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# GHOST ROAST



SHAWNELLE GIBBS & SHAWNEÉ GIBBS  
EMILY CANNON

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SHAWNELLE GIBBS & SHAWNEÉ GIBBS  
EMILY CANNON

INTERIOR COLORS BY AISHWARYA TANDON

 **VERSIFY**

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Ghost Roast

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First Edition

For our mom, Belle, and our phenomenal family and friends.  
And for Chelsea and Dad, who found us before we found them.

—Shawneé and Shawnelle

For my family, friends, and the ghosts we love.

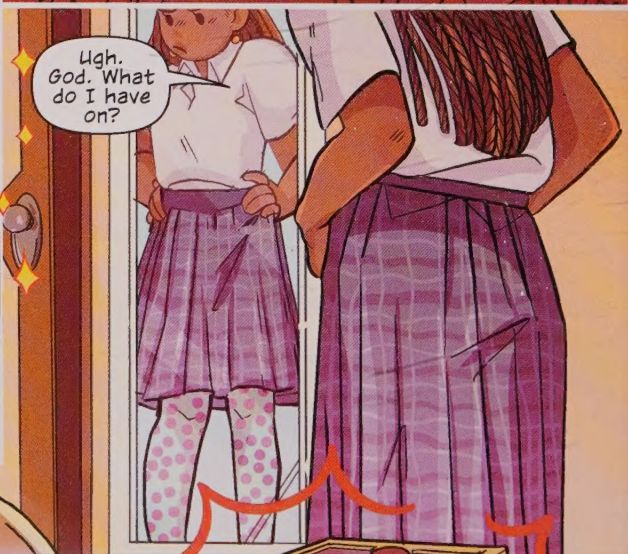
—Emily

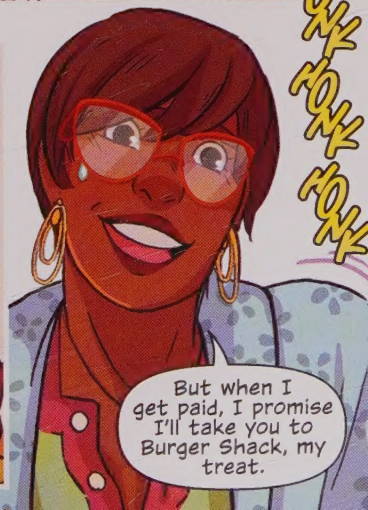


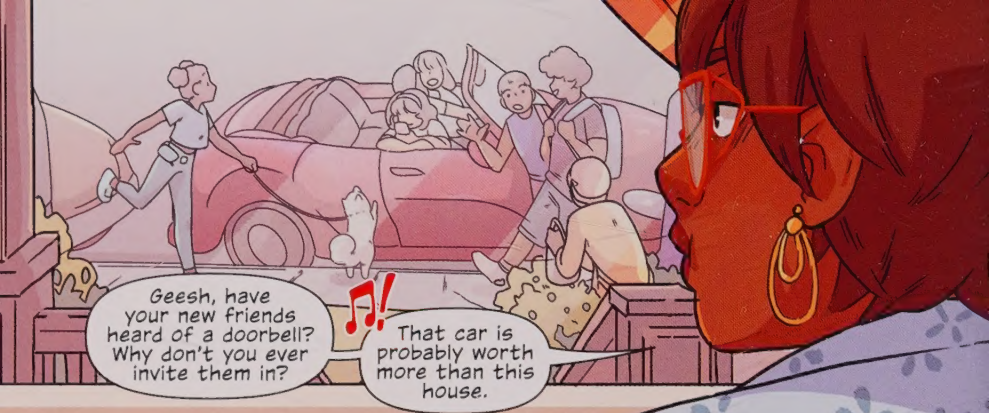
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Geesh, have your new friends heard of a doorbell? Why don't you ever invite them in?

! That car is probably worth more than this house.



All right, Mom. I'll see you later.



Don't forget your dad's going to pick you up today, honey!

Got it.



...and wear your seat belt!

Ugh. Did anyone in New Orleans not hear that?

WELL SO, Cree-sea! I always feel like I'm gonna get my car jacked around here

That would be real funny if it wasn't true.

That's always a possibility.



Does Nalle Cree-sea want me to punch her in the Hommy sack?



NO THANK YOU!

Next time I'll bring a car seat for you.

Haaa!

Can we please just drive already?



Let's hope you watch the road? I wanna make it to 16.



So after the Burger Shack tonight, Justin wants to hang out. He's so morbid, you'll never guess where he wants to meet up--

--A cemetery!

I was building to that.

A cemetery... okay.

You in?

...Or is widdle Chelsea scared of ghosts?

I'm not scared of ghosts...I'm just over them.

Hahaha. "Over" ghosts? Who says that?

See, Alexis, I love this girl. I told you she'd be fun to hang out with.

**BINK!**

Hey Dad. Got a thing to do after school. I'll come by later.

**BLOOP**

Okay, sweetheart. Need your opinion on our new ghost commercial. Sent a link, let me know what you think later!

-sigh-



Hey, Jazzy!

Move along, move along, people! Ugh.

Yo, Jasmine. Can I get a ride to first period?! I'll pay you!

MONK MONK



What's up, Jasmine? Hey, Alexis. Hey, Chelsea.

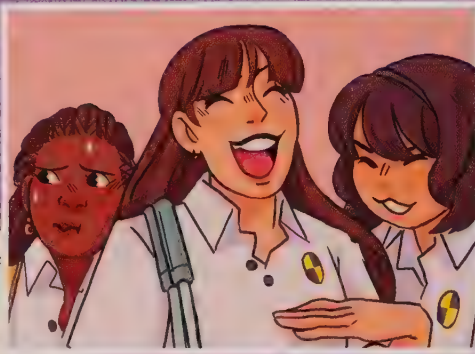
People know my name.



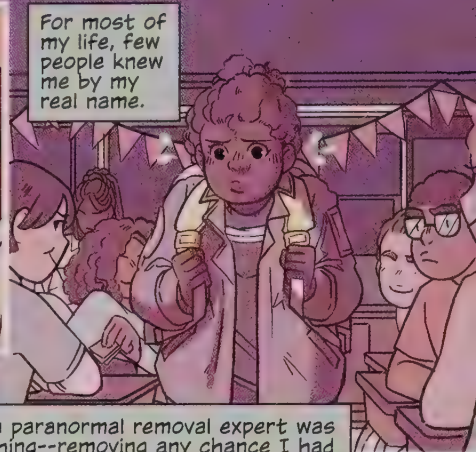
Hey--

--Just let them admire you. We don't speak to untouchables.

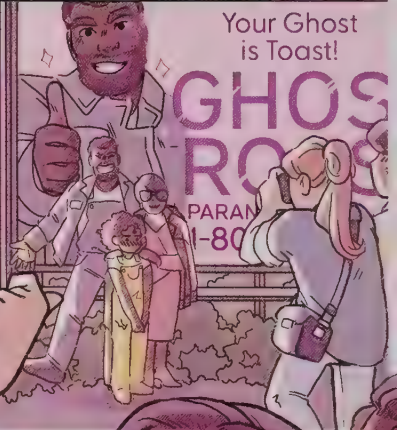
There was a time not so long ago when I was an "untouchable"...



For most of my life, few people knew me by my real name.

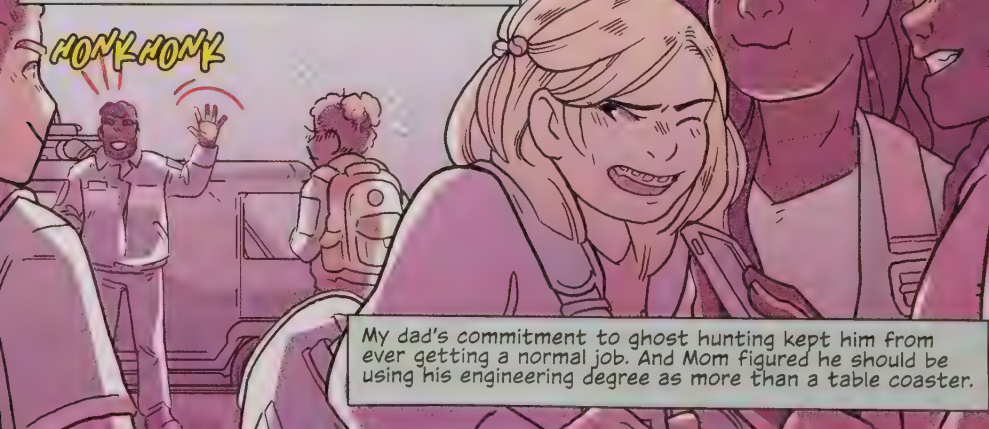


My dad's career as a paranormal removal expert was successful at one thing--removing any chance I had at a normal social life.




Over the years, the business wasn't so great at actually bringing money in. My parents argued constantly about finances.


HONK HONK



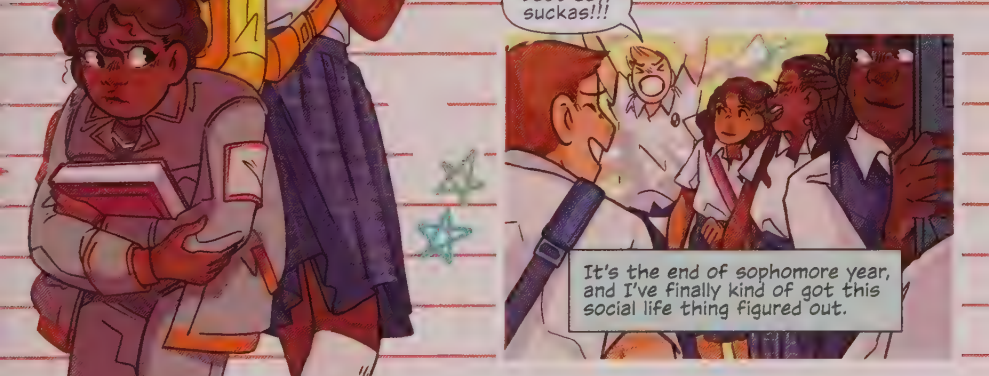
My dad's commitment to ghost hunting kept him from ever getting a normal job. And Mom figured he should be using his engineering degree as more than a table coaster.



So, they divorced. That was three years ago. Since then...



I've ditched the coveralls and a few other things.



Then one day, Jasmine noticed my vintage (read: Goodwill) crossbody bag during third period English, and everything changed...



Last day, suckas!!!

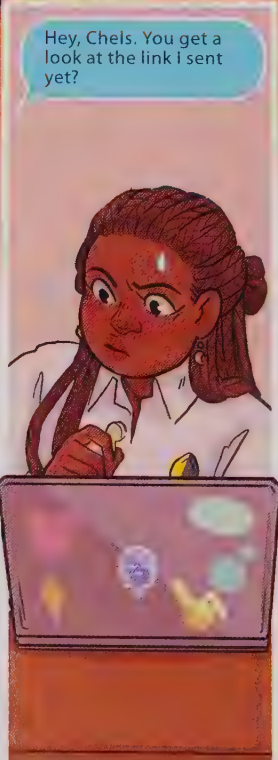
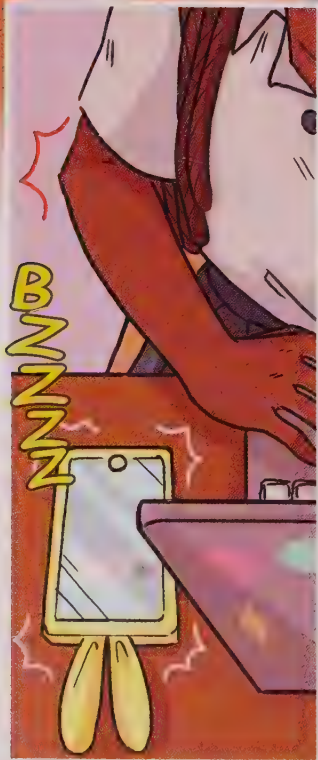
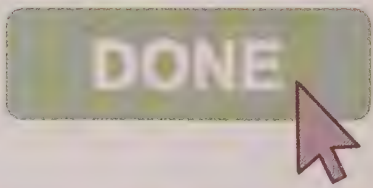
It's the end of sophomore year, and I've finally kind of got this social life thing figured out.

Vibrate  
vibrate

...Almost.

Okay, folks, bring up the module from yesterday, and I'll give you a few minutes to finish up your coding assignment.

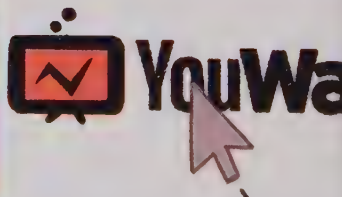
FINAL CHA

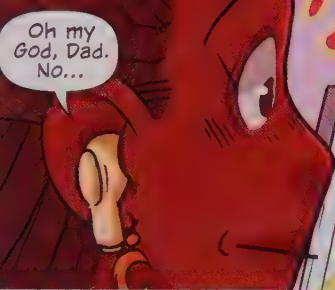


Hey, Chels. You get a look at the link I sent yet?

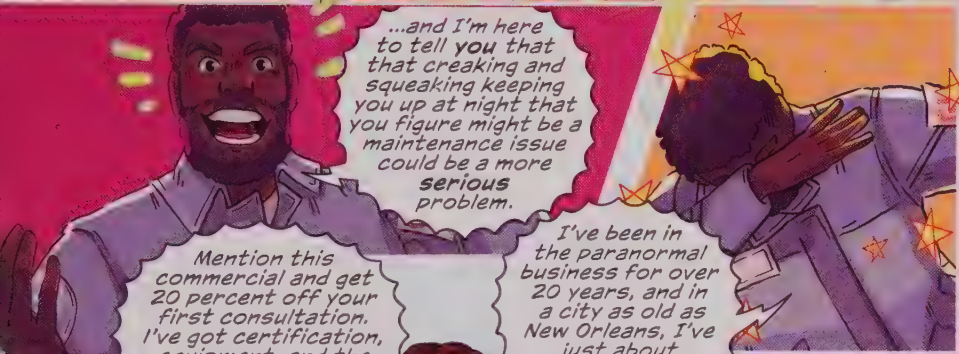


Why am I afraid to look?





Oh my God, Dad. No...



...and I'm here to tell you that that creaking and squeaking keeping you up at night that you figure might be a maintenance issue could be a more serious problem.

Mention this commercial and get 20 percent off your first consultation. I've got certification, equipment, and the know-how to rid your house of the haunts.

I've been in the paranormal business for over 20 years, and in a city as old as New Orleans, I've just about encountered it all.



Dear Lord.

Boo!

Yes, indeed! You might have yourself a ghost problem.

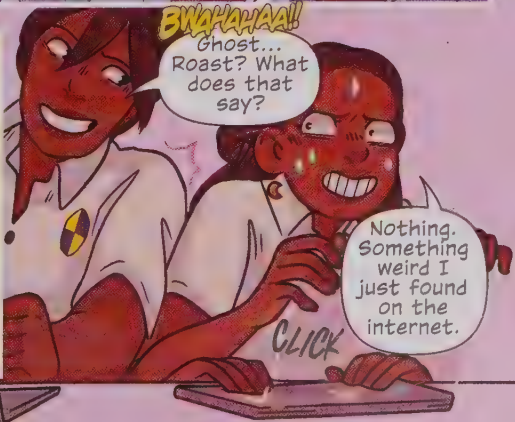
Call me and I can help you rid your home, car, or office of ghosts, spirits, witches, hags, haunts, souls, and trolls.



Call now and I'll get roasting!

Jesus.

www.ghostroast.net

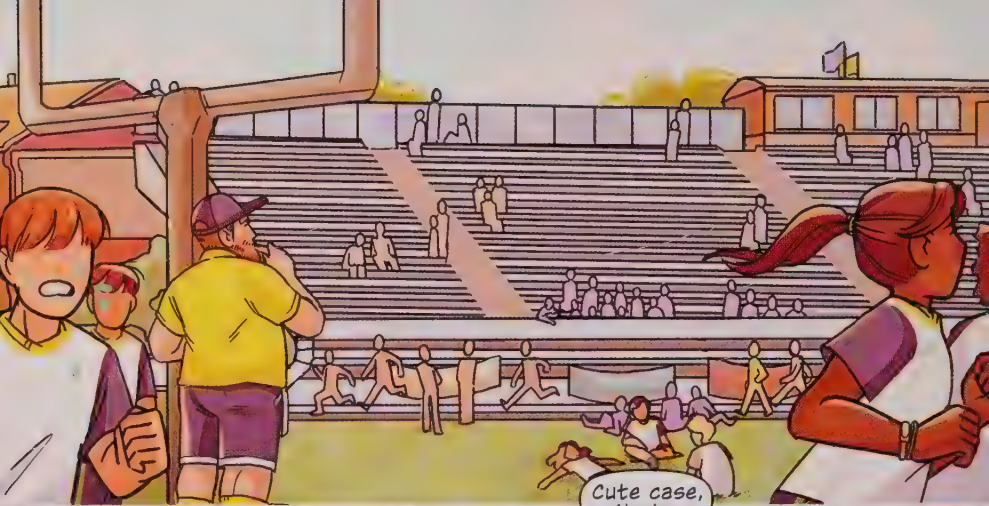


BWAHAHA!

Ghost... Roast? What does that say?

Nothing. Something weird I just found on the internet.

CLICK



Cute case, Alexis.



Right?!



It looks like the one I had last year. The old one.

Yeah, it is a little old. I need a new one.

What is that?



Oh, something Brian sent me earlier. This is really funny.



Yes, indeed! You might have yourself a ghost problem!

Is that for real?

It says he's in Marigny.

Oooh, we should call the number.

To... get some exercise?

What's so funny over here?

How about... we go run the mile with the rest of the class...?

*Justin Langley, 17, only at Isabel Newton because his genetic code reads beautiful basketball god.*

*The number 23 he's currently wearing gives an accurate reading of how many hearts within a one-mile radius are currently fluttering.*


Our little friend Chelsea.

23

What's up, beautiful?

Stop it, Justin!

You know you've been waiting on me to come over here since gym started to add some excitement to your life.



So, what's up? Y'all coming through tonight or what? Lafayette Cemetery, baby, thrills, chills, pills...


Did you even have to ask?

You know we'll be there!




Er... sure.

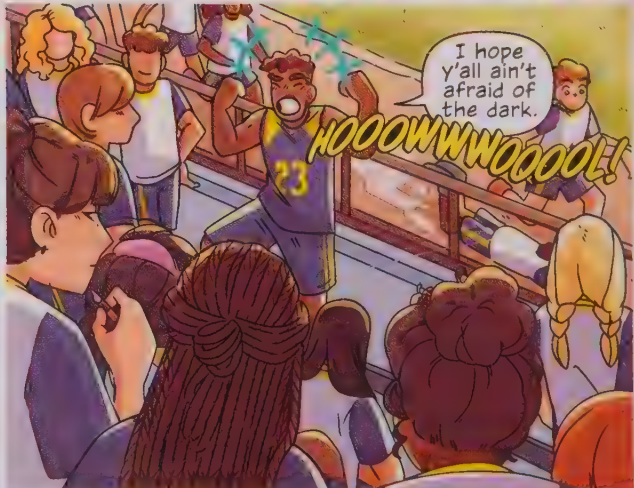
He's so cute. Don't think about him being cute. He's off-limits.



That's what's up. You saved my butt in science this semester, girl. You're the reason I'm gonna be a senior next year. That alone gets you an invitation.



All right, ladies, see y'all tonight.



I hope y'all ain't afraid of the dark.

**HOOOWWWOOOL!**




Justin practically fell over himself inviting you onight. What do I look like, last season's Louis bag?


Well, you do have French ancestry...

->Snort->  
And an inflated sense of worth...

Burn!



I will leave you both on the side of this road!



He was just grateful that he could cheat off my test for finals, that's all.

Too grateful if you ask me, but you handled it well.

Yeah, we'd hate to have to throw you back in the untouchables pile over a dude.

No matter how hard I try, it seems I'm always one misstep away from being an outcast...



Spook-y.  
Where is  
everybody?



What's up,  
ladies? We thought  
you might've  
chickened out.

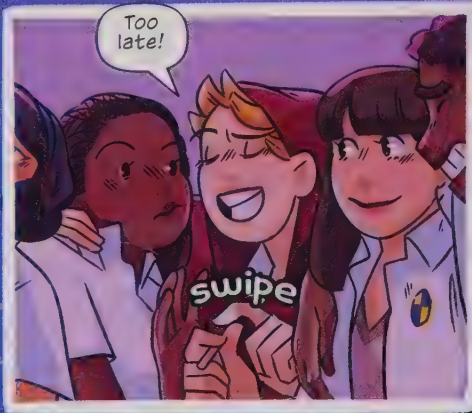


Never!

Oh, there  
they are.







Too late!

swipe



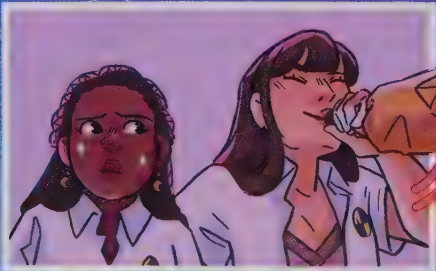
Let's consult some spirits!  
**Wooohoooo!**



Come out, come out, ghosts! Wherever you are!

Show yourselves!

Y'all look like y'all could use a drink.




Attagirl. I didn't think you had it in you.



Fine.

**ugh** The bitter taste of peer pressure. My parents would lose it if they saw me right now.



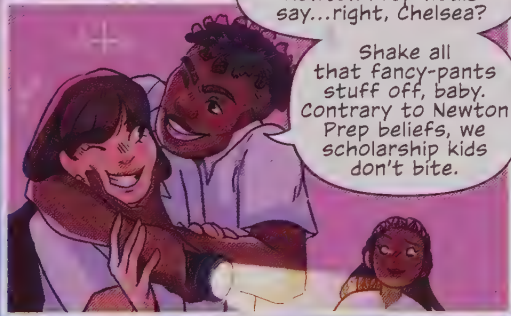
Yo, this guy has been dead for 225 years. He's almost as old as your mom, Quincy.

When I was little, I lived in the Iberville Projects right over there. Before the last hurricane demolished the city, my mom says I used to play in Saint Louis Cemetery like it had a swing set.

I'd think it'd be a lot safer for a kid to play in a cemetery than the Iberville Projects...



That's exactly something a rich kid from Newton Prep would say...right, Chelsea?



Shake all that fancy-pants stuff off, baby. Contrary to Newton Prep beliefs, we scholarship kids don't bite.

But these ghosts might!

oooooooooh!

Oh my God. I see something!

Up ahead. Whoa!  
**CHARGE!!!**



Wooo-hooooo!

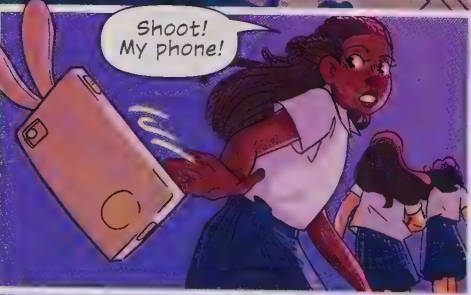


**HEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHE**

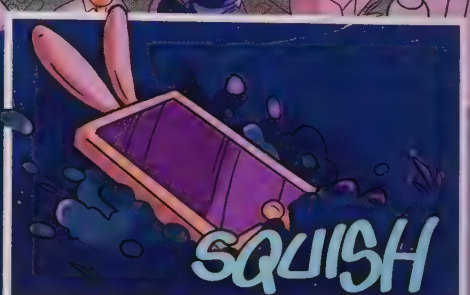


I've never felt so freeeeeeee!

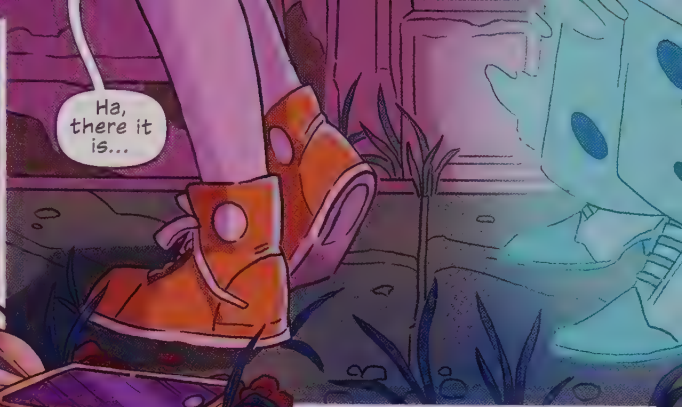
Oh my God. I need new friends!



Shoot! My phone!



**SQUISH**



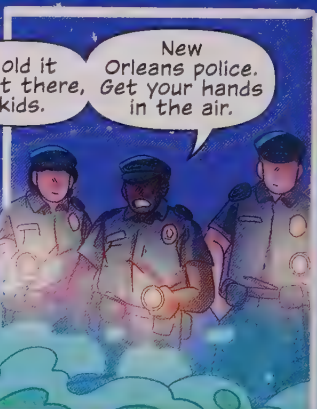


Duuude!  
Stay behind  
me, y'all.

Do  
we  
have  
to  
keep  
walking?



Sounds  
like they're...  
talking...?



Hold it  
right there,  
kids.

New  
Orleans police.  
Get your hands  
in the air.



You're  
under arrest  
for criminal  
trespassing.

...And  
underage  
drinking.



Aw  
man.



Boys are so dumb.

I didn't even get to make out with Quincy, which was the whole point of me going.

Ew.

I don't want to even think about what my mom is going to do to me.

CLANG  
CLANG  
CLANG



Chelsea Grant. Your father is here.

Um...did you give any thought to what your dad is going to do to you?



Wait a minute. Isn't that the guy from the video?

Jasmine Kelly, your parents are here.

Oh boy.



Dad--!

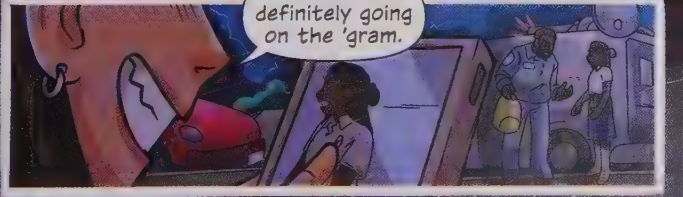
Girl, if you don't hush your mouth and get in the car.

But--

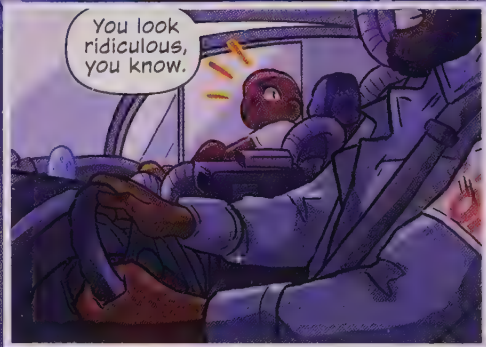
I mean it, Chelsea.

Whoa! Chelsea, is that your dad? That's the dude from the--!

--Zip it, Quincy.



This is definitely going on the 'gram.



You look ridiculous, you know.

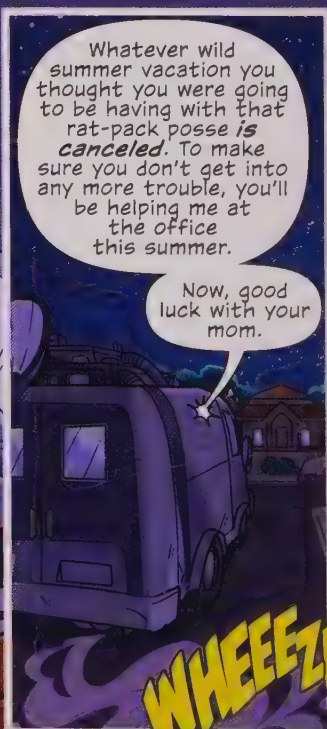


You'd better enjoy yourself now. Your mother is going to kill you. She is *LIVID*. And so am I. I just handle it better.

Yeah, you always have. Thanks for picking me up, Dad.



You're welcome...and also grounded.



Whatever wild summer vacation you thought you were going to be having with that rat-pack posse is  *canceled*. To make sure you don't get into any more trouble, you'll be helping me at the office this summer.

Now, good luck with your mom.

WHEEEZE



Go ahead now. Get in there before this van starts overheating. I don't have all night.

I'll see you tomorrow. Eight a.m. sharp.



A night in jail? What in the world is going on, Chelsea?



I knew raising a teenager would be hard, so I was prepared for that, but new friends, new attitude... It's like I don't even know who you're becoming.



My friends wanted to hang out at the cemetery and I went, even though I didn't want to. I made a stupid mistake. Sorry, Mom. It won't happen again.

You're damn right it's not gonna happen again.

I work day and night to send you to that prep school to get a good education, not "make mistakes" that end up with you in jail.

Your "friends" have parents who can afford to bail them out of life when they do "stupid" things. You don't.



I thought we raised you better than this.



Well, it's not my fault that you've gotta work two jobs 'cause Dad's job is a glorified hobby and we can't ever afford anything.



Watch your mouth, Chelsea!

I still have to go to the school you guys want me to go to and struggle to fit in every day as the poor little Seventh Ward girl.

