

# Rainbow Colored Crows

Ending Tyrannical Pharmakia  
&  
Taking Back the Rainbow

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# Introduction

## Three Stories in One

Rainbow Colored Crows is three stories in one; a fictional story told in the form of a testimony of a girl named Kitty who lives through the last days, biblical exegesis, and my own story as a nurse trying to navigate an “apocalyptic” world during the Covid pandemic.

The biblical exegesis includes chapters 7-11, chapter 25, and the scattered midrashim at the start of certain chapters. The genre of Jewish literature known as midrashim is poetically described as “the hammer that awakens the slumbering sparks on the anvil of the Bible.” -Sefaria.com. A full list of midrashim related to those in this book can be found at [www.friendsfromzion.com](http://www.friendsfromzion.com).

This book aims to experience scripture firsthand while engaging in a fantastical futuristic setting that, according to biblical prophecy, may not be far from becoming a reality. Only with a clear understanding of the Torah can we understand the world we live in. The information is presented bluntly to avoid confusion and redundant narrative, but should not be taken as empirical truths.

Occasionally, multiple scripture verses are listed after a cited scripture, this is done to show similar verses. A companion book to Rainbow Colored Crows will be added to [www.friendsfromzion.com](http://www.friendsfromzion.com) listing every scripture cited in its entirety.

Jesus said to Nathanael:

*“When you were under the fig tree, I saw you.”* (John 1:48)

*“Under the fig tree”* is an ancient Jewish idiom for one who studies the Torah. This novel’s biblical expository and midrashim contain essential biblical themes and ideas relating to the chapter or the story in general. However, you can skip them and still understand the story.

A companion to the book will be available June 2022 at [www.friendsfromzion.com](http://www.friendsfromzion.com) listing every scripture cited. Unless otherwise stated, the biblical quotes come from the ESV.

**As of September 2022**

\*This book has not been formally edited by anyone but me, a dyslexic author. There may be a few grammatical errors, but the story is complete. I hope you enjoy:)

### **Works that Inspired RCC**

**Websites:** [www.randomgroovyBiblefacts.com](http://www.randomgroovyBiblefacts.com) by Jeremy Chance Springfield, [www.alephbeta.org](http://www.alephbeta.org), [www.ladderofjacob.com](http://www.ladderofjacob.com) by Ben Burton, [www.appointedtimeofchristsreturn.com](http://www.appointedtimeofchristsreturn.com), Ewaranon Chat group link: [https://t.me/+D\\_VRvD6rqC9hMjc8](https://t.me/+D_VRvD6rqC9hMjc8)

**YouTube Channels:** Aleph Beta, The Temple Institute Torah portions by Chaim Richman. Ewaranon LHFE series, Vibes of Cosmos

**Books and Websites that Were an Inspiration:** Flee to the mountains by Christopher Mantei, The Harbinger II by Jonathan Cahn, Dvar Malchus Bereishis 1991-1992, the Millennium Chronicles by Douglas Hamp, Bambi a Life in the Woods by Felix Salten, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest by Ken Kesey, Brave New World by Aldous Huxley, & books by Dean Knootz.

There is no affiliation between the references above and the beliefs presented in this story. We may disagree on many points, but I sincerely thank those noted for helping me understand God's Word. The times are becoming darker, and we all need to be prepared, not just to save ourselves, but to save all those who keep the commandments of God (Revelation 12:17, 13:7).

*"The devising of folly is sin, and the scoffer is an abomination to mankind. If you faint in the day of adversity, your strength is small. Rescue those who are being taken away to death; hold back those who are stumbling to the slaughter. If you say, 'Behold, we did not know this,' does not he who weighs the heart perceive it? Does not he who keeps watch over your soul know it, and will he not repay man according to his work?"*  
(Proverbs 24:10-12)

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# Prologue: Kitty

## Morning of Day 0: 7 Days Remaining

### Introduction

#### Kitty

I might forget everything else, but I will always remember the day I first saw the Rainbow Castle.

At first, no one believed me when I told them there was a giant Rainbow Castle in the sky. Ever since they rescued me from the storm and brought me to the Island of Key, they remained invisible, but I knew they were up there, somewhere, keeping an eye on everyone.

It's like how you can't see your audience when you're performing on stage because all the lights are shining on you, the performers, and not the people below. Our vision can't see past the lights, the way our human sight cannot see past this world. Paradise is so close, lingering next to us on the other side of the light.

The other psalmists and I were performing just like that when the Rainbow Castle revealed themselves to the world. It was at one of our tribe's ceremonial sacrifices for the **Festival of Trumpets**. Every year on the Festivals of Trumpets, the Island of Key people would rake in the clutter and build a giant fire. By doing so, we would enter the spirit world and as whole, praise and glorify our Father in Heaven. Only a few men were chosen to dance around the fire, twirling as they did to stir the embers, but we all equally rejoiced in the perfect kindling of things.

The fire dancers were dressed as Cherubim, with large white and blue stained wings to agitate the flames. Like a prayer shawl, each beat of their wings made them like the real rainbow-colored birds whose colors blister and who glow as bright as searchlights.

On the fringes of their wings were feathers called Tzitzit. The feathers were stained with blue from carrying God's throne around the fire, just as the real cherubim's feathers would be stained from the sapphire above and below (Exodus 24:10, Ezekiel 1:26, 10:1).

The choir and I could not watch the fire like everyone else, as it was our job to stand before it and sing for the tribe who stood at the bottom of the mountain. Everything but the fire and those who danced around it was in pitch darkness as the moon and stars disappeared from the sky hundreds of years ago (Matthew 24:29). I could not see the flames or the

audience, but I could hear their prayers, and the flames crackle and hiss behind us as our demons were purged.

The choir and I were supposed to act as mediators between heaven & earth as we sung of the glory of the one and only righteous God, but we sang in vain because we could not show them colors that they had never seen before or create fire that turns into living water in the soul. Only our prayers can do that.

All at once, the night that was darker than the blackest coal erupted in light. An explosion of rainbow light filled the clearing, and I saw my gathered tribe family and friends better than I ever had before. They jumped up and down ecstatically with whoops and cheers as they pointed to something in the sky.

A loud Trumpet blast sounded from above. There in the clouds, floating between us and the Universe, was a magnificent burning rainbow polychromatic sky castle clearer and brighter than the sun itself! Here was what I had been trying so hard to describe.

The tribes and I threw up our voices and danced to mark this most holy inauguration between heaven & earth for we thought that God had finally come to make His godly kingdom among us. However, this was not yet the case.

The Castle decided to show themselves as a warning, and yet it was more than a warning (1 Thessalonians 4:16). It was the 7th Trumpet blast of Revelations. It was a giant beautiful rainbow welcoming banner urging the world to change its ways. They told me in colors, emotions, and in the blast of the shofar, in the *Tekiah*, *Ternah*, and *Shevarim* that calls our hearts to break, repent, and hope.

They told me the age of man would end in 14 days.

My name is Kitty, and I was 16-years old when these events occurred in 2240 AD. For ten years leading up to the Rainbow Castle's world debut, I worked as a singer for the Island of Key.

I had red fur, pink eyes, two pointy ears, and paw-like hands. This therianthropic anthropology resulted from intense genetic manipulation to allegedly make us smarter, stronger, and live longer. In the post-apocalyptic world, the more animalistic you looked the more "civilized" you were considered.

The Island of Key people and the Undergrounders lacked most of these animal-like adaptations. I had more animal like qualities than they for I was born in a place called Artopia, but they still accepted me.

Consequently though, the people from the Island of Key or the Underground were considered "savages."



Humanity underwent many changes to survive. 99% of all life went extinct. In addition to the animal characteristics, the Empire mandated that humans also “Condition” themselves daily with gene therapies, vaccines, drugs, meds, and pills to stay up-to-date on their health.

I refused all these mandated biological enhancements and because of that, I lost much of my sight and hearing. My body became mangy and deformed and I lost many of my animalistic qualities, like claws and fangs. However, I was happy the way I was, for the alternative was to accept medical help from Artopia and lose a part of my soul, and even more of my humanity.

The first world was referred to as “Artopia.” Artopians weren’t told just how much human beings were changed, but instead we were brought up with the idea that we were normal and everyone else was mutated. Only to late did we learn that you can’t trust the historical narrative of a place whose news isn’t even reliable.

Due to ignorance, Artopians held a strong bias against anyone who did not undergo gene therapy or Conditioning. They felt that anyone who didn’t change their DNA or take vaccinations was intrinsically contagious and riddled with disease. Gene therapy and other similar medical treatments became so routine in Artopia that they were known as simply “Conditioning.”

The people who refused to Condition were known as “Undergrounders” because they were forced to live in hidden buried cities or else be killed by Artopia. When I was six years old, I became one of these hated people and was condemned to death due to allegedly spreading a contagious disease. The floating Rainbow Castle in the sky saved me, and it was there that I met Jesus and was given “the great commission” (Matthew 28:16-20). Luckily the gospel can also be quite contagious.

The Rainbow Castle brought me to the Island of Key. The Island of Key was a third-world tropical island and one of the last places on earth where trees and vegetation still grew naturally. A never-ending dark, barren, and cold desert covered the rest of the earth.

Artopia was the last ‘civilized’ country. They were a city-state enclosed by a giant dome that created an artificial telescreen sky and a garden that grew alongside the metropolitan city. The Artopians were genetically enhanced, super-intelligent, and semi-immortal. The most intelligent and influential of these people was their leader, Iskandar.

For ten years after I washed up on the Island of Key, I sung about the Lord’s grace and mercy for all the island people and sometimes for the

mainlander as well, but then, for months I was unable to sing, and then, on the Festival of Trumpets I discovered why.

My job on the Island of Key was done, and my new calling was to sing for Artopia. A week after the Feast of Trumpets, I finally managed to leave my island and set forth towards Artopia to warn them that their city was about to be horrifically destroyed.

The ten days from the Festival of Trumpets to Yom Kippur (the Festival of Atonement) are known as the Ten Days of Awe. The Festival of Tabernacles occurs five days after Yom Kippur. I left my island on the 9th Day of Awe and that meant, **the reign of man would end in only 7 days!** Artopia would be destroyed by the 1<sup>st</sup> day of the Festival of Tabernacles.

The actual “**Day of the Lord**” will occur sometime during the 7-day Festival of Tabernacles, as the rainbow city would only land after its enemies (Artopia) is defeated. Once the Rainbow Castle arrives to earth, the **Festival of the Marriage Supper of the Lamb** would commence.

Trumpets is known as the 7th Festival of God, and it was fitting that the 7th Trumpet blast (Rev. 10:6,7) be sounded on this day, for the 7th Trumpet blast marks the end of the reign of man, the end of the 7-year Tribulation, and the beginning of the 7th millennium when God returns for His millennial Reign. According to the midrash, the Messiah would come for his wedding feast on the 7th day of Tabernacles, at 7 pm, that is, right before the stars begin to shine as the start of a biblical day begins at night.

**Start of a Day:** To make things easier on the reader I will keep the countdown of the days in this story to match the secular clock, which starts a new day at midnight, however, I will announce the Days of Awe and the biblical Festivals according to the Jewish calendar, which begins a new day at night. In Jewish culture, a new day begins at the appearance of the first three stars as it is said in the story of creation, “it was night, and it was day – day one.” The three stars represent Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob who in themselves represent times.

Abraham prayed at daybreak as he interceded for God to spare Sodom and his ten family members, Isaac prayed in the afternoon as he asked God to bring him a wife, and Jacob prayed in the evening as he beseeched God to save his family and servants. Judaism equates prayers to the sacrifices done at the Temple and schedules prayers to the times when sacrifices would have been occurring at the Temple, in accordance to Abraham’s, Issacs’s, and Jacob’s prayers.

**My Mission:** make it to Artopia and save the Artopians from destruction by convincing them to follow me into the desert. The giant Skydome that the Artopians lived under kept them from seeing the Rainbow Castle. Few ever left the safety of this dome, but if they did, they would see the Rainbow Castle and believe and so be saved. If they remained in their city, they would die. It would be in the desert that the 8th and final Festival of God would occur.

**The Rainbow Castle:** A floating city in the sky called the “New Jerusalem.” The New Jerusalem is the satellite city described in the book of the Prophets and Revelations.

*“It shall come to pass in the latter days that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established as the highest of the mountains, and it shall be lifted up above the hills; and peoples shall flow to it, and many nations shall come, and say: ‘Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, that he may teach us his ways and that we may walk in his paths.’ For out of Zion shall go forth the Law.”* (Micah 4:1-2 & Ezekiel 40-48 etc.)

*“And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.”* (Revelation 21:2)

The Rainbow Castle symbolizes two things. The “Castle” part represents the Holy Temple, which is the uplifting of space. The “Rainbow Light” of the city represents the Sabbath, which is the uplifting of time.

### **The 8th Festival; the Marriage Festival of the Lamb**

**Description:** The Marriage Festival is a Festival yet to happen but is cumulative of all the 7 Festivals. The mythical “8th Festival” is when the first resurrection occurs, and the Millennial Reign begins (1 Thessalonians 4:13-18, Revelation 2:7). It will start sometime during the Feast of Tabernacles when God returns to “Tabernacle” with mankind.

**In Scripture:** Jesus hinted of this Festival while he was in Jerusalem on the 8th day of Tabernacles (John 7:37-38). Kiddush and the Eucharist are a wedding Feast faux pas. Jesus will not drink wine again until he returns for this Feast (Matthew 26:29). This is Elijah's cup, the fifth ceremonial glass of wine the fourth being Matthew 27:48.

Jesus's first miracle was at a wedding, and his first miracle when he returns will be at one (John 2:1-11). An invitation to this Festival is the

supreme prize of humanity since the fall of creation in the Garden of Eden.

*“The eagerly awaiting creation waits for the revealing of the sons and daughters of God” (Romans 8:19 NASB)*

Only a fraction of humanity will receive eternal life at the Marriage Festival. The rest of humanity will have to wait until Judgment Day.

*“Blessed and holy is the one who shares in the first resurrection! Over such the second death has no power, but they will be priests of God and of Christ, and they will reign with him for a thousand years.” (Revelation 20:6)*

Everyone else alive on the earth not invited to the Feast will still have the benefit of living in a world beautifully restored and governed by God.

**In This Story:** My testimony begins one week from the Festival of Tabernacles. I only have 7 days to convince the Artopians to leave their city for the safety of the wilderness. God has revealed to me that the Artopian city will be destroyed before the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. I do not know how they will be destroyed; I just know they must leave their city before then.

### **Flee from Egypt to Attend God’s Wedding Festival**

Only by leaving “Egypt” will we be able to participate in God’s Marriage Festival.

After Moses left Egypt, he was met by Jethro and invited to a festival. At that festival Moses was given Jethro’s daughter to marry (Exodus 2:20-21). Likewise, when Israel left Egypt, they entered a Covenant with God, their Savior, and became His bride (Exodus 19:1-9). The Ten Commandments are the ring that binds Israel to God, as the commandments act as our engagement ring, symbolizing our devotion.

The Bible says that we must separate ourselves from the sins of society. The main point of the Bible, and this testimony, is to leave “sin” and flee to the wilderness where one must trust in the Lord. It is there, in the wilderness, that we will see God.

*“My love is like a gazelle or a young deer. See, he is standing behind our wall. He is looking through the windows, through the wood cross-pieces.” (Song of Solomon 2:8-10 NLF)*

*“And I say, “Oh, that I had wings like a dove! I would fly away and be at rest; yes, I would wander far away; **I would lodge in the wilderness**; Selah I would hurry to find a shelter from the raging wind and tempest.” (Psalm 55:6-8)*

*“... Oh, that I had in the desert a travelers’ lodging place, that I might leave my people and go away from them! For they are all adulterers, a company of treacherous men.”* (Jeremiah 9:1-2)

*“Thus says the Lord: ‘The people who survived the sword [Sin] found grace [eternal life] in the wilderness...’* (Jeremiah 31:2)

*“Therefore, behold, **I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness,** and speak tenderly to her. And there I will give her vineyards and make the Valley of Achor a door of hope. And there she shall answer as in the days of her youth, as at the time when she came out of the land of Egypt.”* (Hosea 2:14-15)

*“Then I heard another voice from heaven saying, **‘Come out of her, my people, lest you take part in her sins, lest you share in her plagues; for her sins are heaped high as heaven’**” (Revelation 18:4-5 and Genesis 19:17, Ezekiel 7:16, Exodus 5:1, Jeremiah 51:1-45)*

All the biblical scriptures about fleeing sinful cities are also metaphors of refusing to partake in the sins of those cities, even while residing in them. However, the call to leave Artopia is not just a metaphor. If the Artopians do not leave, they will literally be destroyed with their city!

My mission was dangerous, most likely impossible. Revealing the madness of the world is perilous because you would be surprised just how many people want us to remain ignorant of the horribly strange and ironic hidden mechanics of this reality.

I am in-between times now, which is why I can talk to you. So, you can learn from my mistakes and how I set myself free. Our enemies have done their best to make morals a luxury and expensive, but we can take back our dignity by serving our savior and creator of the Universe.

The Artopians were a logical but misguided people. If I could show some of them the rainbow light, perhaps I can show you a bit too. Do not believe the lies that society has told you as most Artopians did. Unlike the Island of Key people, I was born in Artopia, I was just like one of them, and just like you in many ways. Consider the testimony within these pages as a warning and a glimpse into our near future, and as a guide for the coming Apocalypse.

I will not lie to you nor sugarcoat anything; to do so would be cheating you of the true beauty underneath the tragedy. You must know the price to appreciate the glory. The pleasure of appreciating beauty is the pleasure of connecting to something greater than ourselves. Beauty is supposed to draw us out of ourselves. There is pleasure in connecting with the transcendent. If beauty is a bridge to transcendence, it's meant to help

take us to the beyond; but there is no beyond in our own philosophy. If humans rely on their own rationality, then beauty is a bridge to nowhere.

The level where beauty would be named, according to Maslow, is the only one that is missing on the money seal eye of providence pyramid that our society is unfortunately based on. The eye is floating above a blank space, a soul divorced from its purpose. Jesus is the true capstone, not the masonic symbol on our money (Ephesians 2:20). If we do not recognize God's sovereignty, then, at some point, we won't even prize the beautiful anymore, and we will never achieve self-actualization. All we would value is the pale byproduct of beauty; pleasure. When we wallow in empty pleasure, we become obsessed with it, leading to a kind of madness that can destroy people and nations alike. This is how Artopia came to be.

This world may crumble and wither, but soon a world with a truer foundation will burst forth. The keys to surviving these End Days are the most beautiful aspects of the scriptures that we have for so long ignored; **The Festivals of God, the Sabbath, and the Holy Temple**. Please pass the Word on. For now, blessed journeys, my fellow sojourner, until the 7th Trumpet blast.

# Ch 1 Bandog

**Synopsis:** A man has a mysterious disease. He is changing, morphing into a cryptid creature, and perhaps something not seen in hundreds of years.

**Year 2240 AD; Hebrew Year 6000**

**The 9th Day of the Ten Days of Awe**

**Morning of Day 0: 7 Days Remaining**

**The hospital ward of the Institution in Artopia  
Bandog**

“Put your legs up, loosen your tie. Pour yourself a cool refreshing glass of Isophthalic acid and light up your favorite E-Cigar. You’re in for a real treat. There is no place on earth like Artopia. Here, the Infinity mirror grass is always neon green and the telescreen Skydome always static-free.” Said a man on the television.

Artopia appeared panoramic style in the hospital room through 3D tech. The Skydome around the city broadcasted vast rolling hills and a bright clear sky that illuminated the city just like a real sky would, but better.

“Ahhh! No please!” Screamed a dog boy soldier tied onto a gurney. He was still in his ACUs, so a nurse whose name tag read Joy cut down the digital camo. As the hazel-eyed youth protested, she removed the clothes, carefully folded them, and placed them in a hamper as per protocol. She wore a clinical mask, nurse’s cap, gloves, and a white apron over a uniform of pink chafer.

Joy turned up the volume of the 3D television to cover up the boy’s sobs. The relaxing jazz of a cat-like black man filled the room as the nurse assisted the doctor and his operations on the GI. The television announcer continued his pitch.

“Mere words cannot describe the building that represents all Artopia. The Institution has a style unsurpassed by all mankind’s achievements. As a special surprise, we have resurrected through cloning tech, the very king of jazz himself, Louis Armstrong, so that he can serenade you in sweet ragtime to open your mind further as we give you this UpToDate sneak peek....”

“Please!” Screamed the hazel-eyed youth, moments away from surgery. “I have done nothing wrong! Why are you doing this to me?”

The boy was confused because he’d come to the hospital with just a minor injury. A doctor had given him a routine injection of something, he wasn’t sure what, and the next thing he knew he woke up tied to a gurney. A sign hanging on the wall read, “Hero’s Recoup Here” in big colorful letters.

“Don’t be silly,” The nurse giggled. She held up a copy of the contract he had signed. “See this part? Where you swore your life to protect and serve your country? Well, that is what you are doing right now. Thank you for your service.” She smiled appreciatively.

The soldiers assumed it was they that represented the might of the Artopian military, but it was really the nurses and doctors that formed the head of the military parade, for it was the healthcare personnel that truly implemented the desires of medical tyranny.

The soldier screamed as the doctor injected another serum into his arm. The nurse put the sleepy sweet dreams gas mask on him as per protocol and nodded, happy with another job well done. She knew that when he died, he would be credited with some fabricated story of valor, a great battle won, and a random number of enemy Monsters he killed, which made it all OK.

The new serum tested on him would go on to save many lives and do greater things than a soldier ever could, but the public hardly cared about stuff like that. They needed tales of wars and battles to keep them happy.

Joy pressed down on the boy’s trachea to finish the job. She hated this part, so she turned her head to the TV and hummed along to the catchy tune. She wasn’t a bad person; she didn’t have to be. Moral law-abiding people kill and torture people all the time, if told too by an authoritative figure, and especially if it is in the protocols.

“Close your eyes and sleep, ignore all the burdens that you keep, come whatever may, they could never harm you anyway, stirrings in the wind, resonates a whisper from within, warnings from afar, telling you to heed the morning star.”

A red sun reflected off the Artopian skyline as it floated in the room. The Skydome was so immense it could easily contain all of what was once NYC. The Institution towered over all the other buildings and reached up to the very top of the Skydome. The effect was that the Skydome looked like a giant silted reptilian eye, the Institution forming the pupil. The tower had a twisted hexagon spiraling base, so that its edges always



formed six isosceles triangles. At the bottom of the tower, six large arches encircled the building.

“Man has traveled to every planet in the Universe. Manufactured and patented humanity’s desires and wishes into reality, wiped out all diseases through Gene Pharm, achieved miracles in every field of human endeavor. But, the pinnacle of Man’s success is certain. The Institution! You simply cannot live without the psychotropics, the desensitizing programs, mandated inoculations, vaccines, antibiotics, and fetal-gene splicing. May you all have a happy, stimulating day.”

When she finished, Joy left the room to tend to other veterans and soldiers on the unit. After going on tour, all soldiers needed to be sterilized and decontaminated from the chemical weapons they used to destroy the enemy.

Joy knew that if she did her job well, she would be given a test tube son. She’d order one that would serve as a soldier in the Artopian Army. Soldiers made for the best-looking sons. She would name him either Sarin or Phosgene. It did not matter that she just saw a soldier medically experimented on and killed. She was special and unique like every other Artopian and therefore no such things could ever happen to her or her prodigy.

Joy shuddered when she thought of her last patient, Bandog. Bandog was beginning to resemble some mythological beast without the benefit of Conditioning, with features belonging to no known animal but instead, something void and uncanny... something like a werewolf. The hair on his head had grown wild and untamed, unusual as all Artopians had short hair the same length as their fur.

She hesitated before unlocking the heavy, windowless door of Bandog’s room. He was chained and kept in solitary since the mutations could turn him into a blood-thirsty Monster at any moment.

Through the door, Joy heard him rambling to himself about conspiracies and military cover-ups again. Obsession with conspiracy theories always accompanies mutation. Bandog was once one of the highest-ranking Generals in the military, but he threw it all away by failing to Condition.

“Bill Star-gates, Steven Hawked, Bill lies, Killary! They’re all robots! Robots I tell you!” Her hand trembled as she opened the door. Bandog lay on his bed, a heavy chain around his neck; it kept him from leaping up and attacking her as she placed a food tray on the table.

“You’re not taking my rectal temperature today!” He growled.

“It is the protocol for every patient to receive an accurate internal...”

“You’d throw a baby out of a window if it was written in the damn protocol!”

The nurse huffed and left the room. Like so many other patients, the hospital became Bandogs prison, except it was worse than a prison. Prisons had things like court cases and sentences. Hospitals can keep you, or one of your children/family members, imprisoned indefinitely at the whim of any doctor or nurse.

When the state controls the diagnosis and treatment of disorders, medical tyranny increases, and submission to the prescribed protocols become mandatory under the threat of imprisonment or worse. There are few things more dangerous than a government program designed to help you.

Around Bandog’s wrist hung a red corded bracelet. The original was taken by the doctors long ago, but every time it was, he’d make a new one by ripping up fabrics.

Bandog looked at his food tray and picked out the hidden medication capsules and took a bite of the GMO McChick. Discontented, he left the dish to grow cold. In only a matter of weeks, his mutations utterly changed his appearance. The transformations caused terrible pain, but he endeared them for the sake of the truth.

Bandog wanted to know if he’d done the right thing killing and forcing treatment on those who refused Artopian medicine. If his refusal to Condition caused him to become a psychotic killing machine, his past actions would be justified. If he did not turn into a blood-thirsty animal, that would mean he had killed innocent people.

The scientists allowed him to live so they could observe his mutations. He was changing faster than anyone they had ever seen before, in ways seen and unseen.

Strangely, the faces of the Undergrounders he had killed now kept him company. Sometimes, they told him things, crazy conspiracies, but he listened anyway. He allowed his brain to reveal to him suppressed memories long lost and buried. What was once chaos was slowly becoming reorganized and comprehended through hindsight.

He refused sedation. Sobriety was dragging something out of the murk, something reeking and covered in mud but alive. The thing he knew was himself, his true self. As he remembered; his body dismembered, mutated, and grew. He cried out in agony as his wolfly jaws sunk back into his face, and his pointed ears shrunk and moved lower above his jowls. Epiphanies and realizations came with this new form as his body changed, mutated, and grew into something not seen for hundreds of years.

Things that once didn't matter, suddenly did. He thought of his "family." He remembered when Sagitta, one of the girls he'd see, told him she was pregnant. He had laughed, thinking she was making some crude joke.

When her body began to transform, he had been horrified. She changed like one of the disfigured savages and became as unfamiliar as his own body had now become. Natural conception was incredibly rare in Artopia. Usually, it took 30 or 40 artificially inseminated zygotes until the labs found one without defects. Sagitta was allowed to keep the child because no defects were detected, but this had been a mistake.

The baby, who Sagitta named Kitty, came out all wrong. She never learned to speak. The doctors said the radiation and biochemical weapons he used in war triggered a disorder in such a way it had not been detected. Failing to detect disorders was a risk of naturally conceived children.

Luckily, the Institution could fix anything and anyone. Iskandar took the girl when she was three years old and gave her back a week later, cured. At first, all she could do was repeat sentences and sounds, albeit disturbingly accurately, but soon she was talking like a typical three-year-old.

His responsibility as a parent thus completed, he washed his hands of them. Sagitta was not satisfied. Like all elite members, she'd been engineered with higher executive functioning, but this came with a risk; a higher ability to rationalize means a higher incidence of self-delusion. She became convinced that the child she received back was not her original.

The last he heard, Sagitta moved herself and the girl from the central city of Artopia to a small town named Edoron, known for radical beliefs. She took the child out of school, and both stopped Conditioning. He knew she was doing it to spite him. It was his job to enforce mandatory Conditioning. Not to Condition was suicide. The radiation could kill an unprotected person in a matter of years, or worse, turn them into rabid Monsters.

That is what they had been told; that is what he had believed. That is why he was understanding when he was informed his child and Sagitta were euthanized. The report said that they turned into Monsters and had to be humanely dispatched.

He had euthanized many people. Non-Artopians, and sometimes even Artopians because of their non-compliance. Artopia did its best to try and save the enemy by offering them health care and education, but it was not Artopia's fault if they refused. The only alternative was to destroy them, for by refusing medical help, they not only endangered themselves but

posed a deadly threat to everyone around them. Artopia was making the world a better place. At one time, he was a national hero, loved by everyone.

Bandog looked out his small porthole window and caught his reflection in the glass. His face was contorted, his hair long, and fur sparse and leprosy-like. The rain pelted the window. When it rained, the Skydome was opened to allow water in for the gardens. For a moment, he thought he saw a flicker of rainbow light through the Skydome's vents. The rains were so intense white petals were ripped from their stems and cascaded across the lawn. Sensing the rising pressure, the Skydome closed itself and projected a beautiful sunny day, although there had not been a real sunny day in hundreds of years.

Like the Skydome, his fame and success masked a terrible truth. He had been suspecting it for a long time. The Monsters were not a result of human mutation but created from Artopian technology. Non-Artopians looked and acted different, often very sick, but the 'true' mutants came from the weapons used to sicken and kill off the enemy. The survivors would develop strange ailments and often turned into the blood-thirsty mindless Monsters everyone feared.

Iskandar informed him that his wife and child had spread their diseases to the rest of the town. To quarantine the outbreak, Iskandar sent him and his troops to sanitize everything. They were the cleaning crew. Iskandar gave him strange new weapons to do the job. There was something alien and dark about the new technology. Luckily, most of the townspeople did not survive the wringing agony stage of gestation.

The humans and animals that did not die formed the Erzatseer. It was a beast more shadow than flesh, created by twisted anti-matter. The abomination caused chaos for weeks before Iskandar found a way to control it. Eventually, the Erzat was confined to the desert, where it kept the Monsters in the mountains from invading Artopia and all the illegal underground people hiding in their holes. Occasionally, it would sneak into Artopia and kill an Artopian or two before disappearing. Still, the damage it caused was far less than what the Monsters and Undergrounders once did.

Iskandar claimed Edoron created the Erzatseer, which is why they had to be destroyed. Bandog was honored as a righteous avenger of justice. He continued his career as a cherished, respected, and high ranking General. Life was good, but then something happened that made him question everything he believed in.

He first “caught” his mutations from a little girl in the town of Neom. Her name was Tosh, an irksome creature. Her fur was ash-colored, but tufts of orange showed in the spots that the mutations hadn’t mangled.

Bandog’s vision used to be black and white, a common trait among all high-ranking military men. He’d been bred to do his job well. But since the mutations, colors began to appear. Bright colors like yellow, orange, and red. He wondered if his family saw the same colors before they died. He was following the same disease progression as them, he was so close to full revelation. He fed the mutations with his memories. Apocalypse is revelation, and he had no other road.

Ten years ago, he was ordered to destroy Neom. Sometimes, a country must sacrifice parts of itself for the survival of the whole. Artopia needed Neom’s resources to finish the construction of the Institution. The central city Artopians would not mourn the destruction of a town if it meant the Institution would be finished sooner.

Tosh was just six years old, the same age his child would have been if she hadn’t been killed. Somehow, Tosh survived the destruction of Edoron and found her way to Neom. There was a reason why Iskandar mandated a, take no prisoners, scorched-earth policy for every town destroyed. Like the survivors of other towns, Tosh rambled on about conspiracies, refused to Condition, and was irrational. She was dying from disease. Still, he wanted to save her before Neom burned, for she reminded him of his daughter. Perhaps wishing to save such a hopeless case was the first indication he’d been infected.

But was it a disease? He could feel whatever it was welling up inside his bones. Over the past couple of weeks, this strange new energy caused him to tear at his chains until his claws fell off and then gash at them until his incisors broke and became blunt. He watched as his features swirled and became strange and foreign but somehow, he knew, the truth was established in his mind, he was not turning into a mutant. He had once been a monster, but not anymore. He was turning into what humans were supposed to be, not a “sapient animal” but something much, much more.

## Ch 2: Enfant Terrible Part 1: Tosh

**Synopsis:** A child named Tosh tries to save a small Artopian town, while the entire story is about an older girl trying to save an Artopian city.



### Midrash #1: The Birds Nest

The greatest commandment that God gives us relating to how mankind interacts with mankind is:

*“Honor your father and your mother, that your days may be long in the land that the Lord your God is giving you”* (Exodus 20:12)

This commandment is the 4th of the Ten Commandments and is considered “the greatest” among the last six commandments. The first three commandments supersede all the others, for they are how we interact with God.

Only two commandments out of the 613 outlined in the Bible have the promise of a length of days added to their fulfillment. The greatest commandment leads to a length of days, but also, so does the least.

It is agreed upon in Talmud Yerushalmi Kiddushin 20:2 that the least commandment is:

*“If you come across a bird’s nest... You shall let the mother go, but the young you may take for yourself, that it may go well with you, and that you may live long.”* (Deuteronomy 22:6-7)

Something as insignificant as *“you shall let the mother bird go”* can cause you to live a longer and blessed life.

Letting the mother bird go hastens the coming of the King Messiah and the Millennial Reign. It is written:

*“And I heard the voice of the Lord saying, ‘Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?’”* (Isaiah 6:8)

The one that was sent was, symbolically, the mother bird. The mother bird is the Holy Spirit, and the baby birds symbolize Jesus at his death on the cross (The Greatest and The Least, by Jeremy Chance Springfield).



**Year 2230 AD**  
**The Town of Neom**  
**Tosh**

Tosh lived in the cleft of a mountainside on the city's edge. She had grey fur, two feline pointy ears, and large pink eyes. Above her was a cliff where city residents would sometimes meet. Teenagers would gaze out at the shadowy forest, but they never wandered far past the street lights.

It was lonely, but Tosh was satisfied living in her tunnel outside the city, as the city noises and flashing colors terrified her. Ever since the soldiers came and destroyed her home and the entire town of Eboron, sights and sounds just weren't the same anymore. She felt comfortable living on the edge where she could flee into the safety of the wilderness at any moment.

A soft breeze emitted from the tunnel's mouth. She shivered and hung up another blanket to conceal the gaping darkness of the cave. Her home was just the first ten feet of it, anything beyond that she avoided. There was something terrifying about the chasm just a few feet away from her. Sometimes, she could smell the faint whiff of sulfur from it. The tunnel was a possible escape option if she was attacked, but that didn't make her feel better about it. She imagined the tunnel was as complicated to navigate as a tree root system, where it was easy and likely to get lost.

She was only six years, but at her age, she was already self-sufficient. Everyone was genetically modified to mature quickly, although no one else lived isolated and alone as she did. Tosh had always been a little different. She wasn't born as a baby like most Artopians. She was born at the age of 42 months, when a child typically builds their first memories.

The first thing she remembered was falling over out of a birthing pod onto a soft cold mat.

"Stand up; you can do it. You don't need anyone carrying you." Said one of the scientists. She had not understood him, besides for the word "stand." Shakily she stood up on her hind feet.

She had a vague recollection that she was human, although she was tempted to revert to all fours like an animal. She also knew that she was an Artopian, and this seemed to go hand in hand with being a human. Later she would learn that a rudimentary knowledge of the world was downloaded into her before she was born.

She was dressed in white leggings and top then placed into a padded cage. Beside her, on each side were two more padded cages with a child in each. On the other side of the room were children too, or something that resembled them. The children on the other side of the room rarely spoke and mostly growled or rocked back and forth in the corner of their cages with wide, confused eyes. She liked the two children on either side of her more, for they resembled her.

One of them, a girl named Farah, would sing to her, and even tried teaching her a few words. But as the days passed, the scientists would take Farah away, and each time she returned, she resembled the Creatures on the other side of the room more and more. The scientists took Tosh out of her cage too, but it wasn't to inject her with things as done to her friends.

"Should she really have been kept in here? This is all top secret. I was just told they are taking her out to live in Artopia tomorrow."

"It's been a week, and she hasn't learned more than a few words. She won't remember a thing, will you lassie?" The scientist pinched her on the cheek and placed her back in the cage.

It was true that she had not acquired the ability to understand language, but she remembered what the words sounded like, and that night, when they were gone, she repeated the words over and over.

"...Wnt wememer a thin, willou lassie? Wot rember a ing, will ou lalss? Wont reember a ing lalalasee..."

Farah reached out a newly elongated talon and nudged her.

"Remember," she said. "Remember everything." Tosh grasped her friend's claw and fell asleep.

The following day, she met her mother and father. After that first day she never saw her father again, but went to live with her mother. All she remembered of her father was that he worked for the military. Life with her mother did not go well.

"There is something wrong with you. You are not my daughter; I don't know what you are. If I had not sent my daughter away, I would still have her, and your so-called father would never have left me all alone with something like you."

Her mother, Sagitta, began to say things like this the more she got to know Tosh. She told her the government stole her other daughter and replaced her with Tosh because they thought they could trick her. For a long time, she blamed Tosh for this and the entire empire of Artopia. In revenge, Sagitta took herself and Tosh out of the mandatory conditioning



treatments and moved them out of the empire to a small mountain town called Edoron.

Withdrawal from the conditioning treatments was terrible for Tosh. She developed shakes, tremors, anxiety, and irrational thoughts. She lost most of her eyesight and hearing. Her mother said they were turning into Monsters. But it was only after quitting the Artopian drugs that Tosh began remembering, in better detail, her first week of life, just as her friend had asked her to. She told her mother that it was the drugs and treatments that turned her friend into a Monster, not their absence. She didn't want just to remember; she wanted to tell everyone, although she did not know how.

"You can show them by what you will become." Her mother said.

During the difficult withdrawal, the only thing that helped calm Tosh was sitting in their backyard and counting birds. Tosh recalled how she hadn't always been so dependent on Conditioning; her first week of life without it, she had been fine. The withdrawal was more difficult for her mother than for her; it caused her to lash out at her more than ever. Her mother's words made her sad, but they also made her look at the birds and the wilderness differently than she had at first.

Tosh would stop in her play sometimes and wander to the edge of the woods and watch it fill up with birds as she wondered where they had all come from and where'd they go when no one was looking.

"Back to heaven" was the answer her mother gave her, "Back to Eden."

It's strange how dying can make you look at things differently. Having their eyesight go bad also made them look at things differently.

When her father left, her mom began to read some of the confiscated books he took from the savages' towns. Her mom wanted to sympathize with the savages because they hated the government as much as she did. From the books, she found the Torah. According to Her mother, the chemicals in her father's weapons caused her other daughter to be born with defects. Artopia took her away because she was 'broken.' Sagitta turned to the savages' God as an act of rebellion, as resistance against tyranny.

In a tyrannical way, her mother wanted herself and Tosh to turn into Monsters, the same creatures that Artopia fought against, so they could attack the empire in one last act of revenge.

After a few weeks, to their surprise, their withdrawal symptoms began to lessen, and some of Tosh's eyesight and hearing returned. They were not turning into Monsters after all. Tosh imagined how easy it would be

for anyone who missed a day of Conditioning just to assume they were turning into a Monster when they began to have headaches and tremors. Some of the books her mother read described how Artopia used drugs to keep people addicted to the Institution. Her mother found understanding in the books and taught Tosh from them daily.

It was rare in Artopia for children to have any interaction with their parents. As a result of their time together, Tosh grew to love her mom. This was strange in Artopia, as most children hated their parents and wished to be left alone to play video games in the Metaverse.

Although not Conditioning, her mother was still Artopian, and therefore didn't know how to respond to such neediness and unembarrassed affection. She assumed that taking them out of Conditioning would turn them into Monsters, but this didn't happen. True, she and her daughter became sick and lost much of their hair, but they did not lose their minds.

Soon there was no more energy to be angry. The resentment she felt towards Tosh dwindled, and she began to go outside to sit and watch the birds with her. Tosh missed those moments when they would watch the birds and talk of heaven. Heaven was where her mother said her other daughter was.

Tosh looked up and watched for birds as the sun rose above the smog of atmospheric debris. Neom's glass towers lit up as they caught the glow of the sun. She looked past them at a single black silhouette flying in the sky.

'Somewhere,' she reminded herself. "Behind the tall buildings and factories, high up in the sky, there is a place called 'heaven.'"

The city people would laugh and mock her when she said such things to them, but she would make them understand. She had no other choice. No one besides she survived the destruction of Edoron because the people were too scared to flee into the wilderness. They tried to hold up in their homes and bunkers instead. They were indoctrinated to fear the wilderness, but if she could just show them proof that a safe place was waiting for them, then they would follow her. She didn't have much time. The soldiers and mutated shadow creatures had come again, and at any moment, they would attack, and then it would be too late.

The bird flew closer and landed on her arm; it looked up at her with blue-black eyes. All crows are born with sky blue eyes, but this one was near adulthood. The crow cawed and dropped a tiny piece of amethyst in her lap.

“Is this another piece of heaven you have brought down for me? Thank you, Jasper.” She named him Jasper, for he reflected colors like a smooth dark stone. “You will certainly save them; you will keep the people of Neom safe.”

Tosh once assumed heaven was some mystical place she couldn't reach, but she learned that this wasn't true. Heaven was a very real place, and it was right above them, and if she tried hard enough, she could solicit God's help to save all the people of her town. The stones and the rainbow birds were proof of this.

Just a few months before, the mayor of Neom ordered that all crows and doves be killed because they carried infectious diseases. During the purge, birds fell from the sky like stricken angels that were swept up in piles and burned. Jasper's egg was the only remnant left behind of them. Tosh knew that most children were made inside laboratories in Artopia, but as she kept Jasper's egg warm and made sure he hatched, she felt as if he was, in a way, her child.

It made her happy to see him fly free, his feathers greedily catching the sunlight, making him look like the fiery rainbow birds in her dreams. Sometimes, the light would hit Jasper's black feathers just right, and in the glossy sheen, she'd see all the colors of the rainbow. Most of the other birds flew away to distant towns the moment the strange creatures gathered in the woods, but her crow always returned to her day after day, despite the danger. He would not abandon her or the town.

“Listen very carefully, Jasper.” The bird tilted his head, bright-eyed and ready. “When you fly up to heaven, you must ask God to save our town. Ask Him what I must do to warn the townspeople that we are in danger. The Monsters and shadow people will be coming soon. Perhaps if I can keep enough birds here in town, they will fly to heaven with you and ask God to spare this place.”

She held the bird close as she tied the message onto his leg. Her mother hadn't exactly taught her the concept of praying, but Tosh understood the idea of carrier pigeons. She was confident that her crow would fly to God and tell Him her message. The bird ruffled his feathers and emitted a strange garbled sound from his throat. She imagined he was trying to sing some song he had heard in paradise, but crows have such rough voices.

Tosh had a sickly appearance, and tawny pale white patches of skin showed where her fur fell off. People thought she was diseased and delusional. Biochemical weapons that caused people to mutate destroyed Edoron, leaving her alone without family or friends. People were scared

that she might spread diseases from Edoron to them. The townspeople tried to make her go through Conditioning, but she refused.

Tosh remembered what the Artopian pharmaceuticals did to her friend Farah, and she feared the terrible withdrawal symptoms. The first time Kitty felt a strong sense of sadness or anger was after being taken off the drugs, but ironically, she was happier being able to feel these emotions, as these were the emotions that led her to watch the birds in the first place.

So, Tosh lived outside the village in her abandoned tunnel where people couldn't force her to do anything. They tolerated her and sometimes gave her rations, still, they called her Tosh, which meant rubbish and nonsense. She didn't even think the townspeople knew her real name, which was Kitty, but she didn't mind.

The pain that not Conditioning caused her was like a bittersweet conviction that prodded her on. It gave her a kind of dignity as it instilled in her a greater sense of self-knowledge. Her ailments continually drew her attention towards the things that mattered most. There was a sense of urgency to her life, underscoring how transitory life in temporal bodies can be. Her life was not tragic but full of astonishing depth and sometimes she'd marvel at how deeply she felt. She could not see or hear well, but this counteracted sedation and enlivened her senses. Kitty was unmistakably alive.

She kissed the little bird and then not so gently tossed him into the air. With one "caw," the crow opened his wings wide and caught an updraft from below the cliff. Higher and higher, he climbed up the ladder of wind. He circled once, cawing proudly, and then disappeared into the cloudy sky.

Tosh waved goodbye and then pushed the coals around in her bonfire. She checked under the lid to ensure the beans she stole from Ms. Radon's house were cooked.

When she first started living in the wilderness, she planted dozens of potatoes in a secret hidden garden. After only two months the potatoes turned into hundreds of pounds of potatoes. They were easy to grow, and didn't require any care the entire two months. Unfortunately, someone discovered her secret garden and destroyed it. Now, she stole her food.

If people didn't give her enough food or if she thought the food was laced with something, she'd steal her food. If she couldn't steal enough, then she would rummage around the trash containers for it.

Tosh learned earlier on and a long time ago that if she was going to survive, then that was just what she needed to do, and she had no problem doing it. She mixed some of the coals with the beans and ate

them up ravenously. She didn't like stealing food, but she knew that allowing herself to die would be the worse sin, according to Pikuach Nefesh. After all, if she starved to death, who would warn the townspeople about the disappearing birds?

Tosh heard stories of how, hundreds of years ago, children sometimes froze to death in the back alleys of great big cities, or starved, although warmth and food were just mere feet away in the homes of wealthy midclass adults.

What if one of the children took a brick and smashed one of their curtain-covered windows and entered in? Tosh wished she could give every child like that a brick before they succumbed to the elements. Maybe then the world would pay attention. The veil between the truth and the blind must be ripped top to bottom.

If she Conditioned, she wouldn't think of such rebellious things. Although she was homeless, she was not helpless. She'd do anything it took to remain free and unmolested by the conditioning centers. That was the only way she could keep Jasper, her little rainbow-colored bird.

She's never be able to bring him into the town with her. All townspeople thought birds, especially big black birds like him, as dirty and unfit to allow to live. They couldn't see the beautiful rainbows hidden right underneath.

She took the ashes from the fire and rubbed them into her forehead. She rubbed the rest into her fur till her entire face and body was dull grey, and all her orange fur was covered up. The ash was how she protected herself from the radiation without Conditioning. She wanted to be strong for the town above. They might not know it yet, but she and Jasper were going to save them.

She sensed something around the town, some insidious force. As she scanned the forest and fields for birds, she saw shadowy figures moving. Figures that were not supposed to be there. She tried to warn the townspeople about the shadow figures, but they accused her of imagining them, as if she was crazy. But she knew. These shadows, were the same figures she saw before the destruction of Edoron. The birds disappeared then as well, the day before it all happened.

The only thing she had left from her old town was a Ram's horn that her mother confiscated from her father's collection. Tosh blew it sometimes at night, far out in the field where no one but Heaven could hear. No one ever answered her back, but someday soon they would.

Tosh looked over herself one more time and caught a glimpse of an orange glow on the back of her shoulder. She rolled over in the ash and rubbed it in with sackcloth until she was ready.

## Ch 3: Enfant Terrible Part 2: Neom



### Midrash #2: The Tribe of Benjamin 1 of 2: Twelve Stones of Israel

#### What the Stones Symbolize & Why the New Jerusalem is Constructed Out of Them

The 12 sons of Jacob are represented by stones, which represent the 12 tribes of Israel:

*“Fashion a breastpiece for making decisions [to be worn by the High Priest] ... There are to be twelve stones, one for each of the names of the sons of Israel...”* (Exodus 28 15-21)

*“But you are a chosen race, a royal priesthood...”* (1 Peter 2:9)

We are all to act like Priests of God.

Jasper is the last stone worn in this breastplate of righteousness. Jasper represents Benjamin's tribe. Despite its reddish coloring, Benjamin's stone is supposed to contain all the colors of the other stones and is therefore described as rainbow (Bamidbar Rabbah 2:7). The flag of Benjamin is rainbow (<https://templeinstitute.org/priestly-garments-2/>). We will be given this stone by Jesus, a stone that contains all the colors (Revelation 2:17).

The New Jerusalem city is made predominantly of Jasper. The city's walls, and first foundation is jasper. Benjamin wasn't given this honor for anything he did but because of the love created around him.

The New Jerusalem is essentially a giant breastplate of righteousness. The breastplate is a square while the city is a cube (Revelation 21:16-21). The breastplate is worn to enter the holy of holies which is “20 cubits” on every side (1 Kings 6:20).

God's throne is made up of an intermingling of Judah's, Benjamin's, and Reuben's stones:

*“And he who sat there had the appearance of jasper and carnelian, and around the throne was a rainbow that had the appearance of an emerald [like the aurora borealis].”* (Revelation 4:3)

Judah's stone is represented as emerald, Reubens as Ruby. God's throne contains the first (that is Reuben; the oldest) and the last; that is Benjamin. These are all united by Judah, that is, Jesus Christ in the form of a rainbow. (Another example of such a stone; Joshua 15:6; 18:17).

Reuben was the only brother that said in his heart that he would not allow Joseph to be killed but would return him to his father (Genesis 37:22). In this world, God is often silent like Reuben. However, God has plans to redeem us, but sometimes we must first be "thrown in the pit," before we will be rescued.



**Year 2230 AD**  
**The Town of Neom**  
**Bandog**

*Neom Founded in 2050*  
*The first successful prototype of Artopia*

The holographic sign appeared in front of Bandog and then disappeared as Bandog crossed the boundaries of the proud little city. Like Edoron, Neom was a territory of the Artopian city-state and located far from the capital. It was one of the experimental towns created to test Artopian technology before the construction of the Institution. Neom was built and run-on sustainable energy created back when some thought we could still salvage our planet by going green.

Large metal pipes and electrical wiring descended out of the bottom of the buildings and winded down the cliffs as they sucked essential water, minerals, heat, and energy from below. Neom's buildings looked like barnacles attached to the rocky outcrop of the mountain. The mountains provided an almost pre-apocalyptic environment due to a process called 'rain shadowing.'

Instead of harvesting energy from the earth, the Institution would take it from the Ionosphere. Neom sucked the resources out of the ground but in Artopia, any material could be replicated by Nanotec through the infinite energy generated from the aether. Although Neom could boast they still had some natural trees and vegetation, the Skydome would be able to replicate unnumerable Eden-like environments. Neom was obsolete.



Iskandar gave Bandog the orders to liquidate Neom and its wealth to use their supplies to finish the Institution, which was almost complete. Artopia needed their power core to add to the Institution's larger power center. The people would not survive without these supplies, and Iskandar did not want to relocate them to the city, so Bandog was called in to dispatch them humanely.

Neom was a small private community, no one would care if they disappeared. Iskandar's orders were rational. Once completed, the Institution would generate enough power to provide food, light, entertainment, and needed medical help for all Artopia. Human sacrifices would ensure the survival of the majority.

Bandog entered the town and got a general impression of the people. They were spoiled and lazy; this was a result of the energy core that powered the town. It supplied every home and building with its own biosphere and food replicators.

Robotic locust-like vehicles did all the work. They scampered over the rocks and inside tunnels, gorging the earth of its resources because they didn't have nuclear fusion that created matter from other matter. It was all a tremendous waste of energy. Once the people were all gotten rid of, Iskandar would turn the area into a reservation for his biological experiments.

Bandog hid soldiers farther down the valley. Iskandar informed him that Neom was scheming with the underground people in preparation to attack the central city. Bandog knew this wasn't true, but it was his job to plant evidence and find "proof" that Neom was doing this. It was for the greater good.

He wore his uniform into town. Everyone who saw him knew he was a General. They tipped their hats to him and thanked him for his service. They were Artopian too, after all. He smiled and accepted their praise.

They were in denial. They did not see him as an omen that their time had come. They felt as if they had done no wrong and therefore did not deserve death. The people were only alive because of Iskandar and the Institution; therefore, Iskandar had the power and right to take away their lives. Bandog's soldiers lay close by and would soon destroy them.

*"Is this how the people walked like, looked like the day the world ended?"* he thought as he walked down the suspended walkways and onto the floating platforms.

People did not spend much time outside, although not as bad as it was in the desert, the air was difficult to breath. The buildings and homes were all pumped with filtered air. He wandered around observing. The houses

and any cloth material left outside were covered with protective coatings to protect from the acid rains.

At the edge of town, screaming suddenly erupted from the woods. He ran to the source. A child had wandered too far into the tree line and stumbled over a log. The child held his knee dramatically as he gazed in shock at the tiniest cut. Bandog shook his head; Artopian children not bred specifically for military service were so domesticated and spoiled by pampered living that any physical injury was treated as the gravest anomaly.

To Bandog's surprise, another child, a girl, pounced on the screaming kid and rubbed a green sticky mess over the cut. The boy's scream turned to blood-curdling cries as he tried to push his attacker away. The girl moved back a few feet but stared at the child inquisitively.

"This will make it better." She said, then she took a piece of charcoal from her dress pocket and attempted to rub it over the child's body as well.

"My baby! My baby!" screamed an Artopian woman. The wild girl, caught off guard by the shrieking mother, hissed in fright and disappeared into the foliage. The mother was not prepared to walk into the woods to retrieve her child, so he had to crawl on all fours, trembling in every limb, a good one or two feet out of the tree line before his mother picked him up.

"That wretched beast!" she said, looking into the woods, "the major will hear of this!" She threatened the trees as she ran off with her boy so he could be decontaminated.

The girl emerged from the bushes and waved goodbye. Her paws looked strange and deformed, her fingers were much longer than usual and without fur. At first glance, they might be mistaken for giant claws, although her actual claws were nowhere to be seen. Behind her, a tail swayed contemplatively and came to rest in a question mark.

Bandog approached her, she looked up at him in a friendly manner, but when he was close enough to engage in conversation, she darted back off into the wilderness. He stopped, and she popped her head out from the brush and waved.

She seemed to want him to follow her; was this how she lured the child into the woods? She should fear him, but instead, she was toying, must likely confident that, while in the wilderness at least, she had the advantage. He felt disturbed, so walked away. Seeing a tavern, he decided to take a break and have a drink.

The lighting was dim in the bar. The trend was a mix of a saloon salon; there was a sitting room with amphetamine-infused tea, a club room, and a bar. The music from the club played in the background as TV's flashed multicolored lights behind silhouettes of girls, boys, and a mixture of the two. They all had the latest biological enhancements; dragonfly wings, robotic sunglasses like eyes, and antenna. He took a seat in the corner of the bar. A moment later, to his surprise, the girl from the woods walked in through the door.

"Look at that!" Said a man to his companions at the bar. "Tosh is here again to holler about black shadows and Monsters. It's just like the first day she arrived to town! I don't know why Artopia destroyed her town, but whatever infection broke out there infected her."

"I hear Edoron became infected because a few of them weren't Conditioning, just like Tosh."

Despite everyone's efforts to get her to, Tosh refuses to live in a biosphere, eat from synthetic food replicators, or even attend the mandated scholastic and Conditioning sessions. Edoron became infected because a few of them refused to do these things, and just look at what happened to them as a result." The two men puffed on their e-cigarettes and contemplated.

"She's just one little girl. Who has been taking care of her? She must have been four or five when all that happened."

"I feed her sometimes." Said a bartender in a bikini, returning with a tray of glasses. She put a pitcher of beer down on the bar and dropped a couple of lithium tablets into it that made it fizzle. It was known to help protect the brain against radiation and create a zombie-like high. "It's I feed her, or she'll rummage in the garbage or worse, break in and steal from people's houses."

"Outrageous!" Said one of the men.

"I feel bad for her. I have tried to be her friend and slipped some Conditioning tablets in her food. It still isn't enough. Whoever heard of a child growing up without powerful psychotropics? Kids need to be silent and still to be able to study and learn, not playing in the woods all day like animals. Whenever my child cries about her morning injections, I tell her she better hold still and take them, or she'll wind up looking like Tosh. It always works."

At that moment, the little six-year-old ran into the building and over to the group. She was dirty and wore an ash-stained purple dress with a single pocket sewed to the front. The waitress jumped in fright when Tosh grabbed the hem of her bikini shorts. Tosh was not a cute child.

The initial sight of her could surprise anyone. Years of living in the wilderness had not treated her hair and skin well. She smelled of charcoal, and her hair was oily and dark; this was in stark contrast to the meticulously clean townspeople.

“Hey, Tosh,” Said the waitress with her hand over her heart, “You always manage to sneak up on me, don’t you? How’s it at em? Here, have something to eat...”

The women took a bowl of soup from one of the men, he scowled but didn’t protest.

“You better eat all of that Tosh, not everyone has bio-engineers to fill their stomachs.” Tosh took it in one messy gulp. The hem of the women’s shorts now had dark fingerprint stains.

“Things are not too good, Mrs. Thorium,” Tosh said out of breath. “Only counted six today.” The girl looked solemn but determined. “You know it’s best to follow them. Dangerous in town, ma’am. Everyone will be burning soon.” She talked like a naïve child, matter of fact and unaware of the disturbing nature of her words.

“Tosh, don’t talk like that when people are trying to eat.” Said the waitress.

“It’s the birds again!” One of the men laughed. “Don’t you know you probably caught all your diseases from them? Running around outside is no place for a kid. It is safe in this town. If anything did happen, Iskandar would protect us. Just look at all the things we have because of him! The cellular watches, biological implants, here check out this game on my cell and see what you’re missing.”

“It’s true!” Said Tosh, “Why else would the birds be disappearing? I tell you something’s bad’s coming, and it’ll get us if we don’t follow them! That’s what my mama said!”

“Your mama’s dead, you stupid twit!” Said the man, but no longer in a laughing matter. “You just want us to go follow the birds and live in the wilderness like you? If we left this place, we’d die. Why don’t you leave and just not come back?!”

Tosh ran out of the bar crying; she slammed the interchanging doors so that they fluttered back and forth like angry wings before once again forming an air tight seal.

“I don’t know what’s with that girl,” Said the waitress, “How could birds help anyone? I, for one, am glad all the nasty creatures are finally leaving. For years, I have been asking the council to exterminate them as they did all the pigeons and crows. They are carriers of disease, you know, and poop everywhere. Real animals are filthy things, really; synthetic

animals are so much cleaner and better for us and the environment. You can't catch a disease from a synthetic animal."

"The council got rid of most of the birds three months ago." Said another woman. "The girl lost her mind when she saw them exterminating the filthy beasts. She attacked the mayor and gave him that cut above his eye."

"She's a terror. I hear they are planning on just getting rid of her and throwing her out of the town so she can't hurt anyone else. We don't have facilities to deal with people like that, and the empire can't be bothered with one little girl while they have the Institution to finish constructing."

"That seems harsh, doesn't it?" Said the woman.

The man who spoke laughed underneath the burden of his growing gut. He had been too lazy to visit the fat suctioning facility apparently.

"Harsh? You think it's safe to keep possibly infected people around us? What about the children? What if Tosh tries to play with them? I've heard she tries too sometimes. I've even heard that she tries to lure them into the wilderness! If you don't see the danger in that, perhaps you have caught that cat's brain parasite from her."

"Oh, I've heard of that!" Said the man's companion. "The parasite works by infecting the brain and making a person empathetic to the diseased so that they take them into their homes, be nice and caring, feed them, and expose them to healthy people so that even more of the parasite can spread. The only way you can avoid it is to always keep six feet away."

"No, you don't really think so?!" Said the waitress, and she ran off to wash her hands and disinfect her clothes because Tosh had touched them.

"I just don't understand; why doesn't someone just force her to go through Conditioning?"

"They have! Even put her through a treatment or two, but you know how that works; she would need treatments every other day. No one has time to chase her around town all the time. She gets claustrophobic inside the box and says the screens hurt her eyes. The problem is, she's too used to being in the wilderness and open spaces. She's relied on her senses too long to be comfortable losing them during Conditioning's sensory deprivation.

"How can the security forces allow her to get away with all this? She's a public safety hazard."

"Honestly, I think they just assumed she would be dead by now. Most wouldn't survive this long without Conditioning." They all looked at each other grimly.

“Maybe that would be best.” Said two of them at once.

That was the last Bandog heard. He left a hefty tip on the table and got up to go. He’d be getting the money back anyway. As he left, the group talking about Tosh smiled at him when they saw his uniform and thanked him for his service.

The internet would be turned off over the town right before his soldiers attacked, just like it had been in Edoron. No one would be able to report what was happening, and later he would create his own version of the events.

After working the E-cigar smoke out of his eyes, he saw Tosh again. She hadn’t gone far but was sitting underneath the shade of a tree. The girl was looking up into the branches.

Bandog thought it amusing how one little kid could bother the town folk so much. He watched her and noticed she was talking to a bird. He could imagine how a paranoid drunk/high denizen could mistake her mumbling as madness.

“Hey you, girl! What are you saying?” She turned around, surprised. That was when he noticed her eyes; they had a hazy film over them, cataracts, most likely from staring at the sky for too long without Conditioning. It explained her strange lingering gaze.

“You didn’t hear me approach. You are going blind and deaf. Don’t you know that Conditioning will restore your eyesight and hearing?”

“I can’t Condition. If I do, they will take me away. I want to stay with the birds, there’re only six birds left. There isn’t much time.”

Bandog scowled at her. She wasn’t making any sense.

“Just six left, huh?” The girl nodded, as he caught sight of the bird she’d been talking to, it was a little house sparrow.

“Well, I guess it’s only five now.” He took out his ray gun and, to the girl’s horror, shot the bird out of the tree. A plume of singed feathers fell to the ground. He was not sure why he did it; perhaps he was trying to teach her a lesson. Or perhaps he was offended, maybe even threatened, of the idea that such a tiny creature could stop him and his army.

“I-I don’t understand.” She said, holding back sobs as she watched the feathers fall. He smirked and walked off, leaving her to her dismay. She fell to the ground sobbing.

It was not long till he saw her again. Her sadness for the loss of the one bird became desperation to save all the others. To the horror of a few gathered townspeople, the girl climbed a tree and tried to head-butt a robotic cat off a branch. The girl was protecting a nest of chicks from the aggressive android.

“Unnatural.” Said a doggish man to a cattish one.

“Yeah,” he responded, but neither could help a glance at the other with narrowed eyes.

Bandog noticed the interaction. The Institution did everything they could to segregate people, even trying to make them look different genetically, and instituting things such as different “Generations” of people.

“Get down from there!” Yelled a towns man. “That is costly property!”

Synthetic pets replaced real ones due to disease spreading. The robotic cat looked just like a real cat and acted like one as well. Its brain wiring was supposed to be the same as an actual cat; although it wouldn’t be able to eat the birds if it caught them, it was doing its job of ridding the town of one more potential disease-ridden pest.

The girl made a final pounce and bonked the robot cat off the branch. The crowd howled angrily. The cat meowed angrily at Tosh also, as it jumped into its owner’s hands to be petted.

“Why are you doing this, Tosh? What is the reason for this nasty behavior? We demand an excuse!”

She was met by angry whiskered faces all around. Something inside Bandog knew they did not want to hear Tosh’s answer.

“Well,” began Tosh. “Once the real birds are gone, I assume we all, this town, the robot cat, and everything else here is doomed to die, sir. This is why I save the birds. The birds talk to God. If I can’t convince you to leave the town, perhaps I can convince some birds to stay so that they can plead to God to spare this place.”

“Doomed to die?!” Two or three hollered in response.

“Blasphemy,” said one woman.

“Treachery!” “Impossible!” “Insane,” Spurned the others.

They picked up stones and pebbles and moved threateningly towards Tosh who jumped down from the tree. She was smiling, apparently happy she had managed to save the baby birds. The angry mob surrounded her. The robotic cat jumped out of its owner’s arms, terrified of the growing frenzy.

Bandog’s was happy when, despite her sickly appearance, Tosh easily escaped the horde by disappearing into the woods. The kid amused him. How could she know the town was in danger? Had she seen his troops?

The townsfolk hollered at Tosh but did not follow her into the woods, although that seemed to be what she wanted. The girl motioned for them to follow, as if edging them on.

“Just step into the woods, just for a moment.”

The mob gave up immediately, but they did not stop mumbling to one another. After thinking a moment about it, Bandog thought of what an ironic twist it would be if he spared Tosh's life.

He looked up at the nest that she saved in time to see the two chicks teeter over the edge and fling themselves into the air. Together they and their two parents flew away towards another mountain. The town only had one more bird left.

Knowing that he only had an hour before his army attacked, he made it his duty to find Tosh. He had a suspicion that one of his soldiers tipped her off about the attack, and he wanted to know who it was.

There was also the chance that the birds sensed the electronic output of the soldier's weapons. Some of the guns emitted strong ultrasonic frequencies that were known to repel pigeons and other vermin. It was a sound that humans couldn't hear, but birds could. This had never been a problem before, as no one ever noticed the absence of the real birds as the robotic ones looked so similar. Somehow, Tosh knew the difference.



## Ch 4: Enfant Terrible Part 3: Jasper



### Midrash #3: The Tribe of Benjamin 2 of 2: We are all Benjamin

#### Benjamins and Joseph's Story as a Metaphor for Our Relationship with Jesus

1. We are redeemed as Benjamin was by Judah, who accepted his punishment onto himself in exchange for his release (Genesis 43:8–10).
2. We had a Goliath-like enemy we could not defeat “Sin” that Jesus defeated by not committing. David redeemed the tribe of Benjamin from Goliath.
3. We were an enemy of God and crippled by sin, but we are healed and taken into the kingdom by the Lord. David the scion the tribe of Judah, gave Mephibosheth a perpetual seat at the kings table. Mephibosheth was technically his enemy, the scion of the tribe of Benjamin, and crippled by a “fall” (2 Samuel 9:7).
4. Like Jesus, Joseph was thrown into a pit but then became ruler over all, second to Pharaoh or, in Jesus's case, second to God the father.
5. Joseph was thrown into a pit for it to lead him to Egypt. He paid the price of sin so that many could be saved:

*“...to bring it about that many people should be kept alive, as they are today.”* (Genesis 50:20)

The dual aspect of Joseph speaks of the dual aspect and paradox of the Messiah. He suffers greatly to atone for Israel, and yet he is to be exalted, even to the right hand of God. Messiah ben Joseph and Messiah ben David in one person.

As the Messiah is the “soul” of Israel, whatever happens to the Messiah will happen to Israel (Rashi on Genesis 35, Vol 1, Mesorah Publishers, pg. 395).

#### Future Implications

Of all his children, Jacob named only Benjamin. Rachel originally named him Ben-Oni, meaning “Son of My Emptiness,” for she was dying due to his birth.

Before she died, Jacob grabbed Rachels's hands and said that he was renaming Benjamin “son of my right hand” and wrote his name in such a way that within it would be two Hebrew letters “yods” for “yod” in Hebrew also means hands. One hand for Rachel and the other for his own, grasping the other in a symbolic gesture of love.

In times of sorrow, the Torah writes Benjamin’s name with only one yod and in times of happiness with two. Before Jacobs's death, when he prophesied of the end of the world, Benjamin’s name is written with two yods. When Jacob died, he was reunited with Rachel, as will mankind be reunited with their creator in the New Jerusalem. (Two Hands for Benjamin and Looking at Leah by Jeremy Chance Springfield)

If Rachel’s naming of Ben-Oni predicted the coming exile in Egypt, then Jacob’s naming of Benjamin, meaning “the Son of the Right Hand,” looked forward to the coming redemption as it is said:

*“The Lord says to my Lord: ‘Sit at my right hand, until I make your enemies your footstool’”* (Psalm 110:1)

Tradition says that as Jacob died, his 12 children who would make up the 12 tribes of Israel stood around him in the same formation that the Israelite tribes traveled around the Tabernacle during their 40 years in the desert. This formation was reminiscent of a cross.



**Year 2230 AD**  
**The Town of Neom**  
**Bandog**

Following a couple of leads, Bandog eventually found the girl. She was sitting alone along the side of an old mining tunnel. She had a fire going and was covering herself with ash from the pit. He was confused as to why she was doing this, but when he saw her mix some of the charcoal into her bowl of food, he realized that it was activated charcoal, and she was using it as sunscreen to protect herself from the radiation. Eating it would also help absorb the poisons in her food.

Since WW3, the world was poisonous and radioactive; this was probably the only way she survived for so long without Conditioning. Bandog wondered how she learned to do this. Iskandar did not want

people to know that natural remedies existed, so he hid that knowledge. He needed people to believe that only scientists and doctors provided healing.

An old blanket covered the floor of the tunnel. Just beyond the fire pit sat a bucket of water and a makeshift washing area and kitchen. It was surprising how resourceful a six-year-old could be. He also wondered; just how lonely it must be. Perhaps it was the birds that made her feel as if she had a purpose. Or maybe the birds were just a substitute for friends.

“Who taught you to do that?”

She looked as if she'd been crying, but he wasn't sure.

“When I put this on, I don't feel so sick all the time.”

His re-appearance didn't seem to upset her even though she just watched him kill one of her bird friends.

“You don't have to feel so sick. If you come with me, the Institution will fix you.”

Disastrous withdrawal symptoms and ailments were built into the conditioning treatments to keep people from leaving Artopia. Luckily, Conditioning could easily reverse these symptoms.

Tosh considered it for a moment, as she often did, but then she thought of her friend Farah. The conditioning treatments came from the same people who cut out live baby hearts in the name of science. Tosh also thought about the things her mother told her about Conditioning.

“They think I'm crazy” she'd say to her, “But the pharmaceutical industry is marred by more superstition, morbid curiosity, and dark alchemical fascinations than anything a madman can think up.” Her mother taught Tosh everything she knew about the world, but now she was gone. Tosh would honor her mother and Farah by resisting Conditioning, and she would try to spare Neom from the same fate of Edoron.

“I do not care if Conditioning will cure me, I will not do it. I must stay here and convince everyone to follow me into the woods. Don't you know what's going to happen soon? You have to leave this town.”

“Why, should I leave?” he asked. She just shook her head and was about to say something when Bandog interrupted. “No, I do not want to hear about your birds! Find me another, and I will shoot it again!”

The curiosity he had felt soured inside of him. He felt that the girl was stupid. It wasn't normal. She should not care for him or the town after the way they treated her. Perhaps it was due to the radiation she was exposed to, or some sort of brain parasite like what the man said at the bar.

“You should hate me and the town. They want to get rid of you like how I got rid of your bird.”

Tosh didn't seem offended but nodded her head. “People do say I'm wrong; because I count the birds and that I am still alive when my town is not. They think I have a disease. Still, I count because when the birds are leaving, I know something bad is coming. Just as they can sense that a storm is about to hit, they can understand things I cannot. Birds can hear and see things that we cannot. They can hear earthquakes forming beneath the earth; I know because I watch them and remember how they act before disasters hit, like those electrical storms. We cannot understand the birds, but we can listen to them. The town only hates me, sir, because they cannot understand me, but I am trying to help them.”

The girl did not look well. The fur on her arms and back was patchy and gone in places, resembling the mange, but was most likely something much worse.

“How can you tell the difference between the real birds and the robotic ones?”

“I can tell by which ones eat and which ones don't. I have always fed the birds, and so they know me and come to me in the mornings.”

“Perhaps the birds leaving is a sign that the town is doomed. Still, they are just birds! Birds can't stop a town from being destroyed. You saw how easily I killed your sparrow. Why not just let them disappear and follow them into the wilderness?”

“My mom said man was thrown out of paradise, but they don't ever say anything about the birds. She said that the birds fly back to heaven when we're not looking and then back again all the time. I know that the birds talk to God when they fly to heaven. The birds can plead for us; they can plead to God to spare our town.”

“The birds don't talk to God; God is a made-up bedtime story savages tell to their children to make them behave. It's my job to rid the world of such fear-mongering fairytales because people who believe in them begin to act irrationally and eventually, turn into Monsters.”

Tosh shrugged her shoulders. “I know the birds know how to get to paradise because a rainbow-colored one led me to safely when my town was destroyed. Sometimes, my mama would see me playing outside and feeding the birds. She would tell me to run away with them into the wilderness and not return, so one day, I did. It was my mom telling me to follow those birds that saved my life.”

As a high-class general, Bandog knew a little about the story of paradise, but it was just enough to know how silly the stories were and

how backward the people who believed in them were. Perhaps all the girl had to hang on to was her delusions. From her account, it did not seem like even her mother liked her.

“How did the birds help you survive Edoron’s destruction?” Iskandar’s war tactics ensured there were never any survivors as that was the only way to ensure he could fix all the sequence of events.

“Well,” said Tosh. “One morning, the birds did not come when I threw the bread out for them. This never happened before, so I went to the edge of the wilderness to look for them. It was there that I saw the men. One of them motioned me to come over, but I was scared and ran back into the house and called out for mom. The men followed and attacked us. We ran, but before I could get away, one of the soldiers grabbed me. My mom could have escaped, but she came back for me. She grabbed him and threw him off! Then she said one last time,

“Follow the birds! Follow them and don’t look back!”

“I knew that this time she was serious and trying to protect me, not get rid of me, so I ran into the wilderness. The soldiers looked for me as I hid. One of them said

“Just leave her, the town’s gonna be destroyed anyway, the Creatures will get her.”

So, I ran away even deeper into the woods but I missed my mom. I was lost for a long time until I saw the fires and was able to follow them back, but the place where my home had once been, was all burnt up, and there were black shadow creatures in the street. I looked and looked for my mom amongst the rubble, until I saw the thing that they call the Erzatseer. I hid in the ashes of my home, buried myself so deep I was completely covered. I stayed like that for hours until I was sure it was gone. The ash protected me from the Erzat. Afterwards, I ran into the wilderness again, I was too scared to stay in Edoron. I looked and looked for birds but couldn’t find them. I prayed to God to let me see what the birds see, just one time, so I could go to where they were. I would have been lost forever if it wasn’t for one bird, a rainbow-colored one that lit me a path. I thought it would lead me to heaven. Instead, it led me here, to this abandoned tunnel, and I knew that this must be my home for now. Like my last, there is ash here to protect me. Since my mother took me out of Conditioning, I felt very sick, but I stopped feeling sick after that night. I realized that the ash protected me, like sunscreen, or like the way it protected me from the Erzatseer. I wish I did not have to run and hide from the black shadows; I wish I knew how to fight them! But for now, all I know is that we must run away, me you and the town. Just like the

last day Edoron existed, no birds came when I threw out bread this morning, no birds that is, besides Jasper.”

“There are no such creatures as rainbow-colored birds.” Said Bandog. he thought of whose child she might have been, but she was so ragged and feral looking she did not look like anyone he had ever known. He wondered if it was his soldiers that attacked her and her mom, but he didn’t get the orders to destroy the town until later in the day.

In truth, he knew who she was, his daughter Kitty, but he didn’t want to accept it. He didn’t have to. He decided that he would save Tosh without ever acknowledging her true patronage, for to do so would have too many implications. Instead, he’d take her far away from Neom before it was destroyed. She’d be forced to Condition once in the central city. At first, she would protest, but the mental health medications would make her complacent and stable. From that point, she would be educated and taken care of by the state. She would have a happy, uncomplicated life as an Artopian, and he could go back to his everyday existence.

“There are such things as rainbow-colored birds,” argued Tosh. “Most birds are rainbow-colored... but we can’t see the rainbows unless something reveals them, like a mist of water reveals the rainbows in the sky. A bird’s heart is larger than a person’s, they can hear the wind on the other side of the city, and they can see the hidden rainbows and colors that no human has ever seen. Someone told me it’s because birds have more cones in their eyes, but I think it is because of their larger heart. I think the night Neom was destroyed, I was given the ability to see what the birds see. That’s how I was able to see the bird’s iridescence. Since that night, I haven’t seen the rainbows, but Jasper still can. He is trying to show us the way to paradise, and he is pleading to God to save us. He brings me shiny stones from heaven’s walls, so I know that paradise isn’t far.”

“The only place that is paradise is the Institution; it has the power to make the world an Eden, that is why I am here. I am helping to create an Artopian paradise.”

“You don’t have to create Eden and it doesn’t even cost anything to go there. Where else do you think all the birds are flying off to?”

“Stupid girl!” He said in an irrational heat of anger, ignoring her frivolous words. “If the birds are flying away from something, they are flying away from me, for it is I who bring the fire and death that created the Erzatseer! Keeping a few birds here will not stop the inevitable from happening, and you are stupid to think it will!” He yelled, surprised at his anger.

Then the girl thought and said, “Well, then you will have to get rid of your fire and stop destroying things so that the birds won’t have to fly away, and I won’t have to convince everyone to follow them and so the town folk won’t be bothered by me anymore, and then you will understand where it is they go and get to see what it is they see.”

Bandog felt something knock him backward as his anger consumed him. A rickety old barn door opened inside him, and something scaly and lithe came slithering through.

“It is too late. Don’t you hear the armies advancing over the fields? Can’t you see the fields swaying back and forth with their approach? Today this town burns, and I trample you and the people into dust! And there are no more birds or words that you can use to warn them, for they are already mine!” Bandog laughed but then stepped back, shocked by his rage.

The shadows seemed to grow darker, and a strong wind caused the sands to swirl. Tosh read once that the serpent was cursed to eat the dust, and if what Bandog said was true, the snakes would soon be feasting.

She looked at the town. “I remember, I remember exactly what it all looked and sounded like in Edoron.” Tears welled up in her eyes, and she trembled.

“Run-away then, run away because it is about to happen again! Save yourself, little girl.” Bandog growled with menace.

*‘She will run away, and I will find her later and have my soldiers drag her back to Artopia,’* he thought.

She cried and turned away towards the wilderness. There was nothing else she could do. Bandog smiled, knowing he won, but then she turned around.

“No, I don’t have to run away anymore as I did in Edoron. I couldn’t help my mom then, but I can help the town now. Don’t you see? We all still have a chance while there is still one left,” She pointed up into the tree. Where she pointed was a crow with blue eyes.

“This is Jasper, and he has proof that we can all enter paradise and live in peace forever and ever.”

She was so proud of him. In Tosh’s eyes, Jasper had become the crow Noah first sent out of the Ark. Her mother told her that the crow did not come back. She imagined it was because he was here now, just for this moment so that he could give this man proof of the fulfillment of the accumulative promise of the God of everything.

“Proof?” Bandog laughed. In the crow’s beak was a polished white stone. He dropped it, and it rolled to Bandog’s feet. “It’s just a pebble!”

“It is a pebble from paradise. He flew up into the sky and plucked it from heavens walls.”

“Enough of this! Leave now, and the bird will follow you out of here. If you don’t, I will shoot it right now!” He took out his gun and pointed it at the bird as he had done to the sparrow.

“If I do, then the town will lose their last bird. Don’t you know what that will mean? It means they will all burn and turn into abbo-mminations.” She had trouble pronouncing the word. She was crying; tears poured from her face.

“We must all leave this place together; me, you, Jasper, and all the townspeople. We can all find a better place far away from here. I know it’s out there, the place where all the rainbow-colored birds fly too. We will get to see what they see. We will see God.” She pointed at the bird and then someplace above it. Before he knew it, Bandog lowered his gun, and she stopped weeping.

He had seen something where she pointed, but he wasn’t sure what. A flash of color in the sky. When he looked back at the girl, he thought he saw another flash of color, orange, amongst her ashen grey fur. He shook his head and rubbed his eyes until everything was grey once again.

“You would sacrifice your beloved pet just to save those miserable people?” He asked, dejected. He heard the townspeople say she raised a crow, treated it like her child.

“He isn’t just a pet.” She thought and asked in all sincerity, “Do you know what’s it’s like to love and care for a child?”

He looked back where his troops were preparing for war and then back to the girl, but when he looked at her, he knew he was seeing his child, risen from the dead. She looked at the bird so happy once she realized he would not shoot it.

“Oh, thank you, sir!” her face glowed. “If you tell the townspeople to leave, they will be sure too! We will find the place all the birds have disappeared to! I have something to help us; Jasper brought them to me, 12 multi-colored stones, turquoise, topaz, onyx. I keep them in my dress pocket but look, together they glow a beautiful rainbow light. Sometimes the light forms words.”

Bandog turned away from the girl, not needing to see anymore. She somehow convinced him to spare the town. Perhaps if the town didn’t burn as she predicted, then she would know that counting birds meant nothing. She would cry and fight at first, but she would be given the best Artopia had to offer, and she would be happy... forced to be happy. She would have no choice once Conditioning took over.



He was committing treason by sparing the town because doing so halted the construction of the Institution, and failure to build the Institution on time could mean death for all Artopia. He did not care; he was only thinking of himself.

“If I can save them, then I can save Tosh,” he thought.

Bandog lived with the images of carnage that he induced. Pictures that said a thousand words and a thousand words that rendered a thousand visual horrors and a million more words and a billion more visual horrors that screamed vengeance, hate, and death. All of which begged for the attention of their creator, but he could only look away in shame and betray himself.

He saw his platoon arise from the mire, all hundred or so in glistening black plastic bio-vests. They met him with impatient stares as they waited for his command to attack. Just this one time, and never again, he reassured himself, he would go against orders.

“Retreat! The purple death is here! The whole town is disease-ridden! Iskandar does not need us in this town; they will all be consumed by infection soon enough.” He ordered his armies to withdraw. The soldiers left, and the town was safe.

He was a hero. He sat tall and proud on his Utahraptor-horse as his soldiers marched back to Iskandar. Iskandar would understand; he listened to everything Bandog said; Bandog was held in high esteem and respected, and he could spare human lives if it fitted him. He held the power of life and death.

“Agghhhh!” Bandog hollered. The pain forced him to stop recollecting. Something was happening to him. He sat up from his bed, but then another spasm caused him to tumble onto the floor, where he groveled for a moment.

With the recovery of his memories came his mutations, and he was remembering something terrible. He grasped his face as his muzzle dislocated and flattened even more into his skull. He rolled over and pressed his back onto the floor as his body contorted at an impossible angle. When he got back up, he had to put all his weight on his more muscular back legs. Heaving in exhaustion, he used the bed to support himself as he limped to the two-way mirror, a deep growl rumbling in his throat.

“I am what you are all meant to become.” He snarled at the scientists observing him from the other side of his reflection. He strained against his chain and threw his dinner tray at the mirror. “You won’t set me free

because you have never dared to be!” He hollered before he collapsed onto the ground. He tried to howl, but the sound came out as guttural gasps as he cried because the pain of changing was terrible and also because of what he was remembering.

He was not like the typical Monster, not the ones Iskandar wanted people to see that were more like human chimeras, humans with the body parts of different animals. He had lost many of his animal characteristics; they were being replaced by something else, something void and without character. In the eyes of Artopia, he was the worst kind of Monster. Something out of a horror movie. He once looked like a respectable Shepard, but now he was a hideous werewolf, a vampire, something alien, something not animal, not at all ‘natural.’

He left the mirror and sat back down to look outside again. He was looking for something, searching the sky for a miracle. He heard stories of a rainbow city. A city that glowed and burned with a rainbow polychromatic fire, as beautiful, they say, as the clearest cut jasper. He desperately wanted to see the rainbow light, but he couldn’t.

He was like the thousands of Artopians who cannot see Armageddon, the giant floating castle in the sky. He couldn’t see them because of what happened after he returned from leading his army away...

He saw the town, the town, that Tosh worked so hard to save. They had her caged-on top of a Locust droid with a sign that said “MONSTER” that dangled on the creature’s abdomen by a rusted nail.

When he approached the crowd, he yelled with all his fury, “What is this!” “What is this!?” because he knew this act was wrong; no matter how much they despised the girl; she had saved their lives.

No, they did not know that she saved them. Bandog could tell them, and they would believe him, but they would know that he was the true Monster if he told them. What would he do then? They had respected him, and he was proud of that. He could not let them live to spread rumors about him and his army attacking and killing its citizens.

*‘Maybe I just kill the entire town now and save her,’* he thought, but he knew he couldn’t because he already sent his army away. He could get them again, but he wouldn’t have time to destroy the town before they spread the truth to the rest of Artopia, and his army would know that he had lied.

Between him and the pen stood the mayor of the town. There was a scratch above his eye where some fur was missing. Was this the scratch that Tosh gave him? It looked to be showing signs of mutation. The locust droid creaked under the weight of the cage.

“We are going to exile the Monster,” said the mayor, “to be tied to a raft and sent to drift out to sea, or else she will infect us all with her disease! Just look at her! She is already turning.” He said through clenched teeth.

And that is when Bandog did the thing that changed his life forever as the shadows grew and held him by his feet with long serrated talons. Nothing; he did nothing but stand there as the town carried Tosh away. If he did something, he would be discovered for what he was, and he couldn't have that.

The townsfolk called Tosh “Monster,” “Thief,” and “a liar,” then brought her to the sea, tied her to a raft with heavy chains, and sent her adrift. He watched as a rift carried her far away towards the storm clouds in the distance.

“She'll be fine.” Said the waitress who he had overheard at the bar.

“Some boat will pick her up.” Said someone else. Well-meaning townspeople nodded their heads in agreement, not wanting to admit what they had done.

It was later that night that the storm hit. It cast up 10-foot waves in places; washing away much of the beach. The mountains protected Neom from being dragged into the sea. That would have been a better fate than what befell them. When Neom did not die out from the purple death, Iskandar decided to plant the town with a different disease. Soon, all the townspeople became infected and turned into mindless Monsters.

Iskandar took their power core and finished the construction of the Institution. The people of Neom remained in the mountains, as Monsters. They lived off the land and devoured those unlucky enough to be banished there by Iskandar. The Monsters acted as a mountain security force deterring any invasion of Artopia and keeping anyone from leaving.

Iskandar always got people to pay homage to him. But not Tosh. After the storm ended, only the remains of her raft and a red ribbon washed up onto the rocky coast. He picked up that red ribbon and kept it on him ever since.

Tosh's crow flew over the scene, cawing forlornly. Later they killed him too. They killed their rainbow-colored crow.

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Just like that, Bandog is no longer in the dream; he is back in a hospital bed, ten years later. The years of suppressed mutations changed him almost overnight. He was becoming just like Tosh.

He spent the past ten years secretly spoiling military raids and filling out false reports to save the Underground people and others like them

who revolted or refused to Condition. All the while, he slowly mutated, but it was in such a way that he could conceal his sickness. No longer was that possible.

He could no longer hide behind a uniform. He wanted to do something, but he didn't know what. His restlessness caused him to scratch at his body until the hair fell off and all that was left was many patches. The energy inside him was growing every day; the only things that helped calm him were pushups and calisthenics that he could do inside the tiny room. He was surprised at the way the new muscles worked. His back straightened only an hour ago, but his thigh muscles were already thick enough to hold the weight.

He was preparing for something big that was about to happen. He wasn't sure what, but he could hear the scientist and doctors speak of it. He listened as they watched him through the double-sided glass and the hidden cameras. They were curious about the progression of his mutations. Sometimes he heard them discuss what better uses they could put the bodies to. They spoke of experiments and truth, and they nodded their heads the same way the dry wind blew through the naked trees.

He looked outside. The digital sky was no longer crystal clear. Streaks of static-like lightning played off the beautiful projection. The storm was battling the Skydome hard, shooting white static lightening here and there whenever the rains hit the atmospheric like telescreen particularly hard. Iskandar was trying to hide the storm from the Artopians, but he couldn't hide the reality of it completely. The storm was as bad as the storm that killed Tosh. He wondered if the words he read in one of his stolen books were true. Tosh had given him the idea to pick up the book and read it, and it was one of the few verses he couldn't forget.

*"The sea gave up its dead, and death and the grave gave up their dead. And all were judged according to their deeds."* (Rev 20:13)

'Perhaps', thought Bandog, 'someday the sea will rage tremulously enough to wash up and give back its dead to Artopian shores.' Seeing how many Artopia had killed, that would be a terrifying day for everyone. The world had become horrible, and he did not pity the dead. Still, he wished for just one speck of hope, for one act of rebellion against it all before that fearful Day of Judgement.

"If only," Bandog prayed, "If only the sea could give back just one."

## Ch 5: Rescued



### Midrash #4: Tree of Souls

The Baal Shem Tov was once praying with his Hasidim. That day, he prayed with great concentration, not only word by word but also letter by letter, so that the others finished long before he did. At first, they waited for him, but before long, they lost patience, and one by one, they left.

Later the Baal Shem Tov came to them and said, “While I was praying, I ascended the ladder of your prayers all the way into paradise. As I ascended, I heard a song of indescribable beauty. At last, I reached the palace of the Messiah, in the highest heavens, known as the Bird’s Nest. The Messiah was standing by his window peering out at a tree of great beauty ...I followed his gaze and saw that his eyes were fixed on a golden dove, whose nest was in the top branches of that tree. That is when I realized that the song pervading all of paradise was coming from that golden dove. And I understood that the Messiah could not bear to be without that dove and its song for as much as a moment. Then it occurred to me that if I could capture the dove and bring it back to this world, the Messiah would be sure to follow. So, I ascended higher until I was within arm’s reach of the golden dove. But just as I reached for it, the ladder of prayers collapsed.” (Tree of Souls, The Ladder of Prayers, Howard Schwartz, Oxford University Press, pg. 490 and Zohar 2:8a-b, Soncino Press Edition)



**Year 2240 AD; Hebrew Year 6000**  
**The 9th Day of the Ten Days of Awe**  
**Morning of Day 0: 7 Days Remaining**  
**Kitty**

Hello, it is Kitty again. Once I was known as Tosh. I lived in Artopia and had to cover myself in charcoal to keep the radiation from killing me. But now I no longer go by the name of rubbish or cover myself with ash, and it's all because I was sent out into a hurricane to die.

