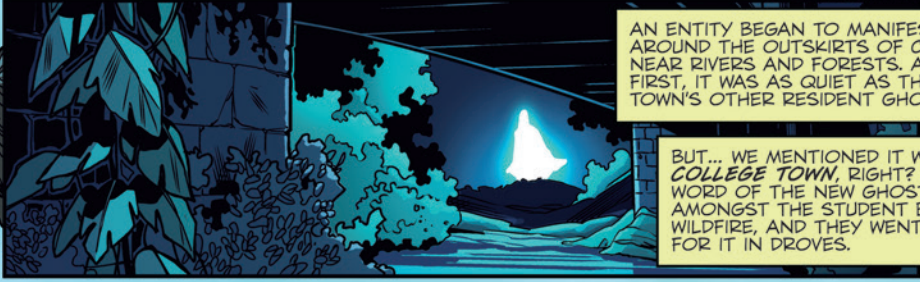


NESTLED AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF PUERTO RICO'S INTERIOR—JUST OFF HIGHWAY 52—CAYEY IS GENERALLY A QUIET LITTLE TOWN.


IT'S HOME TO A *UNIVERSITY*, AN HISTORIC *BRIDGE*, AND A *SMATTERING* OF SUPERNATURAL ACTIVITY THAT, AS A RULE, DOESN'T CAUSE TOO MUCH TROUBLE FOR THE LOCAL POPULACE.

UNTIL RECENTLY, THAT IS.




AN ENTITY BEGAN TO MANIFEST AROUND THE OUTSKIRTS OF CAYEY, NEAR RIVERS AND FORESTS. AT FIRST, IT WAS AS QUIET AS THE TOWN'S OTHER RESIDENT GHOSTS.

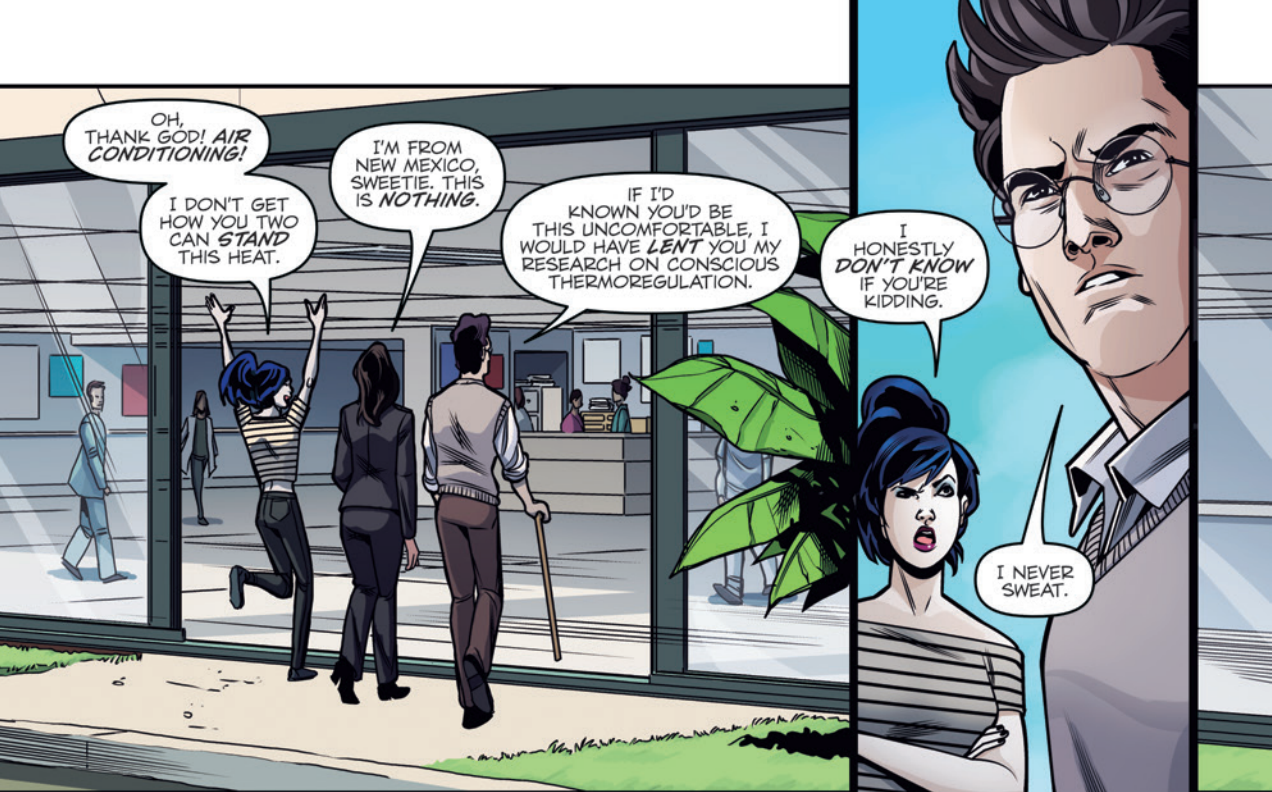
BUT... WE MENTIONED IT WAS A *COLLEGE TOWN*, RIGHT? WELL, WORD OF THE NEW GHOST SPREAD AMONGST THE STUDENT BODY LIKE WILDFIRE, AND THEY WENT LOOKING FOR IT IN DROVES.



