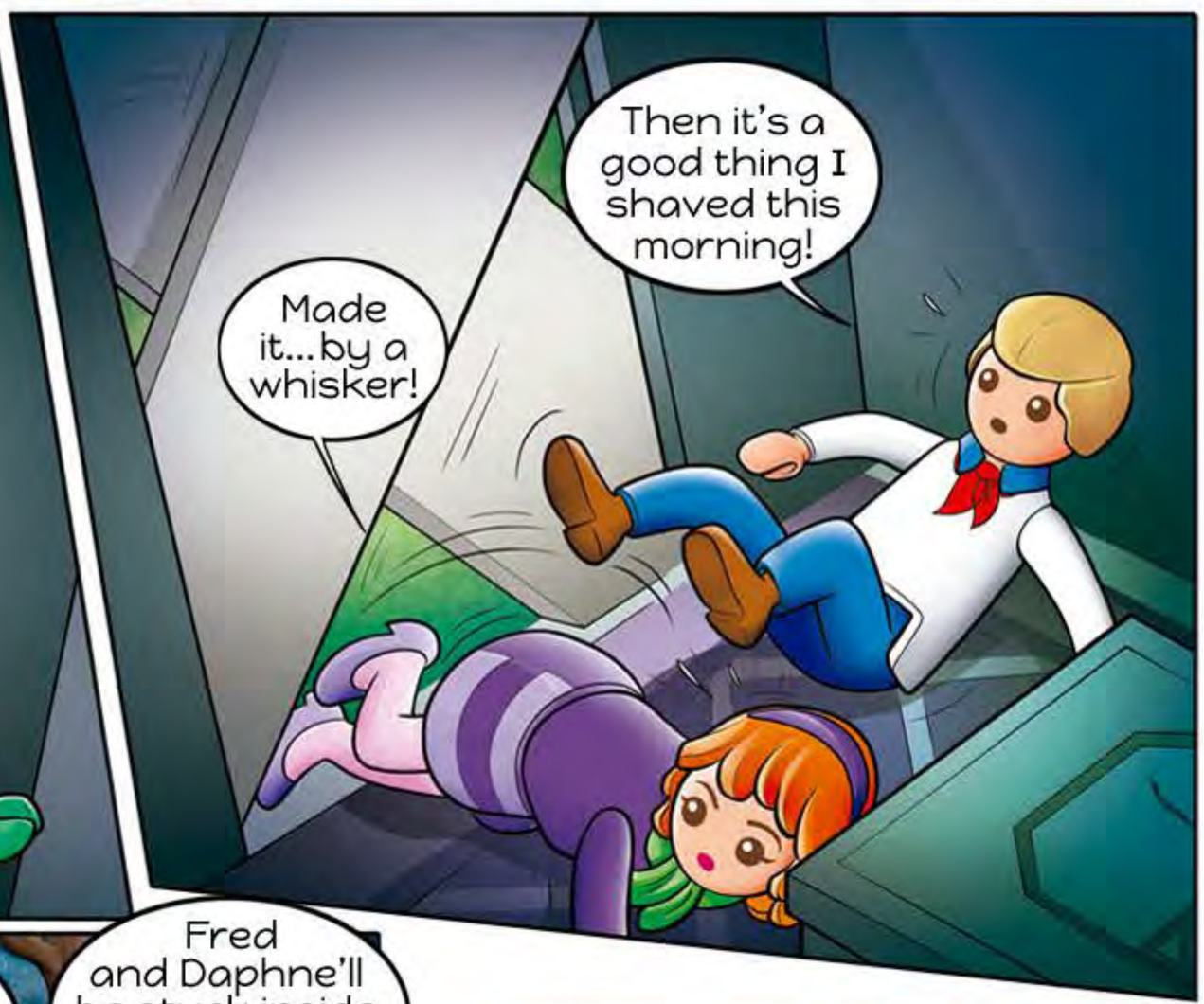
Like, you volunteer to spend time in this spooky old cemetery, Gabriel?
Sure, Shaggy! This cemetery is historic! My group's been restoring it... cleaning up, fixing the damage from the past few hundred years...
But I guess not everyone's happy we're doing it.
Really? Who'd complain about restoring a local landmark?
HOME OF THE GRAVE
Writer: Sholly Fisch - Art, Color and Letters: Comicon-SL, Marçal Abella, Ruben Montoya, Iñigo Moxo - Editor: Michael McCalister
MAY
NOT DISTURB
R.I.P.
FARLEY "LUCKY" CLOVER
1838-1899
HE SHOULD HAVE LOOKED WHERE HE WAS GOING
R.I.P.
Them!
The name is Alice May, and you are disturbing my rest! Leave this place...
... while you can!

