

BAD WORD

CENSORED

WHAT'S THIS, DEAR READERS?

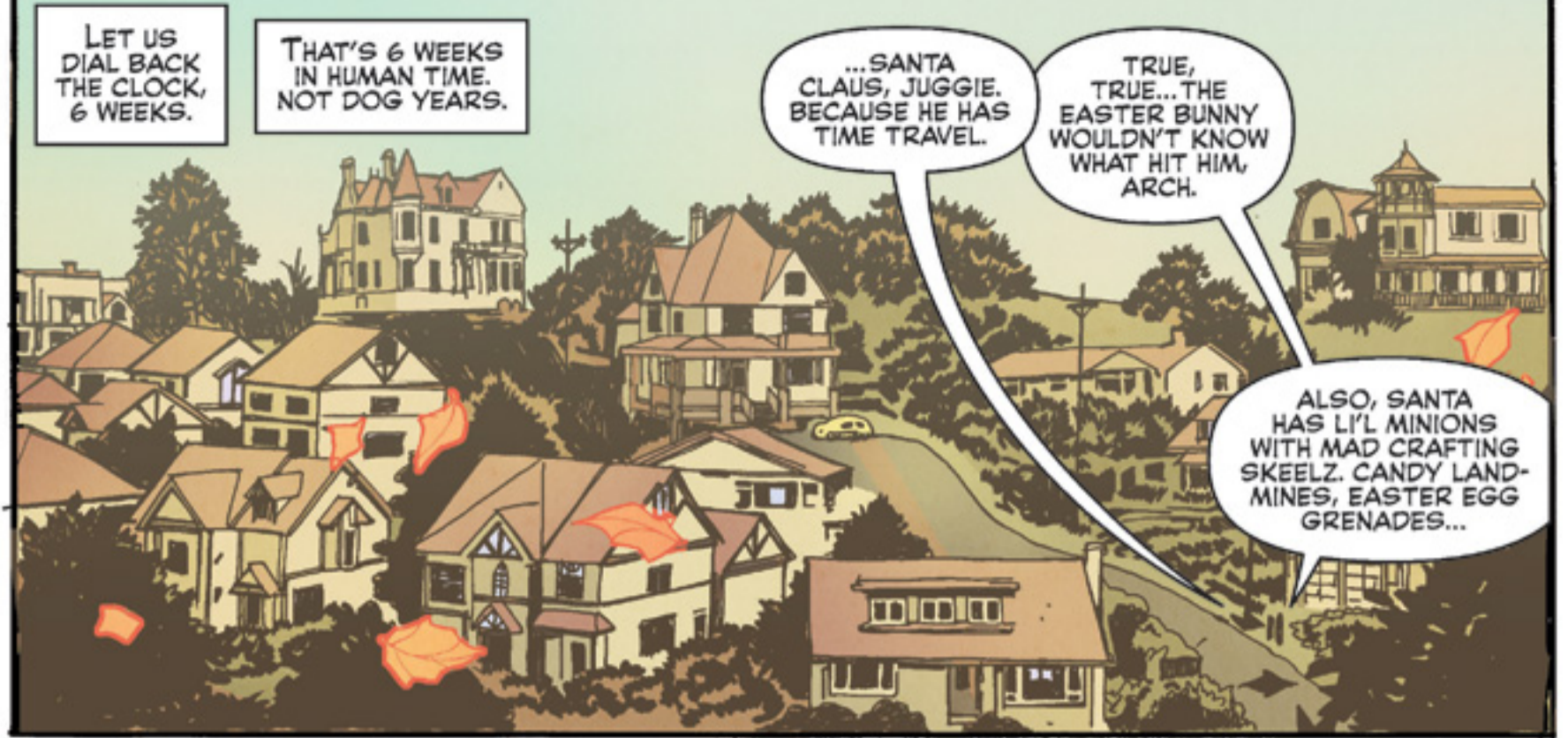
OUR TITULAR HEROINES, AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS, LIKE MERE...MERE CATS?