I was tied to a raft and pushed into a rift made incredibly strong by the brewing storm. Soon I could no longer see the land. Jasper tried to follow, but despite flying back and forth from heaven, I knew he wouldn't be able to survive out at sea.

"Go back!" I yelled and splashed him with water. "Be free and happy."

I loved him so much. I was terribly sad when he finally flew back, but this was the only way I could keep him safe and warm. The storm was spreading like a spilt drink in the sky. It looked like a large black and blue bruise. I didn't want to focus on such a terrible thing, so I looked past the storm, and there, in the distance, I saw a beautiful light, like thousands of lanterns.

It was my first time seeing a sunset on the ocean. I realized then that I spent most of my life hiding in the dark and dank tunnels of Neom. The light made me know what I had to do. I needed to make it past the storm to the place the light recedes, although I did not know it would take the speed of light to do so.

I knelt and paddled with my hands as fast as I could. It didn't make much difference, but my hand was washed clean of ash by the salty water. For the first time in years, my true colors began to shine. I looked back at Artopian shores and wasn't so sad anymore. I hadn't liked it there anyway.

Soon, however, the light faded away. It grew dark, but lightning lit the night. The waves thrashed the tiny raft about. I sacrificed a piece of the raft to act as an ore, but it was no use. The raft was thrown around like a leaf in the icy surf. At the peak of one of the waves, I saw three giant water tornadoes in the distance.

"No, please God, not tornadoes!" I cried, terrified by the insidious vortexes of wind. To my horror, one of the tornadoes turned and headed straight towards me, plowing through waves and flinging them hundreds of feet into the sky. Each time a cresting wave blocked it from view, it reappeared a moment later, terrifyingly closer.

Taking the ore, I tried to change directions, but as I turned, the biggest wave yet crashed down like the mouth of a leviathan snapping shut.

I was thrust dozens of feet into the ocean, into its deep, dark, suffocating belly; the chains dragged me down. A plume of black engulfed me as the rest of the ash on my fur was washed away. The waters above churned ferociously with the energy of the tornados.

The lightning increased so much that it seemed all the light I had been chasing was now, way up above the waves. I tried but couldn't get there. Everything went dim, but as I gave up, I felt something unfold my outstretched hands. The tornado crashed down, fish were pulled in a giant circle, around and around as the funnel of wind spiraled closer. The thing I just feared, I reached up to with all my might. I closed my eyes tight as it made contact in a momentous crash.

And then everything was quiet and still. I opened my eyes and saw I was on a golden platform. I thought of Mathew 14:30-33; when Peter was afraid of the wind as he stood on the water, 2 Kings 2:1-25; when the Lord was about to take Elijah up to heavens by a whirlwind and of Matthew 24:31; where it says from the four winds, people will be gathered.

Standing in front of me was a golden dove, and behind it was a gate decorated in many-colored quartzes like the ones Jasper often brought. On the other side was a city made of fire and light. I wondered in amazement who had made it.

In the city's center was a colossal multi-colored cube, around which buildings and homes branched out. It made me think of a castle in a fairytale for some reason. Everything was a bit surreal. I coughed up a little water and saw that I and my clothes were somehow clean and warm, my fur a beautiful marigold. Everything in the place was tinged with gold.

I did a closer inspection of the dove and noticed little rainbows of light caught up in his feathers. Instantly I wanted to catch it and bring it back with me. With one great leap I pounced on the dove, but it flew away before I could get it.

"You found the rainbow-colored birds!" Exclaimed a man dressed in white. He walked towards me; he looked like no one I had ever met.

"If I can just bring this bird to Neom, then they'll believe me."

"I once had the Baal Shem Tov try to do something similar with that dove, but it is much simpler than that. Do you really want to go back to save them though, after what they did to you?"

"Of course! Jasper always comes back with pieces of gems and stones from this place, and he is just a bird."

"Yes, I caught him doing that a few times." The man laughed.

"I should bring something back too; I mean but what would I show them?" I gestured to the gate and city made of every precious stone and color more beautiful than I had ever seen on earth. "Is this place your home?"

“Yes, but I don’t live here. I live at the Gates of Rome, among the lepers. Sometimes, I live in the heart of the earth, comforting lost souls.”

“Why don’t you just bring them all here?”

“Today it will be done just as you ask, as it is written ‘For He is our God and we are the people of His pasture, the flock under his care. Today, if only you would hear his voice.’”

“But, no one listens to what anyone has to say,” I said, disheartened.

“That is why I am bringing all of heaven to them, whether they want it or not. I have been preparing this place for thousands of years.” I looked around, in awe of what just one carpenter could build.

The man came over to sit by me, and then I remembered what the townspeople said. “They say that I am a Monster and that it is contagious.” I remembered how the mayor became infected after I touched him.

“You don’t have to worry about being a Monster anymore.” Said the man. “I will cure you. I received all your letters and prayers. I know that you want to save them, and I will tell you how.”

“I don’t understand.” I looked around me and knew that this must be heaven. “Aren’t I dead?”

“Yes, Kitty, but I have come so that you can live and live abundantly. Look over there.” He stood by me and kneeled so he could point out a large circle below the vaulted dome of the rainbow city. “That is the earth, and it is filled with people like you. All you must do to save them is to tell them that the time is fulfilled, that the age of Man is ending and the kingdom of heaven is at hand.”

The man then showed me the beautiful rainbow city behind us. “The earth will be renewed, and this place will be its capital.”

“Really?! I said excitedly. “Everyone will get to see paradise for themselves, and we won’t have to follow the birds or go looking for you?!”

The man smiled. “Yes, Kitty, no one will ever have to search for me again. There will no longer be prophets or prophecies, as I will rule the earth directly and answer all the nation’s prayers in person, just as I am now for you.”

“Every prayer?” I said in wonder. Then I looked around at the beautiful city. Everything around me was so pure and good, but I was dead, and a Monster at that. I felt ugly and dirty. Besides my clean fur, I looked as mangy and sick as I ever did.



“How can I tell them about all this beauty when I am so much darkness?” I said in a whisper. Everything that the town and my mother said of me was true.

Jesus knelt and put his hand on my shoulder. “You won’t have to worry about not being enough, Kitty. The kingdom of heaven.” He gestured to the beauty all around, what I had come to know as the Rainbow Castle, “Is nothing compared to the kingdom of God I will put into your heart. I know your real prayers and that you have been very sad and lonely, but I want you to know you are very dearly loved. For so long, you have asked, and now I will grant all your wishes. I have brought you here above the sides of the North, above the mount of the conjugation, to adopt you and make you, my daughter. My desires will be your desires, my dreams your dreams, and you will see the world as I see it. Every desire of your heart will be granted, for I will reside there and make you victorious in all things, for all things are always moving commodiously forward, relentlessly to the renewed life that I have promised. This is the perfect nature of the Holy Spirit divine.”

He told me that there were still things I had to do or, better stated, there were still Gods works yet to be displayed in me. I knew these things would humble and change me beyond anything I could imagine. Still, I accepted all these conditions. I wanted to shed every fiber of myself and become something new and better.

Jesus smiled, and from his heart, I saw the rainbow-colored bird again, but this time so much more beautiful and pure. I heard the words “forgiven,” and tears flowed from my eyes. Not sad tears, but more tears than I would ever cry from sadness as if all the pains of the world will never be more than the glory and promise of God.

I took the golden dove, the Holy Spirit, and embraced the light and warmth, hugging it close to my heart. I felt full of glorious light; all bitterness and sadness were washed away. I felt a love greater than anything I had ever known.

“What they did has led me to you, and that has fulfilled all my heart's desires. Forgive us and return to earth, so such things will never have to happen again, for all people will see you in person.”

“I will Kitty, but for now, my kingdom is not of the earth, but of the Spirit. Mankind rejected me, and so I have given the earth over to them for a time, but nothing is impossible for me. If you wish, I will act through you. I don’t want to just adopt you as my daughter; I want you to bear my very sigil so that all will know it is I that have redeemed the world, that my authority trumps all the powers and strongholds, and that

even the tiniest of my lambs will conquer the mightiest of lions. Will you be my warrior and tell the world the good news?"

"Of course!" I spoke. A soothing warmth filled me as the light that lit the new world gave me new thoughts, hopes, and ideas. I could stare into the bright light and see stars farther than the mind could imagine up there past the earth's polluted atmosphere. These weren't just stars, ironically known as "suns" by science; I saw them as sons of God.

I remember the stars singing, or of what I could for no mortal mind can fully recall such music of perfect beauty. I saw the stars as Abraham saw them, as righteous beckons of hope. The stars were rolled out like a scroll. It was the Word of God like I had never understood it before.

According to Rashi, God took Abraham out of the terrestrial sphere and lifted him above the stars as it was written in the Hebrew that Abraham "looked down from above" (Gen. Rabbah 44:12, Rashi on Genesis 15:5, cited at Chabad.org).

Above the terrestrial sphere, I was shown the New Heaven & the New Earth form in the sky, a New Heaven & Earth that was yet to come after the present heaven & earth had ended.

The last thing Jesus said was. "The kingdom of heaven is here. This is the good news I preached to the people thousands of years ago, but they rejected me, so it did not come to pass. This time, I am coming back as a warrior to conquer. The nations will have no choice but to accept my rule. They might hate you as they hated me, but do not lose faith. If I do not return, man's fate shall be worse than that of the deep sea."

And then I was in the sea again, underneath the mountains where the outer darkness lays, underneath the mountain as Moses and the Israelites were at Mount Sinai (Psalm 114:4, Exodus 19:17, "Underneath the Mountain" at chabad.org). There I witnessed creatures Noah's flood did not kill, terrible giant leviathans, and undying worms crawling out of deep-sea guizers.

From this chaotic sea, where no man could live, a Red Dragon arose to bring destruction to the world, once in the garden as a beastly snake and now as the beast of Revelations. Creatures and terrors that Jonah, Job, and John witnessed swam in the muddy waters, but then within that great darkness, a light emerged, and the light I knew was Jesus. I saw a glimpse of what Abraham saw between the halved creatures (Genesis 15:1-15).

The Lord showed these things to illiterate the dire peril mankind is in and our desperate need for a savior. I remember these things, but I do not remember the storm's bitter cold and harsh waves.

I awoke on a sunny beach dizzy and disoriented, but I was in awe and sure of one thing. I now had a piece of the rainbow light inside me. It was perched upon my heart like a golden dove, alighting a part of my soul I didn't know before. I no longer had Jasper to fly my prayers up to heaven, but the rainbow-colored bird, the Holy Spirit, would act as my messenger and helper. I would have to cherish it and keep it warm. I would go on to feed its flames with my most precious possessions, but I couldn't have done so more happily. I knew that if I did, that little light I borrowed from the Rainbow Castle would not only help lead me back to them but help everyone who I could tell the good news find heaven as well, and perhaps even convince the messiah to return just a little bit sooner.

I felt something poking me again; it was also a little rainbow-colored bird. A whole group of them appeared and began to pull on my soggy clothing and dance on my water-logged body.

"Rainbow birds!" I weakly exalted. I lifted myself and saw a tropical paradise before me. I had woken up in Eden! However, my vision and hearing were as terrible as they had ever been. Exhausted, I passed out again.

Later, I discovered these were not real rainbow-colored birds from heaven, but earthly creatures called rainbow lorikeets. I was not in Eden, but the Rainbow Castle had brought me to an island, one of the few places left in the world that wasn't destroyed.

## Ch 6: The Island of Key and Escape

**The 9th Day of the Ten Days of Awe**  
**Noon of Day 0: 7 Days Remaining**  
**Kitty**

Not long after washing up, the Rangers and their Potcake dogs found me covered in seaweed, half-drowned on the beach of the Island of Key.

I was brought to a medical hut, and the people greeted me kindly. Although this place was kind of a paradise, I knew it still wasn't the real thing. I told everyone I could about the Rainbow Castle.

"The kingdom of God is returning!" but the Island of Key people couldn't understand me. They spoke a strange language. I didn't fear them ostracizing me for lack of Conditioning because everyone was even more mutated than me. In fact, the islander of Key people said I looked too animalistic, which I didn't understand.

Over the years, I grew to look more and more like the islanders. In some ways, their mutations reminded me of Jesus, who I met on the Rainbow Castle. The islanders were Jewish and wore the corners of their hair long in tight braids decorated with beads. They attached bundles of white and blue feathers at the four corners of their garments as the scriptures commanded them to.

There wasn't much radiation on the Island of Key, so people like us could survive without Conditioning or charcoal. My pain and sickness slowly disappeared. The rainbow light gave me a second chance, a new start. The Island of Key was where my faith and love could cultivate and grow. I thought of John in Revelation 1:9-11, but his island stay had been a prison while mine was like a holiday.

I learned the native language and everything that I would eventually use to help the Artopians. Still, I never forgot about my first week in the Institution, what happened to my friend Farah, or my mother and the people of Edoron.

No one really understood the things I talked about. The Island of Key people didn't want to hear about Jesus either. So, I sang about the glory of God instead, and of the things the island of Key people taught me. Then,

on the Festival of Trumpets, the Rainbow Castle appeared. Everyone around the world heard the call of the Shofar that day.

Some people described the noise as thunder. Others heard a language of colors and emotions. What I heard was, “Artopia is going to be destroyed sometime during the Festival of Tabernacles.”

God did not want the Artopian people to perish, but the kingdom of God could not coexist with a kingdom such as Artopia. God needed people to warn the Artopians, and that is why He asked me to call them to repentance. If they did and turn to the Lord, He would rescue them and make them a part of the renewed earth.

I would arrive in Artopia on Yom Kippur, ten days after the Festival of Trumpets. Like Jonah, I traveled across a stormy sea to get to a distant town to convince them to repent and accept God’s sovereignty.

The book of Jonah occurred on Yom Kippur, and it ended with Jonah in his tent that he made for the Festival of Tabernacles (Jonah 4:5). Like Jonah or a Passover lamb, I hoped I too could transcend mortal existence inside the house of the Lord.

I wondered how I would make the Artopians understand. I had to trust that the tiny seed I planted would grow in the hearts of those who heard it (Ecclesiastes 11:6). The world's mysteries are revealed when the Word of God is accepted with humility, understood, and then acted upon. We must cultivate the Gospel within our hearts and proclaim it to every creature, and if we do, then as surely as the Sabbath, it will someday burst forth, growing greater than all the things of this world, becoming a tree:

*“So that the birds of the air come and make nests in its branches.”* (Matthew 13:31-32)

Then we may hear the bird’s songs of paradise. I knew that Jesus spoke this parable to a bunch of farmers. They would have been upset when Jesus spoke of growing a tree amidst their garden, a tree whose purpose was solely for “birds to perch upon it.”

Farmers want a crop that produces earthly fruit, but a Mustard tree is considered a weed in Israel, an evergreen that produces nothing worthwhile in this world; however, we must cultivate what is spiritual, not what is material. The Bible is like an evergreen, whose pages are like the leaves of the Tree of Life.

I had one rainbow-colored bird perched on the branches of my heart, and I planned to take it from the Island of Key and bring it to Artopia so that they, too, could hear its song and my testimony. I would use this song to convince the Artopians to leave their city just as I tried to convince my town Neom to leave their homes and flee into the mountains.

The Artopians were sickly souls inside chaotic chimeras and sinful centaurs, but healing was still possible. They got rid of all memory of a heavenly God and made each other god-like instead, but they would soon see how powerful the real God is.

So, I set my home on fire and jumped into the sea. Being so distracted by the flames, the Island of Key people did not see me disappear. They were righteous and faithful and kept my faith alive with their beliefs and praise of God. They took care of me like the 3rd world tribe family I never had, but not even the people who helped me grow so much in my faith could understand what I had to do.

Even they, the people who loved and cherished the Lord as much as I, determined that I had gone completely insane. For months I languished under house arrest, and they never let me out of their sight. The fire was my only hope, as it acted as a distraction.

### **The Destruction of the First Temple**

Let us consider that God, too, had to burn down His house to save those He loves. With the destruction of the Temple, miracles ceased, and angels lost a pair of wings (Isaiah 6:2 VS Ezekiel 1:6-7). In the book of Jeremiah, God sent Judah into exile because the leaders of Judah failed to set their slaves free in the year of Jubilee.

*“Thus says the Lord... ‘At the end of seven years each of you must set free the fellow Hebrew ... You have not obeyed me by proclaiming liberty, everyone to his brother and to his neighbor; behold, I proclaim to you liberty to the sword, to pestilence, and to famine, declares the Lord.’”* (Jeremiah 34:12-17, 2 Chron. 36:21)

God did this, but not before ensuring the king who conquered them would be kind and merciful (Daniel 4:19-35).

God took it upon himself to free the poor and return their land by removing the wicked rich and corrupt leaders and slaveowners. The slaves were kept in the land to continue working the farms; however, their oppressive masters were carried away in chains so that they would learn their lesson and repent.

*“And the lame I will make the remnant, and those who were cast off, a strong nation”* (Micah 4:7, Jeremiah 39:10)

God said those who resisted Babylon would die by the sword, but those who humbled themselves and allowed themselves to be made into slaves would be protected and blessed. God assured that in 70 years, everyone would be allowed to return to the land as freemen once again.

(Jeremiah 21:8-9, 24:5-10, 27:9-11, 29:4-14, 40:9-10). These events are repeated in Jeremiah 52.

In this way, those who refused to set their slaves free became slaves themselves, while their slaves were given back the land of Israel. Babylon left the poorest behind to tend the land, and only took the rich back with them. It took the destruction of God's Holy Temple to accomplish this. God was terribly grieved by what happened to his Home (Jeremiah 51:11) and by what Babylon did to Zion (Jeremiah 51:24).

The Temple's power and holiness were undoubtable, and the Babylonians naturally wanted to possess it, but what mobs of people desire, they destroy. The description of the fall of the Holy Temple echoes that of Jesus's crucifixion.

*"... Nebuzaradan the captain of the guard left some of the poorest of the land to be vinedressers and plowmen. And the pillars of bronze that were in the house of the Lord, and the stands and the bronze sea that were in the house of the Lord, the Chaldeans broke in pieces, and carried all the bronze to Babylon." (Jeremiah 52:16-17)*

The rescue of the poor and the destruction of the Temple is practically a run-on sentence. The Lord allowed his Temple to be burned to reestablish the Laws of Jubilee and the Sabbath. Correspondingly, Jesus was beaten and whipped and then left to die on a cross, his death giving back to us what sin took away.

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An echo of God's roar can be heard in the ruins of His once great Temple, cooing like a dove saying:

*"Woe to my children, due to whose sins I destroyed My house, burned My Temple, and exiled them among the nations."*

God destroyed His Temple so that another could be built, one that would ultimately bring God in closer union with His children. The pain of the children who were exiled from their father's table only adds to the pain of their father. Therefore, God has made a better Temple where he can abide with those that love Him, where sin will no longer separate God from them. I went to invite humanity back to God.

The fire I created was enough of a distraction to allow me to escape. I had a two days journey to Artopia. With the use of a sailboat, I cast myself aside with wind as I sang into it a spiraling hope. I wore inflatables around my wrists and over my multi-colored grass skirt just in case my boat sank. I wore my island's traditional ceremonial braided top and many rainbow parrots' feathers for a person going on a long journey.

Still, I would need much more than the stamina and swiftness of a bird of paradise that day. My song was a prayer to God that my path would be

true. It was He who opened the sky like a vault, whose winds blew me further across the ocean towards Artopia and all calamities.

I had to convince the Artopians to flee their sinful city so that they could attend the Marriage Supper of the Lamb lest they perished. What God told me to tell Artopia was similar to what God commanded Moses to tell Pharaoh:

*“Thus, says the Lord, the God of Israel, ‘Let My people go that they may celebrate a Festival to Me in the wilderness.’”* (Exodus 5:1)

However, unlike the ancient Israelites in Egypt, the Artopians didn’t even know they were enslaved! Convincing them to leave their city would be just as hard or harder than it was to convince Pharaoh to allow the Israelites to leave.

The people of the Island of Key did not typically use televisions; however, I was able to watch a few pirated Artopian news broadcasts. The Rainbow Castle was disappearing and reappearing over Artopia ever since it appeared for us on the Festival of Trumpets. But because of the Skydome and Artopian pharmaceuticals, most Artopians couldn’t see the rainbow city.

Those that could were told that the rainbow city were alien invaders and not to pay attention to the light or else it would “mind-control them.” These accusations were utterly ridiculous. I knew that once I got the Artopians away from the Skydome and their drugs, then they would see the city for what it is and understand that they are not alien invaders, but God’s heavenly kingdom come on earth to renew mankind. This is what I had wanted to do.



**The 9th Day of the Ten Days of Awe**  
**Noon of Day 0: 7 Days Remaining**  
**Headed out to Sea/Intro to Next Chapter**  
**Note from Kitty to the Reader**

Now, fellow reader, I ask you to go on a journey with me—a journey over the chaotic waters and beyond. You see, by listening to my testimony, you have enrolled into this journey to Artopia with me, and so, here we are.

The tribesmen will be here soon. I can hear their shouts and jungle drums coming from the distance. I cannot stand to be locked away again so please, hurry! Help me drag the boat into the water. That is good; I couldn't have done it without you.

Fair warning, this is not just a journey over water, but a journey of the mind and through time. Look there, see how the horizon sparkles. We are going there first, to the very end of things. This story takes place over 7 days, but first, we must travel through the next 3000 years of human history.

Yes, I am telling you the end of our story even before it begins, but we must remember that this is a survival book before it is a work of entertainment. Eternal salvation or triple your money back! I am only kidding; we must keep our sense of humor. If we don't laugh at misfortune, it will laugh at us.

Oh, look, the tribesmen are on the beach, but they can't reach us now. We are already too far out at sea. I will miss them. There is no turning back now. Lucky for us, the sea is serene. Millions of fractals of light play upon the cobalt blue. Water has natural amplifying qualities, which is why Jesus chose to speak from a boat while thousands gathered on the shore to listen (Mark 4:1, Luke 5:3). This is an excellent place to start our story...

## Ch 7: Thy Kingdom Come

**Synopsis:** 1. Intro 2. Timeline of the Next 3000 Years and the Setting of this Story, 3. How We Must Hasten the coming of the Millennial Reign

**\* This novel's Biblical Expository and Midrashim contain essential biblical themes and ideas relating to the chapter or the story in general. However, you can skip them and still understand the story. The biblical exegesis includes chapters 7-11, chapter 25, the Index, and the scattered Midrashim at the start of certain chapters.**

The 9th Day of the Ten Days of Awe  
Noon of Day 0: 7 Days Remaining  
At Sea/Expository  
Kitty

### 1. Intro

#### 1. A. Fall from Paradise

In the Garden of Eden, the Earth was a paradise. Man, nor animal, ate flesh, but existed in peace with each other:

*"...And God said, 'Behold... I have given [only] every green plant for food.' And it was so."* (Genesis 1:28-30)

It has been said that all animals could communicate with mankind in the garden of Eden:

*"And on that day [after the fall of man in Eden] was closed the mouth of all beasts... so that they could no longer speak: for they had all spoken one with another with one lip and with one tongue."* (Jubilees 3:28)

This ability will be restored in the New Earth & New Heavens:

*"Everything on earth will worship you; they will sing your praises, shouting your name in glorious songs."* (Psalm 66:4, Numbers 22:28, Genesis 3:1)

It has become a tradition among the Abrahamic faiths that one reason satan fell was because God told him to serve Adam. The satan refused, for he argued that the greater should not be made to serve the lesser.

Although this event is not found in scriptures, it appears in many extra-canonical books and partially explains the satan's hatred towards us. To regain his power, the satan tricked mankind. Like a boa constrictor, the satan, God's once-favorite angel, solidified his grip upon the earth by dethroning Adam. This was the desire of the evil one, to exalt himself as king.

*"Nevertheless, through the jealousy of the devil death came into the world: and they that do hold of his side do find it."* (Wisdom of Solomon 2:24)

The world is currently in a great and terrible war between good and evil. Currently, the satan is the god of this world, and all nations lie in his power.

*"I will no longer talk much with you, for the ruler of this world is coming. He has no claim on me, but I do as the Father has commanded me, so that the world may know that I love the Father. Rise, let us go from here"* (John 12:31-33; 14:30, 2 Corinthians 4:3-4, 1 John 5:19, Luke 4:5-6, James 4:4)

The satan pretends to be mankind's friend. Still, he will betray everyone, betrayal is a common theme among the fallen, just as Judas betrayed Jesus, and the Antichrist beast will betray the harlot of Revelations (Revelation 17:16). Judas and Nero both died at age 30 (both committed suicide), and will most likely be spiritually resurrected at this age to have their own twisted ministry to parallel Jesus's through the antichrist.

Because Adam & Eve desired to become their own God's, choosing good and evil for themselves, they were separated from the presence of God. Because mankind was given dominium over the animals and plants, the vitality of animal and plant life is intrinsically linked to man's actions. Therefore, all earthly creation followed Adam & Eve when they fell from grace, having been bound to mankind like serfs to their king.

***"... cursed is the ground because of you."*** (Genesis 3:17-18, Genesis 4:11)

*"The earth lies defiled under its inhabitants; for they have transgressed the laws, violated the statutes, broken the everlasting covenant. Therefore, a curse devours the earth, and its inhabitants suffer for their guilt..."* (Isaiah 24:5-6, Jeremiah 51:25, Hosea 4:2-3, Psalm 115:16, Revelation 11:18, Psalm 115:16)

When Adam sinned and went into death, so too did the earth.

The satan has been given partial dominium over the seas, as he is often described as a great Leviathan. This may be one reason the seas no longer exist in the world to come (Revelation 21:1).

The satan refused to serve Adam and Eve because the satan was a higher created being than them. He was a creature made from fire

(Ezekiel 28:14), while man was made from lowly clay. But God's intention and desire is for the strong to serve the weak (Gen 25:23, Heb 1:14, Mat 20:16, Mark 9:35).

The satan believes the strong serving the vulnerable is an unbalanced constitution. In like fashion, after mankind fell, all of creation began to devour each other. The strong eating the weak. This only grew worse after the flood.

While mankind lived in Eden under God's presence, they were sustained, partially, by God's supernatural energy. Even after they were kicked out of Eden, Eden's waters still permeated the earth and sustained life.

After the flood, however, the earth no longer was nourished by Eden's water, and so mankind and animal grew weak and had no choice but to devour each other (Genesis 9:3, Ramban on Genesis 1:29). God foresaw this, which is why it is said that while the animals were put in an unnatural sleep on the ark, the Lord changed them to better survive in the new post-flood world.

The more we sin, the more decrepit and violent life on earth becomes. After we sinned, God was forced to abandon the earth, putting up a veil of separation lest his glory destroy what he created. Because of His great mercy and love for creation he went into a self-imposed exile rather than let everything become a lake of fire (Exodus 33:5).

Today, our world is a violent, institutionalized slaughterhouse filled with rage, exploitation, and cruelty. Animal consumption was never supposed to be a heartless institution. In the Holy Temple, we learn about the sanctity of life. The humbling experience of sacrificing an animal to act as our spiritual substitution, accompanied by sincere repentance and closeness with God, is a divine plan to help humanity develop a deep reverence for life.

The present world's sorrows are not to be blamed on God. God did not create the thorns on the bushes or the poison in the snake's teeth; we did.

*"The Lord God made to spring up every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food"* (Genesis 2:8-9)

We see in this world the outplay of a world that is in rebellion against God. Suffering is the corporate result of sin. We are supposed to know that it is wrong and need God.

## **1. B. Return to Paradise**

There is hope. God still has sovereign control over everything. This world is just a preparatory ground. The events of this sinful life will become inconsequential to those who are resurrected to live in the next (Isaiah 65:17, James 4:14, Psalm 39:5, Ecclesiastes 6:10-12).

There is no abused child, ailment, or suffering, in this world that will go unvindicated by God. Even every abuse against animals is counted (Numbers 22:32). Every action of man will come under judgment, and rewards will be distributed accordingly.

Those who will inherit most in heaven are those who mourn, the meek, those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, the persecuted for righteousness' sake, and those who are reviled on account of the Gospel (Matthew 5:3–12).

It is best to treat the unfortunate and homeless children well for they will come to rule over us in the kingdom of heaven (Romans 8:17).

Following these, those who performed the most good works will be rewarded, followed by those who maintained faith in God (2 Corinthians 5:10).

After Christ's resurrection he masqueraded as a Gardner to further signify how he will return the world to its Eden like paradisaical glory (John 20:15).

The consolidation of all this is that the Lord is good to all and his tender mercies are over all His works (Psalm 145:9). Evil is not of God; it is unreality, an error of thought, a product of the fallen human conscience and the chaotic, negative waters. Evil is a parasite. It has no life of itself; its whole existence depends on the life it borrows from its parent. Apparent evil is the result of ignorance, and when the truth is presented, the error disappears. Hence:

*“If your eye is healthy, your whole body will be full of light”* (Matthew 6:22)

When the satan and mankind mutinied against God, most might have expected the Lord to dispose of them, but this isn't what happened. Instead, God decided to tell a love story. The Lord choose a bride from every nation on earth, and that bride was Israel, through them the Lord wished to bless the entire world. This love story ended in betrayal.

Through Israel the Lord produced one Son. The Lord told him to choose a bride from all the nations, just as He had (Matthew 22:2). The child's name was Salvation, but the bride of Jesus was not to be taken from one nation, but from all the earth.

Until Christ returns, we are His betrothed. When all the nations gather to destroy Israel, Jesus will return to save the estranged wife of the Father. Jesus's first miracles was at wedding and his last miracle before the

millennial reign will be at a wedding. It is at the marriage supper of the Lamb that we will all be made one people to live in peace with our Lord forever.

## 2. Timeline of the Next 3000 Years and the Setting of this story

### 2. A. The End Days

Scripture reinsures us that no more than one generation will pass from the First Trumpet blast to the 7th (Matthew 24:33-35). This way, although things may become tough, we will have the hope of seeing Christ's return. The "End Days" is the devil's one last hurrah before God returns and fixes everything.

As part of the devil's end-game, he will use his powers in the second heaven to cause an asteroid-like collision to destroy a third of the world and send the nations into anarchy:

*"The second angel blew his trumpet, and something like a great mountain, burning with fire, was thrown into the sea, and a third of the sea became blood."* (Revelation 8:8. 12:9)

The first five trumpet blasts of revelations describe this event but in different contexts (Revelation 8:1-9:12). Trumpets 1, 2 and 4 illustrate the appearance and devastation of the actual "asteroid." The 3rd Trumpet describes why the satan will be able to destroy us with an "asteroid." The satan will defend his actions against us by charging mankind with spiritual adultery, the ancient punishment of adultery being "bitter water ceremony" (Numbers 5:16-28). The bitter water ceremony consists of wormwood and waters being made poison, which also occurs in Revelations (Revelation 8:11, Amos 5:7, 6:12).

The 5th trumpet describes God's ultimate verdict of the satan's case against us. God will punish the satan for destroying the earth by kicking him out of the second heaven so that he can never do such a thing again. However, because most of mankind will indeed be guilty of spiritual adultery, God, as a righteous judge, will not destroy the satan but allow him to continue to rule the earth. God allows this because mankind continues to worship the satan despite all the evil he causes them (Revelation 9:20).

*"...he was thrown down to the earth [described as the "falling star" during the 5th Trumpet], and his angels were thrown down with him [1/3 of the stars/fallen angels as described in Revelation 12:3-4] And I heard a loud voice*

*in heaven, saying, ‘...the accuser of our brothers has been thrown down, who accuses them day and night before our God...Therefore, rejoice, O heavens and you who dwell in them! But woe to you, O earth and sea, for the devil has come down to you in great wrath, because he knows that his time is short!’” (Revelation 12:7-12)*

The first 6 trumpet blasts are called “the judgments of God” not because God causes them, but because as a righteous judge, God must pass a fair verdict when we are brought to the heavenly court by satan and accused.

The 6th trumpet blasts describe satan’s antics on earth after being kicked out of the second heaven. He gathers a 200-million-man army by invisibly influencing world leaders, inciting nations to war, and killing another third of mankind (Revelation 9:16-18).

Although the devil will be rampaging on the earth, he will no longer be allowed in the heavens to accuse us to the Father and fight with the angels. Our prayers will become more powerful than they have ever been before:

*“In the last days, God says, I will pour out my Spirit on all people. Your sons and daughters will prophesy, your young men will see visions, your old men will dream dreams” (Acts 2:17, Micah 7:15)*

The forces of good and evil will be at their highest potential.

The 7th Trumpet blast is the last and final Trumpet blast before the Messiah returns. Unlike the 1st six Trumpet blasts, God retaliates at the 7th. This last Trumpet leads to the “outpouring of God’s wrath,” which includes the 7 angels with 7 plagues aka the 7 bowls of God’s wrath, which are synonymous with the plagues of Egypt.

These plagues are a direct retaliation against the anti-Christ army. God will preserve many of His people at this time, similarly to how God watched over the people of Israel when the plagues came upon Egypt. The plagues shall hinder the atrocities committed by the anti-Christ army.

### **1. Why satan sends an asteroid to destroy the world**

De-population is a main priority of the satan, hence why many monoliths preaching of depopulation, such as the Georgia guide stones, have been erected and protected by the elite. Fewer people mean fewer souls that will one day inherit God’s kingdom.

Destruction of the world system as we know it will give the satan the ability to create a new one where “marshal law,” third world aggression, and extreme measures such as “the mark of the beast” will be easier to implement. Although the Bible does not explicitly say an “asteroid” will

hit the earth, it is most likely this and not nuclear bombs for an asteroid can be seen with the naked eye days or even months before it impacts us.

*“Men’s hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken.”* (Luke 21:26)

## 2. The Response of God and Mankind

Many will blame God for all the destruction on the earth, but scripture is clear that the destruction is due to the wrath of the satan, and not God. God will punish those who caused such devastation.

*“Your wrath came, and the time for the dead to be judged, and for rewarding your servants, the prophets, and saints... and for destroying the destroyers of the earth [that is the dragon, invading armies, and deceitful pharmaceutical companies].”* (Revelation 11:18)

*“Behold, I am against you, O destroying mountain, declares the Lord, which destroys the whole earth; I will stretch out my hand against you”* (Jeremiah 51:25).

The “asteroid” that the satan throws into the earth in Revelations is called *“A great mountain.”* God refers to the satan as “A destroying mountain” and one who “destroys the whole earth” in the book of Jeremiah verse 51:25, a foreshadow of what the satan will do in the End Days.

### 2. B. The Tribulation

The last 7 years of the “End Days” is what has become known as the “Tribulation.” At the end of his rule over us, the satan will institute “the mark of the beast” that mankind will have to resist for 7 years. After these 7 years, the “Day of the Lord” will occur when God finally steps in to heal the world and reclaim it from the beast system.

Most of the events concerning the Tribulation will happen in Israel. There will be 42 months or 3.5 years when two prophets call the city to repentance before God’s judgment continues. These prophets will warn the inhabitants of Israel to flee to the wilderness lest they be destroyed. They will be given the power to upset the city authority and peace just as the two bears in the book of Elijah upset 42 young men who attacked God’s prophet (2 Kings 2:24). The antichrist will kill them, he will then turn on the city and overrun it and kill everyone who didn’t listen to the prophets and flee the city and all its immorality.

God will return to rescue Israel and those who are killed, one-third of the city, will be resurrected and given transfigured bodies so that they can fight off their persecutors (Zechariah 9:14-16, 10:1-5, Isaiah 60:8).



Scriptures foreshadowing the 7-year Tribulation and the beast's reign:

- 2<sup>nd</sup> kings 8:1-5: The prophet saves the women (like the one from Revelations) by sending her out of Israel for 7 years.
- Judges 6:1-2: For 7 years, Israel made themselves dens in the mountains and caves to escape Midian.
- Laban originally made a covenant with Jacob (Israel) for 7 years, the antichrist will make a covenant with Israel for 7 years, but will betray them in the midst of that, Israel will have to flee after 3.5 years from the antichrist just as Jacob (Israel) fled Laban and Pharoah after 3.5 days.
- Nebuchadnezzar was given “a heart of a beast” for 7 years. He was king of Babylon, and the antichrist “beast” will be king of “Babylon the Great” and rule for 7 years. The first beast is like a lion with eagle's wings; Nebuchadnezzar is described as lion-like with hair like an eagle's wings (Daniel 7:4).

## 2. C. Days VS Millennia

When Messiah returns, the world will end; that is, the illusion that the satan has put on this earth will end. Jesus will bring true restoration. No one knows the day that the Lord will return (Matthew 24:36), but we can estimate.

*“...with the Lord one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.”* (2 Peter 3:8 & Psalm 90:4)

The six days of the creation represent six periods of a thousand years, during which the world is to be in toil and sorrow. The Sabbath at the end of these represents the thousand years of the Millennium (Revelation 20:6). The Talmud says that this world, as we know it, will last for six thousand years, with the seventh millennium ushering in the Messianic Era, and a thousand years after that, the cosmic sabbath.

The Hosea prophecy substantiates this:

*“Come, let us return to the Lord; for he has torn us, that he may heal us; he has struck us down, and he will bind us up. [with the destruction of the Second Temple] After two [millenniums] days he will revive us; on the third [millennium] day he will raise us up, that we may live before him.”* (Hosea 6:1-2 & John 2:1, Esther. 5:1)

1st millennium= 27-1030 AD=70, God scattered Israel

2nd millennium=1030-2030 AD=1948, the Jews revived in the nation of Israel

3rd millennium=2030-3030AD= Jesus returns sometime between  
2030 and 3030

<b>2. C. Days VS Millennia Chart</b>				
	<b>Day 1 Sunday</b>	<b>Day 2 Monday</b>	<b>Day 3 Tuesday</b>	<b>Day 4 Wednesday</b>
<b>The First Seven Days</b>	God created light. The Word is Light	Division of water. heaven & earth defined	land, seas, and fruit. God creates the Tree of Life	Lights in the heavens to act as signs. God preestablishes His Festivals
<b>The first Seven Thousand Years</b>	<b>3761-3000BC Hebrew Year 0-1000</b>	<b>3000-2000BC Hebrew Year 1000-2000</b>	<b>2000-1000BC Hebrew Year 2000-3000</b>	<b>1000BC-1AD Hebrew Year 3000-4000</b>
	Creation of the World in 3761BC/ Hebrew Year 1	The Flood in 2105 BC/ Hebrew Year 1656	God promised land and seed to Abraham. Abrahamic Covenant in 1731 BC/ Hebrew Year 2030	Jesus's 1st advent. He is the Light of the world and a sign for us. Occurred in 1AD Hebrew Year 3761

Table continues on the next page...

2. C. Days VS Millennia Chart Continued...				
	Day 5 Thursday	Day 6 Friday	Day 7 Saturday	Day 8 The Lords Day
The First Seven Days	Whales [the Leviathan] and birds [Angels]. God creates the <b>satan</b>	Man, and <b>beast</b> . The snake <b>deceives</b> the man	<b>God rested</b> to fellowship with mankind	<b>Nature and mankind is upturned</b> and man leaves Eden

	followed by the <b>angels</b>	on the 6th day		
<b>The first Seven Thousand Years</b>	<b>1-1000AD Hebrew Year 4000-5000</b>	<b>1000-2000AD Hebrew Year 5000-6000</b>	<b>2000-3000AD Hebrew Year 6000-7000</b>	<b>3000-4000AD Hebrew Year 7000-8000</b>
	Followers of the <b>satan</b> distinguished from those of God <b>[Angels]</b> (Matt 13:30) 30AD, Year 3791	The <b>beast</b> <b>deceives</b> the world ?2030-3030AD?	The <b>Messianic Era</b> ?2037-3037AD?	The <b>heaven &amp; earth</b> <b>recreated</b> to their true potential ?3037-4037AD?

## 2. D. Setting of this Testimony

The Hebrew date in my world is year 6000... the time Christ returns for his one-thousand-year reign, or that is, year 2240 according to your worldly calendars. It has been about 120 generations since Adam and Eve. The bible gives a complete and unbroken Genealogy from Adam to us today, with no gaps. The world has already been through the End Days and the “Tribulation.” Much of humanity has died as has most of the naturally occurring animal and plant life. As foretold in scriptures, the sun and moon is shrouded in darkness (Joel 2:31, Acts 2:20).

My story begins with the Trumpet heard on Rosh Hashanah in 2240 AD. This isn’t just any trumpet, but the 7th Trumpet blast of revelations marking the end of the End Days and the Tribulation (Revelation 11:15-19). With this Trumpet comes the “Third Woe” in which the Lord defeats His enemies to prepare the world for His renewed kingdom. I only have 7 days to warn Artopia to accept God’s new Lordship, or at least flee into the wilderness lest they be destroyed on the Day of the Lord. The Day of the Lord is when God returns to heal the earth and bring it back to its paradisaical glory.

## 2. E. The Day of the Lord

*“...Then the Lord my God will come, and all the holy ones with him... And there shall be a unique day, which is known to the Lord...”* (Zechariah 14:1-21, Psalm 2:8-9, Ezekiel 38:10-11...18-20, Revelations 11:15, Acts 1:6-11, Revelation 1:7)

The number one theme in the Bible is not salvation by grace through faith; it is not the death of Jesus Christ on the cross; the number one theme is *“the day of the Lord.”*

The Day of the Lord is the day Jesus Christ returns and reclaims the world, transfigures those who resisted the mark of the beast, and proclaims liberty to the enslaved. It is a day that starts in darkness (Zephaniah 1:14-18, Matthew 24:29-30), for a biblical day starts at nightfall, but it will end in light and abounding blessings for mankind and earth.

The Day of the Lord will be glorious for the righteous, but it will be a terrifying day for the wicked:

*“...For the Day of the Lord is near upon all the nations. As you have done, it shall be done to you; your deeds shall return on your own head”* (Obadiah 10:15, Isaiah 3:10-11, 10:1-2, 29:19-21, 25:3-4, 32:20, 10:27, 33:1)

Then the “first resurrection” will occur. Those who are resurrected will be the first to receive the promises of the New Covenant. (1 Corinthians 15:39-54, 12-19, Hebrews 10:25-36).

The coming of the kingdom of heaven on earth is what Christ taught His disciples to pray for in his sermon on the mount as he petitioned *“Thy kingdom Come...”* in the Lord’s Prayer (Mathew 6:10).

All the books of the prophets spoke of the literal kingdom of God reigning over the entire earth. Jesus repeatedly told the Jewish elite to, “believe in him” not necessarily to save their souls but so they’d except his leadership as the Messiah and king, an opportunity that ended for them at Stevens death. To believe in Jesus is to also believe in everything he said, so becoming educated on what the gospels actually say is essential.

## **2. F. Summary of the Millennial Reign**

### **1. Sick and Disabled People Healed**

Christ will heal the sick and paralyzed in Israel just as he did during his first advent but on a much larger scale. (Isaiah 35:3-6, 42:6-7). A “highway of righteousness” will be built to accommodate travelers to the city (Isaiah 35:8).

For those who cannot come to the city, leaves of the Tree of Life will be sent to them for healing (Ezekiel 47:12). Within the Millennial city itself:

*“No inhabitant will say, ‘I am sick’; the people who dwell there will be forgiven their iniquity”* (Isaiah 33:24, 35:3-4, 61:1)

The lifespans of those who live in the Millennial city will significantly increase as before pre-flood days (Isaiah 65:20). People who live outside the city will not receive extended lifespans.

### **2. The Environment Will Flourish**

There will be a great earthquake when Jesus returns. Mt Olivet will cleave. The land of Israel will be raised up, and Eden will be unearthed from where it has been buried since the flood. The land around Mt Olivet and Moriah will be turned into a plain. Mt Moriah will be raised much higher than it is now. A river of healing will come from the top of Mt Moriah (Ezekiel 47:1). The waters will issue from underneath the Temple,

through the Shissin, out from underneath the Foundation Stone, through the veil that Jesus symbolically tore, and flow eastward.

God's rivers of living water will flow south through the desert and into the Jordan River to the Dead Sea. The waters will make the whole land of Israel and Palestine flourish. (Joel 3:18). These rivers that branch out from the Temple will be like the rivers that flowed through the earth from Gan Eden in the pre-flood world (Ezekiel 40:2, Isaiah 40:1-5, Zechariah 4:7, Isaiah 35:1-2, 51:3, 41:18-20, Ezekiel 34:26-30, 36:33-35, Psalm 72:16. Zechariah 8:19, Joel 3:18.)

God will send supernatural rains that rejuvenates the Global environment (Isaiah 19:24, 24:14-16, 25:6,42:10, 62:2, 63:16, 66:18, Jeremiah 51:47-49, Revelation 11:18).

### 3. Effects on Animal Life

The predatory beasts around Gods Mountain will become vegetarians/piscivores once again. (Isaiah 65:25, 11:6-8, Ezekiel 47:8-11, Joel 3:18, Zechariah 14:8 & Ezekiel 47:12). The river that shoots out of the Holy Temple will grow a novel fruit that can sustain the once carnivorous beasts. The fruit that these trees grow will be superior in nourishment to meat. The rivers will also sustain mass amounts of fish that will be used as food (although fish is technically meat).

*"... when the water flows into the sea, the water will become fresh. And wherever the river goes, every living creature that swarms will live, and there will be very many fish...And on the banks, on both sides of the river, there will grow all kinds of trees for food"* (Ezekiel 47:8-12)

*"It shall continue in summer as in winter."* (Zechariah 14:8)

Animals will be respected and no longer mistreated. Animals outside the Millennial City will remain carnivorous. People who live in the Millennial City will not need to eat meat. Meat consumption that does occur will become a consecrated act (Zechariah 14:20-21, Joel 2:22). Animals sacrificed at the Temple during biblical times were treated exceedingly well, such treatment will be mandated for all animals in the Millennial kingdom (Zechariah 14:20).

### 4. Universal Rule

Christ's rule will extend both spiritually and literally over the entire earth; all implements of war will be destroyed in favor of implements of productivity. Nations will no longer go to war. Disagreements between nations will be judged by Christ from Jerusalem (Psalm 2:6-9, 72:8, Isaiah 2:3-4, Micah 4:3, Ezekiel 37:24-28, 39:9-11, Zechariah 9:10)



God's kingdom will last forever, never again will mankind have dominion. (2 Samuel 7:16, Luke 1:30-33, Daniel 2:44-45, 7:27, 7:13-14, Isaiah 33:20-21, Revelation 11:15). God will destroy wicked, oppressive rulers and bring freedom, productivity, and peace throughout the whole world:

*“The Lord has broken the staff of the wicked, the scepter of rulers... The whole earth is at rest and quiet; they break forth into singing.”* (Isaiah 14:5-7)

All the earth will rejoice under the rulership of our God (Isaiah 14:5-7, 24:16, 19:24, and 29:19-21, 24:14-16, 32:1-8, 42:10,13:11, 61:1-2, 66:18, Zephaniah 1:9, Habakkuk 2:6-20, Joel 3:1-3, Ezekiel 39:21-24, Matthew 25:31-46, Obadiah 10:15, Psalm 97:1-2, 96, Malachi 3:5, Jeremiah 51:48, 1 Chronicles 30-34).

## 5. Demonic Realm

Satan will be bound in the abyss for 1000 years, and demons will be imprisoned in the regions of Babylon, Edom, and possibly, the abyss as well. (Revelation 20:2-5, and 18:2, Isaiah 66:24, 27:1, 14:3-21, 24:21-22).

## 6. The New Jerusalem

A space ship like city that will accompany Jesus when he returns. This is the place Jesus said he would prepare for us (John 14:3). It will hover over Israel for a thousand years. During the millennial reign the city does not fully descend into the earth, but rather, appears over it. The New Jerusalem is the abode of Christ and His heavenly people, the seat of His government and glory. It is not until the first heaven and earth have passed away, at the end of the millennial reign, and the new heavens and a new earth created, that the New Jerusalem descends and finds a home suited to its glory. Gods spirit hovered over the chaotic waters but did not find a resting place until like a dove, it came to rest above Jesus at his baptism, as Noah's dove found rest on the olive branch.

## 2. G. Humanities Sad End at the End of the Millennial Reign

The Millennial Reign of Christ will be glorious. However, God will test the nations after a thousand years by releasing the Dragon.

*“And when the thousand years are ended, Satan will be released from his prison and will come out to deceive the nations that are at the four corners of the earth, Gog*

*and Magog [Perhaps, in a way, Google and Microsoft], to gather them for battle; their number is like the sand of the sea.”* (Revelations 20:7-8)

Much of mankind will not pass the test. The satan will stir up distrust, pride, and greed in a similar manner as Absalom did (2 Samuel 15:2-5). The Messianic kingdom will end with apostasy, rebellion, and betrayal.

*“And they marched up over the broad plain of the earth and surrounded the camp of the saints and the beloved city, but fire came down from heaven and consumed them.”* (Revelations 20:9)

**Man’s attack on God’s city immediately after the satan’s release will prove two things:**

1. Without the influence of an “accuser,” mankind loves God and lives righteously, as evident of their love for God’s rule during His 1000-year reign.

2. Once a harbinger of sin, the satan is released back into the world, mankind loses control of their natural sense and wages war with God. There is nothing “free” or “independent thought” about rebelling against God.

Once the Red Dragon is released from his self-made prison in the bottomless abyss, his creed, that is, mutated humanoid creatures shall follow him back to earth in one final attempt to destroy God and His people (Revelation 9:7). The people who attack God are not revolutionaries but are betrayers, just like Judas (John 17:12, Thessalonians 2:3).

The same spirit that convinced Judas to betray Jesus, and then later inspired the antichrist system, will convince the world not just to destroy the epiphany of a perfect person but to gather at the end of the Millennial Reign with armies to betray the epiphany of a perfect city.

In response, God will gather up His righteous into His Holy Temple as it will act as an Ark that will preserve them as God destroys the earth and heavens.

*“And that by means of these the world that then existed was deluged with water and perished. But by the same word the heavens and earth that now exist are stored up for fire, being kept until the day of judgment and destruction of the ungodly.”* (2 Peter 3:6-7)

**2. H. Judgement Day**

Immediately after the destruction of the old earth & heavens, the second resurrection will occur inside God's Holy Temple. All of mankind that has ever lived will be brought to stand in front of God's white thrones where God and Jesus will sit.

*"The rest of the dead did not come to life until the thousand years [Millennial Reign] were ended."* (Revelation 20:5, Daniel 7:9-10)

Everyone will be judged in perfect finality. Those tried as guilty will be thrown into the lake of fire, including death and hades itself. It may be something like a "walk the plank situation."

*"But as for the **cowardly**, the faithless, the detestable, as for murderers, the sexually immoral, sorcerers, idolaters, and all liars, their portion will be in the lake that burns with fire and sulfur, which is the second death"* (Revelation 21:8, Revelation 20:14, 1 Corinthians 6:9-10)

## 2. I. The New Earth & Heavens

Those tried as innocent on the Day of Judgment will be given bodies not of dust but of incorruptible, heavenly flesh just as those who took part in the first resurrection (Philippians 3:20-21, etc.) Then God's Holy Temple, the New Jerusalem, will descend from the clouds and bring all of humanity to the New Earth.

*"Then I saw a New Heaven and a New Earth, for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."* (Revelation 21:1-2)

A person's inheritance in the New Earth & New Heaven is determined by an additional trial in which their works on earth are judged.

*"... For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, so that each one may receive what is due for what he has done in the body, whether good or evil."* (2 Corinthians 5:9-10, Romans 14:11-12)

On contrary to popular belief, very few people will go to heaven. Only those who are chosen to rule with Christ as kings and as priests will have this honor (Revelation 1:6, Revelation 14:3). The vast majority will be resurrected to live on the New Earth that will be ruled by those in the New Heaven.

Everything will be made right in the New Earth & New Heaven, and there will no longer be death. We and the other creatures will live forever.

*"Then comes the end, when he delivers the kingdom to God the Father after destroying every rule and every authority and power. For he must reign until he has put*

*all his enemies under his feet. The last enemy to be destroyed is death.*” (1 Corinthians 15:24-26)

In the book of Ecclesiastes, King Solomon wrote that life on this earth could be seemingly pointless and trivial. However, life in the New Earth & Heavens will be anything but far surpassing our imaginations (1 Corinthians 2:9). *“Under the sun”* is a constant repeating phrase in Ecclesiastes, designating that *“vanity”* and *“bevel”* is a norm in this world that is *“under the sun.”*

However, God’s city in the New Earth & Heavens will not be under the light of the sun or moon, but under the Light of God. Therefore, everything will have meaning and purpose.

*“And night will be no more. They will need no light of lamp or sun, for the Lord God will be their light, and they will reign forever and ever.”* (Revelation 22:5 & Daniel 12:3)

Some people confuse the “Millennial Reign” with the scriptures that describe the “New Earth and Heavens.” However, the two are entirely different from one another. For one, while the “seas” are described pertaining to the Millennial Reign, the New Earth will no longer have any seas or oceans. A more in-depth analysis of all the generations of the earth can be found at [www.friendsfromzion.com](http://www.friendsfromzion.com) under “Index of all the Worlds.”

### **3. How We Must Hasten the coming of the Millennial Reign**

#### **3. A. A Paradise Me & You Could Have Had**

If you know someone who is suffering, pray for Christ to return so that they can be healed. **Christ’s reign didn’t only have be “1000” years. It could have been 4000 years if mankind had accepted Him when he came the first time.**

3.5 years after Christ’s death, Steven made his formal petition to the Sanhedrin to accept Christ’s reign as our messiah. Instead, the Sanhedrin and Paul the apostle had him killed. The end of the 490-year prophecy was Steven’s death (Daniel 9).

Steven saw Christ *“Standing on the right hand of God.”* (Acts 7:55–56)

Christ chose to stand out of anger for what was happening to Steven.

The Millennial Reign will begin only when Jesus returns to the earth *“sitting at the right hand of God”* (Ephesians 1:20; Colossians 3:1; Hebrews 1:3,8:1,10:12,12:2, Revelation 3:21)

### 3. B. How We Can Hasten Jesus's Return

How terrible the End Days are is dependent on our repentance and supplication of the Lord. Philippians and Philemon 2 describe how we can avoid the judgment.

*"If you would turn to me, I would send you a blessing instead of a curse." (Joel 2:12-14)*

Nineveh was spared because they repented, despite Jonah saying their fate was sealed. Therefore, although Jonah saved their lives, he cannot be considered a prophet. Jonah was from Galilee and the reason why Jesus was compared to him (John 7:52). Scriptures say that when we worship the one God as shown by praying and following His commandments, we lift creation and ourselves and hasten His return. Since the world was made in merit of one [Adam] and that one was split among every soul in the world, you elevate the entire world when you do good deeds.

*"Repent therefore, and turn back, that your sins may be blotted out... and that he may send the Christ appointed for you, Jesus" (Acts 3:19-20)*

*"...I am the Lord; in its time I will **hasten** it." (Isaiah 60:22)*

*"Since all these things are thus to be dissolved, what sort of people ought you to be in live of holiness and godliness, waiting for and **hastening** the coming of the day of God..." (Peter 3:11-12)*

When we follow God's commandments, we are essentially creating a "Einstein-Rosen bridge," a "traversable Schwarzschild wormhole" that brings the predetermined time of the earth's redemption even closer. That is, a contraction (like in a birth) in space that pulls two location-points together. It is our duty, our greatest responsibility to ourselves, those we love, and all the animals in the world, that we hasten God's return by following His commandments.

*"For the creation waits with eager longing for the revealing of the sons of God." (Romans 8:19-25) "Man and beast you save, O Lord." (Psalm 36:5-6)*

We cannot let creation down. This world is full of pain and sorrows; but this is not how it is meant to be. When the Messiah returns, he will heal all our ailments and release the earth from the catastrophic effects of sin and the satan. The most selfish thing a person can do is not hasten Christ's return by behaving righteously and following Gods commands.

### 3. C. How God is Hastening the Day (Hastening the Day, by Jeremy Chance Springfield)

Jesus doesn't have to arrive precisely at year 6000, he can return earlier, even today. God often changes predetermined times in scripture. These manipulations of space and time are called "contractions." According to the Talmud as found in tractate Sanhedrin 95a, a contraction in the earth occurred for Eliezer, servant of Abraham, and Jacob during his vision of "Jacob's ladder." At one point, Jesus spoke of the earth "contracting" itself to hasten the day of redemption.

*"... And if those days had not been cut short [contracted], no human being would be saved. But for the sake of the elect those days will be cut short"* (Matthew 24:20-22)

Jesus said that because of those who do His will, the days until His coming will shorten. There are many instances of scriptures describing moments where Jesus bent time and space.

*"When evening came, his disciples went down to the sea, got into a boat, and started across the sea to Capernaum... When they had rowed about three or four miles, they saw Jesus walking on the sea and coming near the boat... Then they were glad to take him into the boat, **and immediately the boat was at the land to which they were going.**"* (John 6:16-21)

The distance between the disciples and Jesus was about six miles, and the text tells us that the disciples had crossed nearly half of that length when they encountered Jesus walking on the waves. Jesus could not have walked there from the Mount of Olives in such a short amount of time. Instead, he was transported through a miracle of some type. Then the text tells us that once Jesus entered the boat, it immediately was teleported to its destination!

Another example:

"And they were on the road, going up to Jerusalem, and Jesus was walking ahead of them. And they were amazed, and those who followed were afraid. And taking the twelve again, he began to tell them what was to happen to him" (Mark 10:32).

Why were they amazed? Could it be they were seeing what king Solomon had once written, "The voice of my beloved! Behold, he comes, leaping over the mountains, bounding over the hills." (Song of Songs 2:8).

Jesus contracted the earth again after his resurrection (John 20:26, and Luke 24:30-31) when he ascended into heaven (Acts 1:9-11), and a contraction occurred for Philip after he baptized the first believer.

"And when they came up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord carried Philip away, and the eunuch saw him no more, and went on his way rejoicing" (Acts 8:39).

Our actions have a valid purpose in the grand plan of the Holy One's redemption. "Walking meritoriously" means that we "purchase the contracting" that brings the set time closer to us. It arrives to us; we do not arrive upon it, and this is all because of the mercy and favor of the Almighty. God desires to reunite with us, and that desire has brought many mercies into this world (Psalm 102:13).

**The 9th Day of the Ten Days of Awe**  
**Afternoon of Day 0: 7 Days Remaining**  
**At Sea/Intro to Next Chapter**  
**Note from Kitty to the Reader**

So far on our journey, the seas have been calm, but making it to the 7th Trumpet blast and receiving an invitation to the Wedding Festival of the Lamb won't be easy. If you are lucky/unlucky enough to be living in the End Days, the journey will be filled with peril and difficult decisions. I don't want to scare you. As I said at the very beginning of this story, there are three keys to surviving the End Days. This first key, I think, is the most beautiful and it is for you to keep.

What does this Key unlock? To start with, it unlocks the universe. We cannot see the stars in my world, but they may still be visible in yours. After our journey and after much more has been said than done, my one desire is that when you look up and see the stars, you see them rolled out like a scroll. This key will help you read the stars and hear their songs, it is a song of redemption.

God's love for us is true. His is the love that can make any man love again. Long before the Zodiac (Ark of the zoo) twisted and tainted them, Virgo was the virgin Mary, Leo the Lion of Judah, and the Ram/lamb was the sheep that caught its shofar horns in the thornbush for Isaac and Abraham.

In the month of Nissan, during Passover, Issacs Ram (Aries) rises in the east, and the Judgement Scales (Libra) sets in the west. A Ram is an animal sacrificed on Passover while the Temple stood. The "wheel of stars" is reversed on the 10th of Tishrei, for it is known as the Day of Judgment. In Israel, during this month, Libra weighs her scales over the night's skies while the Ram/Lamb, the sign of forgiveness, is far from sight. In the happier month of Sivan, the heavens over Jerusalem are adorned by Gemini. They cover the skies of the Holy land during Shavout/Pentecost, for like them, the Law and the Holy Spirit are forever conjoined.

Yes, that is right, the first Key to the End Days is the Festivals of God. Knowledge of the Festivals breaks the first seal of our scroll of the Apocalypse.

Before the printing press, people read stories in the stars. God's story is written there for anyone to read. The 12 signs of the zodiac follow the sun as the 12 apostles and 12 tribes of Israel follow God. The heavens are



like a clock with 12 hours and 12 months of the year, constantly revolving around God.

Although technically 12 months, there is sometimes a 13th month referred to as “Adar II.” The Hebrew calendar has a 13th month, for it is a Lunar calendar. The 13th month is personified by the 13th tribe hidden in the tribe of Joseph, that being Manasseh or Ephraim, by the 12th apostle having been either Matthias or Judas and by the two fish star sign of Pieces that represents the month of Adar.

Solomon understood the zodiac and the ways of demons. To bind them Solomon would get the demons to tell him their star sign. Devils rule from the 2<sup>nd</sup> heaven and are given powers corresponding to the stars there. So, what a person, as a human is doing when they tell someone their so-called star sign is admitting to the world what demons rule over them, and are therein submitting to those demons.

From 0 to 2,000 AD, we were in the age of Pisces, during which the constellation being “sacrificed” into the sun is the Ram; Aries. From around 2,100 to 4,000 is the Age of Aquarius, in which Aries, aka “the Lamb” will no longer be being sacrificed, but it will be the age that Jesus returns and the Law will flow from Zion like water.

*“They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of Jehovah, as the waters cover the sea.”* (Isaiah 11:9, Habakkuk 2:14,)

*“He [God] will spread out his hands in the midst of it as a swimmer spreads his hands out to swim...”* (Isaiah 25:9-11)

The enemy has created fake keys that unlock doors that lead to our doom. Astrology is one of these false keys. Astrology is evil (Deuteronomy 4:19 18:10, Leviticus 19:26, Isaiah 44:25, 47:13-14, Daniel 7:25), for Astrology and even Astronomy is a trick to keep us from seeing the true meaning of the stars, the most ancient story of all, and that is God’s absolute sovereignty, and His Festivals.

## Ch 8: Key # 1 The Festivals of God

**Synopsis:** **1.** Why the 7 Festivals of God are Important to us Today, **2.** Details About the 7 Festivals of God, **3.** How the Festivals of God Will Ensure Your Survival in the End Days

**The 9th Day of the Ten Days of Awe**  
**Afternoon of Day 0: 7 Days Remaining**  
**At Sea/Expository**  
**Kitty**

### 1. Why the 7 Festivals of God Matter

#### 1. A. Flee from Egypt to Attend God's Wedding Festival

The entire Bible can be summarized as the Lord calling us to leave the stagnation of sin to become a sojourner of righteousness. God called Abraham to leave his pagan roots and sojourn in the wilderness, and hundreds of years later, God called Israel to leave Egypt to celebrate a festival to the Lord in the wild. Cities have been synonymous with immorality in scripture since Cain invented them (Genesis 4:17)

Egypt represented the world, and Pharaoh represented the satan. Leaving Egypt symbolizes what turning from sin accomplishes in God's spiritual plan: it frees from bondage. God wants us to flee from the convenience of immoral society and become rebels by refusing to lower our morals, no matter the financial or social gain.

God told Pharaoh, *"Let my people go, so that they may hold a Festival to me in the wilderness"* (Exodus 5:1)

God will gather those who are sojourning in this metaphorical wilderness and take them to His marriage Feast (Mark 13:27, Matthew 24:31). On that day, even the animals will Feast (Ezekiel 39:17-24).

God promises to protect us in our spiritual journey:

*"[The Lord] defends the cause of the fatherless and the widow, and loves the sojourner, giving him food and clothing...."* (Deuteronomy 10:18-19)

We know what the world has, the temptation and quick satisfaction sin offers, but we are called to put these things on the altar. We surrender our lives to God for the same reason Abraham did: bring God back into the world and save all the earth (Genesis 12:14-16).

Before Abraham began his journey, God assured him his decedents would be:

*“As the stars of heaven,”* that is, *“... blameless and innocent, children of God without blemish in the midst of a crooked and twisted generation, among whom you shine as lights in the world,”* (Philippians 2:15)

God blessed Abraham, *“because he obeyed me and kept my requirements, my commands, my decrees, and my laws.”* (Genesis 26:5)

### **1. B. The Parable of the Ten Virgins & God’s Wedding Festival on the Day of the Lord**

There is a knock at the door, and someone calls. “Here is the bridegroom! Come out to meet him!” The man tells you that the bridegroom has invited you to his Marriage Festival, and all you must do is meet him outside at the correct time. If you attend this marriage Festival, you will be given exclusive rights to live in God’s Holy City and rule the earth next to Christ during His Millennial Reign.

Nevertheless, only half of those who hear and understand this call will be outside and ready for the bridegroom when he arrives (Matthew 25:1-13, Revelation 3:20). Those who fail to participate in the wedding Festival are not eternally damned, for Christ does not *say “I never knew you”* (Matthew 7:23) but that *“I don’t know you.”*

To understand the parable of the ten virgins and be one of the five that make it to the Marriage Festival, we must understand the other 7 Festivals of God and basic Jewish culture. Like the virgins, you must have enough oil (Biblical knowledge; Matthew 25:7) and the correct clothes (dressed in righteousness, having avoided sin; Matthew 22:12).

Using a Judeo-Christian lens, it becomes clear that the parable of the ten virgins is referring to the “Festival of Tabernacles.” During the Festival of Tabernacles, God commands us to camp underneath the stars for 7 nights (Leviticus 23:41-43). The roof of our tent is supposed to be see-thru (Leviticus 23:40). The necessity to see the stars is important as the Festival of Tabernacles symbolizes a marriage ceremony. A Jewish marriage traditionally takes place at night, and at least 60% of the stars must be visible for it to be official. The virgins who did not make it to the

Marriage Ceremony in the parable were those who failed to celebrate one of God's Feasts properly. They went home too soon.

A Jewish urban legend is that you may be visited by the angelic form of one of the biblical Patriarchs during the Feast of Tabernacles. This is not just an urban legend; it's a prophetic glimpse into the future. At Christ's second coming, God will:

*"Send out his angels to gather the elect from the four corners of the earth"* (Mark 13:27)

Those gathered by the angels will be brought to Christ's marriage festival. The Messiah will return on the 7th day of Tabernacles in response to the nation's attack on Israel. Those awaiting Christ outside in their tents will be gathered and instantly transfigured to assist Jesus in defeating the Antichrist's army that lays siege to Israel.

During Tabernacles, Israel sacrifices 70 bulls to redeem all the peoples of the world. (Genesis 32:24-31, Exodus 33:20, Genesis 10, Isaiah 49:6, 2 Chronicles 4:7, Daf Shevui to Sukkah.55b.9). Seventy for the nations is a conception based on the list of the 70 descendants of Noah given in Genesis 10, usually called "The Table of Nations."

It is ironic that Israel will be attacked when they are praying for the world.

"In Jewish tradition, the great attack on Israel during the Great Tribulation will take place during Sukkot, and the Ezekiel chapter was therefore selected as the haftarah for the Shabbat of Sukkot." (OzTorah, Gog and Magog, R' Dr. Raymond Apple).

### **1. C. The Festivals in the New Testament**

The Satan fears our knowledge of God's Festivals, which is why it is written:

*"He shall speak words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and shall think to change the times [Holy days] and the law."* (Daniel 7:25)

All the apocalyptic text has a framework in the Biblical Festivals. The 7 Festivals of God are not manmade festivals but are given to us by God to follow. Deuteronomy 16 stresses the pilgrimages to the Festivals, Numbers 28-29 emphasizes the offerings, and Leviticus 23 focuses on the Festivals themselves.

The new Testament church began on one of these Festivals, the day of Pentecost/Shavous (Acts 2:1-4). The Apostles and disciples of the early church continued to observe these festivals long after Jesus's death and

resurrection (Acts 18:21, 20:16, 27:9, 1 Corinthians 5:8). Scriptures state that these Festivals will be celebrated during the Millennial Reign, specifically the Festival of Tabernacles.

*“Then everyone who survives of all the nations that have come against Jerusalem shall go up year after year to worship the King, the Lord of hosts, and to keep the Festival of Booths [Tabernacles] ...”* (Zechariah 14:16-18).

God reveals these Festivals to mankind in the very first chapter of the Bible.

*“Then God said, “Let there be lights in the sky to separate the day from the night. They will be signs and will mark religious festivals, days, and years”* (Genesis 1:14 GOD’S WORD Translation, NASB Lexicon, HCSB, New Jerusalem Bible, Jubilees 2:8)

*“These are the appointed Festivals of the Lord, the holy convocations, which you shall proclaim at the time appointed for them.”* (Leviticus 23:4-6).

The Hebrew word for convocation means a rehearsal. In other words, these gatherings were to be rehearsals for actual appointed meeting times between God and Man.

The fourth commandment is to remember the Sabbath day, but the Festivals are referred to as “High Sabbaths,” so they should be remembered too.

*“Behold, upon the mountains, the feet of him who brings good news, who publishes peace! Keep your Festivals, O Judah; fulfill your vows...”* (Nahum 1:15)

*“I will gather those of you who mourn for the Festival, so that you will no longer suffer reproach...”* (Zephaniah 3:18-19)

*“...They made known the difference between the unclean and the clean; and they have hidden their eyes from My Sabbaths [Festivals] so that I am profaned among them”* (Ezekiel 22:26)

Should Christians celebrate God’s Festivals? Yes, it aggravates God when we celebrate other festivals while ignoring His (Jeremiah 10:3-4). Will we go to hell if we don’t honor them? No, of course not.

Still, Christians who do not want to celebrate Gods Feasts should take note that Vashti was also a gentile bride of the king, but she was put away and replaced with Esther because she didn’t want to celebrate one of the Kings Festivals with him (Esther 1:11-12). Esther appears to be a metaphor for the women in labor in the book of Revelation.

## 2. Details About the 7 Festivals

### 2. A. The Festivals of God Traces the Entire Program of Redemption.

The book of Zachariah describes the Messiah as a **Joseph figure** (Genesis 37:1–11), who would come and suffer, and as a **David figure** (Ezekiel 34:23), who would come as a conquering king. Jesus was known as both a son of **David** (Matthew 1:1), and the son of **Joseph** (John 6:42). The biblical figures' Joseph, Moses, and David all were not received by the Jewish people when they were first introduced (although they were embraced by gentiles) and were forced into exile for years, but eventually returned and completed the process of redemption that they were meant to fulfill.

### 1. The Fulfilling of the Messiah Ben Joseph Prophecies (Ezekiel 37:16-17)

These were fulfilled at Jesus's first coming, which is represented by the **four spring festivals: Passover, Unleavened Bread, First Fruits, and Pentecost/Shavuot.**

### 2. The Fulfilling of the Messiah Ben David Prophecies

These will be fulfilled at Jesus's second coming, that is, the events in this testimony, represented by the last **three fall Festivals: Festival of Trumpets, Yom Kippur, and Festival of Tabernacles.** These last three last Festivals take place over the course of this book.

2. B. The 7 Festivals & their Seasons Chart			
English/Hebrew/Arabic	Timing of the Festival	Scriptures	Prophetic comparisons
0. Weekly day of rest/Sabbath/Jumu'ah or Shabat	The 7th day rest. Friday evening to Saturday evening	Exodus 20:8	Kiddush/Eucharist/wedding Festival faux pas
1. Passover/Pesach/Eid al Khalas "Feast of liberation"	Spring: Nissan 14 (March or April)	Exodus 12:13, 1 Corinthians 5:7, John 1:29.	Last Supper/crucifixion
2. Feast of unleavened/Hag gamatzot/ Eid al	Spring: Nissan 15 (March or	Exodus 13:7, Romans 6:4, 1	Burial of Jesus/Baptism

Matizah	April) and lasts for 7 days	Corinthians 5:8.	
<b>3.</b> Feast of First Fruits/Yom HaBikkurim “Day of the First Fruits”/Eid al Qiyamah “Feast of Resurrection” and also Yawm Ashura (celebrates day God split the sea)	Spring: Nissan. The day after the Sabbath is always the Sunday of Passover week. Symbolically the 7th day of Passover.	Leviticus 23:10-11, 1 Corinthians 15:20-23, 12:27. Leviticus 23:10-11, 1 Corinthians 15:20-23, 12:27.	The 1st day of the Omer count/Easter/The day God split the red sea/Resurrection of Jesus
<b>4.</b> Pentecost/Shavuot “Festival of Weeks”/Ed al Qanun	Spring: Sivan, 7 weeks after First Fruits (the 50th day of the Omer count) and therefore also on a Sunday	Leviticus 23:15-16, Acts 2:1-4, 1 Corinthians 12:12-13, the fall of Jericho was a Shavous like event	Prophetic of the “8th day”
<b>5.</b> Festival of Trumpets/Rosh HaShanah/Muharram	Fall: Tishri 1&2 (September)	Leviticus 23:24, Joel 2:1, Matthew 24:31, 1 Thessalonians 4:16	Day of the Lord/the day that Jesus returns?
<b>6.</b> Festival of Atonement/Yom Kippur/Eid al Rashid “Festival of Atonement”	Fall: Tishri 10 (September or October). Ten days after the Festival of Trumpets	Leviticus 23:27, Zechariah 12:10, Matthew 24:30, 24:21, Jeremiah 30:7, Hebrews 9:11-12	Judgment day

7. Festival of Tabernacles/Booths / Sukkot/Eid al Bayat “Festival of shelters”	Fall. Tishri 15 (September or October)	Leviticus 23:34, Matthew 24:30, 24:44, 25:23.	The Millennial reign
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### C. Description of a Few Festivals Important to This Testimony

#### 1. Festival of Trumpets/Rosh HaShanah (Fall Festival)

**Description:** Commemorates the creation of the world, the blowing of the Shofar at Sinai when Israel was married to God, and marks the beginning of the Days of Awe, a 10-day period of introspection and repentance that culminates in the Yom Kippur Festival. A celebration of the Festival of Trumpets occurs in Nehemiah 8, and it is a mini version of the Mt Sinai revelation.

**What it means for this Testimony the End Days:** The Festival of Trumpets has just occurred, and God has announced that the “Day of the Lord” will occur in 15 days, that is, before the 7th day of the Festival of Tabernacles when God “tabernacles” with not just Israel as he did in Exodus, but with the whole world.

**The Torah portion read on this day:** The Akedah Genesis 21 & 22. The shofar that was blown at Shavuot came from one horn of Issacs Ram. The other horn will be the shofar blown at Jesus’s return. Abraham said to Isaac that God would provide a lamb for the sacrifice, but instead, an older Ram was caught for Isaac. The Lamb was referring to Jesus.

**Lore:** “When we blow the shofar on the anniversary of Man’s creation, it serves as a memorial to that first breath, the divine breath of life blown at the dawn of Creation” (Aish.com, M’oray HaAish, R. Ari Kahn: The Sound of the Shofar).

#### 2. Festival of Atonement/Yom Kippur (Fall Festival)

**Description:** Yom Kippur is ten days after the Festival of Trumpets. Yom Kippur is the most solemn holy day of all the Israelite Festivals, as it was implemented when the Israelites sinned by worshipping the golden calf. Moses ascended Mt Sinai on Rosh Chodesh Elul and descended on the 10th of Tishri, when repentance was complete at the end of Yom Kippur.



**What it means for this Testimony and the End Days:** The reclaiming of the earth by Jesus will be like a “Yom Kippur” in which He judges the nations and banishes the satan, like the Yom Kippur goat.

**The Tanakh portion read on this day:** The book of Jonah, and some have included the book of Esther.

### 3. Festival of Tabernacles/Booths/Sukkot (Fall Festival)

**Description:** Tabernacles commemorates the cloud that God protected Israel with when they lived in the desert for forty years (Exodus 13:21-22; 14:19-20, 19:9, 24:15-16; 40:34, psalm 18:11). It is celebrated by camping outside for 7 days. Sukkot occurs around Halloween and so setting up a “holiday house” for kids to visit is a beautiful alternative to the dark “haunted houses” up during the season.

**What it means for this testimony and the End Days:** Jesus will return by the 7th day of Tabernacles. He will then set up His kingdom and “Tabernacle” with mankind on this earth for the 1000 years of the satan’s binding. During the Millennial Reign, God’s tabernacle or “cloud” will cover the Holy city (Isaiah 4:3-6).

**The Tanakh portion read on this day:** The Book of Ecclesiastes, The Jewish Hallelujah (psalm 113-118). The Hallel psalms are parallel to the song of the sea, and Jesus sang them in the Garden of Gethsemane before his crucifixion.

**Lore:** The Festival of Tabernacles occurs on the anniversary of when Noah and all the animals entered the Ark (Jubilees 5:23). Jesus was most likely “conceived” during Hannukah and born during Tabernacles. Hanukkah began as a belated celebration of the festival of booths, and the two festivals are closely related (2 Maccabees 10:6-8).

### 4. Hannukah/Festival of Dedication (Winter/Fall Festival but not one of the 7 Festivals)

**Description:** This is a manmade Festival; however, it has many meaningful implications. Hanukkah celebrates Israel’s recapture of Jerusalem and the cleansing of the Second Temple that occurred in 160 BC.

Although they were still in the midst of war, under Judah Maccabee, the Israelite warriors held an 8-day festival to rededicate the Temple after they cleansed it. Although they did not have enough oil, the light burned supernaturally for 7 days longer than it should have. Scripture specifies that dedicating a new house has precedence even during war (Deuteronomy 20:5).

The Fire burned supernaturally for the Maccabees just as it did when King David first built an altar at the sight of the Temple in 980 BC (1st Chronicles 21:18 & 26). The eight days of Hanukkah also parallel the eight days of Solomon's dedication to the First Temple in 957 BC (2nd Chronicles 7:1).

In addition to the need to rededicate the Second Temple's altar, Hanukkah began as a belated celebration of the Festival of booths (2 Maccabees 10:6-8). The First Temple was dedicated on The Festival of booths (1 Kings 8:1-2).

Jesus celebrated Hannukah (John 10:22-23). Jesus refers to himself as the "light" while at the Temple celebrating Hanukkah (John 9:5). Understanding Hannukah and the preparation of a Temple Lampstand is the key to decoding the book of Revelation (The Chanukah Revelation, by Jeremy Chance Springfield).

**What it means for this Testimony the End Days:** Daniel prophesied the "Abomination of Desolation," that is the defeat of whom led to the creation of the annual festival of "Hannukah." Although Daniel's prophecy was fulfilled in one sense already (1 Maccabees 1:54), Jesus said Daniels's prophecy will be fulfilled again and that there will be another "Abomination of Desolation" in the future (Matthew 24:15).

Human history supernaturally follows the pattern of the Torah and prophetic word. The End days will be just as it was for believers in the book of Maccabees. During that time, the Seleucids removed the Temple Menorahs and outlawed many of God's commandments along with righteous worship. Antiochus Epiphanes is a shadow picture of the future Antichrist. Just as the Maccabees defeated Antiochus, Jesus will defeat the antichrist army and restore the Temple.

In this story, the Jews, Christians, and Muslims have had to flee to the wilderness to escape Artopia's evil policies just as the Israelites did in the book of the Maccabees "At that time, many who sought righteousness and justice went to live in the desert..." (1 Maccabees 2:29-38)

**The Tanakh portion read on this day:** The book of Maccabees

**Lore:** Some say that the miracle of the burning bush when God spoke to Moses occurred on the day that would someday become Hannukah (dedicate the house, The Spirit at Shavuot by Jeremy Chance Springfield).

### **3. How the Festivals of God will help you Survive the End Days**

#### **3. A. Passover/ Festival of Unleavened Bread**

When we celebrate the Passover, we are preparing ourselves for when we will have to flee the “Egypt” that we are living in, in the middle of the night perhaps, just as the Jews did. Many Jews survived the Holocaust because they fled at a moment’s notice and joined partisans in the woods. Like them, there is always a possibility that we will have to eat the “bread of haste” and take our few possessions and leave.

Prepping and storing fat-free grains and beans in mylar bags with Oxygen absorbers may be the best way to ensure you will have enough food. Unleavened bread lasts much longer than ordinary bread. God wants us to know how to prepare food in an emergency.

Like how unleavened bread must be baked immediately lest it becomes leavened, we should not hesitate to do good deeds or prepare when the opportunity arises. God says of the Passover Festival that, in every generation, a person is obligated to see himself as if he came out of Egypt, as it is written:

*“This is done because of that which God did to me when I came out of Egypt.”*  
(Talmud, Pesachim 116b, Deuteronomy 16:1-8)

The Israelites left a day after “Passover,” the first day of unleavened bread, a 7-day festival. The escape out of Egypt and the escape out of “Babylon the Great” is paralleled by this Festival. It took the Israelites 7 days to reach the red sea where God rescued them, and it will take 7 years from the start of the Tribulation till the end when the Tribulation Saints and Israel will be saved by their redeemer.

### **3. B. Festival of Tabernacles and Shabbat**

I go to Artopia to ask them to flee into the wilderness to save themselves, but for one week a year you should also escape into the wilderness for the Festival of Tabernacles. Scripture commands Israel to camp underneath the stars for 7 nights a year.

*“You shall dwell in booths for seven days...”* (Leviticus 23:42)

Tabernacles prepare us to live out in the wilderness in the case of an emergency, such as to resist the beast system or survive any other apocalyptic event. We may have to travel to a safer part of the country without notice; it is then that our “Sukkot supplies” will become our bugout bag. Similarly, celebrating Shabbat weekly prepares us for living without electricity and many modern amenities. Yom Kippur and the other five fast days also helps prepare us for going without food and water.

### 3. C. How the Festivals Will Keep You Safe from the Disaster that Destroys 30% of the Earth

*“Seek the LORD, all you humble of the land, who do his just commands; seek righteousness; seek humility; perhaps you may be hidden on the day of the anger of the LORD.”* (Zephaniah 2:3 and Revelation 3:10)

The “asteroid” that hits the earth at the first Trumpet of Revelation (Revelation 8:8) will most likely occur during one of the three pilgrimage Festivals of God. These Festivals are Passover, Shavuot/Pentecost, and Tabernacles. At this time, many of God’s people will be in Israel celebrating the Festival and this is where they will be protected from most of the devastation. Those who practice Hassidic Judaism will also be protected as their place of pilgrimage during these Festivals is land-bound.

In addition, finding ways to assist and feed the poor now may be the only way we will be able to eat during the 7-year Tribulation. Most of the food programs, food drives, shelters, charities created today for the poor are provided for by rich middle- and upper-class Christians and Jews.

However, when the 7-year Tribulation begins, not even the rich will be able to buy food lest they take the mark. It is then that they will be saved by their own charities that they previously implemented. These charity programs must be started now before it is too late, if not for ourselves and the poor, then for the Tribulation saints who resist the mark of the beast.

*“Then the King will say to those on his right, ‘Come, you who are blessed by my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink ... Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brothers, you did it to me.’”* (Matthew 25:34-40)

**The 9th Day of the Ten Days of Awe**  
**Late Afternoon of Day 0: 7 Days Remaining**  
**At sea/Intro to Next Chapter**  
**Note from Kitty to the Reader**

The sun is setting; it shines the most beautiful right before disappearing. In the waning light, we can see a glimpse of the Rainbow Castle. The Rainbow Castle is a prism, an organized function, cast reflections of an incongruous but permeating God.

The following chapter explains what this Rainbow Castle is and its mechanisms of salvation. In no way am I trying to imply that we can magically usurp God's authority. The Rainbow Castle represents such things as the Law and rituals, and these things are *"only a shadow of the good things to come"* (Hebrews 10:1), but this is not to discredit them, for we too are a mere shadow of our Creator.

Human beings were not made in the image of God as, like a true reflection, the Hebrew term is better understood as a shadow. Without God, we have no light of our own. However, the scriptures are referred to as a "lampstand" and they can help guide us (Psalm 119:105).

Before the world became literate, human beings did not tell stories through words on paper. Our first key unlocked the stories hidden within the stars, but mankind has also historically told stories through architecture. Each building block was like a word, each coming together to create a beautiful home or church. This is why architecture was so much more attractive between the 1100s and 1600s than it is today, they weren't constructing just mere buildings.

Arches of Triumph, gothic cathedrals, Roman basilica's, these buildings told stories in ways nothing else could at the time. So, too does the Rainbow Castle tell a story that cannot be conveyed in words. The first letter in scripture is "Bet," which means house. Whereas scripture metaphorically glows like a "lampstand," the Rainbow Castle literally glows with a bright iridescent light. One day we will all be carried away with that light just as the horizon holds the everlasting peace of the faithful.

There are two other keys besides for the Festivals that unlock the Rainbow Castle: the Holy Temple and the Sabbath. These are the last two keys we need on our journey. All three come together to break the seals of our apocalyptic scroll.

This next key I give you will be to the Rainbow Castle, following this key, in the same chapter will be our third key; the key to the sabbath.

Allow your mind to wander upon the waters and see the Rainbow  
Castle for what it was meant to be, as our Ark, as our portal into eternity.

## Ch 9: The Rainbow Castle

**Synopsis:** 1. What the Rainbow Castle Symbolizes, 2. Key # 2: The Holy Temple, 3. Key #3: The Sabbath, 4. The Hidden Rainbow Light VS the Counterfeit Rainbow 5. How the Rainbow Castle Will Save Humanity.

**The 9th Day of the Ten Days of Awe  
Late Evening of Day 0: 7 Days Remaining  
At Sea/Expository  
Kitty**

### 1. What the Rainbow Castle Symbolizes

#### 1. A. The Floating Rainbow City

The rainbow castle-like hologram, hovering over Artopia like a giant UFO, is actually a city called the “New Jerusalem.” The New Jerusalem is the satellite city described in the book of the Prophets and Revelations. (Micah 4:1-2 & Ezekiel 40-48, Revelation 21:2)

At the heart of the New Jerusalem, also called the “Rainbow City,” is God’s Holy Temple which is sometimes called the “Rainbow Castle” in this testimony. I often refer to the city as simple the “Rainbow Castle,” for they come to bring the kingdom of God here on earth, so a castle seems to be the best way to describe them. “Them” being the royal “we” that God uses to describe His decrees in Genesis 1:26 and 3:22.

#### 1. B. The Rainbow Castle is Both the “Heavenly Holy Temple” and the “Sabbath”

Just as there was a Holy Temple on earth, there is one in heaven. There are two Holy Temples of God portrayed in the scriptures.

The earthly Holy Temple was:

*“...a copy and shadow of the heavenly things. For when Moses was about to erect the tent, he was instructed by God, saying, ‘See that you make everything according to the pattern that was shown you on the mountain.’”* (Hebrews 8:5)

In this testimony, the Rainbow Castle is the heavenly Holy Temple. God has taken the Holy Temple from heaven and has brought it to an intermediate place between heaven & earth in preparation for God's Millennial Reign here on earth.

There is a Holy Temple in heaven, just as there is one on earth, and there is a Holy Temple inside believers (1 Corinthians 3:16-17). Jesus Christ is the greatest Holy Temple (John 2:19).

Soon, God's heavenly Holy Temple, the New Jerusalem, will descend from heaven and will set herself upon the tops of the three mountains of Zion and she will be:

*"The Jerusalem that is above is free, which is the mother of us all."* (Galatians 4:26, Micah 4:1-2, Revelation 21:1-8)

**Size:** The heavenly Holy Temple aka the "New Jerusalem" due to its gigantic size. Although it is depicted as a mid-size floating rainbow city in this story, the biblical description of the city is more like a giant rainbow-colored cube. Revelation 21:16 lists the cities perimeter as 1,500 miles, for a total of 2.2 million square miles (Revelation 21:16). It is so big that it can easily hold everyone who has ever existed on the "Day of Judgment."

In the heart of the earthly Holy Temple, the ten commandments are in the Holy of Holies. However, there is not a stone here but Jesus Christ in the true heavenly Holy Temple of God.

Jesus began His ministry by cleansing the earthly Holy Temple (Matthew. 21:12) and ended it by cleansing the heavenly Temple (Mark 11:15). Jesus is our High Priest and the intercessor between us and God the Father (Hebrews 4:14-16).

**The Rainbow Castle symbolizes two things:** The "Castle" part represents the Holy Temple, which is the uplifting of space. The "Rainbow Light" of the city represents the Sabbath, which is the uplifting of time.

