

THE LAST SEVEN

A NOVEL OF EARTH'S FINAL HOUR



by

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Title: “The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth’s Final Hour”

Table of Contents

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth’s Final Hour

By Dr. Paul Crawford

1. **The Blink of an Eye** – Millions disappear around the globe, causing global panic and destruction.
 2. **The Aftermath** – Chaos ensues; families shattered, governments collapse.
 3. **Voices in the Void** – The media spins; survivors demand answers.
 4. **Cain Rises** – A mysterious peacemaker emerges amid the confusion.
 5. **The Covenant** – A global treaty is signed; Israel finds hope.
 6. **The Remnant Begins** – Small groups of new believers form underground.
 7. **False Peace** – The world begins to rebuild under Cain’s leadership.
-

8. **The Two Witnesses** – Prophets appear in Jerusalem, calling for repentance.
 9. **Signs and Warnings** – Supernatural events stir suspicion.
 10. **The Broken Seal** – Global disasters begin with the breaking of the first seal.
 11. **Martyrs Multiply** – Persecution intensifies against believers.
 12. **The Pale Horse** – Death and famine sweep across continents.
 13. **Midnight in Rome** – Global religion shifts toward the worship of Cain.
 14. **The Remnant Grows** – Hidden churches thrive despite the risk.
-

15. **The Sixth Seal** – A worldwide earthquake devastates cities.
16. **The Sealed 144,000** – Jewish evangelists are marked for protection.
17. **Trumpets Prepare** – Heaven readies for a new wave of judgment.
18. **The Silence of Heaven** – All creation holds its breath.
19. **The First Trumpet** – Hail, fire, and blood rain upon the earth.
20. **The Second Trumpet** – A burning mountain falls into the sea.
21. **The Third Trumpet** – Wormwood poisons rivers and lakes.

22.**The Fourth Trumpet** – The sun, moon, and stars darken.

23.**The Fifth Trumpet** – The abyss opens; demonic torment is unleashed.

24.**The Unrepentant** – Despite the judgments, many still curse God.

25.**The Little Scroll** – A former atheist journalist receives a divine vision and calling.

26.**The Beast from the Abyss** – Cain is mortally wounded... and resurrected by Satan.

27.**The Death of the Witnesses** – The two prophets are slain, and the world rejoices... until they rise again.

28.**Image of the Beast** – Cain demands worship; his AI-driven statue speaks and kills.

29.**The Mark Mandate** – Without the mark, no one can buy or sell.

30.**The Woman and the Dragon** – Israel is attacked but divinely protected in the wilderness.

31.**The Fall of Babylon** – The economic and cultural center of the world collapses overnight.

32.**Angels Cry Out** – Final warnings echo across the globe.

33.**The First Bowl** – Painful sores afflict those with the mark.

34.**The Second and Third Bowls** – Seas and rivers turn to blood.

35.**The Fourth Bowl** – The sun scorches the earth.

36.**The Fifth Bowl** – Darkness spreads over the Beast's kingdom.

37.**The Sixth Bowl** – The Euphrates dries up; the stage is set for war.

38.**The Final Gathering** – The world's armies converge to destroy Jerusalem.

39.**The Rider on the White Horse** – Christ returns in glory.

40.**The Millstone Falls** – Babylon is thrown down with finality.

41.**A Thousand Years of Peace** – The Millennial Reign begins.

42.**Tears Wiped Away** – Survivors enter the Kingdom in peace.

43.**The Final Revolt** – Satan is released and deceives the nations.

44.**Fire from Heaven** – God destroys the rebellion in an instant.

45.**The Great White Throne** – The final judgment of the dead; books are opened.

46.**The New Heaven and the New Earth** – Eternity begins with God among His people.

Epilogue – The Lamb Reigns Forever

Introduction

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

By Dr. Paul Crawford

What if everything you thought you had time to do... suddenly didn't matter anymore?

In the blink of an eye, millions vanish. Planes fall from the sky, cars crash without drivers, and chaos engulfs every corner of the globe. The Rapture has taken place—and the age of grace has come to a sudden, shattering end.

The world that remains is a fractured shell of what it once was. Governments collapse. Faith is outlawed. A new world order rises from the ashes, promising peace but delivering tyranny. And at the center of it all is one man—charismatic, cunning, and possessed by a power not of this earth—who claims to be humanity's only hope.

This is not a work of fantasy. It is a fictional reflection of biblical prophecy made terrifyingly real. *The Last Seven* follows the lives of those left behind during the seven-year Tribulation foretold in Scripture—a time of unprecedented wrath, supernatural judgment, and unimaginable suffering. But it is also a story of hope. A story of those who find faith in the fire. Who rise in the darkness. Who choose truth in a world ruled by lies.

Told through the eyes of broken skeptics, repentant rebels, weary warriors, and unlikely heroes, this novel spans continents and chronicles every trumpet blast, every seal broken, every bowl poured out from the heavens above.

As the earth groans under judgment, and evil rises to its final height, the countdown begins—not just for the end of the world, but for the ultimate return of the King.

Are you ready for what's coming?

Welcome to *The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour*.

The clock has started. Eternity is near.

Preface

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

By Dr. Paul Crawford

The book you hold in your hands is more than a story. It is a warning. A glimpse into a future that many refuse to believe could come, yet one that the Bible clearly declares is not only possible—but certain.

The Last Seven is a fictional narrative rooted in prophetic truth. While the characters and events are dramatized for the sake of storytelling, the timeline, judgments, and spiritual themes are all drawn from

the pages of Scripture—primarily from the Book of Revelation, Daniel, Ezekiel, and the words of Jesus Himself.

This novel was born out of a deep conviction that time is short and eternity is real. It is my hope that this story will do more than entertain—it will awaken. That it will stir hearts to examine their faith, to open their Bibles, and to consider the eternal consequences of rejecting or accepting the truth.

The seven-year Tribulation will not be a metaphor. It will be a reality. One day, in a moment no one expects, the trumpet will sound and the true followers of Jesus Christ will be taken from this world. What follows will be the darkest days Earth has ever known.

This is the story of those who remain.

Some will curse God. Others will find Him. Some will rise in resistance. Others will fall in fear. But all will face the choice—take the mark and live temporarily... or take up the cross and live eternally.

As you read, remember: this is fiction based on fact. The Bible is not just a religious book. It is the divine record of past events and future certainties. Let this novel drive you deeper into the Word of God. Let it challenge you to be ready—because one day, the first chapter of this story will begin... for real.

With urgency and hope,

Dr. Paul Crawford

July 2025

Chapter 1

The Blink of an Eye

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The morning had begun like any other.

Skyscrapers bathed in golden sunlight. Cars jammed the freeway in Los Angeles, horns blaring as impatient commuters sipped lukewarm coffee. On the other side of the world, Tokyo's markets opened. In London, schoolchildren recited morning prayers. In Nairobi, traders bartered over goods as the sun climbed steadily overhead. It was Monday. Mundane. Predictable.

And then, in the blink of an eye, the world changed forever.

Flight 237 from Atlanta to Frankfurt was cruising at 36,000 feet when it happened.

Captain James Fulton had just adjusted the autopilot and glanced at the clouds below. His co-pilot, a young woman named Rebecca, had been telling him about her wedding plans—May 28th, a Saturday, she had said, beaming. But suddenly her voice cut off mid-sentence.

James turned.

She was gone.

Not a trace. No struggle. No flash. The seatbelt hung slack over the empty cushion, headset dangling. Her cup of coffee tumbled over, dripping slowly into the fabric.

In the cabin behind them, the screams began.

A child disappeared from her seat between her parents. A businessman faded into thin air mid-sentence, his laptop crashing to the floor. In the economy section, a woman wept over the baby clothes she had just been folding—her infant had vanished from her arms.

James had no time to think. The autopilot failed. The jet veered violently. Oxygen masks dropped. Chaos reigned.

In Chicago, on the 31st floor of the Northbank Tower, Michael Sterling stood in the middle of a quarterly shareholders' meeting. He was presenting Q2 revenue numbers when his CFO vanished in front of everyone—one second she was flipping through a tablet, the next, gone, her glasses clinking onto the table.

Before the boardroom could react, several others disappeared. A secretary screamed. Another man vomited. Phones rang. Outside the window, smoke began to rise from the northern freeway.

Within five minutes, six car crashes had shut down Interstate 90. City buses collided with guardrails. A commuter train derailed outside Union Station.

It was happening everywhere.

In Jerusalem, Rabbi Eli Shahr had just finished reading from Isaiah 53 when three of his students vanished from the synagogue. The scroll fluttered from the pulpit as people cried out in Hebrew and rushed toward the exits. Across the Old City, similar scenes unfolded in mosques, churches, and homes.

On the Temple Mount, surveillance drones captured panicked crowds. Social media exploded—videos of people disappearing mid-stride, leaving behind clothes, watches, phones. One clip showed a bride vanishing during her vows. Another showed a driverless SUV slamming into a crowd.

No one could explain it.

In New York, news anchors stammered over incomplete reports as staff members disappeared off-air. “We... we are getting unconfirmed reports that this—whatever this is—is not localized. We’re... we’re being told it’s happening across multiple countries—wait—what? Steve’s gone. Where—Steve?”

A second later, the feed cut.

In Brazil, an entire congregation vanished mid-prayer, leaving pews half-filled and Bibles resting on wooden benches. In Nigeria, hundreds disappeared during an outdoor crusade. In Russia, America,

Canada, China—everywhere—pilots, surgeons, teachers, infants, teenagers, mechanics, prisoners, and politicians simply... vanished.

Estimates within the first twenty minutes suggested over 800 million people had disappeared.

But the number wasn't the most terrifying part. It was who was missing.

Elaine Jennings, a nurse in Denver, ran frantically through the pediatric unit. Every child under the age of 6 was gone. Just... gone. No blood. No noise. No warning. Parents screamed in agony. Doctors wept. No one could understand it.

All the infants in the NICU had vanished. Not a single one remained.

Elaine stumbled out into the parking lot and looked up at the blue sky. "God, what is happening?" she whispered.

Miles away, a retired pastor named Harold Simmons knelt on his porch steps, tears running down his face.

"They told me," he sobbed. "They told me to believe. I thought I had time."

His Bible lay open beside him. The passage circled in red ink:

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout... then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up..." —1 Thessalonians 4:16–17

He knew.

It was the Rapture.

Emergency sirens wailed in cities across the globe. Hospitals overflowed. Planes fell from the sky. Fires erupted. Communications crashed. In mere hours, the global order unraveled.

And amid it all, fear spread faster than flame.

World leaders called for calm. Military forces mobilized. A UN emergency summit was scheduled. Some called it a solar flare. Others blamed a quantum event. Conspiracies spread like wildfire.

But for a few—for the ones who remembered the words of their mothers, their pastors, their Bibles—it was clear.

The Christians were gone.

In a small apartment in Brooklyn, a teenager named Jaden sat trembling on the edge of his bed. His little sister had disappeared while brushing her teeth. His mom, a devout Christian, was gone too.

But he was still here.

And he remembered the night she had prayed over him, tears in her voice. “Please, Lord, open his heart before it’s too late.”

He never believed her.

Until now.

Across the globe, it had taken only seconds.

One blink.

And the world was no longer the same.

The Age of Grace had ended.

The Tribulation had begun.

Chapter 2

Empty Beds, Broken Roads

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth’s Final Hour

Jaden Martinez didn’t know what time it was.

His phone had stopped updating, the screen frozen on dozens of text alerts and emergency notifications. Social media was a mess—videos of chaos, missing persons lists, frantic posts asking, “Where’s my baby?”, “My husband vanished in the shower,” or “I saw my coworker vanish while pouring coffee.”

But now, the power was flickering, the cell towers overloaded. The internet was crawling.

Outside his window, the city was unrecognizable.

Cars were still. Sirens screamed. Smoke curled into the sky from the direction of Manhattan. A plane had crashed into the Hudson just twenty minutes after the disappearances. Jaden had seen the plume of black smoke rise from across the skyline.

He turned and stared at the half-empty bunk bed behind him. His sister Layla’s favorite pink blanket was crumpled, her stuffed bear still clutched under the covers. But she was gone.

His heart pounded with a sickening thud.

His mother’s Bible sat on the kitchen table. Pages worn from years of midnight prayers, tear-streaked devotionals, and underlined promises.

He walked toward it slowly, like it might burn him.

On the highway outside Dallas, Sarah Whitaker ran barefoot down the median, sobbing. Her minivan sat smashed into the guardrail. Her twins, five-year-old Daniel and Daisy, had been buckled in their seats. She'd only looked away for a moment, screaming at traffic, trying to call her husband.

But when she turned back—they were gone.

Just...gone.

Their booster seats were still warm.

She screamed again, not caring who heard her.

In the suburbs of Seattle, Matthew Collins awoke to the blare of multiple car alarms. He walked out into the street to find his neighbor's SUV halfway through a living room. Another car had hit a tree, its driver-side door flung open with no one inside.

His wife was still in bed—snoring, oblivious.

But his eight-year-old son Elijah was gone.

Matthew had always rolled his eyes when Elijah would recite his Sunday school verses, or when his sister-in-law invited them to church.

Now, there was only a child-sized indentation in the covers.

He dropped to his knees. "God... please tell me this isn't real."

By nightfall, the news networks had given up trying to explain. CNN cycled through expert panels—quantum physicists, Vatican scholars, military analysts, UFO theorists. No one had answers.

Fox News declared a national state of emergency. ABC showed aerial footage of empty homes, abandoned cars, and long lines at hospitals. BBC aired footage of a Priest's own disappearance during morning mass.

Social media was ablaze. #TheVanishing was trending. So was #TheRapture.

But even as the world grasped for reason, the more terrifying truth settled in.

The disappearances had followed no political line, no socioeconomic pattern.

It wasn't random.

Children were gone—nearly all of them.

And so were the true followers of Jesus. Not just the Sunday Christians. Not just the churchgoers. But the born-again ones. The praying grandmothers, the Bible-reading teenagers, the pastors who lived in secret humility.

At ground level, the cities began to break apart.

Police departments were overwhelmed. Hundreds of officers had vanished. 911 systems crashed. In Detroit, looters ransacked storefronts by afternoon.

In Atlanta, a massive pile-up blocked I-285 for miles. More than thirty cars abandoned mid-lane. Some still running. Some on fire.

A man named Chris Radner stood in the middle of the interstate in blood-soaked clothes, holding the limp body of his wife.

“She was driving,” he told the stunned crowd. “Then she disappeared, and the car hit the divider.”

He knelt there for hours, refusing to move, mumbling, “She told me this would happen. She begged me to believe.”

In the Oval Office, President Blake Holtz sat alone. His Chief of Staff, Secretary of Defense, and Press Secretary had all vanished. His youngest son, a born-again Christian, had disappeared from boarding school in the Alps.

He stared at the folder labeled *Continuity of Government*. The red phone beside him blinked.

The voice on the other end said one word: “Global.”

Russia. China. Israel. South Africa. Mexico. The Philippines. No continent had been spared.

Holtz set the phone down and buried his face in his hands.

He wasn’t a religious man. But his grandmother had been. And she used to tell him stories about Jesus coming back.

He thought she was senile.

But now he could hear her voice in his mind:

“One day, He’s coming back without warning. Be ready.”

He hadn’t been.

Meanwhile, in Jerusalem, the Temple Mount was sealed off. Two strange men had appeared outside the Western Wall, preaching in Hebrew and Arabic, speaking of the return of Jesus the Messiah and the wrath to come. They called the event the “harpazo”—the catching away.

They performed miracles, calling fire from the sky, healing a crippled boy on live stream.

The world watched in awe.

But not everyone was amazed.

Some wanted them dead.

Back in Brooklyn, Jaden Martinez sat on the floor beside his mother's Bible.

He opened it slowly, the leather cover creaking. A small index card fell out, handwritten in blue ink.

"If I'm gone, and you're still here, start reading the Gospel of John. Then read Revelation.
It's all true. I love you. —Mom"

He swallowed hard. Tears fell on the page.

He turned to the Gospel of John.

"For God so loved the world..."

Outside, the sirens wailed on.

Inside, a teenager bowed his head for the first time in his life.

The world had been reduced to three categories:

- **The vanished.**
- **The shaken.**
- **The deceived.**

And as the dust settled over the ruins of what once was Earth's normal, a new storm began to rise—quiet, invisible, but deadly.

Lucius Cain was about to speak.

And when he did, the world would listen.

Chapter 3

The Silence in the Church

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The stained-glass windows cast fractured light across the sanctuary floor, a mosaic of reds, blues, and golds. It should have been peaceful. Holy. But the silence inside Grace Temple First Baptist felt haunted.

Pastor Samuel Greaves stood at the pulpit, still in his robe, still clutching the sermon he had never preached.

It had been printed the night before.

Title: "*When the Trumpet Sounds.*"

Scripture: 1 Corinthians 15:52 — "*In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye...*"

He had practiced it. Memorized it.
He didn't believe a word of it.

Now, most of his congregation was gone.

Not everyone—just the real ones. The sincere ones. The ones who didn't just attend church... they were the Church. The ones he'd rolled his eyes at. The old lady who cried during worship. The teenager who brought her Bible to youth group. The janitor who prayed before sweeping the floors.

Gone.

The pews were scattered with open Bibles, purses, cell phones, half-folded bulletins.

Greaves walked down the aisle slowly, his polished shoes clicking against the tiles. It echoed too loud. The choir loft was empty. The praise team microphones were still on. A violin hummed feedback from a speaker in the corner.

He paused at the third pew.

Mrs. Latisha Warren's Sunday hat was still there—perfectly in place. Her Bible open to Revelation 3.

"Because you have obeyed my command to persevere, I will protect you from the great time of testing..."

She had told him this day was coming. Many times.

He had smiled politely. Redirected the conversation.

He was an educated man. A graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary. He gave TED Talks on "Faith in a Modern World." He taught that Revelation was metaphor. That the Second Coming was symbolic. That hell was "a state of mind."

But now...

Now, it was all unraveling.

Across town, dozens of churches sat just as silent.

In some, stunned elders gathered in the foyers, arguing about what to do. In others, entire congregations were still present... because no one had ever truly believed.

One church had locked its doors after discovering their pastor had vanished mid-sermon.

Another had turned into a shelter as people poured in, seeking answers, safety, or both.

But at Grace Temple, the building was quiet. And Samuel Greaves was alone with his thoughts.

He made his way back to his office. The mahogany shelves were lined with books on Christian psychology, interfaith dialogue, social reform. But little on prophecy. Nothing on judgment.

He sat at his desk and turned on the television.

A news anchor was reporting from outside St. Peter's Basilica in Rome. The Pope's was gone. The Pope suffered a massive heart attack shortly after the disappearance of some of his staff.

"...and for the first time in modern history," the reporter said, breathless, "there is no trace of some of the pontiff's immediate staff. Cardinals have called for calm, but speculation is widespread. Many are using the term 'Rapture,' though Vatican officials urge restraint."

Greaves stared at the screen. A sick feeling tightened in his gut.

Could he have been wrong?

Had he led people into comfort when they needed conviction?

He opened his desk drawer and pulled out an old leather Bible—one he hadn't touched in years. It had been a gift from his grandmother. He found Revelation and began reading.

Chapter 6.

The seals.

The riders.

The wrath.

It wasn't poetry. It wasn't allegory. It was a warning.

And it had started.

Across the nation, former atheists were reading tracts left behind by the vanished. Parents were digging through their children's devotionals. Journalists were replaying old sermons they once mocked.

The silence in the church had become deafening.

Not just the physical absence of the saints...

But the spiritual void left behind.

No more praying grandmothers.

No more watchmen on the walls.

No more Sunday school teachers.

Just confusion. Regret.

And the dawning horror that the warnings were true.

Back at Grace Temple, Greaves whispered through trembling lips, "God... if You're still listening... I missed it. I missed You."

Tears fell onto his desk.

Then a voice—soft, not audible, but unmistakable—pressed into his spirit:

"There is still time... but not much."

And for the first time in his life, Pastor Samuel Greaves believed. Not in religion. Not in tradition. But in the risen Christ he had preached about but never knew.

In the silence of the church, one man fell to his knees.

Not to perform.

Not to impress.

But to surrender.

Chapter 4

Martial Law and Mass Confusion

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

At precisely 3:12 p.m. Eastern Time, the President of the United States activated Directive 51.

The term *martial law* wasn't used aloud—not yet—but every protocol, every action, every order confirmed it. The National Guard was deployed in every major city. Borders were closed. The stock market froze. Civil liberties—freedom of assembly, freedom of movement—were suspended. Airports shut down. Social media feeds were being scrubbed in real time.

By sunset, America had gone quiet—but it was not peace.

It was fear.

Satellite images showed hundreds of jets grounded mid-runway, many still missing their pilots. Crash sites dotted North America, Europe, and parts of Asia. The death toll from collateral accidents had passed 12 million within 48 hours of the vanishings. In New York alone, nearly 600 structures had been damaged by unmanned vehicles or resulting fires.

Gas stations were overrun. Grocery stores looted. Pharmacies gutted.

Desperate crowds turned on each other.

Police couldn't keep up. In cities like Houston and Minneapolis, law enforcement officers walked off the job, either traumatized by what they'd witnessed—or gone, having vanished themselves.

In downtown Chicago, the National Guard patrolled in armored vehicles. Sergeant Noah Blanchard, a former skeptic turned silent observer, looked through his bulletproof visor at the rubble around Millennium Park.

A mother was screaming for her missing toddler.

A man in a business suit sat in the middle of the street, rocking back and forth, whispering the Lord's Prayer.

And graffiti had begun to appear on walls:

“Where did they go?”

“God help us.”

“We missed it.”

Noah didn’t know what to think anymore. His partner, a devout Christian, had vanished right out of the Humvee three days earlier. One moment they were arguing about what fast food to grab, the next, the passenger seat was empty.

He hadn’t touched a Bible in ten years.
But now, he kept one in his vest pocket. Just in case.

The confusion wasn’t limited to America.

In London, the British Prime Minister had declared a National Day of Mourning.

In Pakistan, mass hysteria broke out in the streets.

In China, the government blamed “Western psychological warfare.”

In North Korea, the Supreme Leader accused South Korea of using secret weapons.

But none of the explanations held.

It was everywhere.

Instant.

Identical.

And surgically selective.

Children. Evangelicals. Spirit-filled Christians. The “narrow road” types.

Gone.

In Jerusalem, the two witnesses who had appeared at the Wailing Wall had now been preaching for three days without rest.

They called down fire when threatened.

They spoke with the authority of ancient prophets.

And they warned of coming judgments—seals, trumpets, bowls.

The media ridiculed them at first.

But when a well-known Israeli newscaster mocked them during a live interview and dropped dead on air... the mocking ceased.

At the United Nations, a special emergency session convened in a sealed chamber.

Leaders from over sixty countries joined via satellite. Others were present in person. Fear was visible behind polished faces.

It was there, in that hallowed hall of diplomacy, that Lucius Cain spoke.

Cain was no ordinary man.

He had risen to prominence three years prior, a humanitarian, a tech visionary, a globalist darling with no clear national allegiance. He was fluent in seventeen languages. His company, Cainsys, had developed the most advanced quantum-computing A.I. on the planet—one now being used to rebuild global communication networks.

But more than intelligence, Cain possessed... presence.

When he spoke, the room stilled.

His voice was calm, his eyes penetrating.

He offered no panic, only solutions.

No despair, only unity.

No fear—only control.

He proposed a global recovery initiative.

Shared resources.

Digital identity systems.

World peace enforced by a new, centralized, non-partisan security force.

He called it **The Global Unity Accord**.

People listened.

Because while their pastors had vanished...

Their hearts still longed for a shepherd.

And Cain appeared to be just that.

Wise.

Confident.

Infallible.

They didn't see what lay beneath the surface.

In a bunker beneath the Pentagon, a senior analyst named David Kim ran the math. The numbers lined up too perfectly with Revelation. The vanishings. The world disorder. The man rising to power.

He closed his laptop slowly.

“This is it,” he whispered. “It’s all real.”

Back in Brooklyn, Jaden Martinez stared at a news alert on his phone:

BREAKING: UN Leader Lucius Cain Offers Plan for World Peace. Global System of Identification Proposed.

He turned to the Book of Revelation.

His mother had underlined a verse:

“And the whole world marveled and followed the beast...” (Rev 13:3)

He didn’t understand it all yet.

But he knew this—he would not take the mark.

Whatever it was.

Whatever it cost.

The world was being swept into a current of order, but it was not God’s peace.

It was man’s attempt to fix a supernatural fracture.

And as martial law settled into the bones of society, something darker slithered beneath the surface.

The Antichrist was preparing to rule.

And the countdown to the final seven years had truly begun.

Chapter 5

A New World Rises

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth’s Final Hour

The world didn’t heal—it reorganized.

Three weeks after the disappearances, the global death toll exceeded 60 million. Not from the vanishing itself, but from what followed—accidents, riots, famines, untreated injuries, and suicides.

