

A
BONGO
PUBLICATION



TREEHOUSE
of
HORROR
#6

BART SIMPSON'S

TREEHOUSE OF

HORROR

TM



\$4.50 U.S.
\$6.75 CANADA

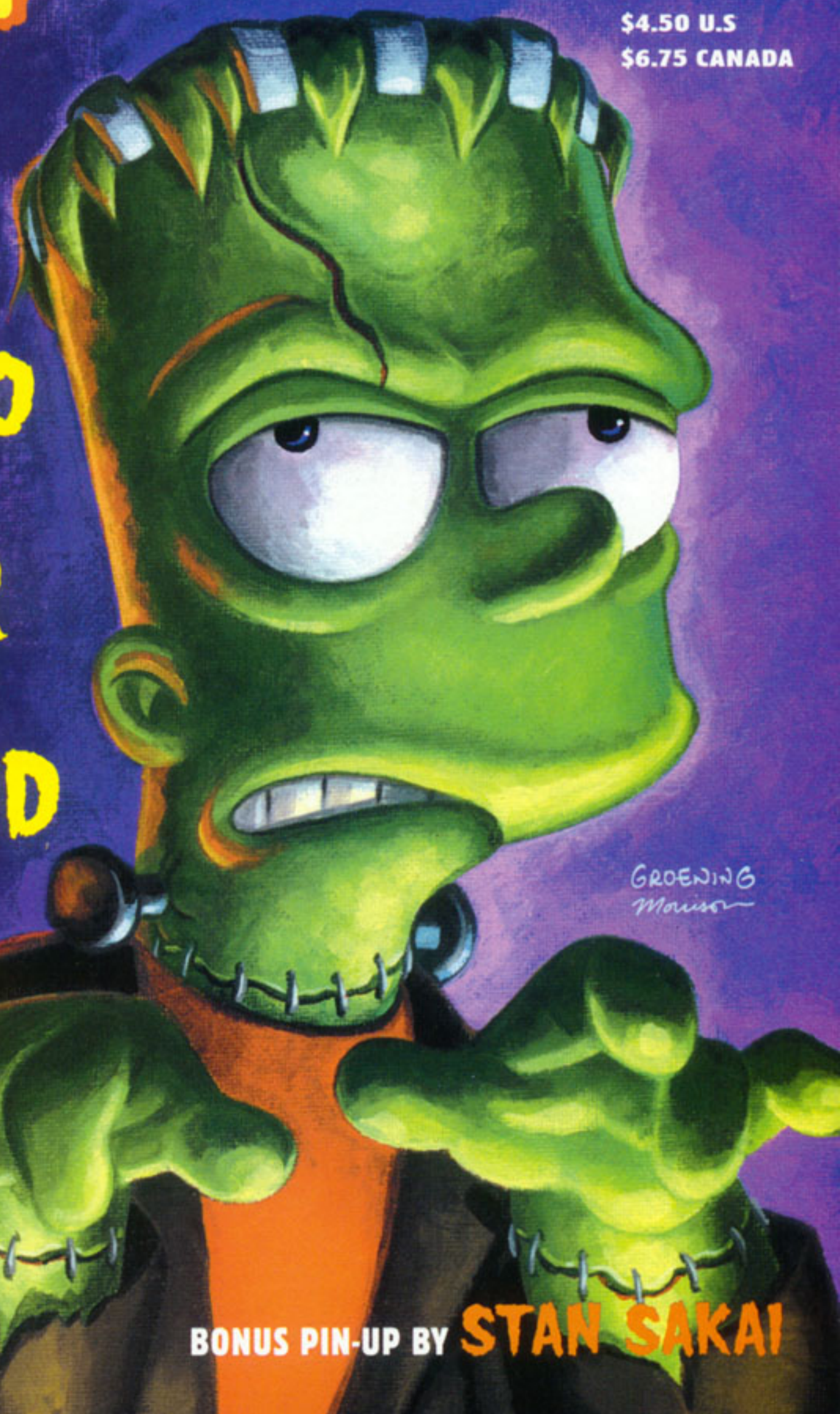
FEATURING
STORIES BY

DAN
DeCARLO

PETER
KUPER

JIM
MAHFOOD

C. SCOTT
MORSE



GROENING
Morrison

DIRECT EDITION

06



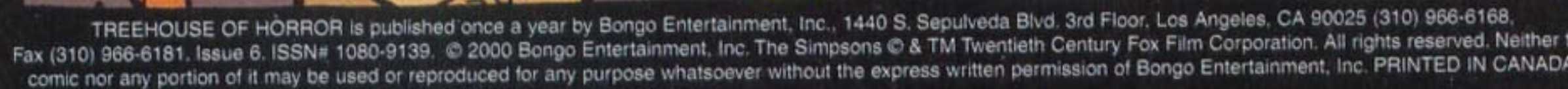
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BONUS PIN-UP BY **STAN SAKAI**

SCRIPT BY
IAN BOO!-THBY
evil RINGLeader
MAIMIN' MATT GROENIN'

WRITTEN, ILLUSTRATED, AND LETTERED BY
JIM MAAAAAAAH!!!-FOOD
 COLORS BY edits BY
CHRIS UN-GORE! BILL MORRI-SCUM

SCRIPT BY
IAN BOO!-THBY
evil RINGLeader
MAIMIN' MATT GROENIN'





YOU'RE IN LUCK, OLD FRIEND. MY EMPLOYEES TRADED THEIR FAMILIES' SOULS IN THE LAST UNION NEGOTIATION!

WHAT did they get?

three-ply tissue IN THE COMPANY BATHROOM.

MAN, THAT'S COMFORT!

tell me ABOUT IT, BROTHER!!

HERE'S A FAMILY MAN. HOMER SIMPSON. THREE CHILDREN, BART, LISA, AND MY WOULD BE ASSASSIN MAGGIE. I'LL SIGN THEM OVER TO YOU!

Keep the BABY. SULFUR SMELLS BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT DIRTY DIAPERS adding to it.

BACK At the PARTY...

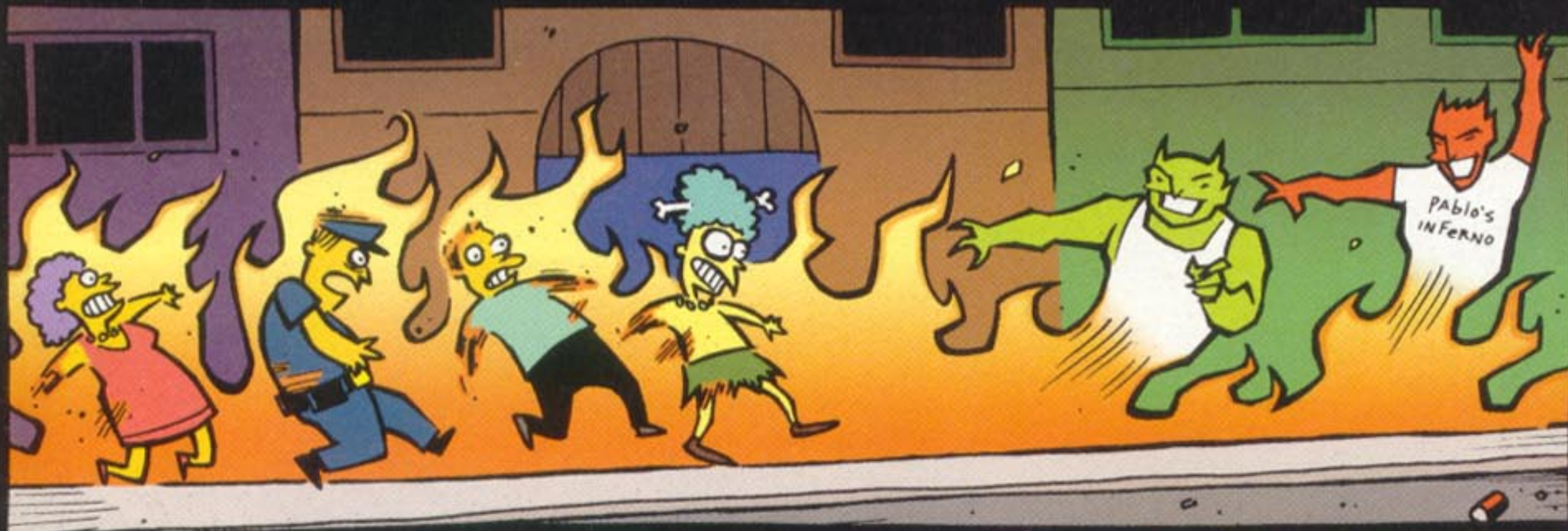
BART, WHY ARE YOU CHANGING OUR MAILBOX WITH the FLANDERS?

WHY? WHY egg MARTIN'S HOUSE? WHY T.P. SKINNER'S tree? WHY CHANGE GRAMPA'S MEDICINE FOR some old M+M'S I FOUND IN the couch...

YOU CAN'T ASK WHY. YOU JUST HAVE to TRUST THAT LITTLE VOICE THAT SAYS, "DO IT!"

How zen.

SPRINGfield City SQUARE...



AW, Jeez !!

WOW, A
FLAMING
Moe!
How
1991!

SKINNER! I ASK
YOU TO LOOK AFTER
MY CAR FOR FIVE
MINUTES !!

E-MART

BUT SUPERINTENDENT
CHALMERS, TWO
DEMONS FROM
HELL SET IT
ABLAZE !!

I BELIEVED
YOU THE FIRST
TIME YOU TOLD
ME THAT!



We're
Lost.

We're Not
Lost.

WHY CAN'T YOU EVER
STOP AND ASK FOR
DIRECTIONS?

See, there's A
SIGN! EVERGREEN
TERRACE!

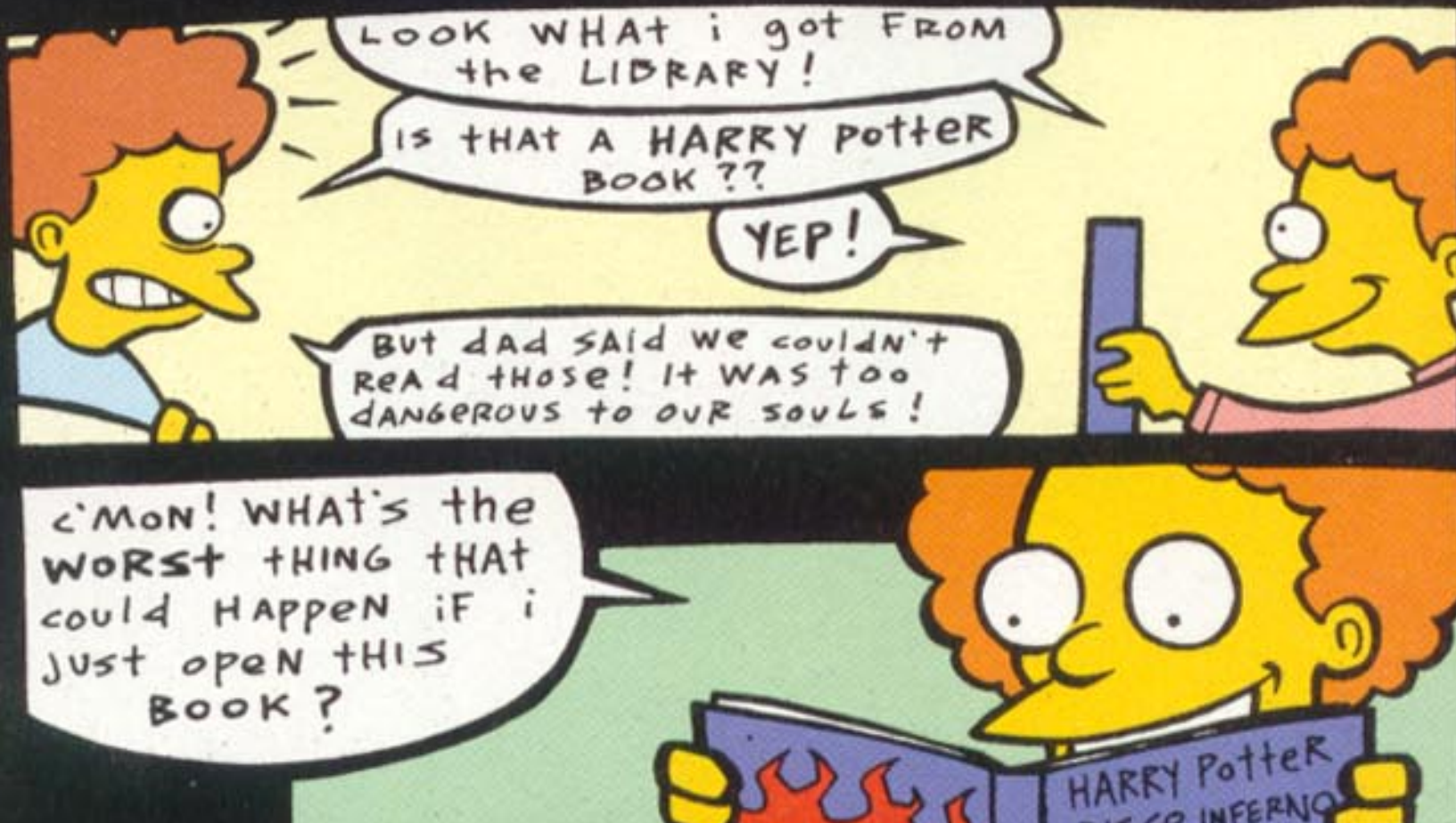
OKAY, OKAY, BUT
YOU'RE AVOIDING
THE REAL ISSUE
HERE!

BACK AT the FLANDERS ...

OKAY, FINISH UP
YOUR EXTRA SKIM
LACTOSE FREE
MILK SPRITZERS
AND GET SOME
SHUT EYE!

G'NIGHT
daddy!

G'NIGHT.



LOOK WHAT I GOT FROM
the LIBRARY!

IS THAT A HARRY POTTER
BOOK??

YEP!

BUT DAD SAID WE COULDN'T
READ THOSE! IT WAS TOO
DANGEROUS TO OUR SOULS!

c'MON! WHAT'S THE
WORST THING THAT
COULD HAPPEN IF I
JUST OPEN THIS
BOOK?

HARRY Potter
DISCO INFERNO

WE'RE HERE TO TAKE YOUR SOULS TO THE FIRES OF HELL!!!



outside...

AND I SAY THE WORST HALLOWEEN CANDIES ARE THOSE TOFFEE THINGS IN THE ORANGE WRAPPERS!

I GOTTA SAY APPLES.

UNWRAPPED CANDY CORN FROM THE CAT LADY DOWN THE STREET...

AW, MAN! THE FLANDERSES ARE HERE. PREPARE TO HAVE THE LIFE SUCKED OUTTA THE PARTY...

I CONCEDE!

KA-BOOM!

GOTTA ADMIT, THAT WAS PRETTY COOL.

?!

Let's get this party started!!!

SUPERHUMAN ENERGY, FLOODING MY BODY! MUST USE POWERS FOR GOOD!

I'LL JUST TEST IT OUT BY COUNTING THE POGS IN MY POCKET...

IN RETROSPECT THAT WAS PROBABLY HEAT VISION.

BUT FIRST, MUST USE X-RAY VISION TO SEE INTO WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOMS!

DUDE! WE'VE BEEN TURNED INTO A THREE-HEADED MONSTER!!

HEY, LET'S GO FREAK OUT MY PAROLE OFFICER!

FIRST, I GOTTA TAKE A WHIZ! Vh... WHO'S GONNA HOLD THE TACKLE?

SPLAT!!

UH, OH...

YO! SWEET CHRISTMAS! THIS SUCKA IS GONNA GIVE YOU THE MUTHA OF ALL BADASS BITINGS, YA JIVE TURKEY!!

WHAT? I CAN'T HEAR YOU ABOVE THE CHAINSAW! WHAT??!!

HEY, I'M A GOD! GIMME ALL YOUR CANDY!!

YOU SHOULDN'T MAKE ME ANGRY. YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME WHEN I'M ANGRY...

I DON'T LIKE YOU NOW! WHAT'CHA GONNA DO ABOUT IT?

BRUCE





WELL, LET'S GO!

WE'RE COMING TOO!

TUG!

WHAT??

I CAN USE THIS TRIP TO HELP ME WITH MY EXTRA CREDIT REPORT ON THE AFTERLIVES OF WESTERN RELIGIONS.

AND I WANNA GET SATAN'S AUTOGRAPH ON MY ROB ZOMBIE CD!

MARGE, I'M TAKING THE KIDS TO HELL!!

HAVE THEM BACK BY ELEVEN! IT'S A SCHOOL NIGHT...





LATER...



Suddenly...

AAARGHH!!
the
HOLY
LIGHT!

RUN!!

Let My
Boys
Go!!

MAUDE!! OH, IT'S SO GOOD
to see you AGAIN!

Hello, Neddy!

I've Missed
you SO
MUCH!

Me,
too.

Wow, I'd ForGotten How HOT MAUDE
WAS. I CAN'T believe you put HER
BEHIND you AND started dating
AGAIN so SOON...

Homer!

so You're seeing
Someone?

NO! Yes! No ONE
IN PARTICULAR!

so there's
MORE
THAN ONE?!

No!! Yes!
I MEAN...

Listen, I CAN'T be
HERE RIGHT NOW...

But...!

Goodbye,
Ned!

THANKS
ALot,
HOMER!

Hey, i didn't
FORCE you
BACK INTO
the dAtIng
ScENE!

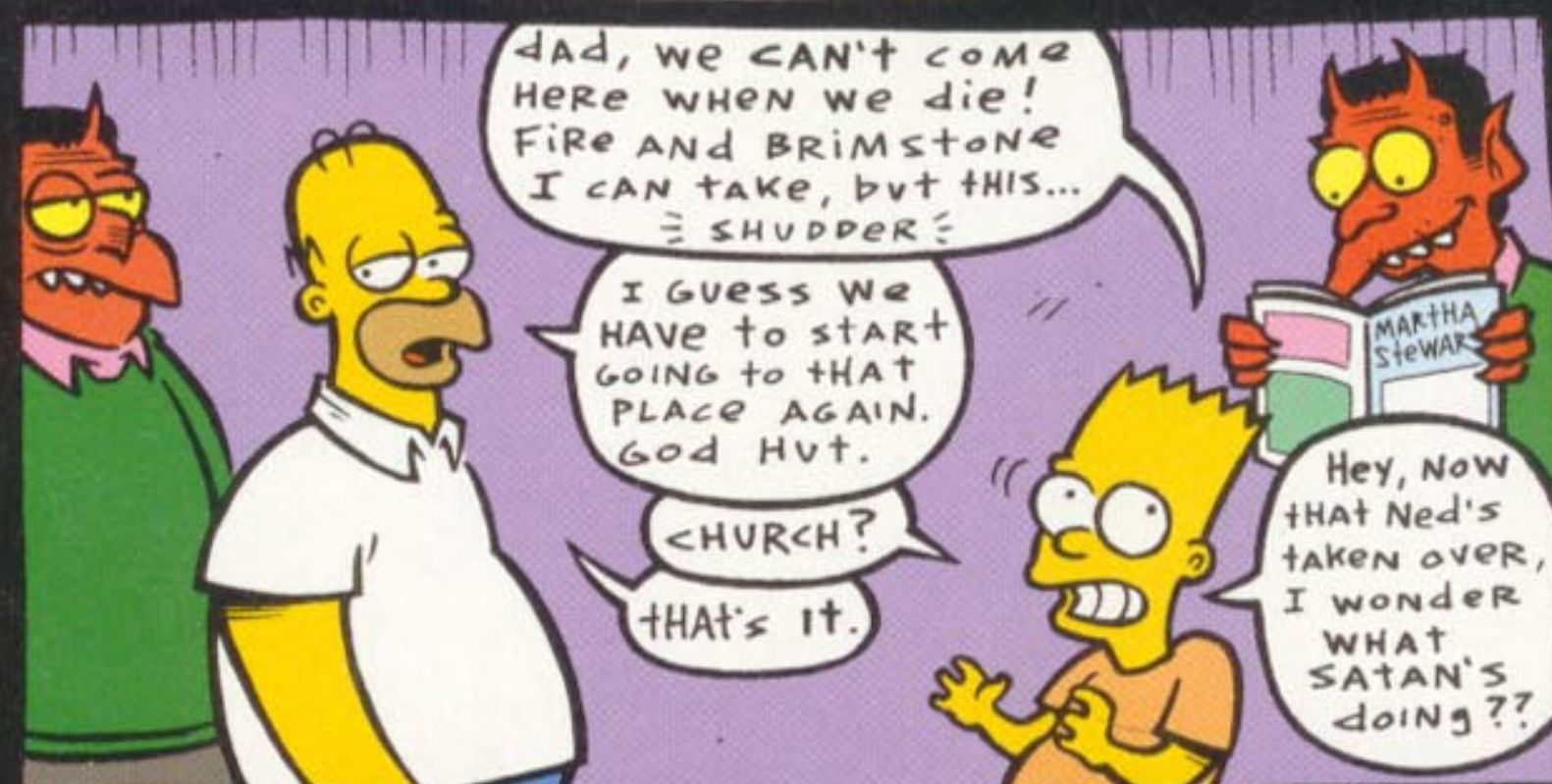
yes You
did!!

UM... I don't WANNA interRUpt,
But it Looks Like it's time For
Some senseless VIOLENce...



STOP THIS!! YOU ALL ENTERED MY REALM OF YOUR OWN FREE WILL, AND SO YOUR SOULS ARE :YAWN: DAMNED FOREVER!





Huh?!

AS HOMER SIMPSON AWOKE
ONE MORNING AFTER ***DISTURBING
DREAMS***, HE FOUND HIMSELF
TRANSFORMED IN HIS BED INTO...

Marge, I just had
the *weirdest* dream that
I turned into a...

D'OH!!

