

A
BONGO
PUBLICATION



TREEHOUSE
of
HORROR
#7

BART SIMPSON'S

TREEHOUSE OF

HORROR



TM

\$4.50 U.S.

\$6.75 CANADA

FEATURING

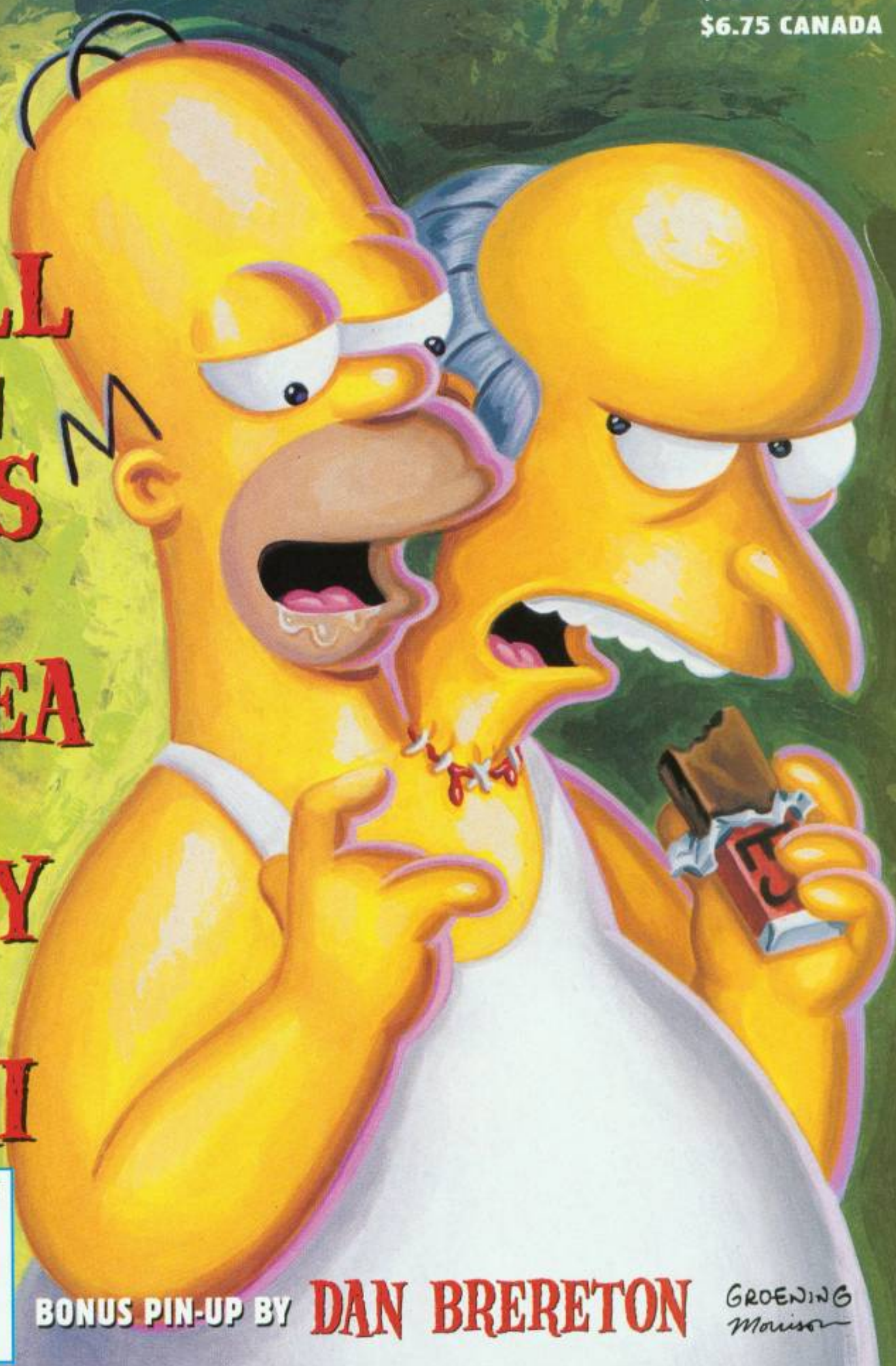
**MARK
HAMILL**

**GARTH
ENNIS**

**JOHN
MCCREA**

**TROY
NIXEY**

**STAN
SAKAI**



DIRECT EDITION



7

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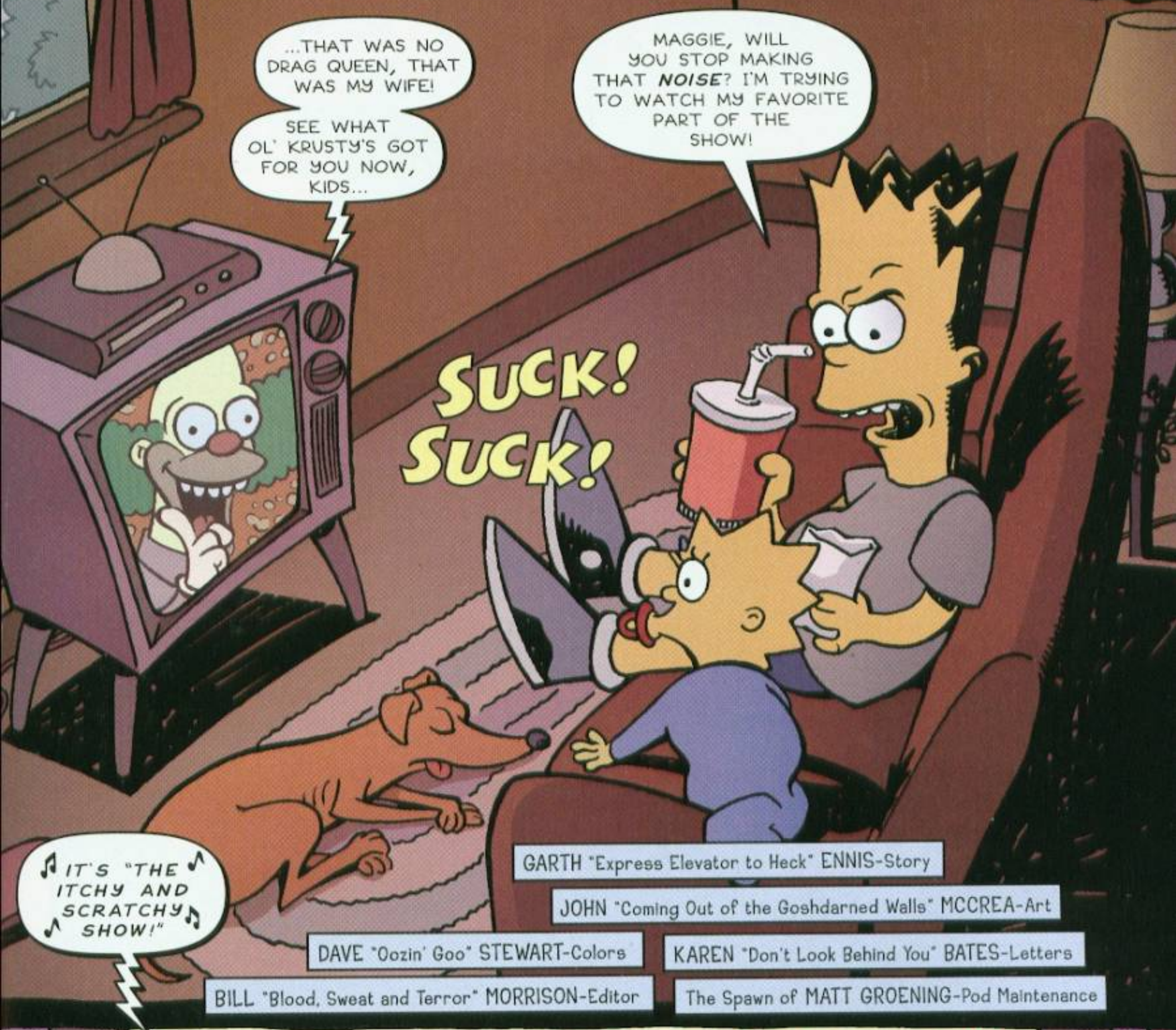
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07

BONUS PIN-UP BY **DAN BRERETON**

GROENING
Morison

IN SPRINGFIELD NO-ONE CAN HEAR YOU SCREAM



...THAT WAS NO
DRAG QUEEN, THAT
WAS MY WIFE!

SEE WHAT
OL' KRUSTY'S GOT
FOR YOU NOW,
KIDS...

MAGGIE, WILL
YOU STOP MAKING
THAT **NOISE**? I'M TRYING
TO WATCH MY FAVORITE
PART OF THE
SHOW!

SUCK!
SUCK!

♪ IT'S "THE
ITCHY AND
SCRATCHY
SHOW!"

GARTH "Express Elevator to Heck" ENNIS-Story

JOHN "Coming Out of the Goshdarned Walls" MCCREA-Art

DAVE "Oozin' Goo" STEWART-Colors

KAREN "Don't Look Behind You" BATES-Letters

BILL "Blood, Sweat and Terror" MORRISON-Editor

The Spawn of MATT GROENING-Pod Maintenance

**ITCHY
&
SCRATCHY**

in

**FACEHUGGIN'
FROLICS**







LATER...

HA! MONSTERS!
MOM DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT SHE'S...

DA-DUM DA-DUM DA-DUM DA-DUM

?

DA-DUM DA-DUM

SOMEBODY
LEAVE THE DRUM-
MACHINE ON?

HEY, WAIT
A MINUTE! WE
DON'T HAVE
A...

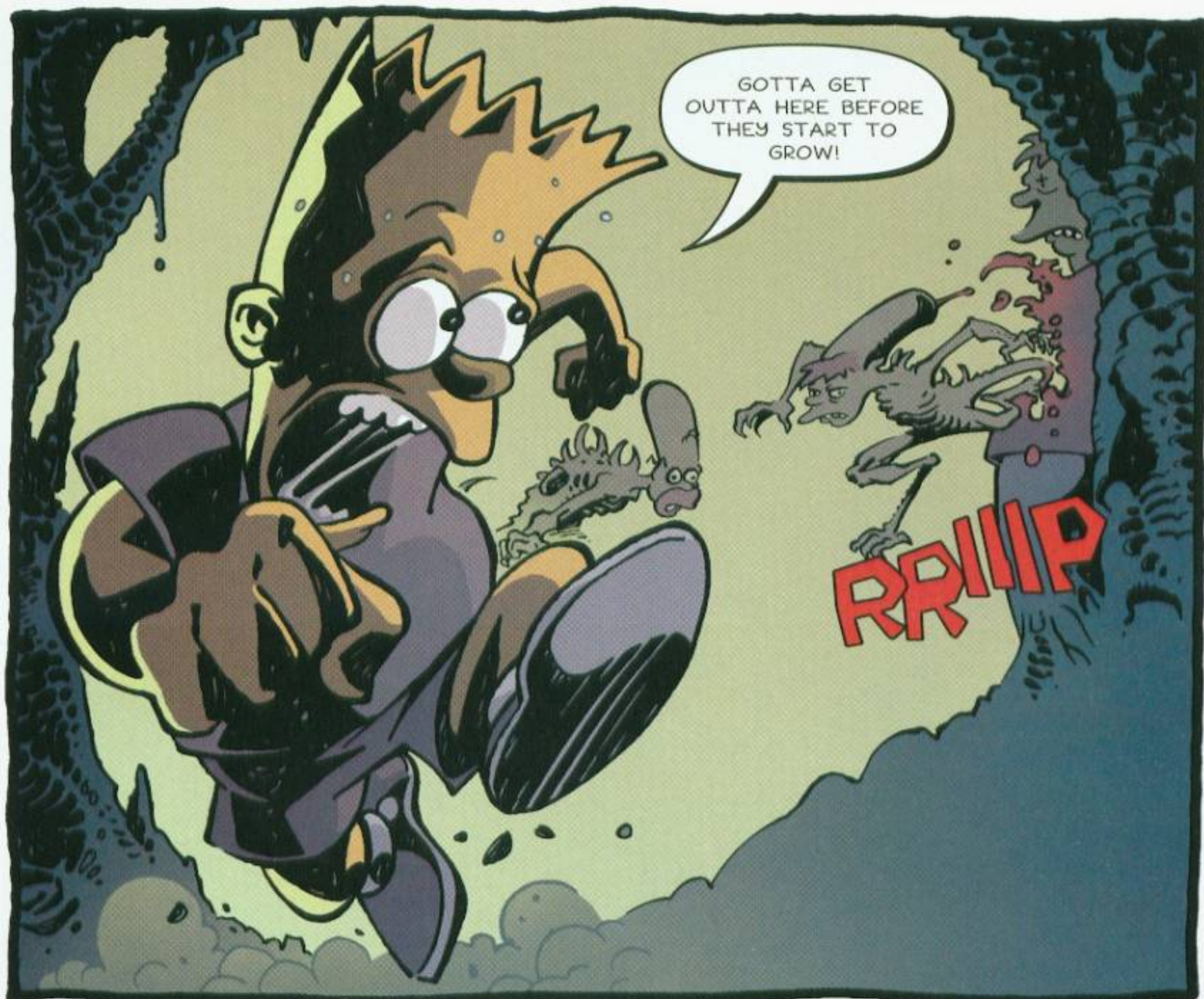
DA-DUM DA-DUM DA-DUM DA-DUM DA-DUM DA-DUM

AAAAH!

DA-DUM DA-DUM DA-DUM DA-DUM DA-DUM DA-DUM







I'm a queen
too, sir!

AAAAH!

Hi-diddly-ho,
neighborino!

...UH?

Get rid of
that irksome
excrecence,
Smithers!

CHOMP!

OKELEY-
DOKELEY!

W-W-WELL, I'LL
JUST LEAVE YOU
TO IT, DUDES!

But what are
you SCARED
OF, Bart?

YAAAAH-!

Remember
what you told
your MOTHER,
Bart?



Monsters aren't real, Bart...

MOM?!



Monsters... AREN'T REAL...

They aren't?

>SUCK!
>SUCK!

What the hell happened to this guy?

Man, what were they thinking?

NO! NO, WAIT!
MOM, DAD, LISA,
MAGGIE, I'M
SORRY!

Not even ones that erupt from huge eggs and crawl up your body...



...and clamp themselves to your face...

WAAAGGH!

...and BURST from your CHEST in a HIDEOUS SHOWER OF CORE AND OFFAL...



Don't be afraid, Bart! Open wide!

NNOOOO-

Just pretend you're at the DENTIST...



MMF...NNHHH...
NNGGH! NNNNGGHH!

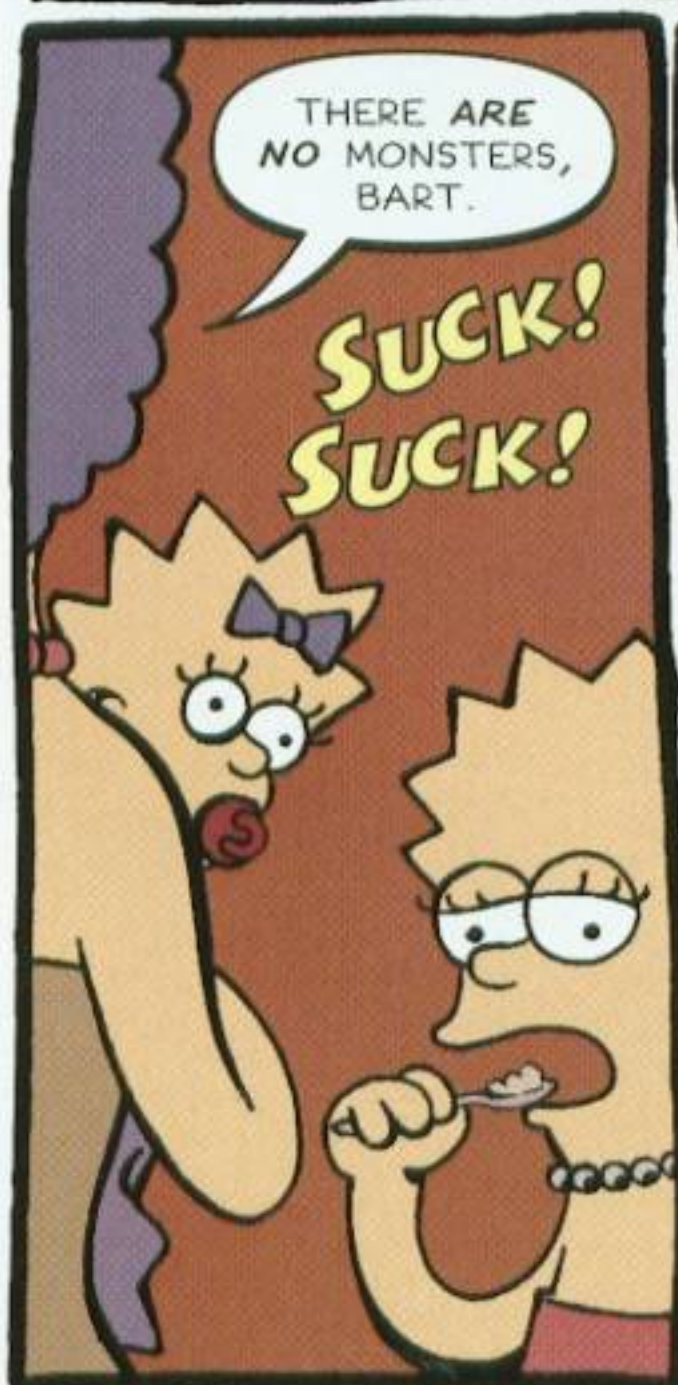
MRROW?

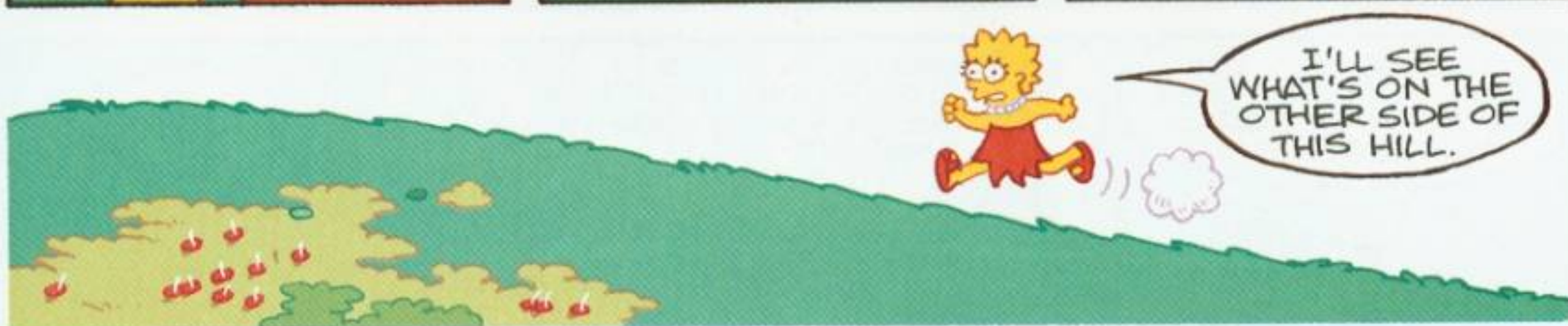


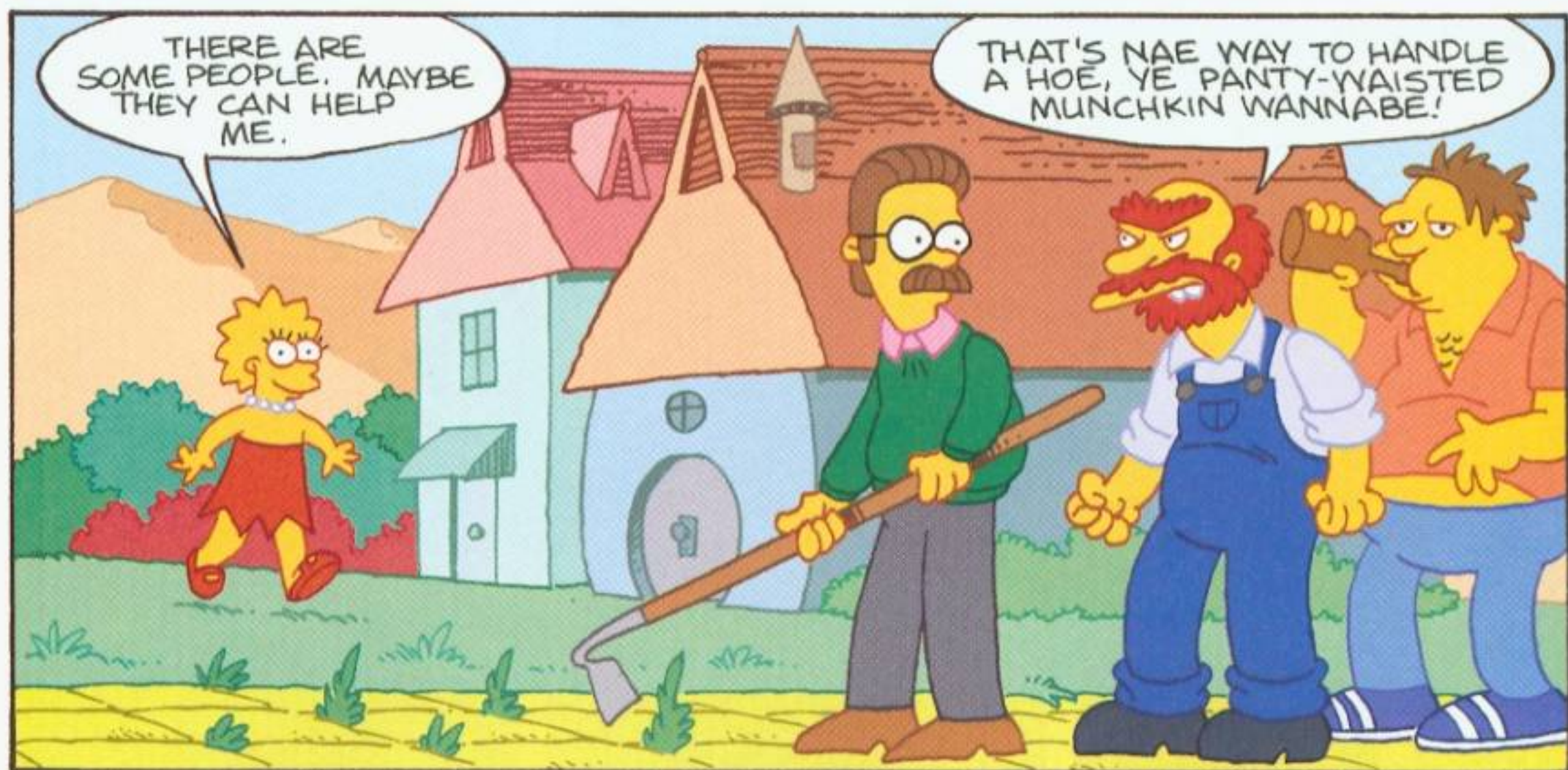
AAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

