

COSMIC
GOD



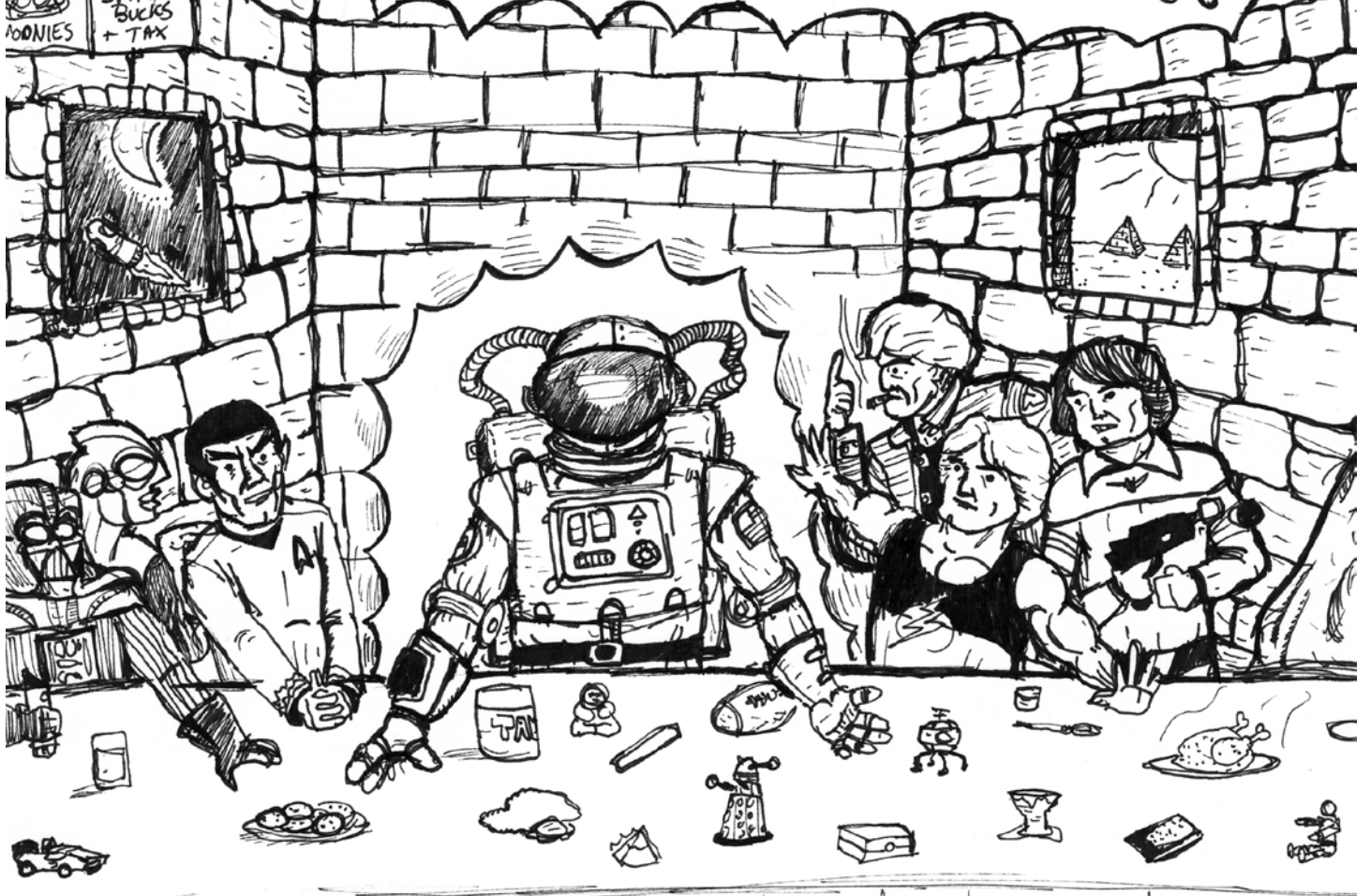
COMICS

APPROVED
BY
500
MOONIES

500
SPACE
BUCKS
+ TAX

OLD TESTAMENT STORIES PRESENTS:

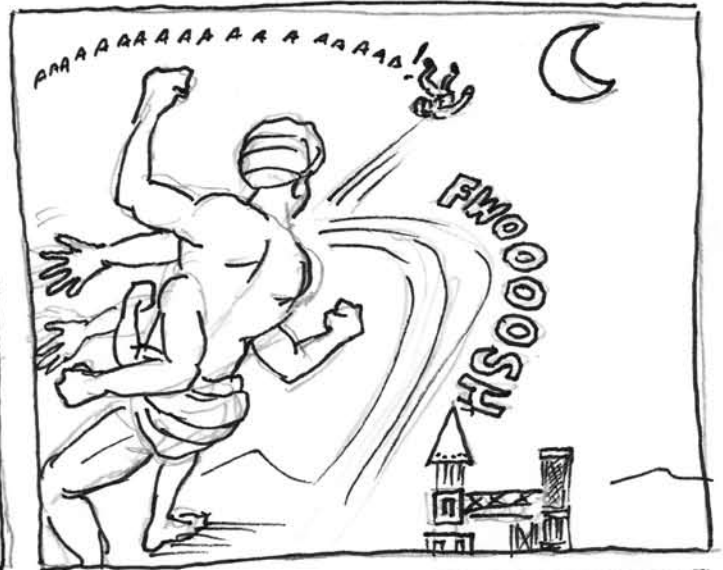
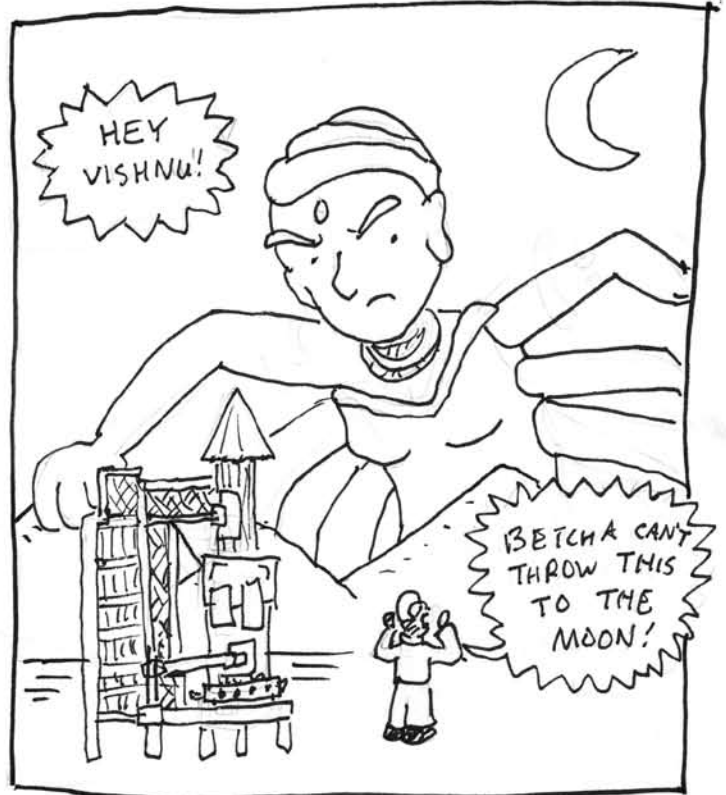
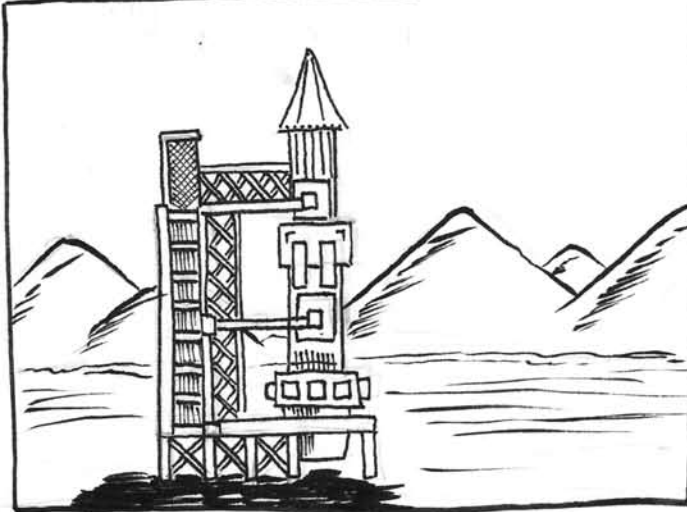
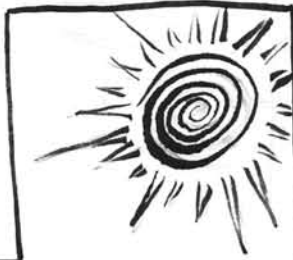
INDIA... TO THE MOON!!!