WHAT CAUSED THIS ATAVISTIC ANIMOSITY, BROUGHT OUR PULCHRITUDINOUS PROTAGONISTS TO SUCH DIRE STRAITS? WHAT HATH DOG WROUGHT? HANG ON MY EVERY WORD AND ALL SHALL BE REVEALED.

FOR I AM J. FARNSWORTH WIGGLEBOTTOM III! HOWEVER, DUE TO MY HUMAN'S BIZARRE FOOD FETISH, I PERMIT YOU TO CALL ME... **HOT DOG!**

WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?





LET US DIAL BACK THE CLOCK, 6 WEEKS.

THAT'S 6 WEEKS IN HUMAN TIME. NOT DOG YEARS.

...SANTA CLAUS, JUGGIE. BECAUSE HE HAS TIME TRAVEL.

TRUE, TRUE... THE EASTER BUNNY WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM, ARCH.

ALSO, SANTA HAS LI'L MINIONS WITH MAD CRAFTING SKELZ. CANDY LAND-MINES, EASTER EGG GRENADES...

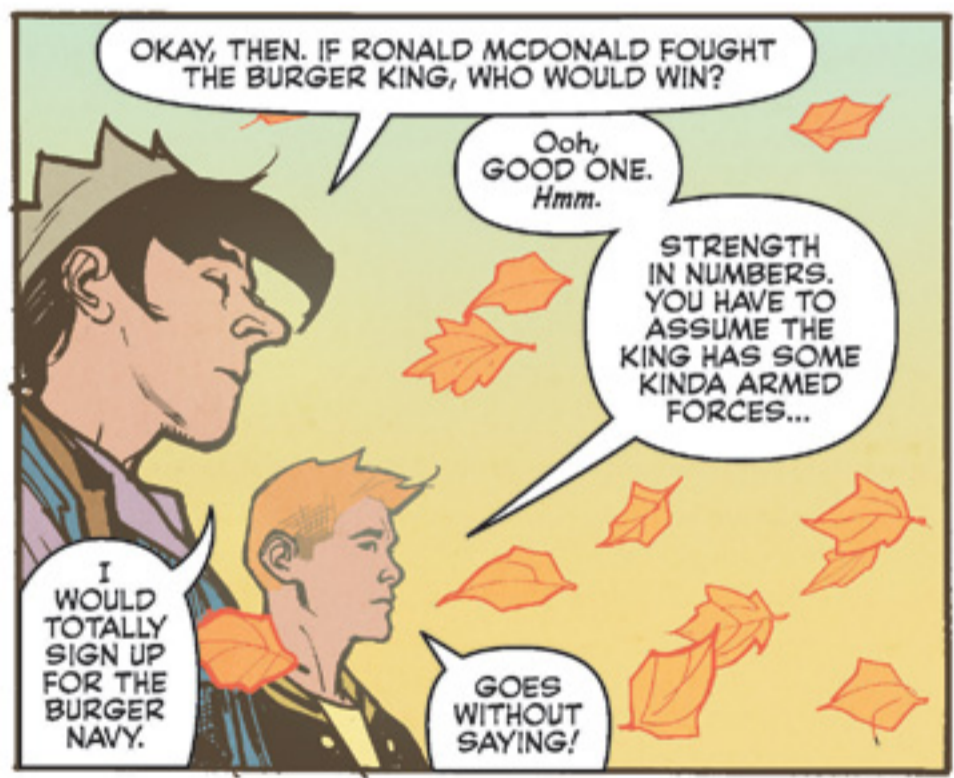


WABBIT TWAPS?

MORNING, MR. JAMISON.

NOW WE'RE GETTIN' SILLY.

JUST NOW WE'RE GETTIN' SILLY?



OKAY, THEN. IF RONALD MCDONALD FOUGHT THE BURGER KING, WHO WOULD WIN?

Ooh, GOOD ONE. Hmm.

STRENGTH IN NUMBERS. YOU HAVE TO ASSUME THE KING HAS SOME KINDA ARMED FORCES...

I WOULD TOTALLY SIGN UP FOR THE BURGER NAVY.

GOES WITHOUT SAYING!