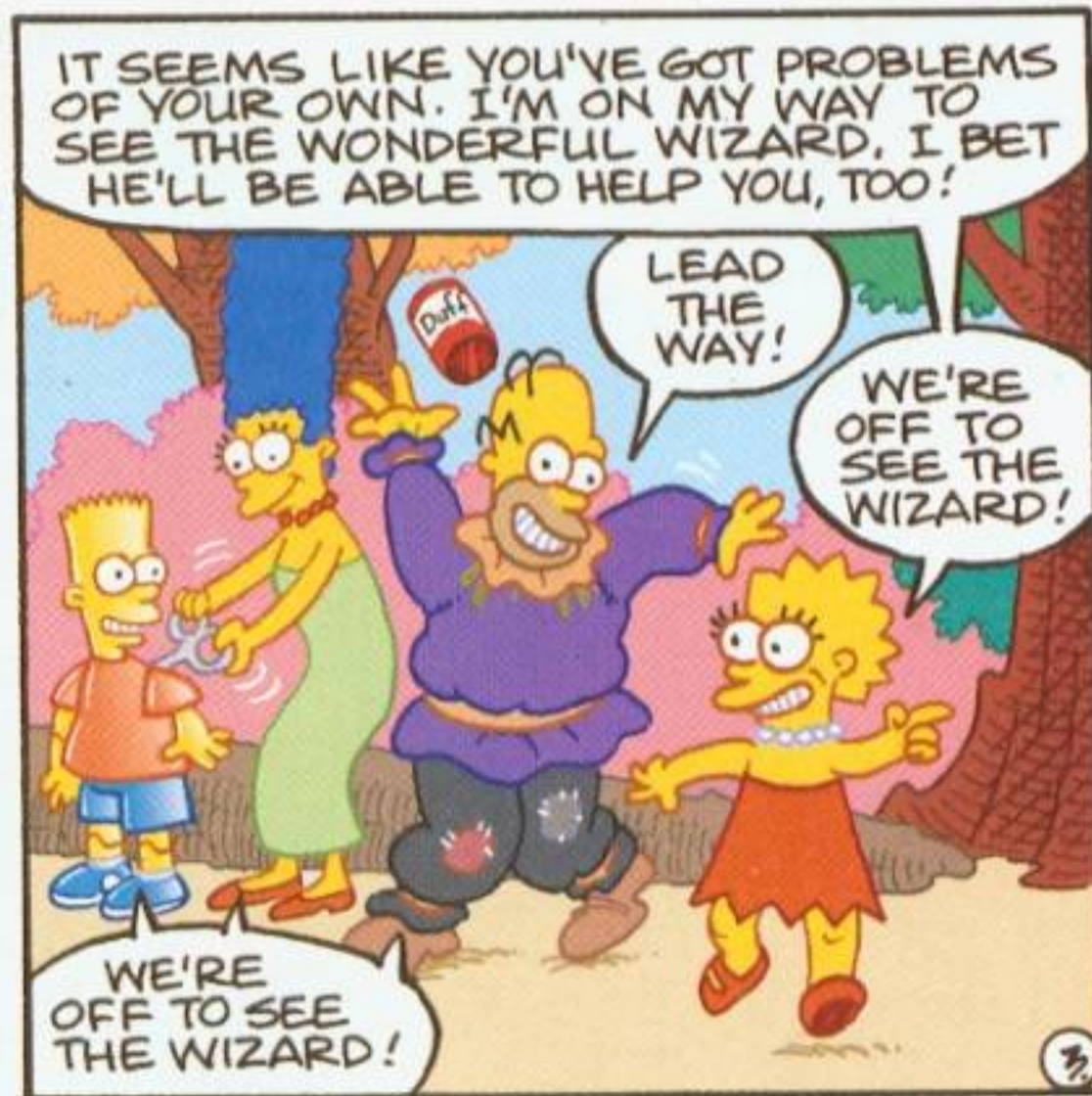
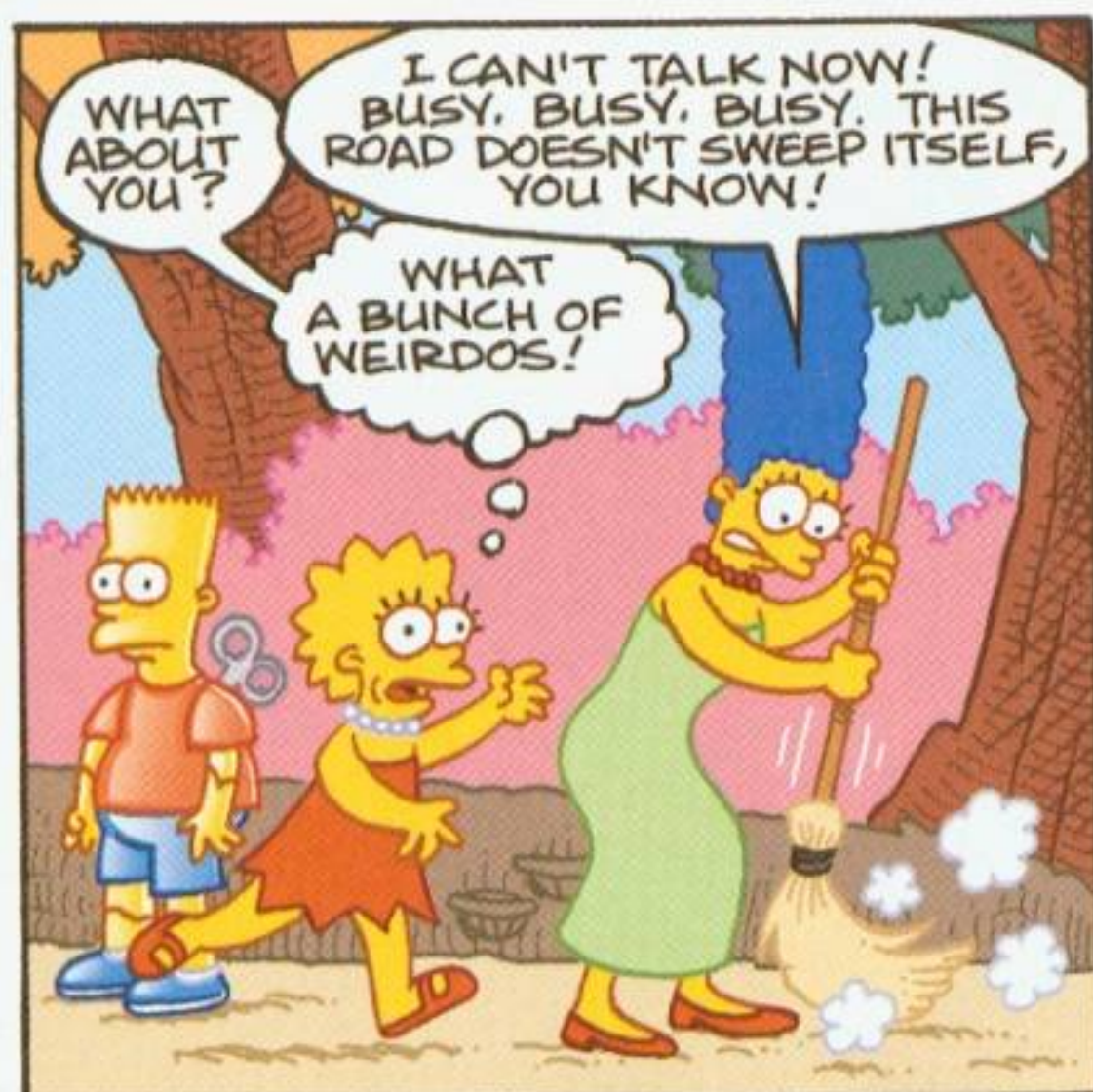
3PANT3
3PANT3 3PANT3
OH, MAN!