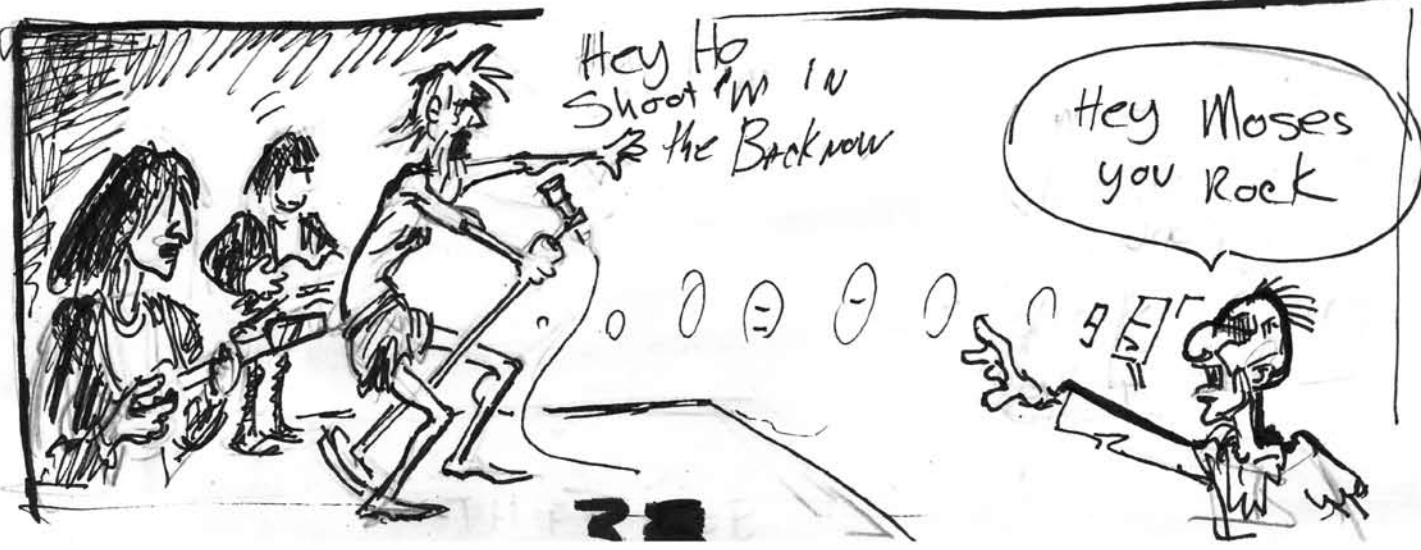
BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT!

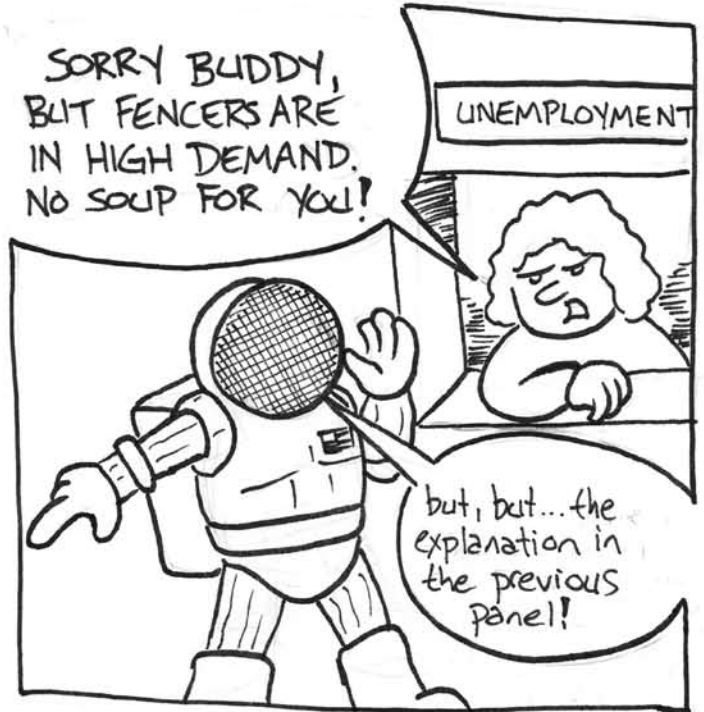
TALES MOST LOGIC^{LY} TOLD!!!^{OO}

A LONG TIME AGO...
(this week actually)
IN A PLACE FAR
AWAY... (India)

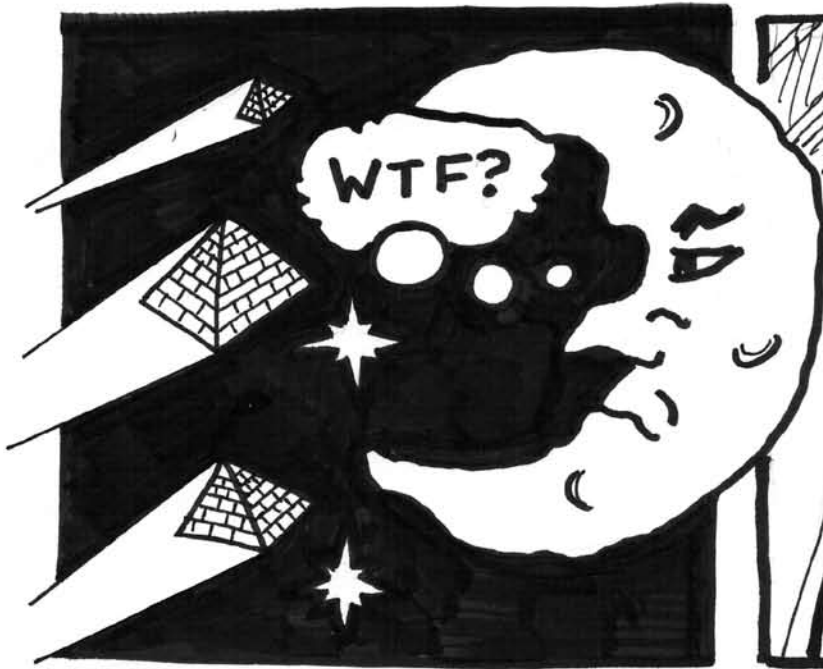


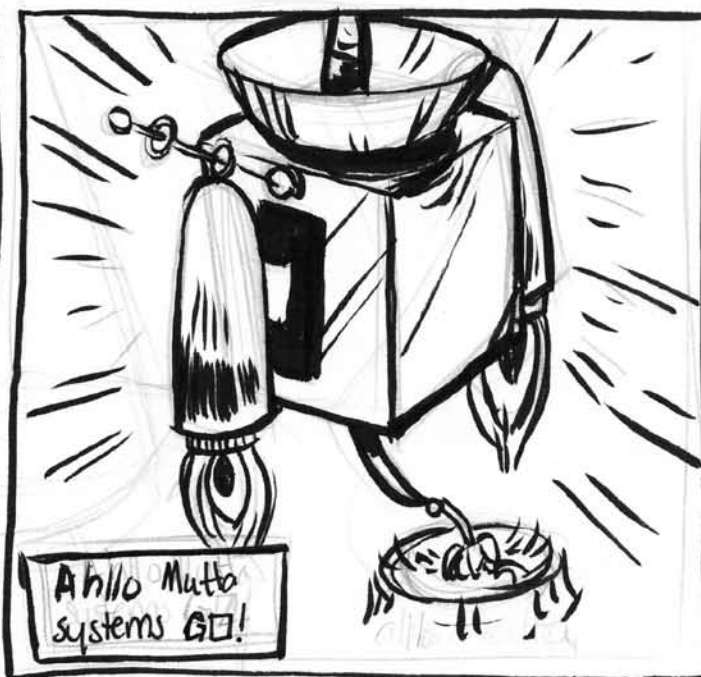
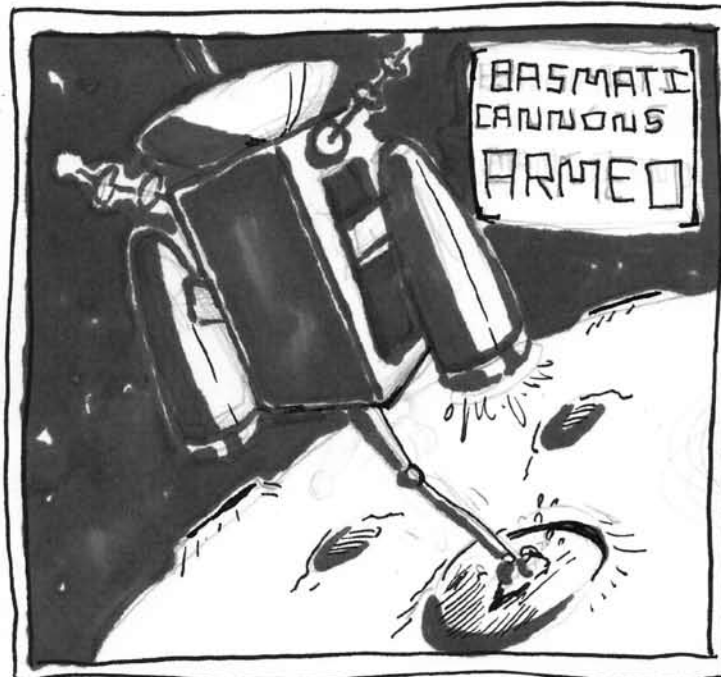
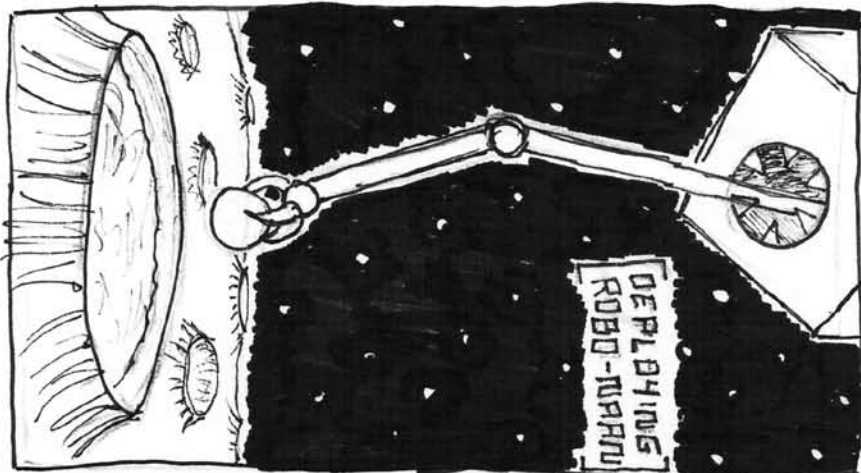
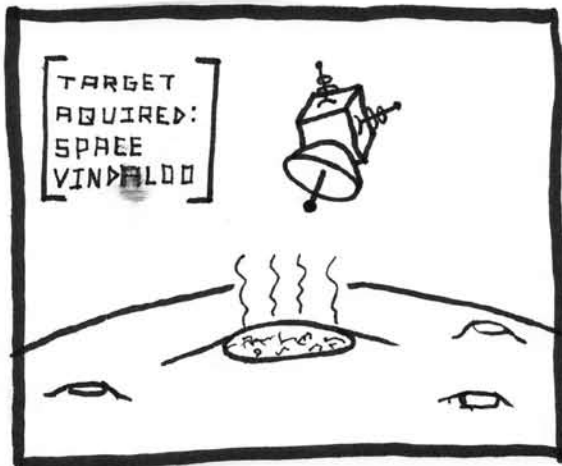


