

GRIMM'S GHOST STORIES

BURIAL AT SEA

IT WAS 1930...AND NO ONE REALLY BELIEVED IN GHOSTS IN THAT ENLIGHTENED YEAR! AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT GHOST STORY WRITER BRIT MORRIS BELIEVED BEFORE HE AND HIS NEW BRIDE TOOK A SHIP TO THEIR NEW HOME...

GREAT SCOTT, MARGO! HAVE I SUDDENLY GONE INSANE? OR IS THAT A GHOST WALKING ON THE WAVES?

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS, MR. MORRIS! IT'S THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN BALO AGAIN! YOU SHOULD WRITE ONE OF YOUR BOOKS ABOUT HIM!

CAPTAIN ENGLEHART, YOU MEAN THAT GHOST HAS APPEARED BEFORE?

YES...AND I'D BETTER JOIN MY CREW! EVERY TIME HE APPEARS, WE HAVE BIG TROUBLES!

"TROUBLE," CAPTAIN ENGLEHART SAID? THAT WAS TRULY AN UNDER-STATEMENT... FOR AS THE GLOWING SPECTRE RAISED ITS ARMS, THE SEA BECAME ALIVE WITH THE POWERS OF DARKNESS...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YE COWARDLY SWABS? DON'T ANY OF YE DARE TO FACE CAPTAIN BALO? HARRRRR!



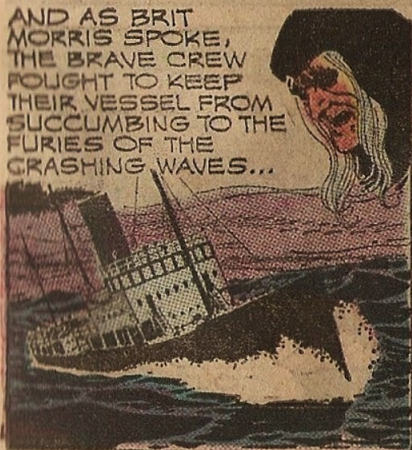
HE'S RAVING LIKE A MADMAN!

COME ON, HONI WE'LL BE SAFER INSIDE OUR CABIN!

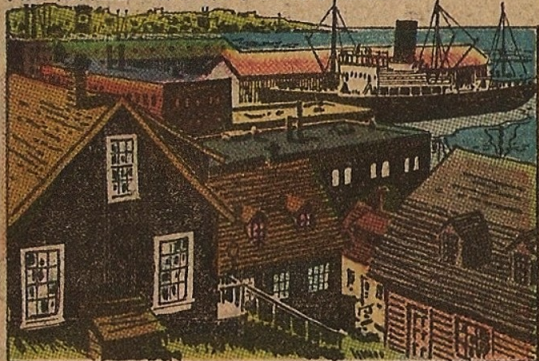


THINK OF IT, MARGO! FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN WRITING ABOUT GHOSTS, NEVER ONCE BELIEVING THERE COULD ACTUALLY BE SUCH THINGS! BUT NOW...

AND AS BRIT MORRIS SPOKE, THE BRAVE CREW FOUGHT TO KEEP THEIR VESSEL FROM SUCCUMBING TO THE FURIES OF THE CRASHING WAVES...



HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR A STRONG, STURDY SHIP AND AN ABLE CREW, BRIT AND HIS NEW WIFE MIGHT NEVER HAVE REACHED THEIR PORT ALIVE...