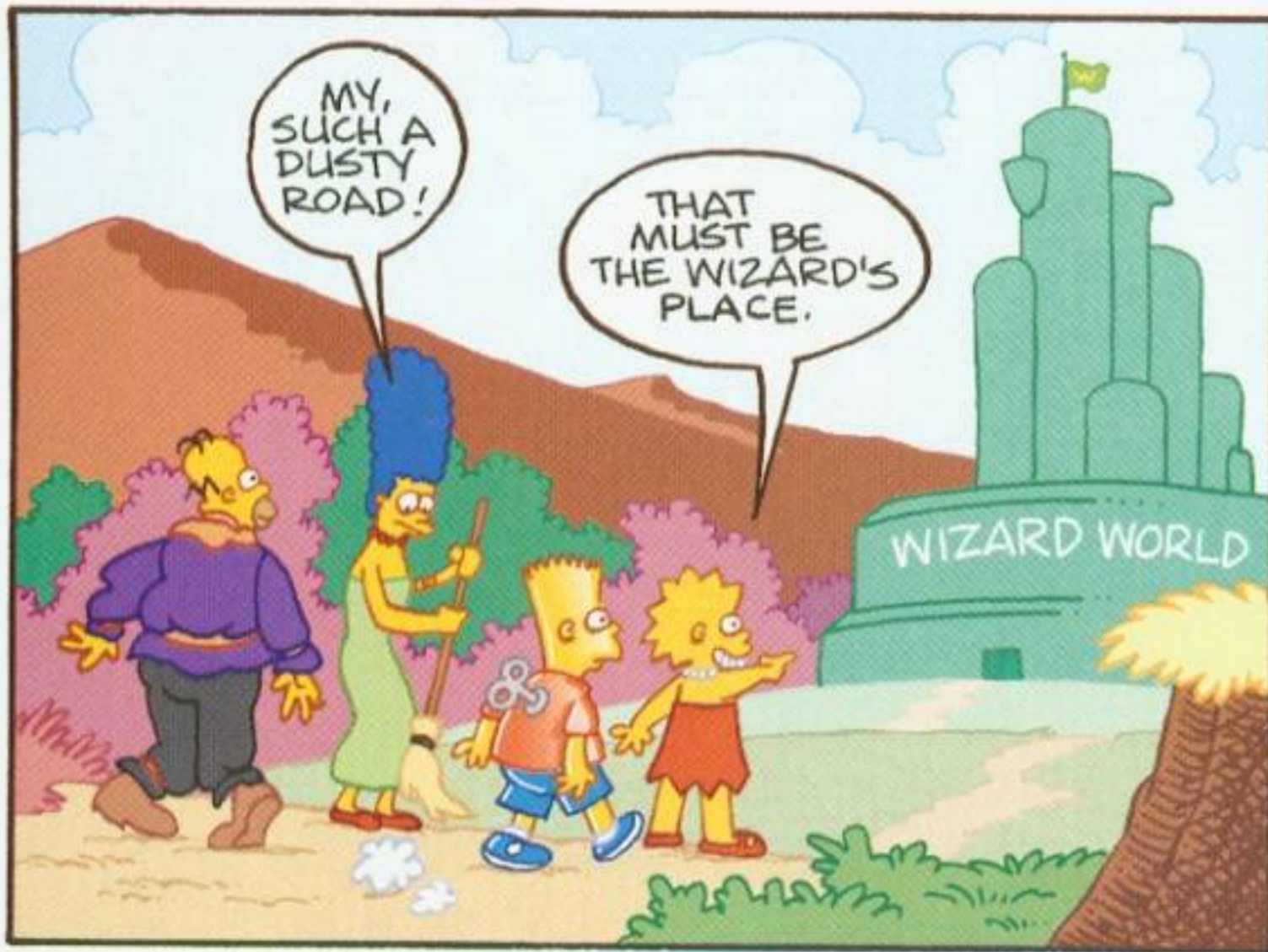








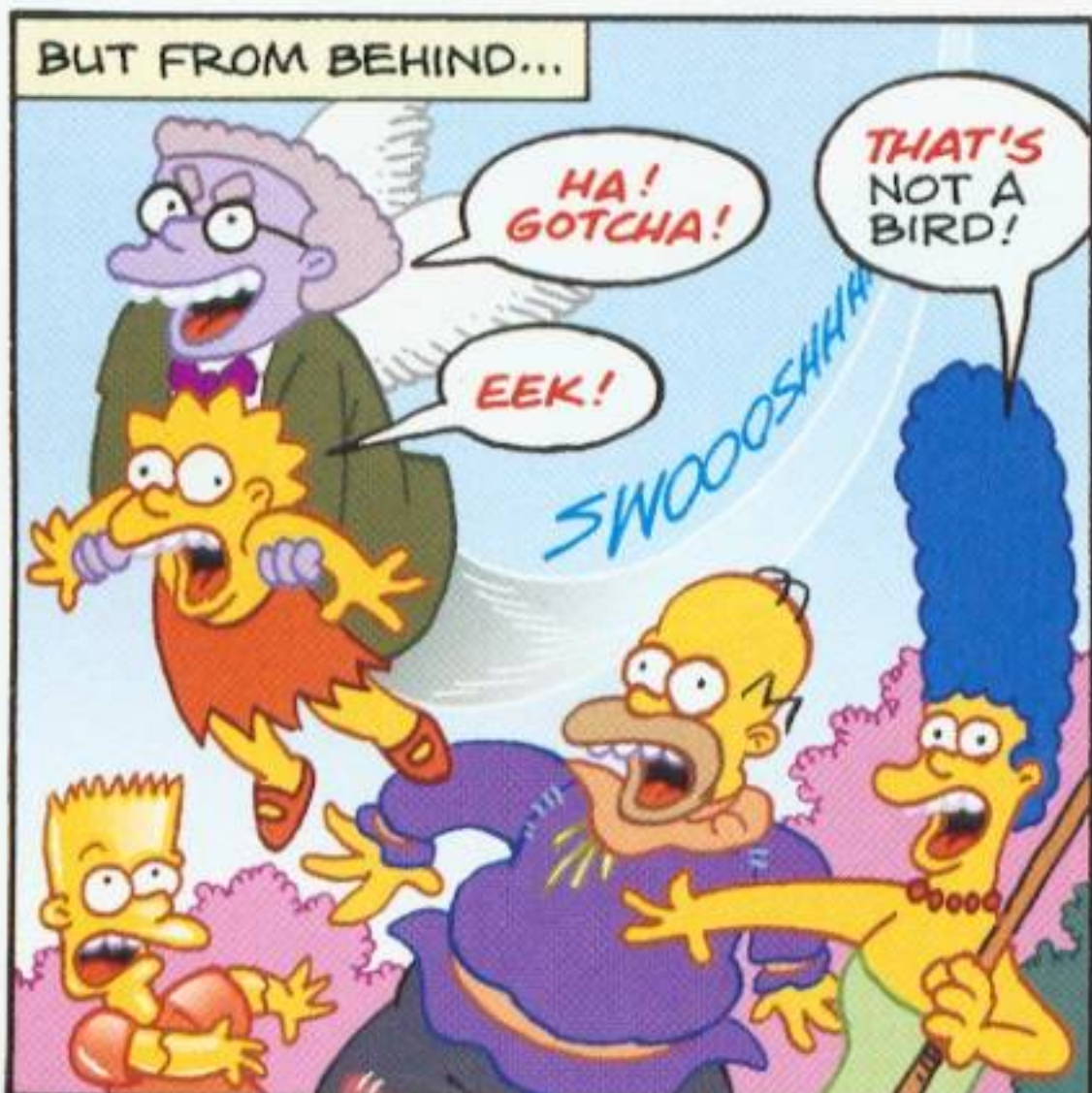


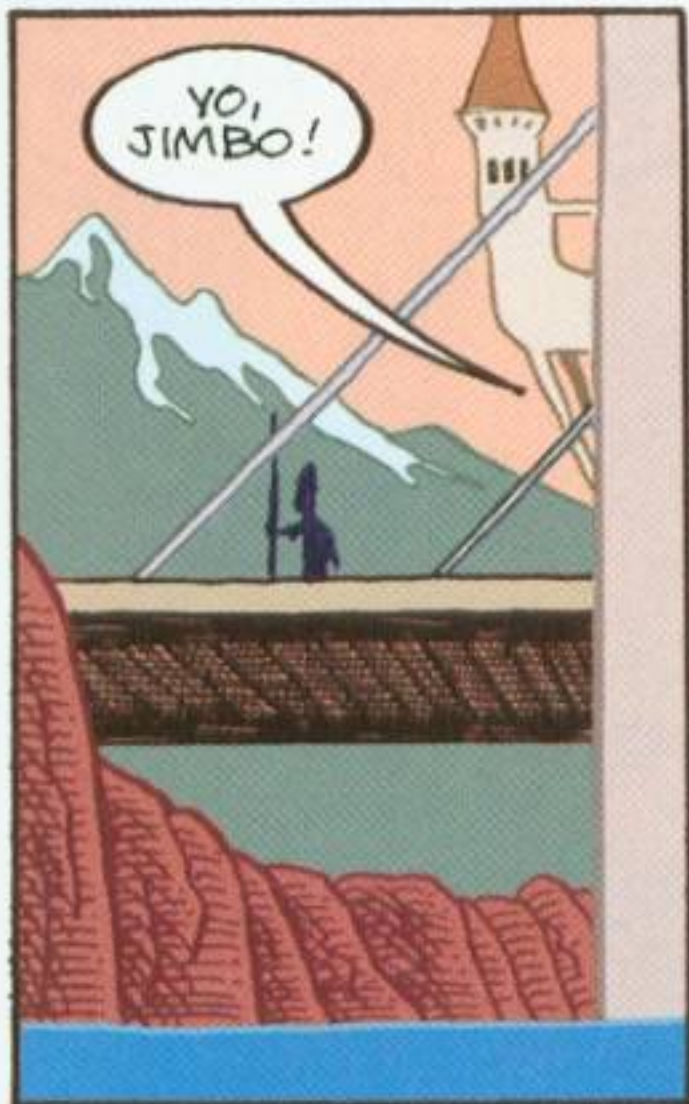








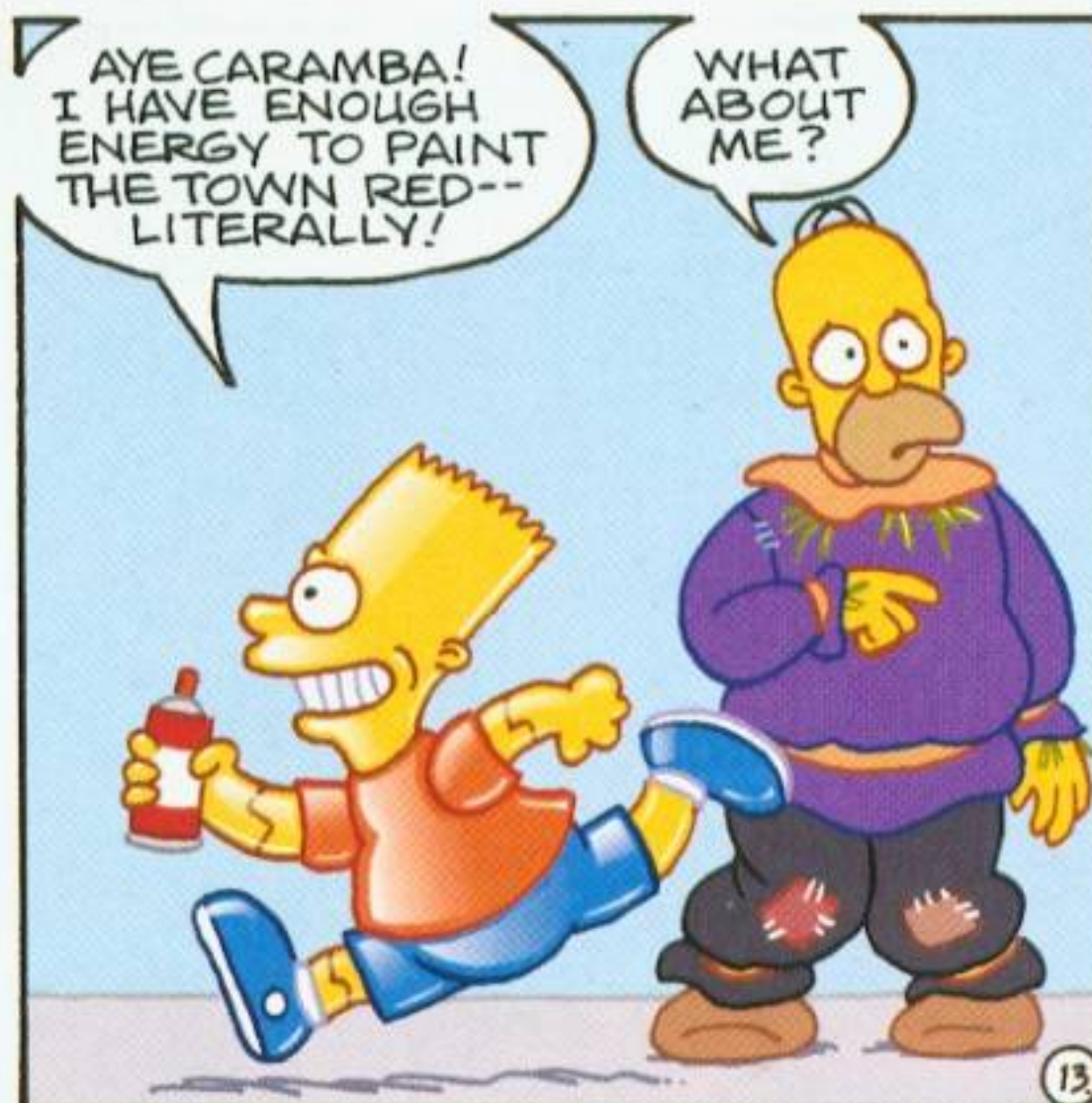


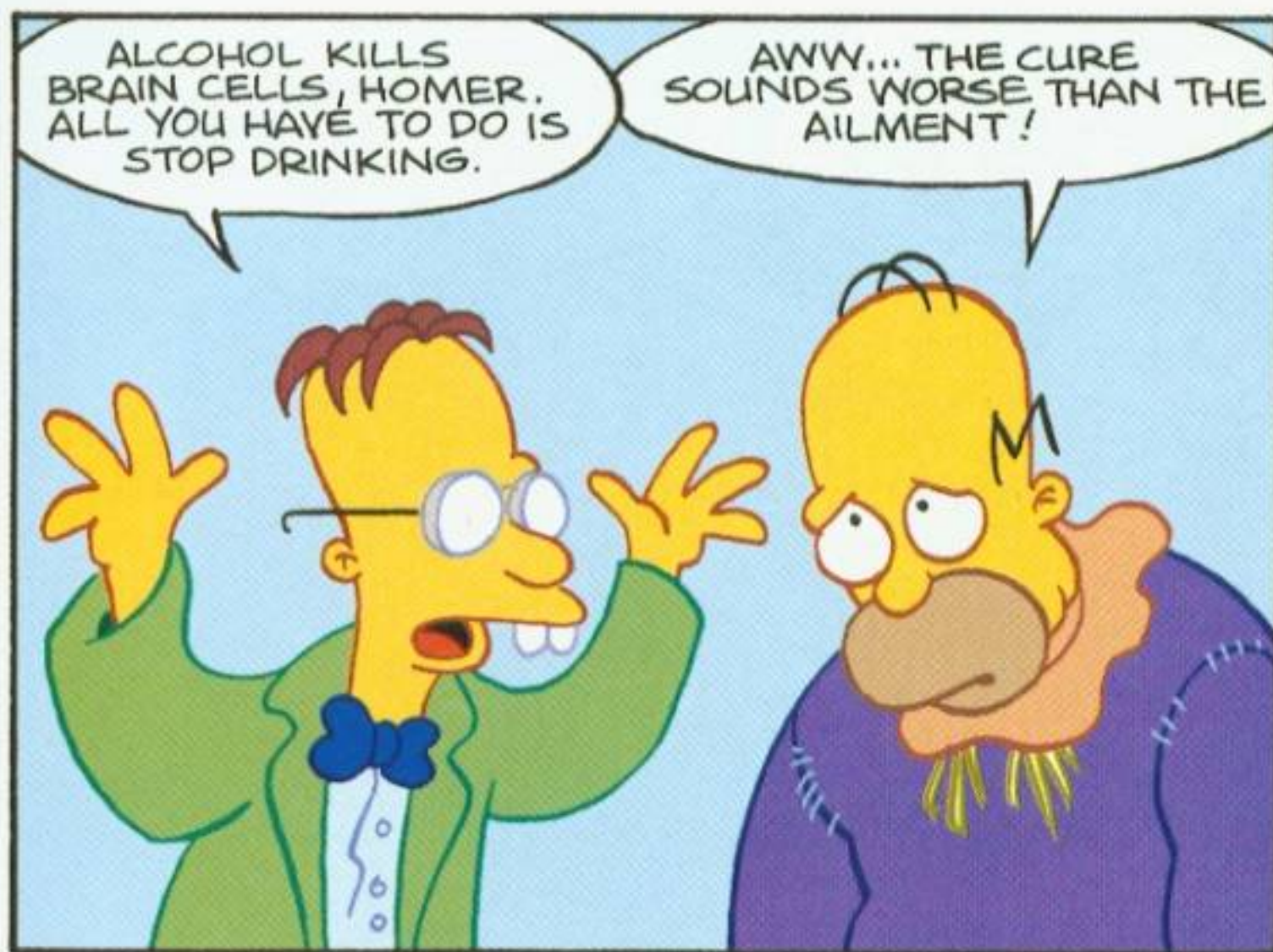






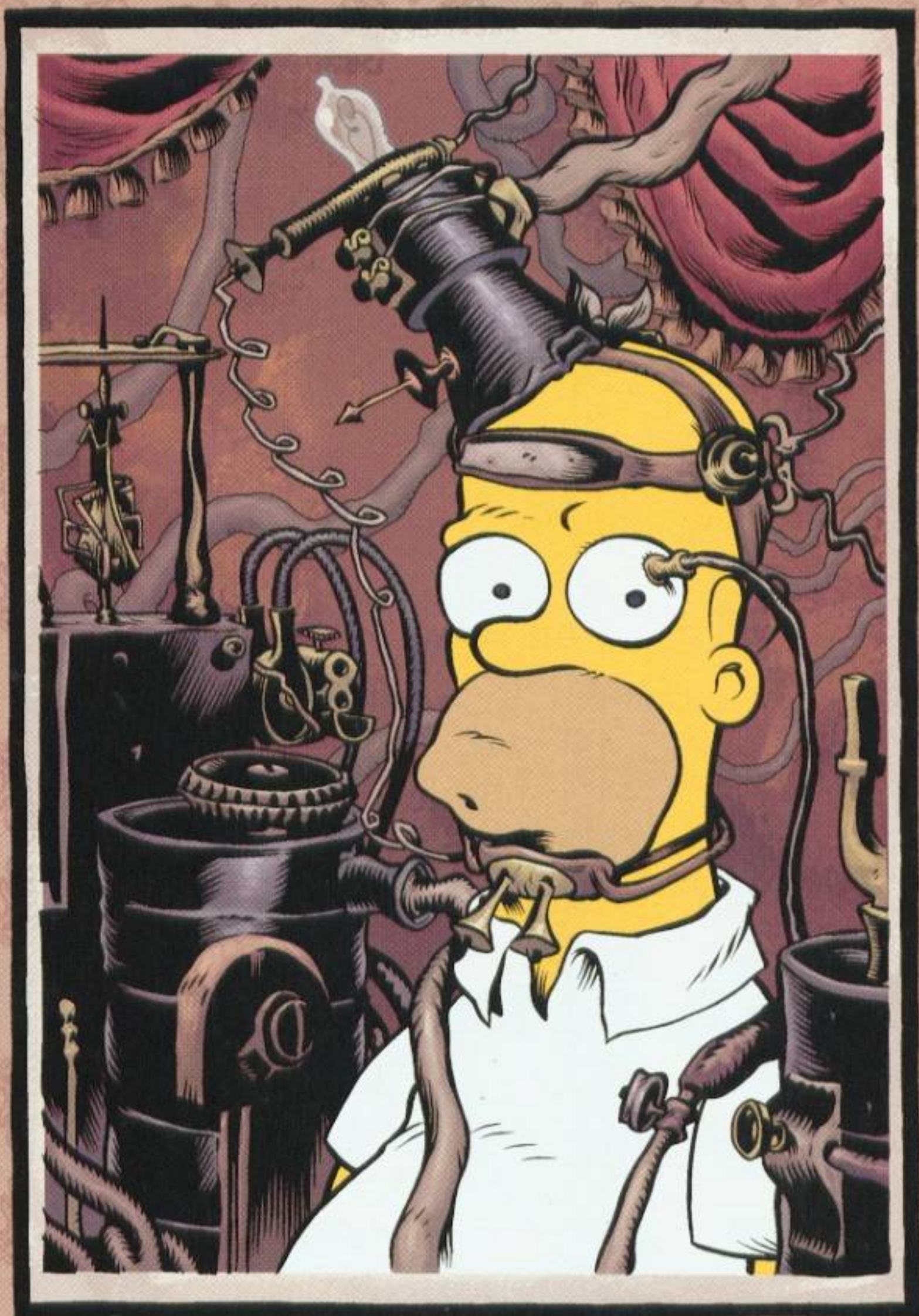








HOWEVER EFFECTS



Troy "Not
Whistlin'" Nixey
Script & Art

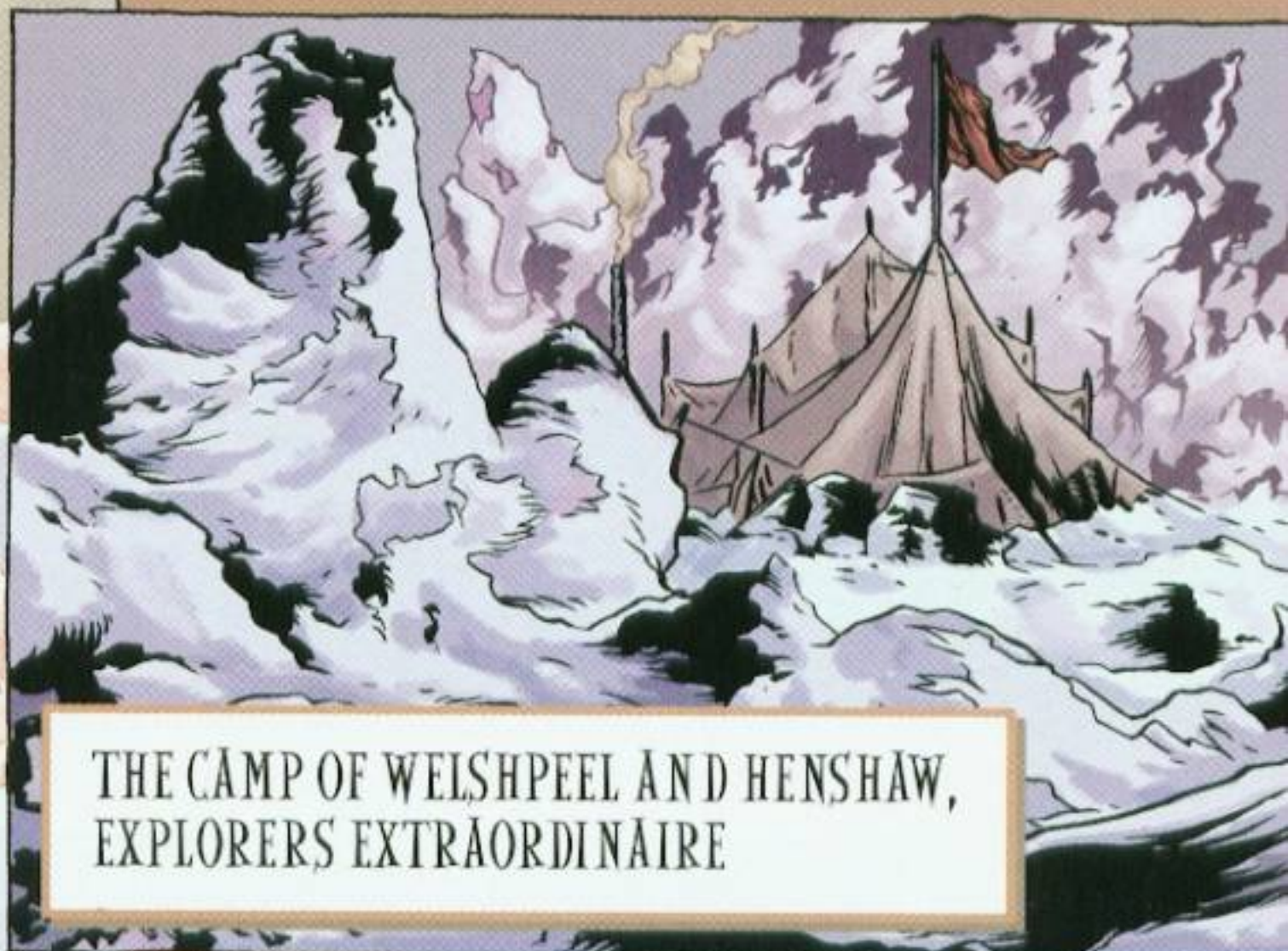
Dave
Stewarts and all
Colors

Karen
Bear Baiter
Letters

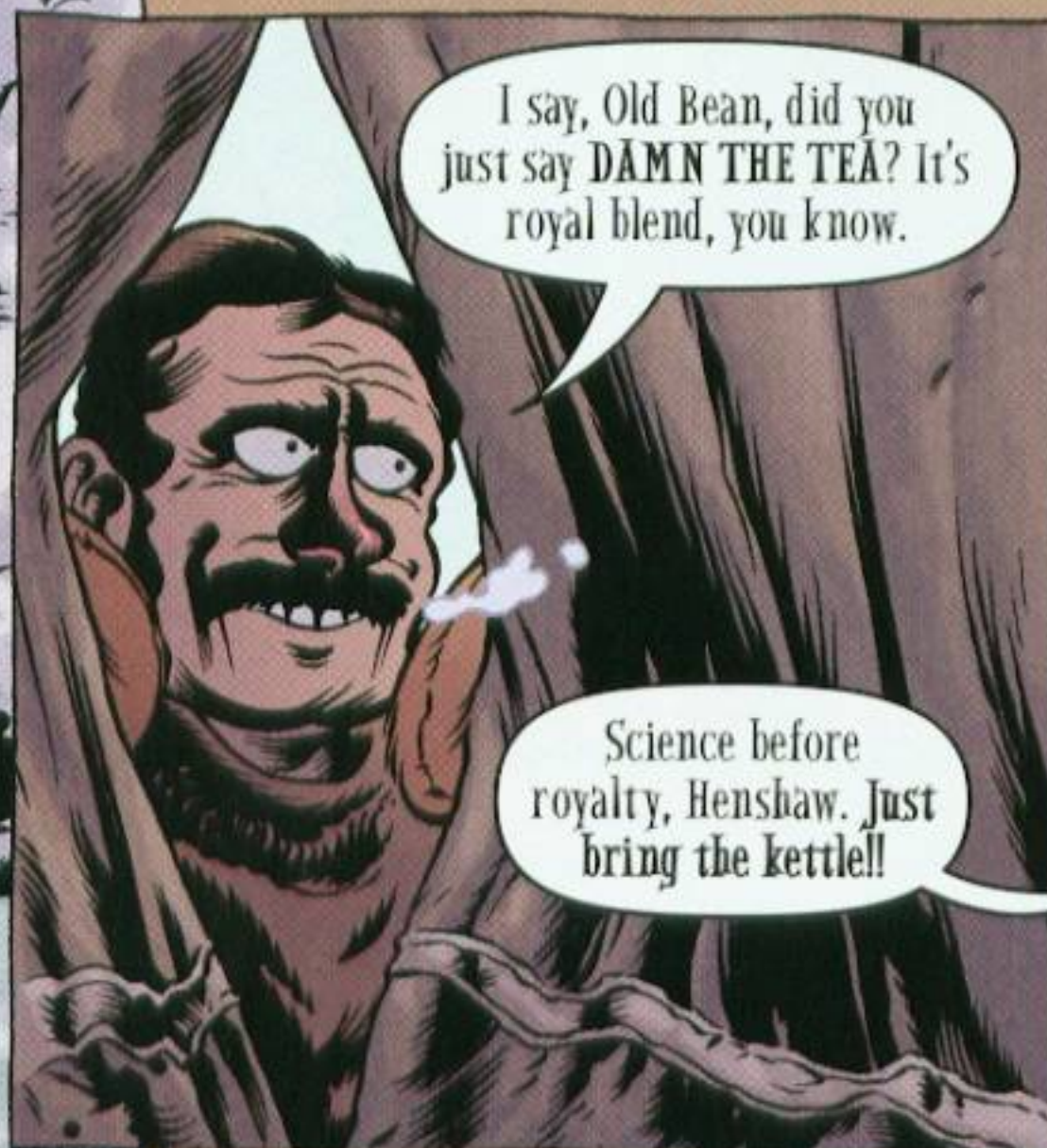
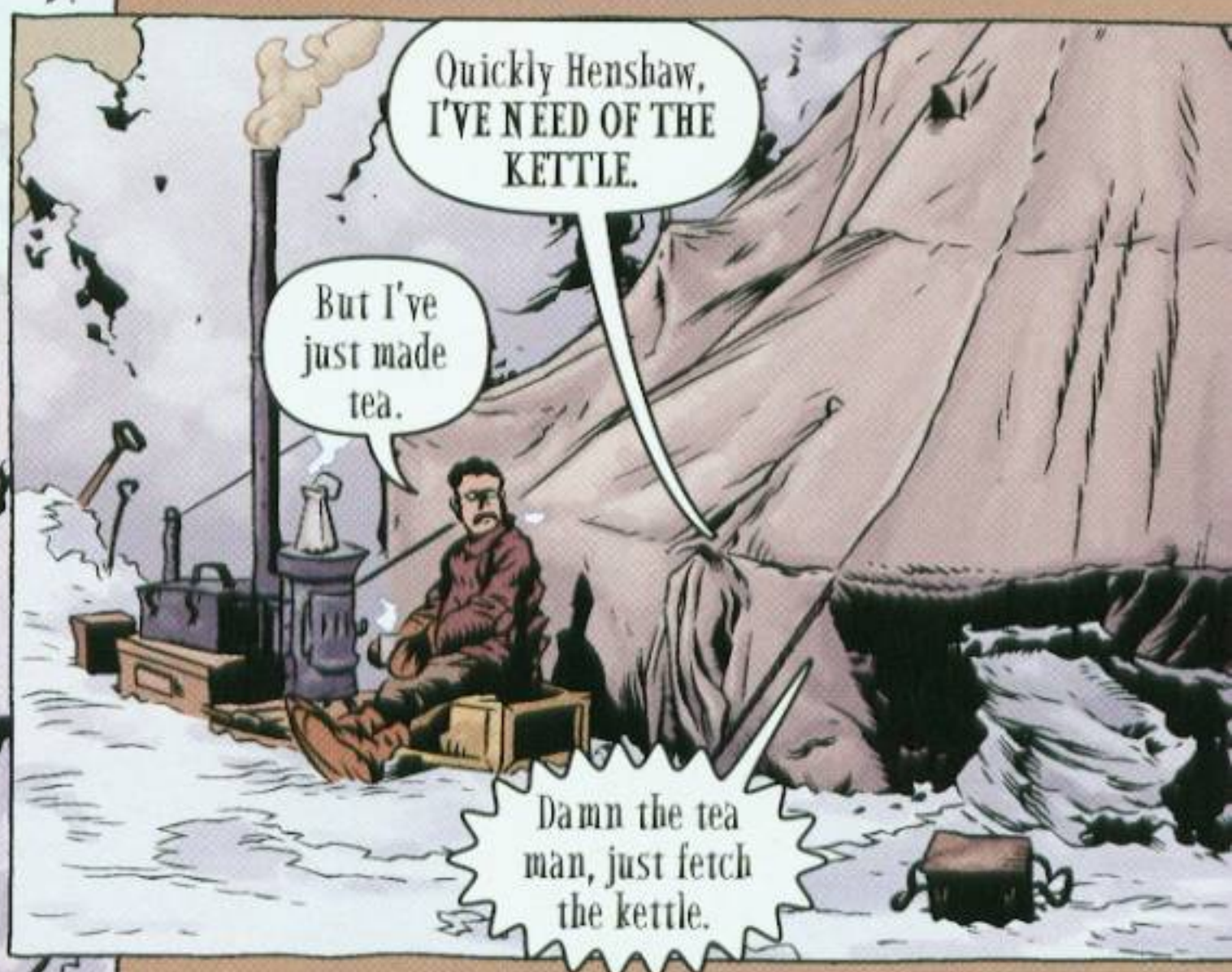
Bill "Blimey"
Morrison
Editor

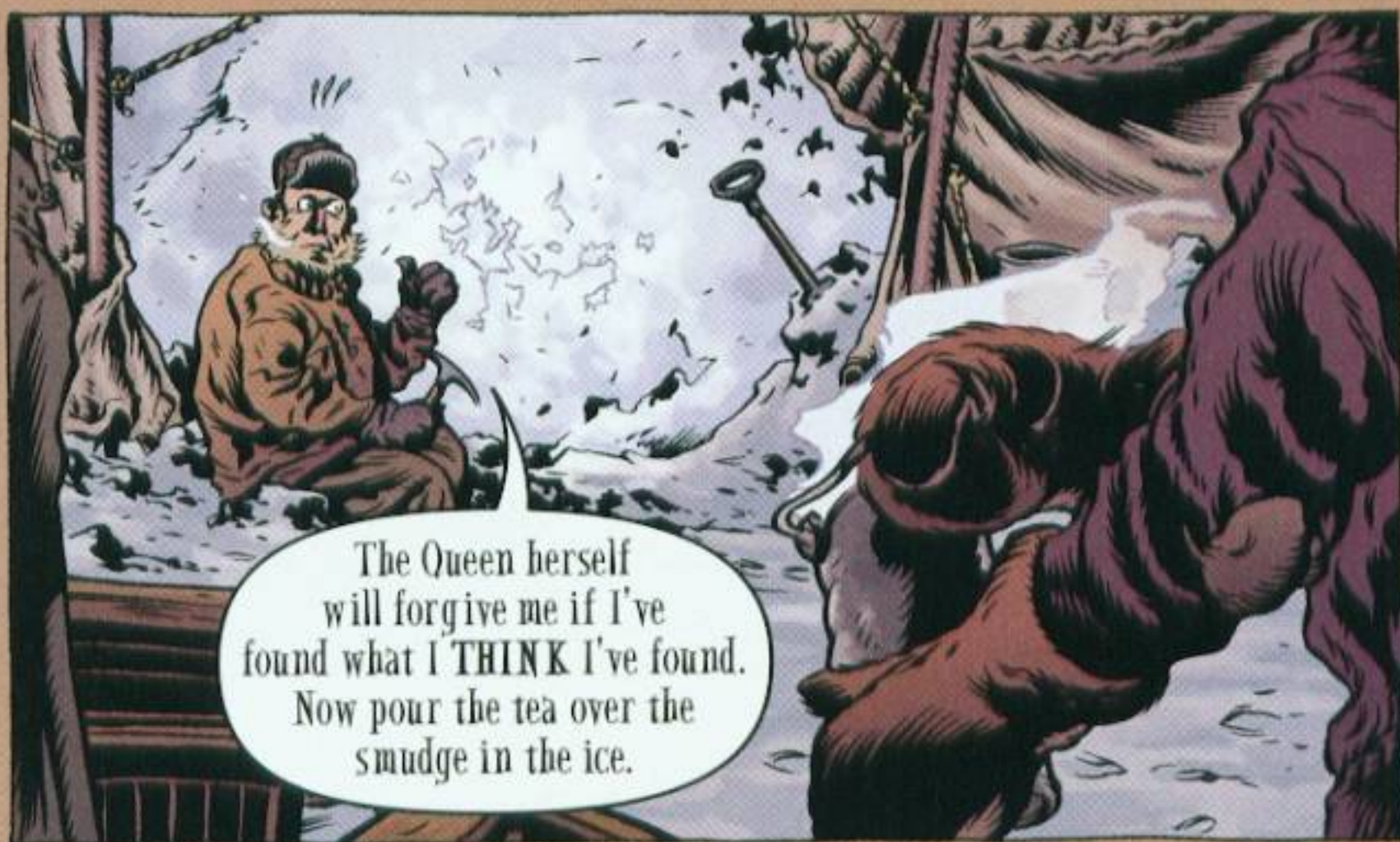
Mischievous
Matt Groening
Missing Link

POLAR ICE
CAP. 1875



THE CAMP OF WELSHPEEL AND HENSHAW,
EXPLORERS EXTRAORDINAIRE





The Queen herself
will forgive me if I've
found what I **THINK** I've found.
Now pour the tea over the
smudge in the ice.

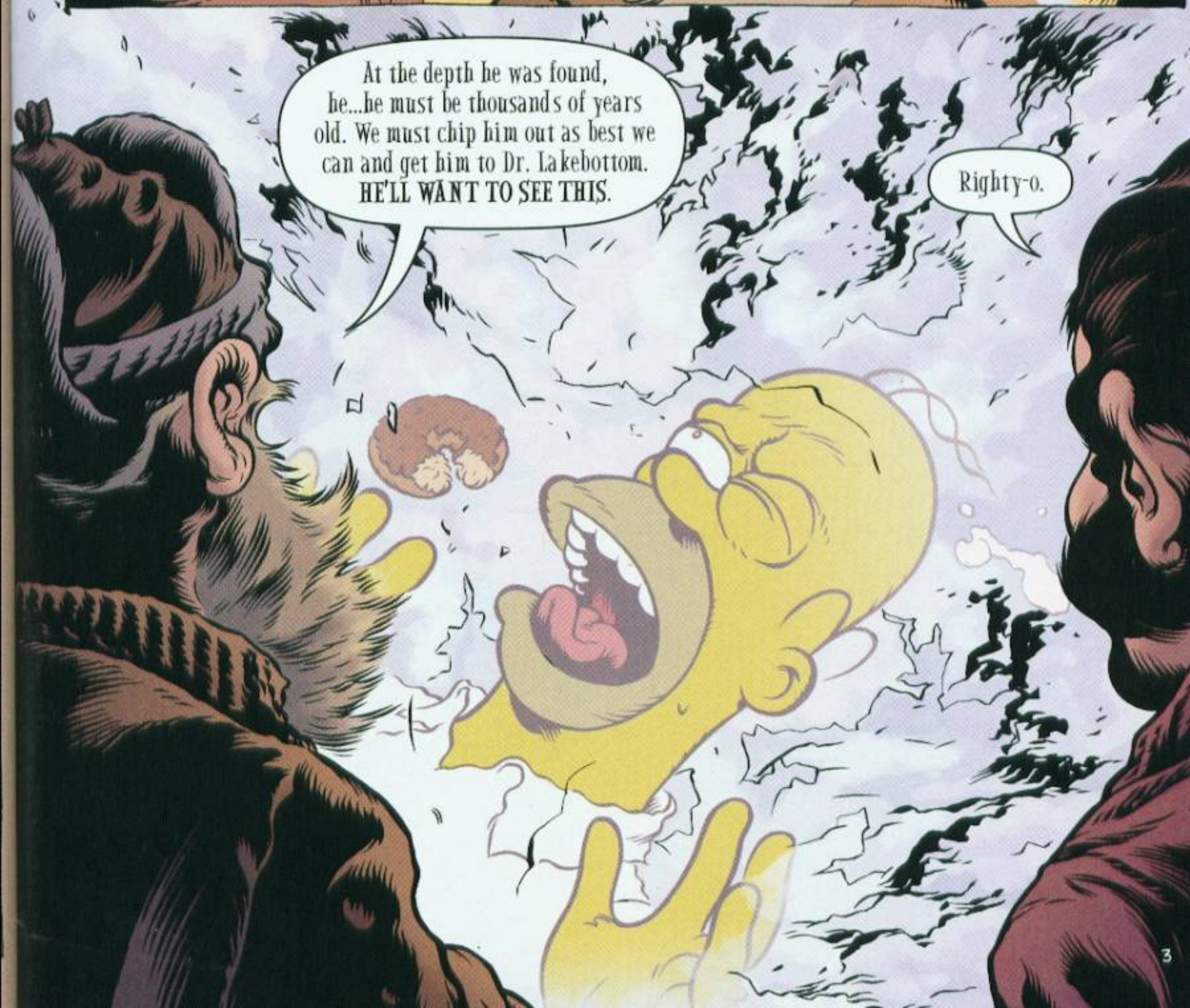


FFFFFFSSSTT



It's...It's...


HIDEOUS.




At the depth he was found,
he...he must be thousands of years
old. We must chip him out as best we
can and get him to Dr. Lakebottom.
HE'LL WANT TO SEE THIS.

Righty-o.


UNIVERSITY OF NATURAL
STUDIES, LONDON, ENGLAND.
Four months and one extremely long
boat ride later...



Quite so,
gentlemen, it
obviously held ale
at one time...




So you say this
was found with
the specimen?

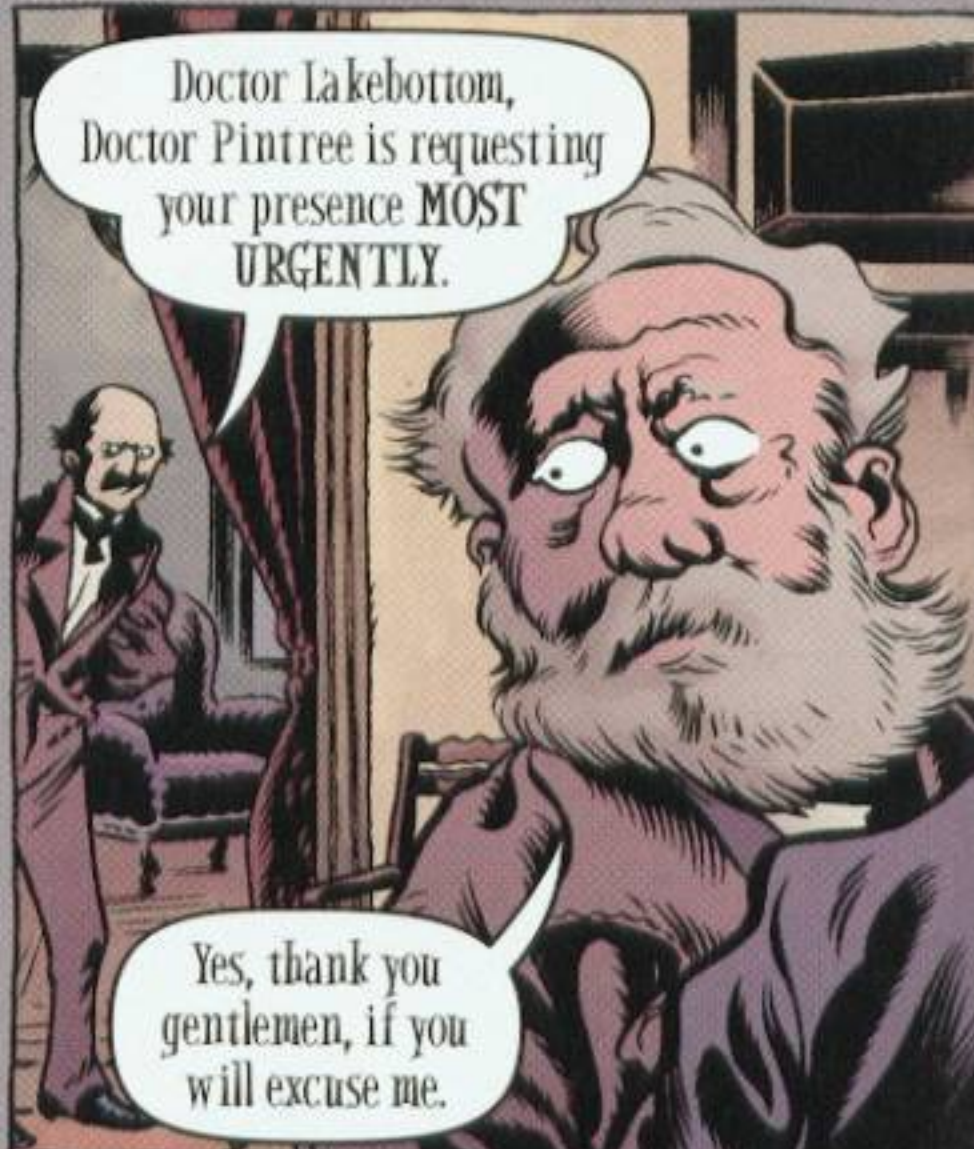


...We however, have yet to
decipher the primitive writing
on the outside of the bottle.

Maybe this word
"Duff" is one of its
pagan gods.



Hmm. Sound
theory there,
Hilton.



Doctor Lakebottom,
Doctor Pintree is requesting
your presence **MOST**
URGENTLY.

Yes, thank you
gentlemen, if you
will excuse me.

Pintree, did you finally defrost our iceman?
He's...he's...

...He's...

♪ SPLISH SPLASH, ♪
I WAS TAKING A
BATH, ON SATURN
LAST NIIIIIGHTT...
♪ LALALA. ♪

Yes, he's alive.
Alive and quite
OBNOXIOUS.



I have no scientific explanation for this...

...but do you know what this MEANS?

All I was hoping for was a few blood and tissue samples. Something to further my study. But for this, for the specimen to **ACTUALLY BE ALIVE**. All I've believed in for the past **FIFTY-FIVE YEARS**...

SNORT< My theory...my theory...that...that man evolved from lesser beings will unequivocally be proven. I'll turn science on its ear... I'll be famous...

>GASP!< I'll get to meet the Queen.

But just in case I'm wrong, let's keep this under our hats.

Hmm...

OOO... BUBBLES.



CLINK
CLINK

Heh, heh.

WHO...WHO'S
THERE?

Nothin' ta be
afraid'a. It's just Ol'
Snitchum the caretaker.
Just checkin' if you be
needin' anything?

I DON'T
KNOW YOU.

Don't
worry. I'm a
friend.

OOOOH...

