

MF RUCKUS



THE FRONT LINES OF GOOD TIMES CH. 2

"MAKING A KILLING"

Good evening.

If it is not evening when you read this, please wait.

There. I presume you have allowed sufficient time to pass as to find yourself squarely in the midst of the arbitrary and vague concept which we call "evening". Evening really is the best time for Rock n Roll fantasy comics. Wait. In the last episode, I said something about afternoon. Sorry. It's evening now. So much has changed since we released Chapter 1. This includes the ideal time of day during which to enjoy this new chapter of our serialized concept album and graphic novel The Front Lines of Good Times. As a matter of fact, at the time of this writing, we've all but abandoned the serialized album part of it. Oh don't get me wrong, we still writin' like a motherfucker, we just had to depart from the idea of releasing one song and one chapter every month. Money and various unforeseeable circumstances will do that to, well, everything.

So let's see, what has happened since the last comic? We switched artists. Joshua Finley is easily THE busiest artist we know. With his workload plus his very detailed portrait style of illustration, he simply did not have the time to give this project the energy needed to meet our desired deadlines. Josh continues to be a great friend and is still our go-to guy for badass show posters. Enter comic book artist extraordinaire, Mr. Jake Fairly. I first came upon Jake's work while Josh and I were researching source material at Mutiny Information Cafe. We were browsing through comics trying to get inspired when I happened upon a black and white hesh-art comic called "This is Heavy Metal". At first, I thought this was some kind of limited specialty series published by Heavy Metal Magazine! It was full of blood, guts, Satan, tits...really everything you want in a Rock n Roll fantasy comic. I remember thinking "Wow! Now that's what I'm talkin' about! I gotta show this to Josh!"

In a turn of events too perfect to be coincidental, Josh left the series. After that, we briefly were in talks with another artist who suddenly informed us he would be unable to do the project.

Logan had been working at Streets of London and had made the acquaintance of a young artist and front man for a local "Rad Metal" band called...and this is too perfect: "Hail Satan". He got to talking to Jake, saw some of his work, told him about the project and asked if he was interested.

Jake was extremely enthusiastic. He was more excited about the project than anyone else we'd talked to. When I met him and asked about his work, he told me his primary focus was on his own series, a hesh-art comic full of guts, gauntlets and girls called "This is Heavy Metal".

So here we are. A few years closer to 40, a baby on the way, an album in the stages of mixing and mastering and a long awaited second chapter in this epic series. We are thrilled with the work Jake has done and we're sure you will be too.

This comic, our podcast, our album...everything we do is only possible in large part to the generous contributions of independent donors, especially our Patrons. At this moment, 32 brave souls support us on Patreon via a small monthly contribution. Their money goes to pay Jake, the folks at Evergroove Studio, our rehearsal space fees and a dozen other expenses associated with the day to day operations of MF Ruckus. We have big plans and big plans require big fans. We have the biggest, bestest fans in the whole wide world. We may not be the most popular kids in school, but when the popular kids want to party, they want to hang out with the kids at the creek. Because the kids at the creek have drugs. Not sure how that works into the previous couple sentences but it feels good to type.

Thanks for hanging out at the creek with us and thanks for kicking in on the party.

Much love,

Aaron Howell Mystic Fraternity Ruckus

Illustrated by Jake Fairly

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, Joey Clonts, Jenifer Holly, Becky White, Alex Tyler and VoiceBunny Actor #14B7NA8

Narrated by Bobby Lee Black

"Making a Killing/You Only Live Forever" 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

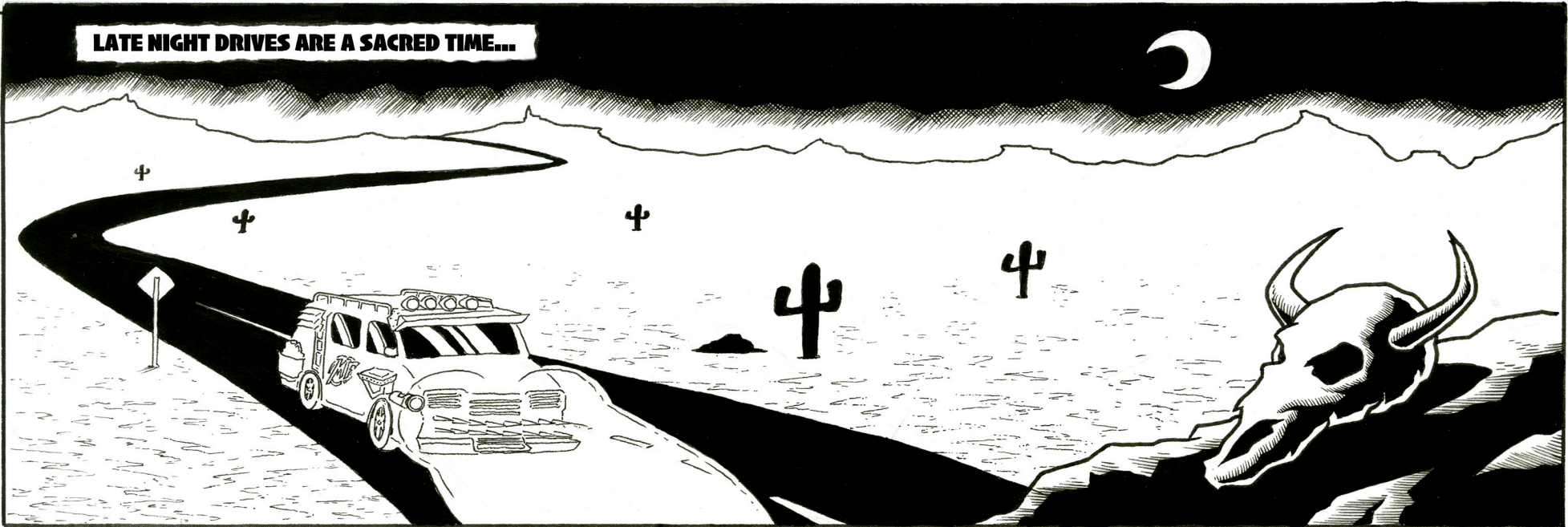
Aaron Howell - Voice

Motion Comic Animated by Jamey Jorgensen - Jorgy Toons

Presented by RodeoStar Records, Hamburg, DE

Executive Producers: Ilse Alcon, Nathan Wade, Mike & Bobbie-Sue Howell, Mark & Sue

LATE NIGHT DRIVES ARE A SACRED TIME...



THEY OFFER A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR THOUGHTFUL REFLECTION.

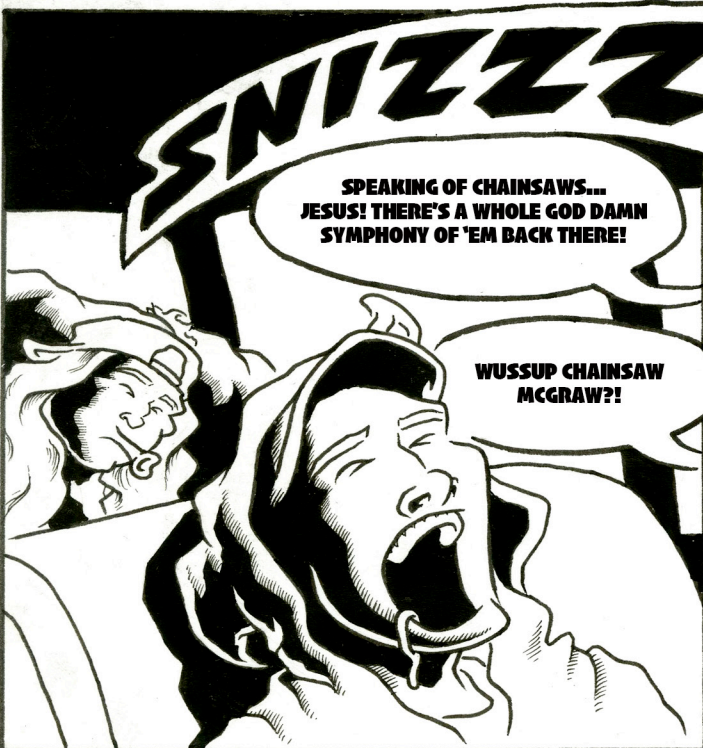
SO WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE BARBED WIRE PULLED THROUGH YOUR DICK HOLE... OR... SHIT A CHAINSAW?

IS THE CHAINSAW RUNNING?



SPEAKING OF CHAINSAWS... JESUS! THERE'S A WHOLE GOD DAMN SYMPHONY OF 'EM BACK THERE!

WUSSUP CHAINSAW MCGRAW?!



MRPH... FUCKYOUUGUYS... IMGONNACHAINSAWYOUINAMINUTE... SNNNNNGGGGKH...

A CHANCE TO CATCH UP ON MUCH NEEDED REST... EVEN THOUGH YOU NEVER REALLY SLEEP...