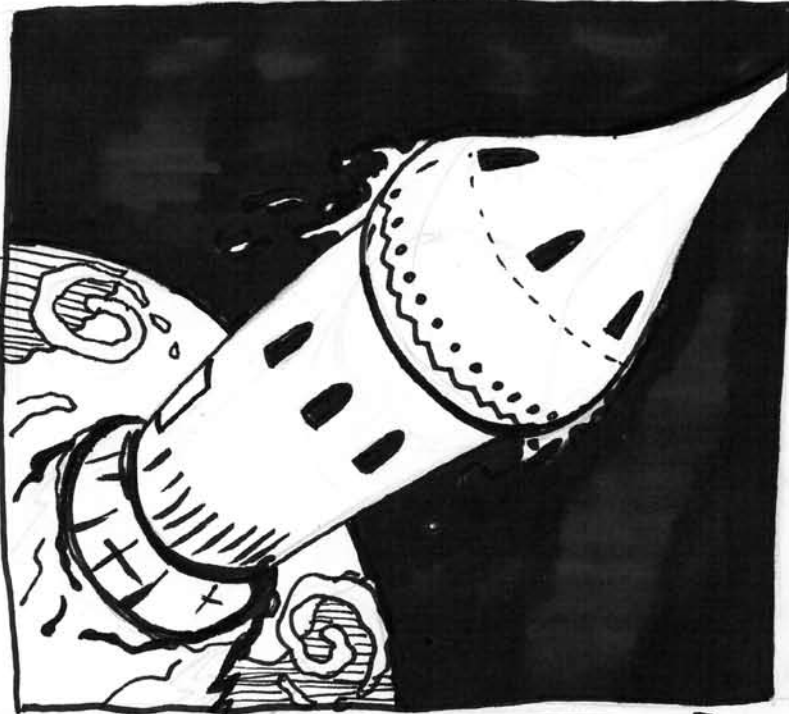




FOUR



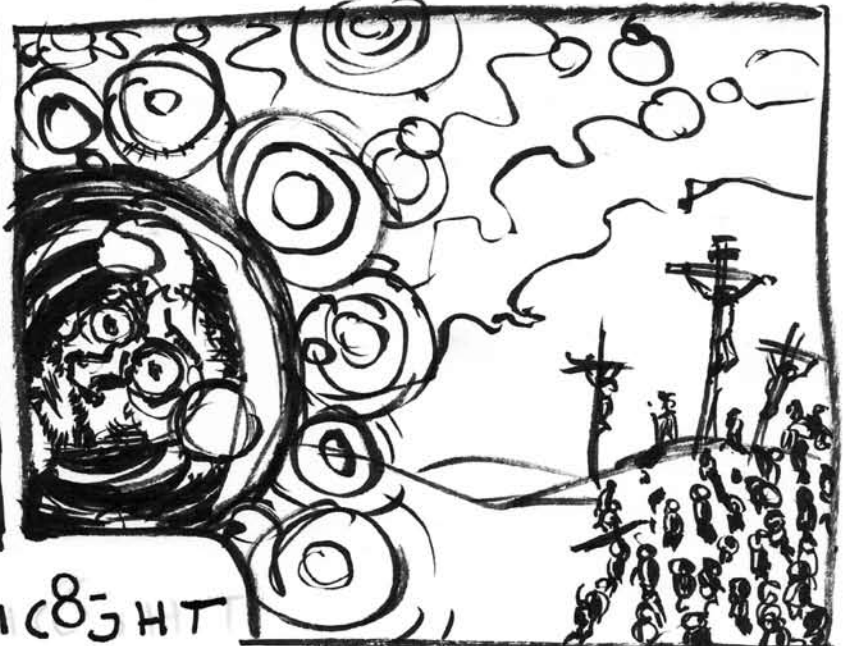
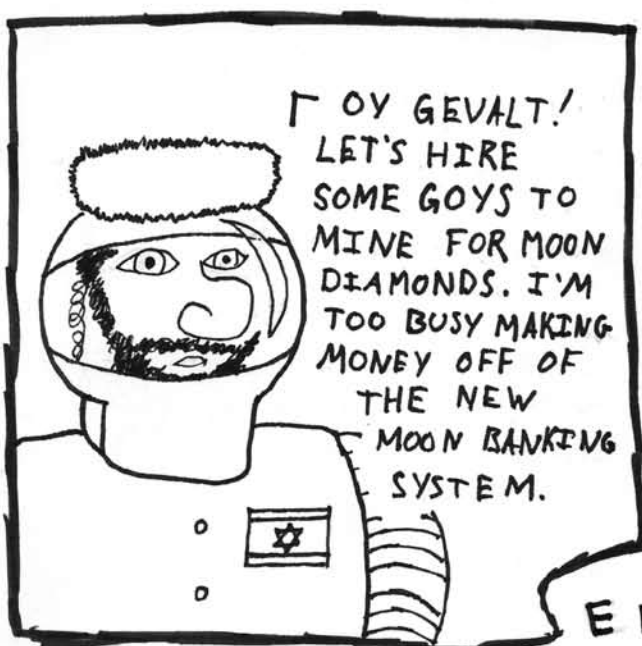




But when the Kremlinauts finally land...



SEVEN

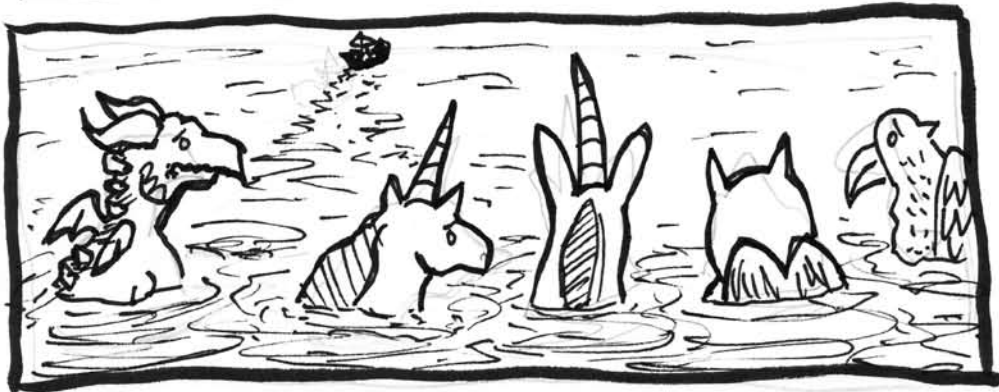




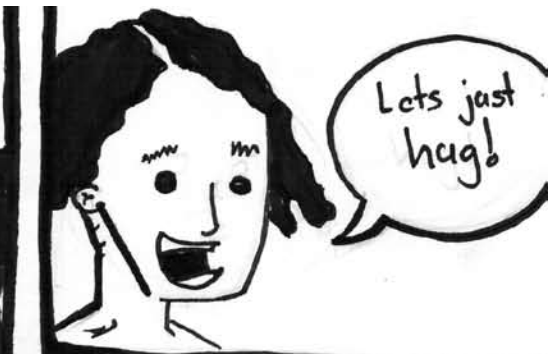
...FOLLOWING
IN THE
FOOTSTEPS
OF THE
GREATS...

