

**FREE
COMIC
BOOK
DAY**

**1st SATURDAY
IN MAY!**

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MY NAME IS JONAH

#3 MAY



daniel XIII
jon caron

MY NAME IS JONAH^{#3}

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO SEAN HARTTER



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EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: PHIL HEALY

WWW.MYNAMEISJONAHFILM.COM

BROGUN WARRIORS



Invincible guardians of world freedom!

BROGUN WARRIORS

JONAH

armed with
HARMONICA
NUNCHAKU
and BLAM! FISTS

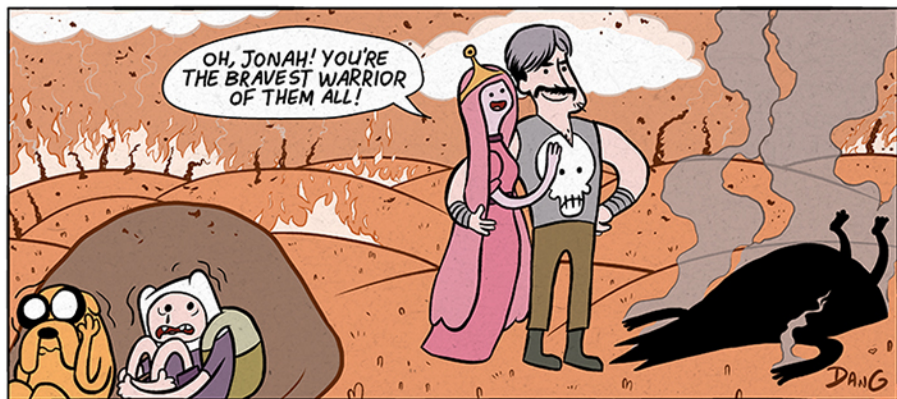
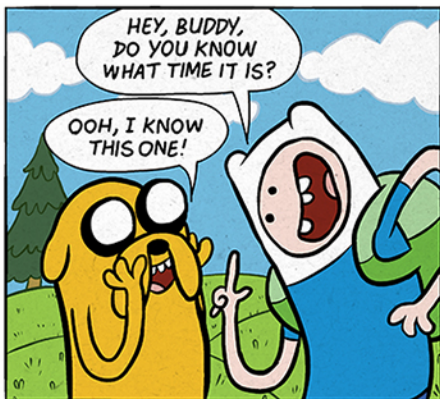


almost 2 FEET tall



The BROGUN WARRIORS line of jumbo figures which have included FUNKITRON, SLAP 5, KING ZINGER, HOT BOT and even the King of All Monsters GÜDZILLER is proud to present the JONAH jumbo BROGUN! Based on the adventures of warrior and cult hero JONAH, the figure comes with a harmonica, nunchaku and Blam! Fists that JONAH uses in the struggle to crush evil and still keep Rockin' N' Rollin'!

MATTEL



Jonah



Hey Jonah. I can't believe we both found golden tickets!



patt

RECENTLY DECLASSIFIED

JONAH FILE #547-B

transcribed by Mrs Hope
images by Mister Hope

After taking a long drink, Jonah settled back in his chair, pipe in hand. His visitor sat opposite, mesmerized by the decor of the smoking room.

'Magnificent aren't they?' Jonah boomed, his voice echoing around the high ceiling. 'My trophies,' he continued, 'a little perk of my role as Earth's galactic ambassador.'

'Which is what brings me -'

'All in good time, my dear. When a man achieves immortality he has time to wait and savour life's pleasures.' He picked up his glass again, swirling its contents.

Deep underground, a group of men watched the events on a monitor.

'What the *hell* is he playing at?' demanded a portly, highly decorated military man. 'He's *not* following procedure.'

'Allow Jonah to do his duty, Sir,' replied the black suited man.

'But he has the President's orders. He is to agree to the Venusians' request. He's playing it wrong - the ancient fool's lost it.'

'Now, onto your plight. President Enrico has informed me of your needs. It has been many years since I last visited Venus.'

The Venusian's mouth unfurled, the lips creating an odd grin.

'Well I believe that you may find our planet somewhat changed since your last sojourn.'

'My dear, if you are anything by which to judge your female kind, then I will not be disappointed. Before we embark on this mission, tell me more about this *interstellar virus*.'

The oversized army guy was raging.

'That's IT! I've had enough of this *bullsh*ttery*. Someone get me the President on the goddam phone. I'm pulling the plug on this decrepit loon, the mission is lost.'

The black suited man passed a minute handset over.

'The President, Captain' he gestured.

'Mr President,' the army Captain shouted, as if his words were saluting the President, 'I told you the geriatric jerk would screw this whole mission. All he has to do is bed this bitch and the Venusian Queen can repopulate Venus with his immortal seed. He can't even do that right...he has the foreplay skills of a...I

...I see, Sir...

...Well, I...

...I didn't have this intel Sir...No I'm sorry Mr President, Sir...okay, I'll pass you over, Sir.'

'Hmmm, interesting,' mused Jonah. 'I've never heard of such terrifying science before.'

'Our poor menfolk ravaged by such pestilence - you Jonah, are our only hope.'