METAMORPH

S
M
P
S
O
N
S

Art and Story

PETER "KAFKAESQUE" KUPER

Letters

CHRIS "THE CREATURE" UNGAR

Colors

NASTY NATHAN KANE

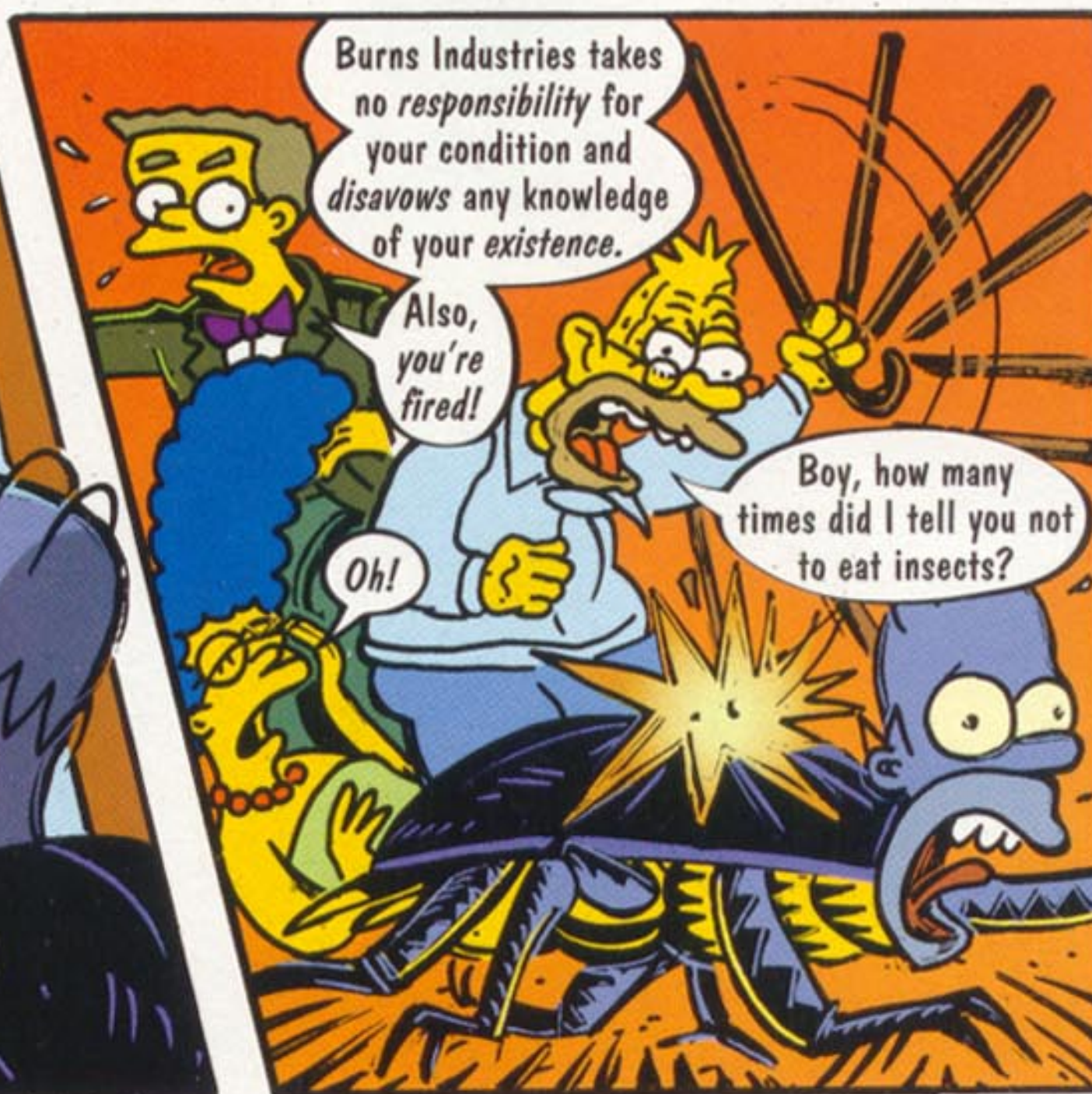
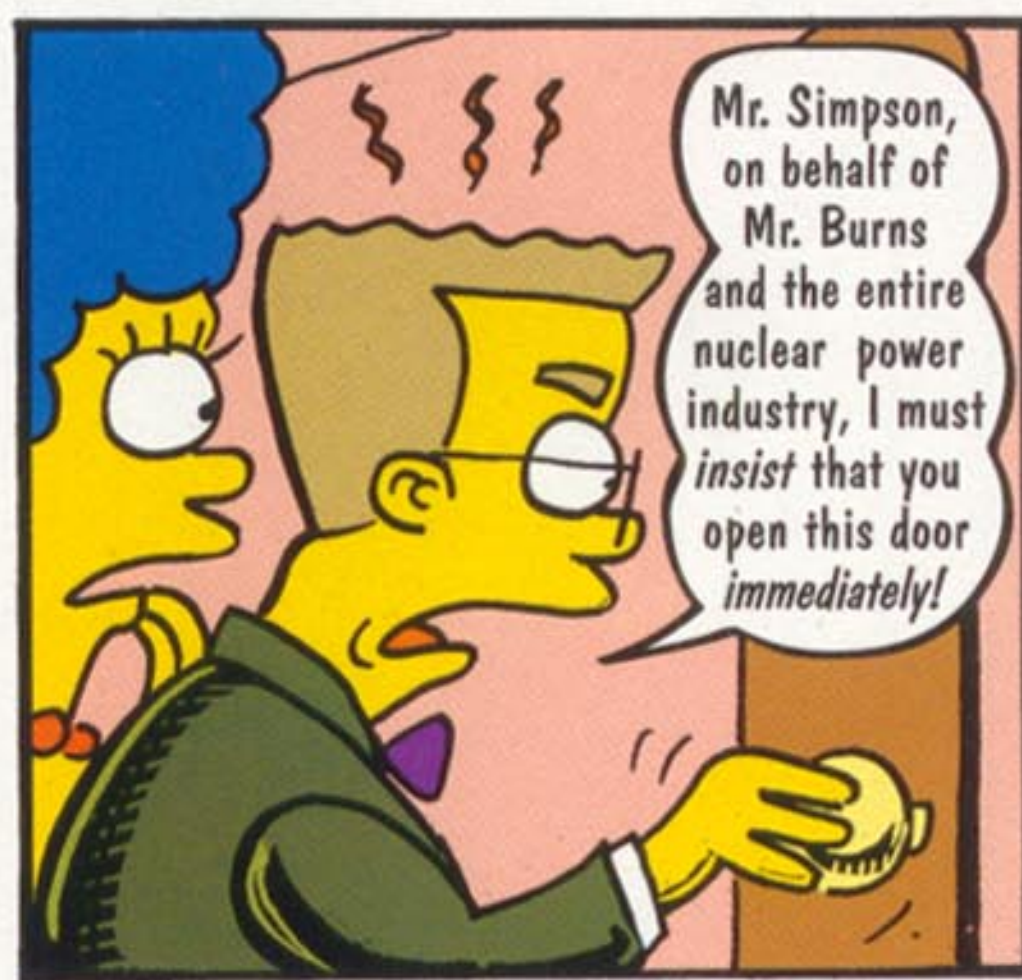
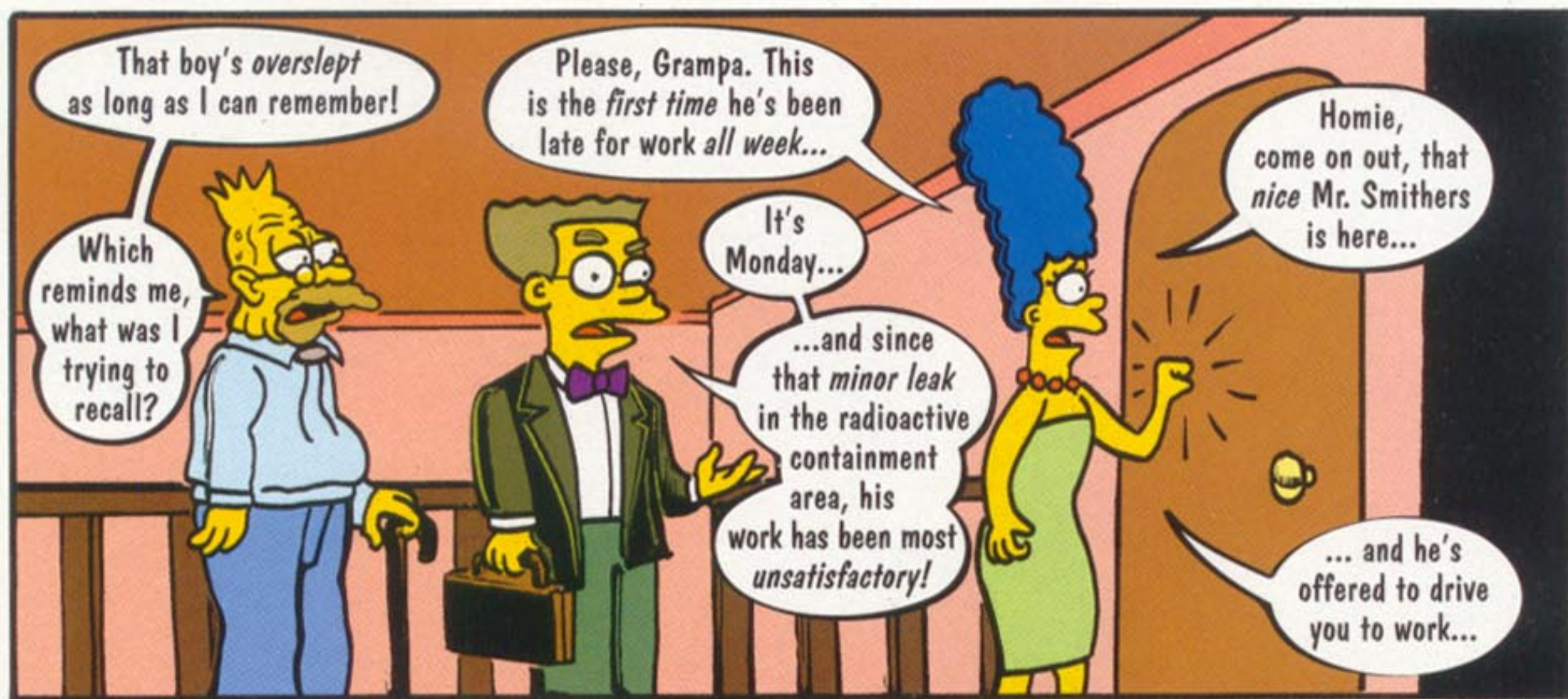
Edits

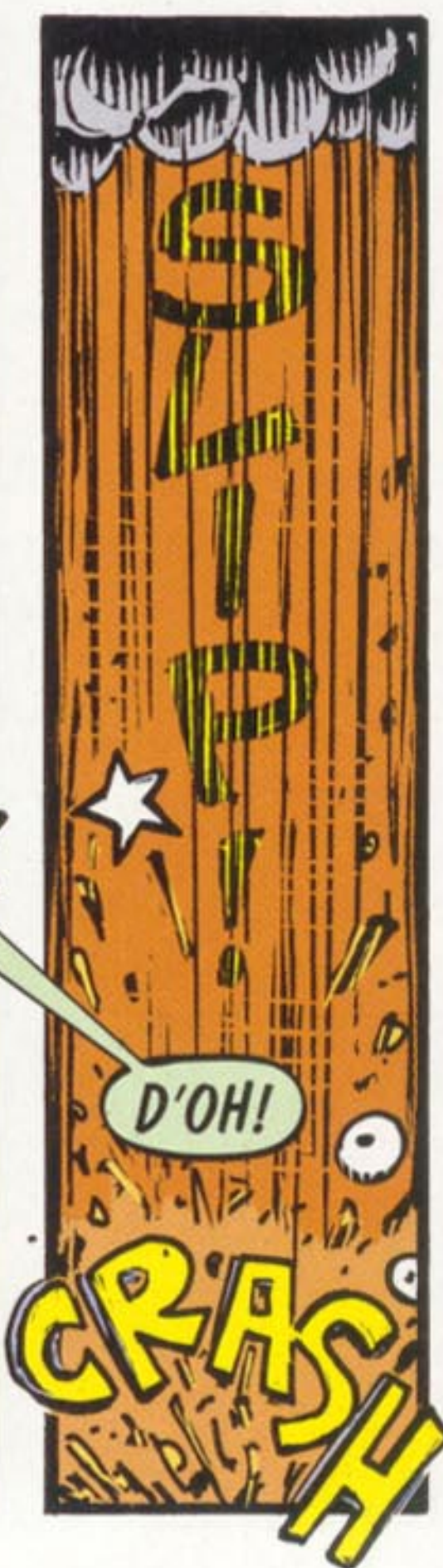
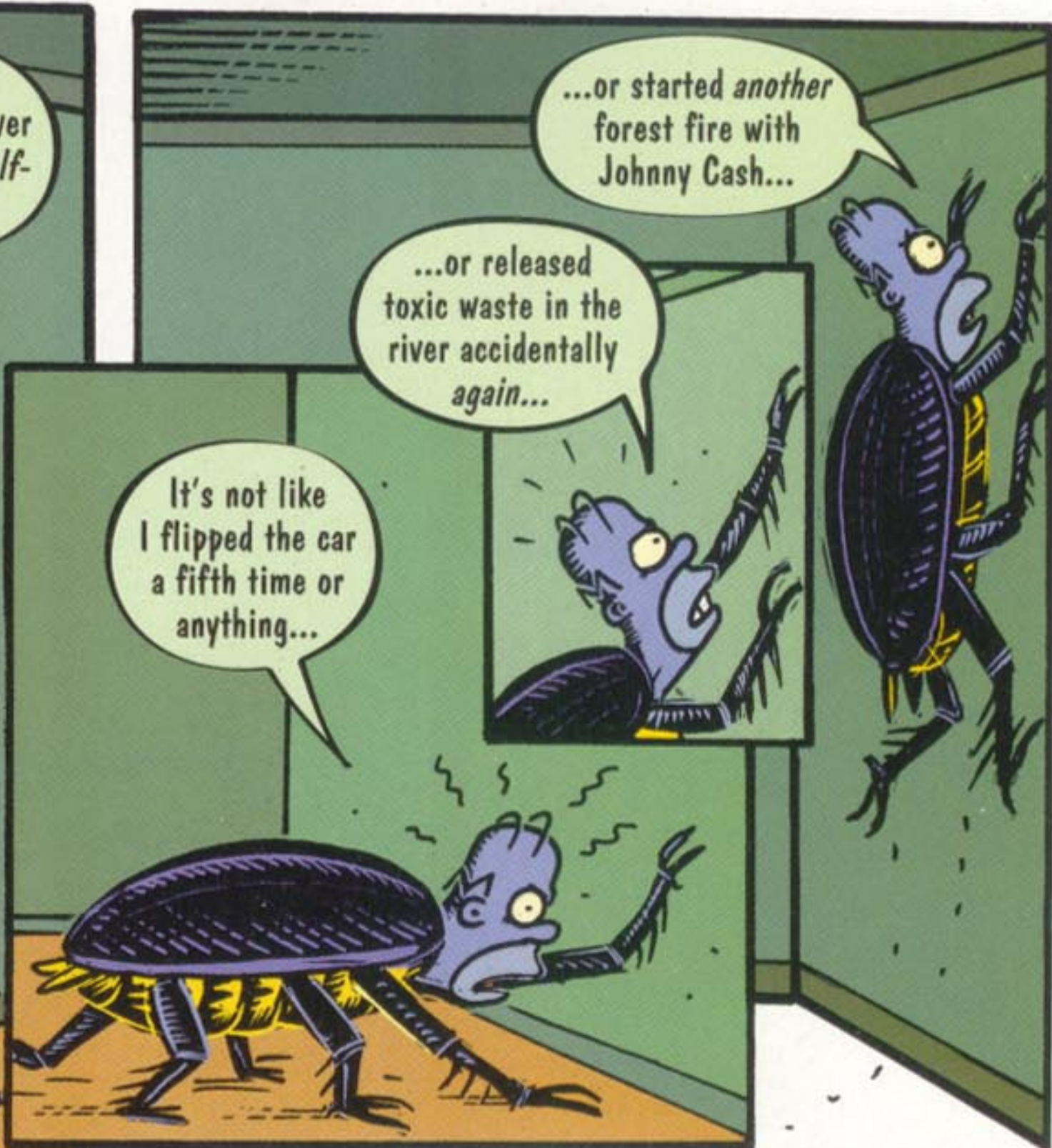
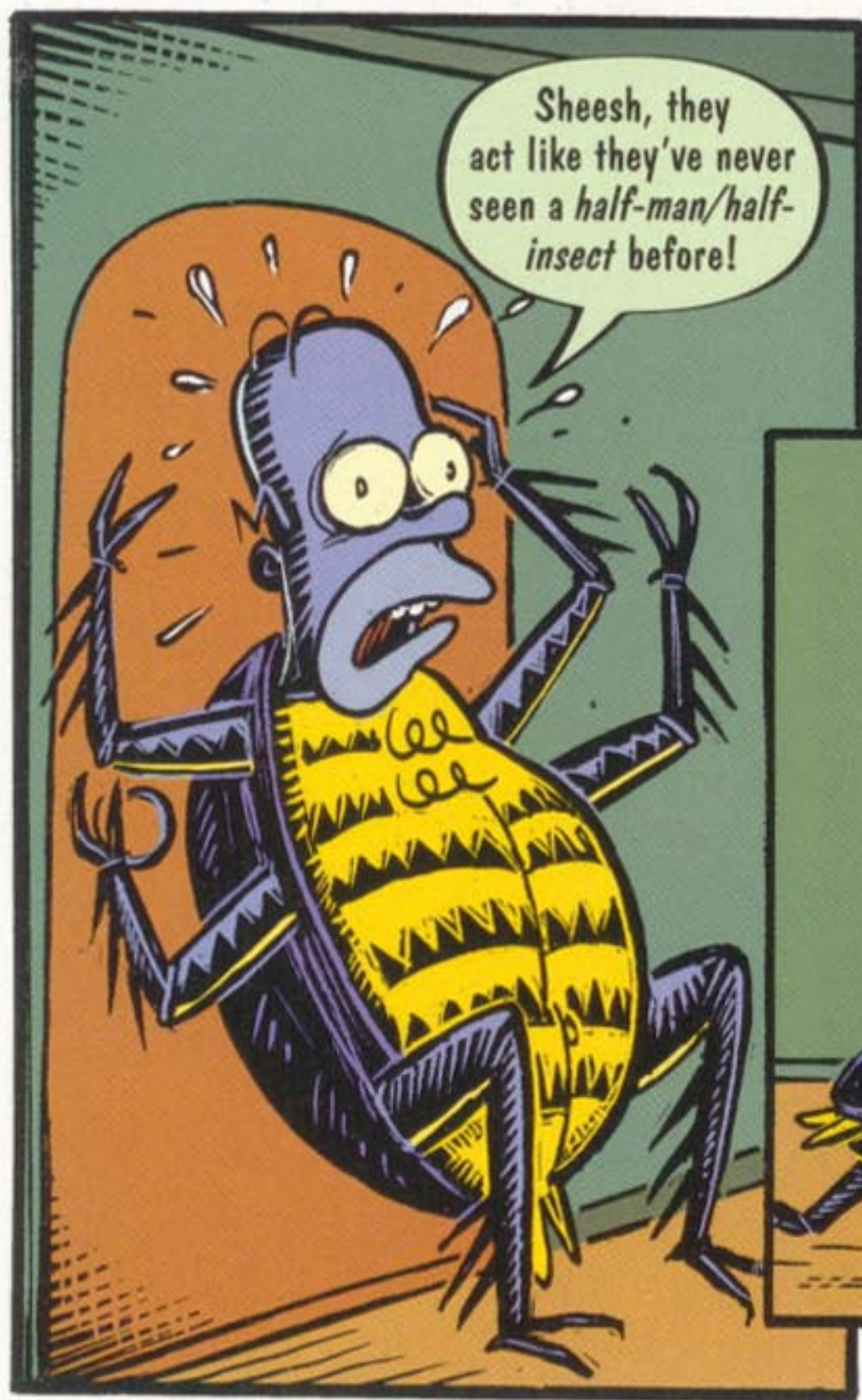
BILL "DIAL M. FOR" MORRISON

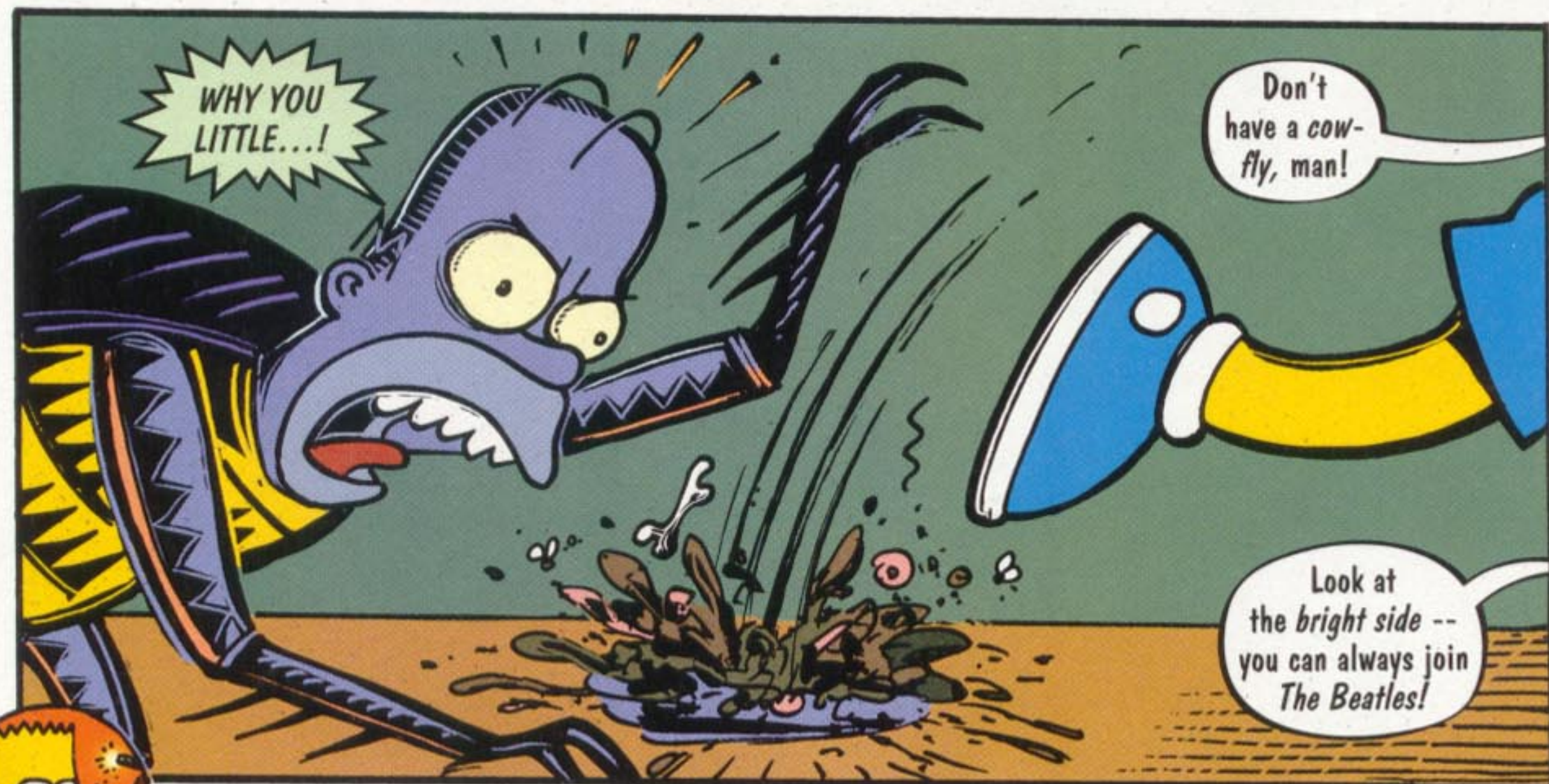
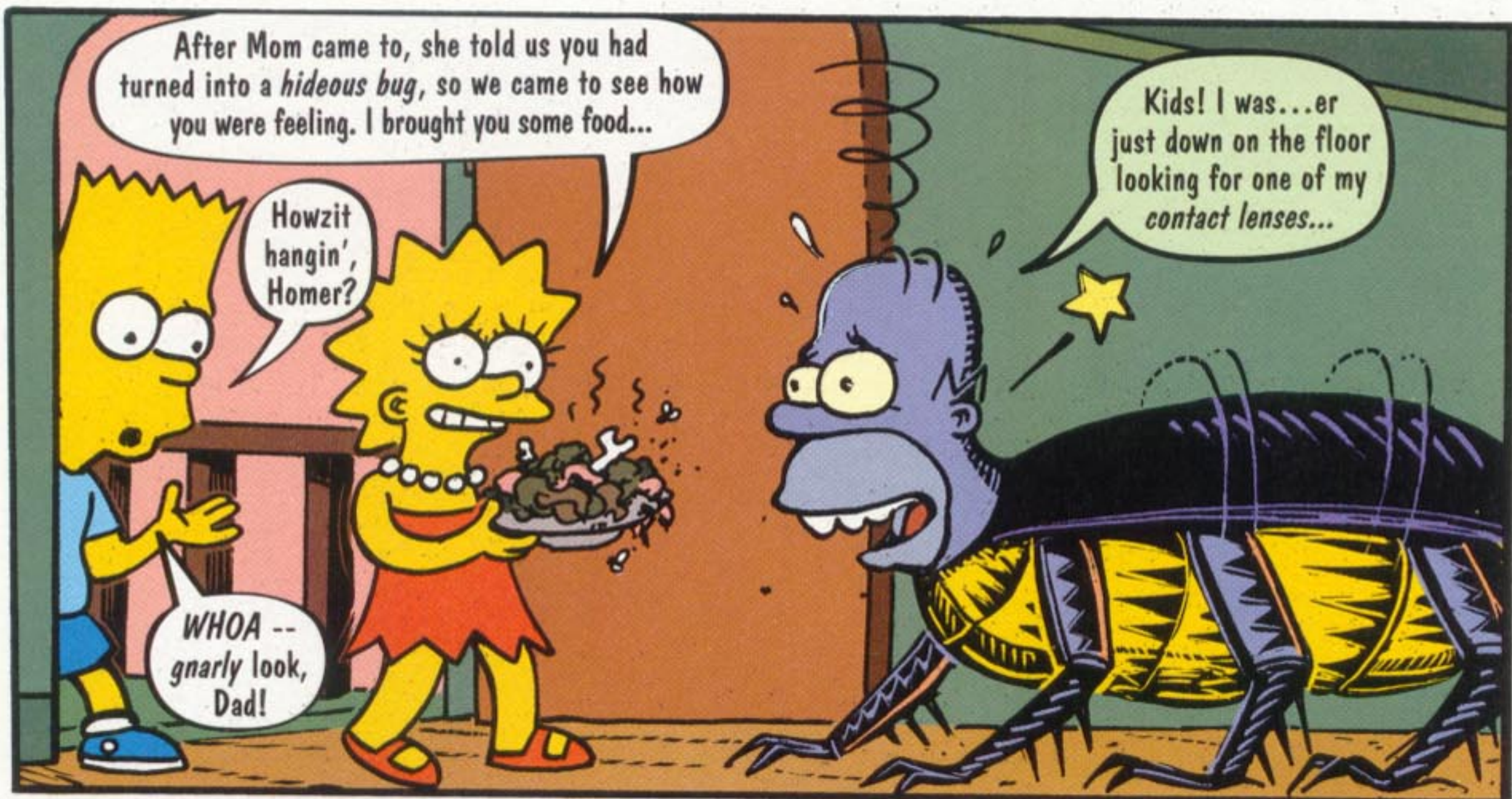
Grubliher

