FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THOSE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

by GILBERT SHELTON
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OUR STORY OPENS WITH A GRIM NEWS STORY:

**MORNING NEWS**

**EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA**

**HIPPIE FARMER SEIZED IN HUGE RURAL NARCOTICS RAID**

That very evening, three cloaked forms may be seen lurking in the foliage adjacent to the "place of incarceration."
IT IS INDEED FREEWHEELIN' FRANKLIN, FAT FREDDY, & PHINEAS, THOSE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS!

YOU MOTHERFUCKERS READY?

RIGHT ON!

FREE COUNTRY COWFREAK?

THHHHHPP!

ALL RIGHT, HANDS UP!
They don't believe us!
They're going for their guns!

Blam Blam

Hey! That was easy!
Three in two shots!

Right on!
Off the pigs!

Pinggg

Get down and reload!
SURRENDER IN THE NAME OF THE LAW...

URK.

BAM!

All right, Phineas, you cover the stairs!

Fat Freddy, you cover his rear!

I'll get the keys!

BAM!

KA-CHINK!
WHAT HAPPENED TO FAT FREDDY??

OH GOD! I HOPE THAT FAT FOOL HASN'T CAUGHT A SLUG!

HEY FELLA! COME LOOK WHAT I FOUND!

WOW! HEY (SLURF) FELLOWS, THIS REALLY IS SOME (SLURF) FAR OUT WEED (SLURF)...

LET ME ROLL YOU UP A LITTLE (SLURF) NUMBER...

CMON, GOD DARN IT! THIS IS A JAIL BREAK!!

AWWWWWWWWW...
 THESE MUST BE THE KEYS!

I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON IN THERE!

I HEAR MORE COPS! THEY'LL BE COMING SOON FROM ALL OVER THE PLACE!

THIS'LL MAKE 'EM A LITTLE CAUTIOUS!

FUMP
FREDDY! TAKE THIS MACHINE GUN AND COVER US WHILE WE TRY TO LOCATE COUNTRY COWFREAK!

PHINEAS, TAKE THESE KEYS AND OPEN THAT FIRST TANK THERE!

OKAY! EVERYBODY IS FREE!
(MEH-MEH) TO GO BACK TO WORK!

NO DIRTY GODDAM LONG-HAIRED HIPPIE SON OF A BITCH IS GOING TO LET ME OUT OF JAIL!!

CRUNCH

OH FUCK!! GET BACK IN THERE!

BASH

HEY, COWFREAK'S DOWN AT THIS END IN HIS OWN CELL!
Why, it's my big-city cousins Freddy, Frank, & Phineas! What are y'all doing in this here neck of the woods?

Get your traveling duds together, country! We're springing you outa here!

Hurry, dammit! There's state police thickern flies arriving down there!

Yew all want me to leave here?! Why, this here is the finest pad I've ever gotten off in!

Water bed, eight-track stereo headphones, color tellye...

You mean you don't want to get out of jail? You mean we've killed half the cops in this state and you don't want to leave?

You're insane.

I'm happy here! They let me have all the dope I want!

Here, try some of this fantastic Panama red!
OH, COMING UP THE STAIRS!

I'D BE OUT OF MY MIND TO LEAVE HERE!

GOOD STUFF!!

HEAVY.

CMON, FELLOWS! LOOSE THAT HOT LEAD! AT LEAST WE'LL TAKE SOME OF THOSE PIG BASTARDS ALONG WITH US!

CMON, FELLOWS!

FELLOWS??

CMON, FELLOWS!

FELLOWS!

HELP ME!

WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE KILLED!!

H H H
HELP ME! HELP ME!

FELLOWS! THEY'RE KILLING ME!!!

YARGH!! YAWHHH!! YAWHHH!!

I'LL KILL YOU TWICE, YOU SELFAH SON OF A BITCH! YOU ATE ALL THREE DOZEN HASH COOKIES WE BAKED FOR THE PARTY TONIGHT!

DON'T KILL ME!

