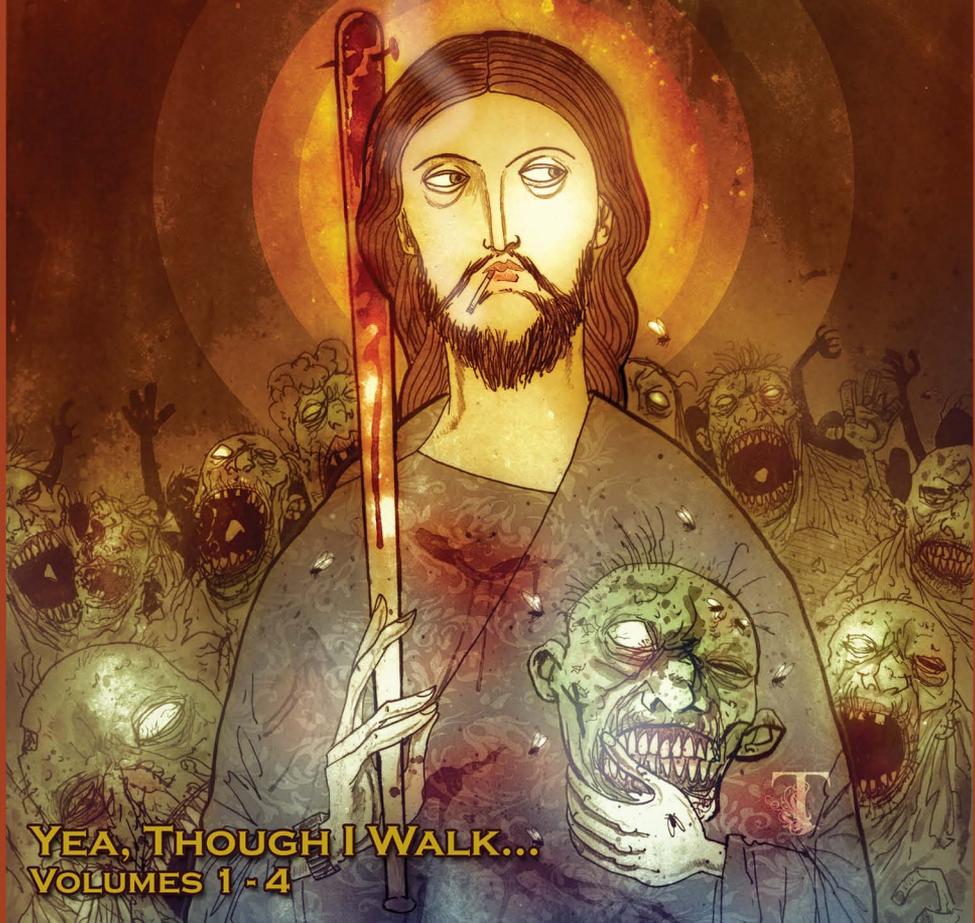


215
INK

JESUS HATES

ZOMBIES

Featuring Lincoln Hates Werewolves



YEA, THOUGH I WALK...
VOLUMES 1-4

JUST AS IT TOOK GOD SIX DAYS
TO CREATE THE EARTH, IT TOOK
THE ZOMBIE PLAGUE SIX DAYS
TO SWEEP ACROSS IT...

