

DOPE RIDER

AT 1 O'CLOCK PM, A PERSISTENT KNOCKING AWAKENS DOPE RIDER IN THE DILAPIDATED SHACK HE CALLS HOME.

DOPE RIDER--HOW EXCITING! MY NETWORK WANTS TO DO A REALITY SHOW WITH YOU! WE'LL FOLLOW YOU THROUGH YOUR DAY AND FILM YOU AS YOU 'DO YOUR THING'!

OKAY... WHAT'S THIS GIG PAY?

DOPE RIDER DON'T DO NO 'THING.'

WANTED

HIGH TIMES

WE'D LIKE TO START TOMORROW AND WE'RE ABLE TO PAY \$10,000 A WEEK.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

I ONLY TAKE PAYMENT IN GOLD...

TEN THOUSAND

...ACAPULCO GOLD, THAT IS. MY AGENT, MANNY, WILL HANDLE THE DETAILS.

Contract

THE NEXT MORNING.

DOPE RIDER--WAKEY WAKEY! WE'RE ROLLING FILM!

TRESPASSERS WILL BE VIOLATED

UHHH...

TRESPASSERS WILL BE VIOLATED

WHATEVER HAPPENED WITH THAT REALITY SHOW DEAL?

PROBLEM IS, YOU'RE AN UNREALITY SHOW, DOPE RIDER.

ORANGES \$2.50 PER LB.

MANNERS, DUDE--PUFF, PUFF, AND PASS.

DOPE RIDER

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE LAST SALOON ON EARTH AND PANDEMONIUM REIGNS.

HIGH-SPIRITED CROWD TONIGHT, MANNY.

DO SOMETHING, DOPE RIDER--THEY'RE WRECKING THE JOINT!

LET ME WHIP OUT THE OLD "PEACEMAKER."

YOUR .45 CALIBER REVOLVER?

NO, MY 28 THC RESOLVER.

A LITTLE SECONDHAND SMOKE SHOULD DO THE TRICK.

GIVE 'EM A WHIFF OF THE SPLIFF.

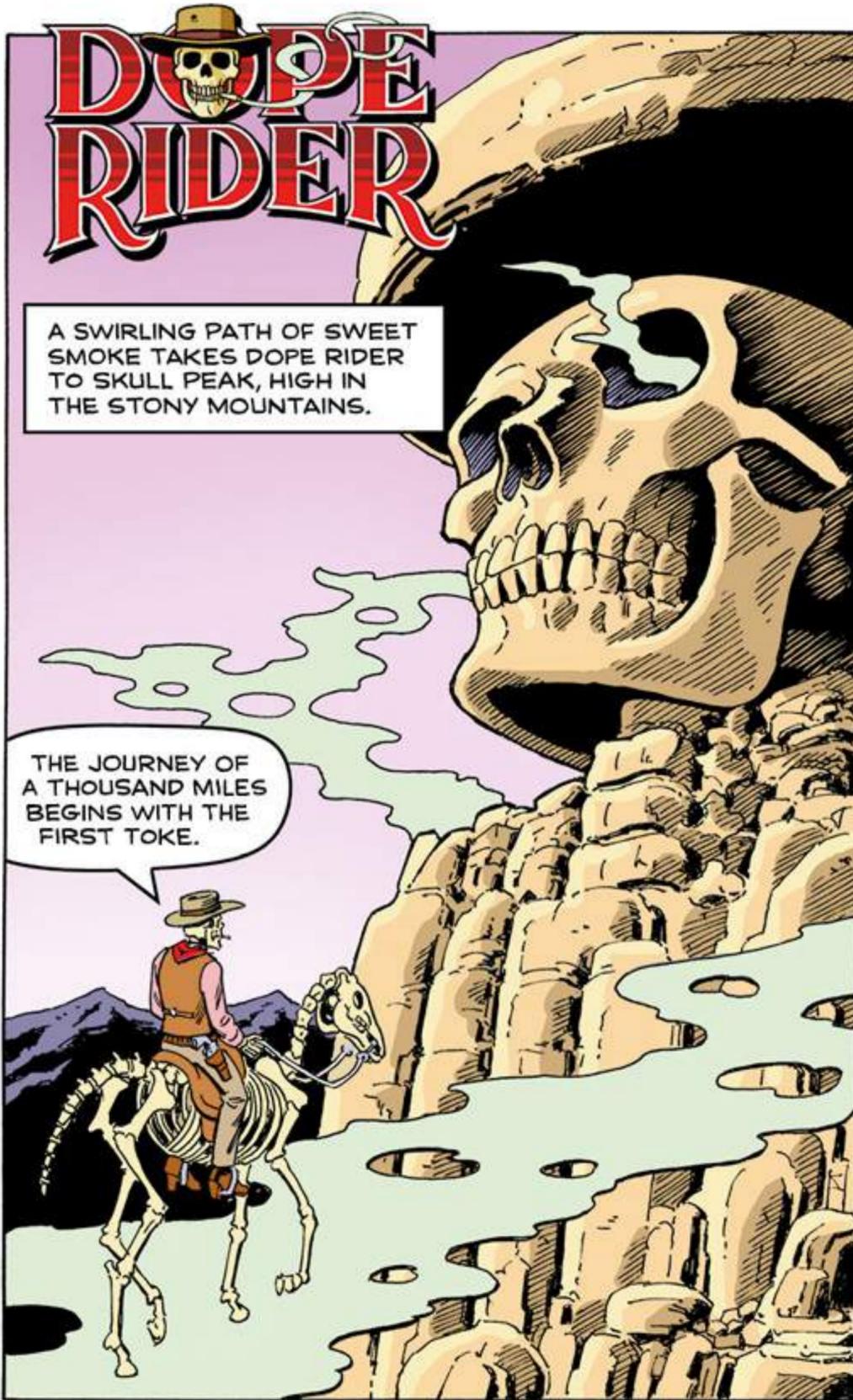
FINE WORK, DOPE RIDER! DRINKS ON THE HOUSE.

