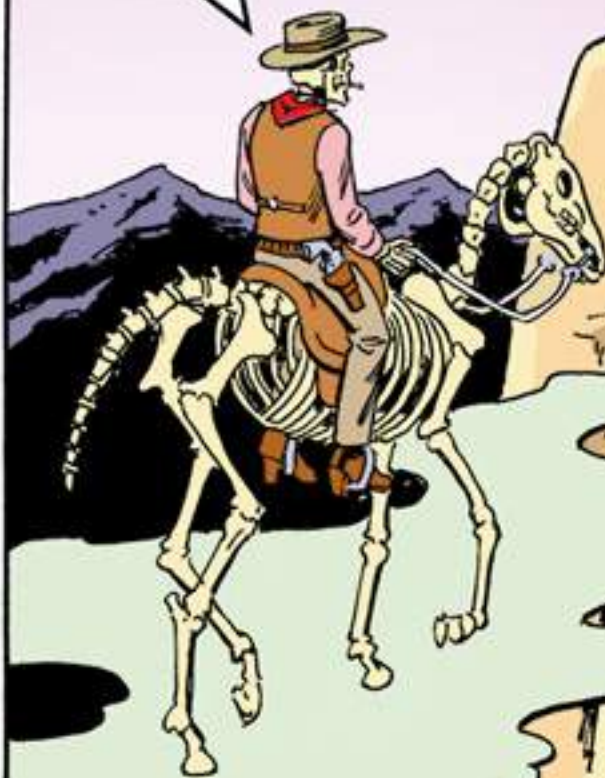


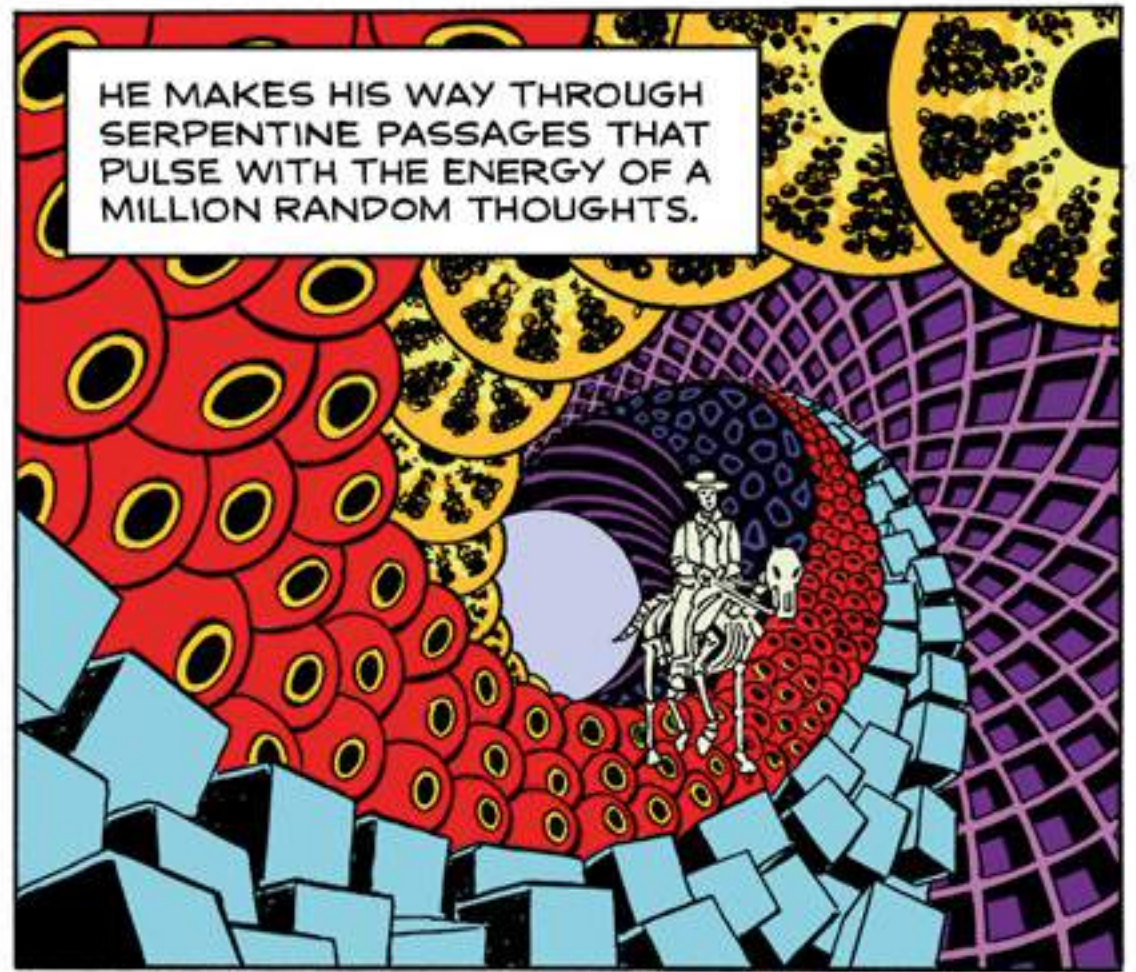
DOPE RIDER

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.



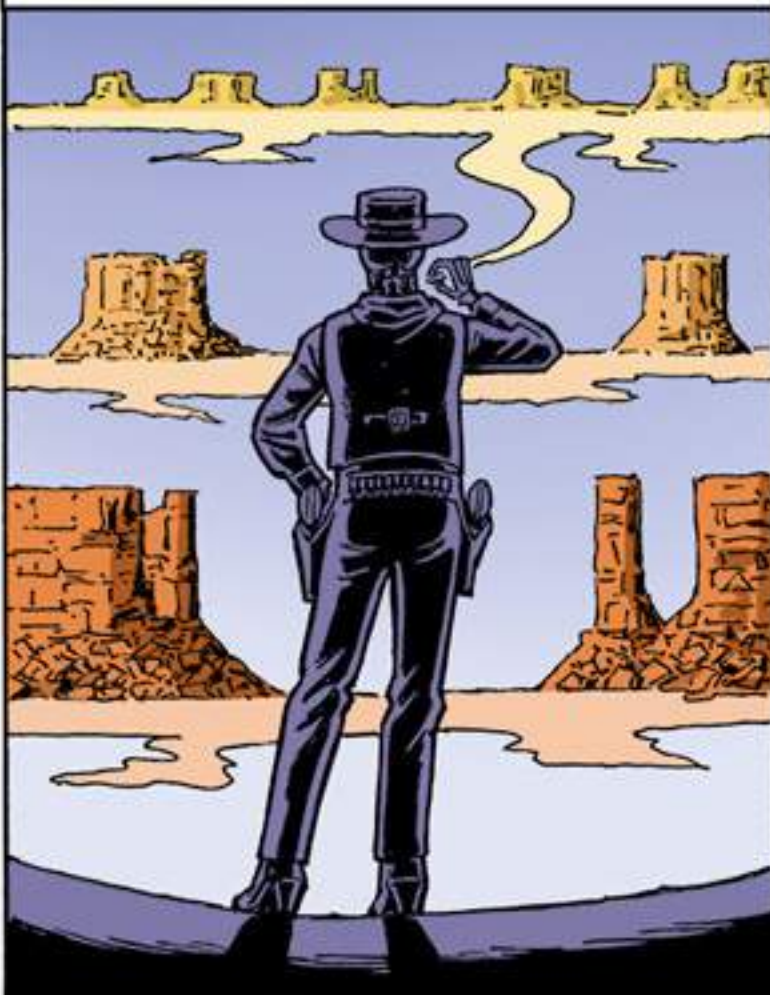
HE MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH SERPENTINE PASSAGES THAT PULSE WITH THE ENERGY OF A MILLION RANDOM THOUGHTS.



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.