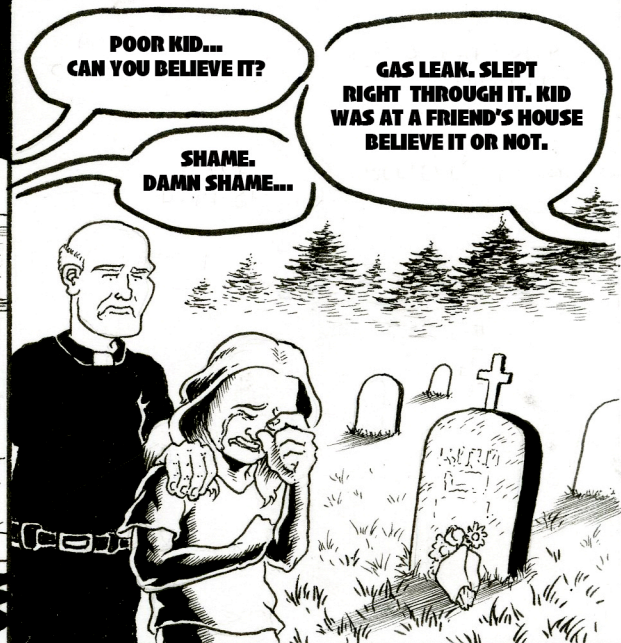
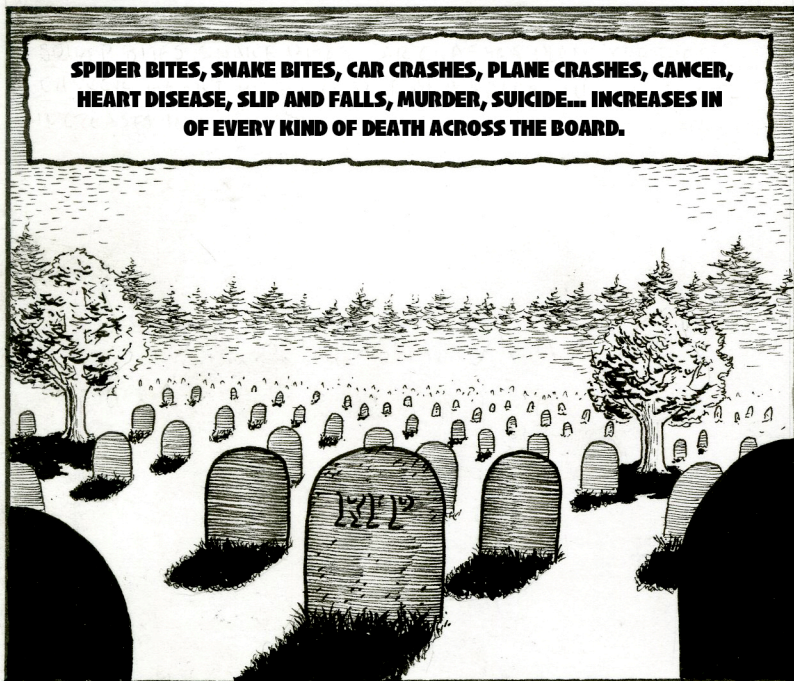
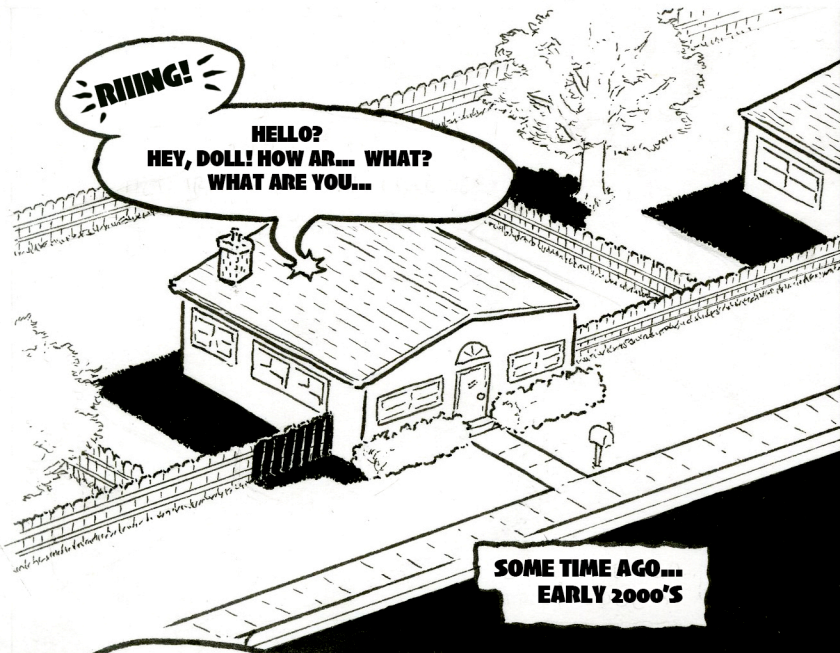


...THEN LOGAN COMES OUT OF THE BATHROOM GUNS BLAZING... STILL NO CLUE HOW WE NEVER HEARD THE FIRST SHOT...

CRAZY OLD FUCKER...

A TIME TO REMEMBER THE PAST, PLAN FOR THE FUTURE... ESCAPE THE PRESENT...

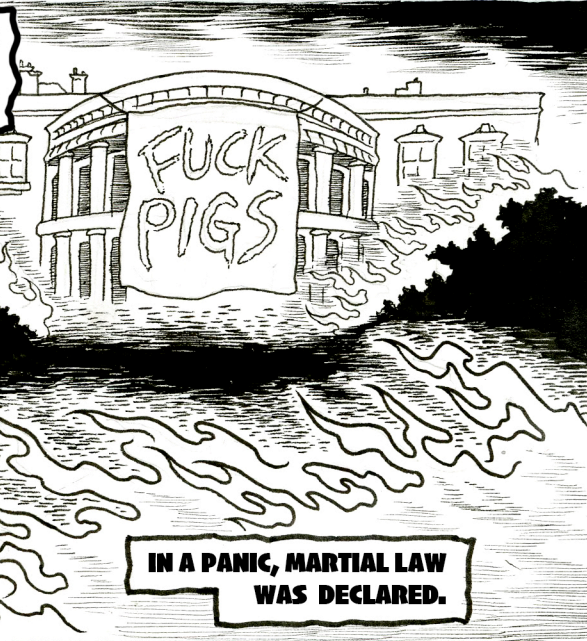




AND NO ONE WAS SAFE... NO MATTER WHAT COLOR, NO MATTER HOW RICH OR POOR... THIS WAS PURE RANDOM SELECTION. IT WAS LIKE SOME KIND OF DARK LOTTERY WITH REALLY GREAT ODDS. 2 IN 3 PEOPLE DIED, ALL FROM SEEMINGLY UNRELATED CAUSES...

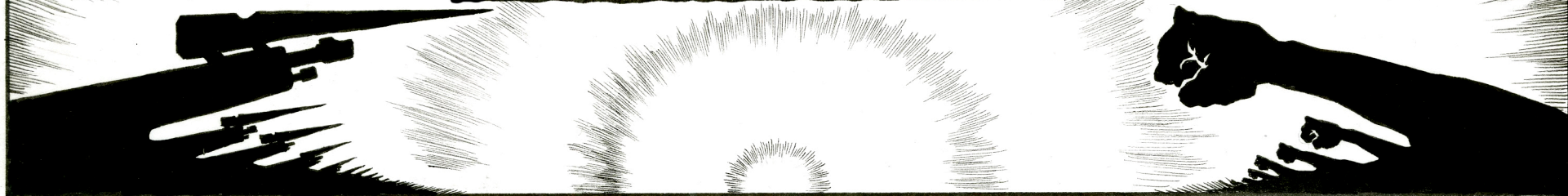


GOVERNMENTS COLLAPSED AND SPIRITUAL LEADERS ABANDONED THEIR FLOCKS IN AN ATTEMPT TO SAVE THEIR OWN SKIN. SOME WERE EVEN MURDERED BY THEIR OWN CONGREGATIONS WHEN THEY FAILED TO DELIVER ANY ANSWERS...



IN A PANIC, MARTIAL LAW WAS DECLARED.

WITHOUT AN ADMINISTRATIVE GOVERNMENT TO RUN THINGS, ROGUE MILITARY FORCES SEIZED CONTROL IN AN ATTEMPT TO RESTORE ORDER. THEY FORMED THEIR OWN POLITICAL PARTY WHICH THEY CALLED THE NEW ORDER OF FUNDAMENTALIST UTILITARIAN NATIONALISTS. THEY USED FEAR AND VIOLENCE TO PUSH THEIR AGENDA OF CONTROL, ORDER, SECURITY, AND SURVIVAL AT ANY COST.



BUT PEOPLE KEPT DYING, AND CIVIL RESISTANCE REMAINED HIGH. THERE WAS STILL SOME FIGHT LEFT IN THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF THE FREE.



IT WAS AN AGE OF HIGHLY CHARGED ART, MUSIC AND THOUGHT. THESE WERE REVOLUTIONARY TIMES. AN ERA OF GRIEF, ANGST AND REBELLION.



THE EMERGING REGIME DECLARED THESE ARTISTS AND INTELLECTUALS ENEMIES OF THE STATE. THEIR IDEAS WERE SUBVERSIVE, AND UNDERMINED THE AUTHORITY OF THE GOVERNMENT. THEY WERE TO BE DEALT WITH AS TRAITORS.



AND SO ORDER 97 WAS CREATED. IT OUTLAWED ANY AND ALL ART, PERFORMANCE, ENTERTAINMENT, JOURNALISM OR THOUGHT DEEMED TO BE SUBVERSIVE.



THESE SUBVERSIVES WERE DEALT WITH IN A VARIETY OF WAYS... REHABILITATION, IMPRISONMENT, EXILE, AND EVEN EXECUTION.



THE NEW GOVERNMENT CLAIMED THE SLOWING DOWN AS EVIDENCE THEIR PLAN HAD WORKED.

EVENTUALLY THE DEATH RATE SEEMED TO SLOW DOWN ON ITS OWN, BUT NOT BEFORE THE ENTIRE EARTH'S POPULATION HAD BEEN REDUCED BY OVER TWO THIRDS...

FRIGHTENED, AND WILLING TO DO ANYTHING TO SURVIVE, THE REMAINING CITIZENS OF THE FORMER U.S. CEASED TO RESIST.

PEOPLE WERE HERDED INTO A FEW MEGA-CITIES AROUND THE COUNTRY INCLUDING DENVER, CHICAGO, AND A HANDFUL OF OTHERS.



WALLS WERE BUILT AROUND THE CITIES, TURNING THEM INTO GIGANTIC PRISONS. INSIDE LIVED THE "FREE" CITIZENS...

