

**The following content is
intended to be enjoyed by
mature readers.**

By proceeding from this point,
you are certifying that you are
18 years of age or older.

GARTH ENNIS STEVE DILLON

PREACHER

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ GONE TO TEXAS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"More fun than
going to the movies."

-Kevin Smith

Introduction by
Joe R. Lansdale

VERTIGO

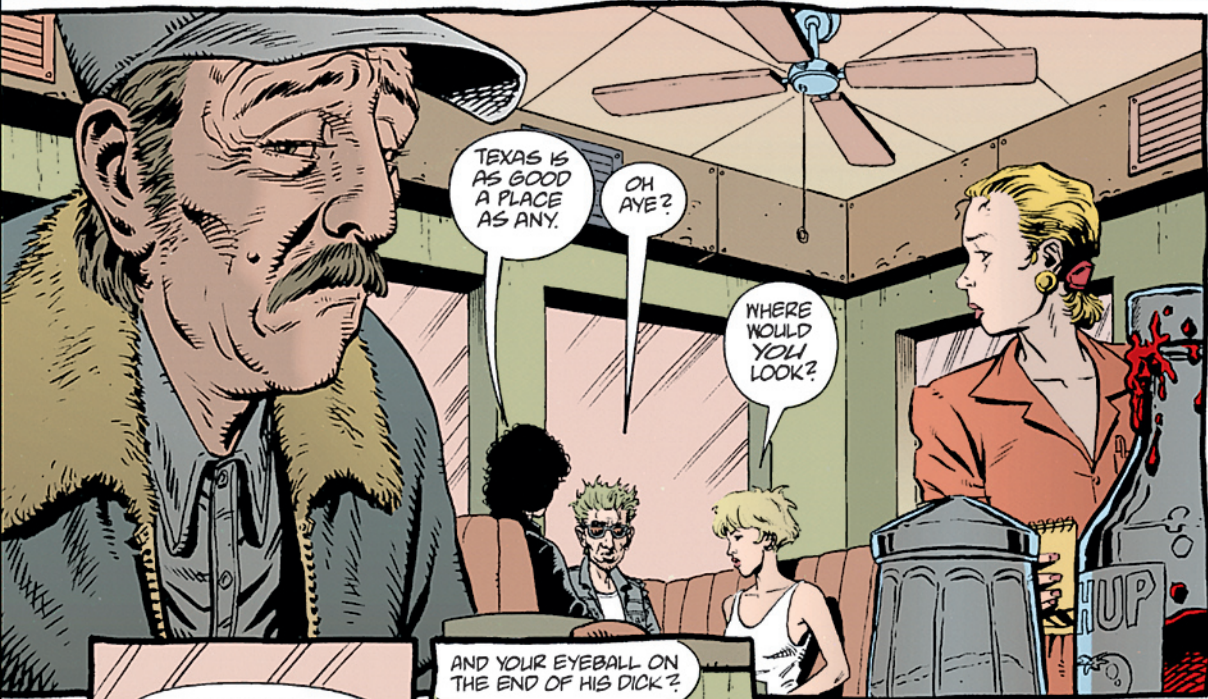
Mature Readers

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IT WAS THE TIME OF THE PREACHER...

THIS WHERE YOU'RE GONNA START LOOKIN' FOR HIM, JESSE?

FIVE AGES DINER



TEXAS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY.

OH AYE?

WHERE WOULD YOU LOOK?

AND YOUR EYEBALL ON THE END OF HIS DICK?

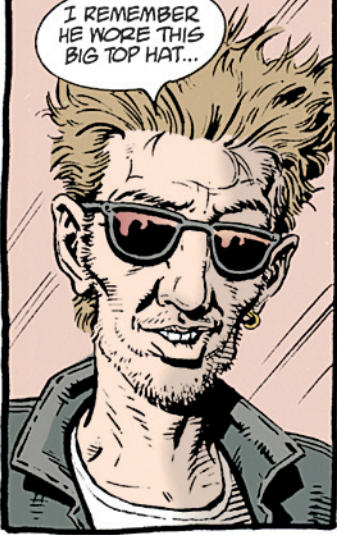
I DUNNO. I ONCE MET A BLOKE WHO WAS A HUNDRED PERCENT CERTAIN HE'D FOUND GOD, BUT THEY LOCKED HIM UP FOR FUCKING SPASTICS IN THEIR EYESOCKETS.

I REMEMBER HE WORE THIS BIG TOP HAT...

heh!

THE WAY I HEAR IT, THERE'S TWO GOOD PLACES YOU CAN LOOK FOR GOD: IN CHURCH, OR AT THE BOTTOM OF A BOTTLE.

'CAUSE LEMME TELL YOU: IT SURE AS HELL AIN'T THE CHURCH.



MAYBE I'LL GO FIND A LIQUOR STORE THEN...



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JUST AS FAR AS THE POINT WHERE WE ALL MET UP--SO WE'VE GOT IT STRAIGHT IN OUR HEADS.

MM--WELL--

AYE, TULIP'S RIGHT.



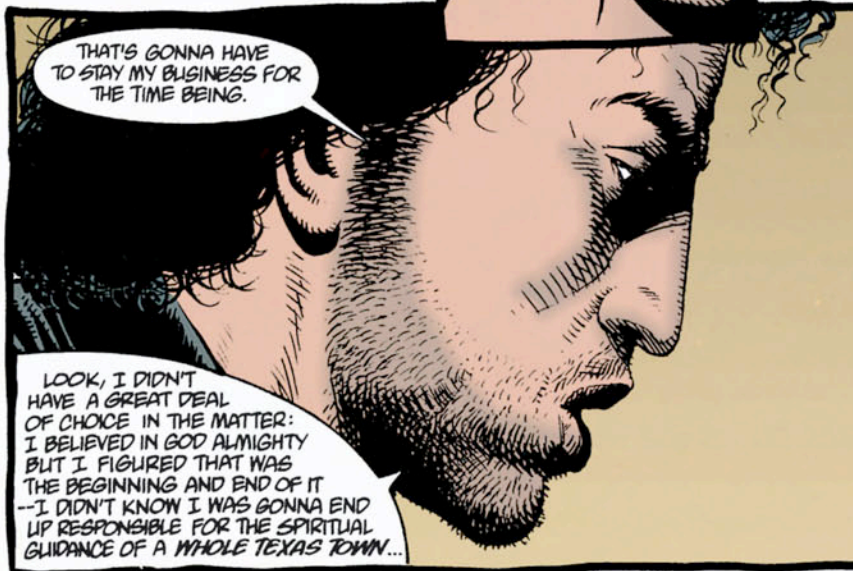
THERE'S PLENTY YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD US, JESSE. ABOUT GENESIS AND THE ANGELS AND SO ON...



AND I WISH YOU'D JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WERE DOING AS A MINISTER IN THE FIRST PLACE. WHEN YOU RAN OUT ON ME FIVE YEARS BACK--

I DIDN'T RUN OUT ON YOU--

THE LAST THING I EXPECTED WAS THIS. DRINK, YES. DRUGS, YES. THAT SKINNY BITCH FROM WACO WITH THE ECHO BETWEEN HER LEGS, SURE. BUT A PREACHER?



THAT'S GONNA HAVE TO STAY MY BUSINESS FOR THE TIME BEING.

LOOK, I DIDN'T HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF CHOICE IN THE MATTER: I BELIEVED IN GOD ALMIGHTY BUT I FIGURED THAT WAS THE BEGINNING AND END OF IT --I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS GONNA END UP RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE OF A WHOLE TEXAS TOWN...



AND FOR KILLING THE LOT'VE THEM.

YOU'RE ALL HEART, CASSIDY.

AS FOR THE REST OF IT--

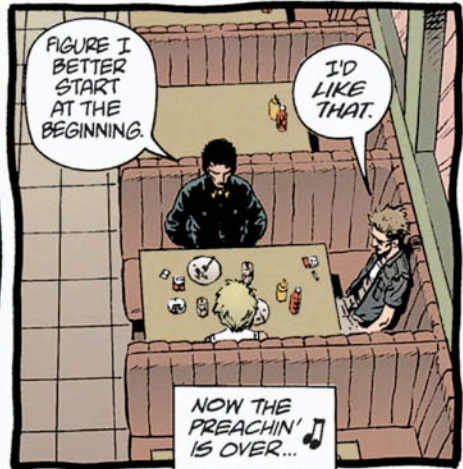


FIGURE I BETTER START AT THE BEGINNING.

I'D LIKE THAT.

NOW THE PREACHIN' IS OVER... 🎵

...AND THE
LESSON'S
BEGUN.

THE TIME OF THE PREACHER

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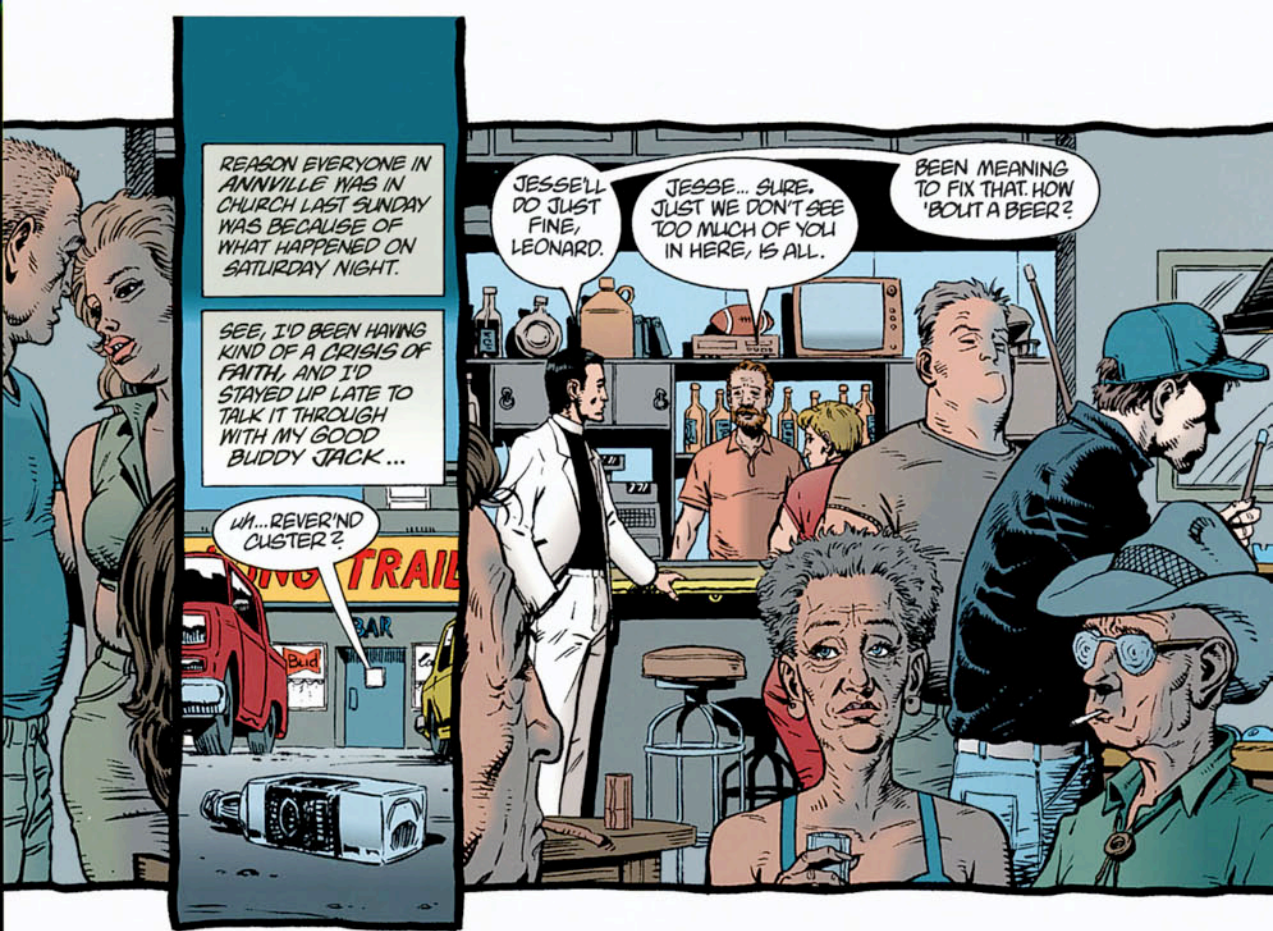
JULIE ROTTENBERG - ASS'T EDITOR

