DCC034374

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SUPPOSEDLY, THE PLACE IS HAUNTED BY THE GHOST OF ITS OLD CARETAKER, MRS. CLANGOR.

THAT'S RIGHT. LEGEND HAS IT, MRS. CLANGOR LOVED SILENCE. SO MUCH SO, THAT SHE'D LOCK UP NOISY GUESTS DOWN IN HER SOUNDPROOF DUNGEON.
UH HUH. THEY SAY SHE'D ENTER IT THROUGH SOME SORT OF SECRET PASSAGEWAY IN THE HOTEL'S MAIN BALLROOM.
D...DUNGEON?
BUT TO DATE, NO ONE HAS EVER FOUND IT.

ACCORDING TO THE LOCALS, THE GHOST OF MRS. CLANGOR STILL WALKS THE HOTEL GROUNDS, LOOKING FOR ANYONE WHO DARES TALK MUCH OVER A WHISPER.

LIKE, SOULS?
MAYBE WE SHOULD STAY, LIKE, LITERALLY ANYWHERE ELSE? I MEAN, A FEW PILLOWS AND A BOX OF CEREAL, AND VOILA, THE MYSTERY MACHINE IS AN INSTANT BED AND BREAKFAST.
REAH! REAH!

GUYS, THE HOTEL IS ONLY A BLOCK AWAY. IF YOU'RE SO WORRIED, JUST DON'T MAKE A LOT OF--

CLANG
BANG

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, VELMA?
AT LEAST I DIDN'T LOSE MY GLASSES THIS TIME.
OH, MAN! LIKE, WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW!

WOULD YOU TWO CALM DOWN? IT'S JUST A SILLY SUPERSTITION.

WE HAVE ABOUT AS MUCH CHANCE OF SEEING MRS. CLANGOR'S GHOST AS WE HAVE OF RUNNING INTO--

RUNNING INTO WHAT? A YETI?

WERE YOU ABOUT TO SAY YETI? BECAUSE IF WE CAN HELP IT, I REALLY DON'T WANT--

ZOINKS!
MRS. CLANGOR!!!

LIKE,
AHHHHHHHHH!

THIS WAY!

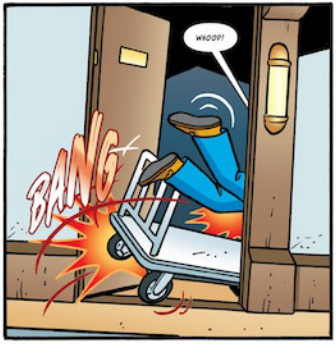
THAT WAS CLOSE! FOR THE GHOST OF AN OLD LADY, MRS. CLANGOR SURE KEEPS IN SHAPE. I THOUGHT THAT...
...HEY, WHY'S EVERYBODY IN HERE BEING SO--?

SHULF-
--QUIET?
Welcome to the Hotel Hush

TRUST ME, GUYS. THIS IS THE BEST THING WE CAN BE DOING RIGHT NOW.
The Hotel Hush
floor 3

WE HEAD TO OUR ROOM AND WAIT FOR VELMA. THAT'S THE FIRST PLACE SHE'D LOOK FOR US.
UNLESS SHE WAS TOO BUSY BEING SHACKLED IN SOME SECRET SOUNDPROOF DUNGEON BY THE GHOST OF THE CREEPIEST OLD LADY IN THE HISTORY OF CREEPY OLD LADIES.

WE DON'T KNOW THAT FOR SURE YET. WE JUST NEED TO GET TO A PLACE WHERE WE CAN QUIETLY REFLECT ON WHAT'S HAPPENED.


WHOOP!
BANG

BANG!
KACLANG!
CLANG!
BANG!
KACLANG!

LIKE, THAT WAS THE OPPOSITE OF QUIETLY REFLECTING!

SHHHH!!
OOPS. YOU'RE RIGHT, SCOOB. THE LAST THING WE WANT IS FOR--

--MRS. GLANSDOR TO TAP US ON THE SHOULDER WHEN WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE LAST THING WE WANT.

RHOST!!

TO THE ELEVATOR!

TO ANYWHERE BUT THE ELEVATOR!