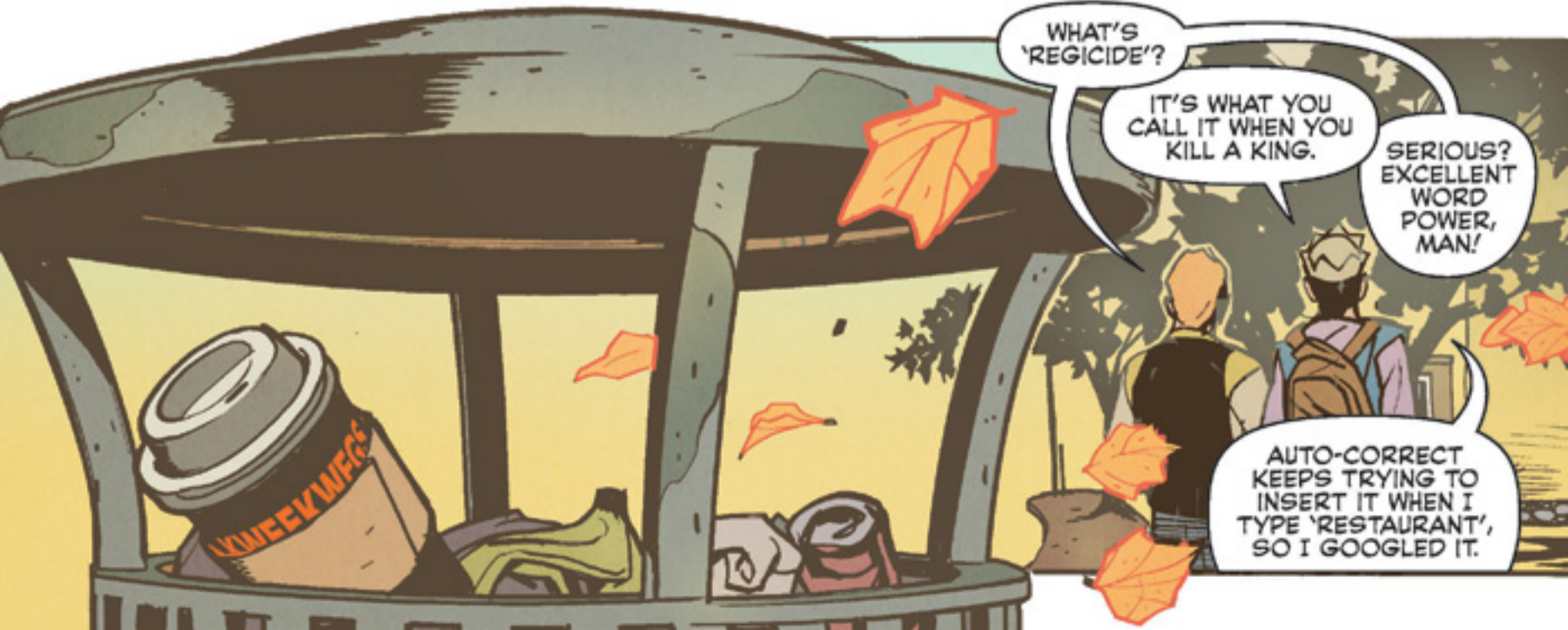


BUT CLOWNS CAN USE BEDROOM CLOSETS AS EVIL INTERDIMENSIONAL PORTALS, RIGHT?

ONE WOULD ASSUME SO, YUP.

WELL, THAT'S THAT, THEN. THE KING MUST HAVE, LIKE, A BURGER CLOSET IN HIS ROYAL BURGER BEDCHAMBERS, SO... THERE YOU GO.

CLOWN REGICIDE.



WHAT'S 'REGICIDE'?

IT'S WHAT YOU CALL IT WHEN YOU KILL A KING.

SERIOUS? EXCELLENT WORD POWER, MAN!

AUTO-CORRECT KEEPS TRYING TO INSERT IT WHEN I TYPE 'RESTAURANT', SO I GOOGLED IT.