The special place in space that man meets God is in the Holy Temple, and the special place in time that man meets God is in the Sabbath. Together these things form the Rainbow Castle.

The Sabbath is the concentration of the holiness of time, for it reminds us that there is none but God. Sanctity of time is preeminent over the sanctity of space, for time was sanctified at the beginning of creation, before space. You build a place for God in space by doing His commandments, but you build a place for God in time by having faith.



Both the Holy Temple and the Sabbath work together to uplift mankind through the embodiment of Jesus Christ (Colossians 2:17). The Temple can symbolize art, which is how we decorate space, and the Sabbath is like music or how we decorate time.

These two things; Time and space, are unified on earth only during an exceptional occasion, and that is the Jubilee year, which is the 50th year (This will be explained more later in the chapter).

The land of Israel is the most holy of place, and the Shemittah (7th year) and Jubilee/Yovel (50th year) are the most holy of times/sabbaths.

The appearance of the “Rainbow Castle” in this testimony means that a great Jubilee is about to begin. God has come back to earth to end the process of degeneration and to begin the process of bringing us back into eternity through Jesus Christ.

The Holy Temple is a physical promise, just as the Sabbath is a spiritual promise.

Jesus is *“The king of the Sabbath”* and *“One greater than the Temple”* (Matthew 12:1-8, Mark 2:23-28 and Luke 6:1-5)

The Rainbow Castle is here because Jesus Christ has come back to earth to transform the physical nature hand in hand with the ethical transformation of man.

The Temple and the Sabbath, as embodied by Jesus, is how a man can climb up *“the mountain to the Lord.”* God’s command for Moses to *“come up the mountain”* “to meet with Him contained the Sabbath and the Holy Temple inside it.

In Exodus 24:16, God told Moses to come up *“on the 7th day”* and *“V’yishkan”* that is, “to abide” with the Lord. V’yishkan is a Hebrew verb derivative of *“Mishkan,”* which is the Hebrew word for the Tabernacle, that is, “the Holy Temple.”

Revelations contrast two cities in the End Days, Babylon the Great (Revelation 17-19) and the New Jerusalem (Revelation 21-22). Unlike the New Jerusalem, whose power is from God, Babylon’s power and wealth are brought about through human enticement and coercion (Revelations 18:3). There are multiple Babylon’s in history, and each has their own “Tower of Babel.”

The Babylonian Empire destroyed the First Temple. Artopia is the modern “Babylon,” art in the word Artopia is abbreviated ‘artificial.’ The world is in a cosmic conflict between the “City of Man” VS “City of God,” the “Tower of Babel” VS “The Holy Temple,” “The Institution” VS “The Rainbow Castle.”

## **2. Key #2: The Holy Temple is the gateway back to Eden**

### **2. A. The Holy Temple Throughout History**

The remains of the earthly Holy Temple are in Zion. Zion is a mountain range consisting of three mountains, the middle being Mt Moriah. Both the Foundation Stone and the remains of the Temple reside on Mt Moriah. The Foundation Stone was in the Temples Holy of Holies.

Israel is the site of the Garden of Eden before it was washed away and destroyed. Mt Moriah is where the Tree of Life stood. The Foundation Stone is the only perceivable part around today not washed away by Noah's flood. The Foundation Stone is where Abraham offered Isaac (Gen. 22), where Solomon built the house of the Lord (2 Chron. 3:1), where oceans of blood were spilled in the centuries of sacrifice, and where Jesus will reign as the King of kings and Lord of lords.

The Holy Temple can appear as different things to different people. The Holy Temple is built out of stories more than it is built out of stones. When Abraham first saw the place of the Holy Temple, he called it a mountain (difficult), for it was where the Lord told him to sacrifice his son.

When Abraham's son, Isaac, saw it, he called it a field (rest) and prayed there for the top of Mt. Moriah was flat. It is where he met his wife. Isaac was the only patriarchs to spend his entire life in the promised land.

Jacob called the site of the holy temple a house, for from his family would arise the 12 tribes of Israel. David, a man who spent his life in war, saw the Temple Mt as a threshing floor (war) and purchased it (2 Samuel 24:18-25). Solomon turned it into a great and beautiful Temple ordained with every precious thing as well as the Ark of the covenant. Solomon lived an easy and material life.

Of all these perceptions, God choose Jacob's description of the Temple Mt as "a house." A house symbolizes family and the creation of life. The first letter of the Bible is "bet," which means "a house."

At one point, the world called the Temple Mount the Dome of the Rock because of the hardness of our hearts. The Temple mount became, over time, the most sacred, coveted, and valuable piece of real estate on the earth.

Jacob saw the Holy Temple but not at Mt. Moriah. Jacob saw the essence of the Holy Temple in the land of Luz, which he appropriately

renamed “Beth’el” that is, “The house of the Lord,” for all the lands of Israel were to be ordained by God as will the entire earth someday.

The Midrash Rabbah explains, “R’ Leazer said in the name of R. Jose b. Zimra: This ladder stood in Beersheba [where Jacob dreamed], and [the top of] its slope was over the Temple. What is the proof?

*“And Jacob went out from Beer-sheba... and he was afraid, and said ‘how full of awe is this place’”* (Gen 28: 16-17)

God is not contained or localized within the Universe. Like a real house, the actual household is the family members; these make a home.

*“And I will show you the place”* (Genesis 12:1)

But the Hebrew is "go with me the place is with me," meaning God is the place of the world, but the world is not His place. The Universe is contained within Him. *“The place”* is precisely the Holy Temple of God, called the “Tabernacle” that Israel carried in the wilderness with them for 40 years, and it is also Jesus Christ. Jacob saw angel's descending and ascending on "the house of God," meaning the Holy Temple, just as angels ascend and descend on Jesus, willed to action by our prayers (John 1:51).

The Temple was not just for the Israelites, it was for the atonement of the entire world. The nations were represented in the Temple by the 70 lights continuously kept burning and the sacrifice of 70 bulls every year were for the redemption of all the world's peoples. (Genesis 32:24-31, Exodus 33:20, Genesis 10, Isaiah 49:6, 2 Chronicles 4:7, 2 Chronicles 6:32-33, Daf Shevui to Sukkah.55b.9). Anyone, Jew, or non-Jew, was permitted to bring sacrifices to the Temple.

## **2. B. Instantly Transported into the Garden of Eden**

When we live Goldy lives, we don't have to sacrifice at God's Temple, for it will arrive to us in a similar fashion that God Hastens the coming of His Millennial kingdom. It is a prevalent belief in Judaism that Man was formed at the site of the Foundation Stone. the place of his and mankind's atonement. (Bereishit Rabbah.14.8, Isaiah 28:16, 1 Corinthians 3:11, Colossians 1:16).

*“... the Lord God formed the man of dust from the ground...planted a garden in Eden... and there he put the man whom he had formed.”* (Genesis 2:6-8)

The Midrash goes that Adam was not psychically moved to the Garden of Eden but Eden grew around him. Once Adam was conceived and adopted by God, the Garden of Eden sprouted around him throughout all the land.

God planted the Garden of Eden to live in close fellowship with His creation. Like an interdimensional time-machine “TARDIS,” scripture describes the Holy Temple and Jesus as the gate, the ladder, to Eden (Revelation 21:22, John 2:21). Through the Holy Temple, Adam was “brought” to the Garden of Eden.

Israel, specifically the Holy Temple, is a gate to Eden:

*“And he was afraid and said, ‘How awesome is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.’”* (Genesis 28:17, John 10:9)

Before the Garden of Eden, God formed the entire world from the place of the Foundation Stone, hence why it is called the “Foundation Stone,” the navel of the world, just as God formed everything through the “Word.”

**The “Growing” Of Gan Eden:** This Growing characteristic of heaven is seen later in Jesus’s parables. *“To what shall I compare the kingdom of God? It is like leaven that a woman took and hid in three measures of flour, until it was all leavened.”* (Luke 13:20-21).

Three measures of flour are equivalent to 60 lbs. or 150 loaves. Three measures of bread is also the amount Abraham made for the angels who gave him the news his wife would have a child, a symbol of Jesus’s birth.

During the Omer count, we bring plain barley to the Temple as a symbol of how we are removing all the earthly leavened from our lives to make room for the leavened of God. On the 50th day, we finally bring a loaf of bread to the Temple, symbolizing heaven’s rewards.

**During the millennial reign:** During the time of Adam & Eve, the rivers of Gan Eden issued from the Foundation stone. During the millennial reign of Christ, the living waters that will rejuvenate Israel will once again burst from this stone, in a similar fashion as Israel was nourished by a stone during the Exodus. However, the water that will come from the Foundation Stone will be supernatural. Eden will sprout like a garden everywhere these waters travel during the Millennial reign.

**During the New Earth and Heavens:** The world was founded from the Foundation Stone, and it is where the world as we know it will end. This Foundation stone will be taken from the Earth and brought into the Temple right before our old earth and heavens are destroyed.

In the New Earth and Heavens, the earthly Temple will merge with the Holy Temple of God, and these waters will not only extend life but grant life that lasts forever. The rivers of the New Earth will not just irrigate the

land of Israel but spread out onto the entire earth, which will no longer have seas dividing the continents.

There are many symbolic ways we can reach God's Holy Temple, and thus the gateway to Eden. Scriptures outline these ways. The first step to reaching Mt Moriah is reaching Mt Sinai, as symbolized by following the ten commandments. Moses was just a Sheppard of sheep when God spoke to him from the burning bush on Mt Sinai (Exodus 3:12).

God later set, not just a little bush, but the entire mountain of Mt. Sinai on fire when Moses, now a Sheppard of men, brought all of Israel back with him to worship. Sinai played a transitory role, where Mt Moriah is the destination; the future dwelling place of God and His people. We can get to Mt. Moriah by following Gods commandments given to us on Mt Sinai.

Someday, during the Millennial Reign, God will speak to us from the Holy Temple on Mt Moriah. Just like the Holy Temple, we must publicize God's name to the world, for if we do this, then Jesus will not turn us away but accept us (Matthew 10:33).

## **2. C. Our "Noah's" Ark**

The Rainbow Castle, that is the heavenly Holy Temple, has come to set mankind free on this earth and ultimately act as an Ark in another thousand years to bring us back to a "new" garden of Eden just as Adam once was.

The Holy Temple can act as our "Ark" because it contains the Ark of God; that is the Ark of the Covenant. The Ark of God and the Ark of Noah are mirrored in function and appearance. Both had coverings and were made in 3 layers, the middle being wood, but Noah's Ark's outer layers were of pitch while the Ark of the Covenant was covered in gold. Each one was designed to live in the other's world.

God decided to represent Himself dwelling in man's world inside these tablets just as Noah lived in God's world while on the Ark. God's presence over the ten commandments is the main enterprise of the Holy Temple.

Although there is no longer an earthly Holy Temple, we can relate to it through the commandments in the Holy Bible. God refers to Himself as "I am," and the first word of the Ten Commandments is "I am." The entire Temple was worthless in relation to these Ten Commandments. Everything in the Temple was measured off the Ten Commandments

(Exodus 30:6) and the Ark that held them was the first thing God described how to make. As the Ark had two angels at each end of it, there was an angel at the head and feet of Jesus's resting place (John 20:12, Exodus 25:18-19).

## 2. D. Bending of Space & Time

The tablets of the Ten Commandments were able to bend space and time, just as they facilitate communication with God.

*"The inner sanctuary was 20 cubits long, 20 cubits wide, and 20 cubits high, and he overlaid it with pure gold. He also overlaid an altar of cedar."* (1 Kings 6:20)

This passage describes the shape of the Holy of Holies as a cube. The ark, which stood in the center, had a length of 2.5 cubits (Exodus 25:10). Yet, when measuring from the sides of the ark to the wall, one would find ten cubits on each side (Yoma 21a; Megillah 10b; Bava Batra 99a).

The Ark of the Covenant could not have ten cubits on each side for the Ark of the Covenant was rectangular. It was physically impossible for the Ark to have the same space on every side in a room that was a perfect square. This "contortion of space-time" is possible only when the room is measured off the commandments and not the Ark.

We can hypothetically bend space and time when we reject this "world" and follow God's Word. Intimacy with God is possible if intimacy with man is possible, and that's determined by following the commandments as God once said:

*"And I will meet you there"* (Exodus 25:22).

The tablets and the Cherubim have similar qualities. The tablets were inscribed all the way through but could be read on both sides and not be mirrored. The Cherubim can be seen on every side but still appear facing you because of their four faces. These are all characteristics of interdimensional objects.

The first set of Commandments were also written on blue glass from below God's very throne (Exodus 24:10-12). It was only possible for Moses and Ezekiel to see God if they looked at him through this material (Ezekiel 1:26). Likewise, we can see God through the Commandments.

In conclusion, the Holy Temple, and the commandments it represents is an essential key to unlocking the mysteries of the end days and heaven itself. When Jesus returns, he will also bring with him the Holy Temple of God.

### **3. Key #3: The Sabbath is the gateway back to Eden**

#### **3. A. The Sabbath**

The Sabbath is a symbol of the redemption of mankind. God is a God of 7's. It is how he has decided to personify himself through His laws of 7 and his 7 spirits (Isaiah 11:2-3 and Revelation 5:6). David who God made an unbreakable covenant with was the 7<sup>th</sup> son. The Sabbath is the symbol of God's 7's. The first thing that is sanctified in the scriptures is the Sabbath.

*“So God blessed the seventh day and made it holy, because on it God rested from all his work that he had done in creation.”* (Genesis 2:3)

The next time the Sabbath is mentioned is in Exodus. After breaking free from slavery in Egypt, symbolic of breaking free from the slavery of sin, the Israelites were given the Sabbath, which is the breaking free out of time.

To remember the Sabbath day is the original 4th commandment, but many people do not understand it. Humankind received the instructions of following the Sabbath even before they received the ten commandments. After crossing the red sea, God commanded the Israelites to camp in the Wilderness of Sin for 7 days. The Sabbath was explained during these 7 days, and Manna was first given.

What the Sabbath is to the week, the 7 Jewish Festivals are to the year, which is why the Festivals are known as “High Sabbaths.” These “High Sabbaths,” special rituals and prayers express the holiness of time.

There is a Sabbath of decades, a sabbath of centuries, and a sabbath of millenniums. It is like the Sabbath is the sun, and everything revolves around it. The luminaries, specifically the moon, were created to mark the time of these Festivals; in a way, the Festivals are like luminaries themselves.

The Holy Temple, for many people, represents the consequence of sin, for it is at the Holy Temple that sacrifices are offered. The Holy Temple is how our fleshy material bodies became redeemed through sacrifice, recompense, repentance, and abstaining from sin. Through the Sabbath, God reveals to us how we are spiritually redeemed. These are all metaphors or “parables” designed by God to help man understand His process.

#### **3. B. A Gateway into Eternity**

The Sabbath is our place in eternity. The 7 days of creation are marked by the phrase:

*“There was evening and there was morning,”* but on the 7th day, creation is brought to its completion, and God rests. The phrase *“It was evening, and there was morning”* doesn’t appear on day 7. The Sabbath thus became the day of eternity.

In this way, the world was able to partake in God's timelessness. God rested, and the world was no longer in the process of change and therefore was able to partake of God's serenity. On the Sabbath, God made the world His dwelling place.

Although the 7th day was supposed to be timeless, mankind sinned and was therefore exiled from the garden of Eden, and the 7th day had to be ended... and now the days just keep repeating over and over again in nonsensical 7-day rotations.

Ever since the 6th day during the 6th hour at 6 seconds when Man was created, every 60 minutes and every 60 seconds, mankind has been stuck in continuous de-evolution and unraveling. Just like the Mad Hatter said, “It’s always six o’clock now.”

A broken clock is only right twice a day or once a year. The Mad Hatter’s tea party perfectly represents what the world has become. A lovely picnic between man and God has become madness. We have locked God out, but we continue to engage in our revelry despite the food becoming increasingly moldier and the silverware more tarnished as time continues. In Alice in wonderland, moral upbringing makes Alice the 'savage,' but the insanity of the Mad hatter makes him the “civilized.”

*In a place that is not what it seems, people believe all that is not true. A Wonderland of mayhem where the Ace of spades Vietnam PSYOP death Card of queens sings as she counts the tax dollars of millions.*

*“Do not worry just row the boat gently down the stream, life is but an American dream.” And other tunes, policy’s, fluorinated tea’s, and MKUltra educational systems meant to program, desensitize, and lull the populace to sleep. Where a Reptilian deceives a dictating Loon into thinking he’s dry by sheltering him underneath an umbrella full of holes -different ‘scenes’ from Alice in Wonderland. 1865 by Lewis Carrol.*

In Artopia, things have only gotten worse, but God wants to bring us back. The return to Eden is an assurance that God has told us repeatedly in scriptures through his Sabbatical laws and High Sabbaths.

### **3. C. Sabbatical Laws of the Lands Equate to Freedom**



Biblical Israel was the most classless, free, and innovative society to ever exist. This was because individual freedom was not bound by laws or situations, but by the land. Just as the Israelites have specified Sabbaths, so did the literal lands of Israel. God ordained that every 7th year the lands of Israel must be allowed to rest, and every 50th year the lands must be allowed to go free and return to their original owner.

The destiny of each inhabitant of Israel was tied to the land. They experienced what the land experienced. When the land experienced liberty, that experience of liberty was so profound that it spilled over and affected the inhabitants, those who lived in the land, causing many people to return to their ancestral holding. It is not that the ancestral holding returned to them; they returned to it, the land called back its sons.

The freedom of the land affected its inhabitants. It affected servants too; the freedom that the land experienced was so profound that there could be no such thing as servitude anymore; the land beckoned its children to share in its freedom. When the land of Israel experienced liberty, so did all the Israelites.

In the same way, when the Israelites failed to allow the land to rest for its sabbaths, they were forced into servitude by their enemies for the same number of years that they forced their land into servitude by working it when they were not supposed to (2 Chronicles 36:20-21, Leviticus 26:27-35).

This all goes back to events in the garden of Eden, for Israel is the ancient location of the Garden of Eden before the flood destroyed it. God's eventual arrival back to Israel and the redemption of these lands will mean freedom for all the world. Like the final Sabbath will free mankind from the slavery of sin and death, God's Sabbath laws of the land are bookends out of slavery and poverty.

### **3. D. Sabbatical/Shmita: Every 7th Year**

Every Sabbatical year, or that is every 7th year, also known as the Shmita year, which is Hebrew for "release," landowners had to allow their land to rest so that the poor and the wild animals could eat off of whatever grew from it.

*“... The needy among you will then be able to eat just as you do, and whatever is left over can be eaten by wild animals. This also applies to your vineyard and your olive grove.”* (Exodus 23:10-11 and Leviticus 25:1-7)

While the Sabbath was being observed in Israel, God blessed the 6th years crop to produce enough food sufficient for three years. (Leviticus 25:20-22). The sabbatical year was essential to help the poor make ends meet. During this year, they could live off the fat of the land of the wealthier landowners if they did not own any land due to having to sell it.

In ancient Israel, every Israelite was allotted a piece of land based on his ancestry; God did not desire any person to be “landless.” In addition to allowing the land to rest, every creditor had to give up what he had loaned to his fellow community member; he wasn’t to force his neighbor or relative to repay it. (Deuteronomy 15:1-6)

If being freed from their debts and being allowed to eat for free every 7 years was not enough to keep a person from destitution, they could sell themselves into slavery. According to Deuteronomy 15:12–18, a Hebrew could only be kept as a slave for six years and set free on the 7th year, similar to the Sabbatical year. This is in the tradition of Jacob, who was only made to serve 7 years for his wife.

For those Israelites who sold their land and therefore had no way of providing for themselves, going free would mean starvation, so they often choose to stay in servitude. God does not like people to remain in slavery, and so he encouraged relatives to repurchase the land for the poor (Leviticus 25:25). If a relative didn’t redeem them, God had another sure way of rescuing these people, a concept known as the “Jubilee Year.”

### **3. E. Jubilee/Yovel (rams’ horn): Every 50th Year**

Every 7 times 7 Sabbaths, plus one extra year, that is, every 50th year, God commands that all landed property in Israel must revert to the decedents of its ancestral owners, as well as all slaves must go free. The Jubilee year, also known as the Yovel is a year dedicated to rest, restoration of property, and, most importantly, freeing people from debts, servitude, and slavery.

The Jubilee year guaranteed that poor freed slaves instantly became landowners again so that they had the means to provide for themselves and their families as free people. The laws of the Sabbath freed mankind and were a taste of God’s kingdom when we will all be set free from the chains of our sins.

Yovel means “ram’s horn,” the year is so-called because a ram’s horn is used to proclaim it (Leviticus 25:8-24, Numbers 36:4). The specific type of ram’s horn used is a “Shofar.” Time has a shape, and it is the shape of a Helicoidal Spiral, like a DNA Helix, ascending to higher levels and rungs

as time passes. This is the shape of the Shofar, which contains the Fibonacci Spiral design which the Shofar blast resounds; a hearkening cry proclaiming freedom to the oppressed. The Sabbath functions like this spiral, a spiraling ladder from Eden that is bringing us there again.

*“As the days of the heavens upon the earth.”* (Deuteronomy 11:21)

### **3. F. The Jubilee Year is a Foreshadow of Our Inheritance in Eden**

Like ancient, poor, homeless Israeli slaves, we will be liberated by God and given our own piece of Eden to sustain ourselves. People in Israel were given land simply because it once belonged to their father.

In the same way, humanity can look forward to the day we are set free and given a piece of heaven, not because of our merit, but because it belongs to our heavenly Father. God returning to set Israel free and to reinstitute the Sabbatical laws during the Millennial Reign is a foreshadow of what the New Earth and Heavens will be for us all.

The Mt Sinai Revelation is an equivalent/parallel to the year of Jubilee. After 50 days from their escape from Egypt, the Israelites were bequeathed a piece of property in the future promised land. Just as every 50 years since Israel was freed and given land by God, they too set their own Jewish slaves free and bequeath them back their ancestral lands. God gave Israel Manna after 7 days in the wilderness, and so after 7 years Israel gives back by leaving a part of their field for the poor, God freed them, so they release their own slaves every Jubilee, God gave them a double portion before Sabbath, so they gave a double portion after the Omer count. We are expected to give the grace that God gives us to others.

### **3. G. The 8th Day and Eternity**

7 cycles of Shemittah years = 49 years, not 50, so why do we count to 50 instead of 49? 49 symbolizes the limit of the reach of natural time and the limits of nature in general. The number 49 in Judaism represents the natural end of a full cycle or a full measure.

The word for a measure in Hebrew is “middah,” and this word has a numeric value of 49. So, the number 49 represents the epitome of a good measure (Jewish Wisdom in the Numbers).

Moving from 49 to 50 means moving through all the natural stages into the supernatural since 50 in Judaism is the number of transcendence. It also represents a designated endpoint. However, God plans on taking

us out of natural time. Therefore, the Torah refers to the 50th year of the Jubilee period as *“forever.”*

The number 50 is beyond the realm of multiples of 7, and belongs to the series of eights, and represents the part of the Universe beyond what is directly visible in the natural world. (R' Noson Weisz, Up for the Count, Aish.com).

The 50th unit of time symbolizes our return to Eden, not because of our merit as we cannot transcend 49 on our own, but because of God's grace and mercy. There is a 50th unit of Years (Jubilee) and a 50th unit of days (Shavout/Pentecost). God commands us to count 50 days from easter Sunday leading up to Shavuot/Pentecost. This is known as the Omer count (Leviticus 23:16).

We are commanded to count "until, but not including" to day 50, because the 50th day symbolizes the “8th” day. The 8th day represents breaking free of the natural week. The 8th Feast of God, the marriage supper of the Lamb, corresponds to this mythical “8th day” and celebrates this transcendence.

### 3. H. The 7th Millennium

The Sabbath was the crown and culmination of creation, and it is also a microcosmic fractal, the connecting thread in a gigantic tapestry of the Universe. All one must do is count, and then they will see how God is freeing mankind through the Sabbath. Every Festival, every generation, is building up to God's ultimate promise.

1. God's command of the 7th day Sabbath (when man rests)
2. The Lunar Sabbath (Ezekiel 46:1-3)
3. God's command to celebrate the Festival of Weeks and to count the Omer to “the morrow after the Sabbath”  $7 \times 7 + 1$  (The 8th) = 50 days; Pentecost/Shavous the giving of the Torah and the Holy Spirit)
4. The command to celebrate the Festival of the 7th Month for 7 days (Leviticus 23:41)
5. 7th-year land Sabbath, Sabbatical/Shmita year; slaves set free
6.  $7 \times 7 + 1$  (The 8th) = 50 years. The Jubilee/Yovel year; land and slaves set free
7. The 7 decades Sabbath of the land: 70 years of Babylonian captivity. Jeremiah 25:11-12, Daniel 9:2, 2 Chronicles 36:21, Leviticus 26:34),

8.  $70 \times 7 = 490$  years. Jesus Christ was crucified at the end of Daniel's 70x7 weeks, at the end of which Daniel said an "everlasting righteousness" would be offered (Daniel 9:24-26). 70x7 weeks is a tenfold and ultimate jubilee of forgiveness as explained by Jesus (John 14:30). It is the opposite of the anointing the evil line of Cain received (Genesis 4:24),
9. The 7th millennial day Sabbath
10. The 8th Millennium; the creation of the New Earth and Heavens; Eternity

The building up of the Sabbath follows the path of a Fibonacci Spiral; pronouncing freedom as clearly as a Shofar. When Jesus returns for His second coming, it will be to the sound of this Shofar, the 7th Trumpet blast, a joyful sound emanating from the recesses of time to be finally heard by all of humanity, just as the Shofar blasted when Moses returned down from Mt Sinai.

### 3. I. The 8th Millennium

The 8th Millennium is the completion of a cosmic musical octave; its glory and perfection far surpass the 7th. 8 signifies holiness; therefore, circumcision can be performed on the Sabbath, for circumcision takes place on the 8th day from birth which overrides the 7th day (John 7:23).

7 represents the physical world, for creation took place over 7 days. 8, however, is beyond the normal confines of time. In other words, Sabbath belongs to human time, but circumcision belongs to the Holy realm, and the spiritual claims override those of the physical. They say the Kinnor harp of the messianic era will have 8 strings; the harp in the Temple sanctuary only had 7.

The 8th is a day signaled by sanctity. Newborn animals are not considered ceremonially clean until their 8th day (Leviticus 22:27). A person suffering from a disease, or a Nazarite who was defiled by the dead, had to abide 7 days in uncleanness until the eighth day, upon which they could be accounted clean (Leviticus 14:8-10; Leviticus 15:13, 14; Numbers 6:9, 10). Jesus rose from the dead on the 8th day (Matthew 28:1). Shavuot and Pentecost always fall on a Sunday "the 8th day."

### 3. J. God Never Condoned slavery & Israel Didn't "Steal" the Land of Canaan

The entire Torah was meant to set people free, and the Sabbatical/Jubilee year is an example of this. God did not curse mankind with slavery; Noah did (Genesis 9:24-25).

*“The one who looks into the perfect law, the law of liberty, and perseveres, being no hearer who forgets but a doer who acts, he will be blessed in his doing.”* (James 1:25, Leviticus 25:10)

Those who became slaves of the Israelites were not slaves but “indentured servants” who submitted themselves to servitude because the alternative was starving to death. The other nations, such as the Egyptians, practiced barbaric forms of slavery. The Torah was the first document that gave rights to slaves.

God only permitted “slavery” if slaves were regarded as full members of the community (Gen. 17:12), received the same rest periods and Festivals as non-slaves (Exod. 23:12; Deut. 5:14-15, 12:12), and was treated humanely (Exod. 21:7, 26-27).

Cruelty on the owner's part resulted in immediate freedom for the slave (Exod. 21:26-27). If a master slept with an enslaved woman, she was made his wife. As a wife, she became the social equal of the slaveholder, and the purchase functioned as a dowry (Exod. 21:8-10). If the buyer didn't treat the woman with all the rights of a wife, he was required to set her free (Exod. 21:11).

According to the book of Jubilees, God didn't give Jubilees just to Israel but to the entire world. These Laws are meant for our ultimate protection, and their existence is why we will someday inherit a part of the Garden Eden in the world to come. Since the land of Israel was initially given to Abraham, the Israelites did not steal the land of Israel from the other nations but legally reclaimed it back since all land must revert to the decedents of its original owner according to the Law of the Yovel year.

Yovel means Sheep horns, and the Sheep horns that were blown at Jericho was an attempt to remind the people of Jericho of this, but still, they continued to fight against God's Law. The same was true of Rabbah of the sons of Ammon. Israel was called to dispossess only those who dispossessed them (Jeremiah 49:2). All this was done to ensure God's future redemption of the entire world, including the redemption of those very people who died because they chose to fight Israel (Matthew 10:15, Amos 9:11-12).

### **3. K. Conclusion**

Hebraic view of time is circular, we were created in the image of God, but now we are in the process of restoring that image. We can bring the past perfection of the garden of Eden into our lives by walking in the ways of God. All of scripture is meant to set us free. The Sabbath laws of the land intended to keep the rich from getting richer and the poor from getting poorer.

But in Artopia and the world before it, the exact opposite of “Jubilee” occurred. People have become hopelessly stuck in a cycle of poverty and virtual "enslavement" by the 1% elite. When people recognize that the world belongs to God, mankind is freed and raised. When man denies God and thinks of the land, this world, as belonging to themselves, they turn themselves into slaves.

## **4. The Hidden Rainbow Light VS the Counterfeit Rainbow**

### **4. A. Why the New Jerusalem is Rainbow Colored**

The main reason the Rainbow Castle is rainbow is because the Rainbow represents the Sabbath but there are other reasons why as well. The New Jerusalem appears rainbow because its foundation stones are twelve layers, with each layer a different colored stone, representing the twelve tribes of Israel (Rev. 21:19-20). Each tribe of Israel has a stone correlated to it. Spiritually we are all Benjamins tribe, whose stone was depicted as a rainbow and is the foundation stone of the New Jerusalem (Rev 4:3). This rainbow signifies that the New Jerusalem city is built upon God’s faithfulness in keeping His Covenant with Jacob and his sons.

The Rainbow is also a sign that God is keeping his Covenant that He made with Noah to never flood the world again. Rainbows and rain did not exist prior to the flood (Genesis 2:6). God might have made another layer of the firmament to keep the waters above from the earth below so that they do not flood the world (Genesis 7:11).

*“Hast thou with him spread out the sky, which is strong, and as a molten looking glass?” (Job 37:18)*

If so, the Rainbow is a refraction of this extra layer which compresses the atmosphere, and is literally the reason why the Earth hasn’t flooded again.

The Rainbow Castle is rainbow also because it symbolizes the Sabbath, which is the 7th day, and a rainbow has 7 colors in it. There are biblical chiasms between the Sabbath and the rainbow (See Creation Story VS

Post-Flood story Chart in Chapter 11 See also, “The colors of the rainbow & Pekudei: A Giant Chiasm in SeferShmot@alephbeta.com).

**The rainbow is a sign of the Covenant that God has made with mankind:**

The Book of Jubilees places the sight of Noah’s rainbow on the 6<sup>th</sup> of Sivan 2105 BC. The Torah was given to Moses at Mount Sinai 1313 BC. This day is observed as the holiday of Shavous.

On Shavous God swore eternal devotion to Israel, and they, in turn, pledged everlasting loyalty to Him. Christians did the same on Shavuot one thousand four hundred years later. The Rainbow is a symbol of the Covenant and the Sabbath.

*“He set His bow in the cloud for a sign... For this reason, it is ordained and written on the heavenly tablets, that they should celebrate the Festival of weeks in this month once a year, to renew the covenant every year.”* (Jubilees 6:16-17)

**Three biblical signs of the Covenants:**

1. The Rainbow (Genesis 9:12-15)
2. The Sabbath (Exodus 31:16-17) 3. Circumcision

**The Signs of the Commandments:**

1. Mezuzah 2. Tzitzit 3. Tefillin

**Tefillin:** The Rainbow Castle/New Jerusalem is also rainbow because Tefillin are black. Our Tefillin are black because we are receiving from God, and therefore, our Tefillin absorb all color. As the giver, God’s Tefillin are white as they reflect all color, just as the New Jerusalem reflects all the colors of the rainbow.

Tefillin are small black leather boxes containing Torah verses that Jews place on their foreheads when they pray. God’s command for Israelites to wear them is in Deuteronomy 11:18 and mentioned by Jesus in Matthew 23:5. Jesus also wore Tefillin.

Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden, but God made for them both garments of leather (Genesis 3:21). Tefillin are made of leather, and so in Judaism, it is said that since God kicked Adam and Eve out of His Temple (the place of the Garden of Eden), he made them Tefillin as a temporary substitute for the Holy Temple.

Tefillin symbolizes the New Jerusalem and both are shaped like perfect cubes. Tefillin have four stitches on each side, just as the New Jerusalem has four gates on each side, for a total of twelve. The New Jerusalem is huge. Its placement on earth will effectively look like “Tefillin for the



head” set upon the globe, a symbol of the entire earth being sealed and wearing tefillin.

Jesus Christ was crucified upon the “place of the skull” because he represented the New Jerusalem and Tefillin, which symbolize the “Temple of God” placed on the skull.

#### 4. B. Why Only Some People Can See the Rainbow Light

God created light on the first day, but God did not make the sun, moon, and stars until day four. The light that God made on the first day was a manifestation of His righteousness. It is taught that the light created on the first day of creation cannot illuminate by day because it would eclipse the light of the sun, nor by night, because it was created only to illuminate by day. This light has become known as **“The Light of the Seven days.”** This is the light that Adam & Eve enjoyed in the Garden of Eden. This light is both timeless and all revealing. This light is described as rainbow but, it shines with more colors than we can imagine.

In the resurrection, scripture says that some people will shine brighter than others (Corinthians 15:41, Exodus 34:35). Before their fall, Jewish tradition teaches that Adam & Eve wore garments made of light (Isaiah 30:26, Genesis. Rabbah. 3:6) and this is why we look at our fingernails at Havdalah.

When Adam & Eve sinned, God arose and hid this light from them, concealing it in a way that only the righteous can find it until the Messianic future, as it says:

*“Moreover, the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of the seven days.”* (Isaiah 30:26, Genesis. Rabbah. 3:6)

A Hasidim once asked: “Where did God conceal it?”

They answered: “In the Torah.”

He asked: “If so, will the righteous not find some of the light as they study the Torah?”

They answered: “They will certainly find some.”

He asked: “If so, what will the righteous do when they find some of the concealed light in the Torah?”

They answered: “They will reveal it in the way they live.” (Martin Buber, The hidden light, 2005: 5)

“The light of the 7 days” is symbolized by the rainbow light in this story. It is said to have unique properties, Rabbi Eleazar ben Shammua noted that “The light the Holy One, blessed be He, created on the first

day, one can see thereby from one end of the world to the other as God allowed Moses to see.”

*“Then Moses went up from the plains of Moab to Mt Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, which is opposite Jericho. And the LORD showed him all the land, Gilead as far as Dan”* (Deuteronomy 34:1)

#### 4. C. The Rainbow as a Sign of a New Beginning

The rainbow first appeared at the beginning of a new world, after the flood, and in the same way, the Rainbow Castle is now signifying the end of an age and the beginning of the new era of God.

We can channel God’s hidden light in this world by doing good deeds and using our God-given ingenuity to raise up creation. God is casting His light continuously, but it is up to us to organize this light into a function. We can become prisms for God’s light through our actions and deeds; thus, creating and casting hidden rainbows everywhere.

A rainbow is created by the reflection of the suns-rays in the clouds. Someday, Jesus will return in clouds of glory (Mark 13:26), this will be a cloud so purified that it can reflect, not just the sun, but the light of God, revealing for us the “hidden light” that has been hidden from us since mankind’s exile from Eden.

#### 4. D. A Counterfeit Rainbow

We must keep the sign of the Sabbath and the Covenant Holy, but currently we are not keeping the sign of the Sabbath holy.

*“... I am the Lord your God.’ But the children rebelled against me. They did not walk in my statutes and were not careful to obey my rules, by which, if a person does them, he shall live; they profaned my Sabbaths”* (Ezekiel 20:19-21)

The satan wants to trick us into desecrating the symbol of the Covenant we have been given to void any protection it may provide us. Above God’s throne is a rainbow:

*“The appearance of the brilliant light all around Him was like that of a rainbow...”* (Ezekiel 1:28, Revelation 4:3, Genesis 37:3)

One must not be deceived. The Bible says of the satan that, *“You were the anointed cherub who covers; I established you...”* (Ezekiel 28:14). The satan was once one of God’s seraphim of which it is said, *“Above Him [above the throne of God] stood the seraphim...”* (Isaiah 6:2)

Satan wants to be back in that place of the rainbow and therefore has created a twisted image of a rainbow here on earth. Satan was kicked out

of heaven because of “Pride.” His number is 666. “Pride” rainbows only have six colors in them. The color that is missing is blue/turquoise. Blue is the color of the Tallit of the prayer shawl, the sapphire above and below (Exodus 24:10, Ezekiel 1:26), the color of the Crystal Sea (Revelation 15:2) and the Temple (BT chullin 89 A). This blue is the most precious element in existence, but the satan wants to deprive us of it.

**Homosexuality is a sin;** sex outside of marriage is a sin: Because of the symbolism of the “Marriage supper of the Lamb,” the satan has created a secular idea of marriage divorced from its purpose. Just as the snake twisted the Word of God, the satan tries to not only deceive people into sinning but tries to trick them into proudly proclaiming sin, holding parades to it, and twisting and perverting the Bible to make it seem ok. Sin is forgivable, homosexuality is forgivable, but apostasy and lack of repentance will never be forgiven.

*“For although they knew God, they did not honor him as God or give thanks to him... For this reason, God gave them up to dishonorable passions. For their women exchanged natural relations for those that are contrary to nature; and the men likewise gave up natural relations with women and were consumed with passion for one another, men committing shameless acts with men and receiving in themselves the due penalty for their error. And since they did not see fit to acknowledge God, God gave them up to a debased mind to do what ought not to be done. They were filled with all manner of unrighteousness, evil, covetousness, malice. They are full of envy, murder, strife, deceit, maliciousness. They are gossips, slanderers, haters of God, insolent, haughty, boastful, inventors of evil, disobedient to parents, foolish, faithless, heartless, ruthless. Though they know God's righteous decree that those who practice such things deserve to die, they not only do them but give approval to those who practice them.” (Romans 1:21-31)*

*“Just as Sodom & Gomorrah and the surrounding cities, which likewise indulged in sexual immorality and pursued unnatural desire, serve as an example by undergoing a punishment of eternal fire.” (Jude 1:7)*

Jude was Jesus’s half-brother, and his is also the last book before Revelations.

When you take a holy symbol and pervert it, it becomes desecrated. King Belshazzar did this and that night he was killed (Daniel 5). The rainbow Pride flag is an act of blasphemy and defiance against the ways of God. What happens when you take the sign of God’s mercy, the symbol of His desire to hold back the coming judgment and use it against him? If you break it, God will take away his protection, and then the satan will have free reign over us.

**All 3 Keys:** We finally have all 3 keys to our scroll. We know what the Holy Temple symbolizes as well as what the Rainbow Light and Gods Holy Festivals mean. Now that we have these keys let me show you the door that will lead to our salvation.

## 5. The Rainbow Castle's Plan to Save Humanity

### 5.A. The Rainbow Castle Hovers Over Artopia to Warn of its Destruction

The Rainbow Castle is hovering over Artopia just as Ezekiel saw God's rainbow throne hovering over the city of Babylon (Ezekiel 1). God used Ezekiel to warn Babylon & Jerusalem to stop their idolatry and sins and worship the Lord. Ezekiel had his vision on his 30th birthday because that was the age that he would have begun serving as a priest. 600 years later, Jesus was baptized on his 30th birthday in a similar river.

### 5. B. The Rainbow Castle Plans to "Flood" the World

Noah's flood occurred on the anniversary of when Adam & Eve ate of the tree of death (Jubilees 3:17). Many believe this day was "Tisha B'Av," that is, the day the sins of the spies occurred and the destruction of both Holy Temples.

Noah's flood occurred in his 600th year (Genesis 7:11); similarly, there will be a flood in the earth's 6000th year (Zohar 1:117A). However, this will not be a destructive flood, but a saving one as it is said, "There is no water other than that of the Torah" (Tana D'vai Eliyahu Rabba ch2).

Just as the first flood prepared a better earth for mortal man, the second flood will prepare a better body for spiritual man.

*"In the days of Noah in which a few... were brought safely though the waters. Baptism which corresponds to this now saves you."* (1 Peter 3:20-21)

The same kind of underground aqueducts and water channels that brought forth Noah's flood is underneath the Rainbow Castle's earthly counterpart, the Holy Temple. This is just as it says:

*"The Lord sits enthroned over the flood."* (Psalm 29:10)

These water channels are known as "Shissin." The Shissin were pits under the Temples altar that allowed for this outpouring of blood. The Temple was essentially continuously "bleeding."

Jesus died the same time that the lambs were ritually killed in the Temple (Exodus 12:5-6). The moment he was pierced on the cross, the

Shissins of the Holy Temple were opened, and the blood and water from the Passover sacrifices burst into the river just as the blood and water burst from Jesus's side.

In a spiritual sense, the flood gates of redemption were finally opened, as confirmed by Timothy (John 20:27). Young priests like Timothy were always the ones to check to make sure the Shissin were clear and ready to facilitate redemption. This was the same place where the oil that created the Hannukah miracle was found (see Hidden Light midrash).

All life was taken out of Adam's side, but life is renewed through the piercing of Jesus's (John 19:34); Miriam's smitten rock (Exodus 17:6), the fountain of life spoken of by Zechariah 13:1.

The only day of creation that God did not say "and it was Good" was the second day. This is because, on that day, divisiveness was created, as it is written: *"...Let there be an expanse in the midst of the waters, and let it separate the waters from the waters."* (Genesis 1:6). God doesn't want to be separate from us. God is returning to grant us back these living waters.

### 5. C. Bitter Water Ceremony

This "marriage" of us and God's living waters can only happen at the right time. When a man and women come together outside of a marriage, it is one of the biggest sins, but it is one of the biggest blessings when they come together after a wedding.

In Revelations 8:11, the satan, our accuser, makes the whole world go through the bitter water ceremony to prove their guilt, but the Lord will make the water's sweet again just as he has before (Exodus 15:23, Ruth 1:20). Other examples of the ceremony: Numbers 5:12-24, Mark 2:22, Exodus 32:20, Jeremiah 23:15, Lamentations 3:19-24.

If a person is not guilty of sin when they go through the bitter water ceremony then they will become more fruitful than ever. It is said that Hannah, mother of Samuel, tried forcing God to heed her prayer. She did so by saying she'd purposely come under suspicion of infidelity, so that she'd be given the bitter water and dust to drink (Numb 5:16).

Since Hannah would emerge innocent from the test, she would be blessed with children.

*"But if the woman has not defiled herself and is clean, then she shall be free and shall conceive children"* (Num. 5:28, BT Berakhot 31b)

Although many have thought that the bitter water ceremony was biased against women, this was not the case (Hosea 4:14). We must refrain

from sin so that the bitter water of the end days will not affect us, but instead, make us fruitful.

As a Golem is created through water and dust, Jesus created eyes for a man (John 9:6). When we baptize ourselves or go to Mikvah in a river, perhaps God creates something else inside us out of water and the clay as well. Sometimes what's born within, can reveal who we really are.

#### **5. D. The Shissin**

Tractate Sukkah 53a of the Talmud describes the miraculous discovery of the Shissin by King David. As King David prepared the foundation of the Temple, he dug out the pits to deal with the inflow of blood from the sacrifices. His digging accidentally opened the ancient Shissin that led to the deep, causing the waters to pour out. Fearing that the waters would flood all the lands, King David instinctively sang the Psalms of Ascents (Psalms 120-134), and at once, the surging waters subsided. Thus, the pits were emptied of water to take in the eventual blood of the sacrifices of worship.

The earthly Holy Temple was built at the site of the Foundation Stone, the place where the Tree of Life stood in the Garden of Eden. The Shissin were formed when its roots decayed. The floodwaters and the flow of the sacrificial blood offerings were only possible because of the death of this ancient Tree of Life, like the death of Jesus.

We do not have family trees but family root systems. We are connected to our ancestors by subterranean waterways filled with blood and ash. These Shissin form the tunnels under the Holy Temple, connecting all those gone to Sheol to us alive here and to full redemption within the Temple's Holy of Holies.

#### **5. E. Evil is the Inverse of Good**

**Tree of Death VS Tree of Life:** Just as there is a tree of life whose roots lead out of Sheol, there is a tree of death whose roots lead those to Sheol. This is the difference between a Sefirot VS a Qliphoth, one leads to God, while the other leads to self.

Astrolo-tree, Histor-tree, Christiani-tree. Trees can be good or bad. Scripture says that we are not to act like animals, but trees (Mark 8:24, Daniel 4:22)

Mankind fell from grace because a tree led them to become cursed with death. Jesus, as one of his last acts before his crucifixion, reversed

this and cursed a tree with death... so that mankind may live. Jesus would often metaphorically reverse events in history to rectify them; this is the meaning of performing Tikkun. When Peter denied him three times, Jesus had Peter reaffirm his love for him three times (John 21:15-17. See Midrash: Chiasms 2 of 2: Peter's denial on Friendsfromzion.com for the full chart).

When crucifying someone, it was common practice that a tree was used to help hold the cross up. The Fig tree that Jesus cursed was right outside the Mount of Olives, where crucifixions often took place. Jesus literally grafted himself into the cursed tree to give us life again.

**Chaotic Sea VS Baptism:** Just as there is a tree that saves and a tree that kills, there is a Godly flood that saves and an evil flood that kills. The satan mimics everything that God creates. Contrary to God's flood, which brings order to the world, the satan wishes to overthrow the cosmos and replace the heavens with his own primordial waters.

Throughout the Bible, God's mastery over the chaotic seas is a dominant theme; Noah's flood, Baby Moses floating precariously over the Nile, Jonah's journey within the fish, Israel crossing through the red sea, Jesus calming the waters, and his desire to make "fishers of men" who drag people from the chaotic sea to the safety of the shore.

The seas represent chaos, the symbol of all that rebel against God. The boundaries that God sets keep us separate and safe from the chaotic sea.

*"The dead tremble under the waters and their inhabitants... He has inscribed a circle on the face of the waters at the boundary between light and darkness."* (Job 26:5, 10)

Secular society has normalized the destruction of these boundaries. The satan wishes to destroy us, but scriptures show God's mastery over the chaotic seas again and again. (Job 38:4-6, 8-11, Is: 27.1, 51.9-10 Ps 74: 12-14, 89:11, 4 Ezra 13:1-4, Rev 15:2-3, Daniel 7:2-7, Ex 15).

Although the flood and baptism symbolize the body's physical death, we and those who died in the flood have hope of the resurrection because of Jesus.

*"Do you not know that all of us who have been baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death?"* (Romans 6:3)

When we receive baptism, we agree to undergo a nullification of the "self" so that we can become extensions of Jesus, who is the extension of God. Nullification with Christ is not "meditation" or the "clearing of the mind." It is a conscience-intelligent decision to resist tyranny, submit to the Lord, and become active in His mission. The devil is actively trying to

convince us that everything that is true is false and all that is false is true,  
we must be diligent not to get sucked into his lies.



**The 10th Day of the Ten Days of Awe**  
**Morning of Day 1: 6 Days Remaining**  
**Shipped wrecked/Intro to Next Chapter**  
**Note from Kitty to the Reader**

*That which is, already has been; that which is to be, already has been; and God seeks what has been driven away...*

*That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past...*

*For God will call to account what has passed... because God makes the same things happen over and over again... However, God seeks justice for the persecuted*

*מִן־הַיָּמִים הַהֵלֵךְ; הַיּוֹם הַזֶּה לְהַיּוֹם הַבָּא, אֲנִי מְבַקֵּשׁ לְהַשְׁרִיף אֶת־הַיָּמִים הַהֵלֵךְ. (Ecclesiastes 3:15)*

*Their fruit shalt thou destroy from the earth, and their seed from among the children of men. For they intended evil against thee; they imagined a mischievous device, which they are not able to perform.*

dark matter, proton beams – home-grown

Ωε λιπε on... αν πλαχιδ island οφ ignorance ιν τηε

midst οφ βλακκ σεασ of ινφινιτψ, ανδ ιτ ωασ not

meant τηατ ωε σηουλδ το voyage φαρ (ΗΠ Λοπεcraft)

Hey, wake up! Are you ok? I thought I lost you there. Coral ripped up our boat. I should have seen that we were close to land. This is all my fault. Luckily, the past ten years of fishing on the Island of Key has prepared me for such situations.

What is that? You had a nightmare, you say? Well, let's hope it was just a nightmare and not a vision of the future. I'm not exactly sure where we are, but Artopia can't be far. Do not worry! I will have our boat fixed in no time. The people of the Island of Key are expert boat makers. It's how we make a living.

Here, have some fish I caught; only one of them has two heads. And over there we have a solar still going. All you must do to make one is dig a hole in the wet sand, put a bucket in it, then cover it with a big plastic sheet with a weighted rock on top. Drips of compensated water will drip into the bucket for about a cup of water an hour. We already have a few cups collected.

This place doesn't look like the Island of Key you say? Well of course not. No place looks like the Island of Key. Over there are the charred remains of Philadelphia... city of brotherly love. Looks kind of like the skeleton of a giant beast from over here.

What was that? Sure, I can tell you about why the world has been reduced to a radioactive mess of empty deserts. This story will be very close to home for you. You will understand it, for it is a story you are living through right now. Perhaps, my dear reader, you will be able to change things back in your time so that the city known as Artopia may never come to be.

We have already discussed the three keys of our Apocalyptic Scroll for the end days and what to expect in our future. Now as you rest and get your strength back, I'll tell you the story of how Artopia came to be, the past made clear through hindsight. We have a dangerous trek before us.

# Ch 10: The Evils of Pharmakia and Artopia

**Synopsis:** 1. How Artopia Came to be, 2. The Mark of the Beast and Pharmakia

The 10th Day of the Ten Days of Awe  
Morning of Day 1: 6 Days Remaining  
Shipped wrecked/Expository  
Kitty

## 1. How Artopia used Pharmakia to gain power

(Inspired heavily by David Icke InfoWars [www.banned.video](http://www.banned.video))

### 1. A. Iskandar & the Dragon

Over two hundred years ago, before WW3, before the end of the world, in the year 2010, Iskandar was just a young and poor South American farmer. He liked to explore the Mayan caves located around the Yucatan peninsula. The Yucatan is in the shape of a giant crater, and it's speculated that it is where the asteroid that destroyed the dinosaurs collided.

Inside the mountains and under the waters of the Yucatan are a series of strange underwater rivers and caverns like the Shissin that are found under the Holy Temple, almost as if some dark, twisted temple once existed there. This is where the Mayans predicted the end of the world in their doomsday calendars.

Inside one of these caves, Iskandar met the Red Dragon. Iskandar had seen pictures of dragons depicted in ancient Mayan and Aztec paintings. The Dragon confirmed that he influenced these cultures, granting the Mayans their understanding of the stars and time, but also demanding sacrifices from the Aztecs. On some days up to 20,000 people were ritually sacrificed by the Aztecs, but this did not deter Iskandar.

The Red Dragon told him that sacrifice was essential or else the world would be destroyed again but that together, he and Iskandar could save it.

Iskandar visited the creature often, and it would give him ideas, theorems, and knowledge.

Fueled by these ideas, Iskandar went to school and became a genetic engineer and synthetic biologist. He made millions in public health by pumping the water supply with mood stabilizers, but his passion was cancer medication, specifically, mRNA technology.

Iskandar found ways to sell more of his products by lobbying for food enhancers such as Hexavalent Chromium, Potassium bromate, BHA & BHT, Olestra, to cause more cancer and disease so people would need more of his gene remedies to cure themselves and then it just so happened these chemical enhancers made food cheaper and easier to produce so Iskandar and his teams set up thousands of Abortion Clinics so that the stem cells of millions of babies could be used to cure diseases at an even quicker rate so he could pump even more chemicals in the food without killing people off before their most productive years were finished and when it was their time to go his companies created psychotropic drugs that sent people off in a delirious peace without any suffering, life evaluating, or wondering.

It was a pharmaceutical diet meant to put people into hospitals so they'd pay for health care and drugs created by Pharmakia.

But killing off millions of people a year wasn't enough for the Dragon. Humanity, he told Iskandar, was destroying the world. The only way they could save the world, was by killing off humanity.

But this, Iskandar questioned. They were the good guys, weren't they?

The Dragon quickly corrected himself. What he meant was that they'd evolve humanity into something different; a new, better, and intelligent creature. They would no longer be humans, but star seeded children of the universe. Iskandar wanted more power and control, and so he listened to everything the Dragon told him.

There still wasn't a big enough demand for his mRNA technology. So, Iskandar began funding "Gain-of-function" research, collaborating with Institutes of Virology worldwide. Viruses were genetically engendered to make them less likely to pass on infections. There were some critics of the research. When working with viruses that can pose a risk to human health, it means developing potentially more transmissible and dangerous viruses.

## **1. B. Manufactured Fear**

There was a way people perceived viruses, like the common cold or phenomena, but Artopia needed a way to change this perception. Therefore, an entity of excitement was introduced.

In 2020, the Institutes of Virology created the Covid virus, and then sensationalized it over the News channels. In addition to the manufactured Covid virus, simulant virus nano spore technology and an array of poisons were used in a crazy James bond style take over to “infect” certain population areas.

The government then came in and magically “cured the infections” with draconian control and use of their “vaccines” when the “disease” (not a disease but a kind of poison) wouldn’t have spread anyway. These “outbreaks” were used as a cover story to scare the populous.

Hospitals were given incentives to call any death they could a Covid death. Anyone who died due to the “vaccine” was written off as a Covid death. The vaccine caused massive casualties and inflammation. Coughs and sniffles were demonized while strokes, blood clots, heart inflammation, and neurological disorders were normalized.

It was mass genocide and eugenics, a bio war, the actual Covid infection (it was never a disease) was deadly specifically to older adults and minority populations. It was modern warfare, organized collapse. As Covid spread, so did Authoritarianism and the destruction of human rights.

New Protocols were implemented to ensure the death of so-called Covid patients. Patients who were naïve enough to go to a hospital were immediately intubated. Many of these people died when they would have survived if given simple high flow oxygen, or BIPAP which can be purchased for a nominal fee at any medical store, along with spo2 monitors and refill tanks. Not to mention the vitamins that could have prevented an infection in the first place.

Medications that would have helped were prohibited by the New Protocols instead, Remdesivir was given, an expensive drug that caused organ failure. Those that died, died of malpractice or comorbidities.

### **1. C. Loss of Rights**

In a bid to slow the “pandemics,” technology was implemented to track and monitor individuals to make sure those who had the disease were indefinitely quarantined. Any façade of individual privacy was forever destroyed, and mass surveillance was simply accepted.

The viruses conveniently took out head members of rebel groups and enemy regimes. As “disease spread,” entire countries were shut down to slow the alleged infection. Small and medium-sized businesses that could not keep up with the debt closed and were replaced by large government controllable companies.

AI removed Internet videos and forums that questioned the official medical reports for the sake of safety and public rest. People snitched on their family and friends who weren't following government protocols. Fellowship and comradeship lessened and lessened. Change did not occur just in one country but all over the world systematically by intergovernmental organizations such as WHO; the world health organization. Who did it, indeed.

### **1. D. Mandates**

Medical mandates ushered in segregation and discrimination on a massive scale—those who refused the medical mandates mainly were minorities and the ultra-religious. As Big Pharma intended, mandates and vaccine passports discriminate against these populations the most.

Those who refused invasive procedures on their bodies were fired from their jobs, barred from school, restaurants, and entertainment centers. After their homes and sources of income were taken away many died of starvation and exposure to the elements.

Suicide and domestic abuse skyrocketed. Covid was the roll-out of the takeover. Older adults were restrained against their will and vaccinated. Boundaries were tested and then crossed.

Medical schools and hospitals lost all those who'd question an immoral medical order. Militarization of American health began when the national guard and FEMA were deployed after the coerced mass exodus of millions of unvaxxed medical personnel from the workforce.

The U.S. Department of State granted visas to bring in health care workers from other countries to replace the massive amount of fired hospital staffers. Government's often hire foreign troops to assist in depriving their native populations of their liberties. Hospitals became the new FEMA camps, and unspeakable things were done in them.

Despite the importation of health care workers, there still were not enough workers to replace those fired due to the mandates. Hospitals became overwhelmed, not because of Covid, but because it had already been difficult to sufficiently staff hospitals before the forced mandates.

People died in waiting rooms, not because of Covid, but because there were no more nurses or doctors to treat them.

The state took complete seizure over individuals' bodies. Swab your nostril, get tested, take the vaccine; nobody had a choice. It was hand over your body or be fired and ostracized from society. Many handed over their Constitutional rights out of fear.

### 1. E. Mass Inflation

Global supply chain disruptions started after the WHO declared the coronavirus outbreak a global health emergency at the end of January 2020. While this was happening, the government printed out vast amounts of money and bought warehouses to halt production further.

Ridiculous restrictions were implemented, the world's busiest container ports were routinely closed for weeks, sometimes because just one worker had Covid. Shipping was intentionally disrupted to shock the world's economy. The world's largest cargo ships were held offshore. Manufacturers reeling from shortages were forced into bidding wars to get space on vessels, pushing freight rates to records and prompting some exporters to cancel shipments altogether.

A food crisis ensued. Governments have always starved parts of their populations to make huge power grabs, the Holodomor incident in Ukraine, the starvation in Poland as a result of the German "New Order," China's Great Leap Forward, Collectivization in the Soviet Union, etc.

The government slid the inflation and debt over to the populous. Those in power purposely imploded everything to bring in the new momentary system via Passport I.D.'s. The Great Reset was implemented. As they collapsed everything, the rich and those in the know bought everything, the companies, manufacturers, and the labs. They bought up all the assets, shut down manufacturing, and blamed it all on the unvaxxed.

The satanic elites and central banks had the perfect scapegoat to do whatever they wanted when, in reality, the unvaxxed were the only ones resisting them.

### 1. F. Hate and Fear Towards the Unvaxxed

*"People who value social conformity... support the government when it wants to increase its control over social behavior and punish non conformity...valuing social conformity increases the motivation for placing restrictions on behavior... the desire for*

*social freedom is now subservient to the enforcement of social norms and rules. Thus, groups will be target for repression to the extent that they challenge social conformity”*  
(enforcing social conformity, a theory of authoritarianism by Stanley Feldman)

The News channels said that America deserved to collapse because Americans didn't take all their shots. They said it was because of the unvaxxed that there were no more presents for Christmas, why food prices became unaffordable, why factories were shut down, why there was no fuel, and the electricity went off. The globalists said we tried to save you from Covid, but you didn't do a good enough job getting the job or forcing others to do so.

People who could still work were fined if they had a spouse or child who was unvaxxed. Every morning the unvaxxed had to check the ever-changing list of procedures to see what they were allowed to do. The rules changed by the hour, the punishments for not being vaxxed grew worse day by day.

The unvaxxed weren't allowed to get organ transplants or healthcare. They had their degrees revoked, were fired from their jobs, weren't allowed in grocery stores, and were barred from public transportation (<https://www.france24.com/en/france/20220106-i-d-like-to-feel-free-unvaccinated-french-people-on-life-without-a-health-pass>).

Unvaccinated internment camps were set up where unvaxxed could be periodically quarantined or reeducated. Once at the camps, the unvaxxed were quickly seeded with deadly viruses. perfectly healthy people became sick and died within days.

A census was done of the unvaxxed that included a record of everything they owned. The government said that they must do so for proper records to be made during a time of reorganization.

Not long afterward, many who filled out these lists was deported to FEMA camps where they immediately came down with a fever and then taken away by men in bio suites to be torn apart in a lab. their deaths were used to support the narrative. Their property was then seized and given to the government to “decontaminate,” never to be seen again.

Religious schools were attacked and closed. Prayers were replaced with national anthems, crosses for pictures of Iskandar and other political leaders. Parents who tried to home school were fined and then imprisoned; their children taken from them. Religious studies were replaced with hours of political indoctrination. Morals and virtues were no longer taught, unwed mothers were glorified for having a baby for the



empire. Their children and others were raised by the state as their single parents worked. False propaganda was spread about religious schools as mind control facilities run by witch's replaced them.

It was a time of chaos, but the New sources didn't blame the global supply chain disruptions, inflation, and Covid lockdowns on the fake PCR tests or the thousands of down warehouses all over the world. No, they blamed the devalued dollar, business closures, loss of jobs, hospitals shutting down, not enough public-school teachers, truck drivers not driving their trucks, 15-hour E.R waits, military takeovers of civilian jobs; they blamed all these things on the unvaxxed. Deaths, too, were attributed entirely to the unvaxxed, causing mass hatred toward them.

People were encouraged to criticize the unvaxxed, discrimination against them was normalized, and those who were unvaxxed were denied healthcare.

### **1. G. Global Passport IDs**

As medical tyranny ensued, a Police State was implemented. An international Passport ID was enforced to monitor who hadn't received the vaccine. Cash was attributed to spreading the disease, so money was monitored and dispersed through Passport IDs.

The Global Vaccine Passports became the head of the global social credit scores and universal guaranteed income. A guaranteed income became essential after the government devalued all the world's currency.

People without a Passport couldn't go into grocery stores. At first, big chains like Walmart and fast-food restaurants didn't require vaccine cards, but small businesses and restaurants did. Once restrictions and inflation destroyed the small business economy, the big box stores mandated the Passports. At that point, no one had anywhere else to go.

Police were set up at stores to keep the unvaxxed out. With the social credit score, anyone's credit card could easily be taken away. Anyone who disagreed with the mandates was left penniless, and many starved. ruined business and livelihoods littered the landscapes like disregarded face masks.

### **1. H. Medical Tyranny**

The pandemic was all a ploy to take control and create a medical oligopoly dictatorship that owns people's bodies and controls what they do and

where they go. People wouldn't accept a dictator taking away their rights, but because it was the health administration, people complied.

Years of testing were bypassed by putting the mRNA on emergency status. The elites knew this was the only way to pass such health implements as they were inherently dangerous. Medical professionals who disagreed experienced career threats, character assassination, and censorship of research papers. The doctors who ignored the new protocols and provided life-saving treatments had their licenses revoked and their accomplishments altered or omitted in academic and mainstream media.

During the lockdowns, the government quietly installed hundreds of thousands of 5G towers around the country. Concerning reports of the vaccination sites, usually the arm, becoming magnetic temporary after vaccination began to surface. Unbeknownst to the population, many vaccines were laced with materials such as graphene oxide and nanoparticles controlled via 5G towers using frequencies.

### **1. I. Satanic Deception**

Just as the Bible, Jewish annals, and ancient mythology describe, a system not of this world seeks to eradicate us and remove us because it hates what planted us here. The Dragon and his demons are this fallen ancient spirit that wishes to destroy us for we were made in the image of God, and they want to defile this image any way they can.

The Dragon has chosen a few human collaborators to work with, like Iskandar, but this ancient consciousness called the satan remains largely hidden. He has promised his minions precisely what the Bible said he would promise them. Eternal life, knowledge of the Universe, sharing with him, with it, the power of God, but first, they must take the general populations free will, and commit horrible crimes against the great architect's will. RNA technology and similar interventions are being normalized because the satan wishes to change our DNA. God gave Humans dominium over the earth (at least the earth that we know today). God did not give the angels dominium over the earth, however, by making human/Nephilim hybrids, the fallen angelic force can have a defacto rule through their children. By polluting the populous' DNA, the fallen angels are gaining more power.

Soon, Eugenics became a subject in schools and was looked at as a natural progression of human evolution. The Godless, faithless rulers wish to reduce the human population because the satan and his theologies

have deceived them. The satan wants fewer people to be born because that means fewer people will populate God's New Earth and Heaven. People said "trust the science," but it was the scientists that insisted eugenics was the only answer in Nazi Germany, it was scientists that used the spread of T.B. as an excuse to exterminate hundreds of thousands of people.

Members of government fell for the satan's deception. They wanted power and control; all things that demonic forces promise. The true source of Covid 19 was a lab leak from the Wuhan Institute of Virology. The entire pandemic was created to take away our rights. The virus made the pharmaceutical companies rich. How could we stand for this?

### 1. J. Fake Environmental Crises

While the fake Covid crisis was occurring, the population were taught to embrace feudalism in the name of the environment. People's ways of life were sacrificed for the sake of the environment and they were confined to tightly packed cities while the elites lived in opulence and dictated the terms of mankind's surrender.

Like ancient Egyptian pharaohs the elites claimed to have secret knowledge of our world and that if we didn't listen to them, we would die. These are the same kinds of people who would claim the sacrifices at the tabernacle were animal abuse, Moses getting water out of the rock was ecoterrorism, Aaron lighting the menorah was kohanic supremacism and contributed to global warming.

God has ensured us through His promise that climate change is a farce and a tool of deception used by the enemy to control the population.

*"While the earth remains, seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, [the climate] shall not cease."* (Genesis 8:22)

Cyclical changes happen, but the apocalyptic climate change vision put forth in acts like the "Green new deal" and "agenda 21/30" are uncalled for. The irony is contained in the etiology of the words they use, conserve "serving up the con," use less resources is "useless."

*"The eyes of all look to you, and you give them their food in due season."* (Psalm 145:15)

The earth produces food in its time, but people starve because of not sowing in the growing season and because of inadequate distribution due to politics.

During the Covid shutdowns, the government paid farmers to destroy their crops and dump out their milk, as well as paid them to not farm on parts of their land as a ruse to “protect the environment.” When the first world shuts down, the third world starves to death—the more God-fearing people born, the better, whether from developing countries or minorities. Many “dark” skinned people today will be made much brighter than many “white” people who think they are superior (1 Corinthians 15:40-41).

The government and evil leaders also bought up much of the farm land. It is good to note that the Catholic Church alone owns 177 million acres. Gates owns 270,000 acres.

*“He will attack the mightiest fortresses with the help of a foreign god and will greatly honor those who acknowledge him. He will make them rulers over many people and will distribute the land at a price.”* (Daniel 11:39)

God will return for his Millennial reign, and when he does, he will bring healing to the land all over the earth. As of now, 33% of the earth is desert, and 24% is mountainous, but these places will be made fruitful at Christ’s return. The land surface of our earth is 60 million square miles. Today, only 25 million square miles of our earth is habitable by man.

Christ will not just fix the earth, but will bring with him the New Jerusalem, which is 200 million square miles and will also be used to house people (Revelation 21:16, John 14:1-3). In only another couple hundred years our livable space will increase from 25 million square miles to 260 million square miles. Considering this, we have a major under-population problem! Also, If the Book of Enoch is truthful (Chapter 24, Enoch 77:3), the earth will also be revealed to be four times larger than what we know of now, adding another 180 million square miles of livable space to our earth, for a total of 440 million square miles of livable space during the millennial reign, 17 times what it is now.

After the Millennial reign, the New Earth will be made much more habitable than it is now. The surface of our known Earth is 200 million square miles (including oceans). but all 200,000 million square miles will be made habitable in the New Earth and Heavens (Revelation 21:1). This will not just apply to our known world, but the lands described in the book of Enoch as well, making earth’s livable space 800 million square miles, plus the 200 million from the New Jerusalem, 40 times than what it is now.

The earth being bigger than what we are taught also makes sense considering the New Jerusalem is supposed to sit upon the earth like

Tefillin. The proportions of this are only accurate when the earth is measured the way it is in the book of Enoch.

In the New Earth and Heavens, man will no longer reproduce (Matthew 22:30), but we will have 40 times more land than we have now, not including the innumerable amount of space that will be in the “New Heavens.”

Statistics show that, in the worst-case scenario, overpopulation will not become an issue until another couple hundred years, but by the year 2240, Jesus should return. God times everything perfectly. To be fruitful and multiply is a blessing, but the satan wants to take this from us.

Scientists claim that the rising seas will become an issue for us, but at Christ’s return, scripture says explicitly:

*“For the earth will be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.”* (Habakkuk 2:14, Isaiah 11:9)

Because of the devil’s hatred for the Lord, he has made the concept “as the waters cover the sea” seem like a bad thing. Do not believe in the fake environmental crisis that those in power are using as an excuse to take away your rights.

### **1. K. Events that have yet to occur in your world**

Big Pharma’s mRNA “vaccines” began to be utilized on a massive scale. Within a few decades home computers were developed to print vaccines out on little band aid like patches that anyone could use.

They had “vaccines” that could create imagined health and so, only a few years after covid, they had vaccines that could allegedly make people smarter or live longer. Although there was not much health benefit, the News channels and Big Pharma advocated for the dire need for their constant and ritualized use. Over time a new class of people was created, bound by mindless submission to those in power.

Those who would not participate in the vax mandates continued to be discriminated against. Even dead unvaxxed were smeared and disrespected. The CDC reported that unvaxxed bodies were contaminated with disease, and so weren’t allowed to be buried by their families. Instead, the dead unvaxxed were used as animal feed. The unvaxxed were not allowed to have pets or use social media because their accounts were banned as soon as they disagreed with the narrative.

The vaxxed didn’t care about the unvaxxed losing their freedoms but soon the vaxxed lost similar rights as the standard of living was drastically lowered.

## 1. L. The End of the World

Thankfully, a small group of Unvaxxed resisted the government take over. They utilized cross-platform messaging services with enhanced encryption to mediate trusted, reliable news coverage to the world. But by the time people realized the true source of the viruses and the long-term effects of the mRNA technology, it was already too late.

In revenge, a coup d'état occurred against the merchants of the earth's pandemics. War ensued, and for the first time, Iskandar began to lose. And then the world ended. No one knows what happened besides for scriptural account in the book of Revelation of a Red Dragon causing a great mountain to collide with the earth. Because of human beings' short lifespans, it can be difficult to see time and purpose beyond fifty years.

People also do not remember exactly what happened because at the time of the war, much of humanity was suffering from insanity caused by a metal implant thought to be relatively safe. But the metal had properties that no one anticipated. Like how dentists didn't know mercury was poisonous. The metal made everyone lose their minds, become suicidal, or homicidal. It took years for people to discover the implant was causing mass hysteria. The Undergrounders were the only ones who avoided these plagues.

The records that do exist of the Great Catastrophe, says that 30% of the earth was instantly destroyed. Tidal waves occurred all over the world, Yellowstone erupted, and massive earthquakes were triggered. Billions of metric tons of dust from the eruptions still block the sun's rays even hundreds of years later. There is only natural sunlight from 11 am till 3:30 pm. Earth is a scorched remnant of what it used to be.

Scripture says that from the First Trumpet blast of revelations to the 7th, not one generation will pass (Matthew 24:34). However, hundreds of years have gone by since the asteroid hit/nukes destroyed the planet. Iskandar, the leader of Artopia has supernaturally extended his lifespan, and so he is the last person alive since these events occurred, and therefore, his generation continues.

Surviving after the destruction of the earth was difficult. Only those who submitted to Iskandar's invasive medical solutions were provided food and water.

Artopia was created by globalization, a conglomerate of different nations who pledged fealty to Iskandar out of fear and desperation. Iskandar's 200,000-million-man army grew quickly (Revelation 9:16-18).

What people wouldn't give them; they took. He named his empire Artopia, a society consisting of a so-called elite class of genetically altered humans.

Overtime, it became easier to tell who was vaxxed and who wasn't just by physical appearance. No longer able to hide, a mass exodus of unvaxxed hold outs and rebels moved out of the cities. These people consisted mostly of ultra-Orthodox Jews, Christians and Muslims.

They moved into the underground cities buried by the great tidal waves where they would no longer be harassed by the pharmaceutical regime. In these underground shelters, much of history has been preserved. Old textbooks and pictures testify to Iskandar's lies and perversions. Iskandar has strict laws prohibiting his people from visiting the buried buildings that hide these old books.

Undergrounders are staunchly against all Artopian medical interventions. If implanted with a Artopian device they cut it out of them (Matthew 5:30).

Iskandar is terrified of the Artopians learning about the buried secrets known by the Underground people. Therefore, the Institution claims that they carry diseases that are incurable and highly contagious. It is an excuse to prosecute and kill any non-Artopia as a matter of "public safety."

During the height of the Artopian war against the Undergrounders, strange mutated animals appeared. Creatures are mutated killer animals, while Monsters are mutated killer humans who have lost their minds.

The underground communities are faithful to their God and learn from the religious books. The Artopians have a rudimentary understanding of God and the Bible. Still, it is a permissive god, a personal Jesus theology that claims the Old Testament is dead and not applicable today.

The prayers of the Underground communities brought the Rainbow Castle back to earth. But with his fake news and propaganda, Iskandar convinces the Artopians that the Rainbow Castle are really an invading alien race bent on destroying humanity and he has name branded the city as "Armageddon."

Iskandar uses the Rainbow Castle as proof that other planets and alien life exist, and he has promised all Artopia that he will take them to the stars, far away from earth, to Eden-like worlds.

With the use of the Skydome, drugs, and fake CGI news stories, Iskandar keeps the masses from seeing the Rainbow City (Revelation 18:23). Many Artopians, even when they leave the Skydome, still cannot see the Rainbow City. It is possible to show them, but they must be

willing to see and not blinded by fear. Most Artopians who do see the Rainbow City pretend like they don't in fear of being sent away to the Institution where they will be "rehabilitated" i.e. used as science experiments.

In addition to Conditioning, the Artopians implant themselves with electrical devices to give them superhuman abilities. They did not learn from the mass poisoning that occurred from the first implants before the third world war.

The rainbow light interferes with these devices and creates burns and sores wherever the implants are (Revelation 16:2, 8-11). The Skydome protects the Artopians from these effects, so instead of removing their implants, most Artopians choose never to leave the Skydome, thereby assuring their servitude to Iskandar.

*"Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you..."* (James 5:3)

Canker is a type of spreading sore that eats into the tissue. Scripture describes a metal that has been injected or implanted in people for some sort of benefit or goal but which backfires terribly. The material is most likely Iron Graphene. Scripture says:

*"And there you shall build an altar to the LORD your God, an altar of stones. You shall wield no iron tool on them"* (Deuteronomy 27:5, Joshua 8:31)

Our bodies are compared to Gods Temple, and therefore we should not put iron "tools" into ourselves.

*"Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a branding iron"* (1 Timothy 4:2)

Many mental health medications today act as a sear on a persons conscience, detaching them from reality.

As promised, God has now returned to fix things, but the Artopians are in rebellion against God. A horrible death awaits the Artopians who do not leave their city by "The Day of the Lord."

### **1. M. The Undergrounders Who Didn't Heed the Warnings**

Many people cannot believe that those in power can kill their own people, as what occurred during the Covid pandemic. Below are true testimonies that occurred not long ago. Cited from "Beyond Courage; The Untold Story of Jewish Resistance During the Holocaust by Doreen Rappaport."

In October 1941, Sara Menkes was among five thousand Jews rounded up in the Vilna ghetto in Lithuania. They were told they would be "resettled in the East." Instead, in groups of one hundred, the



Einsatzgruppen and Lithuanian militia marched them off to prepared funeral pits in the Ponar forest four miles from the city. At the pits the Jews were forced to undress, ordered to climb down, and were then sprayed with machine-gun fire.

Miraculously the bullets missed Sara. She hid for hours and then pushed her way up through the bodies. Jews wandering about the forest found her naked under a bush. They brought her back to the ghetto, where she told her story to Jacob Gens, the head of the Jewish council. Gens refused to believe her. He insisted that the Germans would never massacre Vilna's Jews; they desperately needed them to build weapons and coats for their soldiers. Resettlement could not possibly be a lie. He warned Sara that if she wanted her father to keep his work permit and stay alive, she best keep her silence.

Over the next six months, more than forty-eight thousand Jews from Vilna and nearby towns were executed at the Ponar Pits. Killings only slowed during the winter when the ground was too hard to dig. A man named Abba Kovner did believe Sara's story, he and twenty-year-old Ruzka Korczak mobilized an Underground to resist the government and warn other Jews of the murders.

Couriers from the Jewish Underground of Vilna, came to the Ghetto in Warsaw Poland, with the news of the five thousand Jews who'd been murdered. An escapee from the Chelmno death camp also described gassings there. These warnings were rejected by the Warsaw Jewish council. They just could not believe that the Germans were conducting mass murders. It was just too monstrous to believe. In the last war, the Germans had occupied Poland, and Poles had largely experienced them as civilized people.

Jewish council members insisted that nothing like that could happen in Warsaw. It was the largest ghetto in Poland. How could the Germans possibly murder its more than 375,000 Jews? Many young people believed and tried to warn the inhabitants of the ghetto with notes posted on their doors. Few believed them.

Seven months later, the Germans began to round up six thousand people of the ghetto per day to be transferred to the East to be "resettled." No one was resettled. All these people were sent to their deaths. Posters stating that three kilograms of bread and one kilogram of jam would be given to all who "voluntarily resettled" were plastered all over the ghetto. The offer of food lured thousands of starving Jews.

Every night young people ripped the posters down and replaced them with warnings that people were being killed, not resettled. These rebels

were labeled as criminals and worthy of the death penalty simply because they felt that people's lives were worth more than arbitrary laws (laws like turn in your neighbors).

Few Jews listened to their warnings and instead called them conspiracy theorists, trouble makers, and deranged.

On July 22, 1942, the Treblinka death camp was opened, and the roundups began. The Jewish police stormed through the ghetto dragging people out of their homes and beating anyone who resisted. When the Jewish police did not meet their daily quota, the SS, German police, and other collaborators joined the hunt for victims. By September 21st, more than 300,000 Jews had been killed. No one believed they were being sent to their deaths until it was too late.

There are hundreds of similar accounts as these. Do not be one of the people who fail to listen to the warnings of others. Medical Mandates are killing people. New hospital Covid protocols are killing people. Firing doctors and nurses for not wanting to take a vaccine is killing people. The huge push to over-medicate people by Big Pharma is killing people. The only way to resolve these issues is to demand medical freedom, freedom over our own bodies, and the freedom to make our own health decisions without financial repercussions or the threat of the loss of our jobs and education.

## **2. The Mark of the Beast and Pharmakia (also see Ch 17: Beware of Pharmakia!)**

### **2. A. The Caduceus**

The Caduceus symbolizes big Pharma and represents everything evil about health care. A Caduceus depicts two serpents mating around a rod, topped by a pair of wings and resembles a Qliphoth. The Caduceus, also known as a magic wand, belongs to the Greek God Hermes or the Roman God Mercury. These gods are supposed to be the messengers of gods, inventors of magic, communicators to the "dead," and one who protects business and thieves ([drblayney.com/Asclepius.html](http://drblayney.com/Asclepius.html)). Many in witchcraft and sorcery still use the Caduceus for magic and spells. The Caduceus is known to "restrain and control" its victims in sorcery.

The Caduceus has nothing to do with medicine, healing, or health in Greek mythology and the occultic world. Modern medicine has adopted the Caduceus as their symbol of medicine to protect the merchants of the earth that make billions of dollars poisoning people.

The satan depicts himself as a goat known as Baphomet with two wings and a Caduceus between his crossed legs. Yes, the Caduceus is shown as the satan's phallus. Any image search for Baphomet reveals this. He also is seen holding up a peace sign (but a false peace). The Caduceus sums up who is really behind the poisonous drugging system of Babylon; the symbol embodies everything that the beast is. The satan is behind the drugging system and much of so-called health care. This systematic poisoning is of Babylon, and God's people need to get out.

One of the main reasons the satan has decided to take the Caduceus as a symbol of himself is that the antichrist spirit desires to copy the real Christ, albeit in twisted and tainted ways. Jesus compared himself to the snake tied to a rod that Moses lifted (John 3:14). By doing this, Jesus testified that he would be lifted as a sign of our healing. Therefore, the satan does the same, comparing himself to the Caduceus, but this is not the same rod as Moses. We need discernment to see the differences.

## 2. B. Pharmakia and the Book of Revelation

The ancient Greek word for "pharmacy" is "φαρμακεία." Many Bibles have inaccurately translated this word into "sorcery," but the Greek for sorcery is *μαγεία*, pronounced as "mageía." God is not warning us of the occult in the book of Revelation but a tyrannical pharmaceutical force. Nowhere else is Pharmacy/druggist found in the Bible as a tool of the satan against the world (Lost & Saved) than in the book of Revelation.

Scripture says that those who won't take the mark will have their finances decimated (Revelation 13:16-17), which happened to those who refused vaccination during the Covid pandemic. Receiving a vaccination is not a sin, but it is immoral for people to use their vaxxed status to get privileges that others are denied. Scripture connects the mark of the beast to a pharmaceutical agent in the following verses,

*"The light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee; and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee: for thy merchants were the great men of the earth; for by thy Pharmakia were all nations deceived."* (Revelation 18:23, Thayer's Greek-English Lexicon)

Scripture says those who force people, especially youth, to sin, will be killed. Jesus said:

*"But whoever causes one of these little ones who believe in me to sin, it would be better for him to have a great millstone fastened around his neck and to be drowned in the depth of the sea."* (Matthew 18:6)

The book of Revelation says that the fate of the great city of Babylon will be to be drowned by a millstone:

*“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. And the sound of harpists and musicians, of flute players and trumpeters, will be heard in you no more, and a craftsman of any craft will be found in you no more, and the sound of the mill will be heard in you no more,”* (Revelation 18:21-22, Thayer’s Greek-English Lexicon)

This specific punishment is reserved solely for those who force youth to sin. Scripture specifies how Babylon will force these youth to sin and therefore merit death by drowning by millstone in the verses immediately after and what I have already cited:

*“For by thy Pharmakia were all nations deceived”* (Revelation 18:23)

Many vaccines contain aborted fetal cells, which is, according to scripture, immoral and evil. Before drowning the future city of Babylon with a millstone, the Angel says:

*“...a craftsman of any craft will be found in you no more...”* (Revelation 18:21)

Perhaps this is divine retribution on a sinful society that took away God’s people’s ability to work and have trades for themselves via vaccine mandates.

People took the vaccines because they feared getting sick. Still, scripture makes it clear that those who take the mark of the beast will get sick regardless, even worse for doing so:

*“... harmful and painful sores came upon the people who bore the mark of the beast and worshiped its image.”* (Revelation 16:2,3:10 and Isaiah 28:15-20, Matt.24:7-8). The vaccines, along with many other terrible things they cause, can create auto immune responses and a symptom of this is sores.

Revelation 9:5-6 specifies:

*“Their torment was like the torment of a scorpion when it stings someone”*

This describes perfectly, in archaic language, the needle-like sting caused by a vaccine.

Israel was the first country on earth to fully vaccinate most of its citizens against Covid. Israel then went on to have one of the world's highest daily infection rates. So, if the vaccines don’t work or make things worse, why would the government mandate them? Scripture makes this clear as well:

*“For thy merchants were the great men of the earth”* (Revelation 18:23)

Whatever the mark is, it makes the merchants of it a lot of money. The future has already been written in the book of Revelation for everyone to read. We should heed its warnings.

Of the Angel of Death, the Talmud says he is made entirely of eyes (<https://www.sefaria.org/sheets/179486?lang=bi>).

Eyes are the gateway to the soul. Fetal Retinal cells are specifically used in the J&J Covid vax (<https://www.chop.edu/.../vaccine-ingredients/fetal-tissues>). Eyes and yet eyes that cannot see (Jeremiah 5:21).

Why of all the Fetal cells that could have been used in the vaccine, why would, specifically, the center of the eye be chosen and not better suited fibroblast cells? This is because they don't want to heal you or make you healthier, they want to get into your soul and destroy you from the inside.

You do not have to eat babies sacrificed to Moloch to become a cannibal. You can take their communion with a simple injection.



The image shows a webpage from Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. The page title is "Vaccine Ingredients – Fetal Cells". The text on the page states: "Vaccines for varicella (chickenpox), rubella (the 'R' in the MMR vaccine), hepatitis A, rabies (one version, called Imovax®) and COVID-19 (one U.S.-approved version, Johnson & Johnson (J&J)/Janssen) are all made by growing the viruses in fetal cells. All of these, except the COVID-19 vaccine, are made using fibroblast cells. The COVID-19 vaccine (J&J/Janssen) is made using fetal retinal cells."

*“And he called out with a mighty voice, ‘Fallen, fallen is Babylon the great! She has become a dwelling place for demons, a haunt for every unclean spirit, a haunt for every unclean bird, a haunt for every unclean and detestable beast.’” (Revelation 18:2)*

**The 10th Day of the Ten Days of Awe  
Afternoon of Day 1: 6 Days Remaining  
Shipped wrecked/Intro to Next Chapter  
Note from Kitty to the Reader**

Oh good, you have found some fresh fruit in the Jungle! And water too! And what else? You say you saw a giant crater in the city? It was probably a nuclear power station that exploded when there wasn't anyone to maintain it. It happened to most of them after the Catastrophe. Nothing to worry about. The boat is not fixed yet, but it will be very soon. Today is the 10th day of Awe, and this evening is Yom Kippur, so eat and drink now if you're planning to fast.

We probably won't have no other choice but to fast as it will take all night to get to Artopia and there isn't going to be a greeting party waiting for us and we can't take food with us.

I will tell one last story to pass the time, for it will be all we have time for before reaching Artopia. They are not far from here. So, I have told you how Artopia came to be, now I will show you how all this has happened before.

What you say? That is impossible? Well, you don't have to worry. I won't be getting into any crazy Mandela effect theories, accusations that history has been changed, or historical coverups, well, at least for the most part. But I will show how there have been multiple Chaotic Seas, Trees of Death, Nimrods, Babylonian Pantheons of Sky-gods, Great Floods, Tower of Babels, and Exoduses from Egypt.

The beginning shows us the End. God is very orderly; the past is connected to our future. These are all things that had to be because what was yet future had to be; the past being determined by what had not yet happened (Ecclesiastes 3:15).

# Ch 11: The End Days is the Torah

**Synopsis:** 1. End Times VS Exodus, 2. The Tower of Babel VS the Tree of Death

**The 10th Day of the Ten Days of Awe**  
**Afternoon of Day 1: 6 Days Remaining**  
**Shipped wrecked on an island/Expository**  
**Kitty**

## 1. The Torah Repeated; End Times VS Exodus

### 1. A. The Ten Plagues of Egypt are the Plagues of Revelations

End Times is just another Exodus from Egypt. In the Exodus, the Pharaoh devastated God's people just like how in the End Days, the Dragon devastates the earth with a cosmic collision. In retaliation for both events, God sends plagues to protect his people (Revelation 11:18).

The plagues help save the underground people from persecution, distracting Artopia from their usual attacks. God uses the plagues to call Artopia to repent and halt some of their worse technological and genetic experiments. The rainbow light also makes the electrical implants that Artopians put into their bodies burn and create sores (Revelation 16:2).

Also, any monitoring devices that are placed on non-Artopians are destroyed by the light once exposed, which is why many of the Underground people have successfully been able to hide from Artopia.

The plagues described in Revelations are parallel to the ten plagues of Egypt, only this time, "Pharaoh" is the Red Dragon, and the "Israelites" are all those who keep God's Commandments.

Artopia hates the Rainbow Castle for the strange weather patterns and plagues of bugs that are attributed to them. The rainbow light has the power to influence humans, nature, and animals. God sent the frogs, lice, flies, boils, hail, locusts, and darkness to Artopia. It was as if nature itself rose to avenge the creatures and lands that Artopia/the satan decimated

or mutilated with their genetic experiments, nuclear missiles, and cosmic collisions.

The tribulations caused by God lead to life and liberation, those caused by man or the satan, lead only to death. The Israelites were protected by God's tribulations, just as we will be in the End Days. It says in the Bible that the worst punishment God ever committed against mankind was what he did to Israel (Ezekiel 5:9), but God still rescued Israel and used their punishment to strengthen them.

In contrary to the actions of God, of the worse that mankind causes man, it is said:

*"...If those days had not been cut short, no human being would be saved."*  
(Matthew 24:21-22 and Daniel 12:1)

God's judgment is an act of mercy, for it cuts sin short to save many. The second Exodus will be much greater than the first, ending with God dwelling not just with Israel as He did while in the wilderness, but with the entire world.

