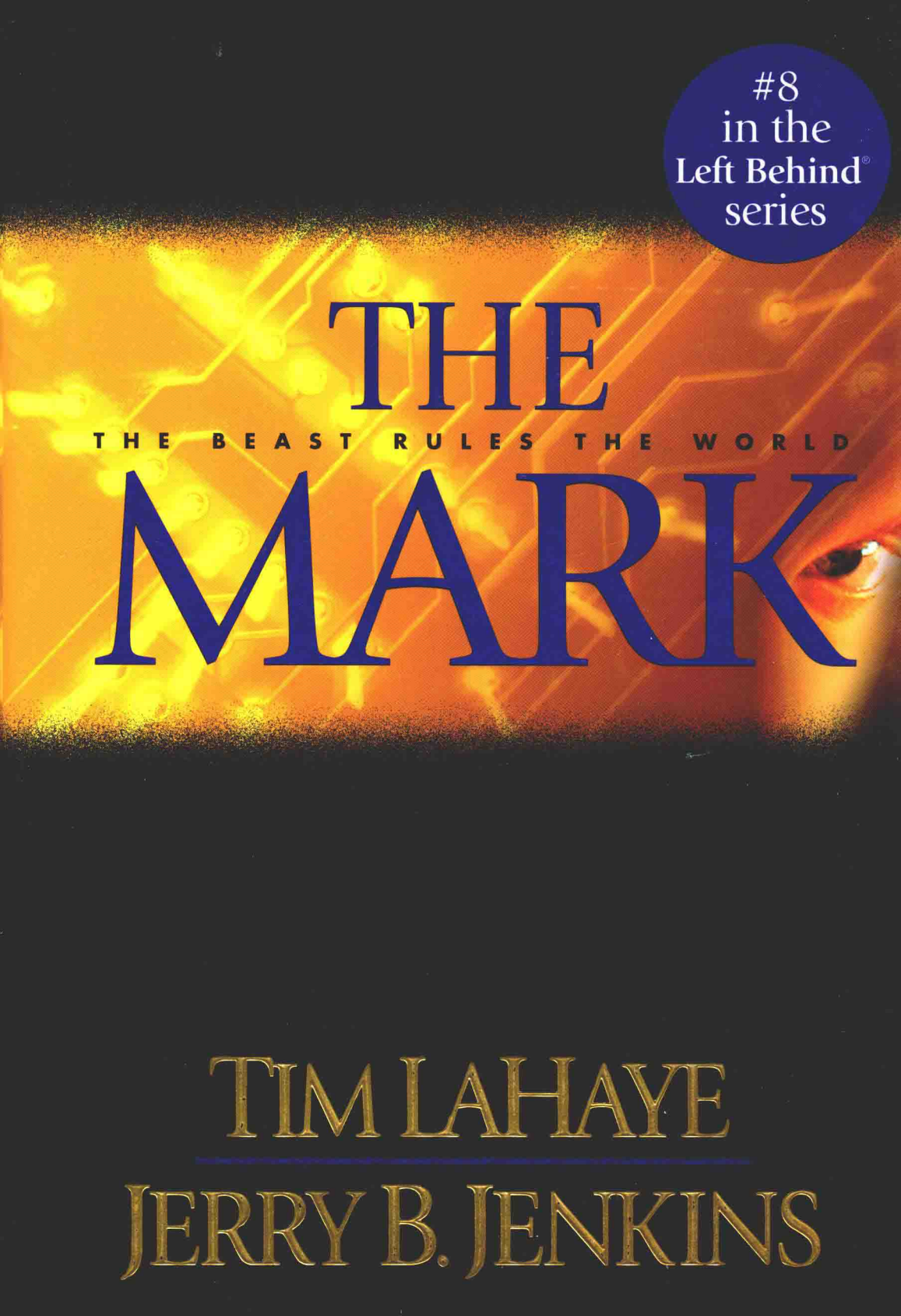


#8  
in the  
Left Behind®  
series



THE  
THE BEAST RULES THE WORLD  
MARK

TIM LAHAYE

---

JERRY B. JENKINS

THE  
THE BEAST RULES THE WORLD  
MARK

TIM LAHAYE  
JERRY B. JENKINS



Tyndale House Publishers, Inc.  
WHEATON, ILLINOIS

Visit Tyndale's exciting Web site at [www.tyndale.com](http://www.tyndale.com)

Discover the latest about the Left Behind series at [www.leftbehind.com](http://www.leftbehind.com)

Copyright © 2000 by Tim LaHaye and Jerry B. Jenkins. All rights reserved.

Circuit board cover photograph copyright © 2000 by Adobe Image Library.

Authors' photo copyright © 1998 by Reg Francklyn. All rights reserved.

