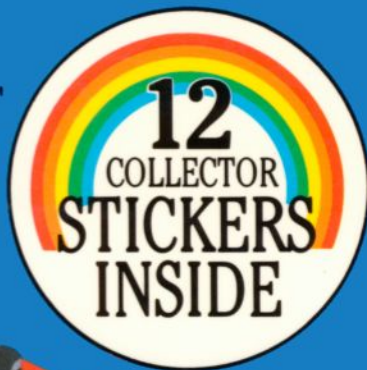
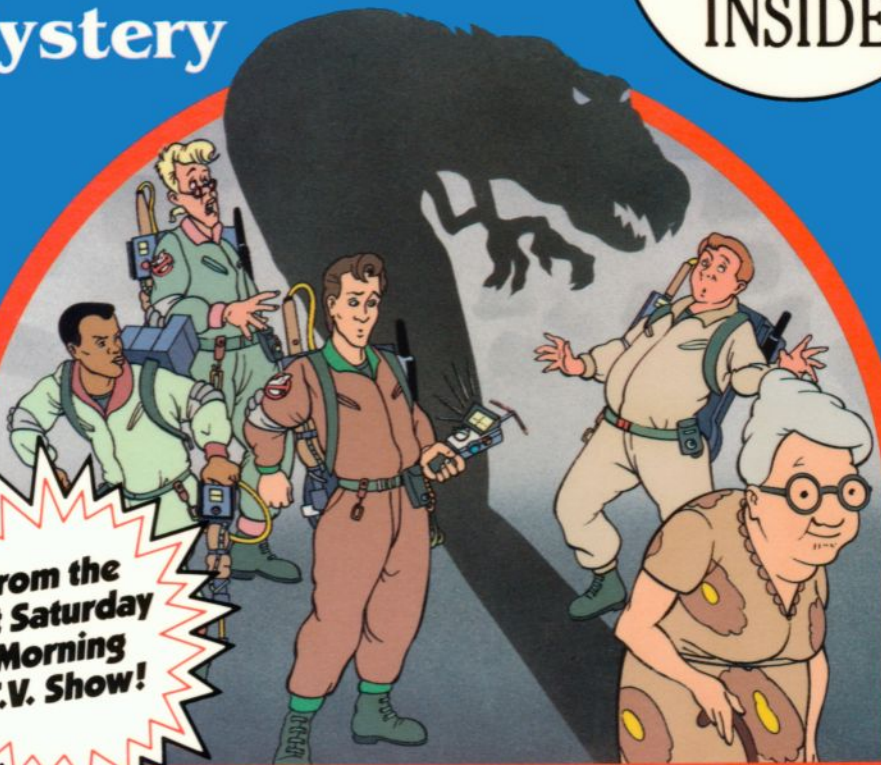


# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

in Haunted House  
Mystery



From the  
Hit Saturday  
Morning  
T.V. Show!





**in**  
**Haunted House**  
**Mystery**

**Adapted by Peter Mandel**

© 1984 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc.  
© 1986 Columbia Pictures Television, a division of  
CPT Holdings, Inc.

All Rights Reserved

GHOSTBUSTERS logo and logo design are licensed trademarks of  
Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc.

Made in the United States of America  
ISBN 0-89954-664-1



**Antioch Publishing Company**  
Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387

The telephone rang and the Real Ghostbusters jumped out of their chairs.

It had been a **boring** afternoon. Winston and Egon were playing "Go Fish." Peter and Ray were eating chocolate chip cookies—and Slimer was trying to snatch the chips!

All of the Real Ghostbusters ran for the phone, but their secretary, Janine, got there first.

"Real Ghostbusters," she answered. "If it goes bump in the night, we'll make it right!"





"It's a haunted house, guys," said Janine after hanging up. "And it sounds like the real thing. Check out this address: Thirteen-Thirteen Thirteenth Street!"

The four Real Ghostbusters jumped into Ecto-1.

*R-r-r-r-r-r-r-oooooooooooooooo* cried Ecto-1's siren.

*Screeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee* squealed the tires.

Peter turned the corner sharply and pulled up in front of a creepy old mansion. "There's a **BIG** supernatural force inside," warned Egon as his PKE meter began to beep and click. "And it's approaching the door!"



