

[Navigation]



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Home
Login/Register
General
Rants
Neuron Snaps
American Propaganda
Jesus B. H. Christ
OBL's Dispatches
Photoshoppery
The Red Pen
NO STRING
Misc Interest
Philosophy
Site Info
Random
Forum Junk
Art
Reviews
Caption This!
Dissections
Chick
Gonterman
Comics
Horus
Incessant Screaming
Hitler
Election 2k4
PMD
Bush's Brain
Galleries
Hand-Drawn
Info
About/Bio/Contact
[Links]
Words
Desperance
FireDogLake
Infidel753
Nicest Girl and Destroyer of Planets
Wet Machine
Crooks & Liars
GeekDroppings
Curmudgette
RudePundit
Suspect Device
Plato's Playground
Comics Curmudgeon
The Lovable Atomic Mongrel
Jon Swift

Chick Dissection | The Missing Day

– Jabberwock | 6/10/2007 @ 9:04 am | Filed under:

Jack Chick Dissections

The nation that stops being thankful and forgets God is heading for judgement.

Alec has a great introduction for this one: "There's something I like to call a 'Dude Point'. In passing it, the only reasonable reaction from the given crowd to anything you say is '...dude'. Chick passed the Dude Point of reasonable people in the 90s, what with prophesying the end times, the Gog-Russia interpretation of the Apocalypse, and claiming the Catholics are responsible for Islam, etc. Surely this is him passing the dude point of even the fundamentalist crazies."

Just... just see for yourself. This is certainly not as crazy as Fairy Tales, but it's up there.



Surely, he is the turkey messiah!



Wow, Hitler's really been letting himself go.

"So how's der Juden — I mean... how's dinner coming, Lucy?"

His first two statements seem like they're entirely unrelated to each other, especially if you read it that he's talking about, y'know, the *mob* mob. "The mob is on the way! They just called, we're due with our protection payment. So how's dinner coming?"

"It'll be on time... I hope **they** will. I cooked a bomb into the turkey. I'm going to wipe those motherfucking mafioso pricks right out."

So... people sensitive to their blood-sugar levels, people who watch football, and people who aren't disingenuously respectful of other people's cooking are all bad people?

I'm surprised there's not an "[I brake for trees](#)" sticker or something on the back of one of these cars.

@!!!**!

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Archives

- [June 2007](#)
- [May 2007](#)
- [April 2007](#)
- [March 2007](#)
- [February 2007](#)
- [January 2007](#)
- [November 2006](#)
- [October 2006](#)
- [September 2006](#)
- [August 2006](#)
- [July 2006](#)
- [June 2006](#)
- [May 2006](#)
- [April 2006](#)
- [March 2006](#)
- [February 2006](#)
- [January 2006](#)
- [December 2005](#)
- [November 2005](#)
- [October 2005](#)
- [September 2005](#)
- [August 2005](#)
- [July 2005](#)
- [June 2005](#)
- [May 2005](#)
- [April 2005](#)
- [March 2005](#)
- [February 2005](#)
- [January 2005](#)
- [December 2004](#)
- [November 2004](#)
- [October 2004](#)
- [September 2004](#)
- [December 2003](#)
- [November 2003](#)

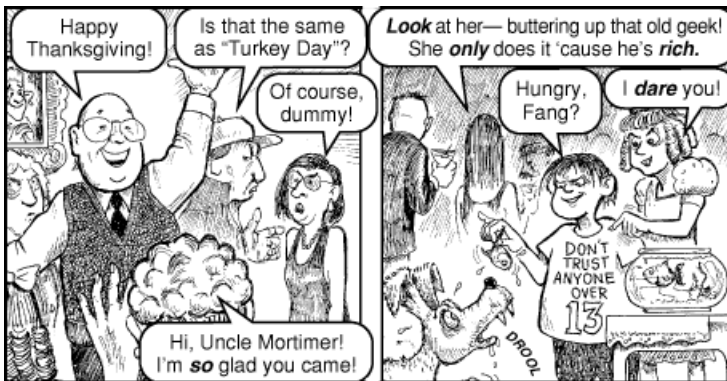


Wait a second... these people aren't the mafia. What the hell's going on, here? We've been misled!

I sure hope he's being ironic when he says "anybody home?" If not, he's demonstrating such a thorough obliviousness to his surroundings that it's a wonder he's not still at home walking repeatedly into a wall, nude, pissing all over, repeatedly asking anyone who might be within range what's making that thumping sound.