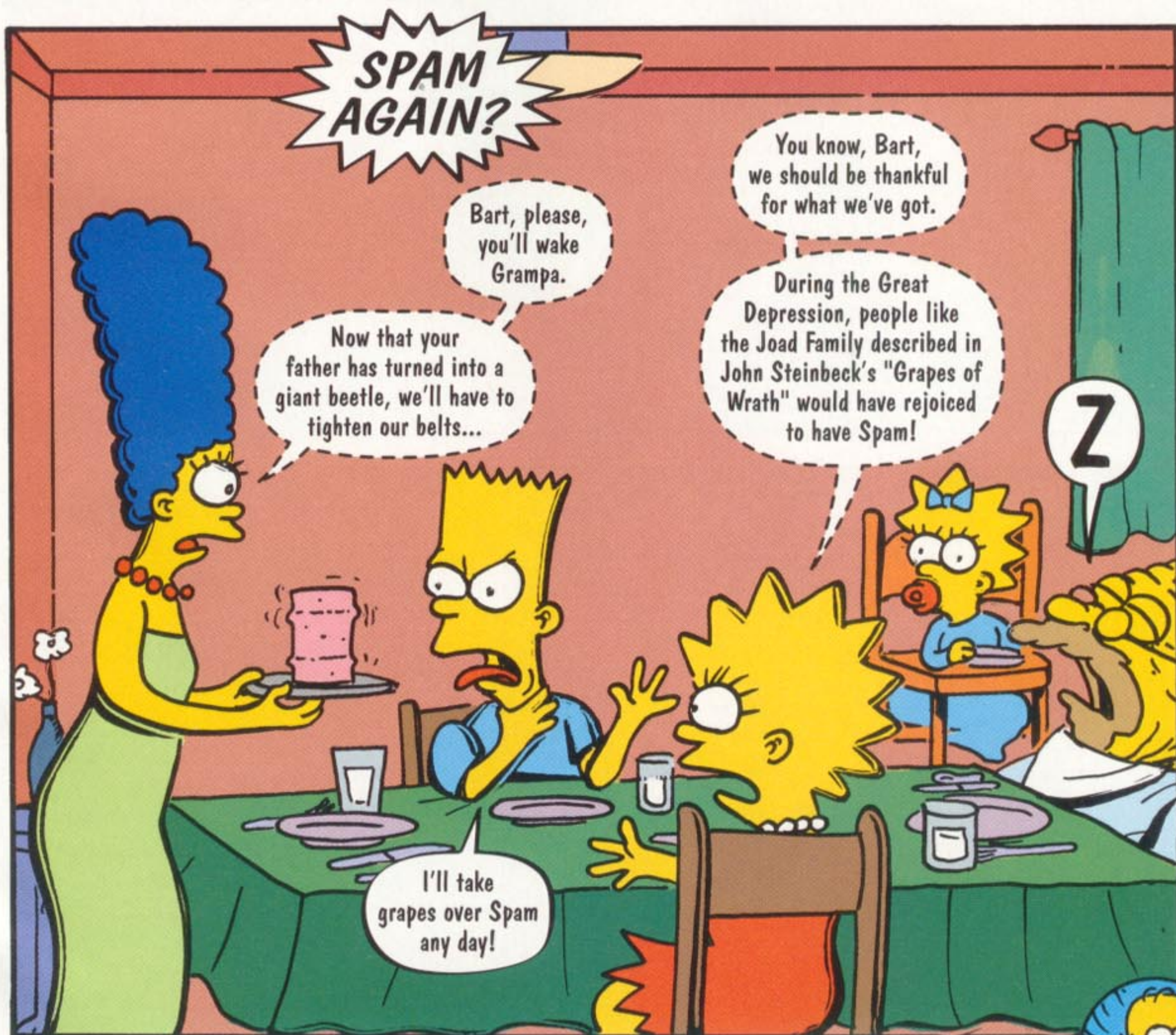
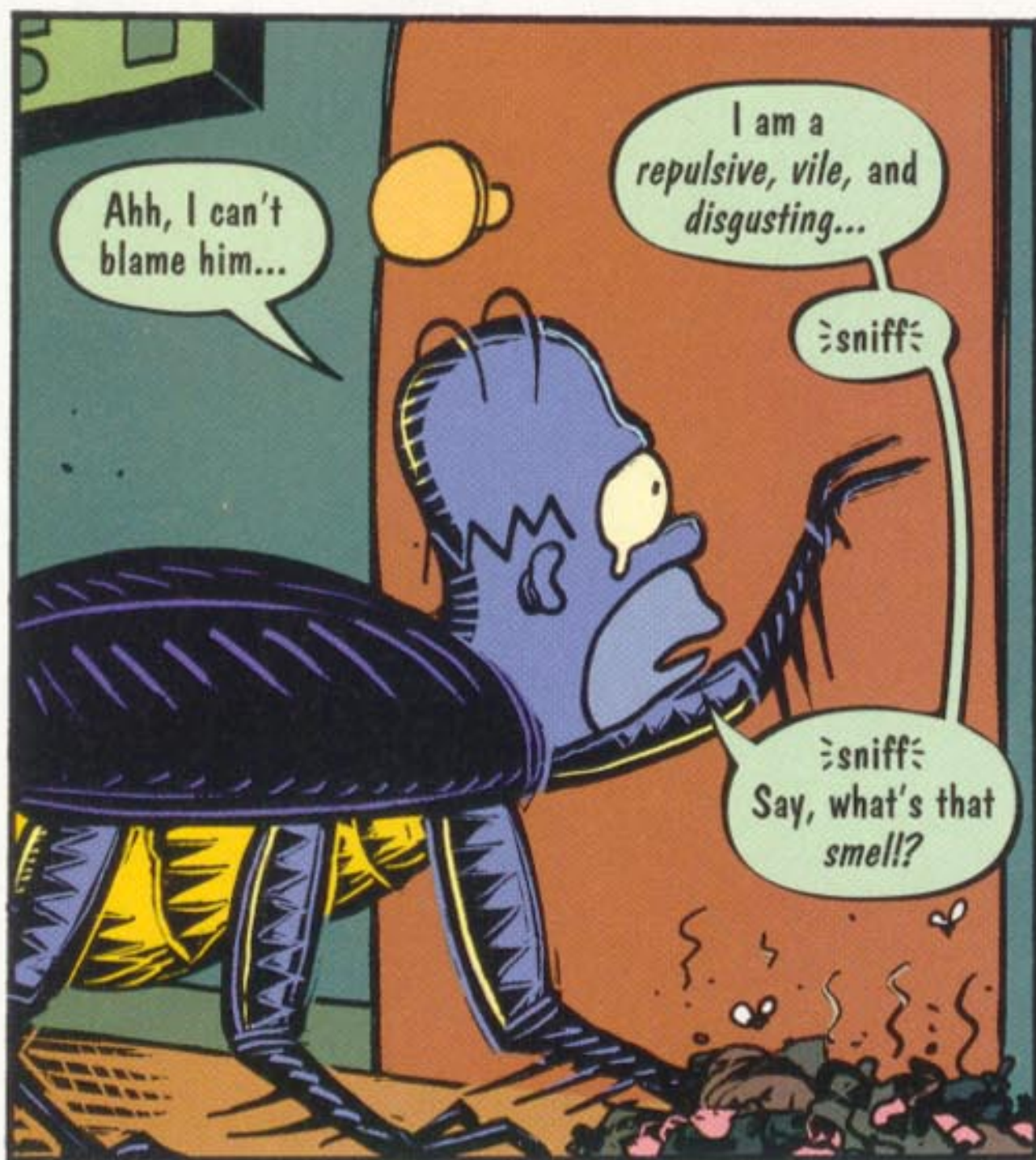
SPLAT GROENING

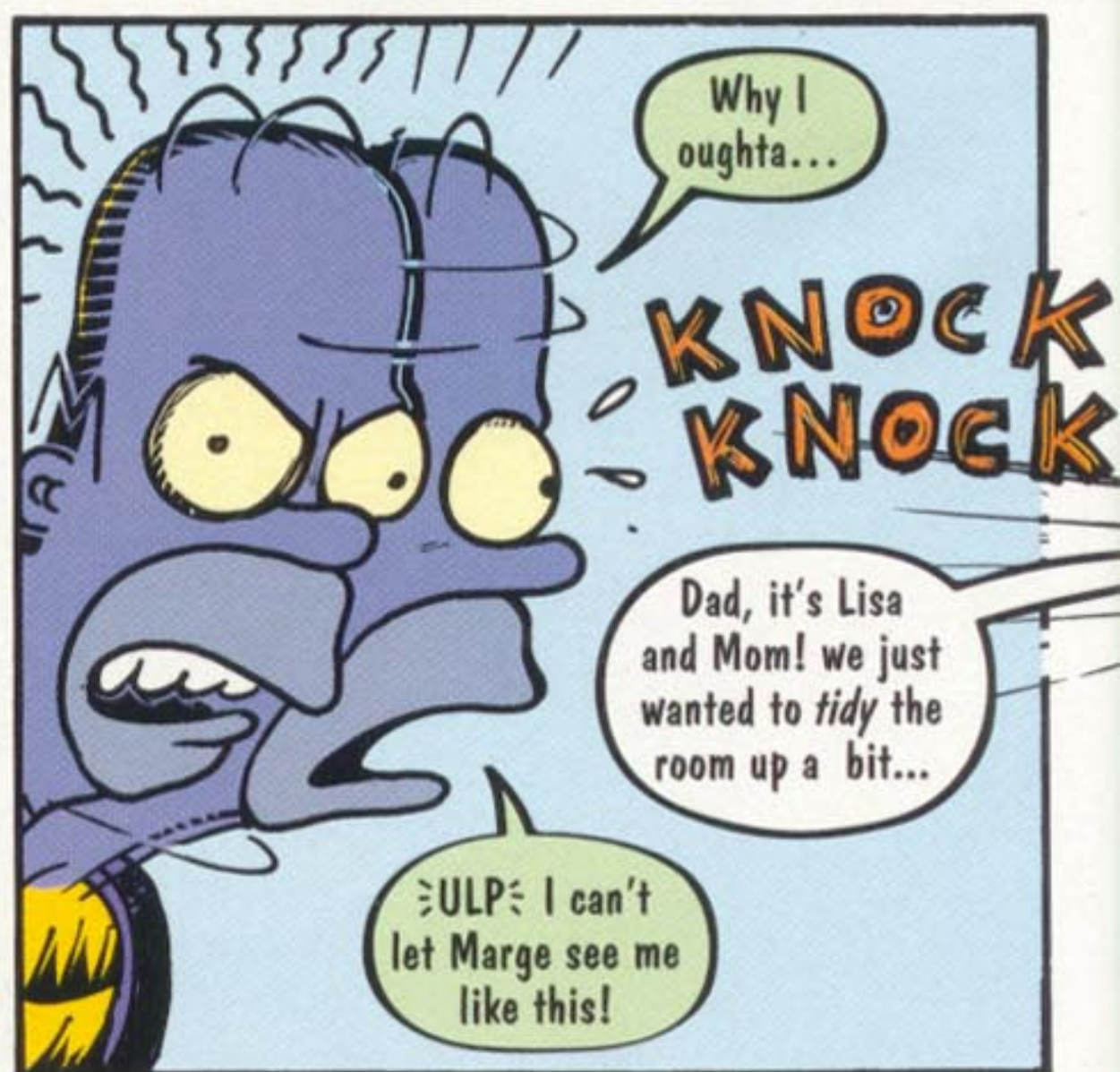
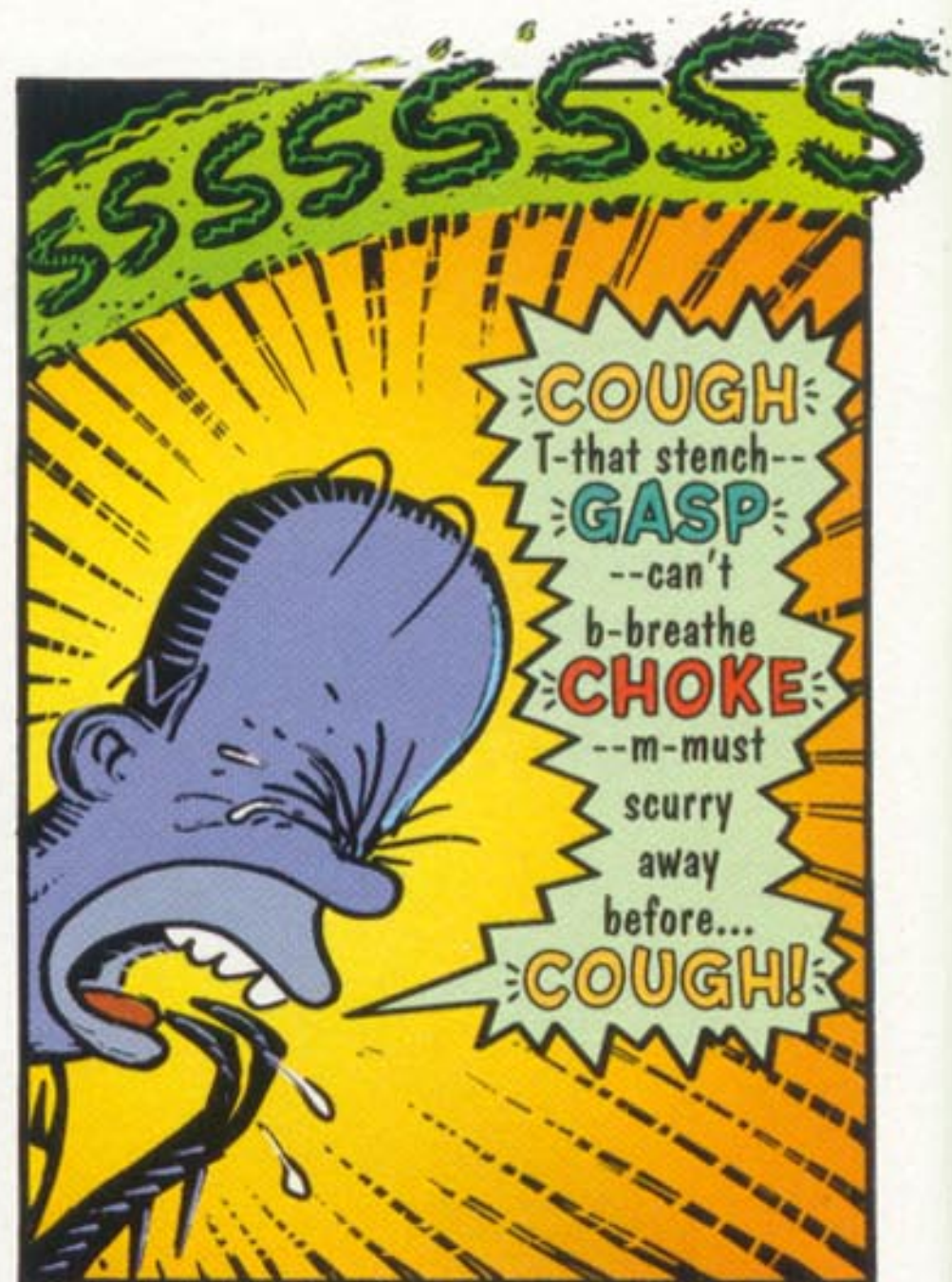


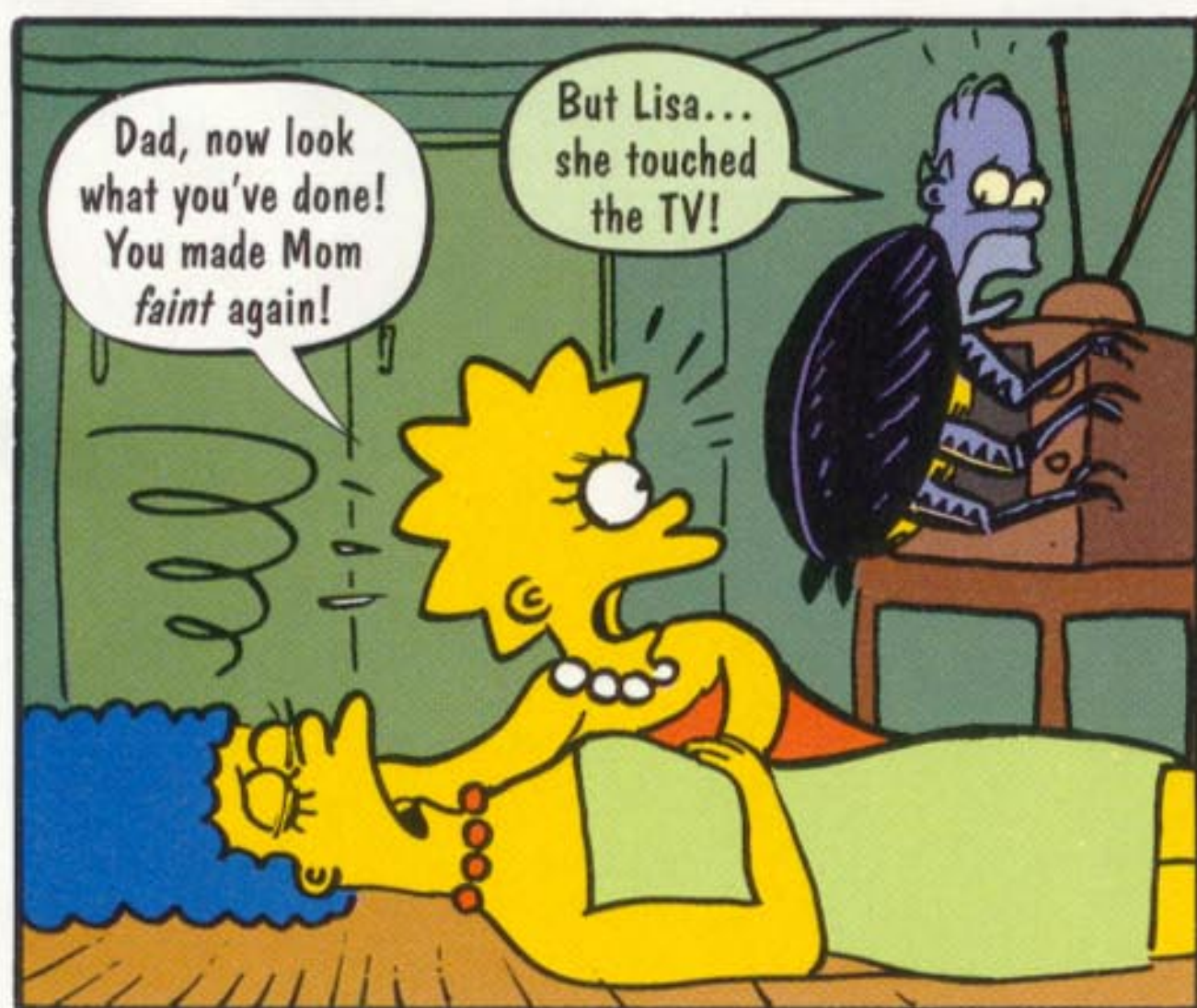




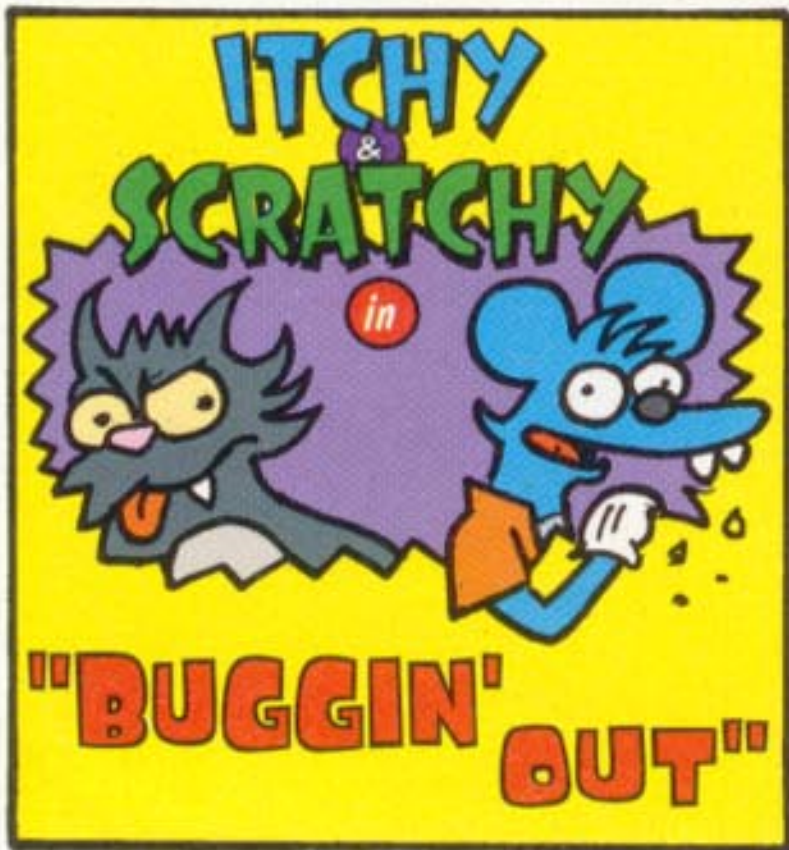
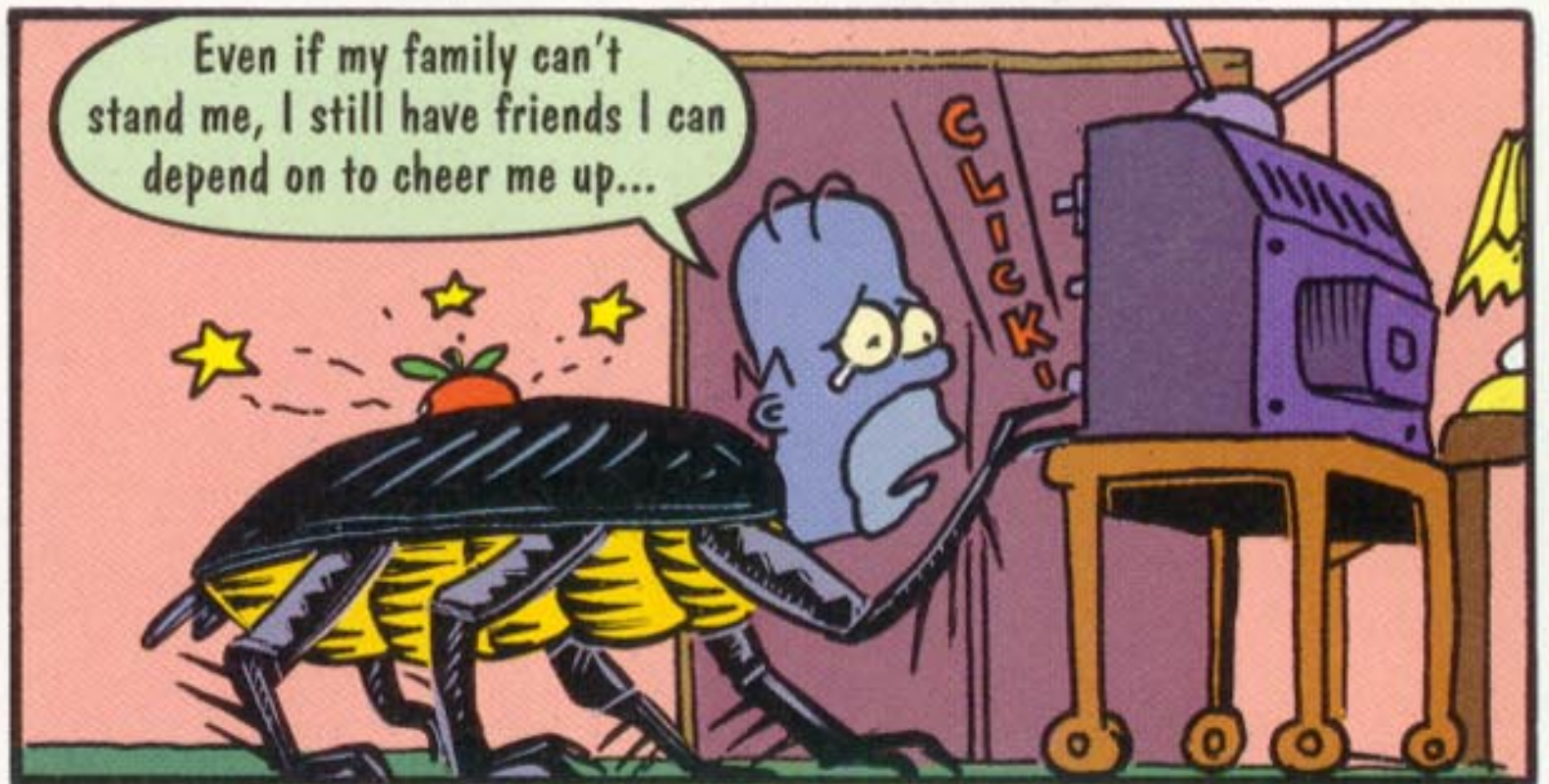


