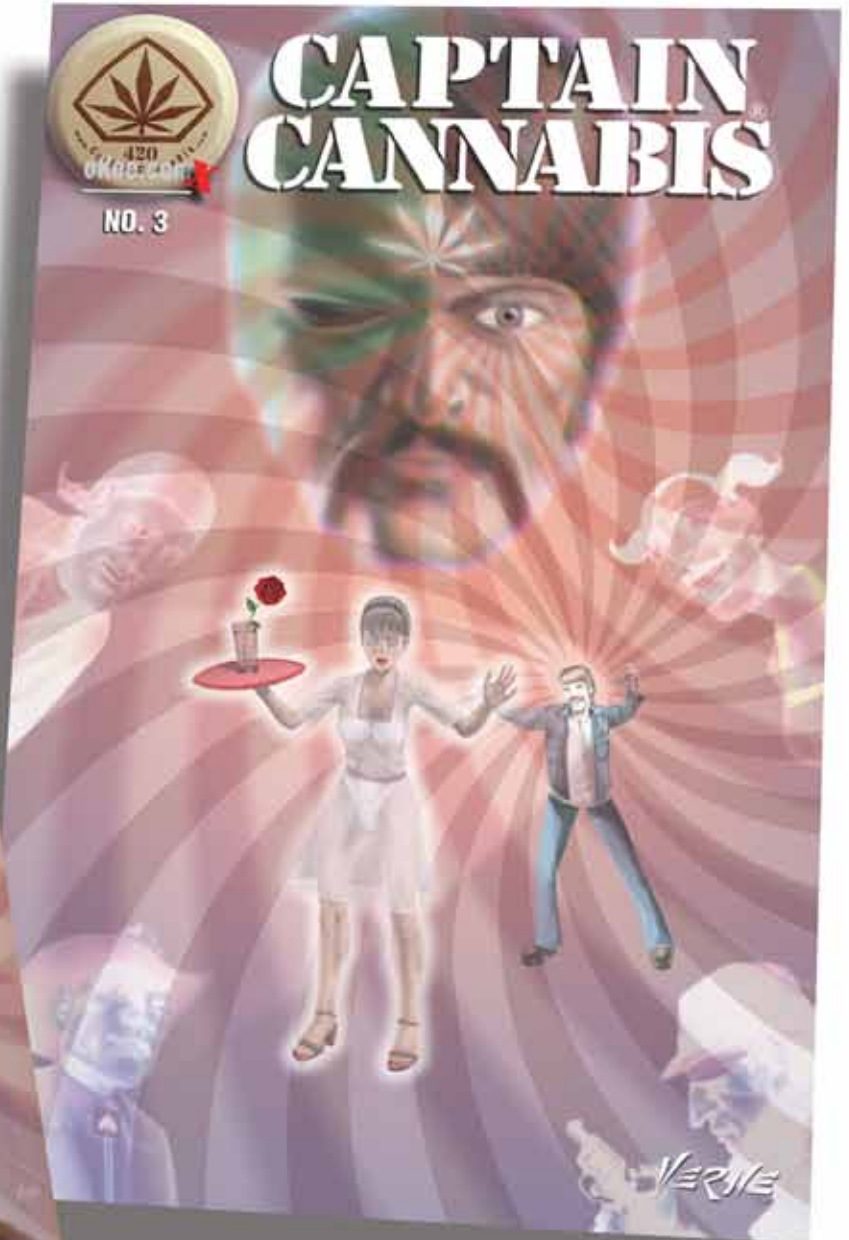
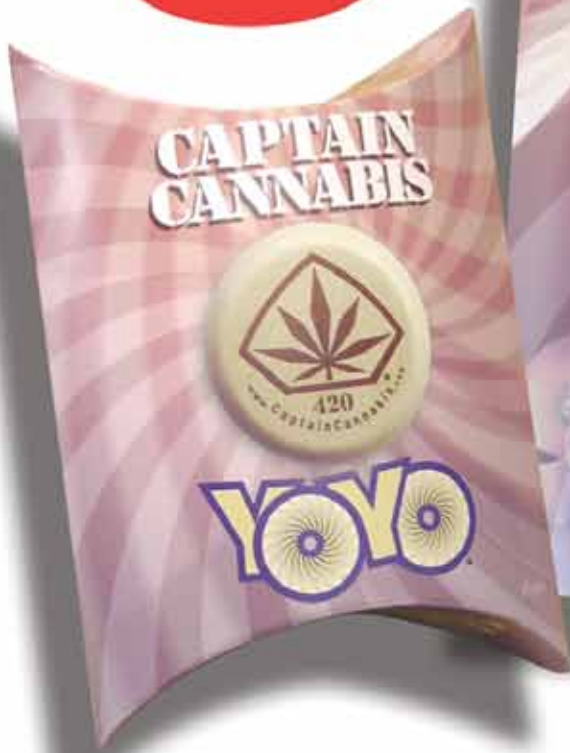


