

A  
**BONGO**  
PUBLICATION

PARENTS BEWARE! GORIEST ISSUE EVER!



**BART SIMPSON'S**

TREEHOUSE OF

# HORROR<sup>TM</sup>

TREEHOUSE  
of  
HORROR

#8

\$3.50 US  
\$4.95 CANADA

FEATURING

**HILARY  
BARTA**

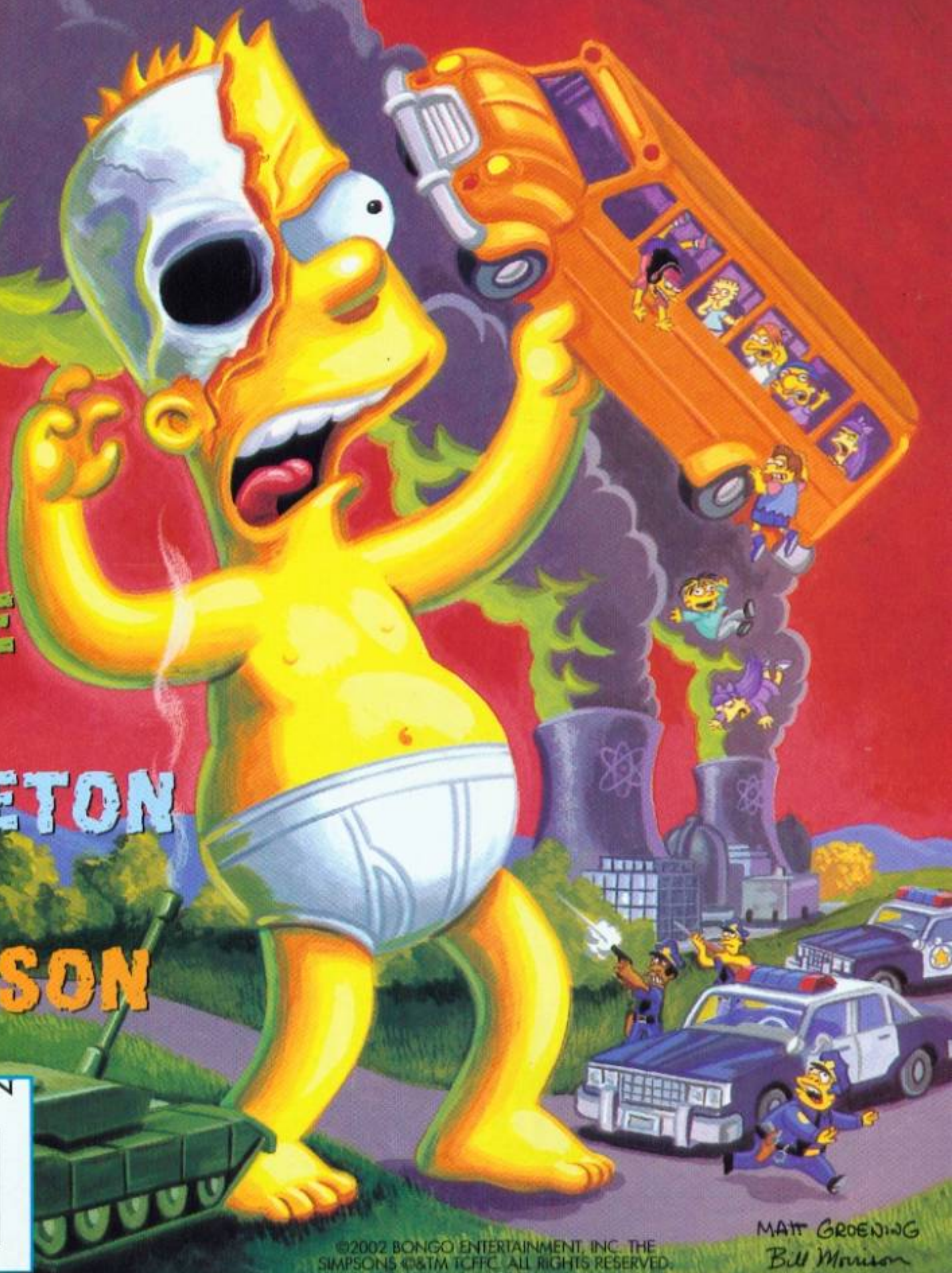
**SCOTT  
SHAW!**

**GAIL  
SIMONE**

**TY  
TEMPLETON**

**JILL  
THOMPSON**

DIRECT EDITION

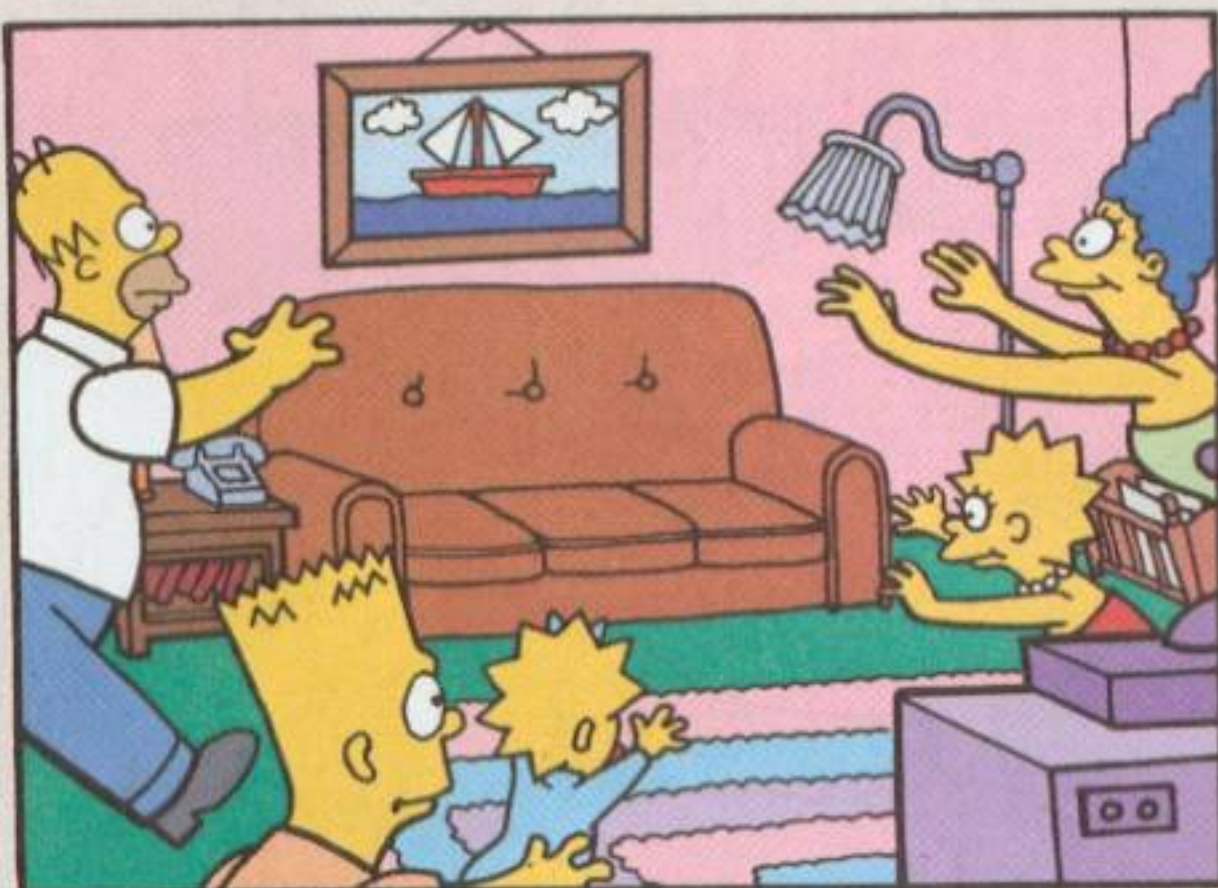


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MATT GROENING  
Bill Morrison

# THE SIMPSONS

THERE ARE NO FRIENDLY GHOSTS.  
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STORY AND ART BY  
TY TEMPLETON

COLORS BY  
NICK RINK & ART VILLANUEVA

LETTERS BY  
KAREN BATES

EDITED BY  
BILL MORRISON

CREATED BY  
MATT GROENING

# NIGHT OF NINETEEN SCREAMS!

AND SO WE SAY FAREWELL TO THE SIMPSONS...ASHES TO ASHES...DUST TO DUST...

WELL, JUST ASHES, ACTUALLY. THAT'S ALL THAT WAS LEFT...

THE NEIGHBORS ARE IN HEAVEN, DADDY. YAYYY!

SNFFF!

PROBABLY BORROWING A CUPAROOBIE OF HOLY FLOUR FROM GOOD OL' MAUDE.

HOW ARE YOU DOING, OLD TIMER?

OHHH...

I FEEL TERRIBLE. LIKE THIS WAS ALL MY FAULT.

IT WAS YOUR FAULT. YOU FRIED 'EM UP GOOD WITH THE TV, THERE.

BUT IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, I TELL YA.

AN ACCIDENT!

SURE IT WAS, GRAMPS... SURE.

AND NORMALLY, THAT WOULD BE FOR AN INQUEST AND A COURT TO DECIDE...

...BUT I HAVE A LOT OF TVS IN MY HOME...AND AT THE STATION...IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

SO I'M GOING TO BACK AWAY SLOW AND LEAVE YOU ALONE.

AND WE'RE JUST GOING TO CALL IT EVEN...

OHHHH...



THAT'S IT FOR ME.

NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT WHITHER AWAY OF GUILT AND LONELINESS.

BUY!

HERB POWELL'S  
BABY TALKER  
ON SALE

A MAN SHOULDN'T OUTLIVE HIS ENTIRE FAMILY.

NOT WHILE HE'S STILL GOT **OPINIONS** TO GIVE AND **BUNIONS** HE CAN'T REACH.

CEMETERY EXIT  
RAIN ENDS  
500 FEET

DUNGEON MASTER



I HAVEN'T REMINISCED TO ANY-ONE ABOUT THE **FIFTIES** SINCE THE **SEVENTIES**! I WAS ALL GOOD TO GO.

BUT I GUESS MY REMINISCING DAYS ARE BEHIND ME NOW.

THOSE WERE GOOD DAYS.



LISTENING TO LISA AND HER BANJO...

...WATCHING BART DO HIS HOMEWORK...

...PLAYING WITH LITTLE DONNY AND THE TWINS.



ALL I HAVE ARE MY MEMORIES.

AND THIS HOUSE THE LAWYER SAYS I INHERITED FROM MY SON.

AND ONE OF HIS KIDNEYS.

OTHER THAN THAT, I'M ALL ALONE.

OH, YOU'RE NOT ALONE...

AAAAHHHH!!!



GAAAA!!!

WHUZZAT?!?

WHAT SIS?!?

SORRY TO SCARE YOU, MISTER HOMER'S FATHER, SIR...BUT THIS IS MY HOUSE, NOW. IT WAS WILLED TO ME ON A BAR NAPKIN ONE BEAUTIFUL EVENING LAST YEAR...

YEAH. HOMER WILLED IT TO ME ON A BAR NAPKIN, TOO.

I GOT IT TWICE!

WE ALL GOT 'EM. EVENTUALLY, I HAD HOMER'S WILL AND TESTAMENT NAPKINS PRINTED UP JUST TO SAVE EVERYONE TIME.

LAST WILL OF HOMER SIMPSON  
BARNET GETS THE HOUSE.  
BARNET IS MY BEST FRIEND. I OWE BARNET A BEER.  
BARNET IS...

LAST WILL OF HOMER SIMPSON  
LENNY GETS THE HOUSE.  
LENNY IS MY BEST FRIEND. I OWE LENNY A BEER.  
LENNY IS...

LAST WILL OF HOMER SIMPSON  
LENNY GETS THE HOUSE.  
LENNY IS MY BEST FRIEND. I OWE LENNY A BEER.  
LENNY IS...

WE HAVE NO NAPKINS.

BUT WE'RE NOT LEAVING UNTIL WE'VE GONE THROUGH THEIR STUFF.

I MADE LEMONADE FOR THE NEW NEIGHBOR-EENOS!

¡YO NO CONOZCO ESTA GENTE!

HOT DANG DIGGITY! I AIN'T GONNA WASTE AWAY OF LONELINESS AFTER ALL...

...PROBABLY BE THE HEART OR LUNGS THEN.

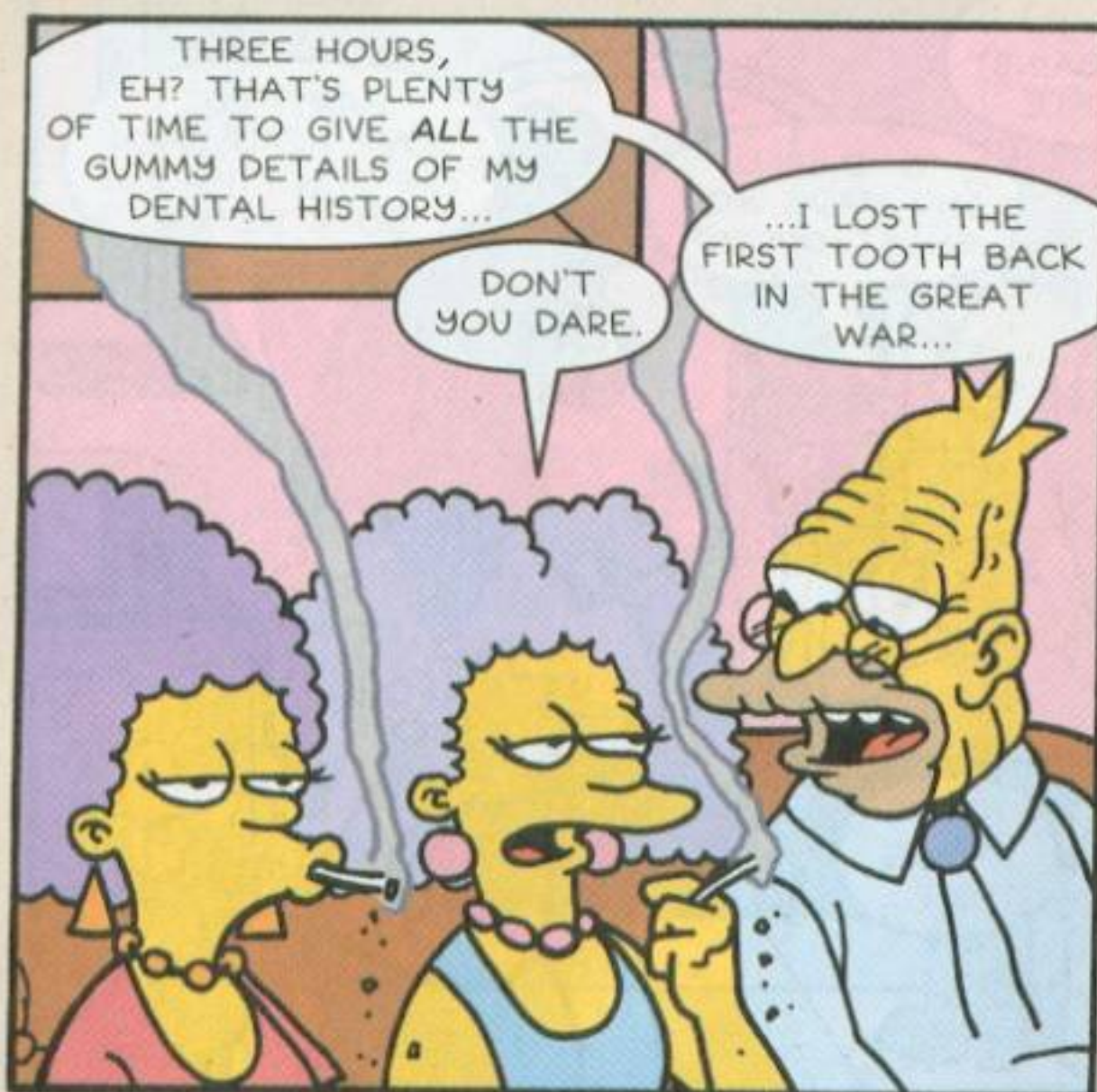
NOW, EVERYBODY CLAM UP! IT'S TIME FOR MY NAP.