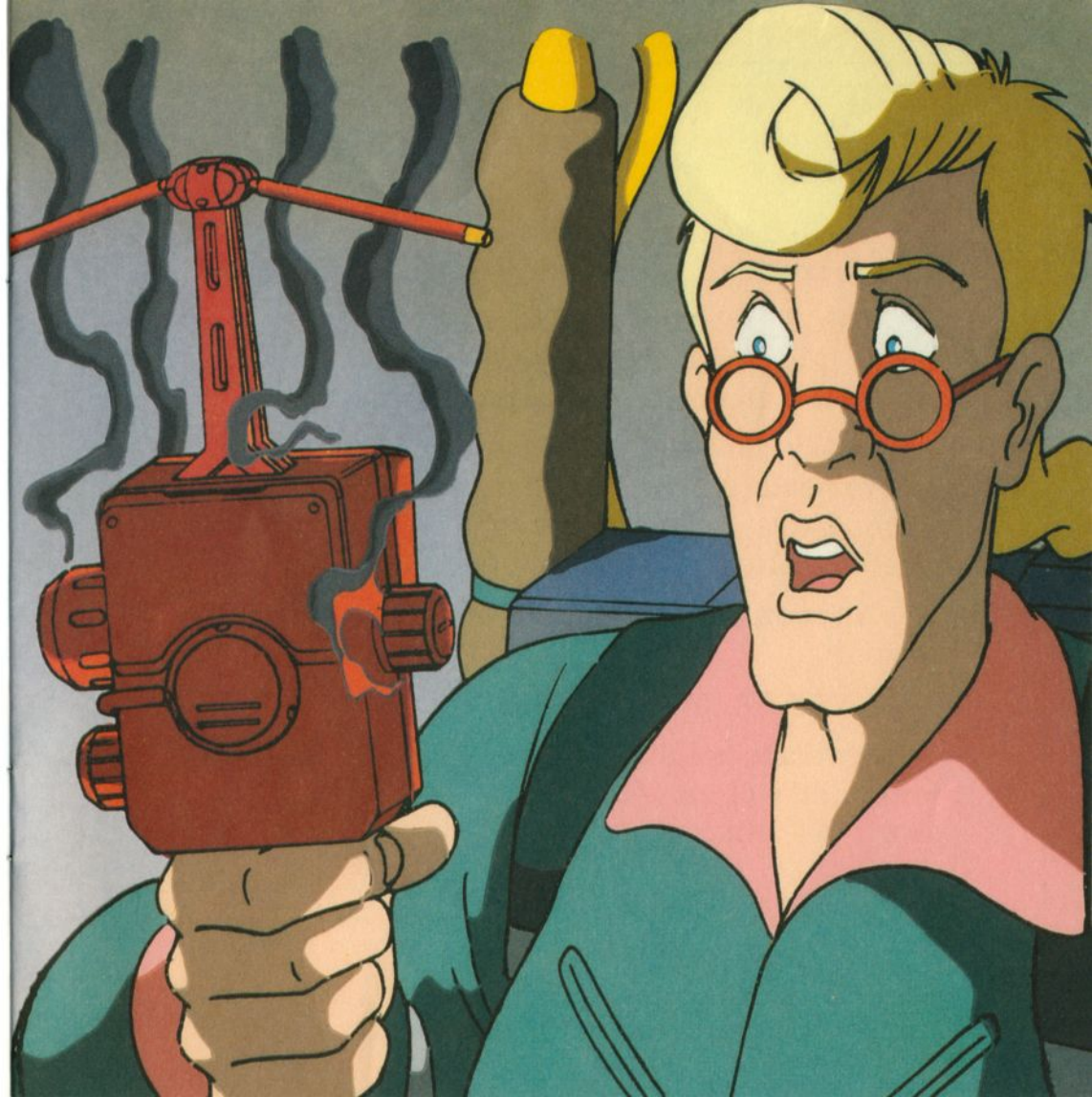


Smoke started to pour out of Egon's PKE meter, and the needle jumped off the scale. "This is a major haunting," said Ray. "No doubt about it."

Suddenly, the door of the haunted house began to **CREAK** open. The Real Ghostbusters gripped their neutrona blasters and gritted their teeth.

When the door was open all the way, Peter's eyes bugged out, Winston's jaw dropped, Ray swallowed hard and Egon gasped.

