



*Branca's bloodline is plagued by a Familiar Spirit for one hundred years through deception and spiritual warfare. There is only one hope for Branca and her family to be set free: through the Son whose light causes darkness to flee.*

## **Cast Out: Chronicles of a Familiar Spirit**

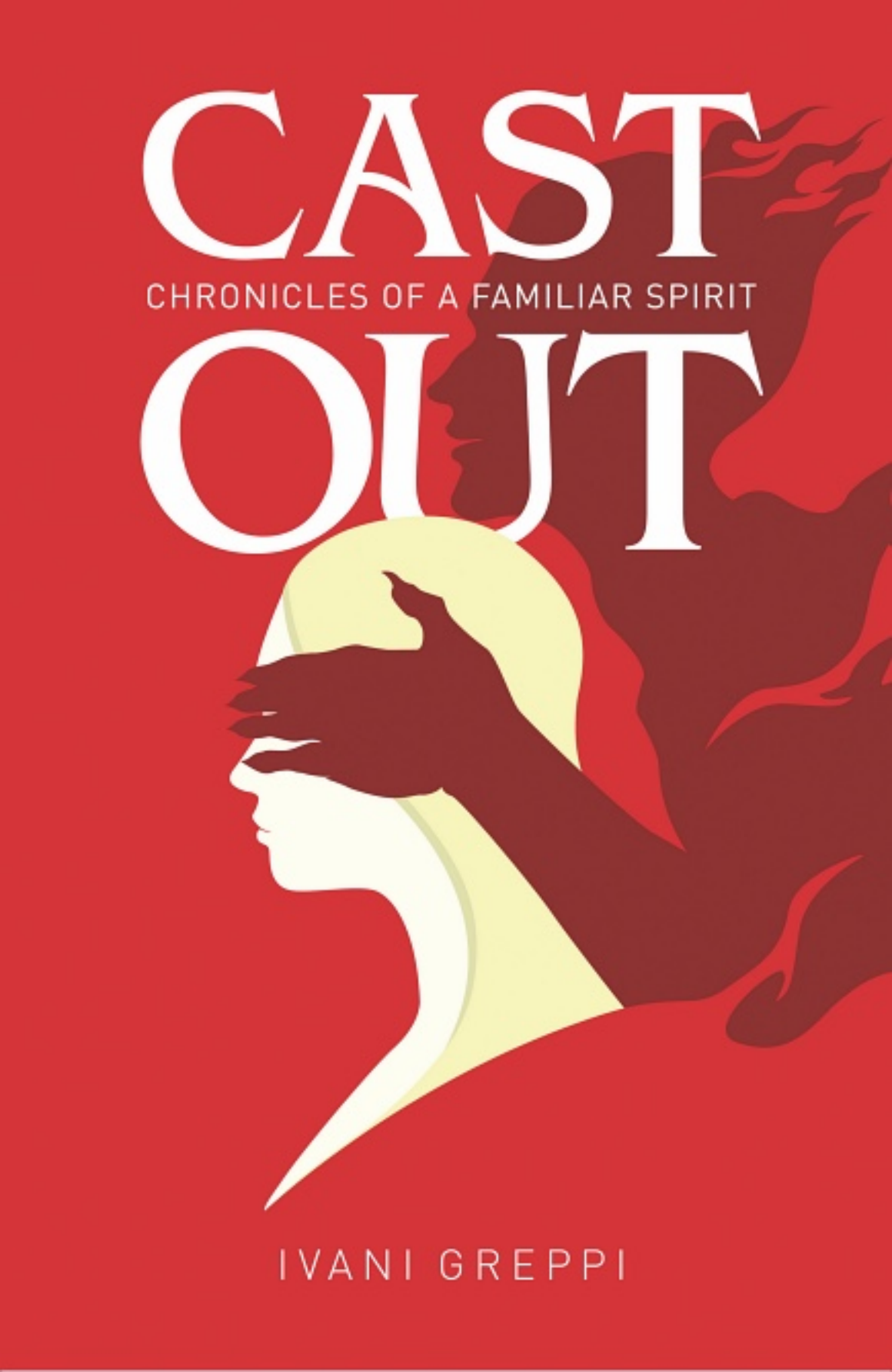
By Ivani Greppi

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# CAST CHRONICLES OF A FAMILIAR SPIRIT OUT

The book cover features a vibrant red background. In the center, there is a stylized illustration of a woman's profile in white and light yellow. Her hand is raised to her forehead in a gesture of distress or contemplation. Behind her, a dark silhouette of a man's profile is visible, looking towards her. To the right, there are stylized, flame-like shapes in a darker red, suggesting a sense of passion or conflict. The title 'CAST OUT' is written in large, white, serif capital letters, with 'CHRONICLES OF A FAMILIAR SPIRIT' in smaller white capital letters between the two main words.