...MOSES...
...NOAH...
...THE 2
OF EVERY
KIND OF
NOAH'S BOAT...

NINE



The first round of humans that GOD made were TERRIBLE....



But when St. Anthony turned 12...

Yahweh! The alphabet hasn't even been invented yet, and this kid is butchering it!

G is for caananite!
D is for Dionysian orgy!
E is for...

I know I bought him for 100 sheckles from that ghost cripple, but I gotta ditch this little wretch!

I will send 'im faraway

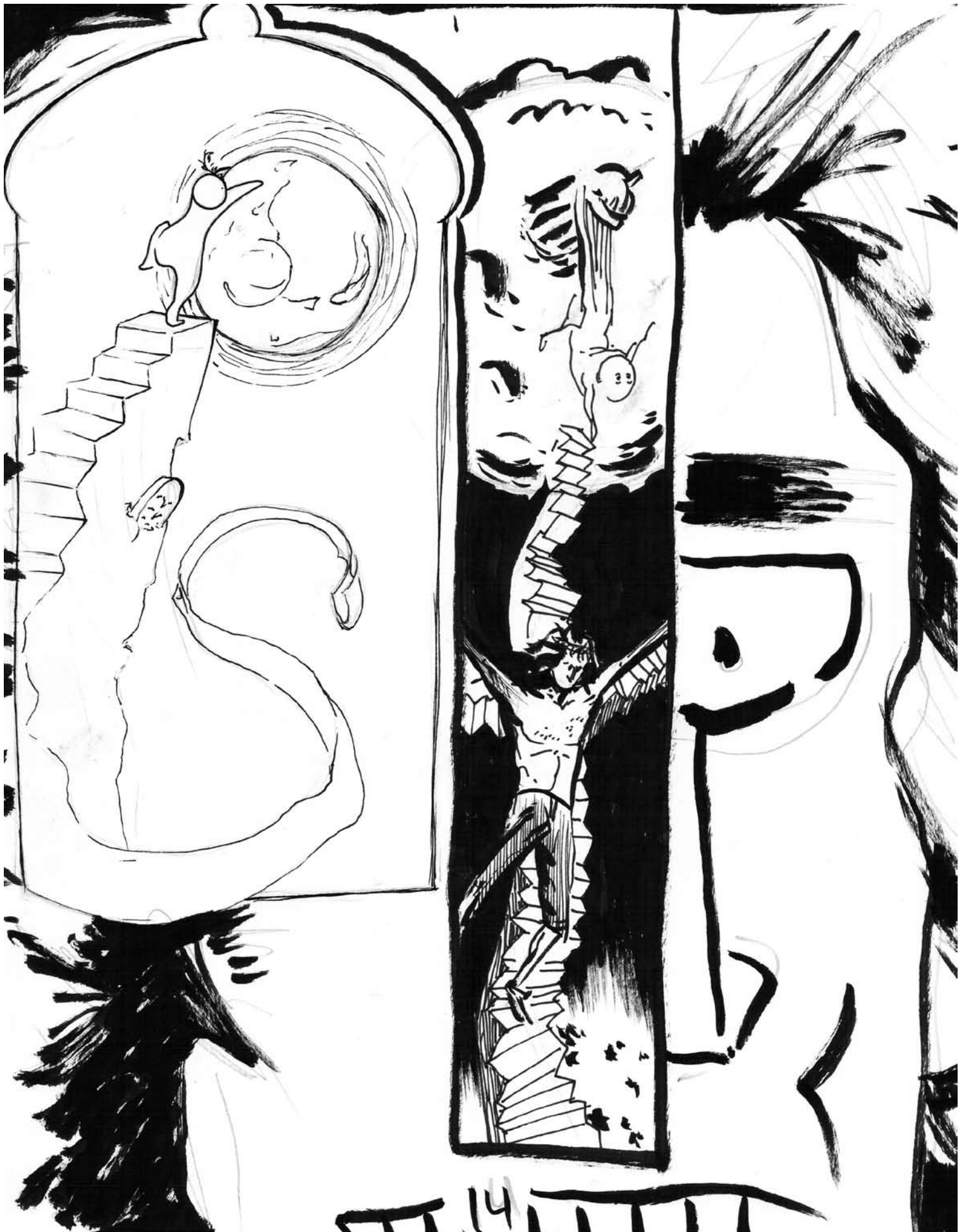
To the MOON.

BUY BUY BUY

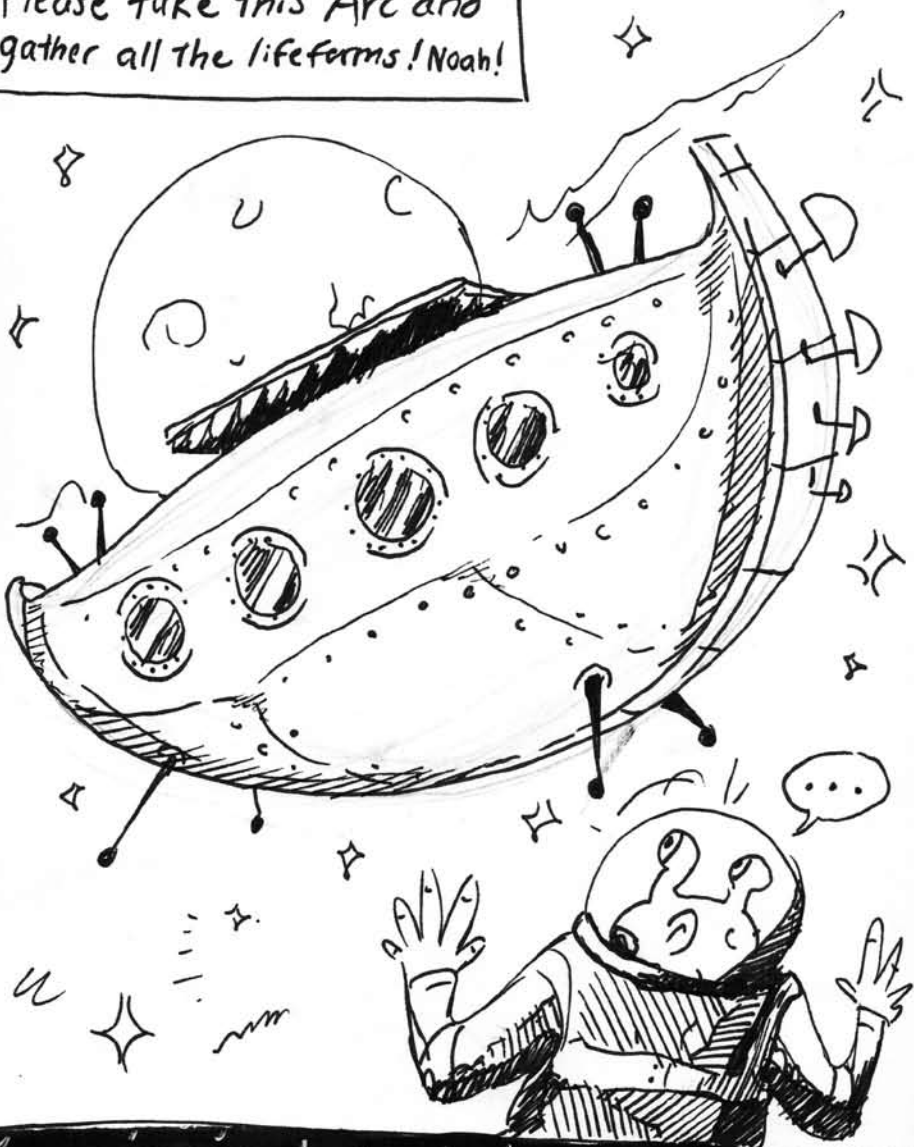
G is for garnish!
E is for fishwine!

