

The Drug War was a racist prohibitionary catastrophe, and that's not just, like, our opinion. That's the truth.

But pretty much everything following this page is made up.

Happy 4/20. Enjoy it. Unless you're celebrating Hitler's birthday, in which case you can go yourself to death.

Anyway, the weed business was basically a nitrous tank hidden under the seats of the economy of Northern California.

That might be a mixed metaphor, but go easy on us...we're pretty high as we're polishing the letters for this comic. Anyway, weed never hurt anybody.

Not like booze, or opioids.

It's cheap, safe, helpful, therapeutic, and fun.

So obviously, America would be absolutely horny to wage a war on it.



The 80s.

They were way less cool than you've been led to believe.

MADAME PRESIDENT, IF WE DON'T CONJURE A BOOGEYMAN, WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A BATH IN THE MIDTERMS. TO BE BLUNT, WE'RE POLLING VERY BADLY.

ZZZ.

I COULD GO FOR A GOOD POLLING RIGHT NOW.

UH...

OOH, I KNOW.

I NEED TO TAKE A SWIG OF SOMETHING LONG, STIFF AND HARD.

GET ME SCOTCH McTIERNAN.



Meanwhile, somewhere south of the border in Playa de Playa.

American most special of forces, Scotch McTiernan closed in on his latest target.

HEY!



I CAN KILL YOU ON YOUR SHITTER, OR YOU CAN FACE ME LIKE A...GIANT LIZARD MAN.

YOU MOCK MOLNAK, BUT I SSSIT UPON MY THRONE.

I KNOW. I JUST SAID THAT, DOPE!



DAMN, MOLNAK, YOU GONNA TAKE THAT FROM THIS OVERCOMPENSATING WASTEOID?

NO, I'M NOT.

WHERE'SSS THE BEEF, SSSCOTCH?





I BROUGHT READING TO YOUR PEOPLE THOUSANDSSS OF YEARS BEFORE YOUR ANCESTORSSS WERE EVEN BORN.

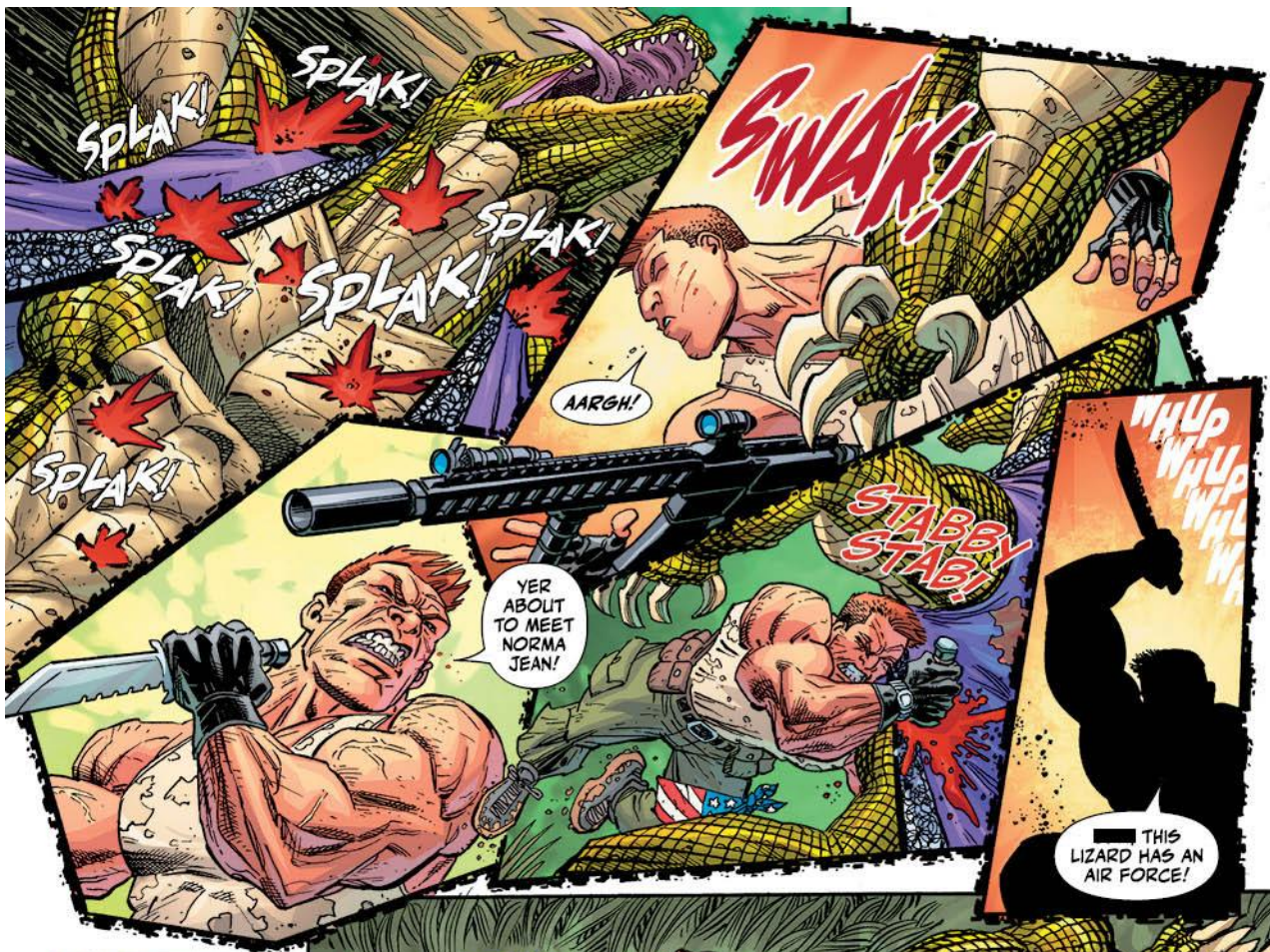
WE HAVE SSSUSTAINABLE ENERGY, AND ARE OFF OF FOSSSIL FUELSSS.