STUART MOORE - EDITOR

PREACHER CREATED BY
GARTH ENNIS AND STEVE DILLON

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REASON EVERYONE IN ANNVILLE WAS IN CHURCH LAST SUNDAY WAS BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

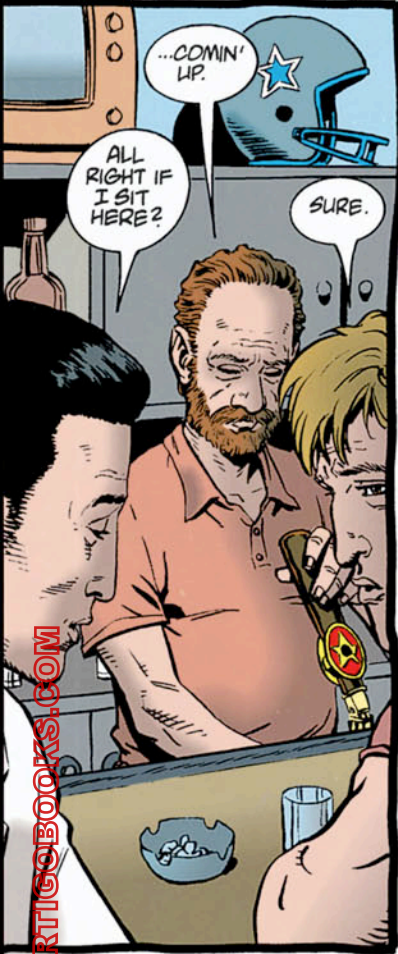
SEE, I'D BEEN HAVING KIND OF A CRISIS OF FAITH, AND I'D STAYED UP LATE TO TALK IT THROUGH WITH MY GOOD BUDDY JACK...

WH... REVER'ND CUSTER?

JESSE'LL DO JUST FINE, LEONARD.

JESSE... SURE, JUST WE DON'T SEE TOO MUCH OF YOU IN HERE, IS ALL.

BEEN MEANING TO FIX THAT HOW 'BOUT A BEER?



...COMIN' UP.

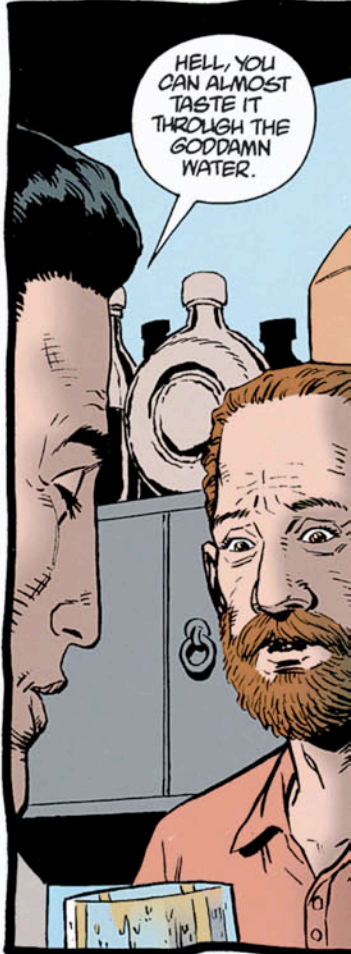
ALL RIGHT IF I SIT HERE?

SURE.



AAHHHH.

THAT'S GOOD BEER, LEONARD.



HELL, YOU CAN ALMOST TASTE IT THROUGH THE GODDAMN WATER.

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I--I--REVERND, I DUNNO WHAT YOU--

AW, C'MON LENNY, WHOLE TOMMY KNOWS YOU DO IT! MAKES THE HORSEPISS LASTS THAT LITTLE BIT LONGER, RIGHT?

GODDAMMIT, REVERND--!



TOWN THIS SMALL HASN'T TOO MANY SECRETS, AM I RIGHT? AN' YOU KNOW THE FUNNY THING? YOU KNOW WHO GETS TO HEAR 'EM ALL?



ME.

GOOD OL' REVEREND CUSTER, SITTING IN HIS CHURCH TO BE LAUGHED AT ON SUNDAYS--I OVERHEAR IT, OR SOMEONE TELLS ME IN THE STRICTEST CONFIDENCE, OR I JUST READ THE PAPER AN' PUT TWO AN' TWO TOGETHER...

STUFF EVERYONE KNOWS AN' THINKS NOBODY KNOWS, LEAST OF ALL YOUR DUMB-ASS SONNIVABTCH PREACHER.



MARK! MARK BANNON! ATE DOGSHIT FOR A DARE OUTSIDE THIS VERY ESTABLISHMENT!

FUH--FUH--FUCK YOU...!

WHERE'S HARVEY?



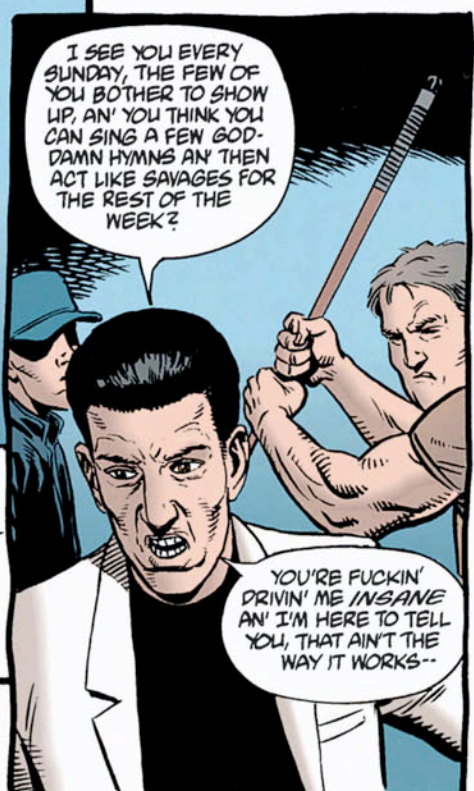
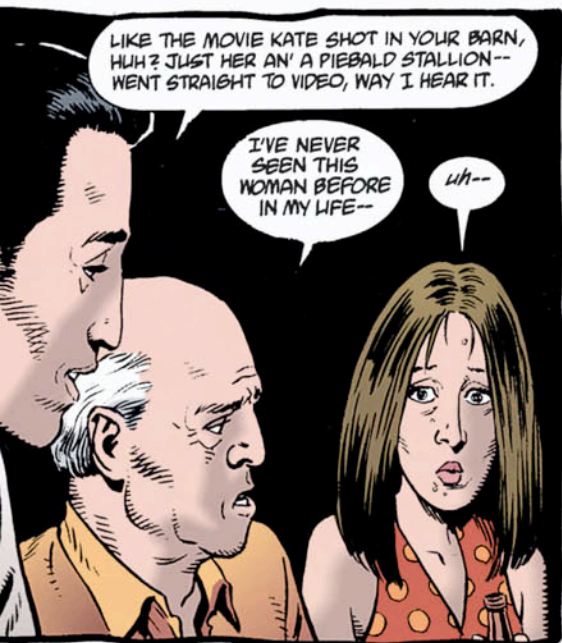
COULD FEED HALF OF RWANDA ON THE GRANTS YOU GET FOR THAT FARM, HARVE...

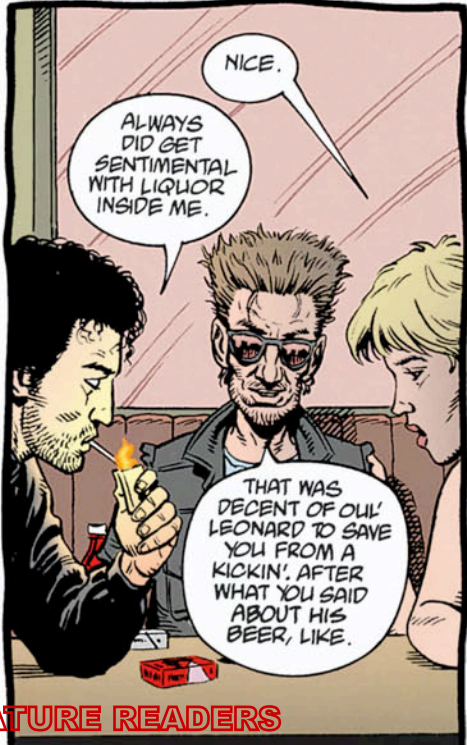
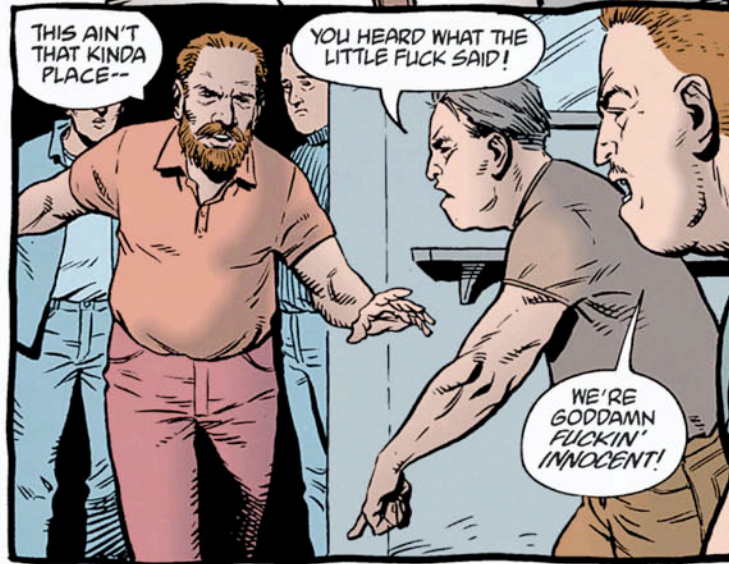
ALL ABOVE BOARD, REVEREND.

YOU BETCHA.

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HEAVEN:

...AND WE RECKON
IT BROKE OUT RIGHT
ABOUT ... HERE.

YOU'RE
ABSOLUTELY
SURE ABOUT
THAT, PILO?
RIGHT
HERE?

OH, YES. I'VE
CHECKED AND RE-
CHECKED MY
CALCULATIONS.

