

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

in Revenge
of the Ghosts



From the
Hit Saturday
Morning
T.V. Show!



in
**Revenge
of the Ghosts**

Adapted by Peter Mandel

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The Real Ghostbusters' trusty Ectomobile squealed to a stop. Some noisy, ugly ghosts were spooking Feinberg's Chocolate Factory!

"Man, will you look at this," said Winston. "It's raining chocolates!"

Peter caught one and crammed it into his mouth. "Better than cats and dogs," he said. Meanwhile Slimer, the Real Ghostbusters' sidekick, was stuffing his fat belly.

"Get serious guys," scolded Egon.

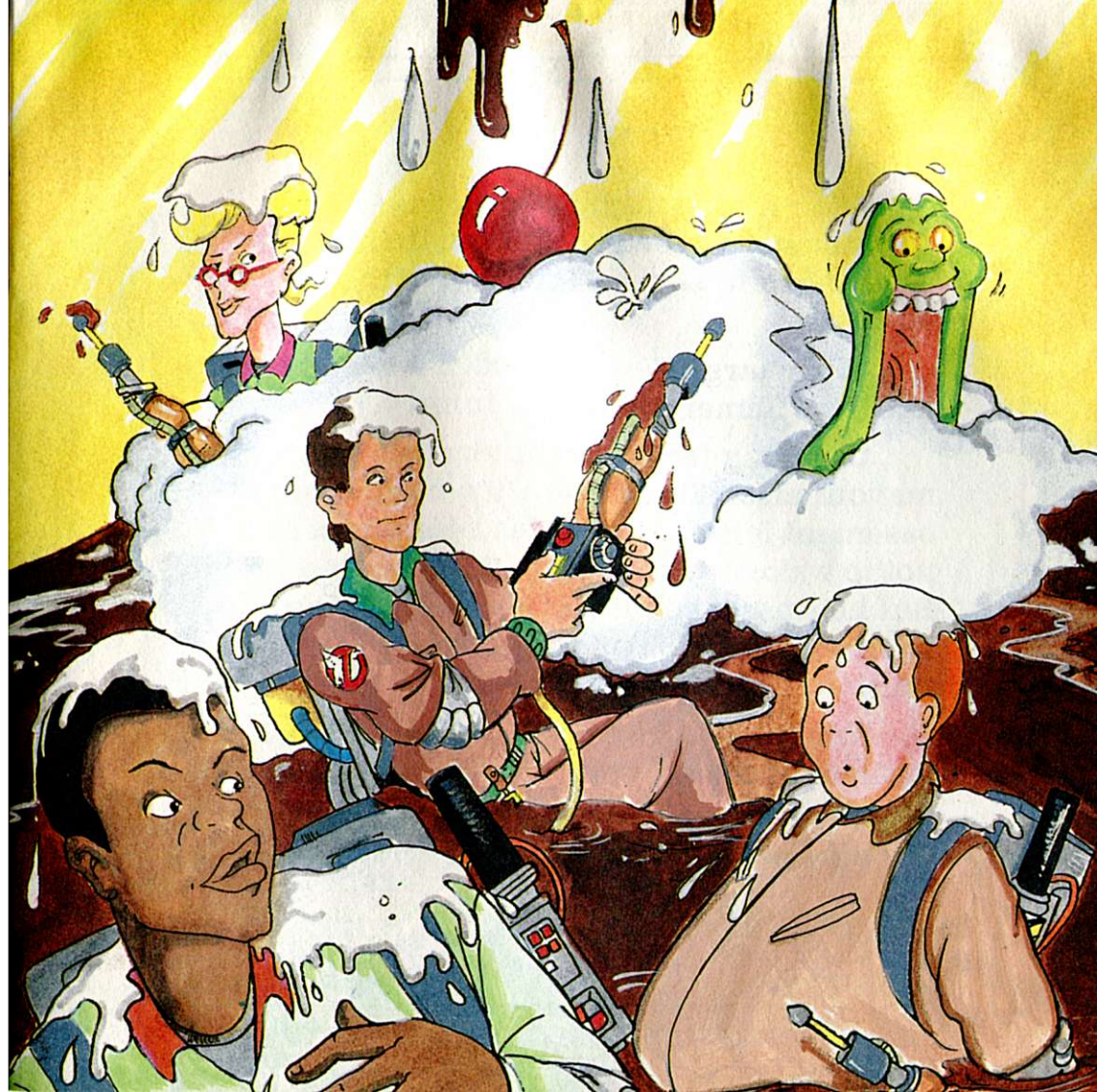
"Yeah," agreed Ray. "My PKE meter shows three Class 5, full-torso apparitions!"



