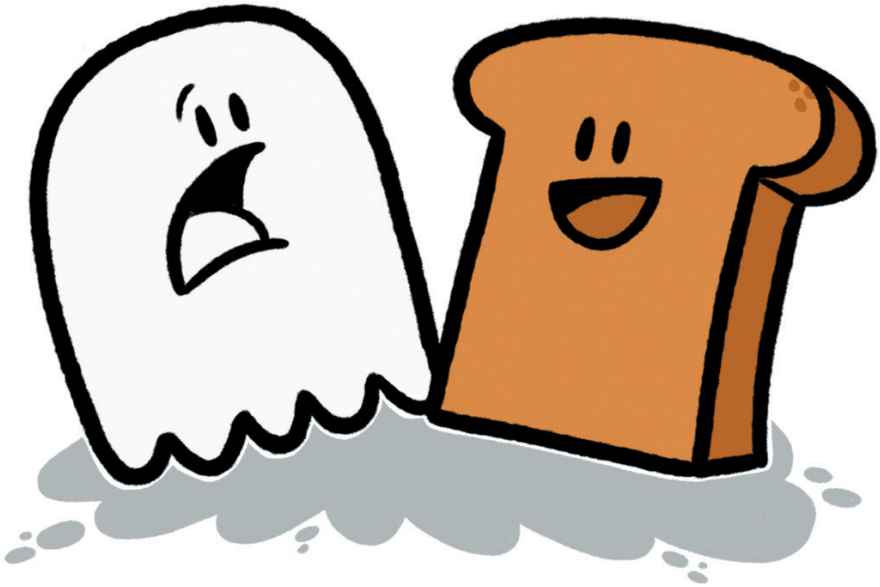
PHIL CORBETT

GHOST AND TOAST

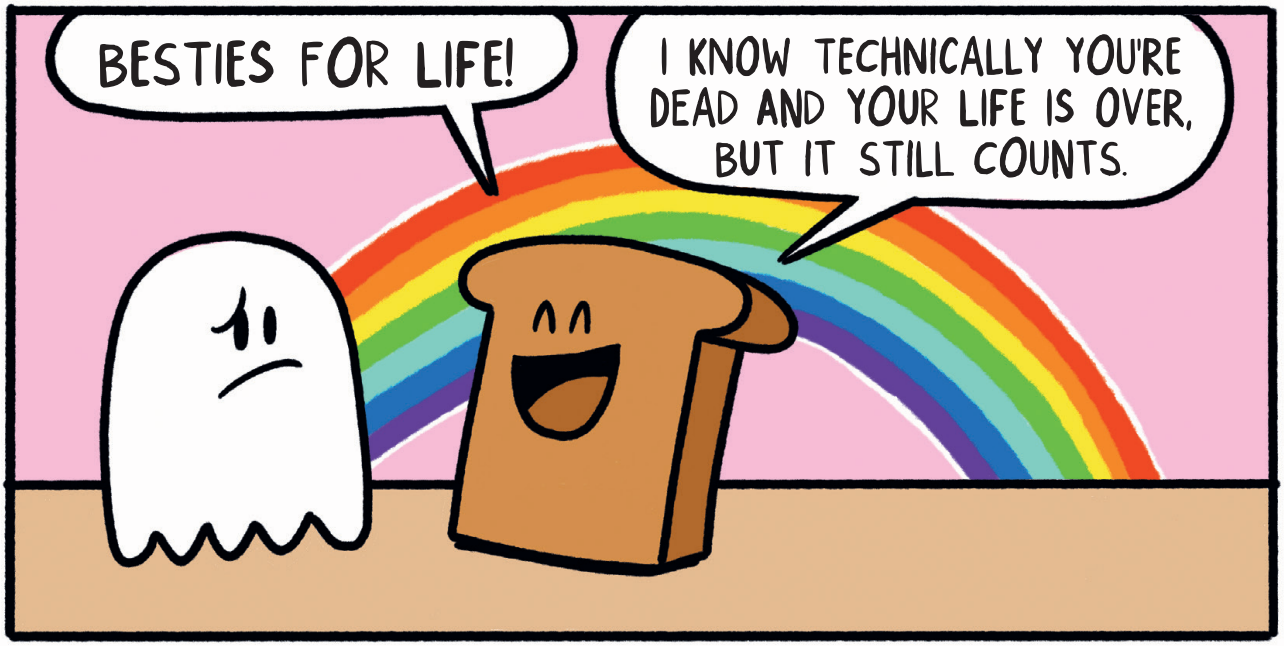
SLICE TO MEET YOU!

