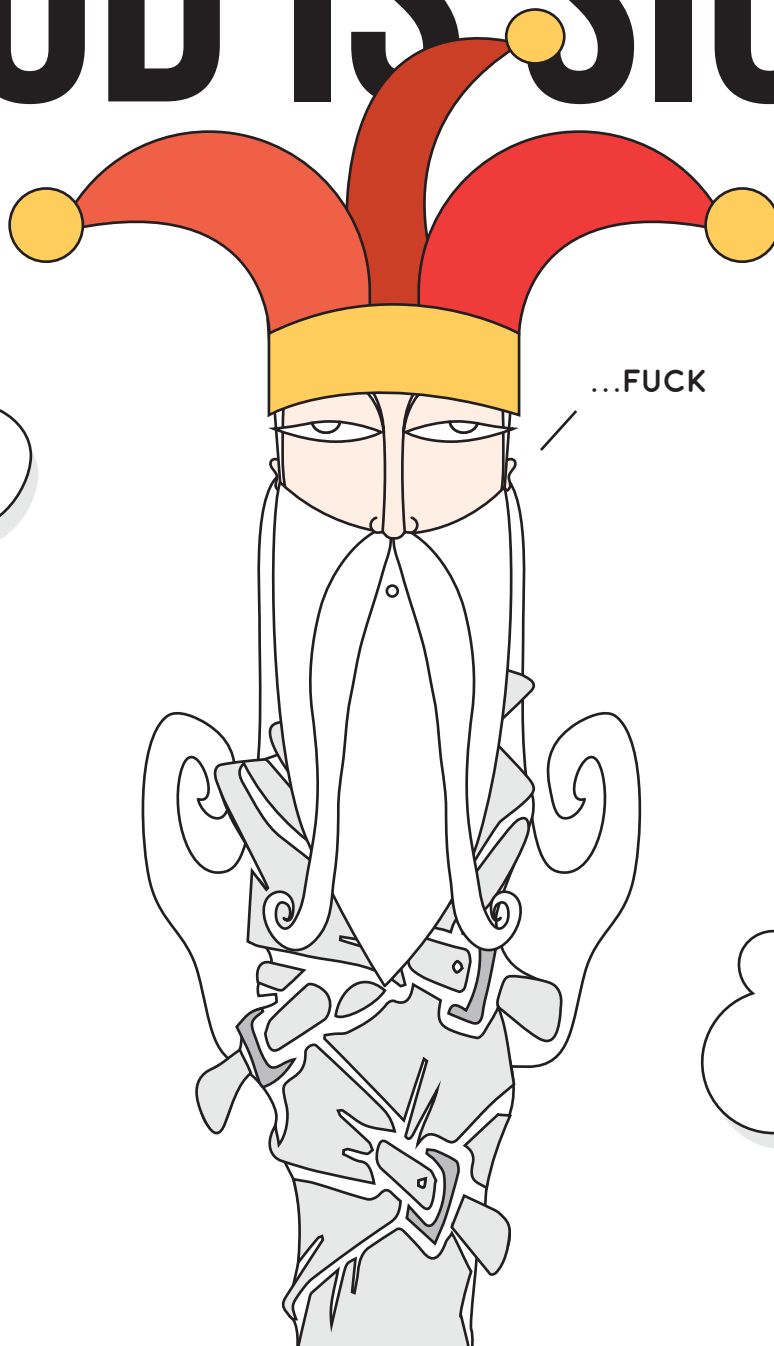


A P O O R V A

L A N K A

GOD IS SICK



FIRST
DRAFT

GOD IS SICK

This book is a product of six months of painting, travelling, self-discovery and constantly tricking myself into thinking I could draw. It'd be criminal to put a price on it. It's free - read it, borrow it, lend it, spam people with it, smack your head with it, whatever.

If you really like it, write to me - ideas, compliments, a cheque. Really, anything.

Apoorva Lanka

Hi there. This is the part where I tell you what this book is about, or who it's about, or why I wrote this thing, or something like that. But, I've got a feeling it'll make for a nice introduction if I started with the main character: God.

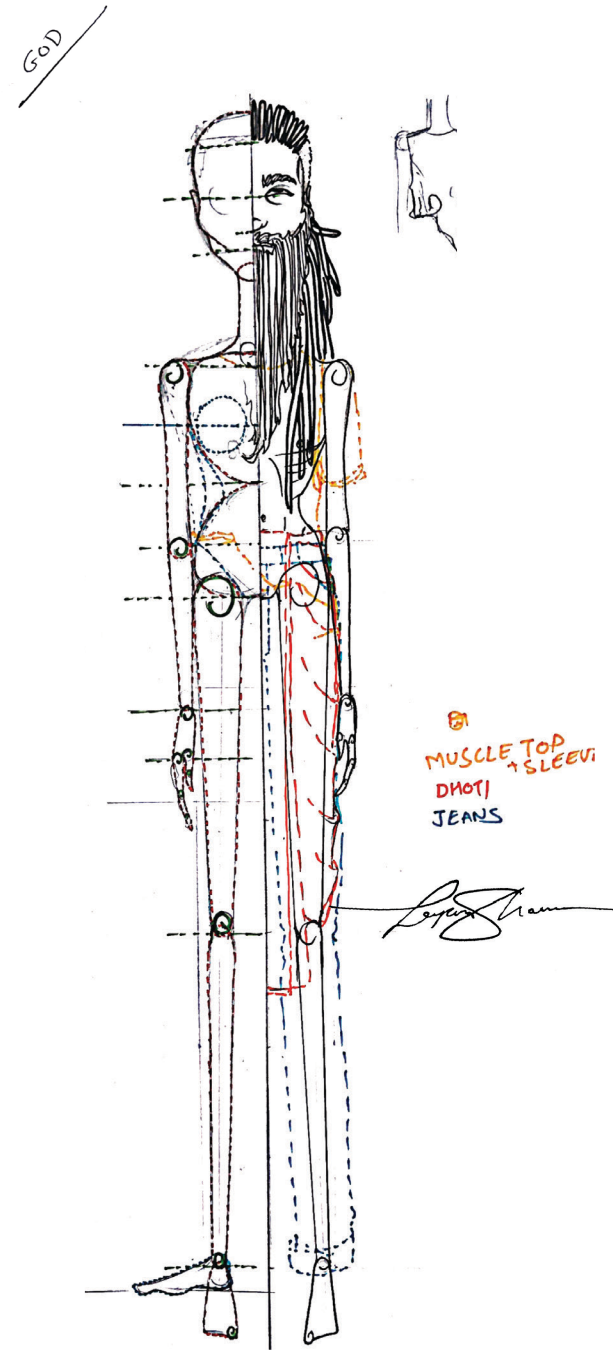
Imagine, God - an entity (humanoid for target audience's ability to relate), very old, ancient even - something that could be a someone. Or a someone that could actually be a something. Asks itself the purpose of its being and comes up with... a blank?

I mean, what if God asked himself what his purpose was?

I met a friend with a quarter of a script because I couldn't write any more without seeing the visuals.

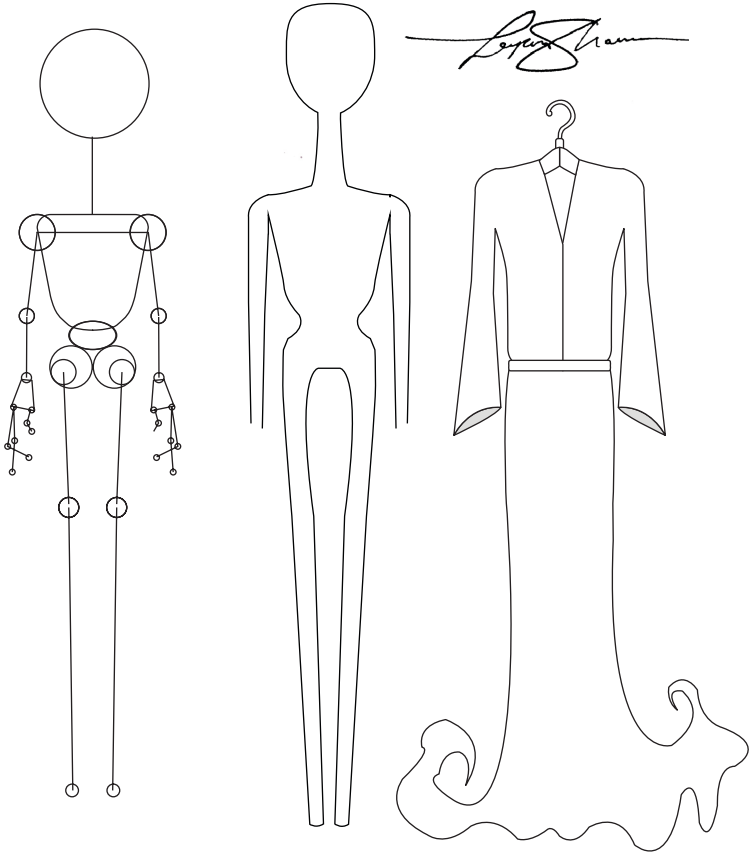
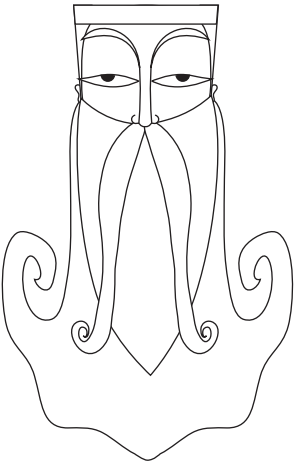
What started out, as a talk about the initial sketches became fodder for the next part of the script, so here it is, the first look at the protagonist of this comic strip. Oh, yes, this is a comic strip. I'm not sure if it's been mentioned anywhere.

Artist - Deepen Sharma

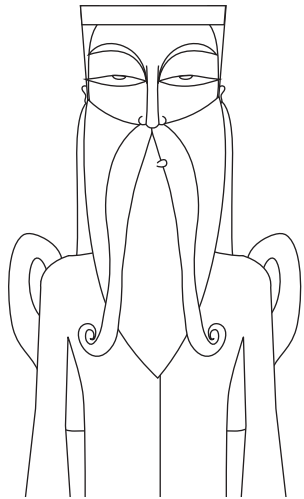


What would this entity- God, look like?
Let's say humanoid. A torso. A head.
Four limbs. Biped.
Lean- for convenience.
Male, since the concept sounds masculine.

Clothed, of course- we're civilised people.
All white - Clean.
No opinions. No sides to take. No agenda to advocate. Plain.
Loose-hanging - God needs ease of movement.



The head:
Two tired, narrowed, light eyes.
A small nip of a nose.
Two ears, a mouth, barely noticeable and lost in the long hair, beard and moustache.
Lo-ong neck.



If you've lived a billion years, and there's a possibility that you will live a billion more - you have seen worlds come alive and perish, learned to love things and seen them go too.

What would you be? How would you feel, to have been the only thing that doesn't go away?

I have had tremendous amount of help while I was at this. I did not do this alone. Countless conversations I've had with people wormed their way into this; someone made the initial sketches, someone edited it, someone gave me words that made for a better flow, someone posed for an hour straight so I could study anatomy and forget it immediately, while someone worked a little longer or a little harder for me to sit in a happy place to write this. My final note is for them.

Thank you, this book is yours as much as it is mine. We've just finished our first collaboration. Cheers.

Now without any further ado and before you notice I'm just filling pages to reach a mental number I've fixated on - I present to you, God is Sick - 1

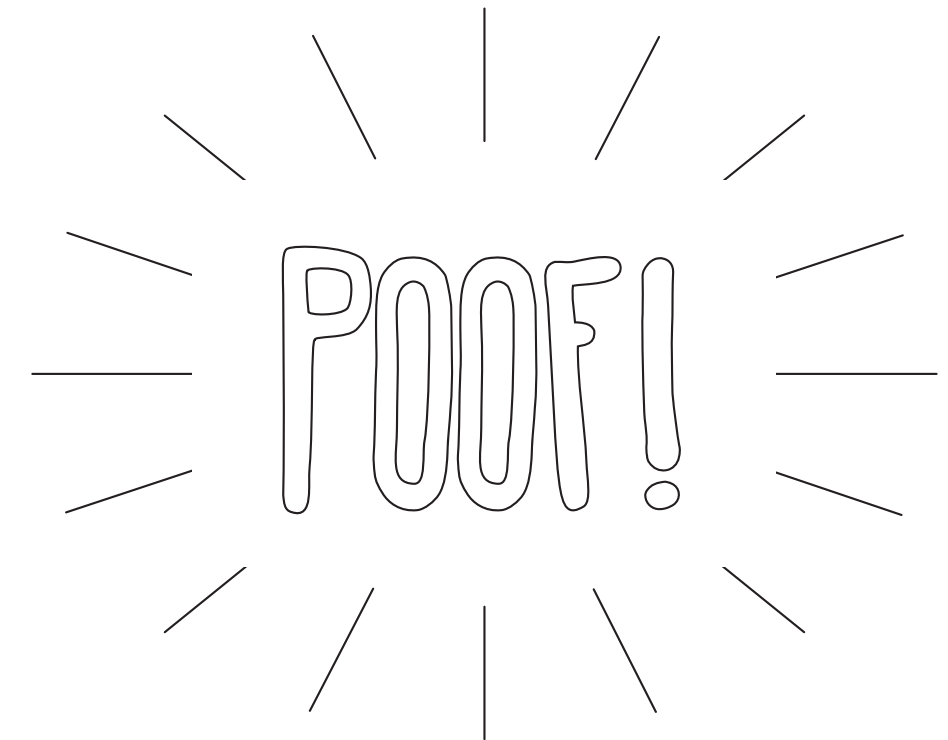
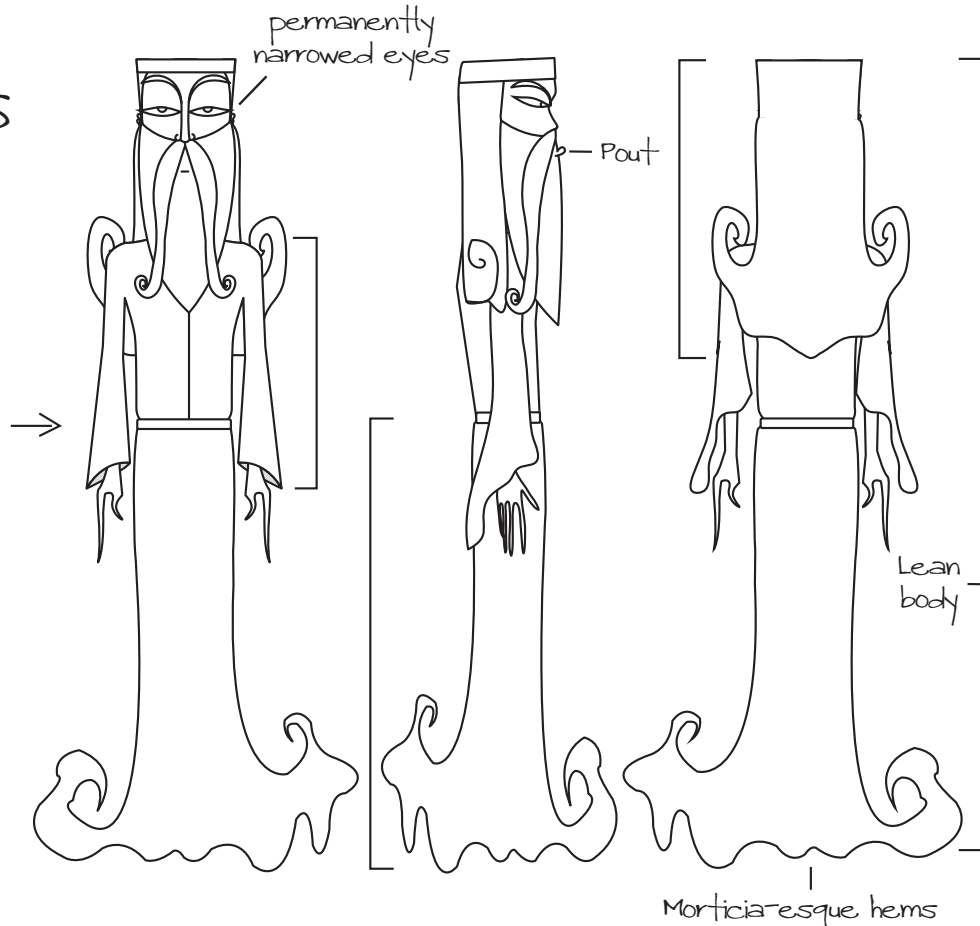
DEUS GRUMPUS

AKA GOD,
"Supreme Creator"

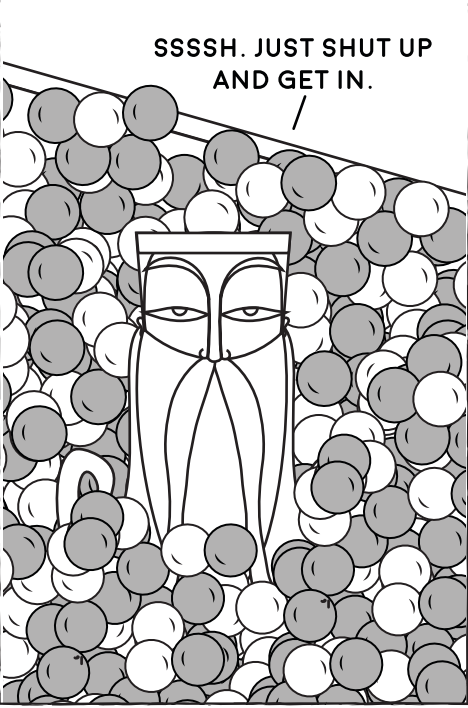
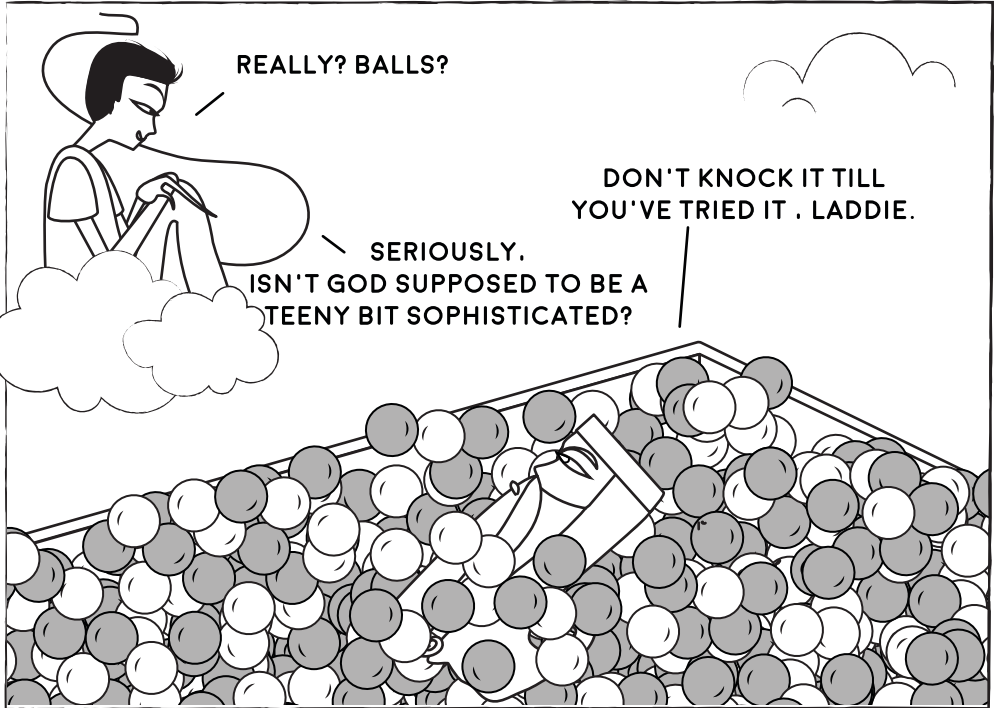
Stereotypical
old man in white
→

Really, really old

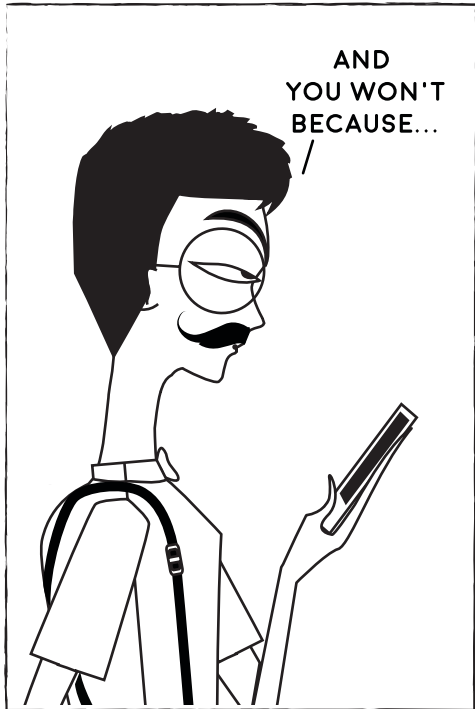
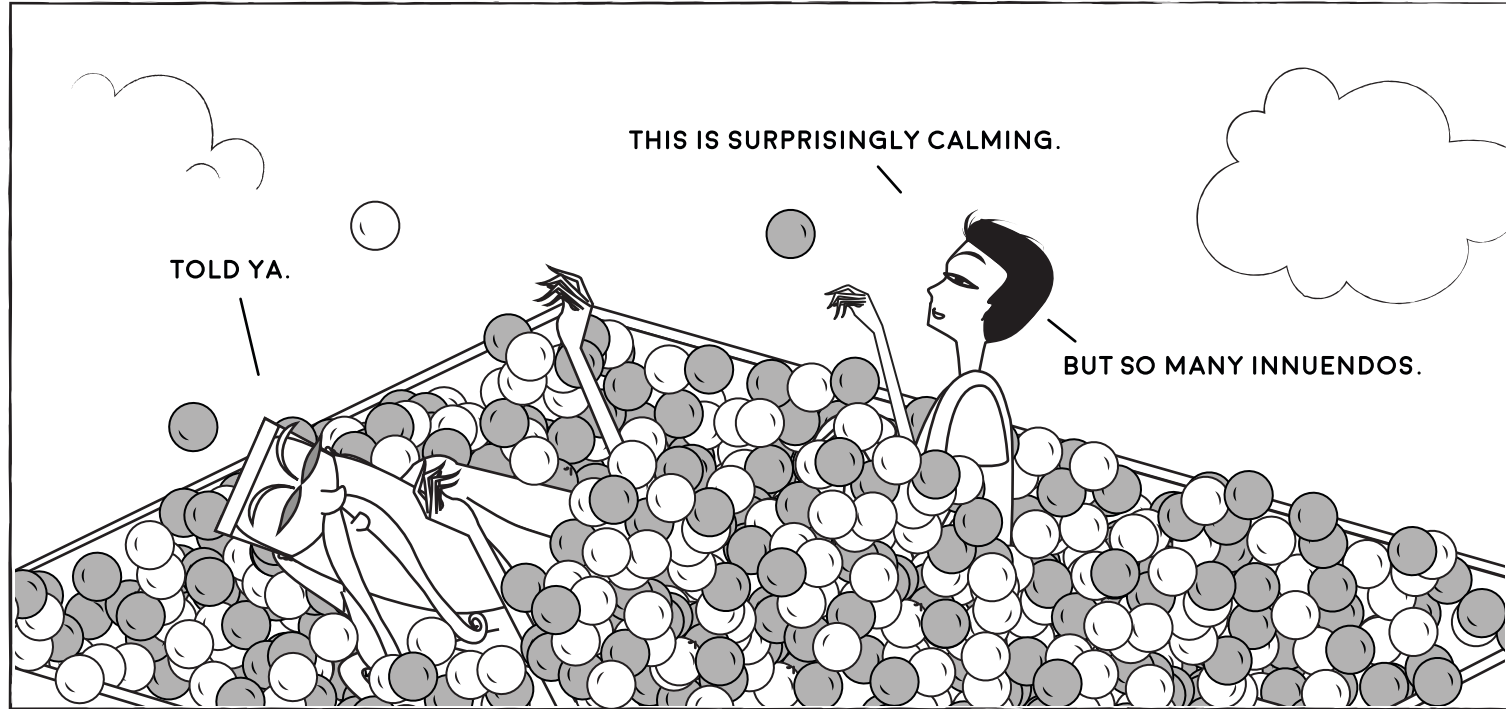
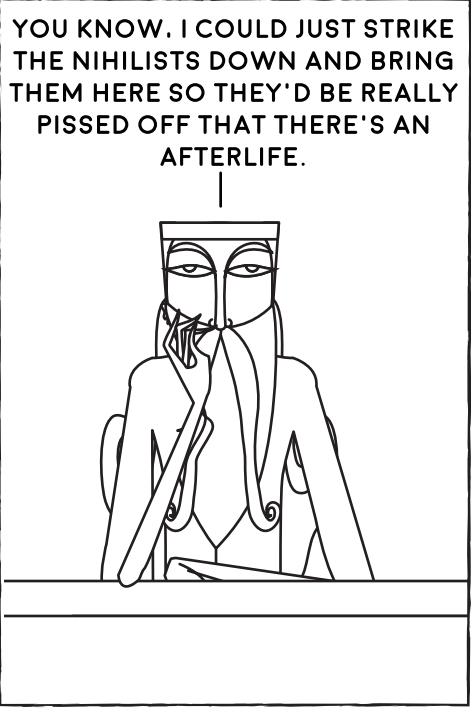
Grumpy, irritable,
anti-social, moody



GOD IS SICK



GOD IS SICK



GOD LOVES THE PIOUS.

A minimalist line drawing of three figures. The figure on the left holds a book. The figure in the center wears glasses. The figure on the right is empty-handed. Above them is the text 'GOD LOVES THE PIOUS.' with a vertical line pointing down to the central figure.