OUT NOW

3



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CAPTAIN CANNABIS™

NO. 1

40th ANNIVERSARY



VERIE™

INTRODUCING HALBURT (HAL) LIGHTER AS

CAPTAIN™ IN CANNABIS

ROLL
ME ANOTHER
ONE

1970'S: IT'S A BALMY AFTERNOON
ON HAL'S APARTMENT ROOFTOP.

HE LIKES THE SENSE OF
PEACE HE FEELS HERE.

WAITING FOR HIGH-SCHOOL SWEETHEART
MARION JONES, HE CONTEMPLATES A REEFER.

I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!
THE ONE TIME I FIND A
JOINT I DON'T HAVE
A LIGHT!

BET MARION
HAS ONE. WHERE IS SHE?
IT'S 4:20 ALREADY. I'M SURE WE
SAID TO MEET HERE AFTER
MY SHIFT.

MY SHIFT...
ANOTHER GRADE-ONE
PUKES IN THE BUS. I HATE
CLEANING THAT
MESS.

HE'S ORDINARY, NOT THE SORT YOU'D EXPECT ANYTHING SPECIAL FROM,
BUT DETERMINED; NOTHING GETS IN THE WAY OF HIS PRIME DIRECTIVES,
WHICH ARE ALL ABOUT DOING NOT MUCH OF ANYTHING AT ALL.

STORY AND ART BY VERNE ANDRU - 1977-2017 - 40TH ANNIVERSARY *VERNE*



I BET THERE'S MATCHES ON THE SOFA AND MAYBE MARION'S WAITING THERE.

BETTER HEAD DOWN AND CHECK.



HIS APARTMENT AT THIS VERY MOMENT...

I SAID GET OUT OF HERE!

IT HAS A GREEN GLOW. TEAR THE PLACE APART, JUST FIND IT!

MARION JONES FACES DOWN LIEUTENANT RALPH BLUKSTER LEADING A HOME INVASION.



WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? YOU CAN'T JUST BARGE INTO PEOPLES HOMES!

YES SIR!

WHERE IS HE?



LOOKING FORWARD TO PLUFFING THE NUMBER TO SOME MUSIC AND COMIC BOOKS, HAL ARRIVES AT A VERY DIFFERENT REALITY.

CRASH

OH, SHIT!

