

STORY SYNOPSIS

Alvin, a cheerful and jovial white boy of approximately eight years old, hails from a modest family that firmly believes in honoring their Creator above all else. Despite their humble background, they exhibit a tolerant and generous disposition, and he is the third sibling among his three sisters. He was gifted with the ability to dream. Nevertheless, when that ability was triggered, which occurred suddenly, it ushered in a realm of ominous nightmares, wherein the majority of his dreams were based on blood and, in a manner, evoked a feeling of trepidation. Furthermore, those dreams also reveal the activities of devilish entities against humanity, thereby causing them to be ensnared in a state of obscurity and devastation.

His grandfather, also gifted with such a gift, shared similar dreams occasionally with him; otherwise, his parents may never have taken him seriously when he told them those dreams. His recollection of these dreams to his parents grew to be of greater concern to them, prompting them to seek the Lord in prayer to compel them to cease, as if they were influenced by the devil, due to the often-horrific scenes he shared about them.

Nonetheless, it was the Lord who sent those dreams as a warning that he must recall to the people of his nation regarding their imminent demise due to their furtherance and escalating evil deeds. However, he was unable to comprehend their significance, whether they were messages or mere ominous nightmares. He had another dream where a Light showed him the countless calamities that would befall humans and the numerous deaths that

would occur as a result of their disobedience towards their Creator and their preference for violence and vices over striving for virtue and harmony.

The Voice of the Light revealed to him these things as the reason for his dreams, and he was also told in the same dream that he had been given the task of paving the way to stop the evil. Although the method for accomplishing that was not provided to him. He developed a strong desire to prevent the calamities promised to the populace from transpiring, since he had a role to play in fulfilling the Lord's will. Nevertheless, his contemplation of how to promptly inform all individuals about this caused him considerable distress, surpassing the torments of the dreams themselves, as he also sought to prevent such occurrences from occurring to him and to stop the dreams altogether. Not long after encountering the Light, he had another dream in which his youngest sister was brutally killed, as were many other people in his previous dreams.

As a result, he turned to contemplation and solitude to seek guidance on how to safeguard against the unmasked evil as he began to witness the events in the dream unfolding before him. He must prevent the most perilous events from transpiring, as it was evident that they were likely to occur without further notice, particularly in light of his sister's life. Until one day, he had an idea that arose in him during classes. Despite the fact that it was the most suicidal approach imaginable for a child of his age to take, he was prepared to take the risk to ensure that his message was heard by all and could potentially save lives if they heeded it.

Nonetheless, in recent times, the president has also begun to envision similar scenarios and seek meaning in his apocalyptic visions, which prompted him to express concern within his office due to the ills that were also manifesting before him. He was unable to manage the annoyances and judgments they engender and was uncertain of how to resolve them until a heavenly event transpired to fulfill their individual resolutions simultaneously and in a specific location.

CHAPTER ONE

The torrent of blood resembles a tidal wave of water that devastates everything in its path, with the ultimate aim of accomplishing a purpose, regardless of whether it is deemed beneficial or detrimental in the end

A young white American boy, aged around eight years old, had a heart-shaped face, black hair, and brown eyes, and he was perched on the apex of a deck that reached out to the ocean. He swung his legs above the water with both hands resting on the deck, tilting backward. He meticulously surveyed the vast, azure water with keenness, observing the wind blowing on his shirt and hair, and above him, a dark cloud was rapidly forming in the clear sky. Several birds were approaching him from far away in the sky. Suddenly, with great anxiety, he lifted his gaze towards the sky to observe the swift influx of birds in his direction, and the surrounding environment grew dark and windy. He arose from his seat and gazed around him, unable to discern anyone behind or beside him.

However, in the distance, he observed the city's constructed structures, with their lights flashing as the wind intensified around him. In such fear, he turns and faces the water again, with the birds going over his head and making an alarm call that is sharp and piercing because they feel threatened. Suddenly, there began to appear a fog of darkness over the water, moving so quickly toward the boy that he began to take some steps backward, still looking at the water as his fear increased. Upon closer inspection of the water, he observed a vast and vehement mass of blood, extending in every direction of the water and extending to the sky, reaching a height of almost a mile.

The boy, who had turned and commenced a vociferous cry, hurried on the wooden deck towards the city, which was approximately a mile or two away. However, the speed of his legs was not sufficient to propel

him forward, and immediately behind him was the immense influx of swift blood, which was already consuming the deck that he had not successfully escaped, irrespective of his speed. As he hurried forward, he simultaneously observed the height of the flood, which was less than five feet behind him. Upon falling, he was engulfed by the flood, resulting in a loud cry that reverberated throughout the darkness.

