# **Chapter 1: The Stage is Set**

Obama sat there, staring blankly out the Oval Office window. He was tense. He lit up a cigarette for the first time in thirty years. On the TV in front of him, scenes of chaos in Tel Aviv played out. Entitled students marched down the streets, burning the Torah and denouncing Haredi Jews and their special exemptions. Riot police shot gas into the crowd. A group of students beat an elderly Orthodox Jew, his face covered in blood. Obama smiled. The CIA’s funding of the Meretz party was finally bearing fruit.

Obama pulled out his Blackberry, his signature phone which he had kept with him all these years. He searched through his contact list, containing the most venerated and powerful people in the world, and found the name he was looking for.

“Nihyah, how are you, my man? How is progress going in the Knesset?”

“Things are going slower than expected. Netanyahu understands the art of political maneuvering better than anyone, and he knows how to play the game to his advantage. He still has a slight majority in the Knesset, but he’s slowly losing ground to our party. Soon we’ll hold a vote on the Palestine solution. I’m confident that Israel will give up the West Bank and Gaza without firing a shot. There will be a two-state solution.”

“I’m waiting on the vote. If you lose, Israel loses. I will introduce a new UN resolution essentially declaring war on Israel. Don’t let me down, Nihyah.”

“It’ll be done, Barack. Don’t worry. The recent polls show that the Meretz party stands to win the vote. It’s a done deal.”

“That’s what I like to hear.”

Obama hung up his Blackberry. He knew that the Meretz party would fail to secure enough votes to pass the Palestine solution. This was all part of his plan. He wanted to show the UN that he had tried everything in his power to come to a peaceful solution to free the Palestinians. Now, there was no other choice but to launch Operation Gaza Freedom. He was stressed that they might actually pass the vote and come to a peaceful solution, but he knew that Bibi was a stubborn son of a bitch.

Deep down inside, Barack despised Israel. He had no desire for a two-state solution. He secretly colluded with Iran to wipe Israel from the map by whatever means necessary. The Jewish people would once again be slaves, and there would never be an Israeli state ever again. He lit up another cigarette and pulled out his Quran from his desk. He placed his hand on its cover, gently touched it, and then opened it, seeking its words of wisdom. A paper fell out containing one of his favorite sayings of Mohammed.

“The last hour would not come unless the Muslims will fight against the Jews, and the Muslims would kill them until the Jews would hide themselves behind a stone or a tree. And a stone or a tree would say: ‘Muslim, or the servant of Allah, there is a Jew behind me; come and kill him’; but the tree Gharqad would not say, for it is the tree of the Jews.”

Obama believed he was the hand of the prophet Mohammed, destined to bring about the last hour. It was now possible with him at the helm of the largest and most powerful nation on earth. Even World War III had failed to completely destroy the United States.

His mind wandered back to the chaotic streets of Tel Aviv. The city, once a symbol of innovation and resilience, now teetered on the brink of collapse. The protests were growing more violent by the day, and it was only a matter of time before the unrest spread throughout the country. Obama knew that this internal strife would weaken Israel, making it more vulnerable to external pressure and attacks.

In the shadows of the Oval Office, a plan was unfolding. Obama’s advisors had been working tirelessly to ensure that every piece of the puzzle was in place. Diplomatic channels were buzzing with activity, and alliances were being forged in secret meetings. The world was watching, and the stakes had never been higher.

Meanwhile, in the Knesset, Nihyah was rallying his supporters. He knew that the upcoming vote was crucial, not just for his political career, but for the future of Israel. The pressure was mounting, and the tension was palpable. Nihyah’s voice trembled with a mix of determination and fear as he addressed his colleagues.

“We stand at a crossroads. The choices we make today will determine the fate of our nation. We must push forward with the Palestine solution. It is our only chance for lasting peace. If we fail, we face annihilation.”

As he spoke, he could feel the weight of Obama’s expectations bearing down on him. Failure was not an option. Nihyah’s mind raced with the possibilities, each scenario more dire than the last. He glanced at the clock, counting down the minutes until the vote.

Back in Washington, Obama’s phone buzzed with a message. He glanced at the screen and saw a coded update from his intelligence team. The plan was in motion. The pieces were falling into place. All that remained was the final push.

He took a deep drag from his cigarette, exhaling a plume of smoke that curled toward the ceiling. The air was thick with anticipation. The world stood on the brink of a new era, one that would be defined by the actions taken in the coming days. Obama closed his eyes, allowing himself a moment of contemplation.

The time had come. The stage was set. The endgame was in sight.

# Chapter 2: The Tide of War

During the initial phases of operation planning, the United Nations originally requested permission from Jordan and Egypt to use their borders for the operation. Both countries, still haunted by their defeats during the Yom Kippur War, refused to take part. The memory of their losses hung like a phantom in the air, too fresh to be ignored. Syria, however, remained under the influence of Russia after being rescued during the Arab Spring, but the Golan Heights presented a formidable obstacle. As a result, the massive UN force was divided in two. One force would invade from Lebanon and the other would launch an amphibious assault near Tel Aviv.