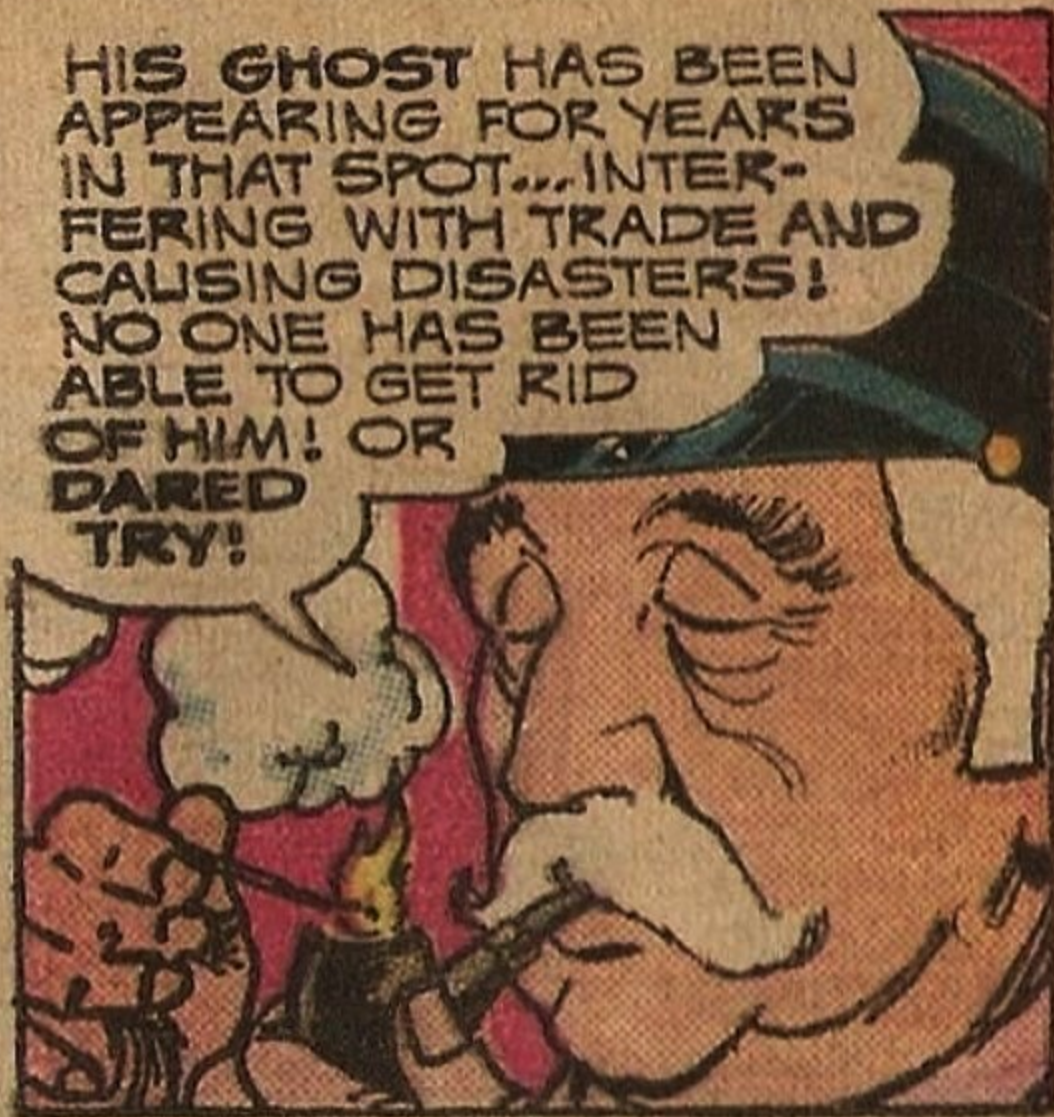


AFTER DOCKING...

CAPTAIN, WHAT IS ALL THIS ABOUT CAPTAIN BALO'S GHOST?

BALO WAS A NOTORIOUS PIRATE!

HIS GHOST HAS BEEN APPEARING FOR YEARS IN THAT SPOT... INTERFERING WITH TRADE AND CAUSING DISASTERS! NO ONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO GET RID OF HIM! OR DARED TRY!



BUT THAT'S THE ISLAND I BOUGHT... SO I COULD WRITE IN SECLUSION... AND HAVE A HOME FOR MY WIFE AND MYSELF!

HE ONCE HID OUT ON THAT ISLAND!

I WISH YOU LUCK, MR. MORRIS!



BRIT MORRIS DID NOT CONSIDER THE SEVERITY OF THE CAPTAIN'S WORDS AS HE SPED TOWARD THE ISLAND IN HIS NEWLY BOUGHT SPEEDBOAT...

WELL, I HOPE YOU LIKE THE HOUSE! IT'LL TAKE A LITTLE FIXING UP!

THIS SURE BEATS THAT SHIP WE WERE ON, BRIT!

I THINK I CAN GET USED TO IT, DARLING!



ONCE SETTLED IN THE HOUSE, BRIT TRIED TO WRITE A BRAND-NEW GHOST STORY, BUT...



HE STROLLED OUTSIDE AND STOPPED AT THE BEACH... STARING INTO THE MOON-KISSED WATER...



DON'T YOU SEE? I MOVED TO THIS ISLAND TO BE ALONE... TO THINK... BECAUSE MY GHOST STORIES WERE BECOMING OLD HAT!



NOW ALL I CAN THINK OF IS THAT REAL GHOST! THIS IS MY OPPORTUNITY TO WRITE A TRUE GHOST STORY!



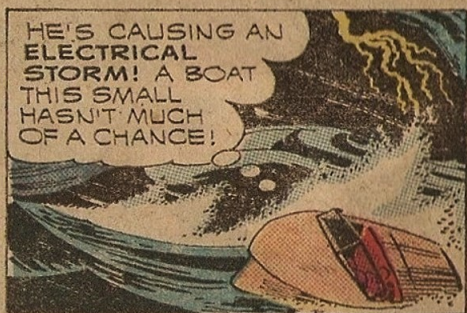
I'M GOING TO RIDE OUT TO WHERE THAT GHOST APPEARED... AND GET TO THE TRUTH OF WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE!



MARGO DID HER BEST TO TALK HER HUSBAND OUT OF GOING... BUT EVEN AS SHE SPOKE, BRIT ROARED OFF IN SEARCH OF THE SUPERNATURAL!



SOON, THE SMALL, SWIFT CRAFT HAD TAKEN BRIT MORRIS TO THE SPOT WHERE THE GHOST ALWAYS APPEARED...



BUT MORRIS WAS DETERMINED NOT TO DIE BEFORE LEARNING THE TRUTH ABOUT CAPTAIN BALO...