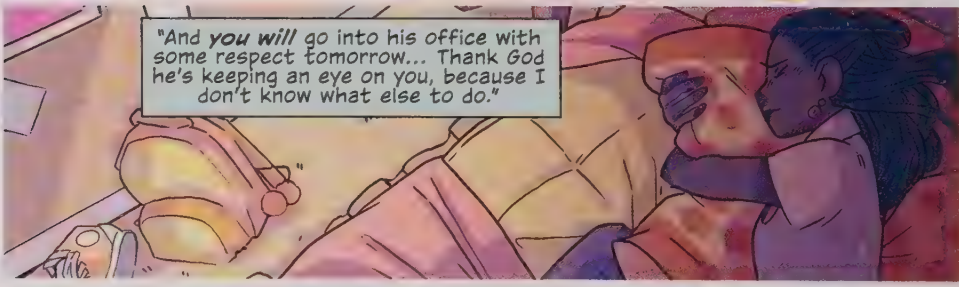
I'm trying, Mom. What do you want me to do?



I want you to go to your room.

You used to love going to work with your dad when you were little. Lord knows his job may not pay much, but it brings him joy, which is more than most people get.

He needs your help right now and you could definitely use the extra structure and discipline.



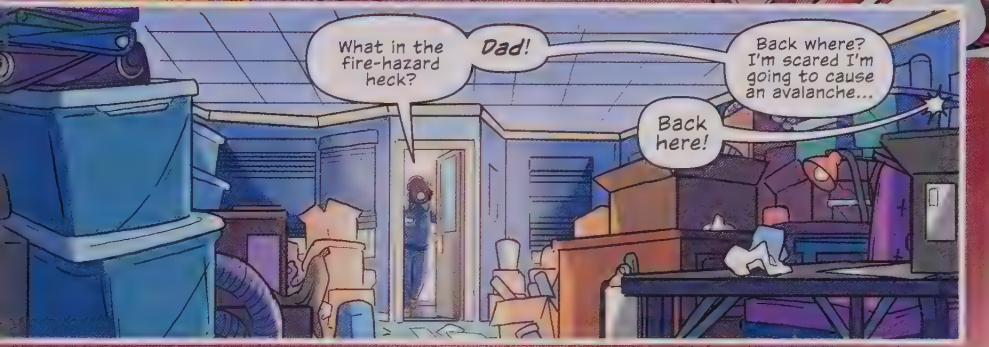
"And you will go into his office with some respect tomorrow... Thank God he's keeping an eye on you, because I don't know what else to do."





Great. After three years of being a normal teen, I'm becoming Ghost Girl all over again. God, could this uniform be any uglier?

This place hasn't changed one bit.



What in the fire-hazard heck?

Dad!

Back where? I'm scared I'm going to cause an avalanche...

Back here!



Chels, you remember Russell? He and his mom still live on the old block.



Been a real lifesaver since he started helping me out a couple months ago.



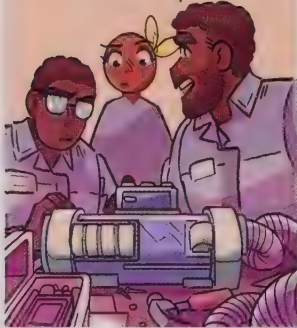
Hey.

Hey.

*That's Russell Thompson, 16. Still awkward after a growth spurt that apparently happened last summer. Kids used to call him Pee-Pee Boy. Yeah, he was that kid.*

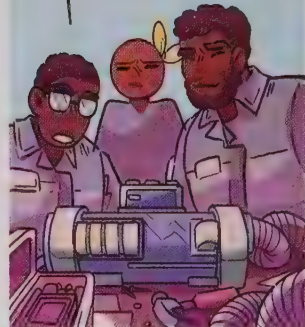
We've been working on enhancing this ghost roaster, sweet pea. It's really coming along. I can't wait to show you how it works.

Now, flip the switch. Just for three seconds.



Nothing.

Something must be loose in the wiring.



->Sigh->

Chels, where I need your help today is getting the office into some kind of shape. I think we're going to have a really big summer and I want to get organized so we can start bringing clients back in here.

Sure, Dad.



It's always going to be a big summer according to Dad.

A really big summer...



->COUGH->



Even though this is New Orleans, where ghosts and voodoo are a big part of our culture, people in the neighborhood still think he's crazy. It's not easy to defend him.



Four long hours later...

**MMMMRRRRRINGGGG**

Dad!  
Where's your phone?

Don't know.  
It hasn't rung  
in weeks!



There  
you are.

We  
have a  
call?

We  
have a  
call!

Uh...  
Hello...?

"Paranormal  
Removal  
Services..."

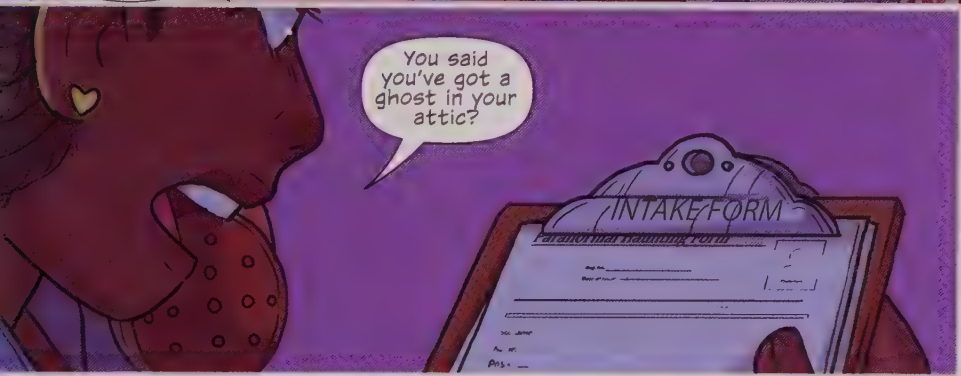
Paranormal  
Removal Services...  
How can I...um...

"Help...  
help..."

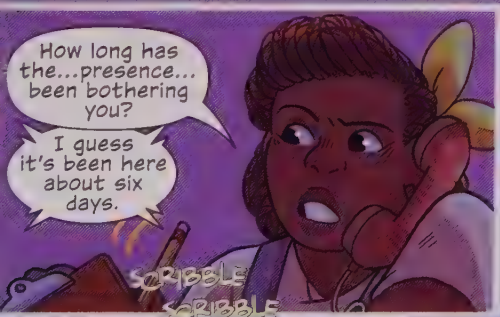
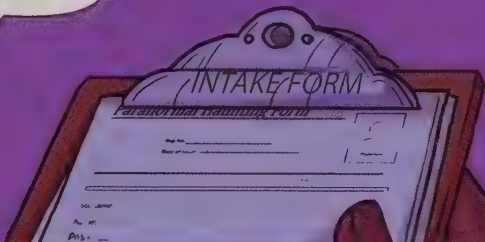
Help  
you?



I've got a ghost hanging out in my attic and I need somebody to come and get it out of here.



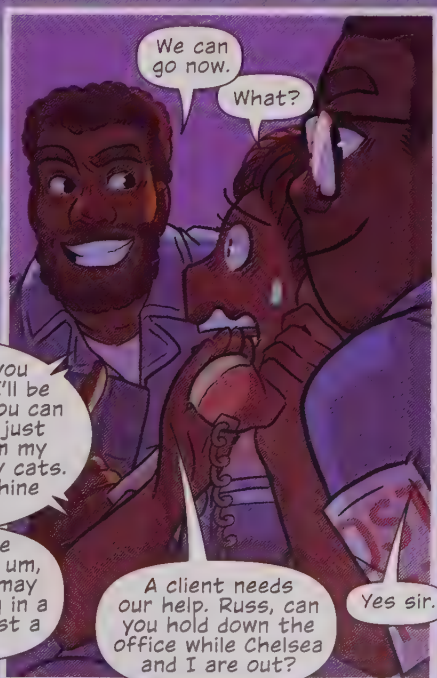
You said you've got a ghost in your attic?



How long has the...presence... been bothering you?

I guess it's been here about six days.

SCRIBBLE  
SCRIBBLE



We can go now.

What?

When can you get it out? I'll be here all day. You can come now. I just woke up from my nap and fed my cats. I'm on Dauphine Street.

Well, I'll have to consult our um, schedule...we may have an opening in a few...days. Just a minute...

A client needs our help. Russ, can you hold down the office while Chelsea and I are out?

Yes sir.



We have a client! Finish getting her information, Chelsea. I'll get the van ready.

THUD

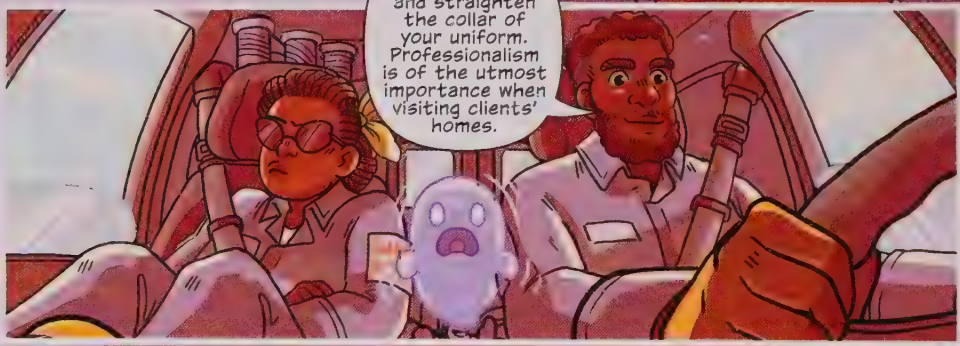


!!!!

Yes? I'm still here.

Sorry, ma'am. We can come out today. What's the address?

->Sigh-



Remove the sunglasses and straighten the collar of your uniform. Professionalism is of the utmost importance when visiting clients' homes.



Right... Gotta look my best to meet this crazy lady's ghost...

You used to love home visits.

Dauphine Street, Faubourg Marigny neighborhood, New Orleans.

Dad, the last time I went on one of these I was like eight years old.

When conducting fieldwork, sensitivity is also important. Most of these people are experiencing a disturbance in their home. They're frightened, they're worried...



We treat their concerns with the ultimate respect, no matter how outlandish they may actually appear.

You copy?

Loud and clear.

AH! Here we are.



Ugh...

If you don't hear from me in 20 minutes, call one of the emergency numbers on the dashboard.

Good afternoon, Mrs. Guillaume. I'm here from Paranormal Removal Services about your disturbance.

You're just in time. It's upstairs making terrible noises and scaring my Peaches.

Please give me a few minutes to assess the situation.

7 minutes later...

15 minutes later...

Dad, is everything okay in there?

~~Static~~

\*Pant, pant\* Disturbance... identified. I'll be out \*gasp\* in a few minutes.

~~Static~~

GROWWWWWWWWW  
GROWWWWWWWWW

35 minutes later...

Thanks so much for your business, Mrs. Guillaume. You shouldn't have any more issues with the disturbance. If you need more assistance, don't hesitate to call the office.

Thank you, Mr. Grant! God bless you.



Dad. Exactly *what* is riding with us back there?

**ERRR  
ERRR**



A raccoon.



A raccoon?!!!



Eighty percent of presumed paranormal disturbances are just rodents and other animals. I'm gonna let him out up here at Louis Armstrong Park.



So, we're glorified pest control.

**ERRRKKAKOOOOWWWW**



Great.



Chelsea, I will never forgive you for not telling us that your dad is Ghost Dad--

--His name is Doug.

We really could've started teasing you way earlier.

Haha!



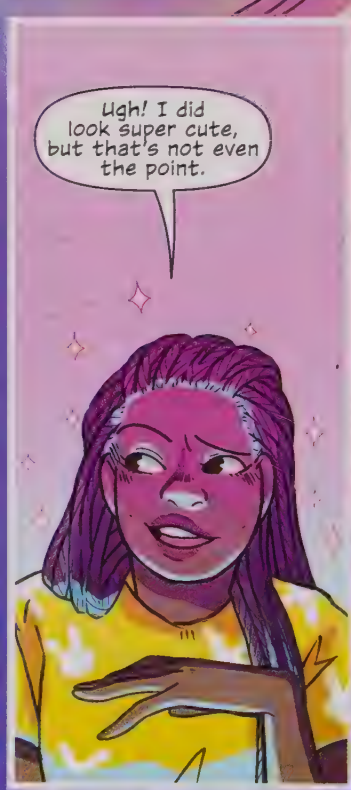
I hate my dad's job. That's the whole reason I didn't want to tell you guys in the first place. You embarrassed the hell out of me yesterday, Jasmine.



Oh, that? Sorry. I was bored, and my feed was starting to get a little predictable. I thought you looked cute in the photo, though.

Yeah, you actually did.

I would've never put it up if you didn't.



Ugh! I did look super cute, but that's not even the point.



Well, look at the bright side: I'm a junior influencer and I've got a lot of pull with my followers and brands, so it's not all bad. Maybe it could help business?

But enough about that--a bunch of us are heading to Biloxi Beach tomorrow and I want you to come.

Girl, if you're in there chatting on that computer I am going to come in there and confiscate it!

That's my mom. I gotta go--they actually follow through on the punishment threats around here. I'll see if I can wiggle out of helping my dad tomorrow.

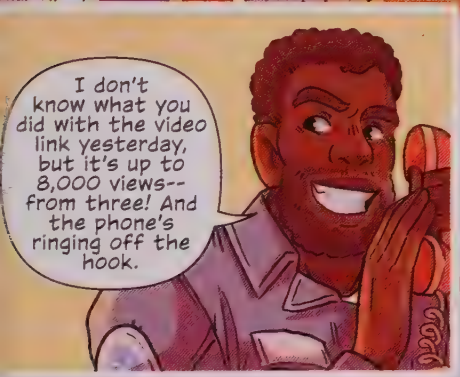


Sorry I'm late.  
I'm just feeling a little  
under the weather.  
Dad, I was wondering  
if I could--

Paranormal  
Removal Service,  
please hold.

**MRRRINGGGG**

--Hey, sweet  
pea. Nothing  
you can't walk  
off, I'm sure.



I don't  
know what you  
did with the video  
link yesterday,  
but it's up to  
8,000 views--  
from three! And  
the phone's  
ringing off the  
hook.



You're  
sure they're  
not prank  
calls?

No! They're real.  
We even got a producer  
from a local TV morning  
program who wants to  
book us for September  
ahead of Halloween.  
Russ checked out her  
info and it's legit.

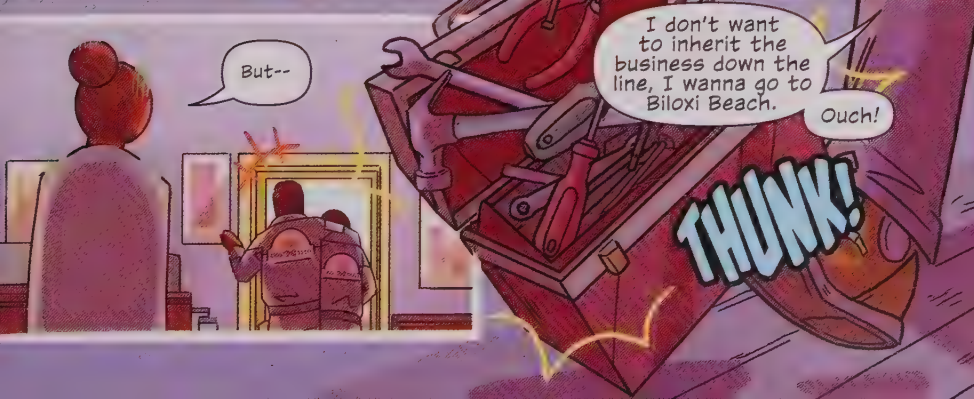
Yep.



A guy from the  
Harrington Manor called--  
you know, that big run-down  
mansion on River Road where  
all the old plantations are.  
I'm talking *the* Harrington  
family--Harrington Hospital,  
Harrington Convention Center,  
Harrington Avenue--*he* made  
an appointment today.  
In fact, we're gonna go do  
a consultation this  
afternoon.

We?

Absolutely! I told  
you this was going to  
be a big summer. Now's  
the perfect time to  
learn the ins and outs  
of the business. You're  
going to need to know  
them when you inherit  
this place down the  
line.



But--

I don't want  
to inherit the  
business down the  
line, I wanna go to  
Biloxi Beach.

Ouch!

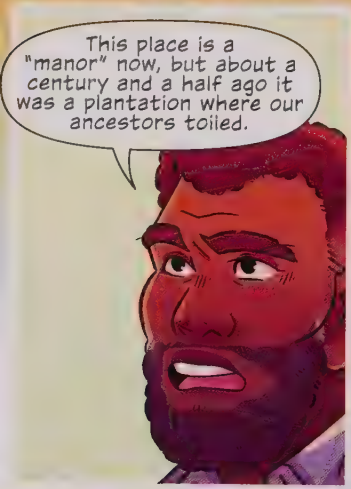
**THUNK!**



Geez.

The last time a group of black folks walked onto this property, they couldn't get off. I hope these Harringtons don't get any ideas.

Heh, heh.



This place is a "manor" now, but about a century and a half ago it was a plantation where our ancestors toiled.



Time to blast some old slave owners to smithereens!

CHIRP CHIRP!

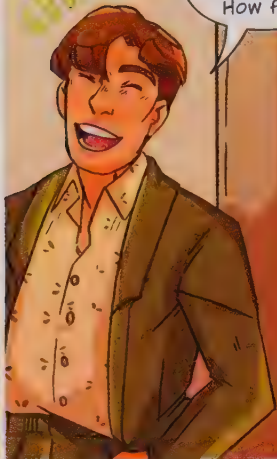
Easy, cowboy. We've gotta get the job first. This is just a consultation...

And put that down! That device is not a toy.




Whoa.







Welcome, Mr. Grant and team. Cute jumpers!

It's so good to have you. And I take it these young people must be your assistants? How fun.

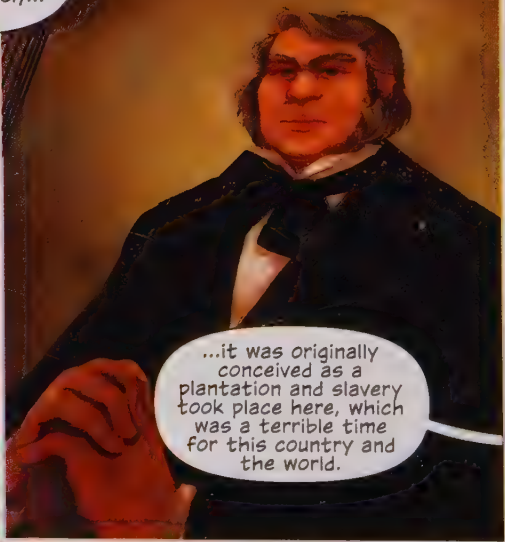


Please, come in! Come in! Aunt Agnes and I will give you a tour of the place!

Watch your steps. The floorboards are a little creaky. We'll have those redone soon.



This is a painting of my fifth-great-grandfather John Harrington. He built this beautiful home in the Greek Revival tradition in 1832. Unfortunately...



...it was originally conceived as a plantation and slavery took place here, which was a terrible time for this country and the world.



Looks like you made out okay.

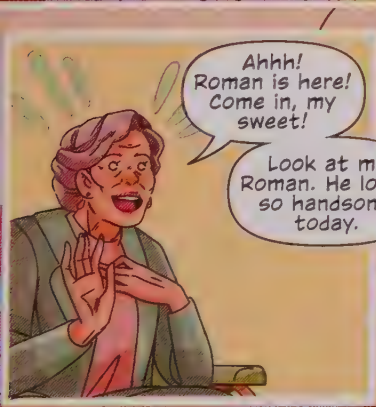


~~cough~~  
~~cough~~

nudge

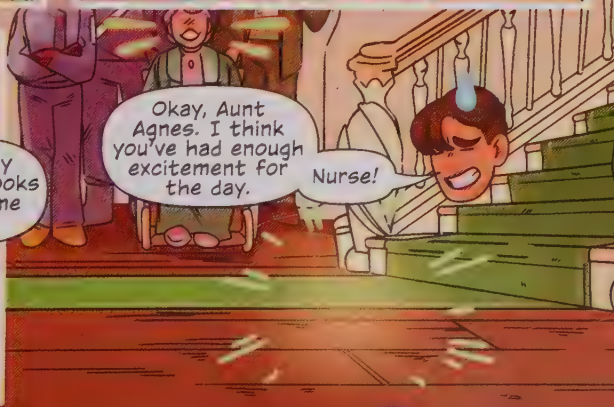


Yes, there's no denying that we have. There's so much undiscovered history here that people the world over should know about. And that's why it's my wish to make this place open and available to the public.



Ahhh! Roman is here! Come in, my sweet!

Look at my Roman. He looks so handsome today.

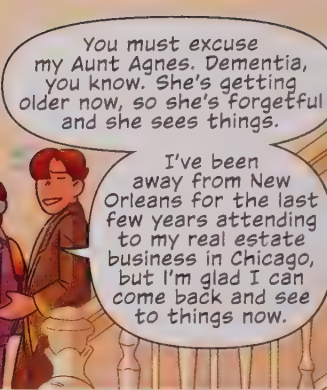


Okay, Aunt Agnes. I think you've had enough excitement for the day.

Nurse!



Pardon me.

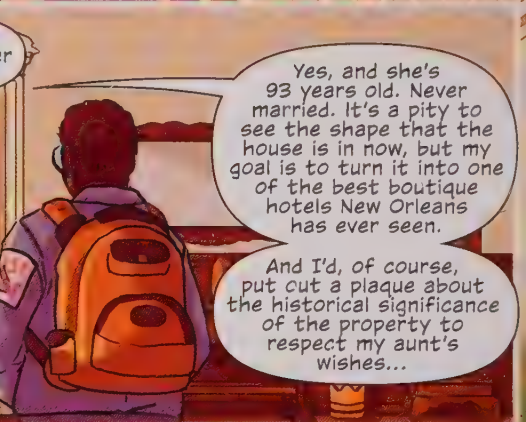


You must excuse my Aunt Agnes. Dementia, you know. She's getting older now, so she's forgetful and she sees things.

I've been away from New Orleans for the last few years attending to my real estate business in Chicago, but I'm glad I can come back and see to things now.

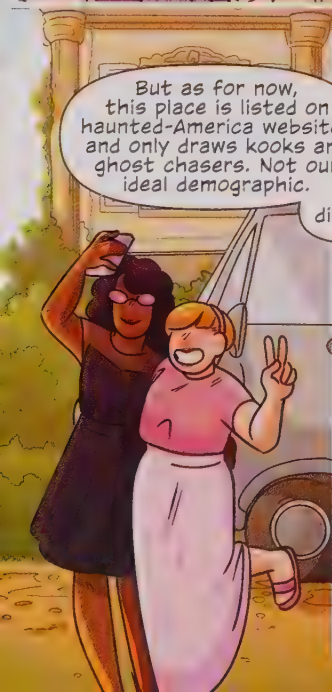


Has your aunt lived in this place her entire life?



Yes, and she's 93 years old. Never married. It's a pity to see the shape that the house is in now, but my goal is to turn it into one of the best boutique hotels New Orleans has ever seen.

And I'd, of course, put out a plaque about the historical significance of the property to respect my aunt's wishes...



But as for now, this place is listed on haunted-America websites and only draws kooks and ghost chasers. Not our ideal demographic.

No disrespect.




None taken.




SWWWWWWWWWWISH

And that's where you and your team come in.



Since I was a kid, there were rumors that people have witnessed strange things in this house, but I've never seen any of it.

Now, I don't believe in ghosts myself, but what I do believe in is making a profit. I need your services to help clean up the public's perception of this place.



Dad is in heaven right now. Historical site, historical figures. Centuries worth of ghosts to exterminate. He's been obsessed with this stuff since he was a boy.

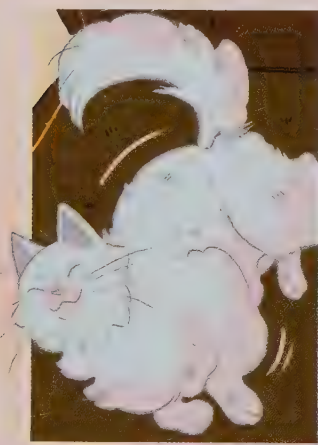
Mom would totally geek out, too, over this place's history. It's what they bonded over before ghost hunting tore them apart.

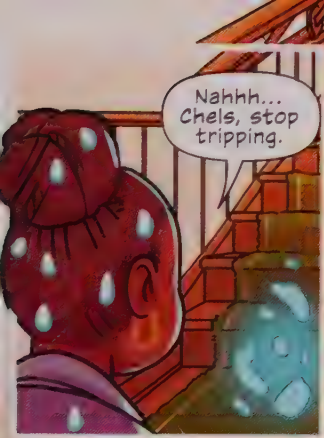
Geesh...

In life, you get to choose what you believe in... I simply choose not to believe in ghosts.

Growing up ghost hunting... did I see things that could be considered strange or out of the ordinary? Sure--but kids have overactive imaginations.

Sometimes a growling presence is just a racoon... I've found that believing anything else is detrimental to your social life and sanity. Just ask my dad.





Nahhh... Chels, stop tripping.

Sweet pea!



We're in the study!

Oh, of course, the study!

I have no clue where the study is...



This way!

Keep yelling! I'll find you eventually.



Something tells me you guys are the right team.

Well, Mr. Harrington, we look forward to doing business with you.

And your online commercial was amazing, by the way. It was catchy and hilarious. I was personally responsible for at least 100 of your views.



You know, I came up with the concept myself...

Really...?!



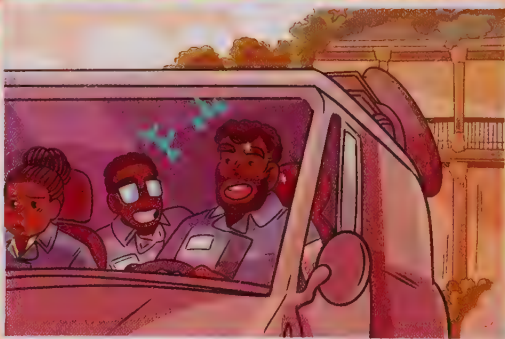
Oh God...

10 minutes later...

That went amazing, guys! And he offered us so much money that I can actually afford to pay you both this summer.

Yes! My mom will be so happy to hear that.

I tell ya. I can't believe our luck with this job. This is something else...





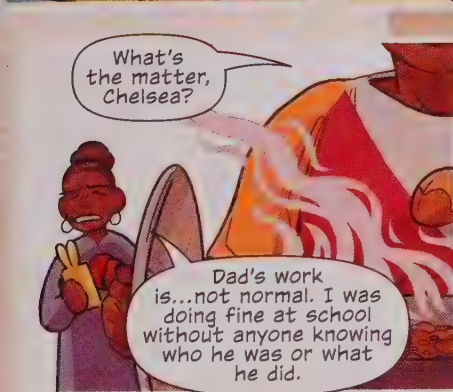
How was work, honey?



Interesting.



JASMINE  
Find any ghosts out there?  
Cause you definitely ghosted us today!



What's the matter, Chelsea?

Dad's work is...not normal. I was doing fine at school without anyone knowing who he was or what he did.



The Chelsea I know used to not care what anybody thought about her. But I know, I know, teens and hormones...and social media.

Listen, Chelsea. Help your dad this summer and you'll have all fall to fit in and hang with your friends. He needs you.



And now everybody knows and I feel like I'm being dragged into being Ghost Girl again.

But I'm not eight years old anymore and Dad's work is not cool--it's just ostracizing.

And I think you need him, too. Think you can chill with the mopey face for a few weeks?

Okay, Mom. I'll try.

I want to place at least one infrared night-vision camera in each room. These will feed into the monitors in the van and my cellphone, and we can detect any thermal movement unseen to the naked eye.

You guys, when you're done measuring this room, I'd like you to move into the adjacent rooms and study. If we pick up any phenomena on camera, we need to be able to accurately estimate how far these things travel.

You got it, Dad.

Copy, Mr. Grant.

Oh, it looks like serious investigative work is being done here. I can't wait to see some of that--what do you call it... "ghost roasting"--technology in action.

Haha. "Ghost Roast." Yeah. It's proprietary. I'm still waiting on the trademark papers, but yes, it's pretty revolutionary stuff.

Moving to the next room, Dad.

You don't talk much, do you?

Nope.

They're two different rooms, right?

Library... study. Seems like they should be the same.

But your dad said we should stay together.

You wanna take this room and I take the study?

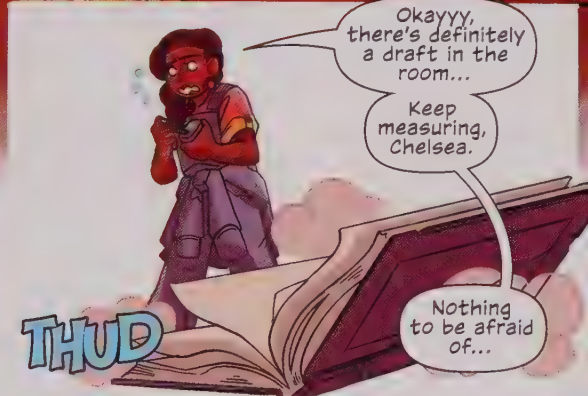
There's a lot of rooms to cover--maybe we'd get more done if we split up. Unless you're scared or something...?

Nope.

"A man of few words..."



A study and a library. Now this is rich.

