

# GH<sup>ST</sup> BUSTERS™

12  
COLLECTOR  
STICKERS  
INSIDE



Featuring the Ugly Little Spud...



# GH<sup>ST</sup>BUSTERS™

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Meet Peter, Ray and Egon — the **Ghostbusters!** Their job is to search out and destroy ghosts, goblins, ghouls, and other strange visitors from beyond the grave. Their first case was an eerie phantom in the public library. “A free-roaming, vaporous, full-torso apparition,” Ray called it breathlessly. “Scared the socks off some poor librarian.”

The library ghost tossed books around, reshuffled the entire filing system, and covered everything with disgusting **ectoplasmic goo**. Worst of all, when the Ghostbusters tried to speak to it, the library ghost changed into a raging, demon-like specter and blasted them with a single word: **“QUIET!”**

That was a defeat for the Ghostbusters. When they stopped running, Peter, Ray and Egon realized that they needed some powerful equipment in order to catch ghosts.





Soon, armed with special jumpsuits, deadly proton packs, and flip-down ecto-visors, the Ghostbusters began their work in earnest. The Ectomobile, equipped for any emergency, carried them swiftly through the streets toward the cry of "Help! A g-g-ghost!"

"Never fear, the Ghostbusters are here!" announced Peter. "Stand aside, folks. Scientists at work."

Using their powerful proton packs, the Ghostbusters captured every evil spirit that came their way. Each ugly spook was forced into a specially designed trap from which there was no escape. Egon's scientific genius made sure of that. Back at headquarters, the traps were emptied into a giant storage facility that kept the ghosts safe and sound.

The fame of the Ghostbusters spread far and wide. Everyone who heard a bump in the night or saw strange lights or heard moaning voices began to call **Ghostbuster Headquarters.**





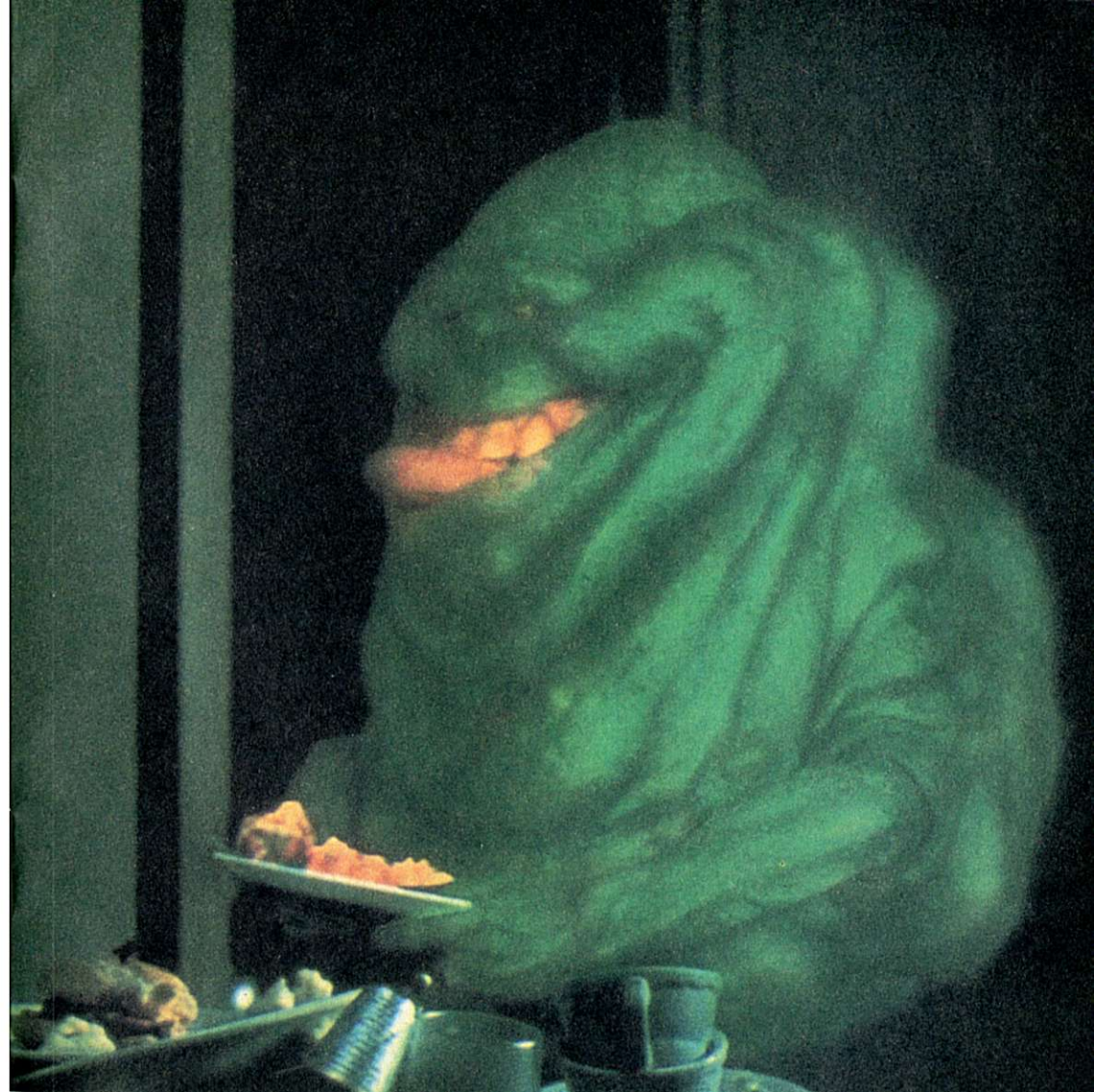
One day the phone rang. Janine the secretary took a message, then shouted, "We got one!"

