

# GH**OST**BUSTERS

Ghostbusters meet  
the Laser Ghost



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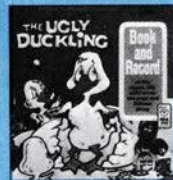
1957



1941



1947



1952



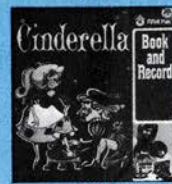
1958



1922



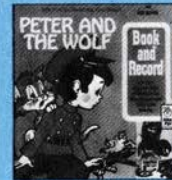
1937



1942



1948



1953



1959



1926



1938



1943



1949



1954



1960



1935



1939



1944



1950



1955



1961



# GHOSTBUSTERS

## MEET THE LASER GHOSTS

### PROLOGUE

**I**n the year 1984, New York City started experiencing strange and unexplained occurrences.

Although it was thought unbelievable at the time – the City was – in truth, being taken over by spirits from another world. A world only rumored to exist, but not proven to be true.

### THE WORLD OF GHOSTS

**I**t took four dedicated and knowledgeable human beings – armed with superior scientific knowledge – laser guns and a giant ghost busting machine to rid the city of its “other world” creatures.

They called themselves The Ghost Busters.

One year later – almost to the day – the ghosts returned.

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### GHOSTBUSTIN' MACHINE

LYRICS: J. FISCHER    MUSIC: R. HATFIELD  
©1984 ROJO MUSIC

**CHORUS** Ghostbusters, Ghostbusters Spirits in the Night  
Ghostbusters, Ghostbusters, something here ain't right  
Ghostbusters, Ghostbusters, makes you want to scream  
Ghostbusters, Ghostbusters, get a ghostbustin' machine

1. If you hear a noise, late at night  
The tables move from left to right  
Pictures fall, right off the wall  
You've got the ghost, they're big and small  
And if you want to chase them out  
'Cause they're not just a dream  
Go out now, don't you delay  
Get a ghostbustin' machine

Repeat Chorus

2. Illusion, confusion, they all move from room to room  
Flyin' here, they're flyin' there, sometimes on a broom  
Scarin' people, that's their job  
Some of them are really mean  
The only way to get them out  
Is with a ghostbustin' machine

Repeat Chorus

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Illustrations by Al Gordon



Evan Dobbs felt something wasn't quite right when he passed the old stone and brick house on Oak Street. There seemed to be an eerie, greenish mist drifting from window to window.

At first, Evan thought it was only his imagination, but, after rubbing his eyes and staring a little longer, he was sure what he saw was real.



“Something very weird is happening at the old Patterson place”, he said to his sister Lynn as soon as he got home. “The house has been vacant since my tenth birthday and that’s almost two years ago. I always wondered why no one moved in. Now I have this eerie feeling that someone or something is living there and nobody knows about it.”

“Maybe it’s ghosts”, laughed Lynn.



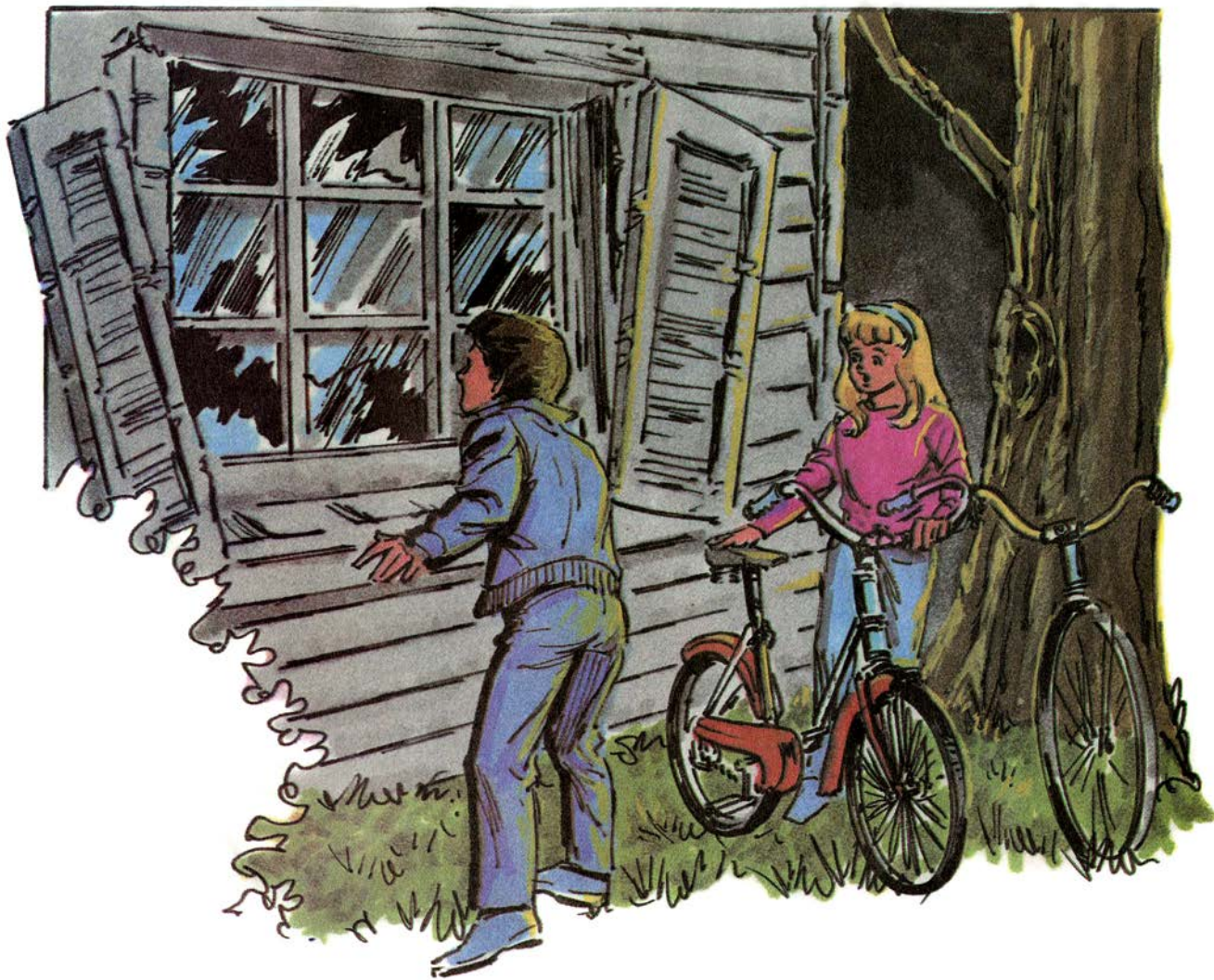
“I don’t think that’s as funny as you do”, replied Evan. “I’m going back tonight to take a closer look. Want to come?”

