


SIBILLA

GHOSTS



SIBILLA is the pseudonym used by Italian model Elena Drago to write an internationally syndicated weekly column about the occult for the European magazine, Flash. Only her editor, Maria Carpi, and her colleague, investigative reporter Leonardo Verga, know that she is a true medium and the heir to the secrets of the legendary Cagliostro...

"WHEN I RETURN TO MILAN, MY FRIENDS ALWAYS ASK ME WHAT NEW YORK IS LIKE. I TELL THEM ABOUT THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, CENTRAL PARK, AND BEN & JERRY'S ICE CREAM..."

"I COULD TELL THEM ABOUT THE DARK ALLEYS, THE TENEMENTS THAT SMELL LIKE URINE, THE POVERTY - AND THE POLICE."

"I COULD TELL THEM ABOUT CAPTAIN GALTON, A TOUGH AS NAILS NYPD COP WITH INTUITION THAT EVEN AMAZES ME."

LET'S START OVER BEFORE I GET A HEADACHE.

LAST NIGHT, SOMEONE CALLED US AGAIN TO REPORT A DISTURBANCE IN 16B.

THE SIXTH TIME THIS MONTH - AND EVERY-TIME ZIP!

"BUT THEY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND."

WE DON'T LIKE BEING MADE FOOLS OF, MR. MURPHY!

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOUR BUILDING! NOW!

I DIDN'T SEE NOTHING, DETECTIVE! I SWEAR!

IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME. WE HEAR NOISES, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY'RE COMING FROM!

SO, MR. MURPHY, YOU DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING?

THE CALL CAME FROM NO. 16B. WE'RE QUESTIONING ALL THE TENANTS, AND YOU'RE ONE OF THEM...

YOU KNOW YOU COULD GET THREE MONTHS FOR REFUSING TO COOPERATE WITH A POLICE INVESTIGATION?

REALLY? LET ME HELP YOU THEN. YOU'VE GOT QUITE A RAP SHEET, HAVEN'T YOU, MR. MURPHY? MAKES INTERESTING READING...

THREE D.U.I.'S. LOST YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE. TWO DOMESTICS. ONE ASSAULT. YOU'RE A VIOLENT MAN, MR. MURPHY!

SO ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME THE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT? OR SHOULD I SQUEEZE IT OUT OF YOU? BELIEVE ME, I'M VERY GOOD AT SQUEEZING!



...OR DO YOU WANT AN EXTENDED STAY AMONG NEW YORK'S MOST WANTED.

YOU'VE GOT AN HOUR TO THINK IT OVER.

WE PULLED HIM IN BECAUSE HE'S THE ONLY ONE IN THE BUILDING WITH A RAP SHEET. WE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE AND, EXCEPT FOR TWO POTS OF WEED IN 4B, WE DIDN'T TURN UP A THING!

"I COULD TELL THEM ABOUT TRUMBO, A SMART, YOUNG DETECTIVE IN GALTON'S PRECINCT..."



WE'VE CLOSED DOWN THE ENTIRE BUILDING. TOLD 'EM IT WAS A GAS LEAK. WE EVEN SENT BLOOD AND WATER SAMPLES TO THE LAB IN CASE THERE'S SOME KIND OF HALLUCINOGENIC COMPOUND FLOATING AROUND...

BUT I DON'T THINK SO.

WHAT DO YOU THINK, MS. DRAGO?

WHAT I THINK IS THAT YOU KNOW FULL WELL THAT THAT JOKER IN THERE HAS GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS, AND YOU HAVEN'T EVACUATED AN ENTIRE BUILDING JUST TO PUT AN END TO A SERIES OF CRANK CALLS...



I'VE GAINED A CERTAIN, ER, REPUTATION AS A *CONSULTANT* IN MATTERS INVOLVING THE *PARANORMAL*. AND AS MUCH AS YOU HATE TO COME OUT AND SAY IT, YOU CALLED ME IN BECAUSE YOU KNOW YOU NEED ME!



THAT'S WHAT I THINK.

HMM.

I REALLY DON'T LIKE PSYCHICS - ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE RIGHT.

"I COULD TELL THEM ABOUT NEW YORK'S FINEST, BUT ALL MY FRIENDS ALREADY WATCH *NYPD BLUES*..."



THE NEW YORK EXAMINER. SUNSET.

"I COULD TELL THEM ABOUT MY EVENINGS SPENT AT THE EXAMINER'S MORGUE, LOOKING UP OLD ARTICLES, SEARCHING FOR CLUES..."

