

# MAYFIELD EIGHT



CHUPACOMICS  
presents:

PART 1 OF 6  
for mature  
readers

INTO THE  
RAT HOLE!



Tim Larsen



WAR OUT, MAN!

## Welcome to 1974.

The 1960s were over. Peace wasn't there yet. Free love existed in the disco lounges and backroom junkie hangouts. Nixon was a liar and about to resign. It was time to get stoned.

A summer weekend road trip for a 17 year old short-order cook was just the cure for his High School blues, being stuck in Albuquerque without a plan for his future.

As it turns out, there would be **plenty** for him worry about **very** soon.

GROOVY BABY!

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**First printing.**



# MAYFIELD EIGHT

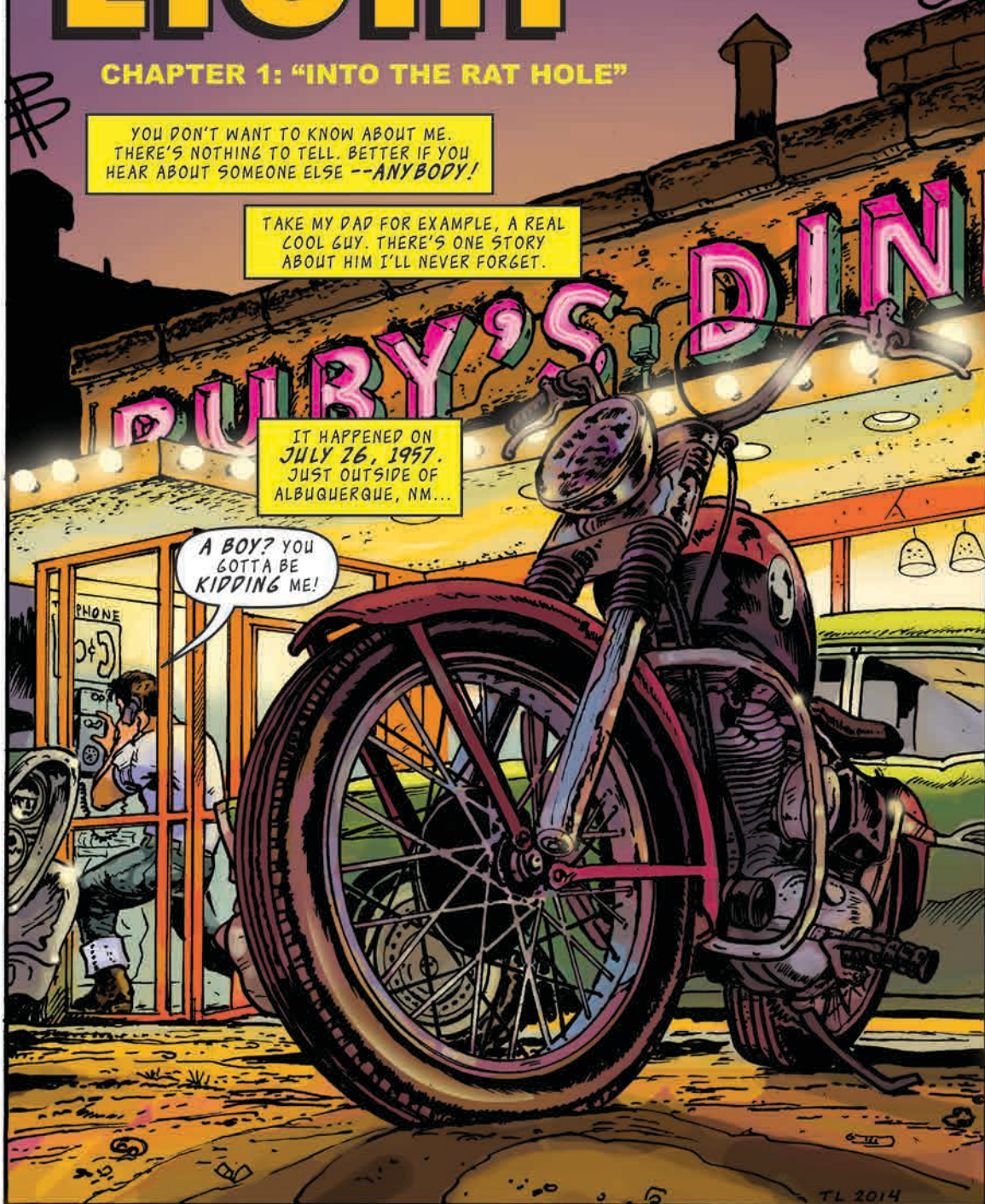
## CHAPTER 1: "INTO THE RAT HOLE"

YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW ABOUT ME.  
THERE'S NOTHING TO TELL. BETTER IF YOU  
HEAR ABOUT SOMEONE ELSE --*ANYBODY!*

TAKE MY DAD FOR EXAMPLE, A REAL  
COOL GUY. THERE'S ONE STORY  
ABOUT HIM I'LL NEVER FORGET.

IT HAPPENED ON  
JULY 26, 1957.  
JUST OUTSIDE OF  
ALBUQUERQUE, NM...

A BOY? YOU  
GOTTA BE  
KIDDING ME!



TL 2014

ART AND STORY BY: TIM LARSEN









ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL WAS ACROSS TOWN.



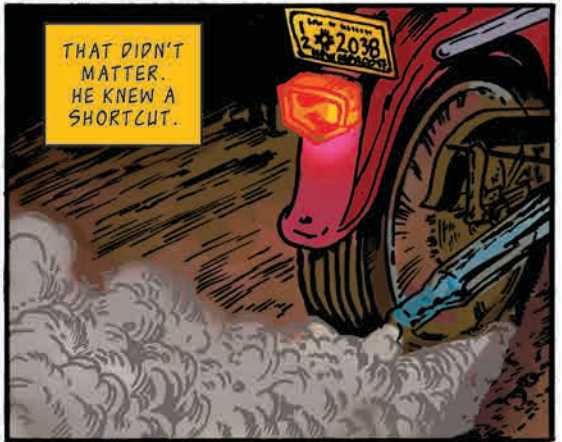
NOWADAYS YOU COULD TAKE THE FREEWAY.



IT WOULD TAKE YOU 10 - 15 MINUTES.



BUT THE FREEWAY WASN'T BUILT YET.



THAT DIDN'T MATTER. HE KNEW A SHORTCUT.



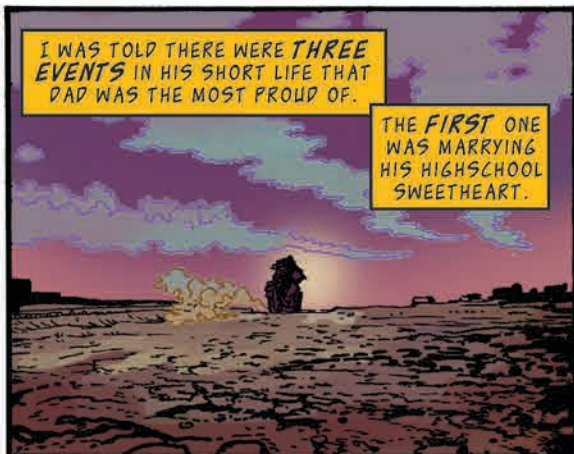
AND HIS SPORTSTER COULD DO 125 EASILY ON THE FRONTAGE ROAD PAST THE RAIL YARD.