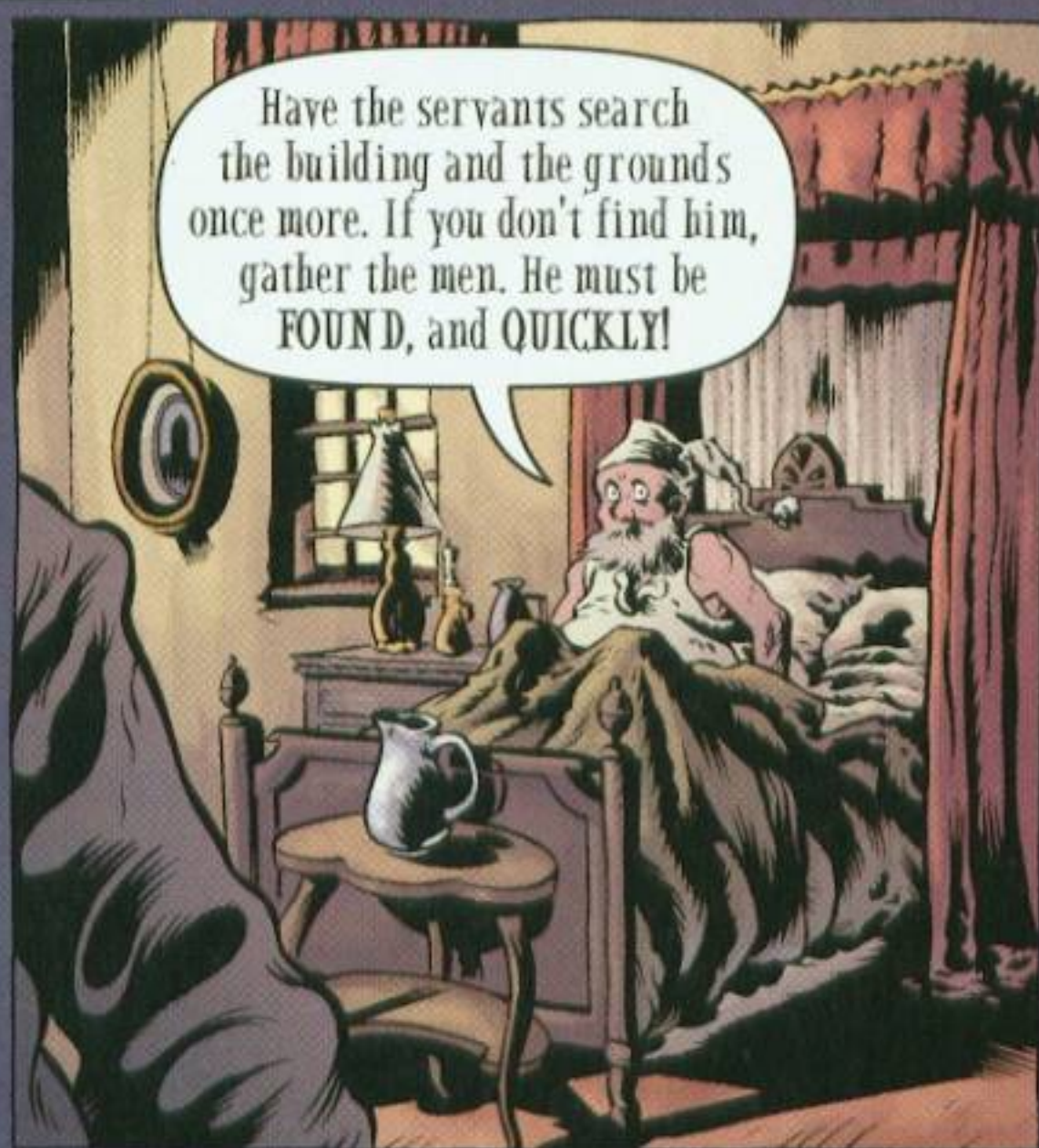
A good
friend.

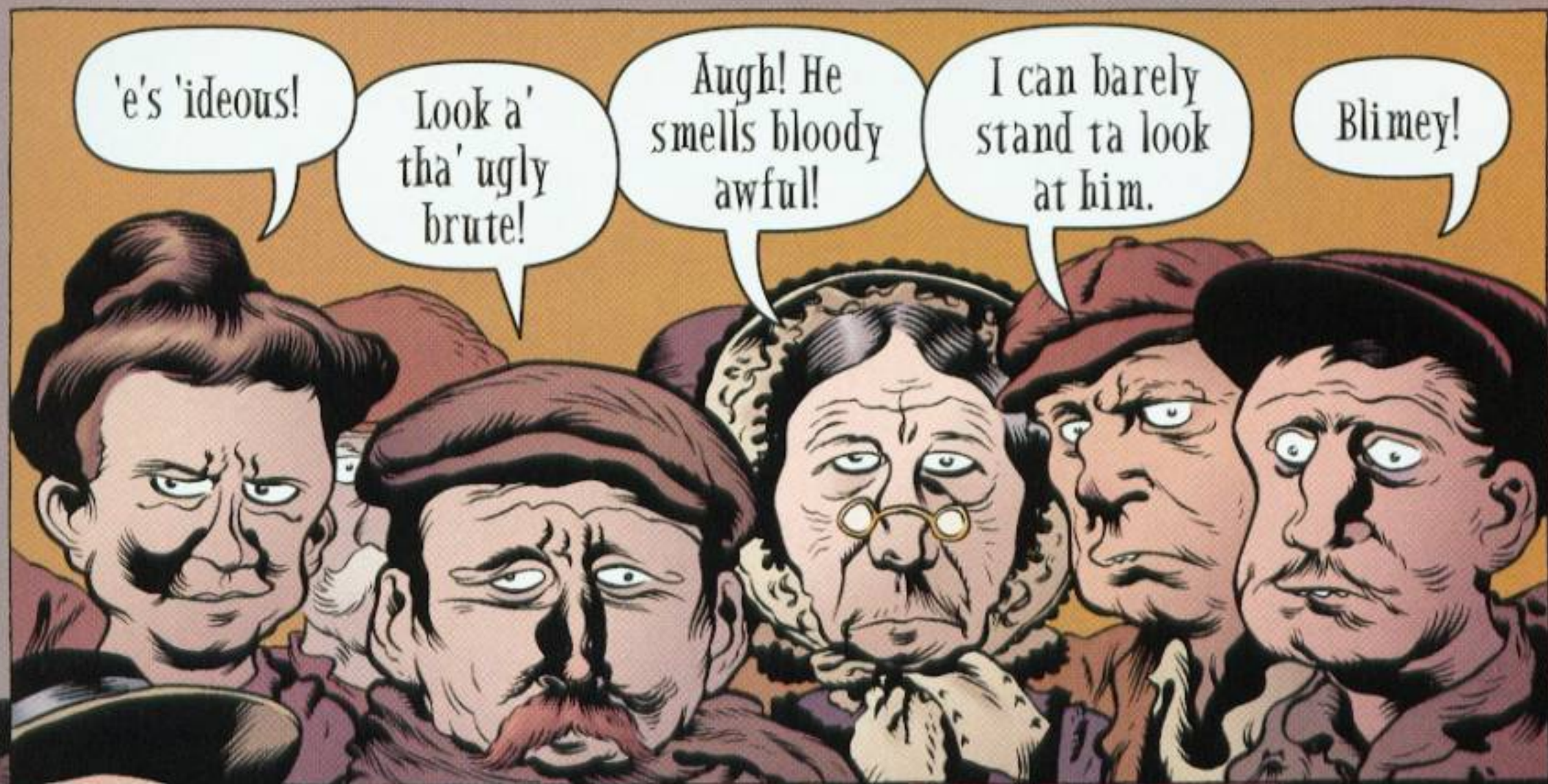
BONK!
D'OH!

D'OH!

BONK!
D'OH!

BONK!





'e's 'ideous!

Look a'
tha' ugly
brute!

Augh! He
smells bloody
awful!

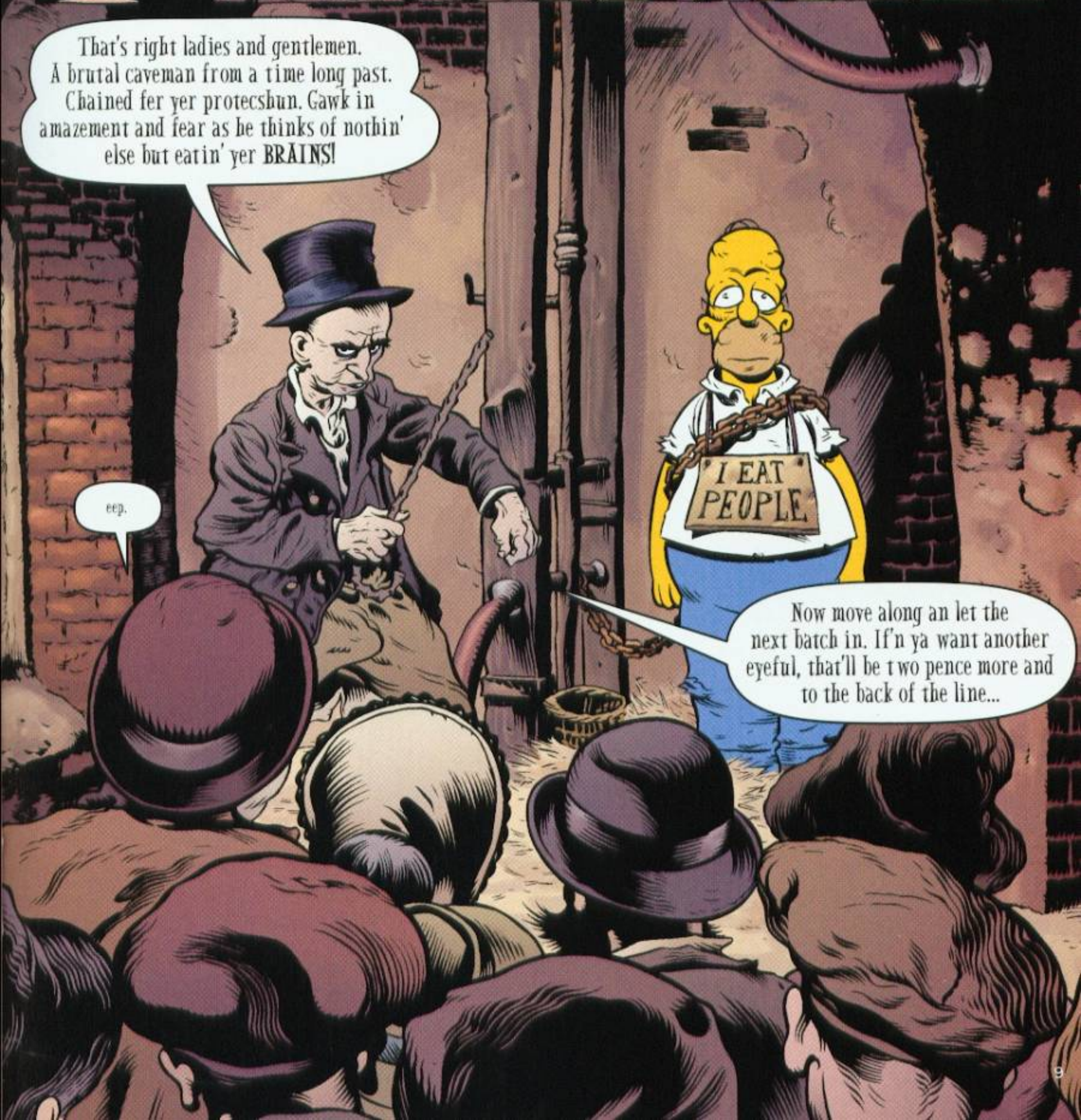
I can barely
stand ta look
at him.

Blimey!

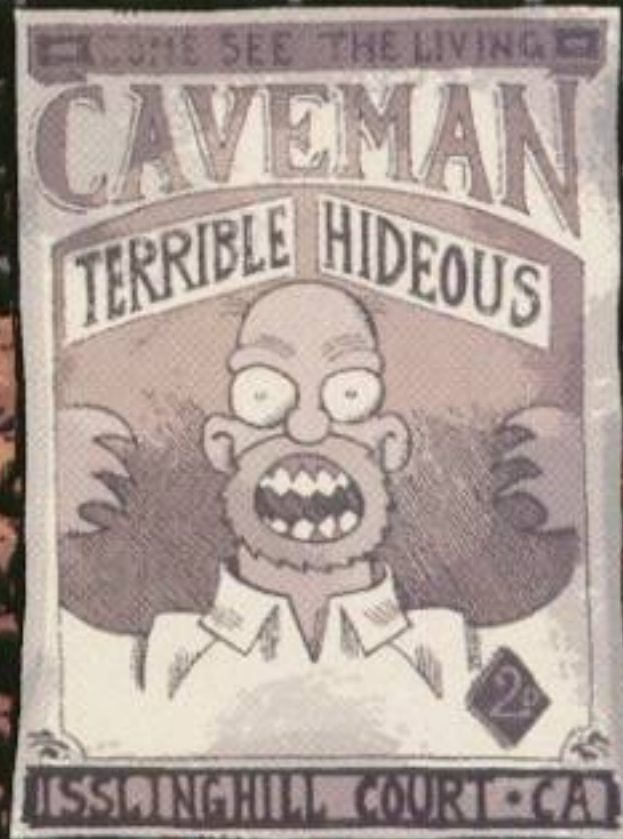
That's right ladies and gentlemen.
A brutal caveman from a time long past.
Chained fer yer protecsbun. Gawk in
amazement and fear as he thinks of nothin'
else but eatin' yer BRAINS!

eep.

Now move along an let the
next batch in. If'n ya want another
eyeful, that'll be two pence more and
to the back of the line...



"No pushin'...to the back of the line..."



Gentlemen,
thank you all
for coming.

I have a problem. A problem
that only your fine deductive minds
can help me solve. I don't have to tell
you that **SECRECY** is essential.

Something of mine
has gone missing. A
curious figure of a man
with yellow skin and
bulbous eyes...



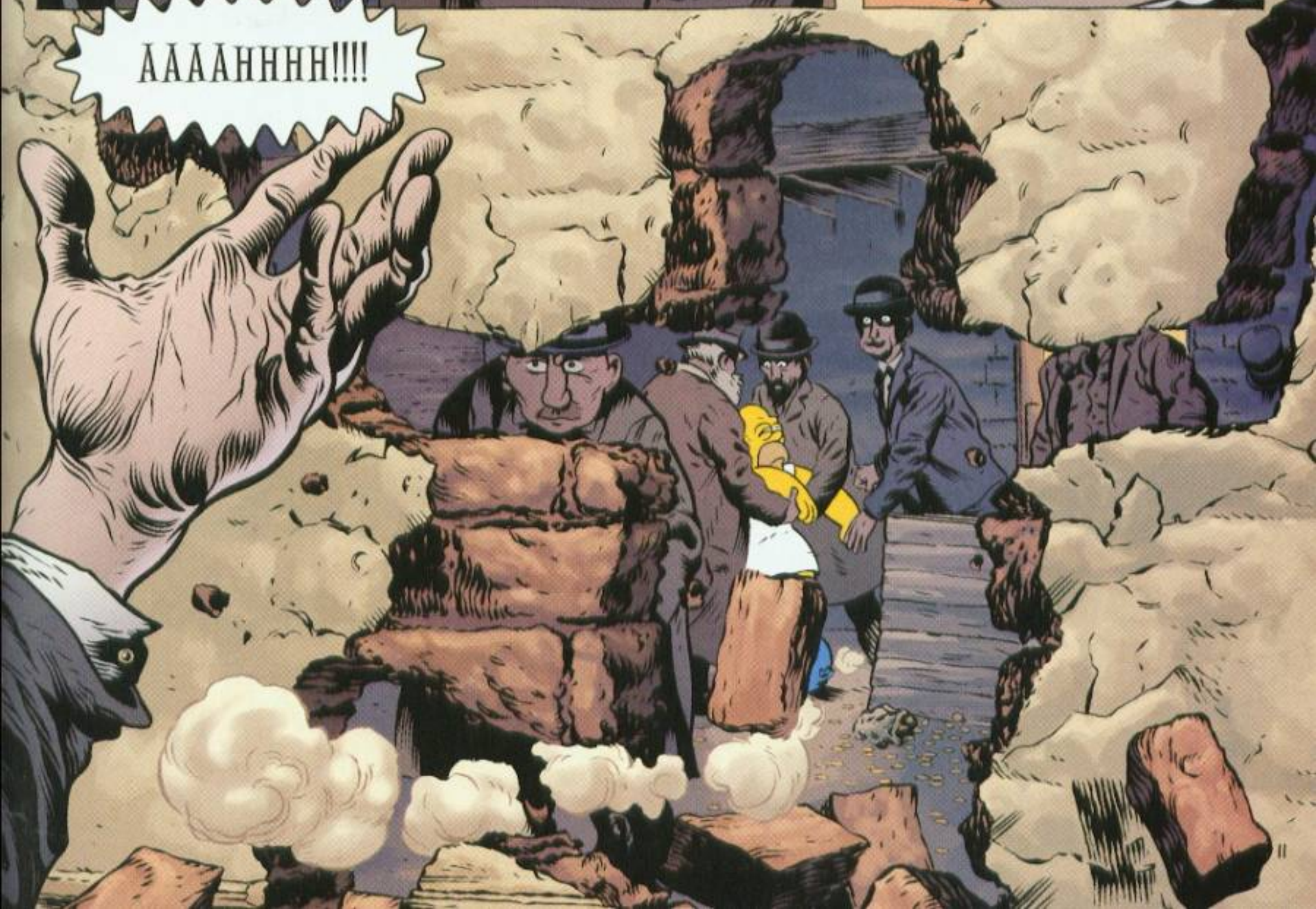
Aaahhh...

...Doctor?

Is that
the fellow in
question?

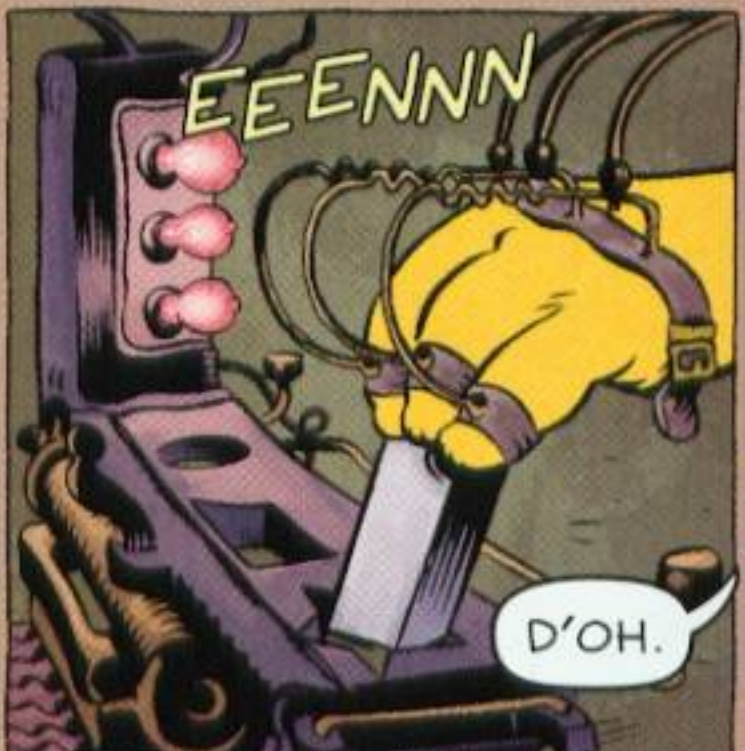
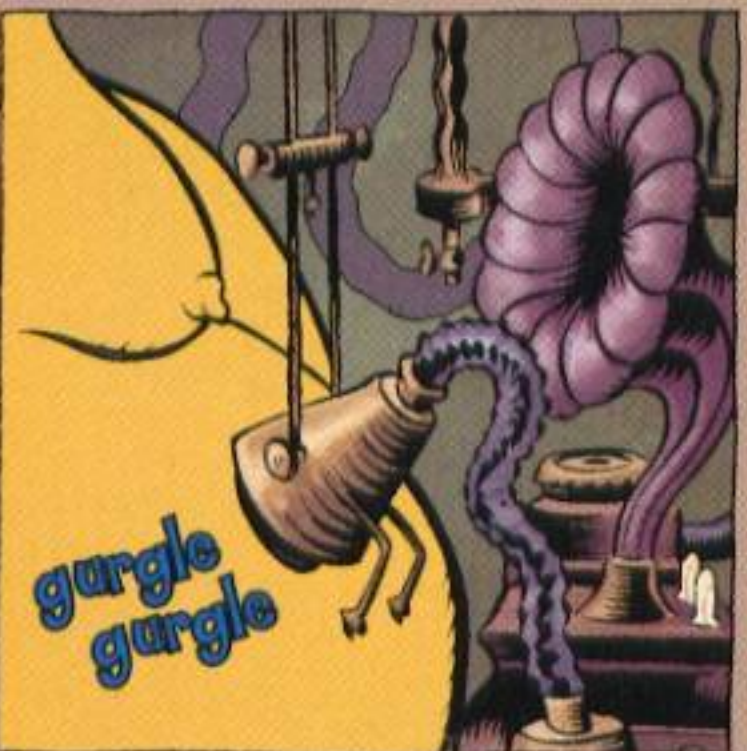
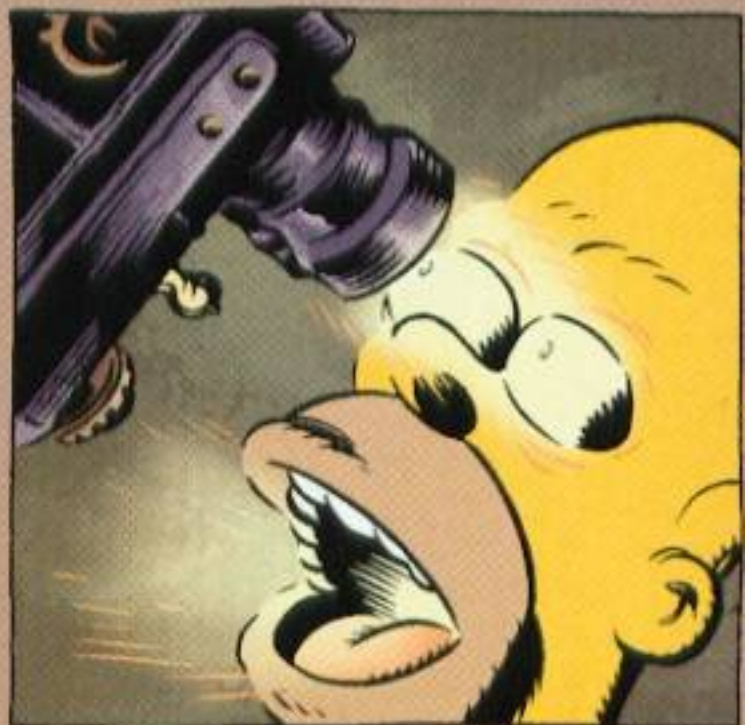
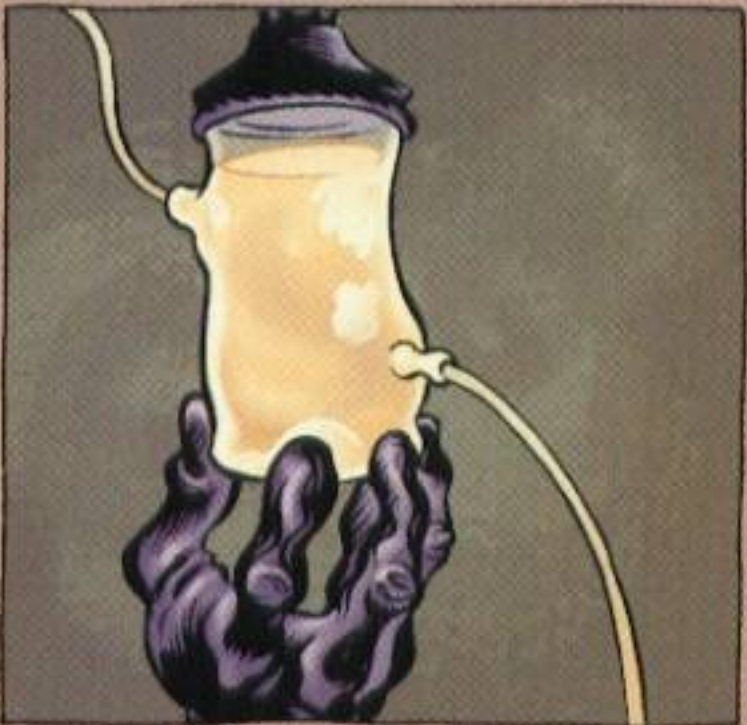
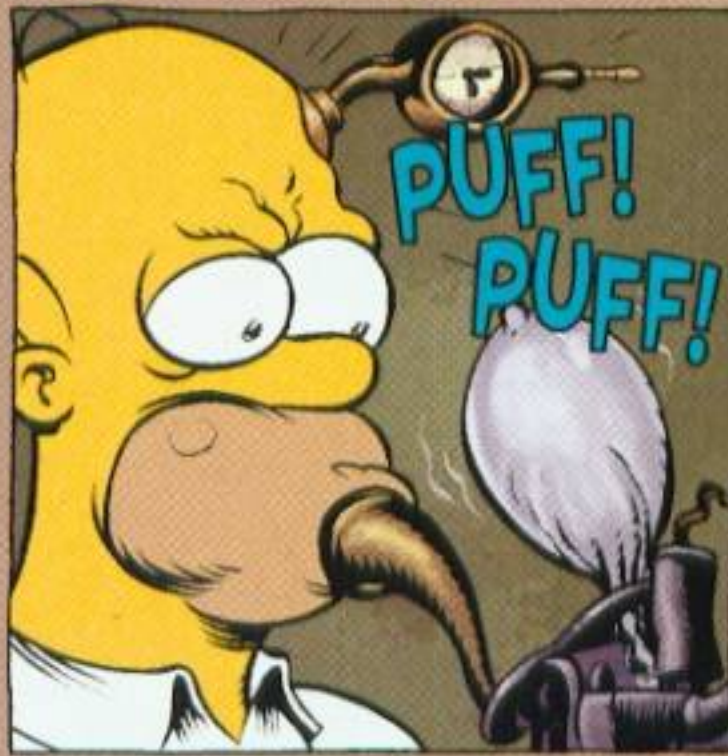
Gentlemen...
to Isslinghill
Court.






How fortunate for the Iceman that he was brought back to the University and, under the careful supervision of Doctor Lakebottom, allowed to heal both his physical and mental injuries.

And when he was well enough, the good doctor put his "find" through a barrage of tests. He was determined to prove his theory that man had indeed evolved from this ugly brute.





