

**MARVEL**



To: Dan Hoch  
Elroy Fruit  
Wamego, Ia  
From: Ron  
Greenbud





To: Dan Hoch  
Elroy Fruit  
Wamego, (C)  
From: Ron  
Greenbud

Greenbud  
Farm  
Cape Girardeau, MO

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Dan-O, Hey, long time no talk, you know. Things have been busy here for a while, otherwise I'd have written you right back. Honest.

# SOUL NAMES

CREATOR / WRITER / ARTIST WENDY PINI  
CO-CREATOR / ASSOC. ED. RICHARD PINI

How's Tammy been? Little Dean & Hattie? How about old Tom? Last you wrote he was on his last legs. Not that I'd wish death on him, & I know you've been the real motivating force behind the entire operation for 5+ years now, but are you now the co-owner of Elroy Fruit (& not even thin disguised Pot) Farm?



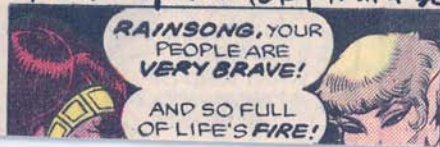
COME ON!

WE'LL DRIVE THEM  
THROUGH THAT **GAP** IN THE  
**BIG ROCKS** AHEAD--!

IT LEADS TO A  
**DEAD END!**

So yeah, sorry about not writing, but things have been god damn crazy here at chez Greenbud for the last 4 or 5 months.

Firstly, we had some syndicate courier come down here early this spring, trying to move in some shitty bud + opium. (OK, truth be told, his dope wasn't

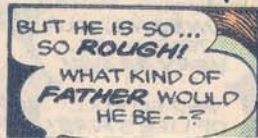
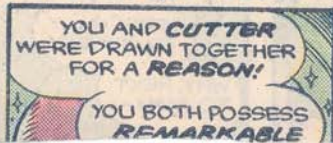


AND SO FULL OF LIFE'S FIRE!



WHY, NEXT TO HIM--

too awful bad, [REDACTED] but come on, his fatcat bosses were trying to move in on the fucking Cape, man!) We figured it was the St. Louis branch of the Cleveland syndicate, as the boys in Memphis wouldn't be so dumb as to try & move shir upstream. Also, we heard that some folks up in Lincoln put a courier in his place



+ basically ~~discussed~~<sup>discussed</sup> an entire syndicate last year. Figured it might be the same gang trying to move their product here on our turf.

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Well, regard [redacted] less of who sent him, we set him straight. Nice enough kid -- a bit dumb. You should have seen him ride into town. He tried to be subtle as possible about it, rode in at dusk to what he thought was a safe house, .. but Key-Right you'd have laughed too if you'd seen ~~that~~ the bale he was packing on his rack. He was seriously so weighted down on the back end that I was





half-afraid his front tire would hit a rock & pop him into a perma-wheelie.

Of course, we captured him right away. He half-brandished / half-swayed this little butterfly knife at us, seemed somewhat serious about it, too, but

**CAP'S GONNA STAR**



... ..

the opium - dosed joint he smoked with his safehouse "buddy" proved too much for him to bear. I guess I would have felt bad if he died... but not as bad as if I'd let some crime ring take over our pharmaceutical affairs. Regardless, he came out of his stupor about ~~9~~ hours later, just



CUTTER,  
WAIT! I--

LEETAH STOPS  
AND SMILES AT  
HERSELF... SHE  
IS NOT QUITE YET  
READY--

MEANWHILE SCOUTER AND DEWSHINE  
HAVE MADE A CATCH OF THEIR OWN!

THIS ONE  
IS HUGE!!



HE'S TIRED  
OUT FROM

after daybreak. And then we started with the torture. The application of goose feathers under his armpits & nose, sight of some of the leatherier girls on loan from the pool hall prancing about buck naked, & simple promise of another laced joint simply in return for a bit of information.. dude told us all he knew (not much) before two hours had passed. of course,



we weren't satisfied, so we gave him what he wanted (e.g. what we'd promised), then asked him to stick around.

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Lloyd's now one of our best fieldworkers. Hell of a nice guy, too, like I said. The stuff we took off his bike has been added to St. Francis's drug stock, as it should be. The Nebraskans might have gotten the same result we did, but they're less violent ways of working, you know.

RUN.  
LEETAH!

THE BEAST  
REFUSES TO  
DIE!!



we've also been staying off this drought best we can. The farm itself is just a couple miles off the river banks, but we still play hell getting water out here if it doesn't rain. The cannabis will do well enough without irrigation,



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and  
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but the poppies need water ~~and the water is not enough~~ & so we had to implement a modified, bike-based bucket brigade. It's kept the low hands we can keep & even sometimes me & Lisa riding four or so hours a day every day for the last three months. It's worked out well, though. Good looking field of poppies.



Anyway, with [redacted] regard to your previous letter, I think I know now what your basic cultivation problem is. So remember, how you mentioned that all the plants you've been growing have ~~at~~ produced such shitty bud & gone all rangy - looking on you? Yeah, I figured it out. So, your farm is



a mile or so south of town, right? Right down in the [REDACTED] Kansas flood plain? Well, I knew this before, but if you'd mentioned your problem to any friends in town they would have instantly & unmistakably pegged you as a city boy. (You Lawrence kids never went down near the river, did you? Too

ONCE AGAIN A WALL OF ANGER  
RISES BETWEEN THEM... IT IS  
MORE THAN CUTTER CAN BEAR.