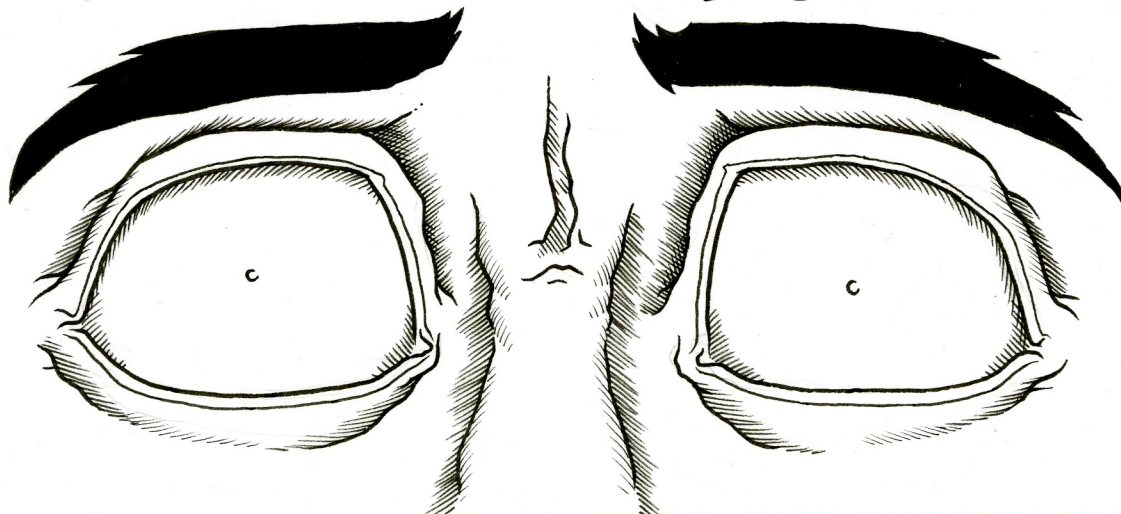


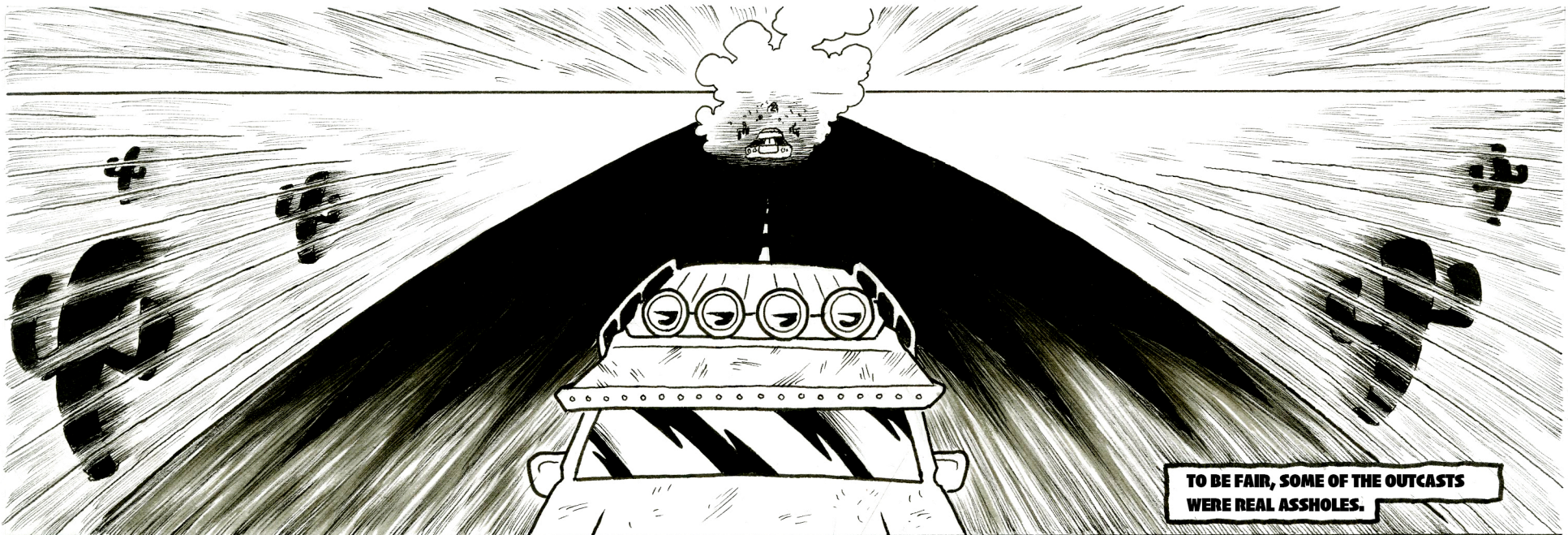
OUTSIDE LIVED THE OUTLAWS, OUTCASTS, CRIMINALS, UNDESIRABLES, MUSICIANS, ARTISTS, INTELLECTUALS AND PHILOSOPHERS...



AND THIS IS WHERE THEY FOUND EACH OTHER.

WAKE UP!!! WAKE THE FUCK UP!!!



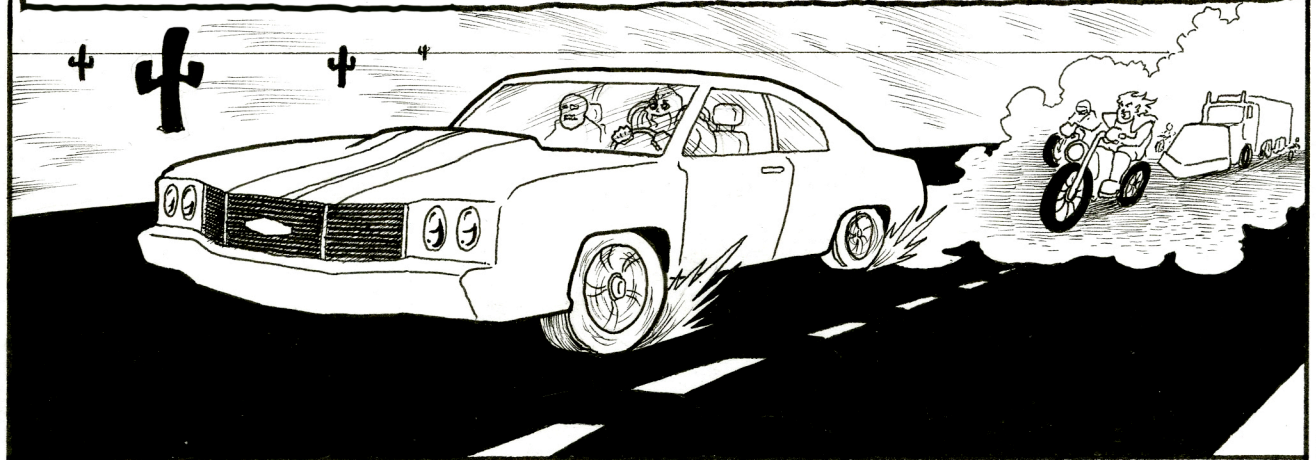


TO BE FAIR, SOME OF THE OUTCASTS
WERE REAL ASSHOLES.

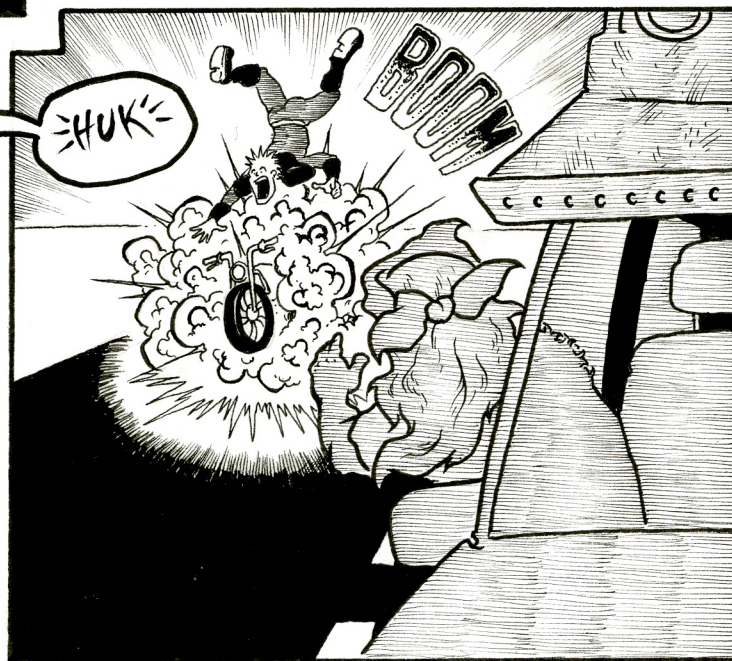
EVEL, NAMED HIMSELF AFTER THE FAMOUS STUNT
MAN. FORMER MILITARY.



A RUTHLESS KILLER AND OUTLAW. WOULD HAVE BEEN A VALUABLE ASSET TO N.O.F.U.N. HAD THEY BEEN ABLE TO CONTROL HIM.
HE KILLED HIS COMMANDING OFFICER OVER AN INSULT, KILLED TWO GUARDS AT HIS COURT MARTIAL AND ESCAPED TO THE
OUTLAND. OUT HERE, IN THE WILD AND LAWLESS NO MAN'S LAND, SURROUNDED BY DEATH IN ALL DIRECTIONS, EVEL THRIVES.