Instead of a mean ugly old ghost—there was a nice little old lady!





The lady was named Mrs. Rogers. She was glad to see the Real Ghostbusters.

"Oh, I just can't stay here any longer!" she cried. "My furniture is flying around! My dishes are all broken! It's just horrible!"

"Easy, ma'am," said Peter. "Ray will drive you to headquarters while we search the house. C'mon guys—check under the beds, in the closets... the usual places."

As soon as Peter spoke, there was a loud sound:

**"WAAAAAAAAAAAT!!!"**

An eerie wind picked Peter up—along with a rug and a chair—and sent them tumbling down the cellar stairs!





"Peter, are you okay?" yelled Winston.

"I feel like I'm back in Kansas," said Peter.  
"What happened?"

"WAT! WAT! WAT! WAT!"

"Hey, guys, don't mock me. I just asked!"

"We weren't mocking you, Peter," said Egon from the top of the stairs. He was flipping through a copy of *Tobin's Spirit Guide*. "That voice we're hearing belongs to **Wat**. It says here that **Wat** is the leader of all evil ghosts. **Wat's** goal is to invade and conquer the living world!"



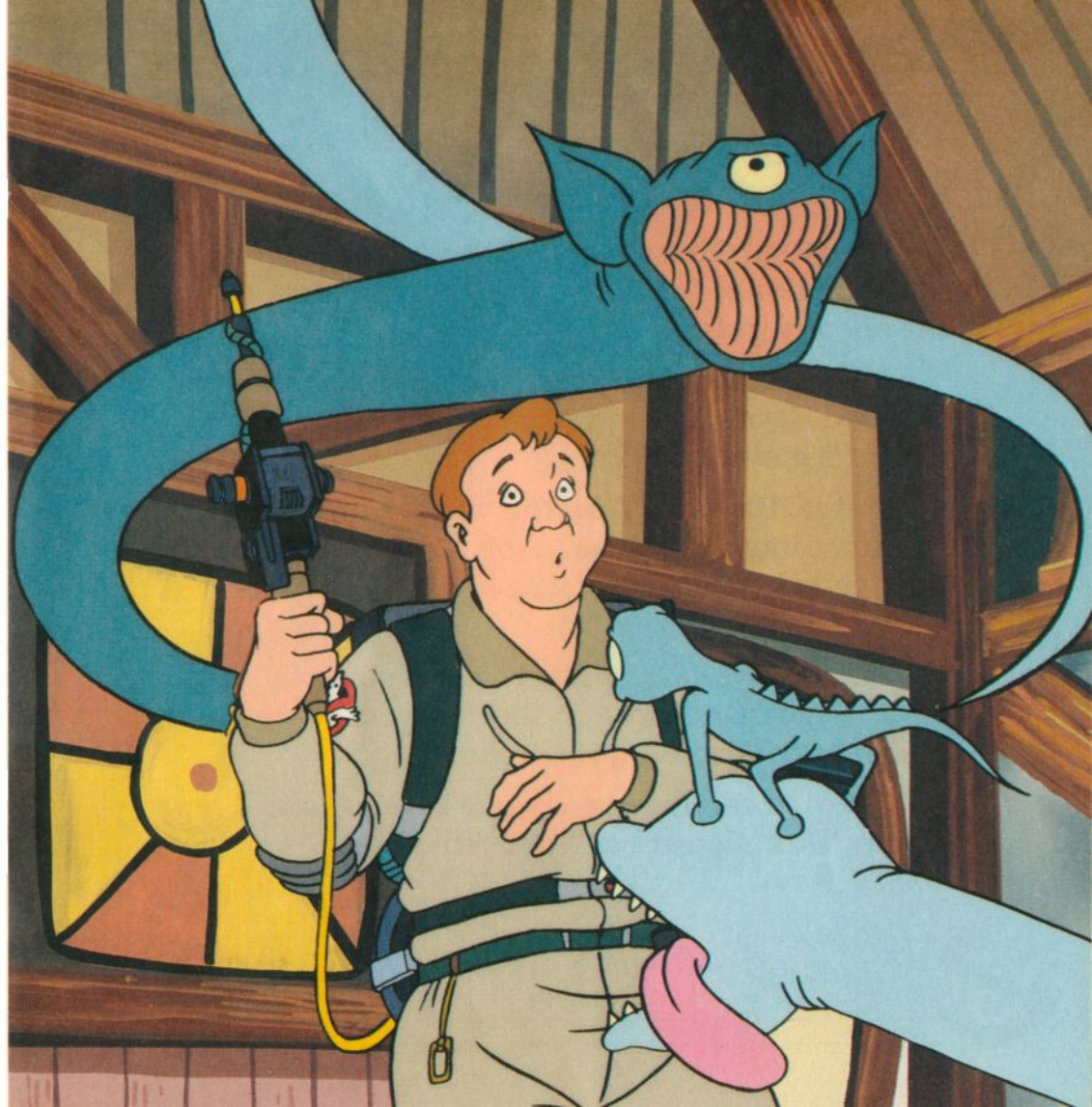


Meanwhile, in Mrs. Rogers' entry hall, a big black trunk was dripping gobs of ecto-slime.

As soon as Ray got there, the top of the trunk popped open and a stream of spirits, ghosts and phantoms flew out.

