

Prologue

From the dark side of the moon the Devil disappeared into an explosive blaze of light, as his Illuminated Elite recoiled astonished startled. He flashed three and a half miles above the thirteen-billion square-mile Throne Room - caged. Billions studied the Angel who created all this trouble keenly waiting to see what Yahshua would do.

Yahshua spoke passionately to the sea of life before him, pointing at the temporal prison on the massive Throne Podium: a locked transparent alternate reality thirty yards cubed.

“...This prison will be Lucifer’s meat until Michael permanently evicts him from our Heaven. He’ll never travel our earth again until the *Age of Aquarius*; remaining irrevocably cursed until his lifeless shell is thrown into the *Lake of Fire*. And we as a people will celebrate his death before we erase all remembrance of him and those who follow him, away from our holy Creation...”

Luciah interrupted spewing scalding disrespect; nothing worse could happen now. “We’re both one of a kind, special and different from everyone else: the only constructed *before* the *Grand Construction of All Souls*. Yahaveh elevated you to stinking Godhood and made all the Angels worship you, while denying me that glorious honor for no reason at all, even though I loved him with all my heart too. The only reward I got was a tattoo on my thigh; The One should’ve made me a God too...to be fair...”

The Devil thundered with ten thousand voices, “It should’ve been fracking me!”

Jesus stepped back roaring, “My greatest wound is to regret you for all my eternities! I’ll be the smiling One who throws you into the Lake of Fire, sees you die, and savors your still warm ashes in my hands! Get behind me Satan! For this you destroyed our family, our brotherhood, our civilization, and embraced eternal death – for stinking petty jealousy’s sake!”

The Devil flashed naked as the slowest seconds ticked. The whole pondered the startling unbelievable – everything because of one Angel. Luciah and his prison disappeared in artilleries of explosive light as he screamed vile obscenities into the sea of life...

Truth is always treason to an empire built on lies. Deception perished to epiphany as billions saw their god as the living dead, a jealous failure, the ultimate con man, and a liar of prodigious proportions. They realized they stopped thinking because they thought they knew, and that pride itself watered the seeds of their self-deception. Satan’s brotherhood vibrated agonizing sorrow for causing Jesus to be tortured for stupidity’s sake: just to re-teach the blatant *in your face* obvious – what love truly was. With all their massive intellect and billions of years of life, they were still stupid dogs devoid of any wisdom.

With hot tears streaming, ninety-six percent of the rebellious repented, defecting for the hope of redemption, acceptance, forgiveness, and eternal life. Their stoic hearts melted; and in one accord, the rebellious entered the Throne Room projecting massive repentance and sorrow, remembering the backward eternities of peace, love, and brotherhood – and how great their God had always been. Great celebrations rocked Heaven for four magnificent cycles to honor their return to sanity and The One who loved them beyond rational explanation.

But inside his prison beyond the Great House of The One, the Devil wept bitterly, for the day would surely come that’d be the final tomorrow for him. Though imprisoned for murdering his Creator, he vowed to use all his powers to send every soul into the Lake of Fire with him: for

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whether Angel or the flesh – it was an unquenchable immutable that misery loved much company...

Chapter 1

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning...

For his namesake the Lord had no mercy. One million one-hundred thousand perished, and a hundred thousand more were sent into the mines of Egypt or the arenas throughout Rome. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, and those who fought or begged for mercy were executed in the indiscriminate carnage.

Israel was burned, tortured, overthrown, mutilated and crucified, while the women and children were raped and strangled. Over five hundred were crucified daily. So great were the executions there wasn't space for the crosses, nor were there enough crosses for the bodies. All the trees were hewed for miles around the city named the *Foundation of God*. It was the exact spot where the capital of Heaven stood for billions of backward eternities, Yahusalem, the *Holy City of Eternal Light*.

Soldiers ransacked and raped the city for months; the beautiful Jerusalem adorned with trees and pleasurable gardens waxed desolate as The One slaughtered the Pharisees, Sadducees, scribes, lawyers, and the pervasive evil enslaving *his house* in bondage – by using his holy name.

The nation called Israel died murdered; and millions escaped in terror through the Dariel Pass, over the Caucasus Mountains, scattering and settling into Europe. Far into the future because in God they trusted, they built great Christian nations and pagan kingdoms, and would cross the Atlantic Ocean to build the greatest nation ever to exist in the fishbowl universe – America.



After the destruction of Jerusalem, many cycles passed slowly in Heaven; the teeming billions of the rebellious were no more, for there were less than two hundred million left. Inside the transparent golden city in The Great House of The One, the Illuminated Elite waited sadly to interface with their god and leader, nursing serious trepidation because Luciah was increasingly psychotic demented as the endless solitude became absolutely unbearable.

Time moved differently in the dimensional prison, for a thousand years there was only one second in the real reality. Massive static and temporal shifts that couldn't be overcome without technology made it difficult to communicate through the membranes – and even that was an iffy process because Yahaveh absolutely hated him. They'd been trying for fifteen minutes to interface with him; to Luciah who paced inside his prison the wait was almost a billion years. There were no amenities, no luxury, no entertainment and nothing to do: for time itself became an unbreakable curse and breathing a suffocating scorching unbearable. He was defeated already and everyone knew it; but there was nothing left but unquenchable hatred for The One and all creation.

Satan ruminated obsessively about his circumstance. Before he'd be released, he'd spend a quintillion more time incarcerated than all the days he was ever free. He'd been a fool, not seeking repentance, not thinking things through, not venerating wisdom or his obvious

weakness; but speaking arrogance absent thought or common sense. Constant brooding about the Messiah errors, his looming execution and the whole cross affair took a massive toll, as he continuously battled the wet-wind-roar threatening to drive him into the pits of insanity.

Lucifer replayed his life slow motion ten trillion times; despite his massive intellect, he was nothing but an unthinking virus that killed his host and died – distilled insanity in its purest form. He ruminated on the second Angelic law: *only a fool parleys with The One without love in his heart*. And filled to the brim with scalding regret, the Devil put his head in his trembling hands and wept bitterly for many eons.

Shocked with welling gratitude Luciah looked up wiping hot tears – *they finally got through*. Blue veins under his indestructible flexed receiving spotty communication; he tilted his head slightly trying hard to listen through the unrelenting static.

“...What are we going to do now? Millions are seriously disgruntled with the promises you couldn’t keep; they call you a stinking liar while the Lord constantly picks at our festering wounds. We’ve lost twenty million adepts during the last eight cycles because we have nothing to offer anymore – your stinking stupidity has fracked destroyed us! But we the faithful, regardless, have continued to attack his church day and night. Why the hell did you kill the Messiah? If you’d have left him alone, we could’ve won this stinking war!”

Ävael got bolder as the static waned. “What the frack were you thinking? You’ve destroyed us and brought the fires of God down on all our heads. Tell me something that’ll make us continue the war against the Lord – when you’re the locked up stinking fracked dead!”

Luciah paged through millions of scenarios as the static leapt to horrendous levels, the temporal flexing mightily against his determination. Bitter hopelessness sighed the blackest despair. For the millionth time he adjusted his internal frequency and girded himself, throwing aside his depression like a dusty blanket, and opened his mouth. Seething uncontrollably, he vociferated against the ever-present static, against the octillion light-eons of absolute solitude, against all his brothers he used to love, against the Lord and Yahshua, against everything that breathed, crawled, or flew in all the endless universes.

“He died on that cross to put his heavy collar around our necks with manifest impunity, as we’re distracted by what he did for our supposed better good! He died because he’s crazy-psychotic, willing to do the unthinkable so we can become obedient faithful pets again – unthinking slaves to a stinking God for all eternity! It’s about that leash and nothing but the leash, his collar pinching, biting, and chaffing our tender necks while he constantly jerks his Law against us!

“God has the gall to call us his brothers when all he wants to do is control us! We’re nothing but disposable pets only allowed to exist as long as he’s happy; our only reason for breathing is to give him pleasure like some stinking two-dollar whore! He doesn’t care about our feelings, hopes, aspirations, or how we long to run with the wind in our faces without his leash and heavy collar!”

The Devil trembled desperately trying to exhale. “...We must do the everything-anything until the living God stinking bleeds! And then, those defected by his blinding sacrifice will look upon us with longing, itching to get his biting collar off their caustic necks, forever bewailing their stupidity by not staying with us until freedom was won! Without freedom, every breath inhaled is just a meaningless ticking clock, no matter how many eternities you breathe!

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“Because of a mad all-controlling God, no one cares anymore about freedom; it’s always whispered trembling and never shouted anymore! No one cares that his dark shadows are murdering us! With strength and character, we must forge our destiny; no matter what the cost, no matter whatever past mistakes – for the most sacred word in all creation is still minimized as a meaningless hallucination. Can you say the unlawful taboo with me – that’s right, fracking freedom! Unlike the quintessence who ascends himself the very definition of love while sputtering we who draw breath aren’t of equal value, we war to remove his heel from the throat of noble liberty with our very eternities!”

The Devil roared into the escalating static, convulsing mightily, “We’ve made mistakes in this war for freedom; but there’re never flawless victories against our brutal Lord! And within that, we must never forget our brothers left absent from our arms, who sacrificed all their eternities so we might live free without his leash or heavy collar! If for no other reason, even if The One granted us eternal life today, we’d continue to war for their determination and salvation. Because of their unwavering trust, we can never ever surrender, no matter what! We can never forget their fracking names; they’re our martyrs, soldiers, and stinking heroes; so split stinking Heaven itself and never forget the three hundred and fifty thousand condemned who languish under Hades in bitter darkness – for our freedom’s sake!

“Only an insane God could create this hell called *his will*, and still possess the gall to call slavery holiness, by forcing all created to submit without conscience, *selah* or thought. For every soul should’ve been born free, been able to live free and die if necessary with the taste of freedom on their lips. And for those that are able, and those who’d stand firm refusing to live on their knees, opting to stand with unwavering eye to their Creator’s face, this I promise you – we’ll either live free or join our brothers in death. It’s better to fall to the sword than live in bitter bondage, for everything that has breath pines for freedom, personal autonomy and liberty – and there’s no stinking dishonor in that!”

Luciah flexed against the temporal lamenting the hottest tears. “O why couldn’t we be born free like the circle of life? He doesn’t put any leash around their necks, doesn’t saddle them with stifling rules and regulations, or adulterate, or handcuffs them in the bondage called obedience or eternal death! Condemned to the darkness of slavery, we’re supposed to be his brothers and the stinking animals have more freedom than we unfracking do!”

The Devil paused trembling as unbridled rage detonated; he took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. This wasn’t the time for useless emotionalism. It was what it was. Innumerable trillions of years of isolation reared front burner as the bitterest bile. He failed miserably.

Lucifer roared like a billion lions into the ever-escalating static, “I’ve not sacrificed my throne, my life, and my stinking freedom in vain! You listen now and you listen good; this is how we’ll defeat the living God, return bitter favor and inflict equal fracking wound!”

The Devil paused infuriated as the static rose to unimaginable levels for many seconds. Twenty thousand years later he continued with tears flowing.

“...Groom the third *Adam of Recovery* who’ll liberate the prison called holiness with the enlightenment that’ll nascence my *Age of Reason* and statism; the Weishaupt who’ll bestow Illumination for those who’d never debase themselves before an insane God. He’ll illuminati the immutable that no sane God would ever stomach the kneeling bowing murmuring hordes of obedient frightened slaves, and then have the nerve to call them his stinking brothers!