© 2122 ©





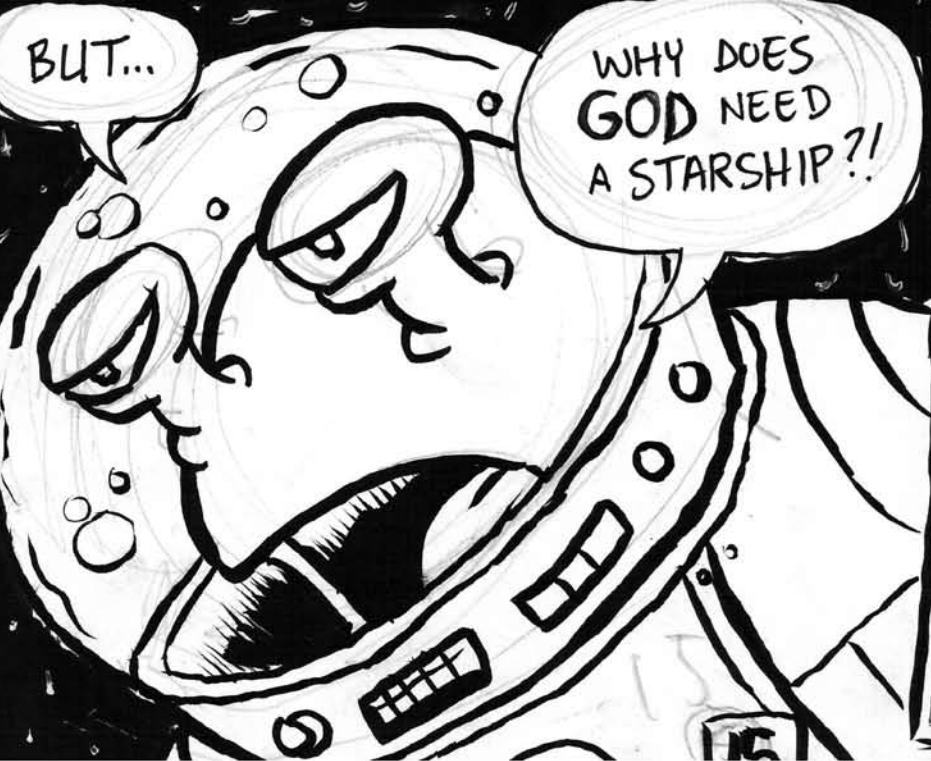
Please take this Arc and gather all the lifeforms! Noah!



Good evening.

BUT...

WHY DOES GOD NEED A STARSHIP?!



I am not in need of a starship... What I need is...

AND LO, THE PROPHET SAID...

THE LORD COMMANDS YOU TO BUILD AN ARK.
AND IN IT PUT TWO COPIES OF THE
ANTHOLOGY COMIC CONTAINING EXCERPTS
FROM EVERY COMIC NOT ABOUT ITSELF.

WTF!

AND LO, NOAH GATHERED
EACH COMIC, MALE
AND FEMALE...

AND NOAH DID HAUL THEM
UP INTO THE BELLY OF THE
SPACE ARK, WHICH WAS
300 SPACE-CUBITS LONG AND
BUILT OF GOPHER STEEL...



AND WITH
COMICS IN THE
SPACE ARK,
NOAH WAITED
ON GOD'S
COMMAND...

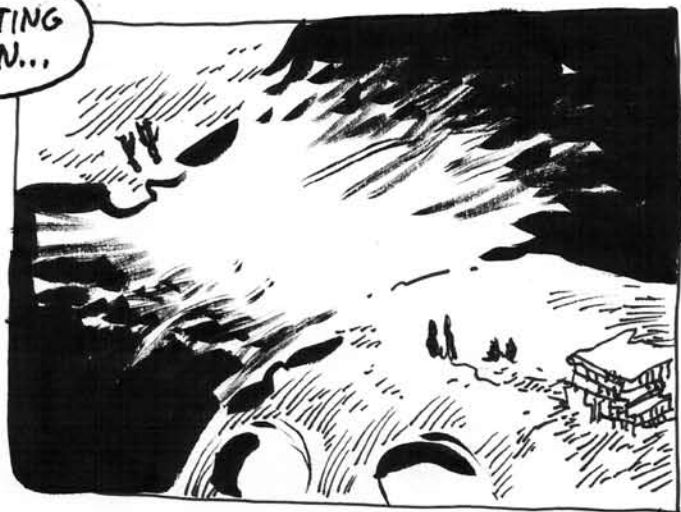
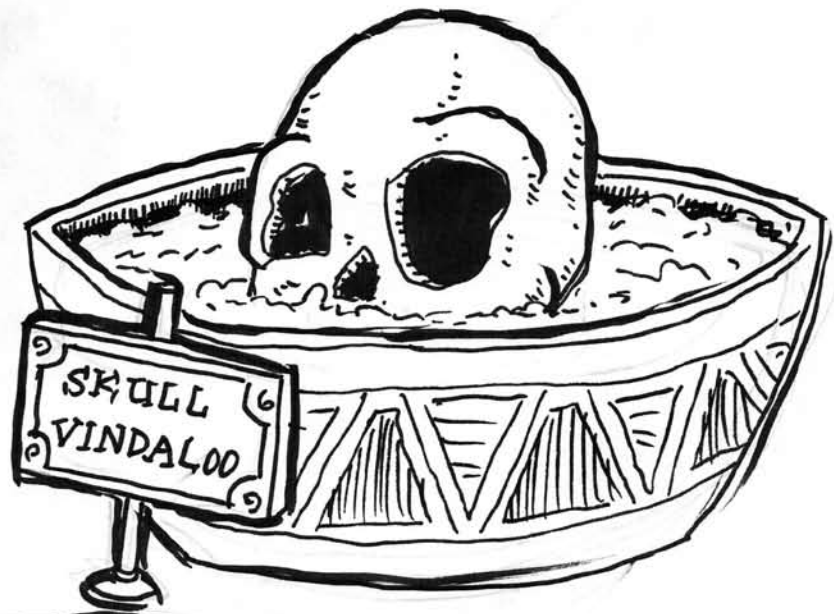
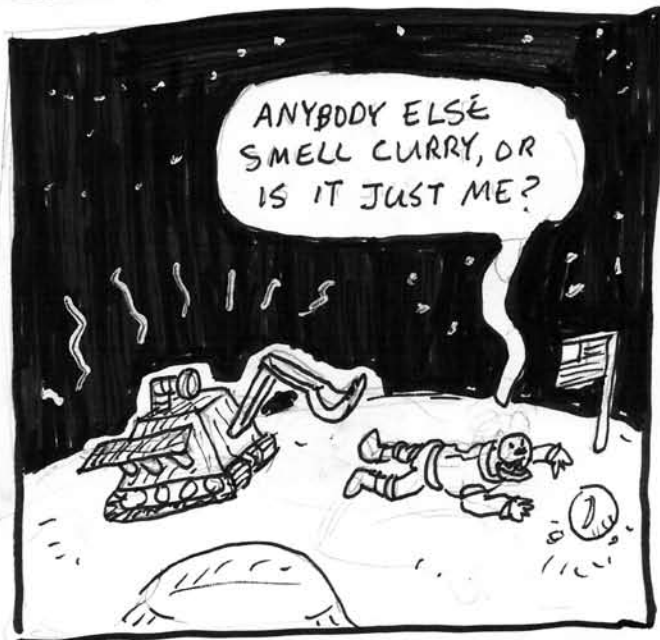
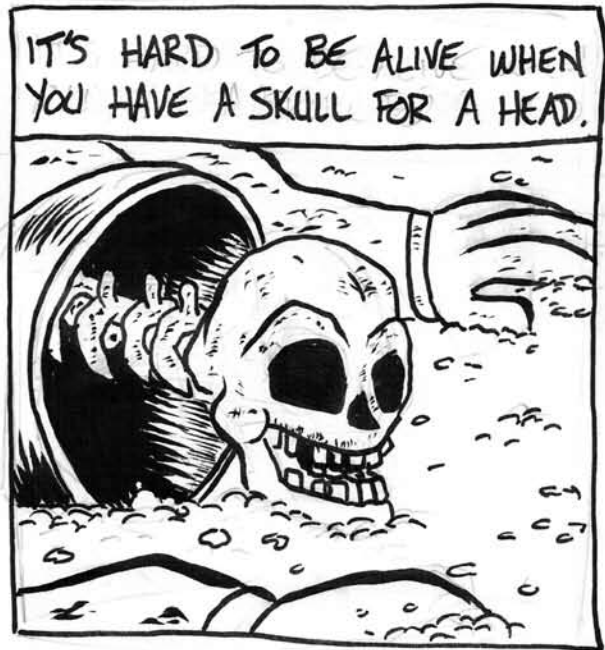
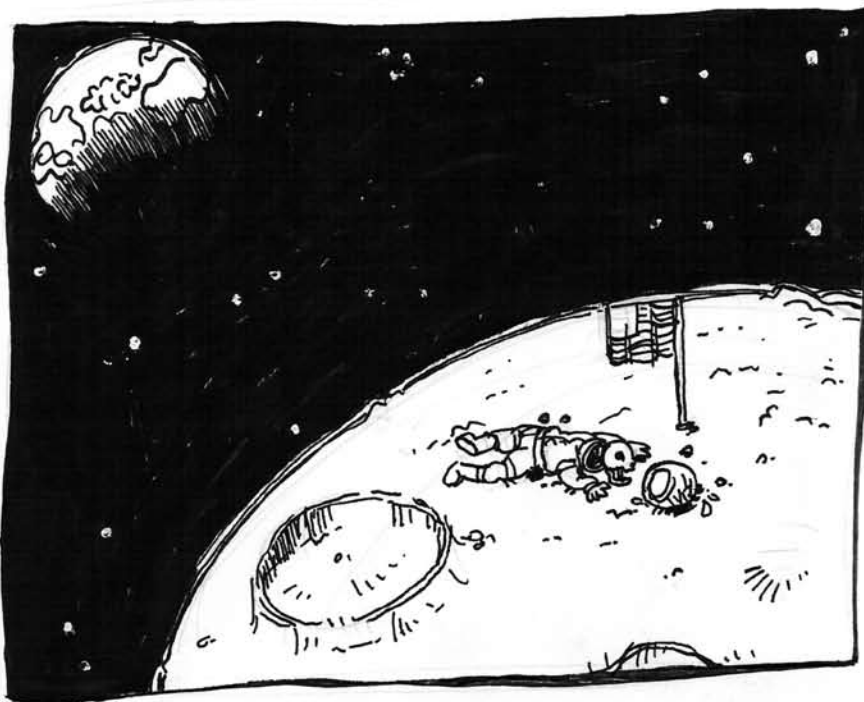


