

**FREE  
COMIC  
BOOK  
- DAY -**

**1st SATURDAY  
IN MAY!**

[www.freecomikbookday.com](http://www.freecomikbookday.com)

**MY NAME IS...**



**JONAH**

2  
MAY

**JONAH  
LIVES AGAIN!**

ALSO IN  
THIS ISSUE...

SKIP THE TRIP  
AND  
HIS COSMIC  
CAMERA!



WILDER  
&  
Dills  
AFTER  
KIRBY!

# MY NAME IS JONAH

## FREE COMIC BOOK DAY

### VOLUME 2: MAY 2012



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WHAT'S THE NAME?

# MY NAME IS JONAH!









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YOUR  
TERMS!

THE  
CLIT  
IS  
IT!



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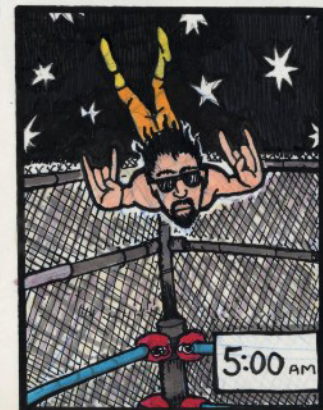
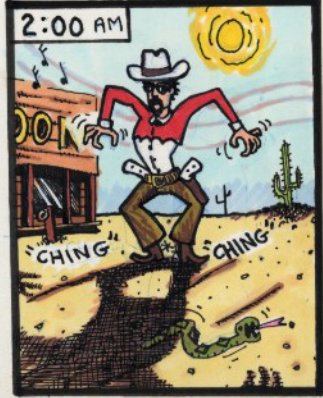
HERE WE ARE @ FREE COMIC BOOK DAY AGAIN! LIKE ALL THE GREAT ACTION MOVIES, ADVENTURE SERIALS AND SUCH, JONAH PACKS A PUNCH OF INTENSITY THAT CALLS FOR A SEQUEL!!!

**ANOTHER** AVERAGE DAY IN THE LIFE OF...

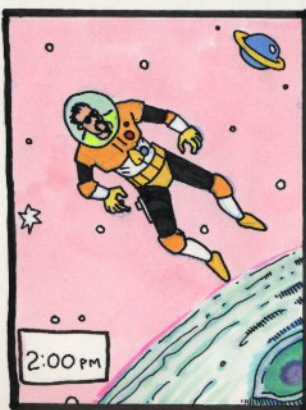
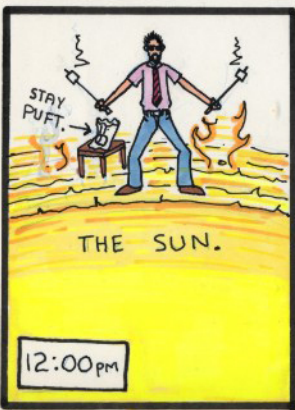
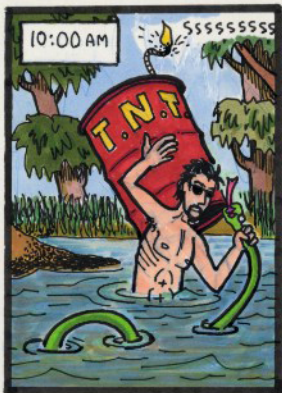
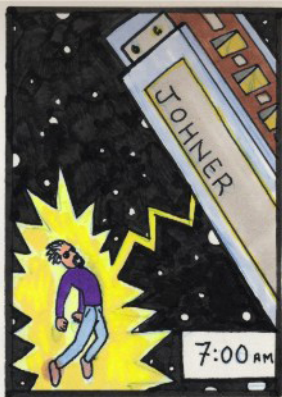
# JONAH

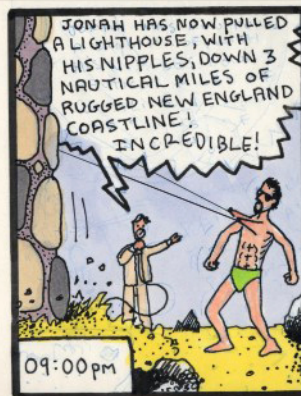
OR: IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE TOP IF YOU WANNA' ROCK- & ROLL, AND FIGHT DINOSAURS, AND MASTER THE WAYS OF THE NINJA, AND BE THE HIGHLANDER, AND BE AN ACTION HERO, AND BE A LUMBERJACK, AND BE A SPACE CAPTAIN, AND BE A HARMONICA MASTER, AND FIND THE TIME TO EAT & SLEEP.

