



THE WITCHES COUNCIL.

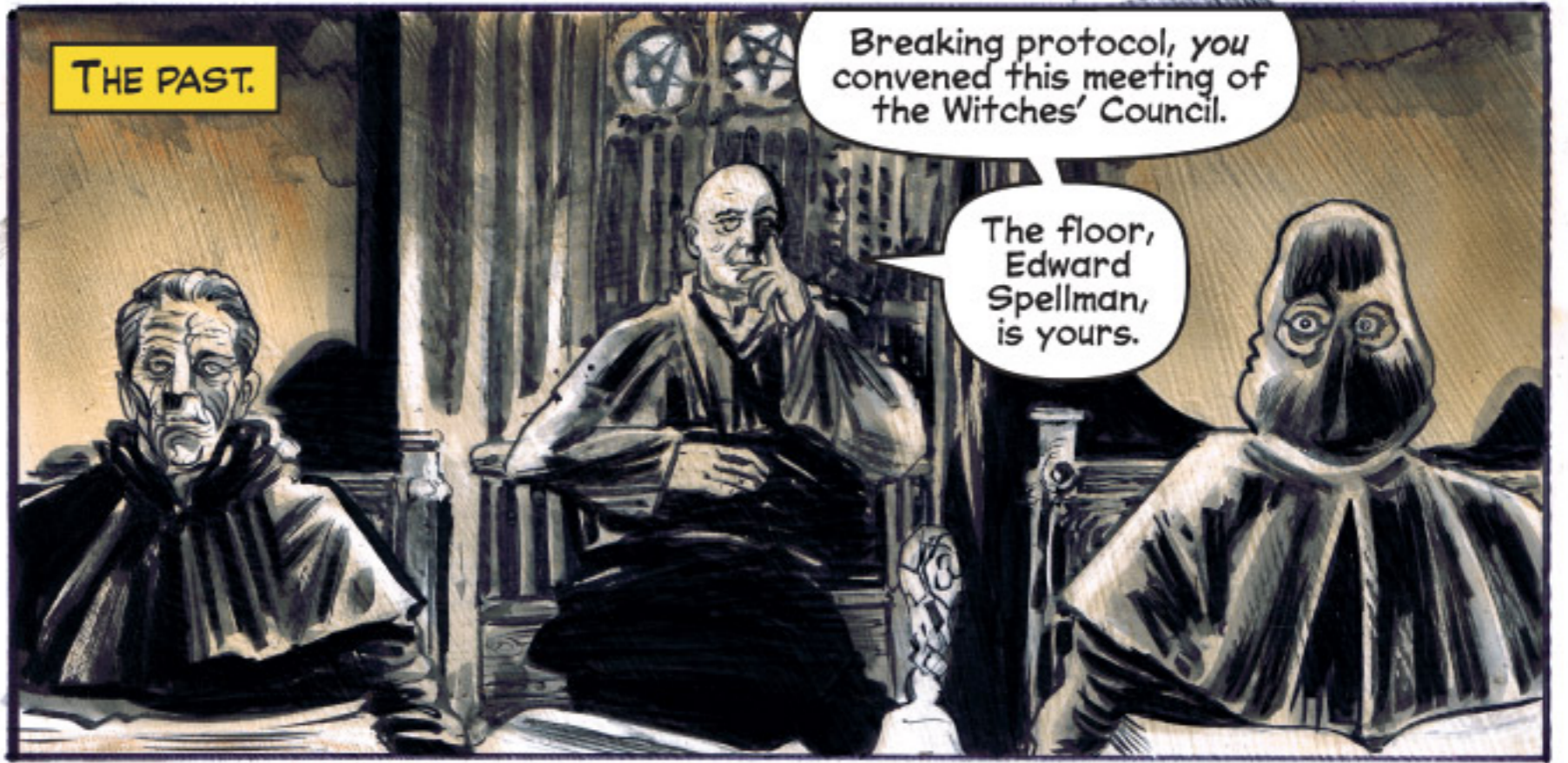
THE PRESENT.

Place your hand upon the Satanic Gospels and state your name, for the record.



