





FACELESS AND SILENT, THE GHOSTS
STOOD BEHIND THE GRAVE MARKERS,
ONE SPIRIT FOR EVERY STONE.






THEY MADE NO SOUND...
AND THEIR FACES WERE
AS BARREN AS THE
GRAVESTONES.



EMMY WONDERED IF THEY
HAD ONCE WORN FACES...

... FACES WITH EARS
AND EYES AND NOSES
AND MOUTHS...



... FACES THAT FRIENDS AND
FAMILY MIGHT RECOGNIZE...

EMMY...
THEY'RE COMING
CLOSER!

... FACES THAT HAD FADED AS
THE GRAVESTONE EPITAPHS
HAD DULLED WITH UNKIND YEARS.



THE--
THE
LANTERNS!



DON'T
LET THEM
TOUCH YOU!





SO
MAYBE THEY
JUST WANT TO
SCARE US.

IS
THAT IT?

NOW THAT
YOU'RE DEAD, YOU
AIN'T GOT NOTHING
BETTER TO DO THAN
SPOOK PEOPLE?



A RITTLE SEEMED
TO PASS THROUGH
THE GRAVE WIGHTS...

...LIKE THE LONG-DEAD
SOULS SENSED EMMY'S
ANGER...

SHSHSHSSSSSS



...AND
FEARED
HER.



AND THAT MIGHT HAVE CHILLED
EMMY'S BLOOD MORE THAN
ANYTHING SHE'D SEEN OR
HEARD TONIGHT.



WE...
WE SHOULD GET
GOING NOW.



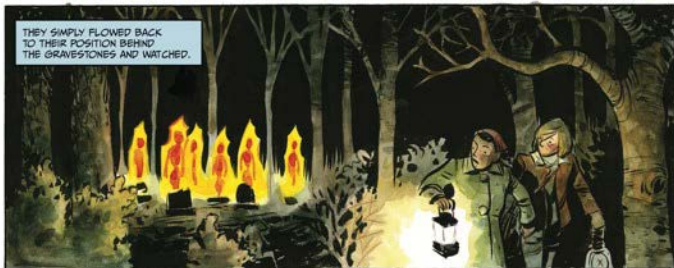
A FURROW OF SUBTLE
MOVEMENT PASSED
THROUGH THE
SPECTRAL FIGURES...

...THE WAY
GOOSE FLESH
MIGHT SPREAD
ACROSS SKIN.





THEY SIMPLY FLOWED BACK TO THEIR POSITION BEHIND THE GRAVESTONES AND WATCHED.



IT WASN'T UNTIL LATER THAT EMMY WOULD REALIZE THE SPIRITS HAD BEEN TRYING TO PROTECT HER FROM WHAT LAY AHEAD.

BY THAT TIME, THEY WOULDN'T BE THERE TO HELP HER.



IF THEY HAD MOUTHS... OR BREATH TO FORM WORDS... THEY MIGHT HAVE TOLD HER.



"NOT THAT WAY.

"WHATEVER YOU DO..."