THE GHOST, UNDERSTANDABLY, GOT A *LITTLE TOUCHY* ABOUT BEING HOUNDED AND QUICKLY GREW AGGRESSIVE, BECOMING A DANGER TO *ALL* OF CAYEY'S RESIDENTS.



NOW, *WHO* DO YOU THINK THEY CALLED ABOUT THAT?



OH, THANK GOD! AIR CONDITIONING!

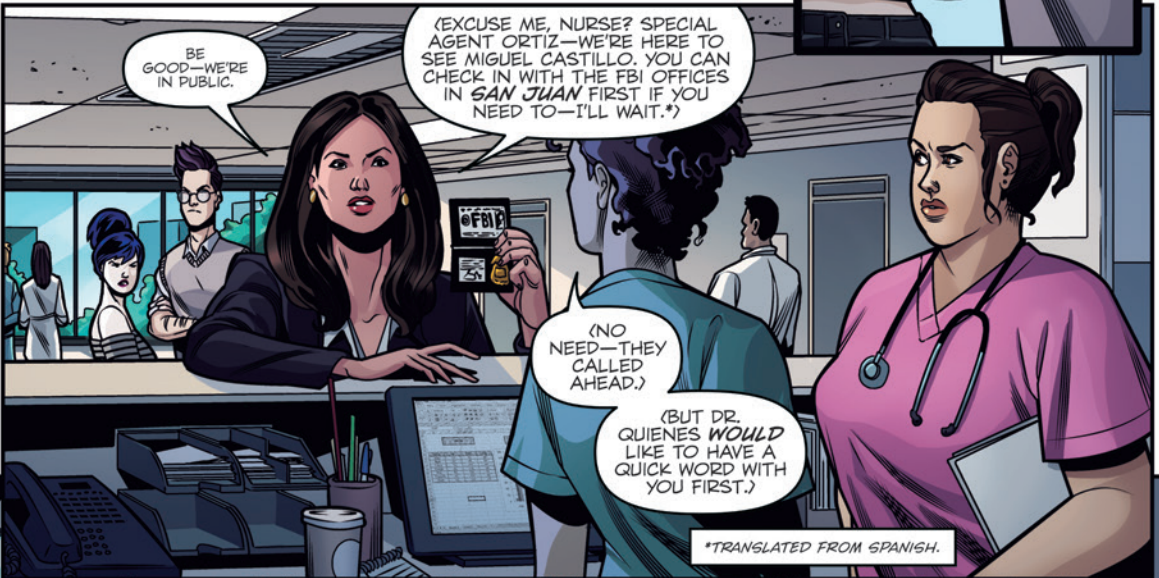
I DON'T GET HOW YOU TWO CAN STAND THIS HEAT.

I'M FROM NEW MEXICO, SWEETIE. THIS IS NOTHING.

IF I'D KNOWN YOU'D BE THIS UNCOMFORTABLE, I WOULD HAVE LENT YOU MY RESEARCH ON CONSCIOUS THERMOREGULATION.

I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE KIDDING.

I NEVER SWEAT.



BE GOOD—WE'RE IN PUBLIC.

(EXCUSE ME, NURSE? SPECIAL AGENT ORTIZ—WE'RE HERE TO SEE MIGUEL CASTILLO. YOU CAN CHECK IN WITH THE FBI OFFICES IN SAN JUAN FIRST IF YOU NEED TO—I'LL WAIT.)

(NO NEED—THEY CALLED AHEAD.)