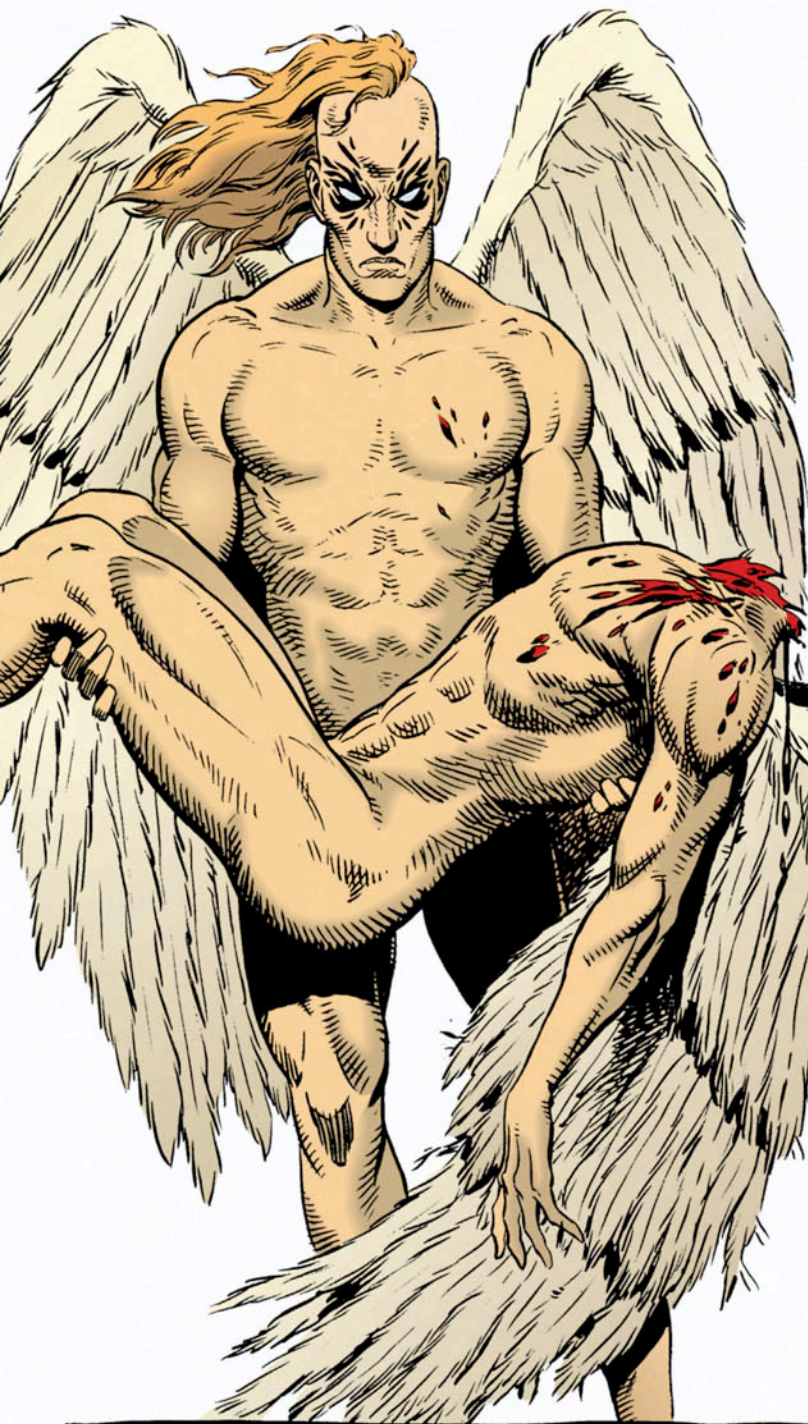
CHRIST
ALMIGHTY...

HAVE
YOU TOLD
ANYONE ABOUT
THIS? ANYONE
AT ALL?

NOT A SOUL,
DEBLANC--

BECAUSE THE LAST
THING WE NEED NOW IS FOR
THE SERAPHI TO FIND OUT.
ONE SNIFF OF IT AND THE
BASTARDS'LL BE DOWN
ON US LIKE...

FLIES...
AROUND...
SHIT...

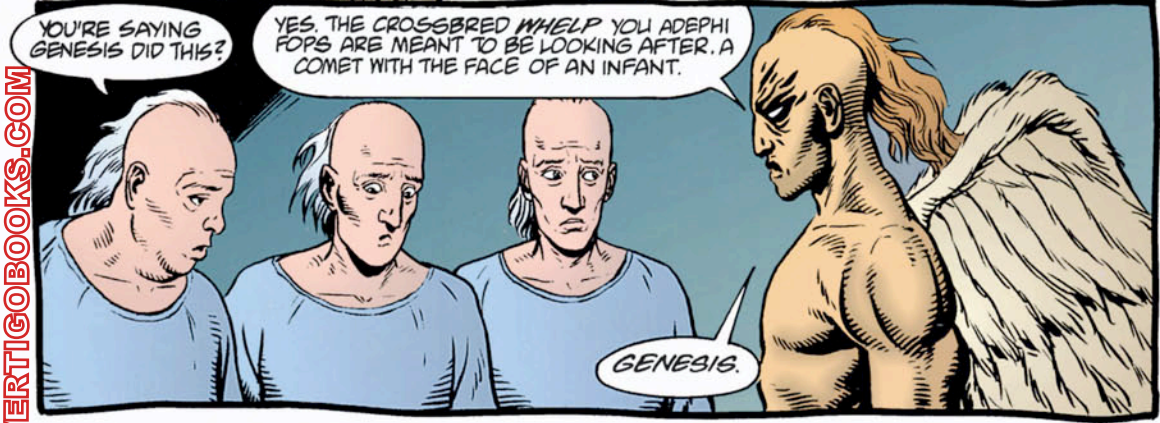


WUHA!!



THIS USED TO BE MY BROTHER. AN HOUR AGO WE WERE CIRCLING IN THE STRATOSPHERE WHEN YOUR ENTITY CAME CHARGING OUT OF THE RISING SUN AND DID THIS TO HIM.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?



YOU'RE SAYING GENESIS DID THIS?

YES. THE CROSSBRED WHELP YOU ADEPHI FOPS ARE MEANT TO BE LOOKING AFTER. A COMET WITH THE FACE OF AN INFANT.

GENESIS.

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YOU CAN'T BE SURE--

CAN'T BE SURE NOTHING. YOU BUNCH OF SYCOPHANTS HAD BETTER GET GENESIS BACK BEFORE IT CAUSES ANY TROUBLE DOWN ON EARTH. START NOW.



AND JUST YOU REMEMBER WHO'S IN CHARGE AROUND HERE.



THEY WERE ONLY LEFT IN CHARGE...

AND THAT'S ALL THE AUTHORITY THEY NEED.



THE THING TO DO IS TREAT THE SERAPHI WITH KID GLOVES--

THE THING TO DO IS GET GENESIS BACK, POST BLOODY WASTE. YOU STUDIED IT--WHAT DOES IT WANT ON EARTH?



A SOUL.

COME AGAIN?



MY EXAMINATIONS REVEALED THAT GENESIS WAS DEVELOPING AN IDENTIFICATION WITH HUMAN CONCERNS, EVEN THE BEGINNINGS OF A MORALITY, WHICH WOULD HAVE COME FROM BOTH THE PARENTS.

IT WILL ATTEMPT TO BOND WITH A FULLY DEVELOPED CONSCIOUSNESS.

WITH A SOUL.



IF THAT THING ACHIEVES FULL SENTENCE, THE GAME IS WELL AND TRULY UP FOR ALL OF US. WE NEED SOMEONE TO GO AFTER IT...

SOMEONE WHO NEVER FAILS--



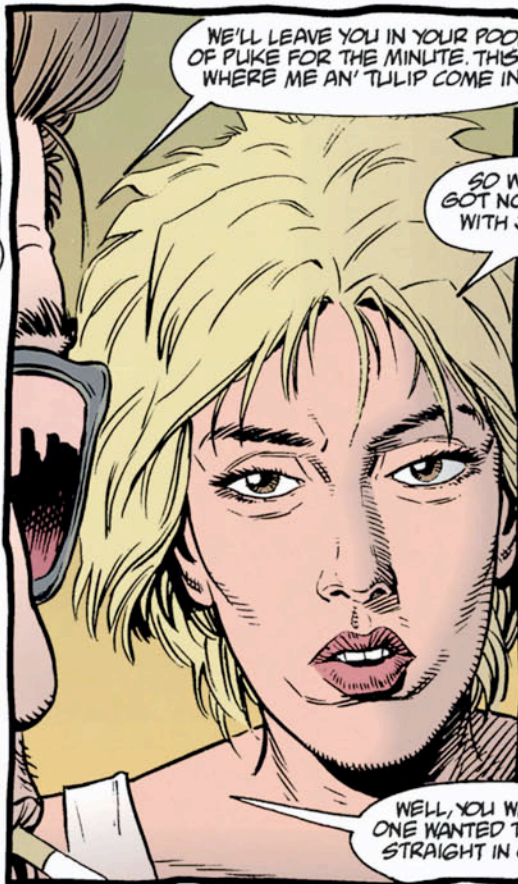
ME?





SO I WOKE UP OUTSIDE THE CHURCH IN A POOL OF PUKE, ROUND ABOUT SIX A.M. NOW, THE SERVICE USUALLY STARTED AT NINE --

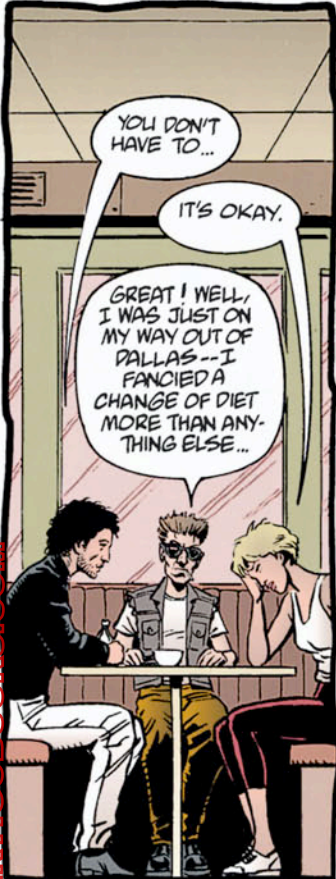
WHOA-WHOA-WHOA, HOLL' ON...



WE'LL LEAVE YOU IN YOUR POOL OF PUKE FOR THE MINUTE. THIS IS WHERE ME AN' TULLIP COME IN.

SO WHAT? THAT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH JESSE AND--

WELL, YOU WERE THE ONE WANTED TO BET IT ALL STRAIGHT IN OUR HEADS...



YOU DON'T HAVE TO...

IT'S OKAY.

GREAT! WELL, I WAS JUST ON MY WAY OUT OF DALLAS -- I FANCIED A CHANGE OF DIET MORE THAN ANY-THING ELSE...



I BET YOU DID.

I'D TIMED IT TO PERFECTION -- WHICH, AS YOU KNOW, JESSE, ISN'T LIKE ME AT ALL -- AND HE SHOWED UP JUST LIKE THEY TOLD ME HE WOULD...

WERE YOU SCARED?



HELL NO.

OH, SHIT...



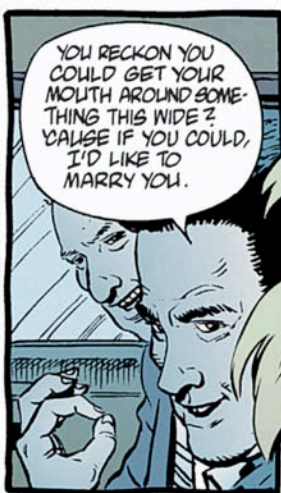
THAT'S HIM. THAT'S REALLY HIM.

OH SHIT, I'VE REALLY GOTTA DO THIS--



PARDON ME, MA'AM--

WHUH!

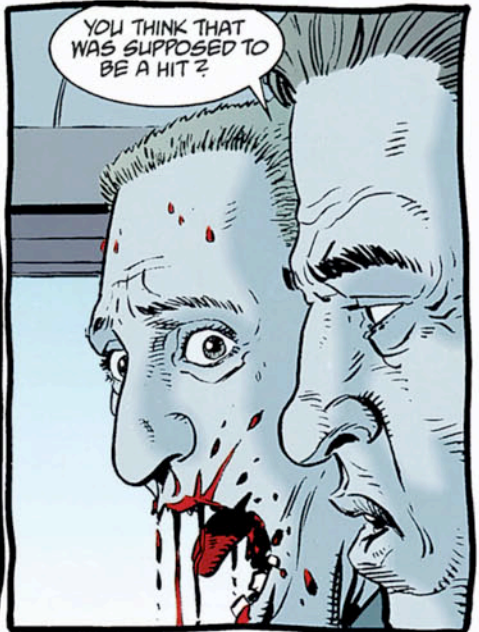
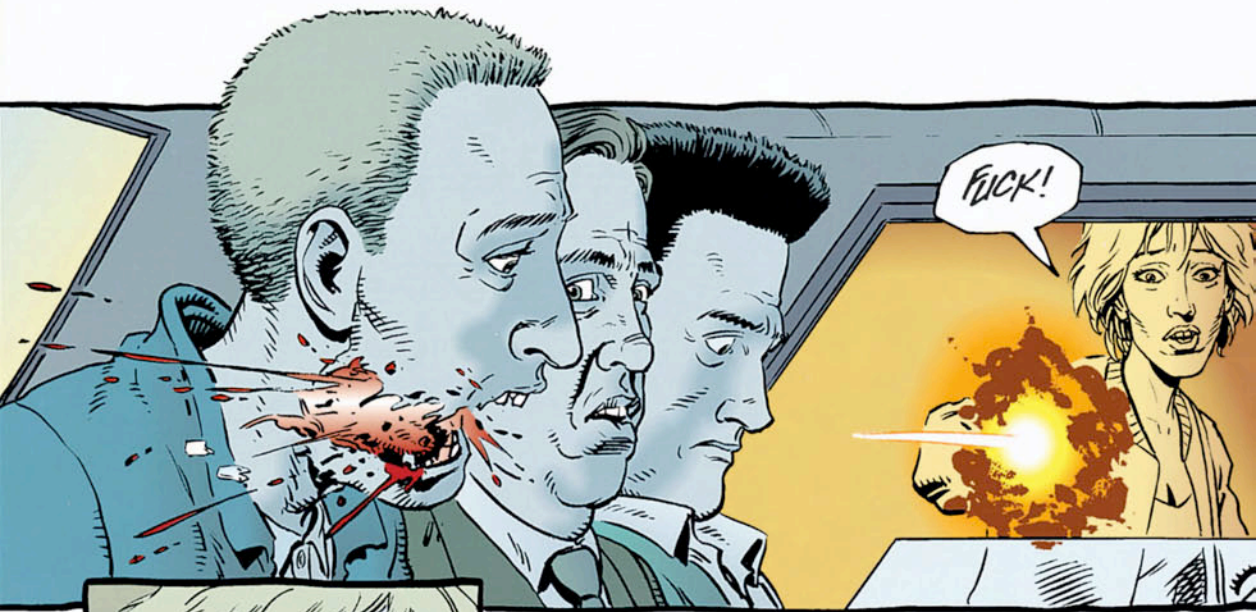