THAT'S THE WAY MY FATHER WAS...

HE MADE HIS OWN RULES, WENT HIS OWN WAY...



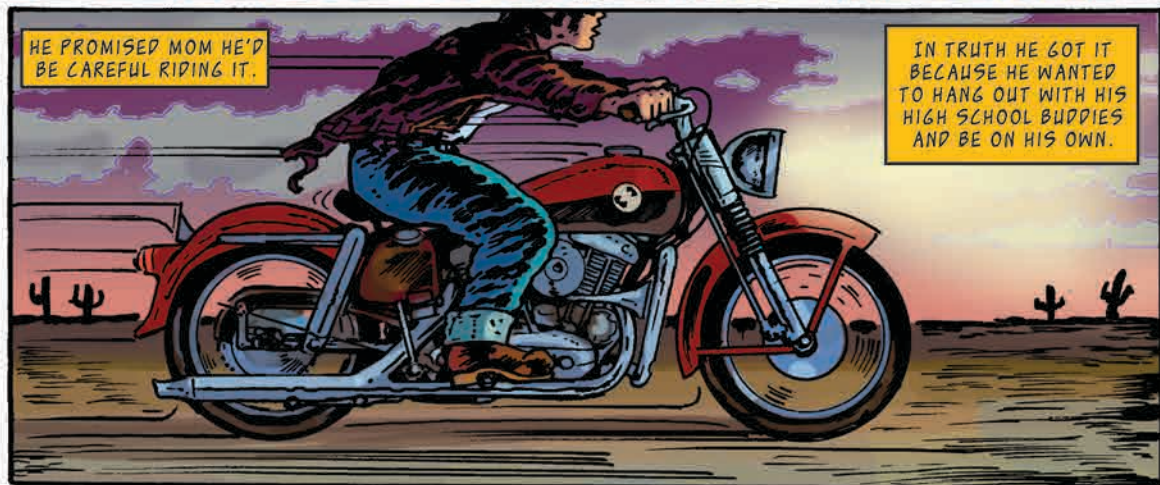


I WAS TOLD THERE WERE **THREE EVENTS** IN HIS SHORT LIFE THAT DAD WAS THE MOST PROUD OF.

THE **FIRST** ONE WAS MARRYING HIS HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEART.



THE **SECOND** ONE WAS GETTING THE '57 SPORTSTER WORKING TWO SHIFTS AT THE DEFENSE ARMAMENT PLANT.



HE PROMISED MOM HE'D BE CAREFUL RIDING IT.

IN TRUTH HE GOT IT BECAUSE HE WANTED TO HANG OUT WITH HIS HIGH SCHOOL BUDDIES AND BE ON HIS OWN.



THEY CALLED THEMSELVES **THE APACHES**. DAD WORE HIS JACKET --FLEW HIS COLORS-- EVERY DAY.



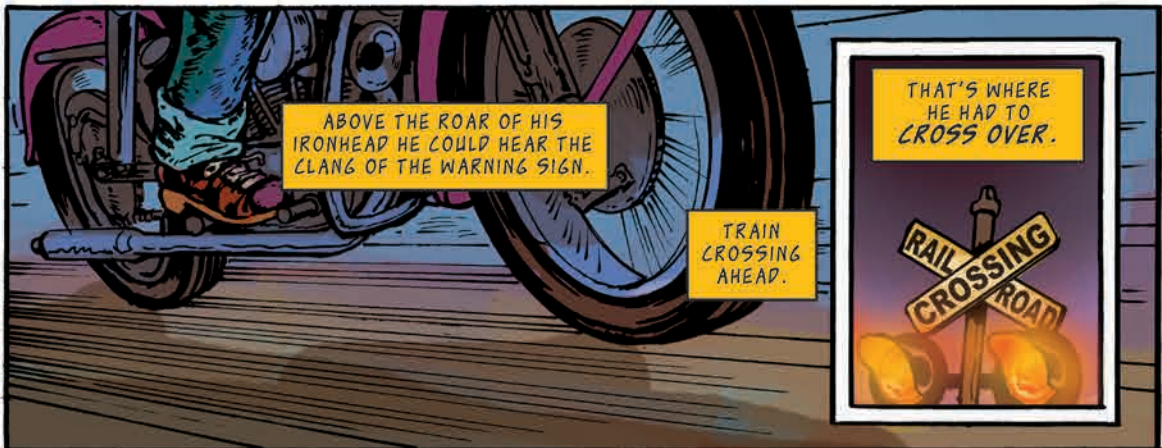
THE **THIRD** EVENT WAS THE DAY I WAS BORN...

...BUT THAT'S WHERE FOLKS HAVE TO MAKE A BASIC ASSUMPTION ABOUT HIM.



...JUDGING FROM THE HASTE HE MADE BOLTING OUT OF RUBY'S TO COME SEE MOM AND ME I WOULDN'T SAY THEY WERE FAR OFF.





ABOVE THE ROAR OF HIS IRONHEAD HE COULD HEAR THE CLANG OF THE WARNING SIGN.

TRAIN CROSSING AHEAD.



THAT'S WHERE HE HAD TO CROSS OVER.



HE KNEW HE COULD OVERTAKE THE LOCAL FIVE BOXCAR COMING INBOUND AND TAKE MAYFIELD EIGHT TO THE HOSPITAL.

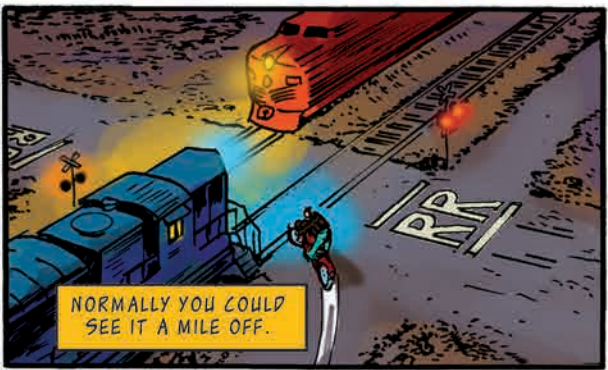


SHORTCUT.



IT'S WHAT HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT GOT HIM INTO TROUBLE.

THERE WAS AN OUTBOUND COLORADO PACIFIC COMING FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.



NORMALLY YOU COULD SEE IT A MILE OFF.



BUT THE LOCAL WAS BLOCKING HIS FIELD OF SIGHT.



