

NO.  
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AFTERLIFE


With

Archie

comics

®





"I didn't like  
Jughead  
When he was alive.  
Now that he's  
dead,  
Well...

The less said  
the better."



# prologue

OUTSIDE RIVERDALE HIGH.

JASON AND  
CERYL  
BLOSSOM.

--can't  
believe we're  
crashing a  
townie dance.

What would  
our compatriots  
at Pembroke  
say?

We're not  
crashing, we're  
infiltrating--  
with a very  
specific agenda.  
Or have you  
forgotten?

*sigh*  
Destroy  
Betty.  
Destroy  
Veronica.  
Create  
chaos,  
create  
mayhem...

*yawn*  
You see?  
Already I'm  
bored...

Don't forget,  
"Claim Archie  
as my prize."

If you're  
trying to  
make me  
jealous,  
Ceryl,  
bad idea.

Settle  
down, Jase.  
Think of me  
as a cat and  
Archie  
Andrews as  
a ball of  
orange  
yarn...

...a plaything,  
a passing  
fancy--at best,  
a friend...

Whereas  
you, brother  
dear...

...you  
are my  
family...

...and  
therefore,  
forever...





...so turn that frown upside-down, and let's wreak some havoc, 'kay?

For you, Sis, any--



Don't go in there!!



... How dare you speak to us, Plebe?

Why shouldn't we? Terrible music? Non-alcoholic punch?



--something weird's going on in there--

--they're, like, eating people--



--seriously, this junior bit me for, like, no reason--

--I gotta go--I gotta get home--



Well, at least now I'm interested.

Shall we proceed?

...





Cher-Cher?  
Ça va?

I'm just  
thinking,  
Jason...



...I'm suddenly  
feeling quite angsty  
about this plan  
of yours...



Of mine?  
Oh, no--

No, no,  
no, no--

--fine, it  
was mine, but  
I changed my  
mind.

Let's  
just go  
home and  
watch  
Bravo, all  
right?

# end prologue.

THE LODGE MANSION.

12:30 A.M.



...it was  
horrible,  
Daddy...

"...we were all at the dance, having the loveliest time..."



--you are the most  
horrific BFF in the history  
of BFF's, Veronica. You have  
everything, yet you always  
want **MORE**. When will it  
be enough? When will it  
end?

Never,  
Betty, I'm  
a Lodge...

...which means,  
it's my nature  
to be voracious  
and eternal.

--hey,  
everyone!  
Jughead's  
here!



"...and holy spit, his costume's amazing!"

--I barely gave it a second thought.

Earlier, someone tweeted something about Jughead being sick, but what did I care if he turned up?

"Ethel Muggs, on the other hand, was thrilled..."

Juggie-- You made it!

...I wasn't friends with Ethel... when we passed each other in the hall, we'd nod, that's it...

"...still, I wouldn't wish what happened to her on my worst enemy..."

mmmmMeerurhh

--you look incredible, baby, what kind of make-up is that?

"...not even on Jughead Jones himself."