Are you quite sure doctor? Perhaps if we ran more tests.



No.

No more testing. I've exhausted every possible angle to prove my theories. I have to face facts...I was **WRONG**. He passed all the physical testing but his mental capabilities did not measure up. No, I'm afraid to say he is more dimwitted than a monkey, unable to pass even the most rudimentary tests.

I'll be **EATING CROW** on this one for awhile I'm afraid. I should have listened to my mother and become a lawyer.

And what do we do with the ugly yellow beast?

That has already been **TAKEN CARE OF**.

DEEP IN THE DARKEST
JUNGLES OF AFRICA.
Three months and another
long boatride later...

I say, Old Bean, are
you sure of this?

Quite sure, Henshaw.
The good doctor said that
our little "find" was nothing more
than a hairless ape and asked
that we dispose of it.

So I thought the wild
beasts of Africa might adopt
him as one of their own.

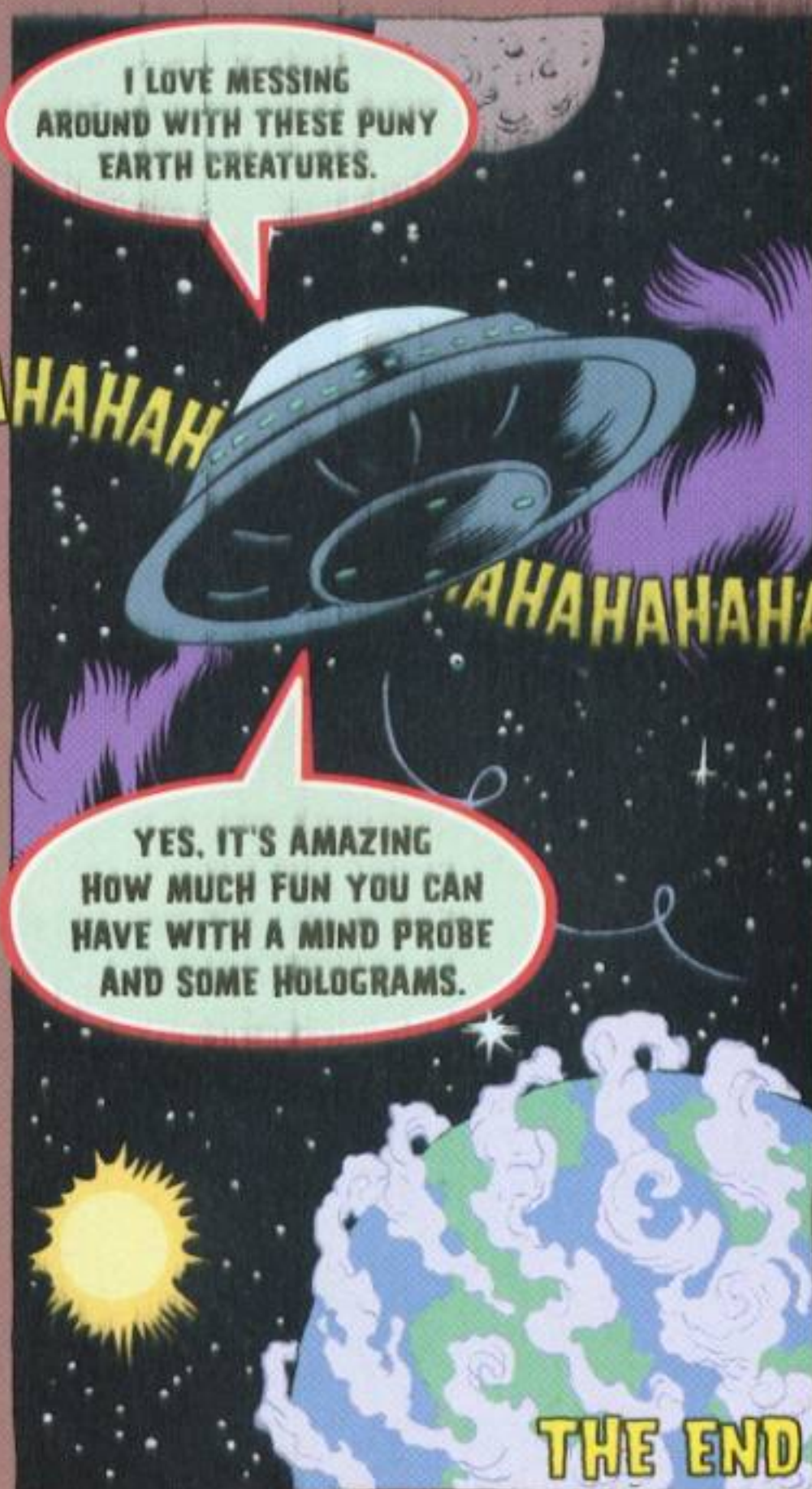
Sshhhhh...I see
some movement in
the bushes.

HEH,
MONKEYS.

SKRITCH!
SKRITCH!

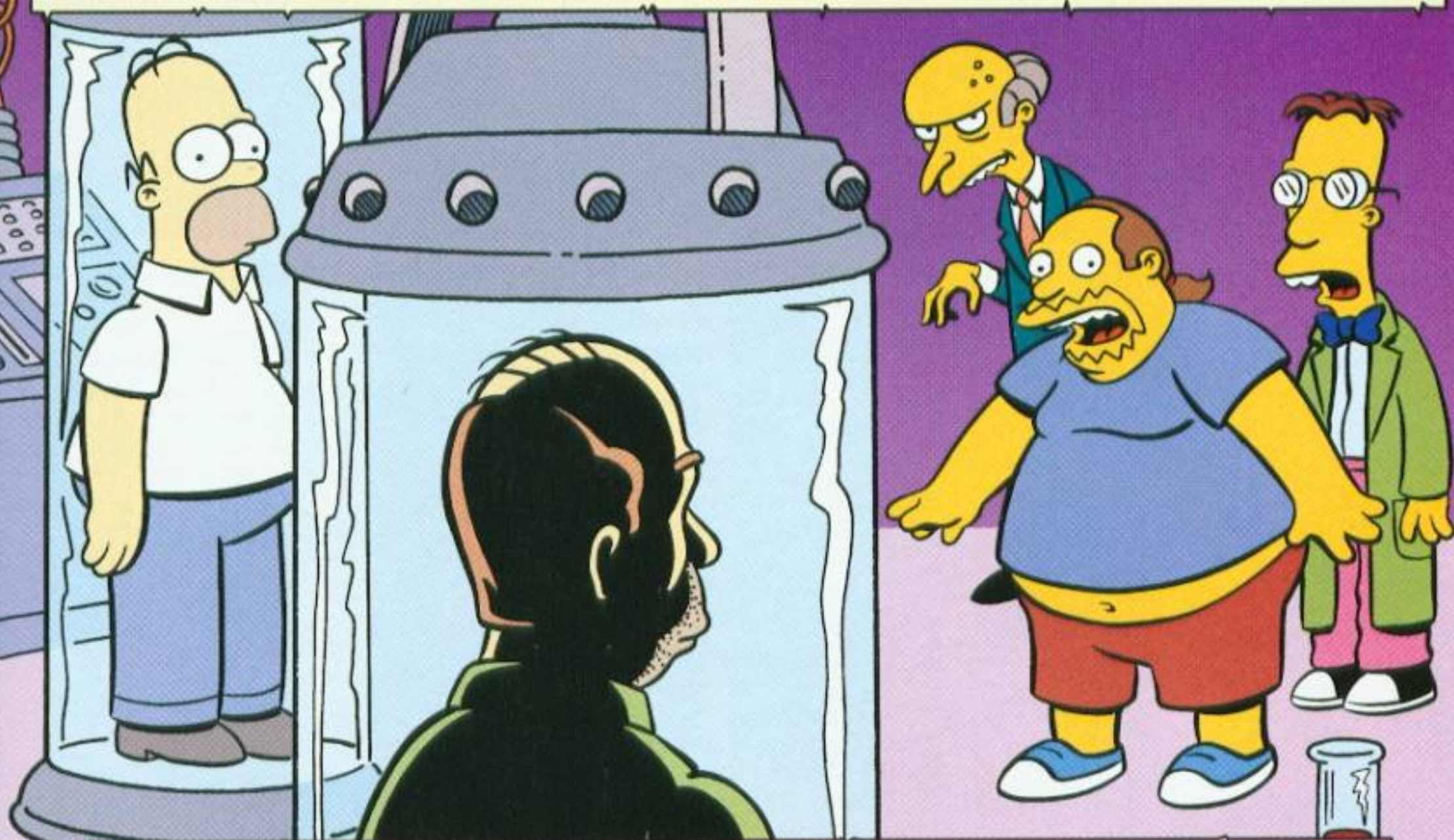
Hu, bu...
bu...

...Homer.



EVERYONE KNOWS THOSE DISTURBING DISTORTIONS OF SCIENCE...THE BERZERKOS! FOR YEARS YOU'VE THRILLED TO THE EXPLOITS OF THE GROTESQUE CREATURES WHO ARE IMPRECISE REPLICAS OF OUR USUAL LINE-UP OF CHARACTERS. BUT DID YOU EVER WONDER HOW IT ALL BEGAN? AT LAST! DUE TO POPULAR DEMAND, HERE'S THE SHOCKER THAT STARTED IT ALL! YOU'LL DOUBT YOUR SANITY WHEN YOU WITNESS THE...

CATASTROPHE in SUBSTITUTE SPRINGFIELDS!



STORY AM NOT BY: MARK "GREAT CEASAR'S GHOST" HAMILL
ART AM NOT BY: BACKWARD BILL MORRISON, JASON "BIZARRE" HO, MIKE "WRONG WAY" ROTE
COLORS AM NOT BY: ART "VILLAIN"UEVA LETTERING AM NOT BY: KAREN "BRAINIAK" BATES
DESTROYER OF WORLDS: ANTI-MATTER GROENING

OUR STORY BEGINS ON AN "ILLUSIONARY" NIGHT, WHICH MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE ACTUALLY HAPPENED, WITH THE COMIC BOOK GUY, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, ON A DATE!



A DATE WITH
DESTINY, THANK
YOU VERY MUCH!

AND
I'LL HANDLE
THE SNIDE
COMMENTS
IF YOU DON'T
MIND!

IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING, AT AN EERIE SECRET LABORATORY IN THE LESS-FREQUENTED SECTION OF TOWN, LAST MINUTE DOUBTS SET IN...

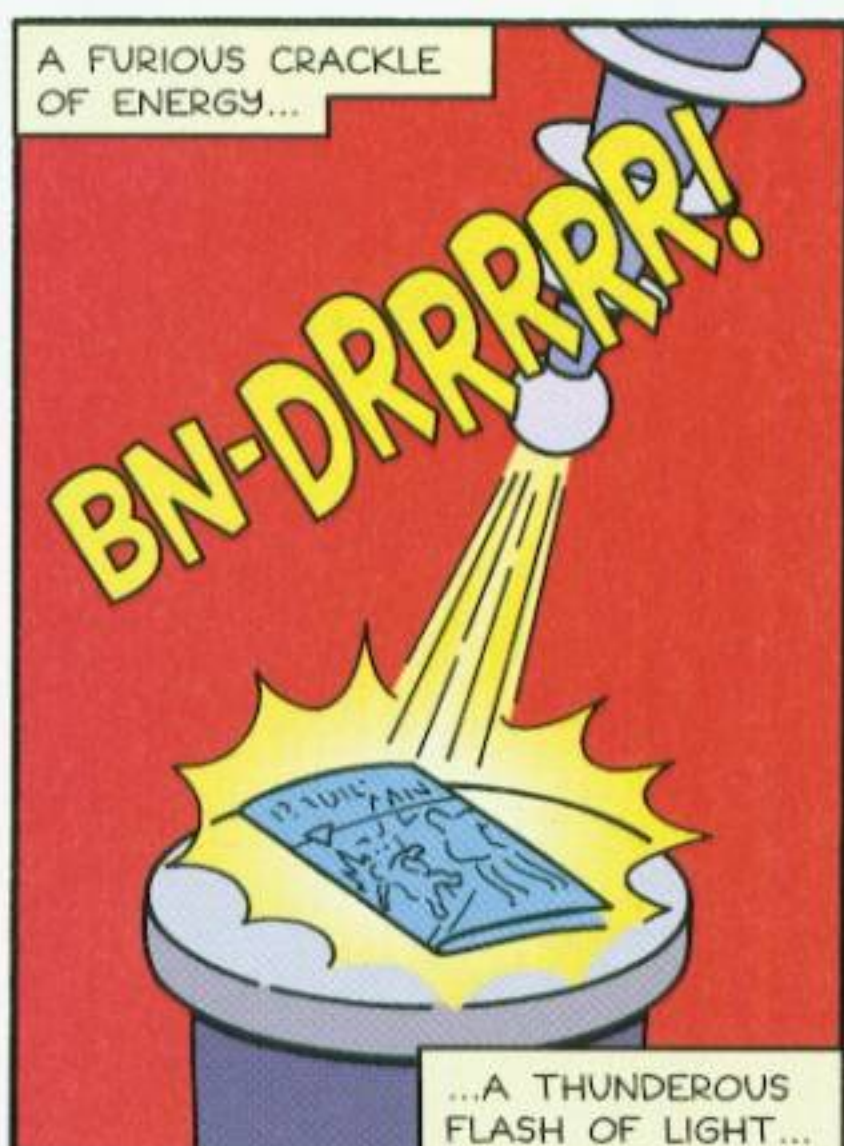


I ALWAYS
FORGET ABOUT
THESE FREAKIN'
STAIRS...

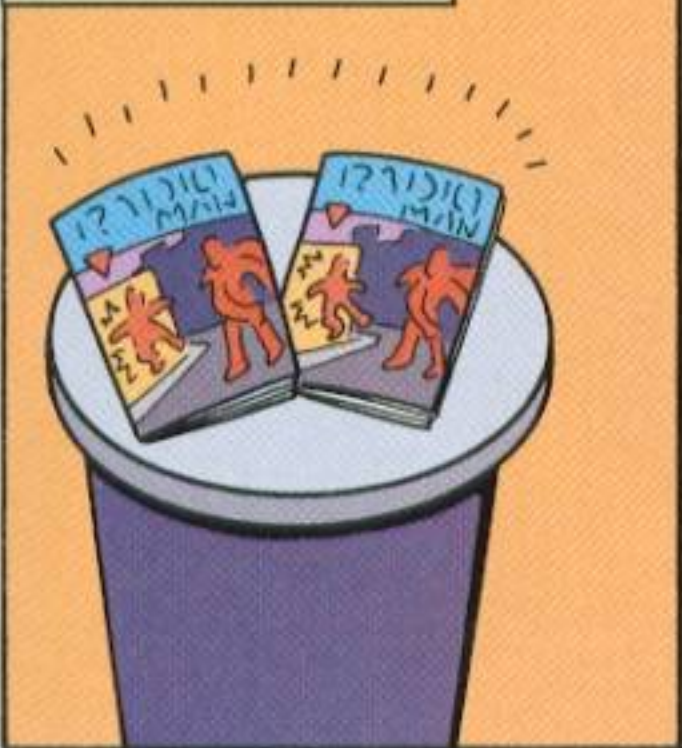
SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

FLAVIN!

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

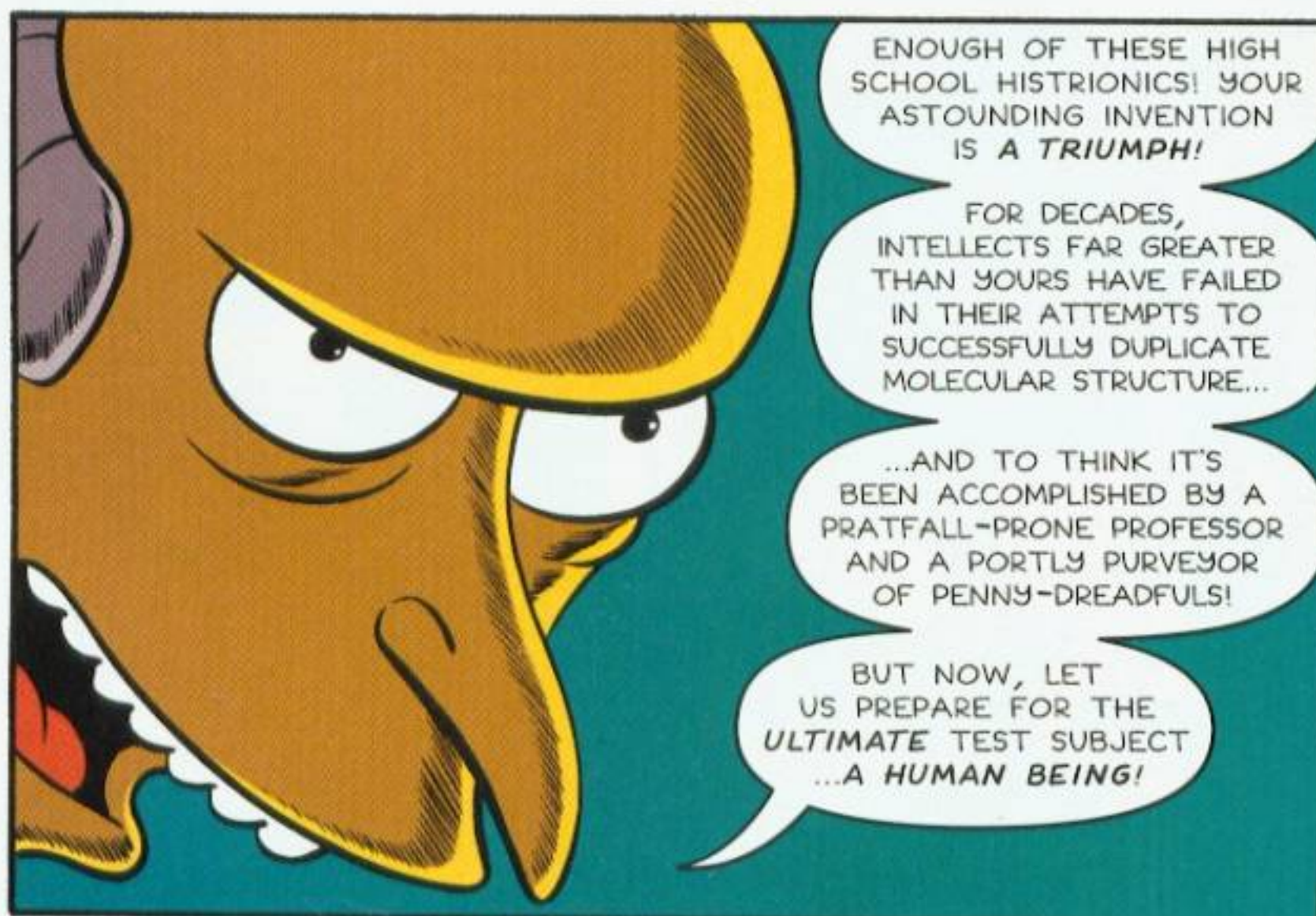
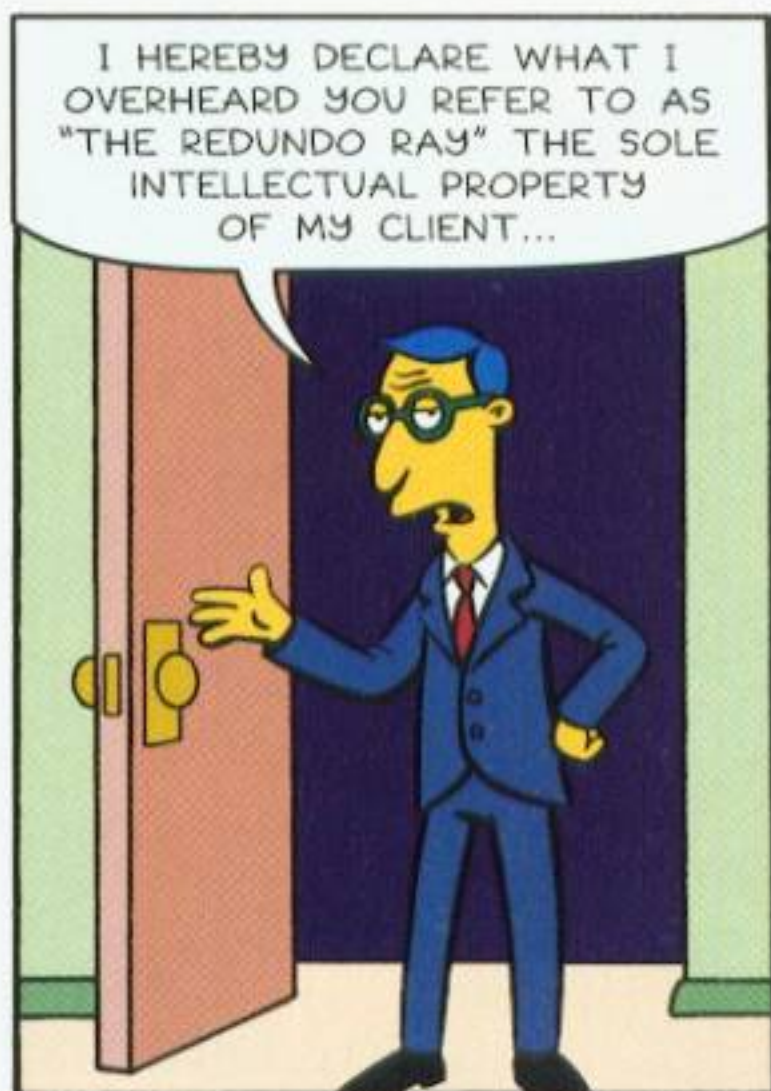


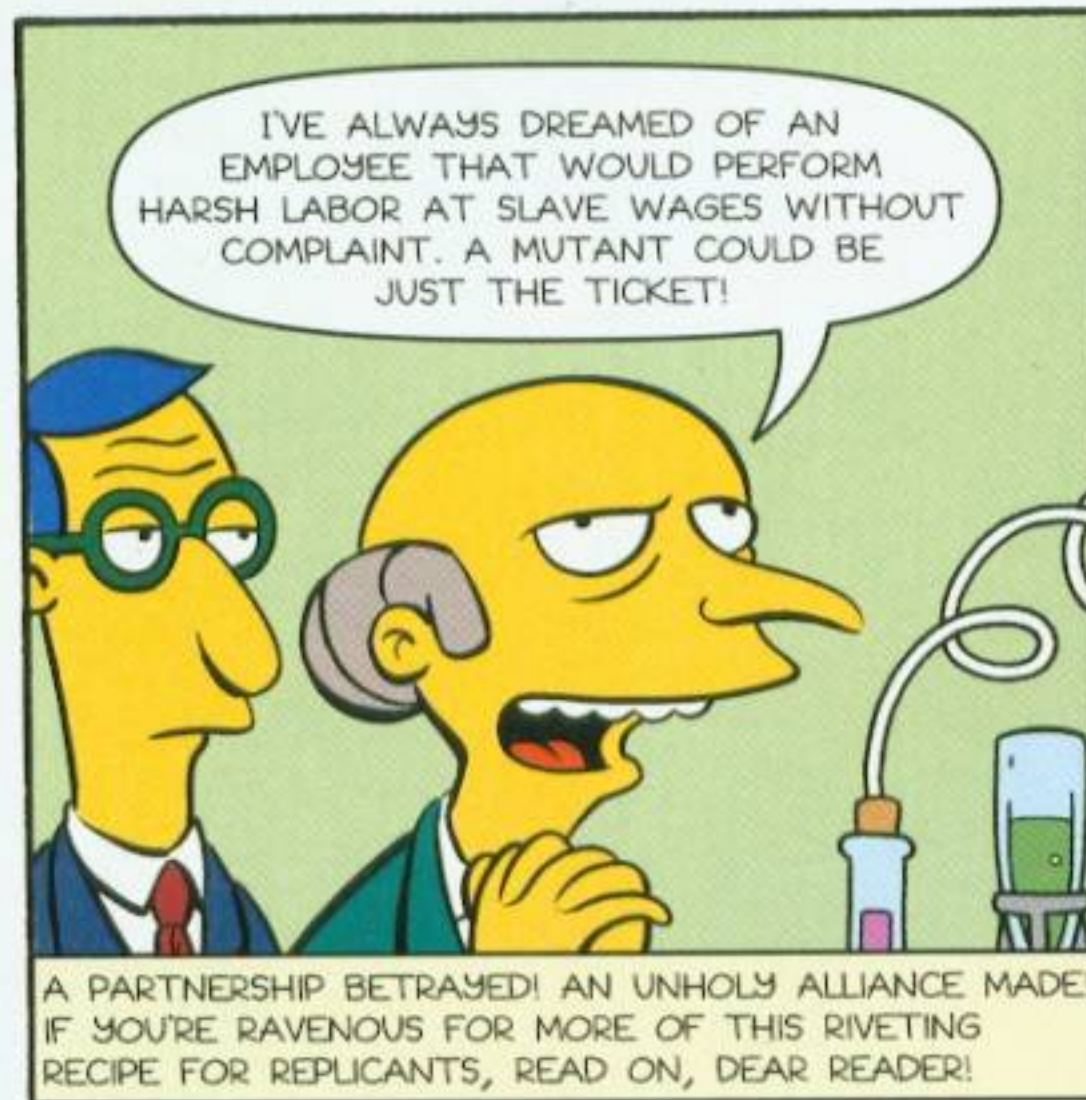
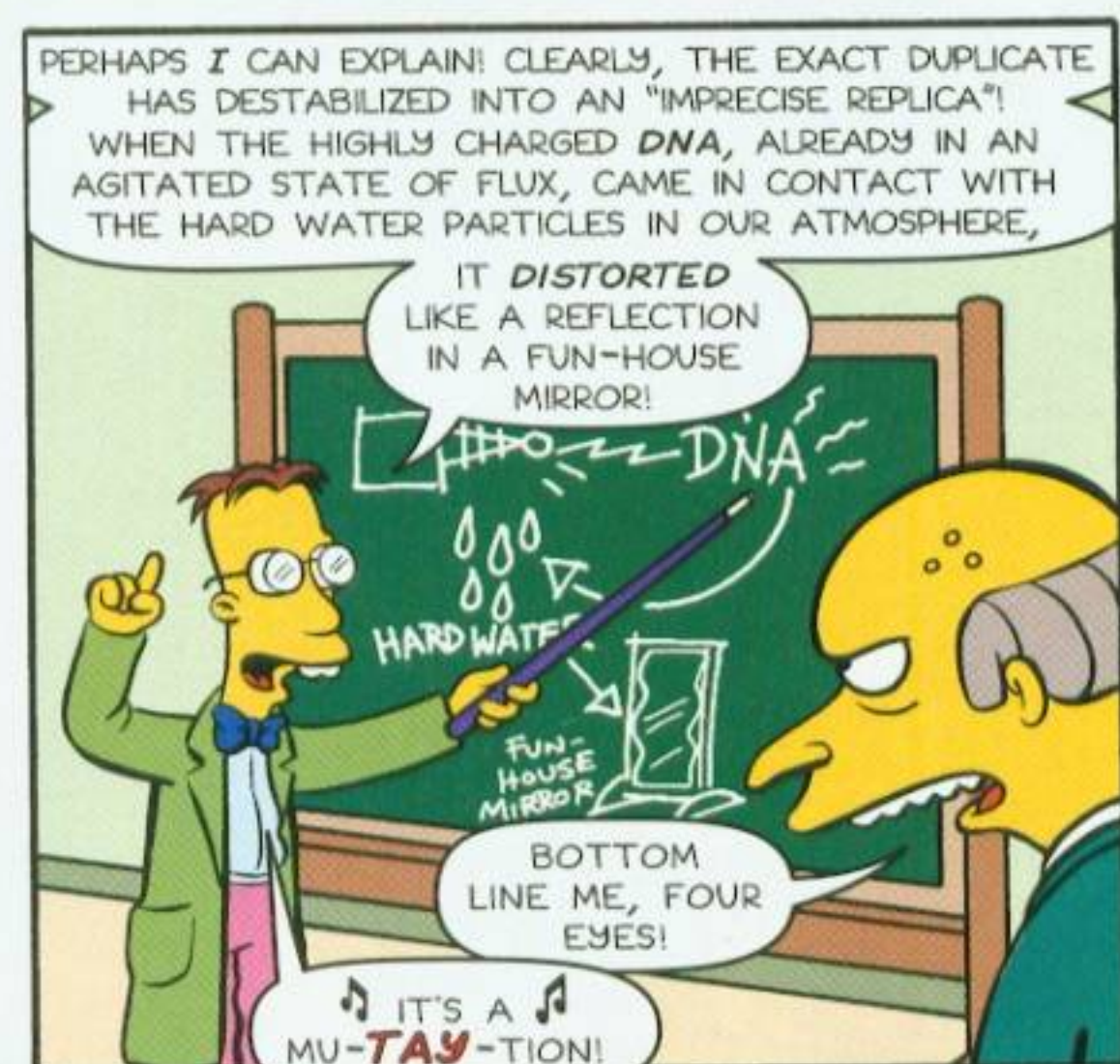
THERE IT WAS IN ALL ITS FOUR-COLOR GLORY--AN EXACT DUPLICATE! ITS COVER GLOSS AND LUSTER INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE ORIGINAL!

