

AFTERLIFE *With* Archie®

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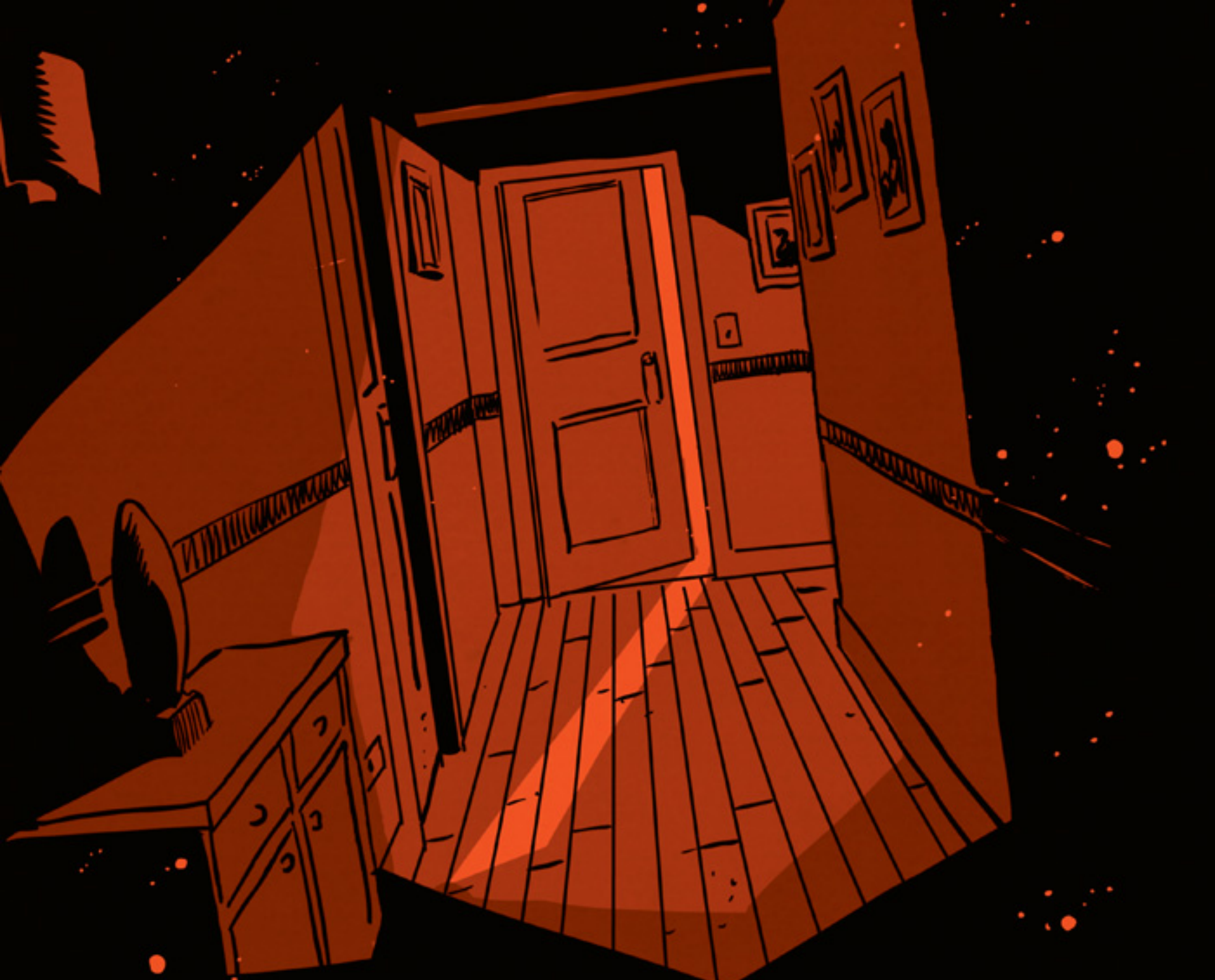
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WE'RE IN THE THROES of Riverdale's zombie-apocalypse now, and leaving the (relative) safety of Lodge Manor to follow our hapless hero, Archie Andrews, home to check on his parents—only to find a *decidedly* unpleasant surprise waiting for him: Hot Dog, brought back to malevolent life by Sabrina the teenage witch, sniffing around the Andrews' porch. (There's an even *more* horrific surprise inside the house, but no spoilers here.) We also have a brief check-in with Riverdale's creepiest siblings, Jason and Cheryl Blossom. The last time we saw them, they were on the verge of crashing Riverdale High's Halloween Dance, but changed their minds at the last moment. That decision probably saved their lives, but as Cheryl's discovering, some things are worse than death...

In many ways, this is the issue that changes it all. Hope you enjoy it and see you next time for the concluding chapter of our first arc, "Escape from Riverdale."

