going to be occurring? Can you give me some insight into your next prediction? At least, I assume you are going to predict something else.”

I reached into my pocket and pulled out the three pages of printed instructions, and handed them to John.

“Read this and then you will know why we will need to get the message out.”

John Roddenburg unfolded the pages and started reading. You could actually see the color draining from his face. His jaw tightened and he ran his fingers through his hair. He finally looked up at me and said, “Is this for real Jack? This is scary and it is not limited to a specific area. This has worldwide implications.”

I looked at him and, then said, “John, this is the way it is going to be, and to a ‘I;” no exceptions, and no misunderstandings.”

“I understand now why you need help Jack, but I am not sure I know what it all means either. So we need, as you say, some expert advice. This is really short notice, but then this whole thing is.” He thought for a moment and said, “I will see if I can get one of our meteorologist guys over here in a hurry. They usually have the midday and afternoons free.”

“That would help John, because I want your viewers to be able to understand.”

“I’ll get right on it. By the way, we are broadcasting every few minutes that you are here. We are even going live on the radio with our affiliate stations. I did want to ask you though, how long do you think the interview should last?”

“Well, that is up to you. When you are through asking questions, we will leave. You will have done your job and we will have done ours. But we need some ground rules.”

“Like what?”

I replied rather sternly, “First, I will do my best to answer the questions about California and the messed up interviews at The Network. Then I will answer the questions about what we are about to tell the world. However, if I say that I cannot answer any question or I do not know the answer, then you stop. There will be no going after a question that I will not give an answer to. Just move on to another subject or, as earlier today, the interview will end. Agreed?”

“Agreed.”

Getting up, John said, “I’ll be back in a few minutes. We are going to use the interview room upstairs. A page will come to escort you both; and oh, by the way, we were able to assemble the panel we called you about putting together. So is that still alright with you?”

“Yes, that will be fine John.”

“Thanks Jack. I’ll be back soon.”

As he was leaving, I got his attention again and said, “No tricks John; straight and to the point.” He shrugged and nodded yes and then walked out of the room. I assumed that he went to get his resources together.

Mark looked at me and asked nervously, “Can I read that paper?” I reached back in my pocket and handed it to him, hoping that he would not have a heart attack and die on me.

Chapter 27

5:05 PM CEST Brussels - The Waldger Group Corporate Headquarters, 42nd Floor

As their car drew up to the headquarters building in the center of the campus of The Waldger Group, David looked over at the Cardinal. There still was not a word or an expression from him, nothing. He just sat staring out the window. If it were not the fact that he could see him breathing, David would have thought he was dead.

The car stopped at the entrance and as David opened the door, the Cardinal made the sign of the cross, and then reached for a briefcase he had lying on the floor. He then exited the car and followed David into the building.

Once inside, a stern looking security guard asked, “Names, please?”
“David Mathews.”

He then asked for an ID and David handed him his corporate ID card. The guard ran it through a scanner, looked down at the screen, and then as he handed the ID back said, “Thank you, Mr. Matthews.”

The security guard then turned to the Cardinal and said again, “Name please?”

“Cardinal Luke Richital, from Rome,” he said, and handed him a card, which was also scanned. The guard politely asked the Cardinal to remove his head covering, since in his picture, he did not have one. The Cardinal removed his hat, and then immediately placed it back on his head.

The guard said, “Thank you, Cardinal.” He told them that they were to go to the elevators to his right and proceed to the 42nd floor where they would get further directions.

As they moved towards the elevator, David noticed the Cardinal looking at him in a strange way. Finally, he asked, “Who are you? What do you do for the company? I have never seen you before.”

David politely replied, “As you heard, my name is David Mathews, but the rest you will have to ask someone else. What I do for the company, I am not allowed tell you, as per corporate instructions.”

This seemed to pacify the Cardinal as both men stepped into the elevator.

They rode non-stop up to the 42nd floor. Actually, there were no other floor buttons on the elevator, but for the 42nd floor. When the doors opened, they were met by a man fully armed with an automatic rifle, which was strapped across his shoulder and a small handgun at his waist. He looked like GI Joe in a suit. Like the security guard at the reception area downstairs, he seemed as if he could eat them both for dinner if he chose to do so. He must have noticed David staring at his armaments. He quickly got his attention by looking directly at David and then, with a swagger only a man like that could have, said, "Please follow me."

They went into a large room with various other doors that had numbers displayed in the center of each. These doors surrounded the room, all the way around. He addressed the Cardinal, "You can use room number three." Then, turning to David, he said, "You can use room number seven." He followed up with, "Someone will be here shortly to direct you to where you need to go."

David walked into Room 7, which was empty except for a chair and a small table. Having been there before on the day he was hired, and remembering what to do, he put his laptop and files on the table, and undressed down to his skivvies. He had just finished, when two men came in and without a word, went through the laptop, his clothes, pants, and shirt pockets. They asked him to stand on the chair and then passed a wand over his body to make sure that he did not have any contraband, weapons, listening devices, and so forth. It was worse than an airport. David then instinctively bent over and pulled down his underwear while they poked into his anus. Finally, they told him to get dressed. There was some toilet paper and disinfectant on the table, and a trash receptacle for him to use. When David was finished, he got dressed and sat in the chair. A few moments later, another military, beefy like man came and said, "Please follow me."

David was led into a very large conference room in a different part of the 42nd floor. It was lit up with TV monitors all over the walls and a very large one in the center. It looked as if there were around seventy-five to eighty seats. There were microphones set up at each

seating place, along with a green writing pad, a small desk light, pens, a drinking glass, pitcher of ice and sparkling water. There was also a receptacle for power and an internet connection. The chairs were very comfortable looking, done in a soft green felt with solid walnut wood frames. The table seemed to be almost thirty feet in length, going down two sides and enclosed by about ten feet on the ends making a rectangle. He was definitely impressed.

David walked around the table reading name cards until he finally saw his own. He pulled out the chair, sat down, and placed the laptop and file he had brought in front of him on the table. He looked around and saw the Cardinal on the other end of the table watching Bear News. He saw other figures there that he recognized from other meetings or from the news, but most he had not met personally. There were heads of state from the European Union, but he noticed several people were missing. He would have thought that more would be here. These were the people who really ran the world.

The smaller monitors on the surrounding walls started to flicker, in which case David knew that other members were probably logging in. Normally there were about one hundred attendees in total, but today, the larger number of them would be attending via video conference. There had not been enough time to get them all here. There were about thirty here so far.

One of the side doors opened and Aafre Waldger walked in and stood behind his chair at the end. He scanned the room and nodded to a person on the other side of the control booth. The news feed on the larger monitors were muted.

Aafre was an imposing figure. His Dutch heritage was apparent in his features. He was a large man, with fair complexion, and a full head of gray hair combed back. He had a Roman nose, strong cheekbones, and greenish eyes. His most noticeable feature was his hands. They were enormous.

Born into privilege, by the time Aafre was thirty his family-owned business had grown worldwide. By the early 90's, he was assumed to be the richest man in the world with ties that reached almost every country and board room in the world. Known to be usually quiet about his affairs and rarely seen in public, he ruled the world's

commerce. However, he did so using his enormous powers, for if you crossed him, it would probably be the last thing you ever did. David's attention was brought back from his observations as Aafre started speaking to the group.

"Thank you for coming on such short notice," he said. "Unfortunately, several of our members will be attending by way of video conference. We will use the monitors you see on the outer walls, but since there are too many not here in person, we will have to switch to the person speaking remotely and the system will be able to handle about three at a time. On their end, also remotely, they will be able to see and hear each of you in the same way, that way, to everyone, it will be as they were here anyway. Our sources tell us that in less than thirty minutes, John Roddenburg on Bear News will be doing a one on one interview with Jack South."

"Folders are now being passed out which have a certain amount of background on Jack South that we got today from Mr. Matthews," as he looked at me. These include information about his childhood, upbringing, and certain events based in his adulthood. Provided from our security team, you will find a synopsis of what we have learned since 7:45 this morning EST, or 2:45 this afternoon here. Also note, there is a complete transcript of the entire interview with Brad Williams and his producer's tirade from the video files uploaded to the internet. I might add that as this event unfolded this morning, it has done considerable damage to The Network."

"I ask that as we watch the interview, take notes, and when it is through, we will discuss this matter and what we can do, or need to do about it."

He hesitated, before speaking again. "For those of you not familiar with the term 'end time plans,' we have included a synopsis in your folders. These plans have been in existence for a considerably long time and have been modified as each generation passed and the membership changed. We have watched carefully for a person like Jack South. He may well be the key to the final countdown we have waited so long for, at least based on what we know so far."

"On another note, we do know that Jack South ordered some graphics and a climatologist for the interview. So we are assuming that in addition to his prediction of the earthquake in California, he

is going to use these graphics to display to the masses what else he is going to do or what he is predicting his God will do.”

“We think, and as many of you know, he is the first of the two witnesses we have been expecting now for thousands of years. This means that the destroyer is at our doorstep and will not stop using his powers until, like the great flood, he has wiped out a large portion of mankind; but we know this time that it will not be everyone, maybe thirty to forty percent of the world’s population.”

“However, we do know there are to be two witnesses, and so far, we only have Jack. He does seem to fit the deeds and description we would expect from the two witnesses. However, let me add that it is only the first day, and we do not yet have enough information to have a one hundred percent yes on this question. Also, keep in mind that if he is one of the witnesses, we are powerless to stop anything he or the other unnamed witness does for three and a half years. Therefore, what our goal needs to be is to minimize the damage to the earth, its people, and our assets. After the three and a half years, Jack and the other witness will no longer be safe. Their protectors will eventually leave them and then we will be able to destroy them once and for all.”

“But as I said, we do not know for sure that he is who we think he might be. Once again, for now all we can do is listen and learn. However, what he did today and recently is not luck with the lottery, nor is his prediction, which is not only one hundred percent, accurate, but uncanny. Earthquakes do not shake for 422 seconds.”

“I also want to reiterate that at this point, and we sent secure messages earlier to all participants, absolutely no one is to make a move against Mr. South without my approval. No assassination attempts, no incarceration to see if we can break him. Do not even pull him over for a parking ticket. He can go where he wants and do as he wishes for now. No one is to release any information about him including what we have here. If for some reason one of you, or your people, does make that mistake, we will deal with that person in a very unpleasant way.”

“Are there any questions?”

You might as well have asked a starving man if he was hungry. It seemed that everyone in the room started talking at once. With the added noise of the monitors, it was like chaos.

Aafre quickly quietened the room and said, “Ladies and gentlemen, it is not necessary for us to all talk at the same time. So with what time we have before the interview, I will start to my right and work my way around the table, then to our remote guests. I believe that makes Cardinal Richital first.”

“Thank you, Aafre,” the Cardinal said. “I want to make sure that I understand you in that you believe that this man may well be the first of the two witnesses as described in John’s Apocalypse?”

“Yes,” Aafre said. “And I know that you are going to say that he has no beard, he doesn’t look like Moses, Elijah or any other biblical prophet. However, I think that we put too much emphasis on expecting a Jewish zealot to show up instead of a man that has been selected by their God. Moreover, as you know Cardinal, their God always selected common people to do his work here on earth. Therefore, to answer your question, I think that a stereotypical description of physical looks or even personality is not relevant here. It’s the powers he is exercising that we are interested in.”

A hand went up and Aafre said, “Yes Marcell, do you have a comment on this?”

“Isn’t this guy supposed to be dressed in gunny sacks or sackcloth? I mean he has on designer shoes, shirt, slacks, and jacket and is very well groomed.”

Aafre smiled and said, “Marcell do you know what sackcloth means? I doubt it for very few do. Sackcloth means clothing of the people. In addition, he may well change his attire during the period he is to be here. Therefore, the way he is dressed is quite appropriate, because he looks just like everyone else. Does that answer your question?”

“Yes,” Marcell said, “I guess it does. But I have to tell you this guy, if he is who you think he is, has me worried.”

“In time, Marcell, we will explain how we will deal with Mr. Jack South.”

Aafre took a few more questions, and then said, “Let’s wrap it up for now. I understand they are starting and giving some background information on Jack. Let us watch the interview. I think it is now beginning.”

David looked up and the screen as the sound came back on. The Bear News logo was on the screen with a special report from Bear News scrolling along the bottom of the screen. Their ratings had to be going up. Jack South, for now, was the most interesting person on the planet, and if David guessed correctly, Jack was about to shock the world, yet again.

Chapter 28

10:15 AM EST New York - Bear News Interview Studio

A few minutes after John Roddenburg left, an older woman, who appeared to be in her 50s or later, came in. She had a very nice demeanor. She introduced herself as Sherry Stewart and said she was an assistant to John. She asked us to follow her and took us to another studio, which was almost a duplicate of the one we had been in at The Network earlier this morning.

Like The Network's studio, it had a long leather couch, what appeared to be the interviewer's chair, and thick carpeting on the floor of a pale crème color. Some differences though were a coffee table in front of the couch and a nice braided rug underneath it. Unlike The Network's setup, it looked somewhat homey. There was even an end table on which sat a vase and flowers at the other end of the couch. I supposed it was to make the guest feel more comfortable while being interviewed.

Sherry told me that I would be sitting on the couch at the end next to John's chair. She then took me over to the monitor and turned on the computer that was attached to it. While the PC booted, she started explaining how it worked and that all I had to do was play like my fingers were a mouse.

Once the PC was fully booted up, she placed a DVD in one of the drives saying it had been sent over by our advertising agency. As it loaded, she showed me some markings on the floor made from pieces of tape and said that I needed to stay behind these marks or I would block the monitor when I wanted the viewer to see what I had on the screen.

She showed me how I could use my finger to hit the start button on the screen, which I did. Once the image came up, she showed me how to drag and drop other things like icons and so on. She also showed me how to use two fingers to make a square around an area in order to enlarge the section. Once we were done, she then asked if I wanted to have any text scrolling at the bottom of the screen. I replied, "No, but thanks for asking."

"Well, I hope it all works out for you," she said. She called over to one of the techs and they came over, and affixed a microphone to

my lapel and asked me to say something. She asked me to walk from the monitor to the couch and back while I spoke.

“Test, test, test,” I said as I walked back and forth. They made some adjustments. I was then directed back to the couch where I sat down.

Sherry said, “John will be here soon,” then left the area.

I saw Mark over by the cameras standing. I gave him the okay sign. He smiled at me and I smiled back. Well I guess I was ready. It was now or never.

John Roddenburg walked in and sat in the chair closest to the couch where I was seated. I thought about asking him if I could sit in the chair and he sit on the couch, but felt he probably would not be amused.

He leaned over to me, and said. “Are you ready?”

I in turn said, “Yep.”

At about the same time, Chester Nichols, the weatherman from Bear News walked in and sat on the couch next to me. Exchanging pleasantries, Chester asked if he could see the document before the show started. He said that he did not totally understand what John had been saying to him in his briefing earlier about what I was going to predict.

I said, “Sure,” and removed the pages from my breast pocket and handed them to him.

Like John earlier, his reaction was one of astonishment. He looked over at John and said, “You know John, it would be nice if we could get this over to some people who might be able to make more sense out of this than me.”

“I would,” John said, “but we don’t have time Chester. So I guess you will just have to wing it.”

Chester read it again then he turned to me and said, “You realize that this is not physically possible, at least with our knowledge of physics and the way the world’s weather patterns work.”

“All I can say is that God is in control. Neither he nor I have ever been wrong yet, have we?”

“But that means that the entire weather patterns of recorded history will completely change. That is almost impossible. You need a wobble change of the earth for this to even be remotely understandable from what history we have.”

“You’re right Chester. It is impossible for us, but not for him. I look at it this way; a hundred and fifty years ago, we thought electrical lights were impossible.”

He hesitated, and then replied, “Okay, I see your point.” He paused again, I assumed, in thought. Then he said, “I will do my best to relate the contents of your document to our viewers. I think I have a good idea how I can lay it out and what the results will be from there. But I have no idea how to explain any of it, scientifically.”

While we were still discussing the contents of the note, the lights in the studio came up and a person with a tape measure walked up to me, then walked back again. He did the same thing with Chester and then John. He then came back and said, “John, we are about ready to go live.”

“Thanks, Spencer,” he said. John then turned to me and said, “Watch the numbers on the digital display in back of me. Over there,” he pointed. “When it hits zero, then you will know we are live.”

I said, “Okay, let’s do it.”

As the countdown reached zero, I saw the camera pan to John’s face for a close up and then he started by saying, “People of America and of the world, I am John Roddenburg, News Anchor of Bear News, and we are transmitting live from our studios in New York with the promised interview today with Mr. Jack South.”

I could see the camera pan towards me then zoom into my face. Then John began talking again. “As many of you already know, Jack has astounded the world by winning two major lotteries in the U.S. in the same week, using the exact same numbers. According to some reports, the odds on that do not exist and stand at zero. In addition, this morning on our competitors network, Jack tried to warn us of an impending disaster in California, but the news team there felt he was either lying or making a fool out of them; and did not air that part of the segment. However, Mr. South’s lawyer, Mark Anderson, videotaped the entire interview and had it transmitted to

the internet and several other news outlets, worldwide. But unfortunately, as we all know, we were unable to get any warning to the people of Southern California in time; and if you have been watching the news, you know that the carnage and destruction is of biblical proportions.”

“Jack has come here today for two reasons. Firstly, he has something to tell all of us and secondly, he has a warning for everyone. We also have our meteorologist, Chester Nichols, here today, who will help to give some clarification, in terms we can all understand, when Jack tells us what is going to happen next. We will also examine the implications of Jack’s new statements and the predictions he was unable to tell about at The Network. But before that, I would like to introduce you to Mr. Jack South.”

The camera now moved in towards me for a close shot, I assumed. For a brief moment, I wondered if anyone watching remembered me as a kid, and a messed up one at that. Some names and situations ran quickly through my thoughts; but then John Roddenburg’s voice broke as he said, “Jack, you are the most unique person the world has ever met, at least in our time. No one has ever predicted a disaster and been one hundred percent accurate as to time, casualties, property damage, and location. In addition, you also beat the odds and won not just won lottery, but two. Moreover, after taxes, you took home almost a half a billion dollars. Jack, the world, and I want to know. Who are you?”

“Just like you John, flesh and blood, heart that pumps, aches and pains. I am almost 59 now, but otherwise in good health. Like many of my generation, I grew up building go-carts out of old wood and roller skates, putting together model cars and planes, chasing cheerleaders, and I was a musician for a time. I lead a pretty normal life I guess.”

“Where did you grow up, Jack?” he asked.

“In Kansas City and Independence areas of Missouri, where you are also from.”

“Family still alive?”

“Yes, my mother, stepfather, sister, and her family; and of course, my family.”

“Well it seems you are like the rest of us. Nevertheless, you are different Jack. So what is the source of your gift? Where did you learn to predict the future?”

“From God, through his messengers,” I replied.

“Messengers; as in angels?”

“No. Messengers like in Abraham, the messengers Abraham had dinner with, who came to his home, as in the story of Sarah and of Sodom and Gomorrah in the Bible.”

“I see. Do they come see you often, Jack?”

“Yes, they do, quite frequently.”

“When was the last time you saw these messengers?”

“In the limousine that brought me here.” I could see by looking at John and others in the studio that they were finding my answers difficult to believe.”

“What do they look like?”

“Just like you and me, as a matter of fact. They had on suits, ties, and wingtip shoes today. My insurance man and my banker would look the same.”

“So they don’t come at night, in dreams or fly in with wings, but they look just like us. Is that what you’re saying?”

“That is correct. That is what I am saying.”

“You realize, Jack, this is very difficult to believe?”

“I understand, but my answers are correct.”

“When did you first meet these messengers?”

“On a job interview.” I could see John Roddenburg squirming. Now I knew he was still finding all this very hard to believe. If he had given the first interview, he probably would have bolted too.”

“How did you meet them on a job interview?”

“I applied to a job posting on the internet. They called me and asked me to come and meet them to discuss the job.”

“What was the job description?”

“As best as I can remember, it said that they were looking for a salesperson who didn’t mind taking risks. Other requirements were that the applicant had to be well spoken and well groomed. The job

description went on to say that it involved international implications, extensive travel, and long hours.

“So you sent them a resume?”

“Yes I did. I sent them a resume, as I have sent hundreds before. When you are almost 59, it is kind of hard to find challenging work, if any work at all.”

“So what happened in the interview?”

“They discussed my general qualifications, basic background stuff that usually occurs in an interview. However, they surprised me and asked me how I felt about God and religion. I was thinking to myself at the time that these people could be sued for asking these types of questions. But hey, I needed a job, so I told them I was Catholic, attended mass, and had an interest in the Bible and other writings that were not a part of the Bible. They then questioned me about some things in the Bible and then asked me about my ancestry. I told them that after my father died, I searched for my past using my computer, mail and whatever means I could find. I eventually traced myself back to Joseph of Arimathea, at least metaphorically, using a link in the Mormon Church’s ancestry files.”

“Were they impressed about your ancestry?”

“No, they actually said I had not gone back far enough, but they would discuss that with me later.”

“What are their names?”

“Gabriel Massinger and Ariel Roberts.”

“Then what happened? Did they tell you to go and do what you are doing now?”

“No. They told me they had some other candidates, and would I return the next day for another interview. I agreed and we set a time and place. Then I went home.”

“Did you find the interview strange after you left?”

“Well, yeah; sort of. To spend most of the time talking about my ancestry seemed quite strange, but I have been on some strange interviews before and so I dismissed it as just that; strange.”

“What happened on the second interview?”

“We met at a coffee shop for lunch and then Gabriel told me that I had been selected by their boss to do a very important job. Then I asked him, who is your boss? He looked me straight in the eye and said, God. I almost choked on my sandwich. Gabriel then told me, “You’ve always had the job; since long before you were born. You just did not know it.” At that point, I was ready to leave, but then Ariel started talking and brought many things up to me that I already knew in my heart. He then told me I was selected and must fulfill my mission. I then asked them to prove to me that they were from God, so Ariel literally disappeared in front of my eyes. I asked Gabriel where Ariel had gone. He said that he was still there, but now I just couldn’t see him.”

“That is an incredible story Jack, and to be honest, very difficult to believe. But then what happened?”

“We left the coffee shop and went to a park and talked. That is when I was told what was going to be done and what my part was to be in all of it. They laid out the buying of the lottery tickets and God’s entire plan up to today.”

“Then?”

“I bought the tickets, won the lotteries, relocated my family, and then agreed to the interview with The Network Morning Headlines; and now I am here.”

“Where is your family, Jack?”

“That’s off limits. I will not disclose that information.”

“Sorry. So, what is the job title they gave you?”

“Witness, one of two.”

John just stared for a second. He was at a total loss for words. Eventually he asked, “Do you mean like the final two witnesses sent by God in the Book of Revelations?”

“Yes, the one, and only two. And to date, I think I have pretty well proven my credentials.”

“You mentioned two. Who is the other one?”

“I don’t know for sure. All I know is, he is a Rabbi, and his powers supersede mine. I can only predict disasters for now. He can and

will cause them, along with powers such as were used by Moses in Egypt.”

“Do you know the rest of your mission?”

“No, not totally, but I do know that if you want a description of us, open your Bible to Revelations and it will tell you the rest. However, know that my current job is to make sure that the world understands the word of God and His power; and that we are running out of time.”

“What do you mean, God’s time?”

“At this time, I really cannot discuss this with you. I do not even know what that means yet. I do know that the world is changing and God is going to make sure that the earth sees His power and knows without a doubt that He is still in charge. Man needs to believe and worship Him and his son, Jesus. I am the witness to warn you, not destroy you. As I said, the other witness will be here and have the power over all the earth. He will have the power of God at his hand to cause whatever havoc he may deem as necessary to get God’s message across.”

“When will we know of this other witness, as you call him?”

“Very soon, John, very, very soon.” I let that sink in, and then I said, “John, once again, I cannot go further with this discussion. Can we move on to the next subject and the real reason I am here today?”

He waited a moment. The cameras were on both of us. He had beads of sweat on his brow and I knew he really had doubts about all of this. Finally, he said, “Please tell us Jack, what God has in store for us now.”

“I need to use the monitor over there. Would that be okay?”

“Yes. That will be fine Jack.” I stood up and walked over to the monitor. The screen came alive as I touched it. It lit up with a picture of North America, the Atlantic Ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean, and the coast of Africa. Using my finger, I touched the screen again. The picture changed to reveal seven red hurricane icons. They were the same as those used by the National Hurricane Center. The icons were all in the same place off the coast of Africa. I started speaking “Over the next four weeks, seven hurricanes will

form in the Atlantic Ocean. Each one will be at least a category four and hit cities in the U.S.”

“The first one,” I touched the first icon with my finger and stepped back behind the tape on the floor. The software had drawn a red line directly to the coast of Galveston/Houston, Texas. “That will hit exactly eight days from now.” I touched the next hurricane icon. “This one will strike the Mississippi valley at Biloxi.” Using the same technique, I drew lines to Miami, Jacksonville, Savannah, Washington, D.C., and then lastly, New York City.

“The last one will hit New York City and will be a category five hurricane with over one-hundred and seventy-five miles per hour winds. It will hit exactly in four weeks and one day with the eye passing over New York City at 5:00 a.m. EST. The exact times, strength of all the hurricanes, exact coordinates in latitude and longitude, exact timetables, and all other detailed information have been, given to Bears News meteorologist, Chester Nichols, and you John. When this happens, you will know God’s power.” I then walked over to the couch, sat down and looked directly at the camera and said nothing, just stared.

John then broke the silence, “Jack that will almost totally destroy the entire eastern and southern coasts of the United States, not counting the flooding in Texas, Ohio, and the Mississippi Valley as they dump rain. Seven hurricanes in twenty-nine days, that is unprecedented!

“Yes, you are right, but maybe you can save some of the people and prepare for the eventuality, if you believe what I have just told you.”

“Why only America and not the rest of the world? I mean, Jack,” he hesitated. “I don’t understand why it is only us.”

I interrupted, “Can I put up the other graphic? Maybe this will help answer your concern.”

John said, “Of course.”

I stood and walked over to the monitor again and using my finger, I cleared the screen and brought up another graphic. This one showed a partial picture of the earth displaying Northern Africa, the Atlantic and the Middle East, or South East Asia, as some call it.

Again, using my hand as a pointer, I said, “This is the Sahara Desert in Northern Africa and adjacent to it is what we know as the Middle East or South East Asia. 12,000 years ago, according to scientific evidence, this area was an inland sea capable of supporting marine life as large as whales. Then the rains stopped and the entire area shown here in brown, is all primarily a desert now, often referred to as the Sahara.”

“Starting Tuesday morning or tomorrow at 4:00 a.m. Eastern Standard Time, or 11:00 a.m. Central European Standard Time,” as I said this I touched the graphic and the browns started turning green, “It will rain here for thirty days in the arid areas. I am not the expert, but the exact details I have is that the rain will fall in the area of 35 degrees North to minus 15 degrees North, then 65 degrees East to minus 15 degrees West as depicted by this graphic.”

“That includes the Sahara, all of Northern Africa where the monsoons have not penetrated in thousands of years, and many of the countries in the Middle East. Affected major rivers would be of course, the Nile, Senegal, Congo, Euphrates, and the Indus, which is in Pakistan.” As I touched each river, they expanded on the graphic, depicting flooding in dry areas and cities in the paths of the rivers.

“In addition, the earth’s average temperature,” I touched another graphic, “will rise eight or more degrees above normal at both the north and south poles for that same period of days, starting today at” I paused to look at my watch, “3:00 PM.”

I stopped and then asked of the meteorologist from across the room, “Chester, I am not an expert, but could you tell the audience the result of this thirty day activity on the North American Continent, Africa, South East Asia and other parts of the world? What are they to expect? What will be the final ramifications of this activity, and please explain the hurricanes that I have described?”

Chester stood and walked over to the monitor as I moved back over to the couch. He started by saying, “I had hoped I would have been given more time to come up with a quick synopsis of what this really means.” I then sat down while he started speaking.

“Well folks we already know the ramifications to the U.S. mainland along the gulf and eastern seaboard. The infrastructure of those

areas will definitely be in danger, especially New York City. We have actually created scenario projects before of the danger of New York City being hit by a major hurricane. New York would become a deathtrap with the high rises creating canyons, which would shatter glass and create walls of flying debris and glass. Flooding would be very extensive. JFK and LaGuardia would also most likely flood, even in a category two, let alone a five.”

“The saltwater from a sea surge of eight to twenty feet in a category five would probably erode most of the underground electrical systems, especially the subways and other critical systems such as sewers and water supply lines. If this were to happen, the estimated costs to New York, not counting personal property, would be upwards of one to two billion plus dollars. If the city were not totally evacuated, then you would also be looking at a very large death and injury toll. There would be nowhere to hide in the area, including all five Burroughs and of course, Long Island. New Jersey would sustain the same amount of damage, but the docks and shipping sites, would be totally wiped out; making delivery by sea difficult, if not impossible, for years to come. The other cities mentioned could pretty well count on the destruction of their shipping ports. These affected ports handle a very large percentage of the imports and exports for the U.S. So economically, this type of weather all at once, would be devastating, possibly causing shortages of raw materials, hard goods, oil, and other commodities, not only in the U.S., but worldwide.”

“Moving to the Sahara, Northern Africa, the Middle East, and parts of South East Asia,” as he changed the graph, “the rain and melting of some parts of the ice caps will be felt the most. However, the overall effects will be felt across the entire globe. Most likely, flooding of the Nile and Tigris will destroy a lot of the cities along the rivers and cause flash floods in most of these countries, including major cities in Jordan, Israel, Egypt, Iraq, Iran, Libya, the Sudan, Saudi Arabia, and Kuwait, to name a few. The eight degrees or more increase in temperature might also be enough to possibly cause coastal flooding all around the world and melt the ice caps enough to raise the oceans up to one to three feet. I am not sure what all the implications would be. We would have to get with

other experts to properly, come up with more concrete answers. For now, that's all we have that we can tell you."

John said, "Thank you Chester. And we will, I'm sure, be looking at the document Jack gave us in more detail, then pass the information on to our viewers." Chester returned to his seat by me and sat down, and John continued, "Jack, this is astounding and the implications are biblical."

"Yes they are biblical John, and this is only the beginning. You have all been warned. This is only the beginning for the next three and a half years. Our world will change from what we expect into what we never thought would happen. God will make His presence known to everyone on this earth and there is nothing I, nor you or anyone else, can do about it. No country will be spared."

"Do you know how many people will die in the next four weeks because of this?"

"Close to three million within that time period." I said this as if I was describing the attendance at a football game.

"That is a lot of people, Jack."

"John, this is just the tip of the iceberg. Read the books of 'Revelations' and 'Daniel' in the Bible. Depending on the Bible scholar you talk to as to interpretation of the scriptures, in the time between now and when Jesus returns, anywhere from twenty-five to fifty percent, or more, of the world's people will die. Also note that there are approximately six and a half billion people on earth."

There was complete silence. Then finally, John asked me, "Are you causing this, Jack?"

"No, I am not. I am trying to warn the world in order to save lives. Being forewarned is being forearmed. In addition, I have no power to make this happen, at least not now. All I can do is tell you when these disasters will occur.

"Thank you, Jack for warning us. I really wish that I did not believe you, but considering the day's events so far, I have no reason not to believe. I only hope that if what you say is true, that the governments of the world are preparing for this. Like we discussed before, these events are not epic, they are biblical."

John paused, before he looked over at me and said, “Jack, as you know, we have sort of hurriedly set up a panel of religious leaders who are here in the studio. They have some questions, and I am sure that after all we’ve discussed today, they will have even more.”

I smiled at him. “Sure John, I would be glad to have the opportunity to talk with them.”

John then turned to the camera and said, “We will be back right after this break and updates of the day’s news, to continue our interview with Jack South and our Panel.”

The cameras cut away. John Roddenburg stood up, negatively shook his head, and said that he would be right back.

The producer, Donald, walked up and said they were going to cut to commercials then do updates on the earthquake in California and some other political comments. They should be ready to go with the panel in about fifteen to twenty minutes. He also said that there were some refreshments over behind the cameras.

I started walking towards the cameras to get to the refreshments and every eye in the studio followed, watching every move I made. I was absolutely sure they were in shock, along with the rest of the world. I was too.

Chapter 29

5:35 PM CEST Brussels - The Waldger Group Corporate Headquarters, 42nd Floor

In Brussels, as Bear News cut to commercial and new updates on California, Waldger addressed the group on the 42nd floor boardroom. “We have our answer now. We now know that he is one of the witnesses or at least he says he is. Our first order of business is to find the other witness. From Jack’s comments, he will surface very soon and if I know their scriptures, he will be located in Israel or somewhere close to there.”

“This also means that we need to now start the implementation to prepare for the final countdown. We all know who the enemy is here and we all know the steps we need to start taking immediately to implement the final plan.”

Waldger then pulled a thick folder from his stack of files and said, “Each of you has a copy of this in front of you or it was sent earlier to our remote attendees. It outlines specifically what each country and corporation must now start to do. There will be a lot of chaos in the world after today, and a lot of fear. We need to control this immediately. And we will be starting a campaign soon of disinformation, not only on Jack, but the next witness also.”

“Their God is trying to win over the world’s population by grandstanding. Our master had told us that this day would come and we are prepared. We have our plans in place and ready to go. In the first part of our agenda, those of you whose countries will be affected will be expected to begin suspending all the rights of your citizens as soon as the first rain starts in the Sahara tomorrow and the first hurricane hits the U.S. in five days, in order to control riots and mayhem. We will then secure all currencies and freeze the markets on a worldwide basis until we see the damage that these witnesses will cause.”

He continued, “This will also allow us to implement our primary plan to solidify the world into one focus. That is one of survival and eventual destruction of their God, once and for all. Any comments?”

One of the representatives from Northern Europe asked the first question, “Should we try and assassinate Mr. South or have the U.S. pick him up and pick his brain?”

“Neither,” Aafre said. “I had already made that clear earlier. Now if you look in your planning folders, you will find that we are bound not to kill him and cannot harm him for three and a half years. He may not know it, but even if we shot him in the head, it would be like a scratch. He has his God’s protection. In addition, we need him to fulfill his destiny. When he and the other witness are through, there will be absolutely no one left to stop us from preparing the world for the final battle and the end of their God’s tyranny.”

The President of the U.S. came up on the screen and said, “Aafre, do you think we can turn him. I mean talk to him and make him understand that he is on the wrong side?”

“If we could, it would be a great win for us. Moreover, temptation of power is sometimes capable of making a good argument for turning. I mean, the Master did try with Jesus, but this person is not the son of their God. He is a man, but I think he still has free will to do as he chooses.”

Waldger thought about this some more, as he paused and said, “There may be something to it Stevenson. Because Jack does have free will, we might be able to turn him. Do you think you can get to him for a one on one talk?”

“Yes,” Stevenson said. “Our contingency can attend the rally that we were made aware of awhile ago and maybe set something up then or right after. If he sees we are there, he might feel compelled to talk to us or me.”

“See what you can do,” Aafre said, “then get back to me. We do not want to make the wrong move here, but there is always a possibility that with power and luxury, one’s mindset can change. I have noticed that Jack does not seem comfortable and he is somewhat timid most of the time. Let me know your plans Stevenson. Also, what rally are you speaking of?”

“We received a communication a few minutes ago that Jack South’s ad agency was setting up a stage in Kansas City for a rally on Thursday evening.”

“That’s interesting,” Aafre said. “Maybe we can use that scenario and hold our emergency meetings right after that on Friday and Saturday. Let me work on it.”

“Now, getting back to today, the next part of his interview is with a panel of religious leaders. This ought to be interesting. We know some of the people on the panel.. They have a Jewish Rabbi from the Center Synagogue in New York, a Southern Baptist from New York, and the Bishop from the Catholic Diocese in New York. Let’s see, a Hindu Priest who also was in New York on business, who actually is a high priest from Calcutta, a Buddhist monk we know nothing about, and Robert Jackson, an atheist who is quite famous in the U.S. Mr. Jackson is constantly suing the U.S. government over separation of church and state. There is also an Islamic Cleric, whom we know very little about. He is more Americanized than most Islamic clerics and is not likely to say as much as some more militant Islamic groups, such as some of the more radical ones found in Iran or Iraq.”

“Also note that we are concerned about the fact that Jack may cause some rioting in the world. I have a feeling that if he is cornered by the Islamic priest, then he may slip and say the wrong thing. In any event, we need to take anything he says and make it sound like he is trying to cause division, even if he is not. Our only offense with this person and his partner is to turn the world’s population against them. I doubt that will be hard. Fear is a great equalizer and when people fear something, they can no longer be rational. We have all of our creative thinkers working on this as we speak. We need to make this Jack person and the other witness the most hated people on earth. That is our only weapon against them for now.”

“Won’t rioting cause even more problems?” asked a representative from one of the world’s largest corporations in Germany, “Especially Muslims; they are prevalent in many countries outside the Mideast, particularly in Europe.”

Aafre hesitated before he answered, then he said, “It is like collateral damage in war. You expect it, you control it, and you hopefully only let it happen where it will do the least amount of damage.”

David spoke up and said, “They are coming back on, sir. We might want to tune back in.”

“Thanks, David.” Aafre replied. “We will have more to discuss after we see this.”

Chapter 30

10:40 AM EST New York - Bear News Interview Studio

During the break, I was handed a list of six people from various religious backgrounds, including fundamental Baptist, Catholic, Judaism, Islam, and Asian religions. There was also an atheist on the list. I was curious as to the purpose of the atheist. I supposed that they had prepared for all sides of opinions.

I felt a tap on my shoulder, which turned out to be Donald, the producer. As I turned to him he said, “We are about ready to start. The panel will be seated across from you on the couch they brought in a few minutes ago. It is sort of a face-to-face type meeting. Also, you will notice the cameras now surrounding both sides of the studio.” He waited while I looked around before continuing, “What will be happening on the TVs in the homes of viewers is that the screen will be split with you on one side and the questioner on the other. Therefore, look directly into the camera that is in front of you.”

“Will I be able to hear and see them okay?”

“Certainly, they are on the couch in front of you. It is just that it works better with the split screens for viewers. We can assure you that you will be able to hear them well.” He directed me to a table where they put an earpiece in my ear for the audio feed. I noticed that they did the same for everyone else as well. I looked down at the other couch they had brought in and saw Reverend Marks from New York. He was a fire and brimstone black preacher, known for his loudness and theatrics in his church sermons. I wondered how it was going to go with him. I walked over and introduced myself to him. We exchanged hellos and then I sat on the opposite couch waiting for John Roddenburg and the rest of the Panel.

It was getting close to 11:00 a.m. and I was getting both tired and hungry. Nevertheless, I felt alert. I wondered how Jesus had felt when he faced this same situation thousands of years ago in front of the Sanhedrin court. I really wished that Gabriel and Ariel could be here. I was not sure how well I was going to do.

The other panelists all started to file in and I was introduced to each of them as they arrived. I had not heard of any of them before, other than Reverend Marks. No one showed any signs of anger or

coolness towards me and they all seemed quite cordial. This was going to be one heck of a panel I thought to myself. They were probably hoping to crucify me in front of the whole world if they could. I just hoped, that as Gabriel had told me, whenever I needed the answer to a question, I just had to think about it, close my eyes, and then the answer would be there. I was to trust my instincts and that God would give me the right answer. I was not to get angry, but just sit back and give the exact answer as it came to me, he had said. This meant that God was in my presence and would guide me as necessary. I had to really turn up my faith at this point. That would be the only thing that might save me from these people.

“Mr. South?” a page, trying to get my attention said, “we are ready now. Mr. Roddenburg is coming back in.” He must have noticed I was daydreaming again.

Chapter 31

10:40 AM EST New York - Bear News, John Roddenburg's Dressing Room

John was in his dressing room. He was still having difficulty dealing with the first part of the interview and was concerned that what had transpired with Jack and his predictions were so farfetched that it was almost unbelievable.

However, he kept telling himself that this guy had so far been one hundred percent accurate, down to how long the earthquake would shake, to the second. Now, with these new predictions, if he were right about them, it would make Jack the most newsworthy person on earth. John knew that if that were the case, then he would be spending a lot of time with Jack in the near future. John had wanted to avoid asking the direct question of whether this was the start of Tribulation. Had the clock started ticking on the last segment of life and man's rule on earth, as he knew it? He felt the panel would ask the question, so he did not.

In college, he had been part of a study group that took apart a best seller from a fundamentalist writer. It was about the end of the world as we knew it and the wars between Gog and Magog on the plain of Megiddo; and other horrible things that were to happen in scripture. John had a feeling that the events of that book were now about to come true. He had actually thought about having someone go to his house to get the copy he still owned. However, there was enough time to read it when he went home.

The problem he had with all of this was that Jack was not a bearded Jewish hothead, but a normal American older person who did not seem to fit the stereotypical witness one would expect. But then, there was no physical description of the witnesses, other than that they raise havoc on earth and its population and are dressed in sackcloth. John had looked up the definition of 'sackcloth' and found that it really meant 'clothing of the people'.

His door opened and the page said, "John, the panel is seated and they are waiting for you."

John got up and thought to himself, "I really hope this does not go bad. This is uncharted news reporting and anything can go wrong." He crossed himself and walked out the door. He was also Catholic.

Chapter 32

10:50 AM EST New York - Bear Network Interview Studio

John Roddenburg walked back in and sat in the interview chair. It had been moved to the center, at the end of the two couches. He then simply asked the panel “Is everyone ready?” Then he turned to Jack and asked also, “Are you ready, Jack?”

“Yes,” they all replied, nodding their heads in affirmation.

John stretched his neck and leaned over to me, and whispered. “I will try and control the conversation so it does not get out of hand, but you have seen these before I’m sure, and sometimes the questions become difficult, so you may well end up in the hot seat.”

“I understand. It will be fine,” I responded.

John then straightened back up, stood, turned his focus to the panel, shook each person’s hand, and thanked them for coming. He then sat back down and addressed all of the participants.

“Gentlemen, we are in uncharted waters here and we want to be as civil as possible in this interview. It is important that we keep to some facts and only ask pertinent questions. I will be moderating the conversations as they occur for all seated here. If I change the subject, then the question is closed. In addition, I have the ability to stop taping if the discussion becomes too heated; and will not continue taping again until the situation cools down. We are on a four-minute delay on the taping. That means everything we say does not get broadcast until four minutes later.”

“The other thing is that we do not have enough time to have a complete dialogue on religion, so please keep your questions to a minimum and hopefully more yes and no questions that Jack can answer. Hopefully, we are all in agreement.”

The members of the panel all nodded their heads in affirmation and muttered yeses. I could see though in their individual expressions that they were calculating how far they could go with me before being cut off. The advantage of being in sales for thirty years was that you learnt how to read facial expressions. At this moment, considering the looks I was getting, I pretty well assumed I had six Pontius Pilots in front of me. I was nervous, but as I closed my eyes for a moment, I realized this was my destiny and this was my time,

and I relaxed. I opened my eyes and looked at John, then the panel, and smiled. I was ready.

John Roddenburg looked up and saw the countdown. He eventually began speaking.

“Ladies and gentlemen of America and the world, we are in part two of our conversation with Jack South. In our earlier interview, Mr. South made clear to the entire world that God is taking a hand in our affairs and has outlined several serious calamities that will start occurring by tomorrow and even the next month. This is in addition to the carnage we have already experienced in California. We would also like to bring you up to date, if you did not see the earlier interview. Mr. South, so far, has accurately named every event with one-hundred percent accuracy down to the seconds of shaking, which was exactly 422 seconds, with his prediction of the earthquake in California. He also, predicted the exact number of casualties, injuries, property damage, and details about the earthquake. And according to our sources, he is very, very close to being accurate based on current estimates of the death and injury tolls.”

“He was able to win two lotteries with the exact same numbers with a payout of almost a half a billion dollars, after taxes, which Mr. South says is to be used to get his message out for his “ministry,” as he calls it. So now, we have three instances of his abilities and probability that the things that he has predicted will actually occur. So far, although the odds have been zero, he has been right in each instance; the two lotteries, and an accurate prediction of the earthquake in California.”

“Mr. South has also stated that he is a messenger from God. He says he is one of two witnesses as described in the Book of Revelations. God, he has stated, has sent him to us to warn us of things to come. So believers, if they choose, can prepare for these calamities. The other witness, we do not know where or who he is at this time.”

“In addition, in the earlier interview aired a few minutes ago, Mr. South has warned us in the U.S. of several hurricanes that are to hit the Southern and Eastern Coasts of America starting in eight days. Coupled with that, in one day, or Tuesday, tomorrow morning,

torrential rains will fall upon the Sahara Desert, the Middle East and parts of Southeast Asia. This rain will be enough to turn most of the Sahara into an inland sea, which is what it was thousands of years ago. He also claims that starting today, at both poles, the temperature will rise eight degrees, melting parts of the ice sheet. These predictions begin today and end in a month. All of these things predicted are unprecedented, and according to our meteorologist, Chester Nichols, are also close to zero probability. But as we said, Mr. South has not been wrong thus far and his predications may well need to be taken seriously.”

“Quickly, before we begin with the panel, we will turn to Chester who is monitoring the weather at the poles and in the Atlantic, and see if Jack is getting it right.”

“Thanks, John,” Chester said. He brought up a temperature reading from 6:00 that morning at the North Pole and compared it to what it was now, at almost 11:00 a.m. He then stated, “Indeed, the temperature of both poles has already risen six degrees above normal so far today and that was not forecast earlier by us. Cloud cover and precipitation in both areas of the Arctic Circle and the North Pole does not exist. It is all clear skies. This activity is unprecedented I can assure you. Now, since the temperature was rising in the poles, cooler air that normally comes off the poles from the jet stream, is warmer from the northern and southern hemispheres. So we are seeing higher than normal temperatures across the globe within only one hour.”

He then turned his attention to the Atlantic where a disturbance was forming off the coast of Africa. “About a half an hour ago, the National Hurricane Center notified the public of a new tropical depression that was developing and currently had thirty-five mile per hour winds with a seventy-five percent chance of formation within the next 24-48 hours. There are also cloud formations starting to occur across most of northern Africa, but no rain now. In addition, today is, I might add, the first day of hurricane season, June 1. As new information becomes available, John,” Chester added, “and the experts analyze the detailed information Jack gave us earlier, we will be able to better calculate the percentages of his chances of being right, as well as the precise time tables, more

accurately, and then be able to notify the world as to the current status in their regions. So far, John, Jack is one hundred percent accurate.”

“Thanks, Chester,” John said as the camera focused back on him. “In the second part of our interview, as we have promised our viewers, we have a panel of religious leaders, representing several religions around the world, which has questions for Jack.” John then proceeded to introduce the members of the panel.

He turned back to the camera and continued speaking, “Also, I want to let our viewers know that all of this has come about quickly. It was only less than three hours ago, that Jack interviewed with The Network here in New York and that interview was, stopped. What that means is that today’s interview was not planned or rehearsed in advance. So bear with us and we will try and make the best of it and get the world some concrete answers.”

He turned toward the panel and said, “In advance, I want to thank all of you up front for your immediate response and participation. And also you, Jack,” as he turned towards me.

I looked at the Bishop from New York as I saw one camera pan towards him and the other, towards me. “So we will start with Bishop Ronald O’Keefe, from the Diocese of New York.” John nodded at the Bishop and said, “Bishop?”

“Thank you John,” he paused for a second and then looked up at me. “Hello Jack, I am Bishop O’Keefe from New York. I would like to thank you, and also John, for inviting me here to represent the millions of Catholics worldwide and help put some perspective on your claims.” He smiled and looked directly into my eyes.

“For now, I am the Pontiff’s eyes and ears regarding this new development about God and His plans, as you describe them. Therefore, I have only a few questions. The first, are you God yourself?”

“No, I am not.”

“Then are you Satan?”