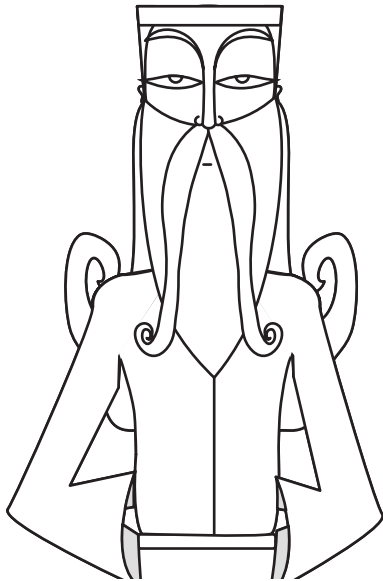
GOD LOVES THE KIND.

SO SHE'S MOODY. OKAY?
BUT BEAUTIFUL. HEART OF
GOLD. AND COMPLETELY
BATSHIT CRAZY.

GOD LOVES THE SIMPLE.

A black and white line drawing of three men standing side-by-side. The man on the left has a headband and suspenders. The man in the center is bald and wears a simple shirt. The man on the right has a beard and holds a pitchfork. Above them is the text "GOD LOVES THE SIMPLE." with a vertical line pointing to the man in the center.

SOMETIMES. I DON'T LIKE ME.

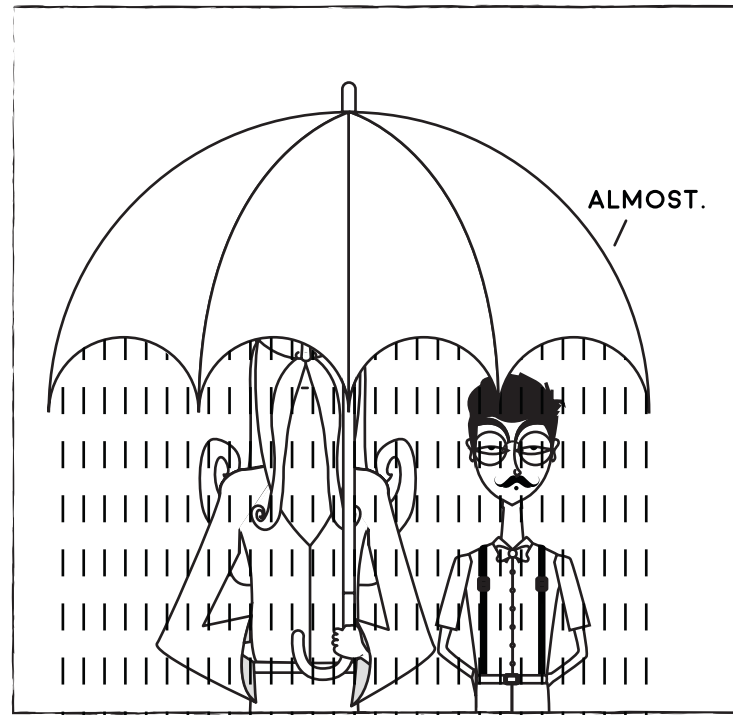
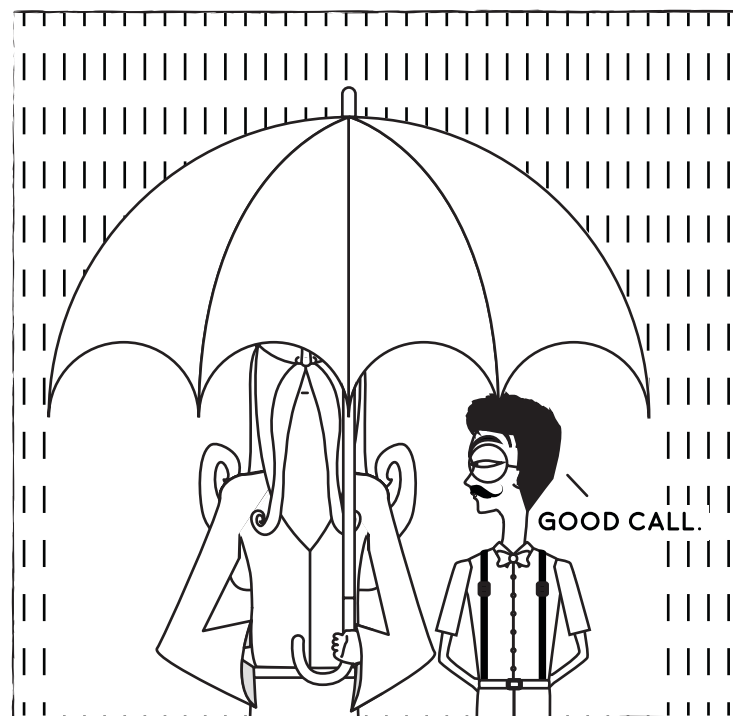
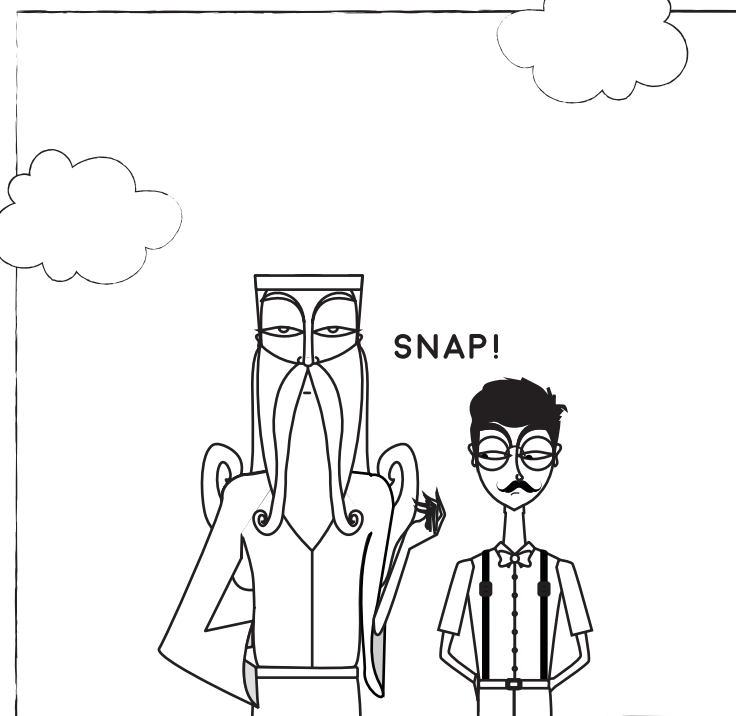
A minimalist line drawing of a person with a long, straight beard and a rectangular headpiece, looking directly forward with a neutral expression. The drawing is composed of simple black outlines on a white background. The person has a rectangular headpiece, a face with narrow eyes, a small nose, and a long, straight beard. They are wearing a robe with wide sleeves and a high collar. The overall style is clean and modern.

LEAVE ME ALONE.
YOU CRAZY WOMAN!

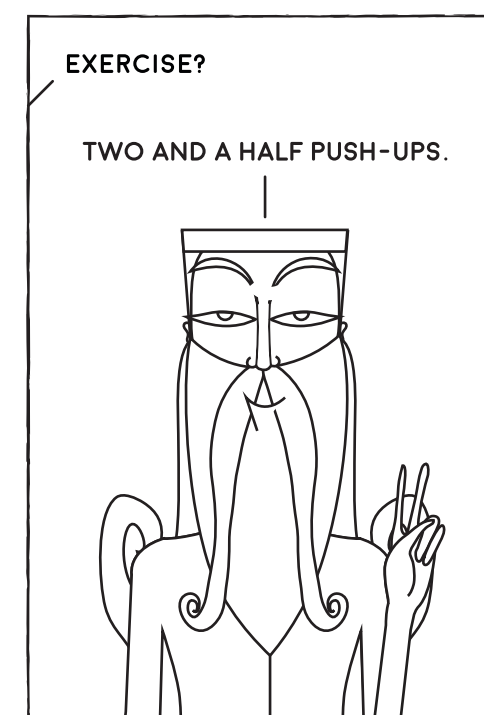
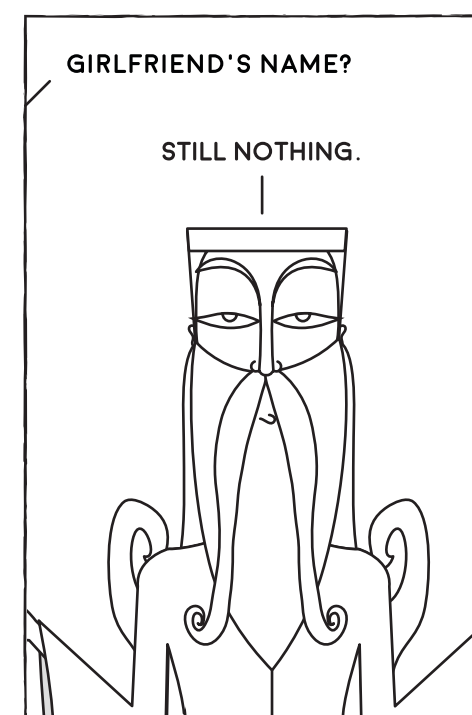
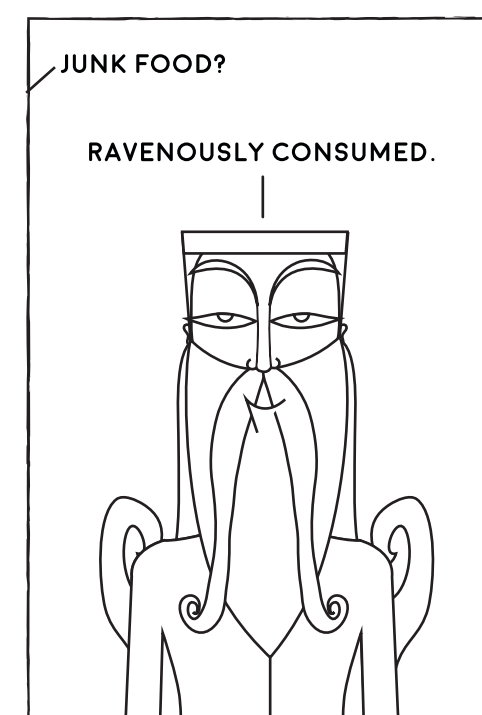
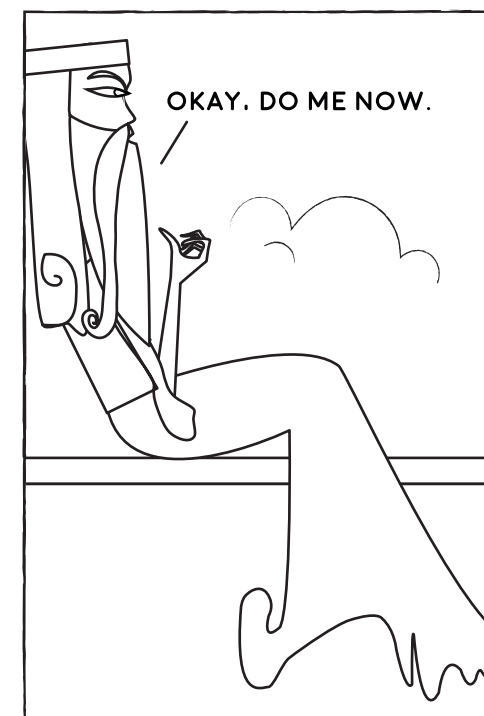
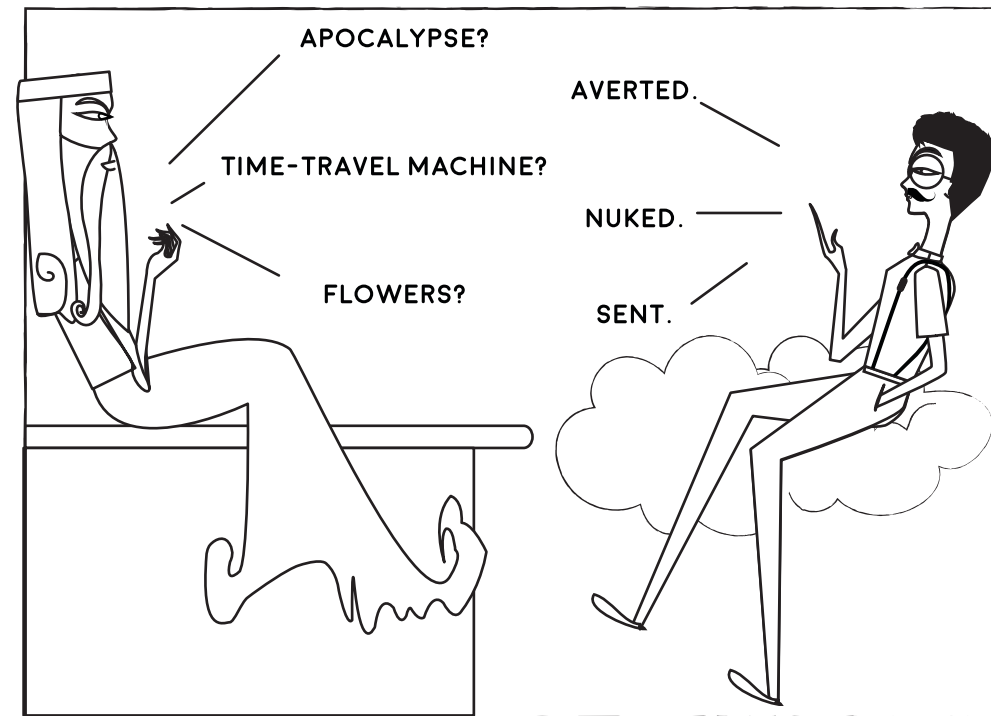
MAKE ME.

MAKE ME.

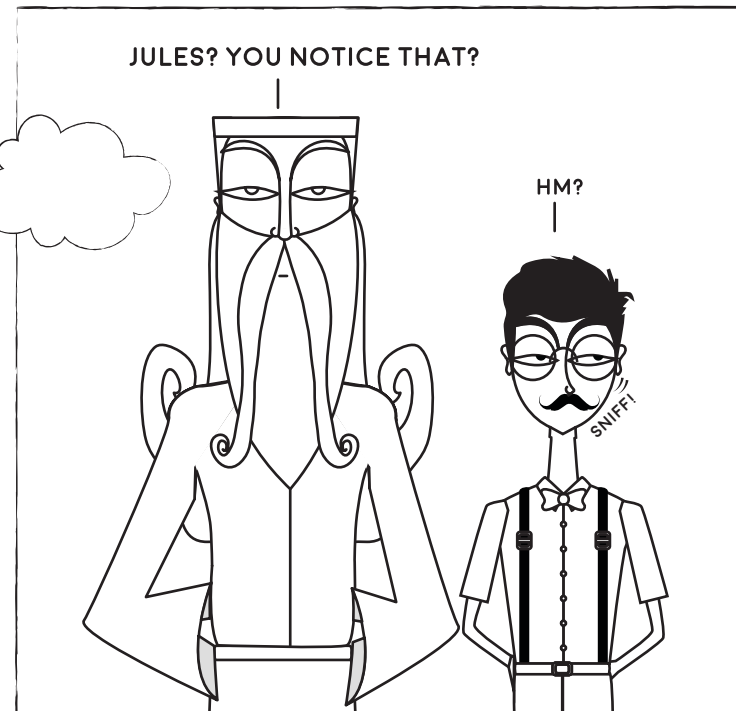
GOD IS SICK



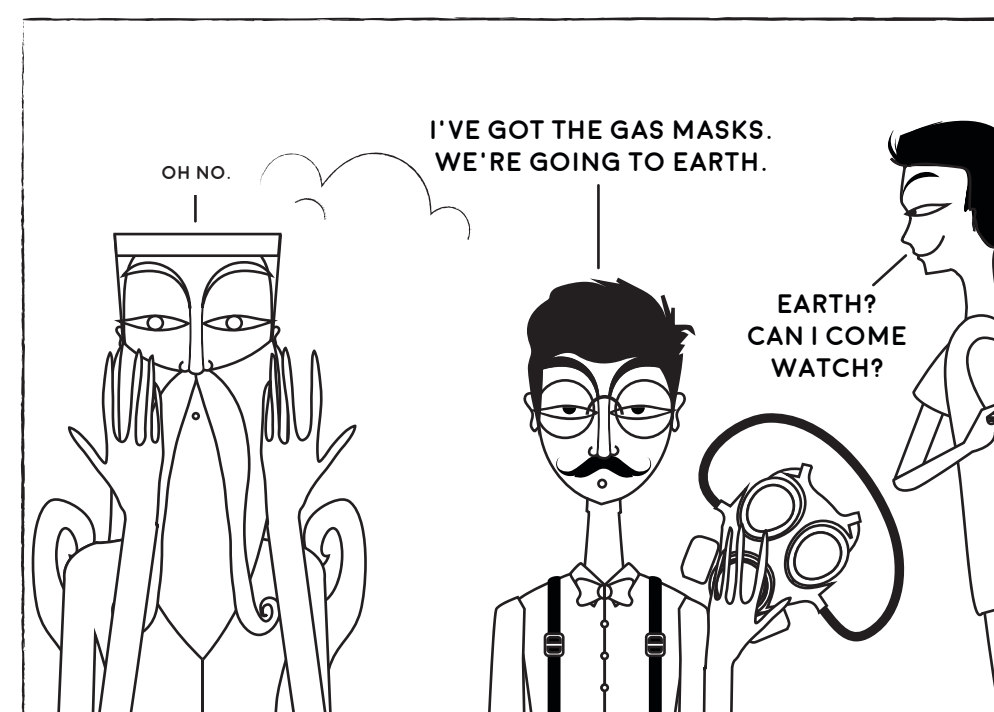
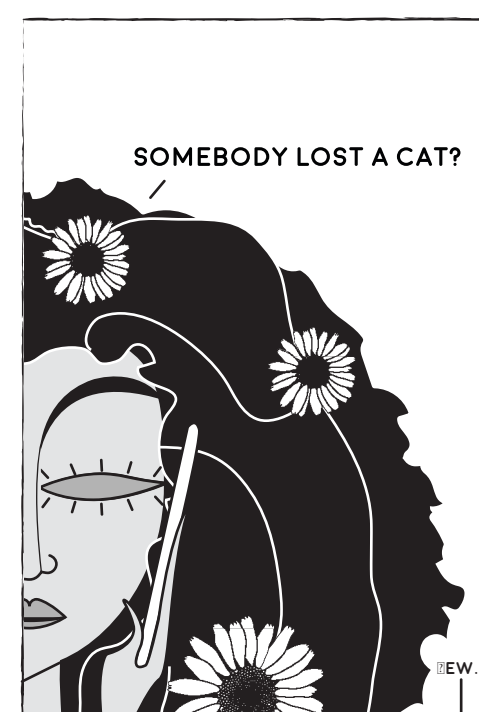
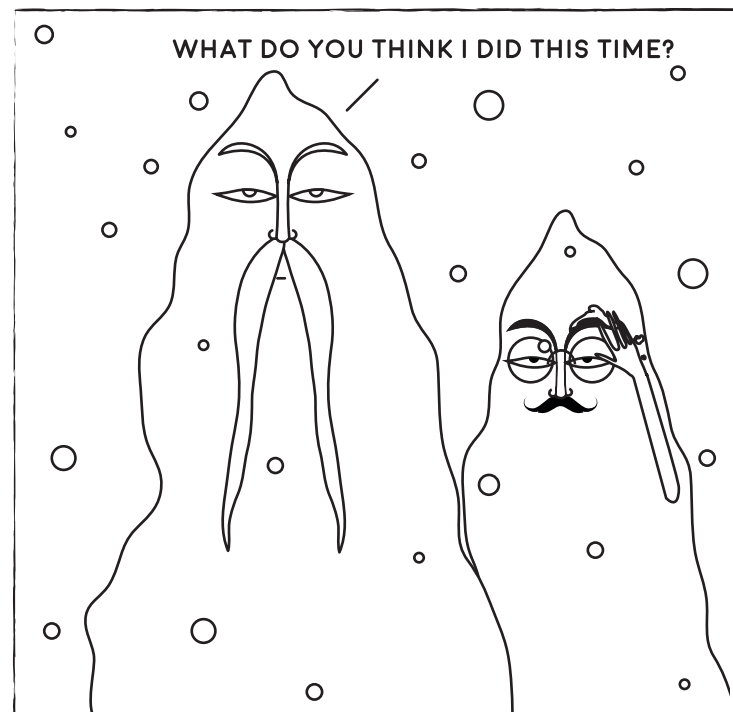
GOD IS SICK