The Ghostbusters leaped into their jumpsuits, grabbed their equipment, and tore off in the Ectomobile to a nearby hotel.

"Thank you for coming," said the hotel manager as they trooped into the lobby. "The guests are starting to ask questions and I'm running out of excuses."

On the twelfth floor of the hotel, the Ghostbusters met a ghastly new foe, a nasty, foul-smelling green vapor that looked like a potato. It was stuffing its face with food from a room service cart.

"That's the nastiest thing I've ever seen," cried Ray. He fired his particle thrower, but the Ugly Little Spud dodged. The ion stream seared the wallpaper instead.





"It's here, Ray," radioed Peter from the other end of the hall. "It's looking at me."

The Ugly Little Spud, hovering in the air, grinned devilishly at Peter and floated toward him. "Here he comes!" Peter quavered. "Oh, no! Aaaaahhhhhh!"

When Ray arrived on the scene, Peter was lying on his back in a pool of icky, smelly goo. "It slimed me!" groaned Peter. "Ugh, yuck, I'VE BEEN **SLIMED!**"

Soon the Ghostbusters cornered the Ugly Little Spud in the hotel ballroom. Peter, Ray, and Egon trained their ion streams while the disgusting apparition pigged out on a banquet prepared for the hotel guests. "Ray, give me one stream wide right," Peter ordered. "I'll go wide left. Egon, you cut him off!"

Blasting away, the Ghostbusters succeeded in destroying most of the beautiful ballroom. But at last the Ugly Little Spud was trapped!





Meanwhile, atop a giant apartment building in the heart of the city, strange forces were at work. Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled as thick clouds swirled around the building's top floor. A deep voice snarled the horrible words: "PREPARE FOR GOZER THE GOZERIAN!"

At Ghostbuster Headquarters, other unexpected events were taking place. Egon peered into the TV monitor which kept an eye on the ghosts imprisoned in the storage facility. "I'm worried, Ray," he said. "It's getting crowded in there. If my readings are right, we could have a massive PKE surge."

"What's that mean?" asked Ray.

Egon rolled his eyes. "Boom!" he said. Suddenly the headquarters floor began to shake. A terrible whining noise came from the storage facility.

"Run!" shouted Egon. The Ghostbusters beat it upstairs and out into the street.