BOTH HORNS WERE  
BLARING, MASKING EACH  
OTHER'S SOUND--



**F-DOOM**

I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A  
BIKE WRECK, SO I  
CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT IT  
MUST'VE FELT LIKE...

**SHKKNCK-SHRRRT**







...MAYBE IT WAS QUICK,  
SO'S HE DIDN'T SUFFER.

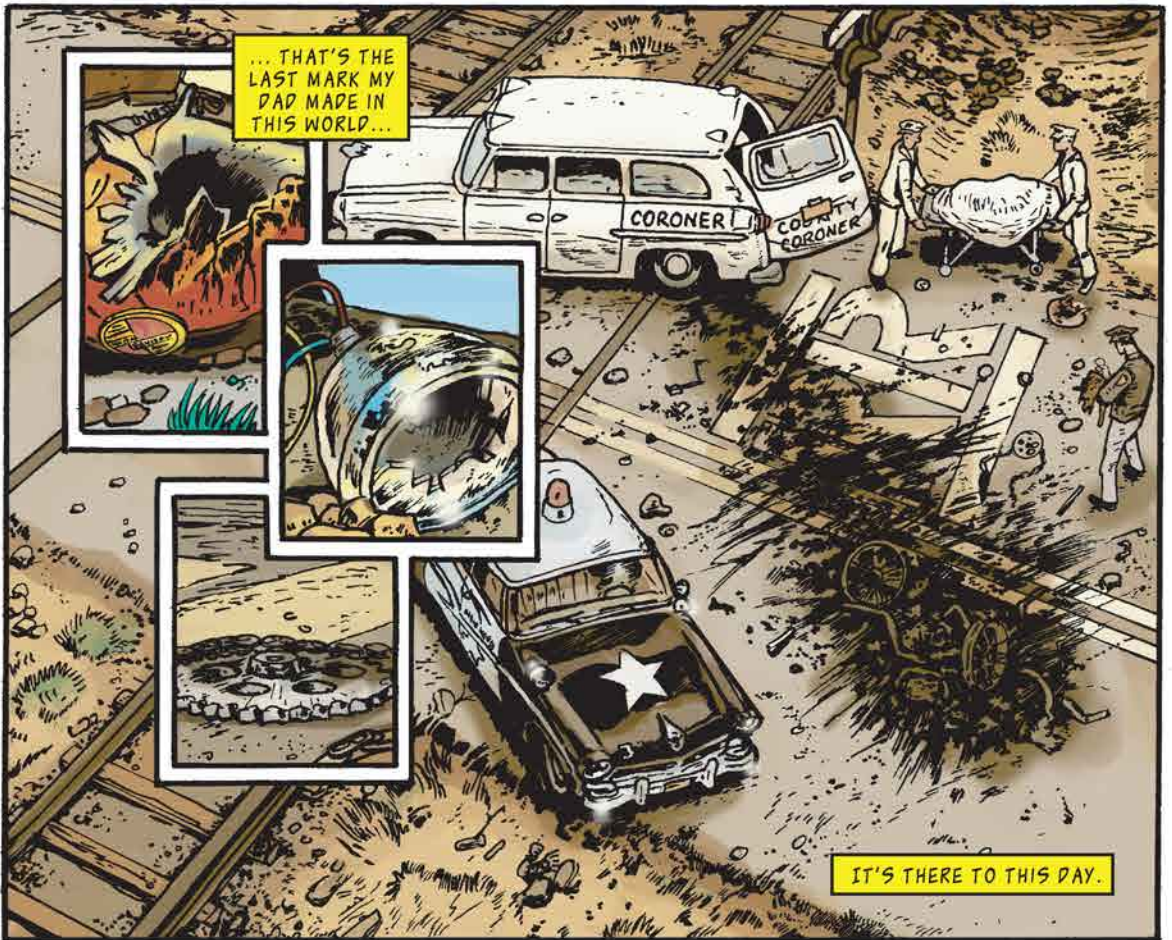


SSHHHCK



HIS BIKE LEFT A  
TWENTY FOOT  
SCORCH MARK ON  
MAYFIELD EIGHT  
THAT NIGHT...





... THAT'S THE LAST MARK MY DAD MADE IN THIS WORLD...

IT'S THERE TO THIS DAY.



THEY FOUND A SCRAP OF PAPER THAT SURVIVED THE IMMOLATION - IN HIS FRONT JACKET POCKET.



IT SAID "CALVIN."



...YOU'RE TUNED TO KKOB! THE TIME IS 8:30, AND HERE'S THE NATIONAL HEADLINES FOR THIS FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1974:













LOOK AT THE BACK.



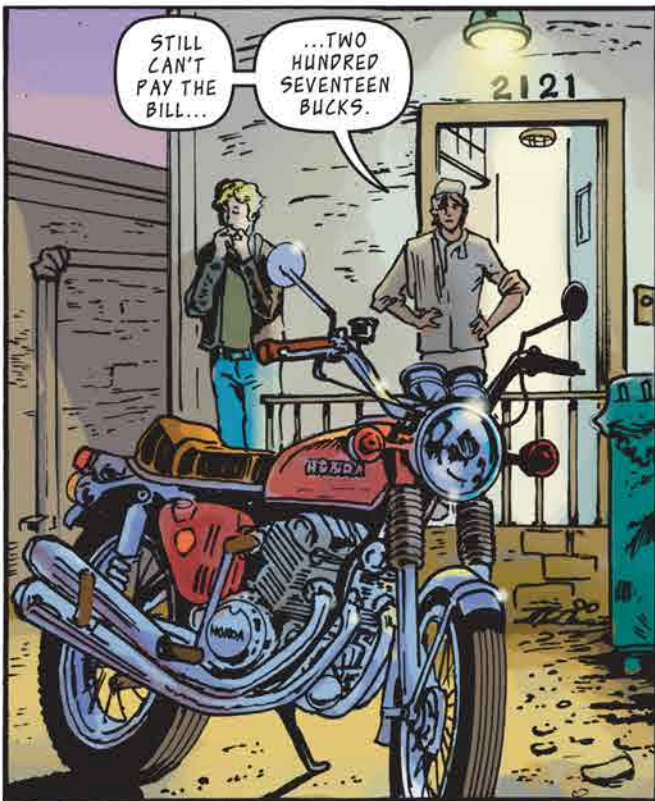
ROAD TRIP. WE'RE LEAVING TOMORROW MORNING.



AND HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO GET THERE WITH MY BIKE ALL TORN UP IN A MILLION PIECES ON YOUR SHOP FLOOR?

OH, THE BIKE'S *DONE*. IN FACT, I RODE IT OVER HERE. RUNS LIKE A DREAM!

COME OUT AND TAKE A LOOK AT IT.



STILL CAN'T PAY THE BILL...

...TWO HUNDRED SEVENTEEN BUCKS.



FORGET ABOUT THE MONEY FOR A MINUTE. TAKE THIS TRIP. I'LL COMP YOU THE REPAIR BILL.

WHY?



