

# THE END

---

T H E B O O K

---

**Part One**

**“...and then the end will come.”**

**Matthew 24:14**

**J.L. ROBB**

**[www.theendthebook.com](http://www.theendthebook.com)**



# **THE END**

**THE BOOK**

**PART ONE**

# **J.L.ROBB**

**"...and then the end will come."**

**Matthew 24:14**



Copyright © 2011 J. L. ROBB

Cover art and design by:

Erica Robb, Yoni Art and Design, [www.yoniartanddesign.com](http://www.yoniartanddesign.com)

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping or by any information storage retrieval system without the written permission of the publisher except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

Energy Concepts Productions books may be ordered through booksellers or by contacting:

Energy Concepts Productions  
A Division of Energy Concepts  
3328 E. Whippoorwill Drive  
Duluth, Georgia 30096  
1-770-476-0887

Web page: <http://www.energyconcepts.biz/style3/indexec.html>

Because of the dynamic nature of the Internet, any web addresses or links contained in this book may have changed since publication and may no longer be valid. The views expressed in this work are solely those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the views of the publisher, and the publisher hereby disclaims any responsibility for them.

ISBN: 978-1-63068-033-6 (sc)

ISBN: 978-1-63068-031-2 (hc)

ISBN: 978-1-63068-032-9 (e)

Printed in the United States of America

Energy Concepts Productions rev. date: 10/01/2013



## LIST OF MAIN CHARACTERS

### Alphabetical by First Name

Abe the Bartender: Key character. General Manager and bartender at The Divide Disco & Café.

About Rehza: a.k.a Vinny, a.k.a. Ricky, a.k.a. Jean Philippe. In charge of U.S. Operations for Jihad's Warriors and various other Islamic Jihadist groups. Twin brother of Mohammed Rehza.

Aludra Khalid: Muhammed's sister. Lives with Muhammed, leader of terrorist Jihad's Warriors, in the Korengal Valley, Afghanistan-Pakistan border.

Amber Michelle: Investigative reporter with al-Jazeera USA.

Betty Davis: Also known as Betty Davis Eyes. Bartender at American Legion Post 251 in Duluth, GA.

Bill "Wild Willy" Briggs: Master of Nanotechnology, Georgia Tech Nanotechnology Research Center, Atlanta. Ex-U.S. Navy, CIA and Homeland Security. Works closely with Israel's Mossad. His cover is high dollar repo man.

Chad "Chadbo" Myers: Assistant Director, Near Earth Object and Heliospheric Laboratory, Goddard Space Flight Center, Greenbelt, MD.

Chuck Hutz: a.k.a. Hutz the Putz, a.k.a. UpChuck. After accident, speaks fluent Hebrew and witnesses to others about God while in a trance.

CJ: Bartender at American Legion Post 251 in Duluth, GA. Helped capture terrorist wannabe that attacked the Post.

Condi Zimmerman: Independent news anchor/reporter and Atlanta contract correspondent with FOX News Network and OLNN.

Dan Brunson: Nuclear physicist and public speaker.

Dennis Duncan: Geophysics Professor and public speaker.

Dmitry Ustinov: Chechnyan-Russian arms dealer. Brokered the sale of 5 high-yield nuclear weapons and delivery systems from Pakistan to Iran. Arranged high jacking of Nerpa 155 nuclear submarine.

Dr. Joseph Rosenberg, PhD: Public Speaker and Professor of Apocalyptic Religions, Candler School of Theology, Emory University.

Edgar Allen Poe: Homeless veteran who discovers terrorist plot.

Erica P. Robbins: Freelance reporter and U.S. War Correspondent.

Gray and Andi Dorey: Close friends of Jeff and Melissa Ross. Philanthropists and owners of Dine for Dollars.

Jack Russell: United States Senator from Cumming, Georgia and ranking member on the Military Finance Committee. Married to Samarra Russell.

Jeffrey “Jeff” Ross: Main character. Ex-husband of Melissa Ross. Father of three daughters, Jami and Jenni (twins) and Audry. U.S. Navy SEAL until discharged with injury after the Vietnam conflict.