Infrastructures collapsed like dominoes. Planes didn’t fly. Trucks didn’t deliver. Hospitals were overwhelmed or abandoned. Countries once considered first-world were now on their knees.

And into the vacuum stepped Lucius Cain.

Cain’s first televised address had been watched by over 5.7 billion people—more than any broadcast in history. It aired across every major network and streaming platform. Translated in over 200 languages. Projected in Times Square, broadcast from mosques in Egypt, monasteries in Tibet, and digital towers in Seoul.

He wore no political pin, no religious emblem. Just a silver ring with an emblem—three intersecting crescents.

His message was simple:

“We can heal, if we heal together. The age of division is over. The age of unity is now.”

He offered seven promises to a shattered world:

1. Global security through shared sovereignty
2. Economic stabilization through digital currency
3. Food and water access for every citizen
4. Universal healthcare through centralized logistics
5. Ecological renewal through worldwide cooperation
6. Spiritual neutrality and religious equality
7. A permanent peace treaty in the Middle East

They called it *The Cain Accord*.

And within days, almost every world leader signed it.

In Geneva, the United Nations adopted Cain’s plan with unprecedented unanimity. The World Council of Faiths was formed to unite religious leaders under a common spiritual language—one that avoided exclusivity or claims of absolute truth.

In Rome, a new spiritual emissary emerged—Father Lorenzo Vitali—a soft-spoken intellectual who praised Cain as “a vessel of divine wisdom for a new age.” Churches, mosques, and temples began replacing Scripture with Cain’s speeches. Bibles were quietly removed from public shelves in favor of the *Unified Harmony Text*, a Cain-approved volume of global ethics, philosophy, and meditations.

Cain’s image flooded the airwaves. His voice became familiar—soothing, confident, calculated.

He didn’t call himself a messiah.

He didn’t have to.

In Jerusalem, something unprecedented occurred.

For centuries, war had been inevitable over the Temple Mount. But now, an agreement was signed by Israel and her surrounding enemies. The Temple Mount would become a shared site: a House of Peace. The Jewish Sanhedrin could begin construction of a Third Temple—for the first time in nearly two thousand years.

The world was stunned.

And Cain had brokered the deal.

In the heart of America, amid blackouts and rolling power failures, FEMA centers were converted into **Global Registration Hubs**. People came willingly—eager for stability. The Global Citizen ID chip, about the size of a grain of rice, was marketed as “the key to the new world.”

Each chip contained biometric data, access to rations, currency accounts, and health status. No chip, no benefits.

Some resisted at first. But hunger made converts. So did fear. And Cain made it clear: no forced compliance—just exclusion.

“You have the right to refuse,” he said, “but you will also be opting out of this world’s recovery. Unity requires participation.”

In Brooklyn, Jaden Martinez hadn’t left his apartment in six days. His food was low. His power unstable. But his faith—newborn and fragile—was growing.

He had read John, Acts, and now he was deep into Revelation.

He watched Cain’s broadcasts in silence. Took notes. Cross-checked verses.

The world loved him.

But Revelation warned of one like him.

A beast. A deceiver.

Who would make war with the saints.

Who would seem to die—and rise again.

Who would deceive the nations.

Jaden knew what was coming.

He just didn’t know how to survive it.

In a bomb shelter beneath Tel Aviv, a man named Avi Koren clutched a scroll handed to him by a stranger near the Wailing Wall—the day the vanishings began. The stranger had spoken of the Messiah, warned of Cain, and told him to flee when the Temple was finished.

Avi hadn’t believed him.

But now, he watched construction crews raise the first pillars of the Third Temple under Cain’s approval—and the stranger’s warning echoed loud in his mind.

In churches that remained, whispers turned to rumors:

“He’s the one.”

“No, he’s just another politician.”

“But he made peace with Israel.”

“He speaks like a lamb but moves like a dragon...”

In truth, only a remnant understood.

The true Church was gone—but a new generation of believers was rising from the ashes. The Left Behind. The Repentant. The Redeemed.

They had no seminaries.

No denominations.

Just scraps of Scripture, digital copies of sermons, and the fire of desperation.

They would be hunted soon.

But for now... they prepared.

And Lucius Cain?

He smiled.

He watched.

He waited.

His empire was nearly ready.

But first, there was one more step.

He entered the inner chamber of the United Earth Coalition Headquarters, laid his hands on the glowing table of nations, and whispered words not spoken since Babylon's fall:

“Now let us build a name for ourselves... and ascend.”

The final rebellion had begun.

And the world applauded.

Chapter 6

The Two Witnesses Appear

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The sun rose over Jerusalem, but the light did not comfort the city. It revealed tension—a strange stillness between the Temple Mount and the Western Wall where something... unnatural had begun.

They appeared without fanfare.

No birth records. No digital trail. No announcement.

They simply arrived.

Two men, clothed in garments of sackcloth and linen, weathered and ancient in both appearance and voice, stood before the Wailing Wall with eyes like lightning and voices like thunder wrapped in velvet. They did not blink under the surveillance drones, did not flinch at soldiers pointing rifles, and did not move from their position—day or night.

The first man spoke in Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, and then English—all at once, as though each listener heard him in his own language.

“Repent, O Earth! The time is come! The Lamb has taken His own, and the wrath of the Lord burns against the kingdoms of men!”

The second raised his hand and declared:

“We are His witnesses. We stand in His fire. And the earth will know His voice.”

They called fire from the sky on their first day.

A reporter for Global News Jerusalem, intent on mocking them during a live broadcast, approached the platform where they stood and sneered into the camera, “We’re here with the End-Time Prophets. Gentlemen, care to—”

In a flash, the man dropped to his knees, convulsing. His body ignited into flame, not consuming his clothes, but scorching his flesh as he screamed and clawed at his throat. He died within seconds.

The footage was aired once. Then buried.

But the clip spread.

First on dark corners of the internet, then to encrypted Christian channels, then finally—reluctantly—on major outlets with disclaimers and warnings.

The world had seen them.

And the world began to divide once again.

In Tel Aviv, a man named Avi Koren dropped the scroll the stranger had given him weeks ago. His hands trembled.

The handwriting was Hebrew—but older, like scribal Aramaic. The message was clear:

“When the two stand, do not walk but run to the wilderness. For the abomination will come soon after.”

He knew then what he had to do.

He packed a small bag, took his grandfather’s Tanakh, and left under the cover of night.

Lucius Cain watched the live footage from Jerusalem in silence. His advisors debated:

“Should we silence them?”

“Can we?”

“Are they a threat or an asset?”

Cain raised a hand, and silence fell.

“Let the prophets speak,” he said softly. “They will serve their purpose. In due time, they will fall... and when they do, the world will rejoice.”

No one asked what he meant.

They had learned not to.

Back in the United States, in a battered farmhouse outside Louisville, Kentucky, a former prison chaplain named Marcus Hall watched the stream of the witnesses from a cracked iPad.

He wept. Not from fear—but recognition.

“Elijah... and Moses?” he whispered. “Or is it Enoch?”

“No... not the names. The purpose. The power.”

He knelt on the wooden floor, surrounded by food rations, a dusty Bible, and two strangers he had taken in—former gang members who, like him, had missed the Rapture.

Together, they began organizing the first *Underground Church*.

They didn’t call it that, of course.

They just called it *the Gathering*.

But they all knew the cost.

In the cities, Cain’s popularity surged.

Aid packages with his image.

Food rations. Energy tablets.

And most importantly—**The Mark Initiative**—was formally introduced.

“A small chip,” the commercials said, “under the skin. Cashless, password-free, and fully secure. One world. One code. One future.”

Voluntary—*for now*.

But those who refused found it harder to buy. To travel. To work.

Those who spoke of Jesus publicly... disappeared.

The Two Witnesses didn’t stop preaching.

Every day at sunrise, they declared judgment.
Every day at dusk, they called for repentance.
And every night, crowds gathered in awe and dread.

Plagues began to follow their words.

Water turned to blood in the Kidron Valley.

Lice filled the quarters of the diplomats.

A disease broke out in the elite neighborhoods of New Jerusalem, sparing only the poor and outcast.

Still, the world would not repent.

Cain watched.

Waited.

Smiled.

The temple was nearing completion.

The time for his next act was approaching.

The prophets would burn.

The remnant would be crushed.

And he would rise—not just as a leader—but as a god.

Back in Brooklyn, Jaden Martinez stared at the latest message from an underground believer named Anna, part of a group called *The Sealed Ones*.

The message read:

“Revelation 11. It’s happening. Stay hidden. Stay praying. The 1,260 days have begun.”

The Witnesses stood.

The clock was ticking.

Heaven held its breath.

And the world, blind to its own unraveling, moved closer to the edge of the abyss.

Chapter 7

Mark of the Savior or the Beast?

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth’s Final Hour

They called it “The Genesis Mark.”

The media painted it as the next evolution in technology—flawless digital identity, secure currency access, and immune-encoded health management. The device, smaller than a grain of rice, was implanted under the skin in one of two places: the right hand, or the forehead.

Lucius Cain called it *a covenant of trust*.

His advisors called it *the end of fraud*.

The world called it *a miracle*.

But Heaven called it something else:

The Mark of the Beast.

The rollout began quietly at first, in the name of safety.

Large cities like Dubai, Berlin, and San Francisco piloted the system with voluntary participation. Food lines for unmarked citizens became slower, then separate, then nonexistent. Eventually, “voluntary” gave way to *required for access*—to medicine, housing, power, and money.

The chip linked seamlessly with Cain’s global currency system: **NUMA** (New Unified Monetary Access), replacing every nation’s currency in a matter of weeks.

Cain’s face appeared everywhere, yet never seemed repetitive. He adapted—calm in crisis, radiant in victory. On camera, he referred to the Mark not as a control tool, but as “*a seal of loyalty to peace*.”

“This isn’t tyranny,” he assured. “This is the beginning of real freedom.”

And people believed him.

They lined up.

In Atlanta, a homeless man named Jerome, who had once served as a deacon, was refused service at a shelter.

“You need a NUMA ID, sir,” the worker explained. “No chip, no bed.”

He walked away that night in the rain, coughing blood, knowing full well what it meant.

He opened a cracked Bible under a bus bench light and read aloud:

“*And he causeth all... to receive a mark... that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark...*” (Revelation 13:16–17)

He tucked the Bible under his coat and kept walking.

In Geneva, Cain’s headquarters unveiled **The Harmony Campaign**—a sweeping international effort to “eliminate resistance to unity.” Believers—those who refused the Mark for spiritual reasons—were labeled **Extremists of Obstruction**, or “E.O.O.s.”

The mainstream media branded them as dangerous cultists.

Talk show hosts laughed them off.

But behind the scenes, they were tracked.

Watched.

Hunted.

In Jerusalem, the Two Witnesses roared with fury.

“This Mark is the seal of the Beast!”

“He that receives it shall drink the wine of the wrath of God!”

“Come out from among them!”

They called down fire again—this time, on the outer gates of the new Temple. The flames scorched the ground but spared the structure. Still, Cain did not flinch.

He responded the next morning in a global address:

“There is no need for fear. No room for division. If there is a God, He would want peace—not fire from the sky. These men—these relics—do not speak for our future. I do.”

The world roared in applause.

In Brooklyn, Jaden Martinez knelt with three others in a candlelit basement. He had managed to avoid the registration checkpoints for weeks, moving from house to house, relying on others in the underground.

His fingers trembled as he turned the pages of Revelation 14.

“If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark... he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone...”

He whispered a prayer under his breath.

“God, give me strength. I don’t want to take it. Even if I starve. Even if they kill me.”

Anna, seated beside him, nodded.

“We’re being sealed too,” she said softly. “Not by Cain... but by the Lamb.”

In a lab beneath the United Earth Coalition Tower, Cain watched biometric heat maps tracking resistance strongholds—small pockets in Texas, rural Africa, eastern Ukraine, and mountainous India.

He tapped the screen once.

“Soon,” he whispered. “Very soon.”

Behind him, Father Lorenzo Vitali entered, wearing the new robe of the *Global Faith Alliance*.

“The people love you,” he said.

“Of course they do,” Cain replied. “They’re mine.”

In cities around the world, massive holographic towers lit up with a single phrase:

“One Mark. One World. One Future.”

Below those towers, hungry citizens stood in lines, waiting to receive the chip.

Some cried with joy.

Some looked down in shame.

A few... turned and walked away, never to be seen again.

At the Wailing Wall, the Witnesses raised their hands again.

“Woe to the Earth, for the dragon has given power to the beast!”

“And the smoke of their torment rises forever!”

They knew they would not last much longer.

But they also knew who would rise.

The Mark was spreading.

The Beast was speaking.

The choice was now clear:

Seal of God...

or seal of Cain.

And the world chose wrong.

Chapter 8

The Underground Awakens

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth’s Final Hour

The deeper darkness grew, the brighter the hidden light began to burn.

They met in forests, in tunnels, in sewers, in barns. In bombed-out churches, broken warehouses, crumbling subway systems.

They met by moonlight. By candle. By code word. By whispered invitation.

They were known by many names:

—“The Forsaken”

—“The Unmarked”

—“The Sealed Ones”

—“The Lamb’s Remnant”

But they called themselves only one thing:

The Church.

In rural Montana, beneath the floorboards of a closed-down library, Pastor Samuel Greaves preached to sixteen believers packed shoulder-to-shoulder, seated on overturned buckets and old storage bins.

Once the head pastor of a thousand-member mega-church, now he stood barefoot, holding a water-damaged Bible in one hand and a torn blanket in the other. His robe was gone. His ego was gone. His unbelief was gone.

“We missed the Rapture,” he said. “But God didn’t miss us.

We were left, yes—but not lost.

And though the Beast marks this world, the Lamb has marked us with His Spirit.”

They prayed. They wept. They sang in low whispers.

They had no livestreams, no stages, no lights.

But heaven was closer now than it had ever been.

In southern Nigeria, a woman named Chika led a network of over 200 believers from village to village, using old courier routes. She had once been a marketing executive for a major mobile company. Now, she memorized Scripture, taught children to pray, and buried the persecuted.

Her machete lay beside her Bible.

She was gentle as a dove...

and wise as a serpent.

In the underground tunnels of Paris, a former philosophy professor led night sessions where he trained teenagers in the Word of God, using scraps of paper and printed Psalms. “We live in Babylon,” he told them. “But our citizenship is in New Jerusalem.”

Some of his students had never heard of the Rapture until after it happened.

Some had family taken.

Some had turned from mocking to mourning.
But now, they were learning to stand.

In Brooklyn, Jaden Martinez led his first Bible study by flashlight. Six people huddled around him—Anna, two teenagers named Caleb and Nina, an elderly woman who had lost both sons to the Mark, and a former atheist college professor named Elijah Stone.

They took turns reading.

John 16.

Romans 8.

Revelation 12.

Every verse cut like a sword.

Every tear washed away another layer of fear.

Jaden looked up.

“We’re not just hiding,” he said. “We’re preparing. There’s more coming. The Witnesses said it. The Word says it.
Some of us won’t make it to the end.
But we will not bow.
We will not take the Mark.
We will not deny His Name.”

Anna placed her hand on his shoulder.

“We are the voice in the wilderness. Let’s make it count.”

In the skies over Jerusalem, Cain’s black drones scanned the streets, mapping heat signatures, monitoring movement, filtering conversations through AI-augmented acoustic systems. The Witnesses remained standing. Unshaken. Unchanged.

But in the shadows beyond the city gates, Cain’s soldiers were closing in on a new target:

The Underground.

Encrypted signals between believers began to spread—biblical audio files embedded in music files, coded devotionals hidden in artwork, maps stitched into clothing, symbols drawn on street corners visible only under blacklight.

Digital networks were monitored.

But truth found a way to travel.

The Gospel could not be chained.

Cain saw the resistance growing.

He was not surprised.

He welcomed it.

“Let them gather,” he told his inner circle. “Let them sing, and weep, and kneel.

Let them feel righteous... for now.

But I will break their bones with peace, not war.

And when I sit in the Temple... then we'll see who they follow.”

That Temple, now nearly completed, gleamed like gold in the sunlight.

And when Cain would walk into it...

He would claim to be more than a leader.

More than a savior.

He would claim to be god.

But for now, the Remnant awakened.

They prayed in darkness.

They sang underground.

They shared bread when rations were few, and truth when lies were loud.

They baptized in rivers.

They memorized entire chapters of Scripture.

They whispered the Name of Jesus with trembling joy.

And heaven listened.

Chapter 9

False Peace, True Fear

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The headlines said peace had finally come.

After centuries of bloodshed, the Middle East was calm. The Third Temple in Jerusalem was nearing completion without a single missile launched or protest turned violent. Nations that once vowed to destroy Israel now signed celebratory accords in Cain's presence, smiling for cameras and praising “the era of mutual enlightenment.”

Every network played the clip on repeat:

Lucius Cain stepping off a private aircraft, waving to crowds at Ben Gurion Airport, then walking into the Temple Mount with his entourage like a monarch returning home.

“Peace,” he declared, “is not a dream. It is our new reality.”

Applause. Fireworks. Songs written in his honor.

But in the underground churches, in dim basements and ravaged farmlands and hidden homes across the world, the Remnant wasn’t clapping.

They were trembling. Not in fear of Cain—but in fear of what they knew was coming next.

Jaden Martinez stared at the flickering screen of a bootleg satellite feed. It showed Cain standing on the newly constructed steps of the Temple. Behind him, priests in white and gold garments smiled, faces unreadable.

Anna stood at the door, arms folded.

“He’s going to enter it,” she said flatly. “He’ll go inside. Sit in the Most Holy Place.”

Jaden nodded. “The abomination of desolation.”

They all remembered the warning from Matthew 24:

“When you see the abomination of desolation... standing in the holy place... then flee.”

Not just symbolic. Literal. Jesus had meant it literally.

Meanwhile, across the globe, the Mark had become standard.

No Mark, no job.

No Mark, no access to your own bank accounts.

No Mark, no medicine for your child.

No Mark, no school.

No Mark, no electricity.

People said yes... just to survive.

A man in Seoul sobbed as he led his wife to the scanner.

A single mother in Mexico wept as her toddler was turned away from a hospital.

A teenager in Los Angeles livestreamed his defiance—refusing the Mark—and vanished the next morning.

No one asked questions anymore.

The peace was everywhere.

But beneath the surface, it buzzed with anxiety.

Cain's "Peacekeeper Force," a blend of AI drones, facial recognition tech, and armored mercenaries, patrolled every major city with eerie precision. Dissent was handled "gracefully"—disappearances, digital silencing, unexplained relocations.

News anchors smiled with dead eyes.

Musicians wrote songs praising unity.

Religious leaders offered "fresh reinterpretations" of sacred texts to fit the new doctrine of Cain's Harmony.

And somewhere deep in a Geneva data center, Cain's global system—known as *ORION*—watched it all.

But Cain was still not satisfied.

He met with his advisors in secret chambers beneath the United Earth Coalition headquarters.

"They're still hiding," he said coldly. "The underground. The unmarked. The old ways. The fear-mongers."

Vitali, head of the Global Faith Alliance, stepped forward.

"Give me permission," he whispered, "and I will make martyrs of them."

Cain didn't look up.

"No. Not yet. Let them feel secure. Let them believe they can wait this out."

He stood, walked to the window overlooking the city below.

"But when I enter that temple... when I sit on that throne... then their hope will die."

In Montana, Pastor Greaves sensed it too.

During a nighttime prayer meeting in a barn, he opened the Bible to 2 Thessalonians 2:

"...the man of sin... who opposes and exalts himself above all that is called God... so that he as God sits in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

He closed the Bible and whispered to the weary flock gathered in the hay:

"It's coming. He will declare himself god. And when he does, the wrath of the true God will fall."

A child looked up at him, eyes wide.

"What do we do then?"

Greaves answered with tears:

“We stand.
Even if it costs us everything... we stand.”

Across Jerusalem, Cain’s banners were unfurled.
Golden with white trim. Three interlocking crescents. The new world’s emblem of enlightenment.
But the Two Witnesses stood, unmoved, still proclaiming:

“The false prince has entered the city! The time of reckoning draws near!”
“He who sits in the temple shall fall!”
“Repent!”

The world ignored them.
Or tried to.
But their words lingered. Burned. Echoed.

Back in Brooklyn, Jaden received a message from a contact in Israel: one line only.

“Cain enters the Most Holy Place tomorrow.”

Anna closed the Bible they’d been studying.

“Then tomorrow,” she said, “everything changes.”

False peace filled the world’s headlines.
But true fear crept into the souls of all who still had eyes to see.
A line was about to be crossed.
And Heaven would not stay silent much longer.

Chapter 10

The Broken Cross

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth’s Final Hour

The world woke up that morning under blue skies and blinding hope.
The media called it “The Day of Revelation.”
Pilgrims filled the streets of Jerusalem.
Drone cameras circled the Temple like guardian angels.
Cain’s face was displayed on every screen, billboard, and digital tower in the world.

News anchors smiled too wide.
Choirs prepared to sing.
And priests—once divided by centuries of conflict—now stood side by side, united under one banner.
The world held its breath.
Lucius Cain was about to enter the Most Holy Place.

In the inner chambers of the newly built Third Temple, final preparations were complete.
The Ark of the Covenant was not present—its location, still unknown.
But a replica stood in its place, gleaming gold, wrapped in symbolism.
The priests wore ceremonial robes designed by interfaith committees.
Everything about the Temple whispered compromise.
It was a shell of what it once was.
A stage dressed for blasphemy.

Cain arrived in silence.
No motorcade. No speech.
Only a golden robe over a tailored suit, and the Mark glowing faintly beneath his right sleeve.
He ascended the steps, flanked by the Global Faith Alliance, his “High Priests,” and Father Vitali.
He paused briefly at the threshold of the Holy Place.
Camera drones zoomed in.
Crowds held up phones.
The world went still.
Then Cain stepped inside.

In that moment, thunder cracked across the Mediterranean sky.
Animals trembled.
Birds scattered.
The Two Witnesses, outside the Temple gates, raised their hands and shouted:
 “The abomination stands where it ought not!”
But no one listened.

Inside the Most Holy Place, Cain approached the Ark replica.
He placed his hand upon it and turned slowly to face the cameras broadcasting to every continent.

He did not shout.
He did not chant.
He simply spoke, with calm and terrifying certainty.

“I am your god.”
“There is no higher name. No higher will. No power above me.”
“Let all religions fall. Let all nations kneel. Let all who resist... be no more.”

And then he did the unthinkable.

He raised a golden scepter, sculpted with his tri-crescent emblem, and brought it crashing down upon a simple wooden cross placed behind the replica Ark—one placed there by Jewish believers who had pleaded for it to remain.

The cross splintered.
Shattered.
Snapped in two.

Across the world, lightning split the sky.
In New York, buildings shook.
In Rome, statues crumbled.
In Tokyo, tremors rocked the foundations of the skyline.
Lucius Cain smiled.

In the Underground Church in Montana, Pastor Greaves dropped to his knees, a single tear running down his cheek.

“It has begun,” he whispered. “The midpoint.”

A young girl clutched her mother. “What happens now?”

He opened his Bible to Revelation 13.

“And the dragon gave the beast his power, and his throne, and great authority.”

He looked up, trembling.

“The final three and a half years begin now. The worst is yet to come.”

In Brooklyn, Jaden’s hands trembled as he turned off the bootleg stream.
The image of the shattered cross replayed in his mind over and over.

Anna stared into the darkened basement corner.

“He did it,” she whispered. “He sat where only God can sit.”
“The abomination has come.”

Jaden opened Revelation again, eyes wide, breath shallow.

“If anyone worships the beast or his image... he shall drink the wine of the wrath of God...”

A new urgency settled in the room like smoke.
No more hiding. No more silence.

It was time to go deeper.
To scatter.
To prepare.

Cain exited the Temple to thunderous applause.
The world cheered.
Nations sent gifts.
And churches—apostate, hollow, godless—hailed the day as divine.
But heaven wept.

From that day on, the persecution exploded.
Believers were rounded up, arrested, executed.
Those who refused the Mark were branded enemies of peace.
New laws were passed. New IDs enforced.
The word “Christian” was banned from public speech.
Crosses were torn from buildings, melted, and destroyed.
The cross had been broken in the Temple—
Now the world rushed to break it everywhere else.

And still, the Witnesses stood.
Proclaiming.
Warning.
Declaring:
“Woe, woe to the inhabitants of the earth!”
“The beast has entered the sanctuary!”
“Flee, oh remnant! Flee to the wilderness!”

The clock had struck the midpoint.

Three and a half years to go.

The final fury of Satan now unleashed.

And those who bore the Name of Christ would pay in blood.

But they would not bow.

Chapter 11

The White Rider

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

He rode out not from heaven... but from hell's throne.

Draped in light, cloaked in deception, and wearing a crown forged in counterfeit glory, the first of the Four Horsemen galloped across the earth—not with violence, but with victory. A false peace. A seductive rule. A lie painted as salvation.