FOR A SECOND, I THOUGHT IT MEANT 'WHEN YOU KILL REGGIE MANTLE.'

SADLY, NOPE.

WHAT *WOULD* YOU CALL KILLING REGGIE MANTLE, I WONDER?

PUBLIC SERVICE?

**HA HA
HAH HA!**

IT'S FUNNY COZ' IT'S TRUE...

OKAY. IF REGGIE FOUGHT, SAY, MOOSE-- WHO WOULD WIN?

MOOSE WOULD MOP UP THE FLOOR WITH REGGIE. WHICH WOULD THEN REQUIRE A REGULAR MOP, IRONICALLY.

WHAT ABOUT MOOSE VS. MIDGE?

YOU CAN'T EVEN CALL THAT A FIGHT, MAN. MIDGE LEVELS THE MOUNTAIN-THAT-IS-MOOSE, EVERY TIME. IT'S HARD TO CALL WHAT THEY DO 'DATING'.

WHAT ABOUT US?

WE'RE NOT DATING, JUGGIE: I KEEP TELLING YOU THAT.

Huhh! NEVER OCCURRED TO ME.

I'D WIN, I THINK.

WHAT?! JOO GAH SUM 'SPLAININ' TO DO, LOOSY.

I'D JUST THREATEN A CHEESEBURGER AND YOU'D FOLD LIKE A CARD TABLE.

IT'S TRUE. YOU'VE GOT ME SUSSED, OLD SPORT.

ALSO: **CRUEL!**

HERE'S A NO-BRAINER: BETTY VS. VERONICA.

VERONICA, FOR THE WIN. **FLAWLESS VICTORY.**

IIIIII DUNNOOOO... BETTY'S ALWAYS BEEN TOUGHER THAN YOU'D THINK.

I MEAN: WOULD YOU WANT TO TUSSELE WITH *THAT*?



HEY, GUYS!

RONNIE, THE GUYS ARE HERE!

Oh. HELLO, BOYS!

BETTY, DARLING, DON'T FORGET TO HYDRATE! IT MAKES YOUR SKIN LOOK TWENTY-ISH WHEN YOU DON'T GET ENOUGH WATER.



HOW'S PUTTIN' THE HURT IN THE DIRT TREATING YOU, COOPER?

NOTHING LIKE HARD, HONEST LABOR TO GET THE OL' BLOOD PUMPING, ANDREWS!



ANNNND WHAT'S RONNIE DOING?

SHE'S OVERSEEING. CAN'T YOU TELL? SHE'S OVER THERE, SEEING ME DO ALL THE HARD WORK.

DON'T BE DROLL, DARLING; IT MAKES YOU LOOK MANNISH AND UNDATEABLE, REMEMBER? DRINK!