IVANI GREPPI

CAST OUT – CHRONICLES OF A FAMILIAR SPIRIT

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This is a work of historical fiction, based on actual persons and events. The author has taken creative liberty with many details to enhance the reader's experience.

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## THE VISITOR

KISSIMMEE, FLORIDA, Friday, March 21, 1997.

On this spring morning, per my superiors' orders, I am summoned away from my post for an urgent assignment. Here, before this box-shaped, pink building—painted the very shade of stomach remedy—I pace. Quite a contrast, this pastel building is, sitting between two dignified brick and mortar edifices. Located in this historical Florida cow-town, it stands out like lipstick on a nun.

It does not belong here. And neither do the foreigners who own it—the aliens whom I've been in charge of for generations and sent to keep an eye on today.

Back and forth, I pace the sidewalk taking in my surroundings. A tropical breeze blows, flapping American flags before several businesses like banners on warships. Sunshine glints off windshields from cars parked next to meters across the street. Palm fronds rustle above, casting fragmented shadows where I walk. Slow traffic rolls over the cobblestoned street, a bicyclist wearing a helmet, swooshes by, and a few pedestrians peruse the shops' windows.

To the pink building's right is the Fraternal Order of Eagles Lodge, better known as F.O.E. I stop my pacing when the front door opens, and the bartender walks out. Cool air escapes the cavernous hall carrying pungent odors of stale smoke and beer. He yawns and stretches before taking a seat at the bench on the sidewalk. An old Labrador with matted yellow fur rests under the bench. He sniffs the bartender's shoes and promptly falls back asleep.

Across the street, the greasy-spoon café's cook sets-up a chalk-board menu sign. He turns to wave at his friend, "Morning ... time for a break, ain't it?"

"Yep. Come on over," says the bartender. "Let's have a smoke, brother."

Wearing his ketchup stained apron, the cook crosses the street with a lopsided grin on his unshaven face. Out-of-breath, he sits next to the bartender and pulls out a cigarette from his pack, "Got a light?" The dog whines and the cook reaches beneath the bench to pat his head. "Go on back to sleep, boy," he says in a gruff voice.

The bartender strikes the match and cups a hand over the flame, lighting his friend's cigarette. With his thumb, he flicks the smoldering stick to the ground, not far from where I stand, "How's business, brother?"

Smoke pours from his nostrils when he grunts and signals with his head at the pink building, "Reckon as good as theirs." Taking a deep drag, he scowls at his friend, "Look it here. Who paints a building pink and names a printing shop Pyramid? Fore we all know it this whole place be run over by them kind."

"Yep," the bartender scratches his temple, "Downtown ain't what it used to be no more."

Bored, I position myself before the two men. Rocking on my feet, I clasp my hands behind my back and watch them closely. The dog lifts his head and gives a low rumbling growl.

"Go on back to sleep, boy," the cook squints and shades his eyes, staring past me. "Yep, this old place. Who knew? People who *no habla* English taking over. Soon enough, this here neighborhood ends up looking like a puked-up box of crayons."

The bartender snorts out in laughter. From within the deepest cavities of his sinuses, he snorts again. With force, he spits out thick phlegm, barely missing my foot.

"Accursed brood!" I snarl and grab the bartender by the throat. My hands wrap around his fat neck, blocking his trachea. With force, I shake him like an olive tree in a storm. Smiling, I watch the man cough and gasp. His eyes bulge out, and tiny blood vessels branch out like vines on his sclera. His bulbous nose turns the shade of a ripe plum. Laughter pours out of me as he flails like a fish on a hook, his opened mouth gulping for air.

Oh, how I wish to snuff the life out of him. Nevertheless, this piece of flesh does not deserve another ion of energy wasted on him. More important issues are at hand. So, I let him go.

