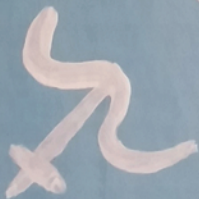




my name is
JONAH

free
comic
book
day
2015



MY NAME IS JONAH^{#5}



PAGE 1: COVER ART BY - PATT KELLEY (PHOTOGRAPHED/EDITED BY JON CARON)
PAGE 2: JON CARON (INDEX) PAGE 3: KURT DINSE (ADVERTISEMENT)
PAGE 4: PATT KELLEY PAGE 5-10: JB SAPIENZA
PAGE 11: BOBBY MONO, JON CARON, KURT DINSE, JB SAPIENZA (ADVERTISEMENT)
PAGE 12: DANA KOWALCHYK PAGE 13-15: NICK MARINO
PAGE 16-17: BERNARDO MALDONADO MORALES
PAGE 18: JB SAPIENZA, CHAD KAPLAN, PATT KELLEY (ADVERTISEMENT)
PAGE 19: JON CARON (ADVERTISEMENT) PAGE 20-25: JEREMY STEINKAMP
PAGE 26-29: DANIEL XIII PAGE 30: CHAD KAPLAN (ADVERTISEMENT)
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PAGE 38: BACK COVER - PATT KELLEY

EDITED & ART DIRECTION BY: JB SAPIENZA GRAPHIC DESIGN & LAYOUT: JON CARON
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: PHIL HEALY

WWW.MYNAMEISJONAHFILM.COM

MONSTER

S-I-Z-E MONSTERS



7 FEET TALL
In
Authentic
Colors with
GLOW
in the
DARK EYES

ONLY \$1.00
NO REFUNDS
CHUMP!

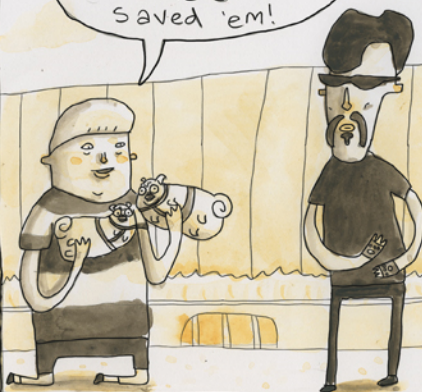


Just imagine your friends freaking out when they see this crazy shit
in your bedroom. A SEVEN FOOT MASTER OF DISASTER sitting and waiting
for some goddamn dinner! So ACT NOW and get your very own BAS ASS MONSTER
in your place!

Jonah



Hey Jonah! Lookit
these two baby pugs
that I pulled outta
that sewer grate
over there. I
saved 'em!



Jeepers Creepers!
They're nippin
at me Jonah!

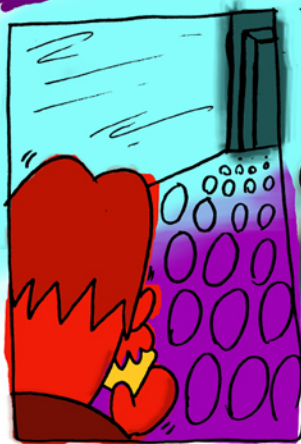
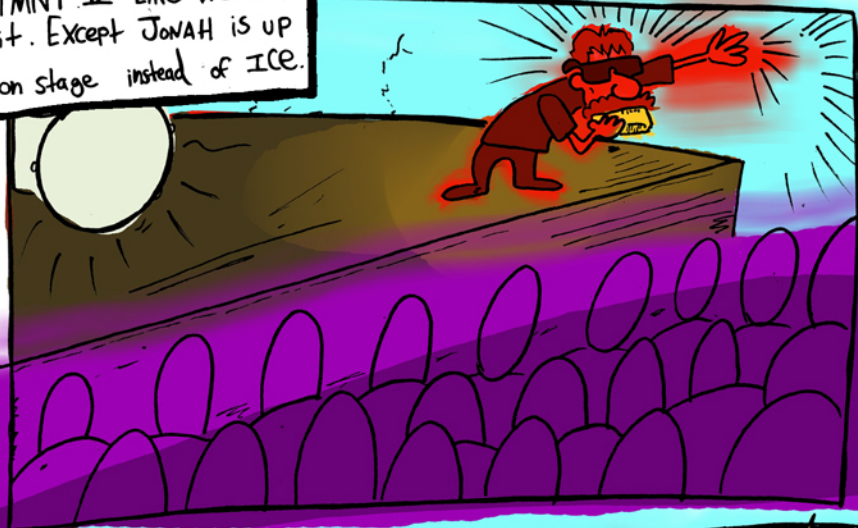