Left Behind series designed by Catherine Bergstrom

Cover photo illustration by Julie Chen

Designed by Julie Chen

Published in association with the literary agency of Alive Communications, Inc., 7680  
Goddard Street, Suite 200, Colorado Springs, CO 80920.

Scripture quotations are taken from the New King James Version. Copyright © 1979, 1980,  
1982 by Thomas Nelson, Inc. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

Scripture quotations are taken from the *Holy Bible*, King James Version.

*Left Behind* is a registered trademark of Tyndale House Publishers, Inc.

---

#### Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

LaHaye, Tim F.

The mark : the beast rules the world / Tim LaHaye, Jerry B. Jenkins

p. cm. — (The left behind series)

ISBN 0-8423-3225-1 — ISBN 0-8423-3228-6 (pbk.)

1. Steele, Rayford (Fictitious character)—Fiction. 2. Rapture (Christian eschatology)—  
Fiction. I. Jenkins, Jerry B. II. Title.

PS3562.A315 M3 2000

813'.54—dc21

00-59917

---

Printed in the United States of America

09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00  
11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

*To Linda and Rennie,  
with gratitude*

FORTY-TWO MONTHS  
INTO THE TRIBULATION;  
THREE DAYS INTO  
THE GREAT TRIBULATION

---

*The Believers*

**Rayford Steele**, mid-forties; former 747 captain for Pan-Continental; lost wife and son in the Rapture; former pilot for Global Community Potentate Nicolae Carpathia; original member of the Tribulation Force; an international fugitive in exile; suspect in the assassination of Nicolae Carpathia; residing at new safe house, Strong Building, Chicago

**Cameron (“Buck”) Williams**, early thirties; former senior writer for *Global Weekly*; former publisher of *Global Community Weekly* for Carpathia; original member of the Trib Force; editor of cybermagazine *The Truth*; fugitive in exile, Strong Building, Chicago

**Chloe Steele Williams**, early twenties; former student, Stanford University; lost mother and brother in the Rapture; daughter of Rayford; wife of Buck; mother of fourteen-month-old Kenny Bruce; CEO of the International Commodity Co-op, an underground network of believers; original Trib Force member; fugitive in exile, Strong Building, Chicago

**Tsion Ben-Judah**, late forties; former rabbinical scholar and Israeli statesman; revealed belief in Jesus as the Messiah on international TV—wife and two teenagers subsequently murdered; escaped to U.S.; spiritual leader and teacher of Trib Force; cyberaudience of more than a billion daily; fugitive in exile, Strong Building, Chicago

**Dr. Chaim Rosenzweig**, late sixties; Israeli botanist and statesman; discoverer of formula that made Israeli deserts bloom; former *Global Weekly* Man of the Year; confessed murderer of Carpathia; Strong Building, Chicago

**Mac McCullum**, late fifties; pilot for Carpathia; New Babylon, United Carpathian States

**David Hassid**, mid-twenties; high-level director for the GC; New Babylon

**Annie Christopher**, early twenties; Global Community corporal; Phoenix 216 cargo chief; in love with David Hassid; unaccounted for, New Babylon

**Leah Rose**, late thirties; former head nurse, Arthur Young Memorial Hospital, Palatine, Illinois; Strong Building, Chicago

**Mr. and Mrs. Lukas (“Laslos”) Miklos**, mid-fifties; lignite mining magnates; Greece, United Carpathian States

**Abdullah Smith**, early thirties; former Jordanian fighter pilot; first officer, Phoenix 216; New Babylon

**Ming Toy**, twenty-two; widow; guard at the Belgium Facility for Female Rehabilitation (Buffer); on assignment at Carpathia funeral, New Babylon

**Chang Wong**, seventeen; Ming Toy’s brother; resides in China in the United Asian States; in New Babylon for Carpathia funeral with parents, who are unaware of his faith

*P r o f e s s e d   B e l i e v e r*

**Al B. (aka “Albie”)**, late forties; given name unknown; native of Al Basrah, north of Kuwait; former manager, Al Basrah Airstrip Tower; international black marketer; told Buck Williams he had become a believer from out of the Muslim faith by studying the teachings of Tsion Ben-Judah on the Internet; mark of the believer visible on his forehead; assisting Trib Force in northern Illinois, United North American States

## THE MARK

### *T h e E n e m i e s*

**Nicolae Jetty Carpathia**, thirty-six; former president of Romania; former secretary-general, United Nations; self-appointed Global Community potentate; assassinated in Jerusalem; resurrected at GC palace complex, New Babylon

**Leon Fortunato**, early fifties; Carpathia's right hand; GC Supreme Commander; New Babylon

### *T h e U n d e c i d e d*

**Hattie Durham**, early thirties; former Pan-Continental flight attendant; former personal assistant to Carpathia; last seen, United North American States



# P R O L O G U E

## *From The Indwelling*

THE ANNOUNCER said, “Ladies and gentlemen of the Global Community, your Supreme Potentate, His Excellency Nicolae Carpathia.”