JESUS HATES ZOMBIES BEGINNINGS

WRITTEN BY STEPHEN LINDSAY
ARTWORK BY JORDAN M DALTON



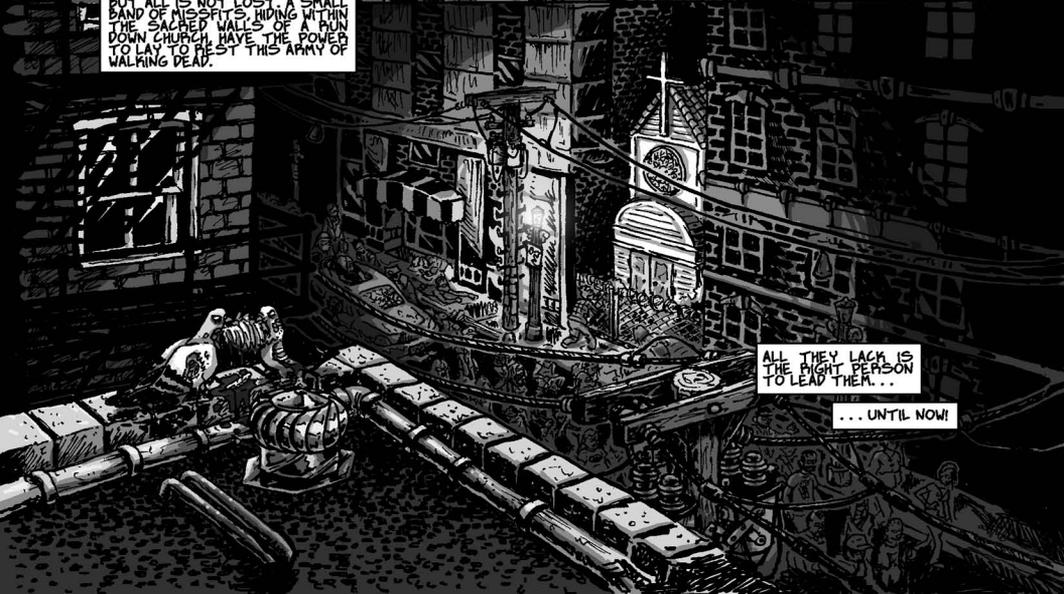
NOBODY KNOWS HOW THE PLAGUE
STARTED, BUT NOT A LIVING THING ON
THE PLANET HAS ESCAPED ITS WRATH.
THE DEAD HAVE RISEN AND THEY ARE
POSSESSED WITH AN INSATIABLE
HUNGER FOR HUMAN FLESH!

THOSE WHO ARE NOT
ENTIRELY CONSUMED
FACE A FATE WORSE
THAN DEATH...



TO RAMP THE EARTH
IN CONSTANT SEARCH
FOR FOOD...

BUT ALL IS NOT LOST. A SMALL
BAND OF MISFITS, HIDING WITHIN
THE SACRED WALLS OF A RUN
DOWN CHURCH, HAVE THE POWER
TO LAY TO REST THIS ARMY OF
WALKING DEAD.

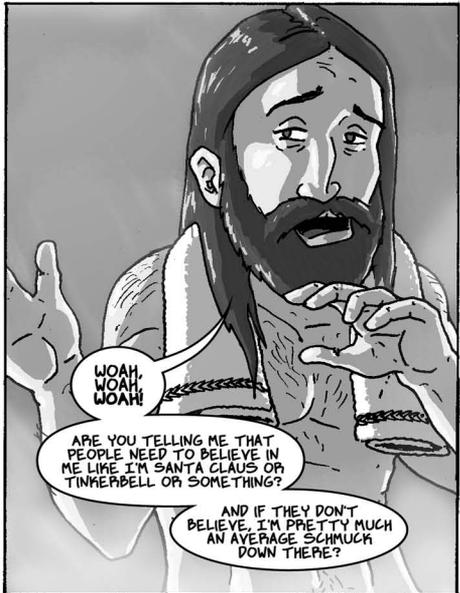
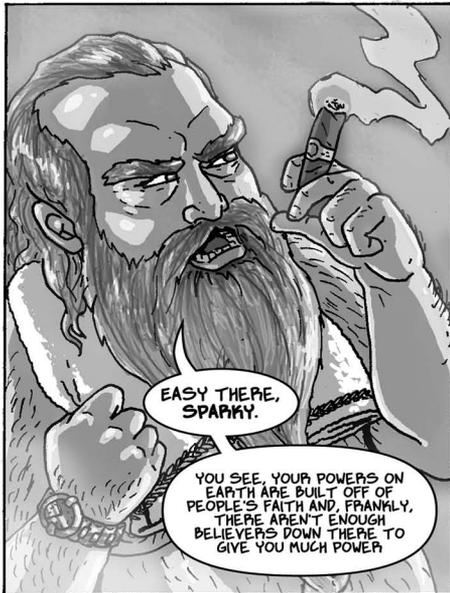


ALL THEY LACK IS
THE RIGHT PERSON
TO LEAD THEM...