Sabrina Victoria Spellman.

Your, uh, honor--highness--sorry, what's the protocol?



THE PAST.

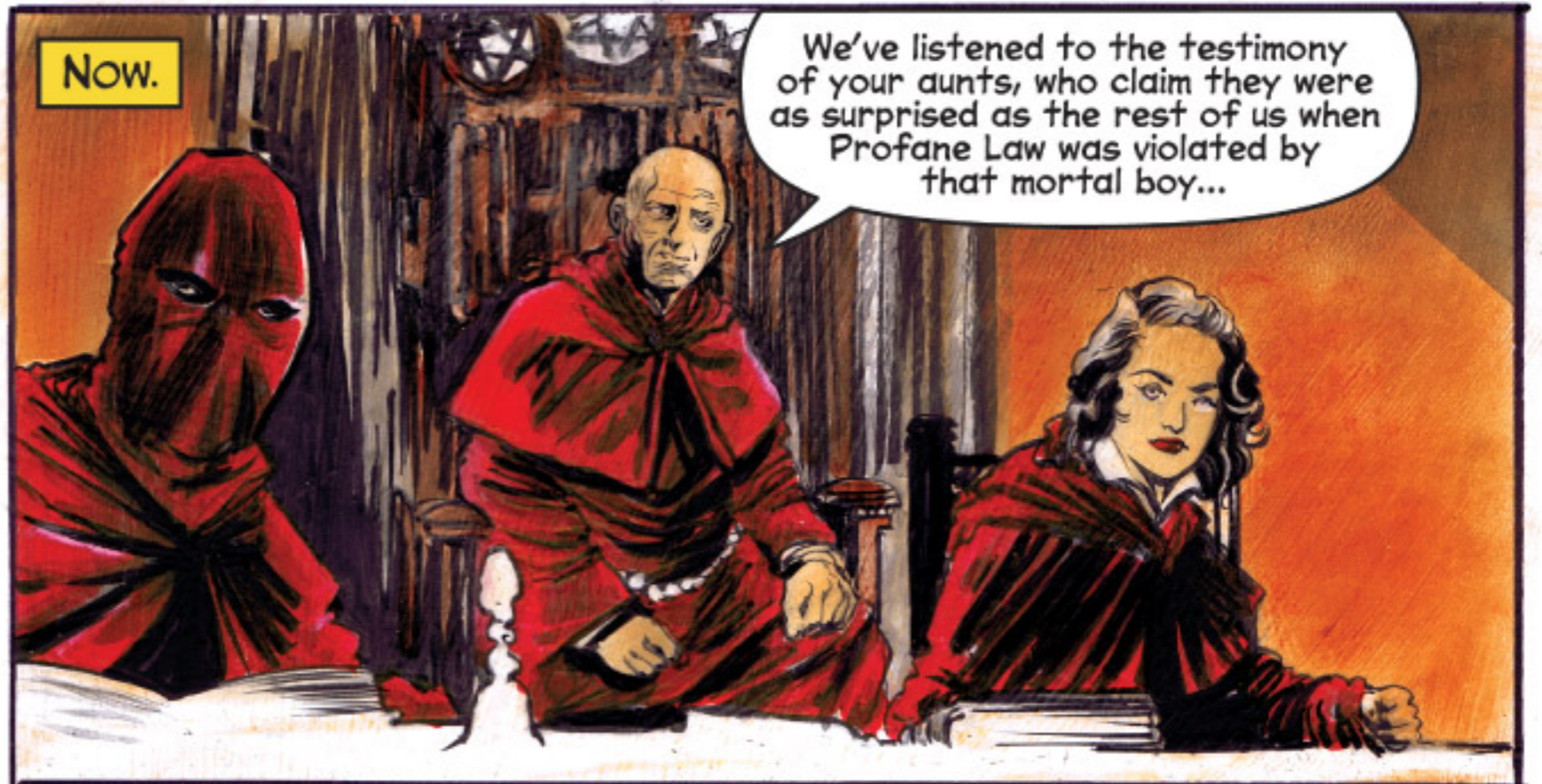
Breaking protocol, you convened this meeting of the Witches' Council.