The UN General Assembly had gathered millions of men from the four corners of the earth in preparation for Operation Gaza Hope. Bases were built in Europe and Africa. Never before had such a great armada been assembled. The force gathered in the Mediterranean made the D-Day armada look like child’s play. In disbelief at the array of forces aligned against Israel, Benjamin Netanyahu sent delegation after delegation to negotiate a settlement between the Palestinians and Israel. Israel conceded to return territory in Gaza to the Palestinians, but would not cede the West Bank, recognizing Jerusalem as its eternal capital. The West Bank, an immutable part of the Palestinians’ heritage, was at the heart of the conflict, despite debates over which version of history to refer to.

The UN, no longer distracted by the destructive nuclear conflict of World War III, decided that in order to achieve world peace and a final solution to the problems that led up to World War III, Israel must be dealt with. It was the Jews and their conniving, who were the dark underbelly of the international conflict that had just killed 25% of the world’s population. The Barrack Obama would stress time and time again, it was the Jews who refused to agree to a two-state solution undermining the fragile world peace that was currently at stake and in not doing so posed a threat of causing the nations which almost destroyed each other to be at loggerheads once again. So, the UN convened to take a vote. UN resolution to death to Israel was voted upon. Not a single nation voted in disagreement. For the first time in history the world was acting in one voice and as one man. Their figurehead was the president of the United States, who, despite serving two terms already, was able to change the Constitution allowing him to serve a third term. This man had a sincere love for Israel, so much so that he was ready to go himself with the invasion force and proclaim the good news of America’s democratic gospel to the heart of the promised land. It was in the promised land where he planned to proclaim the good news of freedom for the Palestinians and slavery for the Jews. Jerusalem was not for the Jews; it was a Mecca for the world. In order to make it a Mecca for the world the Jews had to be removed.

After the vote, Jews around the world were detained. Seen as potential spies, they were rounded up and sent to re-education camps reminiscent of Nazi Germany's cattle trucks. The camps involved hard labor, and while not all inmates were killed, many perished unnoticed by the world, which had already decided Israel’s fate. The majority of the global population was indifferent. The precedent had been set during the Revolution of 2032, when white Christian nationalists were detained in Walmarts surrounded by concertina wire and guarded by the red, white, and blue SS. No one was there to save the Jews. The America of the 1950s was long gone. The UK, dominated by Palestine-loving Muslims, mourned in the streets on May 14. Recruitment posters called on all surviving males of the apocalypse for a holy war to liberate Gaza. Men from all walks of life answered the call. The lines at recruitment offices resembled a gay pride parade, with cis-gendered men, bi-curious, trans men, non-binary, demi-girls, demi-guys, two-spirits, genderqueer, omni-gender, and bi-genders following the rainbow to find a sturdy butch marine gunny offering the latest social justice cause to sign up for.

The world’s attention was diverted. People emerged from their bunkers, and New York City's subways began operating again beneath the rubble. Soldiers from Russia fighting in Alaska left their positions to board ships heading for the Promised Land. American troops fighting in Poland marched to the rear, boarded trucks, and were transported across Europe to the nearest ports. Like ants marching among the ruins of nuclear devastation, the world’s soldiers converged on one focal point: Israel, the thorn in humanity’s side since creation and central to God’s redemptive plan.

Israel was waiting as the ships poured through the Straits of Gibraltar and the Suez Canal. Israel released all its nukes. In space, they flew, knocking down satellites with concussive blasts. Israeli hackers activated these satellite nukes as they fell from space, obliterating nations in minutes. Highly accurate Patriot missile systems and S-600s intercepted many of these nukes mid-flight. Above these waterways, the skies lit up with nuclear explosions.

Soldiers quivered in their ships as the earth shook beneath them. A bright-eyed corporal, stoic and solid, vomited over the bow. When he finished, he looked up at the panorama of nuclear explosions and began to shout.

“How is it that such a small country puts up such resistance? I was on the Eastern Front when Russia invaded Poland. I’ve never seen such resistance. We’re not fighting a small country the size of New Jersey. We’re fighting God himself. I’m not going. Lock me up in the brig; I’m not doing this. We’re heading towards our destruction, I know it. I saw it in my dreams last night. Heaven itself declared war on us, and we all died.”

“Raskin, you will fight or die. Anyone who declares himself a conscientious objector is an enemy of the state and will be put to death. This isn’t like the old days when we just sent you home with a pat on the back and said it’s against your conscience to fight. I will execute you on the spot right here!” Sergeant Hess cocked his rifle, inserting a bullet into the chamber. “Do you want a letter to your mother telling her how you died? How you betrayed the state...” A nuke exploded dangerously close, shaking the ship. The sergeant accidentally discharged his rifle, and a bullet hit Raskin’s leg. He collapsed, shouting as blood poured everywhere.

“Someone dress this boy’s wound and carry him to the infirmary. Looks like you won’t be going after all, Raskin.”

Two soldiers carried him to the infirmary, and the medics began operating immediately. Raskin awoke to find his commanding officer standing over him.