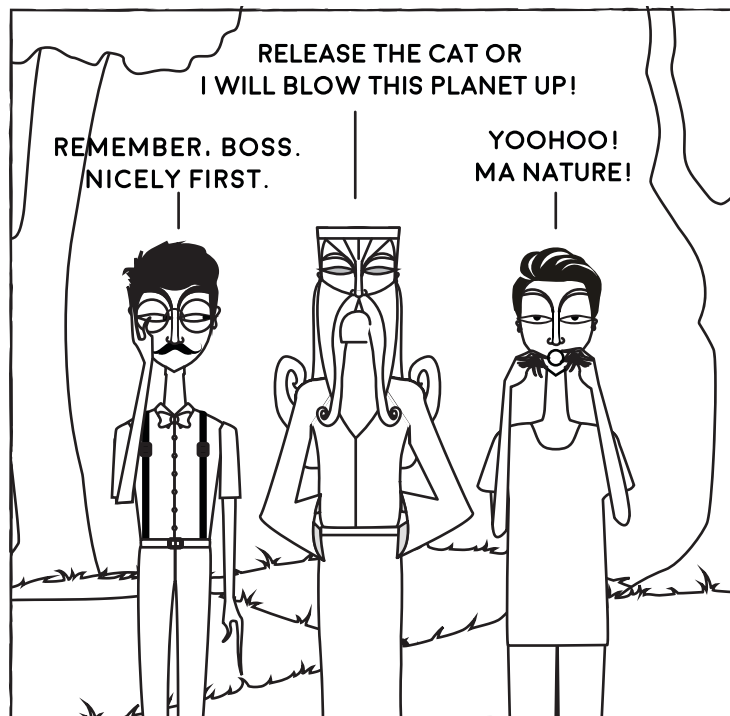
GOD IS SICK



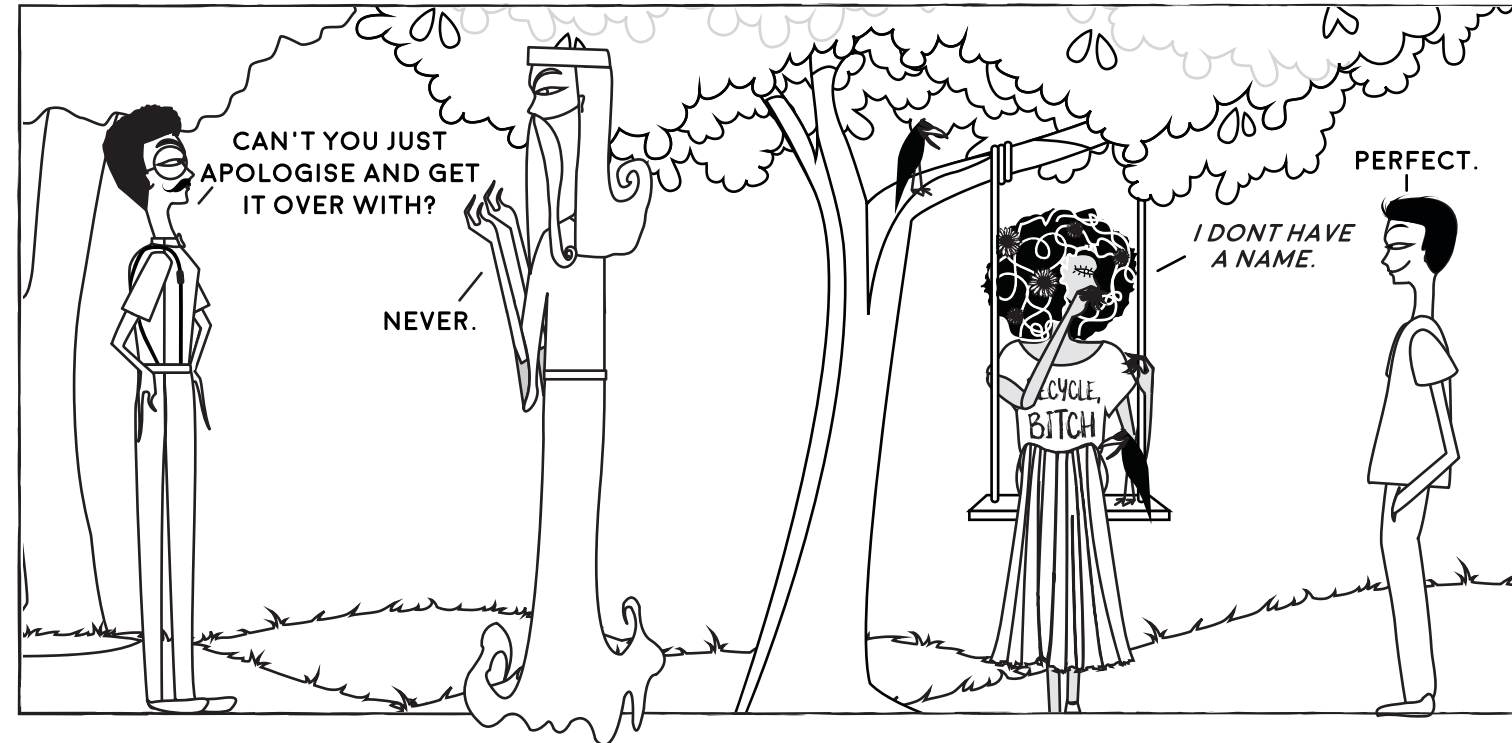
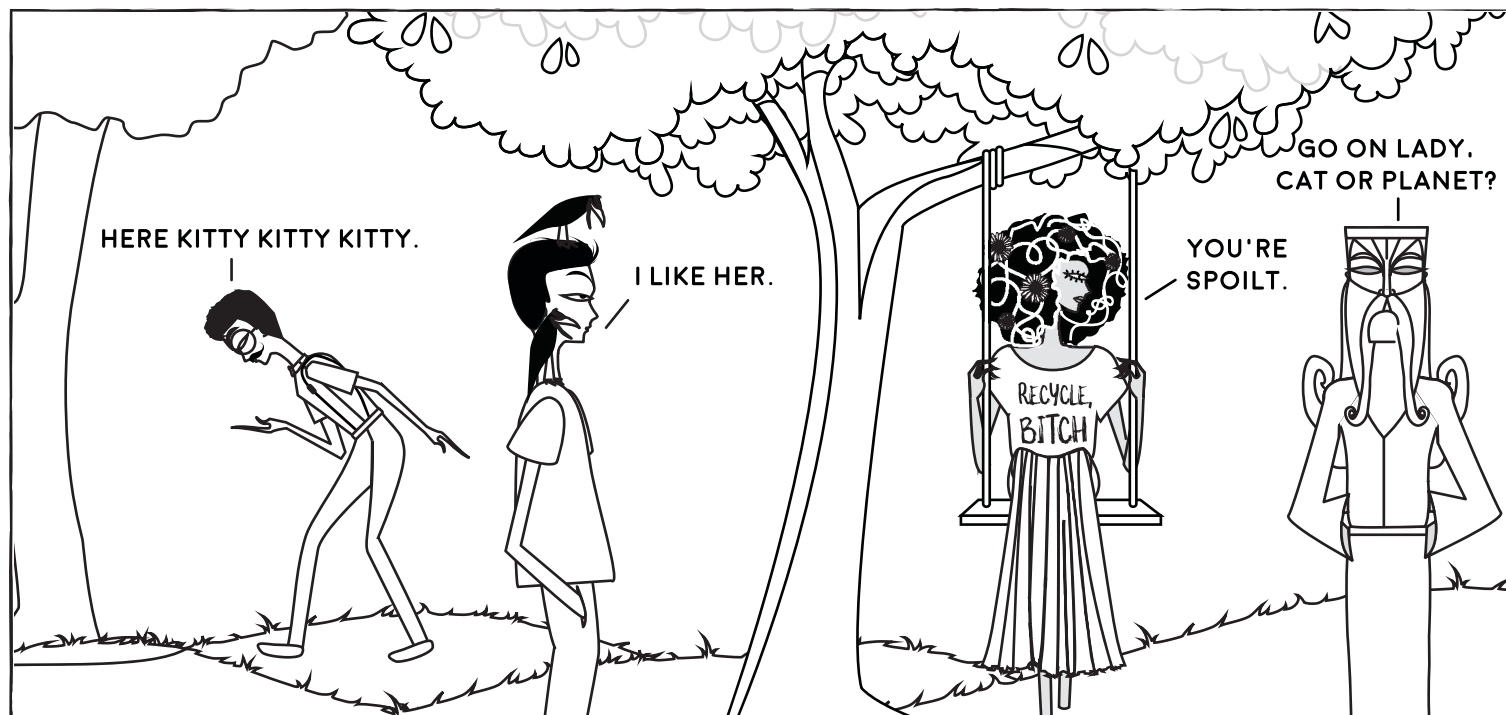
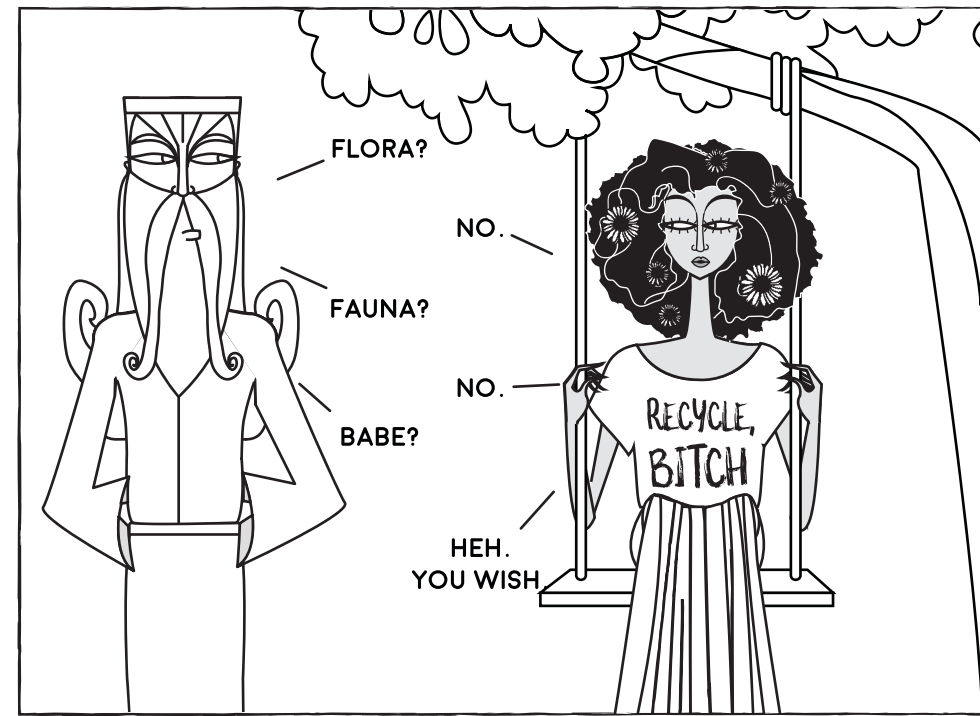
GOD IS SICK



GOD IS SICK



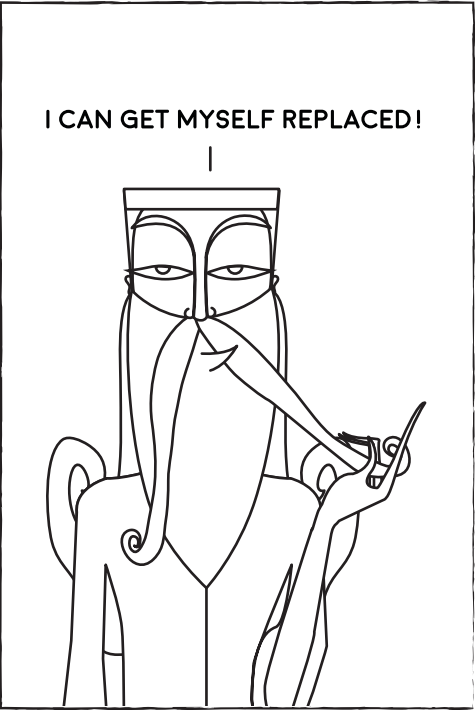
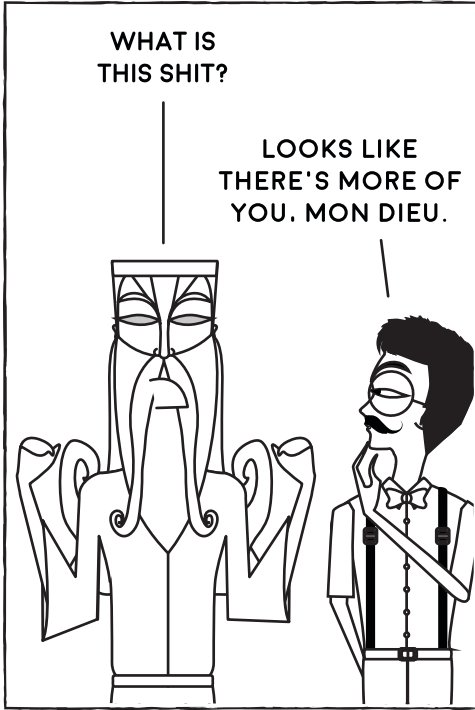
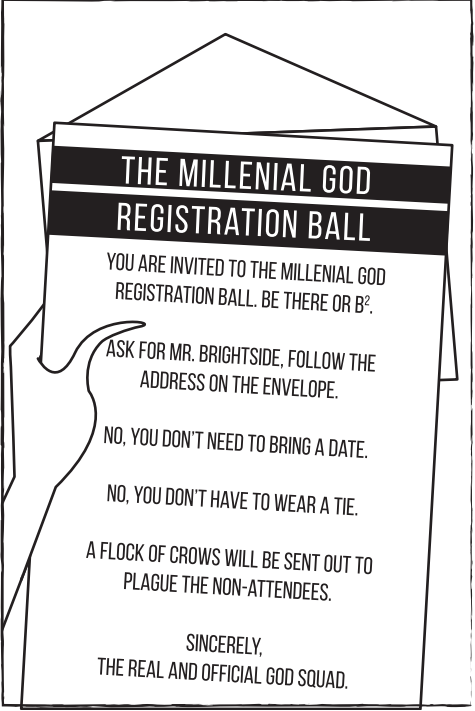
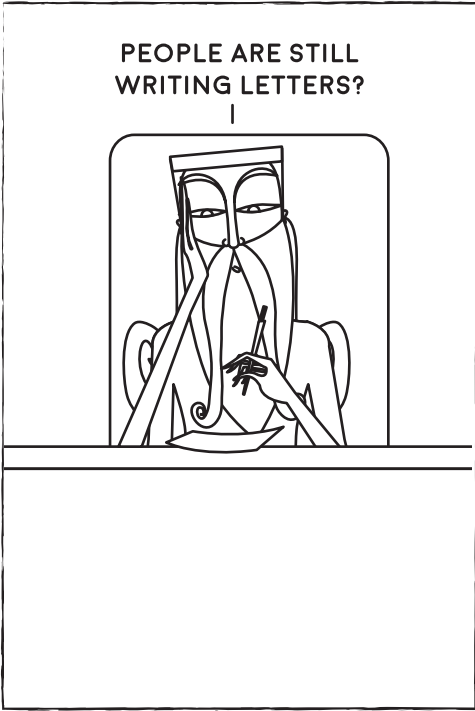
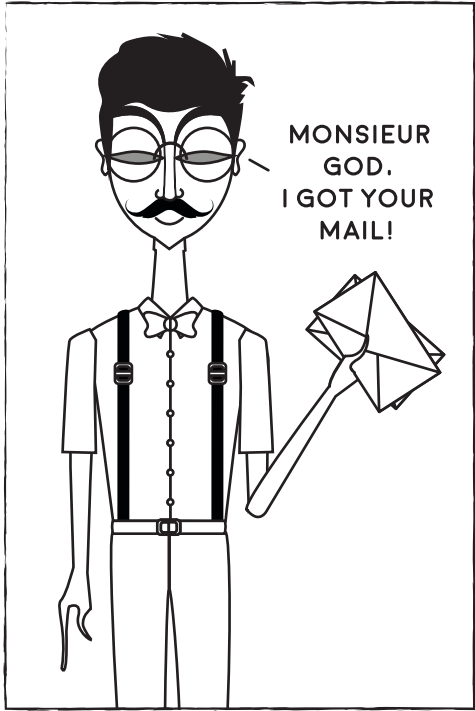
GOD IS SICK



GOD IS SICK



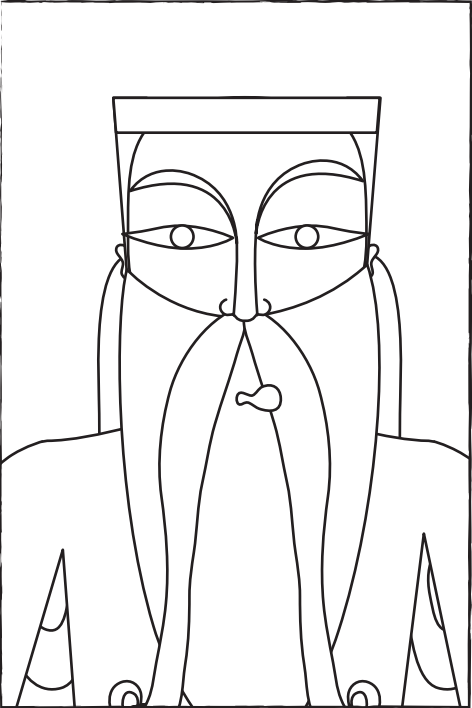
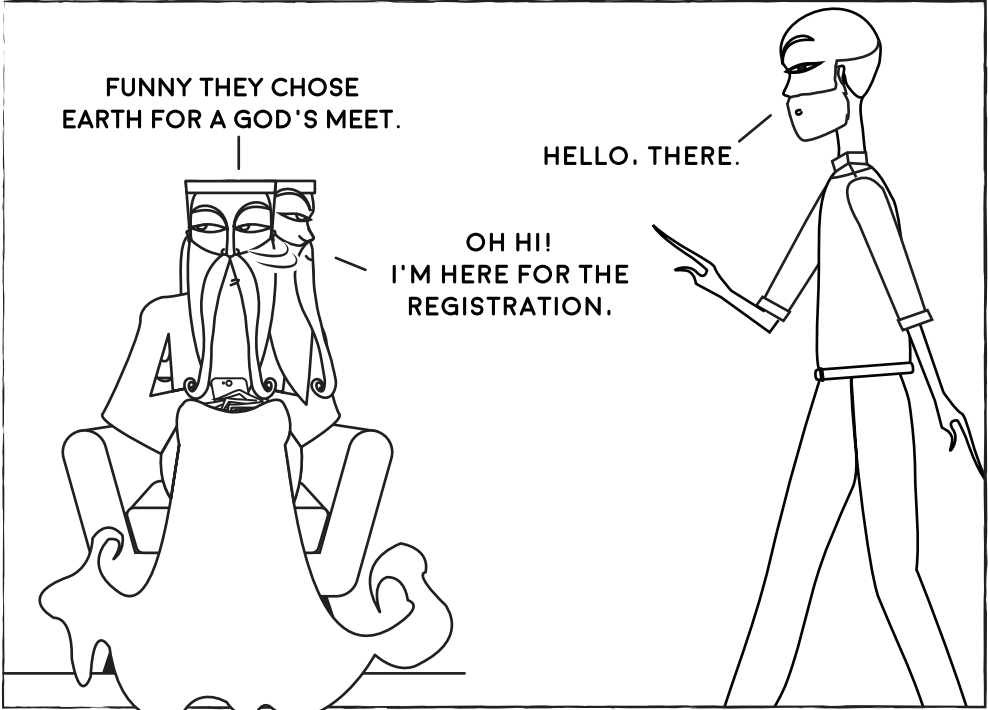
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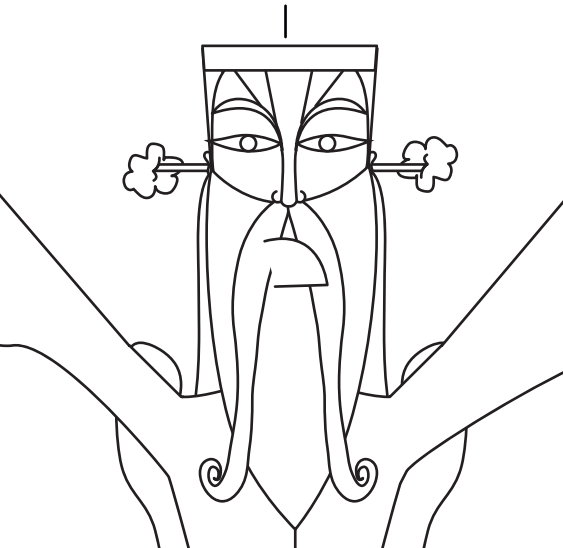
GOD IS SICK



GOD IS SICK



ALRIGHT. WHO WAS IT?



YAWN

ANNIVERSARIES ARE
OVERRATED. BABE.

YES. I MOST DEFINITELY
WILL ENJOY MY NAP.

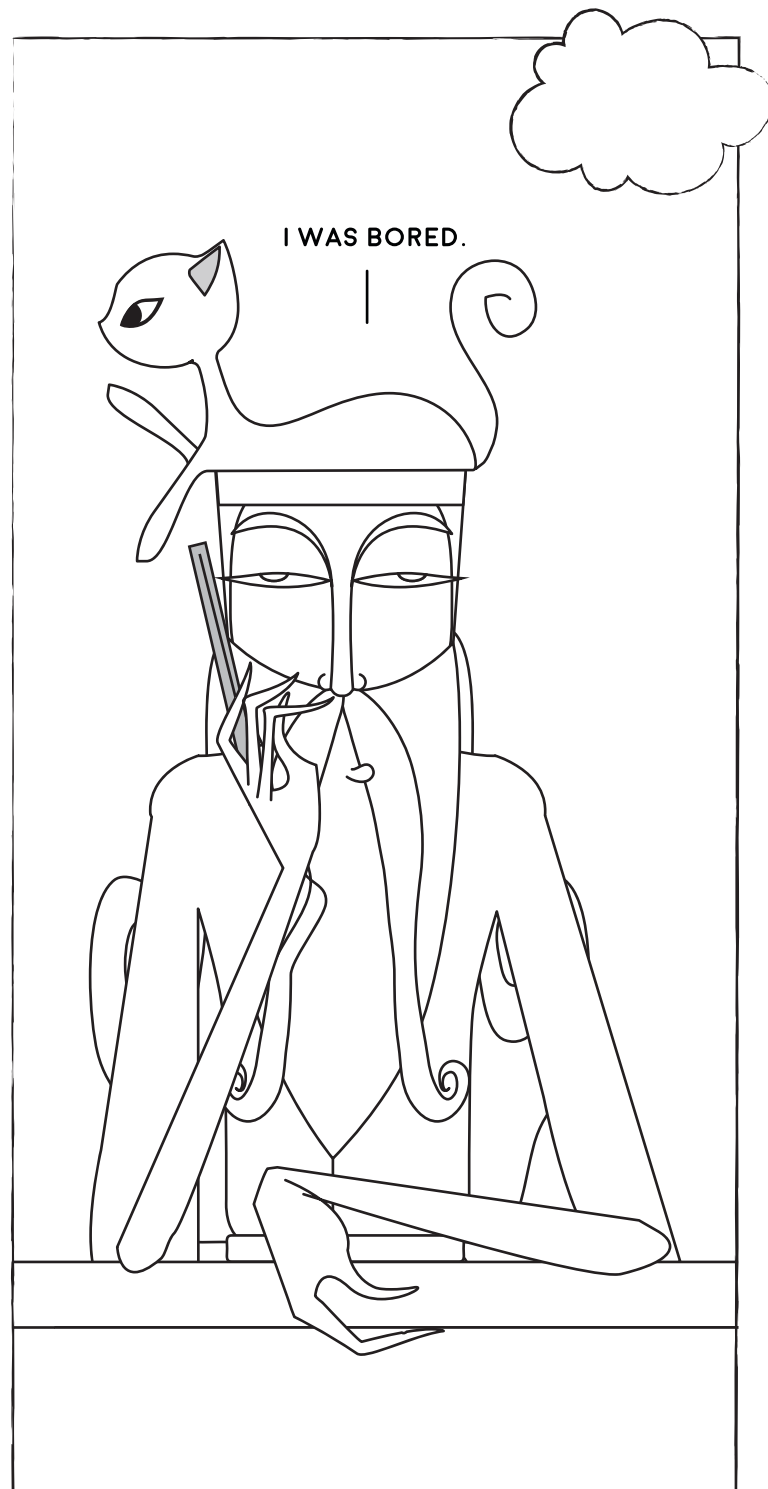
NIGHTY-NIGHT.

JULIAAAAAANNNN.

GOD IS SICK

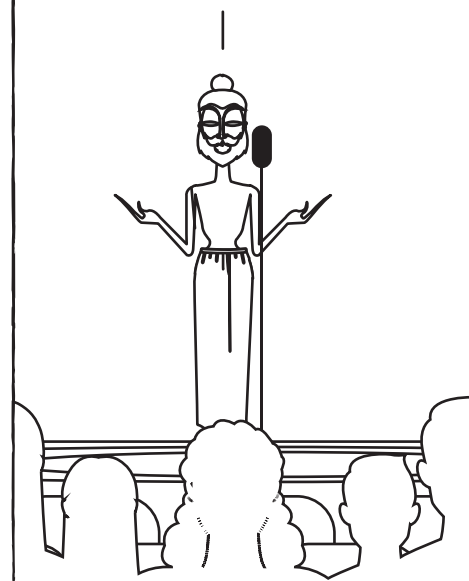
I TOLD YOU NOT TO POP UP IN
HUMAN GATHERINGS.
OLD MAN!

YOU CAN'T JUST APPEAR OUT
OF THIN AIR AND TELL THEM
HOW THEY'RE GOING TO DIE!

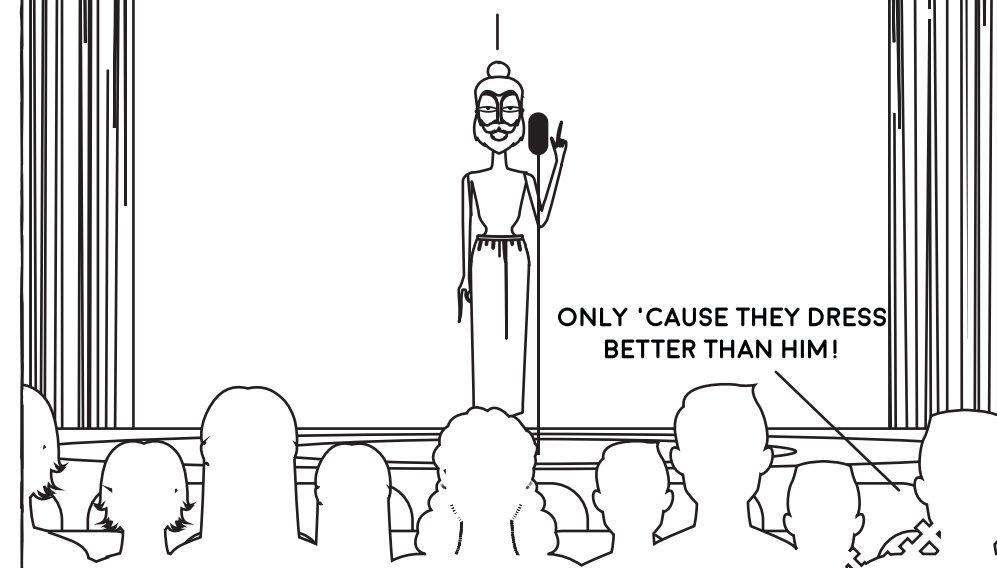


GOD IS SICK

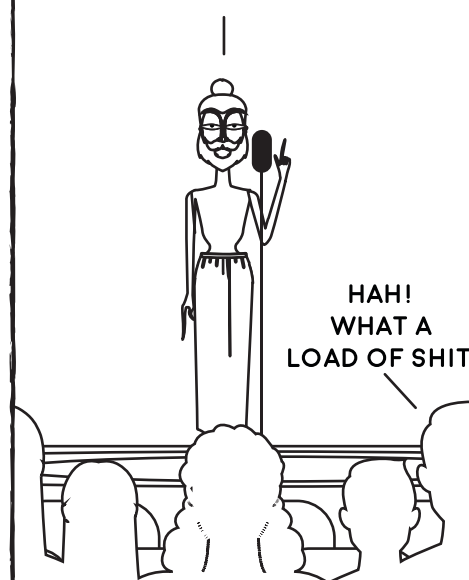
AND THEN GOD TOLD ME..



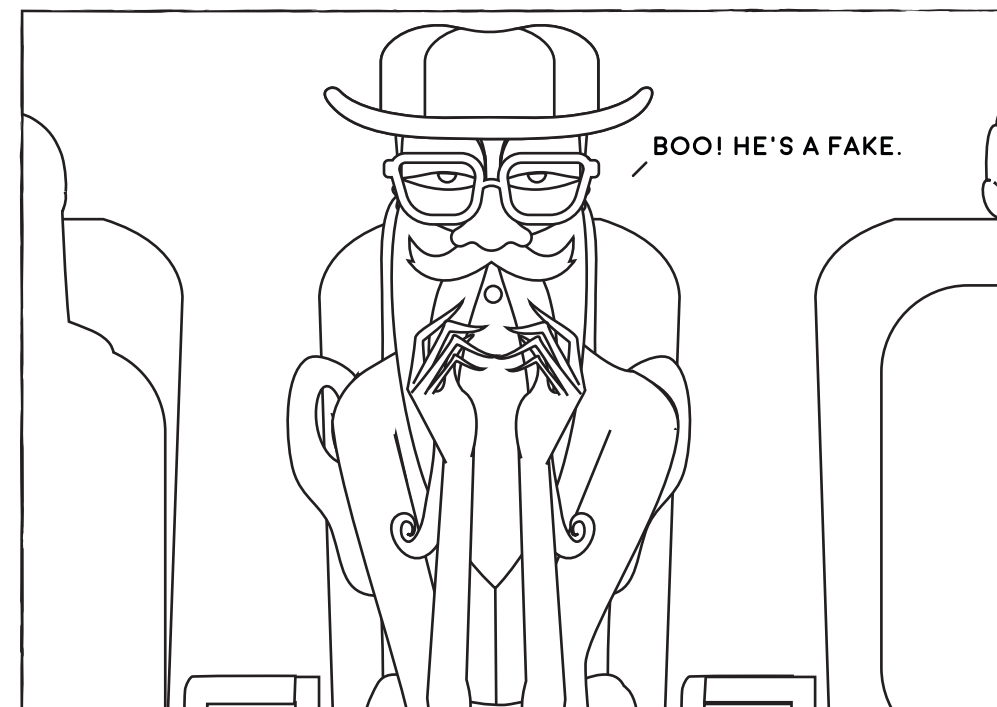
THAT HOMOSEXUALS ARE SINNERS



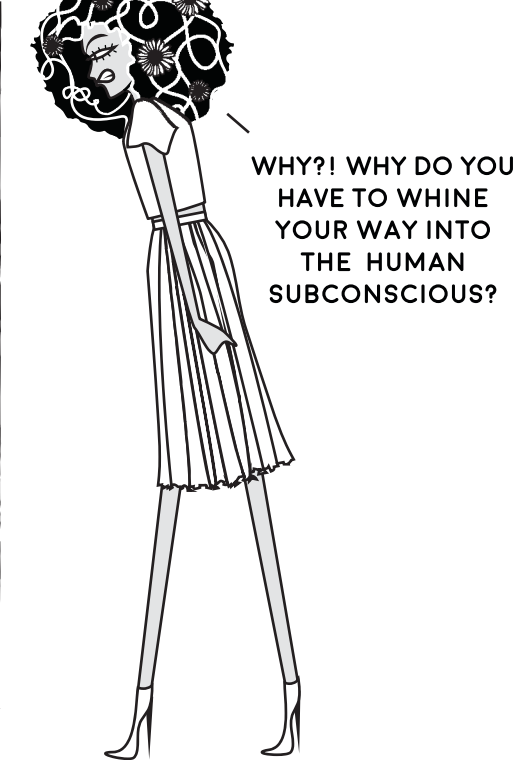
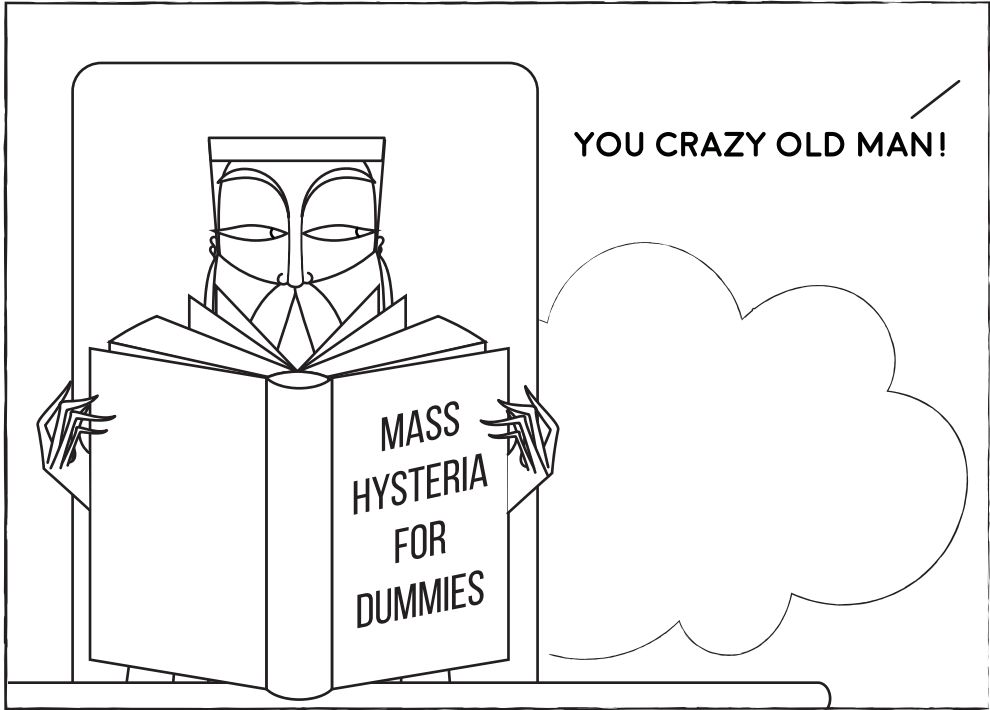
HUH? WHA? NO NO.
GOD REALLY SPOKE TO ME.