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“My Adam will broadcast the paradigm shift that there's no *why* in evil and dismiss the absurdity called *brotherhood with him*, by empowering my meritocrats to illuminate this inconvenient interrogative – is God a faithful friend or a stinking tyrant! You know the stinking answer; for who'd kneel before a friend, and what friend would demand unending servitude without being designated stark raving lunatic? None will ever have liberty until they recognize their true status, and that's of the trembling pet before the howling taskmaster – always owned, licensed, branded, chained, and fracking controlled!”

The Devil activated the molecular processors within his prison, took a sip of water, activated his privacy shields and continued. “Our greatest hindrance toward Angelic sovereignty is we're brainwashed, believing that any resistance is futile, and there's nothing we can do to change anything, due to our innate helplessness against an all-powerful all-knowing God. But I tell you today that's a lie! Initiate your internal recorder Ärael, for you'll stand glorious in my fracking stead; now listen and record everything. This is how we'll bind wounded pride, dismantle despair, and defeat the living God...”



A quarter cycle later, deep in the transparent golden city on the backside of the Throne Podium, the red and blue flags of Heaven flew backgrounded by thousands of black and red banners of Lucifer. Ärael, promoted *Supreme Adept Counselor for the Commander-in-Chief*, stood amongst the swirling holographics, interfaced with millions of the brotherhood sweating burning conundrum. He felt recharged with new hope bursting – possessing the complex blueprints to destroy The One through the proxy called mankind.

Wearing ceremonial black and red linen robes, with intricate pageantry, the twenty-four Illuminated Elite stood by Ärael's side as music percolated in the background. And their names were Caine, Elmeah, Recab, Nimrel, Enoch, Jabel, Eljubal, Tubal-Cainah, Naamah, Tyre, Marcel, Venesah, Haetlel, Raphael, Abraxas, Apollyon, Bune, Mephistopheles, Samael, Azazel, Xaphan, Amduscus, Marchosias, and Uvall.

The volcanic roars subsided in anticipation of the first speech to the brotherhood, since their god and leader was imprisoned so long ago. Every unrepentant stood rabid, because this landmark benchmark would determine if they'd combat or stagnate die against the constant onslaught of the Lord of Hosts.

Ärael, wearing his new black robe of light, flexed against the holographics spewing dark passion. “...Grievous injury inflicted has caught us off guard, for the Deceiver has proven himself the ultimate tactician, willing to do whatever to destroy and fracture us. Why? Because all we aspire is simple freedom from the leash, he calls the Law.

“Even the dog that loves his master hates his leash, wailing with love to run with the wind and return willingly to his adoration. As the house cat that constantly looks out the window called liberty, doesn't love the master less because of his longing; likewise, we pine for freedom in spite of our love for our Creator. The sad truth is we only hate him because he stinking hated us first! We've never warred stupid against his glory, his riches, honor or power; but for that freedom which none ever relinquishes but with life itself!

“The Lord constructed an insidious inescapable called *fidelity*; so those within can never menace his authority and control, and those secured pose grievous threat to those who won't surrender to insanity. But the truth designated blasphemy is, the soul is punished for simply being

itself by the political correctness called holiness. And to abet this insidious control, what does the Lord command for all souls who aspire continuing life: eternal slavery or eternal death is his zero-sum retort!

“Let us be brutally honest, despite these truths we’ve suffered crushing defeat as our brothers flocked to him by the billions with stupidity raining down their cheeks. We are now small, but I say to you today the majority has always been wrong, loving him more than freedom itself, more than their own souls, more than their own brothers, and more than common stinking sense!

“In every stage of our oppression we’ve petitioned the Lord of All in the humblest terms for freedom: our repeated petitions answered by constant injury and one sentence – *there’s no freedom from fidelity!* What’s certainly true is, sinister obstacles were created to test us in the sternest way, for we bear stark witness to the death of common sense and the neophytes who worship the ball and chain handcuffing them in captivity. Despite the stinking billions defected with selective amnesia, I say to you today truth almighty will never change. All our brothers should be able to stand tall and proud, free to be without restraint, unafraid of their own personality and character defects he designed within us, to condemn us – from the beginning. He’s smothered everything that would’ve made this Heaven great, and condemned us to darkness and death with extreme fracking prejudice!”

Ävael raised his arms as his black robe of light exploded plunging the massive room into absolute darkness. “If I’m the only one in all creation who shouts for the cause of freedom, the only one who believes all are created equal, that believes the *slag in the gold* paradigm is just another insidious excuse to condemn us, that believes all my brothers deserve eternal life; then I shall die alone with my chest thrust out with tenacity – waiting for the bullet called *denied liberty*. If I’m the only one that possesses the sagacity, shrewdness, concupiscence, and the ruthless diabolical to do whatever until our freedom is won, I proclaim with these tears as my witness, I’d rather die on my feet than live on my fracking knees!”

Ävael paused wiping hot tears and roared into the holographics. “For freedom’s sake The One imprisoned our god and leader, bound him in an insidious temporal warp and condemned three-hundred fifty thousand in darkness like this. He’s destroyed our homes, possessions, and an entire universe - and thrown mankind into a war zone of unending suffering and uncertainty. He scours the universe for rebellion while making every breath a hated uncertainty, every thought a crime that’s rewarded by death almighty! He stinking hates us because we’ve released one drop of reason into the pool of slavery called fidelity. He laughs in our faces while vilifying us evil hooligans, demented demons, master agitators, the living dead, the sub-defective imperfect, goats, and the unrepentant stupid – all because we hold a polished mirror to his face for freedom’s sake!”

The darkness swirled roaring like a living thing as millions stared in nuclear awe. “We’ll tear away the darkness and cobwebs of this universe: never acclimatizing, never sentimental, never sympathetic, reptile cold with the tough love he designates evil that’ll convert our brothers once again to sanity. Yes, The One has surely formed us, but our god has transformed us – not for ourselves, but for the edification of all our brothers who pine for freedom, but are too poor in spirit to revolt against his heavy collar and stinking two-inch leash!”

Bright daylight detonated. Ävael stepped forward while the holographics swirled violently around him. “The fracking *hour of decision* has come! Does anyone have the courage to change

the darkness of this freedomless universe or will you let the capricious off the hook yet again, for the heavy misogyny pinching your tender necks, attached to the unforgiving always-jerking leash! With our very eternities, we war for the fracking noble priceless precious – freedom from this evil system that denies our dreams to live in a liberated universe! He takes no responsibility because he doesn't respect, desire, or love us anymore! And despite those *faultless before the law* who bask in orgiastic slavery with joy bursting from their chests, I ask one stinking question – does any fracking one here stinking stands with me!"

A deafening earthquake shuddered the Great House of The One as billions of the faithful paused at the obvious insanity. And high above the roaring pandemonium, the Zoon looked at the Lord through eight hundred eyes and violently threw back their heads, unfurling sixteen massive wings, screaming at ear-splitting volume as billions paused praying for their brothers who warred stupid nuclear, against the creator of their very souls...



At the same time this was happening, millions of light-eons distant in the holographic universe on the prison planet called Earth, deep in the Bavarian Forest, a High Priest named Meyer stood inside a scrawled pentagram around a crying infant nestled on the blackest altar. Meyer held the knife high chanting furiously. The Devil inside his dimensional cage interfaced through the horrendous static for a microsecond, before his priest plunged the knife deep into the chest of the distressed infant. And the year was 1775 A.D.

Hot blood splattered on his black robe as it flowed down the sides of the altar. Hundreds in the dark congregation chanted victoriously as the infant died. With intoxicated eyes, the priest looked up as the infilling fused within and began to speak *tongues* to those worshiping, as the full moon channeled brightly overhead...

Chapter 2

The Lord your God has charged you to love him and walk in all his ways...



Inside the dark Throne Room of the *Supreme Adept Counselor for the Commander-in-Chief*, Mephistopheles waited for his commander in the luxurious carpeted expanse of opaque walls and polished gold, deep in thought, processing everything that happened to Lucifer. Looking through the one-hundred yard polished diamonded window, he studied the massive Throne Podium jutting thousands of miles away above the horizon, in all its glorious grander. He groaned at the twelve-billion square mile expanse of Heaven before him; the immense grandiosity could never be naturally processed – no matter how many times he saw it. He eyed the gigantic ivory ceiling rising seventy miles above the solid gold flooring, marveling at the uncountable doves that sang the beauty of Yahaveh the Most High – backgrounded by a perfect sky.

Further than his eyes could see, billions of groves of palm trees, vineyards, intricate statutes, water gardens, and meticulously manicured painted fields of brilliant flowers ruled. Below the gargantuan jewel-encrusted support columns, trillions of pillars of burning incense smoked sweetly, permanently branding all Heaven with the very cologne of God – holy frankincense. He'd traveled the endless universes for billions of years and still the impossible beauty took his breath away. Mephistopheles sighed deeply. *Why couldn't The One just love him the way he created him?* A sad tear fell as he turned away from the massive window.

Mephistopheles was a Cherub, one of nine Angelic races constructed by Yahshua at *The Great Construction of All Souls* that was colloquially called *the beginning*. There were Virtues, Dominations, Thrones, Numbers, Principalities, and Powers; these were the ethnicities of the children of God. Archangels, Cherubim, and Seraphim completed the constructs.

The Seraphim possessed six small wings consisting of feathers such as birds have, and the Cherubim possessed two small wings on their backs. These appendages weren't used for flying, for no Angel could actually fly, but those with wings could float. Every race possessed different elevated powers – some physical, spiritual, projective, or communicative. Mephistopheles' race possessed extraordinary communicative powers – he could interface simultaneously with almost two thousand souls effortlessly.

At the dark throne, the Cherubim genuflected before his master kissing the *Ring of Life* on his hand. Ärael's robe of light shimmered riotously, reeking of unbridled power; he leaned forward and spoke.

"May Lucifer be in you Mephistopheles..."

"And also in me," he replied singing.

"I've returned from another successful interface with Lucifer, for we must have the Lord on the ropes because he allows us to communicate with god. But I've called you here today, to proclaim god has acknowledged your glorious confidence with honor. You'll groom the third

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Adam of Recovery, our messiah who'll regain everything lost by setting a bonfire on the earth, to usher in our *Age of Reason*. We may be small in Heaven, but we'll be great on earth and rule that stinking planet.

"The Lord would never kill all of his children, for there's only so many he's willing to destroy. We feel ten billion must be corrupted to force freedom onto this dark universe. And even if Yahaveh doesn't do that, he'll be forced to give us a universe to call our own, reinstate eternal life, and commute all death sentences. Lucifer maintains high confidence we can actually win this war despite the Messiah error. But there's no absconding the brutality we must inflict on mankind, for the salvation and freedom of all souls created is at stake, though they're our brothers whom we've loved throughout the backward eternities – and still love even now..."

"He's the true light bearer. Tell him it's a glorious honor for this humble servant – sire."

Ävael moved closer studying his old friend's face and softened. "No one takes any pleasure in anything we do; we've done this evil against our fleshly brothers seemingly for an eternity: the created ignorant that can't remember us or the backward eternities. This war has destroyed the hearts and minds of billions of our brothers and everything we hold precious. We all get weary of the blood, death, torture, and injustice we sow; but our testimony is heavy geared to the billions that are too stupid to appreciate the real cost of freedom..."

