

NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

PETER VENKMAN, WINSTON ZEDDEMORE, AND RAY STANTZ HAVE BEEN ON AN EXTENDED ASSIGNMENT ABROAD.

THEY'VE ONLY JUST RETURNED HOME...

...AND *THIS* IS THE FIRST THING THEY SEE.

"NOT IDEAL" IS PRETTY MUCH AN UNDERSTATEMENT.



THAT CAN'T HAVE—I DIDN'T SEE THAT RIGHT, RIGHT?

IT LOOKED LIKE ACCELERATED CELLULAR DISPERSAL!



EH, MAYBE HE'LL GET BETTER.



THE HELL?

YEAH, DOC, MAYBE *THIS* ONE YOU COULD TAKE SERIOUSLY.





HOW SERIOUSLY SHOULD I TAKE IT? IT WASN'T EVEN A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO WE GOT SHANGHAIED INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION. WHO SAYS THIS ISN'T LIKE THAT?

BESIDES, THINK ABOUT IT. IF EGON SPENGLER ACTUALLY DIES, FIRST THING HE DOES— GUARANTEED—



—HE TURNS INTO A GHOST AND SCANS HIMSELF.

Y'KNOW, JUST TO SEE WHAT KIND OF READINGS HE'D GET.



I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT.

EGON COULD'VE JUST AS EASILY BEEN ZAPPED TO A HERETOFORE-UNEXPLORED PARALLEL DIMENSION OR SUB-QUANTUM POCKET...

WELL, LOOK WHO FINALLY SHOWED UP TO THE BALLGAME!



WE USED TO BE SCIENTISTS, RIGHT?

"USED TO BE?"

SO WE OUGHTA EXPLORE ALL THE OPTIONS BEFORE WE GO COME TO ANY CONCLUSIONS.

JUST SO LONG AS I'M NOT THE GUY THAT HAS TO BREAK ANY BAD NEWS TO EGON'S FAN CLUB.



HE'S NOT SERIOUS, IS HE?

ABOUT THE FAN CLUB? OH YEAH.

AND THEY'RE \$\$\$% NUTS.





DON'T WORRY, LADIES. RAY WILL NOTIFY THE FANS IF IT **COMES** TO THAT—

HEY!

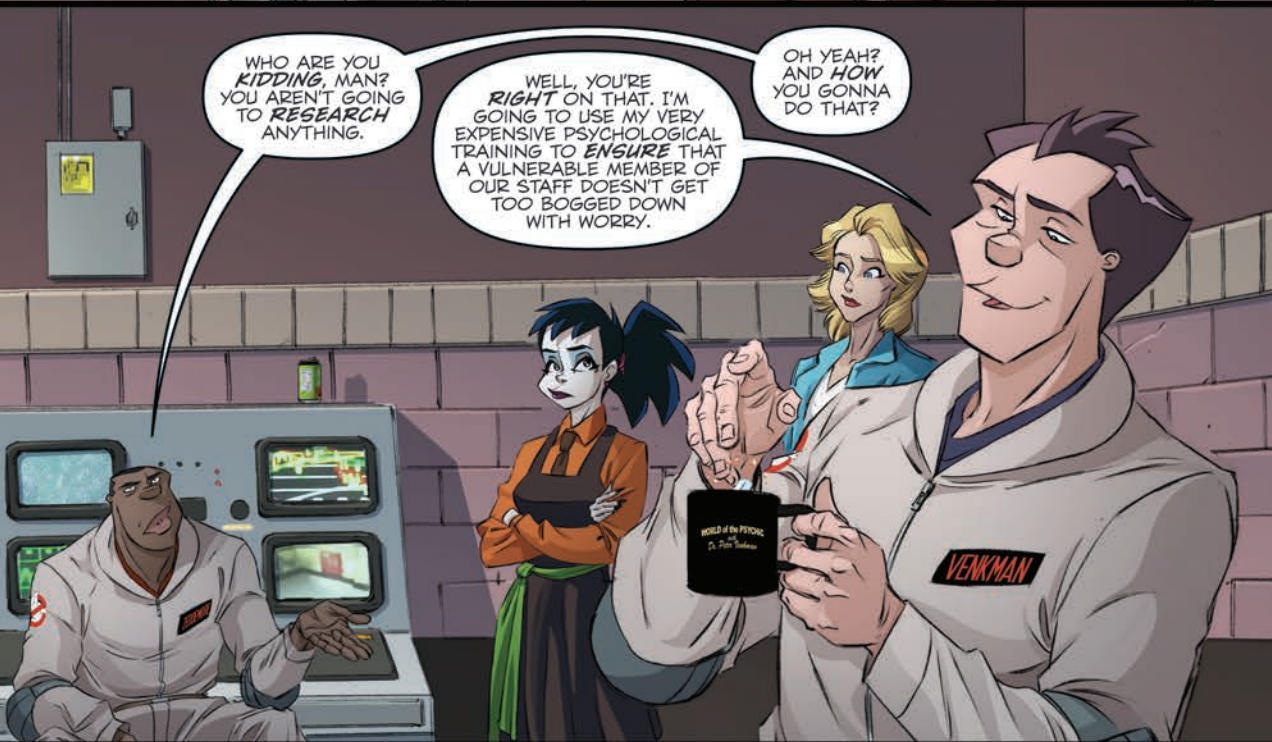
—BUT WE STILL GOT **QUESTIONS** TO ANSWER. LIKE **WHO** THAT GUY THAT ZAPPED EGON WAS.



