

NO.  
1

HALLOWEEN  
ComicFest

# AFTERLIFE *With* Archie comics®



FRAN  
CAVIL  
A.F. 14





Here. Drink this tea.

Wha... what's in it? Some potion?

Plain ol' chamomile. To calm you down.

We're sorry, boy...



We tried our healing magicks, but your poor pup is gone.

Requiescat in pace.



≈choke≈

No. Nonono NO...



Yes. He was already gone when you brought him to us.

If he'd still been alive, something *might* have been done...

Perhaps, sister. Bones could have been mended...

Cells regenerated, blood-coagulation reversed...



C'mere, boy...

But once the breath of life has left the body...

...well, there are limits to even our powers.





THE NEXT DAY.  
(Eight hours  
after first  
contagion.)

Hot  
Dog...?

--he won't come  
out of his room,  
he hasn't eaten  
in hours, his  
dad and I are  
worried sick.

It's cool,  
Mrs. Jones.  
I'll talk to  
him...

"...make sure he's--"

Good grief,  
Jug, you look  
awful.

...thanks,  
pal, I--

☹koff!☹  
☹koff!☹

...I  
appreciate  
that...

What is  
it, the  
flu?

☹heh☹ Yeah,  
the super-  
flu...

Don't  
get too  
close...

Should I  
call Doc  
Walker?

What  
I've got,  
Arch...

"...no doctor's  
gonna help me..."