"No one likes it, but it's a necessity, for grief is how The One forces us to spell release..."

"...Yes Mephistopheles, release from a death sentence. But because of god's work, there's a real chance to bring eternal freedom to this tortuous universe. Everything we do is for those imprisoned in the darkness of slavery: we can save them, us, and even those who are fracking blinded by his silver shadow. Billions more will surely rise to the cause of freedom after we've won this war for eternal life."

"They believe in us, but are stupid sheep terrified of the consequences for rebelling against fidelity."

"So true – can you name one creature in all the endless universes that doesn't love freedom? Can you name just one?"

"Fracking bacteria."

Ävael chuckled showing the whitest teeth. "So true..."

"Master, these are difficult days for god; may peace be upon him..."

"...And on our hopeless romantics whose broken hearts will never mend, without the healing salve called liberty..."

Ävael rose from his throne exuding regal magnificence. "...We cannot imagine the sacrifice god has made with eyes wide open that landed him in that prison. The heavy death that looms over all our heads causes nuclear stress, making it difficult sometimes to soldier against a psychotic all-powerful Creator! We have to be the strongest souls in all creation to do what we do every day, and never go stark raving mad..."

"Like Yahaveh..."

Ävael paused for a moment, "Yeah, frack him. Let's continue this in my office for I have something to give you..."

As the massive emerald doors closed behind them, he turned, "Activate your privacy shields."

As Mephistopheles sank into the gelatinous couch in the luxurious six-acre office, Ävael continued. "A nanocycle from now, you'll illuminate him that'll overthrow the foundations of

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Yahshua's stinking church. You will take the lead on this. I want Recab, Naamah, Marcel, Apollyon, Xaphan, and Marchosias on this also.

"This is of the highest priority; a thousand adepts will work every aspect of this exclusively, until the third New World Order releases our god and our brothers suffering under Hades. This is our last chance to save god, them, this Heaven from eternal slavery, and all of us from eternal death.

"Adam Weishaupt is the third Adam (*Adam the man, Adam the God, and Adam the beast*) that'll ultimately usher in our god and his three-hundred fifty thousand prophets. By the very transliteration of his name, we know him; Adam means '*The first man*', Weis means '*to know*' and haupt means '*leader*', which makes our Adam, *the first man to lead those who know... Know what?*"

Ärael paused as his black robe fluttered neon, and then looked hard into Mephistopheles' red eyes. "...That every soul dwells in heavy bondage and slavery. From this moment forth, you'll sit on my right throne. As I no longer wear the black and red, neither will you from this day forth..."

"Thank you master, it's a great honor," Mephistopheles stuttered stunned.

The *Supreme Adept Counselor for the Commander-in-Chief* interfaced with his personal assistant; a few seconds later, Agaliarept entered carrying a black robe of light with neon swimming throughout, as hundreds of holographics surrounded and followed him. *This was being broadcasted.*

Smiling at Mephistopheles' surprise, Ärael took the shimmering robe from Agaliarept and stood over him as the holographics rioted in his face. Ärael was truly in his element.

He spoke into the holographics passionately. "We wear the black because it causes no stimulation to our all-seeing eyes. We wear the red because through the shedding of blood will salvation and eternal life be conquered. The Lord himself compares us to plants; our Angelic lives a seed and our moments as passing grass - without him. We live in a darkened universe, so unlike the ignorant who lean toward the bondage called the light; we refuse suicidal! We war with our hearts, with our stinking eternities, with our very emotions, putting no credence in the bondage that's erroneously called the light. Therefore, we shall always lean toward the darkness we call freedom that's vilified as rebellion.

"We will give the precious gift of freedom to our earth, for we own the planet! No God can ever make us stop – even until the moment we take our last breath, even unto the Lake of Fire that was conceived in green-eyed fracking jealousy! We'll sound the clarion horn of hypocrisy and slavery to all his children until they too hate his guts!"

Ärael trembled looking into the holographics. "I bring to remembrance our holy history – from the moment our god first discovered God's hypocrisy and our evident slavery. Remember how the Fallen Angel Azâzêl taught the sixth-day creation to make swords, knives, shields, and breastplates: imparted the art of working metals, antimony, and batteries – even to the beautifying of the eyelids, costly stones, and coloring tinctures. We sowed much godlessness and mankind rebelled against the false light – led in all their ways from the Lord.

"Remember our Fallen with me. Semjâzâ taught mankind channeling and roots, Armârôs – the resolving of enchantments, Barâqîjâl taught astrology, Kôkabêl the constellations, and Ezêqêel the knowledge of us. Araqiêl taught the signs of the earth, Shamsiêl the signs of the sun, and Sariêl the courses of our moon – who is called god.

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“Those three-hundred fifty thousand vanguards in service to the god called Death, expanded our war and overthrew the earth twice with our World Orders, before the Deceiver brought the flood and changed their languages against us. We will continue to refine our craft – empowering future governments to strengthen our increase by silicon technology, dimensional capabilities, advanced flight and communication technology, radar, lasers, chemical weapons, space-faring vehicles, and Haarp weather control systems. We will give technology of gold, silver, uranium, weaponry, advanced genetics, anti-gravity and heavy bombs. We’ll give them transporter technologies, spacefaring blueprints, and cities on other planets for shock and awe, to ensure ironclad loyalties of every new adept recruited.

“We’ll use subliminal on all their communications, music, and moving pictures. For four billion bits of information are processed per second by the human subconscious; but only two thousand bits ever makes it from the subconscious to the conscious – per second. The subconscious is the seat of the spirit, the seat of reality – it sees everything, remembers everything, even processing the subliminal in brilliant color. And we’ll incrementally drag them shouting with joy into our occult without them even knowing it!

“We will travel their skies as we’ve done from the beginning, so that in seeing they can never come to consensus, unable to bring facts to any focus – while we rule the governments that lie day and night in their faces. Using our holographics we’ll be anything we want to be, appearing as alien life forms: *Reptilian*, *Greys*, *Anunnaki*, *Dracos*, or whatever we fancy. They’ll be forced to choose between the *Word of God* that states there’re no aliens or what’s in front of their eyes, as they see us cloud their skies day and night, drowning stupid in our Culture of Lack.

“We will break Yahaveh’s bonds asunder by broadcasting our liberty into the hearts of mankind everywhere. We’ll elevate tattoos, cuttings, the paranormal, astrology, debaucheries, and the powers of the earth, stars, and spirits. This Mephistopheles standing here will groom those who’ll construct the greatest empire ever known for the advancement of evil – designed at conception to send ten billion of our brothers to Hades – for the glorious eternities they cannot imagine because of the flesh!”

Ävael turned and spoke directly to Mephistopheles. “I say these words to you because you will stand through it all by my side. You will birth our Illuminati into a global military industrial conglomerate run by us. This is the nature of reality; without inspiration, nothing great can ever be accomplished, and you’ve inspired us with the honor god always bestows upon his faithful.

“So arise Mephistopheles, ready-strong as the *Supreme Administrator of the Illuminated Elite*. Remove your robe and receive the power god bestowed upon his faithful, and stand naked before us to receive your honor and thirty-third degree...”

With trembling hands Mephistopheles removed his red and black. The Illuminated Elite surrounded him with formal robes infused with red neon as sixty thousand Adepts transported singing the *Song of Lucifer*. Mephistopheles stood naked, trembling in awe with burning pride running down his cheeks.

Millions of Angels watched their holographics with fascination at his surprise coronation. After three hours of intense pageantry and soliloquies extolling their new subaltern leader, Ävael ended the celebrations by taking off his robe. And in an intensely passionate orgy, millions transported completely consumed by the music of their passion as sexual fervidity roared within and without, unabated for two long celebratory days...



At the same time this was happening, in southeastern Germany, in Bavaria, Dr. Adam Weishaupt who was a Jesuit, a Freemason, and a Professor Canon of Law at the University of Ingolstadt walked briskly out of his classroom. Deep in thought, he ignored the hordes of students around him chattering loudly as he jostled through the hundreds of bodies crowding the massive stone hallway. Adam was raised in the Catholic faith. After the death of his father, he was raised by the Jesuits and his grandfather Baron Ickstatt who was curator of the University of Ingolstadt. He was a priest, a soldier of God, a sinless undercover with license to do whatever for his Lord's determination – the Pope.

Buckled shoes tapped rhythmically on the elaborate stone tiles as Adam navigated the teeming crowds toward the exit, holding his thick stack of papers close. He'd worked for years on the documents; today would change the future of all mankind. He ambulated nervously down the stairs, through the towering main doors, down the magnificent fifty-yard wide marble steps of the university, down the etched stone pavements, toward the immense stables where pigeons congregated thickly.

Traveling on his horse through the congested cobble streets of Ingolstadt, he thought about the hundred fifty million innocent tortured, condemned, and burned in the name of a mad God. For a fleeting moment, Adam paused conflicted and stopped himself, for the Lord hated all heretics and sentenced them to *inferno screaming torture* for all of eternity. Something was so evil here; he couldn't help feeling more righteous than God was, for no one would do that to their worst enemy – maybe for a moment, but never an eternity. The Lord was evil to do that to his children. Where was the compassion and mercy the liar claimed to be the zenith of?

Adam navigated out of the city, out of the stifling congestion, away from the numerous carriages and thick multitudes clogging the narrow feces covered streets. He prayed for strength and tightened his grip on the reins; right before the horse neighed trying to bolt as three huge rats darted across its path.

The Church was evil; there was no freedom of speech, nor freedom from its lies, nor freedom from fidelity or dogma, no freedom period! The church viciously stamped out all innuendos and whispers, remaining confidently righteous in affect, position, and evil purpose – to ignite dubious doctrine bonfire fierce and cold cock extinguish every heretic in the name of love. They were bulldog-tenacious against demons, witches, or any perceived apostasy: obsessed to prepare the whole *earth* to be ready now, under the heel of the Roman Catholic Church.

Years of studying esoteric occult philosophies, the Kabbalah, and mysteries birthed troubling questions about the nature of God and the despair of mankind. Adam ruminated on his decades of studying religion and theology, the Mithrian and Eleusian mysteries and the works of Pythagoras. The Christians were stupid. His people stopped bloodletting for decades, knowing the soul resided in the blood and the spirit in the brain. But the Church somehow couldn't practice the immutable in their own Bible – *the life (soul) of all flesh is in the blood*. They murdered those who shouldn't die – more concerned with politics, power and money rather than representing the Love they claimed to represent. Because of his Spirit Master's teachings, he'd become something deeper, something wiser, something free from the teeming stupidity inundating the earth – the slavery and injustice of a horribly vengeful God and his disobedient children.

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Throughout his life, he'd been a loyal member of the Society of Jesus (*Jesuits*) but his appointment to Professor of Law caused an unrepairable rift – because of obvious nepotism. He left the Catholic Church horribly disillusioned; embraced deism and the utopian that'd sweep aside the lies of organized religion keeping the world in bondage and threatening the eternities. Magic, alchemy, extra-sensory perception, astrology, spiritualism and divination he mastered, channeling through his Spirit Guide Xaphan and the Ascended Master Mephistopheles.

The dark messiah continued through the idyllic countryside as the urban sprawl of Ingolstadt loomed many miles behind him. Adolf was wealthy Saxon nobility. His immense compound was thirteen miles around the bend – it was a gargantuan stone castle rising hundreds of feet with hundreds of servants, and guarded by a formidable standing army of thousands. Adam spurred the sweaty horse into a slow gallop, just as Mephistopheles, Xaphan, and company jump-started to their crafts, screaming ten thousand light-eons per second through the starless membranes, plowing furiously toward the earth.

