

Hours later, she sifted through the cinders from where the tree had stood for over a century...



Madam Satan followed them along the wind, like will-o'-the-wisps...



...and whispered a finding-spell into them, and blew the still-hot embers into the air...



Nights like this one, she could do almost anything.

Nights like this, she could fly, like a crow, herself...

The embers took her exactly where she needed to go.



THE HEARTHSTONE CLINIC.

To have a long-overdue conversation...

Good afternoon, I'm here to visit-- Diana?

Diana... Spellman, I believe is the surname.



Certainly. And are you related to Mrs. Spellman?

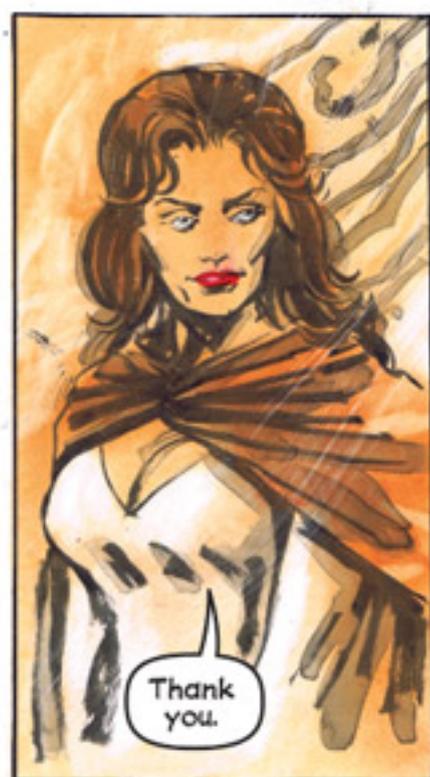
According to our files, visiting privileges are restricted solely to family members.



In that case--



--you're treating me as though I were that harlot's long-lost sister.



It's the week before
Sabrina Spellman's
sixteenth birthday...

...and a *strange*
wind is blowing
through
Greendale.

In California, they
call these winds the
Santa Anas, but
here, in the old part
of the country, they
call it witch-wind.
Or devil's wind.

It's been blowing
all week, making it feel
like *anything* might
happen...

MONDAY NIGHT.

Buddy's Pub is
Greendale's only
bar, down by
the train tracks.

A woman (no one has ever seen
before) stops in for drink...

Two men offer to
pay for it; the woman
smiles and suggests
they might *fight* each
other for the honor...

...and, not five minutes later,
the woman (drink consumed)
continues on her way...

...while the smaller
of the two men,
Martin Coslaw, lies
dying, in a pool of
his own blood...

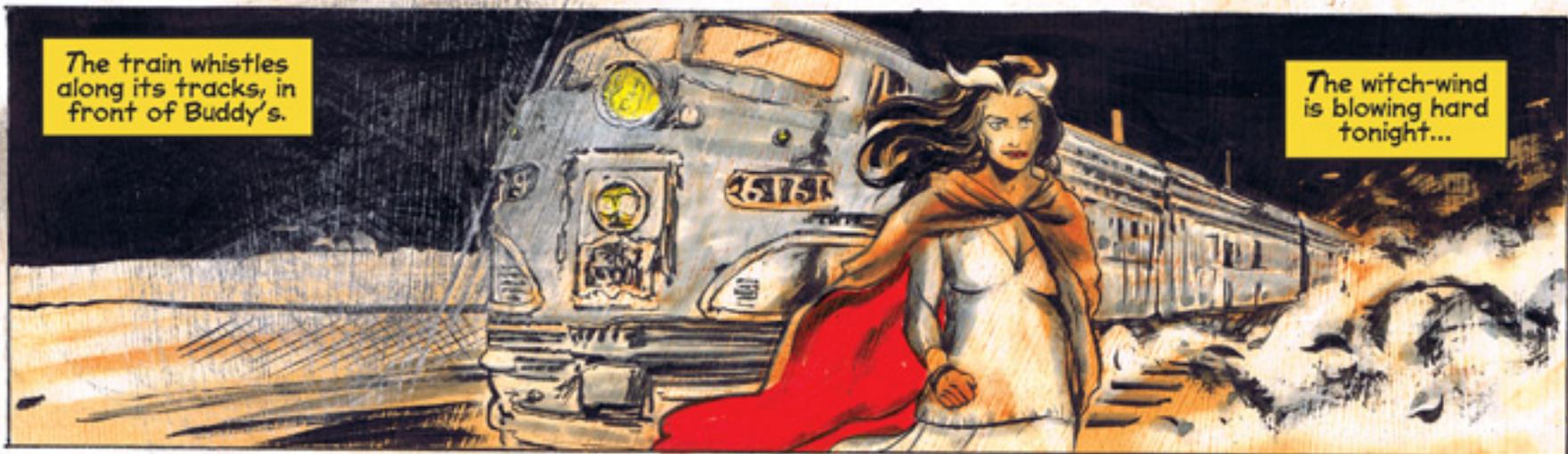
Madam would've lapped the blood up (she wanted to), but there would be other opportunities, soon...

Soon, the streets of Greendale would be flooded with blood...



The train whistles along its tracks, in front of Buddy's.

The witch-wind is blowing hard tonight...



...and, above her bed, in the house across from the cemetery, Sabrina Spellman is having a nightmare...



In it, she's running through the dark woods...

A woman is chasing her...

Then, in that odd way dream-logic works, Sabrina realizes she knows the woman...

...so she stops running, and turns to her:

Mom? Mommy?





Oh, baby.
Oh, Sabrina.

I tried
to protect
you...



From
what?
Mom?



From your father,
from his sisters...

And now,
she's
coming
for you...



Who
is?

Oh,
Mommy,
I miss you
so much...



The Devil's Concubine,
the Queen of Hell...

She wants
to bathe in
your blood,
Sabrina...



Who
does?

Rosalind?



No, not Rosalind.
(Though, be careful
of her, she's not
what she seems...)

No, your
father's first love.
Her name is--



--mmMMHRRGH--