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ISSUE
2
COVER A
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GH0STBUSTERS

CROSSING OVER



GH**OST**BUSTERS™

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WE'RE
SORRY.

EH,
SPEAK FOR
YOURSELF.

YES,
IT'S MY
NAME

MAN, SORRY AIN'T GONNA CUT IT.

YOU TWO FIGURED OUT A WAY TO MESS UP TECH WE DON'T FULLY UNDERSTAND WITHOUT EVEN BEING IN THE SAME ROOM, AND YOU GOT SOMEONE HURT IN THE PROCESS!

WHICH HAPPENED BECAUSE YOU RAN AN EXPERIMENT WITHOUT CHECKING WHETHER OR NOT IT MIGHT BE COMPROMISED BY ANY NUMBER OF OUTSIDE FACTORS—



—ODDS THAT YOU REALLY SHOULD'VE CONSIDERED BEFORE YOU STOLE AND REVERSE-ENGINEERED THIS DEVICE TO ACCESS OUR TRANS-DIMENSIONAL PORTAL!

I CAN UNDERSTAND THE DRIVE TO, WELL, TO UNDERSTAND, BUT YOU INTERRUPTED A DELICATE BALANCE HERE!



SO WHAT?

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF, STANTZ... YOU WEREN'T GOING TO SHARE THIS TECH—WHICH I HAVE A LEGAL CLAIM TO, BY THE WAY—SO WE WERE FORCED TO TAKE THE MATTER INTO OUR OWN HANDS.

THIS IS ALL REALLY YOUR FAULT WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT—



—HOOP!

YOU GO AHEAD AND SAY THAT AGAIN.



WAIT! STOP!

YEAH. STOP.





WHAT. YOU GONNA TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT HOW IT WAS ALL FOR **THE SCIENCE?**

WELL, NOT **TOTALLY**. I MEAN, I **DEFINITELY** WOULD'VE ABUSED UNLIMITED ACCESS TO THE MULTIVERSE FOR MY OWN CURIOSITY, BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I—

NO.



SIGHE

I DIDN'T MEAN FOR ANYONE TO GET **HURT**, I JUST—



LOOK. WHEN I WAS GROWING UP, I DIDN'T IDENTIFY WITH **PEOPLE**. NOT REALLY. I MEAN, I **FAKED** IT. BUT I COULD ALWAYS MAKE SENSE OF STUFF I COULD **BUILD** OR **FIX**, AND THAT WAS **HOME**, OKAY?

AND THEN I MET **ABBY** AND **ERIN** AND **PATTY** AND **KEVIN**... AND THEY **GOT** ME. IT FELT LIKE **FAMILY**. CHANGED MY LIFE.

AND THEN, WE GO AND MEET **YOU GUYS**, AND YOUR **LITTLE MAGIC DOORWAY**.



THAT CHANGED MY LIFE **AGAIN**.



I THOUGHT, HEY, IF THERE'S AN INFINITE NUMBER OF DIMENSIONS, WITH INFINITE AMOUNTS OF PEOPLE WHOSE BRAINS KINDA WORKED LIKE MINE, MAYBE MY FAMILY WAS **BIGGER** THAN I THOUGHT. I KINDA WANTED TO SEE HOW **BIG** IT COULD **BE**.

AND, IF I'M BEING HONEST, FIGURING OUT ALIEN LIZARD TECHNOLOGY WAS **ICING** ON THE CAKE.



YOU BUYING THIS CRAP, ZEDDEMORE?

BECAUSE IF SO, **DITTO**.

SHUT UP, **RON**.

MEANWHILE, A FEW BLOCKS AWAY...

I HATE HOSPITALS.

WHY? YOU'RE DEAD.

THEY CAN'T OVERCHARGE YOU ANYMORE.

SORRY.

I GUESS I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT HOW A PLACE LIKE THIS MIGHT MAKE YOU *FEEL*. YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO COME—I JUST WANTED TO STOP IN AND SEE IF THERE WAS ANY CHANGE WITH *PETER*.

THE COFFEE WAS A BONUS. WHO KNEW THIS PLACE WOULD HAVE THE *BEST* CUP IN THE CITY?

IT'S FINE.

AND IT'S NOT THAT BAD, THOUGH I CAN SENSE THINGS I'D RATHER NOT SENSE... UM, BUT NOT ABOUT DR. VENKMAN. HE'S FINE, I THINK, MOSTLY.

I MEAN, YES, HE'S TECHNICALLY IN A COMA, BUT THE DOCTORS DON'T SEE ANY REASON WHY HE WON'T COME OUT OF IT... HE'S COME THROUGH WORSE.

YEAH, HE'S A *COCKROACH* LIKE THAT... AND I'M NOT GONNA WORRY UNTIL I GET AN UGLY STACK OF PAPERWORK FOR HIS NEXT OF KIN, SPEAKING OF THAT...

PETER'S NEXT OF KIN?

PAPERWORK. WALTER PECK KINDA, AH—



—HE OFFERED ME YOUR OLD JOB.

OH!
WELL, I MEAN, YOU'D BE GREAT AT IT. YOU KNOW THE INS AND OUTS OF THE BUSINESS BETTER THAN ANYONE, AND YOU CERTAINLY KNOW HOW TO KEEP EVERYONE IN LINE...



MAYBE... BUT THIS THING, HERE, WITH PETER? IT'S MAKING ME THINK.

NEW RESPONSIBILITIES. HOW MUCH WOULD ALL THE CRAP ON MY PLATE KEEP ME FROM DOING STUFF THE WAY I WANT? PECK HAD YOU TRAVELLING AND ARRANGING AND—

RIGHT NOW, I GOT A LOTTA SAY IN THINGS, AND I GOT A LOTTA FREEDOM, AND I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S WORTH TRADING OFF FOR JUST A LITTLE MORE MONEY.



WELL, THE UNKNOWN IS INFINITE. YOU CAN'T MAKE ANY DECISIONS BASED ON MAYBES, RIGHT?

SO MAYBE IT'LL BE GREAT, OR MAYBE IT'LL BE AWFUL... BUT WHAT FACTS DO YOU—



WAIT. I'M SENSING SOMETHING AGAIN. SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T BELONG.

SOMETHING BAD?

I'M NOT SURE. AND DON'T ASK ME WHY—



"—BUT I THINK IT'S HERE FOR PETER!"