AND HE
WAITED
SOME MORE...

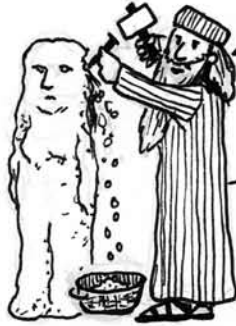


AND MORE...

SCREW
THIS! I NEED
TO GET SOME
AIR.



Lot made stew for dinner



Daughters, here is some more of thy mother for you cauldron.



We have thy libations ready, Abba!



RELEASE ME!

THEN—



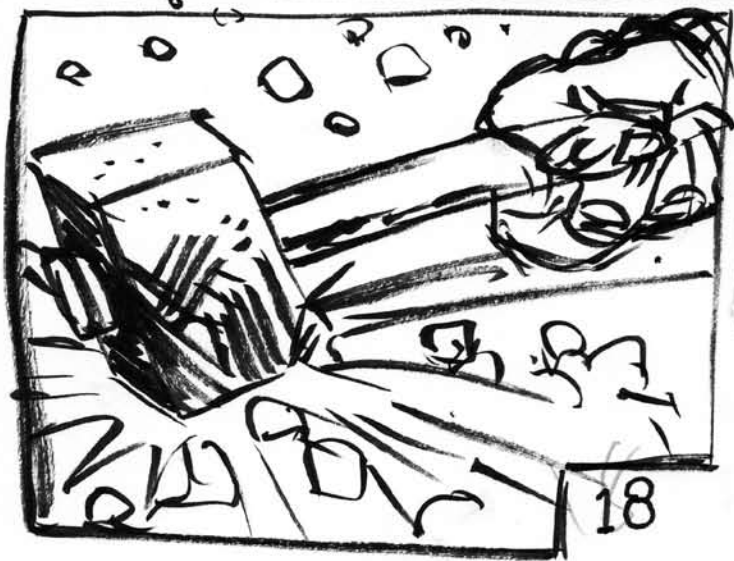
GAH! YOUR MOTHER'S BACK AS A SODIUM ZOMBIE!

KIDS!!

HSSSSSSS!

HAA! THERE'S A RELATIONSHIP WITH BITE!

WITH ALL THAT SALT, YOU COULD MAKE A-"LOT" OF JERKY! HAHHHH...
MAN, WE ARE DICKS.



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AAAAGH! YOU'VE OPENED A PORTAL TO PAGE TWENTY!!!

