

# MEET THE ANTICHRIST

by

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Cover design and illustration **NOTE: An actor portrays Maas Reredef in the cover photos of this book.**

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I talk to the dead. They don't talk back, but

nevertheless, I do talk to the dead.

Ugyen Gopal

## Chapter 1

### In the Beginning...

I first met Maas Reredef quite by accident in the Holy Land. I was on a sightseeing tour in Jerusalem, he was on a scouting mission. He didn't tell me this specifically but I drew that conclusion years later from the places he said he had visited and his evasiveness in revealing much detail. The following year I encountered him again, this time in Cambodia where he was doing whatever it is that Antichrists do during their down time. Keeping with tradition, he didn't talk too much about that either but I suspected it had

something to do with sex and young women (or young men – he's very adaptable). I sensed then, however, that there was something strange and powerful about this man and I was determined to learn all I could about him. I talked with Maas many times over the past few years and have come to know him well, well enough to say with conviction that he is indeed the Antichrist, a fact that he does not dispute. This is what I discovered and what you, dear reader, need to know about Maas Reredef, the present Antichrist.

Maas Reredef was born Ugyen Gopal in a small mountain village in the Chukha district of Bhutan. At an early age, the monks in his Himalayan village realized that this was no ordinary child who studied in their midst. They recognized a malevolent spirit within him and knew that, sooner or later, people from the outside would be looking for Ugyen and when those people finally made their presence known, the monks were ready. They asked a handsome price

to sell Ugyen to the two so-called "investors" that had traveled to Bhutan from the Netherlands. Ugyen, only four at the time, recalled the day vividly and claimed that this was the first instance where he used his extraordinary powers to vent the intense anger and sense of betrayal that had built up inside him. The monks received nothing for Ugyen's release and, as a matter of fact, actually paid the "investors" the equivalent of nine hundred British pounds to cover his travel expenses. Ugyen was taken to Amsterdam where he was placed in the custody of a coven of self proclaimed witches to be raised as Maas Reredef. Interestingly enough, the five monks involved in this incident all died under suspicious circumstances within a year of Ugyen's departure.

## Chapter 2

### Know Thine Enemy

Last year, Maas turned one hundred and six years old; but he doesn't look it nor does he exhibit any of the usual signs of bodily failure. For every year he ages, we age by two. As my suspicions about him grew, I became impatient and once asked him outright: "What makes you think you're the Antichrist?"

His answer was both eloquent and politic.

"I detest labels," he said. "If that's what you want to call me, then so be it. I am but an old man with a mission... to reclaim my kingdom," at



which point he broke out laughing like a maniac. He opened his desk drawer, reached in and pulled out four, six-inch spikes. Then, from the bookcase behind him, he grabbed a hammer – this was an old style hammer, square and flat on each end of the head – and started waving it in the air.

"When Jesus arrives for the Second Coming," he said, "I'll be waiting for him with my hammer in one hand and four shiny new nails in the other, and then I'll show him who's boss." The uncontrollable laughter resumed.

That was good enough for me.

But why then, you might ask, other than these ranting statements, do I think that Maas Reredef is the Antichrist? We'll get to that a bit later but first I must place all this in context.

Most of the conversations I have with Maas occur in his secret Antichrist / Devil's Child (AC/DC) Command Center, somewhere on the outskirts of Buffalo, New York, and as an aside I have to say that I think there's no city more deserving of that distinction. He likes to call it

the Bat Cave. Since, with the exception of his front windshield, the windows of his Antichrist-mobile are blacked out, using cameras to obtain the driver's outside views, I can't tell where I'm being taken. The sliding Plexiglas partition that separates driver from passenger is also so heavily tinted that it precludes one from seeing through the front windshield. The Antichrist-mobile is something like the Bat-mobile, black (of course) and high tech but with an environmentally friendly twist... it's a hybrid.

I recently confronted him (not always a smart thing to do with the Antichrist) on the subject of the Rapture, wherein the faithful are expected to be transported to heaven and, accordingly, disappear from the face of the earth.

"Maas, Believers worldwide are predicting the Rapture to take place next May 21<sup>st</sup>, with the end of the world coming a mere five months later on October 21<sup>st</sup>. What can you tell me about this?"