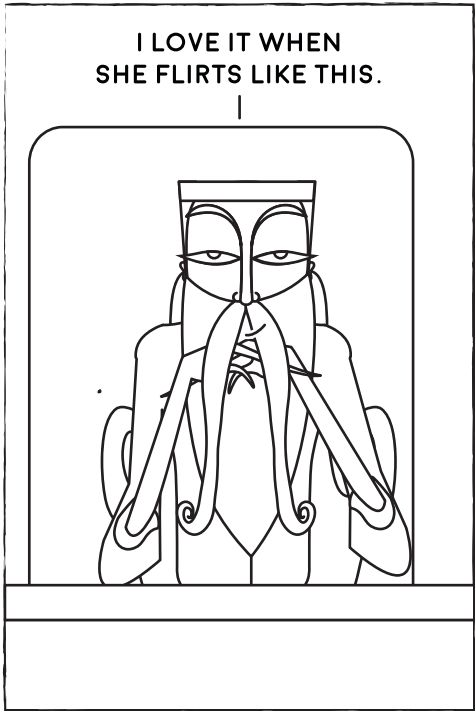
BOO! HE'S A FAKE.



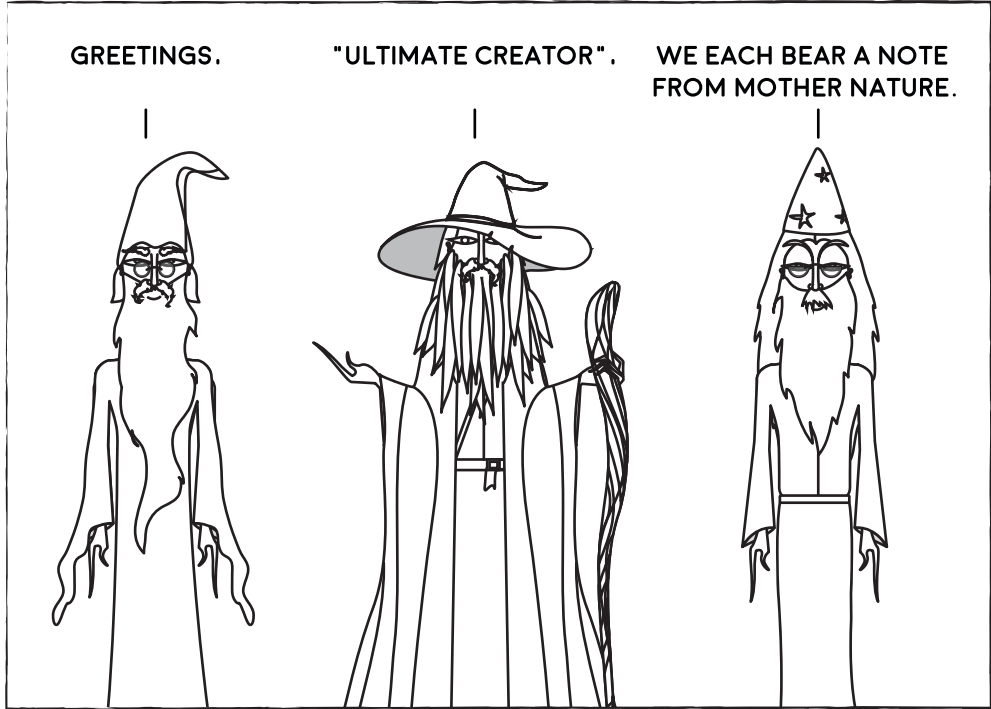
GOD IS SICK



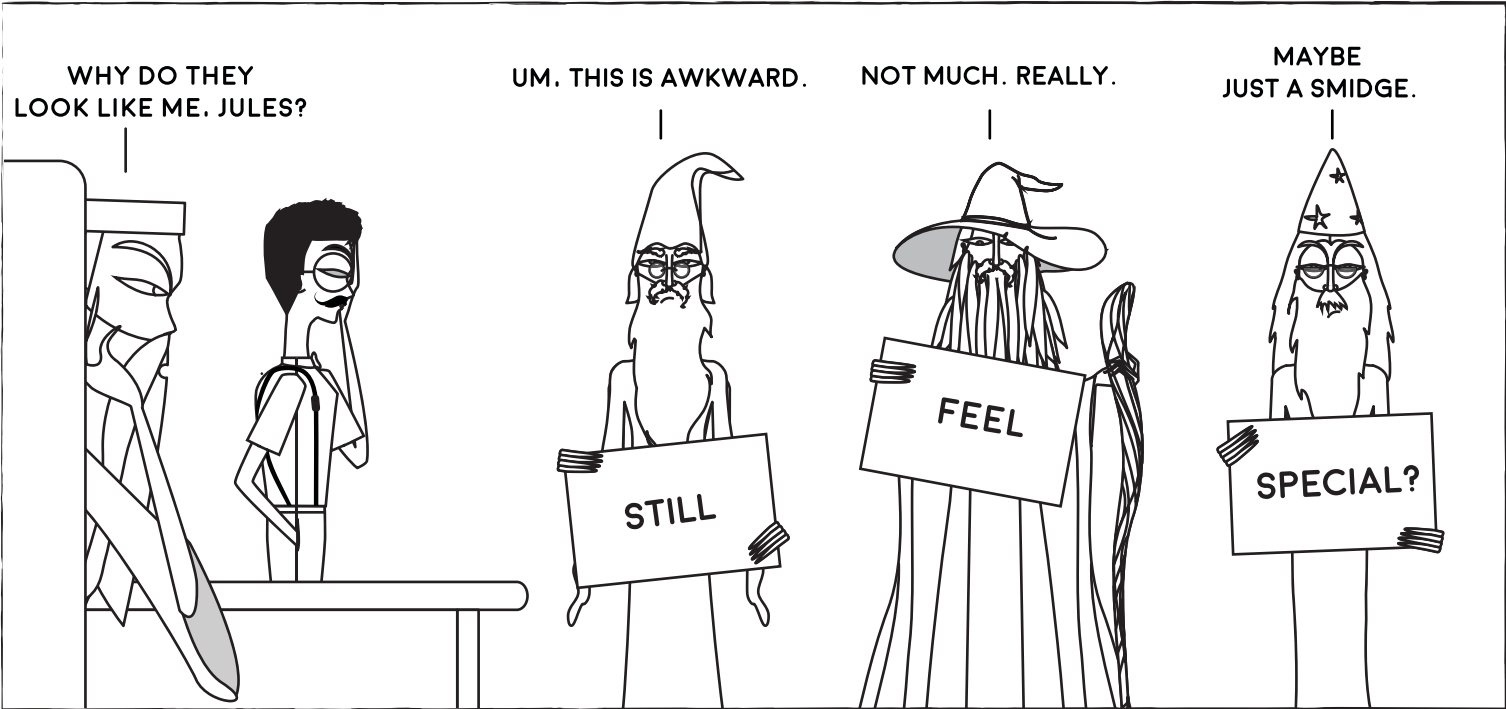
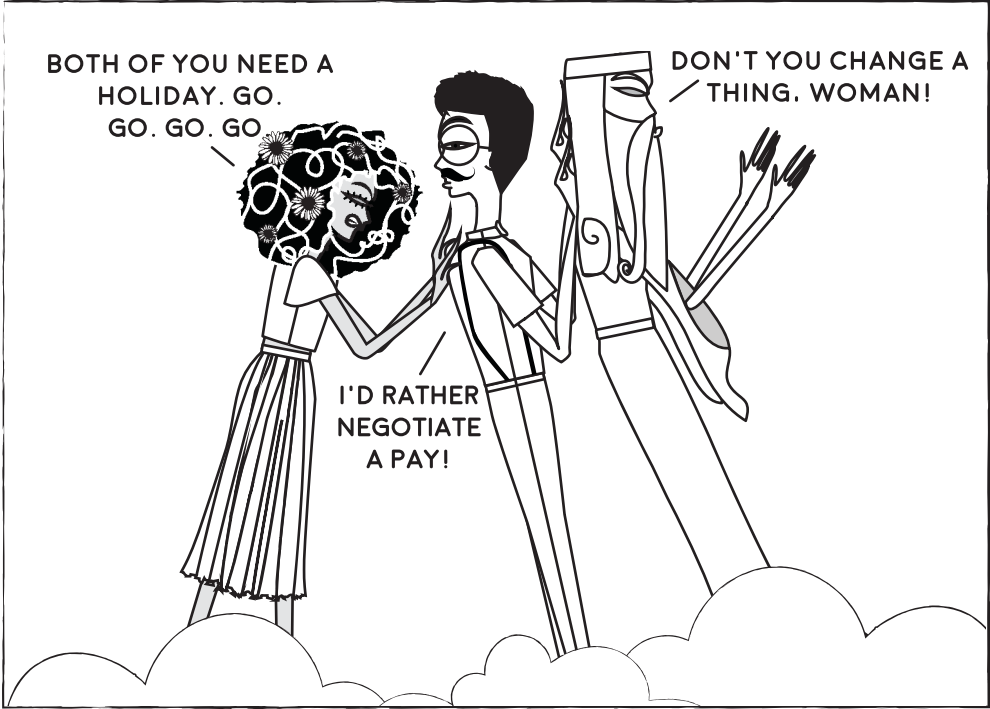
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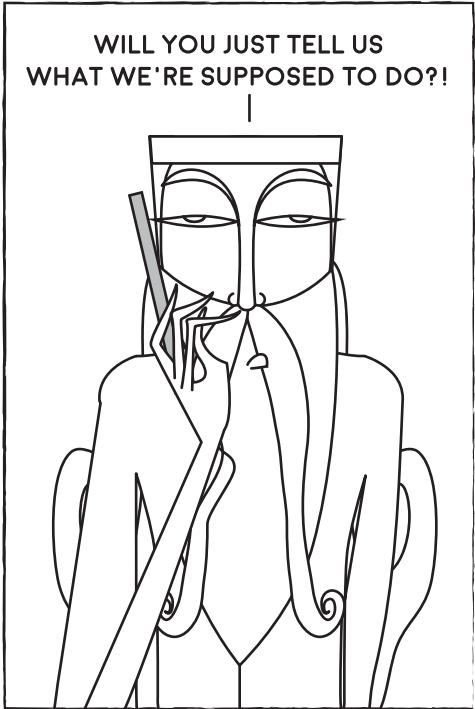
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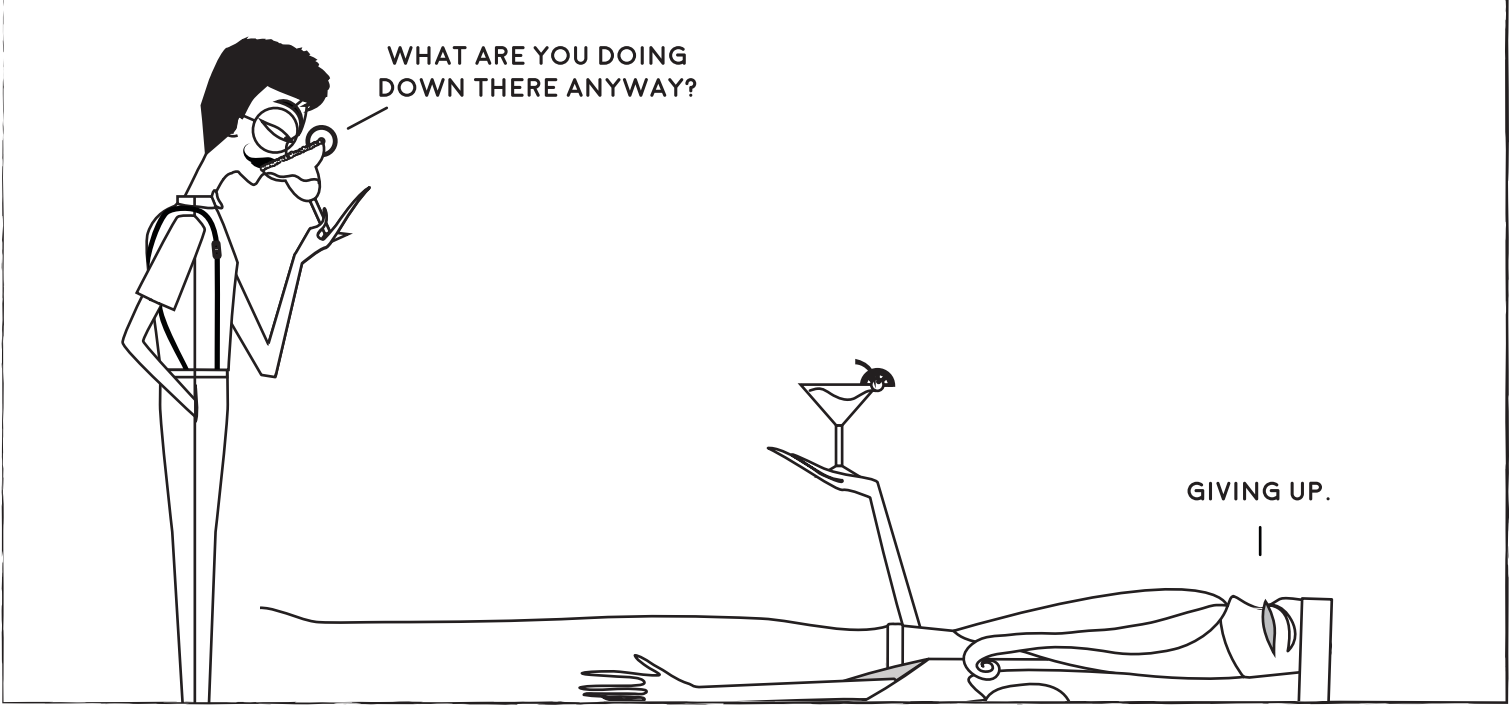
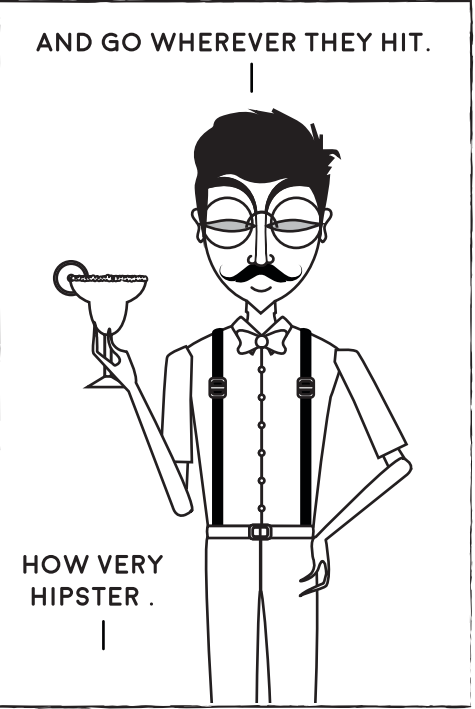
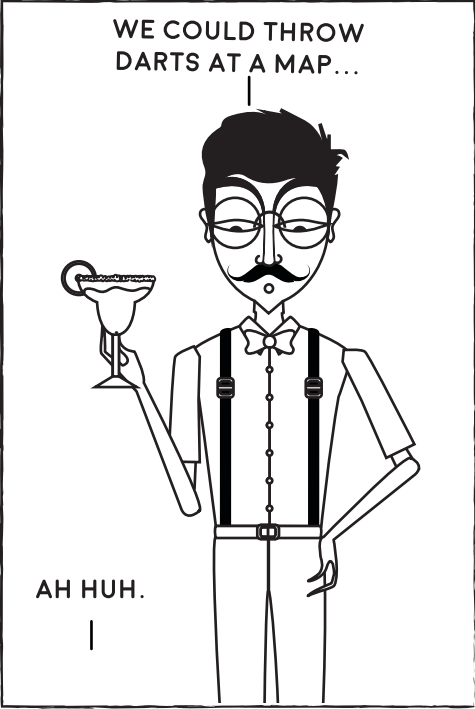
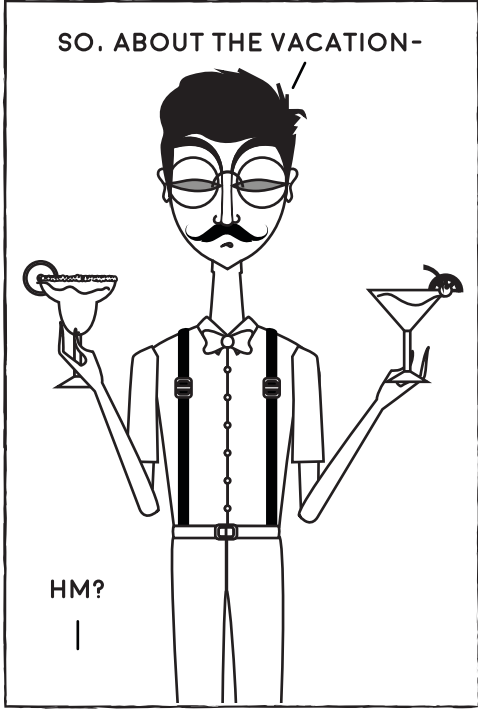
GOD IS SICK