KILL HIM!

BREAK HIS FINGERS!

THE END
IT'S OFF TO THE FARM FOR ME! I'M RIGHT ON THE VERY BRINK!

WHY D'YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE HOLDING?

WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW? 'N HAVIN' A COW?

UP AGAINST THE WALL, YOU RATHER SON OF A BITCH! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE HOLDING!

WELL, THOSE PIGS IN THE TRUFFLES.

WHAT CHA THINKIN' 'BOUT?

WHAT D'YOU THINK OF IT?

OH YEAH, ALREADY BEEN LSD, P.M.T. SYPH. FM. AM.

I'M GONNA CALL THIS ONE COPIE BECAUSE OF ITS PREDICTED EFFECTS.

CAN'T WE JUST LEAVE IT ALONE, MAN?

STOPPIN' SHIT, PAL, COREY! I'M NOT GONNA LISTEN TO YOU!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M NOT GONNA LISTEN TO YOU!

IT MAKES YOUR STOMACH WOUL UP, ANYWAY. I WOULDN'T TELL YOU TO DO IT.
I've just contributed to pollution! I sold my car and bought myself a bicycle.

Oh, great! I was just gonna use your car to go record a couple hours of weed!

Take it easy! I'll ride you on the bicycle!

Why not? Because we can't go fast enough, I guess.

That's a bunch of shit! We have as much right as anyone to use our roads!

We can go faster than the cars during this rush-hour traffic!

Here you are, Cousin! Two pounds of the mythical mirage weed!

Sorry, but I don't have a sack!

Wouldn't it be cheaper to take the freeway and go across the bridge?

Yeah, but they don't allow bicycles on the freeway.

Hi! Cop! Are you coming after us?

Woof woof!

Keep going! We're caught in the traffic!

I'm exhausted! I can't ride any farther!

I've got an idea!

Sorry, I can't carry a whole bunch of cocaine...

No problem, while I'm here...

How do you like me now?

Two hoods on a bicycle. Would any cop be stupid enough to try and catch us?

We thought our car had broken down.

We got out to see what was wrong.

Congratulations, Mr. Box! Your wife and her mother are the parents of a boy and a girl.

What's this, Mrs. Box?

And what, Mr. Box?

Boxing gloves, sir. First, I bought a few rounds of sandwiches.
Here
We're Buster Foyt,
a simple soul, a
wanderer, late
Of East Detroit,
a tendency to tinker,
and a pair of iron feet,
is why we find him here today.

On this somewhere, someplace, street.

Now playing
Anything!!
Come on in!!

Free admission

First, we observe
the box in my hand,
a small, unobtrusive
item, compact, but
contained therein
is a select
assortment of odd
acts, unusual
experience, and a
few
overwhelming
occasions to
spice things up
or days like
these...

Aero

Given to me by a silent
Arab on a bleak
stretch of Nubian desert, it is
designed to produce, at
my discretion, any sort
of enchantment magic
begone, due to
its highly unstable
nature the workings
are, unfortunately,
invisible... and don't
necessarily limit themselves
to the confines of this
container...
ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE...
WITNESS:
THE ELECTROMAGNETIC
CHaos OF TOTALITY.
IT REVEALS TO THE
CONSCIOUS PARTICLES
THAT NOTHING IS NEW.

OBSERVE:
LONG WEEKENDS OF HUNT MISTAKES
THEN EXPERIMENT WITH VARIOUS
FORMS AND CURIOUS COMBINATIONS.

DISCOVER THAT
STOPPIN TEN
BLUE CHIP STOCKS
IN A PARKING
METER WILL
FREEZE TIME
FOREVER!

PERFORM AN ABSTRACT
ACT WITH AN OBJECTIVE
OBJECT AND THEREBY
CONVEY AN ABSTRACT
MESSAGE IN WHICH
THERE IS MEANING.

...However abstract
it may be!!

Hey, Mr. Foxt! I gotta take a
piss!!

Ah! Sure kid.

Quick!