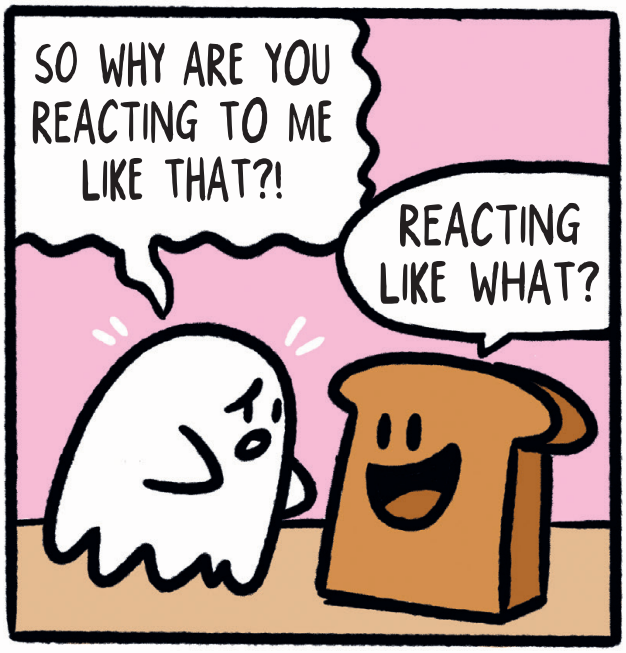


Piccadilly

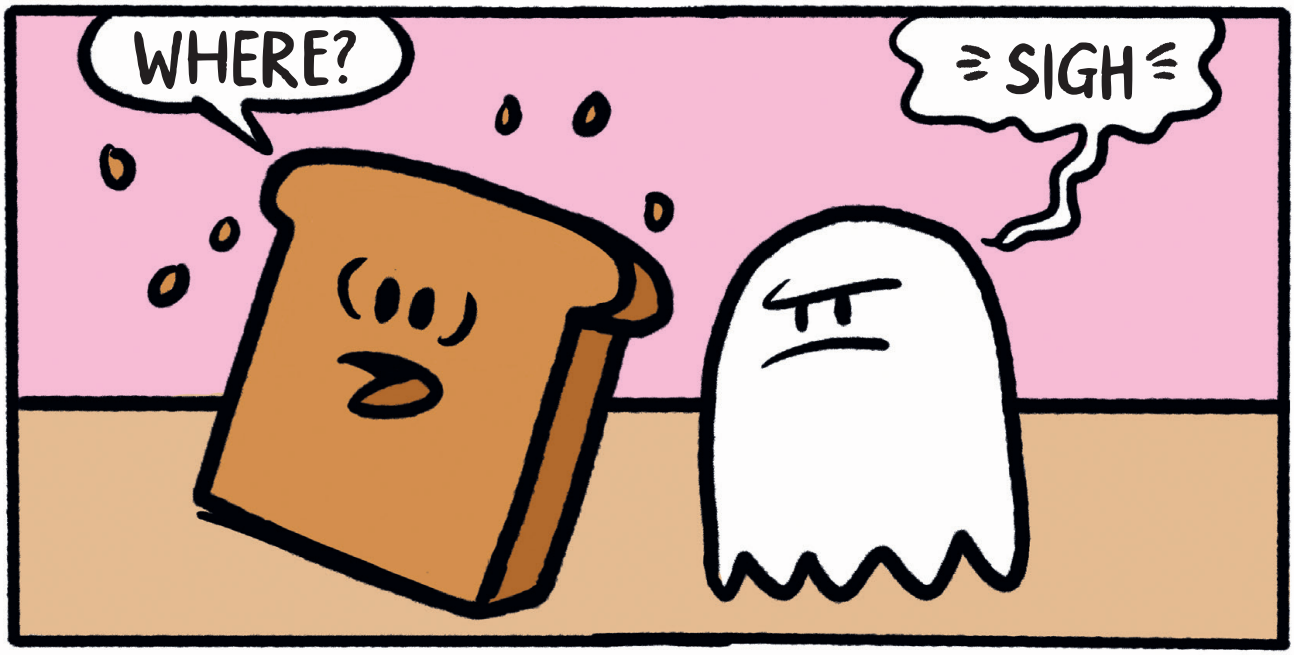

DUM DE DUM DE DUM.
AH, THERE YOU ARE, TOAST.
I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU.
HUH?
WAAAHHH! A GHOST!
WHAT?! WHERE?!


OH, IT'S ME. I'M THE GHOST.
OH, IT IS YOU. HI, GHOST.
SIGH.
TOAST, HOW LONG HAVE WE KNOWN EACH OTHER?
WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR AGES NOW.
I SAID 'KNOWN EACH OTHER', I DIDN'T SAY FRIENDS.
YOU'RE RIGHT. BEST FRIENDS!
WELL, WE'RE MORE LIKE CASUAL ACQUAINTANCES.
AND WE'VE BEEN ACQUAINTED FOR QUITE A LONG TIME.

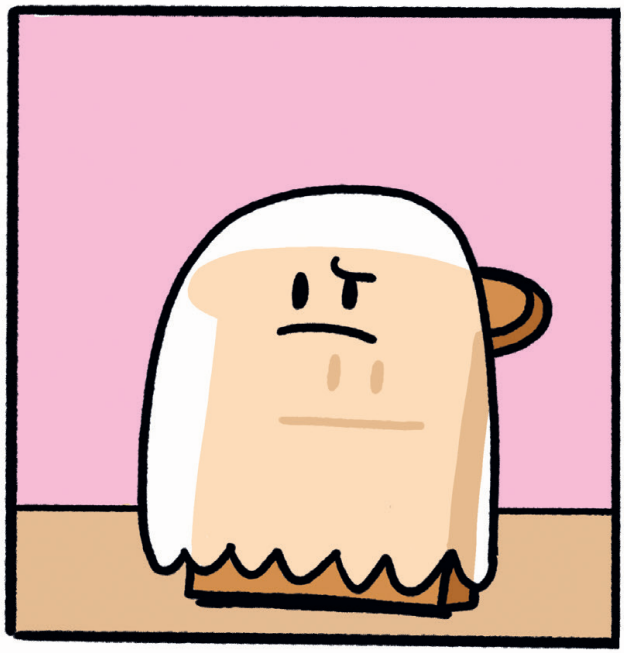

BESTIES FOR LIFE!
I KNOW TECHNICALLY YOU'RE DEAD AND YOUR LIFE IS OVER, BUT IT STILL COUNTS.

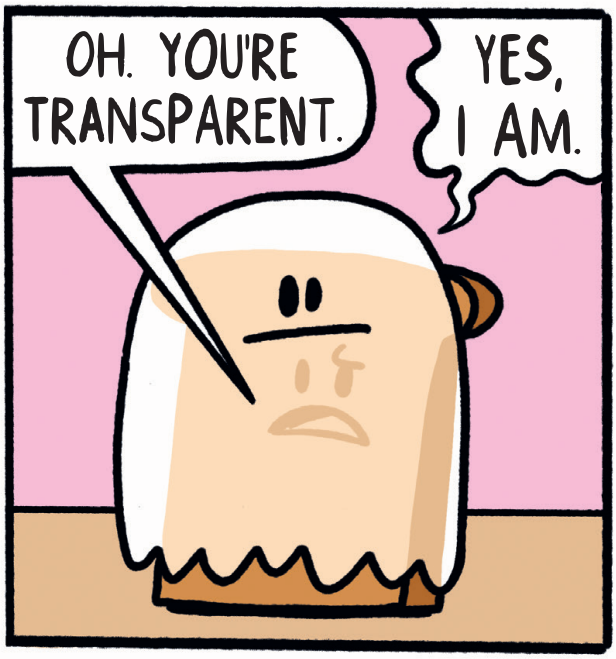

SO WHY ARE YOU REACTING TO ME LIKE THAT?!
REACTING LIKE WHAT?


TERRIFIED! LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST.
A GHOST?!