WELL IF YOU *MUST* KNOW I HAVE A LITTLE SIDE JOB WE CAN FOLD INTO THIS TRIP TO MEXICO.

AND?





HEY, C'MON. IT'S EASY. WE WALK IN, YOU STAND AROUND LOOKING **OMINOUS**. I CONDUCT MY BUSINESS, WE LEAVE.

I DON'T KNOW...



LOOK PEA-BRAIN! THERE'S \$150 FOR YOU, PLUS THE BIKE ALL SHINY AND NEW, PLUS SOME TAIL AT THE END OF THE RIDE! ALL THAT FOR STANDING AROUND LIKE FIVE-TEN MINUTES!

WHAT'S IT GOING TA BE?



CALVIN! GET BACK IN HERE! WE GOT CUSTOMERS!



I GOTTA GO. LET ME THINK ABOUT IT.

-UH UH. I NEED AN ANSWER NOW, PAL.



\$200. AND YOU PAY GAS.

FUCK YOU!



HA HA! THAR SHE BLOWS!

I REALLY GOTTA GO HELP THE POOR BITCH. HAVE A GREAT TIME IN MEXICO, MR. STARKWEATHER!

BUY ME SOME ILLEGAL FIREWORKS OR SOMETHING.

SLAM!





-SOB- I'M JUST SO WORTHLESS!

NO, YOU'RE NOT! C'MON.



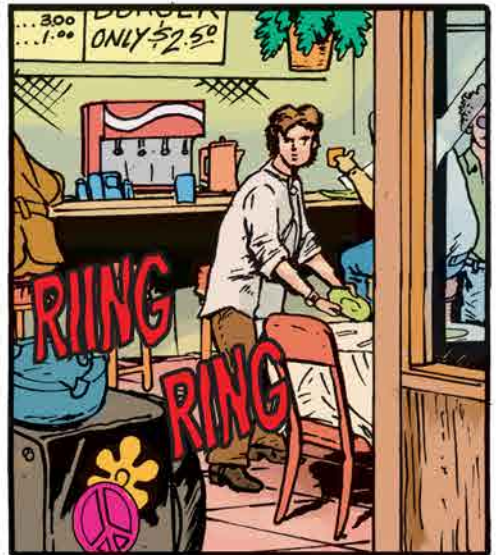
I'LL BUS TABLES FOR A FEW MINUTES WHILE YOU TAKE THEIR ORDERS.

WE'LL GET 'EM THEIR SLOP IN NO TIME -KAY?



THANKS. YOU KNOW, I ENVY YOU. I *KNEW* MY DAD, AND HE WAS A JERK.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, CAL. YOU'RE OKAY.



RUBY'S DINER.

OKAY. \$200. BIKE'S IN THE BACK WHERE I LEFT IT. KEY'S UNDER THE DUMPSTER.

GAS?



MEET ME IN SOCORRO TOMORROW BY TWELVE NOON. THERE'S A DIVE TACO SHACK NAMED RUTELLA'S. CAN'T MISS IT.

IF YOU'RE ON TIME I'LL PAY GAS.











HAND OVER THE BAG.



THERE'S TEN HALF KILOS HERE.



WHERE'S THE OTHER TWO?!

WHAT D'YA MEAN, GRIFF? I EXPLAINED THAT TO EIGHT BALL FIVE MINUTES AGO ON A PAYPHONE--



-SNICK-



I KNOW. HE TOLD ME. SOME BULLSHIT STORY ABOUT A STATE TROOPER.



HE'S NO NARC! JUST A COP WITH A HABIT FOR THE WHITE LINE --AND I DON'T MEAN THE HIGHWAY STRIPE!

ENOUGH WITH THE BAD JOKES.

YOU CAN LOOK HIM UP. NAME'S GENE STURGEON, LIKE THE FISH.



PATROLS 85. DRIVES A '71 CHALLENGER POLICE SPECIAL!

SO WHY'S HE GOT MY TWO HALF KILOS?





HE PICKED UP THE TASTE FOR BLOW WHILE SERVING A COMBAT TOUR IN VIET NAM.

THAT'S HIS PRICE FOR LOOKING THE OTHER WAY ON 85!



HE'S DIRTY, AND THAT'S GOOD. HE'S TIPPED ME A COUPLE TIMES OF AREA DRUG SWEEPS. IF WE GO DOWN HE GOES DOWN - AND I MEAN HARD!

YOU THINK ANY EX-LAW OFFICER WANTS TO SEE NEW MEX STATE PEN FROM THE INSIDE?

NOW, WHERE'S MY MONEY? THE COURIER FEE IS \$100 A HALF KILO.



DID HE SEE ACTION, YOUR DIRTY COP?

YEAH!



WHERE AND WHEN?

DA NANG! 1970.



ALRIGHT. PAY THIS ASSHOLE. PAY HIM FOR EIGHT!

NEXT TIME YOU RUN INTO OFFICER NOSE BLOW IT'S YOUR PROBLEM, NOT MINE.



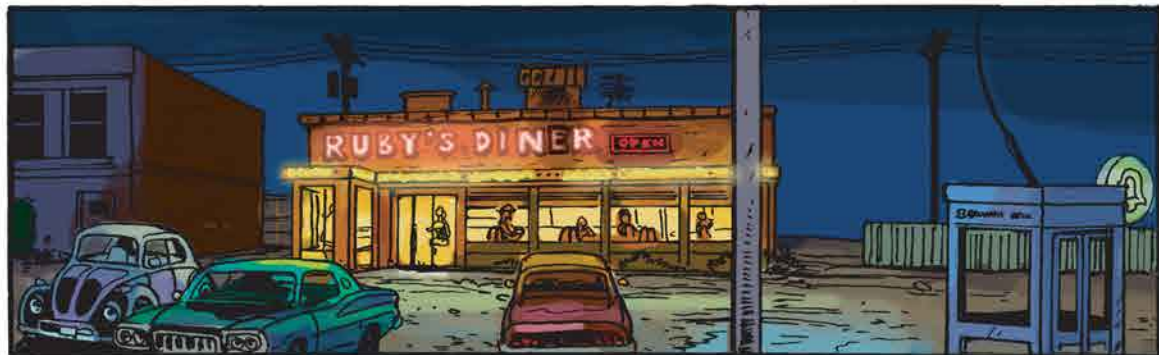
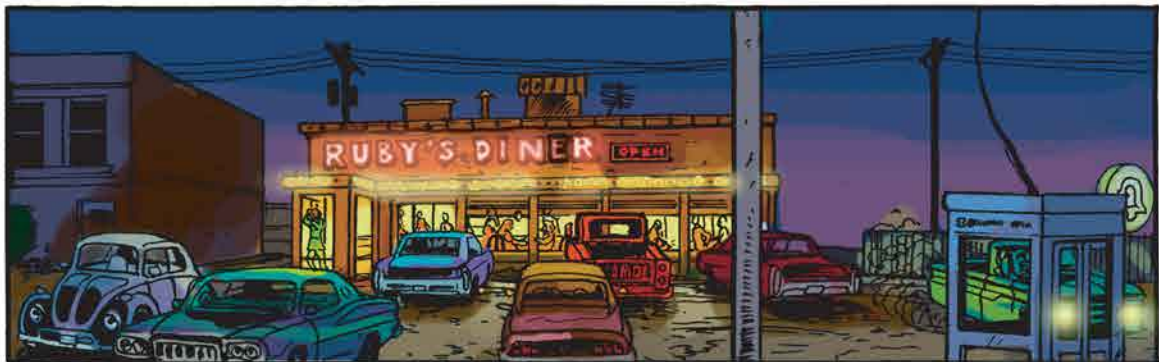
LYING BASTARD. HE'S SKIMMING OFF THE TOP.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

I SERVED TWO TOURS IN 'NAM. NIXON MOVED ALL THE FIGHTING INLAND BY 1970, AND DA NANG IS A COASTAL VILLAGE.

