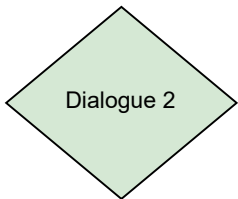


Hold that thought, kid. It's Thursday at three o'clock. I have to pants Professor Hollister in front of his Botany class.

It's basically tradition at this point.

Come back here tomorrow at the same time. We'll talk more then.



Hey you showed up.

Wasn't sure if tardiness ran in your family same as goofy faces did.

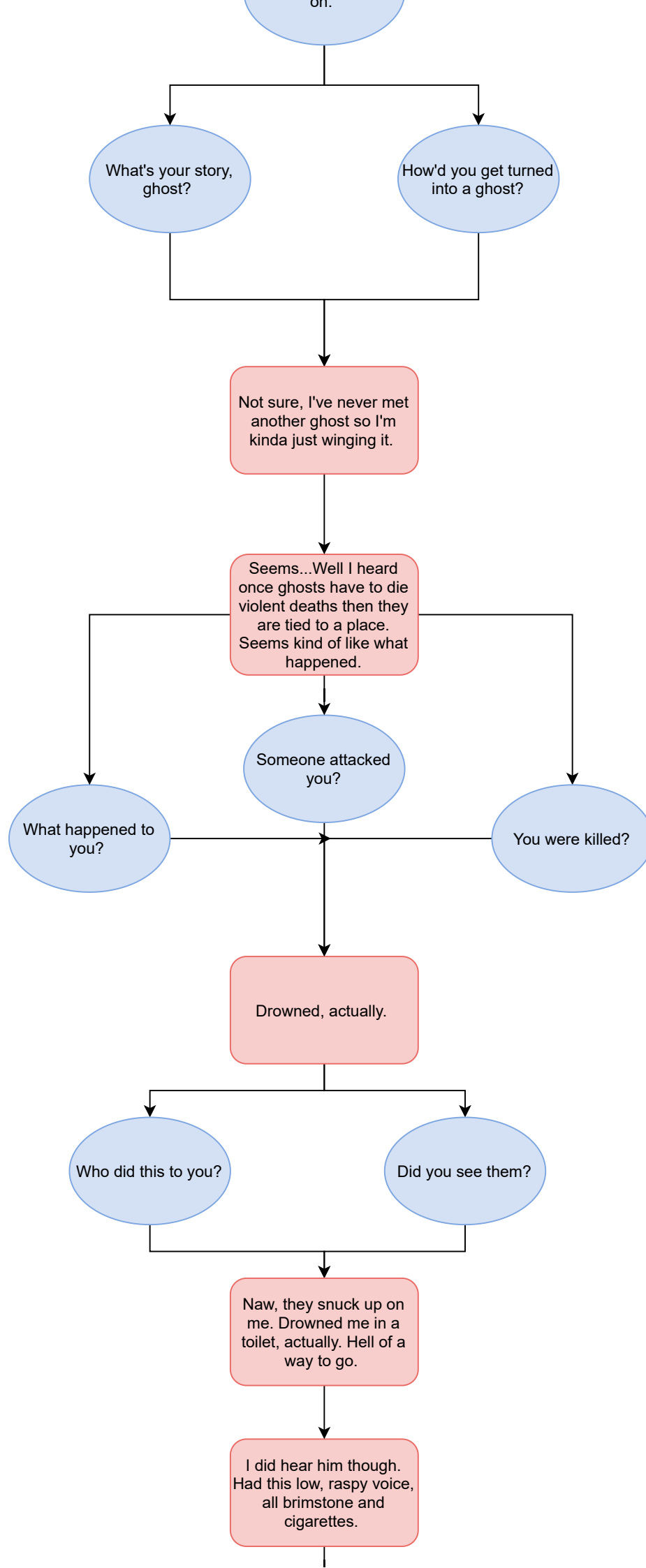
Hey, wait a minute!