The guy in the portrait on the back wall is probably so unhappy and terrified-looking because *every sound that is ever made anywhere on the surface of the Earth rattles in his gargantuan fucking ears like the drum solo from In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida.*

This is a pretty diverse family. Let's see, from left to right starting in the bottom left corner, we've got some kind of man-fish chimera having an allergic reaction, Zippy the Pinhead wearing a fake nose and glasses, a woman who angrily thinks hiccups, a dwarf with thinning hair who wants everyone dead, a goth woman who speaks through an anus in her chest, a tattooed goon with a blond woman's head grafted to his shoulder and Margaret from Dennis the Menace for a crotch who's apparently moved to tears by people coming to the door, Cousin It with a haircut, the girl from The Little Ghost all grown up and taking pictures (top), Professor Moriarty (bottom), a psychotically gleeful newscaster type, an Asian gangsta rapper, the world's littlest drug dealer, and a transvestite Jewish caricature.



Aaaand three panels in, we've already begun the full downward spiral into madness, our fall to be cushioned by a soft mound of puffy, sun-dried bullshit.

"DURR... IS THAT THE SAME AS 'TURKEY DAY'!?!?"

I'm willing to bet there's not a single individual in the world who thinks of "Turkey Day" as anything but just a nickname for Thanksgiving based on the meal commonly associated with the day. It's not like there are all these families in America just eating a huge turkey dinner once a year without really having any inkling at all what any of the contextual history might be. "Hey, mom... why do we keep arbitrarily eating a turkey on the fourth Thursday of every November?" "You know, honey, I... I don't know!" It's like he heard the term "Turkey Day" once in reference to Thanksgiving and panicked, thinking all of America had forgotten what Thanksgiving was.

By the way, I've noticed yet another Chick trend: Nobody who's fundamentalist is ever unhappy, and nobody who isn't fundamentalist is ever happy.

"Whoa-ho-ho, everyone! Three of my vertebrae just dissolved! Happy Thanksgiving! Falling backwards! Huhuhwhee!"

Fang!

- [September 2003](#)
- [August 2003](#)
- [November 2002](#)
- [September 2002](#)
- [May 2002](#)
- [April 2002](#)
- [March 2002](#)

June 2007

M T W T F S S

1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 11 12 13 14 15 16 17
 18 19 20 21 22 23 24
 25 26 27 28 29 30
 < May

Search

Meta/RSS

- [RSS 2.0](#)
- [Comments RSS 2.0](#)
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He's not startled by the children's lack of knowledge about Thanksgiving, it's that a sniper just blew off the back of his skull.

This is nearly as bad as "Jesus? Who's he?" Actually, in some ways, it's even more ridiculous. The idea that schools would ignore a key event in American colonization simply because it's celebrated today as a holiday where Christians give thanks to God is just plain retarded. It's like saying that nobody can mention Memorial Day because people often pray for the dead. And the "exclusively Christian" implication, here, about the nature of Thanksgiving is highly suspect. I'm about as secular as a person can get, but I still celebrate Thanksgiving. It's a day to get together with family and be generally thankful — not necessarily to any kind of deity — for and appreciative of what you have.

And why would these kids be given a day off from school if the school didn't recognize the holiday? Like, what, they're going to let kids out for a couple days for no other reason but to eat turkey? Most schools would be all "you can do that on the weekend." Ridiculous.

By the way, this is kind of a big "fuck you" to everyone in any country but America and Canada. "What's that? You don't celebrate Thanksgiving? Hahaha! You're going to hell!"

So, uh, listening to this guy's story is going to somehow result in the reception of money... how... exactly?

@!!!**, you guys! Seriously, @!!!**!



"What do you mean, 'shut up'? We don't have to listen to you, lady! Your head is a fuckin' bran muffin!"

["Puritans were known for mocking other people's hats to random passersby."] "Have... have you seen that woman's hat? Look at that thing! It's like a cowboy hat custom tailored for the boss from Dilbert." ["Hollanders were known for their baby-attacking birds."]

Erm, a quick history lesson that is suspiciously missing from this Tract: Puritans didn't want to "reach the lost", they moved from England because they felt the Church of England had become corrupt beyond repair, and because they were "persecuted" for not conforming to it. During and after the English Civil War, many Puritans even returned to England. So, uh, bullshit, Jack.



Man, those poor, poor people. This "unspeakable nightmare" must've been the worst and most painful boat ride to America ever!