...Right over, there, kid.

Yeek!

This party just ran out
of pages. Ah, well, back
to the half-empty stadium
of reality...here,
take this, it's a
piece of the action!
“THE PAYDAY SONG”
WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A DRUNKEN SOLDIER?
PUT HIM IN JAIL 'TIL HE GETS SOMBER!
PAYDAY!
PAYDAY!

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Ted Richards

JECEZ DAN, THIS IS TH' HAPPIEST I'VE SEEN YOU SINCE OL' SGT. O'ROURKE DIED!!

UJA WELL, KEEP THIS ON TH' QT. CLUDE, BUT "FINANCE" HAS DONE OVER-PAY ME BY ALMOST $300.00!!

GOLLEE... WHAT YOU GONNA DO NOW? I BETCHA THEY MAKE YOU GIVE IT BACK REAL SOON!!

SAY, MAYBE YOU KIN PAY ME BACK THET $20.00 YOU OWE ME FROM LAST SUMMER?

UJA SURE CLUDE, BUT I GOTTA' RUN NOW AN' CASH THIS LIL' FUCK-UP. HAW!!

YEA-BOY, THINK I'LL GO 'N GET A MILK SHAKE AN' A HAMBURGER...

LATER.

YEA LATER.
"PAVDAY" ROLLS AROUND EVERY 30 DAYS AT GOOD OL' FT. FRAGG...

GULP PING
CHUKLING TRIP
RAP
GOZZLE RING

Coke.
Smack.

HEY COSMO.. I WANNA BUY A POUND...

LIDS.
I AIN'T GOT TIME FOR JOKES.

LIDS.

I AIN'T BULLSHITTIN'. I JEST CASHED A BIG CHECK AN'I GOT TH'CASH MONEY RIGHT HERE IN MY POCKET!!

...INCLUDIN' THE 15 BUCKS YOU OWE ME ON THE LAST LID?

ANYTHING YOU SAU COSMO.. HEH HEH...

OK WE'RE ON.. I KIN' GETCHA' AN' OUT'A SITE POUND O' NAM WEED FOR 180 BUCKS...

180 DOLLARS!! SHIT, I CAN GET A POUND OF GOLD IN 'FRISCO FOR ONLY 200!!

HEAVY!! SCORE ME A COUPLE WHILE YER OUT THERE...

LIDS!!
SURPRISE! (GIGGLE)

EASY RIDER!

WOW! YOU REALLY FREAKED ME OUT KYLE! I THOUGHT TH' DOOR WAS LOCKED!

WELL YOU'RE IN LUCK... I GOTTA' MESS O' THIS 'NAM WEED AN' NUTHIN' T' DO 'CEPT GET LOADED WITH A FEW FRIENDS.

WANT ME TO LOCK TH' DOOR DAN? (GIGGLE)

PASS THAT 'J' BRER.

AND TROOP MORALE, WHILE AT AN ALL-TIME LOW, SEEMS TO GET A LITTLE HIGHER...

SO I SEZ "WHO'S ON WHAT ROSTER" AND.

NEXT MONTH I'M GONNA BUY A PILE OF RAZOR BLADES.

HEY THIS IS REAL GOOD SHIT MAN. MY LIL' BRO BACK HOME, GUINE, WANNA COP SOME U' KNOW MAN...

YEA

YEA. OK MAN.
I can't believe I only got 2 lids left...

'Gotta' look at th' bright side tho'.
'Two lids in th' bag is worth none in th' bush.

Wow... that's heavy...
She's really "laid back."

ATTEN-SHUT!!

Dope! Dope! Dope!
I smell dope! Where is it?... where is it?!!

Oh no... Lt. Frattle!!

Sniff
Sniff

There it is!

And after a "thorough" search...

Well, looky what I found... Dope!! But you're lucky. I'm only going to confiscate it, and let this be a warning, because, Blah Blah.

Hey Dan... vew got a note from Finance here and... Dan... Dan? Hmmm... guess his head has done gone A.W.O.L. again...