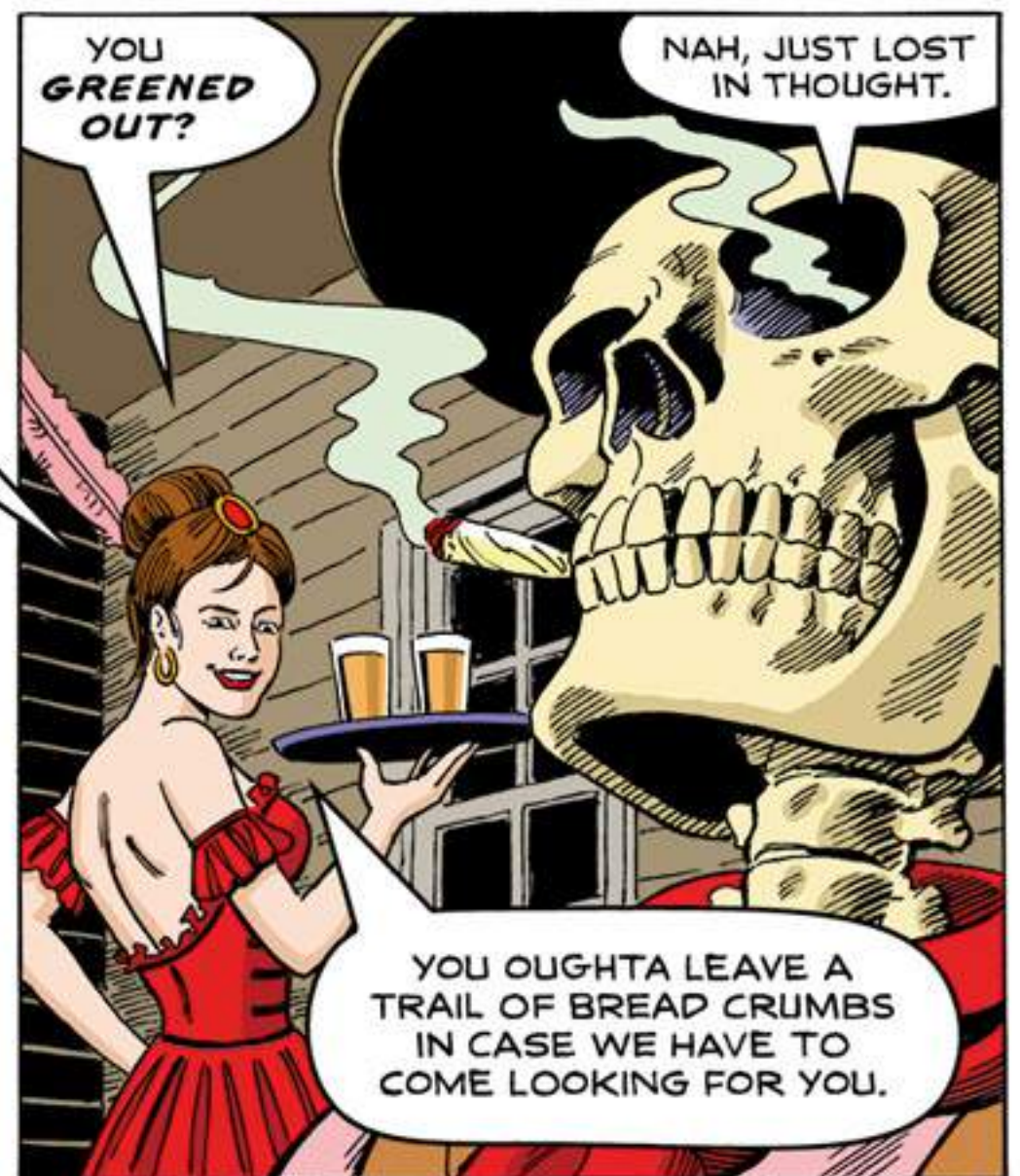


IT IS ONLY HERE, IN PERFECT SILENCE AND SOLITUDE, THAT NO MORE QUESTIONS REMAIN.



YOU GREENED OUT?

NAH, JUST LOST IN THOUGHT.



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!**
BUZZZZZ!