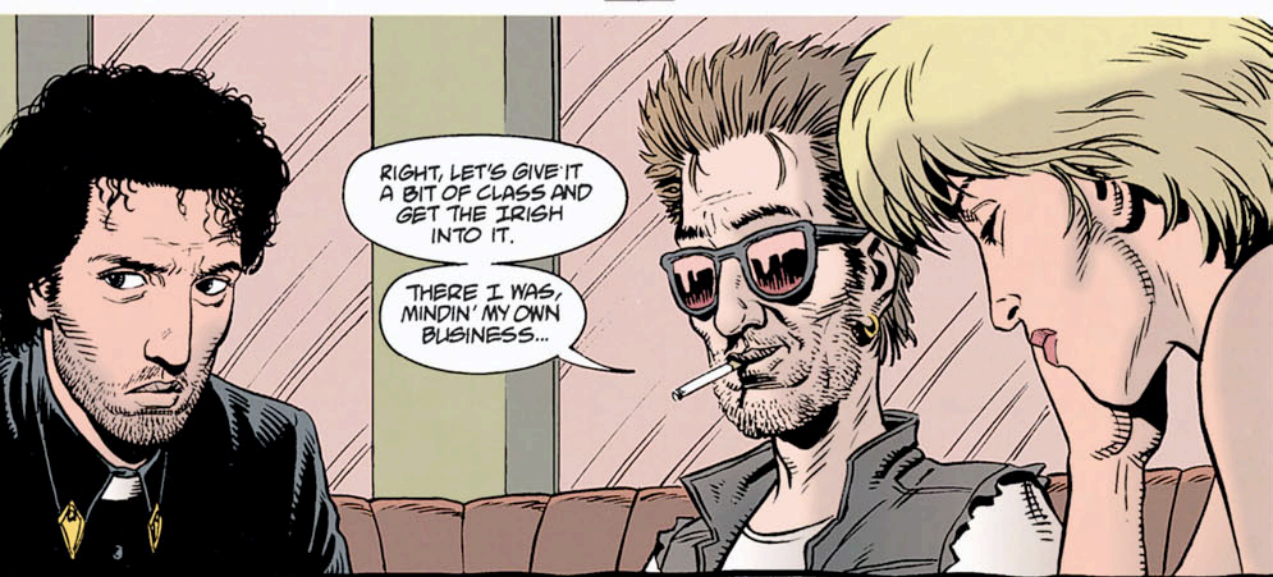
YOU RECKON YOU COULD GET YOUR MOUTH AROUND SOMETHING THIS WIDE? 'CAUSE IF YOU COULD, I'D LIKE TO MARRY YOU.



JESUS CHRIST!

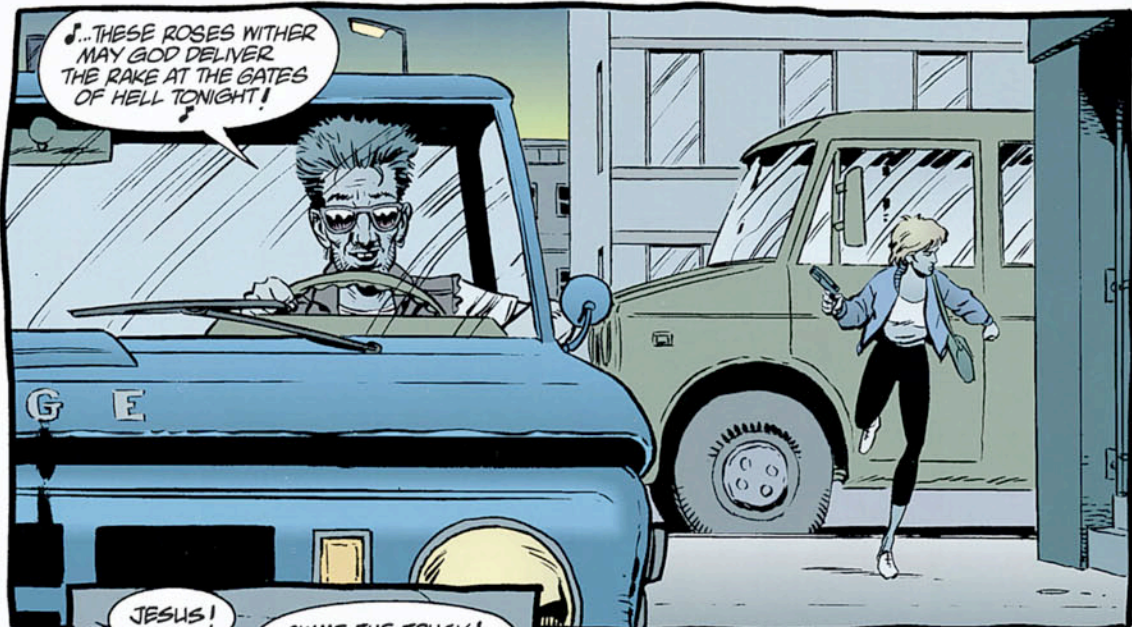




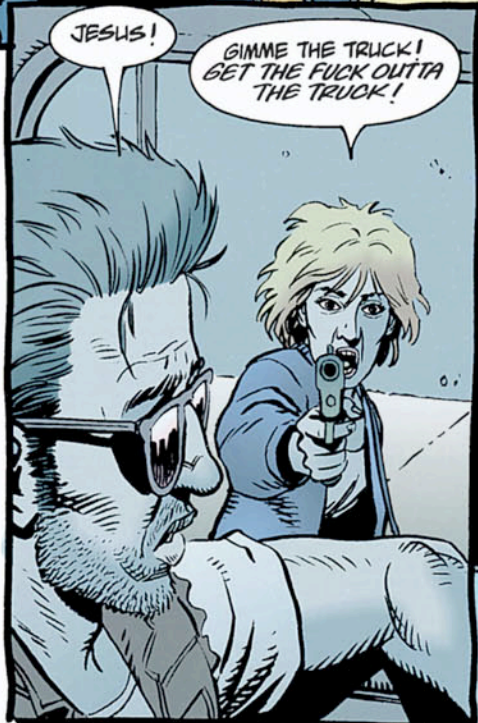


RIGHT, LET'S GIVE IT A BIT OF CLASS AND GET THE IRISH INTO IT.

THERE I WAS, MINDIN' MY OWN BUSINESS...

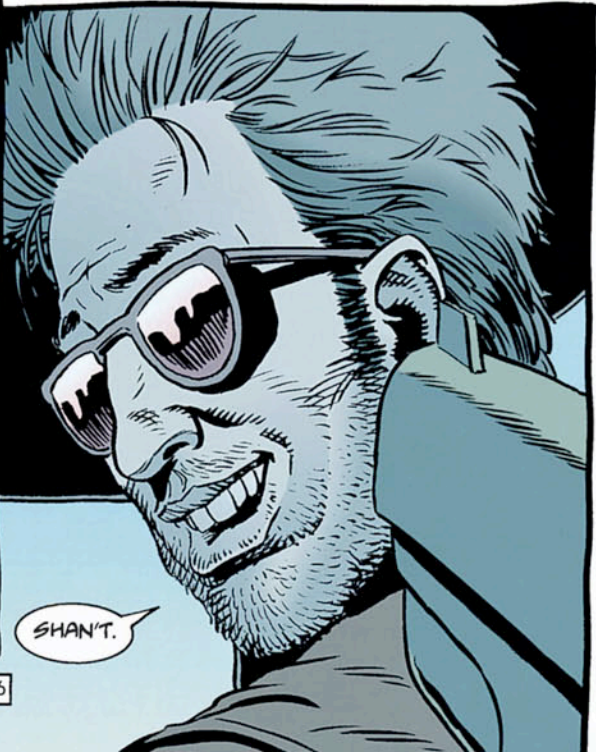


♪...THESE ROSES WITHER MAY GOD DELIVER THE RAKE AT THE GATES OF HELL TONIGHT!

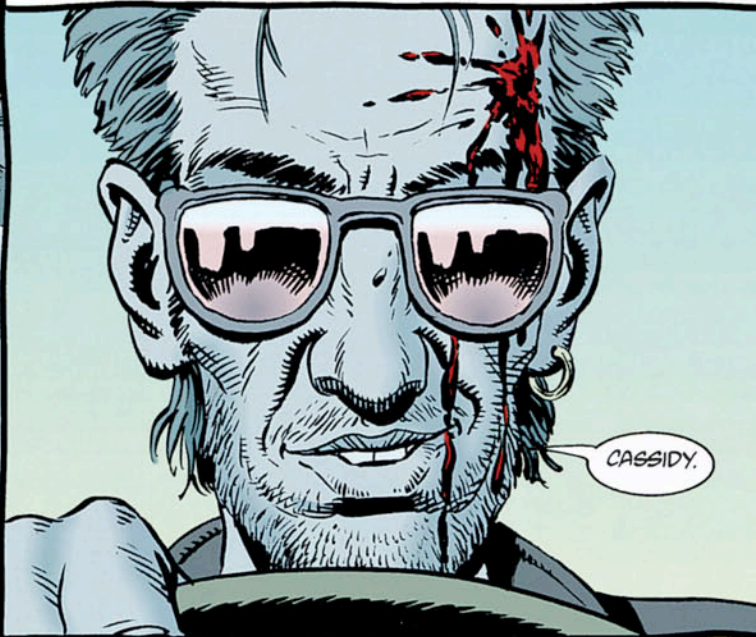
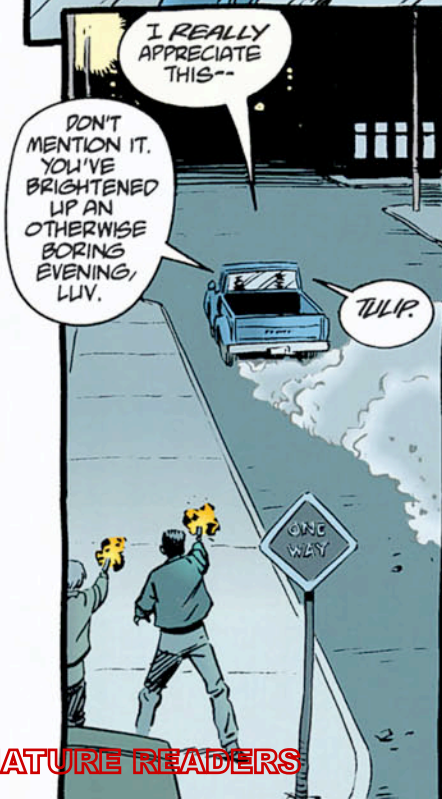
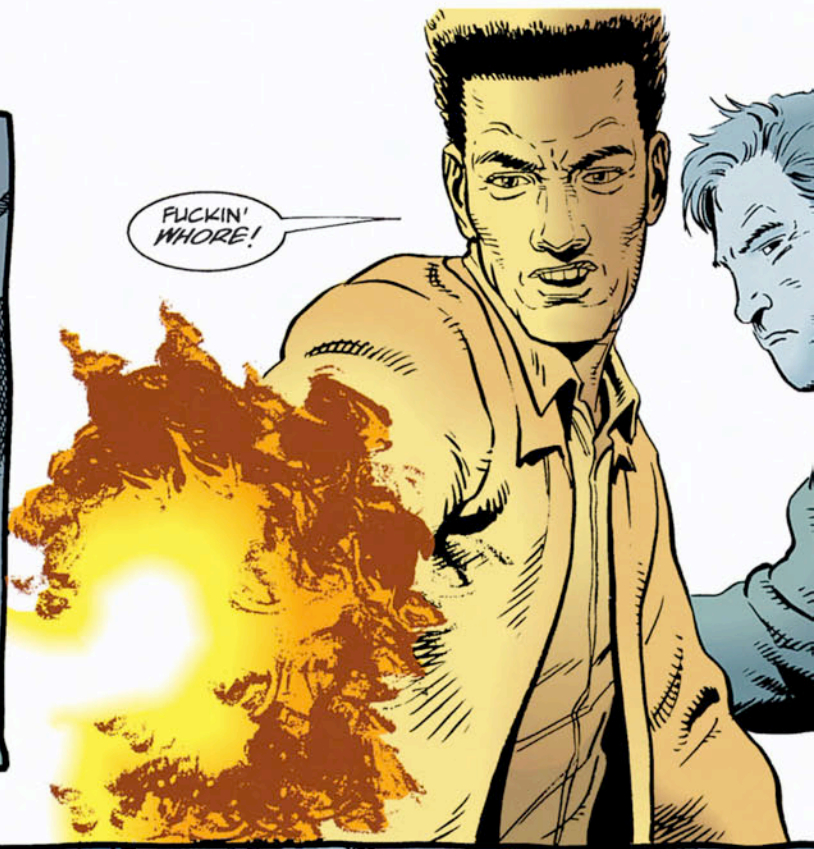


