

*I always told myself I would never live in a house with history.*

*History means death.*

*Death means pain.*

*Pain means regret.*

*And regret means attachment.*

*It took me years to learn that the best way to protect myself was to avoid places that had known suffering.*

*Old houses with their own names are at the top of the list.*

*But then I fell in love...*

*...and I found myself moving into Glencourt Manor.*

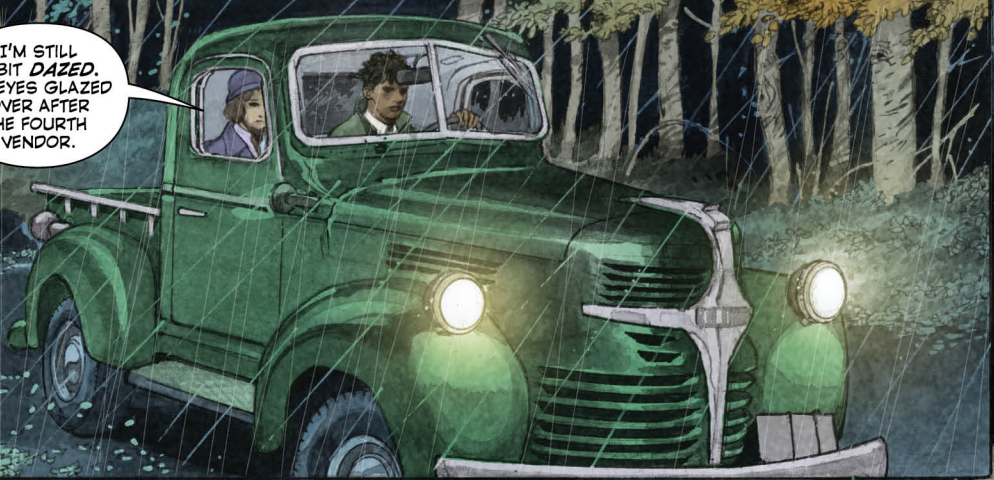
**NOOOOOOOOOO!!**



WHAT DID YOU THINK OF YOUR FIRST ANTIQUES SHOW, BERENICE?



I'M STILL A BIT **DAZED**. MY EYES GLAZED OVER AFTER THE FOURTH VENDOR.



BUT I WAS ABLE TO HAGGLE THE VINTAGE SUITCASES DOWN BY THIRTY DOLLARS.

I'VE NEVER NEGOTIATED IN MY LIFE.

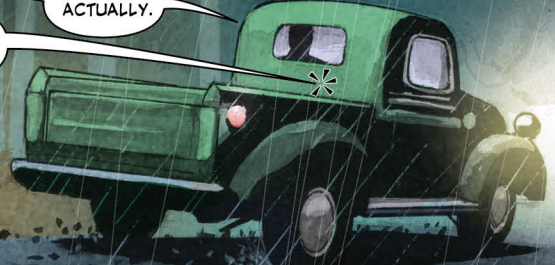


YOU DID GREAT.

JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SELL SOMETHING FOR FOUR TIMES MORE THAN WHAT YOU BOUGHT IT FOR.

DO YOU HAVE A VICTORY DANCE?

I DO, ACTUALLY.





Sam and I became friends as soon as I moved to the area.

IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'VE HAD A HARD TIME GIVING UP?

PRETTY MUCH **EVERY PIECE**. WHICH MEANS I'VE MADE GOOD CHOICES.

BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNED FROM OWNING AN ANTIQUES SHOP, IT'S HOW TO **LET GO**.

*The moment I saw them I knew, deep in myself, that this person was someone who was meant be in my life, that I needed to know them.*

*And my life here--oddly enough--has been quiet, peaceful, steady.*

*Things I've never known before.*

OH NO...