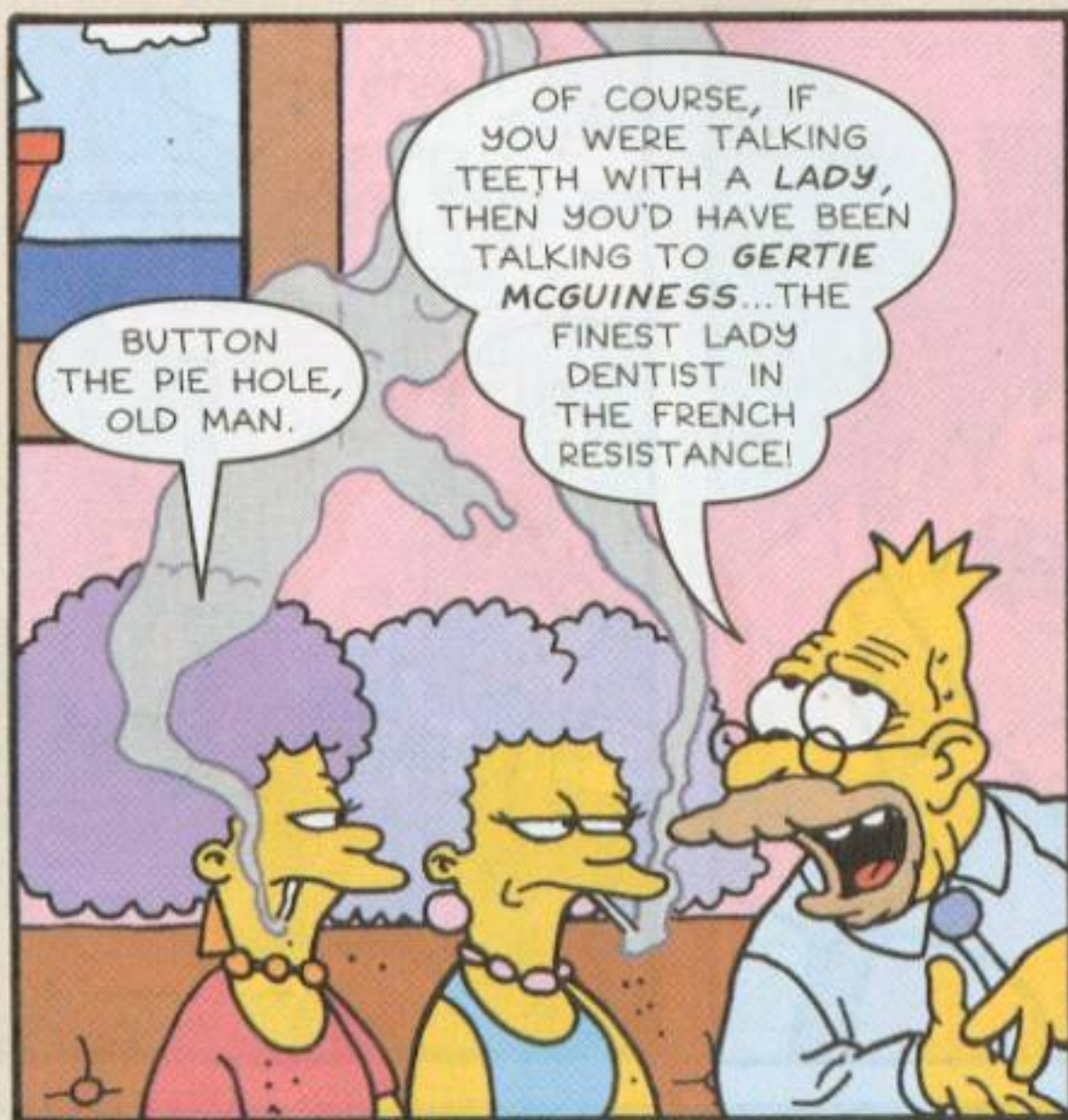
HOW MANY BEDROOMS UPSTAIRS, DO YOU THINK?

I'M WILLING TO SLEEP IN A CLOSET, IF IT'S CARPETED...

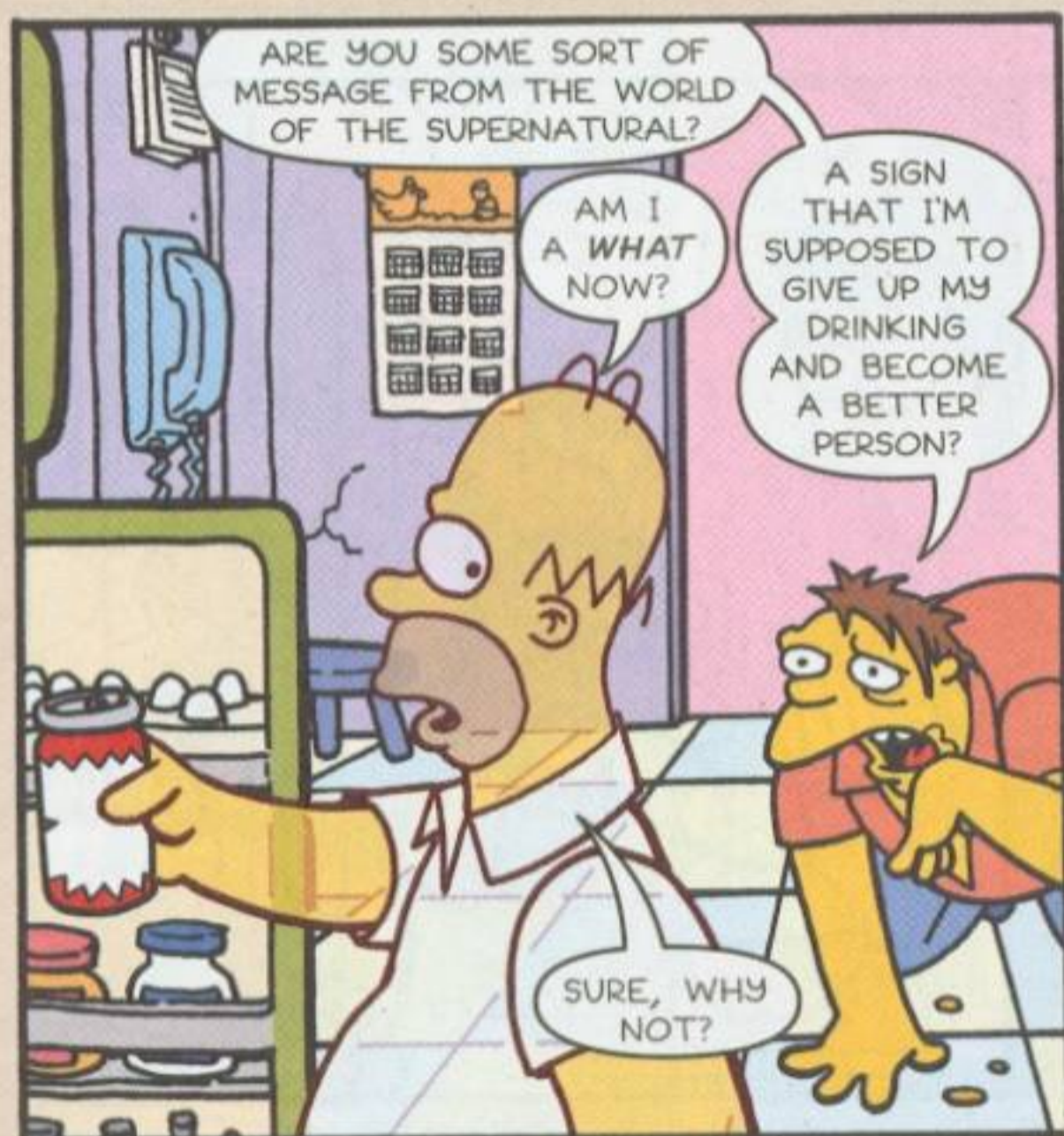
ZZZZZZ







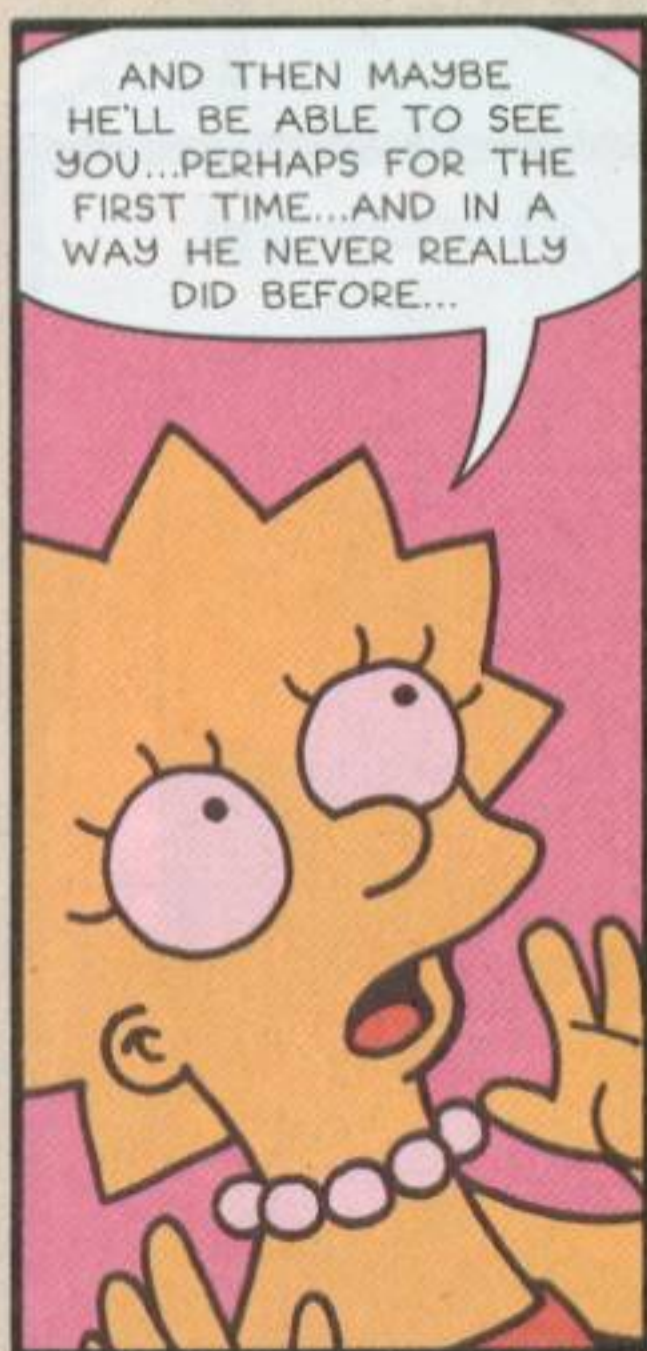


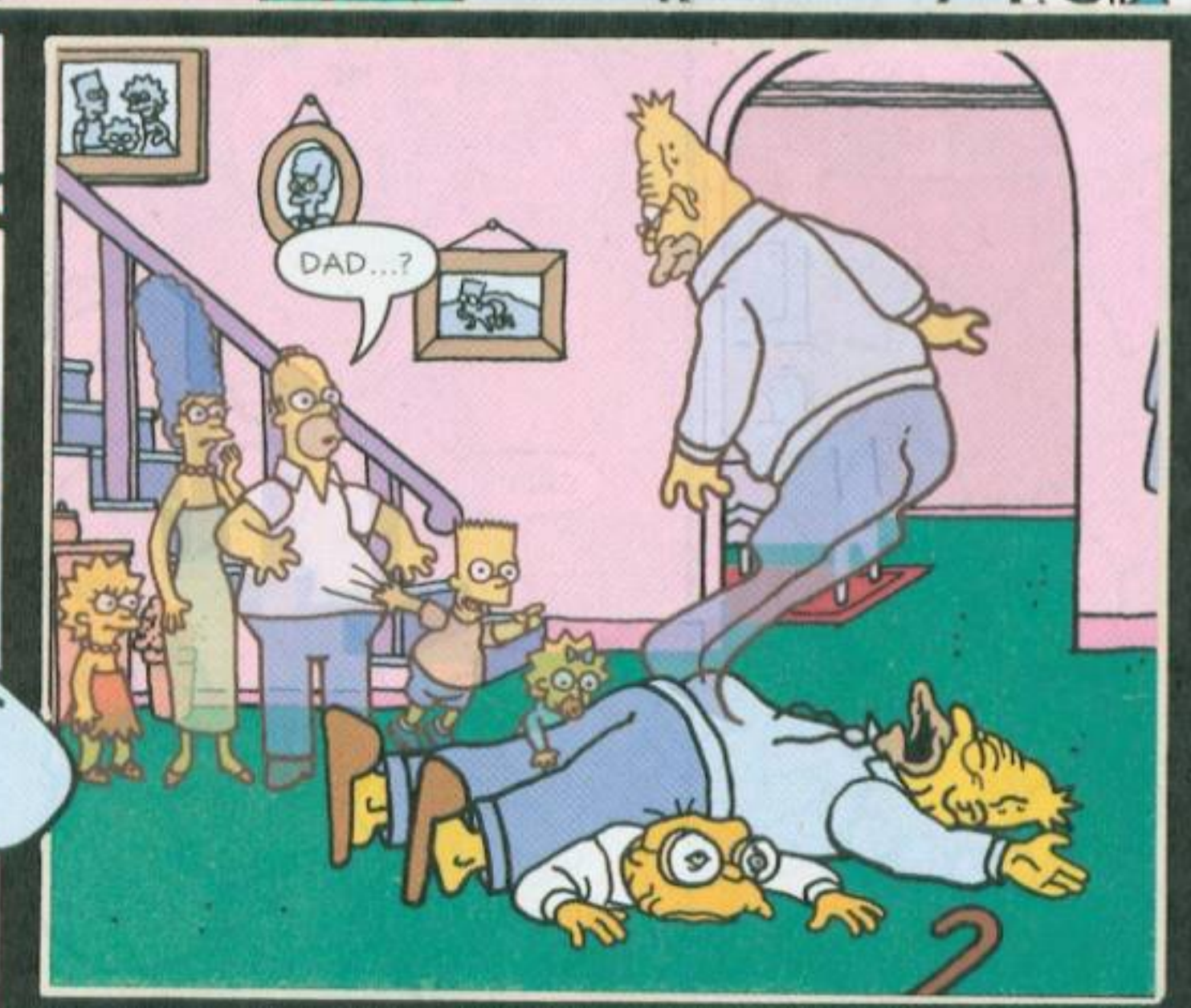
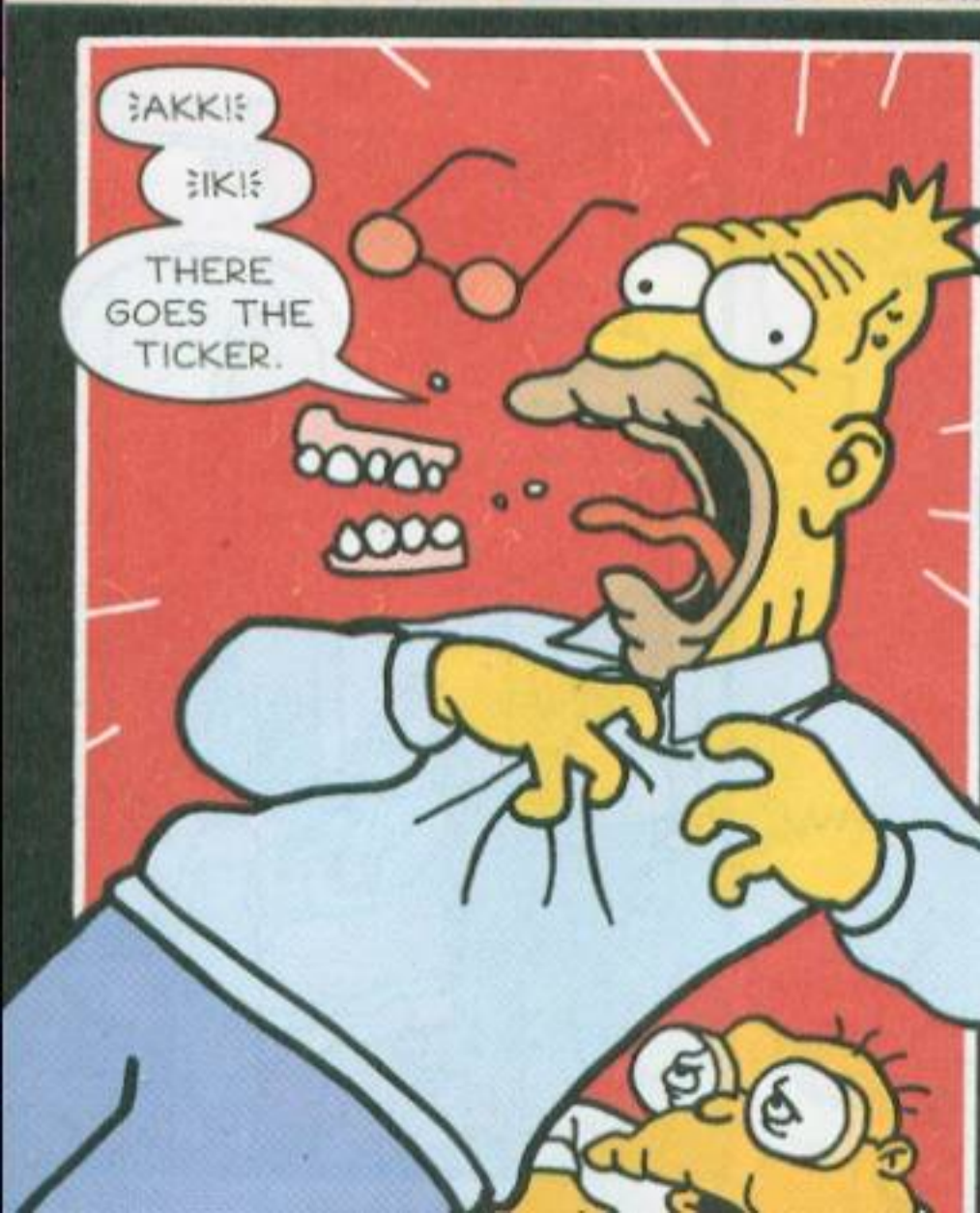
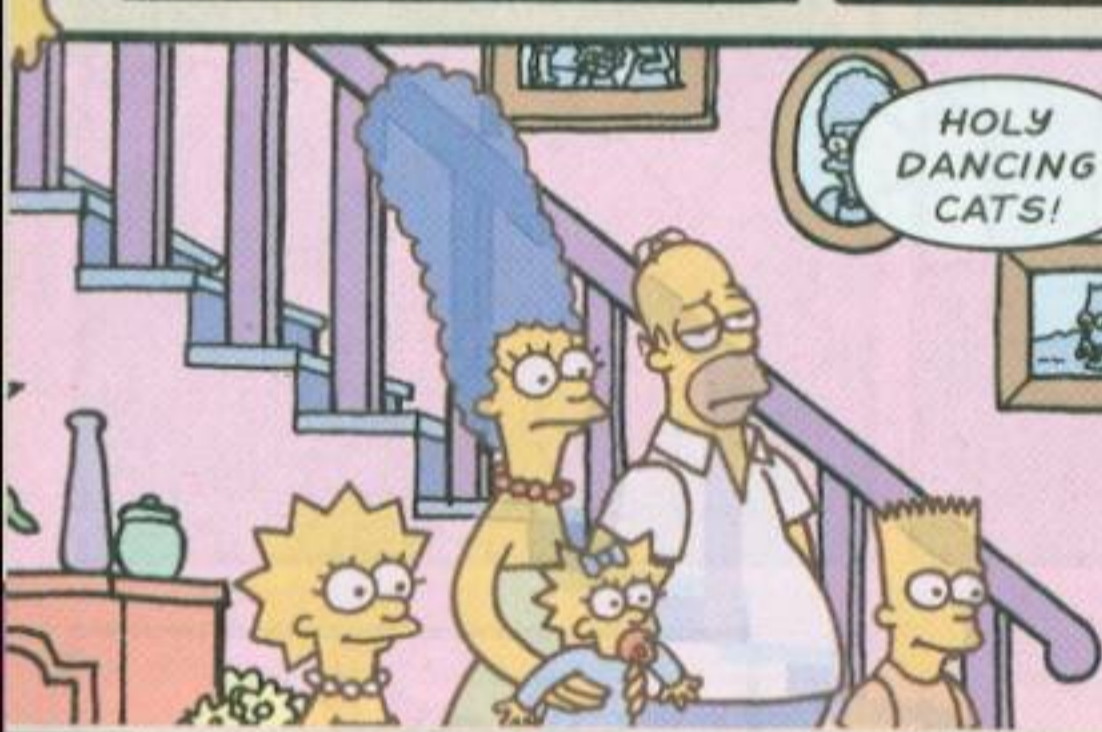