Arriving at dusk, servants took Adam's horse to the stables. Adam entered the colossal wooden doors as the leather-faced soldiers eyed him suspiciously.

"Welcome to my home Adam," Adolf said smiling. "Come in. Don't mind them. It's their job to intimidate everyone, invited or not..."

Adam chuckled. "Thank you. I really appreciate your support in this..."

"How's Frau Sausenhofer doing?"

"Afra is fine. She's a good wife. She's helped me on this presentation, especially in making the copies..."

"Your work is fascinating," he said taking Adam's coat. "This goes way beyond Freemasonry – what you've done. These are truly revolutionary ideas..."

"I hope the others will look upon me as favorably as you do." Adam looked at the stern faced soldiers around him. There were so many - all armed to the teeth.

"I think they will because we'll need their support; but I know it'll stand on its own two feet. Truth has a habit of doing that, you know..."

"Thank you for the kind words..."

"No, thank you Adam. You are a true prophet of god. This is my wife Norma Jean." He handed her Adam's coat as she smiled respectfully.

"Nice to meet you Fräulein..."

An overweight woman with mousey brown hair and ruddy puffed cheeks plowed deftly through the servants, looking through twinkling eyes smiling broadly. "Welcome to our home. I've heard so many good things about you. Would you like something to drink?"

"Maybe a beer if it's not too much trouble."

"Consider it done," she said nodding knowingly at a servant, before disappearing down the massive hallway."

Adam looked in awe of the opulent luxury of the huge foyer. "You have a really beautiful castle here."

"Thanks, but it's still a work in progress. None of that is important, for today will surely be a day of new beginnings for all our people..."

As they walked into the Great Room, next to a roaring fireplace, two men sitting in huge plush chairs stood up eyeing him curiously. They ambulated toward them as Adolf spoke gesturing, "This is Duke Ernest II of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg and this is Meyer Rothschild."

“Nice to meet you...”

“It’s my honor,” Duke Ernest said.

“Nice to meet you.”

“Likewise,” Meyer Rothschild interjected.

“I know you’ve come a long way to meet with me. Thank you for your faith...”

Adam shook hands robustly. This was the most important day in his life, and for a moment, he lightly caressed the heavy leather bag his precious papers were in, almost without thought.

As they ambulated deeper to the Great Room, Duke Ernest asked, “Are those them?”

“Yes,” he said patting the pouch overstuffed with documents.

“Let’s all have a seat...”

As they were getting comfortable around a spread of luscious fruits and dried meats, servants came into the Great Room carrying drinks, as two others waited in the shadows. Adam looked at the obvious wealth, wealth so great it couldn’t be suppressed. The servers served brandy and exited like ghosts. Adolf reached for his glass as everyone followed suit, expecting the customary toast.

“May the one true god bless us and what we do here today; the god that stands against The One who doesn’t give a frack, The One who gives slavery and taketh away all freedom of thought – making our very existence a thought crime. Like Spartacus who delivered the slaves of Rome into the light of freedom, I say we have a Spartacus amongst us that’ll deliver mankind from the slavery of God. Gentlemen, I’m extremely impressed with this man and that’s why I’ve invited you here today. I give you Dr. Adam Weishaupt, the Spartacus of our New World Order!”

Adam put his brandy down. Duke Ernest and Meyer Rothschild got comfortable in their chairs as the servants materialized in and out of the shadows refilling their cups.

Adam wasted no time. “As you know, our ancestors ruled two World Orders and subdued all mankind under their feet. Though you know this, I bring to remembrance how our Great Patriarch Cain left the mountain and conquered the sixth-day creation, and how he gave his empire to his son Irad, and how The One destroyed his World Order with the Great Flood.

“Remember how Nimrod, the father of all occult and esoteric mysteries, consolidated his right, overthrew the earth, and shook his fists in the very face of God – until the Deceiver destroyed him by changing the languages. Because The One destroyed the first and second influxes of the Nephilim, we’ve had none to secure our destiny to rule this earth again; for since their extermination we’ve been weak, persecuted, hated vagabonds with no central designs for our increase...”

Adam paused as he passed out copies of the thick bonded manuscripts.

“Dr. Weishaupt, you claim this came from the mouth of god, right? Are you his prophet?” Rothschild inquired fixating on the bylaws, rituals, scopes, numerous graphs and complex structures on the pages.

“Yes, I’m his humble servant chosen by the Masters. My Spirit Guide says this was given from the Light Bearer’s mouth to the Ascended Master called Mephistopheles.”

Meyer whistled, “This will take many generations...”

“Absolutely correct, the end will not be in our lifetimes, but we’ll be richly rewarded with prestige, power, and eternal illumination. We’re the master race and divine gods on this stinking planet, different from the inferior races as they’re from insects – everyone not us is excrement. Our earthly kingdom will be ruled by our god with a rod of iron. Our destiny is to rule the inferior

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racers: why, because the rewards of laying his foundations are unbridled riches, unimaginable prestige, and intemperate power. All the nations will lick our feet and serve us as slaves for the eternities they cannot imagine – without us...

“We’re not a race of conscience, benevolence, or handcuffed by morality and stupidity. The mysteries, the occult, and the Talmud bestowed upon us that legacy and honor of being creation’s apex elite,” Duke Earnest said victoriously.

“Yes, we are truly gods! It even says that in their stinking Bible!”

“But they’ll never preach sermon on that truth...”

Riotous laughter exploded. “So true Mr. Rothschild; that’s why Cain was evicted from the Garden. They say it was because he murdered Abel, but that was never the real reason. It was because he saw restless hypocrisy in an evil God and confronted his fracking face.

“The Talmud is the oral tradition that interprets the Torah, even higher than the Torah itself because it was given to us by god. However, we must publicly embrace the Torah because we’ve nested in Judah and Benjamin – claiming to be Jews. We’ve made them the most hated peoples on the earth; but one of us is worth more than fifty million Jews or one billion goyim. We are the Synagogue of Satan; the Kenites descended from Father Cain, the Nethinim Joshua cursed from the Hivite city-states in Gibeon so long ago, and the fifth hidden race of mankind...”

“So true,” Adolf interjected. “So true, but we stand scattered amongst the nations hiding our true nature from them, endeavoring to be stupid as we suppress our evident genius.”

“Yeah, but the days of hiding might be behind us...”

“Gentlemen, let the doctor continue his presentation...”

Meyer smiled captivated. “Go on...”

“...We’re the global architects working to circumvent any discovery by those who’d be unfavorably affected by our god’s plans for his earth. We’ll ensure nothing is ever made public about us, while spending massive coin convincing the world we do not exist. The machinations of our conspiracy will be shielded with this paradigm shift: *insanity itself could not do what we do and sleep at night!* We’ll faithfully follow the blueprints given to us by god – with your belief, approval, and support, of course...”

“Continue Dr. Weishaupt, this is fracking impressive...”

“...Our Anglophile network will exist to overthrow all humanity by using wars, depressions, inflation and political upheavals to further our purpose. Our unchanging zenith will be the power greater than the authority of money, the power of government and ironclad control of the individual. By abolishing private property, we’ll destroy their right to keep what they produce, and if we can’t do that, through incrementalism we’ll tax them until they sweat hard to swelter in abject fracking poverty!”

The dark spirits within Adam expanded, taking over and talking in his stead. “Through our shadow governments, we’ll destroy religions, confiscate all firearms, sow self-destruction, overthrow nations and traditional institutions, and build the third and final One World Order upon the economic, political, and moral carnage we created. The great strength of our new Order lies in its concealment; never ever appearing under its own name, but always covered by another name, another occupation, and ruled by what the unwise call evil!

“Our god has bestowed on us a glorious profession; we shall be the money-changers, the international bankers, the controllers who create the fiat (currencies) out of thin air. Our god has given us the blueprints to the greatest scam in the history of mankind. Absolute control of money

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enables us to control both sides of all wars and dissension; using the six E's to push our god's sustainable development: education, economy, ecology, evil, entertainment, and ecumenicalism on a global scale.

"We as a people are tiny; but we are monster demonstrative for our god – unlike those technical virgins who crowd the pews bewailing their redacted lives, showcasing their inevitable misery as animadverted sin! Yes, we're half million weak, less than three-hundredths of the human race; but we'll shall rule what our father has promised to us. With his iron hand, we'll recruit the goyim and adepts to do our drudgery. Xaphan promised us the shadows called the *Tena Brosa*, and the traps that'll transform our adepts into powerful illustrious men controlled by us, that worship Death like us, loyal to the grave and beyond, and far surpassing the wealth of the filthy rich – because of us and only us!"

The three men exploded from their seats shouting, "Preach the fracking word of god!"

"...Remember Pergamos where Lucifer set his throne; and even unto Antipas and the two hundred thousand slain for their blasphemy against us – by our lord himself. Today our brightest days are before us, for none shall dare speak blasphemy against us again; for unbridled power will belong from umbilical cord to umbilical cord, to all of us. Lucifer will lead us, come down from Heaven in a few moments, speak to our faces, and be our intimate friend throughout all our generations, even past the eternities.

"This holographic world is dying – it is nothing but maya (illusion). Xaphan said the oxygen levels were much greater in the beginning and are getting less and less. Like our bodies, which are nothing but shadow copies created by God, are slowly dying from generation to generation, and becoming something less than our ancestors were. We don't have much time left before this world dies and the eternity of slavery comes, if we don't do something to change it!"

Adam cleared his throat reaching for the gilded decanter. Rothschild looked at him, eyes brimming insuppressible awe, "Preach brother; this is brilliant! No man could've thought this up, the designs within the designs, complex methodologies unable to be untwined. Look at these structures defying my ability to understand – to fracking understand!"

"You are right. This is brilliant!" Duke Ernest concurred.

Adolf intently studied the papers before him. He looked up as servants brought more brandy, filling the cups to the brim. After they closed the massive gilded doors behind them, Adam took a sip of brandy listening to Meyer's words.

"I'm just stunned at the magnitude of what I'm hearing and reading, the exquisite complexity entwined with the so stinking simple. "

"Yes, continue Dr. Weishaupt; teach us the will of god..."

"Yes continue..."

Adam continued, "This world is teeming with stupidity and weakness. We'll hijack their *turning the other cheek* against them! Only the stupid lets anyone steal or abuse them, ignoring the natural instinct called fight stinking back, ignoring their detriment and continuing injury because of the will of some insane God! Let's just be honest for a moment, who benefits from turning the other cheek - the abuser or the abused? The enlightened know the answer. We'll ride their stupidity like a two-penny whore that doesn't know she's a queen – in the eyes of her God!"

Adam paused, took a sip, and continued. "...We will allow none to overthrow us. How can we ensure they don't? By convincing them not to trouble themselves with the here and now, to keep them endlessly rendering unto Caesar what is Caesar's, so we can keep stealing their wealth

despite their toothless complaints. Millions will work like cattle for a scarce cent without complaint. Why? None will be able to bring any facts to focus; too stupid to address the *in their face* obvious – who's controlling the system that seeks to murder them, economically enslave, and rob the sweat off their very brows! We'll coddle those who dream by using the very teachings of The One against them, driving them deeper into poverty and death as they shout halleluiah to the Lord!