“Sure, why not? I’ve never seen a ghost in person before. It’ll give me something to talk about in school on Monday”, she giggled.



That evening, as soon as Evan and Lynn finished dinner, they excused themselves from the table, telling their mother that they were going for a bike ride to work off their heavy meal.

“Better not come home too late”, their father yelled after them, “you never know what’s out there in the dark.”



Evan and Lynn pedaled their bikes right up to the front lawn of the old Patterson house and rested them against the giant oak on the side of the driveway. Trying to make as little sound as possible they tiptoed on the grass until they got close enough to peer through one of the windows.





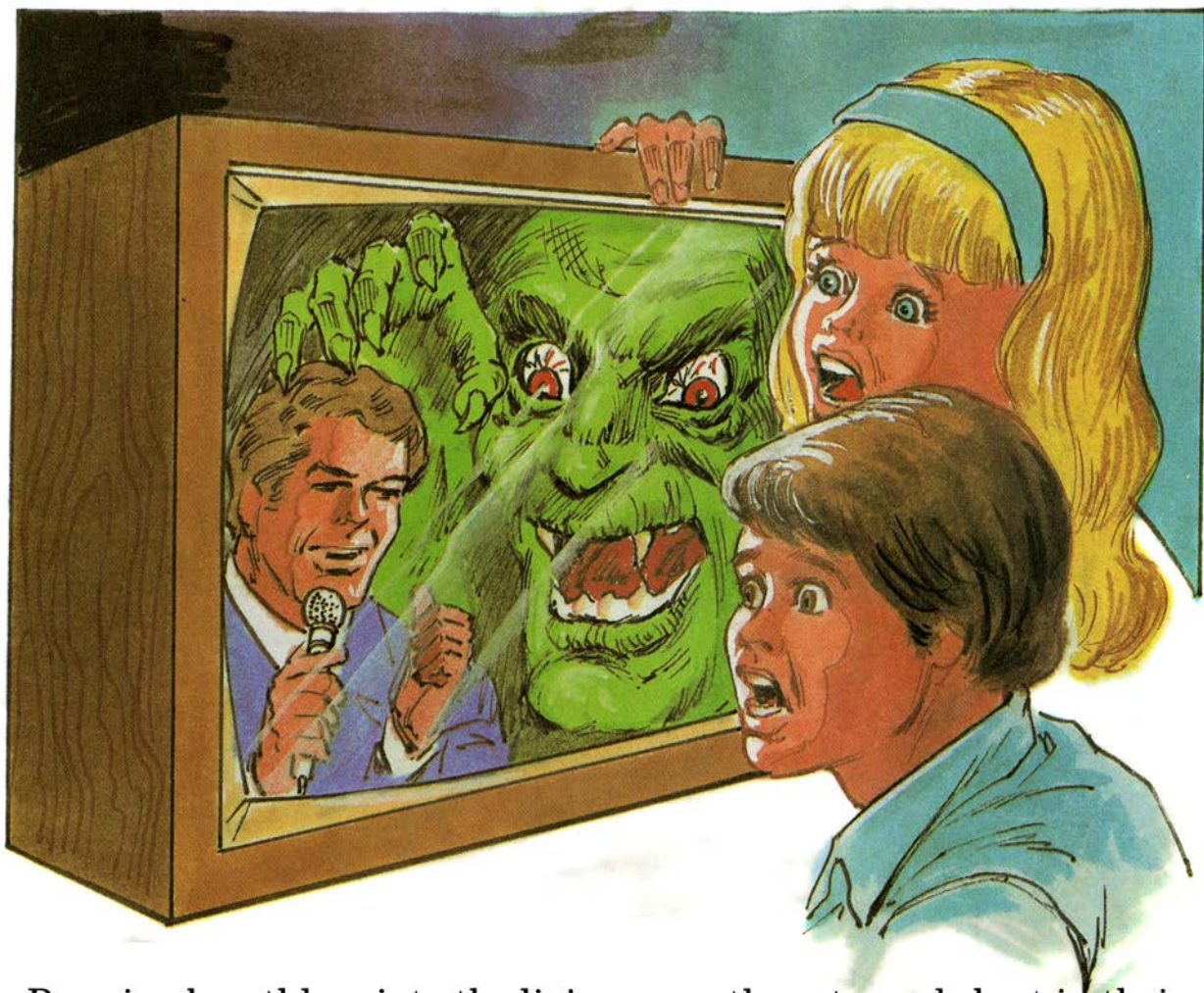
The night seemed to be growing darker with each passing minute. The moon was almost hidden by slow passing clouds. Not even one star was in sight. And the Patterson house seemed to be as dark as the night itself.