FIND OUT WHO HE'S SELLING TO AND WASTE ANYONE CONNECTED - BUT NOT BEFORE YOU GET ME BACK MY TWO HALF KILOS!









THOUGHT YOU SAID I WAS OKAY.

THAT WAS BEFORE YOU AGREED TO GO ON THIS... THIS...



ADVENTURE.

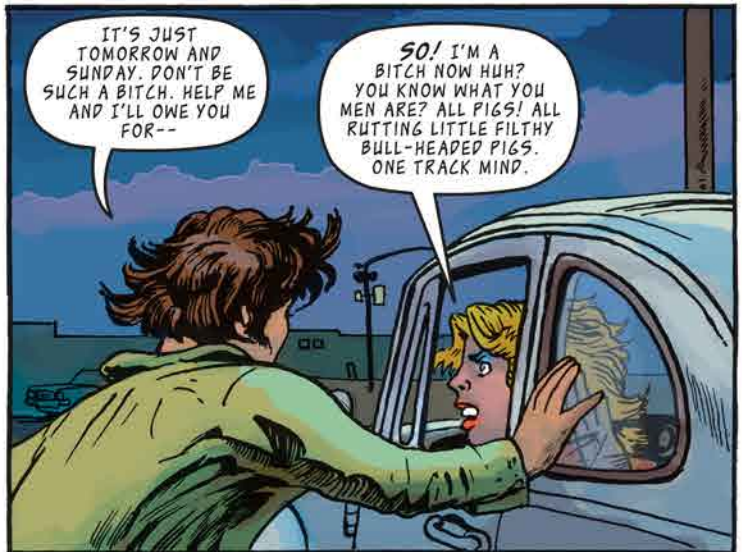
...WHORING TRIP.

-VRM-VRM-



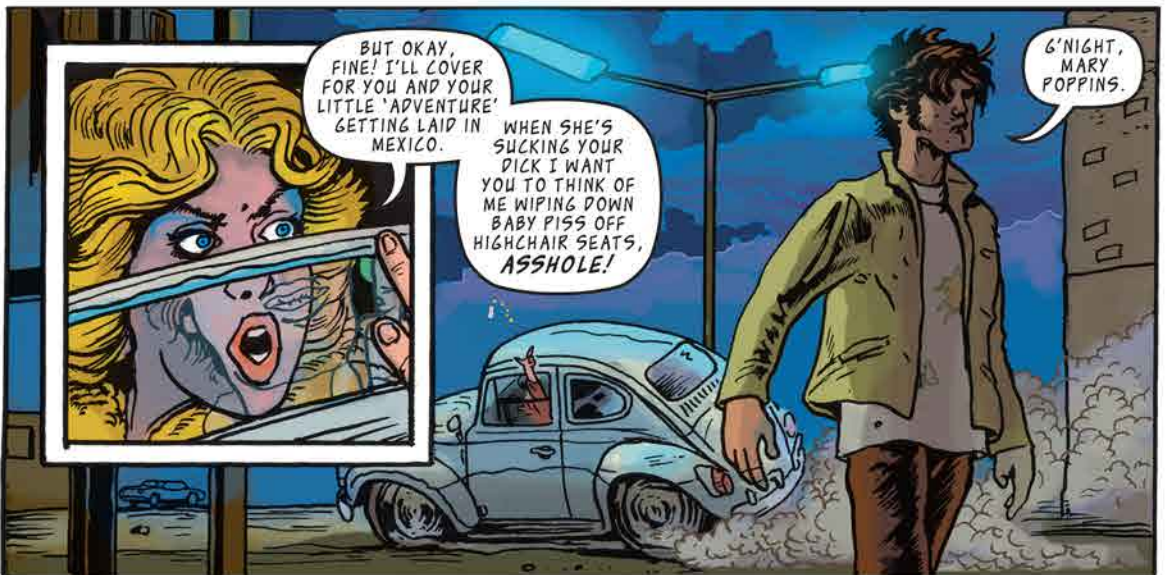
IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT TO HELL WITH YOU TOO.

I'VE WORKED HARD ENOUGH, I NEED A VACATION.



IT'S JUST TOMORROW AND SUNDAY. DON'T BE SUCH A BITCH. HELP ME AND I'LL OWE YOU FOR--

SO! I'M A BITCH NOW HUH? YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MEN ARE? ALL PIGS! ALL RUTTING LITTLE FILTHY BULL-HEADED PIGS. ONE TRACK MIND.



BUT OKAY, FINE! I'LL COVER FOR YOU AND YOUR LITTLE 'ADVENTURE' GETTING LAID IN MEXICO.

WHEN SHE'S SUCKING YOUR DICK I WANT YOU TO THINK OF ME WIPING DOWN BABY PISS OFF HIGHCHAIR SEATS, ASSHOLE!

6'NIGHT, MARY POPPINS.





TINA WAS WRONG.



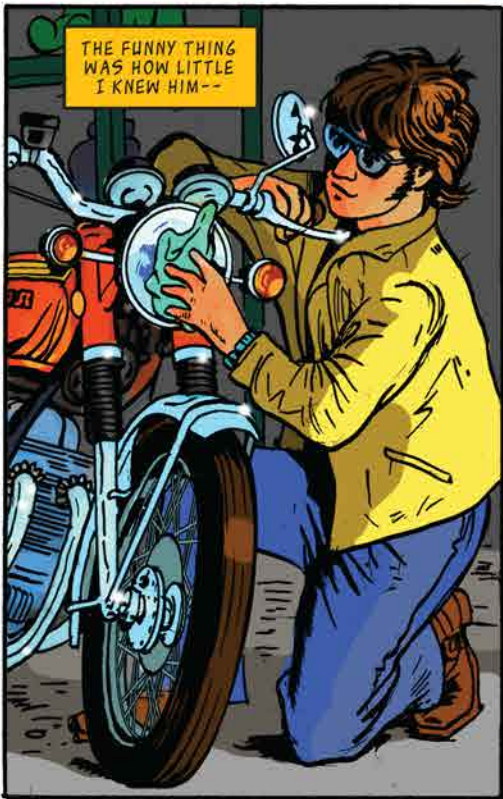
MY MIND ISN'T ONE TRACK...