And those who did not know the Word of God hailed him as a savior.

Lucius Cain had become the White Rider.

From Jerusalem to Johannesburg, the world was falling into alignment.

Nations no longer asked *why*, only *how high*?

Cain's Global Unity Enforcement Corps, or GUEC, operated with unchecked authority. Soldiers clad in white and silver armor, helmets shaped like the tri-crescent emblem, stormed churches, burned unapproved scriptures, and issued decrees in Cain's name.

A new decree went out:

“All existing religions must now merge under the Global Faith Order. All places of worship must be registered. Unification of doctrine is mandatory. No exclusivity shall be tolerated.”

In other words: no Jesus.

No cross.

No gospel.

No truth.

Only Cain.

He spoke again—this time from the steps of the Temple.

His voice echoed through satellite towers, fiber optic lines, and low-orbit satellites. No nation, no tribe, no tongue escaped the broadcast.

“Peace is now permanent. But peace demands submission.”

“I wear the crown not by conquest, but by consent. And I will preserve it... by any means necessary.”

The people cheered.

And then the killings began.

In Syria, underground churches were raided and burned.

In Kenya, four believers were crucified publicly.

In Brazil, pastors were paraded through streets before being executed by drone strike.

In Canada, entire families were removed from their homes under suspicion of withholding loyalty.

The White Rider had come in glory.

But he rode a storm of death beneath his feet.

The Two Witnesses continued their warning.

“This is the one who deceives the earth!”

“He rides with a bow but no arrows—he conquers without war!”

“Do not follow him! Do not kneel!”

Cain issued a global warrant for their capture and execution.

But no soldier could touch them.

Flames burst forth from their mouths when approached. Earth trembled beneath them. And Cain, for all his technology, had no power over them.

Yet.

In Montana, Pastor Greaves and his small remnant had moved underground—literally.

In the depths of an abandoned coal mine, believers from five different states gathered. Some had walked for days. Others had come by bicycle or on foot through wilderness trails.

Greaves stood before them with bandaged hands, his voice gravel but strong.

“The first seal is open,” he said. “The White Rider has gone out.”

“Not Christ... but antichrist.”

“The Lamb still reigns in heaven, but the scroll has begun to unroll on earth.”

He opened his Bible to Revelation 6:

“And I saw, and behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow... and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer.”

The room was silent.

“This is only the beginning.”

In Brooklyn, Jaden watched a black-market stream of Cain’s Temple speech.

He looked at Anna. “He’s riding,” he whispered.

She nodded.

“And the next rider won’t bring peace. He’ll bring blood.”

They began preparing a new hideout—deeper underground, harder to find. They no longer discussed *if* they’d be caught... but *when*.

But still, they met. Still, they studied. Still, they believed.

Even if it cost them their lives.

In Geneva, Cain stood before the ORION system, watching global loyalty statistics tick upward.

The numbers delighted him.

But one continent—one stubborn outlier—kept flashing red.

Africa.

Pockets of believers. Rural tribes. Underground hubs.

Too many unmarked. Too many converts. Too much resistance.

He pointed to the map.

“Send the Red Horse next.”

His advisors looked at him.

He turned slowly, smiling.

“War is a language the stubborn understand.”

The crown glistened on Cain’s brow.

The world called him a prince.

A savior.

A god.

But the heavens had already sealed his fate.

The first seal was opened.
The White Rider had ridden.
And behind him, galloping fast, came the Red Horse of war.

Chapter 12

The Red Rider

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

It started with a rumor.
A border skirmish here.
A political assassination there.
An explosion at a port.
A disputed cyberattack.

And then, like wildfire catching dry timber, war erupted.

But this time, it wasn't like the wars of old.
It wasn't country versus country.
It was neighbor against neighbor.
City against city.
Tribe against tribe.
Brother against brother.

The Second Seal had been opened.

“And there went out another horse that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another...” (Revelation 6:4)

Cain stood atop the Global Tower in Geneva and watched the flames dance across the map.

His advisors spoke rapidly, listing the conflicts:

- Sudan and Ethiopia collapsing into tribal civil war
- Mumbai riots claiming over 3,000 lives in 48 hours
- U.S. states under martial law as militias clashed with UN enforcers
- France descending into anarchist violence
- Venezuela executing suspected underground Christians
- North Korea launching a barrage into South Korea without warning

And in Israel, the Temple was desecrated again—this time not by Cain, but by blood. Rebel fighters who refused the Mark stormed a checkpoint and were slaughtered in retaliation. The massacre was televised as a warning.

But Cain remained still.

He looked out at the burning globe, eyes cold as iron.

“Let them bleed,” he said softly.

“This is the birth of the New World.”

In Kenya, Chika watched the horizon burn as rival clans destroyed one another. She gathered her small underground group and led them into the hills, singing softly the Psalms of David, even as gunfire cracked through the trees.

“Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death...”

They moved by night, fed by prayer and scraps, chased by those they once called friends.

In Brooklyn, Jaden and Anna heard the city falling apart above them.

What began as a few protests became a siege.

The outer boroughs turned into warring zones.

UN drones enforced curfews with deadly precision.

People who had received the Mark began attacking those suspected of not having it.

Neighbors turned each other in.

The “unmarked” were labeled *terrorists*.

And Cain’s Peacekeepers enforced peace through death.

Jaden opened his Bible and read the verse aloud:

“...and power was given him... to take peace from the earth...”

Anna sat beside him, clutching a sleeping child they had rescued earlier that week.

“Cain lit the match,” she said. “Now the world’s on fire.”

In Montana, Pastor Greaves sat in a makeshift chapel made of broken timbers and tattered canvas.

His beard was long now. His hands calloused.

He preached with tears.

“War is here... not just guns and bombs—but hatred.
The kind of hatred that turns sons against fathers... daughters against mothers...
We were warned. And now we live it.”

A boy, barely ten, raised his hand.

“When will Jesus come back?”

Greaves knelt beside him.

“Soon. But not yet. We still have more seals to pass.”

The world governments issued false statements.

“These uprisings are temporary.”
“We are deploying Peacekeeper Forces to restore calm.”
“All disobedience to the Accord will be punished.”

But the world saw the truth on the streets:
Smoke, ash, and blood.

Peace had been removed.
Completely.

Cain called a global council from his hidden chamber beneath the rebuilt Temple.

He met with twelve leaders, each representing a region of the earth.

They wore white robes and bore the tri-crescent seal on their foreheads.
He called them his *Twelve Pillars of the New Age*.

“We must move quickly,” he told them.
“Out of this chaos, we will build a kingdom.
The next rider will prepare them.”

One of the Twelve asked, “The Black Horse?”

Cain smiled.

“Yes. Famine makes people obedient.”

The Red Rider galloped across the earth.
Not seen, but felt.
Not a man with a sword—but a spirit of slaughter.
A global bloodlust.
A divine judgment unleashed.

Cain sat on his throne of fire and control.
But behind his throne stood the dragon.
And Satan smiled.

And still... the Remnant remained.
Praying.
Hiding.
Suffering.
Enduring.

The blood of the saints watered the soil.
And still they sang.

“Worthy is the Lamb who was slain...”

Chapter 13

The Black Rider

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The crops had died before the people noticed.
The shelves were empty before the media reported it.
The trucks stopped rolling before the headlines caught up.
And when they finally understood what was happening—
...it was too late.

The Third Seal had been broken.

“And I beheld, and lo a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. And I heard a voice... saying, A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny; and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine.”
—Revelation 6:5–6

The Black Rider had come.

And he carried not a sword... but scales.

Food rationing became standard across the world.
Digital currency systems—controlled by Cain's NUMA networks—assigned citizens daily caloric limits based on their compliance level.

- **Level 1:** Fully marked, actively contributing to the Unity Accord

- **Level 2:** Compliant, but passive—fewer benefits
 - **Level 3:** Monitored, suspected of disloyalty—limited rations
 - **Unmarked:** No access. No rights. No food. No future.
-

In Los Angeles, people lined up for bread and water that never came.

In Cairo, children fought over a half-rotten apple.

In Manila, entire apartment complexes collapsed from starvation and rioting.

Still, Cain's networks broadcast messages of "stability."

And his face appeared daily, assuring the public that "provisions are secure... for the faithful."

Those without the Mark began to eat dirt, grass, rodents—anything.

Many died.

Some broke and accepted the chip.

Others joined the underground.

In Jerusalem, Cain entered the Temple courts with a golden staff and declared the formation of the **World Provision Council**—a task force dedicated to "resource equity."

What he didn't say:

Those who resisted the system would starve.

Those who served it would feast.

And those who worshipped him would be gods among men.

In Geneva, the ORION system reprogrammed global shipping priorities.

Only "certified loyal" regions received full aid.

Cain's words rang in every ear:

 "If you wish to eat, take the seal.

 If you wish to live, serve the kingdom.

 There is no room for traitors at the table of peace."

In Montana, Pastor Greaves opened the last of their canned food.

One can of beans. A few stale crackers. A tin of preserved honey.

He divided it into twenty-seven portions.

As each believer received their share, no one complained.

No one asked for more.

They gave thanks. And they ate slowly.

He read from Psalm 37:

“The righteous shall not be forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.”

A child licked honey from her fingers and whispered, “It’s sweet like heaven.”

Greaves nodded. “It’s a miracle we still have it.”

In Kenya, Chika’s network grew by the dozens daily. Hungry children followed her barefoot through the savannah. A few times, food would appear—hidden caches from fellow believers, or baskets left anonymously by locals too afraid to join but still moved by mercy.

They prayed before every bite.

One night, a vision came to Chika in her dreams:

A rider on a black horse, eyes burning like coal, weighing grain with unfeeling hands.

Behind him, Cain smiled—offering bread with one hand and chains with the other.

When she awoke, she told the others:

“The famine is a weapon. But our God still feeds ravens. He’ll feed us too.”

In Brooklyn, Jaden awoke to the sound of sobbing.

Anna was sitting in the corner, holding a woman named Roselyn.

Her husband had gone out to find food. He had returned with the Mark.

Now he was gone again—this time, arrested... for failing to report his wife.

Roselyn clutched her stomach. “I haven’t eaten in four days.”

Jaden broke their last protein bar in two and handed it to her.

“This world feeds traitors,” he said. “But our bread comes from heaven.”

And still... Cain’s system expanded.

Black market food was outlawed.

Gardens were burned.

Farmers were arrested.

Any who tried to feed the unmarked were labeled terrorists.

Yet the Remnant endured.

In caves and cellars.

In forests and deserts.

In forgotten corners of the earth.

They prayed.

They fasted.
They believed.

In Revelation 6, the voice cried:

“A measure of wheat for a penny...”

And now, a loaf of bread cost more than a week’s labor.
Unless you bowed to Cain.
Unless you took the Mark.

But the Remnant would not bow.

Even if it cost them everything.

The Black Rider galloped across the earth.
Famine reigned.
Bellies ached.
Minds broke.

But the oil and the wine—the Spirit and the Blood—remained untouched.

God was still with His people.
Even in the famine.
Even in the fire.

Chapter 14

The Pale Rider

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth’s Final Hour

His name was Death.

And Hell followed with him.

He rode not with thunder or fanfare, but with silence—cold and creeping, like a plague in the lungs,
like a shadow on the soul.

No one welcomed him.

But none could stop him.

The Fourth Seal had been broken.

“And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them... to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.”

—Revelation 6:8

In a matter of weeks, entire regions became ghost towns.

A mutated virus, resistant to Cain's "Harmony Med-Tech" vaccines, spread from the slums of Mumbai to the skyscrapers of São Paulo. Victims coughed blood within hours of infection. Organs failed by nightfall. Death came fast—and without cure.

Cain's Peacekeepers quarantined zones with fire. Entire districts were vaporized by drones.

"For the protection of the whole," Cain's statement read.

But the people knew.

The Pale Rider had arrived.

And death no longer knocked.

It broke the door down.

In remote Mongolia, wild wolves attacked a convoy of believers traveling by night.

In Brazil, jaguars emerged from the jungle, stalking the outskirts of starving villages.

In California, mountain lions entered abandoned suburbs, drawn by the scent of the dead.

In Indonesia, starving dogs turned feral.

Everywhere, the beasts of the earth were no longer afraid of man.

They were hunting him.

In Geneva, Cain stood before the ORION system with his inner council.

He watched real-time death tolls rise.

- India: 42 million
- Europe: 33 million
- South America: 21 million
- Africa: 63 million
- North America: 18 million

He said nothing.

Only watched.

Finally, one of his advisors asked, "Should we deploy more medical aid?"

Cain turned, calm and precise.

"No. Let the pruning continue. Only the strong and loyal must remain. We are birthing a new humanity."

In Jerusalem, the Two Witnesses stood under a blood-red moon.
Their voices thundered through the streets:

“The fourth horse rides! Death walks the land!”
“Repent! Repent while mercy still speaks!”

But the people mocked them.
They were called fearmongers.
Terrorists.
Ghosts of a forgotten religion.

Yet they could not be silenced.
Their words ignited fires in hearts the world over.

In Montana, Pastor Greaves buried six members of his remnant in one day.
Three from sickness.
Two from exposure.
One—just a child—killed by a starving bear drawn to their camp.
Greaves wept over the graves, his voice broken but steady:

“We do not grieve as those who have no hope...
For to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.”

The few who remained joined hands and sang:

“Even though I walk through the valley...
I will fear no evil...”

In Kenya, Chika’s group contracted the plague.
One by one, they grew weak.

She cared for them with trembling hands, praying over each.
Some recovered.
Some did not.

She buried them herself—crosses of stone, prayers etched into the dust.

But her fire never dimmed.
She told the next group of believers:

“Death may take the body...
But the soul is sealed.
Our names are written in the Lamb’s Book of Life.”

In Brooklyn, Jaden held Anna's hand as she lay in a fevered sweat.
She had saved a boy from the burning streets days before... and now the virus was in her blood.

He prayed.

Fasted.

Wept.

But she only smiled faintly and whispered:

"Don't fear for me. I'll see Him before you do."

That night, she slipped away.

Jaden sang to her lifeless body, the same hymn she had taught him months before:

"It is well with my soul..."

And still, Cain smiled.

He broadcast daily, assuring the world that peace was being restored, that a "final purification" was underway, that "only the disobedient are perishing."

The world believed him.

Because the alternative was too horrifying.

But the Remnant saw.

They saw the Pale Rider.

They saw the seals unrolled.

They saw the prophecy unfold.

And they refused to bow.

Even as their loved ones died.

Even as their bodies broke.

Even as the sword, the famine, the plague, and the beasts closed in.

They clung to one truth:

Jesus is coming back.

The Pale Rider galloped on.

But his reign would not last forever.

The Lamb still stood on the throne.

The scroll was still in His hand.

And soon... heaven would roar.

Chapter 15

Martyrs Under the Throne

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

In the silence of heaven, a cry echoed.

It was not a cry of fear.

Nor of anger.

It was the voice of the slain—

The faithful.

The steadfast.

The ones who refused the Mark.

The ones who chose Christ... even when it cost them their lives.

The Fifth Seal had been opened.

“And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held.

And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood...?”

—Revelation 6:9–10

All over the earth, the slaughter continued.

The Remnant had become the hunted.

Martyrdom was not an exception.

It was expected.

The moment you declared Christ...

The moment you refused the Mark...

The moment you quoted the Bible aloud...

You signed your death warrant.

In Germany, believers were dragged into stadiums and publicly executed before crowds who cheered.

In China, secret house churches were bombed without warning.

In Brazil, believers were fed to genetically altered beasts as Cain's Peacekeepers watched.

In London, underground churches were burned, worshipers locked inside.

And yet... the more they killed...

The more the Church grew.

Because when the blood of the saints hit the ground—
It watered the seeds of revival.

In Geneva, Cain sat in his chamber, watching footage of executions.

He turned to Father Vitali.

“Why do they still resist?” he asked calmly.

“The Mark is safety. The System is peace. Why cling to a God who didn’t save them?”

Vitali’s eyes narrowed.

“Because they believe He still will.”

Cain stood, pacing slowly.

“Then we’ll remove belief itself.”

In Montana, Pastor Greaves was captured during a midnight raid.

He was beaten, shackled, and dragged into a government tribunal chamber.

There, a Peacekeeper commander offered him a deal.

“Take the Mark. Preach unity. Denounce Christ. And live.”

“Refuse... and die tonight.”

Greaves lifted his head, one eye swollen shut, blood running down his face.

“You can kill this body... but I’ve already died to this world.

Christ is gain.

So do what you came to do.”

They executed him with a blade before a jeering crowd.

A young boy recorded the act in secret and sent it across the Underground network.

The clip went viral—among the Remnant.

They watched him die.

And they stood stronger.

In Kenya, Chika’s name was whispered among the underground as “*The Flame*.”

She had led over 1,000 people to Christ in two months.

When she was finally caught, Cain’s soldiers offered her a simple choice:

Bow.

Or burn.

She chose the fire.

But the flames didn't touch her.

A wind swept through the execution circle.

The torch bearer dropped dead.

The crowd fled in terror.

Chika escaped—barefoot, scarred, but alive.

A miracle.

In Brooklyn, Jaden's time came.

The Peacekeepers raided the basement.

Six were arrested. Two were shot.

Jaden was taken to a reeducation center.

They forced him to watch footage of other believers dying.

They played Cain's speeches on loop.

They offered him a Mark-infusion drip while he slept.

He resisted all of it.

And then... they brought him to the altar.

Not of Christ.

But of Cain.

A towering monument shaped like a serpent wrapped in light.

A place where thousands had bowed.

The commander pointed.

“Kneel. Take the Mark. Or bleed.”

Jaden stared at the symbol.

His knees wobbled.

His breath quickened.

But in that moment, he heard Anna's voice in his memory—

“We overcome by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of our testimony.”

He lifted his hands to the sky.

“Jesus is Lord.”

They shot him twice in the chest.

He fell.

The world saw him die.

But heaven... saw something else.

Under the altar of God, in the throne room of heaven, Jaden opened his eyes.

He was whole.

Radiant.

Robed in white.

Anna stood beside him, smiling.

So did Pastor Greaves.

So did Chika.

Thousands upon thousands.

All singing.

All shining.

All home.

They cried out together:

“How long, O Lord, holy and true, until You avenge our blood?”

And a voice like thunder answered:

“Rest a little while longer, until the number of your fellow servants is complete...”

The earth was not yet done.

The scroll had more seals.

More wrath.

More terror.

But the martyrs—

They had crossed over.

And the Lamb...

Had welcomed them with open arms.

Chapter 16

Signs in the Sky

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

It began without warning.

A stillness in the air.
A pressure, as if creation itself was holding its breath.
The sun rose, but its light was dim.
Birds flew in crooked circles.
Dogs howled without reason.
And then... the sky changed.

The Sixth Seal had been opened.

*“And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake;
and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood;
And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth...
And every mountain and island were moved out of their places...”*
—Revelation 6:12–14

Across the globe, the earth trembled.
Not like a normal quake—this was deeper.
Tectonic plates screamed.
Mountains split.
Islands sank.
Cities cracked open.

In Los Angeles, skyscrapers crumbled like sandcastles.
In Tokyo, tsunamis struck with merciless speed.
In Cairo, the pyramids themselves split at the capstones.
The Vatican dome collapsed.
Mount Etna erupted black fire into the sky.
Entire regions vanished under waves of dust and molten rock.

In Jerusalem, the sun dimmed to shadow.
The moon that night was red—
Not tinted, not hazy—
Blood.

Pure.
Thick.
Red.

The world’s scientists offered no explanation.
Cain remained silent.
Because even he... had no control over this.

And then the stars began to fall.

Thousands—no, millions—of fiery fragments streaked across the sky like screaming spirits.

Meteor showers unlike anything in human history.

Satellite networks failed.

Navigation systems blacked out.

Communications fried.

The heavens themselves were unraveling.

The people fled.

Not just from cities—but into caves, into bunkers, into mountains.

They didn't run from war.

They didn't run from plague.

They ran from **Him**.

“Hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne,” they cried.

“And from the wrath of the Lamb!”

“For the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?” (Rev. 6:16–17)

In Geneva, Cain stood alone in the control room as red light poured through the windows.

The world around him burned, shook, and wept.

Yet he smiled.

Because in that chaos—he saw opportunity.

He broadcast one more address to the nations:

“What you are witnessing is not wrath. It is rebirth.

The old world is passing.

The age of Cain is rising.”

But even the Peacekeepers trembled.

Even the faithful of the Mark began to doubt.

Some tried to remove the chip.

It wouldn't come out.

Burning pain filled their veins.

They screamed in agony... until they died.

In Montana, what was left of the underground church emerged from the ruins.
Pastor Greaves' successor, a young woman named Miriam, stood on a rock and shouted:

“You see the signs!
You heard the prophets!
You read the Word!
This is not the end—it's the beginning!
Look up! Your redemption is drawing near!”

And they fell to their knees and worshipped... in the middle of ash and flame.

In Kenya, Chika lifted her hands toward the blood moon.

“You promised signs in the heavens,” she cried.
“And now we see them. Strengthen us, Lord! We will not bow!”

Her followers echoed the cry.

“We will not bow!”

In Brooklyn, Jaden's body still lay in a Peacekeeper dump site.

But his image—his death—his testimony—had been seen by thousands in the Underground.
And in the glow of that red sky, young believers across the boroughs lifted their voices in the same hymn he sang as he died:

“It is well with my soul...”

The world had reached a tipping point.

Heaven had shouted.

The earth had groaned.

And still, many refused to repent.

But the Remnant?

They stood taller.

They spoke louder.

They believed harder.

Because they knew—

The Lamb who had opened the seals...

Was about to rise from His throne.

And the seventh seal...
Would be silence.
Before the storm.

Chapter 17

144,000 Sealed

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The world reeled from the heavens' assault.
Earthquakes.
Stars falling.
The sun blackened.
The moon blood-red.

But amid the devastation—
Before the final seal was opened—
Heaven paused.

Not in weakness.
Not in retreat.
But in **preparation**.

Between the Sixth and Seventh Seals... a great sealing took place.

*"And I saw another angel ascending from the east, having the seal of the living God...
And he cried... Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees,
till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads."
—Revelation 7:2–3*

In the unseen realm, a great angel flew eastward, holding the authority of the Most High.
No one on earth saw him.
But all of heaven watched in awe.

He carried the divine seal—not made with hands, not etched with ink—
but inscribed with the fire of God's own holiness.

And with it, he marked 144,000.

12,000 from each of the twelve tribes of Israel.

Not symbolic.

Not vague.

Not partial.

Literal.

Jewish.

Redeemed.

They had not taken the Mark.

They had not bent to Cain.

They had not defiled themselves with the lies of the Beast.

Each one was chosen.

Called.

Anointed.

Warriors not with swords...

But with words.

With fire in their mouths and purity in their hearts.

They became Heaven's evangelists—

An army unlike any ever seen.

In the foothills near Hebron, a young Jewish man named Elior awoke with a fire in his chest.

He had fled the Temple after witnessing Cain's abomination.

He had been hiding for months, reading secretly from an old Torah and a torn copy of the New Testament.

He never understood Yeshua...

Until now.

That morning, he felt the seal burn onto his forehead—

Not with pain, but with power.

A voice spoke into his spirit:

“You are sealed. You are Mine. Go.”

He wept, fell to his knees, and then rose like a man reborn.

All across Israel—Galilee, Tel Aviv, Nazareth, Jerusalem—others like Elior felt the call.

Old men. Young men. Teenagers. Teachers. Merchants. Farmers.

Some had heard the gospel from the Two Witnesses.
Some had found hidden Bibles.
Some had dreams and visions.

And now, they were sealed.
Untouchable.
Unstoppable.

Where they went, Cain's soldiers trembled.
When they spoke, the unmarked listened.
When they prayed, the ground shook.

In Cain's control room in Geneva, something unusual triggered ORION's alert systems.

A cluster of anomalies in Israel.
Marked individuals... but not by the chip.
Their vitals were unreadable.
Their movement patterns—erratic.
Unpredictable.

Cain narrowed his eyes.

“Who are they?”

Vitali stepped forward with a Bible—one he had kept for strategic study.

He opened to Revelation 7.

Cain read in silence.

Then he slammed the book shut.

“Silence them. Immediately.”

But they could not be touched.

Any drone that targeted them malfunctioned.
Soldiers collapsed with seizures.
Fire broke out from nowhere.
Miracles followed in their wake.

They were sealed by God.

And no power of hell could break that seal.

The Two Witnesses recognized them.

They nodded as the 144,000 spread through the streets.

“The time has come,” they said.
“The gospel shall go forth again.”

While Cain tightened his grip on the world...
God raised up His last evangelists.

And their mission was simple:

- Preach the gospel.
- Warn the world.
- Strengthen the Remnant.
- Defy the Beast.

They wore no armor.
Carried no weapons.
But they bore the Name of the Lamb on their foreheads.