With a roar like ten jet airliners, the storage facility exploded, shooting a column of multi-colored ectoplasm into the sky. High above the city, the column burst like 4th of July fireworks. As the crowd below “oohed” and “aahed,” the streamers of energy surged toward Gozer the Gozerian’s stormy apartment building.

“What’s going on around here?” demanded the mayor of the city.

“I don’t know,” answered the police chief. “But if I were you, I’d call the **Ghostbusters!**”

When the Ectomobile arrived at city hall, Peter, Ray, and Egon raced into the mayor’s office. Secretaries and aides and city officials scurried in all directions, horrified by the strange supernatural events.

“This city is headed for disaster,” warned Peter. “The old Sumerian demon Gozer has returned. When our storage facility exploded, Gozer gained enough power to take over the world!”





“Well, you guys better do something about it,” ordered the mayor.

Arriving at the apartment building, the Ghostbusters struggled through the excited crowd. “Go get ‘em, Ghostbusters! All right, Ghostbusters! Hurrah!” the crowd cheered.

With their faithful assistant Winston, Peter, Ray and Egon headed up the stairs. After an exhausting climb, they reached the roof. Clouds swirled, thunder crashed. A giant weird-looking temple, buzzing with supernatural energy, stood before them. Crouching at the entrance were two terrible dogs, their eyes glowing red with menace.

“I thought this apartment building didn’t allow pets,” quipped Peter. “Man, talk about doggie breath!”

Lightning snapped across the sky and the dogs snarled ferociously.





Suddenly the temple door swung open and out stepped a frightful figure. "I AM GOZER THE GOZERIAN," the monster said in a hissing voice. "WHO ARE YOU?"

"We're the Ghostbusters," announced Ray. "We're going to turn you into toast!"

The Ghostbusters fired their ion streams, but Gozer, an agile acrobat, leaped out of the way.

"SUBHUMANS!" roared Gozer. "THE TRAVELER HAS COME. CHOOSE AND PERISH!"

"What do you mean 'choose'?" asked Ray.

Egon had the answer. "Whatever comes into our minds will be the way Gozer destroys us. Don't think of **anything!**"

"Too late!" groaned Ray. "I already did. It just popped into my head!"