"Whoa there," with his cigarette dangling from his lips, the

cook slaps his friend hard on the back. While his friend catches his breath, the cook says, "Time to cut back, brother. Fore you cough up a lung, eh?"

"For a sec, thought I was a goner, brother," he says in a raspy voice, looking like a dog that returns to his vomit.

My attention turns back to my assignment. From the corner of my eye, I spot the car turn in from Main Street. Enraged by the visitor's approaching presence, I stretch out my claw. Deep shadows form as clouds cover the sun. Summoning my darkest energy, I project it into the dog. It yelps in fear, dashing directly into the vehicle's path—brakes screech. The minivan swerves. But much to my disappointment, it misses running the mutt over by mere inches.

Rattled, the two friends stand. With outstretched necks, they watch the dog race safely across the street.

"Hey!" The cook yells out, "Slow down, there, mister."

The car continues to approach, and I scream, "Veer away, veer away!" My commands go unheeded as the man calmly parallel parks directly in front of the pink building. Before he has a chance to step out of his car, I rush over to him. My claws clench the half-opened door, and I growl, "There's nothing for you here. Leave now." Even as one of his legs stick out of the car, I attempt to distract him, "Your meeting today at the church? Did you forget?" I push the door as he hesitates, "You'll be late. Leave now. If you know what's good for you."

He checks his wristwatch, turns away from me, and grabs the Book from the passenger seat. To my surprise, he pushes the door open and steps out of the minivan. So, I stand before him and point to the pyramid logo on the sign and whisper, "Why are you here, preacher man? What do you want with my charges? My captives—my slaves—can't you see? They are followers of the occult. Heathens! You, sir, are not welcomed here."

My only mission today is to keep the preacher man from entering my charges' business. Through our extensive network, my watchers informed me that this man, a missionary from Brazil, targets immigrants all over this small town. He has already snatched many away from us. He certainly is trouble and must be stopped.

Nevertheless, I fail to convince him to turn around. And how

his obstinate pig-pigheadedness infuriates me! He steps on the sidewalk, and my energy surges all around. I give him a tremendous shove. He trips and falls knee-first onto the pavement. The Book falls a few inches away with a thud where he kneels with both palms on the ground.

The cook and bartender find this scene quite amusing, and while I hover over the preacher's body, I hear them cackling like hens from their bench.

The bartender laughs, "Little early to be drinking now, ain't it, mister?"

Picking up the Book, the man stands and dusts off his slacks. I rush to the printing shop's door and stand before it blocking his entry.

And with my outstretched claw before his face, I scream, "Ha! What do you want with us, man of God? Have you come to destroy us? I know who you are."

## THE MESSAGE

**W**ith great force, the preacher opens the door—a bell chimes above the frame. And before stepping inside, he bows his bald head, pinches his eyes closed, and says, “Be quiet demon. You have no authority or power here.” Like a sword, he brandishes the Book in my direction and prays, “The Lord rebuke you.”

With the appearance of lightning, two guardians accompany the man inside. Another sentinel—this one, built like a mountain—stands guard at the entrance. Snarling, I venture a cautious step closer to the door. Inch-by-inch, I attempt to establish my territory. One final bold step when beneath my feet, the earth roars as if by a violent earthquake. I crash on the ground. Shaken and weak, I crawl away from my adversary. His laser sight targets my every move as I drag myself to the storefront window. For now, I have no other option but to watch the enemy’s interaction with my charge’s family from behind the glass pane.

Through clenched teeth, I vow, “Ah preacher man ... how you will pay for this.”

From behind the counter, my charge’s sister greets him with a smile, “Hi. May I help you?” Barely five-feet, she looks up at the tall, suit-wearing stranger. Of course, I cannot hear her words, but I can easily read her lips. And his as well.

Placing the Book on the counter, the man asks, “Speak you the Portuguese?”

Just as she opens her mouth to respond, her father storms in from the back pressroom. Like mimosa leaves, she shrinks into her shoulders and tucks a copper-red strand of hair behind her earlobe, anchoring a hoop as big as a bracelet.

The father’s bearded chin thrusts forward and scans the stranger from head-to-toe. Methodically he wipes ink from each finger with a rag. He focuses on the Book sitting on the counter as if it’s an abomination of desolation on the altar of his business



establishment. Stone-faced, he finally extends his hand, answering the man's question, "Sim—Yes, we speak Portuguese."