“Can you hear me, Raskin?”

He nodded.

“How the hell did you get shot in the leg before the battles even began? Someone said they overheard you spouting anti-patriotic rhetoric. Is this true?”

Raskin shook his head.

“Good. Because if you were, I’d have to finish you off myself.” He placed his hand with slight pressure near the wound, causing pain to shoot up Raskin’s leg. “In my after-action report, I’ll just leave it as an accidental discharge. Be careful.”

The officer left. Raskin felt a sense of dread. Something bad was going to happen, and he didn’t know how, but he had to find a way to escape the ship. He remembered his pastor saying that whoever touches Israel touches the apple of God’s eye. He never believed much in the Bible and was happy when his church was shut down by federal edict 516. But for the first time, he felt like the worm trying to eat God’s apple.

His mother was put in re-education camps for her beliefs. He used to visit her and begged her to forsake her superstitious nonsense, but she was adamant. She passed away there, and her body was never released. He felt numb when he received the news. His father brought home her remaining articles, one of which was a raggedy Bible. He read the verses she had outlined, but they meant nothing to him. He threw it in his cupboard, buried under clothes like the memories of her he suppressed. Now, facing death, he felt her memories resurrected.

“Mother,” he prayed, “Save me from this ship of death. If there’s a God above and you’re with Him, then tell Him to save me. I know we’re doing something horrible, something deeply wrong, and you would be ashamed of me.”

Suddenly, the ship jolted. Raskin was thrown out of his bed, and medical equipment scattered. He pulled out his IV and squeezed his arm. The alarm blared. A voice appeared over the intercom.

“This is the captain. Abandon ship. All personnel, board the landing crafts. We’ll make landfall with the second wave.”

Water started entering his cabin. His sergeant appeared in the doorway.

“Looks like you’re back in this thing, Raskin! You didn’t think we’d forget about you. Can you walk?”

“Sort of. You gave me a nice flesh wound, you son of a bitch.”

“Pain is weakness leaving the body, soldier. Now let’s go! I’ll help you walk!”

They waded through waist-high water and dead bodies. His sergeant cleared the debris, allowing them to move quickly. Raskin was relieved to use the water for support rather than putting weight on his injured leg. When they reached the top deck, chaos reigned. Soldiers scrambled to board the last landing craft as the ship tilted and sank. They joined the mass of soldiers piling into the craft. Just as the boat pushed off, the remaining part of the ship sank into the ocean. As the craft moved through the sea, water sprayed on Raskin’s face. They must be getting closer to Israel because he saw a massive air battle taking place in the sky.

Initially IDf’s F-55’s and F-35’s had an advantage over the coalition’s aircraft. After years of Israeli ingenuity, Israeli versions of the F-35 and 55 far surpassed American and European versions built by Boeing. Israeli jets in coordination with the iron dome were able to sink half of America’s carrier fleet in the first day alone. Russia quickly came to the rescue and bolstered the air defence of the remaining American fleet which was enough to stem the tide. Israeli jets began running out of fuel and ammunition. They were outnumbered 22 1. Israel’s Air Force was either grounded or left ineffective for combat. All that was left was the iron dome.

The dome stubbornly held, its impenetrable ingenuity stubbornly clinging on to the dream of an Israeli state. The night sky lit up with an amazing light display as drones, jets, ICBMs, cruise missiles disintegrated as lasers sliced through them like a samurai sword cutting through bamboo. I stood there on Mount olives watching the morning sun rise its beautiful litany of colours breaking through the clouds. One cruise missile flew over my head bursting my ear drums. America was very aware of some of the weaknesses in the Iron Dome having jointly developed the same defence system. That lone cruise missile snuck through the dome and hit a command centre. I saw it explode like the destruction of Israeli’s hope. Taking advantage of the chaos, IPV drones quickly swarmed in through the perimeter then like dominoes each battery was destroyed one by one and on the first day of Operation Gaza Hope, Israel was laid completely defenceless and hopeless.

Landing operations were already on the way as the last battery ceased to operate. Amphibious vehicles from every nation stormed the beaches outside of Tel Aviv. The landing crafts lowered their gates. As the landing craft poured out their troops they shouted,

“From the river to the sea Palestine will be free!”

The IDF initially beat back the first wave of soldiers from their hastily prepared bunkers and trenches. Abandoned landing crafts littered the beach, and thousands of coalition soldiers floated, bloated in the Mediterranean Sea. The sand mixed with blood and limbs from the armies of Christendom, polluting the Promised Land for the first time since the Crusades.

“Raskin! Lucky for you, I packed a second set of BDUs and boots. Put those on, or you’ll be storming the beach in a hospital gown.”

Raskin quickly began to change, struggling to maintain his balance while the craft bobbed violently in the turbulent waters. His wound was still fresh and throbbed painfully.

“Medic, can I get some morphine?”

A medic nearby injected him. “Make this morphine count. I heard you were spouting some religious bullshit about us being here. I don’t think you’re a Jew in disguise, are you?”

Raskin remained silent.

