



**THE FRONT LINES OF
GOOD TIMES**

**CHAPTER ONE...
ITS A MESS**

Howdy folks!

Well here it is, Chapter 1 of our epic, 3 part, 36 chapter, serialized concept album and graphic novel;

The Front Lines Of Good Times.

Man. It has taken for-fucking-ever to get this first chapter out. In fact, I can't even rightly remember how long ago the idea first came to me, when Josh and I started working on the comic or when the guys and I started working on the songs. All I can really remember is that a great deal of the ideas came spilling out on the spot as I was trying to convince Thorsten Harm from RodeoStar Records to sign us. He had said he enjoyed the band, but had no idea how to market us, because musically, we were kind of all over the place. What followed was a torrent of bullshit from my mouth which landed us our first ever record contract with a label based in a country we had only just visited for the first time 6 months prior.

Now, it's time to deliver on our bullshit.

It is our hope that this will one day be something that future fans will commit an afternoon to. A cold six pack in the fridge, bowl packed, phone off, headphones on, reading along while listening to the soundtrack we created, following the silly ass story we pulled out of our asses. If none of that does it for 'em...well...Joshua Finley draws some mighty purdy pictures.

We owe a huge debt of thanks to everyone who helped this thing come out. That includes everyone on our team and their families for being so accommodating and supportive as we figure things out along the way. Thank you to our label for believing in this idea. Most of all, though, Thanks so much to our Patreon supporters and one-time donors who have invested in this ambitious undertaking. We bit off way more than we can chew, but you guys are like the tiny cups of water in a hot dog eating contest. There's no way we could eat all these hot dogs without you guys to soften up the buns and lube up our wiener-holes. Sorry. I'm writing this right after my day job selling hot dogs.

Anyway, thank you. We hope you enjoy what's to come. A long road lies ahead, and though it might take us 30 years to finish, we're excited to see what the path holds in store. We hope you will share in our excitement.

Love,

Aaron Howell

Mother Fucking Ruckus

Illustrated by Joshua Finley

Story by Aaron Howell

Narration Produced by Alex Tyler at Alex Tyler Music, Denver, CO

Voices by Aaron Howell, Ty Blosser, Logan O'Connor, Parker Clark Meehan and Tony Lee Wilburn

Narrated by Bobby Lee Black

"It's A Mess" Produced by Brad Smalling and MF Ruckus at Evergroove Studio, Evergreen, CO

Written by MF Ruckus

Performed by MF Ruckus

MF Ruckus is:

Ty Blosser - Drums

Logan O'Connor - Bass

Parker Clark Meehan - Guitar

Tony Lee - Guitar

Aaron Howell - Voice

Video by Italo Ganni - Chamberpiece Films

Animations by Jamey Jorgensen - Jorgy Toons

Presented by RodeoStar Records, Hamburg, DE

Executive Producers:

Ilse Alcon, Nathan Wade, Mike & Bobbie-Sue Howell, Mark & Sue O'Connor, Evel, Alfonso Olivares, Marshall O'Connor

Producers:

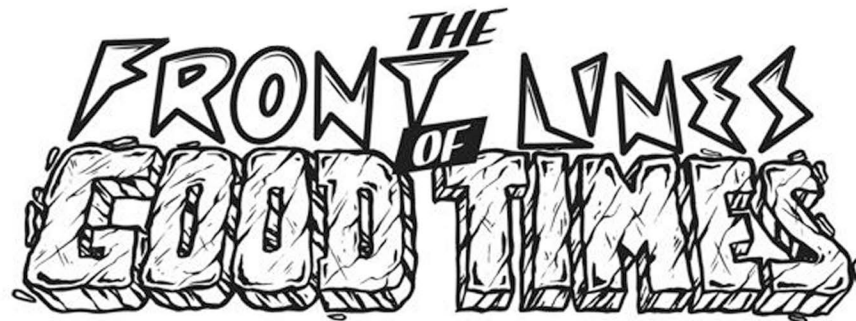
Erin Coble, Skyler McKinley, Jan Lipkens, Misty & Chad Hunnicut

Patrons:

Eric Escudero, Mickol Heck, Julie K Lary, Trevor Kremser, Gina Stieber, Bryan Duncan, Ian Sides, Andy Jones, Thaddeus Bender, David & Maritza Wilburn, Heather Shires, Patrick Cravens, Nicole DeFrancisco, Leigh Neer, Jenifer Holly, Joshua Hernandez-Ipsen, Barbora Kadlecik, Joseph Olenik, Joas Wets, John Byrd, Andy Cenarrusa, Torey Weiler, Kelly Cravens, Anthony Iacovangelo Jr., Alan Sperry, Eric Lipps, John Workman.