A DOUBLE SHOT OF THAT WHEAT GRASS WOULD GO DOWN NICE.

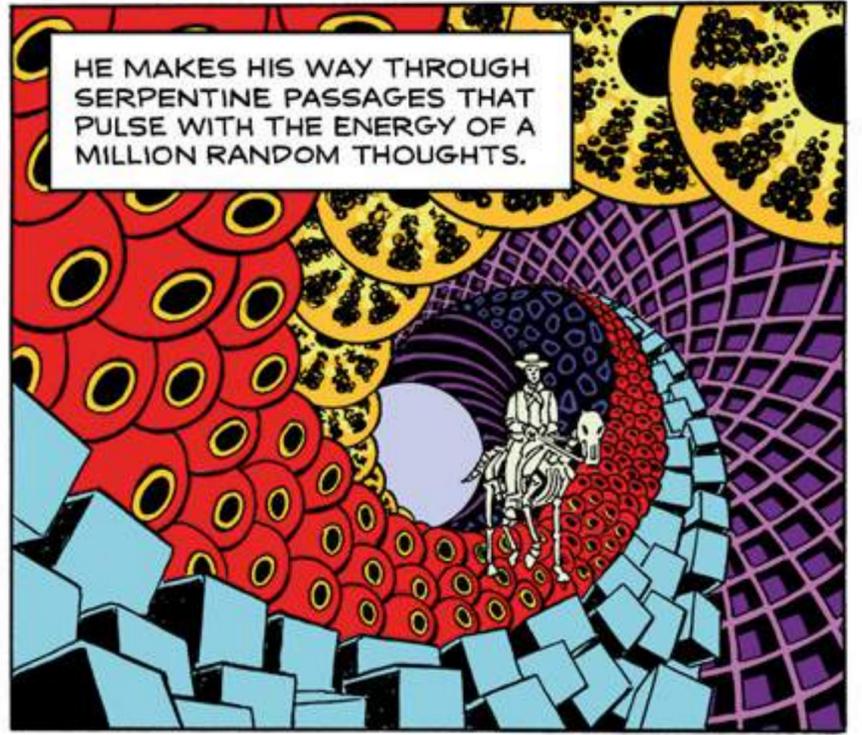
DOPE RIDER

A SWIRLING PATH OF SWEET SMOKE TAKES DOPE RIDER TO SKULL PEAK, HIGH IN THE STONY MOUNTAINS.

THE JOURNEY OF A THOUSAND MILES BEGINS WITH THE FIRST TOKE.



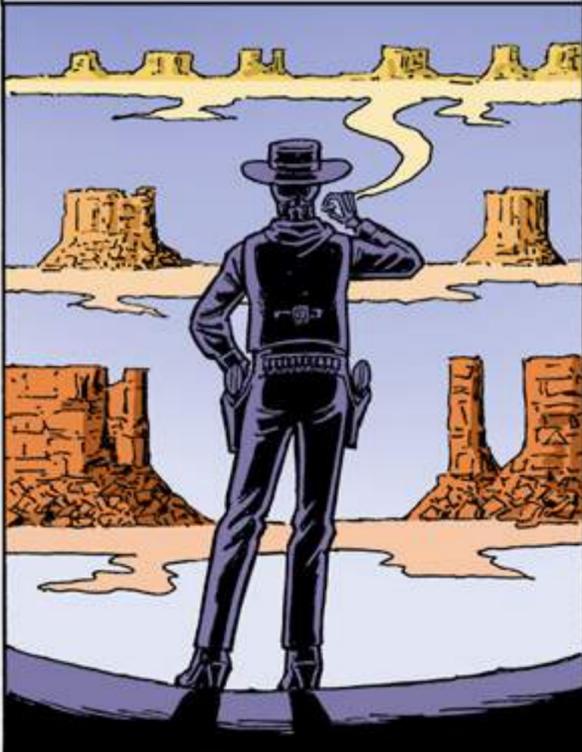
HE MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH SERPENTINE PASSAGES THAT PULSE WITH THE ENERGY OF A MILLION RANDOM THOUGHTS.