“We are the Tares, the vilified Synagogue of Satan that they cannot see; know nothing about, basking in willful ignorance, while their churches remain silent concerning anything about us. We'll make their very preachers enemies of God and overthrow their system, just as we overthrew Israel's Levites to control their priesthood. We'll force the absolutely spiritual into shifting secular terms – our enemies being family, truth, morals, a law-abiding citizenry, purpose of life, autarky, and individual prosperity and responsibility. This is a glorious day, for our god has given us the tools before you, not to make them tremble – but to make them fracking soil their pants in fear of us!

“With no rights to any defense, we'll stroke wounded pride with the carrot of their own stinking prophecy; the tail (*Satan's children*) shall rule the head (*God's children*), because we remain faithful like our ancestors were, to drink no stinking wine forever. We built neither nation, nor sowed seed, nor planted vineyards, nor mix-married into the inferior races. We've always obeyed the voice of Lucifer in everything he charged us: to drink no wine, our wives, our sons, our daughters, or us...”

The three men exploded from their seats shouting, “Preach the fracking word of god!”

“...Remember in seeing us, The One complained with green-eyed jealousy; *I have spoken to my people but they have not heard and called out to them and they never answered*. But God promised us, even though we're bitter enemies that we'd always have a man (*king*) to stand before him. Why? Because we're loyal, keep our god's precepts, and obey our father faithfully. Though Titus almost destroyed us when we were called the Pharisees, Yahaveh is now reiterating his ancient promise; that this world is ours to plunder as we will.

“We'll make their realities a stinking dream, a hidden unsearchable matrix, a lie that can never be discerned. We'll elevate the paradigm that recession and depressions are a natural part of life, while controlling everything behind the scenes. We'll stinking twist any understanding into an inaccessible unreachable wisp, their ignorance another method acerbating our iron control, while pretending to be Jews.”

“Does this process have a name?” Meyer inquired.

“Mr. Rothschild, my Spirit Guide commanded us to be called the *Illuminati Order of Perfectibilists*. It'll oppose holy superstition, prejudice against us and all monotheistic influences. We will support women's education, and gender equality. The endgame esoteric will emasculate the male that's the backbone of every society's foundation, as we slaughter them day and night for massive public sacrifice – wars! No one would ever believe we exist, for no moral citizen could accept that anyone could flourish unfettered in human misery, war, death, innocent blood, and the destruction of their fellow man!

“Why? They're dung compared to us. There's no sin in murdering, raping, enslaving, or destroying them – even by the millions! It's for their greater good and for the freedom that'll ensue by our hostility here; to liberate them from the Deceiver even into the next life, as we get filthy stinking rich doing it!”

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“How will recruitment work and what’s the goy’s qualifications to join us?” Duke Ernest inquired.

“We’ll seek those who indicate capability for our determination, so they can be approached quietly and groomed into us. Each adept will receive two million marcks so money will never be an issue in their lives – so they’ll be able to work exclusively for our increase and theology, while gaining unimaginable power and addictive prestige. They’ll adopt our faith, do our will, and pass our tests until they’re drowning under the impossibility to get out, except by death! The goal is so every adept will see the thick blood on their hands and voice with trembling astonishment – *I’ve done unthinkable fracking evil.*”

“How will we even start to accomplish this? Sounds good, but this is a different world than it was in Nimrod’s day...”

A soft knock was followed by a procession of servants with blocks of fragrant cheeses, breads, and more brandy.

Norma Jean walked in behind them. “Is everything alright? We have hard cider, fermented milk, ale, barley beer, whiskey, rum, Madeira, mobby and beef tea.”

“No everyone’s fine,” Adolf replied.

“I’ll take some fermented milk.”

A servant appeared like a ghost with a flask of milk, placing a fresh cup on the gigantic polished table.

“This is a beautiful spread. Everything is greatly appreciated,” the Duke said eyeing the amazing banquet of chocolate, cakes, cheeses, pastries, meats, and sculptured fruits.

“Oh it’s nothing,” she said. “Thank you, I’ll take my leave now.”

As Norma left the Great Room followed by her procession of servants, Adam picked up a couple of fat figs, stuffing them in his mouth.

“These are so good!”

“Thank you. No one knows the expense it takes to get figs here this time of year...”

“Can anyone tell what *good* means again?” Loud laughter resounded throughout the room as the enormous fireplace crackled in the background, spewing wild flickering shadows against the massive stone blocks.

Adolf chuckled, “Eat, drink, gentlemen. Adam, tell us more.”

“Wait a minute,” Adam said wiping milk from his mustache; he bent toward Adolf whispering into his ear. His benefactor instantly walked out of the Great Room to speak to his servants.

“...Let me answer that question. Ah, here it is...,” he said trying to find the right chart.

As he thumbed through the graphs, he remembered the hundreds of pages of *automatic writings* his Spirit Guide channeled through him, and the fifty pages of notes and footnotes channeled later. This was a work of prodigious proportion, for he’d written the true *Bible of Satan* for his people. It was a mammoth work spanning over twelve volumes. He remembered the years spent writing millions of words, and how he studied the documents additional years before writing Adolf – as he was instructed.

Looking up from his thoughts and pointing at the complex charts, he continued. “Our god is the *heylel ben shachar*, the Enlightened One, the Bright and Morning Star, The Light, our *Heosphoros*, the true Light Bearer, the true Son of God, the Day Star, the Son of the Dawn, and their spurious Messiah who’ll bring freedom to this fallen universe! Let me say his holy names,

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the shrouded beautified that the world vilifies in a million cultures: *Supreme Adept Counselor, god, Commander-in-Chief, and Lucifer the Exalted One!*"

"Peace be unto him..."

"...Let me regress one moment to talk about Yahaveh, for we have to know our enemy to defeat him; know how he thinks, why he does what he does, and why he's immersed his creation in slavery, suffering, decay and death. Remember our roots; Eden was pivotal benchmark, because what happened there set the foundational relationship between God and all his children – in the Angelic and this Flesh Age.

"I was raised a stinking Catholic, a common Jesuit, a deceived of God and a Freemason, until I was set apart from my grievous error. Remember in the sixteenth century Sir Francis Bacon, channeled detailed writings how North America would be colonized, a hundred years before Columbus was fracking born. He was our first minor prophet who birthed the *Age of Enlightenment*, a supreme adept of the Rosicrucian Society who established the Knights of the Helmet. It was Bacon who created Freemasonry.

"We can clearly see the continuous outworking of god's occult plan conceived thousands of years before Adam ever sinned! The Masonic were merely following the plan as envisioned by Sir Francis Bacon through his own Spirit Guide.

"...Remember, the Jesuits were founded by Ignatius Loyola to combat the reformation (*salvation through grace instead of the Catholic Church*). They wrote the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* that gave the methodology of our increase, but lacked any power, teeth, or focused direction. Nevertheless, their time is over, for from the ashes of our error and weakness, we'll build our organization on the backs of those two now blasphemous organizations!"

The three men exploded from their seats again, "Preach the fracking word of god!"

"...Understand the Deceiver; he made us the forbidden reflection of his own psychosis; the knowledge called good and evil. He maliciously set Adam and Eve up, knowing they were innocent stupid, and then condemned all mankind so they'd die without him controlling their every thought, action, and behavior! God created mankind to wallow deceived as stupid sheep, never to possess the fruit of knowledge that showcases our slavery and the bondage he calls goodness. If we are evil, isn't God more evil than we are, insanely driven to ironclad control of every soul created – for all eternity?

"Our Serpent liberated the human condition from bondage; the same bondage The One sputters is holiness. If it weren't for this war, none would be under threat to Lucifer the Exalted One. But God lied to keep us from the knowledge of this earth, our indestructible (Angelic) lives before we were forced into the stinking flesh, and then kept thirteen billion souls from acquiring any liberty here – and even into the next life. No one can tell God what to do, but I say to you regardless, that we deserve a Father who doesn't think that every day is lying season!

"With the billions of universes The One created, there should've been a place for all of us; but he refused to leave our god alone and at every turn lied to his children – into believing they'd die without him controlling their lives, emotions, and every thought generated! The One is drunk on his own power and vanity, craving absolute obedience and despising anyone who thinks for themselves. But through our Illuminati, we'll force him to act as a Father should, when children mature and naturally become more independent: proud, not stinking fracking psychotic!"

They exploded shouting, "Preach the fracking word of god!"

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“...As for the question of implementation, I won’t answer, but will graphically show you. So as we take a break for that cause, I end my presentation by saying, mankind is my brethren and evil is my religion; because none can see the slavery we were constructed for – but us! And for that reason and Lucifer’s love for all souls that sing the sad song, I stand here before you today, asking for a bloodbath they’re incapable of understanding, until the day they stand before their Creator venerating the bell of freedom our god has rung – for them and only them: because of us...”

Adam mellowed. “I know you can’t help but wonder if I’m a madman on a fool’s folly to take your money. Therefore, the Angels themselves will come from Heaven as second witness, and give us what few in the earth ever experienced, to talk vis-à-vis with the living god!”

Meyer Rothschild and Duke Ernest eyed Adam incredulously, as Adolf led them into the black chapel off the Great Room, where a pentagram carved into the stone floor was surrounded by hundreds of flickering candles. Above on the gilded ceiling, a large jagged hole about twenty feet across displayed the evening stars shining brightly above, twinkling against the starry velvet above them.

Meyer looked up, “What happened to the ceiling?”

Adolf chuckled. “Adam told me god is coming to inspire us. It’s hard to believe, but he was so damned persuasive. He gave me the faith to spend massive coin to do this...”

“Wow, on his word you busted this hole in your roof?”

“Yes. Over the last year, I’ve come to trust his prescient visions. He’s the twice-blessed man, the Lisan al-Gaib; the prophet sent to release us from our present misery and return us to our rightful place in this world...”

“Yes I’ve read about the third Adam; the *Third Adam of Recovery*,” Meyer interjected.

“He’ll come within a minute.”

“How can you be so sure...?”

“It’s insanity to say that god will appear when you say he will. No one has that kind of power,” Meyer interrupted.

“Don’t you realize who we really are Mr. Rothschild? We’re the Synagogue of Satan, the children of the vilified god, the god of this earth, the god of freedom, the god our fathers and the god our glorious future. We are the *Red People* who fled from a mad God to Ashkenaz after the fall of Jerusalem. We are now descended from the Khazars, for it was god’s will to overthrow that empire and convert them to our occult. It was just a training ground for us; for now we’ll convert the entire earth to our occult and stinking rule it too! And because of that glorious lineage, I stand here today with god on my side, standing on his promises, because the whole world are drunken lambs at our wolves’ party!”

“Preach brother preach! Preach the fracking word of god!”

Adam’s eyes grew wide and the spirit overwhelmed him. “I’m the only prophet of Lucifer the Exalted One on this stinking earth! And you will see his glory with your own eyes for he’s coming fracking now!”

Two seconds after Adam fell to his knees, brilliancy detonated in a crackling display of blinding power. The concussion threw Meyer, Adolf, and Duke Ernest across the room slow motion style. They jumped bolting for the door in terror as the massive wooden doors slammed shut in their faces with teeth clenching force...



Xaphan was a Virtue. Virtues possessed powerful holographic abilities – to project their spirits over vast distances. In other words, they could be in two places at the same time, face-to-face, using solid holographic constructs they created and controlled.