LEETAH...

... I'M NOT  
SURE I CAN  
LIVE WITH-  
OUT YOU!

... IT'S  
SORROW'S  
BEGINNING!

TAM...?

many junkie [REDACTED] bums + cruisers down near the levee, huh? Mommy wouldn't let you stray far from Googols & Fun, would she?)

That whole floodplain area along the Kansas -- especially just off the banks -- is just lousy with ditchweed and/or straight hemp. There's no use

EXCEPT FOR **SAVAN**,  
MY PEOPLE HAVE ALL  
BUT **FORGOTTEN**  
HOW TO SEND...  
EVEN  
**I** CAN  
DO IT  
ONLY  
WHEN I  
**HEAL!**

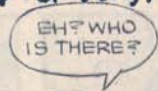
BUT THOUGH YOUR SENDING  
**BATTERS** ME WITH THE  
FORCE OF A **SANDSTORM--**  
--I CAN NO  
LONGER DENY

I **WILL** CONFESS THAT YOU ARE  
NOT AT ALL WHAT I EXPECTED IN A  
**LIFE-MATE**, MY FAIR, YOUNG **TAM!**  
YOU'RE

trying to tame that shit, either... within our [redacted] lifetimes,  
anyway. That shit's always going to be shit. Not good shit, not the shit,  
just shit. Trust me, an upstart farm in Cairo--not connected to any  
syndicate I'm aware of, & I'm aware of most everything that happens in my



market, as [redacted] previously mentioned - - just down the river, went through the same thing. They were sitting just off the river & got terrible yields two years in a row. Got so bad that this year they switched to hemp & diversified to some other crops. I was personally





glad to hear they didn't go out of business completely, but professionally satisfied that they had to change their focus. Competition is good, as long as it doesn't threaten me. You know?



On the [redacted] upside, you have a couple options. First is to bag up all the bud on your good starts before you move them out of your green house (You have been keeping them in a separate space, haven't you?) + keep trying to cultivate as usual. That's a hell of a lot of work for what will likely be very little return at



all, & given that the upshot of a whole nother failed crop might be losing the entire orchard, it's a huge risk to be running.

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Now, the [redacted] second option, & the one I'd recommend has a couple steps. First, you get in touch w/a couple other local farmers, preferably ones to the north of town. Not pot growers, of course, but folks who raise staples... Ok, staples other than cannabis. Pitch this idea to them: you'd be willing to trade, acre for acre,



the land that belongs to them for the land that belong(ed) to your stepdad. You probably know this by now, but they ~~do~~ definitely know (and for longer) that all that land right next to the river is some of the best, most fertile ground in the country, maybe the world. Now,

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you don't need that land to grow your particular cash crop. It'll do better the warmer, more light & humid it is, but it'll grow just dandy in almost any kind of soil & as long as you can get it some water periodically. You know the old joke: that's why they call it Cannabis sativa... Wait, what?





The upsides to this one are obvious: you get a spot off the [redacted] river & out of ditchweed pollen range for your plants to grow in, you're less exposed to those few elements of the (almost entirely self-appointed) law who are not sympathetic to folks growing their own medicine, & last but not least is that your fellow farmers have way better land on which to raise grain, beans, squash & all other manner of edible vegetation. The only real downside is that you'll have to give up your fruit trees, as the old ones won't transplant at all & the young ones won't very well. But you can



Just read up on how to do it -- you still have a library there, right? -- because it's not that hard. Hell, the colonials used to do shit like that all the time, + in such a worse climate than we have. It'll be a piece of cake for you to do. You owe me half a barrel of cider, too, you chimney fucker. Don't think I've forgotten.



Oh, & you'll have to move. But whatever, you'll still be in [REDACTED] "greater"  
Wamego, raising, selling & smoking world-class bud. Hahhah.

(I guess you could try just heading down to the Kansas & chop down all the ditchweed you can  
locate, but you may as well try emptying the river a thimble full at a time for all the  
good it'll do you.)



So yeah, just go ahead + use those plants you've got right now for fabric. I say again: they are no good. Just in case you haven't been following my advice + haven't been keeping the starts inside or some place other than your main cultivation area, I've taken the precaution of sending a couple new starts with this letter. (Yeah, the couriers will bitch about hauling off



anything that weighs more than a tenth of an ounce or some such [redacted] shit, but you tuck a little greenbud in their pocket & they're just docile as lambs.) They're both from a great cultivar, one that came over from the Netherlands a year or two before all the shit went down. Can't remember the name at the top of my head. It was some offshoot of Lebanese Blonde, but the new cultivar's name wasn't even remotely catchy. Some damned



SHE IS THE ONLY  
STAR SHINING  
IN THE VOID

arbitrarily- [redacted] maybe even capriciously, having known several cultivators  
from my time in Rotterdam -- alpha numerically encoded Nomenclature.  
Typical Dutch nonsense.

# QUESTS AND ANSWERS

c/o EPIC COMICS: 387 Park Avenue South; 10th FL: New York, NY 10016



Hey, call it MK420, Guess the numeric part really doesn't mean much to folks nowadays. Huh. Well, leave it on anyway, as a reminder of the bad old days

**SOMEBODY  
ON OUR TEAM**

long past, & the bad new days that aren't quite so bad as the bad old days.

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tion can be yours for only



+ to be capricious.

Wink at Tammy + then apologize for me. + say hello to the kids, or not.

¡Viva la revolucion verde or whatever! — Ron G.

# BULLPEN BULLETINS