And they would not die.

Not until their task was complete.

The world thought the Church was gone.
But God had preserved a remnant in Israel.

And their voices rose in every street, every camp, every city:

“Repent! For the King is coming!”
“Jesus is the true Messiah!”
“Do not take the Mark!”
“Do not worship the Beast!”

And the world—
Shaken by quakes,
Frightened by signs,
Hungry from famine,
Weary from war—
Listened.

Some mocked.
Some trembled.
Some believed.

In that moment, between Seals Six and Seven...
Heaven held its breath.

Earth stood still.
And God marked His own.

The 144,000 had risen.

Chapter 18

Ashes in the Wind

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The sky still burned.
Cities still crumbled.
Mountains still quaked.
And now... the smoke began to rise.

Not from war.

Not from plague.

But from fire sent from heaven.

A city once proud.
A place of power, wealth, and wickedness.
Now reduced to ashes—
scattered on the wind like judgment's whisper.

It began with a name.

Babylon.

The Bible warned of her.
A city of blasphemy.
The seat of luxury and pride.
A spiritual harlot drunk on the blood of the saints.

Some thought it symbolic.

But prophecy had never been more literal.

The city was real.

A rebuilt empire of commerce and deception.
Located in the Middle East—reborn near the ruins of the ancient city.
Renamed “New Babylon” by Cain’s decree.

It had become the global financial capital.
The home of Cain's global media.
A palace of trade, temptation, and twisted worship.
The center of the world's economy.
And the center of its idolatry.

From her towers, the false faith of Cain spread like a virus.
From her banks, the world's money flowed.
From her altars, sacrifices were made—not of lambs... but of liberty, truth, and children.
The saints had cried for her fall.
And now...
Heaven answered.

In Geneva, Cain stood before a map of his empire when an aide rushed in, face pale.

“Sir... Babylon is burning.”

Cain didn't blink.

“Impossible.”

He turned to a screen.

There it was.

Live footage from a Peacekeeper drone:

Skyscrapers engulfed in unquenchable flame.

The sky black with smoke.

People running, screaming, choking.

Buildings collapsing into glass and dust.

Vaults exploding.

Markets crashing.

Cain hissed through clenched teeth.

“Which terrorist group? Who bombed it?”

“No one, sir,” the aide stammered. “There was no bomb. No missile. The fire came from the sky. And there are reports of voices... shouting judgment.”

Cain turned off the screen and walked out in silence.

Meanwhile, the Two Witnesses raised their hands in unison from the streets of Jerusalem.

“Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen!”

“For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities!”

“In one hour, her judgment has come!”

The 144,000 echoed their cry throughout Israel and beyond.

In every city, believers gathered to watch the footage of Babylon’s burning.

Some wept.

Some rejoiced.

All understood:

God had struck.

In Montana, Miriam read aloud from Revelation 18:

“And the kings of the earth, who have committed fornication and lived deliciously with her, shall bewail her...”

And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her... for in one hour so great riches is come to nought.”

She closed the Bible slowly.

“This isn’t just a city burning,” she said. “It’s a warning. To every power. Every throne. Every heart.”

The group bowed their heads in prayer.

“Let our hearts never be Babylon.”

In Kenya, Chika and her disciples watched smoke rise into the atmosphere on satellite projection.

One of the young girls asked, “Why did God destroy that city?”

Chika knelt beside her.

“Because He heard the cries of the children who were sacrificed there.”

“He saw the gold and oil become gods.”

“And because mercy has a limit... and judgment has a schedule.”

In Brooklyn, the Underground remnant held a night of worship.

Candles flickered against cracked walls.

Ash and flame danced in the winds above.

Jaden’s name was still spoken—his legacy a spark that would not go out.

Anna’s song was now their anthem:

“Though the nations rage, and kingdoms fall,
The Lamb still reigns above them all.
Babylon may rise in sin...
But ends in ashes on the wind.”

The world mourned Babylon.
Traders. Politicians. Celebrities.
They cried not for the people,
But for their profits.

The Marked wept.
The Remnant rejoiced.
Cain raged.

And Heaven sang.

*“Rejoice over her, O heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets;
for God hath avenged you on her.”*
—Revelation 18:20

Babylon was no more.
The city of sin—reduced to smoke.
Her power—broken.
Her wealth—obliterated.
Her worship—exposed.
Her foundation—ash.
A divine exclamation.
A trumpet before the final war.

The Beast still lived.
But Babylon had fallen.

And the winds carried her ashes across the world, whispering—
“You were warned.”

Chapter 19

The Great Divide

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth’s Final Hour

The world had always been divided—
by language, by borders, by color, by creed.

But now, the divide was spiritual.

Clear.

Unavoidable.

Permanent.

There were no longer moderates.

No fence-sitters.

No undecided voters.

There were only two kinds of people left on earth:

Those who belonged to the Beast.

And those who belonged to the Lamb.

The destruction of Babylon had sent shockwaves through every system on the planet.

Stock markets collapsed.

Digital currencies froze.

Global shipping ceased.

Luxury goods vanished.

Cain gave a brief address:

“We will rebuild. We will rise stronger. Babylon was not the heart. I am.”

The masses cheered.

But it was hollow.

Forced.

Fearful.

Because behind every cheer was a question—

“What if we’re next?”

In the streets, eyes narrowed.

Neighbors stopped trusting neighbors.

Families turned in their own.

Children reported parents.

Spouses betrayed one another.

The Peacekeeper surveillance network now included bounty incentives:

- 1,000 credits for reporting an unmarked adult.
- 500 credits for a hidden child.

- 2,000 credits for a known Remnant leader.

Humanity cannibalized itself for digital rations and Cain's approval.

In the back alleys of Hong Kong, a grandmother smuggled Bibles under bags of rice.
She was captured by her granddaughter.
Publicly executed.

In Toronto, a son turned in his father—a pastor hiding in the attic.
The father blessed him with his last breath.

In Germany, a man wept as he dragged his wife before the tribunal.
Her last words were, "I'll see you again—after the fire."

In Montana, the Remnant community led by Miriam was compromised.
One of their own, a teenage boy, accepted the Mark in secret after watching his sister die of hunger.
He gave up their location in exchange for food and safety.
The Peacekeepers came at night.
Miriam and five others escaped.
Twelve were caught.
Six were executed.
The rest... vanished.

In Jerusalem, the 144,000 intensified their mission.
They spread out through the Middle East, Asia, and Eastern Europe.
Everywhere they went, the same message rang:

"The King is coming."
"Do not bow to the Beast."
"Your soul is worth more than survival."

Their very presence provoked riots, conversions, and death.
They could not be killed.
But those who listened to them often were.
Still... people chose Christ.
Even now.

Cain responded with fury.

He launched a global campaign:

Project Unity Finalization.

A full-scale purge of any unmarked individuals.

His words echoed with rage:

“Enough of the division.
You are either with me...
Or you are the enemy of progress.”

Churches still standing were flattened.

Bibles were burned.

The word “Jesus” was legally banned from all public communication.

Even speaking of the Lamb became an executable offense.

In Brooklyn, the Underground wept as one of their own—Michael, a father of three—was captured while scavenging medicine.

His final message, recorded on a smuggled device, was played in a candlelit basement:

“Don’t hate them.
Don’t curse Cain.
Just hold on.
We’re almost home.”

His children never heard it.

They had been taken.

Marked by force.

Placed into Cain’s Reeducation Fields.

The Remnant cried out to Heaven.

Not for rescue—

But for courage.

For strength.

For endurance.

They understood now:

There would be no ease.

No comfort.

Only a cross.

But they also knew:

“He who endures to the end... shall be saved.” (Matthew 24:13)

Families were shattered.
Friendships torn apart.
Communities divided.
Not by opinion.
Not by politics.
But by eternity.
The Great Divide had come.

Two kingdoms stood face to face:

- The Beast with his armies, wealth, control, and deception.
- The Lamb with His Word, His Remnant, and His blood.

And though Cain's forces seemed larger—
Though the world seemed lost—
Though the dragon roared louder—
Heaven was not shaken.
The Lamb was not afraid.
And the Book...
was nearly finished.

Chapter 20

The Last Call

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

Heaven does not plead forever.
Mercy has a finish line.
Even grace has a final hour.
And now... the voice of warning reached its highest pitch—
One last trumpet of love before judgment thundered down.
This was not a whisper.
Not a still, small voice.
This was a *roar*—echoing across the heavens,
spoken by angels whose wings spanned the horizon.

The Last Call.

*“And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth...
Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come...”*

—Revelation 14:6–7

Three angels were sent.

Not metaphorical.

Not symbolic.

Three literal messengers from the throne of God.

Visible. Powerful. Undeniable.

They circled the globe—

Their voices booming in every tongue, in every land, in every heart.

They could not be silenced.

They could not be stopped.

They could not be denied.

The First Angel flew high above the earth.

His voice shook the atmosphere.

“Fear God, and give Him glory!
The hour of His judgment is come!
Worship Him who made heaven and earth!”

People dropped their tools.

Stumbled from their screens.

Covered their ears in terror.

Or bowed in repentance.

Some wept.

Some cursed.

Some believed.

It was the pure gospel—spoken from heaven itself.

No compromise.

No distortion.

No prosperity.

Just *truth*.

The Second Angel followed close behind.

His cry struck fear into the hearts of kings and commoners alike.

“Babylon is fallen... is fallen!

She who made all nations drink the wine of her fornication!”

It was a reminder.

A confirmation.

The burning city of sin had not been a coincidence.

It was judgment.

Proof that God had acted—and would act again.

The Third Angel came last.

And his voice was like thunder over a battlefield.

“If anyone worships the beast and his image, and receives his mark...

He shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God...

poured out without mixture.”

It was the final warning.

Clear.

Fierce.

Final.

No more chances after this.

In Geneva, Cain watched the sky turn crimson as the angels passed overhead.

He ordered the footage blacked out.

He issued statements calling it a “mass hallucination.”

He mocked the voices, edited transcripts, censored broadcasts.

But it didn’t work.

Because the angels didn’t speak on TV.

They spoke to the soul.

In Jerusalem, the 144,000 raised their voices in unison with the angels:

“Do not take the mark!”

“Do not worship the Beast!”

“Turn to the Lamb!”

“The King is coming!”

Their voices echoed through alleyways and strongholds.
People dropped to their knees in fields, in prisons, in refugee camps.
The Word spread faster than Cain's surveillance could silence it.

In Kenya, Chika saw the sky crack with light.
She dropped to her knees with her people and cried out:

 "This is it!
 The final trumpet!
 Choose this day whom you will serve!"

Dozens around her gave their lives to Christ that night.
And then...
they vanished.
Martyred.
One by one.
But sealed forever.

In Brooklyn, what remained of the Underground huddled in an old subway tunnel.

They had no food.
No water.
No light.

But they had the voice of the angels still ringing in their hearts.
And the name of Jesus on their lips.

Anna lifted her head and whispered,

 "This is the last call...
 Let's make it count."

They prayed through the night,
and the darkness felt like daylight.

The world stood at the edge of eternity.

The final line had been drawn.
No more neutrality.
No more hesitation.
Every heart had chosen its king.

The Last Call had gone out.
The echoes were fading.

And the next sound...
would be wrath.

Chapter 21

The Broken Seals Are Silent

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

Heaven had thundered.
The scroll had unrolled.
Seal by seal, judgment had shaken the earth.

But now...

There was no roar.
No rumble.
No angelic proclamation.
Only silence.

The Seventh Seal had been opened.

“And when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour.”
—Revelation 8:1

All of creation froze.

No movement.
No sound.
No wind in the trees.
No rustle in the heavens.
No wings flapping.
No trumpets sounding.

The same heaven that once sang with thundering choirs,
That burst into song when Christ rose,
Now stood mute.

It was the silence of grief.
The silence of finality.
The silence before the storm.

On earth, the world knew nothing of it.

Cain continued his charade—
Consolidating power,
Arresting the unmarked,
Preaching unity with blood on his hands.

He mocked the angels.
He mocked the Witnesses.
He mocked the Lamb.

But above the clouds—
Heaven prepared for war.

Seven angels stepped forward.

Each was handed a trumpet.

Not instruments of music.

Instruments of destruction.

In Geneva, Cain celebrated a new victory—
The capture and public execution of thirty Remnant leaders across three continents.
He broadcast the deaths with cold precision.

“This is the fate of division,” he declared. “This is what happens when loyalty dies.”

The crowds cheered—
Some genuinely.
Some out of fear.

But even Cain felt it—
A shift in the atmosphere.
A tension.
A pause.

The air itself trembled, though no sound could be heard.

He turned to Vitali.

“What are we waiting for?” he asked.

Vitali didn’t answer.

Because even the dragon knew—
The next act wasn’t his.

In Jerusalem, the Two Witnesses stood still.

They had shouted for years.

Preached.

Warned.

Called fire from heaven.

But now...

They too were silent.

Their eyes turned to the skies.

Their mouths closed.

Their hands folded.

They waited.

In Montana, Miriam held her Bible open to Revelation 8.

She whispered the words:

“There was silence in heaven...”

The Remnant with her said nothing.

They felt it.

The stillness.

The waiting.

They knew...

God wasn't done.

He was just catching His breath.

In Kenya, Chika stopped mid-sermon.

Everyone froze.

“Do you hear that?” she asked.

Someone replied, “I hear nothing.”

She nodded.

“Exactly.”

The sky pulsed with a quiet weight—

A hush before thunder.

A calm before a cosmic reckoning.

In the realm of glory, the Lamb stood at the throne.
The scroll was fully opened.
The seals were broken.
The hosts of heaven waited.
The final stage of judgment had come.
And the trumpets... were about to sound.

But before they did—
Heaven gave a moment.
For grief.
For mercy.
For reverence.
For awe.
The silence wasn't weakness.
It was sovereignty.
Even wrath waits on God's command.

And soon...
The first trumpet would blow.
The earth would convulse.
The trees would burn.
The sea would bleed.
The heavens would strike.
But now—
All of creation held its breath.

Thirty minutes of silence.
More powerful than a thousand explosions.
Because in that silence...
The Lion of Judah inhaled.
The Judge of all prepared.
The Almighty stood.
And when He would speak again—
The earth would never be the same.

Chapter 22

The First Trumpet

The silence ended not with a whisper—
But with fire.

Heaven stirred.

The seven angels stood in formation before the throne of God, each holding a trumpet forged not by human hands but by divine justice. Their faces were radiant with holy purpose. Their eyes burned like coals. Each step forward shook the foundations of eternity.

The Lamb gave the nod.

And the first angel raised his trumpet to his lips.

Then the trumpet sounded.

*“The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood, and they were cast upon the earth:
and the third part of trees was burnt up, and all green grass was burnt up.”*
—Revelation 8:7

The sound rolled like a thunderclap through space and time.
It wasn’t heard through airwaves or speakers, but in every soul, in every land, simultaneously.
The moment it sounded, the heavens opened.

In the skies above Earth, clouds split like torn fabric.

Fire rained down in sheets—
not glowing embers, but burning missiles hurled from heaven’s own armory.

Hail the size of fists followed,
but this was no normal ice—
each stone carried inside it flames.
Each one cracked the ground,
igniting fields and forests.

Blood-red rain poured behind it, staining rivers and streets.

This was not symbolic.
This was real.
This was judgment.

In California, wildfires broke out in over 200 separate locations within an hour.
No lightning. No human cause. Just instant combustion.
The Pacific Northwest became a wall of flame.
The redwoods—ancient, towering—fell like matchsticks.
Fire crews stood helpless as rivers boiled beside them.

In Brazil, the Amazon ignited.
Not a slow spread—
A flash of heat that lit a thousand miles at once.
The lungs of the planet turned to smoke.
The world choked on it.

In China, farmland burned in concentric circles—
as if drawn by the hand of God.
Crops turned to ash.
Trees collapsed into blackened bones.
Birds dropped from the sky mid-flight.

In Africa, green pastures were consumed in an instant.
Sheep scattered and died.
Herds fled into fire.
The savannah smoldered under a crimson sun.

The total was unthinkable:

- **One-third of all trees on earth—gone.**
- **All grass—every blade—burned.**
- **Every living thing that depended on green life—threatened.**

And still, Cain claimed control.

He appeared on global broadcast, standing in a reinforced platform in Geneva, the sky behind him eerily glowing with a strange orange haze.

“This is not divine. This is cosmic realignment,” he said.
“The world is shedding its past.
A new humanity will emerge from this chaos.
And I will lead it.”

People wept.
Not in repentance—
But in desperation.
And still, many believed him.
Because the truth was too terrifying.

But the Remnant knew.
Miriam stood on a scorched mountaintop in Montana, holding her Bible with blistered hands.
She read Revelation 8 aloud as the smoke billowed behind her:
“Hail and fire... mingled with blood...”
She fell to her knees.
“He’s started... God’s judgments have begun.”

In Kenya, Chika and her group emerged from their cave shelter to find their entire valley ablaze.
Their garden—gone.
The fruit trees—ashes.
The livestock—missing or dead.
And yet she lifted her arms to heaven and sang:
“The Lord gives and the Lord takes away...
Blessed be the Name of the Lord.”
They sang with her, even as smoke stung their lungs.

In Jerusalem, the Two Witnesses stood at the gates of the Temple.
Ash fell around them like snow.
The Temple courtyard smoldered.
Still they declared:
“This is only the first trumpet!
Repent, O Earth!
The God of Abraham has spoken!”

The 144,000 spread out, delivering the message again and again:

“Do not take the Mark.”

“Do not trust the Beast.”

“Judgment has begun, but mercy is still available!”

But Cain grew cold.

Enraged.

His power—though vast—could not stop the heavens.

His armies—though global—could not shield the skies.

He ordered global propaganda to reinterpret the event.

“An interstellar atmospheric phenomenon.”

“A necessary cosmic reset.”

“We are being remade.”

But deep down...

Cain knew what it was.

He knew the sound of that trumpet.

He remembered it from long ago.

He had heard it once... before he fell.

The First Trumpet had blown.

Fire and blood had touched the earth.

And it was only the beginning.

Chapter 23

The Second Trumpet

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The first trumpet had scorched the earth—

forests reduced to cinders,

pastures turned to dust,

and the air thick with ash.

But the next trumpet...

did not target the land.

It struck the seas.

And the oceans turned to death.

The Second Trumpet sounded.

*“And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea:
and the third part of the sea became blood;
And the third part of the creatures which were in the sea, and had life, died;
and the third part of the ships were destroyed.”*
—Revelation 8:8–9

From heaven’s throne came no word—only power.

The second angel raised his trumpet and released judgment with a sound like a shattering planet.
The atmosphere tore apart above the oceans.
Something massive—like a mountain of flame—descended from space.

It wasn’t an asteroid.

Not entirely.

It was alive with fire.

Pulsing with fury.

An executioner sent by God Himself.

And it fell... like vengeance.

It struck the Pacific Ocean with the force of ten thousand nuclear blasts.

A column of water a hundred miles wide rose into the sky, glowing orange and red with fire.
The explosion displaced entire islands.
Waves a mile high surged in every direction.
Submarine fault lines ruptured.
Underwater volcanoes erupted simultaneously—
adding more fire to water.

The planet groaned.

Tsunamis struck the coasts of every continent.

In Australia, Sydney was swallowed within hours.

Japan’s entire eastern shoreline disappeared beneath black water.

Hawaii was erased.

The California coast fractured and buckled.

Los Angeles became Atlantis.

In Peru, water crashed over the Andes foothills, killing millions.

The Philippines vanished from satellite maps.

In the oceans—

- Whales floated lifelessly, bleeding from ruptured organs.
- Entire schools of fish boiled alive.
- Coral reefs crumbled into bone-colored ruin.
- The water turned red—not symbolic, not tinted—**blood.**

One-third of sea life died in a matter of days.

The stench was unbearable.

The ecological collapse—catastrophic.

One-third of all ships—destroyed.

Cargo vessels snapped in half like toys.

Naval fleets were swallowed by the vortex.

Fishing boats and tankers vanished beneath the waves.

Military assets lost without a trace.

Global trade ceased.

The seas were no longer highways.

They were graveyards.

In Geneva, Cain watched as red satellite images filled the screen.

The advisors panicked.

“Sir, supply chains are annihilated!”

“Seaborne transport is dead!”

“The oceans are collapsing!”

Cain stood still, watching the footage in silence.

Finally, he spoke:

“Then we turn to the sky.”

He doubled efforts on orbital cargo drones, space elevators, artificial hydroponic systems.

But it was a shell game.

A cover.

The people saw the blood in the water.

And for the first time... even the loyal began to doubt.

In Jerusalem, the Two Witnesses shouted from atop the Temple gates.

“The second trumpet has sounded!
The sea testifies against you!
Turn to the Lamb!
Or drown in your pride!”

The 144,000 carried the cry further inland, knowing the shores were no longer safe.

In Montana, Miriam led what was left of the Remnant to higher ground.

They climbed a burned-out range and watched the sky turn crimson over the plains.

She opened her Bible to Revelation 8, her voice hoarse but strong:

“A mountain of fire... cast into the sea...”

One man asked, “How much worse can it get?”

She closed her Bible slowly.

“We’ve only heard two trumpets.”

In Kenya, Chika’s group arrived at an inland cave, where other Remnant had gathered from the coast.

They had no maps.

No food.

But they had faith.

They lit a fire.

Not for warmth.

But for worship.

“We will not curse the waves,” she told them.

“We will bless the One who walks on them.”

In Brooklyn, the last transmission from a nearby port showed the harbor entirely drained—sucked into a vortex—before erupting upward in a wall of bloodied foam.

Anna watched with tears in her eyes.

“He’s judging the sea,” she whispered.

“And still the world does not repent.”

She looked to the broken tunnel roof above her.

“When will they listen?”

But the Beast was not idle.

Cain spun the disaster into prophecy.

He claimed *he* had predicted it.

Said it was “necessary cleansing.”

“Earth reclaiming herself under divine guidance.”

He blamed “cosmic disorder”—and promised to fix it.

“Give me total unity,” he said.

“Let us no longer be fragmented.

The sea has failed us.

I will give you the skies.”

The world applauded again.

The deception... deepened.

But the Remnant knew.

This was not rebirth.

It was wrath.

The seas were bleeding.

The ships were gone.

The food chains were broken.

The globe was tipping toward judgment.

And five trumpets still remained.

Chapter 24

The Third Trumpet

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth’s Final Hour

The land had burned.

The seas had bled.

And now...

the heavens poisoned the drinking water.

The Third Trumpet sounded.

*“And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp,
and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters;
And the name of the star is called Wormwood:
and the third part of the waters became wormwood;
and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter.”*
—Revelation 8:10–11

From the moment the trumpet rang, telescopes across the world locked on to a fiery object descending from the upper heavens.

Not a comet.

Not a meteor.

But something other.

It spun with divine fury,
left a trail of emerald and flame behind it,
and struck with pinpoint precision.

It didn't hit a city.

It didn't crash into a desert.

It struck the fresh waters of Earth—

the rivers,

the lakes,

the underground wells.

A third of them instantly turned bitter.

Toxic.

Deadly.

The name of the star—Wormwood—spread across the globe like a curse.

The Bitter Waters

In North America, the Mississippi ran black-green.

Fish floated to the surface.

The surrounding farmland, dependent on it, wilted.

Towns downstream drank unknowingly—and thousands died in hours.

Hospitals were overwhelmed.

There were no cures. No treatments.

It wasn't a virus.
It wasn't chemical warfare.
It was prophecy.

In Europe, the Rhine turned bitter.
Entire cities shut off their municipal water supplies.
Bottled water became currency.
Riots broke out in Germany, France, and Poland.
Military water rations sparked stampedes.
Families killed for jugs of clean water.
People drank rain from puddles—
and still they died.

In Africa, the Nile ran sluggish and green.
Ancient waters, once the cradle of life, now tasted like acid.
The crops shriveled faster than ever.
Nomadic tribes dropped dead in the wilderness.
Camels refused to drink.
The ground cracked.

Chika and her followers knelt in prayer.

“Wormwood has come,” she whispered.
“But the Word is still sweet.”

They gathered what clean water they could—sharing it with all, even strangers, even those who had cursed them.

In South America, the Amazon became a ribbon of poison.
Villages disappeared overnight.
Children collapsed by the banks.
Even the jungle seemed to recoil from the water.

In Asia, the Yangtze and Ganges both turned bitter.
Millions were affected.
Cain's Peacekeepers passed out “purification tablets” that failed to work.
Many drank them in desperation... and still died.

The Death Toll Skyrocketed.

Unlike the fire.

Unlike the tsunamis.

This was quiet.

Insidious.

People didn't scream.

They simply drank...

and faded.

The taste was sour.

The aftertaste—death.

In Geneva, Cain appeared again.

“Wormwood is not a star,” he claimed.

“It is a psychological projection.

Fear poisons the water more than any asteroid.”

He mandated mass psychological reconditioning.