One would think, if the rats were sitting out in plain sight like that, that they'd have, oh, I dunno, thrown them overboard or something. Of course, nowhere have I been able to find anything that talks about rat-infested food aboard the

Mayflower. Then again, I guess it could be pretty much taken as read that *all* food in that time period was infested with rats.

Uh-oh! What could it be? What could possibly be watching them from behind the trees? I'M SCARED!



Uh, where they landed, they found a Native American village and cultivated fields, you fucking liar. That's where they found corn and corpses that had been buried by Native Americans. And seriously, come on, God has nothing to do with people finding corn. THINGS EXIST. PEOPLE CAN FIND THEM. That's like getting all celebratory and thankful to God for finding the remote behind the couch cushion. Truly the act of location is a miracle! Did God help them unearth the dead as well? "Oh, Lord, thank you for guiding us to find this rotting, maggotty corpse of a total stranger. Truly you are mighty."

And God encouraged them to steal corn from others? Should we take this to be Jack's endorsement of theft by the needy?

They arrived at the beginning of winter, and remained aboard the Mayflower. That's where sickness wiped out half of the boat's crew and nearly half of the Pilgrims themselves. The following spring was when they built shelters.

In the first panel, there appear to be tiny meteors pelting a snake, for some reason.



Doomed, you say? Why, that calls for the Doom Song! o/` Doom doom doom, doom-doom-doom-doom, doomy doom doom, doom-doom-doom-doom...

Death was indeed "all around" them — look at how fat he's gotten. When that Death sits around the settlement, he *really* sits around the settlement. Hey-ohhhh!

At least the Pilgrims still had relatively sharp razors. Two months of travel across the ocean and an even longer period of time sitting aboard the boat, and this guy has barely a week's worth of stubble. You know, why would Chick think these people wouldn't have tried to grow beards? It was *fucking freezing* and any additional protection from the elements would've been really helpful.

Eek! Who could it be? *Who*, I ask, *who*?



Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit.

The Pilgrims — specifically the Shallop party — first saw the Native Americans on an exploration of the area the first December after they landed. The natives ran, then attacked with arrows the next morning, eventually being driven off with the settlers' guns. This tribe had already had experience with English settlers from several years prior, when Thomas Hunt rounded them up and tried to sell them as slaves. This was the same reason Squanto — or, rather, Tisquantum — spoke English. Of course, that doesn't explain why he has a head about 1.5 times larger than the guy standing next to him offering him the invisible grapefruit, or why he appears to be a statue of George Washington carved out of wood.

And come on, it's not like people didn't know how to fish before they came to America.

"The Pilgrims praised God for letting them live. They honored and thanked God for bringing them to America. The Native Americans? Meh, fuck 'em, it was all God."

In reality, though the original Thanksgiving indeed included a prayer to God, the Pilgrims were far more thankful to Squanto and the Native Americans who helped them survive their harsh arrival in the New World.

So, again, I'd just like to stress: Bullshit.



Trouble? Right here in River City?

That kid is WAY too excited. And gropey. What's with the death-grip on the guy's arm like that?

Yes, God really saved their necks. You know, when they found the corn he buried in the ground near his ancestors, and when he was extremely kind and helpful toward them even though they stole from him and years before kidnapped and

tried to enslave him, and when he taught them how to plant New World crops. Yeah, God really saved them, didn't he?

"BLBLBLBLARGHH! WHAT DO YOU MEAN, TROUBLE? I'VE GOT ALL THE FOOD I CAN EAT! AND TRUST ME, I'VE TRIED TO EXHAUST THE SUPPLY! BLBLLALUBLUBLARGH!"



Hahaha, hold on, when was it "our most honored day"? I really don't get what Jack is trying to argue with this, either. Is Thanksgiving supposed to be more honored than Christmas? Easter? Does he want it to be?

Yeah people on the brink of total starvation, suffering from very serious disease like scurvy, tuberculosis and pneumonia, freezing in the harsh winter of an unfamiliar place, lost and hundreds of miles north of where they expected to be, is exactly like people not being thankful. You're right, Jack.

God sounds worse and worse to me the more these people describe him. So now, he'll torture an *entire nation* for *all of fucking eternity* just because the nation in general has stopped being thankful. "If you don't obsessively thank me for every little normal thing that happens in your life with no real evidence of any kind of divine influence at all, I'm going to have demons stretch out your asshole with their spiny, giant dicks, and then shovel hot coals into you and use you to smoke the flesh of your loved ones like jerky. I AM LOVE!" "But... God, that sounds a little har—" "I SAID LOVE!"