THEN TO
BRIT'S
SURPRISE...

WAIT! THE
GHOST ISN'T
WALKING ON
THE WAVES,
AS CAPTAIN
ENGLEHART
THOUGHT!

HE'S BEEN STANDING
ON A FLOATING
COFFIN! AND NOW...
HE'S STARTING TO
VANISH!

THERE MUST BE A
REASON FOR ALL
OF THIS! I HAVE A
SUSPICION THAT THIS
COFFIN HOLDS ALL
THE ANSWERS!



I'LL TAKE IT BACK TO THE ISLAND...AND SEE WHAT'S
INSIDE! THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO START WRITING MY
STORY!



AS BRIT RETURNED TO THE ISLAND
AND MARGO HELPED HIM DRAG
THE COFFIN ASHORE, HE TOLD HER
WHAT HAD TAKEN PLACE...

THEN...

I DON'T WANT TO
LOSE ANOTHER
MOMENT IN FINDING
OUT WHAT'S IN THIS
COFFIN, MARGO!



THOSE CLOTHES... I RECOGNIZE THEM! AS I SUSPECTED, THIS IS CAPTAIN BALO'S SKELETON!

WHAT'S THAT BOOK?

APPARENTLY THE LOG OF BALO'S SHIP! I'LL BET IT HOLDS ALL OF THE ANSWERS I'M SEEKING!

SHORTLY... AREN'T YOU COMING TO SLEEP, BRIT?



NOT TILL I'VE READ ENOUGH OF THIS LOG! OTHERWISE, I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO SLEEP!

"...SO CAPTAIN BALO WAS THE CRUELEST MAN ON THE SEAS, ACCORDING TO THIS... WITH MOST OF HIS CREWS SHANGHAIED INTO SERVICE... AND FREQUENTLY FEELING THE STING OF BALO'S WRATH..."



"AND WHAT CAPTAIN BALO FED HIS CREW WAS NEITHER ENOUGH NOR FIT FOR HUMANS..."



"FINALLY, THE CREW COULD NO LONGER TOLERATE THEIR CAPTAIN'S OUTRAGES AND..."



"BALO'S CORPSE WAS PUT IN AN AIR-TIGHT COFFIN... SO THAT IT WOULD FLOAT... AND NEVER HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF A TRUE BURIAL AT SEA..."



ARRR, SO YE KNOW THE TRUTH! THEN KNOW YE ALSO THIS... THAT I BE TIRED OF ROAMING THE SEA FOR CENTURIES!

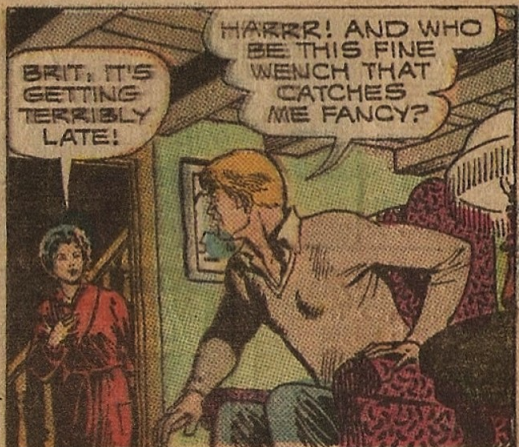


BUT I DON'T NEED TO REST... IF I HAVE ME A BODY TO POSSESS! THE YOUNG, STRONG BODY OF ONE WHO HAD THE COURAGE TO FACE ME!



BRIT, IT'S GETTING TERRIBLY LATE!

HARRR! AND WHO BE THIS FINE WENCH THAT CATCHES ME FANCY?



COME A WEE BIT CLOSER... SO'S I CAN GET A BETTER LOOK AT YE!

BRIT! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOUR EYES...



MARGO KNEW IT WAS CRAZY... BUT SHE COULD SENSE THAT THE LEERING CREATURE WHO LOOKED LIKE HER HUSBAND SOMEHOW WASN'T BRIT!



PRESENTLY,
IN THE
SHADOWS
OUTSIDE
THE HOUSE...

HIDE WHEREVER
YE CHOOSE,
WENCH! I'LL FIND
YE SOONER
OR LATER!



BUT NOW IT FEELS
GOOD TO BE IN
THIS HERE STRONG
BODY!

HA-HARRR!
CAPTAIN
BALO
LIVES
AGAIN!



AS THE
CAPTAIN
RANTED,
MARGO
MANAGED
TO SNEAK
BACK
INSIDE
THE HOUSE
AND...

HMMM...
THERE MAY
STILL BE A
WAY TO
SAVE BRIT!



SILENTLY
MOVING TO THE
BEACH, SHE
STARTED THE
MOTOR OF THE
SPEEDBOAT...

MOMENTS
LATER...

WHY, THE WOMAN
HAS GONE OFF
WITH MY COFFIN!



LHNN...
WHAT'S BEEN
GOING ON?

ARRR...
WHEREVER
MY COFFIN
GOES, I
MUST
ALSO GO!