GOD IS SICK



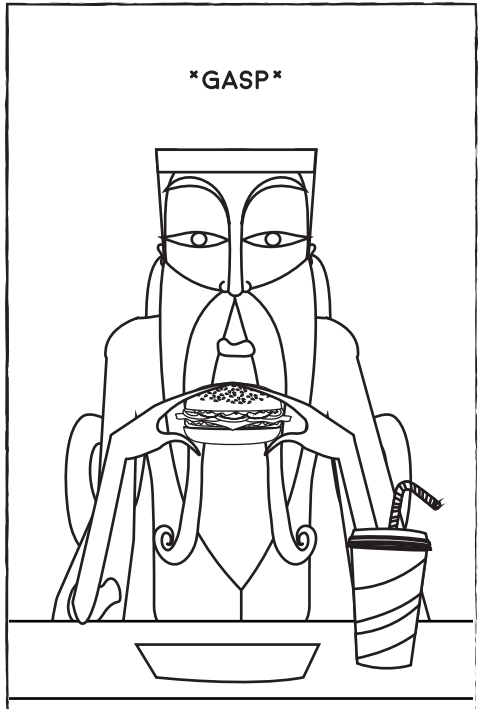
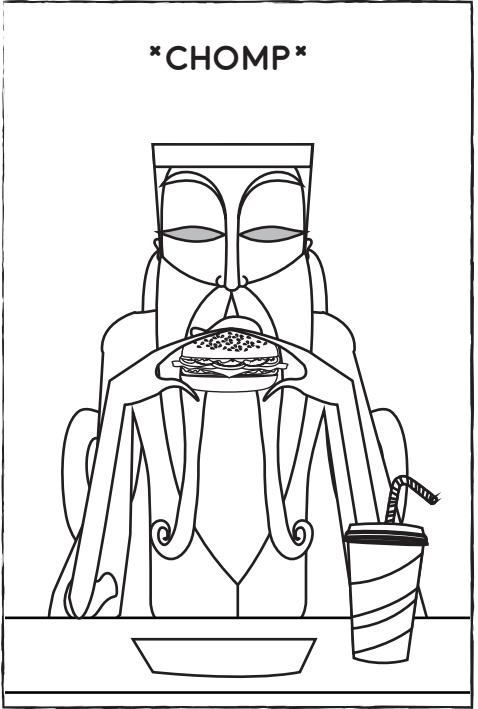
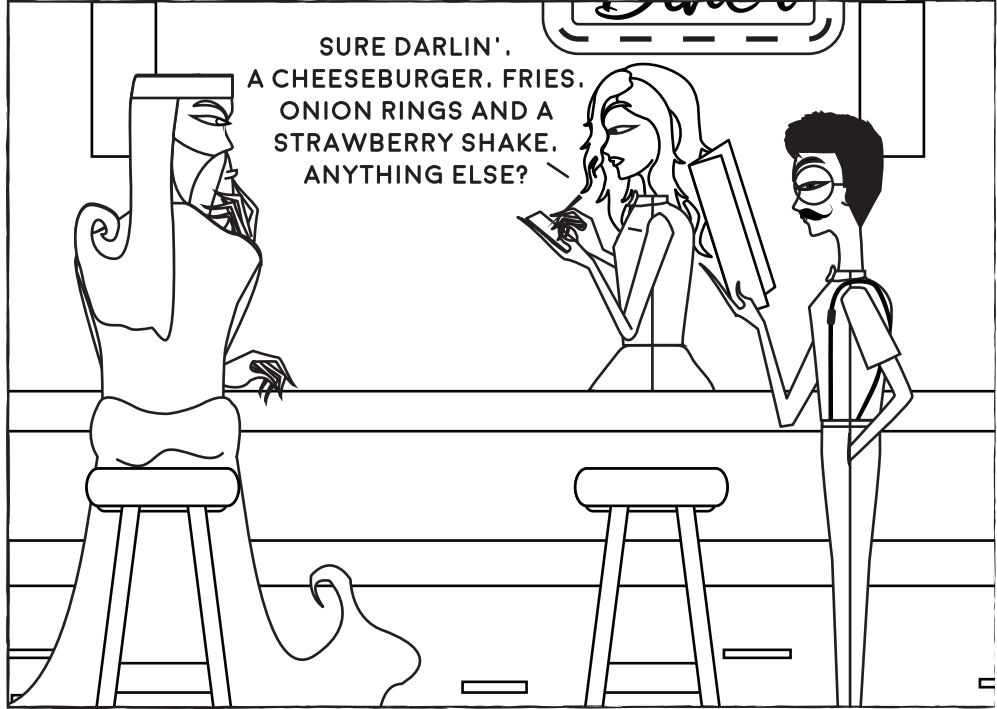
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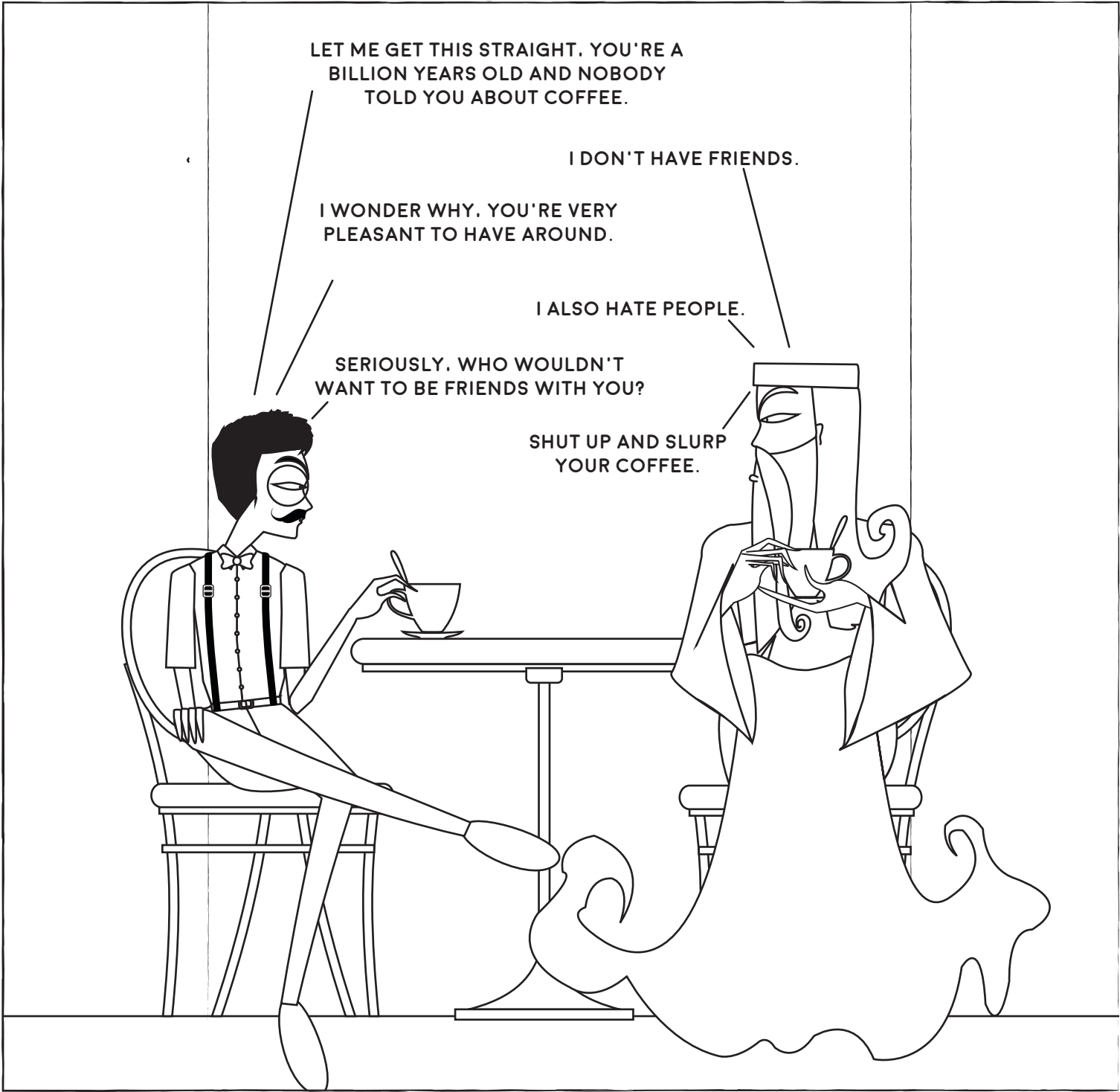
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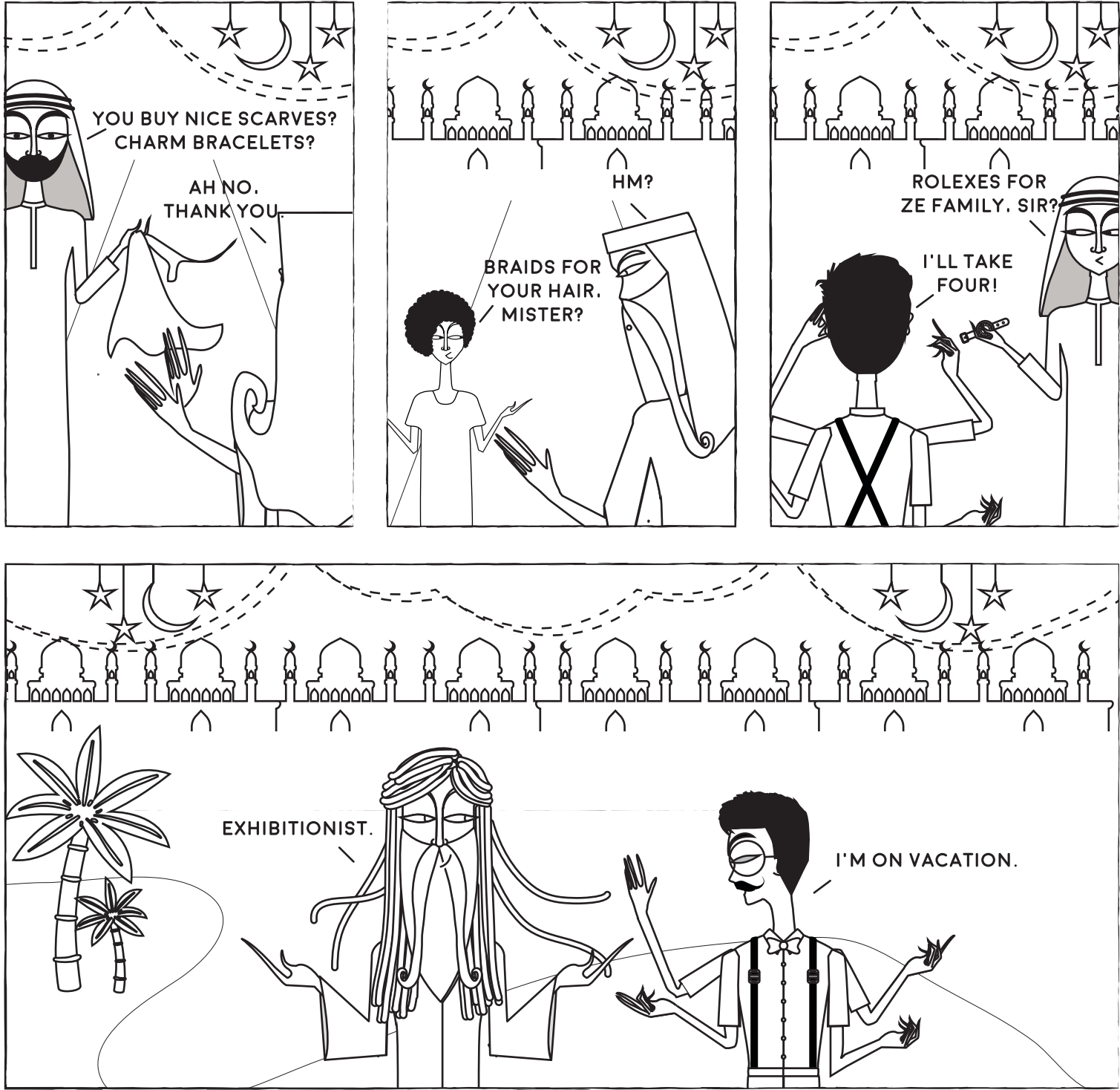
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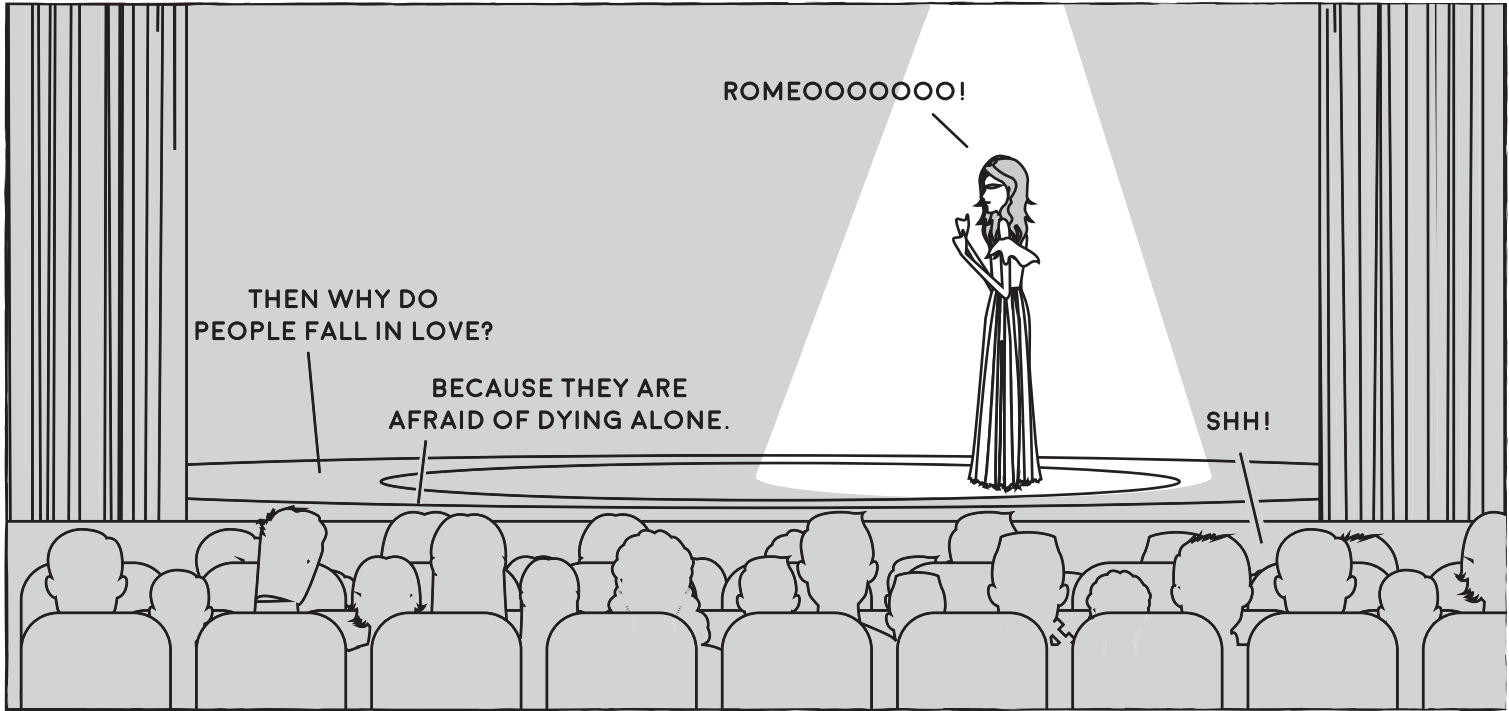
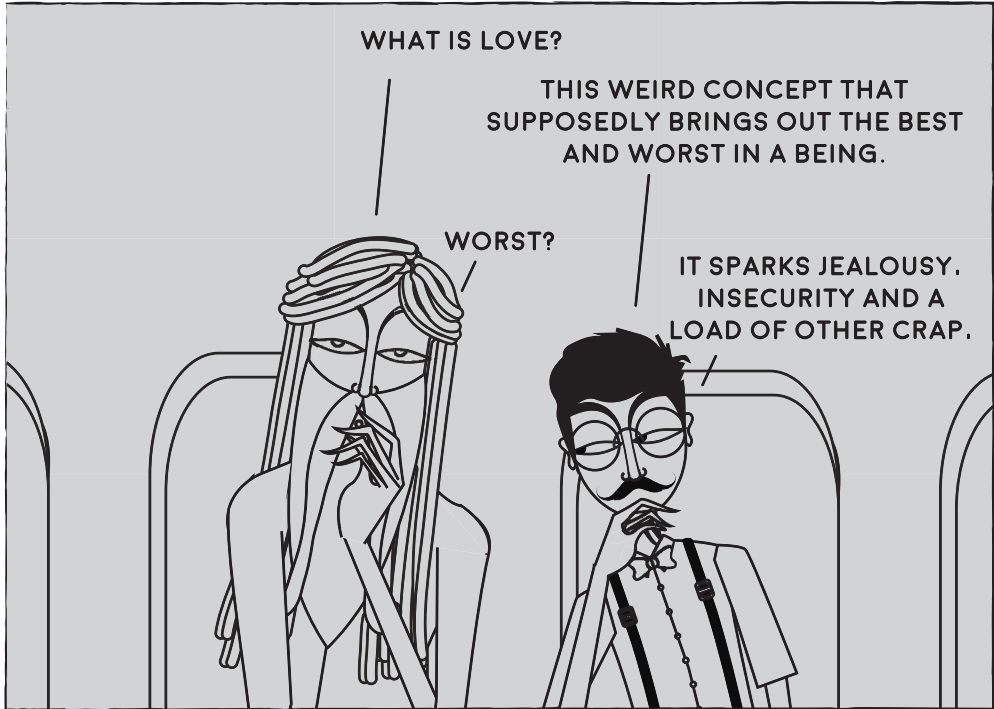
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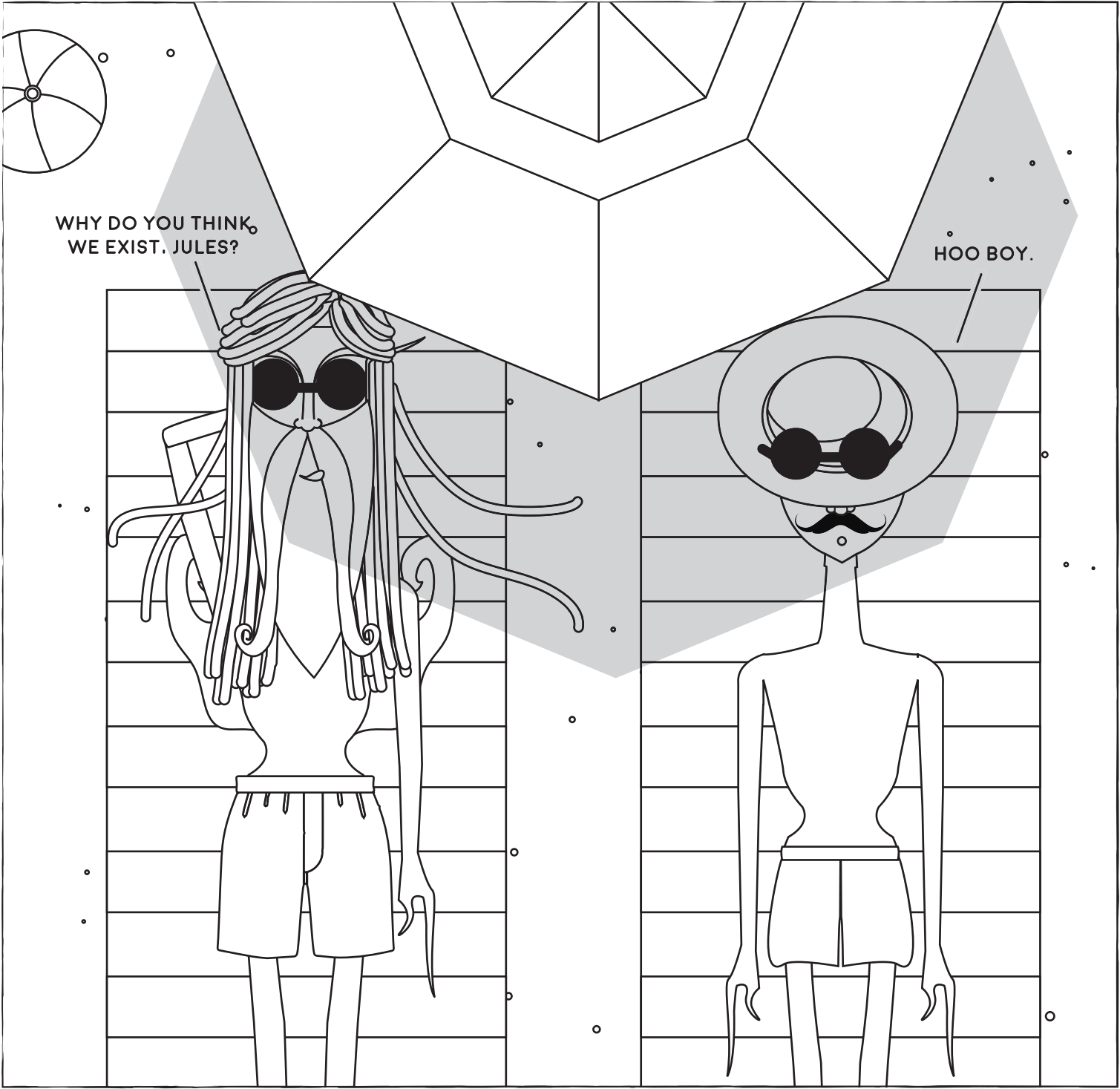
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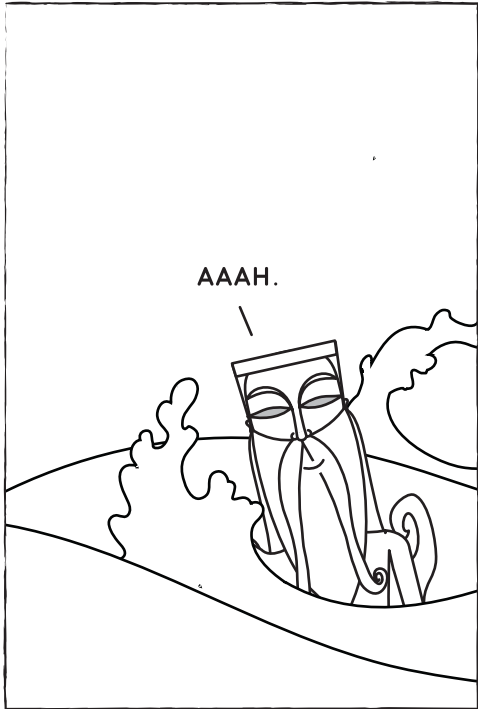
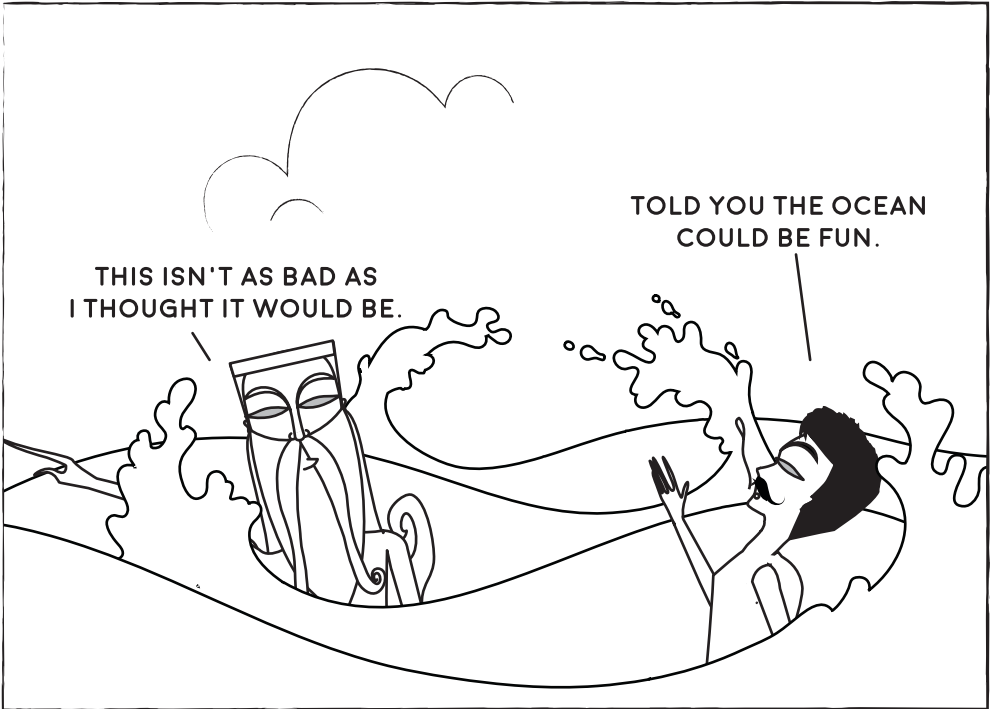
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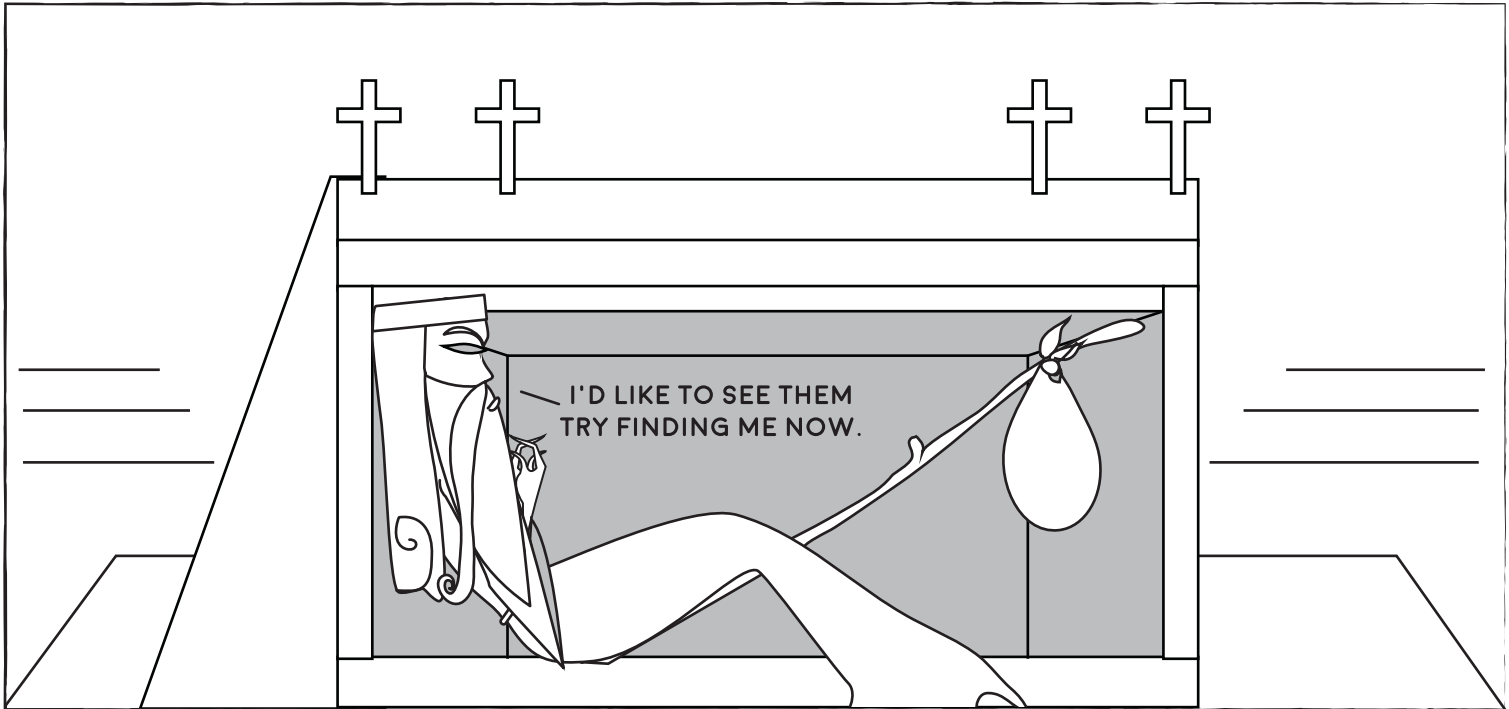
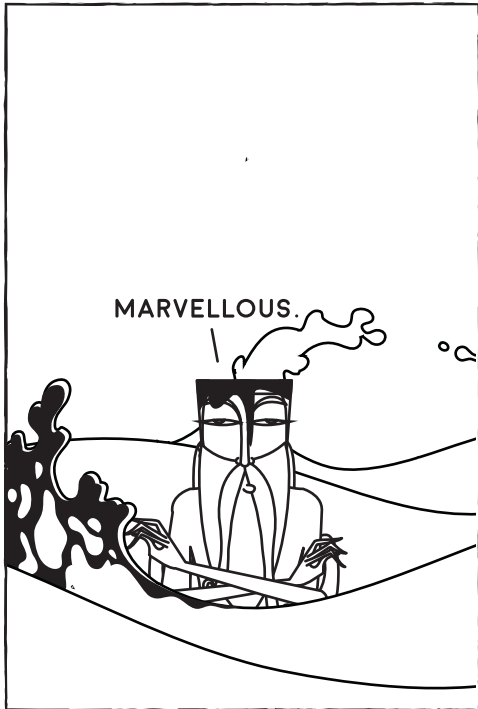
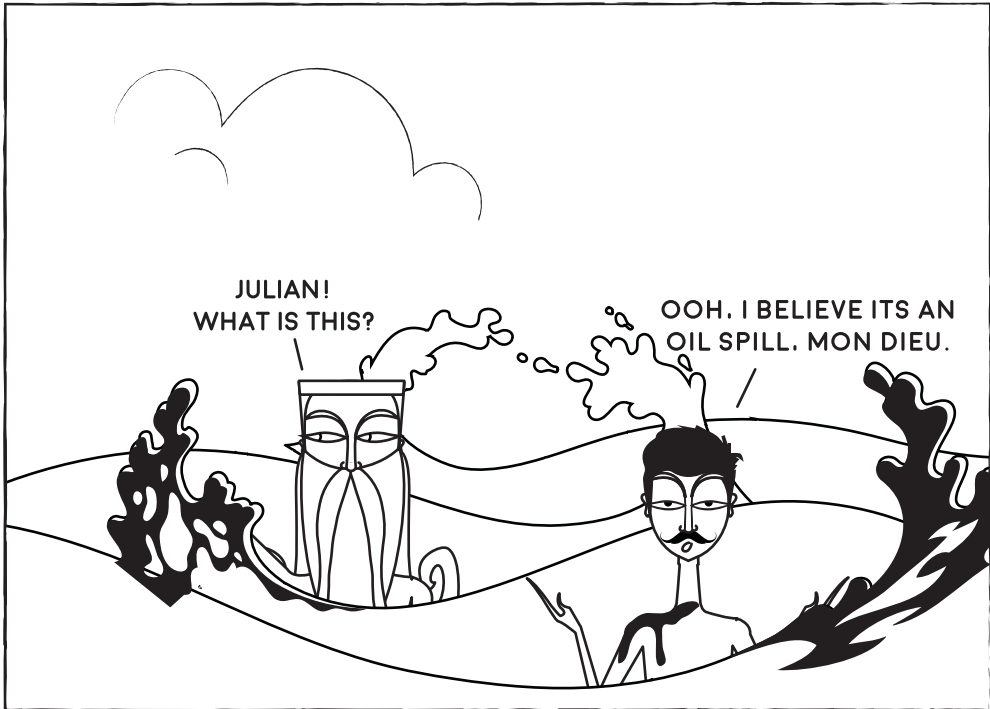
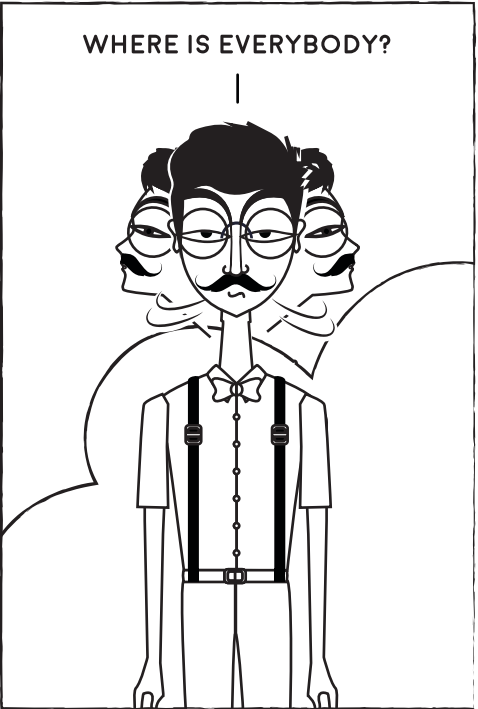
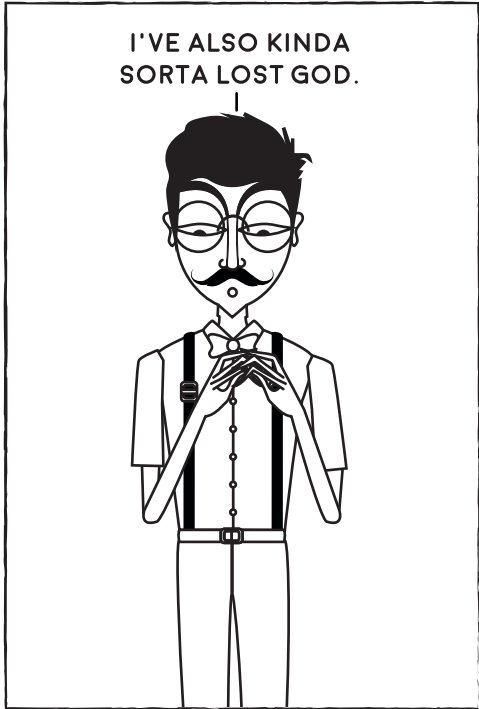
GOD IS SICK