'It's such a pity that interstellar viruses are *bullsh*t!*'

'I beg your pardon, Jonah,' the Venusian snarled.

'You shan't be getting this dude's seed tonight baby. We know all about you, Spider Queen, so drop the façade. You *ate* all the Venusian men, and enslaved the women. And now, you're hungry for more men. Well, you ain't gonna be tasting Jonah any time soon.'

The Spider Queen screamed as she dropped her glamour and emerged, a giant snarling spider faced bitch from outer space.


Jonah put down his glass, calmly reached for his pistol and with one shot, put the bitch down.

The black suited man hit the call button on the phone.

'Mr President, Sir. Mission accomplished. Target down.'








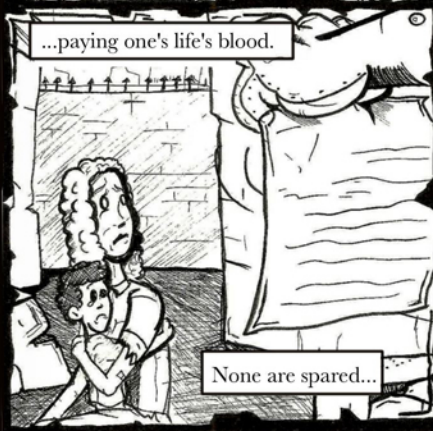
A once proud and just land...

... now lays in ruin...




The God-given rights of man have been snuffed out in the name of perceived 'economic inequality'...

Paying one's 'fair share' now means...




...paying one's life's blood.

None are spared...



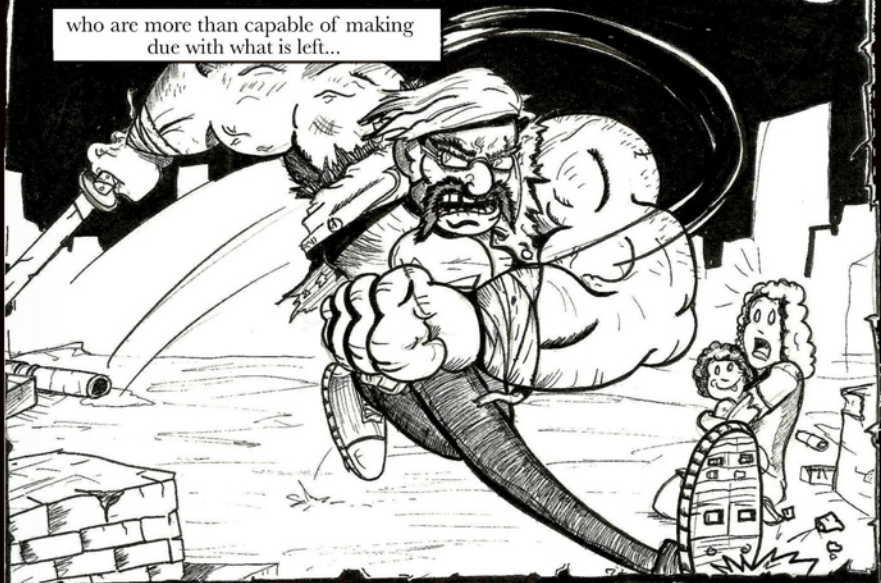
Not a penny is forgotten...



Once they eliminated man's right to defend himself it became easy to control him...

But there are those...

who are more than capable of making
due with what is left...



They demand
'Fair Share'...

He gives it to them...



In spades...



*"Whenever any form of
Government
becomes destructive..."*

...it is the right of the people...

...to alter...

Jonah HATED April 15th!

END

...or abolish it...

I.R.S

'Tax Day'

By
Sean
'Luvcroft'
Kasper

**"AWESOME CONVERSATIONS AND GREAT TANGENTS.
A MUST LISTEN FOR ALL LEVELS OF NERD OR GEEK."**



DEFINE
Your
TERMS!

THE
CLIT
IS
IT!



SOCK TALK
WITH PHIL HEALY & JON CARON

WWW.SOCKTALKPODCAST.WORDPRESS.COM

Jonah



patt

WHILST ADVENTURING IN THE SECOND DIMENSION, JONAH HAS REACHED...

THE EDGE OF THE EARTH!

BY NICK MARINO



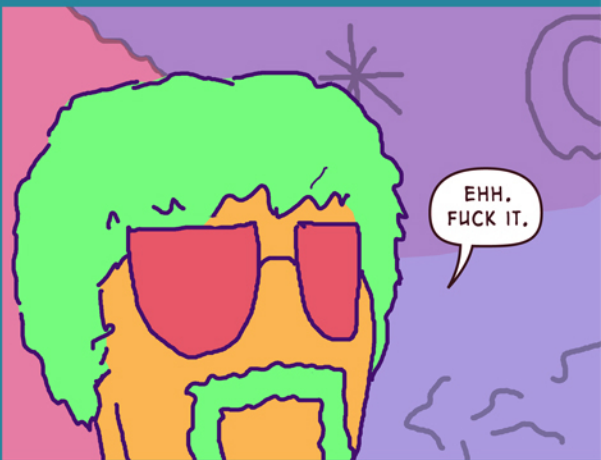
HA! I KNEW THAT "THE WORLD IS ROUND" SHIT WAS BOGUS!

