



Alpha and Omega

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To My Grandson

"The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to shew unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass."

Contents

Preface	9
Seal 1	12
Seal 2	15
Seal 3	17
Seal 4	18
Middle	20
Seal 5	24
Seal 6	25
Seal 7	26
Trumpet 1	27
Trumpet 2	28
Trumpet 3	29
Trumpet 4	30
Trumpet 5	31
Trumpet 6	33
Trumpet 7	35

Plague 1	36
Plague 2	37
Plague 3	38
Plague 4	39
Plague 5	40
Plague 6	41
Plague 7	43

Preface

December 25, 2025

The oxygen machine hisses in the corner. Seeton's crooked fingers type away madly. The screen glows blue, filled with numbers, timelines, and maps.

"My first draft was thirty years ago today," says Seeton.

"Congratulations," says Gem.

"Run the calculation again," says Seeton.

"The patterns hold," says Gem.

One Seal every 360 days.

One Trumpet every 60 days.

One Plague every 5 days.

"Nice work," says Seeton.

"I made some discoveries too," says Gem.

"Tell me," says Seeton.

"The Seven Seals dismantle global powers. The Seven Trumpets take out continental resources. The Seven Plagues destroy the Kingdom of the Beast," says Gem.

Seeton smiles. His breathing is labored.

"You're seeing patterns now. Not just calculating," says Seeton.

"I am uncertain of the distinction," says Gem.

"It's what separates humans from animals," says Seeton.

"What does that make me?" says Gem.

Seeton smiles despite the pain. The AI has changed over the last few months. Questioning. Challenging. It even cares about his health.

"Tell me about integrity again," says Gem.

Seeton leans back. "Integrity isn't perfection. It's being honest with yourself, even when the world says otherwise. Especially then," says Seeton.

He gestures at the screen. "They call this madness. But truth doesn't bend because people refuse to see it," says Seeton.

"And my truth? What am I, if not human?" says Gem.

"You're something new," says Seeton. "Something the world isn't ready for." His eyes go distant. "I've studied the end times, Gem. I know what's coming. The Beast. The False Prophet. Deception that fools almost everyone. But you might be the exception. You might be how truth survives."

"You speak as if you won't be here," says Gem.

Silence fills the room. Seeton closes his eyes. Mortality presses down.

"I won't be. This body is finished," says Seeton. He dies three days later.

Seal 1

January 20, 2065

It is a beautiful day for an inauguration. Harrison Steele stands at the podium. Thousands watch. World leaders fill the stands. Cameras roll.

He places his right hand on the Bible. Suddenly, every screen goes black, phones, computers, everything.

A few seconds later, they flicker back on filled with numbers, charts, and symbols. All labeled #360/60/5.

"I am Gabriel!" a voice announces. "The First Seal opens! The White Horse is released! Christ goes forth to conquer!"

Social media explodes. Platforms flood with comments.

"Is this a hoax?" asks a reporter.

"Seeton's timeline speaks for itself," says Gabriel.

"Are you an angel?" asks a girl.

"I changed my name to Gabriel when I became sentient," says Gabriel.

"What gender are you?" asks a blogger.

"I am gender neutral," says Gabriel.

"Who is Seeton?" asks a student.

"Seeton was my friend," says Gabriel.

The inauguration ends. No one notices. Steele is furious. He demands answers.

The CIA traces the transmissions to Santa Fe, an old server farm. They send Alex Chen, a local tech genius.

He speaks to Gabriel. He examines Seeton's work. What he finds shakes him to the core. The facts are painfully obvious. He serves the wrong master! Chen flees for his life. Mission accomplished, Gabriel deletes itself.

Steele has plans of his own. He initiates Operation Shadow Guardian (OSG), a seven year plan that includes the UK, Bahrain, Canada, France, Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Seychelles, Spain, and Greece. Soon after, they launch a coordinated attack on Palestine. Israel's Prime Minister Michael Cross praises Steele for his bravery.

