



AT THE WITCHING HOUR, THAT DARKEST HOUR...



...IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT...



CREEEAAAKKKKKK



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.

Everything's--



--fine...

gaspé



--Juggie?

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

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

soob/ε

...I
need your
help...

FRAN
AVIL
4.13.13



Here. Drink this tea.

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

Plain ol' 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.