... BUT MANY.



THAT MORNING I WAS THINKING ABOUT LENNY.



THE FUNNY THING WAS HOW LITTLE I KNEW HIM--



ASIDE FROM BEING THE MAIN SOURCE FOR WEED AND PILLS IN HIGH SCHOOL.



AFTER LENNY GRADUATED HE HIT THE ROAD ON HIS '68 NORTON AND VANISHED.





POPPED UP TWO YEARS LATER BUILDING A REPUTATION AS A NOT-TOO-SHABBY BIKE BUILDER.

EVENTUALLY HE OPENED HIS OWN SHOP.



AND HE WAS GOOD.

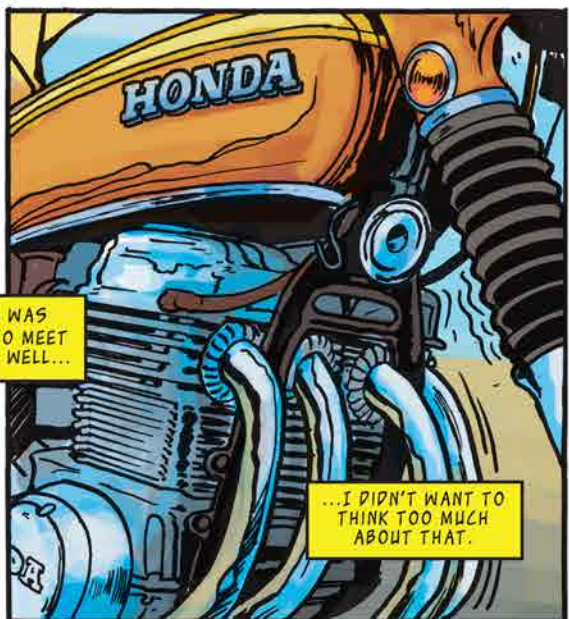


THROTTLE ON THIS HONDA WAS A STICKY PIECE OF SHIT.



AFTER HE WORKED ON IT IT GLIDED SMOOTH AS THE SILK ON A PLAYMATE'S ASS.

TO THINK HE WAS PAYING ME TO MEET HIM OUT HERE, WELL...



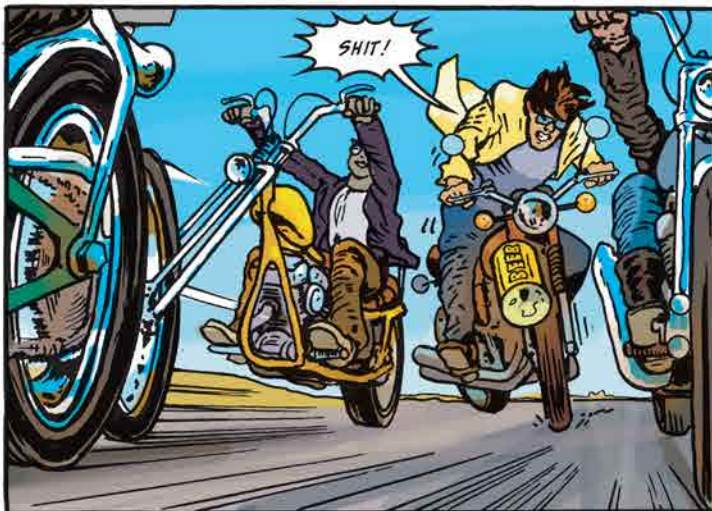
...I DIDN'T WANT TO THINK TOO MUCH ABOUT THAT.



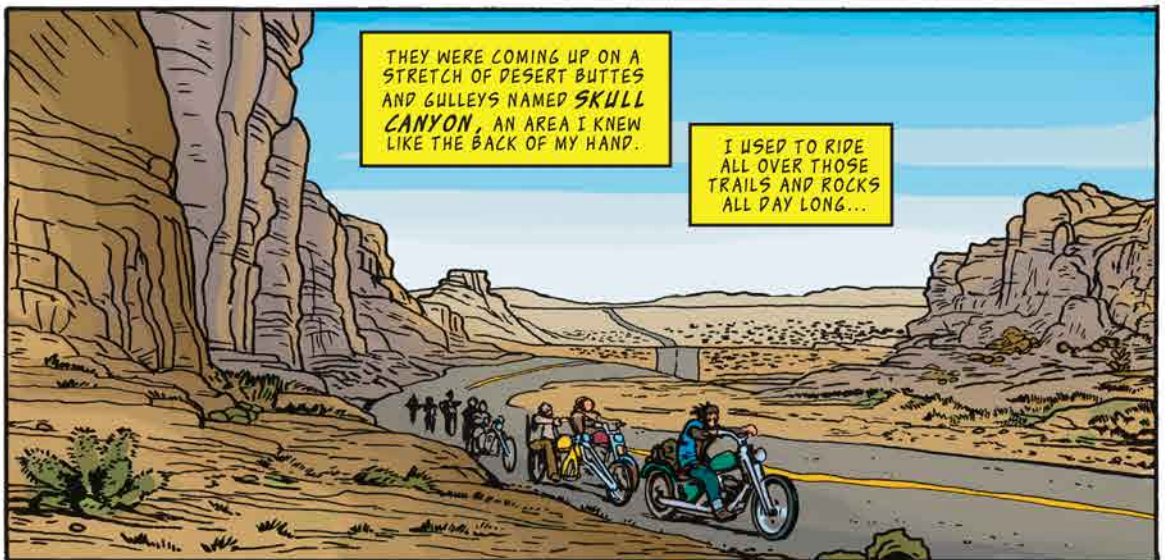
STILL, TWO HUNDRED'S TWO HUNDRED.

STRAIGHT SHOT DOWN TO SOCORRO CAN BE RIDDEN IN AN HOUR, BUT I GAVE MYSELF THREE.

















I TAKE THAT BACK.

LONG FORK HARLEY  
CHOPPERS MIGHT HAVE  
A HARD 60 AT IT.



FUCK!



EASE OFF,  
MAN! YOU'RE  
GETTING DIRT IN  
MY FACE!



HOPELESS.