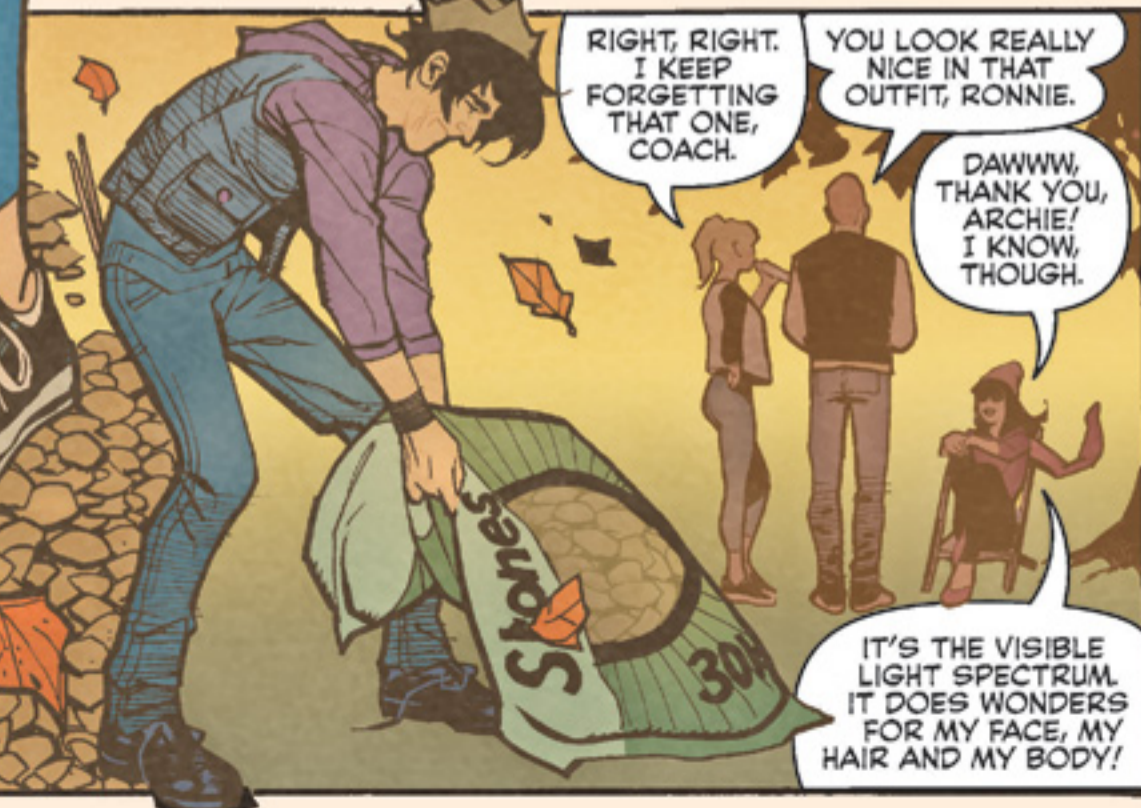
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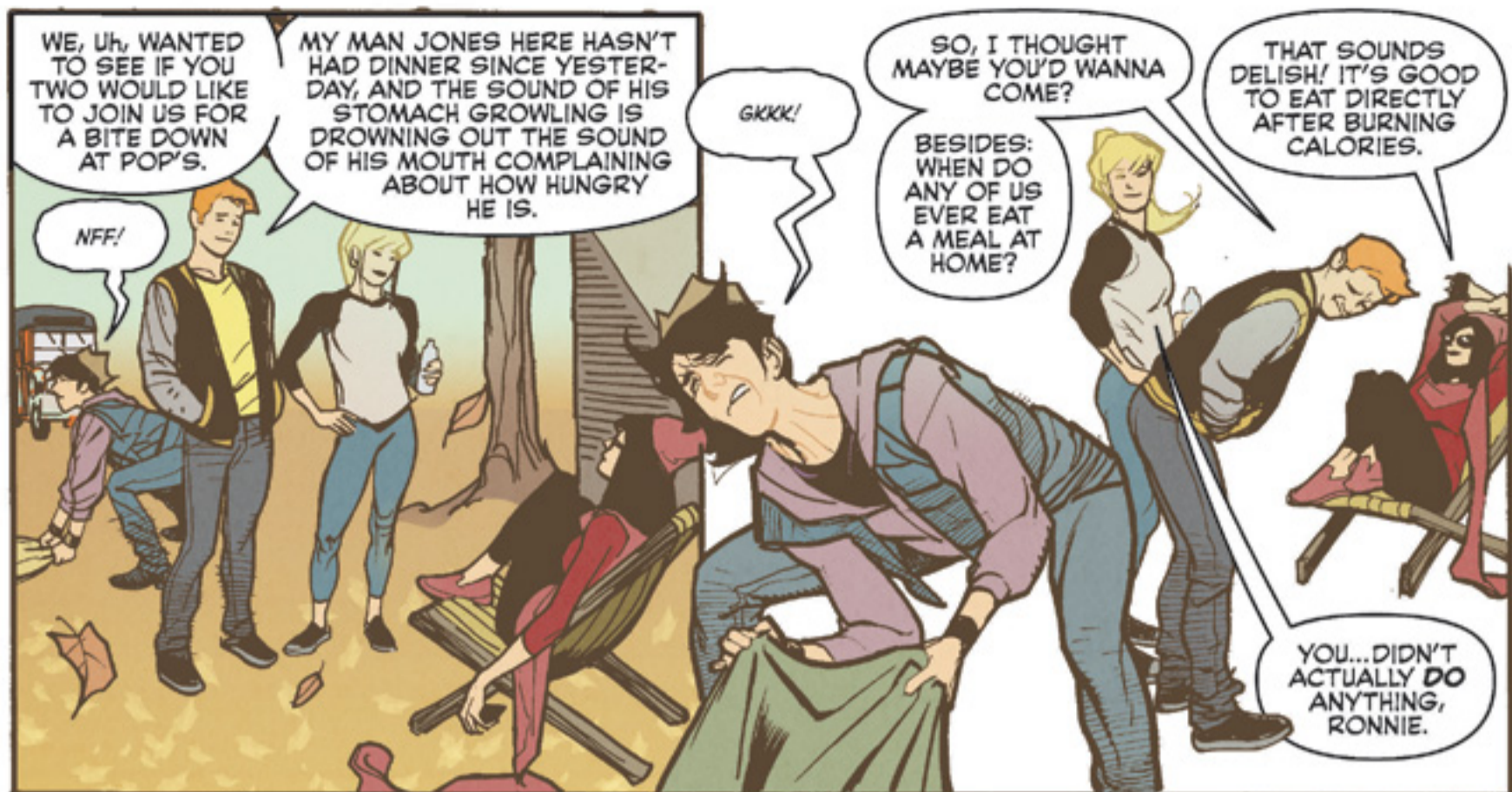
RIGHT, RIGHT. I KEEP FORGETTING THAT ONE, COACH.

