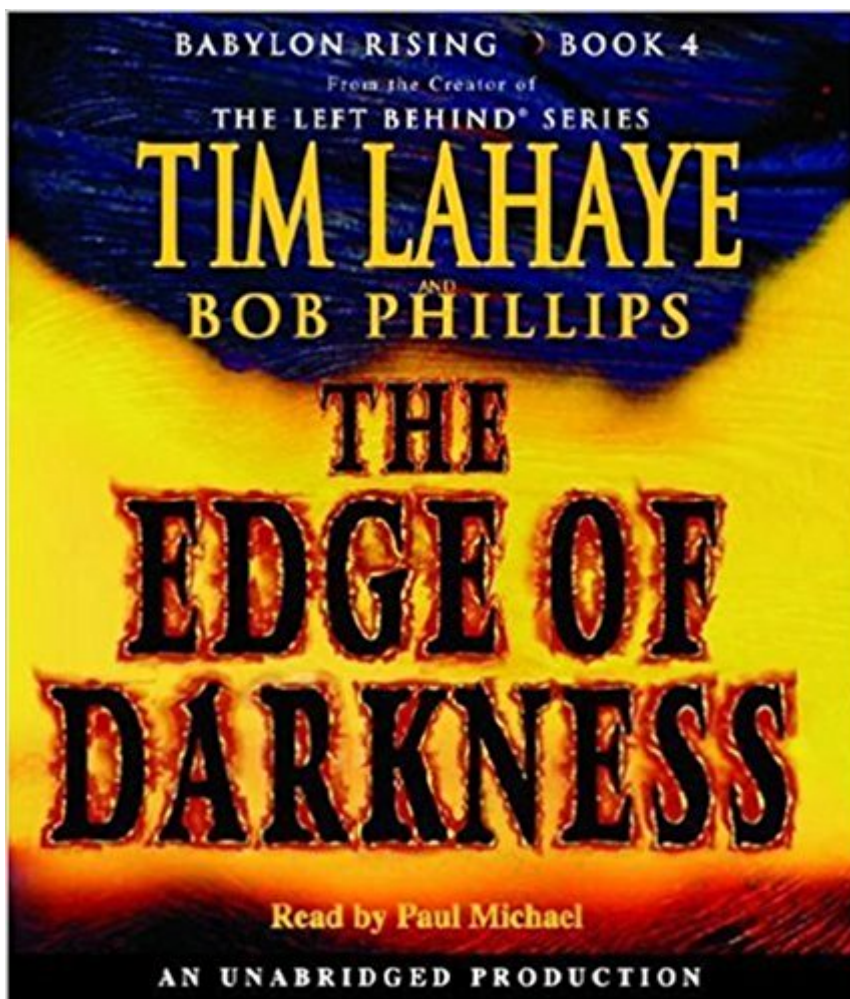




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Babylon Rising: The Edge Of Darkness



Synopsis

Tim LaHaye's most exciting series ever, Babylon Rising, continues with this explosive new installment, including more revelations than ever before. In The Edge of Darkness, LaHaye reveals the meaning behind some of the most carefully guarded Biblical prophecies to expose a conspiracy with terrifying consequences for our modern world. This time Michael Murphy sets off in search of the Lost Temple of Dagon and the dark secrets of the strange god once worshipped by the ancient Philistines. His quest will lead to a final confrontation with an old enemy and uncover one of the Bible's most feared warnings: "a prophecy of false miracles, false messiahs, and ultimate evil that will be fulfilled in our time...and that not even Murphy can stop once it's begun. Once again Tim LaHaye combines his unmatched insight into Biblical prophecy with his unique skills as a master storyteller to deliver a suspense thriller of nonstop action with a thought-provoking message for our troubled times. From the Hardcover edition.

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Customer Reviews

Dr. Tim LaHaye is a renowned prophecy scholar, minister, and author. His Left Behind® series is the bestselling Christian fiction series of all time. He and his wife, Beverly, live in southern California. They have four children and nine grandchildren.

Chapter One
Call it instinct, intuition, or just plain street smarts: "whatever it was sent a tingle down