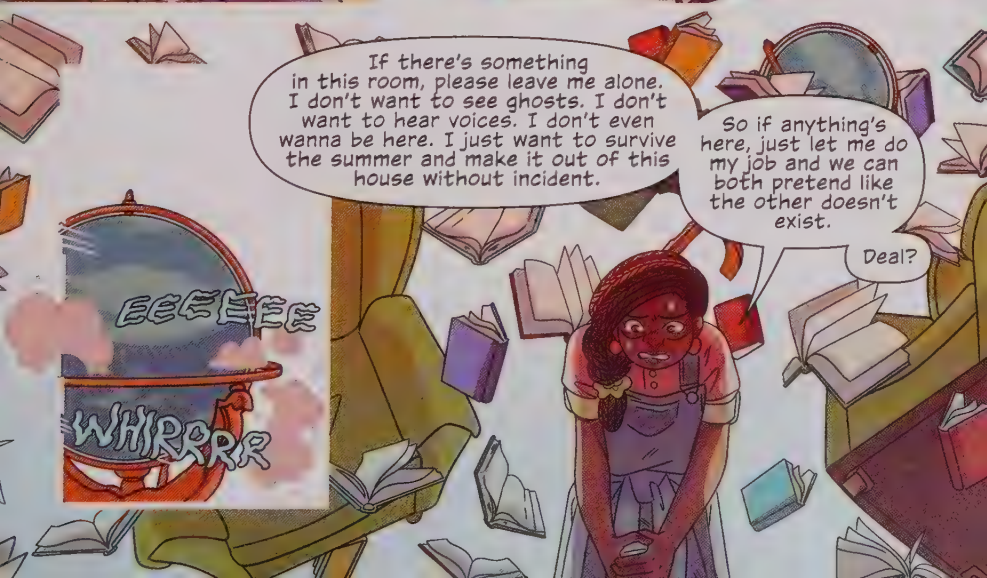


Okayyy, there's definitely a draft in the room...

Keep measuring, Chelsea.

Nothing to be afraid of...

THUD

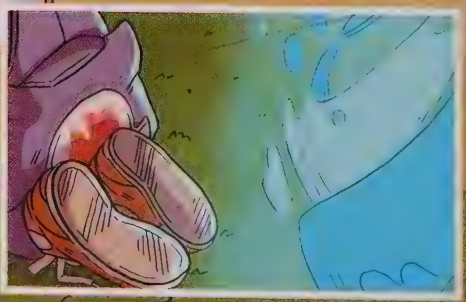
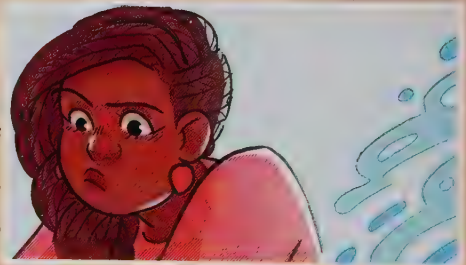
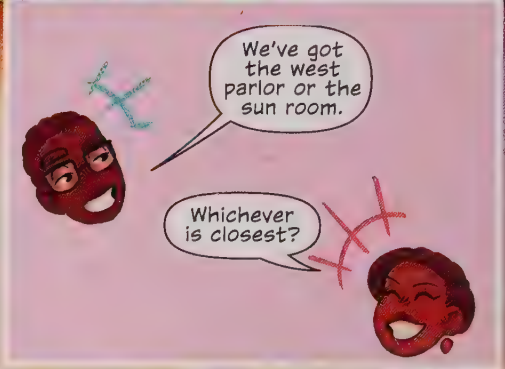
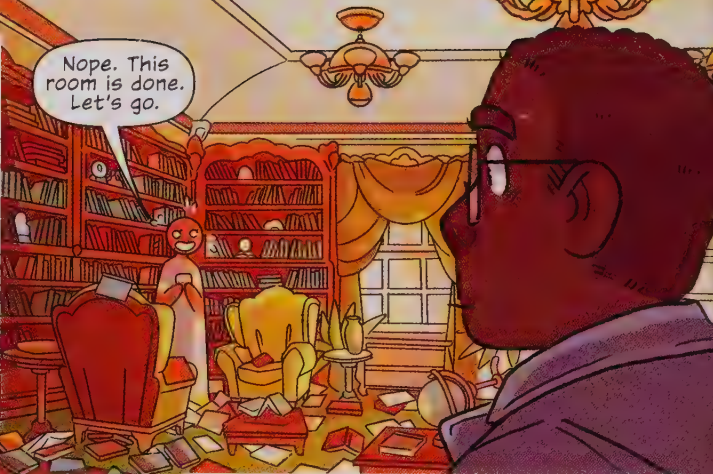


If there's something in this room, please leave me alone. I don't want to see ghosts. I don't want to hear voices. I don't even wanna be here. I just want to survive the summer and make it out of this house without incident.

So if anything's here, just let me do my job and we can both pretend like the other doesn't exist.

Deal?

EEEEEE  
WHIRRRR



Here kitty,  
kitty...?

SWIFF SWIFF  
SWIFF SWIFF

Holy--

Oh...my...  
God...

This is going to be  
hard to unsee.



EEEK!

Did you get the meas--

Russ, you scared the crap out of me.

Whoa! Have you been hearing things, too? I think they have a rat problem.



No. I think I actually *saw* something-- a *presence*--but I could just be tripping. Don't go telling my dad.

Don't tell your dad? But isn't that what we're here for--to find ghosts?



That's what my *dad's* here for. I'm just trying to survive the summer with my sanity intact.

I can't believe you may have just seen something. That's amazing. I've been with your dad for two months and I've never seen anything but racoons.

I think it's cool, but I promise not to tell your dad if you're that stressed out about it.

You can get away with keeping a lot of secrets when you're this shy.

Thanks, Russ.

Great job measuring all of these rooms, kids. And that is the sound of our final camera being installed.

Dad...you ever...see a ghost without your gear?

To see paranormal activity with the average human eye is difficult. It takes incredible spiritual sensitivity.

**BANG!**

I've estimated that less than one percent of the population can actually do it, and what those few people see can't be backed up by hard data.

But lucky for us, we have the tools to see them all the time...

...and record our findings. That's the fun part.

Things have come a long way since you were my little junior paranormal specialist... Now would be the perfect time for a tutorial.

Agggh. Can we have lunch first?

No.

Awesome.

**TOO MUCH STUFF!**

→Sigh←

This EMF meter, which you also both have on your belts, along with extra batteries, an audio recorder, flashlights, and a notebook and pen, is one of our main tools of the trade.



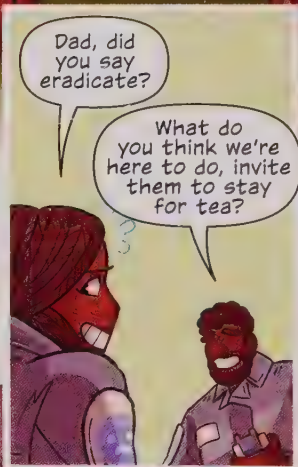
Wait a minute, it can't be. I'm getting a reading already.

Interesting, I'm getting a faint electromagnetic reading at the end of the hallway. Hmmmm.



Russ, would you go and grab the ghost roaster gun? Looks like you guys are gonna get a hands-on demonstration on how to eradicate a presence.

Yes!



Dad, did you say eradicate?

What do you think we're here to do, invite them to stay for tea?



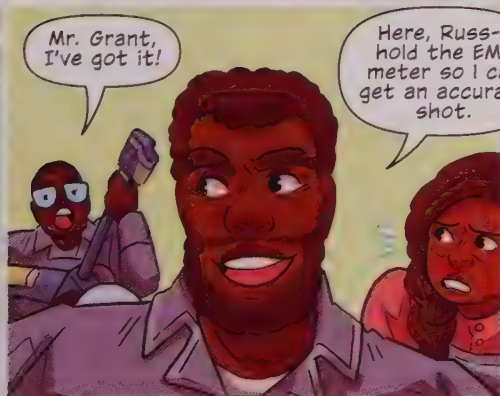
We could politely ask them to leave...?



The signature's on the move. Hurry, Russ!



Oh God.








What  
the--



The  
reading is  
off the  
charts--

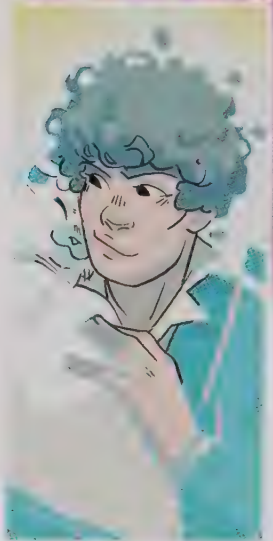


--In this  
direction.

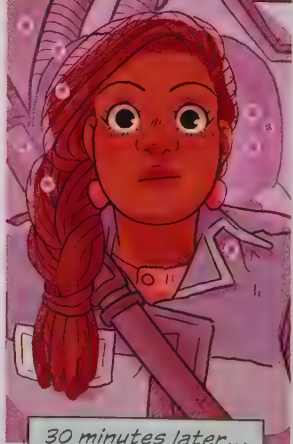


It's a boy.

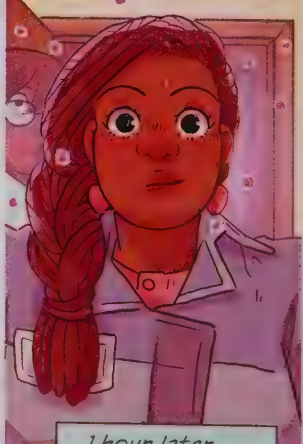




WHOOOOOOAAAAAAA...



30 minutes later...



1 hour later...

2 hours later...

...Whoooooaaaaaaa...

Chelsea, come out for grub. It's your favorite. Grandma's jambalaya!

You'd better not be up there playing around on that laptop. You're still grounded, you know!

Chelsea, if-- --Oh, what's wrong, honey?

Just thinking about work stuff.

Anything you wanna talk about? Let me know if your dad is being too hard on you. He doesn't understand sometimes that not everybody is a ghost geek like him.

It's not that at all. I...

...guess I'm not used to holding down a nine-to-five.

I would bring you a bowl up, but I can't shake the memory of the last time you had jambalaya in bed.

When I spilled it and tried to cover it up.

The room stank to the high heavens for weeks.



We've got a job over at the Harrington Manor on River Road.

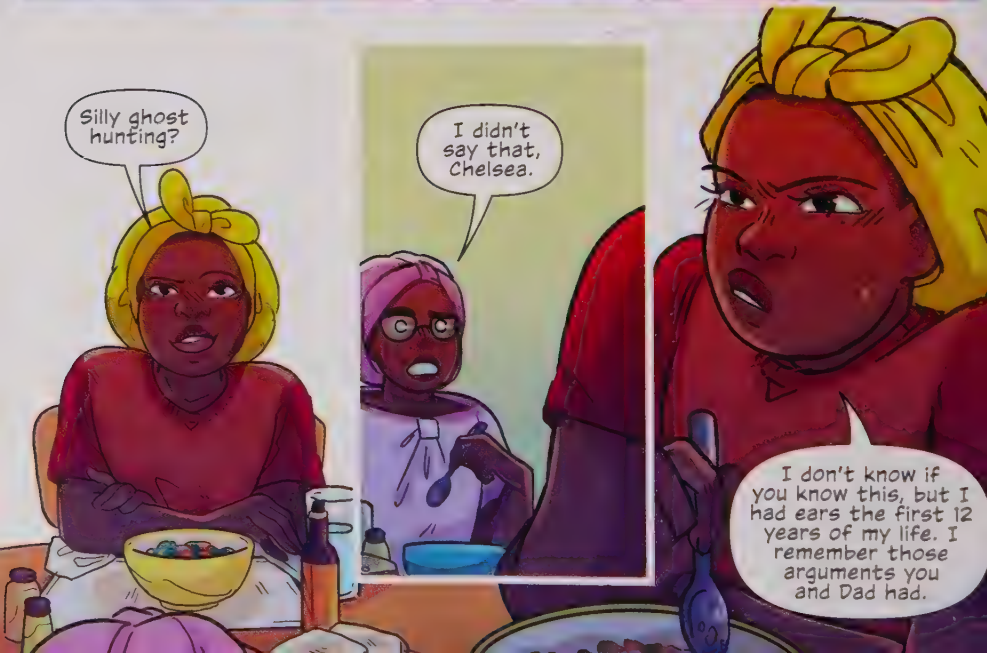
Oh, wow, that place is gorgeous. And actually really creepy...

...since they haven't been doing a good job keeping it up.

Right?

The Harringtons are one of those old Louisiana families whose legacy is still very much alive today. We've been trying to get them to make the manor a national landmark for years at the preservation society.

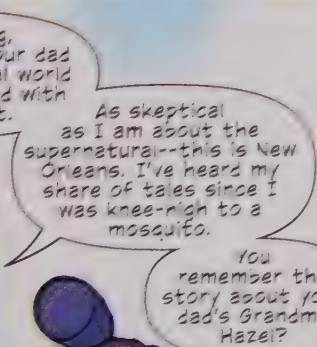
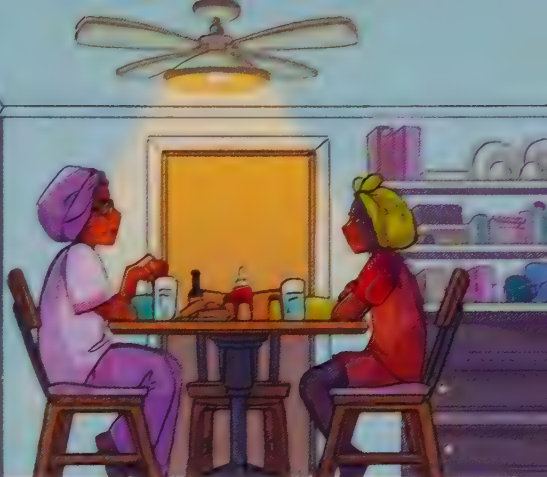
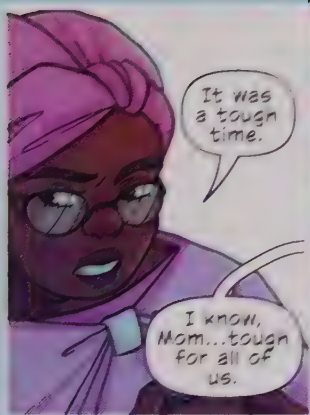
That's the real work that needs to be done there. Not...



Silly ghost hunting?

I didn't say that, Chelsea.

I don't know if you know this, but I had ears the first 12 years of my life. I remember those arguments you and Dad had.



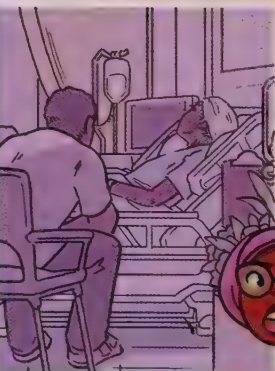
To make a long story short...

Dad had a grandmother named Hazel who was pretty much the most amazing and loving woman in the world. She rescued Dad from a pretty effed-up early home life.

On top of all that, Grandma Hazel was a talented sage who was sought after in the neighborhood for her "gift" of connecting the living and the dead. People would consult his grandma for all kinds of spiritual advice.

But one day, while helping a family friend with a home "cleansing" (and not the kind where you use a mop), Grandma Hazel encountered a horribly dark and unruly spirit.

She suffered a stroke during the encounter...



And Dad made a vow to get even with the spirit world for what he believed it did to her.

So, there you have it: more spirits and more kooky stuff too bizarre to talk about. Why couldn't Grandma Hazel be known for doing something normal, like baking pies?

I truly believe that's what motivates your dad to get up every morning--bringing justice for his Grandma Hazel.

You'd better believe if there's any kind of disturbance at that manor, your dad will definitely find it and get rid of it.

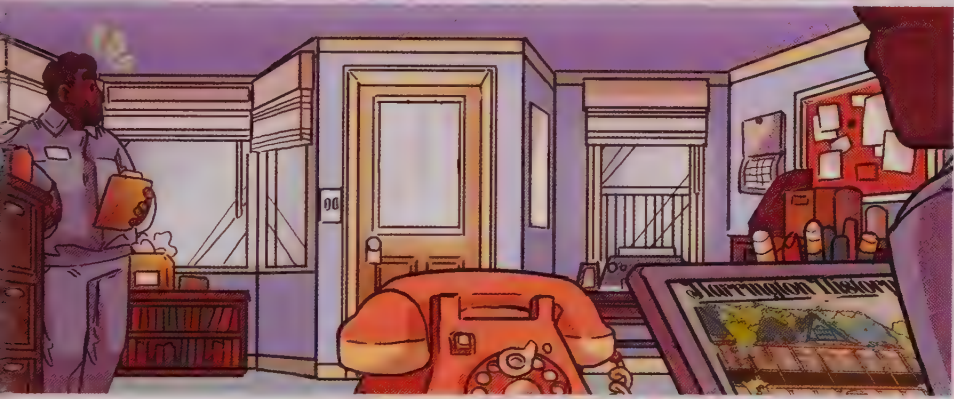
That's what I'm afraid of. Not only that weird "gift"...

...but having to help my dad blast an adorable dead cat and a mysterious dead kid into the ether.

But who was the boy I saw...?

There's no mention of him.

**Great Mansions of New Orleans: Harrington Manor**  
John A. Harrington was born in 1785 in Toledo, Ohio, and emigrated to Louisiana following the Louisiana Purchase of 1803. He built the Harrington Manor in 1832 with the help of architect William Austin and settled there with his family: wife, Marceline; son, Garrett; and daughter, Olivia...



Looks like we have a few potential clients out front. Wow, that's one expensive-looking Porsche.

Maybe they'll be paying clients...?

Those aren't clients...

Is this the place?





You young ladies don't look to be from around here. You lost?



We need help finding a ghost.

About five foot five--

--Answers to Chelsea.



My Chelsea boo! Things have gotten so drab without you. Justin has been away at basketball camp this summer, and I've been lacking flavor in my life for weeks being stuck with just Alexis.



Third-degree burn!

You know what I mean.

Oh, Jasmine.



I like your... coveralls.

It's a look.



So...how's business going...?

Aren't you going to invite us in?



I don't think that's such a good idea. How about I text you later? We've got a big project to--

Hey, Chelsea, we got visitors? Don't be rude!



Hello there. I'm Doug Grant, Chelsea's dad. Also known as "Mr. Ghost Roast" himself.

And outside of being two of the most notorious juvenile delinquents who got my child arrested last month, you are?

I'm Jasmine Kelly.

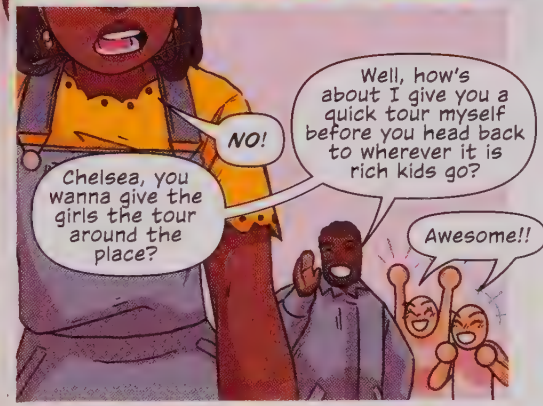
Alexis Ikeda.

Dad!



We are so sorry for getting Chelsea in trouble...but can we take a selfie with you?

Oh Lord.



Chelsea, you wanna give the girls the tour around the place?

NO!

Well, how's about I give you a quick tour myself before you head back to wherever it is rich kids go?


Awesome!!



I hate when he does that!!


"Hi, everybody. I'm Mr. Ghost Roast!"

Ugh! They're probably gonna hop right on social media the second they leave and make fun of us.




Why do you even hang out with them?


Can you hand me the mini flashlight?



Because...

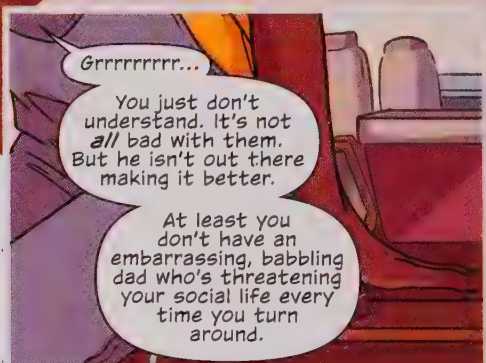


Because that's what you do to survive in high school and have a normal life. If you wanna be a somebody, you roll with the somebodies.



Otherwise, you're just a...


Guess that's why I'm a nobody. I think I kind of like it that way.



Grrrrrrrrr...

You just don't understand. It's not *all* bad with them. But he isn't out there making it better.

At least you don't have an embarrassing, babbling dad who's threatening your social life every time you turn around.



Oh, man. I forgot about that. I'm sorry.

It's no big deal, but your life isn't as bad as you think it is. To me at least, but what do I know? I'm just a nobody.

At least you *have* a dad. I never met mine.



I'm not sure if either of us are nobodies or somebodies...

...but according to adults, one day it's all going to magically change and we won't care what people think either way.



Right.



Here's where all the clerical work happens.

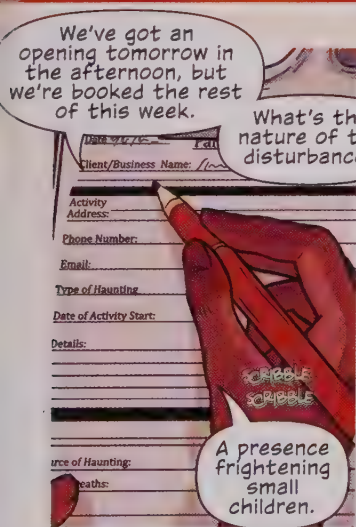
As you can see, Chelsea is failing at the one job she has to do today--

MMRRRINGGGG



--answer the phones.

Paranormal Removal Services!  
Chelsea speaking.



We've got an opening tomorrow in the afternoon, but we're booked the rest of this week.

What's the nature of the disturbance?

A presence frightening small children.



That sounds terrifying.

Can you come **NOW?**

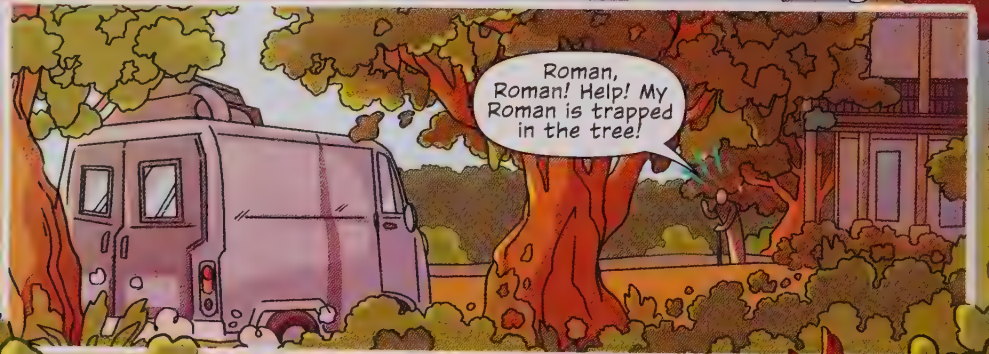
Oh. No, we can't come now, but we can squeeze you in tomorrow afternoon.

Ma'am, I'm absolutely positive we can't come now. We'll see you tomorrow, okay?

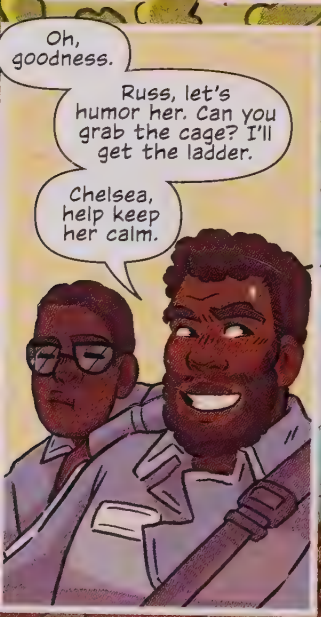


Thanks. Bye!

Oh boy.



Roman, Roman! Help! My Roman is trapped in the tree!



Oh, goodness.

Russ, let's humor her. Can you grab the cage? I'll get the ladder.

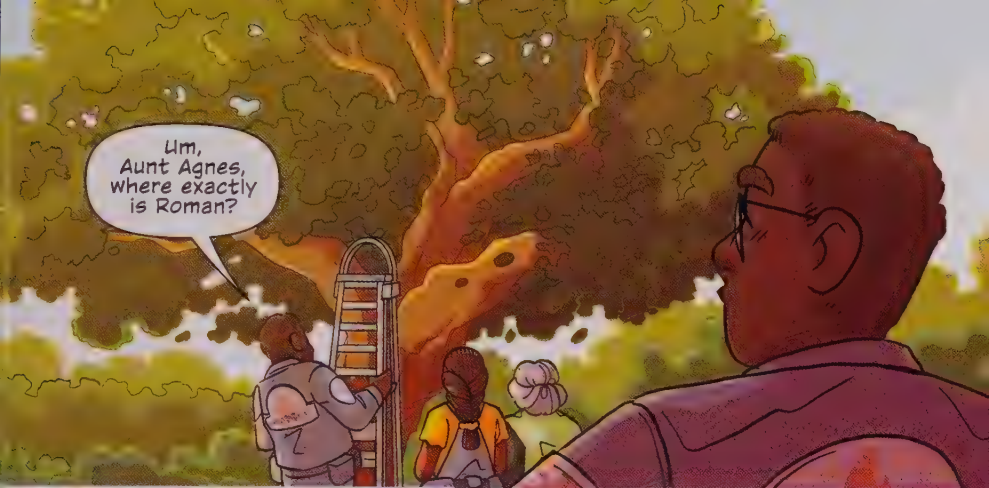
Chelsea, help keep her calm.



So *that's* Roman.

Look at him, he's terrified!

It'll be okay, Ms. Harrington. If anybody can get him down safely, my dad can.



Um, Aunt Agnes, where exactly is Roman?



I've, um... lost sight of him.



Right there, of course!

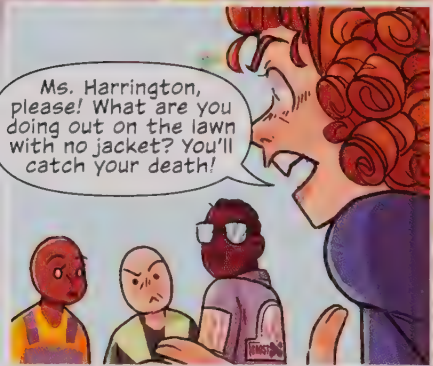
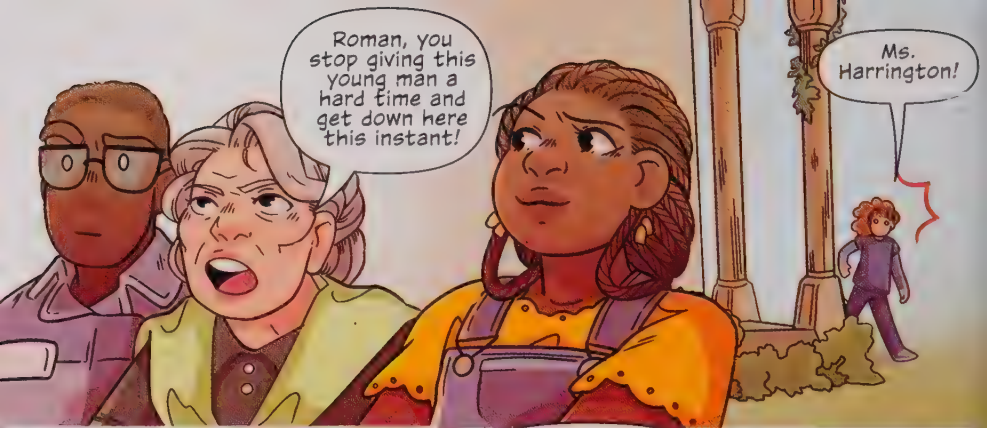


Yeah, I see him, Dad. He's right there beside the bird's nest.

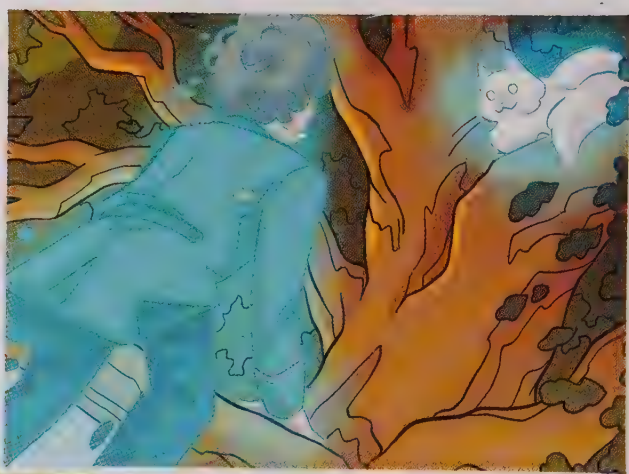
Do you see him, young lady?