The commanding officer on the craft began to speak up. “Here’s the situation, boys. The first wave’s been annihilated. We’re dropping a tactical nuke and then going in hot. I want everybody in their NBC suits and make sure your seams are sealed tight.”

“Lucky for you, Raskin, I got doubles of everything,” Sgt. Michaels said, grinning. He quickly dug in his pack and threw Raskin a packaged NBC suit, which Raskin grabbed and tore open like a young child celebrating a birthday. Just as he finished putting on his suit, a loud, deafening explosion pierced his eardrums, the shockwave knocking him down. The tactical nuke had hit its mark.

“Fucking Jewish pigs. Got what’s coming to them,” Sgt. Michaels commented snidely.

Despite the hit, IDF artillery continued to fire from concealed positions within Tel Aviv. Explosions displaced water left and right in the wake of the landing craft. One craft was hit by an IPV drone, its occupants catapulting into the air like a seesaw with a boulder on the other end.

“I thought we could jam their signals! Other drones are getting through,” the commander shouted into his radio.

The craft landed at the beach, it’s gate quickly opened and we rushed out onto the beach. I jumped into the sand waiting for the IDF to open up with machine-gun fire, but there was none. We began to move out in formation, Sgt. Michaels placed a pistol in my hand.

“You ready to fight against God? Where is God when we wiped the Jews from this beach. God has no part with these forsaken pigs. Let’s get a move on Cpl.”

# Chapter 3

My wife Dipti never completely abandoned Indian clothing and traditions. If I wore my shoes in our home, she would immediately scold me. “Don’t bring that dirt in my home. I just did jaru and pocha. Don’t make a mess of my home.” Today in my panic, I walked into our home with shoes on. She was so distracted that the fact I was wearing shoes never crossed her mind.

Our home in Old Jerusalem was a blend of both our cultures, an oasis of tranquility amidst the chaos. The exterior, like most in this ancient part of the city, was built from Jerusalem stone, giving it a timeless, warm appearance. The entrance, a sturdy wooden door adorned with a mezuzah, opened into a small but cozy foyer.

Inside, the narrow hallways led to various rooms, each filled with memories and artifacts from our lives together. The walls were adorned with a mix of Indian tapestries and Hebrew calligraphy, reflecting our shared heritage. The living room, where Dipti now made chai, was a testament to our blended lives. A low wooden coffee table, surrounded by floor cushions with bright, embroidered covers, stood at the center. Shelves lined with books in Hebrew, Hindi, and English filled one wall, while another displayed a collection of family photos and religious artifacts.

The kitchen was Dipti’s domain, small but efficiently organized. Copper pots and pans hung from hooks, and the aroma of spices always lingered in the air. Today, the scent of cardamom and ginger mingled with the nervous energy that filled the room. She fumbled with the Taj Mahal packet in her hand, and it fell to the ground, its dried leaves scattering everywhere. Dipti was wearing her favorite salwar suit. The clothing didn’t fit the occasion.

“Did you call your family in India and tell them what’s happening?” I asked.

“Yes, the government has also gone mad there. The PM joined the international coalition. Indian troops will be on the ground here, killing Jews. I never thought the government there would cave into international pressure. Our government feels as if it owes a debt to the US and its allies after Chinese troops were pushed out of India with their help. What are we going to do, Hoshea?”

I felt pretty helpless. The situation was just too much for me to comprehend. My mind kept pondering the Torah. I remembered one specific passage:

“I will gather all the nations to Jerusalem to fight against it; the city will be captured, the houses ransacked, and the women raped. Half of the city will go into exile, but the rest of the people will not be taken from the city.” The words of that passage sent a chill down my spine as my thoughts centered on her safety.

There was a knock on our door. It was Gabor, a local soldier who patrolled our area. He had been in our area for the past couple months. He was a stout, well-built, young man in the prime of his life. I took a liking to him. I tried to be a father figure for him. He seemed quite confused about the world and his life. He was a soldier trying to do his duty, but he was also heavily influenced by the Meretz party and its liberal influences. He would often come to my home high from vodka. It was at these times Gabor spoke of Israel’s right to own and dominate the Palestinian parts of Israel and at other times he seemed doubtful when sober. This puzzled me. It seemed as if Gabor needed to be under the influence of intoxicants to gain the courage to realize the truth. Otherwise, he was complacent and accepted the party line regarding the Palestinian solution.

“Gabor, come in.” I could tell he had been drinking again. I wondered how he managed to stay fit for duty. “We were just making chai. Come sit, have a drink,” I said nervously, trying to sound casual. Gabor quickly came inside and sat, his uneasiness spreading to the rest of us.

“How’s your mother, Gabor?” I asked, trying to divert his attention.

“She’s worried, like everyone else. We launched our nukes, all of them, to try to stop the invasion force. Some got through, but most were intercepted. They’re all going to land here soon. Twenty million men, more than double the population of our country, but the might of the IDF will stop them. We’re the most powerful military on earth. I don’t care if it’s a hundred million men, we will stop them,” Gabor said with fierce determination.