“No, I definitely am not Satan, Lucifer or any other names associated with him.”

“Have you spoken to the Archangel Gabriel?”

“What I have said Bishop, is that I spoke with a messenger from God who calls himself Gabriel. I do not know if he is the same angel in the Bible named Gabriel, or another Gabriel. I have no way of knowing.”

“Did you ever leave earth like Ezekiel or Elijah and get your revelations in heaven?”

“No, Bishop, no chariots of fire took me anywhere. I have already stated how I was chosen and the circumstances.”

“You are Catholic. Am I correct?”

“Yes I am.”

“Were you born Catholic?”

“No, I converted in 1985 through RICA, which is the Rite of Christian Invitation of Adults.”

“Yes, I know what it is Jack. I taught the class earlier in my youth. So, why did you convert?”

“The woman I wanted to marry was Catholic and it was required that I attend RICA prior to marriage.”

“So, did you like becoming Catholic?”

“Yes and no. There are some parts I like and others I do not.”

“So since you are Catholic, do you believe in all things about the Church?”

“No I do not.”

“So, you believe in God?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Do you believe in the Holy Catholic Church?”

“No, I do not.” I could see the Bishop hesitate and appear disappointed.

“So you believe in the Holy Spirit.”

“Yes, I do.”

“Do you believe in the communion of saints?”

“No, I do not.”

“Do you believe in the resurrection of the body?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Do you believe in Jesus Christ?”

“Yes, I do.”

The bishop hesitated then asked, “Mr. South, based on your answers, you seem to have definite opinions on the church and could possibly be excommunicated.”

“For what?” I responded. “Am I on trial, that you would threaten me with excommunication? That is a problem that I have with the church. Only God can deny me, not you, or any other person on this earth.”

“No, Mr. South. I am not excommunicating you or threatening you. I am just trying to understand what you believe in.”

“I have just told you what I believe in. I go to mass. I do my penance, I pray, and I talk to God, on my own terms, not yours; or based on the rules or regulations of any other organized church here on earth.”

“Okay, I understand.” He paused again, forming his next question.

“Are you one of the witnesses of the end times?”

“Yes I am, Bishop O’Keefe. That you can be assured of.”

“So does this mean then that this is the start of Tribulation today, as described in the last week of Daniel and what John prophesied on the Island of Patmos?”

I saw each panel member lean towards me and noticed the sweat forming on John’s brow. I looked directly into the Bishop’s eyes. For some reason, I felt that he was evil. I said, “I am surprised you would even ask that question Bishop. It is my understanding that the church’s stance on end times, especially Revelations, is that all of this took place a long time ago. Actually, several Catholic scribes have in the past, detailed an outline of what happened in John’s Apocalypse and directly related them to the Roman Empire. Therefore, with all due respect, are you questioning your own church’s stance on end time prophecy, and if so, does that mean you do not believe in the teachings of which you are a high ranking officer?” I sat back.

“Well, you are right. Your assumptions are correct, but I still want your opinion on my question?”

“I have no opinion. Opinions are not facts, they are opinions, and in this scenario, I do not give opinions. I give facts, and the facts I give are directly from God, not man.”

“So, do you have an answer to my original question?”

“No. I will not answer that question. It is not I who starts or ends tribulation; God sets the timetable. However, you can assume anything you want. But based on your belief prior to today, you and the Church have already said that this time will never exist.”

John, seeing that this was going nowhere and possibly sensing my irritation, interrupted and said to the Bishop, “Thank you, Bishop, but we need to move onto other questions.”

He then turned to Reverend Marks and said, “Reverend?”

The camera then moved to Reverend Marks. He turned to me with no “hi,” “how are you,” or anything, before going into his questions.

“Do you have any formal religious training, theology school, classes, Sunday school or any other credentials in regards to organized religion of any sort?”

Hmm, I wondered where he was going with these questions. “Sunday school, yes. Religious training, some; but mostly RICA with the Catholic Church, as previously said, and various religious books about prophecy that I’ve read in the past. Otherwise, if you mean did I go to theology school, no I did not. Am I a pastor with credentials, no I am not. I assume that with your high rank in the Southern Baptist Church, you have. Am I correct?”

“Yes Mr. South, you are correct. However, what I am trying to get at is how, with no training and no prior experience in religious laws and theology, would you expect anyone to believe God picked you to be one of the final witnesses? It seems to me that others would be better suited and that you are quite an unlikely choice.”

I closed my eyes. I needed inspiration. I soon found the answer I needed, just as Gabriel told me I would. “Reverend Marks, how well do you know the Bible?”

“I know my Bible well.”

“Alright Reverend, please give me one prophet of God in either the Old or New Testament who went to theology school like you did

and had to show those credentials to a panel to verify who they were. And Reverend, I might add, with your knowledge of the Bible, I think the same question you just asked me was asked of Jesus by the Sanhedrin in the temple, specifically when Annas sent Jesus to Caiaphas and then off to Pontius Pilot, if I am correct. I think the issue then, based on what you're asking, is do you have any credentials?"

It went dead quiet. I could see that the Reverend, all two hundred and eighty pounds of him, was pumping blood to the brain and his face and his anger was getting him to the point of calling me names and losing his composure. I calmly sat back and awaited his answer. He finally said, "You are evil, a blasphemer, and a product of Satan himself."

I looked up and stared into his eyes while I spoke, "See Reverend, now we have an opinion again, like the Bishop here, not a fact. Moreover, this is the problem with organized religion today. Too much structure, with buildings that are shrines to men, not God; and not enough faith."

John, seeing that there was going to be an issue here, interrupted and said, "We need to break for a commercial. We will be right back."

Chapter 33

11:10 AM EST New York - Bear News Interview Studio

John stood to leave during the break for commercials and news brief. He asked Reverend Marks to accompany him. As they left, I stood and asked no one in particular, where I could get a drink. Immediately, one of the pages who heard me took me to a table across the studio where various drinks were chilling in ice. I grabbed a Gatorade from the bin, opened it, and almost drained it in one swallow.

Mark, who had been off to the side watching the interview, came over beside me and said, “Jack, how are you holding up? Are you alright?”

“Yes, I think so, but I guess these people are here to crucify me in front of the world if they can. Fortunately, they don’t have some old logs and nails, or I am sure a few of them would jump at the chance.”

“I doubt it is that bad Jack; but I will say, they are trying to discredit you as best as they can, and it is going to get worse. How are you going to answer on any non-Christian questions they may ask? You are not going to tell them what they want to hear, are you? Only the truth, right?”

“I understand they are upset, Mark and that they are trying to discredit me. For the last answer I gave, I took Gabriel’s advice; closed my eyes, cleared my head, and waited for the answer. It only took two seconds until I knew what to say. Therefore, I guess I will take that route. It is my only way of answering these questions correctly, regardless of the consequence.”

Mark looked at me and shook his head, “You know, if you declare eastern religions invalid, especially Islam, you will have riots all over the world.”

“You’re assuming they are wrong about their respective religions Mark. I am not sure that is necessarily true. If the question comes up, I will have to answer as God desires for me to, regardless of the consequences, as I stated earlier.”

Mark looked down at the floor and then looked up at me and said, “Jack, I am really glad I am not in your shoes. I am really, really

glad.” He walked away. As I watched him go, it finally dawned on me that I was standing alone. The other participants were huddled together and talking; but I was all alone.

Chapter 34

11:12 AM EST New York - Bear Network Studios, Area away from Studio

John took the Reverend Marks into an open office away from the studio and asked him to sit down. “Reverend, are you alright?”

“Yes, I think so, but I am quite perturbed with Mr. South. I feel he is an imposter and is deceiving the world.”

“I understand what you are saying Reverend, but Jack is not on trial and what we want to know is what he knows, not to get public opinion to go one-way or the other. Jack has knowledge, a gift, to see the future. That is all we know for now. I understand your concerns. Do you want to continue on the panel or withdraw? I do not want to turn this into an inquisition and possibly cause riots in the streets, with people from different religions fighting. I only want to get some facts.”

“I understand John, but he accused me of being like the Jews described in the New Testament, as the crucifiers of Christ; and that was too much.”

“Well Reverend, you set yourself up for that response. Moreover, I have to say, it was a good one coming from Jack, who as you pointed out, has no religious training at all. It also made me understand after hearing his answer to your question, that Jack knows a whole lot more than he is telling us. This panel and this interview are to find out what he knows or at least as much as we can find out. But, we can’t go about it by accusing him of things or we will get nowhere.”

“I understand. I just lost it there for a few seconds. I will be okay and if given another chance, I will keep my questions direct, with no accusations.”

“Okay Reverend. We need to get back. The world is waiting for answers.”

Chapter 35

11:15 AM EST New York - Bear News Interview Studio

John Roddenburg returned and came directly over to the table I was standing by, drinking my second Gatorade. He seemed stressed, but as always, he was all business.” He said, “Hi Jack. Want some interesting news?”

“What kind of news, John?”

“Well you may not be interested, but my marketing people have said that viewership is in excess of ten points over the largest audience ever, including all the Super Bowls. Worldwide, they are translating this into every conceivable language there is from our feed to affiliates. It is the largest audience ever recorded. So I guess you could say you are really big news.”

“No John, I am not really big news. The fact that God is involved is what the big news is and people fear God. What is happening right now is the fact that people need guidance and that is why they are watching. To them, their world is ending and the world we knew yesterday is now gone. Today, the rules changed and as prophesied, we will all be a part of it.”

“I understand your feelings. Are you ready to continue?”

“Yes, I’m ready. I am sure it is going to get even more interesting.” I turned to walk back to the studio area and John grabbed my arm and gently pulled me back to him, then said, “Reverend Marks and I had a talk. I think he is calm now, but he has some more questions for you. Are you okay with that?”

I thought for a second and realized I really had no choice, so I simply said, “That’s fine,” as I shook my head and moved toward the couch.

Chapter 36

11:20 AM EST New York - Bear News Interview Studio

We were all back in our places and the countdown began again. John, looking into the camera said, “Welcome back world. If you missed any of our interviews with Jack South, I want to bring you up to date what we have reported so far. Firstly, we are continuing our interview with Jack South, whom most of you know by now, predicted the earthquake in California today and also won the two lotteries.”

“Jack claims to be a witness from God and has also predicted dire situations in North Africa, Southeast Asia, the South and East coasts of the U.S., which will all take effect by Tuesday; tomorrow morning. Considering his record of accomplishments, he has predicted exact death and injury tolls for the California calamity and the exact demographics. How can he do that we ask, for no man has ever been able to, unless you take into account the old prophets of the Old Testament. Therefore, like in the days of Moses and the pharaohs, we have a witness it appears, directly from God. That is at least what Jack South claims.”

“Also, for those of you who are just tuning in, we are in the middle of a panel discussion among religious leaders from whom Jack has agreed to answer questions. Prior to the commercial break and news updates, we had Reverend Marks speaking with Mr. South. The Reverend says he has a few more questions for him.” He turned towards the Reverend, “You may continue Reverend.”

Reverend Marks looked at me and said, “Mr. South, I want to apologize for my earlier outburst, but what you are proclaiming is very overwhelming. So please accept my sincere apology for name calling.”

“Apology accepted Reverend. These are very trying times we face.” He seemed pacified, so I waited for the next bombshell question.

“Jack. Do you mind if I call you Jack?”

“That’s fine Reverend.”

“According to many Christians, the start of Tribulation will be marked by an event called the Rapture, when all the Christians are taken up to meet God and they then are not a part of the end times.

I am a Christian, and I fully expect to be raptured to Jesus Christ Himself, and I am still here, so this event obviously has not occurred. Can you explain any of this to me, for my understanding is that this event occurs first?”

This was the most obvious question. It was one I had brought up to Gabriel when I, myself considered it in my mind. My answer from Gabriel would not go over well with this group for I was about to totally shatter some peoples hopes and prayers.

“What Biblical scripture do you know Reverend, which refers to this thought of Rapture?” I could see the cameras move in for close-ups. I put my head down for a second and closed my eyes. I concentrated, because I knew what the Reverend’s answer was going to be.

“Revelations 3:10 says,” he began, “Because you have kept the word of my patience, I also will keep you from the hour of temptation, which shall come on the entire world, to try them that dwell on the earth,” he quoted. “Also, first Thessalonians 4:15, ‘For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep’. First Thessalonians 4:16, ‘For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first.’ First Thessalonians 4:17, ‘Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.’” He paused then said, “All these verses are the promises of God, of the Rapture, for His believers at the beginning of Tribulation.”

Back on trial, I thought to myself. “Thank you, Reverend, and thank you for your very distinct Bible quotes. I would assume they are word for word; but once again, where is the word Rapture in the Bible in these quotes you have used. It does not exist.” I paused and said, “I agree with every one of those verses. I agree and believe in them. What I do not agree on is the entire Rapture theory or your interpretations of those verses you quoted.”

I paused again, and then I continued, knowing that this was a major issue with many Christians. “I believe the Rapture is just a theory, Reverend Marks. Darby, McDonald, and the Irvingites based on a

dream his wife had, started this movement in the 1800's. The Rapture has been the subject of arguments ever since and it has been disproven repeatedly that there is absolutely no reference to a pre-tribulation Rapture of Christians. The verses you just quoted require God and or Jesus himself to transcend towards earth twice, once for the Rapture and the other to judge the living and the dead. That has not happened, nor will it, until the time appointed by God Himself. Moreover, today I can assure you, is not that day. However, I can tell you this, He is coming very soon. Yes, there will be a time when the dead shall rise and the believers meet Christ, but not before the time of sorrows."

I hesitated to let my last comment sink in, then I continued, "Therefore, if you believe me or not as a witness, which I proclaim myself to be, please rest assured that there is no Rapture. There will be no Rapture. God has said in his words, you will be protected here during Tribulation, and that is all He said. My warnings to you Reverend, and to other Christians throughout the world, are what make the scriptures come true; the appearance of the witnesses, not the Rapture, as God's first 1,260 days or half of Tribulation. So, in answer to your question, you can either help your fellow Christians on how to prepare and endure the time of God or you can continue to hope for a Rapture to occur."

John spoke up and said, "Thank you, Mr. South and Reverend Marks. We appreciate your comments. Next, we have Rabbi Akavia Ben Tabbai. Rabbi Tabbai, do you have a question for Mr. South?"

"Yes John, I do."

I looked at the Rabbi and what I saw was an Orthodox Jew, whom I was going to assume would discredit me and Jesus and yet hold on to his God and Messiah. I was eagerly waiting for his questions. For now at least, I would have the other Christians on my side, I thought almost humorously, as I smiled.

"Mr. Jack."

I found it interesting that he called me Mr. Jack now, also as the Reverend did.

"I would assume that you know we do not look on your Jesus as being the Messiah, but a prophet, and that the entire New Testament is not of our teachings."

“Yes I know that Rabbi. I am aware that you have very stringent religious beliefs about this.”

“Good. Then I assume you have read some of our Jewish teachings?”

“If you mean the Torah or the Pentateuch, also known to the Gentiles, as the first five books of the Bible, yes I have read your books.”

“Then you know we have our own laws and regulations in those pages, handed down by our Hebrew God?”

“Yes, I am aware of that, Mosaic Law, if I am correct.”

“Then let me ask you. If we are looking for a messiah, and the Christians are looking for the return of Jesus Christ, neither of whom is here today, then who would you really be? Are you possibly Elijah, or Ezekiel, whom we understand never died, but was taken to heaven by God?”

“I am none of the above Rabbi. However, let me tell you about something I know about your religion and what is happening today. There is another witness, who will confront the Jewish people all over the world. He is not yet named to you, but you will hear from him very, very soon. This witness, Rabbi, is better equipped to answer any and all questions about God, Jesus and the Messiah and who He really is. But no, I am not any of those people you suggested.”

“I don’t quite understand about this other witness.”

“Rabbi, I am the witness for the Gentiles, as your religion named us. You refer to us as the non-believers. You will soon hear from a witness whose primary concerns are the gathering of not only the tribe of Judah to Israel, but also all the other tribes dispersed in the world. They are known by us Gentiles as the lost tribes of Israel, which were dispersed in 720 BCE or before the Common Era by the ancient Assyrians, as was prophesied by your Prophet Jeremiah. This witness can answer your questions as you have presented them to me. I cannot.”

The rabbi sat back in his chair and was quiet for a second, then said, “I see. Then we must wait.”

“You are correct Rabbi, very correct.”

John then said, “We really need to take a break for our sponsors and also get our viewers updated on the day’s events, especially in California. We will be back soon.”

Chapter 37

11:35 AM EST New York - Bear News Interview Studio

I was glad for the break. I was becoming very weary of the questioning and having difficulty concentrating. It had been over six hours since this day started and I knew that it was only beginning. It was going to get worse. Now I had to deal with the eastern religions of Islam, Buddhism, and Hinduism.

I got up and motioned for Mark to come with me. We walked off into a corner alone.

“Mark,” I said, “the Jewish question was the easy one. Now I have to deal with questions from the eastern religions and I have no idea how to answer them. I do not want to start riots in the world with my answers, but I think no matter what I say or how I say it, that is going to be what will occur. Do you have any ideas?”

Mark stroked his overweight double chin. He seemed to be concentrating. Then he said, “Tell them the truth, and let the chips fall where they may.”

“But Mark, I really do not know the truth.”

“Yes you do. Gabriel told you the truth and it is up to you to tell it like it is. Once again, it is your destiny to preach the gospel these last few years. Also, remember that you can always close your eyes and see God’s will.”

I thought this over for a few seconds, and I said to Mark, “Please tell them I need some time alone, maybe ten or fifteen minutes.”

“Sure Jack, I will tell them. Without you, there is no show, so I am sure they will wait.”

I walked away from the studio in search of a quiet place to pray.

Chapter 38

11:40 AM EST New York - Bear News Studios, Private Office off from Studio

I wandered down the hall from the studio and noticed a room with the door ajar. I pushed the door open some and realized there was no one in it. The only occupants were a desk and a couple of chairs. I felt I could probably use it without a problem. I entered, closed the door, and sat in one of the chairs, bowed my head, and closed my eyes. I wanted my thoughts to wander wherever they wanted to go. With my eyes closed, my mind was free to process all the events of the past few weeks and then focus on what was occurring today.

I made an effort to keep them closed then mouthed the following prayer: Dear God in heaven, and your son, Jesus. You have selected me to do your will and I am your willing servant. However, God, I am remorseful for I feel I am killing many people by my words and I am in sorrow. Yet I know that battles are not won without pain, fear, and loss. However, dear God, I feel for these people and I fear for them as well as my own family who are dispersed throughout my country. I am about to be questioned yet again by leaders who proclaim themselves men of God, but with whom I feel it is an occupation, not love of their God. I believe they are out to crucify me. Maybe not on a cross, but in opinion, and that will cause me to fail on the mission you have entrusted to me. Please give me the wisdom to carry on, to be able to answer the questions and withstand the temptation of running away. I thought Tribulation would come to pass someday, but I did not think I would be a primary player in its outcome. Your humble servant Lord, through your son Jesus Christ, I ask from you strength in these next few hours. These things I ask and pray for through Jesus Christ your son who will live forever and ever. Amen.

My eyes were still closed when I heard a knock at the door.

Chapter 39

6:40 PM CEST Brussels - The Waldger Group Corporate Headquarters, 42nd Floor

David and his other contemporaries in the room had been watching the interview with Jack South in fascination. So far, Jack had held his own and was able to not only handle the questions, but put questions right back to the questioners. David's thoughts were interrupted by Aafre, who was speaking again. The subject was the position of the Reverend Marks, who seemed very irate with Jack.

"...this Marks guy may be someone we can use in the very near future. Someone figure out who he is and what his angle is. In addition, for those of you who do not know yet, we have placed one of our people on the panel, whose turn is still yet to come. I will hold back on who he is to see if any of you can figure out which panelist it is. This is a game of words and we need to sharpen our abilities to fight back with our resources and discredit Jack and his other partner, whoever he is. It does not seem that we are going to find out much more about this other witness now, other than that he is Jewish, as Jack told the Rabbi. Even though Jack has said he does not know who he is, I think he does. Any comments?"

Baroness Rachel Wimberley of the Netherlands spoke up now, "I personally do not think this guy is the Witness, but a clairvoyant trying to make a name for himself. There has to be a rational explanation for his predictions. Maybe he is a genius, and figured all this out and is predicting what Mother Nature would do anyway. It may well be that he is a fraud and there is no substance to his claims."

"Very well put," Aafre responded, "but I caution; his predictions have always been correct and have zero probability of occurring exactly as he said. If what he said is going to happen with the new predictions, and it does, then your theory will hold no water. However, what you have just said is actually the basis of our plan to discredit him."

The President of the U.S. then spoke via satellite link. "Aafre, what if he is right in his predictions? If he is, California will pale in comparison with the destruction of these hurricanes. Our entire

infrastructure cannot contain two, let alone five, six, or seven disasters at one time. So, if he is right, then what do we do?”

Aafre was silent. After a moment of thinking, he said, “Let’s see what else this Jack has to say before we broach that subject, Stevenson.”

They all turned back to the monitors again, watching the news updates in California on Bear News; and like most people in the world, waited for Jack to continue after the news updates.

Chapter 40

11:45 AM EST New York - Bear News Studio, Room away from Studio Area

I sat up in the chair at the sound of a second knock, and went to the door. I cracked it and saw that it was Reverend Marks. “Can I help you, Reverend?”

“Uh, Jack,” he had his head hung down very low. “Can I speak with you for a minute, privately?” He stood there not moving or looking at me, just staring at the floor.

“Come in Reverend Marks and close the door, please.” I was concerned that he had come here to go off on me, but I let him in anyway. He walked through the door then closed it behind him. He gave me quite a shock, as he immediately got onto his knees in front of me, with his hands folded in prayer, and bowed his head. There were tears coming out of his eyes.

He began mumbling, “Please forgive me master. Please forgive me.”

The tears and sobs were coming full force from this man that had, just a few minutes ago, tried to destroy me in front of the whole world. I looked down at him, grabbed hold of his arm, and said, as I gently tried to coax him up, “Reverend, get up please. I am not the one you need to bow down too. I am a man like you, not God.”

I pulled harder on his arm, as he slowly started getting up. When he was finally standing, I directed him to the chair I had been sitting in. He sat down quite heavily and sighed. I could see the streams of tears on his face and I waited to see if he would speak. He sighed very deeply and raised his head to look at me. “Jack or Mr. South, I am so sorry that I attacked you in that studio today in front of all those people. I thought you were a fraud and my anger boiled over.”

Taking the spare chair from the wall, I placed it in front of Reverend Marks and sat down. “Reverend, under these circumstances, I also have a hard time believing most of this. I, like you, am a man, not a God, and I am not the perfect selection to do what I have been charged to do. However, I have accepted it, and to be honest with you, my acceptance is based on my faith. I have

not spoken to God or Jesus personally. I am going on true gut feeling that I am doing what I was called to do, because God wants me to.”

Pausing, I wondered what had happened to this man to change his feelings so quickly. Therefore, I decided to ask. “Reverend, what changed your mind from just a few minutes ago?”

“I am a man of God. I believe with all my heart in Jesus. I have spent my entire life trying to help people and save them from the fires of hell. I realized in talking to you today, that either you were from Satan himself, or you were from God. So I took out my Bible during the break and read some scriptures about the witnesses, and after reading it,” the tears started again, “I knew that you really are who you say you are and I felt that I had betrayed my God and Jesus. I was helping the devil’s cause. I think God moved me to read those scriptures so I would understand. But now I am here to plead forgiveness for my transgression against you.”

“Reverend, I do not have the power to forgive you, only God does, through Jesus Christ. Therefore, you must seek forgiveness through Him, not me. But let me ask you if you don’t mind Reverend, what is your first name?”

“Thomas and my middle name is Eugene.”

“Thomas, huh? That is interesting Reverend, very interesting. Let me ask you another question, if I may. I just had a revelation. Would you be interested in helping me out this week on something that I am going to announce later today?”

“What would you want me to do?”

“On Thursday I am having a rally, or service, as you might call it, in Kansas City at Liberty Memorial Park. It will probably be broadcast worldwide and I have no idea how many people will be attending. It is an open air service.”

“I know where it is. I have been there. It sits up on a hill, I think, above the train station, correct?”

“That’s the place.”

“So what do you want me to do?”

“I want you to plan the ceremony for me and work with my PR agency to arrange some singing, prayers, and all those things. I have

never done one and I need someone to help. You are the one I would want. And so that you know, we will pay all your expenses and whatever else you deem necessary.”

The Reverend looked surprised and asked, “You really want me to help with your ministry, even after what I did today?”

“Yes, I really want you to help.”

With that he said, “Let’s pray Jack.” We both then got down on our knees in front of our chairs as he led us in a prayer. When he was finished, we sat back up on our chairs and he said, as soon as he sat down, “I guess I am your Doubting Thomas!”

I smiled. “That is wonderful, Reverend. Yes, I suppose you are my Doubting Thomas. You know Thomas, working with me is going to become very dangerous, and your life will be at stake. I am popular now, but that is because they are curious. That will change as more and more things happen to mankind in the first half of the seven weeks.”

“Jack, believe me, I know. However, like you, I know that this is my destiny. God just told me when we prayed.”

I looked at him. He had said it so seriously that I began to think that God very well might have spoken to him. Then I thought about his name, Thomas, my own doubting Thomas, is now the third member of our little group. Therefore, I had a Mark, Luke, and a Thomas. There seemed to be a pattern here. I tucked that thought in the back of my mind to talk to Gabriel about it.

I saw a piece of paper on the desk and took a pen from my shirt to write down the number Thomas needed to call. I handed him the paper and said to him, “Call this number as soon as you can. This entire sermon and setup are now in your capable hands. In addition, they will get your travel arrangements done for you and whatever else you need. Reverend, I mean Thomas, be prepared, we are expecting a lot of people.”

“How many?”

“Millions and millions, in person and on TV.”

There was another knock at the door. I got up from my chair and opened it. The page who stood there said, “Oh, there you are. We

have been looking for you. They are about to start and we need to hurry.”

I motioned to Thomas, as I call him now, and said, “Its showtime again.” I smiled and then winked at him. We walked together through the door, towards the studio.

Chapter 41

11:55 AM EST New York - Bear News Studios

On the way back to the studio, John Roddenburg caught up with me. I stopped, but Thomas kept following the page. John asked, “Jack, how are you holding up?”

“Fine,” I said. “A bit tired, but I will be fine.”

“You know we still have the other four panelists yet to go and I wanted to talk about them to you.”

“What is it John? Do you have some concerns?”

“Yes, we do. We are concerned especially about the Islamic panelist. If the wrong things are said, there may very well be riots everywhere, including right here in New York City.”

“What do you think I am going to say that would cause that?”

“We know that Christianity and Islam do not mix. If your mission is to save the Gentiles, as you say, then the Muslims may fall under the Gentiles, that is, if I know my history. But if you say that they are evil, like so many have done in the past, then coming from you it could fuel a major crisis.”

“Well, you don’t know your history. John, listen, I am well aware of this and I am well prepared. Islam has the same founder, Abraham, as the Jews. I am selected for the Gentiles, which includes Christians, Hindus, Buddhists, atheists, and others, but not Muslims or Jews. You are going to have to trust me on this.” I paused, and said, “By the way, this Thursday we are selecting only your network to carry a live broadcast of a special service from Kansas City’s Memorial Park. It will be my first sermon to the people. The world is going to expect coverage and I want you there doing the commentary.”

“We already know Jack. Your agency told us about that this morning and we’ve already started working on it. We were not sure why, but they told us we had been selected to do this.”

“Did they also tell you during the entire sermon that you need to have a slow motion camera set up on me also?”

“Yes they did; and I was wondering about that. Do you know why we need that technology?”

“Yes I do, but I cannot discuss it yet. It will help your broadcast. And, John,” I said as we drew closer to the studio, “Reverend Marks is going to be my lead man in setting up the sermon in Kansas City. He is in charge of everything. Please have your people get with him. I think he is very well qualified and has done this before using TV and large crowds.”

John looked at me with his mouth half open and exclaimed, “You’re kidding me! He was about to crucify you just a half hour ago. I mean, I don’t understand.”

“John, things just happen. In addition, if you want an interview with me after the sermon, I will be staying at the Crown Plaza. Be prepared for your broadcast. There are going to be some very famous people there. Our agency is confirming the list now and you will probably want to do some spots on that prior to the sermon, especially with this group.”

“You’re news Jack. We will be there and yes we will definitely want an interview after the sermon.”

We had reached the studio area, and John went off to talk to his producer while I walked towards the couch.

Chapter 42

11:59 AM EST New York - Bear News Studios

When we were all finally seated again in the studio, we were given some briefings, microphone checks done, and all the other stuff they do. Then there was a countdown of about two minutes. I looked over at the remaining panelists and tried to read their faces. The cleric from a mosque here in New York, had shown no emotion on his face since the questioning began. I expected no trouble from the Buddhist. The Hindu, interestingly enough, did not seem much of a threat. They were usually peaceful. I supposed the atheist and maybe the cleric were the ones I needed to be careful with. I really did not want riots in the streets here, or anywhere else today.

John walked over and sat in his chair. As they adjusted his mike, he looked over at all of us and said, “We will start the next set with the representative from the Hindu Culture, Maharaj Hardik Narsi.”

The countdown finished and John did his introduction of continuing the panel and said, “The next panelist is Maharaj, Hardik Narsi. Maharaj, do you have a question for Mr. South?”

The cameras moved to focus on Hardik Narsi and me. Hardik looked at me, then smiled and said, “Mr. South, first off, I would like to thank you and Bear News for inviting us here to be a part of this panel. I can honestly say that I was quite surprised to get a call so quickly requiring a representative to be here; but I felt it was important and I wanted to be a part of this.” He smiled again and said, “Do you know much about the Hindus, sir?”

“Well, Maharaj Hardik, I hope I pronounced your name correctly?”

“Yes sir, you did, thank you.”

“I have a very limited knowledge of Hinduism, but it is my understanding that you believe in reincarnation and your primary God is Agni.”

“Yes that is correct, Jack.”

He called me by my first name, which I thought was interesting.

“Is there anything else that you know about Hinduism, Jack?”

“You have four basic parts to your religion; Dharma, fulfilling ones promise; Artha, prosperity; Kama, sexuality, desire and enjoyment; and Moksha, for enlightenment, which means that a person needs to have complete understanding. So, with my limited knowledge it seems the goal is to reach enlightenment.”

“You are basically correct, but it is a lot more than that. I am not here to teach today, but I want to ask you a question. Do you think you are reincarnated from one of the Bible’s prophets?”

This really surprised me for I would have expected many other questions other than this one, but maybe he had a reason to ask. I did not know how to answer, so as I always did. I closed my eyes slowly, cleared my head and waited to see if I got an answer.”

After a while, I opened my eyes and looked at Hardik, “With all due respect, I don’t know enough about or really believe in reincarnation, other than I know that when I die, God will resurrect my body and make me whole again. So I would suppose that may also be considered a form of reincarnation.”

“I understand that you would not believe as I, but then that brings me to another question. I know your religion of Christianity requires that you believe in your God and in his son for redemption and entrance to everlasting life. So, are you telling all the other religions of the world that unless they don’t convert to Christianity and worship Jesus, God’s son, as described in the New Testament, they are doomed forever?”

I would have thought the cleric would have asked me that question, not the Maharaj. Now I had to answer it and minimize the damage my answer would bring. I noticed that the cleric had perked up. I hoped that he would not jump into this conversation.”

“Maharaj Hardik, I am a witness for the one God, no other god. There is but one God, and the events so far today are just the beginning of the things He will make very apparent to the entire world. He is the one and only God and His son, Jesus Christ was ransomed for the earth from Lucifer. My mission here on earth is to make sure every person in the world has an opportunity to understand this and accept it in his or her own way. I do not intend on attacking other religions. I do not know all that God has wrought in the world over the ages. I do not know how others see

God or worship Him, but I do know that Jesus Christ allowed the gospel to offer to what was described as the Gentiles, to give them salvation. As the Lord my God makes his presence known in the world by His actions, through His witnesses, it will be up to each of us to make a decision about who we think God is.”

“Very well put Jack, but I do not understand why your God will destroy or kill as many people as He has today. That seems to me to be quite stern, and the new predictions you have passed on will make the events in California pale with what is to come. It seems He is very, very angry.”

“All I can say to you is that as in the days of Noah, things were similar to what they are today. In that case, God destroyed all His creation, with the exception of Noah and his family, and gave no chance to all the other inhabitants of the earth. This time, He is giving the people of the earth a chance and a choice.”

“So, it’s your God and His son or nothing, I presume? That is what you are telling all other religions of the world.”

He was pushing me to tell him that he would go to hell if he did not believe in Jesus Christ. I knew this, but I decided to answer by letting the chips fall where they may. Therefore, I said, “No, it is God, not a named deity, but the ruler of the universe. I have not met God; I only have faith that He has a plan. Maybe God has manifested Himself to other cultures differently, I do not know. However, I do know for the Gentiles, that yes, it is believe in Jesus Christ or when judgment comes, you will be to his left not his right. There is no other answer.”

“Thanks,” John said, as he stopped the questioning. “We need to go to an update and commercial and we will be right back.”

As the network broke for a commercial, John turned to all of us and said, “We are almost out of time and regretfully there will only be enough time for one more panelist.”

John Roberts, the atheist said, “I really don’t have any questions John. I don’t believe any of this hocus pocus anyway.”

John then looked at the cleric and said, “Do you have any questions?”

“Definitely,” he said.

“Well then, it’s between you and our other guest.”

The Buddhist Monk said, “I’d prefer to bow out John. If you don’t mind, this is not the time or the place for me to discuss my beliefs.”

Chapter 43

12:15 PM EST New York - Bear News Interview Studio

We were notified we had about fifteen minutes until the next and last segment, so I sought out Reverend Marks, now known as Thomas, and my attorney Mark Anderson.

We gathered together in a small corner out of earshot of the other guests. I told Mark that Thomas was going to help us in Kansas City and to give him as much support as possible. He did not say anything like John had so I assumed he was not surprised. I then said, "I was amazed that the Hindu representative was so aggressive and I wondered what kind of damage it was causing in the world with other religious people and countries."

Thomas said, "To be honest Jack, you said it correctly and it is what it is. God said that he was the only true God and if these people have other Gods, they can either believe or not believe."

"That's true Thomas, but now I have the cleric after the break. Islam will not take this lying down, so do any of you have any suggestions?"

They both looked at me, and Mark said, "When I am trying a case, it usually comes down to emotions, and since there are no cross examinations here, I would suggest you avoid direct questions and answer with hypothetical answers, like you just did. In other words, avoid the obvious and use compliments. Let them think what they want."

"Do you think they are going to directly ask me if I think their Allah is the same God, as that of Christians and Jews?"

"Well is he or not? Or do you know?" Mark asked.

"I don't know, but I assume that he is not the same God."

"You are probably right, but remember what Gabriel told you, the Jews are the other witness' problems and not yours. I would think that also means the Muslims, as you stated earlier, for they also all claim to come from Abraham. So do not commit. You have a long time to go and today you will not win it all."

"Okay Mark. I understand." Then I turned to Thomas and said, "How about you?"

“I agree with Mark. I have not met this other witness, but if I know my prophecy, he is not like you. He will tell it like it is regardless of whom it hurts. I would stay with what you know. Avoid controversy today. Also Jack, do you have any direction from God on this?”

“No I do not.” I thought to myself, no I think he has left this one up to me.

Chapter 44

12:15 PM EST New York - Bear News Corporate Headquarters, 41st Floor

John was intercepted by his producer, Donald, on his way to the newsroom and was told that it was not necessary to do the 12:15 p.m. update, “It’s already covered. It is mostly the California earthquake news, weather updates, and some of the highlights of Jack’s interview so far,” he said.

“Okay, that will work. I need to catch up anyway. When will we be back on?”

The producer answered, “At around 12:30; but John, Chris wants to see you immediately. He says it is urgent.”

“What does he want?”

“I do not know, but I would hurry. We will wait until you are done with your meeting with him of course. You need to go now.” Without another word, John started for the elevators to the boss’ office on the 41st floor.

Chris Morgan rarely interrupted anything John did on these shows and that made him concerned. John pretty well thought that it might have something to do with the next panelist, who was the Islamic cleric. He was known to be very outspoken.

John had known Chris for years, both professionally and personally. Chris was a man that loved his family, but saw them little, for he was also married to his work. He was about 60 years of age with deep blue eyes and a smile that could mesmerize you. He weighed about two hundred pounds, wore very nice clothes, but not flashy, and loved spending time on his boat. However, even when he was on it, he was conducting business. He enjoyed his life and his Network.

The elevator stopped on the 41st floor and Sharon, his assistant, was sitting at her desk, “Go on in John, he’s waiting.”

When John walked into Chris’s office, the boss was standing off to the side of his desk, looking out the window. He turned and asked, “Have you seen the streets John?” John moved over to the window and looked down a madhouse of people.

“No I had not seen it. I had no idea it had grown to this proportion.”

“Well since you have been doing your work downstairs The Network has been covering our front door with their reporters in the throng. They are reporting that we are harboring a criminal and that the justice department ought to pick Jack up. It is just rhetoric, but it is effective. They probably have a few skills in there they placed for the news reporters. That’s their style.”

“What do you want me to do?” John asked.

Finish the interview, and then we will start reporting from the street. We will also get some legal people on our follow up broadcasts to refute that Mr. South has committed a crime. Predicting Mother Nature is not yet a crime anywhere that I know of. The other thing is, the last segment of the interview got a little rough. I would not have thought that the Hindu would go on the attack the way he did.”

“Yes he did; and to be honest, I think he did so, on purpose. However, I think Mr. South held his own and minimized the damage that could have been done. I guess I need to try to control this next segment with the cleric. We are going to have to pass on the atheist and the Buddhist. I think Mr. South is about done with interviewing today and we have to get other things done too.”

“Any idea on how we get him out of the building? That crowd out there will tear him to pieces.”

“No. I will ask Mr. South how he would like that to be handled.”

“Well, see if they can make arrangements for a helicopter or use ours. Also that way we can film it live. When the crowd sees that he is gone, maybe they will disperse.”

“Okay, I will mention it.”

“I guess we are the network for the Kansas City thing he is doing?”

“Yes.”

“Any idea why it is he requested that we have slow motion cameras?”

“I have an idea, but nothing definite.”

“If this crowd is any indication of what is to come, then Kansas City will be a nightmare. But its news, and where there is news, we will be there.”

“Right Chris; uh, I really need to get downstairs and finish this.”

“Okay John, do your best. If the world is still here when it comes up, you will get a Pulitzer for this.”

Chapter 45

12:25 PM EST New York - Bear News Interview Studio

We were all seated again and I was hoping that this would end soon. We were doing unprecedented TV with an unscheduled interview, a hurriedly appointed panel of religious leaders, and a major disaster in California that I was getting the blame for, because I predicted it. Moreover, there were major hurricanes heading for the U.S., major rain in North Africa, and soon, the ice caps would start melting ice. And it was only noon.

John returned and took his seat. The assistant producer used his fingers for the countdown; showing five, four, three, two, and one, instead of the digital counter. John had said almost nothing when he came back. He just let the conversation flow with the panelists. As the cleric's turn drew closer, I wondered if he would stay out of it or try to moderate; for there could very well be some fireworks. Maybe that was why he was so quiet.

Once we were live, John went through some introductions again, giving the same summary. Then he introduced the world to the Muslim Cleric, Mohammed Asolu, asking if he had any questions for me.

"Yes John, I do." Then he turned to me and said, "Jack, or Mr. South, how do we know you are from your God?"

I could see that everyone leaned forward on the couch, including John. Then I replied, "Cleric Asolu, this is really very simple." I was hoping this would work and he would bite, "The Bible and the Qur'an have the test of the prophet correct in its scriptures. The test is quite simple. A prophet or man from God, or a messenger from God, says something. He has to be one hundred percent, right? So far, have I not been one hundred percent correct?"

"I suppose so Mr. South, but that does not prove you are from God."

"What would you say would make me known as a man of God, other than your opinion, Cleric Asolu?"

"Maybe we can have another test of your ability to communicate with God."

I was surprised at this request. I would have thought that he would jump on the Hindu's bandwagon and get me to say Allah was not God. It was working. Thank you God, I said to myself.

"Okay, I am up to the test. Let us say we ask the Bear News to break for a commercial. You and all the rest of the panel get together and predict something that may occur, say by 1:15 p.m., which would be epic. Give the exact time, place, and any other details as to what would occur; and it has to be something not caused by man." I waited for an answer.

"I am not sure we can do that. We can all pray together and ask for a sign, but specific information we cannot do. But can you? Can you predict something right now that will happen by 1:15?"

"Would it matter to you if I could?"

"Yes it would. I would have to start to rethink my doubts about you."

"That's fair." I looked over to John and asked, "May I have a piece of paper and a pen?"

He motioned to the camera area and a few seconds later a page brought over a clipboard with a pen and blank paper on it. He handed it to me, not saying a word.

I said to the others, "I need a moment please." I could see the camera had zoomed in on me. I closed my eyes and spoke to God silently. God, I need help here. I need to show them that you are here in my presence, directing my hand and my mind. I stayed motionless, then I opened my eyes and began to write. I took the sheet off the clipboard folded it in half and handed it to John.

"You can read it out loud if you like," I said to him.

John Roddenburg looked at me as he took the folded sheet and said, "It's not another disaster, is it Jack?"

"No, it is a prediction with the exact information including the longitude, latitude and time of day it will happen, which is at exactly 1:15 p.m. today. Feel free to discuss it with the panel if you wish. It is in a remote area."

He unfolded the note I wrote, then read the contents to the panel, "At 1:15 p.m. EST, a new volcano will start erupting in the Pacific Ocean at +13.239 latitude by -147.128 longitude. This is about four

hundred miles southeast of Hawaii. Within three days, it will be a small island.” John looked at me and asked, “Are there any populated areas near there, Jack?”

“No. It is pretty well open ocean. You should receive information of an earthquake in that area by 1:15 p.m. EST. The ocean will then start to boil and there will be an ash cloud coming from the sea. As the cone builds, it will begin to form land.”

John looked at his watch and said, “That is in about 35 minutes.”

“Yes it is. Now you will see the power of God; each and every one of you. For this predication is impossible for a man to cause and impossible to predict.” I turned to the other panel members and said, “I hope this will answer all of your questions. I am sure you have many more, but for today, I have answered as many as I can. Additionally, I do want to let the viewers and you know that on Thursday at 7:30 p.m. in Kansas City, Missouri, I will be holding my first rally or sermon.”

John turned to the panel and said, “We appreciate your coming today; each and every one of you.”

He then turned to the camera and said to the world, “We will also be in Kansas City on Thursday, broadcasting Jack’s sermon live. We will soon provide additional information on the schedules for this live event on Bear News. Well folks, it just keeps getting more interesting as the day progresses. We are going to cut away to regular news and try to figure out how to get coverage of a new island being formed in the Pacific, starting at 1:15 p.m., a few minutes from now, as Jack has predicted. If he is correct, that will be four for four at zero odds. He hesitated to let it sink in. “Stay tuned to us and we will bring you up to date as soon as we can confirm or disprove Mr. South’s latest prediction.”

Chapter 46

12:59 PM EST New York - Bear News Viewing Room

We wandered back to the glassed in viewing room. Lunch had been set up for everyone. I got a cup of ice for a soda and started nibbling on a finger sandwich. Mark had followed me in, but had said nothing. I sat down and stared through the glass at the monitors as John Roddenburg continued from the news desk. I turned to Mark and said, "This was an interesting day."

Mark just shook his head and said, "This has been a very long day."
"Yes indeed and it is not over yet."

"Where are we going from here?"

"I'm not sure. I assume that Gabriel and Ariel have something setup for us. I know I'm supposed to be going to the Middle East soon."

"Well just to bring you up to date, I have my ear to the attorney general's office in Washington, and so far there does not seem to be any hurry to snatch you off the streets for anything yet. We are however, getting ready to sue The Network for breach of contract and liable. That should happen by Friday at the latest."

"Thanks Mark. We need to destabilize them as much as possible. They are owned and run by The Waldger Group. Anything we can do to discredit them will be to our advantage. We are running a one man army here against some really powerful people in the world and we do not have much time." Some of the panelists had entered the room. Cleric Mohammed walked up to me as I stood by the buffet table. He was getting a drink. I asked him if we could talk a moment.

"Yes," he said.

We walked over to a couch and sat down. He took a drink, and said, "I find you interesting Jack."

"So does the rest of the world Mohammed; but I want to ask you, why did you not get on the bandwagon of trying to nail me about Allah and my God?"

“Simple. If I started that question in light of what is going on today and what I am seeing, riots would break out everywhere. I did not want that to happen today. It is the wrong time.”

“Thanks, I do appreciate it. I really felt it was going to be the other way. Your insight may well have stopped even more disaster today. I sincerely appreciate it.”

“I understand. The world is changing and I have read the prophecies from your bible. We have many of our own and they are very similar.” He paused before continuing, “I really believe you are the witness as described in your scripture and I feel for you. Very soon, everyone will hate you on earth. You know that don’t you?”

“Yes I do.”

He got up from his chair and said, “I do not need to stay to see if your prediction is true. I know it will happen. I have no doubt. We need to talk again Jack, very soon.”

He bowed. I returned the gesture and watched him leave the area. I assumed he was leaving to go and discuss this with his colleagues.

I turned my attention back to the monitors that were showing the broadcast from the news desk.

Chapter 47

1:20 PM EST New York - Bear News Desk

John Roddenburg was on the TV monitor and we saw a piece of paper handed to him by a page. He read it then turned to his co-anchor and said, "We have breaking news." He then turned back to the camera, "Satellite pictures are showing a disturbance about four hundred miles off the coast of Hawaii. It appears there was an undersea earthquake in that area at approximately 1:15 p.m. and there is notable ash coming from the sea floor to the surface. That is all the details we have for now. We will have more for you later as more information is available. That would mean, viewers, that Jack South, self proclaimed Witness of God, is right again."

Chapter 48

8:25 PM CEST Brussels - The Waldger Group Corporate Headquarters, 42nd Floor

David was listening to the announcement from Bear News on the monitor. “Jack was right again,” he heard John Roddenburg say. “He had challenged the panel and won, yet again. That was impossible, yet he did it.

They had heard from Aafre after the panel interview, and learned that the person owned by The Waldger Group was the Hindu. It appears he was trying to get Jack to say that it was either his God or no God, and all the rest will go to hell. Well, he did not quite pull it off, but there was damage.

They had thought the cleric would capitalize on the next session, but he did not. In fact, he had probably helped Jack out, especially with the challenge. Jack and his God, if there was one, had pulled off another exact prediction. Fortunately, it was in a remote area in the Pacific and damage to property or people was not a concern. It was just a show of power or, as Jack put it, of his God.

Aafre began addressing everyone, so David turned his thoughts to what Aafre was saying. “Gentlemen, we now know for sure he is our man and we also know that the plan that we have worked on for years must now go into play. That means events as we think they are going to occur will allow us to start taking control of the world’s affairs at the insistence of the countries themselves. However, before all that happens, we need to start moving our assets out of harm’s way. The first, obviously, is the Transatlantic. Traffic will be difficult for the next few weeks due to the predicted hurricanes, so we need to reroute everything to minimize damages.”

“Stevenson,” referring to the U.S. President on the monitor, “you may have to declare martial law in your country very soon and start moving things like the stock market and the government to other cities, temporarily. New York will certainly be uninhabitable for sometime it appears. In addition, I am sure that Jack is not through with the U.S. He may well unleash more carnage and damage on North America. However, if the hurricanes he has predicted are all category fives and fours, it will paralyze the Gulf coast states, your refineries, and major ports. I would suggest that at the first start of

trouble, you start gas rationing and shut down unnecessary transportation in general, at least until things stabilize.”