CHAPTER TWO

The initial dream that awakens awareness is noteworthy as it marks the commencement of a significant chapter in history, which can be reconstructed with a positive outlook once it is comprehended and pursued

In a boy's room with paintings hanging on the wall and other decorations around, a boy was enshrouded in a blanket and prone to orientating his sleeping position in various directions. As a person who was in a state of great fear, he rolled off the bed and onto the floor of the room without waking up. He continued to roll on the floor in both directions and screamed incessantly, "no," "no," and "no" as he continued to roll on the floor in every direction, as if still on the bed. The door to the room was opened, the light was activated, and within it was a man of American descent, approximately forty years of age, with a height of close to six feet and a heart-shaped face with a full beard. It appeared that his dark hair had been recently cut, and he was attired in a lengthy pajama suit.

From that point onward, despite the door remaining open, he called out to the boy, who was still lying and rolling on the floor, "Are you alright, Alvin?" Did you slip off the bed, or are you ill?" However, Alvin remained silent, exhibiting a persistent scream and rolling on the floor. Eventually, the man knelt and grabbed him, securing him, and he sat himself on the floor, reorienting his gaze towards the man who was holding him. "Father!" He called out very fearfully. "Yes, Alvin! How did you fall off the bed? Is everything alright with you?" He asked with a curious tone.

Alvin looked away from his father, looking straight and panting. "Father, I was swallowed up at the seashore on a deck by a blood flood of great height heading towards the city." He said it with a trembling voice. "A blood flood of great height swallowed you, and it headed for the city"? His father inquired with a thoughtful tone, and Alvin hesitantly nodded his head, directing his gaze towards the door of his

closet, situated in close proximity to his reading table, which contained a desktop computer and books stacked on it. "Alright, let me assist you in returning to bed. It is only 2 AM, and it is good that you return to bed. This matter will be discussed tomorrow morning, and may the Lord of Spirits provide His angels to protect you throughout the remaining night hours, and no harm shall come to you." The man got up and reached out his hand to help pull him up, still wrapped in his blanket with the exception of his head.

He reached out to touch his father, who lifted him up and placed him on the bed, sitting next to him. "Son, it's only a dream; try to go back to sleep and don't think about it again. We will discuss this in the morning." He articulated the statement with a serene demeanor, placing his hand on the boy's shoulders and firmly pressing him to himself. Subsequently, he nodded his head once more while his father continued to speak to him about not having any fears, and subsequently retreated to his position of lying down. His father then rose to his feet and uttered, "May you have a pleasant night until the morning." Respectfully and with encouragement, he replied to his father, "May you have a pleasant night until the morning."

With both hands resting on his chest, he looked upwards as he lay on his back. He then placed his head on the pillow in the direction of his father, who was departing from the room, and subsequently deactivated the light and shut the door behind him. The room became dim as before his father's entrance, with a sluggish illumination emanating from the bedside lamp situated adjacent to the digital clock, enhancing its luminosity. He shifted his gaze from the door towards the upward direction with a thoughtful expression, expressing a sense of disorientation. Within a few moments, his eyes suddenly began to retract towards slumber.

CHAPTER THREE

The vision that depicts places drenched in blood is a prediction of a dream that conveys a message of devastation and destruction that may appear to be real, and it elicits resistance from the dreamer towards its fulfillment

In cities that have been destroyed and engulfed by a gloomy cloud of evil, the remaining walls are smeared with blood, accompanied by the lingering embers of electrical wires. There were flames in the visible buildings, and their smoke lingers thickly in the dark night. It was a harrowing and mute night, and the structures whose extensive tips could still be discerned were reputed to be of considerable height, albeit the majority of their structures were buried beneath the blood. Some buildings were merely exhibiting the tips of their roofs protruding from the blood flood.

Moreover, a significant number of bodies were afloat in the still bloody flood that had engulfed the entire streets, and akin to spherical bubbles of soup, they were rising to the surface afloat, facing upward, all adorned with blood. The bodies covered in blood and lying lifeless on top of the blood included Alvin, his father, and a woman who also lay dead beside them, whose face was obscured by the blood stains. There were numerous vehicles and other objects that were present in the bloodstream alongside human beings.

Subsequently, Alvin arose from his slumber in the previous room and commenced inhaling heavily, exhibiting signs of apprehension, and demonstrating trembling in the dimly lit room. This time, he opted not to scream in order to avoid drawing attention to his bedroom. He noticed that it was 4:49 AM when he looked at the time on his bedside table. He arose from his bed in his pajamas, exhibiting apprehension. He increased the brightness of the bedside lamp to ensure adequate illumination. Hence, he proceeded towards the window, where he parted the blinds and gazed out into the pitch-dark night, recognizing

a few buildings and lights in the vicinity from his story-building room. The blinds he had parted were undone, and he headed back into the room, eventually landing on his bed, feeling dispirited.

