

BERLIN, GERMANY.
8PM LOCAL TIME.

...SO THEY
HAVE **MADE**
IT TO THE
ISLAND?

ARE THEY
AWARE OF WHAT
THEY MAY **FIND**
THERE?

WELL, YES, I
KNOW THIS WAY IS MORE
DIFFICULT. I **DID TRY** TO
PURCHASE THEIR EQUIPMENT
FIRST. YOU **KNOW** THAT.
THEY WOULDN'T—

YES, VERY WELL.
I UNDERSTAND.

THEN I AM PLEASED.
AND DON'T WORRY, MR. VINTER...
I WILL KEEP YOU **APPRAISED**
OF THE SITUATION AS
IT DEVELOPS.

POVEGLIA ISLAND, ITALY.
LOCAL TIME 8:04PM.

WELL, THAT
PILOT SURE
SKEDADDLED
QUICK.

EASE OFF,
VENKMAN. MOST
FOLKS CAN'T HANDLE
A 500-FOOT-TALL
COLUMN OF GHOSTS
POPPING UP RIGHT IN
FRONT OF THEM.

AND THE
DISTURBANCE
HAS COMPLETELY
DISSIPATED. I
WONDER WHY?

AT LEAST HE
DROPPED US OFF
BEFORE HEADING
BACK.

IT'S
LIKE THEY'RE
HIDING!

MUST
THINK WE'RE
JEHOVAH'S
WITNESSES.

HEY, WE JUST
HAVE A LITTLE
LITERATURE
FOR YOU HERE,
IT'S FINE!

SOMETHING
ABOUT THIS JOB
IS BOTHERING ME,
YOU KNOW?

THIS
ISLAND'S
HAUNTINGS ARE
SUPPOSED TO
BE BENIGN.

OH, YEAH,
RAY?

WELL,
I, UH—



—I'VE BEEN KNOWN TO BE *WRONG*.

KRIKKKIKK

HSSSSSS!



SNAG 'IM!

ZAAAAAKKZ
SHHH



FSSST.



FWAFF



OH, NO...
OF COURSE THIS
WOULDN'T BE
EASY.

DID
YOU REALLY
EXPECT IT
TO BE?

WELL, I
LIVE IN HOPE,
RAY.



LUCKILY, I MANAGED TO TUNE THE METER TO COMPENSATE FOR AND SIFT THROUGH THE HEAVY LOCAL CONCENTRATION OF PSYCHOKINETIC ENERGY.

THAT ONE WE JUST SAW? THE PLAGUE DOCTOR? HE'S OUR WHALE.

BIGGEST INDIVIDUAL READING ON THE ISLAND!



SO IF WE TAKE HIM OUT, WE SHOULD BE LEFT WITH A BUNCH OF QUIETER GHOSTS, RIGHT?

QUIET-QUIET, OR 'CHUCK' TOURISTS INTO THE LAGOON' QUIET?



UMM...



~SIGH~

WE'LL CROSS THAT BRIDGE WHEN WE COME TO IT.

LEAD ON, RAY.