# TALES FROM THE KWIK-E-MART

This tale that I tell, by my Squishee I swear,  
Is most faithfully, awfully true.  
So take heed when selecting your snack bill of fare,  
Or this foul fate might befall YOU.

GAIL SIMONE  
STORY

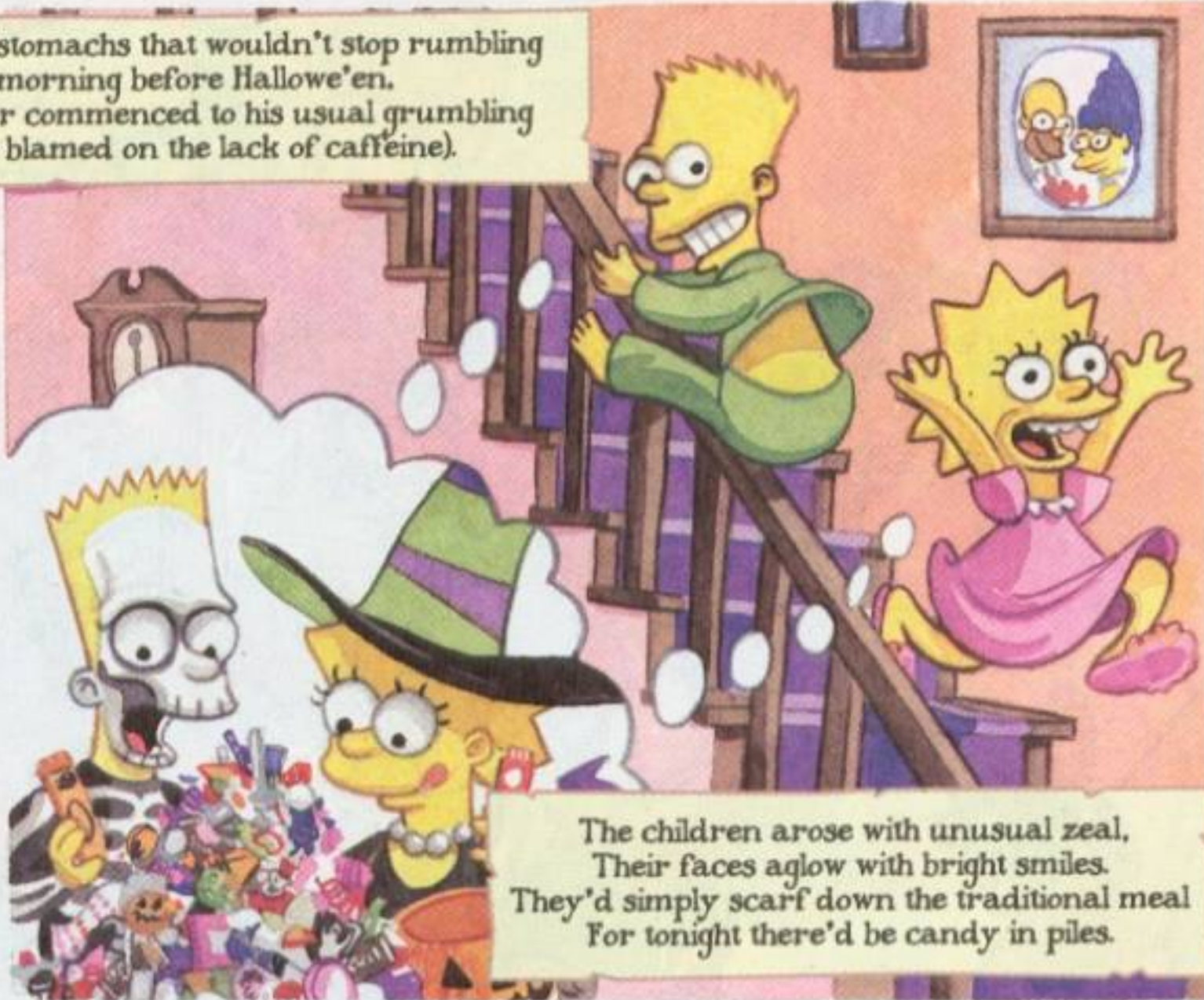
JILL THOMPSON  
ART

KAREN BATES  
LETTERS

BILL MORRISON  
EDITOR

MATT GROENING  
CEREAL THRILLER

'Tis a story of stomachs that wouldn't stop rumbling  
That morning before Hallowe'en.  
And how Homer commenced to his usual grumbling  
(Which he blamed on the lack of caffeine).

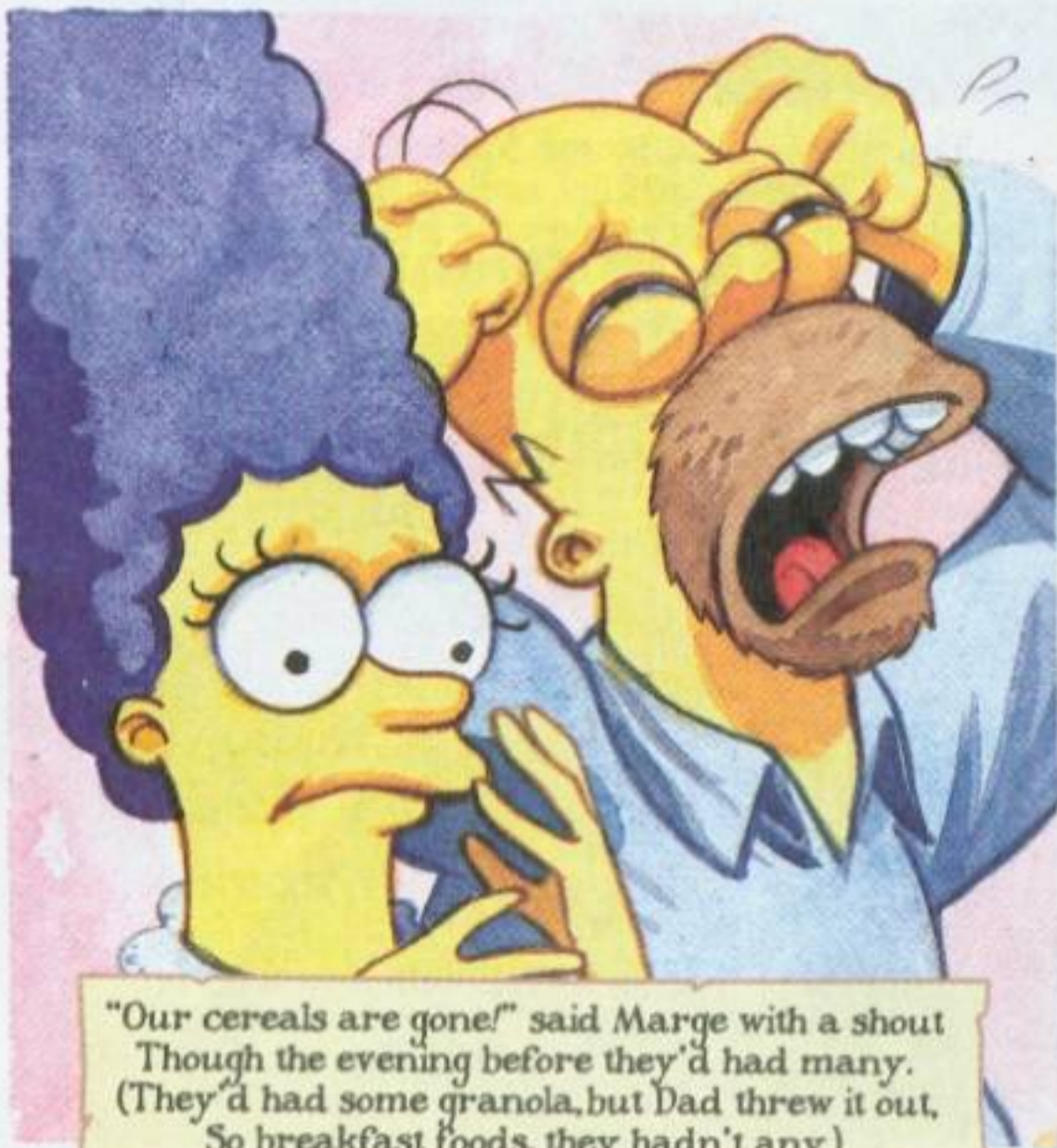


The children arose with unusual zeal,  
Their faces aglow with bright smiles.  
They'd simply scarf down the traditional meal  
For tonight there'd be candy in piles.

But the family dog, in his need to explore,  
Solved the "Stealing The Cereal" puzzle...



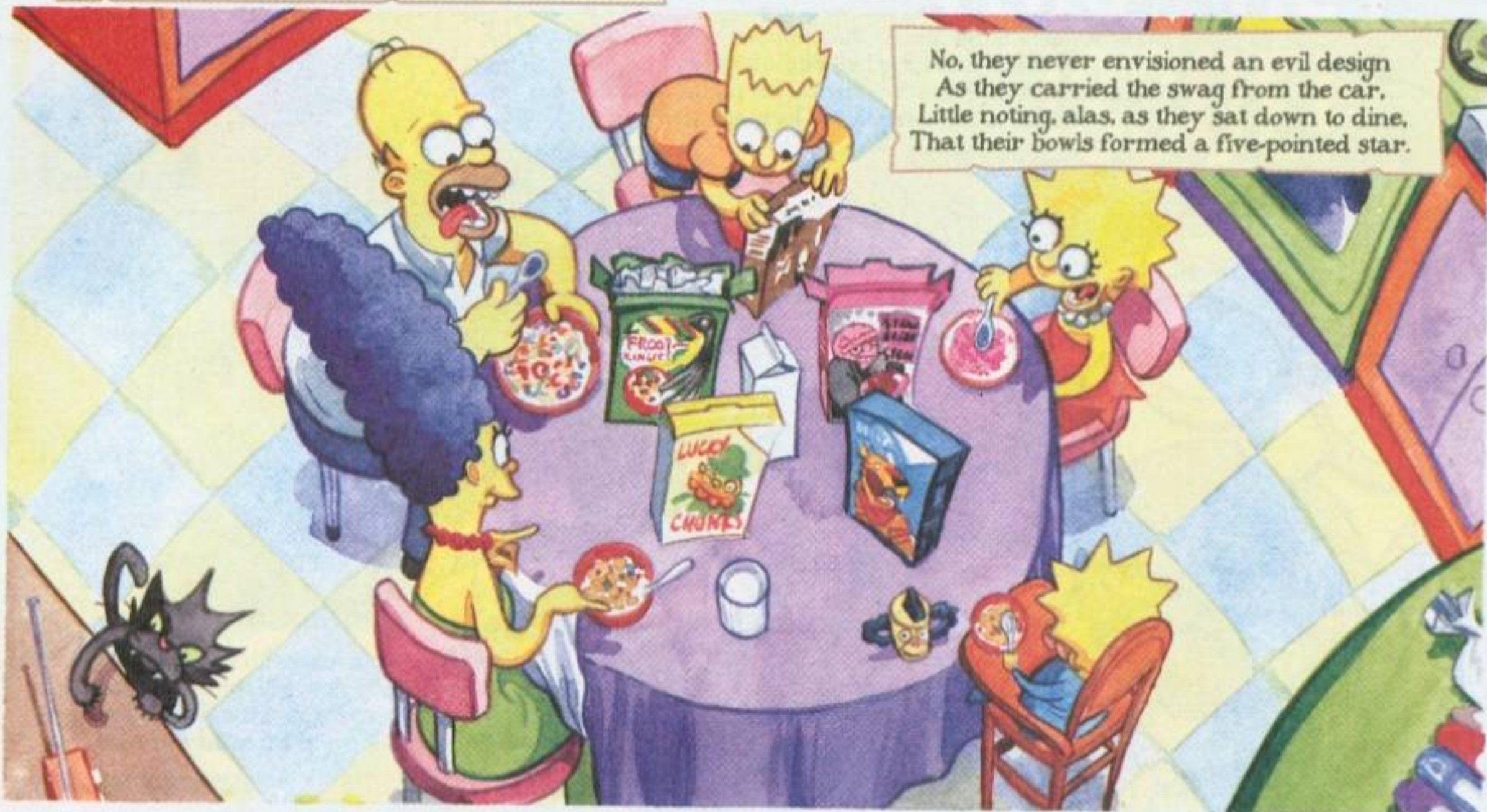
They found him akimbo, passed out on the floor,  
Bits of marshmallow dotting his muzzle.



"Our cereals are gone!" said Marge with a shout  
Though the evening before they'd had many.  
(They'd had some granola, but Dad threw it out,  
So breakfast foods, they hadn't any.)



Then they came for fresh boxes, a gallon of milk,  
Never knowing the danger they'd found.  
For the factory that made all those boxes was built  
On an Indian Burial Ground.