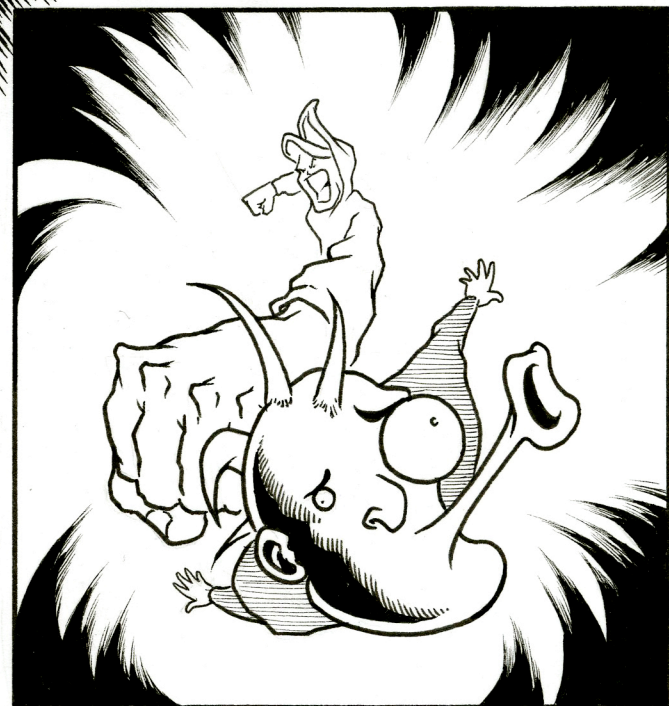
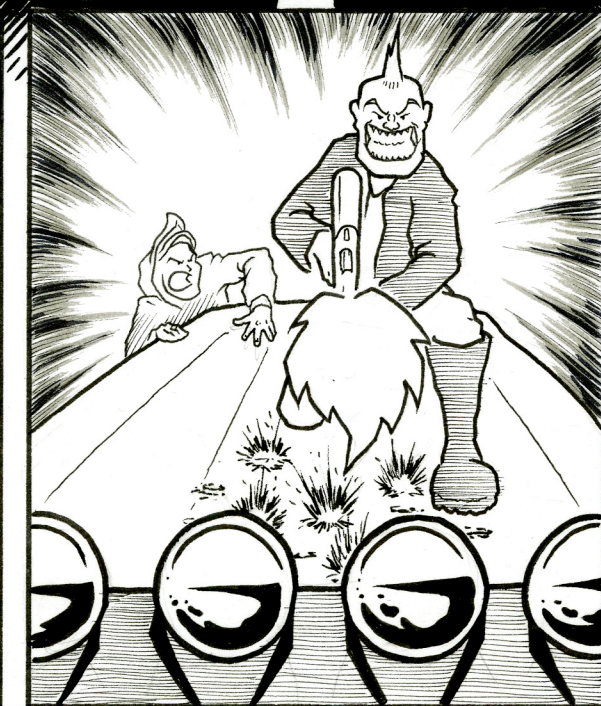
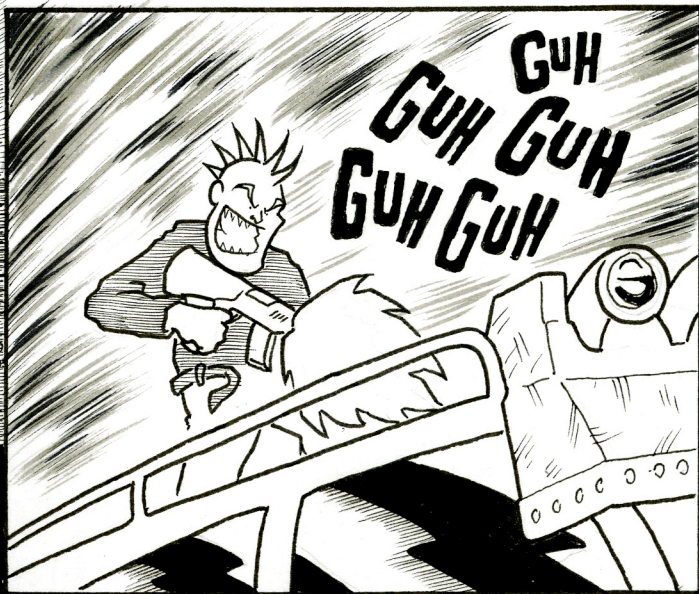
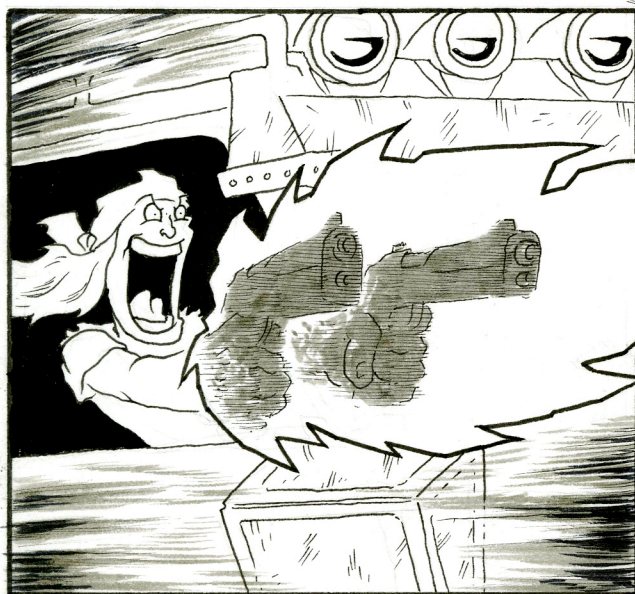
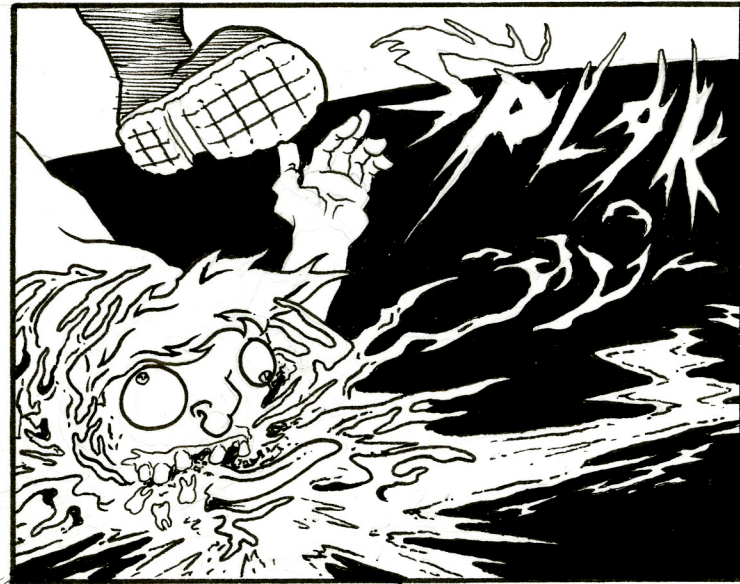
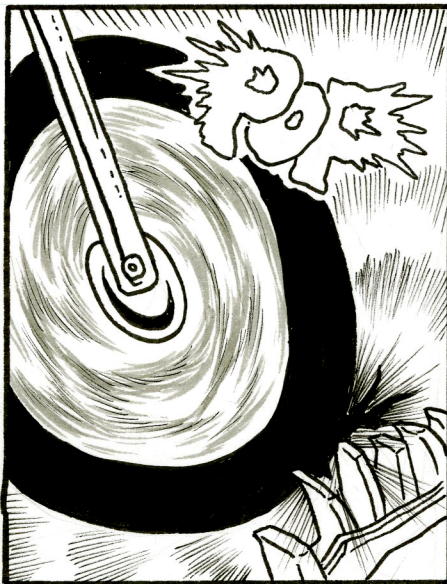
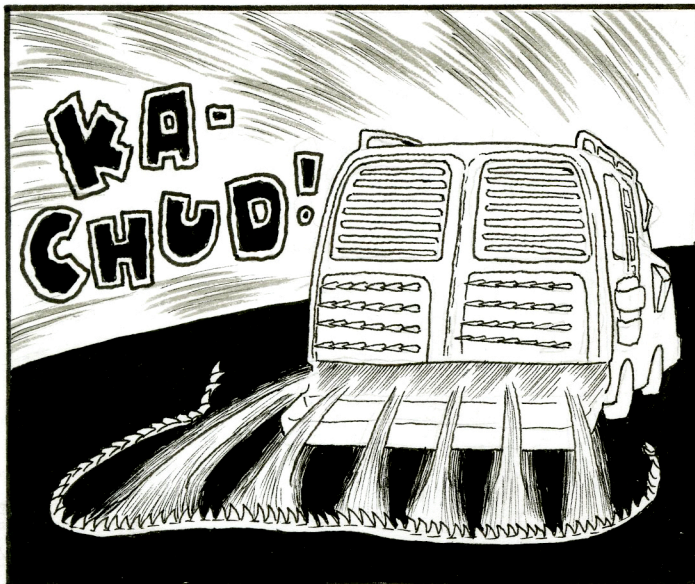


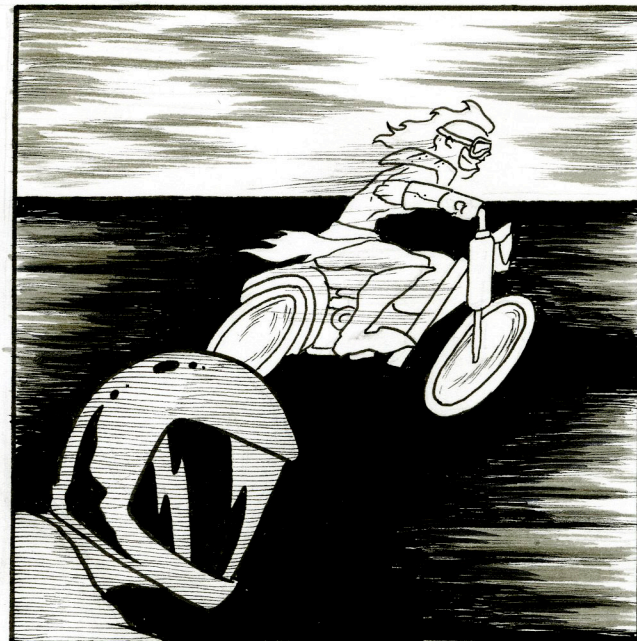
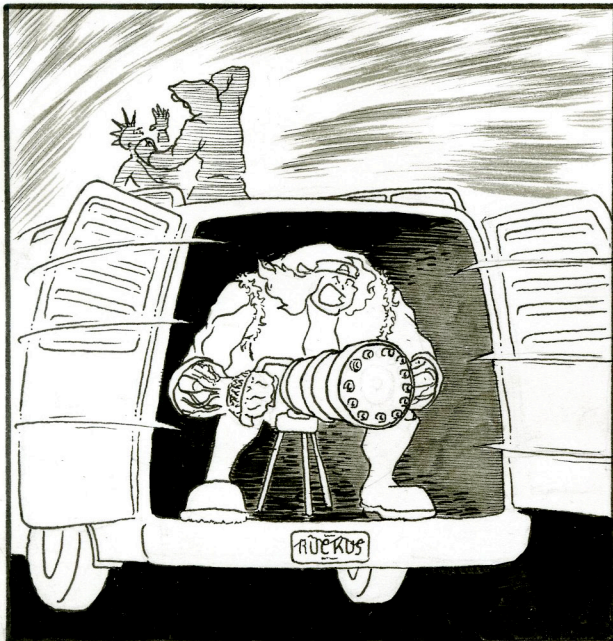
BUY YA
A DRINK?!



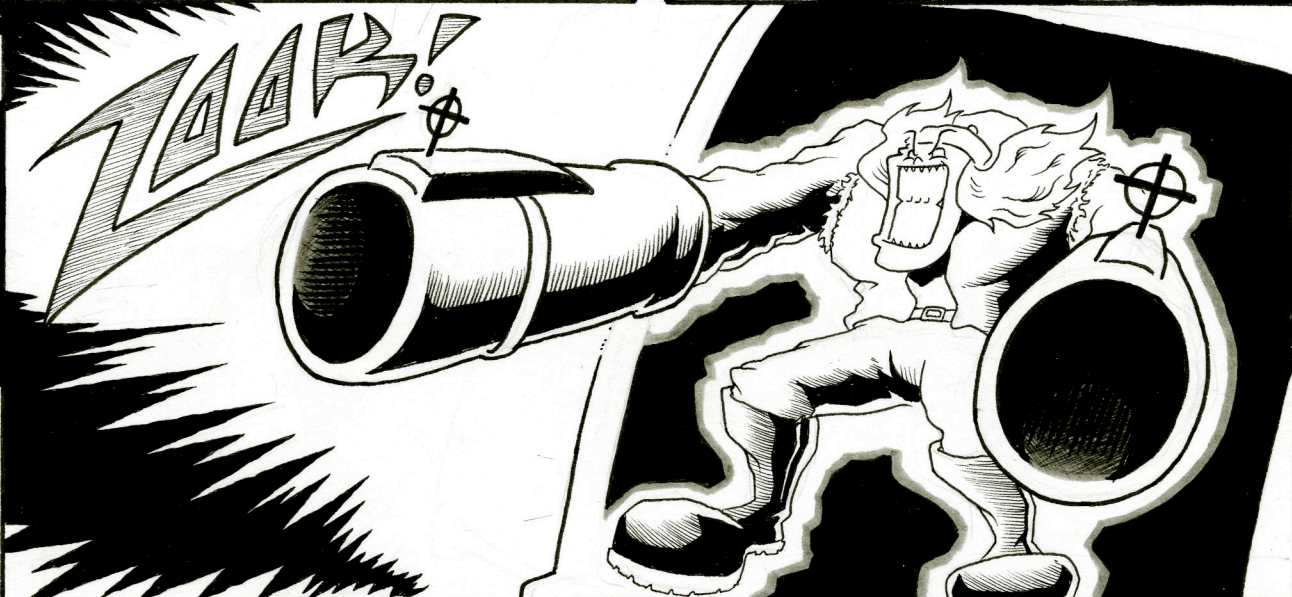
SHUK!



