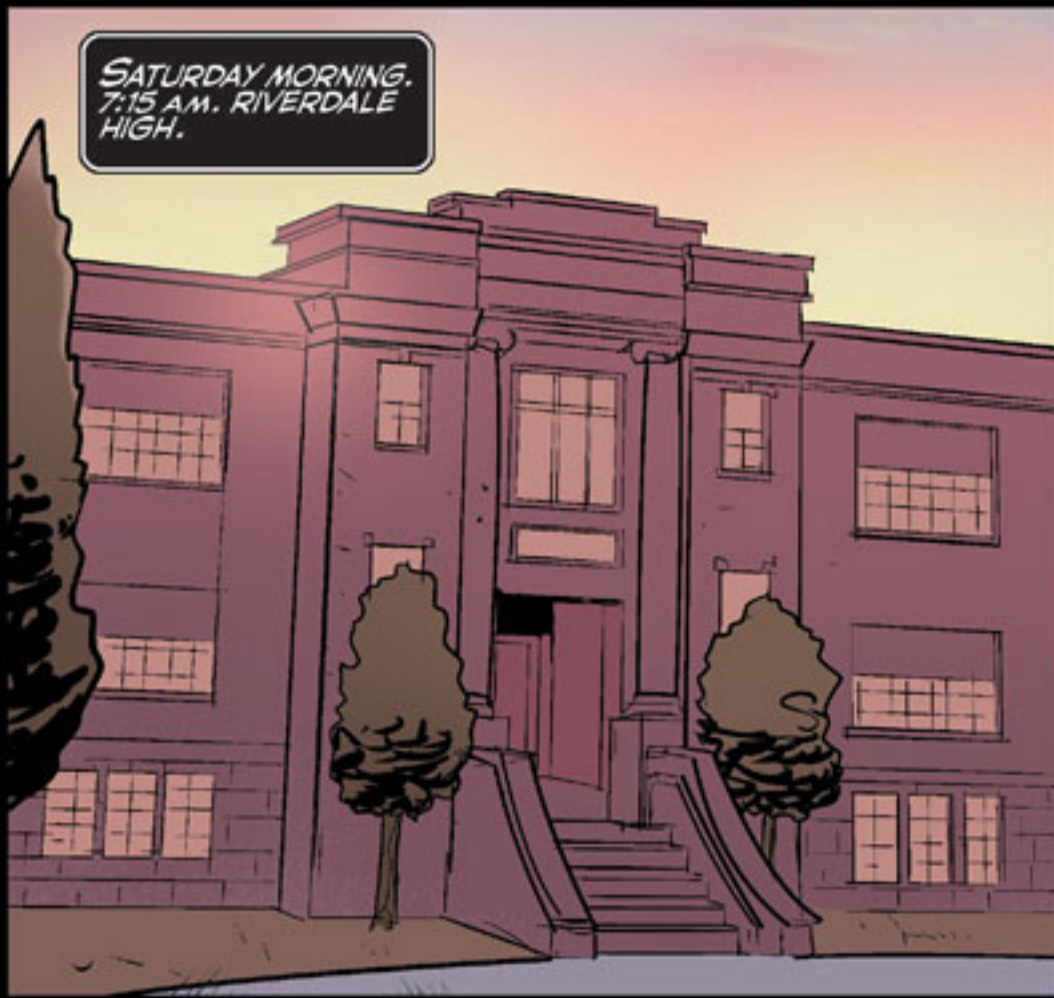


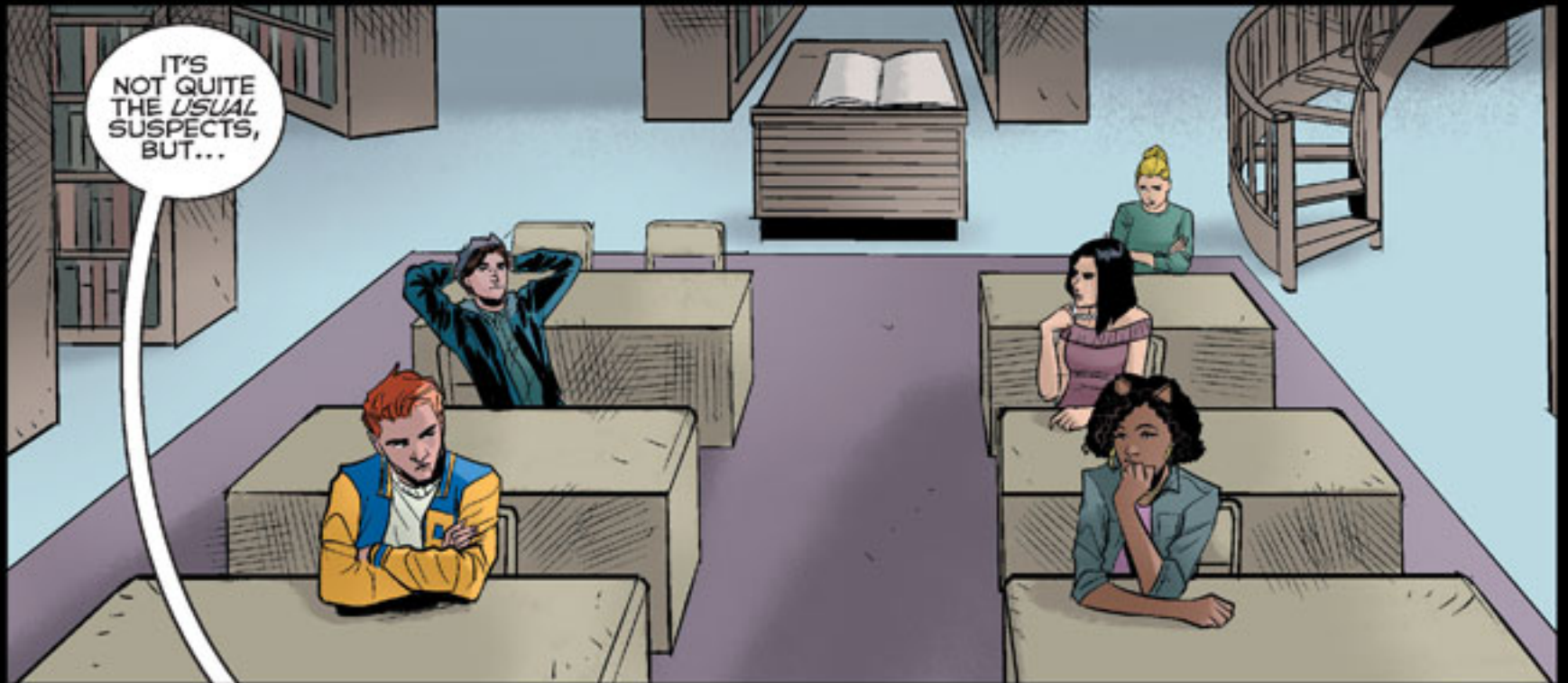
SATURDAY MORNING.
7:15 AM. RIVERDALE
HIGH.



WELL,
WELL.
HERE
WE
ARE.



IT'S
NOT QUITE
THE *USUAL*
SUSPECTS,
BUT...



PRINCIPAL
WEATHERBEE?
THERE'S BEEN
A MISTAKE.
I DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING
WRONG.