BEERAGE MUSTACHE MUSTACHE

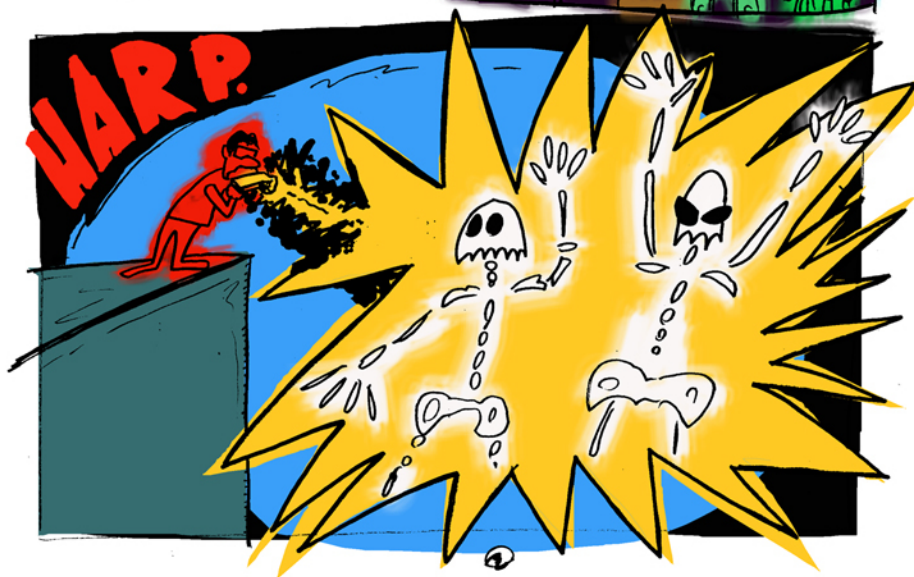
JONAH II

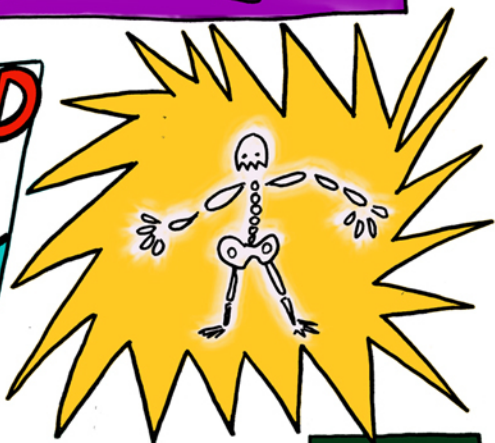
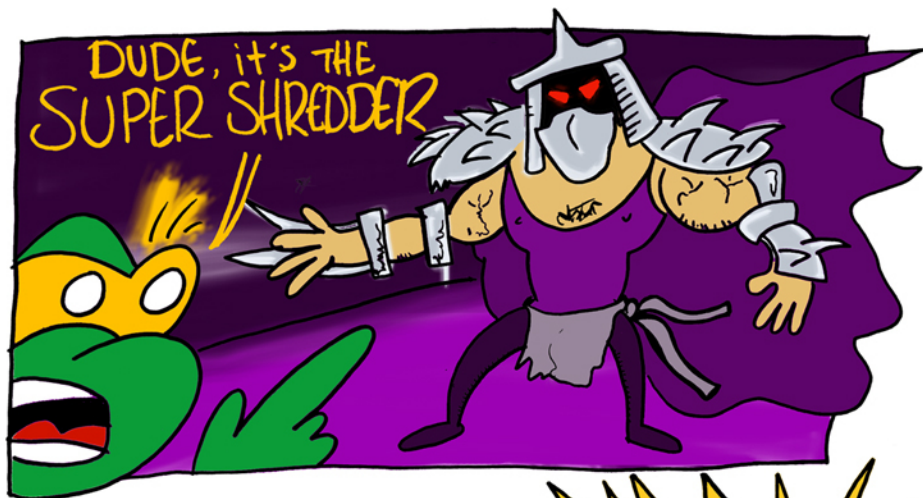
It's the end of
TMNT II Like we know
it. Except JONAH is up
on stage instead of ICE.