“But you have to be realistic, Gabor. Twenty million, and the combined might of their nation’s air forces and navies. This is more than we can handle. We have to look to a greater power than ourselves to defeat this mighty force. There’s no way we can do this on man’s strength alone.”

“Are you bringing up God again, Hoshea? The invisible man in the sky? That's just a crutch for the weak. The Jewish people are strong without relying on some deity. Look at how many wars we've won through our own cunning and ingenuity! Where was God when we built the Iron Dome? Having such supernatural fancies makes us weak. I say, forget the notion of God. We will defeat the world through our own resourcefulness. The Iron Dome will hold. And when those troops land on our beaches and come down from the north, we will massacre them.”

“I was there in Alaska, you know that. I’ve seen the might of the Russian Armed Forces in person. Millions of American soldiers died on that Alaskan tundra. If it wasn’t for China’s defeat, we’d have easily lost the war. Now America and Russia are joined together! Such a magnificent display of military might. Can you imagine? No, this is not rational, this is not possible. We cannot win without supernatural intervention. Pray with me, Gabor. We must pray for our deliverance.”

“We will win, I know it. Thanks for the invitation to pray, Hoshea, but I must decline.”

I was disappointed, but my wife arrived just in time with chai to mask my disappointment, which marked my face momentarily. We each took our cups, holding onto them like they might be our last. Gabor took a sip.

“Mrs. Levi, your chai is always wonderful. I love the way Indians drink their tea.”

“This is one thing we Indians can’t live without, and that’s our chai.”

“I just came to talk about the battlefield situation,” said Gabor.

“Yes, I overheard you guys talking.”

A moment of silence passed as we pondered the future and what it might bring. I looked into Dipti’s eyes and could see the tears being held back. Her resilience in the face of such dire circumstances was admirable, but I could sense the fear and uncertainty gnawing at her, as it was in all of us.

I took a deep breath and decided to focus on practicalities.

"Gabor, what do we need to do to prepare? How can we help?" Gabor looked at me, his determination undiminished.

"Stay inside, keep your lights off at night, and if you hear the sirens, head to the nearest shelter. The IDF is setting up more checkpoints and we’re working on securing the area. Just keep your family safe and pray, Hoshea, if that helps you."

I nodded, appreciating his concern, even if he didn’t share my faith.

"Thank you, Gabor. We will do everything we can."

As Gabor left, he gave a long glance at Dipti, which I thought nothing of at the time, and then he left. Dipti and I sat in silence for a few moments, sipping our chai. The weight of the situation pressed down on us, but in that small moment, we found a bit of solace in each other's presence. No matter what happened next, we knew we had to face it together, drawing strength from our love and the hope that somehow, we would survive this.

“I can’t sit home at this time. I’m going to Mt. Olives pray and meditate. Are you coming with me?”

“No, I’ll stay here and talk with family as long as we have network.”

“Your wish, but I don’t think we’ll have network much longer.”

“You come home fast. Most people have already left their homes and gathered in shelters.”

“I don’t think that’s the wisest choice. Shelters are where they’ll expect to find us, cowering in the dark like little rats. I think the safest place isn’t a place where everyone else is going. You stay at home with the lights out. I will be back soon. Then we will make our move.”

As I walked out of our gate, I looked up at the sky. Plumes of explosions dotted the horizon, their thunder reverberating against the ancient walls. Countless contrails streaked across the sky, evidence of the IDF's relentless efforts.

Walking down the narrow paths, people scurried by, their black curly locks bouncing with urgency. Some Orthodox Jews hadn’t even taken the time to put on their kippahs, which was a shocking sight. The usual scene of meticulous observance had given way to raw survival instincts. Many of the Christian homes were boarded up as I walked by. Their occupants had left the city, fully aware of the impending disaster.

I momentarily stopped by the Western Wall. Many brave Jews were praying there, their bodies swaying with fervor. I sensed a greater intensity in their prayers than usual, a collective plea to El Elyon for protection and deliverance. The atmosphere was charged with a mix of fear, hope, and unwavering faith. As I watched, I felt a surge of determination. This city, with its layers of history and unbroken spirit, was worth fighting for. I felt helpless knowing that some of these Jews would die praying at this wall. I pondered, where was all the justice in this. The Jews love this city and have every right to it. It’s a mysterious evil current which rises from the depths of the earth that always desires to keep God’s chosen people away from this city and sweep them away and in doing so hindering God’s redemptive plans for the earth. I belonged here. The hair rose on my neck. My time was coming. All the things in my life have led up to this very moment and prepared me.

An Orthodox Jew named Yechezkel approached me. He was always here at the Western Wall around this time and greeted me warmly.

“A challenging day for the faithful, isn’t it, Mr. President? Do they even know you’re here?”

“Of course they do. I’m surprised they haven’t tried a drone strike on my home yet.”

“Is there truly that much animosity between you and that dictator?”