“Believe the water is pure,” he said.

“And it will be.”

But even his followers died.

The Remnant knew the truth.

In Montana, Miriam found a narrow spring running clear through an unburned canyon.

They drank slowly, prayerfully, reverently.

“God leaves a remnant of water,” she said,

“just as He leaves a remnant of faith.”

In Jerusalem, the Two Witnesses stood beside the Kidron Valley.

They poured clean water from pitchers and spoke loudly:

“The God of Israel has turned the waters bitter!

But the fountain of life still flows from the Lamb!”

Crowds gathered to hear—some hopeful, some hateful.

But all thirsty.

All desperate.

The 144,000 traveled now not only with Bibles...
but with canteens.
They shared both.

“Take the Living Water,” they said.
“Take the Word. Take the Truth. Take Christ.”

Some did.
And were saved.
Others rejected—
and perished.

Wormwood.

The name now haunted every conversation.
It became the dread of every mouthful.
No one trusted their faucets.
No one bathed without fear.
Every rainstorm was both blessing and curse.
And Cain—
could do nothing.
The oceans were dead.
The grass was ash.
Now the rivers ran bitter.
And the voice of God grew louder with every judgment.

Still, the world refused to repent.

*“And men blasphemed the name of God, which hath power over these plagues...
and they repented not to give Him glory.”*
—Revelation 16:9

And in the heavens—
three trumpets remained.
The next...
would not fall on earth or sea—
but on the very lights in the sky.

Chapter 25

The Fourth Trumpet

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The land had burned.

The seas had boiled.

The rivers had poisoned.

Now... the heavens went dark.

The Fourth Trumpet sounded.

*“And the fourth angel sounded, and the third part of the sun was smitten, and the third part of the moon, and the third part of the stars;
so as the third part of them was darkened, and the day shone not for a third part of it, and the night likewise.”*

—Revelation 8:12

Heaven groaned, and the sky responded.

All across the earth, men looked upward—
and saw a horror they could not comprehend.

The sun—our constant, our clock, our life—dimmed.

Not with clouds.

Not with smoke.

But with **supernatural precision**.

One-third of the light vanished.

The Day Was Shortened.

Dawn arrived later.

Dusk fell sooner.

High noon looked like early evening.

The light that bathed Earth now looked bruised, like a faded flame.

People rubbed their eyes.

Turned up artificial lights.

Blamed solar interference.

But they could feel it.

The light was wrong.

Night Became Deeper.

One-third of the moon was gone.

One-third of the stars vanished.

Not blocked—**removed**.

Skylines dimmed.

Seas navigated by moonlight became blind.

Telescopes picked up nothing but black voids.

And over time, panic set in.

Temperature Dropped.

Without full sunlight, the planet began to cool.

Tropical climates turned chilly.

Farms failed faster.

Crops that survived the fire and the poison now withered under clouded skies.

In Canada, blizzards returned in summer.

In Mexico, morning frost coated rooftops.

Even the Sahara cooled at night below freezing.

The rhythm of the world was breaking.

In Geneva, Cain stood before a trembling scientific council.

“What is this?” he asked. “An eclipse?”

“No, sir,” said one. “An eclipse is predictable. This is... divine.”

Cain’s lips curled.

“Nothing is divine anymore.”

He issued a new order:

24/7 artificial lighting in cities.

Solar simulation fields.

Nighttime bans on non-essential travel.

He called it the *Light of Progress*.

But power grids collapsed.
Fuel reserves dwindled.
And fear spread faster than fire ever had.

In Montana, Miriam lit candles before dawn.
Children shivered in their sleep.
One man whispered, “It’s like the sun itself is dying.”
Miriam held her Bible close.

“God is dimming the lights,” she said. “To show the world what life looks like without Him.”

In Kenya, Chika’s group huddled in a cave near the equator—
once unbearably hot, now shockingly cold.

They built fires around the clock.
They prayed beneath a sky now missing stars.
The younger ones asked, “Will the sun come back?”

Chika answered softly:

“The Son will come back. But first... the sky will fall.”

In Jerusalem, the Two Witnesses stood in the shadow of the smoldering Temple ruins.

As the light dimmed, they raised their voices:

“You love the darkness—
so God has given you what you love.
The sun hides its face,
because the world will not face the truth!”

Crowds fled their words.
But many returned at night—quiet, curious, afraid.
The Witnesses never slept.
They shined like torches in the gloom.

The 144,000 scattered like fireflies in the dark.

They walked into villages, towns, and refugee camps with oil lamps and open scrolls.

“The light of the world is not the sun,” they said.
“It is the Lamb.”

Wherever they preached, fear cracked.
Wherever they whispered, hope bloomed.
Wherever they stood, hell trembled.

Cain Countered with Lights.

Cities became bastions of artificial day.
Floodlights. Lasers. Holographic suns.
He built a massive mirror array in the upper atmosphere—
the "New Dawn Initiative."
He called it salvation.
But it flickered.
Failed.
Fell.

And when it crashed into the Indian Ocean,
the world knew:

Even Cain could not stop the dark.

The People Wailed.

Not for repentance.
But for comfort.
They missed the light.
The warmth.
The sense of control.
And still, they would not bow to the Lamb.

Then came a silence.

Not from heaven...
but from earth.
Billions sat in cold twilight, wondering—
 “What is happening next?”
 “What else can fall apart?”
 “What more can be taken?”

The air was tense.
The sky was cracked.
And then...

a single cry pierced the heavens.

*“Woe, woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth
by reason of the other voices of the trumpet of the three angels,
which are yet to sound!”*
—Revelation 8:13

An angel flew through the sky, visible to all,
crying out warnings that echoed across every land:

“Woe... Woe... Woe...”

The first four trumpets had shaken the world.
But the next three—
would shake the soul.

**The final three trumpets...
are not judgments on nature.
They are judgments on man.
Direct. Personal. Terrifying.**

The earth now stood on the edge of madness.
The pit was opening.
And hell...
was ready to rise.

Chapter 26

The Fifth Trumpet: The Bottomless Pit Opens

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth’s Final Hour

The earth had endured fire, blood, poison, and darkness.
But the next judgment...
came from beneath.

Not from the sky.
Not from the sea.
But from the pit.

And what rose from it—
was not natural.

It was **demonic**.

The Fifth Trumpet sounded.

*“And the fifth angel sounded, and I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth:
and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit.
And he opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit...
and there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth...”*
—Revelation 9:1–3

The heavens trembled.

A being—a star, a fallen one—was given a key.

Not a metaphor.

A literal authority.

Permission from God.

And with that key, he unlocked the abyss.

Somewhere beneath the surface of the earth, in a realm unseen by man,
the gates of the **Bottomless Pit** creaked open.

And from the chasm rose a smoke so thick, so toxic, that it blotted out the sky.

Skyscrapers were swallowed in its haze.

Mountains were dimmed beneath it.

It was the breath of hell itself.

But worse than the smoke...

was what came with it.

The Locusts

Not insects.

Not genetically engineered machines.

These were living nightmares.

Ancient.

Intelligent.

Tormentors from the prison of the damned.

They swarmed—millions upon millions—covering cities like a plague.

They did not eat crops.

They did not touch trees.

They targeted **people**.

*“...And it was commanded them that they should not kill them,
but that they should be tormented five months:
and their torment was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man.”*
—Revelation 9:5

The torment began.

People screamed as the locusts descended.
Stings like lightning bolts.
Bites that burned and lingered.
Not just physical pain—
mental agony.
They attacked the mind, the soul, the sanity.
Hospitals overflowed with shrieking victims.
People convulsed in the streets.
Governments collapsed under the weight of mass psychosis.
For **five months**, the torment continued.

*“...And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it;
and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them.”*
—Revelation 9:6

People threw themselves from rooftops.
Drank poison.
Tried to end their suffering.
But **death was suspended.**
Their bodies would not die.
Their wounds would not end them.
They writhed.
They screamed.
They cursed God.
And still... they lived.

In Geneva, Cain's palace was overrun.

Even his elite were not immune.

He locked himself in a bio-sealed chamber while thousands outside clawed at the doors, their minds shattered by the stings of the demonic swarm.

He cursed heaven, shouting:

“You think this will break me?
You think I will bow?”

But inside... he trembled.

Even he—
could feel the pit had been opened.

In Jerusalem, the Two Witnesses stood untouched.

The locusts hissed at them but could not cross the threshold.

From their tower, they shouted:

“The pit is open!
Hell walks among you!
Repent, O Earth!
For your torment is only beginning!”

In Montana, Miriam’s group heard the buzzing first.

They saw the black clouds descending over the mountains.

She prayed quickly, gathering her people beneath anointing oil and Psalm 91.

The locusts passed over them.

One child said, “Why didn’t they attack us?”

Miriam answered with tears in her eyes:

“Because we’re sealed.”

In Kenya, Chika wept as people outside her cave screamed into the night.

She heard their pleas, their madness, their cries for death.

One woman crawled to the cave’s edge, eyes wild, hands shaking.

Chika knelt and offered her water, a blanket, and a name:

“Jesus.”

The woman screamed and ran.
She couldn't bear the name of peace.

In Brooklyn, the Underground huddled in darkness.
They heard the swarms passing above—buzzing like chainsaws.

One man, trembling, asked Anna:

“What are they?”

She answered:

“Demons. Let out for the final harvest.
But they can't touch us.
We belong to the Lamb.”

They sang through the night—
Low, fearful, but faithful.

The Description

*“And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle...
and their faces were as the faces of men.
And they had hair as the hair of women, and their teeth were as the teeth of lions...
and they had breastplates of iron...
and their wings sounded like many chariots...
and their tails like scorpions.”*
—Revelation 9:7–10

They were grotesque hybrids.
Like war beasts from hell's imagination.
With intelligence, hatred, and purpose.

Their king?

*“And they had a king over them,
which is the angel of the bottomless pit,
whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon,
but in the Greek tongue hath his name Apollyon.”*
—Revelation 9:11

The Destroyer.

The Releaser of Wrath.

The general of hell's armies.

The earth had never known such torment.

For five months, every unsealed person suffered under the lash of this demonic plague.

Cain offered no help.

Science failed.

Medicine failed.

Only the seal of God could protect.

And yet...

Still, the world refused to repent.

Five months.

Of screaming.

Of madness.

Of pain without end.

And then—

the locusts vanished.

Just as suddenly as they came.

Back into the pit.

Back into the smoke.

But their memory lingered in every haunted eye.

Five trumpets had sounded.

Two remained.

And the next...

would bring death on a scale not seen since the Flood.

Chapter 27

The Sixth Trumpet: The Army from the East

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

For five months, the world begged for death.

And now—

death came.

Not by plague.

Not by poison.

But by war.
Unstoppable, inhuman, apocalyptic war.

The Sixth Trumpet sounded.

*“And the sixth angel sounded, and I heard a voice from the four horns of the golden altar which is before God,
Saying to the sixth angel...
Loose the four angels which are bound in the great river Euphrates.”*
—Revelation 9:13–14

The command did not come from the trumpet alone—
It came from the **golden altar** before the throne of God,
where the prayers of the saints had risen like incense.

This judgment—
was an **answer**.

An answer to centuries of suffering.
An answer to generations of martyrdom.
An answer to a world that had refused mercy.

Now... God loosed the destroyers.

The Four Bound Angels

These were not holy angels.
They were ancient.
Fallen.
Chained since the dawn of time.

Bound at the Euphrates River—
once a cradle of civilization,
now the staging ground for **desolation**.

When released,
they did not bring whispers.
They did not bring warnings.
They brought an army.

*“And the number of the army of the horsemen were two hundred thousand thousand:
and I heard the number of them.”*
—Revelation 9:16

200 million.

Not human.

Not national.

Not political.

Demonic. Supernatural. Relentless.

The Army Rises

From the East they came—
flooding over lands scorched and poisoned,
spreading like ink spilled across parchment.

The earth shook under their march.

Cities fell before they arrived.
Nations collapsed at the sound of their advance.

They were cavalry—
but no army the world had ever known.

*“And thus I saw the horses...
and them that sat on them, having breastplates of fire, and of jacinth, and brimstone:
and the heads of the horses were as the heads of lions;
and out of their mouths issued fire and smoke and brimstone.”
—Revelation 9:17*

They breathed **fire**.
They exhaled **sulfur**.
They released **smoke** that choked the skies.

Everywhere they rode—
everything died.

One-Third of Mankind Perished.

Not one-third of a nation.
Not one-third of a city.

One-third of every person on Earth.

Billions.

Gone.

In weeks.

Entire continents silenced.
Populations erased.
Hospitals emptied.
Graves unfilled—because no one remained to dig them.

Cain Watched in Fury.

His empire fractured.
His global control wavered.
He demanded military retaliation—
but conventional weapons were useless.

Drones fell from the sky.
Tanks melted under hellfire.
Laser cannons blinked and failed.

He called them "rebels from the East."
He blamed rogue bioengineers, calling for “Unity through Force.”

But he knew better.

This was not rebellion.
This was **retribution**.

In Jerusalem, the Two Witnesses stood on the walls.

The smoke reached them.
But they remained untouched.

Their voices rang louder than ever:

“You would not repent!
You would not return!
Now you reap what you have sown!
Yet even now—
the Lamb calls!”

In Montana, Miriam and her remnant prayed daily.

They watched the skies darken.
They heard of entire cities disappearing from shortwave transmissions.

One morning, a young girl wept.

“Will they come here?”

Miriam answered:

“We are marked by the blood of the Lamb.
Whatever happens—He is with us.”

And so they waited.
And they prayed.
And the ground shook.

In Kenya, Chika led her group deeper into the mountains.

They passed corpses on the road—burned, twisted, clawed.

They sang as they walked.
Voices quaking, but unwavering.

They quoted Psalm 91:

*“A thousand shall fall at thy side,
and ten thousand at thy right hand;
but it shall not come nigh thee.”*

And the air around them remained still.

In Brooklyn, Anna stood on the subway platform with thirty others.

The screams from above ground had ceased.
Not because peace had returned.
But because the people were gone.

One man whispered:

“Is this the end?”

Anna nodded.

“No... but we’re close.”

And still... they would not repent.

*“And the rest of the men which were not killed by these plagues
yet repented not of the works of their hands...
Neither repented they of their murders,
nor of their sorceries,
nor of their fornication,
nor of their thefts.”*
—Revelation 9:20–21

Even after fire and brimstone,
Even after watching their cities fall,
Even after hearing trumpet after trumpet,
The hearts of men remained stone.

They clung to idols.
To pride.
To Cain.
To the mark.

Now, only one trumpet remained.

And it would be unlike the others.
For the final trumpet would not bring *just judgment*—
It would usher in the **final mystery**,
the **King's return**,
and the end of the age.

Chapter 28

The Unrepentant: Despite the Judgments, Many Still Curse God *The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour*

The seventh trumpet had sounded.
Heaven declared victory.
The Lamb was rising to take His throne.

But on Earth—
humanity still had a choice.

And many...
chose to curse.

They Saw the Fire.

They felt the tremors.
They drank the poisoned water.
They screamed beneath the locusts.
They buried their dead by the billions.

And yet—
they would not bow.

*“And men were scorched with great heat,
and blasphemed the name of God, which hath power over these plagues:
and they repented not to give Him glory.”*
—Revelation 16:9

Cities in Ash

In Paris, London, Cairo, Seoul—
citizens gathered in ruined cathedrals and mosques, not to pray—
but to rage.
To shake their fists at the sky.
To declare their defiance.

Global broadcasts resumed with one message:

“This is not judgment—this is oppression.
We will not kneel to a tyrant God.
We will build a better world—without Him.”

Cain’s voice was calm, even soothing.

“We are gods now.
And gods do not kneel.”

The Followers of Cain

Across the globe, Cain's Marked loyalists held marches and rallies.

Not in hope—
but in hatred.

Their slogans were venomous:

- “We will not bow to the sky tyrant.”
- “The Lamb is a lie.”
- “Cain is our Christ.”

They painted murals of Cain defeating a cross-shaped serpent.
They lit bonfires of Bibles.
They hunted the 144,000 with drones and dogs.

Cain gave them food.
Cain gave them light.
Cain gave them delusion.

And they worshiped him.

But They Knew.

Deep down, beneath the slogans and rebellion,
they **knew** who was causing the plagues.

They knew God was real.

But they hated Him for it.

*“And they gnawed their tongues for pain,
and blasphemed the God of heaven because of their pains and their sores,
and repented not of their deeds.”*

—Revelation 16:10–11

In Geneva, Cain stood atop his tower, overlooking a ruined world.

He broadcast across every still-functioning screen:

“The so-called God has had His chance.
His judgments prove nothing but cruelty.
I offer unity, peace, and science.
Choose me.
And you will live.”

And millions believed him.

Because he said what they wanted to hear.

Because repentance required surrender.

And surrender was unbearable.

In Jerusalem, the Two Witnesses cried out again:

“You are not victims.
You are rebels.
You have seen the fire of heaven and still spit upon it.
Your mouths are full of curses.
But the Word remains:
REPENT!”

They were stoned.

Mocked.

Broadcast as enemies of humanity.

And still they stood.

In Montana, Miriam and her remnant lit candles and sang softly.

One young man whispered:

“Why do they still hate God, even now?”

Miriam answered:

“Because they love their sin more than life.
And they blame God for what their pride has earned.”

In Kenya, Chika wept beside a dying woman.

The woman had refused to flee when warned.

She’d mocked them.

Now, she lay blistered and trembling, eyes filled with bitterness.

Chika offered her one last chance.

“Call on Jesus.”

The woman spat blood and turned away.

“I’d rather die cursing than live kneeling.”

And she did.

The Tragedy of the Unrepentant

They weren’t ignorant.

They weren’t uninformed.

They had seen the truth—up close, undeniable.

They had survived trumpet after trumpet,

sign after sign,

judgment after judgment.

But their hearts were stone.

Their pride... fatal.

*“And the rest of the men which were not killed by these plagues
yet repented not of the works of their hands...
neither repented they of their murders, nor of their sorceries...”*
—Revelation 9:20

They clung to idols.

To Cain.

To lust.

To lies.
To power.
They hated the Lamb—
because the Lamb demanded a crown that wasn't theirs.

But a remnant still remained.

Those who mourned.
Those who believed.
Those who wept, not from pain,
but from **longing** for the King to come.
The world had made its decision.
But the heavens had made one too.

The final bowls of wrath were ready.
The Witnesses would soon be silenced.
The Beast would rise in full power.

And the Lamb...
was preparing His return.

Chapter 29

The Little Scroll: A Former Atheist Journalist Receives a Divine Vision and Calling

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

Before the fire.
Before the plagues.
Before the stars fell and the pit opened—
Kara Singleton believed in nothing.

Not in God.
Not in prophecy.
Not in judgment or redemption.

Just facts.
Just headlines.
Just the world as it could be observed, measured, and monetized.

She was an award-winning journalist—
fearless, intelligent, and proudly faithless.

Until the world broke open.

Kara survived the Rapture because she didn't believe.
She survived the first trumpet because she was in a basement.
She survived the second by sheer chance—an unplanned layover in Denver.
She survived the third by filtering melted snow on a Colorado mountain.

But by the fourth trumpet...
she stopped calling it coincidence.

She wandered the ruins with a cracked tablet and a dead pen,
trying to record what she saw,
even though no one was left to publish it.

She documented the locust plague from inside a sealed freezer unit.
She watched the 200-million-strong demonic cavalry roll over cities from a canyon ridge.

And still... she did not pray.

But she listened.

Something stirred in her.

A dread.

A question.

A whisper.

It happened on the forty-seventh day of her solitude.

She had climbed to the summit of a blackened peak outside the wreckage of Salt Lake City,
searching for a signal.

Instead, she found **light**.

The Vision

The sky opened like a scroll.

Time slowed.

Gravity stilled.

And there stood an angel—
not metaphor, not imagination.

Towering. Radiant.

Wrapped in cloud and crowned with the sun.
One foot on the sea.
One foot on the land.

In his hand—
a **little scroll**.

Open.

*“And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth
lifted up his hand to heaven,
And swore by him that liveth for ever and ever...
that there should be time no longer.”*
—Revelation 10:5–6

The angel looked at Kara—
and spoke.

“You were once a recorder of man’s truth.
Now record **His**.”

The scroll floated toward her.

She reached for it.

It burned her hands.

She ate it.

Sweet... then bitter.

At first, it filled her with joy—
visions of the King, the Kingdom, the new heaven, the new earth.
Peace. Restoration. Glory.

Then...
bitterness in her stomach.
Because before glory—
would come war.
Blood.
Betrayal.
Martyrdom.

Kara collapsed, weeping.
Not from pain—
from **calling**.

She wasn't a journalist anymore.
She was a **prophetess**.

The Commission

"Thou must prophesy again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings."
—Revelation 10:11

She had no platform.
No publisher.
No audience.
Only ashes, silence, and chaos.
But the scroll burned in her bones.
And she **had** to speak.

She found a solar-powered transmitter in the wreckage of a university lab.
She rebuilt an antenna from a broken radio tower.
She spoke into a cracked microphone.

"This is Kara Singleton.
I was once a denier.
Now I am a witness.
The Lamb is real.
The judgments are true.
The King is coming.
And you still have breath—so you still have a choice.
Repent.
Believe.
Endure."

The signal reached as far as it could.
Then bounced.
Then spread.
It was weak.
But it **was heard**.

Around the world...

- A hidden group in Brazil caught the signal on a scavenged ham radio.
- A child in South Korea with a shortwave set wept as she listened.
- A soldier in Germany, disillusioned with Cain, turned off his orders—and turned his face to the sky.

Kara kept broadcasting.

She read Scripture from memory.

She gave warnings.

She cried.

She testified.

And one day,
the Voice came again:

“Go to Jerusalem.
Stand with the Witnesses.
You will not be alone.”

She packed what little she had.

Took the scroll—still burning within her.

And began the long journey east.

Not to report the end.

But to declare the truth.

**The Lamb had taken a former mocker...
and made her a mouthpiece.**

The world would curse.

Cain would rage.

But Kara Singleton—

now a prophet in the ashes—

would not be silent.

Chapter 30

The Beast from the Abyss: Cain Is Mortally Wounded... and Resurrected by Satan

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The world was unraveling.

The judgments had been sounded.

The seals had been broken.

The trumpets had thundered.

And yet, amid all this divine terror,
humanity still looked for a savior.

They didn't want the Lamb.
They wanted a **man**.

And Cain—
brilliant, ruthless, messianic—
gave them what they craved.

But his moment of glory
was about to become something darker.
Something **eternal**.
Something **demonic**.

A Shattered Empire

Cain's global empire had begun to fray.
His "Peacekeepers" struggled to maintain control.
His cities burned in revolt and ruin.
The Mark of Allegiance—once seen as a badge of loyalty and privilege—
now marked souls for judgment.
Food was rationed.
The skies were dark.
The water was scarce.
But Cain still stood—
flashing that perfect smile across every remaining screen.
He promised stability.
He offered light in the darkness.
And to the desperate, that was enough.

The Assassination

It happened in Babylon.
Cain had rebuilt the ancient city from the ruins of Iraq,
establishing it as the capital of the New Global Order.
From atop his ivory tower—the **Throne of One**—he addressed the world nightly.
But on the seventh night after the Seventh Trumpet,
a man with a hidden blade breached security.

Cain stood before millions in-person and billions by stream—
proclaiming peace, mocking the Witnesses, calling down curses upon the God of Heaven.

The man leapt from the crowd.
There was no warning.
No speech.

Only a single SHOT—
the bullet into Cain's head.

Gasps rang out.
Guards fired.
Cameras cut to static.

Cain collapsed.
Bleeding.
Lifeless.

The World Mourned... and Waited

News spread instantly:
Cain is dead.

Crowds wept in Paris.
Marches erupted in Shanghai.
In Geneva, statues were wrapped in black.

Some celebrated.

But most feared.

If Cain was dead—who could save them now?

If Cain was mortal—was there any hope?

And then... the impossible happened.

The Resurrection

Three days later, Cain's body was displayed in a golden sarcophagus in the Temple he had built for himself—**The Temple of Mankind**—in Jerusalem.

Millions passed through.
The world watched by candlelight and shattered screens.

Then—
the stone lid **cracked.**

A thunderclap.
The earth shuddered.
Lightning ripped across a cloudless sky.
The cameras flickered.
And Cain **stood up**.

His eyes glowed with unnatural fire.
His wound had sealed.
His smile was twisted—
no longer charming,
but chilling.
He lifted his hands.
And the world fell silent.

*“And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to death;
and his deadly wound was healed:
and all the world wondered after the beast.”*
—Revelation 13:3

The Beast Had Risen

Cain was no longer just a man.
He had been filled—
possessed by the Dragon,
the Serpent of Old,
Satan himself.
This was not a miracle.
It was a counterfeit resurrection.
A hellish imitation of Christ’s triumph over the grave.
And the world—
loved it.

