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ISSUE  
**3**  
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\$3.99

JOE R. LANSDALE'S

# BUBBA HO-TEP

and the **COSMIC  
BLOOD-  
SUCKERS**



JABCUGA • GALUSHA • HILL

JOE R. LANSDALE'S

# BUBBA HO-TEP

## and the COSMIC BLOOD-SUCKERS

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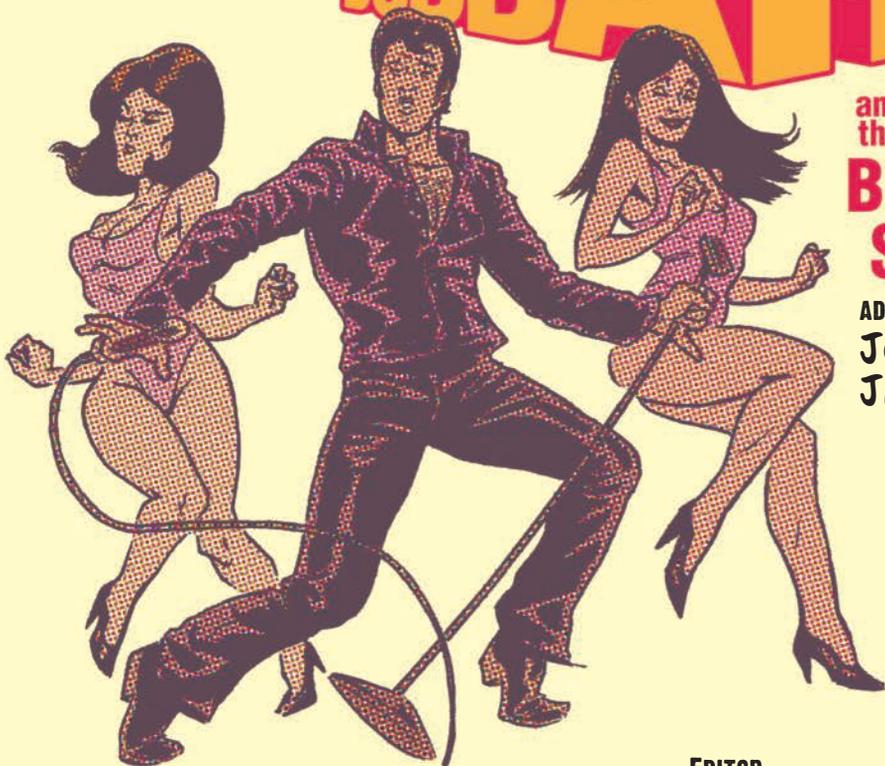
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THE TEAM WAITED FOR WHOM,  
OR WHAT, WOULD COME FIRST.



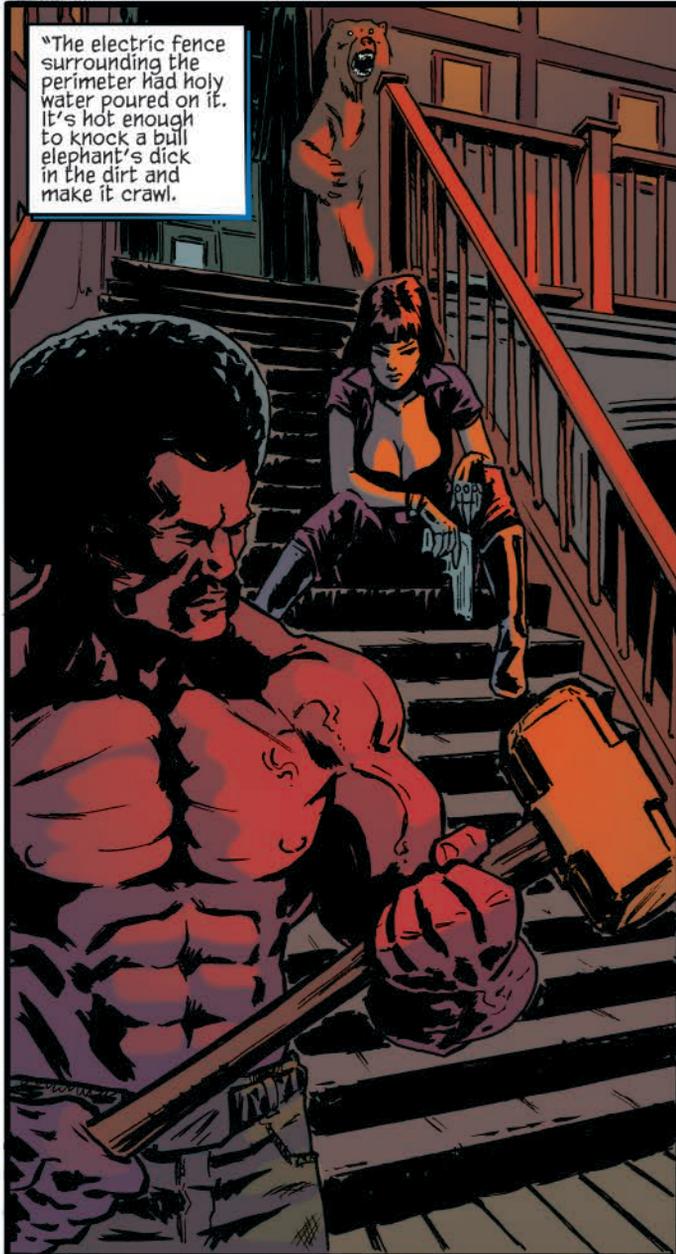
Well, I better go take a shit before they show up.