There's a glint in the pastor's hound-dog eyes when he shakes the father's hand. Rehearsed scripture gushes out of his blabbering lips, "Grace and peace be yours in abundance through the knowledge of God and Jesus our Lord."

With narrowed eyes, the father pumps the man's hand, listening to his nonsensical, pious mutterings.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, senhor. I'm the pastor for the new Brazilian Congregation at Community Church. Our mission is to reach out to the non-English speaking residents in this area." At last, releasing the father's hand, he draws in a deep breath looking suddenly forlorn, "There are so many lost souls living here who need help, right?" With raised hands, his eyes widen, "Not just material needs, senhor. No." Now a smile, too wide and a bit too friendly, brightens his round face, "But help that can only come from our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The One who gives us all."

There's an almost indiscernible shift of position by the sister who still stands quietly behind the counter. Grasping the edge with both hands, she observes the two men like a runner waiting for the starter pistol to fire. And this brings a delectable smirk to my lips.

The preacher continues, "It would be a great blessing to have you and your family join us this Sunday."

The father's pointy eyebrows lift, wrinkling his forehead. He scoffs, "Look here. We speak very good English. You know what? My family and me been here since '68, okay?" Shoving the ink-stained rag in his jean's back pocket, he continues, "Listen. Let me tell you what. Churches are filled with greed. Corruption." Both hands are on his hips now, "Religious people. All they know is the condemning of others, right?" An index finger with a half-moon of black ink embedded under his fingernail points at the pastor's shocked face, "Listen here. You want business cards? Flyers? We can help you. Church, religion—we don't need."

I clap, "That's it. Good job. Well done indeed." My hatred penetrates through the glass at the foolhardy buffoon still standing there looking quite shell-shocked. I yell out my command, "Go on. Finish him off now."

But much to my irritation, the preacher makes a quick recovery. Plastering another fake smile, he says, “Por favor, senhor. If I may.”

I slap the glass and screech, “If you may?” I slap it again, “You may vacate the premises now, you God-peddler!”

“Permit me to explain, yes?” He smooths his tie and nods at the sister, whose complexion now matches her hair. “My reason for being here is in obedience to God’s calling. To turn you from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God, so that you may receive forgiveness of sins.” He points up at the fluorescent lights hanging from the water-stained drop-ceiling and smiles again, “This isn’t about church or religion, my brother.”

In expectation of her father’s explosive response, the sister backs away from the counter, chewing on her lower lip. There is the blackest darkness of a storm raging in his eyes. She turns her attention to the pastor, whose smile withers like a scorched plant. Slowly he picks up the Book from the counter, shielding his chest with it.

“What is this? Satan? Sin? Who are you to judge?” His eyebrows knit tightly together. And as his voice rises, the carotids in his neck become engorged with pulsating blood, “Who are you? Huh? To walk in promising this so-called freedom, when you—yourself—are a slave of whatever this religion is that mastered you. We don’t need it. Don’t want it.” And with that, the father turns on his heels leaving straight away back to the press-room.

I cheer and applaud behind the glass, “Bravo. Well done, sir! Very well done indeed.” Without any interference from me, the father, like a good disciple, set the pastor in his place. Mission accomplished. “See preacher man,” I hiss through my fangs, “You’re not welcomed here. Leave this place now.” I howl with laughter and slap the glass, causing it to vibrate with a thud, “Get out now! You worthless failure. Leave us alone, man of God!”

Perspiration beads on the preacher’s flushed face. He pulls out a kerchief from his jacket’s pocket and wipes his brow, “Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you sister.” Placing the Book under his arm, he turns and reaches for the door.

The sister stares at the counter, thanking the pastor, “Obrigada.” And waves an apologetic goodbye.

Laughter explodes from within me while I rush past the sentinel who still stands guard at the door. I rub my claws together, anticipating seeing the preacher man walk out with his tail between his legs

Encircling his vehicle, I plot my revenge. There on the back of his minivan is a metal fish on the bumper. I give it a swift kick and climb the car's rooftop. I raise my arms in the air and taunt the sentinel who stands firm in full armor, immovable except for laser-eyeing my every move, "They did not submit to the Message. You fool!" With glee, I jump up and down, concocting a mechanical failure in the minivan. Perhaps a traffic accident at the intersection? "Ha! How you wasted your time here."