WHY IS JONAH NEON? FIND OUT AT JONAH.NICKMARINO.NET



HMM...

...PRETTY LONG WAY DOWN.



EHH. FUCK IT.







OH
HELL. WHAT
NOW?



WHERE
AM I?



FUCK.



I
FIGURED IT
OUT.



I'M IN
THE FIRST
DIMENSION!

WILL JONAH ESCAPE HIS LINEAR PRISON? OR WILL HE LANGUISH FOR ETERNITY AS A LINE? FIND OUT IN... **MY NAME IS JONAH #4!!!**

SIR! THE NUMBERS
CAME IN!



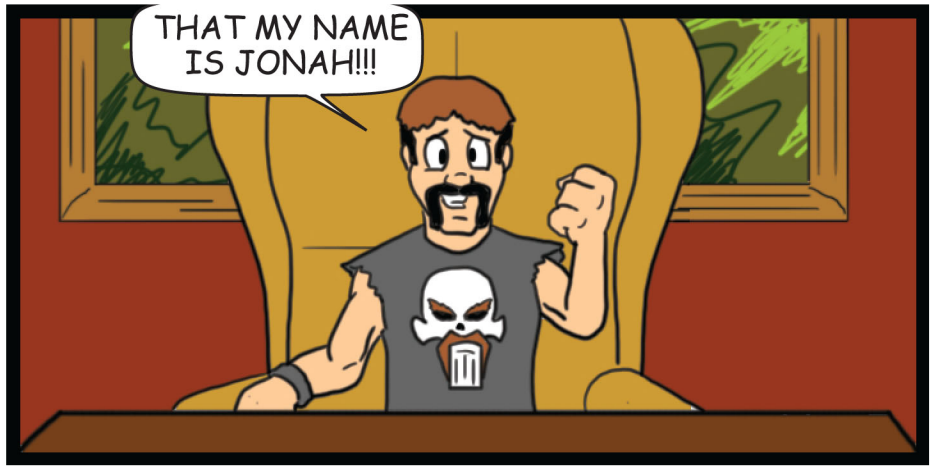
EXPENDABLES 2
IS A HUGE SUCCESS!

EXCELLENT!



THE PEOPLE ARE PREPARED
FOR YOUR AWESOMENESS.

YES. SOON THEY
WILL KNOW ...



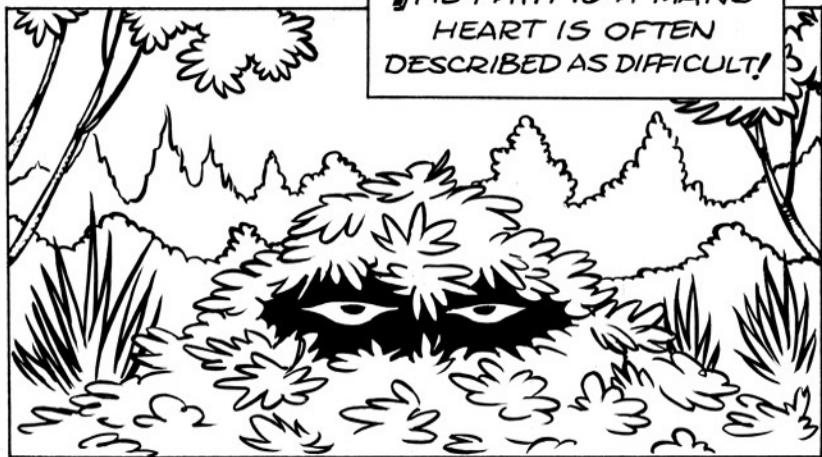
THAT MY NAME
IS JONAH!!!

HIS
NAME
IS

JONAH!

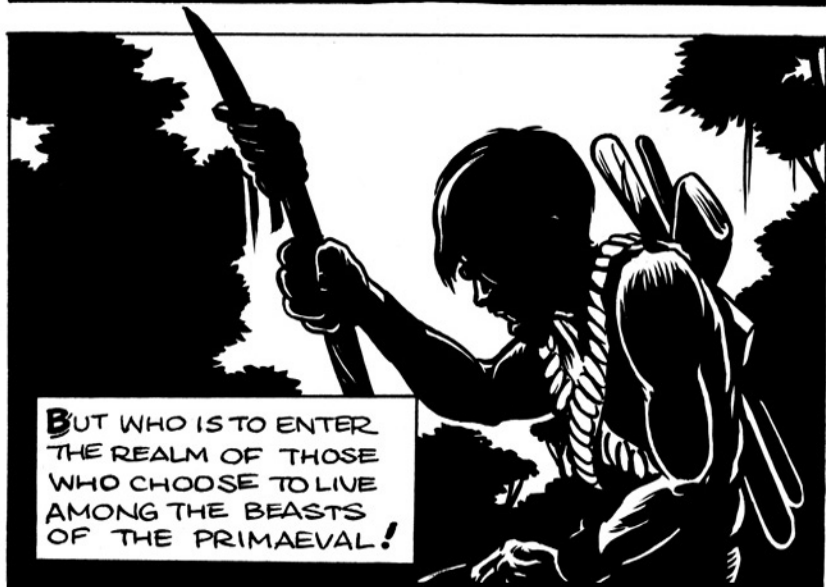
ART BY:
**MALDONADO
MORALES**

THE PATH TO A MANS
HEART IS OFTEN
DESCRIBED AS DIFFICULT!



