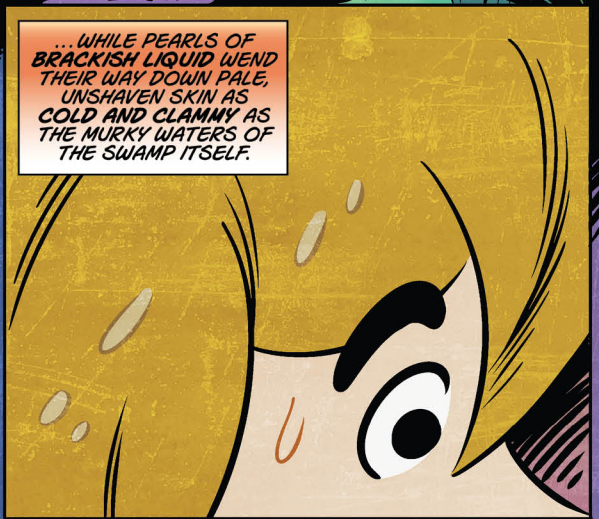
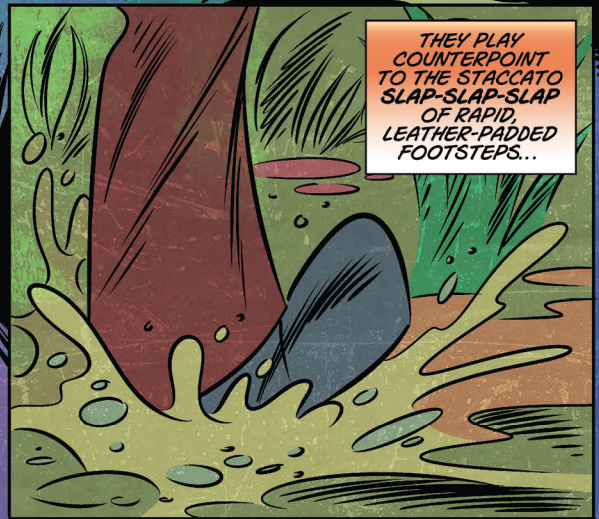


THE BASS NOTE SHATTERS THE HEAVY STILLNESS OF THE BAYOU, MET BY A RUSH OF BEATING WINGS.

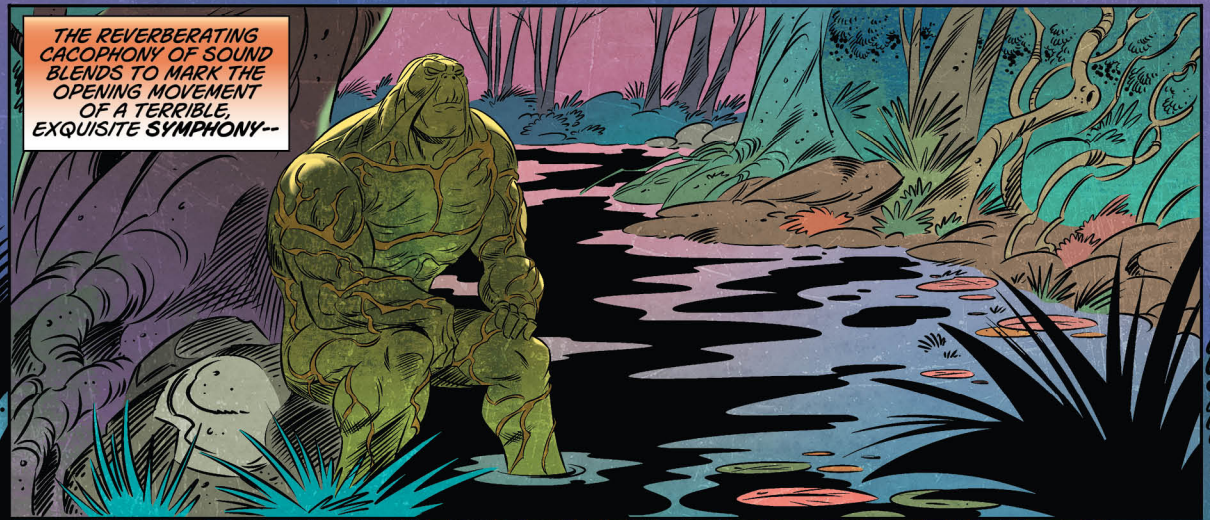


THEY PLAY COUNTERPOINT TO THE STACCATO SLAP-SLAP-SLAP OF RAPID, LEATHER-PADED FOOTSTEPS...