<b>1. B. Exodus VS Revelations Chart</b>		
	Israel's flee from Egypt	Tribulation; The 7th Trumpet
<b>1. The Number of People Involved</b>	The Exodus: Over 603,000 fighting Israeli men and their families (Numbers 1:46)  The Greater Exodus: will involve both the living and the resurrected dead from all over the world	<i>"Behold... it shall no more be said, The LORD lives, that brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; But, The LORD lives, that brought up the children of Israel from the land of the north, and from all the lands wherever he had driven them: and I will bring them again into their land that I gave unto their fathers" (Jer 16: 14-15)</i>
<b>2. Water becomes Blood</b>	Exodus 7:20 The Egyptians drowned Israel's babies so it is fitting for this to be the first plague	Revelations 8:8-9; 11:6; 16:3-6
<b>3. Frogs</b>	Exodus 8:6	Revelations 16:13
<b>4. Lice</b>	Exodus 8:24	Revelations 11:6



<b>5. Flies</b>	Exodus 9:6	Revelations 11:6
<b>6. Food source (livestock) destroyed</b>	Exodus 9:6	Revelations 8:9
<b>7. Boils</b>	Exodus 9:10	Revelations 16:2
<b>8. Hail</b>	Exodus 9:23	Revelations 8:7, 16:21
<b>9. Locusts</b>	Exodus 10:13	Revelations 9:3
<b>10. Darkness</b>	Exodus 10:22	Revelations 8:12; 9:2; 16:10
<b>11. Passover Lamb</b>	Israelites mark their door posts with the Passover Lamb	Jesus is our Passover Lamb (1 Corinthians 5:7)
<b>12. Death of the Firstborn</b>	The 10th plague of Egypt was the death of the first born (Exodus 12:29)	The “rapture of the firstborn.” This rapture will happen on the “Day of the Lord.”
<b>13. How God delivers His people</b>	<i>“And the Lord brought us out of Egypt with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm, with great deeds of terror, with signs and wonders.”</i> (Deut. 26:8)	<i>“... gather you out of the countries wherein ye are scattered, with a mighty hand, and with a stretched-out arm, and with fury poured out.”</i> (Ezek. 20: 33-34, (Jer 31: 8-9)
<b>14. Escape to the Wilderness to Celebrate a Marriage Festival</b>	<i>“Let my people go, so that they may hold a Festival to me in the wilderness.”</i> (Exodus 5:1). Moses and Israel both enter a Marriage Covenant when they leave Egypt (Exodus 2:20-21, 19:1-9)	<i>“Then I heard another voice from heaven saying, ‘Come out of her, my people, lest you take part in her sins, lest you share in her plagues’”</i> (Revelation 18:4). Leave “sin” so that you can celebrate the Marriage Festival of the Lamb (Revelation 19:7-10)
<b>15. Two Witnesses</b>	Elijah: He prayed, and God shut up the heavens for 3 1/2 years. He also	The Two witnesses will most likely be Elijah and Moses. They will be able to shut up the heavens

	devoured God's enemies with fire (1 Kings 17:1; James 5:17)	for 3 ½ years and kill with fire (Revelation 11:3-6). Nero claimed the Christians set the fires in Rome, but in the end days, they will indeed set fires.
<b>16.</b> A Peace Treaty is Created	Pharaoh agrees to let the Israelites go for 3 days. After 3.5 days, Pharaoh realizes the Israelites deceived him and takes chase (Exodus 8:23-24)	The anti-Christ makes a 7-year peace treaty with Israel, but after 3.5 years, he will betray them (Daniel 9:27)
<b>17.</b> Driven to the Edge of the Sea	Exodus 14:9	Revelations 12:15-17
<b>18.</b> The Destruction of an Attacking Unrighteous Army	The waters destroy the Egyptian army on the 7th day (of Passover). Alludes to Noah's flood (Exodus 14:28). This was bitter water for the Egyptians but sweet water for the Israelites (Rev 8:11)	In the 7th year, the antichrist army will be defeated by the Lord (Ezekiel 39:11). This will happen again at the end of the Millennial Reign (Rev 20:8-11, 2 Peter 3:7)
<b>19.</b> God Parts a Sea, there is Victory, and a Song is Sung	The Israelites cross the red sea (Exodus 14:21), song of the sea is sung; the first song recorded in scripture, while the Song of the Lamb is the last	God's saints cross the crystal sea, Song of the Lamb is sung (Rev 15:2-3). Moses saw God from below the crystal sea, but the Tribulation saints will see it from above (Rev 4:6)
<b>20.</b> God Tabernacles with Mankind	God Tabernacles with Israel for 40 years <i>"...The pillar of the cloud did not depart from them by day, to lead them on the road; nor the pillar of fire</i>	God Tabernacles with mankind for 1000 years <i>"The LORD will create above every dwelling place of Mount Zion, and above her assemblies, a cloud and</i>

	<p><i>by night</i>" (Neh. 9:19)</p> <p>God's glory is hidden in this cloud as the New Jerusalem will most likely be hidden in a cloud during Christ's reign.</p>	<p><i>smoke by day and the shining of a flaming fire by night. For over all the glory there will be a covering.</i>" (Isa 4:4-5)</p>
21. Miracle of God-Given Health	<p>Every individual who came out of Egypt was miraculously able-bodied, old, or young. God supplied their every need, safety, food, water, and clothes (Deuteronomy 29:5)</p>	<p><i>"Behold, I will bring them from the north country, and gather them from the coasts of the earth, and with them the blind and the lame, the woman with child..."</i> (Jer 31:8). <i>"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped... for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert"</i> (Isaiah 35:5-6)</p>
22. The Promised Lands	<p>Israel enters the land of Canaan</p>	<p>The heavens &amp; earth are destroyed, and we are taken to the New Heavens &amp; Earth</p>

### 1. C. The Transfiguration/Rapture VS the 10th Plague of Egypt

There will be no planes falling from the sky or animals starving to death in their kennels when God's chosen ones are "raptured," for they do not disappear into heaven but stay here on earth. Those given glorified bodies will be *"like the angels."* (Matthew 22:30) and able to travel in the air at will. They will most likely be given a choice by the angel sent to them to be "raptured," just as Jesus gave his apostles a choice.

However, there will be no time to doddle as Jesus did not wait for those he called (Matthew 8:22). Only a small remnant of people will be given this honor. The rest will have to wait 1000 years until Judgment Day.

“Blessed and holy is the one who shares in the first resurrection! Over such the second death has no power” (Revelations 20:6, Isaiah 26:19, Ezekiel 37:11-13).

**Post-Tribulation Rapture:**

1. Raptured people do not “disappear” but are changed in the sight of the nations. They stay on earth in their transfigured, glorified bodies.

*“As a pleasing aroma I will accept you, when I bring you out from the peoples and gather you out of the countries where you have been scattered. And I will manifest my holiness among you in the sight of the nations”* (Ezekiel 20:41 & Isaiah 11:11-12, Jeremiah 29:14, Zechariah 14:5, Revelation 6:10-11; 7:9-17,19:14-19)

2. The Transfiguration/ “rapture” cannot come before the first resurrection of the dead and the Tribulation.

There have been many resurrections in the Bible. However, the “first resurrection” is not just a resurrection of the dead, but the dead with immortal, perfected bodies.

*“So is it with the resurrection of the dead... flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God...at the last trumpet [7th Trumpet of Revelations] ... the dead will be raised imperishable, and we shall be changed”* (1 Corinthians 15:39-54)

These people will live on earth amidst regular, unchanged humans. *“... we who are alive, who are left until the coming of the Lord [Paul is talking about the Day of the Lord here], will not precede those [the 1st resurrection must occur moments before the “rapture” occurs] who have fallen asleep...”* (1 Thessalonians 4:13–14, Matthew 24:29-31)

**2. The Tower of Babel VS the Tree of Death**

<b>2. A. Creation Story VS Post Flood Story Chart</b>		
<b>The Creation Story and Post-Flood story are mirrors of each other. Concealed within these parallels is a terrifying revelation for the future of mankind</b> (Inspired by, The Vineyard and the Tower by Rabbi David Fohrman)		
	<b>Creation Story</b>	<b>Post-Flood story</b>
<b>1.</b> Dark, chaotic water world	Gen 1:2	Gen 7:19
<b>2.</b> “Wind of God” hovering	Gen 1:2	Gen 8:1

3. God makes an expanse to separate the waters	Gen 1:6-7	Gen 8:2-3
4. Dryland appears	Gen 1:9	Gen 8:14 This is the only verse with the same numerical value as the first verse of the Bible
5. Lights placed in the heavens	Sun and Moon created (Gen 1:14)	The olive leaf the dove brought symbolizes the oil that gives light (Gen 8:11)
6. A distinction between light and dark	God placed the Sun and Moon to separate the day and night (Gen 1:14)	The crow and the dove were inverses of each other. In Hebrew, "Crow" is the same word for evening (Gen 8:7, 8:12)
7. Birds and whales are the first animals created on the earth	The birds symbolize the angelic host, and the whales symbolize the satan (Gen 1:20)	The dove and the crow leave the Ark before the other animals. The flood did not kill all the sea creatures (Gen 8:7, 8:12)
8. Animals and Human life appear on the earth	Adam is made from the earth (Gen 1:24-16)	Genesis 8:16-17. Noah is referred to as "man of the earth" (Gen 9:20)
9. On the 6th day, God gives a speech about mankind's dominium	Gen 1:26	A larger rift between man and animal is made in the post-flood speech (Gen 9:1-2)
<b>10. Symbols of God's Covenants</b>	<b>The Sabbath</b> (Gen 2:2)	<b>Rainbow Covenant</b> (Gen 9:9-17)
11. The animals present themselves	Adam names each animal (Gen 2:19)	Each animal walks pasts Noah (Gen 8:18-19)

<b>12. Found naked. Tree of knowledge of good and evil synonymous with intoxication</b>	Adam was found naked after eating fruit. God clothes him (Gen 3:11, 3:21)	Noah was found naked after becoming drunk off a fruit. His two sons clothe him (Gen 9:22-23)
<b>13. A curse</b>	God curses the snake. The land is cursed because of Adam (Gen 3:14)	Noah curses Ham's son and subsequently one-third of mankind (Gen 9:25-26)
<b>14. The world is divided into four</b>	Four rivers of Eden bless the world (Gen 2:10)	Allegedly, Ham commits a reverse Yibbum and makes it impossible for his father to conceive a fourth child (Genesis 34:2, Sanhedrin, 70a)
<b>15. A naming ceremony occurs</b>	After being kicked out of the Garden, Adam made a name for Eve. This was an act of selflessness (Gene 3:20)	Mankind built the Tower of Babel out of selfishness "... let us make a name for ourselves..." (Genesis 11:4)
<b>16. God expresses fear for mankind. Same third person Hebrew words are used to describe God's concern. Dire consequences are hinted upon</b>	<b>The Tree of Death</b> <i>"lest they eat of the tree of life and live forever in sin."</i> (Gen 3:22) <i>"Every <b>imagination</b> of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually."</i> (Gen 6:5)	<b>Tower of Babel</b> 2246 BC <i>"And the LORD said, Behold, the people is one... and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have <b>imagined</b> to do."</i> (Gen 11:6)

## 2. B. Creation Story VS Post-Flood Story Chart Conclusion

God expressed fear for mankind when they built the Tower of Babel since He can see the future of our creating abilities. God hindered our progress, for He foresaw us destroying ourselves with ungodly, dangerous technology before Christ returns for His Millennial Reign.

According to the book of Enoch, 70 generations will pass from the time of the fallen Watchers' imprisonment until their judgement (Enoch 10:12). These fallen angels were imprisoned due to procreating with women and teaching ungodly technology to humans. It is possible that some of these watchers were released back to earth at the end of the 70 generations. This would be to further test them, and consolidate their eventual destruction, just as the Dragon will be released at the end of the Millennium, and then destroyed. If that is the case, their release would have been around the 1900's. It would be no coincidence that this era began the technological revolution, advancing mankind before we were ready for it with dangerous tech like CERN and nuclear fission. Techno-Wizardry followed, and the illusion of the acquisition of knowledge that the internet created. All the while ignorance increased exponentially, people believing themselves to be wise from what they read online, but becoming fools.

The Artopians worship cold metal machines, inanimate stones, which they call science and progress, but these things are no different from the trees on high places and sacred groves.

Eating from the tree of knowledge of good and evil is synonymous with intoxication or imagination, not actual knowledge. The Tree of Life symbolized obedience to God which ultimately leads to eternal life:

*"He who has an ear, let him hear what the Spirit says to the churches. To the one who conquers I will grant to eat of the tree of life, which is in the paradise of God."* (Revelation 2:7 & Revelation 22:1-2)

*"He who has an ear"* refers to those who have not become blind and deaf by sin. You know you have gone blind when you can "see nothing wrong" with something that God calls sin. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil, aka "the Tree of Death," symbolizes the rejection of God's Law by determining good and evil for oneself. Adam & Eve already had the knowledge of good and evil before eating the tree. God explained a restriction, and they understood.

Adam & Eve ate of the tree to be their own god, be like God, and rule without God (Genesis 3:5, Hosea 10:13). Therefore, God said he would

give the promised land to those who don't define good and evil for themselves but instead listen to God (Deuteronomy 1:39).

Eating from this fruit is synonymous with intoxication, not increasing intellect. It is said that the tree of death's fruit were grapes, while the tree of life's fruit were olives. Because of its association with sin, this may be why grapes now grow on vines, among *"thorns and thistles"* (Genesis 3:18), instead of on a tree.

The end days will mirror the beginning, but instead of a snake enticing one woman to cause a man to become drunk off a forbidden fruit, the satan will take the form of a dragon and cause "the whore of Babylon" to cause the world to become intoxicated from her wine (Revelation 17:2).

Before they ate from the Tree of Death, Adam & Eve were clothed in light; they didn't need clothes. Adam and Eve were ashamed after the fall because they realized they were tricked when they lost their glory.

## 2. C. The Institution is the Tower of Babel

As seen by the chart, the Tower of Babel is indistinguishable from the Tree of Death. The Creation Story and Post-Flood story are mirrors of each other. The Institution has become the Tower of Babel. The Institution is Big Pharma in this story. Big Pharma can produce drugs much more intoxications than Moses or Adam ever vinified. The snake is no longer beguiling Eve with wine, but little pills that promise health and intelligence.

*"What has been is what will be, and what has been done is what will be done"* (Ecclesiastes 1:9, 3:15)

God kicked Adam and Eve out of the Garden so they would not eat from the Tree of Life and be doomed to live in sin forever, without the possibility of redemption. Similarly, God expressed fear for mankind when they built the Tower of Babel since He can see the future of our creating abilities. God saw the end of "One World" construction projects, and how such technological pursuits would lead to immoral, ungodly, and dangerous pharmacology/technology that we'd irredeemably destroy our souls with before Christ's return.

## 2. D. Un-Godly Pharmaceuticals and Technology is the Tree of Death

As seen by the chart, the Tower of Babel is indistinguishable from the Tree of Death. The Institution in this story has taken up the place of the



Tower of Babel. Artopia has recreated the Tower of Babel under the name “The Institution.” The serpent that hung from the Tree of Death to offer Eve the apple is now hanging off the Institution and offering humanity Un-Godly Pharmaceuticals and Technology.

God is trying to stop Artopia from making the biggest mistake. It is as H.P. Lovecraft once wrote, *“The sciences, each straining in its own direction, have hitherto harmed us little; but someday the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and of our frightful position therein that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the peace and safety of a new dark age.”*

The Artopians use their technologies to prolong their lives for decades and even hundreds of years (Isaiah 28:15. Revelation 9:6). They do not feel that they inherited the sins of their forefathers, which is death, but in trying to avoid it, they have created a worse fate; eternal turmoil.

One of God’s greatest mercies was that He did not allow Adam & Eve to eat of the tree of life (Genesis 3:22) because death is God’s solution to the suffering and pain that sin causes. We are not redeemed through Christ’s resurrection but through his death. (Hebrews 9:27).

To try and usurp God’s order is foolishness and self-destructive. God once dealt with all the nations of the earth directly, but when they built the tower of Babel, He was so disturbed by their inclination to apostasy He divert His attention to just one man; Abraham.

## **2. E. Tower of Babel is the Reverse Image of the Holy Temple of God**

The building of the tower began with brick making (Genesis 11:3). The only other time these words are used is when Pharaoh enslaved the Israelites and forced them to make bricks (Exodus 5:7-8).

A comparison of the Tower of Babel and similar Ziggurats throughout history shows that slavery was used to build them, and inevitably many people died in the process. Like the pyramids that the Israelites were forced to make, the Tower of Babel was a pointless structure and offered no real benefit to mankind beyond that of a fancy tombstone, a monument of death, and worthless pride (Isaiah 9:10).

The Ladder of Jacob was described with its head in the heavens, but so was the Tower of Babel. The metaphorical goal of Babel was to reach the heavens without God. Unfortunately, humanity never stopped trying to reach the heavens because they think that if they do, then they will not need God.

## 2. F. Space Travel; Yesterday VS Today

Nimrod (the 13<sup>th</sup> generation from Adam) built his one world Tower of Babel to try and reach the heavens, that is, the stars (Gen 10:8-12). Nimrod used his knowledge of astronomy to predict the movements of the heavenly bodies and thereby deceived the masses into thinking he had control over them, or a “secret knowledge” just as Iskandar does. Nimrod claimed he could communicate and control the sky gods of the Babylonian pantheon aka Babylonian “pandemonium.”

Iskandar has convinced the masses that paradise planets exist out in the universe and out of the parameters God has set for us. Instead of reading the stars and attributing them to one of the greatest proofs of the ineffable Carpenter, the Institution takes the stars and molds them into idols of evolution, trans-humanism, and space travel. They delineate the stars in exchange for theoretical black holes, a sense of control, and a fear of invading alien enemies. They turn the solar system into a “soul-lure” system of nihilistic theology. Heliocentric is another form of sun-worship; Helios, the Greek sun god.

The nation’s worship the stars just like the people of Babel and then the Babylonians did. We spend hundreds of billions on NASA and trillions more on the love of science fiction and fantastical dreams. Just 5% of this money could cure world hunger and create schools for everyone. We are to break free from grandmother galaxy; we are not to drink from the milky way. We are to be ruled by God, and not by the unforgiving orbits of the sun and earth. NASA’s logo even has a snake tongue in it.

*“And the whole order of the stars shall be concealed from the sinners, And the thoughts of those on the earth shall err concerning them, [And they shall be altered from all their ways].”* (The Book of Enoch. Ch 80:7)

Disaster is an astronomical term that means bad star. The type of science NASA conducts is literally shit science. Science comes from the Indo-European root meaning “to cut” or “separate.” The same root led to the word “shit,” which means to separate living flesh from living waste. The same root gives us “scissors” and “scythe.”

God’s people do not put their faith in the fake science of the stars but in God. The terms Babel and Nimrod are terms that are synonymous with foolishness.

Iskandar claims that the Rainbow Castle comes from numerous paradise worlds that he and all Artopia can control. They don’t see the

Rainbow Castle for what it is. Iskandar wants to forsake God's renewed kingdom on earth for the "outer heavens," as so coined by sun-worshipping atheists. But if he does this and takes the Artopians with him, he will be denying the Artopians a truly fulfilled life in the paradisaical glory that Jesus Christ promises. Numerous paradise worlds have and will exist, but they have all existed/will exist on this planet and not in the bottomless pit (See "Index of All the World's at friendsfromzion.com).

In his book *The Two Babylon's*, Alexander Hislop said, "the Tower of Babel was actually the worship of Satan in the form of fire, the sun, and the serpent. However, Satan worship could not be done openly because of the many who still believed in the true God of Noah. So, a mystery religion began at Babel where Satan could be secretly worshiped." (Alexander Hislop, *The Two Babylon's*, 2nd American ed. Neptune, New Jersey: Loizeaux Brothers, 1959).

Idolizing space and putting faith in science or facilities like the tower of Babel, I mean NASA, is devil worship. The satan wants you to think he is in a pit underground someplace, but this could not be farther from the truth. The satan operates from outer space.

*"For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against ... the cosmic powers over this present darkness, against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly places."* (Ephesians 6:12)

*"And you were dead in the trespasses and sins ... following the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that is now at work in the sons of disobedience"* (Ephesians 2:1-2)

The dragon lives in space, and he can communicate with us as efficiently as a satellite broadcasting to radios. We can resist the satan by putting on the armor of God (Ephesians 6:10-19). Some say they put their trust in the Universe, or they hope the stars align for them, but this is akin to worshipping the devil who works from such places.

The Red Dragon seeks to crush the individual will in the name of progress, community, and technology. If the dragon can do this, he can eliminate people's recognition of the divine image each of us was created in and thus turn us into fodder for his empire. There can be no community without God, only exploitation. The Tower of Babel was the first One World Tower, and there have been many since.

The "Univers[e]ities" do their best to brain wash society to believe such satanic cosmic deceptions. Getting a Masters "Ma-star" is like being a "Master of the stars." The black cubed hates are a twisted mockery of Tefillin, Alumni like Illuminati "Illuminate naughty."

## 2. G. The Universe VS the Metaverse

NASA is just as much about crossing the heavenly abyss as crossing the Internet abyss. They create digitalized cameras, active pixel sensors, and advanced CGI technology, which are all used to create fake footage of other worlds and galaxies. It is this technology that makes the Metaverse in Artopia possible.

The secular idea of the “Universe” does not deviate much from the “Metaverse.” The 4th Industrial Revolution of the domestication of man is the digitized industrial revolution. This technology essentially keeps man imprisoned by a series of “cells” or screens that they are always seeing from but never seeing the truth.

Although hovering in the sky for anyone to see, few Artopians ever see the Rainbow Castle. Their eyephones feed them propaganda, making them too fearful to leave Artopia, so they never see the real world.

The screens on the buildings around them keep them distracted, and they trick themselves into believing the screens of the Skydome is the real sky. If these screens are not enough, the Artopians create a screened-in world called the Metaverse that is a complete substitution for real life. The Artopians accept the reality the screens show them as they except the fake science. The Metaverse provides them everything they want materially. Whereas the belief in an endless Universe full of “paradise planets” satisfies their spiritual needs.

The black screens are used for entertainment, and the word entertainment literally means “black mirror.” “Ente” (into), “tain” (the thin tinfoil used in silver mirrors), and “ment” as in mentis or mentality. A World of smoke and mirrors. A black mirror, or scrying mirror, is used in witchcraft to contact demonic entities, yet people blindly believe everything they tell them.

We set our chairs around the TV and put it on a mantle with candles. If an unbiased source discovered our archeological remains, they would conclude we were worshiping the screens. Scripture says that these screens will tell the masses to hate and murder God’s people and not to sell to or buy from them (Revelation 13:15).

The Satan is Saturn, the sixth planet with a giant six-sided hexagon at its pole. Saturn is widely considered the satan’s planet. Many of the planets have pentagram like geometric storms at their poles, or they “orbit” in pentagram like patterns around the earth. Genesis mentions God creating the sun, moon, and stars, but not the planets, as they would come later, after leaving their first estate.

*“...wandering stars, for whom the gloom of utter darkness has been reserved forever.”* (Jude 12-13)

Universal Studios logo was originally Saturn. Saturn’s rings were replaced by an airplane flying around the globe. The eye of Sauron, the main antagonist of The Lord of the Rings, symbolizes Saturn and its all-seeing eye. Samsung is an acronym for “Son of Saturn.” Apple I-phones depict the apple that Eve ate from. The connection between the satan, outer space, and black-screen technology is not a coincidence.

## **2. H. The Universe and the Metaverse is the Chaotic Sea**

The satan is the Red Dragon, the Leviathan, and sometimes he is referred to as a “whale” (Job 40:15–41:26, Revelation 12:3). When God gave Job a virtual tour of the “sea” and showed him the Leviathan, God was showing Job his and our accuser and our accusers ultimate destruction.

*“In that day [the Day of the Lord] the Lord with his bard and great and strong sword will punish Leviathan the fleeing serpent, Leviathan the twisting serpent, and he will slay the dragon that is in the sea.”* (Isaiah 27:1)

There are two different “seas,” the one on earth and one above us in heaven.

*“...God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament...”* (Genesis 1:7 KJV)

The satan can swim through the firmament and enter the second heaven. This “firmament” above is frozen water, but God describes the Leviathan as being able to swim through this “firmament”

*“He [the satan] makes the deep boil like a pot; he makes the sea like a pot of ointment. Behind him he leaves a shining wake; one would think the deep to be white-haired... He sees everything that is high [in the skies]; he is king over all the sons of pride.”* (Job 41:31–34, Job 1:7)

As a fiery spiritual creature, the Leviathan can melt through the firmament. Water cannot be made like a “pot of ointment” but the firmament can. The firmament above is just another “sea” and sometimes referred to as the “crystal sea” in scripture (Revelation 4:6).

A very hot asteroid could theoretically melt through this frozen sea. Ball lightning can also travel through glass. Objects in space appear to fall slowly because they are essentially floating, but they drastically speed up and fall apart when they enter our atmosphere. Gravity has nothing to do with it.

The second heaven is where the satan currently resides. The place we think of as the universe is more accurately described as the chaotic sea. It

will remain chaotic for as long as the satan resides there. The Leviathan is closely related to the chaotic sea. The chaotic sea is one of the scriptures metaphors for evil. Money is also described as a source for evil (1 Timothy 6:10).

We can see the satan's control over money and the chaotic sea through terminology. "Currency" is "current sea," "Banks" is something that holds money as well as water, "evil spirits" as in "spirit" also being a liquid. 666 is the mark for money as every barcode has a 666 in it (the two equally space lines on the ends and middle of the code).

The internet is just black screen technology which is an extension of the chaotic waters. A black mirror is called a "scrying mirror" and has been used for thousands of years to channel evil spirits. Similarly, the chaotic sea is a literally dark world behind the frozen "glass" of the firmament that contains the universe. Every computer device uses a scrying mirror. According to secular society, we are at sea, and we are lost at sea, but there are "portholes" where we can receive temporary solace, and every computer device has one. Device like "devil's vice." 666 is a mark for the metaverse/internet because "world wide web" (www) is 666 in Hebrew. The internet is just an extension of the chaotic sea.

Speed of globes orbit is 66,600 mph, curvature in 1 miles squares is .666 ft, the axis horizontal tilt is 66.6.

Manipulative drivel such as the "metaverse" is perpetrated by the very forces of fragmentation & materialism that Monotheism was given to us to overcome.

English is the language of the new world order. Babylon and Tyre are called the "wilderness of the sea," for in scripture, false religions, man's corrupted civilizations, and the antichrist are said to rise out of the sea. In Israel the chaotic sea is in the west, but the east is where the sun rises, like a beacon of hope.

Pharmakia also is associated with the chaotic sea but in different, more complicated ways. For example, a "doctor" acts as like a dock. Dock; a usually wooden pier used as a landing place or moorage for boats.

In Revelations 12:15 the primordial serpent casts water out of its mouth to destroy Israel, but the earth helps her (Like how the earth helps the Undergrounders in this story). Although the sea is chaotic and terrible, scripture says:

*"Everyone then who hears these words of mine and does them will be like a wise man who built his house on the rock [God's word the Ten Commandments]. And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat on that house, but it did not fall" (Matthew 7:24-27)*

While God hovered over the waters of primordial earth to still them, the satan was below, singing to himself:

*“I am, and there is no one besides me.”* (Isaiah 47:10)

Deep below, above, and in-between swims the leviathan snake. Through the Aether, the cosmos, the waters, and technology, the Leviathan swims to us through waters that are of shadows and waves of primordial dreams. From the darkness, over the face of the deep, the devil sings a song to lure us in so he can consume us until there is nothing left but him and his dark, void, bottomless lagoon.

*“...the sound of your harps; maggots are laid as a bed beneath you... How you are fallen from heaven, O Day Star, son of Dawn! ... you have destroyed your land; you have slain your people.”* (Isaiah 14:3-21)

Just as the satan caused the flood that destroyed the world, he tries to destroy God’s people with a flood.

*“The serpent poured water like a river out of his mouth after the woman [Israel or the church] to sweep her away with a flood.... Then the dragon became furious with the woman and went off to make war on the rest of her offspring, on those who keep the commandments of God and hold to the testimony of Jesus. And he stood on the sand of the sea.”* (Revelations 12)

When the Lord took on the cross for us, He entered the destructive sea, like Jonah. The Lord will again take on the chaotic sea when He returns for the Millennial reign.

*“It will be said on that day, ‘Behold, this is our God; we have waited for him, that he might save us... he will spread out his hands in the midst of it as a swimmer spreads his hands out to swim...’* (Isaiah 25:9-11)

*“In that day ...he will slay the dragon that is in the sea.”* (Isaiah 27:1)

## 2. I. The Great Exodus VS The Greater Exodus

Just as God called out to the Israelites to leave Egypt, he calls out to us to resist un-Godly pharmaceuticals, technology, hollow hope in NASA, and secular entertainment that depicts gratuitous sex, violence, anti-Christian/Jewish bias, satanic idealization, and unrighteous messages.

People who resist these things will be labeled and persecuted by the masses (Isaiah 5:20, 66:4). Many will hear the call, but few will follow. Many people will be too addicted to secular society's entertainment and perceived luxuries to leave their cities. We must fight to break out of the matrix.

## 2. J. Our Hope is in the Cross, Not in Any Tower

The only piece of the Promised Land that Abraham received while he was alive was a burial cave (Genesis 23:1-20). In the same way, the money Judas received for betraying Jesus was used to purchase burial land (Matthew 27:3-10) as prophesized by Zechariah (Zechariah 11:12-13, Exodus 21:32).

In this world we are like dispossessed children, but one of the most beautiful representations of our return to Eden was revealed in scripture during a Funeral procession:

The Ishmaelites and Tribe of Esau wanted to kill the sons of Jacob, for they felt like betrayed sons. The Canaanites were the cousins of the sons of Jacob, the Canaanites being the sons of Ishmael, Esau, and Keturah. The King of Canaan was Esau, Jacob's dispossessed brother, and the princes of Egypt were the sons of Ishmael, Abraham's dispossessed son.

After Jacob died, these dispossessed children came to attack and finally kill off all of Jacobs twelve sons once and for all for the sons of Jacob represented the children that their fathers loved more than them. The Israelites were the children of Shem, loved by Noah, and the children of Isaac, loved by Abraham.

As the Midrash goes, they gathered their troops to attack Joseph and his funeral entourage but "When the inhabitants of the land, the Canaanites, saw the mourning on the threshing floor of Atad [that is "Goren Ha-Atad" or "place that was surrounded by thorns"] they said, 'This is a grievous mourning by the Egyptians.' Therefore, the place was named Abel-mizraim" ... (Genesis 50:11-12,, Soṭah, 13a; Tan., Wa-yehi, 18, ed. Buber, i. 222).

The name Abel-mizraim means "Mourning of Egypt,"; and there can be no doubt that it was intended to suggest a connection with Abel, the disposed son of Adam & Eve.

According to the rabbinical accounts, when the Canaanites saw Jacob's bier and that Joseph had laid his crown on it, they all threw their crowns as well. Joseph had been more greatly betrayed and dispossessed by his own family than them, but instead of leaving his family to die, he saved them from starvation and welcomed them back with honor and love. Due to Joseph's forgiveness, the children of Canaan and Ishmael also choose to also lay down their crowns around their patriarch. The place was forever since known as the passage of the "crown of thorns" for all the tossed crowns resembled a circle of thorns. (The True Significance of Jacob's Burial, Rabbi David Fohrman and Rashi on Geneses 50:11-12).



The crowns laid around Jacob prophesized the crown of thorns that Jesus wore at his crucifixion, and it is why everyone will throw their crowns at Jesus's feet (Revelation 4:10-11). Jesus, too was dispossessed, but the Promise land is the land of the dispossessed. After it was called Eden and before it was called Israel, it was called "Canaan," the dispossessed and cursed grandchild of Noah. In Eden, there were four rivers, Noah had three sons and was to have a fourth to symbolize these rivers, but Noah cursed Canaan, who became a failed "fourth son" (Gen 9:26). Jesus is the fulfillment whose return brings back these rivers, which will shoot forth from the Temple.

The funeral procession for Jacob from Egypt to the land of Canaan took three days. The procession was escorted by the Egyptian guard. Two hundred ten years later, the nation of Israel followed the same route when they fled the Egyptian army for the land of Canaan, the promise land, a trip that they told Pharaoh would only be 3 days. Jesus rose from the dead on the 3rd day.

Before Moses died, God told him:

*"Go up into this mountain Abarim [that is to say, of passages] ... and see the land of Chanaan (Deuteronomy 32:49 Douay Rheims Bible)*

God tells Moses to go to the place of the passages, but Moses was not allowed to enter the promised land, so what passage was God referring to? Moses passed into the "promised land" but in a more literal and fulfilling sense. The Israeli nation entered the embrace of the land, and Moses entered the embrace of God.

In this life, our journey to God is parallel to that of the Israelites journey in the wilderness. We must face and overcome the same challenges as they did to reach eternal salvation. Moses forsook walking into Israel before his death to honor God. One thousand five hundred years later, Moses was given the privilege of not only this, but of meeting his savior in the flesh at the precipice of human history, on the top of Mt Nebo, the very heart of the land (Luke 9:28-36).

Taking up the cross is the antidote for the venom imparted by the snake. Isaac carried sticks up the mountain on his back just as Christ carried his cross (Genesis Rabbah 56:3). Christ redeemed us from death, just as Samson uprooted the door frame of the prison doors meant to entrap him, carried them on his back, and threw them over a ridge. Samson's "cross" was a door frame, so was Jesus's cross the door frame of the renovated Holy Temple, a place that was as synonymous with

redemption as the cross would become. Everything we sacrifice in this life for the Lord will be unimaginably restored to us.

**The Festival of Yom Kippur**  
**Evening of Day 1: 6 Days Remaining**  
**Headed back out to sea/Intro to Next Chapter**  
**Note from Kitty to the Reader**

Our boat is fixed! We can finally finish our journey to Artopia. The boat is fixed, but it is not as strong as when we first set out—this time we need to leave our stuff behind. No food or water, can't carry it. It is Yom Kippur anyway. Do not hesitate to dash the things that might cause you to look back. Beware the princes and principalities, strongmen and strongholds that try to stop you. Do not carry anything too heavy; throw them into the fire. Nullification comes before the baptism.

If it seems I travel to Artopia to judge them, then I assure you that I do not. God commands us to proclaim the righteousness of the Lord and confront others and our own sin and God's disdain for it. I was told that Artopia would be destroyed, so I go to them not to reveal to them their sins but to reveal to them the lies that they have been led to believe, the lies which have caused them to sin.

There has been a reverse of psychosomatics, a degradation of the fellowship and covenant we are meant to have with our quantum influence. Our world has been reduced to public facades of luxury and grandeur, Majesties' gone bankrupt, spirituality based on revenge and self-deprivation, societal corruption disguised as values, and urban ethos hiding sinful abominations—the sophisms of society. Mankind's towers are not as high as they want you to think.

Unfortunately, as we near the end of our journey, a terrible storm commences. As the salmon pink sky collapses onto itself and the numbing wind takes us someplace else, we lose all control of our boat. We can only hope the resurgent forces bring us closer to the Artopian city.

This is where we must go separate ways. Yes, I can no longer take you with me. As the Ghost of Christmas Past took Scrooge on a journey through his childhood, I was able to take you over the chaotic seas that began this adventure. Unfortunately, like the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, I also had to show you glimpses of the terrible future that might yet be, but also the glorious future after that as promised by the coming of God's kingdom.

And that leads us to the most essential point of this testimony, the heralding of God's kingdom. We have the Keys now, but we must be ready to meet God in the wilderness at the appropriate time. In this testimony, the time is now.

The three keys that we have gone over these past two days will help us unlock the doors of the Rainbow Castle so that within, we may all celebrate the 8th Festival of the Lamb together.

The table is already set. The Leviathan (Psalm 74:14), the giant wild Ox (Job 40:15), and the ancient guarded wine [put aside on the 6th day of creation] is ready to be served. All that we are waiting for now is the Messiah to come down from the clouds, sitting at the right hand of God, at which point he will recite Psalm 116 for us.

In the words of the Lubavitch Rebbe, *“All we have to do is accept Mashiach... and to do everything we can to bring him here quicker.”* The time is now. Jesus is returning in only six more days.

The waves rock the boat with tremendous force. There is a chance I will drown, but I do not fear death. I fear dying before I can tell Artopia the good news. I know Jesus walked upon the water even more turbulent, just as Noah’s Ark did, as foretold by Job 9:8-10, but I can’t walk on water like him. Instead, my boat seems to be flying over the waters more often than floating on them. I do not resist the winds, for if I do, they will destroy me, and so I dance, dance, dance to their erratic flow.

The Island of Key people said that the waves would drown me, so I did my best to safeguard against that. Still, the wind rips the sail off the raft, and now it is sinking. Giant 10-foot waves collapse over me as I tread water. Only my obsession keeps me from giving up. I must make it back to Artopia; I must save their lives. I only have six more days. I must forgive to be forgiven, for I will go on to do terrible things.

I’m doggie paddling in the epicenter of the storm, my eyes and lungs burnt by salt. If not for the emergency inflatables, I probably would already have drowned. Although I am doomed to fail, I swim harder than I ever thought possible. Like a wayward bird drawn to warmer lands and a promise of life, I go to Artopia; I go to where my beloved Rainbow Castle is.

Try to read in-between my mad ramblings. I made mistakes, but try to understand my good intentions. I am only human, well, human-ish. See the sad creature I was. A child tied to a raft of her own incapability and sent out to sea to die. I did, after all, swim madly back towards Artopian shores to try and make things right. I was naive and didn’t understand everything that would happen because of it.

When I say I am in-between times, and why this testimony sounds like a disposition sometimes, it is because I am telling it on the Day of

Judgment. Before me is a Great White Throne. Around the throne stands all of humanity; we are being judged individually but also at the same time.

Below us, the earth is a giant hunk of burning charcoal. The Rainbow Castle is functioning as a great Ark, an interdimensional/galactic spaceship between the old heavens and earth and the New Heavens and Earth.

I want to live on the New Earth. I can already see it forming beneath us, forging itself from the charcoal like a bright, sparkling diamond. I must make you understand. I can talk to you and even interact with you through times and dimensions because of the strange and awe-inspiring properties of the New Jerusalem.

The more I swam, the more tired I became, drowning in thoughts and prayers. A wave bashed me 10 feet underwater. I looked up and saw a swarm of fish fly above. I smiled as their scales sparkled like rainbows when they caught the lightning's reflection.

Even under the chaotic sea, I thought, there are still rainbow-colored birds. I followed their tiny jet streams until I broke through the surface.

Lightening intensified, and I saw the sky open and light the sea with its electric soul. At that point, all I could see, all I knew, and all I heard, was as distant as roaring thunder.

I knew the thunder was coming from the Rainbow Castle. It was as if they were trying to say something. The sound of the thunder was what I followed, and the violent veins of lightning in the sky. I altered my course towards the loudest clashes. I knew my Rainbow Castle would be there in the most calamitous apex of the storm. They were the storm; they are the force that shakes the foundation of the world.

I counted the seconds between the lightning and thunder to see how far I was. Three miles, two miles until one more mile. Then as soon as my strength gave out, up ahead, I saw an artificial light, like lightning but not pure nor enlightening. It was the Skydome, the biggest structure on the east coast, the most significant manmade structure that there has ever been.

Inside the Skydome was Artopia and the Institution, and Iskandar. Safe and sound, the one who started it all watched the storm from his window. He looked out at the storm as it "Click clack, click clack," menacingly on the soft glow of the illuminated transparency.

Once upon a time to be, inside an ivory tower, there will live a tyrannical Marxist-Capitalist Republican, liberal, conservative diplomatic

democratic communist terrorist dictator president who will be loved by  
all...

## Ch 12: Iskandar



### Midrash #5: The Scapegoat Ritual 1 of 2: Yom Kippur

On Yom Kippur people had to take two goats, sacrifice one and set the other free into the barren land, separated from God's people. The scapegoat ritual is like the two birds in the sacrifice of the leper. We are like one of those birds, one set free but marked by the blood of Jesus. (Leviticus 14:4)

The goat sacrificed on the altar represented Jesus, and the one exiled from the congregation and set free to live in the world 'without God' represented the Red Dragon or Azazel. The goat "for Azazel" was marked by a red ribbon tied to its horns. The goat designated to God had the red ribbon tied around its neck.

This is all symbology. The satan can play no part in the sacrificial rituals of the Temple, and every animal used in the rituals must be clean and blemish-free, something that the satan is not.

A piece of the red ribbon is cut off before the goat for Azazel is set free. In theory, once set free, the goat would die of predation, a metaphor as to why we shouldn't choose the world (sin) over God. To speed up the process and since if it returned, it was deemed a bad omen, the people of Israel adopted the practice of throwing the goat off a cliff.

*"But the unclean spirit, when he is gone out of the man, passes through waterless places, seeking rest, and doesn't find it."* (Matthew 12:43)

After all the Yom Kippur rituals were complete, the scarlet ribbon would turn pure white to symbolize that God had forgiven Israel. When Jesus died, around 30 A.D, the scapegoat that year escaped, and the ribbon remained red.

Every year since, for 40 years until the destruction of the Temple as prophesized by Jesus and the book of Jonah, the Sanhedrin reported that the ribbon would no longer turn white when the priest atoned for sins (Talmud, Tractate Yoma 39b).

When Jesus Christ returns, one of the first things he will do is perform His duties as our High Priest on Yom Kippur. He no longer has to offer a sacrifice, for he was the ultimate sacrifice (Hebrews 10:11-14). Jesus will instead banish the “goat for Azazel” that is the Satan, or our Accuser, from the midst of mankind and lock him in the abyss for 1000 years so that he can no longer deceive the nations (Revelation 20:2).



**The Festival of Yom Kippur**  
**Late Evening of Day 1: 6 Days Remaining**  
**Iskandar's observatory**  
**Iskandar**

Fifteen miles from the shore was the Institution. The Institution lay in the center of Artopia, and Iskandar sat in the topmost center of the Institution. The tower was 2500 feet tall, 120 stories, and able to house a third of Artopia at a time. The city boasted a population of a million people.

Fifteen miles from the shore was the Institution. The Institution lay in the center of Artopia, and Iskandar sat in the topmost center of the Institution. Similarly, the rainbow city was hovering in the sky directly above Artopia, with the Rainbow Castle at its center; the two cities inverted mirrors of one another.

Iskandar peered out of the glass dome of his Observatory, which just barely protruded out of the Skydome. If Iskandar wanted to, he could open a hatch and sit on top of the dome and feel the cool breeze of the clouds. The telescreen apparitions of the Skydome did not reach here. In his Observatory, at least, the actual world would never be masked or concealed.

A space between the Skydome and the Institution was left so the building was secured to the dome by hundreds of flying buttresses. From above, the arches looked like an iris around the Observatory. At every angle, the Skydome was a giant unblinking eye. Lightening shot violently through the darkness as rains pelted against the glass. There were no stars; there never was, only violent flashes of lightning here and there.

Iskandar looked down at the Skydome, which sheltered the Artopian city like a giant bubble. He ordered whales and other deep-sea leviathans to be projected in it as their songs masked the thunderous groans of the storm above. He watched as they swam around the luminous orb. The



beautiful projections concealed the grim heavens perfectly. Looking up at it, the Artopians wouldn't even know the sky was falling, let alone that it was raining.

Unlike his citizens, Iskandar didn't need an artificial projection to make him happy. As he gazed out at the darkness, it was as if it was not darkness he saw but someplace else, a very real place still not yet obtained by him. He had lived for a long time and could still remember what the real stars had looked like.

All the world would still be in darkness if not for him. He arose from the darkness and appeared like a shining star in the void of nothingness to all the hopeless, wandering, shadow people. A bright morning star like Saturn. He gave their children Artopia to live, one place outside the entire world that could sustain them. Here, it was as if the earth had never lost its paradisiacal glory.

Despite the beautiful lies of the Skydome, Iskandar wanted to show Artopia the real stars. Bright, burning, and spectacular. He wanted to be full of that incredible fire of the heavens till he could no longer contain himself in it. Once raising Artopia to the heavens, he would finally have all the power he could ever want. Artopia would explode across the heavens like a supernova. No mercy for the ugly, no tolerance for the imperfect. He would be infinite as he was already immortal. All his creations and servants would be without flaw and of relentless purpose.

Iskandar ruled humanity through the condensing forces of electricity, the binding forces of electromagnetism, and the destructive and fragmenting forces of atomic materialism. In exchange for turning them into "wet-ware" his people gave him undying loyalty.

He was once a biologist, but he had transitioned into astrology; leaving molecular science to his army of doctors. Big Pharma ran the nitty-gritty of Artopian life; the implementation of daily Conditioning treatments, law, order, warfare, food production, and population control he left to them. As an Astronomer, Iskandar preferred to function as a kind of priest-king.

Astronomy, like Quantum physics, is confusing, so people confuse it with magic. If magic can be framed using the terminology of theoretical science, that magic is real. Because it was so hard for the public to understand it, Artopian scientists could easily take on a mystical tone. True comprehension of astronomy lay exclusively in the math itself, which few, like Iskandar, could comprehend.

Everyone else had to be satisfied with hollow, often misleading conceptual explanations, which was how everything in Artopia was

explained to the masses. Astronomy, astrology, cosmology, cosmetology, all the same.

Like any New Age religion, Iskandar used Astronomy as a stand-in for spirituality without the social practices and conservatism of biblical faiths. It kept the perceived ties to the ancient world while also being able to make wild, unsubstantiated claims about reality. Through his gospel of the stars, Iskandar gave the populous transcendence, interconnectedness, and self-empowerment, all without any of the burdens of organized religion.

Science “proved” many ridiculous things throughout history, such as Spontaneous Generation, Maternal Impression, and Glacial-Kosmogonie “Glacial Cosmogony” which stated that ice is the basic substance of all cosmic processes and that ice moons and ice planets determined the entire development of the universe. The National Socialist Party in Germany, Adolf Hitler, the general public, and many prominent scientists believed in this ice theory, and it only fell out of fashion because Germany fell out of fashion.

With enough power, credibility, and social support, Iskandar could convince anyone of anything.

A knock came from the door.

“Come in” said Iskandar, yanking himself from his imaginings. A skinny man in his twenties appeared. He wore white scrubs and a white coat over them like a doctor, but his badge identified him as a student. His fur was sparse, besides for the hair on his head, which had grown out. This made Iskandar grimace.

At first, he designed people to have no hair at all, beards most of all could be so cumbersome when razors are in short supply. But then sun burns and radiation killed people off too quickly. So instead of no hair Iskandar engineered people to be completely covered in a short fine fur that was genetically manipulated to act as a barrier to radiation. Suddenly liking beards again, he gave himself a great white mane, resembling a lion. No one else was allowed this of course.

“Hello Matsuda. I have been getting a lot of complaints about you.” Said Iskandar. The scientist shuffled nervously.

“Hello, your excellency. I am honored to be here.” Said the boy, but he actually seemed quite terrified to be there.

The boy’s eyes were ice blue, a color model that Iskandar designed himself. The color was harvested from the DNA of glow worms. Iskandar more closely scrutinized the scientist’s appearance. There were bags under the man’s eyes, and what was that?

“Where did your tail go?” Asked Iskandar.

“It fell off.”

“It fell off?! Why didn’t you seek medical attention?”

“The more I condition, the less of the rainbow light I can see. I assure you, Sir, although I look a bit scary, I am not contagious. I have verified through all the tests.”

Iskandar was shocked; the scientist was clearly naïve.

“Mutation is contagious, if not bacterially than ideologically, but all that the populous needs to know is that it is contagious. The rainbow light is nothing but radiation emitting from Armageddon’s force fields. It is a weapon being used by an extraterrestrial enemy. You do understand all this, don’t you?” Iskandar was trying to reason with the boy, make him realize the terrible implications of his visions.

“Yes, I do, of course, Iskandar. I just wanted to learn as much as I could about the light for research purposes, for the good of Artopia.”

“I see.” Said Iskandar. “And what have you learned?”

“The rainbow light is some sort of sapient creature. It seems to suggest that a different type of life exists. A type of existence that surpasses the material as if it is from a higher plane of existence rather than another planet.”

“Armageddon is from another planet with advanced technologies like our own. Nothing but science and engineering. We too can become as powerful as them if we focus our energies and remain productive.”

The scientist did not respond. He looked sadly at Iskandar and then pitifully at his shoes. Rain and hail pounded the Skydome as the hurricane continued to batter the land and sea. The people in the city would not be able to see the lightning, but static shot out periodically where hail hit the weaker parts of the Skydome.

“Damn this storm,” Iskandar muttered as the lightning hit the dome and shook the room with its powerful force. “Listen, Matsuda; you’ve been in school, what, nine years now? Only one in a hundred ever gets as far as you. Think of all the power you will have once you graduate. As an Artopian Physician, you will not only rule a part of this facility, but all Artopia. All you have left to do is your final dissertation. Why throw it all away now?”

“Sir, I have finished my dissertation. I want nothing more than to graduate.”

“No, I have called you here because you have not finished. You haven’t tested the new serums, and know the schools are overdue for their inoculations.”

“I have, sir.”

“And what did it do to the people?”

“I haven’t tested it on people yet, but I did test it on a goat.” Iskandar straightened up, annoyed, agitated and only a bit curious.

“I told you to test it on people, not animals. Why would you not follow orders?”

“The serum contains more animals’ DNA than human, so I was afraid of what it might do to the people. I thought it would be better to give it to an animal, sir. But I believe the serum to be a success, for the goat has gained the ability to speak!”

Iskandar shook his head. “You have disobeyed my order. I do not want to make animals like humans I want to make humans more like intelligent animals. Animals we can control. What is the benefit of making a goat sapient? If it were like a human, it would just complain about its food, lie to get what it wants, express itself in destructive and unusual ways. The goat would lose its blissful ignorance and use its abstract thought to question its existence until it develops existential despair or psychosis. Is that what you want?”

“No, sir...” The scientist looked guilty. Iskandar waved him from speaking.

“I want everyone happy the way that goat was happy and content in its stall, before you messed with it. That is how we maintain stability and keep retrospective maladaptive tendencies from occurring. If people aren’t content, what is to stop them from committing crimes against each other? We will get rid of your goat.”

“Yes, sir.” Said the scientist.

Iskandar got up from his desk and walked to the boy, so he towered over him. “It comes down to this. All your work, all your sacrifices, and I know you have made sacrifices. Inject yourself with the serum you gave to that goat. You refused to give it to the people I sent you, so you shall be my test subject now. No, do not worry.” Said Iskandar when he saw the scientist’s fearful expression. “It will calm your anxieties so that you won’t fail to follow orders and perhaps regrow your tail back.”

“But sir, please...”,

Iskandar removed a syringe from his desk and gave it to the scientist. “Tomorrow is your graduation, you either walk the stage and become an honored member of this society, or you’re going to Neom.”

“No, not there!” Wept the scientist. He prostrated at Iskandar’s feet.

“The choice is easy!” But the scientist shook his head and stood up to compose himself.

“No, it is not easy...” Said Matsuda as he shook his head and backed away.

“Then it is enough!” Hollered Iskandar loudly as not to be belittled by the thunder outside. “It is obvious that Armageddon has corrupted you with its visions. I can no longer help you.” Iskandar pushed a button below his desk, and two bodyguards walked in and carried the student away.

Once again alone, things felt quieter than usual. Iskandar stretched out his magnificent white wing, revealing dozens of transparent floating screens. He swiped through one after another, found one that he lingered on, and pressed it. He needed a distraction, something to calm his anger. Few things bothered Iskandar more than someone who worked so hard for power just to throw it all away.

There was a knock at his door, and in walked a nurse with a young girl by her side. The girl was pretty with red eyes, cream-colored hair, and a big yellow bow tied around an elaborate dress.

“Hello, sir, here is your daughter as you ordered, but I think she might be sick.”

“She is not sick; she is mute.” The nurse looked a bit confused. The girl was autistic, but most Artopians wouldn’t know what that meant.

It was illegal in Artopia to have children with disabilities. Genetic engineering made such mistakes impossible, yet Aviarie was somehow born. Iskandar adopted her because her disorder made her the perfect child for him, as she could see all the secrets of the Institution and not be able to reveal them.

Iskandar could break any rule he wanted. He renamed her then replaced her with a genetic copy with its “autism” cured so that her parents would not know the difference. Iskandar made sure to spend a few hours with her a week like a normal Artopian parent. He kept the girl in the NIMH unit with the other children most of the time. She’d stay safe and hidden there, along with his more empathetic human emotions, until it was convenient for him to see her again.

The girl walked off to her room in the back of the Observatory, and the nurse left. He didn’t bother to talk to the girl because she wouldn’t understand anyway. He noticed Avarie liked patterns, so he Conditioned her to “enjoy” organizing his paperwork in alphabetical order. She went through the big boxes of papers and categorized them. He smiled and then went back to starrng out of his Observatory into the darkness.

He assured himself that he was a good person. He was building a better world, after all. A better world for his daughter; for all Artopia. He

couldn't let weak-minded, selfish individuals get in the way. He was saving everyone; he was ascending into the celestial...

Despite rarely needing sleep, his eyes became heavy; and he fell into a short nap. High up in the sky, unseen by the Artopians, was a brightness unlike any other. A transient rainbow light played inside sky blues swirls and became greens, purples, and blue again. It was like the way blue fades into black, and the darkness settles in like a content cat.

Iskandar was disturbed when he awoke and saw that the storm had grown worse. The lightning flashed so brightly that, for a second, he glimpsed a rainbow-colored city high up in the clouds.

## Ch 13: Arrival



### Midrash #6: The Scapegoat Ritual 2 of 2: The scapegoat Ritual Throughout the Bible

#### Origins of the Scapegoat Ritual

The first scapegoat was Cain; he was the goat designated for Azazel, while Abel was the goat designated for the Lord. Abraham had two sons. Just like the two goats on Yom Kippur, he “sacrificed” one and sent another, Ishmael, away to “wander” the wilderness.

The symbology of the scapegoat ritual stems from the patriarchs. Jacob deceived his father Isaac with a goat, then Jacob was deceived by his sons with a goat, then one of those sons, Judah, was deceived by his daughter in law, Tamar, with a goat. Decades later, to leave Egypt, the ancestors of the sons of Jacob would have to perform a reverse ritual with a goat (Exodus 12:1-12).

The actual Yom Kippur ritual was founded hundreds of years later, specifically to atone for the sins of the golden calf. Today, people still worship the golden calf. When they see something beautiful and amazing, they say “Holy Cow,” but when they see something terrible or bad they say, “Oh my God.” Taking God’s name in vain this way is a violation of the 2<sup>nd</sup> commandment and will not go unpunished (Exodus 20:7). Because of the golden calf, Moses had to go up to Mt Sinai for another 40 days.

The last thing God told Moses after his first 40 days on Mt Sinai was good tidings of the Sabbath (Exodus 21:12-17). However, the last thing God commanded Moses the 2<sup>nd</sup> time he had to go back for 40 days after the sin of the golden calf was the infamous:

*“You shall not boil a young goat in its mother’s milk.”* (Exodus 34:26)

Once again, a goat was a bookend to sin. The buck, or that is the goat, stops with Jesus Christ.

#### Scapegoat Ritual Performed by the Prophets

Every Yom Kippur, the book of Jonah is read. In the book of Jonah, Jonah is the representation of the goat designated by lot for Azazel. Jonah had lots cast for him, just like the goats had lots for them (Leviticus 16:8-10).

After being thrown into the sea, red-colored seaweed wrapped around him. The same kind of seaweed that makes the red sea appear red. (Jonah 1:7 and Jonah 2:5). The red ribbon was wrapped around him just as it would be on both of the “Yom Kippur goats.”

Judah knew he would be considered a false prophet if he traveled to Nineveh.

Jonah prophesied that Nineveh would be destroyed for their sins no matter what they did. However, Jonah knew that God would revoke his decree of their destruction and forgive them if they repented. Sure enough, the people repented, and the destruction that Jonah prophesized did not occur. God’s Spirit found comfort in even the ignorant people of Nineveh because they repented of their sins as Jonah found comfort in his plant (Jonah 4:10-11).

Jonah allowed himself to become ostracized by his religious community for speaking “falsely” so that Gentiles would seek redemption and be saved. Likewise, Jesus allowed himself to bear all the sins of humanity to redeem us.

Prophet Ezekiel also played the role of the scapegoat, as did many prophets. He was exiled from Israel and ate terrible food in the wilderness for over a year to warn Israel of their coming punishment in the hope that some would repent and turn back to righteousness.



**The Festival of Yom Kippur**  
**Late Evening of Day 1: 6 days left**  
**Rocky coast outside Artopia**  
**Third-person, past-tense: Jade**

Jade peered out of a brown cloak with a hood as he stood on a protruding part of the beach. Underneath it, he wore a Tallit, and the sides of his hair were long. He was watching for lightning. According to the ancient Hindus, lightning is secret utterings of truth from Heaven, crashing down to earth. Truths that man can’t understand for longer than an instant and yet so powerful they illuminate even the darkest nights.



So much lightning was crashing into the waves it was a wonder why the sea wasn't boiling over. He was looking for any sign of the Rainbow Castle. They say that the castle can be seen clearest on nights that are dark and stormy.

Jade helped manage a small community of illegal Undergrounders called the Friends From Zion. They lived a hundred feet underneath the desert sand in the remains of New York City. The city was buried by water and sand after a hydrogen bomb erupted off the coast. He rarely came to the surface. When he did, it was to glimpse the rainbow city and say a prayer.

Jade sang an old song, *"Where dips the rocky highland Of Sleuth Wood in the lake, there lies a leafy island."* It was a poem called *The Stolen Child* by William Butler Yeats concerning old Irish peasantry myths of fairies beguiling children to come away with them.

The song represented children who were forgotten, mistreated, or died too early in life. In the poem, the lost children were stolen away and taken to an island paradise separated from the rest of the world. The children's souls waited on the little island, between now and eternity, for the day Heaven finally arrived to earth, and they could come back again.

Jade sang as he watched the sea and sky for any changes. The ocean reminded him of the people of Artopia. Thousands of people drifting back and forth; neither returning nor coming; the salt lapping at their sides as if to add flavor so they could better be consumed.

*"Where flapping herons wake, the drowsy water rats; There we've hidden our fairy vats, Full of berries and of reddest stolen cherries."*

Suddenly, a rainbow light lit up the shore. For a second, Jade thought he saw, in the light, someone washed up along the coast; a young girl stranded amongst the rocks. Then he did a double-take but saw nothing; just his imagination again. Sometimes his mind would wander, and he'd hear or see ghosts from his past; the beeping of chemicals synthesizing, alarms, and the walking dead.

He checked the coast one more time for any signs of life before returning to FFZ. He found nothing. Nevertheless, he made sure to sing the last part of the song to her, the personification that his mind's eye materialized from the dark and turmoil of the waters. Although the girl may not be real, she symbolized to him all the lost children.

*"Come away, O human child! To the waters and the wild. With a faery, hand in hand. For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand."*

There were two massacres of the innocent depicted in scripture; Moses's and Jesus's generation were killed by the rulers of the time, many

by drowning (Exodus 1: 22). Surely these were the 144,000 who have the Father's name written on their foreheads, who have the special privilege of being raised in Heaven, as together they make up the first generations of both the New and Old Covenants (Revelation 7:4, 14:4).

Of all those redeemed from mankind as firstfruits of God and the Lamb, only they would be able to sing the new song. Having been delivered by the waters and the wild, the 144000 will walk upon the crystal waters before the throne; that sea of glass as it was mingled with fire, so resplendent is it with the glory of God.

But the children will no longer be children; they shall return to the earth as soldiers where they will have:

*“Gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name”* (Revelation 15:2-4)

### **The Festival of Yom Kippur**

**Morning of day 2: 5 days left**

**The morning after the storm**

**Kitty**

Everything was blurrier than usual. I tried focusing on a grey spot in the sky as it wavered back and forth. Then I realized it was a seagull! I made it to shore. The gull, realizing I was not dead, honked and flew off into the red gilded sky. Assuming he was not John Livingston Seagull, I was somehow alive, on earth, and in an appropriate planet and dimension for me to be.

It was the morning after the storm. I squinted my eyes to the fiery red sun above; it was a Saturn-like sun from eons ago when Saturn was allegedly a red dwarf during the Dragon's reign on the earth. The refracted light covered the dessert in an eerie purple haze. They say the truest beauty is in the harshest land and that God can be found there with those with open eyes, but I could hardly open my eyes against the fierce sandy winds of the Artopian desert.

I determined by the angle of the waning light that I had perhaps three hours left of daylight before the moonless and starless night took over. I was defenseless; mutated Creatures would quickly find and eat me if I didn't make it to shelter. I got up and scanned my new surroundings.

A good whiff brought me to my senses. There was a flopping fish gaping open-mouthed at me and the rotten smells of them thereafter. Strewn amongst the fish and seashells were broken weathered bones; the remains of the people who died during the great wave deluge that buried

the coastal cities. I flopped the fish back into the ocean and then looked hazily over the beach.

I was like one of those fish, but also like a fisherman. Jesus calls the fishermen (disciples) to cast the nets (the Gospel of the kingdom) to bring the fish (mankind) back to the land (to God/righteousness), out of the seas (nations), to be together on the seashore amidst the grains of sand (the sons of Abraham), to inherit the promised land. (Vayechi: The Mystery of the 153 Fish by Ben Burton)

It was Yom Kippur, and I only had five days left to save Artopia before the world as we knew it ended. I was tired and smelling of dried seaweed, and the remnants of that were clinging to my hair. Nevertheless, I began the trek to Artopia. It was ten years since I was sentenced to death here. Perhaps this was even the same coast where they sent me adrift.

In the distance, the mountainous boundary of Neom cut the sky like a huge tooth, as did the other peaks. Artopia sat alone in the desert, needing only the protection of its giant skydome. From what I learned, the town of Neom was destroyed long ago. They would have remembered Tosh, but that was no longer my name. I was now Kitty, and I no longer had to cover myself in ash. There was no point; there were only five days left.

I walked over the remains of the old NYC. Artopia was once the land of opportunity, the land of the free, of apple pie, of the great bald eagle. Unfortunately, the bald eagle went extinct (its nesting grounds were destroyed to grow the apples for the pie), and one could only keep their 'freedom of life' if they kept their mouth shut (unless it was to eat pie) and any complaints to themselves... But I supposed the pie was good.

All the towers and buildings of the once great metropolis city were knocked over. One stood taller than them all, although it was broken off in the middle. It was a gleaming twisted octagon shaped tower. It stood in front of the city, like the Statue of Liberty before it was swept away.

The other skyscrapers stuck out of the sand like melted sandcastles. There was no level ground; the land was made up of fallen buildings and sand. Walking through the ruins was like trying to walk through the Grand Canyon if it was spliced with the Carlsbad Caverns National Park. As I walked over the rubble, periodic warnings were admitted from installed intercoms.

"Danger radiation levels here are lethal! It is a federal offense to trespass on level 5 danger zones! This area is contaminated, and those

entering will contract disease and genetic damage! Violators will be arrested. Virtual tours can be assessed online. Warning, warning warning!”

But I did not heed the warnings. The city was known for its fear-mongering. The remains of “6ft apart” markers on the floors popped out at weird angles over the sands. The sidewalks were upside down, pushed straight up against a building, or toppled over on each other, bunching the 6’s all up together.

In the distance, I heard growls and barks of animals fighting. Trying to remain hidden, I shimmied in-between twisted steel and through windows of 80th floors. I had never seen a Creature before, and I didn’t want to see one yet.

I had seen Monsters and Shadow things, but the creatures were mostly confined to the desert. Many of them were born from the flames of nuclear weapons, or supposedly from the radiation therein. I imagined the Creatures as serpentine, like things with tongues that flickered like hot flames.

I jumped when a jackalope jumped out in front of me. I was scared, thinking it was a killer Creature but it harmlessly bounded away. Artopian scientists sometimes got bored and designed weird animals that they set free into the desert.

The silhouette of the Artopian Skydome was only about 10 miles in the distance. Nearly half a million people lived there. The Skydome glistened, the color of pearly white, with the Institution forming a silted pupil down the middle. It was like the Dragon was watching through the city’s protective dome.

I shivered and kept on walking. Artopia was much colder than the Island of Key. The air was also hard to breath. Even though I kept my shirt over my face, sand turned to sticky mud in my mouth. My skin quickly turned red and raw from the rough winds, and I could not help but bow down to them as I walked. I could see why many Artopians did not leave their domed city.

Despite the distracting weather, I kept a lookout for artifacts of the old NYC, but there seemed to have been an enormous fire that burned everything up. Nothing but ash marked everything, that is until something caught my eye. It was a calendar nailed to a wall, still stuck on the date it all ended forever. It was very dirty, but I could make out a picture of a person dressed in red festive clothes. Something about the person didn’t seem quite right. I walked towards it, trying to get a better look, but the wind kept knocking the bottom up.

“Grrrrrrr.” I jumped back in time to see a large comodo dragon-looking Creature drag its belly over a wall. It flicked its tongue out and then lifted itself and ran straight for me. Unable to run as quick as the Creature, I used the climbing abilities I learned while hunting with my tribesmen on the Island of Key and managed to lose it over some walls. I did not stop running.

The dusk was dispersing and encasing the horizon. Long red, yellow remnants of the day streaked the sky as if dragged across the stratosphere. The red color was caused by sulfate aerosols and ash combinations that blocked the sun’s blue rays. The closer the sun got to disappearing behind the smog, the redder it appeared.

At 3:30, it shined brightest right before disappearing. It was as if the sun was oozing out a pool of blood that darkened until the entire world was cast into darkness. Jesus was crucified on 33AD at 3:33 pm, turning the sky dark red. His death was the beginning for mankind, but with this beginning, he was also showing us what the world would look like in the end days. Now at 3:33 pm, the sky turned red every day.

I ran out of time. The last of the fingered sunlight met its slumbering resting place. There was still no sign of the floating rainbow city that had led me there. I could just make out a figure walking towards me from the city in the waning light.

This must be an Artopian, I thought. Here would be my first chance to try and evangelize someone from the Artopian city!

“Hello!” I called out, “What is your name? I’m Kitty.” I received no reply. At a second glance, the shadowy figure did not look human, but it also did not look like a Creature. I hated my terrible eyesight. The whatever it was walked on shaky cloven feet and looked just like a...goat.

“Baaa.” Said the goat when it got close enough for me to pet. With relief, I saw that this was just a regular goat, not a ‘Creature’ that would try and eat me.

“Hello,” I said to the goat. “Are you a pet? Are you the goat designated for Azazel?” I knew, of course, that the Artopians did not celebrate Yom Kippur and that finding the goat here was just a coincidence.

“More kids! We need more kids!” Baaed the goat in a strange human dialect. This was some sort of GMO goat. I shook my head in response because I hadn’t seen any baby goats around, as they are called ‘kids.’ It looked up at me with floppy ears and confused bulbous eyes.

“It is ok.” I said to it, “I am going to shepherd you.” I moved in front of the goat and tried to push it back towards the Artopian city. I knew

that it couldn't survive in the desert. It bawd irritably in defiance and took a couple bites out of my grass skirt.

"Ow! All I'm trying to do is save you." I hoped the real Artopians would not be this difficult. I pushed the goat forward, but it bucked at me and ran off rebelliously. During my efforts to save the animal, everything had become pitch black.

I gave up and hurried on towards a pink neon sign flickering in the distance. I could just make out the words "Artopia" on it. The goat bleated loudly in the darkness, but then the baaing stopped. Hell broke from its chains as breakneck crashing of footsteps shook the ground. Horrible goat screams and roars pierced the sandy air. I screamed too and ran as fast as I could. The lights ahead grew stunningly fast, as sometimes the darkness can make things feel farther than they are.

"Please be open; please be open!" I prayed as I ran to the door. I pounded on it, but there was no handle! Angry footsteps thundered towards me at lightening pace. I looked up at the pink flickering light pleadingly, then, miraculously, the door slid into the wall, and I was siphoned inside.

## Ch 14: Captured

**The Festival of Yom Kippur  
Morning of Day 2: 5 days left  
The morning after the storm  
Kitty**

The Creature collided with the door, but the metal was too strong. I was safe, and to my surprise, found myself in the middle of a beautiful field of flowers and the clearest summer day I ever saw. There was no city, only a near-divine landscape of ever arching mountainous formations, plains of blossoming meadows, and deep forests in the distance.

Vertigo caused me to fall over onto the soft glistening grass. The beauty was relentless. I could forget that I was just nearly eaten alive by a Creature. Colors glowed in ways I hadn't seen since the Rainbow Castle. There did not seem to be any sources of light, but like celestial objects, the landscape emitted a beautiful phosphorescent glow all on its own. The air was fresh and clean here, the Skydome was equipped with an advance filtering system.

Then I noticed voices coming from the tree line, and music. I ran to them, and in an instant, I was amidst a group of happy dancing people. The never-ending terrestrial environment was gone, and I was inside the Artopian city. Televised screens were everywhere. Advertisements flashed bright colors like tropical birds squawking for attention while hazy neon lights pulsed to the beat of the music.

The edges of the metropolis was a giant hologram created to give residents a break from the asphalt, lights and sounds. I looked back from where I had come and discovered the illusion. At the edge of the city, the backs of the buildings were covered by a rolling nature scene. At a certain angle, the city just disappeared. This was just the beginning of the illusions of the Artopian city, the likes of which I would need to be a magician and a mechanical engineer to understand.

I quickly fit the pace of the dancing people as I wondered what we were celebrating. I tried not to draw too much attention, but my mutations, dyed grass skirt, and decorative parrot feathers made that

difficult. The Artopian clothes had an android, androgynous quality. Many people even had circuitry and glowing interfaces embedded in their flesh.

I was an oddity, and in Artopia, curiosity was answered with scrutiny. People glanced at me like I had a contagious disease and just coughed without covering my mouth.

We passed stores that advertised same-day alterations and plastic surgeries. Looks were temporary things in Artopia, easily cast off after a week or two and replaced with something else.. Wings spread wide enough to knock people out of the way. The love for all things supernatural, fae or demonic, was apparent by the surgically implanted horns, tails, and scaly skin. Even insect like antenna and transparent dragonfly wings were in style.

The most prominent style was something called “Drag” in which people dressed like dragon humanoids. “Drag” was worn as an act of reverence to the red dragon that lived in the Institution.

“What the hell are you trying to look like, a Undergrunder?” Said a heavily modified teen. He had piercings all down his lips and ears, and black eyes, which were probably contact lenses, but you could never be sure in Artopia.

I shook my head, and walked away, losing him in the crowd. I did not look so different from the Artopians, I still had fur after all, while most people from the Island of Key or the Undergrounders did not. Still, the subtle manginess of my skin, facial structures, and lack of claws set me more apart from the other Artopians than all their cosmetic surgeries and technological implants combined.

I needed a break from the crowd and the overstimulating lights. I was not used to electricity, having only used candles and bonfires on the Island of Key. Seeing what looked like a church, I walked in. The silence was comforting. In the back of the room was Christ on a crucifix and below him was a list of seven testaments.

### 1. **“Love Everyone.”**

But I knew this was wrong. Jesus said: We must hate the world and love God more than anything. Only by putting God first can we love others the correct way.

*“If anyone comes to me and does not hate his own father and mother and wife and children and brothers and sisters, yes, and even his own life, he cannot be my disciple.”*  
(Luke 14:26)

### 2. **“Do Not Judge Others”**



But I knew this was wrong for the scripture “Love thy neighbor” is bookended by God’s commandment to correct your neighbor to ensure God’s Laws are followed.

*“...Thou shalt surely rebuke thy neighbor, and not bear sin because of him. Thou shalt not take vengeance, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people; but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself: I am Jehovah. Ye shall keep my commandments...”* (Leviticus 19:17-19 KJV)

The Bible defines “love” as caring about others' eternal salvation. It is out of love that we warn our brothers and sisters to be diligent and flee from sin.

*“And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment”* (Philippians 1:9 KJV)

### **3. “The Torah and its Laws No Longer Apply to Us.”**

This too was wrong. Jesus is the 613 Laws. You can’t separate Jesus from the Torah. What you say about God’s Law you are saying about Jesus. What Jesus said was:

*“For truly, I say to you, until heaven and earth pass away, not an iota, not a dot, will pass from the Law...”* (Luke 14:26)

*“If ye love me, keep my commandments.”* (John 14:15)

*“For this is the love of God, that we keep His commandments.”* (1 John 5:3).

### **4. “Don’t Listen to the Pharisees.”**

And yet what Jesus said was:

*“The Scribes and the Pharisees sit on Moses' seat, so do and observe whatever they tell you...”* (Matthew 23:2-3)

### **5. “Everyone will be Raptured Before the Mark”**

Basically, what this was saying was, “you don’t have to worry about worshipping the beast system because you won’t be here for it”

But what Jesus said was:

*“I do not ask that you take them out of the world, but that you keep them from the evil one.”* (Luke 14:26)

### **6. “Marriage is Permissible Between Everyone.”**

This was not according to Jesus’s definition of marriage.

*“Have you not read that he who created them from the beginning made them male and female, and said, ‘Therefore a man shall leave his father and his mother and hold fast to his wife, and the two shall become one flesh’?... What therefore God has joined together, let not man separate.”* (Matthew 19:3-6)

### **7. “Pray to Mary, Jesus, or the Saints but never to God”**

Jesus discouraged anyone to differentiate his mother from anyone else.

*“Who is my mother, and who are my brothers?” And stretching out his hand toward his disciples, he said, “Here are my mother and my brothers! For whoever does the will of my Father in heaven is my brother and sister and mother.”*

Jesus specified that we should worship and pray to God, not to him.

*“Jesus said to him, “Why do you call me good? No one is good except God alone.”*  
(Mark 10:18, Luke 18:19).

*“Pray then like this: ‘Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name.’”* (Matthew 6:9)

All the Testaments of the church were not Christ’s but Antichrist’s. Even worse, a pamphlet in the church showed a gay Jesus advertising a “Great Love Circle,” Slogans like “love is love” and “All Things are Permissible.”

There was a drawing on the wall of Jesus wielding a rainbow bow on top of a white unicorn. The unicorn had its hoof over a stomped “Old Testament.” I knew this picture was not of Christ but the Antichrist. I couldn’t help but wonder if the blue-eyed blonde hair Jesus they depicted was really what Judas Iscariot looked like. Scripture depicts two riders on top of white horses (Rev. 6 and Rev. 19). One is Antichrist; the other is Christ. Like all things, the satan deceives us through mimicry.

1. The rider in Revelation 6 has a crown (vs. 2). The rider in Revelation 19 has many crowns (vs. 12).

2. The rider in Revelation 6 has a bow but no sword (vs. 2). The rider in Revelation 19 has a sword but no bow (vs. 15).

3. The rider in Revelation 6 is followed by war, famine, Death, and Hell (vs. 3–8). The rider in Revelation 19 is followed by heavenly armies (Rev. 19:14) and 1000 years of peace on earth (Rev. 20:1–6).

The greatest imitator of Jesus Christ is not King David or Paul the apostle, but a spiritual being called the Satan (Ruckman, Dr. Peter S. The Mark of the Beast).

“Can I help you?” Said an Artopian. “I am the pastor here.”

“Yes,” I said, pointing at the seven statements of the church and the crucifix. “That is not God.” The pastor laughed.

“Then who is God?”

“The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob”

“Who?”

“The God of the Old Testament.”

“Oh, he doesn’t exist anymore. Jesus replaced him. That God said terrible things! Like ‘eye for an eye’ and that slavery is ok.”

“Well, Jesus said we should gouge out our eyes, but no one has ever done that have they?”

“I don’t recall that!” Said the pastor, but I walked back outside. There was no relief from the chaos inside the church after all. No one in Artopia would ever be able to take God and the scriptures seriously if this was all their knowledge of it.

More people were in the street now, enough that I could disappear in the crowd and not be noticed as much. Artopian music saturated the air, music far more complex and intricate than anything produced by the simple wooden and bird bone flutes we had on the Island of Key.

The Artopian buildings too were grander and more sophisticated than those I remembered in Neom. It was like metal had become another life form spreading and evolving across the land but faster and more efficiently than bacteria, plants, or animals ever could. I was in awe of Artopia.

Something growled, and I turned thinking it was a Creature, but it was a tiger who finished its growl with a lazy yawn. I couldn’t tell if it was a real or a bionic one. It wore a police uniform vest with “public safety tiger” written on it.

The time on a TV screen read 7 pm. Since Yom Kippur was over, I needed food, but the only way to get something was by scanning the wrist underneath a little light. I used my island stealth technique to swipe a few bottles from a vendor. I knew it was wrong to steal, but I had no choice if I was to save anyone’s life. I quickly drank the sweet carbonated slush as the throng of people stopped. We had reached our destination.

Strange greenish glowing smoke plumed hazily from a giant stage. I was much smaller than the Artopians, so I could sneak ahead to the front of the stage. Behind the stage was the grandest building of all. In big block letters, THE INSTITUTION shined in green neon letters.

A backbeat played on the stage, and two men with electric bases appeared. The Skydome was dimmed, and a moon appeared that narrowed its beam onto the stage. The light followed a large striking figure. He was a white lion-like man, and he held a guitar that he strung lightly to set a rhythm.

Next to the stage was a group of people with collars around their necks. They wore religious garb, I recognized Jews and Muslims. They were shackled together and restrained. Everyone clapped and cheered for Iskandar as he greeted the crowd. In a booming voice, he addressed his enticed audience.

“My fellow Artopians! Tonight, it is not a violation to redeem yourselves and seek retribution!” A range of multicolored fireworks and streamers erupted around the stage. The crowd screamed louder like that strange need to hear one's screams over the sound of devastation.

“These prisoners behind me are from the hidden communities in the desert. They snuck into Artopia to try and sabotage our work! They think the aliens are some sort of deity to be worshiped. They have all been brainwashed!” The Artopians booed and threw their empty liquor bottles, mood stabilizer vials, and drug syringes at the prisoners. Apparently, one of the prisoners crimes was finding beauty in sobriety.

Iskandar continued, “the invading alien race and their invisible spaceship “Armageddon” are blocking our spaceships from leaving earth’s atmosphere. Once they are defeated, we will be able to begin our journey to Saturn’s paradise moon ‘Parallax.’”

Images of a beautiful tropical planet were broadcasted on the Skydome, lush green forests mingled with crystal lakes, and bizarre benign-looking animals flew and frolicked across the screen. “Parallax” did indeed look like a paradise planet.

“The aliens want us to think that they are our ‘god’ but, my people, I have made us our own gods! We control the DNA now! We control the fetus! The brain, too, I make everyone in Artopia genius from birth! Everyone is beautiful, no more problems of obesity or infliction. And the tiger's so-called fearful symmetry? With every claw and growl mapped out, I hold his dark desires in a tube! I dwindle it into nothing but the lumbering of a house cat! The Institution can create creatures more terrifying than any tiger. In our deep boiler rooms, ferocious brains are formed! The furnace that we meld great industrial revolutions from also melds the sinews of the heart of leviathans. With the Institution and Gene therapy, we take control of the world. We set the world free.”

The uniform wearing big cat and others like it meandered around the people and allowed themselves to be petted. His words made me think of the scripture:

*“But the Lord has taken you and brought you out of the iron furnace, out of Egypt, to be a people of his own inheritance, as you are this day.”* (Deuteronomy 4:20)

“The Monsters used to be people just like this.” Iskandar pointed to the people in the cage. “But they refused to Condition. These refuse my gene remedies, and vaccinations and so they are mutating and turning into rabid, blood-thirsty savages!”

I looked at the people tied up in irons and I did not see savages, but you couldn't tell the crowd that. They hissed and growled defiantly at them.

"The Undergrounders come to our city preaching the alien's gospel but what they are really doing is infecting us and spreading their diseases! This is just what "Armageddon" wants, but we will not be fooled!"

Instantly the public safety tigers turned on their haunches and pounced on the people who cowered underneath their shackles. Iskandar began to sing loudly, an anthem-like song that drowned out the screams of the prisoners. People cheered.

"The tigers have turned wild! Someone, help those people!" I hollered, confused why no one was trying to stop them. I christened a lamp post with my bottle and threw the improvised knife at the tiger, the glass hit the felines shoulder, but it paid no attention and continued its brutal assault wholly and mindlessly.

I ran towards the tiger, yelling and hollering in the hope of scaring it away. "Stop them! They are killing people! Don't you see?"

"Those aren't people." Said a police officer. "Only citizens are given that status, and those tigers are more of a citizen than those Underground dwellers! I have a feeling you're no citizen yourself." He grabbed me and threw me into the back of a patrol car. "Assaulting a public safety animal, is a very hefty sentence!"

"You don't understand." I said to the man, "Humans are stewards of the animals... not animals! Death only came because we decided to be like one of them. You can't make animals more important than human lives. If humans begin to value the dominion that God gave us over nature and act accordingly by stopping all this bloodshed then we'd redeem not just ourselves but all of nature too."

"So, hurting that tiger was saving it?" Said the man, "That is nonsense."

"Love is no-nonsense. It has to come." The officer turned on his radio as not to hear me anymore.

He didn't understand; he didn't see mankind as having dominion. Instead, he saw mankind as just one of the animals. A person can look at the world from the perspective of an animal which is of earth, or they can look at the world through God's word, which is of Heaven. We can only see and comprehend the entire picture when looking down from a high place instead of our own line of sight.

One spectrum of the looking glass may appear perfectly normal and acceptable in the current status quo. However, when seen through the

opposite end, what was once correct is reversed and distorted. What end is the optical refractor, and what end is the resulting optical illusion?

Some people do not want to see the Doctrines disappear. They see themselves as servants of God and stewards over His creation. They see the world through the objective lens and not the eyepiece, for their eyepiece is not of this world. They sacrifice themselves to the holy ghost of fire. They burn the strongholds inside their hearts where strong men and ghosts of demons take root. They wear their offenses like sackcloth. They do not fear death.

But I was scared as the hovercar lifted into the air and speeded off to the jail. Then something shimmered in the sky on the other side of the Skydome. I pressed my face against the steel-rimmed glass and saw the Rainbow Castle appear in the clouds.

They were so bright I could see them right through the deceptive Skydome. The castle in the sky sparkled like a thousand diamonds, like crystal gossamer as it glowed with the rainbow light. I couldn't imagine how much more beautiful they'd be if I saw them properly, not through the dome and a dirty window of a cop car.

For years, no one believed I saw the Rainbow Castle, not until it appeared at the Festival of Trumpets. I would sit for hours, for days, for years on the coast of the Island of Key, looking out over the waves in a desperate hope to see them, and here they were again!

I could not help but sing, as I am a singer after all, even though I had been unable to for months, the words and rhythms flowed as naturally as ever when I began. I had found my voice once again!

*"I was alone; the space that separated me was as vast as a great sea! All I saw, all I knew, had been swept by Armageddon [The End; preceding all that I have ever known or lived] to my shores, as if by a great storm! Pieces of wrecked ships and items that were forgotten washed up on my island. All I saw, all I knew, was in fragments just waiting to become a whole! Until this day, I have waited till I could put together the pieces and make a boat. Sail off and see another! But for so long, all I saw, all I knew, was as distant as a roaring thunder."*

I was surprised to find my voice in perfect working order. I noticed that the officer had turned down his music a bit to listen. He didn't say anything about the Rainbow Castle even though he looked directly at it as we drove through the air, so I knew he couldn't see it. I wondered how that was possible as to me, it looked like the most beautiful thing, much better than the vertigo-inducing Skydome screens.

It was just like the first day I learned to sing. I couldn't always do it. The words and rhythms came a few days after washing up on the beach of

the Island of Key. I was desperately searching for clues about my God on the seashore. I met Him on the sea, so I thought that maybe one of the polished shards of washed-up glass might show a reflection of that God, a splinter light, a glimmer of hope, an act of Tikkun.

I picked up one of the shards and held it into the sky, and in the light, just for a moment, I saw a spark of fire, a fire from a great and beautiful castle being reflected in its optical luminously. I was amazed that God could reveal Himself, such a great and powerful being that He is, in such a small space. It was like how a tiny mirror can hold your full reflection, and in such a way, God allowed a shard of glass to hold a reflection of Himself, the creator of the entire Universe.

At that moment of seeing, while looking over the ocean, just for a moment, I was no longer looking at God's reflection in a tiny piece of glass, but His reflection being illuminated by the entire ocean, spreading to the horizon and back, to the end of the Universe and to the beginning, full of light and color.

Not long before, I was lost on the ocean and had wanted desperately to reach the waning light of the horizon, but a person can't do such a thing. Nevertheless, at that moment of standing on the beach in awe of God's majesty and splendor, the light of that horizon filled me just as it did at the gates of the rainbow-colored castle. I sang and dance in Jubilee. The Island of Key people heard me, and before I knew it, they were having me sing at all their Festivals.

The animals pray for food and water, but I was praying and singing for the return of the Messiah and God's Holy Temple. Since then, all the prophecies have made sense to me. I saw their near and far meaning, their already but not yet fulfillment in the scriptures.

For the rest of the days of my life, I lived for this love, and also for all the days of my life, for I knew that "the days of my life" denote the world in its present state, but the "all the days of my life" included the future days of Messiah in the world to come.

I looked up at the Rainbow City one last time as I was led into the jailhouse. The rainbow city was bursting with color more radiant than any earthly spectrum. I could not comprehend how it could be so bright and beautiful. Then I realized it. The city was not reflecting light; the light was being emitted from its core. The city was on fire; it was glowing as gloriously as the sun.

The Rainbow city did not burn but continuously purified itself; its colors were in constant alchemical transmutation. Artopia wanted to

destroy this city but, how could they? You can't burn castles that are already burning.

*"Is not my word like fire, declares the Lord, and like a hammer that breaks the rock in pieces?"* (Jeremiah 23:29, Deuteronomy 33:2)



**Note from the Author**

Some readers may find the following content highly disturbing and controversial. The next two chapters are fictional dramatizations based on real experiences that I experienced as a youth in the American foster care system. Although the setting of the story takes place in an alternate timeline in the future, the things that take place in this short story are far from fiction.

I watched many of my orphan friends fall prey to the Pharmakia system, many never recovering. The story and characters are fictitious, and allegory is used to help articulate the amount of damage this nation has done to our children through the forced use of mind-altering substances.

As a displaced youth in the foster care system and later employment as a psychiatric technician, I experienced firsthand the tyranny of Big Pharma. A regimen of daily pills forced upon underage children to chemically restrain their minds is no less than satanic ritualized abuse.

All the treatments of the children in this chapter, besides the arm amputation, are true experiences that I witnessed firsthand. There is no separation between hospital and state, where the government drops off its control over us, Pharmakia companies pick back up. In a world where anyone can be held against their will, chemically rapped, and lobotomized to the point that they cannot defend themselves or complain, none of us are free.

People, and even children, should have autonomy over their bodies and not be forced to take drugs against their will. The masses should not have their jobs and livelihood threatened if they do not comply with mandated inoculations. How can we trust anyone who threatens our rights and freedoms?

## Ch 15: The Kids of NIMH part 1: Farah

**Synopsis:** Two children perform a sacrificial ritual and defeat the Cherubim keeping them from the secret portal to Eden behind their bedroom curtain.

**The Festival of Yom Kippur**  
**Late Afternoon of Day 2: 5 Days Remaining**  
**The Genetics Room**  
**Third-person, past-tense: Farah**

Farah remembered the Monsters in the cages, they had once been children like her, but grew deformed as they were experimented on by the doctors. She did not have many memories before the laboratory. She was only three years old when the Spider Droids killed her family and destroyed their Underground Muslim community.

Her family were descendants of the royal Quraysh, the leading tribe in Mecca at the time of the birth of Muhammad. Like them, her mother and father were the leaders of their community.

One of Farah's memories was being held close in the house of prayer, where most children were not permitted. She and her mother were dressed in bright colors. She had the sense of being cherished. Then the Droid carried her to the Artopian lab, where she was nothing more than an animal. Soon, she was made like one of those caged children across the room, a science experiment gone terribly wrong.

She overheard the scientists say that the girl next to her, a mute child named Kitty, would be released back into Artopian life. Farah tried to teach her words, but her efforts were futile. She needed the girl to tell someone about them so that they'd be rescued, but she did not seem to understand. In the end, all she could do was tell her to remember, remember everything, and then she was taken away.

By some miracle, one of the scientists, Jade, went renegade. He released her and many of the other children and snuck them out of Artopia. She was sent to live in another Muslim community called Petra.

The Undergrounders did their best to reverse the effects of the serums, and they were mostly successful.

She regained her speech, self-control, and lost all visible Monster qualities, but she could not forget the haunted eyes of the children in the cages across the room. They could not be saved like she, for they were too far transformed. She carried their story the way she had wanted to send out her own story with the mute girl. They were a part of her now and she could never forget them.