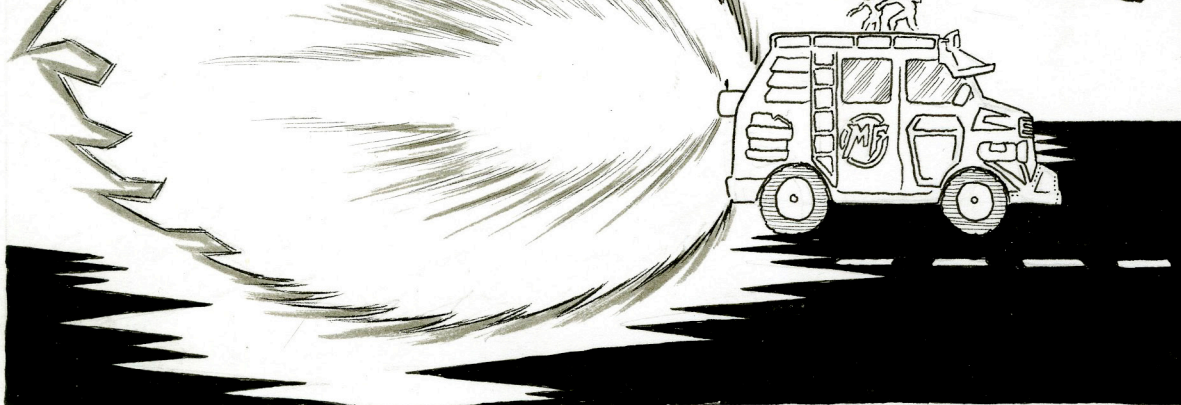


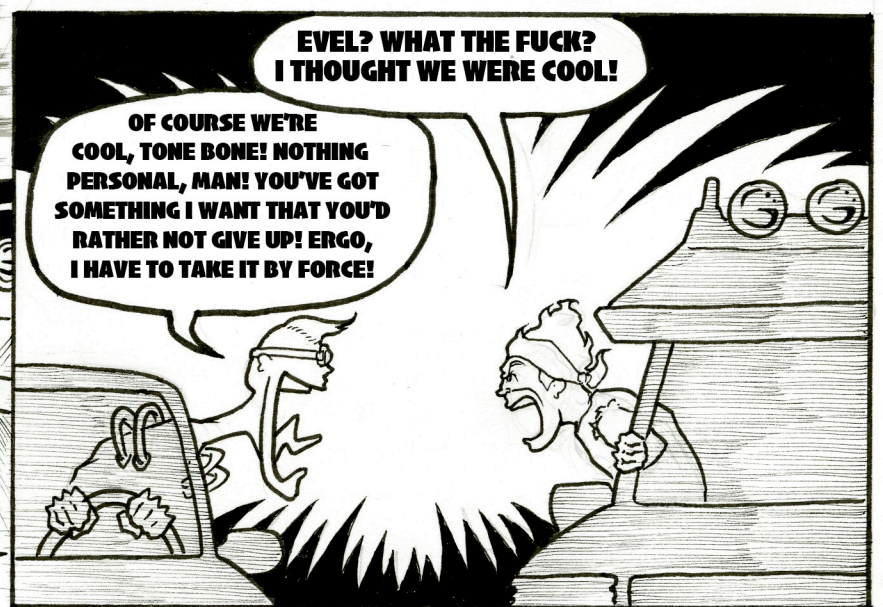
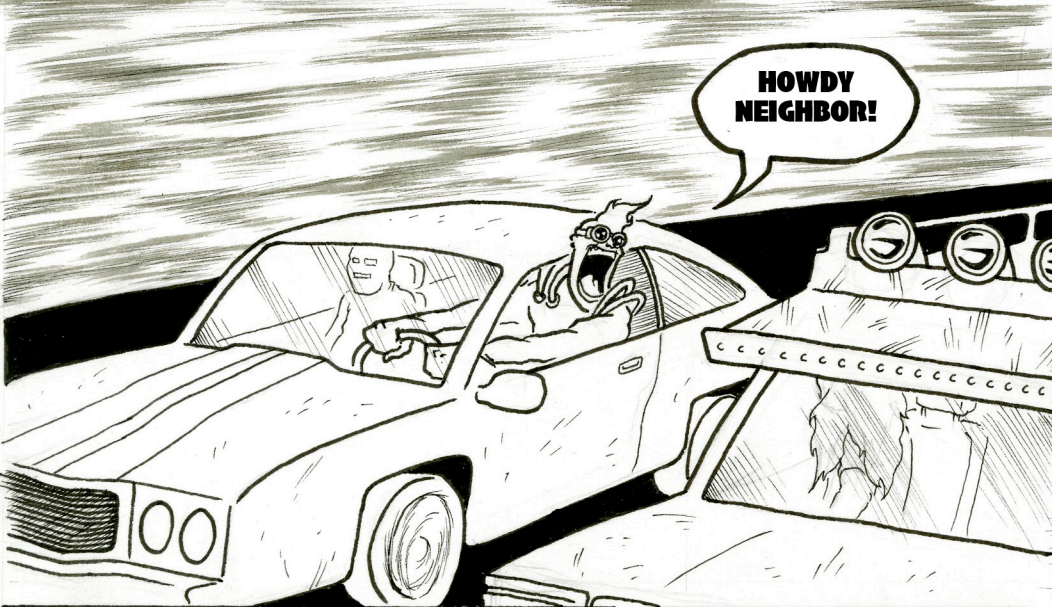
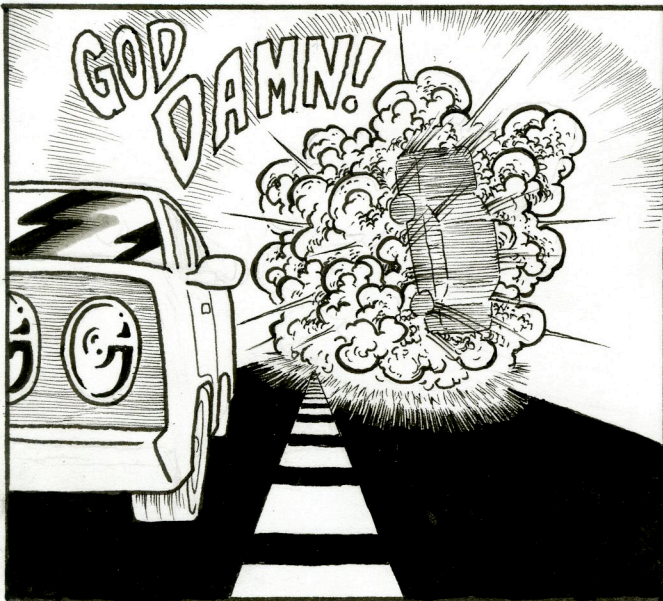