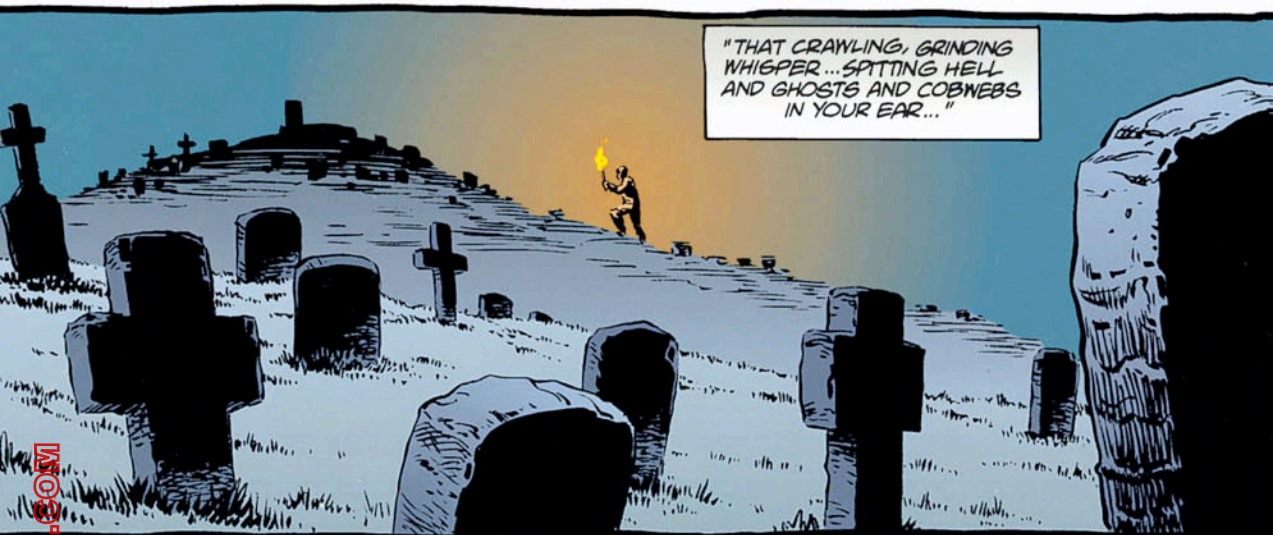
JESUS!

GIMME THE TRUCK! GET THE FUCK OUTTA THE TRUCK!



SHAN'T.









WHY?

FORCE OF HABIT.

HELP YOU WITH SOME-THIN'?



THE...THE CALL HAS GONE OUT, O SAINT OF KILLERS. YOU HAVE SLEPT BENEATH THIS HILL AND WAITED, AND NOW I HAVE COME.

YOU ARE NEEDED ONCE AGAIN.



NOW WHY MIGHT THAT BE?

LISTEN.

A BEING HAS ESCAPED FROM HEAVEN, AND IS COMING TO EARTH THIS NIGHT. ITS NAME IS GENESIS. AND IT IS MIGHTY.

IT HOLDS A POWER LIKE UNTO THAT OF GOD ALMIGHTY. IT SEEKS TO JOIN WITH THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL MAN: IF IT SUCCEEDS, THE TWO TOGETHER WILL KNOW THE SECRET WAYS OF PARADISE AS NO OTHER MORTAL HAS DONE.

TOGETHER THEY COULD END US ALL.



GO NOW FROM THIS PLACE AND FIND IT, AND IF IT HAS INDEED JOINED WITH A MAN:



KILL HIM.

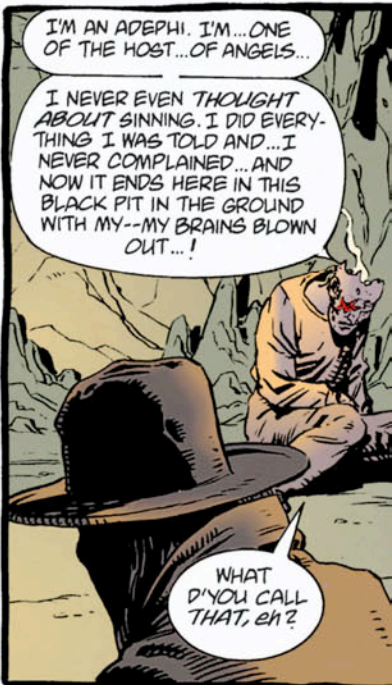
YOU KNOW...

THIS ISN'T FAIR.



I'M AN ADEPHI. I'M... ONE OF THE HOST... OF ANGELS...

I NEVER EVEN THOUGHT ABOUT SINNING. I DID EVERYTHING I WAS TOLD AND... I NEVER COMPLAINED... AND NOW IT ENDS HERE IN THIS BLACK PIT IN THE GROUND WITH MY--MY BRAINS BLOWN OUT...!



WHAT D'YOU CALL THAT, EH?

WHAT D'YOU... CALL...

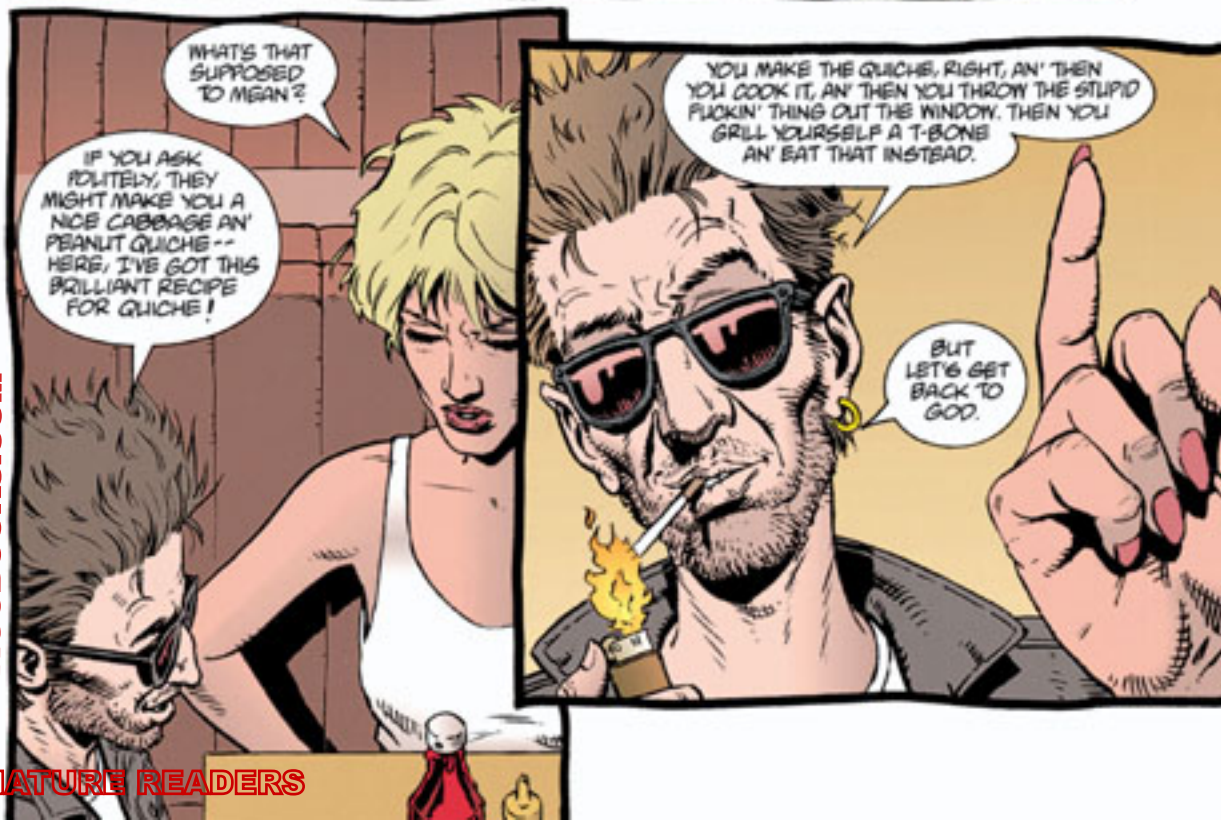


THAAAAT



GOOD START.





...EVERYONE IN ANNVILLE CAME TO CHURCH THE NEXT MORNING. EVERY-ONE. I USUALLY GOT MAYBE TWENTY PEOPLE SHOWING UP; THIS TIME I HAD DAMN NEAR TWO HUNDRED.

NOW, EITHER MY PRAYERS HAD BEEN ANSWERED AND THE WHOLE TOWN HAD SEEN THE LIGHT AT ONCE--

OR THEY'D ALL HEARD ABOUT YOU GOIN' MENTAL THE NIGHT BEFORE.

ONE LOOK AT THEIR FACES, AND I COULD TELL THE GOOD LORD WAS USING MY PRAYERS TO WIPE HIS ASS.

"REVER'ND CUSTER'S LOSIN' HIS MIND! LET'S GO SEE, MAYBE HE'LL JERK OFF ON THE BIBLE OR SOMETHIN'!"

I FIGURED THAT WAS A LITTLE MORE LIKELY, BUT YOU ALWAYS HOPE...

WH...GOOD MORNING.

IT--

IT SURE IS NICE TO SEE SO MANY OF YOU FOLKS HERE THIS MORNING...

JUST OUT OF INTEREST--WHAT WOULD YOUR SERMON HAVE BEEN ABOUT?