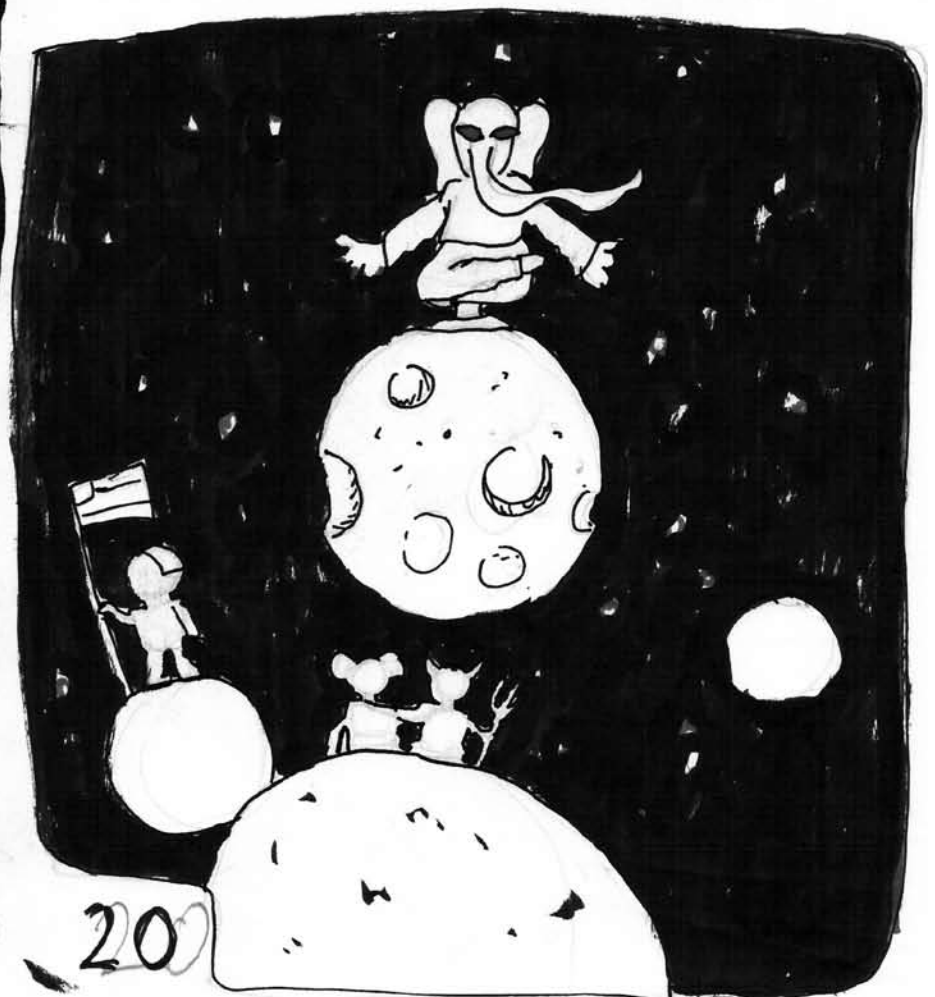
OOPS

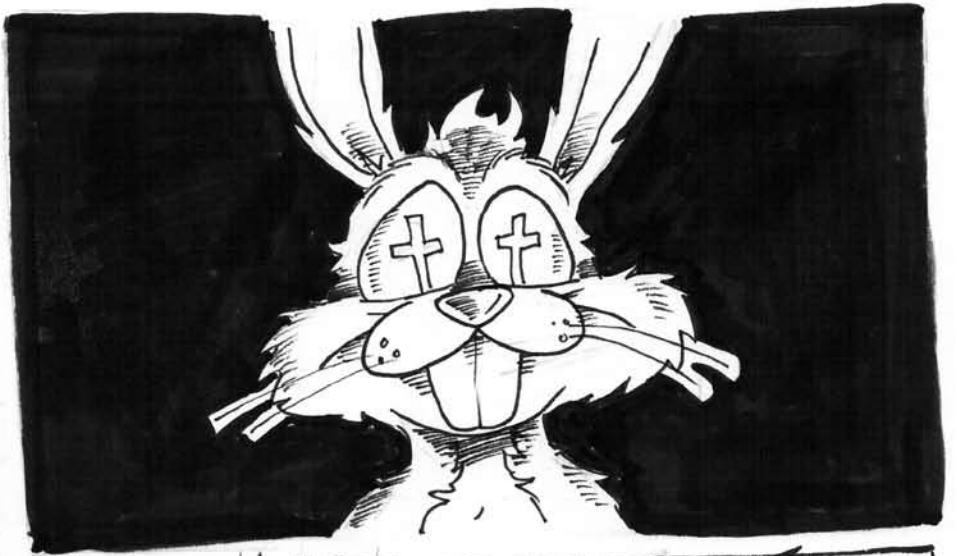
S
P
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S
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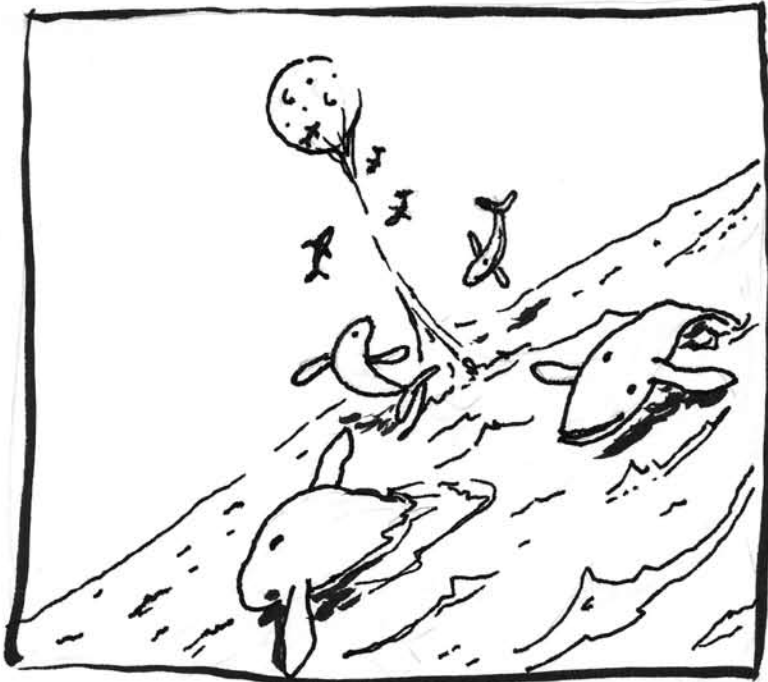
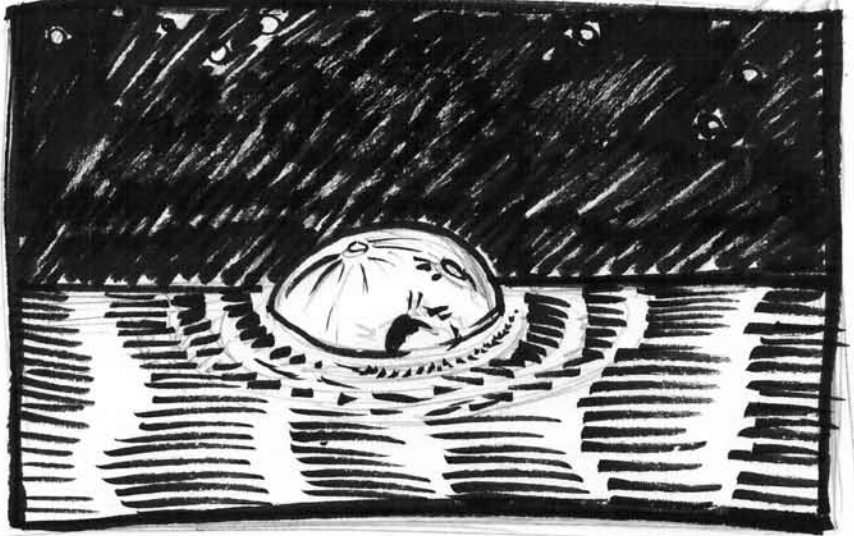
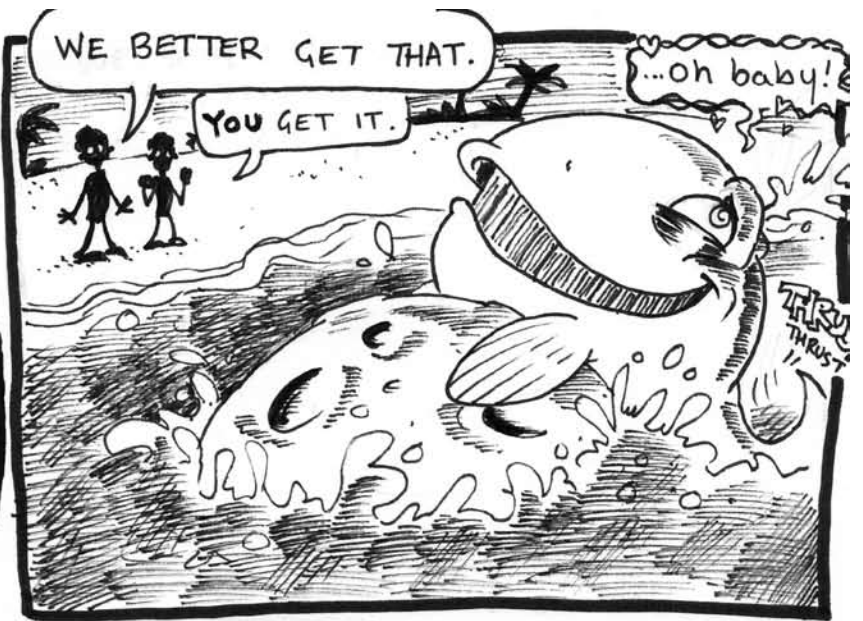
"DESTROYER OF GALAXIES"



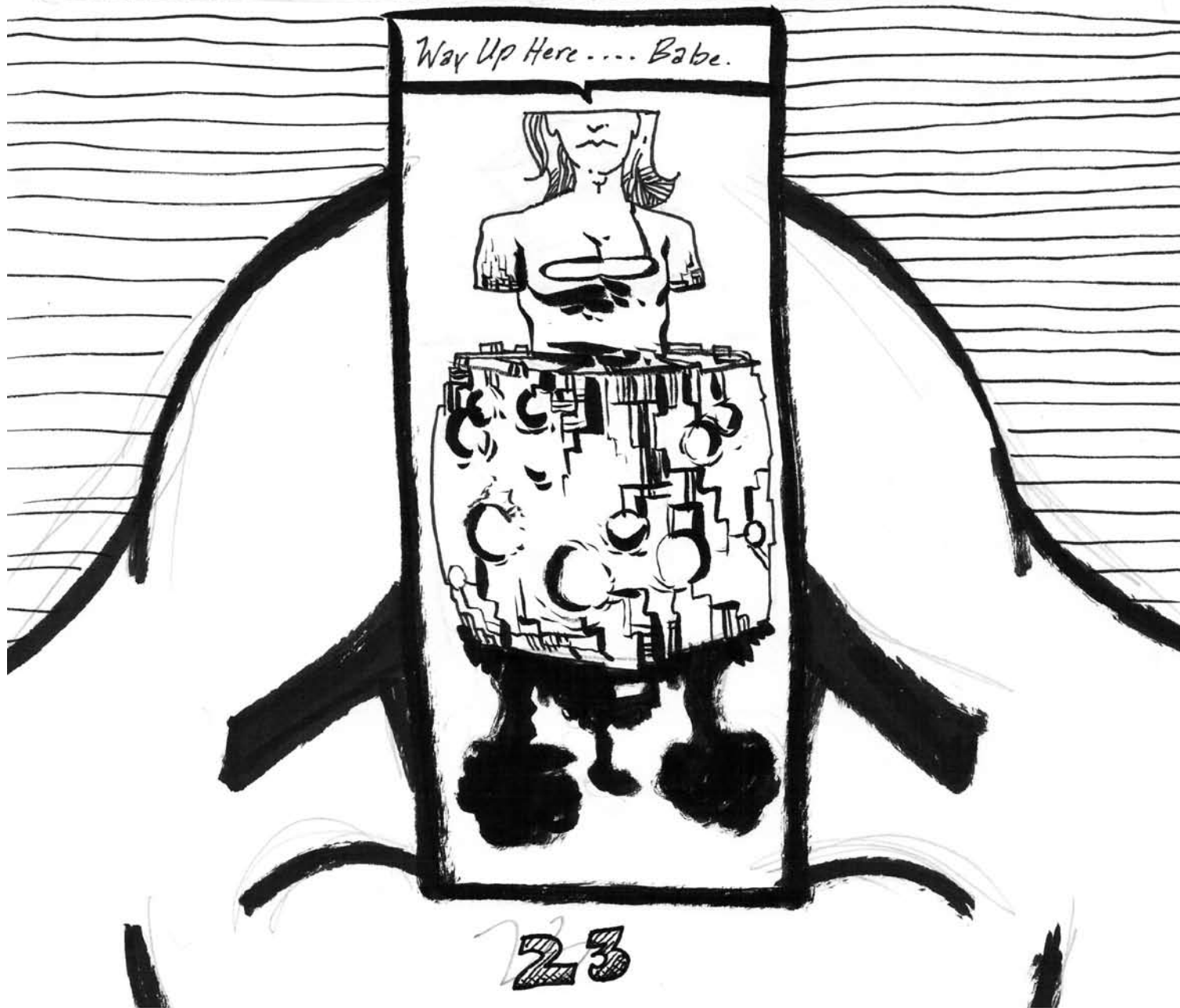
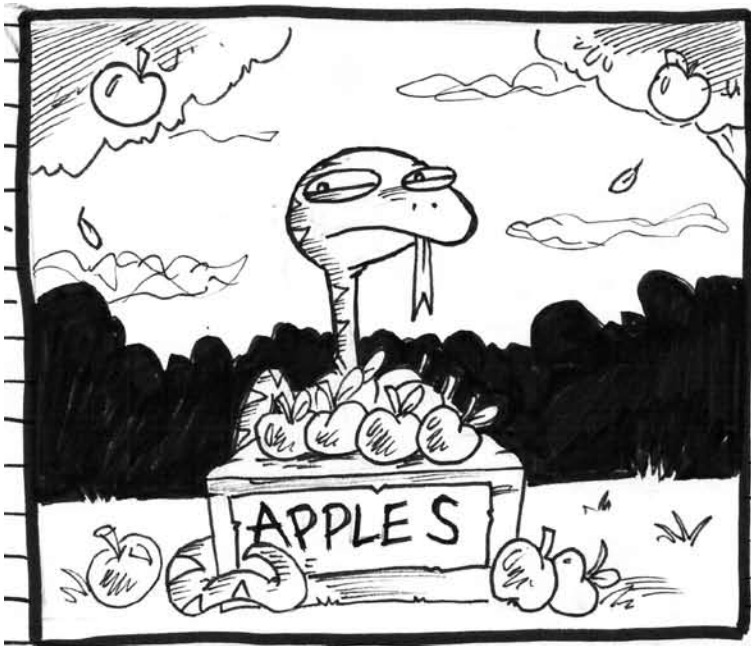


It's been 4,052 days since my last Confession...