Generous Donors:

Ryan Whetsel, Adrienne Christy, Matthew Patterson, Zach Parry, Dennis Meehan, Chuck Maple

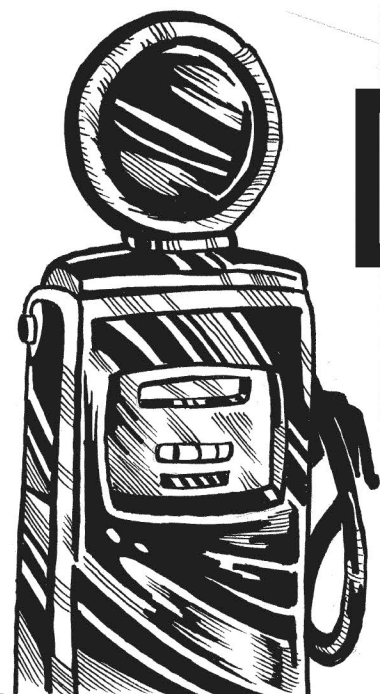


A
LONE
VEHICLE
RUMBLES
ACROSS THE
WASTELAND



BOUND ONLY FOR THE HORIZON...

OUT THERE...



I NEED TO SHIT



DUDE...

WE JUST STOPPED!



WELL I NEED TO STOP AGAIN,
ASSHOLE!

