

The Story of the Inexperienced Ghost
adaptation of the story by H.G. Wells

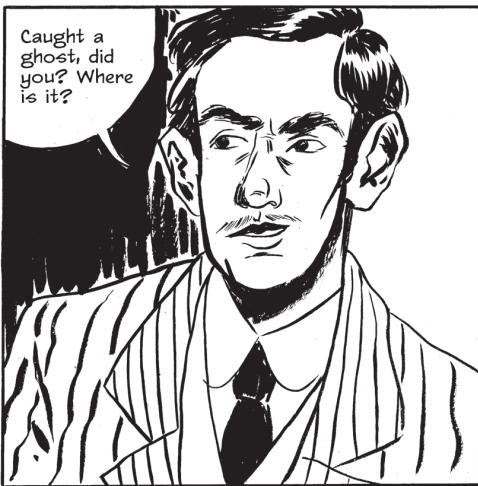
All-Girl Supernatural Detective Agency
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The Story of the Inexperienced Ghost

Written by H.G. Wells, 1902

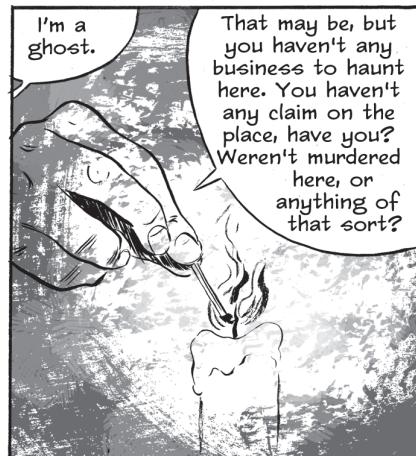


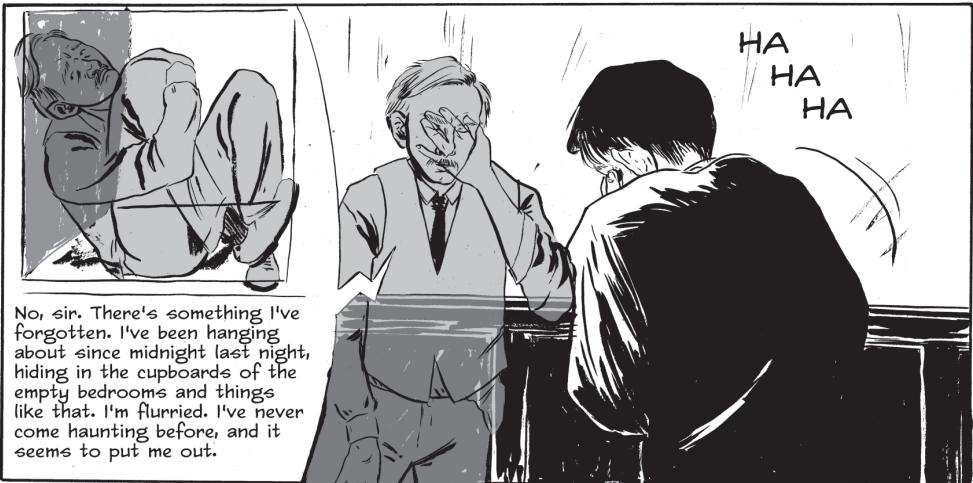
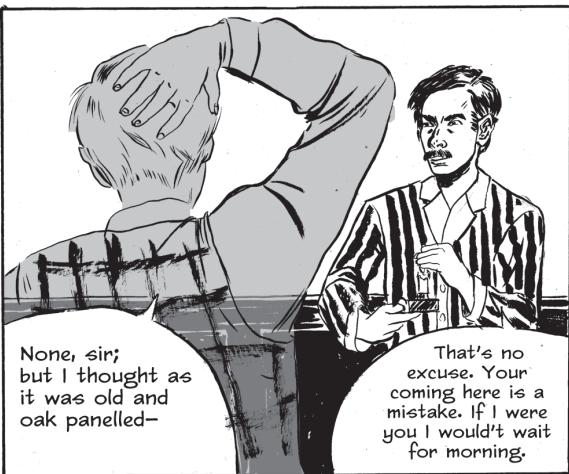
The scene amidst which Clayton told his last story comes back very vividly to my mind. We had all come down to the Mermaid Club that Saturday morning, except Clayton, who had slept there overnight—which indeed gave him the opening of his story. We had golfed until golfing was invisible; we had dined, and we were in that mood of tranquil kindness when men will suffer a story.



The poor devil was in trouble. I came upon him in the long passage. Right off I knew him for a ghost. And not only his physique but his attitude struck me as being weak. He looked as though he didn't know in the slightest what he meant to do.

BOO.





Anyhow, I remember going into several bedrooms—it was lucky I was the only soul in that wing—until I saw my room.

I don't recall all the passes!

passes?

Passes: Complicated series of gestures and passes with the hands. That's how he had come in and

I can't!
I shall never!—
SOB SOB SOB

You pull yourself together—and try! I shall try as well.

I know! I can't do it if you look at me—it's been that, partly all along, I'm such a nervous fellow that you put me out

Well, we had a bit of an argument. Naturally I wanted to see; but he was as obstinate as a mule. 'All right,' I said, 'I won't look'. I turned towards the mirror

Round went his arms and his hands, and then with a rush came to the last gesture of all—you stand erect and open out your arms—and so, don't you know, he stood.