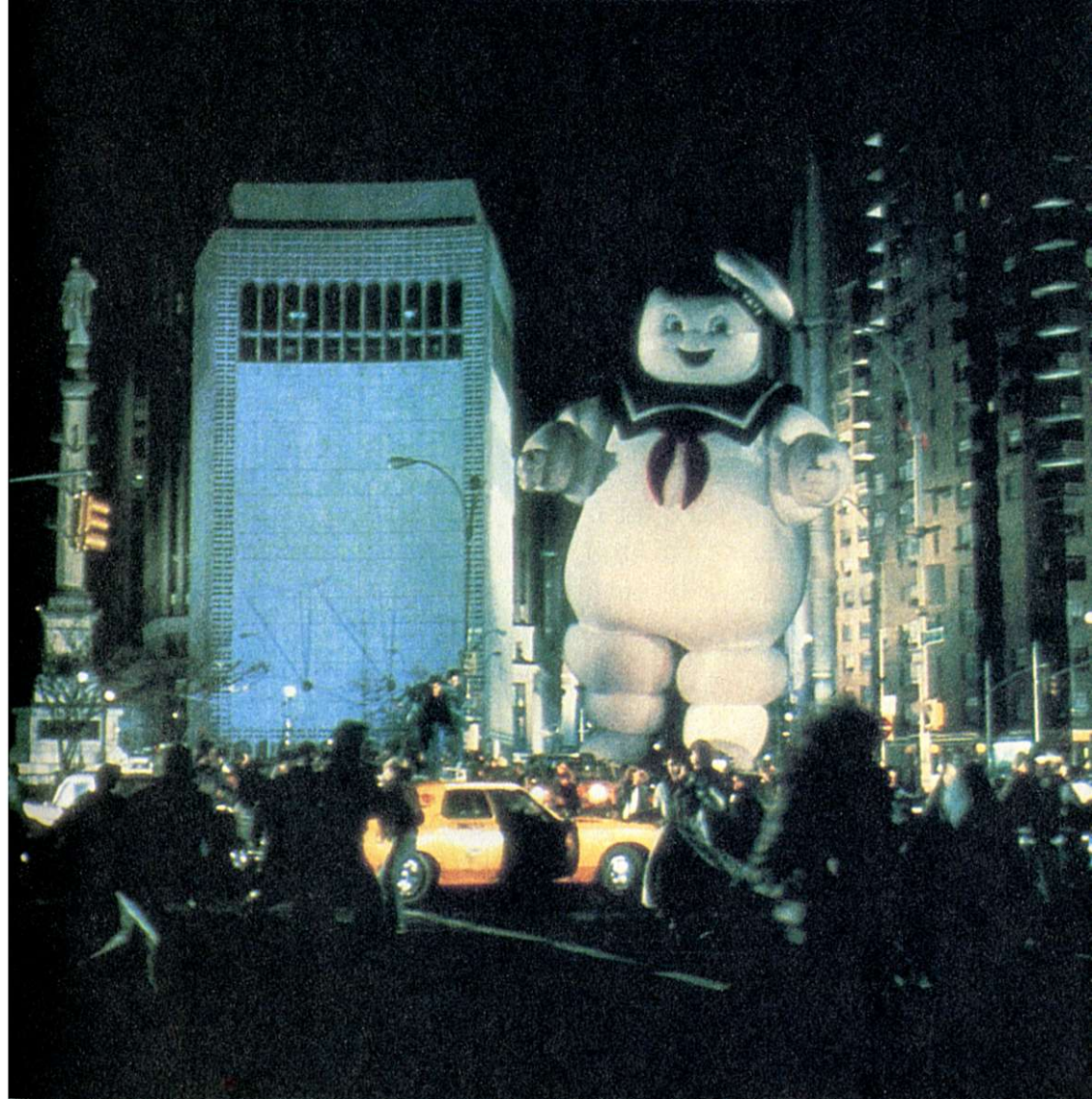
The sound of gigantic footsteps began to echo between the buildings. "Oh, no! There it is! The Stay-Puft Marshmallow Man. I tried to think of the most harmless thing ... something that could never destroy us ... something I loved as a kid."

The happy-faced destructor lurched slowly down the street. Cars and busses were crushed under its feet. People ran screaming. Doom was near!

"Hit him!" cried Peter. The Ghostbusters turned their ion streams on the fluffy giant. As the smell of cooking marshmallow filled the air, the creature bellowed and began to climb the apartment building.

"Now we made him mad!" gulped Winston.

"We're going to be squashed by a hundred-foot marshmallow," Peter mumbled under his breath.





"Shoot the terror dogs," ordered Egon. "Cross the ion beams for more power. If we destroy the temple, we'll destroy everything. It's our only chance!"

The Ghostbusters fired at the terror dogs. Under the crossed ion beams, the foul beasts exploded. Then the entire front of Gozer's temple went up in smoke and flame. A fierce gust of wind swirled away dogs, temple, Gozer, and the flaming Stay-Puft Marshmallow Man. Tons of warm marshmallow fluff fell into the streets, covering everything in sight.

In the silence that followed, the Ghostbusters, coated with goo, hardly believed they had won.

"Everybody okay?" asked Ray.

"Anybody got a LARGE cup of hot chocolate?" asked Peter, wiping the disgusting mess from his face.





In the street below, everything for blocks was covered with smoking marshmallow fluff. As the Ghostbusters walked out of the ruined apartment building, an enthusiastic — though sticky — crowd began to cheer with joy.

“We ain’t ’fraid of no ghosts!” they shouted.

Raising their arms in salute, the Ghostbusters sang out: **WHO YOU GONNA CALL?**

And the crowd answered: **GHOSTBUSTERS!!!**



**WHO YOU GONNA CALL?**



**GHOSTBUSTERS!**



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