Jill Haskins: Wife of Leon “Bubba” Haskins and Samarra Russell’s closest friend.

Judi Ellis: Director of Paleobiology, Emory Primate Research Center, Atlanta.

Judy Blanton: Lives in Lukeville, Arizona. Previous owner of J. Blanton concrete Company.

Kara Mulherin: Missionary to Haiti and future girlfriend of Scott Johnson.

Kari K. Vermi: News anchor with OLNN, Omega Letter Network News. Columnist with [www.omegaletter.com](http://www.omegaletter.com)

Kipper T and Missy T: Angels who appear in Jeff’s dreams.

Kyoto Kushito: Founder and Director of The Foundation, a shadowy, suspected worldwide terror think tank, based in the Hiroshima, Japan area. The Foundation funded the hijacking of the Nerpa 155 nuclear submarine.

Leon “Bubba” Haskins: Owns the largest minority contracting firm in Georgia and a tourist submarine facility at Lake Lanier Islands, Georgia. Married to Jill Haskins.

Mehdi: Chief of Security and Jihad Planner for Muhammed Khalid. Lives in Korengal Valley along the Afghanistan-Pakistan border.

Melissa Ross: Also Melissa Ross-Jeremias. Divorced from Jeff Ross, mother of twins, Jami and Jenni, and adopted daughter, Audry. Recently married Robert Jeremias, later killed in a plane crash. May have been raptured.

Mohammed Rehza: Ruthless Islamist in charge of European operations for Jihad's Warriors. Twin brother of Aboud Rehza (a.k.a. Vinny and others)

Muhammed Khalid: Islamic Jihadist and founder of the extremely secretive Jihad's Warriors. Lives in Korengal Valley with his sister, Aludra.

Naomi: Old Jewish woman who carries a cross necklace. Helps Aludra escape Korengal Valley through Tajikistan.

Pam MacLott: Owner of The Divide Disco & Café.

Richard "Rich" Badey: Investigative reporter.

Robert Jeremias: Missionary, philanthropist. Married Jeff's ex, Melissa Ross, before he was killed (or missing) in a plane crash.

Russ Ivies: Chief of Security, Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, Atlanta. Actor and producer. Suffered one of first Spanish Flu cases.

Samarra Russell, PhD: Director of Research of Communicable Diseases, Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, Atlanta. Married to Senator Jack Russell.

Scott Johnson: Assistant manager of The Divide Disco & Café.

Sheryl Lasseter: Director of the United States Public Relations Liaison. Works directly for the U.S. President.

Terry and Toni Fahey: Next door neighbors of Jeffrey Ross.

The Admiral: Justin P. McLemore. A graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy and retired four-star Admiral. Director of Near Earth Object and Heliospheric Laboratory, Goddard Space Flight Center, Maryland.

Three Wild Women: Wanda (Rhonda), BJ and Beverly from the Duluth American Legion Post 251, skilled in self-defense and sharp-shooting.

Vinny: A very bad man, his real name is Aboud Rehza, a product of wealthy Saudi parents. He and his twin brother, Mohammed, had been child prodigies and both speak several languages, fluently. A man of many aliases. Vinny resides in the United States after infiltrating across the Mexican border. Aliases include Vinny, Ricky, Jean Philippe, and others.

“And the gospel of the kingdom will be preached in the whole world as a testimony to all nations, and then the end will come.”

Matthew 24: 14

“The enemy of my enemy is my friend.”

Arab Proverb

## PREFACE

Most folks believe that the world had a beginning and that it will have an end. Books have been written and movies made. Nostradamus, the Mayans and the Hopi Indians all indicated that the end would be December 21, 2012, according to their predictions.

There is another story about The End, as we know it, that predates Nostradamus and the Hopis by several thousand years. It did not mention 2012, but it did list many signs that will be present just before, signs that are happening at this very moment for those who care to see.

This book is a fictional account, like the *Left Behind* series and other apocalyptic novels, that is based on the Books of *Revelation*, *Daniel*, *Ezekiel*, *Isaiah*, *Jeremiah* and other Biblical books of prophecy.

