

## Revelations

With a quick glance at the clock sitting on top of the mahogany dresser, time laughed at me, 4:35 am. A funny thing time, you never know when yours is up. Before I could close my eyes, my phone buzzed and lit up. A resounding sigh escaped my lips, I checked the message. Since my wife died two years ago, sleep had become dreary.

My eyes widened. I stared at the big bold letters. “You have three days left to live.” I thought of Amy for a split second. I could rejoin her if the bastard wins. Since her death, I’ve wanted to be with her, but God has a sick sense of humor these days it seems.

The only people I could trust were my team of fellow FBI agents. With my training from my good friend, my extrasensory perception kicked in. I knew who this bastard was. He called himself The Beast. Claimed Revelations was coming soon. He tried to warn me. I just never listened. I called my team and we derived a plan to finally put this psycho away.

After I made the call and reached for my Glock under my pillow, I heard a voice.

“You know Mike, she never wanted to die. She loved you so much, but I had to do it. You wouldn’t listen to me,” the bone chilling voice said.

I jerked around. There he stood in my doorway. He glanced at our wedding picture. Those god awful pitch black eyes penetrated through me.

“You made a beautiful couple. She’s told me all of your evil doings. She sent that message, I allowed it,” he said.

My eyes widened. How the hell could my dead wife send me a text message?

“I see your smug smile. Don’t think you will be joining her. You see, Revelations is coming. Your refusal to believe two years ago will cost you everything.”

I reached for my Glock; I turned the safety off, pulled the trigger. The only thing was he pulled his trigger too. Darkness left the bloody scene silent, forever.