

Previously in **By Night...**

Heather and Jane's first foray into the mysterious Otherworld dimension was short and slimy. They have not returned from the second. And who is responsible for taking this news back to town? Jane's co-worker Barney. Poor old Barney.

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NEXT UP
ON THE QUINCY
NETWORK, THE M.E.
DEALS WITH THE
MENACE OF PUNK
ROCK.

VIEWER
DISCRETION
ADVISED.



IS THIS
YOUR LIFE
NOW? QUINCY
RERUNS?



GREAT
EP, BUT I
CAN'T BE THAT
GUY.



MAYBE
I SHOULD GO HELP
ANDY WITH THE PEST
CONTROL BUSINESS.
A MAN NEEDS
PURPOSE.

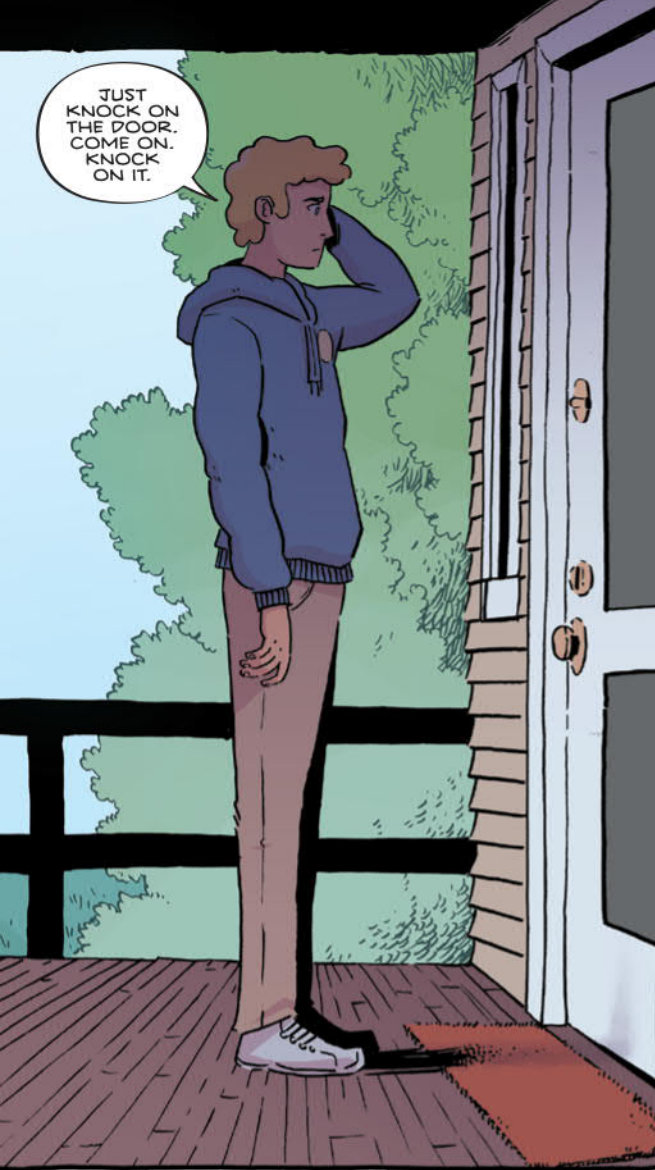


OR I COULD
JUST LIE IN THE
YARD AND WAIT
FOR BUZZARDS
TO PECK OUT
MY G.D.
EYES.



I WONDER IF
THAT KID'S STILL
STANDING ON MY
DOORSTEP.

IT'S BEEN
FIFTEEN MINUTES,
I GUESS HE'S
NEVER GONNA
KNOCK.



JUST KNOCK ON THE DOOR. COME ON. KNOCK ON IT.



IF YOU'RE SELLING BIBLES DOOR TO DOOR, TELL ME NOW SO I CAN POINT YOU HOME.



THERE'S A PLACE...BEYOND THIS WORLD...A DOOR OPENS...



THIS AIN'T EVEN THE ORDINARY BIBLE, IS IT? YOU'RE FROM THE GUYS WHO THINK THE RAPTURE IS NEXT WEDNESDAY, RIGHT AFTER LAW AND ORDER SVU.