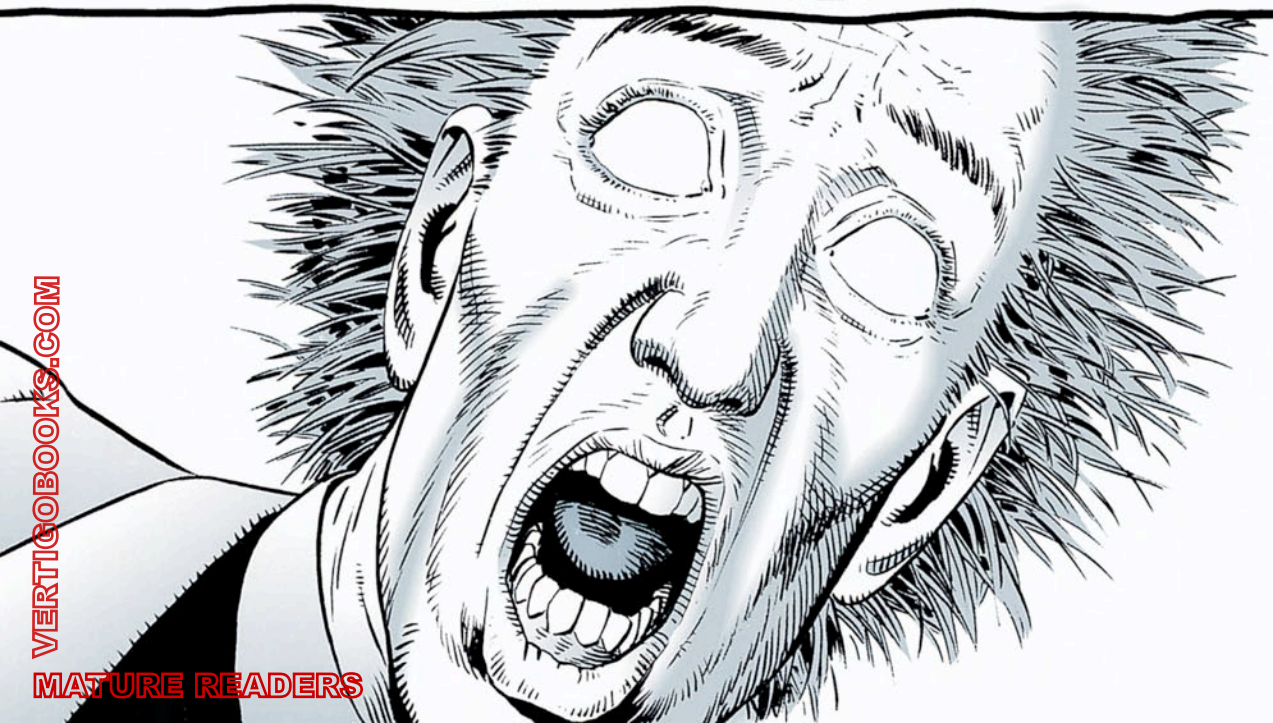
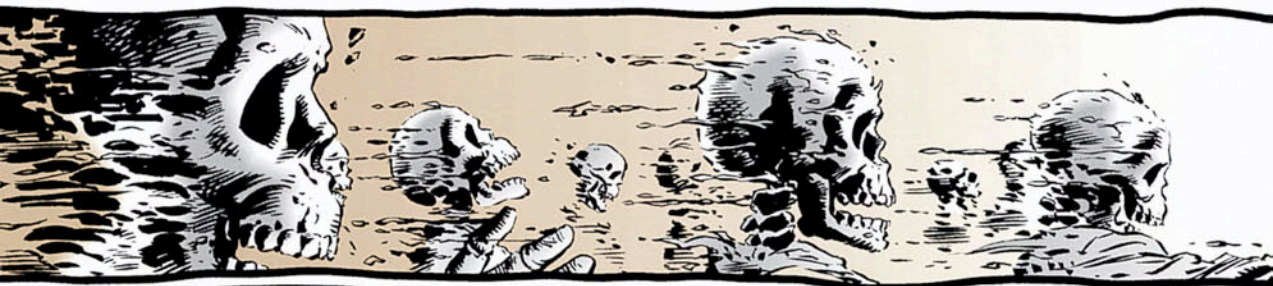
FORGIVENESS.

ANYWAY, THEN WHAT HAPPENED WAS--



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MY GOD...!



CASSIDY HAD PULLED OVER JUST BEFORE DAWN. THEN HE GOT IN THE BACK, COVERED HIMSELF IN A TARPALLIN, AND MADE ME SWEAR NOT TO TAKE IT OFF OF HIM.

THAT'S WHERE WE WERE WHEN I SAW THE FIRE...

HOLD ON. HIM DOING THIS DIDN'T MAKE YOU SUSPICIOUS?



OH, SO THE SECOND I SAW HIM SLEEPING LIKE THAT I SHOULD'VE FIGURED OUT WHAT HE IS? IT'S NOT EXACTLY A NORMAL--

RIGHT, RIGHT...



HEY! HEY!

THERE'S A MUSHROOM CLOUD DOWN THE ROAD--



I DON'T GIVE A FUCK! STOP!

YOU DIDN'T SAY NOT TO DRIVE THE TRUCK. ALL YOU SAID--

I THOUGHT IT WAS A BIT BLEEDIN' OBVIOUS!



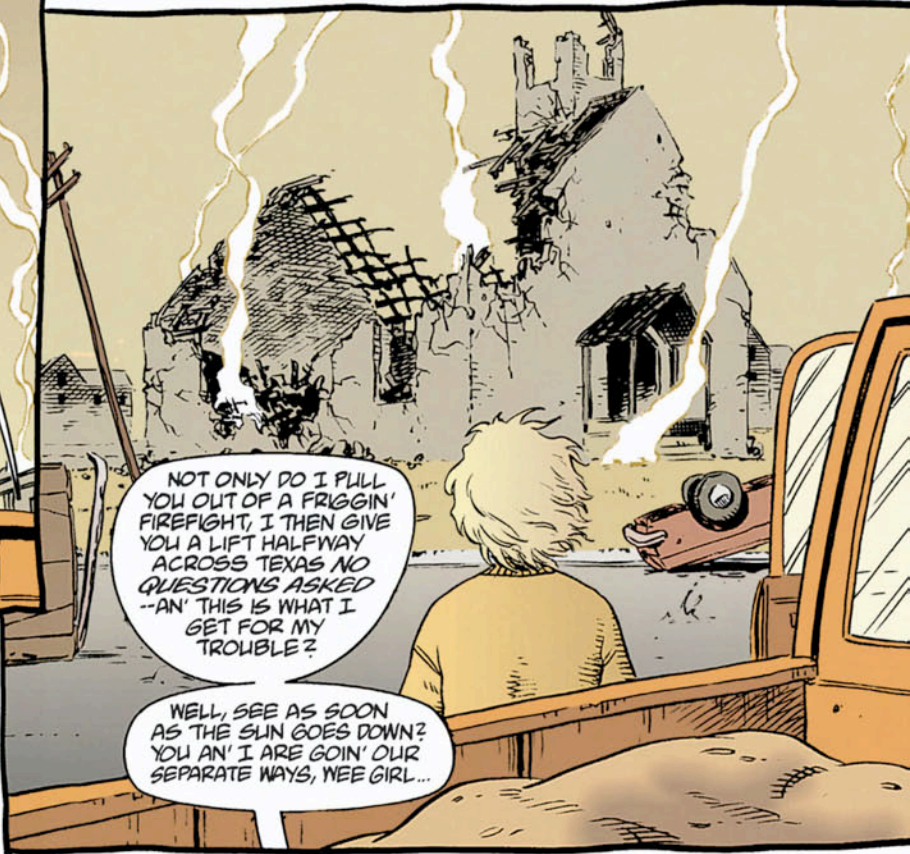
I'M TELLIN' YOU, TULIP, RIGHT FRIGGIN' NOW: YOU PULL OVER AN' STOP THIS TRUCK OR ELSE!



I NOTICE YOU HAVEN'T STOPPED.



THIS IS FUCKIN' CHARMIN', THIS IS.



NOT ONLY DO I PULL YOU OUT OF A FRIGGIN' FIREFIGHT, I THEN GIVE YOU A LIFT HALFWAY ACROSS TEXAS NO QUESTIONS ASKED --AN' THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR MY TROUBLEZ?

WELL, SEE AS SOON AS THE SUN GOES DOWN? YOU AN' I ARE GOIN' OUR SEPARATE WAYS, YEE GIRL...



IT'S LIKE A BOMB HIT IT...



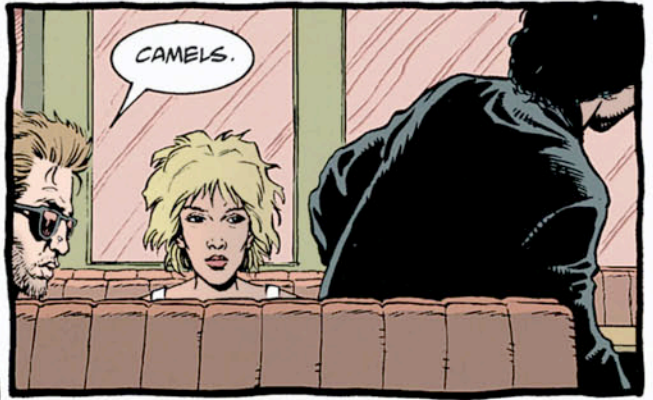
TULIP.

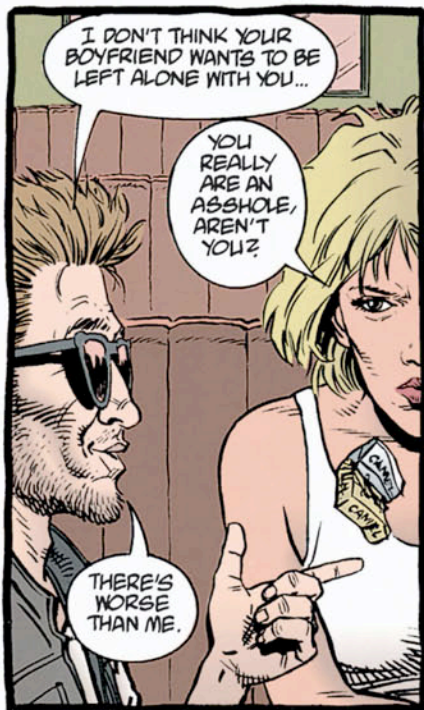


IF IT'S AS BAD AS IT SOUNDS, WELL, FUCK KNOWS WHAT'S BEEN GOIN' ON AROUND HERE. YOU MIGHT WANT TO TAKE YOUR SUN.

NOT THAT I CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, LIKE.







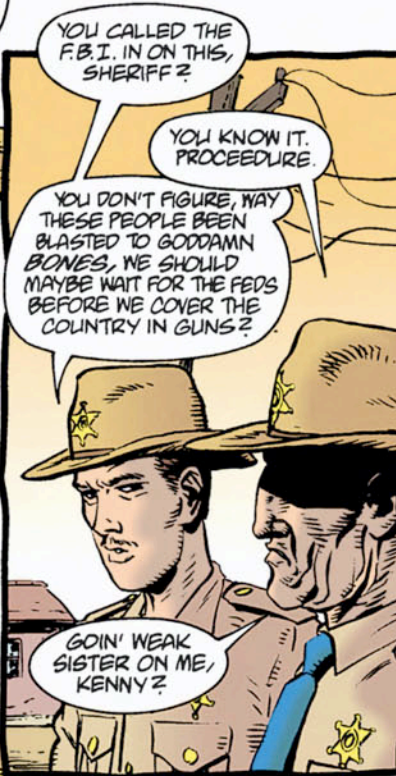


MEEKER SAYS CARLINGTON'S SENDIN' A CHOPPER AN' A MARKS-MAN, AN' EVERY MAN THEY GOT TO SPARE. HE WANTS YOU TO TALK TO SOME MEDIA PEOPLE--

YOU TELL HIM FUCK YOU.



TELL HIM HUGO ROOT SAYS FUCK YOU. TELL HIM I SEE ONE OF THEM MEDIA FUCKS, I'M GONNA HALL 'EM DOWN TO DEER-FORTH AN' SHOVE 'EM UP HIS FAGGOT ASS.