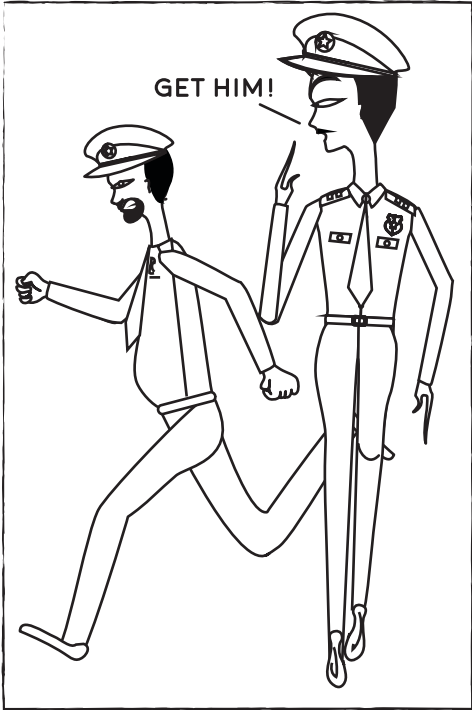
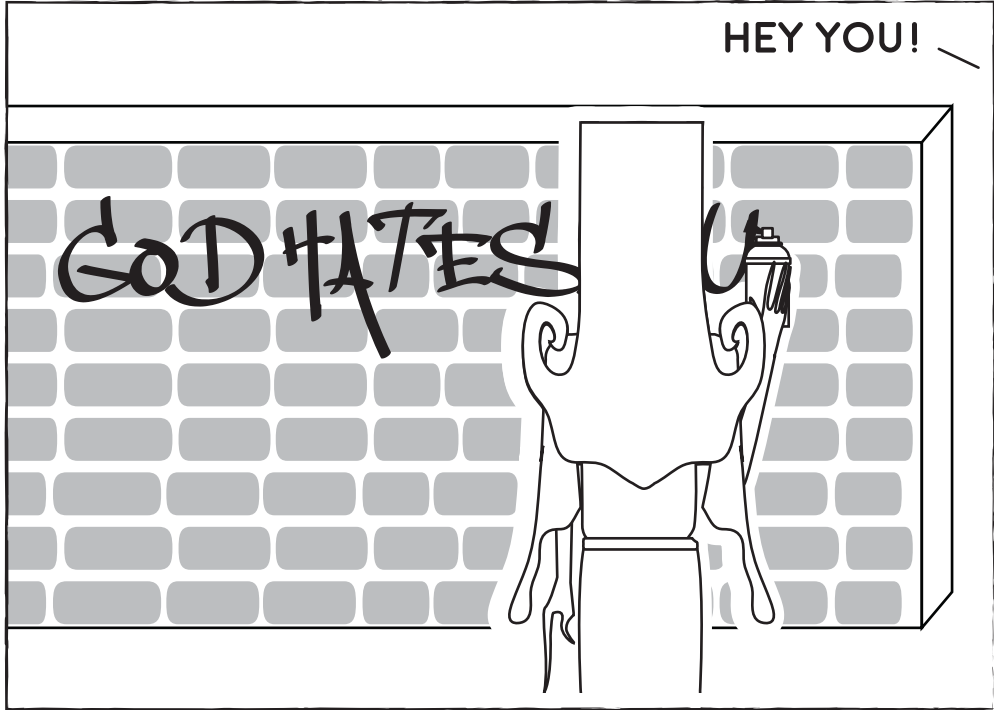
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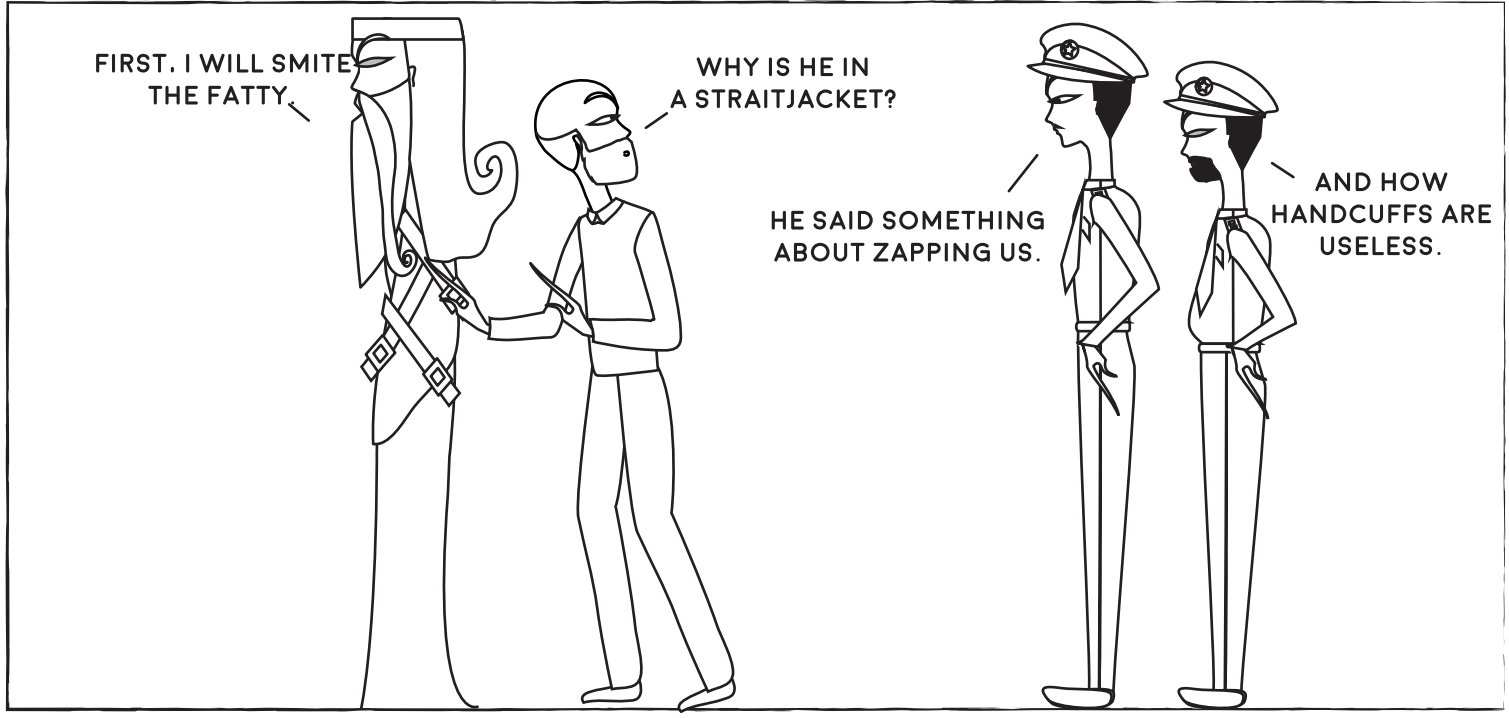
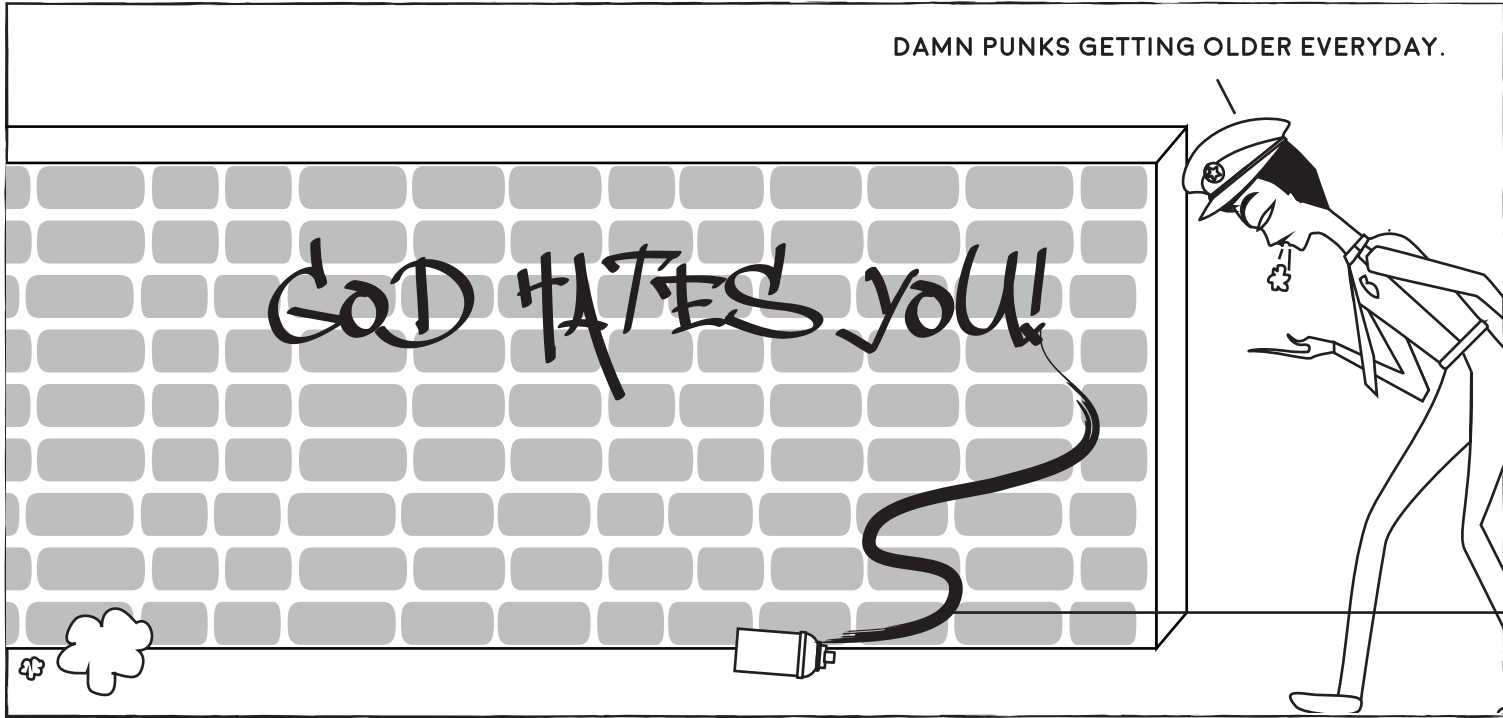
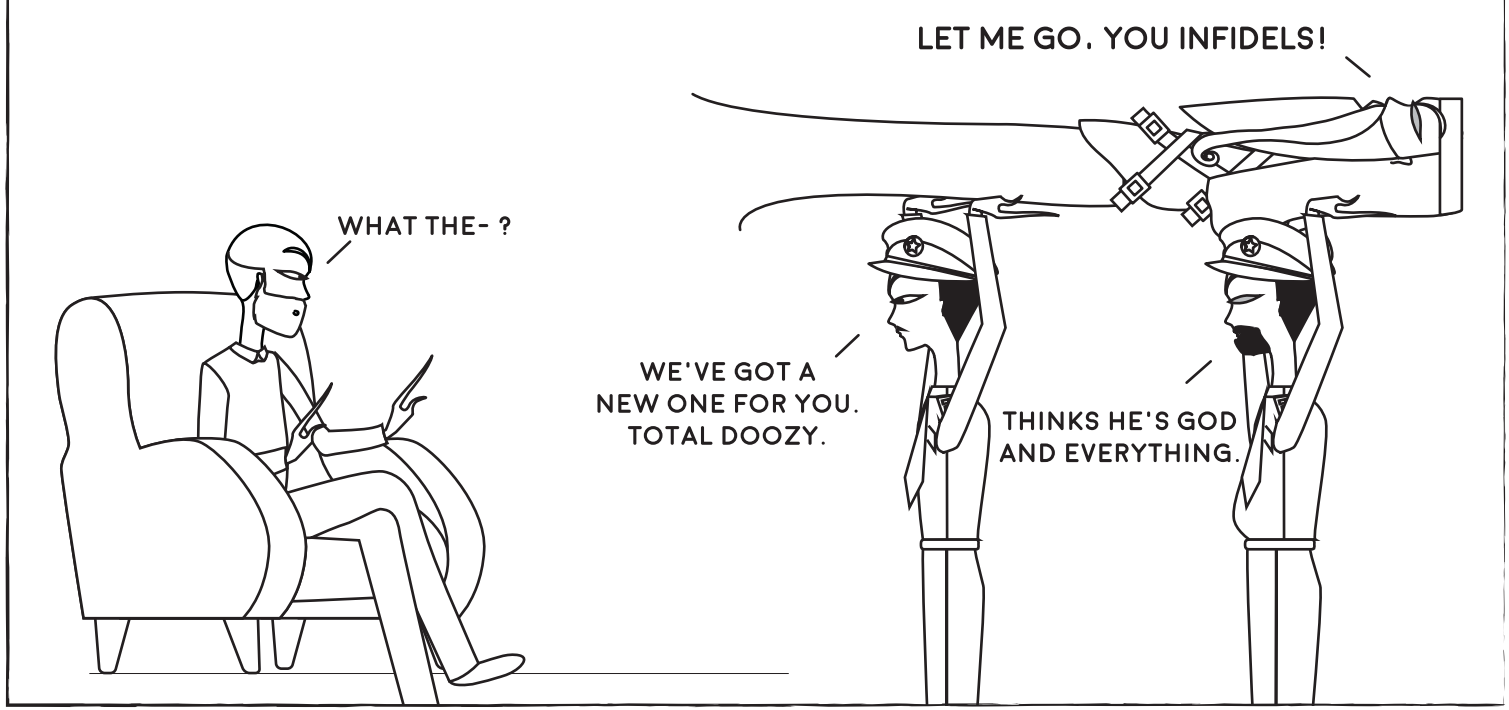
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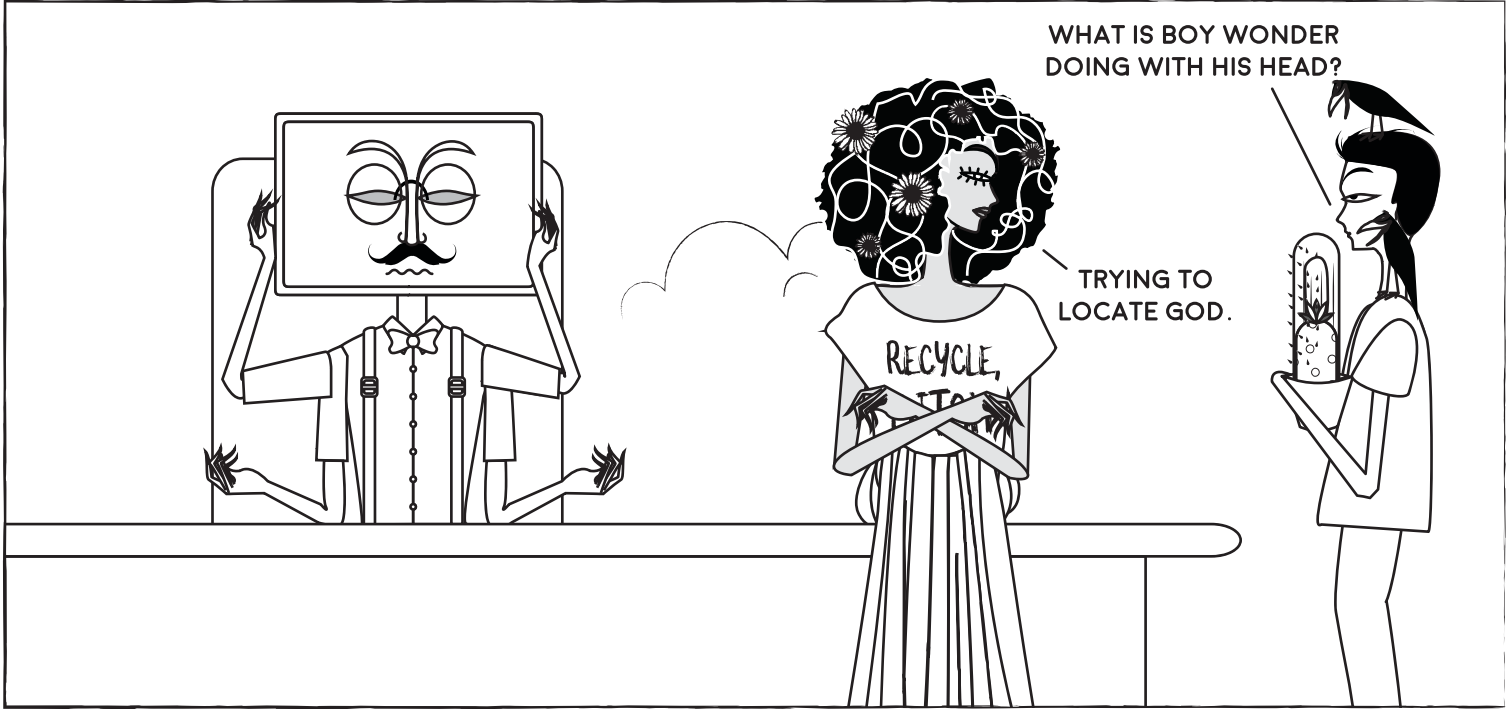
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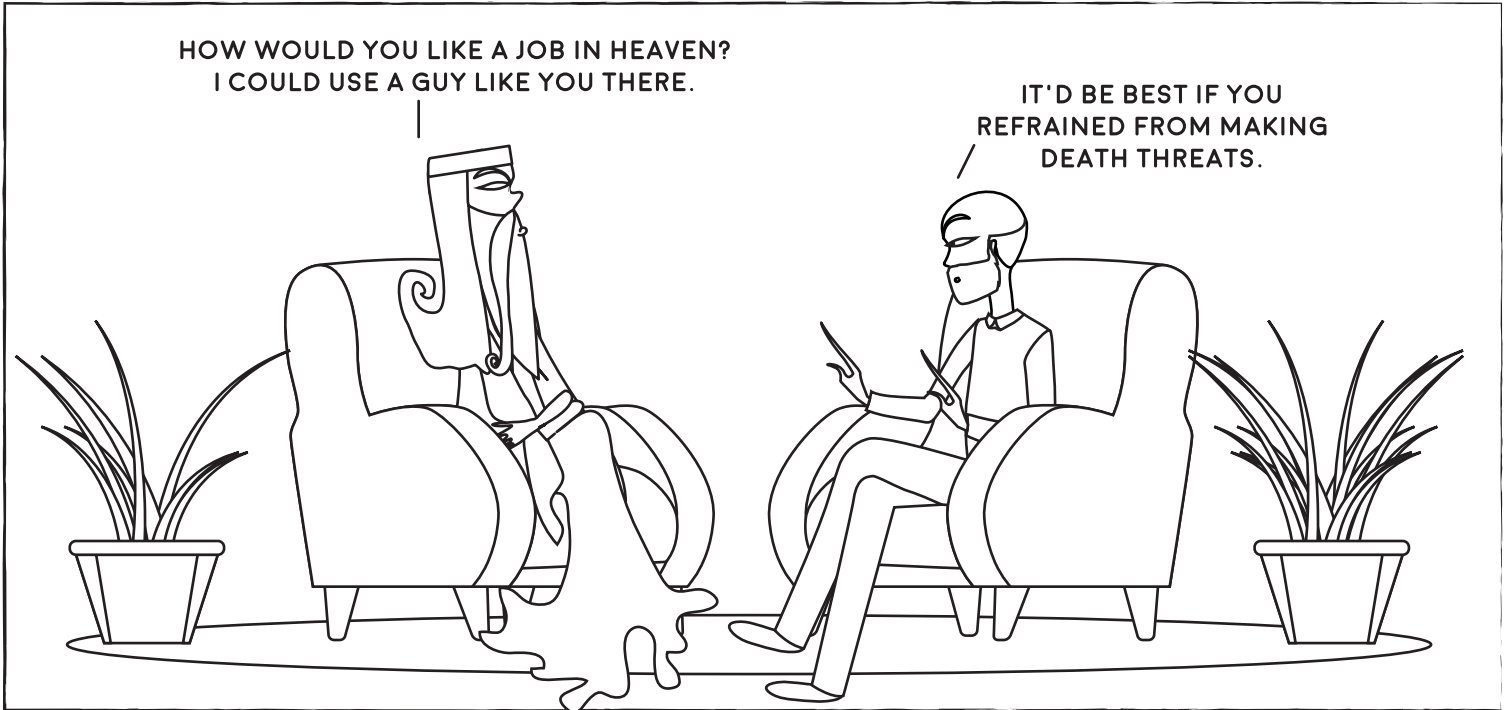
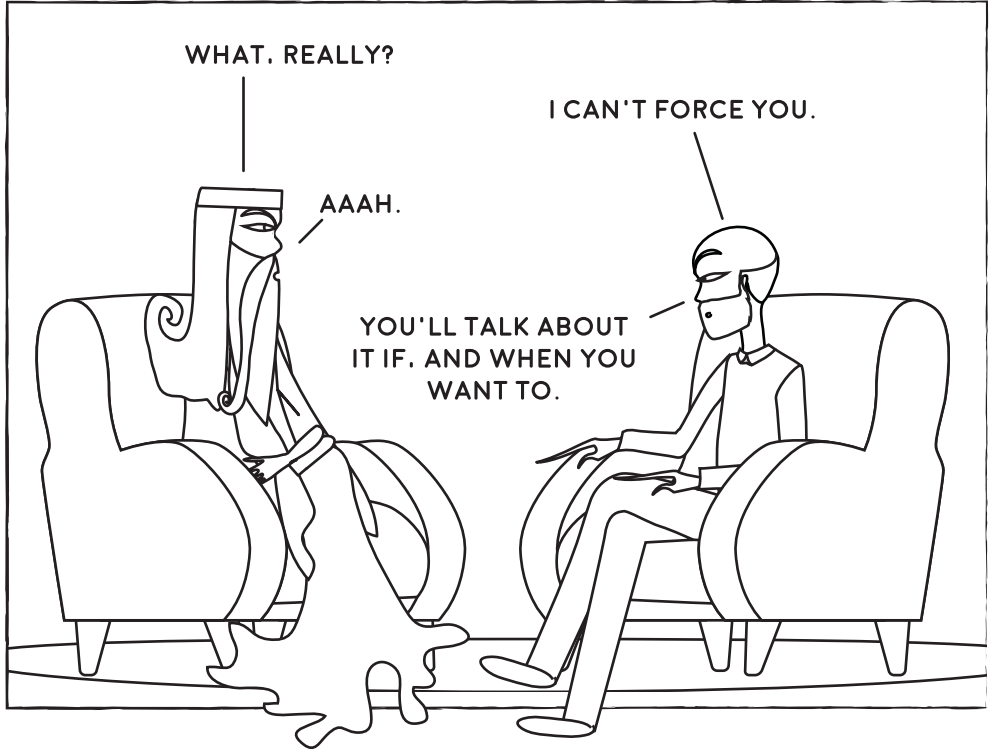
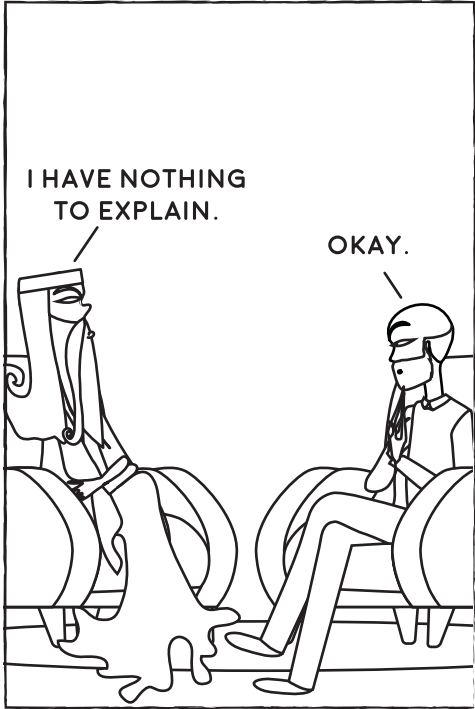
GOD IS SICK



GOD IS SICK

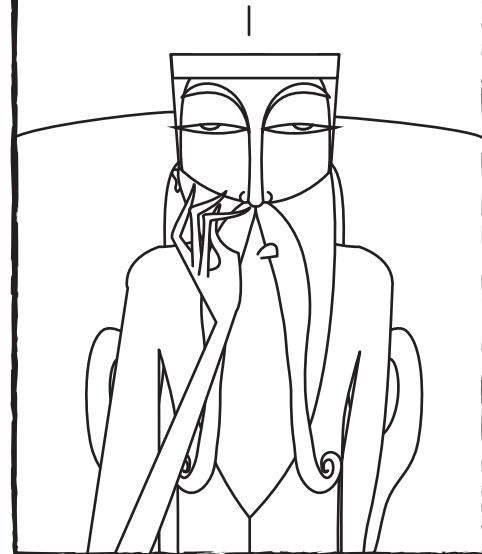


GOD IS SICK



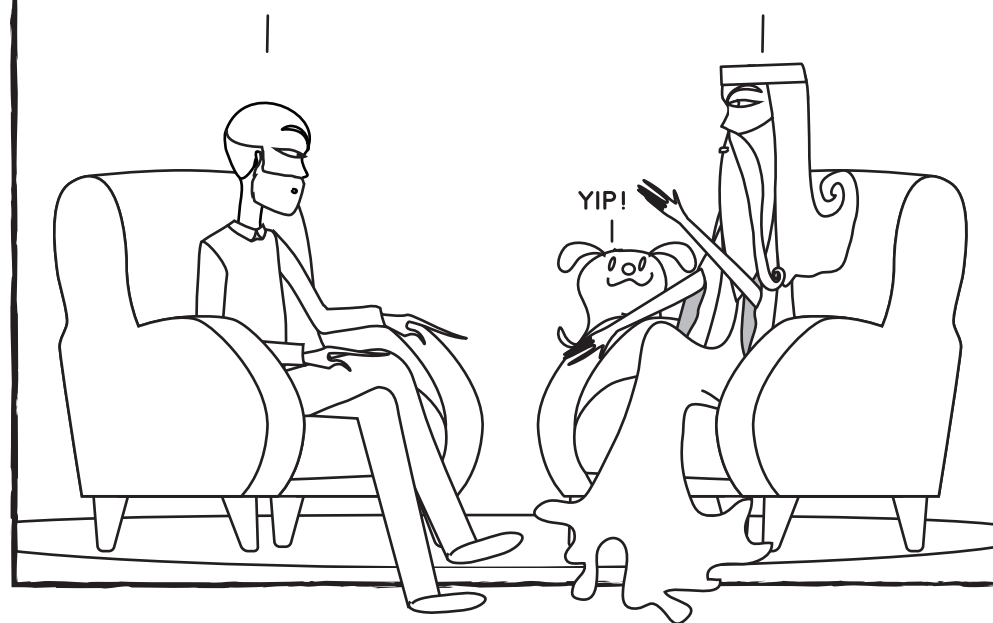
GOD IS SICK

EVERYTHING IS SUCH A BORE!
ITS THE SAME THING
OVER AND OVER AGAIN
AND I CAN'T EVEN DIE.