Richard Stevenson said, “We will have our best people working on scenarios regarding the eastern seaboard and the Gulf coasts, along with the expected rainfall in the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys, which usually follows hurricanes. Within the next few days we should have a plan to evacuate these areas, sooner than later. Regarding our oil facilities and refineries in the Gulf, they are a matter of national security and we need to figure a way to handle the lack of fuel that, as you well know, runs our nation. This matter is of the utmost importance to us. We are also concerned that many of our seaports will either be closed temporarily or severely damaged. This means, most likely, airfreight will become the primary source for some time. This also means that with the shortage of fuel, we may have even more problems.” The President stopped for a moment, and then asked, “Aafre, do you have any idea why we are being singled out?”

“No. We do not know the answer to that.” However, Aafre did have an idea on why, but was not going to share that at this time. It would not be in anyone’s best interest.

“Thanks Aafre. In light of what’s happening here, I think it will be best that we move the U.S. government to Cheyenne Mountain as soon as we can to make sure our government is secure. However, I really think we need to move on Jack, or this so called witness, and put him through a questioning session to get information from him. I don’t think he is telling us everything he knows.”

“No, Mr. President. That would not be wise. If we were to take him with the power he has, it would possibly unleash disaster that we could not contain or be unable to control our losses. In time, he will be taken care of. I am only going to repeat this one more time for everyone. This person is hands off. The people themselves will hate him in a month, along with his other witness, wherever he is. Do I make myself clear?”

The President said “yes” and a formal nod of heads and murmurs were heard.

The President of Venezuela spoke up and said, “Do you know if he is planning any other rallies other than the Kansas City one in the States at this time? I really do not want him in my country.”

“No we do not know his plans, but he is free to go wherever he wants to go, including your country. We cannot afford to have the entire world rise up against us, not this early in the game. That is what will happen if we try and contain him, at least for now.”

“Alright, sir, we will comply. Also,” the President of Venezuela continued, addressing the U.S. President, “We will be suspending shipping oil to you through the Gulf and Atlantic until these disasters are over, to protect our ships; but will resume once the ports are reopened.”

“Thank you,” the President said. “I appreciate that.”

David thought that that was interesting. In the public eye, these two countries acted as if they hated each other, yet in here, they were all like best friends. Amazing!

Aafre then said, “We need to have a meeting scheduled very soon, maybe right in Kansas City after Jack South’s speech. There we can introduce our new champion to battle Jack and the other witness. I would like to thank all of you for attending on such short notice. However, I need to take care of some other business and see what else these witnesses may have in mind. This is the end of the meeting today.”

As David got up to follow everyone out, he overheard Aafre quietly asking the Cardinal to stay.

Chapter 49

1:30 PM EST New York - Bear News Studios, Helipad on top of Corporate Building

Finally, the whirlwind day was winding down and it was time to go to the next phase of my mission. All I knew was that the next thing on my agenda was to fly to the Middle East where I assumed I was to meet my fellow witness and introduce him to the world. I just was not sure when. Then I would be off to Kansas City on Thursday for the first of many stops around the world to proclaim the message.

We took the elevators down to the ground floor, assuming Gabriel had arranged transportation. As we moved towards the door leading out of the network, through the glass we could see a mass of people and police attempting to hold them back. But there was no limousine there. I stood back looking out the door and asked Mark, “How do we get out of here now?”

At that same moment, a page came up to us and said, “Mr. South, can you follow me? We are going to take you to the roof.”

As we followed the page back to the elevators I asked, “Why are we going to the roof?”

“There is a helicopter there to pick you up. I thought you knew that.”

“No, I didn’t.” I looked at Mark as I shrugged my shoulders and said, “I guess we are really going to fly with angels, assuming that Gabriel arranged this.” The assistant just looked at us saying nothing. He seemed more in shock than anything from my comment. He must have watched the broadcast.

When we walked out onto the roof from the elevator, we saw the helicopter. It was a Bell Long Ranger, six-seat commercial passenger copter. We hurriedly moved across the roof to the pad, then ducked down under the rotating blades and climbed into the open door.

When we got in, I was not surprised to see Gabriel and Ariel. Someone had shut the door and then we were quickly airborne. I looked out the window and saw the cameras on the roof. They had evidently been filming our departure. “Now they can go and say,

‘Elvis has left the building.’ Maybe that will make the crowd outside the building disperse,” I said to no one in particular.

“Where are we going?” I asked, looking at Gabriel.

He answered, “To LaGuardia airport to take a jet to Israel. You have a lot to do and a short time in which to do it. I will meet you there after you land. I have other business to attend to.”

I nodded. “I thought that was tomorrow?”

“No, it is better you go now Jack,” as he handed me a bound folder. “Read all of this and memorize it. It tells the story you need to start relating to the world, not as man wrote it, but as God and Jesus wrote it. You will be the second mortal man to ever read the Word of God directly from his hand. Memorize and believe, for you are the one who needs to tell the Gentiles the truth.”

Gabriel then turned his attention to Mark and asked, “Do you have everything in place at your office for the fallout that is sure to start coming?”

Mark said, “Yes, and I need to get back to my office to attend to business.”

“The pilots will drop you off at the airport with Jack and you can catch a limo back to your New York office.”

“No,” Mark said, “I can catch a shuttle back to Chicago. I need my resources there, if that is okay.”

“That’s fine Mark, but be careful. We cannot protect you in public like that.”

Mark replied, “I will be fine. They are interested in Jack, not me. I guess we will all meet up again in Kansas City on Wednesday or so for the Rally Thursday?” he asked.

“No Mark. We need you where you are. I think you will be very busy the next few days.”

“Okay Gabriel, as you say,” Mark replied.

I looked over at Gabriel and said, “I have invited the Reverend Marks, whose first name is Thomas, by the way, to handle the Kansas City rally for me. I also asked him to be my right hand man. I hope that is okay.”

Gabriel smiled and said, “You’re doing well Jack. You have a Mark,” pointing at Mark, “and now a Doubting Thomas. I am also glad you are taking on the responsibility for your sermon there. You will soon be totally on your own with only your friends you trust, and the other witness around you. Choose each one of those friends carefully, for there is always a traitor in every group.”

“I know Gabriel. I am well aware of betrayal.”

“We’re landing soon Jack. God be with you, and also you Mark,” Gabriel said, and then he sat back and was quiet.

The copter landed at LaGuardia. We stepped off the helicopter right by a waiting car that whisked me off to a jet on the tarmac. As I got out, I told Mark, “Thanks and I’ll call you later.” I then walked up the steps of the private jet. I was greeted by one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen.

She said, “Take your seat and buckle up Mr. South. We need to take off.”

Chapter 50

2:00 PM EST somewhere over the Atlantic

As the jet took off from the airport, it dawned on me that I had no luggage, no passport, and was hungry and tired. I looked around my surroundings and took notice that this was a private corporate jet. I assumed some of the lottery winnings had bought it. Mark was really good, I thought. He knew how to get things done. He had gone through a lot today and what was now in his mind was more than any one mortal could comprehend, I assumed. I hoped he was okay.

I looked at the binder I held in my hand that Gabriel had given me, and just stared at it. I was afraid to open it. This was God's message that I was to start preaching worldwide. I was the one to teach and evidently punish the Gentiles. The other witness would deal with the Jews of the world and their conversion to Jesus.

As I closed my eyes, I wished that I had a cigarette or a drink. I wondered if that was a sin. I had committed so many sins in my life up to this point that I still could not comprehend why I was chosen. I was also thinking that my time here on earth was also limited and I thought of my family. I would be dead in a little over three years.

As I sat there in my own world, I felt a tap on my shoulder. the cabin attendant was standing there with a package of Marlboros, a lighter, and a cold Coors Light. She said, "I think you might want these. They might help you relax."

"Thanks," I said. I asked her where she was from and her name.

"My name is Veronica. I am from just about everywhere."

"Are you a friend of Gabriel or Ariel?" I asked

"Yes. I, like them, and I am here to help and protect you."

"Are you an angel?" I asked, for I did not know of any female angel's names.

"It's best that you do not concern yourself with angels just now. I am here to help you with your journey. For the next three and a half years someone will always be with you to help."

“Well, that’s good. Can you answer a question for me?”

“Of course.”

“Are smoking this cigarette and drinking this beer sinful?”

She laughed. “If you do in moderation and follow the Ten Commandments, then there is not a sin in smoking or drinking. If it destroys God’s gifts, then yes, it is a sin. I do not think that you are sinning by drinking a beer. I will also have some dinner for you in a few minutes. If you like, there is a phone on board. Your wife and family have been trying to reach you all day, especially since the TV news has you on nonstop and worldwide. I am sure your wife is worried.”

“Thanks.” I looked at the sky phone, as I thought of what I was going to say. I never really told them what I was really going to do, except that since we won the lottery people would try to take advantage of us and so I had to move them out of the country. Now she would know the truth and I needed to comfort her and the kids somehow. How, I did not know. I laid the binder on the seat beside me as I lit the Marlboro.

I finished the first cigarette then lit another and stared at the phone.

Chapter 51

9:00 PM CEST Brussels - The Waldger Group Corporate Headquarters, Aafre Waldger's Office

After everyone left, Aafre and the Cardinal went to his private office to talk and have some dinner. After they were through and the service was removed, he turned to the Cardinal and said, "It is time to implement the plan Cardinal. It must be done soon. We need to start to battle these witnesses sooner and not later. Are you in agreement that it is time?"

"Yes I am. We have always been ready. We also know the prophecies of Saint Malachy. It is time for the last Pope to arrive. It is also now time for Peter to take power of the church, is it not?"

"Yes it is, yes it is. Do you have a timetable and is your Peter ready?"

"Yes, he is ready. We have spoken several times before and he knows the plan and his role in it."

"How are you going to depose of the current Pope?"

"That is our problem, but as you know, he is old and not doing so well. Therefore, his death will not be a surprise to anyone. We have already taken steps to ensure that Peter takes office on the very first vote without any no's, but all yeses. We will take care of it as promised, and soon."

"Well within the week, two at the most please; for we need to move forward as soon as possible."

"It will be done, Aafre." The Cardinal stood, bowed, and took leave of the room.

When the Cardinal had gone, Aafre sat thinking about how they had waited for this time to come for thousands of years. The Master had laid out every step from this point forward and now The Waldger Group would be the one to carry it forward. He knew that his faith in his God, known only as the Master, had always shown him that the earth did belong to him and that title of the earth had been given to him a long time ago. However, God had reneged on the deal and sent Christ to reclaim the earth for God. It was a bad bet, and the Master had been fighting it ever since.

The final battle for earth was now less than seven years away and with the Hebrew God trying to destroy a large portion of mankind in these next few years, they had a lot to do to minimize damage and maintain the infrastructure needed for the final decision.

He had listened to this witness on TV today and was surprised at how nervous he was. Not at all a Moses or Abraham, but seemingly doing what he needed to do on autopilot, being almost afraid. The close up showed the fear in his eyes.

At this point though, he was more concerned about the other witness, the one that would preach to the Jews of the world and try to turn them from their belief to accepting Jesus as the Messiah. Aafre also believed that it was this witness who would take on the Arabs, and other Muslim countries, and turn that entire region into chaos. He was sure of it. This Jack South though, would learn more and become even more powerful. However, they were ready for it all, and he would soon announce not only the Prophet, but also his selected leader that all would accept very soon. It would not be much longer. The clock was ticking, soon, very soon.

Chapter 52

2:00 PM EST New York - Bear News, John Roddenburg's Office

John Roddenburg sat in his office, exhausted. Between the climatic earthquake in California and Jack South today, he was almost brain dead. His team was working around the clock to get an angle on the effects of what Jack predicted on the earth. Experts would be following these prophecies or predictions, as Jack called them, over the next few days.

John was also concerned that there was no infrastructure in the U.S., let alone the world, for the multiple disasters which were to happen in the U.S., Africa, and parts of the Middle East. There was not enough labor or resources to deal with what was starting to look like fifty Katrina-like disasters in thirty days.

He had wanted to try to get some interviews setup about the government's take on Jack South's predications. However, everyone had clammed up. Every senator, every congressional representative, and public servant in Washington had not said a word. It was if they no longer existed and someone had put out a gag order on the government. All he knew was that there was to be a closed session sometime tomorrow for Senate and House Leaders, and the President's Cabinet in Washington. There was not even an announcement of where this was to take place or the exact time.

Bear News also had to get the machinery in place for the rally in Kansas City. It was going to be a mess there and they needed to get the equipment and personnel ready. John had planned to be at the epicenter in California by tomorrow morning, but he could not do both. By tomorrow afternoon, he would be broadcasting from Kansas City for the rest of the week.

As he continued deep in thought, he knew he was not only concerned but also fearful. He knew with all his heart that what Jack South said, was true. The world was on the brink of total chaos and disaster. He needed to get out his Bible and read Revelations and Daniel again. It had been some time since he had. It might give him some insight on what was transpiring and who the other parties were that would soon be appearing. There was always a second party to all issues. John knew this from being a reporter. He

wondered if it was the same group they had been harassing for the past ten years. Then a passage of scripture came to mind. He jumped up and started looking for a Bible.

Chapter 53

2:00 PM EST Washington, D.C. - White House, Oval Office

President Stevenson and Jamal walked out of the War Room. The President motioned for him to come into the Oval Office. As they entered the room, the President asked the secret service agents to wait outside the door, so he and Jamal could have some privacy.

As they sat down, the President behind his desk and Jamal on the other side, the President said, “As you heard in the meeting, Jack South has basically declared war on the world. That is the first problem and one we will address soon. But I want you to figure out a way to get him to come to the White House to meet with me privately.”

“Why?” Jamal asked. “Did you not hear Aafre in the meeting? We were told specifically to leave him alone.”

“Yes I heard, but a friendly agreed upon meeting is not picking him up or harassing him. And he said that was okay.”

“Why would you do that anyway, Robert?”

“Because, like Jack, I am an American, and he might listen to me if he knows about the other side of the real story, not the fairy tales he was taught in Sunday school. I think we might be able to persuade him, but if not, then we will make Mr. South’s life miserable. In addition, we will do it without arresting him. It’s a strange thing to be really hated by almost everyone and that may be Jack’s legacy in life.”

“Also Jamal, I need you to call all the cabinet members away from wherever they are, to be here by tomorrow at 9:00 a.m. sharp, and then transported to Camp David. Also, get a hold of the Vice President in China. He needs to be here now. Use Air Force transportation or any military transportation available for anyone not here in the capital. Call the House and Senate leaders and ask them to attend also.” The President paused, and then said, “And one more thing, Jamal. This is top secret. Do not talk to any aides, only the principals involved. Even though it is being held at Camp David and the press are likes flies over there, tell them to keep it under wraps, and,” thinking about his next statement said, “have

them all bring an overnight bag. We have a lot to do and accomplish in a very short period of time.”

“Yes sir.” Jamal turned to leave the Oval Office to do the President’s bidding.

Chapter 54

2:45 PM EST somewhere over the Atlantic

On the private jet, I finished a dinner of salmon, asparagus, and small potatoes. I had another beer and sat smoking a cigarette as Veronica cleared the dishes. I had been hungry and had eaten everything. Amazing, I felt that the aircraft I was flying in could be like a four star restaurant. It was amazing what money could buy you.

I stared at the telephone. I had not yet made the call home, but I knew I really needed to. I picked it up and started dialing the number Veronica had given me to call my family.

The phone started rang a few times before I heard the phone on the other end answer. I heard my wife's voice say "Hello?"

"Hi honey. It's Jack. How are you?"

Lois shrieked, "Jack, where are you? What is going on? You did not tell me about all of this." She kept on, almost screaming on the telephone.

After listening to her I said, "Lois calm down. I am sure you have been watching the news and know everything now, at least as much as anyone knows. In addition, we have talked about Revelations before and how I felt about it. But I did not know how to tell you I was to be a participant."

"Where are you?"

"On a plane headed for the Middle East."

"Why are you going there? Are you not coming home to us, your family?"

"Lois I will try and explain it all to you later, but now is not the time. Right now, I am more concerned about you and the kids' safety and that you are protected. There are many people looking for me now and they might try to get to you and the kids. I need you to calm down and listen."

I could hear the tears rolling down her face as I waited for the next statement I knew she was about to make. "Jack, if you are one of the witnesses, then you will be killed in three and a half years." She paused, and then asked, "Are you hearing me?"

“Yes Lois. You are right about that. We both know that this life is temporary and that we have eternity to live together. It will be a very short time, but now I have a service to do. I did not ask for it, but it was given to me and I must fulfill those responsibilities. I have been chosen, and you my wife, need to understand that.”

I could hear the pain in her voice as we spoke, but the conversation slowly moved to talking about the kids adjusting to the new surroundings and the ever presence of the guards. I finally closed our conversation with the following words, “Lo, like Joseph and Mary, we all now have our cross to bear and I have faith you will carry that cross and then spend eternity with me and our family forever. I need you to do that. I need to know you are always there for me. Now I have to go, but I will see you soon. I love you and will talk to you later.”

She sobbed out an, “I love you.” I told her that I loved her a second time before I hung up.

Chapter 55

7:50 AM CEST Tuesday June 2nd Somewhere over the Mediterranean

Veronica woke me and said, “We will be landing in about an hour. There is a shower at the end of the galley and a change of clothes and some boots, which will be much better for you where we are going.” She handed me a cup of coffee with creamer already mixed in.

I immediately took a swallow and asked, “Have I been asleep long?” “About seven hours.”

I took my coffee with me as I got up from my seat and went into the galley. I pulled the door shut. I looked around and saw the shower stall and a table that was setup with a pair of khakis, a white shirt with safari pockets, and hiking boots. Not quite what I usually wore, but I guess it would do. I also noticed that there was shaving equipment, deodorant, and other miscellaneous items.”

I looked at my watch and saw that it was 12:54 a.m. EST; so if I added seven hours to that, it was around 7:50 a.m. in Israel. As I turned on the shower, I started thinking about today and what, it would bring. I had not seen the news since we had left New York. It was another day, the first one of many that I would be alone in the world, hated by almost everyone, especially in the next thirty days. I was beginning to understand how the prophets of the Old Testament felt; being alone and hated by almost everyone they met.

The ones that did not hate you would then fear you. You were a man of God and people just did not like being around a man of God. Too many things might happen that many felt would not be in their best interest. Now to add to it, I was going to meet the other witness as foretold in the Bible. This one, I knew would bring havoc to Jews worldwide, in an attempt to convert them from Judaism to Christianity. Therefore, we now had to fight a two thousand year old war for the souls of man. The world as we know it, would crumble around us.

It would start raining in the Sahara today. According to geologists, the Sahara used to be an inland sea, and then the rains had stopped. The area turned into a desert as everything around it dried up. The

biblical lands of the Old Testament literally turned into deserts and if not for the fact that oil was found in the region, it would not even have been a blip on the earth and long forgotten in the modern world. However, oil and riches changed all that and gave certain countries unprecedented power over other parts of the world. Even though it would not be a worldwide flood, the rains would flood a large portion of the Northern African Continent; rendering access to some of the oil rich regions difficult. It would probably also slow down the transportation to and from parts of the affected areas and slow delivery of oil to the world.

The hurricanes, seven of them hitting the south and eastern coasts of America, would literally paralyze the country for some time. Geopolitics would be on hold for the U.S. In very short order, the country would not have all the fuel necessary to bolster its economy. The world would be crippled temporarily in the financial markets as well as the industrial North America. Oil refining in the south and the Gulf States would come to a halt and parts of America's breadbasket in the Midwest would flood, destroying crops and property. Once hurricanes hit, they normally travelled north.

I could feel the plane beginning its descent, so I quickly shaved, turned off the shower, dried off, and got dressed. I transferred all my things to the new pockets, and noticed my passport on the table. I put it inside the safari type pocket of my shirt and buttoned it down. I guess someone had packed for me. All my favorite toiletries were there for me. Then it dawned on me, my passport was with my wife. Therefore, someone had to have gone and gotten it. I wondered why Lois did not say anything to me about it when I called. I guess she was so upset that she had forgotten. I would have to ask her about it the next time we spoke.

When I came out of the galley area, Veronica was buckled into the seat facing mine. She simply said, "We need to buckle up. We are ready to land."

I asked her, "Are we landing at Ben Gurion Airport?"

"No, too many people, too many questions. We are landing on a private airstrip near the Jordan Border."

"Why there?"

“That is where we will meet the other witness. It is important that the two of you meet. When he talks from now on, it will bring havoc to the world and the Jews. You in turn, will be his opposite, and try to appease others as you deal with all the Gentiles of the world. You know Jack, that includes almost everywhere in the world: China, India, all of Europe, and the Americas. You have a very short time to accomplish so much.”

The other witness will also protect you. If you are threatened by any country, individual or group, he will use his power over everything on earth to cause them to leave you alone, while you go about your work. He in turn will deal with God’s chosen people on his own terms and will make many enemies. He will also deal with the Muslims and Israel’s enemies. However, like you, God protects him until the halfway point of Tribulation. Then at that time, your work will be done.”

I just looked at Veronica and did not know what to say. I could say absolutely nothing. I was still in shock that my God and my savior Jesus Christ had chosen me to do this. It was literally overwhelming to me and I now had the fear of God in my heart.

Veronica must have seen that I was uneasy and she simply said, “You spent your whole life selling things to people they did not want. You are well trained and will do well. You will succeed Jack, you will succeed.”

I saw the cabin lights flash denoting we were landing and my mind started to move off in a far away direction.

Chapter 56

7:50 AM CEST Day two of 1260 Brussels - The Waldger Group Corporate Headquarters, David Matthews' Office

It was almost 8:00 a.m. in Brussels when David Matthews unlocked the door to his office. He liked to get there before his assistant, who arrived around 9:00 a.m. It gave him some time to sort through the things he was looking for and plan the day. It also meant that it gave him plenty of time before the U.S. woke up, especially today, to find out on the net what had happened overnight in regards to Jack South.

David had talked to Presley last night and evidently, they had lost Jack when he and his attorney left the roof of Bear News in a helicopter. They were eventually able to track down Mark though. He had flown back to Chicago to his home in the North Suburbs.

They also knew that Jack would be in his hometown Kansas City, on Tuesday or Wednesday, to hold a rally of some sort on Thursday. David needed to get tickets to the U.S. soon, then a connecting flight to Kansas City. He wanted to see the man in person. Then he would feel closer to knowing the man himself, which would make his job easier. He had also been told to go.

Right now, he needed to find out where Jack had gone to after the helicopter landed at LaGuardia. He had just disappeared. Amazing what millions of dollars could do. You could literally disappear.

David noticed that Jack had called his wife in South America from a skyphone from a plane. The number he called from was blocked. Most skyphones were, so that would not be of any use. However, he knew that he was on a jet going somewhere and it was not Kansas City. He pretty well assumed he was going to Israel where he may introduce the world to the other witness. However, he checked all the flights and flight plans from New York to Ben Gurion Airport, and there was no Jack on any flight.

Therefore, he thought it most likely that he was flying in a private jet. Maybe he had or maybe he had not, but he would figure that one out eventually. Jack would never slip through his fingers again. In the meantime, they had their people in Israel and the U.S. on the lookout for him. In the worst case, they would see him on Thursday.

David went online and set out to make travel arrangements to Kansas City. He soon found that he would need to pull some strings. All flights were booked and there were no flights to KCI or St. Louis. He now needed to get other transportation and knew just who to call.

Chapter 57

8:45 AM CEST Day two of 1260 Somewhere near the Israeli Jordanian Border

When we finally landed, Veronica and I left the jet together. As we walked down the steps, I looked around. There was almost nothing there but the desert. A landing strip in the middle of nowhere, I thought. That was great. I wondered where they were taking me. The lights on the runway, which were actually oil lamps, were out already. They must only light them when a jet is coming in. I noticed an army canvas-covered troop carrier sitting at the edge of the tarmac.

Veronica pointed to the truck. We both walked over to it, where we got in the back and sat on some rough benches. The truck moved off. Veronica then told me that we had about a two-hour drive to our destination. I wished I could rest. The next two days would be difficult and long.

I leaned back on the bench against the tarp that covered the truck and let my mind wander to wherever it wanted to go. I started thinking of my childhood; how difficult it had been for me. I remembered a big garden, a big kitchen, and sleeping on the couch. The woman who raised me was a God-fearing woman who took her church and her God very seriously. If we ate anything in those days, we either grew it or caught it. I am not sure what all I ate over the years, but I ate many different animals, that was for sure. When it rained the roof would leak and I would listen to the drops hit the cooking pans strategically placed all over the house. I sometimes wish I could hear that same sound again. It was so peaceful.

I must have dozed off; for when the truck stopped, I awoke. It had become very warm. I was sweating and there was no wind. So, I assumed we were still in the desert. Veronica was already off the truck and I followed. I looked around and all I could see was desert and low mountains.

She said, "Hurry, we need to go this way." I followed her to the foothills, which were a few hundred feet away. We had to climb up a short outcrop then wind our way up a path of about a hundred feet or so. To me, it looked like it was just sheer rock. Then the path turned and we saw an opening. There was an armed guard

sitting on a large rock close to the mouth of the cave, but he ignored both of us. I assumed he either knew us or at least knew Veronica.

To enter the cave, we had to crawl into a hole, which was not much bigger than my size 34 waist. It was tight. Once inside though, it opened up into a room I could stand in with plenty of room to spare. I estimated the height at about eight feet or so. I was somewhat amazed that I could immediately feel the coolness in contrast to the heat outside. The cave seemed very cool and comfortable and smelled of wood smoke. Considering how hot it was outside, this felt good to me.

The floor started sloping to our right and Veronica said to follow her. She had a high-density flashlight, which she used to show the way, for it was very dark. As we descended into the cave, I could hear the murmur of voices and see the flickering of light against the dimly lit walls. I smelled smoke. I assumed someone had a fire going. We walked a few more paces and then turned a corner. I could make out three persons sitting around a fire. They were clothed in robes with hoods, much as desert dwellers wear to protect themselves from the elements.

As we drew near, they stood and faced us. I was immediately shocked to look into the face of Gabriel. He smiled as he said, “Welcome to Israel, Jack. Sorry about the accommodations, but Shraya here suggested we get you in tune with the reality of what is to come, so you will be able to handle it when society itself breaks down. Places like this are much more acceptable than the outside elements or society itself, in some cases.”

I looked at Gabriel, then turned and saw Ariel; and then I looked over into the face of the one who I assumed was the Rabbi. What I saw was almost a living terror of a very angry man who, even if he smiled, would mark terror in most men’s hearts. He stood about six feet and weighed somewhere around 225 pounds. He was absolute pure muscle like a weight lifter. His hair was tangled and long, worn much like a wild man would wear his hair if he had no way to comb it. His beard was thick and not groomed very well, his eyebrows extremely bushy, and his eyes a dark gleaming black; which in spite

of their color, bored right into your soul. His chin was strong and his cheekbones reminded me of the actor who played Ben Hur.

Shraya spoke and said, "Welcome, Jack."

He looked directly at me. As I looked into his eyes, I said, "Hello." I was very transfixed. His voice was quite loud and powerful. Even though he whispered, his voice carried all across the cave. I would not like to have him angry with me, ever. I felt that his eyes were boring into my soul. Fear crept up my back, as if I was a little boy afraid of the dark. Trying to keep my composure and not act either afraid or in awe, I just stared at the man.

He then said, "Let's sit down, we have much to discuss." I obeyed and the five of us sat around the fire. Then he began to speak.

Chapter 58

11:00 AM CEST Day two of 1260 Israeli Jordanian Border, In a Cave

“How much does this man know?” Shraya asked Gabriel.

“He knows that he like you, has been chosen to fulfill the prophecy.”

“Does he know anything else, like who he is, and what is to become of him?”

“No, I am not sure that he knows all that. We did not tell him everything. He does know that he has three and a half years to accomplish his ministry.”

“Does he know who I am, other than the name I go by?”

“No, he does not,” and Gabriel looked away.

Shraya looked directly at me and then asked, “Who do you think I am? I know who you are and soon you will understand that and come to know it within yourself. But Jack, who am I?”

I just looked at him and said, “You are Shraya, the Rabbi and one of the end time witnesses,” I replied.

“Did you ever study prophecy, and if so, what do you think you know?”

“Yes I did, and that is why I am so surprised that I am now in the middle of this. I do not really fit the description of most scholars or any of the suggested names. I was always under the impression that the end time witnesses would be from the older prophets such as Elijah, maybe Moses, and even Enoch. For it seems they never really died or there is no record of them doing so. It was always assumed that they would be returned to earth in the flesh to act as God’s witnesses during the time of Tribulation. That time would last three and a half years, then the beast would kill them, and they would lie in the streets for three days. Then God would call them up to heaven and all would see on earth this resurrection. That is what I know and that is from reading about it for several years when I really had an active interest in end time study. How I ended up as one of the two, I have absolutely no idea. And other than following directions, I still do not know why.”

Shraya looked directly at me and said simply, “Which ones HAVE NOT DIED FOR SURE of the three you mentioned?” he asked.

“Well, we only know that God took Moses. We know that God took Elijah in a chariot of fire to heaven and he did not die. If Moses had died, then he would have to be resurrected. Therefore, the evidence then leaves the second witness in question, Enoch. He, like Elijah, has not yet to die as a human either, but the book of Enoch, as I understand, was not put in the Bible during the meetings of Nicene in 325 AD. So, most know very little about him, other than the references in the Genesis genealogy as being the father of Methuselah. That is all I really know, except I guess I am supposed to be dressed in sackcloth and I am not sure what that is other than a burlap bag or something.”

Shraya then laughed, and continued laughing as he repeated the words ‘burlap bag.’ “My friend, sackcloth only means clothing of the people, not a suit or silk, but jeans or khakis, clothing of the people. You would look really funny in a burlap bag,” as he continued to chuckle.

Then as quickly as he started his laughter, it stopped and he turned to me and looked into my eyes as if he was looking into my soul again. He said simply, “Which of these do you think I am?”

I thought about this question posed before me. For a moment, I thought Moses; but no, I am sure he had died. Maybe, Elijah? I started to answer him. “Moses disobeyed God and God does not seem to give second chances very often to individuals, if I know my scripture, God took him from the Israelites prior to them going into the Promised Land and made Joshua their leader. Therefore, it was assumed God buried Moses himself. So maybe you are Elijah. In my mind’s eye of reading the scriptures, I envision a man who speaks, looks, and acts similar to what I have seen of you so far. So if I were to guess, I would assume Elijah, the prophet who challenged the Jews, especially Baal. What is even more important, I believe the Jews are expecting you to return. Enoch is more of a Gentile and Moses is out of the picture. So Shraya, you would then be Elijah.”

Nothing was said, no one moved. All their eyes were looking directly at me. The firelight bouncing off their faces and on the

walls of the cave, the deep concentration in their eyes, and the stillness of the moment made the silence surreal. Then Gabriel said, “You have done well Jack. You have studied the past and do understand. You have found the truth. Now we must tell you about you.”

Everyone was still and quiet, as we stared into the fire. I was deep in thought that Elijah was here in front of me. I looked over at Shraya and he started to speak, “Since you know about the book of Enoch Jack, first I wanted to let you know we hid it and we only made it available with the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls. We had to wait until the world was no longer in control of the church before they were discovered. The Essenes were not the early Church’s favorite people. Otherwise, the scrolls would have been immediately destroyed.”

As he spoke, I noticed a difference in his tone and approach to speaking to me for the first time. I was no longer in fear. He sounded almost compassionate. His features also softened, so I knew that he was speaking about something that was very near to his heart. As he continued to speak, I hung on to every word he said and felt the power of this man as he spoke.

“In one of the scrolls,” as he continued speaking, looking not at me, but the fire “In the Book of Enoch, two things that are very important happened. Do you know what was in that book that was so important?”

I looked up from the fire and thought back to what I had read and what stood out to me. The Book of Enoch was not in the King James Version of the Bible. As I lifted my head to speak, I looked at Shraya, and all of a sudden, I realized that I was an equal to him, and the fear I had was gone. With renewed confidence, I started speaking, “The two things that always stood out in my mind, were when Enoch, on behalf of the fallen angels, appealed to God. God had no mercy and instructed Enoch to bury them under piles of rocks in the desert to rid them of their presence on the earth. The second was when Methuselah held his grandson from his son Lamech. The child was white skinned, with blonde hair, and I assumed blue eyes. This child had been described by Methuselah as a child from the gods. After, Methuselah had sent for his father

Enoch and as they looked at the child, Enoch instructed him and his son Lamech to name the child Noah. Therefore, many believe the birth of the light-skinned child was the beginning of the Caucasian race. Moreover, with this advent, according to Enoch, this child was special and of God's work. Therefore, in summary, the child was brought forth to the world and for the first time a child was born on earth that was not dark skinned. Then as Enoch prophesized, Noah's family would be the only remnants on earth of humanity after the flood. And this child named "Noah" would be one of the primary genetic codes for humanity in the new world after the flood."

"And the fallen angels and the rocks, Jack?"

"I do not know the answer to that one. All I can think of are the pyramids on earth that are piled high enough to be a prison to contain them structurally. But we have opened them and they are empty."

Shraya looked at me then turned away and said, "Let's deal with the first question of Enoch's great grandson, Noah. You know your scripture. You are correct that Noah was the first light-skinned baby with blonde hair and blue eyes ever on the earth. From that, the generations came and went after the flood and the gene of the white persons was entrenched in the human genome. From that gene was born what we refer to as the Gentiles. And you, Jack, are from the Gentiles, whereas, we the Jews are from Abraham, then Isaac or Jewish people dating back to Terah, Abraham's father, and eventually to Jesus."

"Most Muslims make the same claim of descending from Abraham; which they do. Isaac's mother was Sarah. However, Ishmael's mother was Sarah's slave, Hagar, and that is whom the Muslims trace their history to. Interestingly, the Muslims also call me one of their prophets."

He paused to let me think about this then he asked, "We know you did your ancestry after your father died. How far were you able to go back?"

I knew the answer to this one. When I had linked into the ancestry database, I managed to take myself all the way back to Joseph of

Arimathea, then it stopped and I looked no further. I answered, “Joseph of Arimathea.”

“Good Jack. Now I want you to listen to me very carefully. You were not chosen at random for this job or adventure. You were chosen because you are sort of a part of Noah, the first like you, blonde, white, and blue eyed. You Jack may not know this but you have Enoch’s spirit within you. Elijah paused then asked, “What is your middle name?”

“Enoch,” I said.

He smiled and said, “See? In addition, the news people and religious experts never picked up on this. Therefore, it is time for you to fulfill your destiny and accept the responsibility that has been bestowed upon you by your God, your heritage, and your human descendants. You are the messenger to the Gentiles, as I am the messenger to the Jews, and the descendants of Abraham, which includes the Muslims. That means you have less than three and a half years to convince them of your God, humanity’s savior, Jesus Christ, and also help me battle the soon rising Antichrist and False Prophet.”

I thought about what he just said then replied “But I am a sinner. At various times I have not been all that I should have been, and I am very selfish. How can I justify being who you say I am?”

Shraya paused, and then started speaking again, “We are here right now in this situation because of original sin. Whose sin is greatest? I do not know, but all men are sinners in one way or the other. You have accepted Jesus Christ as your savior. So, go forth, and do not sin again, for if you do, then the wrath of God will be upon you.”

He then added “Also, you will be tempted Jack, even though you are chosen. You still have one hundred percent freedom of will and whatever decisions you make are of your own, no one else’s. The battle has just begun and you have no idea of how difficult it is going to be. They will not only come after you, but also me with all they have. The only power they do not have over us for now, is death. They cannot kill us. This is a battle for souls. When our time is over, the Holy Spirit itself will disappear from the earth until Jesus comes from the heavens and destroys the Beast, Anti Christ and False Prophet. God is angry and He will prevail. Do not listen

to the enticement of technology and the riches of the earth for it is for naught. I have much more to discuss with you, but you have a mission. In Kansas City you will need to be strong and understand that it is a war between them and us. You and I alone will take on every government and country on earth. They will make us the most hated men in history, but we will prevail.”

I bowed my head and was thinking about the Lord’s Prayer and as my father lay dying that is the last thing we did together. That was as close as I had ever come to counseling someone on God and Christianity. What was being said to me was beyond anything I could understand and or describe. I finally looked up again and said to Shraya, “I still have so many questions to ask.”

He stopped me and said, “In due time I will reveal all to you, but for now, go unto the Gentiles and do as well as you can. You have the spirit of Enoch and the power of God behind you. You and I will also have the power of wonders, as the headlines of the world will have our names in it every day. Before the end of the week as the sun shines, I too will be as well-known as you, but to a different group of people. Them I must deal with severely. In due time we will tell the world who we really are, until that time, we will go with our God’s plan. I also know you have the document that was given you. Read it. It will inspire you and teach you what to say, for it’s God’s writing.”

Veronica stood up, almost on cue, and said, “Jack, we have to go. Time is short and your first appearance is just a few days away. You have a lot of planning and work to do.”

I stood, bowed to Shraya, then Gabriel, and then Ariel. They stood and bowed in return. Shraya said, “God be with you.”

I responded, “And also with you.”

Chapter 59

11:00 AM CEST Day two of 1260 Brussels - The Waldger Group Corporate Headquarters, David Matthews' Office

David was looking over the tapes of the previous day's interviews trying to ascertain if Jack had mentioned where he was going. All he still had was that he was going to hold a rally in Kansas City on Thursday. His current whereabouts were totally unknown and it was still as if Jack had just disappeared.

He had also been trying to track down Jack's two friends, Gabriel and Ariel. It was concerning about how they could track down anyone, anywhere, anytime, and yet all of these people had just disappeared. David turned his seat to stare out the window of the office and get away from all the data running before him on the computer. He mouthed the words, Jack where are you? Who are you? Moreover, where do you get your power?

In the meeting yesterday, Waldger talked about the witnesses of the Bible. David read up on them last night on the internet, using an online Bible. As he read, he began to realize that these witnesses would have supernatural power and no one on earth would be able to harm them, at least for the next three and a half year period. He then had the thought that these two were going to come after The Waldger Group and try to destroy it. That was their goal, which meant Waldger would have something to do with the Antichrist.

As he had read all the information on the two witnesses, it became clear to David that he had little or no knowledge of Bible prophecy. As a matter of fact, he had no idea of world power, the beast or God vs. Satan, in the period of time called the end times or Tribulation. That was never something he ever considered as reality, just weird people pushing religion on everyone, which he did not like. However, he was curious and now knew that somehow he had managed to be right in the middle of it.

He turned back to his computer, closed the files, and started to work on the plan as it was given to him in the folder at the meeting yesterday. As he read through the details, he was becoming very aware that the world as he knew it was about to change politically and very quickly. Jack South had set it in motion. He had only a few hours before the plane departed and the connection through

military channels to Kansas City for the rally. Maybe they would learn more about Jack there. They really did not know that much.

Chapter 60

7:30 AM CST Day two of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Mayor Madeline Sipes' Office

The Mayor of Kansas City was in her office with the other leaders, including the City Manager and the Chief of Police, for an early meeting. The rally that was planned at Memorial Park and had been approved a few weeks ago, had now grown into something of a national event with every news media person in the world clamoring for space at the Liberty Memorial near Union Station.

The FBI and the CIA were scrambling for hotel rooms in the area. KCI was delivering record passengers to the city from all parts of the world, and a tent city had sprung up overnight in the areas around the memorial.

All the rental cars and hotel rooms were totally booked. Already, the entire ability of the city to handle resources was stretched to the maximum, both in security and infrastructure. The bad part of it was they had only two and a half more days to prepare. Although the permits were issued two weeks ago, no one ever expected a rally to balloon into something like this.

The Mayor or Ms. Mayor, as she was, called, knew that for the first time in her career and life, she, and her city were to be in not only the national spotlight, but the world's as well. When the announcement was made about the rally and Jack South coming to Kansas City, the entire city had erupted. Six hours after Jack South's interview on Bear News, the media started calling and camping out at her home off Ward Parkway in the city.

Madeline knew that they did not have the infrastructure to deal with this. She had been on the phone to the Governor of Missouri, Mike Carson, for help. He originally suggested a light presence of the National Guard to patrol the area surrounding Memorial Park. However, she knew this would probably not be enough after the incredible migration of people taking place in her city.

Turning to the Chief of Police, Michael Poploski, she asked, "Have we any idea yet on a count at the rally?"

"Close to two million people, Madeline, and counting. Inbound highways to the city, I-70, both east and west, is bumper to bumper.

I-35, both north and south are bumper to bumper, and have been all night. As best as we can ascertain, there are no hotel rooms available within a fifty-mile radius of the city and we have absolutely no facilities for human refuse for those just camping out. Other garbage is piling up everywhere. Some restaurants are running out of food and we still have two days to go. Now at 20th and Main Street, there are tent cities popping up. They are also popping up everywhere else, from downtown all the way to the Plaza and Volker Park. People are offering rooms everywhere in the area charging up to a thousand dollars a day and parking for a hundred bucks. The city buses are crammed going up and down Main and into the downtown area. The Power and Light District has been busy since yesterday afternoon with some people sleeping on the outside couches. Frankly, Madeline, we are at full capacity throughout the whole city. In addition, we have a half mile cordoned in the area of Jack's family in Independence, and even though we have the police in the City of Independence helping, it is maxing out our manpower."

"What do you suggest we do?" Madeline asked.

"I really suggest we shut down I-70 in Columbia from the east and Topeka; if we can get them to cooperate in Kansas from the west. Then shut down I-35 from Olathe from the south, and Kearney from the north and just say the city is closed."

"Michael, we cannot do that. Those are federal highways and we would have to have the Feds do that. We just can't." She looked over at the City Manager, David Phelps, and said, "How are the South people setting up the mall?"

David pulled out a rolled up drawing from his carry bag and said, "May I?" then he spread the drawing out on the Mayor's desk. The Chief and the Mayor edged forward to look. "It appears, Mayor, that they are building a platform on the top of the Memorial near the tower. It will be higher than the wall and they will face it towards the park, but no wall behind the stage facing Union Station. I called one of their people and they said that Jack wanted it to open on both the front of the stage and the back, so everyone could see and hear him. They are also putting up over twenty-five LED Jumbotrons in the parking lots in the area as well as the park itself,

going on down into City Center, and at the other ends of the park, going North on Main. They are putting up a bigger one on a high platform in front of the Liberty Memorial wall that faces Union Station. I think it is almost as large as the one at Royals Stadium.”

“The News Media is setting up on both sides of the stage and satellite trucks will be in the south parking lot of the mall. They are bringing their own generators, we hope. I think they expected this large of a crowd. As best as we can tell, most of the equipment was already here by Sunday night.

“The FBI, CIA, and Jack’s own security will be here and they are setting up in various points throughout the park. We gave the government the museum to use as an operations base. South’s group and most other dignitaries that are showing up have pretty well taken over City Center. They had reservations for almost all the rooms as of yesterday. We’ve also made the convention center available to them as needed. However, we have another problem Mayor. The White House Secret Service called us, and the President is coming. He has a front row seat by the stage. That means more secret service personnel and more security. Therefore, the Feds are bringing in portable scanners and cordoning off the entire area of seating that was supposed to be available to the public. In addition, several religious leaders are accompanying the President and his normal entourage. They also will have their own security teams in place. So, to sum it all up Mayor, we have a grand mess. Oh yes, one more thing, you know that black preacher, Reverend Marks from New York who was on the show yesterday?”

“Yes,” she replied.

“Well he is in charge.”

Chapter 61

2:40 PM CEST Day two of 1260 Brussels - The Waldger Group Corporate Headquarters, Aafre Waldger's Office

Aafre looked at the clock on his desk and realized that he was tired. He had slept very little last night. He had tossed and turned most of the night, dozing off and on, for he now realized that everything they had ever planned and waited for started yesterday with Jack South. They were sure of it, and he was waiting for the word to be delivered to him from the Master.

He thought the Master would come to him last night with instructions, but he had not. He knew also that the Master had his own timetable and would show when he felt appropriate. Men were too troublesome and worrisome and he liked to take his time about doing what needed to be done. Aafre smiled for he knew he would take his time. It had been over five thousand years of taking his time, so a few hours or days were not going to make any difference at this point. For the most part, they already knew what to do, but they needed the reassurance that once the steps were put in place, the group was making the right decisions. It would only work once.

His group pretty well controlled the entire world, at least its politics; corporations, commerce, and what people could do, and not do. However, that power was hidden and behind closed doors. It affected each, man, woman, and child on the earth, but it was subtle and not noticed. The crazies knew they were up to something, but they could never prove it, so people and their stupid documentaries and occasional news releases meant nothing really. The next steps were going to be different. Each person on this earth and what was left of earth itself, after Jack South got through with his God's plan, would in due time belong to the real Master of the earth. Then they would prepare for the final battle for the title of earth and once and for all, return humanity to the way it should be.

All Aafre could do now was wait. He knew it would be soon. The Master would confirm his thoughts and then they would move forward with his grand plans.

He looked at the calendar on his desk, which had Thursday, Friday, and Saturday circled in red. Last night he had decided that they

would hold an impromptu meeting there in Kansas City. That way they could all get an opportunity to see Jack, or the enemy, in person. That also meant they could have their meetings on Friday and Saturday. It would work out well.

Chapter 62

8:45 AM EST Day two of 1260 Camp David, Maryland - President Richard Stevenson's Office

President Stevenson and his Director of Homeland Security, Jamal Jones, were sitting in the secure meeting room at Camp David with the Director of the FBI, Marcus Schmidt, and the Secret Service Director, Able Richards. Marcus had called an impromptu meeting once he had heard that the President was planning to attend Jack South's rally in Kansas City.

"Mr. President," Marcus began, "We cannot protect you with so short a notice of your travel plans. Moreover, according to the Governor of Missouri, Kansas City is bursting at the seams. They have actually contacted the White House to allow them to use the National Guard to keep order in the city. How do you expect us to protect you, let alone get you in and out of that mad house?"

The President looked over at Marcus and then directed his comment to Able Richards. "Able, can you get me in and out and secure our presence at the Memorial?"

Able squirmed in his seat. He knew the correct answer was no, but that was not what the President wanted to hear, so he said, "We have contacted the contractors for the setup of the rally and they have assured us that there is secure seating on the stage with Jack South. We feel if we put you behind others then we can protect you from a possible attempt on your life, or as we fear, an attempt on Jack South's life and you possibly being caught in the crossfire. There is a museum attached to the Memorial that we can use as an operations base. It will be manned by our men, the FBI, CIA, and a select group of Navy Seals. However, Mr. President, we are going to have to give the city some help. Their resources are limited when it comes to handling large groups of people. The last group of this magnitude was during your inauguration here in D.C., and it took months to get security setup for that. We have less than forty-eight hours to prepare and secure the area for your arrival and stay there."

"Most of our resources from FEMA for human assistance are now in California dealing with that disaster. However, if you were willing to sign an executive order to let the National Guard shut down the

highways and only allow commercial and residents through, and have a presence in the city, we would be helping the city cope with the shortage of police manpower to handle this mass of humanity. Then we may be able to get you in and out safely without incident.”

Marcus shook his head and said, “Mr. President, I really wish you would reconsider.”

The President looked over at Marcus and replied, “I need to be there. I want him to see me on Thursday, for the next time he sees me after that, will be in the Oval office. That will be soon. He in his own way declared war on our soil and on our world. I definitely need him to know I am there. He knows I will be there and he is waiting for me. Therefore, men, I will sign the order for the State of Missouri and the city. Help them in any way we can, even if we need to use our own funds. You have very little time to get everything in order, so I suggest you get things in gear. Also, when do you think we should be there?”

Able spoke up, “Well the rally starts at 7:30 p.m., and I would assume with all the media coverage, you would want to make an entrance and be seated well before the rally starts. Therefore, it is a three-hour flight on Air Force one, say an hour from the airport via chopper to City Center. I assume then, leave here at 1:30 or so Thursday afternoon. Mr. President, will your wife I mean the First Lady or any of your family be traveling with you?”

