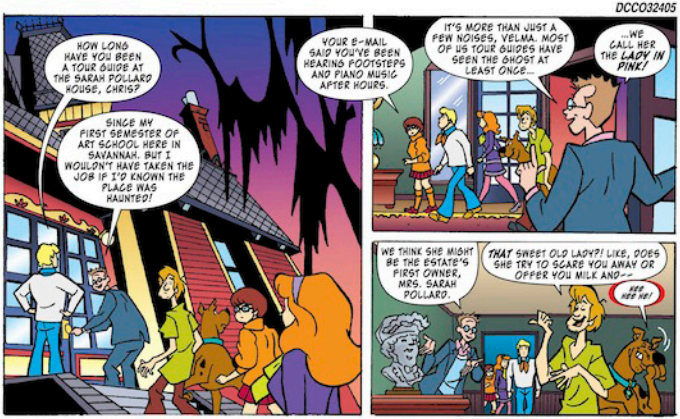

HOME IS WHERE THE HAUNT IS

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COOKIES?

ZOINKS!

THE LADY IN PINK!

DON'T BE ALARMED. MY HOUSEKEEPER DRESSES LIKE SARAH POLLARD FOR THE TOURISTS.
MR. BARTLETT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
NEVER MIND WHY I'M HERE, I OWN THIS HOUSE. WHAT ARE THESE KIDS DOING HERE?
I INVITED THEM. I THOUGHT YOU WANTED SOMEONE TO COME OUT AND INVESTIGATE.
I DO!
THAT'S WHY I HIRED THE BEST GHOST HUNTERS ON TELEVISION: THE PARANORMAL POSSE!
I'M BRAD, STAR OF THE SHOW. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, BUT WE'RE NOT HIRING INTERNS RIGHT NOW.
THAT'S NOT EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING.
YOU CAN BOTH CHECK OUT THE HOUSE TONIGHT, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED.
TWO TEAMS MEANS TWICE THE PUBLICITY!

GOOD LUCK, GUYS!
I LEFT A CAKE IN THE KITCHEN--HELP YOURSELVES!
THAT HOUSEKEEPER SURE DOES LOOK A LOT LIKE OLD SARAH POLLARD.

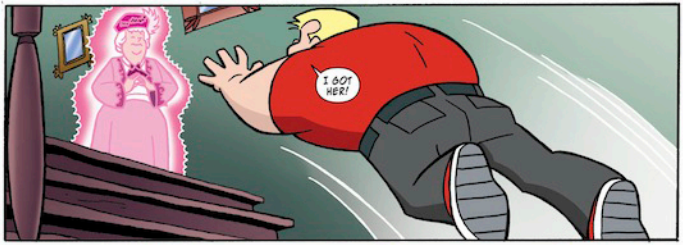
SHE COULD BE MASQUERADING AS THE GHOST... BUT WHY?
WHO KNOWS, DAPHNE? MAYBE THE CLUE'S IN HER KITCHEN, LET'S CHECK THERE FIRST.
I SUPPOSE IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE THAT THERE'S CAKE IN THE KITCHEN, SHAGGY.

RUH-ROH! CO-KRINCIDENCE.
NO NEED FOR YOU FOLKS TO STICK AROUND. WE'VE GOT THIS HANDLED.
THANKS, BUT I THINK WE'LL STAY.

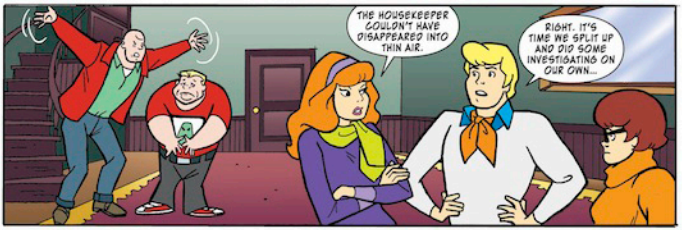
LOOK, BRO... WE DON'T NEED A PACK OF AMATEURS CRAMPING OUR STYLE.
MY NAME IS "FREO"... AND WE'RE NO AMATEURS.
IN CASE YOU TWO PROFESSIONALS HAVEN'T NOTICED...

...THERE'S AN APPARITION ON THE STAIRS!

GROWL!
WHOSE FOOT'S IN MY BACK?!
THE LADY IN PINK!
GET HER, TJ!
AT LEAST THIS IS A PROFESSIONAL PILE-UP.


I GOT HER!

MY BAD.
DID YOU GET ANY OF THAT ON TAPE?
YOU GUYS BLOCKED MY SHOT.


THE HOUSEKEEPER COULDN'T HAVE DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR.
RIGHT. IT'S TIME WE SPLIT UP AND DID SOME INVESTIGATING ON OUR OWN...

"...BUT STAYING OUT OF THE OTHER TEAM'S WAY WON'T BE EASY!"
WHERE ARE YOU, MRS. POLLARD? DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE AFRAID TO FACE A FEW CAMERAS!
IS ALL OF THAT SHOUTING REALLY NECESSARY?
DUH! YOU GET THE SPIRITS ANGRY SO THEY SHOW THEMSELVES. IT'S REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY, VERY MODERN STUFF.
I PREFER THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD... I GUESS I'M OLD-FASHIONED THAT WAY.
FOUND ANYTHING INTERESTING, VELMA?
THESE MIRRORS ARE IN A VERY STRANGE ARRANGEMENT FOR A SITTING ROOM. WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT SO MANY IN A ROW?
MRS. POLLARD MUST HAVE REALLY LIKED LOOKING AT HER REFLECTION.
THERE ARE MORE LIKE THIS IN SOME OF THE HALLWAYS.
I THINK SOMETHING'S UP. LET'S CHECK ON DAPHNE...

"...SHE COULD BE IN TROUBLE."
STAY BACK, LITTLE LADY! THE E.V.P. METER IS GOING GRAZY IN HERE.
IF IT'S PICKING UP THE ELECTROMAGNETIC WAVES FROM THE FAULTY WIRING...
...I THINK I'LL BE OKAY.
IT COULD HAVE BEEN GHOST ENERGY. BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY.
COME ON, SCOOB. WHILE DAPHNE'S BUSY WITH ELECTRO-WAVES...
...WE'LL FIND THE MICROWAVE!
GASP!
THAT'S WHAT I CALL A PANTRY PEST!
GIVE ME A HAND WITH THESE, SCOOB.
PAT
PAT
RA RRAOV!! RA RRAOV!!