“Unfortunately, yes. I took him as my VP to unify our country, which was deeply divided by years of fighting between the Republican and Democrat parties. If we were on the verge of civil war, how were we going to fight a two-front war between China and Russia? We were friendly with each other, but deep down inside he hated me. He always resented my leadership style because it represented something he could never aspire to.”

“Yes, most presidents don’t lead from the front lines these days.”

“While I was on the front lines, he was in the dark conspiring with other Democrats and weak Republicans, searching for a way to oust me and seize power.”

“How did he manage to change the Constitution? I heard he did it by force.”

“Yes, those were dark days, but I believe he’ll soon receive justice.”

“We all believe he’ll receive justice soon. I wouldn’t be praying in front of this wall right now if I didn’t. Hashem will only allow the Jewish people to be tested to a certain extent, and then He will relent, just like He did with Job. I just hope I’m able to survive this and see all the wonderful things Hashem brings about as a result of this one man’s great mistake.”

“I wouldn’t mind seeing the Temple rebuilt.”

“Yes, that’s something to survive for. Maybe together we’ll both survive and measure the outer courts and lay one brick at a time till we reach the inner sanctuary and see Hashem’s glory enter through the eastern gate.”

A loud explosion blasted overhead. A missile almost penetrated the Iron Dome. All those praying by the wall instinctively ducked to the ground, as did I. Two jets, engaged in a dogfight, roared overhead at the speed of sound. The sonic boom that followed was deafening, shaking the very stones of the ancient city. The ground beneath us trembled, and the air was filled with the acrid smell of burning fuel and metal.

The jets screamed past, their contrails carving sharp lines in the sky. The clash of metal and fire above mirrored the turmoil below, where people scrambled for cover. Despite the chaos, the faithful slowly rose, their determination unwavering. The fervent prayers at the Western Wall resumed, voices lifted in unison against the backdrop of destruction.

Yechezkel and I exchanged a glance, a shared understanding passing between us. The hope of seeing the Temple rebuilt was more than just a dream—it was a beacon of resilience and faith. We both knew that our survival, our fight, was about more than just living another day. It was about preserving our heritage, our faith, and the promise of a future where Hashem’s glory would once again dwell in His holy sanctuary.

“We have to believe, Hoshea,” Yechezkel said, his voice steady despite the turmoil. “We have to believe that this is not the end, but the beginning of something greater.”

I nodded, feeling a surge of determination. “We will see it, Yechezkel. We will see the Temple rebuilt and Hashem’s glory returning to Jerusalem.”

As the jets disappeared into the distance, the noise of the battle above was momentarily replaced by the unwavering prayers of the faithful below. The ancient stones of the Western Wall, witness to countless generations of hope and despair, stood strong and unyielding.

It was getting late and I wish to watch the battle take place in the darkened dusky sky. Such a sight one can only witness once-in-a-lifetime so I bid Yechezkel farewell and made my way towards Mt. Olives resisting the urge to walk home and check on Dipti. Instead, I called her on mobile. Luckily there were still signal, although weak, she sounded shaken, but well. She sounded anxious for me to come home but withheld pestering me. Knowing she was okay I quickly made my way up the path towards the mountain.

# Chapter 4

It was the evening of the first day of Operation Gaza Hope. From my perch on Mount Olives, I watched light flash across the sky as the first nuke blast lit up the horizon. I quickly glanced away. The mushroom cloud wasn’t as large as I expected; it was a tactical nuke. My phone buzzed with a notification: Iran had also launched an ICBM, but it had frozen midair above Iran and crashed down on Tehran. Hashem’s mysterious hand was already at work, defending Israel.

I sat there, solemn and contemplative. Memories of Alaska during the Russian invasion flooded back. The sky was on fire, but not like this. It was night, but I swear it was day. Fear and apprehension filled the air. People around me wept and cried, fearful of what tomorrow would bring. Many asked why Hashem would allow this. Did we not keep His Torah and follow His commandments?

Nearby, an Orthodox rabbi and his followers had gathered. They carried candles and began singing hymns:

"You shall not be afraid of the terror by night,

Nor of the arrow that flies by day,

Nor of the pestilence that walks in darkness,

Nor of the destruction that lays waste at noonday.

A thousand may fall at your side, And ten thousand at your right hand;

But it shall not come near you.

Only with your eyes shall you look,

And see the reward of the wicked."

The rabbi began to preach, “God was with Moses in the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. He is with us here while the skies are on fire. He is leading us through this disaster, and He will deliver us."

“Where is my Meshiach? All the nations are gathered against Israel; his time must be near,” cried a man from the crowd.

“He is here, walking among us. He will reveal himself in the time of deliverance,” replied the rabbi.

“The time of deliverance is now! We’re all going to die or worse. Who knows what the goyim have planned for us? What will my children do, where will we hide? It’s better to jump from this mountain than fall into their hands.”

“Have faith, don’t lose hope. Hashem has not brought us back to the Promised Land to destroy us.”