“Yes, my wife will accompany me, and my son. Oh, I forgot. I am staying there to attend a meeting with other world leaders Friday and Saturday. Please let the appropriate people know we are going to be there Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.” He stood up and said, “Get it done,” before leaving the room to greet the other members of government on their way to Camp David.

Marcus looked at Able after the President left and said, “Crap!”

Chapter 63

10:00 AM EST Day two of 1260 New York - Bear News, John Roddenburg's Office

At Bear News in New York, John was going over the final details of the rally in Kansas City. Jack South's party had given the network the exclusive coverage of the event from the stage. However, they were also to feed the Jumbotron's and the other closed circuit units across the city.

Then as he knew, they had to time delay the feed to the other networks and affiliates worldwide. However, Network News and Brad Williams had been excluded from the coverage. They were going to court. Oh well, let them he thought. By the time they got an order, it would be over, but maybe not. It was not his problem. Most viewers would watch Bear, for almost everyone knew that Jack would not talk to The Network.

That was not all that was on his plate today. In fear of Jack's predictions, the Asian markets had taken a huge dive overnight, which rolled over to Europe this morning. In addition, the Dow in New York was down over eight hundred points. It was assumed that if this continued, the Securities and Exchange Commission would close the markets until some of this boiled over or calmed down.

He also had the problem with the U.S. Government going into some secret meeting. He only knew that most of the high-ranking members of Congress and the entire cabinet were en-route to Camp David. There was a complete blackout on this with no information available.

His thoughts returned to Thursday's rally. He, John Roddenburg, would be in Kansas City broadcasting live the rest of the week. He was introducing Jack South to the public, and they would conduct a one on one interview with Jack after the rally. The whole world would be watching.

The only thing that concerned him now was that Jack's people had not given them any idea of the content of the sermon. Alternatively, what would Jack be saying? He had concerns. Jack might do something radical and the mass of people that were there would riot and cause irreparable damage. Now, he had also just found out that

the President and his family were attending along with dignitaries from everywhere in the world; with the Waldger Group holding its meetings after the rally or sermon on Friday and Saturday. All of his was insane and he was right in the middle of it. The next few days would probably make his career or totally end it all in one day.

His phone rang and he answered, "Hello, this is John Roddenburg. May I help you?"

"John, this is Sherry. Your limo is downstairs to take you to the airport for your trip to Kansas City. What should I tell them?"

"Tell them I'm on my way, and thanks."

Well, he thought to himself, its showtime.

Chapter 64

5:00 PM CEST Day two of 1260 Brussels

His cell phone rang with a particular ring tone, which meant he needed to answer very quickly. It was Presley in New York, who was supposed to keep tabs on Jack. David answered saying, “Yes it’s me. What do you have?”

“We finally tracked the flight they took. It was a private jet leased to his attorney in Chicago. It went in the direction of Israel using normal flight plans and tracking. It appears they diverted to a landing strip owned by a Jordanian national near the Israeli border with Jordan.

“So where are they then?” David asked.

“By the time we were able to use our resources, they had already refueled the jet and taken off. We were however, able to get to one of the workers they used. They only said Jack was alone and with a woman whom some called Veronica. They also came and went in an older Israeli troop transport that was left at the landing strip. The driver of that truck was unknown to the person we questioned. We used as much persuasion as we could before he died. And that is all we have.”

David thought this over. “Okay. We know he needs to get to Kansas City, which is my destination also. You need to try to pick up his trail there if you can. Use whatever resources you have to find him before his rally Thursday night. Also, find out who this Veronica is and get some more information on her, that truck, and the driver or drivers.”

“Okay, boss,” Presley said, “We will do what we can.”

David sat back in the limo and thought everything over. Where did they go? Who did they go to see? What were they missing here? There was something not right about any of this and supernatural issues were not his thing. Pluses and minuses were things that made scientific sense and those were his world. Who was this person?

The driver stopped the car at one of the delivery gates at Brussels International Airport. After a few exchanges of paperwork and a guard looking at David in the rear seat, clearance was given for the limousine to enter. They drove to a secure area where only military

planes were allowed and the driver stopped the car. The door was opened for David.

When he exited the vehicle he was greeted by a U.S. Air Force Captain.

“Mr. Matthews?”

David nodded, yes.

“Follow me.”

He was taken to an AM400 transport plane which was a new military plane primarily used by Belgium, France, Italy, and Britain. He looked at the plane feeling concerned that as a military transport, it was going to be an uncomfortably long flight to the U.S. However, when he boarded, it was almost as if he had stepped into a luxury hotel on the Riviera.

David was immediately greeted by a host, who asked for his ID. He handed it to her. After she checked his identification and returned it she directed him past a set of seats to the middle cabin, which opened up into what appeared to be a lounge. As he walked in and looked over to his right, he saw several of the people he had seen at their meeting yesterday. Then from the back, he heard the voice of Aafre Waldger, who said, “Welcome aboard David. Please have a seat.”

Chapter 65

10:00 AM CST Day two of 1260 Chicago, Illinois - Mark Anderson's Law Office

Mark took the fax from his personal fax machine and noticed immediately the seal of the Attorney General of The United States on the cover page. He immediately knew that it was of utmost importance and probably had to do with something Jack was doing or had done. He scanned the cover sheet and then moved to the second page.

Mr. Anderson, it read,

We are concerned that your client, Mr. Jack South, may have left the United States and entered another country without first processing through not only U.S. Customs, but also Israeli Customs.

We have it on reliable sources that Mr. Jack South, a citizen of the United States, boarded a private plane at LaGuardia Airport in New York City, New York yesterday afternoon at approximately 1:45 p.m. EST; and then flew to a deserted airstrip on the border of Israel and Jordan.

As you well know, any citizen who avoids normal entrance and exit without going through customs, and illegally entering another country, is considered a violation of international law, especially with the Israelis.

The whereabouts of your client is of great interest to us and if in fact he did enter a country illegally, rest assured we will cooperate if that country wishes to prosecute and or inquire of Mr. Jack South's intent, while illegally in that country.

Please advise immediately of any knowledge you may or may not have, before we issue a warrant for your client as a fugitive.

Regards,

Kenneth Giles

Attorney General

United States of America.

Damn, Mark said to himself. Now what has he done?

Chapter 66

6:00 PM CEST Day two of 1260 Israeli Jordan Border, Private Airstrip

I watched the oil lights burning along the airstrip to outline the runway, although it was daylight when our jet took off from the private airstrip. My thoughts were on the event on Thursday in Kansas City; and what had just occurred in the cave. I thought about how close I was to the men who knew and or had seen God, and knew Jesus as a friend and as a person who lived in heaven. The three: Gabriel, Ariel, and Elijah were all from heaven, not earth and I, lowly Jack, had just spent a part of the day with them in a cave in Israeli territory. It was just like in the stories of the Bible, literally, in a cave discussing God's plans for humanity and God's wrath.

My thoughts were interrupted by Veronica, who asked if I was okay and if I wanted anything. She offered some bottled water, a beer, and of course, cigarettes. She wanted to know if I was hungry or if I just wanted to sleep.

I just stared at her and wondered if she also was from heaven. "Veronica," I said, "Who are you?"

"I am God's servant and that is all you need to know for now. I am here to help you as best I can under these circumstances. I am your helper for whatever you may need, for I have been told what to do and I will faithfully do all that I can for you, and for my God and Savior." She then again offered me the drinks. I took the beer. As she moved away, I wondered who she really was.

I opened the beer and gulped a big swallow. I did not realize how thirsty I was. Then I picked up the package of cigarettes and lit one. How funny I thought. I could not smoke on a commercial airline anymore, but here, I could. I was drinking a beer, smoking a cigarette, moving across the skies in a multimillion-dollar jet, and anything I wanted right now, I guessed that I could have. However, all I wanted was rest. Yes, I wanted to go to sleep and wake up and for all of this to have been taken from me. At this time, I would rather have been at home with my family, looking for a job and worrying about money tomorrow. Instead, I was flying high,

meeting with God's messengers, and moving forward to 'I do not know where or what'.

I thought of Shraya and the power he had, and how he had said who he really was. He was Elijah, the prophet, who was taken up by God in a chariot of fire. I also thought of our conversation; about who I really was. With the rocking of the plane and the effects of the beer, I could feel myself falling deeper and deeper into sleep, which was my only escape from the tasks at hand.

Chapter 67

8:35 AM PST Day two of 1260 Pasadena, California - Near Epicenter

Samuel Jordan, Director of FEMA, was in California near the epicenter of the devastating quake. It was an Army controlled sector of Pasadena, which had sustained a lot of the damage. They were set up in the middle of Colorado Boulevard by the community college grounds, which was now fenced in. One of the buildings that had not sustained very much damage, for it was a single floor concrete structure, was housing the communications area he was in now. Around him was every conceivable type of information system. This equipment was in constant contact via satellite to not only the ground troops that were trying to keep some sort of order, but also to various government agencies, including the White House.

The carnage and destruction was more than he had ever seen or imagined. Entire buildings had collapsed into piles of rubble. Fires were everywhere. The air itself was almost stifling from the effects of fire, dust, and death. He could smell and taste it.

The entire San Gabriel Valley was in disarray from as far north as La Canada, and as far south as Orange County. Los Angeles had sustained a lot of damage, but since the quake was more centered in the Valley along the Sierra Madre Fault, most of the critical damage was limited to just beyond Rosemead, East LA, to the south, and San Bernardino to the east, all the way to the coast. Most of the 210, 10, and 5 highways were not passable in any direction. The Pasadena Freeway, built in early 1900, was destroyed.

However, in all his imagination, he could not even comprehend the devastation. It was as if a nuclear bomb had exploded. The roads were ripped in half. Colorado Boulevard, home of the Rose Parade, looked like the bombed out cities of Europe after World War II. The mountains seemed to have settled on Hasting Ranch, Sierra Madre. La Canada, San Dimas, and Anaheim, to the south, were almost leveled.

It was estimated that there were almost four million people homeless and in disarray. The death toll thus far was extremely close to what Jack South had predicted.

Now he had another problem. According to Jack South's interview with Bear News – if he were really telling the truth – there would be numerous hurricanes to devastate the U.S. Most of the Gulf Coast from Houston to Florida, then up the east coast, and all the way to New York, would be hit by category four and five hurricanes.

He knew there was no way, that if that really happened, his agency or the entire resources of the U.S. could service it all. It was mathematically impossible. There were not enough emergency equipment, shelters or work force to deal with anything of that magnitude.

He could not fathom the result of such a disaster. If Mother Nature, at the bequest of Jack South, had decided to destroy the infrastructure of the country, then what he predicted would do just that. That destruction would make what he was seeing now in California seem like a mosquito bite compared to a gunshot wound.

His thoughts were interrupted by an aide, who said there was a call from Washington. Samuel knew that it would be either Homeland Director, Jamal Jones, or the President himself; and they probably wanted a plan in place now for the new disasters about to befall the country. He did not know what he'd say. He just prayed they had some options.

Chapter 68

11:45 AM EST Day two of 1260 Camp David, Maryland - Conference Room

Jamal, Michael, and the Senate Majority Leader, Nancy Withers, of California, were in conference at Camp David with the President, discussing the disaster in California and the upcoming predictions Jack South had made. The door opened and the Chief of Staff of the Army, General David Stoups, entered. He was followed by representatives from the armed forces including Navy Admiral, Robert Parrish, Marine General, Joseph Raced, and Air Force General, Jerry Poloski. After the greetings were made the President told everyone that they were now waiting for the House Majority Leader, David Karach, the Speaker of the House, Robert Cain, and both Minority Leaders of both chambers in Congress.

As each person sized up the other, the President suggested that they all move to the conference room. They started moving into the large room that had been recently redone with the last administration. It could house over a hundred people and still have room. It was a perfect fit for today.

As they waited, Jamal asked General Stoups if he had managed to gather the logistics for troop movements in and around the world, in light of the circumstances. General Stoups said they had a plan and he was ready to discuss it as soon as everyone arrived.

President Stevenson was staring out the partially covered window into the woods, not saying anything and not even moving a muscle. It was as if he was in a trance. His pose made some of the group uneasy and concerned that this man of power was about to erupt and that they would be the recipients of that rage.

The door opened again and the minority leaders of both the House and Senate entered with David Karach and Speaker Robert Cain.

As they sat down, President Stevenson turned from the window and said, "Thank you for coming. I think all of you know why we are here and that is to avoid a total meltdown of the United States of America." He then motioned to a stack of folders on the end of the conference table and asked Jamal to distribute a copy to each of them.

As they sat facing the President, he said, “In these folders are the necessary steps to ensure continuity of the United States Government. Since it appears that we are under attack by Mother Nature or unknown forces such as Jack South, we need to prepare ourselves and the nation for what may be an attempt to destroy a large portion of our infrastructure as we know it. Therefore, gentlemen and ladies, this document you have before you is already signed. At the first hint of disaster, even close to the magnitude described by Jack South, this document will put the entire nation under martial law. Copies have already been sent to the Justice Department for validation. I do not foresee any issue with it being validated, or any political issues from any of you. I also do not believe that it is in our best interest to bicker on partisan issues at this time. This document will not be executed in the event that this Jack South and his predictions are wrong. However, based on as much as we can see so far, the Atlantic is starting to boil and it is already raining over the Sahara in Northern Africa, Southeast Asia, and the Middle East. Therefore, effective as of next Monday morning, I am ordering a temporary relocation of the entire government to Cheyenne Mountain, ahead of the first hurricane to hit Houston, Texas.”

The President continued, “Before you say anything, I want you to know that I will be attending the rally in Kansas City. I know it is a risk and could be considered politically incorrect. Nevertheless, if Jack South is the enemy, then I personally need to see him and maybe, if possible, talk to him. My immediate staff and I will be there in the event we get to meet with him personally.”

“Also, I have spoken to the chairman of the Federal Reserve, Weiymer Weinstadt, and due to the volatility of the market, which at last glance was at an unprecedented minus nine-hundred and fifty points, trading will be suspended not only at the NYSE, but all American exchanges effective in thirty minutes or so. Oil futures have gone from seventy-one dollars to over two hundred dollars a barrel overnight. Oil trading will also be suspended.”

“We will be relocating all strategic companies with Wall Street ties to Chicago, St. Louis, and Dallas, temporarily.” He paused before continuing. “Naval facilities in the Atlantic seaboard and the

southern coast in the Gulf and the Atlantic have been instructed to move all ships and military personnel as far south as the South American waters and Mexican Ports. We feel that Jack South is right and we cannot take chances.”

“According to our analysts, we must move every person in every city along the strike paths to inland areas of at least 150 miles. This will require a massive movement of people and materials. Members of the government are requested to immediately move their families and office personnel to other parts of the country. We will run the country, as I stated earlier, by martial law, and the Constitution will be temporarily suspended.”

“I have also issued orders that the cities affected will have military troops in the area and any attempts at looting, arson, other crimes of violence will be handled according to Article Nine. Therefore, the press releases we issue will be as such, ‘Get caught, get shot.’ We are going to attempt to totally evacuate the population of Washington, D.C. and New York City to FEMA Camps in and around the country until we can assess the damage and return people to their homes. Since most people live in high rises in Manhattan, that may well take some time. Just to replace glass in all of those buildings, let alone fix the basic infrastructure, may well take months if not years. The other Burroughs have more detached homes, but with a category five hurricane, they will not be habitable.”

Wanting to finish up, but knowing the importance of all this, he added, “No citizens is allowed to bring more than one suitcase and one bag to the camps. All bags will be inspected and anything that can possibly be used for criminal activity will be confiscated. The City of New York and Washington will be cordoned off and no one will be allowed back in the areas until further notice, following the evacuation.”

“Now, I had wanted to go to California, but at this time it really does not matter. California will be a drop in the bucket compared to these storms predicted that would likely cause the utter destruction of our eastern and Gulf coasts. This does not take into account the flooding in the Midwest. I have spoken to Samuel Jordan in California and told him to stay there. We will let the

military take care of the new devastations we are expecting in the Gulf and Atlantic states. So with all this in mind, where are we on stabilization plans, and how we react in the event someone decides to take advantage of this situation?”

Chapter 69

6:45 PM CEST Day two of 1260 Somewhere over the Mediterranean

I was dreaming when I felt my arm being shaken. While I tried to shake off the remnants of sleep, I heard Veronica saying, “Jack you need to wake up. You need to wake up now.” As I slowly focused, she said, “Look out the window Jack.”

I squinted as I looked out the small windows of the aircraft. I could see the fighter jets off the wing and asked, “Both sides?”

She said, “Yes.”

“Israeli?”

“Yes.”

“What do they want?”

“They want us to land at Ben Gurion Airport and any deviation of course will be considered evasive and we will be shot down.”

“Okay, so that does not leave us with a whole lot of choice does it? Tell the pilot to do as they say. Also, do we still have phone communication?”

“Yes.”

I reached into my pocket and got Mark Anderson’s card out. I looked at Veronica and said, “I need to talk to Mark before we land.”

Chapter 70

6:45 PM CEST Day two of 1260 Tel Aviv, Israel - Mossad Headquarters

Director Meyer Branlin of Mossad looked over at General Ben Gladdins of the Israeli Air Force and asked him, “Are they rerouted back into our airspace?”

“Yes. Two of our fighters intercepted their private jet around two-hundred miles off our coast in the Mediterranean and we are escorting them to Ramat David Air Base. We chose that one so that the western press does not overwhelm us at Ben Gurion.”

“How did you find out they were in Israel?” Branlin asked.

“We got a communication from Washington, D.C., from the Attorney General’s office. They had tracked them from New York to here. They thought originally they were going to Tel Aviv, but evidently, they had used a private airstrip in Zefa near the Jordanian border.”

“What were they doing out in the middle of nowhere, do we know?”

“No we don’t. All we know for sure is that they took a two-hour drive into the desert and the driver waited in the truck for several hours while they went up into the hills. They came back, the driver took them to the airstrip, and they took off. Once again, we received the information and dispatched the fighters to bring the plane in. In addition, we found a man dead at the airstrip. All we know is he was a contract security guard from New York, but was here in Israel legally. I’m not sure why he was there or who killed him.”

“We’ll try and find out who he was and why he was killed. It does not make sense. Now, regarding this Jack person, what do you think we should do with him? I am not sure that bringing them here is such a good idea. There are rumors that this person is hands off for everyone, but then of course, that usually only applies to the westerners, not us.”

“I think we should find out where they went and why. Then we can hold them based on illegal entry into our country until we find out those answers. From there, we can make a decision about them.”

“You keep saying them. Who else is on that plane?”

“A woman named Veronica. She is actually an Israeli citizen who lives in America most of the time. At one time, she was one of our best agents, but she resigned several years ago and moved to the States. It appears she went into private security consulting in and around D.C. and New York. We never paid much attention to her in the past, because the work she did had nothing to do with our security and she knew very few secrets about us. I think the man killed was working for her firm.”

“Alright, let’s keep this low and out of the press. Moreover, try not to make this an international incident. Let us find out what we can, scare them a little and see what we get. I have a feeling we should have just let them go back to the States. But, since the communication came from Washington, we need to follow through.

“On another note, since they are here, supposedly Jack has a special document with him. Our friend who does business with us would like the originals. If he has it, copy it, and only give back the copy, so I can forward the original to our associate. He wants to analyze the contents, paper, and ink.”

Chapter 71

7:30 PM CEST Day two of 1260 Ramat David Air Force Base, Hangar

The jet taxied to a hangar after it landed. Eventually, the engines were shut down. I looked out the window and saw armed guards surrounding the plane. Then I heard the bullhorn that told us to open the cabin door of the jet. I doubted we were at Ben Gurion Airport. Veronica got up and released the hatch door. The steps unfolded out onto the floor of the hangar.

The voice on the bullhorn then instructed us to exit the aircraft, with our hands on our heads. They wanted the pilots to come out first. The cockpit door opened and our pilot and his copilot did as they were told. Looking out the window, I saw that as the pilots reached the bottom step, they were grabbed, spun around, and handcuffed. They were searched by a couple of the soldiers there, then moved rather roughly off to another area where I could no longer see them.

Veronica was called out of the plane, but it was in Hebrew, not English; so I only understood that they called her name. When she got to the bottom step, they did not cuff her. Instead, she was placed in a car, which took off immediately.

The voice continued, “Mr. South, please come out of the plane with your hands above your head.”

I complied and started down the steps with my hands high above my head. As I stepped onto the ground, I was spun around and cuffs put on. I watched as several troops ran up the steps fully armed and started, I supposed, going through the plane. It dawned on me right then that the binder from Gabriel was in there, and I was not sure if that might be a problem later or not.

They started pushing me in the direction of what looked like a state car. I was placed in the back seat and pushed to the middle. A soldier got on either side of me. A black hood was placed over my head before the driver took off. They were dead quiet. This is great, I was a witness for only a day, and now I was in the clutches of the most secret group of people in the world.

Chapter 72

7:45 PM CEST Day two of 1260 Ramat David Air Force Base, Level I Interrogation Room

Veronica knew she was being taken to what was known as an interview room, at least not an interview cell. She had been on the other side of her predicament when she was with the Army and Intelligence agency herself. The car pulled up to a nondescript building and she was escorted up the steps. When the door opened, she was pushed into the room, and then it closed behind her. She heard a very distinct voice she had not heard in years.

“Welcome back to Israel, Veronica; nice to see you in our midst, again.” In the dim light, she followed the voice over to a chair behind a desk. It belonged to Moshe Landers. He had been her superior officer when she was still a part of the Israeli Security Forces several years ago, until she had moved to the States. She looked at the uniform and noticed that he was now a Colonel. He had only been a captain when she knew him before. So obviously, he had moved up in rank.

She remembered him as being very aggressive with Palestinians and other people that the State of Israel thought may be of interest or have knowledge of attempts against the country. On several occasions, he had been brought up on charges for excessive force, or what was more commonly known as torture. However, these were usually dismissed by the government. Somehow, he always managed to escape ever having to account for his practices and generally, was left to his own devices, undeterred. This was not good.

“I am fine Captain. I am sorry; I see your rank has changed, Colonel.”

“Well I am fine too Veronica,” as he turned on the lights in the room. “It has been a long time since we worked together; maybe ten years or more I gather.”

“Yes Colonel. That would be about right.”

“So what have you been doing since then?” although he already knew the answer. You may leave Israel, but if you were in

Intelligence, then you never left, and Mossad took this seriously, he thought to himself.

“Colonel, you know exactly what I have been doing. So why do you even bother to ask?”

“Feisty still,” he said, “Very much so. Well I was trying to be pleasant, Veronica. I mean, you are a former member of my team.” He paused and then said, “You may sit down if you would like.” As she was sitting down he asked, “Why did you sneak Jack South into our country and go somewhere where there is nothing but rocks, on the Jordanian Border? As you know, this is serious. Smuggling foreigners into the country is not something I or any Israeli takes lightly.”

She thought about how to answer, than decided to tell him the truth. He would figure it out eventually, anyway. “Colonel, I am sure you are aware of who Jack South is.”

“Yes, I watched with great interest all the broadcasts, not only yesterday, but today too. He seems to have put the United States into a tailspin, both politically and economically, with his predictions and whatever power he has. So yes, I know who he is. That is why I am concerned as to why he is here. If he is here to cause the same confusion as the U.S. is experiencing, then he will do so from a cell in a hole so deep that he will never see daylight again, much less talk to the media, which by the way, is where he is right now. So what is he doing here, Veronica? And don’t play with me or you may well join him.”

“Do as you wish Colonel, but I think that what you are doing now will not bode well with our allies in the states. I understand that he is hands off, no matter where he is. I know he called his attorney, Mr. Anderson, before we landed. So, I’m sure someone here will get a call very soon.”

“Answer the question Veronica. As you well know, we play with the Americans. So far, I am not concerned about what they say or think. You may be right, but until I am told otherwise, I will find out one way or the other what you are doing here with this man.”

“I took him to see Shraya.”

Moshe laughed then said, “Shraya? The nut and loudmouth of a Rabbi who lives in caves in the desert and threatens the State of Israel on a daily basis? If we did not think he was insane and harmless, we would have dealt with him a long time ago. Moreover, why would you be hanging around with that crackpot? Although we’ve questioned his motives before, we all decided he was crazy and harmless. Now you take South to him. That my dear, makes us suspicious that we may have been wrong about Shraya all these years.”

“You may be right Colonel, but if I were you, I’d back off and let Jack return to the United States and ignore Shraya.”

“Now why would I do that Veronica? That tells me that they can hurt my country or I, which only means that I would need to control both of them. The best way to do that is lock them both up in a hole and you with them. So why did you take him to see Shraya? I am tired of your word games. I want an answer now that makes sense or I will go to step two of this interview. And from your past allegiance with our little group, you are well aware of what that means.”

Chapter 73

7:45 PM CEST Day two of 1260 Ramat David Air Force Base, Level III Interrogation Room

I was in a sterile room. My clothes had been completely stripped off me and my hands were bound behind my back. I was sitting on a steel chair, which was bolted to the floor. My ankles were also shackled to the front legs of the chair and I could barely move at all. It was cold and damp and there was no light whatsoever. It was pitch dark. Even with my eyes wide open, I could not see anything. It was as if I was totally blind.

I was also very cold. It did not take long for me to realize that there must be an air conditioner turned down low, for I could hear the sound of the compressor. I began thinking about my dilemma at the moment. It dawned on me that I went from flying in a luxury jet to sitting in a cold cell about to be tortured by the Israelis who were notoriously known to ignore certain laws when it came to their nation's security. This was one extreme to another.

My mind was wandering, as I thought about the tortures I had always read about; how they got people to confess to what they had or had not done, under duress. I had always been afraid of drowning anyway, so if they decided to do the water board torture, then I was in for a difficult time. On the other hand, maybe they would shock me, or do other inhumane things to me. I had no idea. However, I did know that in this position, my international rights had already been violated. However, I doubted if they cared one way or the other if they violated some more. I only hoped Mark had gotten the message I left for him.

My thoughts were interrupted when the room became ablaze in bright light. It hit my eyes so fast that it actually felt like someone had put a hot poker into them. I heard the door open, and as I blinked repeatedly trying to adjust to the light, I heard footsteps coming towards me. I knew that it was at least more than one person. Then I heard the scraping of a chair. I opened my eyes again, adjusting to the light, and a person sitting in front of me started to come into focus.

He said, "Good evening Mr. South and welcome to Israel. We hope you are comfortable."

I looked at the soldier in front of me and I was not sure of his rank, but he was dressed in military fatigues and had some silver on him, so I assumed that he was an officer. I also thought it was time to get my movie dialogue going. I did not know what else to say, so I said, "I do not know who you are, but I am an American citizen and I demand that I be able to speak with the Ambassador of the United States. I am sure he would like to be here with us right now. And... I believe that having me here like this is in violation of my human rights, according to international law."

The officer looked at me and smiled. "I assume, Mr. South, that you think that we should give you a telephone so your Ambassador can send over an attorney to secure your rights during questioning. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"Well as you can see, Mr. South, we are probably not going to do that. If I were you, I would assume that right now, you are as comfortable as you are going to get. So let us dispense of the silliness of expecting an attorney. Oh by the way, your associate is upstairs as we speak. Did you know she used to work for us?"

"No I did not."

"Well she did. And...she was very capable of doing what I am doing right now. She was probably a lot better at it than I am. So with that in mind, realize that whatever you tell me better match what she says. If not, then we will resort to other measures."

"So Jack, we have a really nice airport in Tel Aviv for visitors to come into our country. Going through Customs is not difficult. I have your passport. You had it with you, so why go to the Jordanian border. Are you planning on calling on God to do some harm to our country like you have with the States?"

"I want to talk to the Ambassador," I said. "So get on with the torture and whatever else you are going to do. I will not tell you anything until I consult with an attorney. If I am to be charged with a crime against your country, then charge me."

"Okay, I guess you do not get it do you? So let me outline it to you. Where you are at does not really exist. You no longer exist. Your friend no longer exists. Down here with me is another world that

does exist. Most that come here do not leave here the way they came in. However, in your case, we might be somewhat lenient. You may well be the first to say, I survived, for you never know. It is up to you Jack. So, let us start with something easy. What is this binder I have in my hand?”

I looked at it and recognized it as the binder Gabriel had given me that I was to memorize. I had not even opened it yet to see the contents. “It contains instructions from God on what I am to say during a sermon I am giving on Thursday in Kansas City, Missouri.”

“Really? Then what do these symbols mean?” as he opened the binder, looking at the pages.

“What symbols? I have never looked at the file, so I do not know what you mean.”

“Symbols, Jack,” he repeated, as he held up one of the sheets so that I could see the markings. It was strange; I had never seen anything like it. It was a series of symbols, which went from a circle out to the end. Not in lines like words. The best I way I could describe it was that it was like a Mayan Calendar with many symbols on it.

“I do not know what they mean.”

He shoved it closer to my face and said, “You must know what it means or you would not have it.”

I looked at it again, and closed my eyes. Then, as in the interview, it came to me how to interpret the symbols. As I opened my eyes and looked at it again, I then realized it was the Ten Commandments written by God himself in his own writing, I said to him, “The Ten Commandments, from your God and mine.”

Chapter 74

1:00 PM EST Day two of 1260 Camp David, Maryland - Conference Room

The meetings at Camp David were becoming heated. Many of the members of the government were not really in accord with the President declaring martial law as of Monday when the first hurricane was to hit Houston. He was getting very tired of hearing things like “Mr. President this cannot be done. The people will not stand for it,” “Mr. President, this has never been done before,” or “Mr. President, we are a democracy.”

He only replied, “The founding fathers wrote the Constitution and put it into law. Then after 911, the Congress and the Justice Department affirmed the Presidential power to implement it. And I, the President of the United States, feel I have to impose it.”

They were interrupted by a knock at the door. Instead of the latecomer they expected, such as Secretary of State, it turned out to be one of the sentries posted at the door. He had a piece of paper in his hand, which looked like a note. He spoke with the Sergeant of Arms at the door and pointed over to the President.

“Excuse me, sir,” said the Sergeant, “But we have an emergency message for you.”

“That’s fine, please bring it over.” He brought the folded sheet of paper over. Richard saw that it was actually a fax. He read the information. He then stood and said, “I need to address this quickly. Once I have dealt with this issue, I will be back to continue our discussions.”

The President walked out the door and motioned for Jamal to go with him. They went directly to his private office in the Camp.

Chapter 75

1:35 PM EST Day two of 1260 Camp David, Maryland -
President Richard Stevenson's Office

"Jamal," Richard said as they sat down, "We have a major problem. It seems that our Attorney General has been tracking Mr. South and found out that he went to Israel: and that in doing so, did not process himself through Customs. His plane was escorted back from across the Mediterranean to an airbase in Northern Israel, called Ramat David. If I am correct in remembering, that is where we send prisoners when we do not want to get our hand caught in the cookie jar. What I mean is, that is where they send someone who is uncooperative. Am I correct?"

"Yes, Mr. President. That would be the place. How did we hear about this?"

"Jack's Attorney, Mark Anderson, somehow got a communication from the Attorney General about issuing a warrant for Jack's arrest as well as a call from Jack from his jet saying that the Israelis were forcing their jet down. He also knew that Jack had gone to Israel. We know that Mark has some connections there. He probably made a few calls and connected the dots. We are under very strict instructions not to harass Jack. And as you know, you do not play with Aafre, even a little."

The President punched a button on the desk and his secretary, Rolinda answered, "Yes, Mr. President?"

"Go into the meeting room and have the Attorney General, Ken Giles, join us in my office. Would you please?"

"Yes, Mr. President. I will do it now."

"What a mess we have Jamal. This pompous jerk I got shoved down my throat for Attorney General has now royally screwed us up. When Aafre finds out, he will be more than angry. Giles has been a pain in my behind since day one. I think his goal is to run against me in the next election and so he will do anything to destroy or discredit me. If the press gets a hold of this there will be riots everywhere, especially in Kansas City."

"What is it you want to do about this, Mr. President?"

"Crucify the Attorney General, that's what."

Chapter 76

8:35 PM CEST Day two of 1260 Ramat David Air Force Base, Level I Interrogation Room

“Veronica,” Moshe’s interrogation continued, “you realize that your friend is downstairs in one of our very special rooms. He is with Captain Weismann, whom you will remember from when you were here. Captain Weismann is quite capable of getting where he needs to go in order to gather what we want.”

Veronica, for the first time, knew that she betrayed some emotion, but said, “You have no idea what you are doing. If I were you, I would stop this now. Refuel our plane and let us all go and forget about all of this.”

“Well, maybe we can,” as he opened a folder in front of him. “Maybe you can tell me what this is. He held up a sheet of paper with markings going from the center of the page in circles to the end of the page. What is this that we found on the plane?”

She did not really know what it was, but knew that it belonged to Jack. “Jack said he was to read it because it contained instructions from God regarding the sermons he is to give, starting in Kansas City.” She knew from Gabriel that he had given Jack the folder and it contained several sheets of paper, but she had never actually seen them.

Moshe looked at Veronica and wondered if she really believed all this bullshit. He then said, “Veronica, I need to know what these symbols mean. I faxed them to one of our professors at the University in Tel Aviv and he says he has never seen anything like it before. So what does it say?”

“I really don’t know Moshe. Torture me if you wish, but I cannot translate it for you. Moshe, I am begging you, let this go and let us go. You will not like what happens if you do not.”

“Is that a threat, Veronica? It sure sounds like one.”

Chapter 77

1:45 PM EST Day two of 1260 Camp David, Maryland - President Richard Stevenson's Office

Ken Giles walked into the President's office and Stevenson barked out, "Sit down Ken, in the chair closest to my desk. I want to be able to see you real well, I want to hear you real well, and as a matter of fact, I want to remember you just as you are, for when I get through with you, there will probably be little left for the buzzards to digest."

Ken was used to the President's tirades and waved his hand to dismiss what Stevenson had said, then asked, "What has gotten you so angry?"

"Jack South, that's what. What the hell have you done?"

"Hey, I am just fulfilling the oath of my office. He snuck out of the country and into an ally's country and he was caught. So what? Maybe they can figure out what he is doing. You sure as hell will not. So, when I found out what he had done, I called our contacts in Israel and told them to do as they wished. In addition, I assumed that since you will not try to find out what makes this guy tick, I would. And when I do, it will put an end to this hocus pocus he is spreading across this country, and the world, for that matter."

The President looked at him and shook his head, "Ken, you have no idea what you may have done." He pushed a call button on his desk and when Rolinda answered he said, "Get the Israeli Prime Minister for me immediately please. Tell him it is urgent."

Chapter 78

1:45 PM EST Day two of 1260 Somewhere over the Atlantic, AM4000 Jet

Aafre was speaking with one of his staff members while they worked on some statistics when he saw the flight attendant come into the lounge. She walked up to him, “Mr. Aafre, I need to speak with you.” She leaned down towards him and whispered in his ear.

Aafre immediately stood up and said, “Excuse me gentlemen, but I need to attend to some important business that has come up.”

He left the lounge cabin and went to the area right behind the cockpit. There was a secure communications link that he could use to make and receive secure calls. He closed the door and immediately called the White House’s special number. He was connected through their switchboard to Camp David, where President Stevenson currently was.

Aafre waited for the call to go through. When he finally got the President on the line, he listened to what he had to say and simply said, “Get him out of there now. Moreover, as for this Attorney General, I will take care of him myself. As I told you Stevenson, and I meant it, until I say, no one touches this person. Now, if he is not released within an hour, I will take matters into my own hands and use our own resources. So make sure the Prime Minister knows what needs to be done.”

Chapter 79

1:55 PM EST Day two of 1260 Camp David, Maryland - President Richard Stevenson's Office

The President put the phone down after the call from Aafre and looked over at Ken. "I want your resignation on my desk in one hour or I will invoke my Presidential powers, and use the FBI and CIA, to place you under arrest for violation of our government's human rights laws on giving over an American Citizen to a foreign country. One hour, that is all you have. You can claim that you are resigning for any number of reasons. However, if you do not, I will release to the press the information of an incident of another who was incarcerated. I have tapes of you giving the order from your office to the CIA on the other subject we'd sent there. So what's it going to be, Ken?"

As Stevenson waited for Ken's answer, the telephone rang. He picked it up. Rolinda said, "I have the Israeli Prime Minister on the line, Mr. President. Should I put him through?"

"Yes, please do."

He waited and heard David's voice, "Hello, Stevenson," he said in his Yiddish accent, "what I can do for you today?"

"Are you in a secure place that we can talk David?"

"Yes, I'm in my office. You just caught me. I was just leaving to have dinner with my family this evening."

Stevenson explained the situation to him and said that the US would not hold Israel responsible for anything that had happened, but it would be best if they wrapped this up quickly. David said that he understood. He also questioned Stevenson about Jack, "Are you sure you don't want us to break him? He is here and he is a threat to all of us. It is raining here, like in the Sahara and that may soon cause us problems. We may be able to crack him."

"No. Just put him and whoever he was with back on their jet. I just hope this never makes it to the press. Once again, thanks David. I really appreciate your help. And, yes David, we will sign the agreements on the bombers and after some of this calms down you should be getting them. Thanks again."

Stevenson put the phone down, and then looked over at Jamal, “Fortunately, they want the bombers more than they want Jack. So he will do what is necessary to make sure that he is released,” he said.

He then turned his attention back to the Attorney General and said, “Now Ken, what’s it going to be?”

Chapter 80

8:55 PM CEST Day two of 1260 Ramat David Air Force Base, Level III Interrogation Room

They had turned off the lights and left. Again, it was pitch black. I doubted if they believed what I told them about the binder. What was strange to me is that I could actually read it and I had never ever seen anything like it before; but then obviously, they had not either.

My mind was playing with me again and I was still very cold. I was not looking forward to being tortured to get me to tell these people what I had said on national TV yesterday. That was about all they would ever get from me anyway. I really knew nothing else. I guess they could question me about the desert and the cave meeting, but they probably would not believe that either.

I was not sure what was going to happen to me. According to Old Testament scriptures, many were imprisoned for their beliefs. Maybe God was just testing me and this was just a part of the seasoning that he put his messengers or prophets through. I also wondered if I was strong enough to handle it and still be able to function afterwards. I wasn't sure, but I did know that Gabriel had said that although I was chosen, I still had one-hundred percent free will; and if I chose to go against God's wishes, I could do so.

I would not let that happen. If they beat me, I would tell the truth, no matter what, and let God take care of the rest of it. I started to recite the Lord's Prayer when the lights came back on.

Chapter 81

9:00 PM CEST Day two of 1260 Ramat David Air Force Base, Level I Interrogation Room

Moshe had left the room, but the door was locked, so she was still a prisoner. She had no intention of trying to get out anyway. She would not get very far. Veronica felt that Moshe had probably gone to see if her story corroborated with Jack's. If it did not, then they would turn up the heat and try to find out more, using their techniques.

She could well imagine that Jack was probably shackled, naked, and scared out of his wits downstairs. However, she also knew that he was now a man of God and this may well be some good seasoning for him. She had joined this group of Gabriel and Ariel's several years ago after Shraya and she had had their little tryst. Then Shraya had explained who he really was. After she got over the initial shock of it, they recruited her. She converted to Christianity, resigned her position, and was sent to America to begin to lay out the plans, long before Jack ever knew he was going to be who he is now.

To think Jack thought she must be an angel. Well after today, he would know the truth and then she would tell him again that she is there to protect him and keep him safe; that this had all been worked out some time ago. However, she mused, she was not doing such a good job now, even in her own territory. Therefore, she was thinking about what must have happened in America that someone had stumbled on their whereabouts and overshot their authority. It really boiled down to three people that could order this. That would be the President, The Attorney General, or the Director of the CIA. No one else could make the request.

Her thoughts were interrupted when she heard the door open. Moshe walked in sat down and said, "Veronica, you must really have friends in very high places. Your jet is being refueled and your pilots and your precious Jack are being returned to you. However, I think it is important that you let Mr. South know that none of this really took place today. It might not bode well for him to run to the press and tell his story."

“I can assure you that I doubt if your threats would be of much concern to him. I can also tell you that he has no reason to dwell on this; and I will do what I can. Now may I leave?”

“Sure you can. I wish you would stay longer though. Dinner with a bottle of fine wine would really make my day.”

“Go screw yourself Moshe. You know how I feel about that. Also, please return the binder that you removed from the plane.”

“Certainly, you can also have the other papers, including Jack’s passport.” He handed the binder to her. She noticed, as she looked in the folder that the papers were copies, not the originals. Where are the originals Moshe?”

“Ah, those we will keep here. I want to have it analyzed, especially if it really came from God. Then we may find out something else interesting. I am sure that Jack and I will meet again very soon, maybe in Jerusalem. Are you sure we cannot have dinner together again, just like old times?” he pouted.

“No, Moshe. Not now, not ever.”

“Okay my dear. Maybe you can fly back to the caves and get Shraya too,” as he laughed.

She hated that laugh, hated it so very much.

Chapter 82

2:10 PM EST Day two of 1260 Somewhere over the Atlantic, AM4000 Jet

Aafre was still in the forward cabin's communications room when the phone rang. He picked it up, listened to the caller, and said, "Thank you." He hung up the phone and stood to return to the lounge.

He laughed and said to himself. It was amazing how simple and trusting people really were. He had known about the file that Jack had, and using his considerable skill, had suckered the Attorney General into turning Jack in, thereby getting Jack into one of his associate's clutches and getting the original document that had supposedly come from God. Even the Israeli government did not know that Moshe and the Director worked for him when needed. All men were corruptible, he thought. He would have to make sure they received a very large bonus soon. Now he needed to make sure Mr. Ken Giles, the Attorney General, would never have the opportunity to ever write a book or anything else. He was sure that he would not be missed, for Stevenson hated the man. Easy come, easy go. It was so easy.

Chapter 83

2:20 PM EST Day two of 1260 Camp David, Maryland

Ken left the President's office furious. Screw him, he thought. He would not take this lying down. He had friends too and Stevenson would not like what he may be able to do or dig up on the old man. He and Stevenson had been at each other since he could remember and this was not the first threat he had ever gotten. It was his own connections that had assured him the AG spot when Stevenson took office. In addition, he knew that if he played his cards right, he would be President in the next few years. He had a lot of party support.

Resign. No way, José, he thought to himself. Never!

He knew he could not go back to the meeting, so he called for a limo from the carpool available to the government and said he needed to get back to his office. The limo should be here shortly he thought, as he waited outside the door smoking a cigarette. He did not normally smoke much, but it did help calm his nerves.

He saw the limo coming from around the edge of the woods leading up to the Camp's administration building. He reached down and grabbed his briefcase, put it on his shoulder and stood by the road. He would get his other things later or they could send his bag to his house. He needed to get out of there.

The car stopped and he opened his own back door of the limo and sat inside. He knocked on the window and told the driver he needed to get back to Washington D.C., to the office. The driver grunted as he put the car in gear and drove down the driveway.

The limo passed the gates and started down the access road to 15, which would then take them to the beltway, and then on into D.C. He figured he would just lean back and enjoy the ride. The helicopter ride had only taken about a half an hour. However, that was not an option today; but depending on traffic, he would still get back around five or so.

Then, he thought, he'd start pushing the buttons on old Stevenson. Resign? He doubted it.

He was looking out the window when he eventually realized that they had turned off 15 and were going down some road he had

never been on before. He banged on the glass that separated him and the driver, but got no response. He suddenly felt that he was in danger. The hairs on the back of his neck started sticking up and his whole body grew tense. He lived on intuition and trusted it. He knew he was in trouble.

He tried opening the door, but it was locked. He continued banging on the glass separating the driver from him, to no avail. He picked up his cell phone and tried to dial, but there was no service. The car started to slow down, and he watched as it came to a stop in the middle of the woods. The driver got out, opened his door, and the last thing Ken Giles heard was the shot.

Chapter 84

9:25 PM CEST Day two of 1260 Over Ramat David Air Force Base, Israel Airspace

I sat in my seat on the jet, strapped in, as it took off from the airbase. I looked out the window even though it was becoming dark. With the lights, I could still see the sprawling desert that surrounded the base and the buildings that made up the area. I was trying to decipher which one I had been in, but could not.

Veronica was also looking out the windows until she turned to me and said, "It was the building to the right of the very large hangar," and she pointed it out. I looked at it and noticed it was just like all the others, but I still could not shake off being held prisoner there, although it had not been for very long. I kept staring at it from the window.

After they had questioned me about the file, they had left me there, again in the blackness. It had seemed forever before they came back. This time I kept my eyes closed until they adjusted to the light again. There was only one guard and he had a bundle in his hands. It was my clothes and personal items. The soldier reached behind me and removed the handcuffs from my wrists and then bent down and released the shackles from my ankles. He simply said, "Get dressed," before he turned and walked out the door. This time they left the lights on.

A few minutes later, they put a blindfold on me and took me back to our jet. When I got out of the car, they took the blindfold off and stood there while I walked up the steps. They had not said a word. Veronica was already in the cabin.

"Strap yourself in. We are leaving."

She pulled up the hatch and sat down. I could hear the jet's engines start up. We began taxiing out to the runway then the jet turned and started down the runway. Soon, it lifted off the ground. I realized that I had been holding my breath the entire time.

I looked over at Veronica who was just staring out the window and I asked her, "Have you been here before?"

"Yes," she said. "I used to work here. And the people that you met were my co-workers."

“Couldn’t you have just put in a good word for me so I wouldn’t have had to go through all of that?”

“I tried, Jack. I really tried; but it appears someone in the U.S. Government wanted you taken in, and so they did.”

“Any idea who?”

“No, I’m not sure. It had to be the President, the Attorney General, or the Director of the CIA. Otherwise, they never would have forced our plane down; especially here. So it had to be one of them.”

“I guess you aren’t an angel then.” I laughed at some more of my dry mid western humor.

“No Jack, I’m not. Now you are playing with me. This is serious, not a joke. I am your protector and helper, as I said before, but I could not foresee this happening. I had no inkling that someone would have done this. Fortunately, nothing bad happened and I can assure you, I will not let this happen again.”

“Where are we headed now, since you are my personal tour guide?”

“New York, to refuel, then fly to Kansas City. We should be in Kansas City by Wednesday afternoon. Your sermon is at 7:30 p.m., Thursday. Gabriel will tell you what is next after that.”

“Thanks,” I said trying to take all this in. The past two days had been like a jumble of words, country jumping and an incredible race that seemed to never stop. “Mind if I smoke?”

“No, go ahead. I will get you a Coors Light. Can I ask a favor?”

“Sure, what is it?”

“I want a cigarette too, and a shot of whiskey.”

“Help yourself.”

“Oh by the way, Jack.”

“What Veronica?”

“Don’t talk about any plans or anything, other than small talk please.”

“Why?”

“Because, if I was still working there, this plane would have so many bugs in it, you could call it an infestation. When we get to

New York I will have some associates meet us there and have the jet swept.”

“Can you hear me Moshe?” she asked as she laughed out loud.

Chapter 85

2:30 PM EST Day two of 1260 Camp David, Maryland - Conference Room

When President Stevenson returned to the conference room after dealing with the Attorney General, they were just getting sandwiches and drinks from the buffet table up at the end of the room. The conversation levels were pretty high. It seemed everyone was talking at the same time and in small groups. As he walked towards the buffet table, he scanned the room to see who was grouping together. As a seasoned politician, he knew that when people ate, they usually liked to be close to those with whom they felt most comfortable. In his years in the state legislature, then the senate, he had found that watching this could sometimes point out people who really were not on the team or had other agendas.