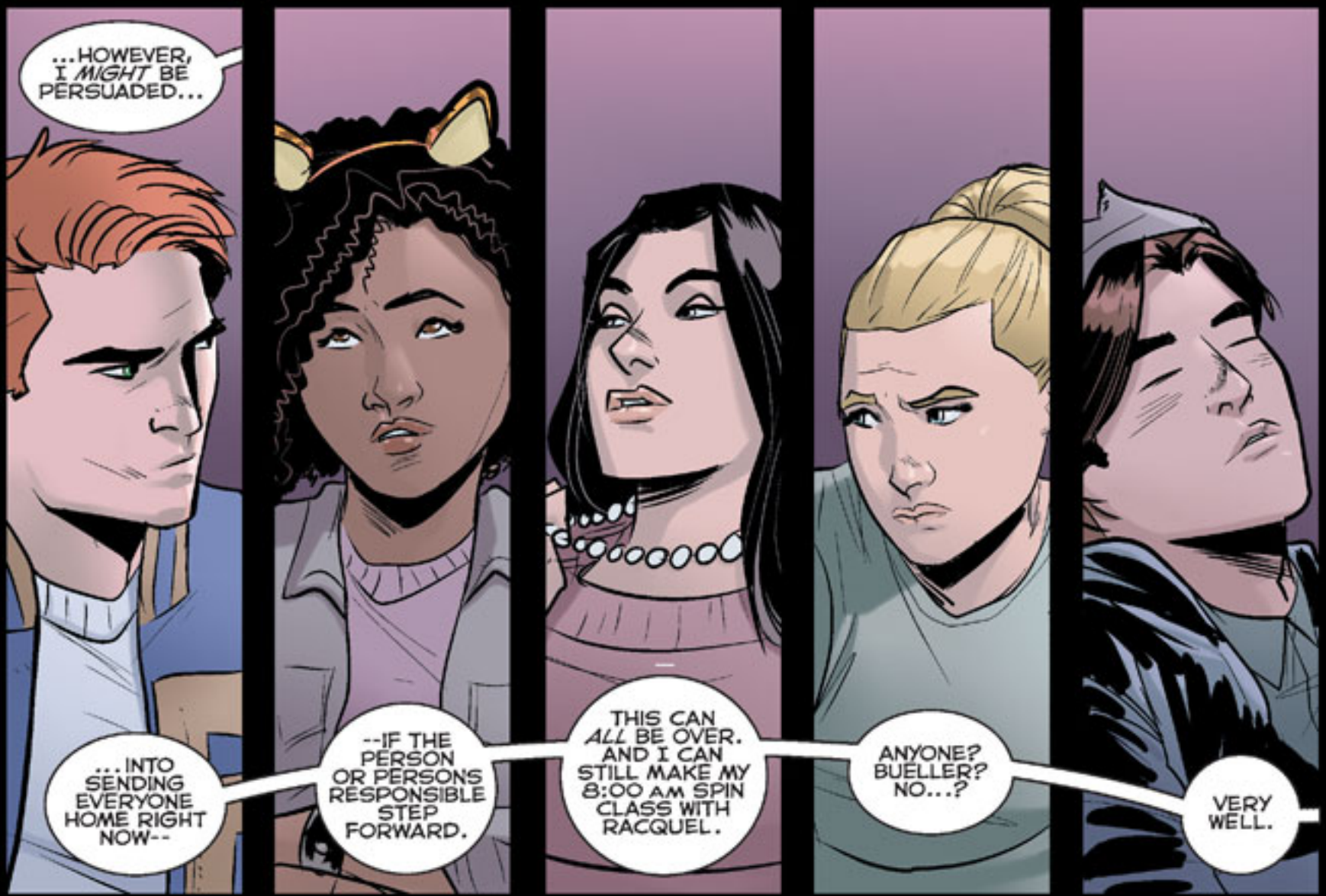
I HAVE
REASON TO
BELIEVE...

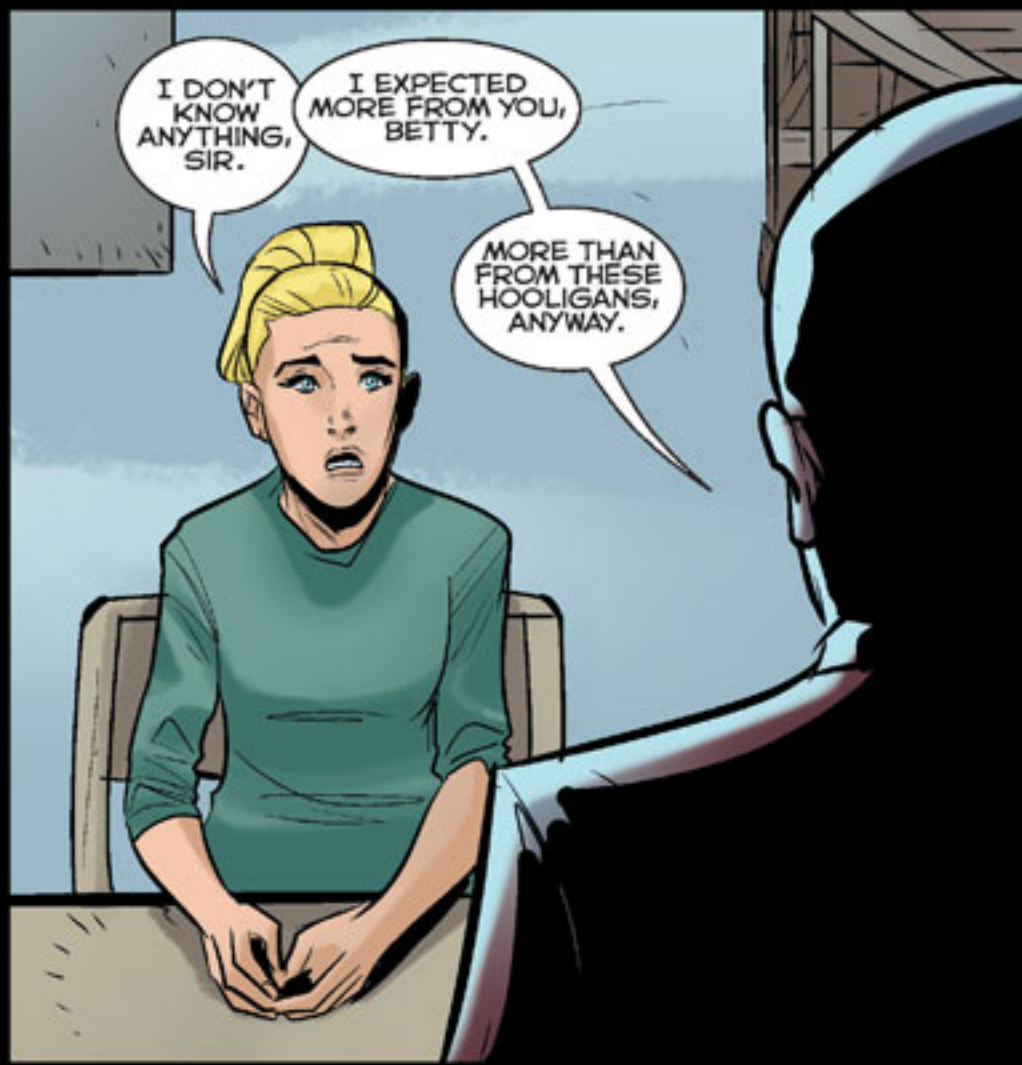
...EACH OF
YOU PLAYED
A ROLE IN
YESTERDAY'S
EXTREMELY
DISTURBING
INCIDENT...