Stay vigilant. We're dealing with a stealthy bunch.

They won't get by us.

Perhaps not after today's preparations with the barriers.

"The electric fence surrounding the perimeter had holy water poured on it. It's hot enough to knock a bull elephant's dick in the dirt and make it crawl.



"Those ashes you all helped spread over the grounds today? They were from the remains of incinerated corpses blended with nun pee. And the flowerpots you placed on the porch and all around the house are filled with blessed soil shipped in from the graves of martyrs."





"Should they get past those defenses, there's the salt we dropped along every inch of the walls. There's the pubic hair of saints encased in amber in the window sills close to the ground.



"We added the fat of a sacrificed sheep on the steps. And there's the crossbow we secured at the top of the stairs. And our 3D goggles, just in case. Perhaps the fence alone will be enough to hold them.





**NGAAAAH!**

Oh! Oh!  
Oh Darlin'!

Either Bubba  
just had the  
best fuck of his  
life, or he slipped  
in the tub.



Come on demons,  
come on ghost. Got  
nine pounds of hammer,  
gonna die fighting  
with my hammer in  
my hand.

Personally, I  
think you should  
let me or Elvis do  
the singing.



I feel the  
presence of a  
very powerful  
evil. They are  
coming.



Beat  
them to  
it.



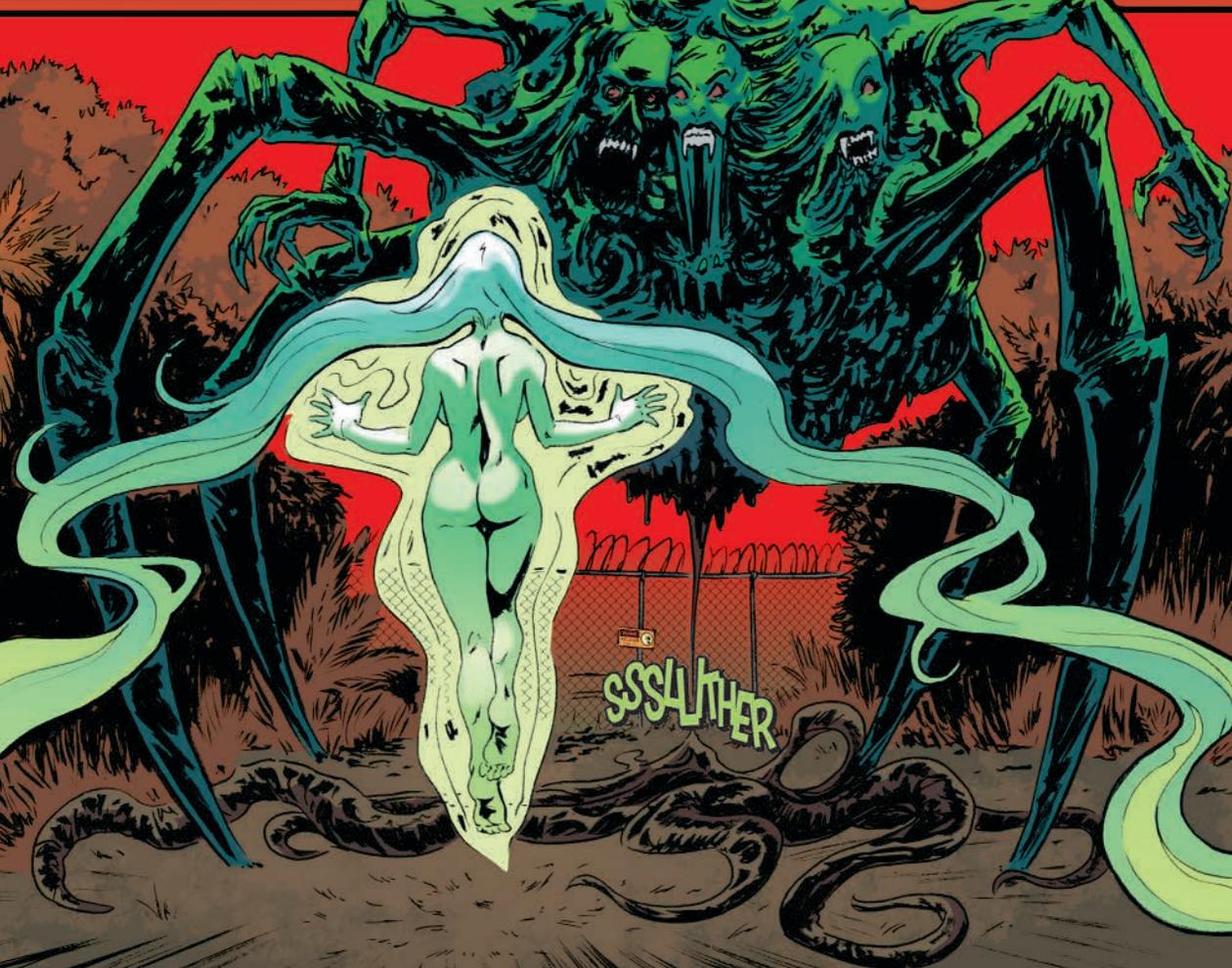
Don't  
you have  
something  
to do?



You'd think I'd be used to shit like this by now.



SCHRIIP



SSSLUTHER



**SPLAT**

**SMACK**

What the fuck, a giant beach ball?

Never mind that. Let's get after that sneaky ectoplasmic oil slick.