

There Is Only One Way To Win Forgiveness!
Stop eating figs and Jesus may just possibly stop hating you quite so much.

Turn away from the fig-strewn path to Hell! Your shoes will be a lot cleaner and your soul will be all sparkly! Don't be like those unrepentant sinners who flaunt their beastly lifestyle with such vanities as haircuts that cost more than \$5. Don't get on the wrong side of the Lord's neurotic compulsion to create things and people He hates. And above all, don't try to interpret the Bible in some clever way to prove that God doesn't really hate you. If there's one thing God hates more than people like you, it's people like you who try to get all exegetical on him. God has a special cookout prepared for you clever types.

Have You Accepted Jesus As Your Personal Savior? (Check one):

- Yes! Please send me forgiveness today. I understand that I will receive an additional absolution every month for the next year. I can cancel any time, and I can return any absolutions that I don't want.
- Nah. But I will accept Jesus as my personal trainer.
- Nah. He's already my co-pilot. I don't want to confuse him.
- Nah. I'm a hopeless sodomite wretch who gorges myself on figs night and day.

Date: _____



**SEDUCED...
INTO SIN!**

www.godhatesfigs.com



I saw Jesus looking at me, and He said: "When I was alive, I struck down the fig tree because of its evil nature. (Mark 11:12-14) For yea verily, I have created many things which I hate, including but not limited to reggae done by people not from Jamaica, synchronized swimming, Unitarian Universalists, buddy movies involving either dogs or chimpanzees, the color mauve and the Artist Intermittently Known as Prince. Oh, sorry, I got carried away. Anyway, I have this weird compulsion to create things I hate, and it's just up to you to be responsible and abstain. Stick to food containing lard or okra and you'll be fine."



"Hey, this isn't so bad!" I chewed it, feeling those crunchy little seeds squishing against my teeth. "This tastes pretty good." When I found out you could get figs *baked into cookies* and in other forms, I was so excited. Pretty soon I was eating them all the time!

1



They made it sound so great. "C'mon, just try one. You might like it!" I knew I'd never get to join the hep "in" crowd if I didn't go along with them. So when they held out a basket of figs, I took one and put it in my mouth slowly. I didn't even stop to think I was... committing a *sin*.

6



I woke up with a wonderful sense of forgiveness — and a determination to change my evil ways! I would be a fig eater no more!

3



I had lots of friends who listened to the latest "gone platters" and took me to the hippest night spots. We had pills, booze, women and all of Satan's comforts. But then the stomach aches started... and I had to go to the bathroom all the time. My friends said it couldn't be the figs. "You're just irregular," they said.

4



But then I had this dream of all the fig-eaters burning in Hell. All the figs they'd eaten in their lifetime gave their bodies this weird smell like burnt fruitcake as they roasted away. And I heard a voice: "Thou sinner! Turn back from the path of unrighteousness!"