Murphy's spine. The clicking noise caused him to leap off the seat of the roller-coaster car as fast as his six-foot-three-inch frame would allow. He sailed over the back, clutching the seat with both hands. As his feet landed on the bumper that ran around the car, he hunkered down and held his breath. It was not a moment too soon. A rush of wind tousled his hair as two eighty-pound blocks of cement smashed into the seat where he had just been sitting. Another millisecond and I would have been dead, he thought. How do I keep getting into things like this?***It was one of those days when everything inside of Murphy said Don't go to work. It was too beautiful a day to be inside a classroom teaching biblical archaeology. As he reluctantly gathered his papers and stuffed them into his briefcase, the words of Mark Twain echoed in his mind: Do something every day that you don't want to do; this is the golden rule for acquiring the habit of doing your duty without pain. Murphy never tired of the scenic drive to school and the campus of Preston University. There was something deeply attractive about the lush greenery of the South and the beauty of the magnolia blossoms. Parking his car in the teachers' lot, he meandered up the tree-lined walkway toward his office near the Memorial Lecture Hall. The smell of jasmine in the air filled his senses. Students were sitting under the trees. Some were studying, but most were just talking with their friends. One group tossed a Frisbee back and forth. Murphy recalled his days as a student. Life was so much simpler then. They don't even realize how great these years are. The unbidden image of Laura swept across his mind, the moments of joy and laughter they had shared during their marriage. Those happy years before she had been murdered by Talon. The pain tore at his insides, and a sigh escaped his lips. He shook the memories away, unwilling to let the grief overwhelm him. He reached his office, opened the door, and groaned. His desk was stacked high with student test papers and book reports that needed to be reviewed. I think I'll delegate those to Shari. She'll hate me, but isn't that what assistants are for? Doing all the jobs you don't like?***Shari had been in the laboratory for almost an hour. She was peering through a microscope at an envelope when Murphy entered. "I know, I know. You're wondering what I'm doing here so early." Murphy smiled a Cheshire cat grin as he looked at Shari. Her very light complexion and sparkling green eyes contrasted her black hair. The ponytails coming out from each side of her head were hanging down, almost covering the microscope. She had on her favorite white lab coat. "I know you love it here," he said. "Maybe I should move in a bed and then you won't have to go home at night." She looked up at him and wrinkled her nose. "Like you don't get involved in your work!" "Who, me?" Murphy set his briefcase down. "What are you looking at?" Shari sat up with a guilty look on her face. "Oh, just something that came in the mail for you." "For me? Why are you looking at my mail through a microscope?" She smiled, with a twinkle in her eye. "I'm just trying to protect you." "Protect me from

what?" "From what I think might be inside." "This all sounds very mysterious. What are you talking about?" "I think it's a letter from your admirer," she said with a smirk. "Let me guess. Does my admirer's name start with an M?" "Not bad, Doc, for so early in the morning." Shari handed the letter to Murphy. "I was comparing this handwriting with some of the other letters you've received from your deranged admirer. They're the same." Murphy held the envelope up to the light and saw what looked like a three-by-five card inside. "So why don't you open it?" Murphy smiled. Shari was forever curious about anything that might be mysterious. He opened the envelope, took out the card, and began to read. Row, row, row your boat gently around the lake Walk and talk and have a piece of cake Ride, ride, ride the trolley Be sure to stop and visit Molly Dance, dance, dance the choo-choo Visit the zoo and casino too Round, round, round you go Don't be depressed by the big tornado Search, search, search and find Be sure not to lose your mind Seek, seek, seek, like a mouse You may even find a fun house "So much for poetry!" said Shari. "What in the world do you think he means? Maybe he's finally lost it." "Well, Methuselah is strange, eccentric, even sadistic . . . but he's not crazy. His clues and riddles have led us to many archaeological finds in the past." Murphy stroked his chin, lost in thought. "He must have some new trophy for us to search for." "Can you make heads or tails of this one?" Murphy ran his fingers through his brown hair and paced around the room. Shari just smiled and watched her boss. She knew it was best not to disturb him once the mental wheels were in motion. Murphy went to his computer and got on the Internet. Shari stepped behind him and watched dubiously as he typed in the words "Amusement Parks." After another fifteen minutes of searching, he turned to her. "I think I may have the answer to the riddle." "Well, pray tell, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Don't keep me in suspense." "The first clue for me was the word 'trolley.' At the turn of the century, one of the main modes of transportation in larger cities was the electrical trolley line." "So? What does that have to do with the rest of the riddle?" "Hang on to your ponytails. It says here: Electrical companies in the early 1900s charged the trolley companies a straight fee for the use of electricity. Regardless of the number of people that rode the trolley, the electrical fee was the same. Owners of the trolleys tried to devise a way to get more customers to ride. The plan they settled on was to build amusement parks at the end of the trolley lines. This would encourage more travel and generate more revenue. Not a bad idea, huh?" "I think maybe you're off your trolley this time." "Cute, Shari. Just hear me out. The phrase 'visit Molly' is the key to the riddle. In 1910, Lakewood Amusement Park was built at the end of the trolley line in Charlotte, North Carolina. At that time it was three miles west of the city. Its design was similar to that of Coney Island and it became one of the most attractive parks in the South." "How do you know all of this?" "Genevieve Murphy." "Who is Genevieve Murphy?" "My grandmother. She used to live in