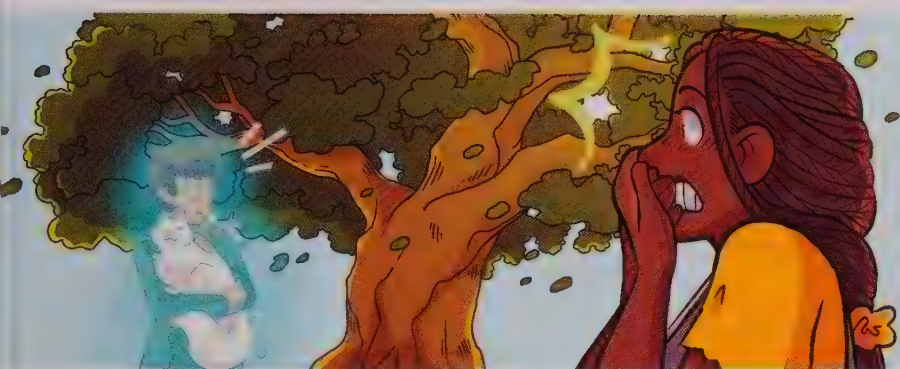


Ha! Well, I'm clearly not the one with vision problems.



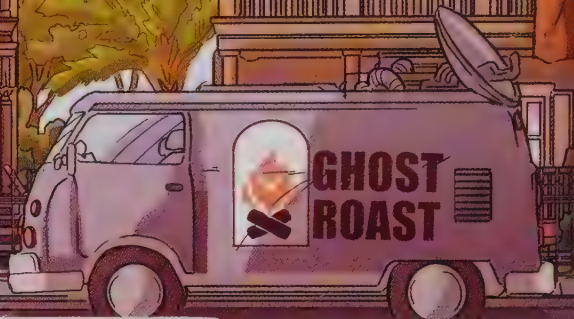






The Lower Garden District

We just bought this house and I haven't had a wink of sleep since our first night here. *It* won't allow us a moment's rest! The kids are traumatized.



**BUMP  
BUMP**

Mama!

**CLANG**

**THUMP**

Do you mind holding her? I'm at my wit's end.

**WAAAAAANNNN**

Sorry to hear that, ma'am. Well, we're here to help. Can you show us to the exact site of the disturbance?

**BUMP  
THUMP  
CLANG  
BUMP**

Definitely getting a reading in here.



Waaaaaannnh!

Sometimes, spirits that have left in a tragic way don't know that they're dead and are trapped between our world and theirs. They can be aggressive.

Ma'am, if you can take the children and wait for my word in a neutral room in the house. We're gonna see if we can get this thing cleared out.



Russ, take this meter while I steady the roaster.

Kids, this gun is not a toy. It essentially neutralizes any paranormal energy on the spot.

BEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP



Wow, I don't know what just happened, but the EMF meter just went off the charts!

LEAVE ME ALONE!!!

THIS IS MY HOME!!!

Oh my God. Look out!

GO AWAY!!!

BONK

BONK

Wait. We're here to help--



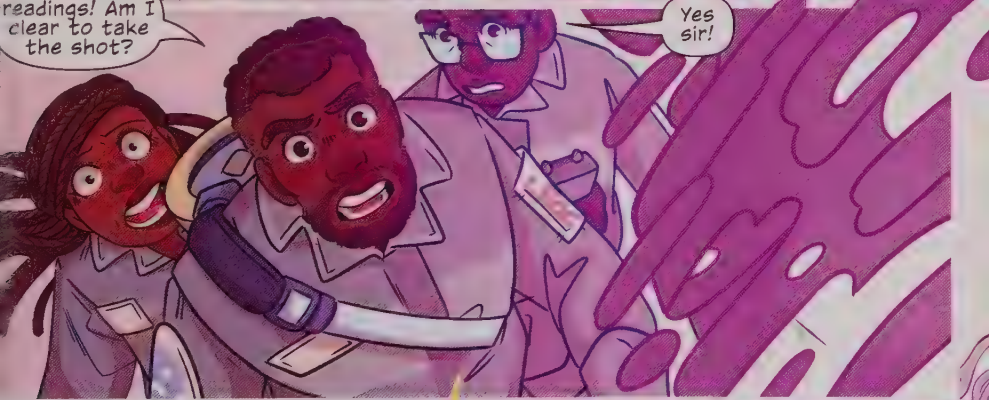
Stand back,  
y'all!

Maybe we  
can try to  
communicate  
with it...?

Chelsea,  
stay behind me!  
There's no  
communicating  
with these  
things.

Russ,  
readings! Am I  
clear to take  
the shot?

Yes  
sir!



Ahhhh!

Daddy!

BZZZZ

AAAAP!



The meter is completely stable and back to normal levels.

Whoa, Dad, are you all right?

Never better, honey.



Thanks so much, Mr. Grant. I don't know what I would've done without you guys.

Give us a call if you have any more trouble!

Maybe there was a way we could have saved it?



Can you believe what just happened?

That was so dope!

Oh my God.

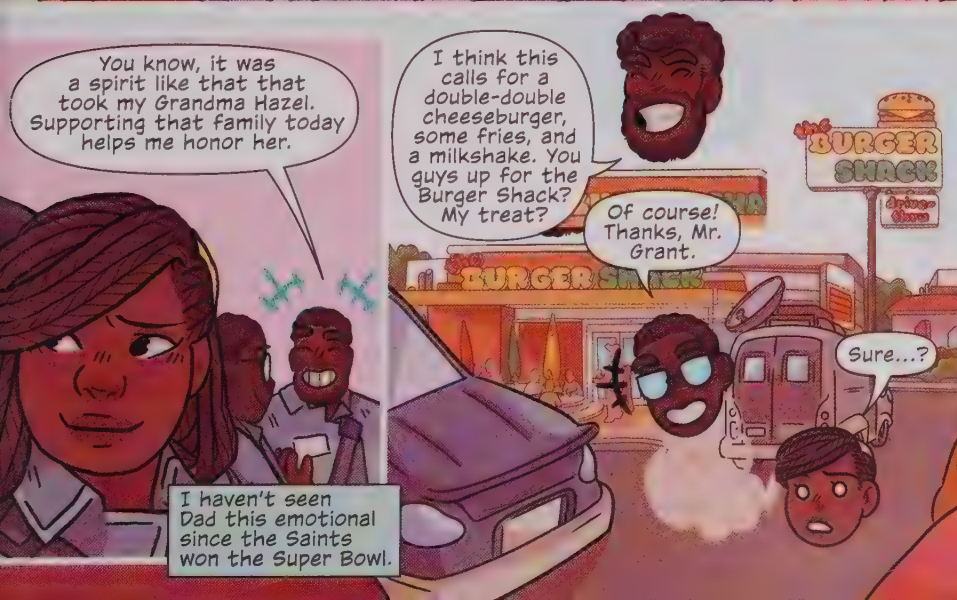
We blew that thing to kingdom come, yo!

That's been my dream with this company, you guys. To provide protection to folks who need it against the paranormal world.

You know, folks may be a little superstitious in New Orleans, but most people around this country don't believe that phenomena like what we just experienced today are real.



And most of the time they aren't, but some spaces just hold energies. And in that family's case, that energy was pretty dangerous. Thanks for your help in removing it.



You know, it was a spirit like that that took my Grandma Hazel. Supporting that family today helps me honor her.

I think this calls for a double-double cheeseburger, some fries, and a milkshake. You guys up for the Burger Shack? My treat?

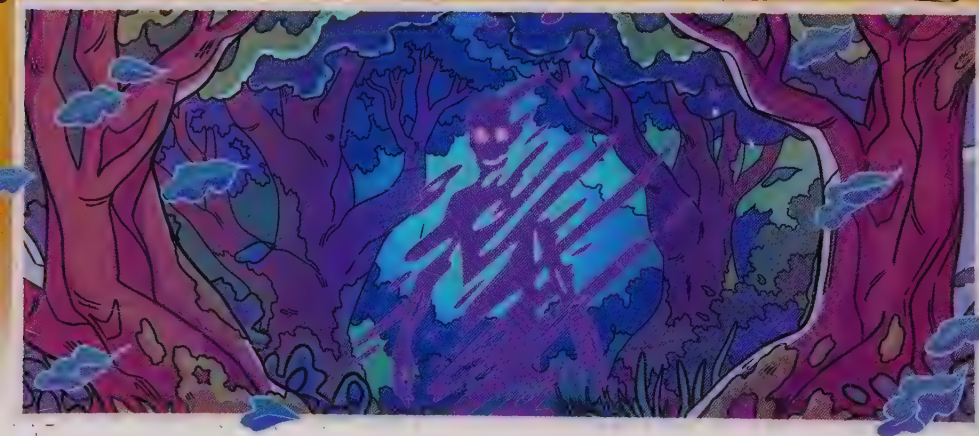
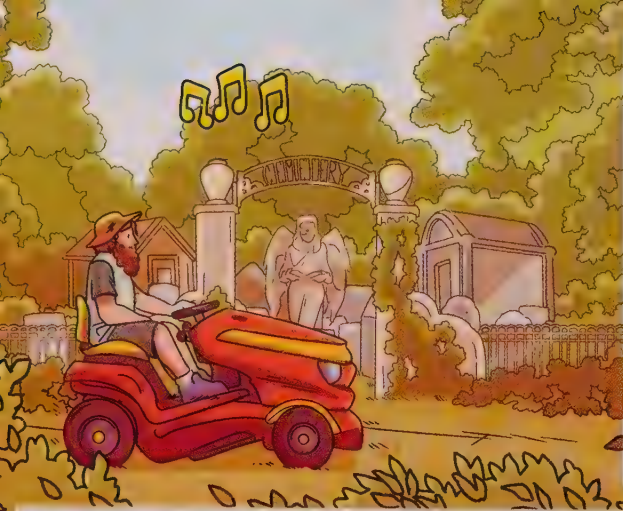
Of course! Thanks, Mr. Grant.

I haven't seen Dad this emotional since the Saints won the Super Bowl.

Sure...?



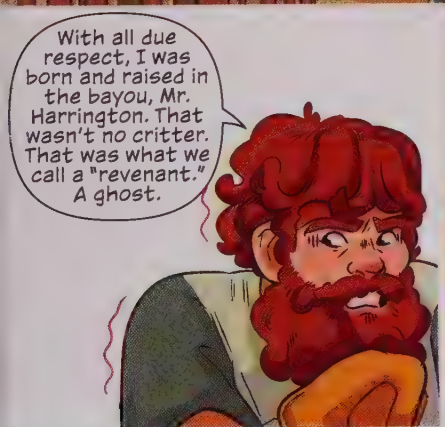






Sorry, Mr. Harrington. I'm telling you, I felt something back in those parts that I've never experienced before in my life. Knocked me flat on my back.

But, Mr. Duplax, please. I'm sure it was nothing to worry about--these parts have all sorts of critters running around.



With all due respect, I was born and raised in the bayou, Mr. Harrington. That wasn't no critter. That was what we call a "revenant." A ghost.



I wish you good luck with this place, Mr. Harrington. You can send the remaining payment to our office.


But, Mr. Duplax!




That's the third gardener we've lost this summer.

Mr. Grant, for God's sake, please get rid of whatever the hell that was. Whatever's costing me talented landscapers. We'll never get this place opened at this rate!






We are now entering the second floor of the manor, east wing, 12:24 p.m.




Approaching the his-and-hers bedrooms, which have a joining bath.

EMF looks clear here, Dad.

Copy.



Entering the joining bath.

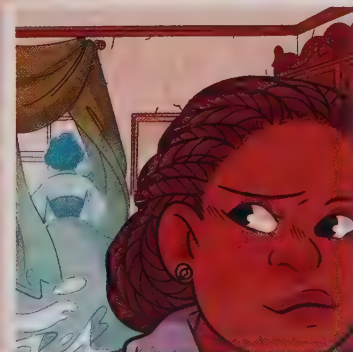


You may want to blast that tub, Dad. Looks like it's gonna move at any second.

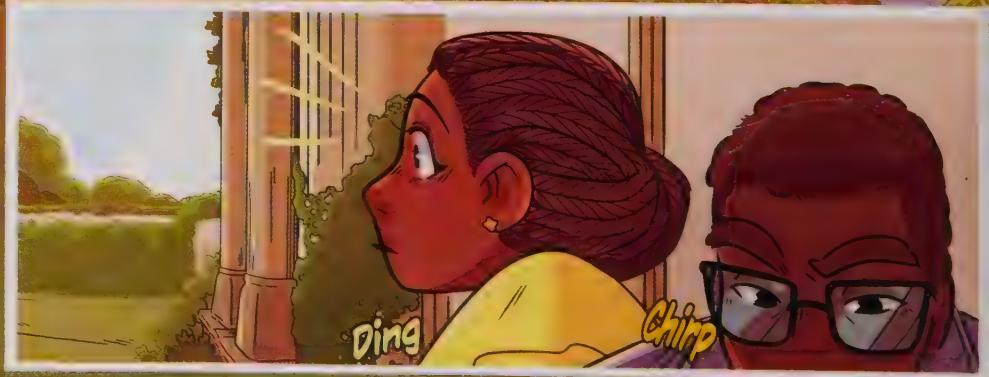
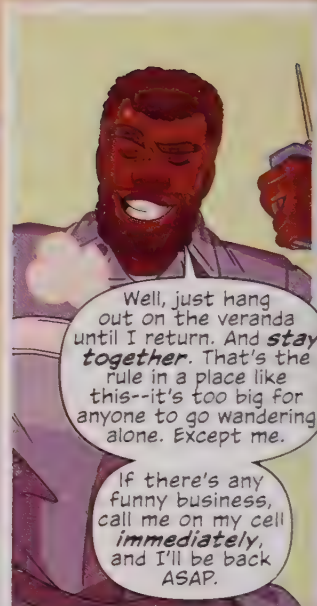


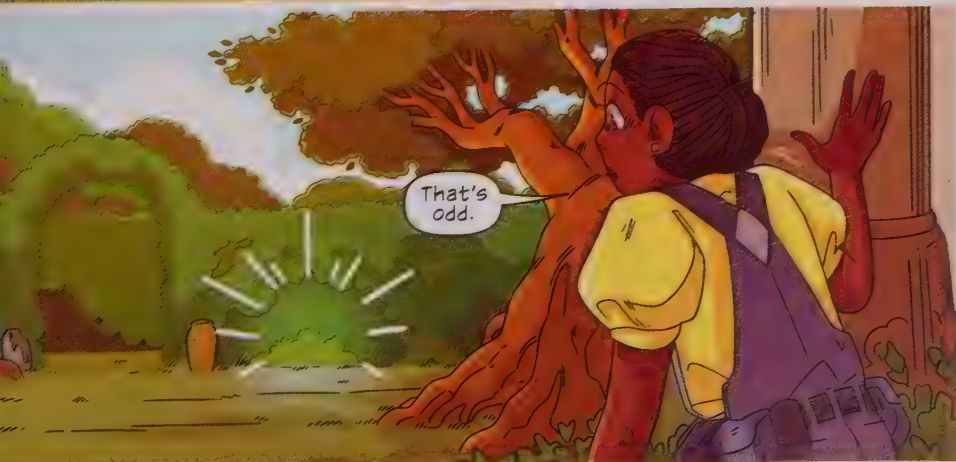
Chelsea-- EMF reading?

We're clear.



I might regret this later, but I can't let my dad blast the crap out of a lady who might've been a slave in life. God knows she's had it hard enough.









-Gasp-

You. You're the girl who stares at us, when everyone else seems to look through us.

Who are you? What is your business here? And what is that ghastly garment you're wearing?

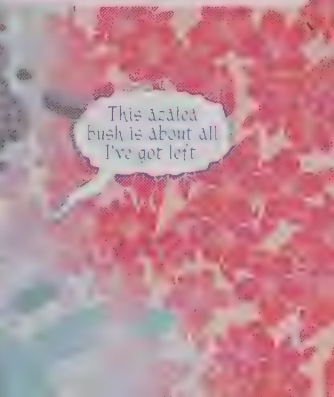
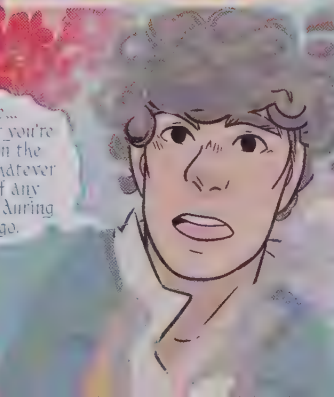
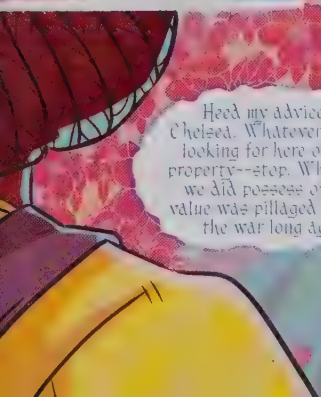
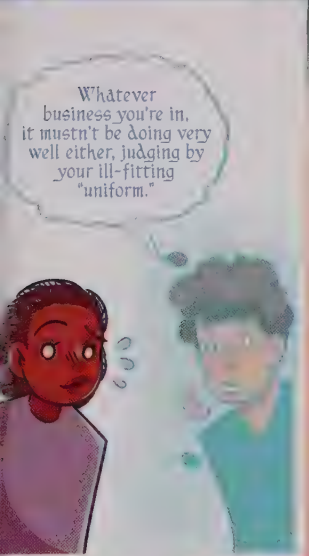
That's the best way I've heard it described so far.

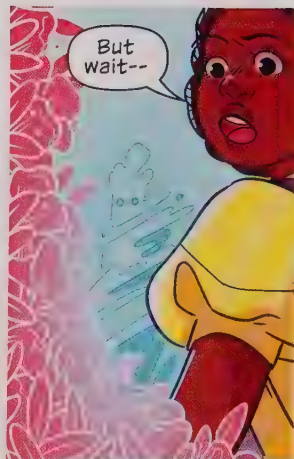
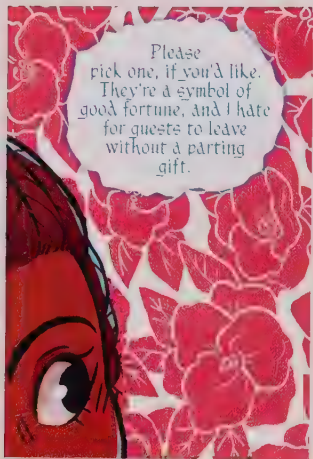
It's my uniform.

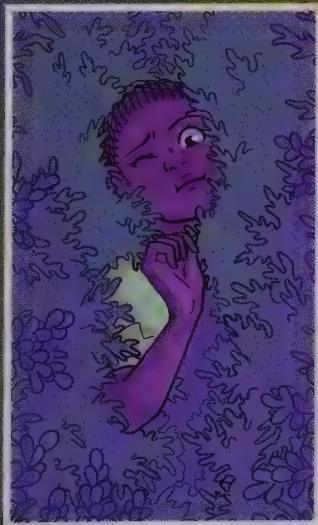
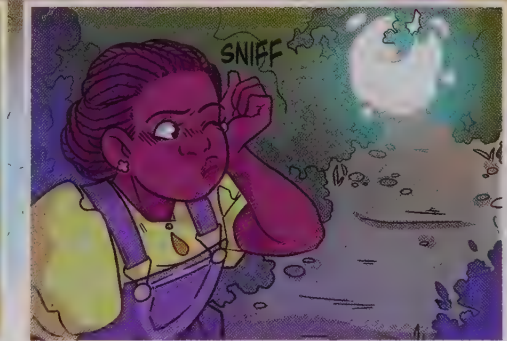
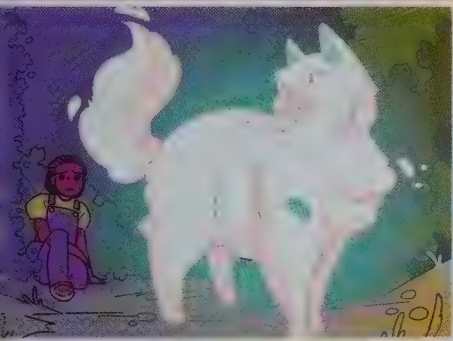
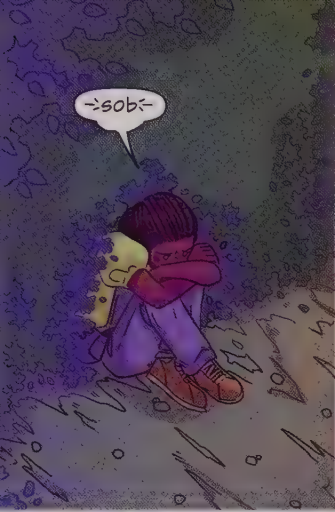
Well, whatever work you and your colleagues are doing, it's disturbing everyone. Especially Roman.

It's entertaining when I'm bored, as one gets from time to time, but we don't approve of it.

Say, what's your name?









Chelsea!  
Where the heck have you been!

We've been looking all over for you.

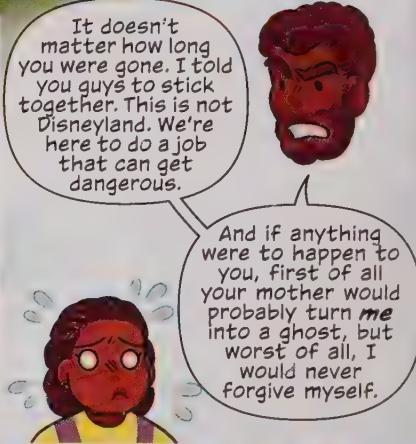


Whoa, whoa, whoa. Are we not allowed breaks? There's a really nice garden over there. I just stepped away for a few minutes.



Try almost an hour.

Great time to find your voice.



It doesn't matter how long you were gone. I told you guys to stick together. This is not Disneyland. We're here to do a job that can get dangerous.

And if anything were to happen to you, first of all your mother would probably turn *me* into a ghost, but worst of all, I would never forgive myself.



If Russell didn't have the good sense to snitch on you while I was at the hardware store, who knows what could've happened.

Never. Do. That. Again.

I mean it, Chelsea.



Mr. Grant and his young apprentices! Perfect timing. I'm fresh from running errands and ready for updates.

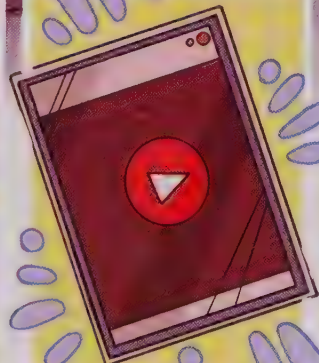


So, tell me. How are things coming along with the hunting? Any incredible discoveries yet?

Full disclosure-- I've arranged for some investors to have a look at the grounds late next month. So, of course, I'm looking to move things along.



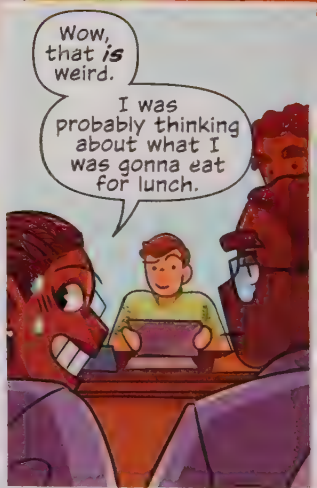
Well, it depends on how you define incredible. But we do have...

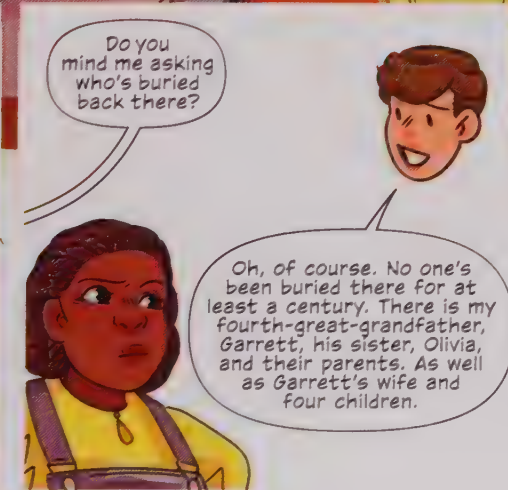


This.

Ahem. Actual evidence. Okay.

I still don't believe in this stuff but, honestly, I'm a little afraid to look.







No one else?

Not to my knowledge.

Let me know whenever you guys want access to that part of the property. It's tricky to get to.

Later



I can't believe my daughter is spending part of her summer vacation researching Louisiana history, and not for a class assignment but of her own free will!



I think I might just shed a tear.

Oh Lord.

Here goes nothing. Thanks for letting me use your login, Mom.

# DRY TREE BY RESOURCE

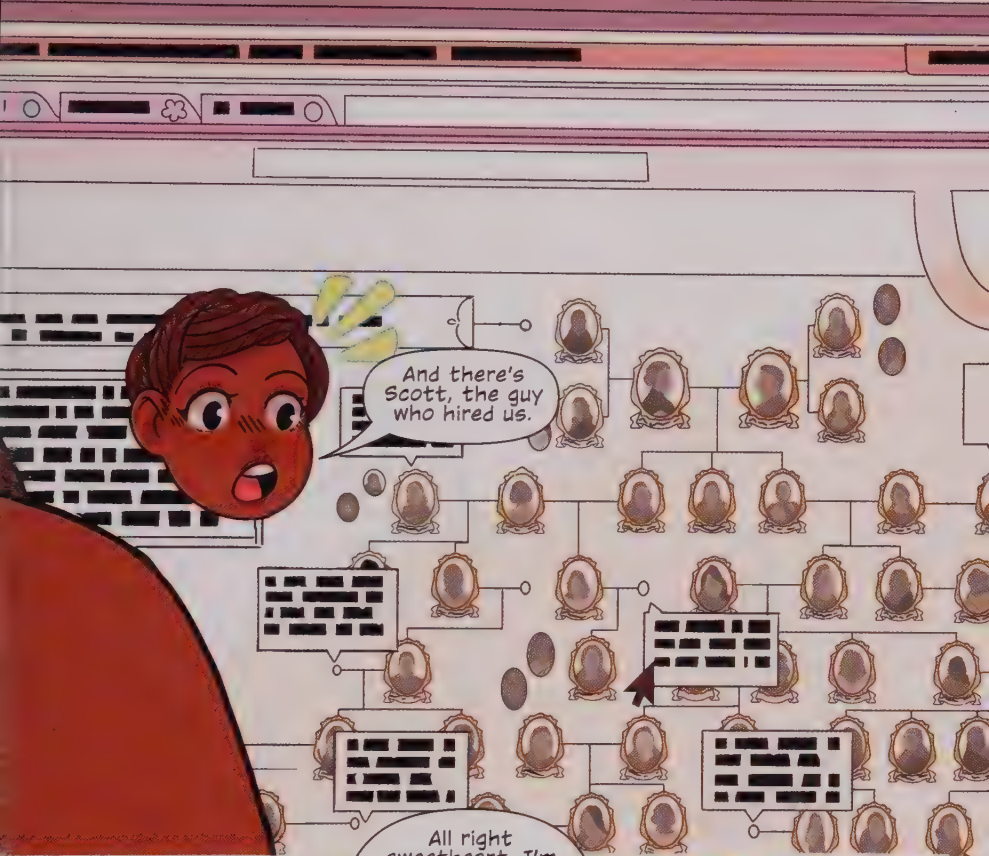
arrington|

**FILTERS**

**SEARCH**



Oh wow. This is a lot of Harringtons.



And there's Scott, the guy who hired us.

Geesh, that's a bad photo.



All right sweetheart, I'm gonna snuggle up to some Toni Morrison before turning in. This site should have a lot of what you need, but let me know if I can help you find more. We can always do a deeper dive at the preservation society.



Thanks, Mom...



But where is Oliver?

Strange.

CLACK!

Boo!

I was going to try to be romantic and beckon you to the window to come out on some *Romeo and Juliet* stuff, but these bars are ruining things.

So, you guys really do love me?

Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight! For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.





Hey, Alexis.

Hey.

So, I take it you guys are here to get me put on punishment till next year?

You're still on punishment? Sucks to be you.



It's nothing too heavy. Just a few of us hanging out tonight, and we miss you. Come kick it with us.



Just sneak out the back door like I did.

Pretty please...



If you don't see me outside in five minutes, go on without me.

She's not making it out of there.




Hey, Mom. Jasmine and Alexis are outside. Can I hang out with them for a couple hours? I considered sneaking out when you dozed off, but...



You know better.

Yes, ma'am.

Mmmm-hmm. You know you're on punishment, right?




But you've been working pretty hard the past few weeks, and I'm proud of you.

Two hours tops, so set your alarm and do the right thing... because if you end up in a police station later, we're going to leave you there.



Thanks, Mom!



I've got 1 hour and 58 minutes.



Whaaa?

A woman with glasses is driving a car, looking surprised. A woman with long dark hair is sitting in the passenger seat, also looking surprised. The car's interior is visible, and there are yellow 'X' marks on the windshield.



I don't think I've ever been to this place before.

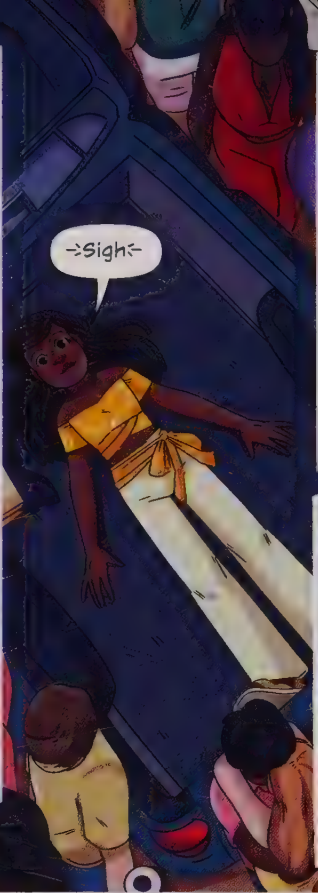
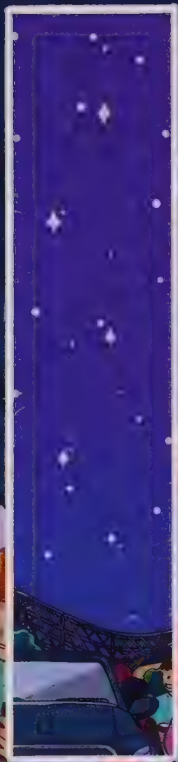


Nerd.