HE PASSES THROUGH A CHAMBER THAT STORES ARTIFACTS OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.



AT LAST HE STANDS IN THE EYE OF THE SKULL AND GAZES OUT AT THE MAGNIFICENT WASTE-LAND BENEATH HIM.



IT IS ONLY HERE, IN PERFECT SILENCE AND SOLITUDE, THAT NO MORE QUESTIONS REMAIN.

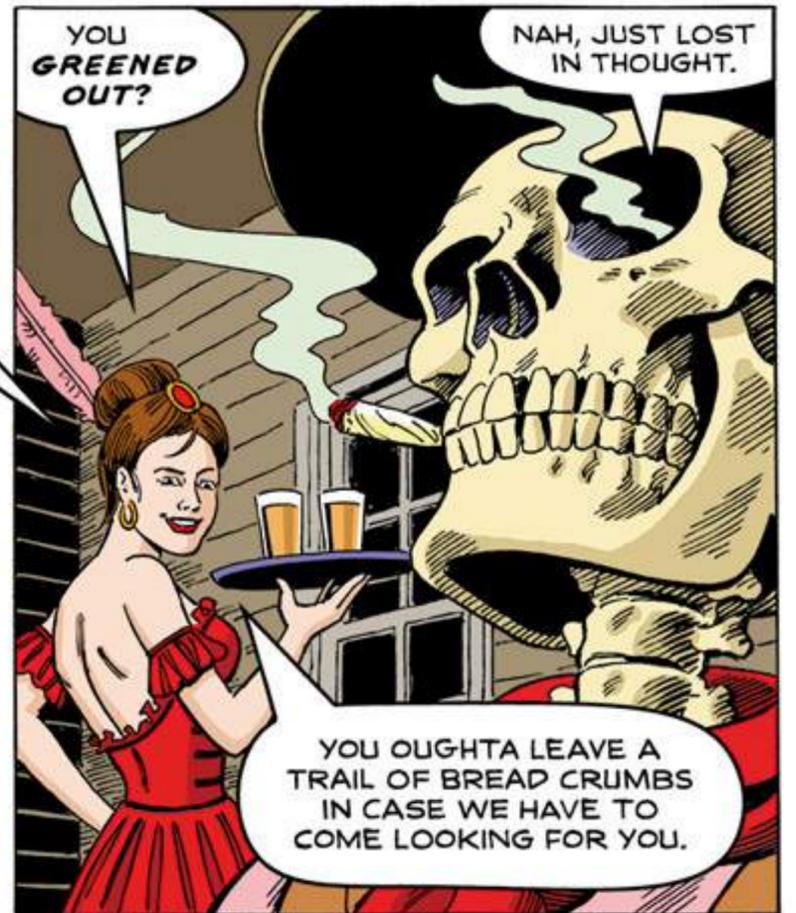


WANNA REFILL ON THAT DR. PEPPER?

WHA-?

YOU GREENED OUT?