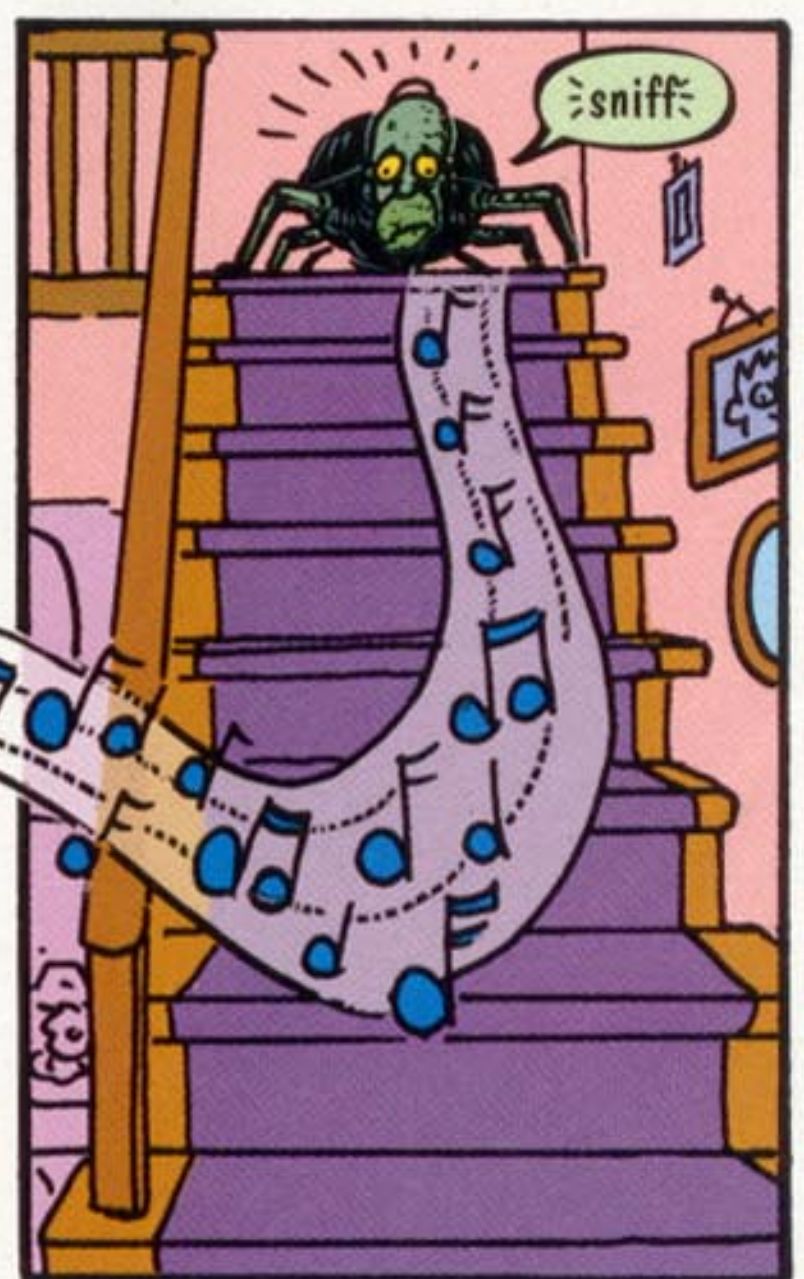
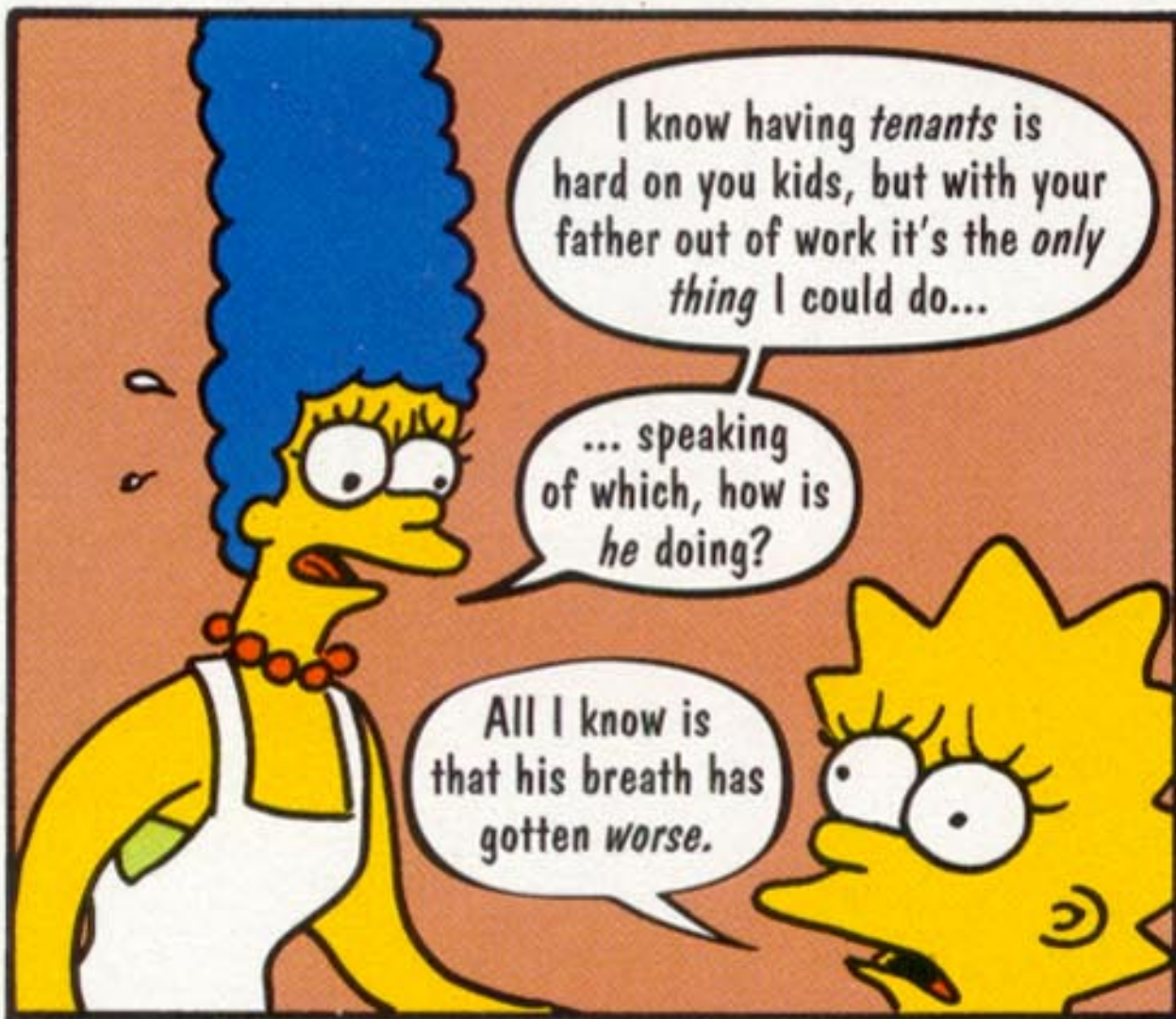




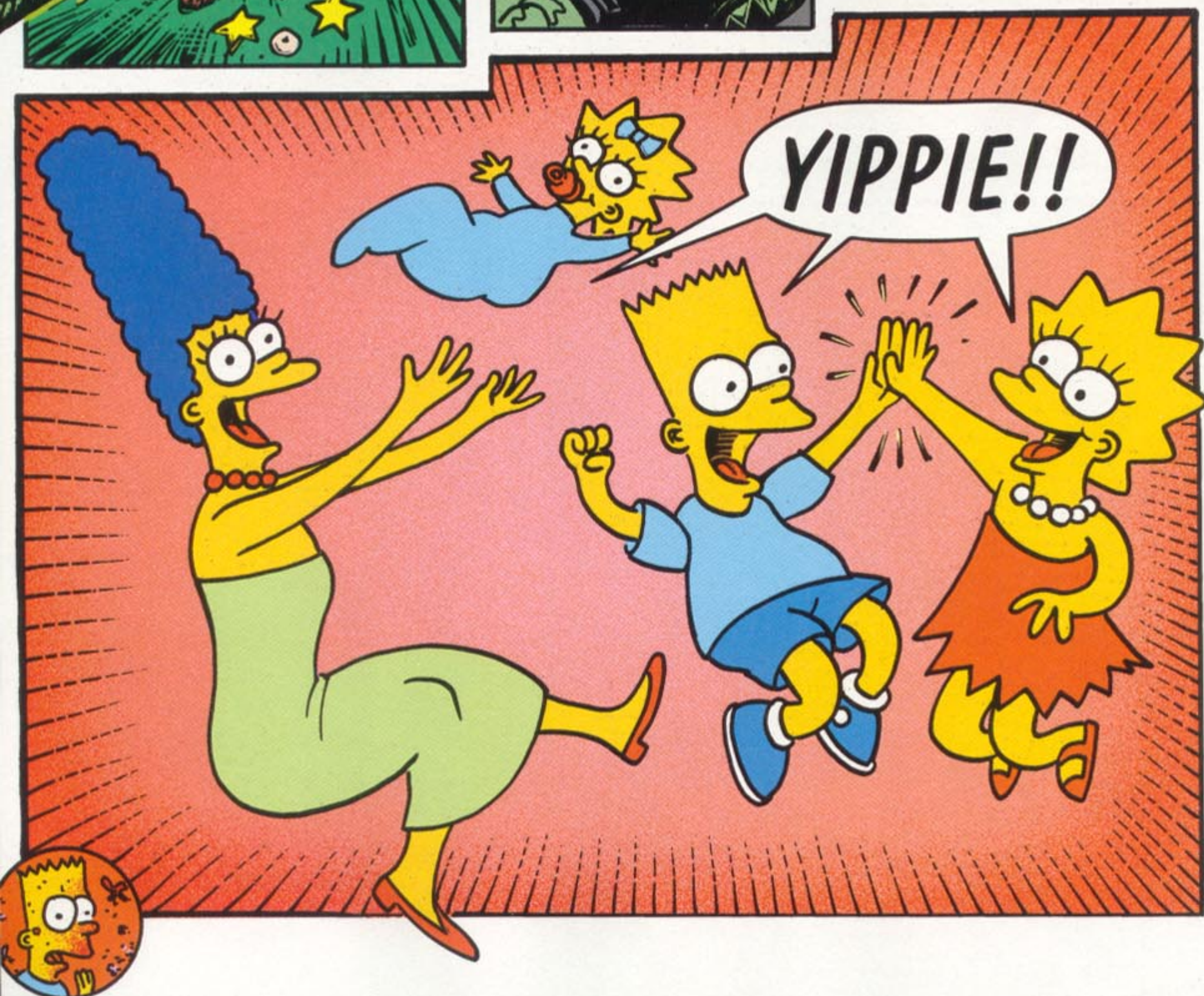














YEEAAH!!

What th--
WHEW! It was only
a dream!

I've got to
lay off that rarebit
Cheez-Whiz...

Mmm...rarebit
Cheez-Whiz...

Boy, if I were
a Czech writer living in
the 1920's, that would
have made a great
short story...

HEY,
MARGE, KIDS,
you'll never
believe the dream
I just had...





What
was it about,
Homie?

D'OH!

Z

I must
insist that you
read this...

Charlotte's
Web
E. B. WHITE

Something
buggin' you
Homer?

KONEC





SCRIPT
SHRILL BILL
MORRISON

PENCILS
DANGEROUS
DAN DECARLO

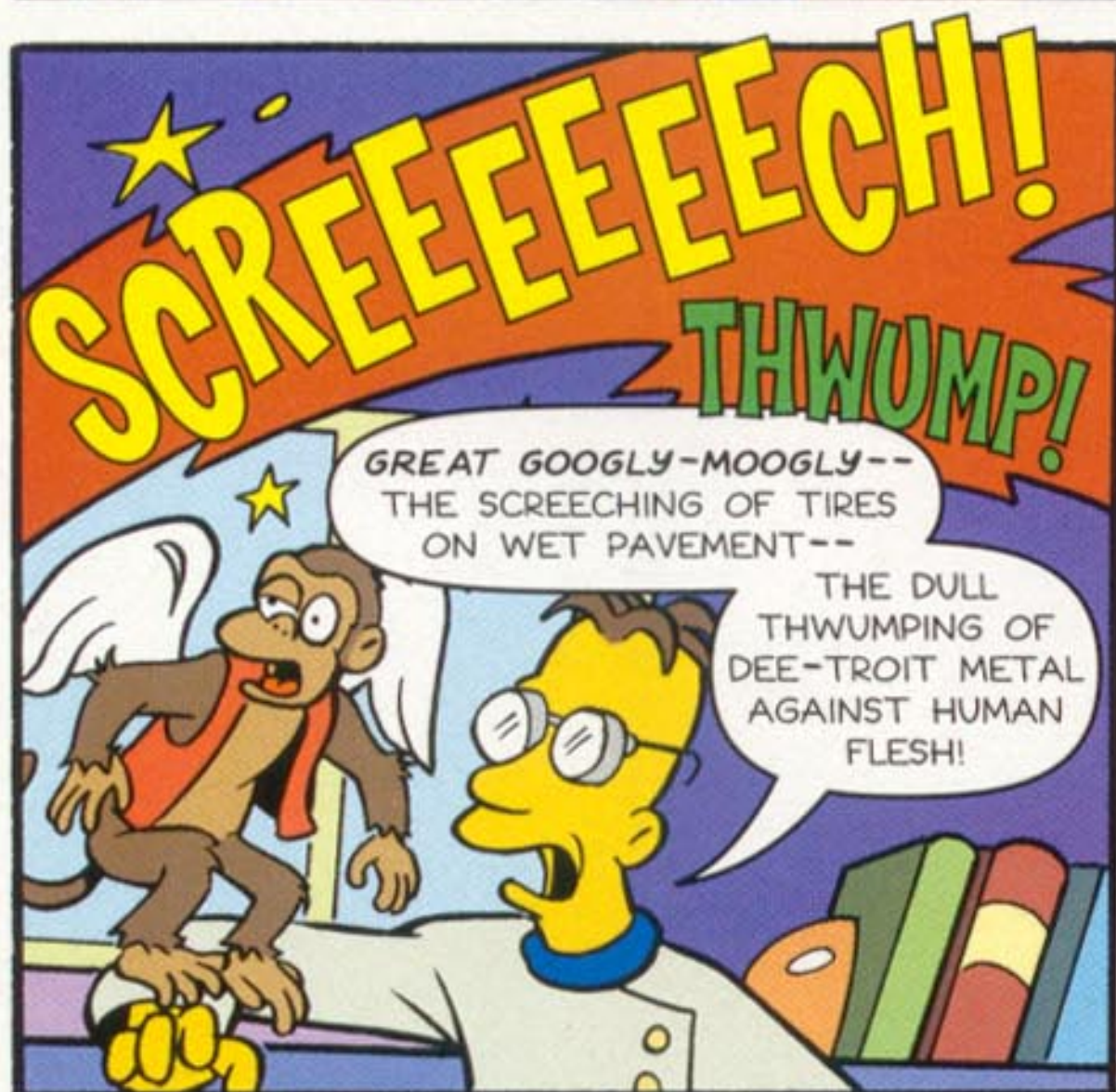
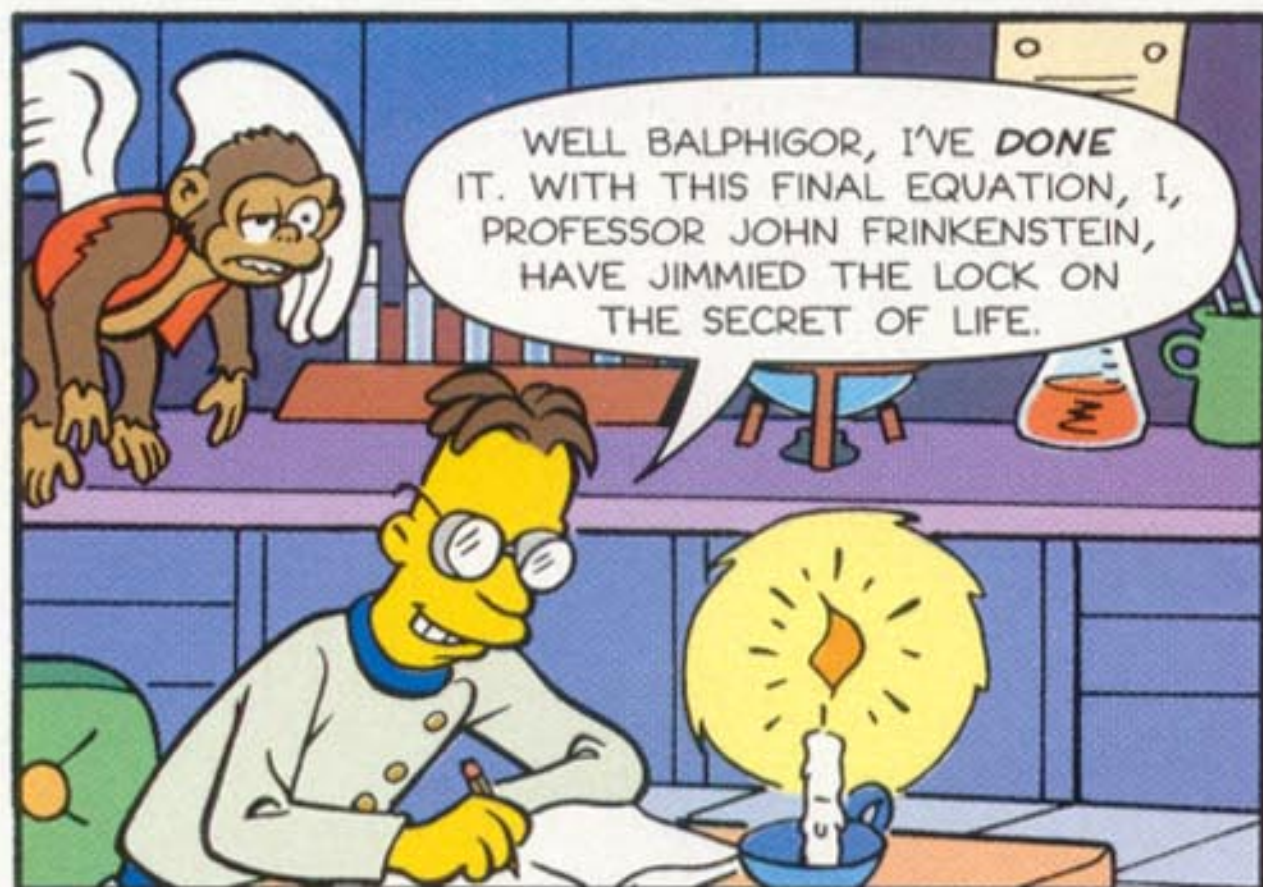
INKS
ALLEN "GRAVE"
ROBERTS