Proud of it.



A-ooooooooo!



->Sigh-<

Why am I one of the only people who can actually see ghosts? And who the heck is Oliver Harrington?



Thanks, Grandma Hazel, for "the gift"--I guess. An inheritance would've been a little easier to explain to my friends.



We've lost Chelsea again.



I knew for sure she'd perk up at the old roller coaster. That thing's so bomb.



What's wrong? You got food poisoning or something?



Haven't you guys ever just taken time to look up at the stars and reflect on the complexities of the universe?



**HAHA!**



Oh God, I think it's serious...

She's definitely thinking about a boy.

**HAAAA!**





The next day

Now, Ms. Harrington, I'll give you a little extra honey today if you take all of your medicine.

I always take my medicine! As disgusting as it is...

Oliver's clothing is definitely pre-1920s old-school, a lot like theirs. But where does he fit into this puzzle?

**CRASH!**

Goodness! I'll get something to clean that up.

But if you'd only wait, Marie will take care of it.



Suit yourself.

Oh, the young lady who helped save Roman!

Come in, come in.

How many times do we have to go over this, Ms. Harrington? Marie doesn't exist, ma'am.



I rarely have guests. I'd offer you some tea, but...



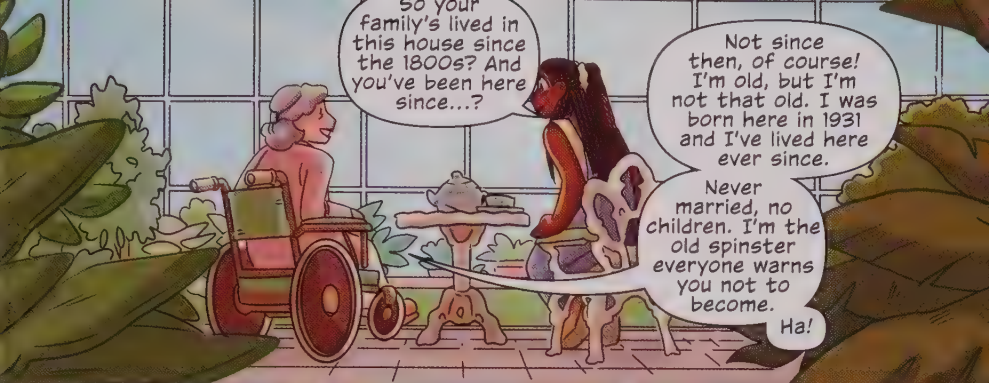
Yeah, I heard.



This is a very beautiful room.

Yes, there's no place like it for capturing the light. My fourth-great-grandfather designed this place for his wife to be her retreat sanctuary. It was her favorite room in the house... It's mine too.

Very good for the complexion.



So your family's lived in this house since the 1800s? And you've been here since...?

Not since then, of course! I'm old, but I'm not that old. I was born here in 1931 and I've lived here ever since.

Never married, no children. I'm the old spinster everyone warns you not to become.

Ha!



I've lived in this house long enough to know its every detail. The rumors about it are true, you know, it's terribly haunted.

That area beyond the maze is particularly eerie.



Have you...seen any...?

Tried to tell my parents, but they just figured I had an overactive imagination. Others thought I was just plain crazy. I was close to being committed a few times.



...Ghosts? Been seeing 'em since I was a little girl.



But once you get to be my age, what others think about you goes right out the window...right along with your ability to digest rich foods and tolerate popular music.



I think that's why we lose our hearing.

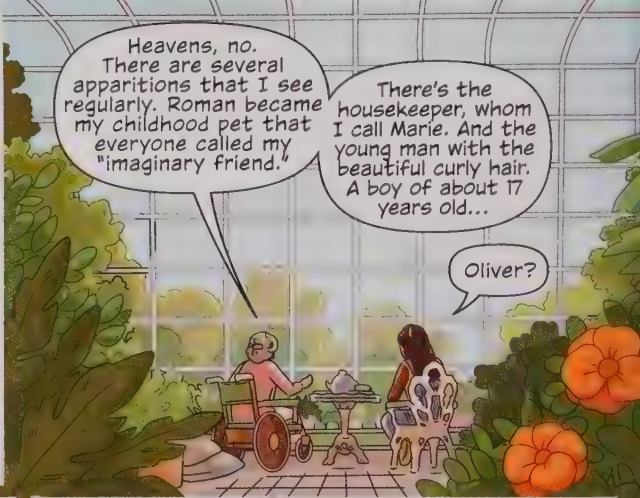
And you're not afraid to live here?



Heavens, no. There are several apparitions that I see regularly. Roman became my childhood pet that everyone called my "imaginary friend."

There's the housekeeper, whom I call Marie. And the young man with the beautiful curly hair. A boy of about 17 years old...

Oliver?



Oliver? Is that what you call him?

Well...that's what he called himself.



He spoke to you?!!!




Over 90 years I've lived here and no spirit's managed to utter a single word. I was never good with the living, and so it is with the dead.




Here your father is with all of that fancy electrical equipment and you're a regular spirit-detecting prodigy.





He doesn't know that I can see things, and I can't tell him. Taking out spirits has been his one mission since he was a kid, but I actually think we can save them, somehow. I just need time to figure it all out.

It's probably for the best for now. I know my money-hungry nephew's hired your father to get rid of these harmless souls.




Unfortunately, your father seems to be very good at his job.

But be careful, my dear. There are harmless spirits present on these grounds, but I have sensed something very dark here over the years.

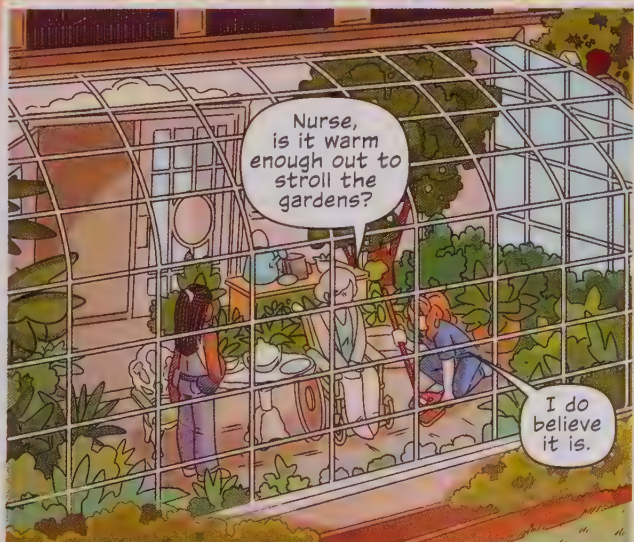
Sorry to interrupt. I'll have this up in just a sec.

And it appears to be getting stronger...

What is it? Where is--

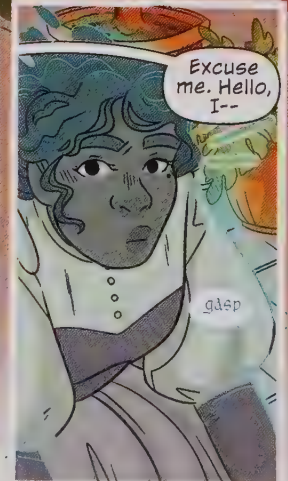
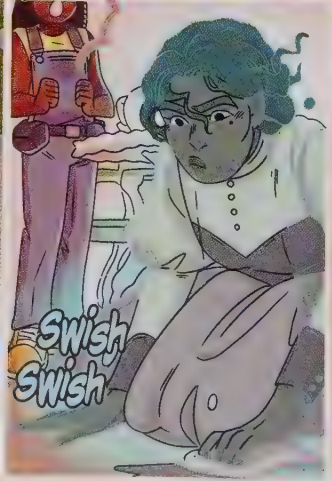


Just words from an old lady.



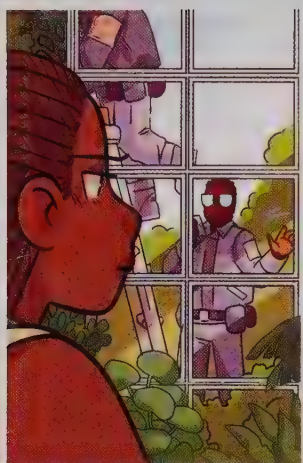
Nurse, is it warm enough out to stroll the gardens?

I do believe it is.





Chelsea, come in. Do you copy?!!



Yes, Dad. can hear you.

I need you to get comfortable with using the radio, honey.



We're gonna stay in constant communication after what happened to you in the garden the other day.

Fine, Dad. I can hear you.


Much better.

Now, come here and tell me if these camera installs look subtle enough.




I love Russ, but the boy doesn't have any good aesthetic sense whatsoever.

I have a walkie too, Mr. Grant.




Just scooch  
it behind the  
ivy a little bit  
more.


That looks  
great.




I'm going to  
need to take a  
breather before we  
go around back.  
Grab us all a water  
from the cooler,  
Russ.



Chelsea to  
Dad. Can I check  
out the back of  
the property  
during my lunch  
break?



Do not  
wander off  
too far.  
Copy?



Yes sir.  
Roger that,  
Dad.



**CRUNCH**  
**CRUNCH**



Oh my God, these'd better not be slave quarters...



**GRUMBLE!**  
**GRUMBLE!**

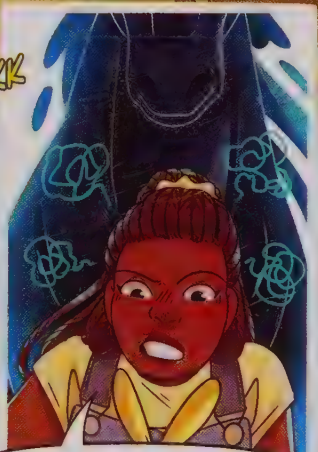
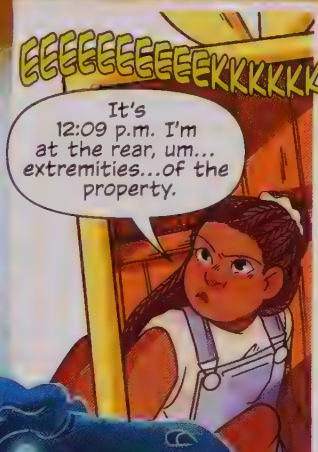
Whew. Okay, Dad, if anything happens to me...at least I tried to properly investigate.



**CLICK**  
**BEEP**

**EEEEEEEEEEEEEEK KKKKKKKK**

It's 12:09 p.m. I'm at the rear, um... extremities...of the property.



"Rear extremities." That sounds so dumb. Please, God, don't let those be my last words...

**NFFEEIGH!**

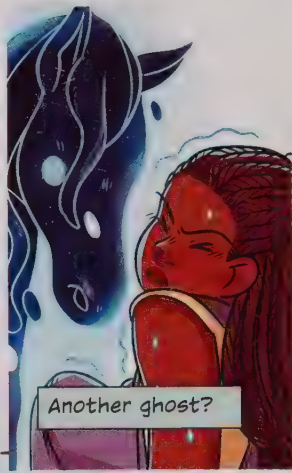


Aaaaaahhhhhhhh!!!





What the...?



Another ghost?



Wow, somehow, I actually *felt* that.



One would think you'd never seen a horse before.



Quick. Say something cool. He's leaving.

Um... thanks again for the, um, geraniums...?



Aaaah. You're welcome.

Come on, buy.

That feels weird!



Fascinating. Apollo's green broke. He doesn't tolerate many people outside of myself, of course, and Roman occasionally...

...Yet somehow he's smitten with you.



Stay here and be employee of the month for Dad, or go grazing with extremely cute ghost boy and his horse...



Sure?

Right then. We'll just follow this path



Now, Chelsea, no last name, house wanderer...you sure you're not a treasure-hunting pirate?

HAHAHA

You're certainly dressed like one.

What's a mess?

No.

That's messed up.

Never mind. It's a figure of speech...



This really is beautiful...

But a lot of ugly things took place here...during slavery. Can I ask you something?



Were you and your family...slave owners?

I sigh!

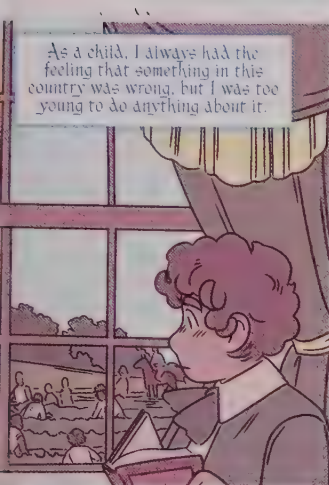


As ashamed as I am to admit it: yes.

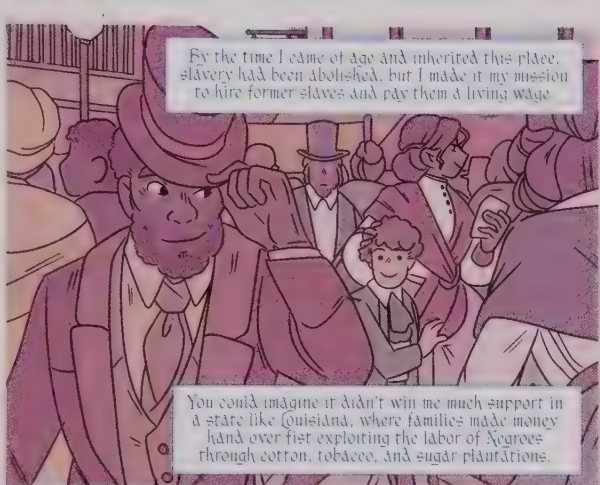
My family most certainly.



I could really use Dad's roaster right now.

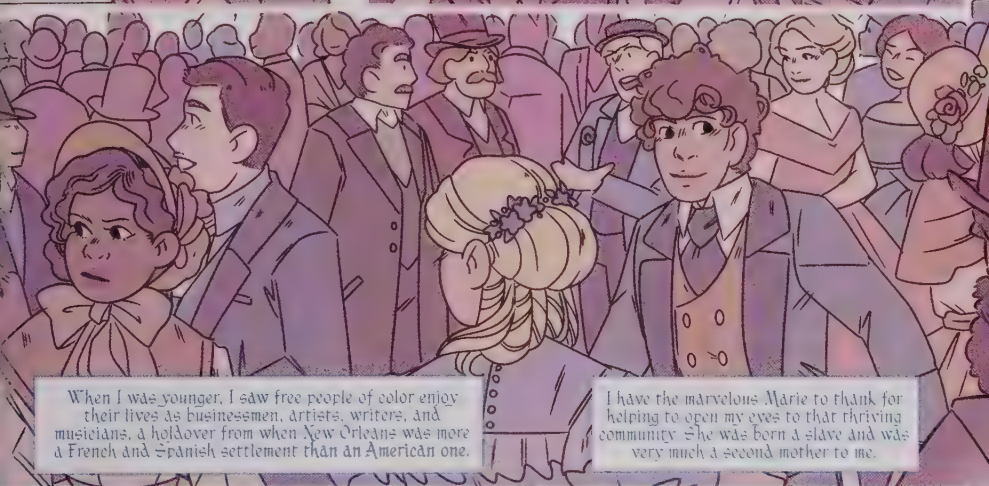


As a child, I always had the feeling that something in this country was wrong, but I was too young to do anything about it.




By the time I came of age and inherited this place, slavery had been abolished, but I made it my mission to hire former slaves and pay them a living wage.

You could imagine it didn't win me much support in a state like Louisiana, where families made money hand over fist exploiting the labor of Negroes through cotton, tobacco, and sugar plantations.



When I was younger, I saw free people of color enjoy their lives as businessmen, artists, writers, and musicians, a holdover from when New Orleans was more a French and Spanish settlement than an American one.

I have the marvelous Marie to thank for helping to open my eyes to that thriving community. She was born a slave and was very much a second mother to me.




I often wonder what wonderful things Marie and others could've accomplished if discriminatory laws weren't so set against them. It was an awful period.

I'm not sure if you've ever felt out of place, Chelsea...

Yep, pretty much every day...

But I was naïve and full of hope that I could change things for people throughout the South, and especially for Marie.



That's why I endeavored to pay her handsomely once she gained her freedom. She deserved so much more than what this world gave her.

Wow.



And your birth mother? Is she...here, too?

No, she... passed away long ago. During an outbreak of yellow fever shortly after the war.



Damn. Reminder never to complain about my 21st-century problems in front of this guy.

I'm sorry, Oliver.



Please, don't be. I made my peace long ago.

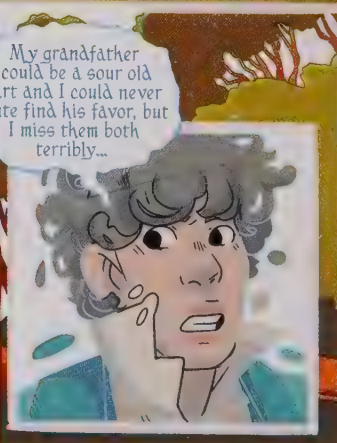
If you don't mind me asking, what was your mother's name?

Olivia.



Olivia Harrington? The daughter of John Harrington, the man who built this place?

Yes, Olivia was my mother and John was my grandfather.



My grandfather could be a sour old fart and I could never quite find his favor, but I miss them both terribly...



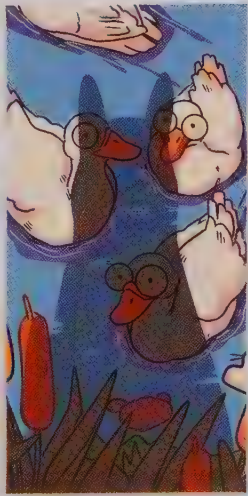
Oh no-- I may need your help, Chelsea!

CLUP CLUP CLUP CLUP



Once he's entered that pond, it's difficult to get him out!

Whoa, old boy!



Apollo-- nooooo!



Yooooo!  
This is  
crazy!



This is  
amazing!



Chelsea!  
What is the  
matter with you?  
I've been calling  
you on walkie  
for the last 15  
minutes.



I'm  
sorry...I  
didn't hear  
it.



What are  
you doing and why  
is your uniform  
soaking wet?



Uhhh...

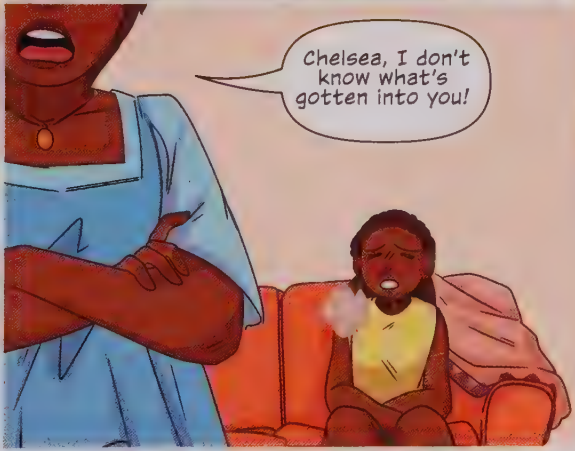
That's it. I'm sending you home. With a dock in pay. And the cheese puffs I was saving for you as a snack...I'm giving 'em to Russ.

Have your mom call me when you get home. Your rideshare is gonna be out front...and that's coming out of your pay.



Sent home by your dad? Wandering off to who knows where on that huge property?

Chelsea, I don't know what's gotten into you!



I thought working with your dad was helping you become more responsible, but you just seem to be regressing.

I don't know what it is. What is it, Chelsea? Is it the new school?

Is it the new friends you're hanging out with?



God, is it me?



Mom...

I've worked so hard to give you every opportunity I didn't have. I--

...mom...

--I imagine me and your dad's divorce has been difficult, but I tried to--

Mom!

Mom, you're doing a great job--actually, too good with this punishment thing--it's been three weeks--all my other friends have *been* back to regular life.



And you know how boring I think Dad's ghost hunting is. I've actually been showing up to work and starting to get into it. You gotta give me some credit for that.



And the manor? That place is just so beautiful! and incredible, you wouldn't believe me if I told you *how* incredible. It's very easy to get distracted.

Brain! Stop thinking about how gorgeous Oliver's smile is.

I'll just stay a little more focused from here on out. I promise.



I'm holding you to it.



Monday

Hey, Chels, I need--



Got it!

Nice. I think I'll need--



The mini light. One step ahead of you.

I like this 3.0 version of you. Can we clone her?



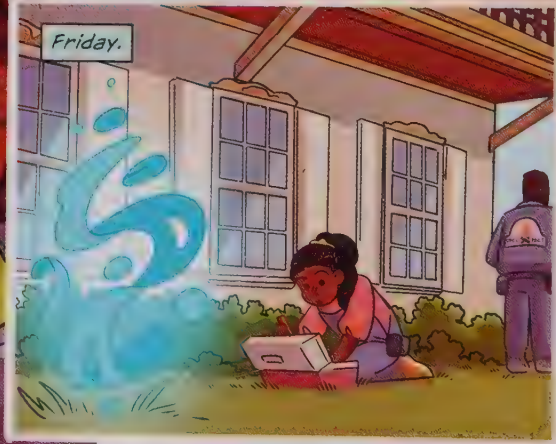
Yeah, but then you'd have to double my pay, and Lord knows you wouldn't want to do that.



I'm a cheapskate and proud of it.



Not right now, Oliver.





I told my dad I was taking my 15-minute break, so I don't have a lot of time.



Come with me.



Fifteen minutes, Oliver. Do you guys have ghost watches?



I'm sorry to take you away from your work. It's just that I haven't had much contact with the outside world and haven't made a friend in so long. I'm glad you're here.

...Me too.



This is one of my most favorite places on the property. I would come to this point and just stare at the water and dream of being anywhere else in the world.

I know the feeling.



Where are you now?



I'm in London. Want to meet in Paris?

I'm in New York...



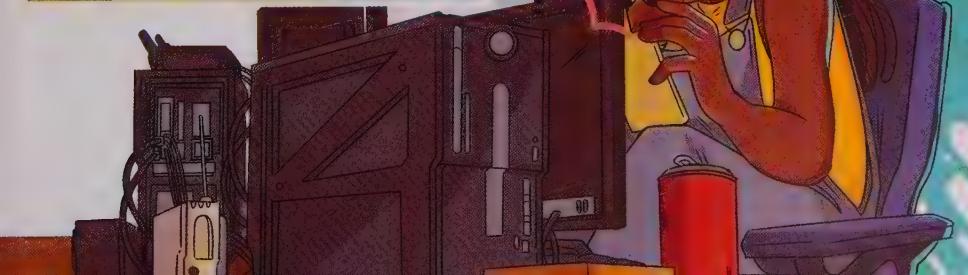
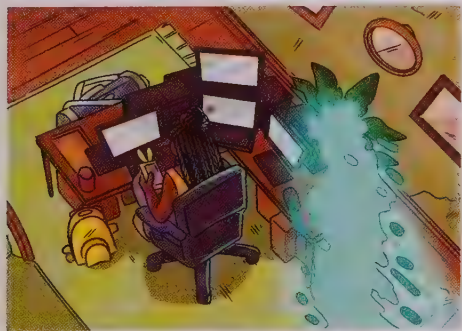
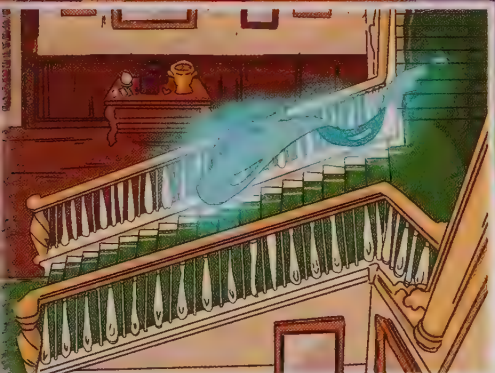
Deal.

BEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP

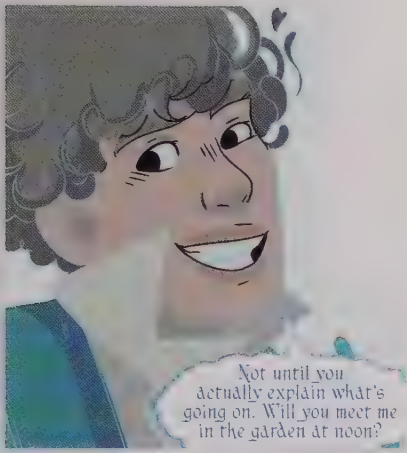
Fifteen-minute break's up. I've gotta run, Oliver. See you later?



Until then!







Oliver-- please! They're coming!







**RUN!**

What?!

Runn...ing.  
It's, it's  
running!

It's  
moving into  
the hallway.  
Stay  
behind me,  
kids. Let's  
go!

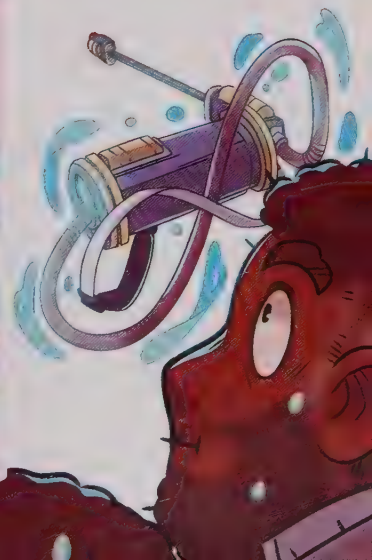
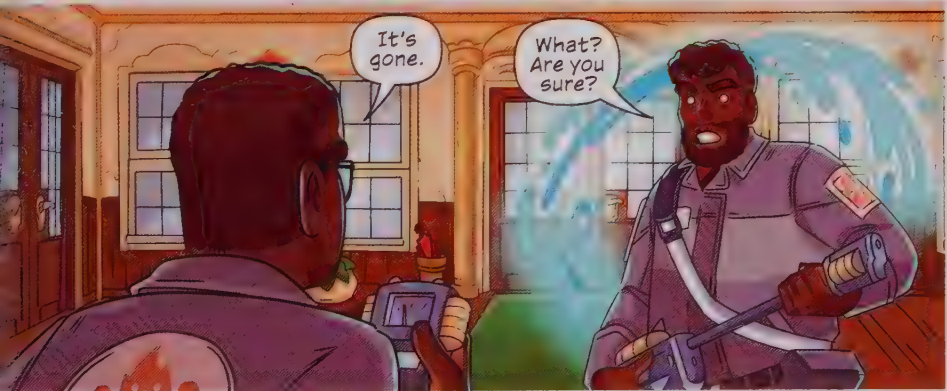
Whew...

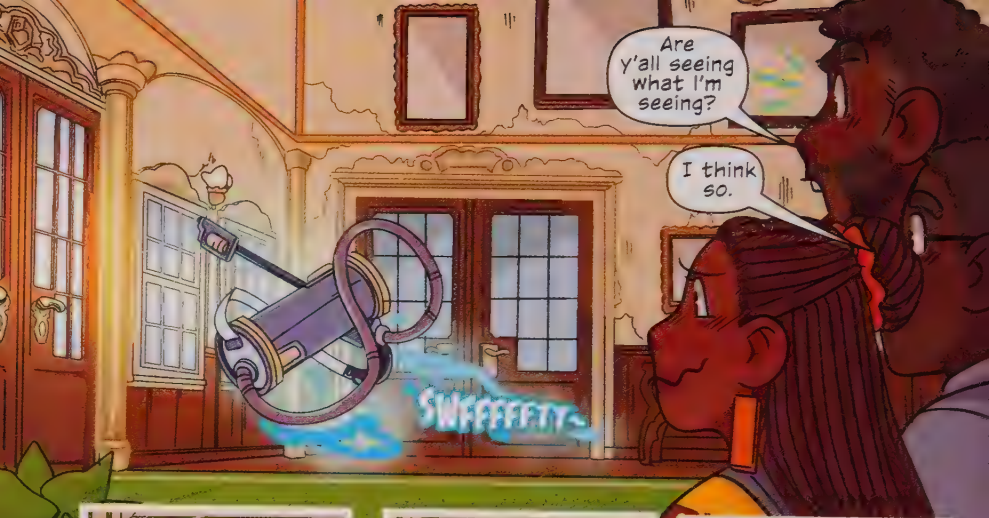
Friday,  
11:15 a.m. Harrington  
Manor, main foyer.  
Phenomenon in our  
midst, now in  
pursuit.

How  
far ahead,  
Russ?

Maybe  
40 feet, Mr.  
Grant. It's  
fast!



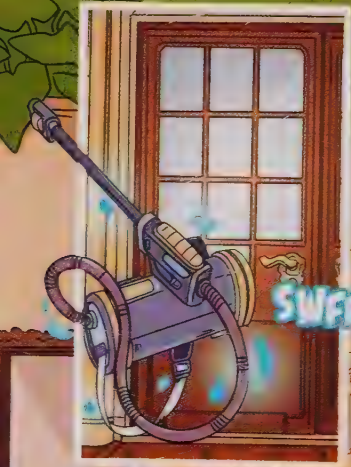




Are y'all seeing what I'm seeing?