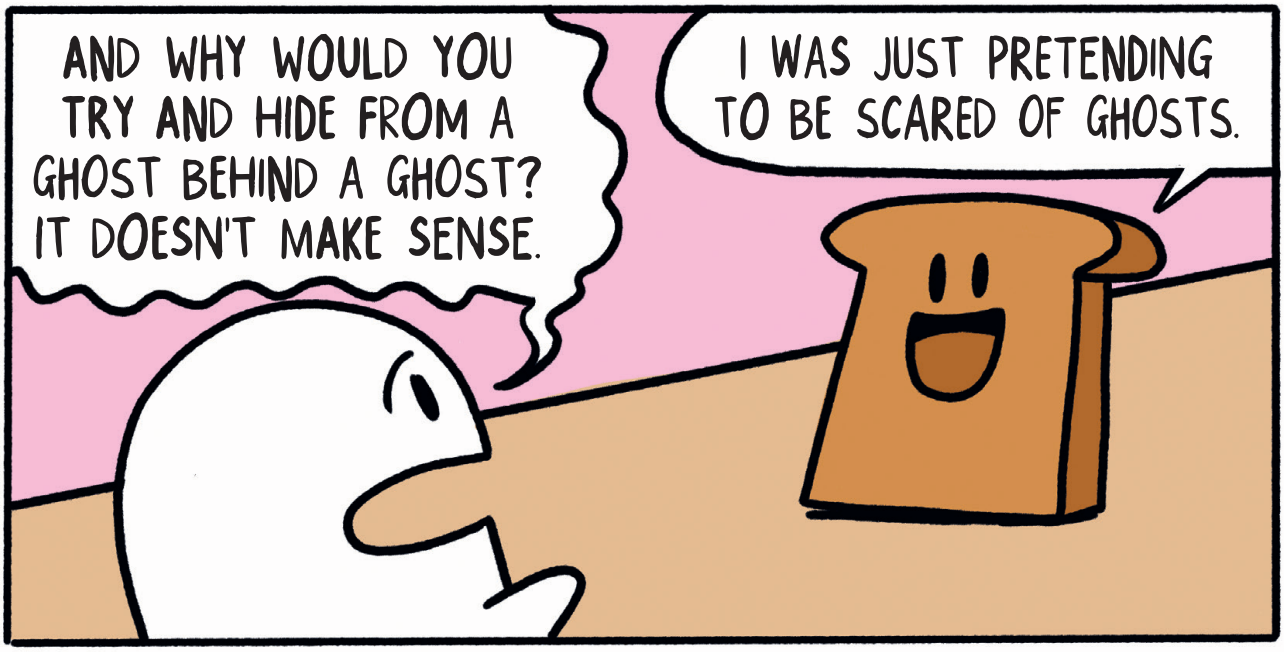

WHERE?
SIGH

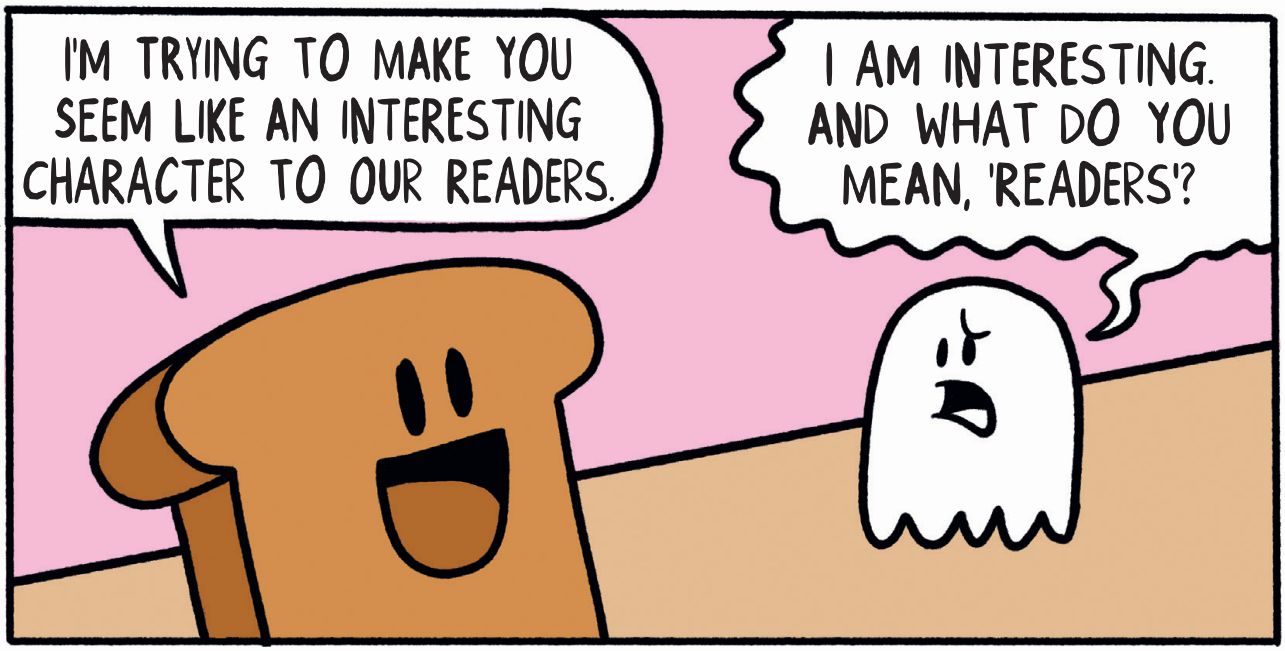

GHOSTS ARE TERRIFYING!
YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE ME.