But the euphoria is short-lived and soon reality returns for another 29 days... or more...
FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

Theme Song

We went lookin' for the good life,
But we shoulda stood in bed,
'Cause the stuff we ate it been too broad,
It pumped closed up our head.

And the things we saw on tennies,
On the news each night at ten,
We're enough to make you want to grab
Your travels and throw it in!

Well, sometime out in the country
You can still see big as broad,
You can't hear 'em, though, 'Cause Jet
Shutters blown out everything.

And say, whatever happened to
Those simple things we prized?
Thrill be a lotta changes next month
When we get organized!!
We went looking for America but we couldn't find a thing.

Cause the air was thick & yellow and our eyes began to sting,

And the traffic was so heavy that you couldn't turn your head.

If you slowed down below eighty you'd be dead!

Well, way out there in the country you can still hear hoo-dee fly!

You can't see 'em, though, cause the night comes and darkness fills the sky.

But we don't lie awake at night, and we don't even sweat.

We just light ourselves another cigarette.

Both the Saviour and the Chairman said we all live in the sea; stick your nose up in the air, man, and the truth will come to thee.

We are fish upon the surface; see the Seals go sailing by!

Wont someone turn on that great big fishbowl filter in the sky??

Well, I don't care if I do die (do da da) do die (do da da) do die; gonna stick my head in the old grey air till I do die, hey!

The adventures of Fat Freddy's Cat
THUMB THEATRE PRESENTS

A FINE DIVERION FROM THE FUNNY FARM!

FREE CLINIC D.O.P.E.

—THOSE NUTS WERE BEGINNING TO LOOSEN MY SCREWS!

—OH, NURSE BRODSKY

—YES, DOCTOR D.O.P.E?

—DID YOU PUT THAT AD IN THE BERKELEY TRIBE?

—NO, DOCTOR D.O.P.E!

—GODDAMN!!

—NOW I’LL HAVE TO GO OVER THERE MYSELF!!

—FUCKIN’ FEMINIST NURSE!!

—WHY DO I ALWAYS HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING MYSELF?!

—AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO FOLLOW ORDERS??!

—WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAPPEN TO ME?!!!

—I’M SICK OF LEMONS!—GOYIM! I’M SICK OF—

—NOW THIS TIME WHEN YOU GO OVER THERE DON’T FORGET TO BRING YOUR BAG LIKE YOU DID LAST TIME!!

—OK.
IT'S TYPICAL, MERTON. JUST TYPICAL, THAT YOU'D WANT A PIECE OF SEXIST, MALE CHAUVINIST TRASH LIKE THIS. THIS: "COMIC"... IN OUR NEWSPAPER! WHAT WOULD THE SISTERS IN CHICAGO THINK??!

---AN' I SAY IT'S "TYPICAL" CAUSE ONLY A SHELTERED BASTARD WHO HAS A MONOGRAMOUS RELATIONSHIP WITH A FINE WOMAN LIKE LIBBY HERE -- SUCH AS HERSELF -- COULD GET OFF ON SUCH NARROW, MALE-ORIENTED "POOP"!!

---OOPS! OH!! LIBBY! I'M SORRY!!! HOW THOUGHTLESS OF ME!!

---SHOVE IT!!

---DON'T SWEAT IT, "FIDEL"--

WHAT I HAFTA GO THROUGH T' KEEP MY HEALTH!!

HELLO SICKIES!! AN' GREETINGS FROM THE WOLD OF MEDICAL-TYPE SCIENCE-THINGS!! DOCTOR DOPE, HERE!!

---WHY THE MURK? HUH? HUH??

OHH, DOCTOR DOPE! I SENT A LETTER TO YOUR COLUMN IN THE "CHRONICLE," ABOUT MY YEAST INFECTION AND YOU NEVER ANSWERED IT!!

---NO, AND IT'S SUCH A BOTHER!!

---WELL, IS THERE A MORE ANTI-SEPTICAL ROOM IN THIS PLACE?