“All right you party animals,” shouted Peter. “It’s cleanup time!”

**“I don’t think they’re taking us seriously,”
said Winston.**

The Real Ghostbusters opened fire with their neutrona blasters. Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Zaaaaaaaap! Soon, Ray was able to pull the three ghosts into the ghost trap.



After a hard night's work, the Real Ghostbusters were snoozing in their bunks back at headquarters. Slimer was the first to wake up.

"Yaaaaaargh!" he yawned. Then he smacked his lips. (Slimer is always hungry.)

Carrying jars of peanut butter, pickles and mayonnaise, Slimer crept down into the basement for a big breakfast. He was careful not to wake up Peter, Ray, Winston and Egon. But he wasn't so careful about brushing against the switch on the ghost containment unit!

The three ugly ghosts were able to ooze out without Slimer noticing. As soon as they escaped, they said to themselves:

"We're gonna get **REVENGE!**"



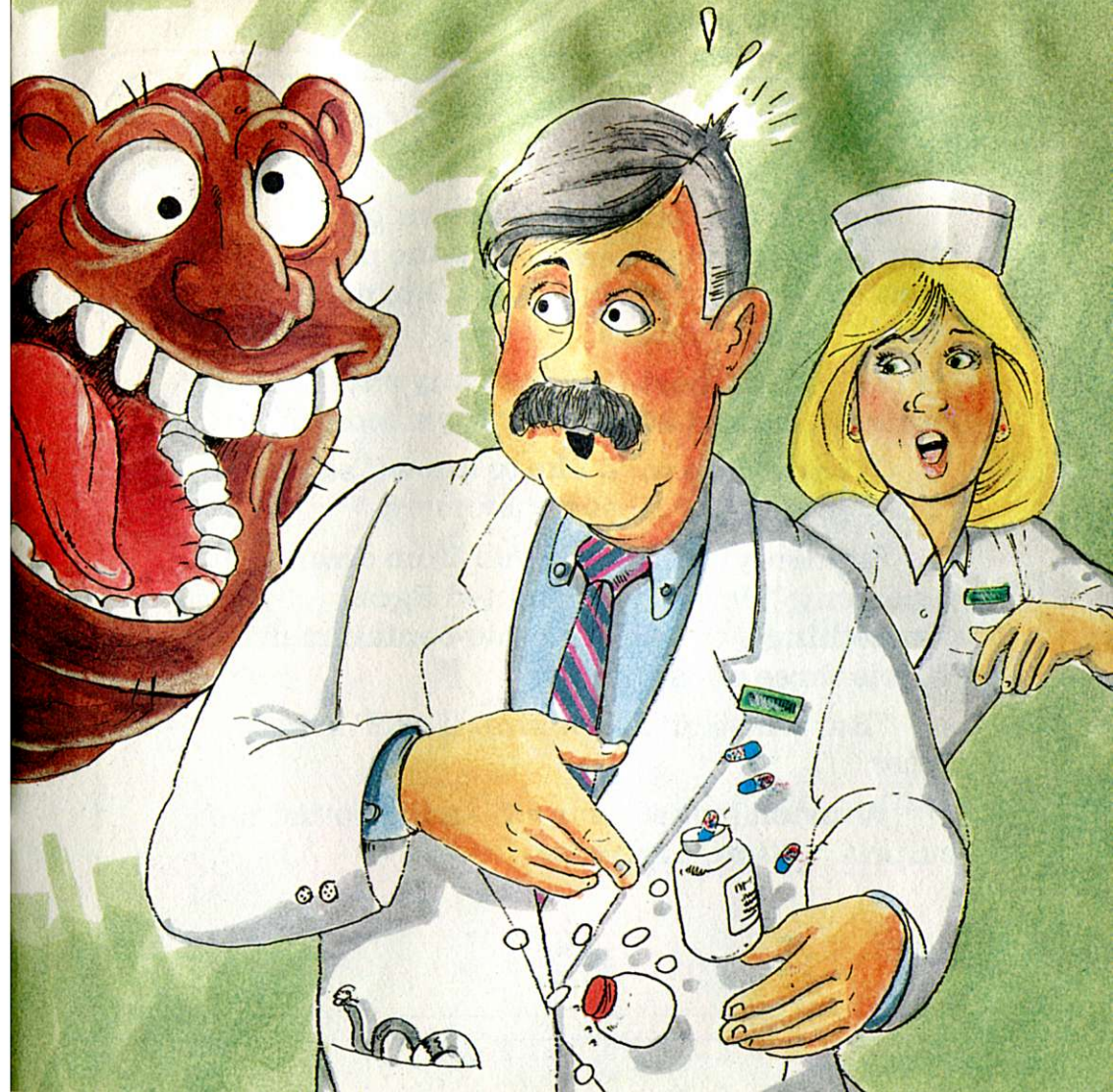
In no time, the ghost-monsters changed their shapes to look like people. **Ugly** people, that is. "Let's run those Real Ghostbusters right outa business," chuckled the short, warty one. "C'mon!"