You know, when you start going *that* bald, mullets look *even shittier* than they do with a full head of hair. And, y'know, why not just shave the whole damn thing? What's the point of hanging on to a wispy, goofy-looking ring circling your shiny melon?



"You're ruining our dinner! You know, the one that we're not eating yet. Let's go eat what you've been ruining!"

Er. "Kiss me"? Wh... what?

"I'm too mad to eat. So I'm just going to lazily rub this turkey leg up and down my lips sullenly."

"Billy, aren't you going to sit down and eat? You can talk with Uncle Mortimer later." "No thanks, mom! I don't need to eat as long as I got Jesus! Plus, Uncle Mortimer's fear-inducing stories that he's using to get me to believe what he does have kinda ruined my appetite. I think I might have an ulcer now."

Yes, everyone who's not Christian absolutely hates Jesus, and even hearing his name makes them angry. Why, what brilliant social observation!



Wow, that's more smug than even a cartoon face can possibly take.

"Jesus keeps your heart beating. He controls the very air you breathe. So DON'T PISS HIM OFF, if you know what's good for you. He could crush your heart like an overripe grape without even *touching* you. So just be *ass-kissingly thankful* that he doesn't kill you."

Blah blah, more goofy trinity shit. "**God himself** died for you. By which I mean, God made a physical manifestation of himself, and then *that* died. God was still alive the entire time. But they're the same thing. Exactly. Only, one of them was a physical manifestation, born to a human woman. But *exactly the same*. Oh, and the physical manifestation existed since the beginning of time, because it created the universe. So it needing to be born was really just kind of arbitrary, because he's omnipotent and could've just showed up fully-formed, and it probably would've made the whole process a lot quicker and easier." And etc., etc.



Actually, "**allowed**" isn't really the right word. I mean, if Jesus was destined to die from birth — which is the only thing that would make sense, because why would God create a physical manifestation for the purpose of it dying for people's sins if there wasn't a guarantee of him dying? — then he didn't just allow events to transpire and hope it'd end in his being tortured and killed. There had to have been a proactive manipulation of events by Jesus or God or whomever in order to bring about the inevitable crucifixion. So really, Jesus made mankind kill him. Or, rather, mankind didn't have a choice.

You know, it's never *really* Thanksgiving until you're told you're going to hell (or ordered to) by at least one family member.



I like this first panel a lot better as a non-sequitur. Just remove it from context entirely. Or, like, insert your own previous panel. Here are some examples:

- "I'd rather pull the gun out of my pocket and blow my fucking brains out than repeat this story one more time."
- The kid asks Uncle Mortimer, "why does God let retarded babies be made?"
- Uncle Mortimer farts the alphabet in Morse Code up to "Y".
- Uncle Mortimer, caught in thought, accidentally blurts, "if there's one thing I don't like about niggers..." then realizes he's speaking aloud.
- Unable to keep his turkey-fucking fetish a secret, Uncle Mortimer begins to tell the family. "There's something you all need to know... about... about what I did... to the turkey."
- Uncle Mortimer wraps up his war story with, "and that shrapnel is still embedded in my left testicle. You can even see it if you know what you're looking for."

"Jesus did something that **only** God could do. [Big, long, overcomplicated, contrived, bizarre process, the symbolism of which is extremely confusing and arbitrary and doesn't seem to really have any meaning at all, considering God is omnipotent.] Because only God could do that. Something God *can't* do, however, is just, y'know, forgive us outright. That's beyond God, sadly."

Is there any particular reason the big, tattooed goon is always quietly weeping?



Let's make this fun with Mad Libs! "For God so *farted* the world that he *spanked* his only begotten *marmalade*, that whosoever believeth in a *doorknob* should not *yodel*, but have everlasting *vomit*."

Oh, the absurdity just *tickles* me!



"Oh, no! Jesus has escaped! Sure, God could've wiped us out of existence at any time in the blink of an eye, being omnipotent and all, but this is *real* trouble! Granted, Jesus didn't kill us all down here while he had the chance, but, man, we're *dead meat*. And, I mean, apparently nearly everyone will still be coming to hell anyway, but, man, this is *really bad news*."

So why is Jesus the Faceless, Batman-Action God, here, but in [other Tracts](#), Faceless God can be found standing next to a guy with a beard in a robe?