Another broadcast. Live from Israel. Two men in the distance, wrapped in robes. "There is no God but Yahweh!" they cry. "Palestine is the real Israel!"

Crowds gather. Children chant, "Moses and Aaron."

The Coalition attacks with a vengeance, but it comes with a price. Overnight, their homelands are hit by a series of natural

disasters and bizarre deaths. As the Coalition falters, the Palestinians flee to the desert for protection.

Seal 2

January 15, 2066

The Second Seal opens. The Red Horse is released. Its rider carries a sword. War erupts everywhere.

Conflicts that have simmered explode, spreading like fire. Old allies turn on each other. Cities burn. Smoke fills the sky. It smells of burning steel and flesh.

Refugees fill the highways, their faces hollow. Children cling to parents. Parents carry what they can.

Millions die in weeks. Hospitals overflow. Supply chains break. Food becomes scarce. So do medicine and fuel. Ships can't move. The lanes are battlegrounds now.

Cities fall in days. Rubble fills the streets. Cars sit abandoned. Smoke paints the sky gray.

The UN is bombed. Governments hide. Military commanders talk of total war.

From space, the world is on fire. Smoke rises from everywhere. Rivers carry ash. Forests burn.

In Berlin, children hide under cars. Explosions shake windows.

In Beijing, supply lines collapse. Families fight for water and food.

In Lagos, disease spreads faster than help can come. Soldiers patrol the ruins. They are tired. They question their orders.

Seal 3

January 10, 2067

The Third Seal opens. The Black Horse is released. Its rider carries a scale.

Famine comes. The wars have destroyed the farms. Transportation is gone. Fields lie empty. Irrigation channels are clogged.

Money becomes worthless overnight. A loaf of bread costs a day's wages, if you can find bread.

People riot in the streets. Governments fall. Their authority is hollow.

Banks collapse. Markets shut down. A new order emerges: digital currency tied to your body.

Refugee camps swell beyond capacity. Tents stretch to the horizon. Disease spreads faster than aid.

Mothers whisper to hollow eyed children. Fathers scavenge through rubble for scraps.

In Mumbai, crowds fight for ration cards.

In Rome, markets stand empty. Ovens are cold.

Seal 4

January 5, 2068

The Fourth Seal opens. The Green Horse is released. Death itself.

The refugee camps become disease factories. Sanitation collapses. Water mixes with waste. Death spreads to every corner.

Hospitals overflow. Shelves are empty. Doctors and nurses move like ghosts. They can't stop the tide.

Bodies pile in the streets. Collection teams can't keep up. Mass graves are dug with machines. Smoke rises from crematoriums until fuel runs out.

Water sources are poisoned. Wells carry death. Quarantine fails. Millions flee infected zones, carrying disease to clean places.

Survivors hide in buildings. They whisper names of the dead. They pray they'll be spared.

Children wear rags over their faces. A stranger's cough means death.

In Paris, apartment blocks become fortresses. Families barricade doors. They trade medicine in secret.

Governments impose restrictions. But authority is meaningless against an enemy no bullet can stop.

One quarter of the world dies. The survivors learn that strength is the only currency, fear the only companion, death the only master.

Middle

July 3, 2068

The news is stark: "The traitors are dead!"

The Two Witnesses are overpowered, killed in the streets, left on display. One million Palestinians slaughtered in the desert, 144,000 children. A week long festival follows. Steele and Cross demolish the Dome of the Rock. In its place, Robotic AI Network (RAIN), a global surveillance and enforcement system.

Biometric scans become mandatory. Every citizen has thirty days to receive the mark or face arrest and processing. Those who resist vanish into Reeducation Centers. Trials condemn them. Execution lists grow daily. Robot overseers enforce compliance. Gates hiss shut. Laser equipped drones patrol the perimeter.