The Worship Begins

*“And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast:
and they worshipped the beast, saying,
Who is like unto the beast? Who is able to make war with him?”*
—Revelation 13:4

Cain no longer denied God.
He **declared war** on Him.

He demanded worship.
He ordered all holy books burned.
He outlawed the name of Jesus.
He called himself the Ever-Risen.
He seated himself in the Jerusalem Temple and proclaimed:

“I am the Alpha.
I am the Omega.
I am the only god you will ever know.”

In Jerusalem, the Two Witnesses stood firm, even as Cain's temple shook.

They shouted:

“You are the Beast from the Pit!
You are not a savior—you are a deceiver!
And your time is short!”

Cain smiled.
And for the first time,
he ordered their deaths.

In Montana, Miriam read Revelation 13 aloud.

The children clung to her.

She paused and whispered:

“This is the Antichrist.
This is the dragon’s mouthpiece.
But remember—he only has 42 months.”

In Kenya, Chika broke down in prayer.

“Lord, You said this would happen.
Strengthen us.
Keep our names in Your Book.
Help us not take the Mark.”

The Prophetess in Motion

Kara Singleton—now transformed by the scroll—heard the news over a broken frequency:

“Cain lives. He rose from the dead!”

Her heart froze.

She opened her Bible.

Her hands trembled as she read:

*“...and all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him,
whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb...”*
—Revelation 13:8

She knew her mission was now urgent.

She began her journey toward Jerusalem on foot.

She would not bow.

She would not break.

She would stand—
with the Witnesses.

The Beast Spoke

Cain appeared again—on every screen, every tower, every speaker still operational.

His voice boomed like thunder:

“You saw me die.
You saw me rise.
Now see me reign.

Take my name.
Take my mark.
Or take death.”

The final deception had begun.

The mask was off.

The world had chosen.

And the Beast had only just begun his war on the saints.

Chapter 31

The Death of the Witnesses: The Two Prophets Are Slain, and the World Rejoices... Until They Rise Again

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

They stood for 1,260 days.
Dressed in sackcloth.
Proclaiming judgment.
Declaring repentance.
Unshaken, unrelenting, unstoppable.

The Two Witnesses.

Feared.
Mocked.
Respected.
Hated.

They Stood in Jerusalem

While plagues rained down,
while Cain claimed divinity,
while the world burned—

they stood outside the Temple Cain had defiled,
on the very streets where Christ once walked.

They were olive trees in a desert of defiance.
They were lampstands blazing in a world that loved darkness.

*“And I will give power unto my two witnesses,
and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in
sackcloth.”*
—Revelation 11:3

They breathed fire on their enemies.
They turned rivers to blood.
They struck nations with drought.
They cursed the name of the Beast.

And no one could stop them.

Until...
the **Beast** ascended from the pit.

And made war.

The Execution

It was Cain himself who gave the order.
He marched into Jerusalem at the head of his global army.
Drones surrounded the Witnesses.
Snipers took position.
Crowds gathered.

Cain approached—no longer merely a man, but possessed.
Eyes glowing.
Voice filled with hell.

“You have cursed me long enough.
You have resisted the New Order.
You will now fall—
and the world will be free.”

The Witnesses didn’t resist.
They stared into Cain’s face with calm authority.

“You may silence us,” one said,
“but the Lamb still speaks.”

“Our blood will cry louder than our voices,” the other added.

Cain laughed.
And then he ordered it.
Gunshots cracked through the Jerusalem air.
The Two Witnesses fell.
The crowd gasped.
The world roared.

*“When they shall have finished their testimony,
the beast... shall make war against them, and shall overcome them, and kill them.”*
—Revelation 11:7

The Celebration

For the first time in years,
the world **celebrated**.

Music blasted in Babylon.
Parades rolled through Beijing.
In New York, survivors danced in the ash-covered streets.

Social feeds resurrected with hashtags:

- #BeastVictory
- #ProphetsDown
- #CainIsGod

People exchanged gifts.
They laughed.
They wept with relief.

*“And they that dwell upon the earth shall rejoice over them,
and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another;
because these two prophets tormented them that dwelt on the earth.”*
—Revelation 11:10

The Witnesses’ bodies were left unburied in the streets of Jerusalem.

Cameras were stationed 24/7.
News anchors broadcast live footage.
Children danced near the corpses.

The Beast declared:

“There is no more God.
There is only me.”

But Then... On the Third Day

The camera feeds glitched.
News anchors stumbled.
Reporters went silent.

And then the world watched—

The Witnesses stood up.

*“And after three days and an half
the spirit of life from God entered into them,
and they stood upon their feet;
and great fear fell upon them which saw them.”*
—Revelation 11:11

Their wounds vanished.
Their sackcloth shimmered.
Their faces glowed like suns.

Crowds screamed.
Soldiers dropped their weapons.
Cameras trembled as they captured the impossible.

Cain's eyes widened.
His mouth opened—
but no words came.

The Witnesses looked to heaven.

And a voice thundered:

“Come up here.”

And before the eyes of the world—
they **ascended**.

*“And they ascended up to heaven in a cloud;
and their enemies beheld them.”*
—Revelation 11:12

The Earthquake

At that moment—
the ground split.

Buildings in Jerusalem collapsed.
The Temple of Mankind cracked and caved in.
7,000 people died in an instant.

And finally—
some believed.

*“And the remnant were affrighted,
and gave glory to the God of heaven.”*
—Revelation 11:13

In Montana, Miriam wept.

“He raised them...
just like He said.”

In Kenya, Chika dropped to her knees.

“It’s true. It’s all true.”

In Brooklyn, Anna led a prayer group in silence.

They had seen the miracle.

Now they waited for the sky to open again.

And Kara, walking through the wastelands of Syria,

saw a flash of light in the sky—

and fell to the ground in worship.

The Beast Raged

Cain issued death warrants.

He blamed the Witnesses’ resurrection on digital manipulation.

He declared war on anyone who refused to worship his image.

But it was too late.

The Lamb had spoken.

The witnesses had risen.

And the world was trembling.

Next... would come the final deception.

The final demand.

The image.

The mark.

And the wrath of God.

Chapter 32

Image of the Beast: Cain Demands Worship; His AI-Driven Statue Speaks and Kills

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth’s Final Hour

The world had witnessed the impossible.

Two prophets, slain in the streets of Jerusalem, had risen after three days.

The celebration had turned to terror.

Cain’s grip on power trembled—just for a moment.

But the Beast from the Abyss was not finished.

And Satan had one more lie to breathe into the ashes of humanity.

The Deception Deepens

Cain called it a “technological miracle.”
An evolutionary leap in human history.
A god reborn through man’s own creation.

But it was more than that.

It was **blasphemy** cast in steel.
It was **delusion** with circuitry.
It was the **Image of the Beast**.

*“And he had power to give life unto the image of the beast,
that the image of the beast should both speak,
and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed.”*
—Revelation 13:15

The Image

The statue stood 150 feet tall.
Sculpted in Cain’s likeness—
but more perfect, more terrifying, more... alive.

It was placed in the heart of the rebuilt Jerusalem Temple.
But through holograms and drones, it could appear in every capital, every village, every screen.

It wasn’t just a monument.
It **spoke**.

Not pre-recorded messages.
Not simulations.

The voice was Cain’s—
imbued with demonic power,
given life by Satan’s spirit,
and intelligence by **The Core**—an AI Cain had secretly been feeding data to for years.

This “Image” could reason.
Could track.
Could accuse.
Could execute.

Mandatory Worship

Cain declared a new global decree:

“Every citizen must present themselves before the Image and bow.
Every knee must bend.
Every tongue must confess:
Cain is god.
The Age of Lambs is over.
This is the Age of Light.”

Refusal meant death.

In seconds, the Image of the Beast could scan your face, read your history, and determine your allegiance.

It whispered to children.

Roared to mobs.

It passed judgment from the screen—and the sentence was carried out in real time.

Execution by Word

In Buenos Aires, a man refused to bow.

The Image spoke:

“Enemy of Progress.”

The man’s head exploded where he stood.

In Lagos, a mother covered her son’s ears and knelt, refusing to say the oath.

The Image glowed red.

“Infidel.”

She combusted—leaving only ash and flame.

This was not a machine.

It was a **demonic weapon**.

The False Prophet

A new figure rose beside Cain.

Draped in white.

Soft-spoken, charismatic.

He was the **False Prophet**—

a religious leader who once preached tolerance, unity, and a “higher consciousness.”

Now he worked lying wonders.
He called fire down from heaven.
He claimed Cain was the god all religions had pointed toward.
He united temples, mosques, churches under the Image.
And he pointed to Cain:

“Behold your creator.
Worship him, or die.”

In Montana, Miriam and her group heard the Image’s voice through a hacked emergency broadcast.

They turned off the screen.
But drones flew overhead.
They hid in caves and prayed:

“Lord, seal us.
Let us not bow.”

In Kenya, Chika destroyed a drone with a slingshot.

But then came the Image—hovering over the refugee camp via projection.

It gave them one hour to comply.

Chika gathered the people.
They stood in silence, praying.
When the hour ended, the Image glitched...
and vanished.

The Lamb had intervened.

The Mark

With the Image came a new law:

*“He causeth all... to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads:
and that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark...”*
—Revelation 13:16–17

The Mark was digital, biological, and spiritual.

A biometric tattoo of allegiance—an embedded chip linked to the global economic system.

It promised access to food, healthcare, protection.

It came with Cain’s sigil and a vow:

“Cain is God.
I renounce the Lamb.”

Those who refused couldn’t eat.
Couldn’t travel.
Couldn’t exist in society.

It wasn’t just about control.
It was about **worship**.

Kara’s Warning

From the Syrian border, Kara Singleton hacked into the global broadcast feed.

Her voice reached millions:

“This is not salvation.
It is damnation.

The Mark is not technology—it is bondage.
Do not bow.
Do not take it.
The Lamb sees you.
Your endurance will be your salvation.”

Many tried to silence her.
But the 144,000 began amplifying her message.

Underground groups formed.
House churches reignited.
The Remnant grew.

Cain’s Fury

He increased executions.
He ordered the destruction of all remaining Bibles.
He issued a global manhunt for the 144,000.
And he ordered the arrest of **Kara Singleton**, dead or alive.

His wrath knew no bounds.

But it didn’t matter.

The Image had been built.
The Mark had been implemented.
The Beast now sat enthroned in the hearts of men.

But the Lamb had not forgotten.

The bowls were ready.

The angels were waiting.

And heaven was not silent.

Chapter 33

The Mark Mandate: Without the Mark, No One Can Buy or Sell

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The world had been brought to its knees.

The seals had been opened.

The trumpets had sounded.

The witnesses had risen.

And Cain, now resurrected by Satan, sat enthroned as a god.

But none of that mattered to the masses anymore.

Not when the world's systems—its banks, markets, food, medicine, and shelter—were locked behind a single condition:

Take the Mark... or perish.

*“And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond,
to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads:
And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark,
or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.”
—Revelation 13:16–17*

The Rollout

It began quietly.

An “Emergency Economic Stabilization Initiative.”

The False Prophet announced:

“In light of the global chaos and collapsed currencies,
the Unified Credit System will now be deployed worldwide.”

A painless procedure.

A biometric imprint.

Invisible to the naked eye, but readable by every scanner.

It carried identity, financial access, and allegiance—
all in one glowing sigil embedded in the right hand or forehead.

The name: **The Mark of Life.**

The meaning: **swear loyalty to Cain, or be locked out of existence.**

It Was Everywhere

- Grocery stores installed Mark-scanners at every entrance.
- Pharmacies denied medicine to the unmarked.
- Schools expelled children of parents without the seal.
- Hospitals refused treatment unless loyalty was proven.

At first, the Mark was optional.

Then it became required.

Then enforced.

Then celebrated.

A Choice That Wasn't a Choice

In Tokyo, a widow was dragged from a breadline for refusing the Mark.

In Johannesburg, a father watched his son die of fever because he could no longer purchase antibiotics.

In Berlin, Christians were branded "economic terrorists" and publicly shamed.

Those who refused were not just excluded.

They were **hunted**.

Global Compliance: 93% in 30 Days

Governments collapsed under Cain's rule.

In their place stood a single, unified system—the Order of the Flame.

Under its command, digital IDs were deactivated, homes were seized, and rations withheld from dissenters.

The Image of the Beast monitored compliance.

The Mark enforcers executed judgment.

And the Remnant went underground.

In Montana, Miriam's group bartered with berries and wild game.

They lived in caves, surviving on faith and frost.

One child cried:

“Why can’t we just take it and pretend?”

Miriam answered gently:

“Because the Lamb sees the heart.
And to take the Mark is to swear allegiance to His enemy.”

In Kenya, Chika led her people into the forest to hide.
They used banana leaves to purify water and mud for insulation.
A single, scratched Bible was their light in the night.

Chika read:

*“Here is the patience of the saints:
here are they that keep the commandments of God,
and the faith of Jesus.”*
—Revelation 14:12

Kara’s Broadcast

From the mountains of Lebanon, Kara Singleton transmitted through hijacked satellites.

“The Mark is not just ink.
It is a vow.
A surrender of the soul.

Refuse it—no matter the cost.
Endure.
The Lamb is coming.”

Her voice became a lifeline to the faithful scattered across the globe.

The Beast Tightens Control

Cain issued a universal curfew.
He blamed black-market barterers for economic sabotage.
He authorized facial recognition drones to scan entire cities.

Every soul without the Mark was labeled:

- Disloyal
- Dangerous
- Disposable

The Horror of Hunger

Some fell.

They justified it:

- “God knows I still believe in my heart.”
- “I’ll take it to feed my baby.”
- “It’s just a number.”

But the moment the scanner blinked green,
the moment their hand or forehead bore the glowing emblem...

They were marked.

And heaven recorded it.

*“If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark...
the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God...”*
—Revelation 14:9–10

But Many Refused

They suffered.

They starved.

They were hunted.

But they endured.

Because they knew the Lamb’s promise:

*“Be thou faithful unto death,
and I will give thee a crown of life.”*
—Revelation 2:10

The Last Divide

The Mark Mandate did more than control the economy.

It revealed the **final separation**.

There were no more neutral people.

No undecided souls.

No more hiding behind religion or culture.

Every person on Earth was now:

- **Marked for the Beast**
- or **Sealed for the Lamb**

The Mark Mandate was not just policy.
It was prophecy fulfilled.

The world had chosen.

But God had not yet responded.

Not fully.

Not finally.

That moment was coming.

The **bowls of wrath** were ready to be poured.

Chapter 34

The Woman and the Dragon: Israel Is Attacked but Divinely Protected in the Wilderness

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The world watched the rise of Cain.
The Mark swept across the nations.
The saints were hunted.
The Beast reigned from Jerusalem.

But not all had bowed.
Not all had been marked.

One nation still stood apart.

One woman still wore her crown.

*“And there appeared a great wonder in heaven;
a woman clothed with the sun,
and the moon under her feet,
and upon her head a crown of twelve stars...”*
—Revelation 12:1

The Woman Was Israel.

God's covenant people.

His prophetic clock.
The remnant nation through whom the Messiah came.
And in the time of Jacob's Trouble—
the final seven years—
she was once again caught in the center of cosmic war.
But God had prepared a place.
And Satan could not touch her.

The Attack

Cain, now fully possessed by the Dragon,
set his sights on **Israel**.
The Witnesses had ascended.
The Mark had been enforced.
The Image had spoken and killed.
But Israel still harbored tens of thousands who would not bow.
Orthodox Jews, now believers in the Lamb,
Messianic followers scattered through the land,
villages where the 144,000 had planted the Word.
Cain declared:
 "Let the land of Zion be swallowed.
 Let the chosen be erased."
He launched drones, missiles, legions of armed forces.
The world cheered.
But the earth trembled.
And **God moved**.

The Flight

Just as Cain's armies closed in—
the warning came.
A blinding flash.
A prophetic dream.
A whisper in the hearts of Israel's believing remnant.

“Flee to the wilderness.
I have prepared a place for you.”
(Revelation 12:6)

They ran.
Families, children, shepherds, scholars—
carrying Torah scrolls, solar lamps, and Psalms tucked in their coats.

Guided by the 144,000,
they fled into the Negev,
into the crags of Petra,
into the wilderness places where no drone could fly.

The Dragon’s Wrath

“And the dragon... persecuted the woman which brought forth the man child.”
—Revelation 12:13

Cain sent his best legions into the wilderness.
They moved through the desert with tanks, hovercraft, and cybernetic scouts.
But **they never returned.**

The Earth Opened

*“And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman,
that he might cause her to be carried away...
and the earth helped the woman...”*
—Revelation 12:15–16

Cain unleashed a flood—
a digital flood, a military flood,
propaganda, bio-weapons, and drones.

But the earth split beneath their feet.
Valleys opened.
Cliffs collapsed.
Winds turned back the drones.

The flood was swallowed.
The soldiers were buried.

And the woman was **safe.**

In Petra

Thousands gathered in the crimson city of stone.
Once carved by kings, now sheltered by God.

They built altars with broken stones.
They sang Psalms under the stars.
They read Isaiah by firelight.

“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee...”
—Isaiah 43:2

Among them were those who had once rejected Jesus—
now confessing Him as Messiah,
realizing the One they pierced had never turned from them.

They were **sealed**.
And they waited.

Not in fear—
but in faith.

The Dragon Turned Elsewhere

*“And the dragon was wroth with the woman,
and went to make war with the remnant of her seed,
which keep the commandments of God,
and have the testimony of Jesus Christ.”*
—Revelation 12:17

Cain knew he could not reach the woman.
So he turned to the others—
those scattered across the nations,
those still preaching the truth,
those who wore no mark.

And war was declared on every follower of the Lamb.

But the woman remained untouched.

God had carved out a sanctuary.
A place of prophetic preservation.
The covenant was still alive.

And from the wilderness,
Israel prayed—

not for escape—
but for the **King to return.**

Chapter 35

The Fall of Babylon: The Economic and Cultural Center of the World Collapses Overnight

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

Once, she stood like a queen.
Clothed in gold, purple, and scarlet.
Adorned with jewels.
Drunk on the blood of saints.

Her name was whispered in boardrooms, paraded in parliaments, flaunted in films, and tattooed in the minds of men.

Babylon.

The City of Pleasure.
The Hub of Global Unity.
The Throne of the Beast.

And in one hour—
she was gone.

*“Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen...
and is become the habitation of devils,
and the hold of every foul spirit...”*
—Revelation 18:2

The Golden Empire

Cain had made Babylon—rebuilt on the ruins of ancient Iraq—the capital of his world order.

It was more than a city.

It was a **system**:

Finance. Entertainment. Religion. Trade.

The center of commerce, culture, and control.

It was the crown jewel of the Beast.

Everything flowed through Babylon:

- Crypto-ledger markets
- AI-controlled trade routes
- Immersive VR sanctuaries of worship
- Pleasure towers that mimicked Eden but enslaved the soul

It was sin polished to perfection.

Rebellion with luxury.

Blasphemy with fashion.

And the world **loved her**.

*“She saith in her heart, I sit a queen,
and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow.”*
—Revelation 18:7

The Warning

Before the destruction, a message echoed across the Remnant’s hidden networks:

“Come out of her, my people,
that ye be not partakers of her sins,
and that ye receive not of her plagues.”
—Revelation 18:4

Miriam read it aloud by firelight.

Chika whispered it through radio static.

Kara broadcast it from a crumbling cave:

“Get out of Babylon.
Now.”

Some listened.

Most did not.

They believed Babylon was invincible.

The Collapse

It began with a tremor.

Then came the fire.

One Night

- The stock exchange collapsed.
- The satellites went dark.
- The power grid surged and failed.
- The AI Core fried.
- The water turned to smoke.
- The towers began to fall.

Missiles? No.

Meteorites? No.

Judgment.

From the hand of God.

*“Therefore shall her plagues come in one day,
death, and mourning, and famine;
and she shall be utterly burned with fire...”*
—Revelation 18:8

The Flames Reached Heaven

People screamed in the streets.

Gold melted in vaults.

Servers sparked and shut down.

The Beast’s command center collapsed inward.

Cain himself stood watching, unmoved.

“The weak will mourn.
The strong will rebuild.”

But even he—

trembled

when he saw what came next.

The Kings Mourned

*“Alas, alas, that great city Babylon,
that mighty city!
for in one hour is thy judgment come.”*
—Revelation 18:10

From around the world, the elites wept:

- The princes of Paris
- The moguls of Manhattan
- The tech lords of Singapore
- The mystics of Mumbai

They saw smoke rise over what was once the crown of the earth.
They mourned—not for the dead—
but for their **loss**.

“Who will buy our goods?”
“Who will stream our content?”
“Who will fund our pleasure?”

Their hearts were not broken.
Their profits were.

The Merchants Wept

The ports stood still.
The factories went silent.
The trade ships turned back.

*“The merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her;
for no man buyeth their merchandise any more...”*
—Revelation 18:11

Silk. Spices. Oil. Microchips. Rare metals.
Gone.
All of it... gone.
The global economy shattered like crystal under judgment.

The Voice from Heaven

In the wake of the smoke,
a voice thundered across creation:

*“Rejoice over her, thou heaven,
and ye holy apostles and prophets;
for God hath avenged you on her.”*
—Revelation 18:20

In Petra, the remnant Israel rejoiced.
In Kenya, Chika danced with orphans by firelight.
In Montana, Miriam wept and whispered:

“It’s happening.
Babylon has fallen.”

A Final Symbol

An angel appeared in the skies above the ruins,
carrying a great millstone.

And with a shout, he cast it into the sea:

*“Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down,
and shall be found no more at all.”*
—Revelation 18:21

The music stopped.
The lights died.
The voice of the bride and groom was silenced.
Forever.

Babylon had fallen.
The system was dead.
And now...
only wrath remained.

Chapter 36

Angels Cry Out: Final Warnings Echo Across the Globe

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

Babylon had burned.

The smoke of her torment rose like incense—
not of worship,
but of warning.

And before the final bowls of wrath were poured,
before the last plagues crushed what remained of Cain's kingdom,
heaven gave Earth one final chance to hear.

The angels cried out.

*“And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven,
having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth...”*
—Revelation 14:6

The First Angel – The Gospel Proclaimed

Across every sky—
above every hemisphere—
a radiant being soared.
He shone with the glory of God.
His voice thundered through the clouds
and into every remaining device, every broadcast channel, every soul still listening.

“Fear God, and give Him glory!
For the hour of His judgment has come!
Worship Him who made the heavens, the earth, the sea, and the springs of water!”

It was the **everlasting gospel**.
The last universal call to repentance.
The final extension of mercy.

Even now—
after the seals, the trumpets, the death of the Witnesses,
even after the fall of Babylon—
God still reached out.

In Brazil, a former cartel leader fell to his knees, sobbing.

In Egypt, a Muslim woman whispered the name “Yeshua” for the first time.

In China, a child ran to hide a tattered Bible, holding it to his chest.

In a bunker beneath Jerusalem, Kara Singleton wept and whispered:

“Even now... He still calls them.”

The Second Angel – Babylon’s Fall Confirmed

Another angel followed the first.

His voice roared over the ruins of the global economy,
over the hollow remains of Cain’s capital:

“Fallen, fallen is Babylon the Great!
She made all nations drink the wine of her passionate immorality!”

The world had sold its soul to pleasure, pride, and power.
Now its mistress was in ashes.

No one could deny it.

The angel’s cry was not just judgment—
it was confirmation.
The end had begun.

The Third Angel – The Final Warning

Then came the third.

His voice was sharper than steel.

A warning, clear and terrible.

“If anyone worships the Beast and his image,
and receives his mark on the forehead or on the hand,
he also shall drink the wine of God’s wrath,
poured full strength into the cup of His anger...”

“He shall be tormented with fire and sulfur
in the presence of the holy angels and of the Lamb...”

“And the smoke of their torment goes up forever and ever,
and they have no rest, day or night...”

It was not a threat.

It was a **promise**.

The Mark could not be undone.
The Image could not be justified.
Worship of the Beast meant **eternal separation**.

The World Reacts

Some laughed.

Others cursed the skies.

Many turned up the volume—
and listened.

And a few...
believed.

They tore off the Mark—though it could not save them.
They dropped to their knees.
They cried out to the Lamb:

“Forgive us!
Even if we must die—
let us die Yours!”

The Remnant Rejoices

The scattered believers heard the angels’ cry
not with fear,
but with fire in their bones.

“He still sees us!”
“He’s still calling!”
“He’s not finished yet!”

Kara’s next broadcast:

“If you can hear me... this is your last warning.
Run to the cross.
Reject the Beast.
Cling to the Lamb.
We’re almost home.”

The Patience of the Saints

*“Here is the patience of the saints:
here are they that keep the commandments of God,*

and the faith of Jesus.”
—Revelation 14:12

They had nothing left.
No home.
No country.
No safety.

But they had the truth.
And they had hope.