~ Roberto Aguirre-Sacasa



"Please, don't...
DON'T make me do this..."

TULIP HILL
PUPPY FARM.

10 YEARS AGO.

--sure
you're ready
for this kind of
responsibility,
Son?

Yessir.

He'll be your dog.
Not mine, not your mom's.
You'll have to walk him. Every
morning, every day after
school, every night before
you go to bed...

I c'n
do it,
Dad.

Uh-huh.

And if he gets sick,
you'll have to take
care of him, if he makes
a mess, you'll have to
clean it up--

--not me, not
your mother, she
does enough
cleaning...

I'm ready,
Dad. I
promise.

...
You're a good
boy, Archie, with
a good heart.

Pure as
snow. Our
son's a
pureheart,
plain and
simple.

That
he is.

All
right,
Son...



"...let's find you a puppy."

This one?

Uhm...

What about this one?

...ummm...

How 'bout this little guy?

Nope.

Okay, well, then we have--

YesyesHIM! HIM-HI-IMMMMMMM!



He's the one! He's my dog!

What's his name?

Vegas, 'cause that's where they found 'im. Right on the strip.

He's a mutt, but loyal as--uh, heck. Follows me around all day...

Wanna play with him a bit and see how you two get on?



... Like gang-busters, I'd say.



Well, Mary, looks like our household just increased by...

sniff



...Mary? You alright?

Oh--fine. He's just...

...Archie looks so happy, Fred...

And *that's* why you're crying?



...oh, it's silly.

...I'm just remembering the dog I had, when I was a girl. Spotty. How overjoyed I was when I got him, and how utterly devastated I was when...when...



Spotty was a good dog.

He was, and it was the most *awful* feeling, Fred, and I can't bear the thought of Archie going through it.



Yes, but that's years from now, Mary. And sad to say, a part of growing up.

Comes a time in every young person's life when they realize that not everything is forever...

Too, too soon...

"...when they learn that *death's* a part of life, even their own."



Oh--

--oh, crap.

RRREEHHHRRR...



H-Hot Dog...?



--what kinda *stupid* name is that?

It's *not* stupid, I like *hot dogs!*

Take it back or we're not pals any-more.

Anyway, what about *your* dog? What kind of name is--



RRREEHHHRRR...

--Vegas?

NEVER BOTHER A DEAD MAN

NORTON MILBANK WAS THE LOCAL UNDERTAKER. EACH MORNING HE LOOKED FORWARD TO WORKING IN HIS FUNERAL PARLOR.



AN EXTREMELY ECCENTRIC MAN, NORTON CONSIDERED THE CORPSES HE ATTENDED TO BE HIS FRIENDS.

GOOD MORNING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I TRUST YOU SLEPT WELL LAST NIGHT. TODAY I SHALL GROOM YOU IN PREPARATION FOR YOUR FINAL JOURNEY.



MILBANK'S FUNERAL PARLOR IS SITUATED IN THE HEART OF ONE OF THE TOUGHEST AREAS OF A LARGE CITY.



IN MANY TEENAGED GANGS ROAM THE AREA AND ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR A VARIETY OF PETTY CRIMES.



KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR THE LAUGHING SKULLS.

MOST FEARED OF THE GANGS WAS THE LAUGHING SKULLS. PEOPLE IN THE AREA SWORE THAT THE SKULL'S LEADER, CHANEY WAS INSANE.



ART: JESSE SANTOS
STORY: MARVIN CHANNING

ONE MORNING AS NORTON MILBANK WAS ON HIS WAY TO WORK...



HEY, CRAZY OLD MAN, YOU ON THE WAY TO TALK TO YOUR DEAD PEOPLE?

GET OUT OF THE WAY AND LET ME PASS!

MAYBE I'LL GO INSIDE WITH YOU. I'D LIKE TO RAP WITH THE STIFFS, TOO.

YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE INTELLIGENCE TO SPEAK TO ANYONE PROPERLY, MUCH LESS THE DEAD!



THROUGHOUT THE DAY THE MEMBERS OF THE LAUGHING SKULLS TAUNTED THEIR LEADER.



THAT OLD MAN REALLY TOLD YOU OFF, CHANEY.

MAYBE YOU OUGHT'A STEP DOWN AND MAKE THE UNDERTAKER OUR CHIEF.

CHANEY BROODED ABOUT THE INCIDENT FOR HOURS...



THAT OLD MAN HAD NO RIGHT TO TALK TO ME LIKE THAT. I THINK HE'S GONNA REQUIRE A LESSON IN MANNERS!

LET'S GO ON OVER TO THAT FUNERAL PARLOR AND STRAIGHTEN THAT OLD MAN OUT! I'LL TEACH HIM... BUST MY CHOPS, WILL HE...!

THIS IS GONNA BE FUN!