Most of the people around him were on his team, but he knew that there were those who had doubts about his abilities and his integrity. The sad thing for those gathered was that they did not know the power was given only to those willing to allow others to have power over them. Being President of the United States was a tradeoff between what you wanted to accomplish and whether or not the real powers to be wanted your agenda to happen or not. The reality was that money had the power; whoever had the most money, had the most power. Even the wars of Europe were financed by the money brokers. No money meant no war.

He, like most of his predecessors, got to this position with money. It took a lot of money and it took many promises. Surprisingly enough, as he clawed his way up through the system, he started finding out where the real power lay, and it was not in the U.S. He mused a bit on the thought and then sort of laughed to himself. If the world really knew all of this, they would all be immediately taken out and shot by the people. Then in time, it would start all over again and in a few hundred years, it would be just as it was now.

Jamal started walking over to Stevenson. He said, "After lunch we are going to start tackling the logistics of moving and relocating most of the eastern seaboard, parts of Florida and the Gulf coasts. General Stoups told me that he might have a good plan that we

could put into effect, starting with the first strike in Houston, and then work our way around the coasts. He also has a plan to move our national treasures from DC and New York. I suppose, Mr. President, that at least we have time, and it is not like a nuclear attack where we would only have a few hours or less.”

“You’re right, Jamal. Having time does help but it only delays the inevitable. What kind of resources will this take? Did he say?”

“No, not really. He said that he felt he would just tell everyone at the same time and then we can work it out from there. By the way, since we are going to Kansas City and then The Waldger Group meeting is right after, are we going to be coming back to Washington or are we going straight to Cheyenne?”

“I don’t know Jamal. I really do not know. We’ve only just started on the process to move necessary equipment and some staff.”

“Okay. Thought I would ask, because we need to make press releases and work out the final details. Vice President Johnson will be on the ground in about three hours and on his way out here. We had a delay in getting him out of China for the state visit he was attending. Do you want him brought directly here from the airport or wait until tomorrow morning?”

“No, tonight. We have a lot to cover and a very short time to do it in.”

“I will take care of it then.”

Jamal started for the doors to the communication’s room and as Stevenson watched him leave, he thought, even as President of the world’s superpower, he felt overwhelmed; and he knew that it was only going to get worse.

Chapter 86

1:30 PM CST Day two of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Arrowhead Stadium

In Kansas City, Mayor Madeline Sipes was surrounded it seemed, by every agency that existed on the planet, not to mention those belonging to the United States. There were people from Interpol, the Vatican, secret service agents from several countries, and to top it all off, brass from every military unit in the U.S. They were meeting in makeshift quarters at Arrowhead Stadium using the Chief's media room, which was the only place that was capable of handling this amount of people in a single enclosed space, and away from the press, which was camped out at City Hall. How the feds got their people here so quickly, she had no idea.

The City Manager was asking Reverend Marks why they could not relocate the Rally to Arrowhead or some other venue. The answer was always an emphatic no. He insisted that Arrowhead Stadium was a closed building, which could not house the multitude that was gathering in the city.

Mayor Sipes knew that her city was bursting at the seams and even if the Feds shut down the highways leading into the city and rerouted travelers from MCI to other airports, it was still a mess. People were actually walking to the city and to Memorial Park. There were already thousands camped out, just sitting, and waiting even though Jack South would not even be here until Thursday evening; not much more than forty-eight hours away.

Now she had been made aware that the President was coming, which meant dealing with the Secret Service. On a prior visit a year ago, Stevenson had been a pain to deal with. Now the Vatican was sending representatives and a large group of high level Europeans, including many leaders from there and Asia. Many corporate leaders around the world were coming or were already here. They all wanted to be here for this Rally and it made no sense to her at all.

She found out that The Waldger Group had rented the entire City Center Complex for meetings on Friday and Saturday. That meant a lot more very high profile world leaders would be here not only for the 'Rally,' but the scheduled meetings as well. These seemed to have been planned out of the blue. Normally, groups as large and as

powerful as this had their meetings scheduled well in advance of a year, if not more.

She turned her thoughts back to what was going on here. Fortunately, South's people had agreed to let the dignitaries that were coming have secure seating on the stage, which would keep them away from the public. A clear bulletproof glass wall was being erected on both sides of the stage, and would surround them; but still allow them to hear and to see the event.

This whole ordeal was becoming a nightmare and a total drain on the city's resources. Fortunately, the Feds had come to the rescue. She noticed it had become quiet, so she turned her attention to the front of the room.

Roland Winters, a full Bird Colonel in the Army, stepped up to the microphone and started speaking.

"Thanks to all of you for coming. As you well know by now, this Rally that should have been at most a few hundred people has now taken on worldwide interest." He paused for everyone to take this in. "As of right now, Kansas City is under the jurisdiction of the United States Federal Government until further notice. Like the disaster in California, it is in the nation's and the region's interest that the military take command of the city and its policing. I realize this is not normal, but we have absolutely no choice. It is the only way we can ensure the safety and security of not only the city, but also the many dignitaries who have seen fit to come here. This is unprecedented, but we have a plan and we will follow it." He then flipped on a switch and a grid of the city came up on the screen.

Chapter 87

3:30 PM EST Day two of 1260 New York - The Network, Brad Williams' Office

Brad's second show today was the evening news at 5:30 p.m. He would be covering the day's events from the studios in New York. He had asked to be sent to Kansas City to broadcast live from there, but had been shot down. That was unusual. Normally, all the networks would be on location with something like this Jack phenomenon going on, especially The Network. The powers that be had said no and that Brad was to lay low and take the bad ratings until they could get Jack South up against the wall. Then they would go in for the kill. He felt they did not trust him anymore. He was going over the notes in his office when he got a call. "Hello?"

"Mr. Williams?"

"Yes?"

"Mr. Williams, I wanted to let you know that Jack South was just released from an Israeli airbase where he and an associate of his, a Veronica, were held for several hours for illegally entering the country. My understanding is that the President of the United States himself got him off the hook and Mr. South is on a private jet, on his way back to New York and should be arriving around 2:00 a.m., Wednesday morning. I might add that Stevenson had to give the Israelis assurances that they would get those new bombers they wanted in order to get them to release this person and his friend. Sounds like a payoff to me, and the President seems to have a stake in Mr. South. At least, that is what it all sounds like."

"Who is this speaking?"

"Oh, sorry Brad, I can't tell you that. However, you have many resources. Check out the information if you want. It makes good headlines with the President giving war planes to Israel to bail out Jack South."

Click. Brad heard the dial tone.

What the hell, he thought. He grabbed a piece of paper and noted the conversation as well as he could remember. He then got on the phone and called his chief investigator.

Chapter 88

4:00 PM CST Day two of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Old Municipal Airport

John Roddenberg's plane landed at the old Kansas City Airport downtown. It was used primarily as a commuter airport since KCI opened in the late seventies. The good thing about this airport was that it was located in downtown, about a ten-minute drive to the Bear affiliate on Broadway. He waited for transportation to the city.

On the flight down, he was finalizing the 5:30 p.m. Bear National News that he would anchor on-site at the Liberty Memorial Park in Kansas City. With the help of South's people, they had set up an anchor desk with all the equipment, on the north side of the stage, which was enclosed in bulletproof glass. Tonight, Wednesday, and Thursday nights, the broadcast would air from there.

Tonight's show would be extended, and had been advertised all day as a two-hour special from Kansas City. This would give a good look at the mass of people already there, and in some cases, those who had walked from as far away as Columbia. Columbia was where the federal government had shut down the highways except for transportation of goods and local residents. They also had placed on the spot reporters in all seven threatened cities that Jack had said would feel the wrath of God on both the eastern and southern coasts. Each on the spot reporter would be reporting on the plight of the people there and interviewing local politicians about the plans they had made.

Another part of the two-hour special would be focused on the Camp David meetings in Maryland. Even though there was a tight lid on the proceedings there, their reporter would report from outside the gates and speculate as to what was occurring.

In addition, there would be footage of the mess in California, which under normal circumstances, was where he would be. But California may well pale in comparison to the carnage that would be experienced on the coasts over the next few weeks. Besides, the real news was here, especially after Jack took the challenge of the panel yesterday, and predicted the volcano in the Pacific Ocean, on the spot. He was the most sought after news since either 911 or the Kennedy Assassination.

They also had reporters in the Middle East and Africa reporting on the rain that had already started today and the repercussions to that entire region. It had been raining between the coordinates Jack gave since this morning.

Chester Nichols, the Bear News weatherman, had been in consultation with academics all over the world today to decide on the far-reaching effects of all the weather changes. John knew that today the North Pole registered a whopping eight degrees above normal for the entire day, and based on satellite imagery, you could start to see small spots of ice breaking up near the costal ice sheets.

The only thing missing from the news was Jack and his location. The viewers wanted to know where he was and what he was doing. After he had left the building on Monday, no one had heard anything about him at all. It was as if he had disappeared.

John knew though that Reverend Marks was there in Kansas City overseeing the setup of the Rally and working with the local government – and now the federal military machine – in setting up for Thursday’s Rally. They were trying to track the Reverend down to see if he had any comments for the special.

Other news events today were unprecedented. The SEC had suspended the stock markets as well as oil trading in the U.S. There was no timetable as to when they would reopen.

The Europeans were bailing on U.S. stocks; especially treasury notes. The Chinese almost caused a run on the banks. Gold went up over two hundred dollars more an ounce. Trading of gold was also stopped, not only here, but in Europe as well.

The highways in Texas, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, and on the east coast were now jammed with cars and trailers expecting the worse. They were moving to different parts of the country they felt were safer, even though some still had several weeks to evacuate.

There was speculation that the Smithsonian was trucking valuable items from displays and moving them to safer quarters. It was the same in D.C. and other areas of the country. The Metropolitan, as well as other museums in the east, were taking items and possibly trucking them to safer places. There were no specific news sources to confirm any of this other than that the Smithsonian and the

Metropolitan were going to be closed as of next Monday until further notice.

Amazing, one day ago he had to create news, now he could barely cover it.

His thoughts were interrupted by one of the stewards, who said, "Mr. Roddenburg, your chopper is ready. Please follow me." Hmm he thought, the roads must be blocked.

Chapter 89

4:30 PM CST Day two of 1260 Chicago, Illinois - Mark Anderson's Law Office

Mark had immediately jumped into action after receiving the fax from the Attorney General's office. Knowing that Jack was in Israel, he knew that Mossad would bring him in and try to obtain information from him; and he needed to stop that as soon as possible.

His first call went to Ken Giles who never acknowledged the call. Mark ended up talking to some clerk instead of Ken. The next call went to the White House, but once again, he was blindsided and had to leave a message.

He then decided to cash in a favor. The thing about being a defense attorney was that he made money, friends, and enemies. He had gotten the President's nephew off an alleged rape charge some years ago. The President and his brother's family were very pleased with his firm, and would probably help. So, he then called the President's brother to ask a favor.

It had worked. He got a call about two hours later and was given the fax number to Camp David. He had faxed his pleas to President Stevenson. Well, it must have worked. Veronica had called and said they were en route to New York.

Exhausted, Mark just sat in his chair staring at the wall thinking and wondering how many more times this would happen. He shook negative negative thoughts off, got up, and left the office. He needed to go home and rest.

Chapter 90

5:30 PM EST Day two of 1260 Camp David, Maryland - Conference Room

General David Stoups had been talking now for over two hours and Stevenson had started to drift off in other directions. Being President, he knew required him to occasionally listen to very long speeches, but they were usually in the Senate. Politicians and military brass always had an agenda and they droned on forever. He usually tried to get them to speed up, but usually to no avail.

He just wanted to be given the facts and then the solution so they could move on. The General had at least five hundred pages of documentation that he had passed out for his portion of the meeting and seemed to have the same amount of PowerPoint slides, which he showed as he kept talking.

Basically, he could have summed most of it up in ten minutes by simply saying that they were going to start evacuating the affected areas once they felt one-hundred percent sure that Mr. South's predictions were true and would actually happen. There was not much room for doubt. He had not missed a beat yet, and after the island prediction, that had sealed it.

The General also outlined the residual effects of getting people relocated when the hurricanes hit the Gulf areas. Hurricanes usually moved due north after they hit land, which meant that in Texas, the flooding would be far inland and moving up into Oklahoma. Then the other two to hit the Gulf would move rain into the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys, also causing severe flooding. The other issue was that planting season had just started and there was concern over crop loss in these areas. It could well be disastrous with some areas experiencing a total loss of crops; not counting the loss of life and property.

The General showed a map of the U.S with highlighted areas that would be affected by the hurricanes whether through flooding or a direct hit. There were eighteen states in the direct path and ten to fifteen other states, which would be affected by flooding.

He suggested that we call up the National Guard immediately and all unassigned military personnel that were not overseas should be dispatched to manage the FEMA camps located in various areas of

the country. His plan was to seal off cities that were severely damaged as soon as they had been evacuated. As he said, they were going to have the equivalent of seven Katrina's at almost the same time and there was no other way to deal with it.

It was also suggested that they first try and keep Houston afloat, as a national priority over other affected cities. This was due to the oil refineries in that area. They needed to be back in operation as soon as possible, as a matter of National Security. The next priority would be Washington D.C. and then New York City. Everything else would have to wait. If the people did not want to evacuate in any of the cities, then they would force them to, or they could just leave them there to fend for themselves; depending on the severity of the storms and availability of FEMA camps.

The other logistic was the amount of displaced people that needed to be moved. The populations of New York City and New Jersey amounted to almost seventeen million people. Then add another two million for the D.C. area, plus Maryland and Virginia. That now made it somewhere in the vicinity of twenty million people. Now add Jacksonville and Miami, Florida. There were two and a half million people in Dade County alone and some two million in the Jacksonville area. Savannah, Georgia and Houston, Texas had around two million people each. It was mind-boggling. Stevenson had forgotten Mississippi. He was finding it hard to focus on all the numbers. He did not think they could fully deal with the problems.

The other issue the General brought up was the safety of the national treasures in the museums. He suggested they be moved out of the areas which would be worst affected. If the weather did not destroy them, then the looters would. That meant hundreds and thousands of trucks to move the nation's art and history collections to different parts of the country. This was becoming a nightmare.

The General was winding down talking about troop placement in the areas and that they could expect damages in the region of five hundred billion dollars to infrastructure alone, in addition to personal property, loss of production, and camp administration costs.

For the first time in his life, Stevenson was not happy to be who he was and really wished he were not the President of the United States.

Chapter 91

5:30 PM CST Day two of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial, Anchor Desk

The announcer began, “Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Bear News tonight with John Roddenburg. We are live from the Liberty Memorial Park in Kansas City, Missouri where Thursday night we will be exclusively broadcasting the self-proclaimed Witness of God’s sermon at 7:30 p.m. Tonight is our two-hour special edition on the state of the world. Here is your host: John Roddenburg.”

“Good evening America and the world,” John began. “In the past thirty-five hours the world we knew came to an end. With the advent of the Witness from God, as he calls himself. After his proclamations in not only the U.S., but also Northern Africa and the Middle East, we are all watching to see if Jack South continues to be one hundred percent accurate in his predictions, or prophecies, as others call them. Today is Tuesday evening and yes viewers, it is raining in Northern Africa and the Middle East. This makes Jack, once again, one hundred percent right.”

“Tonight we are covering this story from coast to coast, border to border, and continent to continent. We are going to start with an update from Southern California. We will then be going across the Southern coastal cities talking to the leaders and citizens of each city that Jack has said will be in the path of the hurricanes he predicted. We will also be speaking to people who live on the Gulf and east coasts who will also begin to feel the effects very soon. Then we will move on to Africa, where we have our correspondents set up in major cities in Egypt, and other Middle Eastern countries.”

“First, let’s go to Brian Wilcox who is standing by; live in Pasadena, California for an update in Southern California. Brian?”

“Thank you, John. It is about three thirty here in Pasadena. You can see behind me that it looks like a war zone. I am standing in downtown Pasadena and as you look around there is nothing here but rubble. You will also see troop carriers that are being loaded with refugees or people with nowhere to go. They are being transported by troop carriers to buses and are being taken to a makeshift FEMA camp at Twenty-nine Palms. Our estimates, since the military moved into the area yesterday, are that over a hundred

thousand people have been relocated so far. They are lined up everywhere in all the areas that were destroyed and are waiting for transportation to hopefully bring them to food and shelter. There is not any structure that has not been destroyed in these areas. There are also no utilities. Firefighters are using pool water when available because all the waterlines are broken and the broken pipes are flooding certain areas. People are desperate.”

“Have we been able to get a news crew into the camp at Twenty-nine Palms?” John asked.

“No John. The military has refused any entrance to the area. Actually, all the roads coming into the L.A. area were shut down because of damage. This extends from Palm Springs to L.A. from the east, and Orange County to the South, on both the 405 and the 5. The same is true from the north. Many of the roads are not passable for regular traffic, so that is why the troop haulers are being used.”

“Any reports of criminal activity like looting, robbing, or other crimes?”

“Yes. Occasionally you can hear shots off in the distance. We also understand that all of downtown L.A. has been ransacked; but once again, we are unable to get our cameras in certain closed off areas.”

“Do you feel like you are being censored, Brian?” John asked.

“Definitely John, definitely.”

“Okay Brian, Standby; we may get back to you.”

“Now let’s turn to our Washington correspondent, Debbie Cochran. She is outside Camp David where certain members of Congress, the President’s Cabinet, and the President himself, have been holed up since 9:00 a.m. Eastern Standard Time this morning. Debbie?”

“Hello John. We are still outside the gates of Camp David here in Maryland. We have all been here since around 10:00 this morning. You can see around, me all the news vans from about every news media or agency you could think of. They, like us, are waiting to see if anyone from inside is going to make any kind of statement. The only unusual thing that happened today is that Ken Giles, the Attorney General, left the camp several hours ago in a limousine. It

was assumed he was going back to Washington; but he has disappeared and has not gotten in touch with anyone since. He was expected at his office around five or so, but has yet to show up.”

“Do you know who is present there at Camp David with the President?”

“Well, there are the President, his immediate staff, his Cabinet, the Majority and Minority Leaders of Congress. We are also under the impression that the Joint Chiefs of Staff are here. There are also rumors that they are spending the night and will not disperse until tomorrow morning, at the earliest. Oh, and some professors in meteorology are here. One, I think, is from the University of Virginia, Charlottesville. His name is Professor Eugene Rawlins.”

“Thanks, Debbie. We will get back to you later. Please stand by.”

“Before we break for a commercial, I want our viewers to understand something I am seeing. I think there is something going on and we are not being told what the government may be planning, not only in California, but also at Camp David. Whatever it is, I personally believe it will affect the individual freedom of every American citizen. We will be right back.”

Chapter 92

6:38 PM EST Day two of 1260 Camp David, Maryland - Conference Room

Jamal, like the others there at Camp David, had settled down to a dinner set up in the conference room after the seemingly unending monotone presentation of General Stoups for the past few hours. They had set up a couple of wide screen TVs. Bear News was on one screen and The Network on the other. Almost everyone was watching the Bear newscast and John Roddenburg, who was a pain for the administration, broadcasting live from Kansas City in anticipation of Jack's Rally on Thursday night. Jack had everyone's interest.

The volume on The Network broadcast was very low and Jamal had to strain to hear the words being said. He thought about switching over to subtitles, but decided to move closer to the monitor instead. After grabbing his plate and moving to the other end of the table, and hearing what was being said he immediately found the remote and turned up the volume.

Brad Williams was saying, "In other news today, we have learned through our sources that Jack South, the alleged Witness from God, had made an illegal trip to Israel by landing a private jet near Zeta, Israel, which is near the Israeli-Jordanian border. It is believed that he then took a troop transport truck to a mountainous area where he disappeared for a time with an unknown Israeli accomplice, only known as Veronica. After returning later, they took off again on their private jet and were starting to leave Israeli Airspace over the Mediterranean when Israeli jets forced them to land at Ramat David Air Force Base in Northern Israel."

"It has further been reported that the Israelis detained Jack South on illegal entry into the country and he was temporarily detained in a holding cell at the base. President Richard Stevenson, on hearing of the situation, contacted the Israeli authorities and agreed to offer Israel the controversial new bombers designed and built by Lockheed as ransom for his release. We have not yet confirmed this, but the sources that we have are quite reliable."

"Also, this is just in." Brad looked at a piece of paper handed to him, and then back at the camera with a somber face. "Ken Giles,

Attorney General of the United States, has been found shot to death. A farmer who was checking his fence about eight miles from Camp David found his body late today. Local authorities and the FBI are on site and we have one of our correspondents, Mike Bloomer, in the area. Mike?”

“Yes, Brad. As you can see, the entire area is taped off and an investigation is underway. What we know for sure is that Attorney General Ken Giles was at Camp David earlier, but had ordered a limousine from the government carpool to return him to Washington, at around 2:30 p.m. today. Ken had called his assistant and told her that he expected to be there between 4:30 and 5:00 p.m., at the latest.”

“Did she contact the authorities about him being missing?”

“No, she did not. She thought that he might have taken a detour prior to coming to the office.”

“Any word on where the limousine originated from or where it is now?”

“We don’t know any details Brad. We do know that the limo came from the Camp David Government carpool. The local sheriff and the FBI are on site collecting information, and the vehicle is still here.”

“Do you know if his family has been contacted as yet?”

“No, we don’t know that either.”

“Thanks Mike.” Brad turned to the camera, “That was Mike Bloomer reporting from a field about eight miles from Camp David, where authorities have confirmed that Ken Giles, Attorney General of the United States, has been found shot to death. As we get more news on this, we will pass it on to you.”

Jamal noticed that everyone was now watching The Network for two reasons. One, it appeared that Brad Williams had suggested the President had paid a ransom to spring Jack South and two, Ken Giles was dead.

Chapter 93

7:55 PM EST Day two of 1260 Camp David, Maryland - President Richard Stevenson's Office

President Stevenson, Jamal, and Press Secretary, Christopher Hughes were huddled together in the private office allocated to the President when he was at Camp David. They had been discussing both the accusation of the bribe with Israel and the apparent murder of Ken Giles.

Chris was saying, "Mr. President, I know we have a news blackout for this meeting, but we need to say something to the press. They are camped outside the gates and we are not going to get out of here without talking to them. We need to at least have an impromptu press conference to give a statement on both of these issues and then try to avoid any further problems."

"I know," Stevenson said. "I do realize that we have to say something. I suppose that first off we need to address Ken Giles' murder and send condolences to the family." He hesitated, then said, "Regarding the bribe, as it is being called, we need to white wash it and try and make it seem like it was going to happen anyway. I realize the Iranians are going to be all over this, but they are under sanctions and we do not pay that much attention to them anyway. There will be some saber rattling, which is normal, and some bad press, but I doubt if this would result in a congressional hearing of any sorts; at least not now."

Jamal said, "I wonder if it got out that you asked for Ken's resignation today. I mean Camp David is not quite as secure as the White House."

"I doubt it Jamal, but then I see your point. We could be getting set up. So maybe we might just want that to come out anyway. However, the problem is that conspiracy reporters, like John Roddenburg, will just read a lot more into it than there is. I know for sure that none of us gave an order to dispose of Ken."

"Anyone you can think of who had reason to have done this?" Chris asked.

"No, not really. I mean, he was attorney general and that means that he made enemies everywhere. It could have been any number of

people.” Stevenson thought back to what Aafre had said only the day before, and that made him shudder.

It was quiet for a moment while everyone seemed in deep thought, then Stevenson broke the silence, “Here is what we are going to do...”

Chapter 94

7:00 PM CST Day two of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial, Anchor Desk

During the top of the hour commercial break John Roddenburg was handed a dispatch about Ken Giles, the Attorney General. With the knowledge that the AG was the only one to leave Camp David that morning, he would normally have gone on the air and started questioning circumstantial evidence. Questions such as why Giles was the only person who left the camp, and was there an issue between him and the President. That would be an easy one, for it was common knowledge that Stevenson did not care for Giles. His appointment of Ken as Attorney General was forced down his throat. That would make for good press.

He then looked at the comment or accusation made on The Network about Jack South and the Israelis and a bribe. That was another story that he would normally jump right on, for his primary strength had always been attacking the government and feeding conspiracies. What was strange to him was that normally, The Network and Brad were Stevenson's primary champions. They usually took the support road with his administration and this bribe had not been confirmed by any known sources other than The Network's. This was out of character for them, very much out of character. There was something going on.

He leaned over to his producer, Donald MacKee and said, "I think this is going to force a press conference at Camp David. We will interrupt the broadcast to go live immediately if that happens, so make sure Debbie Cochran knows she needs to be ready, and not leave Camp David until we say."

"Will do, Jack; and by the way what do you think about this "Jack for bombers" accusation from Brad?"

"It's very much out of character for them. That is a first and I am concerned there is a lot more going on here than meets the eye. Let us put some feelers out and see if we can get a bite somewhere. I think we may be changing sides for if Brad is now on the other side and is kicking Stevenson's rear end, we will move to the other side and support Stevenson. I would not feel comfortable being on Brad's side, ever."

“I know what you mean John,” Donald had to agree that this was definitely a change in direction.

Chapter 95

8:30 PM EST Day two of 1260 New York - The Network, Brad Williams' Office

Brad Williams had just come out of the meeting regarding the Ken Giles' murder and the news about the President and the suggested bribe. Biggman had made it clear that they had switched sides on Stevenson and that their network was to start the campaign to destroy him. For what reason, he had no idea. They were normally on Stevenson's side and all in for his support, but the boss had a different agenda this time and he was in control after all. Such was the way of politics and the media.

Brad knew that The Network was owned and operated by a large organization which, when they wanted something done, it happened. They would insinuate and lie when necessary to get to the results that they wanted. Now it appeared that Stevenson was caught in the crosshairs.

He smiled to himself and thought about Bear News who usually took the stance of opposing the President. He wondered if maybe they would switch and start supporting him. Now that would be interesting, Brad thought. That would be very interesting.

His thoughts were interrupted when his Assistant Producer, Michelle, stuck her head in the door. She said, "Brad, they are setting up for a press conference at Camp David. They want you on the desk to handle the comments."

"No problem, Michelle. Thanks." He stared after her as she walked out the door, and smiled. Nice looking woman she was.

Chapter 96

8:35 PM EST Day two of 1260 Camp David, Maryland - Temporary Press Room

The press was invited into Camp David to an auditorium hastily set up for a press briefing. As usual, the feed was coming from The Network, which had priority since the Stevenson administration had come to office. The place was full. Many of the reporters had been camped outside most of the day. Not wanting to be left out, several other news agencies had filtered in as the day wore on.

The side door opened and Christopher Hughes, White House Press Secretary, stepped up to the podium. He glanced out at the sea of media people and took the notes he had and laid them on the podium. He then started to speak, "Ladies and gentlemen of the press, thank you for your patience today. As you well know, the United States is under siege with the effects of the disaster in California, which is at this time, the worst we have ever had. There is also the possibility that Jack South may well be correct in his other assessments and predictions. Before I take any questions, I need to tell you three things. The first is that President Stevenson sends his regards and wholehearted sympathies to the family of Ken Giles. As all of you know, Giles was shot in a field near here today. The First Family's prayers are with the Giles at this time of sorrow."

"Secondly," Hughes continued, "the full ability of the United States government, the FBI, and other agencies will work diligently until the murderer of the Attorney General is brought to justice. It is early in the investigation, but we feel confident that the FBI and the local authorities will gather all the clues necessary in order to find the person or persons responsible and bring them to justice."

"Thirdly, we are announcing that the President will be traveling to Kansas City and will attend the Jack South Rally there on Thursday evening. The following day, he will be in attendance at special meetings with other leaders of the world's business and political systems regarding the crisis that we now face. These are being held in Center City in Kansas City on Friday and Saturday. Please note that for now, press releases will be given during those meetings, but the meetings themselves will be behind closed doors."

“Now I am open for questions.”

The babble was unreal. The open forum then became a frenzy of hands waving in the air and calling out. Chris looked through the audience and picked one he thought would not be very difficult. He pointed to Walter Sanchez from the Associated Press.

“Chris, do you have any comments on the breaking news that was aired on The Network about the U.S. giving the okay to Israel to purchase the new state of the art military bombers? They are capable of accommodating nuclear warheads, if I have my information correct. Are they to be sent there from Lockheed in exchange for releasing Jack South?” Sanchez asked.

“Yes, we do have a comment. Jack South was illegally detained in Israel on a technicality. Our government and the Israeli Government knew he was traveling to Israel and his Attorney, Mark Anderson, handled the pre-notifications to the State Department. Due to the security concerns for Mr. South, it was felt that going through the normal process of leaving one country and going to another would not be in his or anyone’s best interest. Unfortunately, someone in Israel’s Secret Service, also known as Mossad, overstepped his or her bounds on a tip from an unidentified source. The President, as he would for any citizen detained for no reason, made a call to the Israeli Prime Minister and they were able to secure Jack’s release. As far as we know, he is now en route back to the United States.”

“Regarding the issue of allowing Israel to purchase the new bombers, we are and have been in negotiations with Israel over the purchase of the planes. I do realize that many in congress and other world leaders are concerned about the U.S. providing them to Israel due to their ability to be armed with nuclear weapons. So here is your answer; yes it is still being negotiated, and as we all know, the President has always been in favor of letting Israel have them. But to date, nothing has been sent to them.”

“Are you saying then that The Network Anchor, Brad Williams, is lying?” Sanchez asked.

“No, but maybe he is misinformed. Now, who is next?” He saw Julie and said, “Julie do you have a question?”

“Yes, thank you. Julie Bernstein, New York Times. You have been in session here at Camp David all day. Do you have any updates on what you are discussing? There are rumors that the President is considering martial law. The other rumor is that prior to the hurricanes hitting the U.S. mainland, FEMA camps will be opened and people will be forced to leave the affected areas and go to these camps. Any truth, to this?”

“First of all, Julie, this self-proclaimed witness as he calls himself, and who we know as Jack, has said this would happen. However, it has not yet happened and we are not one hundred percent sure that it will. You have to understand that we are in uncharted territory here and we do not have answers as to whether or not he can predict anything for sure. However, in light of the rains which have already begun in North Africa,” he continued, “which have added up to Jack still being one hundred percent correct, we are taking precautionary measures. We are doing some planning in the event that he is right about the hurricanes. From listening to the constant media reports on TV and other news outlets, you folks have probably also done some calculations of the scenario we would face. Therefore if we feel these disasters are imminent then yes we do need a plan that will work.”

“To expand on this, Julie, if the hurricanes do develop, the affected areas will include up to thirty million people, not counting homes, property, businesses, and even national landmarks. Category four and five hurricanes are destructive and will in fact level certain areas and make some of them uninhabitable for a very long time. You know as well as I do that the government has several avenues open to ensure the safety of the public. Some of those rules and regulations have been on the books for over thirty years and yes some were updated in the past few years after 911.”

“But, are we planning on putting people in these camps today? No, we are not. Is it a possibility? Yes it is. We may need to mobilize a lot of material, personnel, and resources in the event Jack is right; and so provide as best as we can for the welfare of our citizens. I am sure you know the ramifications, but we do not want to start a panic when there is no reason to. We will react, as each situation

deems necessary and decide what to do from that point. I hope this helps, and thank you Julie.”

Now, Dennis Crawford?”

“Thanks, Chris. Dennis Crawford, Washington News, District of Columbia. I have heard rumors that the U.S. government is going to Cheyenne Mountain next week. Is there any truth to this?”

“Yes, Dennis. The storms have already started in North Africa and the Middle East, which we think will feed the tropical disturbances in the Atlantic. Therefore, Jack may be right again. Yes, we will move the government to Cheyenne Mountain. As you well know, it was, built in the event of a nuclear strike. Of course, that is not on the agenda, but the facility will allow us – while Washington is shut down – to maintain the integrity of leadership of the country during this crisis.”

“Doesn’t that require martial law to be implemented, Chris?” Dennis continued his questioning. “Or, as I understood it from scenarios that are public knowledge, this would be the protocol in the event the government felt it had to take shelter?”

“No, it does not. Moving the government’s headquarters to another location does not automatically invoke Article Nine or any of the numerous other executive orders that can be implemented if necessary.”

“Thanks, Chris.”

“Okay, one more. Paul Wiegman.”

“Thank you, Chris. Paul Wiegman, The Network News, New York”

“It is my understanding that this afternoon the President sent to the Justice Department a brief that would in effect put the entire United States and its territories under martial law until further notice. Is that true?”

Chris wondered how in hell they had found that out.

“Paul, do you want to expand your question?”

“Okay, Chris. We have it on good authority that the President sent a three hundred-page document to the Justice Department this afternoon, which we do not have a copy of. It allegedly relates to the constitutional question of martial law and its implementation.

We do know that the document was delivered. What we do not know is what it says.”

We got a leak here, Chris thought. He was not sure whether to lie or let it be. He mulled over the question in his mind and wished the President was there; but it was his job to deal with it so he needed to come up with an answer. “Paul, we are possibly going into a crisis mode here in our country. There is a possibility that we may need to put martial law into effect to keep order and protect the sovereignty of the United States. However, in keeping with the concerns of the rights of our citizens, a draft of such an order was sent to the Justice Department for a full review and consideration.”

“In other words,” Paul went on, “that is what you are planning to do?”

“Maybe.”

Chris picked up his notes and started for the side door. He could hear the questions from all over and some of them were getting nasty. He held his head up as he walked to the door, opened it, and shut it behind him. He leaned up against the wall, straightened his neck, and said silently to himself, God help us all. We have a major leak. He shook his head to shake off his feeling of uneasiness, and walked down the hall.

Chapter 97

8:45 PM CST Day two of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - International Airport

Aafre's plane had landed at KCI about the same time as the press conference began at Camp David, so they had remained on the tarmac and tuned in to watch from the communications room. Aafre was quite pleased. Everything was happening exactly as he had planned. It was amazing how the free press in America would tear down their leadership in a heartbeat, even based on rumors.

Aafre and his resources had made the President as he had made all the presidents in the past few decades. He decided who would lead the U.S. They would put their resources behind him, and he was elected. It took money and it took people willing to do as they were told. They were not much different from sheep. Imagine clawing your way up a corporate ladder then finding out that even at the top, you still had someone else to answer to. It also required that they not be pure of heart. Chivalry itself was long dead, of course, and would never return.

In the meeting on Monday he had told the members that under no circumstances was Jack to be harassed. However, that did not apply to him. He had had to have Jack harassed in order to get the document from him. The Attorney General's death was going to be of use at the session on Friday. Ken Giles would be an example of what happened when one did not follow the rules. The other great thing about the Ken Giles murder was that he had the tapes of the conversation between Stevenson and Giles just prior to him leaving Camp David. The threat would not bode well if the press got a hold of this evidence against Stevenson. He might even be accused of killing him. Conspiracy theorists were always good about going down that avenue.

Jamal was a good man. He was loyal, very loyal. He would have to take care of him in some way to show his appreciation. The tapes would be kept and put away for now and used only if Stevenson got out of control. Then he would use them as needed; but for now things were fine. He also wanted to keep Jamal in the White House for Stevenson would know who had taped the conversation, and he needed to know the President's plans. Just like in the press

conference, Jamal had come through on the brief sent to Justice. He even had a copy. It was so easy to feed it to a newsperson. They were eager to bite and bit hard.

What Stevenson did not know was that the United States had to be neutralized in order for the final plan to work. Aafre's Master knew it and Jack's God knew it. The overall plan was the revival of the Roman Empire, which could only happen in Europe. America, at least as of yesterday, was the world's super power. This had to change. It had to change quickly so that Aafre and his Master's plan could come to fruition.

That meant that he needed to back Stevenson into a corner, let this witness or witnesses destroy the infrastructure of the States, and the U.S. give up their sovereignty. The reason he needed the sovereignty of the U.S. was to control the vast military complex they had built since World War II. No sense in wasting all this firepower, no sense at all.

His Master had also told him that the United States was being punished by God, but they would only be the first. It would continue from country to country. However, the Europeans would not be dealt very many blows in this first round of approximately three and a half years. After that, the real battle would begin. Jack's people wanted conversion to their God and acknowledgement that He existed. Well that was fine, for when they left, the real Master of earth would take over and put an end to the insanity humans had been living with for over five-thousand years.

Just a matter of time thought Aafre. It was just a matter of time.

Chapter 98

7:45 PM CST Day two of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial, Anchor Desk

Bear News had to break away from the Special they were airing in Kansas City and go live to Camp David for the press conference. The producers had decided to finish the special tomorrow night, in the same time slot and concentrate on the press conference and the death of the Attorney General.

“John,” Donald, his producer said, “We are going live in thirty, which means thirty seconds.” John turned back to get in position behind the makeshift news desk on the stage in Kansas City. He adjusted his papers and stared at the camera operator and the digital counter, five, four, three, two, one.

“Hello America and the world, John Roddenburg again broadcasting from Kansas City, Missouri, here at the Liberty Memorial Park. As many of you already know, there have been several breaking news stories in Washington, including a hurried news conference from Camp David. I am sure that all of you can see that there are many things occurring in the world and we are going to bring you up to date.

“First off, for those of you who were watching our news special on Jack South and his predictions, rest assured we will air that in its entirety tomorrow evening. However, in the meantime we need to cover all the breaking news as it happens and keep you informed.”

“I want to remind all of you that it is around 1:45, Wednesday morning in Africa, and it has been raining there since yesterday. Our meteorologist, Chester Nichols, is here with updates on Jack’s prediction of constant rain in that area for thirty days. Chester?”

“Thanks, John. I have a map here of the area with a satellite photo superimposed over it, which was taken about an hour ago. You can see from the photo that the entire area is covered in storm clouds. You will notice the darker areas of these clouds which are called super cells. These are the most dangerous thunderstorms we know. The entire area is covered with these, from Turkey to the Western Coast of Northern Africa. It appears that sustained northeast winds are blowing up moisture off the Indian Ocean and the Arabian Sea. The Gulf and cooler air from Asia is meeting the moist air from the

south. In effect, it is raining and it is raining very hard. In some areas, it has been raining as much as 2-3 inches per hour. It appears that unless the winds die down, this will continue for some time.”

“Chester, do you think it will last for thirty days as Jack said?”

“I don’t see that it would rain this hard for thirty days, but it could rain steadily as long as the conditions as I described, continue. As long as that is occurring, then yes it will continue to rain.”

“Are there other events like lightning or hail that usually accompany super cells?”

“Yes, and I am glad you asked John. I have another map here that shows the lightning strikes in the area; and as you can see from the map, they are everywhere. As of yet, we do not have any reports from the area about hail or possible severe wind issues. But given the circumstances you can be assured that this may happen soon.”

“Thanks, Chester; now to other news for today.”

“As many of you know, in the press conference a few moments ago, Press Secretary, Christopher Hughes raised the possibility of martial law being implemented nationwide in the coming few days. As of now, all personal rights are currently suspended in Southern California in an attempt to stabilize the area. To help us understand the implications of such an order, we have with us, via a communications link at Harvard University, Dan Simmons of the Harvard University Law Department. Dan is the Dean of the Law School there.”

“Thank you Dan for being with us on such short notice. Can you explain to our viewers what was really said this evening at Camp David?”

“It is really quite simple John. In the event of any of the situations that Jack South has foretold, the Federal Government can, with the Secretary of Defense, the Secretary of Homeland Security, the military, and other high-ranking federal officials, put into effect martial law and take over the country. This suspends the constitution and the people’s rights. The justification to do so is very broad and falls into the category of civil support, homeland defense, and any civil support activities. By the way, this law was enacted in January of 2010 by executive order number 13528 and

was considered by the courts as constitutional, based on Article 9. Keep in mind, the broad statement in Article 9 of the Constitution states, ‘The Privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion of the public safety may require it.’ In our situation, considering if Jack South is right, then the Federal Government can argue that with more than twenty-five million people at risk, in transit and possibly homeless, it would take little if no effort for the Justice Department to put a stamp of approval on such a move.”

“Dan, say they do implement martial law temporarily, how is it rescinded or can we do anything about it if they decide to keep it in place?”

“If certain groups wanted it lifted and the government did not then this issue would go through the courts, most likely the Supreme Court. However, it is likely that the catastrophe would be over by the time it ever got to court, as was stated in the California situation earlier this week. Also, realize that the President’s spokesperson said the document was sent to the Justice Department for review. If the court puts their stamp of approval on the request then it would literally take years to be rescinded through the courts. That is of course, if the government chooses to keep it in place. Right now what they are doing is crossing their ‘T’s and dotting their ‘I’s.”

“So what does it mean to have martial law?”

“Simple; you have no rights any longer and you do as the government or their agencies tell you, or face imprisonment. This, for your information, also suspends elections of all government officials including those within cities, states, and the federal government as a whole. So any elections scheduled would be cancelled till the order is rescinded.”

“Thank you, Dan, for your expert input.” John turned again facing the camera and said, “That was Dan Simmons, Dean of the Law Department at Harvard University. There it is viewers. It appears that all our rights will be in limbo for some time if the events as described by Mr. South do occur. And, with Chester, our meteorologist showing us the rain is falling as predicted in Northern Africa, then we may well assume Jack South, as he has been in the past, is still one-hundred percent correct. This means the ever

looming threat of the hurricanes seems almost inevitable at this time.”

“In some other related news,” as John looked down at his notes, “The Chinese Government has verified that the South organization has requested permits for its people to hold rallies in Shanghai, Beijing, and Hong Kong. There was no comment on whether or not it has been approved; only that Jack South’s people have put in an application. We also have statements from the governments of Mexico, Canada, and most of the South American countries, which are confirming the requests for visas and permits for a rally in their most populated areas as well. The only agreement so far appears to be Mexico City, which, according to sources, issued the permits and visas. No word on any other countries in Europe, India, the countries of Africa, the Middle East, or Russia.”

“We need to break for a commercial. We will be right back.”

Chapter 99

6:00 AM CEST Wednesday June 3rd Cairo, Egypt - Egyptian Palace

The Egyptian President, Mohamed Basarick was staring out the window of his office watching the rains. His country was in the areas outlined by the American and self-proclaimed Witness of God, Jack South. His concerns were the Nile flooding and the dam. It would cause havoc on their systems and infrastructure. He had enough trouble keeping the country functioning in any situation, and this would definitely be a major setback. The Nile flooded every year, but this prediction could mean disaster for his country.

The last time the Hebrew God had decided to cause problems was during the Exodus of the Israelites. He had spoken to many scholars knowledgeable about the archives of their nation's ancient writings. He had asked them if the events predicted were even possible and they had searched through their historical writings of the country, but to no avail. Their report was that it appears that the Hebrew God had destroyed much of Egypt then and that this flood could do the same. They went on to say that supposedly, their God had promised not to destroy the world again with a flood. Yet here it was coming again, at least to Northern Africa and most of the Middle East. He supposed that with their God, it was a technicality, for flooding would be regional not worldwide.

His religion was Islam and they talked of witnesses and Jesus as a Prophet. However, who was this witness of the Hebrew God and what of the other witness who had not yet shown himself? It was as if the whole world, in less than a few days, had come to a grinding halt, and started going in reverse.

The president would be meeting with his advisors soon, to see what they could do to stem the damage. They needed a plan to help with food shortages, shelter, clean water, and all the other things he had fought for, for his country. Now the Hebrew God, after over three and a half thousand years, was visiting Egypt one more time.

Chapter 100

7:00 AM EST Day three of 1260 New York - LaGuardia Airport, Private Hangar

We had landed back on American soil around 2:00 a.m. Wednesday morning, back at LaGuardia Airport. The plane taxied to a private hangar where we were met by some associates of Veronica's who immediately started taking the plane apart, looking for listening devices and other stuff that were not supposed to be there, courtesy of the Israelis.

My luggage was already here in the hangar, so I assumed that someone had checked me out of the hotel I had been staying in while here before. I wondered if The Network had still paid for my room.

I felt dirty and since there were showers in the hangar area, I took a shower and changed clothes. Food had been brought in. We sat around a break table and chatted about the day's events.

Veronica had told me that I could not go into the city because it would cause riots. I would never get out of there in one piece. She said jokingly that I was like Elvis Presley, a prisoner for my own safety. That was great. I really was not happy about that. Overnight I could not even go get a cup of coffee or a beer without causing problems. This ordeal was not going to be pleasant.

They had a TV in the break room and we had it turned to Bear News and were listening to the updates of all that had been happening since we left. I was sorry about the Ken Giles murder. I did not connect it to anything that I was doing. It seemed probable that as the news media presumed that someone he prosecuted may have put a hit out on him and they found a chance.

I listened to all the commentaries about martial law in the U.S. and other threats. I also saw the updates about California, which saddened me. I still had not crossed the threshold of not feeling responsible. I did not know that I ever would.

I saw that it was raining in Northern Africa and once again felt saddened. I had not caused it, but for some reason I felt that I had. I was taking everything personally; the rains, like the California earthquake, and now the hurricanes that were imminent.

We would be leaving for Kansas City around nine or ten this morning, once they were through with the plane. It would not surprise me if they found a bomb on it. New pilots were to arrive soon, also. The ones we had before were not able to continue to fly based on FFA rules, but I left that to Veronica to handle.

I was looking forward to Kansas City for two reasons. The first was to relax for a day. Then, hopefully, to see some of my family. The other thing needing my attention, were the now photocopies of my sermon for Thursday. I needed to get it down correctly. They supposedly came from God; and in light of that had happened to date, I knew they were.

I wanted to make some calls, but I was told that my cell had been turned off and that calls made from non-secure areas would not be allowed at any time. However, once we got to Kansas City, they could set up a secure line for me, along with a computer. Veronica said they had deleted all my email accounts, chat profiles, and any other types of web based accounts I had. She told me it was because there were millions of people who wanted to talk to me, chide me, or possibly kill me. So here I was. A day and a half to go and I would give the first sermon of my life. This would come as a shock to many people.

Chapter 101

8:30 AM CST Day three of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Arrowhead Practice Facility

Mayor Madeline Sipes was back at Arrowhead for some more strategy meetings with Colonel Roland Winters and his staff. In less than twenty-four hours he had managed, if nothing else, to get the people scattered all over Kansas City, under control. For the most part things were peaceful, considering the vast amount of people in the city at this time.

They had set up cooling tents and somehow gotten port-a-potties brought in from all over the region. They were scattered in the downtown area, in and around 20th and Main Street, Volker Park, and the Plaza areas. He had set aside areas under the underpasses of several freeways Downtown where people had set up tents and were camping. He got the biggest grocery chain in Kansas City to setup a tent store in Washington Square Park, across from City Center.

Madeline had reluctantly agreed on police measures after the Colonel informed her that he had placed soldiers in and around the city armed with guns. This concerned her, but as he had put it, this was a city under siege and under the protection of the federal government. Therefore, they were armed and there was nothing she could do or say about it that would make any difference.

They sold ice by the truckloads, and other miscellaneous items like bread and lunchmeat. They had decided no liquor would be sold in the tent store. There were over one hundred clerks working around the clock to handle the mass of people needing to purchase things.

City Center itself was staffed 24/7 with armed guards and military personnel. Most of the dignitaries, including the President of the United States and Jack South, with his group, would be staying there. Security was very tight.

All roads in and around the park were completely closed off to all traffic except military. Some deliveries were allowed to the area. Areas completely closed off were West Summit Street to I-35 from 31st, where the park ended, to 12th Street, then east on 12th Street to Grand Boulevard.

Entrance on Thursday would be limited to only two locations: one at 12th and Main Street, and the other at 31st and Main. For the most part, it was a short walk from either entrance to the park.

Other areas were being used for holding people and campers. That included Penn Valley Jr. College, Volker Park, and Swope Park. Thanks to Reverend Marks, Jumbotrons would be set up in all those areas also to accommodate those who could not get into the closed off areas. That would allow the multitude of people here in the city to still be here in the city and be able to see the entire ceremony, even if they did not get to see Jack in person.

With a combined effort, most of the restaurants in the city were now able to continue selling meals. One of the area's favorite barbecue spots had run out of food with a line that stretched for over three blocks before they were forced to close their doors. However, supplies in the warehouses in the city and the suburbs seemed capable of keeping most of the restaurants open.