---YEAH, JUST OUT BACK!

---SEE YA LATER, BOYS! DUTY CALLS, Y'KNOW. HEHE, HEHE.
SLAM

--MAYBE HE CAN CLEAR UP MY YEAST INFECTION!
--ARE YOU GONNA LET HIM BIRD-DOG YOUR OL' LADY?!!!

WHAT'D YOU SAY?

I MEAN--(SIGH)--MERP! YOU DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION?

SURE, MY UNCLE WAS A VET.

WELL, LET ME READ THIS ARTICLE TO YOU THAT I CLIPPED OUT OF "IT AIN'T ME, BUBBY!" ABOUT A YEAR AGO...

AHEM! "THE AUTHORITY THE ROLE OF 'DOCTOR' PLAYS IN STRAIGHT, MIDDLE-CLASS LIFE IS STRONGLY REINFORCED BY INSTITUTIONS LIKE THE A.M.A."

...AND MANY DOCTORS ABUSE THE AUTHORITY NESTED IN THEM BY THIS MALE-DOMINATED ORGANIZATION TO THEIR OWN ENDS...

--BIG THIS... SUCH AS THE TIME WHEN MY OWN FAMILY DOCTOR RAPED ME--

WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO?!

JUST A ROUTINE 'PELVIC' KIND OF EXAMINATION IN THE GENITAL AREA, MY DEAR.

THE HELL YOU ARE, 'DOC'!!

HUUUH?!
A "DUMB CHICKEN" I'M NOT!
I READ THE NEWSPAPERS!
I KNOW WHAT GOES ON IN
NURSE-LESS EXAMINATION
ROOMS!!

THE DOOR'S LOCKED!!

I CALLS FOR
INCUSIVE
RENOVATORY
ACTION!

...I ASK YOU FOR
ADVICE AND YOU
TRY TO GET AT
MY "BOD"!!

I CAN'T
DO ANY
THING WITH
A HAND-
WRITING
SAMPLE!

LEMMIE GO!!
I WON'T TOUCH YOU!!

WHY DID YOU CLOSE DOWN
YOUR FREE CLINIC
DOCTOR DOPE?

I COULDN'T HANDLE
THE SANITY!!

THEY SIGGLE!!!
THEY SIGGLE!!
THEY SIGGLE!!
SURE, YOU GUYS CAN CRAWL IN THE LIVING ROOM UNTIL YOU HAVE AN APARTMENT! YOU MIGHT WANT TO THINK DURING YOUR END OF SUBSCRIPTION OF ALL Sorts!!

THIS IS YOUR LUCKY NIGHT! THERE ARE FOUR MUTES ON THE TIME! I'M GOING HOME AND I'M HOPING AT MY PARENTS!

WHERE DO YOUR RECENTS LIVE?

TEXAS.

THAT'S GOD! YOU DON'T LIKE TO LOOK TELLER...

Dear Fred

In the meantime, around the corner there's a cat that looks just like Fred's. Fred thinks it's very funny, but we think it's very funny, but we think it's very funny, but we think it's very funny.

That is one of the funniest things I've seen about the Daily Bugle. If you don't believe me, just look at the picture that comes out of the Daily Bugle Cat's arm, because

that is one of the funniest things I've seen about the Daily Bugle.

Dear Freaks

After trying many times to grow some hair from seeds out of sand, I've finally succeeded in getting one little grassy growth out of my plant. To add to the fun, the plant was placed under a figure-8 lamp (good UV rays). One night...

Dear Freaks

On the back of my desk, there is a small brown object. It is the cover of your comic, The Collected. I should think you'd be pleased with it, but you really shouldn't be, since it's not very good. I'm not sure what to do with it, but I'm sure you'd like to have it.
After many trials and tribulations, Phineas Freak returns to his parents' home in

The old neighborhood hasn't changed much in the last ten years.

The house is all overgrown with plants!

Hi, Mom!

We don't want any!

I'm not a salesman, Mom! I'm your son Phineas!