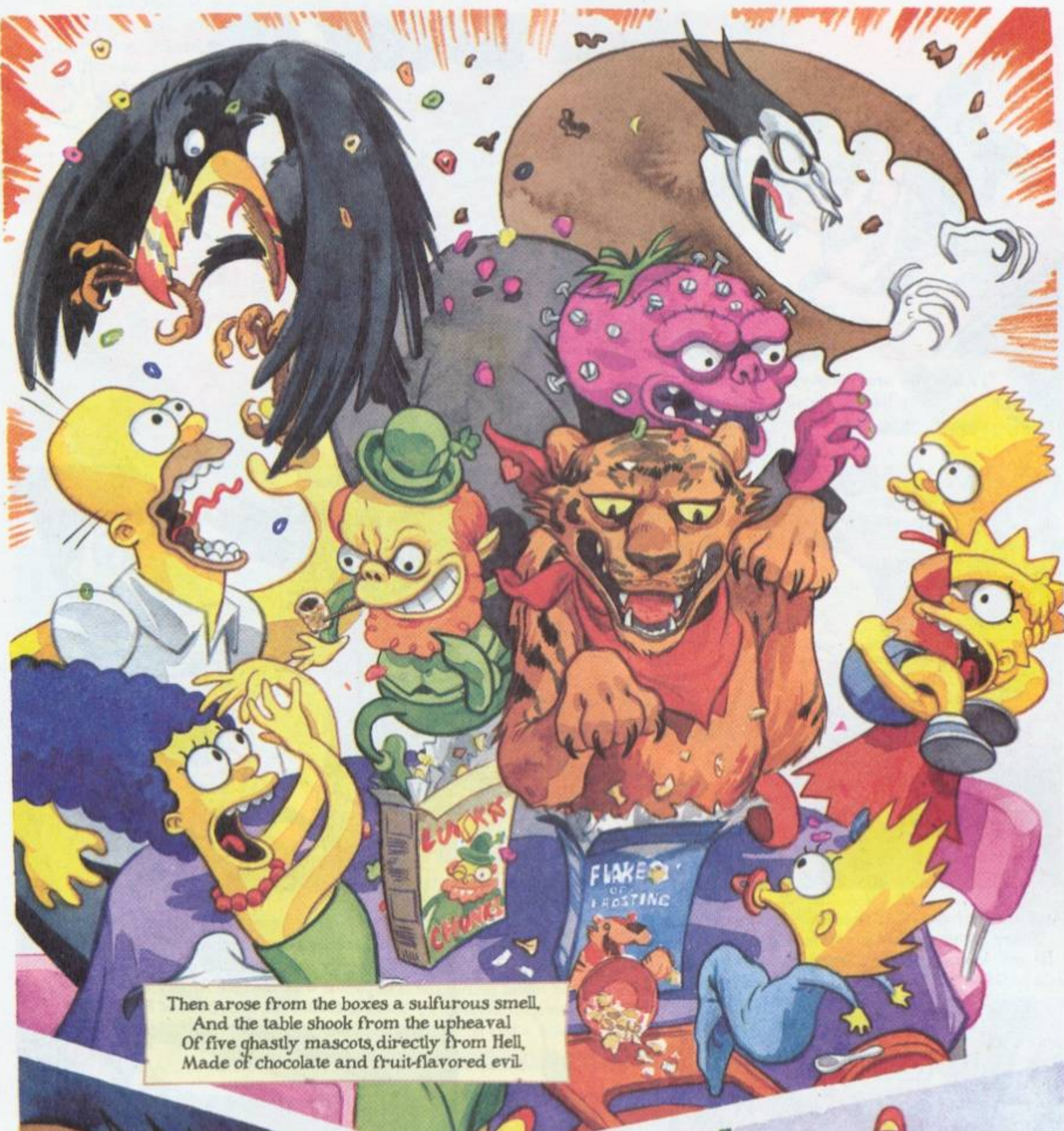
No, they never envisioned an evil design  
As they carried the swag from the car,  
Little noting, alas, as they sat down to dine,  
That their bowls formed a five-pointed star.



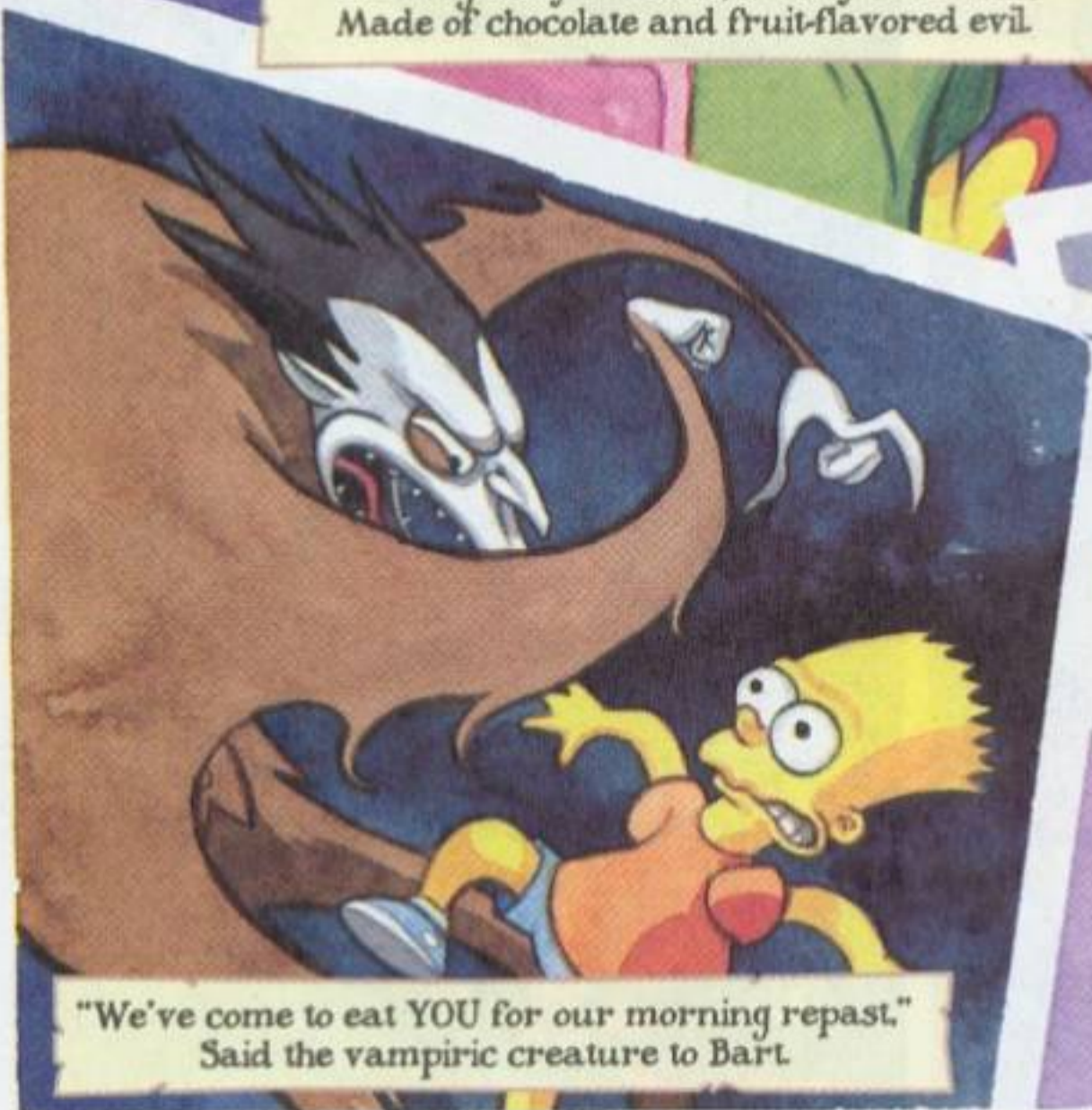
In his box, Bart's hand flew, pushing cereal aside  
To arrive at the prize underneath.



He withdrew as if bitten by something inside,  
And they all heard the gnashing of teeth...



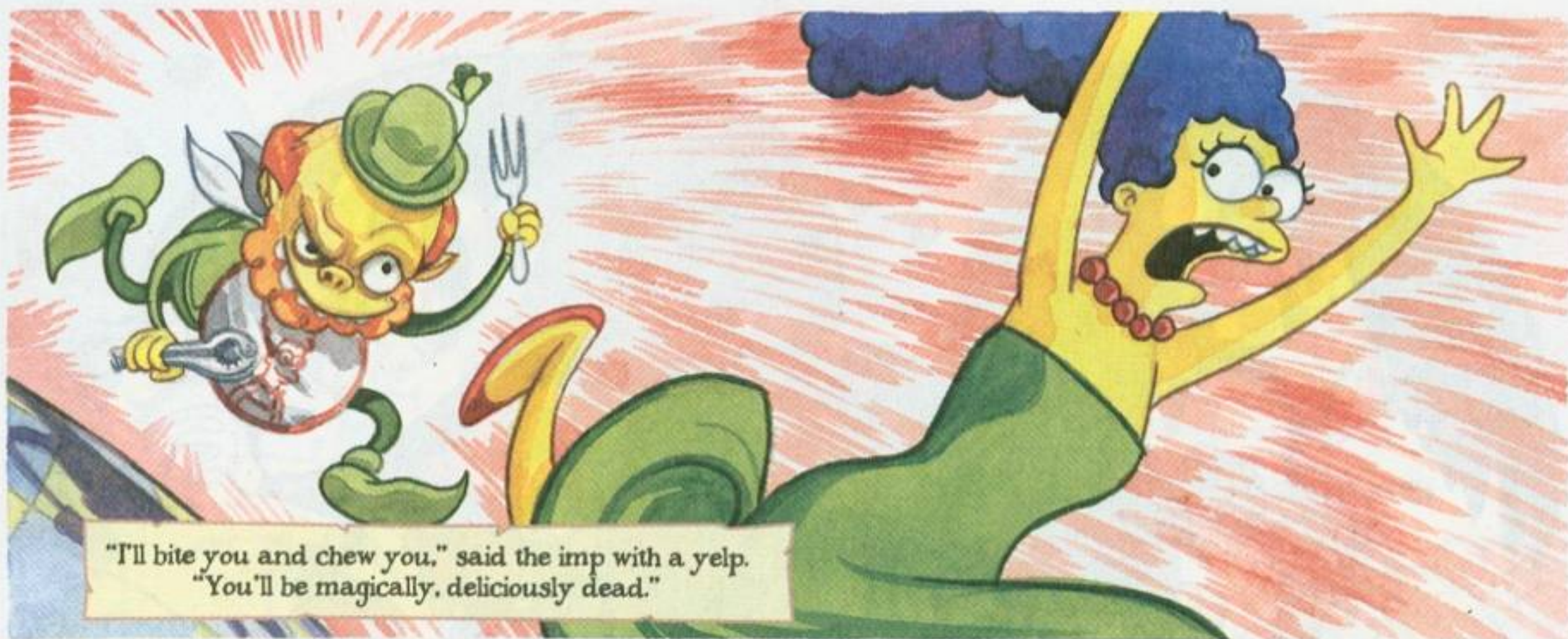
Then arose from the boxes a sulfurous smell,  
And the table shook from the upheaval  
Of five ghastly mascots, directly from Hell,  
Made of chocolate and fruit-flavored evil.



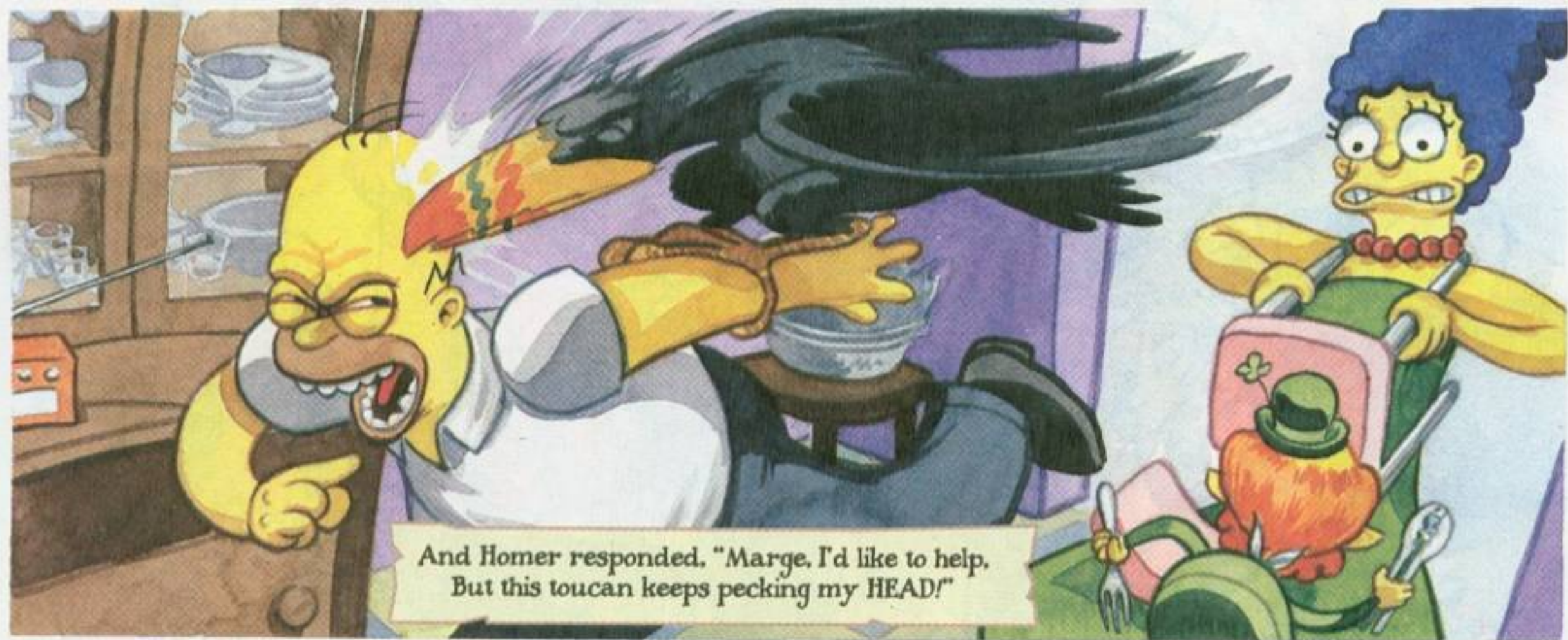
"We've come to eat YOU for our morning repast,"  
Said the vampiric creature to Bart.



While Lisa in horror, was being harassed  
By a beast made of dead body parts.

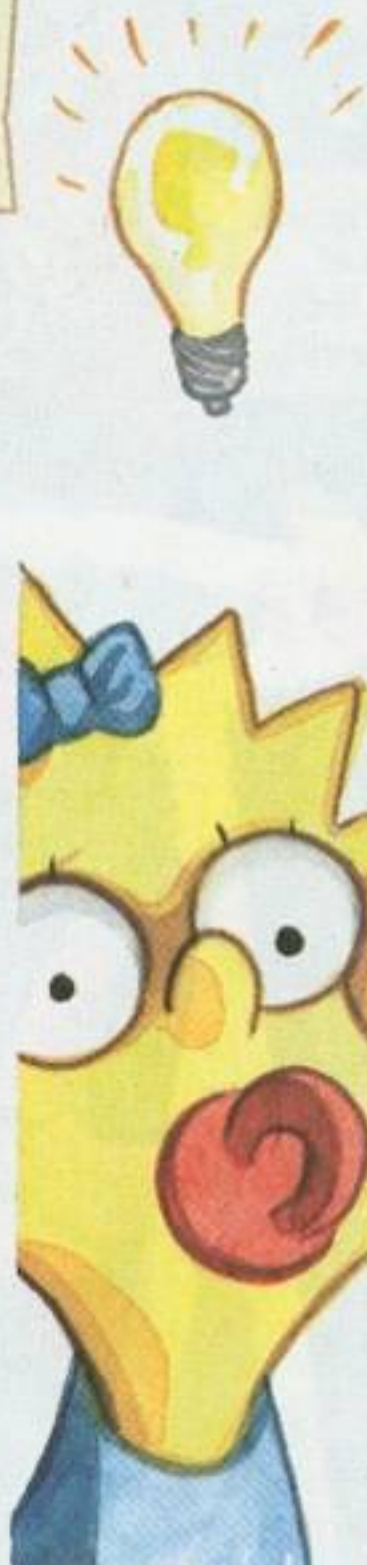


"I'll bite you and chew you," said the imp with a yelp.  
"You'll be magically, deliciously dead."

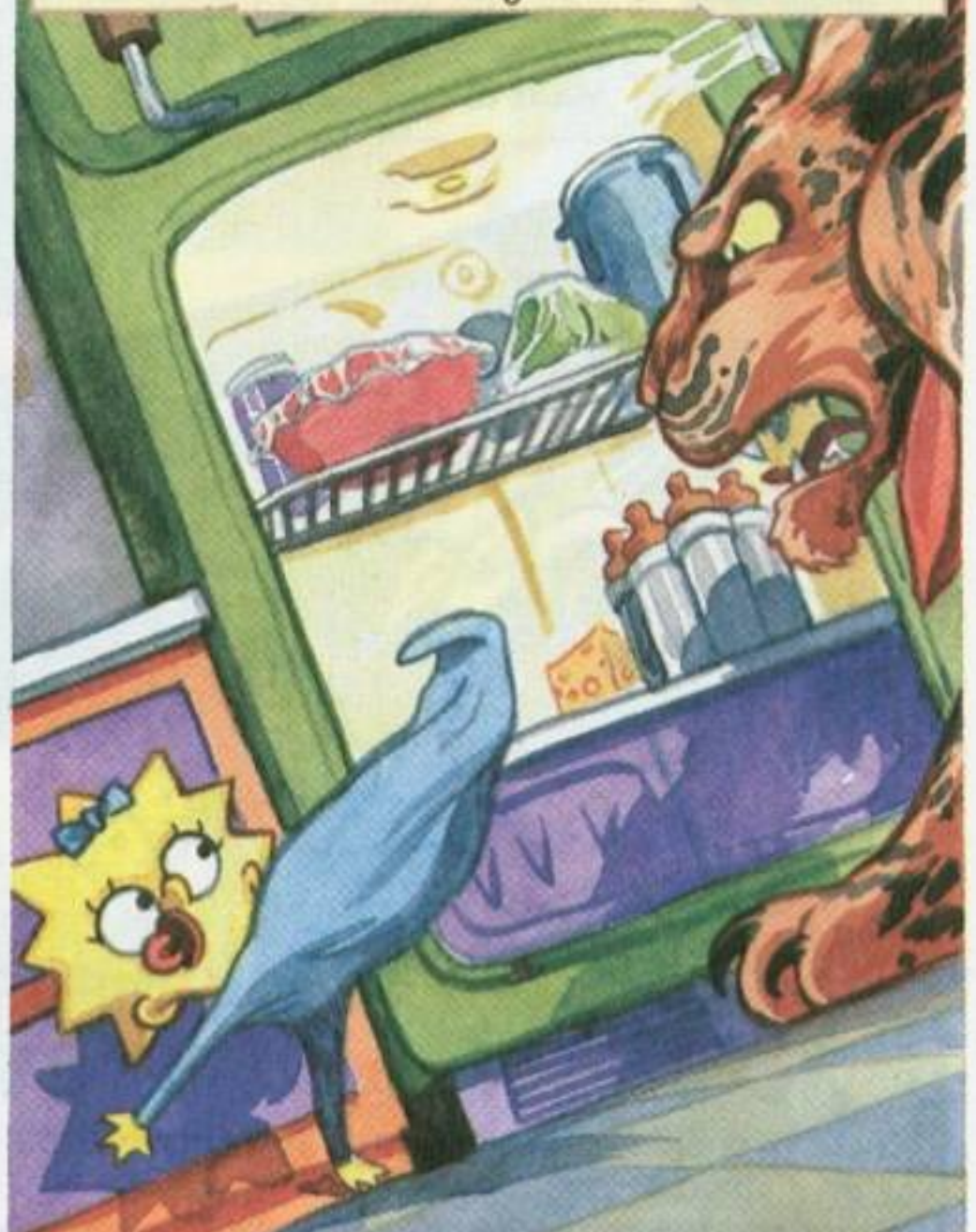


And Homer responded, "Marge, I'd like to help,  
But this toucan keeps pecking my HEAD!"