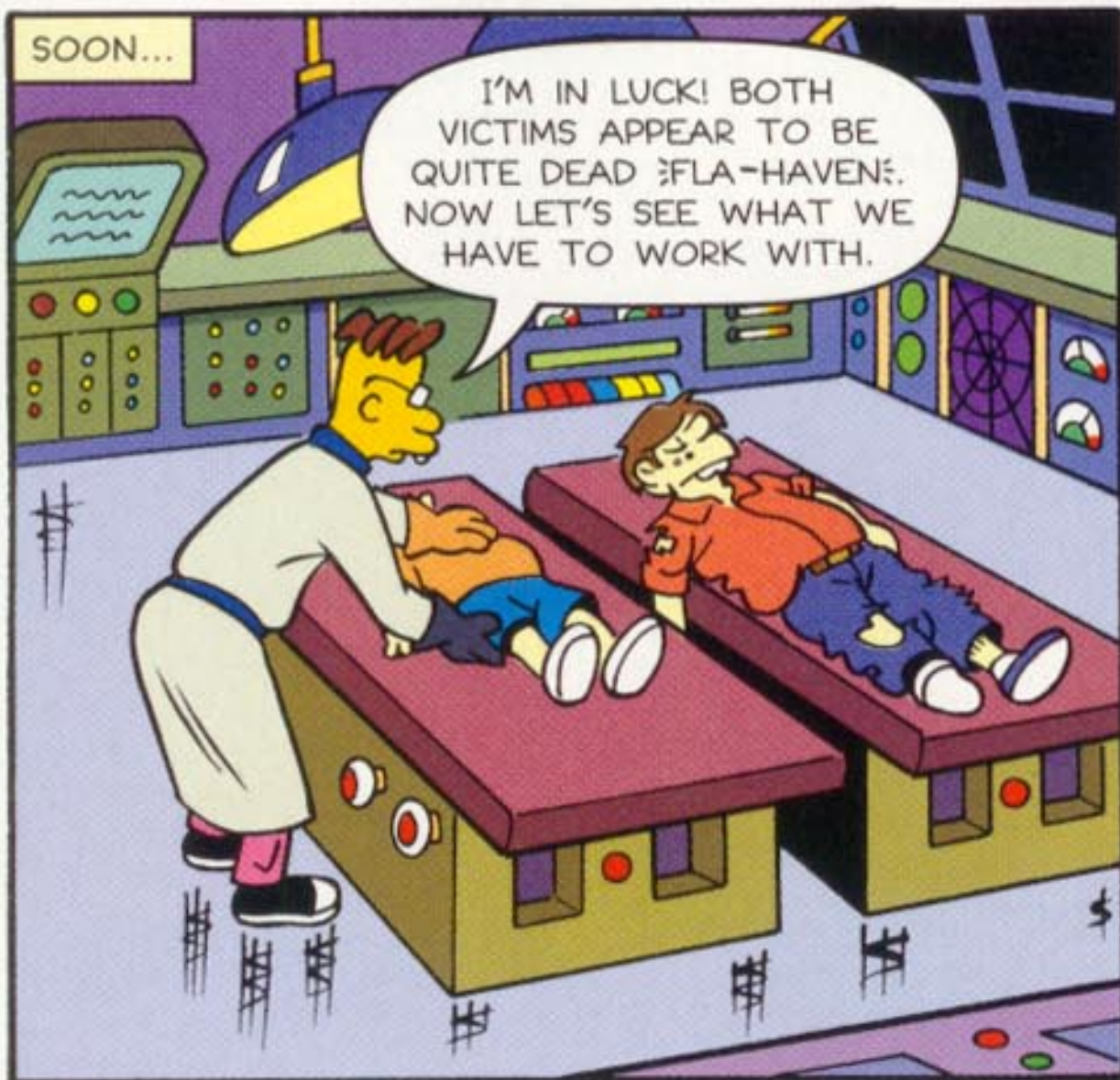
COLORS
ART "OF DARKNESS"
VILLANUEVA

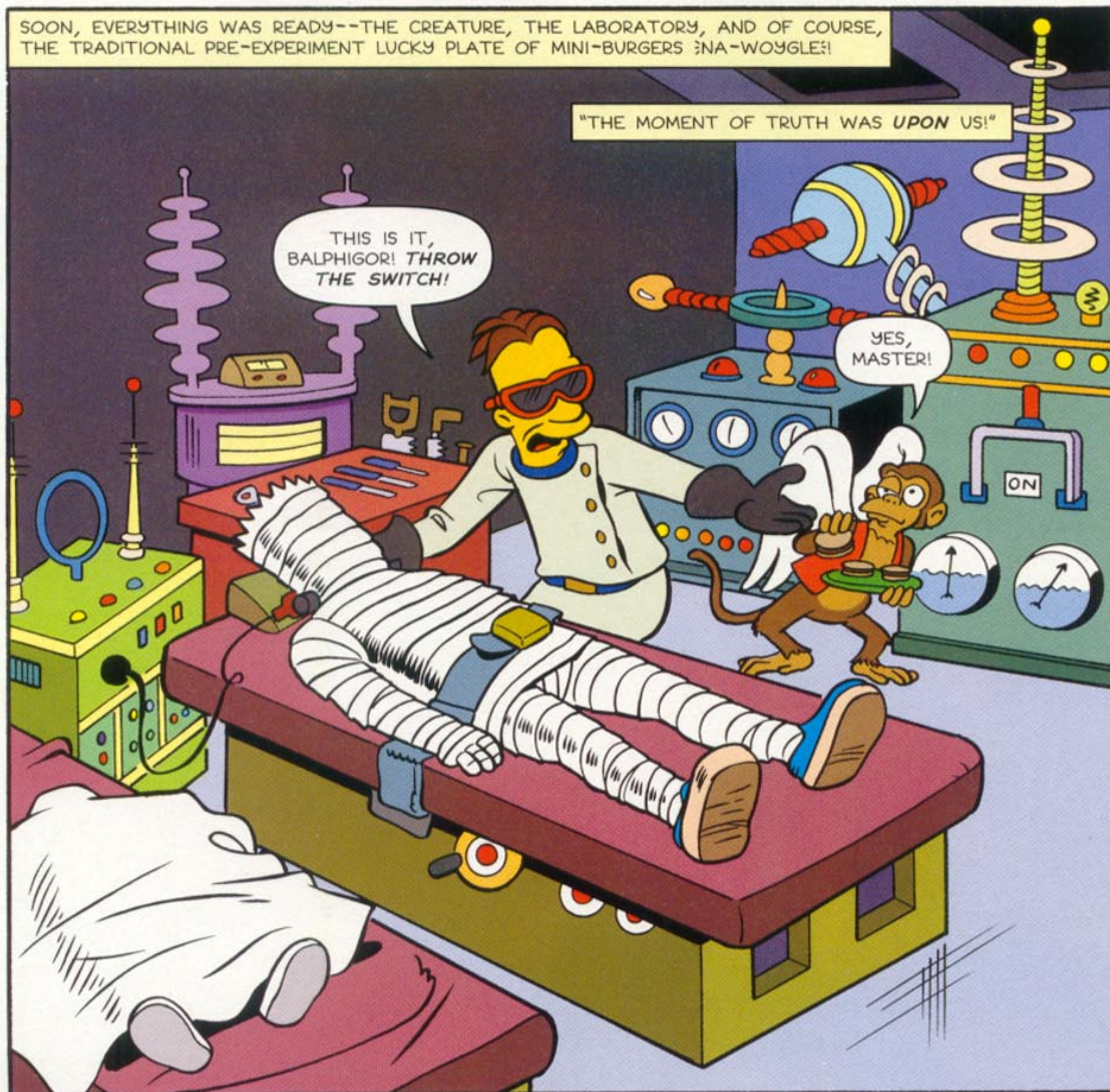
LETTERING
CREEPY-CRAWLIN'
KAREN BATES

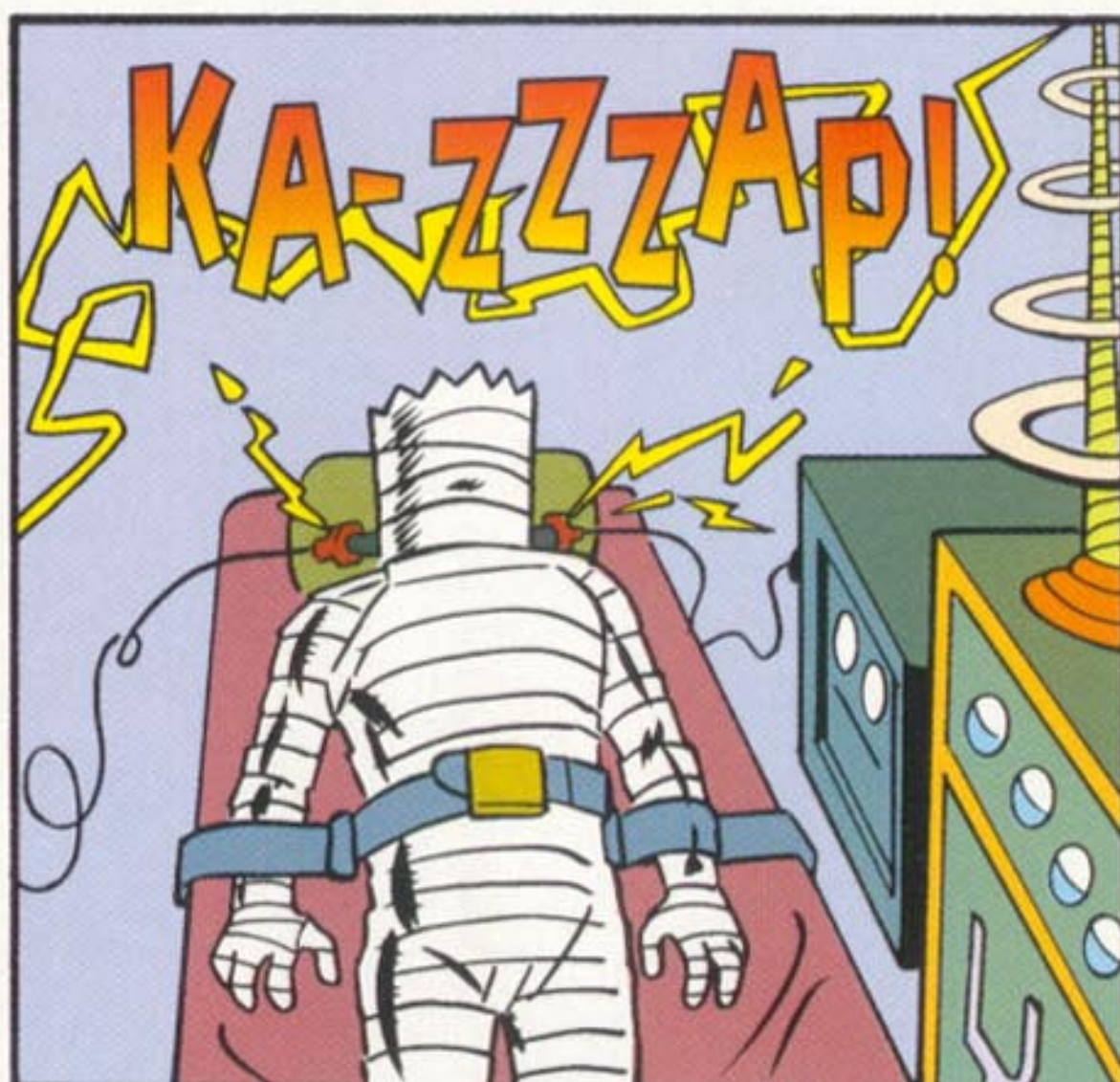
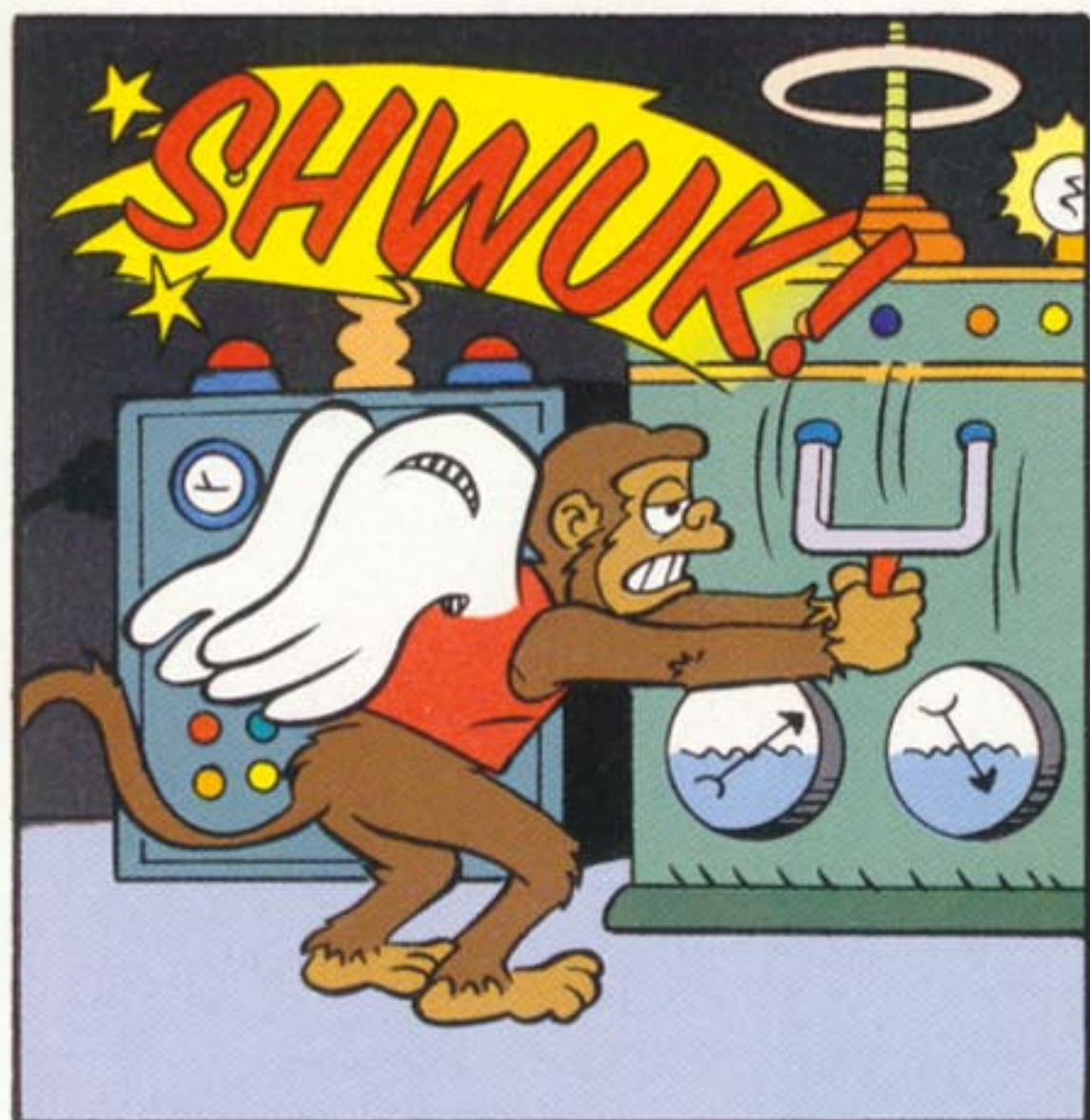
ANGRY VILLAGER #1
MALIGNANT
MATT GROENING

"I NEVER ACTUALLY MEANT FOR THINGS TO TURN OUT LIKE THIS. I ONLY WANTED TO CREATE LIFE ðUR-HEY!!-- TO ANIMATE THAT WHICH WAS ðWOO-HOY! PREVIOUSLY DEAD! I REMEMBER THE FEELING OF RAUCOUS JUBILATION ON THAT FATEFUL NIGHT WHEN ALL MY MONTHS OF THEORETICAL HYPOTHENIZATION AND EXPERIMENTAL JERKING AROUND FINALLY PAID OFF!"



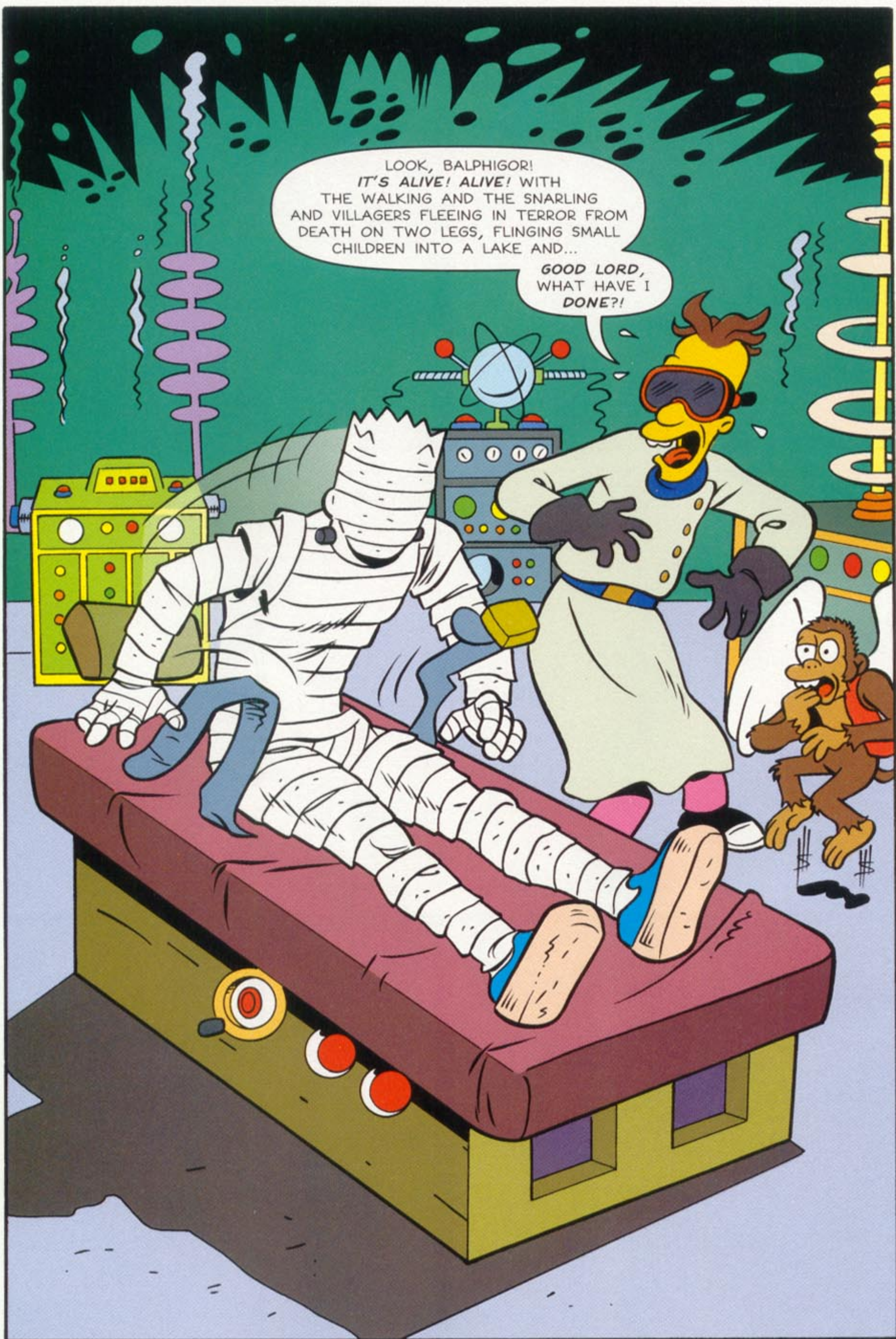




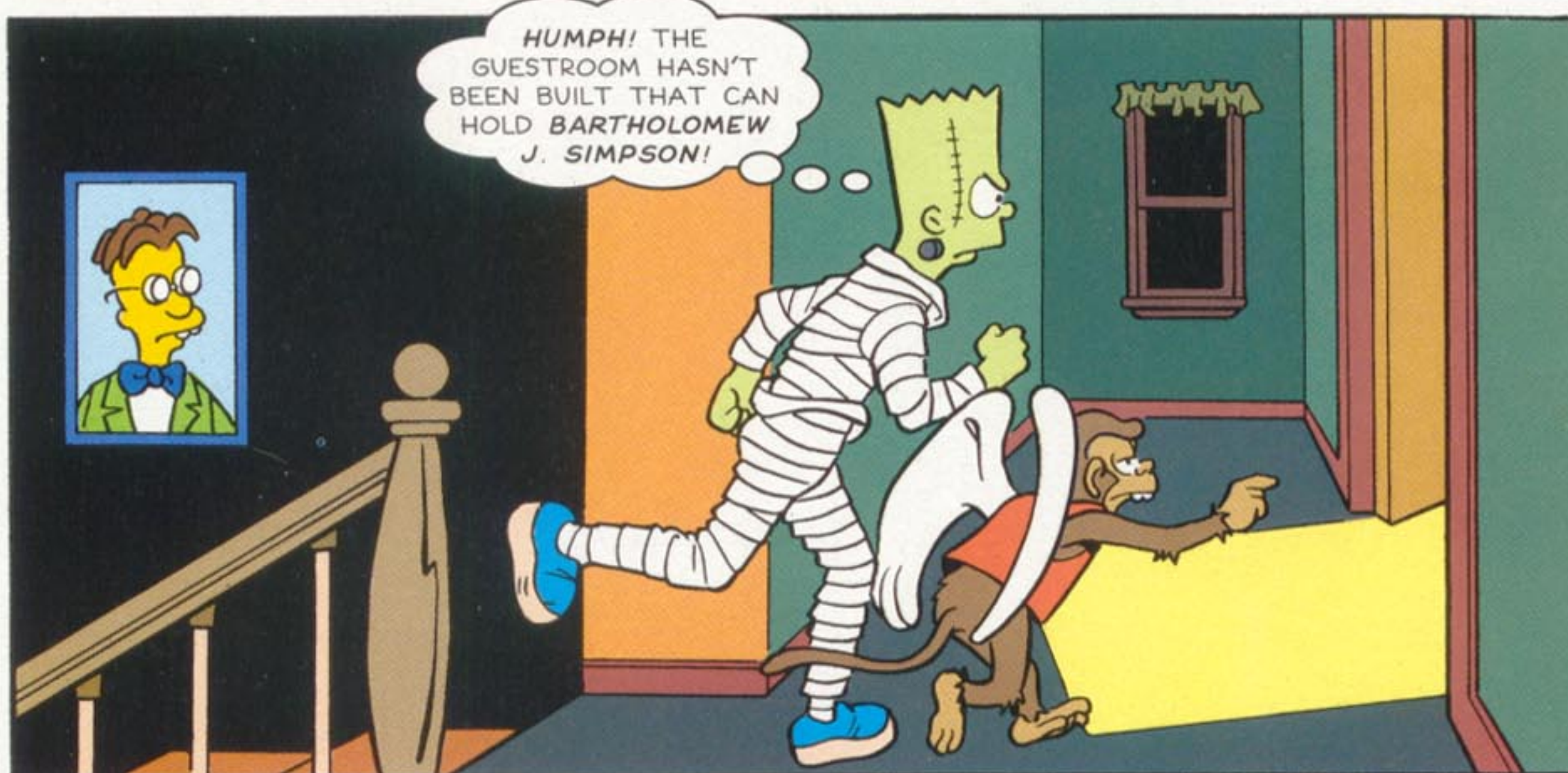
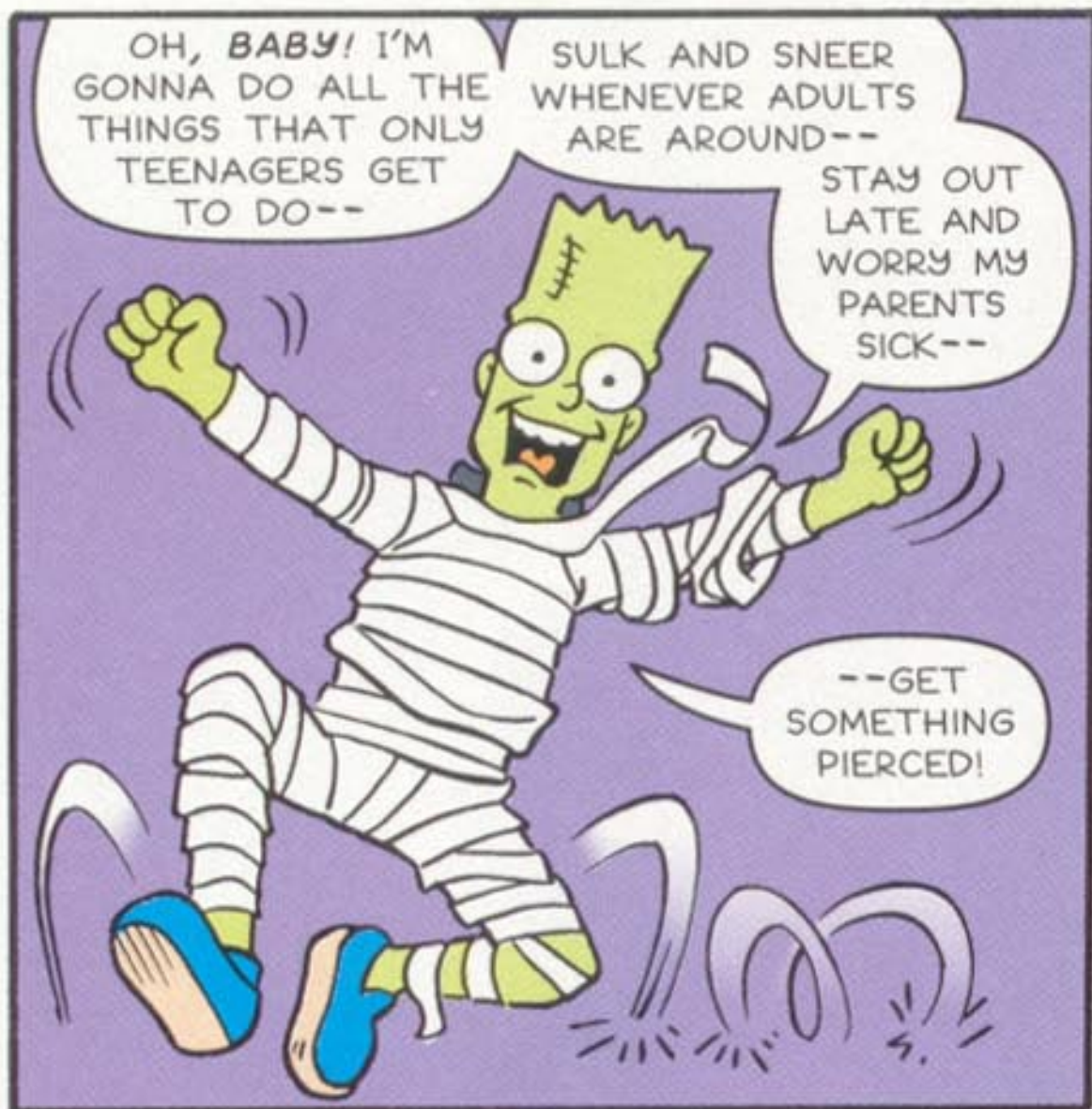


LOOK, BALPHIGOR!
IT'S ALIVE! ALIVE! WITH
THE WALKING AND THE SNARLING
AND VILLAGERS FLEEING IN TERROR FROM
DEATH ON TWO LEGS, FLINGING SMALL
CHILDREN INTO A LAKE AND...