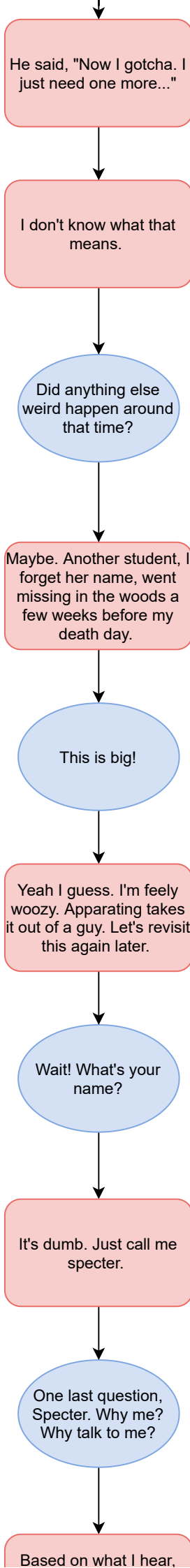
I didn't come down here to get made fun of by some ghost!

Technically I'm a specter. I think.

And if a ghost can't give it to you straight who can?

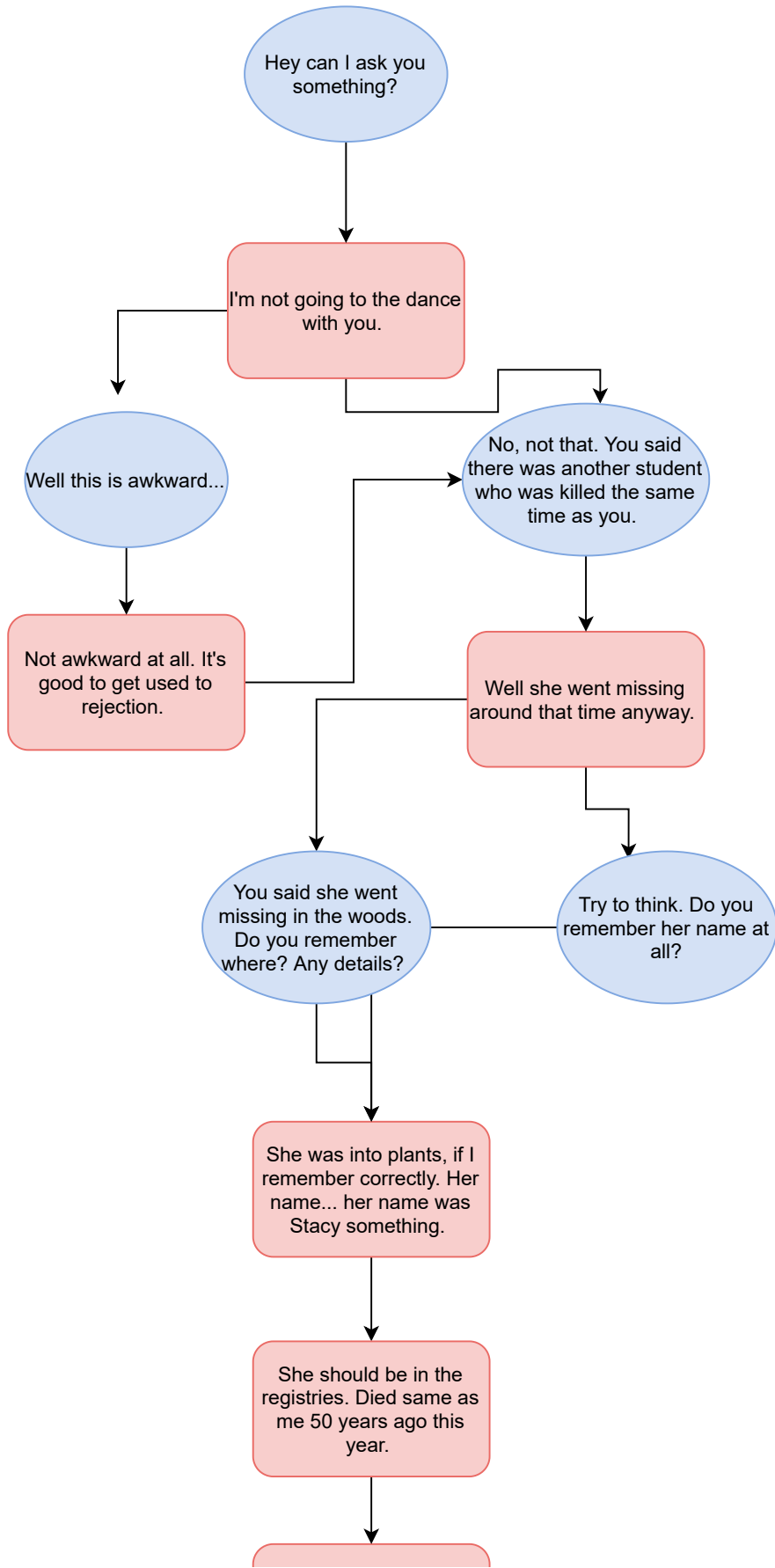
Alright, let's just move on.