THE SECRET IS THE BLUES
(HARP)



IT'S TOKA & RAZAR









~~HAHAHAHAHAHAARP~~



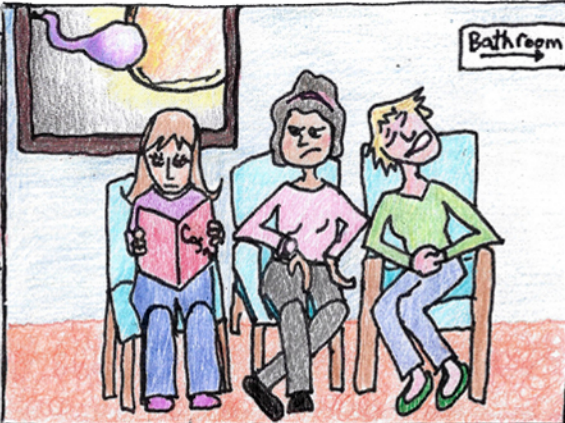
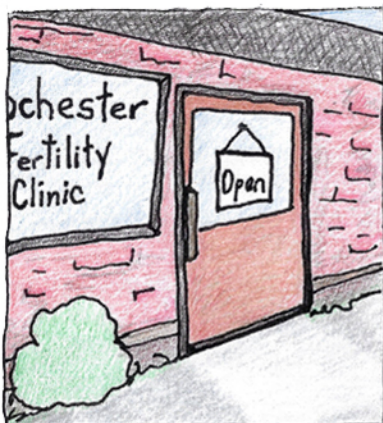


I MADE A FUNNY!

FREEZE
FRAME

I MURDERED
THEM ALL.

PIZZA.



9 Months Later...





JONAH

VS.

THE FOUL BEAST OF OBSCURITY

(by nick marino - nickmarino.net)







CAN JONAH ESCAPE THE BOWELS OF OBSCURITY?
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO BE SURE -- WATCH THE
DOCUMENTARY AND READ EVERY JONAH COMIC!

JONAH

REVISITED!

NIGHTFALL...



THE WILDERNESS ALIVE!
THE CREEPY CRAWLYS!
THE BLOOD THIRSTY!



THE CACKLING CALLS -
A CACOPHONY OF ASSERTIONS
AND LOSSES!



BLOOD SPILT, COOLING!
SINKING INTO THE DIRT,
THE EARTH, THE WATER...

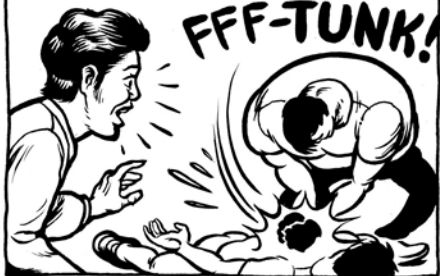


THAT WHICH GIVETH,
TAKETH.



THE CONSCIENCIOUS WILL
GIVE. NOT TO WASTE, BUT
TO DIVIDE & SHARE IN
THIS EVER CHURNING CYCLE.

FFF-TUNK!



ONLY THE HUNGRY, AND
BLIND WILL DEVOUR!

HAHAHARRR!!!



THOUGH UNNECESSARY
SLAYING NEVER MADE A
MASTER!