I think so.

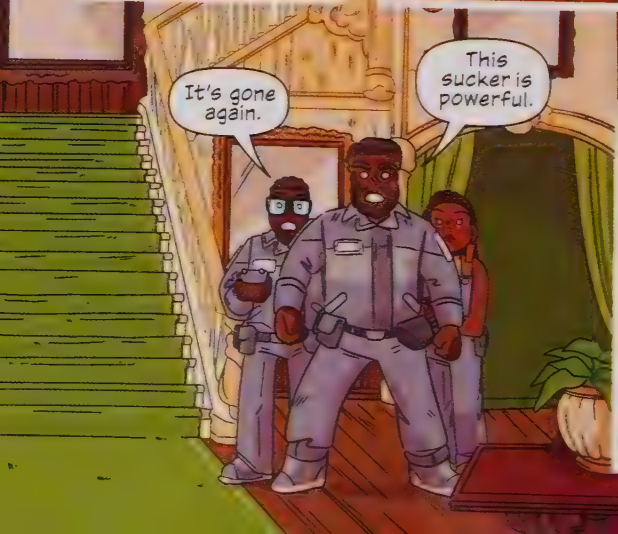
SWEFFFTT~



SWEFFFTT~



THINK



It's gone again.

This sucker is powerful.



Neen



I got here as soon as I could.

You said there was new evidence I needed to see?



Yes, Mr. Harrington. The presence is definitely stronger than initially thought.

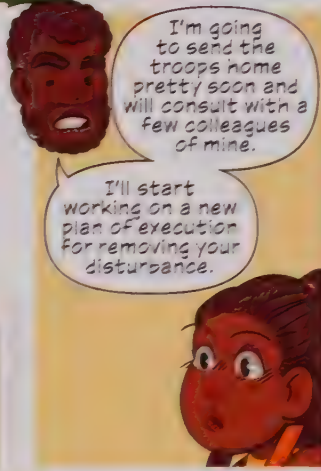


Oh my God.

It's more powerful than anything I was anticipating.



Powerful, yet it can clearly exercise restraint. I was completely expecting your roster to get demolished.



I'm going to send the troops home pretty soon and will consult with a few colleagues of mine.

I'll start working on a new plan of execution for removing your disturbance.



It's only like 30. Can't we at least stay for lunch?

Yeah, Mr. Grant. The action is just starting.



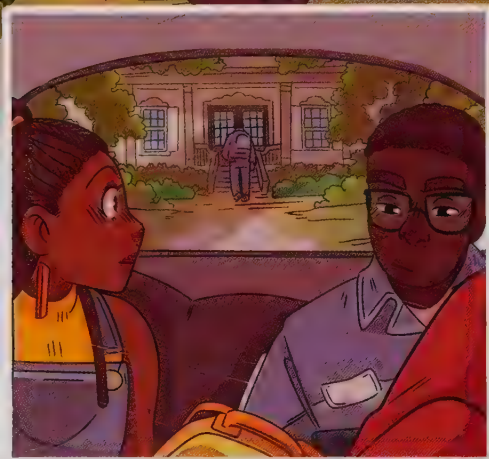
That's the problem. I'll come up with a plan and see you both tomorrow. I've already called a car for you guys.



Everybody in!



I'll pick you guys up tomorrow if I decide it's safe enough here.



Hey, can you pull over?

What?

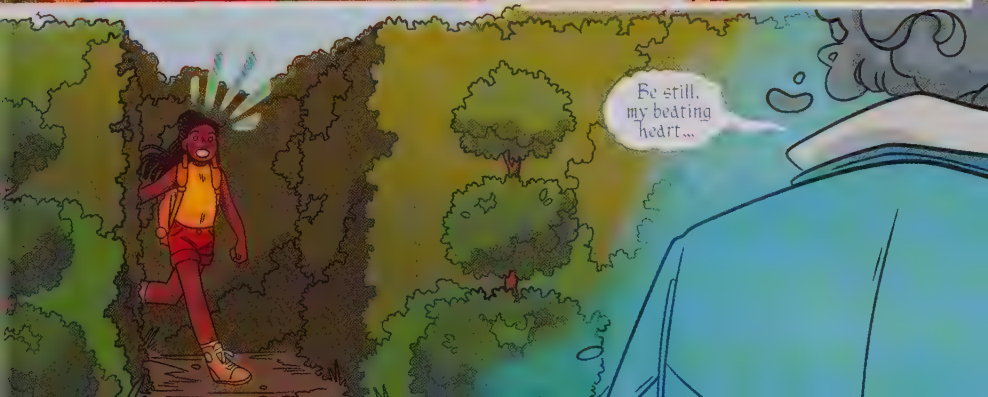


I can't explain now. I just have one thing to take care of before I go home.



Fine. You'd better be careful, 'cause you're going to mess around and get us both fired if you screw up. And I know you don't care, but I actually like this job and really want to keep it.

Especially now that your dad is actually paying us.





I was certain you wouldn't come.

Well, it was pretty doggone hard to ignore the invitation.



Chelsea, you must be frank with me. Tell me what's going on. Why is your father trying to... destroy me?



Did I--or my family--offend him in any sort of way?

Other than holding slaves?



You and I are different, you know.

Yes, I'm painfully aware of that fact.

I don't know how it's possible, but somehow I think we're living in two different worlds...planes...spiritual dimensions... I don't know what to call it.



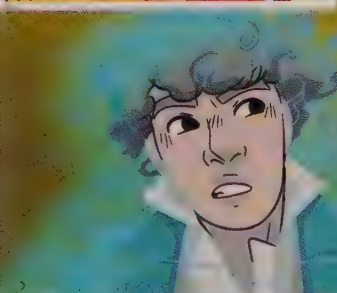
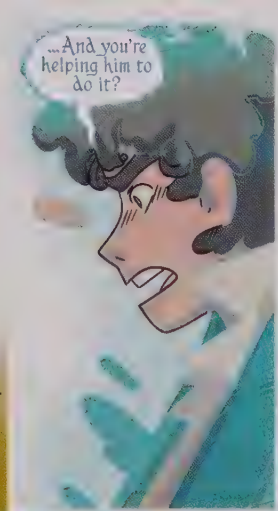
I figured that I died at some point. Of what? Do you know?



Was it that dreadful yellow fever plague that claimed my grandfather and mother? I don't recall being sick...

I'm sorry, Oliver. I don't know how you crossed over...

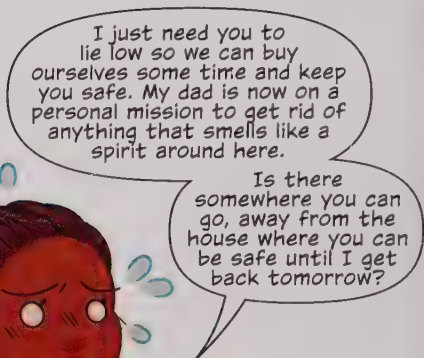
Well, I've already died once. Why would your father want to inflict that kind of pain on anyone again?





Very well, Chelsea.

I suppose I'm dead anyway. What have I really got to lose?



I just need you to lie low so we can buy ourselves some time and keep you safe. My dad is now on a personal mission to get rid of anything that smells like a spirit around here.

Is there somewhere you can go, away from the house where you can be safe until I get back tomorrow?



How about back there, near the bridge?



No, I don't venture that far west. I always get a bad feeling over there.

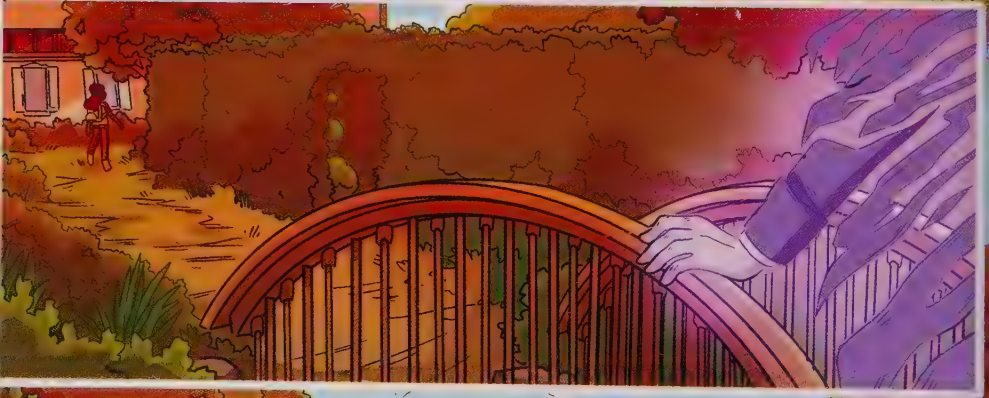
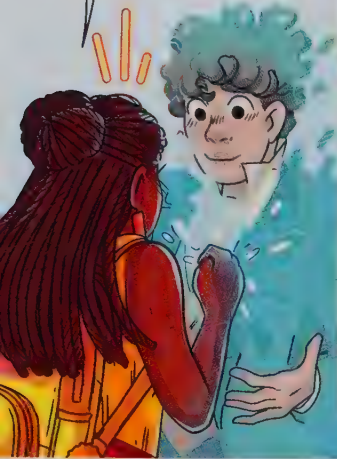


There's an old gardener's cottage just east of the pond.

Perfect! We haven't finished surveying the house, so my dad won't be looking there. Can you stay in the cottage until I come get you?



I'm going to help keep you safe. I promise!



Jasmine!  
I'm so happy  
you picked up...  
I need a favor.

HUFF  
PUFF

35 minutes later...

HONK  
HONK

Oh  
no...

Yooooo!  
It's Ghost  
Girl!!!

Ghost roast!  
Hooooo0000-  
wwwwww!!

Hey,  
girl.

Why are  
you so far  
out in the  
boonies?

I  
work out  
here.

BUMP

Sorry.

Out here?  
Spooky.

Dude,  
this whole  
place is killing  
my vibe.



We were on our way to the beach when I got your call. Wanna come?



I really do want to, but I have to stop by the Preservation Society before it closes.

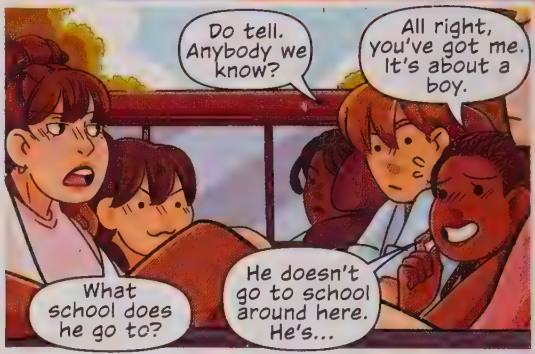


Ach-choo... Nerd!



You are not icing us to study. This is about that guy.

...Who is he? Does he have anything to do with that wealthy client you're working for?



Do tell. Anybody we know?

All right, you've got me. It's about a boy.

What school does he go to?

He doesn't go to school around here. He's...



Older...



You've been dodging us for weeks, Chelsea--

--Um, it's called "punishment."



Whatever. Then, you get a new boo and we're only good enough to call when you need saving? Not cool.

They really don't understand the concept of being grounded.

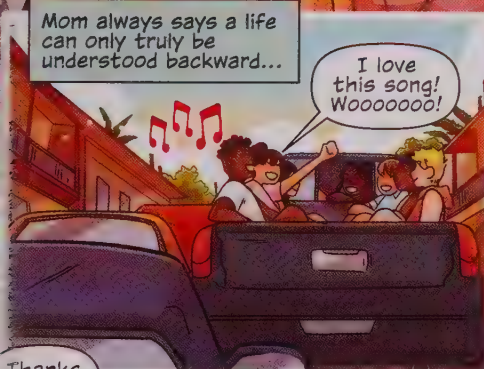


Don't trip, Chelsea. This is Jasmine speak for saying she actually misses and cares about you.

Whatever...



Same!



Mom always says a life can only truly be understood backward...

I love this song! Wooooooo!



Maybe getting to the bottom of Oliver's past can help set him free.



Thanks for the ride.

Bye, Chels! Tell your boyfriend we said hi!

Would if I had one...

Ghost giiiiirrrrrll! Hooooowwwwl!

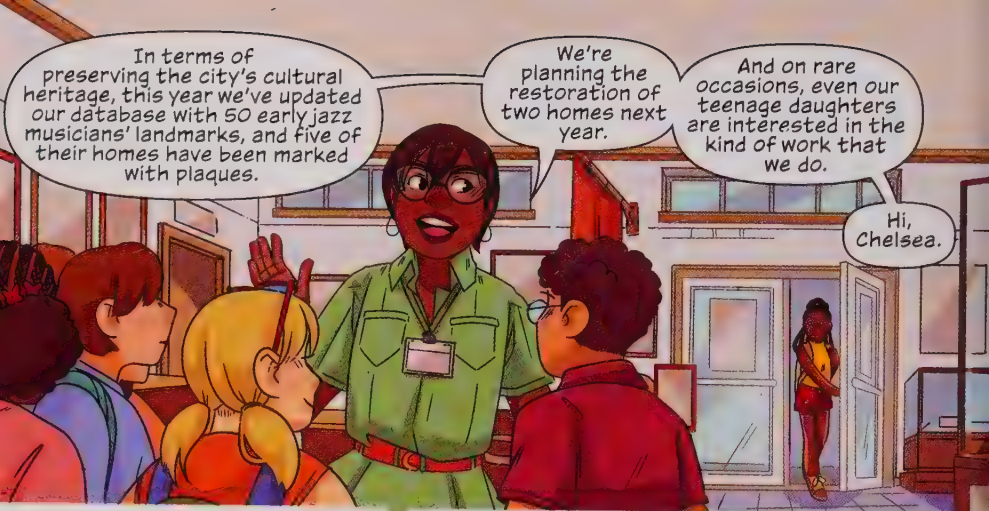


You're kind of weird, you know.

I know...

And I'm cool with it.

Still cute. Still off-limits.



In terms of preserving the city's cultural heritage, this year we've updated our database with 50 early jazz musicians' landmarks, and five of their homes have been marked with plaques.

We're planning the restoration of two homes next year.

And on rare occasions, even our teenage daughters are interested in the kind of work that we do.

Hi, Chelsea.



Hello, Mom. Everyone. I didn't mean to interrupt.

Is anyone using the microfilm room?



You. Go on up! I'll check in on you later.

Wow. They have a microfilm room.



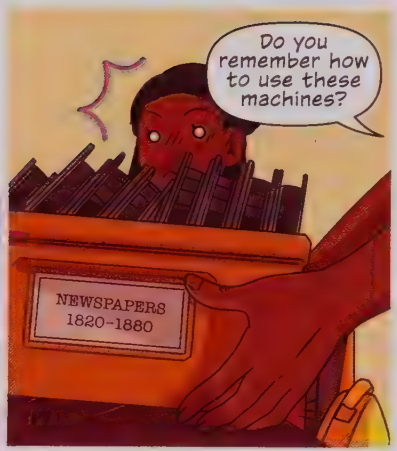
Why, Chelsea, I haven't seen you in here since you were in middle school! Got a big project coming up?



Oh yeah. I've kind of developed a real passion for local history.



It's been a very long time since anyone's requested to see these.



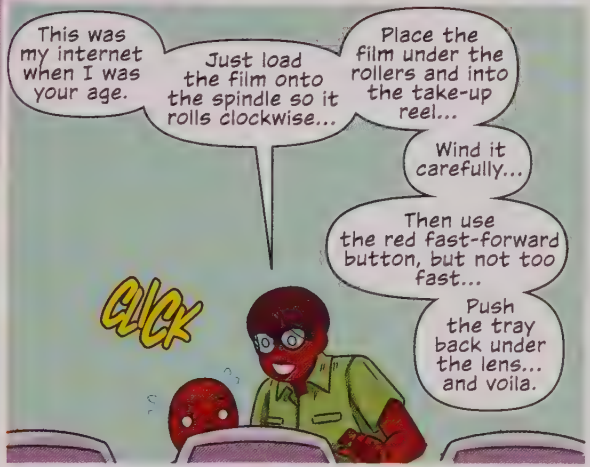
Do you remember how to use these machines?



Not at all.

**HAAA!**

No one ever does.



This was my internet when I was your age.

Just load the film onto the spindle so it rolls clockwise...

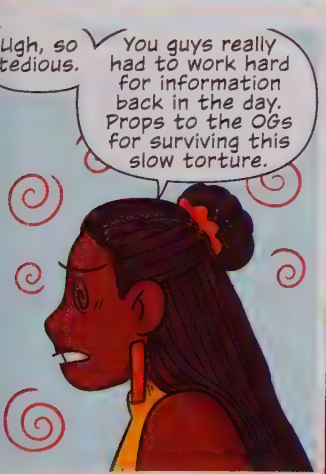
Place the film under the rollers and into the take-up reel...

Wind it carefully...

Then use the red fast-forward button, but not too fast...

Push the tray back under the lens... and voila.

**CLICK**



ugh, so tedious.

You guys really had to work hard for information back in the day. Props to the OGs for surviving this slow torture.



On behalf of the rest of the OGs: thank you.

You said you're looking for information on an Oliver Harrington. I did a quick search and didn't find much. Are you sure you're not on a wild goose chase?



I know he existed, Mom. I just gotta find him...

...and find out why he's still here.

Diving in headfirst. Back straight, chin up.

All right, microfilm rolls. Let's do this, give me something good.

May 22, 1821

The pirate Jean Lafitte and the...  
ptured by upstanding officer...  
a. Right before the arrival of...  
eamship Europa, luckily our...  
orter were able to secure a s...

**Local News**

**SERIOUS CASE OF BIGAMY:**  
an marries two wives and ne...

Continue on P...

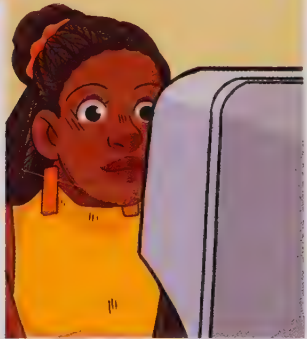
**Property:**

ward for the return of...  
y slave. About 25 years...  
ounds to the name Sara...  
report to local law info...

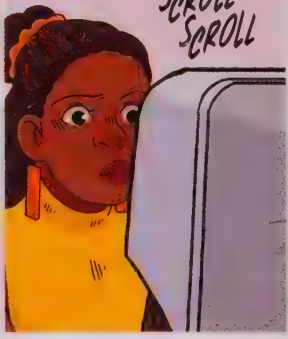
Oooh, pirates. I didn't know New Orleans had pirates... man marries two wives, haha. No matter what century, people love gossip.

Wow, they actually put rewards for runaway slaves in newspapers?

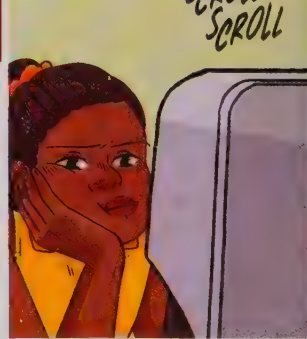
2:40 p.m.



3:15 p.m.



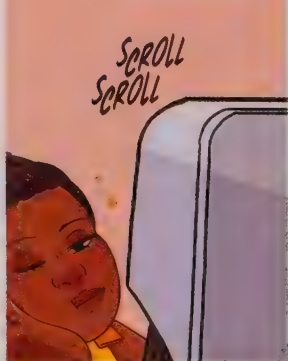
4:00 p.m.



4:10 p.m.

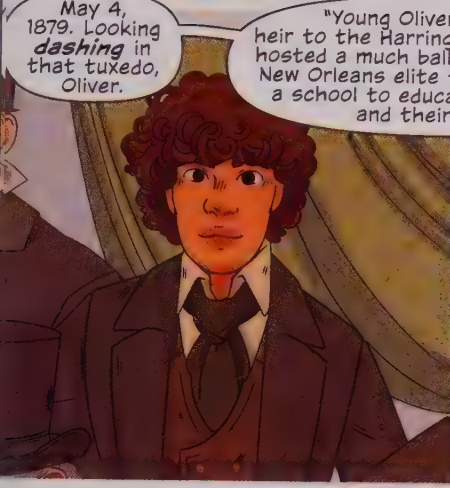


4:30 p.m.



Oh my God.

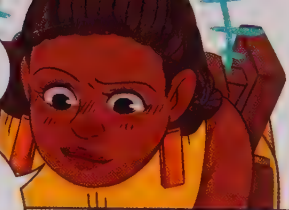




May 4, 1879. Looking **dashing** in that tuxedo, Oliver.

"Young Oliver Harrington, heir to the Harrington sugar fortune, hosted a much ballyhooed gala of the New Orleans elite to raise money for a school to educate former slaves and their children.

"A comingling of white and negro guests, most notably Frederick Douglass of Maryland, French noble Louis Dumas, and British heiress Emma Atkinson."



Wow. You really were ahead of your time.



For the archive.



Okay, Chels. Fifteen-minute warning.



Okay, okay. Going as fast as I can.



Whoa, whoa... back it on up...



## MISSING Harrington Heir Dis

"JUNE 5, 1879. Oliver Harrington, heir to the Harrington sugar fortune, has been reported missing following a salon at his home on May 4. His uncle, decorated Civil War veteran Garrett Harrington, will manage the estate in his stead.

Query over Mayor's  
New Orleans Police

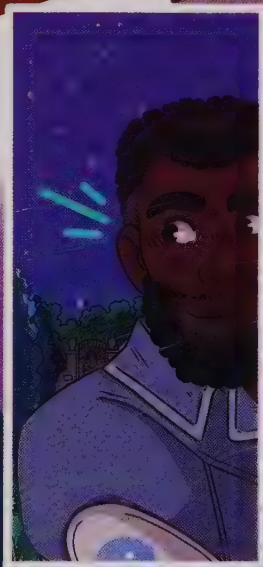
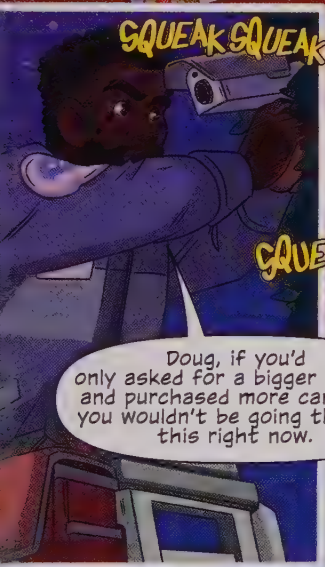


"Reports are that the young bachelor took an unannounced voyage to Spain."



Huh?

Thursday, 8:15 p.m. Our surveillance coverage of the property has been confined to the manor itself. Though I've had limited results with placing digital cameras outside due to environment, wind, and natural wildlife, after today's encounter, we'll try placing a thermal camera in the family cemetery.



HA AAA

Three deer in headlights.

Calm down, old man, and do the job you came to do.



3:00 a.m.

Chelsea.

Chelsea, wake up.

Mom, what's going on?

Something's happened at Harrington Manor. Your dad was involved in an accident.

Where is he? I've gotta go see him!

It's okay, baby. He spent some time in the ER tonight, but he's back at home. You can swing by and see him in the morning.

He bruised his knee pretty bad and had to have it wrapped--

--But he doesn't want you guys going back to Harrington Manor for now.

But Mom, there's still so much work to do!

Coming from the girl who didn't want to work at all this summer. I'm sure he's got good reason for pulling the plug on the manor, honey.



Ghost Roast!

Aw man, my eyes were closed, take another one!



Dad?

In here, honey!



Dad...what happened?

It looks worse than it is. I took a spill last night at the site and twisted my knee.



I'm so happy you're okay.

Yeah, there isn't much that can keep your old man down.

But, honey, I'm sure your mom told you we've gotta take a break for now. Some...thing did this to me, and I don't want to risk you or Russ' safety out there.

You think a spirit was responsible for this?



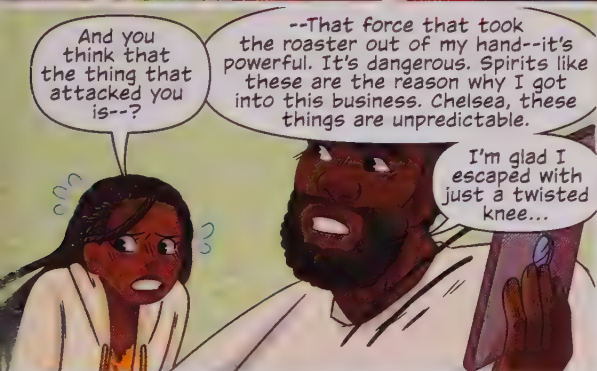
Yes. Whatever was toying with me earlier today, I think it didn't like the idea of me roaming around there last night.

I'm going to find a way to get rid of it, but it's too dangerous for you kids.

But we were getting so close.

Too close for now, pumpkin.

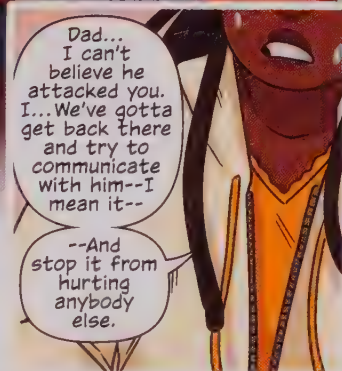
I just need to heal up and develop a more aggressive strategy for tackling this thing, whatever it is.



And you think that the thing that attacked you is--?

--That force that took the roaster out of my hand--it's powerful. It's dangerous. Spirits like these are the reason why I got into this business. Chelsea, these things are unpredictable.

I'm glad I escaped with just a twisted knee...



Dad... I can't believe he attacked you. I... We've gotta get back there and try to communicate with him--I mean it--

--And stop it from hurting anybody else.



Absolutely not. It's too dangerous.

But Dad--

--Russ was pretty upset about the case being put on hold too, and said he'd head into the office to clean up and keep an eye on things.

You can go down and help him. That's where I need you guys the most, sweet pea.

->Sigh<-

I'm glad to see that you're so interested in continuing to work. I thought you'd be happy to have a break and go to the mall or do whatever teen girls are doing these days...

I don't know what I'd do if anything happened to you. Let me just worry about getting my strength back--not you running around karate-chopping ghosts, okay?

Okay, Dad.



Hey.

Hey!

Didn't think I'd see you here today...

SWISH  
SWISH



Why is everyone acting like I have something against gainful employment? Geesh.

Probably because you do. Wanna help me sweep? There's an extra broom over--

--No thanks.

Exactly.



Look, Russ. I know that Dad said we're shutting down work on the Harrington case for now, but we're too close to stop. I need to go back to get some answers...

...and I'm gonna need your help.



No way, Chelsea.

No, no, no. Count me all the way out.

I'm gonna pretend like I didn't just hear any of this.



Come on, Russ. You're the only person I can confide in about this stuff who won't think I'm crazy.

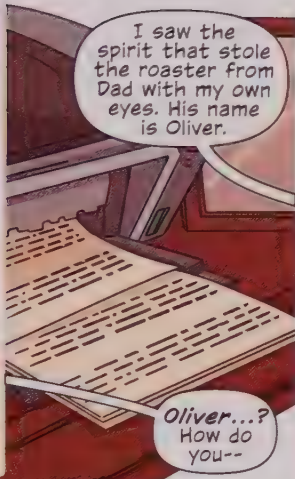
Too late. I do think you're crazy, Chelsea. Crazy for trying to go back to that place!

Your dad almost got bodied by a spirit there and he's a grown man with years of experience.



How are you going to stop it?

Russ, there's so much more going on there than my dad even realizes.



I saw the spirit that stole the roaster from Dad with my own eyes. His name is Oliver.

Oliver...? How do you--



He told me his name. And other things...



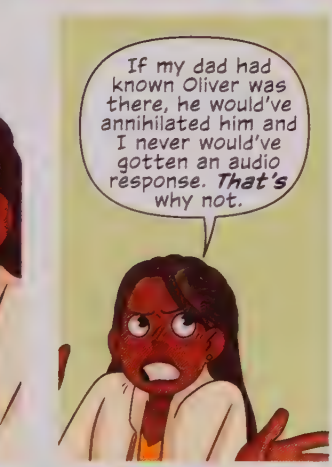
Hold up. What? You had a visual and auditory sensory experience with the ghost? That's crazy!

Did you tell your dad?

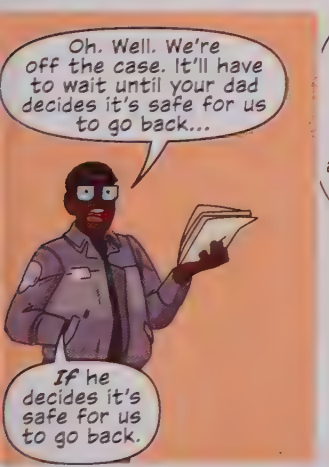


No...?

"No?" Why not?

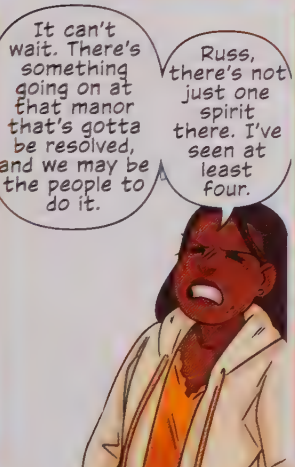


If my dad had known Oliver was there, he would've annihilated him and I never would've gotten an audio response. *That's* why not.