The mayor's thoughts were interrupted when the Colonel spoke to her, "This Reverend Marks said that if we would like, he could get some gospel singers up at Liberty Memorial Park to sing to the crowd this evening."

"What do you think?" Madeline asked.

"Might be a good idea. In addition, Bear is completely set up and they can start feeding the Jumbotrons as soon as we give the okay. This way their thoughts would be occupied. They will also be able to see Bear News' broadcasting."

"Okay Colonel. I guess that will do. Oh, one other thing, Royals Stadium, the Sprint Center, and Arrowhead will be open for free if you want to put that out. The feed will be seen on the screens there and of course the Power & Light areas too. Do we have an estimate on how many people are in the city who do not actually live here? " "Best we can figure, ma'am is around five million."

Chapter 102

9:15 AM CST Day three of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Crown Plaza

Thomas had been in Kansas City since Tuesday morning planning the Rally for Jack. He had started by calling in some friends from churches he knew from other times that he had visited the area. He had managed to get a contingency of various forms of Christian churches for a meeting here in City Center yesterday afternoon.

At the meeting, he had answered a barrage of questions about the Rapture, Jack South, God, Satan, and anything else one could imagine. Reverend Marks, this, Reverend Marks, that. Finally, after several hours, once he was able to get past all the theological questions, he was able to secure singers, entertainment, and an organ. They were able to tie this into the sound system, thanks to Bear News. Several bands from the area were going to perform their particular brands of religious music. He spent half the night Okaying song choices and rejecting others. Then the Kansas City Philharmonic wanted to be a part of the rally too. He decided that would be great, but they would have to expand the stage to accommodate them. This was done.

The Catholics, Methodists, and some other churches wanted to do communion, but that idea was shot down. Marks did not believe that Jack would approve, firstly, because of the logistics of having communion for the countless mass of people scheduled to be there. The next issue was that the different sects did not all do it in the same way.

They all wanted a speaking part, but they were politely turned down. All were told that only Jack would be speaking.

Some relief effort and housing for some of the pilgrims entering the city were accomplished by using churches and their grounds. It did help the situation. Both the Mayor and the Colonel appreciated this action.

His hotel room phone rang and Marks picked it up, “Hello, this Reverend Marks.”

“Reverend, how are you today?”

He was trying to place the voice but could not, other than that it was a man.

“I am fine. Who is calling, please?”

“This is David Matthews, Reverend; you don’t know me personally, but I know you.”

“What is it you want Mr. Matthews?”

“I understand that you are doing the preparations for Jack South’s Sermon tomorrow night. Is that correct?”

“Yes, that is correct. It is common knowledge.”

“Well I just wanted to let you know that you have caught the attention of a lot of people and some that want to underwrite your own ministry, not only here, but the entire world, just like Jack’s.”

“Really? And who may that be?”

“All I can tell you is that they are some industrialists from the United States and Europe who are familiar with you. They contacted me to call you personally and see if you might be interested in a meeting.”

“Not today, Mr. Matthews. I am quite busy until Friday morning.”

“That’s okay, Reverend, I understand you are busy. Our group is staying at the City Center, just as you are. You may have heard about us in the news. We are having our meeting here in Kansas City on Friday and Saturday. The President will be there also. We would like you to come over and meet us while we are here.”

“Okay, Mr. Matthews. How do I get a hold of you?”

“Just call the hotel desk downstairs and they will be able to get in touch with me. Ask for David Matthews.”

“Okay, I will call you, maybe on Friday.”

“Great,” Matthews replied. “That will be great, Reverend.”

Thomas hung up the phone. As he placed it back on the cradle, he said to himself, “The Beast is coming to get me. He is trying to tempt me.” He knew who was holding their meeting here on Friday.

Chapter 103

11:00 AM EST Day three of 1260 Camp David, Maryland - President Richard Stevenson's Office

“Mr. President, Secretary of State, Bill Krasner. We have received calls for help all across the North African continent; from Egypt, Libya, Algeria, Morocco, and Tunisia. I assume we will be hearing from the Saudis soon and God knows who else.”

“What do they want us to do, Bill? There is not much that we can do under the circumstances. We are up to our eyeballs in a mess as big as theirs are right now. From what I have seen of the weather reports, the second tropical depression has already formed off the coast of Africa. The first hurricane, what are they calling it?”

“The first hurricane is being called Alex, Mr. President.”

“Please call me Richard today. There is no one else here, if you don't mind.”

“Okay, Richard. Things have not changed much and as you know, Alex is right on target and gathering strength. It appears that it will hit Houston in five days. I know our resources are limited; still, we have always helped other countries, in spite of our domestic issues.”

“Yes that is true Bill, but this time they need to go to the Europeans, Russians, or the Chinese. They are in a much better position to help than we are. The way things are shaping up, we may be in need of help ourselves. By the way, Bill, have you made arrangements for your family and for moving your office, temporarily, to Cheyenne next week?”

“Yes, we are from South Dakota, as you know, and it seems that there is nothing that Jack has predicted that would affect the area there, at least not yet. The closest thing we have that would affect us is if the Yellowstone Cauldron decided to erupt. So they will be safe there.”

“Good, I am glad your family has somewhere safe to go.”

“Now, Bill, we need to get a strategy together for our country. We will be very vulnerable over the next few months. That is a big concern of ours. I do not like the reports I am getting that certain parts of the country will take not only months, but also years to rebuild. That means we will have to figure out some way to rebuild

and control over twenty-five million or so refugees, and do so without money. I'm not real happy with the General's plans."

"I am also really concerned that when we reopen the markets on Monday or Tuesday, there will be a run on American stocks, treasury bonds, and notes, as was the case on Monday after Jack's interview. That means that we have a problem and one that I do not know how to handle. I am trying to figure out how we can prop that up and still remain solvent. But if all this does occur, then the good old U.S. of A. will no longer be what we were."

"I agree. Moreover, believe me, I wish I had an answer. The problem here is that if Jack South is right, we will not even have enough time to rebuild. I have studied some prophecy and this is just the beginning. Not only will Northern Africa and we feel the brunt of this initially, so will other countries, over time. According to the Book of Revelations, these two witnesses will be able to do this for three and a half years. And Richard, it just started two days ago."

"You go to church, Bill?"

"Sometimes."

"That's good. You know, I was in this for the long haul of seeing a world brought together and run like the U.S., a democracy. Even as a young man, I worked towards that. I had a vision that it would all happen so I hooked my star to some very interesting people, who I think own me now, and probably all the rest of us. I think I should have paid attention in church. Maybe I might then have a better idea on what to do."

"I understand, Richard. I really do."

Chapter 104

1:00 PM CST Day three of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - City Center, John Roddenburg's Suite

“John,” Donald said, “I have some more dispatches about the rain in Northern Africa and in the Mideast. We also have some footage. It’s now daylight there. The whole thing is not pretty. In addition, I have some communiqués from Camp David, where it seems that the meeting has broken up and several of the participants have left. We know that Secretary of State, Bill Krasner is sending his family home to the Dakotas, and so are several other members of Congress. They are moving not only their families, but staff out of D.C.”

“Do we have anything on the evacuations of the Gulf Coast and the East Coast?”

“No, not yet. We know that in Houston it is mandatory that the entire city evacuate no later than Sunday. The hurricane is expected in the morning hours sometime Monday. That means there are only four plus days left, then one hurricane right after the other.”

“Where are they putting them?”

“I think that most are going to San Antonio, to one of the military bases there. They have several bases in the area and sending some to Waco. They can handle quite a few, but the entire population of Houston, Galveston, and the surrounding areas add up to close to six million people. Therefore, it is going to be difficult to figure out where they are all going. This so far is stacking up to a category four, close to the five that Jack predicted. The details he gave us were with sustained winds of 148 MPH. The problem with this one is that it stretches over three-hundred miles across. If it is a direct hit, it will be a while before people have access to their homes, businesses, and property. Then we need to restore the utilities.”

“So no word on where to put them, is that what you are saying?”

“Not yet, but we are assuming anytime soon we should hear more from the planners at FEMA. You realize that there is another hurricane right behind this first one that will be hitting Biloxi, which is right next to New Orleans? And as you know, in about a two week period, more will be hitting our coasts?”

“Yeah, I know Don.”

“Thanks, you are finally calling me Don, instead of Donald. Do you have any idea what it was like to grow up as Donald? Hey, where are your ducks, can you get them in a row? The list goes on.”

“Funny Donald uh...Don.”

“Okay, what else do we have?”

“No news on the Ken Giles assassination or murder. Russia has not commented on anything about Jack South, the rains or even the Pacific volcano. There is no news or comments from China on the permits for Jack’s visit there. Britain and other members of the European Economic Community are offering to help the countries of North Africa and the Middle East. Oh, here is an interesting one, the Saudis say allow trading or they are going to shut the oil off soon. Let us see what else. Some miscellaneous news of seeing Jack South everywhere in the world, but the reality is we really do not know where he is. We think he is still in New York, at the airport, but then no one has really seen or spoken to him.”

“Here’s a local one; Kansas City has released a statement that says that there are over five million people here and that the city is going to not only open up Royals Stadium, but also Arrowhead, and the Sprint Center downtown. This is for the people to see the sermon on Thursday. Seating is on a first come first serve basis. Uh..., the stock market is still closed until at least Monday, according to the current press releases from the SEC. That’s it.”

“That’s it, huh? Don, this is more news than I have had in a year of reporting. That is it, huh? Well, in a few days you will not be able to report it all, even if you stayed on the airwaves 24/7. How are we doing on the bomber deal with Israel? Anything on that mess yet?”

“No not a word from anyone. It’s like it disappeared from the news, even The Network.”

“How about the other witness Jack mentioned? Anyone sticking out like Jack did?”

“No, not yet.”

“Okay, how about this Reverend Marks, or Thomas, as he now prefers to be called? Did he agree to an interview tonight?”

“Yes, but he wants it to be only about the setup they have done with some of the kids and churches helping in the area.”

“That’s acceptable. Work up some questions for me to ask. Are all our correspondents on site for the areas which will possibly be affected by the hurricanes?”

“Yes. They are all there.”

“Thanks, Don.”

“That’s what a producer is for.”

Chapter 105

2:30 PM EST Day three of 1260 New York - Airspace, Jack South's Private Jet

We had left New York a few minutes ago in our jet, headed to Kansas City. I felt like talking so I asked Veronica, "Can we talk, now that the plane has been swept?"

"Yes, Jack. We can talk."

"Did you find anything interesting from the sweep?"

"Yes, the entire plane was bugged, and as I expected, a radio bomb was also hidden in the fuselage."

"So were they planning on killing us?"

"No, it was probably just put there to send a message to us I believe, more than anything."

"What kind of message?"

"We never lose in the end. It's been that way since the Six Day War, always making sure your friends, and your enemies know that nothing is sacred." She paused, "You know, Jack, you are going to have a lot of times in the next few years of being in the same situation as yesterday. The people and governments of the world will not take what is happening lying down. They will fight back and you need to know how to fight back on your own terms, without me or anyone else."

"What are you saying?"

"You could have gotten out of there yourself yesterday, if you had really thought about it."

"So how was I going to do that, become Superman, break the cuffs with my bare hands, beat them all up, and fly away?"

"No, Jack. Be serious. You have the power to help yourself; you just don't know it yet."

"What power is that?"

"Power over all that is physical on earth. For example, let us say that yesterday you were all alone in this, no government to help, no me, no anyone. What could you have done?"

"Pray?"

“Yes, you could have done that, but what you would have needed to change was your physical environment.”

“For example?”

“Let’s say, when you were threatened by their interrogator, you said something like, ‘You really do not look well sir. In fact, I think that inside of you, your arteries have hardened, maybe from too much good food, and you look pale. It appears that the stress of having to deal with people like me will possibly cause you a heart attack.’”

“Okay. I make him feel inferior.”

“No, because you said it, then it will happen. He would have had a heart attack right then and the other person in the room would have told the commander what happened. They probably would have flown you out themselves. They know you are a man of God and fear of death is exactly that, the fear of death.”

“So how do you know this Veronica?”

“Because Shraya has the same power, but he has had over 2800 years to develop it.” She hesitated, and then started speaking again, “Do you remember when you were angry at The Network, and you shouted out the lottery numbers to them?”

“Yes, I remember.”

“None of us gave you that information. When the numbers were drawn, those were the numbers.”

I sat back in the seat and as I looked at her, I remembered saying it. She was right. No one had given those numbers to me.”

“Are you telling me that if I say it, then it will happen?”

“Yes, Jack. You have that power.”

“Then the earthquake, the rains, and the hurricanes, are happening because I said it?”

“Yes. That is right.”

“I don’t believe it. Why go through all this trouble to give me information from angels or messengers and go on TV when I am the one who had the power all along.”

“Because you would not have done it Jack. You are too sentimental and caring. In time, that will change also. Here let me prove something to you.”

She pulled a cigarette out of the pack by me and handed it to me.

“Now, hold that like you are going to smoke it, but do not light it. Close your eyes and say I want this cigarette to be lit. Do it now.”

I closed my eyes and thought I wanted it lit and I really wanted to smoke it. I was nervous. Then, opening my eyes, I saw the flame on the end of the cigarette. I almost fainted.

“Jack, your training is now over. There are no more instructions for you. The agenda has been set. You are ready to be on your own as God’s Witness. I will be here with you, so will those you have chosen, and those you will choose.”

“Who have I chosen?” I asked.

She smiled, looked at me, and said, “Your friends, Jack. You know who they are, your only friends. Now think who they are.” She looked at me as if I was suffering from brain lock, then said, “Mark, Luke, John, Thomas, and now me. Look for the others. They will help you. There will be eight more, but one will try to hurt you and eventually will, just like they did with our Christ.”

“But I am not Christ. I am a man.”

“No, you’re not Christ. Nor are you God. Nor are you his son. However, Jack, read the scriptures and you will understand. Now we have about an hour and a half or so before we land in Kansas City. I think you need some time alone.”

I gazed at her as she started towards the galley. Then I called out to her, “Veronica, what is your whole name?”

She looked at me, leaned her head against the doorway to the galley, and said, “Mary Veronica Magdalene. I go by Veronica by choice. Jack, you really need time alone.” She went through the cabin door and closed it.

Chapter 106

5:00 PM CST Day three of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - City Center, The Waldger Group Suites

“David, how did the phone call go?” Aafre asked.

“You mean to Reverend Marks?”

“Yes, the one I asked you to make.”

“It went okay. He would not commit one way or the other to a meeting with us on Friday, but he did not say no either.”

“In your opinion then, do you think he is receptive?”

“I don’t know if he is or not. I think he was somewhat shocked that I called. Even when I told him that he was selected to be just like Jack, I thought he would jump, but he didn’t.”

“Alright then, let’s go to plan B, just in case he turns us down. For unlike Jack, he has some skeletons hidden in his closet. Doesn’t he?”

“Yes he does. He had some issues with drugs at a younger age and he is divorced. There is a rumor that he is very sexually active with some of his flock.”

“Any proof?”

“Not yet. I didn’t go too far into his everyday habits.”

“Then look and do so quickly. If nothing else, we will use it to convince him to leave Jack’s little band and join us. Maybe it will work. He is a proud man, I see. Moreover, proud men are just that. Most will sell their soul’s to keep being proud.”

“I will get in touch with my contacts and see what we can dig up.”

“I know you will David. You always come through for me. Also, do me a favor, when Stevenson gets into town tomorrow, tell him I want to see him please.”

“Will do.”

“Thanks David. You can go now.”

Chapter 107

**5: 10 PM CST Day three of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri -
Airspace, Jack South's Private Jet**

“Jack we are landing in about ten minutes or so.” Veronica started putting on her seatbelt and I followed suit. “When we get to the airport, a military transport will pick us up and move us from the airport to City Center, where our rooms are. We are on the same floor with the Reverend, or Thomas as you call him, John Roddenburg, and Luke from Anthony Williams Advertising. We also have another larger room that has been set up as a conference room.”

“And Jack, they are saying for security purposes they will go and get your family from Independence, and bring them down to the hotel. Their homes are guarded and the area cordoned off, but having you out there is too risky for them and the neighbors. So unfortunately Jack, till you leave on Friday, it is the hotel. You cannot go anywhere other than to the Rally tomorrow night.”

“Thanks, just what I wanted to hear. Could be worse though, I could be back in that cell in Israel,” as I winked at her.

“Funny Jack, real funny.”

“Well, hopefully they still have that Japanese Restaurant there, the one where you sit down on the floor and eat Sushi. I would love that. It was very good the last time I was here. Will I at least be able to go there?”

“I don't know. We will have to see what the security people say.”

“Who are the security people?”

“My people, Jack. You should know that by now.”

Chapter 108

5:25 PM CST Day three of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial, Anchor Desk

“John, here are your notes,” the page said as he sat down to the makeshift anchor desk at Liberty Memorial in Kansas City. He was looking at the clock realizing he only had about four minutes to go. The techs were all over him making sure things were right and when they finished, including straightening his tie, He looked over at his producer who gave him the high sign, which meant that he looked okay. John looked back at the clock. When it hit zero the camera came up. After the announcer’s greetings, he began his broadcast.

“Today, we are picking up where we left off yesterday with our special two hour event, including the day’s headlines. As I am sure all of you know, the rains in Northern Africa have been pouring down steadily now for the past two days. For an update, we have Chester, our Meteorologist, here to tell us exactly what is happening in the continent of Africa and South East Asia”

“Chester?”

“Thanks, John,” the camera zoomed into him and the monitor, which displayed the radar from Northern Africa.

“As most of you know, the rain started Tuesday morning around 4:00 a.m. EST time starting in the Middle East, then quickly spread across all of Northern Africa. Since then, some places have received as much as 14 inches of rain, others, no less than eight to ten inches. The rain itself has now slowed down to about a 1/4 inch per hour over the entire area, as was predicted.”

“Flooding has become rampant in several cities. There are concerns, especially in Egypt with the Nile and the Aswan Dam. At this rate, the Nile will flood and continue flooding until the rains stop. If our calculations are correct, a large portion of Northern Africa will be under water. The backside of this is also that the rivers will flood all the way to the ocean and could very well create havoc along the entire courses of the Nile, the Tigris, and other rivers in the area, closing ports that are vital to their economy.”

“The global temperature today has been eight degrees warmer than normal. Temperature readings are breaking records everywhere. With the best models we can come up with, at this rate twenty to thirty percent of both pole’s ice sheets could melt if this continues for at least thirty days, resulting in massive flooding in coastal cities worldwide.”

As another graphic came up, he continued his report, “Hurricane Alex is picking up speed, and according to our models could very well be exactly how the prediction was foretold. A direct hit on the Houston, Galveston area will happen and is now being forecast to make landfall early Monday. This is based on current computer models from the National Hurricane Center. Also, right behind it we have another tropical depression forming, which, within 24 hours we will most likely be able to say it is going to be a hurricane and start tracking it on to Mississippi, as per Jack’s predictions.”

“Chester, do you see any chance of a variance from the predictions?”

“No I don’t, but then I don’t have any way of knowing if this pattern will continue or not. It has never happened before; but the data we have and from the document Jack gave us, there is no variation at all.”

“Thanks, Chester.”

“Moving on, we have one of our correspondents in Cairo, the capital of Egypt, with a live report.” Turning to the monitor, John said, “Eric?”

“Yes, John. This is Eric Kuhl in Cairo. As you can see behind me, the rain is still coming down and has not stopped since yesterday morning. In the footage we took about three hours ago, you will see that the Nile is raging and has already filled with debris from upstream. One of the concerns is whether the Aswan Dam will continue to hold. If not, then the Nile will definitely be out of control and flooding will be even more rampant. Lake Nasser can hold quite a bit of the water, but if this keeps up for thirty days, there is a good chance the dam will not hold and the entire city of Cairo will be flooded.”

“Eric, are there any evacuation plans that have been announced for the area?”

“No John, not at this time.”

“Well Eric, please be safe and we will get back to you soon.”

“Thanks, John. This is Eric Kuhl reporting from Cairo, Egypt.”

“Now we will go to Baghdad, Iraq, where the Tigris River flows through the city and only a few miles away is the Euphrates River. Now, let’s turn to our chief correspondent Carlene Roach in Baghdad.”

“Carlene?”

“Hello John. This is Carlene Roach reporting from Baghdad. As you can see behind me, it is raining and it has been steadily raining for two days. You will notice by the bridge behind me that the river is rising, and at this rate, according to our sources, will start flooding areas within the next twelve to twenty hours. They are starting to move people and assets from the river areas further inland, but no mass evacuations have been ordered as of yet. Also, in Northern Iraq and Turkey, especially Mosul, the river is rising rapidly.”

“Carlene, the Euphrates is not far from there and the Jordan on the Israeli Jordan border. Any, word from anyone on conditions there?”

“Yes John. From Syria, down to Ar Ramdi, to the Persian Gulf, flood watches are in effect and as best we can tell, like the Tigris, eventually they will need to be evacuated. It is also flooding on both the borders of Israel and Jordan. On another note though John, we had spoken to some local Sunni leaders here in Baghdad and some of them are forming an idea that since Jack South is an American, he has put a curse on them of some sort and that it is our fault this is happening. How that reasoning may have occurred, I have no idea, but ‘blame it all on America’ is brewing in the area it seems.”

“Is the source the government, and if so are they projecting it to the people or is it just coming from the people themselves?”

“No, it’s a few of the Sunni Clerics who are putting this claim forth, it seems. They are trying to figure out how to blame us, because the people hear that it is Jack’s Hebrew God, which is doing it. Even though both the Hebrew God and Allah are to some extent, considered the same by some people, the prophets and salvation are

believed to be different. Therefore, that leaves a division between the sects. We are not sure what the outcome or how the blame will be placed in the people's minds."

"Thanks Carlene. We appreciate your input."

"Thanks John. This is Carlene Roach reporting from Baghdad, Iraq."

"As you can see in the Middle East and Northern Africa, the rains are causing havoc." John paused. "We will be going to Houston, Texas after the break."

As he leaned back in his chair to stretch, he could feel his muscles tightening. In a very few days, he would be reporting about his own country going through the same ordeals as those happening in Africa. He could only hope that the damage would not be as drastic as it seemed it was going to be. Millions were going to die.

Chapter 109

6:45 PM EST Day three of 1260 Camp David, Maryland - President Richard Stevenson's Office

“Jamal, what do you think of the rains in Northern Africa?” They were watching the Bear News at Camp David.”

“I can only say that if it does continue to rain like that, the cities along the rivers are going to be totally destroyed or at least close to it. This is very scary, Mr. President, very scary.”

“I agree Jamal. In a few days, we will be dealing with similar problems just as bad, if not worse. They are used to flooding every few years, but we are not used to what we have in store for us. Yes, we had our Katrina and we failed at that initially, but what is coming is ten times worse, and there is really no way to stop it. We can't control the weather or Mother Nature, or Jack either, I suppose.”

“Mr. President, I think we really need make a National address to on TV after the Friday and Saturday meetings in Kansas City with The Waldger Group; which most people think is an economic summit, by the way. Do you think Jack does it himself Richard, and has that kind of power? Or is he really just predicting and warning us?”

“I am not sure if he is warning us or causing it, but I would assume when this is all said and done, he will be the most hated man in the world. In politics, people have a tendency to blame the person regardless of the intentions. For instance, Katrina; that was an act of nature, but before it was all said and done, the Republicans took the heat for it. Therefore, Jack will take the heat for this also, be forewarned. He is popular for now because he is new and appears to most, at least for now, to come from God himself. But when people cannot get gas for their cars or food for their table, they will turn on him quickly.”

“On another note, Jamal, anything on Brad Williams' broadcast about the Israelis and the bomber issue?”

“No, for some reason there has been little or nothing said about it since the press conference late last night. I do not know if normal politics are on the shelf, due to the concerns of the expected

destruction, or if Jack is creating so much news that no one really cares. However, I really think that it was not to get a congressional inquiry right now, but more that you befriended Jack. As you said earlier, if the public turns on him, they will remember that you kept him out of the clutches of the Israelis. And that, Mr. President, may well have been the idea.”

“Didn’t think of it that way Jamal, but you may well be right. You know, if it were not for you sometimes, I think I would just go off the deep end. However, you keep me straight. You have made a great Director of Homeland Security, and also a friend.”

“Thanks,” said Jamal. If only you really knew, he thought to himself, what I really think.

Chapter 110

5:45 PM CST Day three of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial, Anchor Desk

“We are back with our two hour special on the events happening since Jack South appeared in our studios on Monday.”

“We are now going to Houston, Texas, which along with Galveston, is supposed to receive a direct hit from Hurricane Alex, a category four storm, in the early morning Monday. According to the Saffir-Simpson scale, a category four storm has wind speeds of 131 to 155 mph, and storm surges of up to eighteen feet. Based on that, this type of hurricane can produce complete roof structural failure on small residences, gas station canopies, and other types of overhanging structures. Mobile and manufactured homes will be leveled. There will be extensive beach erosion and flooding inland. Now let us go to our correspondent in Houston, Maria Schroeder. Maria, can you hear us?”

“Yes John.”

“What is happening there in Houston in preparation for what appears to be the largest hurricane to hit that area in over a century?”

“The difference right now compared to the past, is that normally where the hurricane was expected to land would not be known and several cities would be put on a hurricane watch. The experts at the National Hurricane Center would issue warnings and then wait and see in which direction the hurricane would eventually take. Normally, hurricanes are not very predictable. Then, within a day or two of knowing, within a certain margin of error, that the hurricane was on its way to a specific area, the evacuations would start to take place.”

“Now, with Jack South’s predictions being at one-hundred percent accuracy, some people are taking heed and leaving the area earlier than normal. They are moving inland towards San Antonio, across I-10 and north toward Dallas on I-45. Both highways today are jammed. You may note, that in normal evacuations, the highways would be closed going east, and traffic would flow towards the west in all lanes. This corridor has yet to be opened, mainly because they

usually are not until a day or two before the storm is expected and the authorities authorize it. It is the same with I-45.”

“Maria, has the Mayor of Houston or surrounding cities made any comments yet?”

“No, they do not seem to be responding with any public announcements as of yet. We do know that the Federal Government has contacted them about what to do in the event Alex does hit at the strength Jack predicted. However, no concrete plans have been put in place, at least at the moment. No public announcements have been made either.”

“Do we know what those plans are yet, or have any idea what the Federal Government has suggested?”

“No we do not John. I think the people who are leaving are the believers and the ones that can afford it. The others are waiting for the government to tell them what to do or where to go. I might also mention John, that there are no hotel rooms anywhere within fifty miles of San Antonio, Dallas, or even Austin. That may well be a problem in the next few days and the government will have to step in to ensure that there is shelter for these people.”

“Thank you Maria. We will be getting back with you.”

“Thank you John. This is Maria Schroeder reporting from Houston, Texas.”

Turning back to the anchor desk from the monitor, John said, “We will be going to Biloxi, Mississippi, where according to Jack, the second hurricane will hit on the 14th. It too is supposed to be a category four. You may remember that Katrina not only destroyed New Orleans, but also Biloxi, Mississippi. It destroyed not only the Infrastructure, but also the casinos and tourism, which is the lifeblood of their economy. Now once again, it appears they are in the bull’s eye for another disaster. This also means that New Orleans, which is only ninety miles away, may have a repeat of Katrina.”

“Tonight we have as a guest here in Kansas City, Professor Marlan Anderson, Dean of Atmospheric Sciences and Meteorology Colleges at Columbia University in New York.” John turned to the Dean sitting next to him at the anchor desk and asked, “Professor,

with two major hurricanes most imminent of a total of seven, is there anything of significance that sticks out for you that you could share with the audience?”

“John, what I can say is what is happening is almost totally impossible with the knowledge that we currently have. However, multiple storms coming off North Africa during hurricane season is not that abnormal. In some cases, we have had four or five active at any given time, but in those cases, they usually went out to sea in the Atlantic and not hit the mainland of the U.S. Now, like you and everyone else, I have listened to Jack’s predictions on your show. I think several things are tied in here that most people did not catch. The first is the warming of the poles, which in turn makes it warmer here. That also warms up the oceans. So how do we predict bad hurricane seasons? Simply put, when the water temperature rises we have more, which is what is happening now. You may note the water temperature was already the highest recorded ever, in the past hurricane season. We also can add that the rains in Northern Africa are also putting an abnormal amount of moisture in the air there.”

“In normal circumstances, as low pressure systems blow off the continent of Africa, this increases tropical depression activity. It is normal for tropical waves or troughs of low pressure to move westward across Africa, but normally they do not pick up moisture over land. However, after these troughs reach the warm waters of the Atlantic, they would then get massive amounts of water vapor and heat energy from tropical waters. This in turn forms tropical storms and hurricanes.”

“What’s different here is that there is moisture already in the atmosphere, because of the rains in North Africa. Now, by the time these troughs hit the Atlantic, they are already forming, are quite powerful, and appear to be coming one right after the other. Therefore, what I am saying is that Jack predicted rain there for thirty days. The hurricanes and the temperature changes at the poles will also last 30 days or so. They will all begin and end, almost in the same time period.”

“So what you’re saying Professor, is that if what Jack predicted does happen, it was a very well thought out strategy?”

“Yes John, that is right. The rain in Northern Africa and higher temperatures will result in much more powerful hurricanes. It may not have happened this way otherwise. In addition, as a footnote, with all this rain, comes the issue of locust plagues. That scenario had been suggested before, if it were ever to rain like this in Northern Africa. If that happens, it could destroy the entire food crop for a continent. However, this for the moment, is still conjecture. It is something we may want to keep an eye on.”

“That’s very interesting Professor. We had not thought about the moisture having that effect on locusts hatching, but I, like you, remember hearing something like that before. But Professor, regarding the rains and hurricanes, what is your take on the chances of it happening exactly as Jack said it would?”

“Based on science or based on Jack?”

“Best guess Professor.”

“Almost 99.999 percent in both cases, I am afraid to say. In addition, based on Jack’s education, he had to have had help from somewhere; his God or some other power. There is no way he could have understood that all these factors needed to be present for this to occur.”

“Thanks Professor.”

John turned back in his chair, faced the camera and said, “When we come back, we will go live to both Biloxi, Mississippi and New Orleans, Louisiana.”

Chapter 111

6:45 PM EST Day three of 1260 New York - The Network News Corporate Offices

“Sam, let me tell you what is occurring,” Joe Biggman, President of The Network said. The ratings in the past couple of days have Bear News not only maintaining the market share, but nine out of ten TV’s are tuned into their network, almost around the clock. Even among our normal shows, which used to be in the top ten, we have seven that are not being watched. Our news rating is almost nonexistent, and that is a problem.”

“Yes it is,” Sam said. “So what are we going to do about it, Joe?”

“We tried last night to break the story of the bomber sales to Israel, where the President traded Jack South’s release in exchange for the planes. Nevertheless, the viewership was limited, even for something that would normally be a big controversy. I tell you Sam, if someone dropped an atomic bomb on Moscow today and we reported it first, no one would pay any attention. I do not know what to do. This idiot anchor I have screwed us royally with his attitude on Monday. We had the person in our hands and we would have been the number one network in the world. No, he and that idiot producer really screwed us up big time.”

Sam leaned back in his chair and realized that what he had to say, he wanted to make sure Joe understood. You did not become owner of the largest network in the world and build it into a powerhouse over the past twenty years by letting a situation like this destroy you. Sam, like his last name Gold, had capitalized on his abilities from early on in his life and was a self-made billionaire, and a member of The Waldger Group. He knew that what had happened had been done on purpose and that Jack and his supporters knew Brad Williams would lose it and go off. They set him up pretty good. That was the problem with success, it went to your head and instead of working the person, which Brad should have done, he just thought he could do as he pleased and did not look at the broader picture. Not good. He then turned his attention back to Joe.

“Joe,” Sam said, “They set this up to happen this way. I mean the South people, or whoever they all are, knew what they were doing

and they did it on purpose. You and I understand that we help shape public opinion and we make and break people on this network. That also goes for companies, countries, politicians, and just about everything else. We are the media and have been for several years and will be again.”

“Yeah Sam, I know what we do. And we have done it well and also know how to follow instructions well, but I am still angry and upset about it.”

“Well don’t be. Very soon South will become the most hated man in the world and we are going to help that happen. Do not forget we have not only The Network, but also most of the radio stations, and many of the larger newspapers. We have all our people working on Jack’s destruction as we speak. I am sure you know Mr. Waldger and his power. In time, perception will change and I need you here to make sure that when it does, we hit this person and his group as hard as we can and turn public sentiment against him. Then people will watch us.”

“Now, on another subject, we need to relocate the entire team from New York to somewhere else. Jack is always right and New York will be a disaster. Any ideas, Joe?”

“Everything on the east coast is out and we need broadcasting abilities for a long period of time. I do not think that portable field systems will work for a long-term situation. It appears that the safest area is in the Midwest, so I would say our best bet is Chicago. We can oust our affiliates from their offices. There is also plenty of other office space in and around Michigan Avenue, where they are located. So I would assume that would be best.”

“Good choice,” Sam said. “Start it moving. We don’t have a lot of time.”

Chapter 112

7:20 PM CST Day three of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial, Anchor Desk

John did the spot interviews from the Gulf coast area and the day's breaking news along with commentaries on Jack and news of the pilgrimage to Kansas City. He was in the process of doing the summary part of the program. "This just about wraps up this portion of the news for today in our extended broadcast of our coverage from around the world of the Jack South phenomenon. We do have some other news we need to pass on. This is just out from the AP and it says that SEC chairperson, Gordon Bermann, and Weiymer Weinstadt, the Federal Reserve Chairman, are going to allow the markets to open again on Monday. They are moving all the operations to Chicago, Illinois where they will share space with the Chicago Stock Exchange. The Federal Reserve Bank of New York is moving to its affiliate in Chicago, known as the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago. All operations normally conducted in New York and Washington D.C. will now be done from there. Also, just coming in across the wire, most banks and high profile financial companies from Wall Street in New York, are temporarily moving to Chicago or Dallas, Texas. We will provide more information on these developments as they become available."

"On a similar note, Bear News will also temporarily be moving its headquarters from New York to the Kansas City area, where we will continue to follow the unprecedented news of the self proclaimed Witness of God, Jack South. Tomorrow evening's newscast will be starting at 5:30 p.m. CST here, from the stage where Jack South wants to talk to the world at 7:30 p.m. We do not know how long this broadcast will be, but from the time Jack steps on the stage till he steps off of it, we will be broadcasting live and commercial free for that period of time."

"Goodnight America and the world. We will see you tomorrow."

Chapter 113

7:40 PM CST Day three of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - City Center, Jack South's Suite

We had gotten to the hotel about an hour ago in the military transport. The normal process of checking in did not occur. Veronica simply handed me the hotel key card for my room. She then told me that it was on the 24th floor overlooking Liberty Memorial Park. Since it was still daylight, I could see from my window that work was continuing at the Memorial in preparation for tomorrow night's event. I also saw what looked like a choir practicing on the stage, which meant Thomas was down there also. That made me feel good. I knew he was doing a great job.

I had decided not to go and see my family or have them come here until at least Friday, but most likely Sunday. Since The Waldger Group had decided to have an impromptu meeting in Kansas City following tomorrow's events, the city would probably still be full. When The Waldger Group was in town, there were always protesters in the same city. They would have signs that said, 'No one World Government,' 'We are not your Slaves,' 'Antichrist,' and so on. So, the city would stay in turmoil for some time. I thought that since they were leaving on Sunday, I might be able to slip out then and go see them.

I was also not sure where I was off to next. I wanted to go to California and see if I could help some, but I was not sure of my agenda. It seemed the only person who knew it was Veronica. It seemed that Gabriel and Ariel were gone, and from what Veronica had told me, I was on my own. I was not sure about that, but I guessed I would find out soon enough as to the next steps in my journey. I did know we were also waiting on permits from cities around the world where I could hold more rallies, but I did not know the status on them.

I had enough time also to watch part of the Bear News special with John. I watched with intense curiosity about how the major companies were moving operations to Chicago and other Midwestern cities. I guessed they felt that was safer than being near the coast.

The stock market move interested me also. For last week, prior to my interviews on Monday, the bulk of my winnings had been converted through money exchange markets from dollars to Euros and yen. With the run on the dollar before the markets closed on Monday, I had nearly doubled the cash available by my broker to almost a billion dollars, or I should say, half a billion Euros and Yen, and coupled with buying oil that went right through the roof, I had made even more. I suppose one could accuse me of insider trading, but I was not sure that acts of God were included in criminal charges. However, the fact still remained that I did know what was going to happen and no one else did.

This was a good thing, I supposed. The rally was costing a lot of money. This one alone was reaching thirty million American dollars and I had hundreds more to do over the next few years. All I would be doing was traveling, speaking, and so on. I had many people to convince and not a whole lot of time in which to do it.

Supposedly, Shraya would be putting on disciples. If I understood Revelations correctly, over 144,000 converts from Judaism to Christianity would also be preaching the gospel throughout the world, with Shraya of course, and me. However, when God's time ended and we were gone, all that would be left were the converts. God and the Holy Spirit would then be gone and the powers of the Antichrist and his False Prophet would be all that remained.

I also wanted to call home to my wife and kids, but I avoided it, for I was worried about their safety. There was always that possibility that they would be used as a wedge against me. This would put them in danger. I did not want that, so I guessed the best thing was not to lead people to them and let them be for now. I really wanted a hug from them; but that was not going to happen anytime soon.

Thinking about all of it was giving me a headache. I still had not studied for my sermon by reading my copies of the papers Gabriel had given me and which the Israelis had copied. I really needed to get it done. I grabbed the binder, opened it, and started reading God's words and symbols. I began absorbing what I was to say and do.

Chapter 114

7:30 AM EST Thursday June 4th Day four of 1260 Camp David, Maryland - President Richard Stevenson's Office

Richard awakened early at 6:00 a.m. at his temporary seat of government, Camp David. He had a tough time sleeping. Everything that was taking place was going on inside his mind, and it would not shut down. He had gotten up and figured he would get a head start on the day. Being President of the U.S., at least for now, was like being President of the world. Everything that was occurring in the world was routinely put on his desk daily, and the past few days had been overbearing. He was in his office going over the day's news that had been prepared for him. It was snippets, in synopsis form, of what was going on in the country and the world.

There were one-liners such as, "The President of Egypt declares martial law in Cairo," and "Evacuations starting," then the next country and its similar scenarios, and so on. There was also the information about moving key parts of the banking systems from New York to Chicago; and of course, the latest on the Jack South phenomenon he was attending tonight in Kansas City.

His thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door. The Secret Service Agent stuck his head in and said, "Secretary of Defense, Clinton Albiger is here with Vice President, Alvarado Johnson." The door opened even wider and the two men came into the office. Richard motioned for them to have a seat on the easy chairs as he moved from behind his desk to sit by them.

"Coffee, juice, or anything gentlemen?" he asked as he pointed to the table against the wall.

"No, thank you," Clinton said.

Alvarez got up to get something. As he walked across the room, he asked, "What time are you leaving for Kansas City, Mr. President?"

"Around 2:30 or so. They are flying us from here to Air Force 1. Then we are flying direct to Kansas City."

"Are you staying at the City Center?"

"Yes, till Sunday morning, then back here to Washington."

“I hear rumors,” Alvarez continued as he poured some coffee into a cup, “that you are addressing the nation on Monday to relate the plans we drew up over the past couple of days.”

“Yes, that is what is supposed to occur. I wanted to wait and see what the summit with The Waldger Group had for us before I did that. “

“Good move,” Alvarez said. “I think that will work well. It also gives us more time to see what Jack is all about and what his next agenda may well be.”

Alvarez finished getting his coffee then came over and sat down by Clinton. Then Richard said, “The reason I wanted both of you here today is that since I am going to be gone, and as you both know that when I am away, the protocol is that the Vice President stays here in case something goes wrong. I wanted to make sure we were on the same page if that did occur. The other thing, Clinton, is our military issues with all of these predictions are bothering me. I need to know if we have any of the plans in place that we discussed. I wanted Alvarez to also be aware of those plans in case there is a problem.”

“I wouldn’t worry too much, Richard. You will be quite safe in Kansas City,” Clinton said. “But I do understand the importance of letting the Vice President in on what we discussed.” Turning his body to face Alvarez, he began, “We are very concerned that some will feel we are weakened by these events that may occur in the next few weeks. What I am saying is that someone may well try to do something; not necessarily here, in the U.S., but at some of our bases located around the world. Therefore, we have come up with a contingency plan in the event one of our bases is attacked. We will respond rapidly from our aircraft carriers or submarines, and with a strong show of force. This means we will bomb the hell out of whoever is responsible, no diplomacy at all. This way the world will know that regardless of our domestic issues, we are still the big kid on the block.”

“What he is saying, Alvarez,” Richard added, “is we do not want to show any signs of weakness. In this particular situation, especially if something happens to me, then we want you to be able to carry through and give that order.”

Alvarez thought about this for a moment. He felt that both men were scared. He played along and said, “I see no reason that I will find myself in that situation, but rest assured that if I am, I will respond with the proper response.”

Said just like a politician, Richard thought to himself. He had learned well. It must be that Irish and Hispanic blood in him. He just did not commit to anything. “Thanks Alvarez, we knew we could count on you and we have all the scenarios worked out for you if for some reason this becomes necessary. Clinton has the details.”

“Well gentlemen, I need to prepare for my journey. I will see both of you on Monday.”

Chapter 115

8:30 AM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - City Center, Jack South's Suite

I had about half an hour before the meeting. This time it was everyone including the military, FBI, Secret Service, the Mayor, and my people. It was at 9:00 a.m. Veronica had called me late last night and said that 'the powers that be' wanted to discuss the Rally with 'the Great Jack South'. So I was now the "Great" Jack South. How stupid, I thought.

She went on to say that both Luke and Mark were here. Mark had come due to some legal issues that needed to be addressed concerning insurance and liability. They had contacted him since the city could not find me, she had said. I thought Mark had been told by Gabriel to stay in Chicago, but then things change. I thought to myself, we were now all here, our ragtime band of worldwide disaster causers, or at least that is what I thought people would think.

I thought back to when I was starting to study prophecy. I remembered my concept of the witnesses, preaching God's salvation, and making the world see the power of God. It would never have occurred to me that they would have need for insurance, public liability documents, permits, bonds and all the other complicated processes that were involved. This was still corporate America, regardless of God or anyone else. Ridiculous, I thought.

I had run out of clean clothes, but Veronica had managed to go to Wal-Mart and get me some things, including khakis and a white polo shirt. I preferred black rather than white, but Veronica had other ideas.

The way my mind was working today, I knew I was slaphappy and needed to get down to being serious. My normal personality was happy go lucky and being serious was difficult for me. I preferred to smile and make a joke, but I guessed I had to be serious today, like an old professor or prophet.

I am who I am and that is all there is to it, I thought. I laughed at myself. Then I looked up at the ceiling and said, "Ya get what ya get, Lord." Then I went to take a shower. As I turned on the water,

I thought that at least being imprisoned in a luxury hotel beats being in a cave.

Chapter 116

9:01 AM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Conference Room, 2nd Floor

I walked into the spacious meeting room on the second floor of the center. My team members and they city's staff were already seated. They had been talking, but when I walked in, it went dead quiet. I really knew how to make an entrance I thought to myself. It felt more like a funeral reception after I walked in. I saw an empty seat by Mark and quickly moved to it and sat down.

"Thanks for coming, Mr. South," a woman across the table said. "I am Madeline Sipes, Mayor of Kansas City, and on behalf of everyone here, I personally wanted to welcome you back home."

Right I thought, I have turned this city upside down and you would prefer, as most would here, to have me somewhere else right now. I said, "Thank you, Madam Mayor. It is nice to be in familiar territory."

"I am sure it is. Home, no matter where you go, is where the heart is. However, let us move on, there is a lot to accomplish. So, to bring you up to date, we have been working with your staff here on the Rally or Sermon for tonight, as some are calling it. However, before we bring you up to date, I thought I would introduce some of the people here. Starting from my right, this is the City Manager, David Phelps."

I nodded my head and said, "Pleasure, Mr. Phelps."

"Then next to him is Colonel Roland Winters."

"Colonel," again, I nodded my head.

"Chief of Police, Michael Poploski."

"Michael," I said, as my eyes continued to follow her introductions.

"Governor of Missouri, Mike Carson."

"Governor," as I nodded again.

"The City Attorney, Hans Rickenbacker."

"Counselor," I said.

"Also Marcus Schmidt, Director of the FBI, and Able Richards, Director of Secret Services."

"Gentlemen," as I nodded.

“And this is Roger Rehnquist. He is the President of the insurance company that insures our city.”

“Hello Roger, pleased to meet you,” I said.

“Then, of course you know John Roddenburg and his producer.”

“At the end is Shirley, who is one of our court stenographers and she is taking notes of the meeting here. I hope that is okay?”

I turned in my seat and looked at Mark then asked, “What do you say?”

Mark looked at me and said, “It’s okay Jack, not a problem.”

“Then it is fine with me, Madam Mayor.”

“Call me Madeline.”

“Okay then, Madeline.”

“And of course you know your own staff.” I looked around and of course, I was sitting by Mark. Veronica and Thomas were seated next to each other at the end of the table. Then I looked over and saw Gabriel standing next to the wall. He smiled at me and gave me his trademark wink. I wondered if anyone else could see him. I doubted it or there would have been a lot of attention paid to him. Well that was good. He was still around. I needed the support.

Madeline then got my attention and said, “Let’s get the unpleasant business taken care of first, if we can. We rather touched on the subject earlier before you got here, but we need to resolve this sooner than later. It appears that when you applied for your permits, no one at that time was concerned about it, for it seemed innocent enough and it was approved for you. However, since then, you have become, what can I say, a superstar of proportions never seen before. Your presence here has caused the city to swell to well over five million people and frankly our insurance company here is threatening to cancel our policy and is asking for an astronomical sum to insure us. So we are asking if you could help.”

“How much help?” I asked.

“75 million dollars.”

“Really? Is that all?”

“No, they want 100 million, but with sales taxes we’re getting here, it is sort of a windfall for us. In addition, the government of

Missouri and the Federal Government have pitched in their resources at no charge to the city. The problem we have is that we don't have it all and we need to be insured or we will have to cancel the Rally."

"Okay then, let's see," I said, leaning forward to look at the insurance person. "I forgot your name."

"Roger, Roger Rehnquist."

"And your title again?"

"I am President of Universal Municipal Underwriters, a division of Sterling Insurance."

"Okay Roger, so ya need a hundred million to insure this Rally, correct?"

"Yes."

"And if not, you will cancel the policy. Is that correct?"

"Yes, it is."

"Okay." I turned to Mark and asked, "Can they cancel the policy?"

"Yes and no." Mark replied. "There may well be a clause in the policy that limits their liability for things temporary or that are not ordinary; for example, five million people, or hosting events such as the Super Bowl. The cities who host the Super Bowls usually end up having to get more insurance coverage, but the NFL pays for it."

"Thanks, Mark."

I looked back at Roger, leaned back in my chair, put my hands in a teepee, and said, "Roger, what I hear is that you need more money. So I will authorize a check for a million to you and we can call it a day."

"That will not work Mr. South," Roger said. "That is not even close."

"Okay, Roger. Cancel the policy and the Mayor here will cancel the Rally. I will go on TV immediately and tell them why it happened and get on a plane to somewhere else." I paused, "And you know what will happen then, Roger?"

"No," he said.

"They will riot, Roger. In addition, when they do, the lawsuits against you alone, win or lose, will cost you a whole lot more than

the 100 million. Moreover, I am not sure what the city is insured for, and all the other insurance companies that have insurance on other businesses here in the city. I would guess you would lose a tremendous amount of money anyway.”

“So you’re blackmailing me?”