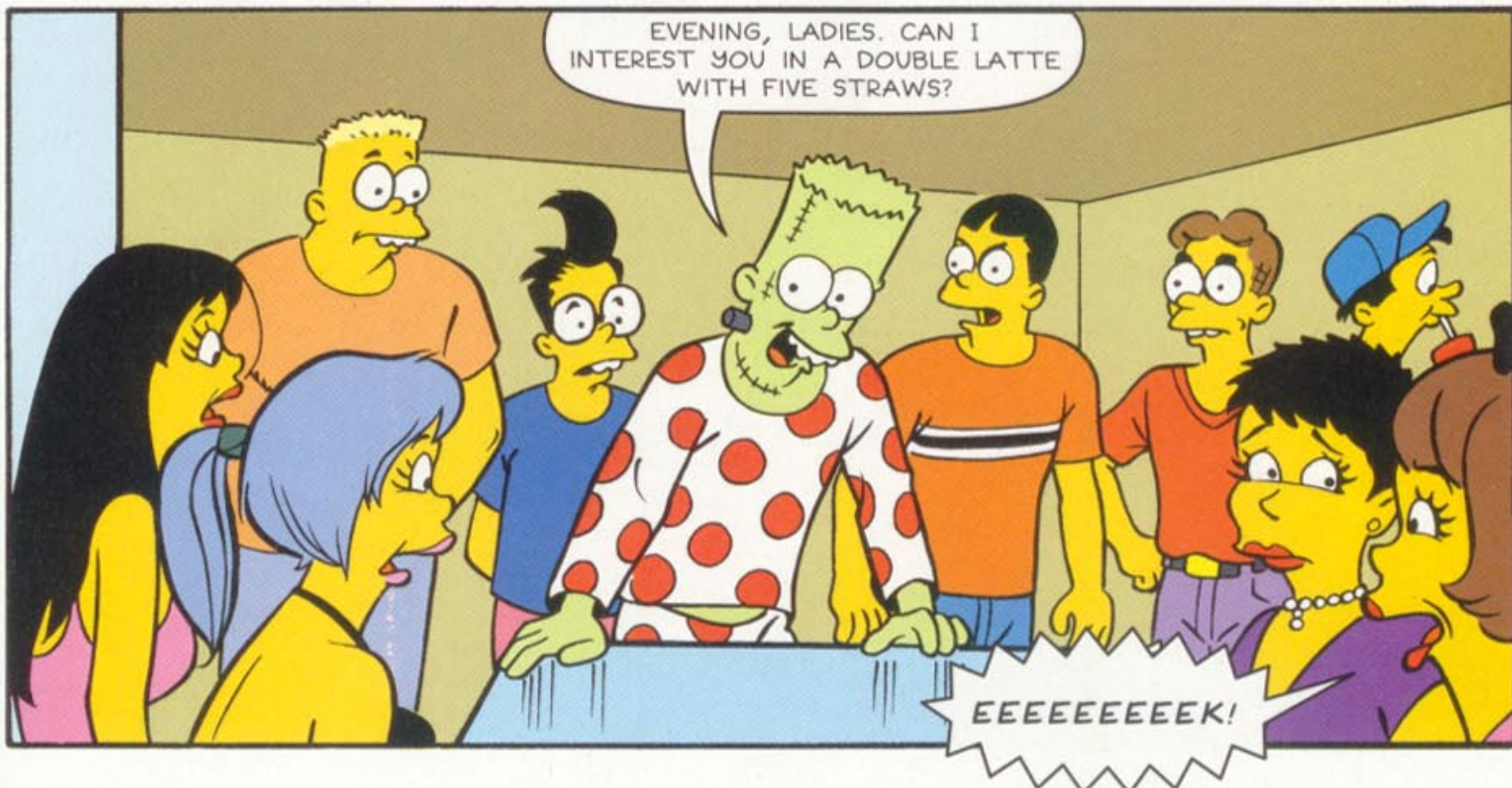
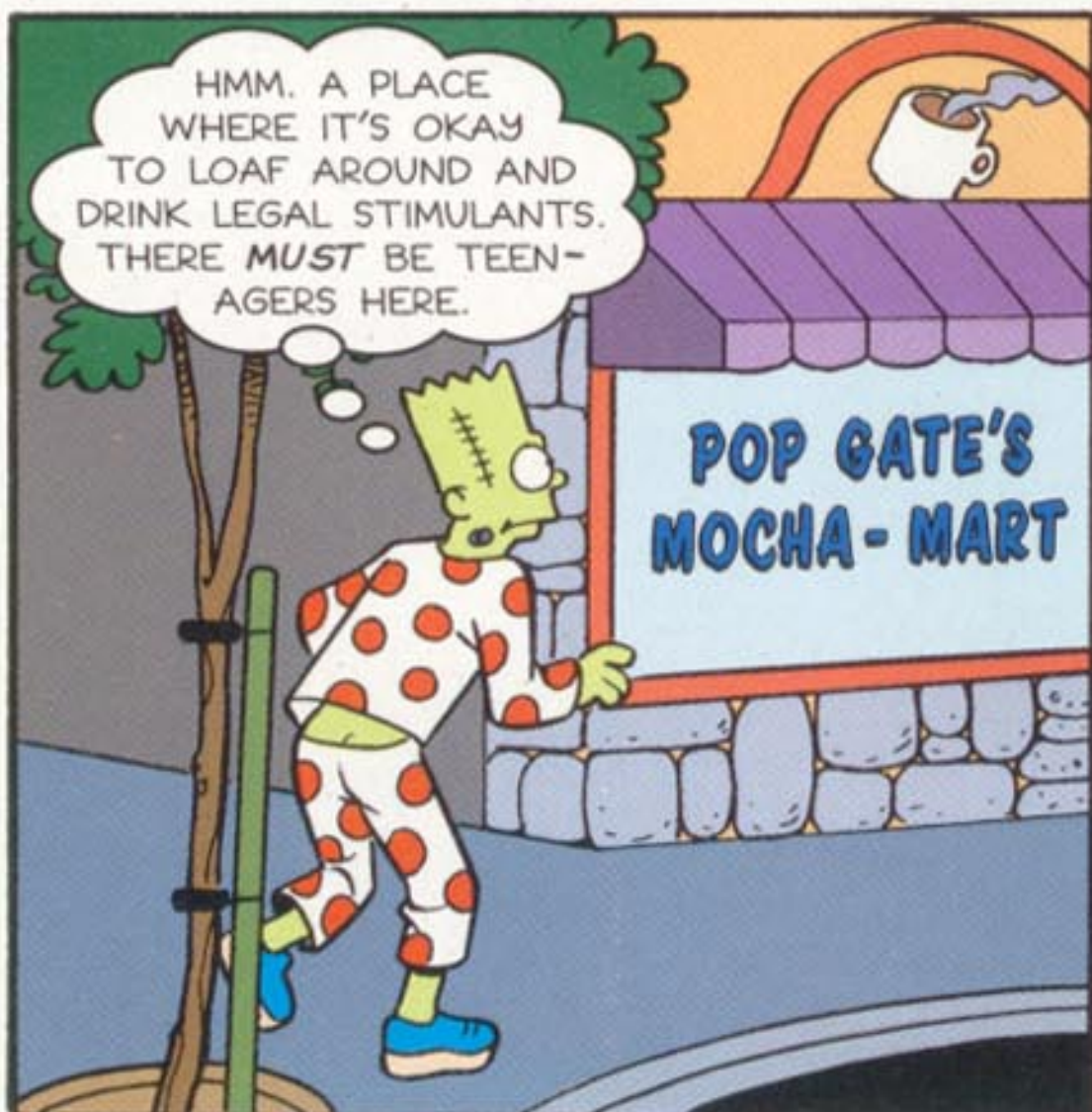
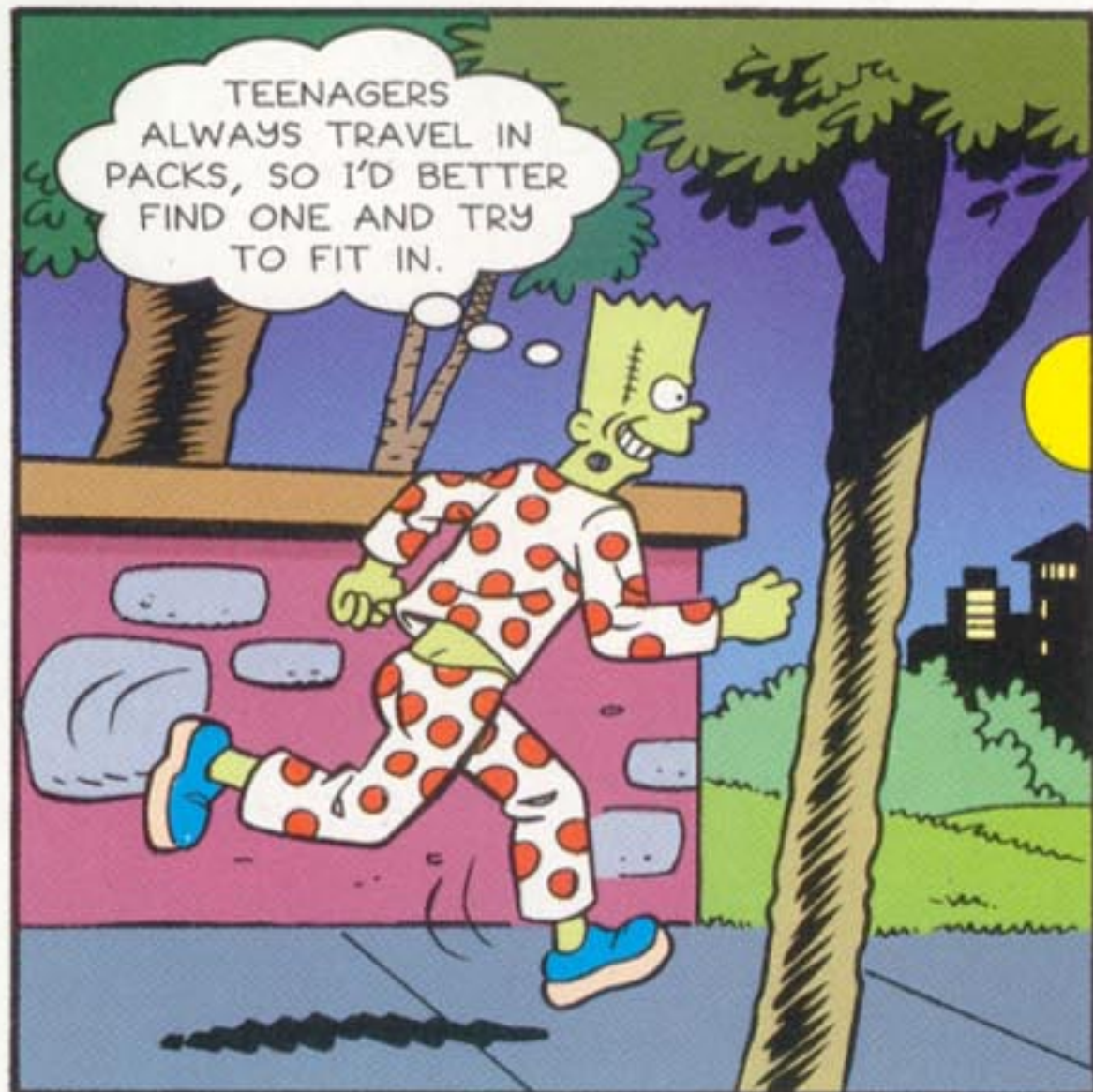
GOOD LORD,
WHAT HAVE I
DONE?!

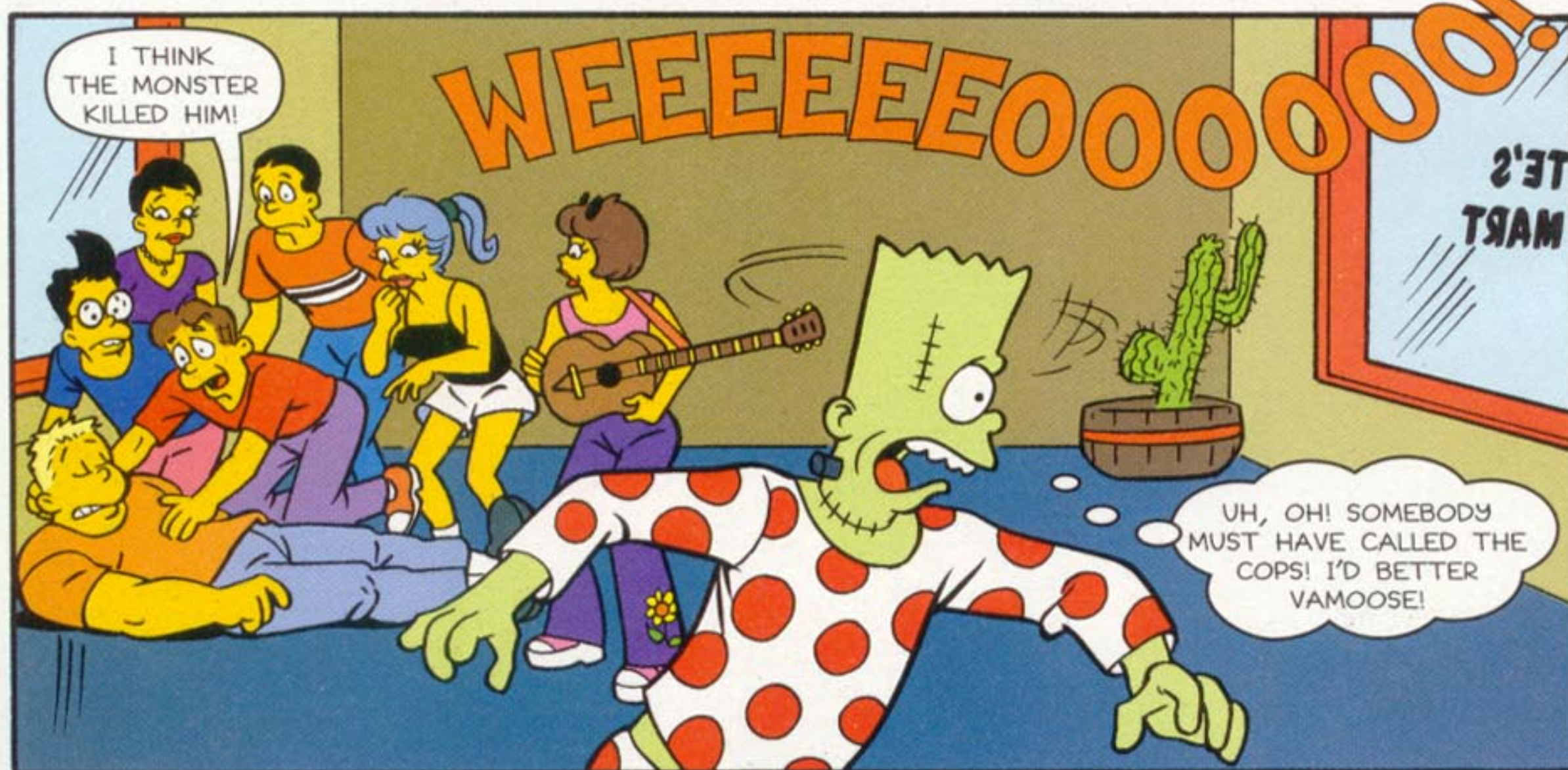






SOON...





"WHEN I READ THE HEADLINE IN THE MORNING PAPER, I KNEW MY CREATION HAD TO BE THE ONE THE POLICE WERE LOOKING FOR."

Field Shopper

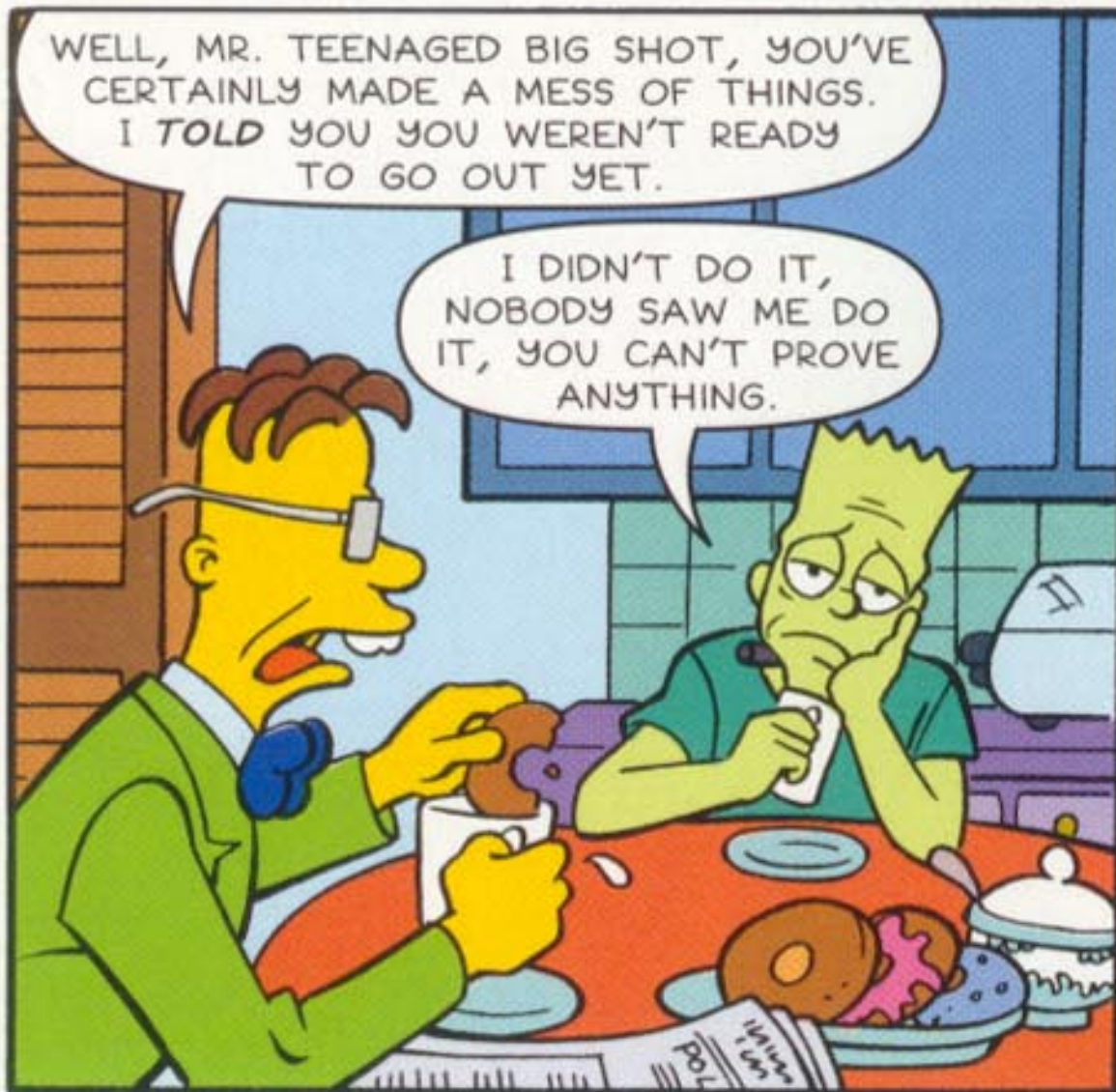
MONSTER PUTS TEEN IN HOSPITAL

POLICE CHIEF
WIGGUM ANNOUNCES
MANHUNT, VACATION

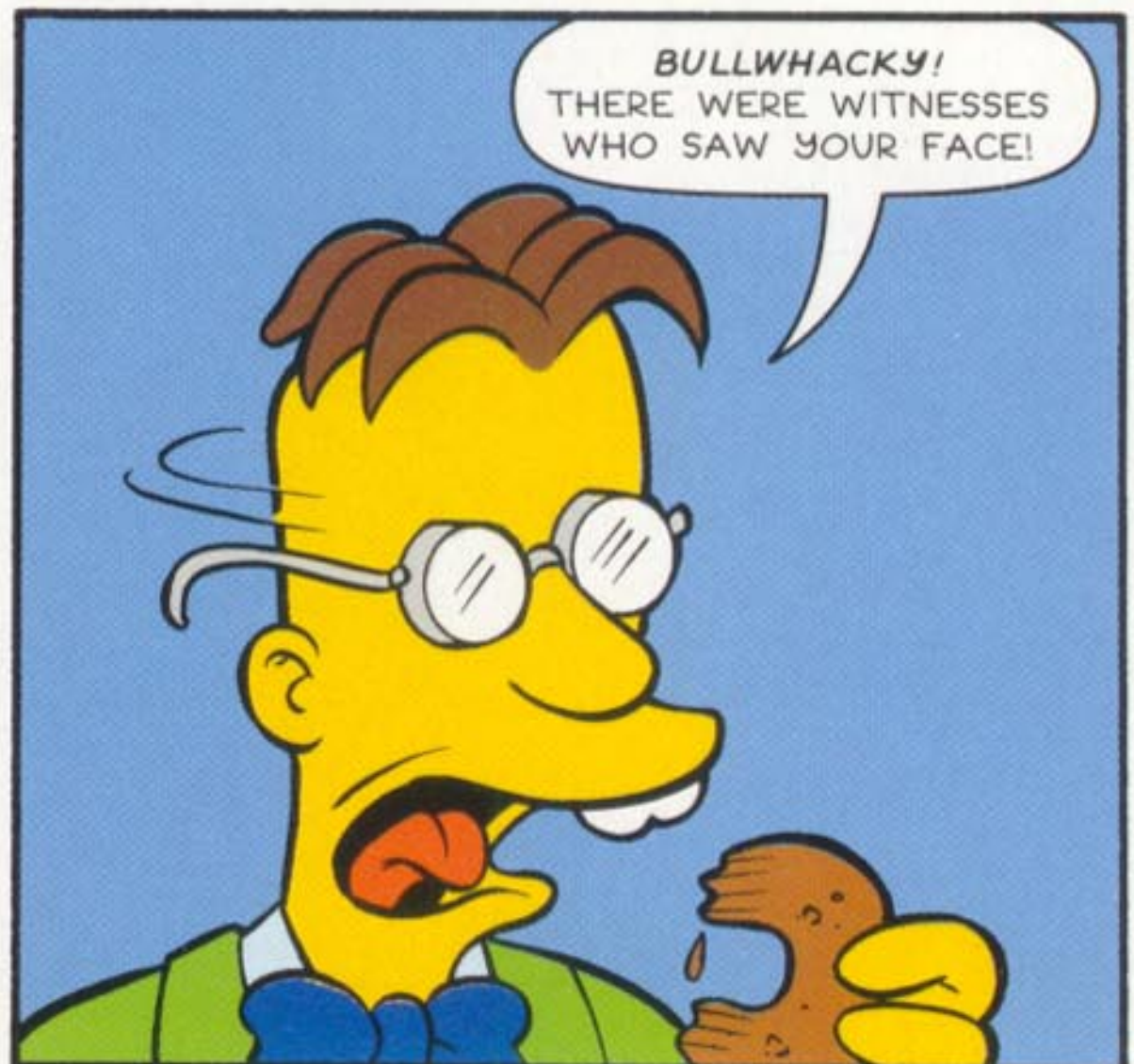


WELL, MR. TEENAGED BIG SHOT, YOU'VE CERTAINLY MADE A MESS OF THINGS. I TOLD YOU YOU WEREN'T READY TO GO OUT YET.