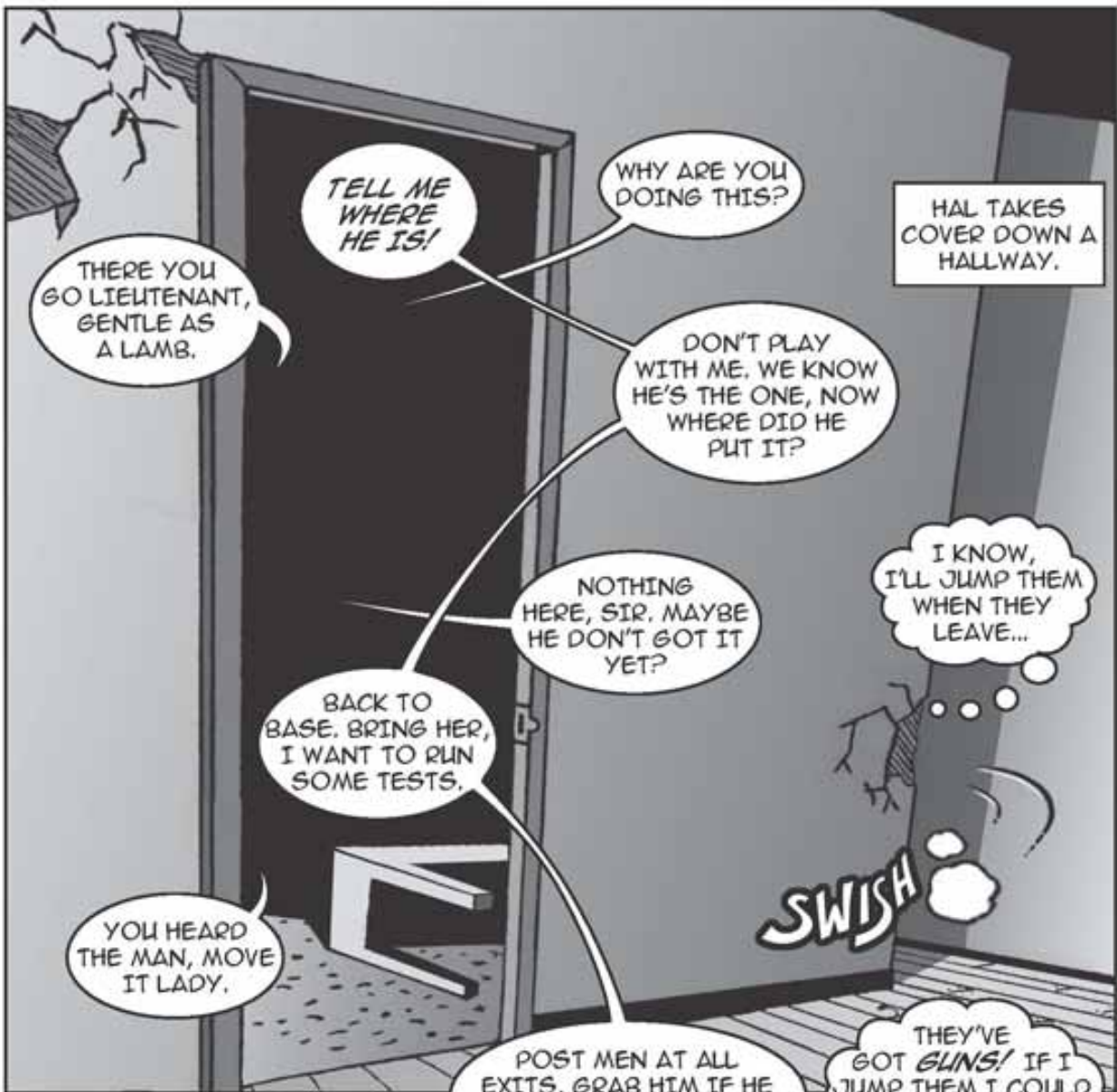
SEDATE HER.

HOLD HER WHILE I GIVE HER THE SHOT.

BREAK

TEAR

GET AWAY FROM ME WITH THAT! SHRIEK!



THERE YOU GO LIEUTENANT, GENTLE AS A LAMB.

TELL ME WHERE HE IS!

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

HAL TAKES COVER DOWN A HALLWAY.

DON'T PLAY WITH ME. WE KNOW HE'S THE ONE, NOW WHERE DID HE PUT IT?

NOTHING HERE, SIR. MAYBE HE DON'T GOT IT YET?

I KNOW, I'LL JUMP THEM WHEN THEY LEAVE...

BACK TO BASE. BRING HER, I WANT TO RUN SOME TESTS.

YOU HEARD THE MAN, MOVE IT LADY.

SWISH

POST MEN AT ALL EXITS, GRAB HIM IF HE SHOWS. LEAVE NOTHING TO CHANCE.

THEY'VE GOT GUNS! IF I JUMP THEM I COULD GET US BOTH KILLED!



I HAVE MY RIGHTS.

TELL IT TO SOMEONE WHO GIVES A SHIT. NOW MOVE!

ENTERING HIS TRASHED WORLD, AN EMPTINESS FLUSHES OVER HIM.

WHAT COULD BE SO IMPORTANT?

WHAT ARE THEY LOOKING FOR?

WHY KIDNAP MARION?

WHERE ARE THEY TAKING HER?