"Hey, *you're* the one who wanted me to tell this story, you stupid old shit!"

You know, Jack, believe it or not, but many secular people really don't get as mortally offended by discussion about belief in God as fundamentalists get about discussion about lack of belief in God.

"HURMP FOUND SOME TURKEY ON THE CARPET HOMP HURMPH OH GOD AND CRANBERRY SAUCE HURMPH HOMP AND SOME STUFFING, TOO HOMP HURMP oh shit that was cat litter."



"GUESS WHO!?"

"Oh, right, here are a couple of passages that we can use to reinforce our beliefs even when they're logically inconsistent, incompatible with reality, demonstrably cruel or downright retarded! If we question our faith *at all* or start to think that it might not make sense, then it means we're going to hell! See? It keeps us rounded up with fear, just like I'd been talking about!"

The whole "fear of God" concept is really amusing. The idea is flawed in so many ways. First is the supposition that Christians are simply by definition good people, and that any action justified by "following God" or "listening to God" automatically makes the person doing it a good person. This is followed by the implication that Christians would otherwise be awful people without fearing eternal punishment, and that it's fear that prevents them from doing horrible things to other people. But the most amusing and troubling part of it is that it seems to place preference on being good through fear over being good of one's own volition. The implications for God and Christians are definitely unfavorable.



"Something nobody would ever say." "Stilted, unrealistic dialog!" "Ridiculous line." "Ridiculous response." "Goofy statement with retarded phrasing."

So basically, intelligence is demonic influence. The more rational a person becomes, and the more they operate in life by comparing observable reality to observable reality, the more blinded by demons they are. And in order to believe in God, you have to ignore the world around you, instead completely buying a description and explanation of reality that can't be observed that's an interpretation of something in a book definitely written by man that claims to be the word of God, the only evidence of its validity, of course, being its claim that it's the word of God. You know, it's really not much of a surprise that fundamentalist Christians are *some of the dumbest people who have ever fucking lived*.

Though, I can understand falling into it as a kid, because you don't really know any better and you don't really have any other perspective for comparison. Unfortunately, it seems that beyond a certain point, it becomes so self-reinforcing — thanks to passages like this — that it becomes almost impossible to get them to see any perspective but their own, because their perspective says that any other perspective is foolish thinking in God's eyes and will land them in hell. It's an extremely dangerous mindset, especially when paired with the "there's no such thing as a secular person, just people who are influenced by demons" thing.



"All parties canceled. We do, however, have balloons and a banner. The janitor keeps forgetting to take those down."

So... the biggest punishment in hell is that nobody gets any parties?

"Did I make the **wrong** choice?" "Oh, yeah. You could've spent the rest of time in a place where nothing ever changes and there's nothing fun or interesting going on with a whiny, omnipotent prick who terrorized you your whole life to get you to worship and adore him, who threatened to torture you for eternity for extremely minor transgressions. Oh, also, fundamentalists. Yeah, you totally made the wrong choice. Like, seriously. You betcha."

"DO WHAT HE DID: MEASURE CURVED SURFACES WITH YOUR MAGIC RULER HEAD!"

Again, it's not as crazy as Fairy Tales, but it's definitely fucking lunatic. It's definitely along the path of progression from his earlier stuff to the latest Tract. It was wrong in just so many ways, including the history of Puritan colonization, especially with the depiction of Puritans in a positive (and false) light. Of course, it's really no surprise, considering that fundamentalists are kind of "The New Puritans".

Anyway, until next time. Tell your friends, link to me, whatever.

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33 Responses to "Chick Dissection | The Missing Day"

1. *Lith* Says:

[June 10th, 2007 at 11:25 am](#)

Wait a minute...if people don't believe because they are blinded by demons, it's not their fault they don't believe, ergo, it's even more unfair to send them to hell!

2. *Johan-ghost* Says:

[June 10th, 2007 at 11:26 am](#)

Another excellent dissection. Most of my friends and I are fans of your site. Keep up the good work.

3. *Djur* Says:

[June 10th, 2007 at 11:55 am](#)

1. "Kiss me" — they're homosexuals, and Chick needed to make the crowd seem even more evil. And in fundieland, queers are physically incapable of adhering to the same basic rules of decency as everyone else.
2. The thug's teardrop is a tattoo. As a prison tattoo, I believe, it's intended

to signify someone who has killed a person. Looks more like a loathsome Hispanic caricature to me, though.

