



THE FIRST BOOK OF HOLT 1:1 – PROVEN FIRE

My name is Catherine Holt. The Lamb will forgive me. I know this. I know it.

The witch was happy in my son's high school. I know she was – I saw her in the dreams the Lamb sent me when we moved to this place. Greendale, my husband calls it. He showed me on a map but he knows I do not read. He told me not to read and I obey him, as the Lamb instructs. I am a good woman.

There is a nunnery nearby, the Convent of St. Adrienne. I know my husband will send me there if I am bad and he would be right to do so. I am good. I am loyal. He makes certain that I take my pills. He will keep me by his side as the Lamb intended. He will be my salvation.

My husband did not bring our family here to fight witches or demons or any of their ilk. Caleb put that behind us when we left the ashes of Albany behind us. He'd done all he could to fight the fires of that place and there were some that called him a hero without knowing the truth of how right they were. The demons and the evolutionists, the vaxxers and the demoncrats, all of them had burned. My husband told me it was a good thing and I believed him. What we'd seen, what he'd done. He held me in his arms and told me he wanted to put it all behind us.

I love my husband. I am a good woman. A good wife.

But the dreams.

My Father told me that women are weak and that we carry the Original Sin inside ourselves. We are susceptible to the Devil. Sometimes, a sliver of the devil's power sets root in us and we can see pieces of the Dark Plan. With proper care from a good man, such a woman can be a powerful weapon for the Lamb and against the Dark Lord. My stay in the Convent of St. Adrienne marked me as such a woman. I forgot in motherhood my place for a time, but my Father and my Husband reminded me of who I must be and who I must obey. It is dangerous for any woman to have too much freedom, but especially dangerous for someone like me.

In the wrong circumstances, I could become a witch again.

- The First Book of Holt 1:2 -

The witch's name is Sabrina Spellman and the devil is in her.

She attends Baxter High School and no one suspects the truth of her. She smiles and is calm and she is pretty; the Devil disguises the worst of his offences behind kind eyes, kind lies. No one suspects but her coven, her close circle of friends whom she has turned from the Lamb. That is how her kind of corruption begins. That is how her kind of corruption spreads.

"We must show them the truth," I beg my Husband, and he smiles and squeezes my hand and forgives my impertinence.

"We will, honey," he says. "I love you."

I love him with all my heart.

He is a hero and he looks like one. He and his whole team are here with him, the Heroes of Albany. They stood against the fires of Hell, stopped the screaming flames from spreading out of control over the whole country. My Husband, led by the Lamb, chose this place when they asked him

where he wanted to go. There are many churches here and there is also a Convent of St. Adrienne and that is important should I lose myself again.

Now that we know why he was called here, we know that the Convent will be important in the days to come.

- The First Book of Holt 1:3 -

Baxter High is a good high school. They have a good education program that is sponsored by some of the corporations that make this country the greatest in the Lamb's world.

When my son, John Holt, Jr, questions the evolutionists and their lies, the faculty lets him speak freely. They accepted him and his black friend, Mark Simmons, into the graces of their football team. The former quarterback's family was devastated by a cave-in that, thankfully, did not harm the profits of the company that owns the mine. John is happy to step into place and leads his team in prayer before every game, which is good and proper. Mark snaps John the ball and John throws it to Mark and they score and score and score. I do not understand but I know my son and his friend are good at it, so I cheer and help them celebrate.

The witch is there with her human friends. Sabrina Spellman. I watch her in her pretty cheerleader's uniform. She never raises her voice. She never seems upset. She stands there, pretty and confident, and I know that she corrupts people with her words and her slight pretty frame.

I tell Caleb my concerns.

"We need proof," he tells me. "Some sign that she's a witch besides your woman's intuition."

They need proper logic, I know. I have given them a target. Until they take her there is little more I can do.

I am only a woman.

I am not a witch.

- The First Book of Holt 1:4 -

I wake up screaming.

My husband holds me, comforts me. He uncuffs me from the bed and runs his hand down my back, along the ink tht holds the Devil's gift in check. He fetches a cold towel and puts it on my head.

"What did you see?" he asks.

And I tell him.

I saw Sabrina Spellman in Hell. Not suffering, no. I saw her sitting on the Dark Lord's throne, holding sway over the infernal multitudes, the pretty girl from Baxter High who was so certain in her corruption that she would challenge the Lamb and twist a generation away from from what is right and proper.

"I'll tell the boys," my husband tells me. "We'll find that proof and then we'll go after her."

“You cannot kill her,” I say, and my loving husband again forgives me for sounding like I might command him. “You must bring her into the Light of the Lamb.”

“If it'll make you sleep easy,” he says. “Go and tell the Convent that we'll need use of their care.”

His command is my penance. I close my eyes, bow my head.

I will do as he commands.

- The First Book of Holt 1:5 -

I go to the Convent of St. Adrienne.

I have to sit and breathe on my way there. My hands bunch into fists when I sit and it takes time and deep breathing to control myself. I cannot appear out of sorts when I go there – they will be looking for any sign that their Good Work has weakened. Any excuse to take me down into the Abbey and do what they must.

There is no road on the way to the Convent, merely an old hiking path barely tended to by the sisters. So very few come here. So very few understand why it might be necessary. The Convent towers over the trees as I approach, looming down like the watchful eye of the Lamb. My husband has given me some of my trust as an offering. It is accepted.

The door opens.

“you tremble when you come to this place”

The words come from the woman in front of me.

Sister Joy is kindly in appearance. Her voice has a soft lilt to it and it is pleasing when she sings. Her habit is maintained and black as night. I did not eat or drink before coming here and I am glad of it; I would have soiled myself when her voice touched my ears, when she stepped into my line of sight.

The Convent is well-lit, immaculate. I am clean but I feel dirty walking in here and I am hunching without meaning too, shaking uncontrollably. Sister Joy guides me to a seat and I sit and bow my head and we pray together, pray to the Lamb for salvation.

“what brings you here, child?”

She knows. I know she knows but she is testing me. I tell her what dreams I have seen and she nods her head. I tell her everything and she listens and scours the sins from my body. The other sisters will clean the blood I leave behind. She helps me sit, helps me dress, helps me to the door.

“we will be ready, child. the Lamb sees you. you are forgiven”

I am outside and they did not take me into the depths of the Abbey.

I am grateful and full of pity for Sabrina Spellman, but she must be Saved. She will be Saved.

By the Will of the Lamb.