"These must be Wat's evil followers," said Ray as he raised his neutrona blaster. Ray's shot missed. It made such a huge hole in the wall that Ray could see Winston, Peter and Egon in the kitchen.

Things weren't going well for them either. The refrigerator was blasting snow and ice cubes! Blue flames were pouring out of the oven!





The Real Ghostbusters searched the haunted house for **Wat**—the ghost behind all the spooky goings-on.

“Gentlemen, I believe I’ve found **Wat**!” shouted Egon. The bedroom closet was making his PKE meter go wild.

Peter, Ray and Winston wasted no time in blasting down the closet door. “Yeeeeeee-hah!” they yelled. “Take that, you slimeball. Eat protons!”

Suddenly, Peter waved his arms for them to stop. “There’s nothing in there,” he said, “except for Mrs. Rogers’ dress!”

“Which can mean only one thing,” said Egon. “Mrs. Rogers is **Wat** in disguise!”





All at once, the walls of the house started to close in on the Real Ghostbusters. Creepy hands popped out of the wallpaper and started clutching and grabbing them.

Ray slapped one of the hands on the wrist. Peter gave a broom and dustpan to two others. "Here," he joked. "Make yourself useful!"

With loud **creaks** and **groans**, the whole haunted mansion started to tilt.

"**Wat** made this house a trap," said Egon. "To catch us!"

"What does he think we are?" wondered Peter. "Real Ghostbusters or mice?"