"AS A VALUED CONTRIBUTOR TO SIR WILSON'S PRESS EMPIRE, WHICH INCLUDES THIS PAPER, I HAVE TOTAL ACCESS..."

"I LIKE AVOIDING THE DAYTIME BUSTLE OF THE EDITORIAL OFFICES WHEN EVERYONE IS RUNNING AROUND AND SCREAMING..."

"AND COME IN AT NIGHT, WHEN I CAN BE ALONE WITH MY MEMORIES..."

"I REMEMBER RIP MACQUEEN, WHO'S ANCHORING AT CNN NOW..."

The
NEW-YORK EXAMINER
KID STAR VISIONS
PROVED TO BE A HOAX
OSMENT SAYS: I DO
SEE DEAD PEOPLE

YOU'RE BACK.

"...AND DAVE KAPLAN WHO'S NEVER COME ACROSS A PICTURE HE COULDN'T SHOOT..."

DAVE?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I COULD ASK YOU THE SAME, ELENA. WHAT IS IT THIS TIME?

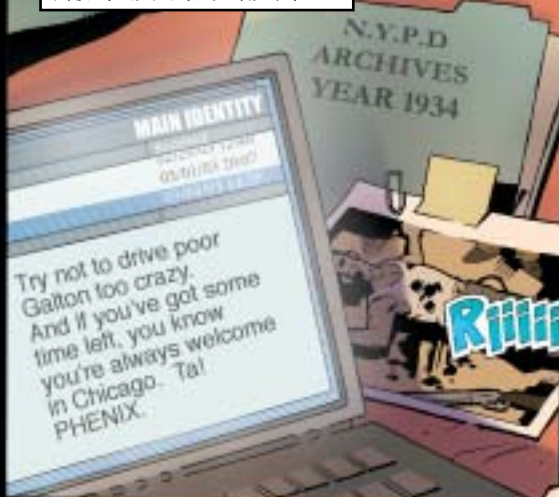
THE APOCALYPSE? A MARIAN APPARITION ON A FRIDGE? A SIX-YEAR-OLD SPEAKING IN TONGUES? AN ELVIS SPOTTING?

STILL A SKEPTIC, I SEE.

SERIOUSLY, I'M LOOKING INTO A RASH OF UNEXPLAINED DISTURBANCES IN A TENEMENT ON BERNASCONI BOULEVARD. WEIRD NOISES, THE WHOLE PACKAGE.

BERNASCONI BLVD., UH? I REMEMBER READING SOMETHING ABOUT A MURDER DOWN THERE. TRY LOOKING UP 1933 OR 1934...

"NO NEED TO THANK ME. THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE THERE FOR."



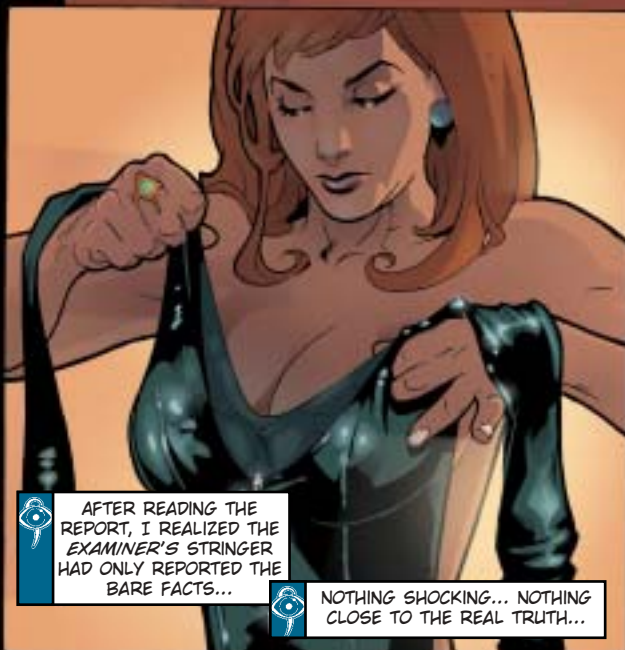
GALTON HERE. I FOUND SOMETHING. AN OLD CASE DATING BACK TO THE '30S...

Riiiiing!



YES, I KNOW. I FOUND AN ARTICLE ABOUT IT AT THE EXAMINER'S MORGUE...

...BUT I COULD USE A COPY OF THE POLICE REPORT IF YOU COULD E-MAIL ONE TO ME! GRAZIE!



AFTER READING THE REPORT, I REALIZED THE EXAMINER'S STRINGER HAD ONLY REPORTED THE BARE FACTS...