Having nearly become a Monster changed her in more ways than one. She could glimpse the world beyond mortal eyes and perceive spiritual aspects of it never meant for a young girl of flesh and blood. She could sense the Jinn and Angels who followed people around as they competed for souls, distinguish between shadow and demon, and, more importantly, between human and Monster. Most Monsters lived in Artopia. They looked like young white-coated doctors and nurses who dressed in pink chaffer.

Farah knew the reason she was granted these strange powers. A part of her soul was broken, and as a result, wisps of the dark mist between life and death seeped through the cracks. She was once cherished, but Artopia had made her an orphan who understood the scamper of rats and the darkness of shadows because she had become like them.

Her sixth sense alerted her the day her new Underground home was attacked. She was only 14, but observant. The mice did not immediately scamper away from her when she crossed their path. They sensed something much worse on their scaly snake like tails. They were a breed which escaped from an Artopian lab, and had unfortunately flourished.

She went to her adopted family, but by the time she got there, fire and flames filled the tunnels. Artopia found them again. The tunnels quaked as the Spider droids burst through. The droids were ordered to spare only the children. Farah barely made the age cut-off. Instead of being crushed, she was brought to the Institution. For a second time, Artopia had taken away everything.

The raid was part of an Artopian campaign to “rescue” underground children from their “savage” families to give them a better life in the city. The charity was all a farce, of course, Artopia just needed fresh new organs to harvest and people to experiment on. They were taken to a unit of the Institution called NIMH, the “National Institute of Mental Health.”

No one recognized her as one of the children who escaped ten years before. Having once been a test subject, she could not be deceived by the

friendly nurses who tried to make her take poisonous medications. It was the same medications she'd once been given by men in biohazard suits, but in lesser concentrations.

At first glance, NIMH did not seem like a government facility. The center was formulated by intrinsic scientific research to be the ideal children commune. The walls and interior were projected with bright scenes of clear blue skies and paradise-like environments. Farah sat in a rec room with other children as they watched an educational video about how great Artopia was. On the other side of the room children played on a gymnasium, while others grouped around a nurse to listen to her read from an interactive storybook about two boys who fell in love and raised mutated animals together. Farah knew that behind it all, was a diabolical drug cabal.

Artopian children were also on the unit. These were generally the ones who had difficulty fitting in with their peers in the outside world and needed additional medications. Most Artopians spent at least a month or two on the unit at some point in their lives. Those who could not fit in, or refused their medications, were sent away to the basements to be experimented on, Artopian and non-Artopian alike. From there, most were sent to the mountains.

Medication non-compliance was the most graven sin in Artopia, where it was believed any problem or personality defect could be fixed with the right pill. Farah found ways to avoid the medications while not making her dislike of them apparent. She taught many of the other children these techniques as well. The main reason, however, why she was able to avoid being sent to the basements again was because of one thing; she was best friends with Aviarie.

When Farah first saw Aviarie, she thought she was seeing Kitty, her long-lost friend who she sent out with her last words. She quickly found out this was unlikely. Kitty could at least repeat words, but Aviarie couldn't say anything.

Still, Farah recognized Aviarie as necessary from the very beginning and did her best to become close to her. Aviarie was Iskandar's adopted daughter and was treated like a princess by the staff. She even had her own special room while the other kids had to sleep in dormitories.

Whenever other kids made fun of Aviarie for not speaking, Farah was right there to push them away. Farah knew she was smart for doing this because if she hadn't been Aviarie's friend, she would have been sent away a long time ago due to her mutations. Despite all of NIMH's efforts, Farah was not resembling a typical Artopian. Besides for one, all the

Underground children from Farah's home had been sent away to the basements.

Luckily, Aviarie liked her more than any of the other children. Farah tried very hard to be her friend out of necessity, but she genuinely liked Aviarie too. Sometimes, she'd pretend that Aviarie was Kitty and that she understood her because she had been there in the basements too.

Aviarie didn't really acknowledge her, though, or anyone for that matter. Aviarie was like a bird in flight, not of the earth, its subtle undercurrents that tell the matter were all she needed to know. Her shadow, her twin, cast below, but not identical, was all they needed to know.

This did not bother Farah; Averie was easy to get along with. The only thing Farah didn't like so much about her was that she was scared of windows.

Aviary would have to have the curtains closed in every room she was in, and if the nurses didn't close them real quickly, everyone would hear about it for a long time. Even on the 50th floor of the Institution, she had to have those windows covered or else she'd scream or cry. Farah wondered what terrible thing had triggered these fears, but it really could have been anything considering she often accompanied Iskandar to the experiment labs.

At that moment, Iskandar entered NIMH with timid Averie in his tow. Iskandar liked to parade Averie around sometimes, as she was pretty, doll-like, and always perfectly silent. Having a daughter was an promotional gimmick; it made him seem softer. Other than once a week, though, the girl remained in NIMH with Farah.

The Nurse took charge of Averie and Iskandar left. Farah left her group too to accompany Averie. The assigned custodian to her group only gave her a side glance. Farah could leave whenever she wanted, if it was to be with Averie.

"Hey, Aviarie." Farah said. Aviarie ate a sandwich at a table and did not speak. Still, Farah asked, "what was Iskandar working on today?" Avarie remained quiet.

Farah didn't know exactly why Averie couldn't talk but Iskandar once mentioned it was because of the chemicals she was exposed to before being born. Deformities or intellectual disabilities were nonexistent in Artopia since all children were perfected through gene therapy before being born. Only Iskandar was allowed to have a child like Averie.

"It's ok." Said Farah, after she finished her sandwich. She knew that Aviarie couldn't answer back, but she liked to talk to her like she was a

regular person anyway. “Let’s go back to our room so you can get some rest.”

Aviarie needed a lot of rest. Noises seemed to gnaw at her ears the way Iskandar’s pets gnawed at their prison’s bars. Farah didn’t talk much to Aviarie, but she stayed close to her. Around Iskandar and the doctors, Farah portrayed herself as carefree, happy, and naïve. But when they weren’t around, she was a quiet, calculating, and brooding girl. Aviarie liked the peace this gave her. Anyone else would have been too much.

Although not large, the girl’s room was very extravagant. Space was a precious commodity in the Institution; facilities usually had to rely on optical illusions to make places seem bigger. A beautiful projection at the back of their room covered the window. All the windows on NIMH were covered by white fabric screens that could be rolled up or down. The screens projected images of beautiful scenery.

Because of her phobia, every window that Aviarie passed had to be covered. Therefore, all the windows on NIMH were kept covered all the time, just to be on the safe side.

Iskandar wanted to make Aviarie’s electric tapestry prettier than all the rest, so he designed a unique scene more intricate than the others. The curtain stretched the length of the wall and displayed an Eden-like world filled with happy children, bioengineered fantastical animals, and fruit trees. Over them all, flying in the sky, was Iskandar. His wings curved around the scene. Aviarie adored the curtain. Farah suspected this had nothing to do with the mural but because it covered the windows.

Farah explained to Aviarie that nothing bad was outside those windows, and even if there was, they wouldn’t be able to break in because they were so high up and the glass 4 inches thick. This did not matter to Aviarie.

“Why does it matter?” A nurse said to her once. “The Skydome outside is just another mural anyway.”

Farah left Aviarie in the room to grab a snack before the kitchen closed. In the hall, she saw Nyla trying her best to get to the kitchen. Nyla was the only person left that had come from Farah’s underground community. She shuffled as fast as she could, but her legs only seemed to move a few inches at a time. Farah grabbed a wheelchair and scooped her up on the way. Together, they made it right before a nurse locked the doors.

Farah made it a point to sit with Nyla as often as possible when they ate their sandwiches. The food was terrible, cardboard compared to the wonderfully delicious food of the Underground. Apparently, Artopian

scientists discovered that formaldehyde and preservatives in food improved the behavior of people, especially unrueing adolescents so they pumped everything full of it.

Farah noted her friend as she nibbled on her synthetic turkey sandwich. She was once one of her best friends. She missed her quick wit and bright eyes. Now, talking was difficult for Nyla, so Farah narrated stories for them both. Artopia had a way of taking away voices from people.

Once Nyla managed to escape the Institution for three days. Farah smiled, recalling her friend's ventures. She took shelter at the only place she knew where she'd be safe, at an illegal drug house in the city's poorest district. They asked her why she wanted to stay there, and she told them simply, to escape drugs, and they had understood.

The Institution supplied the poor districts with drugs to have an excuse to arrest those who risked selling them. Those caught would have their children taken away and be forced into slave labor or funneled back through NIMH. The illegal dealers would not report her and gave her shelter out of sympathy. One of them told her that he had even once been in the basements of the Institution and experimented on. They had thought he was dead and thrown his body on a pile of dead bodies in the morgue. He'd miraculously woke up from his coma, and was able to sneak out and build a secret life for himself in Artopia.

Nyla paid her board by helping to mold the powder into little pills. Unfortunately, her conscience caught up to her, and she decided to leave the drug house one night and slept in a gas station bathroom. The next day she was discovered and handed back over to the Institution.

When she first got back, she would talk all the time about how much better that gas station bathroom was than being stuck at NIMH. The doctors took it personally and decided to shut her up forever.

Farah knew the doctors kept Nyla on the unit, instead of sending her to the basements, so they could show her what they wanted to do to her. Everyone knew Averie could only protect her for so long.

She whispered to Nyla in their own language, "*And on the Day when He shall gather them together, it will seem to them as if they had not tarried on earth longer than an hour of a day: they will recognize each other.*"

She quoted the Quran 10:45 and then added. "On that day, you will be made just the way you were intended to be, brighter and better than any of the doctors and nurses here."

After dinner, Farah wheeled her friend back into her room and returned to her own. Aviarie was waiting for her, sitting up in bed with a

stuffed animal pressed tightly to her chest. Farah knew what she wanted. Every night Farah would tell her the same bedtime story, but it never got old for Aviarie. Farah sat down and cleared her throat.

“Once upon a time, there were two girls who were very good friends. Together they tied their bedsheets to the bedpost and pried open their window with a makeshift pulley. They slid down their bedsheets out the window and ran away together into the night. Then everyone lived happily ever after. Amen.”

Aviarie flapped her hands like she was a bird and could fly right out of there. She did that when she was excited sometimes. She made happy laughing noises. It was kind of funny to Farah too. Aviarie couldn't even look through the windows, let alone escape out of them, but still, Farah enjoyed this story. Telling it could get her in big trouble, but Aviarie wouldn't tell her secret. Aviarie was full of secrets.



## Ch 16: The Kids of NIMH part 2: Aviarie



### Midrash #7: The Garden of Eden is Being Unlawfully Guarded

God barred mankind from Eden by placing a Cherubim at its gate (Genesis 3:24). The Holy of Holies was the first time since the Garden of Eden that heaven & earth could meet and God dwell directly with His people. The first prototype Holy Temple called the Tabernacle was the first time after the Garden of Eden that Cherubim are mentioned (Exodus 36:8).

The Garden of Eden and the Holy Temple are intrinsically linked:

*“And he knew that the Garden of Eden is the holy of holies, and the dwelling of the Lord”* (Jubilees 8, Exodus 36:8)

The image of the cherubim on the veil covering the holy of holies represented that mankind was still closed off from the presence of God. It has been said that Mary was one of the young women called to help weave this veil (Infancy Gospel of James Part 1).

When Jesus died, he tore the curtain from top to bottom with its images of cherubim as verification that the entrance to the Garden of Eden was no longer guarded by Cherubim (Mathew 27). This was no small feat as it was said by Rabban Simon b. Gamaliel, the High-priest’s substitute, that “The thickness of the veil [of the Temple] was a hand-breadth thick.”

However, another mighty Cherubim/Seraphim has taken the place of the Cherubim that once guarded the gate. As a prior guardian of God, the satan is unmatched in this ability.

*“You were an anointed guardian [Also translated as “covering”] cherub. I placed you; you were on the holy mountain of God; in the midst of the stones of fire you walked.”* (Ezekiel 28:14)

Satan in his pre-fallen state was supposed to function in an intercessory nature like a Levitical high priest. Through feigned speeches of worldly love and pleasure disguised as spirituality the devil is using his anointing to

not bring people to God, but to intersect them and keeping many from the truth. The satan is where evil meets religion, he can cover that which is good, and twist things to incite rebellion against our Lord. The devil wears many faces, just like a Cherubim.

When speaking through Judas Iscariot and as the snake in the garden the devil used words such as “peace” (Matthew 26:49), “You will not surly die” (Genesis 3:4-5), “rabbi, rabbi” and other words of honor and flattery (Matthew 16:22, Mark 14:45), the devil sweet talks us, but condemns us to God behind our backs.

*“And through his policy also he shall cause craft to prosper in his hand; and he shall magnify himself in his heart, and by peace shall destroy many”* (Daniel 8:25).

The Temple was built to bring us back to the Lord, not keep us away from Him.

Forty days after Jesus was born, he was presented to the Lord by his parents, who brought two turtledoves as a sacrifice as the Law required for every male child who opened the womb (Luke 2:21-24).

*“...if he cannot afford a lamb, then he shall bring to the LORD as his compensation for the sin that he has committed two turtledoves or two pigeons, one for a sin offering and the other for a burnt offering”* (Leviticus 5:7)



### **Morning of Day 3: 4 Days Remaining**

#### **The Children’s Center**

#### **Third-person, past-tense: Aviarie**

It started the following day. The doctors and scientists said things like “It’s almost done!” “The final transformation!” and “Leading humanity into its final victory!” But all the talk of progression and celebrations was just a diversion from the awful truth. New test subjects were needed to help perpetuate Iskandar’s “new final transformation.”

There was always a process, a protocol for everything in the Institution. The nurses and doctors were not necessarily malicious. They were simply following orders. They were told that these protocols kept patients and staff safe and were mandatory for a civilized environment.

But Farah knew that it was the protocols that made it possible for the team to torture, humiliate, and take away the freedoms of their patients at any moment. The unit was full of tension because the doctors knew they had to send over more kids to the basements, reservations had to be filled, beds had to be occupied.

There was one Artopian boy that Farah suspected would be next. He'd been on NIMH for a week for taking too many pills, allegedly trying to commit suicide. Medically, he could have been released the first day, but the unit kept him because he had good insurance. The boy argued with a nurse, which wasn't a good sign.

"I have to go home; I've been sitting here for a week. I have no clothes, and it's impossible to sleep with all the lights and vitals being taken every four hours. Why can't I just leave?"

He was in his civilian clothes; Farah knew the temptation to just walk out of the unit must be hard for him to resist. She motioned to him not to do it, shook her head no, but it was too late; he made a break for it.

The plastic, benign-looking nurses, metamorphosed into ravishing beasts as they all jumped on him. Security was called. The boy screamed as he tried to defend himself from the ravenous mob. Someone injected him with medication to calm him down as per protocol, but the drug, as designed, made his heart rate beat twice as fast and induced a panic state.

He cried and pleaded as they tied him down onto a gurney and forcibly stripped him of his civilian clothes as per protocol. As per protocol, all further temperatures were taken rectally as the boy lay half-naked and exposed for everyone to look at. Dehumanization was part of the process. After a few hours of this, he was taken to the basement. Farah heard the doctor telling his parents over the phone that the boy died from organ damage from all the pills he took.

Later in the day, during class time, one of the doctors commented on the medication they were studying. "We don't know how this drug works, but it is very effective. You won't believe how effective it is."

But Farah knew precisely how the drug worked. She had seen it repeatedly. The drug lobotomized people, little by little, until their brains became soggy and only efficient enough to work basic repetitive jobs and to be perfectly content doing so.

Farah hated hearing this particular doctor talk, so she pretended she had to use the bathroom and walked into the hall. Aviarie was there, staring at one of the muraled curtains.

Screaming caught both of their attention, and they looked in time to see a group of kids, primarily Undergrounders, being led out of the unit by a security guard, no doubt to the basements.

Farah walked over and grabbed Aviarie's hand, "Come on, art and crafts are starting up," Aviarie didn't look happy for arts and crafts like she usually did. Most people thought she was deaf and dumb, but Farah knew she understood reality better than many. Reality was a terrifying

world of Monsters, shadow Creatures, dragons, werewolves, vampires, and zombies.

Once, a long time ago, Iskandar visited Averie on the unit. She was having a fit and no one could figure out why. She threw things at the doors and refused to come out of her room. Farah said it was because Iskandar sent some of her friends to the basements, even though Farah knew Averie was actually upset because one of the nurses forgot to close one of the curtains.

“I do my best to cure every child.” Iskandar tried to explained to Averie. “It is not my fault that the non-Artopian children arrive here sick. It is their parent's fault for not giving them the proper gene splicing. I love children, and I hate the non-Artopians for allowing their children to be born with defects or ineffective thinking patterns. Sometimes, more drastic measures must be taken to fix them than what we can provide here, and that’s why we send them away.”

Farah knew that being “sent away” meant being experimented on or having their organs removed for rich elites.

Iskandar noticed Farah staring at them so he added with narrow eyes, “Averie, you should try to find a friend, someone other than Farah perhaps. Someone that we can Condition to enjoy doing things like paperwork for us, wouldn’t that be great?”

Iskandar forgot that he had already Conditioned Averie to like doing the paperwork. In response, Averie grabbed Farah’s hand in a rare, surprising gesture that made Farah believe she knew nothing about the world or Averie’s true capability to understand. Iskandar huffed and, since Averie was now calm, he left. Farah was safe once again because of Averie.

Farah and Averie walked into the art room together. In the middle of their arts and craft table was a live dove that was genetically altered to sit quietly. The bird shuddered softly and stared unblinking out of dull grey eyes.

A small slim boy with mousy brown hair asked. “When will my friend be back? Are they going to art class too?” everyone sat around the big stainless-steel table.

“In the next couple of weeks, and yes.” Said the doctor as he helped one of the nurses open the crayon boxes and paints.

“Where do they go, and what kinds of things do they do?” The boy grabbed a bunch of crayons and markers and scribbled over a piece of paper. “I think I’ll draw what a Creature looks like.”

“You are too hyper.” The doctor said, seemingly irritated by the boy’s questions. “You are not following the tasks one by one. You are jumping ahead and getting too excited. Today we are only drawing the bird on the table, nothing else. Here, this will help you calm down and stay on task.” The doctor gave the child a pill and told him to chew it.

“Taste like strawberries.”

“I’ll prescribe three of these every day. They will help you not ask so many questions. It’s a form of soft metal that’ll build up in your brain and make you calm so that you can’t think about anything but the task at hand. It is very safe.”

“I don’t want to take it.” The child pouted.

“You have no choice. All Artopian children must take medications like this to become simple and amazing logical thinkers. Besides, if you don’t take the pill, we’ll just put it in your food.” He smiled reassuringly.

At the end of the table, a girl spoke up. “That med is great, very tasty.” She already finished her picture of the dove and about a dozen others that looked exactly like it. She started working on another.

“I want to see my family.” The boy wined.

“Deep emotional connections complicate lives, but the pill we gave you will help nullify such desires.” The boy nodded and dried his tears.

“It isn’t fair. He still gets to go home to sleep. I don’t even get to do that.” Complained a dog-like child.

“Your father was ruled unfit to raise you, so you can’t go back home to him. You are now a permanent ward of the Institution like the non-Artopian children. Your father committed a federal offense by selling cocaine on the black market, so he had to be punished. Having children is a great privilege reserved for only the best Artopians. Cocaine is an illicit drug that is not regulated by the state and therefore, takes profit away from us. Your father should have sold these for the Institution instead of selling rouge. But now he’ll help us test new drugs as compensation, and you will be our consumer.” The doctor gave the child a pill. “Its molecular structure is only slightly different than Cocaine, but its consumption profits the Institution and all of us.”

“My father never made me take any of his drugs though.” Said the boy but the doctors ignored him.

Farah wondered to herself if this boy was the son of one of the drug dealers that helped hide Nyla. She hoped it wasn’t. It was rare to find kind Artopians who would help a homeless kid out.

“You can’t make me take these.” the boy argued.

“You have no choice, children do not gain bodily autonomy until their 16th birthday, and since you are a ward of the state, you must do what we tell you to. The child took the pill begrudgingly.

“I can’t wait till my 16th birthday. I’m gonna have a big birthday cake free of crushed-up pills.” The boy sat still as he waited for the effects to start working.

“That’s the spirit!” said the doctor. “But by then, your physiology will be so used to these drugs, your brain having spent all its formidable years under their use, that you won’t be able to function without them.”

Farah noted the boy. Later, she would secretly teach him ways to avoid the pills.

Across from her was a non-Artopian child who just had an arm amputation. Mutation had caused most of the hair down the arm to fall off, so the doctors removed it in an attempt to stop the mutations. Secured to the boy’s arm was a hunk of replacement auto-mail. The arm was sleek and very advanced. He didn’t want to use it to draw, so he tried to use his other hand to sketch, but he couldn’t keep the pencil on the page because his hand shook from all the CNS stimulants he was on.

“I told you, if you don’t start using your robot arm, we will replace your other hand with one as well.” Said the doctor, “It’s more advanced than your natural arm. Try it out; draw a picture of the bird.” The boy begrudgingly picked up a pencil with the metal appendage. He barely had time to glance at the bird before the arm scribbled down a replica of it.

“Did I do that?” Asked the boy, “All I felt was a tingle in my spine.” The doctor nodded approvingly and wrote down notes. The nurse came over to him with his dixie cup of pills.

“Do you know what these are for?” She asked him.

“Yes, of course. This pill makes me more grateful, this one less annoying, this one to make me do my chores, and this one to make me obey,”

“Very good!” Said the nurse. “You just might make a good Artopian yet” The nurse glanced over at Farah and grimaced at her. Everyone knew she’d make the worse Artopian. She glimpsed the fur missing on her arm, slipped the sleeves further down, and then shimmied closer to Aviarie to remind the doctors she was her friend and, therefore, special.

Rebelliously, she decided to draw a tiki crow instead of the dove. Sometimes, she enjoyed doing stuff to upset the nurses and doctors because she knew she could.

There was a knock on the door, and the kids looked up happily as nurse Joy walked into the room in her typical pink Chiffon. She held a

tray in her hands full of brownies and cookies for the children, along with the standard cups of more pills, others full of milk to wash them down. Some of the drugs were inside the brownies for the kids who didn't like to swallow them.

"I don't need my brownie today." Said one of the children. "I can swallow it all by myself!"

"That is very good, Hannah! I am so proud of you!" Said nurse Joy.

"Can you tell my mom that I did it without the brownie this time?"

"I'm sorry, Hannah, we already told you this. Your mother died when we destroyed your Underground commune. She was too infectious to live because she wasn't a good girl like you, who takes her pills." The girl became quiet and looked away.

"I am surprised no one has changed your name yet." added nurse Joy, who quickly moved on to the other children, dispensing each child their treat and tablets.

Farah eyed Hannah. The girls faced scrunched up in a grimace and her eyes reddened with tears. Farah already warned her not to show emotion. If she did, she would be prescribed way more pills. Farah shook her head, and Hannah saw, but it was obvious the girl would soon cry. Farah picked up a pair of scissors, and hoped that Hannah would understand. Hannah did, and quickly Hannah took a scissors and "accidentally" cut herself with them.

"Oh!" She yelped, as she at long last could release her tears. "I was trying to cut a piece of paper and missed."

Farah smiled. Hannah had done good. She could cry and let out her emotions now blaming it on the cut, and the doctors would not know that she was really crying for her lost family. Farah tried to distract the doctors from Hannah as a Nurse helped bandage the cut.

"I noticed that you have given us all Ritalin." Said Farah. "The center of NIMH has done a study that rats who are raised with this throughout their childhood have significantly less GABA neurotransmitters in their brains as adults, even decades after ceasing to take the drugs. Lack of GABA raises the incidence of depression, anxiety, insomnia, and suicide."

All the children looked fearfully at the little cup of pills and then at their doctors. The doctors looked at Farah with undisguised contempt.

"A child like you has no business reading anything published by NIMH," said the doctor with narrowed eyes. This was true, such research was kept highly confidential, and reports of side effects were routinely censored on the web. Farah stole one of the scientist's tablets and discovered the information herself.

“A little anxiety is good for the system. Besides, by age 21, every Artopian is started on anti-depressants, so it all works out.”

Farah shook her head, the doctors and nurses didn't care, but the other children did. They perked up their ears when Farah mentioned such things. She taught many of them secrets from what she learned from stolen textbooks.

### **Counteracting Psychotropic Drugs:**

The easiest trick was pretending to swallow the pills to spit them out later, but it was easy to get caught this way. Those who were caught would be given their medications via injection. The injections stayed inside a person for up to two months.

Faking allergic reactions was the next recourse. When they prescribed her methylphenidate HCl, she purposely starved herself, weight loss being a common symptom of the drug, so that the doctors would take her off it. She faked convulsions for another drug known to cause tics and feigned excessive sleepiness for those that worked as sedatives. She'd have to keep up the act for an entire month sometimes, but it was worth it when they took her off the drugs.

If faking allergic reactions did not get the doctors to discontinue the medications, she used natural antagonists. When she was prescribed lithium, she made sure to take the meds with salty food as the salt acted as an antagonist and expelled it from her system. Whereas right before her lithium levels were tested, she would stop eating salt, as the loss of sodium would cause the levels of lithium to be increased.

When prescribed Adderall, she'd eat food that contained large amounts of citric acid and vitamin C since it would prevent the absorption of Adderall into the body. She'd drink fruit juices, soda drinks, and foods with high levels of preservatives an hour before and after taking Adderall.

Grapefruit juice was a different story. It prevented certain drugs like Allegra from entering cells, reducing their effectiveness, but it increased the effectiveness of most other drugs like SSRIs due to their effect on gut and liver enzymes.

For her antidepressant/antipsychotic meds, she took vitamin E and vitamin K supplements to decrease their absorption. She simply asked her nurses for all these supplements, and they gave them to her. They were not aware of the antagonist/agonist relationships between the medications like she was.

Alcohol lessened the antidepressant action of Tricyclic antidepressants (TCA's), but it increased their sedating effects. Barbiturates, known as



“sedative-hypnotics,” were her least favorite. For these, she’d take baking soda mixed with water. The baking soda speeded up the excretion of the drugs by causing an increase in serum pH and an increase in extracellular sodium, causing urination. It worked ok for barbiturates, salicylates, or even methyl alcohol.

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Farah turned her attention to Aviarie. She was poking at a piece of cardboard but not doing much. Farah took the cardboard and applied glitter, streamers, butterflies, and rainbow colors to motivate her. Recycled paper and boxes made up much of the art and crafts material they used. On the opposite end of hers and Aviarie’s was a label for a new antipsychotic med geared towards 6-year-olds.

“Try to draw the bird.” Farah said to Aviarie as she put the cardboard back down in front of her. To her surprise, Aviarie looked up at the bird, studied it for a moment and then picked a grey marker and traced what seemed to be a bird shape on one side of the paper.

Soon though, the lines overlapped, and a jumbled scribbled mess ensued. Farah had the suspicion that Aviarie was trying to draw the dove like it was flapping its wings and flying like a bird ought to do.

“It’s ok, Aviarie, let me help you.” Farah took her hand to the other side of the poster, and outlined the image of a dove for her.

Usually, she and Farah worked on their own projects, but Aviarie didn’t mind. Farah guided Aviarie’s hands to the bird’s wings and feet so she could color them in. The nurses made a lot of noise about it because Aviarie drew something recognizable for once, even though it was only because Farah helped.

Later that evening, she and Aviarie returned to their dormitory. While at NIMH they were more like shadows being cast here and there by the flickering of the guard’s flashlights or the brightness of desk lamps.

Farah taped her tiki crow to the wall and got ready for bed. One of the nurses who checked on them laughed at the art piece, but it didn’t bother Farah. She laughed at the face of adversity. Before going to sleep, Farah told Aviarie their bedtime story like she did every night for the past year.

“Once upon a time, there were two girls who were very good friends. Together they tied their bedsheets to the bedpost and pried open their window with a makeshift pulley. They slid down their bedsheets out the window and ran away together into the night. Then everyone lived happily ever after. Amen.”

Aviarie laughed and flapped her hands like one of those birds her name claimed were inside her. Then Farah got up and walked to her bed near the window.

Before laying down, she took Aviarie's poster with their two turtledoves and wrote HELP and SOS in big hook letters on it. Farah added many of the names of the ward's children to the sign, especially those who looked like they'd be sent to the basements soon.

"I'm going to stick this sign through the window. Maybe one of the children's parents will see the names written on it and remember their kid and come back for them." Explained Farah to Aviarie as she hooked one of her red ribbons around the sign to hold it out by. Usually, Aviarie had a fit whenever she touched the window, but this time, she didn't say anything. Farah was careful not to upset the mural.

Farah hesitated when she saw Iskandar's face. To Aviarie, it looked like he was protecting them from whatever was outside, but to Farah, it looked more like he was guarding her from it or even threatening her to stay away like his smile was more of a snarl.

Farah lifted the bottom of the curtain just enough to reveal the ventilation rubber along the border. Most of the windows weren't real but screens that projected images of the city. It could be impossible to tell the difference. Because of the ventilation tape, Farah was sure though that their window was real.

There was no way of opening the windows since they were cemented in. However, when Farah removed the insulation tape in-between the 4-inch-thick glass, the space was just big enough to slide the poster of the doves through. Sure enough, she felt a slight breeze when she removed the insulation.

She hung her two turtledoves out the window as a plea for help and as a prayer to God. The curtain was the barrier between her and the Holy of Holies, and Iskandar was the Cherubim guarding the entrance to the real and true Garden of Eden, not his fake mural paradise. The doves were their offering.

As they fell asleep, the sign tapped on the glass every so often when the wind kicked it up. Farah hooked the sign with red ribbon which she hid behind the books on the windowsill. The sign flipped and flopped in the wind like a fish.

As she listened, Farah imagined a parent or relative of one of the children there, seeing the sign, and coming to rescue them. Maybe one of the undergrounders disguised as an Artopian would see it, stage a rescue party, and save them all.

But then, as the shadows grew darker and took on the forms of snakes and spiders because she had forgotten to take antagonists for her sedatives, she saw the truth. As the sign flipped and flapped in the wind, from the view below, it would look just like all the other streamers and victory flags attached to the building.

Their sign would be no different than all the others that read “The New Normal,” “Guild Back Better,” and “Stay Safe, Stay Under the Dome.” Someone looking up from the ground would just assume her sign was just like the rest of them. She had done nothing but join in on the propaganda. Farah began to sob.

“All my friends have gone away, but all they wanted was to go home! They wanted to go home, just like I want to.” She cried and prayed. She prayed in her own language. Speaking in Arabic, Aramaic, Hebrew, or Yiddish was illegal in Artopia as these were the languages of the Undergrounders, but for once, she didn’t care who heard her. It was all she had left of her home and family.

“Tap tap tap.” A sound emitted from behind the curtain-covered window. Farah stopped her movement and sat very still. She gazed in fear as she listened for the strange sound again. Perhaps Aviarie was right, and some malicious force had come to sneak into the window and finally destroy them all.

“Tap tap tap.” This time, it was a bit louder, more insistent. The tapping didn’t sound like the tapping from the sign. This tapping was melodic. Slowly, Farah leaned over the window and gently lifted the curtain to peek.

The strangest thing looked up at her. A little rainbow-colored bird perched on her windowsill. It was sparrow-like. *Is this a real bird?* Wondered Farah. *Is this some kind of faerie?*

The little rainbow-colored bird shimmered like it was a star that flew out of the Skydome. She wanted to touch the little creature to see if it was real. When she reached her hand out, the little rainbow-colored bird leaped right through the 4-inch-thick glass and danced a little flutter.

Farah went into her dresser and grabbed some crackers she’d smuggled into the room. She gave it to the little bird, who pecked at it and ate a few of the crumbs. The little creature curtsied, and Farah couldn’t help but laugh.

Across the room, Aviarie rustled as she woke up. Farah wanted her to see the little rainbow bird too, but when she looked back at the creature, it was hip-hopping and shuffling over to the window. It moonwalked through the veil and into the night. Aviarie yelled as Farah got up to open

the curtains. She was hoping to see the bird fly as she pulled the screen away in her excitement, having forgotten about Aviarie's fear.

The dark room burst into brilliant light. Farah screamed, "It's the aliens!" but Aviarie stopped crying, overcome by awe. Their gowns blew as a gust of wind filled the room, but that was impossible because everyone knew those windows were 4 inches thick.

"Not... alien." Said Aviarie, to Farah's surprise, she had never heard her speak before.

It wasn't a spaceship; it was an entire city. A low humming and a distant trumpet resonated from the strange apparition. The city was huge, but somehow it tilted itself downwards to reach their window. The holographic city hovered at an impossible angle, and parts of the city overlapped the Artopian buildings, but no one in the bustling cars outside seemed to notice.

The Rainbow Castle slid out through their window, through the Skydome, and beyond. It was like Farah and Avarie could walk right up it past the Skydome and into the real sky. Farah heard of the Rainbow Castle from her Underground community, but she never saw it before.

A golden road reached out from the window and to their feet as it descended upwards on the tilted axis of the floating city. Aviarie moved to climb up the golden road, but Farah grabbed her hand, and so they stood and watched the colors play out. The city didn't seem alien, in fact, there was something incredibly familiar about it.

They could see ruby walkways, houses that sparkled like cut quarts, corridors that led to inviting doors, vast flights of stairs leading up to pear-shaped towers, and onion domes. Some of the domes were stretched into the Skydome so they looked more like flames flickering through the surface.

It looked and felt like they could walk right out their window and up one of the spiral staircases. Farah saw that her sparrow had rejoined a small flock of rainbow birds made of the same living light. She didn't know how long they stood gazing at the city before it evaporated like morning dew on the grass.

Aviarie looked at Farah, her shirt was soaked with tears, but she didn't look sad.

Like Farah, Aviarie had never seen the Rainbow Castle; Iskandar kept her from ever leaving the Institution. Since the age of three, she lived her entire life inside the pearlized white walls. She didn't remember anything about her life before then. The windows of the Institution had a film inside of them that was supposed to keep people who could see the

rainbow city from seeing it just like the Skydome did. Somehow even through all these filters, Farah and Aviarie saw the light.

Far past the Skydome, the rainbow city reappeared. They could barely make out its lights as it swerved, flickered, and danced inside the clouds like flashes of lightning. Dark wisps of smog and smoke appeared above Artopia, where the rainbow light had just been.

The rainbow city moved closer to the world because of the sincere prayers of two girls, and as a result, atmospheric pressure was building. There was tension in the air—a dry electric energy forming. The wind blew at the sign making it bounce up and hit the glass even harder, but the girls did not take it down. Perhaps they should have. Instead, they fell asleep deep into a whimsy dream.

## Ch 17: Pharmakia Is Witchcraft

**Synopsis:** God's annual Festivals foreshadow great events, but they can also reveal the hidden significance of events in our own lives.

### Note from the Author

In 2020 I had a dream that I had to be baptized by Rosh Hashanah, I had never been baptized before but I contacted several churches and found one that baptized me on September 16, 2020 (two days before Rosh Hashanah), and the very next year, September 16 2021, was Yom Kippur (holidays came early). It was the day I was told by my school's vice-president that I was kicked out of Suny Sullivans Nursing school because I could not take the Covid vaccine.

God speaks to us through the Hebrew calendar and through His festivals. I do not believe it was a coincidence that this happened. I believe God was trying to show me that it was His will that I refuse the Covid vaccine, and that my Yom Kippur "Fast" of being kicked out of nursing school would become a "Feast" in the world to come. I believe God was telling me that I will be rewarded for refusing the Covid vaccine and holding true to my faith in God and the scriptures.

My religious convictions do not have me against vaccines in and of themselves. However, the transliteration of the Word of God tells me that it is a sin to take a pharmaceutical agent into the body at the threat of material loss, for this is the nature of the "mark of the beast." It is also a sin to consume baby Fetal cells via injection.

Scripture says that those who won't take the mark will have their finances decimated (Revelation 13:16-17), and this is what happened to those who refused the Covid vaccine. If I were to comply and take the vaccine, I would become an accessory to the beast system and merit the same punishment as "Babylon" (Revelation 18:21-22).

There have been many "beast systems" throughout history (1 John 2:18). These past beast systems have immorally labeled people and persecuted them through deceit, undue influence, duress, coercion, or prejudice.

The anniversary of my baptism was on Yom Kippur, and on it occurred one of the most devastating things to ever happen to me. I refused to take the vaccine because by going through my baptism, I made a commitment to God to follow His commandments, and I knew in my heart that for me to take the vaccine after everything I knew about it would be a sin. Yom Kippur is a Fast, but in the world to come scripture says that my Fast will become a Feast.

*“Thus says the LORD of hosts: The fast of the fourth month and the fast of the fifth and the fast of the seventh and the fast of the tenth shall be to the house of Judah seasons of joy and gladness and cheerful feasts. Therefore, love truth and peace”* (Zechariah 8:19)

God is telling us that we will be rewarded for denying worldly things, in exchange for spiritual Godly ones. Everything that we forsake for the glory of God will be given back to us tenfold.

Yom Kippur is destined to be the greatest Feast of all, and this is prophesized through the Festival of Purim. Purim is arguably the most joyful and celebratory of all the Hebrew festivals.

Yom Kippur is said to be “A Day like Purim.” The Tikkunei Zohar, Tikkun 21 p. 57b says, “Purim is so-called because of Yom HaKipurim [the Day of Atonement, but literally, ‘the day like Purim’] because in the future we will delight in the Day of Atonement and transform it from a day of affliction to a day of delight just like Purim.”

On Yom Kippur, the High Priest adorns himself with the garments of atonement, so too, regarding Esther, it is written:

*“And she donned her royal garb”* (Esther 5:1)

This is just as the High Priest enters the innermost sanctuary where he attains atonement for the Jewish People, so too, Esther stood in the inner courtyard of the king, dressed in her royal garb, and found favor in his eyes.

The Purim story shows a reversal of fates. The 13th of Adar was when the Jews were to be destroyed (Esther 3:13), but in the end, there was an “overturning” of this verdict. The Jews were permitted to destroy their enemies instead.

There are many more examples of a reversal of fates in scripture pertaining to Yom Kippur and Purim.

In the book of Jonah (which is read on Yom Kippur), the verb “overthrow” can have a destructive meaning or a positive one. God used the term “overthrown” for Sodom and Gomorrah’s destruction, but “overthrow” can also refer to repentance in the sense of turning to God as the word is used in Jeremiah 31:13... look at those numbers again.

Ground hogs' day also often occurs in the Month of Adar; the month that Purim is observed. Adar is known for overturning's taking place. It is the month for the reversal of fortunes, as personified by its star sign of the two fish; yin and yang.

The Word of God always comes true, but it can be up to us as co-architects, as to how. It's like the Word is without *vowels* (like Hebrew letters) ... also interesting how we renounce *vows* on Yom Kippur. We call God Hashem Hu Elokim on this day, dual qualities in one. He is our loving Father but also our King and Judge. We can make the Word come alive in either direction that it can bear, like Schrodinger's cat.

Like the Jews, the Knights of the Templar were scheduled to be destroyed on the 13<sup>th</sup> of a month. The French king had to kill two popes before finding one to destroy the Templar. As an ex-nursing student, I much rather be associated with the Red Cross of Christ, the Templar's symbol, than the Pharmakia Caduceus symbol.

Purim and Yom Kippur are both biblical Festivals. One is a Feast while the other is a Fast, but these are interchangeable as all God's Fasts will be made Feasts in the world to come.

Before my baptism, I began to Fast in preparation. When I told my pastor I was fasting, he became upset and specifically told me not to Fast but to Feast. I did so and had a huge, celebratory meal. The anniversary of that baptism became a Yom Kippur, a "Fast," but this could not be more appropriate. When we commit to God, what we are doing is pledging to reject worldly pleasures, privileges, and honors in exchange for the opportunity to glorify God by following His commandments.

Many people choose to forgo their educations and work to glorify God by not injecting themselves with something that they believe is evil. Sometimes, doing what we think is right is difficult, but any sacrifices we make in this world, any "Fasts" we endure for the glory of our Father, will become Feasts in the world to come, and so we can say Tzom Kal "Easy Fast" happily.

On September 16, 2022, the anniversary of all these anniversaries, something else strange happened. For my class Fundamentals of Speech, I had to make a speech and then post it on YouTube. I made a simple 2-minute speech of basically what I just wrote, about how I felt God was telling me I did the right thing by refusing the vaccine. My Youtube video was immediately removed and banned from YouTube. The thing that I believe got my video removed was a comment that the J&J vaccine



contains Fetal Retinal cells “Eyes and yet eyes that cannot see” (Jeremiah 5:21).

What I want to show you by mentioning this is the satanic nature behind YouTube and censorship. A “Learn More” tab pops up if you try to watch my video, when clicked a simple disclaimer appears. However, when I click it, I am taken to a YouTube page called “Goat.” The thing is this happened on the anniversary of Yom Kippur as I mentioned in my video, the day that the “Goat designated for Azazel” is kicked out of God’s conjugation.

The video that pops up on the Goat channel is of a rapper in the road over his sigil that he just placed there. The sigil is of the Lamborghini emblem, the one that depicts a golden ox. Yom Kippur was instituted because of the sin of the golden calf.

The first video on the Goat channel is about a man acting gay with another man. LGBT is demonically inspired behavior.

Below is the link to my first video of the Speech I made for class and the second link is a video showing what happens when I click the “learn more” declaimer on my removed video. I want to mention that the last thing I mentioned in my speech was the Fetal Retinal cells... well I recite the psalms on a rotation every day and after making the speech I decided to pray over at my old Nursing department since it was right next door. I do not think it is a coincidence that the psalm scheduled for the day was Psalm 115, the one that mentions they have “eyes that cannot see.”

These videos can be viewed on the Channel “FriendsFromZion” on Rumble

[https://rumble.com/v1kf89j-speech-1-self-into-speech-for-fundamentals-of-speech.html?fbclid=IwAR2Wc5sQv4RbeBLai9w37qzPJaDmlj3XfmgLztKf7VPbATPfvQLu\\_LRqBw](https://rumble.com/v1kf89j-speech-1-self-into-speech-for-fundamentals-of-speech.html?fbclid=IwAR2Wc5sQv4RbeBLai9w37qzPJaDmlj3XfmgLztKf7VPbATPfvQLu_LRqBw)

[https://rumble.com/v1kf957-explanation-for-speech-1-video-being-removed-from-you-tube.html?fbclid=IwAR2MoGRJRcRQsywAhYN7cJfY8dgzuD4-XUEpPyIvpZw\\_2fD1HEZP36FBSuQ](https://rumble.com/v1kf957-explanation-for-speech-1-video-being-removed-from-you-tube.html?fbclid=IwAR2MoGRJRcRQsywAhYN7cJfY8dgzuD4-XUEpPyIvpZw_2fD1HEZP36FBSuQ)

The world to come will be a magnificent place, but in the meantime, what is happening today to our society is terrifying, and ought to anger us. I had a signed medical exemption to all vaccines from my VA doctor following a bad case of Bell Palsy and Guillain Bars syndrome in 2015 after an MMR. However, a medical exemption did not matter to my

school. They expelled 20% of their nursing students who refused the vaccine. Three of my good friends refused the vaccine because they were pregnant. One girl we knew who ended up getting the vaccine so that she could stay in class had a miscarriage only a few days after getting the shot.

We all spent the past four years in intense study and went into considerable debt to pay for classes. None of our nursing credits were transferable. We were supposed to graduate as registered nurses, instead we were kicked out and left with nothing.

The week before we were kicked out of nursing school, I was also fired from Garnet Health Medical Center, where I worked in the Hospital's ICU and Covid unit. I worked face to face with Covid positive patients without any issues. Then the Covid vaccine was mandated. The hospital did not even inform me that I could not finish my internship; they simply deactivated my card so that I could not sign in when I arrived to work because I refused the vaccine.

All the nurses who refused the vaccine were similarly fired. That was the thanks the hospital gave those who worked in their Covid units during the pandemic.

We were discriminated against by an administration and government with a strong bias against the unvaccinated. I was certified to draw blood, give IVs, change enteral feeding tubes, dress wounds, traction broken bones, crich emergency airways, make RN diagnoses, understand all the meds, insert catheters, run, and read EKG's but now it all doesn't mean anything. I and thousands of nurses and doctors will never be able to work these jobs again.

Still, hospitals have the gall to complain of short staffing, when they are the ones who enforced immoral, murderous mandates.

The News said hospitals were overwhelmed; people having to sit in the waiting room for 14 hours before being seen. Surgeries being performed in hallways, people dying before being treated; all a result of the mandates. THAT was the reason for the deaths, not because of the unvaxxed. There were no more good nurses or doctors to care for the sick because they were all fired.

The world lost an uncountable number of health care workers because of the mandates. The reason the government did this could only be that they wanted people to die to jack the numbers up. The hospitals didn't care as the new protocols made them millions. It was never about keeping people safe and healthy.

Nurses who worked with Covid patients during the height of the pandemic were called "Front Line Hero's," but then those same nurses

were cruelly fired and had their lives ruined by the mandates. At any moment, a group of people can be unfairly targeted, demonized, and then persecuted by Big Pharma. This kind of power should not be tolerated. We must fight Big Pharma and demand our rights back.

## **Trust Scripture Before Trusting Big Pharma; It Will Save Your Life**

### **1. Hand Washing**

Doctors and scientists believed it was foul odors that caused disease until the early 1900s. Scripture, however, has always known that germs, not bad odors, cause illness. Scripture has specified washing under running water for the last 3,300 years. Doctors have only followed hand washing procedure for the last one hundred years.

In 1846, the death rate amongst women giving birth in hospitals in Vienna was as high as 36 out of every 1000. Dr. Ignaz Semmelweis investigated the reason and found that doctors did not wash their hands when going from patient to patient. The germ theory of disease was not yet understood.

Surgeons did not regularly scrub until the 1870s, but the importance of everyday handwashing did not become universal until more than a century later. At first, doctors would wash under stagnant water. It took them a few decades to realize that washing under running water carries the germs away while standing water leaves them in place. Washing hands in running water reduced the mortality rate to 2 out of every 1000.

(<https://www.history.com/news/hand-washing-disease-infection>).

Contrary to this, the Torah observant Jewish community has ritually washed their hands under running water several times a day for thousands of years.

Giving birth in a hospital was much more dangerous than giving birth with a midwife in the 1800's. This is because midwives understood the importance of handwashing under running water. They followed biblical health guidelines.

*“Now when the man with the discharge becomes cleansed from his discharge, then he shall count off for himself seven days for his cleansing; he shall then wash his clothes and bathe his body in running water and will become clean.”* (Leviticus 15:13)

### **2. Quarantine the Sick**

*“He [The one with leprosy] shall remain unclean all the days during which he has the infection; he is unclean. He shall live alone; his dwelling shall be outside the camp.”* (Leviticus 13:46)

It was not until the 17th century that the germ theory of disease and the practice of quarantining the sick were developed. The Bubonic plague killed 40-60% of the European population. Torah observance saved many lives during the black plague.

Orthodox Jews still follow all the Laws God specifies in the Torah, including Hand washing, Sanitation, Separating the ill, and the Rapid burial of the dead. Because of practices like this, the death rate among the Jewish people during the Bubonic plague was reduced by 50%.

### **3. Information in the Blood**

Scripture specifies the importance of blood and keeping it pure and holy to the Lord:

*“... the life of the flesh is in the blood...”* (Leviticus 17:11, Hebrews 9:22)

Therefore, the satan is targeting our bloodstream.

Early medical practices included bloodletting because they did not realize the life-sustaining nature of blood. George Washington died at the hands of his doctors, who bled out 40% of his blood.

Today we have exchanged bloodletting for filling the blood up with chemicals and toxins. Nearly all pharmaceutical drugs taint the blood in some way. The prevalence of pharmaceutical-related hospital admission varies from 1.3% to 41.3%, with an average rate of 15.4%. Among hospitalized patients, 2.7% die due to prescribed drug-related problems (<https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC6911719/>).

Pharmaceutical drugs cause a staggering amount of birth defects. Ignorant of this, mothers continue to take medications despite scripture saying:

*“... you shall conceive and bear a son. Therefore, be careful and drink no wine or strong drink, and eat nothing unclean”* (Judges 13:3-4)

Pharmaceutical drugs are without a doubt unclean and must be avoided while pregnant unless necessary to preserve life. Even if the doctor says a drug is ok, he should not be trusted. Historically, and today, many medications, like Thalidomide cause devastating deformities.

My first job as a Nurse was at a pediatric unit in Fort Belvoir in 2012. Whenever there was a baby that was not as healthy or alert as the others, I would ask the mother if she took medications while pregnant, and nearly every time she would confirm that she took psychiatric medication. These medications more than others seemed to harm babies in utero

tremendously however, not enough for the babies to be diagnosed with a birth defect and so the drugs were never brought into question. Scripture states that it will be from women that a savior will be born. Therefore, the satan hates pregnant women and their babies:

*“...And the dragon stood before the woman who was about to give birth, so that when she bore her child, he might devour it.”* (Revelation 12:4)

#### 4. Lobotomies

The eyes are the window to the soul. This saying has its origin in scripture:

*“The eye is the lamp of the body... if your eye is bad, your whole body will be full of darkness. If then the light in you is darkness, how great is the darkness!”* (Matthew 6:22-23)

Despite this, in the 1940s and the late '70s, it was an acceptable practice to take an icepick, hammer it through someone's eye socket into the brain and "wiggle it around," often leaving the patient in a vegetative state.

Portuguese neurologist Egas Moniz, the inventor of the lobotomy, was awarded the Nobel Prize for medicine in 1949. He never lost his license for his brutal surgeries, although it ruined the lives of thousands, and many died as a result. Lobotomies weren't discontinued because of their barbarism, but because the rise of antipsychotic drugs made it easier to lobotomize patients chemically.

Kids today are given antipsychotics to change their hyperactive or defiant behavior. They quiet down because antipsychotics act on the brain's frontal lobe, the same area affected by a surgical lobotomy, directly behind the eye. These drugs target the very soul of a person.

Neuroleptics and antidepressants are lobotomizing drugs. They reduce all behavior, including irritability. Gone are family or spiritual counseling – a pill is quicker. Dozens of scientific studies with animals and human autopsies demonstrate conclusively that these drugs cause brain shrinkage and damage. Medical science knows this, but the public is kept in the dark about it.

They lied about tobacco, mercury, opioids, aluminum, talcum, saturated fats, GMOs, fluoride, X-raying pregnant women, twilight sleep, low serotonin being the cause of depression and Glyphosate; do you still want to trust everything your doctor tells you?

Of all the atrocities committed by the Government on their own citizens, 90% have been Pharmaceutical related. MK-Ultra, MK-Naomi,

Tuskegee experiment, Poisoning St. Louis, Poisoning foster children, mandating toxic additives during the prohibition era, over fluorinated water, faulty polio serums, Plutonium experiments etc...

*“Thus says the Lord: “Cursed is the man who trusts in man and makes flesh his strength, whose heart turns away from the Lord” (Jeremiah 17:5)*

King Asa trusted the physicians and not the Lord, and he paid dearly.

*“And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great: yet in his disease he sought not to the LORD, but to the physicians.” (2 Chronicles 16:12)*

A person should seek medical care if they have an ailment, but if it contradicts what scripture tells us we should do, we must put our faith in the Lord and not Big Pharma.

King David was given the choice between three punishments, either attack from mankind (war), attack from nature (famine), or attack from God (pestilence). (1 Chronicles 21: 7-17).

And David answered, *“Let me fall into the hand of the Lord, for his mercy is very great, but do not let me fall into the hand of man” (1 Chronicles 21: 13).*

David chooses pestilence (disease) over relying on mankind and that is the reason why the Holy Temple stands where it is,

*“And God sent the angel to Jerusalem to destroy it... And the angel of the Lord was standing by the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite. And David lifted his eyes and saw the angel of the Lord standing between earth and heaven, and in his hand a drawn sword stretched out over Jerusalem... And David built there an altar to the Lord and presented burnt offerings and peace offerings... Then the Lord commanded the angel, and he put his sword back into its sheath... Then David said, “Here shall be the house of the Lord God and here the altar of burnt offering for Israel.” (1 Chronicles 21:15-22:1).*

It is not a stretch to say that David would have refused the Covid vaccine, and have relied on God for health instead.

## **Ch 18: Recreational Drugs are Witchcraft**

The use of recreational drugs is just as bad, and often worse, than partaking in Pharmakia. There must be no confusion, using street drugs is Witchcraft, the punishment of which scripture says is death (Exodus 22:18-20). Do not be deceived, God wants our minds to be sober. He will not come to us in a state of drug induced inebriation or hallucination, but lying devils dressed as angels will.

## Ch 19: Seth

### Morning of Day 3; 4 Days Remaining

#### Jail cell in Artopia

#### Kitty

I awoke tired and hungry. The cold cell did not allow for a good night's sleep. Instead of sleeping, I tried to think of ways I could make the Artopians leave their city so they'd see the Rainbow Castle.

*If they could see how beautiful the city is,* I thought, maybe then they would believe. But how can you describe the way the sun looks, the way the Lulu birds fly, the way the gala fruit tastes. Ever since the fall of Babel, human beings have not fully been able to understand each other.

"Have you ever seen the Rainbow Castle?" I asked the security guard but he ignored me. The TV rattled on about new medications and miracle drugs on the market. I did not like TVs as it was the image of the beast talked of in Revelation 13:15. An image given breath so that it can speak and cause those who do not worship the ideology of the Institution and Pharmakia to be slain by government policies and the countries own citizens enforcing those policies.

It is sad that the masses choose to listen to a flimsy box, instead of valuing the sanctity of human life and rights. Most of the Big Pharma mandates against the Undergrounders were not actual federal mandates, but the populace mindlessly enforced them nonetheless. Not to mention the TV brings such terrible things like murder and movies about witchcraft into the household.

Behind the officer were flyers and wanted posters. A few of them were missing child photos, and one poster warned about "Subterranean Mutated Desert People" abducting Artopian children. What a terrible thing, I thought. Who would abduct a child? Another officer walked into the building.

"Just one today? And what is she wearing? He asked as the seawater was not kind to my multicolored braided grass clothes. "No matter, there will be uniforms at the labs."

"Please don't send me away! I want to stay here in Artopia." The two officers laughed.



“You’re mutating and therefore riddled with disease. But don’t worry, if they cure you, you can come back.”

When we got outside, I made a break for it, but the officer grabbed me, so I kicked and screamed for help. Then something hit him, bounced up, and exploded in front of us. A plume of smoke ensued, which stung our eyes.

The guard let go and tried to call for help but couldn’t because the smoke was thick it made us cough. I stumbled, trying to get away, but someone grabbed me. I thought it was one of the officers, but then I knew it couldn’t be because whoever it was dragged me down an open manhole cover. I kicked and yelled and landed with a crash at the bottom. Whoever it was moved a heavy grate over us.

“Who are you!?” I coughed in the darkness. Shiny, smooth metal along my rescuer’s arms, forehead, and ears illuminated the tunnel with a soft blue light. The way the light wrapped around his arm reminded me of the Tefillin worn by the men on the Island of Key during our daily prayers. The black leather strips would connect the tribesmen to the Infinite, fulfilling God’s will in matrimony-like action. I wondered what the blue light did for the man in front of me.

He welded the grate above us shut with a heated pen device. He pulled off his gas mask and smiled as if rescuing someone from an impressive regime was fun and exciting. He was a bit older than me, attractive, and had light bluish hair. He was an Artopian and therefore created to be perfectly proportioned and graceful. His eyes were the color of the same cold electrified metal that had taken his race into infamy.

“My name is Seth.” He didn’t ask my name but observed me for a moment, then looked down the tunnel. I began to talk, but he hushed me when a rustle came from above. Someone tried to open the grate.

Seth retook my hand and led me down the tunnels until we hit a dead end. He effortlessly moved one of the boulders out of the way, revealing a dark room. When Seth walked into it, lights along the ceiling flickered on despite the fact they were hundreds of years old and not plugged into anything.

I wanted to ask how he did it, but I knew I wouldn’t understand. He collapsed the rocks behind us.

We were inside one of the tall lopsided, buried buildings that I had walked through on my way to Artopia. Now that we were hidden, we both relaxed. I saw that Seth wore many cyborg parts down his arm and all over him.

The metal implant's electric lines swerved with his muscles like expertly drawn tattoos. He could sense and process things that I couldn't with those devices, but I wasn't sure what. Like a ghost, he projected some sort of electrical energy that powered inanimate objects and light bulbs.

"You have to stay at least 6 feet from me, or you'll disturb the signal," Was all he said.

"Thank you for saving me."

"Those were Gen 6 officers. I am a Gen 7. I could have done it with my eyes closed."

"But why?"

"Because you tried to save those people last night. That was the most ridiculous thing I've ever seen! If there were anything that could have been done, I would have. They were captured during a reconnaissance mission, but I escaped. Why did you try to help them like that?"

"Because it was the right thing to do. We can't just be simple bystanders to tragedy. We must break through the glass that separates us from each other. Like how Jesus broke through the veil."

I felt so passionate as I said it but blushed in embarrassment when I saw the look Seth was giving me.

"I'm not an Artopian; that was my first night in the city. My name is Kitty."

"It's obvious you're not an Artopian! I knew the instant you bought that tiger a drink. Anyway, everyone knows glass barriers keep us safe from disease and whatnot. I must take you home before you do something else stupid. What underground community are you from?"

"I'm not from around here. I'm from a place called the Island of Key."

"The Island of Key?"

"Yes, it's nothing like Artopia, we don't have electricity for one thing. We use fire instead. I've traveled from across the sea to try and save the Artopians."

"No electricity!? That's the basic building block of any society. If you don't have electricity, you can't have schools or medical centers. Do you know what those things are? How are you, with your grass skirt and beads, going to save the genetically enhanced Artopians?" I blushed. I must have offended him.

"Well, I am going to tell them the good news, that the age of man is about to end and the kingdom of Heaven about to begin... the only issue is that their city will be destroyed when that happens. I must convince

them to flee to the desert before the world, as we knew it, ended, and I only have four more days left.”

Seth stopped and turned to look at me like I had just spoken in the native language of the Island of Key.

“Talking like that is what got those people eaten up by tigers. Do you want to get eaten up by tigers?”

“If that’s what it takes.”

“Ok, good! Then go.” I looked at him as he waited patiently. I nodded and turned around, but remembering the maze of tunnels behind us and the fact that I wouldn’t be able to open one of the manholes myself, I was befuddled.

“I guess I changed my mind,” I said. I could figure out a way back later.

“If that’s the case, I’ll bring you to FFZ, stands for “Friends from Zion.” You can figure stuff out there and, in the meantime, take this.”

He smiled and gave me a small black object. “It belonged to one of the Undergrounders that Iskandar killed last night, so now you can have it. Most Undergrounders don’t use them, but they’re handy.”

“What is it?”

“An Eyephone”

“I don’t know how to use one of those, and I don’t think it’s a good idea.”

“Relax, if you have any issues, just ask Iris. It’s the cell’s built-in support artificial intelligence. She’ll tell you how to work it. Plus, it has my number in it. You can call me when you get in trouble again.” He smiled, and it was a genuine smile. I put the eyephone in my pocket against my better judgment.

He led us through toppled over buildings, up lopsided floors, and through windows to get to the next fallen over tower, interconnected missile silo, catacomb graveyard, or subway station. Some of the paths were blocked by sand or twisted metal, but Seth knew where he was going.

“We’re almost there.” He said, “But you have to put on this.” He took out a blindfold from his backpack.

“I am a 3rd-degree black belt in island martial arts.”

“Don’t be silly. This is to protect you and to protect FFZ. Only a few people know the exact entrance. This way, if you do decide to leave and go to Artopia and get captured, they won’t be able to download our whereabouts from your brain.”

Unable to argue, I took the blindfold and was led into the darkness. Surely, no one recuses girls just to murder or entrap them. It would be a lot easier, after all, just to pick someone off the street.

## Ch 20: Buried Secrets Revealed

**Afternoon of Day 3: 4 Days Remaining**  
**Friends From Zion**  
**Kitty**

My blindfold was taken off at the edge of an overgrown parking lot. Tons of dirt covered the cement, but it was evident this was once a car park. Dozens of street lights lit the gardens, the bulbs replaced with growing lights. It was a curious and beautiful habitat full of fruit trees and crops.

A ragtag group of people were tending the plants. Everyone wore a patchy sand-colored tunic that would blend well with the desert. Underneath the tunic was a white prayer shawl with white and blue tassels. When it came to pants, leather seemed to be the go-to material, along with ripped, overly repaired jeans. One guy's pants were blood stained, I assumed, from a Creature attack.

No one looked remarkably healthy, and all had large patches of hair missing along their arms and legs. The hair on their head however grew unnaturally long and wild. Some of the men had cut their hair short but most kept the corners of their hair long the way the Island of Key people did, in dreadlock-like braids with beads and bits of cloth.

Seth was the only one who did not have any mutations or religious identifiers like the fringes. His clothes were modern and clean like any Artopians would be. He reached up and handed me an apple.

As we walked through the field, people whooped and hollered their greetings to him. "Rescued another one, I see." Said one guy as he patted him on the back, and another did some weird handshake with him.

Others nodded and smiled as they moved out of his way. Seth was revered here. I wondered how many of these people he also saved.

Over the entrance to FFZ were numerous Templar images, including the Red Cross and the Lamb of God. Most prominent was a giant painting of a man on a white horse. The man was dressed like a great warrior.

"He looks familiar," I said, even though great zaps of lightning concealed his face and most of his body.

“That’s impossible. Maybe a long time ago.” We entered FFZ, which seemed to be built inside the remains of an Embassy. Some of the walls were bullet-ridden as if the place was once a battleground. It would have had to happen a long time ago, for the Artopian army had done away with bullets for hundreds of years and replaced them with lasers and biological agents.

Seth led me down a hall to a small, cluttered room where we sat and waited. Dozens of photos and artifacts littered the room as they also decorated the rest of FFZ. There was a painting of Tesla with a pigeon shooting lasers out of its eyes, and next to it was a lava lamp with descending and ascending spiral-galaxy colored plasma.

Seth grabbed one of the globes and brought it over to me as he spun it around. “How about you show me where your island is? Then maybe we can figure out how to help you.”

I put my finger on the southern-most tip of the land once known as the US, but before I could say anything, a tall man walked into the room, and Seth put down the globe.

“Hello, Seth!” The man wore the same long sand-colored style tunic that I saw the others wear, but he was clean and not patched up. He also wore slightly darker linen pants with a brown sash. His hair was longer at the corners, and he wore the same prayer shawl and fringes as the others. It was as if much of the Jewish dress had reverted to ancient days when Israel lived in the Judean desert region. Like Seth, the man appeared less mutated and healthy. I wondered if he had also been an Artopian.

“My name is Jade.” He said, “And I am one of the assistant directors here.” Turning to Seth he added, “You are late, but now I see why! It seems you are trying to save Artopia one lassie at a time.”

“I got a little bit distracted, but I have everything ready.” Said Seth, still holding the globe in his hands.

“I had no doubt you would. Now, where may I ask, have you come from?” Jade asked me. I hesitated and looked from Seth to Jade. The question jogged something in my mind, and the feel of metal cages and smells of antiseptics gathered in the fringes of my recollection, the way dark gathers at the corners of the world, contrary to Seth’s globe. I wondered what it was about that room, about Seth and Jade, that triggered my sudden self-consciousness.

“Her name is Kitty. She says she comes from some island run by savages.” Said Seth.

“Oh, dear.” Said Jade, “Well, you will fit right in, Kitty. As you know, Seth, those in Artopia call us savages too since we still endure primitive

human conditions like aches and pains, the occasional sadness, and traditional family values. To the people in the Underground, it is Artopia who are the real savages, although many of our members, like Seth, used to be Artopian.

“I am still Artopian.” Insisted Seth.

“Yes,” said Jade. “And you will finally bring peace among our nations. I have faith in that.”

“What is this place?” I managed to ask.

“We are a messianic organization, but there are many other Underground Communities who are strait Jewish, Christian, or Islamic. I was appointed as the representee for Artopian converts here at FFZ. We are the rarest minority here in the Underground.”

I nodded. I guess my own beliefs were close to Messianism, but I had many disagreements with the faith too. I missed my Jewish Orthodox family on the Island of Key.

Seth and I left Jade's office. He took me down a winding corridor; the tattoo-like lights along his arms lit up the tunnels and transformed the darkness into stone and wood

“It’s a tradition of every new FFZ member to take a walk in the tunnels to see what the past looked like.”

We passed many doors, some had glass windows I could peak through and see people taking classes or working on projects. The Underground was like a mix of the walled city of Kowloon and the underground city of Pompei. Everyone we saw looked like some sort of militia recruit.

Jade’s office, despite its clutter, was the only one with some semblance of neatness. Every single space in FFZ appeared multifunctional. The underground people made their own version of strip malls, clubs, and bars.

We passed DIY clothing stores, repair shops, recycled thingamajigs’ dispensaries, and an armory that traded self-defense mechanisms. Along some walls were expertly drawn graffiti of giant waring angels fighting demonic beasts and saints on white horses carrying banners.

Two banners read “Hospital-State We Must Separate” and “Stop Medical Tyranny.” As God created man in his image, the Undergrounders built a city in theirs. Here, at least, part of the prophecy had come true:

*“But the earth helped the woman by opening its mouth”* (Revelation 12:19)

Soon, Seth and I were no longer in the main building but walking down an excavated tunnel. Occasionally, we passed a person digging into the tunnel's wall with a makeshift pickax.

“What are they doing?”

“They’re looking for clues.” Said Seth. “History has been changed you see. We think it started with the transition from books to computers. I mean, if the news is fake, just imagine how fake history is, how fake science is. No one knows exactly how it all happened, but collectively, it seems, people just forgot how things used to be.”

We entered a room where monk-like scribes sat hunched over old wooden desks, hard at work copying books from before WW3. Writings from a forgotten past. Not just books but graphic novels, comics, and pictures. The images perked my attention. They looked strange and yet familiar at the same time. In the background, some of the scribes prayed quietly to themselves,

“Adonai is my shepherd; He lies us down in secure tunnels. He leads us beside untainted waters; saves us from the acid rain. He guides us through ground zero and meltdown debris. And although we walk through the valley of the purple death, we shall fear no nuclear winter, for You are with us.”

I wanted to see what they were working on, but Seth grabbed my shoulder,

“You need to see this first.”

We turned down a tunnel, where there was a bright light that shocked my unadjusted eyes. The light opened into a buried cathedral. Much of the stainless glass windows were broken, revealing the sandy soil on the other side, but in the center and along the walls were pictures and sculptures of strange things, creatures, I had never seen before.

“Who are they?” I asked, “And... is this a church?” I said, for there were pews and altars, the like I had only read about, but the people depicted in the artwork around the “church” were all wrong, “why do they look so strange?”

The creatures had oval-shaped faces and smooth skin. Their noses were perfectly placed in the center of their faces. All the color was in their eyes; I saw hope and joy. They didn’t have a lot of flashy colors like the Artopians but instead an ethereal beauty. Their hair grew long so that it acted as a veil on some.

“These statues are what we used to look like.” Said Seth.

I walked up behind the altar, where Jesus sat on a platform. Around him were statues of children and a lamb. He was holding a little girl and seemed to be telling a story. There were holes in his hands and feet where he had been crucified. Still, he looked powerful, as if he could protect the children from anything. This was the man that I saw on the Rainbow Castle.



“This is the man depicted in the front of FFZ,” I told Seth. He was also the man I saw on the Rainbow Castle.

“We choose that painting to put there because his face is shrouded in light. Jade felt that showing people what we are really supposed to look like might scare some.”

“Why would anyone fear this? These people are beautiful.”

“Artopia has stories and urban legends of monsters who are void of special characteristics. Monsters who become furless and plain like empty shells of what they once were. You know, like werewolves and vampires. As an Artopian, it was all disconcerting to me too at first.”

Seth removed the mechanical sleeve he wore, and I could see that underneath it was bare skin. Human skin.

“This place made me realize there’s nothing wrong with me and that Artopians shouldn’t fear people like us.”

“This is what we are supposed to look like, not like animals... but these people?”

On the wall hung more depictions of un-beast like women and men, chivalrous knights on horses, maidens holding their children, young men courting a femininely dressed woman.

“Yes, Iskandar hides the truth. He perpetuates the outbreak of mutations to cover up the fact that the ‘disease’ they talk about is the cure. Some mutations are real, but Iskandar created them to have something to blame the changes on.”

“All my life, I have been told that I am sick and diseased, that I must change myself, take pills and conditioning treatments to live with other people.”

“You don’t have a disease, Kitty; you’re being redeemed.” I looked up at him in awe.

“Soon, no one will discriminate against someone for their mutations ever again. I won’t have to hide anymore. Tomorrow, I’m broadcasting a video of this place that’ll interrupt the Artopian morning News. I have access to the programming center in the Institution. Those people eaten by the tigers helped me to discover the lock codes, but I can do the rest myself.”

“Once you show them all this.” I said excitedly, “Surely the Artopians will want to come here and see for themselves. They’ll leave the city and be saved!”

“I guess anything is possible.” Seth shrugged.

I was so happy and excited. Seth would reveal the truth to the Artopians, and everyone would be ok!

“What caused you to start mutating?” I asked him, “Is it because you saw the Rainbow Light?”

“No, but it is because of the blasted Rainbow Castle that I crashed. I was racing one of my friends in the desert. The Rainbow Castle must have appeared in the sky, for suddenly, our electrical devices malfunctioned. My friend lost control of his hovercraft and rammed into mine. I don’t remember anything after the crash. Afterward, my body just didn’t heal right. The hair on my arms never grew back after all the burns. I lost everything when they discovered my “mutations.” I was in school for years to become a doctor, and I was only a few weeks from graduating. Do you have any idea how powerful I’d be with a doctorate in medical research? I had so many plans of how I’d bring Artopia into the future. After all my hard work, I was kicked out and made to work a janitorial job.”

“They let you stay in Artopia, even though you had mutations?”

“There are people in Artopia who show signs of minor mutations, and they are discriminated against but tolerated if they comply, but they are treated as second-class citizens. Soon though, I will be accepted again. I know they will let me graduate if they see I don’t have a disease.”

“That would be great!” I said, “But you don’t have to worry about all that. What you are doing here is even greater.”

Seth gave a half-smile, and together we walked out of the tunnel.

In my mind, his plan was the solution to everything. The people would become aware of the lies they were told and they’d be willingly leave Artopia to visit the tunnels where they would be safe. This must be my purpose, I thought. This must be why the rainbow light told me to leave the Island of Key, so that I could help Seth. I had to do everything I could to ensure that his plan was successful. That is what I had meant to do.

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### **Prayer in the Underground**

The lights dimmed as someone played a guitar riff over the intercom system. The music was a signal to start the last Tefillah [prayer] of the evening. Most of the men were in the Shul [Temple] to do their prayers. I was outside, looking for something to eat when I heard the call.

Seeing a group of girls facing a crumbling wall, I joined them as we did our own prayers. Above it was a sign, “All construction to remain unfinished until the Temple is rebuilt.”

The crumbling wall marked the Eastern side of the room, where Jerusalem was thousands of miles in the distance. Every large space of the

Underground had some such indicator of where the East was so that we could pray in the right direction.

In Judaism, davening is the recitation of the prescribed liturgical prayers. As girls, those with family recited a condensed form of what the men would be praying. Motherhood and the need to take care of children superseded daily prayers.

The men prayed together in a giant Minyan three times a day, in the morning (the Shacharit prayer) as they faced in the direction of Jerusalem, then again at sunset (the Minchah prayer), and once more after nightfall (the Maariv prayer). Only the Shacharit prayer was done with Tefillin on.

Usually, men remained in the Shul to pray the Maariv prayer right after the Minchah so they wouldn't have to make another trip. They'd then study Gods Law together. If they could not make it to the Shul, they would say the prayer alone wherever they were, so important it was for them to pray. They carried what was holy inside then, for every Jewish man was a Priest in the Temple of God and had a strict order of prayer that mimicked the sacrificial rituals of the Temple. They said the prayers in all our merits, and conveyed what they learned back to the conjugation as leaders of the community.

Because raising children is more labor intensive and important than any other work, as women, we were only obligated to pray twice a day. It has been said that women have more spiritual power than men, but because of Eve's mistake, we do not proclaim spiritual authority, but instead follow the leadership of the community's rabbi.

Prayer obligations and responsibilities are a privilege given to men and women not because of their merit, but because of the will of God. It is a shame that we did not practice these privileges more often when we had the opportunity.

For a Friends from Zion Member and most communities of the Underground, religion wasn't just something they did while praying but something that permeated every aspect of life. From the time they woke up in the morning until when they went to bed, there were millions of ways to glorify the Creator, from what we ate like not mixing milk with meat, to affixing a Mezuzah on every door frame.

The liturgical prayers came to mark the day's progression in the Underground. Although we had no sun to distinguish the night from the day, our prayers became the light that did so for us.

After grabbing some cheesy noodles from a vendor, I sat with a group of girls that looked my age. On one of the walls behind us was a sign that read "no pigs" with a red x over it, and I wondered if they met the food

or Artopian police. I asked so many questions, and the girls were happy to explain everything about the history of the Underground.

### **The Creation of the Underground**

The Underground shared many similarities with the Kowloon Walled City of China. However, the Underground was much larger, comprising all the buried remains of New York City, and therefore had no issues with overpopulation.

No one knows how all the major coastal cities became buried, but most agree it resulted from a giant asteroid and the tsunamis it caused. Some say that the asteroid and seas were sent crashing into the earth on purpose by those in power, for the asteroid and the seas contain innumerable amounts of gold. The theory goes that, while extracting the precious mineral, things went out of hand and the earth was destroyed.

At first, the Underground was just a place for refugees to find a bit of shelter. Then criminals, dropouts, peasants, anarchists, and people fleeing the law all joined the melting pot on the fringes of the “New World City.”

The NWC existed before Artopia took it over. The Underground was a diplomatic no man's land where the NWC could not enforce its laws. It was life in darkness, but the people learned ways to make the place livable. Because most of the buildings were only partially submerged, airflow was not a problem, as cracks throughout the building allowed ventilation.

When the Mandate and Zero Tolerance movement was implemented, hordes of religious refugees moved in. They brought better technology that made the Underground what it would finally become. There were entrepreneurs to keep things working. The “fringe” of society us often looked down upon, but the Fringe of the prayer shawl are its most Holy parts.

Most people in the early days turned the fronts of their apartments into shops of some kind, but there were other, bigger businesses, too. Because there were no labor laws, the Underground became a Mecca for those wishing to operate without a license. Kosher slaughterhouses set up shop, unlicensed dentists, factories.

Most of all, the Underground became famous for its snacks. People from the New World City would visit for the noodles more than anything else. It wasn't the den of iniquity portrayed by popular culture. So many moved to the Underground for religious freedom that there was no need for police to enforce order.

The religious leaders organized waste collection, recruited a volunteer fire department, kept order in the cramped alleyways, paid elderly

residents' pensions, and set up old folks' homes where the informed were looked after. The communities separated naturally by religion. Contact with the outside was cut off after Artopia announced war with the Underground.

Artopia claimed it was a place out of the hunger games, but it wasn't like that. The Underground was a functioning society with religious schools, kindergartens, libraries, and mailmen. However, finding a mailman who could navigate the Underground without getting lost amidst the infinite blocks was all but impossible.

It was a self-organizing community that sprang out of nothing. It was a real-life example of grimy, Blade Runner-style futurism but a most unique and beautiful community, especially in comparison to the horror that Artopia would become.

After exploring the Underground, I finally made it to my assigned bedroom. It was small, as if it was once an office cubicle. There was a cot on the floor with a new change of clothes on it. The tunic top and pants hid my mutations. I put the new clothes on and threw the old ones out. I could blend in more easily now; I was less likely to be identified by Artopians.

On the bed was a pillow, but someone forgot to bring a blanket. In the corner was a prayer mat; its dome-shaped golden roofs and onion towers reminded me of the Rainbow Castle. I shook it out and curled up with it the best I could. It was uncomfortable, but still, I felt happier than I had in a long time.

I thanked God for everything being so perfect and sang the Shema. I told myself I wouldn't be caught and thrown into jail so quickly again. I was impatient, it was a long day, the hour was drawing near, and soon the world as we knew it would end. Still, I slept soundly and content.

## Ch 21: Tunnels and Shissin

**Morning of Day 4: 3 Days Remaining**  
**Friends From Zion**  
**Kitty**

I woke up well before the first Shacharit call to prayer to do what I needed to do. I showered and got dressed and then walked down the hall to where Seth's room was. I hid in one of the hallways broom closets where I secretly peaked out.

Once Seth walked by, I waited a minute then followed him. When we got to the tunnel, it was dark, but his pale blue light made him easy to follow. I used every technique I learned in island martial arts school not to make a noise. Although I was weak and my senses dim, I was small and stealthy. He did not notice me as I followed.

It seemed he was taking a different path to Artopia than we took to the Underground. Some of the rooms and doors we passed through were sleek and new, not like the buried buildings and tunnels we had to crawl through before. I tried remembering the route as best I could.

After a few hours the tunnels transitioned into the Artopian sewers. Strange sounds, like the bubbling of test tubes and the sigh of steam pipes hid my footsteps. Finally, Seth climbed out of a manhole. When I emerged from the sewer cap, I saw the Institution looming above.

"What are you doing here!?" Seth acclaimed. He was standing over the open grate. I crawled out, and he threw up his hands. "Now I have to bring you back! It's too dangerous for you to be here. Remember what happened last time?" He was more upset than I thought he'd be.

"I won't get in the way." I said, "And I can't go back to FFZ. I am going to stay here until I get my job done. Artopia only has three more days. If you don't want me helping you, then I'll leave."

"You are definitely going back." He reached to grab me, but I jumped away and ran off before he could stop me. If he didn't want my help, that was fine, but I still had a job to do.

I ran to the other side of the Institution, knowing this would be the best place to start. I waited an hour to make sure Seth was gone. The

Institution was massive, I read once its floor space was 4.5 million square feet.

I watched people walk in and out in nice crisp suits. I wanted to step inside with them, but the sliding doors did not open automatically. The round black arachnid windows did not allow anyone to peer in. Deciding against sneaking into the Institution I went instead to the street.

Across the road, a group of people sketched a mural on the sidewalk. I snuck one of the paintbrushes and walked back to the Institution. I didn't have much paint to write a message, but I did my best. A moment later, there was a familiar voice behind me.

"What in Iskandar's name are you doing!?"

"You found me," I said, looking at him, surprised. Seth knocked the brush out of my hand and pulled me to an opposite walkway.

"You are lucky no one saw you graffiti that giant red Anarchy sign!"

"It was not an Anarchy sign; I drew a Christian cross. It's a symbol of atonement."

"You're crazy!" Said Seth. "You are way more trouble than I thought!" He took off his blue and white striped jacket and put it on me so I blended in with the Artopians, then he signed, "You know, how about you come with me into the Institution after all... I'll show you around."

"Really? But I don't want to get in the way of your mission." I said, although the prospect of getting to see the Institution was very exciting.

"It won't at all! In fact, it will help me because if caught, you can act as a diversion."

"Yes of course! Working with another is more productive than three people working by themselves" I said. I looked up at the Institution. However slightly, I wanted to alter the womb of the great industrial Leviathan. If so, it would affect everything it produced hence.

"I will do anything to make sure you're successful! Once people see your video, they will know they've been lied to about who they are, then they'll see that they've been lied too about everything else. Maybe then they'll start believing in the Rainbow Castle."

"You know" said Seth, "beliefs are a lot like dragons. Just because you believe in the Bible doesn't make it true. It's just a book written by man."

"I don't see how dragons have anything to do with this."

"You think you know what a dragon looks like, but then you get into all these historical variations of dragon's... The American fat dragon; powerfully and aggressively shallow. The Chinese wise, snakelike thing. The Aztecs armless winged creature. Then you get people who believe dragons are real. Belief is a cultural thing. The only similarity beliefs have

is that it is a psychotic man-eating dragon with a mouth full of teeth and a bad attitude. Sometimes, people just pick the biggest and baddest because all the smaller, less popular ones aren't going to last in a fight. A certain type of 'belief' can get you anything you could ever want! And you want to know something? In the end, everybody's happy as long as you agree with them."

I nodded, not to agree with him, but to show that I was willing to listen and that I was appreciative of being brought along to see the Institution. Seth's idea of belief was terribly ugly. It was cold and scaly. Real truth was the most beautiful thing.

Seth walked across the street into the Institution but didn't look back to make sure I was following. I walked into the looming white building and knew that this wasn't going to be a musical from the Fiddler on the Roof, unless maybe the Fiddler was fiddling a semi-automatic rifle.

"What you must do is stand at the door and look up into the sensor. No crazy, don't you do it!" Said Seth. "You are not an Artopian, and so you will be caught. Since I am an Artopian, the sensors will read my eye bio print and allow us access."

Seth looked up at the door, and it slid open into an impossibly large reception room. The inside looked more extensive than the outside somehow, and everything was white: white marble, whitewashed walls, white pillars.

One of the paintings on the wall was a great white whale breaching itself out of the ocean, smashing the Pequod with its great white hammered head. The Institution's entrance and ceiling was constructed of massive white arches. It was like the building had swallowed us, and we were inside its ribcage.

The halls of the Institution were decorated with beautiful pieces of art, primarily of eyes. Scared eyes, happy eyes, angry eyes. Among the art were portraits of prominent Artopian scientists.

"Who's that?!" I asked. "He looks just like Jade!" The portrait gave the birth and death of the scientist as 2100-2227 AD, but the Jade I knew didn't look like he was 120 years old.

"That's Jade." Said Seth with a chuckle. He and I were far enough away from others so that no one could hear us. We were alone, save for the dozens of eye murals watching us.

"That doesn't make any sense. If Jade was a famous Artopian scientist, why is he working in a Underground community?"

The wall was decorated with pro-Artopian quotes and encouragements from "Jade." One of them said, "We are a plague on the earth. It's not



just climate change. Either we limit our population growth, or the natural world will do it for us, and the natural world is doing it for us right now.” The powers behind Artopia wouldn’t be satisfied until every single human was exterminated.

“When Jade defected, the Institution took the liberties to report he died and wrote up some parallel account of his life. It would be bad for public morale if it got out one of the scientists went Underground.”

“But why? Wouldn’t it be easier just to forget him?”

“It’s kind of funny, isn’t it? If you go against the Institution, they’ll kill you and then pass your memory off as one of their greatest champions.” He didn’t laugh, though, as he added, “I guess it can work both ways.”

We walked over to an elevator that took us to a new level of the Institution labeled “Government Galleria.”

I had a surreal moment when I walked out onto the floor and saw it was just as big as the entrance. Large white rib-like arches stretched up to cathedral ceilings where panoramic glass windows let the sunshine in. The Institution had 120 floors, one stacked up on the next. It was impossible that multiple floors could be this big and airy. Seth saw my look of confusion.

“It’s not every day a non-Artopian gets to see the Institution.” He sighed, “Look.” He climbed onto a chair of one of the café kiosks and jumped up with a claw outstretched. The cathedral sky ten stories above us shimmered and disappeared for a moment revealing a dismal low hanging grate.

“I would never have thought it wasn’t real.”

“Thinking isn’t your strong point.” Said Seth. What he said was mean, but I had to look at the situation from his point of view, and I understood why he would be frustrated. I didn’t belong.

We entered the “One World Observatory” Center, bypassed the reception desk whose clerk didn’t seem to mind, and walked down identical-looking corridors for a while.

Being so deep inside the Institution made me feel uneasy. I wondered why no one stopped us. People in suits passed us by, sometimes looking at us out of the corner of their eyes, but no one questioned what we were doing.

“Seth, do you know where we’re going?” We had to plant the recorded video, and all I wanted was to do that and leave. The place was getting stranger by the minute. Up ahead was a hall that admitted some sort of greenish glow.

“Of course! We are almost there,” said Seth with a smirk.

“There!” I said, seeing a label on the ceiling with “Communications” and an arrow pointing down the hall. “That’s it,” I said, turning down the hall instinctively. Seth held back for a moment but then turned and followed.

“It has to be one of these doors.” I said.

“Let’s just try one and find out.” He went to a door and dialed a code on the screen, but it didn’t work. “Nope, not it. Let’s go back to the other hall.”

I looked up at the door wishing that it would open like it had when the Creature chased me. I wanted to plant the recording and get out of that terrible building as quick as possible. Then, for some reason, the door opened.

“What did you do!?” Exclaimed Seth.

“I looked up at it. I forgot you told me not to.”

“It shouldn’t have worked, though, only Gen 10’s and higher are allowed in this part of the Institution without access codes, and you aren’t even an Artopian.”

“I used to be an Artopian, I grew up outside the city, but my town was destroyed.”

“You don’t just stop being Artopian. It’s in your DNA, it’s in your eyes, that’s how the doors know who to let in and who to keep out.”

Seth grabbed my hand, and we walked through the door. He hesitantly led me down the hall, looking nervous as he did so.

“This is the room where they keep the morning announcement equipment.” Said Seth, “If my code didn’t work there, it wouldn’t work here. If you’re really a Gen 10, look up at the photoreceptor.” I did, and it opened.

“No way.” Said Seth. He looked around, confused, so I walked into the room, but he stopped me. “No, you wait here. I must deactivate the cameras.” He disappeared into the room.

I wondered how he knew this was the morning announcement room because there were no labels on the door, but I assumed this was for security reasons. Seth appeared again after a few minutes and waved me in. We were in what looked like a mailroom with a bunch of cubbies. Under one was a label that said “morning announcements.” In it was the chip of the video that Jade gave him.

“That’s it. We did it.” Seth confirmed our success, and we finally left the Institution. He walked a bit closer to me this time, though.

## Ch 22: Accepted

**Afternoon of Day 4: 3 Days Remaining**  
**Artopia**  
**Kitty**

“In the morning, all of Artopia will know the truth, and they will finally understand,” I said as we left the Institution.

“How about we celebrate?” Said Seth. The Artopian lights were dimming into a glowing summer evening. I wanted to celebrate, but I knew my job wasn’t over yet. Now that the tape was planted, I was free to do whatever I wanted. I still had to tell the Artopians about the coming of God’s kingdom. That way, after they saw the tape, they would know I was telling the truth and follow me into the wilderness.

“No, I can’t. I must show the Artopians the rainbow light still. Perhaps I can get people’s attention by tight roping between two buildings in the city square. I’ll perform aerial acts and throw pamphlets onto the ground that illustrate God’s kingdom has arrived just as St. Simeon the Stylite did. While looking up at me, people might also see the floating rainbow city.”

I thought about actual prophets from the Bible and the crazy things they did to try to get people to stop sinning, from naming their children funny things to street performances. Isaiah lived half-naked for three years. Ezekiel performed many ridiculous acts of street theater to try and warn the people. He shaved his hair and chopped it up with a sword, made a model of the city and then staged attacks on it. He went on to eat only food cooked over cow manure to show the Israelites what their lives would be like if they didn’t repent. It didn’t work, and his beloved wife died the day the Temple was destroyed.

Seth said, “Well, the city square is right over there, and look! There is a celebration going on. They’re even raising a Ferris wheel.”

We walked over to the Carnival that was quickly being assembled. Vendors and amusement rides were sprouting up everywhere. Giant banners were hung across the street, saying, “Artopia’s victory over the Floridians!”

The city was celebrating some battle won, another random non-Artopian massacre.

“I don’t have time for this. I’d be better off trying to slay the dragon that they claim lives inside the Institution, just like St. George.”

“We can do that later, but right now, let’s go on one of the rides.” I shook my head no, the only ride I saw was the Ferris wheel, but he grabbed my hand and coaxed me towards it.

“I’ll somehow dye the Institution’s municipal water supply so that everyone turning on their faucets in the morning will know how terrible the place they get all their nourishment from is.”

“What was that?” Said Seth, but I jumped when I looked at him, he had a Conditioning helmet on! Before I knew it, he threw one over my head too. Then everything changed.

We were no longer in the city’s square, but on a roller coaster platform. The sky was full of cotton candy-colored clouds and the sunlight painted everything in hues more beautiful than even those in Artopia. Another 12 people stood on the platform with me and Seth.

“Oh Good! Our last two passengers. You made it just in time for a trip down our Voyager! We’ll be headed into outer space today. But wait, it seems like one of our passengers is a little nervous!”

Everyone turned and looked at me. I looked above me and saw a little red frowny face symbol that must have showed my emotions. I also noticed that I looked much more attractive than I did in real life. I looked like a normal Artopian, but even better than normal. So did Seth and all the people. Nobody had any flaws. I could see and hear better than ever too. What was this strange world?”