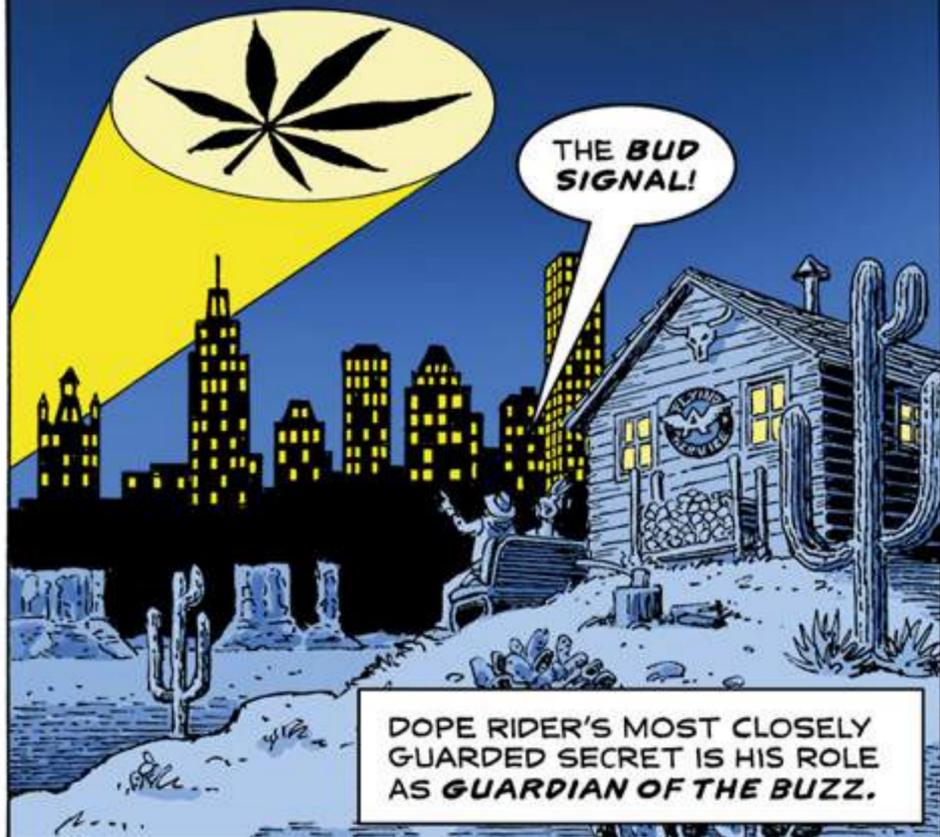
NAH, JUST LOST IN THOUGHT.



YOU OUGHTA LEAVE A TRAIL OF BREAD CRUMBS IN CASE WE HAVE TO COME LOOKING FOR YOU.

DOPE RIDER

ON A COOL NIGHT IN THE HIGH DESERT, DOPE RIDER AND MJ ARE SITTING OUTSIDE HIS RAM-SHACKLE ABOVE, OBSERVING THE COSMOS, WHEN SUDDENLY...



THE **BUD SIGNAL!**

DOPE RIDER'S MOST CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET IS HIS ROLE AS **GUARDIAN OF THE BUZZ.**



LEAPING INTO THE **BUDMOBILE**, THEY FIRE UP ITS **TURBOBONG.**

WITH GREAT WEED COMES GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.

IT'S A SACRED TRUST.

HOLY SMOKE, BUDMAN!



SOMEWHERE, A STONER NEEDS A **RE-UP!**

TO THE **BUD CAVE!**



THEY EMERGE AS **BUDMAN** AND **BUDGIRL**, HEROES TO STONERS EVERYWHERE.

QUICKLY-- A STONER AWAITS!

'DILLOS ARE BURROWERS, NOT POLE-SLIDERS.

BONG! **PUFF!**
BUZZZZ!



HOURS LATER...

WEREN'T WE S'POSED TO GO SOME PLACE OR SUMPTIN?

I DUNNO, BUT I COULD GO FOR SOME BOSTON CREAM PIE.

SOMEWHERE, A STONER DESPAIRS.



AFTER HURLTLING THROUGH MULTIPLE TIME DIMENSIONS...

TEMPORAL TRIPPING!

WHEEE!

DOPE RIDER RETURNS TO HIS SHACK KNOWING WHERE HE IS, BUT NOT *WHEN* HE IS.



LOOKING FORWARD TO SOME R & R.

LOOKING FORWARD TO HITTING MY STASH OF KIEF KIBBLES.



HE COULD MEET A DOPE RIDER FROM ANOTHER TIME FRAME...

WHEREVER I GO, THERE I AM.

LONG TIME NO SEE.