YOU LOOK REALLY NICE IN THAT OUTFIT, RONNIE.

DAWWW, THANK YOU, ARCHIE! I KNOW, THOUGH.



IT'S THE VISIBLE LIGHT SPECTRUM. IT DOES WONDERS FOR MY FACE, MY HAIR AND MY BODY!



WE, UH, WANTED TO SEE IF YOU TWO WOULD LIKE TO JOIN US FOR A BITE DOWN AT POP'S.

MY MAN JONES HERE HASN'T HAD DINNER SINCE YESTERDAY, AND THE SOUND OF HIS STOMACH GROWLING IS DROWNING OUT THE SOUND OF HIS MOUTH COMPLAINING ABOUT HOW HUNGRY HE IS.

GKKK!

SO, I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D WANNA COME?

THAT SOUNDS DELISH! IT'S GOOD TO EAT DIRECTLY AFTER BURNING CALORIES.

BESIDES: WHEN DO ANY OF US EVER EAT A MEAL AT HOME?

YOU... DIDN'T ACTUALLY DO ANYTHING, RONNIE.



FRRRT!

I MEANT YOU, BETTY, DEAR. I DON'T NEED TO BURN CALORIES.

BECAUSE OF EXCELLENT GENETICS. AND CRUEL, CRUEL FATE.

YES, OF COURSE. LEMME JUST LET MEE-MAW KNOW WE'RE TAKING OFF.



»Gasp« HOW DID-- HOW DID SHE--

HOW'D THAT WORK OUT FOR YOU, Hmm? IDIOT?

IT'S... »Gasp« IT'S... »Gasp« SORCERY...!

MEE-MAW?



MEE-MAW, WE'RE DONE FOR TODAY! I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW TO FINISH. GOING TO POP'S FOR DINNER, 'KAY?

ALRIGHT, DEAR!



MAKE SURE TO PUT YOUR JACKET ON! OTHERWISE, BOYS CAN SEE THAT YOU HAVE BREASTS NOW--

Heh, GOTTA GO, MEE-MAW! DON'T FORGET TO TAKE YOUR MILITARY-GRADE DEMENTIA MEDICINE, LIKE YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY BEEN FORGETTING TO...!