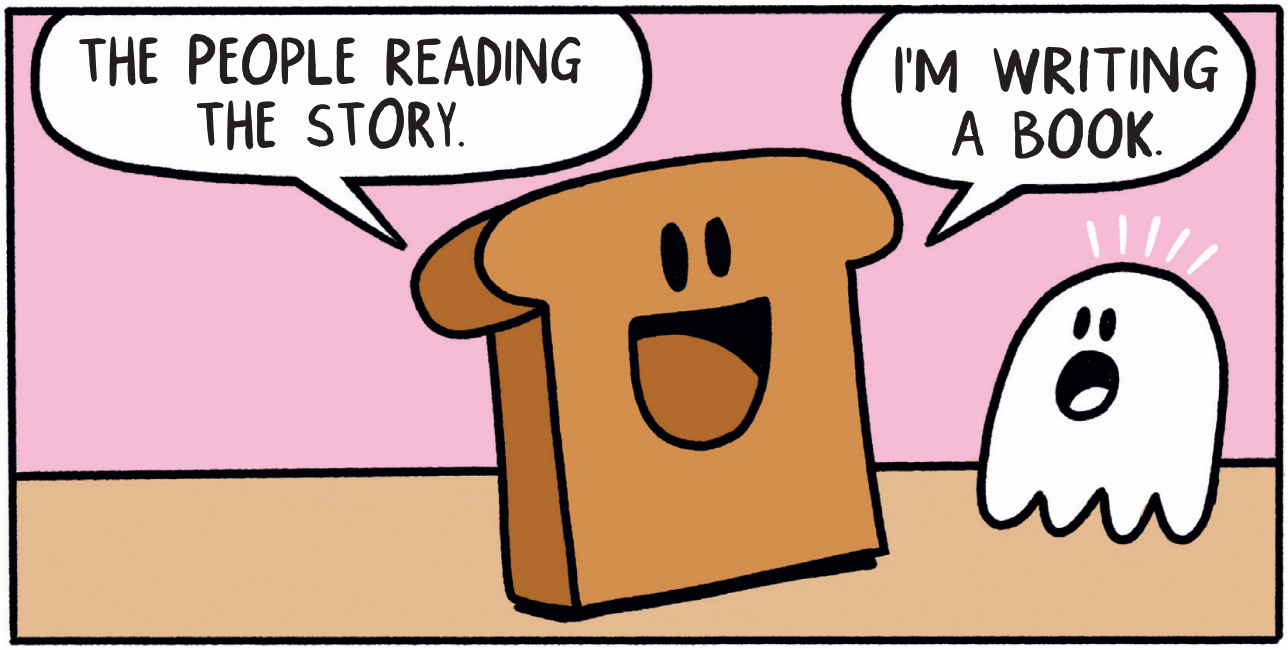


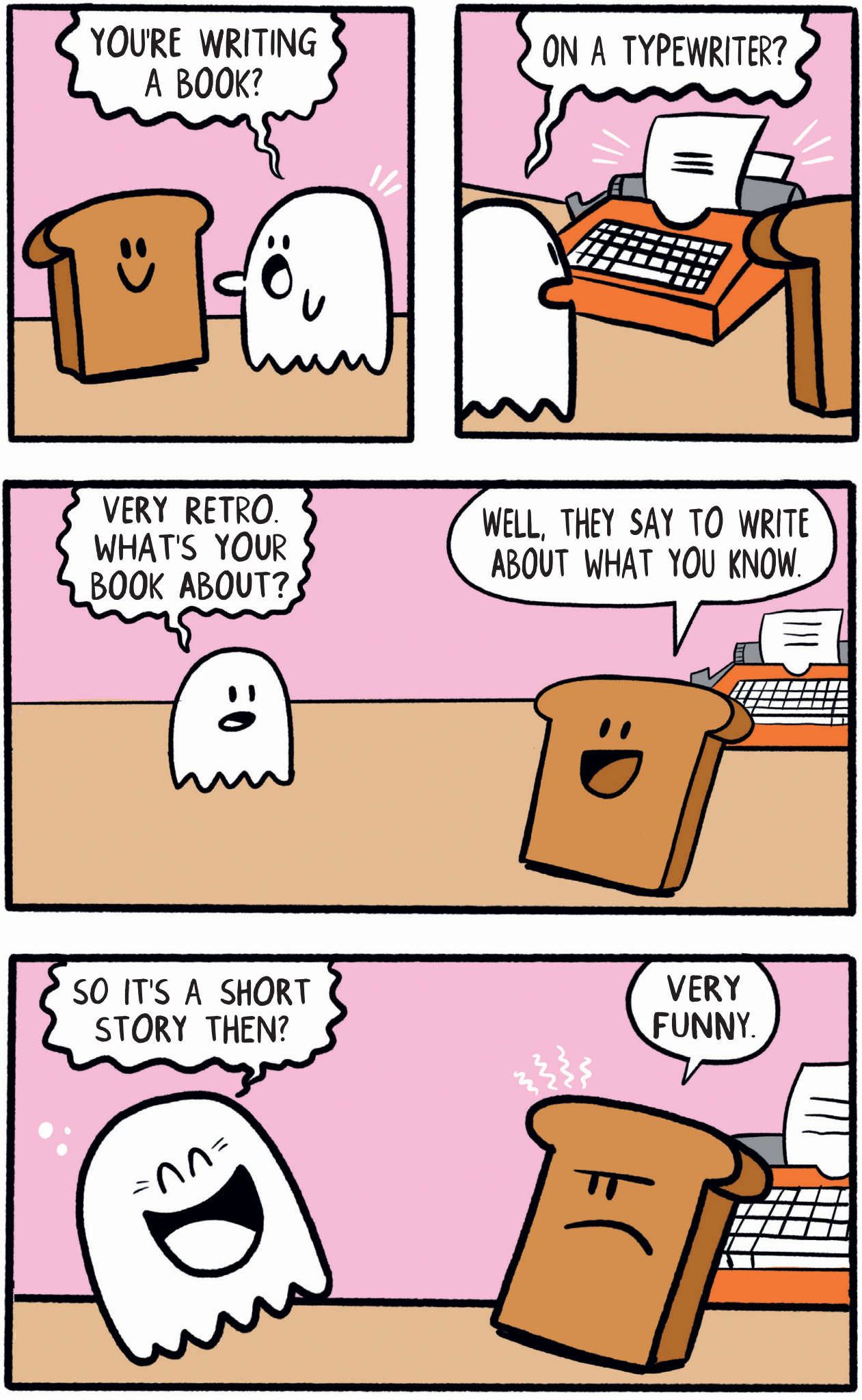

OH. YOU'RE TRANSPARENT.
YES, I AM.


BECAUSE I AM A GHOST.
A GHOST THAT YOU KNOW.


AND WHY WOULD YOU TRY AND HIDE FROM A GHOST BEHIND A GHOST? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.
I WAS JUST PRETENDING TO BE SCARED OF GHOSTS.

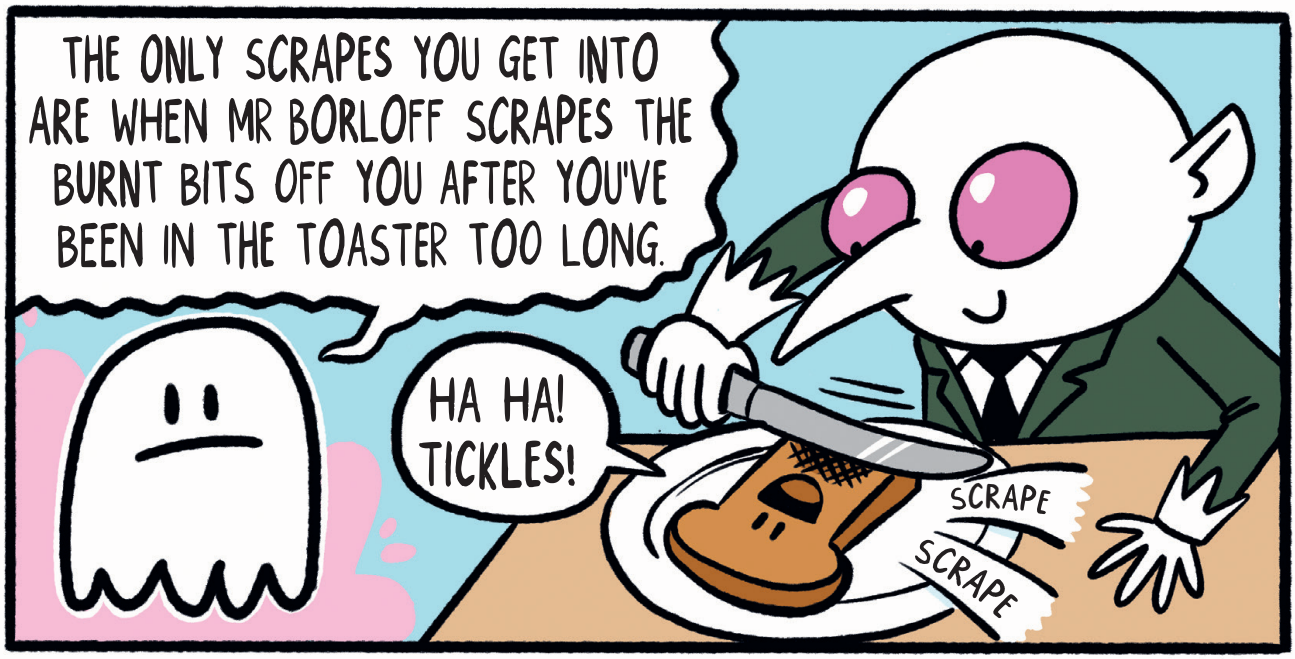

I'M TRYING TO MAKE YOU SEEM LIKE AN INTERESTING CHARACTER TO OUR READERS.
I AM INTERESTING. AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'READERS'?

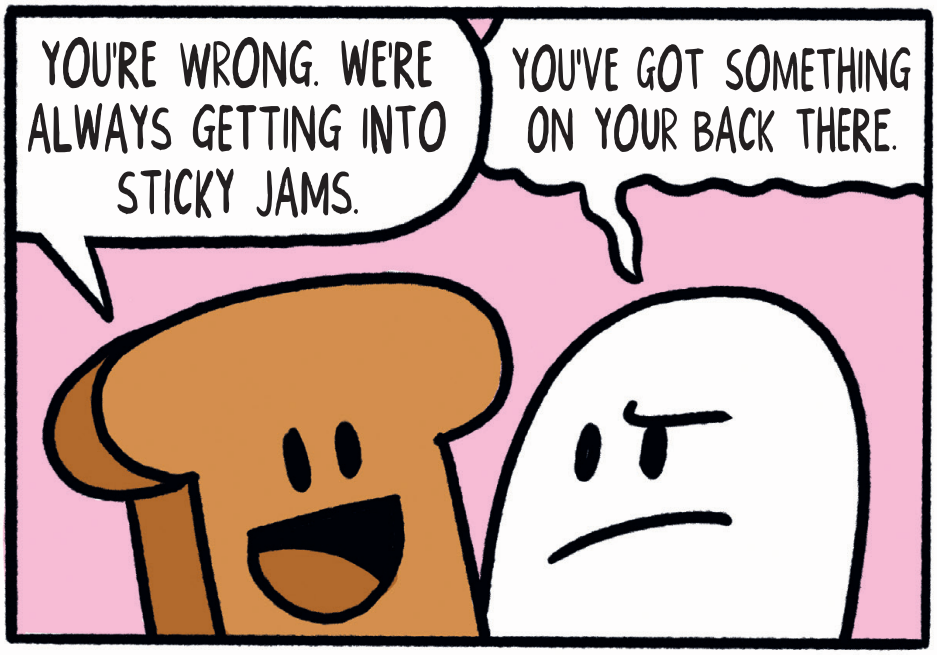

THE PEOPLE READING THE STORY.
I'M WRITING A BOOK.