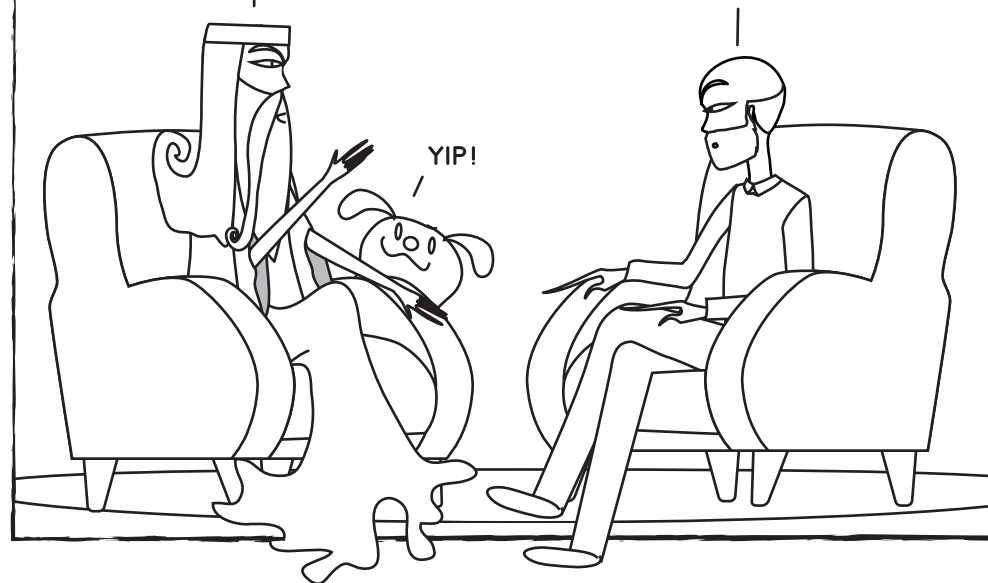
BUT IS DEATH
REALLY THE ANSWER?

HOW WOULD I EVER KNOW?

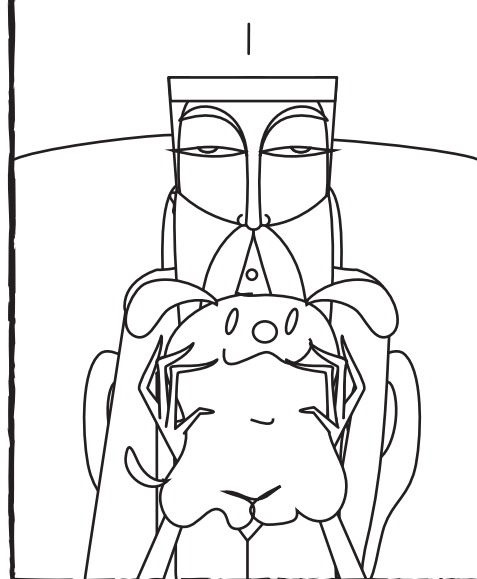


OI SHRINKY.
YOUR DOG IS TAILING ME.

HE'S A THERAPY PUPPY.
HE HELPS CALMING
PEOPLE DOWN.

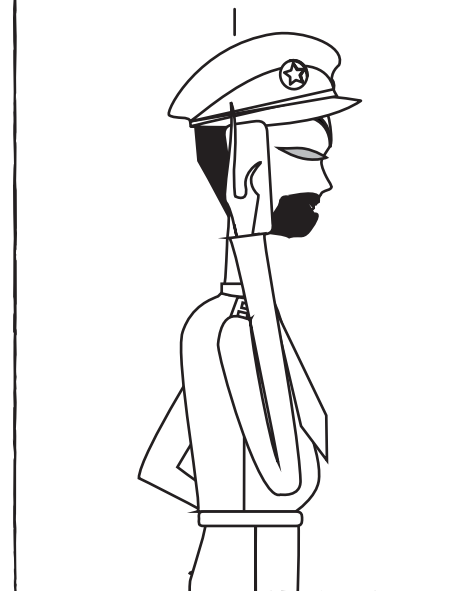


THIS THING HAS A JOB TOO?



GOD IS SICK

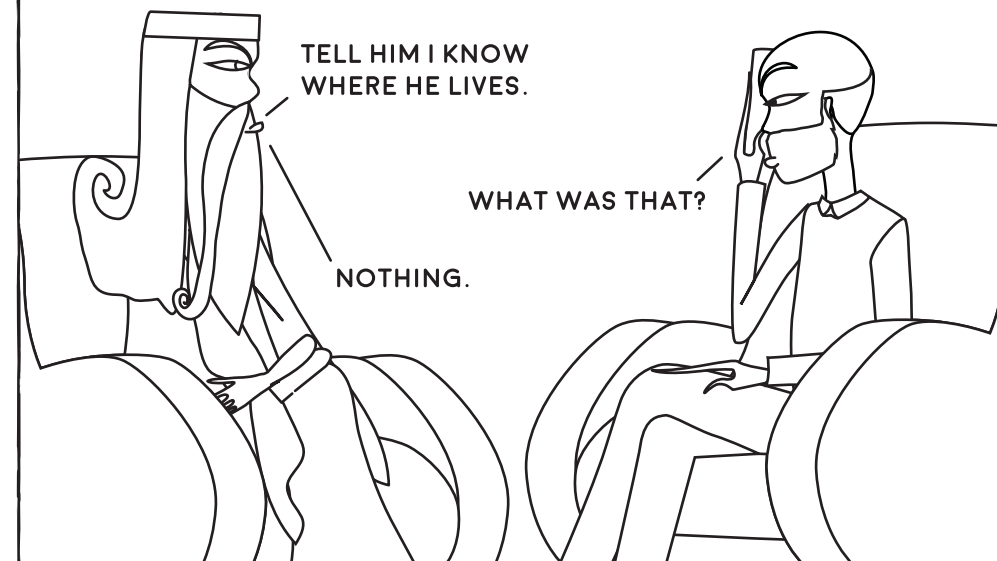
YEAH. YOU CAN RELEASE
HIM IF HE'S DONE
YAPPING ABOUT GOD.



TELL HIM I KNOW
WHERE HE LIVES.

WHAT WAS THAT?

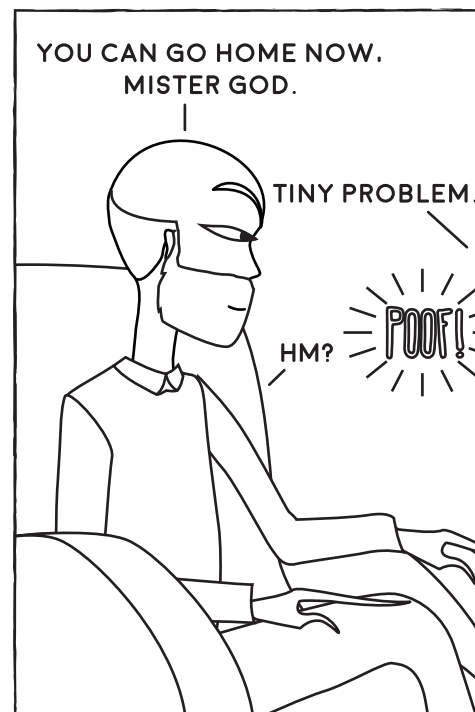
NOTHING.



YOU CAN GO HOME NOW.
MISTER GOD.

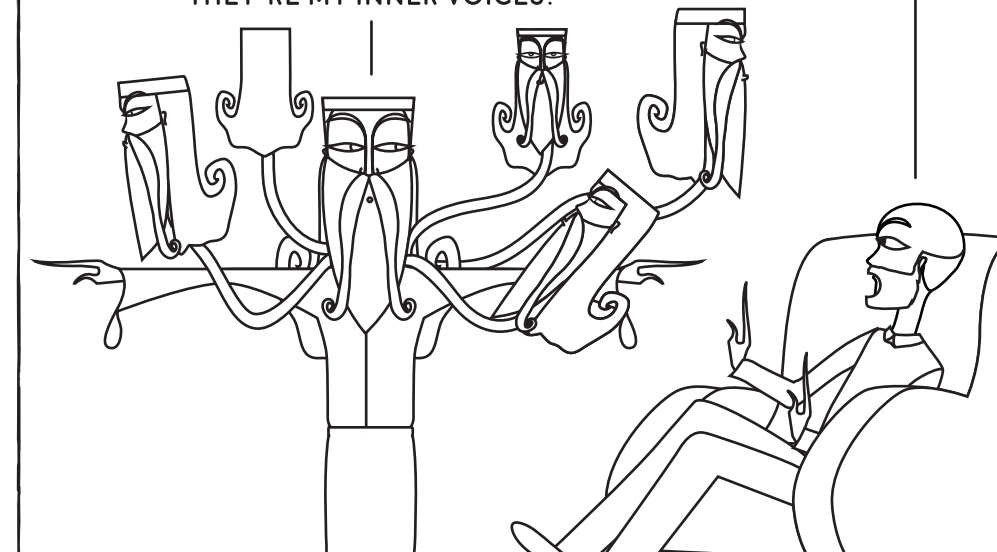
TINY PROBLEM.

HM?

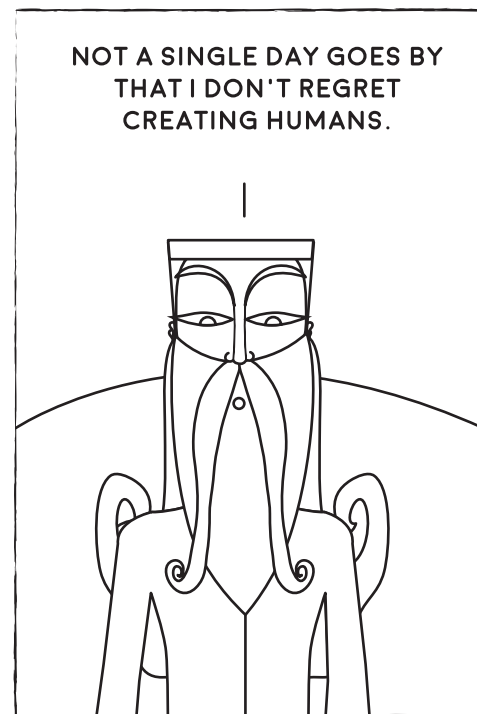
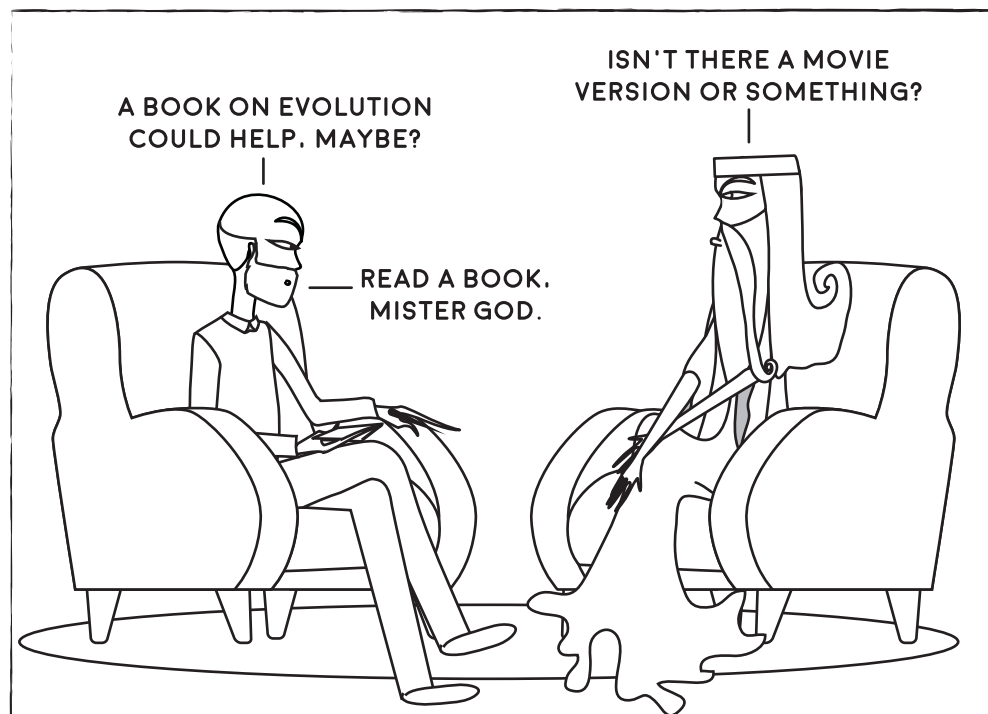
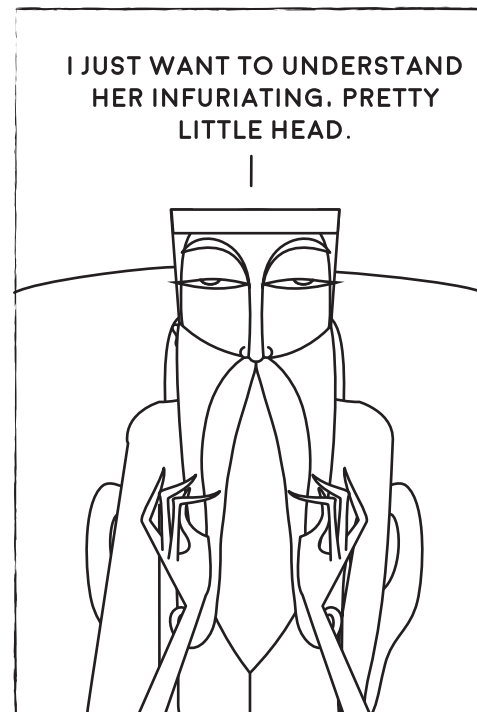
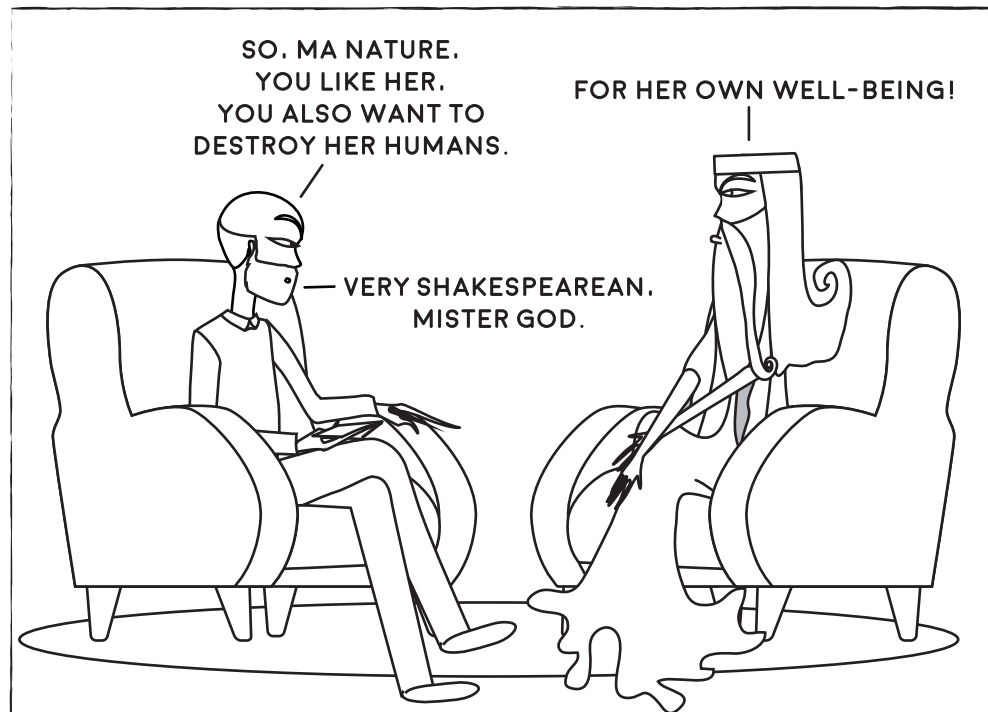


OH COME ON!

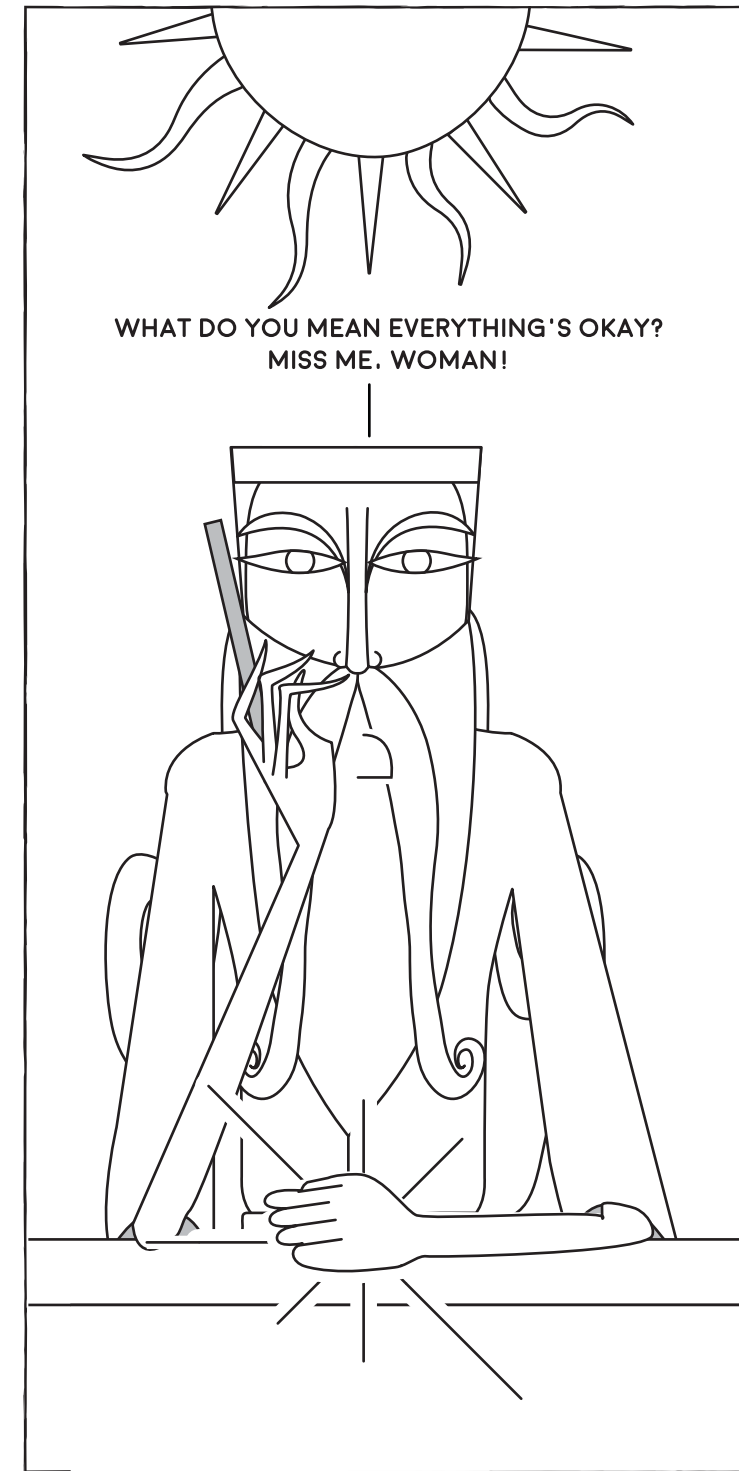
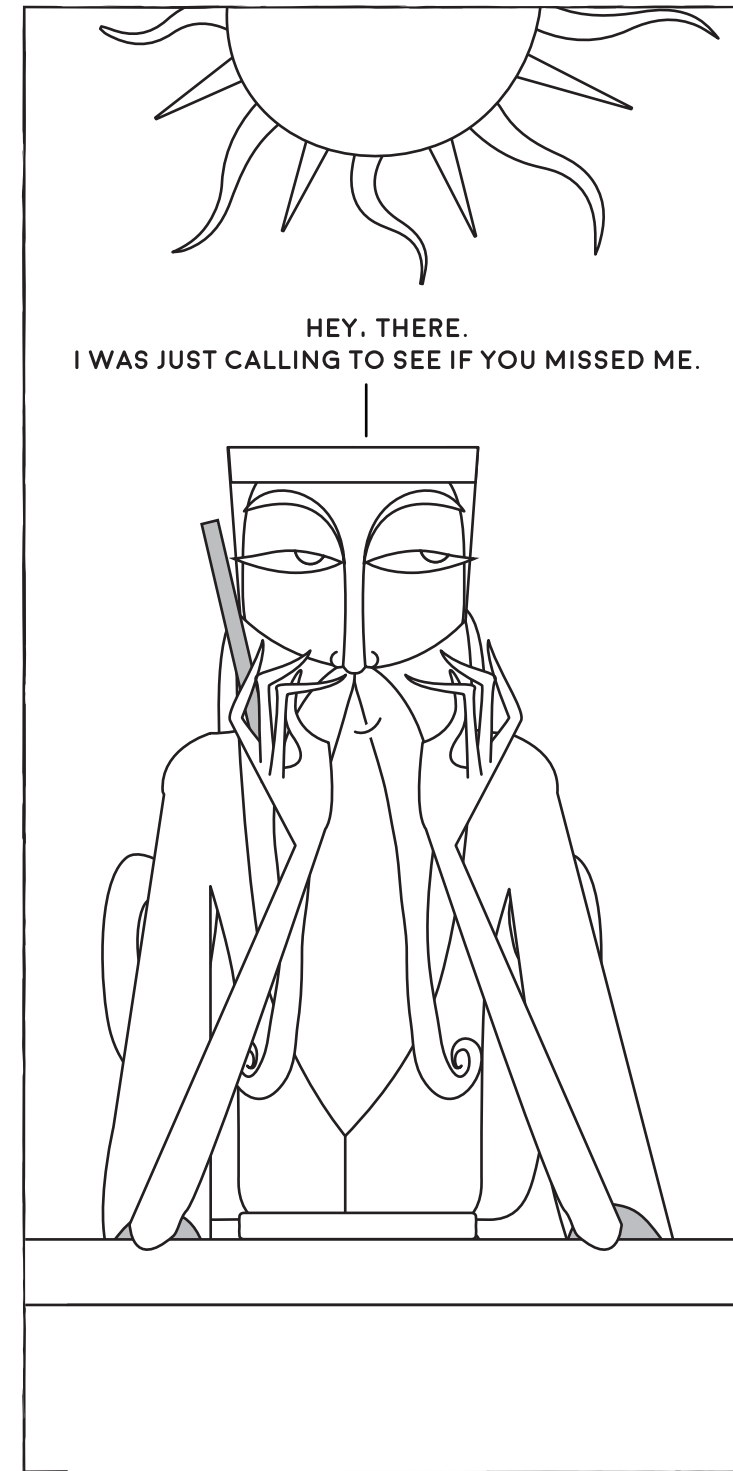
APPARENTLY
THEY'RE MY INNER VOICES.