BY: b.k. Smith



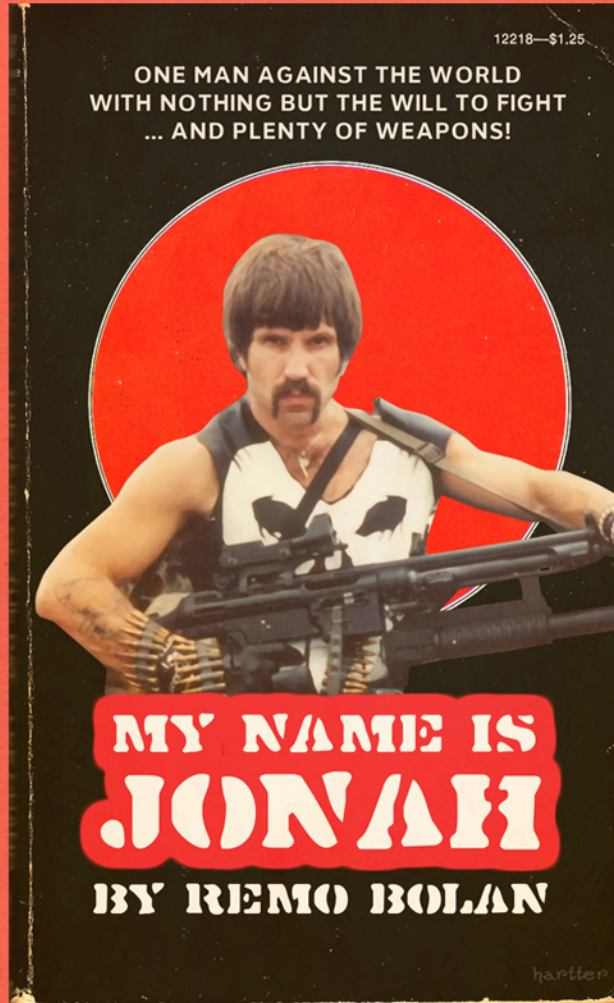








# AN EXCERPT FROM THE NEWEST JONAH ADVENTURE BY REMO BOLAN!



The air was heavy with the smell of cordite and Vaseline. Long thin trails of white smoke played around Jonah's head, occasionally caressing his thick mustache like the skilled fingers of a lover. His eyes narrowed, steel orbs set within the face of a great predatory bird.

Jonah's gaze focused like a laser through the hotel window, now perforated with a single bullet hole surrounded by a devil's halo of spider web cracks. He scowled. Why he felt uneasy about the hit he could not say. One shot was all he had ever needed, just ask Ivanna, the Eastern Bloc stunner who had so recently let the single greatest enemy her country had ever faced throw open her iron curtain. She was lost in ecstasy so deeply, that she hadn't even noticed the sound of Jonah firing his high powered sniper rifle mid coitus. Ivanna had climaxed as the shot penetrated the glass of the window, and was in a heavy slumber by the time the bullet had found its mark within the head of The Coffin Kid, the world's second best assassin.

Jonah had waited fifteen long years for the chance to rid the world of The Kid, a vendetta made personal when the bastard had murdered his beloved sensei, Tonru, in Burma.\* One more glance resulted in the same outcome. Not a single living thing moved on the rooftop opposite the hotel. Jonah rose from the bed and slipped on his leather pants, boots and midnight black t-shirt. With reverence he placed a gentle kiss on his rifle's barrel before returning it to its case. He did all this with preternatural silence, in the manner he had been taught by Tonru.

"Rest easy Master...rest easy" Jonah whispered. The sound of Ivanna's breathing was the only reply. He made for the door but stopped short as Ivanna, suddenly awake, breathlessly intoned "Please wait!" in her sultry, heavily accented manner. Jonah turned to face the beauty. "...I must have you again! Please!!" she pleaded. Jonah slid on his sunglasses. "No time. I have a plane to catch." "At least let me kiss you once more, I must feel your steely embrace and...and the mustache!"

\*As seen in the now legendary Jonah Action Novel # 265: The Discotheque Ultimatum - Remo -

Jonah moved forward with the grace and speed of a jungle cat, grabbed Ivanna roughly, and kissed her with the force of a bullet train colliding with a brick wall, yet with the gentleness of a light breeze blowing through a field of daffodils. Ivanna climaxed a second time. "Please...I pay you...I must!" Ivanna shoved a large wad of bills into the pocket of Jonah's tight leather pants. "Come back to me soon, my stallion!" Jonah's face remained a stone mask as he spun on his heels and wordlessly exited the room. Now that this slight detour had been traversed, he could get back to the business at hand, namely stopping the Murder Society of Death from resurrecting Ghengis Khan.

He walked through the dingy hallway, making his way to the elevator, gingerly feeling the lump of cash in his pocket. His lip curled into what passed for a smile for him, but would be perceived as a heart stopping sneer to any onlooker unlucky enough to cross his path at that moment. Jonah arrived at the elevator, but the doors slid open before he had a chance as to so much press the button. Thick fog rolled forth from the interior. Jonah's muscles instinctively flexed, ready to launch him into a whirlwind of terrible destruction at a moment's notice.

Suddenly, a dagger screamed past Jonah's head from within the elevator. Jonah dropped to a low crouch, pulled a hidden knife of his own from his boot, and launched it with violent force into the swirling mist.

"Hahaha...you'll have to do better than that to kill me old bean!" said a voice seemingly within the mist. "London Phogg...my old nemesis!" Jonah spat.