NOTHING SHOCKING... NOTHING CLOSE TO THE REAL TRUTH...



BUT THAT WOULD BE TELLING...

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

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part 2



AS *HEIR TO CAGLIOSTRO*, I HAD OFTEN COME ACROSS *TRUE EVIL*, BUT NOTHING AS *MALIGNANT* AS THAT WHICH SEEPED THROUGH THE SEEMINGLY ORDINARY BROWNSTONE FACADE OF NO. 163, BERNASCONI BLVD., IN NEW YORK...



"WHEN I RETURN TO MILAN, MY FRIENDS ALWAYS ASK ME WHAT THE CITY IS LIKE. THEY THINK I GO THERE FOR THE GLAMOUR..."



"IF THEY COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW!"



I'D COME AT THE REQUEST OF MY OLD FRIEND, *CAPTAIN GALTON* OF THE NYPD, WHO WAS TIRED OF RESPONDING TO CALLS ABOUT *PHANTOM DISTURBANCES*...



"JUST LIKE THE ONES I'M HEARING NOW!"



"I COULD TELL MY MILANESE FRIENDS ABOUT THE TYPE OF FOLKS THAT HAVE LIVED IN THESE TENEMENTS FOR GENERATIONS..."



"A WORLD OF SWEAT AND TEARS TRAPPED BETWEEN DRIPPING FAUCETS, CREAKING STAIRS AND CLANKING FIRE ESCAPES."



"NOT VERY GLAMOUROUS, MY FRIENDS WOULD THINK, BUT THEN LIFE IN THESE TENEMENTS RARELY WAS. AND NEITHER WAS DEATH."



"IMMIGRANTS. MINORITIES. POOR FOLKS FROM THE SOUTH DRIVEN TO SEEK A BETTER LIFE UP NORTH..."



"THEY HAD BEEN RUNNING FOR SO LONG THAT NOTHING ELSE SEEMED TO EXIST FOR THEM. JUST RUNNING AND FEAR."



"BUT THE RUNNING DIDN'T HELP. IT ALWAYS ENDED THE SAME WAY..."



"THE SHADOW OF DEATH ALWAYS CAUGHT UP WITH THEM, IN THE END."





JEREMY MILLER!

IN THE OBITS!



I AIN'T DEAD! YER TRYIN' T' CONFUSE ME!





HAR HAR!
YOU'D'VE BEEN
BETTER OFF MINDIN'
YER OWN BUSINESS,
YA DIRTY STINKIN'
COP!

NOW YOU
JUST BOUGHT
YERSELF A BUL-
LET THRU YER
FAT IRISH
HEAD!

YOU WERE
SHOT BY THE
POLICE ON 12 JUNE
1934 WHEN YOU PULLED
A GUN ON THEM FOL-
LOWING A DOMESTIC
DISTURBANCE.

SO HAVE
YOU, JEREMY
MILLER!

YOU ARE BUT
A SHADE. A LOST SOUL
FOREVER RELIVING THE CYCLE
OF VIOLENCE THAT ENDED YOUR
SAD, MISERABLE LIFE!

SO I'M A
GHOST, HUH?
BEATS BEIN'
POOR!

AN' THE MISSUZ AN' HER BRAT
ARE GHOSTS TOO? SO THERE'S
NUTHIN' TO STOP ME FROM
PLUGGIN' EM BOTH, HUH?

AGAIN...

...AND
AGAIN...

...AND
AGAIN!



BY THE RING
OF CAGLIOSTRO,
I EXPLUNGE YOU! YOU
WILL NO LONGER DEFILE
THIS PLACE WITH YOUR
LINGERING EVIL!

GO, JEREMY
MILLER, TO YOUR
FINAL FATE...

...WHATEVER
IT MAY BE.

YET AGAIN, I RELEASE YOU!

WIISSSSHH



AND YOU TWO,
I RELEASE
YOU!

MAY
YOU REST IN
PEACE!



"I COULD TELL MY FRIENDS
ABOUT THE FOLKS WHO LIVED IN
THESE TENEMENTS. THEIR DAILY
EXISTENCE. THEIR PAIN. THEIR
MEMORIES. THEIR GHOSTS..."



"LIFE WAS NEVER
GLAMOROUS THERE. AND
NEITHER WAS DEATH."



"YES, IF I WERE TO TELL
THEM ABOUT THE NEW YORK
I KNOW, THAT IS WHAT I
WOULD SAY, BUT I WON'T..."