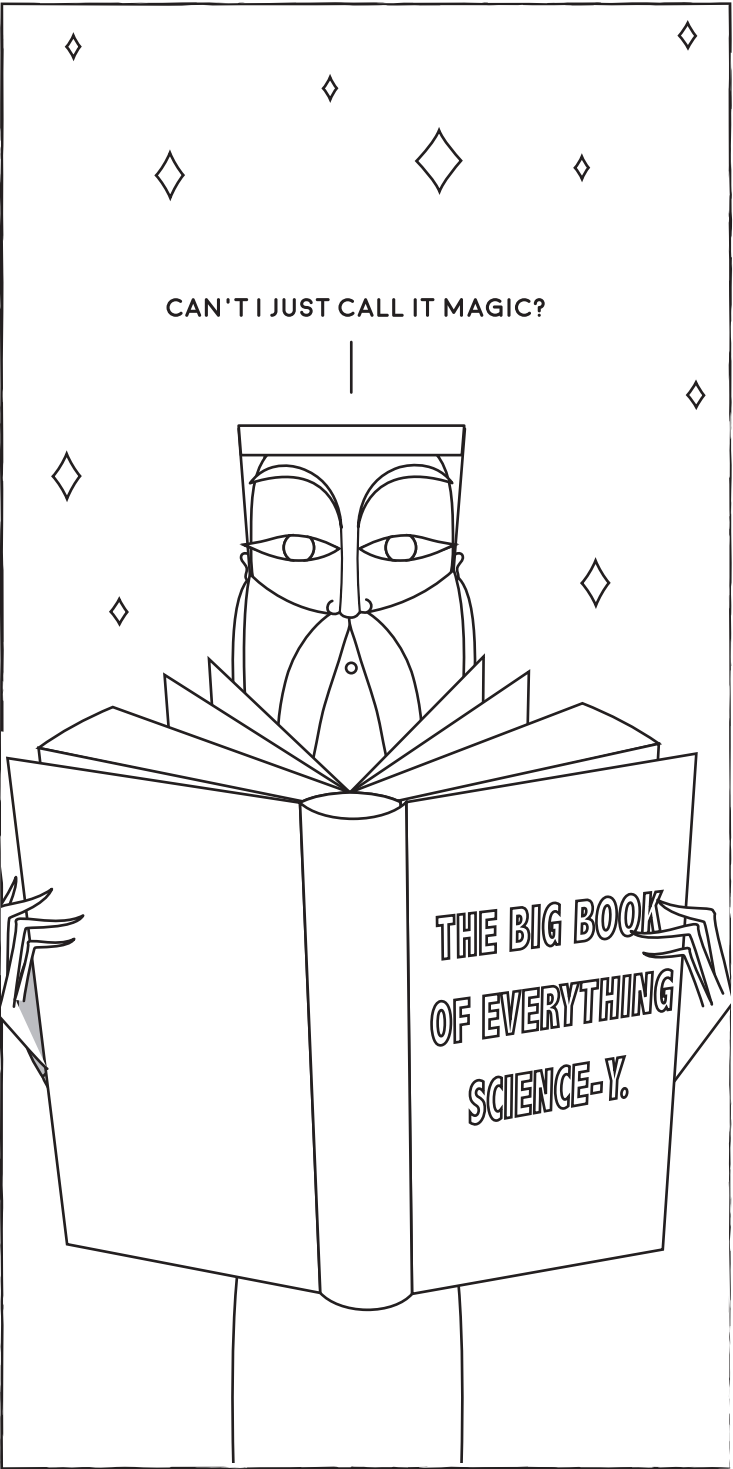
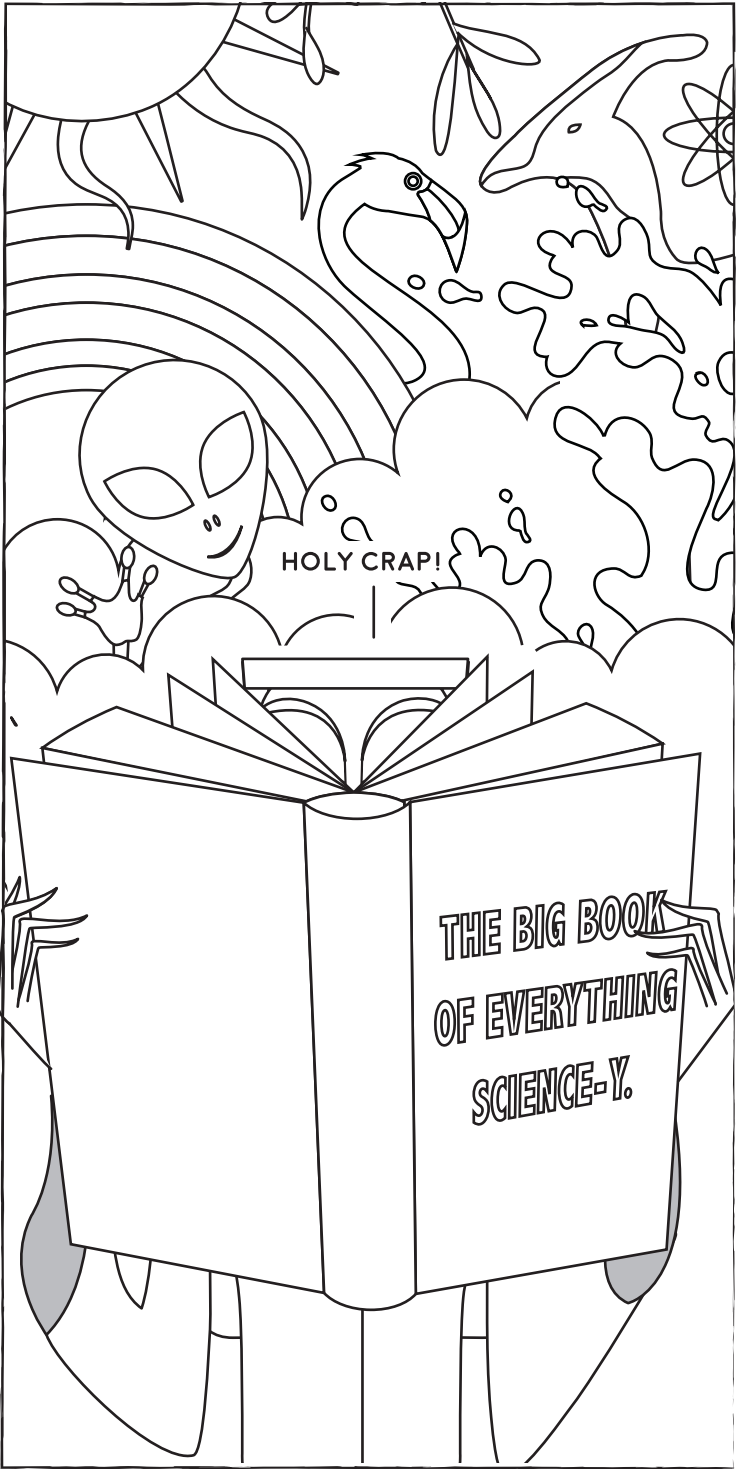
GOD IS SICK



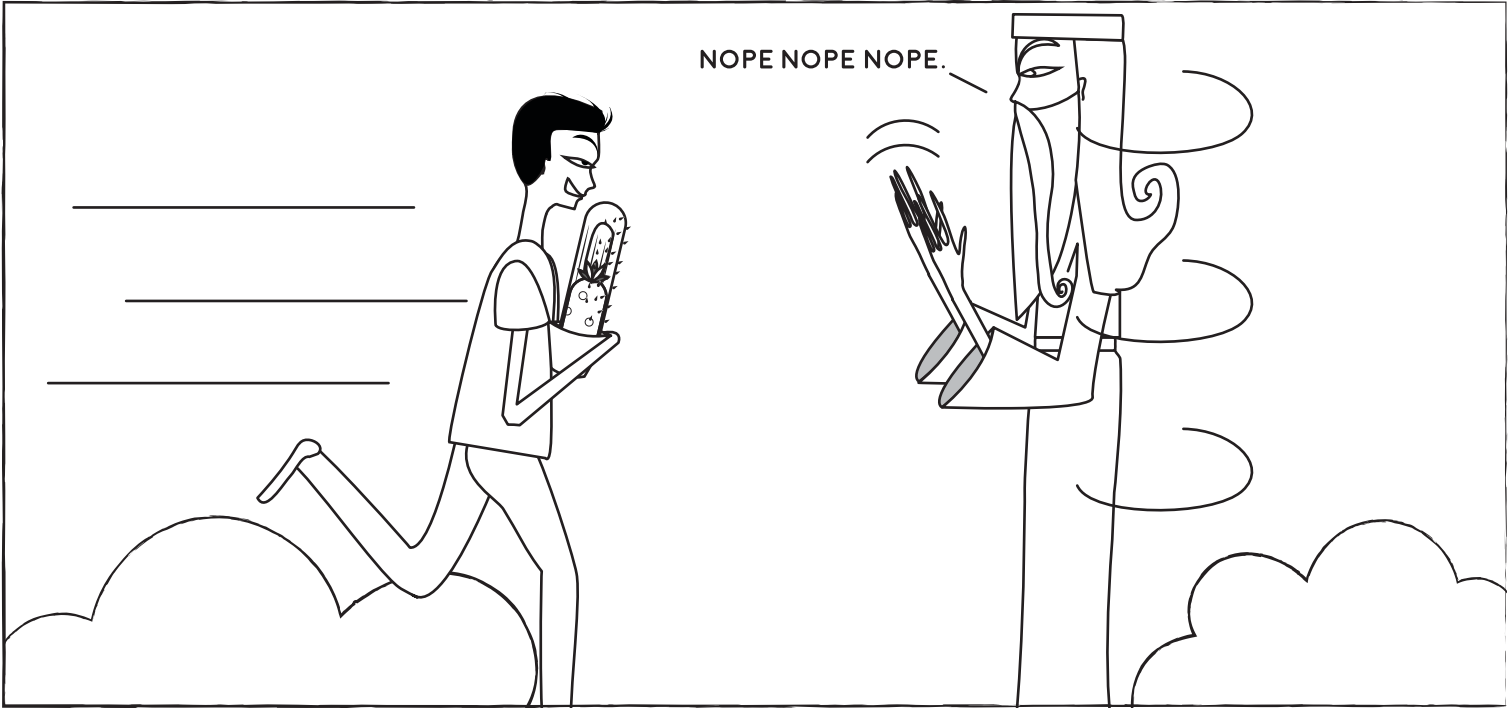
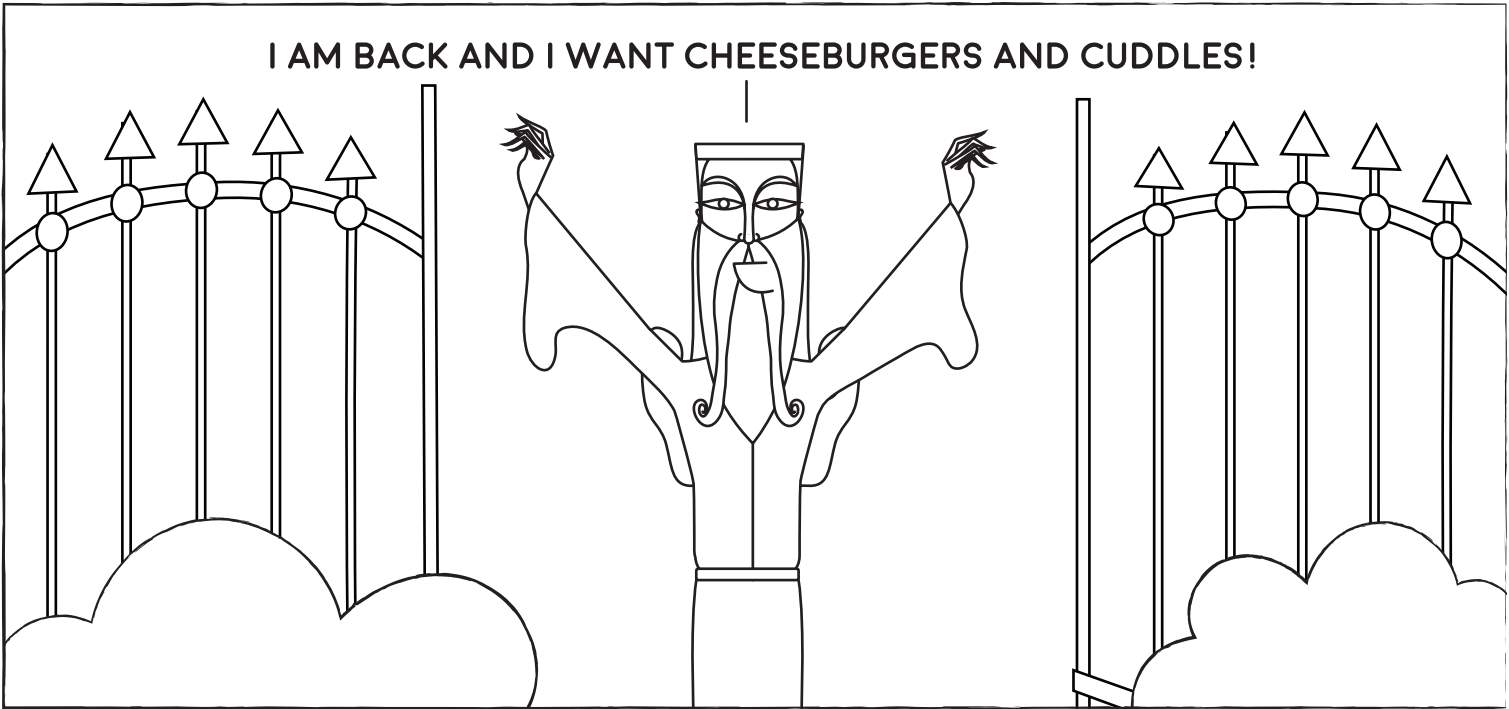
GOD IS SICK



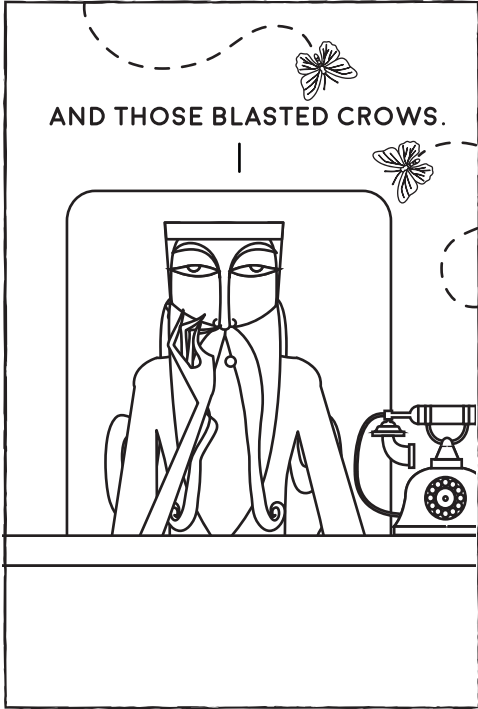
GOD IS SICK



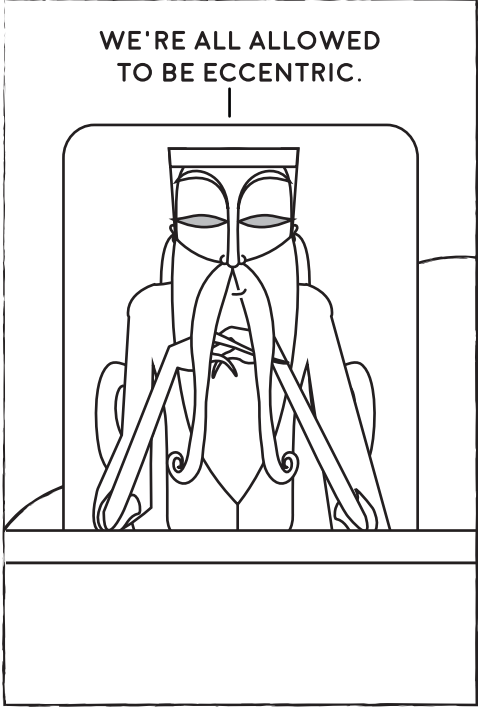
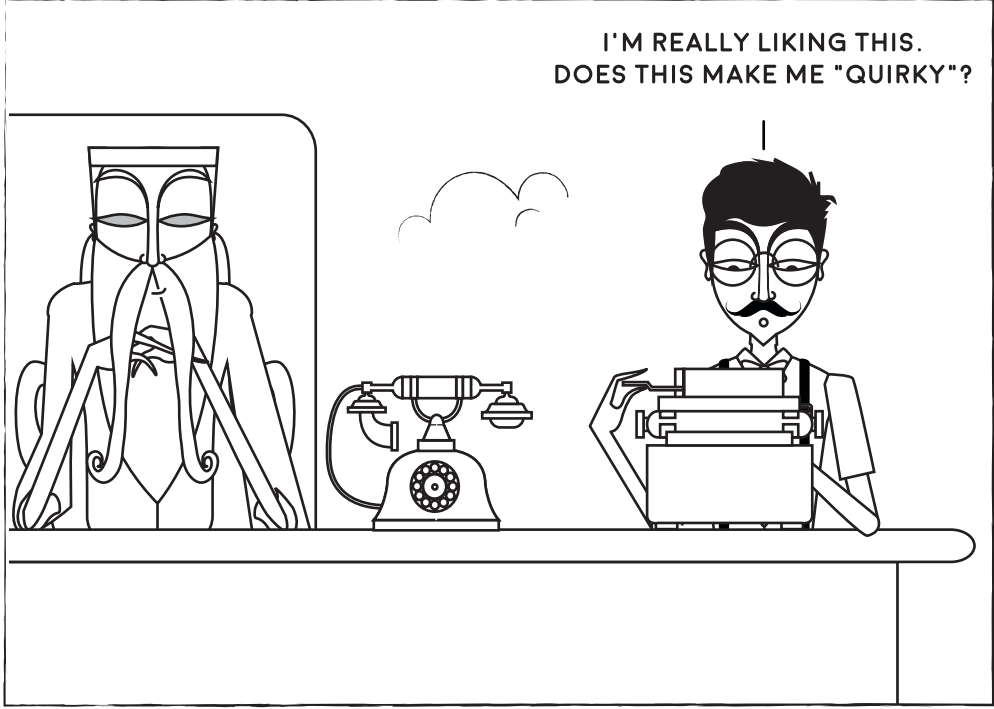
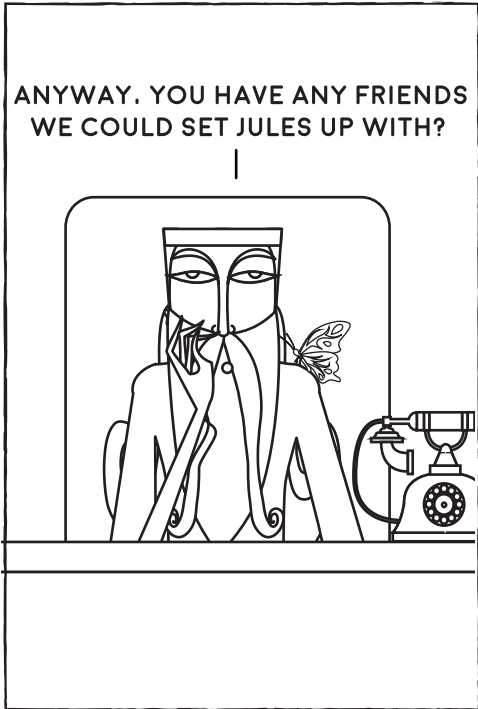
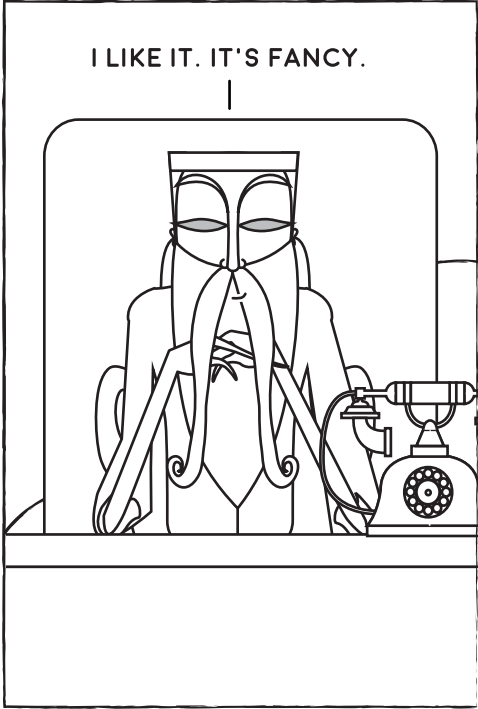
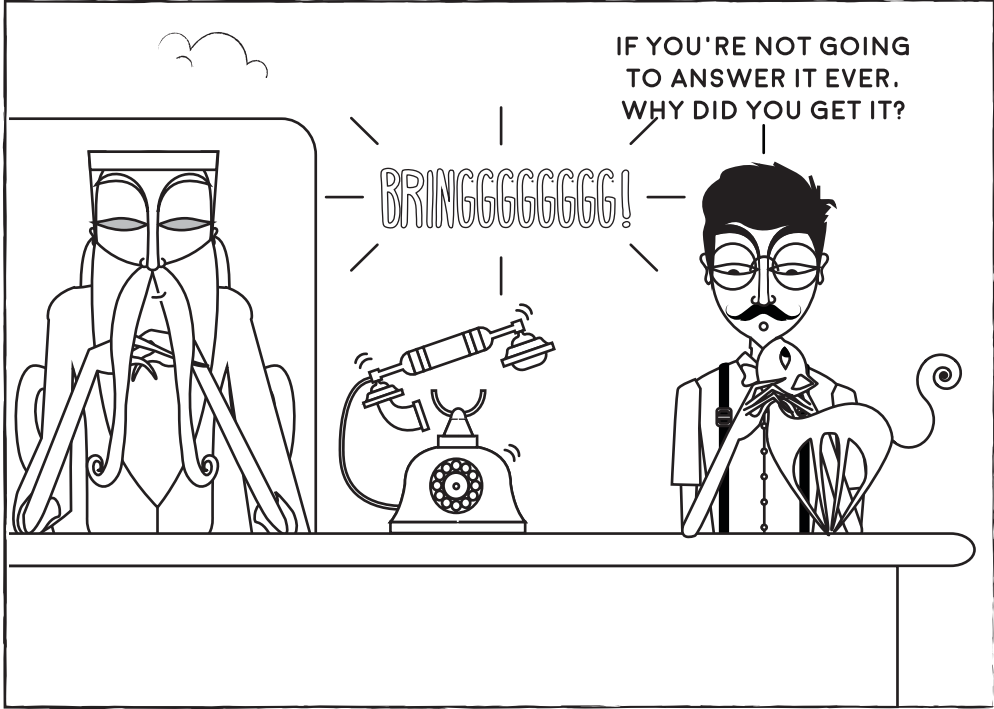
GOD IS SICK



GOD IS SICK



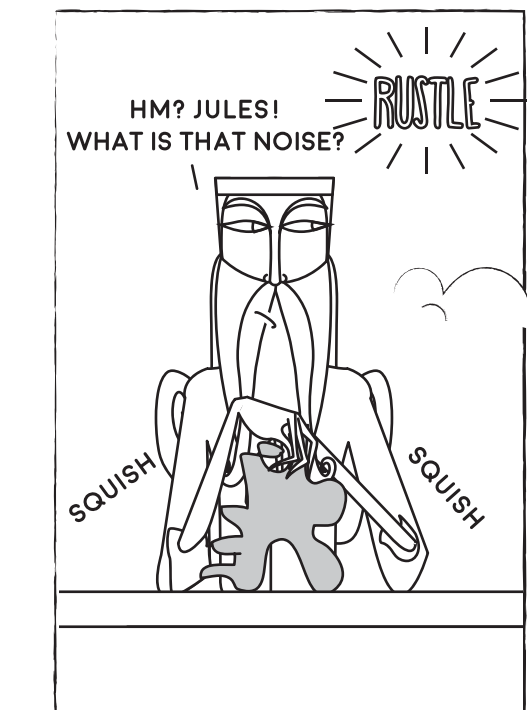
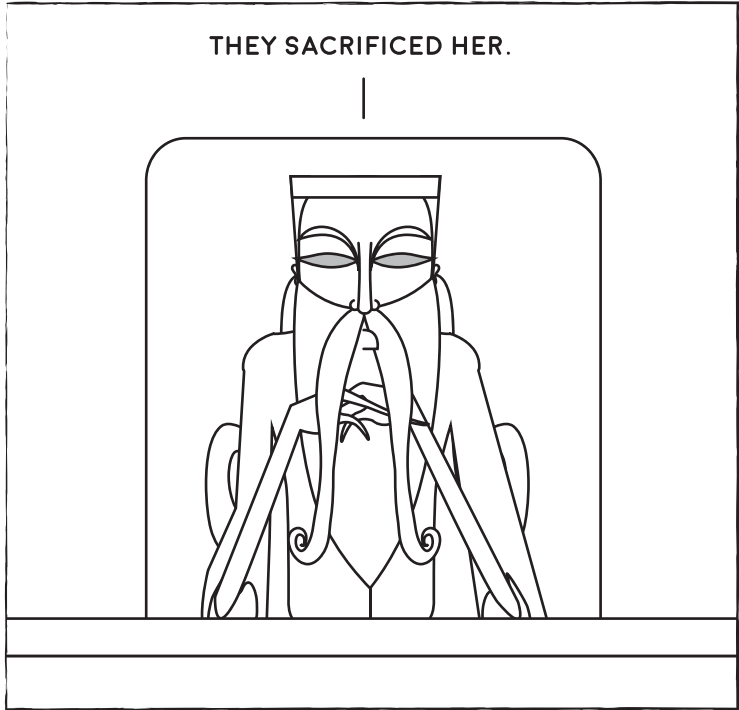
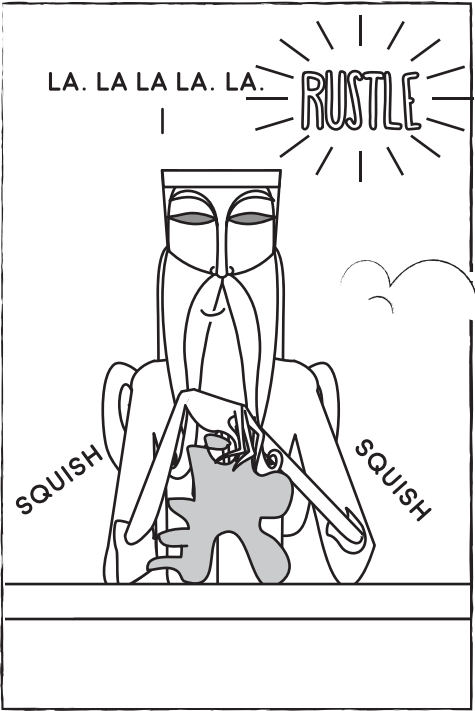
GOD IS SICK



GOD IS SICK



GOD IS SICK



GOD IS SICK



GOD IS SICK



GOD IS SICK





KEEP OUT

NO TRESPASSING

BEWARE OF GOD