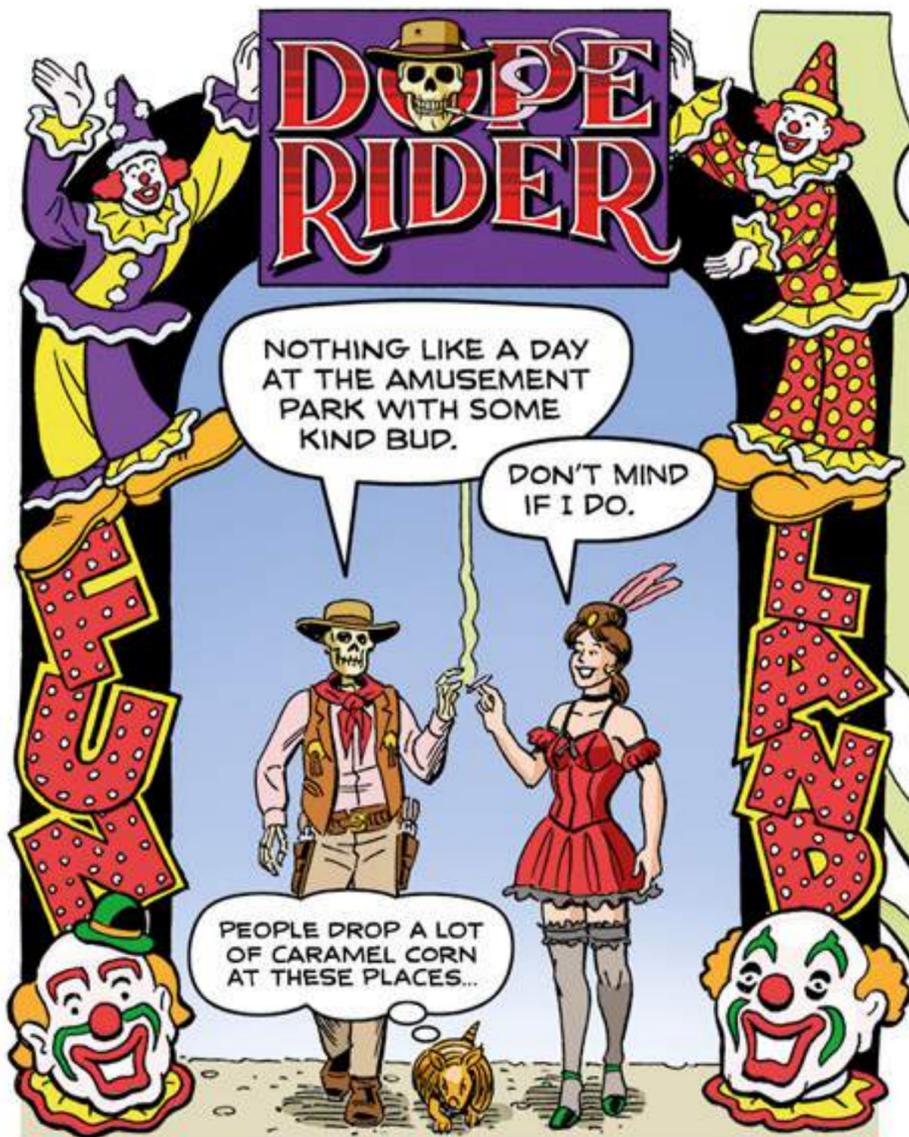
...OR **SEVERAL** OF THEM.

DEAL ME IN, COMPADRES.

HEY, I'LL BET THE FOUR OF US COULD MOVE THAT FRIDGE OUT BACK.

OR MAYBE START A **BOY BAND!**

WHICH ONE OF YOU OTHER DILLOS JACKED MY KIBBLES?!



DOPE RIDER

NOTHING LIKE A DAY AT THE AMUSEMENT PARK WITH SOME KIND BUD.

DON'T MIND IF I DO.

PEOPLE DROP A LOT OF CARAMEL CORN AT THESE PLACES...

WHAT A RUSH! THIS LOG FLUME IS THE BOMB!



UH-OH, THE LAME DRUG REFERENCES HAVE BEGUN.

DRUG REEFERENCES?

TOO BAD I CAN'T SAY THAT OUT LOUD.



GETTING HIGH ON THE FERRIS WHEEL.

GROAN.

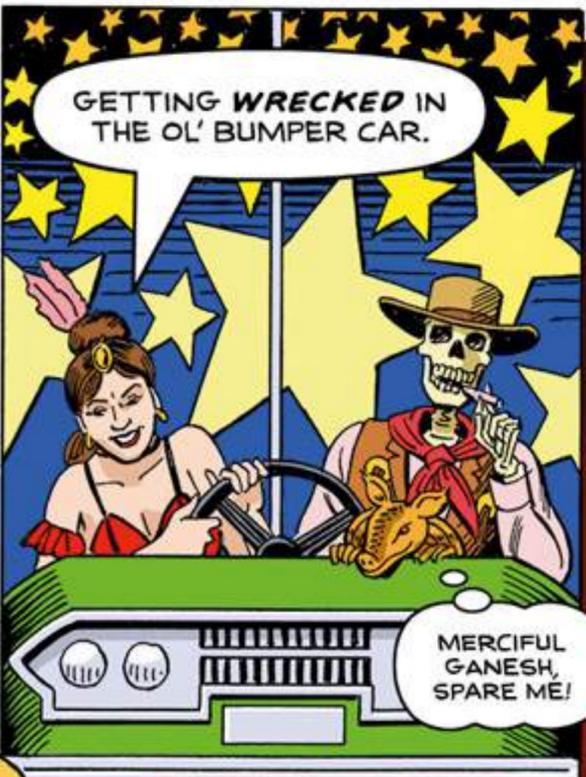
BRINGS THINGS TO A WHOLE 'NOTHER LEVEL.



IN THE FUN HOUSE.

THE WORLD TURNS WITH OR WITHOUT US.

MY HEAD SPINS WITHOUT AND WITHIN ME.