They had a great idea: One of the ghosts would scare everyone at Central Hospital. The other two would save the day by "catching" him! They would pretend to be Ghost-Grabbers, a rival ghostbusting firm!

The plan worked.

"A g-g-g-ghost!" screamed panicky patients. Doctors dropped bottles of medicine. Then two of the Ghost-Grabbers showed up with a fake ghost trap.

When the **Real** Ghostbusters arrived, everything was under control. "Better luck next 'slime,' " said the fakes. "Ha! Ha!"



Janine, the Real Ghostbusters' gum-chomping secretary, picked up the phone. "If it goes 'boo,' we know what to do. No, ma'am, this is not Ghost-Grabbers." (Click.)

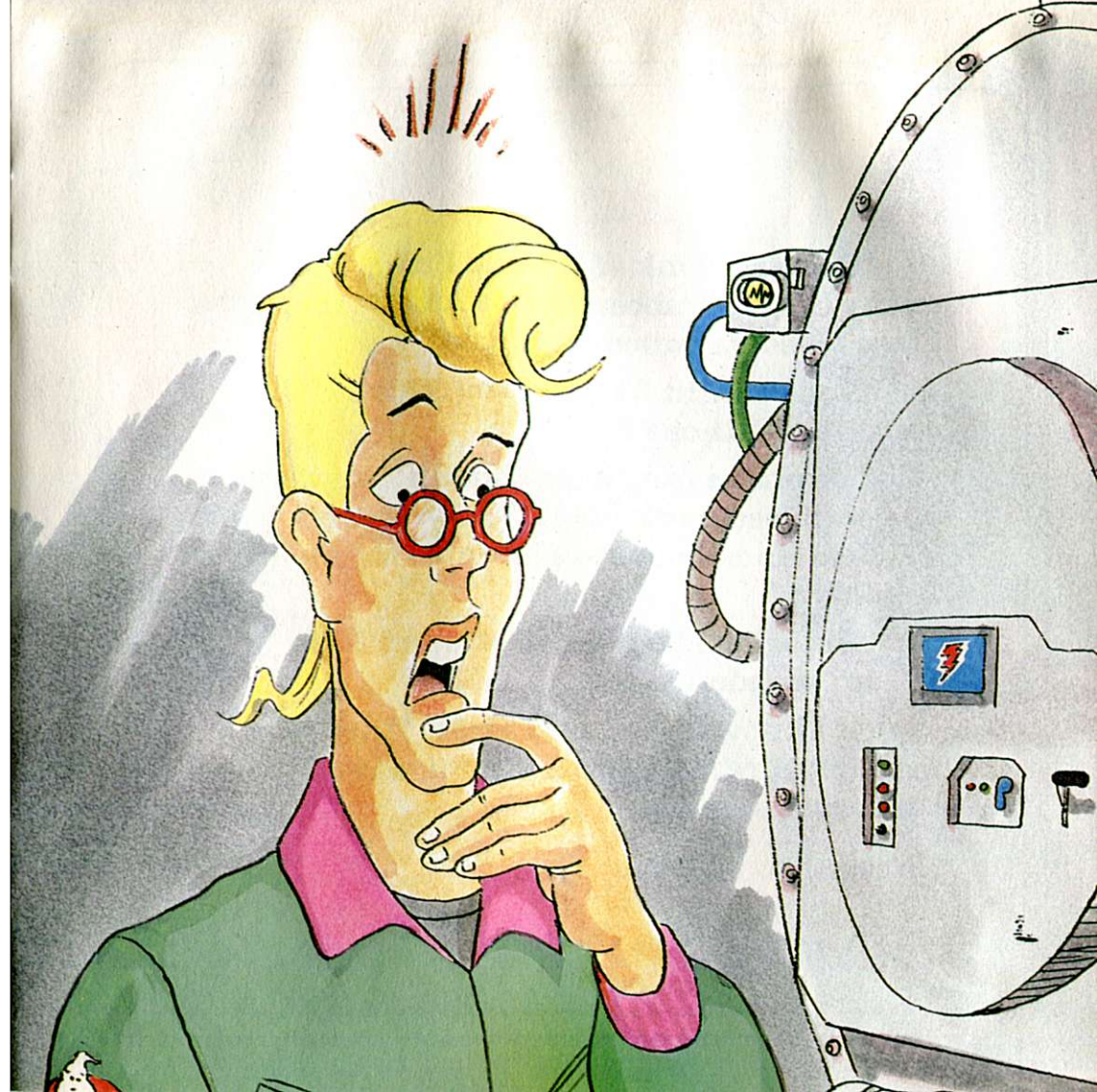
"What is Ghost-Grabbers anyway?" asked Janine. "I've had 20 calls for them today."