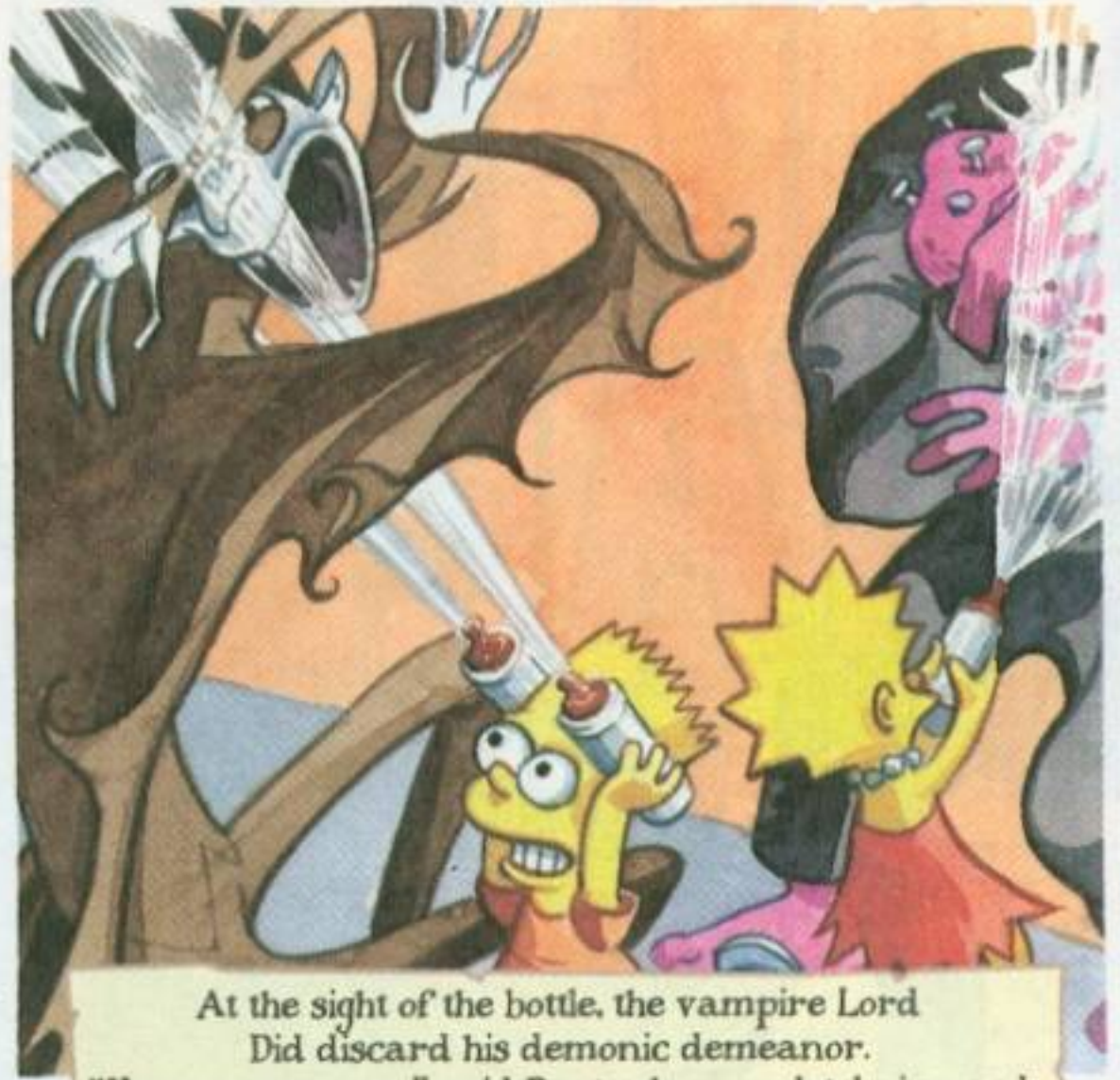
And the youngest of all faced a great jungle cat,  
Sharp fangs showed above his bandanna.  
He growled to the babe, "Now, I do believe that  
You'd be GRRRRREAT with a small sliced banana."



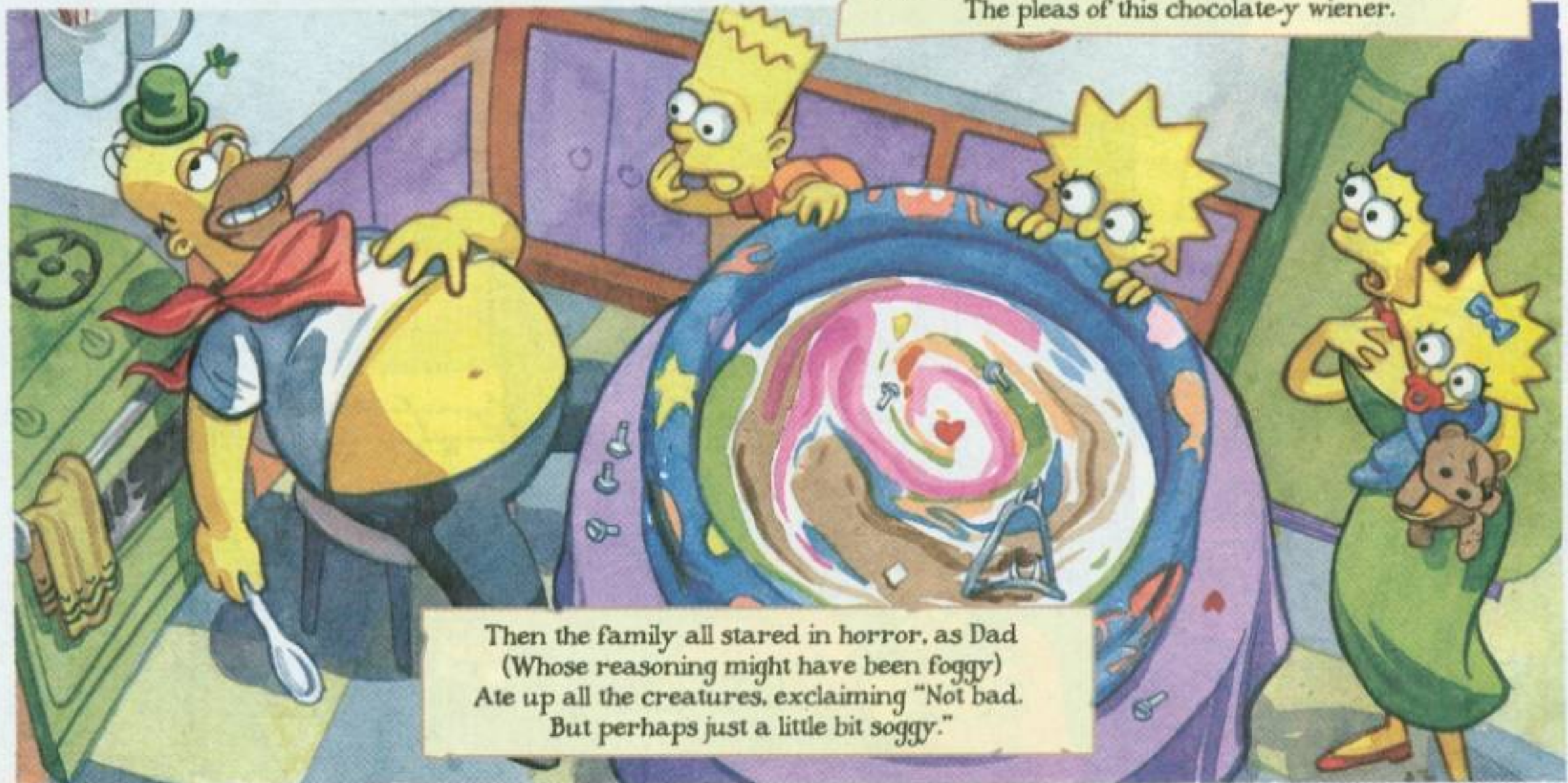
Who can say what it was that gave them a thirst  
That only the SIMPSONS could quench?  
Perhaps it is true that the family was cursed  
And had earned a big bowl of REVENGE!



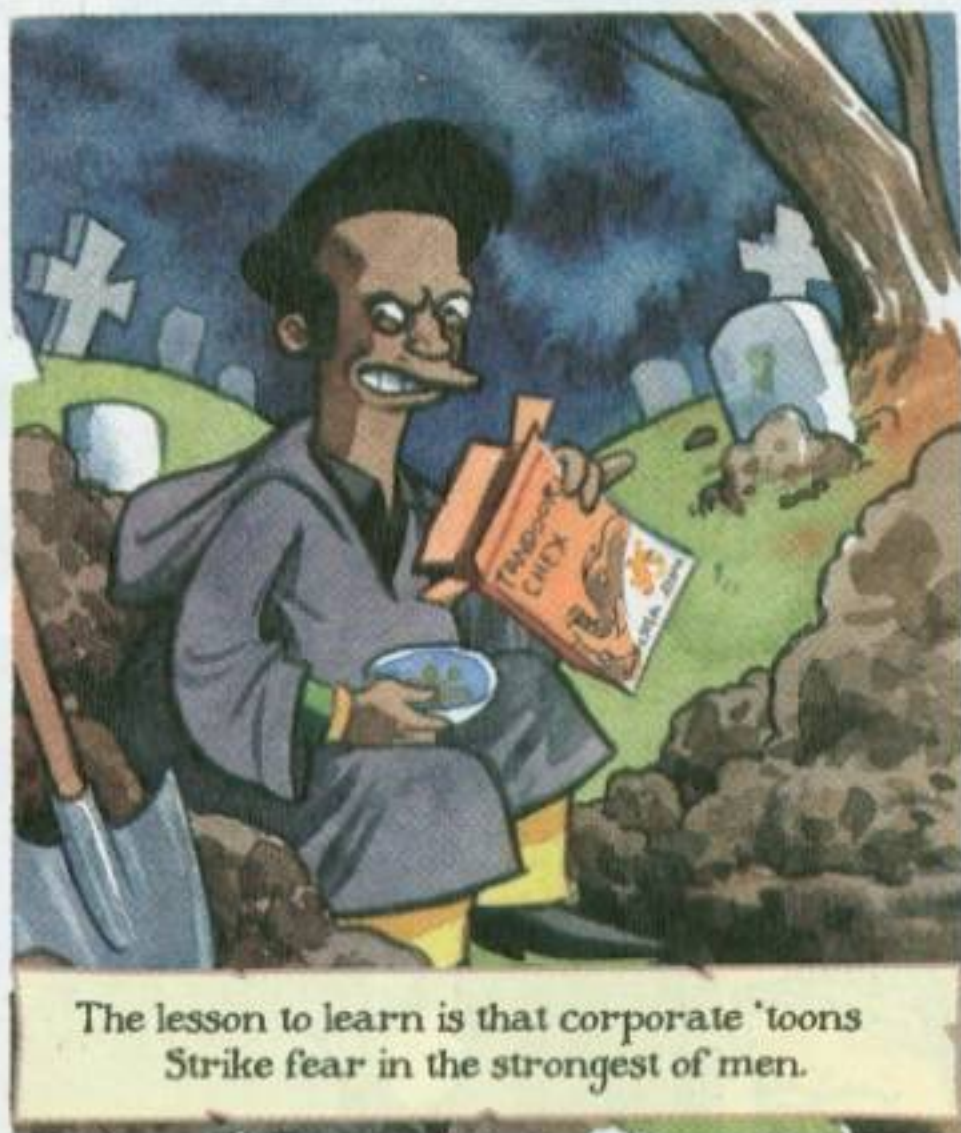
It was Maggie who got the idea to attack  
With a milk spray to ward off the fiends.  
Bart knew that his sister was on the right track  
(He was grateful she hadn't been weaned).



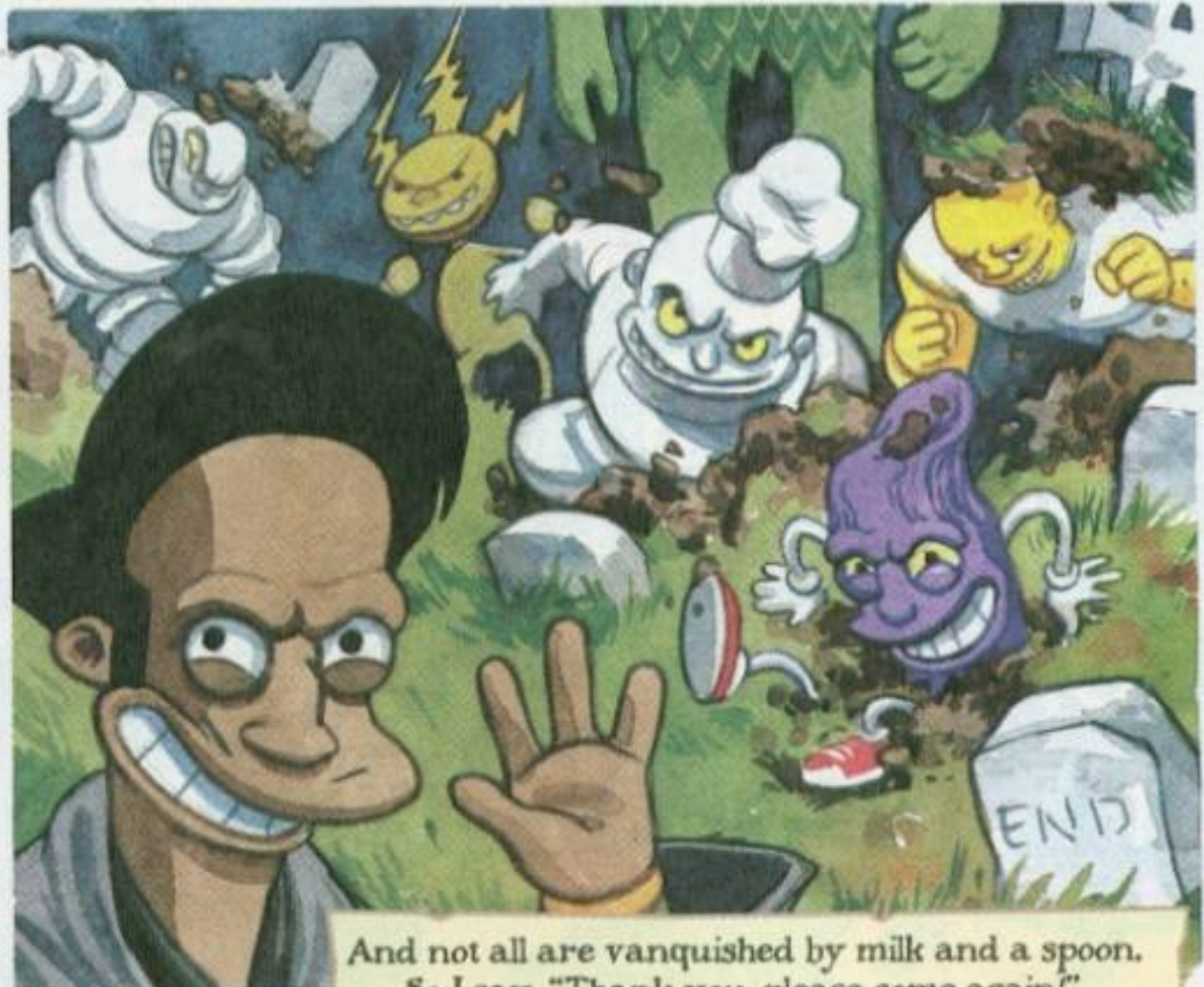
At the sight of the bottle, the vampire Lord  
Did discard his demonic demeanor.  
"Have a cow, man," said Bart, who completely ignored  
The pleas of this chocolate-y wiener.



