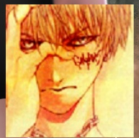


SAVING SABRINA

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The first Book of Holt 4:1 - Binding 'Brina



THE FIRST BOOK OF HOLT 4:1 – BINDING BRINA

Sabrina Spellman.

A little ghost of a thing, slim and pale, hair short and curling at the ends, subtle make-up and conservative dress. The Devil dresses his most dangerous weapons to blend in with the rest of us, to lure us away from the Lamb. I knew that better than most. I had been what Sabrina was now, and, soon, she would join in me in thanks for the salvation of Good Men.

Her human friends had been saved: Rose had given up a burden never meant for her, Susie had accepted her true self, Harvey had found solace among us. They pulled back from her, abandoned her because we willed it. When she came to Baxter High she was alone. When my son, John, Jr, asked her out to coffee she accepted.

She pretended at loneliness, at curiosity. She was a cheerleader and my son the quarterback of her team. Of course she was delighted, the chance to lead my son's innocent soul into temptation.

Poor little witch.

She was unprepared to have her own tricks used against her.

- The First Book of Holt 4:2 -

A normal girl would be cautious when going out to see a man.

A good girl would want some kind of chaperone present.

A pure girl would have never seen a man after dark.

Sabrina Spellman was none of these things, instead relying on the goodness of others and her own evil power to keep her safe. She was the Devil's tool and she thought to use our goodness against us, but we are the chosen and we are always prepared to stand against Evil.

"We owe her nothing," my husband said. "Not until she's been saved."

I nodded agreement at his wisdom.

"Is our son ready for this?" I asked, and my husband held me, rubbed my shoulders to soothe my weakness.

"You did an excellent job raising him," he said, kissing my forehead. "And who better than us to prepare him for a lifetime of battling evil?"

"In the name of the Lamb," I murmured.

"In the name of the Lamb."

He left me to watch on the cameras we had claimed.

- The First Book of Holt 4:3 -

My boy was handsome. My husband his father helped him dress, helped him prepare for what was to come. He was in a football jacket and blue jeans, a t-shirt white and pure as the Lamb's

Holy Wool. He wore new running shoes and three syringes within easy reach, one at the shoulder, one in his jacket pocket, and one at his ankle.

Even after Elspeth, he was having trouble taking this seriously, and who could blame him? We had sheltered him throughout his life, kept him safe from the many Evils the Devil sends to plague men. Learning of the existence of Evil after even a partially secular life made the reality of Evil a difficult thing to accept.

“What we do here is holy, boy,” his father told him.

My son nodded, but for all he had seen and all he had done he still did not yet understand.

But he would. By night's end, he would.

- The First Book of Holt 4:4 -

He met the witch outside Cerberus Books. She arrived early, appearing as dusk settled the light away. She was wearing a red coat over a short black dress that barely reached down to mid-thigh, an invitation for the unwary. Black leggings kept her warm but showed off every line of her slim little legs, and more than one innocent man watched her as she walked, as she moved, their eyes trailing those legs and wishing they could see up her skirt.

Sabrina's expression was a mask of innocence, but I could see through it. I had been like her, once, showing off too much of my body in order to entice simple men, manipulating them as I saw fit. My husband had beaten my wiles out of me, showing me that I could not use false promises to manipulate him when he could simply take what I had to offer as he willed. My only salvation lay in the Lamb and accepting the Lamb as my personal Savior.

Whatever defiance had been left was purified at the Convent of St. Adrienne.

My hands hurt from squeezing. I took deep breaths and tried to relax.

“Hi, Sabrina,” my boy said, smiling.

“Hi, yourself,” she said, her eyes sparkling, a small mischievous smile coming easily to her painted lips. She followed him back inside as he ordered himself a coke and a scone, then led her back outside. Her hips swayed when she walked, drawing the eye to the edge of that short skirt, hinting at what evil lay nestled there.

“Wanton whore,” I heard myself whisper, feeling hatred. “Salacious little slut. You'll get what's coming to you.”

She frowned, looking around, puzzled. My son finished his scone and offered her his hand.

“That's awfully forward, Mr. Holt,” she said, her smile almost demure.

A good girl would not have taken his hand on the first date.

She entwined her fingers with his, smiling up at him.

The greatest trick of the Devil was using decency as a shield for perversion. She could pretend to be chaste, setting her skirt length just so, setting her hair and wide eyes to distract, using the promise of touch to enchant even without the vile powers at her disposal.

And she was using them on my son.

My son.