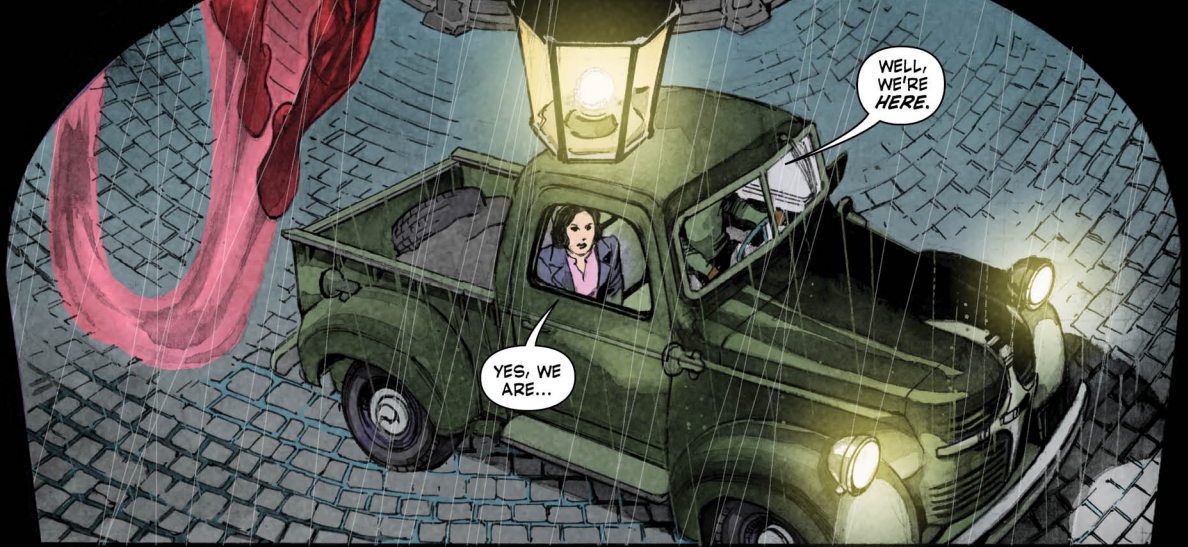
*But of course,  
nothing ever  
lasts.*



Chapter One:  
**A HOUSE  
AWAKENS**

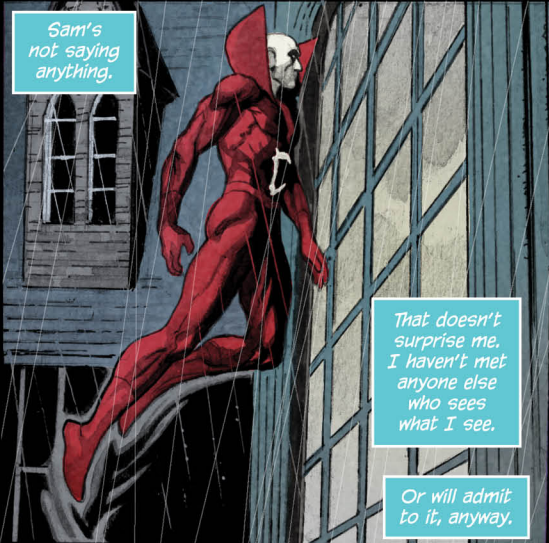
SAM





WELL, WE'RE HERE.

YES, WE ARE...



Sam's not saying anything.

That doesn't surprise me. I haven't met anyone else who sees what I see.

Or will admit to it, anyway.



But this one seems different from other apparitions I've encountered.

More active, more vibrant, and with a strong connection to the living world.



Even so, I still feel death in the air...

...and it's ruining my day.

READY?

YEAH.



I've done this a thousand times. It's going to be okay.



Keep my eyes forward. Don't make eye contact.



Stay calm.



Just ignore them, and they'll ignore me.



SAM--!!







...WHAT?

**KRINK**



WHAT JUST HAPPENED?

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

...THE THUNDER SCARED ME.

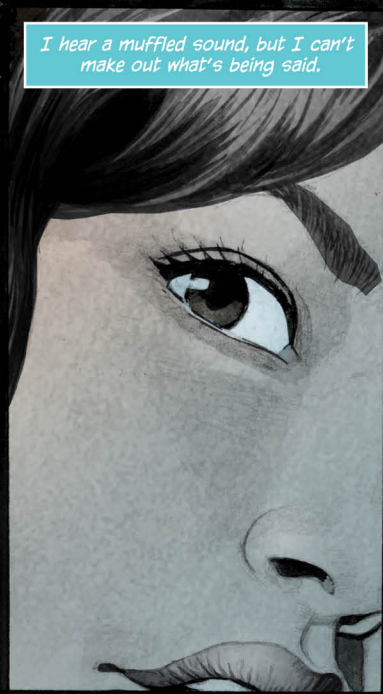
*Did that ghost just try to fly into Sam?*



HEY...CAN YOU SEE ME?