Then the family all stared in horror, as Dad  
(Whose reasoning might have been foggy)  
Ate up all the creatures, exclaiming "Not bad.  
But perhaps just a little bit soggy."



The lesson to learn is that corporate 'toons  
Strike fear in the strongest of men.



And not all are vanquished by milk and a spoon.  
So I say, "Thank you, please come again!"  
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!



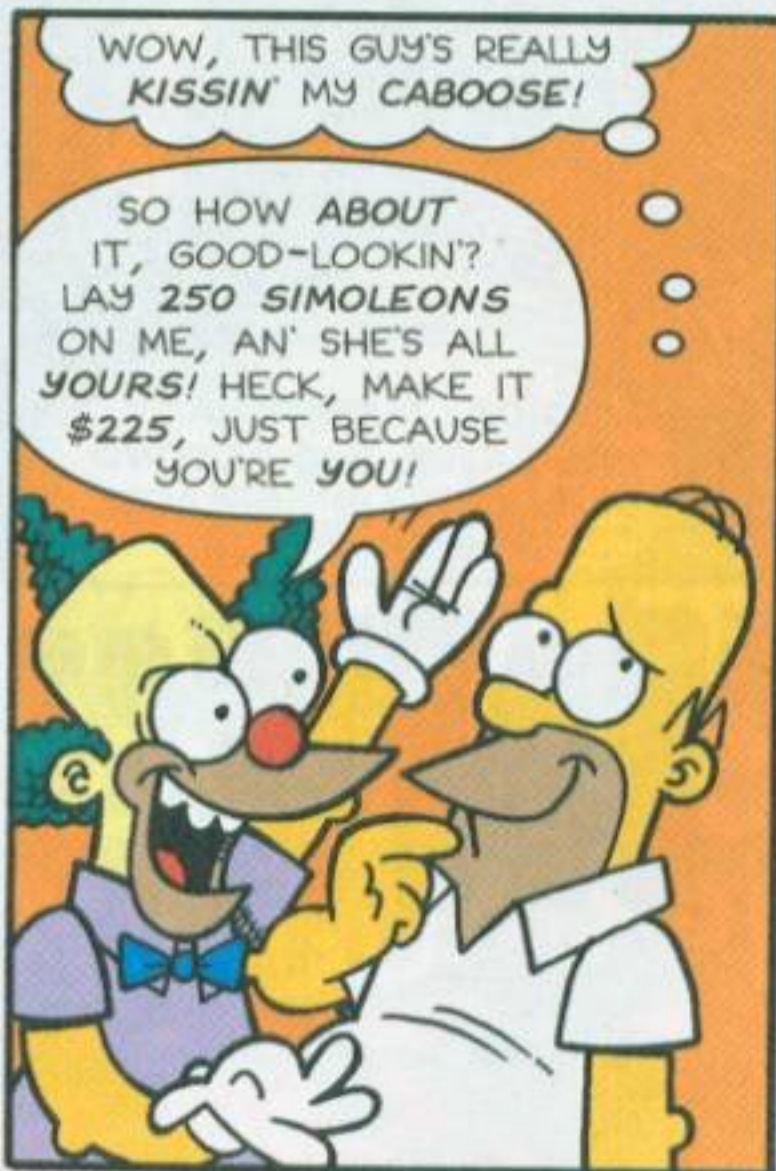
"LATER, HOMER'S FAMILY (BARELY) REACTS TO HIS BAD NEWS..."



"THE NEXT MORNING, HOMER TURNS TO THE CLASSIFIED ADS IN THE SPRINGFIELD SHOPPER..."



"THAT AFTERNOON, TAKING A CAB, HOMER INVESTIGATES A PROMISING USED CAR AD, OUT ON THE EDGE OF TOWN, NEAR THE CORNER WHERE THE MEN WITHOUT WORK HANG OUT."



"SPEAKING OF **ANXIOUS**, HOMER'S OFFSPRING ARE GETTING PRETTY **IMPATIENT** TO GET STARTED WITH THEIR **HALLOWEEN** FESTIVITIES."

C'MON, MOM, IT'S ALREADY GETTING **DARK**. IF WE DON'T GET GOIN' **SOON**, WE'RE GONNA **MISS OUT** ON ALL THE **REALLY GOOD JUNK**!

BART'S GOT A **POINT**, MOM! WHERE ARE OUR **HALLOWEEN** COSTUMES?

OH, HOLD YOUR **HORSES**, YOU TWO!

JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE **NIFTY CLOWN COSTUMES** I'VE **HAND-MADE** FOR ALL OF YOU!

PLEASE, MOM, PLEASE TELL ME YOU **DIDN'T** JUST UTTER THE WORD "**CLOWN**"!

I CERTAINLY **DID**! WHY **NOT**?

BECAUSE **EVERYONE** KNOWS THAT **CLOWNS** ARE **CREEPY** AS ALL **GET-OUT--EXCEPT** FOR **KRUSTY**, OF COURSE!

THAT'S **TRUE**, MOM--**KRUSTY'S** MORE **SLEAZY** THAN **CREEPY**!

WELL, I THINK THAT YOU TWO ARE JUST **OVER-REACTING**! THESE OUTFITS I MADE ARE **REALLY** QUITE **CUTE**! AND THE **PATTERNS** AND **FABRIC** WERE SO **REASONABLE**, TOO! A **REAL BARGAIN**!

"**BARGAIN**"? I **HATE** THAT WORD **ALMOST** AS MUCH AS "**CLOWN**"!

"AND **SO**, AGAINST THEIR **BETTER JUDGEMENT**, THE **SIMPSON CHILDREN** **HURRIEDLY** **DON** THEIR "**CUTE**" **NECHH** **NEW CLOWN COSTUMES**."

BART, THAT'S NOT THE COSTUME I MADE! YOU LOOK LIKE A **VAMPIRE CLOWN**!

I **CUSTOMIZED** MY **CREEPY CLOWN** COSTUME TO BE **SUPER-CREEPY**, SO I CAN **REALLY** PUT THE **BITE** ON OUR **NEIGHBORS**! **BOO-WHA-HA-HA-HAAAAA!!!**

WELL, I THINK YOU **STILL** LOOK **ADORABLE**, MY **SPECIAL** **LITTLE GUY**!

LISA, THAT'S NOT THE COSTUME I MADE FOR YOU, EITHER!

I JUST **IMPROVED** ON IT! YOU CAN CALL ME "**EDUCATIONAL EDNA**, THE **ECO-LOGICAL CLOWN**"!

I'M **COLLECTING** **PENNIES** FOR **P.E.T.A.**!

LITTLE **MAGGIE** MAKES THE **PERFECT CLOWNY** VERSION OF **CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S "LITTLE TRAMP"** CHARACTER!

BUT IF YOU WANT TO BE **AUTHENTICALLY SILENT**, STOP **SUCKING** ON YOUR **PACIFIER** SO **LOUD**!

SUCK! SUCK!

MADE FROM RECYCLED "PLEASE RECYCLE" BUMPER STICKERS

"MEANWHILE, HOMER IS PROUDLY HEADED HOME IN HIS NEW CLOWN-CAR."



"SUDDENLY, HOMER DISCOVERS A SURPRISE HITCHHIKER."



"BUT BEFORE LONG, THE LILLIPUTIAN PROPORTIONS OF KRUSTINE'S INTERIOR BEGIN TO CRAMP HOMER'S STYLE."



"KRUSTINE BEGINS A BIZARRE TRANSFORMATION! FIRST, HER PUNY HAMSTER-WHEEL MOTOR BECOMES SUPERCHARGED!"



"NEXT, KRUSTINE'S PATCHED AND NEARLY BALD REAR TIRES BECOME HIGH-QUALITY RACING SLICKS!"



"THEN KRUSTINE'S MUFFLER DROPS OFF LIKE A VESTIGIAL TAIL, TO BE REPLACED BY A SET OF FIRE-BELCHING CHROME EXHAUST PIPES!"



"HOMER UNDERGOES AN EQUALLY (MONDO-WEIRDO) TRANSFORMATION! FIRST, HOMER'S EYES BEGIN TO BULGE AND ENLARGE UNTIL THEY RESEMBLE A PAIR OF BLOOD-SHOT HEADLIGHTS!"



"NEXT, HOMER'S TEETH BECOME SNAGGLE-TOOTHED, FLYSPECKED FANGS! HIS LIPS BECOME SWOLLEN AS WEEK-OLD ROADKILL! HIS SKIN BECOMES COVERED WITH STUBBLE, ZITS, WARTS, AND CARBUNKLES!"



"THEN HOMER'S HANDS MORPH INTO RAW-KNUCKLED MEAT HOOKS, WITH ONE OF 'EM GRASPING THE CLOWN-CAR'S GEARSHIFT KNOB IN A POWERFUL DEATH-GRIP!"



"SOON, HOMER IS COMPLETELY UNDER KRUSTINE'S STRANGE AND EVIL INFLUENCE! IN FACT, HE IS HOMER SIMPSON NO LONGER--"

"--FOR HE HAS NOW BECOME THE HELLISH HOT ROD HOOLIGAN KNOWN ONLY AS-- BIG DADDY HOMER-FINK!!!"

I FINK, THEREFORE I AM!!!

OUTTA MY WAY, LOUSY PEDESTRIANS! WOO-HOOOO!!!

SPREAD OUT, YOU KNUCKLE-HEADS!

WOO-WOO-WOO-WOO!

AND I THOUGHT I WAS ANTI-SOCIAL!

DUDE, WHERE'S MY CARNAGE?

WELL, I GUESS THIS'LL TEACH ME NOT TO ENTER LOCAL CONTESTS THAT PROMISE A GRAND PRIZE OF MY LIKENESS IN A CRUMMY COMIC BOOK!

ROARRR!

"BIG DADDY HOMER-FINK'S FIRST STOP IS SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, WHERE ITS FACULTY HAS SET UP THEIR HALLOWEEN CARNIVAL..."

THERE'S NEVER A HALL MONITOR AROUND WHEN YOU REALLY NEED ONE!

HMMM...THAT'S ONE TRUNK-FULL OF FINK-TASTIC ANIMAL MAGNETISM!

AS OUR COUNTRY'S FOREFATHERS SAID, "DON'T LAY TREAD ON ME!"

ACH, AND I JUST BUFFED THET BLACK-TOP, YE BUMPTIOUS BEASTIE!

I PITY THE SCHOOL!

VROOOM!!!

"NEXT, HE SWINGS BY THE SPRINGFIELD DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES TO PUT HIS SISTERS-IN-LAW TO A TERROR-TEST..."

I'M GONNA TURN THIS DMV--INTO A DMZ!

AND HERE I THOUGHT ADDING THE NIGHTTIME HOURS WAS A GOOD IDEA!

SHUT YOUR YAP AND WATCH OUT FOR THOSE CONES, SIS!

\*DE-MILITARIZED ZONE

"FINALLY, ON HIS WAY HOME TO THE SUBURBS HE TAKES A DETOUR THROUGH DOWNTOWN SPRINGFIELD..."

ROADKILL AHEAD! BOOWOOHAHAHAHHH!

WORST FULL-SCALE REVELL MONSTER MODEL KIT...EVER!

TIME FOR DISCO STU TO BOOGIE AWAY FROM THAT BOOGIEMAN!

IF YOU THINK THAT CLOWN-CAR'S LEAVIN' SKID-MARKS, YOU OUGHTTA GET A LOAD O' MY SKIVVIES!

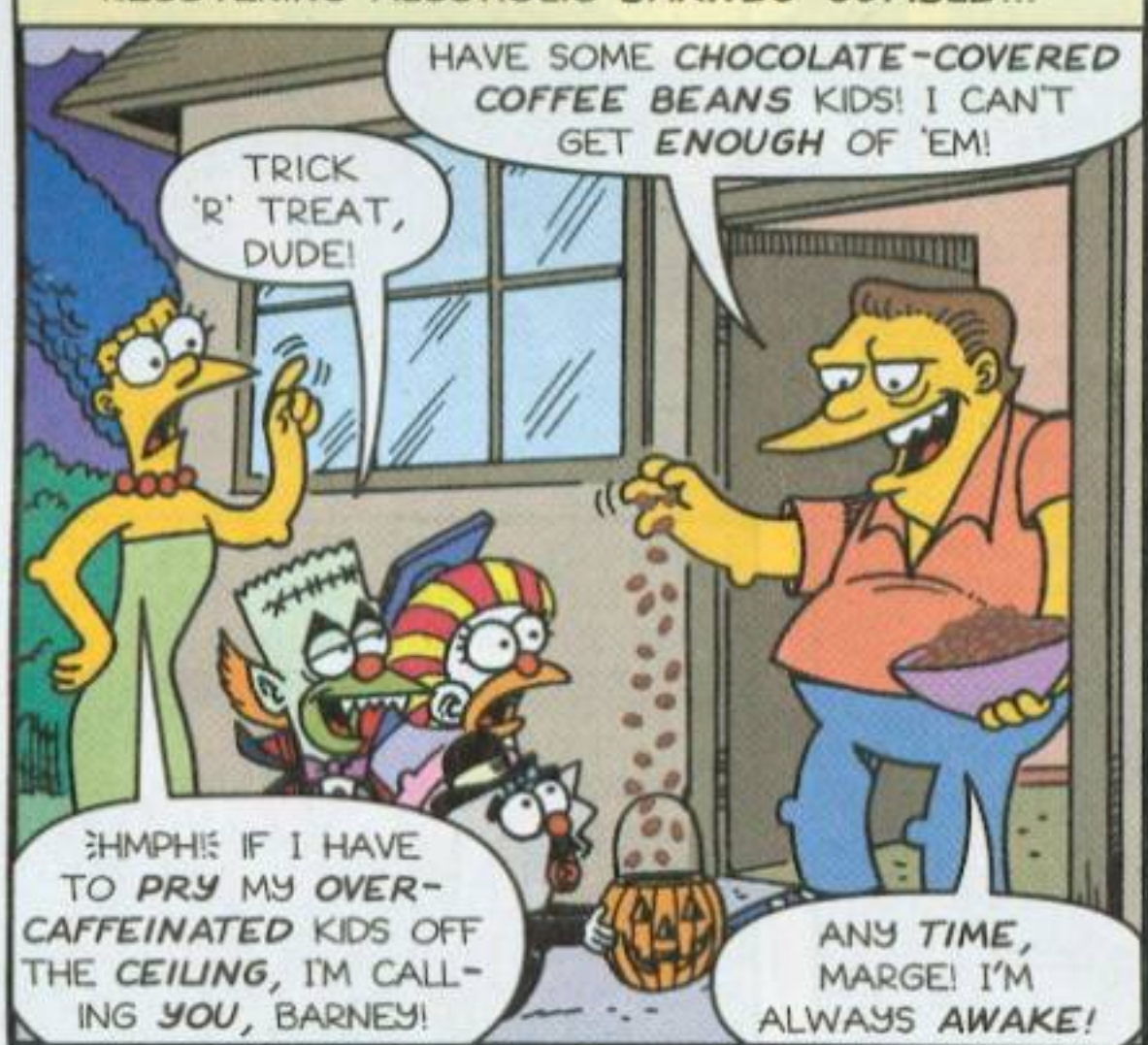
"MEANWHILE, THE SIMPSON KIDS DO THE NEIGHBORHOOD TRICK 'R' TREAT ROUTINE..."



"FIRST THEY STOP AT THE HOME OF NED FLANDERS AND HIS YOUNG SONS ROD AND TODD..."



"THEN THEY DROP BY THE DOMICILE OF RECOVERING ALCOHOLIC BARNEY GUMBLE..."