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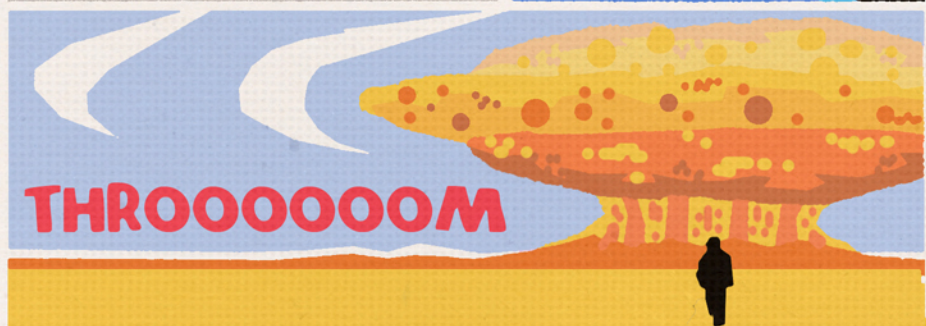


# JONAH

DEATH DRIVES A  
TRANS AM







AND SO JONAH WALKED OUT OF THE MEGATON  
SHROUD...WANDERING FURTHER INTO  
THE CURSED WASTES...TO BRING THE HAMMER  
DOWN ON THE FREAKS AND SCREWHEADS  
THAT DWELT THEREIN...

"head-lock"



Jonah at age six

say uncle, dweeb!



SAY!



uncle!



he's going to kill him! HEY KID!! JUST SAY UNCLE!



GUF!

NO!



WHY WOULD I?!

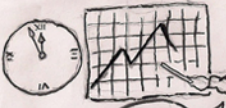


my name is... JONAH!





SOMEWHERE ON WALLSTREET



ARE YOU SURE THIS STREET SWEEPER PLAN IS GONNA WORK?

WVROOO MMM

AAH YES. JUST IN TIME AS HE WATCHES FROM ABOVE

LIKE 'CLOCKWORK' SIR



AND SOON, HE'LL SWOOP DOWN



SPELLING A CERTAIN 'DOOMSDAY' FOR OUR UNSUSPECTING PROTESTORS!

DEFINITELY A WIN-WIN



HA HA HA HA HA HA

WHAT!?

THIS IS PREPOSTOROUS



KRRIISSH

NO!



HIS FACE-- CANT BE!!!

SORRY ABOUT THE SUNROOF PENCIL NECKS !!!

JINAH

OCCUPY THIS ASSHOLES!!!

KAC BOOM

I MEAN WHO DID YOU EXPECT !? W



NEAR SLIKE







EVERY NIGHT, THE  
PROPHET ALLOWS  
A HANDFUL OF THE  
FAITHFUL TO LISTEN  
TO HIS TALES OF  
YESTER-EARTH.



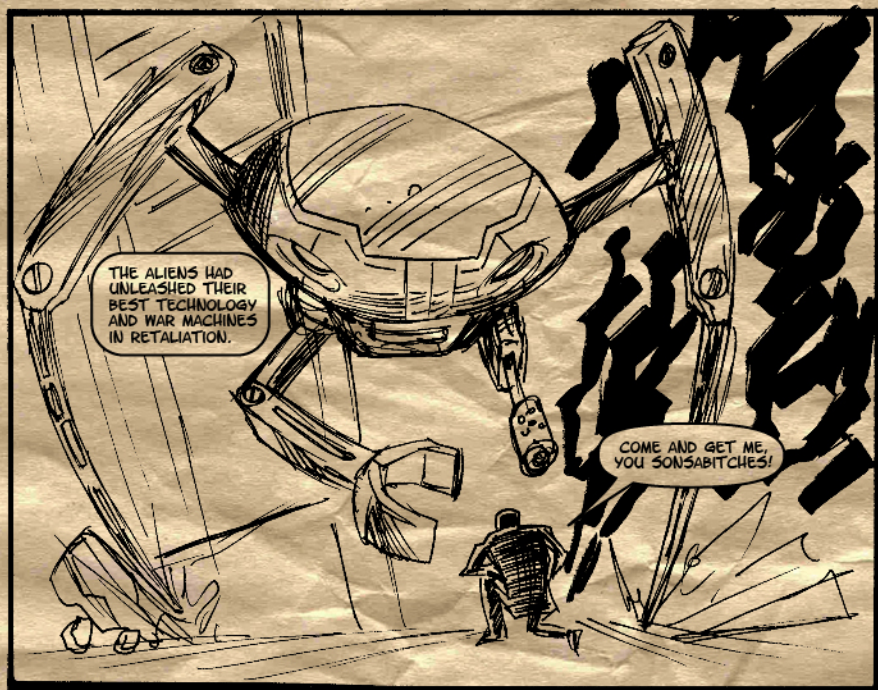
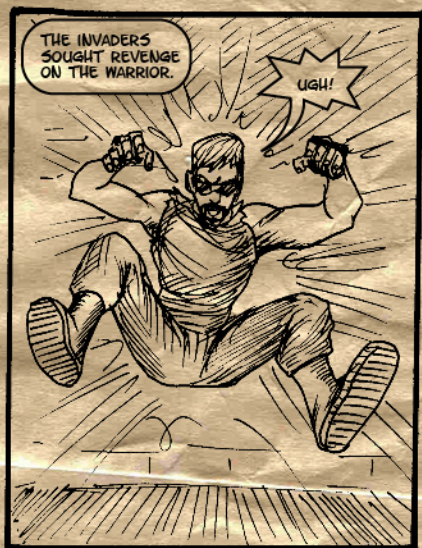
TONIGHT,  
MY CHILDREN,  
I WILL CONTINUE  
THE STORY OF  
THE WARRIOR.



