



The Fruit

Proclamation #52

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Vol. 4: 'It Is a Game To Them,' says YHWH

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By Elvira

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PROCLAMATION

‘So I looked, and behold, a pale horse. And the name of him who sat on it was Death, and Hades followed with him. And power was given to them over a fourth of the earth, to kill with sword, with hunger, with death, and by the beasts of the earth.’ — Revelation 6:8.

The Father gave me two peculiar dreams in the early morning of Aug. 14, 2024.

I saw a page of a comic book, on it a room that looked almost like a casino was drawn, full of people. These people were players, and each had a different game in front of them, as they shot villainous looks at each other.

Then my point of view widened, and I was able to capture the room's scenery and atmosphere. There were drugs, alcohol and a palpable ambience of celebration. These people were laughing, playing, smoking cigars, and drinking wine.

I understood in my spirit that this was no simple casino; it wasn't an innocent play date. It was not merely a play night laden with illegal substances and activities; it was much darker than that.

YHWH showed me this picture to represent a spiritual situation that is very real in our world: the trading of souls.

These merchants' games consist of trading lives, swapping destinies, and selling nations. Their game nights are where they assemble to decide who gets to die and who gets to live, who gets to be wealthy and who gets pillaged, where they should start a war next, who is up for the presidency or the throne; and they do this for nations all around the world.

YHWH said, angrily, ‘It is a game to them, a game.’

They were represented in a comic book drawing because it is like a comic book story to them.

‘Human life has no value to them,’ **says YHWH**.

The vision progressed with a series of scenes of people just dropping dead in different parts of the world.

I saw a man in a laboratory finishing his work. He cleaned his desk and made his way to the door, but stopped short and dropped dead on the spot.

There was also a man at an office. He stood from his chair and walked towards the coffee machine to refill his mug, but was caught in his steps and dropped dead.

Next, I saw a woman cleaning her home. She was peacefully sweeping the floor when she was struck with paralysis mid-movement. A few seconds later, she dropped dead.

All of these people were dropping to the floor, in the middle of normal day-to-day activities, without any announcement or visible cause. No accident.

On top of this carousel of scenes, I saw a large title appear that read: ‘The Angel of Death.’

‘When he broke the sixth seal, I looked, and there was a great earthquake; the sun became black as sackcloth, the full moon became like blood, and the stars of the sky fell to the earth as the fig tree drops its winter fruit when shaken by a gale. The sky vanished like a scroll rolling itself up, and every mountain and island was removed from its place.

Then the kings of the earth and the magnates and the generals and the rich and the powerful and everyone, slave and free, hid in the caves and among the rocks of the mountains, calling to the mountains and rocks, “Fall on us and hide us from the face of the one seated on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day of their wrath has come, and who is able to stand?” —Revelation 6:12-17.

I woke up and a few moments later, fell back asleep and had another dream.

There was a great darkness, dark clouds and dark smoke, spreading all across the earth. This darkness moved like a cloud, but was not really one. It was just obscurity, like a veil devoid of any light. It was as if obscurity had feet to walk.

My impression from these images was that the source of light in the sky was being drained, and this dark vacuity was spreading all around the earth’s atmosphere. Light was being sucked out of the air, as the darkness increased and overtook it.

It was quite literally nothingness. The best words I can find to describe this are dark vacuity or black emptiness.

As I watched this dark vacuity fill the earth, I heard a group of voices, the rumbling of a crowd, say, 'It is dying.' These words, 'It is dying,' resounded all around the sky.

It was echoing: 'It is dying... dying... ying... ing.... ing...' Then it was repeated: 'It is dying... dying... ying... ing.... ing...'

Chilling.

Time suddenly stopped. The picture of this dark earth was frozen, flipped around its head, and thrown into a large dark pit.

Next, I saw this obscure image go down in free fall, accelerating with every passing second. But the scariest thing was that as I watched it, I physically felt the effect of falling through gravity in my own flesh, in my bed.

Anyone who has visited an amusement park and has gone up the 'free fall tower' knows this feeling. It is as if your bones, inner organs and brain were being made to descend into hell itself.

Thankfully, this only lasted a few seconds. The dream ended, and I woke up, terrified.

Clearly, the 'it' spoken about in the loud echoing voices was referring to the earth: 'The earth is dying... dying... ying... ing.... ing...'

Chilling.

'From the ends of the earth we have heard songs: "Glory to the righteous!"

But I said, "I am ruined, ruined! Woe to me! The treacherous dealers have dealt treacherously, indeed, the treacherous dealers have dealt very treacherously."

Fear and the pit and the snare are upon you, O inhabitant of the earth. And it shall be that he who flees from the noise of the fear shall fall into the pit, and he who comes up from the midst of the pit shall be caught in the snare; for the windows from on high are open, and the foundations of the earth are shaken.

The earth is violently broken, the earth is split open, the earth is shaken exceedingly.

The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall totter like a hut; its transgression shall be heavy upon it, and it will fall, and not rise again.

It shall come to pass in that day that the LORD will punish on high the host of exalted ones, and on the earth the kings of the earth.

They will be gathered together, as prisoners are gathered in the pit, and will be shut up in the prison; after many days they will be punished.

Then the moon will be disgraced and the sun ashamed; for the LORD of hosts will reign on Mount Zion and in Jerusalem and before His elders, gloriously.' —Isaiah 24:16-23.

AFTERWORD

The Fruit Factory is a call to true Israel and the end times church. It is time for harvest! The Lord Yahshua, the Christ, is sounding the trumpet: only the fruitful will make it.

Here are our top-five recommended proclamations for every reader of The Fruit Factory to get a clear understanding of the times that will preface the Messiah's return, and learn how to endure till the end. Please *read them in order, from top to bottom*. You won't regret it.

[Welcome](#)

[The Necessary Paradigm Shift](#)

[Free Will and The Knowledge of Good and Evil](#)

[From 2025 Moving Forward](#)

['You Will Regret It,' says YHWH](#)

We encourage you to subscribe to get email notifications of all new proclamations; the link for that is thefruitfactory.co/report. If you want to support the unadulterated proclamation of Yah's prophetic word, click here to visit our giving page; or go to thefruitfactory.co/giving.

About the author

Elvira is a servant of YHWH the Most High God, who was born again in Christ over 20 years ago and received her call from YHWH to do this work in 2021. She is a writer from the tribe of Judah with interests in law, media, and business. Email mail@thefruitfactory.co to get in touch.

By the way...

'**Yahshua**' is simply Jesus' name in Hebrew. Various scholars have argued for spellings and/or pronunciations like Yehoshua or Yeshua, which are variations of *Joshua*, but we prefer to stick with Yahshua as meaning, 'Yah/YHWH saves.'