



MAGIC. MYSTERIES. MONSTERS. ...AND WE'RE THE MONSTERS.



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Let me tell you about exile. Or rather, **ostracism**.

**TWILIGHT  
DETECTIVE  
AGENCY**

The ancient Greeks used to practice Ostracism on any citizen who threatened the stability of the state. They called it **Ostrakophoria**.

Basically, disruptive citizens were cut off from their community as if they didn't exist; no one spoke to or interacted with them in any way.

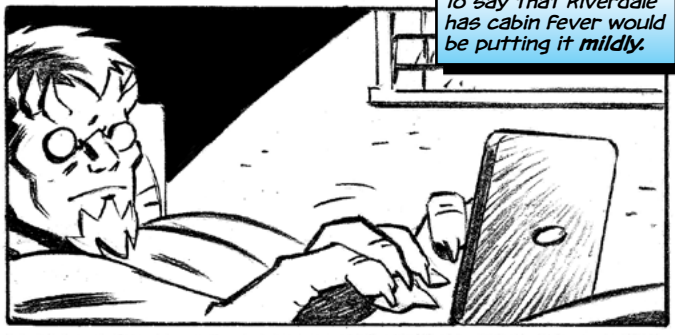
In our last case, my brother **Hawkstone** and I did something our elder, **Hardrock**, considered pretty damn "disruptive." For which he declared us ostracized from the Gargoyle community.



That was **two months ago**. Two months with no contact, no conversation... and also, as luck would have it, no cases.



Basically, Ostracism **SUCKS**.



To say that Riverdale has cabin fever would be putting it mildly.

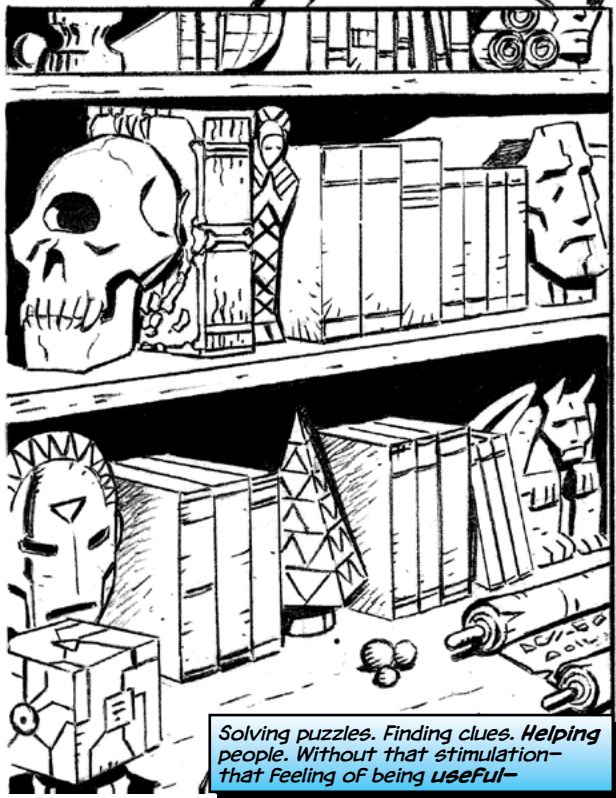


He needs people. Socializing. Interaction. Our exile is driving him up the wall.