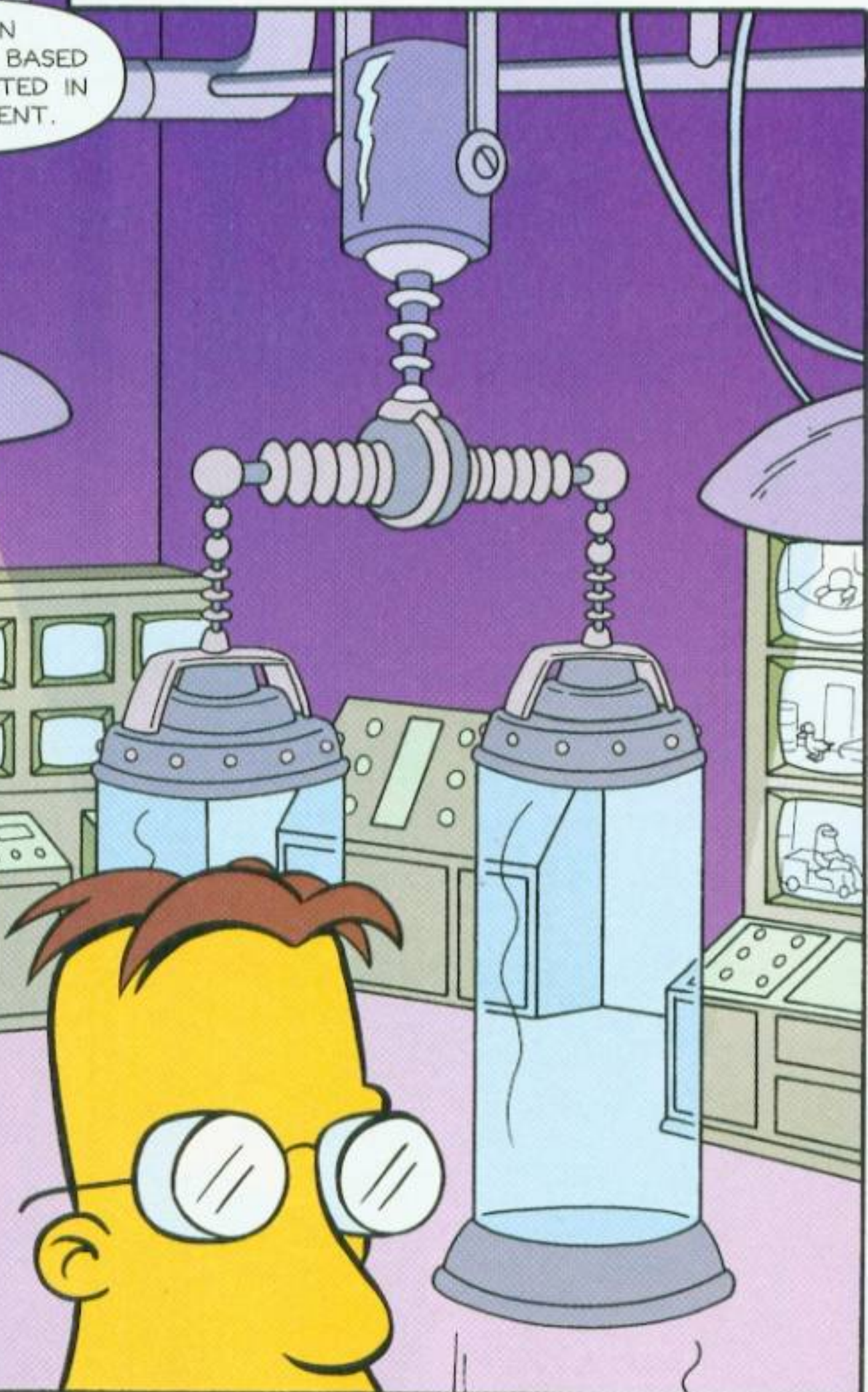
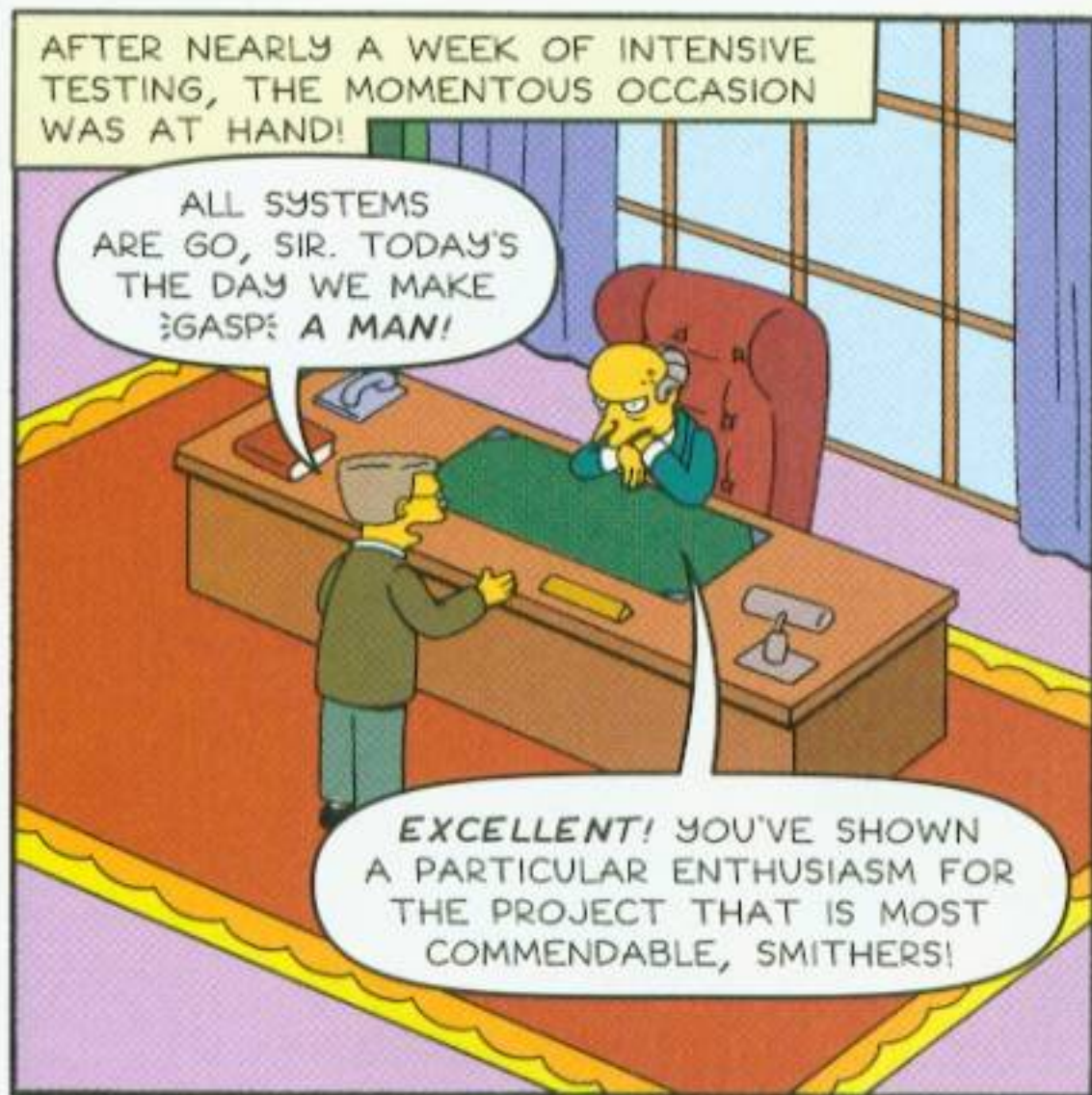


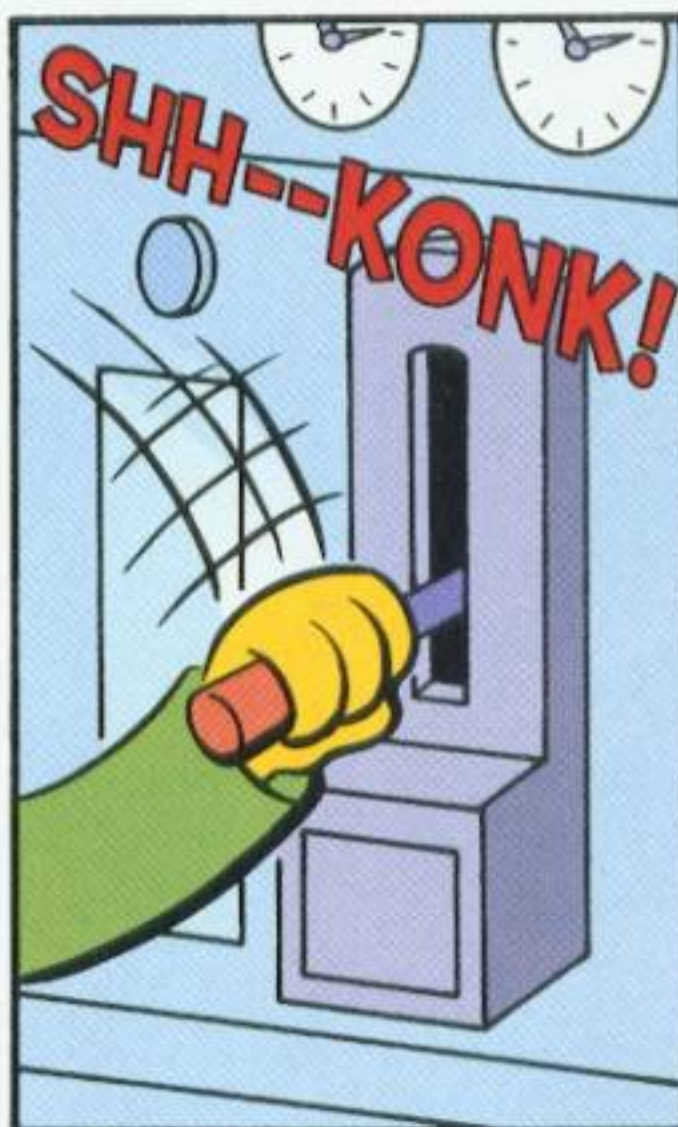
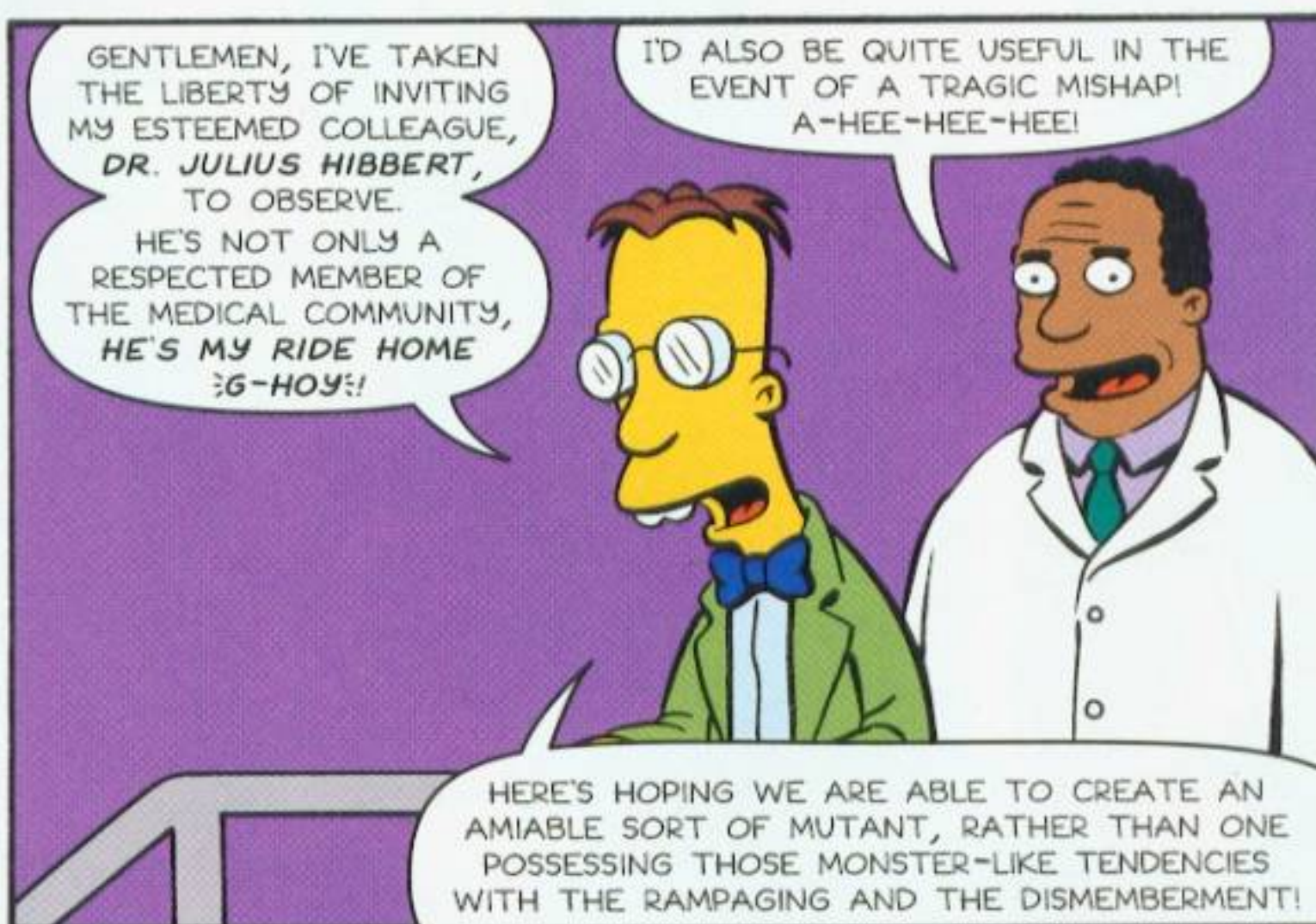
BOTH MEN WERE ELATED, OVERWHELMED AT THE RAMIFICATIONS OF THIS STRANGE DEVICE!











AS THEIR EYES ADJUSTED TO THE BLINDING FLASHES OF WHITE-HOT ENERGY, THERE STOOD AN ABSOLUTE CARBON COPY!

FAR BE IT FROM ME TO RUSH TO JUDGEMENT, BUT...*YECH!*

BOY...THAT GUY REALLY LET HIMSELF GO!

EF-HEY!

I PAID FOR *THIS?! SAME CRUDE CHARACTERISTICS...THE SAME REPULSIVE DEMEANOR...*

BRRRAAP!

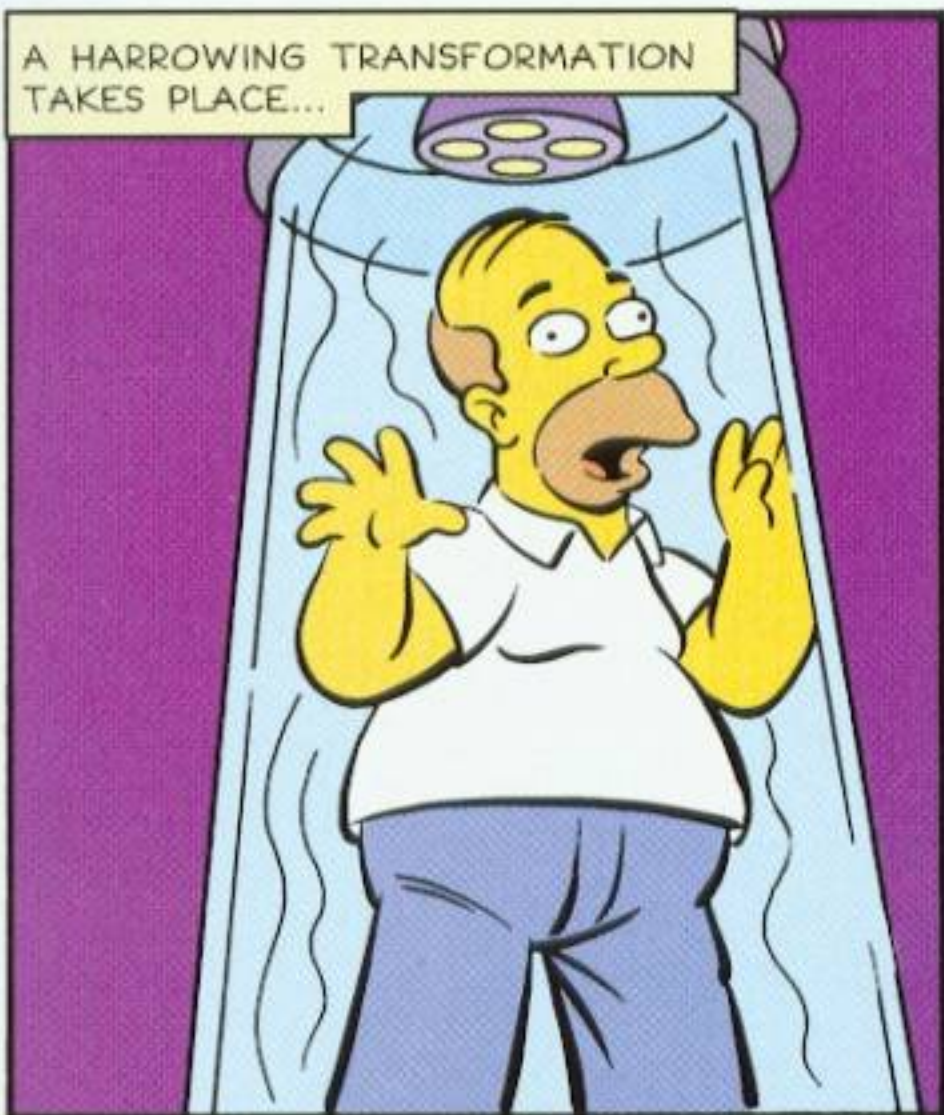
BEAR IN MIND, THIS IS ONLY *STAGE ONE*. IF YOU'LL ONLY BE PATIENT, I'M *SURE* SOMETHING WEIRD IS BOUND TO HAPPEN!

AND...AS IF IN MOCKING RESPONSE...

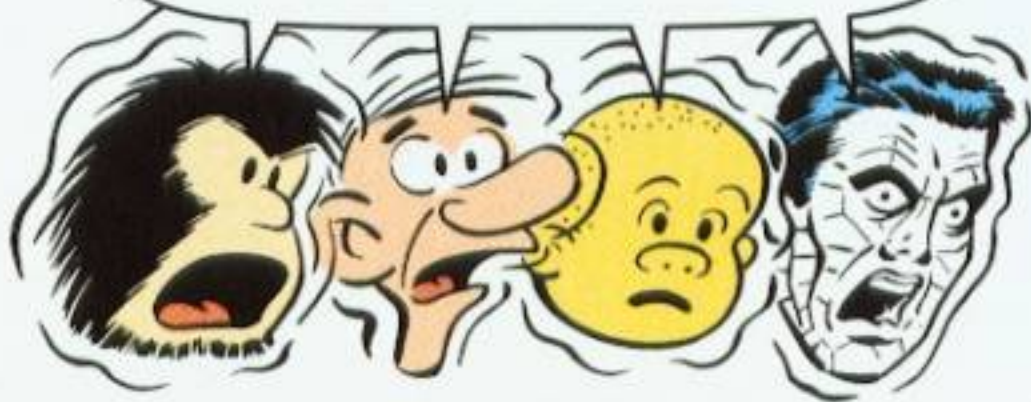
LOOK SIR, IT'S...*SHUDDER!* MORPHING!

LEAPIN' LYCANTHROPY!

A HARROWING TRANSFORMATION
TAKES PLACE...



W-WHAT'S...HAPPENING...TO...ME?!



B-HUH?!



THE CREATURE WAS BREATHTAKING TO BEHOLD!
HIS EYES BLAZING WITH RARE INTELLIGENCE, A
LOCK OF HAIR CURLING RAKISHLY DOWN HIS
FOREHEAD--HE STOOD LIKE A MAGNIFICENT
COLOSSUS ASTRIDE TWO WORLDS!

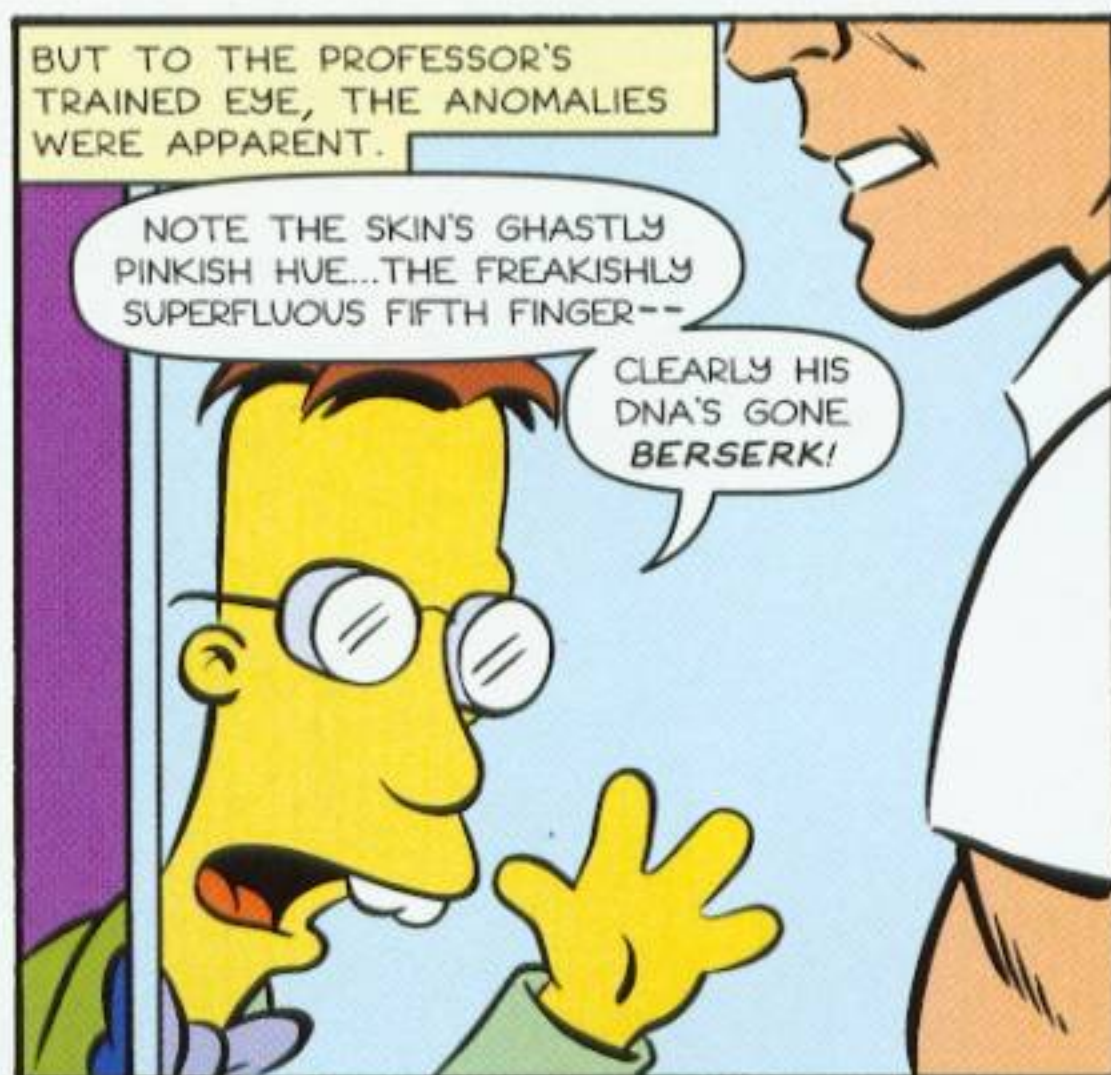


OH, SIR!
HE'S...HE'S...