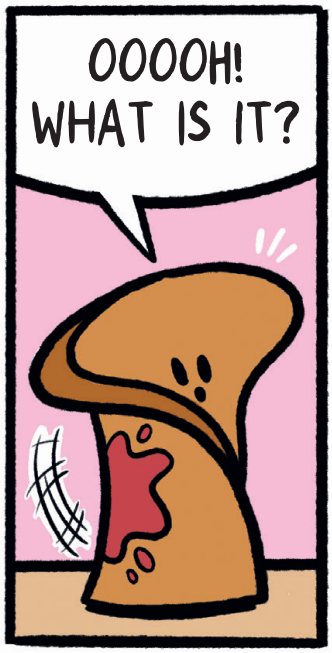

YOU'RE WRITING A BOOK?
ON A TYPEWRITER?
VERY RETRO. WHAT'S YOUR BOOK ABOUT?
WELL, THEY SAY TO WRITE ABOUT WHAT YOU KNOW.
SO IT'S A SHORT STORY THEN?
VERY FUNNY.

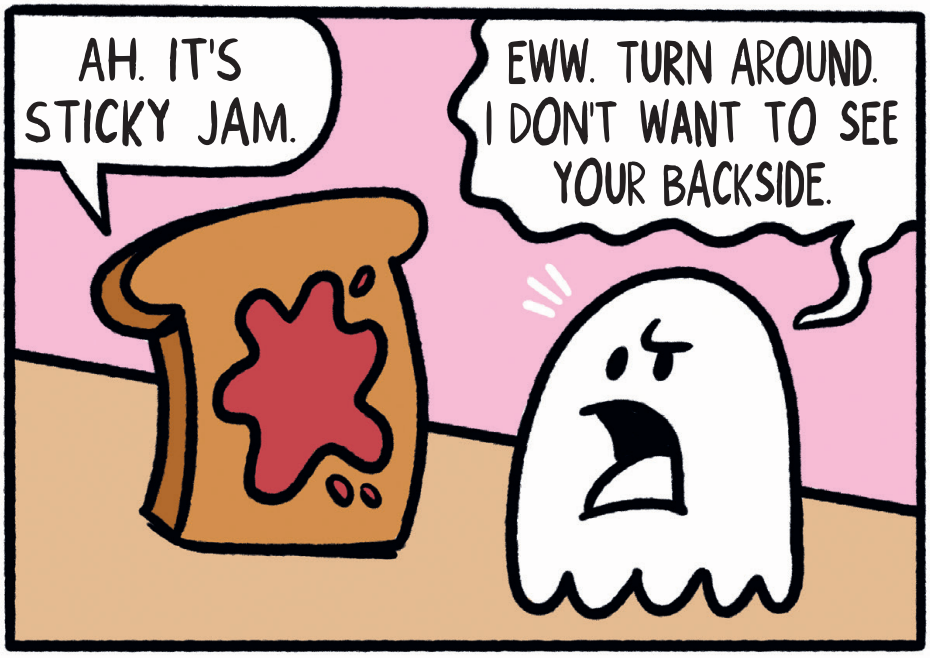

I'M WRITING ABOUT ALL THE EXCITING ADVENTURES WE HAVE.
WE DON'T HAVE ANY EXCITING ADVENTURES. I'D SAY THAT OUR LIVES ARE PRETTY MUNDANE.

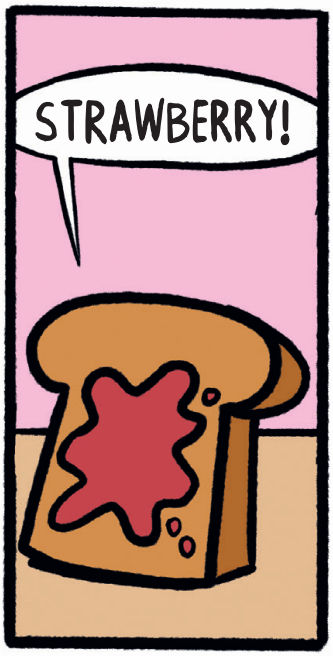

WHICH IS SURPRISING, SEEING AS YOU'RE A TALKING SLICE OF TOAST AND I'M AN ACTUAL GHOST.
WHAT? WE'RE ALWAYS GETTING INTO HILARIOUS SCRAPES.


THE ONLY SCRAPES YOU GET INTO ARE WHEN MR BORLOFF SCRAPES THE BURNT BITS OFF YOU AFTER YOU'VE BEEN IN THE TOASTER TOO LONG.
HA HA! TICKLES!
SCRAPE
SCRAPE