HAHAHAH!!!



OPPRESSION FEEDING OFF
THE VICTIM ...

HAHAHAHARR!!

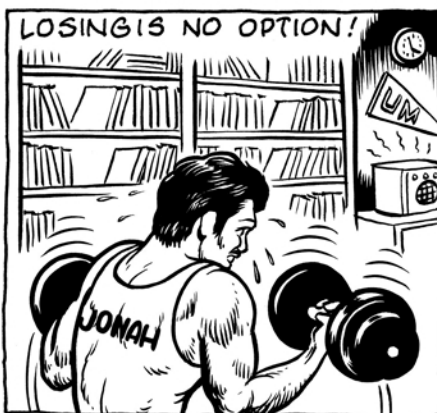


LIKE A VAMPIRE!

HAHAHAR!!!



LOSING IS NO OPTION!



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

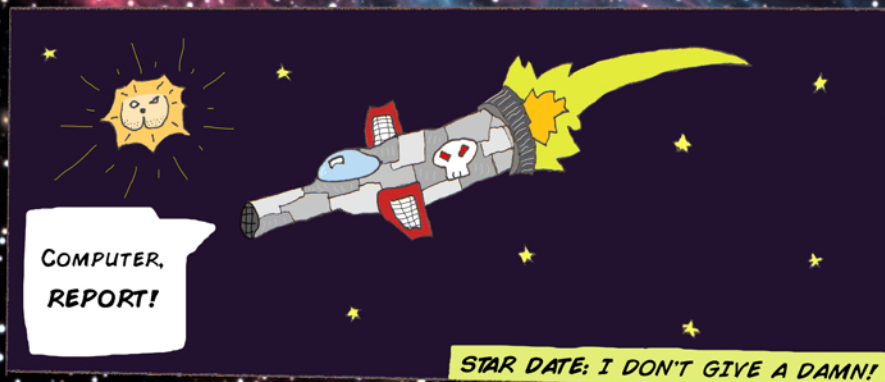


SOCK TALK
WITH PHIL HEALY & JON CARON

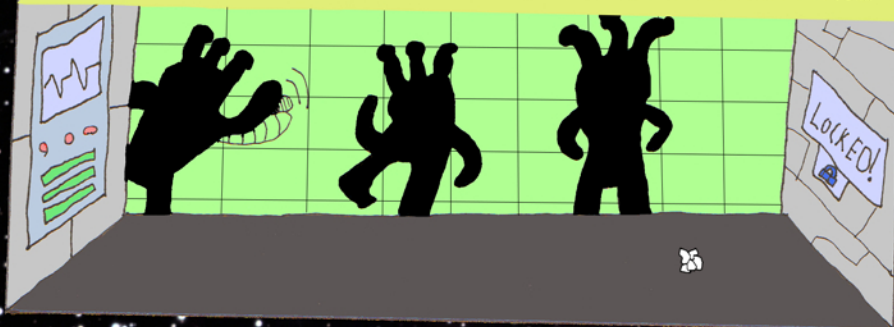
WWW.SOCKTALKPODCAST.WORDPRESS.COM

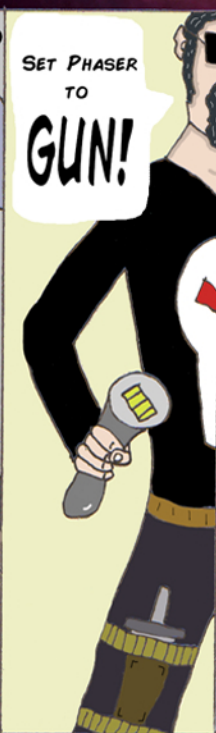
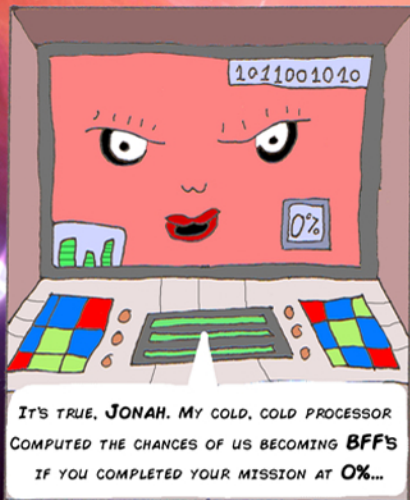
OUR HERO JONAH IN: TOO COOL TO DIE!