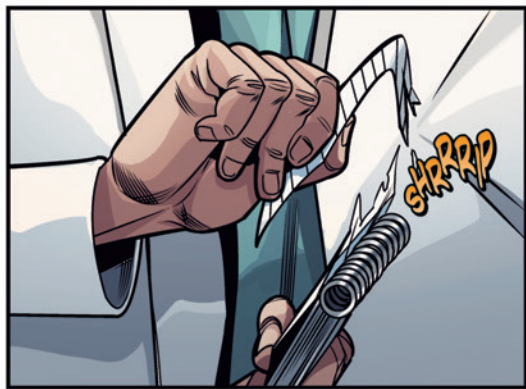
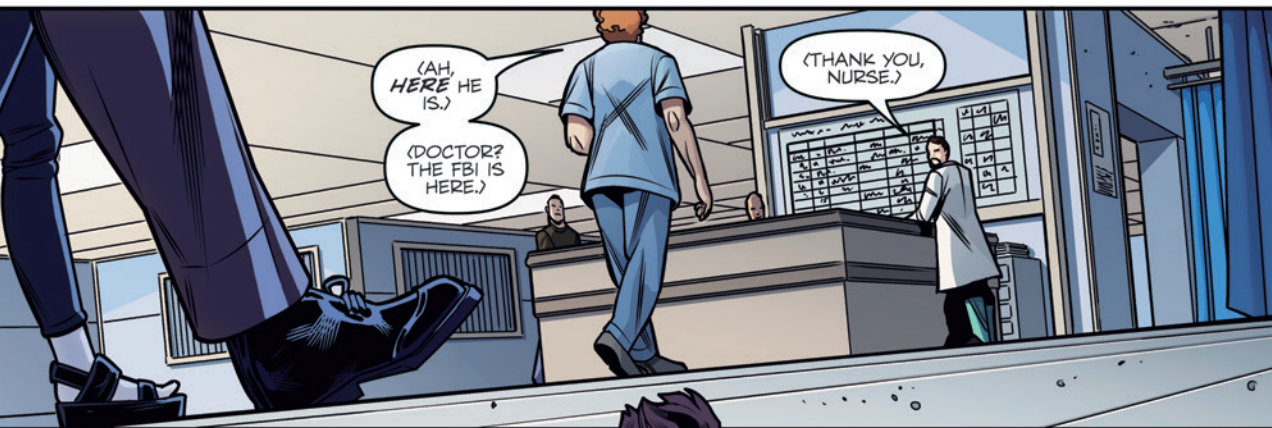
(BUT DR. QUIENES WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A QUICK WORD WITH YOU FIRST.)

*TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH.



DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE SAYING? THE ONLY SPANISH I KNOW IS THIS PHRASE EDDIE SUGGESTED—"SIENTO MUCHO QUE HAYA HECHO EXPLOTAR SU CASA."

SOUNDS LIKE A USEFUL PHRASE.





WHAT...? HEY!

I DO NOT NEED A PRESCRIPTION FOR CLOZAPINE!



I SHOULD THINK NOT. WE HAVE PLENTY AT HOME.

C'MON, HE'S TALKING DOWN TO US, DOC!

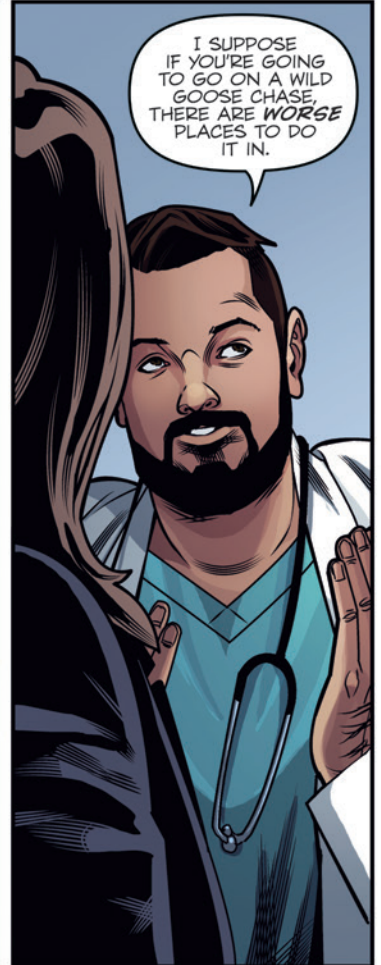
WELL, HE'S NOT DOING A VERY GOOD JOB. THAT'S NOT A VALID PRESCRIPTION.