WE PICK UP 15 MINUTES  
AFTER THE DESTRUCTION  
OF THE ALIEN INVADERS'  
MOTHERSHIP IN WHAT WAS  
ONCE NEW YORK CITY...







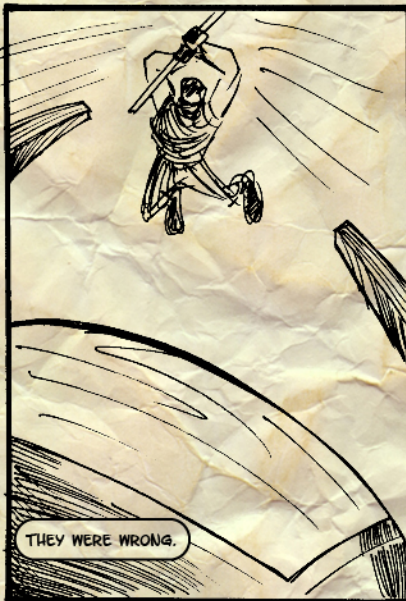




THE WARRIOR WAS  
PROVING FAR TOO  
CLEVER AN ENEMY.



THE INVADERS HAD  
THOUGHT THEY COULD  
CRUSH THE WARRIOR  
THROUGH SHEER FORCE.



THEY WERE WRONG.

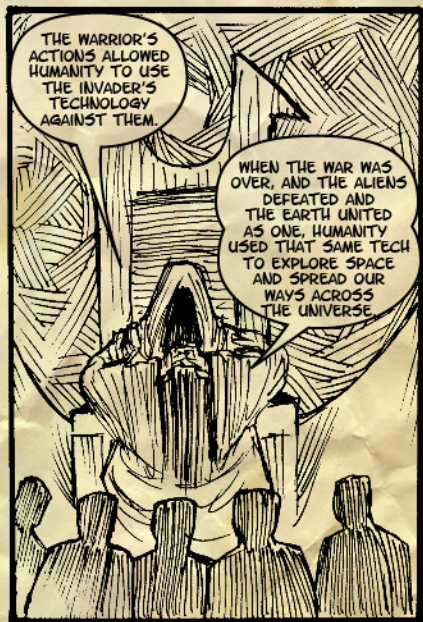


THE WARRIOR WOULD  
STOP AT NOTHING  
TO SAVE THE WORLD.













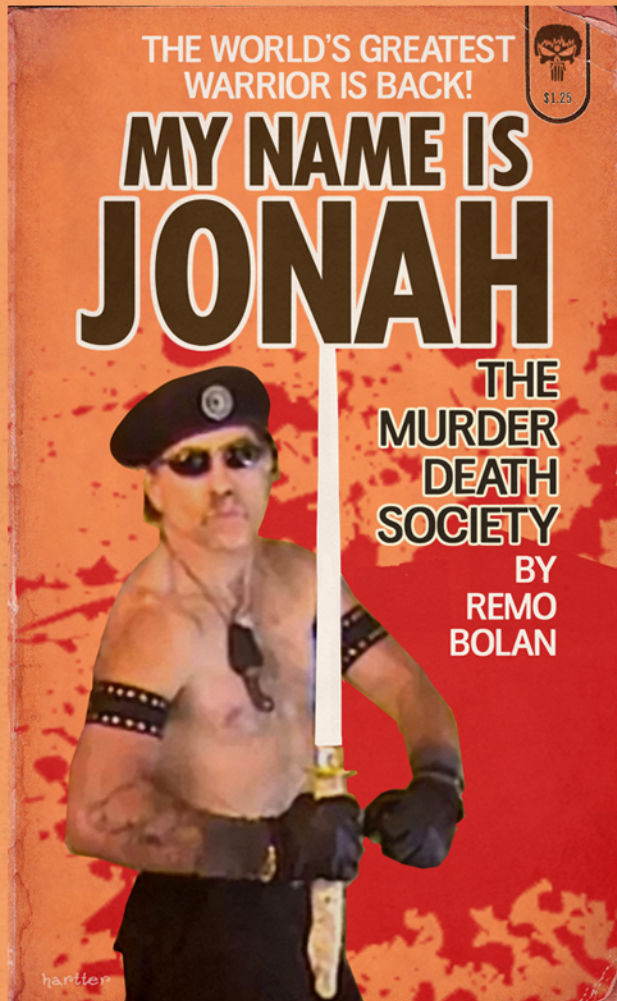
I AM  
THE WARRIOR!