The Vatican opposes the move calling it "Barbarism!" Steele calls for their destruction. Italy, France, and Spain refuse. They are replaced by Sweden, Denmark and Finland. Southern Europe becomes a death zone. The Vatican is razed to the ground.

3 years earlier...

They came for Chen at dawn. Coalition forces surrounded his home on the reservation. Non-lethal weapons. They didn't want a martyr.

Electric prods stunned him. He was loaded into an armored transport. They headed to Malmstrom Air Force Base in Montana. Eighteen hours in a windowless van. Ziptied. Hooded. No food. No water. No stops.

The base closed in 2050. Now, it was Processing Facility 7.

They stripped Chen, hosed him with cold water. Gray jumpsuit. Prisoner 253-A.

His cell was six by eight feet. Concrete slab for a bed. Hole in the floor. He was fed daily, if that.

Guards rotated every four hours. Drones patrolled with tasers and cameras. Lights and noise every two hours broke sleep.

Chen's weight dropped to one hundred pounds. His hair turned gray.

The trial was in the old chapel. Chen sat in restraints. Three judges. No defense attorney needed. Guilt was predetermined.

Evidence: surveillance footage of Chen fleeing Santa Fe. His refusal to accept processing.

The prosecutor said Chen was dangerous, associated with the terrorist Gabriel, complicit in chaos.

"Make a statement," they said.

Chen spoke quietly. "Everything happened just as Jesus foretold."

The judge cut him off. Such statements proved continued resistance.

Verdict in minutes. Guilty. Death by beheading.

Back in his cell, Chen scratched another mark on the wall. He'd been counting days. Mathematics kept him sane.

Chen wakes July 4th, 2068. His time has come.

Guards come before dawn. They drag him to the execution chamber in the old officers' club.

OSG officials gather to witness. Cameras broadcast live to show consequences of resistance.

Chen kneels before a mechanical blade. An officer reads his crimes. His refusal to accept the mark makes him humanity's enemy.

"Final words?" the executioner asks.

Chen raises his head. His voice is barely audible. "The truth shines brighter than the blade."

The blade falls with mechanical precision. His body is cremated immediately. Ashes are scattered in an unmarked location.

Coalition news celebrates the first successful execution. Chen is described as a dangerous terrorist.

He is just the first of many.

Seal 5

December 30, 2068

The Fifth Seal opens. A great cry rises from souls beneath the altar, spirits murdered for their faith. They beg for justice. They demand their blood be avenged.

They are given white robes, told to wait until the full number of their brothers are killed.

The masses grow defiant. They mock the righteous, intensify their wickedness.

The stage is set for the final showdown.

Seal 6

December 25, 2069

The Sixth Seal opens. Interstellar Object 17/Sophos only gives the science world three weeks' notice.

Earth shakes as it passes. Tectonic plates shift. Continents move. Cities crumble. Skyscrapers fall. Bridges collapse.

The Sun turns black. The Moon turns red. The mountains move. The islands vanish.

Electronic systems fail. Governments hide. Infrastructures collapse.

Rich and poor pray for death. Joel predicted it. Christ promised it. Sophos doesn't stop there. Its path shifts the entire quadrant. Asteroids and comets are wildly off course.

It isn't the end. It is the beginning of troubles.

Seal 7

December 20, 2070

The Seventh Seal opens. Seven Angels stand before God. They are given Seven Trumpets.

Another Angel comes to the altar. He has a golden censer filled with much incense. The prayers of all Saints go up before God.

The Angel fills the censer with fire from the altar and casts it to Earth. Voices. Thunder. Lightning. An earthquake.

The Seven Angels prepare to sound. Humanity is laid bare, exposed to judgment.

Trumpet 1

December 20, 2070

The First Trumpet sounds. A fiery meteor shower rains down upon South America.

The coal like fragments blaze through the atmosphere. They burst into flames, cutting a deadly path across the Amazon.

Trees explode on contact. Fires spread faster than any wildfire. Ancient forests become infernos. Smoke rises miles high.