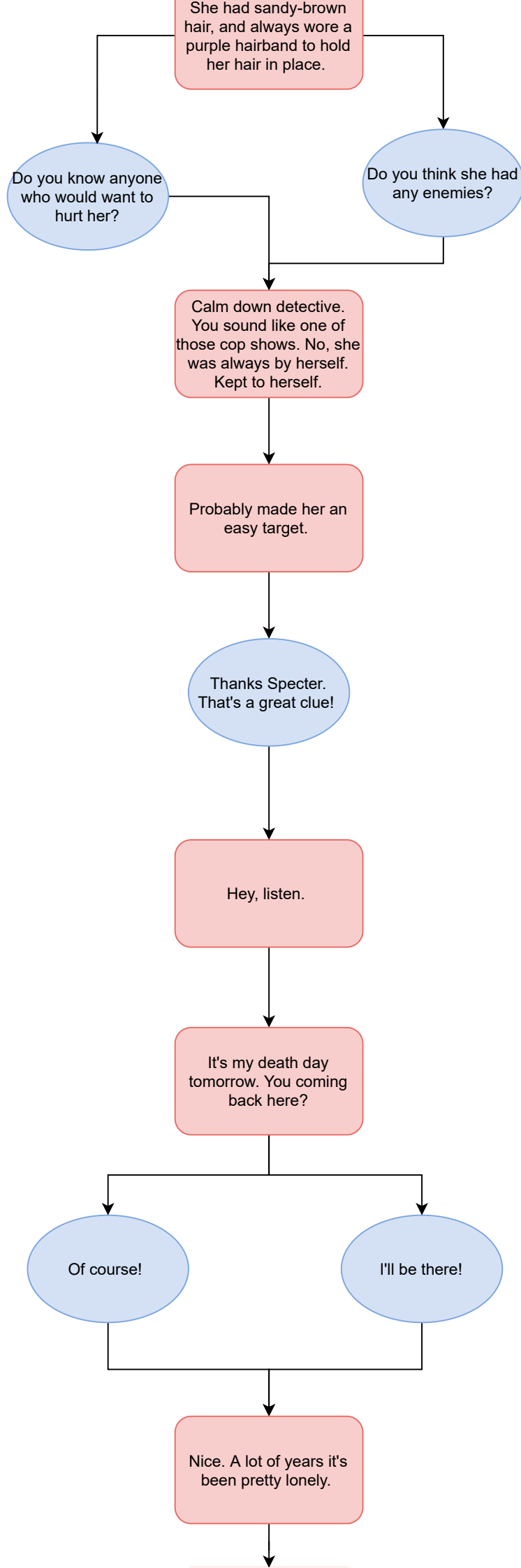




you're getting crap done.
Reminds me a little of
myself, I guess.

Dialogue 3





Dialogue 4

Be nice to have someone there.

Happy Death Day!
Did I do that right?

Oh is that a cupcake?
Nice.

I know you can't eat it
but...

No it's really nice. No one
ever got me something
for my death day.

Hey, can I ask you
something?

I did have a question
for you.

Sure, what's up?

What do you do all
day?

Do ghosts pee?

