

BURNHAM • SCHOENING • DELGADO

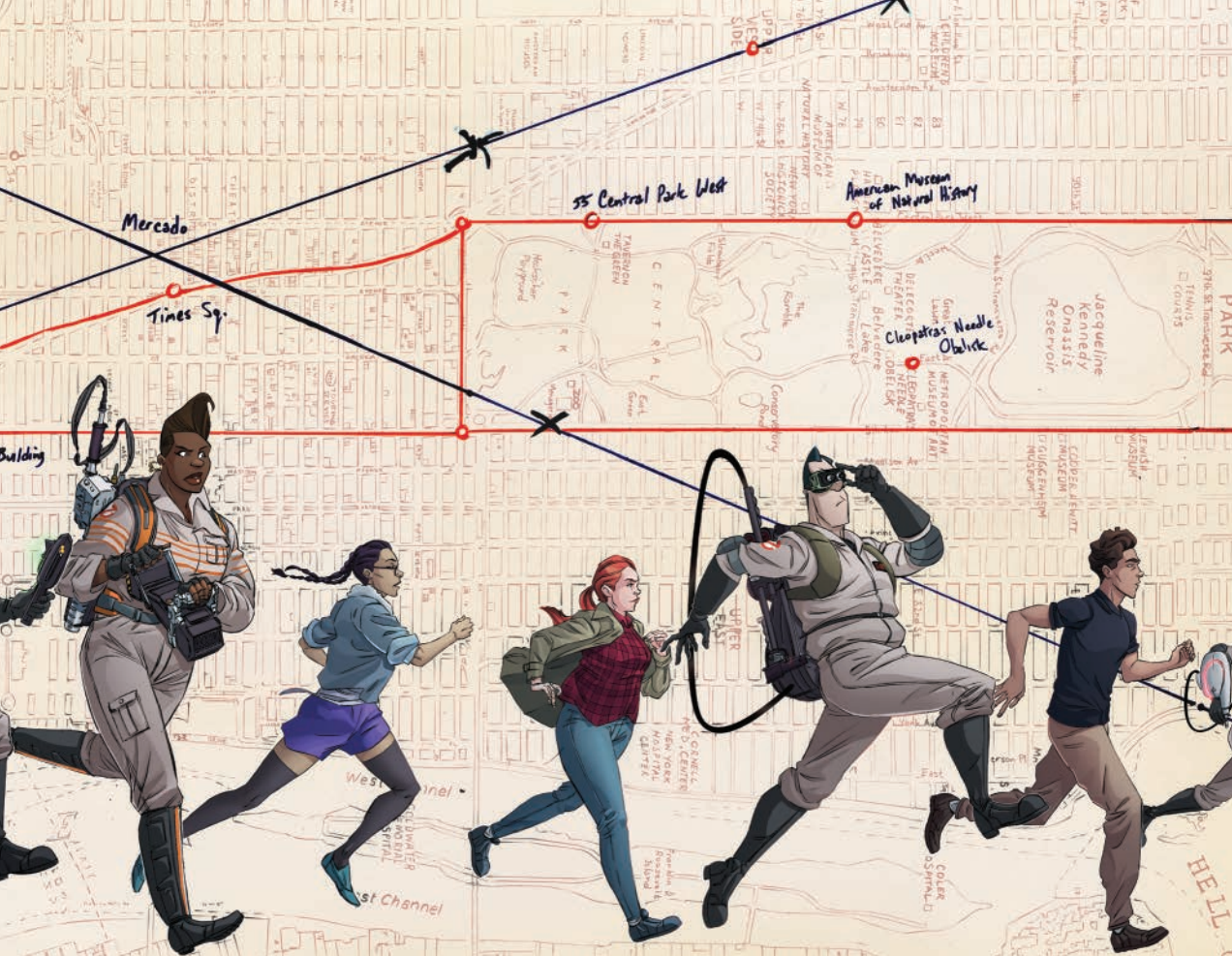
# GH**0**STBUSTERS™

101



EVERYONE ANSWERS THE CALL





# GH**OST**BUSTERS™

## 101

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AND **ANNA CHHER**

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LUNA PARK WAS ONE OF CONEY ISLAND'S BRIGHTEST ATTRACTIONS FROM 1903 UNTIL 1944.

WHEN HE WAS VERY YOUNG, JONAS SCHULTZ WATCHED IT **BURN** TO THE GROUND.

HE LIVED HIS ENTIRE LIFE **WISHING** LUNA PARK WAS **BACK**, JUST AS IT WAS.

JONAS SCHULTZ **DIED** AT 4:13 THIS MORNING...

...AND **IMMEDIATELY** TRIED TO MAKE HIS WISH COME TRUE.

IIIIITTTTSSSS  
COOMMINNNGGGG  
BAAAACKKKK







LOOK AT ALL THIS CRAP POPPING UP OUTTA THIN AIR. I **HATE** THE ONES THAT CAN DO THIS.

YOU **HATE ALL** OF 'EM.

AW, WINSTON... YOU'VE BEEN **LISTENING**.

THAT SAID, I'D STILL RATHER BE UP HERE WITH **THIS GUY** THAN DOWN WITH **RAY AND EGON** IN THE **SEWER**.



YOU COULDN'T PAY ME **ENOUGH** TO WADE THROUGH THAT SH—

**COMMS ARE OPEN, VENKMAN. JUST DEAL WITH THAT CLASS 3, AND—**



WAIT!

ON WHAT, THE GHOST? HE'S KIND OF A **SITTING DUCK** RIGHT NOW, RAY!

NOT YOU—**EGON!** LOOK!