IF THIS ISN'T A BUZZ-KILL NOTHING IS.

AT LEAST THEY LEFT THE MATCHES.

IT'S PRETTY HARD NOT TO BE PISSED WITH SHIT LIKE THIS. DO YOU CALL THE COPS? MAYBE THEY ARE THE COPS. THEY CALLED ONE GUY LIEUTENANT????

WHAT A MESS.

FUNNY, JOINT LOOKS LIKE ITS SLOWING!

THAT'S A SURE SIGN IT'S TIME FOR AN ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT, AND SPARKING THIS UP IS JUST THE TICKET.



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420 SHIELD PIN

antique silver

CAPTAINTM
CANNABIS



SHIELD T

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CAPTAINTM
CANNABIS



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NO. 2

CAPTAINTM CANNABIS

40th ANNIVERSARY



VERIETM

WHO COULD FORGET THAT FATEFUL NIGHT? THE NIGHT THE PAST CAUGHT UP TO THE PRESENT.

CERTAINLY NOT MARION JONES.

ESCAPING HER ABDUCTOR'S CAR, SHE FALTERS PAST THE MOTIONLESS WHO THREATENED HER LIFE MOMENTS AGO!

THIS IS CRAZY!

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?

WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH ME?

STILL WOZZY FROM THE DRUGS CAPTORS INJECTED HER WITH, SHE STUMBLES INTO HER FUTURE!

IF THAT SUPER-GHOST-THING HADN'T SHOWN UP I'D BE A GONER.

GHOSTS? GET A GRIP GIRL!

IF THIS TURNS OUT TO BE ONE OF HAL'S SCHEMES I'M DONE. THIS TIME IT'S SERIOUS!

SHE ARRIVES HOME TO THE APARTMENT SHE'S SHARED WITH HAL SINCE MEETING AT SCHOOL.

NOBODY SHOULD HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS!

ESCAPING BAD SITUATIONS, IT'S THE CLOSEST THING TO A REAL HOME EITHER HAS EVER KNOWN.

LINEASE FLUSHES OVER HER AS SHE NEARS THE OPEN APARTMENT DOOR.

OH, NO...

LINEASE BECOMES PANIC AS HER ENTREATIES GO UNANSWERED.

HAL?

WE NEED A TALK.

COME ON. QUIT FOOLING AROUND.

OH MY GOD, HAL?

ACK! WAKE UP!

CAPTAIN CANNABIS™

PART TWO

"ROLL
ME ANOTHER
JUST LIKE THE
OTHER"

WHILE MARION AGONIZES
OVER HAL'S BODY IN MATTER,
HIS "CAPTAIN CANNABIS"
PERSONA SWIRLS IN A
SURREAL NIGHTMARE!

A ZONE WHERE EVERYTHING IS
TRANSITIONAL. NOTHING AS IT SEEMS.

SEVERANCE OF MIND
FROM BODY SHOCKS
HAL'S INNER SELF.

BUT PAIN IS FLEETING,
LARGELY GONE NOW.

REPLACED BY A SENSE OF
BEING ALONE YET NOT;
AN ALL-SEEING MIND'S-
EYE REMAINS EVER
PRESENT YET UNSEEN.

THOUGHT
ESCAPES
AS VOICE
THROUGH
MOUTH.

WHERE
AM I?

THE REPLY
EQUALLY DISTANT
AND FAMILIAR.

WHERE
YOU THINK
YOU ARE.

THIS
PLACE IS
NOWHERE.

THEN
YOU NEED
TO THINK
AGAIN.

A POWERFUL FORCE PULLS HIM TO THE QUIVERING TUBE, HIS CAPE THE FIRST CASUALTY!

HEY, MAN, I'M GETTING SWALLOWED HERE!

WHAT DO YOU COVET?

CHILLING WITH A FATTY, GOOD TUNES AND MY LADY MARION.

YOUR ATTACHMENTS DRAW YOU ELSEWHERE.

SHIT! I LIKE THAT CAPE!

THEN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

OVERWHELMED, HE'S DRAWN CLOSER AND CLOSER.

SET ME FREE AND I WILL.

THAT IS YOUR MISSION.

SUCKED TO THE PRECIPICE OF THE UNKNOWNABLE...