Like, I'm guessing that's not the welcome wagon!
Ris rit rhe runwelcome ragon?
Maybe. I sure feel unwelcome!

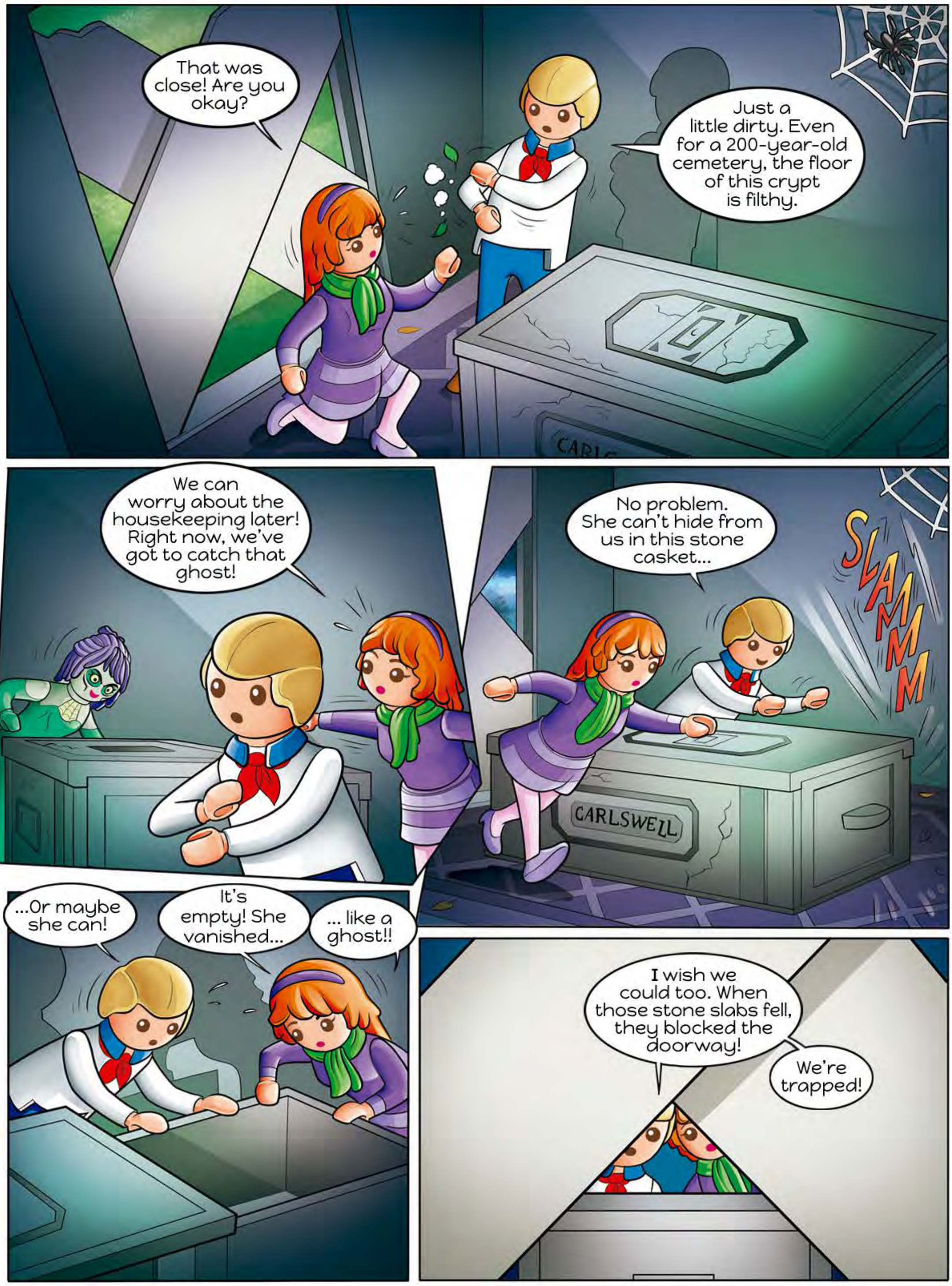
We can find out who they are...
...when we catch them!
DO NOT DISTURB