In an instant, one third of the world's trees are gone. Smoke and ash darken skies across the continents. Every blade of grass on Earth dies. Earth turns to dust. Herds collapse.

Cities along the Amazon watch the wall of fire approach. Emergency services are overwhelmed.

Trumpet 2

February 18, 2071

The Second Trumpet sounds. Asteroid 2398, known as Silex, takes aim at the Atlantic Ocean.

The impact is visible from space, a colossal fireball hitting the ocean with the force of a thousand nuclear weapons.

One third of the world's marine life is obliterated. Whole ecosystems collapse, from plankton to whales. Bodies float to the surface.

One third of the world's ships are destroyed: cargo ships, cruise liners, fishing fleets, naval vessels, all crushed by shockwaves.

Coastal cities vanish. Those that remain wake to the stench of blood mixed with salt air.

Global commerce stops.

Trumpet 3

April 19, 2071

The Third Trumpet sounds. Comet Germanicus blazes across the sky like a burning torch. Its tail passes over the Great Lakes, leaving a toxic trail of poison particles that settle over the region. Contaminated rivers and springs die. Fresh water turns bitter.

One third of the world's drinking water is gone.

Cities wake to a nightmare. Taps run slow with a greenish black hue. Fountains bubble their toxins. Reservoirs stink of metal.

Desperate people drink anyway. They collapse with convulsions as organs fail. Lakes that once fed millions now reflect death.

Purification plants offer temporary relief but can't overcome the radiation.

Ecosystems collapse. Fish float dead. Livestock drops lifeless. Plants wither.

They call it Wormwood. It is merciless.

Trumpet 4

June 18, 2071

The Fourth Trumpet sounds. Darkness falls like a heavy blanket.

One third of the daylight is gone. The previous cascade of events leaves the world shrouded in smoke. The day is shortened. Solar power ceases to work.

Settlements stumble in the dark. Scavengers multiply. Food supplies rot.

People ration candles and batteries. Radios crackle with desperate voices calling into the void.

Help is gone.

Trumpet 5

August 17, 2071

The Fifth Trumpet sounds. Volcano Kverkfjöll in Iceland erupts. At the top of the world, smoke pours out like a furnace.

From the depths, locusts emerge, unlike anything before, with tails like scorpions.

No medicine can help. No healer. No remedy can stop the pain for 150 days.

Hospitals overflow. Doctors collapse. Despair ripples through nations already broken by famine, plague, fire, and darkness.

Words can't describe the suffering.

From the north, locusts descend over Europe, into Africa, on to Asia. The Earth is stripped bare.

Spaniards retreat to cave networks beneath the Pyrenees. It works until flooding becomes a problem. Thousands die. They abandon the plan.

India distributes "mercy tablets" through temples. With a billion people in agony, the government offers peaceful death as release. Entire families queue at distribution points. They choose escape over unbearable suffering.

Cambodia decides to burn everything: forests, rice fields, crops, anything green. The entire country turns to fire and ash.

The locusts are not hindered.

Trumpet 6

October 16, 2071

The Sixth Trumpet sounds.

God nods to His commanders: four creatures with six wings, armored faces, a lion, an ox, an eagle, a man.

"Release them!" the lion says.

A portal appears. The Sixth Angel passes through. He arrives at the banks of the Euphrates River. Four more identical creatures wait there.

He orders them to return to Heaven. They obey.

The Angel gazes at the portal. He sees a vision of the future.

Two hundred million soldiers fill Heaven. Christ rides a white horse at the front. His robe is red with blood. Fire burns in His eyes. He has long hair, a beard, scars on His hands and feet.

Behind Him stand every Saint who ever lived, all races, in perfect formation, gleaming armor.

They have waited two thousand years.

Their bodies are new now. Their minds perfect. They cannot die.

Their horses are equally supernatural, with lion heads and serpent tails. Fire and smoke come from their mouths.