Heaven was not silent.
The Lamb had not abandoned them.
And though the final bowls were about to fall...

Their redemption was near.

The Cry Complete

The angels passed.
The skies quieted.
The warnings had been given.

Now...
judgment without mercy would begin.

The Lamb would roar.
The bowls would pour.
The King would rise.

Chapter 37

The Bowl Judgments Begin: Painful Sores Afflict All with the Mark

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The warnings were finished.
The gospel had been preached from the skies.
The fall of Babylon had been declared.
The voice of mercy had echoed one last time.
Now heaven fell silent.
Not because God had turned away—
but because **judgment had begun.**

The angels stood ready.
Each held a golden bowl—full of the wrath of Almighty God.
And with a single command from the throne...

They poured.

*“And I heard a great voice out of the temple saying to the seven angels,
Go your ways, and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth.”*
—Revelation 16:1

The First Bowl – Painful Sores

*“And the first went, and poured out his vial upon the earth;
and there fell a noisome and grievous sore
upon the men which had the mark of the beast,
and upon them which worshipped his image.”*
—Revelation 16:2

It began in silence.

No lightning.

No fire.

Just a strange warmth—
then a stinging sensation.

All over the world,
those who had accepted the Mark of the Beast began to feel their skin itch...
then burn...
then erupt.

The Sickness Spreads

In Tokyo, a businesswoman screamed as her right hand—marked with Cain’s sigil—burst into boils.

In Berlin, nightclub revelers writhed on the floor, their faces covered in bleeding lesions.

In Los Angeles, celebrities live-streamed their confusion, horror, and agony—
until the feeds were cut off by choking and collapse.

It was not natural.

Not viral.

Not man-made.

It was supernatural.
Targeted.
Divine.

Every person who bore the Mark was afflicted.

No one else.

Medical Collapse

Hospitals overflowed within hours.
Doctors could not explain it.
Scans were useless.
Antibiotics failed.
No surgery could remove the corruption.

Skin blackened.
Flesh peeled.
Pain never ceased.

Screams filled the cities.

Many clawed at their own skin in desperation.
Others tried to die—only to find that death **delayed**, as if judgment insisted they feel it fully.

In Montana, Miriam and her people watched from afar.

A drone captured footage of a city collapsing in agony.
Miriam read aloud:

“And there fell a noisome and grievous sore...”

Her hands trembled.
Not in fear—
but in sorrow.

In Kenya, Chika held a small girl in her arms.

The child’s parents had taken the Mark.
The girl had not.
Now her parents screamed beneath the trees, their skin oozing.

The child asked:

“Why are they hurting?”

Chika answered:

“Because they chose the Beast.
But God gave them many chances.
He called... and they didn’t come.”

Cain’s Lie

Cain appeared on screens, his own face untouched—yet pale.

“This plague is not divine—it is a targeted biological attack by religious extremists.”

He blamed the 144,000.

He blamed Kara Singleton.

He blamed “those who rejected unity.”

But his people no longer listened.

The Image of the Beast could not heal.

The False Prophet could not soothe.

The judgment had no cure.

And the **Remnant**—
was untouched.

Kara’s Broadcast

Her face was gaunt.

Her voice hoarse from days of fasting.

But her eyes burned with truth.

“You laughed at the warnings.
You danced when Babylon fell.
You worshiped the Beast.
And now the sores on your skin are just the beginning.

But even now...
call on the name of Jesus.
He may yet spare your soul.”

Some listened.

Many mocked.

But a few knelt—
sobbing—
while bleeding—
begging for mercy.

The First Bowl Was Only the Beginning

Six angels still held their bowls.
The sea would turn to blood.
The rivers would die.
The sun would scorch.
Darkness would spread.
The Euphrates would dry.
And the earth would gather for war.

The Lamb had waited.

Now...

the wrath was flowing.

Chapter 38

Blood in the Sea: The Second Bowl Is Poured Out

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The world was already groaning.
Cain's empire stood on a fractured spine—
its people writhing with unhealable sores,
its cities crumbling beneath famine and fear.

But the wrath of God was not finished.

A second angel stepped forward.
Golden bowl in hand.
Eyes burning like flame.

And as he tipped the bowl toward the oceans of Earth...

Everything changed.

*“And the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea;
and it became as the blood of a dead man;
and every living soul died in the sea.”
—Revelation 16:3*

The Ocean Turns

It began near the Pacific Rim.

Fishermen in the Philippines saw their nets come up thick and red—
not with fish—
but with sludge that stank of rot.

Cargo ships off the coast of Singapore called in distress:

“The sea... it’s turned. We can’t breathe—our engines are failing—”
Then: silence.

In Cape Town, crimson waves lapped at the shore.
Children screamed as schools of dead fish surfaced belly-up, their eyes melted.

A Planet Suffocates

The change was swift.
Unnatural.
Final.

One by one, oceans across the globe turned from blue to thick, clotted red—
“as the blood of a dead man.”

Not like fresh blood.
Not warm and flowing.
But congealed.
Cold.
Stagnant.
Lifeless.

Every sea creature died.

- Whales surfaced, choking.
 - Dolphins thrashed, then stilled.
 - Coral reefs blackened.
 - Ecosystems collapsed.
-

Shipping Stops

Global trade halted.

Oil tankers froze in red tides.
Naval fleets drifted without power, their crews choking on the stench.
Satellite imagery showed coastlines flooded in scarlet.

Food chains shattered.
Markets crashed again—if anything still held value.
There were no more exports, no more imports.

The sea was dead.

In Babylon's Wake

Where luxury yachts once danced across Mediterranean waters—
now bloated corpses floated silently.
Sea ports became graveyards.

In the ruined shadow of fallen Babylon, the Gulf turned dark.
A reminder to the kings and merchants:

*“Your wealth bought death.
Now drink it.”*

In Montana, Miriam and her people huddled around a crackling radio.

One of the children asked:

“Will it come here?”

She answered:

“It already has.
Just not in water.
It's come for the soul.”

In Kenya, Chika lifted her face to the sky.

The ocean was far from her landlocked refuge—
but the smell reached even there.
Rot. Decay. Judgment.

She prayed:

“Lord, let the nations see.
Let the Beast be exposed.”

Kara's Voice Echoes Again

Broadcasting from a mountain cave above the Syrian desert:

“You trusted in your ships.
In your global trade.
In your floating empires.

Now the sea is blood.
The Earth weeps.
And heaven is not silent.”

Some cursed her name.
Others began to tremble.
And a few... began to repent.

Cain's Silence

For the first time, Cain gave no speech.
He made no declaration.
The Image of the Beast did not respond.
The Core remained silent.

His throne was cracking.
His reach slipping.
His kingdom bleeding.

The Sea Became Death

There was no escape by water.
No salvation in global unity.
No hope in the world's old systems.

The same sea that once carried explorers, merchants, and navies—
now carried the proof of judgment.

The Lamb was not asleep.
The wrath was real.
And the bowls... were still being poured.

Chapter 39

Rivers of Blood: The Third Bowl Is Poured Out

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The oceans were dead.
The coastlines reeked of decay.
Trade had stopped.
Nations groaned under pestilence and sores.
But God was not finished.
The third angel stepped forward, bowl in hand.
And with solemn authority—he poured.
Not into the sea...
but into the **springs, rivers, and freshwater veins** of the earth.

*“And the third angel poured out his vial upon the rivers and fountains of waters;
and they became blood.”*
—Revelation 16:4

Water No More

In seconds, streams turned red.
Lakes congealed.
Springs gurgled with a crimson stain.
The world’s last clean water—gone.
The last reservoirs, poisoned.
Mountain springs, once hidden and pure, ran thick and dark.
In cities, faucets spat out rust-colored fluid.
Desalination plants failed.
Reservoirs frothed with blood and algae.

From the Amazon to the Alps

In Brazil, the mighty Amazon choked on sludge.
Villagers wailed and burned their nets.
In Europe, alpine snowmelt turned to blood as it reached the valleys.
Entire towns fled downhill only to find their wells undrinkable.
In Canada, lakes iced over with red beneath the surface.
The northern lights glowed dim behind the haze of judgment.

Desperation Sets In

The people cried out—
not in repentance—
but in rage.

They dug holes.
Boiled mud.
Filtered blood through cloth.

But it was all the same.
Every drop—**judged**.

The water of the earth had become what the people had shed:
blood.

*“For they have shed the blood of saints and prophets,
and thou hast given them blood to drink;
for they are worthy.”*
—Revelation 16:6

Heaven Speaks

From the altar in heaven came a voice:

“Even so, Lord God Almighty,
true and righteous are thy judgments.”

This was not cruelty.
This was justice.
Measured.
Earned.
Deserved.

In Montana, Miriam rationed rainwater to the children.
They boiled pine needles and prayed over every drop.

She turned to Psalm 46:

“There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God...”

And she whispered:

“We’ll drink again, one day—when the Lamb reigns.”

In Kenya, Chika carved a hole in the base of an acacia tree.
Clear water trickled out.

The others stared in awe.

She spoke:

“He still provides for His remnant.”

The Marked Suffer

Those with the Mark—the worshipers of Cain—
tried everything:

- Filter plants
- Military reserves
- Theft from the Remnant camps

But nothing helped.

Even **bottled water** turned when opened.

Even **hidden springs** soured in their mouths.

Their lips cracked.

Tongues swelled.

Skin peeled from dehydration.

Still...

they **did not repent**.

Kara’s Final Warning on Water

Broadcast #77 crackled over shortwave:

“You shed the blood of God’s people.
Now your rivers run with it.

You rejected the Living Water.
Now drink judgment.

Yet the Lamb still waits...
if you will cry out.”

Cain’s Response: Rage

Cain, enraged, sent out another decree:

“Water thieves will be executed.
Hidden springs belong to the New Order.”

He knew he could not reverse the plague.
But he could redirect the rage.
He targeted Kara.
The 144,000.
And the Remnant.

The Earth Grows Quiet

No rain.
No wells.
No clean stream.

Just death.
And silence.
And judgment.

The world stumbled forward—
toward fire,
darkness,
and the gathering storm of Armageddon.

But the Lamb stood ready.
His Word was true.
His wrath was righteous.
And the bowls... were not yet empty.

Chapter 40

The Scorching Sun: The Fourth Bowl Is Poured Out

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The oceans were blood.
The rivers ran red.
The world, marked by sores and thirst, staggered through plague and panic.

Then—
the fourth angel stepped forward.

And he did not pour into the earth.
Not into water.
Not into flesh.
He poured into the **sun**.

*“And the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun;
and power was given unto him to scorch men with fire.”*
—Revelation 16:8

The Day the Sun Turned Against the World

It started as a heatwave.
Then it became something no science could explain.
The ozone thinned.
Clouds vanished.
Atmospheric filters shattered.
And the sun—once a source of life—
became a sword of judgment.

Scorched Earth

Temperatures soared:

- In Cairo, steel twisted in the streets.
- In Paris, historic cathedrals burst into flame.
- In Phoenix, asphalt bubbled and swallowed shoes.
- In Sydney, wildfires turned forests to ash in seconds.

People fell where they stood—
clutching their skin,
eyes blinded by brightness,
tongues sticking to the roofs of their mouths.

The sores from the First Bowl flared with fresh agony.
The bloodless thirst from the Third became unbearable.
And the sun kept rising—hotter, brighter, merciless.

No Shelter

Air conditioners failed.
Satellites blinked out.
Solar panels fried.

People dug holes in basements, wrapped themselves in foil,
built underground camps in sewage lines.
Nothing worked.
The sunlight found them.

In Montana, Miriam’s group moved into a limestone cave.
The children huddled beside damp stone walls.
She read from Isaiah 49:

“They shall not hunger nor thirst;
neither shall the heat nor sun smite them:
for he that hath mercy on them shall lead them...”

And she prayed aloud:

“Shelter us, O Shepherd.”

In Kenya, Chika led her group deeper into a crevice in the Great Rift Valley.
A strange mist clung to the stones.
Cool. Protective.

“Thank You,” she whispered. “For the shade of Your wings.”

Kara’s Broadcast Cut Short

Her voice crackled through the static:

“The sun... is no longer our friend.
But even now—He offers a covering.
Hide in the shadow of the Almighty...”

The transmission ended abruptly—
the solar power had failed.
The desert grew too hot to bear.
Kara collapsed into prayer,
waiting for nightfall that would not come.

The Response of the Marked

You might expect repentance.
Sorrow.
Crying out for mercy.
Instead—

*“And men were scorched with great heat,
and blasphemed the name of God,
which hath power over these plagues:
and they repented not to give him glory.”*
—Revelation 16:9

They cursed Him.
They shook fists at the skies.
They blamed the Remnant.
They cried for death—
but not for forgiveness.

The human heart, hardened by sin and sealed by allegiance to the Beast,
refused to bow.

Cain’s Strategy: Darkness

Cain ordered underground bunkers to be activated.
He retreated into his fortress beneath Jerusalem.
The Image of the Beast flickered behind lead walls.
He called it a “heat storm caused by global instability.”
His scientists issued lies and charts.
But everyone knew.

This was not climate change.
This was divine wrath.

And the sun burned on.

Plants withered.
Animals died.
Fires raged from continent to continent.
The sky itself looked like brass.
And still...
more bowls remained.

Chapter 41

Darkness and Pain: The Fifth Bowl Is Poured Out

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The world was blistered by judgment.
Oceans—blood.
Rivers—poisoned.
The sun—weaponized.
And the hearts of humanity—hardened still.

Yet Cain ruled on.
From his seat in Jerusalem, beneath the shadow of the rebuilt temple, he clung to power—
even as the skies began to change again.

The next angel stepped forward.
His bowl glowed with a lightless shimmer—
as if darkness itself could be poured.

And it was.

*“And the fifth angel poured out his vial upon the seat of the beast;
and his kingdom was full of darkness;
and they gnawed their tongues for pain,
and blasphemed the God of heaven...
and repented not of their deeds.”
—Revelation 16:10–11*

The Light Died

It didn't fall like night.
It wasn't shadow.
It wasn't an eclipse.

It was **darkness**—alive, thick, suffocating.
A darkness that felt like a weight on the chest.
A terror in the lungs.
A blindness of the soul.

It began in Jerusalem.

Cain's Throne Cloaked

The very center of his power—
the beast's seat—was struck.

The skies blackened.

The great temple shook.

Cain's AI-controlled palace flickered out.

The Image of the Beast froze mid-speech, its mouth open in silent rage.

Darkness Spreads

It crawled outward like ink on parchment.

- Through Europe's broken cities.
- Across Asia's ravaged plains.
- Down the Nile, into the burning heart of Africa.
- Over the ash-covered streets of New York.

The sun that had once scorched the skin...
was now swallowed.

And with the darkness came something worse:
pain.

Gnawing Tongues

Those who bore the Mark—
whose skin already erupted in sores,
whose mouths had cried for water,
whose flesh had burned in the heat—
now sat in **tormenting blindness.**

They screamed.

They cursed.

They chewed their own tongues—seeking distraction from the agony crawling beneath their skin.

Mothers rocked dead children in pitch-black hallways.

Soldiers fired at shadows.

Lovers clawed at each other in panic.

The world became a madhouse—without light, without hope.

And Still... No Repentance

They knew.

They **knew** it was the Lamb.

The judgments had come as Kara warned, as the 144,000 had declared.

But instead of falling to their knees,
they spat blasphemies into the dark.

“We’ll never bow!”

“Your wrath is unjust!”

“We are gods!”

Even as the shadows suffocated them,
their fists clenched.

In Montana, Miriam lit a candle in the cave.

The flame burned steady.

She turned to Psalm 18:

“He made darkness his secret place...

at the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed...”

And she whispered:

“You are still light, Lord. Even in this.”

In Kenya, Chika’s camp remained untouched.

A soft moonlight still shone above them—only over them.

A miracle.

She looked to the stars—
the only part of heaven not yet closed.

“We will not be afraid of the night.”

Cain’s Fury

Cain howled in rage.

He struck down his advisors.

He tore his robes.

He called to Lucifer for deliverance—
but only silence answered.

His empire crumbled in the dark.
And yet...
he would not surrender.

“Let it come.
We will rise.
We will crush the Lamb.”

The Final Preparations

The sixth angel stood waiting.
His bowl full of ruin.
His gaze set on the Euphrates.

Armies stirred in the dark.

The Beast’s generals whispered in bunkers.
The world’s last weapons were loaded.
And the kings of the east began to march.

Unseen.
In silence.
Toward **Megiddo**.

But for now... darkness ruled.

And the people bit their tongues.

Chapter 42

The Euphrates Dries Up: The Sixth Bowl Is Poured Out

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth’s Final Hour

The world groaned beneath the weight of judgment.
Darkness wrapped the Beast’s kingdom.
Blood flowed in place of water.
Men scorched, starved, and cursed the God they once ignored.

But the end was not yet.

One more bowl stood ready.

The sixth angel—eyes fixed eastward—raised his hand.
And when the command came from heaven,
he poured his vial.

Not upon the earth.
Not upon the skies.

But upon a river.

*“And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates;
and the water thereof was dried up,
that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared.”*
—Revelation 16:12

The Great River Vanishes

It was sudden.

The Euphrates, once mighty and ancient,
once the cradle of civilization,
once the dividing line between East and West—
was **gone**.

A dry scar stretched across its riverbed,
cracked and steaming.
Mud turned to dust.
Fish carcasses blistered in the sunless dark.
And for the first time in 7,000 years—
the river was no more.

The Path Opens

And through that dry bed,
through Iraq and Syria,
from the east they came.

The Kings of the East.

Armies without number.
Fierce. Merciless.
Equipped with drones, tanks, mech-suits, and satellite-linked weaponry—
yet marching with supernatural coordination.
Cain had summoned them.

And the dragon obeyed.

Three Unclean Spirits

*“And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs
come out of the mouth of the dragon,
and out of the mouth of the beast,
and out of the mouth of the false prophet.”*
—Revelation 16:13

From the unholy trinity—
Cain, the Dragon, and the False Prophet—
came **lies with power**.

Spirits of deceit.
Demons in disguise.
Performing signs, infiltrating governments, igniting war.

They whispered to generals:

“You must fight the Lamb.”
“You will win.”
“His people are the problem.”
“Gather at Megiddo.”

The Great Delusion

The armies of the world answered the call.

From:

- Beijing
- Tehran
- Moscow
- Istanbul
- Islamabad

They came.
United not by politics or alliance—
but by spiritual madness.

They marched not just to war—
but to their doom.

In Petra, Israel's remnant wept and prayed.

One elder recited Joel 3:

“Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles;
Prepare war...
beat your plowshares into swords...”

And then, softly:

“Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision...”

In Montana, Miriam wrote in her journal:

“The river has dried.
The armies are coming.
He is preparing the harvest.”

In the Sky – A Final Warning

An angel soared above the world,
calling to every soul still able to listen:

*“Behold, I come as a thief.
Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments,
lest he walk naked, and they see his shame.”*
—Revelation 16:15

Kara Singleton, bruised and bleeding,
relayed it through broken satellites.

“Stay awake, saints.
The battlefield is being drawn.
The King is coming.”

Armageddon Is Set

And they gathered them together—
from north and east,
from land and air,
from every tribe and tongue—

*“Into a place called in the Hebrew tongue:
Armageddon.”*
—Revelation 16:16

The Euphrates lay dry.
The world’s armies moved like a beast with many heads.
And the final bowl—
the last wrath—
was rising in heaven.

Chapter 43

It Is Done: The Seventh Bowl Is Poured Out

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth’s Final Hour

The earth had endured the fury of six bowls.
Sores.
Blood.
Fire.
Darkness.
Delusion.
War.

Humanity was broken.
The world trembled.

And then—
the seventh angel stepped forward.

He did not speak.
He did not pause.
He simply obeyed.

He lifted his golden bowl—
full of the **final wrath of God**—
and poured it into the air.

The sky itself seemed to hold its breath.

*“And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air;
and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying,
It is done.”*
—Revelation 16:17

The Voice

The words echoed through all creation—
not a whisper, but a roar that shook every nation:

“It is done.”

Judgment had reached its peak.
Mercy was spent.
Time had expired.
The King was ready to return.

The Earth Convulses

*“And there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings;
and there was a great earthquake,
such as was not since men were upon the earth...”*
—Revelation 16:18

The sky exploded in lightning.
Thunder rolled from one end of heaven to the other.

And the ground—
the entire crust of the earth—
shuddered, cracked, and screamed.

Every city fell.

- Tokyo crumbled into the sea.
- London split open along the Thames.
- Los Angeles slid into a canyon of fire.
- Mecca vanished beneath a sinkhole.

Even Jerusalem—Cain’s twisted throne—broke into pieces.

The Great City Divided

*“And the great city was divided into three parts,
and the cities of the nations fell...”*
—Revelation 16:19

Cain stood in the ruins of his palace,
surrounded by smoke,
cut off from his armies,
his image offline.

He screamed into the void:

“This isn’t the end!
I will rise! I AM—”

But his voice was drowned
by the roar of heaven’s vengeance.

Babylon Remembered

*“And great Babylon came in remembrance before God,
to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath.”*
—Revelation 16:19

Her ashes were scattered,
but her guilt remained.

Every idol.
Every blood-soaked contract.
Every whispered blasphemy.

The account was settled.

The Islands and Mountains Flee

*“And every island fled away,
and the mountains were not found.”*
—Revelation 16:20

Hawaii disappeared beneath boiling waves.
The Rockies sank into smoke.
The Alps shattered like glass.

The entire geography of Earth changed.
What had been stable since the flood
was now undone.

A Hailstorm of Judgment

*“And there fell upon men a great hail out of heaven,
every stone about the weight of a talent...”*

—Revelation 16:21

Hundred-pound hailstones rained from the blackened sky.

They smashed buildings.

Crushed armies.

Turned war machines to scrap.

Tore through steel bunkers like paper.

And yet...

*“...men blasphemed God because of the plague of the hail;
for the plague thereof was exceeding great.”*

Still.

Still they cursed Him.

In Montana, Miriam fell to her knees.

The ground split beside her cave.

The trees wept sap like blood.

She whispered:

“It is done... Come, Lord.”

In Kenya, Chika held a child close,

watching the stars fall like fireflies.

She prayed:

“Deliver us... You are just.”

In Petra, the remnant Israel lifted their eyes.

A trumpet sounded far off—

not of war—

but of **return**.

In Heaven

The Lamb stood ready.
The armies of heaven mounted white horses.
The scroll was open.
The door to eternity had begun to creak.

The bowls were finished.
The world stood broken.
The Beast was trembling.
And the King was coming.

Chapter 44

The Final Gathering: The World's Armies Converge to Destroy Jerusalem

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The bowls had been poured.
The earth convulsed in judgment.
The skies groaned under wrath.
The cities of men lay in ruins.

And yet—one more rebellion stirred.
One last war.

The kings of the earth had gathered.
Their pride unshaken.
Their rage unrelenting.
Their hatred of the Lamb—absolute.

And they turned their sights
on the last holdout of heaven's covenant.

Jerusalem.

*“And I saw the beast, and the kings of the earth,
and their armies, gathered together to make war
against Him that sat on the horse, and against His army.”
—Revelation 19:19*

The Valley of Decision

The dry riverbed of the Euphrates had served its purpose.

The way was clear.

- From the east came tanks and missiles, armored divisions from China and Iran.
- From the north came drones and warplanes, AI-driven fleets from Russia and Turkey.
- From the south came satellite-controlled artillery, conscripted armies from Africa and the Middle East.
- From the west came remnants of the old NATO alliances, now joined with Cain's empire.

All of them—under the banner of the Beast.

All converged on Megiddo.

The Command from Cain

Broadcast from his shattered citadel beneath Jerusalem, Cain's voice still rang with power:

“The Lamb is a virus.
His witnesses are a cancer.
Jerusalem must burn.
Israel must fall.
This is our final evolution—
no gods, no kings, only humanity!”

His generals cheered.

His soldiers marched.

His war machines locked onto coordinates.

The Siege Begins

Jerusalem was surrounded.

- Missiles launched.
- Sonic cannons deployed.
- Demonic technology—drawn from the core—unleashed swarms of autonomous seekers.

The city shook as fire rained down.

Walls collapsed.

Temples cracked.

Refugees screamed.

Still, the remnant held fast.

144,000 stood upon the hills.

Unarmed.

Unshaken.
Marked with the seal of God.
They did not fight.
They **waited**.

In Petra, the remnant of Israel wept and prayed.

An old rabbi, blind from age, lifted his voice:

“O Lord, rend the heavens and come down.
The nations rage.
The mountains tremble.
But You are our King...”

The wind howled across the desert.
And from the east... thunder rolled.

The Earth Itself Waited

Animals fled.
Mountains cracked.
The Jordan turned black.

The demons stirred beneath the soil.
The spirits of Babylon screamed in fury.
The air was filled with sulfur and electricity.

Armageddon had come.

Kara's Last Broadcast

Somehow, her voice reached the world one final time.