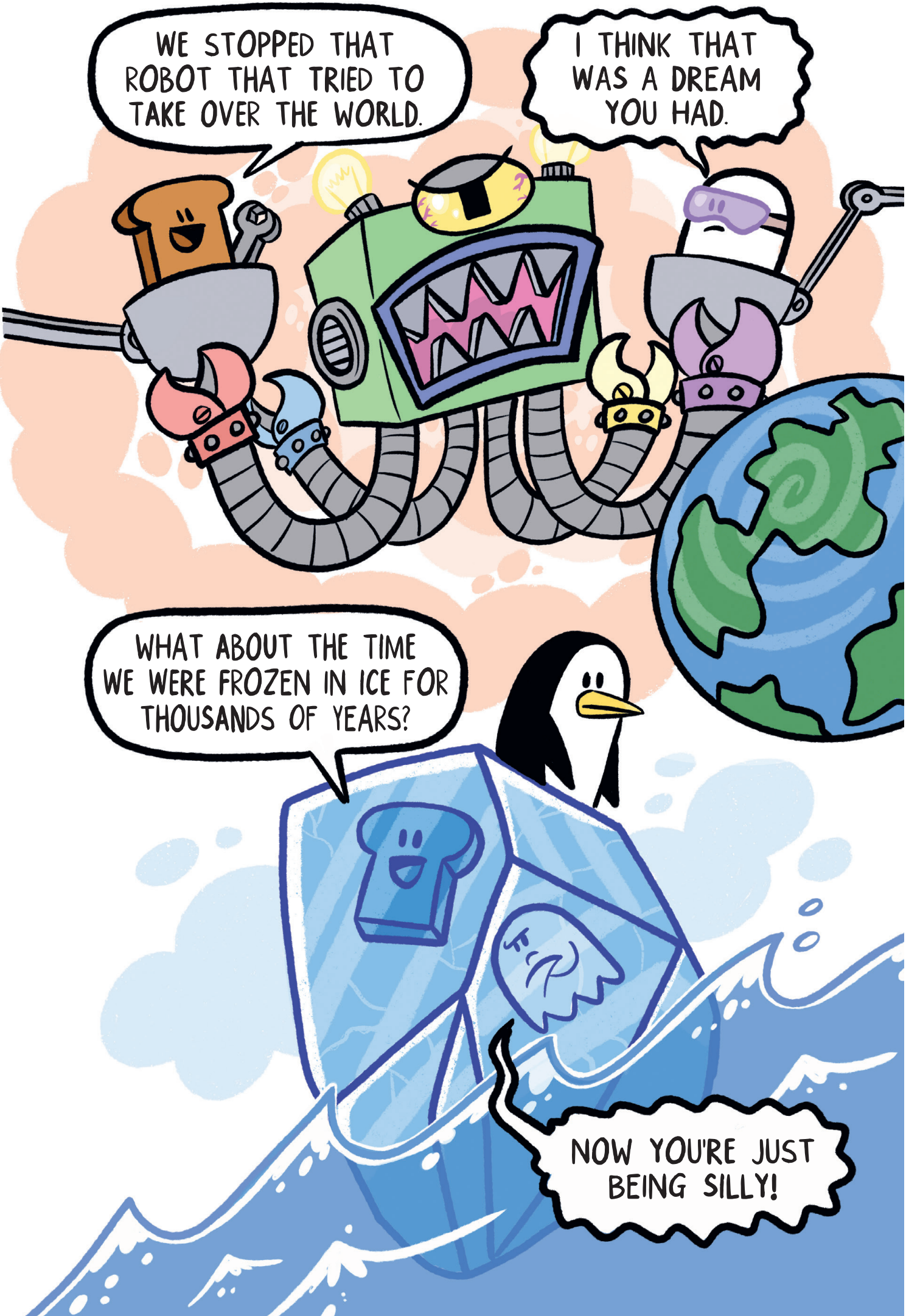

YOU'RE WRONG. WE'RE ALWAYS GETTING INTO STICKY JAMS.
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING ON YOUR BACK THERE.

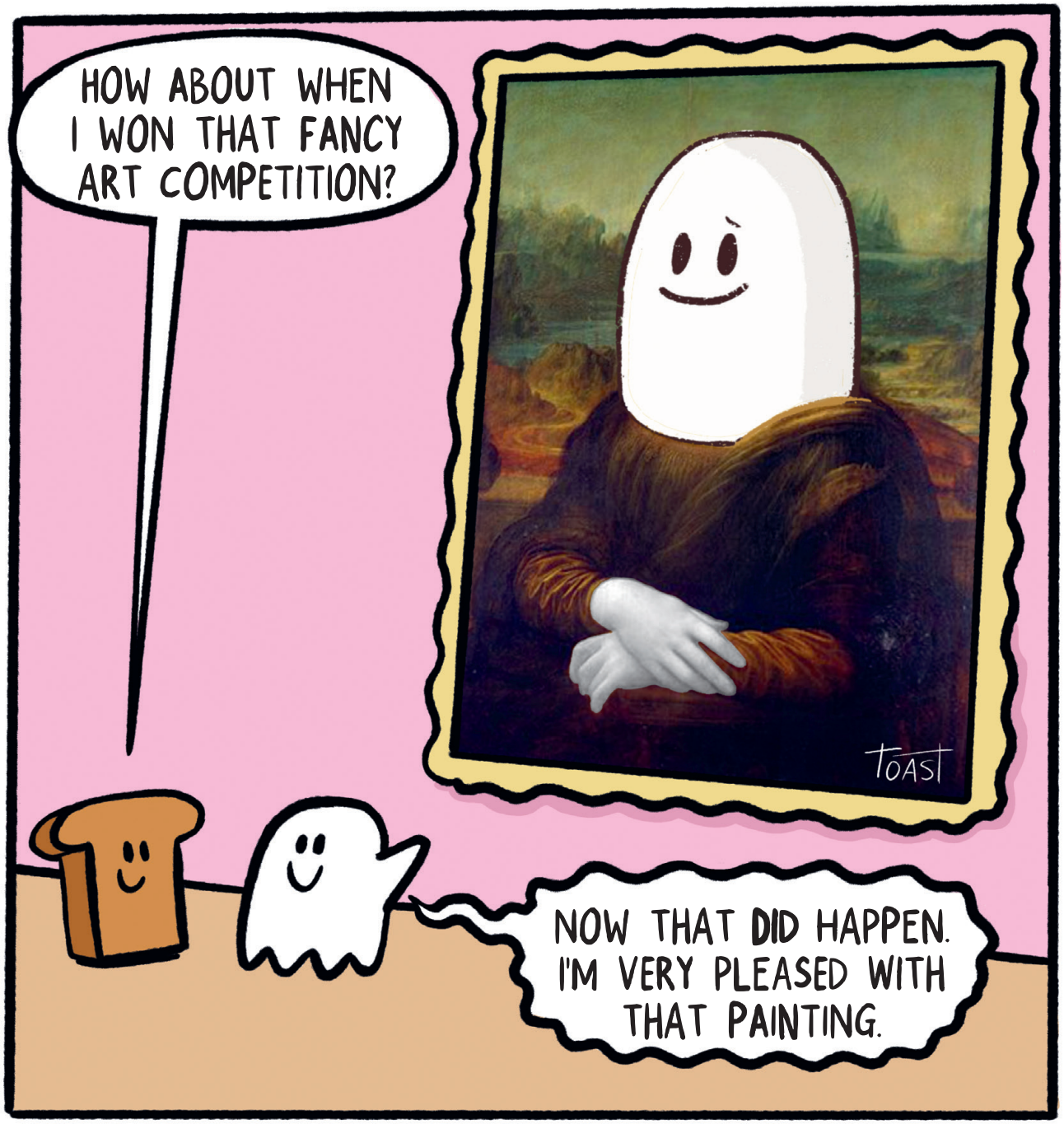

OOOOH! WHAT IS IT?


AH. IT'S STICKY JAM.
EWW. TURN AROUND. I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOUR BACKSIDE.


STRAWBERRY!