More refugees began to appear on Mount Olives. Soon, a large host had gathered, all anticipating the coming of Meshiach. Never before in the history of the Jewish people was this anticipation greater. They all knew this was the war of Gog and Magog. They knew the armies of the goyim would converge on Jerusalem, but they did not know the horrors they would endure before his coming. A great pit formed in my stomach at the thought. A great sorrow hung over my head. I wished I could save them all before the appointed time, but I knew this was not possible. I knew that what had been prophesied must be fulfilled for the glory of God.

For the war of Gog and Magog is also a judgment on the Jewish people, as World War III had been for the rest of the world. World War III had caused great heat to envelop the earth. The nuclear weapons had caused the atmosphere to disintegrate, allowing more UV rays to penetrate. They said for the longest time that nuclear weapons could not set the atmosphere on fire, but they did it. The damn bastards did it. Now the entire earth is drying up. Farmers’ crops are failing globally. But thanks to Israeli innovation, we have largely avoided this catastrophe.

Israeli scientists developed genetically modified crops that required less water and were more heat-resistant. We tried to share this technology with the world, but the world had put an embargo on Israel, preventing us from trading and sharing our innovations. Israel lived as an island unto itself. While the rest of the world was dying, we continued to flourish. We had the keys to their salvation, but they chose to lock themselves in a closet and slowly die.

The realization of how much danger I was in began to slowly dawn upon me. The Iron Dome was no longer replying to the salvos of enemy missiles and FPV drones. Buildings in Jerusalem began to explode. Israel was now completely defenseless. There was no cover on the mountainside, and I knew we presented easy targets to coalition airstrikes and drones. The paved path I had taken countless times now felt like a treacherous gauntlet.

Suddenly, a loitering drone collided into the crowd nearby. Its blast knocked me over, and the surrounding people were hit directly with shrapnel. Blood and limbs flew everywhere. After my disorientation subsided, I slowly got up and wiped the blood from my face. The crowd began to run toward the city, seeking refuge from the onslaught. FPV drones continued their reign of destruction, buzzing like malevolent hornets.

I chose to lay down and play dead, hoping to avoid detection. The cold pavement felt rough against my cheek, and the scent of smoke and blood filled the air. In the darkness, I could faintly perceive a drone lowly hovering above the crowd, monitoring the destruction. I held my breath, praying it wouldn't notice me.

Nearby, soldiers responded with EMP guns, aiming to disable the drones. Their blue flashes lit up the night, and some of the drones began to drop from the sky like mechanical birds struck by invisible arrows. At this moment, I took the opportunity to begin my descent on foot towards Old Jerusalem. I moved cautiously, staying low and using the terrain for cover. The path was steep, and I had to be careful not to slip on the loose gravel that mingled with the blood of my fellow citizens.

As I descended, the sounds of chaos echoed from above, but I focused on each step, determined to reach the relative safety of the ancient city. The historic landmarks, once symbols of hope and faith, now seemed like eerie sentinels in the dim light. The Garden of Gethsemane, the Church of All Nations, and the Jewish Cemetery all passed by in a blur as I made my way down the mountain.

My goal was the Lions' Gate, the closest entrance into the Old City from the Mount of Olives. The gate, named for the carvings of lions on its facade, seemed like a beacon of hope amid the destruction. The path was not only a physical descent but a journey through layers of fear and desperation. With each step, I felt the weight of history and the urgency of survival pressing down on me.

The closer I got to the Lions' Gate, the more I felt a glimmer of hope. The city's ancient walls presented a facade of protection, the hope of brief respite from the relentless assault above. Finally, I reached the gate, where the thick stone walls and narrow streets provided a hope that the labyrinthine paths would offer security. I finally got a moment to catch my breath, even more fear and uncertainty crept into my heart. One all-consuming, pressing thought pulsated with my heartbeat: my wife. What about my wife? Where is she? We both lived on the dividing line between the Christian and Jewish quarters. In a sense, this was symbolic of our relationship, as she is Christian and I’m Jewish.

As I slipped through the gates, the sounds of the city and the fight against the drones within were growing louder and more intense. It disgusted me that these animals of the UN had no respect for the most holy city of the world. What was Obama thinking? Profaning El Elyon’s future capital, does he not know that those who bless Israel will be blessed and those who curse Israel will be cursed?

Suddenly there was silence. I figured their attack had ceased. Instead, the drones began delivering their payloads. Behind the wall adjacent to the Lions' Gate, I slowly peeked around a corner. A larger drone descended, bringing with it a Hunter-Killer Robot (HKR). Robots under the control of AI had greatly advanced in the past ten years. Now, robots regularly worked in coordination with human soldiers. I could hear the weight of its feet shift upon the concrete as it landed. Its body adjusted, its sensors scanning the urban environment around it. Its heavy machine gun began picking off targets one by one.

A soldier quickly passed me and, upon seeing the robot, swiftly lay prone and began aiming his EMP rifle at the HKR. As soon as it sensed the soldier, before he even had a chance to aim, a small RPG fired from the side of its body, homing in on the soldier’s position. The explosion was swift and brutal. The soldier was already gone, his weapon still intact on the ground where he had fallen.