“No, I don’t like being shaken down. If you shake me down, then I will shake you down. So do we understand each other?”

“May I have a moment?” Roger asked.

“Sure. We will be here, take your time.”

He pulled his cell phone from his briefcase and walked out the door. I noticed that he had left his stuff here, so he would be back.

I then turned back to Madeline and said, “What else do we have on the agenda today?” ignoring the shocked look on her face.

Chapter 117

9:15 AM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Hallway of City Center, 2nd Floor

Roger was pissed that this totally unknown man a few days ago would even dare talk to him like that. He was seething and the anger was getting to his senses. He knew he had to calm down. He walked down the hall away from the conference room and started dialing his office in hopes of catching his Chairman of the Board, Richard Sterling.

“Hello, Mr. Sterling’s office. This is Shannon, may I help you?”

“Shannon, this is Roger. I am in Kansas City and it is very important I talk to Dick.”

“He is in a meeting, Roger.”

“Slip him a note. It is very important I talk to him.”

“Please hold.”

Roger wondered where they got some of the people who answer telephones. It was always, ‘they are in a meeting’ or ‘they just left,’ and so on. Gatekeepers, that is what they were, nothing but gatekeepers.

Shannon came back on the line, “Please hold Roger. I will transfer you to him. He needs to go to his private office. It will be just a moment.”

“Thanks Shannon.” He wanted to call her something else, but thought better of it.

In a few moments, he heard Dick’s voice.

“Roger, how are things in Kansas City? I assume you took care of business.”

“No, I have not Dick. This Jack South sort of threatened me and I am at a loss as to what to do at this point.” Roger told him what had transpired in the negotiations, and the threats made by Jack.

“Alright Roger, give me a few minutes. I will call you back. I need to make another call.”

“Thanks Dick, I will be here.”

Chapter 118

10:25 AM CEST Day four of 1260 Boston, Massachusetts - Sterling Insurance Company Corporate Office

Sterling picked up the phone and dialed the special cell phone number he knew was a secure line that would ring directly to Aafre in Kansas City. Aafre had gotten there last night and was in the same hotel as Jack and his group. He was not looking forward to this call, at least with the results he had from Roger. Aafre hated being told no. There were usually consequences if he was given bad news. The telephone rang and on the third ring, he heard Aafre's voice say, "Hello?"

"Sterling here, sir. I needed to call you to bring you up to date."

"I was expecting your call Sterling. Nice to hear from you, especially since I know you do not hesitate to call immediately when it is bad news."

How does he know it is bad news, thought Sterling? I have not even said anything yet. "Well sir, it appears we have a problem with the increased premium and Mr. South has threatened us." He went on to tell him the events as Roger had relayed them.

After he was through explaining the events to him, Aafre said, "I know all about the conversation Sterling. I heard the entire thing while it was happening, but I wanted to hear your take. We have the meeting room bugged. Jack is getting interesting it appears. He does have some balls. Too bad we didn't get him before they did, huh Sterling?"

"Yes sir, he seems to be pretty sharp, sir."

"That is true, and in other circumstances, I would have called his bluff. It would not be a good idea in this instance, however. We are having our meeting here tomorrow and Saturday. He is right, they would burn down the city, and we would be paying out the limits of the policy. Therefore, it would be a bad decision to call him on it. I doubt he would cancel, but on the other hand, he may well have done so. I think he knows we are here and he probably knows we had something to do with the insurance thing. So call your man and tell him to take the million and go home." He paused, then said, "Anything else, Sterling?"

“No sir, nothing else.”

“Well have a good day and we will talk again soon.”

After he hung up, Sterling could feel the perspiration on his forehead. He felt shaken up. Aafre’s people had the room bugged and knew what had happened even before he had called. It was a good thing that he knew the whole story and had enough sense to tell it to Aafre verbatim. If Roger had varied the story any at all, the repercussions from Aafre would not be something he would care to experience.

He picked up the phone and dialed Roger’s cell phone.

Chapter 119

9:35 AM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - City Center Meeting Room, 2nd Floor

The meeting was progressing. We had discussed logistics regarding the use of Arrowhead, Royals Stadium and the Sprint Center. Then we covered the Jumbotrons and their placement, and general information regarding how to accommodate five million people. I had noticed that the Colonel said little and continued to stare at me. I looked him over myself, and what I saw was a career military man close to my age or maybe a bit older than me. He had a long face and short, military style gray hair. He had gray eyes and was not really that tall, maybe 5'10" or so. He had a scar running down the left side of his face, which I assumed was from injuries resulting from combat. He was dressed in Army fatigues and boots and sat ramrod straight. There was something about him though that bothered me and I was not sure what it was; but I knew he did interest me.

Madeline, the Mayor, was in her late 50's, attractive and very intelligent. I thought that the people from the Pendergast machine of the 20s, would all be rolling over in their graves if they knew Kansas City had elected a female Mayor. She was all business and seemed to know her stuff. She was also pleasant and easy to talk to. You could tell she was firm. She had a knack for making sure she got her point across without being overwhelming. Good choice I thought. I would probably have voted for her if I still lived here.

The door opened and our insurance man, Roger, entered.

"I hope I am not interrupting anything?" he said.

Madeline turned to him and said, "No, we were just going over some details. Did you make your call?" she asked.

"Yes ma'am, I did," as he went over to his seat and sat down.

"And?"

"I spoke with the chairman of the Board of our holding company. He has instructed me to accept the additional premium of a million dollars in lieu of the other amount that was suggested. Therefore, I wanted to pass this on to you and see if I could get it now. Then I will be on my way and you can continue your business."

“Good Roger, and yes we can take care of that, I assume,” as she looked at me.

Hmm, I thought, she was ready to write out a check for 25 million a few minutes ago, and leave me with the other 75. Now, she wanted me to pay the million.

“Not a problem,” I said to Roger. “But I don’t keep checks with me. If you like,” as I pulled out my wallet, “you can charge it to my bank card and I can get some more air miles.”

“A million dollars on a card?” he asked.

“It’s either that or give my attorney Mark here an invoice and he will fax it to the office today. They can either wire the money or send a check; whichever you would prefer.”

“I can write an invoice,” he said as he opened his briefcase, pulled out a form, and started filling it out.

Madeline then said, “It’s a good time for a break if everyone else is in agreement. Let’s say we meet back here around 10:15 or so.”

We all agreed and the participants started drifting out the door. I looked over at Veronica and asked, “Is it okay, do you think, if I go down to the restaurant. I would like to and get some fresh coffee or something, or am I still a prisoner?” I then pulled a pair of big sunglasses out of my pocket, and put them on. “I got a real good disguise.”

The remaining people, including Roger, the insurance man, laughed. Veronica, smiling, said, “We will go with you Jack,” and off we went.

Chapter 120

9:45 AM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - City Center, Lobby Coffee Shop

We left Mark to deal with the insurance matter. Luke, John, Thomas, Veronica and I went to the elevator. I started talking but Veronica held her finger up to her mouth and said, “Shh.” We then got on the elevator and no one said anything. We only had one floor to go down so it seemed that the elevator popped open almost as soon as we got on it. As we walked off the elevator Veronica said, “The reason I asked you to not say anything, is that the room we are in and the hallway are bugged big time. They must have done it in a hurry for it was obvious to anyone with a trained eye.”

“Well you know your business. You proved that in Israel with our jet.”

We moved over to what appeared to be a coffee shop to the right of the check in desk. I took in the surroundings as we walked. There was a military and police presence everywhere. Only one of the front doors was being used. The others were locked. There was both a metal detector and one of those luggage machines that were used in airports. There was even a chemical detector. Off to the right of that was a curtained off area, which I assumed may be for strip-searching. The military walked around with M16s in firing position, which meant they were in their hands; not strapped to their shoulders. It looked like a third world country to me, and that was scary.

I looked over to Veronica and said, “All this security for me?”

“No Jack. It is for all the dignitaries coming here and the President. In addition, many of the people coming for The Waldger Group’s meeting are already here and will be attending your Sermon tonight. It’s to keep them safe, not you.”

“Hmm,” I said, “and here I thought it was just for me.” I felt left out.

“You’re on a roll today,” Veronica said.

We walked up to the host at the restaurant and Veronica took charge. “Table for six please,” she said to the hostess, “and I want the one over there against the wall if that’s okay?”

“Yes, ma’am,” the hostess said, as she grabbed six menus, and said, “Follow me, please.”

As we sat looking at the menus, I could feel the stares from all around the restaurant. I guessed the sunglasses trick was not working. I looked over at Veronica and asked, “Where did Gabriel go?”

“He had to leave,” she said. “He just wanted to make sure you knew he was around.”

Luke, John, and Thomas, almost at the same time, said, “I didn’t see anyone called Gabriel in the meeting. What are you talking about?”

“The messengers; remember I talked about them in my interview in New York,” I answered.

“So what you are telling us Jack,” Thomas said. “Is that you can see him and we cannot?”

“That’s right, Thomas. You are correct.”

“That’s spooky,” Luke said.

I smiled and said, “Maybe someday soon you too will see him Luke, for I am sure you will. So where are we with the planning and how much longer is this meeting going to last with the city?”

“Shouldn’t be much longer Jack,” John said. “They are just going over details. This is a first for them. A lot of what needed to be covered, Luke, the Reverend, and I had already discussed with them earlier in the week. I think you are in there only because they are curious about you. After the insurance thing, I think they may want to hire you.”

This was great, same old story, feast or famine. A few weeks ago, I could not find a job. Now everyone wanted to hire me, I thought. “Glad the meeting is almost over. I really dislike long meetings,” I said aloud.

We all looked up and saw Mark coming over to the table. He took his seat. We exchanged our pleasantries as the server came over.

You could see she was very nervous and I knew she wanted to say something. I saw her nametag and said, “Hi Debbie, let me introduce myself. I am Jack South and these are my friends.”

I held out my hand to her and she blushed, shook my hand, and said, “Nice to meet you, Mr. South,” then followed up with, “May I take your orders?”

We all ordered some rolls, coffee, and various juices. Then Mark said, “How was Israel, Jack?”

“It is a beautiful country, if you like desert, rocks, caves, and the local hospitality.”

“I know. I had to track down the President to get him to intervene. I guess the Attorney General had a hard on for you. Uh, excuse me Veronica, he said blushing.”

“It’s okay, Mark. I have heard a whole lot worse. It doesn’t bother me.”

“So are you ready for tonight?” Thomas asked.

“I suppose I should ask you if you are ready. You are the one handling the logistics of everything. All I am doing is talking.”

“I meant for your sermon,” Thomas said.

“Yes it is Thomas, very ready. And later today I would like to meet with you personally to go over it and get your opinion.”

“Sure, I’d be happy to, Jack.”

The server came back over with the coffee and drinks. She was smiling and still blushing all at the same time. I was sure that after she left here today she would tell the story, repeatedly, of how I talked to her and shook her hand. This was one soul we would get, I thought as I smiled.

“Jack,” John said. “I wanted to let you know that we are ready with everything as we discussed, including the slow motion cameras. I still don’t know what they are for.”

“Just keep the cameras on me John. You will eventually know what they are for. And let me add, I won’t say anything more about it.”

“Okay,” John said. “Also, we have scanned the graphics you sent down, and I have one of my engineers that will split the screen when you talk about them.”

“Thanks, John. Did you figure out what they were?”

“No I did not. Looks like Mayan carvings of some sort.”

“They are the handwriting of God. They are what the Israelis wanted from me. They knew I had them and they kept the originals. We just have copies.”

“Can you read them?”

“I did not know I could until they were shown to me under unusual circumstances. Then my brain clicked in, and yes, I could read them.”

“What are they Jack?” Thomas asked.

“They were part of my sermon tonight, but I’m still not sure. I may not use them until my next sermon. It’s still up in the air.”

John then said, “Luke has set up the internet feed in over one-hundred languages for broadcast. We will stream directly to their servers and the delay should only be about fifteen to twenty seconds. This way people who do not have access to TV in their area, for some countries are trying to block it, will be able to participate. We will also have the broadcast available afterwards for people to see. We will keep it up there for a week or so, or keep it up until there are no more hits. They can also log in from mobile smartphones and get the stream from Bearnewsupdate.com. So, I think we have it pretty well covered.” He paused, before continuing to speak, “As I said before, once you start Jack, there will be no commercials. There may be commentary at times, though, sort of like a golf match.”

John paused again to take a sip of juice, then continued. “Just so you all know, I am using my co-anchors, Mary Ann Sinclair and Geraldo Vasquez for this one. They came in this afternoon and we will be having a rehearsal in about an hour or so. Anything I need to know in particular, Jack that you may be doing, like blowing something up, making fire come from the sky, or anything like that?”

“No John,” I said, “but to tell you the truth, I really don’t know what is going to happen,” although I knew full well that Gabriel had said someone was going to try to assassinate me tonight. It seemed

strange, but it did not bother me, even if it should. Was my faith growing?

Chapter 121

10:20 AM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - City Center, 2nd Floor Meeting Room

“Oh there you are,” Madeline said as we returned from the restaurant. “We were wondering when you would make it back. You are just in time. We are going over the system we designed to get the dignitaries and you, Jack, from the hotel to the stage area or altar.”

“Stage,” I said, “not altar. I do not know how to build an altar or design one. Hasn’t been done for thousands of years.”

“Oh,” Madeline said, “I see. Okay then, the stage. If all of you can come closer, we have it laid out here on the table on this street grid.”

We gathered around, and the Chief of Police, Michael Poploski started describing the intricate system that had been designed. “What we have here are concrete barriers that are stacked one on top of the other, compliments of the Highway Department. It is about nine feet high. It travels from the hotels side entrance you see here,” as he pointed to the drawing, “and crosses Grand Avenue, then Main Street. It then curves to the Memorial itself on to the north building adjacent to where the stage is. The top of the barrier is steel panels, the same ones used on road repairs. It would take a good size explosive to penetrate it. The total distance is about two and a half blocks.”

Wow, I thought. They had done this in less than three days.

He continued, “At the beginning of the tunnel there will be a combination of Secret Service, FBI, and military personnel under the Colonel’s direction. The checkpoints are the same at the other end of the tunnel. In the middle of the tunnel you will again be stopped for identification before being allowed to continue, as well as at the beginning and the end.”

“At the termination of the Rally, the process will be reversed. This means, Jack, that you will be going first, we assume, and then the dignitaries will follow.”

“Also,” he said, pointing to the stage on the drawing, “This will be surrounded by military personnel, and plain clothes federal types,

which include the FBI and Secret Service. They will be there two hours before the seating, which starts at 6:00 p.m. and one hour afterwards. We also have bomb sniffing dogs that will check the area every ten minutes before you and the dignitaries get to the stage as well as during the program.”

“Any questions?”

Veronica asked, “Where are the dignitaries sitting?”

He brought out a folder under the drawing. He had photographs of the south and north sides of the raised stage built into the Memorial. “The news media seats are here on the north side and which includes all the camera crews, along with John Roddenberg’s group and his anchor desk. You may have seen it on his broadcasts the past couple of days. City personnel and others will be seated in this area, including you folks.”

“On the other side is seating for the President and several other dignitaries from all across the globe. Many are the same people who will be here for the meeting on Friday with The Waldger Group. There are one-hundred and forty-five seats there stacked up like sports field seating. Oh, by the way, both sides of the seating here are encased in clear bullet proof glass extending about four feet above the highest tier of the seating, or about thirty feet.”

“The choirs and entertainment will be seated in this corner over here, so they do not block the view of the people on stage and the park. The Philharmonic will be in the opposite corner.”

“Jack,” he looked at me, “The stage drops off to a forty-foot fall overlooking Union Station. So be careful there. I understand you said to do it this way so that the people in the Union Station area and the people in the Park can have an unobstructed view. Am I correct?”

“Yes, that is right, chief. I will be careful.”

“Well, any other questions?” Madeline asked.

“No,” Veronica said. “We have no more questions.”

“Well,” Madeline said, “Most of you I will see around 6:30 or so, on the stage.”

Chapter 122

10:50 AM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - City Center, Hallway 2nd Floor

As were leaving the conference room, I motioned for Veronica to come over to me. When she was close enough to hear me I said, “Do you think my room is bugged?”

“No Jack, it’s not. We took them out before you checked in. They were there, but we removed them and your room was checked again this morning while we were in the meeting. They checked it after the house cleaners cleaned up. Also, I have a private security guard outside your door, just in case someone decides to get clever.”

“Thanks. Just so you know, I have Thomas stopping by to talk about the sermon. I need a professional opinion about something I read in God’s word.”

John came up to us about the same time and said, “I have a lot to do. We still have the evening news, and then the program itself will start at 6:00; an hour and a half before you begin, Jack. We need to be ready for that. I have a news briefing in about an hour or so, I need to attend. Lots of news today. By the way, Jack, are we still on for the interview after the sermon?”

“Yes, I will be ready for you, but no panels. I am not up to it.”

“Okay Jack, no problem. Oh, by the way, I may have already told you, but the feed is being translated into over one-hundred languages worldwide. We even have Middle Eastern networks broadcasting you live, which surprised me when the request came in. We have two sign language people, and of course subtitles. I do not know if you know it or not, but for the time you are on TV tonight, not any one event nor one person has ever had this many people watching. I find that amazing.”

“So do I John. So do I.”

“Well, gotta go,” he said as he left.

Luke, Mark, and Thomas were still in the hall. Veronica and I walked over to them. I said to Mark, “Well you got to come anyway. That is great. I am glad you are here. In addition, Luke, you people are doing a great job out there for me, considering you have

only had three and a half days. We have achieved our goals. I want to thank you so much.”

“After listening to you over the past few days, Jack, I have to tell you, my firm and I are proud to be a part of your ministry. We look forward to the continuation of our agreement. I have read a lot of prophecy, I have a lot of faith, and I believe you are who you say you are. So, if you need anything at all, even if you’re broke, I will be there for you.”

I held out my hand and said, “Friends, Luke.”

He shook it and said, “Friends. Listen, I have to go. I will catch you all later.”

“Later, Luke.”

I turned to Thomas and asked, “I know you have a lot on your plate and I’d asked earlier, but I wanted to know if you could come to my room in a bit and discuss something with me? I really need your help. We can order up lunch in the room.”

“Sure I can Jack, just say when.”

I looked at my watch and said, “Give me an hour. I am in Suite 2401.”

“I will be there.”

I said goodbye to everyone and got on the elevator to get back to my room.

Chapter 123

11:20 AM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - The Waldger Group Suites

“Mr. Waldger?” the door was open a crack as the security guard on the other side called to him.

“Yes, what can I help you with?”

“There are two priests here to see you. They say they have an appointment.”

Aafre got up from the makeshift desk in his suite and walked over to the doorway as his aide ushered in the guests. He was pleased the two had made it on time. “Cardinal Richital, what a pleasure,” Aafre said as he looked behind him, knowing very well who was with him. He said, “Bishop...very pleased to finally meet you in person, after all these years. Please come in.”

They entered the suite and he offered them a place to sit. “Bishop, we were worried that you might not make it in time for the Rally and our meeting tomorrow, which, as you know, is very important.”

“Thank you, Aafre. Do you mind if I call you by your first name?”

“No, no not at all, we are all friends here. Was the trip coming here okay? I knew of the flooding in your area. I was concerned you might not make it.”

“No, we left North Africa early Tuesday morning, making a stop in Rome to see the Pontiff, and then picking up the item we discussed. In addition, the Pontiff knew we were coming here. He wanted to see us first. He is not doing well and could not make the trip himself, but had asked us to keep him up to date. He will be watching on TV, I am sure. We left there right after the meeting at the Vatican. We boarded a commercial jet to New York, then a private one provided by you which took us directly here; which we are grateful for.”

“You are more than welcome. We have much to do in the next few days and so much to plan together. Moreover, you Cardinal, you look well. I hope, like the Bishop, you have found things acceptable, yes?”

“Definitely Aafre, everything is going well and all things are in place, as we have discussed.”

“Well, good. I knew that we could count on you. Now Bishop, you know that tonight we will get to see the Hebrew God’s Witness give a sermon. I am so curious to see what he says and hear your opinion.”

“I think he is a very dangerous man and needs to be carefully watched,” the Bishop replied. “If possible, he needs to be controlled before there is no world left for us. His agenda seems strange. Why kill all these people? It does not make sense to me. That is not the God I know and the God our church teaches.”

“I agree, Bishop. I so much agree.”

“Would you mind, Aafre,” the Bishop asked, “if I use your facilities? It has been such a long trip and we have yet to go to our suites.”

“Oh yes, please do.”

When he left, Aafre looked at Cardinal Richital and said, “He is very imposing, isn’t he?”

“Yes, Aafre. He will do as we want and he understands the power he is to receive to battle these witnesses. And like me, he is so much looking forward to tonight.”

“Yes Cardinal, we are all looking forward to tonight. And I assume the item he referred to is the item we had discussed?”

“Yes Aafre, he has the item and has the power to use it. We picked it up from the Vatican’s secure archives.”

“Good Cardinal, very good. So now, we will see and hear the lies from Jack and maybe even some fireworks. One never knows, do they?” as he laughed aloud.

Chapter 124

11:35 AM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - City Center, Jack South's Suite

I heard the knock at the door and I thought to myself, it is too early for Mark, but maybe he got confused. I opened the door and the security guard was there. He said, "Mr. South, this is FBI agent Rankill, he has something for you. I checked his credentials and he is okay."

Agent Rankill stepped up to the door. He had a package that looked like a tube about seven feet long. "What is this I asked?"

"It was delivered to the hotel awhile ago, addressed to you sir. We took delivery and ran it through one of our luggage screeners. We then had the dogs check it for explosives. It seems to be okay. I brought it up personally, because we are not using hotel staff on these floors, for security reasons."

"Thanks agent, uh?"

"Rankill sir, Agent Phillip Rankill at your service."

"Well, thanks Agent Rankill. Again, I do appreciate it," I took the package from him and closed the door.

It seemed a bit heavy. I laid it on the bed and opened one end. There was a note stuffed into it. I took the note as I sat on the edge of the bed and read it.

"Dear Jack,

What I have sent you is something you will need tonight and in the coming months and years. It is quite old and very valuable. There are some rules, though. Never leave it lying around when you are in public. Keep it with you always and in your right hand, unless you intend on raising it above your head. Always use both hands if you choose to do so. Do not let any other man have it, borrow it, or touch it. Only men of God can touch or use it, so make sure if you decide to let another do so, you are sure of their allegiance. I am sure you will figure out where it came from and what it was used for in the past. However, this much I can tell you, it came from God.

In Christ, Gabriel."

I stared at the box and then I knew what was in it. I was afraid to touch it. I just stared at the box. I was afraid to take it out. This was the staff of Moses, for only God would have had it. He had taken it from Moses when he was allowed to see the Promised Land, but not enter it. How did it get here?

Then my mind clouded and for some reason the room changed. It was as if I could see two men in front of the Pharaoh, the staffs turning into snakes, and one devouring the other. Then I saw a man strike a rock and water flowed from it. I shook my head, cleared my eyes by blinking, and I looked at the box again. I picked it up, opened the other end, than tilted the container so the object would fall out on the bed.

It was twisted like a serpent and was covered with carvings and ancient writing. One end was tapered and the top had a ball on it of some sort. I picked it up with my right hand and I could feel the vibrations in the stick. I closed my eyes and my hand tightened its grip as I felt something like a mild electrical current flowing through my body. I stood there for a few moments feeling the sensation, opened my eyes, and gently laid the staff on the bed. Then I heard a knock at the door.

Chapter 125

12:35 PM EST Day four of 1260 Camp David, Maryland - President Richard Stevenson's Office

President Stevenson was finalizing the signing of some paperwork when the door opened slightly, "Mr. President?"

"Yes?" he said to the secret service agent. "We are going to have to leave early to Kansas City, sir. According to our advance team, the city is bursting and they want to make sure we have enough time to get you and your family there and settled in the hotel."

"Why the change, agent?"

"They are seating you at around 6:15 instead of 7:15. It seems that they need everyone seated by that time in order to keep control of the situation. In addition, there is an hour long pre-show and no one other than Jack is allowed behind stage after everyone is settled. Therefore, we really need to go, sir. The Executive Helicopter is already on the lawn and Air Force One is already loaded with your wife, Jamal, and the Press Corp, at Andrews Air Force Base."

"Alright, I will be right there. Richard signed the last two papers on his desk, grabbed his portfolio, and walked out the door.

Well, that was unusual, he thought to himself. Usually everyone waited for him; now he had to wait for Jack.

Chapter 126

11:45 AM Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - City Center, Jack South's Suite

After I heard the knock, I cracked the door and the security guard said, "Mr. South, Mr. Marks, uh, I mean, Reverend Marks is here to see you."

I opened the door and said, "Come in, Thomas. Glad you made it." I closed the door again while Thomas stood there. "Come over by the couch," I said. Then he saw it.

"What's that Jack?" he asked as he moved towards the bed.

"Stop, Thomas," I said rather sternly. He stopped. I guess my voice was raised and he heard the panic. "Don't touch it."

He turned to me with a bewildered look on his face and said, "Is there something the matter?"

"No, Thomas," I said as I guided him to the couch. "Sit down, I will explain."

I got up and went over to the bed, picked up the note from Gabriel that I had left there, came back, sat down, then said, "Here, read this. It will explain it all." He read the note, looked over at the bed, and then read it again. Glancing back to the bed, then to me he asked, "Is this the staff of Moses?"

"Yes," I said. "It is the staff of Moses." I told him what had happened before when I held it.

Thomas just sat there and stared at the staff. He finally said to me, "It's powerful, isn't it?"

"Yes it is Thomas, very powerful. It is more powerful than you could ever imagine. Look Thomas," I said, "let's order something to eat from room service and then we'll talk."

"Was the staff why you wanted to talk to me Jack?"

"No, it is something else. What would you like, a hamburger or something, coke?"

"Anything is fine."

I picked up the phone and dialed 211 for room service. When they answered, I ordered burgers, fries, cokes, and a side crab salad.

Chapter 127

12:00 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial, Anchor Desk

John went through the checkpoint using the back door for the first time and followed the path between the barriers. He was checked twice more before he reached the stage area. He walked up to the sound booth where they were testing the sound system. From the stage, it sounded like a giant echo. They would have to put an earpiece in Jack's ear or he would get too much feedback, John thought.

As he neared the anchor desk, he saw Don coming up to greet him. "Hi John," Don said, beaming with pride, "we made some improvements last night and put a clear screen behind you. That way we can superimpose the Memorial on it. Like it?"

"Looks great Don, and as always you pay attention to detail."

"Yes, well that's what you get when you get a MacKee. We have a family tradition of always doing our best."

John smiled at him and said, "I just wanted to come over and see the layout before I have to do the news, then Jack's Sermon."

"No problem John. I will show you around. We already have the spots marked out for close-ups of the President and others." He walked across the stage and said, "Here the President and his wife will sit. There is a Bishop from Northern Africa here, with the uh, oh yeah, Cardinal Richital, from the Vatican. They will also be in the front row, and the list goes on." He pointed to the camera stands at all corners of the stage and the platform ones above them.

John walked to the edge of the stage. Looking down towards Union Station, he saw the incredible sight of a sea of people standing and milling around. There were thousands upon thousands, just waiting. They still had seven and a half hours to go to see and hear Jack. He hoped they would all be okay.

He turned back around and saw Don looking at him. "Quite amazing, isn't it John? Just like the films you see of the pilgrimages to Mecca in the Middle East. It looks almost the same."

"Yes it does Don, it most definitely does."

Chapter 128

12:20 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - City Center, Jack South's Suite

I tried to continue to get Thomas to calm down. While we were waiting for room service, I picked up the staff and brought it over to him, close enough for him to see it. I turned it over slowly and showed him the ball at the end of the staff and the markings, tracing them with my fingers. He asked me to turn it one way, then the next. He finally said I could put it down.

I went and placed it back on the bed then sat down with the binder of papers I had received from God. He was looking at me strangely and said, "You are going to look strange with a polo shirt, khakis, and that staff Jack."

I thought about that for a minute, and said, "Well, I could wear the bath robe they give you here, would that work?" At least I was getting some humor back, I thought.

Thomas laughed and said, "No, that will not do Jack. Maybe I could come up with something for you."

"Thomas, I am not going out there in robes like the movie pictures of old prophets. It is just not me."

"How about a choir robe? Alternatively, you wear a vestment, like some churches do, including mine. I will have one on."

"Maybe that would work." Then I thought, hey why not play the part? He was right. I would look strange with the polo shirt, khakis, and staff. I said, "We can discuss that later Thomas. Right now, I need you to pay attention. You went to theology school right?"

"Yes, I did; and got good grades too."

"Okay. Now when you go to theology school you learn about things like what different meanings a scripture can have, right?"

"Yes, that is true. We learned and discussed a great deal about scripture that were either vague or misunderstood."

"Okay, here is the question I want you to answer. Tell me the story of Adam, Eve, the serpent, and Cain and Abel. Not the one I read in the Bible, but the other ones. I need to hear what others think, other than just me and this paper here."

“Well, God created man, then woman and they were in the garden; and they could do as they wanted and wanted for nothing. However, they could not eat of the tree of life. Eve did anyhow, because of the serpent.”

“Stop, Thomas. That is not the story I want from you. I want the real one.”

He hesitated, seeming stressed, then said, “Jack, we were told that the other story was conjecture. Granted, we were always able to make it work and it made sense, but we were told to tell the story I just related to you. People would not believe the other one and the children would not be getting a sterilized story.”

“Tell it to me Thomas. What did they teach you?”

After he was through, I looked up at him and said, “This is the same story I am holding in this folder. You just told me almost the exact same one.”

“Are you going to tell that story tonight Jack?”

“No, God has another agenda for tonight; but eventually, yes, I will. For in these pages is God’s command to me, to set the record straight. I need you to write out for me the scriptures that make this story real, instead of the sterilized form it has taken on for thousands of years. I don’t need it for today, but I need it very soon.”

“So what is your sermon tonight?”

I hesitated and wondered. Then I said, “I am not sure Thomas, I am not yet sure. I am still trying to decipher God’s instructions. But believe me, it will be effective and I will get the message across.”

“I will take your word for it Jack. In the meantime, I’ll try and round up something you will feel comfortable wearing and that will work with the staff.” As he stood up he said, “Jack, you are a man of God. I have no doubt. However if you’re going to use any of the things we talked about in your sermons, either now or in the future, you are really going to upset a lot of people.”

“I think a lot of them already are, Thomas.”

Chapter 129

4:55 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - City Center, President Richard Stevenson's Suite

Air Force One had landed at 4:20 p.m. in Kansas City. The Presidential party had been put into two army Black Hawks, which made the fifteen-minute trip into the city. They arrived at the heliport atop City Center Plaza at around 5:15 p.m. with one copter landing and discharging its passengers, then the other. They escorted the President and the First Lady to the Presidential Suite. The Secret Service and the President then had a quick meeting about the seating arrangements and entry to Liberty Memorial Park.

The Service had said that the President would be one of the last seated, but that the early seating was due to the program starting early at 6:30. There was a preshow of choirs and other local talent, so they needed to immediately get to the staging area. He would be sitting with the Prime Minister of England, on his right, and his wife on his left. All other heads of state would also be seated in the first four rows of seating. Other dignitaries, except Aafre Waldger and the two priests, would be in the other rows along with some other clergy and corporate leaders.

The President asked where Aafre would be sitting and was told right behind him. The agent then said that they needed to be at the access door at 6:15 at the latest, which was about 45 minutes from now. The agent took leave of the President so that he and the First Lady could get ready.

Richard moved towards one of the bathrooms, and then as he was walking across the living area, he asked his wife, "Thelma, do you think I should go casual, which is my normal style, or put on a coat and tie?"

"I would go casual," she said. "It is warm out and a tie would be somewhat overbearing in this weather. We will be outside for over two hours. I am wearing a light chiffon blouse, slacks, and some sandals. I would assume most would dress the same way. Besides, most people are very used to seeing you casual rather than stuffy," as she laughed.

He heard the telephone in the suite ring and then the Secret Service Agent say, "Please wait," that meant the call was for him.

“Mr. President, sir, I have a gentleman on the phone, a Mr. Aafre who would like to speak with you.”

“Thanks, Agent Simpson,” Richard said as he took the phone. He stepped away into another room and sat on the couch before speaking, “Hello Aafre. How are you today?”

“Fine, Mr. President, I was hoping we could have a few moments together before the Rally, but I guess we need to be seated by 6:30. I just wanted to say that I am pleased you are here. We will talk later, maybe after the fireworks display with Mr. South?”

“That will be fine, and I look forward to speaking with you.”

“Great, Richard. I will see you soon, on the stage.” The call disconnected.

As Richard replaced the receiver, he thought that today he was only going to be a bit player or window dressing. He wondered what Aafre meant about fireworks. No one said anything to him about fireworks. Maybe he should alert the Secret Service about what he had said. Aafre was not one to be comical when it came to things like this. No, he thought, because then he would have to argue with them all over again about attending. That would not do.

He was thinking that Jack had people that were more famous and world leaders coming tonight to hear the Sermon, as he called it, than a State Funeral. Richard was also somewhat afraid, for even though he was a part of The Waldger Group, he felt that this man’s power far superseded anything Aafre and his Master could muster. He only hoped that in the end, he was on the right side.

Chapter 130

5:25 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial, Anchor Desk

John had to make sure that the evening news was over by 6:00 p.m. and that his co-anchors for the pre-show were at the anchor desk. He would do today as he had done most of the time and keep the news to about 21 minutes of reporting and nine minutes of commercials. At 6:00 p.m. CST, they would go live for the pre-show, then Jack South's message at 7:30. There was more than enough to report on. Their people had also been filming all day in Kansas City. This in itself was a great story and he would be filling in details on celebrities and world leaders while the dignitaries were being seated. He had a list of those attending the rally and it read like the who's who of the world. It was amazing that they were all here together for this. His thoughts were interrupted by the camera operator who asked, "John, you ready? We are down to thirty."

John turned, faced the camera and said, "Let's do it."

He then heard, "Five, four, three, two, and one."

The announcer began, "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Bear News Live tonight with John Roddenburg, from Liberty Memorial Park in Kansas City, Missouri. Tonight is our three and a half hour special on the state of the world and the greatly anticipated sermon of Jack South, the self proclaimed Witness of God. Now, here is tonight's host, John Roddenburg."

"Good evening America and the world. Tonight, as you all know, we are again providing live coverage on Jack South's message starting at 6:00 p.m. CST, right after our evening newscast. However, let us get to the news updates from the world and here at home for this Thursday. First, let us go to Brian Wilcox who is standing by in Rosemead, California. Brian?"

"Thank you John. It is about 3:30 here in Rosemead, California, which is south of Pasadena. You can see behind me that, like Pasadena, this area also looks like a war zone. I am standing on San Gabriel Boulevard where, just a few hours ago, there was a shoot out between looters and the National Guard. Two guard members were wounded and three looters were killed. Two other looters were caught and are in custody. They are being held in a makeshift

military stockade near the Pasadena command center. You will also see behind me, like yesterday, troop carriers being loaded with refugees or people with nowhere to go. Here in Rosemead, like the situation reported in Pasadena yesterday, they are being transported to a makeshift FEMA camp at Twenty-nine Palms. Our understanding from military authorities, is that over three-hundred thousand people are there and it has pretty well reached capacity, as of about an hour ago.”

“Have they said where they will start sending people to next?”

“No John. The military has not made any comment. Rumors are that if they can get clearance, they may go up to Bakersfield and use one or more of the migrant field worker camps there. However, that may be an issue since the I-5, known as the Grapevine, has sustained a lot of damage.”

“Are there any other reports of looting or other crimes, Brian?”

“Yes. Last night, according to military commanders, there were several robberies, muggings, and break-ins of partially held buildings, where the owners were trying to protect their property. The reality of it all is this is like a third world country during a civil war. It is hard to keep some semblance of order. The Commander down in this sector is saying that people need to get out of the area, for it is not safe. The gangs are going for as much as they can get. In addition, John, I overheard one guard member tell his friend to shoot and ask questions later. I don’t know if that was an order they had received or if it was just them talking.”

“Do you still feel like you are being censored, Brian?”

“Definitely John, as I affirmed last night, definitely.”

“Okay, Brian. Standby, we may be back to you.”

“Thank you John. This is Brian Wilcox reporting from Rosemead California.

“Now, let’s turn to our Washington correspondent, Debbie Cochran. She is outside the White House where the Vice President is staying while President Stevenson is in Kansas City.”

“Debbie?”

“Hello John, not much more to say since the Camp David meetings ended. Vice President, Alvarez Johnson, is staying at the White

House to oversee things until the President returns. However, as you know, this is protocol when the President travels. There is also no new word on the assassination of the Attorney General. The FBI has said little about it and the local police are mum. However, there is a rumor that President Stevenson will address the nation on Monday night; but there is no confirmation as of now.”

“Thanks Debbie. We will get back with you.”

“Thank you John. This is Debbie Cochran reporting from the South Lawn of the White House.”

“When we come back we will go to Houston, Texas, where we have an interview with the mayor regarding the fast-approaching hurricane, which is now in the Caribbean. It is expected to hit on Monday morning. A satellite picture is in the background, behind John, showing the enhanced photos of Hurricane Alex. It now stretches over three-hundred and fifty miles across.”

Chapter 131

5:45 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - City Center, Jack South's Suite

I heard a knock on the door and opened it. Veronica, Mark, Thomas, and Luke were all there. I invited them in and the first thing Veronica said, as her eyes glanced towards the bed was, "He gave it to you, huh?"

"Gave me what, Veronica?"

"The staff there on the bed; and don't worry I know not to touch it."

"Have you ever seen it before?" I asked.

"No, but I knew that you would eventually have it. Shraya said you would and that God would give it to you in good time."

Mark asked, "Is that really Moses' staff?"

Thomas replied, "Yes, that is exactly what it is and Jack got specific instructions with it from Gabriel."

"Mind if I pick it up?" Luke asked.

"No Lucas. You cannot. I cannot let any man touch it except myself. It is a command." I did not want to tell him that only a man of God could touch it. His feelings would probably be hurt.

"Okay, just asking."

Veronica then said, "Alright gentlemen, we don't have much time and we need to chat a moment. We will be seated in about a half an hour and we need to get going soon. Jack, Thomas brought you some vestments. Do you want to try one on?"

"I guess, but if it were not for this staff, I would not even consider it."

"It's not that bad, just try it. All preachers and priests wear them," Veronica said.

"Do you have something simple?" I asked, looking at Thomas.

Thomas laid out the four vestments he had brought on the couch and I looked them over. "What do I wear with them?" I asked to no one in particular.

"You just put them over your clothes you have on," Thomas said.

I saw a light tan one with a dark brown rope belt and said, “Maybe that one. Red, blue or white will not work for me.”

“Well, try it on,” Veronica said, seemingly impatient with me. Sometimes she made me feel like I was her child, but then I probably acted like one sometimes.

Thomas picked it up and handed it to me. I took it from Thomas then slipped it over my head as I looked in the mirror by the dresser. “I look almost like a monk,” I said.

“It looks great Jack,” Veronica said. “You will be fine. You need to play the part, so quit whining. Here, let me straighten your belt.” She adjusted and retied the rope belt then stepped back from me to admire her work. “Looks good, Jack. Grab your staff and let’s see how it will be.”

I took my right hand and picked up the staff from the bed, turned and looked at my flock. “That will work. Now you do look like a witness; as well you should,” she said.

Each of them agreed, so I reluctantly said, “Okay. Before you go, can we all pray together? I really think I need your prayers and Thomas would you lead us?”

The others and I kneeled down. I held the staff with my right hand. Thomas began to speak, “Oh Lord and our Savior Jesus Christ, please pass among us your wisdom and help us O lord to pass the same upon the people. We know your desire and will comply with your wishes within our human abilities and proclaim your word and that of your son, Jesus Christ, unto the nations. Lord, as you send your witness into the world tonight, fill him with the Holy Spirit, that he may proclaim and show your power to the world. In addition, one final request dear Lord, in this time of Tribulation, those whom you take, may they be sealed by the love and blood of Christ. Amen.”

We all got up. I walked over to my desk, and took a folded piece of paper off the top and handed it to Thomas. “When I come out onto the stage and I ask you to lead us in prayer, say this prayer. It was on one of the pages I read.”

“I will,” Thomas said. “I will.”

As everyone started walking out the door, Veronica came over and said, “Shraya said to do this at the beginning, then they will listen.” She handed me a small scroll. “And Jack, regarding the staff, you know you can hand it over to a man of God? Read the chapters in Exodus about Moses and Aaron in front of the Pharaoh. It is important to know when you can and when you cannot use the staff and pass on the power to another.” She also then handed me a Bible.

Chapter 132

5:50 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial, Anchor Desk

They had just finished the interviews in Houston and Mississippi and were going to the weather updates in Africa. Then they would report on the status of the hurricanes, and finally, the news commentary. John sat waiting for the go ahead from commercials. As he turned once again to face the camera, he watched the seconds click by, three, two, and one.

“Welcome back to the summary part of the day’s newscast, tonight. We have with us again, Chester Nichols, our meteorologist, with the latest on the rains in Northern Africa and the now two hurricanes in the Atlantic. Chester?”

The satellite pictures of Northern Africa were on the screen as Chester began speaking, “Thanks John, as you can see on the satellite picture here of Northern Africa and parts of the Mideast, the rains are still coming down. Today is the third day and flooding is becoming widespread, especially near the rivers where most of the major cities are located. We show on our graphic, the total rainfall since it started, by using different colors. The darker areas represent heavy amounts of rain and the lighter areas, less. In some places it has exceeded twenty-four inches, most of that in the Sahara Desert. However, it is a steady rainfall of about a quarter inch of rain an hour, over most of the affected areas. That equates to six inches of rain a day. At this rate, in thirty days it would equate to one-hundred inches of rain. This would cause such incredible damage to the areas where it is raining, that we cannot even begin to calculate.”

The graphic changed again, showing the enhanced satellite photo. It covered an area that looked as if it was all the way from the Virgin Islands to Puerto Rico, but still mostly in the Atlantic. Chester stated, “In the Atlantic, Hurricane Alex has now reached category two status and is still on track, as best as we can tell, to the Galveston, Houston area. A new tropical storm, Baxter has reached winds of up to fifty-five miles per hour. Like Alex, it is considered a hurricane. At the moment, Baxter is tracking the exact same path as Alex has been, and is almost right behind it.”

“Chester, how long does it take a hurricane to get to our coast from Africa, on average?”

“That depends. It could track fast or it could track slowly, so anywhere from six to seven days, up to two weeks.”

“Thanks Chester. It looks like, as we were expecting, they are on the same path as Jack said they would be. Moving on, we have one of our correspondents in Cairo, the capital of Egypt, with a live report.” Turning to the monitor John said, “Eric?”

“Yes John, this is Eric Kuhl. As you can see, all around me the rain is still coming down and has not stopped since Tuesday morning. The Nile is spilling over its banks. President Mohamed Basarick declared martial law this afternoon and they have started evacuating as much of the city as they can. If you will remember, we were concerned about the Aswan Dam, but for the moment, it seems to be holding.”

“Any property damage or deaths reported Eric?”

“No John, not at this time; but they usually don’t report things quickly here. It is usually days before we get word.”

“Thanks Eric. Please be safe and we will get back to you soon.”

“Thanks John. This is Eric Kuhl reporting from Cairo, Egypt.”

“We will be back with our final comments after these words,” John said to the camera. He leaned back in his chair and thought to himself, the next three hours will change history forever. He got up to get a drink.

Chapter 133

6:15 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial, staging area, Reverend Thomas

Thomas had the choirs and singers in place on the stage and was doing a last minute check with the sound technicians and the cameras. He had a featured renowned international singing star that was going to sing with the award winning acclaimed Black Choir from Center Church in Chicago. The choir had made the pilgrimage at their own expense, paid through donations from their church. Sarah would be singing the lead to “Amazing Grace,” which was the last song before Jack came onto the stage. He also had three other choirs from the Kansas City area that would be performing before her.

They were all in the display building at the south side of the Memorial, where the directors from Bear News were giving last minute instructions to the performers. He noticed also that some very high profile local talents were there. Clyde West, a local country singer was going to sing an Elvis spiritual song, ‘Mama Liked the Roses.’ He would be first on and backed up by the local Methodist Church choir, his band and the Kansas City Philharmonic, as all the singers were singing with them. With the philharmonic volunteering, this was turning into quite a production. The Philharmonic was also performing one of the scores from Handel’s “Messiah.”

Thomas felt he had done as well as he could and he hoped Jack approved of the songs. Jack had been lenient in letting him choose the songs for the pre-sermon entertainment. Thomas knew that people expected this prior to hearing God’s word, as it put them in the mood. Song and prayer always did.

He walked up to Clyde and said, “You have about ten minutes. I will start with a prayer, and then you will come to center stage. You and the choir need to get into position now, please.”

“No problem Reverend,” Clyde said. “I am ready. I just need to plug in my guitar and the band is already out there. We practiced with the orchestra. It’s gonna sound pretty.”

Chapter 134

6:26 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial, Anchor Desk

John looked around the stage. He noticed that Reverend Mark's crew was getting everything ready. The camera people had been filming the dignitaries and guests who were being seated on the stage behind the bulletproof glass. These included many of the world's power brokers, commonly known as The Waldger Group. His co-anchors had been doing commentary since 6:00. His thoughts were on the fact that his entire career had been based on attacking this group and for the first time ever, he had so many of them just a few feet away from him. John had really wanted to walk among them and ask for interviews, but that would not be appropriate today.

He was sure that in lieu of God's Witness coming forward, The Waldger Group was the one that would battle them. This was described in Revelations, which he had read up on just a couple of nights ago. Would the Group be the one to produce the Antichrist and the False Prophet? He had a feeling on what the truth was. In the past few days, he had brushed up on Daniel and Revelations, and it was all beginning to make sense to him.

John noticed that sitting with the dignitaries was the young former Jewish, now Catholic Bishop, from Africa, Praterus. Some called him Peter and he was here with Cardinal Luke Richital, who was from the Vatican. He wondered if there was a connection. It was very unusual for an event like this to have them both attend, even though the rumor was they were representing the Pope.

Praterus was rumored to be the next in line to succeed in the Papacy, when the current Pope dies. His background was that he was born a Jew, then became Catholic at a very young age when his mother remarried after the death of her first husband, and became Catholic herself. He became almost an overnight success as a young man in the church, taking the oath of celibacy when he was 18. He climbed through the maze of Catholic politics very quickly and now at the young age of thirty-four, was the youngest ever Bishop in the history of the church. He was quite powerful and known by many.

John also noticed Aafre Waldger, who was already seated, was the somewhat self-proclaimed leader, the Chairman of the Board. At least that was what he had been reporting all these years. It seemed that no matter what was occurring in the world of politics, finance or even sometimes, criminal acts, somehow the road always led to him. Nothing could ever be proven, for they controlled the media, at least until Jack showed up. His holding companies, John knew, controlled a string of news media outlets and movie studios around the world that usually kept public opinion in the favor of he and his members.

John noticed the Baroness Sherry Billings from England was here also, but then she had attended every meeting of The Waldger Group since he could remember. She was also accompanied by the Prime Minister of England, Sir Richard Weingart, whom everyone knew was a lifetime member of the Waldger Group. There had to be a connection with Revelations. There was no doubt, he thought. It was probably time to find out what. He noticed that well over one-hundred of their members were here on the stage and in public for the very first time together. This included every leader of the Common Market countries and most western ones also. That made it even more interesting. Why would they now come out in public and not behind closed doors? Moreover, why would the President of the United States be seen talking to Aafre in public?

He guessed Jack was right. The time had come for the new world order to take shape and it was time for God to take back the earth, and that would be a battle.