“Well, where’s the ghost?”, teased Lynn. “I came to see a ghost and all I see is---”, she put her nose right on the window pane, “---nothing.”



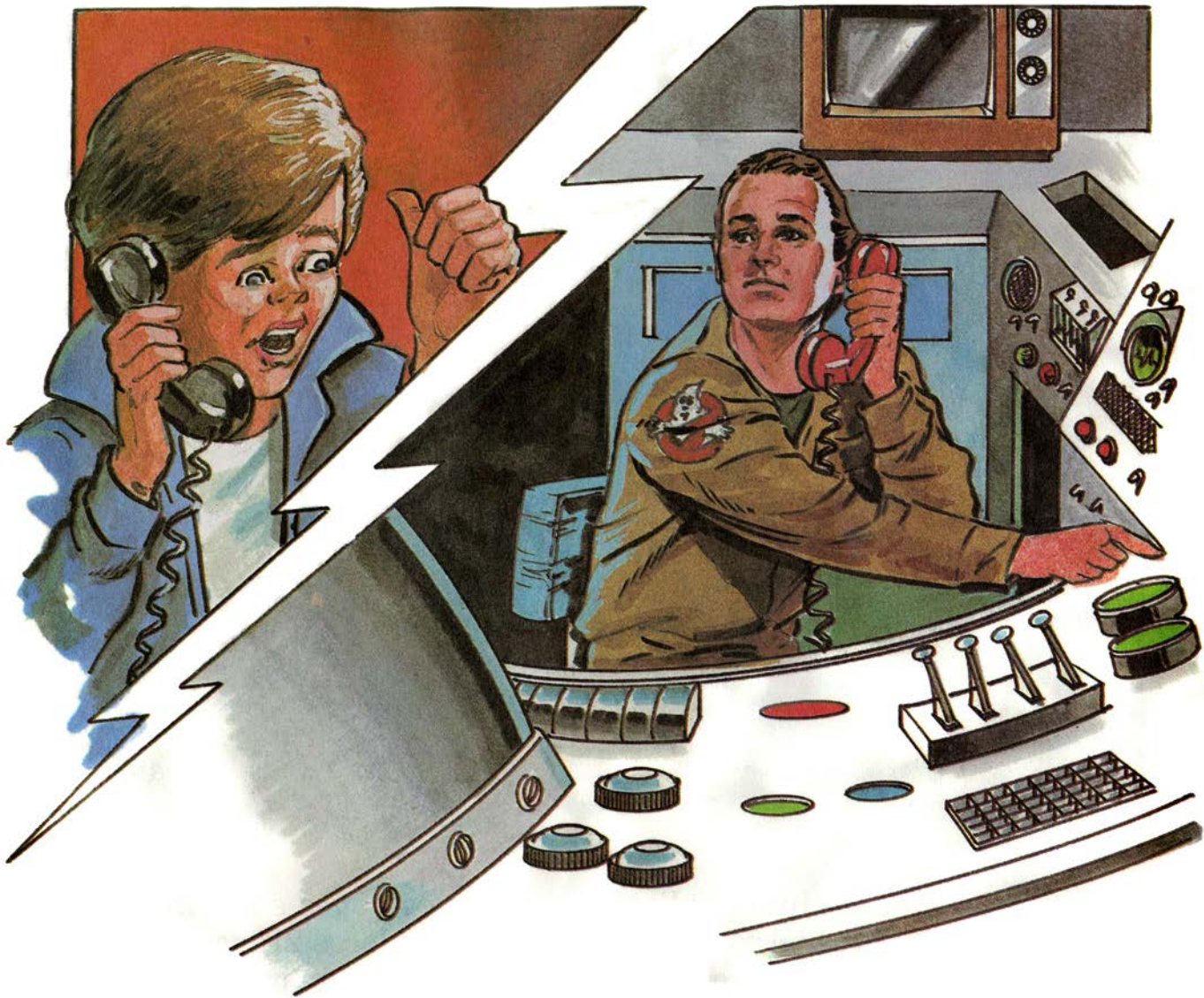
No sooner had the words left her mouth when there appeared a green, misty face, staring at her from inside the house. And to make matters worse, a green misty hand started tapping on the glass.