The floor, Edward Spellman, is yours.



Thank you, High Priest Crowley.

Some of you know why I requested this audience...



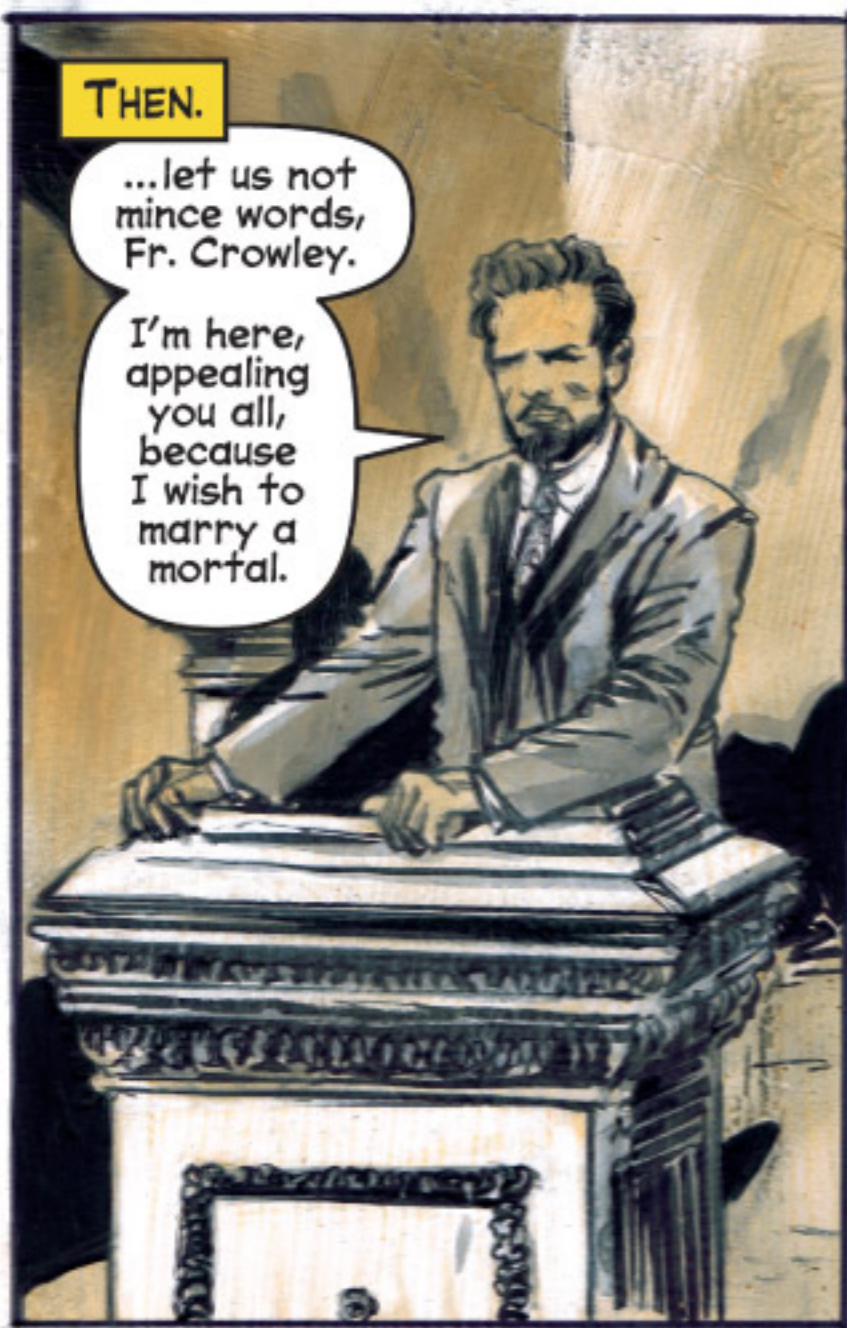
NOW.