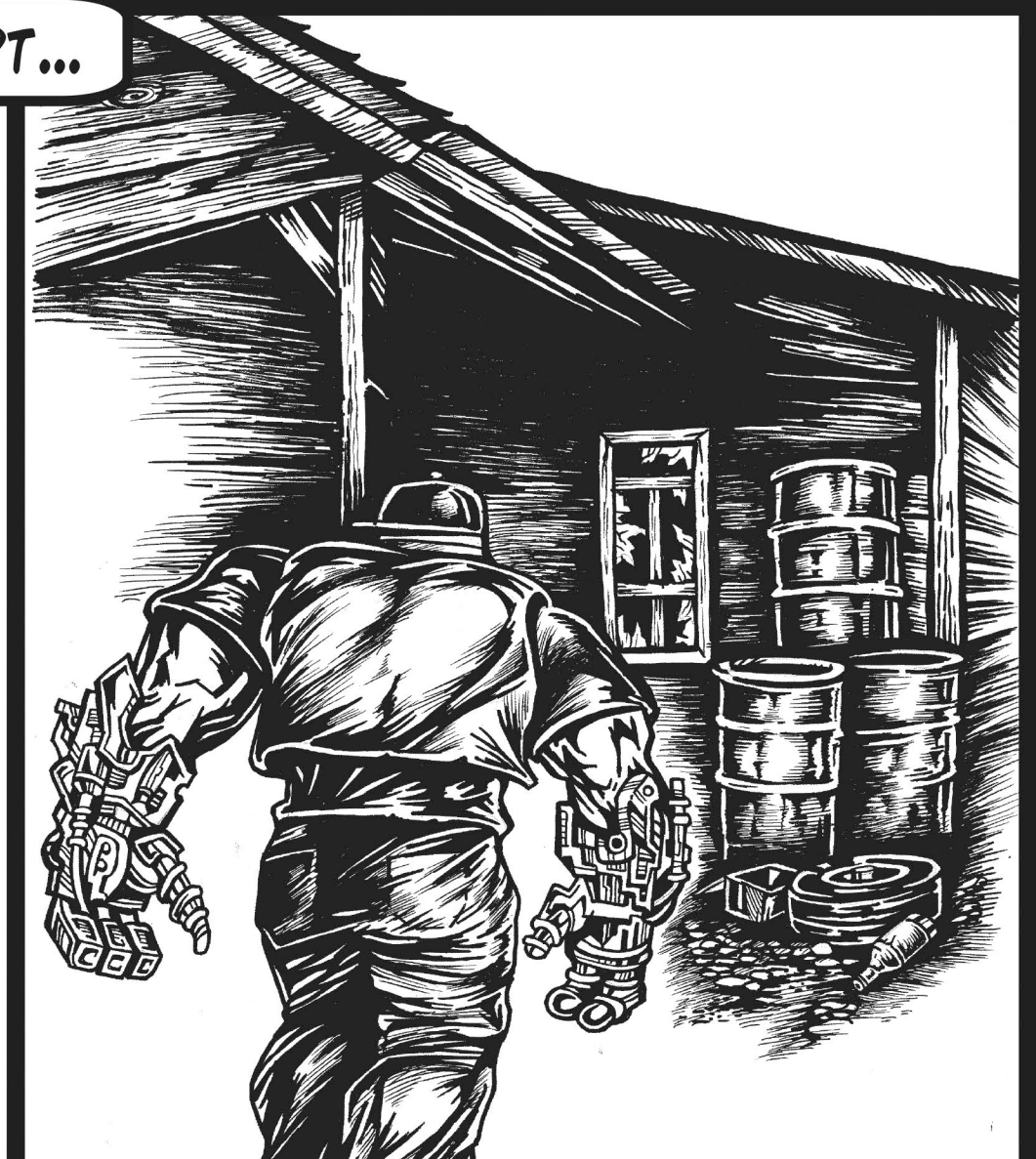
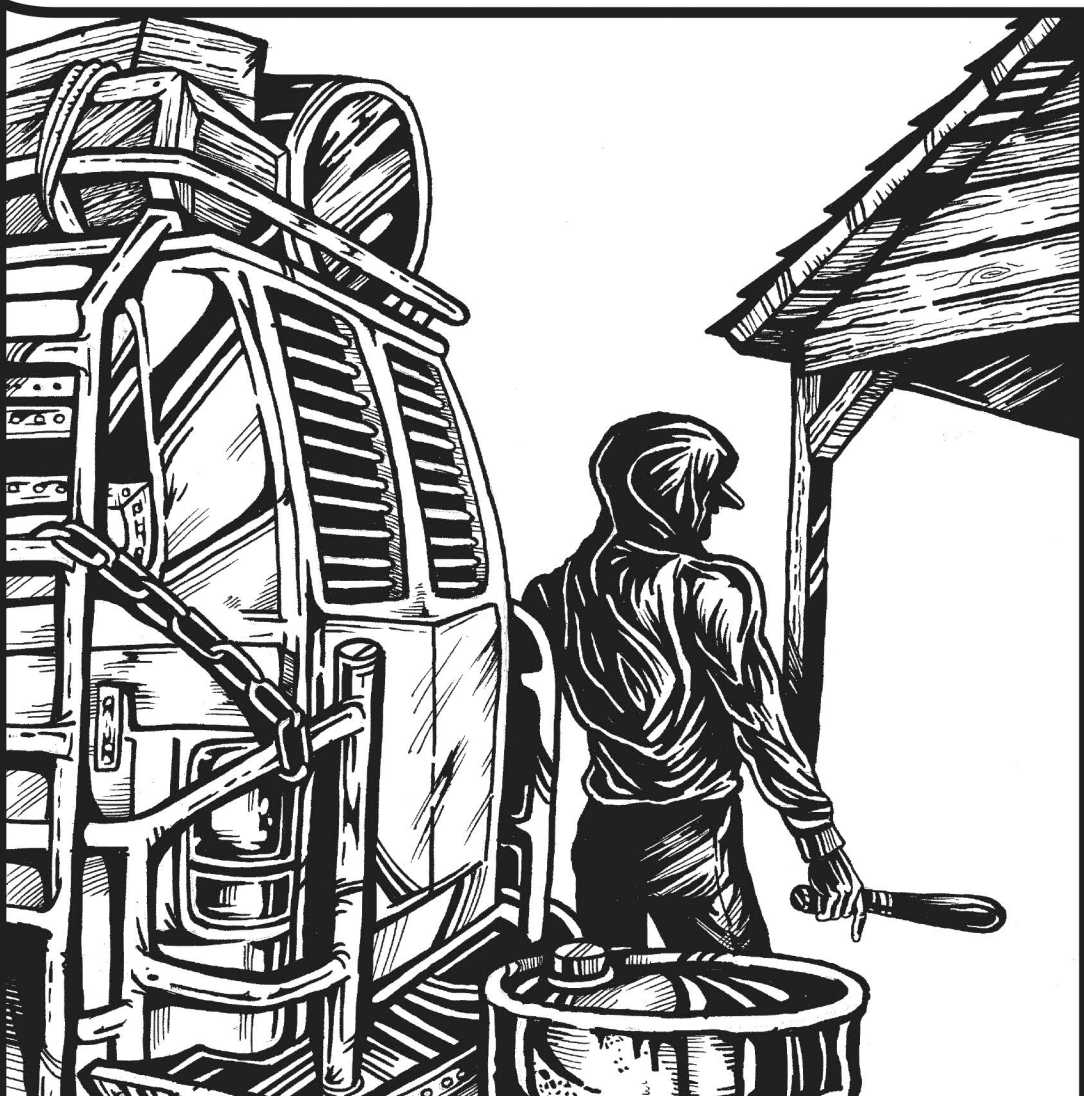