I think you know. You don't look like a salesman!

You're so skinny!

Here, have some chicken soup!

Eat some potato soup!

Where's Dad?

Oh, your father will be so glad to see you! He will be home from work in a few minutes!

Even he still works for the government!

Oh, no, he got laid off from there after thirty-five loyal years!

What does he do now?

Oh, he's public relations director for the Banana County John Birch Society!

Yarrggghh! Ugh!

To be continued...

The adventures of Cat

Treasure Kitty! Kitty kitty kitty kitty kitty kitty kitty!

What is that noise?

What is it?

That's dog food! It was cheaper than cat food!

Eat it and you'll stop啦 a great big dog!

Well, it sounds like bullion, but it's worth the experiment.

Swoop! Wheet!
FAT FRIDAY AWAKENS TO FIND HIS CAR SPLIT INTO TWO HALVES!
NO WHEELS AND ONLY $30 LEFT! I'LL HAVE TO FLY TO CLEVELAND AND HIT MY PARENTS UP FOR SOME MONEY!

I WANT TO SEND MY DOGGIE ON THE AIRPLANE TO CLEVELAND!

THE fabULously Furry FREAK BROTHERS

IT'S GOLD IN HERE. WHERE'S THE STUFF?
THE PLANE'S LANDING GEAR WERE HERE!

WHEEEEEE!...

WE'RERE ALL GOING TO GET SOME WEED!

AS SOON AS NOBODY'S LOOKING, I'LL JUST SLIP OUT OF THE BOX AND STROLL AWAY...

THE BEVERAGE IS FROM CALIFORNIA?

LET'S GET THESE BOXES AROUND, THEN...

I'LL JUST STICK MY FUR COAT ON AGAINST THE COLD AND GRAB MY SCISSORS.

WITH OUR NEW MARIJUANA, WE CAN DO IT!

OMG, WHAT'S THAT奇怪!

...AND THAT'S MY LITTLE FRIEND!

SNIF!

SHRIEK!

IN THE MEANTIME, THE PROFESSOR WORKS OVER HIS REACTOR...

WHAT WAS THAT?

the Adventures of FAT FRIDAY'S CAT
ID BETTER FIND MY FOLKS' HOUSE SOON!
NO TELLING WHAT A HUNGER-CRAZED FOOD ADDICT (LIKE ME) MIGHT DO!

WHAT A SUMMER! (GRumble) (sigh) (snore) (snore)
I NEVER SHOULD HAVE COME HERE.

NOTHING GOOD EVER HAPPENS TO ME. I ALWAYS CATCH ALL THE BAD SCENES!
Poor ME! (sigh) (moan)

HI! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
HUMM? NOTHING?
WHAT'S YOUR SHIP?
(THERE IS TOO MUCH BEEF)

YOU MUST BE LOST IF YOU'RE IN THIS PART OF TOWN. I'M ACTUALLY LOOKING FOR SOME OLD FRIENDS.
I'M FROM CALIFORNIA!

WELL, ER... WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER TO MY HOUSE AND HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT?
OKAY?

DO YOU LIVE HERE BY YOURSELF?
NO, MY PARENTS LIVE HERE TOO.
BUT THEY'RE GONE.

(UH-HOH) BETTER GET YOUR CLOTHES ON! HERE COME MY PARENTS!

CLICK! SLAM

THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

HOLY TOLEDO! THERE ARE MY PARENTS TOO!

THE ADVENTURES OF EAT FREDDY'S CAT
I'M HUNGRY AND HUNGRY!
I'LL JUST TRY EVERY CREAM!
OH, A Poor Hungry KITTY!

NICE FLUFFY Fuzzy Wuzzy...
OGO PRTTY FLEECY CAT, LITTLE TIDDY PET!