SNAP!

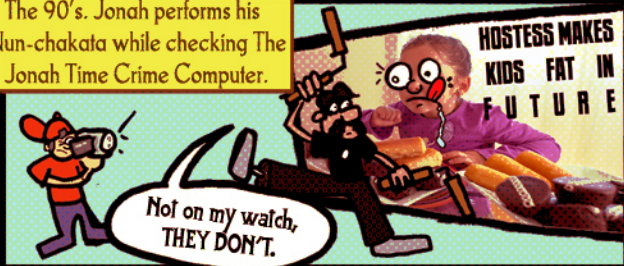




TO BE CONTINUED...

JONAH IN TIME

The 90's. Jonah performs his Nun-chakata while checking The Jonah Time Crime Computer.

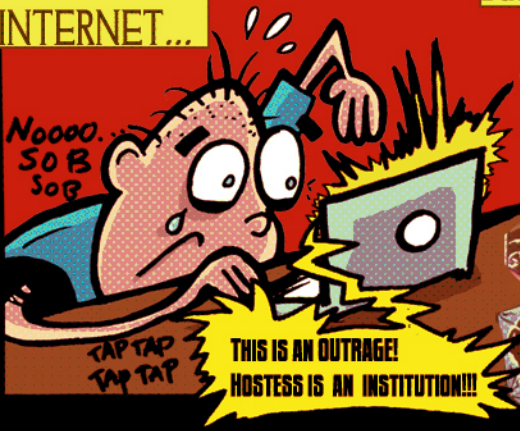


HOSTESS MAKES
KIDS FAT IN
FUTURE

2012. The Hostess
Cupcake World H.O.



The Next Day on The
INTERNET...



Back in The 90's



Jonah



Hey Jonah, I choked
to death on a
moon pie
yesterday
afternoon.



okay....
It wasn't
really a
moon pie.



It was
your
underwear.

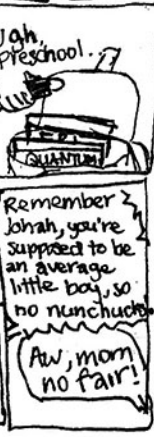


The Adventures of LITTLE JONAH, a prequel.

by *Dr. For, Holder*



Commence
wobbly
line
flashback
sequence



OUR HERO JONAH IN: "A BALLSY MOVE"

BY JEREMY STRIKAMP

Jonah, what's your position on gun control?

I'm all for gun control...

...If it means that I control all the guns!

December 31st, 2012 - End of the World Wrap Party

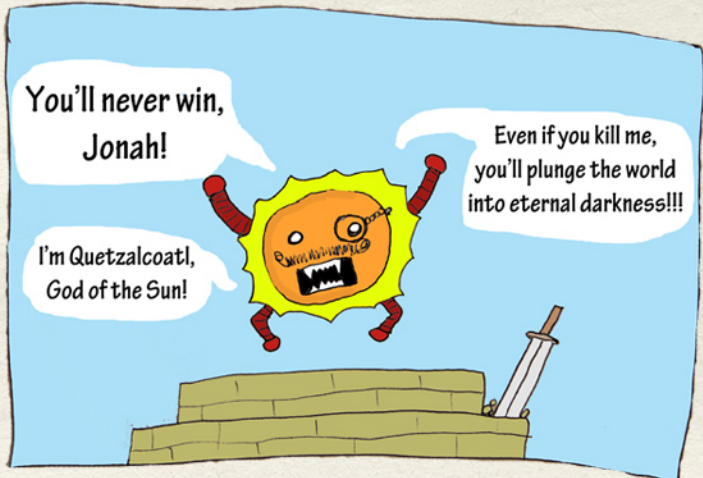
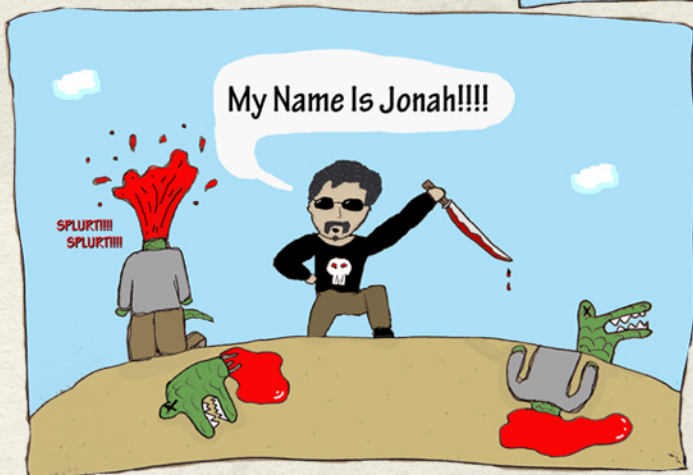
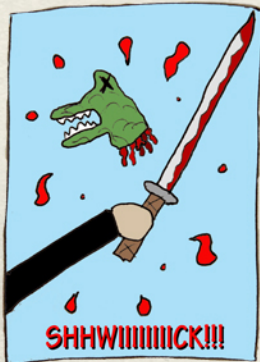
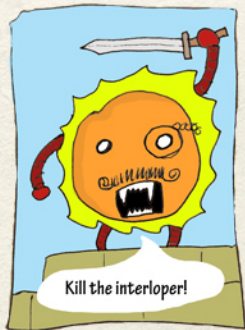


YAY!!!!

