



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,
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, Zelda...

"...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--

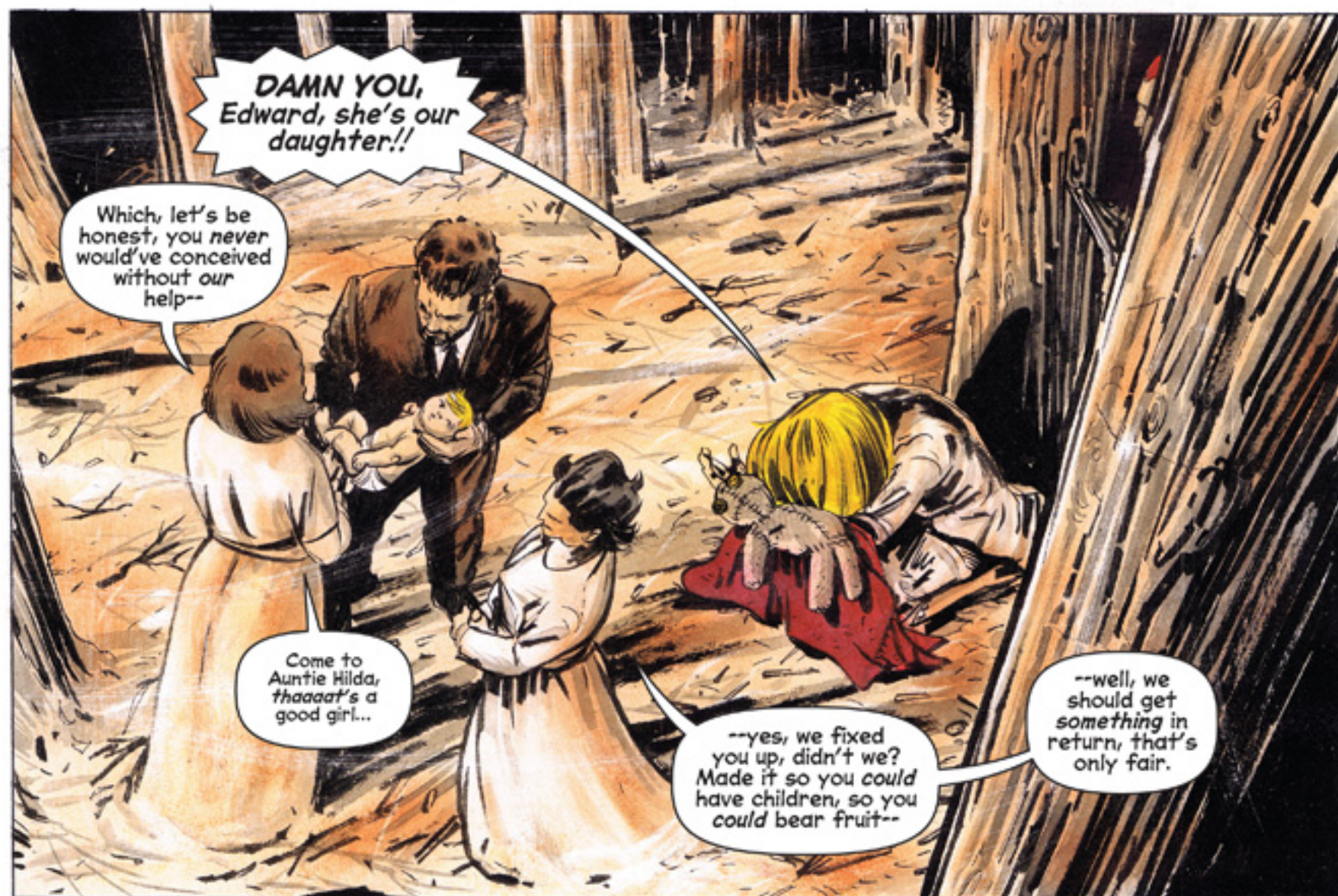
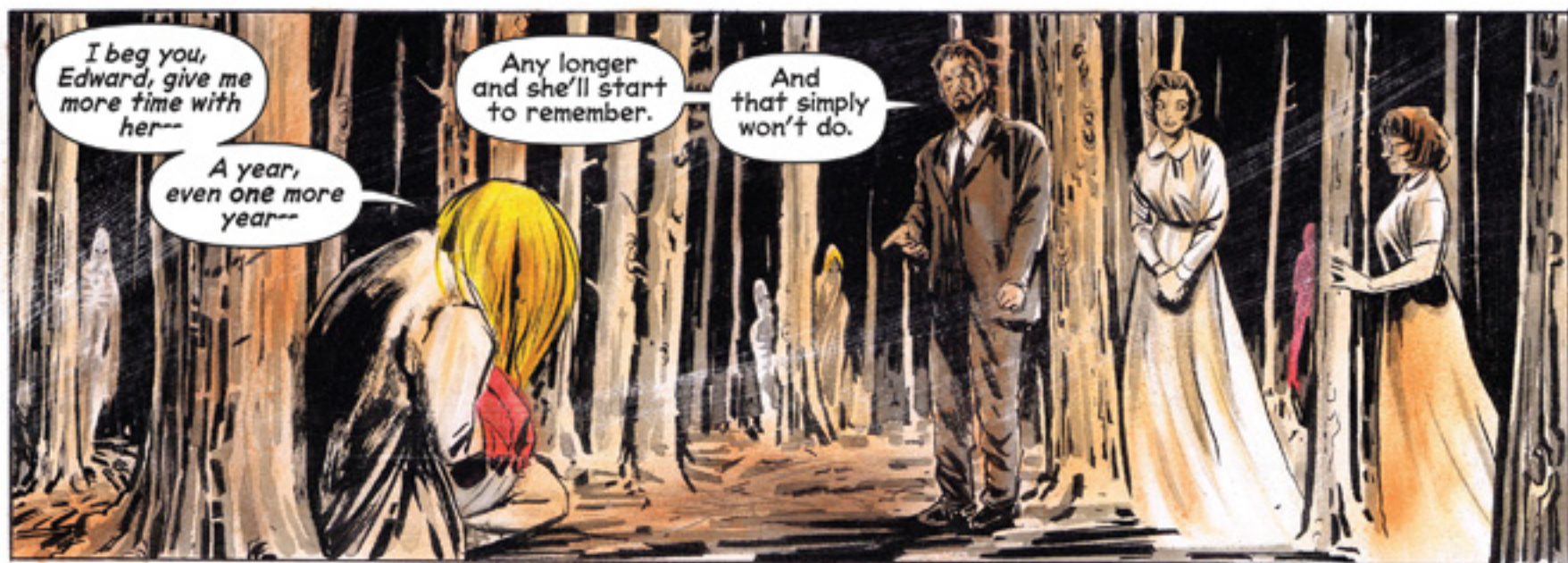