"That's what we'd like to know," said Ray. "They're stealing all our customers."

Suddenly there was a yell from down in the basement. "Hey guys!" shouted Egon. "Something's wrong. The ecto-containment unit is three ghosts short!"

"But who could have shut it off?" asked Peter.

Winston looked around—and spotted the culprit. "**Slimerrrrrrrrrr...**"



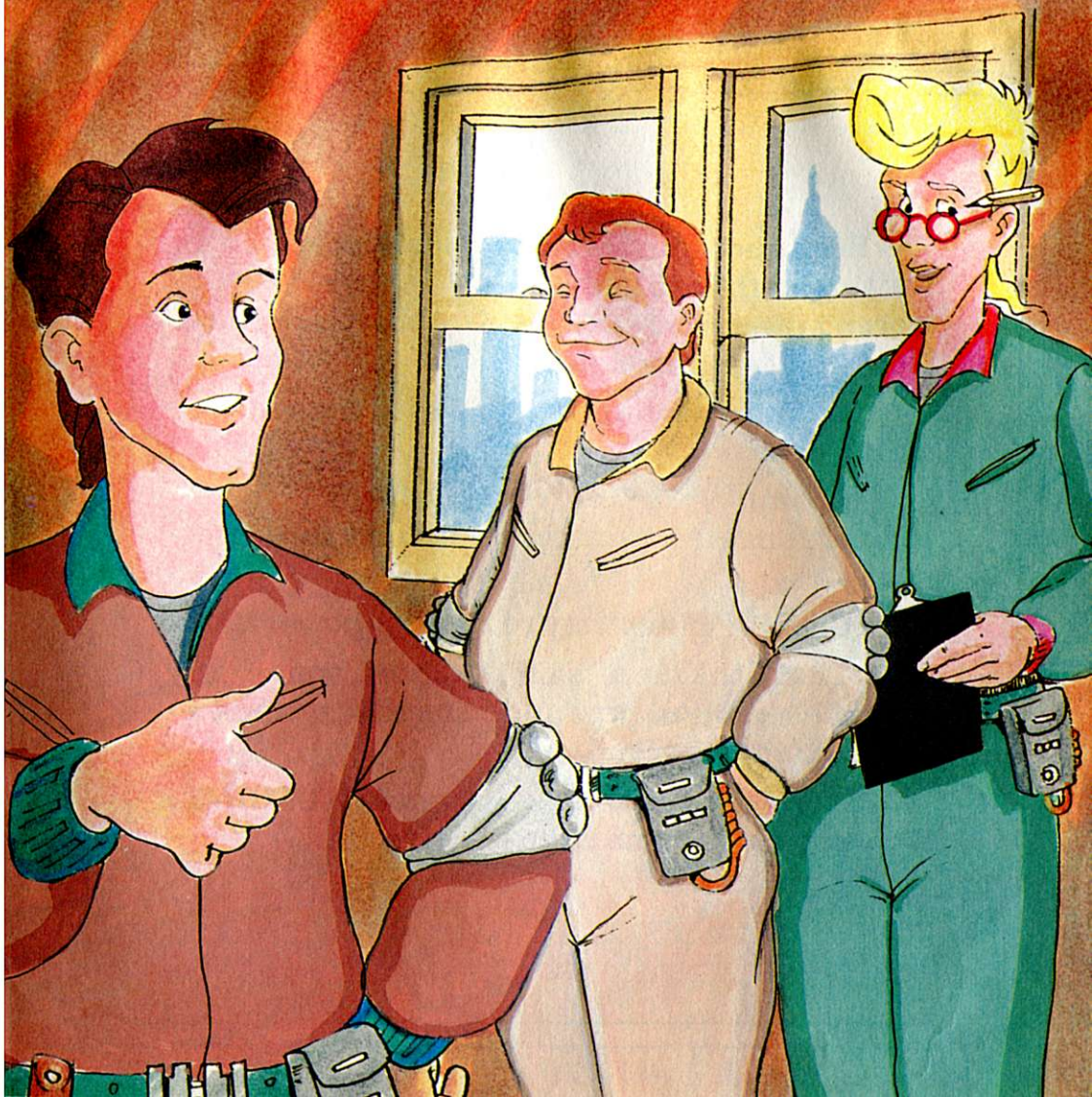
"Come to think of it," said Peter, "those goony Ghost-Grabbers look a lot like the three Class Fives we nailed last night!"