And then he didn't! He wasn't!

And then, with an absurd note of finality about it, the clock struck one.



And about these passes?

I believe I could do them now.

Now, Sanderson is a Freemason, a member of the lodge of the Four Kings, which devotes itself so ably to the study of all the mysteries of Masonry past and present

These happen to be a series of gestures from a branch of esoteric Masonry. I do not see any harm in telling you just the twist.



Ah, now I can do the whole thing

no

PLEASE! I'd rather you didn't! I believe that if you go through these motions right you'll GO



"He'll not do anything of the sort," I cried. "There's only one way out of this world for men, and Clayton is thirty years from that."



"Wish," Clayton said, "is right and all you others are wrong. I shall go. I shall get to the end of these passes and Presto! I will plump into the world of shades. I'm certain."



By that time we were all in a state of tension—largely because of the behaviour of Wish. We sat all of us with our eyes on Clayton



There he stood,
assured and bright.
We hung through
that moment as if
it were an age, and
then came from all
of us something
that was half a
sigh of infinite
relief and half a
reassuring "No!"



He had told and idle story, and carried
it almost to conviction, that was all!



And then in that moment the
face of Clayton changed.

His knees seemed to give, and he fell
forward, and Evans rose and caught him
in his arms. . . . Clayton, had, indeed,
passed into the world that lies so near to
and so from our own.



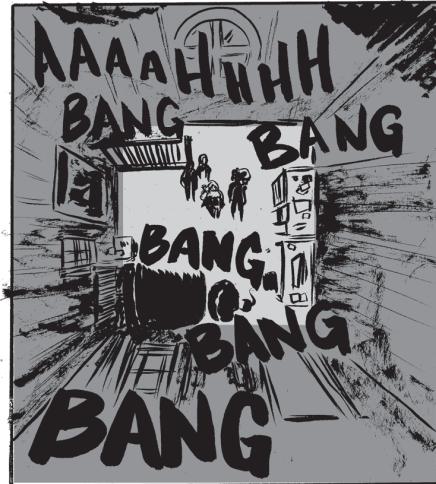
But whether he
did indeed pass
there by that
poor ghost's
incantation, or
whether he was
stricken suddenly
by apoplexy in
the midst of an
idle tale-as the
coroner's jury
would have us
believe-is no
matter for my
judging

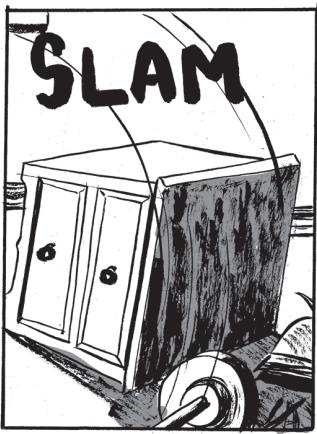


All I certainly know is
that, in the very moment,
of concluding those
passes, he changed, and
fell down before us-dead!

All-Girl Supernatural Detective Agency









TURNS OUT A GUY
AND HIS DAUGHTER
WHO LIVED HERE YEARS
BEFORE YOU DIED
IN THIS HOUSE

TUESDAY,
APRIL 26,
1994

TWO DEAD IN HOUSE FIRE

Faulty wiring
suspected as
the cause.

An attic fire in
Toronto's west end
caused the deaths of a
36 year old man and his
7 year old daughter.

Rescue Service
The cause was
electrical wiring.

It t
abo
put
ran
De

The fire broke out

FIRE CAUSED BY
SOME FAULTY
WIRING. THEY
WERE TRAPPED
IN THE
ATTIC

AND I THINK HIM AND HIS
DAUGHTER ARE STUCK
IN A LOOP - LIVING THE
EXPERIENCE OVER AND
OVER AGAIN ...

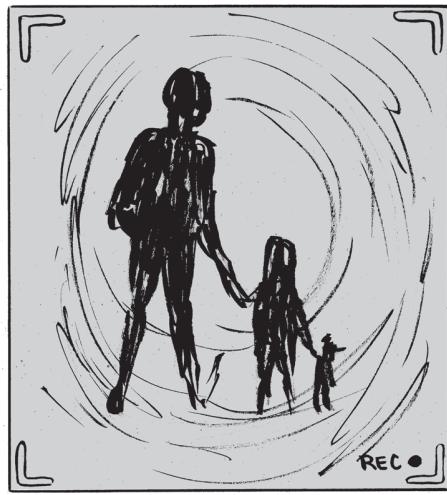
WHOA.

BUT - I THINK THIS
MEANS I'LL BE ABLE
TO REACH OUT
TO HIM NOW

SO I GUESS THIS
MEANS WE GOTTA
GO UP THERE AGAIN

YEAH,
SORRY

HELLO?
IS ANYONE
WITH US?







fin.

CARTOONIST | WEB DEVELOPER

Kate Drwecka was born and raised in a suburb just outside of Toronto. After a brief love-affair with NYC while at the School of Visual Arts, she returned to her native Canada.

She lives in the GTA with her small dog and dances to Bowie.

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