THE **SOURCE** OF THE DISTURBANCE!

YOU TWO **SURE** THIS GUY WITH THE **TEDDY BEAR** **ISN'T** THE **SOURCE**?



OH... **YES.**





YOU NOTICE ANYTHING *ODD* ABOUT THIS STUFF, EGON?

BESIDES THE FACT THAT WE'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED A REPOSITORY OF *THIS SIZE* QUITE SO FAR FROM MANHATTAN?

NO! NOT *THAT*.

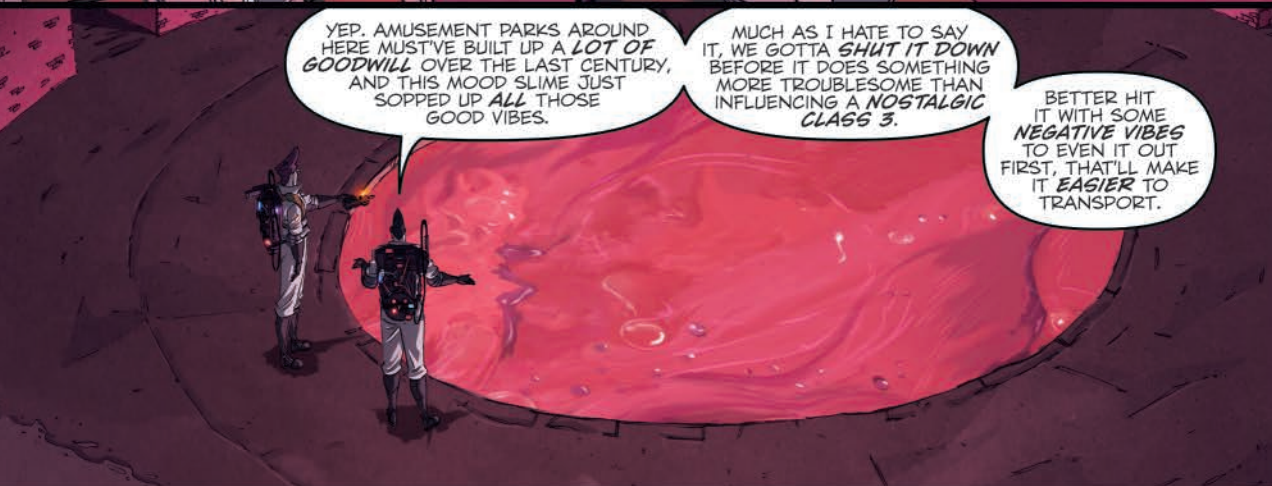


CAN'T YOU *FEEL* IT?

...



THIS PSYCHOMAGNETHERIC ECTOPLASM—IT'S *POSITIVELY CHARGED!*



YEP. AMUSEMENT PARKS AROUND HERE MUST'VE BUILT UP A *LOT OF GOODWILL* OVER THE LAST CENTURY, AND THIS MOOD SLIME JUST SOPPED UP *ALL* THOSE GOOD VIBES.

MUCH AS I HATE TO SAY IT, WE GOTTA *SHUT IT DOWN* BEFORE IT DOES SOMETHING MORE TROUBLESOME THAN INFLUENCING A *NOSTALGIC CLASS 3*.

BETTER HIT IT WITH SOME *NEGATIVE VIBES* TO EVEN IT OUT FIRST, THAT'LL MAKE IT *EASIER* TO TRANSPORT.



**THWACK**



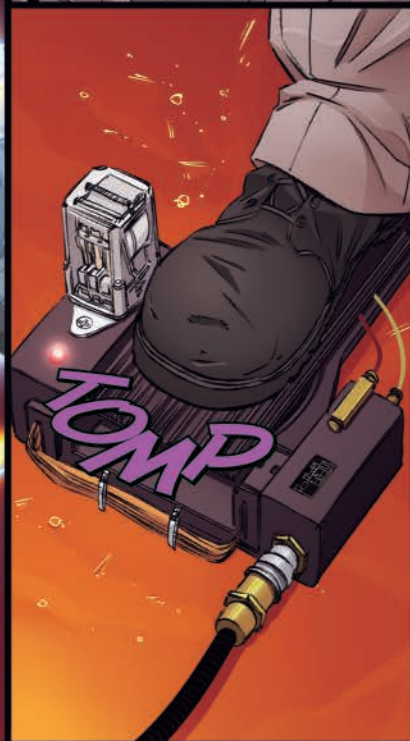
DIRECT. THE HOSTILITY. AT THE *SLIME*.

OH. RIGHT. IN MY DEFENSE, I *WAS* RECENTLY ATOMIZED BY A SCANDINAVIAN WARLOCK.

YOU USED *THAT* EXCUSE WHEN YOU TOOK MY *LO MEIN* FROM THE OFFICE FRIDGE!

YOU KNOW WHAT? JUST HAND ME A *GRENADE*.









WHOA—

DAAAH!



THE HELL WAS *THAT*? WHAT DID YOU TWO DO?

UM... WE WERE TRYING TO *NEUTRALIZE* SOME AGGRESSIVELY POSITIVE MOOD SLIME AND MIGHT HAVE *UNDERESTIMATED* ITS REACTION TO A PROTON GRENADE.

ALSO, EGON *PEED* IN IT, WHICH MIGHT *ALSO* ACCOUNT FOR IT.



WAIT, HE DID WHAT?



IT SEEMED LIKE A HELPFUL WAY TO SEND A NEGATIVE MESSAGE—

NO MORE! JUST... NO MORE.

THIS STUFF SMELL LIKE ASPARAGUS TO ANYONE ELSE?