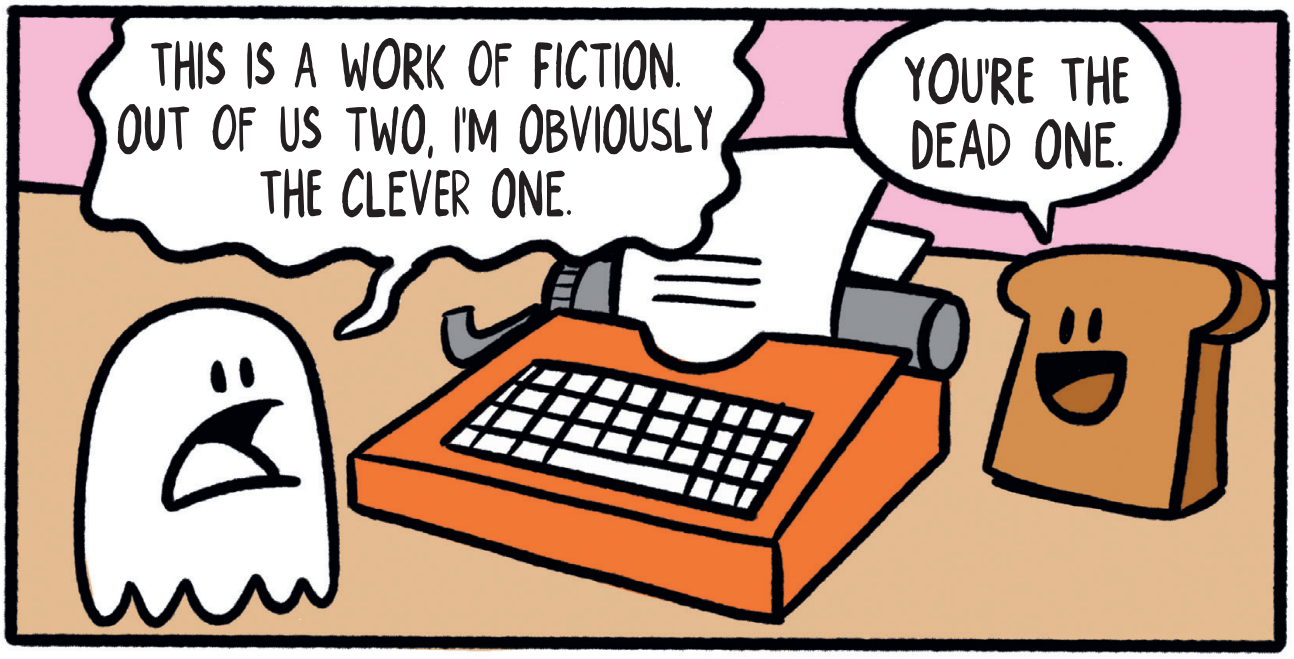

REMEMBER WE WENT ON A TREASURE HUNT WITH THAT MAP I FOUND?
THE MAP YOU DREW YOURSELF WITH FELT TIPS?
HOW ABOUT WHEN WE WENT BACK IN TIME AND FOUGHT THAT FEARSOME DRAGON?
I THINK YOU MEAN DINOSAUR. DRAGONS AREN'T REAL AND NEITHER ARE TIME MACHINES.


WE STOPPED THAT ROBOT THAT TRIED TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD.
I THINK THAT WAS A DREAM YOU HAD.
WHAT ABOUT THE TIME WE WERE FROZEN IN ICE FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS?
NOW YOU'RE JUST BEING SILLY!

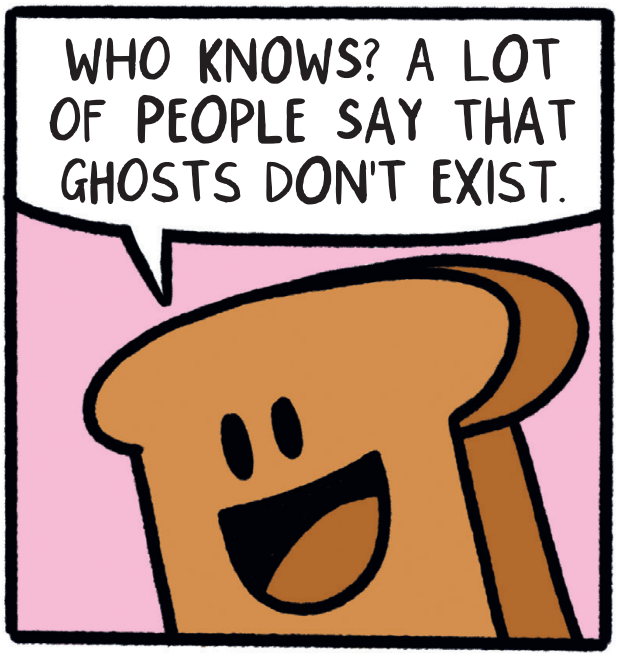

HOW ABOUT WHEN I WON THAT FANCY ART COMPETITION?
TOAST
NOW THAT DID HAPPEN. I'M VERY PLEASED WITH THAT PAINTING.

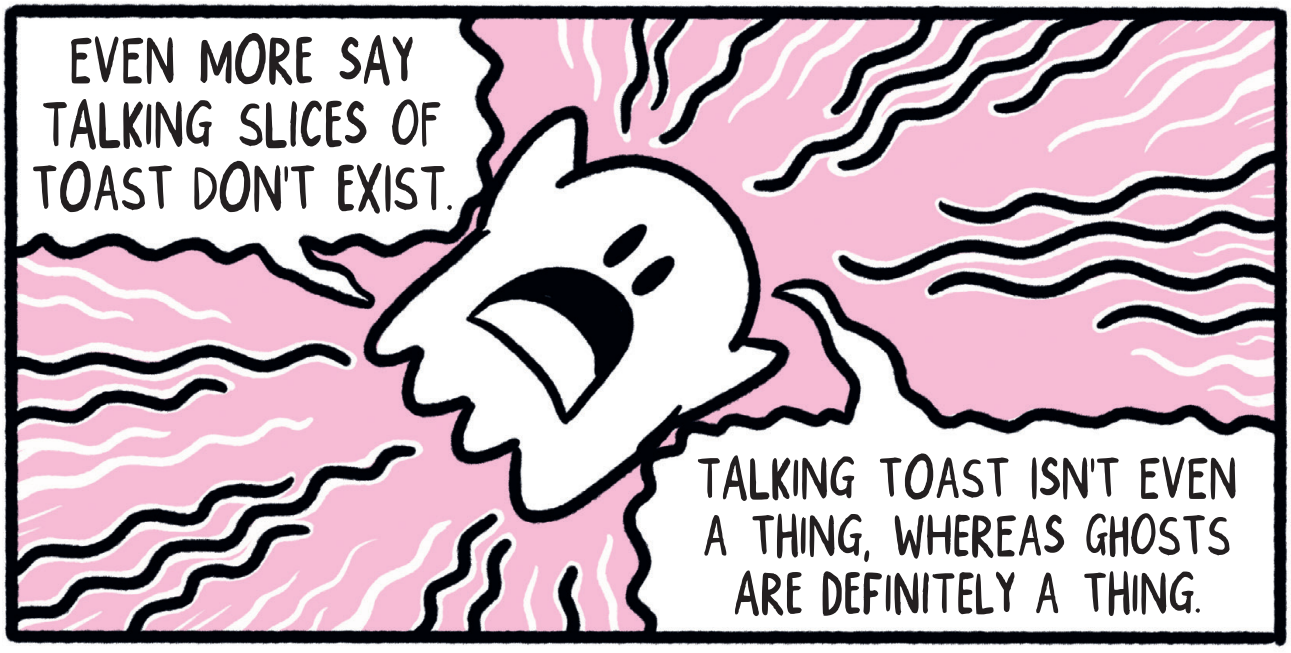

SO NOW YOU'RE A WRITER? COULD I HAVE A READ?
BE MY GUEST.


Ghost & Toast
My name's Toast.
I'm the clever one.


THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION. OUT OF US TWO, I'M OBVIOUSLY THE CLEVER ONE.
YOU'RE THE DEAD ONE.