LET'S GO BACK OUTSIDE.

WHAT? IN THIS WEATHER?



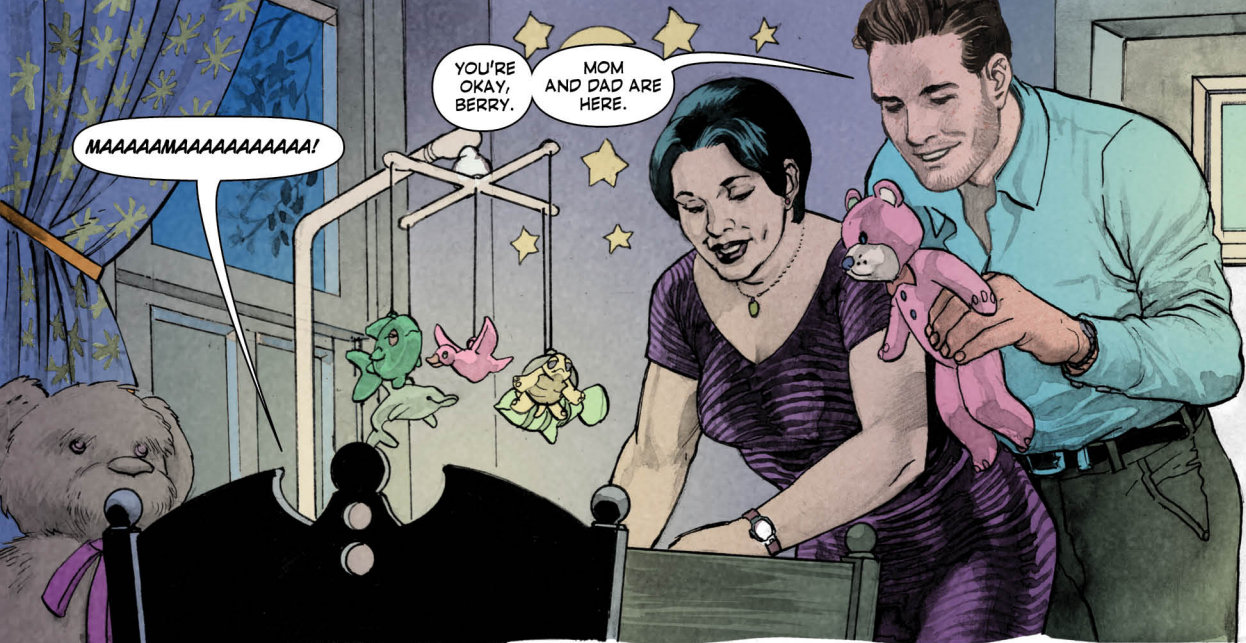
*I hear a muffled sound, but I can't make out what's being said.*

*Don't engage, Berenice. Just ignore.*



MAAAAAAMAAAAA!!!!!!

