

ARCHIE ANDREWS,  
VARSITY FOOTBALL.  
THE WORDS STILL SOUND  
WEIRD TO ME...

HUT, HUT-

"BLOODSPORT"

EVERYONE RAN  
FASTER, JUMPED  
HIGHER...

...AND *HIT* HARDER.

GOOD ONE,  
ANDREWS. LET'S  
RUN IT AGAIN.

BUT I WAS HOLDING MY OWN, UNTIL...

WE NEED  
SOMEONE TO TAKE  
NUMBER NINE.

I'M PICKING  
YOU, ANDREWS.  
BIG SHOES  
TO FILL...

DUDE,  
THAT'S  
JASON'S.

I KNOW...

...AND I HAD NO IDEA  
HOW I WAS GOING  
TO LIVE UP TO IT.

EXPECTATIONS ASIDE, I HAVE TO ADMIT, WALKING DOWN THE HALL IN MY VARSITY JACKET FELT GOOD.



I SHOULD'VE KNOWN IT WOULDN'T LAST -



ANDREWS.



WHAT THE HELL?

WELCOME...TO HELL WEEK.



IT WAS CHUCK CLAYTON - TEAM CAPTAIN, COACH'S SON, AND KING OF THE JOCKS.

WE'D ALL HEARD THE STORIES ABOUT FOOTBALL HELL WEEK. IT WAS LIKE BEING TAPPED FOR A SECRET SOCIETY - ONLY MUCH MORE VIOLENT AND HUMILIATING.



DUDES, ARE WE ACTUALLY DOING THIS?

LET YOUR FREAK FLAG FLY, MOOSE...JUST NOT TOO CLOSE TO MINE.

SOME OF THE INITIATION RITES WERE...EXPOSING.



OMIGOD.

BOYS ARE INSANE.

OTHERS WERE JUST PLAIN STUPID AND EXHAUSTING.



LIKE STICKING PLASTIC FORKS IN OUR ARCH-RIVALS' FIELD.



OH, WELL. AT LEAST I WASN'T GOING THROUGH IT ALONE. MOOSE AND REGGIE WERE WITH ME.

SWEETWATER RIVER...

"BRING IT ON"

THE LAST PLACE I SAW MY BROTHER BEFORE HE DIED.



I LOVED JASON MORE THAN ANYTHING.



NOW, WITH HIM GONE, THE ONLY THING TETHERING ME TO THIS WORLD...

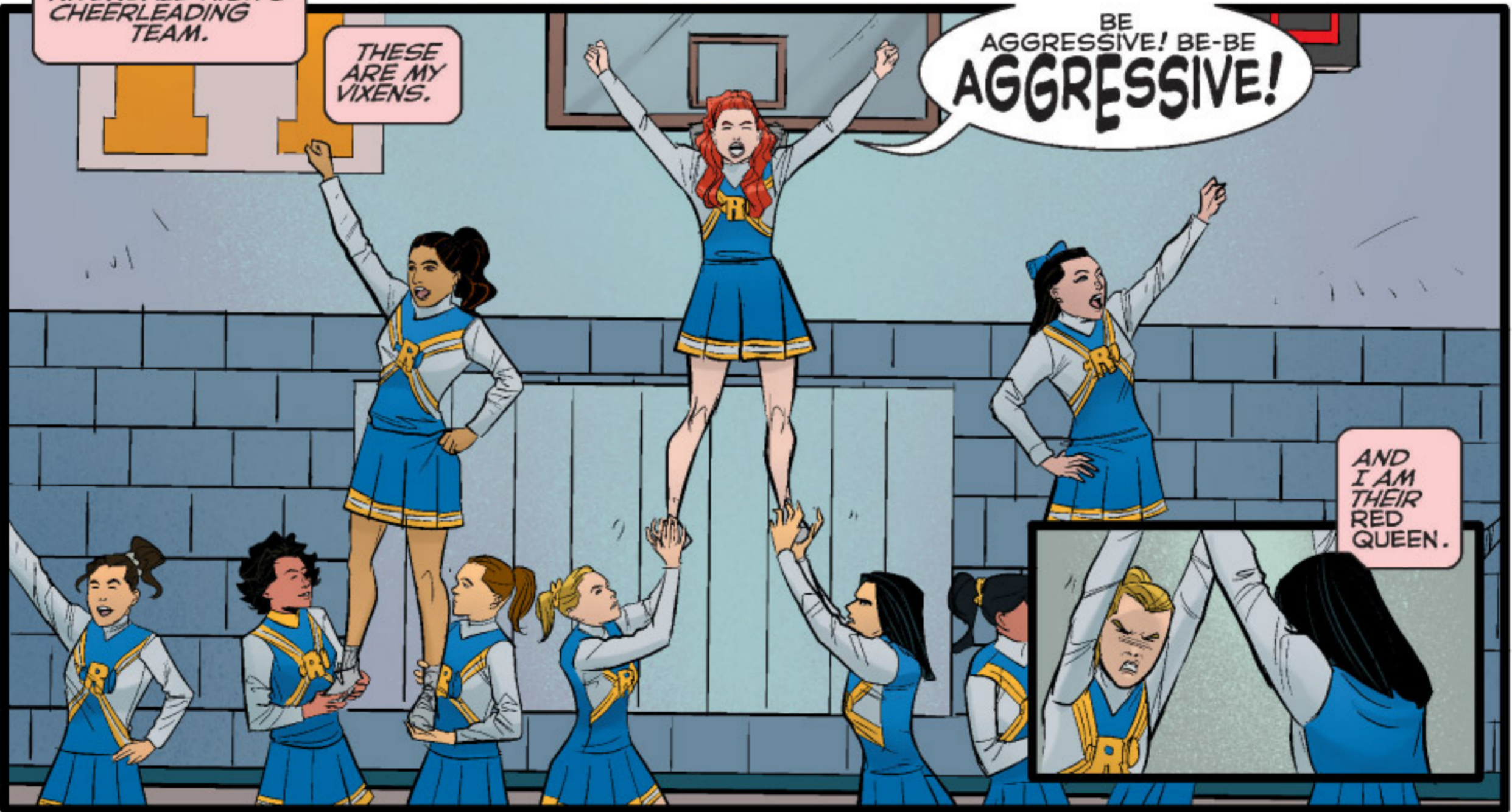
...IS MY SECOND GREATEST LOVE.



BEING CAPTAIN OF RIVERDALE HIGH'S CHEERLEADING TEAM.

THESE ARE MY VIXENS.

BE AGGRESSIVE! BE-BE AGGRESSIVE!



AND I AM THEIR RED QUEEN.