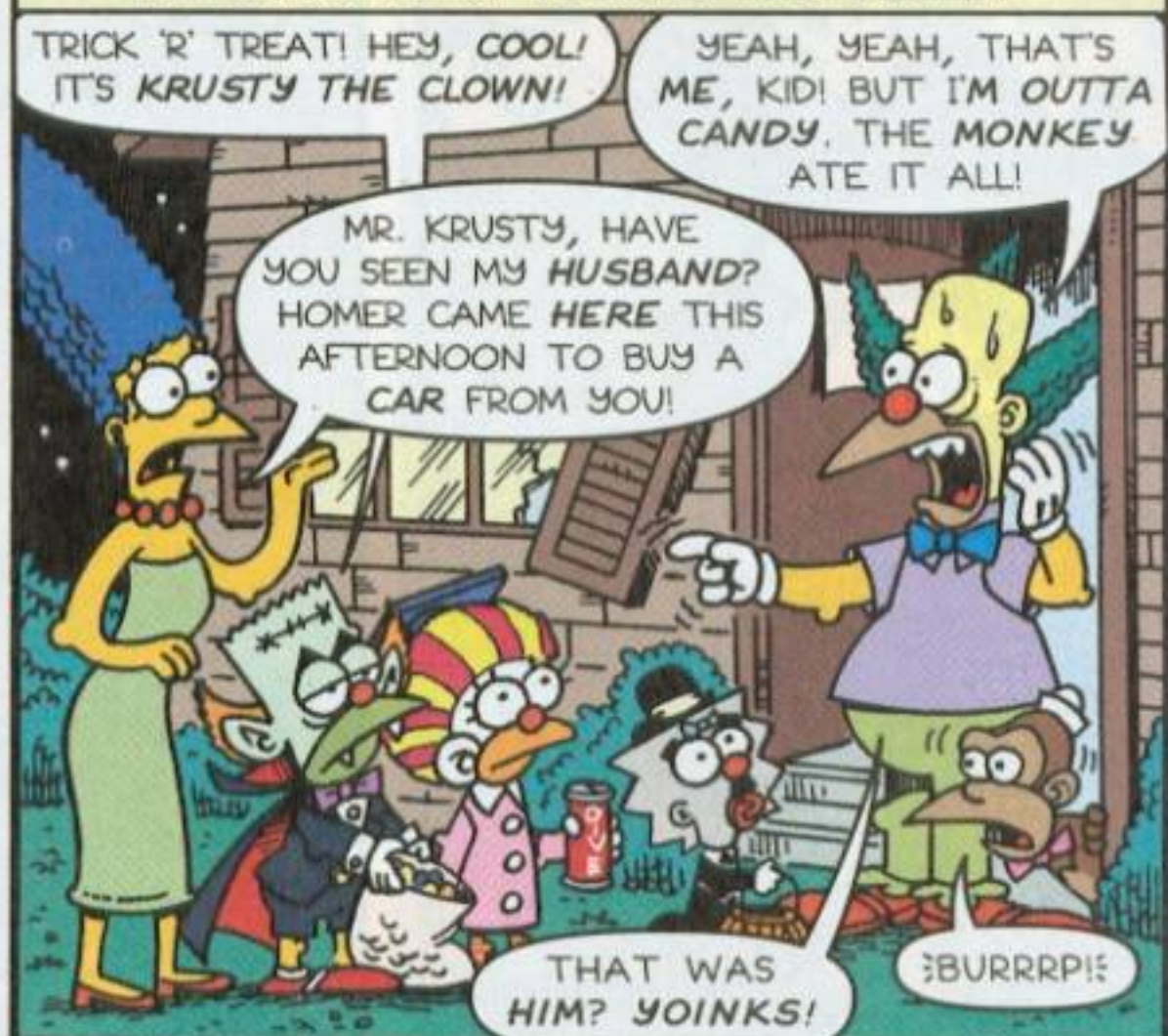
"NEXT, A STOPOVER AT THE HOME OF EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT WAYLON SMITHERS..."

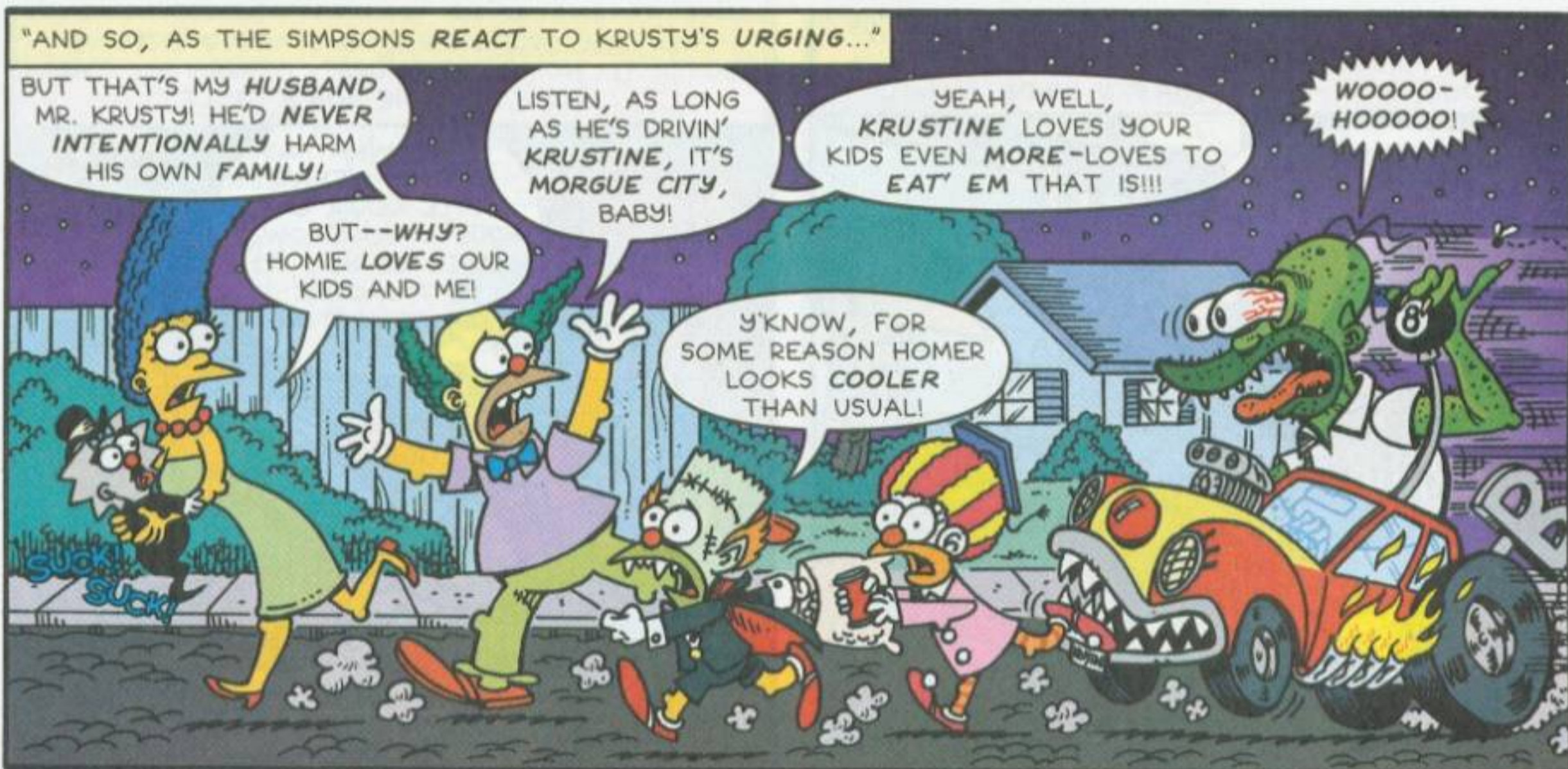
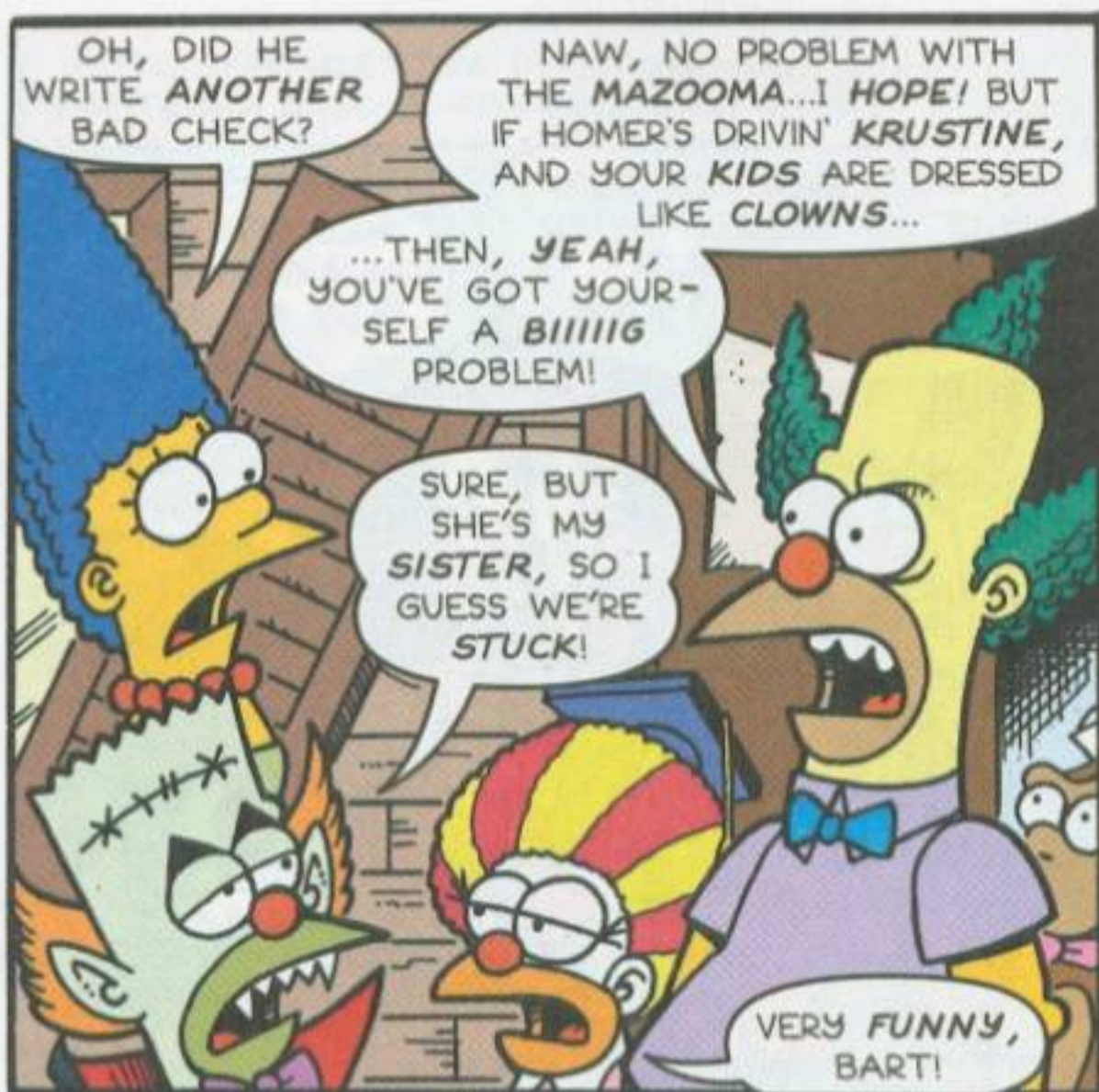


"THEN, A VISIT TO THE RESEARCH LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR JOHN FRINK..."



"FINALLY, THE SIMPSONS FIND THEMSELVES ON THE DOORSTEP OF KRUSTY THE CLOWN!"





"AND SO, KRUSTY LAPSES INTO WHAT WE HORROR-HOSTS LIKE TO CALL AN 'EXPOSITIVE FLASHBACK'--"

"HEY, BUTT OUT, POINDEXTER--I'M NARRATIN' NOW! Y'KNOW, I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST TIME I LAID MY BULGY EYES ON KRUSTINE!"

HOMINA-  
HOMINA-  
HOMINA--!!!

I TAKE IT YOU'RE IN THE MARKET FOR A SLIGHTLY PRE-OWNED CLOWN CAR?

USED CLOWN-CARS

AHHHOOOGAH!

"BUT AFTER I BOUGHT HER, I NOTICED THAT OTHER CLOWNS TENDED TO DISAPPEAR AROUND KRUSTINE!"

HEY, RUBE, HAVE YOU SEEN ANY OF MY GREASE-PAINTED GOONS? IT'S FIVE MINUTES 'TIL SHOW TIME, AND THEY'VE VANISHED!

HEY, I'M THE ONLY CLOWN I'VE SEEN ALL DAY, PALLY!

UH...EXCUSE YOU, KRUSTINE HONEY!

BLORTCH!

"FORTUNATELY, SHE COULDN'T GET HER FILL OF THE OL' KRUST-MEISTER! (AN' I MEAN THAT IN A GOOD, NON-BLOODTHIRSTY KINDA WAY!)"

HEY, WHADDAYA KNOW? SHE REALLY LIKES ME!

PURRRRR!

HEY, GET A PARKING SPACE, YOU TWO!

THEN THE GRISLY DEATHS STARTED GETTING CLOSER TO HOME! OF COURSE, IT WAS ALL THAT LOUSY SIDESHOW BOB'S FAULT...

OOH, WHAT A TEENY-WEENY LITTLE KIDDIE CAR, KRUSTY! SOMEHOW I EXPECTED YOU TO BE THE OVER-COMPENSATING TYPE!

SNARRR!

HEY, DON'T TALK SMACK ABOUT MY RIDE, HAIR-BOY! SHE BITES BACK!

"AT LEAST SIDESHOW BOB'S UNTIMELY DEMISE GAVE ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO REPLACE THE CRUMB-BUM! BUT ALL TOO SOON KRUSTINE WAS HUNGRY AGAIN..."

YOINKS!!!

THAT'S THE SECOND SECOND BANANA YOU'VE EATEN IN TWO WEEKS! AND HAVE YOU SEEN THE PRICE OF BANANAS THESE DAYS?

CHOFF!

EATEN ALIVE ON LOCAL TELEVISION! HOPEFULLY, I'LL RECEIVE A POSTHUMOUS EMMY!

"AFTER THAT ON-AIR DISASTER, MY TV CAREER WAS KAPUTSKI! THAT'S WHEN I HAD A SICKENING REALIZATION..."

OY VEY! KRUSTINE SEES ALL OTHER CLOWNS AS MY POTENTIAL COMPETITION...

...SO SHE OVER-PROTECTIVELY EATS 'EM TO ELIMINATE ANY POTENTIAL THREAT TO MY CAREER!

(I NEVER SHOULD HAVE SHOWED HER MY DVD OF "LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS"!)

"HOLY CRUD! I'M HANDIN' THE NARRATION BACK TO YOU, JUNIOR!"

"ARE YOU KIDDIN'? FROM HERE ON, THIS STORY'S ON ITS OWN!"

KRUSTINE! NO NEED TO CHOW DOWN ON THESE LI'L CLOWNS...THEY'RE JUST, ER, MY NEW UNDERSTUDIES ...YEAH, THAT'S IT!

BIG DADDY HOMER FINK IS IN DA' HOUSE!

DUDE, THAT "IN DA' HOUSE" LINE IS 5000 TWENTIETH CENTURY!

THAT ONE, TOO!

OH, DON'T HAVE A COW, BART!

**CRASSSSH!**

HOMER, WE HAD THAT WALL PAINTED JUST LAST MONTH!

SHAME ON YOU, HOMER!

VROOM! ZOOM! HONK! TWEET! MEEP-MEEP!

OOH, NO YOU DON'T! NO AMOUNT OF SWEET TALK IS GOING TO HELP YOU WEASEL OUT OF THIS ONE!

IN FACT, I DARE YOU TO SAY THAT DIRECTLY TO MAGGIE'S INNOCENT LITTLE FACE...

**SUCK! SUCK!**

**PAT!**

**PAT!**

HUH? AWWW...

THAT MIGHT SNAP YOUR HUSBAND BACK TO NORMAL, BUT I KNOW MY CAR, AN' SHE'S NOT GONNA GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT!

THROW IT IN REVERSE, KRUSTINE! THESE KIDS AIN'T IN YOUR DEAL-A-MEAL CARDS!

OH, MY!

**GRRRRR!**

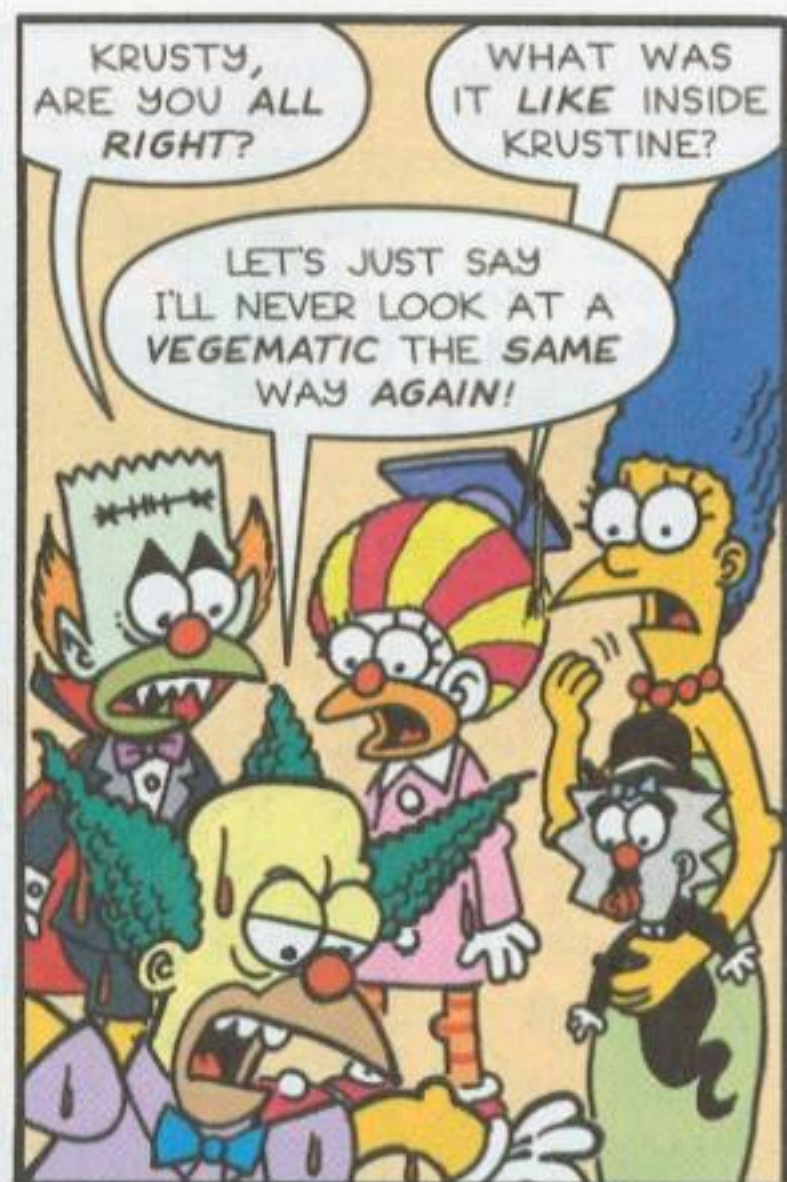
WHOA, MAMA! KRUSTINE JUST ATE KRUSTY IN ONE BITE!