“Ghosts! Ghosts!”, she shouted. And with that, Lynn and Evan both ran for their bikes and pedaled home as fast as they could.

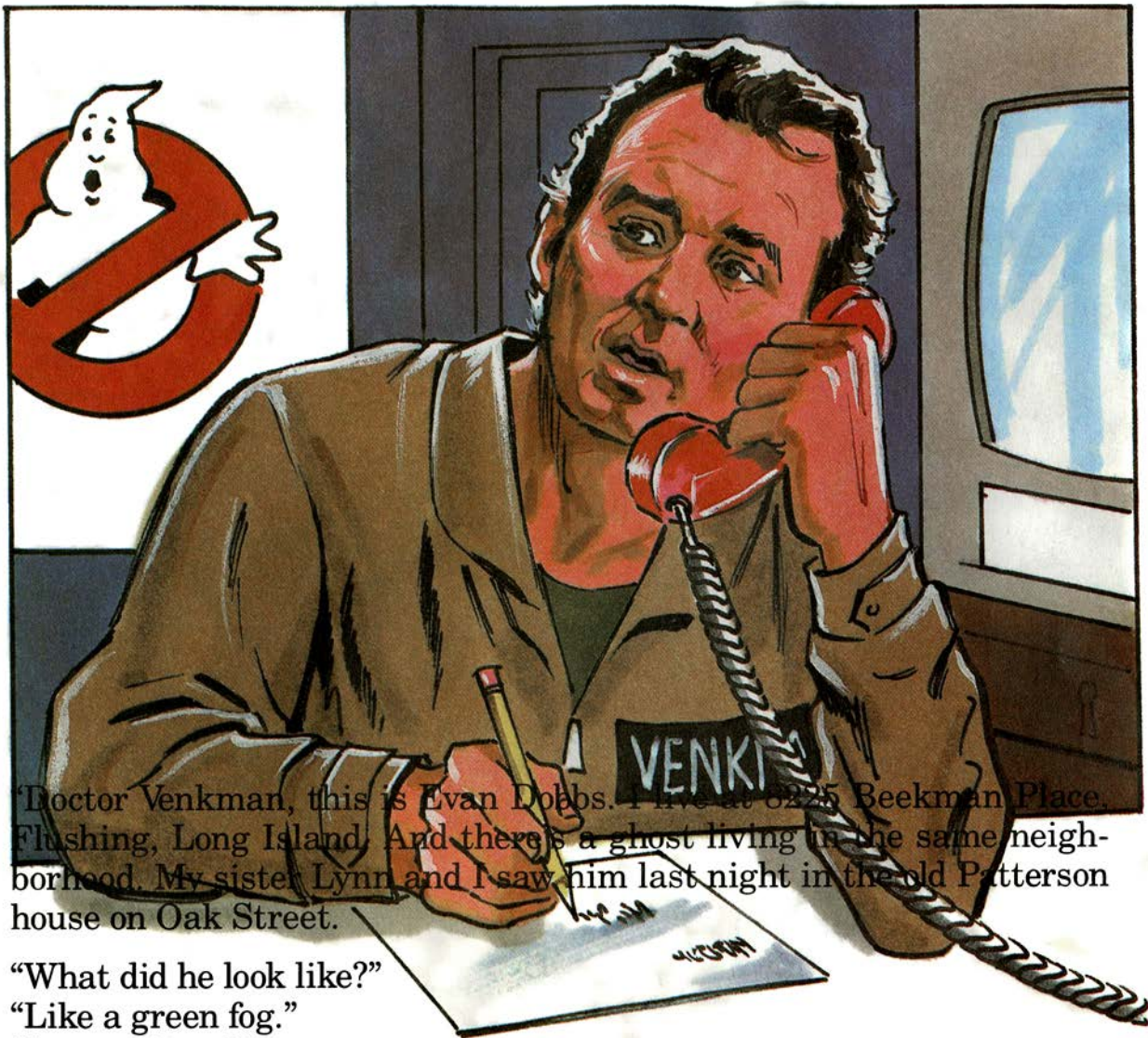


Running breathless into the living room they stopped short in their tracks in front of the television set. There, on the large 21 inch screen, was the face of a massive green ghost. They watched in horror as they heard the announcer say, "so, if you have any unusual characters like this roaming around the house, call Ghostbusters."

And then a phone number appeared long enough for Evan to memorize it.



“Hello, Ghostbusters”, the voice on the other end of the line answered. “If it floats through the air, don’t worry, we don’t scare. We’ll get ’em night or day by zapping them with our laser ray. Doctor Venkman speaking.”



"Doctor Venkman, this is Evan Dobbs. I live at 8225 Beekman Place, Flushing, Long Island. And there's a ghost living in the same neighborhood. My sister Lynn and I saw him last night in the old Patterson house on Oak Street.