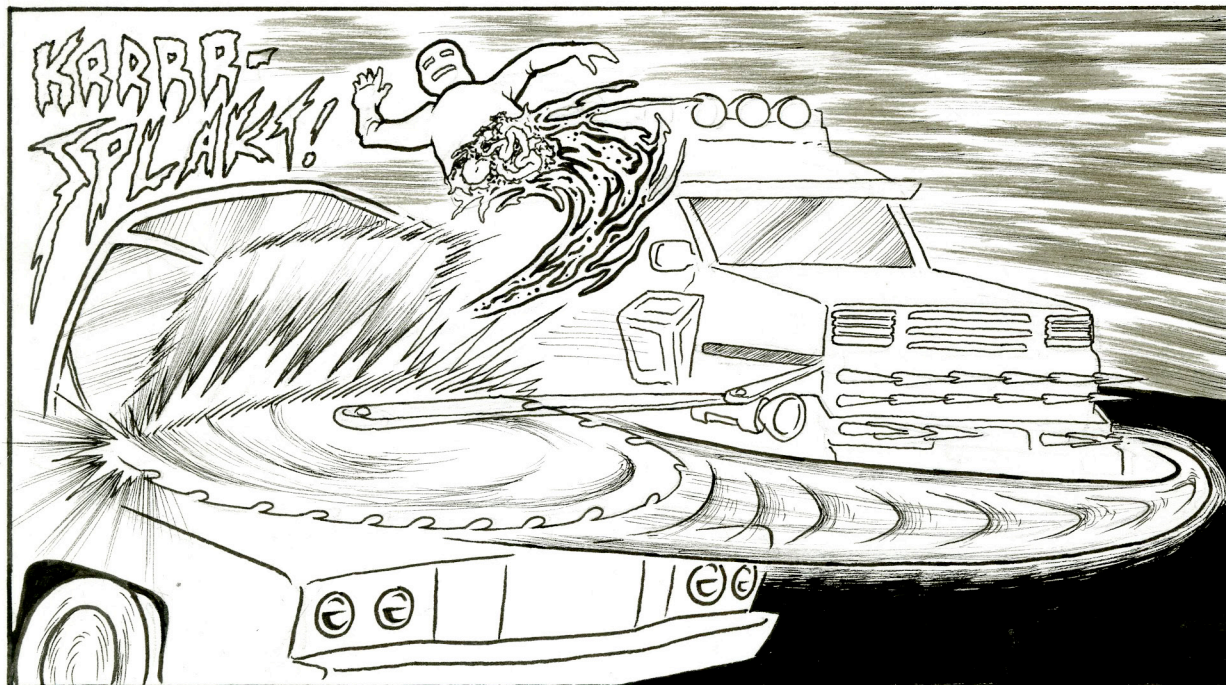
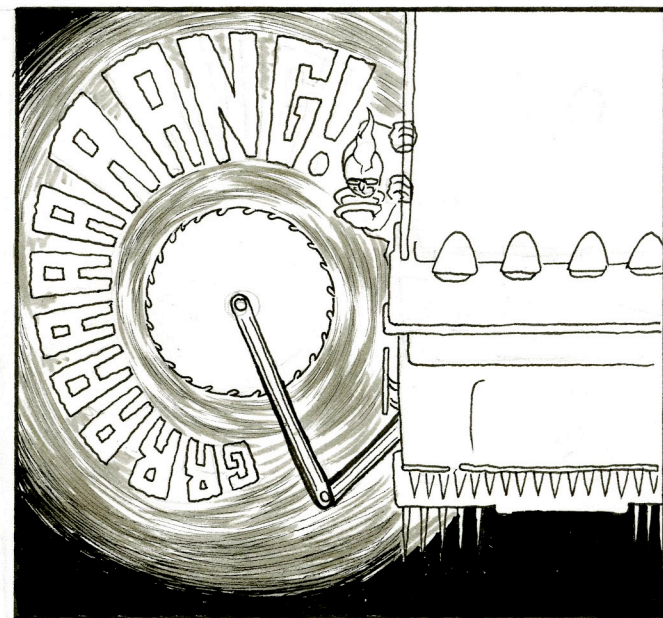
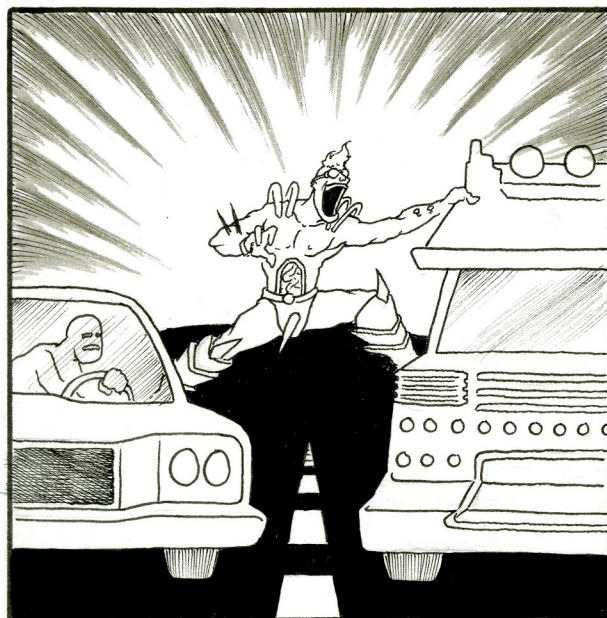
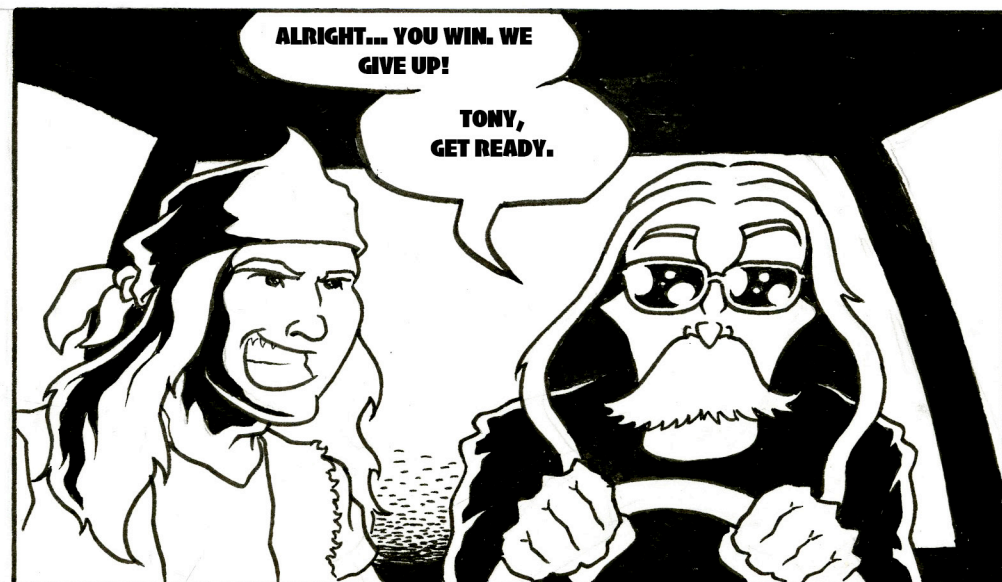
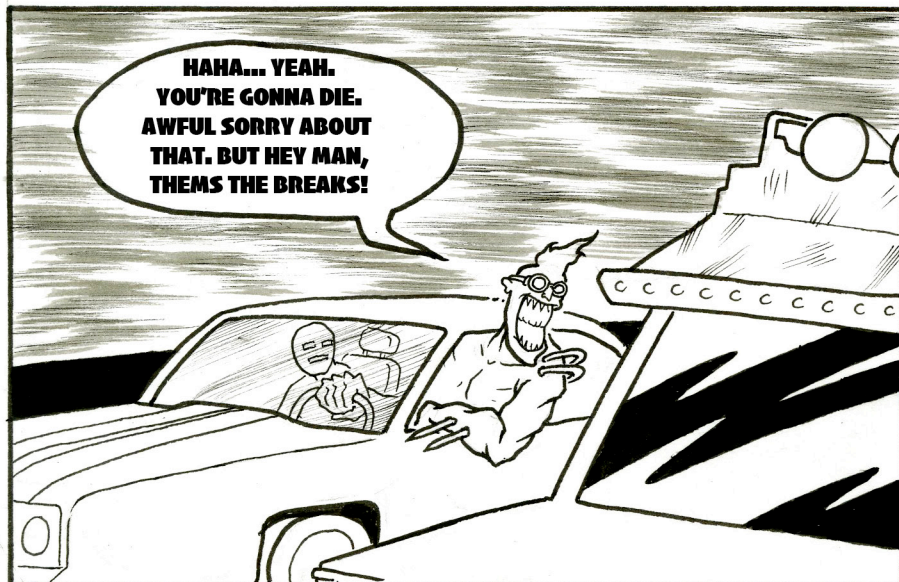
THAT DIDN'T SLOW 'EM DOWN?
MOTHERFUCKER. HOW 'BOUT A LITTLE OF
THIS!

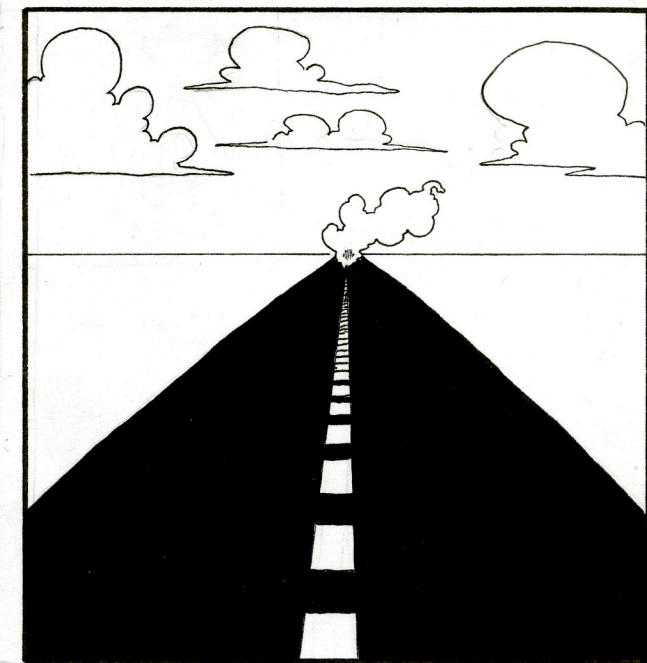
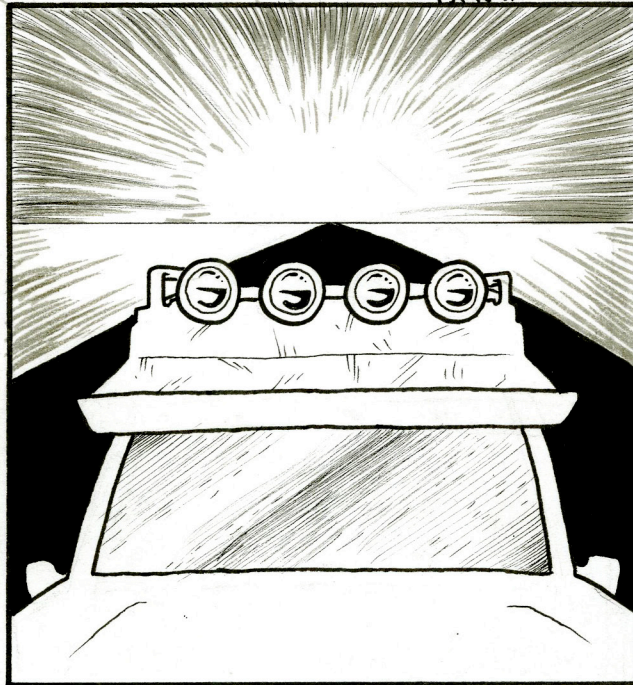
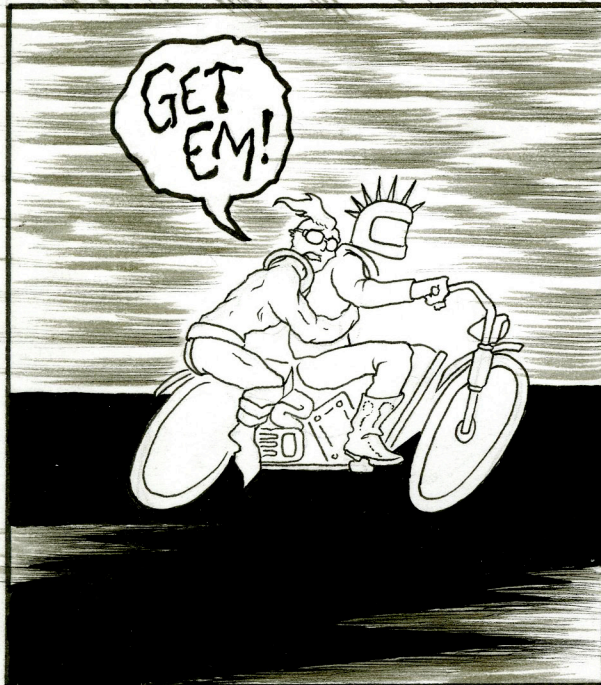
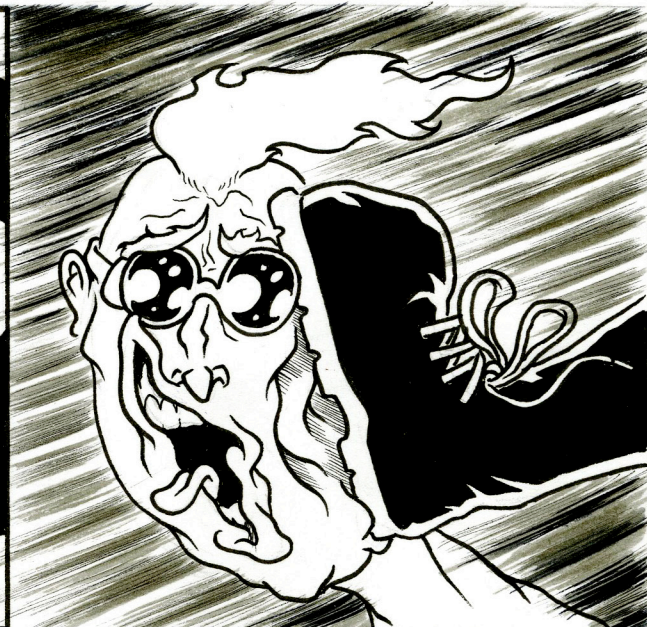