BY JEREMY STEINKAMP

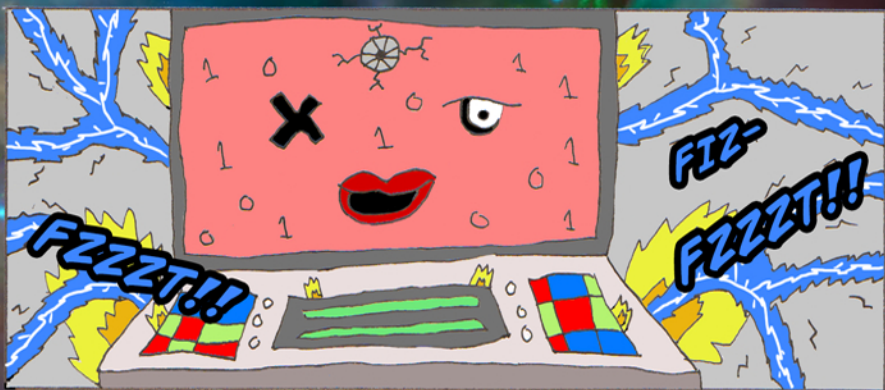
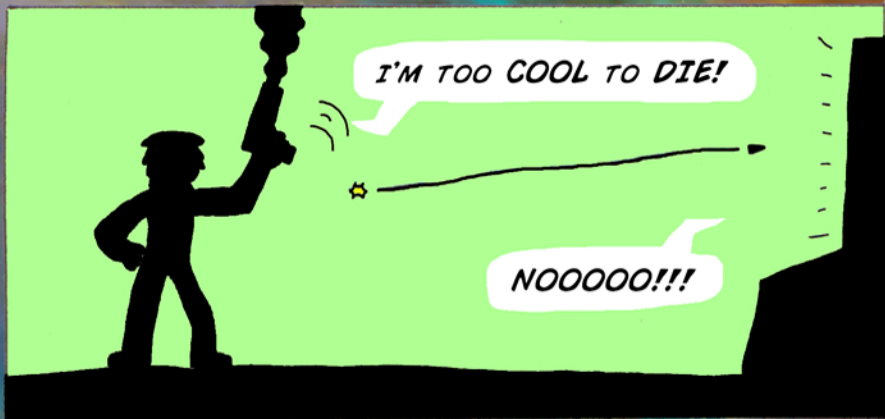


MISSION TO EXTRACT HOSTILE FORCE AND EJECT INTO SUN ALMOST COMPLETE...











UH...YUP!



THEN, YEAH,
PROBABLY...



YESSSSSS!!!



END!

John



WHAT FOLLOWS IS A TRANSCRIPT OF THE ONLY KNOWN
SURVIVING ELEMENTS OF THE LOST SEASON 1 FINALE
OF LEATHER WIZZARD AND MUSTACHE-WÜLF; A
CHILDREN'S TELEVISION SERIES THAT, IF PRODUCED,
WOULD HAVE CATAPULTED A YOUNG JONAH (ESSAYING THE
ROLE OF MUSTACHE-WÜLF) INTO THE POP CULTURE
LANDSCAPE IN MUCH THE SAME WAY THAT BRUCE LEE
BENEFITTED FROM HIS INVOLMENT WITH THE GREEN
HORNET TELEVISION PROGRAM. THIS TREATMENT, DATED
NOVEMBER 6TH, 1973, WAS INTENDED TO BE THE FINAL
SHOOTING DRAFT.

FADE IN:

INT. GLITTERSTEIN'S HIDEOUT BEHIND PLATO'S DUNGEON

The room is completely silent and enshrouded in darkness.