"What did he look like?"

"Like a green fog."

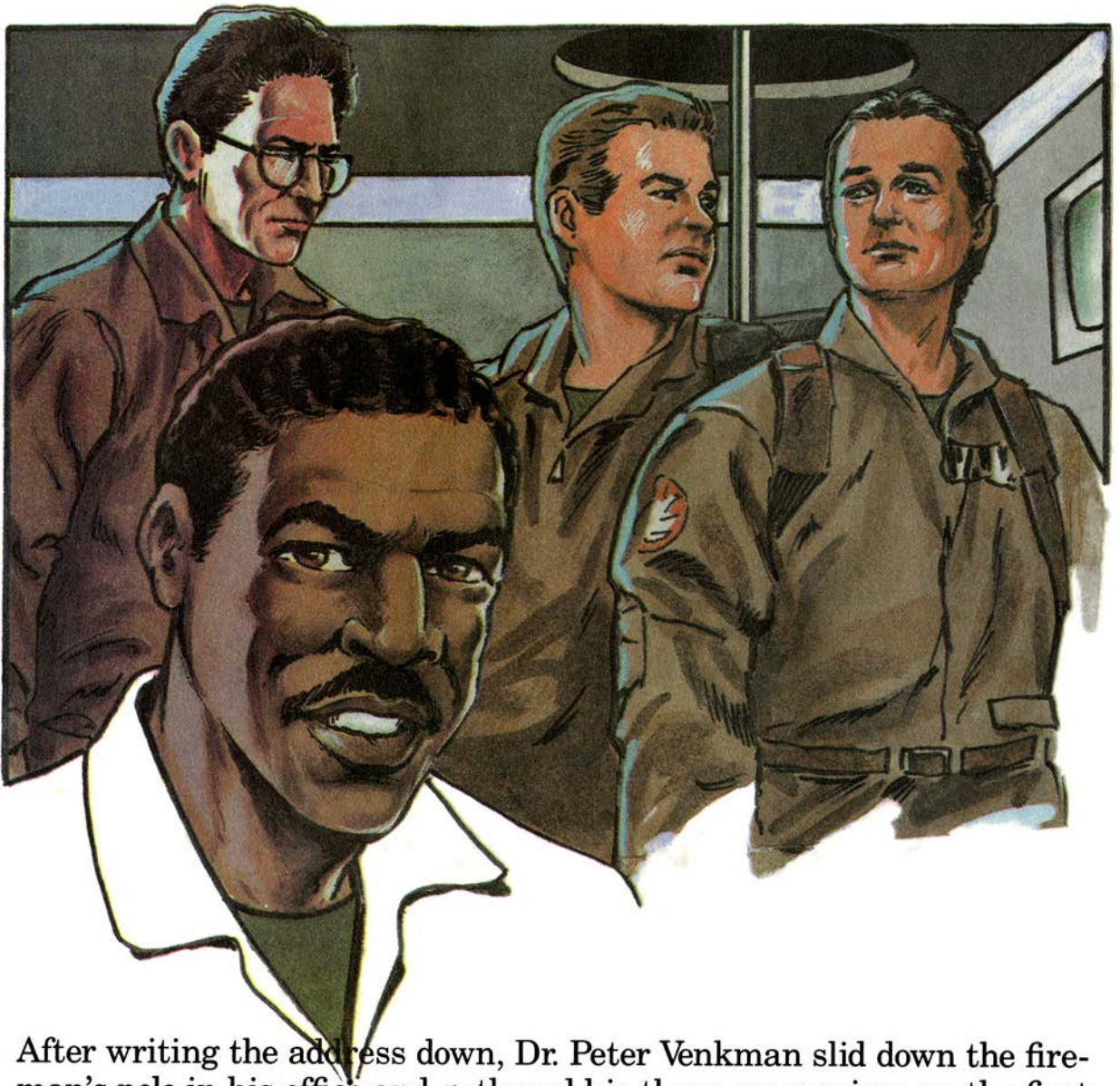
"A green frog?"

"No, a fog. A mist."

"Did it speak?" Doctor Venkman asked, rapidly taking notes.

"No", answered Evan, "but he did knock on the window pane."

"Give me the address of the Patterson house. I'll be there in an hour. Meet me."



After writing the address down, Dr. Peter Venkman slid down the fireman's pole in his office and gathered his three companions on the first floor.

"We've got a live one, or should I say a dead one, out in Flushing. Let's get the Ectomobile. I'll explain everything as we're driving."



“How many ghosts were seen?”, asked Winston Zeddemore from behind the wheel of the Ectomobile, the van that carried all the Ghostbusters’ equipment.

“Only one, so far”, answered Peter.