“Um, I guess I’ve never done this before.” I said, Seth looked upset for a moment, but his icon didn’t turn red like mine did.

“What she means is she has never done this particular ride.” He said.

“Oh, but you’ll love it!” Said one of the onlookers.

“It is one of the best ones”

“Why be nervous? It’s not like you’re in full body or a Conditioning chamber.”

“They’re right.” whispered Seth. “This is just through your headset. It’s an educational model, not a real Conditioning one. The affects you feel won’t be real.”

Everyone was looking at me, they were smiling, so I smiled back.

“Yes ok, sure.” As I said it the little red frowny face above me disappeared.

“Good! Now, on aboard everyone! Since it is your first time on the ride, you two get front seats!” The conductor was talking to me and Seth. Seth smiled and I didn’t protest because I didn’t want everyone’s attention

on me again. We boarded the roller coaster and sat down. I was confused because I knew my body was back at the city square, but Seth grabbed my hand and said it was ok. Somehow, we sat down on the roller coaster too.

Slowly the ride moved.

“In an effort to approve VR, at any point you feel like the experience is not real, please step off the coaster.” Said the conductor.

Step off the coaster? I wondered. What did that mean? This was just VR after all. I looked behind me and saw everyone’s smiling faces and so swallowed my concern.

The coaster rose. Birds flew past us, then a plane, still the coaster kept rising. It didn’t even stop when it hit the ionosphere. Up and up the coaster went. We passed through the clouds, then satellites, the space station. The earth was below us, round like a ball, it was product/planet/propaganda placement at its best, and we kept on ascending anyway.

“We are on a spheroid called earth, spinning 1,000 mph in a complete circle every 24 hours.” The rollercoaster turned and finally descended, but at a tilt, to match the earth’s tilted axis. The effect was nauseating.

“All satellites are essentially constantly falling but never to earth because they are trapped by gravitational forces. We are falling right now, and that is what we call an orbit.”

We fell faster and faster.

“But as we fall at 1,000 mph, we are also revolving around a sun that is traveling an additional 68,000 mph in a Solar System that is speeding across the Milky way at over 500,000mph along with a billion other galaxies and the only thing keeping us all from being flung off into space is gravity which surrounds us in an atmospheric cocoon that keeps all motion in sync with the rapidly spinning rock that we all live upon.”

Faster and faster we fell in looped de loops around the earth, around the sun, around the solar system, we traveled faster and faster and the loops got bigger and bigger as the conductor added more terrifying additions to our place in the great scheme of things.

When we were near the sun, I really felt the sun, it was hot and terrible, when we were near Saturn, I felt its cold rings. I wanted to scream, I was scared and thought I was going to throw up. I kept telling myself it wasn’t real, but everything looked so real. I looked at the conductor and it was like the ride wasn’t affecting him at all. He just smiled and looked right at me.

I remembered he said. “Just step off the coaster if you want.” But when I looked down all I saw was the endless vacuum of space below the

tracts. I couldn't step off into that! I didn't even believe in space as it was being presented. I didn't even believe in a round earth. By staying on the coaster, I felt like I was agreeing with all the science being presented.

That was how he worded it, "Step off if you don't think it's real," I knew he meant real as in a roller coaster, and not real as in scientifically accurate, but I still wasn't having fun anymore. I was too scared to step off. What would happen to me if I did? I wanted to say something... complain at least. I noted that this time despite my fear, no sad emoji appeared above my head.

I looked behind me and saw everyone laughing and enjoying themselves, I knew that I just couldn't complain. I didn't want to spoil the ride for everyone! I didn't want to seem like a coward, or scared of falling, so scared of falling into endless oblivion.

"It's just a simulation." I whispered. But if it was a simulation, how was I sitting here? Why was I feeling so hot, and so cold? Where was my body? What was going on? I defaulted and did what Seth was doing, held on, and lifted my hands at the right times and laughed when I felt butterflies in my stomach because the alternative was succumbing to terror.

"We are just tiny specs in the scheme of things; our decisions and sense of personal accountability are inconsequential. It is survival of the fittest; we must progress and evolve at all costs. There is no morality in the virgin Mary, but there is morality in a material girl living her best life in the material world, which is just one of the millions of dead worlds." Said the Conductor, or something like that at least. I don't really remember as I was doing everything I could to keep from passing out.

At the end of the ride an advertisement flashed before my eyes that made me nearly jump out of my skin.

"This ride was sponsored by Progressive."

And then, finally, the roller coaster stopped. Me and Seth were guided off and then Seth disappeared, everyone else disappeared too, and I was left alone in the amusement park.

"Kitty, what's wrong with you?" Said Seth lifting my helmet off.

"What?" I said, as I stood up, dazed. My legs were wobbly, I just barely made it to a garbage can and puked.

"How was I sitting? Where was I?"

"You were right here the entire time. The headsets have built in chairs that extend out when you want to sit down. They have other similar stimuli built in. They can make you feel like you're in the jungle, a desert, the north pole, or near a waterfall, or falling."

“Oh, so those were the sensations I felt.”

“Yeah.” He laughed, “It’s way more real in the Conditioning Chambers. These head sets are nothing, like putting on a pair of glasses really.” But I couldn’t imagine how they could get any more real.

“How’d they know I was upset? It made me feel so self-conscience.”

“Oh, that was just the daemon.”

“The what?!” I asked.

“The Conductor I mean. He wasn’t real. Every computer ever has daemons, they help it function. In the Metaverse a daemon is like an avatar, but it’s software, not human. Usually, they act like information booths, mods, police, or operators like the conductor. He’s programmed to detect certain misgivings so that social order and flow continue unhindered.”

“I see. You know, you should have asked before putting the helmet on me you know. That was a horrible experience! Plus, none of it was true.”

“That’s ridiculous. People go into the Metaverse every day, that’s how they teach the kids. I thought you could use the experience, and learn a little bit about how the world works.”

“Using an artificial digital world to teach about the real world? Makes no sense to me.”

“If you didn’t like it and thought it wasn’t true, why didn’t you just get off the ride?” Questioned Seth. He was right. social pressure was the hocus-pocus of the hokey-pokey that had enslaved all Artopia.

Seth returned our headsets. Among them were Conditioning Chambers. Above each pod was a label for some new place “China, Malibu, Parallax, Spain, Mars.”

“So, in exchange for having Artopia give you gene splices and changing your DNA you get to visit these places?”

“Not just that, there are thousands of incentives. Not mutating for one.”

They look like coffins.” I said, “And none of those places are real or were destroyed long ago.”

“That’s not true. Being in the Conditioning Chamber is just like being there in real life, even better in a lot of ways.”

I managed to get Seth to follow me to a bench underneath a tree lit with sparkling fairy lights. As the sun set behind a whimsical snowy mountain, holographic snow that didn’t feel cold floated around us. Seth and I sat and watched as the twilight painted Artopia in beautiful warm polygon rainbows.

It was carbon VS silicon, the digital world VS the divine. It felt as if everything was a toymaker's creation, and we were trapped inside his crystal ball. Only a slight glitch of static on the Skydome revealed the illusion. The light was used to deceive here instead of illuminate. Sometimes, you can gain wisdom and understanding when the trees turn a darkish blue but only if you turn your head before the fields catch the light, and becomes a crimson hue.

Things were beautiful in Artopia, but it did not make the ugliness of it any better. I remembered the horrible things done to children in the bowels of the Institution. I remembered how my first friend ever, Farah, was transformed and how the others had suffered. What kind of place is built off the sacrifices of children? Artopia was steeped in blood. Still, how could I convince the Artopians to leave a place so outwardly beautiful in exchange for a dangerous and deadly desert?

"I know all these artificial places can be nice, especially when the real world is so terrible. But, it's not good for people to look away from the world just to concoct their own palaces, cathedrals, Fukushimas, institutional facilities, worlds," I said to Seth. "We trick ourselves into thinking the place we are in is how we are supposed to live. But some of those places are more terrifying than the actual world we inhabit. Really, all we need to know is that there is a kingdom of God, more powerful and more real than all these places combined. That's how we can act like we're living in the kingdom already. Even though our living situation might be hellish, we don't have to let it affect who we are, what we do, and what we believe."

"I've been to the Amazon rainforest, Taj Mahal, and the Garden of Eden through the Metaverse. I've seen the way the horizon and the sky meet at the Grand Canyon every sunrise inside those Conditioning Chambers. I've even seen the beginning of Creation. It was like watching a whole other world spill into ours. Iskandar has created a better heaven than anything ever described in some religious book."

"But in all those places you experienced through the Metaverse, there was still darkness there too. Someday, no matter how small that darkness may appear now, it'll come for you. On the other hand, the kingdom of God doesn't have to be accessed through a Conditioning Chamber. You can carry heaven around like you do spare change or hold it closer to your heart. When you have done whatever it is you are supposed to do and that darkness finally comes at you dressed in sin like a wild thing screaming fate into the night, all that you have to protect you are those things that



gave you virtue and morality; that little piece of heaven you kept in your pocket. These are the fire of the highest realm.”

The Skydome darken, and supplementary lighting appeared above, canopying us with more whimsy fairy lights.

“You know, before, I might have thought you crazy for saying such things, but now that I know you’re a Gen 10, well, I am obliged to take what you with a grain of salt!” Seth laughed and scooted closer to me on the bench. I never met a Gen 10 before. To be honest, I thought you were some sort of degenerate Underground dweller or savage, but I see now I was wrong.”

“Thank you, I guess, but how can you say that about the people at FFZ?”

“I have no choice but to work with them.”

“What do you mean? Of course, you do. They love and respect you. I saw the way they all looked at you when you first brought me there...” I stopped talking because I noticed Seth’s eyes growing red, like he was about to tear up. He looked away.

“Are you ok?” I asked

“Yeah.” He laughed, itching his eyes. “These allergies are terrible.” I nodded my head, but I knew Artopians were engineered not to have allergies. Seth squirmed around and changed the subject. “It’s nice to have friends, especially after the car crash.”

I was curious about how Seth got his injuries and mutations, and I was happy he was finally comfortable enough to tell me. I put my hand on his shoulder.

“I am here for you.” I said, “Tell me about it.”

“Well, I had to go through the whole thing completely alone. It took a couple weeks to recoup in the hospital after all the injuries. None of the pain medication worked. I developed a drug issue while in med school to deal with all the stress. My body has a huge tolerance, but I didn’t have access to what I’d normally use while in the hospital. I didn’t want the nurses knowing that, though, so I never let on to it. It wasn’t the pain that was bad, but the boredom and loneliness. Sure, I had a whole lot of messages online telling me to get better, but no one rushed to be by my side. I wasn’t healthy enough to enter the Metaverse. I saw people all around me dying alone, but they were completely unaware of it because they were so doped up. I thought about how I might be just like one of them one day, in a blissful stupor. It’s kind of like what you said. I don’t want my happiness to come from some hallucination. I’d like someone by my side, you know?”

I gave Seth a hug and nodded. Artopia was the most connected city ever, but those connections were as flimsy as a spider's web.

"I understand, Seth, and you don't have to worry... I have an idea! We could go back into the Institution and sneak pages out of my psalm book and hide them under the food trays for the people who are sick. Then they'll read it and know that they are not alone."

"No, Kitty! Don't start that again!" He got up and grabbed my hand as we walked towards where the music was starting.

"Or we could just burn the Institution down," I said, mostly to myself as the music was so loud now it was hard to hear.

"We can burn it down and then burn it back up again!" He grabbed me, and we danced.

I really had no choice but to follow the changing pace of the music. The multi-colored strobe lights projected colors into the sky, lighting up artificial clouds. The clouds lowered and covered us in tints of pastel. Everything felt like a dream, but we all knew it was real because the radio blasted beside us, setting the beat.

In truth I did want to dance with Seth, and enjoy the music for a moment. I wanted a sign, an omen, that it would be ok to stay. "A sign would be so great" I said in a whispered prayer to God. I had forgotten how our own words are often our downfall. Jacob cursed the love of his life with death through his careless words (Genesis 31:32). He also promised the Lord 10% of everything he earned, although Abraham did so without a promise. Not living up to his end of the bargain, The Lord allowed someone to change their verbal contract with Jacob ten times as spiritual repayment (Genesis 28:20-22, Genesis 31:7).

I was distracted from the dancing by a spark of unnatural color. A glowing, finch like creature flitted in front of us. It did not seem to be a robotic bird or even a real one, but something else. It flew away from the party. I followed it, but Seth put a hand on my shoulder.

"That was a sign, and I should go follow it!"

"It was just a coincidence, just another one of the fairy lights Iskandar uses. Although, in my heart I knew I was granted the sign I asked for, I turned back to the party. That was one of the worst sins I have ever committed. I asked God for a sign just as the people of Judah asked Jeremiah for a sign but willfully disobeyed the verdict, never genuinely intending to follow the instruction, (Jeremiah 42-43 and Ezekiel 7:26-27).

"Tonight, we celebrate Artopia's occupation of the Florida Keys." Said the DJ on a loudspeaker as he played a remixed style of music.

“Florida Keys?” I said to Seth, “that sounds a lot like the Island of Key, doesn’t it? I wasn’t sure what the word Florida meant though, but it sounded familiar.”

Seth wasn’t paying attention. Instead, he put a ruffled collar around my neck and stuck two dark diamonds under my eyes. “Now it looks like you belong here.”

It wasn’t entirely true; it would be impossible to copy the biological and mechanical attachments so easily. He smiled as he twirled me around. He was a good dancer, and it was hard to keep up. Ever since he found out I was gen ten, he was so nice.

For a moment, everything was all new and happy, and we were never to grow older; all was perpetual motion. And it would have been for me too, but I couldn’t stop thinking about the Island of Key. On the Island of Key, music was an extension of the people’s morals and hopes, praise and worship for the ineffable God, solidifying our connection with Him. But the voice coming from the loudspeakers sounded more like a slogan or two I read. Then I remembered the words in a “TV” commercial, but then, no, that wasn’t it. It was the beat of a million marching feet off to war, the sound of sex, or blinded fear and rage for those against its tangible life.

I began to hear the words, and the same words I found myself dancing to suddenly emerged as twisted, hateful. The supremacy of the rhythm of those in power, all else was ignorant, infidel. I heard the word love used for strangers who used words for me like baby, bitch, and money. It was like we were all insignificant, bleated out by the organized chaos. I was just another puppet to the rhythm of supremacy, dancing to its digital down.

“Hammer the nail into the wood.” The music was saying, “But what if the wood, perhaps, was a human being?” I kept dancing not because I relished in the dark forces that made me small but because we all worship power whether we know it or not. Higher the Ferris wheel climbed, higher we climbed. Seth let go of my hands and disappeared into the haze of the crowd. I swirled as the Ferris wheel descended down, down, down.

I looked away for a moment and in the sky was the Rainbow Castle. It appeared through all the lights and colors of the party. I wanted so bad to be consumed by that fire of the rainbow city, the true fire of God that does not destroy, as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were not consumed but saved and redeemed. Truly, one day, the Rainbow Castle would set the world on fire. And yet I was so far away, celebrating some ridiculous Artopian party.

Artopians weren't supposed to be able to see the Rainbow Castle. Still, it was odd how the fireworks seemed to be aimed at the city. The fireworks exploded inside the rainbow ignis fatuus walls, temporarily obscuring the spiraling quartz towers, the golden foundation with bursts of ignited Mercury and Sulfur. The Rainbow City stood unwavering of course, the plumes of fire only obscuring the city's rainbow mirage for a moment. Then I noticed an image on one of the telescreens. It was the Island of Key! The island was destroyed and in flames!

"Seth!" I yelled, "Seth, that is my island! The Florida Keys is the Island of Key!" I yelled out, but he didn't answer me.

I was surrounded by revolving swirling strangers, and I didn't know what to do. I sat down in the middle of the party. I had just been celebrating the destruction of my own home. The Island of Key was in smolders, but I knew that everyone around me, the Artopian city, would be in smolders too in a matter of days. I had used valuable time selfishly, and I had been deceived.

Overcome by despair, I did, amidst tears, the second worse thing I have ever done.

"I don't care what you have to do to me." I yelled, "I don't care how much it hurts, stop being easy on me! Help me show them the truth!" I ripped off the clown collar and called out to God.

"What's wrong with her?" Said an Artopian. As soon as he said it, thick impregnable darkness fell over us.

"Kitty!" Seth yelled, but it was too late. A darkness darker than midnight inside a coffin engulfed me on every side. Eyes opened inside the darkness, dozens of disembodied fearful eyes. I knew it could only be the Erzatseer. Like a barn owl swooping in to carry off a mouse, it swooped down with outstretched talons. Two beautiful white wings encircled the darkness, the angel of death had finally come to take me away, but the talons didn't tear, but instead, clenched me close.

"I have you, Aviarie; it's ok. The Erzatseer will never hurt you."

I looked up into blue eyes, then down and saw the snakes. A hundred slimy blacker than black snakes slithered away into the shadows, deterred by the overawing figure. The large white lion obscured the dark worms with a glistening wing.

"What are you doing here? You are not supposed to ever leave the Institution! Why do you look like such a mess?"

"Erzatseer!" Screamed the people as they ran, but Iskandar did not look scared or concerned. The moment he showed up, the Erzatseer had fled, presumably back to the barren desert, or Neom.

“You are not Aviarie.” Iskandar narrowed his eyes. “Who are you?” He let me go and stood back. Iskandar was the person I had come to Artopia to see. I had to tell him about the Rainbow Castle, but I was rendered speechless by fear, guilt, and confusion. Before I knew it, I was running away. There was a skirmish behind me; two guards apprehended Seth.

“Seth!” I called. A large, terrified crowd blocked my view. When the crowd cleared a bit, I saw two terrifying public safety tigers bounding towards me. I leaped up onto a fire escape and onto the roof of a building just in time to escape them. When a tiger tried to do the same thing, the ladder fell underneath its weight.

I ran over multiple roofs then hid underneath a balcony as tiger silhouettes roamed the street. They were strangely at home with the pavement, neon signs, and musty mist of sewers.

I coiled up under the balcony as best I could. I knew what I had done and Seth had paid the price. I said I would do anything to protect him, although that was before he planted the video, I still ran away like a coward. Now, that video would be broadcasted in the morning, and all Artopia would learn the truth. He saved Artopia, but who would save him? He was Artopia’s best chance, so I determined to do everything I could to rescue him.

I dared to look up into the sky before falling asleep, but couldn’t see the Rainbow Castle. I asked for a sign fool-heartedly, and now I would no longer be given the sign of even the Rainbow Castle.

So many people want a sign and become angry at God for not supernaturally showing them Jesus or heaven or the truth, but who is prepared to take up the call of a prophet? To see such things and then go back to living as nothing has changed must also be one of the greatest sins, and it is merciful to be spared it.

## Ch 23: Initiation

**Morning of Day 5; 2 Days Remaining**  
**Artopia**  
**Kitty**

The early morning telescreen sun awoke me. Soon, I thought, Seth's video would be played, and all Artopia would know the truth. He might have been caught, but his plan was still set to commence. I toppled off the building and into the street. All the mess from the night before was swept away.

There were still a few vendors along the street. I wanted a synthetic hamburger but didn't have a money card implant. I was too tired to try and steal. I took out a shell I picked up on the beach and asked the merchant if he would trade for it. The man looked confused but agreed, a miracle within itself.

I said the blessing, *"Blessed are You, Lord our God, King of the Universe, by Whose word all things came to be."* After eating, I scooped up some water from a fountain. The Skydome broadcasted a calm sunny morning, many people were out enjoying the warm LED screen.

I washed my face with water and some napkins. Up ahead, a crowd gathered under one of the Institution's round telescreens. This was it! They were watching Seth's movie that he and I planted. I ran towards the group, ready to tell them how God would save us all.

"Now they are going to destroy the roof." Said a news anchor through the arachnid eye-like screen. I saw the Friends From Zion sanctuary on the TV. Then a bomb exploded; holographic dust projected into the crowd as a special effect.

Through the dust, I saw that the parking lot orchards, the indoor street markets, and warehouse-style apartments were destroyed. The Artopian army scanned the remains like jackals and buzzards, looking for any survivors. I couldn't see any bodies. I hoped this meant that they all evacuated before it was too late.

Slaves were brought in to do the grunt work of digging through the debris. To my horror, the slaves were Undergrounders themselves. Their distinctive long hair, lack of fur, and less animalistic faces distinguished

them from their Artopian counterparts. They must be Undergrounders taken by Artopia as children or were those who surrendered to Artopia; agreeing to Condition in exchange for food and provisions.

Now, each of them was forced to participate in destroying their past families and friends. They dug into the grown, searching for injured or hiding Undergrounders who would then be killed or taken prisoner by the soldiers.

They had no choice, but they were like mindless zombies, forced to eat the flesh of their loved ones in exchange for protection. I vowed that I would never be like that. I would rather die than serve Artopia and betray my comrades.

“They called this center where they educated and trained terrorists ‘Friends from Zion’, but I assure you they were nobody’s friends. There are still many terrorists hiding in underground buildings like this one. These people are dangerous. Do not leave Artopia for any reason. Stay under the dome.” Said a broadcast woman who grinned despite the carnage.

My mind tumbled; what happened to Seth’s video? They must have used brain-reading technology to get the coordinates of FFZ out of him, and it was all my fault!

The TV flashed its pictures, and then my face appeared. Wanted Reward, said the TV. It also showed a video of me running away with someone’s purse. But I never did that! Somehow, they flawlessly counterfeited my image. People mumbled around me.

“Hey, look!” Said someone as I tried to walk away inconspicuously. “It’s the girl! She’s one of the Undergrounders. She will spread disease to us all!” The people yelled, and some began to chase me.

I knew that if captured, the punishment the civilian Artopians would inflict on me would be worse than if caught by the Institution. The populace was entirely indoctrinated by the lies of the Institution, whereas those who made and spread such propaganda knew it was all rubbish.

I dashed away as quick as I could, and at one point I thought I lost them, I disappeared into a crowd of people who were busily going about their lives and had not seen the wanted posters. I was small enough, so the angry mob did not see where I hid. I followed the flow of the crowd far away from them.

Then something strange happened. Everyone around me stopped moving to look at their phones. All the phones went off at once and said, “Get her!” the people looked at me and knew at once who I was. It was

like hive mind. I ran away from them, but now there were many more people chasing me.

Everyone I passed had their phones, tablets, GPS systems go off and yell, "Get her!" When I tried to rest underneath a street light it began to sound an alarm and flash red colors. I kept running, but wherever I went the CCTV's, the security cameras, peoples GPS's and cell phones, they were all tracking and seeing me, there was no place to hide! I could have sworn a computerized clock laughed as I passed it.

"Kitty! It's ok, just calm down I will get you out of this."

"Seth!" I yelled, I was in full panic mode, breathing hard. I teared up when I heard my friends voice though. "Seth it's you! I am so sorry!" I stammered.

"Calm down, and just listen to me. Run down the road and turn right at Quantum Street, then keep running straight until you see a stoplight. Under it will be a grate. You will be able to move it, just jump into it and I will give you directions from there."

I was half way to the grate before he finished speaking. I never ran so fast. Finally, I made it to the grate and just as Seth said, it opened and I jumped in, tumbling over into the darkness and into a gooey mess. Luckily it wasn't very deep. I closed the grate back up just in time.

"I did it Seth! I'm in, you saved my life!"

"Very good, now keep listening to my directions and I'll lead you someplace safe."

"Ok." I said and I followed his directions as he led me further into the tunnel. The grate I just climbed through vibrated with the feet of those chasing me. They did not figure out I was in the tunnels.

Luckily, the Institution held a massive draining system in its bowls to power the city and rid itself of chemical wastes. I didn't worry so much about losing a limb but growing another due to all the biochemicals.

The drainage system was more like ancient Victorian moats and reservoirs that all castles and cathedrals used to have. Because the Institution used ionosphere technology, it needed a water system to distribute the electromagnetic energy without over-heating. The excess heat kept the city warm despite the cold desert.

The moats were easy enough to navigate as they followed a symmetrical pattern radiating from the city's outskirts and conjugating around the Institution. The geometrics of the moats was essential to enhance the power of the generators and etherize the water. Usually, the water would be boiling hot, but they were only warm for the moment.



“Ahg!” Although the tunnels were magnificent, I still couldn’t help but cry out in disgust at the sticky green sludge covering the ornate walls. I continued to move ahead, wading through the sludge as I followed Seth’s guiding voice. As I walked, I could not stop thinking about FFZ. I wanted so bad to call Jade and see if everything was ok, but didn’t want to lose my connection with Seth.

Artopia made me crave the gritty realism of the Underground. Artopia felt like a constant dream that could turn into a nightmare at any moment. In Artopia everything was fake but people believed in it because they could see it. In the Underground everything was so real, the dirt, the grit, but we believed in what we couldn’t necessarily see.

Sounds emitted from the rusty ceiling of the tunnel, and quickly grew louder.

“Seth! I hear people, I am getting close to something.” I said, but he didn’t answer me. “Seth?” But there was only static. Oh no! Did something happen to him? I thought. I kept following the voices, convinced I would hear him among them.

I finally called Jade.

“Hello?” I could barely hear the response; Jade's voice sounded more like Electronic Voice Phenomena.

“Jade! It’s me, Kitty. Is everything ok? What’s all that screaming and crying?”

“... not enough time, FFZ ... destroyed! Escaped... underground tunnels... Seth?”

“He’s ok, but I don’t know what to do!” Only static answered me. I lost the connection again. My only consolation was that Seth was alive. If I could just get into the Institution, I could use my Gen 10 clearance to find him.

As the voices I followed intensified, I crept my hand up until I found a ladder and climbed. Pushing the manhole out of the way, I emerged underneath bleachers. I was in the Coliseum; it was full of at least eight or ten thousand people.

At first, I was confused, as the building looked like the largest cathedral I ever saw. The heavily ornamented vaulted ceiling stretched the room's length and was supported by multiple flying buttresses. The sides of the Coliseum had the same large bone-like curved columns that the rest of the Institution did, but the arches were not glistening white but burnt grey and rusted.

It resembled a church that had suffered a terrible fire. Nearly every point closest to the arena was either scorched or scared. The bleachers,

the sandy arena, the entire interior was made of one ruddy mineral or another.

I discovered the reason behind the heavily ornamental gothic architecture when I saw the room's skylight at the other end of the stadium. The relatively small skylight was boarded by a huge round glassless rose “window” covering most of the bleak wall behind it. This was a Power Plant.

The rose window was much like those found in churches but much larger and grander. At the center of the glassless window was a cylindrical spyglass. A projection of the sky was displayed in it, the only natural scenery in the church-like Coliseum. The spyglass was what I knew to be the “Oculus,” and the Institution was famous for it.

The Coliseum functioned not just as an entertainment facility but as an Ionosphere power station. Iskandar merged his entertainment center with the equivalent of what could become a giant microwave at any moment.

The interior of the dome roof, the indentations, and intricate patterns in the masonry served as, cavity resonators. I entered the Coliseum and looked for a bathroom. I could clean up and rest a moment, content that Seth and those at FFZ were still alive.

### **Artopia’s Power Supply:**

**References:** Ewaranon Channel on Youtube LHFE “Lost History Of Flat Earth” series

Ewaranon Chat group link: [https://t.me/+D\\_VRvD6rqC9hMjc8](https://t.me/+D_VRvD6rqC9hMjc8)

Artopia’s power came from the Aether, a source of power that Nikola Tesla once tried to harness. The entire structure of the Institution was designed to harvest and generate free, clean, and powerful electromagnetic energy from the Ionosphere as well as provide seating for entertainment. The stars don’t burn fuel, so neither did Artopia. The sun gets its energy from the Aether, and so Artopia harnessed the Aether as a source of free, electric energy.

In a way, Artopia was also powered by their bloody sacrificial form of amusement. It’s not a coincidence that “Coliseums” are also called amphitheaters. Amp is a unit of electric current, and an amplifier is a device that increases a signal, especially microwaves and audio.

Artopia’s nanoparticle replicators needed a tremendous amount of energy to function, but the Aether, the invisible energy of the Ionosphere, can provide unlimited power. The Ethernet cords and ports in Artopia

were literally aether-net ports and powered everything from cell phones, hover cars, to the entire Institution. Although Artopian power was advance, it is archaic compared to the technology that will be found during the Millennial reign of Christ. The only similarity between the two cities is that they both utilize Aether and water as the dominate form of power.

At the top of the Institution and at the peaks of all its triumphal-like arches were pinnacles ornamented by golden Caducei. These golden Caducei served as lightning-rod conductors or antennas that harvested electromagnetic energy 40 miles above the earth from the Ionosphere.

The Ionosphere is an electric atmosphere that is ionized by the sun's electromagnetism. It is an ethereal layer, Aether being the fabric that makes the sun and moon's concentric journey possible. Ether is the mysterious fifth element that connects everything electromagnetically through vibrational energy. Energy could also be collected from the Institution's eight giant arches as they were actually powerful horseshoe electromagnets that could produce magnetic fields.

Once collected by the spires, metal domes called "cupulas" distributed the energy through channels within the Institution to the giant rose window. The rose window acted as a Gladney plate, a device that forms geometric shapes from sound. Music is liquid architecture, and architecture is frozen music.

Because electromagnetic energy can be harvested through vibrational energy, the framed geometric patterns of the rose window acted as cavity resonators that worked the symmetry to produce oscillation or vibrational energy. The electromagnetic energy was harvested from the "stars." Therefore, the glass-less rose window used to harvest that energy was also shaped like a star or the frozen pulsations of one. Symmetrical shapes force energetic particles or ions to vibrate in a constant manner that can be controlled.

The perfect symmetrical ornamentation within the ceiling of the Coliseum further helped carry any leftover or shredded vibrational energies to the rose window. Hypothetically, any screams or noise admitted within the Coliseum would contribute to Artopia's power supply.

The Oculus at the center of the rose window served as a cavity magnetron, a high-powered round cylinder vacuum tube that converted vibrational energy into microwaves. All cavity magnetrons consist of a central heated circular metal chamber in which the current leaves. This chamber is referred to as a cathode, similar to "cathedral." The magnetron

would then beam the microwaves to a central engine called a Toroidal field.

A Toroidal field is an Octagon shaped fusion reactor also called a Tokamak. The Coliseum had its Tokamak in the center of the right side of the room, behind the arena. It was placed in the same spot where a baptismal font would be in old catholic churches and looked just like a baptismal font as well. The Tokamak used thermonuclear fusion to convert the microwave energies into plasma, then used that energy to power the Institution.

Any power left over bubbled out of the Tokamak and flowed down grates in the floor to the underground waterways below, where the power would be distributed to the rest of the city.

The elaborate waterways were designed to resemble the dancing geometry of the sonoluminescent stars, just as the rose window was. Artopia's sewer system was like one giant city-sized stellar dendrite or fern-like snowflake. Once in the sewer, the energy could be manipulated into vibration and electromagnetic energy of specific frequencies by Iskandar and his scientists, specifically by musical instruments.

Iskandar's love of music stemmed from his love of control. He used his instruments, which were connected to loudspeakers deep under the ground, to emit powerful vibrations and frequencies that influenced the area's water supply. The sound altered the molecular structure of the electrified water, which was then used for various purposes, including powering Artopia, and influencing the growth of fruit, vegetables, and higher organisms.

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Finding a bathroom, I cleaned myself up and wrung out my clothes a few times in a sink. Luckily, no one received the emergency broadcast of my face to their cellphones. I dried myself with the hand fan as I was small enough to fit underneath. I then sat down on one of the bleachers of the giant auditorium. The Coliseum was the area of totality for all Artopia's dirtiest deeds, but I decided to stay as I thought of what to do next.

The stage was a large slate slab on the far side of the arena. The arena was oval-shaped and about the size of a football stadium. Behind the stage was the rose window, which stretched to the very height of the ceiling. There were no seats on that side of the Coliseum so everyone could easily see the lens of the Oculus. Two strong diagonal pillars held up the skylight and rose windows like a pyramid. The arrangement made the Oculus look like the Eye of Providence.

The Oculus was broadcasting an image of a clear night sky with the moon beginning to emerge from the outer edge. Around the edge of the Oculus was an electrified ring that further illuminated the image.

Although it was just a sliver of the moon, it was eerie seeing something hovering in the sky that you had never seen there before. The partial obscuring of the moon seemed to be intentional, as if the skylight was a countdown apparatus. I wondered what would happen when the moon reached the center, but I suspected it would represent the height of the energies being harvested from the Ionosphere.

The moonlight projecting on the sands and stones below made everything glow greenish. In the middle of the ceiling, a huge cubed shape TV descended until it was hovering middlemost center of the auditorium. The cube sparkled like a counterfeit New Jerusalem, the Third Temple, a reverse black cube of Mecca. Iskandar appeared on each screen like a four-headed Cherubim as he called everyone to attention. The room became dark; the only light was from the TV and the sliver of the moon.

## Ch 24: Dragons

**Synopsis:** “Rome will exist as long as the Colosseum does; when the Colosseum falls, so will Rome; when Rome falls, so will the world.” -

Venerable Bede



### Midrash #8: The Red Dragon: The Dragon Before Eden

#### Genesis Gap Theory

It is said that before Adam and Eve were given Eden, it and the Ephod (High Priest status) belonged to the Red Dragon (Ezekiel 28:13). Scripture says that the earth was never made to be void (Isaiah 45:18), yet the earth and heavens are described as void in Genesis. This means that the earth was teeming with life before the biblical account in Genesis. Angels existed before humans (Job 38:4, 7).

Scripture describes the satan as a “king” in Eden, ruling before Adam and Eve:

*“You were the signet of perfection...You were in Eden, the garden of God... “You were an anointed guardian cherub...till unrighteousness was found in you. In the abundance of your trade, you were filled with violence in your midst, and you sinned...Your heart was proud because of your beauty...”* (Ezekiel 28:11–19)

God switches from describing the Prince of Tyre just as the Angel Gabriel refers to fallen angels as rulers over nations, and Jesus spoke to Peter while simultaneously the satan (Daniel 10:13, Matthew 16:23).

When the satan sinned, he corrupted nature and those he was given dominium over just as Adam and Eve did. However, life became corrupted on a much larger scale, creating horrifically vicious dinosaur beasts, as seen in the fossil records. Therefore, God destroyed the dragon’s world to stop the cycle of pain and misery that the insanity of sin created. The chaotic sea was the result.

Only 1/7<sup>th</sup> of the Dragons world was water, while today 70% of the world is water.

It is interesting to note that before any other living thing was created, the great sea monsters were created first, right after the sun and moon, which were meant to act as “rulers.” God may have done this because, in the previous world, the Leviathan was indeed the ruler, although he sinned and lost it (Genesis 1:21). The Leviathans world most likely did not have a sun and moon as we know them today, which may be why demonic creatures often appear as shadow creatures. The next animals to be created in Genesis are the birds, which symbolize the angels, for they were created after the Levithan/Red Dragon as lesser rulers in the first world.

According to Oxford Old Testament professor John Day, Leviathan and his battle with God are associated with a re-creation of the earth, with Genesis describing the calming of the chaos caused by the dragon [due to his destruction of the first earth]. The story of creation in Genesis 1 is the demythologized version of the creation story given in bits and pieces in other parts of the Old Testament involving the Leviathan, such as the Psalms.

*“You divided the sea by your might... crushed the heads of Leviathan...you dried up ever-flowing streams. You have established the heavenly lights and the sun... fixed all the boundaries of the earth...”* (Psalms 74:13-23)



### Afternoon of Day 5: 2 Days Remaining

#### The Coliseum

#### Kitty

“Science says primordial man evolved to outwit their dragon-like predator overlords. It is because of these creatures that mankind exists today. The dragon is the symbol of Artopia, for he represents life, thought, progress, civilization, liberty, and Independence. The dragon is a creature that every human society has imagined in myths and legends. The dragon is often depicted as possessing gold and secret knowledge, as a creature who can defeat entire armies, and other times he is shown as a harbinger of wisdom and prosperity.” Said Iskandar.

“Here in the Institution, we have created dragons mixed with ours and the DNA of ancient creatures. These cloned dragons are the combination of things old and things new but perfected and exemplified through Artopian bio-engineering. We will use these Creatures to defeat Armageddon! I present to you, the god of this world, the Leviathan!”

The ground rumbled as if something was digging beneath the Coliseum floor. I watched as the sand fell away into a black inverted cube, which we could not see the bottom of. Out of its shadows, a huge humanoid hand grasped the edge. What pulled itself up was a gigantic white dragon with leathery wings.

The dragon scanned the audience hungrily. Behind him played a video of multiple dragons leading Artopian Space Ships through the galaxy and to paradise planets. The dragon looked up at the “paradise” planets and yawned. Then it fixed its eyes on a group of people and charged toward them. Its teeth opened wide, and the people screamed, but an invisible forcefield stopped the attack. The forcefield was made visible by shots of electricity at moment of impact.

“To protect the audience, we have surrounded the stadium in an indestructible force field.” Said Iskandar, “We have designed the dragon to be vicious for it is this savageness that will make the dragons the perfect weapon against Armageddon. They are programmed to attack ruthlessly and ceaselessly until their goal is obtained. Unlike our other weapons, the dragons can penetrate Armageddon’s forcefields. Armageddon is blocking Artopia from entering space, but once the dragons attack, we will overcome Armageddon’s forces that are keeping us trapped here on earth.”

Everyone in the audience clapped and applauded. They wanted more though, a better demonstration of the dragon’s power. They where use to Iskander’s chimera like Creatures so additional bloody and thrilling demonstrations were necessary to satisfy them.

“To amuse the beast, he will be fed a convict who has been tried and sentenced to death. Our convict is an enemy of the Empire, found guilty of murder, terrorism, pedophilia, theft, unlicensed drug sales, not conditioning, and even espionage. We caught him spying on us for the underground communities and their child trafficking schemes.”

The dragon roared in response to the audience’s hollers. The dragon was no longer a fierce, feral creature, he was now an “avenger for justice” in the eyes of everyone there, for it was he who would put an end to such an evil person.

The audience clapped their approval and chattered excitedly. Artopia’s justice system was a form of entertainment. The audience were the court jesters and the bio-engineered Creatures, the parade of prosecutors.

Rumbling occurred at the farthest edge of the Coliseum. The sand sank away, and an elevator arose out of it. The elevators opened, and



someone was kicked out onto the arena before the elevator closed and descended back into the ground.

I stood up to get a better look at the prisoner; as I did, my whole world came crashing down. The convict was Seth! He wasn't any of the things they claimed him to be. They lied so the people would be keener to see him ripped apart by a bio-engineered dragon! Seth's clothes were torn, and he looked beaten up. *They must have tortured the location of FFZ out of him*, I thought. Now they were going to kill him. I had to help!

"Seth!" I yelled as I ran to the dome. People merely growled as I pushed through. They were too busy cheering in excitement to be bothered.

I got to the dome and hollered and pounded at the glass, but it did nothing. I could not break through to help him. I was just another voice in the crowd, indistinguishable from the thousands of voices screaming for his death.

The dragon saw Seth and hungrily charged. Although bipedal, it ran on all fours, using its muscular front arms to climb the juts of stone protruding out of the arena. Seeing that running away was futile, Seth cast himself into the pit that the dragon crawled out of. The dragon flew into the hole after him.

A loud screech echoed from the chamber, and the dragon reemerged but this time with Seth atop his back. Angered by the hitchhiker, the dragon sent up a plume of dust as it flapped its wings, but Seth held on.

The dragon snapped at him with savage teeth, but Seth avoided them by climbing higher up the dragon's neck. The dragon flared his head and roared a terrible scream. The Creature stopped when it caught sight of what was above it.

The moon was much brighter and bigger. Everyone was looking at the skylight. The rim around it rotated as the moon approached the center. The show had begun with only a liver of the moon showing, the symbol of a new moon, but now the entire full moon was in the Skylight. The way the Skylight presented it though, the Oculus looked more like a white, pupilless eye. Seeing but not seeing. The round orb shimmered different greens, blues, and reds as it reflected the many different gasses caught up in the atmosphere.

The lunar phantasmagoria willed the dragon forward with lower vibrational energies that touched the creature's reptilian heart. The dragon crooned up at the lunar Oculus as if it was not a moon but one of his stolen eggs. What it was seeing was a place a long time ago, a place naturally imprinted into its brain to desire.

An eerie stillness ensued until the beast shattered the quiescence. The dragon lusted for freedom, and now that it had seen the heavens, there wasn't going to be any way to stop it from trying to reach them. The dragon flew to break out of the Institution. It flew to break out of the matrix. It flew to break through the firmament and back into Heaven as the real Dragon urged to do someday, as all Artopia lounged to do. It had not cared about the paradise planets, but it cared about the moon.

"Stop!" Said Iskandar over the loudspeaker. But the dragon didn't hear. There was a problem in its genetic code, and it had become uncontrollable, although it was just a simple clone of the real thing. They should have foreseen the dragon's unpredictable lust for power embedded deep in its DNA.

The dragon landed on the wall, gripping it with his long-curved claws, and cradled the moon with his horns. Seth desperately clung on as he was taken for a ride. There was something about the Coliseum that could reveal the hidden nature of the world.

The dragon's eyes met the lunar eye of the Oculus, and the beast screamed its terrible obsession into the lens. It wanted freedom, it wanted ascension, it wanted the greatest human pleasure imaginable, nearness to God. But this desire was tainted by covetousness as it was in the heart of Cain. With all its brute force, the dragon took a giant bite out of the skylights center.

Where the moon showed have been, out of the shattered glass the dragon dragged out instead, flaring electrical wires. Still, the dragon didn't stop; perhaps it couldn't stop. It continued to tear at the wires as the 10,000 volts of electricity coursed through its blood that only grew hotter with the fury.

Seth stood up and crawled to the dragon's face, whose obsidian eyes met fire and told each other secrets. The way he looked at the sterling wires as they exploded and irrupted into flames that hissed like actual snakes being purged, it was like he was seeing the world for the first time.

A substances chemical property can be revealed by altering its internal qualities through burning, and this is what appeared to happen. Amidst the pandemonium maelstrom of electricity and teeth exploding all around, one of the wires opened a red-eye, slowly uncurled itself, and bared two elongated fangs at Seth.

He and the dragon fell to the ground: teeth, talon, bone, every simmering scale. In a shiny spit of rage, the dragon summoned his fire. This was 3 seconds upon impact. It takes approximately 4.5 seconds for a dragon to breathe fire. In the first second, there is enough time for a veil

to be lifted between two of the dragon's four stomachs. A condensed cloud of hydrogen and a deadly bacterium is mixed in another 1.5. The dragon managed to concoct volcanic lava of flame, but the flame didn't have enough time to leave via mouth before the dragon's jaw meant his brain on a concrete slab of rock. Instead, in a giant explosion, the fire left via everywhere else.

The dragon's limbs and wings were instantly obliterated, its body laid in the middle of the arena, no longer the body of a dragon or even a Wyvern but a giant white worm. The snake-like body violently wrenched around in the sands and then laid still.

A spotlight showed on Iskandar, who flew to the arenas stage. The invisible bubble that surrounded the Coliseum descended back into its vault, and a smell of burnt meat wafted up to us. Iskandar spoke through a floating electrostatic capacitor.

"This dragon was just one of the dozens of artificial dragons that exist inside these walls. As this dragon fought to reach the Heavens, so will Artopia, but we shall succeed. The Institution will not only take Artopia to the stars, we will bring back the moon and stars for those left on earth, as a promise that they too will have a chance to come to paradise with us. However, to be able to live in space, we will have to redefine ourselves. We need to change our genes to become even more powerful, intelligent, and undying." Iskandar held up a needle like it was a victorious sword.

"This is a new vaccine, a vaccine that will give us all the strength we need to reach the heavens. In it is the very DNA of the dragon! Iskandar injected himself with the serum.

"Seth!" I yelled once I noticed him amongst the rubble. I climbed over the side of the stage and fell into the sand and dragon gore. I ran towards Seth, but the sand slowed me down.

"Stupid girl." Said Iskandar as he intercepted me. He grabbed me by the neck and held me up.

"Seth! Wake up. You can't stop now!"

"He's dead," said Iskandar. I tried to scratch him, but when I did, one of my claws fell off. He smirked in amusement. "The radiation poisoning is getting to you. What will be left in another day? In another week?"

I didn't have a week. None of us did. I growled and thrashed around, but Iskandar held me up higher so I couldn't reach him. Behind him, I saw Seth's eyes flicker open.

He smiled, got up, and, before anyone could do anything, pounced. With all his strength, Seth bashed a giant rock into Iskandar's head. He

dropped me as a piece of his skull flew into the air revealing dark brain matter. Iskandar sank to his knees and lay still in the sand.

I was horrified, I looked down and saw I was covered in blood. Security immediately covered Seth in red dot sights. He held his hands up and breathed heavily. For some reason, I remembered how sad he said he was when no one ran to be by his side at the Hospital, and I was glad I ran to his side in the end.

At first, the audience was shocked, but quickly pandemonium began to set in, but everyone was quiet again as dark laughter arose from the sandy floor. Iskandar was still alive, and laughing! Shocked, we watched Iskandar's skull regrow and cover itself back up with skin and hair. His body shivered, and then he stood and addressed his awed audience.

"You see, my people, this serum has made me not only immortal but capable of healing any injury! Take my medicine, and let it change you! You are all here today because you have been specially selected to carry on our interstellar project. Once you take this inoculation, even death will flee from you. Nothing will stand in our way! Take it and become sons and daughters of the Dragon!

Syringes appeared out of cubbies in the back of the Coliseum's seats. After seeing Iskandar's miraculous recovery, everyone eagerly gave themselves quick jabs with the tiny needles. The vaccine reprogrammed their DNA, replacing their code with the Dragon's. Once inseminated with the Devil's seed, the RNA worked in its usual fashion and replicated the new, enhanced strands; one cell at a time, the people were transformed in and out. Their eyes became slits for a moment but then returned to normal.

Turning his attention onto Seth, Iskandar struck faster than either one of us could react. Iskandar slashed Seth's chest open, flew up into the air with him and threw him down hard onto the ground.

"Stay away!" Seth yelled. I stopped and then Seth said barely loud enough for me to hear, "You don't know what I've done, you don't know how much of a coward I've been."

I shook my head. "You're not a coward, you're the bravest person I've ever known."

The people in the audience clapped and cheered for Iskandar. They did not want this 'convict' attacking their glorious king. People in the audience yelled, "Death to the convict!" A celebratory chant arose.

"Death, death, death!" In response, doors in the back of the arena were lifted, and in stepped half-starved sinewy looking lions with eyes that glowed infra-red and fierce.

These were not genetically altered or android lions, nor were they of God's intended design. These lions were completely natural but of a nature that had twisted itself against mankind. God linked nature's fate with the actions of mankind when He gave us dominion over it. But we forgot ourselves, and as man became more depraved, so did nature become more savage.

What was left of the dragon's burnt skull caught the light and his horns shadowed the magnitude of the Coliseum's wall. Smoke from the dragon's fire lingered like the perpetual dust of a battle that was tentative never to end. However, to the people, it was something un-descriptively, resoundingly new echoing off the hollow-like walls of the Coliseum.

The lions attacked just as they have since the fall and what they will continue to do until the world is at last redeemed. One of the lions batted me away, scratching my arm, but then left to be with the others. I got off the ground, I was sore and bruised, and Seth was gone. I looked up at the cheering crowds in disgust.

"don't you see" I cried out to them, holding my bleeding arm. "He was going to save all of you!"

Another one of the lions lifted its shaggy head towards me. His eyes glowed with wild iridescent hunger. It wasn't natural for a lion to want to eat a human, but we had grown far from the commandments, and like angry subjects, the lions had developed a taste for human flesh.

The brutality that occurred in the arena was an affront to nature, mankind, and to God. The lion pounced; bloody jaws opened wide. I closed my eyes, and when nothing happened, I looked and saw the lion floating above me, its legs kicking. Iskandar threw the animal away like a rag doll.

"Seth didn't deserve this!" I said, I did not care if I lived or died.

"This is what Artopia does to those who break our laws!" Said Iskandar as the crowd cheered. I turned to them, astounded by the absurdity of it.

"Seth was your only chance; he wasn't anything Iskandar is claiming he was. He was a good person." I broke down crying, overcome by grief. Those like them had once tried to kill me for trying to save them too.

Iskandar moved closer, "Artopia has the power of life and death."

This seemed just so wrong to me. Death was wrong. It felt unnatural, terrible, and unfair.

"No!" I said, close and loud enough to Iskandar so that my words were amplified by his microphone. "I have come here to tell you that death will be defeated! God has come to destroy death forever! We must

all leave this place and meet God in the desert before it is too late! Just follow me into the desert, and I'll show you the secrets hidden there!"

"Follow you out into the desert?" Laughed Iskandar, "It sounds like you want to lead us to our deaths! What 'secrets' will we find there, besides ravenous beasts or Undergrounders who want to destroy us?"

Everything was quiet. I couldn't see the audience, for the bleachers were in darkness. All the light was on me and Iskandar, and so I gave them my opus magnum.

"We must follow the commandments of God! You have not outlawed the Bible, but you have perverted its meaning! You have desecrated it and God's Sabbath by perverting his signs and making a mockery of His grace. The Law is not dead. You say it doesn't matter what we eat, but you sin even greater than this by implanting yourselves with devices and brain-altering pharmaceutical drugs. You have perverted God's love by twisting it to encourage promiscuity and sensuality. You even publicly shame and condemn those who wish to live morally! You discriminate against people like Seth who want to be productive members of society and learn a trade or go to college. Just because someone has, what you call a "disease," you bar them from receiving degrees, from working, and from being able to provide for themselves. Because of that, soon, no longer will there be any more Artopian tradesmen! Soon, all your schools and hospitals will be destroyed, for they make more people ignorant and harm more people than they help! You sin against God and His people, but you sin even worse against each other! There is no loyalty here in Artopia. At a moment's notice, you betray one another, spread gossip about your friends, and sell your own parents out for the smallest infringement against the Empire. The darkness that the Institution worships is a violation of God's brightness and glory. Anyone who understands, please, just leave this city, for, in a few days, it will be destroyed!"

There was a pause, then a burst of laughter. The lights over the audience were turned on, and I could see the newly transformed faces of the crowd, somehow more savage and reptilian than before. The injection they gave themselves had begun to take effect. Their teeth clenched in mocking grins, and their gestures showed a predatory superiority. These people would never listen to anything about the rainbow light, and especially nothing from me!

"My dear, Artopia is set to take over the heavens, and you want us to go crawling into the desert? Only a deliberate colluder sent to sabotage us would say such things as you."

“I am not your enemy; I have come to help! Just leave this city for one day!” But the people laughed even harder than before. “Just come out with me for one hour! Just one hour and I will show you!”

“There isn’t anything you can show us that we don’t know already.” Said Iskandar. “We are geniuses, while the Undergrounder sub-humans all have the IQ of pre-genetically altered people! What could they possibly teach us?”

Here it was then, a false sense of pride, the like of which was Seth’s downfall.

“What is being intelligent when all that you ‘know’ is wrong?”

The people stopped laughing when I said this and booed. A scientist walked over and dragged me away.

“Wait, no, I’m sorry, just please listen to me, your lives depend on it!” but it was too late.

Iskandar turned to the audience. “You see this girl? She looks human, but I tell you, she is an alien sent from Armageddon to infiltrate our defenses. She seems harmless now, but look-a-likes like this will kill you in your sleep. Be aware of your neighbors and friends and report any strange anti-Artopian behaviors right away, for they just may be doppelganger clones. Behold, I reveal to you that its biology is not like our own but alien and horrible. Someone wheeled a flat-screen device towards us.

“But there is nothing unusual about me!” Without the microphone, my voice was lost in the murmuring crowds.

The X-ray machine configured and scanned, and projected the photos it took on the giant four-sided TV above us. My bones in places glowed as if radioactive. Numerous microchip devices appeared in joints, along with barcodes and brand tattoos. “This is all a trick!”

“The evil alien forces of Armageddon are sending Monsters disguised as humans to infiltrate our defenses! They are scared and sending spies because they know we are winning!”

The people in the audience gasped. Iskandar smiled to himself in righteous indignation.

“Turn any suspicious people into the Institution if they begin to doubt us; it means they have been corrupted and are extremely dangerous!”

The crowd cheered and shouted, “Kill the alien!” “Pod people” and people's names that they thought were aliens.

Everything and everyone became consumed in pandemonium. People were dragged from the bleachers and thrown into chains and taken away as they were convicted of thought crimes by their families and friends.

Other people grew horns or elongated fangs as the effects of the serum they injected themselves climaxed. People jumped over onto the coliseum floor so to eat pieces of the venerated dragon flesh in an attempt to harness its power.

Reaching its climax of Ionosphere energies, the baptismal font "Tokamak" gurgled and spluttered excess plasma like an overheated pot of sludge. Everything and everyone were boiling over mad, and to Artopian standards, in perfect order.

A Helicopter landed in front of us. I was tied to a surgical gurney, and we took off and flew out of the building through a tunnel of the Coliseum. The last I heard was the people passionately singing along to some band's rendition of "Hallelujah" as it played over the speakers. It was a song that glorified the defamation and fall of one of God's chosen.



## Ch 25: What the Dragon Saw on the Moon

**Synopsis:** An alternative explanation for the moon and its purpose according to the book of Enoch. Warning, this chapter will offend many people.

### **The Moon from a Biblical viewpoint:**

*After* the creation of the earth (Genesis 1:3-16), the moon and sun began as giant balls of plasma, consolidating themselves from the energies of the Exosphere and conglomerating into a solid form. The sun and moon are the same size, but the moon is the dielectric, negative polarity to the sun's positive charge.

As the moon formed, emulsions outgassed and bubbled up to the surface, resembling craters. Then, another image appeared over the "craters." Plasma reflects X-rays, and so, like silver on a photographic film, a negative impression of the earth burned like dark shadows into the moon at its creation. The moon was high enough in the sky that the entire earth was superimposed on it, the land becoming the dark spots, and the water, where the light was reflected, remained white.

Before the moon had finished forming, another image overlaid itself over the polaroid of the earth. That image was of the firmament above us. The firmament's outline, the stars beyond, and the apex of the firmament, incorrectly known as the "Tycho crater," were permanently etched into the moon's surface a moment after its creation. There is no "outer space." There is only water below (on the earth) and waters above, that is, water above a hard glass like firmament that surrounds this earth like a dome (Genesis 1:6-8).

The moon is a masterpiece of distorted perspective, a plasma embodiment of as above so below. A great architect will always have a blueprint of his design. The earth's superimposed image on the moon is the blueprint of the creator. Etched on the moon is a picture of the earth in its original paradisiacal glory, before the fall of mankind, the sin in the

garden of Eden that caused the freezing over of the greater realm and the great ice shelf that bars us off from the rest of the world.

The moon is a paradoxical phenomenon at once, a volatile luminary of plasma that waxes and wanes in its luminosity and simultaneously a steadfast image captured at the creation of time that has never changed. Although the moon grows dark, as our world has from the effects of sin, what the moon shows us is that what has been hidden or lost can be made whole again. Someday our earth will return to its paradisaical glory.

The composite image on the moon, which appears to be of craters and dark spots, is a composite x-ray photograph of our greater realm. It is a photograph of paradise, the Garden of Eden, Hyperborea, and the lush tropical lands of the greater realm; before they were encased in ice. The moon is actually a black and white photo of the earth before God concealed the “hidden light.”

The “hidden light” is the light that existed on earth before the creation of the sun, as God specified in Genesis that vegetation grew on earth *before* the creation of the sun and moon (Genesis 1:11-13). It doesn’t make sense for God to create the earth, and all its vegetation existing in perfect homeostasis, just to then fling it into outer space.

Science says that whales [code for Leviathan] and birds [code for angels] were the last to evolve, but God specifies that these animals were the first to exist, created on the fifth day, whereas all the other animals [and mankind] were created on the sixth. The creation order of the animals reveals deeper spiritual truths such as the Genesis Gap theory.

According to the theory, before Adam and Eve, the Leviathan and angels held dominion over this world and the greater realm. The Dragon was their leader and his kingdom was grand beyond imagination, brimming with giant creatures, riches, and advanced technology. But the Dragon lost its kingdom because it wanted more. The Dragon wanted the heavens too, and this desire, greed and pride led to its destruction.

Demonic forces do not use their creativity to come up with new things, instead, they prefer to distort and twist the things of God. These creatures will try to convince us of the exact opposite of the truth. Whereas scripture says that there are many more angels than demons (Revelation 12:4), so called “science” claims that there are many more “planets” i.e., wandering stars, than there are stars. This is not the case. In addition to this scripture says that the earth does not move Psalm 104:5-6, Enoch 18:1–5 calls the sun a “disc” and says that it is the sun that moves, not the earth.

### **The Moon Shows Us That the Earth Is Not What It Seems:**

According to the book of Enoch, the known world is only a quarter of the actual world.

*“They called the first quarter eastern because it is the first, and they call the second the south because there the Most High descends, and there especially the one who is blessed forever descends. And the western quarter is called waning because there all the lights of Heaven wane and go down. And the fourth quarter, named the north, is divided into three parts. And the first of them is the dwelling place for men; and the second contains seas of water, and the deeps, and the forests, and rivers, and darkness and mist; and the third part contains the Garden of Righteousness.”* (Enoch 77:1-3)

Since the fall of man in the Garden of Eden, the first, second, and third quarters of the earth have been covered in thick snow, ice, and darkness.

*“And I saw all the great rivers, and I reached the Great Darkness, and went where all flesh walks. And I saw the Mountains of the Darkness of Winter and the place where the water of all the deeps pours out. And I saw the mouths of all the rivers of the earth, and the mouth of the deep.”* (Enoch 17:6-8)

A visual diagram of the known earth and the greater realm is included at the end of this chapter.

The Sun and Moon use to function in synchronicity with each other, creating a perfect calendar system without the need for leap years etc, but Noah’s flood disrupted their orbits. Ever since the flood, the sun wobbles instead of following a clean 90 degrees. *“After the fall of man, God asked his angels to turn the “sun’s axle” oblique “(Book X of Paradise Lost)*

When Messiah returns, he will fix the suns axle and the lunar calendar will become in sync with the solar calendar.

### **The Moon and Gods Sabbath/High Sabbaths (Festivals):**

*“He made the moon also, to serve in its season to mark the times and to be an everlasting sign. From the moon comes the sign for feast days, a light that wanes when it has reached the full. The month is named for the moon, increasing marvelously in its phases, an instrument of the hosts on high shining forth in the firmament of heaven.”* (Sirach 43:6-8)

*Blow the trumpet at the new moon [Rosh Chodesh; the Lunar Sabbath (Ezekiel 46:1-3)] at the full moon, on our feast day. For it is a statute for Israel, a rule of the God of Jacob. He made it a decree in Joseph when he went out over the land of Egypt. [Passover & Tabernacles]”* (Psalm 81:3-5)

The prophesies of the blood moons are essentially prophesying of an attempt to eclipse Gods festivals (Joel 2:31, Acts 2:20, Revelation 6:12).

God uses the moon to mark His Festivals, for the moon literally contains an image of the earth in its paradisaical glory. The Festivals prophesize the eventual recreation of this paradise world, where we will once again live with God as Adam and Eve dwelled with Him.

Like Rosh Chodesh (the new moon ceremonies, i.e., Lunar Shabbat), the weekly Jewish Shabat also represents a time when mankind lived in paradisaical glory. It commemorates the original seventh day on which God rested after completing the creation.

In the words of the Lubavitcher Rebbe:

“Which is why we are so heartened by Rosh Chodesh, the monthly semi-holiday that celebrates the birth of the new moon. Before the new month is born, the moon completely disappears from our view, emitting not an iota of light. But that eclipse is followed by the moon's rebirth, reminding us that we, likewise, are destined to be renewed like her with the coming of Messiah...”

The concept of renewal, and the symbolism it carries, is so integral to the lunar calendar that the Jewish month is called a Chodesh, which is etymologically rooted in the Hebrew word chiddush, renewal. Israel's first commandment after leaving Egypt was to keep such a lunar calendar (Exodus 12:2).

The Redemption that the return of Jesus will bring to this world is compared to the moon's renewal. However, after the Millennial Reign, in the New Earth and Heavens, the state of perfection that the world will reach at that time will surpass even the perfection that prevails during the Millennial Reign. Therefore, the coming of the New Earth and Heavens is compared to not just the rebirth that we see monthly but the moon's actual birth when it was created. When the earth was created, it was much brighter than it is now.

This idea is expressed in the blessing for the new moon, wherein Jews pray for the day when “the light of the moon will be as the light of the sun... as it was before it was diminished.”

Initially, God created both luminaries – the sun and moon – with equal luminescence. Only after its creation was the moon's light drastically decreased (Talmud, Chulin 60b). As the Torah says:

*“And God created the two great luminaries.”* (Genesis 1:16).

The sun is not as large as they say it is, and we do not revolve around it. God even stopped the movement of the sun and moon for a entire day once (Joshua 10:12-15).

Concerning the moon and Messiah, both are intimately connected. Every year, on the first of Nissan (Exodus 12:2), the moon begins to wax. As the days continue, the moon's luminosity increases until the 14th day, when the moon becomes full.

Likewise, the moon prophesizes of Jesus. Matthew's genealogy traces the ancestors of the father of Jesus, beginning with Abraham. Matthew divides the genealogy into three groups of 14 generations, separated by critical historical points (Matthew 1:17). From Abraham to David are fourteen generations, from David until the captivity in Babylon are fourteen generations, from exile to Jesus is 14 generations. 14 is how many lambs are sacrificed at the Feast of Tabernacles.

In the future New Earth, the moon will be as the light of the sun (Isaiah 30:26) because there will be revealed a level above both, recipients of one single Crown, the source, for both the sun and moon. This Light is the Light of God.

*"The city [The capital of the New Earth] does not need the sun or the moon to shine on it, for the glory of God gives it light, and the Lamb is its lamp."* (Revelation 21:23, Isaiah 60:19-21)

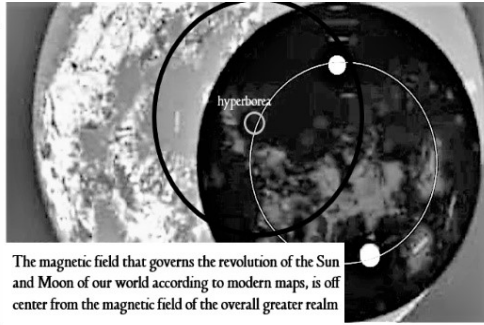
Of those born again in the Spirit:

*"His offspring shall endure [live] forever [in the New Earth and Heavens] ... Like the moon it shall be established forever, a faithful witness in the skies."* (Psalm 89:36-37)

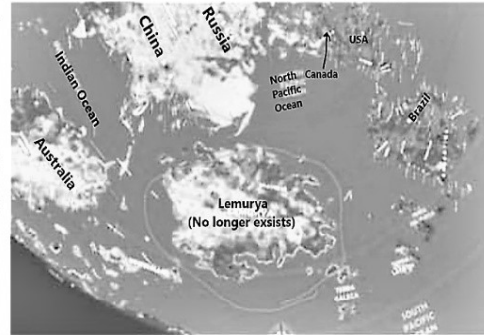
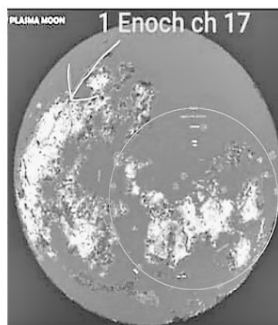
The moon is in the constellation Leo more than any other constellation, and not just anywhere in Leo, but in its heart. As previously explained, all the constellation are representations of Gods festivals. Leo, is the Lion of Judah, the true Lion of Judah being Jesus. The moon represents Israel, and it being in Leo is a sign in the heavens of God's love for His people, Jewish, Christian, and Islamic alike. What the Dragon saw on the moon in the previous chapter was holiness; the true light of God. This light is the single most precious commodity since the beginning of creation. Cain killed for it, Nimrod fabricated it, and the Dragon will someday die in an attempt to steal it. There is only one way to gain holiness, and that is by following the commandments of God.



Silver nitrate is essential in photography. It is also known as lunar caustic because silver was called luna by alchemists who associated silver with the moon



The magnetic field that governs the revolution of the Sun and Moon of our world according to modern maps, is off center from the magnetic field of the overall greater realm



“And the fourth quarter, named the north, is divided into three parts. And the first of them is the dwelling place for men; and the second contains seas of water, and the deeps, and the forests, and rivers, and darkness and mist; and the third part contains the Garden of Righteousness.” (Enoch 77:3) i.e Hyperborea: the north pole of the greater realm

“I saw the great rivers and came to the great river and to the great darkness, and went to the place where no flesh walks. I saw the mountains of the darkness of winter” (Enoch 17:6-8)



Planet: A smaller subsection or fraction of a much larger plane

The flat Earth on the plasma Moon: plasma reflects X-rays, and so like silver on a photographic film, a negative image of the Earth burned like dark shadows into the moon at its creation. Before the moon had finished forming, another image superimposed itself over the polaroid of the Earth. That image was of the firmament above us. The firmaments outline, the stars beyond, and the apex of the firmament, incorrectly known as the “Tycho crater,” were permanently etched into the moon’s surface a moment after its creation. The moon is a masterpiece of distorted perspective, a plasma embodiment of as above so below. A great architect will always have a blueprint of his design. The earth image on the moon is the blueprint of the creator. It is the map of the Earth in its original paradisiacal glory; before the fall of mankind and the freezing over of the great ice shelf that barred us off from the rest of the Earth.

**Note from the Author**

The following chapter may be very controversial as is much of this story. I grew up Christian, although I am Jewish through my mom. I left my church, and I now live a completely Orthodox Jewish lifestyle despite maintaining my faith in Jesus. I believe there is a difference between being a “Christian” and being “Christ-like.” I can no longer attend church, for most churches speak poorly about God's Law. I do not distinguish Jesus from the Law. I feel more comfortable worshiping at Jewish Temples where Jesus, nor God’s Law, is ridiculed.

I do not believe living an orthodox life is a requirement for salvation, and no Jewish person believes that either. We understand that everyone comes short of the Law and that we are saved by grace through faith in God.

While I attended church, I was always left starving for God’s Festivals. The churches I attended strongly discouraged them. I would celebrate them alone, but when I began to work with my church more, I would create events to celebrate them together. Another thing I felt lacking in the church was comradery, and so I would try to bring people together for events; this is how the website “FriendsfromZion.com” was started.

However, when it was discovered what I was doing, I got in trouble and was called a Judaizer and kicked out of the conjugation.

I lost all my friends as most worked at the church or were closely connected to it. I was also deathly ill when this occurred, and at my lowest physically and emotionally. I could have spoken up for myself, I believed it was my knowledge of certain corrupt practices in the church that was the real reason why I was kicked out. However, I knew that reciprocating was exactly what the devil would have wanted. Revealing what I knew would inadvertently hurt innocent people, and not really help anyone.

Instead, I started doing a 50 day of prayer challenge with a friend. A prayer challenge is where you pray for the same thing every day with a partner. Because what I experienced in the church was disturbing, my prayer was that the church be strengthened. My friend’s prayer was for guidance with a giant 50 Acre land purchase. 50 is a very prophetic number, the number for a Jubilee.

After recovering from my illness, on the 3rd day of the prayer, I had an intense revelation that I had to be baptized by the Feast of Trumpets. I contacted over 20 churches and explained this to find one to baptize me in time. The churches were confused about why the Feast was important to me since it was from the Old Testament. I feel like God was using the



opportunity to have me explain the Feast and how important all the Feasts are to the churches. I hadn't realized it at the time, but God was already using my prayer to strengthen the church. Luckily, I found a church that baptized me by Trumpets.

An amazing coincidence was that, on the day my friend was supposed to close on his land turned out to be the 8th and final day of Tabernacles. However, something happened and he couldn't close. He was given just one other date, and the date he ended up closing on was the 1st day of Hannukah. Tabernacles and Hannukah are mirror holidays. I saw this as God connecting my prayer to strengthen the church to my friend's prayer for his land purchase. God had not done so just once, but twice!

On the first night of Hannukah, after closing on his land, my friend had a church party to celebrate. At the party, I talked to the congregation about the importance of God's Festivals and how they connect to the End Days. God was giving me opportunities to tell churches that the Festivals are important, that all the Old Testament is important.

My friend's land is now being turned into a self-sustaining farm, able to feed people, possibly, even during the Tribulation. God answered my prayer and showed me how the church can grow stronger.

God, too, led me to a community that I can truly call my family. In only a few months I went from celebrating the Festivals alone to joyfully celebrating them with hundreds of the best people I could ever have imagined, all who believe in the same things I do. I had no idea that one of the world's largest Jewish congregations was in my backyard.

Another thing I began to do was buy all my food from Kosher stores or privately owned business. I think this is a good practice for all people to do, even if you are not religious. I feel like I am much healthier now, and I feel good knowing that my money isn't being wasted at a soulless corporation.

Some Churches will tell you that it doesn't matter what you do if you say a particular Bible scripture aloud. This is not true, and God has showed this to me in many ways. Therefore, I have included the following chapter. Although not part of the story, I like to think that because of her Jewish background, if given enough time, Kitty might have conveyed something similar to the Artopians.

## Ch 26: Keep the Commandments

**Synopsis:** **1.** God's Law, **2.** God's Relationship and Expectations of Us Today are the Same as Those in the Old Testament, **3.** Jesus is the 613 Laws of the Torah

### 1. God's Law

#### 1. A. Once Saved Always Saved

Judaism has the tradition that there are 613 commandments (mitzvot) in the Torah; 248 Positive commandments (do's) and 365 negative Commandments (do not's). The 248 positive commandments are for one's 248 limbs, and the 365 negative commandments are for one's 365 sinews.

The attack on the Jewish people in the end days will be violent and quick (Zechariah 13:8, Revelation 12:6). In contrast to this, the attack on Christians is mostly covert, cultural appropriation that is decimating much of the church, and an empty, worthless religion is the result. Many "Artopians" have a concept of God and the Bible, but they do not follow His teachings or Laws. Do not be deceived by the doctrines of demons who say the commandments are done away with. Some preachers claim "once saved always saved," aka "OSAS," but this goes grossly against scripture. There is no verse in the Bible that says a mental assent alone will keep you in righteousness. In Hebrew, "faith" is a verb, an action word.

Scripture says "should be, maybe, or might be saved," but enduring to the end is a condition for salvation.

*"You will be hated by all because of My name, but it is the one who has endured to the end who will be saved."* (Matt.10:22, 1Cor.15:1-2, Col.1:22-23, 1Pt.1:9, Rom.11:20:22, Heb.3:6-19, Matt.7:13-14)

Jesus will not persevere for us. You will be saved but only "if you."

*“Now I make known to you, brethren, the gospel...by which also you are saved, if you hold fast the word [all of it] which I preached to you, unless you **believed in vain**” (1Cor.15:1-2)*

*“And by this we know that we have come to know him, **if we keep his commandments**. Whoever says ‘I know him’ but does not keep his commandments is a liar, and the truth is not in him...” (1 John 2:3-5)*

The simple truth is that:

*“If we go on sinning deliberately after receiving the knowledge of the truth, there no longer remains a sacrifice for sins, but a fearful expectation of judgment, and a fury of fire that will consume the adversaries. Anyone who has set aside the law of Moses dies without mercy on the evidence of two or three witnesses. How much worse punishment, do you think, will be deserved by the one who has trampled underfoot the Son of God, and has profaned the blood of the covenant by which he was sanctified, and has outraged the Spirit of grace?” (Hebrews 10:26-27)*

God wants us to try and follow His Law because He knows it’s difficult and sometimes impossible to follow it, but this is the entire point. The Law acts as a mirror and reveals how dirty we are. If you committed an illegal act and hurt someone, repentance means turning yourself in and paying restitution. There is no point in wondering if you have been forgiven if you’re still sinning and no point wallowing in self-pity if you have turned your life around. Judaism has a term called “Tikkun Olam,” which means “repairing the world,” which is what we’re meant to do. False teaching is dangerous, it can destroy even angels.

*“...the prophet who teaches lies is the tail” (Isaiah 9:15)*

*“His tail swept down a third of the stars of heaven” (Revelation 12:4)*

## 1. B. Which Commandments?

One of the greatest commandments that a Christian must follow is to:

*“Love thy neighbor as yourself” (Leviticus 19:18).* However, we are told that a greater commandment is to:

*“Love God above all else” (Mark 12:30-31)*

Then we are told that we also have a “great command” which is to:

*“Make disciples of and baptize all nations in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit” (Matthew 28:16-20)*

Then we are later told that Christians must follow three great commandments, which are:

*“Write to them [Gentile Christians] to abstain from the things polluted by idols, and from sexual immorality, and from what has been strangled, and from blood.” (Acts 15:20, Leviticus 17-18)*

All these commandments can be rolled up into one thing: do the will of God to the best of your ability and the key to do this is to trust in God with all your heart. Paul's three commandments for the church include

1. don't worship idols,
2. don't commit sexual immorality, and
3. don't eat an animal not killed humanly (Acts 15:19-20).

These three commandments build the foundation of

1. kindness to ourselves,
2. kindness to others, and
3. kindness to animals.

We need to master these three to follow all the others that apply to us currently (Hebrews 13:4, Galatians 5:19-21, 1 Thessalonians 4:3-5, 1 Corinthians 5:1, 6:18-20, 7:2, 7:8-9).

**The Three Carnal Sins:** Secular society wants you to believe that all sins are equal, but this is not true. According to the scriptures, there are three deadly sins. These sins are **1.** idolatry, **2.** murder, and **3.** sexual immorality (such as adultery, incest, and homosexuality).

We are obligated to allow our lives to be sacrificed rather than transgress these sins. (Deuteronomy 6:5, Talmud - Yoma 82a, Sanhedrin 74a, Deuteronomy 22:26, Talmud - Yoma 82a).

Worshiping God in a way that he does not specify is also idolatry (Leviticus 17:1-9).

### **1. C. People from the Old Testament are Judged the same as those in the New**

Some will try to convince Christians that the Old Testament must be thrown out and ignored because the people in the Old Testament did not have grace or the Holy Spirit. This is a lie, for two things are true

1. Christ was crucified *"from the foundation of the world."* (Revelations 13:8). Although he was crucified amid human history, his sacrifice was retroactive.
2. *"For I the Lord do not change."* (Malachi. 3:6). God deals with us today the same way he dealt with people in the past and has the same expectations.

The people of the Old Testament had the same grace, mercy, and Holy Spirit that we do today. We ought to read the books of the prophets and see God's response to sin, for this is the same response God will give us.

In fact, Jesus said God could be harder on us because we are grafted in and not of the natural branch (Romans 11:21, Hebrews 10:26-31). It is true that works cannot get you into Heaven, as salvation is a gift, but bad works can send a person to hell.

### 1. D. Many Who Claim to Know Jesus Will be Sent Away

Jesus will turn away workers of lawlessness.

*"Not everyone who says to me, 'Lord, Lord,' will enter the kingdom of heaven, but the one who does the will of my Father who is in heaven. On that day [the Day of Judgment] many will say to me, 'Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy in your name, and cast out demons in your name, and do many mighty works in your name?' And then will I declare to them, 'I never knew you; depart from me, you workers of lawlessness...'"* (Matthew 7:21-25 and Psalm 119, Luke 6:46-49)

These Christians who are sent away do not deny the existence of Jesus. They do not deny the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus. They deny Him the right to be their Lord and Master. The book of Revelations stresses the importance of keeping the commandments in the End Days:

*"...keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus."* (Revelation 14:12)

*"... do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."* (Revelation 22:14)

### 1. E. God Disdains Those Who Forsake His Word

*"God detests the prayers of a person who ignores the law."* (Proverbs 28:9 and Revelation 3:16)

Forgiveness is not through saying some magic words. Forgiveness is granted through repentance, forsaking one's sin, and making amends. An authentic religious experience is not some meditative, ethereal experience; it's about being firmly rooted in this world to make the world a better place. This is how we imitate the Lord (Titus 2:14, 1Cor.15:58, Heb.10:24, Mat.25, 2Cor.7:10).

Zacchaeus didn't say to Christ, "I'll keep my finances right from now on." he said, "I'm going to pay back everybody I've defrauded -with interest so that nobody loses by me" and only then did Jesus say, *"Today salvation has come to this house"* (Luke 19:8)

Scripture often states the importance of paying people back if you have sinned against them (Exodus 22:1-4, Leviticus 6:5, Numbers 5:7, 2 Samuel 12:6, 1 Samuel 12:3).

Going to some preacher and confessing your sins, or even going to God and repenting, is not a substitute for making amends with the one you actually frauded.

*“Leave your sacrifice there at the altar. Go and be reconciled to that person. Then come and offer your sacrifice to God.”* (Matthew 5:23-24. Malachi 2:13-15)

### **1. F. Knowledge of the Gospel can Condemn Just as it Saves.**

*“...It would have been better for them never to have known the way of righteousness than after knowing it to turn back from the holy commandment delivered to them”* (2Pt.2:21)

Jesus Christ did not come to bring peace but division (Luke 12:51).

*“If I had not come and spoken to them, they would not have been guilty of sin, but now they have no excuse for their sin.”* (John 15:22)

God uses the heretics to test us to see if we love him.

*“For certain people have crept in unnoticed who long ago were designated for this condemnation, ungodly people, who pervert the grace of our God into sensuality...”* (Jude 1:4, Romans 16:18)

*“Whoever believes in the Son has eternal life; whoever does not obey the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God remains on him.”* (John 3:16-36)

It is not possible to love Jesus without loving the Law (Jn.14:15-25, Jn.12:48, Lk.6:46-49). The Alphabet Psalms expresses this.

### **1. G. What God Thinks About People Who “Whitewash Sin”**

In the scriptures, God alliterated His anger for people who “whitewash” sin. The people who test and take advantage of the Lord’s grace.

*“They have misled my people, saying, ‘Peace,’ when there is no peace, and because, when the people build a wall [sin] these prophets smear it with whitewash...when it [the wall] falls, you shall perish in the midst of it... But if you warn the righteous person not to sin, and he does not sin, he shall surely live, because he took warning. And you will have delivered your soul.”* (Ezekiel 13:3, 8-10-12, 14-15)

Many people deceive themselves by claiming to be saved when they may not be.

*“For if anyone thinks he is something, when he is nothing, he deceives himself”* (Galatians 6:3, James 1:22, 1 John 3:7-10)

*“Do not be deceived... For the one who sows to his own flesh will from the flesh reap corruption, but the one who sows to the Spirit will from the Spirit reap eternal life.”* (Galatians 6:7-8, 1 Corinthians 6:6-11, Ephesians 5:5-6, Hebrews 2:1-3)

The Spirit of God prophesized exclusively of the great apostasy of OSAS:

*“The Spirit expressly says that in later times some will depart from the faith by devoting themselves to deceitful spirits and teachings of demons, through the insincerity of liars [people who claim to be Christians!] whose consciences are seared”* (1 Timothy 4:1-2, 2 Timothy 3:13)

Peter stated of Pauline doctrine:

*“There are some things in them that are hard to understand, which the ignorant and unstable twist to their own destruction, as they do the other Scriptures.”* (2 Peter 3:16) ...

*“...I am afraid that, as the serpent deceived Eve by his craftiness, your minds will be led astray...”* (2Cor.11:3)

Satan is still saying, *“Did God really say that? No, you will not die [for your sins].”* (Genesis 3:3-4). When quoting scripture, we always need at least two or three “witnesses,” (Deuteronomy 19:15) that is scriptural quotes, to back up a perceived idea.

### **1. I. Following the Commandments of God and Self-Righteousness**

If a person is born again and tries to obey Jesus, are they guilty of works salvation? Is it possible to be led by the Spirit to sin? “...Jesus came and said to them:

*“...Go therefore and make disciples of all nations... teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you”* (Matt.28:18-20)

The true self-righteous ones are those who continue to sin while claiming “grace” has saved them. Instead of using “I’m human” as an excuse to walk in the flesh, we should use “I’m saved” as a reason to walk in the Spirit.

But Jesus ate with adulterers!

Yes, he did, Jesus ate with adulterers, but he did NOT partake with them (Psalm 50:18)! Jesus sat with them only to tell them of their wrongs, to tell them to repent, and to teach them the correct way, aka, he “judged” them, something that many Christians fail to do.

### **1. J. Why People Need to Know the Truth, Even If It’s scary**

*“It may be that the house of Judah will bear all the disaster that I intend to do to them, so that everyone may turn from his evil way, and that I may forgive their iniquity and their sin.” (Jerimiah: 36:3)*

*“The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the Holy One is insight.” (Proverbs 9:10)*

*“When your judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world learn righteousness. If favor is shown to the wicked, he does not learn righteousness” (Isaiah 26:9–10)*

*“The fear of the Lord is Zion's treasure.” (Isaiah 33:5-6)*

## **1. K. Then How Do We Receive Salvation?**

God cannot make it any clearer:

*“If a man is righteous and does what is just and right... does not defile his neighbors wife... does not oppress anyone, but restores to the debtor his pledge, commits no robbery, gives his bread to the hungry and covers the naked with a garment, does not lend at interest or take any profit, withholds his hand from injustice, executes true justice between man and man, walks in my statutes, and keeps my rules by acting faithfully -he is righteous; he shall surely live, declares the Lord God... if a wicked person turns away from all his sins that he has committed and keeps all my statutes and does what is just and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die...” (Ezekiel 18:5-24, and Isaiah 1:16-17, 3:10-11, 10:1-2, 25:3-4, 29:19-21, 1:25-27, 30:12-14, 13:11, Jeremiah 7:5-12, 44:15-17, 5:28-29, Ezekiel 7:26-27, Habakkuk 2:6-20)*

We can be firm in our righteousness and have peace of mind in our salvation because of the testimony of Jesus Christ. All things are possible because of his sacrifice. It is never too late to repent and turn back to the Lord (Jerimiah 18:8-11, Jerimiah 26:13, Jerimiah 26:18-19).

## **2. God’s Relationship and Expectations of Us Today are the Same as Those in the Old Testament**

### **2. A. Sacrifice Alone Never Atoned for Sin in the Old Testament**

*“Not for your sacrifices do I rebuke you... For every beast of the forest is mine... [instead] Offer to God a sacrifice of thanksgiving, and perform your vows to the Most High, and call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver you, and you shall glorify me. But to the wicked God says: what right have you to recite my statutes or take my*



*covenant on your lips?”* (Psalms 50, 51:16-17, 40:6-8, Proverbs 21:3, Isaiah 1:11-20, 1 Samuel 15:22, Hosea 6:6-8)

The terms “forgiven” and “covered” are used interchangeably in scripture, (Romans 4:5-8, Psalm 32:1-2). When Jesus returns for His Millennial Reign, animal sacrifice will once again become applicable. There will be a new Holy Temple in Jerusalem, and Jesus will serve as our High Priest there. There will be a reinstatement of daily sacrifices. These sacrifices teach us to respect animals, and they serve as a source of food for the Priests.

*“... their burnt offerings and their sacrifices will be accepted on my altar; for my house shall be called a house of prayer for all peoples.”* (Isaiah 56:6-8; Jeremiah 33:15-18, Zechariah 14:16)

This quote is referring to the future Millennial reign. Refer to “Index of the Worlds” at the very bottom of the first page of [www.friendsfromzion.com](http://www.friendsfromzion.com) for a better understanding.

## **2. B. The Old Testament is Just as Much About Grace and Faith as is the New Testament**

Israel understood that they were not made special from the other nations because of their works, but because God made a promise to Abraham because Abrahams faith was accounted as righteousness for him (Genesis 15:6, Romans 4:3). Grace was given not just to Abraham’s seed but to all the world.

*“For since the creation of the world God’s invisible qualities - his eternal power and divine nature - have been clearly seen, being understood from what has been made, so that men are without excuse”* (Romans 1:20, 2:15)

## **2. C. Christians are Grafted into the Same Abrahamic Covenant as the Jews**

Scripture says Christians are grafted into Abraham’s tree (Romans 11:17). Although the church is grafted in, the Jewish people are still the 1st born. Due to this, they have land promises, rights, and certain laws that do not apply to grafted in Christians.

Although called Israel, the land of Israel today is actually the land of Judah, consisting of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin. The ten lost tribes of Israel will return at the start of the Millennial reign when Jesus returns and rescues Judah from the hands of Gog and Magog. Those who will make up the ten lost tribes of Israel will be righteous gentiles who have

adopted God's Word. (Genesis 48:19, Romans 11:25, Amos 9:8-9, Jer 31:10).

God never divorced the Jews (Judah). God divorced Israel:

*"I will no more have mercy on the house of Israel... But I will have mercy on the house of Judah"* (Hosea 1:6-7)

This was so that Israel could be brought back more numerous than before (Hosea 1:10, Jeremiah 3:11). God promised David that He would discipline Judah, but never put them away (Samuel 7:11-16, 1 Kings 11:34, Psalm 89)

## 2. D. The Holy Spirit Has Always Dwelled Among Man

God describes His Spirit as striving with pre-Christ men (Numbers 11:29). Elisha asked for a double portion of the Spirit and received it (2 Kings 2:9). The Holy Spirit participated in creation (Genesis 2:7, Job 26:13; Isaiah. 32:15), strived with sinners (Genesis. 6:3), gave people extraordinary power (Numbers. 27:18, Judges. 3:10, 6:34,13:25; 14:6), spoke through people just as it helps us pray today (2 Samuel. 23:2, Ezekiel. 2:2).

God described himself sealing people because they *"groan over all the abominations that are committed"* (Ezekiel 9:4)

This is precisely what the Spirit does "reveal sin" (John 16:7-8) and *"intercedes for us through wordless groans"* (Romans 8:26)

Some actively resisted the Holy Spirit (Acts 28:25, Isaiah 63:10), while others actively beseeched the Spirit to help guide them.

*"Teach me to do your will, for you are my God! Let your good Spirit lead me on level ground!"* (Psalm 143:10).

*"Did he not make them one, with a portion of the Spirit in their union?..."* (Malachi 2:15)

The Jews did not need a Temple to access God, as some claim (Jeremiah 29:11-14). Like them, it is possible for Christians today to "extinguish the Spirit" if we sin (1 Thessalonians 5:19)

John was an OT individual, but he had the Holy Spirit more than anyone before or afterward him born of women (besides Jesus).

*"For he [John the Baptist] will be great before the Lord... he will be filled with the Holy Spirit, even from his mother's womb"* (Luke 1:15)

Like John and those before him, God's Spirit helps us follow the commandments of God. However, we are in constant battle with our flesh, but we have a hope of a future, glorified body that is not bound by sin.

*“Truly, I say to you, among those born of women there has arisen no one greater than John the Baptist. Yet the one [who is resurrected after death, and then given glorified bodies] who is least in the kingdom of heaven [the Millennium+] is greater than he [greater than the fleshy human version of him]” (Matthew 11:11).*

We won't really be greater than John the Baptist, for he will also be glorified with us when we are in the kingdom of Heaven. How glorified we are is according to our works or situations while in the flesh (2 Corinthians 5:10, 1 Corinthians 3:8, Revelation 22:12).

A scripture contends that the Holy Spirit didn't exist before Christ's death:

*“Whoever believes in Me, as the Scripture has said: ‘Streams of living water will flow from within him.’”*

John here was speaking about the Spirit, whom those who believed in Him were later to receive. For the Spirit had not yet been given, because Jesus had not yet been glorified (John 7:38-39).

However, the “living water” that John and Jesus spoke of was the living water that will someday replace our blood when we are resurrected (John 4:13-15, 3:5, Luke 24:39, Leviticus 17:11). This water is the last thing, contextually, that is mentioned in scripture (Revelation 22:17).

No one on earth today has this living water, just as most do not have the supernatural powers of the Spirit that The Apostles and disciples had in the book of Acts.

Jesus wanted no confusion. The Holy Spirit coming to the world was a direct result of Jesus's death, and the Apostles were able to experience the epicenter of its manifestation. Still, the Spirit has been among man from the foundation of the world (Revelation 13:8).

## 2. E. The New Covenant

The New Covenant guarantees life from the dead. It is of the Spirit and not the Law. However, no one on earth besides Jesus has come under the New Covenant. The number one theme of the Bible is the Day of the Lord because it is on the “Day of the Lord” that the New Covenant is finally enacted, for it means life from the death. Many resurrections have occurred in the Bible; however, the 1st resurrection is when some of the dead are raised **imperishable** at Jesus's return. Only in the “New Earth and Heavens” will all the world finally be under the “New Covenant.”