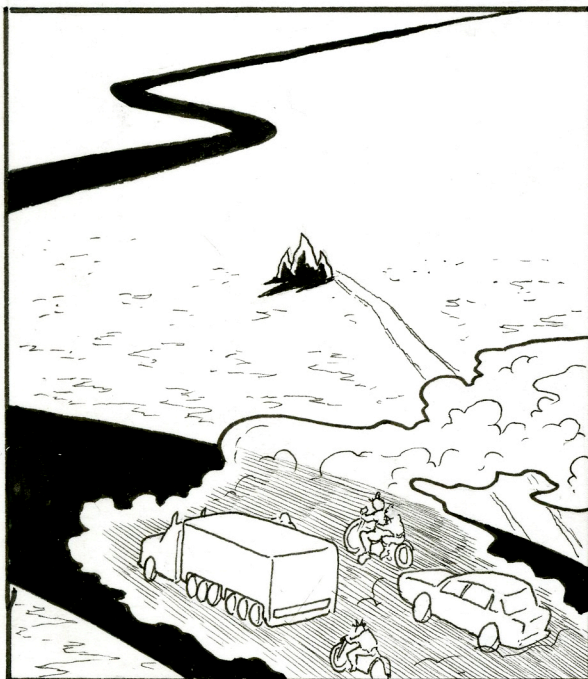
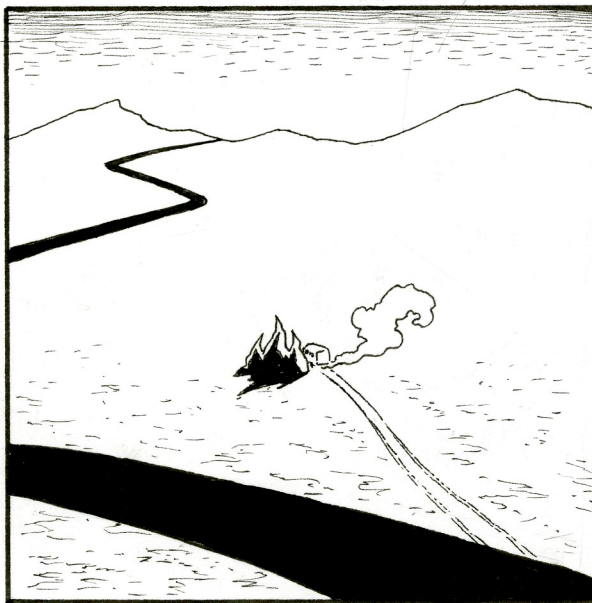
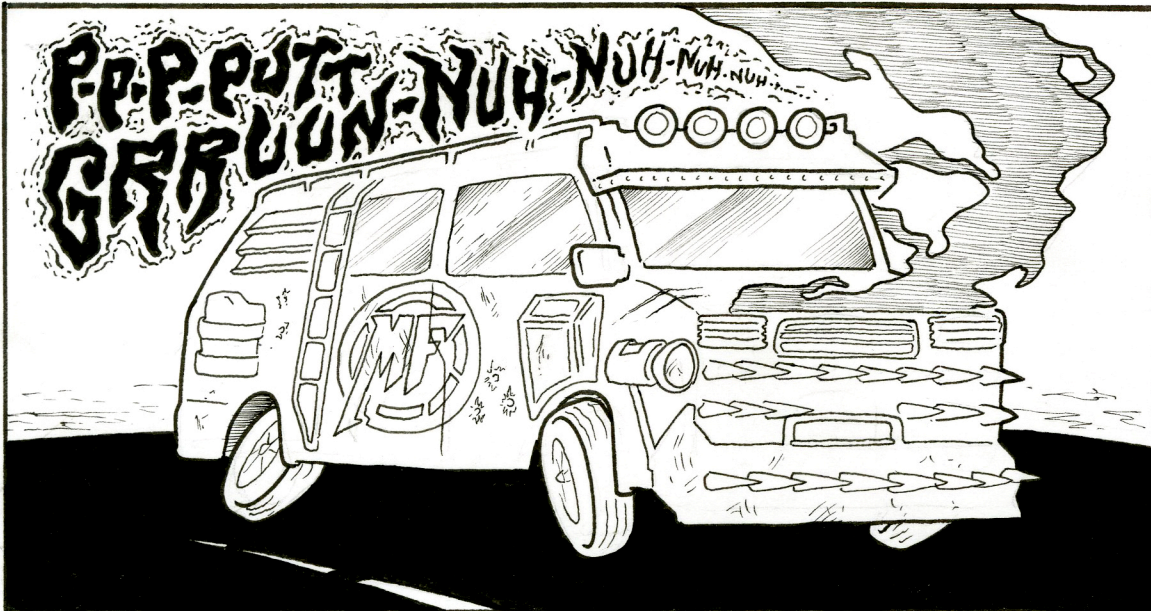
KA-FUCKING-BOON

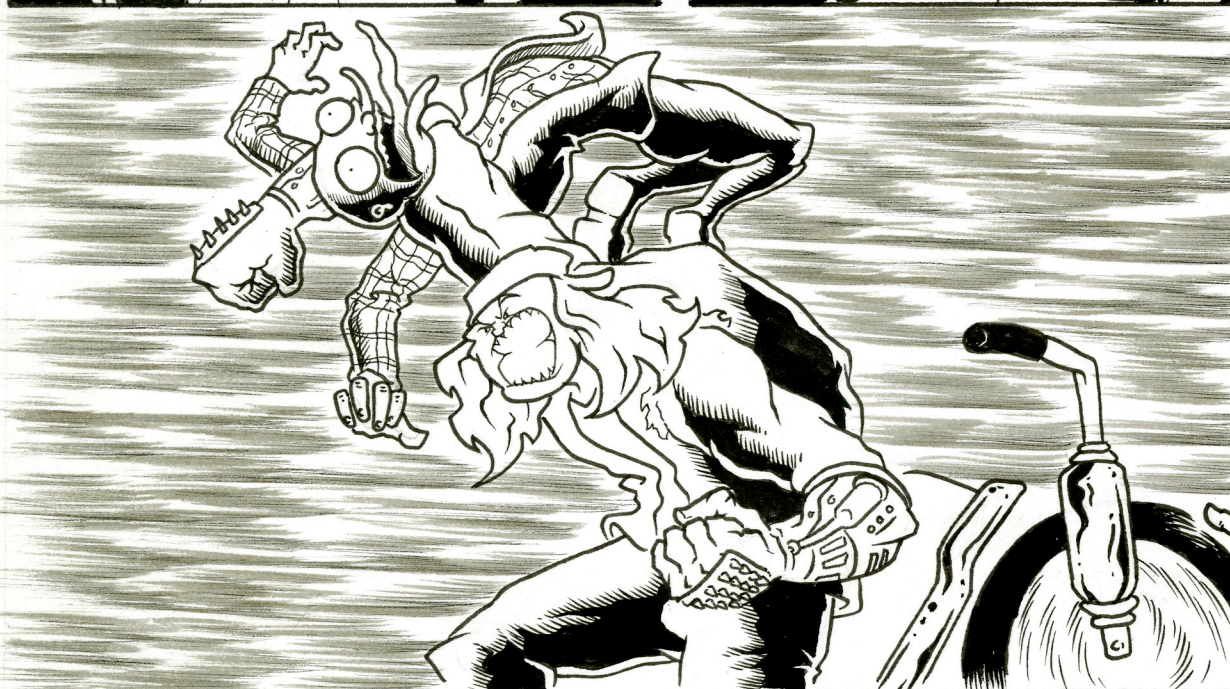
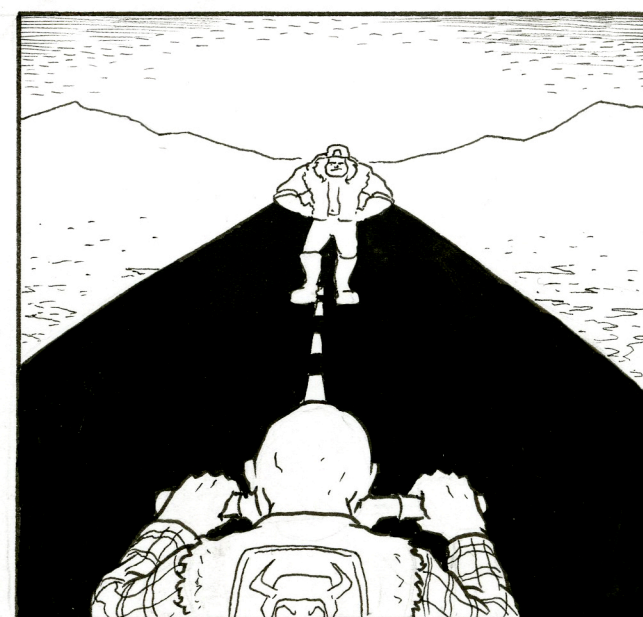
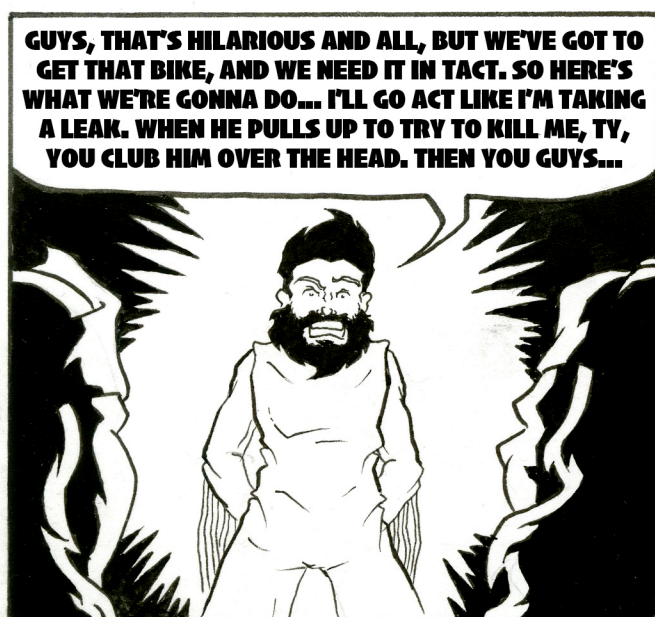
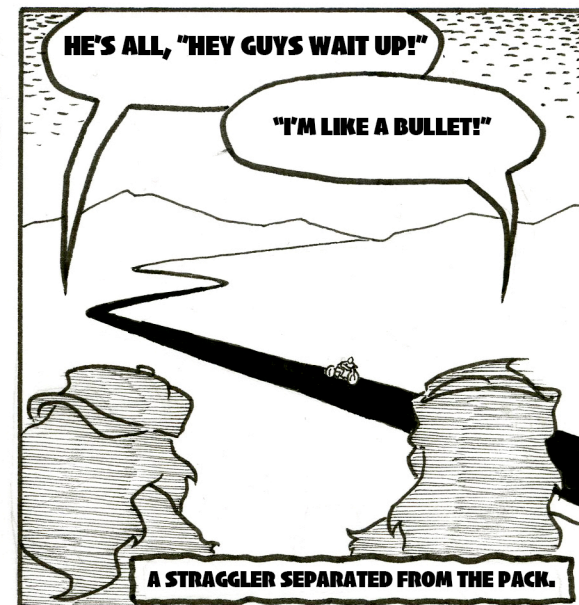
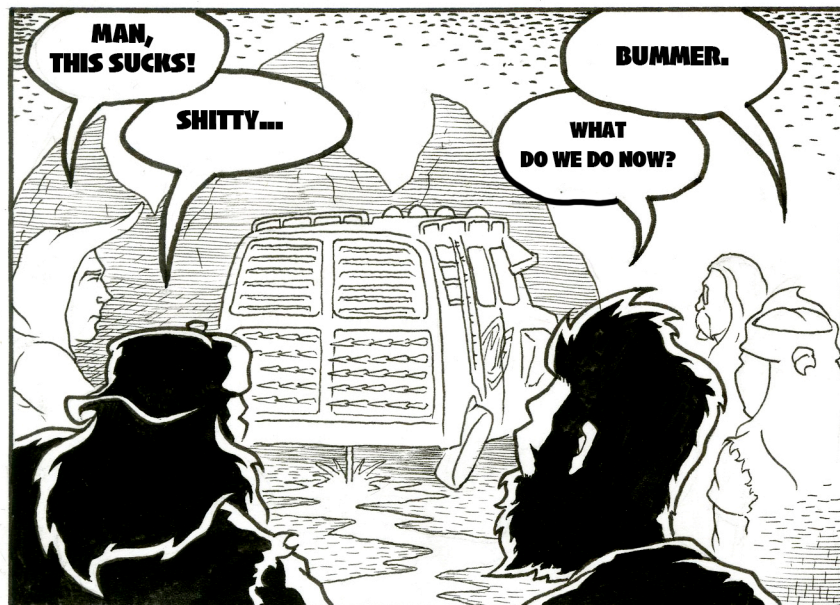