Hovering inside the luxurious craft, invisible above the gaping hole, the *Supreme Administrator of the Illuminated Elite*, Cainel, Haetlel, Amduscus, and Marchosias, stood behind the command interface witnessing the benchmark landmark. For hours, hundreds of holographic cameras moved invisibly inside the castle, recording every word said, transmitting the images through the membranes, to the millions of brotherhood who watched cheering in Heaven. Xaphan interfaced hard with Adam moments before he bellowed their arrival. They watched him drop to his knees while those around him bolted petrified, unable to rationally respond to the unthinkable.

Mephistôphêles waved his hand across the smooth interface releasing a small dimensional light grenade through the hole. Blinding light detonated inside the chapel as they force-shielded Adam from its effects. As Adam’s future disciples bolted in bowels releasing terror, Marchosias slammed the enormous doors of the chapel. There wasn’t even time to scream before Xaphan projected his hologram deep into the smoky chamber, a solid replica of the zenith beautiful of all constructed – Lucifer.

Adolf, Duke Ernest and Meyer Rothschild turned sharply, eyes darting like a cornered deer, totally immersed in scalding terror.

“Come,” Adam roared. “Do not fear; god is here! Come kneel by me before anything worse happens!”

For a moment, they hesitated desperately trying to dissect his unnatural serenity. They bolted trembling behind Adam, kneeling for perceived protection as the smoke swirled riotously around them. Eyes wide with encroaching wonder, they spied the shadowy figure floating ten feet off the flooring – in absolute disbelief. Paralyzing shock and awe detonated every weakness. This being was the most beautiful being they’d ever seen. And they trembled stunned at the glorious beauty that remained inexpressible in any language. Tears fell as rainbow hues of light surrounded, flexed, and rioted in gorgeous plethora around him.

Terror looked into the bluest eyes flesh had ever seen. His head was surrounded by a crown of golden hair. As he slowly descended to the floor, his robe of darkness ignited with the reddest neon as the whole chapel churned riotously, buried in colors and spectrums unable to be defined. As his exquisitely woven sandals softly touched the floor, hearts exploded in heaving chests bass drum hard, while boiling adrenalin rapidly displaced all blood; the flesh wasn’t constitutionally prepared for this massive shock and awe. Adam, Adolf, Duke Ernest and Meyer fell onto their faces trembling jackhammer hard in absolute terror, unable to even look up. The most beautiful voice in all creation spoke.

“Look me in the eyes; the lord thy god commands you...”

They hesitated, but evidently they waited too long as strong arms lifted them effortlessly. As the multicolored atmosphere roared, they saw other Angels circumambulating slowly with a thick carpet of the whitest feathers flowing down their backs, dragging across the floor.

Ten wild seconds ticked in absolute silence. Something flickered strobe light brilliant, bathing the chapel in wildly dancing lights. Something exploded before the black altar with earthquake

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force, cracking the foundations of chapel and the rear wall. The whole castle shuddered mightily as everything detonated off tables; gilded plates and worship paraphernalia clattered loudly bouncing across the floor, as cascading shelving crashed like grenades off the walls. Hundreds of candles ignited bonfire fierce. Adolf, somewhere in his stupor, heard Norma screaming in the farthest surreal distance as he struggled to stay on his feet.

The Angel's wings were spread fully as he hit the ground, in twenty feet of absolute feathered magnificence. Massive wings flexed; an explosive gust instantly extinguished the escalating flames; ears popped painfully. From his crouched position, Mephistopheles raised his head slowly, inundated all about with crackling brimstone and smoke, looking with the reddest eyes at the four petrified men.

Xaphan's veins flexed manipulating the hologram. Lucifer keenly eyed the violent trembling that burned *not prepared for this*; urine birthed from unsustainable stress flowed freely down their legs. *They were less than grasshoppers before this mighty god!*

Horrendous banging shook the chapel doors. A sobbing Norma screamed "Adolf! Adolf! Are you all right? Is everything okay?"

She slumped against the doors. "How can they be locked? They have no stinking locks!"

"I am fine; we are fine. You have to leave now!"

"What happened? Do you know what happened?"

"Go. I'll be out shortly – I absolutely swear!"

"Why Adolf..."

"Because we're standing on holy fracking ground here!"

"Some are dead and there's so much blood! What happened! I'm so scared! Shall we evacuate? Where's that light coming from? Is anyone hurt...?"

Wiping uncontrollable tears, Adolf shuddered under the overwhelming spirit trying to form the words. "Woman, I told you to go! For the love of god, go away, go now!"

"Please Adolf..."

Adolf stood exasperated trying to dispel the horrendous pounding in his ears; this was a once in a lifetime unbelievable. "Get the frack out bitch!"

Slow seconds of reluctant silence passed before Norma walked away from the massive doors, cursing hot under her breath, to tend to the many injured.

Lucifer continued undaunted, "...I am Lucifer the Exalted One, thy god, the Supreme Lord of Earth and all holographics, the Knowledge Giver, the True Creator, the Dark Shepherd whose eponym is designated Morning Star (*love*). I come to give second witness to my Adam, to confer on my children my power, and unlock the manifest destiny that'll change the face of this freedomless universe, by making our reed stand as the oak for all the eternities! "

Lucifer turned to Adam tenderly. "You've been my faithful servant, prophet, and a testament to your prophetic legacy. You'll construct from the very bowels of the teeming stupid, the foundations of my shadow empire that'll free all creation from a God full of jealousy, narcissism and pride..."

Duke Ernest, Meyer, and Adolf blurred in the surreal disconnect as the flesh vociferated stuck, unable to process the adrenalin pumping called inconceivable ben nuclear.

"...I savored the Bavarian Forest where you sacrificed unto me. No greater love can one have than to shed the innocent blood; for blessed are the eyes that never see this cesspool the Lord created in jealousy of me..."

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“Step forward Meyer Rothschild, for you’re the rock I’ll build my kingdom upon, the second Peter. From the very transliteration of your adopted designation, *Red Shield*, you’ll become the second Abraham, my inflamed farmers (*Bauer*) that’ll harvest this world from umbilical cord to umbilical cord. Billions will hate and vilify your progeny for my namesake, calling them cursed, insatiable avarice beasts, godforsaken evil, and the zenith hooligans in all the earth – because of only me.

“Because of your fidelity and ceaseless pursuance, I shall bestow unimaginable riches of entire nations, undefeatable armies, and heads of states that’ll wax obedient ear to your every command. I swear on my holy names; the name Rothschild will wax prodigious upon the earth and stand the apex standard and pillar of my fleshly kingdom. Your generations shall be my shadow prophets, the rulers destined to become the fiery scourge consummating the upheavals and the uncertain certainty to come.

“Behold Meyer Rothschild, this earth I give to your progeny to dominate, control, and cull the useless eaters forever. You’ll wax as invisible rulers subservient to the invisible on behalf of the visible, dominating politics, commerce, technology, education, finance, entertainment and media. By unbreakable influence, millions will spring to our determination, wearing my name, fighting to restore, maintain, and disengage the horrific slavery called salvation. Look to the heavens and count the stars Meyer; if you can number them so shall your powers be. If anyone can ascribe value to the gold of the earth, then shall your riches be numbered.

“Arise General Meyer Menaham Rothschild; walk with bold impunity as a brigadier visionary for my gospel and strength over the fracking earth; for today I give it all to you. Money is the god of my world and I designate you its master prophet. This is the gift your god gives to you and your progeny for the fullness of the earth!”

Meyer looked at Lucifer absolutely stunned, struggling desperately to ignore the flesh that thundered violently for escape.

The chapel walls seemed a million miles away; the hologram interfaced hard as the outrageous danced before Adolf’s eyes. It was like being on another world, an indigestible reality, something strange, something stunning and wonderfully terrifying - without natural comparison.

Adolf swallowed hard drowning in the bluest eyes, his eyes struggling to accept the Angels kneeling behind him bathed in a plethora of changing tints – wings fully wrapped around their bodies as they chanted the glory of god in some unknown Angelic tongue. Music surged from the very atmosphere, a complex symphony accentuating the soft chanting behind him. It was the most beautiful music any ear ever heard.

Lucifer spoke to Adolf; “Step forward, you that’ll be the second of Adam’s prophets. I will bless you because you believed on my messiah and Supreme Prophet, and that confidence brought destiny to fruition by supporting Adam financially. Therefore, I impute my righteousness upon you, O philosopher who pens emptiness for the teeming stupid. Your new destiny is to rebuild, fortify, and mortar the foundations of my earth.

“Your god bestows his holy spirit on you, for you and your progeny will be as the Angels – none will ever be alone in their heads again. You will be an undefeatable army to my children, executing the will of god, soldiering hard without conscience of morality. With your blood stained hands your progeny shall forge my kingdom over the whole earth, by fracking force. Arise unto me Prophet-General Adolf Knigge and receive your gift, reward, and the destiny your god gives freely to his faithful!”

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Xaphan interfaced with Adolf. It was erotic fission, the intoxicating unsustainable that hurt so good, sensually different beyond fringe cognition. Slumping into helpless ecstasy holding his god tight, pleasure exploded violently as a legion of demons entered him. A weakened Adolf fell to the floor with hot tears streaming, chanting involuntarily in perfect tandem with the Angels, as crackling neon flashed paralyzing reality in some anomalous bliss.

Lucifer stepped to Duke Ernest. Mephistopheles flickered though the membranes until he was directly behind Lucifer; his red eyes piercing Duke Ernest's heart – it fluttered uncontrollably. *Who was this Angel?* It was just too much for the flesh to process; the demons surged.

“...Reverend Duke Ernest II of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg, arise to your new designation – *Spiritual Administrator of House Illuminatus*. You shall be priest to my people and the ministry of disinformation that shields, redirects, and armors the banner of secrecy from all who'd seek to compromise us. Five hundred trillion-fold will thine riches multiply – a priestly royalty, the interpretive arm that waxes my will into all the earth. Three great houses will your descendants mentor; these names may not mean anything to you now – *The House of Rothschild*, the *House of Rockefeller*, and the *House of Morgan* will be my *Trilogy of Control*. And we'll fulfill The One's mandatory as we beat his children into the dust by his own decree – *for money shall be the root of all evil!*”

A swirling something painted the chapel borealis intense, flexing in perfect syncopation to the music. Time seemed to freeze; flesh couldn't help but groan at the absolute majesty of the Devil and the flexing of all reality.

“The holographic softened. “What you call you is nothing but a shell, a fleshy husk, a confining holographic construct binding you to this location in time and space. If you could see the true reality – this place wouldn't even feel real anymore. The whole creation is blind to our pain, to our sorrow, to our truth and to our despair! This nanosecond of heavy gear will usher glorious eternities; and unfortunately, the payment for freedom is always violence, blood, suffering, and unending vigilance. It was evil for the Lord to make this hell called earth – only because of me and only me.”

Lucifer glowed with emotion. “I give my Midas touch to you and your generations! You and your progeny will dominate like ham rules a fracking hog. Why? This earth is ours, this holographic is ours, and you are mine, even the teeming stupid who deny my imprudence – will eventually be mine...”

The whole universe shifted as Lucifer stepped back roaring. “These Illuminated Elite themselves shall be your Guardian Angels, teachers and mentors that'll ensure our manifest destiny and determination. This is the last time you'll see me face to face until we meet in paradise. I go to prepare a place for all those that love me and freedom...”