It is interesting that many people believe the Nostradamus stories but not the Bible's, though Biblical predictions (prophecies) have been tested and determined to be true, over and over and over again.

*THE END The Book Series* is a thriller and a love story, about Jeffrey Ross, the main character, who is an atheist and has been most of his life. Jeff always adored his wife, Melissa, and still did. Only now Melissa was the ex-wife who he still adored. He guessed she left because he wouldn't go to church. He was pretty flawless, he knew.

This novel is written for all adult *thinkers*, believer or non-believer, a book that may answer some of the questions posed by the likes of Bill Maher and other celebrities who apparently

claim atheism as their belief system, according to the following web site, [www.celebatheists.com](http://www.celebatheists.com).

One of the things the Bible states in its predictions about *The End* is that it will be like it was in the days of Noah. People were partying and scoffing at believers, drinking and being merry and trying to make a fool of God. Then it started to rain.

That is happening today. Just as predicted, many people are narcissistic, lovers of themselves, lovers of material things and believe that mankind evolved from the single-celled amoeba, *not* created supernaturally.

Then the end will come. That's what it says, all through the Bible. There will be no laughing in those days. Quite the opposite.

Though this is a fictional account of how it *could* happen, it is based on years of research, not just from the Bible and the Quran but also from archeological research and discovery and the vast field of eschatology.

Follow Jeffrey Ross on the seven-year adventure of a life time, as Atlanta burns once again, not by the hands of General William Tecumseh Sherman but by the hands of imported and home-grown terrorists with a cause: Muhammad, The Prophet and the long awaited Twelfth Imam.

As the last days of Jeff's journey slowly emerge from beyond the horizon, the world will not be a place one would want to exist. It is described as the day of God's Wrath. You won't want to be here.

## DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this book to God, who inspired me to finally write something; and to my oldest daughter, Erica, who worked tirelessly designing our web page and helping me to stay motivated and focused on this series. It would have been impossible for me to do this without her.

## PROLOGUE

“...abandon all hope, you who enter here.”

Dante's *Inferno*

Jeff walked across the asphalt parking lot, trying to avoid the rough, alligatoring pavement in grave need of repair, a victim of the failing economy and a tough winter.

He walked across the damp, concrete sidewalk, toward the Starbucks entrance. Swatting mosquitoes as he went, his only intention was to grab a latté, read the paper and get on with the day's activities as soon as possible. Noting a brief flash of red, he looked left and saw the beauty in the Versace dress, or rather what was *inside* the red dress. I love red, he thought, and ran straight into the Starbucks doorframe.

Embarrassed more than hurt and surprised at the noise it made when one walks into a doorframe, Jeff acted as though nothing happened and hoped that no one heard the loud collision. The man and the girl-with-a-ponytail by the front window looked at him with concern but said nothing.

Jeff was a regular visitor to the Dunwoody Perimeter Starbucks, and Latté Lady saw Jeff crossing the Publix grocery store parking lot and had his Grandé Latté with one raw sugar, waiting by the time Jeff reached the register.

“Thanks Jenifer. Or Miss Attentive, I should say. You are an *amazing* woman with that latté machine. Wanna get married? I have a ring in my safe that has your name on the inside of that platinum band.”

“You are *such* a flirt!” She liked it. “What size is that ring? I have very small fingers that are strong enough to support huge diamonds.”

Grabbing his latté and a newspaper, Jeff winked at Jenifer and took a seat by the window with a gorgeous view of the Publix parking lot and the heavy Atlanta traffic. Maybe he would see the girl in the red dress, he thought to himself, and hoped she hadn’t seen him run into the doorframe. He felt a small knot rising from his forehead.

Taking his seat beside the concerned-looking couple, Jeff opened the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution* to begin his fill of the daily tragedies occurring around the world. Another earthquake, this one off the coast of Charleston, small but unusual. It sure seemed to Jeff that there was a whole lot of shakin’ goin’ on around the world. A glance out the window gave no glimmer of Ms. Versace.