Facts About the New Covenant:

1. The New Covenant is an actual marriage that will take place. Luke:36, Jeremiah 31:31-35, 2 Corinthians 11:2, Revelation 19:6-10, 21:9-10

2. It is an Eternal Covenant that never ends - Hebrews 13:20, Revelation 11:15

3. We will be given new bodies and new hearts - 1 Corinthians 15:39-54, 15:12-19, 15:36, Hebrews 8:10, 10:25-36, Ezekiel 37:11-13, 11:19; 36:26, Isaiah 26:19, Jeremiah 31:33, 2 Corinthians 5:6

*"We will be like the angels"* (Matthew 22:30)

When we are resurrected, we will be given "new wineskins" that can hold the new wine of God's Spirit.

4. We will physically be in the Lord's presence forever - Jeremiah 31:34, 33:15-17, Hebrews 8:11, Revelation 21:3, Daniel 7:13-14, 2 Samuel 7:16, Isaiah 24:23, Ezekiel 37:24-28, Hosea 3:5, Luke 1:30-33, Daniel 7:17-18

5. Christ's rule under the New Covenant with mankind will extend both spiritually and literally over the entire earth - Psalm 2:6-9, 72:8, Daniel 2:44, 4:34, 7:14, 7:27, Micah 4:1-2, Zechariah 9:10

6. The NC can only occur once Israel (grafted in Gentiles) and Judah are fully reunited and gathered from the four winds - Hebrews 8:7-13, Matthew 24:29-31, Ezekiel 20:41, Isaiah 11:11-12, Jeremiah 29:14, Deuteronomy 30:1-6.

The very last thing Jesus said before his ascension was that he would eventually restore Israel but that the time of the 2nd coming is dependent on many factors (Acts 1:6-7). The parable of the two sticks and the resurrection (Ezekiel 37:12-19).

7. We are to look forward to the promise - 1 Corinthians 15:39-54, Hebrews 10:25-36, 1 Corinthians 15:12-19, 3:13, Hebrews 10:25-36.

Jesus toasts to the "New Covenant" but then says he will not drink again until God's kingdom has come in fulfillment (Luke 22:14-20). As he says in Acts 1:6-7, this will not be for some time. Jesus connects the coming of God's kingdom with the fruition of the New Covenant.

8. Much of what the Prophet's spoke of won't be fulfilled until the 7th Trumpet call:

*"And that He may send Jesus, the Christ appointed for you, whom heaven must receive until the period of restoration of all things, all things about which God spoke by the mouth of His holy prophets from ancient time."* (Acts 3:20-21, Revelation 10:7, 1 Peter 1:4-5, Ezekiel 37:11-13, Isaiah 26:19, 32:15)

9. Son of Man coming in his kingdom -Matthew 16:24-28, 17:1-13. Those *"Who will not taste death until they see the Son of Man coming in his*

*kingdom.*” Jesus said this to Peter, John, and James who in the very next verse see Christ’s transfigured body with Moses and Elijah... literally the Son of Man in his kingdom. The nature of the Son of Man coming in his Kingdom is not reducible to the 2<sup>nd</sup> resurrection or the eschaton. Jesus was simply demonstrating his authority and the reality of the Kingdom of God.

## **2. F. Claiming a Person Will Go to Hell Because They Don’t Believe Jesus is God is Ludicrous and Unbiblical**

*“Why do you call me good? No one is good, except God alone”* (Mark 10:18)

*“The Father is greater than I”* (John 14:28)

Jesus emphatically makes a distinction between himself and God.

*“...that all of them may be one, Father, just as you are in me and I am in you. May they also be in us so that the world may believe that you have sent me... so that they may be one as we are one.”* (John 17:21-23)

Jesus is the 2<sup>nd</sup> Adam, he is not God (Romans 5:14, 1 Corinthians 15:21-22). He is the way to the Father, and therefore can’t be the actual Father (John 14:6).

Christian believers are to model their relationship (to become one) after the relationship of God and Christ (as God and Christ are one). Notice that “to be one” does not mean to be “one and the same.” Jesus here is saying he is one with God similarly to how we are one with Jesus when we follow his teachings.

If the Trinity is true, then according to the logic logical fallacy if you believe in one part, you believe in the whole for what is true of a whole collectively is true of any of its parts. Jesus himself asked God to forgive those who do not believe in him. People underestimate the power of forgiveness, and the power of our words. Jesus says that what we bind and loose on earth is similarly done in heaven (Matthew 16:19).

Jesus asked the Father to forgive those who persecuted him. This is not to be taken lightly! This means that these people were forgiven for what they did to Jesus. They will not go to hell for beating and mocking him. However, this is not to say they will not be damned for other sins that they have done, but they will not be damned for not believing Jesus is God. Anyone who says otherwise is dishonoring Jesus, his verdicts, and the very essence of forgiveness. If Jesus forgave the actual people that killed him, he will certainly forgive those who merely do not believe in him, but who otherwise follow his Fathers commandments.

There are different kinds of forgiveness. The first kind of forgiveness is complete forgiveness. This is what Jesus did when he petitioned the Father for those persecuting him.

The second kind of forgiveness is, for example, when we forgive someone only here on earth by not pursuing legal action for a crime done to us, and to instead “leave it up to God.” This is not true forgiveness for the intent is that the offending party will still be divinely punished (Romans 12:20).

The reverse is also possible. We may say we forgive someone so that they are not held accountable for their sin in a heavenly court, but we still pursue legal action here on earth. In either case, “forgiveness” is never an empty act. Some people can only forgive after the offending party compensates them.

Although some people may not believe in Jesus, it is still essential to believe in God. Jesus came to earth and preached about loving God and loving each other. If we believe in God and love each other then we are a believer in what Jesus preached. Many people claim to believe in Jesus, but they don’t believe in the things he actually said.

In conclusion, people can receive eternal life because of Jesus’s sacrifice. If I get hurt and need to go to the hospital, an ambulance and doctor will save me. I do not have to believe in them or even be conscience for them to save me. God has given Jesus’s authority over all things (Matthew 28:18). He is our Lord and requires our respect and obedience, but there is no reason to believe he is God. People can believe in the Trinity if they want, what matters is being diligent in prayer and asking God to guide us in all things.

## **2. G. The One Big Difference**

Christians today have a benefit that those in the OT didn’t have, which is the Great Commission to spread the Gospel and God’s Truth throughout the whole world. The prophets of old lounged to witness what the Apostles did, the fulfillment of the Messiah (Matthew 13:17).

People alive today did not see the Gospels in person, but we have faith that it occurred, just as the prophets of old had faith that it would occur. We will not receive the promise of the Gospel, that is, the resurrection, apart from them or them apart from us. In fact, the people of the OT will be given the promise a moment before Christians who are alive (1 Thessalonians 4:16).

### 3. Jesus is the 613 Laws of the Torah

#### 3. A. No Conflict Between the Law and the Holy Spirit

1. The Holy Spirit appeared in the form of fire and sound at Mt Sinai, and all saw and understood God, even the deaf, dumb, and those who did not speak Hebrew. The Holy Spirit also appeared as fire and sound at Pentecost, and all present could understand each other despite not speaking the same language
2. Both events occurred on a mountain (Mt. Sinai and Mt. Zion).
3. Both events happened to a newly redeemed people.
4. The Exodus marked the birth of the Israelite nation, while the Pentecost events recorded in Acts 2 marked the birth of Christianity.
5. The Israelites left Egypt on Passover and 40 days later arrived at Sinai. Jesus was on earth in his transfigured body for 40 days.
6. 50 days after sacrificing the Passover Lamb, the Israelites received a covenant from God (Shavout). 50 days after Jesus's sacrifice, Our Passover Lamb, believers received a covenant from God (Pentecost).
7. The Passover Festival of First Fruits always coincides with Resurrection Sunday (Easter), for they are the same festival.
8. Gemini rises in the East during Shavout/Pentecost symbolizing duality.

The same scriptures given to the Law are also used to describe God (the Holy Spirit).

1. **Spiritual:** *"God is spirit, and those who worship him must worship in spirit and truth"* (John 4:24). *"For we know that the law is spiritual."* (Romans 7:14)
2. **Love:** *"Anyone who does not love does not know God, because God is love."* (1 John 4:8). *"Which is the great commandment in the Law?" And he said to him, 'You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind'"* (Matthew 22:35-37)
3. **Truth:** *"Jesus said to him, 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life...'"* (John 14:6). *"...Your law is the truth."* (Psalm 119:142) KJV.
4. **Holy:** *"Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts..."* (Isaiah 6:3). *"So, the law is holy, and the commandment is holy and righteous and good."* (Romans 7:12)
5. **Perfect:** *"You therefore must be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."* (Matthew 5:48). *"The law of the Lord is perfect"* (Psalm 19:7). We might not be perfect, but the Law is.

**6. Stands Forever:** *“The Lord sits enthroned as king forever.”* (Psalm 29:10) *“The works of his hands are faithful and just; all his precepts are trustworthy; they are established forever and ever”* (Psalm 111:7-8).

Jesus is the Word of God, and God’s Word is the Torah (John 1:1)

### **3. B. Black Fire VS White Fire**

The OT is the “black fire,” referring to the letters of scripture, the actual words, while the NT is the “white fire,” that is, the spaces between the letters (The Talmud Menachot 29a).

In Judaism, the white space is considered a higher form of Torah known as the “white fire,” while the letters themselves are known as the “black fire.”

The poetic portions in the Torah are written with more white space as they contain a greater measure of the “esoteric white fire.” The white space symbolizes the spiritual discernment that it takes to realize and appreciate God’s Word (Torah’s of Black and white Fire by Jeremy Chance Springfield).

In Jesus’s famous “Sermon on the Mount,” the Lord gave us the “white fire” interpretation of the Sinai revelation. Eight out of ten of the Ten Commandments were written in the negative (you shall not), while these eight commandments were spoken in the positive by Jesus at the Sermon on the Mount. Both literatures of the commandments are negative images of the other, but their meanings are the same and in perfect balance.

Although he only mentioned eight out of 10 of the commandments, Jesus imposed stricter executions of these commandments than did Moses. While Moses bids us obey the letter of the Torah, the “white spaces” of the letter drive us to go beyond and deeper into the root of our physical actions, into our thoughts, intentions, and motives.

We see the light behind the letters, but in truth, the Torah is but one light; we are the letters, silhouetting the light of God. The Torah that we have today is like a photo, a still image, of the true Torah. This corrupted world was founded around the letters of the Torah, but the New Heavens & Earth will be founded on the light of the New Torah. (Mashiach, Who, What, Why, How, Where, When, R’ Chaim Kramer, Breslov Research Institute, pgs 102-103).

### **3. C. The Holy Spirit and the 613 Laws of the Old Testament; The Shin and Tefillin**



*“Princes persecute me without cause, but my heart stands in awe of your words. I rejoice at your word like one who finds great spoil. I hate and abhor falsehood, but I love your law. Seven times a day I praise you for your righteous rules. Great peace have those who love your law; nothing can make them stumble. I hope for your salvation, O Lord, and I do your commandments. My soul keeps your testimonies; I love them exceedingly. I keep your precepts and testimonies, for all my ways are before you.”* (Psalm 119:161-168 “Sin and Shin” of the Alphabet Psalms)

The Shin is considered one of the numbers that represent God. The Shin’s numerical value is 300. During the priestly blessing, the “Shin” symbol is held up to the new priest’s forehead as a sign of God’s name being placed on him (numbers 6:22-27). It is the same sign that Spock makes with his fingers in star trek.

The Priestly blessing was Jesus's last blessing before ascending into Heaven. You are not supposed to look up when this blessing is given because if you do, it would be like staring at God (Acts 1:11).

Tefillin contain two “Shins,” one on either side of the black leather box. The letter “Shin” is often associated with fire. One Shin on the Tefillin appears to be the inverse image of the other as it contains three heads instead of four. One Shin is the black fire or positive space of a Shin, while the other is the white fire or the negative space around the Shin. The Shin’s numerical value is 300, so both shins and their odd number of headpieces equal 613.

613 is the traditional sum of the number of commandments found in the Torah. The fire that appeared over the heads of those in the Sinai revelation and on Pentecost symbolized Tefillin.

The Holy Spirit and the Law of God are inseparable, as shown by Tefillin. The Tefillin represent the New Jerusalem as well as the throne of God. In Ezekiel 1:26, Cherubim carry God’s throne “atop their heads,” like Tefillin. The glass under God’s throne is blue (Exodus 24:10), and because of this, it is customary to wear blue-stained Tefillin. Like Cherubim, we are meant to act as God’s chariots by performing His commandments. Jesus symbolized Tefillin and therefore was crucified “at the place of the skull.”

Like a Shin has three branches, Jerusalem has three valleys, the Kidron Valley, the Tyropoan Valley, and the Valley of Hinnom. On a map, these valleys form the shape of a Shin. God has placed His seal upon the land of Israel. If sliced in half, the Chambers of our hearts would form the same image, a foreshadowing of the true, spirit-filled hearts we will one

day receive. (Mishpatim: Metatron, The Angel of HaShem by Ben Burton).

### 3. D.

The New Testament says that followers of God will be rewarded with “crowns.” Torah was created to give man these crowns (Schwartz, 1993: 45-47, 1 Peter 5:4). What many do not know is that crowns are hidden in the Laws of the Torah. When Jesus said, *“Not even one iota, nor one stroke of a letter, shall pass away from the law...”* (Matthew 5:18), he was referring to the Law itself, but also these crowns. Many say they hate the Law, but this is a deception of the satan to try to get us to hate what is our reward.

#### **Innumerable Crowns in the Torah**

Letter crowns only appear in Jewish scripture (the Old Testament); they can never be placed on letters used in other Hebrew writings. Crowns or “Taggin” appear as an accumulation of three tiny Hebrew letters called Zayen that sit on top of 7 specific Hebrew letters whenever they occur (Sefer HaChinukh 423:4, translated by Sefaria, 2018). The middle Zayin on top of these 7 letters appears slightly taller, and so together, they look like a “crown” on top of the letter. Zayen also means ‘7’, so together, a crown forms 777. Similarly, the devil has his own reverse fractals of “crowns” that do not redeem us but condemn us; 666.

The Mountain range known as Zion consists of three mountains, three “Zayins.” the Holy Temple resided on the middle mountain, Mt Moriah. Along with Christ’s, there were two other crosses, one on each side of Jesus’s. A cross is precisely what a Zayin looks like when it sits atop a Hebrew Letter. The three crosses on Calvary hill formed what looked like, from a Hebrew perspective, 777; a crown. His cross also had three additional Zayins on it, in the form of the three nails that pierced his flesh. (For a comprehensive study of these “crowns” see “Hidden Crowns Midrash Series at Friendsfromzion.com)

### 3. E. Conclusion

The Bible begins in the book of Genesis with the world's creation. The Bible ends in the book of Revelation with a New Heaven & a New Earth. In between those two is the unfolding of God’s plan to get us from the fall and onward to God’s perfect Eternal Covenant.

“The great moral principles of the Law, the eternal truths contained in the Law's types and symbols, and the promises recorded by the prophets all remain in force and are not abrogated by the kingdom message” (Study Helps, The MacArthur Study Bible, 1997).

## Ch 27: Betrayed

**Afternoon of Day 5: 2 Days Remaining**  
**Inside a Helicopter**  
**Kitty**

Iskandar and two tall long-limbed scientists had no problem moving around the tiny helicopter as they worked. The scientists wore large black goggles and blue masks. My arms felt itchy; looking over, I saw an IV full of an orange substance going into my hand. Claws grew from my fingers, and beige, fur-like hair appeared down my arm. “What is it? What are you injecting me with?”

“You have a disease Kitty, so I am curing you.”

“No, I don’t have a disease; I was becoming human! Humans are not supposed to look and act like animals.” As I spoke, my warbling voice became more aggressive. The serum was giving me newfound energy.

“You feel stronger, don’t you? How can you call something that makes you stronger, better adapted, and smarter a disease?”

Fur clumped and embed itself into my skin, where it turned into scales. “Stop them from doing this to me!”

“No, people need to see your true form. Everyone who doesn’t follow progress is a Monster.” Then he added with a chuckle, “Once you are done fully transforming, no one will ever confuse you for Aviarie again.”

This didn’t sound right. Iskandar had made me look like Averie. I’d seen pictures of her with Iskandar. My hair was now long and more cat-like, just like hers and my own when I lived with my mother and before I started mutating.

“You’re the Monster; you burnt down FFZ. You killed Seth!” I answered Iskandar.

“Stupid girl! Seth was no friend of yours. He was just a power-hungry informant of mine. All he wanted was to become a doctor. I needed someone like him who’d be desperate enough to do anything. That’s why I got him kicked out of college. I told him we’d let him back in if he did everything we said. Remember those people eaten by tigers? Seth betrayed them and their plans to me, and you, you were identified the moment you entered Artopia through the eye scanner. The entire “rescue” by Seth was

staged. Seth faked rescued Undergrounders all the time. That's how we built their trust so they'd reveal the whereabouts of their communities."

"You were dumb enough to give him the location of your island, and he reported its whereabouts to me as soon as he had the chance. It was your fault the "Island of Key" was destroyed. We knew of the existence of some populated islands in the Florida Keys, but we left them alone, at least until we discovered they sent an informant to our city. The eye-phone Seth gave you has been recording everything. Seth was supposed to hand you over to us after you followed him back to Artopia, but he found out about your Gen10 identity and decided to take you to a festival instead. That was his big mistake."

"We were in the Institution; we planted the video." I said.

"There never was a video. He took you to the government galleria to hand you over to us, but unfortunately for him, that never happened. He, your island, and FFZ, they're destroyed because of you."

By trying to save Artopia, I doomed everyone else. I'd been so stupid. Seth had been so cool and so cold. I should have known. I foolishly forgot one of the key characteristics of the End Days... betrayal (Matthew 24:10, Luke 21:16).

"It doesn't end there, though. Now you will destroy all the Undergrounders once and for all!"

"I would never do that!" I insisted, but my speech came out all garbled. The serums the doctors were giving me were making it hard to think straight.

"Everyone you touch will catch this new variant that I have given you, it is the most contagious and insidious yet, and you, my friend, are patient zero." I couldn't respond; the implications were too terrible. Iskandar began to laugh.

"For so long, I have had to hold back on my experimentations. We couldn't release anything too terrible because it might come back to hurt Artopia as the Erzatseer sometimes does. But now we don't have to worry about that anymore! Artopia is leaving this planet, and I can finally spread the variants that will wipe out the Undergrounders forever. With this disease, there will be no one left to enjoy earth without Artopia, and you, Kitty, will be the one that spreads it to them! But... If you help me, I will spare you. All you must do is bring me to Jade."

"You'll infect him and spread it to the undergrounders that way... I'm wiser now." I said as I began to lose consciousness.

"No Kitty, just Jade. I think you want to get revenge on him for what he did to you. The moment you put on our Conditioning helmet we can

see your greatest desires and fears, your most traumatic memories as well as the best. Like Seth, Jade is not who you think he is. He was a scientist of mine for a hundred years. Artopia is what it is because of him. Don't you remember? He was the main scientist that worked on you when you spent your first week in our labs. Do you remember the other children there, the ones who were experimented on? It was Jade who did that to them."

"No..." I said, but there had been things about Jade that made me uneasy, I just couldn't place my finger on it.

"Yes!" Laughed Iskandar, "and you are a product of our experiments too. I am your god. I created you in a lab to replace another child, Aviarie. Her parents brought her to me, but I couldn't fix her, so I created you. You are a clone of Aviarie, just without the genes that caused her disorder. Your father had no idea, but your mother suspected it. When we destroyed Edoron, I ensured you and she were killed so that your father would continue working for me without distraction. You were never supposed to survive."

"I'm a child of God, not your Institution." I said between spasms I transformed.

"I created you through cell somatic nuclear transfer. The nucleus of your egg cell was replaced with the nucleus of a non-reproductive cell from your true copy; my adopted daughter. She is the original. You are the imposter, a changeling. I activated the egg you slept in with a jolt of electricity. You were only an infant for a day. I accelerated your growth hundreds of times its natural speed for a few days for you to be the same age as Aviarie. Electrical devices replaced the parts of you not fully functional. God had nothing to do with it!" proclaimed Iskandar when he saw me shaking my head in disbelief. "Everyone alive today is some sort of chimera; it is because of that they are alive! Your God would have let everyone die!"

I was losing focus. The serums were affecting how I saw things. Time slowed down and then, on a dime, sped up to 100 mph. The flying apparatus, the doctors, the room that we were in contorted, all besides Iskandar. The alarms on Telemetry and EKG went off as my vitals reached dangerous levels. The pasty skin of the doctors became grey, their skinny limbs lengthened and thinned. The dark goggles flattened and became dark-encompassing eyes. They were not human eyes but demonic, alien eyes. I looked away.

“You will stay a Monster forever, guarding Artopia for me... or whatever is left of it... just like all the others that refused to condition.” Said Iskandar.

“No, please get me out of here!” I cried. The antiseptic scents were gone, and now everything smelled like cinnamon and mold. The metal fixtures and rails of the helicopter disappeared. The ship oozed like the inside of an animal’s stomach; the straps that held me thumped like pulsating veins.

“As you wish.” Said Iskandar as one of the tentacles grabbed and tossed me out of the ship's door.

I tumbled down, head over heels towards a shimmering lake that mirrored the red sun above. I tried to scream but was deafened by the atmospheric pressure. The clouds were distorted faces, the sunlight smears of blood across the sky and the water, the wind a deafening howl. I saw a glimpse of a big black bird flying beside me, and then the bird was gone, and I fell into the bright burning sun.

## Ch 28: Fire

**Morning of Day 6: 1 Day Remaining**

**Neom**

**Kitty**

I landed hard onto a cliff; the fiery red flames burnt hot all around. I was on the sun, and above me was a glass sea that mirrored the fire like a red terrible twilight. Intermingled amidst the hellish glow was the ghostly blueness of the earth's oceans high up in the sky. I was at the edge of the "solar system" and the end of the world.

A silhouette of a dragon flew in great circles around the cliff. The shadow was like the burnt phantom image you get after looking at something too bright for too long. The silhouette was auburn but also darker than anything I ever saw. His wings sounded like the creaking of a great nautical ship. He was laughing and whispering something.

*"A om uvul E um aval Um ovul."*

"What was that?" I asked because I couldn't make out the words. He repeated the whispering sounds as he flew in tighter circles.

*"U im ovul Em tha avel."* It said the words louder, but this time too quick to make them out.

"I don't understand," I said, distressed. Something told me I just had to understand, but in truth, I was a fool for asking.

*"Am thu uval Oem ivol Eum avell!"* This time the words were so loud they were impossible to distinguish, although the strange snickering was still there.

I should have run away, but I gravely answered, one more time, "I don't understand."

*"Am thu uval Oem ivol Eum avell!"* The Dragon screamed; he was no longer laughing. His voice was like that of a hurricane, a reptile, and a demon all at once. He didn't just say it once but repeated the phrase over and over, and louder every time. As his words grew louder, his circles grew tighter. He screamed the words with force stronger than a hurricane until I felt blood pooling in my ears. The sound paralyzed me, and then I was blown away, trapped in the dragon's wake.



Everything was blown apart. There was no upside or right side to anything. I, Artopia, the entire world was blown away and thrown into the burning sea.

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I awoke from the dream-like vision screaming and gasping for breath. Vague memories returned to me of falling into the lake and someone dragging me out of the water. Many bones were broken by the fall from the helicopter, but with a furious speed, I was healing.

The strange serum Iskandar's scientists gave me was spurred into hyperactivity by the cuts, abrasions, and broken bones, but I was not healing right. The bones were realigning all deformed! I was damaged like cracks in the concrete; my cells freeze-thawing and breaking apart. I felt as if my body was about to split, like some sort of mitosis.

In between the fissions and faults, I felt neoplasms form and grow. I wanted to die like autumn leaves full of light and color or like stars that burst in an attempt to stop the darkness, but instead, I was becoming something deformed and vicious; a Monster. I yelled at God to stop being easy on me, and now my undoing was my own; all bastions of hope gone.

I could not see the Rainbow Castle nor any colors as my vision became black and white; cast reflections of a dirty prism. I recognized the patchy sallow woods, the fermenting soil, decaying willows, the hilly uneven grown that seemed to create more shadow and pitfalls. I was in was Neom, my old home. I drew my leprous body out of the mud. I was black and reptilian, with long claws and serrated teeth. The people of Neom wouldn't recognize me, or perhaps they would, as now I was what they had always imagined I was.

I was so hungry that I ate up all the seaweed clinging to my scales. I was craving something else, some other type of food, but I couldn't figure out what. The vague recollection that I was extremely contagious rumbled in my mind, but then my insatiable hunger buried up these thoughts.

A Monster growled from the edge of the woods. I turned and saw other deformed creatures watching from the tree line. One by one Monsters revealed themselves from the shadows. They were an assembly of Chernobyl fever dreams. Like a child's mix and match animal game gone terribly wrong. Most of them had cat characteristics mixed with bird, tiger, cow, feathers, and fur everywhere. None were as reptilian as I was. I was still changing, though, the transformation not yet complete. Soon, I would lose my human sentience.

I felt another surge of mutation hit me. My nails and tail grew longer and dark. I felt angry, seized by an irrationality. Suddenly, I was upset with these Monsters for what they had done to me a decade before.

“You tried to kill me because you thought I would turn you all into Monsters, but now look at yourselves!”

“Grrrrr, a Monster looks familiar!” Said a dog/bat-like creature.

“I am Tosh; I am the Monster you thought I was!”

“It is the accursed one! It is the Tosh that spread the diseases that made us Monsters!” Bellowed a creature shoving the tiger/cow with its bulging shoulders. All the Monsters growled in agreement.

“No, it was Iskandar that did this to us!” Said a more normal-looking girl. She must not have been here long. She was still almost human-looking.

The Monsters didn’t seem to care, they growled, “The accursed! The accursed!” through barred teeth.

“Aviarie, it is Farah! Listen to me and run!” Said the human-looking girl. There was something familiar about her. My name wasn’t Aviarie, but I listened and jumped up into a tree. My newly formed claws made it easy to climb. My elongated tail swung back and forth, helping to balance. Instantly the trees were filled with the gnashing of teeth as I flung myself from one branch to another.

Angry monstrosities swiped at me with claws and teeth, but I didn’t fear getting bit. I feared them catching the diseases I carried! Iskandar said it would spread from me to all the Undergrounders, and I couldn’t let that happen. At whatever the cost, I had to keep the infection contained.

As a monkey-like Monster got closer and closer, I found a new energy inside, a crazy animal instinct, and leaped from branch to branch with more power than I ever thought possible. Soon, I was much higher up than the others. Their growls were gone, and I was alone as I traveled through the canopy.

I was happy and free for a moment, but the gnawing hunger I felt spoiled it. Above me, soft tweeting resonated amongst the branches. I looked up and saw a bird sitting on a nest. She found peace where I still searched. I pounced on her branch, and she flew away, revealing five tiny eggs.

Certainly, this will quench my hunger. I thought. When I reached for the eggs, the mother bird flew back, so I easily caught her mid-flight. She was a white and grey-colored Jaybird. I looked at the bird and her nest, and I knew I must let her go, for it was commanded:

*“...You shall not take the mother with the young. You shall let the mother go...”*  
(Deuteronomy 22:7)

“I must let you go, but I have never been this hungry before,” I said to the bird. I thought about how I once would have risked my life to keep a bird like it in the town, but now I no longer cared about the town. I gobbled up the bird in one bite.

For a second, I was satisfied, but I felt terrible for what I did.

“My mouth once spoke of the Word of God, but now it’s a mortuary.” Our deeds are meant to create worlds, order the cosmic array, and participate in the divine process of repair, not thrust us further into pentagram fissions.

I didn’t feel bad for long, though, for instantly, I was hungry again. I looked at the remaining eggs and ferociously gobbled them up. The bird and the eggs only ignited my hunger. I was shaky and needed more. I wanted to eat, I wanted to eat immediately, and I wanted to eat until I exploded. From the vantage point of the nest, I saw movement on the ground. It was the girl Farah, the one who saved me. I clamored down the tree and jumped in her path.

“Aviarie it is me, Farah.” She spoke. I growled at her or my stomach was growling at me, I wasn’t sure. The name Farah sounded familiar, and somehow very important, but I could not remember what it meant. I couldn’t remember anything.

“I am not Aviarie. I’m Tosh.” I still knew that wasn’t my real name, but I had forgotten my real name, and Tosh was the last thing the Monsters called me, along with “Accursed.” I shook my head and tried to remember what I once was, but couldn’t. “You don’t look like a Monster at all,” I said to the girl.

“I think I might have a natural resistance to the Monster serum. Although I am not really one of them, the Monsters don’t attack me because some of them remember how I helped keep them from the basements while at NIMH. Iskandar sent me here when he discovered one of my protests signs that I hung out a window, but I knew he wouldn’t ever punish Aviarie like that. Still, I thought you were her when you fell into the water. I jumped in and dragged you out, but you started transforming so quickly. I got scared and ran away.”

“Natural resistance to the Monster serum?” I said, “That is what I want; I want to be a human again. If I bite you, perhaps, I will stop mutating.”

I finally realized what I was hungry for. I was hungry for humans! Something in the serum Iskandar gave me made me irrationally want to bite people as if I was a rabid animal.

“What? No, I just saved your life!”

“I’ll just eat up your arm, that is fair, your arm for my life because I will die if I don’t eat something.” Contagious black slime oozed out of my nose and smudged when I wiped it away.

“That’s still bad! Just because it makes sense to you doesn’t mean it’s ok!”

I thought about this. “Ok, then I will just follow you, and when you catch a person, I’ll eat them up instead.”

“I don’t eat people.” She said, “Just bugs and the oysters in the lake, and anyway, that would also be wrong.”

“Well, then I will cover up my eyes and bite you. That way, I won’t know for sure who it is, and then it won’t be wrong, and I might turn back into a human!” I forgot I was contagious, but I still knew I didn’t want to be a Monster.

“Just keep your eyes open for a bit longer so that I can show you a place where you might be safe from the Monsters. They are coming to kill you, and they will be here any second.”

“Where is this place?”

“Down there.” she pointed, and I recognized the path. Without saying another word, I walked down it. Farah breathed a sigh of relief and ran away.

The path led to the dilapidated tunnel that I once called home. Pans I once used were still there, along with a bunch of trash dumped over the side of the cliff by sightseers. I picked up an old broken telescreen. I held the tiny black mirror in my hands and looked at my horrid mutated face in the reflection.

“Tell me who I am, tell me what to think, tell me what to do, tell me that I am not alone.”

I pleaded into the glass, knowing how Artopians had so many of their questions answered by it. “Show me someplace else then, anyplace but here.”

The TV stayed dark, all its colorful images and songs washed away. I threw it to the ground. Then another burst of the serum took effect, and I fell to the ground and withered around like a worm amidst the shattered glass. I tasted gall in my mouth. I gashed my teeth, and little broken pieces fell out as sharp incisors replaced them. My broken reflection stared back at me from the shattered mirror.

Iskandar's scientists had filled me with pharmaceutical psychotropic and in-adamant objects that programmed and synthesized into my neurotransmitters more thoughts than I.

Glass cut my skin, but I felt nothing. My blood was no longer my own but tainted with hexavalent chromium, potassium bromate, BHT, NHT, Olestra, fluoride, and artificial preservatives that kept me from just rotting away. As disturbed as I had become, I could sense something equally disturbing about the place. Then I realized what it was. There were no birds, not one chirp from the trees, no noise at all besides the screams inside my head.

A soft wind blew into the shelter, and a little black feather brushed against my hand. It was no longer glossy but dull, like the color of ashes. Where had my rainbow crow gone? I needed to find him. In the woods came rustling and angry voices. The Monsters were coming, and if they found me, they'd become infected. Only a weathered and torn sheet separated the room from a huge, ominous, tunnel. I picked up the ashy feather and jumped into the ashy darkness, into the belly of the mountain.

As a child, I never dared enter the tunnels. Anyone could get lost in the winding caves. As I ran through the catacomb chasms, I felt like I was navigating through the dead roots of a giant tree. Suddenly, the ground gave way, and I toppled down a cliff into a narrow passageway. Try as I might, I couldn't climb up the rocky cliff, and I couldn't bear the thought of trying to squeeze my body up the narrow tunnel ahead of me. The angry voices of the Monsters were growing fainter.

I was stuck, the tunnel was too narrow above me. Below me was a slightly bigger tunnel but I was too scared to squeeze down it. I was stuck, and the cave walls were pushing on my chest making it hard to breath. I was getting dizzy and would pass out soon, and probably never wake up but I knew this would be best, for if anyone ever found me, they'd catch whatever disease Iskandar infected me with.

Remembering the cellphone that Seth had given me, and the little siddur I kept in my pocket, I took it out to read the prayer book one last time. I opened to the supplicatory prayer after the Chapter of Repentance found in most Siddurs:

*"May it be your will, Hashem, my God and the God of my forefathers, that you dig a tunnel beneath your Throne of Glory to bring back in complete repentance all the evildoers of your people the house of Israel. And among them bring me back in complete repentance before You, for Your right hand is outstretched to accept penitents, and You desire repentance. Amen. Selah."*

Somehow, I had never read this passage before. I remembered Jesus saying he could be found under the earth just as I was, and that he could rescue lost souls there. I squeezed my body through the wider path and used all my energy to shimmy myself up through the mountain.

Eventually, I saw the light at the end of the tunnel and emerged on the other side, relieved to be free. The cliff was perilous, and I could hear the Monsters getting closer. For a second, I thought about jumping off, but then I smelled the smoke.

I had to look below the bright glow of the Artopian city in the distance so that my eyes could focus on a much dimmer kind of light. Through the trees, was a flickering bonfire. Monsters did not make such things; they did not feel the cold, and their biologically enhanced eyes did not need additional light to see. A Undergrounder must have made it. They know how to make a special fire that can repel the Erzatseer. Although the cliff was dangerous, I realized I could climb down it if I made my way carefully.

A roar of thunder filled the sky. I hoped it wouldn't rain while climbing down the steep, slippery slope. I knew that the Monsters were not allowed off the cliffs. If the Erzatseer saw me trying to leave Neom, it would kill me. However, if I could get to the light, it could keep me safe, at least for a little bit.

Then, as if on cue, the shadows grew darker and serrated all around me. It's almost impossible to run from the Erzatseer once it has seen you because the darkness it creates is all-encompassing. As I ran, I forced myself not to look right or left or at the things grabbing at my arms. At that moment, it didn't matter if the light up ahead was a speeding train or a blazing inferno. Any fate would be better than the Erzatseer. The stomach-turning terror it caused triggered residual fears, and for a moment, I was a little kid again trying to hide from it amidst the ashes of my home. I sensed the Erzatseer wanted to summon some dark entity with my blood, perhaps use it to spread whatever contagion Iskandar gave me. I knew better, though. You can't have a sacrifice without fire.

With all the energy I had left, I jumped into the lighted clearing, over a cloaked figure, and into the bonfire. The Erzatseer screeched as the tentacles burnt off. No longer being choked, I could scream, not because the fire hurt, I fell through it quickly enough to not be burned, but because I had been so close to the Erzatseer. It did not follow me, and so I calmed down.

I looked through the fire to see who made it. The person there was difficult to distinguish underneath his hood. He looked down and talked

to himself. The Erzatseer was angry and taunted the man, but it wouldn't step into the light.

I recognized the man's words as the Shema, a prayer that Jews say three times a day:

*"Hear, O Israel: The Lord is our God, the Lord alone. You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your might. Keep these words that I am commanding you today in your heart. Recite them to your children and talk about them when you are at home and when you are away, when you lie down and when you rise. Bind them as a sign on your hand, fix them as an emblem on your forehead, and write them on the doorposts of your house and on your gates."* (Deuteronomy 6: 4-9)

Tentacles moved in the darkness behind the man, but he continued to pray even while being preyed upon. The Darkness just kind of sat behind him like something you can't see. I knew it was the Ersatzseer, but I couldn't distinguish its form from the cast reflections of shadows that the fire procured. I took a closer look at the man praying and realized it was Jade! I did not recognize him at first because of the hood.

"Jade!" I said, "It is me, Kitty! I am not completely a Monster yet."

Jade gave me a look of reinsurance. "Ah Lassie, I thought it was you, but I couldn't tell. I come here every few days to rescue newly transformed people. The fire always draws them. We have medicine to help reverse the Monster serums if given quickly enough, but I have never seen a transformation like yours. What is that black slime coming from your eyes? Can you still see the Rainbow Castle?"

Jade glanced up in the sky, and I could tell he looked at the castle. It must be right over us, but at that moment, I remembered what Iskandar revealed to me about Jade. I looked up, but all I saw was a streak of lightning, and then a burst of thunder filled the woods. I growled and bared my fangs as another surge of monster fuel filled my veins. I slowly lowered my gaze and looked at Jade as I lied, "Yes, I do see. I will go with you."

Jade knew the location of secret tunnels that could lead us safely away from the Monsters and the Erzatseer. He held up a special torch that would keep the Erzat away. The underground people had the technology to protect themselves. Yet when he turned his back, all I could think about was slashing his back with my newly elongated claws.

Jade was the one who experimented on my friends in the labs, the one who said, "*You won't remember a thing, will you lassie?*" But I did remember.

I remembered everything. Now he wanted to take me to another set of labs, but I wouldn't let him. I had become what he turned so many into, what he turned the first friend I ever had into.

The Erzatz was now behind me. I could feel the shadows darken as my own black form melded into them, creating a new Monster, something large, full of spikes and teeth. I reached for Jade with serrated claws.

Just one scratch would give him a taste of his own medicine. He, too, would watch himself disappear into the disease. He might not have made me a monster, but he forced the conditioning treatments that I had to withdraw from. He caused the blindness and deafness that plagued me all my life.

*"He's a murderer and a liar."* The Erzatz whispered. But I knew if I attacked Jade, he would go on to spread my disease. He wouldn't know how contagious it was. He wouldn't be able to cure it with his medications. It would spread throughout all the Underground communities.

Rain fell lightly on top of us, the fire continued to grow and dance and eat the darkness. Although the sky was starless, the flecks of ember that sparkled up from the fire glowed like stars.

I thought about the desperate cries of God for his people in the desert, my mother's sacrifice to save me, the Island of Key, the undergrounders trying their best to resist tyranny, Jasper's refusal to leave the town of Neom, and Jesus's sacrifice on the cross. I knew all these things were products of love, and although I no longer belonged among them, I tried to cling to their hopes, passions, and ideals so that I could somehow make them my own for a moment.

"I can't go with you," I admitted to Jade. "I have a deadly and contagious disease that I cannot control! You have to run, run away as fast as you can!" I turned away from the fire to distract the Erzatz and Jade backed away with his torch. The rain extinguished the bonfire, and the shadows reached into the darkness until there were no distinctions.

"Run!" I yelled as the Erzatz attacked.



## Ch 29: Salt

**Afternoon of Day 6: 1 Day Remaining**  
**Neom**  
**Kitty**

Just as it was about to tear me apart with its lamprey mouths, a flash of lightning knocked us off our feet. The Erzatseer screeched in pain and fled.

Above us, the floating rainbow city hovered. The fire now blazed with a new fire, the fire from the lightning. It lit up the clearing with rainbow light.

Although the ground was littered with broken bottles, black glass, and foil from the dilapidated city of Neom, I prostrated myself and begged for help as tears strewed from my eyes. Besides fire, salt is the last ingredient for a sacrifice. There was a crash, and a bright light obscured my vision. I fell to the ground as electricity shot through me.

Iskandar's serums had turned my heart into stone, but God brought forth living waters from the stone (Exodus 17:6, 1 Corinthians 10:1-4, Psalm 114:7-8) and so he did to my heart in that moment.

The scales along my arms and back fell off, along with my talons and fangs. Smaller symmetrical nails and teeth grew in their place. Instead of turning on the mutation genes, the serum, spurred into overdrive by the lightening, turned the genes off.

I felt something warm in my pocket, I took out the feather, it glistened with rainbows that replaced its grey and ashen color. I looked at myself, my skin was smooth and glowed in the warmth of the fire, and I no longer had Monster thoughts. My anger was gone and, in its place, were renewed convictions.

"Kitty, you look just like the statues in the church." Jade was right, but I felt on top of my head and saw that I still had my cat ears and behind me a cat-like tail. Somehow, I mutated into a human.

"Jade, I've been healed... and I can see and hear everything perfectly." The clarity of the world astounded me. "I was left half-blind and deaf for years because of withdrawing too quickly as a child from Conditioning.

Iskandar told me it was you that gave me my first Conditioning treatments and experimented on my friends.”

“I knew you looked familiar.” Said Jade solemnly. “Kitty, I am so sorry. I know what I did was wrong. I had doubts about our work. It’s what caused me to go renegade only a day or two after you left. Many of those children you were with we were able to take to the Underground. Most we were able to revert to normal.”

“What about the girl whose cage I was next to? The one who would sing in a strange language.”

“That was Farah. She made a complete recovery, but she was captured again by the Institution a couple of years ago. I come out here every week and light fires to attract the people who haven’t completely become Monsters yet. One of the people who made it here a few days ago told me about Farah, but she hasn’t been able to escape yet. This fire keeps the Erzatseer away, but it has no effects on the Monsters. When I get close to Neom, they attack.”

I couldn’t believe it. Hearing that the girl who I had been in the basements with was alive brought back the memory of her singing to me as we waited in our cages. Although I didn’t know the words, remembering the melody made me feel chills. The thought that I could see her again made me feel as much hope as the rainbow light had given me. Somehow, I knew that together, we could finally fix things. Then I shook my head as it dawned on me. Farah was the girl who had just saved me from drowning and from the Monsters! And I had tried to attack her! I had to go back and make things right.

“I know who Farah is! I’ll bring her out to you here and you can lead her to safety” If I could just get Farah and anyone else who were still sane out of Neom then Jade could heal them just as he had done before.

“I won’t be able to stay here; my fire won’t last that long. Meet me at the shore, the place where the large twisted octagon tower lays. There is an entrance to the underground shelters there.”

“I will. I remember seeing the tower when I arrived in Artopia. But Jade, there is something I need to tell you about Seth.”

“I know what Seth did, I found out right before the FFZ was attacked. He never intended on going through with showing the Artopians how humans are meant to look and behave. But now you can show them yourself, by what you have become.”

I nodded, and looked away from the fire and stepped into the darkness. There was no onslaught from the Erzatseer; it was scared away

by the lightning strike. I was glad, as I wanted time to enjoy my new hearing and vision.

I felt healthier and more renewed than I had ever been in my life, but I couldn't keep that from stopping my mission. I needed to find my friend.

I walked back to the mountain peak that overlooked Artopia, then back through the tunnel and into the woods where I last saw Farah. I tried to be sneaky, but I was quickly discovered. A half dozen Monsters jumped out of the bushes. I ran as fast as I could, but I was surrounded once I got to a clearing. I thought that my new hearing and vision would protect me, but it was still human senses, and the Monsters were much keener than me.

"Look at her!" One of them said, "I have never seen a Monster look like that before! Is that still Tosh? It smells like her."

The Monsters all scabbled away as the woods shook with a malevolent force. "The Ersatzseer is coming! The Ersatzseer is coming!" They announced to each other.

"You're in trouble now!" Said a Monster, who backed away just enough out of Erzatzseer reach but where he could still watch.

From the other side of the clearing, the hideous black mass emerged. Its gripping mouth was opened as its tentacle-like tongues whipped around. It was far away, but I could just make out teeth that grew out from it in a spiraling circle.

"This is the punishment for leaving the mountain! No Monster can leave the mountain!" Announced one of the Monsters to the others in a warning tone.

The Erzatz reached out a greasy tentacle, but the darkness arose up around it like black road walls that it could not pass through. I recovered from the shock quickly and, as an experiment, walked closer to the Erzatz. It backed away as I did and hissed in anger. The rainbow light perched on my heart wasn't just a metaphor anymore, it was really in me if the Erzatz couldn't get close, but I didn't know how long that effect would last.

"Yes, I am Tosh, I was mutating into a Monster, but God has healed me!" The Ersatzseer hissed and did not come closer than a few hundred feet. I wondered how long the light would keep the Erzatzseer away. My skin still felt warm from the light and transformation, but something in me told me that these effects would not last forever.

I turned to the Monsters. "The Erzatzseer can't attack me because God's light is protecting me. It can protect you too. Iskandar has told you it was me that made you sick, but it was really him and his experiments. Stop being his slave and help me tell Artopia! They need to know that the

mutations don't come from the Undergrounders but the Institution's Institute of Virology."

"What kind of mutant is that?" Said some other Monsters who emerged out of the clearing to see what all the commotion was.

"It is one of the ugliest Monsters we have ever seen!"

"The Erzatseer can't get close to her, but we still can." Said a Monster who picked me up and held me in the air by a gnarled claw.

"Hey! Let me go!" I said as I was dropped back on the ground.

"Let's eat her." Said one.

"No, the Erzatseer can't go near her, so if she's here, then the Erzatseer can't eat us." Concluded one of the less mutated-looking Monsters, ears/feelers perked up when he said this.

"She is Erzatseer repellent!" Chorused all the Monsters. I kicked and hollered as they tied me up with some vines.

"We don't have to be scared of the Ersatseer anymore!" The Ersatseer screamed in anger when it heard this, but the Monsters all huddled around me so that he could not get to them.

"Now what?" Asked a few Monsters excitedly.

"Leave this place!" They all said, "Go to Artopia!" Oh no, I thought. The Monsters spent years looking at the shiny city in the distance while they lived in deprecation and despair. Iskandar stole their town's resources to build the Institution and turned them into Monsters. Now they would go and destroy his home and take from the Institution what they took from them.

"You are right, girl that is Tosh." Said one of the Monsters pointing at me. "We blamed you for years for our disease because we hoped that Iskandar would heal us. He promised us that he would if we protected these mountains and left Artopia alone. He brought the Erzatseer here to ensure we never leave this place. Now that we have you, we can finally do whatever we want. We know that Iskandar lied and used us, so we will get our revenge!"

"Death! Death! Death to Artopia!" They sung. The chant reminded me of the same that the Artopians chanted in the Colosseum.

"No, don't do this!" I said, "There are treatments in the Underground that can heal you. You don't have to be Monsters. The Rainbow City will be here soon. If the Underground can't heal you, they will! Do not go to Artopia; they are going to be destroyed, and if you go there, you will be destroyed along with them!" But they were Monsters after all, and so they did not listen.

Artopia created Creatures to control their enemies and then created Monsters to control those Creatures, and then created Abominations to control those Monsters. Only a thin wall separated Artopia from the monstrous world they created, and it was now crumbling down.

“I have seen the light that you are talking about.” Said a loud voice in the back of the crowd. It was Farah! Some of the Monsters stopped to look at her but shrugged their shoulders.

“Farah, it is me! I am Kitty; the girl you sang to my first week in the Institution!”

“That was you?” She said, running over.

“Yes, I am so sorry I threatened you earlier! Iskandar gave me a disease that made me crazy, but I am better now. God healed me, and he’s going to heal you too!” Farah looked disbelieving at me, but then she smiled broadly.

“It is you; you didn’t forget. Don’t listen to the Monsters, you don’t look hideous at all, I want to be healed too!”

“We must warn Artopia first. You told me to remember, and I always have. We remembered so that we can tell others our testimonies, and now is the time.”

“You want to save the Artopians?! They tortured us, just as they have millions of others.”

“Enough of this nonsense.” Said a Monster grabbing me away from Farah although she tried to hold me back. I was tied up to the antlers of one of the more mutated Monsters. As we left the mountains, more and more Monsters joined the horde. Farah tried to stay close enough to the Monster I was tied to so that we could talk. Horrifying memories of the attack on my town, Edoron flashed before me as the Monsters marched towards Artopia. If I didn’t stop them, people would die just as they had in Edoron.

“Please turn back; this can all be settled peacefully!” I called out, but they ignored me.

“The Monsters are justified. Artopia forced us to live underground. They made it impossible to live! They blamed us for their own poison and atrocities!” Said Farah.

“It wasn’t all of them, and most didn’t know better.”

“But they were all ok with it, weren’t they? None of them questioned anything or tried to stop our oppression.” I saw her anger in her eyes and understood.

“Maybe you’re right, Farah, but the truth is, Artopia is going to be destroyed in only two more days. There is no point in attacking. We are so

close to being liberated! This is what we have been waiting for our whole lives. We can't throw everything away now."

Farah's expression changed, and she nodded. "I believe you. You're right... it's not worth it." I nodded my head, relieved.

"The man who rescued you from the Institution, Jade, is at the shore; please go there! He can give you the same Monster cures that you had before."

"I can't, Kitty. I have already tried to make it back to the Underground. The Erzatseer will get me."

I was quiet at this realization. It was impossible to escape the Creature without the special fire of the Underground. I tried to think of what to do and realized that there was no way the Monsters could make it into the city. All the security around the Skydome would stop them.

"This is it," I said to Farah. "The Artopians will start shooting at us, and then all the Monsters will run back to the mountains." Farah nodded and tensed herself for a retreat. I looked at the city in the distance, but the vision of destruction that morning was all I could see. I saw the city destroyed and exploded into a million pieces, the dragon above laughing victoriously. Something much worse than a Monster attack was going to happen. If I tried to warn them, they would not listen. I remembered how they looked as they laughed in the Coliseum. They could not be argued with or talked to.

Behind us, the Rainbow Castle hovered gloriously over the shore. That was the safe place; Jade would be there, ready to help any Artopians that fled. But nothing would convince the Artopians to leave unless...

"Wait, stop!" I called out to the Monsters before they got closer to the Artopian searchlights.

"What does the Accursed one want to say now?" Growled a Monster.

"If you go any further, the Artopians will fire at us! If you want to get into Artopia I know a way where they won't see us."

"What are you doing?" Questioned Farah.

"This is the only way to save the Artopians," I whispered back.

"Why should we listen to you?" Said a Monster, "You were just telling us not to attack the city!" I looked at the Monster and then at the Rainbow Castle over the shore.

"What I want is to show the Artopians the rainbow light. They can't see it because their city's artificial light blinds them, but the rainbow light is a very real thing. It is what is keeping the Erzatseer from attacking us. God's kingdom is hovering over the shore right now, and the only way the Artopians will have a chance to see it is if they flee their city."

“They can have their rainbow light,” Said the Monster, “If we can have their city!” The other Monsters hooah'd in agreement.

I thought about the terror of my old town burning, but also how I ran away and survived. If the Artopians fled the city, they would have a chance. The Monsters could be the terrifying force that could get them to do just that. I thought about all the times God had to destroy cities to force his people to leave, lest they be destroyed by the sins there. How many disasters did God foil through fire and war? We often can't see the fruit of such things or the purpose; only God can.

“Ok.” I said, wavering, “the secret entrance to the city is that way.” I pointed towards where FFZ had been. The Monsters mumbled to each other but followed where I indicated and began to dig.

“They can't see the Rainbow Light, but I can.” Said Farah. “I have been treating myself with antagonists to Iskandar's drugs. I guess they are keeping the Monster serums from really affecting my mind, although they have changed me a lot physically. I believe the Rainbow Castle means God has come to save us.”

“He has,” I said, “God told Moses to call out His people to the desert so that they could celebrate a Festival to Him. Now we have to get the Artopians to leave their city to celebrate the Festival of Tabernacles. the Festival begins tomorrow.”

“Artopia has had hundreds of years to celebrate God's Festivals as we do in the Underground. They have ignored all His Holydays, and now they will be forced to celebrate the last Festival before the kingdom returns. Due to their ignorance and rebellion, they have caused their own plagues of Egypt. Now they will eat the 'bread of haste', and learn what it's like to dwell in rickety built tabernacles in the desert because their Gods of science and power have betrayed them. They suppressed God's people, and now they will know what that feels like.”

Farah's eyes glowed with a passion I had never seen on anyone before. Although she kept her sanity, the Monster serums made her ravenously determined. I began to cry; I was not as prepared as her. I wanted to save Artopia, not destroy them!

“Shape up, Kitty! You were only in the Institution for one week. I've been there for years and experimented on practically the whole time! There's death,” she said, “Then there's slow, endless torture. That's what they do up there in the Institution. They don't beat us, no that we could heal from. Physical harm is natural; our bodies can deal with natural, and if not, well, we're more than just a body, even if crippled. Our mind and soul are what makes us special. But in the Institution, they don't play by

the laws of nature. Trauma can cause you bad memories, but the medications they give you will burn holes into your brain in ways not even a million terrible memories can do. God made me perfect the way I am, but they want to take away what God has given. They hate God, and they hate us more, for we were made in His image, and the closest they feel they can get to God is by committing horrible crimes against us, the Undergrounders. That's what they do with their meds and Conditioning. That's what it's about. If the Artopians want to lobotomize themselves, let it be so, but they will pay in blood for what they have done to my friends and me. Refusing to let them change my brain chemistry was the greatest act of rebellion I could have ever done against that evil Reich. I do not forgive them; I do not even forgive them for what they attempted to do to me, but failed."

I looked at Farah, my best friend, who shared a similar story to me, whose pain I understood. I had completely forgiven the scientists for what they did to me, but I could not forgive them for what they did to Farah.

"They should have killed me." She said, "They should never have let me escape, and now they will know pain. They meant to destroy my soul, so I had to tap into something deeper than the soul to save me." She looked up at the castle and said a blessing in Aramaic.

"I don't forgive them either, Farah. I don't forgive them for the pain they caused you. Tonight, we will save your friends."

"Really?" Said Farah. Her eyes brightened, and I saw a bit more humanity enter back into them.

"Yes, when we get to the city, we'll go back to where it all began." My mind went back to when I was caged in the Institution and how miserable it had been. I would want someone to rescue me if I was ever stuck there again. I smiled at Farah. This was a chance to create a Tikkun Olam, and repair a bit of the broken world we suffered, although it might mean never leaving Artopia. We would die for this and then go on to serve God in His kingdom for the rest of eternity.

"We will release the captives and announce freedom!" She said, quoting Isaiah 61:1-2.

"Everything is coming full circle now" I said. We started out as experiments, and now we would return to set all the experiments free.

We gradually made our way down into the dark inverted tower, which was the remains of FFZ. The entrance was blocked, but the Monsters were strong enough to move the boulders out of the way. I thought it was ironic that the tunnels we would take to attack Artopia were the ones I



watched Seth sneak down when I secretly followed him to the city. He was a double agent, so no one else knew about the tunnels.

As the Monsters slipped through the narrow passages, I was relieved to see that Iskandar hadn't bothered to block Seth's tunnels. It was most likely because he was planning on leaving Artopia and he didn't see the need for the extra security just for one more day or two. He told me I have tracking devices on, but the Rainbow Light interfered with the reception. Now that I had the light inside of me, none of the Artopia's devices would work amongst us, just as the Erzatseer couldn't get within a hundred feet of me. Any security cameras present would not pick us up.

Stealthily, the monsters made their way toward Artopia. Jesus had given me a great commission. I would be anything to save them, their friend... or their enemy. For a moment, I thought of Seth while we walked down the same path we once walked. I was scared that I retained some monster qualities, for how cold must a heart be to feel warmth from something so cold.

## Ch 30: An Actual Insurrection

### The Festival of Tabernacles Evening of Day 6: 1 Day Remaining Kitty

It was the Festival of Tabernacles, but instead of celebrating it with my friends on the Island of Key, I was in a dingy water main tied to a horrible Monster. After a few hours, we heard city noises above. We climbed out at the city's outskirts instead of near the Institution so that we wouldn't be noticed right away.

To our surprise, a fashion store was right across the street from our alley. It was a risk, but the Monsters decided it was worth it to disguise themselves like Artopians.

No one was out, and the store was closed. All the Monsters were very quiet as we climbed up into a dark alley. They were created from an enhanced version of the serums Iskandar used to make his army strong, so they were quick and had all the apleness of the animals they were spliced with.

One of the Monsters pushed in the door to the shop. Inside were biological enhancements and fashionable outfits. The Monsters swarmed in to adorn themselves with the gaudy attire. They did so with much more joy than you'd expect from a group of hideous feral monstrosities.

"Wrap up the girl in a shawl!" Said one of the lead Monsters who now wore a sparkling belt. "Her appearance stands out most of all."

They wrapped a shawl around me so that my smooth, light skin and lack of animal features wouldn't be seen. The rest of them took mechanical attachments, goggles, flashy outfits, and mechanical sleeves from the shelves and display racks to cover up their mutations and multifaceted eyes. There were no alarms in the store as Artopians rarely committed property crimes.

We left the shop as well disguised as possible. Towards the center of the city, a party was beginning. The darkened Skydome, chaos of fireworks, and loud disorienting music further helped hide our monstrous reality.

“What kind of public safety animal is that?” Questioned a child to his mom when he saw the Monster I was riding. Like the other Monsters that looked too animalistic to disguise themselves as people they decorated the Monster I was on with blankets and Mardi gras beads to make him look like Iskandar’s parade animals.

The mother held up the boy so that he could pet the Monsters as he growled menacingly. The only reason the Monsters didn’t attack was because they were determined to make it to the center of the city before revealing themselves. The Monsters hissed and growled in hungry anticipation. They sniffed and snapped their jowls at the unsuspecting Artopians who danced and walked towards the Institution, completely unaware.

I caught sight of one of the Monsters glowing red eyes behind tinted round-rimmed glasses, and it sent shivers down my spine. I also saw something darker growing in the shadows and slithering not far behind. The Erzatseer had followed.

“How are we going to get the people to leave Artopia?” Asked Farah. “If the Monsters start to attack, the Artopians will just run into the city.”

“I know,” I said gravely, but I didn’t know what else to do. I looked up at the Rainbow City for reinsurance, as I often did. It was staring into the fiery incandescence that I got my answer.

“Fire. We must set everything on fire! The smoke will force them to open the Skydome. Then the people will see the Rainbow Castle and fly to them in their hovercars. We will tell them it is their only chance.”

“Ok,” nodded Farah. “I will find some Monsters who are willing to help us!” She ran off to talk to the less mutated Monsters who may still be able to reason.

“Don’t attack the people! They are not the ones that did this to you; it is the Institution! This is an insurrection against Pharmakia! Not anyone else,” I said to the Monsters around me, not caring if the Artopians heard. It was already too late anyway. Farah came back with a good size group.

“We just want to be healed.” They said.

“Help us start fires in the city so that Artopia will open the Skydome. The Artopians fleeing the smoke will see the Rainbow Castle and head to the shore. It’s there that everyone will be healed.” I could sense they were thinking about going straight to the shore instead of Artopia. “If you leave without us, the Erzatseer might attack.”

“We won’t hurt the citizens, but we don’t want to break into the Institution. That is too dangerous.” Farah must have asked them to attack the Institution with us too.

“I’ll help you break into the Institution.” Said one of the larger Monsters. I was surprised he was still conscious and could speak because he didn’t look human at all. I nodded, grateful for the help.

The more mutated Monsters began to growl menacingly at the people around them. Some of them, though howled in delight to the Artopian music and light shows. In front of the Institution, the party was in full swing. It was much larger than the one two nights before.

“Welcome to the Star Party!” Announced Iskandar. The crowds cheered. He stood on a steel stage with a band behind him. “The star party is commemorating my 3rd miracle! Tomorrow I will bring the stars back!”

People applauded while the Monsters spread out around the square. One scream led to another as the Monsters began to attack. Disguises flew off, and my shawl was torn away when the Monster I was on shook his head. When that didn’t throw me off, the Monster stood up on his hind legs, throwing my shawl off.

Iskandar saw me from the stage above. My strange skin glowed under the stage lights. At first, his expression was shocked and then terrible anger when he realized what I was. The Monster fell back and hit the ground hard with his front hooves, throwing me off onto the streamer-strewn floor. People screamed as the Monsters destroyed everything they could. Police shot their weapons into the crowd, but there were just so many Monsters, and it was hard to separate them from the Artopians. The crowd grew dense and pushed into me on every side. I was having the breath squeezed out of me, somehow I managed to get away to a less densely packed area.

Dropped bags were everywhere. I rummaged through them until I found a lighter. Wrapping a shirt from a vendor around a pole, I covered it with gasoline from a toppled-over car. One by one, I set the trees on fire so that their leaves scattered into the air like fiery moths, further spreading the flames. Many more Monsters than I anticipated helped spread the fire. Many seemed to do so just to cause further destruction instead of trying to save the Artopians. The effects were the same. The fans built into the Skydome could not handle it all. The streets flooded with dark smoke, but then it was whooshed up and out as the Skydome opened with a great creaking. It was like a giant eye opening. A couple of Artopian cars flew out, but not enough people were leaving. I ran around and continued to set trees on fire until I got to a daycare where kids huddled inside.

“We have to save the children!” Said an Artopian.

“No, they will be safe in there; leave them.” Said a man.

“No, they won’t!” I said, knowing that no one in the city was safe. I took one of the metal poles from a night clubs line divider. Part of the red tape was still connected to it as I threw it as hard as I could into the daycare window. Glass exploded everywhere. I jumped into the room, expecting the children to scream and panic, but they barely reacted. Their eyes looked heavy, and they stared transfixed at the shattered window just as they had been staring at the TV a moment ago. The program being played was something about 101 Coding. They were obviously drugged.

There were no adults in the room, but a robot rolled over to me and demanded that I leave. I smashed the mechanical nursemaid with my metal stick and then smashed the TV’s smiling cartoon characters and tore the media devices from the children’s clenched hands, who held onto them like one would a doll or stuffed animal. I destroyed their idols of comfort in front of their sad watering eyes as they finally began to screamed. I wanted them to yell so that someone would hear and rescue them.

I tore down the flyers of pro-Artopian propaganda, and then I unleashed my fury onto the little trolley that held all the children’s snacks and pill cups. I looked at the pills these children would have to take from birth to adulthood. I read things like Methylphenidate, Meth, Lithium, Aluminum, Mercury, and other drugs no different than the mind-controlling drugs they once used in MKUltra and on Soviet, Chinese, and North Korean prisoners of war. The children shrieked and recoiled in terror as I lit the prescriptions and trolley on fire.

“No one in this city will be saved until they beg for forgiveness for these monstrosities!” I hollered to the adults outside.

“That horrible Monster is attacking the children!” A couple of people ran inside and grabbed the kids. One child ran proclaiming “mommy” when her mother stepped in through the shattered window. She hugged her kid and loaded her and a couple of others into a hovercraft.

“Yes, that’s it, protect them, and leave this place!” Tears welled up in my eyes as I remembered how my own mother had died saving me.

“ZZZZZZZ!” I jumped and hit the ground as a laser beam blew through the wall of the building and essentially cut the room in two. I covered my head and felt stinging. One of my ears was gone, seared off by the laser. Luckily all the kids were already taken away. I ran outside and watched as the hover car carrying most of them flew through the open Skydome. I coughed as I tried to breathe despite all the smoke. Through the debris I saw the rainbow castle glowing on the other side of the dome.

Many of the Artopians were seeing the rainbow city for the first time. I had to make sure they knew to fly towards it. Although I was not far from the stage, it took all the tribal abilities I acquired through years of hunting and training on the Island of Key to maneuver through the chaos.

The opening in the skydome was helping to get rid of all the smoke. I ran onto the stage and grabbed a microphone.

“Flee to the shore!” I said into the floating apparatuses. “This whole place will be destroyed soon! You will all be safe at the shore! Follow the rainbow light!”

People were running in every direction, but a few stopped to look at me. Their expressions were unreadable; they were staring at my hair and skin and the fact that I did not look like an animal at all.

“The Rainbow City has come to save us!” I continued. “I am not a Monster or mutated; this is how we are supposed to look! Humans have been changed and altered, and the truth has been covered up! Perhaps you are hiding mutations like mine, but you do not have to fear! We were made in the image of God, not animals. God has come back to reveal the truth once and for all! He will heal all of us.”

“Why does that girl look like that, and what is that light?” I heard someone say, and others gasped and pointed out the Skydome. Perhaps many people in the crowd were hiding secret mutations just like Seth and were hearing that they weren’t diseased or delusional for the first time.

“You will be safe at the shore! Just follow the rainbow castle” was the last thing I could say before I had to duck and jump off the stage. Iskandar flew over and tried to grab me, but I dodged the blow. I flung myself off the stage as a few more flying cars fled out of the Skydome. I hid in the crowd as best I could. Iskandar was in the air, slashing and tearing at as many Monsters as he could. After slashing one across the face, he flew up high to survey the damage.

“Everyone, please remain calm. All is under control. Remain in the dome, do not try to leave! Remain calm and in the dome.” Said an automatic voice over the loudspeakers. I hoped no one was dumb enough to listen to it, for everything was absolutely not under control.

To my surprise, the police were not protecting the citizens but guarding the Institution. Iskandar took out a radio and gave instructions. He then shook his head and flew back to the stage, where he picked up a microphone. He called everyone’s attention with a loud burst of notes from his guitar. I steadily made my way to the edge of the crowd. The Institution loomed ahead. There was a big gaping hole in its side where one of the Artopian lasers must have accidentally hit it trying to destroy a

monster. I noticed it was the spot where the red cross I had drew was whitewashed.

“Monsters! Pay attention, I know what you want! I know why you are here.” Iskandar strung his guitar again, and anyone who wasn’t paying attention turned to the stage. “You want to be fed the best foods, given the best health care, and the best entertainment. You want to be Artopians!”

The Monsters mumbled and growled to each other. A food vendor was picked up by one of Iskandar’s security team and carted over to a Monster who was handed a hot dog.

“All our food is replicated, which means you can order anything you want, and it will be synthetically materialized. You can eat a human hot dog and not be able to tell the difference between the real and fake!” Said Iskandar through the speaker. The Monster tried it.

“Yumm you can’t tell the difference!” He said happily as he munched on the food. Some of the other Monsters clamored over, and human hot dogs were handed out liberally.

“Seeing that we have lost a lot of Artopians tonight who cowardly ran away because they were brainwashed by the “rainbow light” how about you all take their place?”

The Monsters stopped their destruction and looked up at Iskandar with perked ears as they enthusiastically nodded their heads.

“Human Hot dogs for everyone!” Said Iskandar and food from many vendors were handed out to all the Monsters to quench their fierce appetite. “In the morning, both Monster and human alike can receive the same vaccine so that the contagion will not cross over and we can live safely together. Tonight, we can celebrate a new peaceful union between our two species!”

Iskandar motioned for his band members, and lively optimistic music came forth. It was easy for the Artopians and Monsters to nod to the beat. Before anyone knew it, they were dancing together in the street. The Monsters and Artopians were dancing on the blood of those who died just moments ago. I stood motionless, not knowing what to do as the once ferocious monsters leaped gaily in the street, hand and claw with the Artopians.

“I found you.” Said Farah coming out of the crowd. The giant Monster who agreed to help us get into the Institution was behind her. I no longer wanted to get into the Institution, I just wanted to get out of Artopia, but I knew I had to do it.

“Look, Kitty.” She said, “We’ll sneak in through there!” She pointed to the hole in the building. She grabbed me and ran towards it. I thought of the hole of the Temple that Ezekiel crawled through and the terrible things he saw on the other side.

A couple soldiers saw our approach and opened fire. Another ran to the opening to guard it. The giant Monster covered us and took the shots, and knocked the guard out of the way. He was too big to fit through the hole, but he made it possible for me and Farah to get in.

I was surprised by the thickness of the wall; it must have been 3 feet. The outer shell was 2-inch-thick aluminum, followed by wires, a couple of feet of insulation, pipes, snake like wires, and then the interior wall of a hallway.

“Listen, Farah if we get separated, just escape out of here through the sewers...” I was cut off as a giant crash resounded behind us. The Monster guarding us was fallen, and in his last breath, he made sure his body fell to block the hole from the soldiers. He sacrificed himself so that we might have a chance to free some of the captives of the Institution.

“He was also once a captive here.” She said in her language what I assumed was a prayer for her fallen friend. I could see the Spirit flowing through Farah’s eyes. She was angry and moved with the savageness of one of the public safety tigers, her long claws poised to attack anyone who got in our way. I saw why God made prayer so important to humans. It was truly what distinguished us from beasts.

“Everyone held captive here will taste freedom tonight!” She growled. “The Monsters are no longer in their cages across the room. They’ve been released and are running amuck in the streets, but, they have always been here. Monsters policing, Monsters handing out prescriptions and Monsters going about their business. Now we are back in the Institution where they tried to make us like them. The Monsters here killed my family and friends, and then insisted there was something wrong with me for rebelling. That’s how Monsters talk. They swear that the good are evil and the evil good and that they have come to save mankind. I am no longer a victim, but a tool of destruction. They have turned me into this, and I will make them regret what they’ve done.”



## Ch 31: Aviarie

**The Festival of Tabernacles**  
**Late Evening of Day 6: 1 Day Remaining**  
**The Institution**  
**Kitty**

I used my security clearance to get through all the doors. Once on NIMH, Farah jumped behind the security guards' desk and pushed all the release buttons for the doors. Over the loudspeaker, she called out the names of her friends, including Nyla. They ran out of their rooms excitedly, but hesitated when they saw all the Monsters. The commotion awoke the rest of the juveniles.

"This is your time to escape!" I announced, "Artopia will be destroyed, but we know a way out of here!"

Soon, the hall was full of yells and shouts of rebellious adolescents. Despite Farah's ghastly appearance, the Undergrunder kids were willing to follow even a Monster if it meant escaping NIMH. The Artopian children were more hesitant, but half of them followed.

A doctor tried to stop Farah but she threw he across the room. I thought it was ironic how medications they wanted to control and subdue her with now made it possible for her to be so immensely strong, defiant, and incredibly dangerous.

"Come on!" Farah called to her friends, and a few dozen gathered around her. A couple of them jumped on a nurse so she couldn't ring the alarms. We wouldn't have been able to escape with just I and Farah fighting off the doctors and nurses but with everyone working together we overpowered the staff.

Over thirty kids followed us off the unit, I lagged behind, nudging the more hesitant ones along when a security guard grabbed me. Farah saw it and turned around to help.

"No run!" I said, "More guards will be here soon, please!" Farah looked stricken, but she had so many to take care of, she couldn't risk them all to save me. She and another teen were already carrying another girl who I would later learn was named Nyla.

“I know the way back; I will find a way to you!” I ensured Farah and she nodded and left the unit the way we entered.

Even if she couldn't remember the complicated route that we took with the Monsters, they'd be safe underground from the devastation that would soon occur in Artopia. Relieved that my friends had escaped, I gathered enough strength to kick the security guard where it hurt most. He dropped me and I ran to leave but three more security guards were running towards the unit. I had no choice but to turn back. That was when I saw a girl on the unit who looked just like me. At least, like I would if I was a regular Artopian and hadn't resisted all the Conditioning.

“Hey you! What is your name?” I asked, but the girl was so scared by my strange appearance and the fighting she ran away.

I followed thinking, she must be the girl Iskandar cloned me from, the one named Averie!

She was like a twin sister and I wanted to talk to her. There were still many kids on the ward, those who hesitated or were too scared to leave NIMH. The security guards were temporarily too busy with escape attempts to deal with me.

I found Averie sitting next to a door at the back of the ward. She looked terrified. I grabbed her hand to try and lead her out of the ward but she screamed and covered her eyes. Security guards shouted down the hall. If I stayed, I would be caught, so I turned to leave. I had tried my best, but if she wasn't going to listen to me, then there was nothing I could do. When I began to walk away, however, the door opened.

That's weird, I thought, that wasn't supposed to happen in a locked ward. The girl also looked surprised but took her chance and ran down the hall. I hesitated for a second and then followed. The door shut behind us, a guard pounded on the glass, but it wouldn't open for him, not even with his key tag. Aviarie disappeared down the hall. I had a creeping feeling like we were being watched, but still, I ran after her.

Aviarie tried a door farther down the hall, but instead, another door on the other side opened, which she ran through. I knew I shouldn't be there, I wanted to go back, but I couldn't as the doors locked behind us the moment we walked through. There was no choice but to follow Averie, yet we weren't going anywhere on our own accord. We were being led like mice in a maze. I smelled smoke and knew the fire I caused was close.

“Wait! Stop,” I cried out. “It's a trap, don't you see! Don't go through that open door!” She hesitated and then turned around and opened

another door that luckily wasn't locked. I followed her into the room; the heavy door slammed shut behind us.

The room was huge. There was a mist over the white aluminum tiles, like that of a bog that hovers over the mire. Dry ice was being used to keep the room cool and dry. Green-tinged machines were everywhere.

Along the walls hideous creatures hung suspended in tubes; their faces looked out beyond the glass, unseeing. I jumped when I saw what looked like my old self in a tube, but it was only Aviarie behind the glass. She wore a much fancier dress than anything I ever wore and was prettier than I had ever been. Still, the similarities were uncanny. According to Iskandar, we had nearly identical DNA.

"You and I are like sisters. I'm not a Monster; you don't have to be afraid. We have to get out of here." She moved towards me, then turned back and scanned the room frantically.

"He's not here," said a reverberating voice above us. The wall glowed, and the green mist dissipated, revealing a giant creature intermingled with machinery blended into the wall. The Dragon's nostril flared, and his eyes glowed red. Aviarie jumped and ran to my side, and we both cowered for a moment.

The Monster had no front arms, only two white wings that extended across the interface of the wall. It was a Wyvern, a king of worms. This was not one of Iskandar's cloned dragons, but The Dragon. It had once been a gleaming celestial creature, an anointed Cherub, adorned with every beautiful color, illuminated by the presence of God. Now, he was an instrument of suffering, terrible in aspect and hideous in nature.

Objects levitated as the Dragon's body lit up in conjunction with its many electronic interfaces. Surgical scapulas, mini saws, and knives flew towards us. We ran screaming out of the room. The Dragon laughed as the blades clanged into the door. It could have killed us, but it didn't. Not yet.

The only place left to run was a reception hall. We could see the outside through the large, ornamental glass windows, but fire barred our exit like an impenetrable wall. The reception hall and other parts of the Institution that were on fire were additions to the Institution and not made of the same fireproof materials as the main building.

Aviarie wasn't running away anymore because there was no place to run to. I pounded on a big round window for help. It was becoming hard to breathe. A fire crew outside was spraying water to no avail. Everyone else was evacuated from this part of the Institution, so we were alone. The

rainbow feather in my pocket fell out and was blown into the fire. It did not burst into flames though, but remained glistening and whole.

I knew I was not like the feather. Aviarie watched as I rammed the glass with a chair. I did not want to die there. But the window was bullet proof.

“Help!” I screamed out, “Someone, please help us!” I said it repeatedly until some people pointed towards me and shouted to someone near an ambulance. It was Iskandar. He was helping to direct ambulances and checking on the injured. It was like I was watching a commercial being broadcasted on the window, and then I was watching an advertisement as one popped up on the screen endorsing some new medication or something. Then the window was made transparent again, and I jumped when Iskandar was suddenly there bashing the glass with his feet mid-flight.

“Averie!” He hollered; she was right behind me. The hatred Iskandar had in his eyes when he looked at me made me want to risk trying to escape through the flames. I tried to flee up the stairs where I might find another exit, but halfway up the stairs, I collapsed, overcome by smoke. I coughed up spots of blood. My lack of conditioning made me much weaker than Averie. She was handling the smoke much better than me. I was going to die there from the very fire I created.

“I’m so sorry!” I told God and everyone I might have hurt as I coughed and wheezed on the stairwell.

“Sorry? There is no forgiveness for what you have done. You will die here alone. That is what you deserve.”

I looked up through the smoke and saw Iskandar’s shadowy figure. Someone else bent down and tried to pull me up.

“Leave her, Aviarie; she has done this to herself.” They walked away as I slid into darkness.

## Ch 32: The Erzatseer

**The Festival of Tabernacles**  
**Late Evening of Day 6: 1 Day Remaining**  
**Inside the Institution**  
**Bandog**

Ferocious mutated beasts roamed the streets, and people screamed as they tried to run away from the creatures, the lasers, and the fire. Those that survived would succumb to the bites of the Creatures or the radiation of the blasts.

Bandog watched the flames consume the town. Someone was screaming. He recognized the voice as his own as he awoke.

*Just another nightmare*, he thought. Or was it? He was surprised to see the door to his room opened. The double vaulted door was slightly ajar and a young mutated girl stood watching him. Noticing that he was awake, she left and many others ran past the door. Their shadowy figures were projected on the wall by a bright orange and yellow light. He smelled smoke and knew that the hall ways were on fire.

He got up, dragging the chains that connected him to his hospital bed. He strained against his chain until they snapped and looked down the hall. He had concealed his strength from the scientists and he was thankful now that he had, or else they'd had put him in much stronger chains. All signs of the girl who freed him was gone. That was when he heard it.

"Someone, help us!" Someone called farther down the hall.

He ran, following the scream for help. He arrived at a stairwell of the reception room. Iskandar met him at the top of the flight, and below him, collapsed on the stairs was a girl, but not the same girl he had just seen. Beside Iskandar was another girl that looked incredibly familiar.

"Bandog?" Laughed Iskandar. "They didn't evacuate you with everyone else, did they? I'm not surprised. You really are quite terrifying to look at. Well, since you are here... meet your daughter." Iskandar pointed at Aviarie. "Remember when you wanted me to fix her? I didn't. I gave you a clone with all the autistic genes deleted. Sagitta was right all along. I took your real daughter and raised her as my own. This girl down there is the clone that I gave back to you and Sagitta. As you can see, her

genetic makeup was unstable due to her being so heavily synthesized in the lab. She has mutated just like you.”

Bandog stood back, “You said my family turned into Monsters,” But he already knew the truth.

“They were turning into that.” Iskandar pointed at the strange-looking girl. “That’s a Monster. All the chaos outside is because of people like her.”

“No, I know the truth now. She and I are not Monsters. The Monsters were things that you and our weapons created. I have allowed myself to mutate to learn the truth. I have not lost my mind, and neither would have my family. You tried to kill them to cover up the truth and to use my anger to trick me into creating the Erzatseer.”

“Perhaps I did, but everything I did was to protect Artopia. What happened to your family was your fault. Sagitta began to rebel only after reading the books you stole from the towns you destroyed because you were careless and didn’t destroy them as you were supposed to. You didn’t care about your family. You only cared about the power I gave you.” Iskandar was growing impatient. The fire was weakening the ceiling. He had to lead Averie to safety before it collapsed. He moved to walk past Bandog.

“Lier!” Said Bandog. A few beams fell from the corner of the room; still, he was resolved to fight. Surely this was why he had changed, so he’d be able to destroy Iskandar and all the plans that the doctors and scientists had been whispering about the past few months. This time, he thought, he would have true revenge for his family! In a paroxysm pounce, Bandog lunged. He attacked Iskandar, swiping at his throat with his claws, but he forgot he no longer had claws and so he fell awkwardly to the ground.

“That’s it, Bandog? This is what your life has come to? You used to be a strong warrior, a ferocious beast; now look at you. In the end, you’re just as selfish as ever, more concerned with getting revenge than me leading the child you threw away to safety.” Averie began to cry.

Bandog got back up and lunged at Iskandar again, but Iskandar slashed him across the chest. Bandog clenched the wound as blood poured out. Iskandar went to finish him off, but then he stopped, distracted by something. He was focused intently on one of the windows.

“What is that abomination doing here!?”

The Erzatseer was watching from one of the large black round windows, it was a black round mass itself; only Iskandar could tell the difference. The abomination hissed furiously as it looked at Aviarie. The Erzatseer didn’t use visual information to distinguish people as looks

could be easily changed in Artiopia. Instead, it read people's electromagnetic signatures. Since Aviarie and Kitty shared the same DNA, it couldn't distinguish between them. In an instant, a giant tentacle smashed through the window.

“No!” Hollered Iskandar. “That’s Aviarie, not Kitty!”

Iskandar didn't have enough time. He jumped in-between the Erzat and the girl. He landed in front of her with his wings spread wide like a bright shining shield. A tentacle grabbed each wing, but Iskandar wouldn't let it drag him down.

Failing to stop the Monsters and not being able to do what it was programmed to do made the Erzatseer insane with fury. It no longer recognized Iskandar in its pursuit to kill who it determined was the main insurrector.

“Aviarie! Get out of here! Run!” Hollered Iskandar. But she couldn't run; she was paralyzed by fear. Another tentacle emerged and held Iskandar in the air. A large foreboding shadow darkened the room as the Erzat pulled itself through the window, shattering glass.

The tentacle of sinewy darkness lifted Iskandar then bashed him hard onto the ground. He hollered in pain but somehow managed to contort his muscles enough to reach the tentacle with his teeth and bite down hard on it.

The Erzatseer admitted a high pitch screech. It relaxed its hold enough to allow Iskandar to bare into the ground with his claws. With a massive yank, he ripped a tentacle off. It cried out in a thousand disembodied screeches. The rest of its tentacles, large and small, transformed into angry spitting cobras and flung themselves at Iskandar. Each one Iskandar severed, but no matter how many times he tore off a tentacle, there was always another regenerating.

People gathered around the broken window. A news reporter covering the fire moved his camera over to stream the battle between Iskandar and the abomination.

The Erzatseer faltered for a moment, and Iskandar took advantage. He rose his massive, magnificent head as the tentacles slashed his back. White glistening wings shielded him from most of the pelting. He roared victoriously right before thrusting his ivory jaws into the Erzatseer's black hole center.

Hundreds of angry faces materialized in the blackness and swarmed angrily around Iskandar as his face disappeared into the horrid nothingness. Then the faces stopped and a giant spasm shook the Erzatseer's body. Its tentacles drooped as Iskandar fell out of the

creature's center with a bright red beating heart. The heart gushed out its blood as teeth crunched into its chambers. Silence fell as both leviathans lay crumpled on the ground.

With the Erzatseer and Iskandar no longer moving, Bandog limped over to Kitty, the girl he had once known as Tosh. He looked over to the window that the Erzatz broke through. A huge group of people blocked the potential exit. They wanted to know if their hero was safe. Shepard looked at the ruler, he lay quiet, but his chest steadily moved up and down. He would awake soon, and Bandog did not want to be there when he did. Whatever Tosh had done, she wasn't safe here either, as Iskandar was going to leave her to die. He needed to get her away.

Bandog walked past the Erzatzseer to get to Tosh. It's was like staring into a black hole, unimaginably deep. Its tentacles were heaped about itself, but he saw no lines or distinction between them. He stood between it and Tosh as if mesmerized, unable to take his eyes from its dark nothingness.

He saw images forming. He shook his head, trying to wake himself up from the strange trance. Eyes, dozens of eyes appeared in the shadows. Poorly constructed faces formed around the eyes, until he could tell that they were people walking towards him from the Erzatz's event horizon; people from Edoron. Closer and closer, bony figures hobbled towards him, they grew in clarity and proximity, but he could not move. Bandog looked towards the door, then back to Tosh and then back to the Erzatz.

The zombie-like creatures were upon him in an instant. Their gnarled rotted hands reached out towards him from the endless abyss. They wanted to drag him in so that they could steal his heart to resurrect the terrible abomination.

Bandog jumped back, nearly avoiding their grasp. With nothing left to sustain itself, the Ersatzseer's black silhouette crumbled into dust. Behind the disintegrated Erzatzseer was Iskandar. The ash blew lightly over him but did not stick to his white coat, now spotted with bits of bright red blood. The blood pooled on the ground and merged with the gooey black oil of the Erzatzseer.

Bandog nudged Tosh, but she wouldn't wake up. He looked over and saw Iskandar's cold electric eyes open. Picking up Kitty, he fled up the stairs. He knew that Iskandar would find Aviarie and take her to safety. A ceiling beam fell and burst into flames, cutting Iskandar off from following them. Iskandar tried to get up, but his back legs lay slacked on the ground.



A fire truck arrived by the broken window and doused the flames with water jets. Once extinguished, crowds of people swarmed into the building around Iskandar. He was too weak to move, and so he was crowd surfed out of the building and to safety by the adoring crowd as Averie followed close in tow.

Bandog ran to the opposite end of the hall, where he knew there was an emergency exit. As he ran, beams crumpled and collapsed behind him, so he could not turn back.

“NO!” gasped Bandog, laying Tosh onto the metal overhang of the fire escape. The fire was even worse on this side. The blistering inferno stretched 10 feet around the building two stories down. Fire trucks and ambulances, were stationed around the parameter.

Bandog looked at the fire below him. It was as if his nightmares had found him. In its crimson lights, he could see his past play out, just as he could inside the Erzatseer. He could not run back into the building; they were stuck on the perilous ledge.

In the parking lot, a crowd formed to watch the fire, but no one could see him through the flames. A fire truck made its way to where the group gathered. A hydro-pump was set up, but the fire only hissed in mild irritation, uninfected while the force of the water threatened to collapse the already weakened structure.

Bandog considered his now more powerful back legs; he had mutated enough to be able to leap over the fire. However, he was not strong enough to carry Tosh over the fire with him.

Bursts of bright colors bloomed inside the fire as it interacted with the different concentrated chemicals of the genetically-manipulated plants below.

He once sacrificed her to save himself, and now the world had come full circle. She had worked so hard to save the birds, now he would save her. He took the red ribbon around his wrist and tied it around her neck. He turned his back on the Institution as he built momentum and jumped.

As they crossed the inferno, Infinity burning underneath like some giant polychromatic creature with tongues that lapped the breath out of the air, he found enough strength to throw Tosh past the fire. At that moment, he felt a penetrating flutter of wings inside his heart. He saw a strange merging of lights in the sky where one of the Skydome vents were still open. Out of the darkness as toxic and deep as an oil spill arose a city unlike any other. The rainbow lights grew brighter and brighter till the night itself evaporated, and the whole world burst.

The gathered people screamed in surprise when the balled-up flurry fell into the crowd, hitting an unaware bystander.

“It’s a Monster! Someone, kill it!” Said a pedestrian seeing her hairless skin and flat features.

“We can’t do that,” Said an EMT. “Didn’t you hear? All the Monsters in the city are now Artopian citizens.”

The girl was carried off to be treated. The flowers bloomed in the flames, somehow activated by the heat. The pretty white blossoms became a plume of white dazzle and, seconds later, blistering puffs of crimson, then black, and then dust that floated out into the breeze. Through the Skydome, it began to rain, and the healing waters quenched the remaining flames. Then the remaining vents of the Skydome were closed so that no one else could get in or get out.

## Ch 33: Memphi



### Of Such Is the Kingdom

“Rabbi Meir said: When the Jews stood before Sinai to receive the Torah, God said to them:

“I swear, I will not give you the Torah unless you provide worthy guarantors who will assure that you will observe its Laws.”

The Jews responded, “Master of the world, our forefathers will be our guarantors!”

“Your guarantors themselves require guarantors!” was God’s reply.

“Master of the world,” the Jews exclaimed, “Our prophets will guarantee our observance of the Torah.”

“I have grievances against them, too. ‘The shepherds have rebelled against Me’ (Jeremiah 2:8),” God replied. “Bring proper guarantors, and only then will I give you the Torah.”

As a last resort, the Jews declared, “Our children will serve as our guarantors!”

“They truly are worthy guarantors,” God replied. “Because of them, I will give the Torah” (Midrash Rabbah, Song of Songs 1:4).

Benjamin was used as a guarantor for his brothers (Genesis 43:8). Jesus suffered on behalf of the world as a guarantor for mankind. (Vayigash: The Guarantor by Ben Burton ladderofjacob.com)



**The Festival of Tabernacles**  
**Late Evening of Day 6: 1 Day Remaining**  
**Kitty**

I awoke gasping inside of an ambulance. I was wearing a oxygen mask, a bandage around my arm, and for some reason a red string necklace. I tried

to take the mask off, but someone in a medical uniform put it back on. *Where am I? How have I gotten here?* I wondered. The last thing I remembered was collapsing on the stairs of the Institution.

I threw the mask off as the EMT tried to calm me down, but I pushed him away. He fell back, knocking an oxygen tank off the wall. The last time I was around so many medical supplies was on Iskandar's helicopter, and I didn't want to relive that experience.

"The patient is out of control!" Said the tech as he reached for a syringe labeled Haloperidol.

"No!" I protested; I knew this was my only chance to escape. I flayed and kicked, managing to flick open the back door. The gurney jolted out of its lock during the tussle. The next bump we hit propelled the stretcher forward, and the force of it slamming the doors blasted it and me right out of the ambulance and onto the road. The stretcher bounced into the street and crashed into a building.

I got up, dusted myself off, and ran down a side street. To conceal myself I picked up a hoodie, and a glow stick from a toppled over vendor that one of the monsters smashed. I would need some sort of light for navigating the tunnels. As I snuck through the crowds, I was surprised to see how many Monsters were now living everyday Artopian lives.