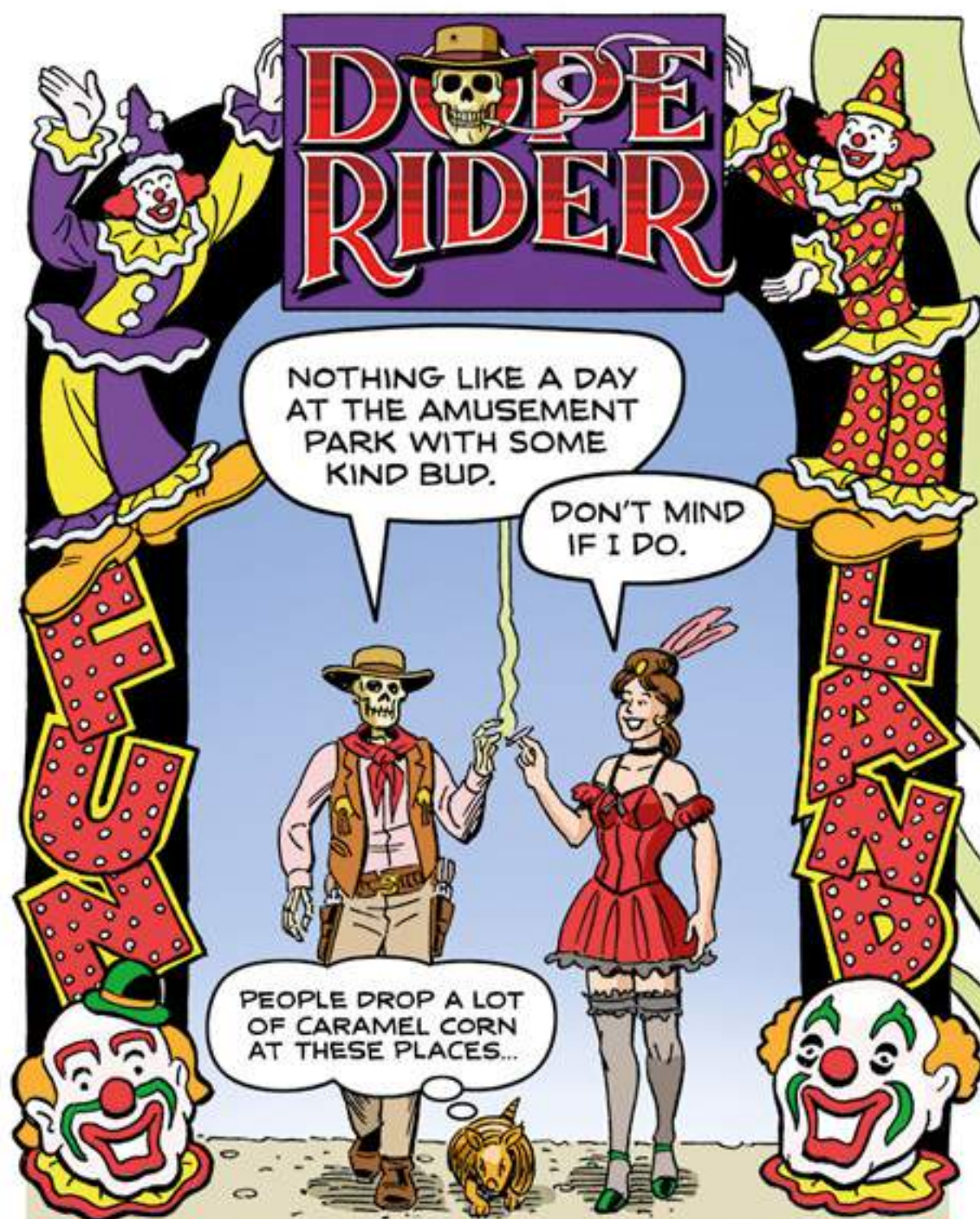
HOURS LATER...

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.





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.

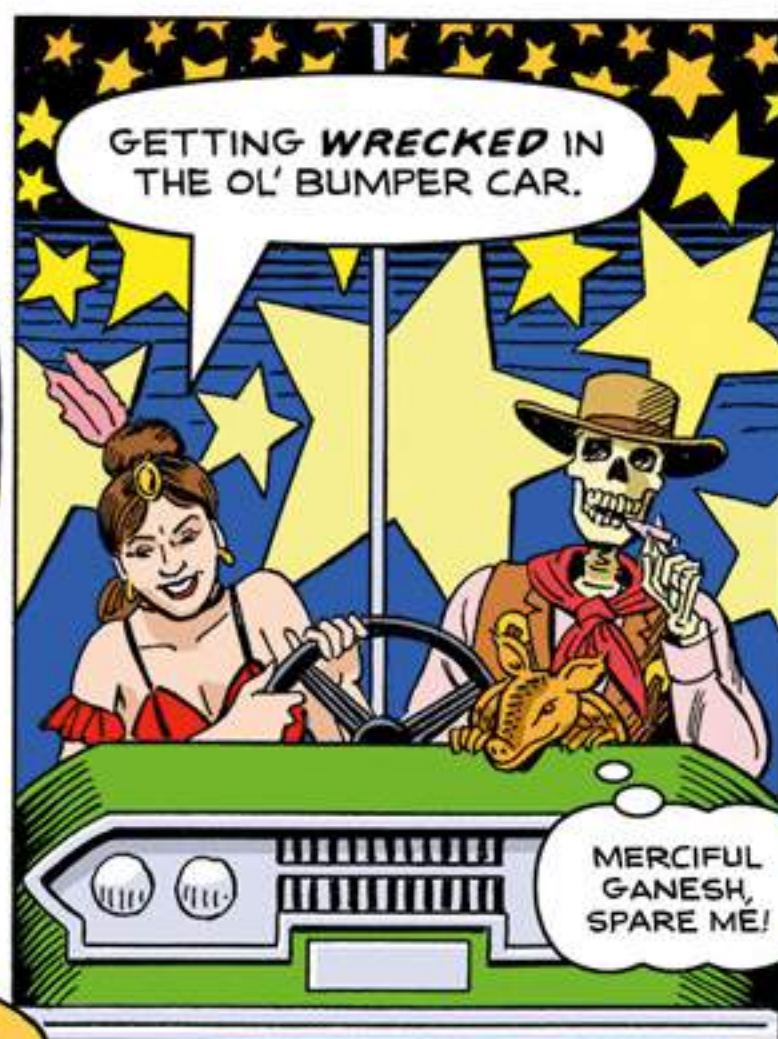
BRINGS THINGS TO A *WHOLE 'NOTHER LEVEL*.