“Nostradamus wrote that the world would end as we know it, in 2012. The Hopi Indians, who lived in the southeast United States, or what is *now* the United States, predicted a great worldwide, cataclysmic disaster at the end of time, *also* in 2012; and December 21, 2012, is the end of the Mayan Calendar. The Mayans were no dummies and were the most advanced society of the time when it came to studying the stars.”

Jeff didn’t mean to listen in on the conversation at the next table but couldn’t help himself after what he had seen a few months earlier in the night sky.

“Yeah, I’ve seen the documentaries on Discovery Channel. Do you believe all that stuff?” the young lady with the blonde ponytail asked the man, kind of a look of wonderment on her face that the professor-looking gentleman might actually believe the 2012 predictions. Though a little portly, Jeff thought the man looked distinguished, maybe even a rabbi though no yarmulke graced the back of his balding, gray head.

“Well, don’t bet the farm on it or start selling land. *The End* has been predicted many times throughout history, forecast on a regular basis since the first century A.D., shortly after Jesus was executed. The ancient Jewish prophets started predicting an end and a Judgment Day at least fifteen hundred years earlier.”

The professor-rabbi sipped what looked like a frozen mocha, thinking about the meaning of A.D. and why it was no longer used in textbooks, or any books for that matter. He knew why though. A.D. stood for *anno domini* and meant “the year of our Lord,” and B.C. meant “before Christ.” Nope, he thought, not much chance we will see that used again in this politically corrected world of shame-and-no-blame. The day was hot and sweat dropped on the man’s blue and white striped seersucker shirt, crinkly and wrinkly by design.

Jeff watched the chameleon in search of mosquitoes, laying-in-wait on the outside windowsill for a flying delight. It would not be a weight-watchers day for the chameleon, as the air was filled with newly hatched mosquitoes, thriving in mass production since the record rains and heat.

“Jesus talked about the *End Times* or *Last Days*, as did numerous other Biblical characters. His followers questioned him about this, wondering if the end would come in their day. Jesus told them he didn’t know but that it would happen. There would be ‘signs.’”

“I didn’t know that! Are you sure?” The young, freckly woman seemed surprised that Jesus would not have known, having been taught that Jesus knew all things by her Aunt Sammie, who had raised her.

“Go back and read your Bible, or Google it; and you will see what I say, it’s true.”

“No, no. I’m not doubting you Dr. Rosenberg. I just thought that Jesus *was* God and knew everything, at least that’s what I’ve always been taught at my church.” Blonde Ponytail looked

genuinely concerned that she had offended Dr. Rosenberg. “What did he tell his followers when they asked about the end?”

The man couldn't be a rabbi, Jeff thought to himself, having been to a few bar mitzvahs in his time and raised as a child in a South Carolina “Jewish” neighborhood. Rabbis don't talk much about Jesus; but there sure seemed to be a lot of talk lately about the end of the world, and *God is a Woman* signs were everywhere.

“Jesus told them he didn't know exactly when the date was, that only God knew. He did give them some signs to look for in the future, signs that would let us know that the end is near, signs that let the early Christians, who were all Jews of course, know that it would not come in their time, though they hoped for it.”

Jeff noticed the brown UPS cargo van. This was at least the fourth time it passed through the Publix parking lot, not that it was a big deal, only UPS drivers usually knew where they were going in the first circle or two. And something about the van didn't look quite right. Trained as a Navy SEAL but discharged after an auto accident, Jeff was especially attentive to oddities.

“What kind of signs did Jesus give th...”

The explosion, loud and deafening, was preceded by an intense flash of bright, white light. As deafening as it was, the blast only broke the front windows of Starbucks. The tempered safety-glass shattered into what looked like a horizontal rain of crystalline stardust, blowing across Latté Lady and into the back wall, past the latté machine.

The drive-up window withstood the blast, but Miss Attentive, a.k.a. Latté Lady, a.k.a. Jenifer, visited the back wall with a vengeance, along with the glass shards. She lost her sight that day, as well as her olive skin that was now bright red with newly oxygenated blood.

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