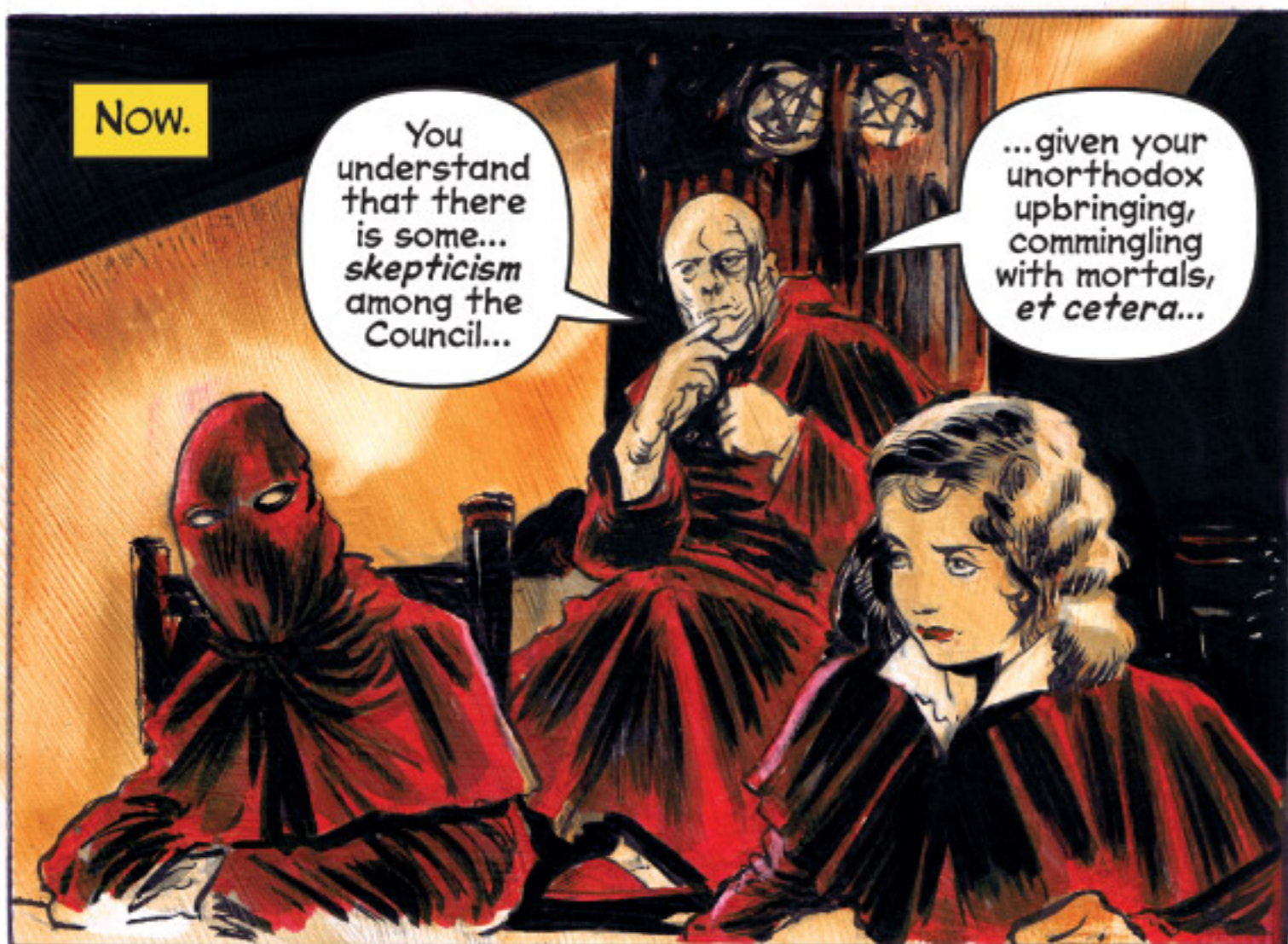
We've listened to the testimony of your aunts, who claim they were as surprised as the rest of us when Profane Law was violated by that mortal boy...



...this Council assumes you claim the same?

I didn't know Harvey was coming and I have no idea how he even got there, that's the truth.