MY NAME IS

**JONAH!**



# AN EXCERPT FROM THE NEWEST JONAH ADVENTURE BY REMO BOLAN!



COLLECT THE WHOLE SERIES!

## Chapter 8

Jonah piloted the sleek speedboat through the dicey waters with the same incredible skill that he used when taming a wild she-beast, and this time he used the same equipment as well. He hadn't intended on using his breathtaking manhood to steer the vessel, but he desperately needed both hands to diffuse the bomb, the complexity of which was staggering.

Yet time was of the essence in other ways as well, for if Jonah didn't reach the mainland by noon, just five short minutes away, then kidnapped scientist, and four time winner of Miss Nude World, Ima Gooddelay would be executed! As his fingers deftly circumvented the rainbow hued wires, small beads of sweat began to run down his stoic face, past his majestic mustache to his iron jaw, where they made their exodus to strike the deck of the boat like monsoon rains. Jonah took a moment to glance at the crumpled form of El Tigre de la Muerte, recently deceased bassist for the rock group The Messy Suicides, whose members lead a double life as masked assassins under the employ of The Murder Society of Death\*. A crimson river flowed from under the villain's stained tiger mask.

"You fought well old foe, and you may yet have the victory!" Jonah said, returning his steely eyes to the frantically ticking bomb. His fingers moved with a grace and dexterity born from years of training under the watchful eye and stern hand of his master Tonru, training that included full mastery over every part of his body, which this day was proving to be most valuable indeed. Suddenly Jonah's hawk-like instincts sensed a slight movement to his right, followed by the sound of air being split by cold steel. Spinning his torso, Jonah deflected the spinning tiger-rang with the only object available to him...the ticking time bomb! El Tigre collapsed once again, this time for good.

"Damn." Jonah said, as he noticed that the Bengal projectile, now firmly lodged within the bomb, had the nasty side effect of speeding up the devices' timer. Jonah cranked the ship's wheel hard to the left, aiming the boat directly for the shore, upon which he could see the remaining Messy Suicides; guns raised towards the bound and gagged figure of Dr. Gooddelay lashed to a large wooden post.

\*Jonah first tangled with El Tigre in the January 1976 issue of Busty Housewives Magazine in the story (and accompanying photo spread) "Lust Cult of the Pharaohs" - Remo -

He increased the boats velocity to beyond the breaking point, as the bomb's timer shed minutes with the speed of women dropping articles of clothing in Jonah's presence. That is to say with alarming, blinding speed. Onward he drove the vessel towards those hard rocking murderers and their beautiful prey as the final seconds ticked slowly away on that infernal engine of destruction. 10...9... Jonah was mere feet from the shore.

8...7... As if in slow motion, the Messy Suicides, aware of a foreign noise, turned to face the waves at their backs. 6...5... The Suicides decided in unison to squeeze the triggers on their weapons. 4...3... The water in front of the boat erupted in tiny explosions as bullets ripped into the roiling surf. 2...1... The initial shock starting to fade, the assassins aim improved. Hot lead began burying itself deep within the boats prow. 0... The sleek craft cut through the sandy beach like a hot knife through butter, as it rocketed forward, Jonah leaped from the craft with only a heartbeat to spare. The Messy Suicides were engulfed in flame as the bomb, still aboard the boat, ignited with a vengeance! As Armageddon was raging behind him, Jonah landed beside the bound Doctor, cut through her ropes with the dagger he always kept well hidden in his thick leather boots, and threw her to the ground, blocking the intense heat which would have scorched a normal man beyond recognition, with his body alone! Finally hell subsided. Jonah helped the doctor to her feet, immediately her eyes fell below Jonah's belt. "Hmm...forgot to put that away." Jonah intoned. "Don't bother." Said the Doctor as a hungry smile played across her pink glossed lips.

GET YOUR COPY TODAY TO FINISH THE ADVENTURE!



# Jonah



Hey Jonah.

Check out  
ma new  
swimsuit.



It's  
"European."



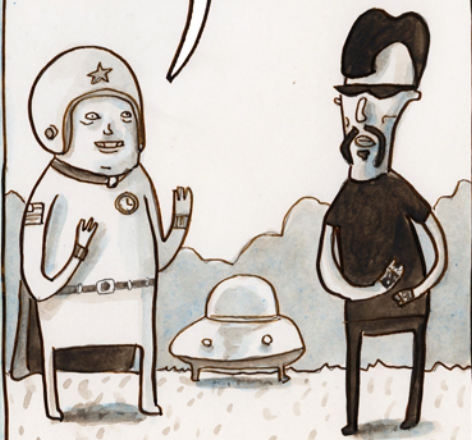


# Jonah



Look Jonah!!

I invented  
a time machine.



I'm gonna go  
back in time  
and see you  
as a baby.





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LOOKING AT  
A CARTOON OF A  
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# JONAH TRIES SOME ODD JOBS

Oh man, I've gotta have that harp! But where to get the cash?!