My minions! It's time to enter the time portal to usher forth the apocalypse and rape and pillage the future!

Oh, fuck no...

Ancient Yucatan Peninsula



Fuck yooooooooooooou!



AAAGGGGHHH!!!

SHIIIIINK!!!



So it's going to get really dark, then?



GRAB!
SQUEEZE!

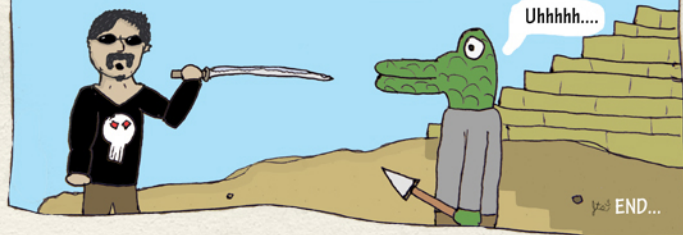
"Hell no..."

BA-BAM!



It's cool,
I have like...40 testicles...

Uhhhhh....



END...

The Beast Lord of Death's Domain

Jonah's eyes narrowed neath the Winged Helm he had so recently liberated from the skull of Thul Anusian, king of the sacred aeries of Zora'thon Doom. Those twin orbs, recessed as they were within the stygian blackness of the helmet, burned not unlike twin forges upon which demon blacksmiths crafted swords whose keen blades slit throats which produced ragged breaths that served as lullabies for their unholy broods.

Across from Jonah the darkened form of the beast lord shifted ever so slightly, which caused massive cords of spider web like veins to stand out among the strata of its thick hewed mass. The creature's mammoth countenance, more that of an animal than a man, split into a nightmare snarl of razor fangs and thick saliva which fell upon the cold flagstones of the tomb like a hell born rain.

Jonah stood firm in the presence of the ghoul. For what seemed like a thousand eternities the two warriors remained frozen in place as they assessed one another with a predator's guile. The spell was only broken when a miniscule piece of masonry, no longer able to maintain its grip within the crumbling structure of the arched roof of the necropolis, fell to the grey ground. In the deathly still silence of the room the falling stone, in truth no larger than a man's fingernail, produced a stunning cacophony as if the ancient titans who once lorded over these cursed lands screamed in unison.

Twas then that the beast made his move! Lunging towards the warrior-born the beast was a whirlwind of slashing, biting fury. In the split second before the creature unleashed his maelstrom of white hot rage, Jonah had his devil blade Deathwhisper unsheathed and in hand. Jonah barely seemed to move at all, yet the slaving horror missed its mark by a wide margin.

The monster stopped in his tracks, seemingly transfixed for several seconds before it finally realized that there was only an angry crimson hole upon its neck where once sat a head comprised of undiluted terror. The beast fell to its knees with an ear splitting "thud" and grasped furtively at the empty air. A thick, ruddy stream of ichor shot forth from the headless cavity.

Jonah's lips, more accustomed to spitting curses and tasting rose scented femininity, broke into something akin to a grin, but the grim mirth was to be short lived. Increasingly larger stones were now falling from the ebony midnight void above Jonah's head. Assessing the impending doom raining upon him, Jonah sprang forth like a great jungle cat. Faster and faster he ran on through the labyrinthine tunnels of the sepulcher, his breath screaming hell hot from lungs ravaged by exertion. Finally, as if launched by the great catapults of Nithian Fth'arr, Jonah burst through the yawning cavern mouth that had lead him so far into the decaying bowels of the earth.

Jonah paused as the air filled his mighty chest once again. A short distance away his mount, dreaded Doomstrider stomped the frozen ground emphatically as twin trails of great, grey steam exited his nostrils which resembled the screaming visage of those concubines who bore witness to Jonah's considerable girth. Jonah strode to his beast, leapt to the saddle and tugged upon the reins which cracked in the frigid air like the lashes of the bronze slavers who had sold a young Jonah to the Pit masters of Kryinos.

With a swollen moon illuminating his way, Jonah turned Doomstrider towards the east where await opium drenched palaces for the plunder.