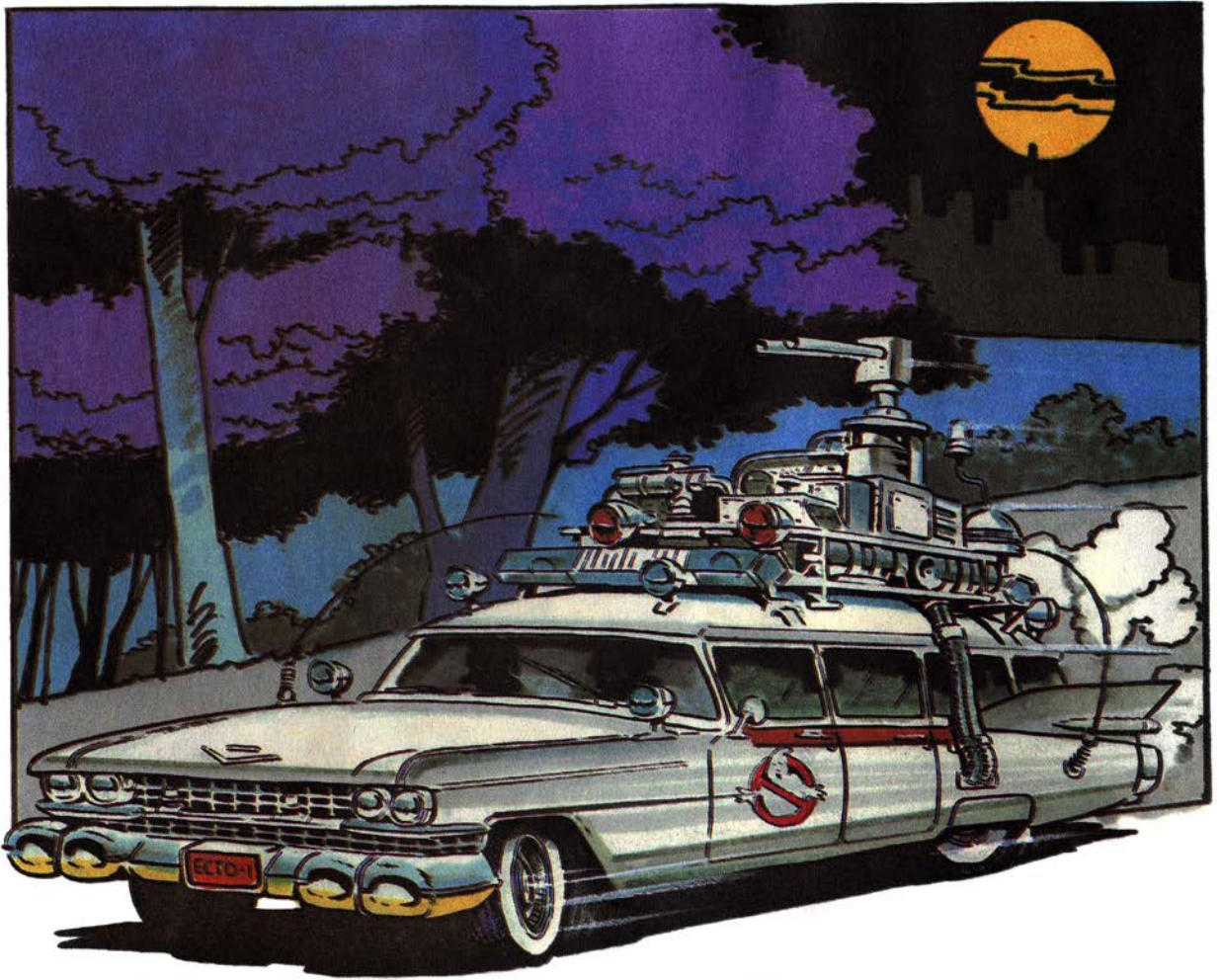
“It seems to be a typical ectoplasmic mass”, said Dr. Raymond Stantz almost to himself. “An ectoplasmic mass that has the ability to change into smoke or mist.”



“We haven’t seen one like that in quite a while”, thought Dr. Egon Spengler aloud. “I wonder if that type is coming back again?”

“They always come back”, answered Peter.





The four ghostbusters rode silently in the night until they came to the old Patterson house. Waiting across the street, still astride their bikes, were Evan and Lynn. As soon as they saw the Ectomobile park in the driveway they crossed to the Patterson house and greeted the Ghostbusters.



“We saw him in the window, there”, said Evan pointing. “Let’s laser up and get to work busting some ghosts.” “We’re almost ready, Peter!” Ray Stantz cried out.



To their surprise, the door to the Patterson house was unlocked. Quietly, the four Ghostbusters, along with Evan and Lynn, slipped inside. With flashlights in hand, they started searching the darkened rooms.



“Ray and I will head upstairs. Egon, you and Winston remain down here with the kids”, whispered Peter.

As they headed upstairs, Peter Venkman and Ray Stantz could sense another presence. Turning his head towards the bottom of the staircase Peter yelled, “Up here. Everybody. Hurry, get your lasers ready.”



With ray guns in position the six continued their climb. Slowly. Slowly. Slowly.

Then, without warning, in just a fraction of a second, a large howling, green dog that seemed to be made of smoke, appeared, growling at the top of the stairs.

As if triggered by one single finger, all four lasers hit their mark at the same instant. But nothing happened. The dog continued to growl and snarl.



Almost at the same moment that they noticed the dog they saw what appeared to be a puff of smoke in the shape of a man.