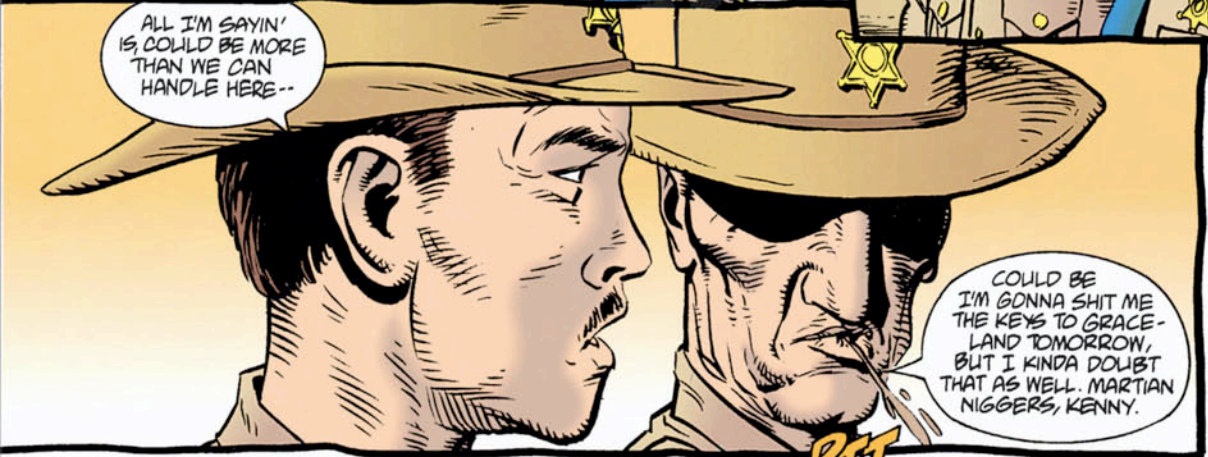


YOU CALLED THE F.B.I. IN ON THIS, SHERIFF Z?

YOU KNOW IT. PROCEDURE.

YOU DON'T FIGURE, WAY THESE PEOPLE BEEN BLASTED TO GODDAMN BONES. WE SHOULD MAYBE WAIT FOR THE FEDS BEFORE WE COVER THE COUNTRY IN GUNS?

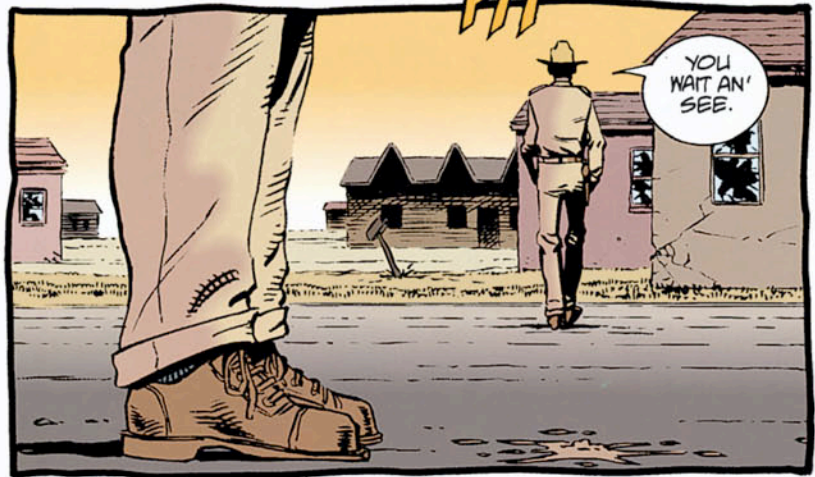
GOIN' WEAK SISTER ON ME, KENNY Z?



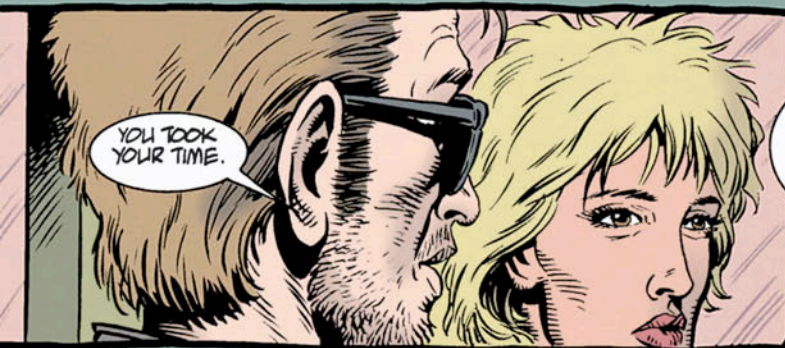
ALL I'M SAYIN' IS, COULD BE MORE THAN WE CAN HANDLE HERE--

COULD BE I'M GONNA SHIT ME THE KEYS TO GRACE-LAND TOMORROW, BUT I KINDA DOUBT THAT AS WELL. MARTIAN NIGGERS, KENNY.

PTT



YOU WAIT AN' SEE.



YOU TOOK YOUR TIME.

NEARLY EVERYWHERE WAS CLOSED. WHERE WERE WE?



--I DON'T KNOW WHY HE'S DRESSED UP AS A MINISTER, BUT HE USED TO BE MY FUCKING BOY-FRIEND, OKAY?

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D DRIVE HIM TO THE HOSPITAL IN MY TRUCK, DID YOU? AND WHY "USED TO BE"?

HE RAN OUT ON ME--

A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU?

WATCH IT.

WE'D BE AT THE GODDAMN HOSPITAL IF YOU HADN'T MADE ME STOP--



I DON'T KNOW THE BASTARD FROM ADAM. PRESUMABLY, YOU'RE HOPING TO REKINDLE THE OLD HARD-ON HE HAD FOR YOU, BUT WHAT DO I GET OUT OF IT?



GO...FUCK...YOURSELF...

AH! SO HIS WORSHIP HERE DITCHES YOU, AND HE GETS A LIFT TO THE HOSPITAL! BUT EVEN AFTER EVERYTHING I DO FOR YOU, ALL I GET IS GO FUCK YOURSELF!

WELL, BOLLOCKS TO IT. YOU AN' YOUR PREACHER CAN START HITCHIN', LUV. YOU'RE--



AAAAAH!

FUCK!

CHRIST!





AW, GOD!
MY FUCKING
HEAD!

ARE YOU
SURE YOU'RE
ALLOWED TO
USE LANGUAGE
LIKE THAT?

JESSE...?



TULLIP?



GET THE
FUCK OFF!
WHAT IS
WRONG WITH
YOU, FOR
CHRIST'S
SAKE?

LH--



I
DUNNO...
IT'S...

I'VE GOT THIS THING
IN MY MIND, LIKE I'VE
SUDDENLY REMEMBERED
ALL THIS SHIT--EXCEPT
IT'S NOT MEMORIES, IT'S
BEEN SHOVED IN MY
HEAD FROM OUTSIDE--

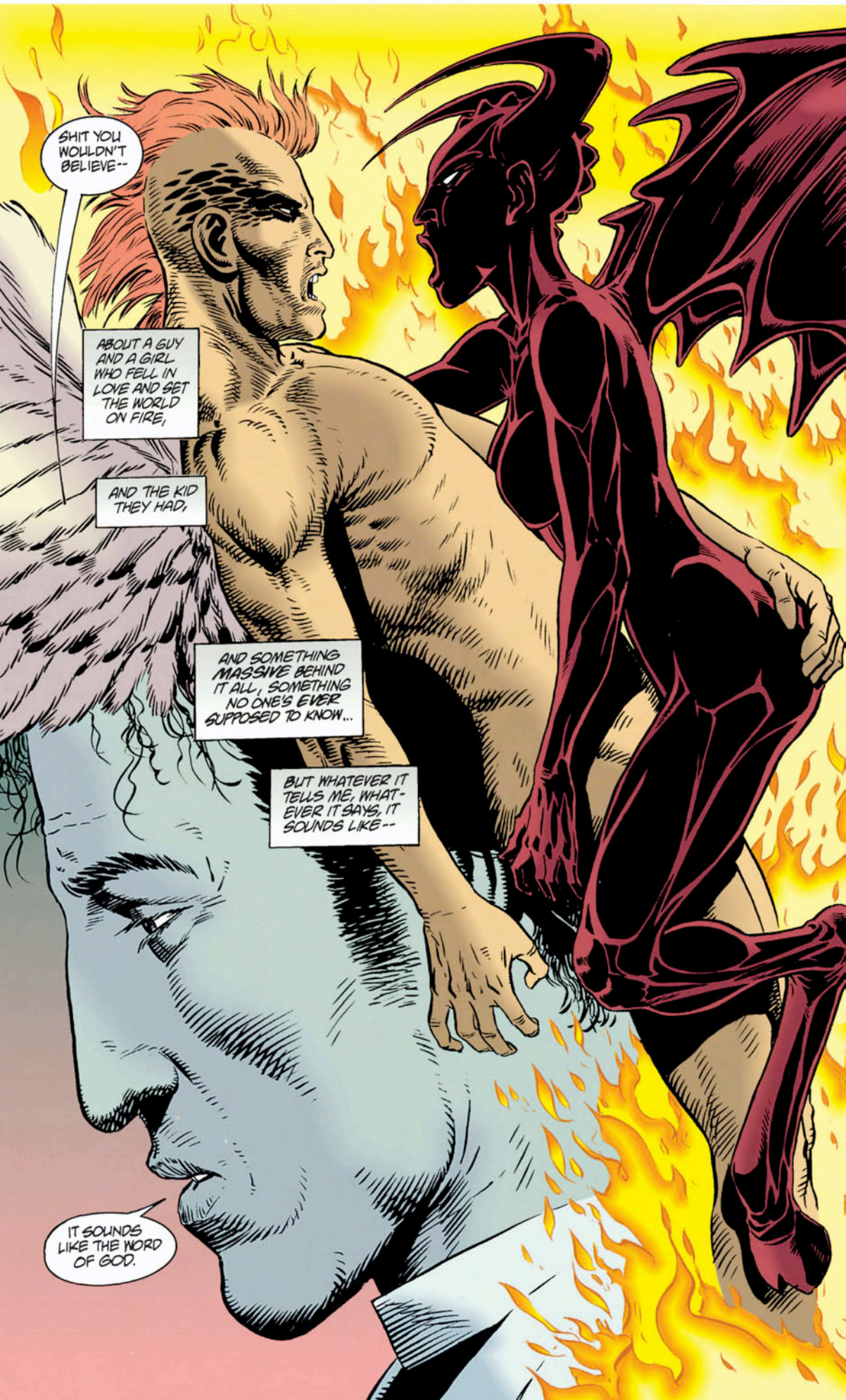
CHRIST IT
HURTS...IT'S
--TELLING
ME...



LET ME GUESS: IT'S
GOD, AND HE SAYS WOMEN
ARE ALL WHORES AND HE
WANTS YOU TO
PUNISH THEM?

CASSIDY,
SHUT UP.

WHAT'S
IT TELLING
YOU?