... WHILE PEARLS OF BRACKISH LIQUID WEND THEIR WAY DOWN PALE, UNSHAVEN SKIN AS COLD AND CLAMMY AS THE MURKY WATERS OF THE SWAMP ITSELF.

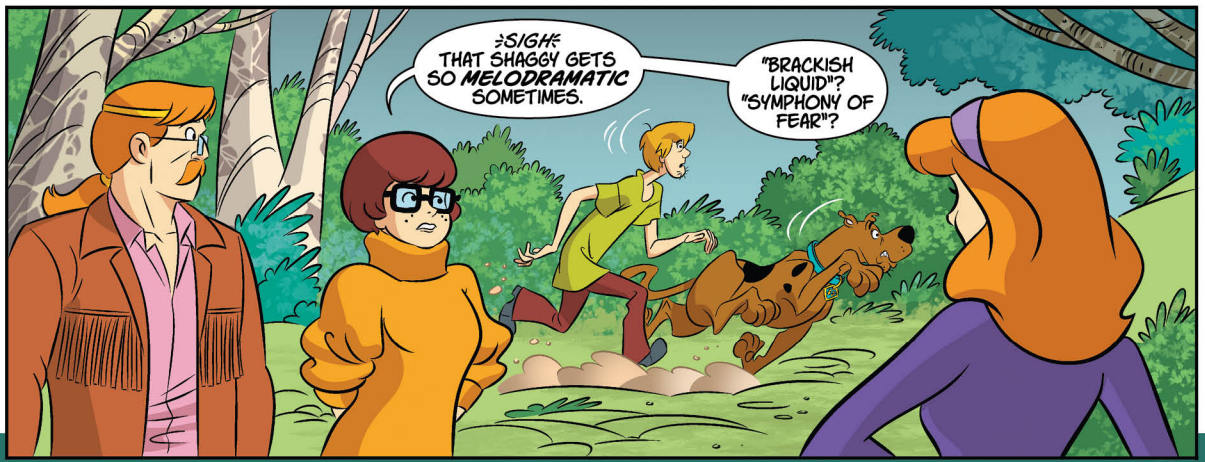


THE REVERBERATING CACOPHONY OF SOUND BLENDS TO MARK THE OPENING MOVEMENT OF A TERRIBLE, EXQUISITE SYMPHONY--



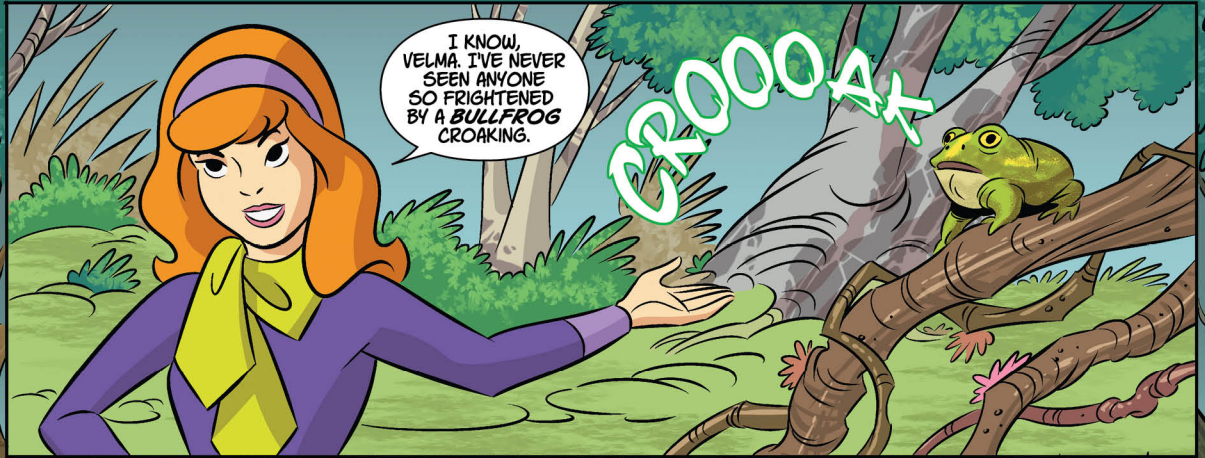
--A SYMPHONY OF FEAR.





