



01  
\$3.50

RYAN BROWNE OBNOXIOUSLY PRESENTS...

# GOD HATES ASTRONAUTS

WITH JORDAN BOYD + CHRIS CRANK





# GOD HATES ASTRONAUTS

Artisianally written and drawn for the page by the ever virtuous  
**RYAN "WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT'S NOT BUTTER?" BROWNE**

Made to be in glorious color by  
**JORDAN "DON'T CALL ME JORDAN" BOYD**

Slammed with letters in the proper order by  
**CHRIS "CRANK" CRANK**

Fanciful design elements by the ever designful  
**THOMAS "THE NICKNAME" QUINN**

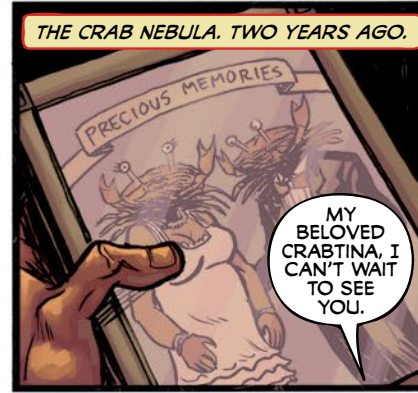
Cover A by the easily confused  
**RYAN "SORRY FOLKS!" BROWNE**

Cover B by amazingly amazing  
**GEOF "AMAZING" DARROW AND RYAN "THUMBS DOWN" BROWNE**

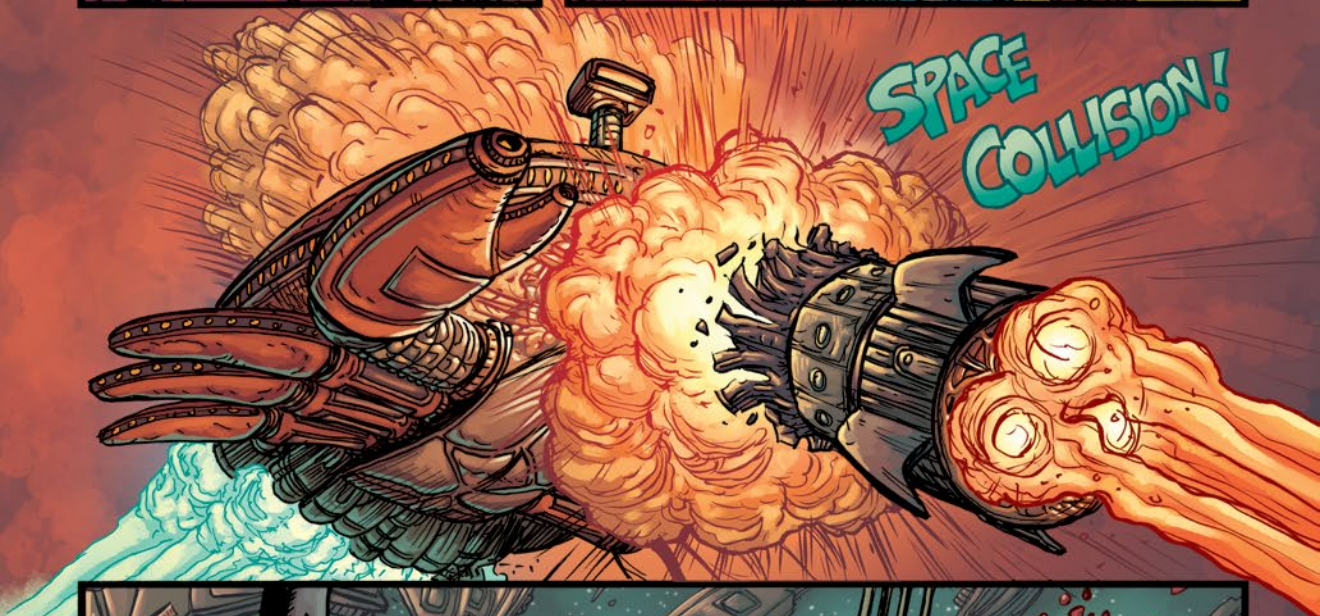
Check out everything God Hates Astronomy on the web at  
**GODHATESASTRONAUTS.COM**

Follow Ryan's ass on Instagram and Twitter  
**@RYANBROWNEART**

Know that you are a great person for buying this comic  
and an even greater person for telling  
your friends. Ryan needs every  
money in the world.







PRESENTING

# GOD HATES ASTRONAUTS

NO. 1

## A STAR IS BORN

*The first part of what will eventually be a multi-part epic of the highest order resulting in five whole parts to read and enjoy in the bathtub or while riding an elliptical machine.*

**PRESS START**

WITH YOUR

**MIND-FINGER**

**TO CONTINUE**





A FARMHOUSE.

ON A FARM.

WITH FARMERS INSIDE.

I'M A SCARED, BOSS!

WELL, NOT JUST FARMERS...

...ASTRO-FARMERS.



WHAT IF NASA BLASTS OUR ASSES?

MY DEAR DISCIPLES, WE WILL NOT BE ASS BLASTED BECAUSE WE HAVE DIVINE PURPOSE!



THEY MAY TRY TO KEEP US GROUNDED WITH THEIR "LAWS" AND "SPACE-REGULATIONS" BUT IN THE END THEY SHALL FAIL!

THE GOLDEN MOON-HEAVEN AWAITS US ALL!



DUH! TELL US A STORY, LORD ASTRO-FARMER!

ALRIGHT THEN, MY SON, I SHALL TELL YOU OF MY AWAKENING AT THE HANDS OF THE EARTHLING'S UNJUST PERSECUTION!