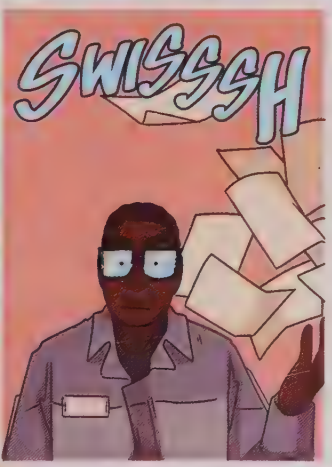
Oh. Well. We're off the case. It'll have to wait until your dad decides it's safe for us to go back...

If he decides it's safe for us to go back.



It can't wait. There's something going on at that manor that's gotta be resolved, and we may be the people to do it.

Russ, there's not just one spirit there. I've seen at least four.



SWISSSH



Wait.  
Four...?



Yes. Well, two people and two animals: one of them is a horse, and the other is a cat.



What?!



There's a boy there who's about our age who is haunting the place. I think he may have a dark side that's responsible for what happened to Dad, but I gotta figure it out.

I've gotta have a face-to-face with him.

Wait a minute. Are you supposed to be some kind of ghost therapist slash social worker now?

Chelsea, this sounds really dangerous and I don't think it's a good idea.



Dad is hurt and scared. Call me crazy, but I'm not.

I'm going with or without your approval, Russ. I just wanted you to know in case anything went down.





Chelsea, wait.



If you go there, you're gonna need some gear. Some sort of protection at least.



Do not tell your dad I gave any of this to you...

I can't go with you because I told your dad I'd be here organizing, and I'm a man of my word.

"Man."



Plus, I don't--

--You don't want to lose this job. I know, I know.

Thanks, Russ.



And here's an EMF detector--

Yeah, I won't be needing that. I can see them, remember?



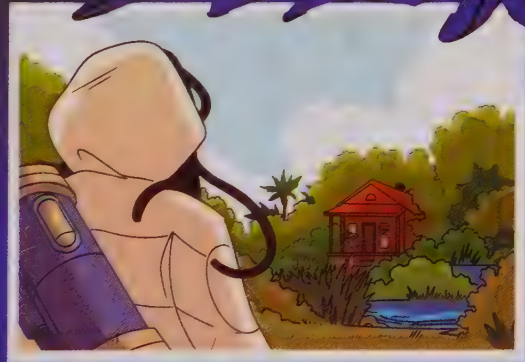
Hey, Chelsea!

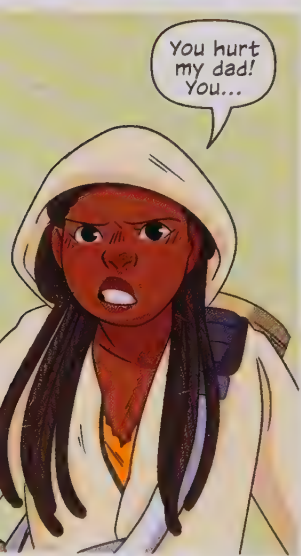
Yeah?

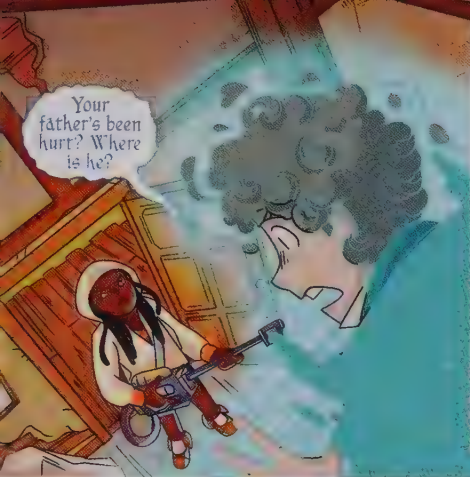


Be careful.











EEEEAAAK



...  
I should've gotten that EMF meter from Russ.





HUFF  
PUFF

Oh man,  
this is harder  
than I thought  
it was gonna  
be.



Russ, on the trail of  
the spirit and heading  
into the manor.

TYPE  
TYPE



BLOOF!

WTF!



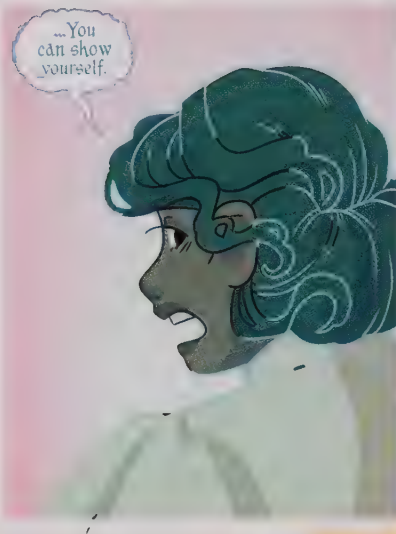
BLOOF!

Chelsea, I don't think  
that's a good idea. Just  
come on back.



CRREEEEAAAK





We've been here for a long time, Oliver and I.

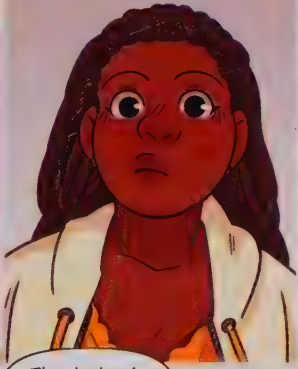
Before this place was what you know as the Harrington Manor, it was the Harrington Plantation. Its rich sugarcane fields, worked by free slave labor, brought the Harringtons a great big fortune.



I was born a slave. I worked in the big house. Oliver's mother was my mistress.

I was 15 years old when Oliver was born...

And I've loved Oliver as if he were my own kin from the very beginning.



He was three weeks late. Stubborn since the day he was born...

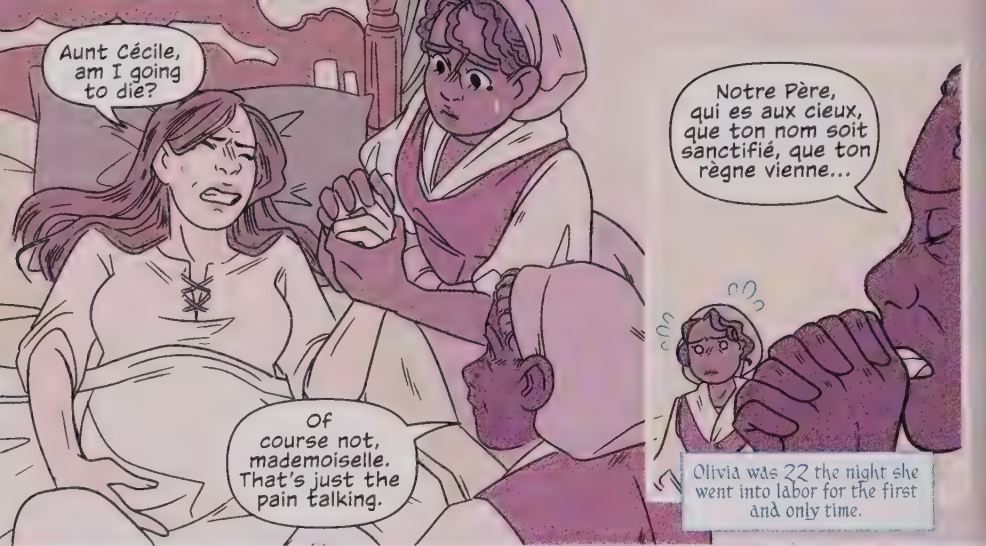
The baby is coming NOW. Fetch the hot water!

And hurry!

Yes, mama!



Fall 1862.

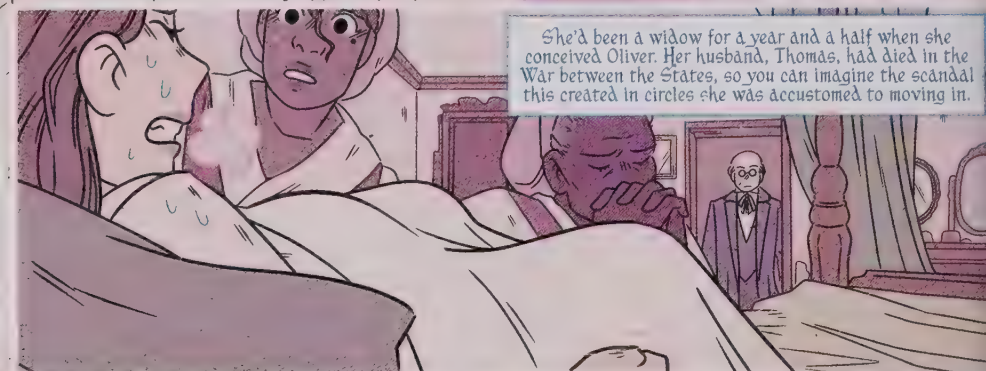


Aunt Cécile,  
am I going  
to die?

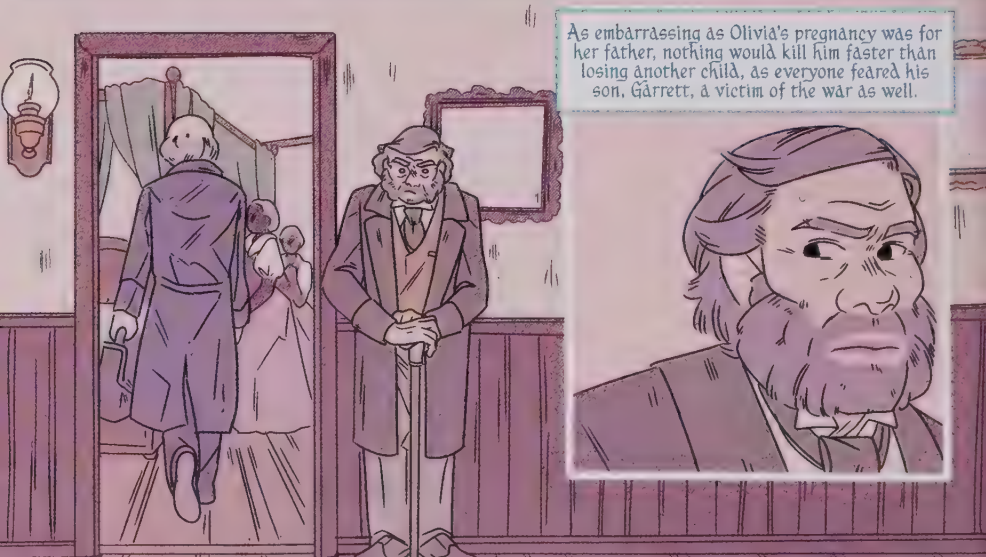
Of  
course not,  
mademoiselle.  
That's just the  
pain talking.

Notre Père,  
qui es aux cieux,  
que ton nom soit  
sanctifié, que ton  
règne vienne...

Olivia was 22 the night she  
went into labor for the first  
and only time.



She'd been a widow for a year and a half when she  
conceived Oliver. Her husband, Thomas, had died in the  
War between the States, so you can imagine the scandal  
this created in circles she was accustomed to moving in.



As embarrassing as Olivia's pregnancy was for  
her father, nothing would kill him faster than  
losing another child, as everyone feared his  
son, Garrett, a victim of the war as well.

**GAAAAAAHHHHH!**

Push!

I can't!

You can!

**OOOOOWWWW!**

Master Harrington had her holed away for months, so she wouldn't be visible to the public.



And as her nurse and seamstress, I did all I could to hide her ever-growing belly.



But nothing could hide what happened that night...

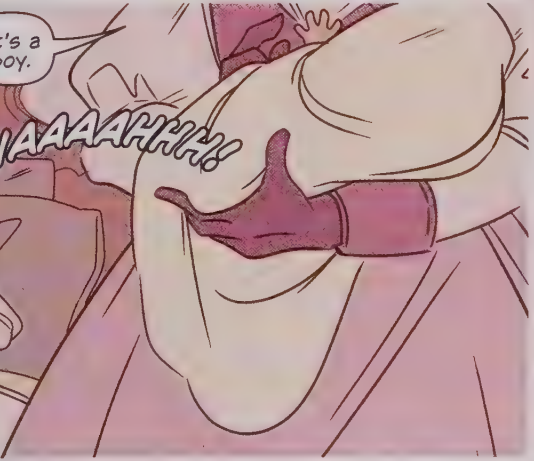
Hallelujah.



...The birth of a miracle

It's a boy.

**WAAAAARRRR!**

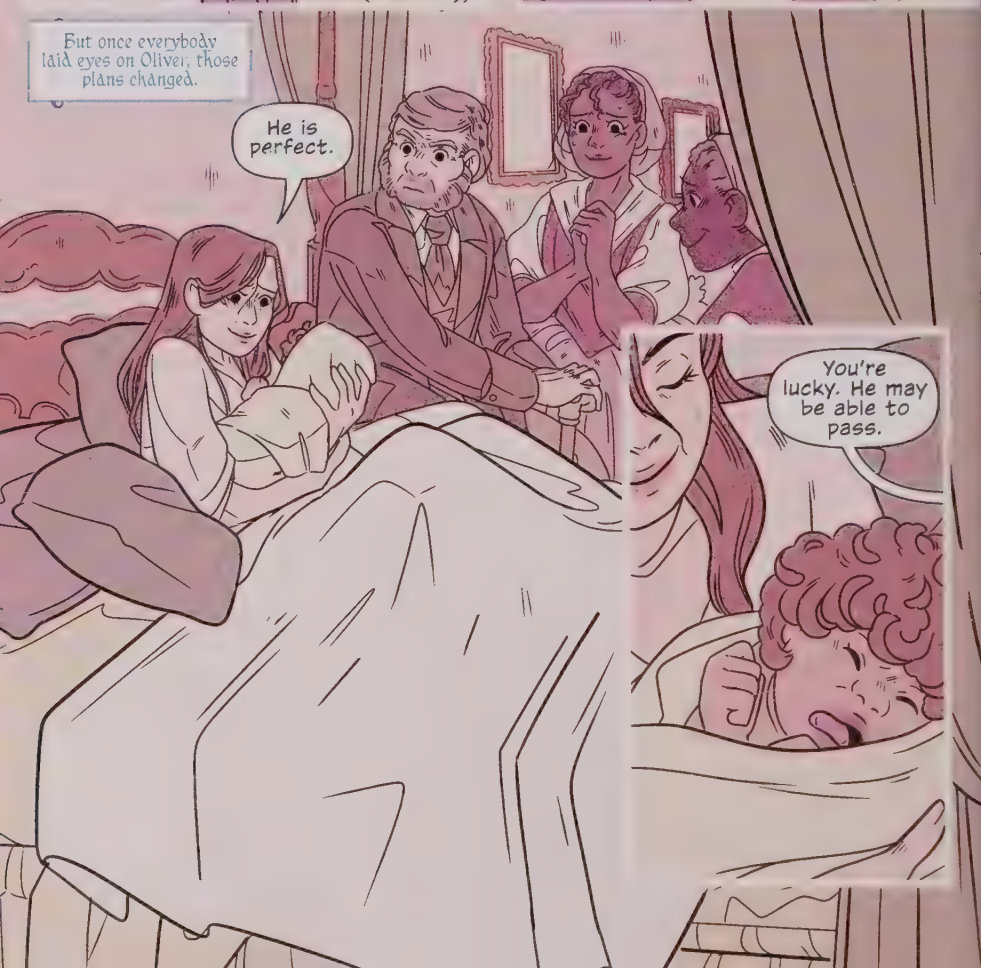


The original plan was for the baby to be immediately taken to the local orphanage by the doctor in the night.



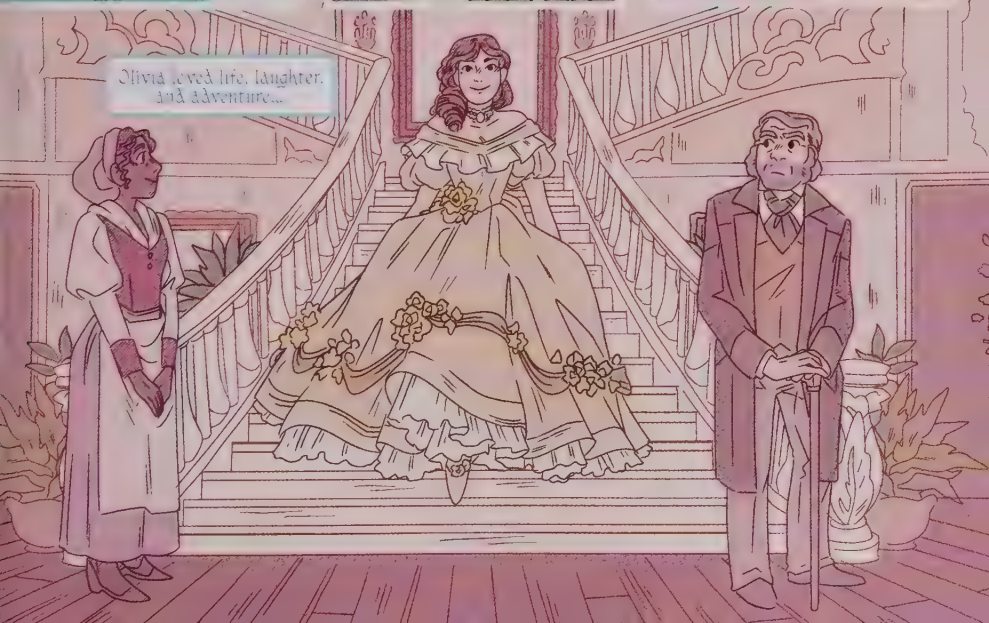
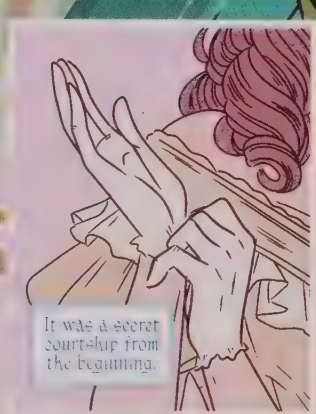
She may hold him.

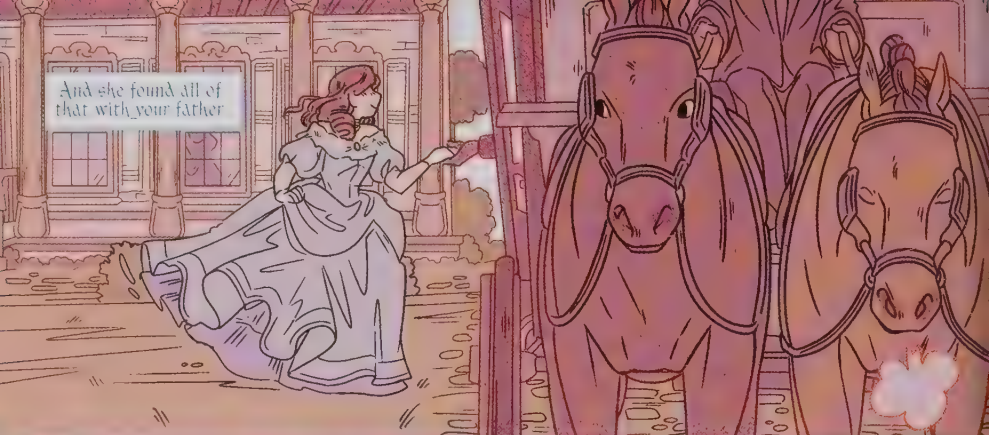
But once everybody laid eyes on Oliver, those plans changed.



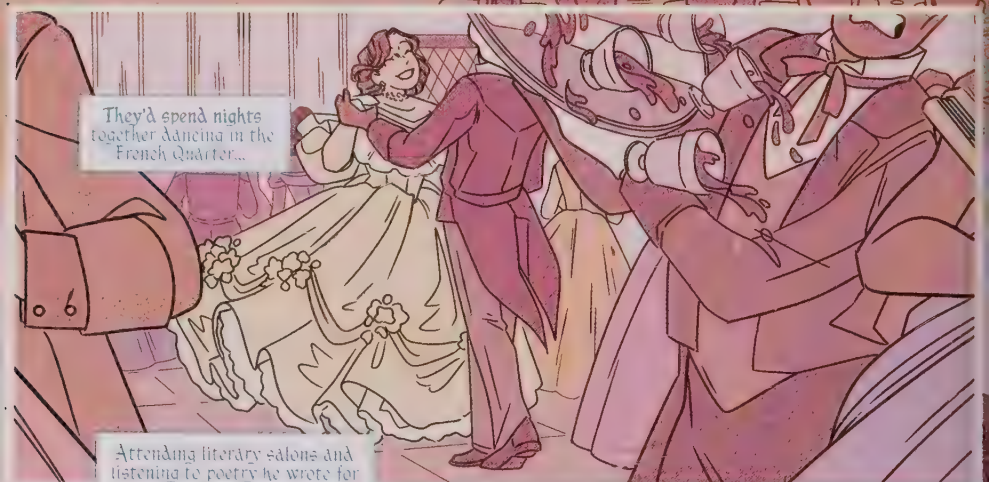
He is perfect.

You're lucky. He may be able to pass.






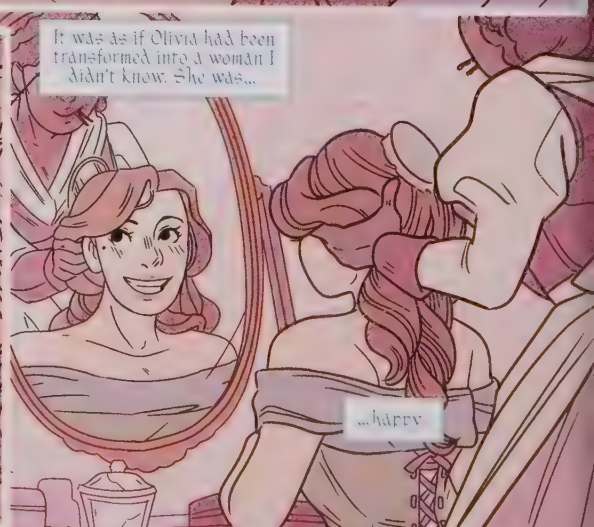
And she found all of  
that with your father



They'd spend nights  
together dancing in the  
French Quarter...



Attending literary salons and  
listening to poetry he wrote for  
the cfoole intellectual group  
known as les cénelles



It was as if Olivia had been  
transformed into a woman I  
didn't know. She was...

...Harry



Master Harrington forbade the union from the very beginning. If Olivia was to find a suitable husband, she shouldn't be mingling with bohemians near the French Quarter.

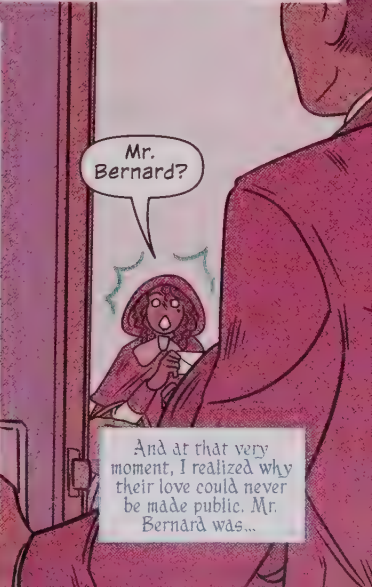
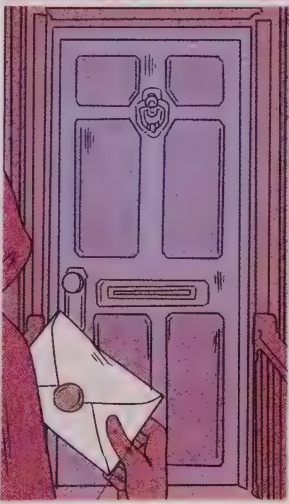


And so began the letters. Their secret form of communication until just after you were born.



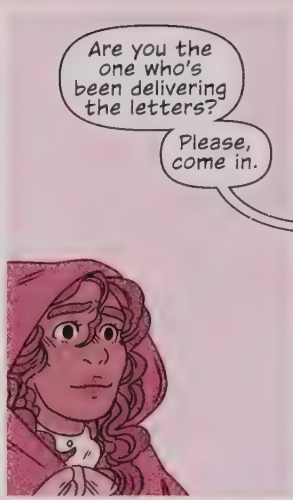
Letters distributed by the only person she could trust to deliver them.

Your mother worked extremely hard to keep your father's identity a secret. The single time I saw him, I didn't realize I was being followed by someone your grandfather had sent to track me.

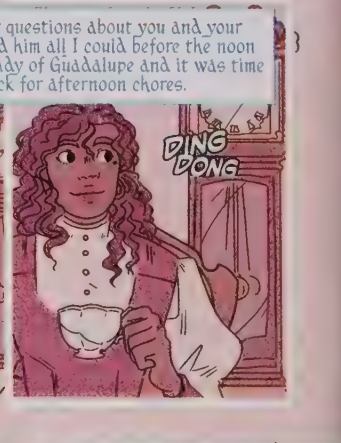
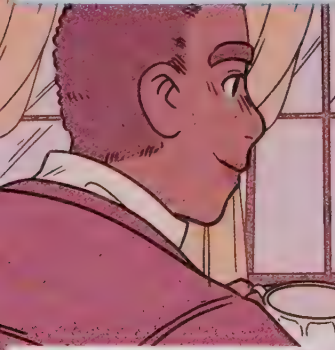


Mr. Bernard?

And at that very moment, I realized why their love could never be made public. Mr. Bernard was...



All he wanted was permission to have your mother's hand in marriage and to meet his only son, but that was impossible due to the color of his skin.





And the secret of your birth was buried with Mistress Olivia and Master John, and deep inside of me

Oh man.



I always knew I was different.

Yet you were the perfect combination of your mother and father. You were a bright light here on this land, Oliver. You may not know it, but you helped unify two worlds during the darkest of times.

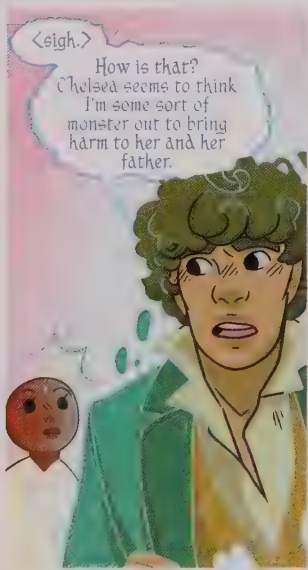


H-A-T...

Hat!



And I think you're doing it now as well.




<Sigh.>

How is that? Chelsea seems to think I'm some sort of monster out to bring harm to her and her father.

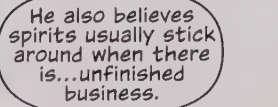


I don't think you're a monster, Oliver. I was just angry and scared.

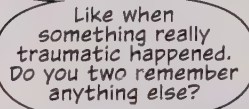
This gift of communicating with the spirit world is new to me, but hopefully it can help me become a better communicator...with the living and the dead.



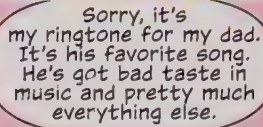
My dad used to tell me that places near water sometimes attract spirits to them, like a conductor. And, well, the Mississippi River is practically in your backyard.




He also believes spirits usually stick around when there is... unfinished business.



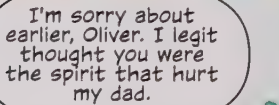
Like when something really traumatic happened. Do you two remember anything else?



Sorry, it's my ringtone for my dad. It's his favorite song. He's got bad taste in music and pretty much everything else.



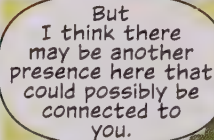
There's an awful sound coming from your pocket.



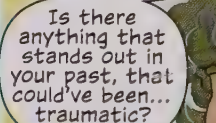
I'm sorry about earlier, Oliver. I legit thought you were the spirit that hurt my dad.



I understand.



But I think there may be another presence here that could possibly be connected to you.



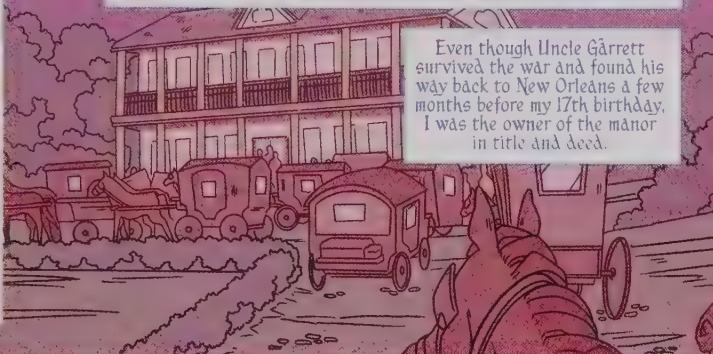
Is there anything that stands out in your past, that could've been... traumatic?

My last real memory is the night of my spring salon.



My mother and grandfather had both succumbed to yellow fever a few years earlier, and although I'd recently turned 17, I'd been helping Grandfather manage the sugar business since I was 12. I ran the estate and the business like he raised me to--which meant I did it very well. I was able to consistently turn a profit while fully compensating every employee, which I'm still very proud of.