O
H
H
H
H
H

DOCTOR, GET
THE SMELLING SALTS!
SMITHERS HAS FAINTED
DEAD AWAY!

BUT TO THE PROFESSOR'S
TRAINED EYE, THE ANOMALIES
WERE APPARENT.



NOTE THE SKIN'S GHASTLY
PINKISH HUE...THE FREAKISHLY
SUPERFLUOUS FIFTH FINGER--

CLEARLY HIS
DNA'S GONE
BERSERK!

YOU...UH...CALLED
ME -MUMBLE-
BERT-ZERKO? MUST
BE MY NAME!



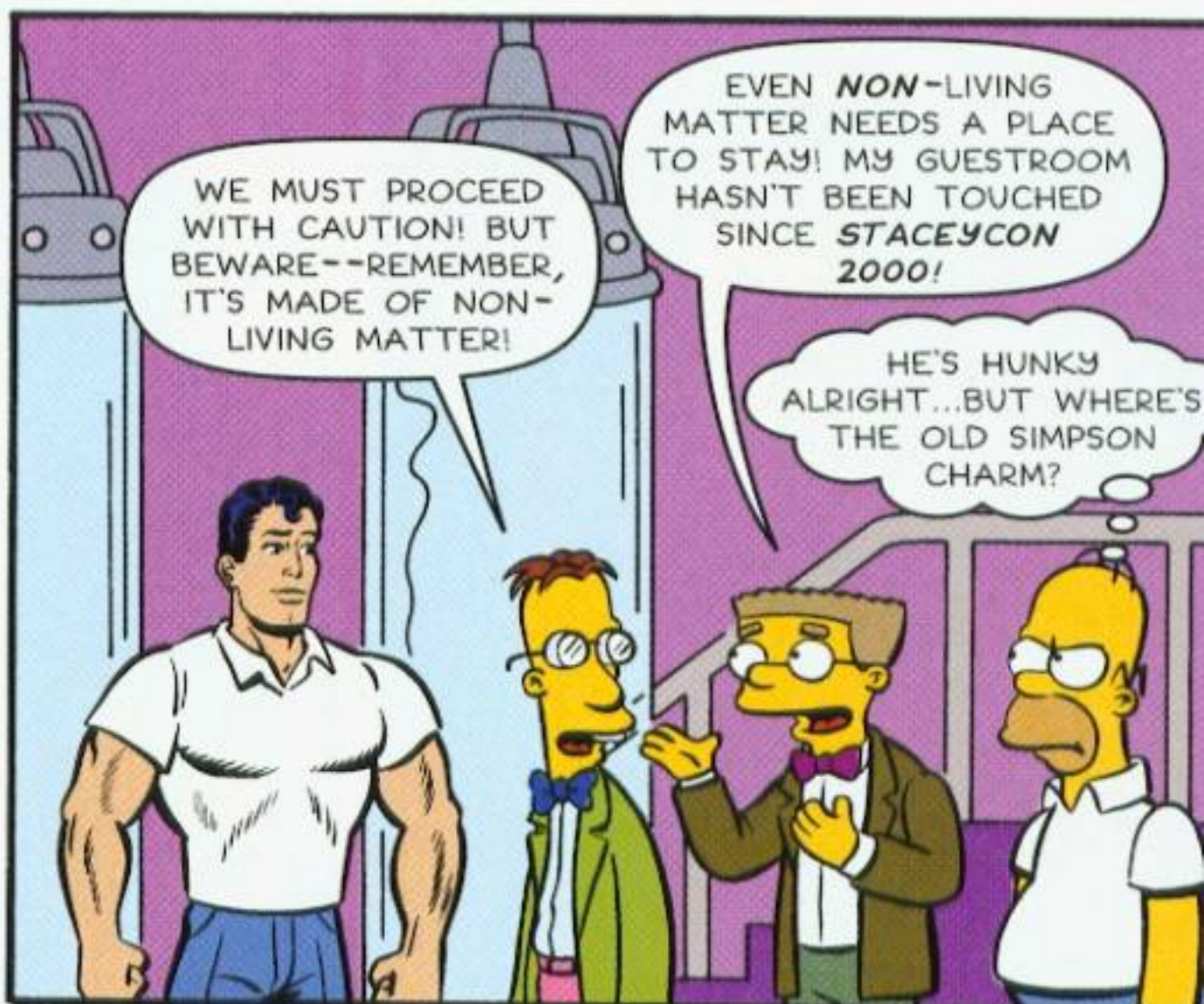
WITH A HISS OF STEAM,
THE CHAMBER DOORS
SWUNG OPEN...



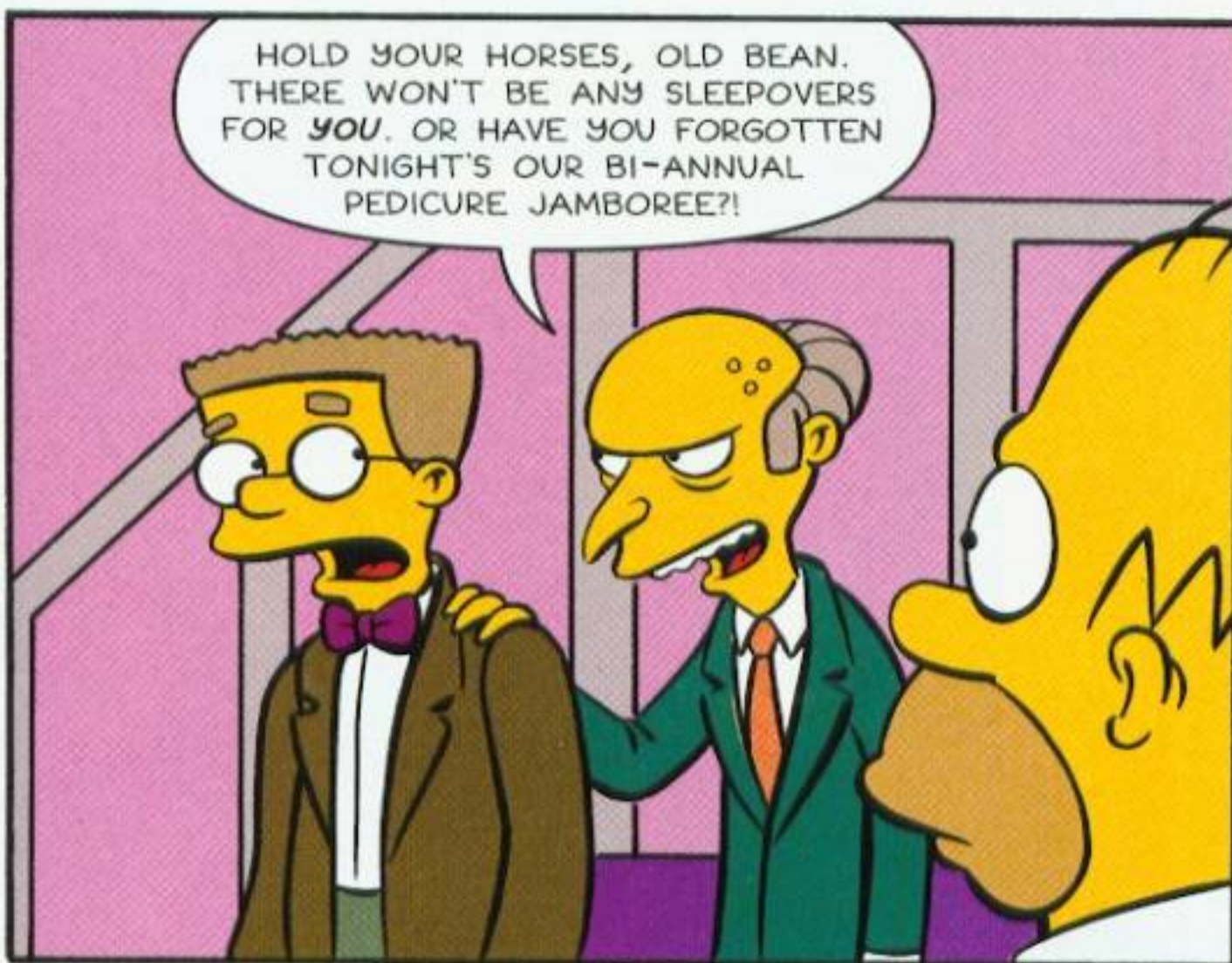
WE MUST PROCEED
WITH CAUTION! BUT
BEWARE--REMEMBER,
IT'S MADE OF NON-
LIVING MATTER!

EVEN **NON-LIVING**
MATTER NEEDS A PLACE
TO STAY! MY GUESTROOM
HASN'T BEEN TOUCHED
SINCE **STACEYCON**
2000!

HE'S HUNKY
ALRIGHT...BUT WHERE'S
THE OLD SIMPSON
CHARM?



HOLD YOUR HORSES, OLD BEAN.
THERE WON'T BE ANY SLEEPOVERS
FOR **YOU**. OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN
TONIGHT'S OUR BI-ANNUAL
PEDICURE JAMBOREE?!



INSTINCTIVELY, THE BOGUS BEING
BEGAN TO BOND WITH HOMER!

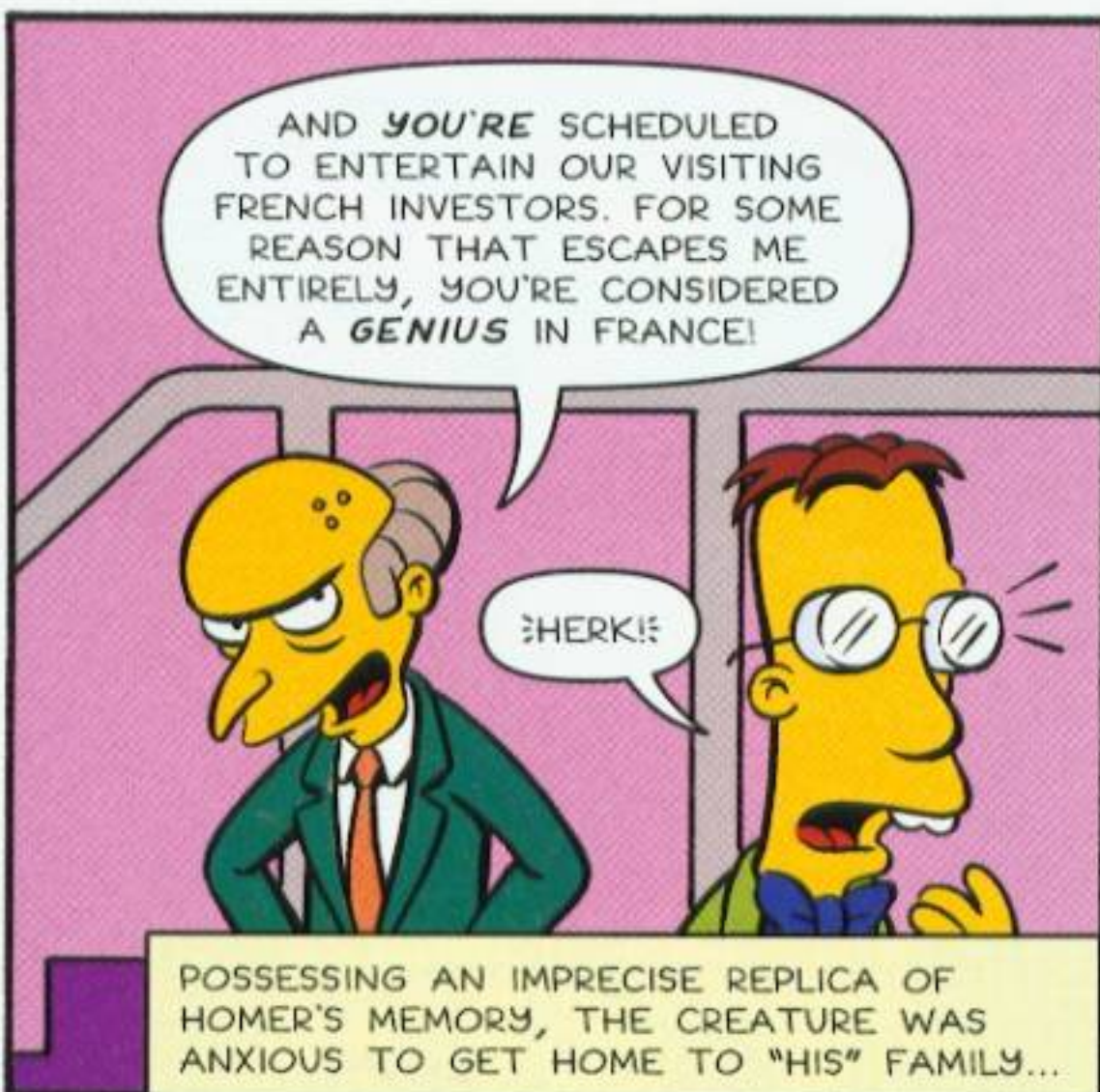
HOW ABOUT
IT? LETS YOU AND
ME BE **PALS**!

AWWW! I CAN'T
SHUN HIM JUST
BECAUSE HE'S
DIFFERENT!



AND **YOU'RE** SCHEDULED
TO ENTERTAIN OUR VISITING
FRENCH INVESTORS. FOR SOME
REASON THAT ESCAPES ME
ENTIRELY, YOU'RE CONSIDERED
A **GENIUS** IN FRANCE!

HERK!



POSSESSING AN IMPRECISE REPLICA OF
HOMER'S MEMORY, THE CREATURE WAS
ANXIOUS TO GET HOME TO "HIS" FAMILY...

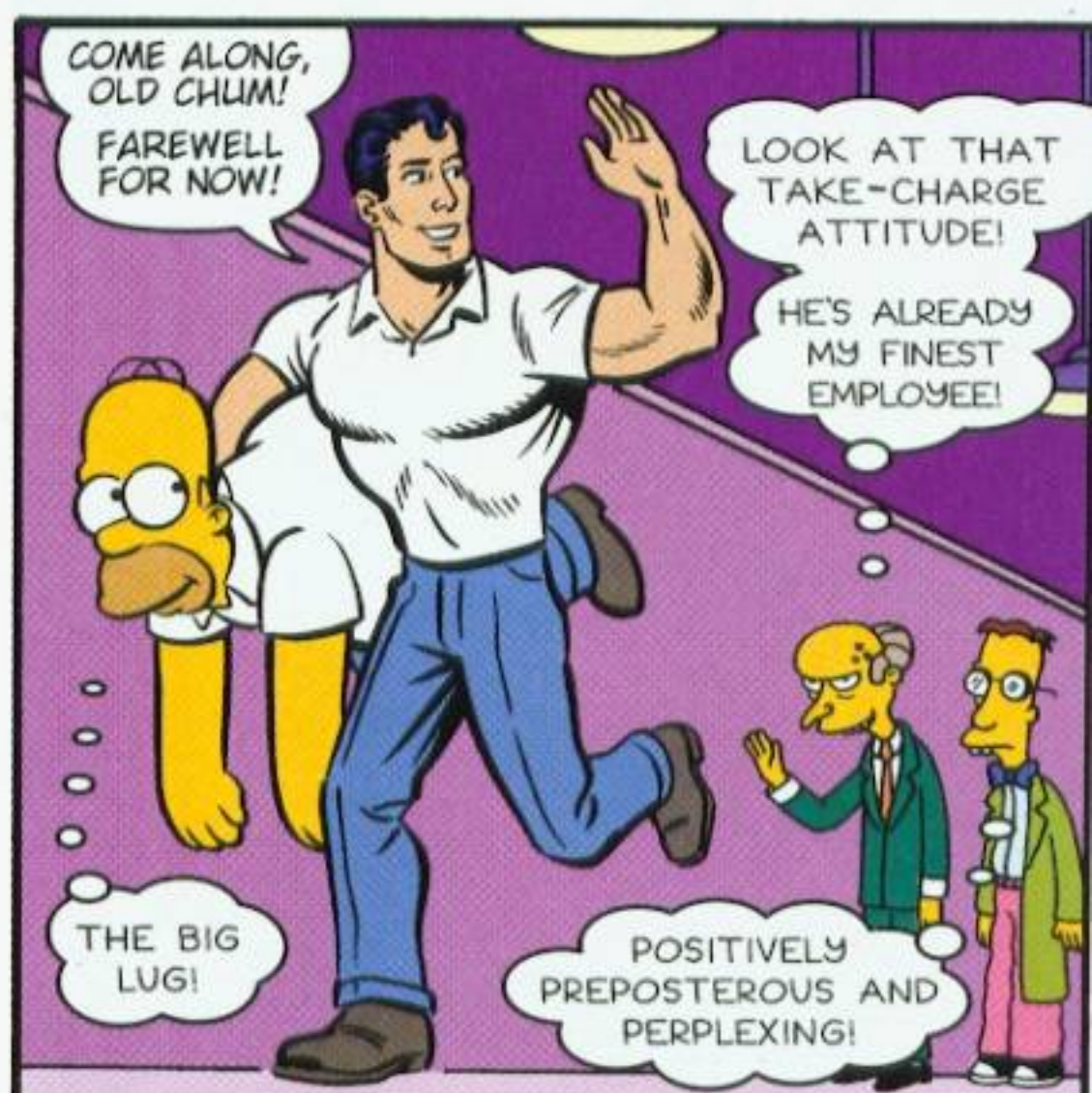
COME ALONG,
OLD CHUM!
FAREWELL
FOR NOW!

LOOK AT THAT
TAKE-CHARGE
ATTITUDE!

HE'S ALREADY
MY FINEST
EMPLOYEE!

THE BIG
LUG!

POSITIVELY
PREPOSTEROUS AND
PERPLEXING!



CHAOS REIGNS WHEN HOMER BRINGS HOME AN UNINVITED HOUSEGUEST! CHILLS, LAUGHS AND LUMP-IN-YOUR-THROAT PATHOS AWAIT YOU WHEN "A FAMILY GOES BERZERK-D'OH!", IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING!

THAT NIGHT AT THE SIMPSON DINNER TABLE, AFTER A LENGTHY EXPLANATION...

SO TO RECAP, HE'S 29...SINGLE BUT LOOKING, WE'RE KINDA RELATED **AND** HE'S FROM A TOP-SECRET PROJECT DOWN AT WORK I'M NOT ALLOWED TO TALK ABOUT SO DON'T ASK ME.

NOW, CAN WE PLEASE WATCH SOME TV?



QUIETLY, FROM THE SHADOWS, BERT OBSERVED A TYPICAL SIMPSON'S EVENING AT HOME.

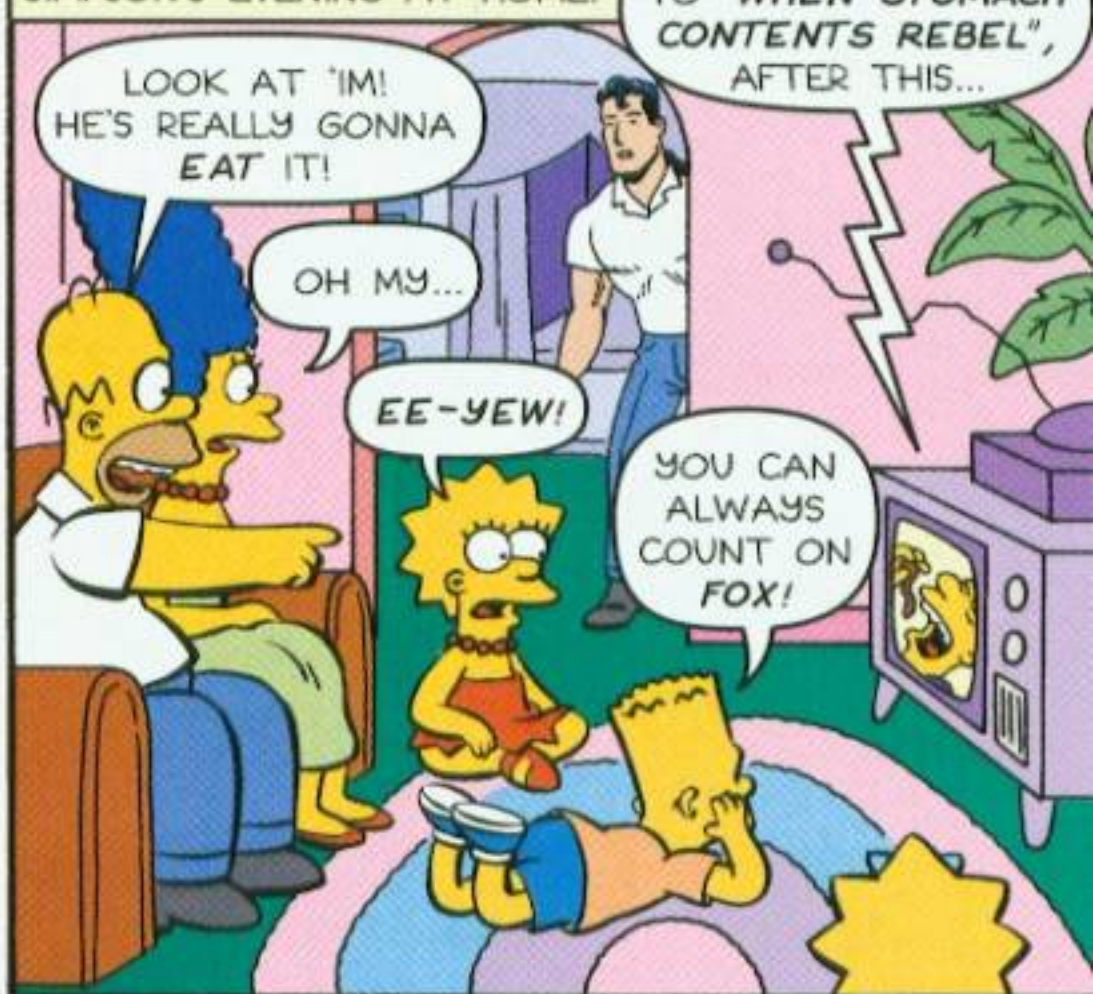
LOOK AT 'IM! HE'S REALLY GONNA EAT IT!

OH MY...

EE-YEW!

WE'LL RETURN TO "WHEN STOMACH CONTENTS REBEL", AFTER THIS...

YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON FOX!



WITNESSING THIS TOUCHING TABLEAU WAS ALMOST MORE THAN THE POOR MISFIT OF SCIENCE COULD BEAR...

YEAH :SIGH: NOT LIKE THE BOY.

NIGHT, NIGHT, MAGGIE...YOU'RE A LITTLE ANGEL.



WITH THE CREATURE'S RAPIDLY EXPANDING CONSCIOUSNESS CAME A PROFOUND SENSE OF SOLITUDE AND LONELINESS!

DON'T ->CHOKE!<- BELONG HERE! TRAPPED IN A SPRINGFIELD I NEVER MADE...I'LL ALWAYS BE ->SNIFF!<- DIFFERENT! MUST...RESIST...WEEPING OPENLY! BLUBBERING WILL GET ME NOWHERE...I MUST TAKE ACTION!



IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, PERHAPS 45 TO 50 MINUTES LATER, BUT CERTAINLY IN LESS THAN AN HOUR...

IT'S THE ONLY WAY!