~SIGH~
THAT SHAGGY GETS
SO MELODRAMATIC
SOMETIMES.

"BRACKISH
LIQUID?"
"SYMPHONY OF
FEAR?"



I KNOW,
VELMA. I'VE NEVER
SEEN ANYONE
SO FRIGHTENED
BY A BULLFROG
CROAKING.

CROOOAK



SCOOBY!
SHAGGY! COME
BACK!

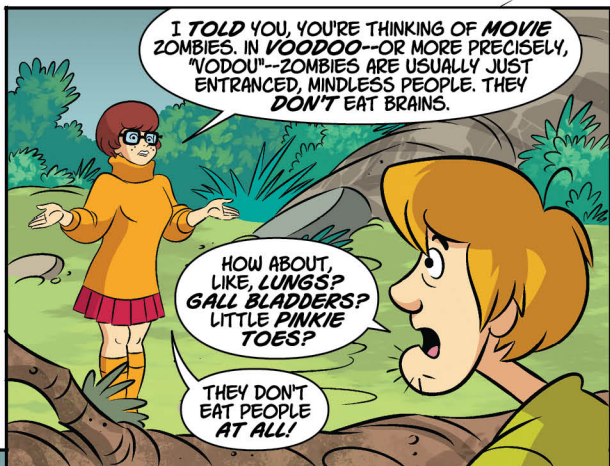
THERE'S
NOTHING TO
BE SCARED
OF!

HOW'S BAYOU?

writer: Sholly Fisch
artist: Dario Brizuela
colorist: Franco Riesco
letterer: Saida Temofonte
cover artists: Brizuela & Riesco
editor: Kristy Quinn



"NOTHING"? WHAT ABOUT, LIKE, THAT **VOODOO QUEEN** WE'RE LOOKING FOR? AND **ZOMBIES** WANTING TO EAT MY BRAIN?



I **TOLD** YOU, YOU'RE THINKING OF **MOVIE ZOMBIES**. IN **VOODOO**--OR MORE PRECISELY, "**VODOU**"--**ZOMBIES** ARE USUALLY JUST ENTRANCED, MINDLESS PEOPLE. THEY **DON'T** EAT BRAINS.

HOW ABOUT, LIKE, **LUNGS?** **GALL BLADDERS?** **LITTLE PINKIE TOES?**

THEY **DON'T** EAT PEOPLE **AT ALL!**

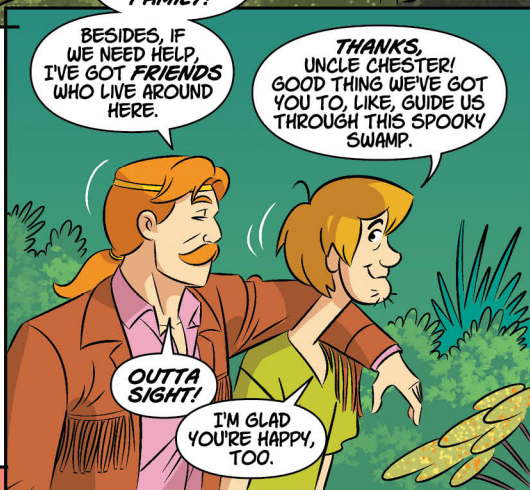


OF COURSE, WE **DID** COME DOWN HERE BECAUSE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN **DISAPPEARING**, THOUGH.

AND THERE HAVE ALSO BEEN RUMORS OF SOME KIND OF **SWAMP MONSTER** AROUND HERE.

DUDE, **MELLOW OUT**. YOU'RE WITH **FAMILY!**

OH, I FEEL **SO** MUCH BETTER NOW...



BESIDES, IF WE NEED HELP, I'VE GOT **FRIENDS** WHO LIVE AROUND HERE.

THANKS, UNCLE CHESTER! GOOD THING WE'VE GOT YOU TO, LIKE, **GUIDE** US THROUGH THIS **SPOOKY SWAMP**.

OUTTA SIGHT!

I'M GLAD YOU'RE HAPPY, TOO.



NO, I MEAN WE'D BETTER **DUCK OUTTA SIGHT!** THERE'S THE **VOODOO QUEEN'S HOUSE**--



--AND THERE'S THE **VOODOO QUEEN!**