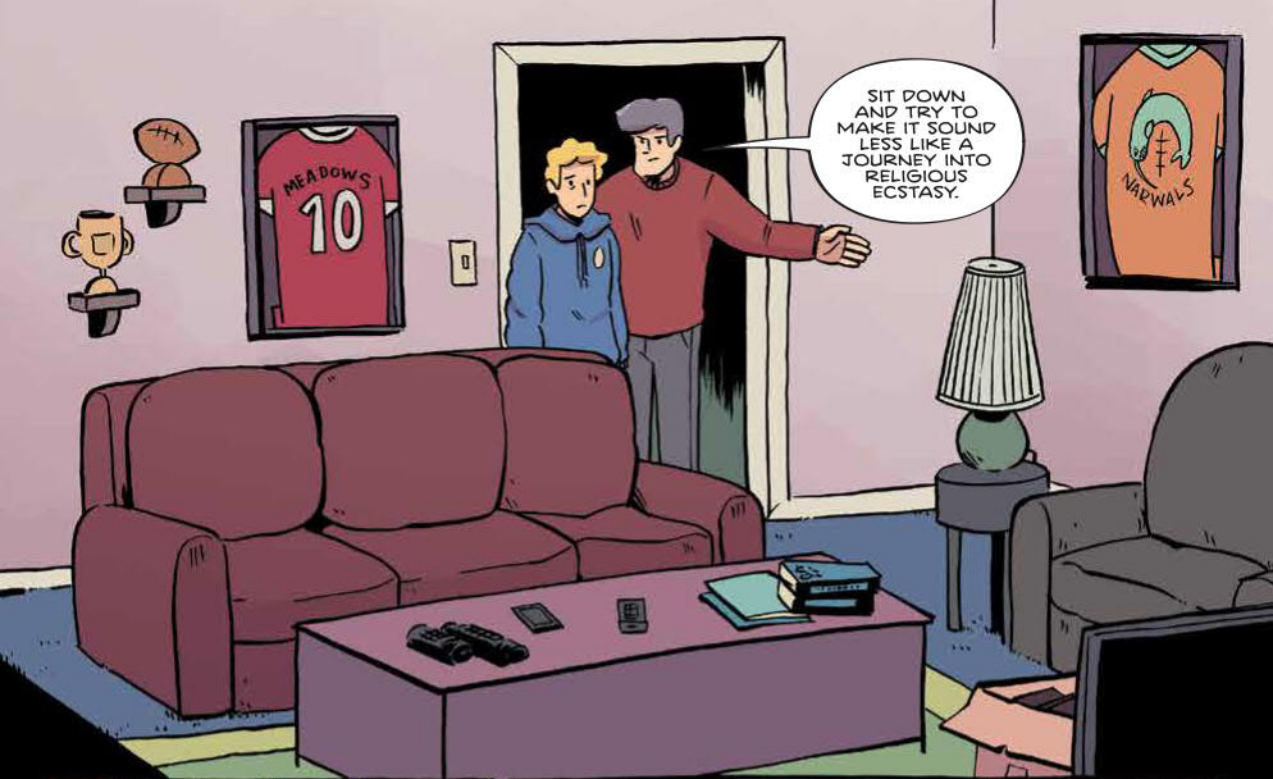
GO HOME, SON, THINK ABOUT YOUR CHOICES.



HEATHER WENT THROUGH THE DOOR! AND JANE!



GET INSIDE.



SIT DOWN AND TRY TO MAKE IT SOUND LESS LIKE A JOURNEY INTO RELIGIOUS ECSTASY.



HEATHER AND JANE WERE EXPLORING CHARLESWOOD, AND THEY FOUND SOME KIND OF... **DOOR?**



NOW HOW IN HELL WOULD THEY GET INTO CHARLESWOOD?

THEY HAD THIS BIG BUNCH OF KEYS.



BLAST THAT GIRL AND HER LIGHT FINGERS.

THEY OPENED UP A DOOR IN SPACE, WENT THROUGH, AND VANISHED.

NO. **LESS** LIKE A JOURNEY INTO RELIGIOUS ECSTASY.



JUST TELL ME, DID THEY FLY RIGHT UP INTO THE AIR... OR WAS THE JOURNEY MORE... HORIZONTAL?

Urr--





WHY ARE WE EATING NOW?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND AT CHARLESWOOD, BUT WE'RE NOT GOING TO FIND IT WITH LOW BLOOD SUGAR.

EAT YOUR PANCAKES. MARTY'S ARE THE BEST IN THE COUNTY.



AREN'T YOU WORRIED ABOUT HEATHER?

EVERY DAY SHE WAS AWAY AT COLLEGE I WORRIED, AND EVERY TIME SHE CAME BACK SHE STILL HAD TWO ARMS AND TWO LEGS.



PARENTING IS LEARNING TO TRUST THAT THE ARMS AND LEGS WILL STILL BE THERE NEXT TIME.



MORNING, TABITHA.

WHOA, YOU KNOW GHOST LADY?



SHE WAS HOMECOMING QUEEN OF THE YEAR I GRADUATED SPECTRUM HIGH.

SHUT THE FRONT DOOR. SHE'S LIKE, A HUNDRED AND ONE.