



A woman with a red hat and a dark coat, carrying a brown bag, walks away from the viewer through a snowy, desolate landscape. In the background, there is a small wooden house with a chimney emitting a wisp of smoke. The scene is rendered in a warm, orange-toned style with visible brushstrokes.

IT WAS A RUMOR OF
A HAUNTED HOUSE...

...OF CHILDREN STALKED
BY TERRIBLE FORCES...

...THAT LURED EMMY TO
CREECH'S CROSSING.



IT HAD BEEN A WHILE SINCE SHE'D VISITED THE NEIGHBORHOOD BUT SHE KNEW IT WELL ENOUGH...

...A COLLECTION OF TRACT HOUSES, ONE PRETTY MUCH THE SAME AS THE NEXT...



...HOME TO HONEST, HARD-WORKING FOLKS...

HEY THERE, MRS. COHEN!

NICE TO SEE YOU!

...QUITE A FEW OF THEM LONGTIME FAMILY FRIENDS.



OR SO EMMY THOUGHT.

WHEN EMMY WAS LITTLE, MRS. COHEN HAD LOOKED AFTER HER FROM TIME TO TIME.



EMMY REMEMBERED THE WOMAN'S KINDNESS...

...HOW SHE HAD BROUGHT HER HOMEMADE FRUITCAKE AND PLAYED PAPER DOLLS WITH HER.



BUT NOW WHEN SHE SAW EMMY MRS. COHEN SPAT TWO TIMES INTO THE DIRT...

...AN ACT MEANT TO WARD OFF FOUL SPIRITS...



...AND SHE TURNED TO HURRY AWAY...

...AS IF SHE'D SUDDENLY BEEN CAUGHT OUT IN A PATCH OF BAD WEATHER.





BUT I HOPE I CAN HELP YOUR FAMILY STILL.



HI THERE, I'M EMMY. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY IT SOUNDS NO MORE.



THAT'S A MIGHTY PRETTY DOLL YOU HAVE THERE, GERTIE.

SHE KEEPS ME COMPANY...

WHEN I'M FEELING LOVELY...

...WHEN MY BROTHER WON'T PLAY WITH ME...



YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND LIKE THAT TOO, DON'T YOU?

HNNNN



I GUESS I DO.

BUT HOW'D YOU KNOW THAT?



I HEARD IT SOMEWHERE.