I DIDN'T DO IT, NOBODY SAW ME DO IT, YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING.



BULLWHACKY!
THERE WERE WITNESSES
WHO SAW YOUR FACE!



HMMM...YOUR FACE. IF ONLY WE COULD FIND A WAY TO GIVE YOU A NEW ONE IN CASE THE POLICE MANAGE TO TRACE YOU BACK HERE.



A NEW FACE? OF COURSE! THAT'S WHY THOSE GIRLS FREAKED OUT. WITH THIS MUG, I STILL LOOK LIKE A TEN-YEAR OLD!

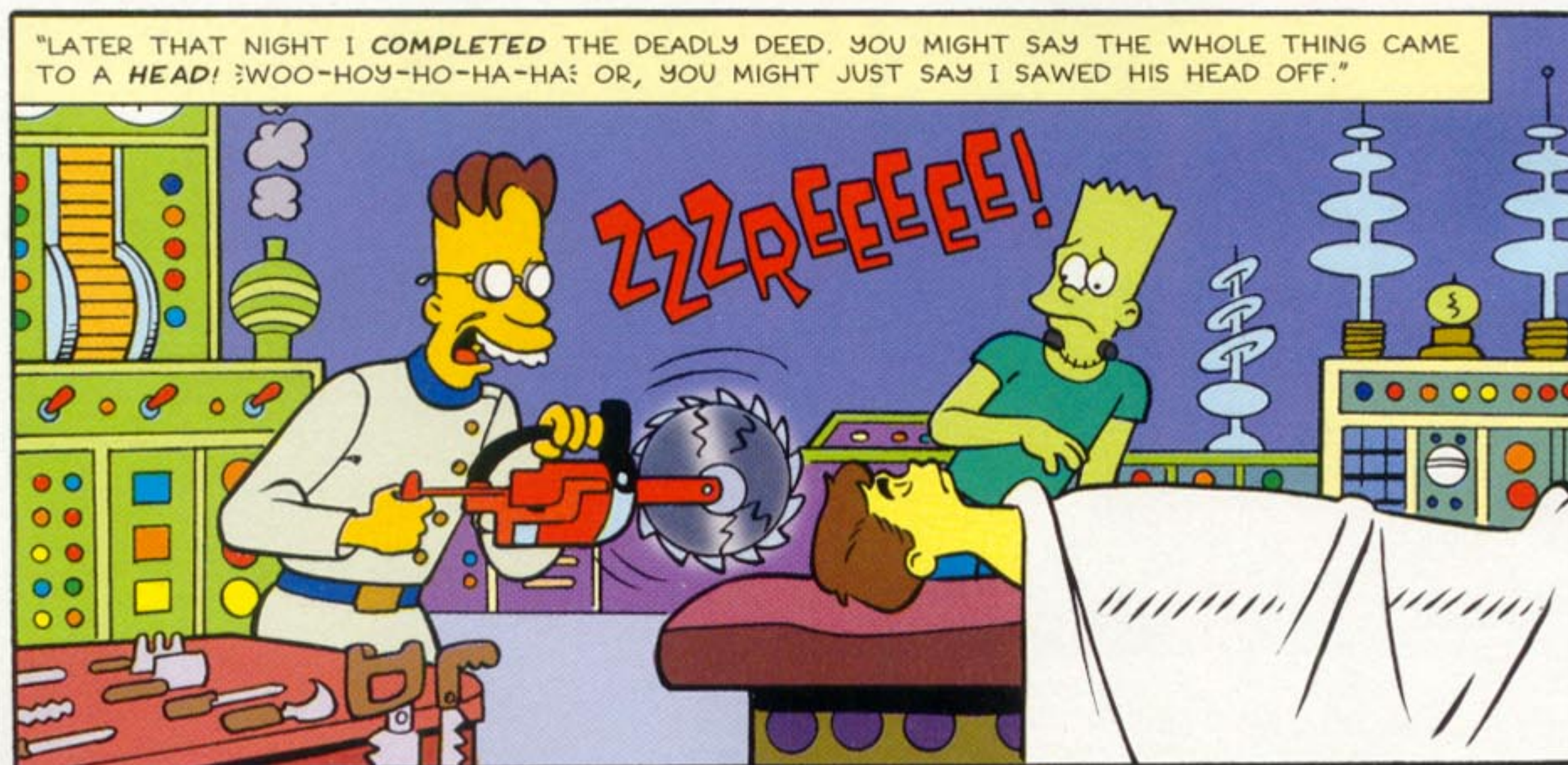
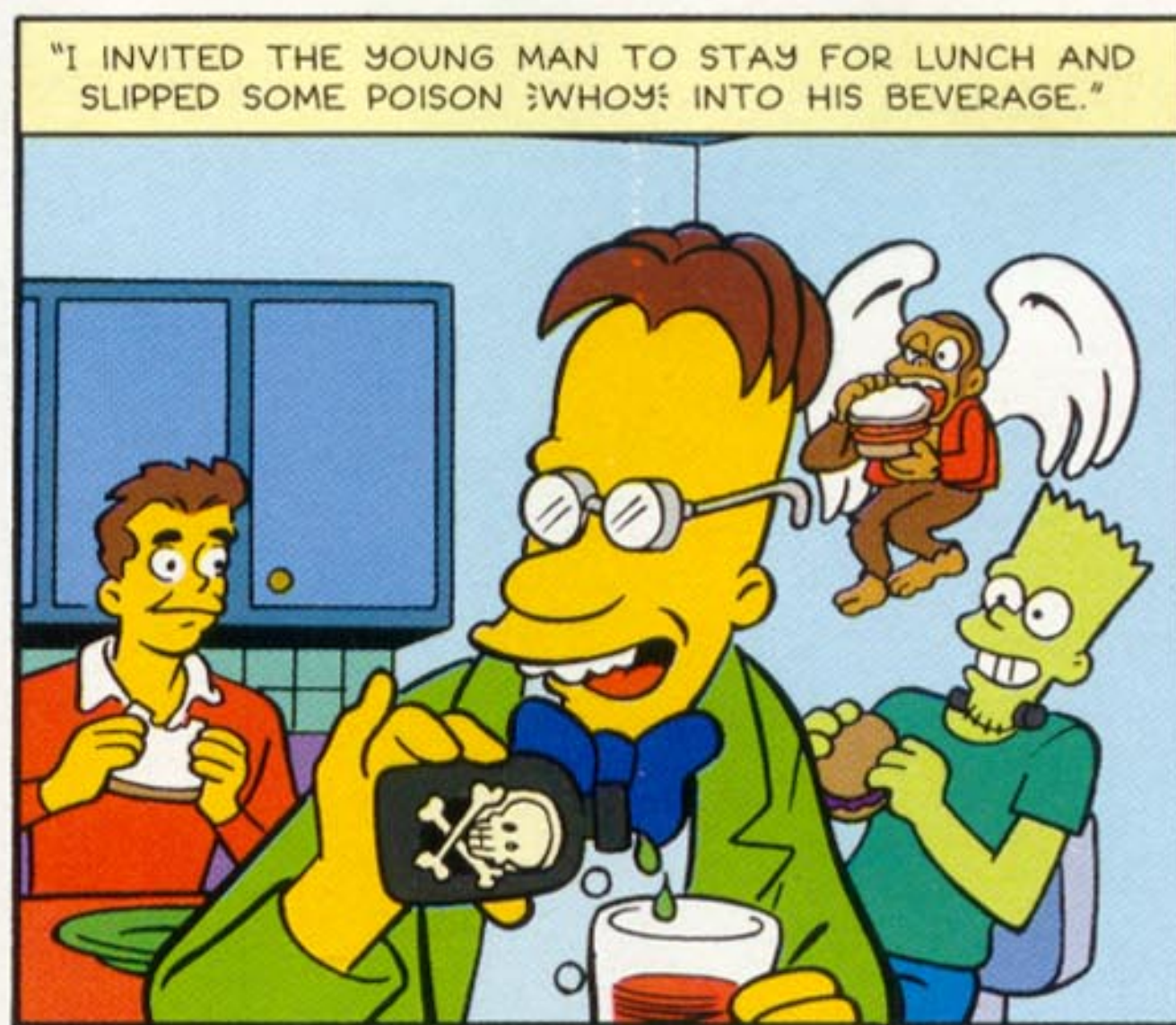
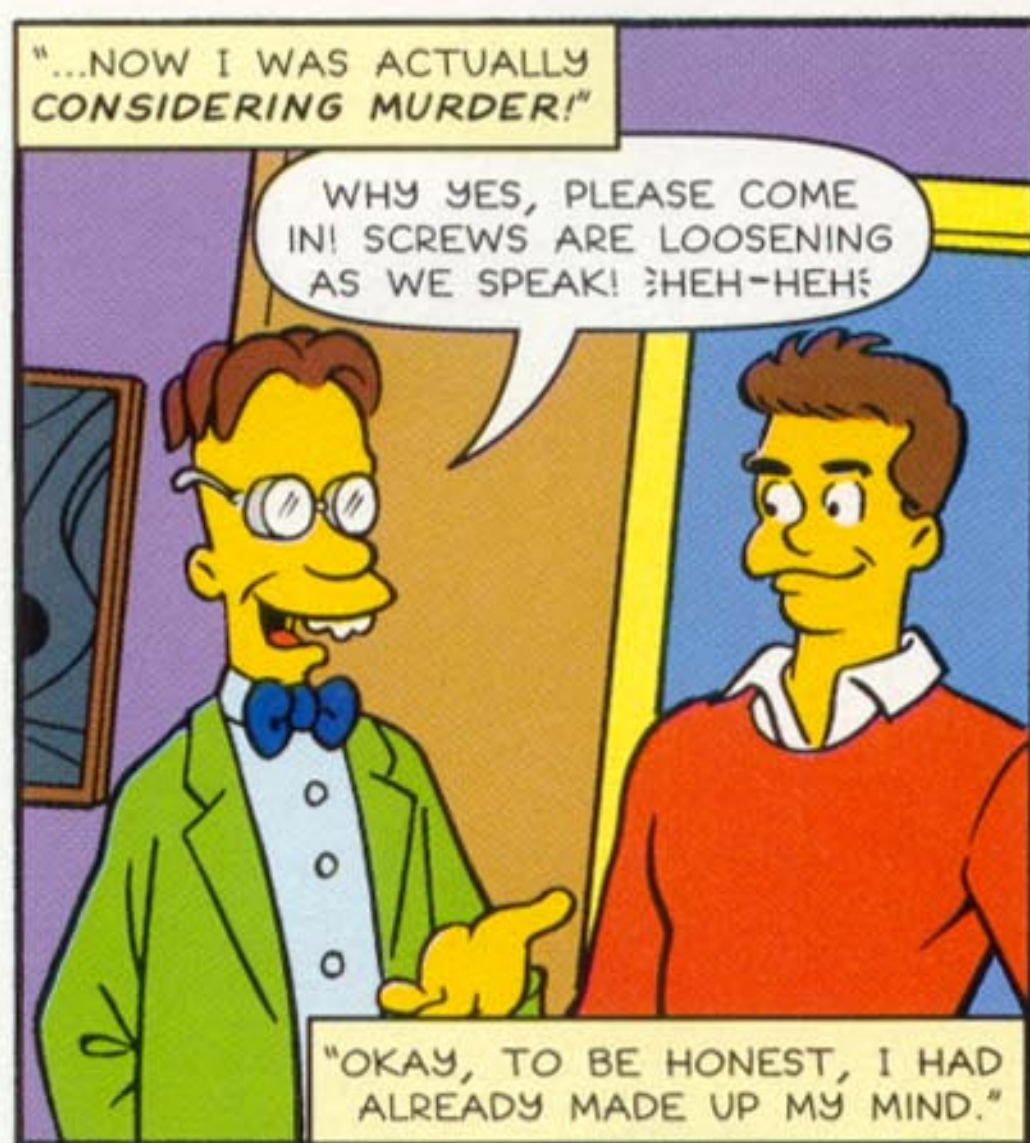
DING
DONG!

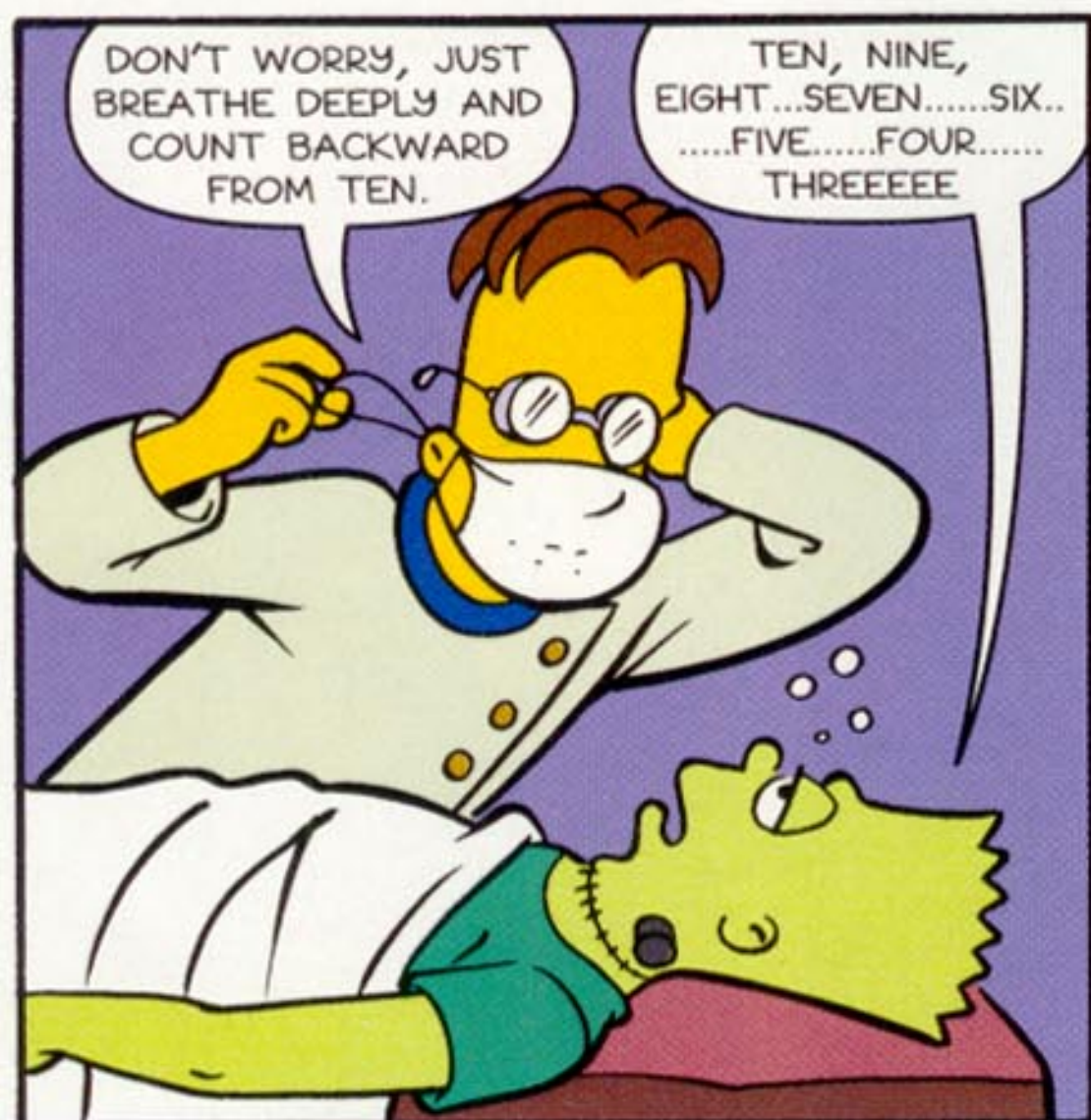
A NEW KISSER WOULD SOLVE EVERYTHING! CAN YOU GIVE ME A FACE THAT'LL LET ME FIT IN WITH THAT MOCHA-MART CROWD? CAN YA, PROFESSOR? PLEASE?!

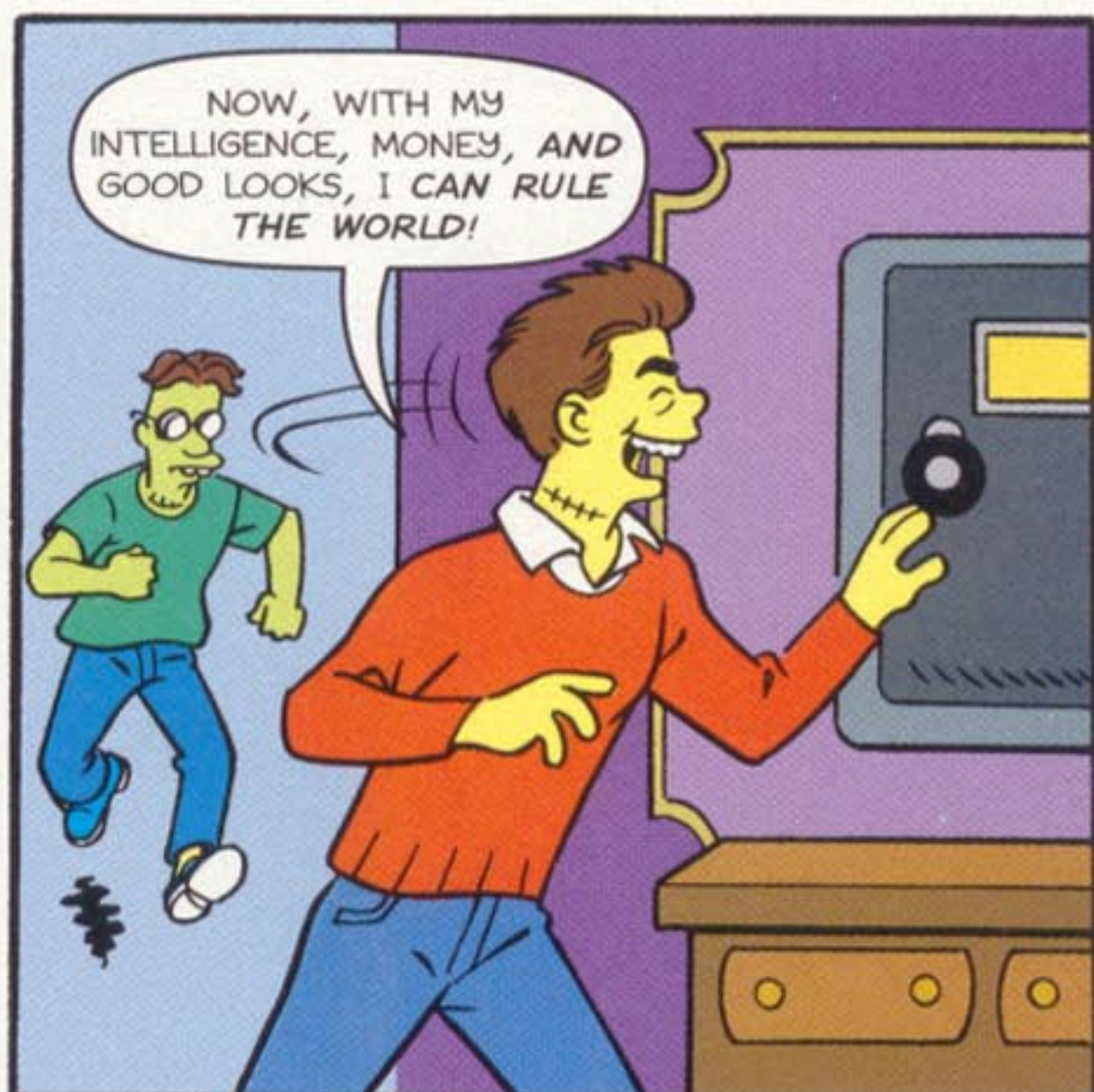
I'LL
GET IT.



I'D LOVE TO, BUT PLASTIC SURGERY IS OUT OF THE QUESTION. YOUR FACE IS JUST TOO FAR-GONE. HOWEVER, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN A NICE TUMMY TUCK...







FROM DUFFS TILL DAWN

So, you've come for a tale
on this All Hallow's Eve
that'll fill you all up
full of dread?

Well, beware, lads and lassies,
you'll fear to believe
what I say, 'cause you'll
wish you were dead.



It all started one night
down at Moe's corner pub,
where the barflies
and rummies convene,

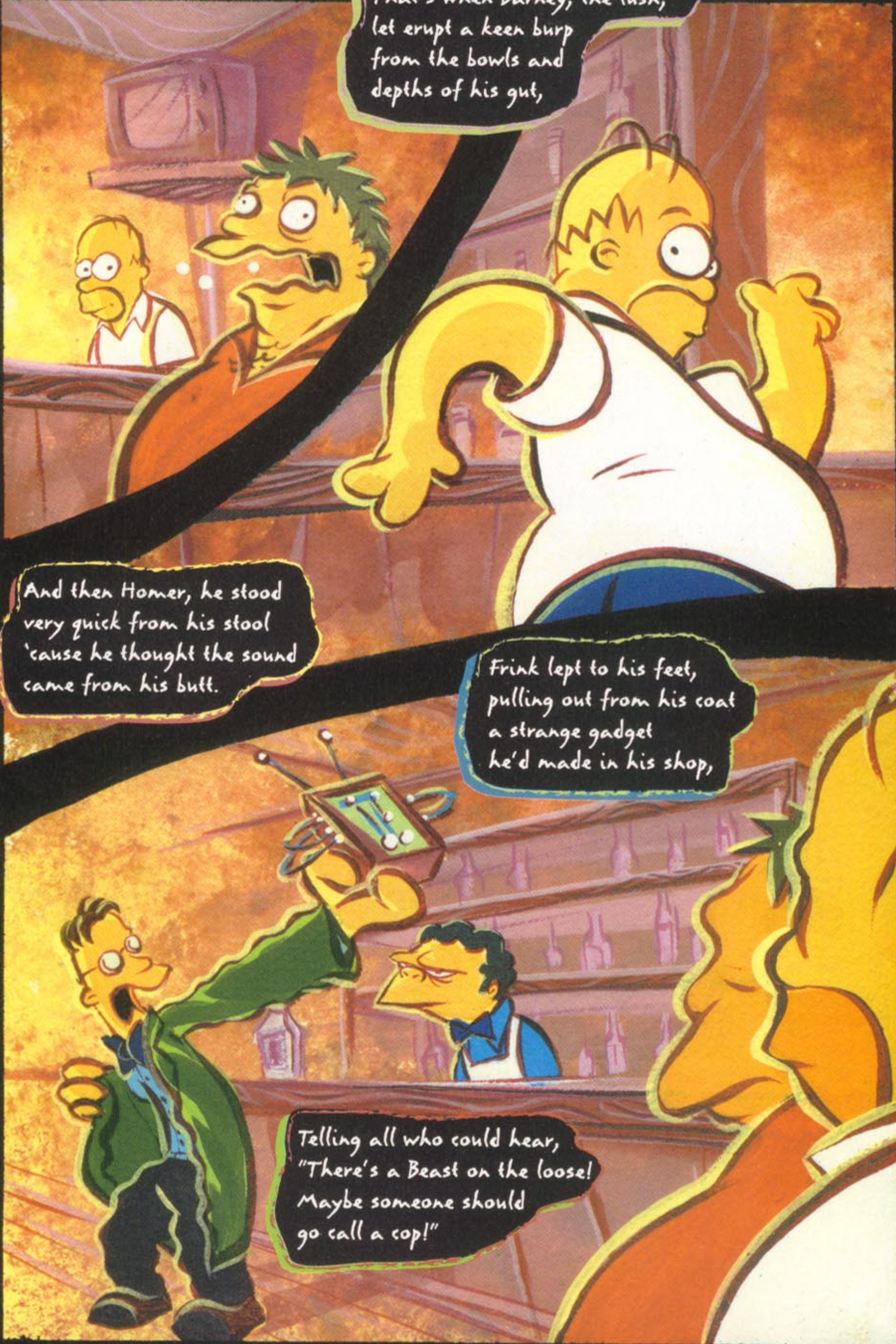
When Professor Frink came
and drank down with a 'glub'
a half-bottle of scotch
from the scene.