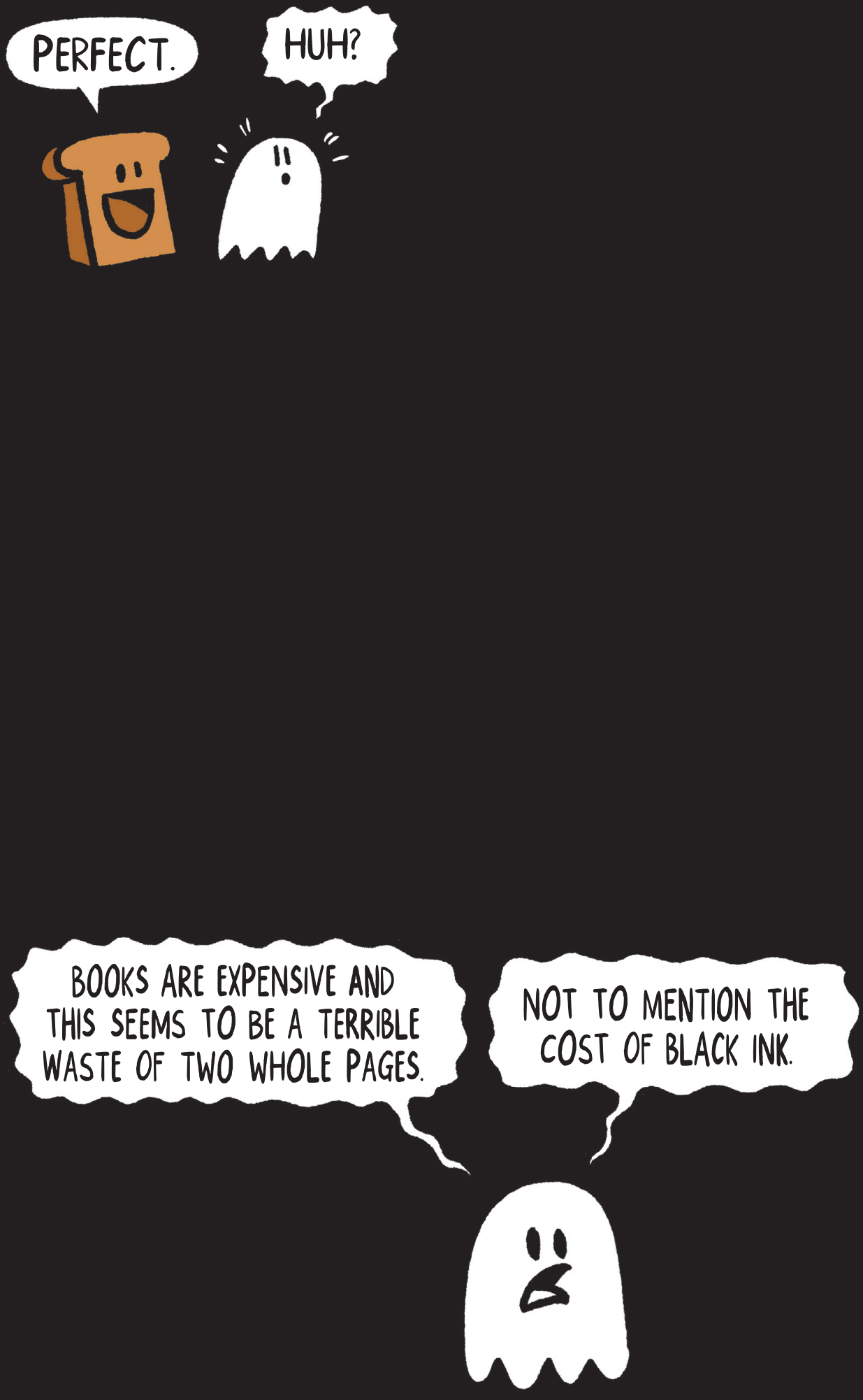

I'M THE DEAD ONE?! HOW CAN A SLICE OF TOAST EVEN BE ALIVE?

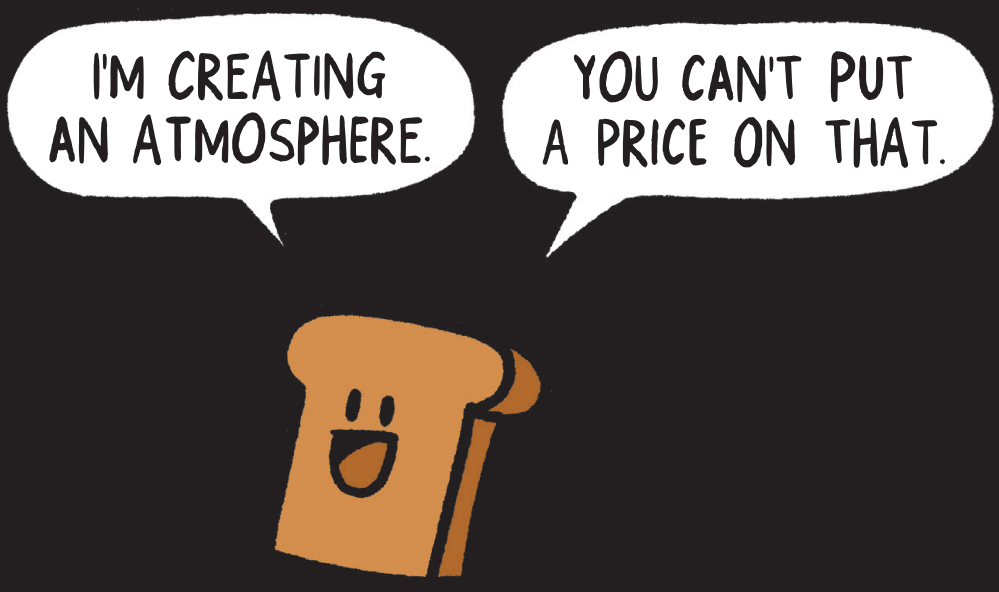

WHO KNOWS? A LOT OF PEOPLE SAY THAT GHOSTS DON'T EXIST.


EVEN MORE SAY TALKING SLICES OF TOAST DON'T EXIST.
TALKING TOAST ISN'T EVEN A THING, WHEREAS GHOSTS ARE DEFINITELY A THING.


TOAST, IT'S FOR YOU. IT'S THE BOOKSHOP.
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME WITH THIS RUBBISH. NO ONE'S GOING TO READ IT!
IT'S THE BOOKSHOP?
OF COURSE. WHERE ELSE WOULD I SELL MY BOOK?
BUT IT'S NOT EVEN WRITTEN YET.
HELLO? TOAST SPEAKING.


YOU THINK THIS BOOK SHOULD BE A GRAPHIC NOVEL?
I SUPPOSE DRAWING IT WOULD BE EASIER THAN TYPING IT . . .
IT
BECAUSE TYPING IS HARD AS I DON'T HAVE FINGERS. I'M A SLICE OF TOAST.
YES, I'M SURE I'LL BE ABLE TO MANAGE A PEN.
I SHOULD START IT WHEN I FIRST MET GHOST?
OK. I'LL GET STUCK RIGHT IN THEN. BYE-BYE.
DO YOU REMEMBER THAT DARK NIGHT WHEN WE FIRST MET?
YES, IT WAS VERY DARK.
EVEN DARKER THAN THIS?
HOW ARE YOU DOING THAT?


PERFECT.
HUH?
BOOKS ARE EXPENSIVE AND THIS SEEMS TO BE A TERRIBLE WASTE OF TWO WHOLE PAGES.
NOT TO MENTION THE COST OF BLACK INK.


I'M CREATING AN ATMOSPHERE.
YOU CAN'T PUT A PRICE ON THAT.


IT WAS ON A NIGHT AS DARK AS THIS THAT YOU ARRIVED AT THE MANSION.
AM I SUPPOSED TO IMAGINE THIS?
NO, SILLY. YOU READ THE WORDS AND LOOK AT THE PICTURES. THAT'S HOW COMICS WORK.
OK. LET'S BEGIN.

GHOST
ARRIVES