... UNTIL NOW!

WITHIN THE GATES OF HEAVEN
ITSELF, THAT MAN SITS ...





YOU MUST GO NOW. YOU CAN BRING NOTHING WITH YOU, BUT YOU WILL FIND THAT WHICH YOU NEED UPON ARRIVAL...







RRGWH

RRMNN



IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER!

SPLAT



AND OF ME!

CLONK



RRG

AND OF THE HOLY SPIRIT!



ZEKE'S THE END IS NIGH

THE END IS NIGH

AMEN, BITCHES!

NOW GO, MY SON! MAKE HASTE, FOR YOU MUST FIND THE CITY THAT HOUSES THE CHURCH WITH THE DESTINED FEW.

WITH SO MUCH DISORDER AND PAIN DOWN THERE, I AM UNABLE TO LOCATE IT. IT IS UP TO YOU, MY SON...

THIS IS GONNA BE FUN!

MY NAME IS JESUS CHRIST. YES, *THAT* JESUS CHRIST. GO AHEAD, GET YOUR DAMN CHUCKLE IN...



I'LL WAIT.

YOU DONE?

GOOD.



THE FIRST TIME I CAME DOWN HERE IT WAS TO SAVE YOUR SOULS...

THIS TIME I'M HERE TO SAVE YOUR ASSES.



UNCLE TOUCHIES
WORLD-O-SMUT

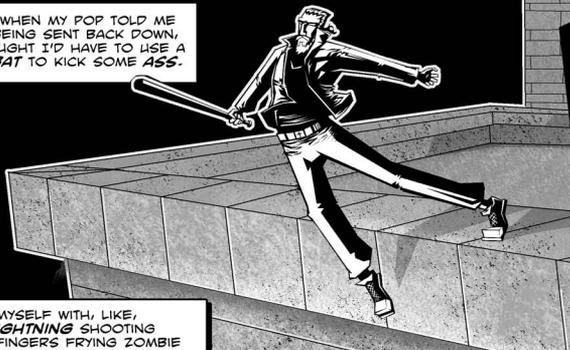
XXX
A SEX MODEL

NO MORE MAMBY-PAMBY PREACHIN' ABOUT LOVE AND SHIT. THE TOUCHY-FEELY DAYS ARE GONE. ZOMBIES HAVE TAKEN OVER THE WORLD, AND I'M HERE TO TAKE IT BACK.



WRITTEN
& LETTERED BY:
STEPHEN LINDSAY
ART BY: STEVE COBB

OF COURSE, WHEN MY POP TOLD ME WHY I WAS BEING SENT BACK DOWN, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO USE A **BASEBALL BAT** TO KICK SOME ASS.



I PICTURED MYSELF WITH, LIKE, BOLTS OF **LIGHTNING** SHOOTING OUT OF MY FINGERS FRYING ZOMBIE SKULLS. MAYBE UNLEASHING SOME **FORCE-TYPE** POWERS AND SHIT.

COME TO FIND OUT, MY POWERS ON EARTH ARE **DIRECTLY RELATED** TO THE AMOUNT OF **FAITH** PEOPLE HAVE.

IN LAYMAN'S TERMS - **NO FAITH, NO POWERS.**

SO I'M FORCED TO **BUST** SOME SKILLS THE **OLD FASHIONED** WAY, WHICH - DON'T GET ME WRONG - IS FUN AS **HELL--**

-- BUT WAY MORE **WORK** THAN I WOULD HAVE LIKED.



**CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!**

OBVIOUSLY I CAN'T DO THIS ALL ON MY OWN. POP TOLD ME THAT THERE'S SOME **PEOPLE** HOLED UP IN A LITTLE CHURCH WHO CAN **HELP** ME...





OH YEAH, AND THEN THERE'S THIS FELLA. LAZ IS HIS NAME. AT LEAST I THINK THAT'S HIS NAME.