WHAT MISSION?

THE REASON YOU ARE.

I'M A NOBODY. AREH!

WRONG GUY, MAN! UGH!

THE CAPTAIN PUTS HIS EVERYTHING INTO RESISTING...

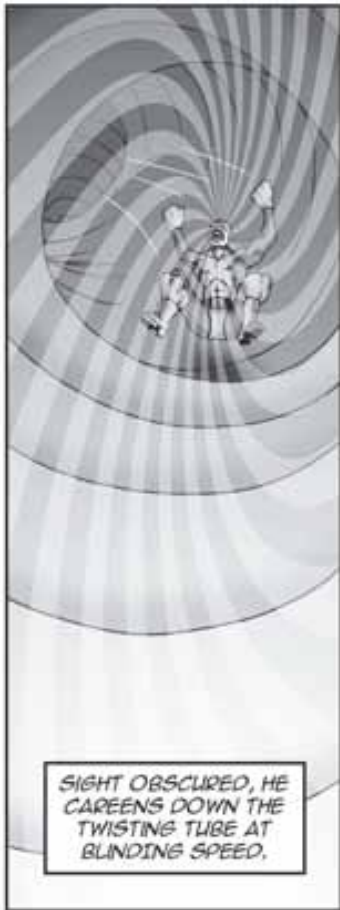
EVERYBODY IS A SOMEBODY.

kick!

CHOMP!
...AND IT'S TIME TO WAKE UP TO WHO YOU ARE!

...BUT IS OFF TO BOOT CAMP INSTEAD...

...WHERE FAILURE IS NOT AN OPTION!





CAPTAIN CANNABIS®

A s S e e n O n

CULTURE
MAGAZINE

HIGH TIMES

SKUNK

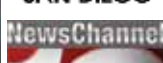
PLAYBACK



YAHOO! FINANCE



WAPAKONETA
DAILY NEWS



FINANCIAL POST





CAPTAIN CANNABIS®

NO. 3



VERIE™

A stash of intragalactic weed from the '47 Roswell crash escapes sparking a decades-long drag to snuff it out. Finding its way into the hands of nobody Hal Lighter, he's transformed into **Captain Cannabis - Sensi-Super** on a mission!

- CONTINUING THE SAGA BEGUN IN VERNE ANDRIU'S CAPTAIN CANNABIS AND 420 COMIC BOOKS -

RELEASED FROM HOSPITAL ON HIS OWN AUTHORITY, LIEUTENANT RALPH BUKSTER LIMPS THROUGH THE DECREPIT ALLEYWAY SAFE IN THE BELIEF NOBODY WOULD DARE FOLLOW.

EXCRUCIATING PAIN FROM MULTIPLE FRACTURES AND THE CONCUSSION SUSTAINED DURING THE AMBUSH (SEE CAPTAIN CANNABIS NO. 1) DON'T HURT NEARLY AS MUCH AS THE THOUGHT THAT IT STILL ISN'T OVER! ADDING INSULT, HE OWNS THE FAILURE. IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN PERFECT. THE BEST ANALYSTS HAD METICULOUSLY PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER OVER DECADES OF HARD WORK. WHAT WENT WRONG?

A MYSTERIOUS MAN GREET'S HIM FROM THE SHADOWS SEEKING ANSWERS TO THAT VERY QUESTION.



CAPTAIN CANNABIS. NO. 3 YOYO

STORY & ART BY VERNE

FARING BETTER AFTER HIS TRAVAILS, HAL LIGHTER MOVES WITH AN UNFAMILIAR SENSE OF MISSION TO RECOVER THE LOST JOINT; LOATH TO EXPEND ENERGY NEEDLESSLY, THIS DAY BEGINS WAY TOO EARLY. IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO JOB MEMORIES, HAL AND MARION RETRACE HER STEPS BACK TO THE DOCKS WHERE THE INCIDENT TOOK PLACE DAYS PRIOR (SEE CAPTAIN CANNABIS NO. 1).







FAR FROM IT! THE BUMPER BUD AMP RESPONDS TO HIS PLAYING WITH THE MOST AWESOME TONES EVER!



ONLY TO HAVE HIS PERFECT MOMENT INTERRUPTED BY...