Charlotte and I would visit her in the summers. She would tell me stories about growing up in the South. One of her stories was about a trolley park with a lake. I remember her talking about riding on a roller coaster. She loved it. She would ride it two or three times each time she visited the park."Go on, I'm still listening."Lakewood Park had a lake with rowboats "Row, row, row your boat gently around the lake. Walk and talk and have a piece of cake. The lake had a walkway around it with concession stands. They also had a half-mile-long roller coaster formerly called the Scenic Railway. Its nickname was Molly's Madness. My grandmother sometimes referred to it as 'riding old Molly.' The park also had a merry-go-round that could seat a hundred people. They had a shooting range. They had a petting zoo. They had a dance hall that was over part of the lake, and they had a casino. All of those attractions tie in with Methuselah's riddle."What about being depressed by the big tornado?"I think that's the clincher, Shari. In 1933, the Great Depression bankrupted Lakewood Park. People didn't have money to spend on rides and games. In 1936, a large tornado hit the area and trashed the park. The heavy rains that followed washed out the dam and caused the lake to overflow. Repairs were never made, and the park closed for good."Bummer. Is there anything remaining from the original park today?"No. I believe they built over that area years ago. There is one thing, however. There were rumors that the owners of the park were in the process of constructing an underground amusement area in the form of a fun house. It was supposed to have rolling barrels, slides, roller bridges, a human roulette wheel, a maze of mirrors, and a ride called the Tunnel of Fear."And all of that was going to be built underground?"That was the rumor. Maybe they did build it but didn't open it to the public. Maybe that's what the phrase Seek, seek, seek like a mouse "you may even find a fun house means. Methuselah is telling me to look for something. Probably old building records that date back to the 1930s. The fun house may still be there somewhere underground in Charlotte."Shari recognized the glint in Murphy's eye. "You're not really going to try and find out, are you? Need I remind you that Methuselah has tried to kill you on a number of occasions?!"I know, I know. But his clues have helped us find the golden head of Nebuchadnezzar, Noah's Ark, and the famous Handwriting on the Wall. I'm curious as to what new archaeological find he might lead us to."That's just the problem. You're too curious.&...

In the last book of the series, Professor Murphy is again searching for Biblical artifacts - this time, it's the rod of Aaron and the golden jar of Manna. Thwarting his every move, as usual, is Talon, the fiendish killer. The plot of this story was exciting; almost as thrilling as Book One. There were plenty of scary and near-death moments. I enjoyed it but I was also hugely disappointed in it; it's the last book but there is no resolution to all the loose ends and unanswered questions. Will Murphy find

love? Will the Seven take over the world? Will any of Murphy's friends survive? What about Methuselah? We'll never know. Fans of the series will like this book; I just wish it was a true finale and not just the final book.

No! No! No!!! This can't be the end of the Babylon Rising series. I was hooked and even bought the the fourth book and the audible version because I had to finish reading the series to the very end! ã Â Â^Â• (I borrowed the first three books from the New York Public library). But what a let down. There are too many unanswered questions. I wonder if Bob Phillips or Jerry B. Jenkins could write the fifth installment. A great series should never just putter out with no real conclusion. SOMEONE SAVE US!!!

I have enjoyed this series of books although after the first two, the plots are quite predictable. One thing I have found with the Kindle versions is that there are a lot of missing words and misspellings. When I read book 3, and it ended rather abruptly, seemingly in the middle of a thought, I questioned whether I had gotten to whole book. Then I thought perhaps the next book would pick up where this one left off. It didn't. The Edge of Darkness, while enjoyable was just as predictable as the previous ones. But when I reached the last few pages and some sections were repeated at least twice, and it ended literally in mid-sentence, I am again wondering whether I am getting the entire book.

The overall series was good, but boy was the ending terrible. Seems like the authors were in a hurry to end the series or expected to write another book but decided not to. Could have used one more book or at least a few more chapters in this one. I really thought there was another book after this one because of how it ended. I searched everywhere and realized this was the end. No closure at all.

After reading the first three books this was a let down. Very little on your seat excitement. A lot of reviewing of the first three books. The ending didn't leave me with much of anything. I personally believe in the end of times and that it is starting now. Knowing the authors prior writes I thought he would have given more of a "in you face" ending to think long a hard about. But as he did say this was a fictional sieres. After the excitement of the first 3 books I just felt let down.

This book I could not put down it very exciting and easy to read. Now I have to wait for the next book to come out.

Even with Murphy's victory the reader is left with more questions than answers. One answer that has an eternal question and that's salvation and knowing Jesus, LaHaye lays out the way to Christ and leaves no doubt and how to receive Jesus as your personal savior.

While I like the premise on which the series is built, I find that this book and the others (as well as the Left Behind series) all leave a little to be desired. The characters are stereotypical, the action has a theme of Deus ex machina, which is probably accurate as Divine intervention ought to be pre-supposed, but still it jars a little, and the whole seems artificial. Nice, good hearty read, but artificial. I would read the book again, it is certainly a very pleasant read. With each book I buy I keep hoping that there will be a little more development, that the personae would be a little less predictable, and that seems to be the case. If you are not a Christian, you will find this perhaps overpowering.

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