HEALING IS FREE IN MY SSSOCIETY, AND I WANT TO--

I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT YOU WANT. TELL YOU WHAT I WANT...

...IGUANA BLOW YER HEAD OFF!!!

**BRAKKA
BRAKKA!**



SPLAK!

SPLAK!

SPLAK!

SPLAK!

SPLAK!

SWAK!

AARGH!

YER ABOUT TO MEET NORMA JEAN!

STABBY STABBY!

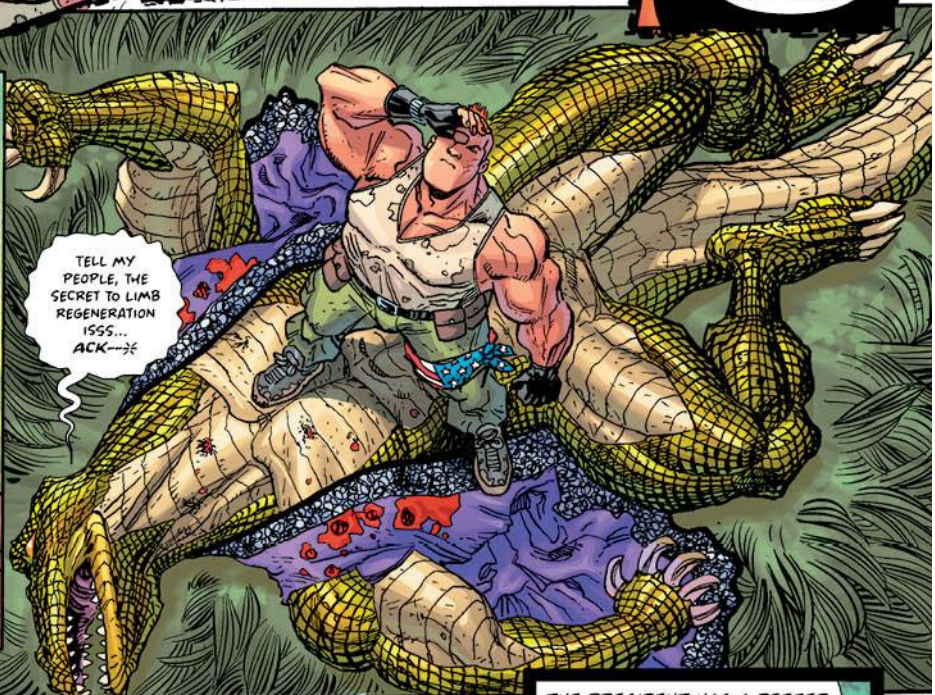
WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP

THIS LIZARD HAS AN AIR FORCE!



WHUP WHUP

OH, WAIT. THAT'S ONE OF OURS.



TELL MY PEOPLE, THE SECRET TO LIMB REGENERATION 1955... ACK---

HEY, UNCLE WHIRLYBIRD!



'SUP, SCOTCH. SORRY TO CUT YOUR VACATION SHORT, BUT WE GOT A SITUATION.



THE PRESIDENT HAS A REEFER PROBLEM. I RECKON I SAID THAT WRONG. JUST GET IN!