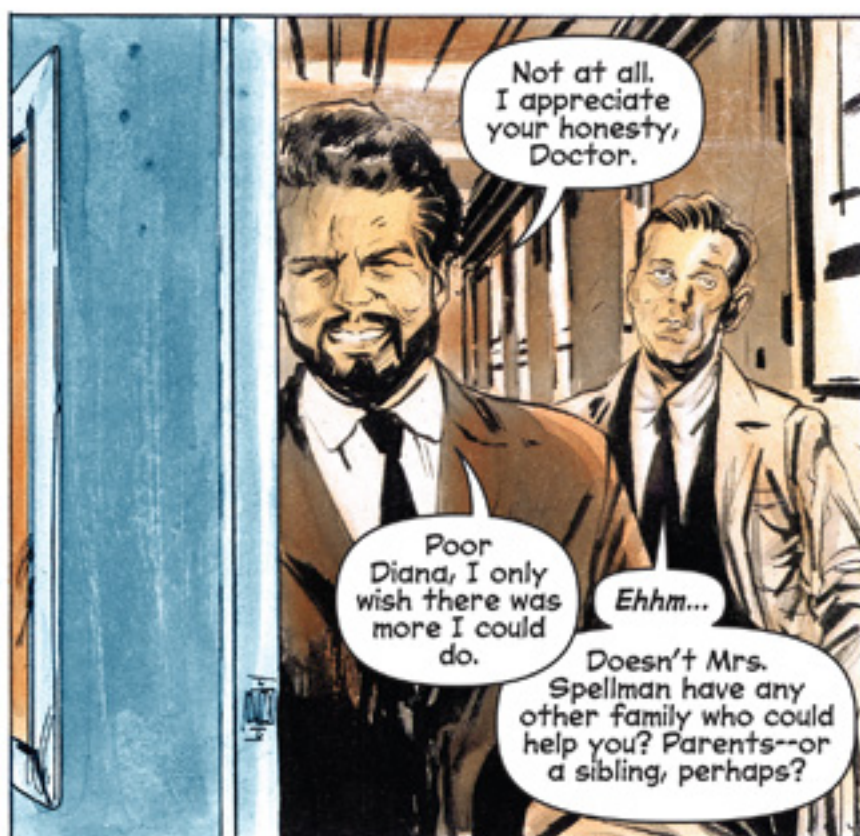