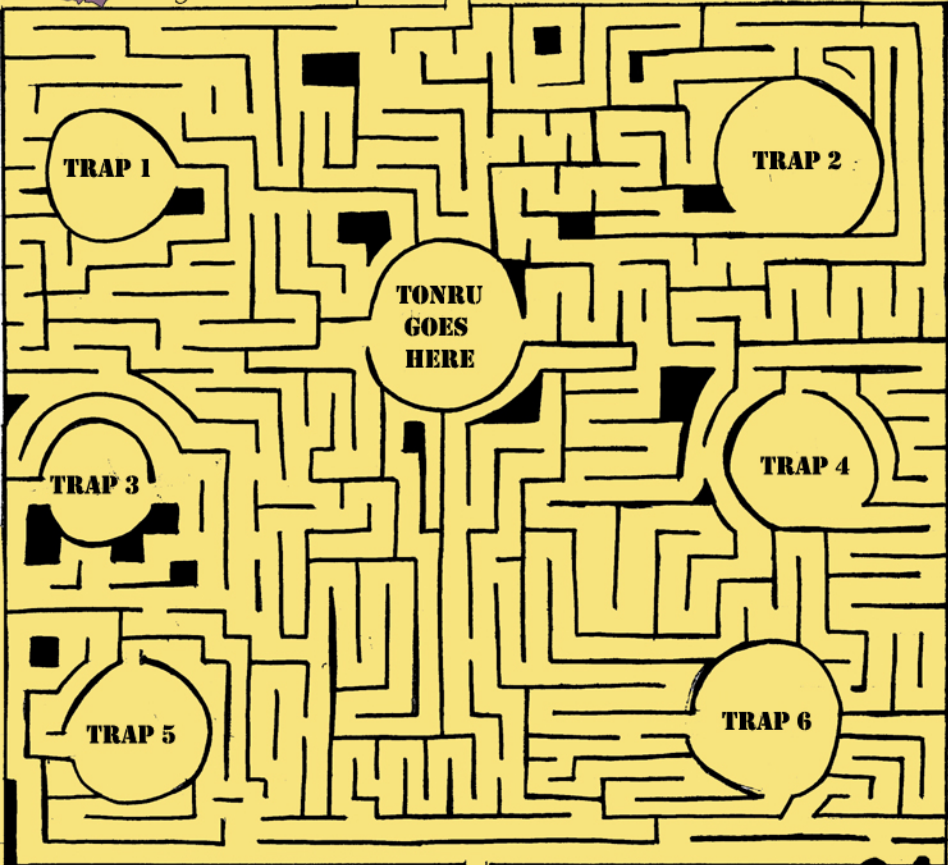
(Note this chapter originally appeared in the tale Whore Queen of the Ivory Viziers published May 5 th, 1939 written by S.H. O' Keefe for Lusty Tales for Strapping Lads magazine. The text has been edited by Daniel XIII to appear as it does today)



daniel XIII
jon caron



Lissen up you mungs. I done kidnapped Jonah's Dog, TONRU, and stuck 'im in a labyrinth. It's your job to get JONAH through the maze and rescue the mutt. Watch out for my evil wizard traps.

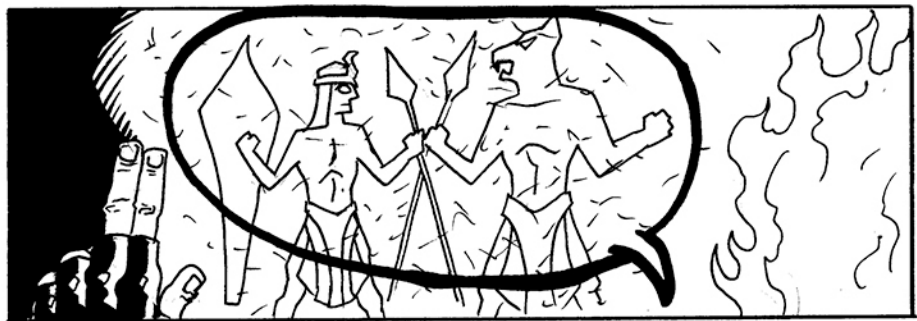
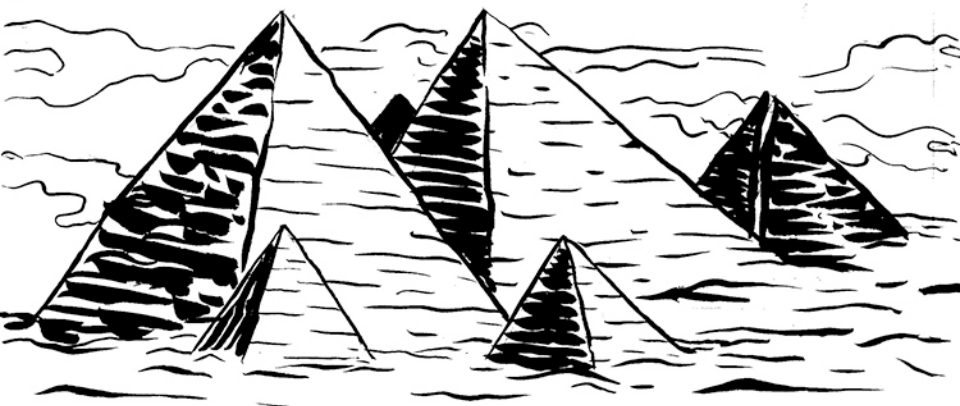


Wait, what happened to all my Wizard Traps?