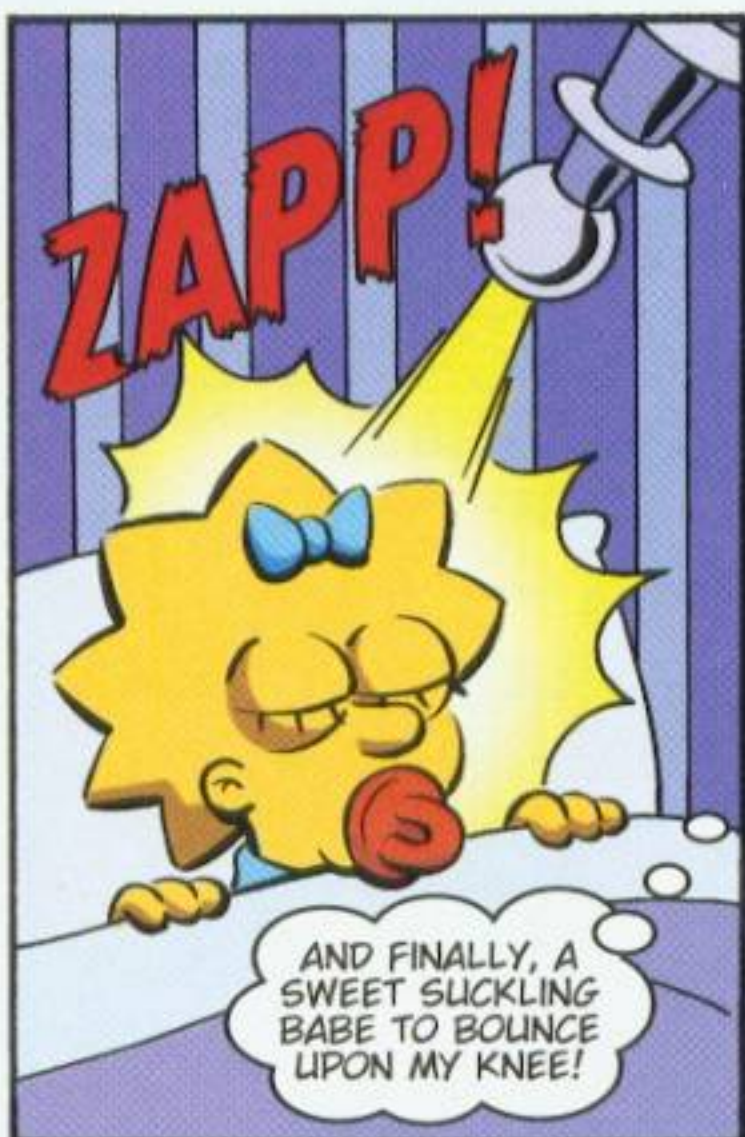
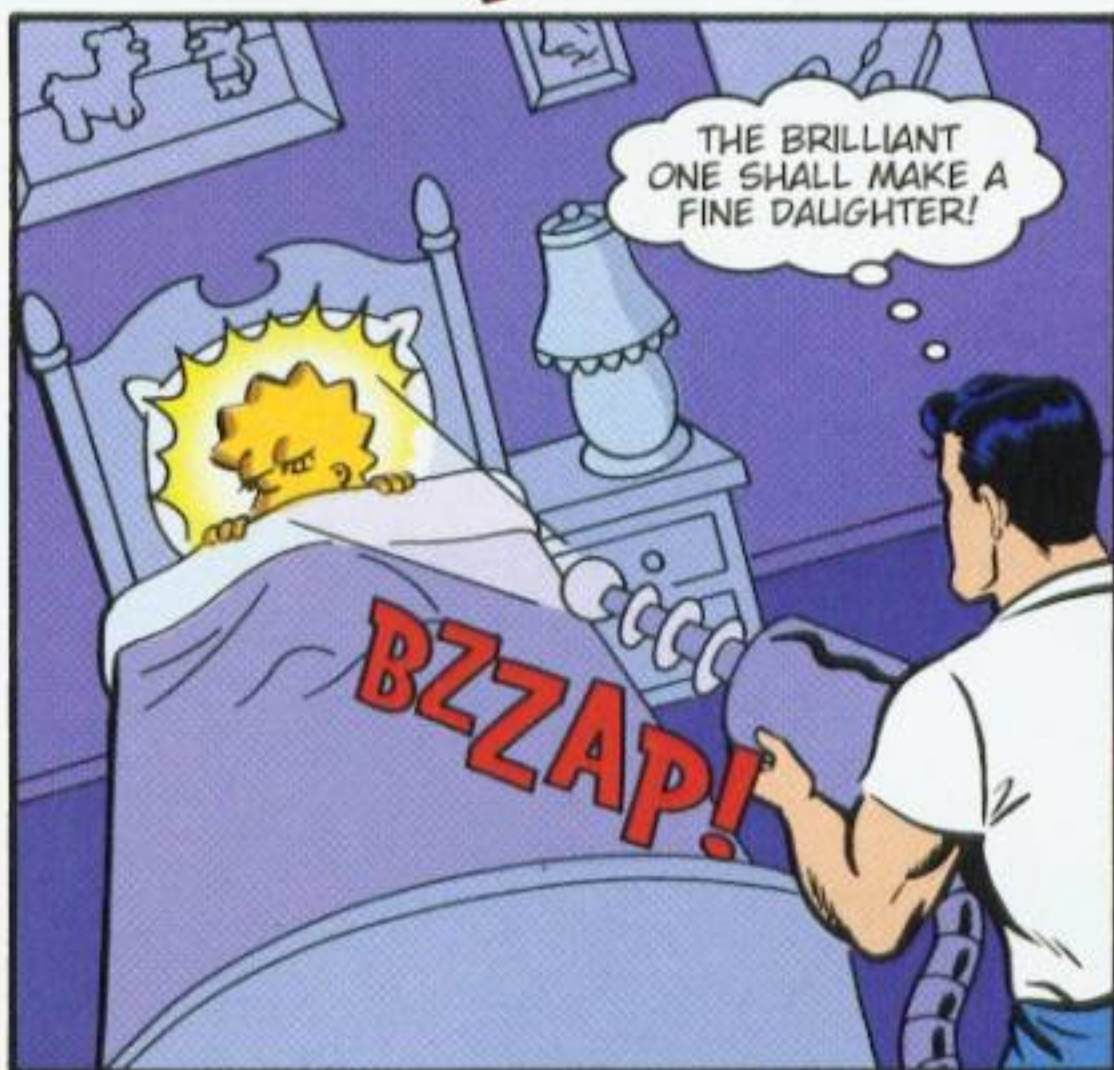
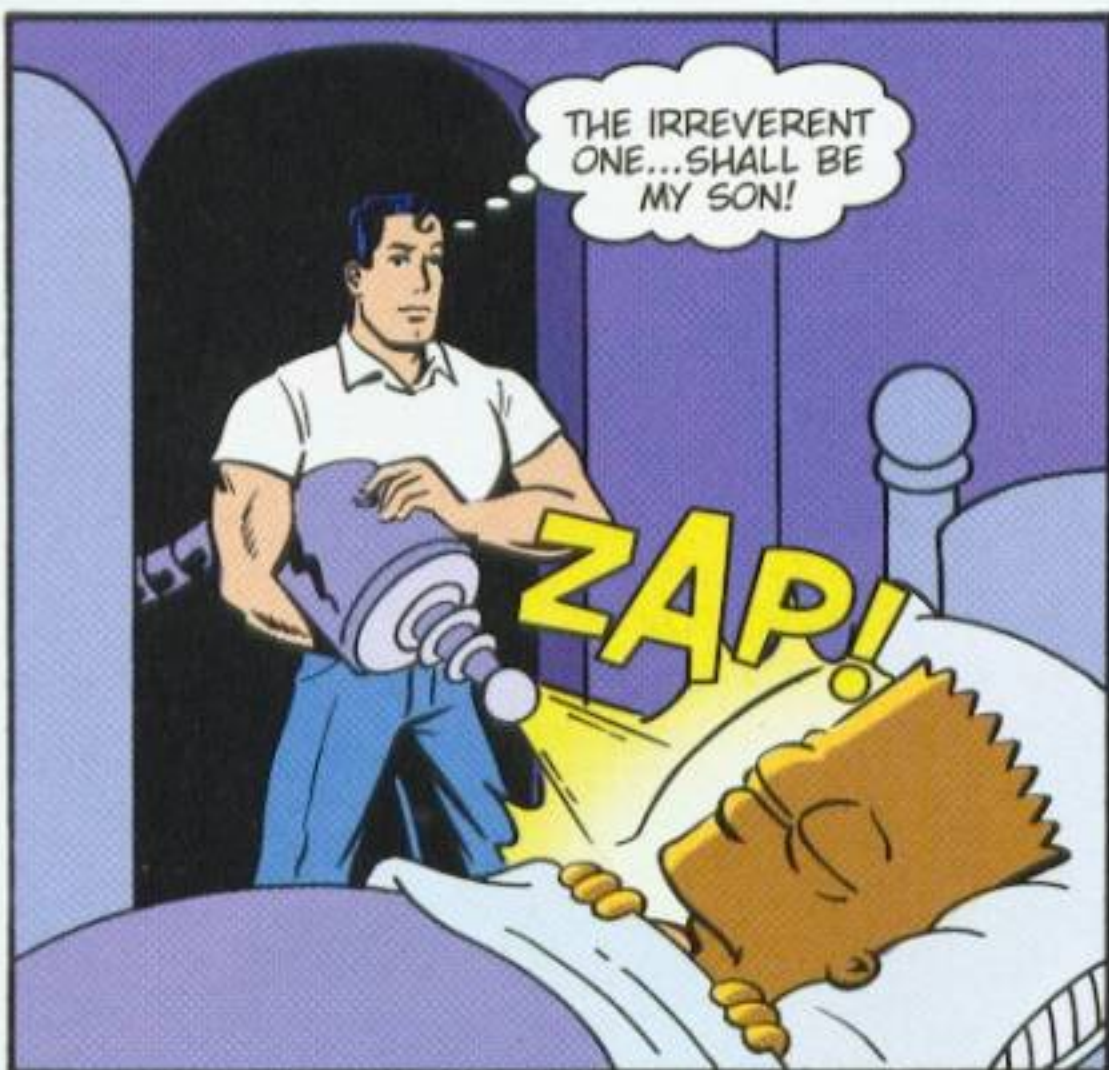


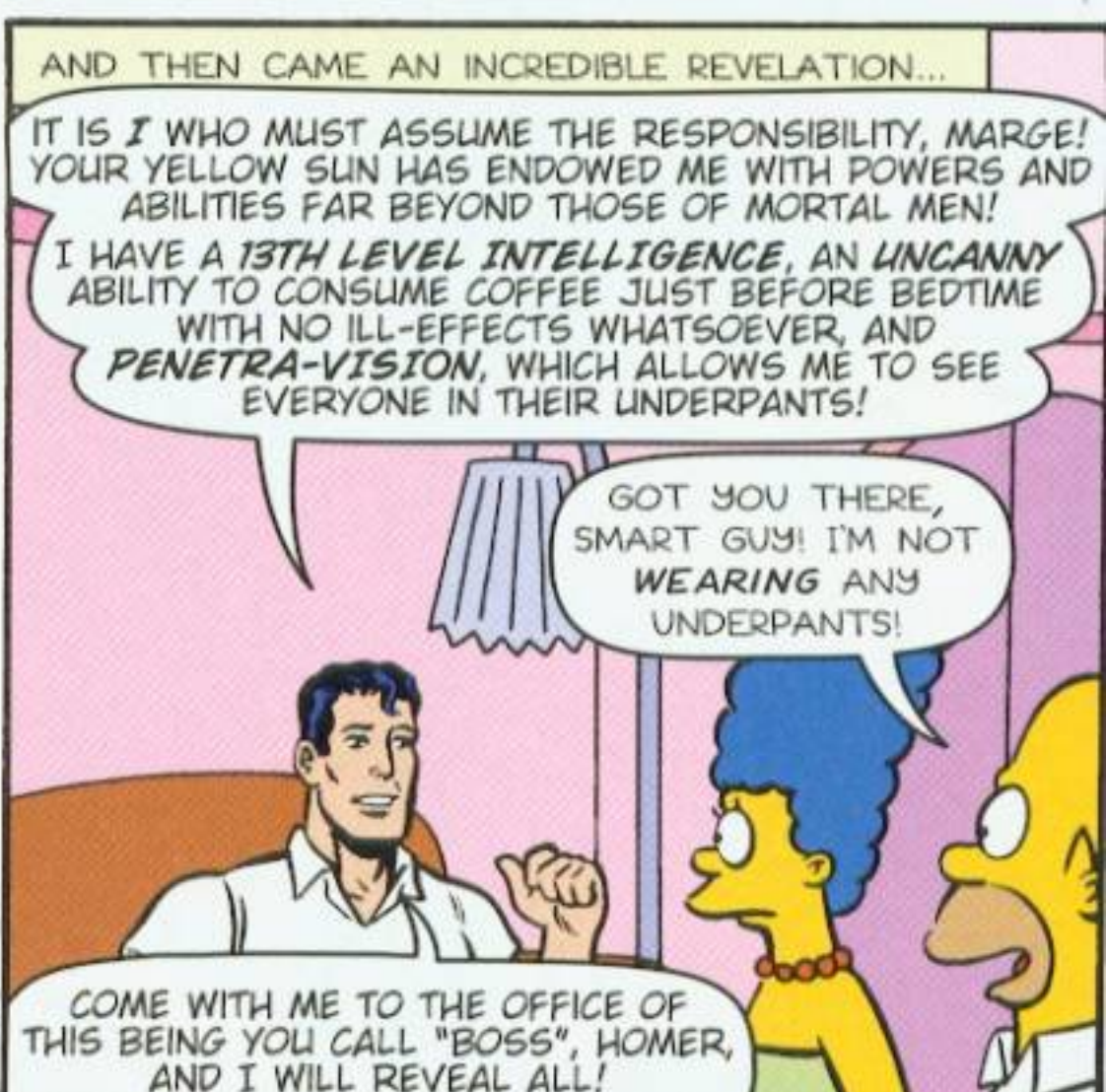
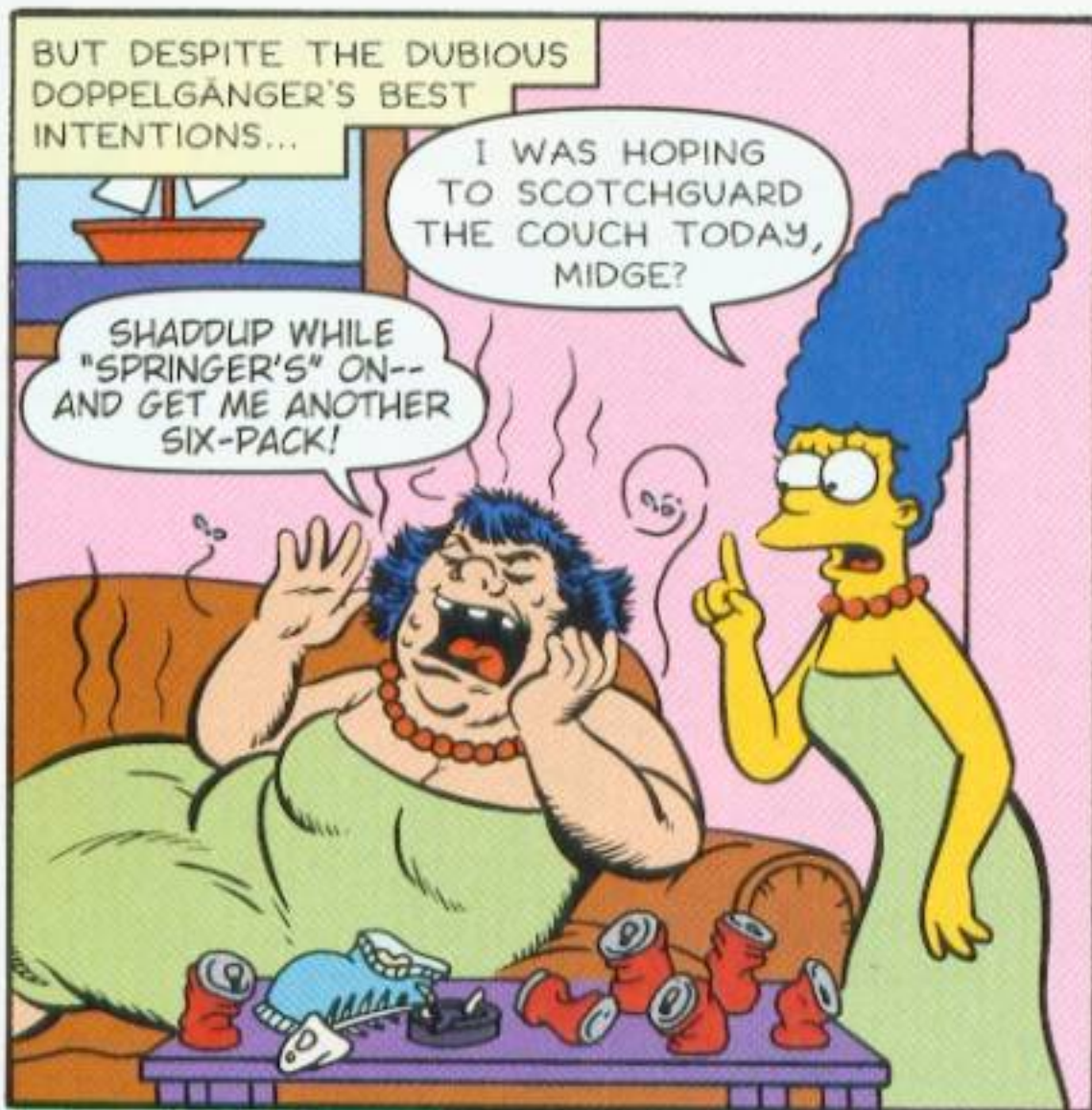
NO LONGER WILL I BE THE LONE SON OF THE REDUNDO RAY!

HMMM...THAT'S ODD...EVEN WITH MY PRONOUNCED UPPER-BODY STRENGTH, THE DEVICE FEELS DECIDEDLY WEIGHTY!



DESPERATE FOR A FAMILY OF HIS OWN, THE "MAN" RETURNED TO THE SLUMBERING SIMPSON HOUSEHOLD.





GRADUALLY, THE FULL DIMENSIONS OF AN OUTLANDISH CONSPIRACY WERE LAID BARE.

MY SUSPICIONS WERE AROUSED WHEN I DISCERNED THAT COMPONENTS OF THE DEVICE WERE OF OTHERWORLDLY ORIGIN.

AFTER THAT, I FOLLOWED MY INSTINCTS AND THE REST JUST FELL INTO PLACE WHEN I BROKE INTO YOUR OFFICE AND READ YOUR PERSONAL DIARY.



I SUPPOSE IT WAS DOOMED FROM THE START. WHO COULD HAVE FORESEEN YOU IMITATING THOSE PESKY SHUDDER HUMAN EMOTIONS?

I EXPECTED THAT TOYING FRIVOLOUSLY WITH MOTHER NATURE WOULD HAVE ITS DOWNSIDE, BUT WHY MINCE WORDS? PROJECT "ARTIFICIAL WORK FORCE" IS AN UNMITIGATED DISASTER!



THEY WARNED ME ABOUT EMPLOYING ILLEGAL ALIENS--IT'S TIME I PROVED THEM WRONG!

SMITHERS! SEND IN MY 10:30!

CLICK!



A SOMEWHAT SUBDUED KANG WATCHED AS HIS ATTORNEY OOZED CHARM AND CLOSED THE DEAL!

SORRY ABOUT THE TELEPHONE PING-PONG...I'M JUST SICK ABOUT IT!

KANG, TRY THE MAPLE LOGS--THE MOST GENEROUSLY FROSTED OF THE EARTHLY SNACK TREATS!

NO, I'M GOOD.

HOW BIZARRE! IN EXCHANGE FOR THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS TO THE REDUNDO RAY, THE RIGELLIANS WILL PROVIDE US A PLACE OF HONOR IN THEIR INTERGALACTIC PETTING ZOO.



FORTUITOUS INDEED! WITH THE I.R.S. AND THE IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT SNIFFING AROUND, I CAN RID MYSELF OF THE WHOLE SORRY MESS AND COLLECT A FAT ROYALTY ON EVERY MUTANT MANUFACTURED!

CAREFUL WITH THAT! DON'T FORGET OUR STRICT "NO RETURN" POLICY!

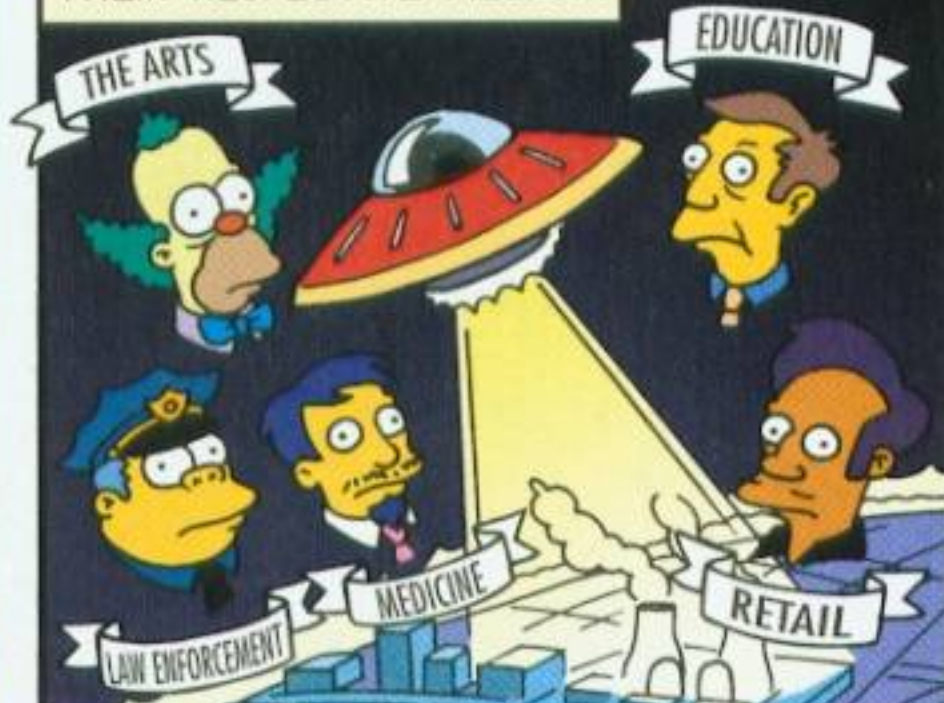
AT LAST! WE HAVE ALWAYS POSSESSED THE ABILITY TO SHRINK AND/OR ENLARGE OBJECTS AT WILL, BUT A DUPLICATION RAY THAT REALLY WORKS HAS LONG ELUDED US!

I MEAN, LET US FACE IT...ANAL PROBES CAN ONLY TEACH YOU SO MUCH.

HABITATS HAVE COME A LONG WAY SINCE THE DAYS OF SEA MONKEYS AND ANT FARMS. AFTER ADJUSTMENTS TO THE RAY'S WARP FACTOR, WE CAN BEGIN!



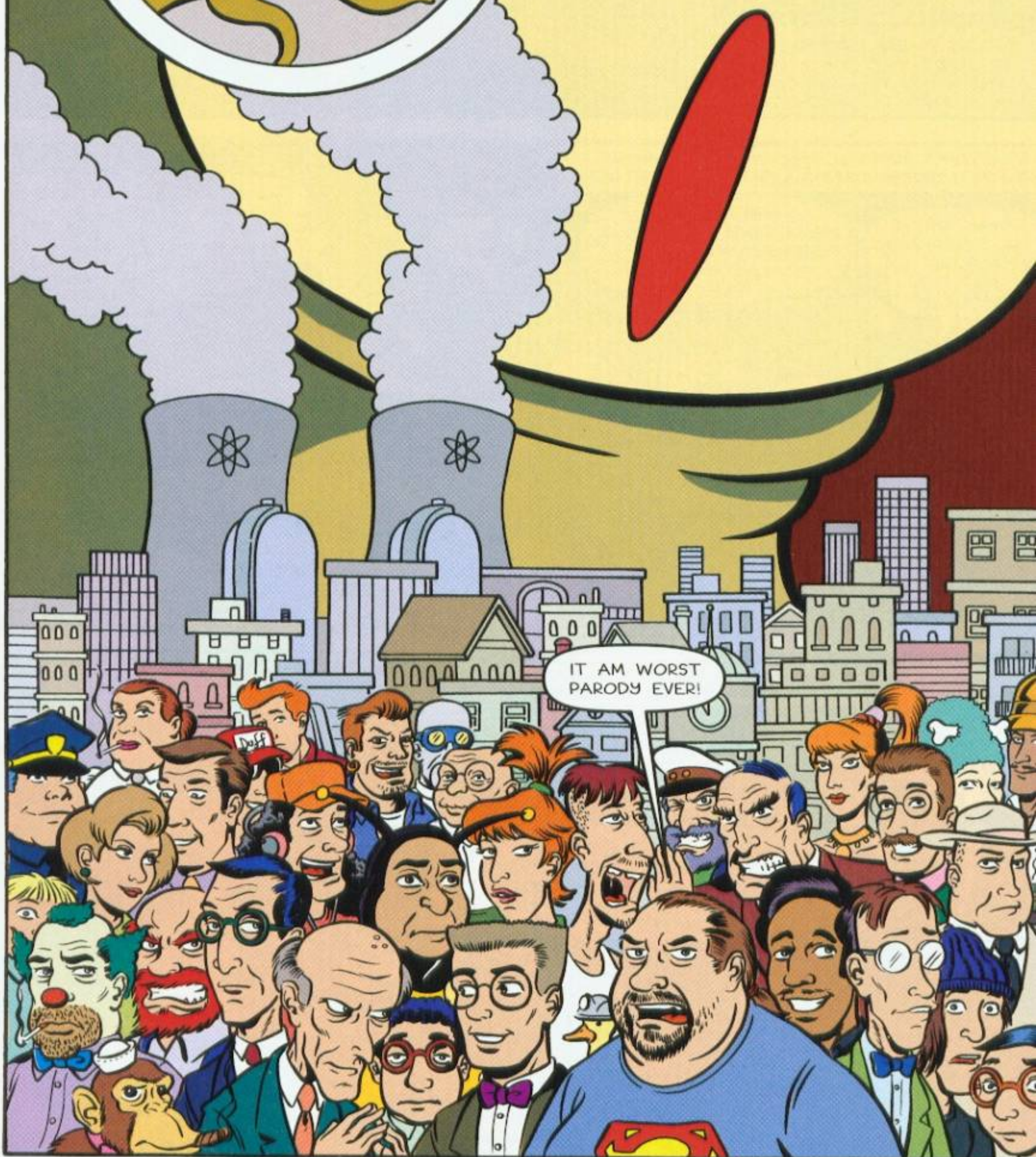
A SPRINGFIELD-WIDE SEARCH RESULTED IN AN ELITE TEAM OF IMAGINEERS, REPRESENTING THE FINEST MINDS IN THEIR RESPECTIVE FIELDS...



THEY CREATED A PARADISE SO LAVISH IT MADE THE COMBINED MAJESTY OF THE GRAND CANYON, THE TAJ MAHAL, AND EURO-DISNEY LOOK LIKE A TRAILER PARK.

BEHOLD, THE BERT-ZERKO WORLD!

KUDOS KODOS! I CAN
SAY IN ALL **CANDOR**--THERE IS
NO MINIATURIZED CITY-IN-A-
BOTTLE LIKE IT!



DESTROY ALL

SIMPSONG