Once again they triggered their lasers. Once again they hit their mark. And once again nothing happened.



Soon the top of the stairs was filled with creatures – some seemingly made of smoke – others like the horrible red-eyed horned monster and the jagged toothed green demon – made of some kind of ectoplasmic goo.

Staring in horror at the grotesque sights and sounds – the six moved not one muscle. Blinked not one eye. It was Doctor Peter Venkman who broke the silence.



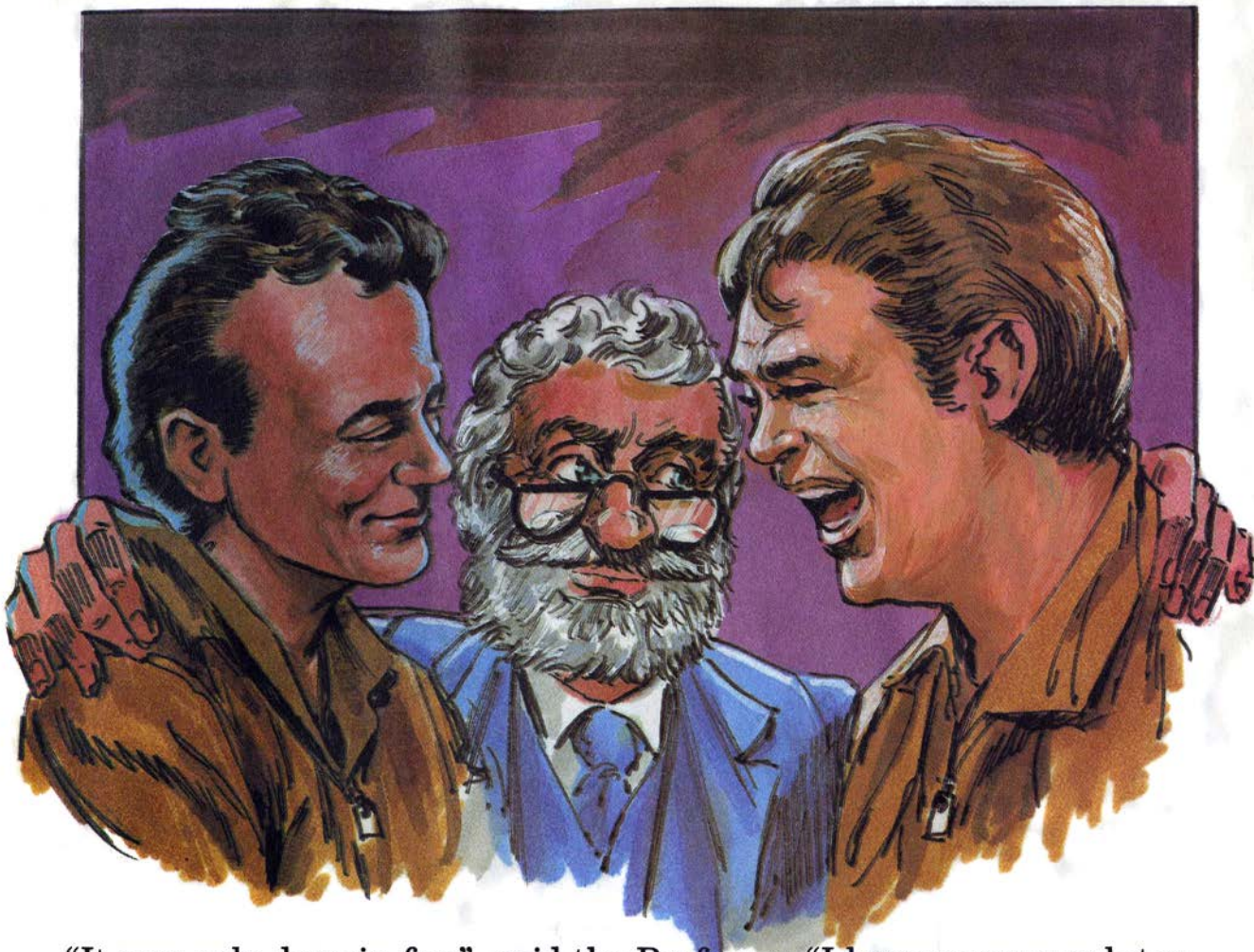
“Put the lasers away Ghostbusters”, laughed Peter. I think we’ve been had. What we’re looking at are no more ghosts than we are. Isn’t that right, Professor Scarey?”

With that, all the lights in the house went on and out stepped a little bearded man with very thick glasses.





“Everyone, I’d like you to meet Professor Simon Scarey, one of the great scientists in the field of holography. Using a laser beam, but in a different way, Professor Scarey can make a photographic image appear to have three dimensions. In other words, the image looks round and not flat. They use that technique in the haunted houses. What we’ve seen aren’t ghosts, they’re holograms. Well done Professor, but I’d know your work anywhere.”



“It was only done in fun”, said the Professor. “I knew sooner or later someone was bound to see my holographic images and thinking them real, call the Ghostbusters.”