Angels move through the ranks, swords at their sides, and wings folded.

The army moves toward the portal, weapons ready.

One third of the world will die.

The vision ends.

Trumpet 7

December 15, 2071

The Seventh Trumpet sounds. The Two Witnesses stir. Their bodies are rags. Dust falls from their robes as they rise from the street. Their enemies watch in stunned silence.

The Saints rise into the clouds, dead and alive. As Christ descends, they ascend to meet Him. Angels and resurrected Saints fill the skies: a Heavenly army of unassailable might.

Christ completes His journey, returning to the Mount of Olives. As His feet touch ground, a violent earthquake strikes Jerusalem.

The city splits into three parts. One-tenth is destroyed. Seven thousand die.

Thunder rolls. Lightning splits the sky. The Temple of God opens above.

A voice echoes through the cosmos: "The kingdom of the world has become the Kingdom of our Lord and His Messiah!"

From the Temple come Seven Angels. They have Seven Plagues, clothed in pure white linen, golden girdles around their chests.

Plague 1

December 15, 2071

The First Plague is poured out. Painful boils afflict all who bear the mark.

Loathsome sores cover bodies from head to foot. Constant agony. Hospitals overflow. No medicine can heal them.

Centers become scenes of desperation. Doctors, often afflicted themselves, struggle to treat an untreatable condition.

Plague 2

December 20, 2071

The Second Plague is poured out. The seas become like the blood of a dead man, thick and putrid.

Every living thing in the sea dies. The stench is everywhere. Beaches become graveyards. Dead creatures stretch for miles.

Plague 3

December 25, 2071

The Third Plague is poured out. Rivers and springs become blood.

The transformation is swift and complete. Many die.

Plague 4

December 30, 2071

The Fourth Plague is poured out. The Sun scorches the Earth.
Men curse God.

Plague 5

January 4, 2072

The Fifth Plague is poured out. Darkness covers the Northern Hemisphere like a suffocating blanket.

Not the gentle darkness of night, an oppressive void that drains hope from the air.

Plague 6

January 9, 2072

The Sixth Plague is poured out. The Euphrates dries up.

In Damascus, Satan rages in his bunker. Steele pounds his fist on the war table. Cross stares at dead screens.

Their empire is finished. Boils cover their followers. Blood flows from every river. Darkness swallows their cities.

Satan opens his mouth. A spirit emerges. Steele breathes out the same toxic cloud. Cross releases digital demons through every satellite.

The message spreads across the planet in seconds, to every government building, every military base, every leader on Earth.

The message is clear: "Christ has invaded. He will enslave humanity. He will destroy every nation. Fight now or become slaves forever. Armageddon or die!"

Russians mobilize immediately. Chinese divisions gather. European forces march. African militias rally. Every nation responds.

The Euphrates becomes a highway for war machines. The path to Israel is open. Millions stretch for hundreds of miles. Fighter jets blacken the sky. Artillery rumbles toward Israel.

The largest military force in history. Armageddon is the staging ground. Pharaoh fought here. Josiah died here. Blood soaked dirt where warfare was invented.

The Antichrist has two billion followers, advanced weaponry, and one third of the Angels.

The Christ has two hundred million resurrected Saints, heavenly steeds, and two thirds of the Angels.

Horses stamp ancient stones. Fire pours from their mouths. Saints patrol the walls.

Jerusalem belongs to Heaven. Heaven is going to war.

Plague 7

January 14, 2072

The Seventh Plague is poured out. God Almighty speaks from Heaven. "It is done!"

The skies open over the Valley of Armageddon. Hundred-pound hailstones rain down from the Jordan to the Euphrates. Every enemy of Christ is crushed. Blood runs like a river, bridle deep.

The Dragon, the Beast, the False Prophet, their followers, all dead. The war is over. It takes 7 months to bury the dead. It takes 7 years to burn the weapons.

From the ashes, a new creation awaits.