I hear the doorbell chime. At last, the door opens. Clenching my fists, I watch for the pastor's exit, but the door closes again, and now he's back inside. "What is this?" I scream and dismount the car. Crouched on all fours, I growl like a rabid dog, "Where are you, preacher, man?"

Sprinting towards the door, I screech, attacking the sentinel with claws and teeth. He lifts up his shield, grabs me by the neck, and flings me across the air. I crash against the lamppost and sprawl to the sidewalk like discarded rubbish. Drained, my energy expended, I crawl on hands and knees back to the storefront's windowpane. And what I see inside makes my fury pour out like lava. In a whirlwind of damnation, I vow to the heavens, "For this, great vengeance, I will execute on you!"

The sister. The cretin little twit. Oh, how this meddling tale-bearer has bewitched her! It repulses me to watch her reach out to him with pleading hands, "My son. Seventeen. Drugs." Her lips quiver. Tears of lamentation plop over the countertop. "Girlfriend. Pregnant."

There is too much brightness surrounding her now, and I struggle to read her lips. But I know full well what the little traitor is doing.

"Sister, lift up your eyes. Where does your help come from? It comes from the Lord, the maker of heaven and earth. He will not let your foot slip. He watches over you. He will keep you from all harm and watch over your life. The Lord will watch over your coming and going, both now and forevermore."

## THE MESSAGE

I pummel my fists against the glass, “No! I forbid you!” Where is the father? This intruder needs to be silenced. The enemy must not succeed. Certainly, the press going off like a locomotive in the backroom keeps him from hearing the poisonous lies the preacher contaminates his daughter with. I command her to look at me with all my might.

But instead, it is the preacher who stares back at me in defiance. Cupping his hands over hers, he says, “Believe in the Lord Jesus, and you will be saved—you and your household.”

My forehead repeatedly crashes over the cold glass. Exposing my fangs, I howl, “Lies, all lies!”

There’s a flash of light. For a second, it blinds me.

And at that instant, the sister’s soul is redeemed from the pit.

Still, all is not lost. And vengeance is mine.



## BRANCA

There's not a second to waste. I rush back to my home base, where I find Branca, my primary charge, outside on the patio. She stares blankly at the algae floating over the pool's surface with her chin resting on the palm of her hand. A cigarette burns in a full ashtray before her. And just as I approach, the phone rings, jarring her back to reality. Jumping to her feet, she rushes past me and opens the French doors to answer the call.

Much to my vexation, I already know who is on the other line.

She presses the canary-yellow receiver to her ear. In a hollow tone, she says, "Hello?" The tangled coils of the phone cord stretch when she steps back into the patio. With a sigh, she plops down on the chair, "Hey. Oi." After a deep drag of her cigarette, she says through a cloud of smoke, "Nothing much. Tired. Got home from work a little while ago." Her fingers twirl around the phone cord, "Why? What's up?"

It's obvious why the double-crossing snitch is calling. Alas, the backstabber's message will only fall on deaf ears. Attaching myself to my charge, I press close to the receiver and hear the sister say, "This pastor from Brazil came to the shop today ... "

"Really?" Branca asks with a flat affect.

I distract her attention back to the pool, "Isn't it a shame you can't take a dip in that pea-soup? Wasn't it just sparkling a few days ago?" She shuffles in the chair when I point out the patina-like film covering the inflatable toys scattered around the deck, "Poor kids. Stuck in the house on this beautiful day. Maybe it's time to hire a pool service, hm?"

"Hello? You still listening to me?" The talebearer laughs, bringing my charge's attention back to the conversation.

"Sorry. What was that?"

"Well, like I was saying, this pastor ... he prayed for me."

Laughing, Branca says, "Come on now. Really?" She crosses

her legs, dangling a flip-flop between her toes, "Are you serious? A pastor prayed for you in the shop?"

"Yeah, he did," her voice sounds cautious now, "And I don't know how to explain this, but I felt so much peace like I never felt before."

"God!" Branca rolls her eyes, "You sound like those crazy church people, Mana!" With her leg swinging like a pendulum, she slaps the sandal against her foot, "What's this all about?"

"Well, you're not gonna believe this," Mana takes a deep breath, "I've accepted Jesus Christ. I'm a Christian now, and I ... "

Telepathically I roar into my servant's ear, "Enough!" Touching her forehead, my wrath spews like venom coursing through her soul, "Your sister is contaminated by this preacher's lies!"