Now.

You understand that there is some... *skepticism* among the Council...

...given your unorthodox upbringing, commingling with mortals, *et cetera*...



Pious bastards.

Zelda.

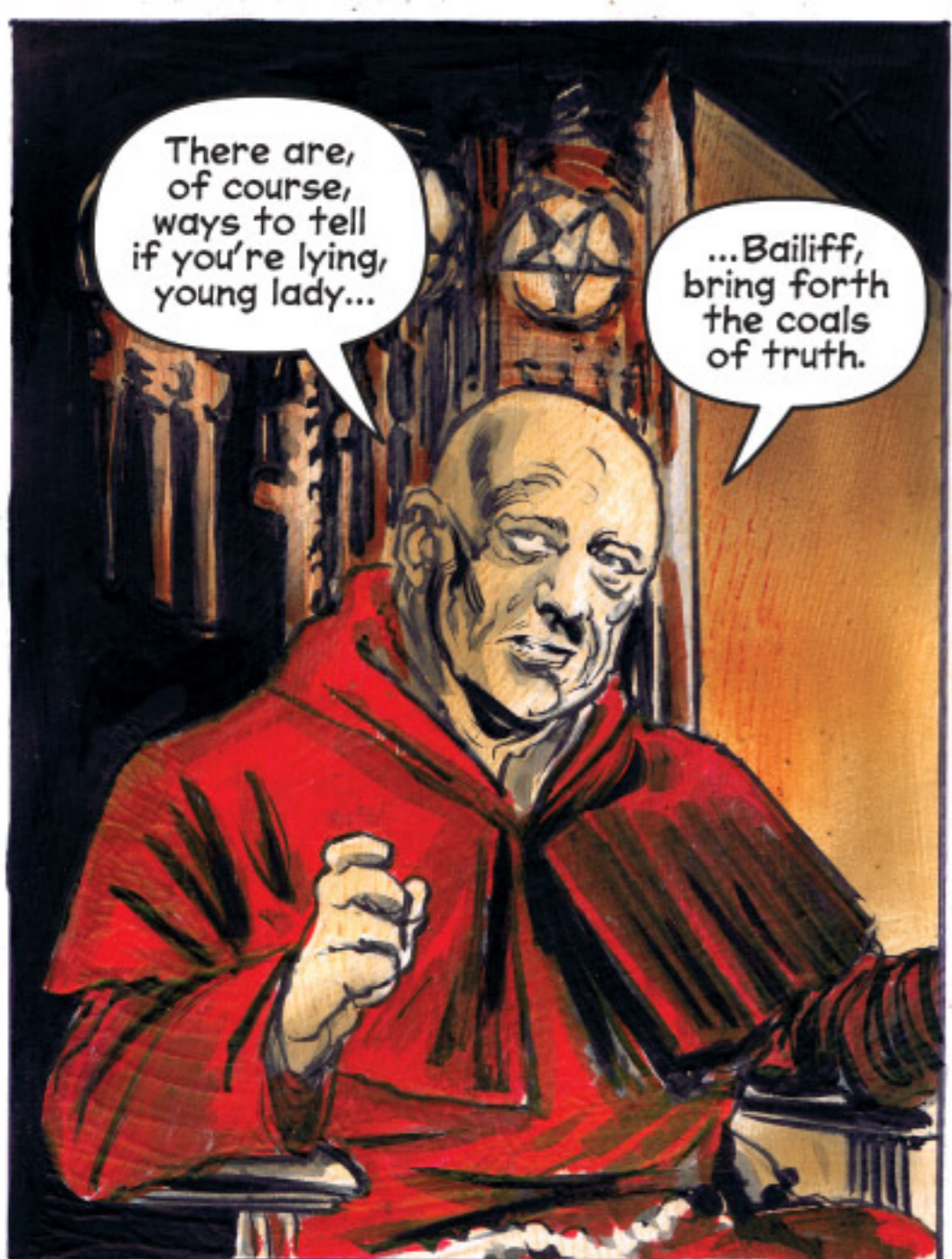


There is a suspicion that you... *colluded* with this boy...