SHIT YOU
WOULDN'T
BELIEVE--

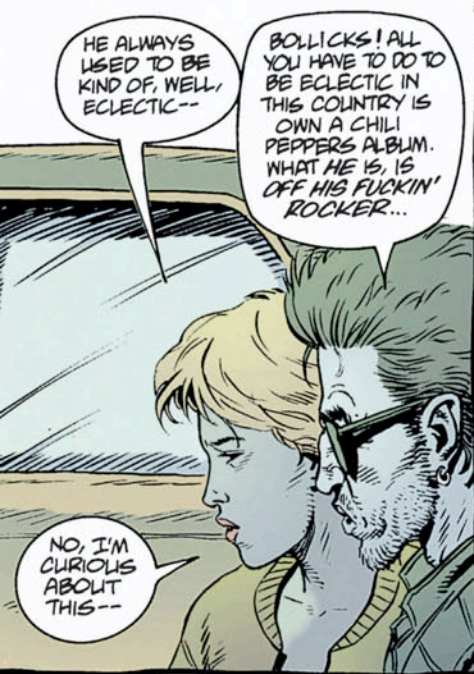
ABOUT A GUY
AND A GIRL
WHO FELL IN
LOVE AND SET
THE WORLD
ON FIRE,

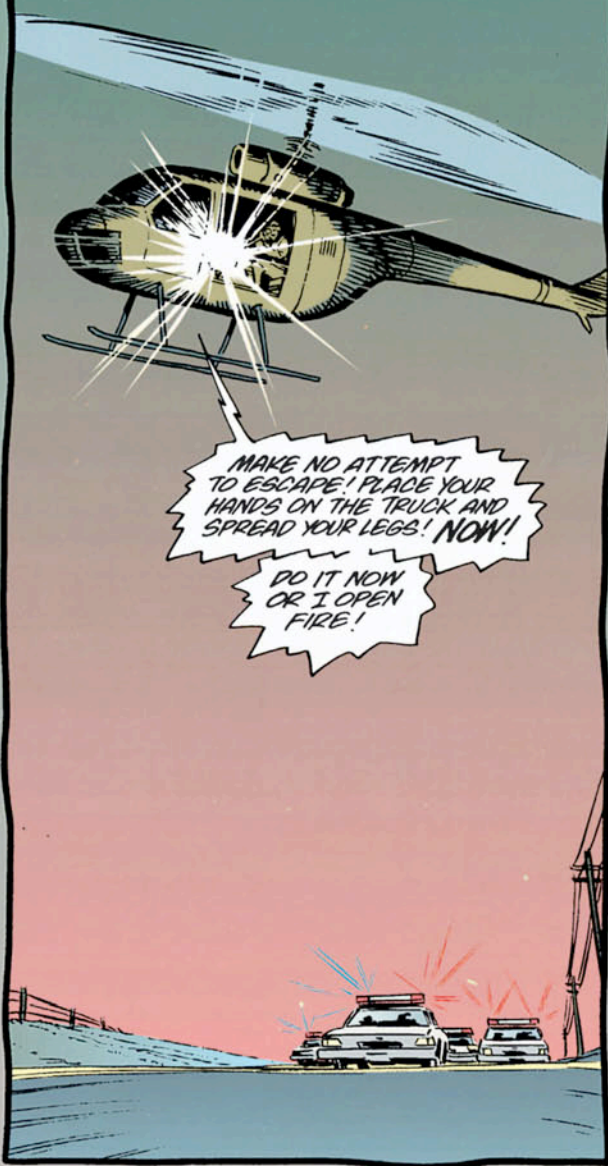
AND THE KID
THEY HAD,

AND SOMETHING
MASSIVE BEHIND
IT ALL, SOMETHING
NO ONE'S EVER
SUPPOSED TO KNOW...

BUT WHATEVER IT
TELLS ME, WHAT-
EVER IT SAYS, IT
SOUNDS LIKE--

IT SOUNDS
LIKE THE WORD
OF GOD.





MAKE NO ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE! PLACE YOUR HANDS ON THE TRUCK AND SPREAD YOUR LEGS! NOW!
DO IT NOW OR I OPEN FIRE!



THEY DON'T LOOK TOO COLORED TO ME, SHERIFF ROOT.

MARTIAN NIGGERS DON'T HAVE TO BE AN' THESE'RE THE ONLY FOLKS WE FOUND IN FIFTY MILES.

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BOY! ONE MORE STEP AN' I'LL BLOW YOUR FUCKIN' HEAD OFF!



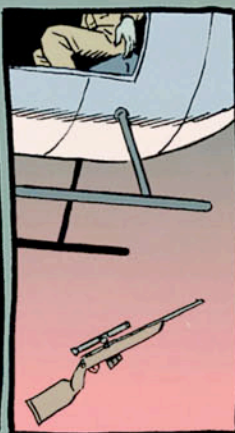
OH, CHRIST, NOT NOW!

THEY'RE EVERYWHERE! THIS IS LIKE A FUCKIN' NIGHT OUT WITH O.J. SIMPSON!



DROP
THE GUNS,
ALL OF
YOU.

AND
LET US
GO.



"...LIKE THE
WORD OF GOD..."

I GOTTA TELL YOU,
I'D SURE AS HELL APPRECIATE
A RIDE OUT OF HERE.





AYE, ALL RIGHT.

I COULD DO WITH SOME CRAZY SHIT IN MY LIFE.

MUCH OBLIGED.



I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! PICK UP YOUR FUCKIN' GUNS, YOU ASSHOLES!

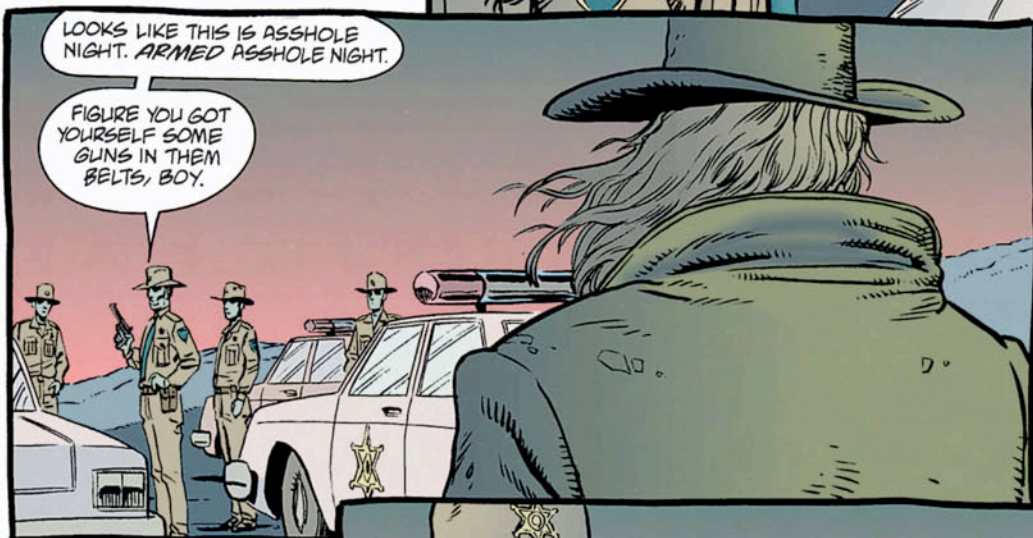
PICK UP YOURS!

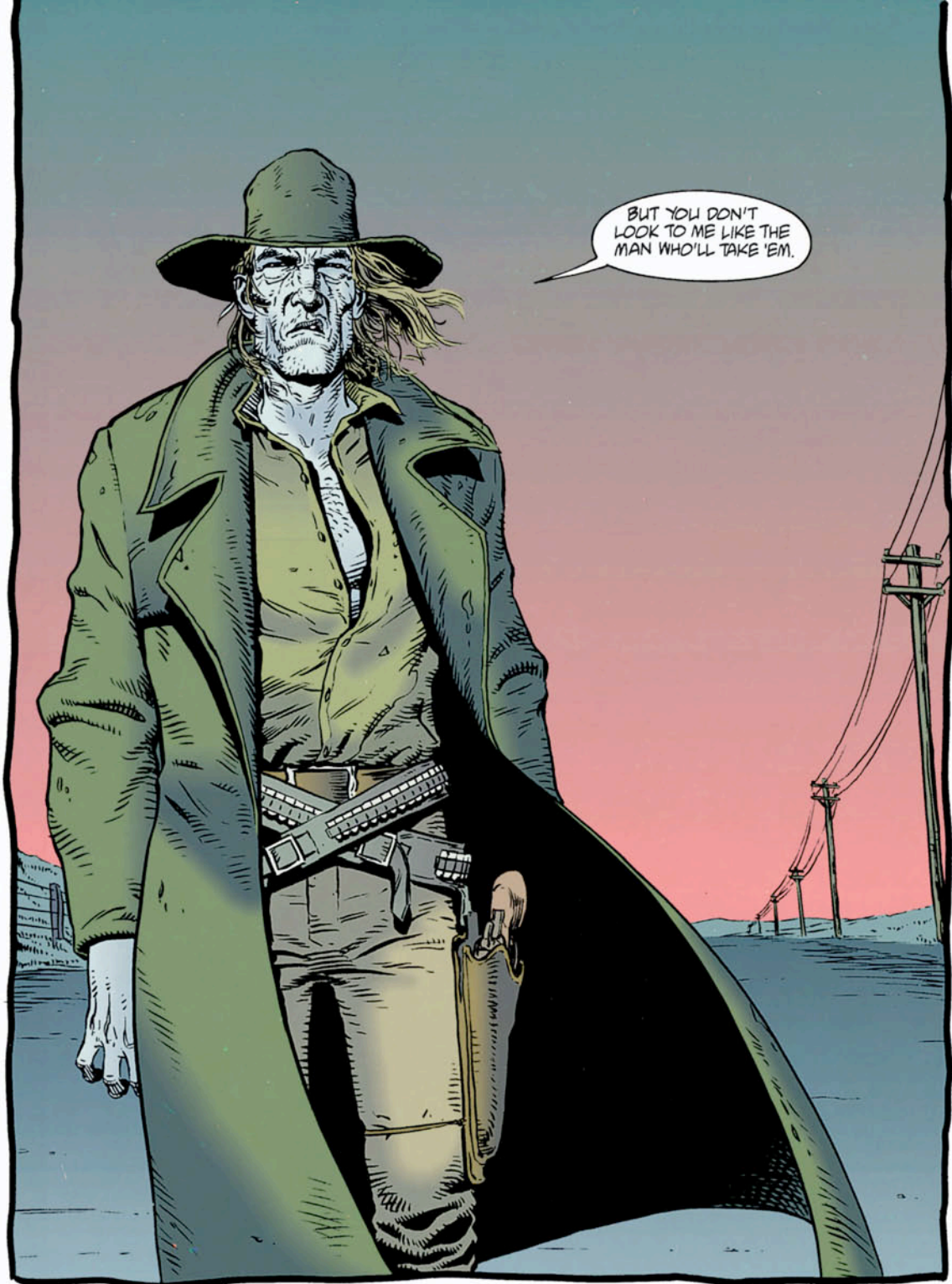


D'YOU FANCY ANYWHERE IN PARTICULAR?



UP TO YOU, BUDDY.





BUT YOU DON'T
LOOK TO ME LIKE THE
MAN WHO'LL TAKE 'EM.



BANG.

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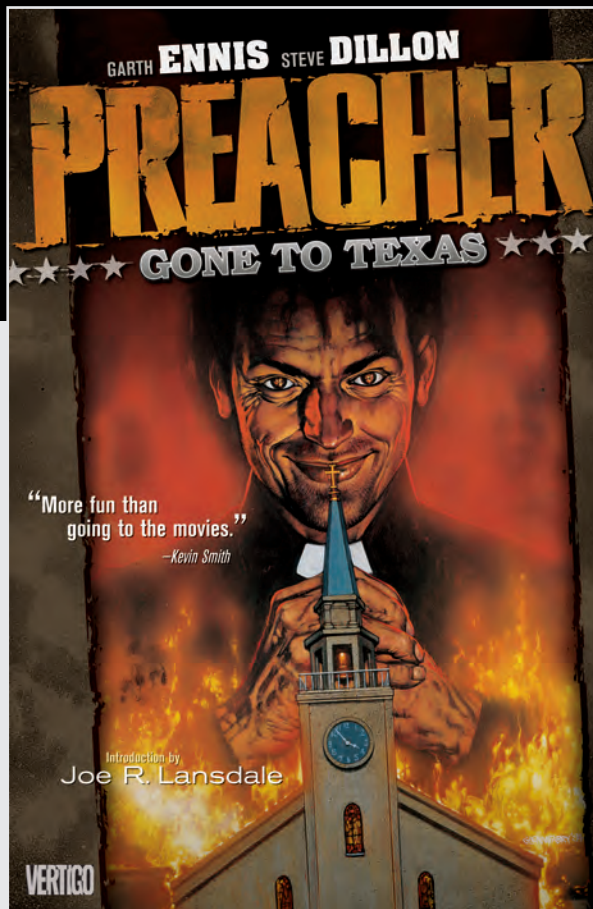
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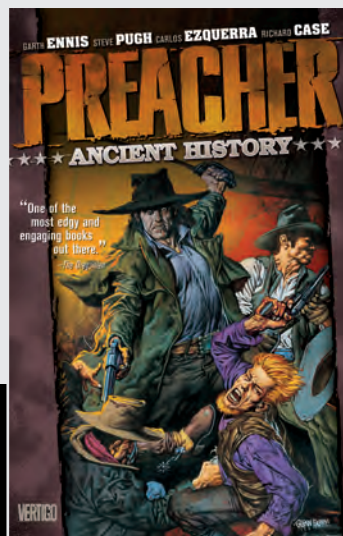
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