Deep furrows form on her forehead when she yells back into the mouthpiece, "You? A Christian?" She stabs her cigarette in the ashtray. Her voice flares, "He contaminated you with those religious lies! Are you kidding me right now?"

Like shadows penetrating through the pool screen from the great oak branches above, my darkness blankets over my charge. Every cell of Branca's body is infected with my oppressive presence like the mildew spreading over the deck. No purification method can cleanse my malignant stains and make this house where I dwell clean.

My house.

The sister remains silent for a moment, then says, "No. I'm not kidding. Listen, Branca. You know the hell I've been going through with that boy—first, the drugs. Then dropping out of high school. Now the pregnancy." A deep sigh, "Everything's falling apart around me. But I'm telling you, something happened since that prayer. It did. I feel peace and hope now."

"You should hear how ridiculous all this church talk sounds coming from you." She lights another cigarette and shuts her eyes in exasperation, "Just ridiculous."

My expectation is for the sister to become defensive as always. For this conversation to end in the usual argumentative tone between the two. However, the new convert's attitude surprises us both. No, she does not indulge in the usual godless chatter. Not

offended. Not defensive. Indeed, the man of God's influence is already spreading through her soul like gangrene.

"I know how weird this sounds. But maybe if you meet the pastor ... "

This conversation has gone far enough—time to end it now. I whisper, "Your sister is a weak-willed woman, loaded down with petty troubles in her life. Putting her trust in this stranger worming his way into her life. So easily swayed into the depravity of his teachings. Disgusting how she regurgitates these lies from a stranger who just walked in from the street. Who knows what his intentions are? What about your parents? What if he influences them as well?" This suggestion makes Branca sit up straight. Her hackles are raised. Her eyes narrow when I hiss, "See, it's all about money. That's all this preacher wants. Money is what he's after."

"Weird? It's scary, that's what it is." Echoing my words, she punches the glass table sending ash across it, "Money. That's all this preacher wants. It's disgusting how you trust this stranger worming his way into your life. You better keep him away from mamãe and papai Mana!"

There is a suspicious moment of silence on the other line. Is the little traitor praying? Yes, I can sense it. Weak prayers, but prayers lifted up to the Son nevertheless. Subtle and rippling. Faint like whiffs of freshly mowed grass in the morning breeze, it permeates the atmosphere interfering with my energy field surrounding my charge. Momentarily my connection with Branca is broken.

But more than anything, I want to destroy that pastor and the sister. To tear out their skin and flesh from their bones with my claws. But for now, extracting my charge from this tedious drivel is paramount. It takes much effort to reattach myself to her consciousness again, "It's getting late. Dinner must be cooked. Children's homework needs to be checked. What about that boy's room? Such a disaster, no? You have better things to do than to listen to this foolishness." I lay my claw over her head, "Hang up this phone now."

"He's not like that at all, Branca. He never mentioned money."

"It's getting late. I need to cook dinner, check the kids' homework." Drumming her fingers on the glass-top, she huffs, "I



gotta go now.”

“Sure. Okay. But the main reason I’m calling you is to invite you over this Saturday. The pastor is coming over for coffee. Maybe you’ll change your mind after you meet him?”

Ha! Absolutely not. Never will I allow my charge contact with that loathsome foe. With a snap of my fingers, I conjure up an immediate distraction. The son’s boombox comes on like a jet breaking the sound barrier. Music blasts through the walls of his room into the patio, disrupting the conversation at once.

Cawing like a crow, I scream the lyrics in Branca’s ears about shadows. I call her name. And she shudders.

“I swear if I get my hands on that kid—I gotta go now. Tcháu.” Before the sister can say another word, she walks inside and slams the receiver against the phone on the wall.

The house is filled with booming heavy metal music. These sounds exhilarate me. Explosive, like a battle of great destruction, it shatters the sister’s message into shards of meaningless words. Cursing like a wicked barbarian with an unbridled tongue, she pounds on her teenage son’s bedroom door repeating every filthy word I sigh in her ear. It’s just like playing the child’s game of Simon-Says. Through her lips comes the overflow of her heart. With a small spark, her speech is set ablaze in profanity, spewing each poisonous word. Words she can never take back. She obeys me like an animal with a bit in her mouth. I steer her exactly where I want her to go.