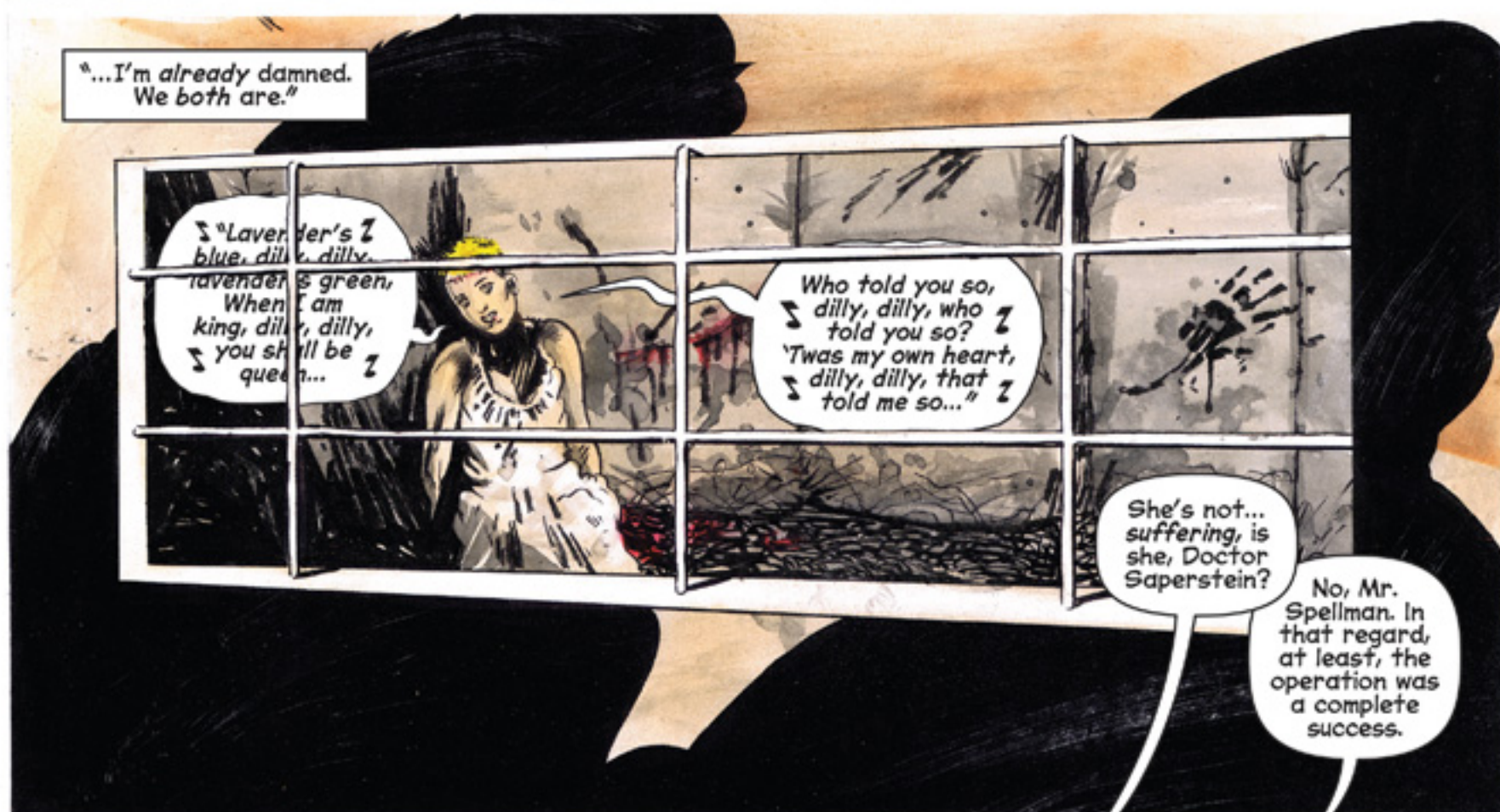
Stay away
from me--