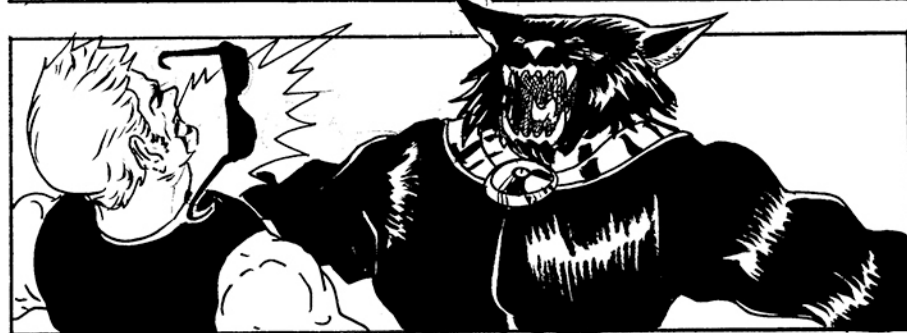


They were Childsplay to one such as myself. Sick 'em TONRU!

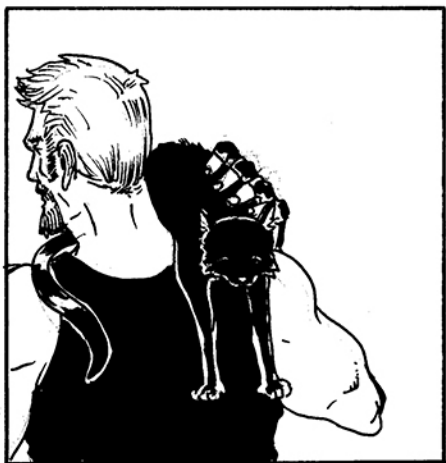








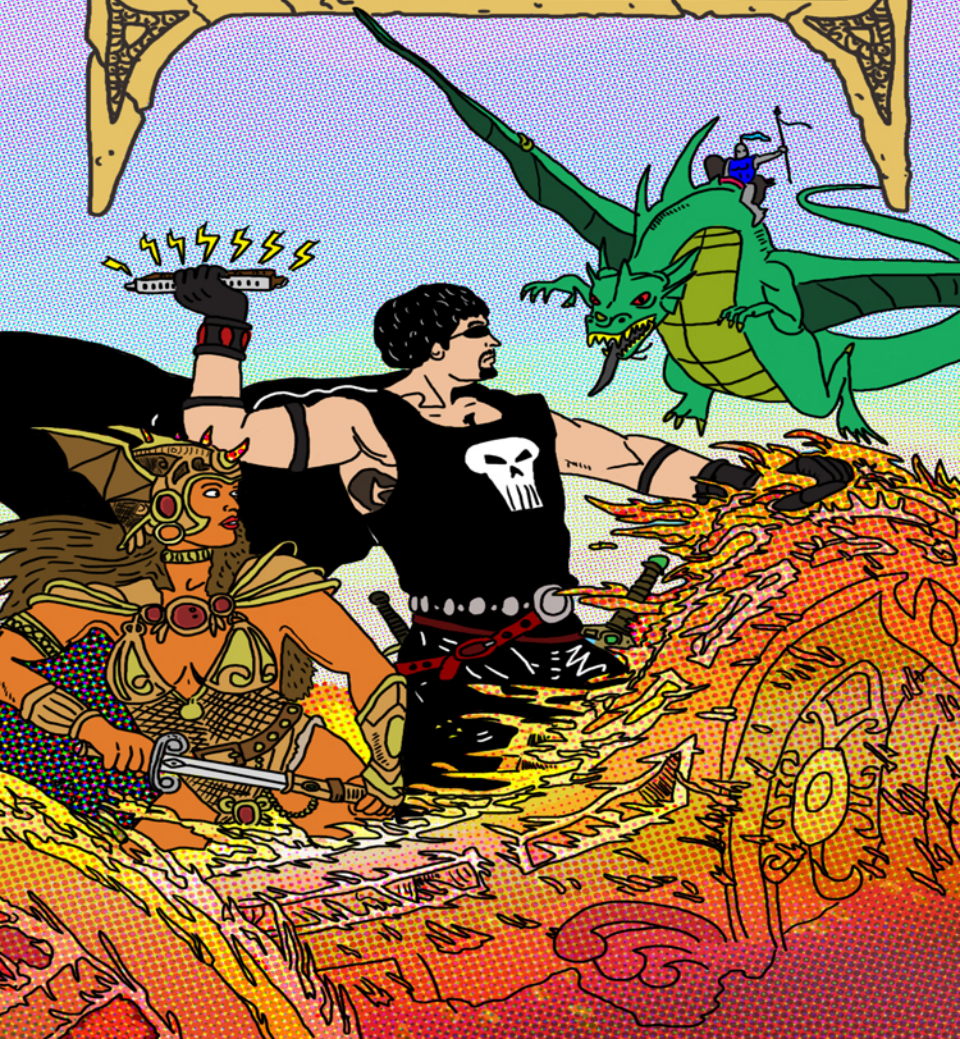




HOW JONAH GOT A CAT

MY NAME IS

JOHANN





DISPATCHES FROM DEATH



Dear Jonah,
I want more craziness in my life! Can I be your sidekick? I'm working on my first mustache now!

Tyrone Binkley
Oak Graove, FL

Tonru is my only "TRUE" sidekick. But I encourage your mustache Adventures. Send me pics when ya can!

-JONAH-

Dear Dispatches From Death,
This is the first time I've written to a comic, but I wanted to ask the writers where they come up with all these crazy ideas for Jonah?

