



PROLOGUE.  
WESTBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

A YEAR AFTER THE BIRTH.



THE HOME AND SANCTUM OF  
EDWARD THEODORE SPELLMAN.

TICK Tock

TICK Tock

HIGH PRIEST OF THE  
CHURCH OF NIGHT.

TICK  
Tock

SCHOLAR,  
OCCULTIST,  
FATHER.

TICK  
Tock

TICK  
Tock

TICK Tock



WHO HAS CONJURED HIS  
LORD SATAN, IN THE LIVING  
FLESH, NUMEROUS TIMES...

TICK Tock

TICK  
Tock

...BUT TONIGHT FACES  
A MUCH GRIMMER TASK.



...if I could  
take this cup  
from your lips,  
Diana...

TICK  
Tock

TICK  
Tock

TICK Tock

TICK--



--CLINKK!



Well,  
well.

Good  
evening,  
ladies...



...you do know how to make an entrance.

Welcome, Sisters, and remember: We stand in His shadow.

Happy Halloween, Edward--

--yes, Edward, hallowed Samhain.

Is our little one ready to go?

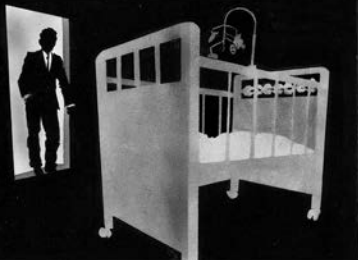


She's upstairs, in the nursery. Her mother's saying goodbye.

You stay right where you are, Zeldia...

"...I'll go and fetch them."

It's time, my love. They've come for...



EDWARD SPELLMAN MARRIED A WILLFUL, MORTAL WOMAN...

HIS SISTERS, EVEN HILDA, WARNED HIM AGAINST BREAKING WITCH-LAW...



OF COURSE, HE'S ALWAYS BEEN WILLFUL HIMSELF.

Oh, Diana...



"...what in the name of Lucifer are you thinking?"

--shhh--  
shhh--

...it's all right, baby, Mommy's not going to let anyone take you from her--

--we'll go somewhere, far, far away...

...consecrated ground, a church, where they can't--

...the woods, Diana?

You believe the woods will hide you?

Eh-- Edward--

We are the woods, Diana...



...but then, you've never understood that about us, have you?

We are the weird woods... we are the salty earth... we are the blood moon... we are the cold October wind that blows through the dry, dead corn...

We are mountains, and rivers, and caves, and night...

Puh-please--



Stay away from me--

You--you can't have her--

You promised us.

We made a pact.



I beg you, Edward, give me more time with her--

A year, even one more year--

Any longer and she'll start to remember.

And that simply won't do.



You'll have another, my pet.

A boy, perhaps. A sweet boy...

...one you can keep.



...how?

no.

No--



**DAMN YOU, Edward, she's our daughter!!**

Which, let's be honest, you never would've conceived without our help--

Come to Auntie Hilda, thaaaat's a good girl--

--yes, we fixed you up, didn't we? Made it so you could have children, so you could bear fruit--

--well, we should get something in return, that's only fair.



"...I'm already damned.  
We both are."



She's not...  
suffering, is  
she, Doctor  
Saperstein?

No, Mr.  
Spellman. In  
that regard,  
at least, the  
operation was  
a complete  
success.

THE HEARTHSTONE CLINIC.

FOR THE MENTALLY UNWELL.

Thank the stars  
for small mercies.

And in terms  
of my wife ever  
recovering...?

Nothing's  
conclusive, but  
every day that  
passes...it seems  
more and more  
unlikely.

I'm so  
sorry,  
sir.