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.



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?

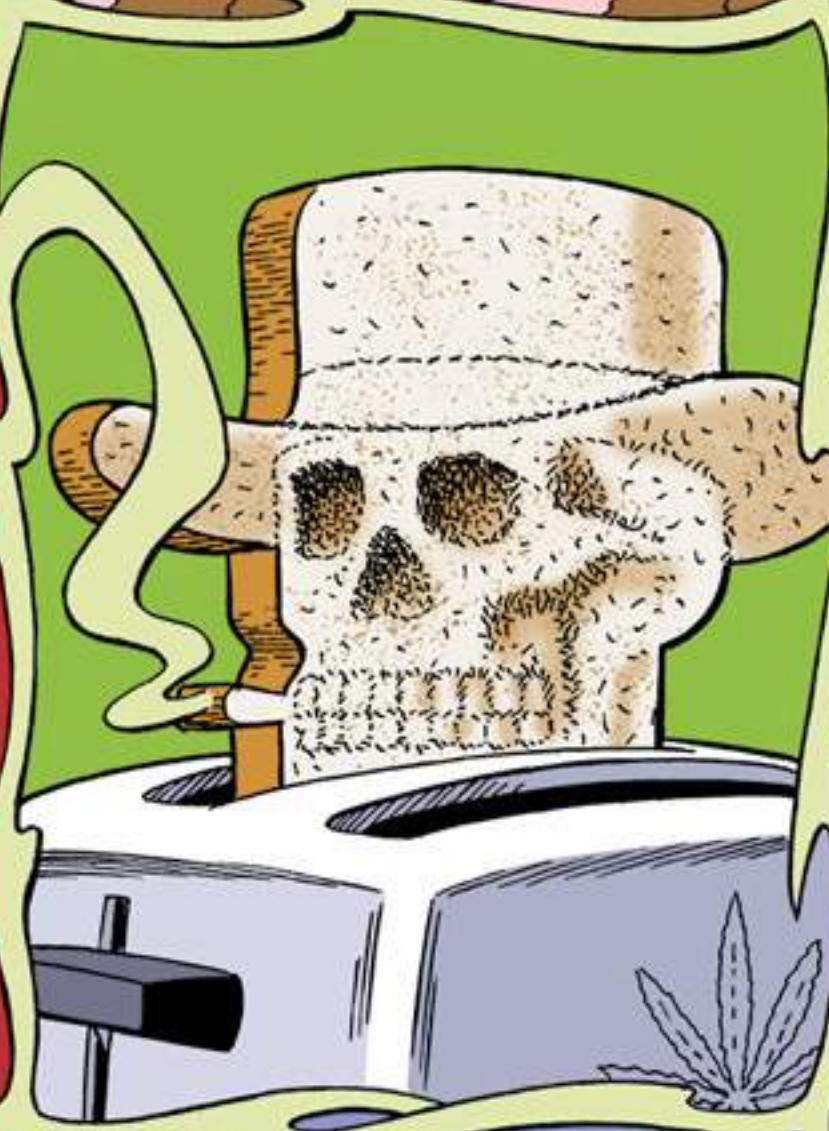
1968. IT'S FROM MY STASH OF SACRED
RELICS, LIKE MY WOODSTOCK TICKETS, MY
"NIXON'S THE ONE" BUTTON, AND A FEW
PACKS OF REAL-DEAL **POP ROCKS**.