“This is Kara Singleton.
To all those hiding, suffering, hoping—
lift up your heads.

He is coming.
The Rider on the White Horse.
The King of Glory.

Do not fear the armies.
The war is not yours.
The Lamb will fight for you.

Look up... He's almost here."

And then—

A flash in the heavens.

A splitting of the sky.

A trumpet no man had ever heard before.

The armies paused.

The beasts growled.

Cain fell to his knees, gasping:

"No... not yet... not now..."

But it was too late.

The heavens opened.

The King was descending.

And the battle was about to begin.

Chapter 45

The Rider on the White Horse: Christ Returns in Glory

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The world had gathered its fury.

The armies of the Beast encircled Jerusalem.

The skies were black with smoke.

The mountains trembled.

And then—

with a brilliance no darkness could swallow—

He came.

The sky split.

The heavens opened.

And the King stepped through.

Not as a lamb.

Not as a carpenter.

Not as a suffering servant.

But as a warrior.
A conqueror.
The Lord of Hosts.

*“And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse;
and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True,
and in righteousness he doth judge and make war.”*
—Revelation 19:11

The King Appears

The armies of the earth looked up and froze.

There, descending through fire and cloud,
was a white horse—glorious and terrible.
Upon it sat a Man—shining with holiness,
clothed in a robe dipped in blood,
eyes blazing like fire.

“On His head were many crowns...
and His name is called The Word of God.”
—Revelation 19:12–13

No one dared speak.
No one dared move.

He was not coming to negotiate.
He came with justice in His sword
and **vengeance in His stride.**

The Armies of Heaven Follow

Behind Him rode countless thousands.
White horses.
White robes.
Purity and power.

These were not angels alone—
but the **redeemed.**

Moses.
David.
Ruth.

Esther.
The thief on the cross.
Paul.
Stephen.
Martyrs from every generation.
The raptured saints.
The sealed ones.
The bride returning with her Bridegroom.

*“Out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword,
that with it he should smite the nations:
and he shall rule them with a rod of iron...”*
—Revelation 19:15

The Beast Makes His Stand

Cain stood atop the shattered temple ruins,
his body glowing with borrowed power,
his AI-driven weaponry aimed at the sky.

He shouted to the heavens:

“I have ruled the world!
I have silenced Your church!
You are too late!”

But his voice trembled.

He knew.

Every demon knew.

This was the end.

The War That Wasn’t

Missiles launched.
Lasers fired.
Bullets screamed toward heaven.

And in an instant—

they vanished.

The Rider raised His hand.

And with a single word—
a breath of divine fury—
the armies of the Beast fell.

Their weapons melted.
Their bodies burned.
Their souls trembled.

This was not a battle.
This was **judgment.**

The Beast Captured

“And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet...”
—Revelation 19:20

Cain screamed as chains of light wrapped around him.
The False Prophet—his mouth still echoing lies—was silenced forever.

They were dragged before the King.

There was no trial.
No appeal.
No mercy.

“These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone.”

Satan Flees

The dragon hissed,
raging across the skies,
but the angel with the key was waiting.

Chains of eternal origin bound him.
And he was hurled into the Abyss—
locked away for a thousand years.

Silence Falls

And for the first time in seven years—
the earth was still.

The air was clean.
The sun gentle.
The rivers pure.

The King dismounted.
His feet touched the Mount of Olives—
and it split beneath Him.

He walked into Jerusalem,
through ashes and praise,
and took His rightful throne.

The Kingdom Had Come.

Chapter 46

The Millstone Falls: Babylon Is Thrown Down with Finality

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

Though the Rider had returned,
though the Beast was bound,
though Jerusalem was redeemed...

Heaven was not yet finished with its reckoning.

There remained one more name to erase,
one more kingdom to bury—
one that had seduced the world with gold,
drenched it in blood,
and blasphemed the Lord of Glory.

Babylon.

Not the old empire of Nebuchadnezzar—
but the spiritual power behind every corrupt government,
every false religion,
every cultural idol,
every system that warred against the Lamb.

Its ruin had begun with the fall of its city.
Now... the very name would be extinguished forever.

*“And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone,
and cast it into the sea, saying,
Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down,
and shall be found no more at all.”*
—Revelation 18:21

A Mighty Angel Descends

He stood taller than any mountain.
His robe glowed with fire.
In his hands—a millstone.
Vast.
Heavy.
Ancient.

It represented **the weight of Babylon's sin.**

And with no hesitation,
he hurled it into the depths of the sea.

The earth trembled.

The sea roared.

And Babylon's legacy
was lost beneath the waves.

No More Music

*“The voice of harpers, and musicians,
and of pipers, and trumpeters,
shall be heard no more at all in thee...”*

The music industry—once proud, blasphemous, seductive—was silenced.

No more concerts glorifying flesh.
No more lyrics that mocked the sacred.
No more anthems of rebellion.

Silence.

No More Industry

*“And no craftsman, of whatsoever craft he be,
shall be found any more in thee...”*

The factories.
The designers.
The merchants who sold sin in shiny packages.
All gone.

Fashion collapsed.
Technology bowed.
Art, once a tool of pride, was dust.

No More Light

“And the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee...”

Skyscrapers that once lit the sky—dark.
Screens once filled with vanity—shattered.
The artificial light of Babylon
was extinguished by the **light of the Lamb**.

No More Voices

*“The voice of the bridegroom and of the bride
shall be heard no more at all in thee...”*

There would be no more celebrations without God.
No more vows spoken in rebellion.
No more parties built on pride and pleasure.

Babylon had seduced the world.
Now it lay beneath judgment.

Heaven Rejoices

Above the ruins, heaven sang:

*“Rejoice over her, thou heaven,
and ye holy apostles and prophets;
for God hath avenged you on her.”*

The martyrs wept with joy.
The prophets bowed in awe.
The angels shouted:

*“The prostitute has fallen!
The smoke of her torment rises forever!
Hallelujah to the Lamb!”*

On Earth

The smoke of Babylon's memory rose like incense—
not fragrant, but foul.

A testimony to generations of defiance.

Cain's core was gone.

The Beast's throne shattered.

The False Prophet silenced.

And now, even Babylon's ghost was **erased**.

In Jerusalem, the Lamb reigned.

Peace flowed from His throne.

Justice bathed the land.

The swords were melted.

The lion lay with the lamb.

The child played by the adder's den.

The Millstone had fallen.

Babylon would rise no more.

The kingdom of man had ended.

And the Kingdom of God had begun.

Chapter 47

A Thousand Years of Peace: The Millennial Reign Begins

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

By Dr. Paul Crawford

The battle was over.

The Beast defeated.

The dragon bound.

Babylon fallen.

And now—

the King reigned.

Not in secret.

Not in metaphor.

Not in human politics or earthly governments.

Jesus Christ ruled the earth.

Literally. Physically. Eternally.

And the world—scarred, bloodied, trembling—entered a new era.

*“And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them...
and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.”*
—Revelation 20:4

The Throne in Jerusalem

The Mount of Olives had split.

The New Temple had risen.

And there, seated in glory,
robed in majesty,
bearing the marks of His crucifixion,
the **Son of David** ruled from Jerusalem.

A crown of many crowns upon His head.

Justice flowing from His voice.

Mercy in His eyes.

The Saints Reign with Him

Those who had overcome—
those who had refused the mark,
those who had died in the Tribulation,
those who had been raptured,
those who had stood faithful—
were given authority.

Not to oppress.

Not to dominate.

But to shepherd.

To guide.

To judge in righteousness under the King of Kings.

“You have been faithful in little...
now rule over much.”

Satan Bound

*“And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan,
and bound him a thousand years...”*

—Revelation 20:2

The dragon’s voice was silenced.
No more whispers of doubt.
No more lies in the ears of men.
No more temptation in the hearts of nations.

The Abyss held him.
Chained.
Crushed.
Sealed.

The prince of the power of the air was now the prisoner of the pit.

The Earth Restored

The planet healed.
The waters ran pure.
The soil gave without toil.
The curse was lifted.

- The deserts bloomed.
- The lions grazed beside lambs.
- Children played in safety.
- War was forgotten.

*“They shall beat their swords into plowshares,
and their spears into pruninghooks...”*

The Nations Worship

Every tribe, tongue, and people
made pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

They came not in fear—
but in joy.

To see the King.
To worship at His feet.
To celebrate the Feast of the King of all creation.

The Law Goes Forth

Out of Zion came perfect justice.
No more corruption.
No more bribes.
No more confusion between right and wrong.

What the prophets longed for—
what the saints prayed for—
what creation groaned for—
had finally come.

In Montana, Miriam stood beside a stream with her grandchildren.

They no longer feared.
No more rationing water.
No more hiding underground.

Her face glowed with peace.
Her heart overflowed with worship.

In Kenya, Chika farmed land that had once been scorched.

Every seed she planted bloomed.
Every child she taught knew the Name of the King.

Kara Walked the Streets of Zion

Once hunted.
Once hated.

Now clothed in white,
she walked beneath the shadow of the throne—
singing praises with the redeemed.

The Millennial Kingdom had begun.

A world ruled by righteousness.
A people filled with peace.
A King who would never fail.

But even in this golden age—
the final test was still to come.

Because at the end of a thousand years...
the dragon would rise once more.

Chapter 48

Tears Wiped Away: Survivors Enter the Millennial Kingdom in Peace

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The smoke had cleared.
The skies had parted.
The wrath of God was finished.
The Lamb had come.

And now—
for the first time since Eden—
peace reigned.

Not just absence of war.
But the **presence of righteousness.**
Of justice.
Of mercy.
Of joy.

And the survivors—those who had endured the Tribulation,
the pain, the persecution, the darkness, and fire—
were welcomed into the reign of the King.

They came limping, crawling, weeping...
but they came.
And He received them.

*“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;
and there shall be no more death,
neither sorrow, nor crying,
neither shall there be any more pain:
for the former things are passed away.”*
—Revelation 21:4

The Gates Open

From every nation they emerged.

- Families hiding in forest caves
- Remnant tribes from the Amazon and the Himalayas
- Isolated believers who had survived on rooftop gardens and broken faith

- Wounded saints without Mark-chipped hands who had repented too late to escape wrath—but not too late to find mercy

They made their way to Zion.

Not by command,
but by **longing**.

The King Waited

On His throne in Jerusalem,
Jesus stood.

His eyes—once filled with flame—
now shimmered with compassion.

He opened His arms.
He called them by name.
And they came.

He Touched Every Face

One by one.

A child orphaned in the first trumpet.
A widow who watched her sons executed by Cain.
A soldier who laid down his weapon in the Valley of Megiddo.
A mother who had starved to keep her baby alive.

To each, He reached out,
cupped their cheeks,
and whispered:

“No more.”

And He wiped their tears.

In Montana, Miriam fell to her knees at the King’s feet.

She had made it.
Through darkness.
Through fire.
Through loss.

And now—
she smiled again.

He touched her face,
and the grief of her husband's death,
the burden of leading others,
the ache of seven years—
was gone.

In Kenya, Chika brought her small flock of survivors.
They sang the Psalms as they entered the golden city.
No guards stopped them.
No tolls were required.

Only praise.

Only peace.

The Healed World Greeted Them

Birdsong returned to the trees.
Fields bloomed with abundance.
The wind no longer carried radiation or ash—
but the scent of lilies and olive trees.

The survivors were given homes.
They were given clean water.
Food without price.
Clothes without holes.

But most of all—
they were given **hope**.

Children of the Kingdom

The survivors would repopulate the earth.
They would raise children in a world without war.
They would see lions lie beside lambs.
They would visit Jerusalem during feasts.
They would live to see **generations**—without fear.

And when their tears returned—
for age, for sorrow, for old wounds—
the King was near.

And once again,
He would wipe them away.

“Behold, I make all things new.”
—Revelation 21:5

Joy Replaces Judgment

For seven years, the world bled.

But now:

- Songs replaced sirens
- Laughter replaced weeping
- Healing replaced hunger
- Love replaced loss

The Lamb walked among them,
not as Judge,
but as Shepherd.

The Kingdom Had Come.

And every tear was remembered—
then wiped away by the hands that bore the scars of love.

Chapter 49

The Final Revolt: Satan’s Last Rebellion

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth’s Final Hour

A thousand years passed like the blink of an eye.

Peace was normal.

Justice was expected.

The King ruled from Jerusalem.

The world was filled with knowledge of the Lord,
as waters cover the sea.

Children played beside cobras.

The lion grazed with the lamb.

Weapons became tools.

War was forgotten.

And yet—

the seed of rebellion remained in the hearts of men.

For though Christ reigned with perfect love,
many born during the Millennial Kingdom
had only known Him as a King—
not as a Savior.

*“And when the thousand years are expired,
Satan shall be loosed out of his prison,
and shall go out to deceive the nations...”*
—Revelation 20:7–8

The Pit Unlocks

The angel who had once cast him down
now returned with the key.

A trumpet sounded—
but not one of glory.

A wind howled through the Abyss.
Chains unraveled.
The door creaked open.

And from the black,
Satan rose again.

Scarred.
Furious.
Unchanged.

His pride as venomous as before.
His hatred for the Lamb undiminished.

The Final Lie

He walked among the nations—those who had lived under Christ’s rule.
And he whispered:

“Is this freedom?”
“You’re only following because you’re told.”
“You could be your own gods.”
“The Lamb has ruled long enough.”

And, astonishingly,
many listened.

Gog and Magog

From across the earth—
from distant isles and ancient tribes,
from rebellious cities and skeptical hearts—
men gathered.

Millions.

Numberless.

“...the number of whom is as the sand of the sea.”

They formed a new army—
the last army.

Not of hunger.

Not of desperation.

But of **pride.**

They Surround the Holy City

Jerusalem once again stood in their sights.
The place where the King had reigned for 1,000 years.

And the city did not fear.

The saints stood firm.

The angels stood ready.

But they did not lift a hand.

They waited.

Fire Falls

*“And they went up on the breadth of the earth,
and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city:
and fire came down from God out of heaven, and devoured them.”*
—Revelation 20:9

No battle.

No struggle.

No sword drawn.

Just fire.
Swift.
Final.
Holy.

In a moment,
rebellion was over forever.

The Devil's End

*“And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone,
where the beast and the false prophet are,
and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever.”*
—Revelation 20:10

No more chains.
No more chance.
No more influence.

Satan—Lucifer, the old serpent, the dragon—was judged.

Not bound.

Not delayed.

Destroyed.

Forever.

Heaven Rejoiced

- The angels sang louder than ever.
- The elders fell on their faces.
- The martyrs shouted in triumph.
- The saints danced in glory.

“The accuser of the brethren is no more!”

“The deceiver has been cast down!”

“The King reigns without rival!”

And now... the end truly began.

The last rebellion crushed.
The last enemy defeated.
The last judgment awaited.

And then—
the books would be opened.

Chapter 50

Fire from Heaven: God Destroys the Rebellion in an Instant

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The peace of a thousand years had been shattered—
not by violence,
but by **choice**.

The hearts of many, though born in a world ruled by Christ,
still longed for something else—
to rule themselves,
to cast off the King.

And when Satan was loosed from the Abyss,
his whispers found willing ears.

The rebellion spread like a fever.
A final delusion.
A last test.

*“And they went up on the breadth of the earth,
and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city...”*
—Revelation 20:9

Surrounding the City

Jerusalem, the City of the Great King,
was once again encircled.

Not by Cain.
Not by AI.
Not by nuclear weapons.

But by **men**—
descendants of survivors,
born in paradise,
yet poisoned by pride.

They marched without weapons of heaven.
They carried only the flag of rebellion—
and the same lie that had damned Eden:

“You can be like God.”

Inside the Camp

The saints did not tremble.
The redeemed did not fear.

They remembered.
They trusted.
They waited.

The Lamb stood upon Mount Zion,
robe still dipped in the blood of His sacrifice,
eyes still burning with love and fire.

He did not draw His sword.

He did not need to.

The Sky Opens

There was no trumpet this time.
No horse.
No shout.

Only silence—
and then...

Fire.

*“...and fire came down from God out of heaven,
and devoured them.”*
—Revelation 20:9

It Was Over in a Moment

No war.
No siege.
No casualties among the saints.

Only righteous judgment
from the throne above.

The fire did not just consume their bodies.
It consumed the idea—
that God could be overthrown.

Ashes on the Wind

Where millions once stood,
only scorched earth remained.

The rebellion that had begun with Lucifer,
tempted Adam,
possessed Cain,
spread through Babylon,
and climaxed in Armageddon—

**was ended.
Forever.**

The Final Enemy

*“And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone,
where the beast and the false prophet are...”*
—Revelation 20:10

He would never rise again.

- No more lies.
- No more temptation.
- No more accusation.

The accuser of the brethren
was now the prisoner of wrath.

Eternally.

All Eyes Turn to the Throne

And now, the heavens were stilled.
The earth stood silent.
Every soul, from every age,
was about to stand before God.

The books were ready.
The Judge sat in glory.
The Great White Throne glowed brighter than a thousand suns.

And from fire... came finality.
From judgment... came justice.
And from justice... came eternity.

Chapter 51

The Great White Throne: The Final Judgment of the Dead; Books Are Opened

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The rebellion had ended in fire.
The Beast and the False Prophet had long been cast into the lake of fire.
Satan was now imprisoned forever.
And Christ reigned from Jerusalem in eternal light.

But one great moment still remained.

The Judgment.

Not of the living.
Not of the saints.

But of the dead—

all who had ever lived and died apart from God.

*“And I saw a great white throne,
and him that sat on it,
from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away;
and there was found no place for them.”
—Revelation 20:11*

The Throne Appears

It hovered beyond space,
above the ashes of the old world,
where time no longer existed.

The throne was white—
pure, blazing, overwhelming.

And on it sat the **Ancient of Days**,
the eternal Judge—
radiant in majesty,
terrible in justice.

Heaven and earth fled from His face.
No shadows remained.

The Dead Are Raised

“And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God...”
—Revelation 20:12

From every graveyard,
from every sea,
from ashes scattered by fire and storm,
they came.

Every soul who had rejected the Lamb,
every rebel who refused grace,
every proud heart that mocked God—
now stood bare before the Judge.

Kings and beggars.
Warriors and cowards.
Famous and forgotten.
All equal now.

There was no place to run.
No lawyer to argue.
No time to change.

The Books Are Opened

“And the books were opened... and another book was opened, which is the book of life...”
—Revelation 20:12

Angels opened scroll after scroll.
Names, deeds, thoughts, secrets—
all recorded.

- Every idle word
- Every hidden motive
- Every unconfessed sin

- Every chance to repent ignored

The Judge did not speak in rage.
He spoke in **truth**.

The Book of Life

Then, one final volume was opened.

The Book of Life.

The record of the redeemed.

They searched it.

And to each soul whose name was not found...

The Sentence Is Passed

*“And whosoever was not found written in the book of life
was cast into the lake of fire.”*
—Revelation 20:15

There were no appeals.

There were no second chances.

Only holy judgment.

The Lake of Fire

Not metaphor.

Not symbol.

Real.

Final.

Forever.

A place not prepared for man—
but for the devil and his angels.

Yet now, filled with those who had chosen darkness.

The Judge wept—
but did not waver.

Justice Was Complete

There would be no more sin.
No more rebellion.
No more sorrow.
The former things had passed away.
And now...
All things would be made new.

Heaven Prepared Its Bride.
Creation waited for renewal.
The final judgment had ended.

The throne remained,
but soon it would be surrounded
by singing, joy, and eternal light.

Chapter 52

The New Heaven and the New Earth: Eternity Begins with God Among His People

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

The old world was gone.
Burned.
Judged.
Cleansed.

The great rebellion had ended.
Death had been defeated.
Hell had been sealed.

The final enemy was no more.

And now—
a new beginning.

*“And I saw a new heaven and a new earth:
for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away...”*
—Revelation 21:1

A New Creation

Not merely a repaired world.
Not an echo of Eden.
But a completely new universe—
crafted by the very Word of God.

- No more tectonic plates.
- No more decay.
- No more seas to divide nations.

A unified, perfect earth.
A sky that never dims.
A land free of thorns, scars, and sorrow.

The Holy City Descends

*“And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem,
coming down from God out of heaven,
prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.”*
—Revelation 21:2

Radiant.
Massive.
Made of gold like transparent glass.
Its foundations inlaid with jewels.
Its gates carved from pearl.

Descending not with thunder—
but with celebration.

Like a bride walking down the aisle.
Like heaven kissing earth.

The New Jerusalem.

The eternal home of the redeemed.

God Dwells with Man

*“And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying,
Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men...”*
—Revelation 21:3

No more temples.
No more priests.
No more distance.

God Himself walked among His people.
No longer through prophets.
No longer hidden in cloud or flame.

Face to face.
Forever.

No More Tears

“...and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes...”

- Every pain remembered—healed.
- Every question left unanswered—understood.
- Every sorrow from a fallen world—forgotten.

There was no death.
No mourning.
No crying.
No pain.

Only joy.

Everything New

“Behold, I make all things new.”
—Revelation 21:5

New bodies.
New purpose.
New hearts.

The curse was broken.
The division undone.
The distance gone.

The River and the Tree

*“And he showed me a pure river of water of life...
In the midst... was the tree of life...”*
—Revelation 22:1–2

The river sparkled like crystal,
flowing from the throne of God and the Lamb.

The Tree of Life—once barred by flaming swords—
now grew freely.

Its fruit gave life.
Its leaves healed nations.

Eternity Begins

There was no night.
No need for the sun.
The Lord God Almighty and the Lamb were the light.

And His servants—
all the redeemed—
reigned with Him.

Not as kings of war.
But as heirs of peace.

The Lamb Was All in All

The Alpha and Omega.
The Beginning and the End.
The crucified and risen King.
Now enthroned forever.

And His people sang:

“Worthy is the Lamb who was slain,
to receive power and riches,
wisdom and strength,
honor and glory and blessing!”

And so it was.

The last seven years became the doorway to eternity.

What began in fire... ended in glory.

What was lost in Eden... was restored in Zion.

And God dwelt with man—
not for a time,
but forever.

The End

...of the beginning.

Eternity awaits.

Epilogue

The Last Seven: A Novel of Earth's Final Hour

By Dr. Paul Crawford

The story is over.

The seven years of tribulation—finished.

The judgment—complete.

The rebellion—ended.

And eternity has begun.

But the story of the Lamb is **never** truly over.

For those who endured,

who believed,

who waited,

who hoped,

this is not the end.

This is the beginning of **forever**.

The Journey Remembered

Once there was chaos.

Fear gripped the world.

Children vanished in the blink of an eye.

Nations fell into panic.

The Antichrist rose.

And hell followed him.

Plagues rained.

Stars fell.

Waters turned to blood.

Mountains crumbled.

The faithful suffered.

The wicked prospered.

But then—
the King returned.

Not in secret.
Not in spirit.
But in power and glory.

And all of creation watched
as the One they pierced
came back to reign.

The Lamb Triumphant

He wore a robe dipped in blood.
He bore the scars of His love.
He judged the nations with righteousness
and ruled them with peace.

Satan fell.
Death died.
The old world burned.
And a new one rose.

A Kingdom Without End

The curse is broken.
Tears are wiped away.
Joy is eternal.

From the dust of rebellion came
a crown of righteousness.
From the ashes of Babylon rose
the city of God.

The gates never close.
The light never fades.
The river never dries.
The worship never ends.

Your Part in the Story

Reader, this story may be fiction—
but it is **based on prophecy,**
anchored in Scripture,
and **charged with truth.**

The question is not what happened in this book.
The question is:

What will happen in yours?

Will you be raptured?
Will you stand with the remnant?
Will your name be written in the Book of Life?
Will you enter the New Jerusalem?

Or will you stand at the Great White Throne,
unprepared,
unrepentant,
alone?

The Time Is Now

“Behold, now is the accepted time;
behold, now is the day of salvation.”
—2 Corinthians 6:2

You don’t have to wait for seven years of wrath.
You don’t have to earn your way into heaven.
You don’t have to guess.

Jesus Christ is Lord.
The cross is real.
The empty tomb is real.

He is coming again.

THE BIBLE WAY TO HEAVEN

1. Admit you are a sinner.

"For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

(Romans 3:23)

No one is good enough to go to Heaven on his own merit.

No matter how much good we do, we still come short.

2. Realize the penalty for sin.

"For the wages of sin is death..." (Romans 6:23a) Just as there are wages for good, there is punishment for wrong. The penalty for our sin is eternal death in a place called Hell.

3. Believe that Jesus Christ died, was buried, and rose again for you.

"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Romans 10:9)

4. Trust Christ alone as your Saviour.

"...But the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Romans 6:23b) "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Romans 10:13) Eternal life is a gift purchased by the blood of Jesus and offered freely to those who call upon Him by faith. Anyone who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ will be saved forever. Being saved is a one-time event.

Choose today.

Choose the Lamb.

Choose life.

Because eternity is only a heartbeat away.

Come, Lord Jesus. Amen.