





TO THOSE FEW  
HE CALLS FRIEND,  
HE IS **ROB BAILEY**,  
MILD-MANNERED  
COLLEGE STUDENT.

BUT TO THOSE WHO HAVE PASSED BEYOND THE  
DARK VEIL OF DEATH AND RETURNED, HE IS...

# THE OCCULTIST

...POSSESSED OF AND  
POSSESSED BY THE  
ANCIENT ARTIFACT KNOWN  
AS THE SWORD!

**BEWARE!**







OOF!

"BEWARE"? SERIOUSLY?

I WAS WORKING ON MY VOICE.



I THINK I'M A "SPOOKY VOICE" KIND OF GUY. NOW IF WE COULD BOTH BE QUIET FOR JUST A SEC, DETECTIVE MELENDEZ, MY SENSES ARE TELLING ME SOMETHING'S HERE.

SOME "THING"?



YEAH. WHATEVER'S BEEN SNACKING ON PEOPLE'S PETS AND FARM ANIMALS. I THINK IT'S OF THE BOO VARIETY.

THE SWORD WARNED ME IT MIGHT BE COMING. FIGURED YOU'D APPRECIATE SOME OF MY CLOAK'S "INVISIBILITY TO CREEPIES."

NOW I'D APPRECIATE SOME OF YOUR GLOWING-GLOVE ACTION. I HEARD A CRUNCH WHEN I STEPPED.

CRUNCH



BONES. LOOKS LIKE ANIMALS, YEAH?



NOT ALL OF THEM.





CARNIVOROUS UNDEAD. OKAY, BOOK BOY. WHAT DOES THE SWORD HAVE TO SAY?

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HM. SURVEY SAYS-- WIGHT.

THE ANGRY SPIRIT OF A STARVED PERSON, HAUNTS ITS PLACE OF DEATH, HOPING TO SATIATE ITS HATRED BY CONSUMING...



...LIVING FLESH.

WAAAAUGHH!

OH, JEEZ. A BABY.



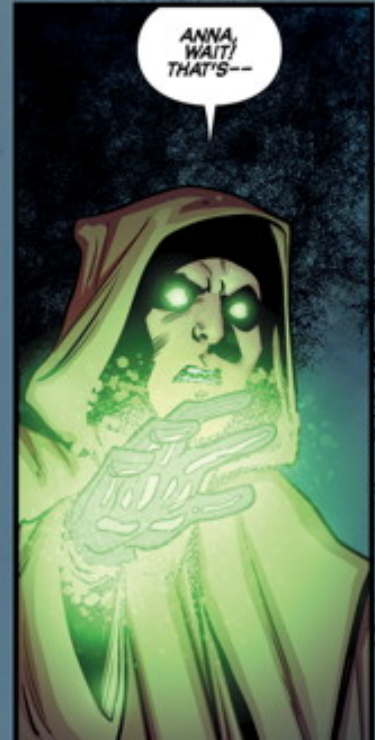
THE DOGS, CATS, AND THAT ONE CHINCHILLA WAS BAD ENOUGH, BUT A LITTLE KID?!

YOU DID IT NOW. THE OCCULTIST GONNA SHOVE A SPELL UP YOUR DEAD BUTT!

SQUIK



AW, NO.



ANNA, WAIT! THAT'S--





--THE NURSERY.



AH. WIGHT BABIES.

YEAH.



WAAAAUGH!



THIS IS WITCHING HOUR TO DUSK. TARGET AND ACCOMPLICE SIGNATURES DETECTED. SATELLITE H.B. SCAN INITIATED.





CRAP  
THEY'RE RESISTING  
ME. I CAN'T CAST  
THEM OUT!

**GAH!**



THIS WAS SOME  
KIND OF ORPHANAGE!  
THESE KIDS--GAH!  
POOR LITTLE GUYS--  
MUST HAVE STARVED  
HERE!

**NOM**

**NOM  
NOM**



SOMEONE  
LET THEM STARVE  
HERE. KEEP THEM  
BUSY!



I'LL TRY, BUT  
THEY'RE THE VICTIMS  
HERE, AND, IN GENERAL,  
I'D REALLY LIKE TO  
AVOID HAVING TO FIGHT  
BABIES--

**GHYAH!**

**YOM**



OKAY, BUT  
I'D LIKE TO  
KEEP IT TO A  
MINIMUM!

**WOK**