You--you
can't have
her--

You
promised
us.

We
made a
pact.





PROLOGUE: AUGUST, 1962.

It used be,
in the old days,
witch-babies were
baptized with unholy
water on the first
full moon after
their birth...



HOMESCHOOLING:
A FIELD TRIP.

Which never quite
made sense to me.
How could there not
be a choice?
Free will?



THE WOODS NEAR
SALEM VILLAGE.

The Fall--
the foundation on
which our faith is based--
happened because of
free will.



Then came
the Trials
in...

What year,
Sabrina?



1692,
summer
and fall.

Correct.
The Year of
Infamy...



...when
how many
witches were
executed?



Nineteen
by hanging,
Aunt Zelda.

One poor
warlock crushed
by stones...





That's right, Giles Corey, who--when asked to reveal the names of other witches, so that his life might be spared--famously said...

...more weight...

He was a martyr and a hero, Giles Corey.

May the Dark Lord bless and keep him.



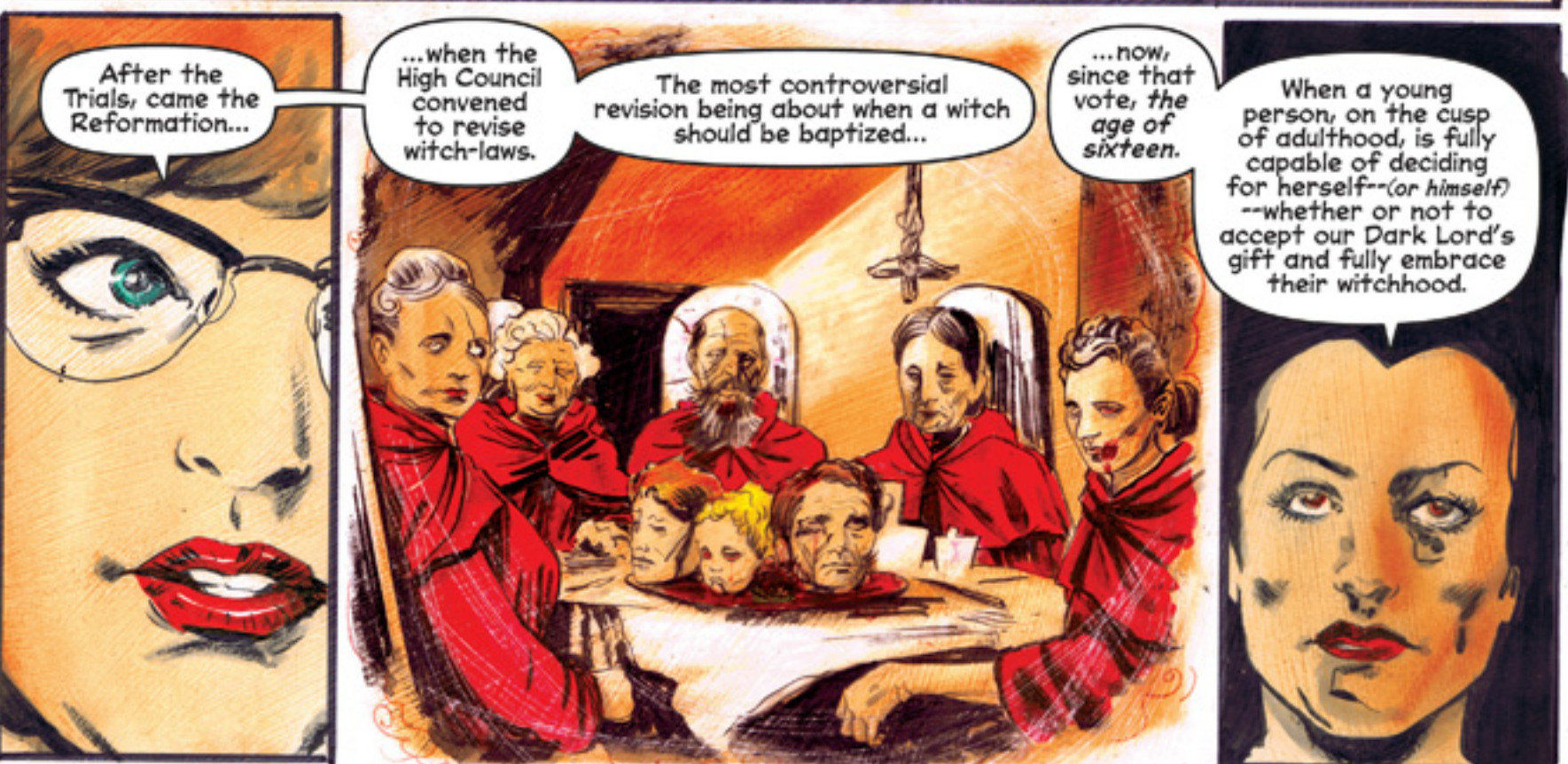
The Trials were the grimmest chapter in our history, Sabrina.

Worse, even, than the Inquisition, when many more of our kind perished--do you know why?

Uhm...

Because it's the only time in our history when witch turned against witch, the most unspeakable betrayals...

(As if we didn't have enough enemies in the world...)



After the Trials, came the Reformation...

...when the High Council convened to revise witch-laws.

The most controversial revision being about when a witch should be baptized...

...now, since that vote, the age of sixteen.

When a young person, on the cusp of adulthood, is fully capable of deciding for herself--(or himself)--whether or not to accept our Dark Lord's gift and fully embrace their witchhood.

ONCE AGAIN,
it's midnight,
the witching
hour...

...and Harvey Kinkle
is running through
the woods.

Being chased
by something...as
old as the woods,
themselves.

Still
trying
to make
sense
of what
he saw.

»pant,
pant«

Those women--
that goat-thing--
and Sabrina,
his Sabrina,
telling him--

Harvey,
they'll kill
you...

Run.

And
something
in her voice--
(a spell?)--
gave him no
choice.

Mind you, Harvey Kinkle
is young; he's strong;
he's fast.

(Already, there's been talk
of him going to college on a
football scholarship...)

Tonight,
though,
it won't
matter.
Tonight,
if you are
the kind
of person
who
prays...

CATCH HIM,
SISTERS!

BEFORE
HE GETS
TO THE
TOWN!