GETTING WRECKED IN THE OL' BUMPER CAR.

MERCIFUL GANESH, SPARE ME!

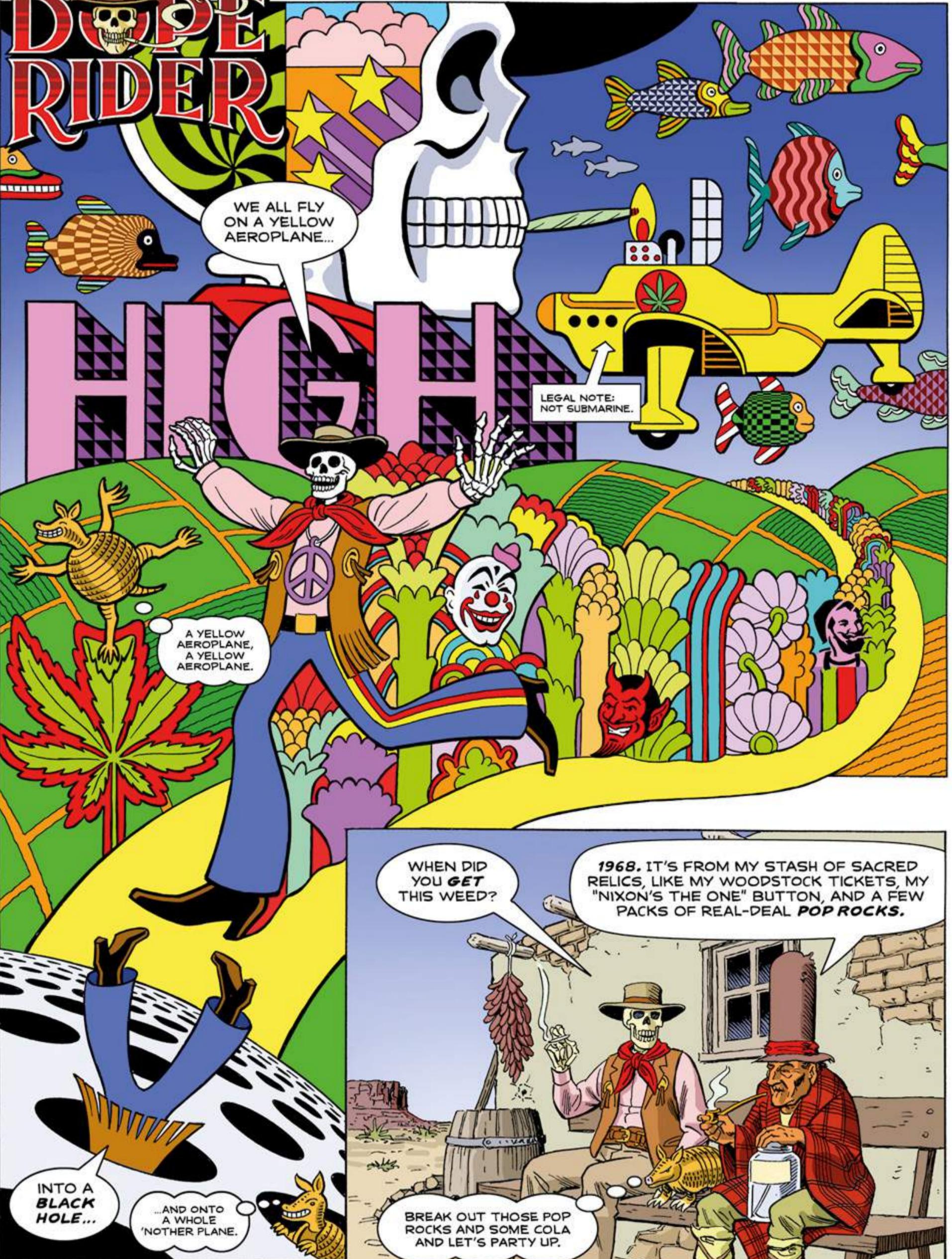
THIS PLACE WENT OUT OF BUSINESS LIKE, WHAT? 30 YEARS AGO?

YEAH. AND IT GETS BETTER ALL THE TIME.



NO CARAMEL CORN. NOT A SPECK.

DOPE RIDER



WE ALL FLY ON A YELLOW AEROPLANE...

LEGAL NOTE: NOT SUBMARINE.

A YELLOW AEROPLANE, A YELLOW AEROPLANE.

INTO A BLACK HOLE...

...AND ONTO A WHOLE 'NOTHER PLANE.

WHEN DID YOU *GET* THIS WEED?