Suddenly garish red and purple lights flash to life, illuminating the figure of the Leather Wizzard lashed to a giant gold record. Sweat pours from under his leather face mask and his breathing is ragged as if he has been drugged.

Glitterstein stands before the Wizzard decked out in a gold lame bodysuit ending in 6 inch platform boots adorned with inverted pentagrams.

His face, ragged with the scars of his creation is twisted into a sardonic grin. His long blond hair, festooned with the star-like sparkling of his namesake, plays at his shoulders like the waters of a gentle lake.

GLITTERSTEIN

Why if it isn't the Leather Wizzard, all strung up and stung out! Well, let's keep this party going shall we! Ready for this lil' wig wam bam baby?

Glitterstein produces an impossibly large syringe from god knows where! I mean c'mon, that outfit is skin tight, and there are zero pockets visible. Anyway, needle.

As he draws ever closer to his victim, the opposite wall explodes in a shower of crumbling mortar and a thick miasma of grey dust. Through the newly created aperture leaps Mustache-Wulf. He lands and crouches like a jungle predator; the lights playing off his ever present sunglasses which hide his eyes! which if visible would give new definition to !thousand-yard stare!.

MUSTACHE-WULF

All right, the game's up you sparkling sicko!

Glitterstein places his hands on his hips and unleashes a peel of laughter both musical and blood curdling.

GLITTERSTEIN

Oh yeah, ya hairy lipped lout? You obviously forgot my crack squad of groovy goons! Are you ready Velvet Vampire?

From a place unseen, a voice suited for both Top of the Pops and the lowest level of hell rings out!

Velvet Vampire (V.O.)

Uh-huh.

GLITTERSTEIN

Wigwolf?

For the second time comes a voice from the darkness, this one is primal, slightly feminine, but still totally into the ladies!

Yeah.

Wigwolf (V.O.)

GLITTERSTEIN

'Lectric Lyzzaard? And, you guessed it, a voice!darkness!etc. This one is sorta like the sound of speaking while gargling Drain-o!

O.k.

'Lectric Lyzzaard (V.O.)

GLITTERSTEIN

All right fellas, let's go!

From out of the stygian corners of the room leap a horror-show undreamed by mortal men and like 65 -70% of all women. These are Glitterstein's trusted uber-alles!literal monsters of rock!

Formerly the rock n' rollers known as Temporary Suicide, these lipstick lovin' lads were perverted by Glitterstein's arcane magic into demons of the night armed with bladed guitars and a bloodlust unmatched by a thousand rabid jackals!

Mustache-Wulf grins as they begin to circle him like so many vultures.

MUSTACHE-WULF

Let's rock, you calamitous cretins!

Mustache-Wulf tackles the beastly brood head on, engaging in a battle of outrageous savagery, violence and B-sharps.

But, like the foul fiend he is, Glitterstein uses the fray as a diversion to make his way to our helpless hero. Producing a sword of star-borne origin, the fiend thrusts it forward into the heart of Leather Wizzard! Again and again he delivers the savage sting!

GLITTERSTEIN

Die! Die! Die! Let thy blood be a blasphemous baptism so that my lord and master, Glam God may rise and lay waste to this foul dimension!

MUSTACHE-WULF

Leather Wizzard my friend!

Mustache-Wulf makes his way to his fallen friend, pushing Glitterstein to the side in his furor.

Suddenly the roof of Glitterstein's Hideout is torn asunder as a 40 foot claw adorned with electric blue nail polish reaches down and grabs Mustache-Wulf, who quickly frees a hand that contains his signature weapon, the Hell Harp.

MUSTACHE-WULF

Sorry Charlie, but my dance card is full!



Presented above is a rare pre-painting sketch of the ad that was to run in newspapers nationwide to announce the senses-shattering Season 1 finale of LEATHER WIZZARD AND MUSTACHE-

WOLF. (Note Jonah without his trademarked shades as the photographic reference utilized was taken from a rare behind the scenes still. Additionally by eye-witness accounts, Glitterstein's logo would change before the final episode was shot.)