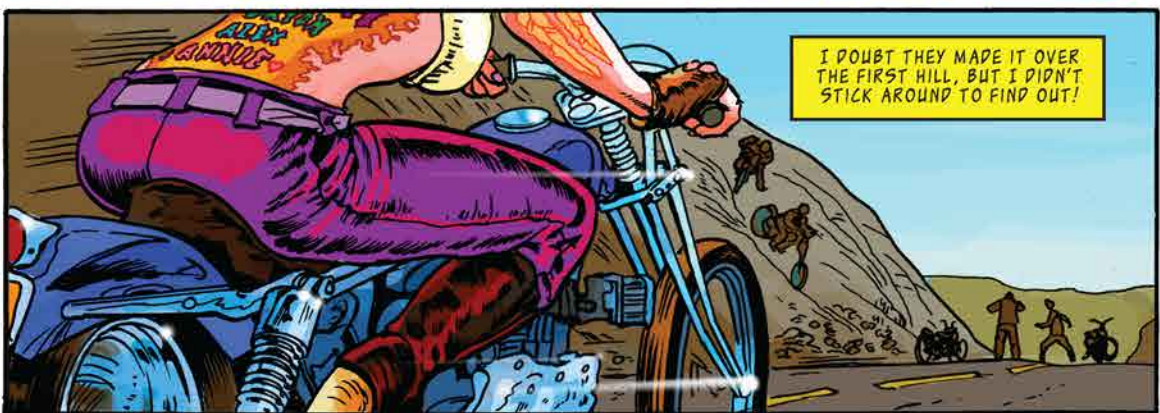
GOT 5 TROPHIES  
RIDING DIRT BIKES.



FINISHED FIRST A  
COUPLE OF TIMES!



HA HA  
LOSERS.



I DOUBT THEY MADE IT OVER  
THE FIRST HILL, BUT I DIDN'T  
STICK AROUND TO FIND OUT!









THAT'S WHAT HONDA BIKES BECAME.



THEY STOLE THE AMERICAN MARKET FROM THEM JUST AS NORTONS BECAME POPULAR.

IT'S NOT THAT, LENNY. YOU KNOW IT.



HONDA JUST KEPT ON CRANKING THEM OUT, MAKING THEM CHEAPER AND FASTER.

YEAH, BUT IF NORTON MADE A SUPERIOR BIKE THEY'D BUY THEM INSTEAD.

MEBBE, PAL...



I GOT THIS.



...AT LEAST NORTONS ARE SOLD IN THE UK ON A REGULAR BASIS. MOST JAPANESE CAN'T AFFORD HALF THE SHIT THEY EXPORT OVERSEAS.



SHIT! YOU OWE ME GAS MONEY ANYWAY, RIGHT?

RIIIIGHT.





YOU EVER BEEN TO JUANITA'S? NO? THERE'S THIS THING ABOUT JUANITA'S GIRLS...



...THEY'LL COME TO YOUR TABLE AND DO A SPECIAL DANCE WEARING JUST A COCKTAIL NAPKIN! ASS AND TITTIES ALL IN YOUR FACE, HAND ON YOUR CHEST.

USUALLY FOR FIVE BUCKS.

FOR TEN THEY'LL SHOW YOU THEIR TACO!



FOR MORE MONEY, LIKE A TWENTY...



...YOU GET TO LIE DOWN ON THE TABLE FACE UP. YOU PUT IT ON YOUR NOSE, FOLDED, LIKE THIS:

THEY GET UP ON THE TABLE, STRADDLE OVER YOU AND GRAB IT OFF YOUR FACE WITH THEIR--



COME ON LENNY, LET'S GET GOING.





THEY HAVE A FLOOR SHOW YOU JUST CAN'T SEE STATESIDE. THERE'S ONE CHICK WHO CAN "SMOKE" A CIGAR --BUT NOT WITH HER MOUTH. ANOTHER ONE GETS IT ON WITH A DONKEY.

NO WAY.



THEY STRAP HER DOWN ON ALL FOURS OVER A PADDED SACK OF HAY--

IT JUST WOULDN'T WORK, MAN.

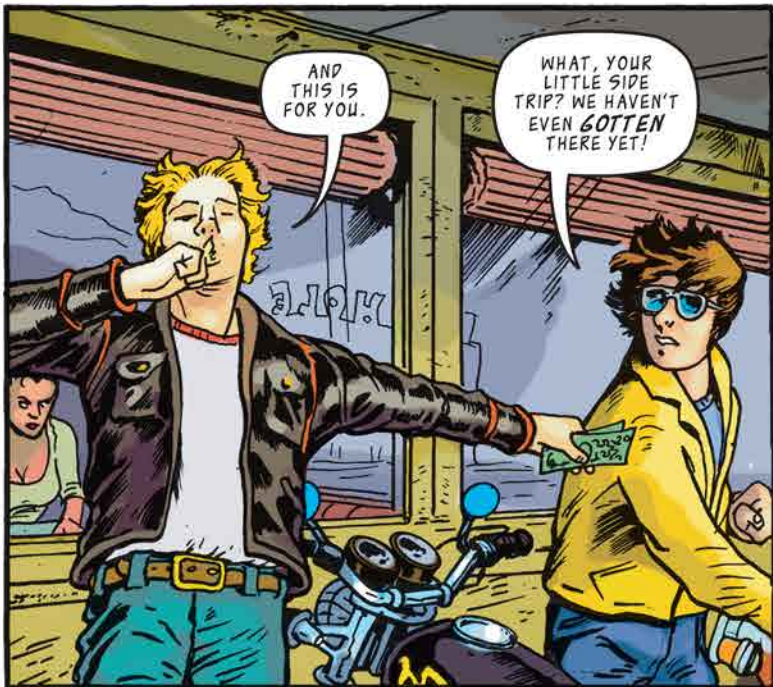


YOU EVER SEE A DONKEY'S SHLONG? WHEN HE'S FULLY EXCITED? IT'S NOT LIKE A DUDE'S, CALVIN.



THEY GOT THEIR SLID WAAY DOWN A LAYER OF FURRY SKIN, A GOOD 14 INCHES. AND WHEN IT COMES OUT...

...IT'S LIKE THIS BIG PURPLE AND PINK ANGRY COBRA LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO PENETRATE! DONKEY JUST HAS TO GET CLOSE.



AND THIS IS FOR YOU.

WHAT, YOUR LITTLE SIDE TRIP? WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOTTEN THERE YET!



OH, BUT WE HAVE!