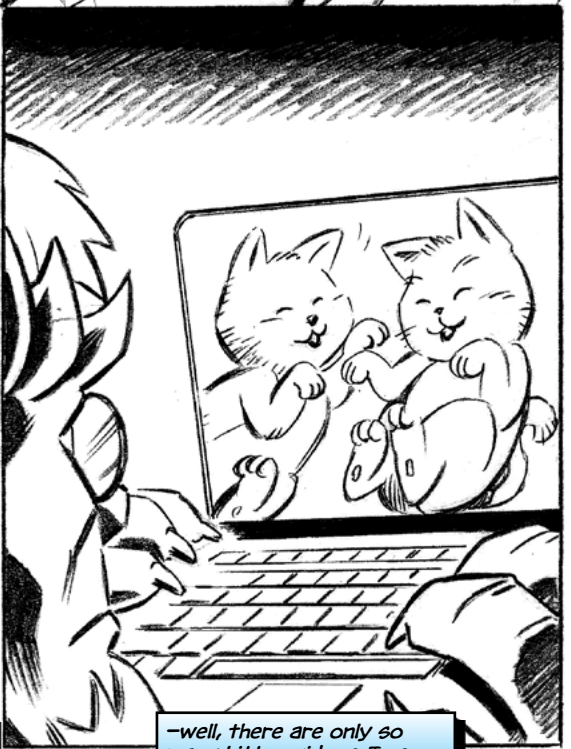
I'm the opposite; the quiet life suits me just fine.



And yet, I miss the work.



Solving puzzles. Finding clues. Helping people. Without that stimulation—that feeling of being useful—

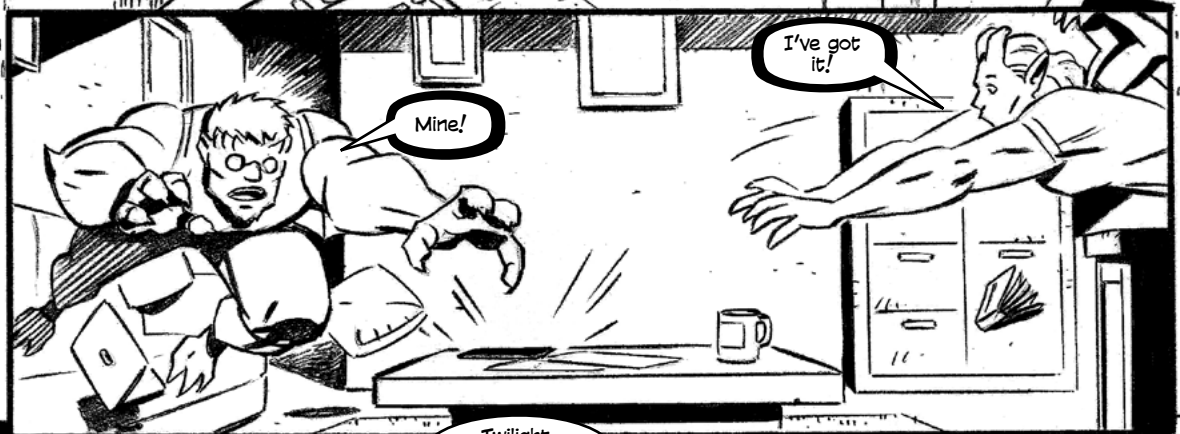


—well, there are only so many kitten videos I can watch before I go insane.



...SO COLD, SO COLD,  
SO CODE BLUE!...

BZZZ! BZZZ!



Mine!

I've got it!

Twilight Detective Agency - Mr. Riverdale speaking!

Ah, yes. My name is Sir William Wayland. I wish to engage you regarding a missing person.

My niece, in fact.

Have you contacted the police, Sir William?

The circumstances are quite... delicate. Could we arrange a time to meet and discuss the details?

I'm sorry, sir, Mr. Hawkstone and I never meet our clients face to face. It's how we preserve both our anonymity and your discretion.

Splendid. That confirms that you are indeed the detectives I want for this case. I shall email you the details immediately.

CLAP!

WE GOT ONE!





According to the email from Sir William, his niece, **Anne Atwood**, had vanished a week ago without a word to anyone. Hawkstone and I decided to start by checking out her house.



No window alarm. Must be a good neighbourhood.

Nice place. Swanky.



It's like something out of "Victorian Homes" magazine in here.

Or your Pinterest account.

Shaddap.



That's her. Anne.

Just like the photo Sir William sent.



"Anne - Ingonish." What's Ingonish?

A small town up the coast. About four hours north.

Huh.



Pity there's no *Victorian Ladies' Journal* detailing her every thought.

Pity. Let's check downstairs.