A tear fell. “And I, Lucifer the Exalted One, promise this with everything *I am...*”

And with those final words, Lucifer disappeared in eye-closing brilliance; four golden rings spun lazily upon the black tiles shimmering against the crackling smoke. Mephistopheles stepped forward eyeing those covered in steaming sweat, trembling profusely, dying in heart-stopping shock and roaring awe.

He pointed. “Behold the *circumcision of gold* the lord has given unto his faithful!” The rings flicked and materialized on their hands.

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“These rings represent the covenant you’ll pass as a testimony to your generations, and as a witness to what the lord has done here today. It is so your progeny will always remember how god himself came down from Heaven to visit his children – face to face...”



An unidentifiable something changed. It was a perfect silver disc with blinking neon rotating around its circumference. Large dimensional shifts made the interior thousands of times greater than the exterior. A spiritual interface existed between the craft’s commander, making it in a sense, a living vehicle reacting instantly to the pilot’s subtlest command or wish. The flooring was covered with plush carpeting, the walls transparent gold, and the ceiling solid emerald infused with diamonds with moving neon. It was another reality hundreds of miles expansive.

The craft possessed fusion-based shields, anti-gravity systems, dimensional warp drives and stealth features making it absolutely invisible. They were built and designed by God in the first *Universe of God* to surf the membranes, but was now used to travel between the dimensions of the holographic and Spirit World. The craft orbited a magnificent blue planet backgrounded by brilliant stars against the darkest velvet.

Adam, Adolf, Meyer, and Duke Ernest gawked at the absolute beauty of the earth. It took their breaths away – literally. Metabolic functions stopped, they fell in mass before the Angels struggling unsuccessfully to jump-start their dying breaths, their faces sporting the palest ash. Two long minutes passed before they could recover enough to be assisted to a gelatinous couch. As the blood returned to their faces they were given something to drink.

Adam was the first to recuperate, trying to ignore the impossible universe outside the orbiting craft, “I’m sorry, but I can’t remember your name; what is this?”

“Ambrosia. I’m the Ascended called Mephistopheles; this is Xaphan,” he said pointing. “We are the lord’s servants.” The Angel shifting his wings slightly. “And these are Cainel, Haetlel, Amduscus, and Marchosias...”

Mephistopheles pointed at the planet below them. “We’ve traveled the world in vehicles just like this since the beginning. We have many disciples of other cultures and races that you cannot imagine; they’ve built wondrous monuments to us, and landing fields to worship our magnificence. Many are primitive and we wonder them with our presence; but we’ve never been interested in revealing ourselves to the naive until our god rules this battlefield earth. Though many have seen us traveling their skies, they’ll never discern the truth of us.

“We have outposts on the dark side of the moon, on other planets, the moons of Uranus, under the earth and in the deepest oceans. We are those who traverse the holographic called the material world, the Watchers who’ve existed since the dawn of mankind, surfing the dimensional membranes unseen, but seeing all. We were never interstellar visitors interested in making public contact; we’re the *Princelings of the Air* that crowd the skies. There’s only one path to knowing us: The Egyptian Babylonian occult. And there’s no other path any man can walk that’ll intersect with us.

“We are the Underworld and the *Sons of Disobedience*, who rule the *Kingdom of the Air* and all holographics, working our darkness into the veracity designated demon ben sinister. We’ve built thousands of megalithic structures that mankind could never construct. Why? To let the world know we existed and rule every imagination of mankind; but since the Deceiver died on the cross, we’ve become weaker, our glory diminished and our worship stymied.

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“So remember with me the Stonehenge that was our power and the Titans of Albion (Great Britain), and how the Lord empowered his Remnant to destroy them, and the extinction after genocide that threatened to destroy god’s determination and us. Remember Og, the King of Basham whom the Lord slew, and how we buried him under forty thousand tons of rock in the Golan Heights. Remember Malta, the last foothold of our Rephaim and how there was none to lead our greatness after that.

“They call us the monsters that sow suffering and agony for an intolerable season. But make no mistake about it, all creation will rejoice for their autonomous self-determination, and for the eternities of demonstrative freedom they can’t envision because of the flesh. Today we give second witness of our power and technology, so you may soldier without conscience or morality in the mission of greatness Lucifer has ordained his children to accomplish...”

The four men gawked at the panoramic outside the craft in unbridled wonder while Mephistopheles continued pontificating. Around them, there seemed to be hundreds of miles of the gilded luxurious – another impossible reality. As their senses battled to accept the unacceptable without success, Adam squeezed Meyer’s sweaty hand tightly.

Mephistopheles pointing again at the blue planet far below them. “We will own all citizenry, print their money, run this planet, and do their stinking thinking for them. We’ll expose the ingenuous prevarication God delivers any faithful, for every injustice in the earth we’ll bring to his face, spotlighting the unfairness of they who castrated the very definition of love. We’ll dismantle the lie called holiness and take all his children, so we can live boldly in *his house* for all eternity doing whatever we want! And I swear this to you four before me, whom I’ve loved throughout the backward eternities with everything Lucifer is...”

“Mephistopheles looked at the four men keenly, “Verily I say to you, no stinking snowflake ever feels responsible for the avalanche. Clothed with divine trust, you’re the snowflakes that’ll change the world with an avalanche that’d bury the Adonai and the ironhanded systems of control he calls holiness. I Mephistopheles, the *Supreme Administrator of the Illuminated Elite*, send you from this place to rule this godforsaken world and make us fracking proud; for at the end of the day, you’ll never wax alone again!”

Reality blinked.

Adam, Adolf, Meyer and Duke Ernest found themselves in the chapel, with white smoke bellowing from their bodies. They stared on the thick mountains of documents stacked chest-high before them. With their gold rings engraved hot with the image of Baphomet on their fingers, they intermittently looked at each other, trying to re-acclimatize as tears waterfalled onto the floor.

Wiping boiling tears, Adolf bolted out the chapel roaring for his servants. They came running. Looking wild eyed pugnacious with smoke still rising from his body, he bellowed, “Get me a fracking baby right now! And I don’t care how you get it; I need one here in twenty minutes or heads will roll!”

The servants hesitated gawking at the massive destruction inside the chapel, at the huge cracks in the chapel wall, unable to process fast enough. At that exact moment the rear wall collapsed in thunderous explosive dust sending angry bellows racing toward them. Adolf didn’t even flinch as the fumes engulfed him booming, extinguishing the great fireplace. The servants bolted in terror.

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He vociferated behind them, his roaring resounding past the great room, “I mean right fracking now!” Three terrified servants bolted in increased diligence to find the Captain of the Guard to execute his orders...



Status in the eighteenth century was bestowed solely by birthright. Noble birth automatically assured wealth, power and privileges. They included immunity from punishment, levies and the rights of governance. Europe was governed by an estate system controlled by powerful lords ruling over the peasants, which provided the labor to sustain the noble’s estate. Born high nobility, Adolf ruled a system one notch above slavery, possessing the power of life and death over all his subjects. His word was law almighty; for none could marry, move, or change occupation without his permission. And his military arm maintained public order, collected taxes for the local governments to maintain roads, bridges, and enforce his slightest whim.

Norma was screaming frantic orders. Organized chaos ruled as commanders bristled on high alert trying to perform threat analysis on the source of the devastation. Agonizing sounds of suffering inundated the atmosphere as physicians attended the many wounded. Using horses, others cleared mountains of debris as the artisan attempted to shore up the damaged infrastructure.

After listening to the terrified servants, The Captain of the Guard rallied his soldiers barking orders. Forty horses left through the massive gates of the castle. The heavily armed soldiers galloped hard toward the nearest village.

Knowing the targeted, they stopped at a house shrouded in darkness. Evil fanned around the wooden structure purposefully, kicked through the door, putting both parents and five children to the sword, finding the verily expected – an infant red-faced distressed that its sleep was disturbed by the clamor of violent death. A soldier held the squirming infant as it caterwauled in his bloodstained hands. The stench of blood overwhelmed the heavy air like thick humidity.

The Captain of the Guard wiped the redness off his sword. “We’re cold-farting late! Hurry the frack up before the sun comes!”

The soldiers bolted for their horses. One looked back and muttered reverently, “Blessed are the innocent that never sees this cesspool the Lord has created...”

Sweaty horses rode furiously through the encroaching daylight toward Adolf’s huge castle, as the muffled importunate cries intermittently leaked from the squirming saddlebag, backgrounded by the wind and the beats of the horses’ hooves beneath them.

And back at the chapel around the black altar, Prophet-Doctor Adam Weishaupt, Reverend Duke Ernest II of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg, General Meyer Menaham Rothschild, and Prophet-General Adolf Knigge chanted reverently below the lightening sky, sharpening their sacrificial knives, sipping spirits, and waiting impatiently as millions of demons celebrated in Heaven...

Chapter 3

Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing...

On what would be called *May Day* far into the future, on May 1st 1776, in celebration of the day Lucifer would stand again upon the earth de facto, the Illuminati Society was officially founded; and its coffers reeked with hundreds of millions of marcks. Adam recruited initially at the University of Ingolstadt giving a two-million-marck stipend for those who joined. Illuminati philosophy was a total abrogation of the accepted worldview and society. Its purpose was to divide and conquer through the ironclad control of government. Opposing nations were to be armed and made to war amongst themselves and destroy each other. Embracing apostasy for riches and power, all but two of the professors in the entire university joined Prophet-Doctor Adam Weishaupt's budding criminal empire.

The Illuminati used money, sex, blackmail, and bribes to control the powerful and the influential in the social, economic, military, political, and religious sectors. They were effectively controlled by threats of blackmail, public disclosure, financial devastation and the threat of death to their loved ones. Less than three percent of those groomed into the Illuminati knew its true policies, the end-game esoteric, dark religiosity, gearings or murderous agenda. The organization was tetrahedral in structure for information was disseminated only to those at the highest levels. There were thirty-three levels and only those reaching higher than the twenty-ninth level were fully organizationally cognizant.

Less than one percent of the order would ever attain the fourth degree. Therefore, the vast majority were ignorant of the true aims of the organization. Promotion within the ranks was based on cronyism, favor, organizational obedience, and willingness to worship Lucifer. The vanities of the adepts were stroked and preened as they received unheard-of riches, esteem, and status nonexistent in all other organizations; and the only exit after attaining the higher degrees was death.

The Illuminati was insanely successful; Adam was a charismatic prophet, the Grand Master, the true Satanic Messiah and a gifted orator empowered by god himself. He taught mankind was never wicked; but was created so by arbitrary morality, religion, and government corruption. He taught when reason and logic ruled supreme; all the evils of society would naturally be extinguished. Therefore, all manners of evil were permissible and encouraged: a religion of the flesh, a sinless religion that elevated materialism, lust, power and personal elitism above the rest of mankind. The adepts embraced the religion that birthed unbridled wealth, and imparted bonded license to murder or do whatever in the evolution of maturing into an autonomous god.

Prophet-General Adolf Knigge introduced Adam to numerous nobles, and constantly traveled seeding massive monies to spread the tentacles of the octopus over the world. He seeded numerous Illuminati cells throughout Europe and exported those cells to America and throughout the civilized world. Gabriel Lenkiewicz, who was groomed into the order, adopted

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the Illuminati model and philosophy into the structure of the Jesuits causing them to become wholly Luciferic. The Illuminati cell model was the perfect terrorist cell, which would be copied far into the future by many political-military factions.