"You're right," agreed the others. "Who could forget **those** faces?"

The phone rang again. Janine answered it and scribbled down notes. "This one's a job for the Real Ghostbusters: a haunted toy factory in Brooklyn."

"But what about those escaped Class Fives?" wondered Ray.

"If I know them," said Egon, "they're probably already there. Let's bag those turkeys!"



Sure enough, the three ghosts were waiting at the crumbly old toy factory. They weren't disguised as Ghost-Grabbers anymore. Now they had a new plan.

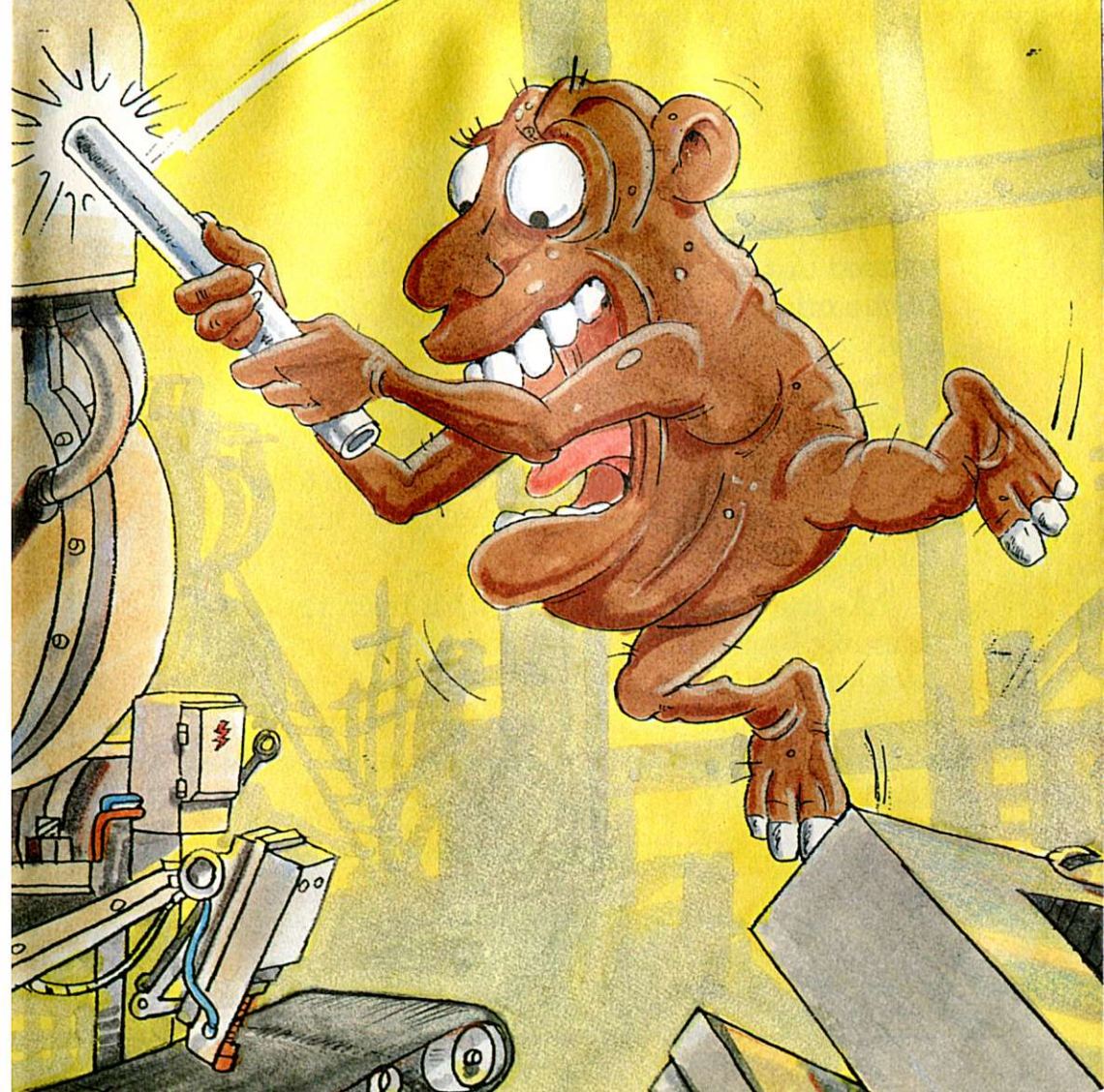
"What're we doin' here?" asked the tall, skinny one.

"Lookin' up an old friend. A Class 7 phantom named Turlock. He haunts this dump."

"Class 7? B-but they're r-real p-powerful!"

"That's the idea!" said the short, warty one. He grabbed a lead pipe and banged it against a piece of machinery.

Suddenly the machine began to **RUMBLE**. An eerie moan came from deep inside.



The machine **cracked** and **smelly fog** poured out—swirling around the three ghosts. In the middle of the fog was a **big, red, blinking eye!**

“W-where’s Turlock?” asked the short, warty ghost.

“This is **my** domain now,” said the fog demon in a commanding voice. “You have **disturbed** me!”

As the ghosts trembled with fear, the demon’s foggy fingers picked up some of the broken toys that were lying around. It turned itself into a **GIANT** toy monster—with skateboards for feet, a teddy bear body, and the head of a nasty old doll!

Then it let out a mighty **ROAR!**



When the Real Ghostbusters arrived on the scene, Peter was surprised. "Whaddya know! For a change, we're the first ones here."

Just then, the three ghosts came tearing past.