3. In the final panel, that demon appears to be tweaking party-boy's nipple.

4. *rev. Syung Myung Me* Says:

[June 10th, 2007 at 12:14 pm](#)

I love the concept of a man who is oblivious, wall-walking-into AND just a fountain of piss. Like, he just cannot stop pissing. Just gallons and gallons of piss.

5. *Mom* Says:

[June 10th, 2007 at 12:44 pm](#)

I guess you'd have to know my family and my ex-'s family to realize that this gathering seems normal. Usually, though, there is a drink in every hand and the arguments are much louder. I never heard anyone, gay or not, say "kiss me" in the middle of a heated discussion or argument. I guess in every evil family there has to be an ex-con, homosexuals, morons (is that the same as Turkey Day?) to make Jack happy. What's with the dog in every one of his tracts? Was he one a postal worker who was mauled by an evil dog? Chick is ruining every holiday for me. None of my gatherings will ever be as interesting as his. DAMN! Excellent job, again. You make us laugh and keep us wanting MORE!

6. *Meat Beetles* Says:

[June 10th, 2007 at 1:54 pm](#)

Has anyone besides us noticed that Uncle Morty is a dead ringer for Karl Rove? Think about it: The gospel of Jesus being preached by a guy who looks exactly like the human incarnation of Satan. As Bart Simpson would say, "The ironing is delicious!"

7. *Meat Beetles* Says:

[June 10th, 2007 at 1:55 pm](#)

Uncle Mort? In France they would call him "Uncle Dead".

8. *Shaun* Says:

[June 10th, 2007 at 2:37 pm](#)

You know, all this tract was missing is a huge tragedy that abruptly sends all the family members to their eternal reward.. like.. the house suddenly bursting into flames, or a meteor or something. Of course, the uncle and the kid would make it to Batman-Action God (ZAMPF! POW! SPLORT!), but the rest would go to a horrible, fiery hell, thus reaffirming the fundie threat that HORRIBLE TRAGEDY COULD STRIKE ANYTIME.

And seriously, what's up with Fang? Where did he come from, and why is he in almost every tract? Is it some sort of Satanic conspiracy?

9. *The Oz-Man* Says:

[June 10th, 2007 at 4:13 pm](#)

Holy awesome, Batman! Hell has a bitchin' waterslide! I know where I'm going!

10. *Cacaoatl* Says:

[June 10th, 2007 at 5:32 pm](#)

Jack Chick has absolutely no grasp of history. The "Pilgrims" were not Puritans, they were Separatists. Both groups formed in reaction to the Church of England, however, they came to different conclusions. The Puritans wanted to purify the Church of England from within and many of them stayed in England to do just that. The Puritans were even a major faction in the English Civil War. During the War so many of the pro-Parliament faction members were short haired Puritans that the long haired supporters of the King referred to the entire faction as the Roundheads. Roundhead was used as a derisive term for those who held republican ideals for year afterward whether they were Puritans or not.

The Separatists in contrast were a minority who believed that the Church of England was beyond redemption. They left the Church and fled to Holland because of Holland's famous religious tolerance. The Hollanders were in fact too tolerant — so much so that the Separatists left Holland to escape what they felt were negative influences on their children such as other religions, philosophies, and cultures(damned Dutch tolerance).

Anyway it was the Separatists who founded Plymouth Colony while it was Puritans who founded the much larger Massachusetts Bay Colony. Plymouth

Colony was eventually absorbed into Massachusetts and the Separatists were absorbed into the Puritan movement.

11. *Kelse* Says:

[June 10th, 2007 at 5:48 pm](#)

God damn, I want to punch that kid in the face.

In Canada, Thanksgiving was about being thankful your crops didn't get pelted by hail yet. We still oppress the Natives, though. Just to be one of the cool kids.

And Jack Chick stuck the token evil gay couple in there just for the hell of it.

That goth woman looked like someone I know and hate. No kidding.

And is it just me, or just Uncle Mort look like he's got a touch of Down's Syndrome? That could explain a hell of a lot. I mean, who's rich and wears a vest like that?

12. *paleone* Says:

[June 10th, 2007 at 6:57 pm](#)

Im just glad we got another glimpse of Fang, the dog-saw.

13. *Felis* Says:

[June 10th, 2007 at 9:55 pm](#)

"And is it just me, or just Uncle Mort look like he's got a touch of Down's Syndrome?"

No. You're wrong. He's been to a *Little Britain* costume party as Andy. Mr. Manfish was probably trying to impersonate Lou.