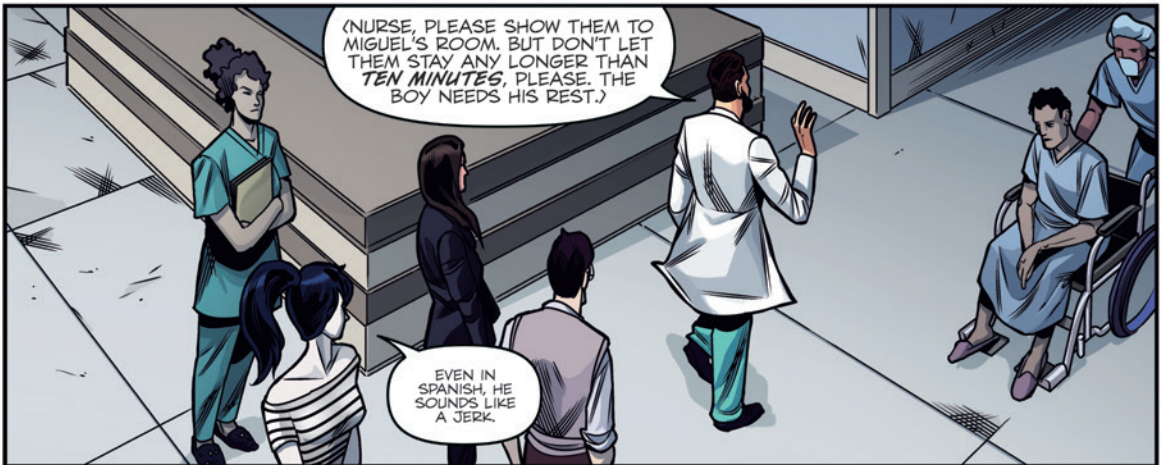
THEY REALLY ARE THE GHOSTBUSTERS, DOCTOR.

THE FBI HAS REQUESTED THEIR HELP IN INVESTIGATING A POSSIBLY DANGEROUS GHOST-RELATED SITUATION HERE IN CAYEY, AND WE BELIEVE MIGUEL MIGHT'VE SEEN SOMETHING THAT CAN HELP POINT US IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, THAT'S ALL.

WELL, MY CONSCIENCE IS CLEAR... YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO.



I SUPPOSE IF YOU'RE GOING TO GO ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE, THERE ARE WORSE PLACES TO DO IT IN.



(NURSE, PLEASE SHOW THEM TO MIGUEL'S ROOM. BUT DON'T LET THEM STAY ANY LONGER THAN TEN MINUTES, PLEASE. THE BOY NEEDS HIS REST.)

EVEN IN SPANISH, HE SOUNDS LIKE A JERK.



(HERE HE IS.)

(THANK YOU, WE'LL TRY TO KEEP THIS BRIEF.)

HM. I'M GETTING A GOOD READING OFF OF HIS WOUNDS. HE'S DEFINITELY HAD **SOME** CONTACT WITH AN ECTOPLASMIC ENTITY.

I SHOULD TAKE A CLOSER LOOK...



DON'T YOU DARE.

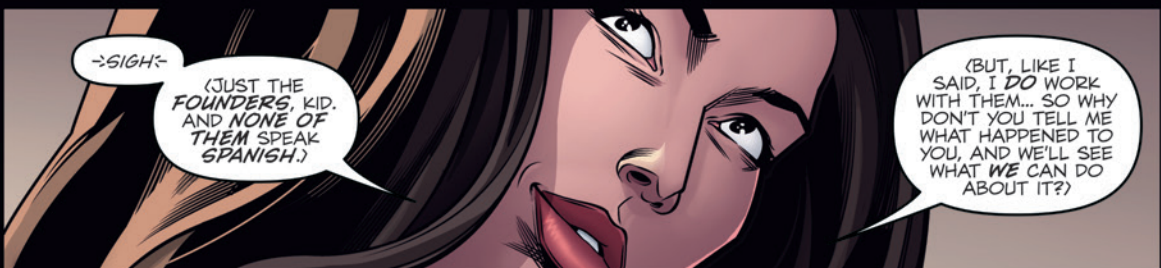
(WHO... WHO'S THERE?)

SWAK



(HELLO, MIGUEL. MY NAME IS MELANIE, AND I'VE COME TO HELP YOU. YOU'VE HEARD OF THE **GHOSTBUSTERS**, RIGHT? I'M ONE OF THEM.)

(I THOUGHT THEY WERE ALL **GUYS**.)



->SIGH->

(JUST THE **FOUNDERS**, KID. AND **NONE** OF THEM SPEAK **SPANISH**.)

(BUT, LIKE I SAID, I **DO** WORK WITH THEM... SO WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, AND WE'LL SEE WHAT **WE** CAN DO ABOUT IT?)