JONAH

**COLLECT ALL SIX
ACTION FIGURES!**

**SKULL
RANGER**

JONAH

**BLACK
PHANTOM**

CAND
KAPLAN

**PLUMED
AVENGER**

**BUFFALO
SOLDIER**

WARRIADD

EACH SOLD SEPERATELY.

WHEREVER TOYS ARE SOLD!

AGES 4 AND UP

JONACO

THE MISERY CONTINUES. JONAH'S SLEEP DEPRIVED MIND IS PUERED FROM THE INTER-DIMENSIONAL LEAP. HIS BATTERED BODY IS VANTA FLESH POUNDED BY A BARBED WIRE Mallet. SPIRIT NUMBED FROM ALL THAT CAME BEFORE, THE BRUTALITY OF THE GUARDS IS JUST THE CURRENT ASSAULT.



WITHIN THE WALLS OF NOSTROMO ENFORCED PRISONER SUBMISSION HAS EVOLVED BEYOND TECHNO. NIGHTMARE. THE FIRST STOP FOR ALL CELL WARRIORS IS SIMPLY KNOWN AS THE CHAMBER.



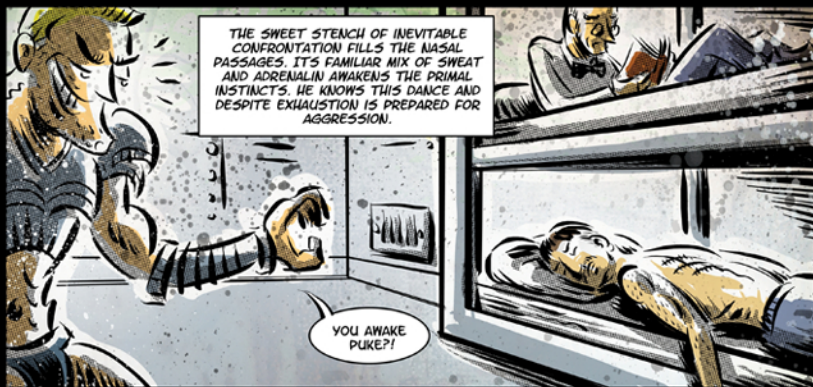
**THE FIERCE ADVENTURES OF
JONAH**
CHAPTER 4:
THE COSMIC TRAP
STORY BY: ADAM D LOVETT
ART BY: JOE BADON

WHERE'S
THIS PRISONER'S
JACKET?

PAPERWORK
MUST'NT HAVE
ARRIVED YET.
MUST'VE SNUCK
OFF YESTERDAY'S
TRANSPORT

GOOD
THING HE
WAS APPREHENDED
IN CORRIDOR C1 BEFORE
HE GOT ANY FURTHER.
WONDER HOW HE GOT
PAST THE SECURITY
GRID?





THE SWEET STENCH OF INEVITABLE CONFRONTATION FILLS THE NASAL PASSAGES. IT'S FAMILIAR MIX OF SWEAT AND ADRENALIN AWAKENS THE PRIMAL INSTINCTS. HE KNOWS THIS DANCE AND DESPITE EXHAUSTION IS PREPARED FOR AGGRESSION.

YOU AWAKE PUKE?!



LEG SWEEP



TRIP!



THE WARRIOR UNLEASHED ONCE MORE. A CATHARTIC TSUNAMI OF RAMPAGING SAVAGERY EXPLODES AS EACH BLOW EXPUNGES THE RAGING TORMENT WITHIN.

THE SOUND OF HIS FOES SKULL FRACTURING WITH FEROCITY SOOTHES. ENDORPHINS RELEASED THROUGH GRITTED TEETH. HE LIKES IT, HE CAN'T HELP BUT SMILE, UNTIL.....



A THOUSAND DAGGERS AGONIZING HOT SPIKES. EVERY CORPUSCLE AFLAME. THIS IS AN EXCRUCIATION BEYOND ALL THAT HAVE COME BEFORE. EVERY ATOM IN HIS BODY EXPLODES INSTANTANEOUSLY.