Thoughts of my wife raced through my mind, but saving some of these people was more important. I couldn't let the fear paralyze me. I needed to act, to help those around me and to find my wife. Steeling myself, I crouched low and made my way towards the fallen soldier’s EMP rifle. If I could get hold of it, I might have a chance to disable the HKR.

The narrow streets of Old Jerusalem provided some cover, but also felt like a maze. The sounds of the HKR’s heavy footsteps and the occasional bursts of gunfire echoed off the ancient stones. I kept low, moving from shadow to shadow, my heart pounding in my chest. The smell of gunpowder and burning buildings filled the air, mingling with the scent of history and antiquity that always lingered in these streets.

I reached the soldier’s body, the EMP rifle still clutched in his lifeless hands. With a mix of reverence and urgency, I pried it from his grasp. The weapon was heavier than I expected, its weight a grim reminder of the situation’s severity. I checked the rifle quickly; it seemed operational.

Peeking around a corner, I spotted the HKR methodically making its way through the narrow streets, its sensors sweeping for more targets. I took a deep breath, aimed the EMP rifle, and fired. The blue flash of the EMP burst out, striking the HKR. For a moment, it paused, its systems disrupted by the electromagnetic pulse. I didn’t wait to see if it would fully recover. I knew I had to keep moving.

With the HKR disabled, I continued my descent towards the Christian and Jewish quarters. The streets grew narrower, the ancient buildings closer together. The chaos above and around the city was a stark contrast to the silent tension of these enclosed pathways.

As I moved, the thought of my wife kept me going. I had to find her, to make sure she was safe. Under my breath, I whispered a prayer to El Elyon, God Most High, seeking His protection and guidance. The ancient walls of Jerusalem had seen countless conflicts and prayers, and I hoped mine would not go unheard. The faith that El Elyon watched over His people gave me strength as I navigated the perilous streets, determined to reunite with my wife and survive this nightmarish assault.

The coalition was forced back to the beaches. They began to retreat to a position about a 1 mile from the beach waiting for further orders in their landing craft. Rather than risk the death of more coalition soldiers America launched one Minuteman ICBM and completely destroyed Tel Aviv and the surrounding areas in a 22-mile radius. With ease the soldiers of the coalition quickly drove their convoys and heavy equipment through the charred remains of the city. Naked, bloody corpses with burns wandered aimlessly in the city like zombies. Wandering dead. Humvees purposely rammed into them joking with each other on the way.

“That’s ten points a Jew, soldier.”

“I’m going to set a world record Sarge.”

A loud thump hits the Humvee. A Jew flies over the bumper and lands discombobulated on the ground behind it, and mass of flesh twisted in a contorted pretzel.

“Want to make a bet that I can reach thirty.”

“Sure private you’re on.”

Another corporal from the backseat interjects,

“Sarge, so the Jews killed Jesus, isn’t this sweet revenge.”

“Sure is Lance Corporal. In the name of our Lord all these great and wonderful nations have gathered here to purge this wickedness on the earth.”

“But wasn’t Jesus a Jew?” The private said hesitantly for fear of being rejected.

“Jesus was Aryan, no god damn Jew, you remember that boys.”

Whatever remained of the IDF made their last stand on the Sharon plains.

A smoky haze hovered across the Sharon plains. Without the support of the Iron Dome and Israeli Air Force, coalition jets launched missile after missile. Drones swarmed from every direction slamming into tanks and soldiers hunkered in trenches. The battlefield situation deteriorated into a turkey shoot. Due to their distance from Jerusalem the coalition refrained from using nukes. It took two hours for the coalition forces to destroy what remained of the Israeli Army. The speed with which the coalition army operated was even greater than Operation Desert Sabre when the Iraqi Army was defeated in four days.

We’ve spent the past couple of days combing through the twisted charred bodies strewn amidst the ruins of Tel Aviv. The mounds of broken bodies filled with Americans, Russians, Iranians, Germans, and a multitude of nationalities among the seventy nation coalition all gathered here to implement the final solution. Their plan, which almost succeeded, was to conquer Israel and divide it into Israel and Palestine. Palestine would have Gaza and Jerusalem while the remaining Jews who survived would carve out a meek existence among the nuclear wasted ruins while the other remnant would have been scattered among the nations in slavery. Their plan failed.

“Sir we’ve found his body!”

I stood at the peak of Mt. Olives. The mountain split to make a way. The children and their mothers fled for their lives. Sulfur came down. F-55’s and F-35’s lost control and crashed into each other their hulking carcasses falling to the ground. Satellites with their enclosed nukes crashed on the nations who thought they were above the almighty. Entire nations pulverized in a minute.

“Sir what shall we do with his body!”

I walked up to the group of soldiers, some of the last remaining IDF left in the world. They had all gathered there like a solemn congregation who had gathered there to witness a venerated member of the congregation who had recently passed to away. They were scared to touch his body, to desecrate it, even after all the evil this man had done. They thought by doing so it might spring to life and kill the last few survivors of the Jewish race. I looked down. I saw his pearly white teeth and eyes shining like white stars amidst his dark and blistered skin. What a fool he was.