His eyes are devilish, peering at me from behind all that tech. He’s part man, part machine—cables and motors blend with human flesh, whirring and rotating with each blink, each subtle turn of his head. His mouth opens with a mechanical hum as the processors within him prepare for speech. I hear his voice, but it doesn’t register. My focus slips past him, over the precipice, into the endless sea of fire below—a place that holds the devil and his angels.

Figures engulfed in liquid flame rise and fall within the inferno, reaching out as if pleading for escape, their cries twisting through the flames, desperate yet resigned. The unbearable smell hits me hard; in this new, heightened spiritual body, my sense of smell is far more acute. Sulfur sears the air as it gnaws through their flesh. I want to cover my nose, to turn my gaze away from their agony, but I can’t.

I look down at my own hand. It’s flesh, yet it’s something beyond. I know what I must do, but I hesitate. The man before me—the one we now know as the Anti-Christ—is my child, born of my eighth wife in the royal harem. He’s still my boy and when I look at him, I don’t see the monstrosity he has become. I see a child look up at me with a twinkle in his eye asking me a question with inquisitiveness. A Father’s love for his son holds me back, but a man’s love for his God compels me forward.

The innocent eyes of a child are an illusion. That child died long ago. His eyes continue to gaze at me, their wickedness continues to haunt me. I wish to speak to him, to say something to him, but there is nothing more to say. He has played his part as I have played mine. I gain immeasurable strength in my thighs, rear back with these unnatural legs of mine, and I kick. I watch him fly back of the cliff, his devilish eyes still glaring at me, his faces still expressionless as he falls back resigned to his fate. I watch him fall until the flames lick him up and swallow him whole until he is devoured.

I wake up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat. I put on my ephod and step out of the royal chambers without disturbing the Queen. In the royal washroom I splash water on to my face and look sullenly at myself through the mirror. My dark circles having been absent for hundreds of years have started coming back again. This dream has been haunting me for months now. It’s the same every time. I can’t remember the last time I had a restless night, but now I feel distracted from my duties during the day. My youngest born child, Amiel, is the one who appears every time in the dream.

Ruling the nations has been a joy till now. I know my time is coming, how quick it has come. It is been more than 400 years since the war of Gog and Magog. The world was left in rubble and I was there to pick up the pieces. I reinstated Benjamin Netanyahu as regent over the nation of Israel. I returned to my home country and began rebuilding. It was a hard task. The great earthquake split the nation of America into four parts. Each part needed to be stitched back together, so with delicate hands and a burdened heart I dedicated myself to the task. Hands were needed and there were few hands left, but after 15 years the task was done. During this time, I issued a decree to restore and rebuild Jerusalem.

When I returned to Jerusalem, a grand parade filled the wide streets of the city. Survivors from every nation lined the broad avenues, eager to catch a glimpse of the prince—the one spoken of in the Torah—riding triumphantly on a great white steed toward the temple, whose glory now surpassed that of all temples before it. Jerusalem stood elevated, a city on a hill, with stone foundations and advanced technology as its backbone, and the King of Hosts as its cornerstone. Robots and drones kept the city running smoothly, replacing the old buildings that had been levelled by the great quake. No longer an ancient city, Jerusalem now shone with unmatched innovation and light.

As I approached the temple, sunlight gleamed off its towering structure, and a hushed reverence fell over the crowd. Its golden exterior glowed like a beacon, radiant even under the watchful eyes of automated sentries patrolling the perimeter. Its outer courts stretched wide, with massive gates carved with palm trees and cherubim standing tall at the eastern entrance. The white stone walls were smooth and solid.

I entered through the eastern gate, stepping into the outer court. Priests moved with careful precision around me, preparing their offerings, their hands steady and their expressions focused. The rich smell of incense filled the air, mingling with the voices of the Levites as they sang praises. Their songs echoed through the sacred space, resonating off the stone walls and filling the court with a powerful sense of peace and holiness.

Moving toward the inner court, I climbed the steps to see the grand altar. It gleamed in the light, with ledges layered to hold the sacrifices. This was the first and during future days of worship, flames would rise high from it, offerings to the God of Israel from people who had come from all over, recognizing the God of Abraham as their own.

As I approached the inner sanctuary, the air felt thick with God’s presence, growing heavier with each step. Even after all these years of walking with God, I felt humbled here, standing before the most sacred part of the temple, the Holy of Holies lay beyond, where God’s radiance dwelled. This temple, pure and untouched, was set apart from the world, a place only for worship.