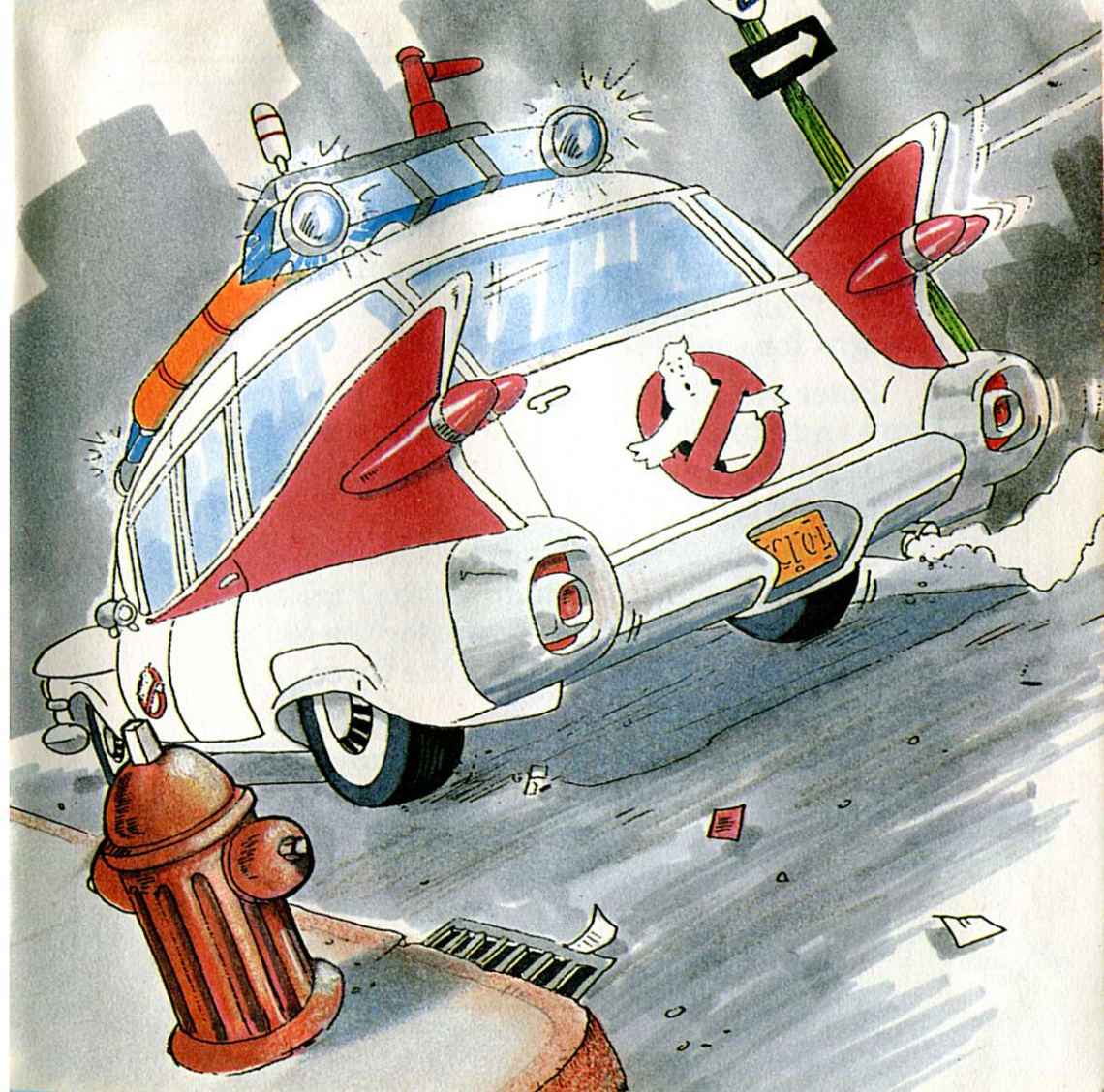
"Make that the second ones."

The huge toy monster crashed through the wall of the factory in hot pursuit!

"Would you believe the third ones?"

Winston put the Ectomobile into gear and the Real Ghostbusters took off. "That's at least a Class 8 free-roaming vapor!" shouted Ray over the whine of the engine.

"Whatever it is," said Egon, "it's about to mash Manhattan into marshmallow fluff."