I GUESS HE'S MY SIDEKICK, OF SORTS...



IT'S JUST MY LUCK THAT THE ONLY PERSON I'VE FOUND THAT STILL HAS FAITH IN ME IS A ROTTING CORPSE.



I'M NOT REALLY SURE WHICH OF US FOUND THE OTHER, BUT HE'S BEEN WITH ME SINCE JUST AFTER I CAME BACK DOWN.

STILL, IT BEATS THE SHIT OUT OF LOOKING FOR THIS CHURCH ON MY OWN.



OOOOO...
STINNNKEE!

SNIFF
SNIFF



SO HERE WE ARE, THE SON OF GOD AND A MAGGOT CONDO, WANDERING THE STREETS ON A THURSDAY EVENING KILLING ZOMBIES AND LOOKING FOR A CHURCH.



AND TO THINK, I'M MISSING POKER NIGHT AT JOHN THE BAPTISTS' JOINT FOR THIS...

1862

WASHINGTON, DC



I WAS BORN FEBRUARY 12, 1809, IN HARDIN COUNTY, KENTUCKY. MY PARENTS WERE BOTH BORN IN VIRGINIA, BOTH COMING FROM UNDISTINGUISHED FAMILIES.

MY MOTHER DIED WHEN I WAS TEN, TWO YEARS AFTER WE MOVED TO THE WILD REGIONS OF INDIANA.

THE AREA WAS FILLED WITH ALL MANNER OF DANGEROUS BEASTS.

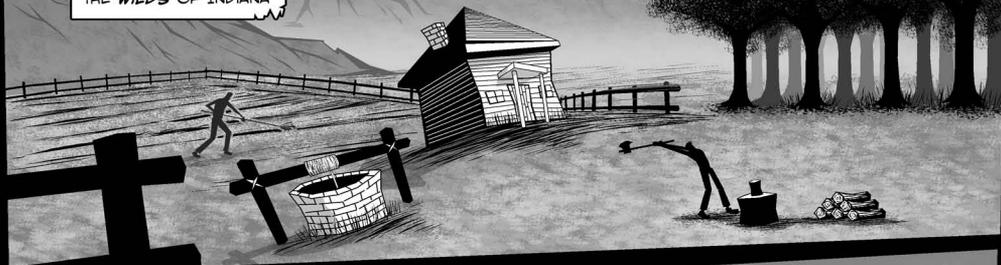


AND IT WAS THERE THAT I FIRST ENCOUNTERED *THEM*.



1821

THE WILDS OF INDIANA



ABRAHAM!

ABRAHAM!
WE NEED KINDLING
FOR THE FIRE
TONIGHT...



HEAD INTO
THE WOODS AND
GATHER AS MUCH AS
YOU CAN. BUT BE
CAREFUL..

YOUR SISTER
SAID SHE HEARD
COYOTES LAST NIGHT,
AND IT'S GOING TO BE
GETTING DARK SOON.
DO YOU HAVE YOUR
KNIFE?

YES, SIR.





AND NO STAYING UP
TO READ TONIGHT! I NEED
YOU *RESTED* AND READY TO
WORK TOMORROW MORNING!
YOU READ LAST NIGHT AND
YOU'VE BEEN *DRAWING*
ALL DAY.

YES, SIR.

I'LL BE ABLE
TO SEE THE LIGHT
FROM THE CANDLE, BOY,
SO DON'T TRY TO SNEAK
IT, EITHER.

YES, SIR.



PRESENT DAY

UNBELIEVABLE...

JACK HAMMERZ
RENTALS

CHURCH OF THE VENGEFUL WRATH OF A LOVING GOD

I THINK WE'VE GOT A BETTER CHANCE OF FINDING HOFFA THAN WE DO OF FINDING THIS FREAKIN' CHURCH.

JEE JOO OWCHIE...
UGH... UMPH!
HA! HA! HA!

COME ON, POP! A LITTLE HELP HERE WOULD BE NICE!

SKREEEEEEEEEEEE