

## WARNING: SPOILERS BELOW !!!

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"You can say *that* again," Guy said.

"The costumes, the rituals," Mr. Castevet said; "every religion, not only Catholicism. Pageants for the ignorant."

Mrs. Castevet said, "I think we're offending Rosemary."

"No, no, not at all," Rosemary said.

"You aren't religious, my dear, are you?" Mr. Castevet asked.

"I was brought up to be," Rosemary said, "but now I'm an agnostic. I wasn't offended. Really I wasn't."

"And you, Guy?" Mr. Castevet asked. "Are you an agnostic too?"

"I guess so," Guy said. "I don't see how anyone can be anything else. I mean, there's no absolute proof one way or the other, is there?"

"No, there isn't," Mr. Castevet said.

Mrs. Castevet, studying Rosemary, said, "You looked uncomfortable before, when we were laughing at Guy's little joke about the Pope."

"Well, he *is* the Pope," Rosemary said. "I guess I've been conditioned to have respect for him and I still do, even if I don't think he's holy any more."

"If you don't think he's holy," Mr. Castevet said, "you should have no respect for him at *all*, because he's going around deceiving people and pretending he *is* holy."

"Good point," Guy said.

"When I *think* what they spend on robes and jewels," Mrs. Castevet said.

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"Satan is His Father, not Guy," Roman said. "*Satan* is His Father, who came up from Hell and begat a Son of mortal woman! To avenge the iniquities visited by the God worshipers upon His never-doubting followers!"

"Hail Satan," Mr. Wees said.

"*Satan* is His Father and His name is Adrian!" Roman cried, his voice growing louder and prouder, his bearing more strong and forceful. "He shall overthrow the mighty and lay waste their temples! He shall redeem the despised and wreak vengeance in the name of the burned and the tortured!"

"Hail Adrian," they said. "Hail Adrian." "Hail Adrian." And "Hail Satan." "Hail Satan." "Hail Adrian." "Hail Satan."

She shook her head. "No," she said.

*(Continues...)*

Minnie said, “He chose *you* out of all the world, Rosemary. Out of all the women in the whole world, He chose *you*. He brought you and Guy to your apartment there, He made that foolish what’s-her-name, Terry, made her get all scared and silly so we had to change our plans, He arranged everything that *had* to be arranged, cause He wanted *you* to be the mother of His only living Son.”

“His power is stronger than stronger,” Roman said.

“Hail Satan,” Helen Wees said.

“His might will last longer than longer.”

“Hair Satan,” the Japanese said.

Laura-Louise uncovered her mouth. Guy looked out at Rosemary from under his hand.

“No,” she said, “no,” the knife hanging at her side. “No. It can’t *be*. No.”

“Go look at His hands,” Minnie said. “And His feet.”

“And His tail,” Laura-Louise said.

“And the buds of His horns,” Minnie said.

“Oh God,” Rosemary said.

“God’s dead,” Roman said.

She turned to the bassinet, let fall the knife, turned back to the watching coven. “Oh God!” she said and covered her face. “Oh God!” And raised her fists and screamed to the ceiling: “*Oh God! Oh God! Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!*”

“*God is DEAD!*” Roman thundered. “*God is dead and Satan lives! The year is One, the first year of our Lord! The year is One, God is done! The year is One, Adrian’s begun!*”

“Hail Satan!” they cried. “Hail Adrian!” “Hail Adrian!” “Hail Satan!”

She backed away—“No, no”—backed farther and farther away until she was between two bridge tables. A chair was behind her; she sat down on it and stared at them. “No.”

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Killing was wrong, no matter what.

She drank more tea.

He began whimpering because Laura-Louise [...]

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Everyone else said "Hail Andrew" and "Hail Rosemary, mother of Andrew" and "Hail Satan."  
Rosemary tickled the baby's tummy. [...]

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