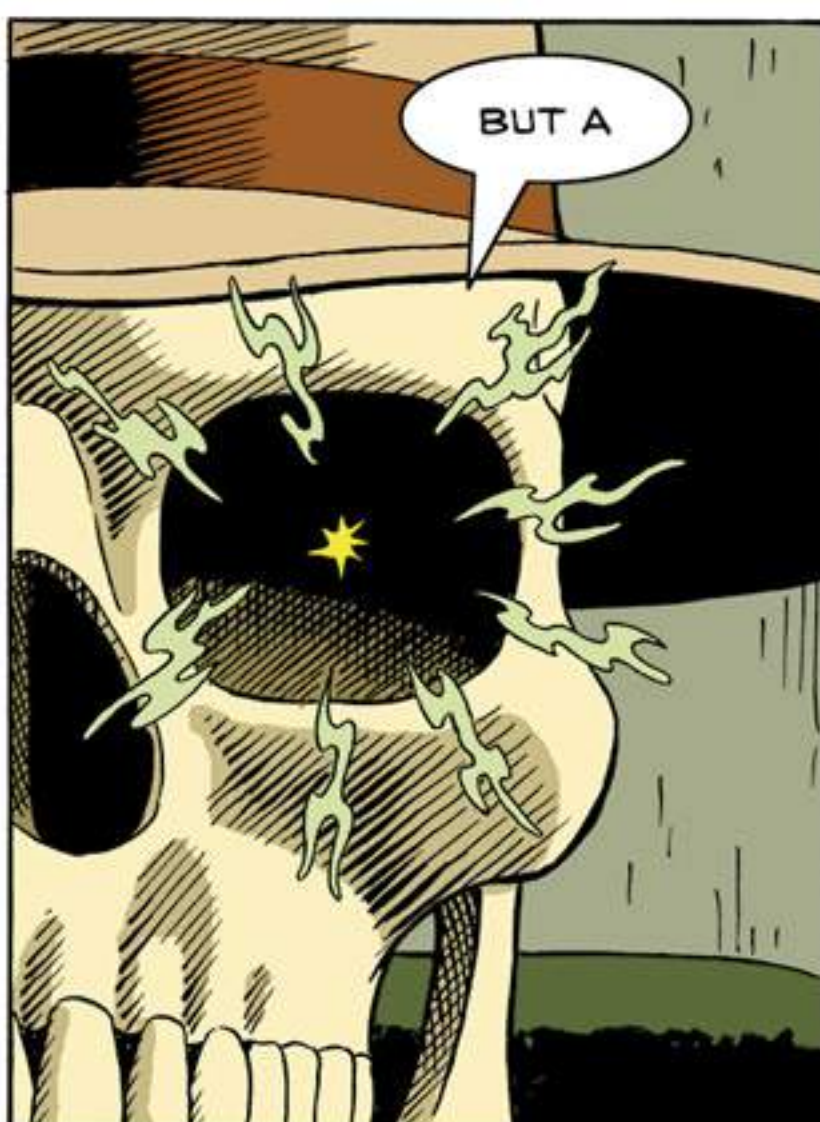
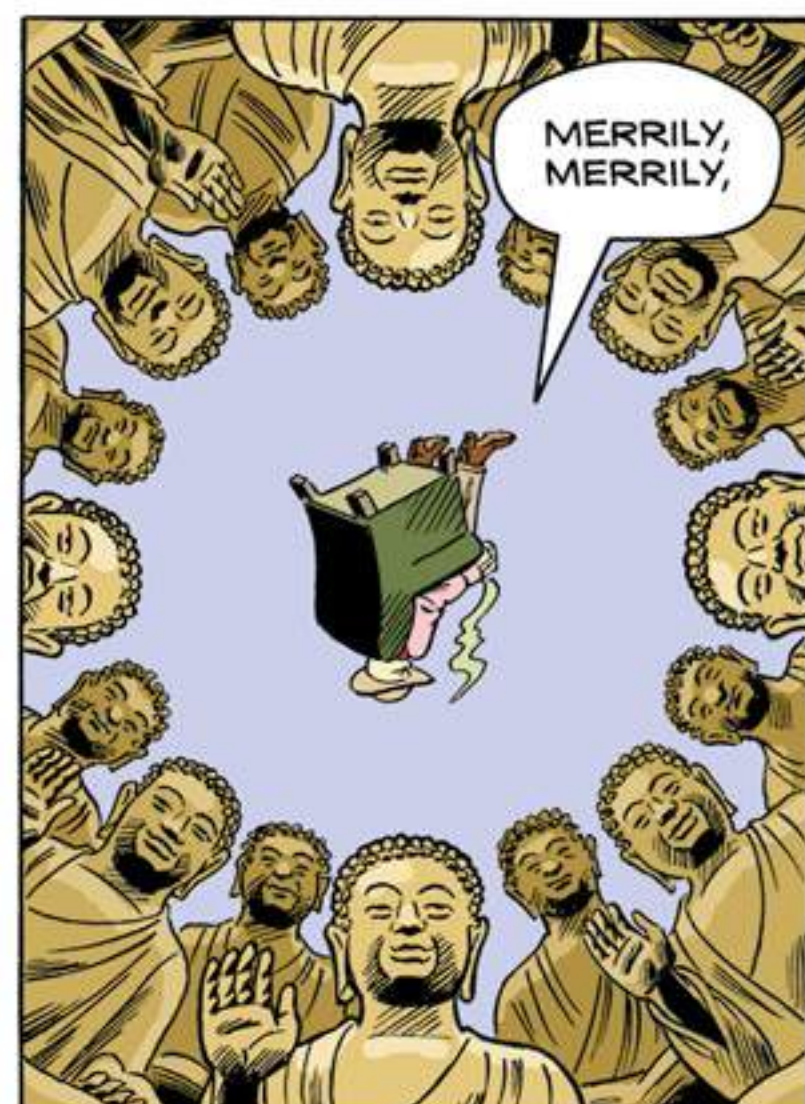
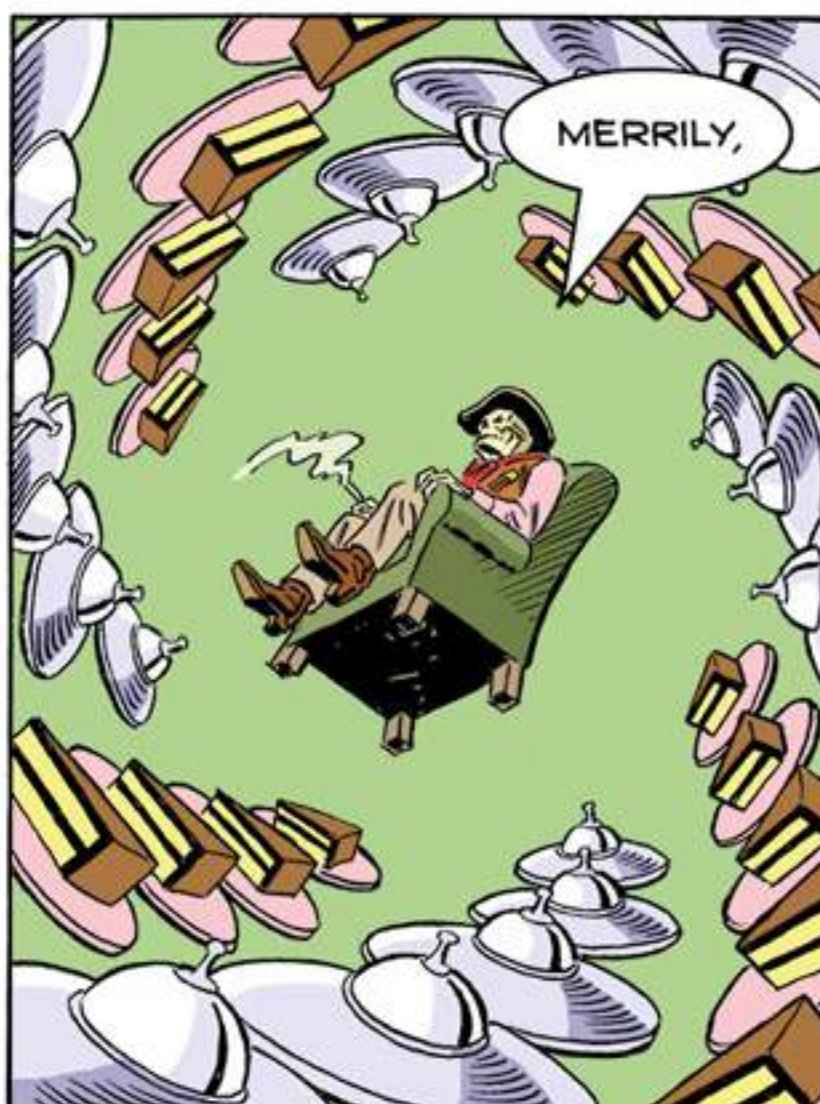
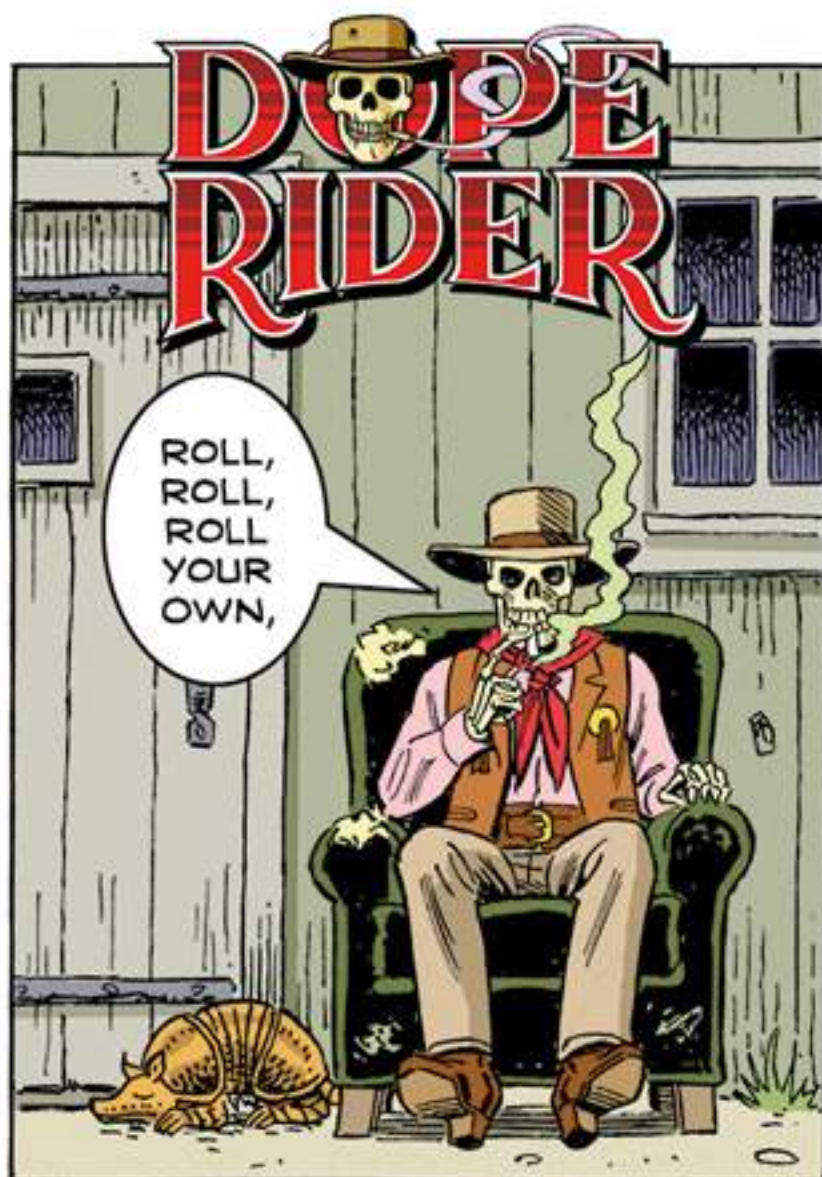
BREAK OUT THOSE POP
ROCKS AND SOME COLA
AND LET'S PARTY UP.



**DUPE
RIDER**

*His Many
Moods...*





**DOPE
RIDER**

BUD MA

HIGH TIMES
HIGH TIMES

SWOOSH

SPROING

ALLS IN PLAY
2345

420

HIGH

50

25

25

BUMP!

DING!

PING

PING

PING

FLADAP!

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.

DOPE 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?

ALWAYS.

BUY PAUL KIRCHNER'S BOOKS!



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



WHO'S PAUL KIRCHNER?

SO WHY'D YOU SAY THAT?

I DON'T KNOW. NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

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

MORE DANCING, LESS TALKING.