- The First Book of Holt 4:5 -

For all its many sins, Greendale is not a very large town. For one child, innocent and athletic, and one witch, empowered by the Devil, it is not a hard thing to walk across it. They walked hand-in-hand, fingers entwined, towards Baxter High. The hallways there are cramped, the outside of the school aging and falling apart as the edifice of false knowledge fades away without the protection of the Lamb.

The football field is a shining beacon of what humanity can build, bright lights, a temple surrounding a battlefield from which my son could lead an army to glory. It was easy for the quarterback to enter his stadium, even beyond school hours.

"You okay with a little breaking and entering?" my son asked the witch. She just smiled.

"Are you?"

"I don't have to," my son said. "I have a key."

He led her inside, under the bright white lights. He led her further in field, talking about nothing, keeping her distracted. My husband's men were already in position, waiting for her to fall fully into the trap.

Three Steps more.

Two.

One.

- The First Book of Holt 4:6 -

The first bean bag was aimed at her head, but she raised her hand and it stopped in mid-air. Another followed and she turned, not raising her hand as the bean bags slammed into some unknown force and spattered uselessly, broken into dust. She stepped in front of my son, claiming him as her prey, portions of the bleachers bursting into flame.

My son, so brave, drew a syringe and grabbed her wrist. She pulled her hand free and the syringe burnt to slag in his hand. Some unseen horror of hers pushed him to the side. My son went flailing away from her as more bean bags exploded around her, slithered into uselessness by her power.

The explosives were all around her, detonating in sequence. They were supposed to smash her into one explosive force after another but when the fire settled she stood among them, unaffected. A wave of her hand turned the simmering flames into towering pillars that snaked up and out, hunting through the bleachers for my husband and his friends.

Brave, heroic, my son ran through the fire and tackled her, carrying her to the ground. A second syringe was driven down towards her but she narrowed her eyes and some unseen hand pulled my son off of her and flung him to one side. She arose and there were suddenly five of her, all heading in different directions.

So much effort was wasted on her illusions, almost allowing her to escape back the way she had come.

A shadowed figure ran to my son. Not my husband – he knew better in these circumstances than to take his eyes off the witch. I saw young Mark move to my son, check on him, help him up. Concentrated assault rifle fire was forcing the witch back into the light, and Mark helped my son flee as the Sabrina Spellman lifted herself from the earth.

She was so much more than we had thought.

Flying, hovering in the air, her hands spread as she directed fire and death. Explosions we had not planned ripped apart the football field, my son and his friend narrowly avoiding the violence that she would have inflicted upon them. The force of it all flung John, Jr and Mark away from one another, isolating them in the face of the witch's power.

Explosions from far away caught her attention.

The Funeral Home. The Devil's School. The Bar.

I smiled – the explosions marked our victory at all three places.

The Witch howled in fury, hellfire circling around her, and people died. She descended from on high, a force of nature, a flaming whirlwind that reaped those that approached her with nothing but faith and assault rifles. My husband stared the witch down as he got close, screaming fury as she turned her eyes upon him. The rifle melted in his hands, her intent driving him to his knees.

I felt my eyes water.

My fingers touched the screen.

How many Good Men would it take to bring her down?

“Hutt!” cried Mark, snapping the ball.

My son, my beautiful perfect son, caught the ball and threw it, a perfect spiral that slammed into the side of the witch's head. She staggered, caught off guard. Both my son and his friend tackled her to the ground, Mark holding her as John, Jr claimed the last syringe and drove it into her breast, just above the heart, pumping her full of chemicals.

Her eyes fluttered, closed.

The battle was won.

- The First Book of Holt 4:7 -

My husband organized the fire fighters of Greendale and the fires were put out quickly and with minimal damage. His investigation revealed that the arson was started by satanic figures, and many people were arrested as a strong call for family values and basic decency was enforced throughout Greendale and the surrounding towns.

The surviving witches were taken to the Convent of St. Adrienne to begin conversion.

As a reward for all he had done, my son was offered the chance to become Sabrina Spellman's sponsor.

He accepted.

I had never been so proud of him as I was at that moment, even if I could not follow him into the halls of that sacred place. I tried, but my knees would shake and my legs would stop working and I would find myself on the floor weeping, holding myself until someone else held me.

"It's okay," my husband told me, leading me gently to the bed, chaining me down. "It's okay. He's going to be fine. You're going to be fine. It's over now."

I thanked him for his kindness, his wisdom, his strength.

"I love you," I said.

"You should," he answered, kissing my cheek, the last lock closing. He ran a hand through my hair until I was sleeping.