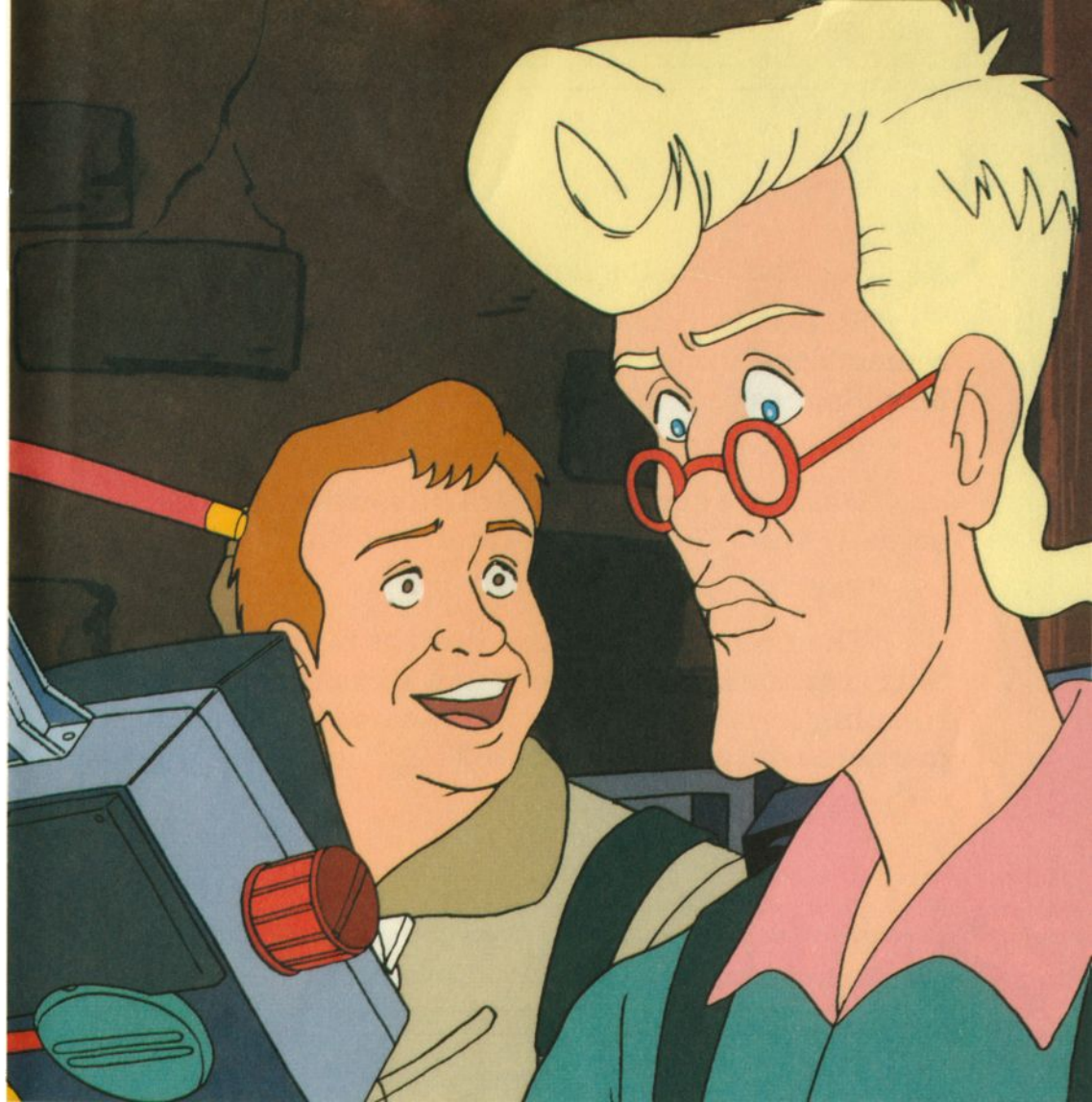


**“Let’s make a break for it, guys!” shouted Peter. The Real Ghostbusters scrambled out of the haunted house.**

**“Come to think of it,” said Peter, “we do look a lot like mice.”**

**As Winston ran toward Ecto-1, two stone lions came alive—with bright red eyes—and charged at him. Peter and Egon zapped the lions with particle beams and Ray pulled them into the ghost trap.**

**“Like I always said,” remarked Peter, “there’s more than one way to skin two cats!”**





The Real Ghostbusters piled into Ecto-1.

"Step on it, Peter," said Egon. "I just remembered something. Ray, didn't you take Mrs. Rogers back to headquarters?"