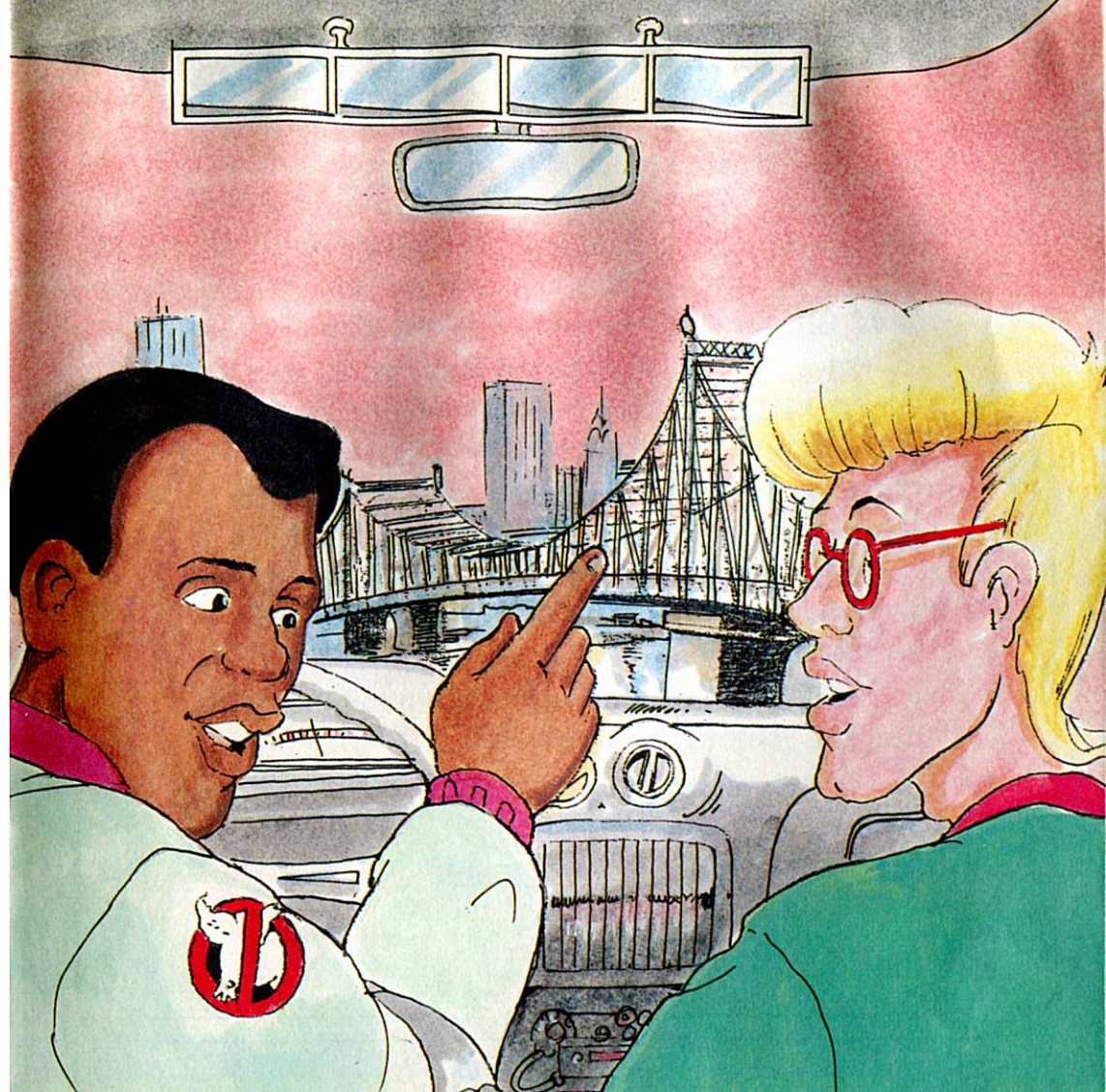


“Look at that!” said Winston, one hand on the steering wheel and one hand pointing up ahead. **“That giant erector set is headed straight for the Brooklyn Bridge!”**

Peter yelled instructions. **“Ray, you and Egon and Slimer head for the other side with the containment unit. We’re going after it on the cables!”**

Slimer’s face turned white as a sheet. The Ectomobile was swooping down the highest cables of the Brooklyn Bridge after the toy monster—which was chasing the three terrified ghosts!

“Here we come!” shouted the ghosts as they dived down the cable and straight for the containment unit. **“Don’t let him get us!”**



"Well, that's three ghosts down, one toy monster to go," said Egon. "If **Slimer** hadn't messed up, we'd be home in our jammies right now." Slimer couldn't help feeling guilty.

"Slimer! Wait!" shouted Ray, but it was too late. The Real Ghostbusters' sidekick zoomed up the cable—and coated it with **goo**.

When the toy monster hit the slimy part it lost its balance. Then it **HISSED** and slid off into the river. All that remained was some hot, fiery steam. And a few broken toys bobbing on the water.

"I hate to say it, Slimer," remarked Peter, "but you looked **mah-velous**!"

Slimer planted a yucky kiss on Peter's cheek.

"But don't push your luck!"



The End





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