He uttered quietly to himself, pondering, "What is the significance of these dreams, such nightmares that I have never experienced before, wherein my father, mother, and numerous others are destined to perish by drowning in blood, if that is what they meant? In this vision, it appeared that the previous one had been reconstructed, revealing the occurrences that had transpired in the city to which it had previously rushed.

Nonetheless, the Great Spirit precludes us from being subjected to any form of evil, as no untoward occurrence shall befall us or our abode or any innocent individuals who possess the Light within their hearts. He spoke as if expressing his optimism, continuing, "I am confident that I shall not perish, nor will my parents or anyone else, as the God this household worships is the Almighty Lord, who holds all power in His hands. His angels are dispatched daily to safeguard His obedient children, who obey His commands, from all the evils of the unrighteous. He is our shield against all storms of evil that arise from wickedness. But I am much more concerned about what the secret behind this blood tsunami is, and why do I see it twice in one night?" He inquired about this inquiry while he walked slowly towards the bed, aiming his gaze upwards, yet cognizant of his steps. When he reached his bed, he climbed into it, wrapped himself in the blanket, covering his entire body, and then drifted off into another sleep.

CHAPTER FOUR

The traumatic events of the harrowing dream are frequently recalled for insightful contemplation, which may provide valuable insights into it, despite its unsettling nature remaining unchanged

Alvin and his father are seated opposite each other at the breakfast table in the kitchen, with direct eye contact. Additionally, adjacent to the fridge, which is situated behind Alvin's father, was a wall clock hanging that measured 7:10 a.m. Both of them appeared to have completed their bathing ritual, were attired in their home attire, and were groomed. During their conversation, they were accompanied by a bowl of pancakes and a glass of orange juice on the table in front of them.

"The second part of those dreams really gets my heart pumping fast; I've been thinking about it for a while. I sincerely hope that such an event does not occur, as it would be a highly unpleasant experience and not a favorable perspective for any individual to consider. And that is contingent upon the existence of the individuals and their ability to endure such scenes, unless they have already become spirits and are able to perceive the occurrences depicted in those dreams. Alvin's father expressed his apprehension with a solemn demeanor, his hands firmly positioned on the table, each one firmly grasping the other, and he leaned forward towards Alvin, who had just savored a slice of pancake with a fork in his mouth.

Subsequently, they simultaneously turned their heads towards the kitchen, where a woman's voice was uttering a question and approaching the kitchen. "What is the reason for their ability to view those things, unless they are already spirits?" I presently hear you saying that. Look at that! The boy and his father have already prepared breakfast this early. Where are the other members of the family? It is obvious that they are still asleep. It appears that both of you have taken a bath and are looking fresh. A graceful American woman with an oval-

shaped face and fair complexion, approximately 37 years of age, standing at 5 feet 3 inches tall in her sleeping pajamas, accompanied by hair rollers encircling her black hair, approached the table.

She approached Alvin, bent slightly toward him, and brought his head to her chest with her hands. "Good morning, mother," Alvin respectfully stated, as she gently removed his head and inquired, "How are you today, my son?" Alvin responded, "I am doing well, mother." She proceeded to the opposite side of the table and exclaimed, "You have a pleasant scent this morning." Alvin paused and said, "Thank you, mother; it was the recent cream you bought for me." Alvin's father, who is now leaning backward to sit comfortably on the chair, said, "Beatrice, you know that Alvin is—I hope none of them are coming." Alvin looked in the direction of the entrance into the kitchen, ensuring that nobody was coming into the kitchen. He spoke under tone to Beatrice, "You know, Alvin is the neatest of our children, as I was saying. The others are still in slumber, and they will inform you that it is the weekend, as if they have been diligently laying bricks throughout the week."

As he spoke, Beatrice reached his side of the table, bent down and kissed him on the cheek while he lifted his head slightly. She then said, "Good morning, my love." He promptly and satisfactorily responded, "Good morning, my dear." She selects a seat and positions herself to the right of Alvin's father. She then proceeds to retrieve her husband's fork and consume a slice of the pancake before returning the fork to the plate and reclining in the chair. "May I ask what topic you two were discussing prior to my arrival, my beloved?" She asked, gnawing on her food.

Afterward, Alvin's father shifted towards her slightly and remarked, "Last night, I proceeded to his room after hearing his screams. As I was reluctant to disturb you, I proceeded to his room and found him lying on the floor and rolling back and forth, having fallen off his bed. Upon reviving him, he informed me that he had experienced a vision of a

bloody tsunami that engulfed him and subsequently pushed towards the city. This morning, he is relating to me about his second dream, in which he witnessed the blood tsunami that he had witnessed in his first dream. It was a torrent of blood, encompassing entire cities and causing a raging flood. The blood tsunami was erupting, bringing the dead to the surface of it, resulting in thousands of dead people facing upward, including himself, you, and the rest of this family."