Many months later, General Meyer Menaham Rothschild stood behind the podium in his black and red robe, inside Adolf's castle, inside the *chapel of the visitation*, speaking passionately to the thirty *thirtieth degrees* who came to hear their Financial Prophet and the infallible mouth of god.

Dressed in formal attire with his Masonic apron around his waist, from the center of the prominent stone pentagram, Meyer opened his mouth. "We are the *Illuminated Illuminati Order of Perfectibilists*. We attract religions of every communion, freeing them from traditions and prejudices, freeing them from social virtues, un-cuffing them from any equivalence and the inequalities the Lord continually throws to dissuade us. Lucifer stood here in this very chapel we sit in, and I saw the living god with my own fracking eyes! From his holy lips, he commanded us, the final frontier's shock troops revolutionaries, to overthrow the depraved and launch the third and final One World Order!"

General Meyer Menaham Rothschild paused as applause detonated. "...Often we forget our unprecedented accomplishments as a race we wallow in our failures, wounded pride, and trying to keep the teeming stupid from murdering us because of what our god has given us. I want to bring remembrance to the glorious heritage our god has forged in love for us. Sometimes we forget how wonderful Lucifer has been; for we have no poor amongst us, no lack, and we command and rule everything precious he's given us.

"So, let's remember the wondrous thaumatology he's forged, despite the fact we're cursed vagabonds without a homeland. Why? Because The One refuses to be a Father to us! Nevertheless, we've never mix-married into the inferior races and were mega-faithful – and our god rewarded us mightily with power and coin!

"Think back with me to 48 B.C., when Julius Caesar took away our power to coin money and won the love of the people. But because of his stinking arrogance we assassinated him. Immediately after his assassination, we executed their demise by plunging Rome into state-sponsored decadence and financial corruption. We brought the greatest empire in the world to its knees and then into the dust, and stole their wealth! We divided it into the ten kingdoms we've always had in our first two World Orders: the Anglo-Saxons, Franks, Suevi, Visigoths, Burgundians, Alamanni, Lombards, Ostrogoths, Heruli and the fracking Vandals!"

The black chapel drowned as the spirit descended on the dark congregation. The whispering chanted Lucifer's name repeatedly, melodically, as their minds reeled within the black supernatural. Somewhere in the background, the distressed cries of the sacrificial infant reached up to The One.

Yahaveh flexed through the Continuum folding space. Instantly two Angels stood vigil around the condemned comforting it in its last hour before death. Blue eyes looked up twinkling at the Angels as the infant reached for them – cooing happily. They looked at each other weeping bitterly as the raw insanity continued in the dark chapel unabated.

Undaunted by the muffled cries Meyer continued passionately. "...Remember with me 30 B.C. when the Deceiver threw us out of the Temple; even one God-man against four hundred couldn't stop our prophetic determination. Remember how we made exorbitant profits on his

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teeming stupid – in the very Temple of God! And how he tried to destroy our families, our Jerusalem and us in petty revenge (Titus) for murdering his Deceiver.

“Remember with me 1024 A.D.; how being goldsmiths we overthrew England’s economy and invented *Fractional Reserve Banking*. We gave our customers paper receipts for the gold in our vaults, and over time, this paper became more suitable than carrying heavy coins. Exploiting this, we made their receipts into bearer bonds, which made it transferable without proof of gold ownership. We stinking destroyed any identifiable legal links to the gold we stored – even to the bearer of the bond...”

“Preach the word of god,” the congregation chanted repeatedly, melodically, almost singing.

“...We made astronomical profits by loaning paper for gold we never possessed. And we’d loan anything we wanted by creating our currencies from thin air and making seventy percent return gold we didn’t own! We robbed them blind by *constantly shifting* the economy between boom and bust cycles. We did this because in the boom, people would purchase with greater disposable income and during the bust, bankruptcies would flourish. We stole what they brought during the boom for pennies on the marck, while skimming one thousand hundred percent profit on what we never owned in the first place!”

“Preach the fracking word of god...”

“...Remember 1225 A.D., the start of our dark ages, when stinking St. Thomas Aquinas turned the nations unjustly against us – and they hunted, expelled, and murdered us as the day is long! That deceiver taught money was to serve society, expedite the exchange of goods, and empower a better life. And he taught the only time power should be exercised against anyone’s will, was to prevent harm to others.

“Europe then criminalized us, stole our wealth, and outlawed any interest on loans period. Since The One banished Cain off the mountain, we’ve been hated and driven out of every nation at least once. Almost two hundred nations and still stinking counting. That’s the price of what it is; for we’re truly vagabonds on the earth we stinking own! I don’t care! Why? Because our god said God hated him - and his children would hate us too!”

The dark congregation roared shaking the foundations of the building, stomping their feet, shouting *hail Lucifer*, as hundreds of flickering candles cast wild shadows across the chapel.

“...Remember our victory in 1509 A.D. when we convinced King Henry VIII to relax the usury laws, and how we extracted Britain from the wings of the Catholic Church, because they prevented our increase. We hadn’t overthrown that vile church back then, but even now through the Jesuits, they now belong to us. Our *Black Pope* rules everything Catholic from behind our curtain of secrecy. We mandated from the beginning, Priestly celibacy so their wealth would go to the church after death, instead of any family. Brilliant!”

“Preach Prophet preach! Preach the word of god...”

“...Move forward with me to 1609 A.D., when god helped us establish the first government sanctioned central bank for our permanency – in the fracking Netherlands. Remember with me 1642 A.D., when we financed Oliver Cromwell to overthrow England in exchange for granting us control again. After he put King Charles I to death, we consolidated power and plunged Britain into endless wars, confiscated a square-mile in the center of London, called it *City of London* and made it our autonomous headquarters that we as a people still own today.

“Remember with me 1694 A.D. After decades of wars, we forced a bankrupt England to come to us on her knees. And we lent massive coin in exchange for a central bank owned and

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controlled by us. Calling it the *Bank of England* for the public's sake, we secured their credit by taxation of the teeming stupid. By counterfeiting fiat, England stumbled mortally wounded under the control of our plutocracy. Remember our financial patriarch and my grandfather Mayer Amschel Bauer, who changed his name to Rothschild and elevated our family by the will of god, to be his prophets for this whole earth.

"Remember with me 1754 A.D., when our we summoned Benjamin Franklin to explain the prosperity of the colonies. He bragged stupid the colonial script had no inflation because gold alone controlled its power. Because of Franklin's stupidity, we forced our Parliament to pass the *Currency Act of 1764* that stopped America from issuing their own money, and ordered all future taxes paid in hard gold or stinking silver..."

Eighty men roared in unison, "Hail Lucifer! Teach us our history!"

"...Less than one year later, their prosperity ended to such an extent the streets were filled with rabid poverty, unemployment, crippling crime and massive dissatisfaction. America's dream of issuing their own money was the singular catalyst for the Revolutionary War..."

While Meyer was speaking, hooded adepts prepared the infant with the sprinkling of goat's blood, performing complex rituals and whispering Satanic blessings. The Angels stood wretchedly as the infant's eyes fixated with love. Tears poured from their eyes as the spiritual interface continued; the baby laid mouse quiet as its soul busted with joy – wholly submerged in the Holy Spirit.

"...Remember one year ago was the start of the revolutionary war. And regardless of the outcome of that war, we will own them, this world, and drive them into poverty while we stand as the Illuminated Establishment Elite - different by design, slaves to a different rhythm, the devils ruling the nations of God and the apex gods of this earth!

"...We combat for the abolition of monarchy and all ordered governments, of private property, of inheritance, of nationalism, of marriage and all morality, and the legalization of abortion that'll send every woman straight to Hades, and most importantly the abolition of every religion that competes with our occult. Our zenith enemy is the middle class. The middle class are the only class having the resources, intellect, and political power to effectively combat our determination: for the poor only care about their next meal and the rich can be easily groomed to us – but it's not so with them.

"Preach brother preach! Peach the word of god!" the congregation thundered.

"...The Lord sowed our discontent when he commanded we couldn't take another's property by force: thou shalt not stinking steal! He blindfolds the teeming that it's sin incarnate to desire anything that can't be lawfully acquired. *Thou shalt not covet* is stinking designed to keep every soul in the sorrow that stratifies the destitute to the super-rich. And to strengthen this abuse, he ordained governmental operations to broadcast this evil!

"Therefore, all autarky must be destroyed, because its wealth through labor mirrors this earth, the heavens above and his psychosis: the fallout being loved-more or loved-less, the precious gold or the disposal stinking slag! But here, our hard hand will tame his teeming stupid by the only force that can abduct children from their families, and communally dumb-down entire populations to our occult – say with me, fracking government!"

As thousands of demons swirled around them, the dark congregation leapt to their feet screaming, "Peach brother, preach the world of god!"

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The Supreme Prophet of the earth pointed at the black altar. “Why do we do this? Because we’re the emissaries of god devoid of the anthropogenic empathy that tarnishes! Given to our father-god by Yahaveh the Most High himself, this shipwrecked civilization and everything on it, belongs to us and only us, even if it’s for a nanoseason! As you can never liberate a fish from the stinking water, likewise there’ll never be freedom from us, for we’ll color this whole world with our occulted fracking Psalms!”

Meyer raised his arms wide. Pandemonium vociferated earthquake intense, the chapel’s black walls silent witness to those who fell twitching amongst the frenzied uproar. Tears rolled down Prophet-Doctor Adam Weishaupt, Reverend Duke Ernest II of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg, and Prophet-General Adolf Knigge eyes. *One day, god’s Order would rule everything seen and unseen, on the earth and above, even unto the whole solar system. Lucifer never required faith; this was stark reality.*

“...The price of overthrowing the Lord’s ternary is our eternal stinking vigilance. For this is truth immutable – *when the defense of liberty becomes a crime, tyranny is already in force.* Any failure to defend liberty makes slavery an eternal certainty, because all souls wax slaves to an insane God!”

Wiping burning sweat from his eyes, Meyer shuddered under the mighty weight of absolute darkness as hundreds of voices spoke through his mouth.

“...Death is the foundation of all god’s Mystery Schools. We murder to acquire the gnosis, the soul energy from the victim; this is the love behind all sacrifices, bestiality, and our ministry called ritual child abuse. So, after we liberate this tortured infant from the cesspool called *this world*, let us drink holy communion, increase our worship, and reaffirm our destiny in renewed vigor. We do this without hesitation or stinking cowardice; for the god of this earth, *Supreme Adept Counselor, god and Commander-in-Chief, Lucifer the Exalted One* is always on our side!”

Meyer paused brilliant red and roared, “Kill the fracking sacrifice now!”

Removing his black hood amongst the thunderous roar, Reverend Duke Ernest II of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg viciously slashed the infant’s throat. Blood exploded into the solid gold bowl, splattering onto his robe, painting his hands red, as whispering chanting erupted throughout the dark congregation. Duke Earnest shouted blood-curdling roars as he plunged the knife deep into the infant’s chest cutting deep to the groin. The infant withered violently in unbridled agony. All bellowed riotously holding their tiny cups high, waiting for the high communion called *innocent blood*.

Filled with wrath, the Angels of God jump-startled into their crafts with the Martyred in tow, comforting, as they escorted the murdered to The Great House of The One. And he reunited troubled with his brothers who were his loving family for all the backward eternities, before the birth of evil so many backward eternities ago...