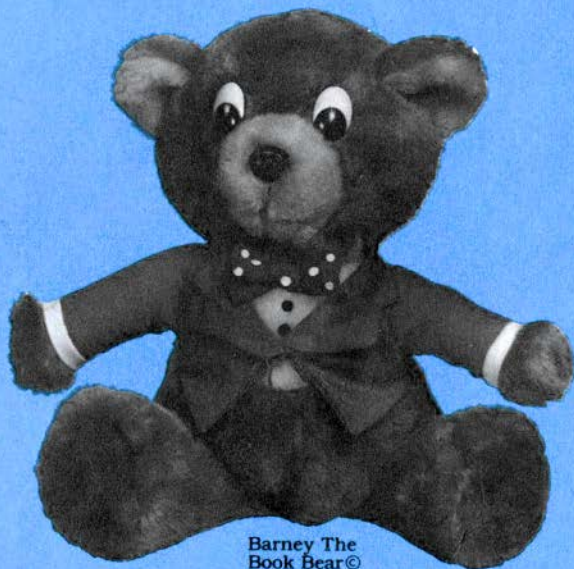
“Knowing we were on the case, you know you didn’t stand a ghost of a chance succeeding in your little game, eh Professor?”

And with that, all started laughing at the same time.

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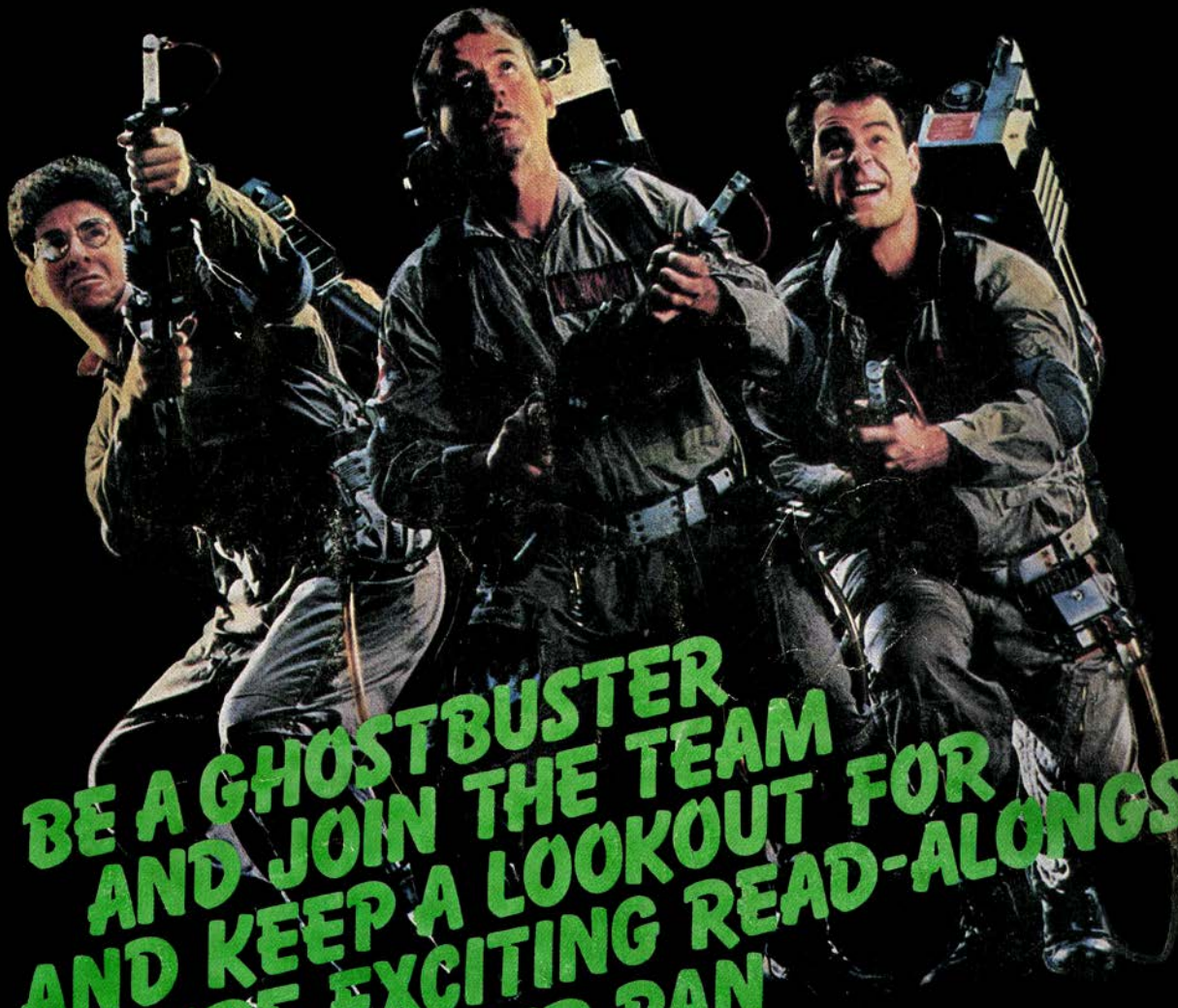


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