...THE STARS? A FLOATING SHIP? NARG HEADS FILLED ME WITH BUGS THAT...

YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT INTERSTELLAR TRANSPORT AND ROBO-ELECTRIC...

I KNOW FIRE. I KNOW STEEL. I KNOW FLESH. I KNOW THE TASTE OF WOMEN, BEAST, BLOOD. WITCHES, SORCERERS FLY, NEVER BELIEVED

SO YOU'RE FROM SOME PRIMITIVE PLANET?

PR-IM-IT-IVE!

WHOOA, WHOOA THERE MY NEW FRIEND. I JUST MEANT YOU'RE FROM TIMES OF OLD BEFORE...WHAT PLANET ARE YOU FROM ANYWAY?

PLANET? I COME FROM THE LAND OF WARRIAD!



UTTERING THE NAME OF HIS HOME, "WARRIAD" THE MEMORIES RETURN LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT OF TOTAL RECALL. MURDERED LOVE, VOLCANIC RAGE, WRATH OF GOD REVEGE ALL FRESH WOUNDS REOPEN. THE DRUID, THE DEVICE...THEN WHAT? HERE?!

WARRIAD...



THE CONFUSION EVAPORATES. THINGS ARE SIMPLE AGAIN FOR THIS BARBARIC WARRIOR. HE IS CAGED. SOMEONE THINKS THEY HAVE HIM TRAPPED AND CAN CONTAIN HIM. HE MAY NOT KNOW HIS DESTINY BUT HE KNOWS WHAT MUST BE DONE. HE MUST ESCAPE! NOTHING WILL STAND IN HIS WAY AND THERE WILL BE BLOOD, RIVERS OF BLOOD BEFORE HE IS DONE.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Jonah



Hey Jonah! Check me out, I'm one of those X-Men.

My mutant power is emitting solid fart cubes.



Here comes one now.





DISPATCHES FROM DEATH



Dear Jonah Gang,
The Jonah Comic Co. has exceeded all past, present, and future comic organizations. I believe you have the greatest staff in the comic world today. In my opinion, JONAH FCBD #4 is your best mag, and lives up to it's name as 'FREE'. What I don't get though is why Jonah has to treat that kid so badly. The kid just wants a pal. Hasn't Jonah ever wanted a pal? Please answer my question seriously and not with a joke, as you usually do.

Phillip Pearson, Box 87
Kendrike, Ohio

Shut the fuck up Phil.

-JONAH-

Hey Jonah!

Can you tell me more about the magic harmonica on page 8 of issue #4?

Sally Feldman, 1313 Wyman Rd.
Garybrooks, MI

Dear sweet Sally, what you "SEE" is what you "GET". All you need know is "I" blow the meanest blues harp this side of the Milky Way.

-JONAH-

As usual, I expected the unexpected in this issue and I wasn't dissappointed. But one question, if I may... why don't the artists show the aftermath of all the spurts of blood? Who cleans up after Jonah?

Thomas Baiely
TX

Baiely, huh? I knew a guy with your last name when I was in the Army doing Special Ops.

-JONAH-

Dear FCBD dudes,
The worlds weightlifting record, set in 1957 by a 364-pound man... six thousand pounds! I'd like to believe Jonah could lift that. If I come over and video-tape him, will he do it for me?

Peter Snydererson, Jr. 27 Senetor Way Ln.
Milton, MA

PETE!

Do you have a sister? I'll do it for her and her videocamera. In a pinch I'll have my manager/best friend, Skip, video tape me, and we can just send her the footage.

-JONAH-

Yo yo,
Jonah is in the 1st dimension in issue #3. And yet in Issue number 4 there is no mention of this AND he jumps into a BLACK HOLE!!! Wouldn't this kill him? How did he get out of the 1st dimension back into ours? What dimesnion did the black hole send him to?

Terry Squires Sector 2814

The "ONLY" dimesnion that matters is the "ONE" that "I" am "IN". You dig?

-JONAH-