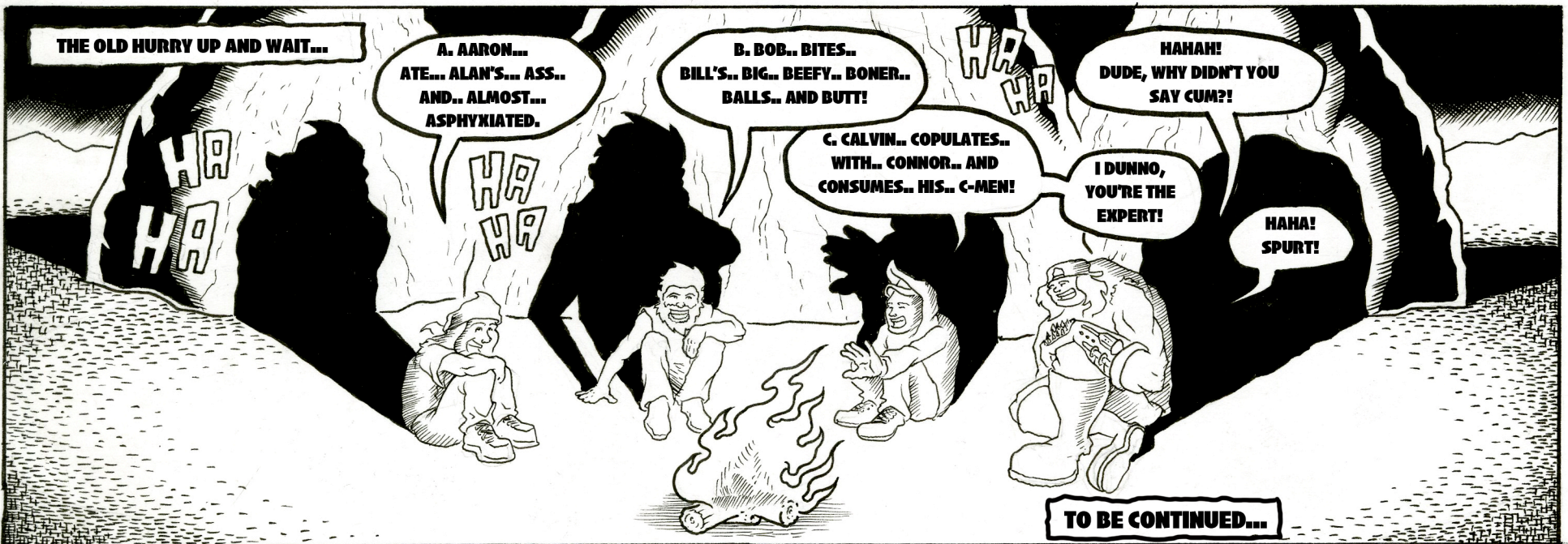
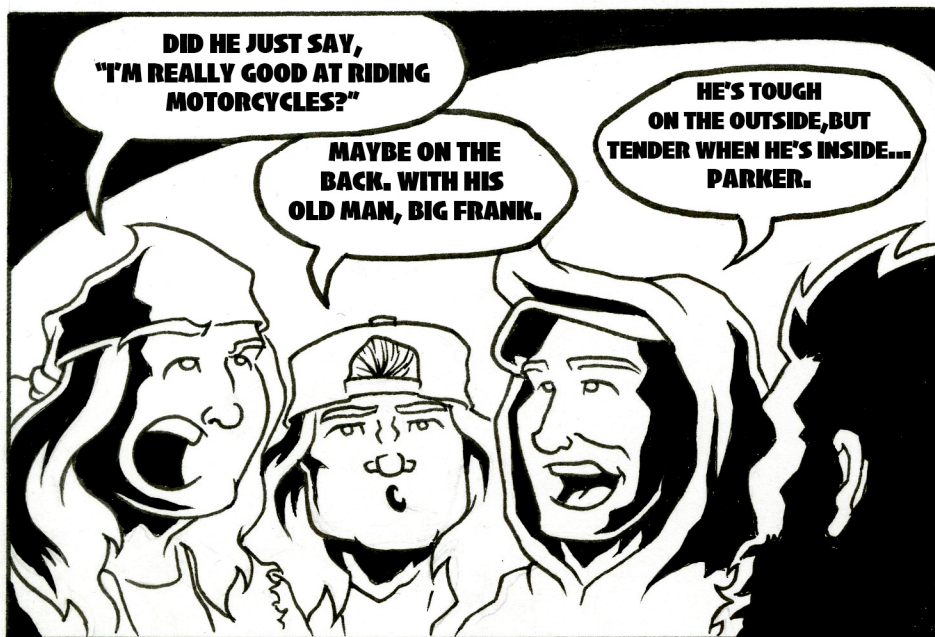
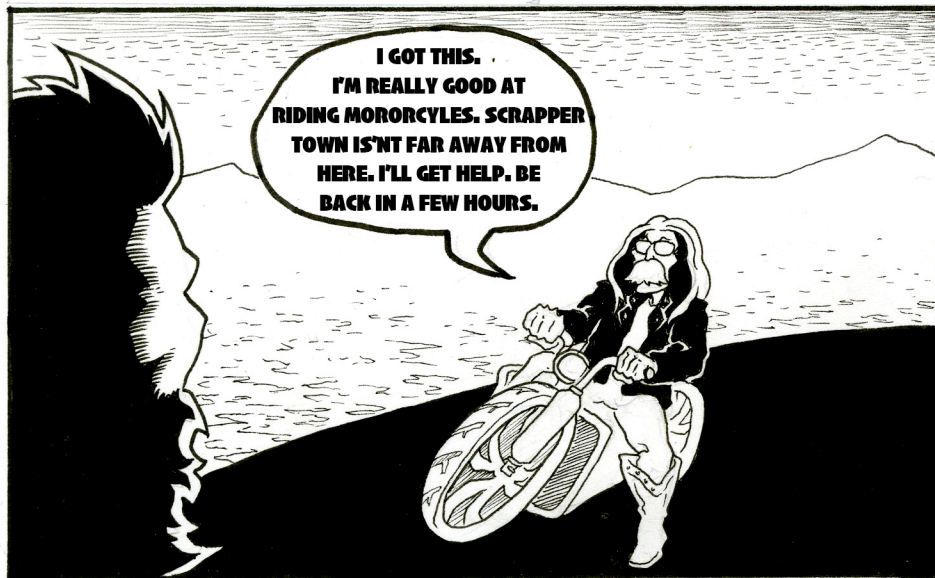












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