OH, A Poor Hungry KITTY!
MOM!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW IT'S ABOUT THE FOOD, BUT THE SERVICE HERE IS SLOWLY!
Dear Freaks,

On my DECEICED FREAK BRO-
THERS, Freewheelin' Frank and
"Muriel," Grace an' Indian deer-
together in little pressure to the
world! I'm confused; is this
supposed to be good or bad? And
don't tell me to try it, because I
just happen to know marijuana
is illegal...

Russ calorofield, Caif.

The adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S
CAT

Dear Mr. T.,

Here are a nut for snuggling
fish on airplanes. Spray your
fish down with a 20% alcohol
solution of the smell of a family
pet dog in
dog. As far as I have ever seen
they use old dogs to detect the
fresh, so you would have every
dog guessing on what to hold
in their trunks. In the result-

WHERE'D YOU GET
THAT FISH?

OUTA THE WATER,
THANG WHERE
COME FROM?

WHAT'S UP
WITH YOU?

COOL IT, SZN.

YOU CAN'T
FUCK ME?

I HAPEN TO
KNOW THAT
FISH COME
FROM CANS!

ODER COIL. The demand things
that happens to me is based on
about 1/4 mile. The leads of
having the 25 GB of
Dad.

Dear Freewheelin' Frank,

I wonder if it is possible for
you to give ideas on saying
"fish?" etc. In your comic book,
your parents get it together
when they catch me reading
your strip!"

Dear Mr. T.,

Is there any way to get a preprint
copy of your comic book?

Dad.

Louisville, Kentucky

Instead of going to the drug store,
write the RIPPED OFF PRESS. I'm
only, now that I had the money an
underground comic catalogue?"
MY OUNCE OF "LEBANESE LIGHTNIN"—GONE FOREVER...

(AW, DON'T TAKE IT So HARD...)

YOU DUMB REDNECK)

WE? THEY WOULDN'T BUST YOU? WOULD THEY?

WELL, OL' BUDDY, I GOT A HUNDRED AND FIFTY KILOS OF THAT FAMOUS "ACAPULCO GOLD" BACk THERE IN THE CAMPER...

I MUST BE IN SHOCK! DID I HEAR YOU SAY "150 KILOS" ???

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID...

YEP, I WUZ DOWN IN ACAPULCO, AND I MET THIS BUNCH O' AMERICAN BOYS, BEATNIKS, THEY WUZ, WHEN WE WUZ ALL GETTIN' DRUNK IN THIS MEXICAN WHOREHOUSE...

...AN' THEY TOLD ME ALL ABOUT "MERRY-JEW-WANNA," AND SO I DROVE UP IN THE HILLS RIGHT OUTSIDE O' TOWN AN' BOUGHT ME A HUNDRED AN' FIFTY KILOS...

...COST ME SEVEN A KILO.

YOU WANNA SMOKE SOME AND TEST IT OUT?

IS THE BEAR CATHOLIC? DOES A PORE SHIT IN THE WOODS?

I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE A PIPE HERE...

the adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S CAT

WHAT'S THE BIGGEST MOUSE YOU'VE EVER SEEN?

I AIN'T ON MURSE, YOU DUMB PUSSYCAT!

WELL, WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL ARE YOU, THEN?

ASSASSIN, UNTIL THE HAIR ON MY TAIL FELL OUT...

...I OSTA BE A CUTE LIL' SQUIRREL!
AND THAT'S WHY I WOZ SO PARANOID BACK THERE. OL' BUDDY! I WOZ AFRAID THEM COPPS WOZ GONNA ROOT AROUND IN MY CART AND ACCIDENTALLY FIND MY 150 KILOS OF ACAPULCO GOLD!

GOOD WEED!

THIS GUY DON'T LOOK LIKE HE COULD KNOW SHIT ABOUT DOPE-DEALING! HERES MY CHANNEL TO MAKE SOME REAL MONEY!

SAY, WHERE ARE YOU PLANNING TO GET RID OF IT? I KNOW WHERE YOU CAN GET A GOOD PRICE, UP IN SAN FRANCISCO!

I'LL OFFER HIM TEN A POUND...