Beatrice was astonished and ceased chewing, allowing her mouth to open wide, revealing the contents of her mouth. She cried, "I'm not feeling well; I don't want to die." She reached for the rolled paper towel on the table, tore a page from it, and spit out the food in a state of fear, as if she were about to vomit. As Alvin's father moved his chair in close proximity to her, grasped her by the shoulders, and pressed her to him, he calmly stated, "Are you alright, honey? None of us will die; it is only a dream." Alvin, with a serious expression on his face, stated, "Mother, this is merely a dream, as my father has stated, and it is not a reason to commence crying."

Beatrice, who is still seated beside her husband, shedding tears and nodding her head in agreement with their words, stated, "It is not really about that. I have already experienced a feeling of nausea in my stomach this morning, but the dreams have heightened the sensation in my stomach and mouth. All the same, do you remark that it is only a dream when, in reality, you witnessed the devastation of human life in a flurry of blood? Who has ever experienced a dream of such magnitude that we can affirm that this was the outcome previously, and consequently, this is the outcome we will experience this time around? I fervently hope that this is merely a dream and that it will not transpire as such, as it would be the end of humanity, and it is uncertain what the interpretation of such dreams will be."

Alvin promptly responded, "Do not fret, mother, it is not going to

happen. It was merely a dream, but the scenes were of such a bleak nature that if it were feasible to retrieve photographs from the dream world, I would take numerous shots and display them." She shifted her position away from her husband, who repositioned his seat, and she remarked, "I understand, but you would not have shown such a picture to me. If you could have taken the pictures and shown them to me, it would have been a rude gesture towards me, revealing my condition of being a corpse covered in blood and lying on it as if it were a rock, even though I'm still alive."

She then stood up and proceeded to eat another slice from her husband's plate before proceeding to dispose of the trash. She discarded the paper towel in her hand and proceeded to depart from the kitchen. "Since you have decided that you do not want to spend some time with your grandparents with your siblings, at least we will be dropping them off later today. Owen, I kindly request your assistance with my hairstyling upstairs within a timeframe of approximately thirty minutes. I will suggest that you two prepare additional pancakes for the others and some for myself," she said, leaving the kitchen.

Owen, still gazing in her direction, uttered, "Beatrice, I will be there at the specified time. Nonetheless, I am of the opinion that the girls ought to adhere to Alvin's routine of waking up early to bathe before sunrise and expressing gratitude to the Creator upon sunrise, as you and I have been doing. We have not yet established that practice within our household for every individual to adhere to; however, the time has come to implement it."

Despite not having Beatrice present in the kitchen, she responded aloud, " Yes, my dear, I shall inform the girls about the proposed time for a family gathering to pray to the Father, which will be held in the morning, following the completion of bathing. So that we may present ourselves before the Father, whom we pray to, clean, because it is a

symbol of reverence to Him who gave us breath and life to see a new day as we do and not to man. It would be beneficial to incorporate this custom into our family traditions, so that everyone observes it, as we constantly acquire new knowledge each day, in order to honor the Father in distinctive ways through His revelations. The custom of bathing before sunrise and once a day, accompanied by prayers, was introduced to us by those who revere the Way of the Father. It is evident that you, Alvin, have already observed this custom before any of the girls. It is amazing how quickly you put what you have learned into practice without anyone having to repeat it to you. Owen, it is commendable that the practice is being implemented with the girls upon their return from visiting their grandparents. However, I shall inform them upon their awakening, or perhaps I will pass by their room now." She stated, as her voice gradually diminished as she moved further away. Nonetheless, she raised her voice as she talked in order to be heard by them, and subsequently, her voice was no longer heard by those who were attentively listening to her.

Owen turned to Alvin and stated, "Son, your mother is a singularly curious individual, whose thought process is highly spiritual and benevolent. But we will rely on prayer to gain insight into these dreams and ensure that they do not transpire as portrayed." Alvin nodded his head in agreement, returning the glass of beverage to the table, and remarked, "Yes, father, we will continue to pray for them when the others are with their grandparents." Additionally, I express my gratitude to you for recommending my recent assumed morning practice to the entire family. And I love you, father." Owen respectfully expressed his affection towards his son, stating, "You are a worthy child with a profound understanding of a lifestyle that is worthy of imitation, and you are the greatest delight to my heart of all of you. I should now get a bite after all these times, and your mother has subtracted two slices from my plate, which means we will certainly do as she instructed." Both individuals giggled, focusing their gazes on each other.