I moved aside a manhole the way I saw Seth do, but then a noise caught my attention. A frail Artopian mother was cooing over her baby at a café. I hadn't seen any Artopians outside with their children; most kept them in the daycares or child centers. I watched intently; it was obvious she loved her baby. I slinked in the darkness towards the café. This place would be destroyed soon, or perhaps it wasn't, and I had misunderstood everything and caused chaos for no reason. I thought of the flyer I saw at the police station that talked of subterranean mutant terrorists who stole Artopian children. I had thought that so barbaric and wrong.

The mother turned away from the baby and smiled gaily when friends walked over to say hi. I snuck out of the dark and ambled towards their table. If they turned and saw me, they would have been terrified by my alien-like "mutations" and blood-stained shirt, but no one noticed until it was too late.

My hands clenched around the infant in the basinet. Someone screamed, but I ran faster than the others and jumped down the open manhole with the baby before anyone could stop me. People shouted from the entrance to the waterway, but only the mother climbed down. I hid behind a wall and kept as quiet as I could. The baby did not cry, as Artopian babies rarely did.

The mother cried out, though, "Please! My baby, I'll give you anything for my baby back! Mimi, I love you! Let me know where you are!" The baby woke up and began to stir. I saw his face scrunch up in anticipation of a scream. I ran down the tunnel, the mother followed; she was quicker than I anticipated.

"Please don't be a Monster!" She called out as I lost her. I cringed in shame. The mother tripped on something, and soon I was far away.

"Mimi," I said as the baby squirmed and cried in its quiet shuddering Artopian way. "It will be ok Memphi." It was common to give boys girls names in Artopia, but even though I had sympathy for the mother, I would not call her boy child but such an atrocious name as Mimi.

There are two people named Mephibosheth in scripture. Mimi was like them both. The first was a prince, a son of Saul, whose mother was Rizpah. Rizpah never left her child's side, just as I imagined Mimi's mother would not leave the water mains until she found him. Perhaps she would be protected here from the devastation that was to come.

In scripture, the other Mephibosheth was Jonathan's son, who was a direct descendent of Saul. Traditionally, once David became king, he should have killed Mephibosheth, but David was a type of Christ, and instead, he showed him mercy and gave him a perpetual seat at the king's banquet table. Some say both Mephibosheth's were the same person and that Rizpah had secretly known this. I hoped that, like Saul's son, the Mephi that I held would be able to attend the wedding Feast of the Lamb just as the Mephi in the bible was able to sit at the king's table.

I wandered the twisting tunnels with the child in my arms. The subterranean waterways the Artopian city required to function became for me like the ancient Shissin of the Temple, delivering me from Sheol, if I could just keep from getting lost.

Eventually, I hit one of the paths I traveled down with Seth. I did not remember the entire route we took, but it was enough to get me to one of the buried buildings that I could climb out of to the desert above. If we could make it to the shore, we would be safe.

For a while, the desert was calm, and I could see the Rainbow Castle hovering in the distance, but just as miracles can come when you least expect them, so can sandstorms. At first, I welcomed the thin haze of sand, as it would keep Artopian patrol ships from finding us, but then the haze turned into a death trap. Debris from the remains of NYC was flung into the air. If I didn't dig a shelter, we could be injured or killed.

The baby was crying while I did my best to dig, "It's ok, everything will be all right," I said. "Today is the first day of the Festival of Tabernacles,

but I am afraid I won't be able to build us a very good Tabernacle with only sand to work with."

Today was the day that the world as we knew it was supposed to end, but I didn't know if we'd survive to see it.

I put the baby in the makeshift shelter and tried to pile sand on us. A piece of glass swiped my back. The baby was alright, but he continued to cry.

"No, it's ok" I tried to reinsure him. When the Rainbow Castle finally touched the ground, the desert would sprout flowers, the birds return, and all the lands would belong to children like him. The book of Isaiah records that lifespans will increase hundreds of years in Christ's kingdom city, just as lifespans were before the flood. I knew that this was an Artopian baby and not an entirely human one, but perhaps like the biblical Mephibosheth, it wouldn't matter. Perhaps he would heal as he grew and someday learn what it truly means to be human.

How blessed is a child who has had one hundred years to mature? How much more perfected we would all be by one hundred years of innocents, how much more perfected by the loving care of our Savior? I looked down at the baby and knew, just knew, that he would be one of the first to find out. I sang so that the rhythm would hide any doubt.

*"Your eyes will be lifted, and there will be time to grow. When from this sand sprouts flowers and the birds return, then you will know."*

But there was no light yet, and no one was coming for us, and we were alone. I looked at the baby and remembered my rainbow-colored crow a long time ago and how I wanted to take care of him too.

*"See, I was carried away by the waves when I lost my friend; I couldn't protect him. I felt hopeless and confused, just like you. I cried out I need a savior and God came and picked me up and led me home, said you'll never be alone. So darling, please keep hanging on; we're on our way to break the dawn. I will bring you home; I will make sure you are made whole."*

The storm was getting worse. It was like the wind was going to blow us away.

"Let there be light." I whispered, "Let there be light..." I prayed so hard that beads of sweat funneled down my forehead until even the screeching of the wind and sand was drowned out as I focused on the words. I was sorry for bringing the Monsters into Artopia, and I was sorry for stealing the baby. I had done terrible things.

I used my voice, the soul's voice, and then the mind's voice too and bowed my head each time I blessed the Lord for all the miracles and close calls I had up to that point, and finished my song for Mephi.

*“Little baby, after you have grown old and have seen all the wonders that our Father brings to this earth, sing a song of it to me, sing for me about all these things when we meet at the end of all things. And my Father, I ask please send your spirit down, shine shine shine Your light. let there be Your light!”*

Farah once sang for me and I was happy, at least, to be able to sing for Mephi. Perhaps a bit of my song would be sent out with him, even if I wouldn't be able to follow him to freedom just as Farah couldn't at first.

My song was cut short as a giant dark mass fell towards us. I screamed and covered our heads. With a loud crash, it collided into the ground, only a dozen feet from where we were. The thing that nearly squished us was a billboard for some candy that a smiling girl held up. I looked at the baby, picked him up, and hid us under the billboard. It was a perfect Tabernacle where we were safe and protected.

“Thank you,” I whispered in gratitude, and the baby and I finally curled up and fell asleep. It was at least eight hours later when we awoke. I looked out from the sign and saw that the storm had ended. It was around noon, for the sun shone and reflected off the billboard. I picked up the baby and walked the rest of the way to the shore.

## Ch 34: The Star Party

**The Festival of Tabernacles**  
**Morning of Day 7: 0 Days Remaining**  
**Iskandar**

The withered clones of Iskandar were taken out of their glass tubes and laid open chested. Their organs were harvested to repair the ones damaged by Iskandar's blood loss. Other clones stood at attention in the back, waiting just in case their body parts were needed to keep the original alive; the brain modifications kept them from protesting.

"My head is killing me." Iskandar groaned. He got up and took a sip of coffee. "Is everything ready to go forward with our plans?"

"The Monsters are getting along with everyone but some of the Artopians that left came back to be let in, but as you ordered, we have not let them back. The entire city is in lockdown. A couple of them were important scientists."

"Let the Monsters keep what was theirs if it keeps them peaceful. I do not want traitorous scientists working for me. No one who can see the rainbow light can be trusted. What we have now is a better, more unified people. The time has never been better to go along with plans." Iskandar washed up, and an attendant dressed him in a ceremonial military uniform.

"Sir, your slaying of the Erzatseer was the pinnacle of bravery. History will never forget such a raw demonstration of unmatched power!"

"Yes." Dismissed Iskandar. "But, now that the Erzatseer is dead and the Monsters a part of Artopia, there isn't anyone left to stop the underground communities. We must leave behind one of the Dragon clones."

The scientist nodded and left. Iskandar was not feeling well. His head ached despite the medications. He looked up out of the window towards the shore where many fled the night before.

"It is written, 'You shall not test the Lord your God.'" He growled menacingly, confident that they would all be destroyed. Iskandar, however, was not referring to God in Heaven but himself. The circumstances weren't so different from those that occurred 200 years



before when the nations of the world foolishly thought they had him cornered.

Banners were hung up everywhere with slogans saying “The War to End War,” “No Gods, Kings, or Borders,” and “Build Back Better!”

Invitations to the “Star Party” were broadcasted all over Artopia, everyone was invited. All the disruption the Monsters caused the night before was cleaned up. The cement was polished; the damaged walls scrubbed clean.

Barricades were set up to safely lead traffic from the surrounding streets and funnel the people to the entrance of the Institution, where Iskandar would make his speech. The Monsters that attacked the city the night before all came to celebrate Artopia. They seamlessly slid into the lives and homes of the Artopians who left. Iskandar was correct; they did not want to fight Artopia; they wanted to become Artopians. They were like victors who slid seamlessly into their defeated enemies’ homes, lands, to use their stolen enemies’ merchandise and their stolen food and marry their stolen wives only to become just like their enemies.

Patriotically, the Monsters showed up in dark eyeliner, sparkly folk shirts, jewelry, and anything that would fit them from their vanquished Artopian counterparts. Besides their unnaturally large bulk and chimera features, they made fine Artopians. To show solidarity, some Artopians tweaked their body modifications to look more Monster-ish but in the most stylish ways.

Monster and Artopian chanted together, “Artopia! Artopia! Artopia!” All the drugs and mood stabilizers in the Artopian water mellowed the Monsters out enough there was no more risk of an attack.

Paradise-like planets broadcasted on the Skydome. The images were only slightly spoiled by the static where someone crashed their hovercar trying to get back into the city. The planets were so close; lush green and blue expanses seemed a part of the Artopian landscape. The Skydome zoomed in and out of these planets and similar Eden-like worlds to simulate the interstellar flight path the Artopians would soon be making, as promised by Iskandar.

Iskandar stood on a red velvet-covered stage as he addressed the crowd. A giant cage covered in the same soft satin was carted out behind his podium. Everyone clapped for their leader. The Monsters cheered louder than everyone, their voices naturally having more of a booming quality. Images recorded of Iskandar’s defeat of the Erzatseer were

displayed on the many screens around the square. Iskandar was harrowed as a transcendent being, a demi-god, a new world teacher.

Two hundred thousand people spilled out from the square and around the front of the Institution. Some people gathered on top of buildings to get a better view—the 50 thousand people inside the conditioning chambers were present through The Metaverse. The virtual people sat on the rolling pastures of mars and gardens of parallax in the Skydome like transcendent beings. They put their hands on the screens, as did those on the outside, forming an inter-verse connection.

Iskandar stood over the crowd. The people were enamored by his will to make his speech, despite his injuries. This was going to be his last speech in the Artopian city. Everyone knew that the third miracle was to mark the transition into the old world and into the new. Iskandar never failed to deliver his promises, no matter how remarkable they were. Only his inner circle knew how they would get to the 'New World', but the people did not need to know the specifics. No one doubted Iskandar's ability to ascend humankind into ultimate divinity.

After all, he had made himself divine, hadn't he? They were not aware of the numerous clones of himself he just consumed.

Behind Iskandar, the veil that covered the cage rustled steadily as deep resounding breathing rumbled. Iskandar read off a little note card in his hand.

"I have destroyed the Erzatseer. I plunged myself into the heart of the Erzat, saw hell inside of its void-like flesh. I saw a world without Artopia, and how horrible it would be! But I wrapped my teeth around its dirty center and ripped the dark energy out of the beast. I entered and ascended out of hell victorious. My people and my Monsters, it is now time I go to heaven and bring all of you with me! We will ascend Artopia to the heavens and rule over the Universe. Like a dragon, Artopia will spread her wings over the horizon."

Two men in black hoods approached the veil covering the cage and ripped it off. The crowd was left speechless. In the cell was a dragon much larger than the ones exhibited in the coliseum. It was an incarnation of ancient fear. The people oohed and awed at it. Then the Skydome was made transparent to reveal the real world. The Artopians screamed in terror and buried their faces into their hands, for the real world terrified them more than the dragon.

The timing of the unveiling was matched perfectly with the rise of the sun behind the polluted carbon clouds. The door of the dragon's cage was opened; it crawled out and spread its patchy wings as the red eye-like sun

rose in-between his shoulder blades, for a moment cradling the dawn. The Dragon beat his unfurled wings and flew above the crowds.

The people trembled in fear, but Iskandar reinsured them. “The dragon is our friend and protector! He is a more perfect clone of the dragon of Artopia. Quickly the people found they couldn't be afraid of this dragon, for his scales shimmered with the most beautiful rainbow light. They could not see the Rainbow Castle, but they could see its light reflected in the dragon's scales, scales specifically designed to reflect the hidden light and pull it into the visible spectrum.

Everyone sang hymns, held hands, and swayed back and forth. The Dragon landed gracefully among them, and they reached out to touch him. They were not repelled by him even as the smoke billowed from between his teeth, reminiscent of rotten eggs.

Adults let their children touch the dragon as his tongue flickered in and out of powerful jaws and straight pointed teeth. This Dragon did not reach out to bite or claw anyone, but it dug its strong filthy fingers and dirty feet irritably into the ground. Iskandar hurried along with his speech.

“Tonight, as my third miracle, I will raise all the fallen stars, as I am raising ourselves to the heavens. The moon as well, will once again be made visible. This is the sign that I will shortly return, but there can be no great reward without a test preceding it. So, stay strong and proud, my fellow rulers of the Universe!”

The people/Monsters cheered, and Iskandar marveled at their loyalty. A chant took up, “The stars! The fallen stars will return! “To paradise!” and “Heaven is ours!” The dragon's eyes teared and bulged angrily, but his reptilian grin gave the appearance of laughing as he hissed with the whooping crowd.

John Lennon's ‘imagine’ song played over the crowd as Artopian and Monster danced and celebrated.

*“And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth and that every **imagination** of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.”* (KJB Genesis 6:5)

*“And the LORD said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have **imagined** to do.”* (Genesis 11:6)

The people became intoxicated by their own imaginations, unable to see the reality of the world.

Mothers held out their babies so that Iskandar could kiss them, young women swooned when he passed by, and men wanted to go to battle for

him. He was the most popular person that ever existed. There was never anyone like Iskandar or a city as great as Artopia!

Once Iskandar left the stage, the people slowly made their ways back to their living quarters or work. The square was at maximum compacity, however, and leaving was difficult. The people nearest the exists discovered the barricades that had assisted in funneling traffic to the square were now blocking them from escape.

“That’s peculiar,” some said. People struggled against the barricades as the crowd grew more and more condensed. People were pushed, shoved, and squished. Others looked up at the stage for help but discovered the security guards, police, and scientists gone. Only the cloned dragon remained. He looked acquisitively at the people squirming below. They looked to the televisions for direction or announcements, but static replaced the bright budding colors one by one.

Without the infinity screens, the large looming towers stood shoulder to shoulder, as overcrowded as the people below. Every beautiful forest, safari, blue sky, and fantasy world was replaced by a wall, and then another wall of static. People cramped together to get away from the menacing reality bearing down on them.

Then the TV’s cut out altogether. The black scrying mirrors reflected the street lights and lighted avenues above, revealing the true source of the people’s entertainment.

The forcefields that kept cars from crashing into each other ceased to work, and cars began to crash. The TV’s cut out, replacing the static with darkness. The people gazing into the glass mirrors now watched in horror as the darkness brought their reflections back and mirrored their surprised and terrified faces. All around, the eerie creaking of metal against metal reverberated. The sounds came closer and closer.

The only light left was from the hovercraft roadways. The glass reflected the floating lights perfectly, in ways it was never meant to. A maze-like world was revealed inside the black mirrors. The lighted lanes meant to guide cars were reflected so that they jutted out at impossible angles, into sides of buildings, or straight up into the darkness. The people looked around in terror, not knowing where to run. Flying cars drove into the sides of buildings. The city no longer had direction; it was a city of scattered shadows and reflections of itself going nowhere.

The Artopians chose to live without moral Law or guidance. In their eyes, all was permissible, and now their environment reflected that as boundaries meant to keep people safe disappeared. But then, even these

lights too turned off, until there were no more reflections, just the darkness within now blanketing the world.

The white dragon shot out a blast of fire, illuminating the area for a moment with red flame, and then he unfolded his leathery wings and flew over the crowd like a giant bat. He did not stop at the Skydome. The dragon shattered the glass with his breath and flew towards the seashore in the distance.

And then the tremors began.

## Ch 35: The End of the World



### Midrash #9: The Hidden Light 1 of 2: Calls to Sacrifice

#### Even When Jesus Was Betrayed, He Was Still Honored

(Peter's Denial & the Cock's Crow, by Jeremy Chance Springfield)

When Peter denied Jesus three times as Jesus prophesied, he was standing outside the High priest's Palace, which was on the Western side of the Temple. No roosters were allowed here (Baba Kama 7.7). Therefore, Peter thought he was safe from Jesus's prophesy of betraying him before the rooster crows.

However, Peter did not understand Jesus's play on words. The term "cockcrow" meant a particular time of the morning when priests would be wakened to begin their sacrificial duties (Mishnah Yoma 1:8). The Aramaic term for "rooster" is also the same term for the man who would blow a trumpet to wake the priests. (Sukkah 5.4). The cockcrow, or better stated, the trumpet blast that Jesus was referring to, was a call to sacrifice. Jesus affirmed that no man but himself could have a part in the grim process of salvation.

#### Rainbow Colored Crows

In Hebrew, the term for crow is "evening" or "darkness." The word crow can also mean calling or announcing something. Rainbow-colored crows can be rainbow-colored cock-crows, rainbow-colored calls to sacrifice, rainbow-colored nights. The dark can be scary, but the darkness is made beautiful within the Lord. The light of God is an intermingling of both light and dark, bringing out the perfection of each.

*"God intermingles all things for good for those who love Him."* (Romans 8:28, Isaiah 45:7)

The darkness is not dark to the Lord but shines like the day (Psalm 139:12). To be "like God" is to experience this darkness, however, unlike God, mankind cannot handle or comprehend it (Isaiah 55:8). The first thing Adam felt after he sinned was shame for, he saw that he was

naked... like a prince stripped by his enemies (Ezekiel 16:36-37). The antidote to having sinned is to live life with eyes on the sacrifice of the Lord, within whom all things are made beautiful once again.



### **The Festival of Tabernacles**

**Morning of Day 7: 0 Days Remaining**

**Kitty**

“You’re the girl that told us about the rainbow light! You told us about it, and then, out of nowhere, we saw it appear here over the shore, so we followed it, but now Artopia won’t let us back in!” Said the Artopian. The baby and I made it to the shore, but an angry mob immediately met us.

“You can’t go back to Artopia! They will be destroyed soon.” I insisted.

“There isn’t enough food or water here for us. The Monsters have ferocious appetites. I thought we were getting away from them; I didn’t expect they’d be here too!” said a man.

I looked over at the Monsters he was referring to. They were not like the angry horde that attacked Artopia, but they were still fearful to look at. I did not see Farah or the children of NIMH among them.

“Did anyone see a less mutated girl named Farah? A bunch of kids would be with her.”

“No one has seen anyone like that.” My heart dropped. Closer to the cliffs, I saw the telltale signs of the Undergrounders. They were handing out cups of water to the Artopians and some noodles. I handed the baby to one of the girls.

“He needs to get out of this sun,” I said, “Where is the Underground?”

“I’ll take him there.” She said and disappeared over the cliff where access to the underground shelters were hidden. The Jagged teeth of the seashore hid many things. The waves splashed at the cliffs like grasping fingers curling around the rocks. The rest of the Artopians walked over to me. They hadn’t entered the Underground, most likely because they were hoping to be rescued by Artopia, but no search ships appeared in the sky.

“This is all your fault.” roared one Artopian. “We should never have followed the rainbow city. It was a trick, just like Iskandar said. A group of Artopians surrounded me with their smartphones out.

“The Monsters have taken over our lives, and even our homes! We can see them through our security cameras; just look, you can see them through my phone!”

He showed me a video of a Monster looking into a vanity mirror and applying makeup.

“This great big purple dragon has taken over my family, my job, and is even wearing all my clothes! He tried to put on my makeup, but wended up eating the lip balm!”

“Look at this one!” Said someone else. “There is a Monster at my table! A Monster wearing my wigs and a Monster hanging out with my friends! They never laughed with me like that.”

“Hey, what’s wrong with Monsters?” Said one wandering over. Two more nearby got into an argument over the noodles and started fighting each other.

“Stop that you’re shaking the ground!” Said an Artopian. The Monsters stopped, but the ground continued to shake.

“Why isn’t Iskandar helping us?” One of the Artopians began to cry.

I didn’t know, but a terrible noise came towards us, something like a Trumpet blast. It was day 7, the day Artopia was to be destroyed and for the reign of mankind to end. Through the dusty air of the desert, we could just barely make out the rainbow city glistening serenely over Artopia but the noise wasn’t coming from the rainbow castle. Another, much brighter light than the castle metamorphized through the hazy air.

*Is Iskandar coming to take revenge? Or is this the end of the world?* I thought.

The sandy air was blown away, and we were all knocked down by a gust of wind. The air was made clear, revealing the Skydome. The dome was clear as well so we could see everything happening in the city. Plumes of red and gold bubbled up from the center of the dome-like lava from a deep-sea geyser.

Terror gripped me and the others as everyone attempted to shelter under any rocks big enough. The nuclear-like energies in the Skydome increased exponentially until a mushroom cloud grew and blasted out of the glass sphere. Like a giant popped hell balloon, bright fire burst from the shattered Artopian Skydome. A wave of dark flames flung themselves from the city like a battalion of stallions created by fissions of nuclear energy. Their battle cry was utter torment, horrible self-mutilation, living fire burning itself away.

I had to look away; the light was so bright and intense. I braced myself for the tertiary blast. It ricocheted into us like battering rams, flinging me nearly off the cliff, but I held onto the edge and leaned over the waters so



that my back was to the hot, searing wind. The ocean looked to be on fire as it reflected the fiery red colors of the burning sky. The waves flickered and tapered like tongues of molten lava.

I looked over to someone next to me and screamed. Everyone's bones was visible through our skin. It was like my vision of the dragon and the lake of fire. The Dragon has been trying to say something. What was it trying to say?

The searing winds seized, so I looked back at Artopia, and there, over the once sparkling city, the Institution broke through the mushroom cloud. The Institution was flying! It was rocketing up into the sky towards the Rainbow Castle with ferocious trajectory.

Another wall of sound blasted through us. It was the sound of all the nuclear energies created to propel that giant tower up into the sky. I wanted to run and hide underground, but the catastrophic blast paralyzed my body. My hands clenched around a rock as if by seizure. Another blast hit, and nothing and everything could be seen at the same time.

The Artopian buildings toppled over like dominoes. The two hundred thousand Artopians not inside the Institution had no chance. The people closest to the Institution were evaporated immediately. People's tongues dissolved in their mouths and their eyes into their heads. Some spontaneously combusted, and others were cooked alive by the radioactive emissions. Some not so lucky suffered slow deaths, their bodies caught on fire, and they were unable to put themselves out for any pools of water around them boiled as the ground burnt and crisped like the crust of a volcano—postcards from Hiroshima.

Suddenly I knew what the Dragon had said so proudly and victoriously as it flew over the sea of flames in my vision. The voice that sounded reptilian, mechanical, and demonic was really the sound of nuclear explosions repeatedly crashing onto themselves. The words that it laughed was, "I am evil I am evil I am evil I AM EVIL!"

But why? I thought, as the world continued to burn itself away. For what blood sacrifice? For what new power, victory, or goal? I looked back at the Artopian city, searching for some sort of answer. What I saw made me scream in horror.

"The dragon! The dragon!" My voice was shocked into working by a burst of adrenalin. An even more powerful, but hideous dragon than the one from the Coliseum was flying towards us, mouth agape with fire spewing out between grotesquely long teeth. He was riding upon the blast waves, unaffected by the heat while I, the Monsters, and runaway Artopians clung helplessly as the shockwaves dirtied our bones with

radioactive haze. We could only watch in terror as our end flew towards us, like a looking glass into hell.

Then something that never happened before occurred. Gravity disappeared, and the sands and our bodies floated off the ground—everyone clung onto rocks or onto someone who was, as not to float away. I looked up and saw an awe-inspiring spectacle in the sky, as the Rainbow Castle ripped a hole in the heavens. We saw billions and billions of bright glowing stars, clearer, and more beautiful than anything we ever saw before, although we were filled with terror when we saw it.

A rainbow polychromatic storm issued forth as the Institution impacted with the Rainbow Castle. All of Heaven bent down over the earth just as it had when God lowered the heavens over Mt Sinai for Moses and the Israelites.

The two cities lay suspended in the sky as they merged. Streaks of rainbow fire flung itself across the stratosphere. From the center of the Universe a tornado descended and scrambled the surrounding clouds like a blender mixing cookie dough. Hollowing trumpets blew as the milky way spewed out over the darkness. A searing wind descended from the glimmering heavens and ripped the air from our lungs. Our hair smoldered as pulchritudinous rainbows crashed down like lightening onto the earth, searing the sands and vitrifying them into rainbow crystal.

It is written in Isaiah 43:2 and Revelation 15:2 that when man has been transfigured by the light of judgment, they will walk over such a sea of mingled fire and glass without terror, but we were still mere humans, and so slunk away from the outpouring of power and light that could destroy us with a touch.

We were distracted from the rainbow typhoon only by the white dragon's roar. It swooped down upon us, ready to simultaneously cook and eat us alive, but I saw something even more horrible as my life flashed before my eyes.

Before the dragon scooped us up in his jowls the Rainbow Castle burst into a trillion pieces. The pieces of my beloved city filled the sky and the impact of it unbalanced the dragon causing him to topple over himself into the sea. I saw the dragon burst and dissolve in a haze of scales, his screams were clear over all the chaos. The sea had turned to fire, into burning lava! The dragon slashed at the flames as he had wanted to do to us and then disappeared below the fire forever.

"The dragon was evil." I whispered, as he had so proudly declared, "but so am I!" I said aghast, as I clung to my rock.

I felt the pieces of the rainbow city blowing past me. I resolved that God had given up on mankind. He had decided that He would not make His kingdom on earth, and chosen to abandoned the earth and to leave it to mankind forever. This was something that I just could not accept. Iskandar would come back to the world and he would use his experiments to make those that already weren't into Monsters or he would 'cure' us and make us into soulless and equally mindless Artopians. I felt the presence of God leave me, and when it did, I saw that I had no more will left of my own, and my body gave up its strength and let go of the rock.

I and the others were flung over the cliff as the sea exploded into color. It reflected the rainbows in the sky; the rainbow shards of the Rainbow Castle. Beautiful gossamer beings of light filled the sky as we tumbled over ourselves.

They sand happily to each other, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!" The angels left their celestial state to follow their God to the earth!

We hit the water and I floated beneath the surface, suspended in light and color. The water was so bright it was as if it was made of the clearest crystal, like it wasn't water at all. Colors abounded all around, colors that I never imagined. In the clarity of the water, I saw angels as they gracefully flew into the sea. Their bodies were long and snake like, with two arms and legs, and six wings. Their scales sparkled like sapphire. They were Seraphim, dragons, but unfallen ones, nothing like the ugly wyvern worm creature that the Red Dragon had become.

I thought the water was turned to flames when the Dragons clone fell into it, but this isn't what happened. The sea looked to be on fire because it was reflecting the nuclear explosion, the dragon didn't burn to death, but drowned.

People who were once Monsters floated in the waves, no longer hideously deformed, and the Artopians swam up with many of their animal features replaced with human ones. I looked behind me and saw that my cat-like tail was gone. On my head, though, was still my remaining cat ear. Any burns we received from the nuclear blast were healed by the Rainbow Water. The burns were replaced with smooth, furless skin. The Rainbow Castle shone brightly above us, not smashed into a thousand pieces as I feared but strong, clear, and... solid!

"Heaven is now on earth! God has made a New Covenant with mankind and has come to live among His peoples!" I said overcome with happiness. God took the Rainbow Castle from its perfected heavenly realm, and brought it there, to be among us, despite all the failures of mankind.

“We’re alive!” Everyone hollered victoriously. I looked up expecting God to come at that moment but they remained suspended in the sky just as before, albeit so much more real and bright. Everyone could see the Rainbow Castle now. I realized God must be giving mankind one more chance to turn to him before asserting his authority over the world. It was the first day of the Festival of Tabernacles and God had already begun the process of tabernacling with mankind.

“We must go to the Rainbow Castle!” I told everyone. “God has come to heal us and to teach us how to live again.” Many were still in shock, but everyone saw the beauty of the Rainbow Castle and wanted to believe what I said. The castle hovered over Artopia, glorious and strong, but the one thought on everyone’s minds was, “Where’s the Institution?”

## Ch 36: False Stars



### Midrash #10: The Hidden Light 2 of 2: Light of the Seven Days

#### Hannukah and the Three Patriarchs

The Festival of Hannukah is about a “hidden light,” or the discovery of a hidden vial of oil that supernaturally created light. This “hidden light” was symbolic of “the hidden light of the 7 days” because the fire burnt miraculously for eight days, 7 days longer than it was supposed to; the time needed for a proper dedication of the new altar (2 Maccabees 10:6-8). The Temple Menorahs' purpose was solely to provide light in the Holy of Holies.

According to legend, the oil that mediated this miracle was oil made from an olive that the dove brought back to Noah. The oil was given to Noah's firstborn, Shem. Shem, otherwise known as Malchitzedek, the [gentile] priest to the Most High Hashem. When Malchitzedek was 465 years old, he sealed this little jar of oil and gave it to Abraham. Abraham, in turn, handed the jar of oil over to Isaac, who passed it down to Jacob when he died at the age of 180.

According to sages, Jacob forgot some small jars on the other side of the Jabbok River and returned to retrieve them. One of these jars was the oil from Noah's Ark. Jacob prophetically hid this oil in a crevice that would someday become part of the Shissin of the Holy Temple (Otzar Midrashim L'Chanukah).

Jacob is the first person recorded in scripture ever anointing anything with oil, and it was this oil that he used. By hiding the oil at the site, he laid the foundations for the miracle of Hanukkah that would occur 2000 years later when the Maccabees found the jar in the rock crevice that had become a part of the altars Shissin. This oil originated with the dove, the symbol of peace, and continues to shine until the Messiah comes (Rabbi David Hertzberg, Imrei Noam).



**The Festival of Tabernacles**  
**Morning of Day 7: 0 Days Remaining**  
**Iskandar**

The Institution was rising, ascending, higher and higher towards the Rainbow Castle. A fiery inferno followed in the wake of the tower as millions of pounds of explosives necessary for its ascension detonated. Iskandar watched the rainbow city approach from his Observatory. The Red Dragon flew ahead of the Institution, leading the way.

At moment of impact, there was a great burst of color, and then time slowed. The two cities met in a cosmic collision as the Institution broke through the Rainbow Light. The Red Dragon glimmered like polished crystal as the light made his dreary skin more magnificent. The Institution too glowed as rainbows blazed like fire across the glassy surface.

Iskandar laughed victoriously. "We have done it!" He exclaimed as they drove through the rainbow gate and shimmering streets of gold. The crystal walkways glided through the helm of the Institution as smoothly as a hologram. As time slowed, so did the Institution. Iskandar and the dragon, however, remained in real-time. The tower glided along the gilded road until it came to rest beside the Tabernacle. Iskandar opened the glass dome of his Observatory, kicked off the gilded rainbow stairwell, and flew.

The dragon perched on top of the Tabernacle and breathed out fire victoriously. There was no onslaught, no defense from the rainbow city. Iskandar accomplished what he wanted to do. He took the Institution, his scientists, and most exemplified Artopians from out of the earth to Heaven. Now he would transmute himself and the Institution into the spiritual realm.

Iskandar flew up the stairs, causing the rainbow colored crows to scatter. With a strong beat of his wings, he was in the Tabernacle. In front of him sat the golden altar of incense. Behind the altar was a veil that hid the Holy of Holies, but Iskandar did not dare go there. He wrapped his hand around the vial, the vile of DNA of the Artopians, the Dragon, and a genetically modified red heifer.

Acting as High Priest, he'd estrange humanity from their heavenly Father by sprinkling the altar with mankind's final inoculation. Iskandar would prove to God that mankind was beyond redemption and that the covenant He made with them must be destroyed. Then Iskandar would be

able to do whatever he wanted with humanity. He ripped the cork off and flew towards the altar; as he did so, the room shivered.

In a final act of rebellion, he thrust the open vial onto the altar. As glass shattered against the gold, a bright light burst forth. Where the liquid touched, the altar solidified and was no more translucent. Triggered by the ripple effect, the ghost-like walls grew solid, their blurred colors replaced with fine intricate details of cut rubies and masonry.

Behind Iskandar, the ship began to ascend as the rainbow light released it. He did it! His offering was accepted, and his paradise, the Institution, would switch places with the rainbow city. He hurried back as time continued to unfreeze. The city-ship rapidly ascended towards Iskandar. The rainbow light threw him back into the now amorphous hull of the Institution. He, too, was becoming amorphous, as was the rest of the Institution. The empty glass vial was scooped back up into the haul, as it too had no place in the rainbow city.

Music and colors Iskandar never heard or saw before filled the ship as the rainbow light grew stronger. As the Rainbow castle became tangible, Iskandar and the Institution became ghost-like and translucent. From the corner of the room, Aviarie arose and walked towards the now substantiated rainbow city.

“Aviarie! What are you doing?” He said, reaching out to her. The rainbow city was as close as it had been when she saw it with Farah, but this time she wanted to walk up the bejeweled street and feel the colors encompass her.

“Don’t leave Aviarie! I won’t ever see you again.” Cried out Iskandar, but there was an invincible wall between them, and he couldn’t stop her.

“Please.” Said Aviarie. She held out her hand for him. He took care of her when no one else would have, and she was grateful and didn’t want to leave him behind. Iskandar could hear the Red Dragon growl angrily above them. The Dragon had always hated Aviarie.

Iskandar looked at the rainbow city and, for an instant, saw a place for himself in that beauty. The vision terrified him, for he was not powerful there but small, dark, and withered. He turned his back on Avarie.

“Then leave. Humanity depends on me alone, and I won’t abandon them.” Iskandar held onto the control panel as the glass dome closed, separating him from Aviarie.

The Red Dragon alighted into the air as the rainbow light became hot. The Institution’s forward momentum accelerated. Iskandar looked one last time at the rainbow city as they flew above it and saw that, along with

Aviarie, at least a hundred Artopians were left behind. He did not need them. The Institution still had nearly a hundred thousand people.

Soon, the Institution and the dragon were well beyond the earth as they ascended into the outer realm, but God was far from them. The rainbow city was materialized into the earth's dimension. God's place was on earth among His people, but Iskandar and his ships continued to ascend beyond the atmosphere into the cold, barren void.

Iskandar tried so hard to make it into Heaven while Heaven was coming to him and the people of the earth all along. In his attempt to take over paradise, he flew right past it.

Iskandar was not perturbed. For him, everything besides losing Aviarie was going as planned. He no longer felt sadness for Aviarie, for she was beyond his power and, therefore, immaterial.

*Now, no one will hold me back, he thought. I will lead mankind into one pursuit and glory. I will be more convicted, more resolute than ever. I will be the master of the abyss.*

### **The Festival of Tabernacles**

**Noon of Day 7: 0 Days Remaining**

**Kitty**

The surviving Artopians and Monsters watched the City Ship break through the Great Rift of the galaxy. The Red Dragon and the Institution flew through the mouth of the stratosphere, over the black road of the aether and down the road to the underworld. They passed through the birth canal of the cosmic monster and into the dark rift that stretched from the constellation Cygnus to Sagittarius; a weakened section of the firmament that had shattered and cracked from an ancient cosmic collision.

The lights of the Institution disappeared where the tail of Scorpio pierces our galaxy's nucleus, where, like Judas, the sting of the scorpion gives the sun its kiss of death every solstice to usher in the winter. Artopia, the once bright, beautiful emerald city, could no longer be seen as if swallowed by the Erzatseer.

Artopia finally achieved what Nimrod and those who built the Tower of Babel could only dream of. They became rulers of the outer heavens and Fisher pope Kings and barren drag Queens of the void.

"I'm dying!" Some Artopians cried out as they searched for claws and fangs. On the other hand, the Monsters were happy to have lost their



animal-like characteristics. They frolicked and danced in the water, although not completely cured.

“It’s ok!” I declared, “Heaven is now on earth, the age of man is about to end, and God is making everything new and right again.”

“New and right!? Have you lost your mind? Everything is destroyed!” Said an Artopian who emerged from the Underground.

The water didn’t change him, for he was underground when the rainbow blast occurred. The miracle of the ocean healing people seemed to only work under specific conditions, like it was at the pool of Bethesda (John 5:2-4). The Artopian looked in horror at the destroyed city in the distance and at his drenched Artopian friends, who now looked more like Undergrounders than Artopians.

“Soon, God will fix the destruction left behind by the Institution, but He wants us first to see the devastating effect of man’s rule before He returns. Let us go to Artopia to see what Iskandar was willing to do to get what he wanted.” I spoke.

Today was the first day of Tabernacles, but there were still 7 more days of the Festival. The Rainbow Castle would land by the 7th day.

“Hey, look! People are coming from the desert!” I looked, and sure enough, Farah and the Kids of NIMH were running towards us. But Farah looked different. She looked as human as I did!

“You made it!” I said ecstatically, running up and hugging my long-lost friend. “And you’ve been healed!” Farah’s green eyes shined in the desert light, where my skin was pale and gaunt; she glowed a warm olive. We were together at the very beginning, and now we were together again at the very end.

“There was an electrical storm.” Explained Farah, “When I tried covering one of the kids, the lightning hit me, and I was transformed!” Farah had the same experience as I did with the rainbow lightning. She pointed to another girl who was talking with a group of Undergrounders. “That’s Nyla; she was healed along with me. We were both from the same camp of the Underground, but the Institution had all but lobotomized her. It was hard getting her through the tunnels, but now she’s as good as new!”

“My baby, you were the one who took him.” Said a woman running up to us. She was crying, but she hugged me in relief. “The other Artopians here and I are only alive because we were looking for you and Mimi in the sewers. Neither the police nor the fire department would help. They told me to give up and go to the star party ceremony. But I couldn’t do that,

so a few of my friends and I continued to search. Being underground protected us from the bombs.”

“Your baby is safe,” I reinsured her, “He is in the Underground. I’ve been calling him Memphi.” I added. We reunited Memphi with his mother as Farah told me everything that happened.

“We wandered the waterways for hours, but I couldn’t find my way back to the Underground. When the bomb blew up, we hunkered down, not knowing what was going on. That’s when we heard Ruatha and the other Artopians with her. I told them we’d be safe at the shore, but she wouldn’t leave without her baby. I said it was probably you who’d taken him, so they followed us.”

“Did you see what happened to the Artopians?” I asked.

“It didn’t look good from where we were in the desert, but there’s a chance that some survived. Not all the buildings were completely totaled. We need to go and help them.” This was not the same Farah that had called for an attack on the city just a day before.

After gathering provisions, first aid kits, and supplies, we all made our way through the desert to the remains of Artopia and the gloriously shining Rainbow Castle above it. The Artopians who’d been above ground when the destruction occurred stayed behind. They witnessed the Institution destroying the city and the healing that took place afterward. They were losing faith in Artopia and wanted to learn more about the secrets hidden in the Underground.

Since it was 12:30 in the afternoon, there was still enough time to get to Artopia before dark. We’d be able to spend the night in the city and then bring back anyone that needed food, shelter, or medical attention to the shore.

The Rainbow Castle hovered over the devastation of the Artopian city. Artopia was now a sand castle, crumbled and sunken into the ground. They had joined the remains of the Old New York city. Huge buildings lay on their sides like fallen, beautifully dressed giants. The terrain was littered with glass, the remains of the Skydome. The street posts looked like chewed-up pencils, and every window and black mirror was shattered.

The surviving Artopians stared at us from the ruins of their city formed not by time but by their fellow Artopians. When some of them emerged to take water and food from our cart, they did so quickly as the glow of the rainbow city above terrified them. There was no longer a Skydome to obscure their vision.

Farah and I took a walk around the dead town to survey the damage. Leftover banners clung onto buildings, and streamers hung onto burnt tree branches like overripe fruit.

A virtual T.V somehow remained unscathed and was continuing to broadcast. A fuzzy holograph of a salesman walked around the rubble where there had once been swarms of people. The virtual salesman was advertising the latest cell phone. The channel switched, and, in his place, ghostly war propaganda soldiers proudly marched into fallen rubble which they didn't reappear out of.

The surviving Artopians gathered around the glow of the surviving illuminated transparencies as if the electric light might keep them warm in the growing cold. People reacted eagerly to every flash of an advertisement or broadcast from Iskandar's ships. Sometimes, Iskandar sent messages from the space belt, encouraging people to remain loyal and wait patiently for his rescue ships. He warned that anyone who left the city would be disqualified from boarding his rescue ships. Most refused to leave the city because of this.

When not in front of the telescreens, the people walked around dejected and withdrawn. They were like the holographs themselves. People are so much like passing dreams in this world. So much like the flowers of the field that bloom but are gone with the season. We tried to convince them to follow us.

"Don't fear the rainbow city! They are here to protect you. The rainbow light has healing abilities!"

"Mutants!" Answered the Artopians, because they were disturbed by how Farah and I had lost much of our fur and animal's physiognomies. Most of the surviving Artopians were bleeding and in need of medical care. Still, they said, "You're worse than Monsters now! That's what you get for leaving and listening to alien invaders!"

"We are not mutants; this is what people are supposed to look like. We are here to help you!" I said. "Come with us, and we will protect you. Under the dessert is a huge community of people who have medical supplies and food. There's enough room for everyone." I knew that last part was not necessarily true. The Underground people were having difficulty dealing with the people already at the shore.

We spent the rest of the day telling anyone we could about the underground communities' generous offer of food, water, shelter, and medical supplies. Artopia had no more food or water because 95% of their food came from the Institution's food replicators, but they were all gone now.

After a long day, we fell asleep in the remains of a toppled building that wasn't much different than the living quarters underground. We didn't fear Creature entering the remains of Artopia even though there was no more Skydome to protect us because the Rainbow Castle's light was strong enough to keep them away.

The Castle no longer appeared over the shore but remained over Artopia. I wondered if there were multiple Rainbow Castles, as there had to be one over Israel too, since that was, scripturally speaking, the center of the world and where God would start his kingdom first. Iskandar never reported on what life was like in Europe, and people on the Island of Key couldn't pirate signals from far away, even with their shortwave radios.

I tried not to worry about the rest of the world while there was so much still to do on our part of it. We'd travel back to the sea in the morning with anyone who would come; there was only enough daylight for one trip a day.

### **Morning of the 2nd Day of the Festival of Tabernacles**

#### **The remains of Artopia**

##### **Kitty**

"It was your 'rainbow city' that did this to us! How can you help?"

"The rainbow city didn't do this. It was Iskandar when he left you all behind to flee into 'outer space.' We saw it all happen from the shore. All you have left here is a huge crater where the Institution used to be. Come and follow us back to the shore where we have medical supplies, food, water, and shelter."

"Iskandar will come back for us just like he said he would." Said an Artopian.

"Iskandar has destroyed your city and homes. He is not coming back, especially with the rainbow city manifested like that." Said Farah.

The Artopians looked up at the city fearfully. The city seemed to set the sky on fire. Those who could barely see the Rainbow Castle before could now see them as clearly as the day I had seen it on the Island of Key.

"No! It was the Rainbow Castle that destroyed our city!" The Artopian insisted. "Iskandar knew they were going to attack us, he left so he could save as many people as he could."

"We know it is true!" Agreed another group of Artopians. "Iskandar told us himself; he sends us reports through our cells and gives us updates

on the situation. We have video footage of the Rainbow Castle destroying the city.”

“You can’t trust any of those videos. They are all fake CGI.”

“That’s the craziest thing I have ever heard! Of course, it’s real.” Answered another Artopian.

“Why don’t you ask the Artopians back at the shore? They saw it all as it happened.”

More people emerged from their hollows and shelters like lizards. They gathered around us when we mentioned medical supplies and provisions.

“We will go!” They said. “We do not want to die like the others.”

“Don’t say that!” Said an Iskandar supporter, “If your friends or family are not here, then they are already up there with Iskandar, on their way to colonize one of the paradise planets.”

“You can believe whatever you want to believe,” I said. “Just as long as you all agree to follow the 7 Noahide laws, I will take you to the shore where there is food, water, and shelter.” The Artopians laughed after hearing what these commandments are.

“Yeah, sure, we’ll do that.” But they winked at each other and made faces.

“Ok good,” I said; although Farah looked at me suspiciously, she did not argue as a couple hundred boisterous Artopians followed us into the desert. They were hungry and thirsty, and the dessert was cold and dry. The Artopians were not used to such conditions, having spent most of their lives in the biosphere. Those who were rowdy at the beginning quickly regretted not saving their energy.

Once we got to the shore, Jade met us with lots of water. A few of the strongest Monsters and Friends from Zion members were there, too, as they handed out cups of water. We had planned everything with him before leaving for Artopia.

“We are hungry!” Complained the Artopians. “Where is the food that you promised?”

“There is food for you in our underground community. We will lead you there, and after you have eaten, we will take you to the Chapel. It is the one part of FFZ that wasn’t damaged by the Artopian attack. There, we will show you what the world used to be like, about God’s original intention for the world, and what He will do when He descends from the Rainbow Castle. The Chapel is the only part of FFZ that survived the Artopian attack on it.”

“Yes, sounds good with us.” Said the Artopians excited about a free meal and show.

“Ok great, now destroy your eyephones, and we will show you the way. Iskandar is using them to lie to you and keep you locked in an information jail cell.”

“What! You never said anything about destroying our eyephones! We can’t do that; we are getting important messages from the Institution. They are making history right now! They are seeing things never seen by mankind; things humanity has only ever dreamed of! They have even contacted alien life, real sapient intelligent life from other planets!”

“Those aren’t aliens.” I said, “And you agreed to worship God when you left Artopia and now you are complaining you can’t keep your cell? The only reason you have it is to keep tabs on Artopia and all the “amazing” things they claim to be doing up there in outer space. Iskandar is blaspheming God every chance he gets, yet you idolize him. The first two Noahide Laws are not to blasphemy God or commit idolatry, but by watching and gawking over everything Iskandar does, you are doing both these things. If you want food, water, and shelter, give me your cells.”

Ruatha appeared; she’d been waiting for Farah and me to return to the shore. Hearing my speech, she threw her cell phone down on a rock so that it broke in two.

“Listen to Kitty,” she said. “Please, she is trying to help us.”

“No way! You have tricked us!” They said.

“If you agree to worship God and receive the benefits of doing so, you must also live the way God wants you to live. You can’t have one without the other; that is obvious. That is what it means to Worship God. I didn’t trick you; you agreed to all this.” The Artopians were upset, and many grumbled amongst themselves.

I did just what Moses had done to those that left Egypt with him. Moses only told a few of the Israelite leaders that they were never going to return to Egypt, the others thought they would eventually be returning. Among the Israelites were many Egyptians who saw all the miracles God performed and wanted to worship God with the Hebrews to gain God’s favor and reap the benefits of serving such a mighty God. However, they did so intending to go back to Egypt and returning to their old worldly lives, but you can’t worship God and then go on living your life like nothing has changed.

Luckily, many Artopians decided to take the deal. They threw their cell phones on the ground, and one of the Monsters dashed them to pieces before they could be picked back up. Not all Monsters were wholly changed when they fell into the water; some retained their brutish strength. One by one, Artopians handed over their cells, until...

"Fairy lights!" Said a kid who wandered a little way into the desert.

"Shh, this is not the time for games." Said the kid's mother.

"Fairy lights! Fairy lights in the sky!" the boy pointed to the sky behind us, and that's when everyone noticed many tiny lights appearing in the night sky over Artopia. Everyone gasped.

"No, Bunsen, that's a star!" Many will-o'-the-wisps of tiny lights were in the sky, growing brighter and brighter every second.

People pointed and asked, "What is it?" The hour had come, and the sun disappeared. Hundreds upon hundreds of bright, beautiful stars appeared within a few minutes.

"Iskandar has brought back the moon and stars! He has fulfilled his third miracle! We must go back to the city so that he can rescue us!" All at once, most of the Artopians turned back to the city.

"Wait! Don't you remember the stars? The Rainbow Castle showed you what they looked like when they blew away the smog during the collision! What you are seeing now are not the real stars. Those are the lights from Islanders ships!"

Everyone seemed to have forgotten or didn't care. They would accept these fake artificial stars just as they had accepted the fake stars of Iskandar's Skydome. The Institution positioned itself in such a way to look like a small moon.

When you see the light, do not look Eastward for the sun rising. Do not turn your back to the sanctuary of the Lord to bow down to mankind's or nature's altars.

The Artopians called out to each other, "We must go now, or else we will miss Iskandar when he returns to bring us to paradise." Everyone who had not given up their cellphone agreed and left to go back to Artopia to await Iskandar.

"It is already dark, and the Monsters will be out at any moment. You will not have enough time to make it back to Artopia. If you didn't break your cell, you can still stay here." I said, but it was already too late. Those that didn't break their cell phones left. They ood and awed at the images broadcasted down to them from the Institution, the broadcasts urged them on, farther into the darkness.

Those that had destroyed their cells looked at me angrily. "That is unfair! We already broke our eyephones." Said an Artopian.

"This is why I made you destroy them," I said to the remaining Artopians. "If you hadn't, you'd be going back to Artopia. But now you have committed yourself, even though you regret it, soon you will be happy you did."

“Yeah, right.” They said, but together we all found shelter in the Underground. We didn’t hear back from the Artopians that left that night. Some claim the rainbow light brainwashes people. Unfortunately, many were not brainwashed enough, their minds being too dirtied by the pale light of Artopia.



## Ch 37: The Millennial Reign



### Midrash #11: The Pierced One

#### God's Goodness

Moses asked to see the Lord's glory, but God showed him his Goodness instead (Exodus 33-34). God wanted to reveal to Moses what He would ultimately do for humanity. Anyone who sees God's face directly will die. Therefore, God made Moses hide inside a "pierced rock." This is the same cave that God would show Elijah the "four worlds" mankind must pass through. Scriptures refer to Jesus as the chief cornerstone. Moses needed the goodness of the Holy One, but he could only experience it from the safety of the cornerstone that was pierced while the open hand of the Holy One covered that pierced place, just as Jesus's hands were pierced. This was a representation of Jesus's sacrifice for us

(My Goodness [www.randomgroovyBiblefacts.com](http://www.randomgroovyBiblefacts.com)).

Judaism has a concept called "tzimtzum" to explain God's creation process. To allow for a "conceptual space" in which finite and seemingly independent realms can exist, God contracted Himself to create a "pierced place." God's first act of creation was allowing himself to be pierced to accommodate life, just as Jesus did on the cross (Kabbalah Demystified by Jeremy Chance Springfield).

*"Behold, I have engraved you on the palms of my hands..."* (Isaiah 49:15-16 and Isaiah 53:5, Zechariah 12:10). In a similar way that Jesus was pierced, there are also pierced places in scripture (Connecting the Dots, by Jeremy Chance Springfield and Midrash Chapter 21).

Caves represent this "pierced place." Many important events occurred in caves in scripture, including Jesus's birth.

#### The Tetragrammaton

When God revealed Moses His Goodness, He also showed him how to pray under the Tallit (Exodus 34:5-6) and his sacred name, the

Tetragrammaton (Exodus 33:19). The name's letters are Yōd, Hē, Vav, Hē. Since each Hebrew letter also has a word meaning, these letters form the sentence, "Hand, behold, hook, behold."

Jesus is the Word of God, and through these letters all things were made, yet he allowed those letters to be torn apart and strung up and woven into the Torah and into a Covenant with mankind. In the same way, Jesus was a carpenter and used wood and nails to create beautiful things. Still, he allowed those tools to pierce him and hook him from a cross (Isaiah 49:15-16, Isaiah 53:5, Zechariah 12:10, John 19:34).

Through the Word all things were made, the Tetragrammaton represents the Tetramorph and it represents the four corners of heaven.

And yet one of the materials often used to write God's Word, a hollowed-out reed, was the utensil used to mock and beat Jesus in the moments before his crucifixion

(Matthew 27:29-30). (Sefer Hamoshiakh  
www.randomgroovyBiblefacts.com).

In the center of the universe is God's Holy Temple. Like what the Tetragrammaton represents, Gods Holy Temple consist of two triangles placed together to form a square like Tefillin. These two triangles form the Hebrew Star of David. All other "lesser Gods" i.e., fallen angels get their signs from the orbits of planets etc, but none come close to Hashems, which is at the very center of existence and dictates all others.



### Evening of the 2nd Day of the Festival of Tabernacles Kitty

The Artopians who didn't run off into the desert in the middle of the night stayed at the "new" Friends From Zion, which was really another underground community that allowed those from FFZ and the Artopians to stay with them.

There were many places like FFZ hidden in the desert, and most of them welcomed the Artopians. There was something satisfying for the Undergrounders to show the Artopians all the unique and wonderous things so long hidden to them. This was not without controversy. The Artopians had made life nearly impossible for the Undergrounders. Still, the materialization of the Rainbow Castle changed everything and made the Undergrounders much more willing to forgive.

God would be returning to earth any moment, so we set up another expedition to Artopia to try and evangelize as many as possible before we

ran out of time. We did not have much time left, so I needed to go back to Artopia to talk to the remaining Artopians. Farah, Jade, Ruatha with her baby, and other Undergrounders came along to prepare the Artopians and look for lost friends and family members. We brought a massive cart of food, water, and medical supplies.

As we walked to Artopia, I could not help but admire the rainbow city looming above the rubble. Light reflected off the city's surface and scattered little rainbows across the sky in half hazard ways.

Most of Artopia was now a crater. The buildings and homes were burnt to a crisp by the Institutions exhaust blast. The rubble of the Artopian city looked like a sun-bleached skeleton. Only about a tenth of Artopians remained.

If it weren't for the preservatives we brought them, they'd have certainly attacked us. It was not easy for them to get over their biases, but hunger is the great equalizer, and so we were tolerated when we gave promises of food and water.

We tried to convince the Artopians to leave the city, but they weren't concerned about water or food as much as they were about Conditioning. Many were going through terrible withdrawal symptoms. The slightest hint of a bottle of pills in a garbage heap could cause a rampage of people trying to scoop up the last shred of their old lives.

When it got dark, the Artopians would curse the brightness of the rainbow castle as they tried to make out the lights of the Institution's ships. It did not matter to them that it was the rainbow castle keeping's light the Creatures at bay.

We made a headquarters inside a burnt-out Pharmacy. Jade stocked the empty shelves with books from FFZ. It was a library of the archives and annals of lost history. Artopians who came looking for pills could be distracted momentarily from their withdrawals with glimpses of a long-ago past. We slept among the books to ensure none were stolen.

### **Day 3-5 of the Festival of Tabernacles**

#### **The remains of Artopia**

#### **Kitty**

In a way, we felt like the welcoming party preparing the venue for the grand entrance of the groom or bride right before a wedding. We wanted to get people excited to see their God and quell any hostilities.

It helped that we weren't the only Undergrounders there. Many different groups came and visited the ruined Artopia, bringing some

supplies for the Artopian people. Some came to simply walk around and observe the city that they had to hide from for so long. They were no longer scared of being attacked by Artopian soldiers and weaponry since the Institution left, and many brought weapons of their own in case the civilians attacked. They walked around the neglected ruins and, for once, felt content with their shelters under the sand.

Often, I, Farah, and Nyla went to the remains of the town square and sang for the Artopians. Farah was impressed by how great my singing skills had gotten. Some joined in the singing, and we only stopped when the wind got so bad, we had to find shelter, but there, underneath the slanted roofs and toppled stone walls, we talked about the coming new beginning.

“But what do the songs mean?” Someone would sometimes ask.

We gave them the books that we learned them from, from scripture and midrash and ancient translations that brought rhyme and words to all the meanings. We showed the Artopians photos of what the earth used to look like, and the people marveled, even if someone didn’t believe. Many didn’t see how it was possible that electricity existed before Iskandar invented it.

At night we all slept huddled under blankets we scavenged from the ruins. The Rainbow Castle was above us, glowing like a sun, but it was cold without the Skydome. It often snowed at night, the real kind, and not holographic. It sparkled on the ground, white and beautiful, and I was reminded of the scripture, “your sins will be made white as snow.”

The snow seeped in through our shelters' broken walls and caved roofs. Some people sewed rugs into heavy cloaks. Others burnt the remains of their past life to keep warm. Every year the earth grew colder and colder, I guess because mankind forgot how to be kind to it. Sometimes I sang for Farah and Nyla a lullaby to help us fall asleep.

*“Prayers fill the empty rooms like snow over the moon-lit fields; loneliness disappears with winter’s breath into the winds spiraling hope, sanctifying the saddest memories of long ago. In a clearing lit by solstice’s dim light, prayers are answered despite the long night. Souls and dreams do such wonderful things as they await the promise of living water. Till then, the animals must be lulled to sleep, the waters frozen, and flowers preserved. These are the gifts of December.”*

### **Afternoon of the 6th Day of the Festival of Tabernacles**

#### **The remains of Artopia**

**Kitty**

In the Afternoon, when the day grew warm, the snow turned to rain. It wasn't just any rain, but tinted with rainbows as if stained by the incredible glow of the castle. When people drank it, many were healed of the wounds caused by the Institution. After carrying the water to some of the injured I went to check on the library.

The place was filled with Artopians, Jade was instructing a group, and Farah and Nyla were laughing with a group of younger Artopians. The library had grown since we first created it. Undergrounders brought books on history, including ones with pictures in them of a once green world filled with things called jungles and rivers. Most of the Artopians were shocked by how great the world had once been. We assured them that the world would soon be like that again, but much better. Some Artopians, however, tried to destroy the books, claiming them to be anti-Artopian propaganda. I guess Iskandar wanted everyone to believe the Institution was the best thing that ever happened to the world, so he kept the past a secret.

When talking to the Artopians, we avoided talking about the terrible things the Institution had done to humanity. Instead, we focused on the glorious future that God's kingdom was bringing. We didn't want to make the Institution seem any more powerful or oppressive than it had already been. Hatred and fear are not defeated by nightmares of corruption but by dreams of love and freedom.

I opened one of the books written in Hebrew, as I preferred reading scripture in its original language. I began with a section of Shir HaShirim. For a moment, the Hebrew letters appeared like eyes, as if written on the skin of a Seraphim. I imagined that peering through the pages like a deer in the wilds, gazing across the meadow of Hebrew writ like a lattice of ivy and evergreen, Jesus was seeing me. So too are we perceived through the fingers of the priests and from the heavenly windows of tefillin.

After a bit, I took one last look at my friends as they laughed and shared the things they loved with the Artopians. Then I left and took a walk around the city. I left the building, or it just faded away, I don't know.

I walked down a winding street for a time saw a telescreen on the way down to nowhere; it was a video recording of a barren desert. The caption read 'France,' and then I realized I should have known. The Eiffel tower was plain to see intertwined on some heaps of rock.

After a time, my feet guided me to a park. The sun was already sucking the light out of the horizon; the sky shown red and orange as if out of rebellion. A robot Mockingbird clung half-hazard to a branch blowing in

the dry wind. I smiled: the Mockingbird cried its song. I waved hello; it flew away in a goodbye.

A warm feeling on my face caught me by surprise. I touched it and saw it was blood. The effects of the radiation had finally caught up with me.

*I don't have long, not more than a few days,* I thought as I sat down on a bench. I didn't notice the vine that suddenly grew and blossom behind it, but I did notice it was the same bench that Seth and I had sat on just a few days before.

I reminded myself that this was not the end of the world but the end of the illusion. I sat there for a time until I lost track of that too. The sun set, and the darkness settled in as it always had, and for the first time I wondered if it always would. Iskandar's stars settled in soon after, created by the many lights of his space ship's, human colony drones, and his UFOs. They were all still caught in the dark rift above the earth, gaining energy until they were pulled away farther into the heavens.

*But what about the real stars?* I wondered.

Sitting on the lopsided bench amongst the rubble, I gazed upon the artificial stars. I thought of how they really looked, so much more fantastical and awe-inspiring than Iskandar's false representation. Sadly, most Artopians still worshiped those electric stars bound by the blackness that pollution created, just as they had done with the Skydome.

Artopia rolled dice and bartered for the universe just as the Roman guards haggled for Jesus's tallis. Jesus's tallis was designed to be made from a single piece of garment, with four tzitzits at each corner, to represent the universe. The Roman guards missed the actual value of God himself. Only the Lord can put on the Universe as He would a vesture, who clothes himself in light. (Matthew 27:35, Psalm 104:2, Isaiah 40:22). Much of human society missed the point and worshiped the creation instead of the creator.

Some people don't know what they are looking for, so they miss out on it, but at that moment, I could feel it, right below the surface, like the budding grass, on the other side of the light, I could hear a clarion call announcing the arrival of the bridegroom. Somehow, there was a wedding feast occurring in a valley of death and ruins.

I looked up into the sky and saw Iskandar's lights burning bright. It was about 7 pm, the time when the actual setting of the sun was occurring. Something in me knew that we'd see the real stars that night. The endless cycle of meaningless rotations of days was coming to an end, and the 7th millennium was about to begin.

And then the beginning of a new song came to me.

*“This is the beginning of something wonderful. This is the beginning of something magical.”* I tested the words, got off the bench, and walked around the city singing. “This is the beginning, everyone. God is returning with his tabernacle.”

Other people felt it too, and soon a chorus of people took part, and we paraded as we sang and danced just like I used to on the Island of Key. People joined in with improvised instruments, someone used two metal plates tambourines, another a drum. We passed Jade, and he nodded, happy that the Artopians were coming around. We paraded all through the destroyed town, over the ashes, over the toppled buildings that once stood so tall and proud.

More people joined in. We couldn't help ourselves, we all felt it, and some saw it in the Rainbow Castle above us. We were ushering in a new existence; all of nature was singing out in jubilee with us. We could sense it inches below the soil.

*“The birds are returning,”* I said. I looked up in the sky and although I only saw one bird, a little grey Jaybird, it was more than enough to know the rest were on their way.

*“The animals are praising the Lord, they are singing in worship, and they are being healed, the wolf is laying down with a lamb.”*

I knew it somehow, although we could only see ruins from where we were. I was singing these things like words in a song, but deep down, I felt the new growth of flowers and life just beneath the soil, moments away from bursting out all over the world in rainbows.

*“This is the beginning of something wonderful. This is the beginning of something magical.”*

We paraded to the city square. It was just natural to do so; we wanted the entire world to celebrate with us. In fact, it was; even the winds seemed to be singing out in jubilee. We reached the square, and one of the Undergrounders grabbed my arms, and we twirled around in happiness and excitement. We jumped on the fountain and danced and sang. *What is happening to us?* I thought, *what extraordinary thing is doing this?*

*“The desert is coming alive, flowers are blooming,”* and then I knew! I saw from out of the sky the glory of God. I cried tears of joy.

“How dare you come here!” Said one of the Artopians. “How dare you come here and dance over our ruins, praising your sky God! It is because of those aliens that our city is destroyed! You're an abomination, and ought to be destroyed yourself!”

A gang of angry Artopians surrounded me. I could tell that their leader was once a high-ranking official by his clothes. For some reason, Artopia

left him behind. My companions slunk back, but I didn't notice. I was completely consumed in awe.

"Look!" I said as I fell to my knees in astoundment of God's glory. The angry group threw down their coats and gnashed their teeth. "I see the heavens open and the Son of man sitting on the right hand of God! Our King! Our King is here!" They were crowned in magnificent light and a glorious cloud of light accompanied them, better than any earthly Tabernacle.

"Look!" I said, but the Artopians didn't look. They cried out with a loud voice and stopped their ears. I didn't even see the large stone the leader held or Ruatha running towards us; baby Memphi clutched in her hands.

My eyes were on the goodness of God. I could see him through the light as it acted as a filter. The light filled my senses. Then before I knew it, the stone collided with my forehead. My last cat ear was knocked off, and then everything went dark.

"What did you do?" Yelled Ruatha. She bent down over my still form as light filled the clearing. The angry mob fell onto their faces as a man glorified by light walked over to the women.

"Forgive us! Not for our sake," She said as she looked over to the men cowering against the fountain, "But for the sake of our children." She said as she lifted Memphi, Jesus took the child, and he was cradled in light, in the loving hands of my savior. Then I was no longer there.

I thought of when I was young, and the darkness reached up, and the icy waters consumed me. This time, I was not afraid because I had wings that eddied and branched out like hands and could sing through my heart out my throat like rays like the sun, of beauty, of innocence of faith.

I felt like a bird with wings and a heart as big as my bird head to pump pump blood to beat wind, a golden bird in a rainbow sky. I was in the clouds, of Rainbow Light, made of rainbow fire, talking to myself and yet talking to you a hundred miles away, hundreds of years away yet all at the same time.

Through the light, I heard music. It was the tune that I had been trying to sing, but now everyone was singing it. Jubilant voices came up to meet me as if in celebration, and suddenly I wasn't alone anymore. I looked down to see I was on the back of one of the blue seraphim.

Cascades of people dressed in white robes were gathered on the golden deck of the New Jerusalem. I was flown over to meet them and to dance and sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb. Everyone praised with



perfect articulation, for once I heard and saw everything in perfect clarity, and I knew that I would do so for the rest of eternity.

### **Simchat Torah of Hebrew Year 6000 – Year 7000**

#### **Kitty**

The 8th day of the Festival of Tabernacles is a festival called Simchat Torah. Simchat Torah concludes the annual cycle of public Torah readings and the beginning of a new cycle. It is celebrated by taking all the Torah scrolls out of the Ark in the synagogues and spending the evening dancing, singing, and rejoicing with them. The scrolls are carried around the sanctuary in seven circles called hakafot.

On Simchat Torah of the Hebrew Year 6000, we did not just dance with the Torah, but we celebrated and rejoiced with the Messiah himself and the heavenly host.

Each twirl, every shake, shook off another layer of self-centered physicality and materialism. We held hands and looked over the ship as all the smoke and ash of the atmosphere was blown away to reveal the most beautiful starry night I ever saw. It was like seeing a whole other world spill into ours, like a whole new creation.

More and more people joined us. To accommodate everyone, a giant crystal sea was lowered from the heavens, over the earth, and there in the middle of it was a great white throne, and the man who sat upon it opened a great book, and then I knew.

*“I am a character in a story, there is an author, and I am in His book. You are as well, and every person who has ever lived according to righteousness and love.”*

Heaven came to earth as a dawn perceived in a dusk’s interlude. A manifestation of the light of millennia resurging into God’s must heavenly field. The appointed time came as paradise strewn over like a gown on the shoulders of faith. It was a most holy reception between time, earth, heaven, and space.

For a moment, everything was made clear like the great deep crystal blue that met heaven & earth. There was no longer a forlorn sigh amongst the white clouds. There was an explosion of great stars that glowed in pure and uninterrupted beauty. A great green sea spiraled into existence. The Holy Spirit’s wings broke over the earth like the light of a new sun, part of the wind, making circles in the sky, slowing the fall, everlasting chains that by us time.

Like a rainbow dove seeing millions of stars, worlds, space, and times the Holy Spirit cradled the sky, always falling, falling closer and closer to

earth. One moment the earth regained the paradisiacal glory that it had before Adam fell, and then the next, the air was cold and burning, and strange lights from metal mental asylums sparkled within.

Exasperated faces looked on from the abyss as the Red Dragon was released after one thousand years of imprisonment. The Rainbow Light reached man's hollowest caves, revealed brazen cliffs, and found that man had stepped from the light to build fires of their own in darkness. For a moment, they appeared to fall alone.

Then, through the ash and dust, I saw the Spirit again. I was expecting the rainbow dove to fly, but something else happened as it was in the beginning. Through His Spirit came the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The Word was pure song, pure music more beautiful than any of us could imagine. He bought us time on the earth with His scripture and Covenants, but now a New Song was being sung, and the New Covenant finally realized in entirety. It was the song I had heard the start of, and now I was finally hearing the entire thing: the redemption song, the song of salvation.

The Spirit of God, made of fire, opened His mouth, and as he joined in with all our joyful noise, He swallowed death and a new creation and a new body, a new human was formed. Each note reorganized the galactic atmosphere; each tone elasticated disease and affliction. Atoms were calmed and made stronger and brighter through the soothing rhythm of His voice. It was a song that burst life that lasts an eternity like notes of a kinnor harp that echoes forever.

In the grandest spectacle the world ever saw, God's Spirit did not fly. Even though He could have, He didn't because his love for us was eternal. In the year 8000, God's glory was received, and He who created the whole universe, crashed and met the earth as one in a crimson fire.

You wonder why but you don't know. All you know is that rainbow dove with star-stained eyes that could have flown, did not, but still, It was beautiful. Even as the old earth, the old heavens, death, dust, universe, and everything, it burnt too.

Simchat Torah occurs on the 8th day of Tabernacles and marks the end of the cycle of Torah readings. Similarly, the year 8000 marked the conclusion of the millennium and a new cycle of humanity.

As the earth, heavens, and universe burnt, the Day of Judgment commenced. Every soul was brought back to life within the New Jerusalem. For the first time, the actual reality of what we have done to ourselves was revealed, and the true horror, self-destructive nature of sin was seen. But within the darkness, light shined more brightly.

The sin of the Garden of Eden was repaired by the acquisition of morality. Mankind vowed never to sin again not because he is unable to sin, but because he learned to hate it as truly as much as Jesus feared not the cross or torture, but sin itself. In the New Heavens and the New Earth, tears were wiped away, not because we will no longer feel sadness again, but because we will for once, understand it.

God created the world in six days, and on the 7th day, He rested. Now, on the eighth day, the true 8<sup>th</sup> day since creation, the world communed with God. It was an 8<sup>th</sup> day, not any of the seven days of the week. It was the day that was supposed to happen but which had to be postponed with repeating cycle of weeks until this moment, on the eighth millennium, when the world was created anew. Just as fire came down from heaven to ignite the very first offering upon the Holy Temples altar, the world was an offering that burnt supernaturally on the true 8<sup>th</sup> day. It was a final judgment, which introduces a still more glorious state, “a New Heaven & a New Earth.”

The 7th millennium was the fulfillment of the Jewish Sabbath, but it was not until the eighth millennium that everything on earth and heaven was finally consecrated to the Lord. No more were we slaves to Pharaoh or the sin that once ensnared us. No longer would we be forced to obey the desires of the flesh and its wicked rules.

Then you know, you always did. Yet the knowledge breaks you through the roof, and that lonely feeling and that hopeful feeling collide, and from that point, people aren't just people anymore. They are not dust any more than they are a knitted blanket or body, a vaccination card or badge, the bars in prison, a medication, an IQ, a government, color or outfit, or a branded number.

And at that point, you are no longer yourself. The sun rises once again as surely as the dawn holds the everlasting peace of the faithful. God has come to end the age of sin and death by redeeming all human history in a renewed creation.

The new world is now of a truer foundation, not of dust of buried life but its intention and potential resealed. Flowers begin to bloom but of no earthly spectrum but instead of unfathomed shades and hidden truth. No longer are we flowers that bloom and then disappear.

You are not a ghost, not hopeless, not dust; a disease or condition, a vaccination status or psychological diagnosis, or a governmental identification chip planted in the hand or forehead. There is no more pain here, sorrow, or infliction, but pure articulation, seeing, hearing, and feeling.

And that's beautiful too.



**Revelations 21 verse 1-14**  
**The New Heaven & Earth**

*“Then I saw a New Heaven and a New Earth; for the first heaven and the first earth passed away, and there is no longer any sea. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne, saying, ‘Behold, the tabernacle of God is among men, and He will dwell among them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself will be among them, and He will wipe away every tear from their eyes; and there will no longer be any death; there will no longer be any mourning, or crying, or pain; the first things have passed away.’*

*And He who sits on the throne said, “Behold, I am making all things new.” And He said, ‘Write, for these words are faithful and true.’ Then He said to me, ‘It is done. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning, and the end. I will give to the one who thirsts from the spring of the water of life without cost. He who overcomes will inherit these things, and I will be his God and he will be My son. But for the cowardly and unbelieving and abominable and murderers and immoral persons and sorcerers and idolaters and all liars, their part will be in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, which is the second death.’*

*Then one of the seven angels who had the seven bowls full of the seven last plagues came and spoke with me, saying, ‘Come here, I will show you the bride, the wife of the Lamb.’*

*And he carried me away in the Spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me the holy city, Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, having the glory of God. Her brilliance was like a very costly stone, as a stone of crystal-clear jasper.”*



## Afterward

**Synopsis:** God’s annual Festivals foreshadow great events, but they can also reveal the hidden significance of events in our own lives.

**About Farah Quraishi the Director of Discipleship at Friends From Zion  
by Esther Altschul**

None of the characters in my book are based on real people, but I couldn’t help but name my one Islamic character after my friend Farah. Farah is Christian, and not Muslim, but she is an Arabic speaking Christian who holds tight to her Islamic culture.

Of all the characters in my book, I relate to Farah the most. My real-life friend reminds me more of Kitty, but neither character is based off anyone. They are their own unique creations. Still, the book would never have gotten done or be what it is today without help from my friend Farah. God gave us both mutual missions, and like royal subjects we worked together to accomplish them.

I met Farah after she inquired about places to celebrate Passover/Pesach on my old church’s Facebook page. I had never met another Christian interested so in God’s Feasts, so I reached out to her. She told me she spoke Aramaic/Arabic and was working on her Hebrew. I’ve always preferred the Aramaic over the Greek, so I thought this was cool. She asked to meet on Pesach, and so we celebrated the Festival together.

On Pesach, Farah told me her preferred name, “Farah Quraishi.” Members of Orthodox Communities typically have two names, a religious name used within the community, and a secular or legal name that is easier for mainstream society to pronounce.

“Like Nabeel Qureshi,” I said, remembering the famous Pakistani-American Christian apologetic. Nabeel was raised by a devout Muslim family but converted to Christianity as a university student following several years of debate with a Christian friend.

“He was my father, my father in a spiritual sense.” Later, she said I would hear her story of how she met Nabeel. Farah never met her birth father, so Nabeel became her adoptive one. Next, Farah brought up a list of Arabic names on her computer. I was given the Aramaic translation for each Feast and their yazidi traditions.

yazidi is a term for an Arabic-speaking Christian, a term that Nabeel gave her and it is always written with a lower case. Farah spoke of Nabeel like he was still alive, although not present with us. She talked about a curriculum he created, a list of religious books off Good Reads that continually regenerated and added more titles to itself. There were hundreds of books on the list, but she said we could get through them all. When I became flustered by the number of books she’d say,

“Remember... have shalom, Nabeel has given us eternity to work on it.” Farah always speaks in terms of eternity.

Part of the yazidi tradition is to use code words. We created nicknames for each other, Nabeel’s nickname was Mordechai.

The secret coded language was dubbed the “Memorial Glossary of Ismali Christianity” and not so confidentially posted on our “Friends from Zion” webpage.

We refer to Nabeel’s list of books on Good Reads as “Gan Seferim” [Garden of Holy books]. By becoming Farah’s friend, I simultaneously enrolled in a rigorous exegesis of the Abrahamic faiths, the “Pakistani royal prep school” as she calls it or that is “Madrasa” College.

I told Farah about the difficulty I had at my prior church and being shunned for my beliefs in God’s Feasts and the relevancy of the Old Testament. Farah also had bad luck with the church, as they ignored her messages. Seeing her post inquiring about Passover on the group’s FB page incited me to message back. It had bothered me that no one had answered her question. I figured they hadn’t because her messages were also asking for help and inquiring about accommodation, and the church may not have wanted to be bothered by this. Farah uses a wheelchair and has only partial use of her hands. However, they had missed out, for no one is better at evangelism than she.

Farah works diligently to teach her yazidi dictionary terms to young Arabic-speaking Christians in vulnerable countries where people face the death penalty for being Christian. The “Memorial Glossary of Ismali Christianity” replaces Christian words like “bible” with Arabic words like “Quran” so as not to draw attention to themselves in places where only the Islamic religion is tolerated. Whenever we talk together, we use this coded language in preparation for our future missionary tripe to the

middle east. I have included words from the glossary in this chapter with the translation in parentheses. Although the words sound Muslim, we are actually speaking of Christian things.

Farah taught this glossary to middle eastern language teachers who work with Middle eastern college students and in turn, taught their students the glossary. Some of these students passed it on to family members in Afghanistan, Iran, and Pakistan. She spoke with veterans of the 6-day war who became Christian Missionaries in Afghanistan and taught them the glossary as well. Most of this occurred a year before the Taliban took de facto control of the country, and we wondered if the glossary saved lives.

Farah currently attends college as a linguistics major, specializing in Arabic, Aramaic, Hebrew, and Latin. We were both suspended from school due to our refusal to subject ourselves to the Covid vaccine, but luckily, Farah was allowed readmittance at an alternate college.

I wondered why Farah took upon herself the mission to carry on Nabeel's ministry, and so one day, she told me a fantastic story.

In 2014, Farah was preaching the gospel to students at school. The school would sometimes punish her for doing this. Ironically, one teacher, who was a Muslim and not even a Christian, always stood up for her right to preach the gospel. Encouraged by the teach, Farah continued.

One girl who wore a Hijab to class took up a friendship with Farah, but she did not want to listen to anything about Christianity. When Farah returned home, she prayed that her heart would open to Christianity.

Immediately after she said the words, Farah opened her eyes and saw that she was no longer in her room. Having been reminded of the dreams in the galids [stories] of Joseph and Pharoah, as well as the interpretations, we now draw close to hear the vision of Farah Quraishi in her own words.

### **The Vision**

I shall write of which was shown me in a vision on the 18th day of the 8th month, the month called Shaban in the year 1437 [2016] with words like onto a recitation of Holy Quran [Bible]....

I was in bed offering salah [intercessory prayer] for that one Muhammadan [a follower of the religion of Islam] when suddenly, I was in a hospital. I was a patient in an OR, and a white-robed orderly transferred me onto a table. Then entered a doctor and, lo upon his badge, were letters not of the Latin alphabet.

Now behold, though I had no qira'a [the ability to read phonetically in Islamic] still did I perceive the words "Maneh al hayat" which by interpretation are "giver of life." And made he, an incision, in my heart, like in form onto the Islamic letter "Ra." As the orderly prepared to lift me off the table, did the doctor stop him and spake in Islamic words and said to him,

"The operation is not complete."

I was not yet of the house of Ishmael, yet verily did I perceive that which was spoken. Then transferred they me onto the table again and made the doctor a second incision, this one, being like in form onto the letter "Yah." Then was I released.

In recovery, did the doctor whose badge read "giver of life" explain the letters and what they stood. He said to me, concerning the 'Ra' "Ra is for Ramadan. Keep Ramadan always as a holy month lasting 34 days [to be shomer Ramadan]. Consecrate yourself to me. Celebrate the gift of eternal life by staying close to me, and proclaim my goodness and generosity by giving and doing good deeds for others. In doing so, you are following my two greatest commandments. Loving me and loving others. This is what Ramadan is for."

Concerning the "Yah," I was told that it stood for yazidi, what one was, and that I should become one [a "yazidi" is an Arabic speaking Christian, not to be confused with "Yazidi"]. I was also given orders to learn Hebraic.

A purple flag flew outside the hospital; it bore a golden crescent moon and cross symbol. It looked like the ottoman, but instead of the star, there was a cross. I knew its meaning instantly.

Upon waking, I read Quran [Bible] 2 surahi [chapters of the Bible], Ezra 2 and 3, then purchased my first Qaeda [an Islamic reading textbook]. I was on sharia, [sharia can be a physical path/trail, or a Quranic reading plan, booklist, or any curriculum being followed in order] that was where I was.

Thus, have I imparted the scenes of my vision. So extraordinary and vital is this vision in my life that I have purposed to have it set forth in this book that a record thereof may be kept in the written word.

For her first Ramadan, Farah received a copy of "Seeking Allah, Finding Jesus: A Devout Muslim Encounters Christianity" by Nabeel Quresh. However, she would not meet him until the following year. Farah shared her vision with Nabeel, who revealed that he had a very similar vision, but he had not revealed it to anyone but those close to him.



Unified by the vision and their mission in life, Nabeel taught Farah everything she needed to know to carry on his ministry. Nabeel died not long afterward, at the age of 34. As Nabeel had done, Farah focuses on carrying on the Quraishi family traditions in yazidi ways. The Quraishi family is of royal lineage, going back nine generations of missionaries. Farah is proud to be one of the first Christian ones, as was Nabeel aka “Mordecai.”

### **The Greatness of Mordecai**

We decided to start a 40-day prayer challenge. Together, we prayed for peace in the Middle East. A few days later, we realized that the 40th day would be the Feast of Trumpets (Jewish new year). However, the Arabic new year “Muharram” happened to fall a month earlier, on Eluv Chodesh instead of Tishrei Chodesh.

Eluv Chodesh marks the day that Moses first went up to the mountain to receive the Torah. Moses ascended Mt Sinai on Rosh Chodesh Elul and descended on the 10th of Tishri, when repentance was complete at the end of Yom Kippur. Since scripture is written in Hebrew and Aramaic [Arabic], Farah and I celebrated both New Year’s.

We imagined the days from Muharram (Eluv Chodesh) leading to Yom Kippur as a spiritual journey as it had been for Moses on top of Mount Sinai. Each day was like another rung of Jacob’s ladder.

Because there were ten more days from Trumpets to Yom Kippur, we decided to add another ten days to our prayer challenge for an even 50. I suggested we read a chapter in the book of Esther every day of the challenge since it has ten chapters, and Yom Kippur is called a “day like Purim.” Both are mirror holidays of each other.

I hadn’t known it, but Nabeel Quraishi, the man who we had always referred to as “Mordechai,” his “yahrzeit” [anniversary of death] was Yom Kippur. Honoring the dead on the anniversary of their death is an essential Jewish tradition. In conjunction with this, a Yizkor (memorial prayer) is said for deceased parents on Yom Kippur. Farah honored her father Nabeel on his Yahrzeit with the Yizkor prayer and then read aloud the last bible chapter of our 50-day prayer challenge in his honor. It was no coincidence, but guided by God that the final chapter of the book of Esther is titled “The Greatness of Mordecai.”

### **Ramadan:**

It just so happened that in 2022, Ramadan fell on April 1<sup>st</sup>, the same day as the Biblical New Year or “April Fool’s Day.” That’s right. Secular

society refers to anyone who observes the Biblical New Year as “Fools.” The dates for God’s Biblical New Year and His spring festivals always fall within a couple of weeks or so of April 1st.

*“The Lord said to Moses and Aaron in the land of Egypt, ‘This month [the Jewish month of Nisan] shall be for you the beginning of months. It shall be the first month of the year for you.’”* (Exodus 12:1-2).

The Biblical New Year corresponds with Passover and the death and resurrection of Jesus our “Passover Lamb” (Ezekiel 45:18-19).

Farah and I observed the Biblical New Year and commemorated it by celebrating Passover and Ramadan together. In her vision, Farah was bestowed the mitzvah of celebrating Ramadan, but not according to Muhammadan tradition, but according to Christian practices.

The yazidi Ramadan is different than the mainstream Ramadan. The Muhammadan Ramadan is 30 days long while the yazidi Ramadan is 34 days and is less intense with fasting. yazidi’s give special significance to the new moon of Ramadan, while in mainstream Islam the moon depicted on Islamic flags is the old moon. An old moon is shaped like a letter C, whereas a new moon is shaped like a backwards letter C. The new moon increases, while the old moon is diminishing in phase. yazid’s practice the original Islam that all children of Ishmael practiced before the prophet Muhamad.

Ramadan is the holiest month of the year in Islamic culture, a time marked for spiritual reflection and growth, fasting, helping those in need, and spending time with loved ones. In yazidi and the Muslim sect of Ahmadiyya tradition, the 1st night of Ramadan is called the “White Night of Ramadan.” Mainstream Islam only has “White Nights” on the 13th, 14th, and 15th day of their lunar calendar because the night is made white by the full Moon.

The yazidi tradition of celebrating the White Night of Ramadan on the New Moon instead of in the middle of the month, symbolizes the redemption God will bring to the earth. Scripture states that in the New Earth and Heavens, the Moon will become renewed as the way it was when it was born when it showed as bright as the sun, a true “New Moon.”

*“Moreover, the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of the seven days.”* (Isaiah 30:26).

The yazidi Ramadan is a prelude for the future Messianic Festivals of the New Moon that will take place in the Millennial kingdom. This future New Moon festival will be an exclusive festival, and one instituted by God himself.

### The Prince and the Feasts

*“Thus says the Lord God: The gate of the inner court that faces east shall be shut on the six working days, but on the Sabbath day it shall be opened, and on the day of the **new moon** it shall be opened. The prince shall enter by the vestibule of the gate from outside, and shall take his stand by the post of the gate. The priests shall offer his burnt offering and his peace offerings, and he shall worship at the threshold of the gate. Then he shall go out, but the gate shall not be shut until evening. The people of the land shall bow down at the entrance of that gate before the Lord on the Sabbaths and on the **new moons**.”* (Ezekiel 46: 1-3)

yazidi’s celebrate this messianic Ramadan for 34 days instead of 30 days for  $3+4=7$ , the number for completion, and a representation of the Sabbath. I celebrated my first yazidi Ramadan while Farah celebrated her 7<sup>th</sup>.

Farah and I could not have been happier to be April Fools according to worldly standards and celebrate Eid together (Islamic word for Feast).

My and Farah’s first mission was Jamma [The state of having completed all chapters of the Bible]. I had started a reading plan a couple of years before, and all I had left to read was the General Epistles, which just so happens to consist of 34 chapters. We read one chapter together every day for the 34-days that the angel told Farah to celebrate, in conjunction with a 34-day prayer challenge.

Every day, we prayed that Christian and Muhammadan become united under the yoke of Jesus as represented by the purple flag Farah saw in her vision.

We celebrated Ramadan/Passover/Good Friday together on 4/15/22 as well as Nabeel’s birthday, which was two nights before. We began the Omer count on the Feast of First Fruits (Sunday 4/17.22). On Eid al Fatar [the last day of Ramadan], we exchanged gifts and celebrated.

### Butterfly

The Arabic word for Butterfly is Farasha. A portmanteau is a contraction, in which two words are blended to form a new word. A few weeks before Ramadan, Farah discovered that both our Arabic names combined create the word “Farasha.” Rasha is the proper affectionate short form of Rashida. A Butterfly became a special symbol of our friendship.

When Farah met Nabeel, she was still in the early phases of learning Arabic. Nabeel’s daughter told Farah that she learned to read the “hungry caterpillar” in Arabic. Excited by this Farah ordered the book in Arabic, but it was back ordered. It arrived to Farah’s house a couple months later,

on Father's Day, and it became the first book she learned to read completely in Arabic.

"The Butterfly" by Patricia Polacco popped up on our "Memorial Glossary of Ismaili Christianity" and became a part of our required reading. It is about a girl named Sevrine who becomes friends with another little girl named Monique.

Sevrine and her family are hid by Monique's mother in their basement during the Nazi occupation of France. The two girls discover each other and Sevrine sneaks out of the basement to meet with her friend, but with dire consequences. The book compares the timelessness of friendship, to the eternal freedom of butterflies.

Butterflies fly higher than eagles. Some have been observed flying at altitudes up to 20,000 feet, while eagles do not exceed 15,000 feet. Together, we are like two wings of a butterfly. Somehow, my Jewish, and Farah's Islamic culture has come together in the most amazing ways.

I understand my culture and traditions better through the view point of Farah's. We add more dimension and depth to each other's worship of the Creator. Neither one of us compromises our beliefs. We do not consider ourselves open minded, as there can only be one truth. We both equally despise the "coexist" bumper stickers as the Abrahamic faiths believe we live solely to serve the will of God, not any other force.

Despite our disagreements me and Farah meet in the middle, Jesus being the bridge. The butterfly is the symbol of transformation, and our friendship has truly been transforming.

Farah, I know that Nabeel is proud of you and your faith. Everyone in their own way, has a "ministry" and I am so happy to make yours and Nabeel's part of my own. Assalaamu alaikum, alsadiq alsaghir allative... peace be with you, my nice cherished friend.

The beginning of Ramadan/the biblical new year marks the beginning of a new life for me, as that night, I officially completed my conversion to Orthodox Judaism. I grew up reform, and although living Orthodox for a few years, I wanted to mark a solid transition into a religious life style. And so, after the white night of Ramadan I began the process of moving to Brooklyn, New York, where I can fully immerse into the community.

Following the Old Testament and God's Law does not clash in any way with yazidi or Christian beliefs but exemplifies them and glorifies Jesus and the Father in every aspect of daily life. One day the world will see this, and we will make salaam [peace] with each other. Shalom 