

It was Brian's fault.
This morning, he said,



You know what would
ACTUALLY be spooky?
Sneaking up to the attic.
It's **HAUNTED.**

It was Lisa's fault.
This morning, she said,



Let's go to
the attic.

And play
a game.

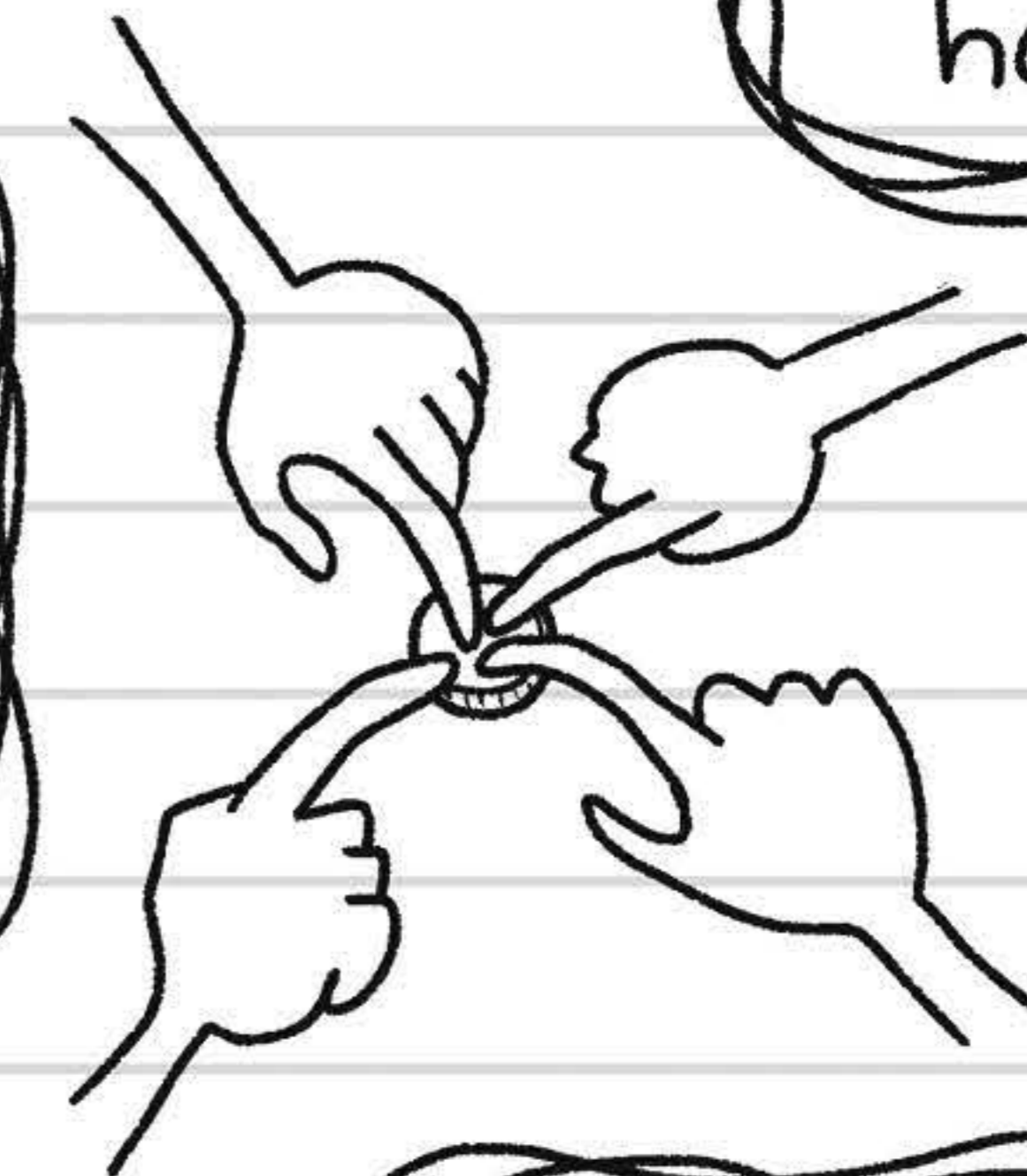
My cousin taught
me. It's called ...

SPIRIT OF THE **COIN**

and call forth a
SPIRIT.

NO matter
what
happens...

We place
our fingers
on a regular
coin ...



before we send
the **SPIRIT** back
to wherever it
came from...

DO NOT
TAKE YOUR FINGER
OFF THE COIN.

Are... Are you the one...
who cursed me?

What a delightful pleasure it is
to finally meet
my victim.

Did... Did you spill that coffee?

All it took was a suddenly,
mysteriously
slippery floor.

That coffee was STEAMING!

And scalding.

As I said,
perfectly good coffee.

And I heard

coffee

is his favourite drink.

WAIT! You were trying to hurt HIM?

Don't worry,

HANNAH.

I won't let anyone,

no one,

meddle in our little game.

Why are you doing this?

Hello???

ANSWER ME!

PLEASE!!!

DAY 4, THURSDAY MORNING

Again,

I'm bleeding.

This time
from my
mouth.

It's a warning:

Hannah,

FOUR days left
before your time
is up.

A tooth
lands on
the page.

The tip

of my tongue
slips into a hole
where my front
tooth should be.