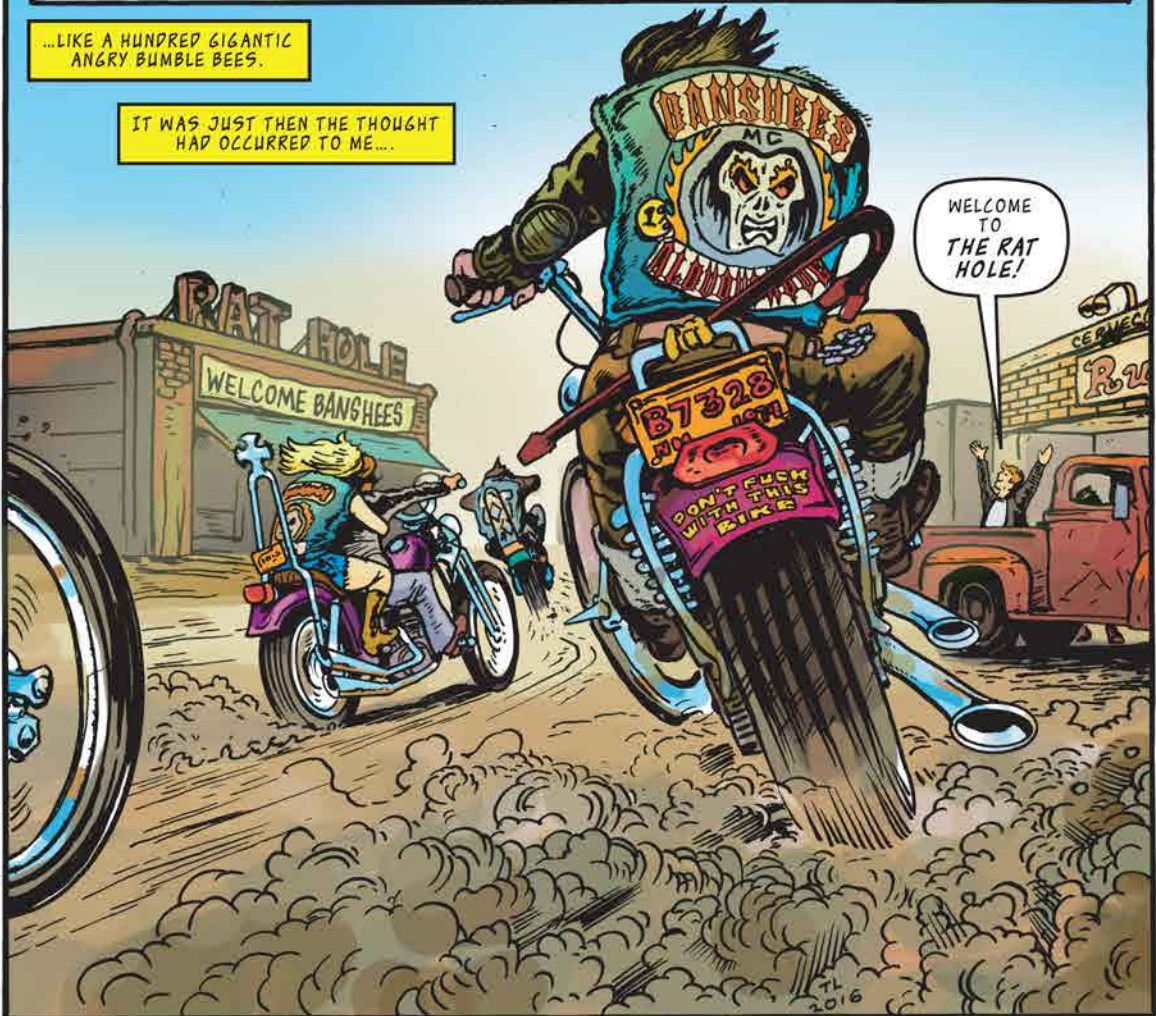


I COULD HEAR THAT FAMILIAR SOUND...

HERE'S WHERE WE MAKE OUR BIG ENTRANCE, MY FRIEND!

...LIKE A HUNDRED GIGANTIC ANGRY BUMBLE BEES.

IT WAS JUST THEN THE THOUGHT HAD OCCURRED TO ME...



WELCOME TO THE RAT HOLE!



I'M GONNA KILL THAT MOTHERFUCKER!

EASY, SLAPE! LET'S GO IN AND GET HIGH FIRST!



...I'M A DEAD MAN.



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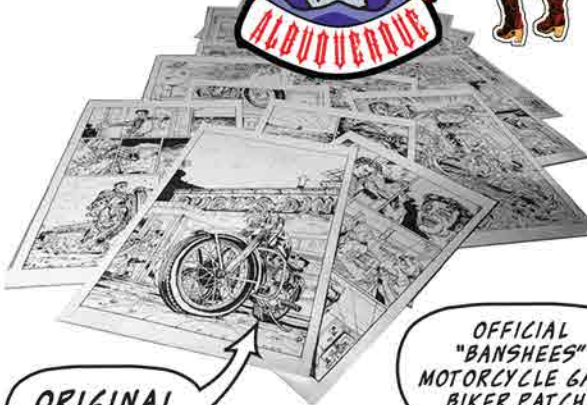
...AS WELL  
AS VARIANT  
COVERS FEATURING  
CHARACTERS AND  
SCENES FROM THE  
STORY!



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STICKERS



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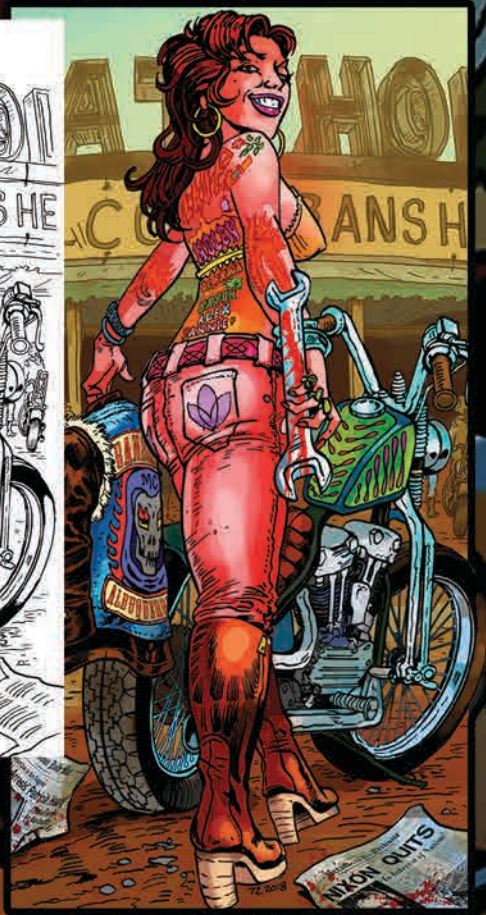
email: [tim@timsnotebook.com](mailto:tim@timsnotebook.com)



DAY! HAVE A NICE DAY!  
NICE DAY! HAVE A NICE DAY!  
DAY! HAVE A NICE DAY!  
NICE DAY! HAVE A NICE DAY!  
DAY! HAVE A NICE DAY!  
NICE DAY! HAVE A NICE DAY!  
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NICE DAY! HAVE A NICE DAY!  
DAY! HAVE A NICE DAY!  
NICE DAY! HAVE A NICE DAY!













# MAYFIELD EIGHT

is a stretch of road just outside Albuquerque New Mexico.

It is also a state of mind: the wide open freedom of the 1970s colliding with the harsh brutalities of the budding Drug Culture and the profit motive factoring for a very messy and violent outcome indeed.

Unknowingly entering into the center of this maelstrom is our 17-year old **Cal Ryder**, who just wants to bust out of his dead end fry cook job, hit the road and have some good times.

Come join him in this six-part story of his gruelling encounter with angry biker gangs, crooked State Troopers, and con artist friends.

Thank you very much for reading this. I hope you find the next installments entertaining.

*Tim Luson*