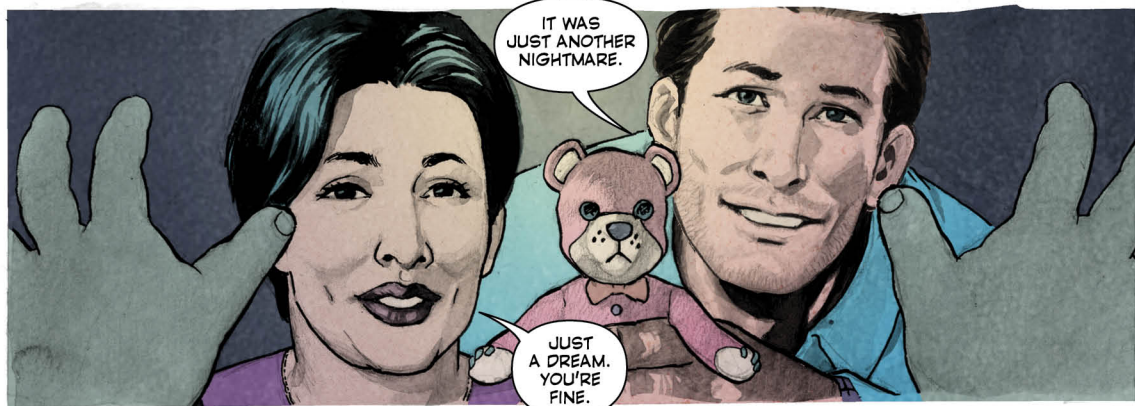




MAAAAAAMAAAAA!

YOU'RE  
OKAY,  
BERRY.

MOM  
AND DAD ARE  
HERE.



IT WAS  
JUST ANOTHER  
NIGHTMARE.

JUST  
A DREAM.  
YOU'RE  
FINE.



THIS IS  
THE THIRD WEEK,  
NIKO.

IT'S THE  
HOUSE.

NOT THAT  
AGAIN.



SERIOUSLY,  
MI-KYUNG.

YOU'RE  
STARTING  
TO SOUND  
CRAZY.

*My very first memory.  
I haven't thought about  
that night in Forever.*

...I'M TRYING,  
BERENICE BUT  
I'M HAVING A  
HARD TIME--





--UNDERSTANDING.



HUH?

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN SAYING FOR THE PAST FIVE MINUTES!

FIVE MINUTES?



YOU DON'T REMEMBER?

...



BERENICE, YOU WERE **FRANTIC**, SAYING YOU WERE HERE TO HELP SOMEONE WHO HAD CALLED OUT TO YOU.

I don't like this. I don't like this at all.





WE RAN TO  
THE DRAWING  
ROOM...

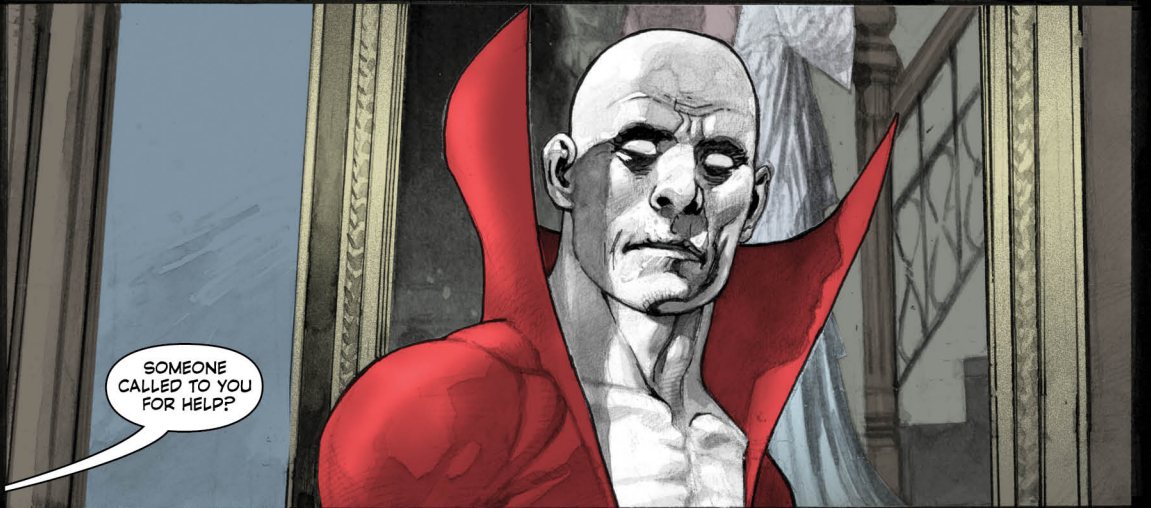


...BUT WHEN  
WE GOT HERE, WE  
WERE ALONE.



YOU WEREN'T  
YOURSELF.

YOU'RE  
RIGHT, I  
WASN'T.



SOMEONE  
CALLED TO YOU  
FOR HELP?