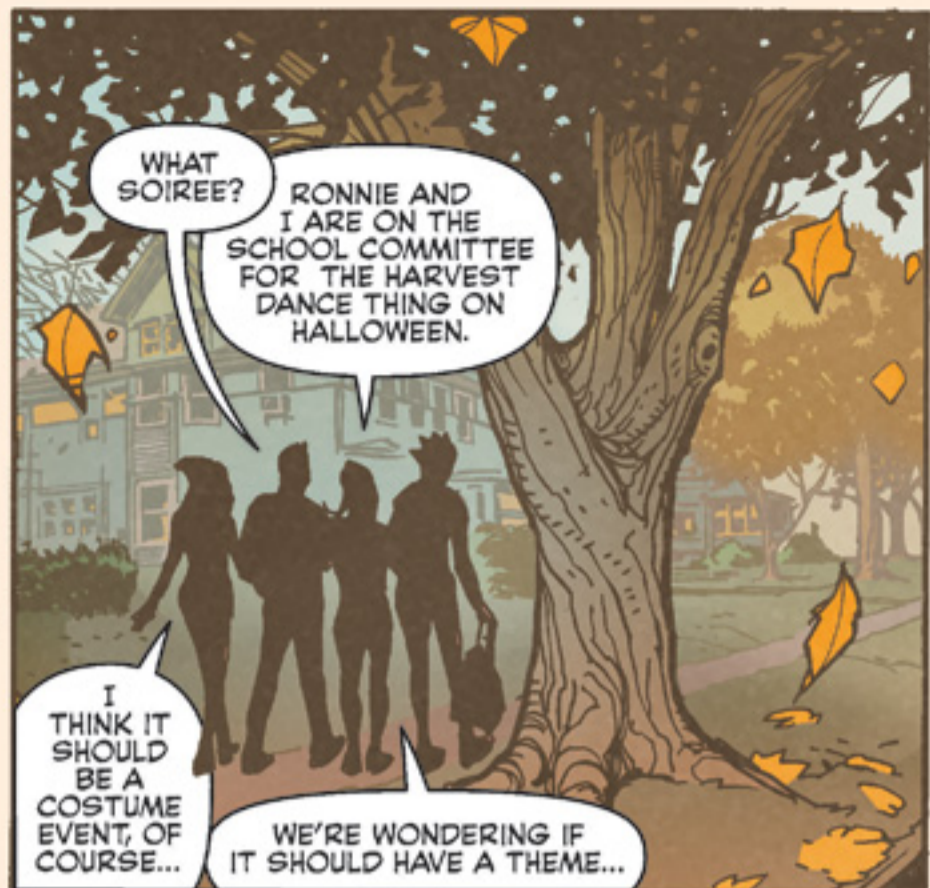


ANYWAYS...

LOTTA WEATHER WE'RE HAVING...

WHAT'RE THOSE ROCKS MADE OF? MORE ROCKS?

BUT ENOUGH ABOUT YOU! LET'S DISCUSS THE UPCOMING SOIREE.



WHAT SOIREE?

RONNIE AND I ARE ON THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE FOR THE HARVEST DANCE THING ON HALLOWEEN.

I THINK IT SHOULD BE A COSTUME EVENT, OF COURSE...

WE'RE WONDERING IF IT SHOULD HAVE A THEME...



A THEME LIKE, SAY, 'SEXY NURSES'?

YES, ARCHIE. YOU CAN COME AS A SEXY NURSE IF YOU LIKE.

I'D SETTLE FOR AN UGLY ONE RIGHT NOW....



AWWW, POOR JUGGIE!

HASSOO GOT DA SNIFFOOS?

I'M SERIOUS...



I THINK I NEED AN AMBULANC--

WHOA!

EEEK!

!!!

WRIRRRRR

"Tha



STAY, GENTLE READER!

BEFORE I PROCEED, PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO OUR DRAMATIS PERSONAE!

THIS IS **FORSYTHE PENDLETON JONES III**, KNOWN TO EVERYONE--

--WELL, HIS FRIENDS--

--OKAY, HIS ONE FRIEND--

--AS **JUGHEAD!** HE IS ALSO MY HUMAN BEING.

AN ALTOGETHER DECENT CHAP, WITH THE METABOLISM OF A HUMMINGBIRD ON CRANK.