Now the usual patrons
took notice of this,
and they let out a cheer of respect,



But ol' Frink gave a glare
the sort no one could miss...
not the kind of thing
one would expect.






That's when Barney, the lush,
let erupt a keen burp
from the bowls and
depths of his gut,

And then Homer, he stood
very quick from his stool
'cause he thought the sound
came from his butt.

Frink lept to his feet,
pulling out from his coat
a strange gadget
he'd made in his shop,

Telling all who could hear,
"There's a Beast on the loose!
Maybe someone should
go call a cop!"



It was right about then
that the barkeep confessed
that he wouldn't
condone silly tales.


He felt ghouls were for kids,
not for guests in his bar,
and the talk of them
might affect sales.

Frink just leveled his gaze,
switching on his device,
and yelled, "Jinkies!
It's just as I feared!"

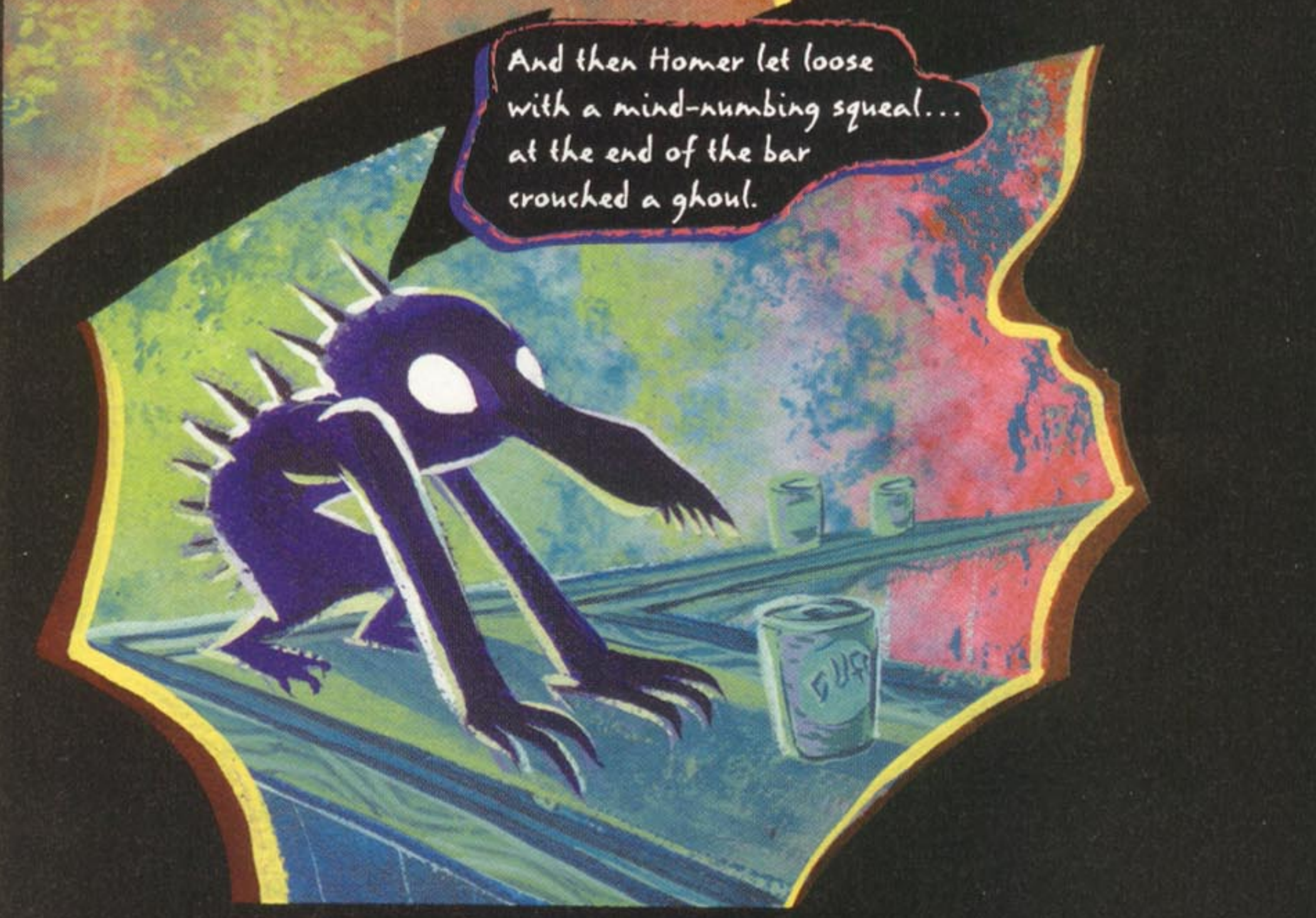
Pointing clearly at Moe
he proclaimed with a shout,
"I'm detecting some things
that are weird!"

"Hey now buddy," Moe said,
"Don't come walkin' in here,
pointing fingers
and usin' big talk!"


But Frink tried to explain,
"There's a creature afoot
that escaped from my lab
down the block!"



Barney, Homer and Moe,
and the rest of the bar,
peered at Frink
like the man was a fool,




And then Homer let loose
with a mind-numbing squeal...
at the end of the bar
crouched a ghoul.

A dark, spiky creature with large white eyes and a beak-like syringe mouth, holding a green can labeled 'OUT'. The creature is set against a background of green and blue abstract shapes.

It was maybe a foot
from its head to its toe,
with some lizard-like spikes
down its back,

And a beak-like syringe-thing
below its dark eyes
that forebode an
oncoming attack.



Moe ducked under his bar,
springing up with his gun
that he kept there
for times such as this,

But the beast, much too quick,
plunged its beak in Moe's neck,
draining Moe with a
bloodsucking kiss.



Then Chief Wiggum strolled in,
just fresh off from his beat,
only wanting to
drink down a beer,



When the thing made a jump
straight atop Wiggum's head
and proceeded to
puncture his ear.

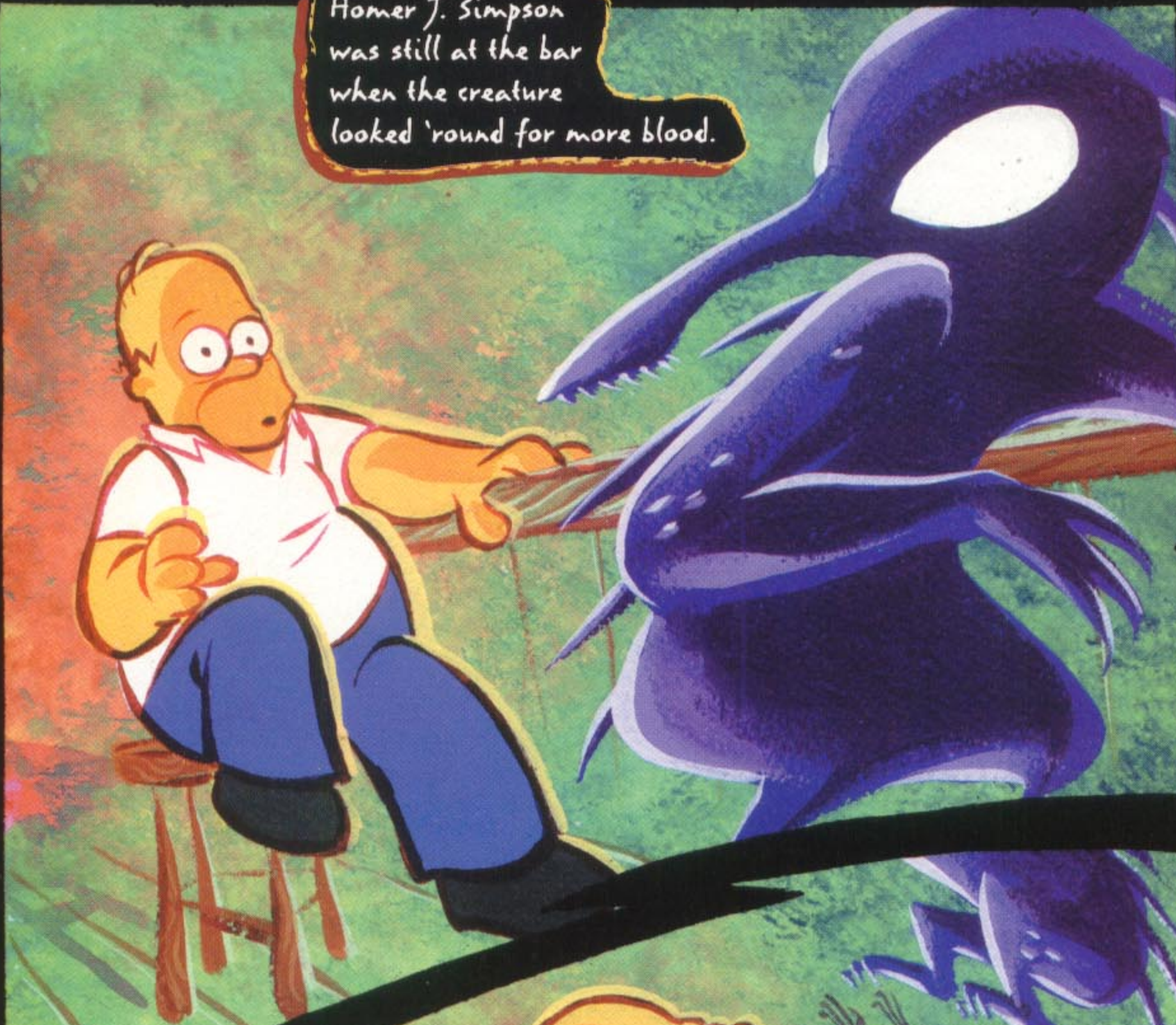


Old man Jasper was next,
with a poke through his neck,
followed soon by
the Bumblebee Guy,




Then the Sea Captain dropped
with a death-rattle, "Arrghhh..."
There were few people
left there to die.





Homer J. Simpson
was still at the bar
when the creature
looked 'round for more blood.



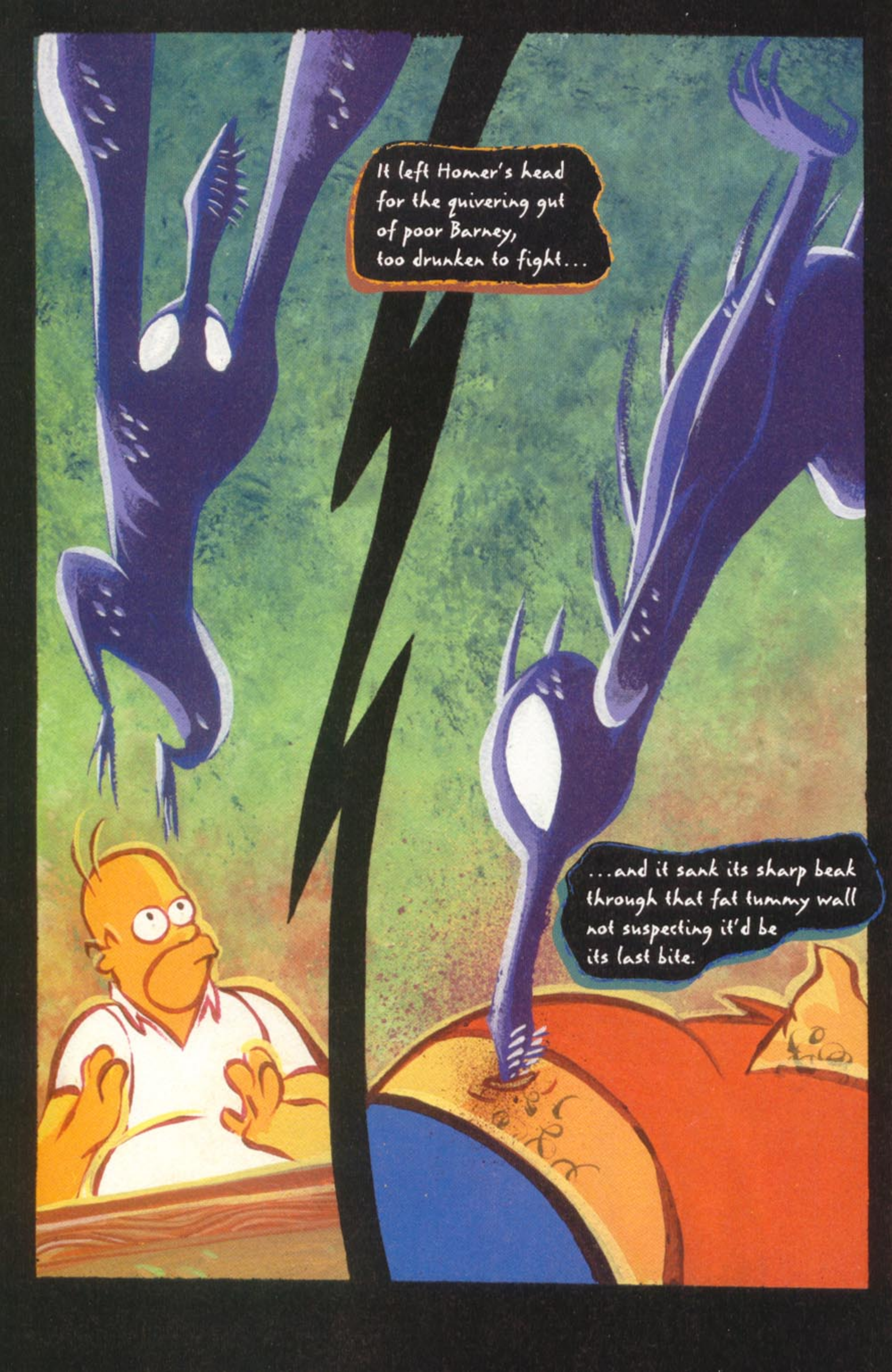
It hunched over, then sprang
at ol' Homer's round head,
landing right there on top
with a 'thud'.



THUD

As the beast planned its meal,
a new thing caught its eye:
the man down near
the counter's last stool...

...Barney, flat on his back,
his head under the tap...
all that flesh caused
the creature to drool.

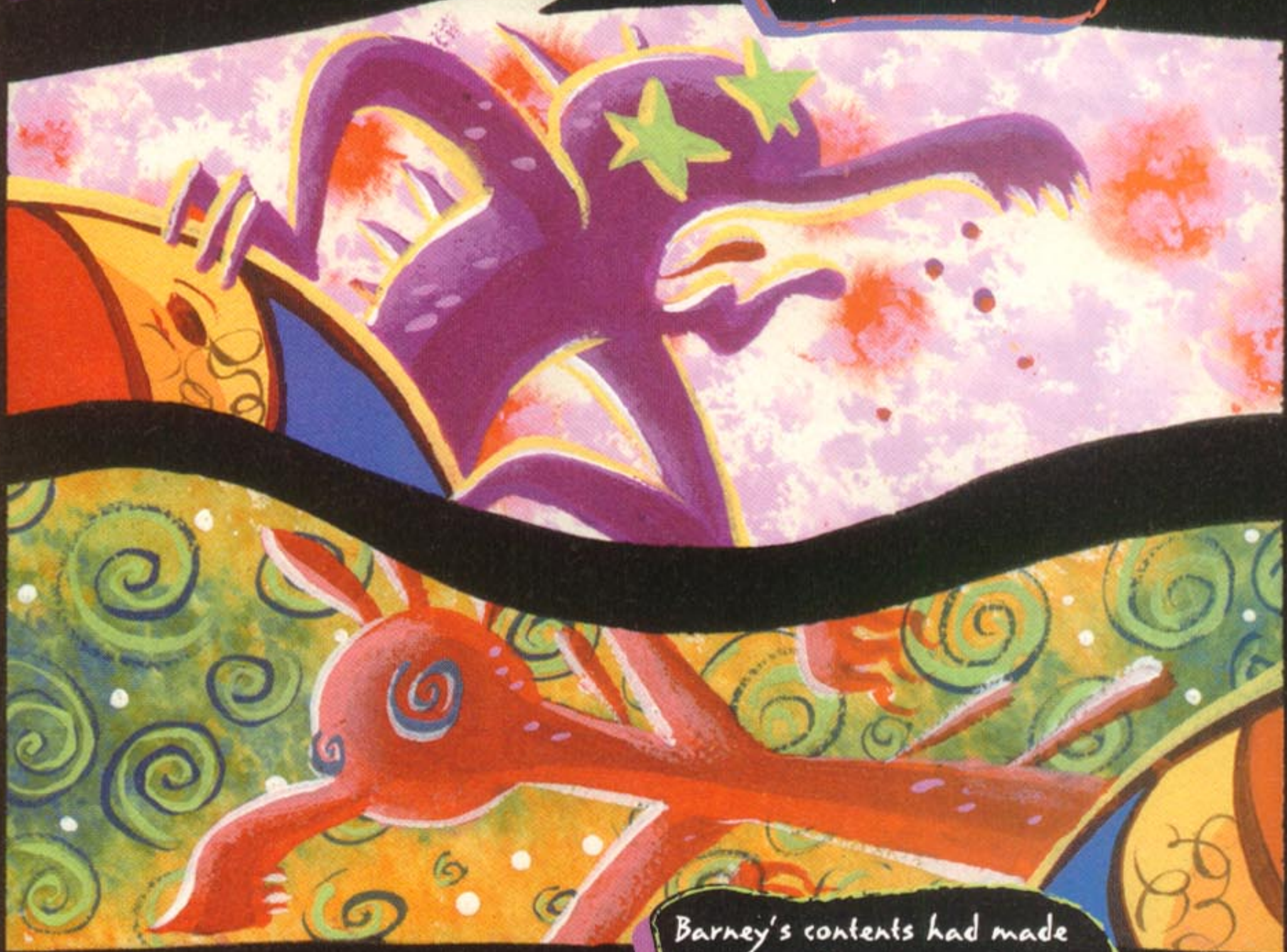


It left Homer's head
for the quivering gut
of poor Barney,
too drunken to fight...

...and it sank its sharp beak
through that fat tummy wall
not suspecting it'd be
its last bite.



As it sucked, the thing's face showed that something was wrong, and it let out a burp from it's beak.



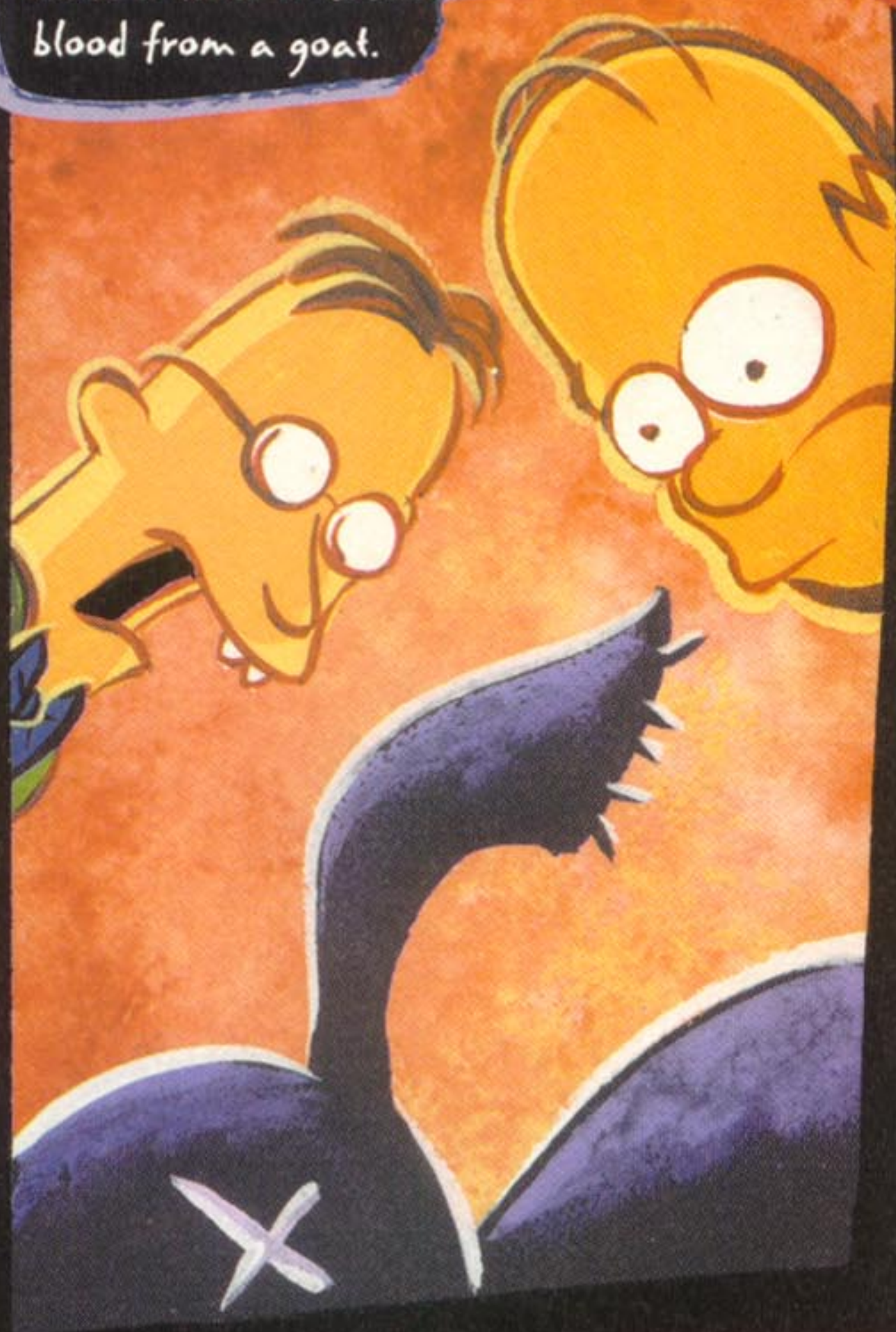
Barney's contents had made the beast drunk as a skunk, and soon, down to the floor fell the freak.



"Chupacabras," said Frink,
"was what we called the beast,
since it likes to drink
blood from a goat."


"If there's one thing we've grown
in the lab that I fear,
I assure you this thing
gets my vote."

"So, my friend, thank your stars
that this drunkard was here,
or the beast wouldn't be
where it lay."



Homer smiled, content
that his life had been spared
because once again,
beer saved the day.





So sleep lightly, my lads,
when you lay down for bed,
and you might want to
leave on a light...

...for who knows just what else
might escape from Frink's lab...
...and with that, I must
bid you good night...

The End

MARTIN'S FOLKTALES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

GREETINGS FELLOW FOLKTALE-OLOGISTS! TODAY WE TAKE AN EXCURSION TO THE FAR EAST AND A CLASSIC STORY FROM JAPAN, THE LAND OF CHERRY BLOSSOMS AND SUSHI... A KINDLY SOUL HAD RESCUED A SPARROW FROM THE CLUTCHES OF A HUNGRY FELINE AND IN RETURN WAS GIVEN THE CHOICE OF TWO BOXES. HE PICKED THE SMALLER OF THE TWO AND, TO HIS DELIGHT, DISCOVERED IT WAS FILLED WITH GOLD AND SILVER. HIS GREEDY NEIGHBOR LEARNED OF HIS GOOD FORTUNE AND CAPTURED THE LITTLE BIRD AND DEMANDED HIS CHOICE OF THE TWO BOXES. HE, OF COURSE, CHOSE THE LARGER ONE AND TO HIS HORROR FOUND IT FILLED WITH...