Nicolae took one step closer to the camera, forcing it to refocus. He looked directly into the lens.

“My dear subjects,” he began. “We have, together, endured quite a week, have we not? I was deeply touched by the millions who made the effort to come to New Babylon for what turned out to be, gratefully, not my funeral. The outpouring of emotion was no less encouraging to me.

“As you know and as I have said, there remain small pockets of resistance to our cause of peace and harmony. There are even those who have made a career of saying the most hurtful, blasphemous, and false statements about me, using terms for me that no person would ever want to be called.

“I believe you will agree that I proved today who I am and who I am not. You will do well to follow your heads

and your hearts and continue to follow me. You know what you saw, and your eyes do not lie. I am also eager to welcome into the one-world fold any former devotees of the radical fringe who have become convinced that I am not the enemy. On the contrary, I may be the very object of the devotion of their own religion, and I pray they will not close their minds to that possibility.

“In closing let me speak directly to the opposition. I have always, without rancor or acrimony, allowed divergent views. There are those among you, however, who have referred overtly to me personally as the Antichrist and this period of history as the Tribulation. You may take the following as my personal pledge:

“If you insist on continuing with your subversive attacks on my character and on the world harmony I have worked so hard to engender, the word *tribulation* will not begin to describe what is in store for you. If the last three and a half years are your idea of tribulation, wait until you endure the Great Tribulation.”

---

“Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and the sea! For the devil has come down to you, having great wrath, because he knows that he has a short time.”

Revelation 12:12

# ONE

IT WAS midafternoon in New Babylon, and David Hassid was frantic. Annie was nowhere in sight and he had heard nothing from her, yet he could barely turn his eyes from the gigantic screens in the palace courtyard. The image of the indefatigable Nicolae Carpathia, freshly risen from three days dead, filled the screen and crackled with energy. David believed if he was within reach of the man he could be electrocuted by some demonic charge.

With the disappearance of his love fighting for his attention, David found himself drawn past the jumbo monitors and the guards and the crowds to the edge of the bier that had just hours before displayed the quite dead body of the king of the world.

Should David be able to see evidence that the man was now indwelt by Satan himself? The body, the hair, the complexion, the look were the same. But an intensity, an

air of restlessness and alertness, flowed from the eyes. Though he smiled and talked softly, it was as if Nicolae could barely contain the monster within. Controlled fury, violence delayed, revenge in abeyance played at the muscles in his neck and shoulders. David half expected him to burst from his suit and then from his very skin, exposed to the world as the repulsive serpent he was.

David's attention was diverted briefly by someone next to Carpathia, and when he glanced back at the still ruggedly handsome face, he was not prepared to have caught the eye of the enemy of his soul. Nicolae knew him, of course, but the look, though it contained recognition, did not carry the usual acceptance and encouragement David was used to. That very welcoming gaze had always unnerved him, yet he preferred it over this. For this was a transparent gaze that seemed to pass through David, which nearly moved him to step forward and confess his treachery and that of every comrade in the Tribulation Force.

David reminded himself that not even Satan himself was omniscient, yet he found it difficult to accept that these eyes were not those of one who knew his every secret. He wanted to run but he dared not, and he was grateful when Nicolae turned back to the task at hand: his role as the object of the world's worship.

David hurried back to his post, but someone had appropriated his golf cart, and he found himself peeved to where he wanted to pull rank. He flipped open his phone, had trouble finding his voice, but finally barked at the motor-pool supervisor, "I had better have a vehicle

delivered within 120 seconds or someone is going to find his—”

“An electric cart, sir?” the man said, his accent making David guess he was an Aussie.

“Of course!”

“They’re scarce here, Director, but—”

“They must be, because someone absconded with mine!”

“But I was going to say that I would be happy to lend you mine, under the circumstances.”

“The circumstances?”

“The resurrection, of course! Tell you the truth, Director Hassid, I’d love to get in line myself.”

“Just bring—”

“You think I could do that, sir? I mean if I were in uniform? I know they’ve turned away civilians not inside the courtyard, and they’re none too happy, but as an employee—”

“I don’t know! I need a cart and I need it now!”

“Would you drive me to the venue before you go wherever it is you have to g—”

“Yes! Now hurry!”

“Are you thrilled or what, Director?”

“What?”

The man spoke slowly, condescendingly. “A-bout-the-res-ur-rec-tion!”

“Are you in your vehicle?” David demanded.

“Yes, sir.”

“That’s what I’m thrilled about.”

The man was still talking when David hung up on him

and called crowd control. "I'm looking for Annie Christopher," he said.

"Sector?"

"Five-three."