IT'S FINE. RELAX. WE NEED GAS ANYWAY.



SCREEEECH

THE HORIZON, HOWEVER, IS JUST A CONCEPT...



IT RECEDES IN DIRECT PROPORTION TO THE RATE AT WHICH IT IS APPROACHED



...FURTHER BULLETINS
AS EVENT WARRANT



THUS, A DESTINATION WHICH CAN NEVER BE REACHED. ITS PURSUIT, AN ENDLESS JOURNEY.

WHOSE COMPANY WOULD YOU DESIRE ON SUCH A JOURNEY?

A FRIEND?



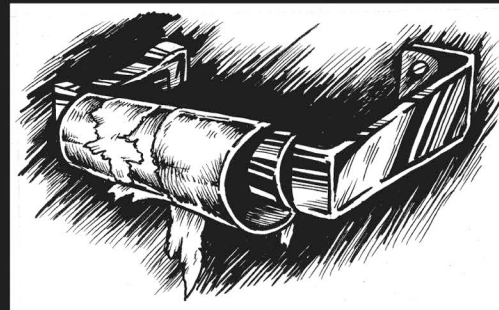
EVERY NIGHT

FAMILY?

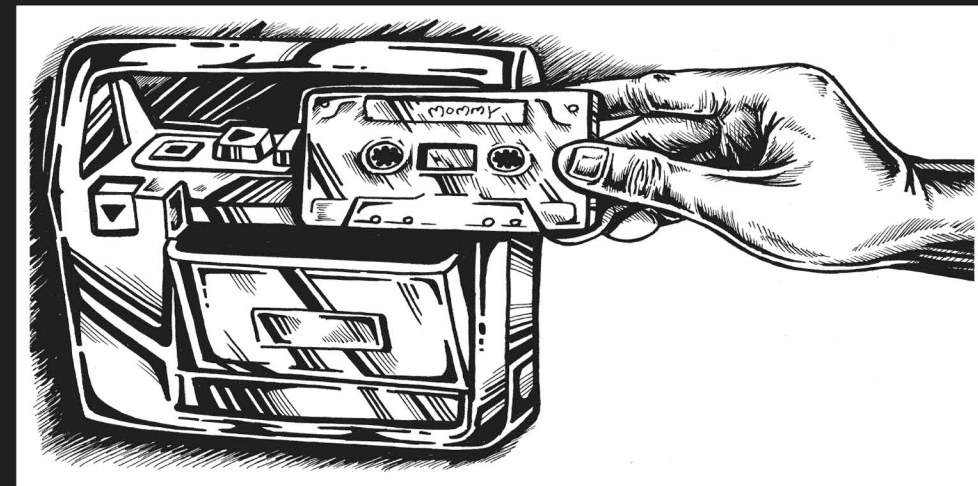




SOMEONE TO HELP YOU OUT OF A JAM?



PARKER IS THAT YOU?
GRAB ME SOME TP
OR A MAGAZINE OR
A SHIRT OR SOMETHING!



AFTER ALL, WHO KNOWS WHAT COULD GO AWRY...







...WITH SOMETHING AS SIMPLE...



...AS STOPPING FOR GAS?



GIVE ME BACK MY
GAS YOU THIEVING
COCKSUCKERS



SURE THING BUD



UH?



START THE FUCKING VAN!







SOMETIMES THE RIGHT COMPANY CAN MAKE THE WHOLE TRIP.

EVERY NIGHTMARE
ENDS
WHEN YOU SHAKE YOURSELF
AWAKE



TO BE CONTINUED...