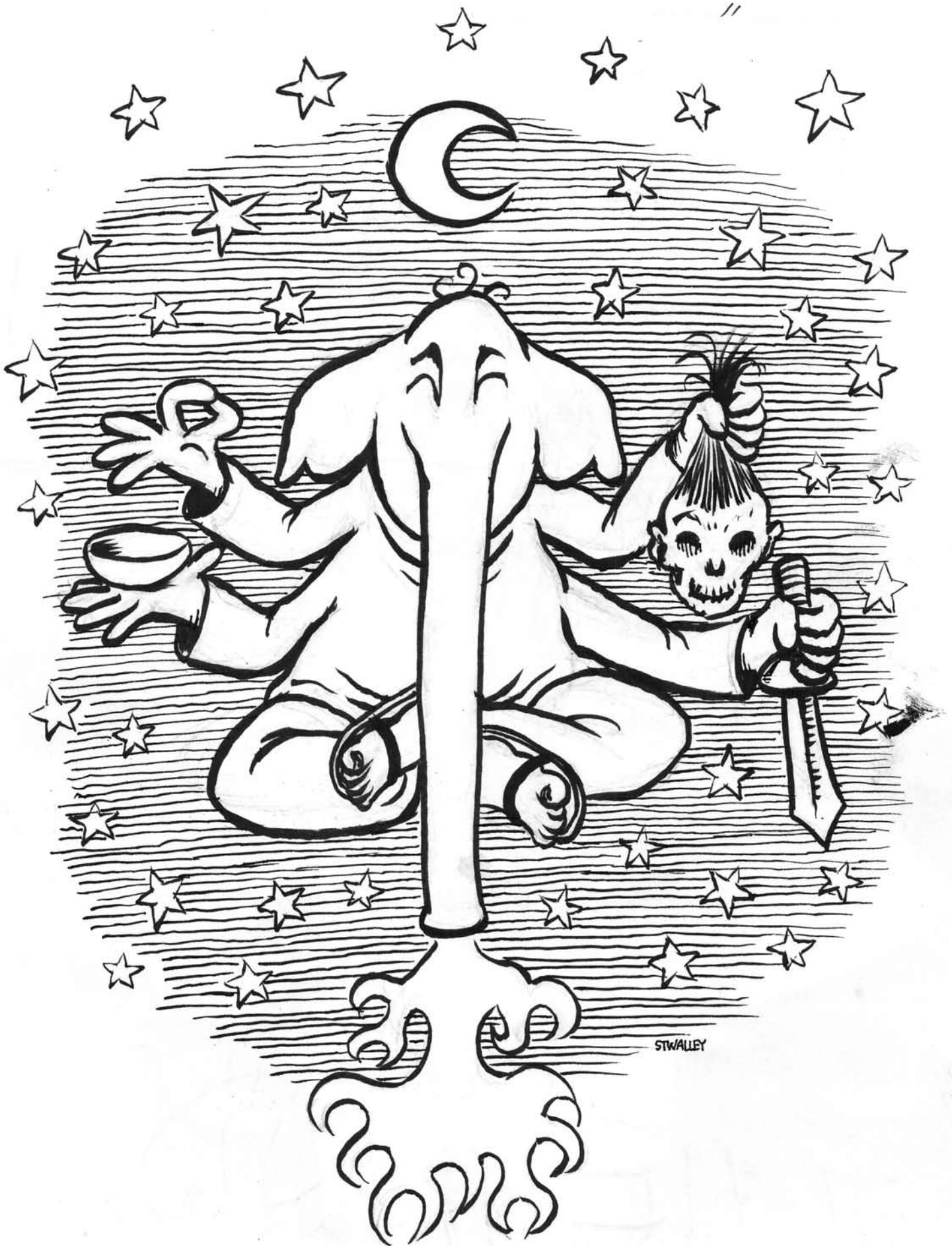




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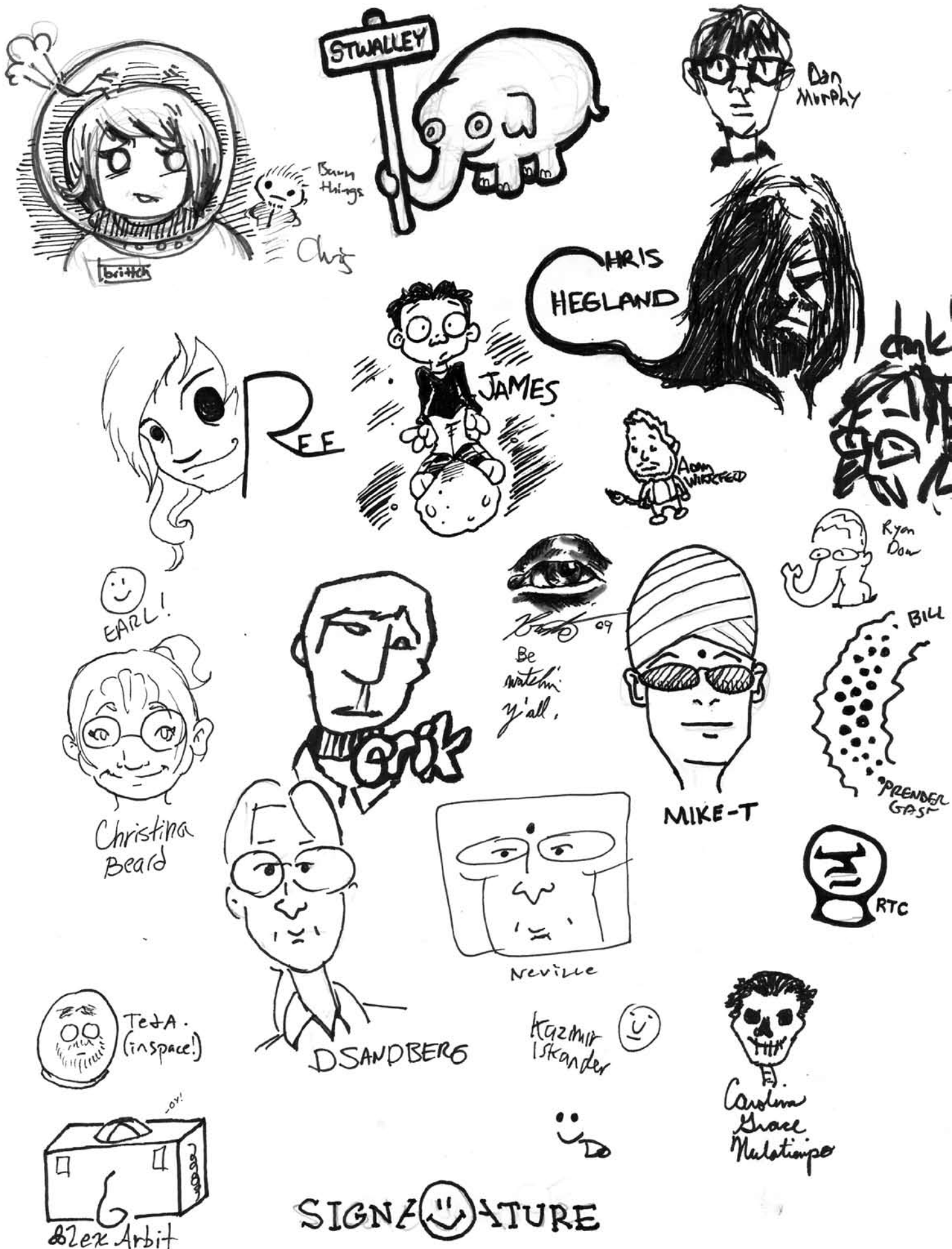


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THE END IS

THE BEGINNING.



SIGNATURE