Chapter 135

6:30 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial Stage

Ann told him it was time to start, as Thomas walked out onto the stage. Most of the microphones were remote; so, he did not walk up to the mike stands. He stood in the middle of the stage and said, “Welcome,” to the multitudes that were assembled. He then turned to his left and welcomed those on stage.

“To all of you that have taken time from your busy schedules to come witness the first sermon from God’s Witness, it is a pleasure to have you. I am sure God is pleased that so many leaders of the world are here tonight.”

He then walked to the edge of the stage, which overlooked Union Station and started addressing the massive crowd, “Tonight, as we all know, God’s Witness, Jack South, will talk to you within the next hour. However, before that, we have for you some spiritual songs performed by many of your local talent in Kansas City. We also have worldwide acclaimed talent who will praise God and his son Jesus Christ.”

“Before we start the evening’s program, I would like to make a very important announcement. Jack South has requested that there be no offering collected at this event. What that means is, if you see people coming around asking you to donate to God, donate to Jack, or even mentioning the word “offering,” they are professional cons and thieves. This program has not, and will not ask you for money. If you hear of someone requesting funds, then please report it to the nearest official.

Jack does ask though...If you wish to give an offering, you can hold onto that wish till you return to your communities and give back to them or your church.” He paused, and asked everyone to bow his or her heads and said an opening prayer. After his amen, he continued, “Now with that said, here is Kansas City’s singing star, Clyde West, singing “Mama Liked the Roses.””

Chapter 136

6:33 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial, Anchor Desk

Bear News had the cameras directed at Thomas and his opening speech, but they broke away for comment with the singer in the background, after getting a close up and a few bars of his song. The cameras were now focused on the three anchors at the desk, John Roddenburg, Mary Ann Sinclair, and Geraldo Vasquez.

Mary Ann was commenting on the President's and the First Lady's attire. That in true form, they were casual in comparison to other political and business leaders in the stands. "Well John," she was saying, "I think that if the President came out with a suit jacket and tie, the American public would probably not recognize him. Nevertheless, I also think that it is quite warm and I really would not want to be wearing a tie like the Prime Minister is. It is just too warm for that."

"I never wear a tie, so I can relate to the President," John said. "In the meantime Mary Ann, let's let the viewers get a bird's eye view of the multitude of people that are waiting for Jack here in Kansas City. I understand from officials, that it is almost five million spread out over the city."

"Yes John, as you can see from the aerial shots that we are showing provided by the Blimp, both Royals Stadium and Arrowhead are packed to standing room only; even with chairs on the fields. That probably breaks a record here at the Stadium for attendance. Looking out over the Park, it is shoulder to shoulder, much like what you see on New Year's Eve in Times Square."

"Yes, and as you can also see from the live shots from our cameras here on the hill," Geraldo cut in, "The area around Union Station, which is right below the Park, all the way as far as you can see, is again filled wall to wall with people. That stretches all the way to Twelfth Street, if I have my facts right. The crowds continue the other way past the barrier on Main Street. It goes all the way up the hill to the hospital."

John then said, "Let's go to Phillip Boneya, who is down by Union Station, for some person to person comments from people that have come here."

“Phillip?”

“Yes John, we are here on the street with Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, who drove here Monday night from Janesville, Wisconsin, with their family. They have been camping out under I-35 since early Tuesday afternoon.” The broadcast was doing a close up of previously shot footage of their makeshift campsite, showing them and their children, who were about nine, ten, and fourteen or so. Then they cut back to the live interview. “Sean and Debbie, what made you just pick up and come here to Kansas City?”

Sean started talking, “We are a Christian family; and we heard, during the interview with Jack on TV, about what he was able to do in God’s name and that the sermon was being held here in Kansas City. We knew that we had to be here. We study prophecy and we believe that Jack is one of the final witnesses of God, and that yes, Tribulation has started. We were very disappointed that the Rapture was not going to happen, according to what Jack said, but nonetheless, we realized he is of God and we knew we should make the trip. I mean, this is a once in a lifetime experience being here with a real Prophet of God.”

“Has it been difficult?” as Phillip turned to Debbie. “I mean, camping out in the city under a freeway?”

“At first it was, but the Army came in and straightened some things out; and the tent grocery store over there has made getting the things we need very easy. Of course, the port-a-potties help, even though we brought one. We really did appreciate that.”

“What have you been doing since you came here waiting for Jack’s Sermon tonight?” directing the question to Sean.

“We’ve sat and talked to people from everywhere around the country, like us, and shared our views about Jack and the end times. Of course, we have been speculating about the other witness and then worrying if the Midwest would also be destroyed like California has and the East Coast is going to be.”

Phillip turned to Debbie and asked, “Do you think God is punishing the east coast and the south?”

“Oh yes, they are evil in New York and that is where Washington is too. They are all evil.”

“Thanks Debbie for your comments. This is Phillip Boneya, reporting from Union Station here in Kansas City.”

The cameras then returned the viewers to the anchor desk. Mary Ann said to her colleagues, “That was interesting. New York is evil. Do either of you think that is the way many of these people think?” she asked.

Geraldo said, “I think that a lot of them may well think this way. You have to remember, this is the Midwest. This is not the East Coast, and culturally, even though we are all the same country, people and companies from the North or the East are considered with caution around here. So, this type of attitude or thought does not surprise me.”

“I agree,” John said. “Even though the Civil War is over, some of the sentiments from generation to generation has obviously carried over with the industrialized capitalist North. In addition, all the banks and investment firms from a couple of years ago, failed. The government cash bailouts of financial companies fueled the bad vibes people feel about places like New York and Washington. It will be interesting to hear what other people think about this. When we come back, we will have more comments and will be going to our reporter, Keith Ludwig, who is in Royals Stadium, right after a word from our sponsors.”

Chapter 137

6:50 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - City Center, Jack South's Suite

I was still in my hotel suite sitting on the couch. I had the vestment on and the staff across my lap as I watched the Bear News coverage of the preshow. I was glad the people from Wisconsin had the story right for I feared that many would think I was from Lucifer himself, instead of being a Witness from God.

I felt very much apart from others. I had wanted to ask one of my friends to stay with me, but I supposed they felt I needed to be alone. I really did not like being without anyone. It was like being in that chair in Israel all over again.

As my thoughts wandered, I thought about the scroll that Veronica had given me. It said to show them God's power and it had instructions on how to do so. I really wished that Shraya were here with me, or even Gabriel. I knew that Gabriel would not be. I also worried about the attempt on my life tonight, but I knew and believed that I would not be harmed. Many would try, but would fail. That is what the prophecy said and that is what I believed.

I looked at my watch and realized that it was almost time for me to go. I still had a few more minutes, but I also felt I needed some guidance from God. I slid off the couch, holding the staff with my right hand, knelt on the floor, bowed my head, and said my opening prayer, "My Father and Jesus Christ. The time has come." I continued my prayer and when I finished, I gave thanks to the Lord for allowing me this opportunity.

Chapter 138

6:51 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial, Anchor Desk

The announcer said, “Welcome back to the live and exclusive Bear News coverage of the first ever, self-proclaimed Witness of God, Jack South; as foretold in the Book of Revelations, from Kansas City, Missouri.” As the camera zoomed in on the anchor desk, John turned to his co-anchors and asked, “Do you think that possibly the other witness may be introduced here tonight? What I am saying is, with the coverage worldwide it would seem the best time to introduce him to the world. Never before have so many people worldwide tuned in for any event. I have some stats here on viewership. On our website and the website set up for Jack South by his advertising agency, there are over one billion people logged on worldwide; one billion.”

“Wow,” Geraldo said, “that is incredible.”

“With viewership like this John,” Mary Ann said, “I would definitely agree that this would be the best venue to let the world know who he is. I am sure that the people here and the world are also wondering the same. I also think many of the viewers and people here are expecting to see some act of God to prove that Jack is truly from God himself. What do you think?”

“I don’t really know Mary Ann,” John said, “but let’s go to our correspondent at Royals Stadium, which by the way, like the Arrowhead Stadium, is being used because of the jumbo screens and sound systems. So Keith, are you there?”

“Yes John, I am here with a group of people who have standing room only tickets. By the way, I understand that all the tickets were free here today, on a first come first serve basis. I have here Frank Garner who has come all the way from Jacksonville, Mississippi. So Frank,” as the camera moved into his face, “what do you think Jack is going to do here tonight?”

“I am not sure what he is going to do and to be honest I am almost afraid of what he might do. I mean, he acts like God himself and I am almost convinced that he really is God in disguise.”

“Do you think that maybe Jack will introduce the other witness tonight Frank?”

“I am not sure, but I would like to know who he is. He is scaring the heck out of me.”

“Thanks Frank, for your comments. And this here is,” as he turned to another person in the group, “Greg Reed.” He then said, “Greg went to school with Jack when they both grew up in the Kansas City area. Tell us, Greg, about Jack back then.”

“He was kind of a goofy guy. I knew him all the way from grade school at Tom D. Korte, then Nolin Jr., and onto Van Horn High School. We were not really friends, but you just rather knew him. He played in a band on the east side in high school and other than that, I just remember him sleeping a lot in class. I heard he got into some trouble in his junior year, but I am not sure what it was.”

“So Greg, what is your opinion of your childhood friend now?”

“Like I said, he wasn’t really a friend, but I have to tell you that God picking him out of all the world is a big surprise to me. I mean this person was just like everyone else. I remember that much.”

“Do you have any opinion on what he will do or say tonight?”

“I’m not sure, but I, like the other man over here, hope he does introduce the other witness. But I am almost afraid that when he does, more things are going to happen in the world and there are a lot of people that may get killed.”

“Do you think Jack is killing people Greg, and if so, why?”

“Yes I do, but I think he is doing it so the rest of us will listen to him. I can tell you I will listen tonight.”

“Lastly,” Keith turned to a middle-aged woman and asked her, “Do you think Jack is killing people on purpose?”

“No, he is just following God’s instructions and warning us Christians to get out of the way of trouble. I think he is trying to help us survive Tribulation.”

“Do you believe this is the start of Tribulation?”

“Oh yes, and I know that very soon the Antichrist will take over and battle Jack and the other witness. I have read my Bible.”

“Thank you, uh?”

“Christine, Christine Mudden,” she said.

“Thanks Christine; and now back to you John. This is Keith Ludwig reporting live from Royals Stadium in Kansas City, Missouri.”

“Thank you, Keith,” John said as he turned towards his co-anchors. “Well, it seems that there are a lot of opinions out there about Jack and also that many are here to see if he does something spectacular or introduces the other witness tonight.”

Geraldo said, “No matter what he does, rest assured it will be different. What I mean is that we have had famous ministers on TV before, but nothing like this; which brings up another point. Unlike most televised specials, as for a politician or a famous person, we have absolutely no program other than the pre-show from Reverend Marks. Normally we would get a pre-outline or a copy of the sermon. In this case, we have received nothing at all. So, like everyone else, we have no idea what will occur.”

“You’re right Geraldo,” John said, “and we will pick that back up once we return.” The cameras then swung to get a shot of the choir singing in the background, then cut to commercial.

Chapter 139

7:10 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - City Center, Jacks South's Suite

I had gotten up from my prayer and gone to the restroom to see if I looked okay. With the vestment and staff, I thought I looked somewhat biblical. I supposed this was how I was supposed to look. I checked myself again in the mirror then walked back into the suite and saw Gabriel and Ariel sitting there on the couch.

“God heard your prayer Jack and we are here in answer to that prayer, to give you the support that you asked for,” Ariel said.

“Thanks,” I replied. “I have to say, I am nervous.”

“We understand Jack, but you also need to understand that you have it in you to do this. When you walk out there tonight, the Holy Spirit will guide you. Just follow the feeling you have inside. Let your human feelings go and let God guide you. That is all you have to do. You also have your ancestor, Enoch's spirit with you tonight. Just believe. So that you know, you will be able to see us on the stage. However, no one else will, except Veronica and maybe Mark. So do not refer to us. We are only there for you and so that you know you are not alone tonight.”

“Thank you,” I said.

“You better go Jack. By the time you get to the stage, it will be your time and you will change in the flash of a moment when you walk out on the stage and become who we know you really are. Have faith.”

“Okay.” I bowed, and then opened the door. I told the security guard, “I am ready.”

Chapter 140

7:20 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial Stage

Mary Ann was talking on the air then John interrupted her and said, “Next we are going to have a treat, Mary Ann and Geraldo. Sarah Martin is going to sing ‘Amazing Grace’ for us with the award winning acclaimed Gospel Choir from Chicago, backed by the Kansas City Philharmonic. She came all the way from New York to sing this for the viewers and it is my understanding that she is doing it for free, and that she paid all her own expenses. Arriving yesterday, she and her producer rehearsed with the choir a little while after they arrived. I was here and it was heavenly. So, let’s listen to her sing ‘Amazing Grace.’”

The Reverend Thomas Marks walked out onto the stage and thanked the previous performers, then shouted, “People of God. I have a treat for you tonight. One of our sisters has come here of her own will, to praise God with her angelic voice, to show her faith to the world, and in support of God’s Witness, Jack South. I have the pleasure of introducing Ms. Sarah Martin, international recording star.”

“Thank you Reverend. Thank you so much,” she said as she walked out to the middle of the stage. She then turned to the back of the stage and then again to the front, to the clapping of hundreds of thousands and millions of people. She held her hands high and slowly brought them down to quieten the crowd. The choir started humming the song and the orchestra joined them. She lifted her head to the heavens and started singing, “Amazing Grace...”

Chapter 141

7:29 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Steps to the Liberty Memorial Stage

I stood at the bottom of the stairs waiting for the song to end. This song always brought tears to my eyes, for I had played it at my father's funeral. It always reminded me of his death. When I had arrived, a tech had set up a remote mic around my head with an earpiece, like some singers used. I hoped it worked.

I knew that in a moment, I would be introduced. I would then step up on the last step and walk onto the stage. I would ask Thomas to say the prayer I had given him. Then I would do as I was asked to do in the scroll. When I did that, the whole world would know of God's power. From there, I would talk to them. Not preach, but talk and teach. That was my purpose tonight.

Chapter 142

7:30 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial, Anchor Desk

As she ended her performance, John said to his co-anchors, “I have to say, that was beautiful and awe-inspiring. Her voice and the choir were just beyond belief.”

“Yes it was,” Mary Ann said. “And I think it was extremely moving and a very nice touch.”

“I agree,” Geraldo said, then looking over at John he continued, “I think the Reverend is ready to introduce Jack to the world.”

“Yes, you are right Geraldo. Jack is coming up now to the stage, walking over to Reverend Thomas Marks. Therefore, for our viewers, I will remind you there will be no further commercial interruptions of this broadcast until Jack is through. When the sermon is finished, then we will be back. Also for those who are not aware, we will have an exclusive interview with Jack around 9:30 p.m. CST, here in Kansas City. Without further ado, we will now turn to the stage as Reverend Thomas Marks, we believe, will introduce Jack South.”

Chapter 143

7:32 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial Stage

As I climbed the stairs, I could see the stage lights and see over the top of the stage itself. I then heard Thomas say, “Ladies and gentlemen, children, friends, and those in Christ of the world. For the first time in over two thousand years, a man selected only by God, as prophesied in the Book of Revelations by the Disciple of Jesus Christ, John, on the Island of Patmos, is now here to teach you and to test you. He is here to help you find the way of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Let me introduce you to God’s Witness, Jack South.”

I took the last step to the top of the stage and walked slowly to the center of the stage. I was sure that many saw the staff for the first time and the vestment and wondered what I was doing. I walked to the front of the stage and the people were screaming as if I was some kind of rock star. I walked to the other side of the stage and the screaming continued.

I stood there for a moment, just standing. Then to make sure that everyone could see, I again walked right to the edge of the stage overlooking the bluff down onto Union Station. I raised my two hands with the staff in my right, and slowly let them down, as a signal for silence.

I repeated the process four times before everyone became quiet.

I bowed my head and said in a powerful voice, I never knew I had, which came from the bottom of my soul, “Now every head bow in this place of God’s. Every knee bend, in every home and in every place, prostrate your selves in the presence of God’s power, as we pray to Him as a world that is in need of prayer and a world steeped in sin and misery as in the days of Noah. Let us bend down in reverence to our God in heaven who has made all things for us, that we cast aside for our pleasures of the Angel Lucifer, who was thrown from heaven to the earth by the Archangel Gabriel, and who was banned from God’s presence. Bend down now and show reverence to your Father and His son, Jesus Christ. Feel the power come over and touch you. Feel the power.” I knelt to one knee, with my eyes closed, and the staff in my right hand. I could feel the

power in the staff burning through me, and so all could hear, I said to Thomas, "Please Thomas, lead us in prayer." I stayed kneeling, my head bowed, with one knee on the ground and my right hand on the staff as Thomas began in his thunderous, deep voice.

"Dear Heavenly Father, as we gather here today in your true church, to worship you and your son Jesus Christ, we are like your son, teaching the people under the open skies. We are not gathered in glass houses made by men, or ornate buildings built as shrines to other men, but humbly, in your presence. We are here, as your son who preached in the streets of the biblical lands of the New Testament. Where he preached on the mountains and the beaches, he did so for the common people to hear the word of the Lord. He did so for the people could hear your word and not have to pay the money to the priest of that time for perceived salvation in their temples. Once again, we gather like those days so long ago."

He paused, then continued on, "We are also gathered together with our enemies near our sides who wish to destroy not only this Witness, but lead people astray into their world of deceit and pleasures of the devil himself. They are here today among us, and like this witness before us, you know who they are. We, through your word and your presence, know their plans. We also know that very soon your son will come down from heaven, as promised to the disciples; when your son, in his glorified body after rising from the dead said, "As you see me ascend to my Father, now you will see me return the same way." Moreover, we know that the return of Christ is now very soon. Dear heavenly Father, allow the world to see your power through your servant, Jack, and let his enemies tremble as they hear your word. We are but humble humans, created by you from the dust of the earth, as we try using your witness, Jack, one more time to win the souls of men. These things we ask in Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior, now and forever. Amen."

I could hear the thunder of what seemed like a cannon going off, when the viewers in the Park, on the streets, and in the city all resounded with a thunderous, "Amen." Then I stood and began.

Chapter 144

7:36 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial, Anchor Desk

“That was the loudest Amen I have ever heard,” John said in the background while Jack was rearranging himself. “And Jack’s voice never sounded powerful like that ever before. It was moving.”

“I agree,” Mary Ann said. “In his interviews, he was almost quiet. He is starting again. Let’s listen.”

Chapter 145

7:37 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial Stage

I returned to the middle of the stage and looked out among the people amassed there. I slowly circled where I stood in order to see all those on the stage as well, and let their eyes meet mine. Then I began to speak, "In my hand I have been given a gift from God himself," as I showed the staff to the people, holding it up so the camera could get a close up. "Many of you probably know the story, for a famous movie was made of it, interpreting the scriptures, as Moses and Aaron where asked by the Pharaoh to do a miracle. And then Moses handed the staff to Aaron and," I stopped in mid sentence and turned to where Thomas was sitting and said, "please come here Thomas."

He stood up from his seat by the choir and walked over to where I was. I said, "Thomas, today I showed you this staff and I told you that you could not touch it. Am I correct?"

"Yes, that is what you said."

"Well I was wrong Thomas, for as a man of God, you can touch it. However, if you were not a man of God, it would harm you. So I need to ask you, that as Moses in front of Pharaoh handed Aaron the staff, and he, Aaron, tossed it to the ground and it turned into a snake, are you Thomas, worthy of the same?"

I could see the sweat breaking on Thomas' head. He hesitated, looked at me, then held his head high and said, "I am a man of God Jack; and if you choose that I, like Aaron, shall take the staff and toss it down, I will."

"Good Thomas. I know your faith is strong." As I held on to the staff, I then addressed the masses and said, "Tomorrow or even tonight, many will say that what I am about to do is a parlor trick, like the magicians do in Vegas, but rest assured, there is nothing here but God's power and the power of this staff. Many will say it was not given to me by God, but let your eyes speak the truth to you."

"As in the days of Pharaoh, you also want a miracle to prove God's power. Those of you assembled here, or watching on television,

want a miracle. I have heard it said among you.” Then I turned to the dignitaries and asked, “Is there one among you, who would like to witness this miracle?”

I did not see a man move. I waited. It was dead quiet. Then the Bishop from Africa stood and walked from his seat to the stage towards me. One of the assistants handed him a microphone. He walked up to me and said, “I would very much like to witness this with my own eyes.” He reached under his vestment and pulled out his own staff as he walked to the center of the stage and said, “I will participate with you in this miracle. I do not think you are a man of God, but a blasphemer and I will prove it with my staff. This staff has been in the hands of the church for thousands of years. I am willing to challenge you, that what you think you can do the church can also. This staff in my hand is the real staff of Moses and has been in the possession of the Church since the crusades, where it was found in Jerusalem. Your staff is of sin and from the Pharaoh’s magicians.”

“As you wish Bishop, let’s let the people decide which of the two staffs is of God and Moses.”

I could see that the cameras were in as close as they could get and kept both of us, and the staffs in the picture. I handed the staff to Thomas and I said so all could hear, “Just as Moses told Aaron in front of Pharaoh’s court, toss the staff in front of the Bishop.” Thomas tossed the staff down to the stage floor as instructed. The staff trembled and started moving, then turned immediately into a snake writhing on the floor, as the audience gasped. It was a multicolored snake like the rainbow in the sky and the cameras were capturing every movement. The head of the snake was very large. The tongue was spitting as it moved slowly in a circle, its long body curling then uncurling.

Now in anticipation of the Bishop’s next move in response, the cameras panned towards him and the staff he carried in his hand. I thought of how God had instructed me in the scroll I was handed earlier, that he would move the soon to be False Prophet to challenge me today. I only hoped that he was right. O ye of little faith I thought to myself.

The Bishop in turn, as in the days of the Pharaoh's magicians and as the magicians challenged Moses, tossed his staff to the ground. It too turned into a snake. I glanced over at Aafre and our eyes met. I could see the triumph in his face. I then turned to the Bishop and said, "That is very good Bishop. Like the magicians of Pharaoh's court, you have challenged the staff of God with your own. However, you claim your staff is from God, not the one that was, given to me. Look at what is happening Bishop; the power of God, as before proven to Pharaoh and his court. Look Bishop, look what's happening."

He, like the rest of the world, watched as the multicolored snake of the staff of God and Moses started consuming the other snake. When the snake had half the other snake in him, it raised its head. You could see the bottom half of the body of the Bishop's snake sticking out. Then the snake swallowed again and the staff of the Bishop was no more. As the snake from the staff of God withered on the stage, I said to Thomas, "Pick it up, Thomas."

Thomas reached down and picked up the withering snake that even in his hand withered moving back and forth, its head darting in and out, its body curling around his arm. Thomas lifted his arm and showed the world. Then the snake slowly uncurled itself then straightened out and then became rigid, as it was before. The staff of the Bishop was gone.

In what looked to me as a cold sweat, Thomas trembling and holding the staff in his right hand, handed it back to me. I took it in my right hand from him and I turned to the Bishop and addressing him as I looked directly into his eyes, "Know the power of the true God, for like in the days of Pharaoh and now in our day, that power, His power, is still here upon the earth. And until the day that God gives you and those like you, the power you have witnessed, you cannot stop Him."

The Bishop abruptly turned, then walked off the stage not saying a word, and did not return to his seat on the stage. I looked over at Aafre and I could see in his eyes the anger and the hate. I smiled at him, for I could not only see, but also feel the fires of hell in his eyes. I closed mine then turned back to the audience.

It was quiet. It was so quiet I could not even hear the wind in the air. The staff in my hand was still vibrating and I could feel the power. My voice filled with the power of the Holy Spirit and I started speaking again, “Now for those of you who still doubt that God’s presence and the Holy Spirit is here, you may want to do as the Bishop here has done, and leave.”

I paused, “Be it known that these past few days of destruction are only the first salvo of God. As you know, the rains are still coming down in the desert, Southern California is in ruins, and the winds of the Atlantic are blowing into this country. Soon the hand of God will strike not only the Gulf coast cities, but also the powerful cities of the southern and eastern seaboard.”

I heard the gasps of many in the crowds as I continued, “Let me explain to you that God is not only angry at the United States, but God is angry with the world. He has said through his prophet John, Daniel and his son Jesus, that the time of trials would come when the world was like in the days of Noah. We do live in a world as in the days of Noah!” I exclaimed. “Now what were those things God complained about before which caused him to destroy all life on earth, other than Noah and his family and the animals in the Ark?” “He wiped out every living thing, because he was angry with man. Why was God angry? Do you know?”

As I turned and faced the dignitaries again on the stage I put both arms out with the staff raised looking directly at Aafre and shouted, “Man had turned against God. And even though he warned them, man just still said no to God!”

I lowered my voice and turned again towards the cameras “What was it like then? We really do not know all the details of life then and humanity’s injustices towards God, but we do know the world was filled with sin and man loved man, not God. So in response God then wiped out all other life on earth except for Noah and his family.”

Again, I raised my voice in what many would call the fire and brimstone preacher style. I continued my sermon for I could feel the spirit moving in me. I wanted to shout out to the mountains.

“In today’s world, even in what many claim as the most powerful country in the world, the United States and most of the western

world we know was founded on the principal of 'In God we Trust,' has turned its back on God. When I was a child, we could pray in the classroom, but the judges and people you elected said, 'No, we can't have God in the classroom.' Therefore, we said no more prayers to God. Nor was God taught or even His son mentioned to our children in our schools. It became the law of the land. Yet we could teach them that we came from Apes or the Darwin theory. Teaching about God and creation were no longer an option. Now look at our schools, our educational system, and the children of the generations since. Now they grow up with violence, drugs, no discipline in the school and for many, not even in their homes".

"We celebrated Christmas every year in the classroom when I was young, but the Judges and the people you elected said, 'No, we can't celebrate Christmas.' Instead, we will return to calling it the Winter Celebration, which is a celebration of the times of the Pagan Romans. Look it up."

"At Christmas time, we would have the Manger scene depicting the birth of Christ in our parks and public areas. However, the judges and the people you elected said, 'No, we can't have these Christian things in our public places.' They were replaced with candy canes, elves, and the advertisements using Santa Clause. We lost the meaning of the birth of Christ and replaced it with credit cards to celebrate like the ancient pagans of buying gifts and having parties, as in the days of the Roman Empire. Christ? Who is that? We forgot who we were."

"We had in our state capitals, the Ten Commandments. Once again, the judges and the people you elected said, 'No, we can't have the Ten Commandments in our public places,' for we do not practice the Ten Commandments. This refers to God, remove it they said and it was removed."

"We have special rights groups; the courts are full of lawsuits against all things Christian or of God. Whoops they cannot do this, it says God, and no, we cannot do that it is religious in nature and might make an atheist angry. Children make Christmas cards for our veterans in hospitals and the Government sends them back because they say Christmas is about Jesus. Even in our courts, we no longer have the witnesses swear an oath on the Bible."

“The songs God Bless America or God Save the Queen, what of them? Well, don’t be surprised when they are no longer allowed and right now they are not allowed in the Schools or government-sponsored public assembly.”

“Two out of three marriages end in divorce. Here in this country we now have a total breakdown of the family unit, a national drug habit that is unbelievable and loss of respect for our fellow man. No, we do not need God our government is our god.

“When I watch a movie, I see sex. When I watch a commercial, I see sex. When I watch TV, I see sex. I saw a commercial the other day of a mostly naked woman with a snake crawling on her to sell skin softener, implying the Serpent depicted in the Garden of Eden and Eve. That’s blasphemy and I assure you that God will strike down the creators of those messages.”

“What I hear in movies is people cussing each other out. When I hear the TV, I hear cussing. In songs it is cussing, I hear twelve year olds in the streets cussing each other out. Well what do you expect? You removed God from them and they only learn what they see and hear?”

“I see religious leaders all over the world and in this country, in the largest church that claims to be from God, abusing children; more sex. We as a creation are ill. We have lost God in our search for money, power, and pleasures of the flesh.”

“But it is not only America. It is everywhere. There are countries that are run by tyrants who have enslaved their fellow citizens. The clothing you have on was probably made by people in third world countries who work for slave wages, or for a bit of food or shelter. Their owners live in mansions. Starvation, wars, and destruction of the earth is rampant.”

“Churches are tolerant and no longer teach the Ten Commandments. We no longer know what sin is or is not. We have no direction from our clergy and priests or have no trust of faith in them. We have jailed our preachers for stealing the money and swindling people out of their savings. We have elected and appointed pedophiles, lovers of the same sex, conmen, liars, and others who should not be priests or leaders, to teach our children and us. Is this how we want to teach our children? Is that what God

wants in his church? No, I can tell you, absolutely not, and God will tear these churches down. In addition, the foundation of their evil ways will be destroyed and very soon. Man's rule will end."

"Let me warn you, and remember this, especially if you claim you are a preacher from God and you claim you can heal the sick or claim that you have power from God." I paused, "You are then from Lucifer himself. Not one man here on this earth, including myself, has the power to heal like Jesus Christ, nor has the power to cast out devils. Nor has God given any man the power to perform miracles by calling on God or Jesus until today, since the days of the New Testament when Christ and his disciples walked the earth."

"So if you are a charismatic person that deceives the people and claim you have God's power. Be aware that when the great judgment comes, and it will in a very, very short time, Lucifer who was cast down to earth, will like you, be cast away from God. Moreover, for you, forget the fires of hell. For what will happen to you, as false teachers, is not even close to what you might conceive the fires to be."

Christians in this modern world in some countries are persecuted as they were in the early days of the movement. Like the Romans, they are even crucifying Christians, burning their churches, killing them, and imprisoning them. Today, as we speak, this occurs in our modern world. Let me also add. Very soon, all of you who claim to be Christians will be prosecuted. It is coming, for the false prophet and the anti-Christ will not allow you to defy them. Beware their mark of 666, which is a computer chip that will be embedded either in your hand or forehead. It is coming and coming fast. Can you resist the temptation to live as you are told or will you be strong like the apostles and many others, and defy them?"

I paused and feeling the power of God fill my voice said, "Now listen to me carefully, all of you in the world listening, as I speak for God. Many false prophets are to come, and will say they are from God and perform miracles in God's name. Beware, for they do not have God's power, but that of Lucifer. Moreover, as one of the two last witnesses of God, only we have that power on earth. Do not be deceived, but make sure that you understand. I am now going to

show you once again the power of God and why you need to follow his Ten Commandments and worship His son whose life was given up for each of you. Before I do, rest assured every country and every continent will feel God's wrath like America and North Africa, and it is coming soon, very soon. As I have said, your God is angry and He will make the nations fear Him."

I stopped speaking and looked up into the sky; it was now becoming dusk. The sky was still incredibly clear. I then turned to the dignitaries seated on the stage and looked at each one as I continued speaking. "When we started tonight I asked that every man, woman, and child kneel and feel the power of God. I know that many here and many people viewing elsewhere in the world did so, but many did not. You may want to reconsider and look not upon your riches, but in your heart. For your riches do not follow you in death, only God and his son Jesus are the promise. So you have a choice."

I will begin by having you look on the monitors. I have asked that Bear news place the current Doppler Radar Images on the screens and TVs worldwide. As many of you know, these images come from NOAA and are images of activity in the skies. Images of approaching rainstorms, hurricanes etc. are available twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, on this service. If you have a smartphone you can also look at these images."

"Now, as you can see, the entire Midwest is perfectly clear on these images so the closest cloud cover and or rain is hundreds of miles away.

"So I want all of you to look up into the sky." I paused while looking up. Then with my eyes still focused on the sky, I started speaking again, "It is dusk, but you can still tell that the sky is very clear. The sun will set in about fifteen minutes. There are no clouds, you can't see the stars yet, but we can all agree the sky is clear and that the radar images you can see on the monitors confirm that?"

I heard a smattering of yeses and amen's so I asked again, "Do you see how perfectly clear it is in the images and also the sky itself?" I cupped my hand to my ear and then heard a thunderous, Yes!

I smiled then said, "Thank you. I just want to make sure we all agree to what you can see with your own eyes."

“Now, you watched this staff which was given to me by God, turn into a snake and swallow the Bishop’s staff,” as I held it out in front of me for the cameras, with both hands facing the dignitaries, “which by the way is gone; the staff, and the Bishop, I might add.”

I then turned back from the dignitaries, and walked over to the side overlooking Union Station and continued speaking. “This staff also had another time that Moses used it. It was when he said to Joshua, “Choose men for us and go out, fight against Amalek. Tomorrow, I will station myself on the top of the hill with the staff of God in my hand and you will prevail.” Well, Moses understood that as long as he held this staff over his head, then they would win the battle. In addition, Moses did as God told him. They had to prop him up so he could hold the staff, and he did as God commanded, and the Israelites prevailed.”

“So, since I know that many, in spite of the fact that with your own eyes, you saw the snake devour the Bishop’s staff, lies will be spread that it was a trick, that the miracle you have seen is not true. It is important that you know and believe that the staff I now hold in my right hand is from God and the one held by Moses. But,” I paused, “I have no battle for you to win today to demonstrate the same power God gave Moses and the Israelites when facing the Amalekites.”

I waited to let my words sink in, then I continued, “However, I do have another battle to face today, and that battle is I want this time every man, woman, and child, once again, to bow and kneel down in reverence to the Lord our God and his son Jesus. Do not bow down to me, but lift your heads to the heavens and feel God’s power. I want to prove to all who are here and all who are watching that unlike what you have been taught, God rules the heavens.”

“God rules the Earth, and controls all upon the earth. The winds, the rains, the movement of the earth, and all life upon this planet are at Gods command.”

“God allowed Jesus to walk on water and calmed the winds from the storm.”

“God, not science, can control what occurs on earth.”

“God, not man is in charge of all.”

“Now once again, all of you look into the sky and see the clearness and calmness of the earth here right now, and as I raise the staff like Moses did for the Israelites, you will feel and hear the power of God. You will feel and know his control, not only over the universe, but also over all things physical and spiritual on the earth and our universe. Moreover, if you do not believe, then do not bow down to the Lord God and His son. But, if you now believe, then bow down this time and accept our God and His son Jesus, and He will accept you today.”

I then took the staff, stood as far as I could to the edge of the stage overlooking the city, and slowly, using both hands, raised it above my head. As I did, you could hear the thunder in the distance. Then in clear skies, you could see the lightening, then the thunder. The lightening increased, and the clouds that were not even in existence before, started gathering. The ground was shaking from the thunder, and as loud as I could, I shouted, “Kneel before the Lord God and His son! Show your reverence! Show in your heart and your soul that you know the Lord God and His son Jesus is your King!”

The lightning now was literally lighting up the entire sky. The clouds had turned the skies to darkness. It was as night. The starless sky was black and the sky could no longer be seen.

I continued to hold the staff above my head and I could see that mostly every knee was bowed in the multitudes of people. I could see the camera operators on their knees and people with their hands outstretched to the heavens looking straight up as I said, “Amen.” The crowd responded. I said, “Amen,” again, and again, they responded.

Keeping the staff above my head, I walked to the other side of the stage and kept repeating, “Amen,” and the crowds were still responding in turn. The lightning continued, it was lighting up the sky in an electrical light display that had never been seen on earth before, nor would again. The wind was howling in the upper reaches of the sky but not on the ground. It sounded like a freight train coming through. I saw in the stands of the dignitaries, some knelt because they were afraid, but I made note of those who did not. I returned to the far edge of the stage, looking over Union

Station, and I started to lower the staff. The skies became silent, clouds cleared, and the sunset returned. All was quiet. The sky was clear again.

I knelt right there and with my head turned to heaven, I shouted, “Thank you God.” I bowed my head, “Thank you God for showing them your power, in the name of Jesus Christ, my Lord and Savior.” Then every person there and every viewer heard my prayer.

Chapter 146

8:35 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial Stage

In the replays that would be shown over and over again for the next three years, thanks to the presence of the slow motion cameras that were on Jack for the entire sermon, the details that emerged were incredible. What would be reported is that Jack, when he was coming out of his kneeling position from his prayer, spun at a speed that was almost super human. His right hand, with the staff pointed toward the tower of the Liberty Memorial, was lifted in microseconds. The staff of Moses was pointed directly at the tower and the shot was heard by millions. The bullet was aimed at Jack's head but the shell dropped harmlessly to the ground.

The tape in slow motion showed that as he raised the staff at superhuman speed, his body was encased in a light blue light. The bullet, which was picked up as it came into camera range, hit the blue light, and, as if it had hit armored steel, flattened and dropped immediately to the ground. Because all were straining to hear Jack's prayer after the display in the heavens, it was eerily quiet. All heard the shot immediately and gasped. However, as the tape showed, it was a failed attempt to kill the witness.

As soon as the bullet dropped, a man dressed in white clothing like a desert dweller in the Middle East, with long black hair, flew onto the stage. As the cameras started to focus in on him, and in the close up, you saw the fire burning in his eyes. The stranger looked up at the tower and in a voice that was so powerful, it instilled fear in almost everyone there, he shouted, "You in the tower! Come throw your weapon over the edge or you will feel the fires of hell on this day and join non-believers, where you will be tortured for eternity. Throw down your weapon!"

Immediately as he spoke and lifted his right hand, he pointed to the top of the tower, a bolt of lightning hit the edge of the tower and a small chunk of the concrete fell to the stage. He shouted again, "Throw down your weapon! Take out the bullets and throw over your weapon!"

No one moved. The police, the soldiers, the Secret Service, and the FBI were all transfixed, watching the stranger and the tower. John

could see though, soldiers with their rifles aimed at the tower, but no one moved.

The stranger then took his right hand again and starting from the bottom of the tower, began pointing, and said once again, "Throw down your weapon!" As he pointed to the lower part of the tower, it began glowing like the coals of a fire, and began inching towards the top, as he guided the heat with his hand.

The rifle was then thrown from the tower and it clattered as it hit the stage. The clip was thrown down immediately after. The stranger put his arm down and the tower quit glowing. The stranger said, "Come down from the tower and show yourself." He waited then started raising his hand again. The man in the tower put his hands over his head and shouted, "I'm coming down."

At that same moment, a Secret Service Agent started toward the tower and the stranger said, "Do not advance on the tower. Return to your post. I want to talk to this man." The agent ignored the request and the stranger said to Jack, "Point your staff at the man over there." Jack obeyed as the agent started towards the tower. A ball of fire erupted from the end and landed exactly in front of the agent. The stranger said once again, "Return to your post and protect the one you came to protect. Stay out of God's business. I will not warn you again."

The agent slowly backed up to the stands where the dignitaries were sitting, who also were in fear of being assassinated or that this stranger would just kill all of them. Still no one was moving, not the police, the soldiers, the agents, no one. It was still, very still.

Chapter 147

8:42 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial Stage

I watched Shraya as I came out of the shock that he was here on the stage with me. I watched as he waited for the man who came out from the side door of the tower, with his hands over his head. As I looked at the man, I then knew why I had wondered about that man earlier this morning in the meeting with the mayor. The shooter was Colonel Roland Winters. I watched as he approached Shraya and stopped not two feet in front of him.

Shraya then spoke, "You are an American officer I see Colonel."

"Yes, I am an American officer."

"Would you like to tell me why you wanted to kill God's Witness tonight?"

"I don't like him."

"That's not a very good answer Colonel, for I know that is not true. Who asked you to kill Jack?"

"No one."

"No one," Shraya paused. "So sir, are you going to tell the world no one? Who would believe that Colonel? Who would believe that?"

Then Shraya walked over where the dignitaries were sitting and looked directly at President Stevenson through the bulletproof glass. Then he said, "Are you not this man's leader, sir?" he asked. When he did not get an answer, he said, "Mr. President, I believe your name is Stevenson, are you not this man's commanding officer?"

He then started to raise his right hand, several Secret Service men started reaching inside their inner pockets, and then Shraya scratched his head. He asked once again, "Are you not Commander in Chief of this country and all military personnel under your command?" He paused, then said, "Someone, give him a microphone."

A tech ran across the stage and handed a mike to a Secret Service Agent for President Stevenson, who then stood and asked to have the mike passed down to him. Once the President had it in his

hand, he slowly brought it to his face and said, “Yes, I am the Commander in Chief of the United States, and I can assure you this man is not operating under my orders or any of my staff’s orders.”

“Fine,” Shraya said. “Then tell this man to tell you who gave the order to assassinate Mr. South.”

The President then walked out of the stands at the dismay of the agents, who were almost in shock. He stood tall and erect, almost stately, I thought. The Secret Service started to follow him and Shraya said to them, as he blocked their way, “We are not going to hurt him. Let it be.” He stood there and the agents moved back a step and did not move, more in fear than anything.

President Stevenson walked over to the Colonel, stopped as he stood in front of him and said, “Colonel, as your Commander in Chief, I want to know who ordered this.”

The Colonel looked at the President and said, “The Director of the CIA sir. I got the order Tuesday morning to take him out. I was sent to help with the security of the city and we knew we could secure the tower. No one would be suspicious. I was doing my duty as commanded, sir.”

The President then said to his agents, “Please find the Director in Washington, and have him placed under house arrest.” Then he said to the Colonel, “Your superior officer has misled you with that order. It did not come from this administration’s office.” He then looked at Shraya, “Would you please let two of my agents come over and arrest this man?”

Shraya replied, “Yes,” as he stepped aside and two FBI agents descended on the Colonel and put handcuffs on him.

The President then commanded the agents, “Turn him to face me please. As they complied, he said to the Colonel, “You sir, are dismissed and under arrest for treason.” The agents then took the Colonel and proceeded to leave the stage.

The President then said, “Is the show over?” looking at Shraya.

“No it is not. I have some things to say.”

The President responded with, “I would like to hear what you have to say,” and walked back to the glassed area, returned the microphone, and sat back down.

Shraya then walked over to Jack and whispered, “Are you okay?”

I answered, “Yes. Shall I introduce you as Shraya or the other name?”

“Elijah, Jack, Elijah. The world needs to know. This is now the time. The audience is large. Let’s not lose the opportunity to continue with God’s work, with so many eyes and ears upon us.”

Chapter 148

8:59 PM CST Day four of 1260 Kansas City, Missouri - Liberty Memorial Stage

I first walked over to where the local politicians were and said, “I thank you Madame Mayor and your staff for not overreacting to this mishap we have witnessed this evening. I applaud you for not stopping things to investigate what has occurred. I also thank you for allowing us to continue.” I bowed then turned and walked over to Elijah.

I moved to the edge of the stage again. Shraya was beside me, overlooking Union Station and I said, looking out to the masses gathered, “In the Book of Kings, in the Old Testament, one man of earth had the power to bring fire down from the heavens, and then was taken by God to heaven in a chariot of fire. In the Book of Malachi, he is described as the one who would come before the great and terrible return of the Lord, which scriptures in front of the whole world to witness, are now fulfilled in this man, who you saw bring down the man from the tower. I give you the only man to return to earth from heaven, I give you, Israel and the world,” I paused and shouted, “Elijah.”

You could hear a pin drop on that stage. Not a person moved anywhere. Elijah came back to where I was standing and then asked for my staff. I handed it to him and he took it in his right hand. He paused and looked out to the people, then turned and walked to the other side.

Then raising the staff with his right hand, he said, “Hear O Israel and all who claim to be descendants of Abraham and those of the fallen angels still here on earth. I have come back again to battle the Jezebels and the worshippers of Baal, Ahab and his followers. And when my work is done, those of you left will be destroyed by the Lord God himself through His son Jesus Christ.”

“Now listen to me, O Israel. You are, dispersed throughout the world. The ten tribes put into exile have failed to come back to the Promised Land of your ancestors, so therefore, I am not asking you, I am telling you to leave your homes, leave your businesses, leave your pride, and return to the land God gave you. I will not be able

to protect you here, especially in America, for this land is for naught and shall be rendered useless.”

“You know who you are. You may have changed your names, you may still be hiding from your true self, but you know who you are. I also am here to make sure that you repent your sins in front of God and accept Jesus Christ as His son. I will beat you down to your knees, even though I will protect you from your enemies, until you understand and accept the Lord Jesus Christ. As in the days of old, before I was taken up in the chariot of fire as your descendants described, I fought the followers and leaders of Baal and destroyed them. You will return and you will turn your heads and your hearts to God and His son, or like Baal’s followers, you also will be destroyed.”

Then he turned to the dignitaries and said, “Do not think I do not know who many of you are. Yes, you will have your time, for God is fair and keeps His word. However, that time will be very short. So enjoy what you have for even though you may have the opportunity to kill me, eventually, and Jack here, we will be lifted up like Christ on the third day; then your time will begin.”

He then turned to the masses, and stood on the end of the platform and said, “For all of you who follow these leaders, who are the manifestation of Lucifer himself, will also feel the wrath of the Lord, and woe is you who feels the pain of death, but does not die.”

Elijah then walked to the edge of the stage overlooking Union Station. He stood there looking at the masses, not moving, not saying a word. He then took the staff with his right hand and tossed it over the edge of the stage. It stopped in midair in a vertical position as the cameras filmed and the masses looked in awe. Then Elijah took the first step from the edge of the stage, walked in midair to the staff, and stood beside it, not touching the staff, then he spoke, “Enemies of Israel listen to me carefully, for there is only one warning that I will give you.” Elijah was then silent. The world sat in amazement as they looked upon him. I started to kneel on the stage, but as I started to, Elijah said, looking at me, “Enoch, your time has also come. Put aside your human fears and come stand beside me.”

I straightened up and I could feel the fear inside me, for now I had to literally take a leap of faith and step from the stage to Elijah, suspended like the staff, eight feet above the ground. I walked to the edge, then closing my eyes; put my right foot over the edge. It felt like being on solid ground. I then moved my second foot and opening my eyes, walked in midair and stood beside Elijah.

Elijah welcomed me and said to the masses assembled, as he looked at me. He said, "People of the world, see and listen to what I show and say to you," he hesitated and pulled an object from his robe and held it out in front of him. It looked like a marble. He let it fall and it dropped to the ground forty feet below us.

As the marble dropped to the ground and all could see it fall, he was silent. After a few moments he said, "To my right, suspended in midair because of the power of God, is my fellow witness whom you all know as Jack. He will now be known by his real name." Elijah then looked directly into my eyes then in a loud voice shouted, "Enoch!"

My eyes were locked on his and I did not know what to say as he continued to look at me. Then, he whispered to me, "Now you know who you are and you must find what is inside you to know the truth."

He then turned away from me and looked again at the crowd, lifting his hands almost in a blessing type stance and said "Enemies of Israel, remove your selves from our soil, including Jerusalem, by Monday. I will put a scourge on you if you do not comply, that you will be coming and begging me to lift."

"Leaders of Israel, put aside your politics, for the land God gave you He will keep safe for now. Now, the temple must be prepared for our Lord's return."

He then stopped and kneeled and I did the same. He bowed his head and said only, "Thank you, God for your blessings today."

He then took my hand and lifted me up and we walked in midair back to the stage. He put his right hand out, and the staff moved from its position in midair and returned to his hand.

Elijah then turned to me and said so all could hear, as he handed me the staff, “God be with you, Enoch.” He turned and walked off the stage.

As Elijah left, I turned to Thomas and said, “Thomas, come over here, please.” He walked to where I stood at the end of the stage and I said with as much as I could muster, “It is time to end today for tomorrow comes and we have much work to do. It is time for all of you to join me and Elijah to go and proclaim God’s word.”

“Thomas, please lead us in the Lord’s prayer.”

Once again, I knelt, as did Thomas beside me. He started and the multitude followed and the sound of millions of voices could be heard, “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, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.”

I rose and told Thomas, “Have the choir sing till they all go home.”

I then bowed before the crowd on both sides of the stage. Then I walked down the steps through the tunnel to the hotel and said to myself, now it has started. Let the final battle begin.

End of The Gentile Witness Book 1 Enoch

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Book Two

**The Gentile Witness,
Book II Elijah**

By Samuel David

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