Continued in Captain Cannabis No. 3 available at www.CaptainCannabis.com



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NO. 420-001

PREMIER
ISSUE

420

CHAPTER 001
"ICAN'TWAITTHATLONG"

PART OF THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD



WARNING: REQUIRES A SENSE OF HUMOUR.
CONTAINS MATURE SITUATIONS, NAUGHTY
LANGUAGE, DRUG REFERENCES AND LOTS
AND LOTS OF CONSPIRACY THEORIES.

VERIE

AN OMINOUS FULL MOON LIGHTS THE DIFFUSE FOG THIS 2011 NOVEMBER NIGHT AS A FOGHORN EERILY BELLOWS SOMEWHERE OFF IN PUGET SOUND.



420

CHAPTER 001: I CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG

THE INFAMOUS SPACE NEEDLE, TESTAMENT TO SEATTLE'S LONG FORGOTTEN 15 MINUTES OF FAME, STANDS SILHOUETTED AGAINST A NEWLY SMOULDERING MOUNT RAINIER.

A SCRUFFY MAN IN HIS 60'S, WEARING A SANDWICH BOARD PLASTERED WITH "JESUS SAVES," "THE SAVIOR IS COMING" AND "THE END IS NEAR" SIGNS, PANHANDLES ON A CORNER. OTHERS BELONGING TO THE SWELLING RANKS OF THE VANISHING MIDDLE CLASS, VICTIMS OF THE RADICAL RIGHT'S MALICIOUS WARS ON PEACE, DO THEIR VOODOO.

HAVE YOU READ THE GOOD BOOK TODAY?

SCREENPLAY AND ART BY:

VERIE™



LOOK WHAT IT'S DONE FOR ME?

HEY BUDDY - 20 BUCKS FOR A GOOD TIME!

NUKE, A LARGE "HOMELESS" PERSON, LUMBERS PAST.



HE STRAINS AGAINST A SHOPPING CART OVERFLOWING WITH - WELL, DO WE REALLY NEED TO KNOW?

FURTHER ON WE COME TO THE BACK OF THE GASWRKS NIGHTCLUB. A CHEF BY THE NAME OF JESUS, AN OLD HIPPIE WAITER AND HAL LIGHTER EMERGE FROM THE KITCHEN. ROCK MUSIC POURS INTO THE NIGHT.



ANYBODY GOT A LIGHT, MAN?

ANY TIME'S 420 TIME - IT'S A PRIME DIRECTIVE.

NOTHIN LIKE A LITTLE 420 TIME.

A WHAT?



YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

BETTER LET AN EXPERT TAKE CARE OF THAT.

MAKE IT QUICK, MR. EXPERT - I GOTTA GET BACK BEFORE ANDRE SEES WE'RE GONE.



BE CAREFUL MAN, IT'S SUPER POTENT SHIT AND THAT'S MY LAST JOINT.

PREPARE TO BE AMAZED.

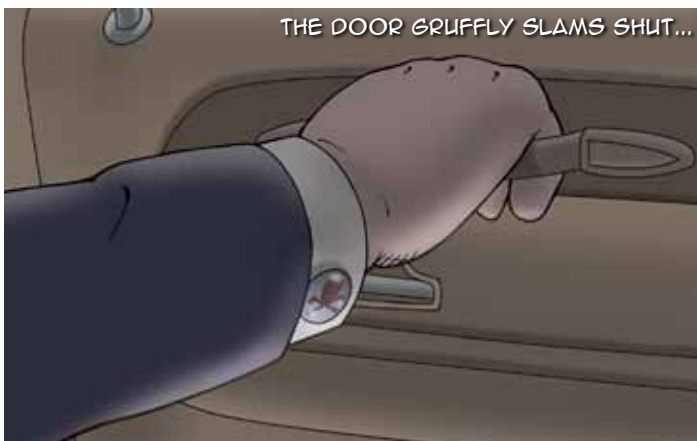


WITH A <<CLICK-SHTOONK>> OF HIS TRUSTY ZIPPO...



...HE ILLUMINATES AN OLD DRUNK IN THE SHADOWS.

SPARE CHANGE?





HER DEMEANOR CHANGES AS THE LIMO DISAPPEARS INTO THE INKY BLACKNESS.