YAY! STORY!

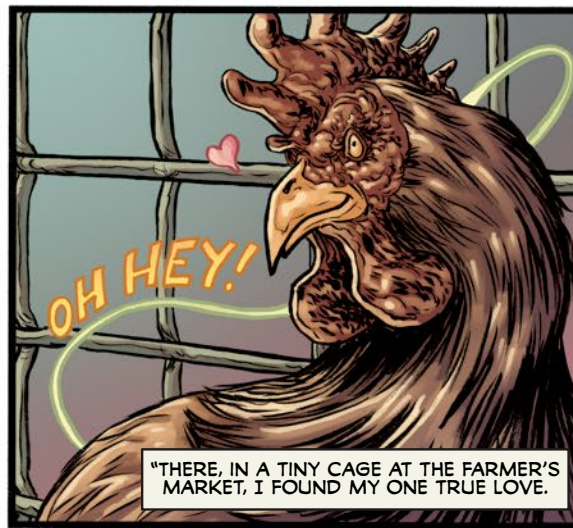


IT WAS THREE YEARS AGO... BEFORE I HAD AWOKEN TO MY FULL POTENTIAL AS LORD ASTRO-FARMER.

I WAS JUST A SIMPLE FARMER WHO LONGED FOR THE COMFORTING PLEASURES OF COMPANIONSHIP AND OR SEXUAL INTERCOURSE. BUT TRUE LOVE HAD ALWAYS ELUDED MY PENIS.



"UNTIL--LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING TO THE PENIS--I HAD FOUND MY LIFE-PARTNER!"



OH HEY!

"THERE, IN A TINY CAGE AT THE FARMER'S MARKET, I FOUND MY ONE TRUE LOVE.



UH, PLEASE DON'T HAVE SEX WITH THAT CHICKEN.

"I BOUGHT THAT SWEET LADY AND NAMED HER HENNIFER.



"WE BECAME INSTANT SOUL-MATES. DESPITE THE LAWS OF MAN, HENNIFER AND I KNEW IN OUR HEARTS THAT WE'D BE TOGETHER UNTIL THE END OF TIME AND SPACE.

"BUT THEN..."



"THAT HORRIBLE CHICKEN VENDOR CALLED THE COPS ON US AND THEY HAULED ME OFF TO JAIL!"

HENNIFER! WAIT FOR ME, BABY!

UG! I'M GOING TO FUCKING PUKE!

THEY CAN'T KEEP US APART!

"HOW COULD THEY SAY THAT TRUE LOVE IS AGAINST THE LAW?!"





"BUT NO PRISON WALLS COULD KEEP ME FROM MY SEXUAL DESIRES FOR THAT LOVELY CHICKEN."



"I HAD ESCAPED, BUT WE KNEW THE ONLY WAY WE COULD BE TOGETHER WAS TO PLAY BY THEIR RULES."



SO I WAS LIKE, GO AWAY YOU DIRTY-ASS HOBO--AND THEN I STABBED HIM IN THE EYE WITH MY UMBRELL--

"SO I FOUND THE WORST WOMAN IMAGINABLE. SOMEONE THAT THE WORLD WOULDN'T MISS."



--LAAAHH!!

I'M SORRY!

HAMMER TIME!



"I HAD SEEN ENOUGH FILMS WHERE THEY PUT ELECTRICAL CURRENT THROUGH CONNECTED METAL HATS, SO I FIGURED IT WAS WORTH A SHOT."



COME ON, YOU GOTTA WORK!

FLICK!



AMAZINGLY, THE EXPERIMENT WORKED. I THOUGHT ALL WOULD BE AT PEACE BUT HENNIFER AND I WERE PERSECUTED MORE THAN EVER.

THAT'S WHEN THE GREAT SPACE GOD SPOKE TO ME AND GAVE ME A VISION OF WHAT WE HAD TO DO.



WE NEEDED TO LEAVE THIS WORLD AND JOIN HIM IN GOLDEN MOON-HEAVEN. HE ANOINTED ME LORD ASTRO-FARMER AND GAVE ME ALL OF YOU AS DISCIPLES.

HE PROMISED ALL OF US PEACE AND TOTAL SEXUAL FREEDOM ONCE WE LIVE WITH HIM IN HIS MOON MANSION.



ARE YOU READY, MY LOVE?

BUCK-BUCK!

NOW WE ARE FORCED TO BREAK NASA LAW AND LAUNCH OURSELVES INTO SPACE WITH OUR HOMEMADE ROCKET SILO.

THOSE HORRIBLE "POWER PERSONS FIVE" WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO KEEP US FROM OUR DESTINIES. WE MUST ACT BEFORE THE SUN RISES!



THANKS TO THE GREAT SPACE GOD OUR LOVE SHALL PREVAIL!

HOPE!



TO THE ROCKET SILO! PREPARE YOUR SOULS TO SAY HELLO TO THE STARS!

CLUCK!

CREEK!





HOLD IT RIGHT THERE YOU SEXUALLY DEVIANT ASTRO-FARMERS!

YOUR ASSES BE BUSTED BY NASA AND THE POWER PERSONS FIVE!

NOW JUST LAY DOWN ON THE GROUND SO WE CAN ARREST YOU N' SHIT.

OH, FOR FUCKS SAKE.

BEAUTIFULLY SAID AS ALWAYS, STAR GRASS.

HEY THERE EVERYBODY! IT'S YOUR OLD PAL, 3-D COWBOY!

WANNA' KNOW WHO ALL THESE CRAZY NASA FOLKS ARE?

YAH' DO? WELL FOLLOW ME!

© BROWNE 2014