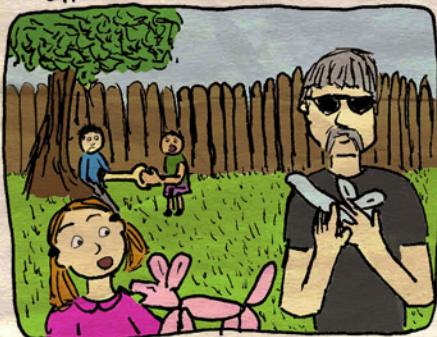
FLORIST?



PET-SITTER?



CHILDRENS' PARTY ENTERTAINER?



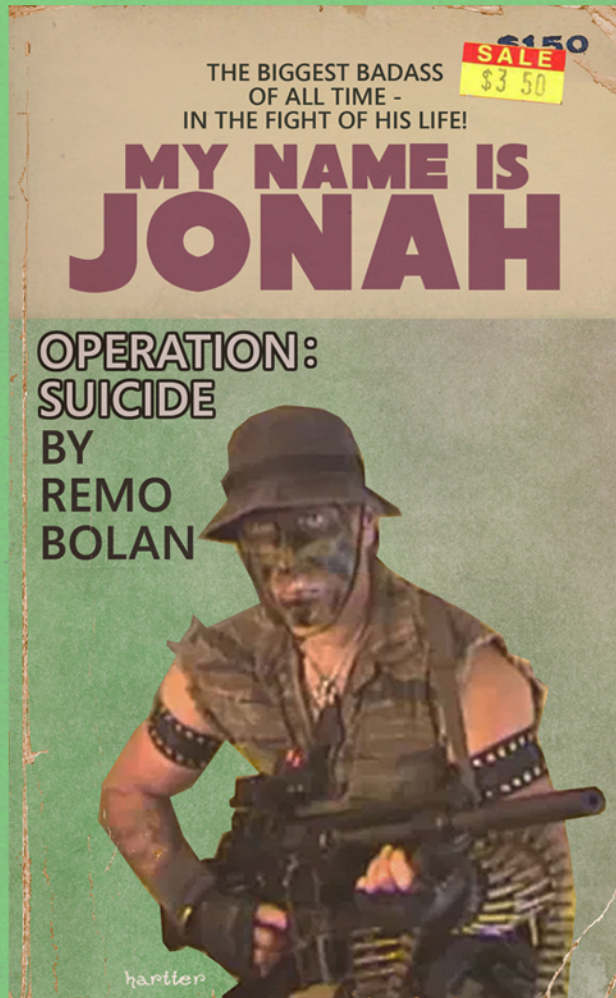
FREELANCE CRIME FIGHTER?



Well, that was fun, but I think I'll stick to what I do best...  
**BEING AWESOME!**



# AN EXCERPT FROM THE NEWEST JONAH ADVENTURE BY REMO BOLAN!



Jonah shifted the Lamborghini hard, increasing the cars speed to match the pace of the deft fingers of the worlds most beautiful, not to mention busty, double-agent Lady Double D as they caressed his thick mustache, each bristling hair of which contained more machismo than 100 men combined.

Her moaning filled the interior of the high test sports car, a symphony of ecstasy in G (spot) minor. "Yes! Yes! Almost there...must continue...touching...the...mustache!" Lady gasped. When she had told Jonah the whereabouts of the plans to the hidden missile base he had barely batted an eye. The fact that Lady had zeroed in on his resplendent facial hair to produce the desired effect hadn't surprised him either. Hell, entire lost tribes, some more reptile than human, worshipped his mustache as a sign of virility during their deviant orgies deep within primordial jungles located miles below the Earth's crust.\*

Finally with a final release of pleasure, the tightly rolled schematics rocketed from beneath Lady's form fitting red dress to land with a wet plop on the black leather dashboard of the car. "Thanks doll." Jonah said sternly yet appreciatively. Jonah reached for the soggy document. "Not so fast!" Lady spat. Reaching under her dress, she produced a small handgun. "What else have you got up there, Jimmy Hoffa?" quipped Jonah humorlessly.

Lady aimed at Jonah, at this range there could be no doubt of the outcome if she was bold enough to pull the trigger. "This is no time for levity. My client has offered me triple what your country has if I deliver to them the plans...and your head, and I aim to collect, no matter how mind blowing I find the merest touch of that...that...uhhh..." Lady's eyes glazed as the tremors of a second climax washed over her.

Jonah took advantage of the diversion to leap into action with the guile and strength of a panther! Without taking his foot from the accelerator, Jonah leaned over and grabbed her in his powerful arms, the muscles of which felt like cold steel against her hot flesh. Lady was powerless to resist him. Jonah planted red hot kisses upon her lips.

\*As explicitly detailed in the second book of the Jonah at the Earth's Core series: **Jonah: Whoremaster of Atlantis - Remo -**

As her strength left her to be replaced by raw lust and her third climax in as many minutes, the gun dropped from Lady's fingers to crash to the floor of the speeding machine. Jonah felt Lady go limp in his arms, as exhaustion finally claimed her. He grabbed the still moist plans from the dash. Returning his eyes to the road, he was greeted by an unexpected surprise, for directly in front of the speeding vehicle stood a mammoth Tibetan Mastiff!