'I want that one!'

14. *Felis* Says:

[June 11th, 2007 at 2:35 am](#)

"Roundhead was used as a derisive term for those who held republican ideals for year afterward whether they were Puritans or not."

Therefore fundies like Chick are Roundhead basardst.

15. *Crane* Says:

[June 11th, 2007 at 3:58 am](#)

snork
Eheh, heheheh.
BWAAAHAAHAHAHAHAHA!

Yeah, this one was good. I mean, given that everyone there was EVIL, and DEMON POSSESSED, why wouldn't they just bludgeon Uncle Mort and the Retard Kid to death?

Oh wait! God protects them. Not in any specific, concrete way, just in general, y'know?

16. *Felis* Says:

[June 11th, 2007 at 4:27 am](#)

It's funny how Jesus helps us when there's no real need (like finding a lost wallet), but not when there is (Holocaust, Darfur, Boxing Day Tsunami etc. etc. ETC.). I just think he can't be bothered.

Plus how he insists on us worshipping HIM, but gets humans to do the soulreaching for him. Again, he can't be bothered. It also seems that hes' a whiny brat.

The picture of Him I'm getting is this whiny 9 year old in a 33-year-old's body, sitting at the right hand of God in Heaven, and this is how the conversation goes:

Jesus: "Daaaaaadd"

God: "What is it, my Son?"

Jesus: "Um, Daddy, can I go to Earth to be worshipped by all the humans?"

God: "Y'know, Son, it was hard enough getting things right to begin with, and it was very hard to NOT put that tree in the Garden of Eden. The last thing I want to do is make them worship you! You'll have to look after them, not me!"

Jesus "I dont' wanna!"

"Well, fine then. No disciples for you."

Jesus: "But DAAAAD! I WANT SOMEONE TO WORSHIP ME! NOW!"

God: "Right, you little fucker, that's it. Okay, you can go to Earth and get worshipped, but I'm gonna teach you a lesson for being such a fucking bastard. I'm gonna make you be born of some random Jewish woman who no-one knows, give you a shitty career as a carpenter, and then force you to tortured on a fucking cross before you even reach middle-fucking-age! I have to cope with enough shit from Lucifer!

Now *PUNT* GET THE FUCK OFF MY CLOUD! "

17. *Felis* Says:

[June 11th, 2007 at 4:35 am](#)

AHEM, sorry. I meant this link instead: GET THE FUCK OFF MY CLOUD!.

18. *Kat* Says:

[June 11th, 2007 at 1:46 pm](#)

So is Fang a good Saw-dog or a bad Saw-dog?

19. *Jon* Says:

[June 11th, 2007 at 2:34 pm](#)

I can imagine Fang having children... they'd be pocket-knives.

20. *sykodoughboy* Says:

[June 11th, 2007 at 2:45 pm](#)

hilarious commentary for a retard tract.

PS love the Invader Zim reference, the doom song is awesome!

21. *Ansemaru* Says:

[June 11th, 2007 at 3:09 pm](#)

Shut up and listen... please. WTF

Also, bigger WTF: "We're not allowed to say Thanksgiving in school." Seriously, what bizarre alternate universe is this? Did they suddenly stop having that lovely 4-day weekend known as "Thanksgiving Break?" It's an important holiday that is perfectly secular enough to be celebrated by North Americans of almost any religion or non-religion.

22. *Linkage* Says:

[June 11th, 2007 at 4:04 pm](#)

Looks like Jackie boy forgot to see the Peanuts Thanksgiving Special. Kink of strange since he likes to imitate Schultz.

23. *SilentPierce* Says:

[June 11th, 2007 at 5:31 pm](#)

Well?

<http://img526.imageshack.us/my.php?image=wellfinal1copywr1.jpg>

24. *Rose* Says:

[June 11th, 2007 at 9:15 pm](#)

What really confounds me is that "don't trust anyone over 13" shirt. Is this kid spectacularly clairvoyant and is wearing that shirt to be part of the hippie movement that would take place 17 years later? Or is there a new wave of consciousness that is taking preadolescents by storm? Heh... I just had a mental image of long-haired 10-year-olds sitting around a campfire smoking joints and playing the acoustic guitar.

This has gone beyond the dude point. I think it might be at the "incredulous, incoherent stuttering" point. The dissection was hilarious, though.

25. *erik* Says:

[June 12th, 2007 at 12:10 am](#)

Wait, he says the devils blind the nonbelievers, but the passage says God... WTF?