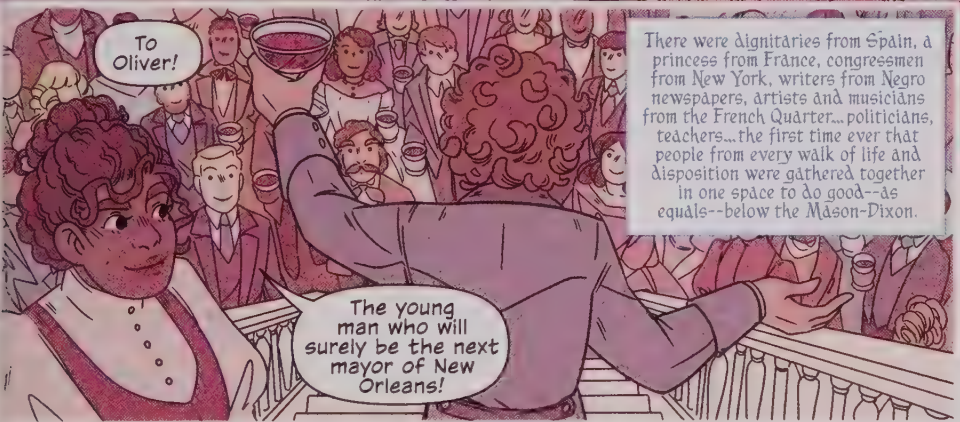
Even though Uncle Garrett survived the war and found his way back to New Orleans a few months before my 17th birthday, I was the owner of the manor in title and deed.



To Oliver!

There were dignitaries from Spain, a princess from France, congressmen from New York, writers from Negro newspapers, artists and musicians from the French Quarter...politicians, teachers...the first time ever that people from every walk of life and disposition were gathered together in one space to do good--as equals--below the Mason-Dixon.

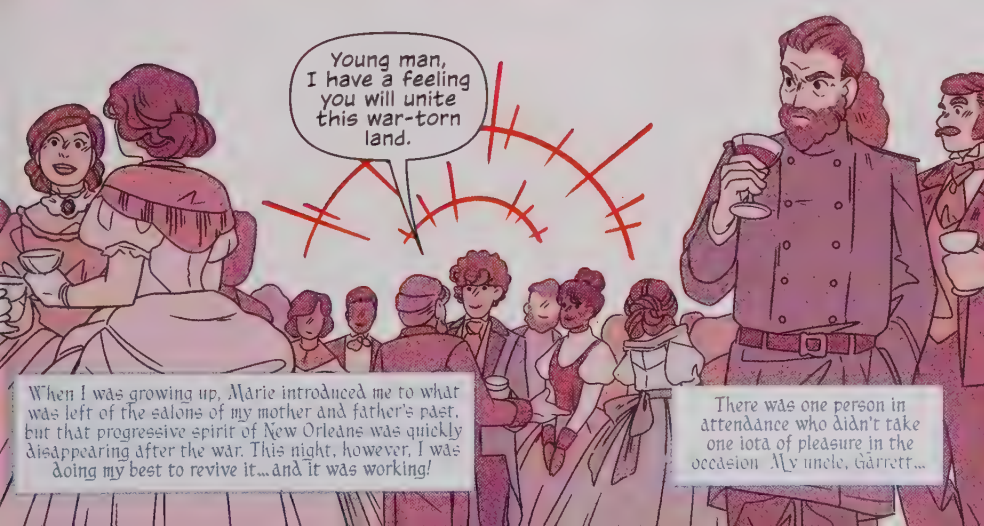
The young man who will surely be the next mayor of New Orleans!



Young man, I have a feeling you will unite this war-torn land.

When I was growing up, Marie introduced me to what was left of the salons of my mother and father's past, but that progressive spirit of New Orleans was quickly disappearing after the war. This night, however, I was doing my best to revive it...and it was working!

There was one person in attendance who didn't take one iota of pleasure in the occasion. My uncle, Garrett...



And he didn't mince words regarding his displeasure.

I offered to speak with my uncle in private so as not to disrupt the festivities...

You're making a mockery of this house and all it stands for! There are darkies drinking and eating upon my mother's good china and silverware, for heaven's sake!



The South lost the war, Uncle. The world is changing. New Orleans is changing with the times and so should we...

This is my father's house! This is my father's land! It is my birthright. Not the playpen of a bastard.

I know what's best for it and I should be its rightful master. Not you--a half orphan and full disgrace.

Uncle, I've told you time and again, I did not ask for the property from Grandfather or for your contempt.

Grandfather didn't favor me either, but he was plenty sane when he wrote that will... I suppose one thing he always did commend me on was my business acumen.




Had I been here to see to things--

There you are! Look at you at this grand celebration without a beverage. Would you like another drink?



--Master Harrington!






And you don't remember anything after that?




No. I...

I can't remember anything.




Because you died that night.



I became so ill afterward from a broken heart. I never fully recovered.

You see... It was more than duty that bound me to Oliver. It was blood.



Though my mother swore me to secrecy, John Harrington was both my master and father. Making me half sister to Olivia and Garrett, though neither ever knew.




Marie, I'm sorry.


No, I'm sorry, Oliver. I tried to protect you best I could.



Blood?



After Oliver's disappearance, Master Harrington would live here for over 40 years, a bitter and angry old man



The house fell into disarray and was passed on to his children.



Where are you going?



To find Uncle Garrett.

Chelsea, you have no idea what you're doing. The man was full of hate in life and could be even worse and more powerful in death.

You yourself said that a spirit hurt your father. I now have no doubt that it was him.

Garrett's buried in the family plot just beyond the garden.



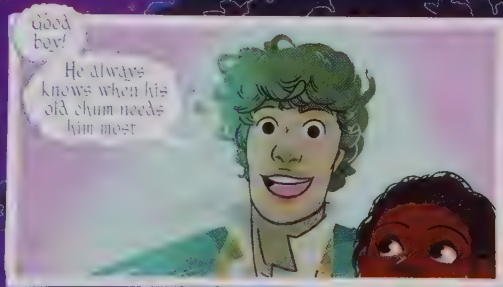
Thank you.

Chelsea, you are downright insane.



Wait for me!







It's Chelsea's mom?

Chime Chime



Hi. Jasmine. It's Chelsea's mom.

I know. You're saved in my phone.

I'm calling because it's starting to get late and we haven't heard from Chelsea yet. I was wondering if she was with you.

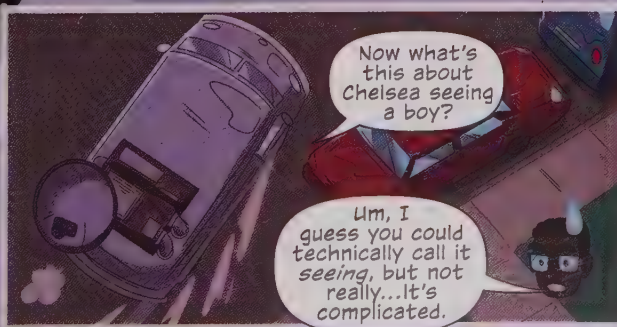
Sorry, Mrs. G. She's not with us. I tried to invite her over, but since she got her new boyfriend she's been hard to--



**BOYFRIEND?!**



--You girls stay put. I'm calling Chelsea's dad.

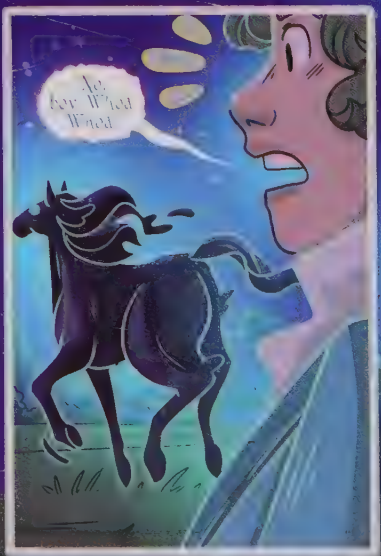




You're an exceptionally brave girl, Chelsea. I don't think I've ever met anyone quite like you.



Well, I can definitely say that I have never, ever met **anyone** like you before.

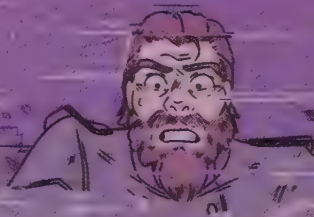


Get her! Get her!

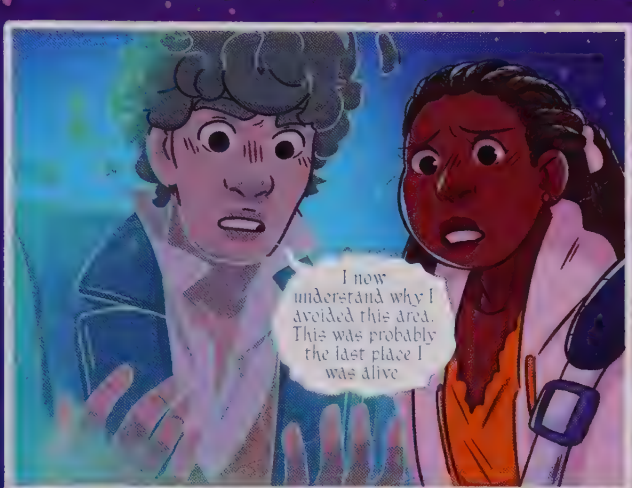


Archie! Archie! Archie! Archie!





Oliver, are you okay?

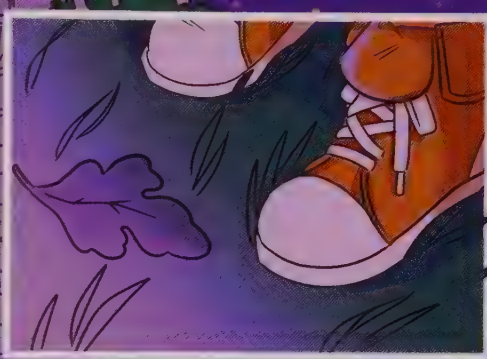
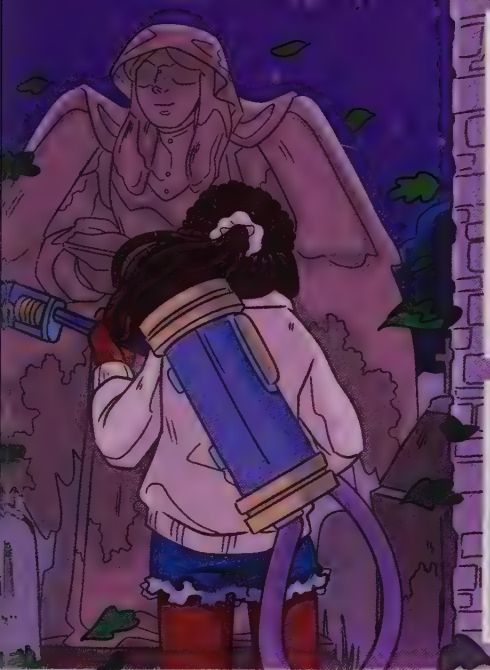




Garrett  
Harrington...



...You have  
visitors!

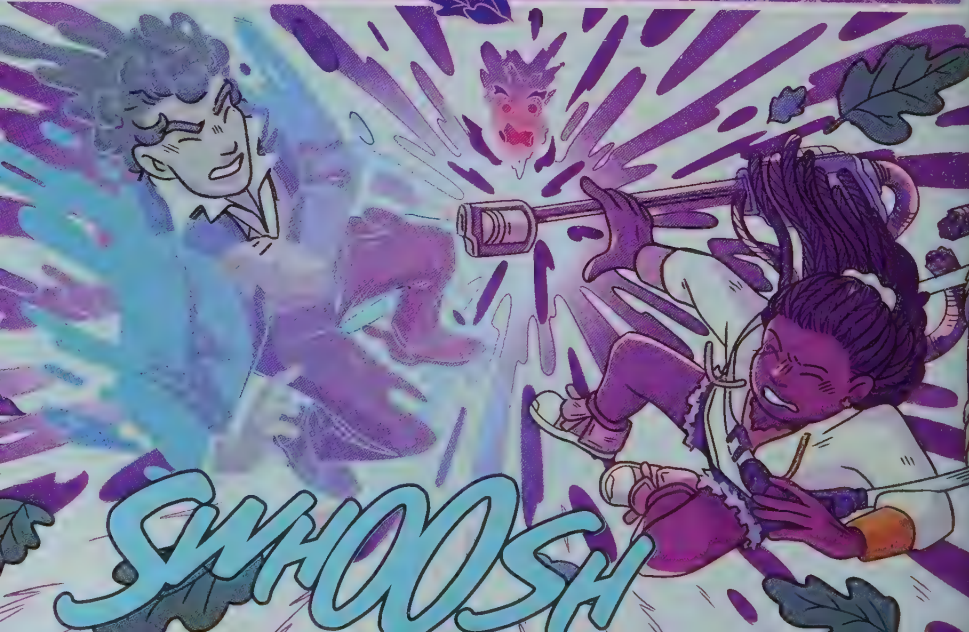




Oliver, I don't think your uncle wants company.



Most assuredly not.



SWHOOSH

# BOOM KRASHHH

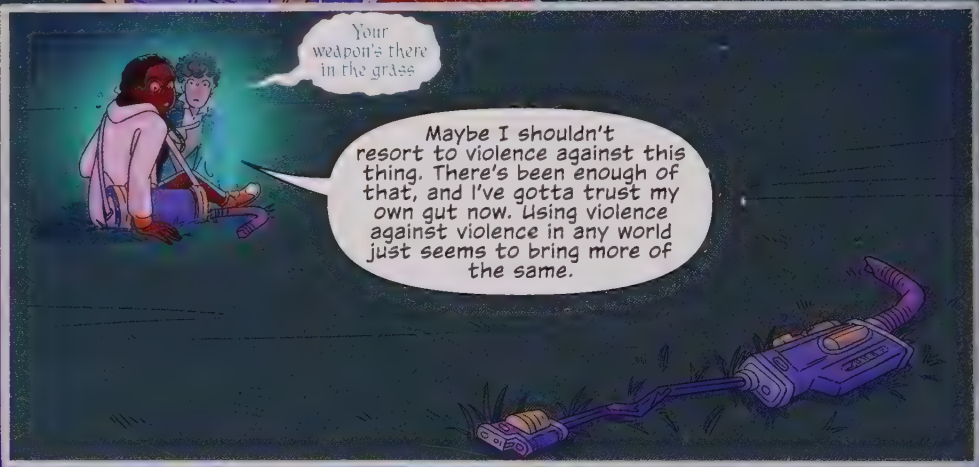




Chelsea!  
Chelsea! Are  
you all  
right?



I'm  
okay.



Your  
weapon's there  
in the grass

Maybe I shouldn't  
resort to violence against this  
thing. There's been enough of  
that, and I've gotta trust my  
own gut now. Using violence  
against violence in any world  
just seems to bring more of  
the same.



I'm  
going to try  
to talk to  
him!

Chelsea,  
wait--



Yeah, that's not gonna happen.

You've hurt people here in the past, and you're still hurting them now.

And I imagine that you might be hurting yourself...



Whoa.


My goodness!








OLIVER...  
I WAS  
ANGRY...AND  
CONFUSED.




DESPITE BEING THE BLEMISH ON THE  
FAMILY NAME, YOU HAD **EVERYTHING**. YOU  
DIDN'T EVEN FIGHT FOR THE COUNTRY'S  
HONOR, BUT PEOPLE STILL ADMIRED YOU.

EVEN THOUGH I WAS A WAR  
HERO, THEY NEVER LOOKED AT  
ME QUITE THE SAME WAY.




AND DAMMIT--**WHY ON EARTH**  
WOULD FATHER LEAVE EVERYTHING IN HIS WILL...  
TO **YOU**? YOU WANTED TO CHANGE THINGS THAT  
I THOUGHT SHOULDN'T BE CHANGED.

AND MAKE THE HARRINGTON  
PLANTATION SOME SORT OF SAFE  
HAVEN FOR RABBLE-ROUSERS  
AND UNDESIRABLES.




And by  
undesirables he  
means Black  
people.




I left the  
roaster in the  
grass...

You  
know, just  
in case...



It was because  
of your fear and anger  
that I lost the most  
precious thing that  
I had.


My life.



IT IS MY DUTY  
AND HONOR TO PROTECT MY  
FAMILY, AND I'LL DO IT FOR  
ALL ETERNITY. I'M NOT  
GOING TO APOLOGIZE FOR  
DOING WHAT I FELT  
WAS RIGHT.




Right???



You don't  
need an EMF  
reader to see  
that.

Holy Mother of  
God. I've never seen  
anything like it! This  
thing is clearly  
dangerous and using  
a lot of energy to  
manifest itself.



On three, Russ.  
I'm hitting it with  
everything  
I've got.



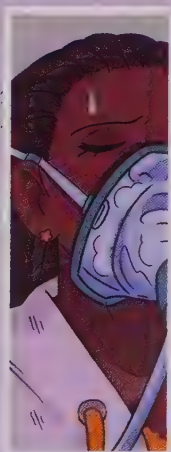
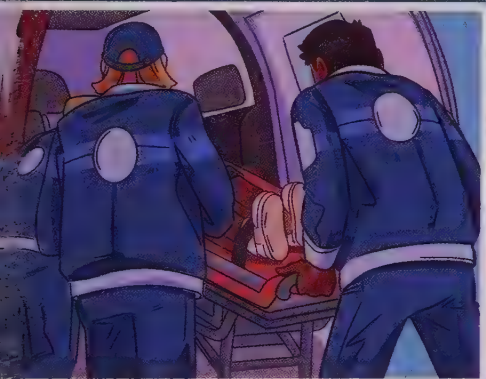






Marie! Yes, dear...  
What is it?







The cops were out in the lobby asking if they could get an incident report. I told them we'd mail it in.

From what you explained to us, Chelsea, you'd need to write a fantasy novel to even begin to explain what happened.



That's our little angel.

Special in so many surprising ways...that she keeps from her parents. I can't believe that all along you had Grandma's gift.

No wonder you've been acting so strange! That was a helluva secret to keep, sweet pea.



I just wish I could've done more to bring closure to Oliver and somehow help his uncle. I feel like we were almost there, if only I had more time.

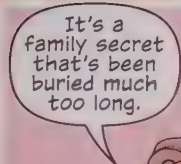


Honey, from the stories I've heard, he was beyond saving long before any of us were ever born.

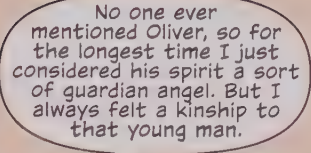
I'm just glad you're okay. That you all are. From your account, you uncovered the mystery of who Oliver was *and* did a great job assisting your dad with his work.



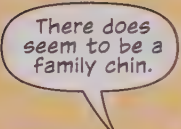
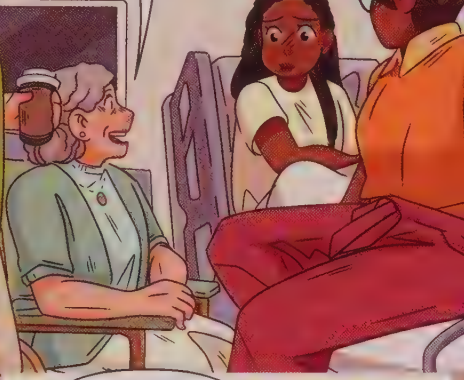
Oliver's story is a very important part of the history of New Orleans, and I can't wait to get back to the society and run it through our archives.



It's a family secret that's been buried much too long.



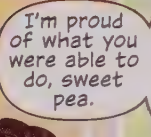
No one ever mentioned Oliver, so for the longest time I just considered his spirit a sort of guardian angel. But I always felt a kinship to that young man.



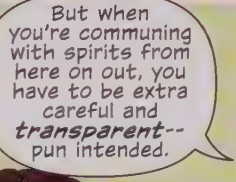
There does seem to be a family chin.



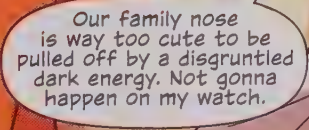
Hey--!



I'm proud of what you were able to do, sweet pea.




But when you're communing with spirits from here on out, you have to be extra careful and **transparent--** pun intended.



Our family nose is way too cute to be pulled off by a disgruntled dark energy. Not gonna happen on my watch.



One month later...




Oh, this home has been in my family for over two centuries. We plan to keep every original fixture just as it is for future generations to enjoy!



Everybody say "boooo!"

My dad is the corniest...

BOOOOOOOOOOO!



I can't believe you spent your whole summer in this creepy place!



CLAP CLAP CLAP

Welcome, everyone, to this monumental occasion making New Orleans's own Harrington Manor a national historic landmark.

CLAP CLAP



This over-200-year-old property will be available for the public to view and features a few very significant stories like the one we'd like to share with you today.

The life of Oliver Harrington, a pioneering, biracial grandson of John Harrington--the prominent New Orleans industrialist--was nearly erased from history.

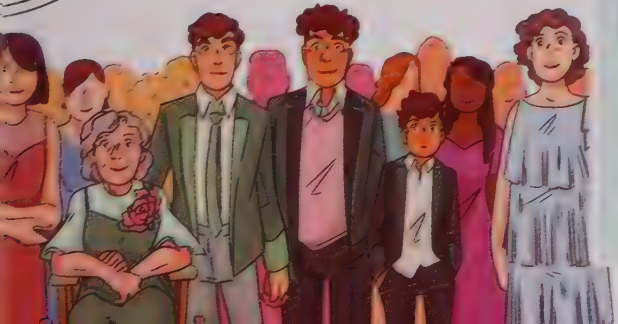
But thanks to the team of Doug, Chelsea, and Russell at Paranormal Removal Services, the fascinating story of this young philanthropist was brought to light.




And a huge thanks to Agnes and Scott Harrington for their help and participation.

A search in the basements of Harrington Manor led to the discovery of this intact 19th-century painting of the young proprietor.

Russ, if you will do us the honors...

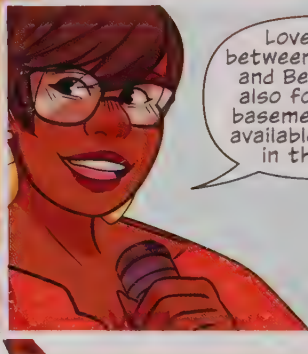




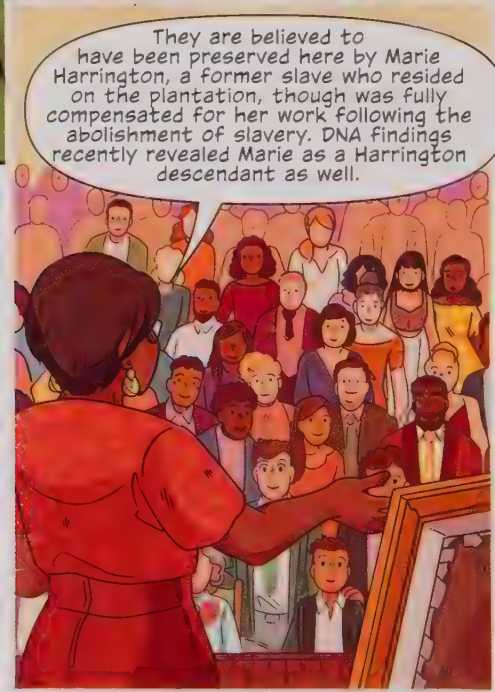
Meet Oliver Harrington Bernard, son of Olivia Harrington and Jean-Pierre Bernard.



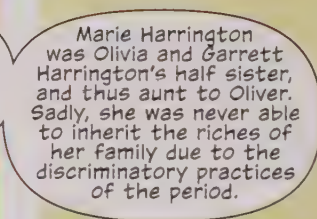
Wow. Vintage hottie alert.



Love letters between Harrington and Bernard were also found in the basement, and are available on display in the study.




They are believed to have been preserved here by Marie Harrington, a former slave who resided on the plantation, though was fully compensated for her work following the abolishment of slavery. DNA findings recently revealed Marie as a Harrington descendant as well.



Marie Harrington was Olivia and Garrett Harrington's half sister, and thus aunt to Oliver. Sadly, she was never able to inherit the riches of her family due to the discriminatory practices of the period.



Gasp!



Wow. That's heartbreaking.







Roman!



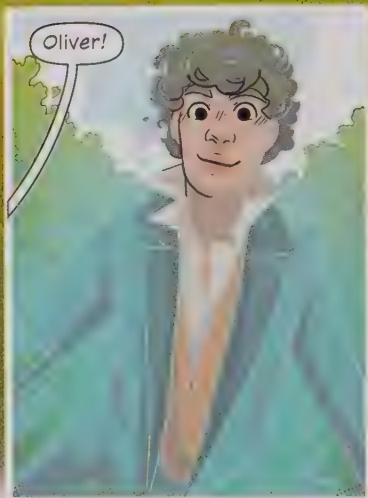
Oh my God,  
you don't know  
how happy it  
makes me to see  
a ghost.



PURRRRRRR



And you  
don't know how  
happy we are to  
see a pesky living  
person...





I'm actually dressed up in your honor. There are people from all over celebrating you today.



Is that what all that commotion is out there?



Yes. You've gotta come see it.



Wow... All of this for me?

It feels like the old days. Though these people are severely underdressed.



Yeah, you guys definitely have us beat on fashion every day of the week.



According to found records, he was born right here on the property...

You're a "legendary philanthropist."



I like the sound of that. Though that painting is atrocious. They could never get my hair right.



What's so funny?



And who are you talking to?

How dare you be enjoying yourself without us.



Just...being my normal, weird self.



That's our girl.

How come you didn't tell us there was a garden here! It looks so beautiful. They're doing a tour in like two minutes.

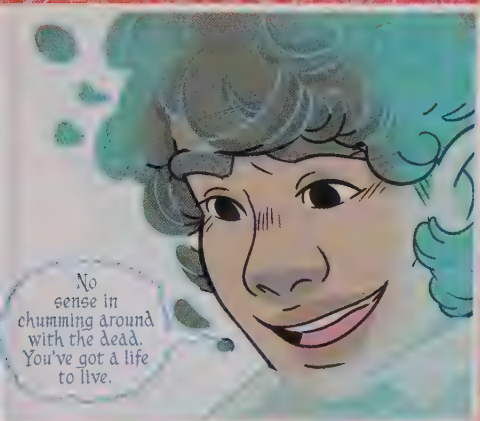


I smell a photo shoot coming on.

Definitely. Chelsea, you in?



I-- I...

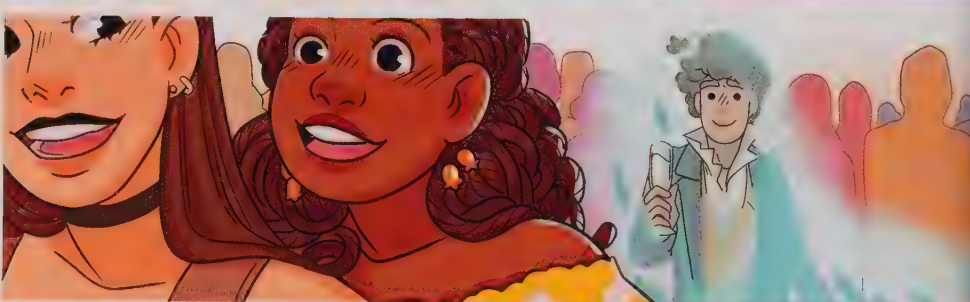


No sense in chumming around with the dead. You've got a life to live.



I'll stick around and enjoy the party.

Don't mind if I do.





**FIN**

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Eternal thanks to our inspiring mom and family, and to Shawny and Khalid for encouraging us every chance you get. Thank you to Taiwo for your tireless support. Emily, thank you, from the bottom of our hearts, for saying yes to going on this journey with us. You are absolute magic. Thank you, Aishwarya, for joining our band in such a momentous way. To our amazing team at Versify: Erika Turner, Weslie Turner, Andrea Miller, Monica Perez, and Bones Leopard, this book would not be possible without your shepherding and care. And thank you to Kwame Alexander for building this delightful playground for us all to collaborate in. Thank you to Isis Mancil, Danita Jones, Danielle Davis, Abby McGrath of Renaissance House, and John Jennings. Thank you to Keith Weldon Medley and to the city of New Orleans for inspiring us. To our supporters and readers, and everyone who has ever swapped ghost stories with us over the years: thank you!

**—Shawneé and Shawnelle**

Thank you to everyone who supported and never lost faith in *Ghost Roast*. In particular, thank you Shawnelle and Shawneé for championing my work and giving me such a gift of a story. If I could thank all the people I wanted to by name, I would run out of room. So instead, I'll say: This couldn't have been completed without my family and friends. They form my backbone, my heart, and the drive to keep moving forward. Thank you!

**—Emily**

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**—Aishwarya**



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Also available as an ebook.

# HOW DO YOU FIT IN WHEN YOUR DAD IS A GHOSTHUNTER—AND YOU'RE STARTING TO SEE SPIRITS TOO?

For as long as she can remember, Chelsea has tried everything she can think of to distance herself from her father's work as a "paranormal removal expert," a hard task when he's advertising proudly all over New Orleans! This year, she's all grown up and finally friends with the popular crowd at her fancy high school. Things are looking up—until a night on the town backfires spectacularly, landing her in hot water at home.

Her punishment? Working for her dad at Paranormal Removal Services. All. Summer.

Worst of all, her new job reveals an unexpected secret to keep: while Dad hunts ghosts with his own DIY tech, Chelsea can actually *see* them. And when she meets Oliver, a friendly spirit, at the mansion her dad is getting a handsome fee to exorcize, she realizes she has to find a way to save his afterlife, even if it risks everything her father's worked for.

 **VERSIFY**

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