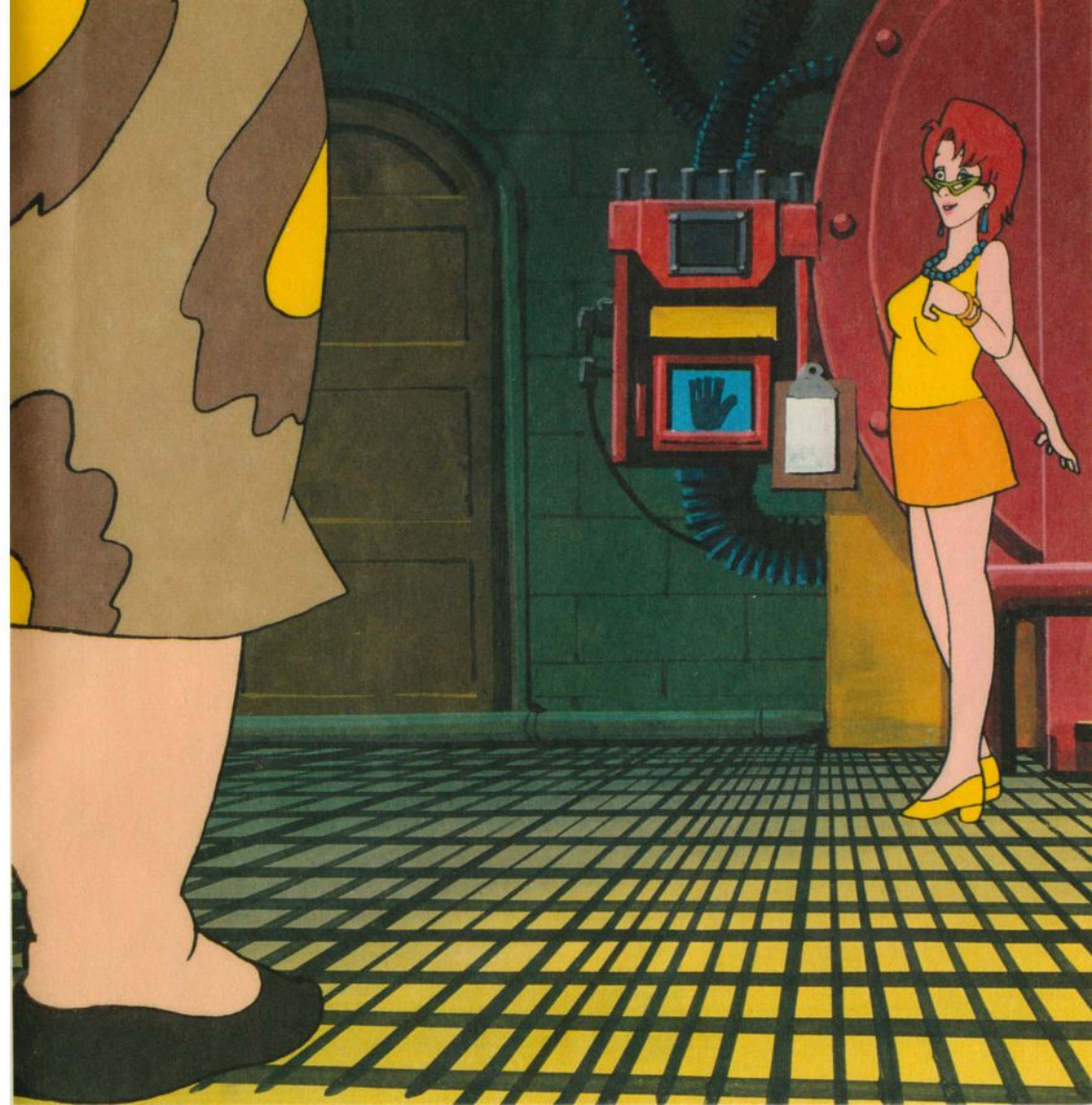
"Yep."

"Didn't we decide that Mrs. Rogers was actually **Wat**—leader of the underworld?"

"Yep."

"Then doesn't this mean that the biggest, toughest, meanest spirit of them all has been roaming around for hours in the same house as our **ecto-containment unit**???"

"Yep."





The ecto-containment unit is where the Real Ghostbusters keep **all** their captured ghosts.

Back at headquarters, Egon pointed out that there was only one way that **Wat** could break into the unit and set all the ghosts free. "Since the ecto-containment unit will obey only our voices, **Wat** would have to speak through one of us!"

"Do you mean that one of us might be **taken over by Wat?**" asked Winston.

"Now you're talking," said Egon.

All of a sudden, Slimer let out a squeak and pointed at Peter. Peter's hair was standing straight up and he was walking toward the ecto-containment unit!

"I am **WAT!**" said Peter. "I am the powerful **WAT!**"



**"Either Peter's coming down with a nasty cold, or we've got problems," said Ray.**

**"Our only hope," said Egon, "is to fire particle beams at Wat's exact frequency... and separate him from Peter. This could be very dangerous!"**

**Egon raised his neutrona blaster. Before he could fire, Slimer gave Peter a swift kick in the rear. The Real Ghostbusters heard Wat yell "ouch!"—and Ray was able to pull the evil ghost out of Peter's body and into the trap!**

**Peter was not really hurt. He was just a little sore. His hair was still sticking straight up—until Slimer dabbed a little slime on it and slicked it down!**

**"Thanks for everything, Slimer," said Peter. "I always did get a real kick out of you."**





**\$1.95 USA**

\$2.95 Canada



**Antioch Publishing Company**  
Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387

ISBN 0-89954-664-1



9 780899 546643

**THIS FILE WAS PROVIDED BY**



**SPOOKCENTRAL.TK**