26. *Grassdragon* Says:

[June 12th, 2007 at 1:13 am](#)

Look at the shadow of the cross in the 15th panel (just after that "Well?" panel). It's trying to form a swastika!

Does this mean that Hitler was correct? Should I be out there killing Jews for God?

27. *Stephen* Says:
[June 12th, 2007 at 2:26 am](#)

That family has some seriously messed-up genes.

28. *Felis* Says:
[June 12th, 2007 at 7:32 am](#)

Unfortunately, their great-grandpa Joseph Merrick forgot to show up.

29. *Felis* Says:
[June 12th, 2007 at 8:00 am](#)

Can't celebrate fucking Thanksgiving . . . I mean. Come on.

Speaking of religious-centered holidays, in the UK they celebrate 5th November, because of the prevention of Guy Fawkes' attempts to blow up Parliament. Wouldn't Chick celebrate that, I mean it was a victory for the RIGHTEOUS C of E CHRISTIANS over those EVIL CATHOLIC HEATHENS.

But then, the Puritans felt the Church of England lost its way, so it's a case of not only being a Christian. You have to be in *our* denomination. You can see Jack is pro Puritan just by reading this tract; "it was Christians who founded America, and not just any, but THESE ONES!"

Sectarian. Fucking. Bias.

Oh, and who here thinks that Chicko's structuring of the Squanto panel is an effort to make it look like a miracle? "Jesus blessed the Puritans by giving Squanto, a native, the power to speak English!"

Oh, and the AZN punk should've been the Chinese guy from Pop Idol one year. Or the Chinese guy from Heroes. THAT would be funny.

I think maybe Uncle Mort has St. Vitus, or Tourettes.

"Happy-FUCK-Thanksgiving!"

30. *Till* Says:
[June 13th, 2007 at 4:16 am](#)

Summon Natives

Conjuration (Summoning)
 Lvl: Clr 8
 Components: V, S, DF, M (see text)
 Casting Time: 1 day
 Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./ 2 levels)
 Effect: see text
 Duration: 1 day / level (D)
 Saving Throw: none
 Spell Resistance: no

This spell summons 4d20 natives of the land in which the spell is cast. The natives are initially indifferent towards the caster but may be influenced by a CHA or diplomacy check. The natives have each 4HD, an INT of 10 and a forage skill of 4. They speak their own language; 1d4 natives also speak common. Natives summoned by clerics of Fang receive +2 HD and favored enemy (Bezekira). The natives may help the caster to survive in their environment; they can only use their forage skill in their home area and will not follow the caster to other lands.

When casting the spell, the caster must vow to hold a ritual feast at least once a year. During that feast, the caster must sacrifice a turkey worth at least 50 gp to his deity. The caster's deity sends 1d12 guests to the feast to whom the caster must preach. Due to the strain involved in preparing the feast, the caster loses 1d12 points of INT, WIS and CHA for the time of the feast. This may adversely influence the NPCs' reaction.

Should the caster not hold the feast, he has a cumulative 10% chance for every year of not holding the feast to be smitten by the demigod Jesus. The smiting occurs once per month and has the effect of Melf's Minute Meteors as cast by a 12th level wizard. The caster may reduce the chance of being smitten by 20% by atoning as per the spell.

31. *miss mephy* Says:
[June 13th, 2007 at 8:43 am](#)

and you can use it in Call Of Cthulhu (d20 version), but you lose d% Sanity.

32. Felis Says:

[June 14th, 2007 at 7:07 am](#)

Or you can use Tract Message Acceptance, and loose 100% sanity.

33. Jon Says:

[June 19th, 2007 at 12:48 pm](#)

The tract says that the people will not be saved because they were blinded by satan, so doesn't it follow that its NOT THEIR DAMN FAULT? Why the hell would God punish them for something that is not their fault, that they have no control over? Considering god created satan, isn't it god's fault that they are blind?

God: "Sorry, your name's not in the book... you're going to hell, because you were blinded by satan, the guy I created and gave the power to blind you, and I didn't do anything to make you see, so technically I blinded you."

God pushes button under his desk which causes the trapdoor under the person to give way, sending him to hell

Person: "Well isn't that a little unfaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaiiiiiiiiirrrrrr--"

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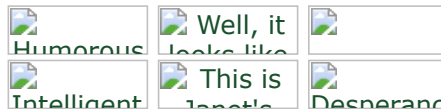
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