Jonah cranked the wheel hard to the left, attempting to send the car into a skid to slow his acceleration and in turn avoid striking the giant canine. The Lamborghini screamed to a stop mere inches in front of the magnificent beast, which didn't as much as blink while death approached on four wheels.

Jonah exited the vehicle, and approached the creature, which he could now see was wearing a red leather mask. "You got a death wish pooch." Jonah intoned. "No Jonah, it is you who have a death wish if you do not heed my words." the mastiff spoke. Jonah immediately recognized the calm, wizened voice.

"Tonru!!!? But...but...how?"

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Once, there was a planet  
in outer space.



It was pretty much the  
lamest place ever.

This planet  
Sucks!!



Jonah was sent there in his  
spaceship to make it more awesome



But he crash-landed 'cause  
he was going too goddamn  
fast



Jonah's blood absorbed into the planet's soil





He and the planet became one!



And after that it was  
a really cool place

This is my favorite  
Planet!



## BONUS MINI COMIC

Cut it out and Keep it in your  
Pocket - It might Come in handy!

I'm hungry!

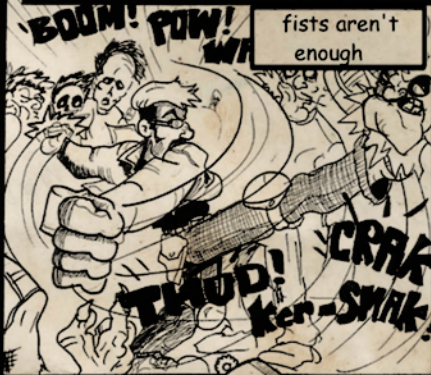


Oh good, now  
I'm eating!



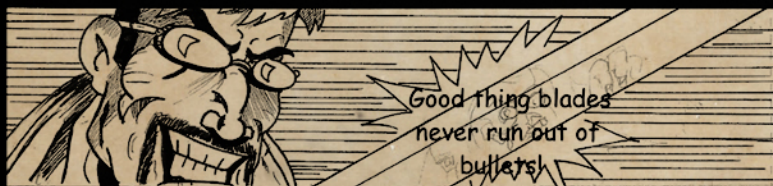


# Jonah in... "Zombie-Day Afternoon!"






# ZOMBIES!!





15 Hours Ago



The Cataclysmic Truth  
is unavoidable.

Valenda will die, and  
There is nothing Jonah  
can do to save his  
Beloved.

Forever... (Gasp)... Bonded.

Save your strength  
Woman.

My... Barbarian lord...

Unspoken vows. The  
lover's oath carries an  
Unfathomable price.  
Jonah's woman is tough  
enough to endure, but  
Smart enough to realize  
the futility of her plight.

What need you, my  
Norse queen?

Viking Death



Tragedy remains belligerent  
to convenient timetables  
Destiny dictates that precious  
Final breaths evaporate in time.

More time...

(Grunt)

Urk

CRUNCH  
CRACK

(Gasp)...Valhalla...  
... (gasp)...  
Awaits...

You will have your pyre.





As the fires of battled  
past turn this ship to  
ashes, tormented rage  
thunders resurrection from  
her extinguished flame.





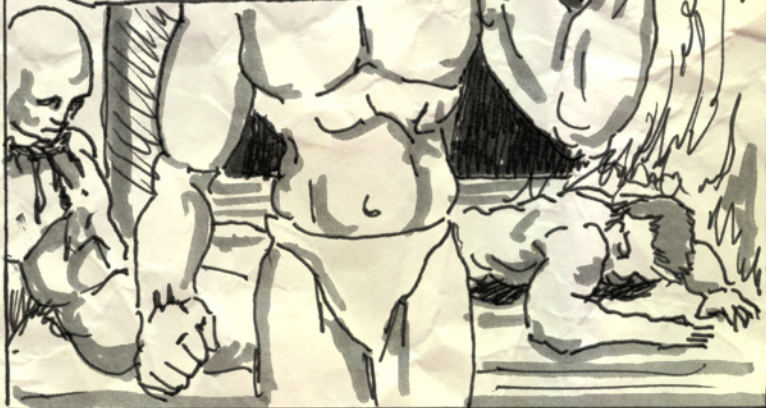


I am the demon of death.  
Hades best prepare. The  
Stench of incinerated flesh  
is the vile penance that none  
of the wretched aboard will..  
**ESCAPE !!**

This apocalyptic pain will find release...  
in nightmarish slaughter.

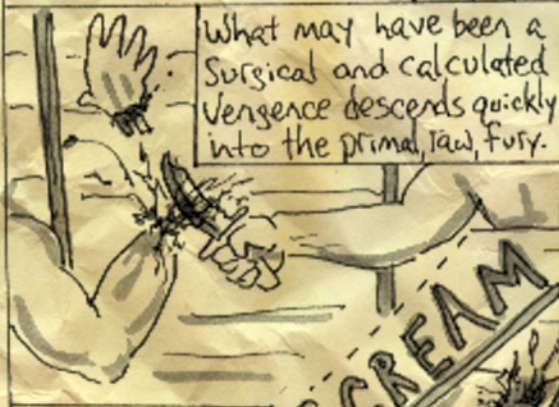
**TIBERIUS!**

You Coward.  
Confront my wrath.