WELL, I COULDA SOLD IT FOR $100 A POUND DOWN IN SAN ANTONIO, BUT THE HEAT GAWD DAMN, IT MUST HAVE BEEN 106 DEGREES! BESIDES, THIS STUFF'S TOO GOOD FOR THA TOWN! IT'D KNOCK THE REGULAR MARKET TO HELL...

THEN THERE'S AUSTIN THEY'RE REAL COM- O-SAMERS IN AUSTIN, BUT THEY'RE WEIRD THERE... I WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN ANYTHING FOR $25, I RECKON... TOO MUCH GONNA PASSIN' THROUGH ALL THE TIME, REGULAR DAMN MARKET PLACE...

THIS LAWYER FRIEND OF MINE IN ATLANTA SAID HE'D GUARANTEE ME $125 A POUND, BUT WE CAN ONLY DO IT ONCE THERE, CAUSE I'M SURE THEY'D FIND OUT THAT I WOULDN'T... SO I THOUGHT I'D WAIT AN' WOULDN'T...

BUT I KNOW FROM NEW YORK CITY HAD ME $50,000 WAITIN' TO HAND OVER, BUT I HATE NEW YORK — RATHER NOT GO THERE IF I CAN AVOID IT. COPS AND QUEERS, COPS AND QUEERS, EVERYWHERE...

PHELLA IN WASH-INGTON SAID "FLY IT TO ME" — THAT WOULDA BEEN $120 BUT THAT OL' AIR FREIGHT AIN'T AS SAFE AS IT USTA BE... AND COULDA COME FINE PRICE IN BOSTON, BUT RIGHT NOW THERE'S SO MUCH HASH IN TOWN THAT EVERYBODY'S TOO DAMNED UP TO TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS...

AND IN LOS ANGELEESSE THEY OFFERED ME $110, BUT THE PLACE IS BAD FOR YOUR LUNGS, AN' BESIDES, ALL THAT COCAINE'S ONE DEAD-END STRIPPER'S SENSE OR TASTE, AND I LIKE FOLKS TO APPRECIATE...

(Well, I gotta admit, this guy really knows the dope trade inside and out! I'm not gonna be able to pull any quickie on him!)

...HEH, THERE'S ONE THING I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND, THOUGH...

WHAT DOES THAT STUFF DO TO YOU GUYS? I NEVER SMOKED ANY OF IT MYSELF.

AND THEN, IF I GLUG SAN FRANCISCO I KNOW SOME OF THEM "ROCK BANDS" WILL PAY 3600 A POIN...

FOR GOOD-LOOKIN', TOPS!

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT FREDDY'S CAT

THE BACK DOOR TO THE RESTAURANT IS OPEN!

MAYBE THE CHIEF WOULDN'T GIVE ME A TON OF MILK?

HEEERE, KITTY KITTY KITTY!

HEY JOE! WHERE'S LUCKY? YOU CAN PUT THE RABBIT BACK ON THE MENU!

WHAT HAPPENED? RABBIT SNATCHED!
Hi, honey! Come on in!

ER, I MUST HAVE THE WRONG ROOM!

Naw, you've got the right room, Franklin! I come on in. We're just having a little party!

[Panel text]

You got some money for us (huh huh)

Oh, yeah! Here's your share!

Whoopee! We're rich! Let's celebrate!

Have a drink!

Can't that some sweet stuff there, Franklin? I ain't laid eyes on an ass like that since Al Capone!

[Panel text]

Many years later...

I grew up in an orphanage. I don't remember much about my folks, except they abandoned me in a box station when I was three.

[Panel text]

All I remember is that my mom had bushy red hair.

I used to have red hair? Maybe I'm your mom?

Naw, my mom had a brown mole on the side of her neck.

I had a mole removed from there. I could be your mother.

[Panel text]

Well, there was one more thing—my mom had this picture of a stupid tape stuck on her left butt.

My son! My long lost little baby! (Sniffle)

Lurch

Well, I gotta hit the road! I know you two got a lot to talk about...

[Panel text]

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