DIDN'T LOOK LIKE NOTHING, MAN...

...ANYWAY, LIKE, YOU'RE LATE AGAIN, AND ANDRE'S BOYFRIEND IS OUTA TOWN OR SOMETHIN, AND HE'S, LIKE, SERIOUSLY PISSED...AGAIN!

GREAT, JUST WHAT I NEED.



SHE'S ABOUT TO DASH...

NOW WHAT ABOUT MY JOINT, MAN?

YEAH, LIKE, LET'S MOVE WITH A PURPOSE ALREADY.

OOH, LUCKY LADY. HEY...



...YOU'RE WITH THE BAND? HAL, RIGHT?

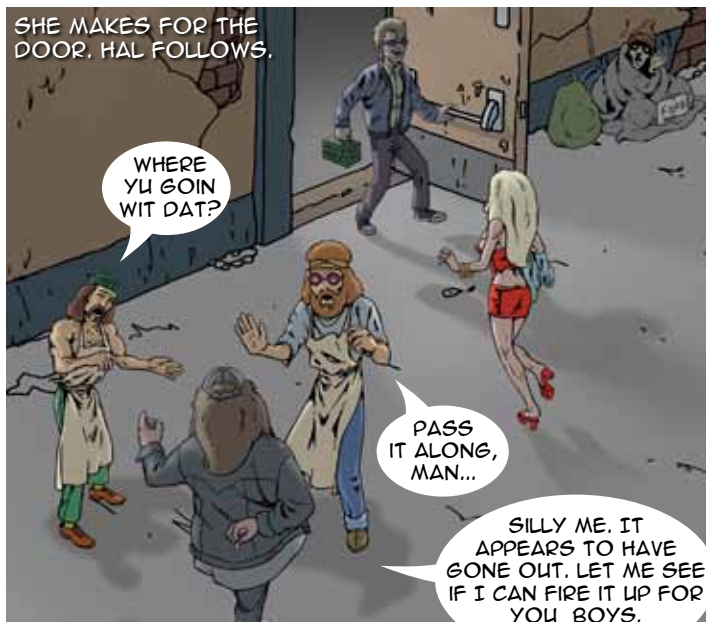
DUH, I,...

UH - WHAT'CHA DOING LATER?

UH, DUH...

CAN WE TALK? AFTER THE SHOW I MEAN?

DUH, YEAH, SURE, NO PROBLEM-O.



SHE MAKES FOR THE DOOR. HAL FOLLOWS.

WHERE YU GOIN WIT DAT?

PASS IT ALONG, MAN...

SILLY ME. IT APPEARS TO HAVE GONE OUT. LET ME SEE IF I CAN FIRE IT UP FOR YOU BOYS.



WITH A FLICK OF HIS THUMB, THE ZIPPO SNAPS TO LIFE.

HEY LIGHTER, WHAT CH'YOU GOT DAT WE DON'T GOT?



<<BURP>> NO, BOYS, THAT'S AN URBAN MYTH. CHICKS DIG ME 'CAUSE I GOT CLASS.

JESUS, WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?

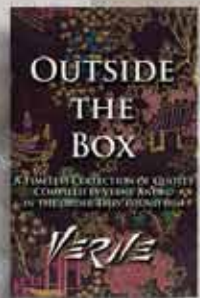
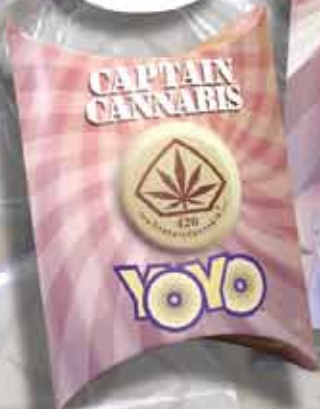
SHIT! THAT'S ANDRE. SAVE SOME FOR ME, WILL YA?

IT'S 'CAUSE YOU'RE WITH A BAND, RIGHT? CHICKS DIG GUYS IN A BAND.

I WOULD, MAN, BUT THERE'S NOTHIN' LEFT! HE SMOKED THE WHOLE DAMN THING!

FUN & GAMES

3



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Captain Cannabis - Sensi-Super!