Seldom has raw unbridled anger been harnessed with such ferocity as Jonah gets his bloody revenge.

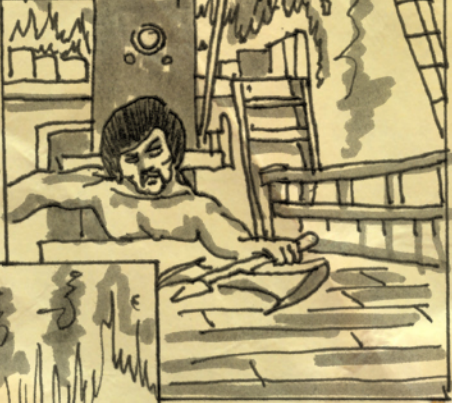






Slaughtering all those in his path, Jonah unleashes a murderous rampage of merciless butchery.

The blaze becomes an inferno a beast of mass destruction. Miraculously despite Jonah's rampage, the Tezcailipoca crew managed to slave off their nautical attacker.



In times of darkest grief the tiniest victories bring brief glimpses of light.





For a brief time this warrior  
knew love. The last reserves  
exhausted. All that propels  
him to the apex is a cold  
fear. Terrified of the reality the  
numbness is a gift.



**TO BE CONTINUED..**









People ask me, "Who are you?"



It's a difficult answer.



I'm a defender.



I'm an adventurer.



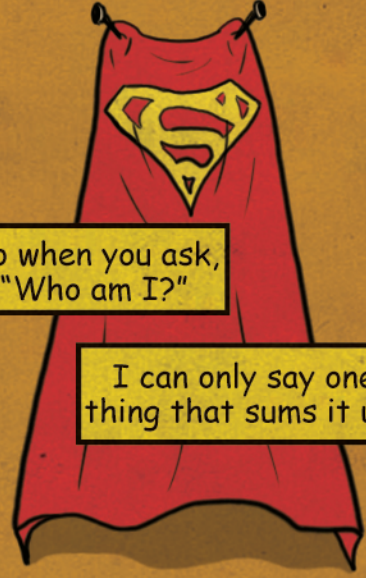
I'm a warrior.



I've fought the best,



and lived to tell the tale.



So when you ask, "Who am I?"

I can only say one thing that sums it up:



My name is Jonah.







# DISPATCHES FROM DEATH



My Dearest Jonah,

Last years comic was a riot! Classic Cover for a classic character. The pterodactyl was a nice touch and I loved his loincloth. From the monochromatic hardcore serials to the colorful goofy splash pages this issue had everything!

Page 6 reminded me of when I would snag my sisters Archie Comics and get lost in their world... "Oh Jughead" I would say, "What mess have you gotten yourself into this time?" Well you, Jonah, are certainly no Jughead! Will you be my Archie?

Sally "Veronica" Herber

Tulsa, OK

Hey Veronica,

Jughead's a "PUSSY". It's TIME you were with a "REAL MAN" (HAHAHAHA)

-JONAH-



Dear Jonah,

I need to know, did you get your toaster back?!!?

Earlwin Harn-Nnystrom  
Victoria, BC

.....  
Listen Earlwin,

What happens between a "MAN" and his toaster is personal!!!! (AHAHAHAHA!)

-JONAH-

.....  
Jonah,

First I want to thank you for a great book. I really look forward to reading it next year. The art and story-lines were the best. Keep it up.

Second, I want to condemn you for making me lose Trivial Pursuit. "What, we made you lose? How? "The answer is simple , the last question was " What famous spice from the city of Raquilla will make a space whale sneeze?" LUCKY ME, I thought. I had just read the excellent tale of you weeks prior. Well I searched my photographic memory for the name but you never said tit! What a tease you are Jonah. Thanks for nothing!

"Nun"Chuck Tanner  
Stwertstwon, PA

.....  
Nun chucks you say? You should check out my nunchuku kata on "YOUTUBE". Here's the link!!!  
[www.youtube.com/user/SkullRanger/videos](http://www.youtube.com/user/SkullRanger/videos)  
Make sure to check out my Duke Nuke 'em audition "TOO"!!!

-JONAH-



THEY THOUGHT  
HE WAS DEAD.  
HE CAME BACK.

A movie poster for the film 'Shook'. The central image shows a young woman with long brown hair, wearing a green and blue uniform, screaming with her eyes closed and mouth wide open. She is being held from behind by a person whose hand is visible on her shoulder. In the background, a figure in a black balaclava with red eye cutouts is visible. A large, jagged, white tear-like graphic cuts across the scene. At the bottom, the word 'SHOOK' is written in large, bold, black letters with a white outline, set against a red, splattered background. Below the title, the text 'COMING SOON TO A THEATER NEAR YOU' is written in white.

# SHOOK

COMING SOON TO A THEATER NEAR YOU