SOMEONE SHOULD PROBABLY TAKE A **CLOSER** LOOK AT EGON'S APARTMENT...

LOOKS LIKE **YOU** JUST VOLUNTEERED, MIZ SPECIAL AGENT. HAVE FUN.

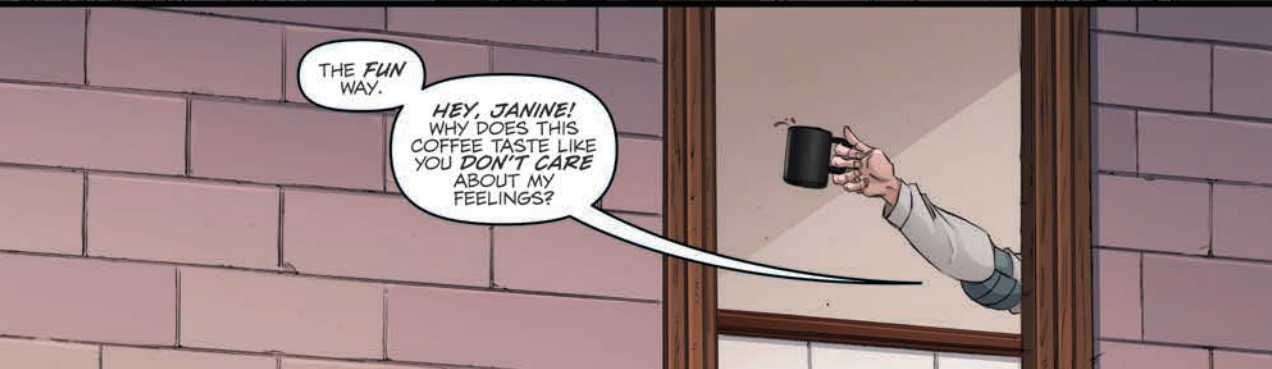
THE REST OF US WILL SEE **WHAT ELSE** WE CAN DIG UP ON THAT "RAHOSKINNA" THING IN THE MEANTIME.



WHO ARE YOU **KIDDING**, MAN? YOU AREN'T GOING TO **RESEARCH** ANYTHING.

WELL, YOU'RE **RIGHT** ON THAT. I'M GOING TO USE MY VERY EXPENSIVE PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAINING TO **ENSURE** THAT A VULNERABLE MEMBER OF OUR STAFF DOESN'T GET TOO BOGGED DOWN WITH WORRY.

OH YEAH? AND **HOW** YOU GONNA DO THAT?



THE **FUN** WAY.

HEY, JANINE! WHY DOES THIS COFFEE TASTE LIKE YOU **DON'T CARE** ABOUT MY FEELINGS?



LATER...

OKAY... I THINK WE'RE CLEAR.

UGH.

YOU KNOW, "CLEAR" MIGHT HAVE BEEN KIND OF AN OVERSTATEMENT, KIDDO.

YOU'RE IN THE FBI, RIGHT? THIS CAN'T BE THE BIGGEST MESS YOU'VE SEEN.

TOUCHÉ.

I WISH I KNEW WHAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO FIND HERE. THERE'S NOT MUCH IN THE WAY OF PKE READINGS AND WE ALREADY KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO EGON. GOT IT ALL ON TAPE.

SURE. BUT WHAT DID EGON FIND THAT DREW HIS ATTACKER OUT? IS IT ANYTHING THAT TELLS US HOW TO PROCEED?

WE NEED TO KNOW MORE. LIKE THE MAN SAID—YOU CAN'T MAKE BRICKS WITHOUT CLAY.

AND, NO, I DIDN'T LEARN THAT IN "FBI CLASS."

DANGER

PIZZAZZIOSO  
CHEESE ITC





CASE IN POINT... WHAT HAVE WE HERE?



—ALIGNED WITH A *STARTLING* CONSISTENCY TO READINGS I PERSONALLY RECORDED MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS AGO IN NORTHERN EUROPE—



—FERENCE, ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION ON THE *RAUOSKINNA* NOW COLLECTED IN LOGBOOK 2714.

DID HE SAY 2714? I'M SURE I SAW THAT...



YEAH, HERE WE GO—

—BUT I CAN'T MAKE HEADS OR TAILS OF THESE. I MEAN, DR. SPENGLER DID SOMETIMES GET THINKING SO FAST HE FORGOT TO WRITE THINGS DOWN... EVEN RAY GETS CONFUSED TRYING TO READ HIS NOTES.

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

WELL I DON'T THINK HE *REALIZES* THAT HE DOES IT.