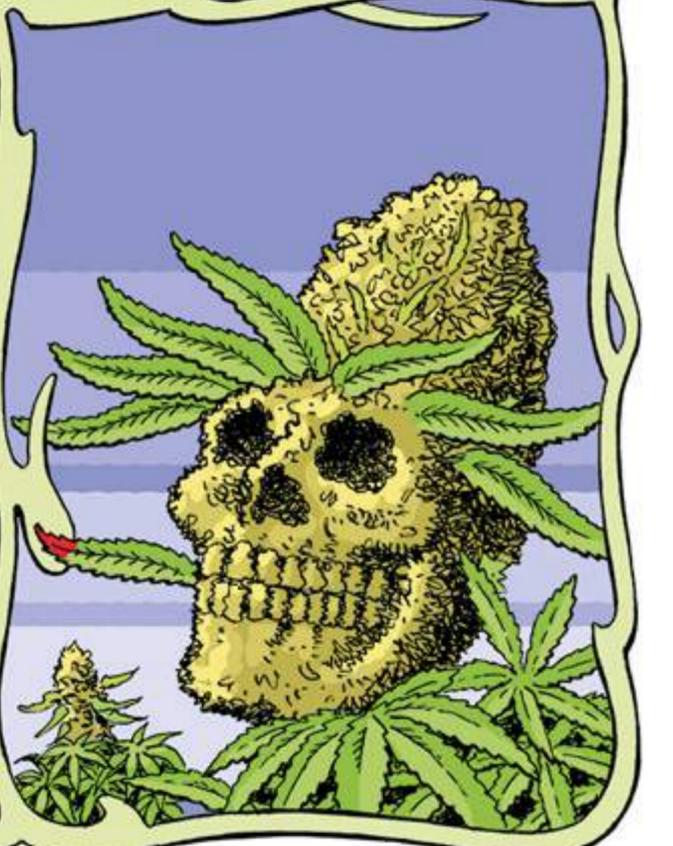
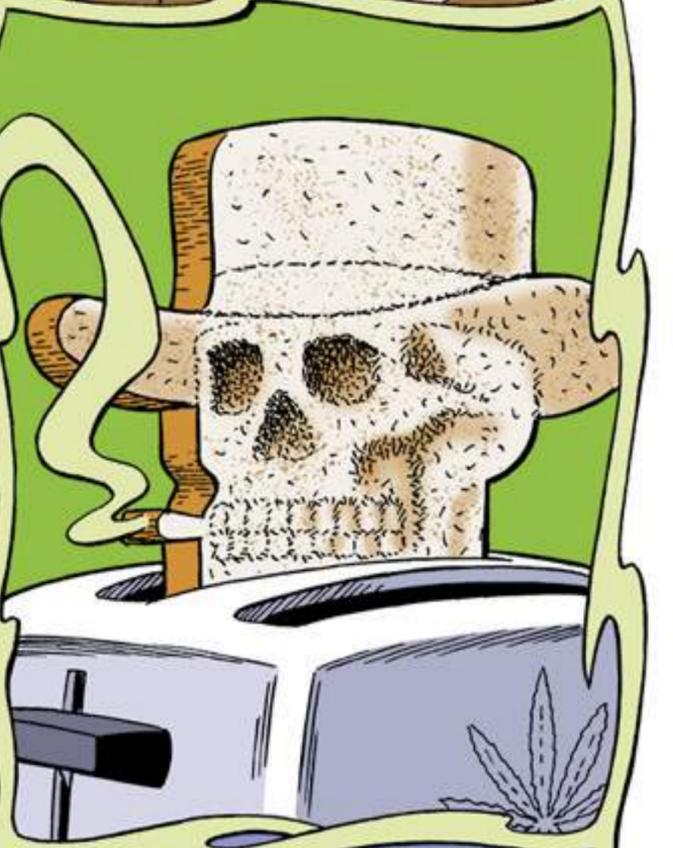
1968. IT'S FROM MY STASH OF SACRED RELICS, LIKE MY WOODSTOCK TICKETS, MY "NIXON'S THE ONE" BUTTON, AND A FEW PACKS OF REAL-DEAL *POP ROCKS*.

BREAK OUT THOSE POP ROCKS AND SOME COLA AND LET'S PARTY UP.



DUPE RIDER

His Many Moods...



DOPE RIDER

ROLL, ROLL, ROLL YOUR OWN,

JOIN THE

COSMIC STREAM,

MERRILY,

MERRILY,

MERRILY, MERRILY,

LIFE IS

BUT A

DREAM.

DID YOU BRING ME ANYTHING?