...AKA FOODGATE!







I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING, SIR.

I EXPECTED MORE FROM YOU, BETTY.

MORE THAN FROM THESE HOOLIGANS, ANYWAY.



I HOPE YOU ENJOY THE NEXT SEVEN HOURS AND 39 MINUTES TOGETHER!

SLAM!

7:21



WHY DON'T YOU JUST FESS UP, JOSIE?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, GINGER-VITUS.

ADMIT IT. YOU'RE THREATENED BY ME.

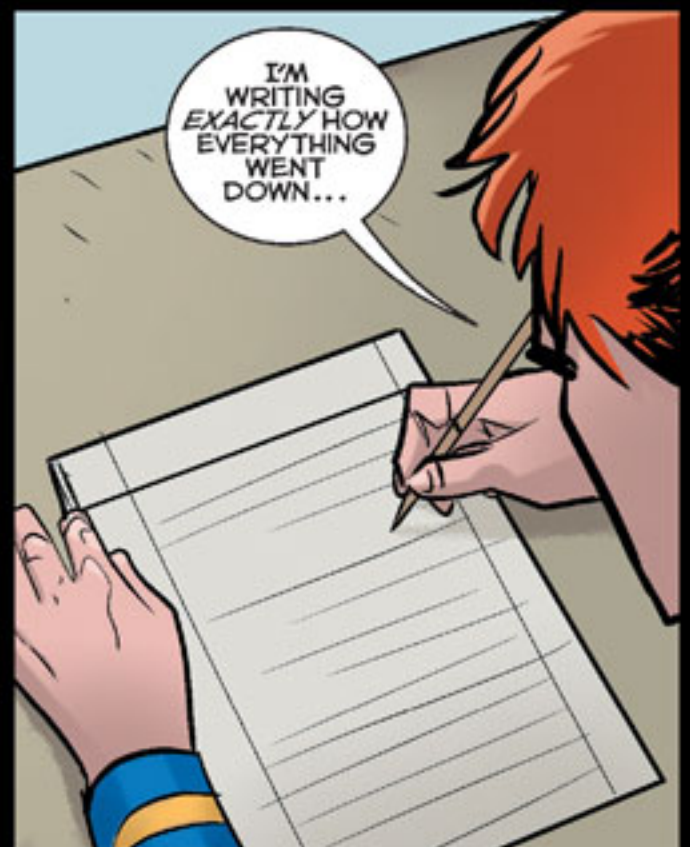
BOY, A LIONESS ISN'T THREATENED BY A FIELD MOUSE.



WHATCHA WRITING THERE, ARCH?

ANOTHER DIRGE ABOUT HOW SAD YOUR LIFE IS?

PLEASE, GOD, NO.



I'M WRITING EXACTLY HOW EVERYTHING WENT DOWN...