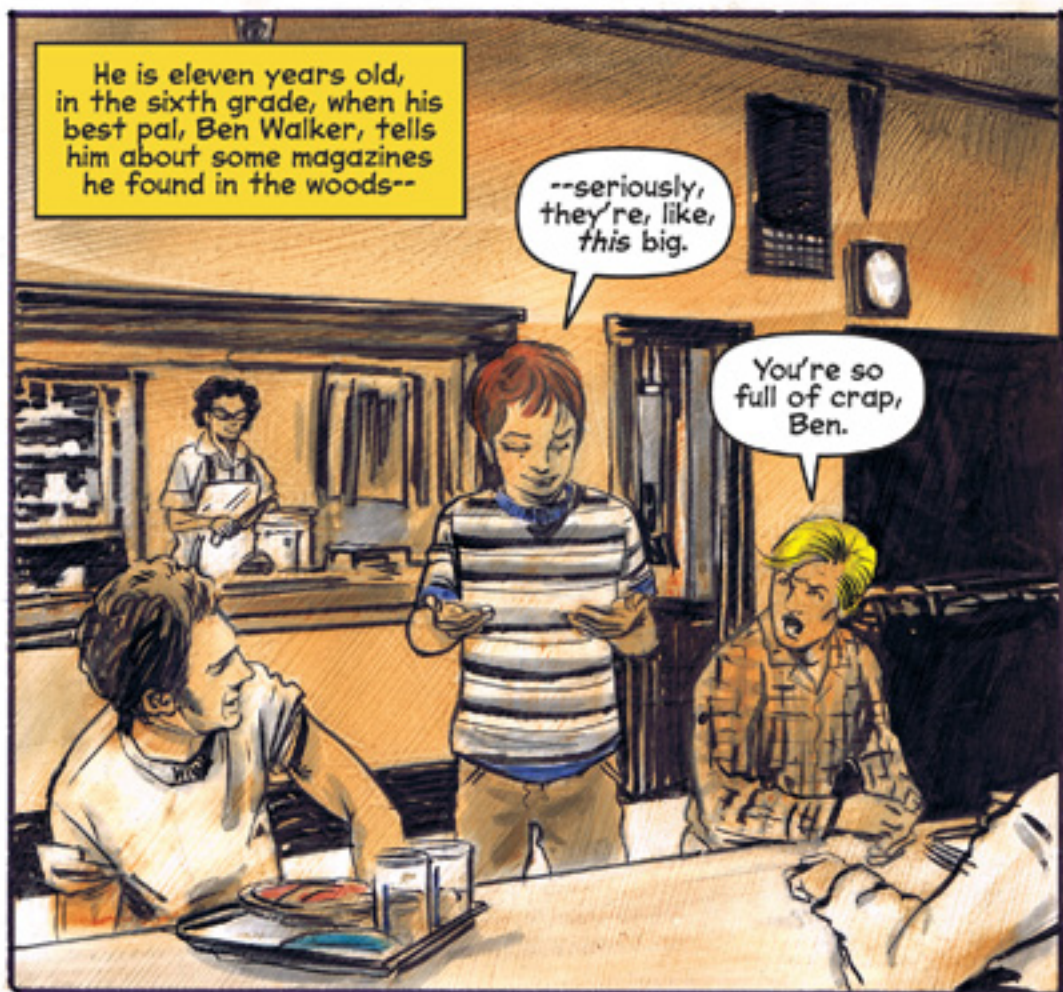
KILL
HIM!

HE *MUST*
NOT GET TO
TOWN!

...pray
for
Harvey
Kinkle.



Strangely, this isn't the first time Harvey's found himself running through the Greendale woods to beat the devil...



He is eleven years old, in the sixth grade, when his best pal, Ben Walker, tells him about some magazines he found in the woods--

--seriously, they're, like, this big.

You're so full of crap, Ben.



How Ben found these magazines, Harvey has no idea, but he's curious enough to go see for himself...



...and, shockingly, they are there.



Ho-lee
***!

Harvey recognizes the titles...