THIS IS **ARCHIE ANDREWS**.

THERE ARE MANY FINE PERIODICALS ABOUT HIM, AVAILABLE AT YOUR LOCAL COMIC BOOK SHOP. HOWEVER, THIS ISN'T ONE OF THEM, SO, MOVING ON...

(I WILL ADD THAT I'VE ALWAYS LIKED THIS ANDREWS CHAP, AS THE SCENT OF HIS HAIR REMINDS ME OF **WAFFLES**.)

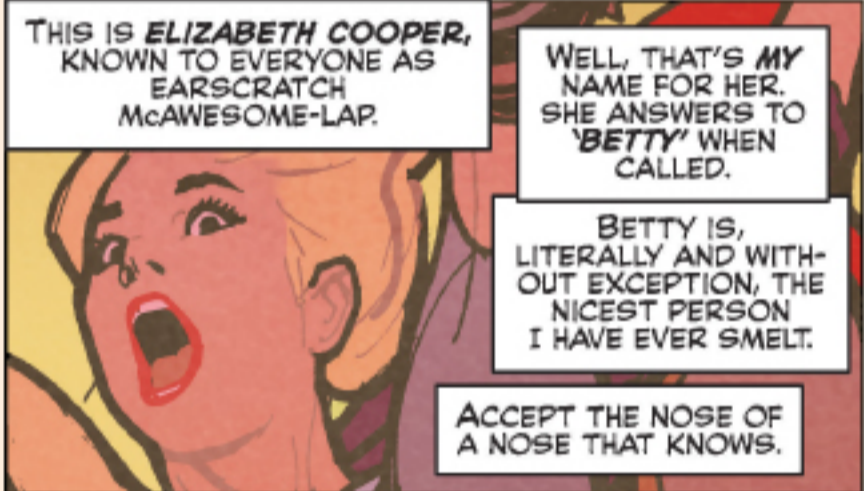


THIS IS **ELIZABETH COOPER**, KNOWN TO EVERYONE AS **EARS CRATCH McAWESOME-LAP**.

WELL, THAT'S MY NAME FOR HER. SHE ANSWERS TO '**BETTY**' WHEN CALLED.

BETTY IS, LITERALLY AND WITHOUT EXCEPTION, THE NICEST PERSON I HAVE EVER SMELT.

ACCEPT THE NOSE OF A NOSE THAT KNOWS.



THIS...IS **VERONICA LODGE**.

I HAVE NO INFORMATION ABOUT HER.

NOTHING.



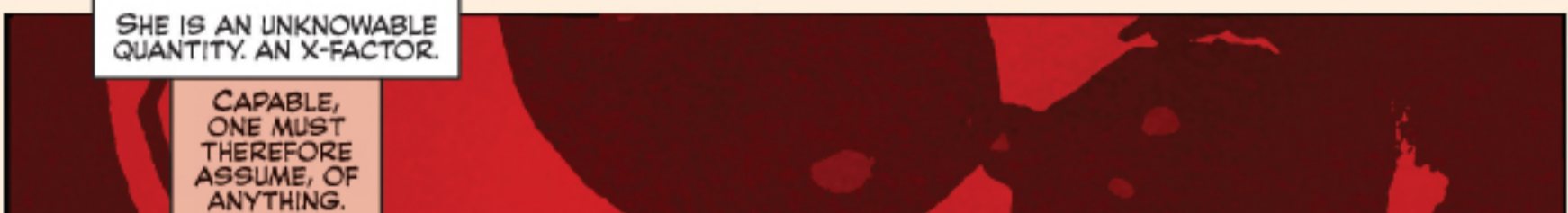
I JEST NOT, TENDER BIBLIOPHILE.

NEITHER BY SCENT NOR ASSOCIATION HAVE I EVER BEEN ABLE TO PUT MY PAW ON WHAT ACTUALLY MAKES **VERONICA LODGE** TICK.



SHE IS AN UNKNOWABLE QUANTITY. AN X-FACTOR.

CAPABLE, ONE MUST THEREFORE ASSUME, OF ANYTHING.



ANYTHING.