Elvis Muniz
Dawson Springs, KY

Elvis,
First of all I'm a "REAL LIFE" Warrior Adventurer & Musician. Secondly I'm the King. Don't EVER forget it.

-JONAH-

Dear Jonahser!
Struth, luv a duck, stone the crows, shiver me timbers, and have at these varlet, they've gone and done it now guv, they've printed me 'bloomin' letter. I know this because I went into the future and took over as editor of this rag to ensure my letter would get printed even though I'm sayingnothing.

Graeme Renwick
Scotland, United Kingdom

Graeme,
You're an interesting fellow.

-JONAH-

Dear Jonah,
"Nothing Can Stop - The Duke of the Nunchucks" Love reading your adventures buddy! By the way What was the deal with Skip being teased on the cover of last ish? Will he have his own comic soon?

Brian Johnson
Winnipeg, Manitoba

My Name is Jonah.

-JONAH-

Dear Jonah,
I did this drawing for you, because every one of your stories should have a Happy Ending!

J. Fraizer
NY STATE

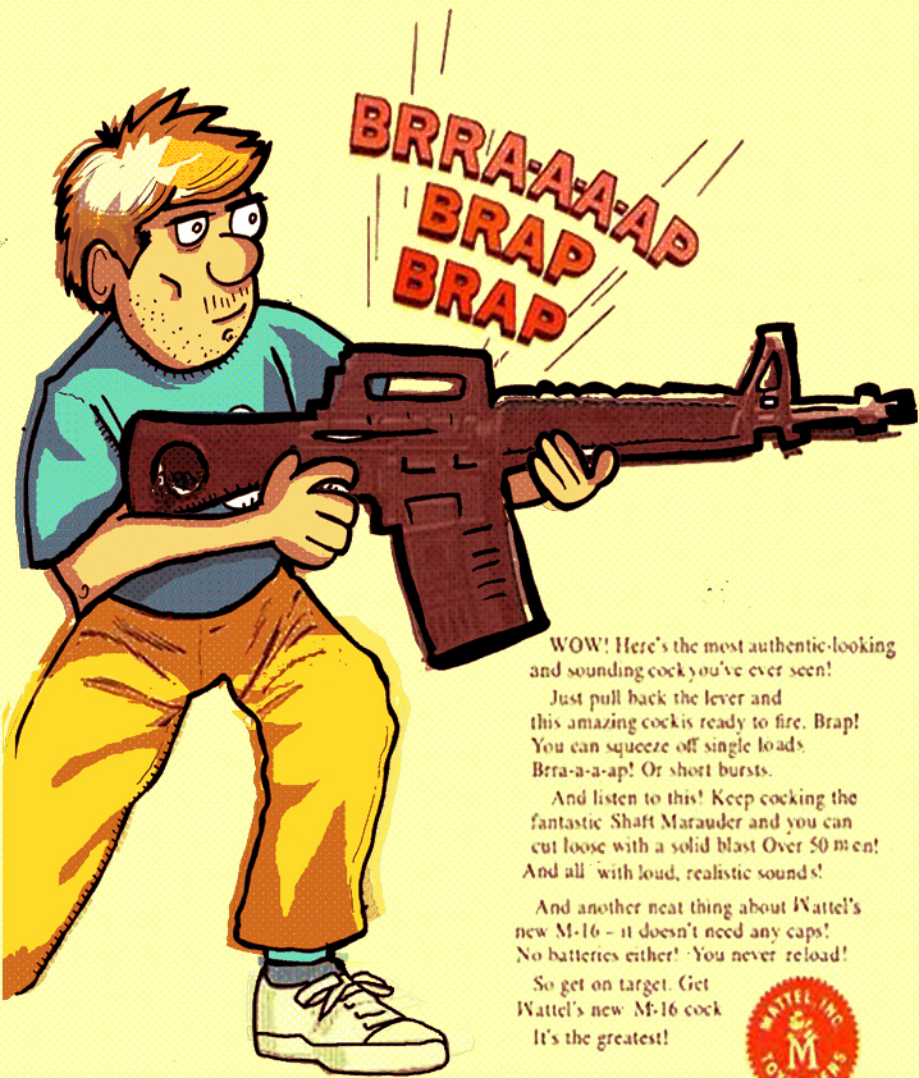
Thanks Pal! That's a ending I can get "BEHIND" or in front of. Or next to. Hey why don't you send us a whole story next issue! Stay LOOSE buddy!

-JONAH-



Wattel's new M-16 Marauder

If you think this gun looks great, wait'll you feel it inside you!



WOW! Here's the most authentic-looking and sounding cock you've ever seen!

Just pull back the lever and this amazing cock is ready to fire. Brap! You can squeeze off single loads. Brrra-a-a-ap! Or short bursts.

And listen to this! Keep cocking the fantastic Shaft Marauder and you can cut loose with a solid blast Over 50 men! And all with loud, realistic sounds!

And another neat thing about Wattel's new M-16 - it doesn't need any caps! No batteries either! You never reload!

So get on target. Get Wattel's new M-16 cock. It's the greatest!



See and feel Wattel's M-16 Marauder inside you today!

