



≧pant≦  
≧pant≦  
≧pant≦



ON THE RIVERDALE/  
GREENDALE BORDER.

AT THE  
WITCHING  
HOUR, THAT  
DARKEST  
HOUR...



≧pant≦  
≧pant≦



...IN THE DEAD  
OF NIGHT...



CREEEAAAKKKKKK



BAY  
LUM BAY  
LUM



Who in  
the name  
of the  
Coven?

Knocking  
at this hour  
is *always* an  
ill omen, a  
*grim*  
portend--

--Sabrina  
girl, *don't*  
open that  
door!

BAY  
LUM BAY  
LUM



Oh,  
*honestly*,  
Auntie!  
There's a  
spell of  
protection  
around this  
house.

Every-  
thing's--



--fine...

≧gasp≦



--Juggie?

...it's  
H-Hot Dog,  
Sabrina...

...a car  
hit him,  
and...  
and...

sob/ε

...I  
need your  
help...

FRAN  
SAVIL  
4.13



Here. Drink this tea.

Wha... what's in it? Some potion?

Plain o' chamomile. To calm you down.

We're sorry, boy...



We tried our healing magicks, but your poor pup is gone.

Requiescat in pace.



≈choke≈

No. Nonono NO...



Yes. He was already gone when you brought him to us.

If he'd still been alive, something *might* have been done...

Perhaps, sister. Bones could have been mended...

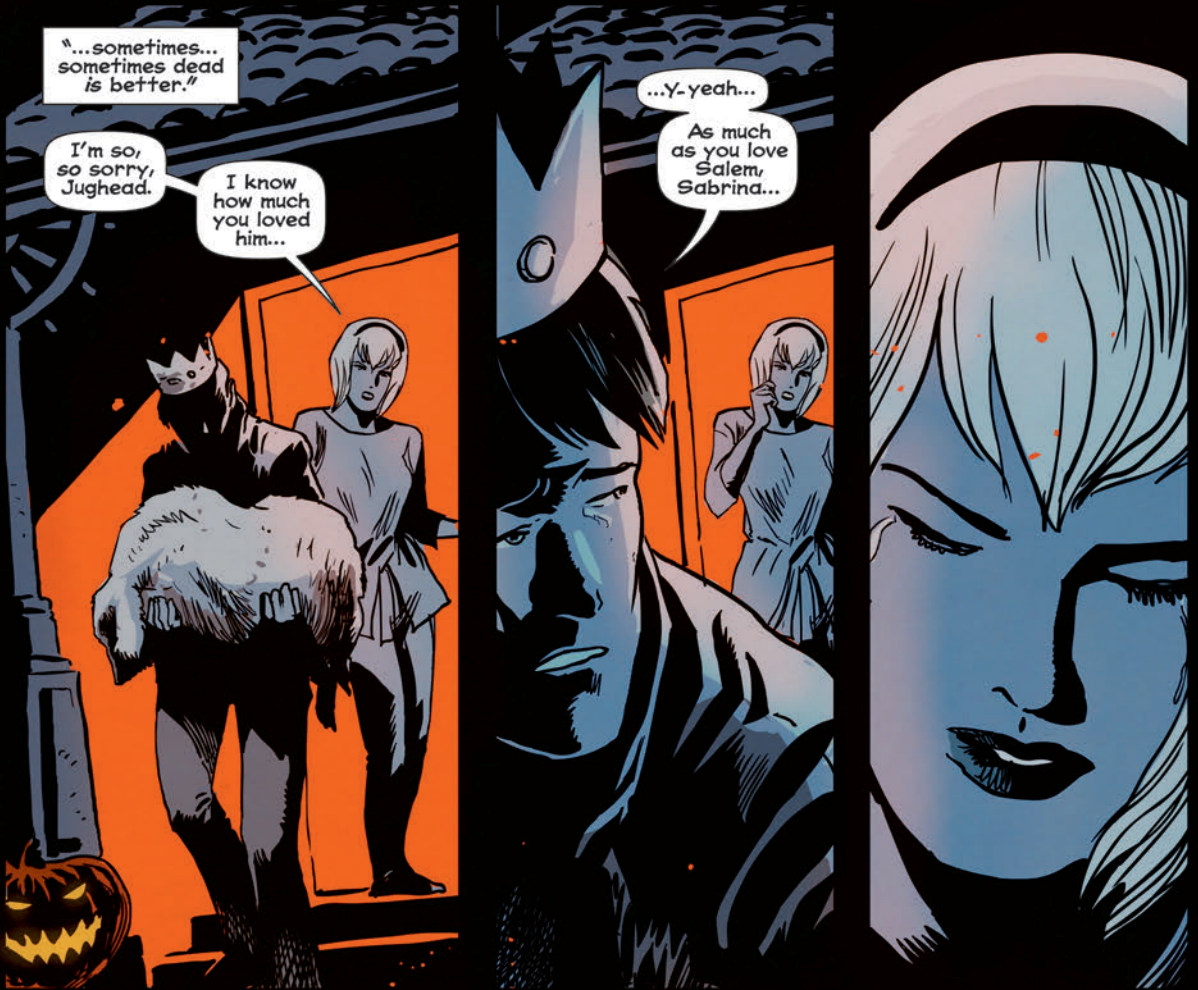
Cells regenerated, blood-coagulation reversed...



C'mere, boy...

But once the breath of life has left the body...

...well, there are limits to even our powers.





Mmmmmmm-  
wuhhat  
did I miss?

...



You're a  
good boy,  
Hot Dog...

You're  
my...  
[choke]

...my best  
buddy...



The  
Necro-  
nomicon?  
'Brina...



...Hilda and  
Zelda will  
burn you at  
the stake.

Cover for me,  
Salem--

It'll be  
1692  
all over  
again.



"--I need to  
help a friend."