Look out! The ghost knocked over those heavy stone slabs!
Duck!


Then it's a good thing I shaved this morning!
Made it...by a whisker!

THUDOOOOMMMM!
Jinkies! Those slabs must weigh tons!
Fred and Daphne'll be stuck inside with that creature!

You can't escape the Creeper!
And I'm stuck outside with this one!


That was close! Are you okay?
Just a little dirty. Even for a 200-year-old cemetery, the floor of this crypt is filthy.
We can worry about the housekeeping later! Right now, we've got to catch that ghost!
No problem. She can't hide from us in this stone casket...
SLAMMM
CARLSWELL
...Or maybe she can!
It's empty! She vanished...
... like a ghost!!
I wish we could too. When those stone slabs fell, they blocked the doorway!
We're trapped!

Meanwhile...
Hiding here should, like, keep us safe for a little while.
I can't believe you, like, choose to hang out in these creepy catacombs, Gabriel.
It wasn't really much of a choice, Shaggy. I felt like I had to.
R.I.P.
BANK
"Rad to"? Rou rere rossessed?
Not "possessed," Scooby. I work in that bank over there, looking out at the cemetery every day.
Seeing this place in such poor condition made me sad. So I organized a group of volunteers to clean it up and repair it.
But I never thought ghosts would try to stop me.
Maybe they like it better with that messy, "unlived-in" look.
Whatever the reason, I'm just glad we're safely away from that Creeper!
Ruh-huh! Re roo.
Uh ...
Ruh-roh!

Looks like I spoke too soon!
You should've asked us!
Monsters, like, always appear after someone says we're safe!
Scooby! Shaggy! Run this way!
Rokay!
R.I.P.
R.I.P.
Like, what's so special about running in this direction, Velma? It's still inside this grisly graveyard...
...and so is he!
True. But this direction has some...

...surprises!
Whaaaa...?
WHUMPPP!
Unnf!
Whew! It sure was lucky that skeleton popped up at just the right time!
R.I.P.
It was not luck, Gabriel...
...it was this switch hidden in the grass! Stepping on the switch makes that phony skeleton pop up.
R.I.P.
And it's right in the same place where Alice May was standing before.

It seemed strange that an old cemetery would have a skeleton lying around in a casket, unburied. So while the ghost was busy chasing you, I investigated.
See? It's plastic.
NOK NOK
And if the skeleton's just a trick...
Hold on... That's Mister Carswell... my boss at the bank! Why would he pretend to be the Creeper?
...I figured maybe everything else is a trick, too!
Ooooog ...
I don't know. But there's a more immediate question we have to answer first...
Rhat rabout Red rand Raphne?
Zoinks! That's right!
Fred and Daphne are, like, trapped in that moldy mausoleum with no way out!
I wouldn't say no way out...

"And it did! There was a trapdoor inside the stone casket, with a dark tunnel underneath!"

"Some of the dirt must have spilled on the floor of the crypt when they were digging the tunnel."

WELL

After we found our fake "ghost" hiding in the tunnel, we just had to walk the rest of way through to find a way out.

Guess where the tunnel leads? Straight to that bank!

BANK

My bank?

You mean MY bank!

Alice and the Creeper must've been planning to tunnel in and rob the bank!

Yeah, we had to break in from outside so nobody would suspect that Carswell stole the loot.

This old, deserted cemetery was perfect. There was never anybody around to see us digging...until those meddling volunteers started fixing up the place! We had to scare them away before they found out.

Shaggy? Where are you going?

Home to bed!

After all this craziness, that's the only place where I want to rest in peace!

THE-END