

HALLOWEEN
ComicFest

CHILLING ADVENTURES OF

SABRINA[®]

SEASON TWO



DIRECT EDITION
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IT'S MIDNIGHT,
THE WITCHING
HOUR...

My
dear Mrs.
Kinkle...



...your
husband was
delicious.

(And I,
apparently, was
famished.)

...Ha-harvey...
why...

...why
...are you...
doing this?



With all due respect,
Madam, you split
your husband's head
open; I'm merely helping
to dispose of the
evidence.

And I
keep telling you:
Though I wear your
son's skin, I'm not
him.

...who-oo,
then...?



Sigh As I said
before, my name is
Edward. Spellman.

...
I can
tell, from your
expression,
you don't know
who I am...



...quite alright, no reason
a day-dweller like you
should, not yet.

But I'll
happily
enlighten
you while
we...



...digest...



L'histoire
de moi.

Who I am; my
coming of age; and
how I find myself
in this ghoulish
story...

I was a precocious child.

I conjured my first demon, in my attic, when I was seven years old.



WHO DARES...?



Hello, Yan-gant-y-tan. My name is Edward Spellman.

But you can call me Eddie.



WHOOOSH!

LET ME LOOK UPON YOU...

WHY, YOU'RE A BOY! HOW COMES A BOY TO SUMMON YAN-GANT-Y-TAN?



I told him that I'd discovered an invocation, written on a slip of paper, pressed into an old copy of the Demonicon I found at an estate sale, in a dust bin.

I re-wrote some of the incantation... (spells are like mathematical proofs, they can be written elegantly or sloppily, and I vastly preferred the former)... and now, here we were...

BUT... DID NO ONE HELP YOU...?

NO GROWN-UP...?

Just me, myself, and I.



I was an altar boy back then. Serving the priests and brothers of the Church of Night. Attending Black Mass six times a week.

Edward Spellman.

Yes, Father?

Alphonse Louis Constant was the Church's High Wizard when I began my apprenticeship. He was a master of the occult arts.

Edward. Dear Edward. Have you prepared everything for midnight vespers?

It was rumored that Fr. Constant was one of twelve alchemists who could actually transmute lead into gold.

Yes, Father. The host has been desecrated, the crosses have been turned upside down, and I was just about to extinguish the candles.

All religions are about two things: Money and Power. The Church of Night was no exception. Fr. Constant could create money. Therefore, he was rich.

Sit near me, Edward. My eyes fail me...

(Ah, but what haven't I seen during my years...?)

But power... true power needed to be acquired. Cultivated.

I heard a story today. In the rectory, after breakfast. One of my parishioners said that you conjured Yan-Gant-y-tan.

I did, Father.