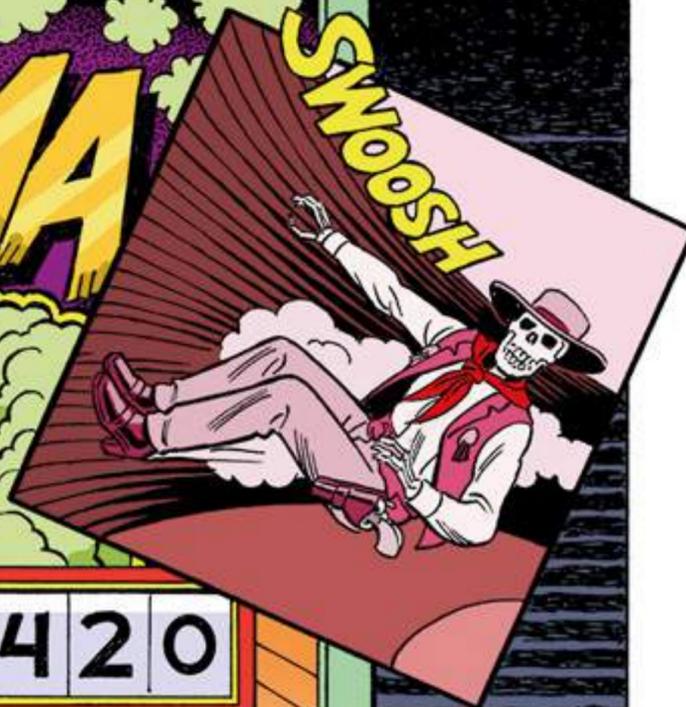
DOPE RIDER

BUD MA

HIGH TIMES
HIGH TIMES

ALLS IN PLAY
2345

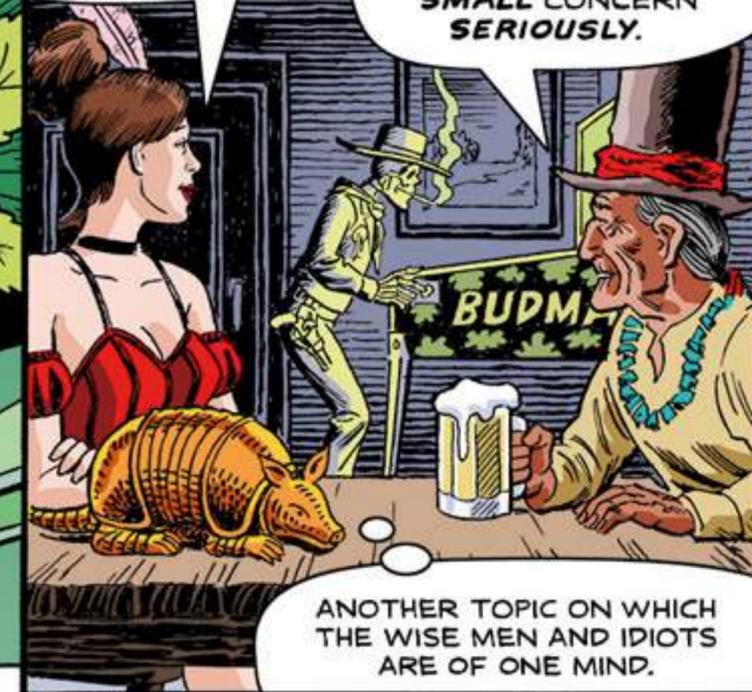
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FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY

WHEN DOPE RIDER GETS INTO A GAME, HE REALLY GETS INTO IT.

WISE MEN SAY, TREAT MATTERS OF GREAT CONCERN LIGHTLY, AND MATTERS OF SMALL CONCERN SERIOUSLY.



ANOTHER TOPIC ON WHICH THE WISE MEN AND IDIOTS ARE OF ONE MIND.

DUPE RIDER



DO YOU THINK YOU'RE THE MASTER OF YOUR OWN DESTINY OR THAT IT'S PREDETERMINED BY SOME FORCE OUTSIDE OF YOURSELF?

OUTSIDE OF MYSELF? LIKE WHAT?

I ALWAYS WANTED A BIG HAT.

I DON'T KNOW... FATE... GOD... SOME HIGHER INTELLIGENCE?

COWBOY TOWN PORTRAITS



WHAT KIND OF HIGHER INTELLIGENCE WOULD COME UP WITH A RANDOM AND CHAOTIC EXISTENCE LIKE MINE? ONLY I COULD MANAGE THAT.

SO YOU'RE CONVINCED YOU HAVE FREE WILL?

MUSHROOMS IS FOOD FOR THOUGHT.



ALWAYS?

ABSOLUTELY. I DO WHATEVER I FEEL LIKE AND I SAY WHATEVER I WANT.

ALWAYS.

BUY PAUL KIRCHNER'S BOOKS!



WHO'S PAUL KIRCHNER?

I DON'T KNOW. NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

SO WHY'D YOU SAY THAT?

IT POPPED INTO MY HEAD AND I JUST FELT LIKE SAYING IT.

MORE DANCING, LESS TALKING.