"Sector 53 has been cleared, Director. She may have been reassigned or relieved."

"If she were reassigned, you'd have it, no?"

"Checking."

The motor-pool chief appeared in his cart, beaming. David boarded, phone still to his ear. "Gonna see god," the man said.

"Yeah," David said. "Just a minute."

"Can you believe it? He's got to be god. Who else can he be? Saw it with my own two eyes, well, on TV anyway. Raised from the dead. I saw him dead, I know that. If I see him in person, there'll be no doubt now, will there? Eh?"

David nodded, sticking a finger in his free ear.

"I say no doubt, eh?"

"No doubt!" David shouted. "Now give me a minute!"

"Where we goin', sport?"

David craned his neck to look at the man, incredulous that he was still speaking.

"I say, where we going? Am I dropping you or you dropping me?"

"I'm dropping you! Go where you want and get out!"

"Sor-ry!"

This wasn't how David normally treated people, even ignorant ones. But he had to hear whether Annie had

been reassigned, and where. “Nothing,” the crowd-control dispatcher on the phone told him.

“Relieved then?” he said, relieved himself.

“Likely. Nothing in our system on her.”

David thought of calling Medical Services but scolded himself for overreacting.

Motor-pool Man deftly picked his way through the massive, dispersing crowd. At least most were dispersing. They looked shocked. Some were angry. They had waited hours to see the body, and now that Carpathia had arisen, they were not going to be able to see him, all because of where they happened to be in the throng.

“This is as close as I hope to get in this thing then,” the man said, skidding to a stop so abruptly that David had to catch himself. “You’ll bring it back round then, eh, sir?”

“Of course,” David said, trying to gather himself to at least thank the man. As he slid into the driver’s seat he said, “Been back to Australia since the reorganizing?”

The man furrowed his brow and pointed at David, as if to reprimand him. “Man of your station ought to be able to tell the difference between an Aussie and a New Zealander.”

“My mistake,” David said. “Thanks for the wheels.”

As he pulled away the man shouted, “’Course we’re all proud citizens of the United Pacific States now anyway!”

David tried to avoid eye contact with the many disgruntled mourners turned celebrants who tried to flag him, not for rides but for information. At times he was forced to brake to keep from running someone down,

and the request was always the same. In one distinct accent or another, everyone wanted the same thing.

“Any way we can still get in to see His Excellency?”

“Can’t help you,” David said. “Move along, please. Official business.”

“Not fair! Wait all night and half the day in the blistering sun, and for what?”

But others danced in the streets, making up songs and chants about Carpathia, their new god. David glanced again at the monstrous monitors where Carpathia was shown briefly touching hands as the last several thousand were herded through. To David’s left, guards fought to block hopefuls from sneaking into the courtyard. “Line’s closed!” they shouted over and over.

On the screen, pilgrims swooned as they neared the bier, graced by Nicolae in his glory. Many crumbled from merely getting near him, waxing catatonic. Guards held them up to keep them moving, but when His Excellency himself spoke quietly to them and touched them, some passed out, deadweights in the guards’ arms.

Over Nicolae’s cooing—“Good to see you. Thank you for coming. Bless you. Bless you.”—David heard Leon Fortunato. “Worship your king,” he said soothingly. “Bow before his majesty. Worship the Lord Nicolae, your god.”

Dissonance came from the guards stuck with the responsibility of moving the mass of quivering, jellied humanity, catching them as they collapsed in ecstasy. “Ridiculous!” they grumbled to each other, live mikes sending the cacophony of Fortunato, Carpathia, and the



complainers to the ends of the PA system. “Keep moving. Come on now! There you go! Stand up! Move it along!”

David finally reached sector 53, which was, as he had been told, deserted. The crowd-control gates had toppled, and the giant number placard had been trampled. David sat there, forearms resting on the cart’s steering wheel. He shoved his uniform cap back on his head and felt the sting of the sun’s UV rays. His hands looked like lobsters, and he knew he’d pay for his hours in the sun. But he could not find shade again until he found Annie.

As crowds shuffled through and then around what had been her sector, David squinted at the ground, the asphalt shimmering. Besides the ice-cream and candy wrappers and drink cups that lay motionless in the windless heat was what appeared to be residue of medical supplies. He was about to step from the cart for a closer look when an elderly couple climbed aboard and asked to be driven to the airport shuttle area.

“This is not a people mover,” he said absently, having enough presence to remove the keys before leaving the vehicle.

“How rude!” the woman said.

“Come on,” the man said.

David marched to sector 53 and knelt, the heat sapping his energy. In the shadows of hundreds walking by, he examined the plastic empties of bandages, gauze, ointment, even tubing. Someone had been ministered to here. It didn’t have to have been Annie. It could have been anyone. Still, he had to know. He made his way back to the cart, every seat but his now full.