Conspired with him... against the Church of Night...



I would *never* betray my Dark Lord, Fr. Crowley.

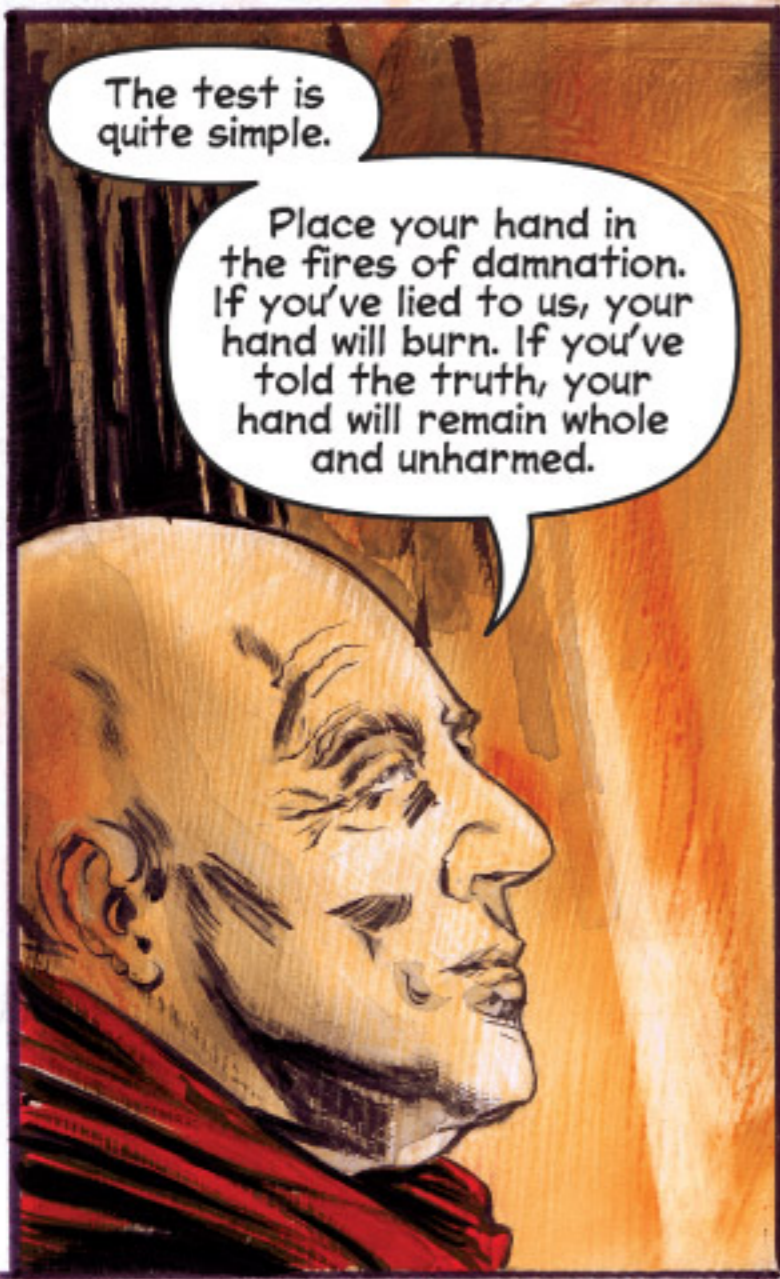


There are, of course, ways to tell if you're lying, young lady...

...Bailiff, bring forth the coals of truth.



I have them, My Lord.



The test is quite simple.

Place your hand in the fires of damnation. If you've lied to us, your hand will burn. If you've told the truth, your hand will remain whole and unharmed.



This is insanity! That test hasn't been used for centuries!

And it was the Puritans who used it back then, against our kind!



It's alright, Aunties...



...it doesn't even feel warm.



Oh, thank Beelzebub!

There! You see? She's innocent!



"Her flesh isn't burning!"

MEANWHILE, IN FOX FOREST:

Omigod-omigod-omigod--

It huuuurts, it so huuurts...

Calm down. It shouldn't be too much longer...