Mostly watch a lot of CSI. I've convinced one of the librarians the school library is haunted and what the ghosts want is continual Law and Order and CSI in the media center. I love procedurals

No, ghosts do not pee. Really, you could ask any question of the dead and that's what you come up with?

What was dying like?

It felt weird. There was this rush. White light flooding toward me, like they talk about.

Then, I dunno, I felt a tug back. I rushed away from that light, then it all went black. Next thing I remember is waking up back at the school like this.

I'm stuck here you know. I've tried to leave these walls of the academy and I can't. Something is keeping me tethered here.

I wish you could eat this cupcake.

Me too, buddy. You eat it for me.

Hey, thanks for keeping me company on my death day.

Thanks for talking with me, Specter.

It's Lyle, actually. Might as well call me by my name, stupid as it is.

Thanks, Lyle.

Dialogue 5

Hey kid, I figured it out!

What?

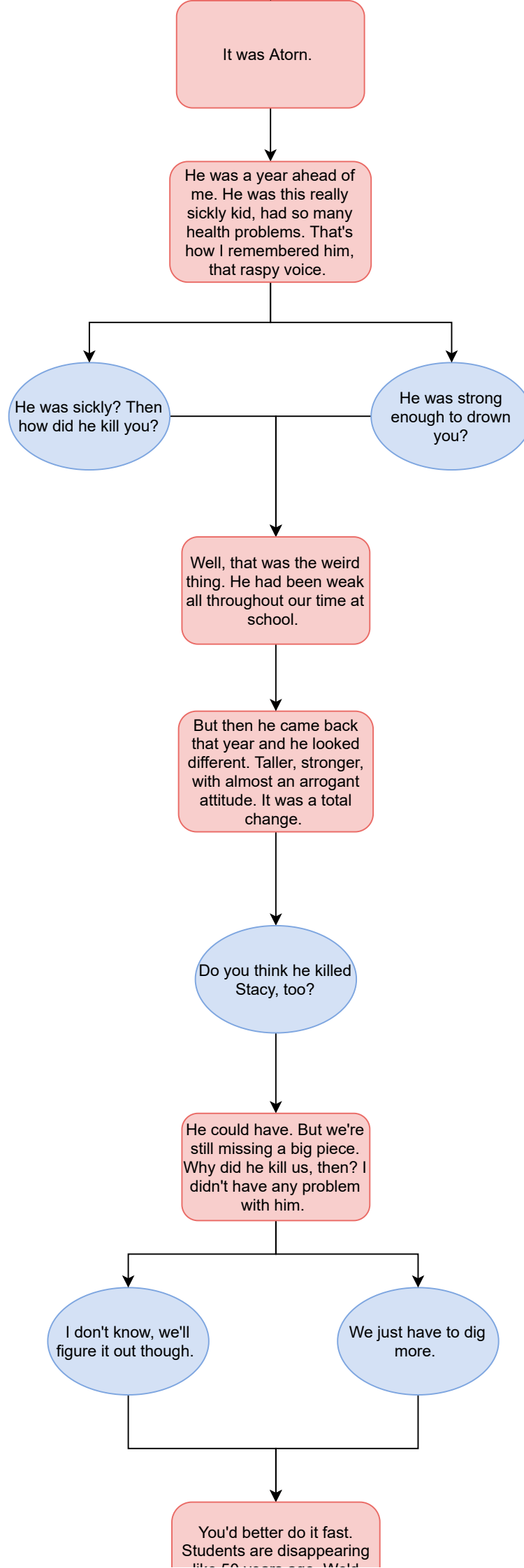
What did you figure out?

Who did it! Who killed me.

It was weird. My mind was so foggy, like someone put a spell to make me forget.

Who is it?

Who killed you?



like 50 years ago. We'd better hope for their sake it's not Atorn at the heart of it.



We will. I know it.



Hey, kid. Thanks for believing in me.



You're a good guy, Lyle. And you're not a victim.



No, I guess not. Not like Mr. Hollister.



Which reminds me, it's Thursday and it's almost three o'clock. Can't let a little murder plot distract me from the Lord's work, pantsing teachers.



I'll see you next time kid. Go get 'em.