“Turn that off now!” Redder and redder her palms turn as she continues to pound and scream across the door.

The family’s dog, a dirty mess of a matted thing, whimpers off to a far corner of the living room with its tail between his legs. Too many times, this animal has been caught in the cross-fire of my charge’s wrath.

A few feet away, her daughter, who is barely ten, curls herself into a ball on the couch, covering her ears with both hands. Beneath the thick lenses of her glasses, she shuts her eyes in fear. Blue light flickers from the television across the dim room while animated images dance on the screen. Cartoonish, infernal laughter; music blaring; pounding fists on the door; hollering; and

cussing fills the house in a cacophony of a tumultuous racket. This chaos is like a balm to my ears.

Oh, how her children are far from safety. Crushed by her constant fits of anger. They do not have a defender. They were born to trouble. So, as her derogatory words like sparks continue to fly upward, the boy finally turns off the music. Through a small crack on the door, he sticks his acne dotted face out and says, "Sorry, mom."

Mere apologies do not appease her. Her tongue continues to lash out at the boy. With his hair pulled back in a ponytail, his left eyebrow pierced, he hangs his head in shame. Endless insults are hurled at him, and she orders the boy to "clean-up this pigsty right now."

With my arms crossed over my chest, I step back and observe with pride. For some time now, our Simon-Says game is over, but she does not need much prodding from me once she gets started. Her open hand is close to her son's face during the tirade. Humiliated, he remains at the door, his head bowed low, waiting for his mother's fury to pass.

## THE ANCESTORS

One hundred years ago, I took charge of Branca's paternal great-grandparents in Calabria, Italy—in a town called Ciró. Since all her ancestors were hurled into other countries where they were not born, where they died, and never came back to the land they longed to return, it is imperative at this point to retrace her genealogy.

Let it be known, through these accounts, I speak only from my own nature. So, for now, let the sun of time be stilled, the moon of space be stopped.

As a familiar spirit, or perhaps an imp, or even a minion as some may choose to label me, my authority and control over generations of Branca's family tree have been my lot for much longer than a century.

Let it be clear: Specific territories have never been assigned to me. In our spiritual hierarchy—the Kings, Princes, Generals, Legions, Cohorts, Captains, Rulers, Centurions, and even the Strongmen—have dominion over territories and control the geopolitical events affecting history throughout the ages to lead this whole pathetic world astray.

Just as a numerous company of rebel angels, I have been given authority over bloodlines for multiple millennia. This is how we serve the rulers and principalities, the underworld's gods, the spiritual forces, and dominions of this dark world. It is our cup. Our portion. Our inheritance. Our pleasure to crush these souls. To cause suffering. For them to never see the light of life and be satisfied. To blind the unbelieving ones' minds, so the light of the Son may not dawn on them.

Has not this story been written for thousands of years? What has been will be again; there is nothing new under the sun. Is there?

My desire is to return even further back in time. Perhaps as far

back as the Bronze Age. Apollo's shrine's fossils and rudiments from ancient Greek settlements have been unearthed in this quaint seaside of Ciró. Its roots going all the way back to Odysseus, the legendary king of the Greeks. The clever and cunning hero in the Trojan War.

But not so to the Romans who called him Ulysses. Instead of a hero, the Romans considered him nothing but a falsifying cruel villain placed by Dante near the very bottom of hell. Wrapped in flames, Ulysses was known as fraudulent, malicious, and scheming.

The above serves to illustrate perspective in human nature. And the reason I discuss this is to show how I, too, like Odysseus (or Ulysses if preferred), had my very own Trojan Horse in the grand scheme of things. Indeed, I used it in my own odyssey for the battle of my new charges' souls here in the proverbial toe of Italia's boot shape.

A passage in the Book declares all human creatures share a common destiny. The righteous and the wicked. The good and the bad. There is no one righteous, not even one. What shall we conclude then?

Although my charges claimed to be wise, they became fools. Their thinking futile, and their hearts darkened.

Therefore, whenever they tried to do good, I stood right there with them.



*Branca's bloodline is plagued by a Familiar Spirit for one hundred years through deception and spiritual warfare. There is only one hope for Branca and her family to be set free: through the Son whose light causes darkness to flee.*

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