DON'T LOOK, MAGGIE!

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL JUNK FOOD!

**GULPP!**

YOINKS!

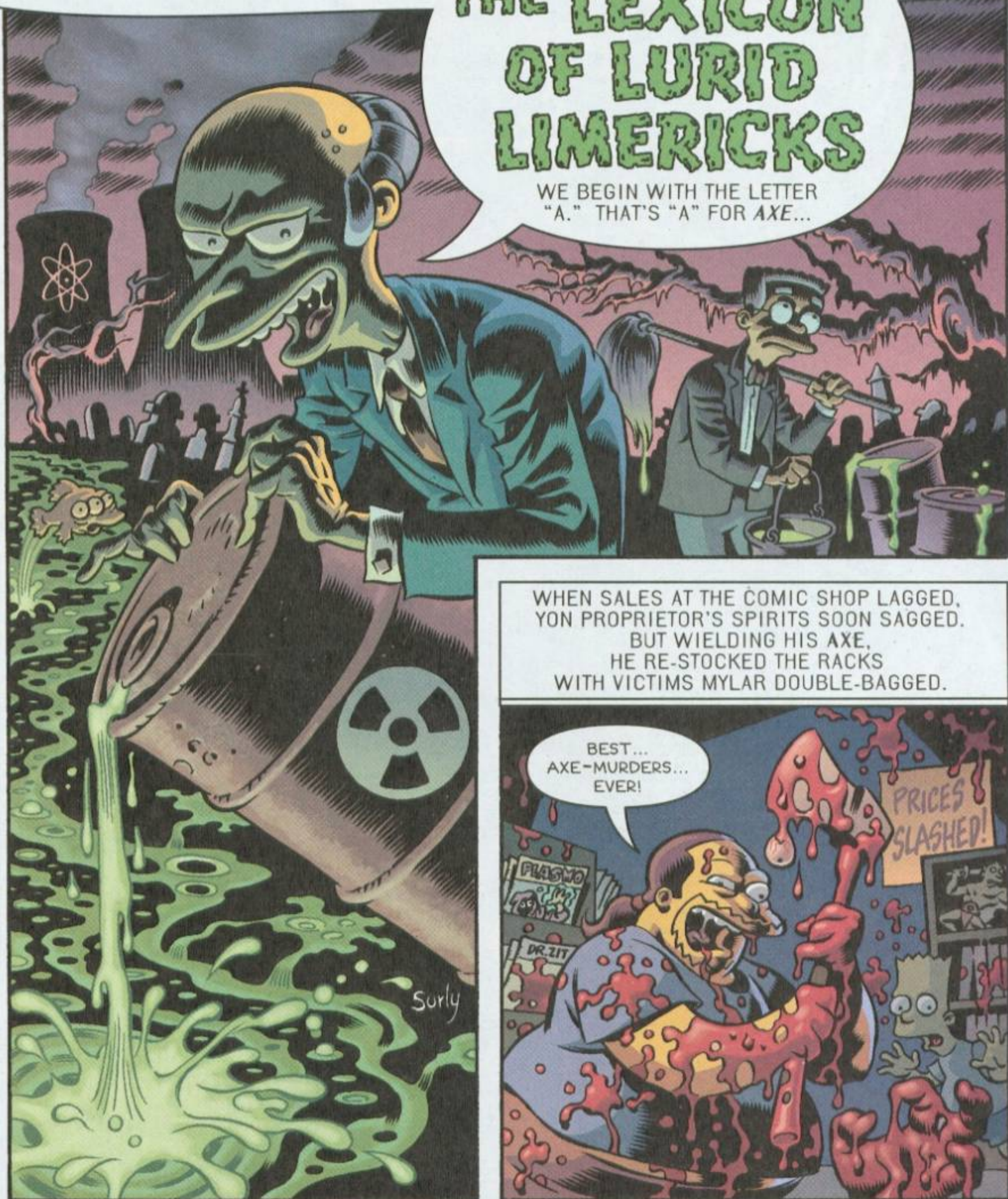


# THE POWERPLANT OF PAIN

OOPS! HOW CLUMSY OF ME! I SEEM TO HAVE ACCIDENTALLY SPILLED ANOTHER CANISTER. CLEAN THAT UP, SMITHERS! HEH, HEH. WELL, *ROTTEN READERS*, ONCE AGAIN IT'S TIME FOR *RANCID RHYMES* AND *PUTRID POETRY*. TONIGHT, WE PRY OPEN A *DICTIONARY OF THE DISGUSTING* TO REVEAL AN AWFUL ALPHABETTE NOIR! THIS INTERMINABLE TOME OF THE LOWBROW LITERATI IS CALLED...

## THE LEXICON OF LURID LIMERICKS

WE BEGIN WITH THE LETTER  
"A." THAT'S "A" FOR AXE...



WHEN SALES AT THE COMIC SHOP LAGGED,  
YON PROPRIETOR'S SPIRITS SOON SAGGED.  
BUT WIELDING HIS AXE,  
HE RE-STOCKED THE RACKS  
WITH VICTIMS MYLAR DOUBLE-BAGGED.

BEST...  
AXE-MURDERS...  
EVER!

HILARY BARTA  
CO-SCRIPT/ART

STEPHEN SULLIVAN  
CO-SCRIPT

DAVE STEWART  
COLORS

KAREN BATES  
LETTERS

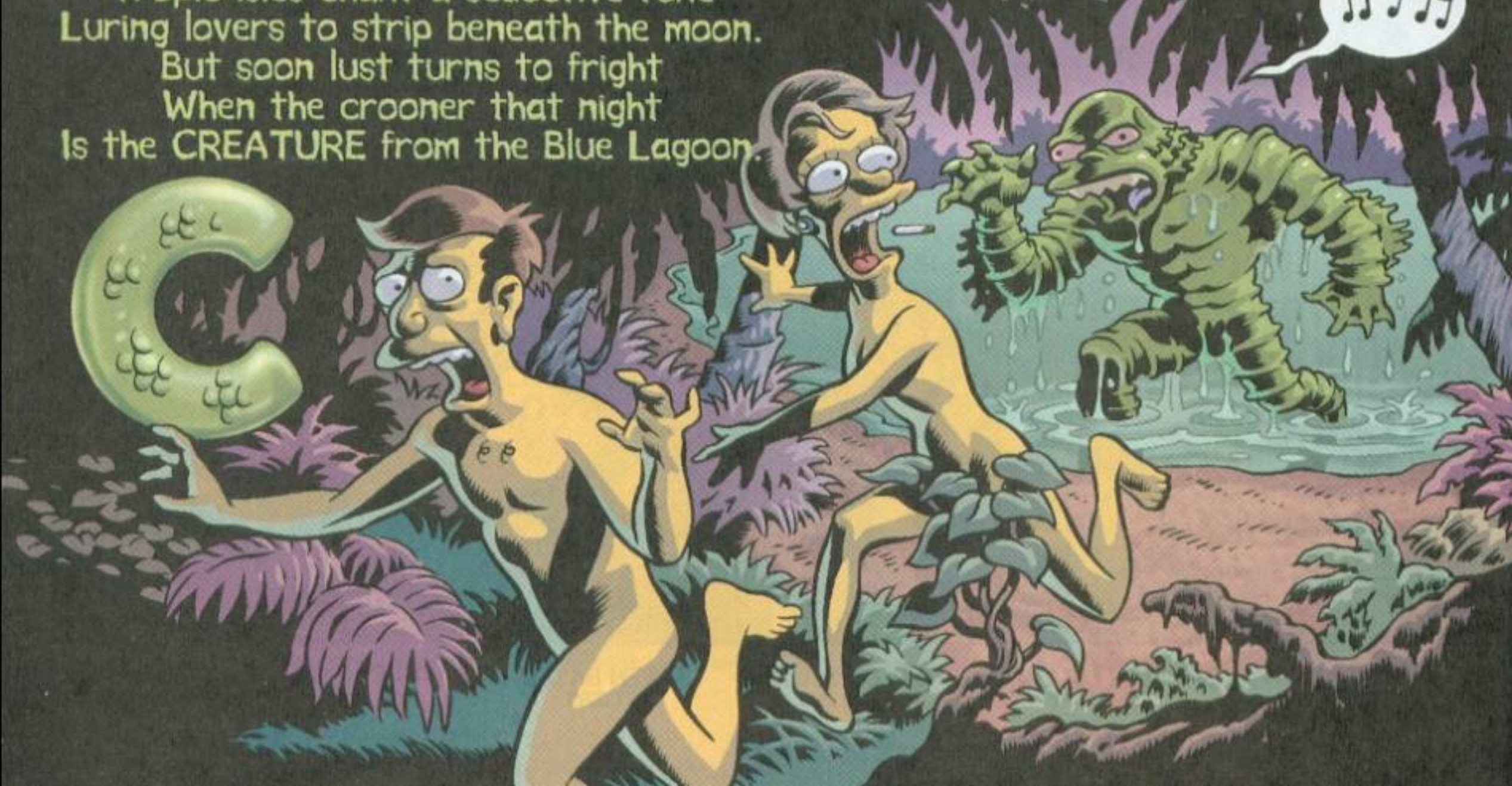
BILL MORRISON  
EDITOR

MATT GROENING  
THE ALPHABETIZER

Though the monster stole brains for a bride,  
Wedded bliss with a miss was denied.  
When Igor failed to explain  
Which snatched BRAIN was insane,  
Dr. Nick stitched the wrong brain inside.



Tropic isles chant a seductive tune  
Luring lovers to strip beneath the moon.  
But soon lust turns to fright  
When the crooner that night  
Is the CREATURE from the Blue Lagoon.



D

The last thought of the terrorist cell  
Was in paradise soon they would dwell.  
But how quickly they learned.  
Instead of virgins, they'd earned  
A hot date with the DEVIL in Hell.

MAN, DO THESE  
GUYS NEED A NEW  
CATCH-PHASE!

DEATH  
TO THE  
GREAT  
SATAN!

the  
ONION  
ROCKS!

bin Laden

E

On peanuts  
the Simpsons did fatten  
In the seats  
at the circus they sat in.  
Each peanut they ate  
Spurred on pachyderm hate,  
And what ELEPHANTS hate,  
they soon flatten.

JUST  
DROP THE  
PEANUTS!

NEVER!



**B** A carnival geek billed as "Sleazy"  
Thought that dating twin FREAKS would be easy.  
But they split up his heart  
When he saw them apart  
For the siblings were not Siamesey.

SO, WHO DO  
YOU WANT FIRST,  
BIG BOY?

Down yonder  
where GARBAGE piles seep  
A thing bubbled up from the deep.  
From their tar-paper shacks  
The hillbillies made tracks.  
Rednecks fled from the white trash heap.

When attacked by a huge body part,  
Right-wingers were soon hacked apart.  
"Not a liberal died!"  
The conservatives cried  
In the rampage of the bleeding HEART!



QUICK!  
CANCEL THE ANAL  
PROBE!

MMM...PRE-  
DIGESTED DONUTS!



Appalled aliens let out a squeal.  
Their **INVASION** had lost all appeal.  
In the subject they tested  
They saw undigested  
The contents of Homer's last meal.



Once wronged by a jury of peers,  
Who longed to return to their beers,  
The jailed convict broke out,  
And beyond reasonable doubt  
A hung JURY brings 1000 years.

DUDE!  
BRAIN  
FREEZE!



A con on the lam from the law  
Robbed KWIK-E of a drink and a straw.  
But soon would he wish he,  
Had not copped the Squishee  
When the Squishee squished him in its claw.

If you raise the reptilian ire  
Of LARGE LIZARDS with bad breath afire,  
You have nowhere to turn  
For at both ends they burn.  
You'll expire on a flatulent pyre.



An eccentric artiste went quite MAD  
When a critic critiqued her as "fad."  
Sipping bloody red claret,  
Dripping gore around her garret,  
She made "art" of the critical cad.



I DON'T  
CARE IF IT'S  
ME...

IT'S *STILL*  
DERIVATIVE, POST-  
MODERN RUBBISH!

# N

When age seeks a cure for its ills  
It leaks hazardous **NUCLEAR SPILLS**.  
This toxic waste dumping  
Gets elder hearts pumping  
With a vigor that's not found in pills.

I'VE GOT BACK  
THAT YOUTHFUL GLOW,  
SMITHERS!

THAT'S THE  
RADIATION, SIR.

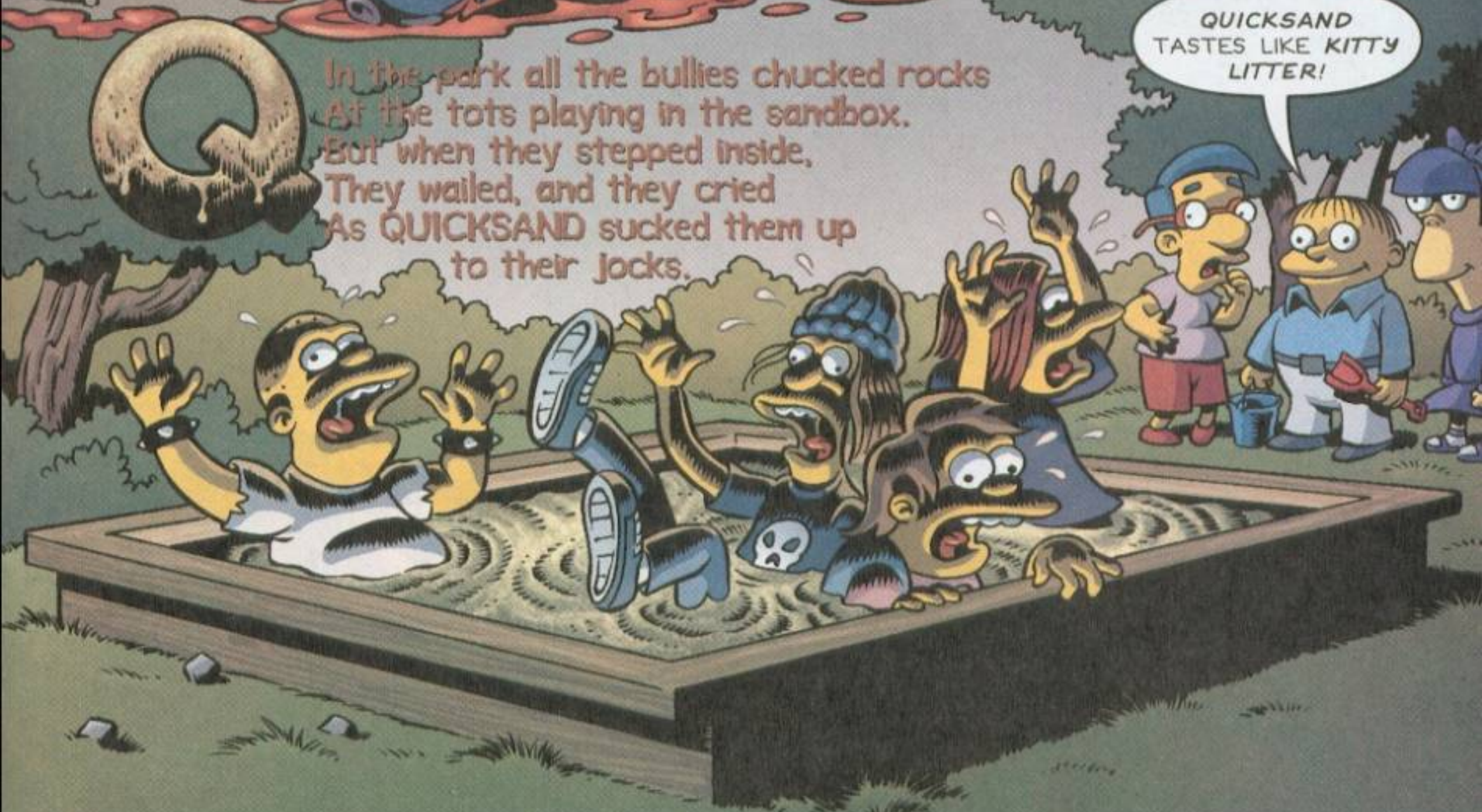
With hicks running illegal stills —  
Tax cheating out thar in the hills —  
Their hot grease deep fries  
Nosy IRS guys;  
Boiling OIL merely maims,  
seldom kills.



Oozing through a dimensional PORTAL  
Drooling goo, thirsty dark gods did chortle.  
They found four yahoos  
So bloated from booze  
Each got sloshed on the blood of a mortal.

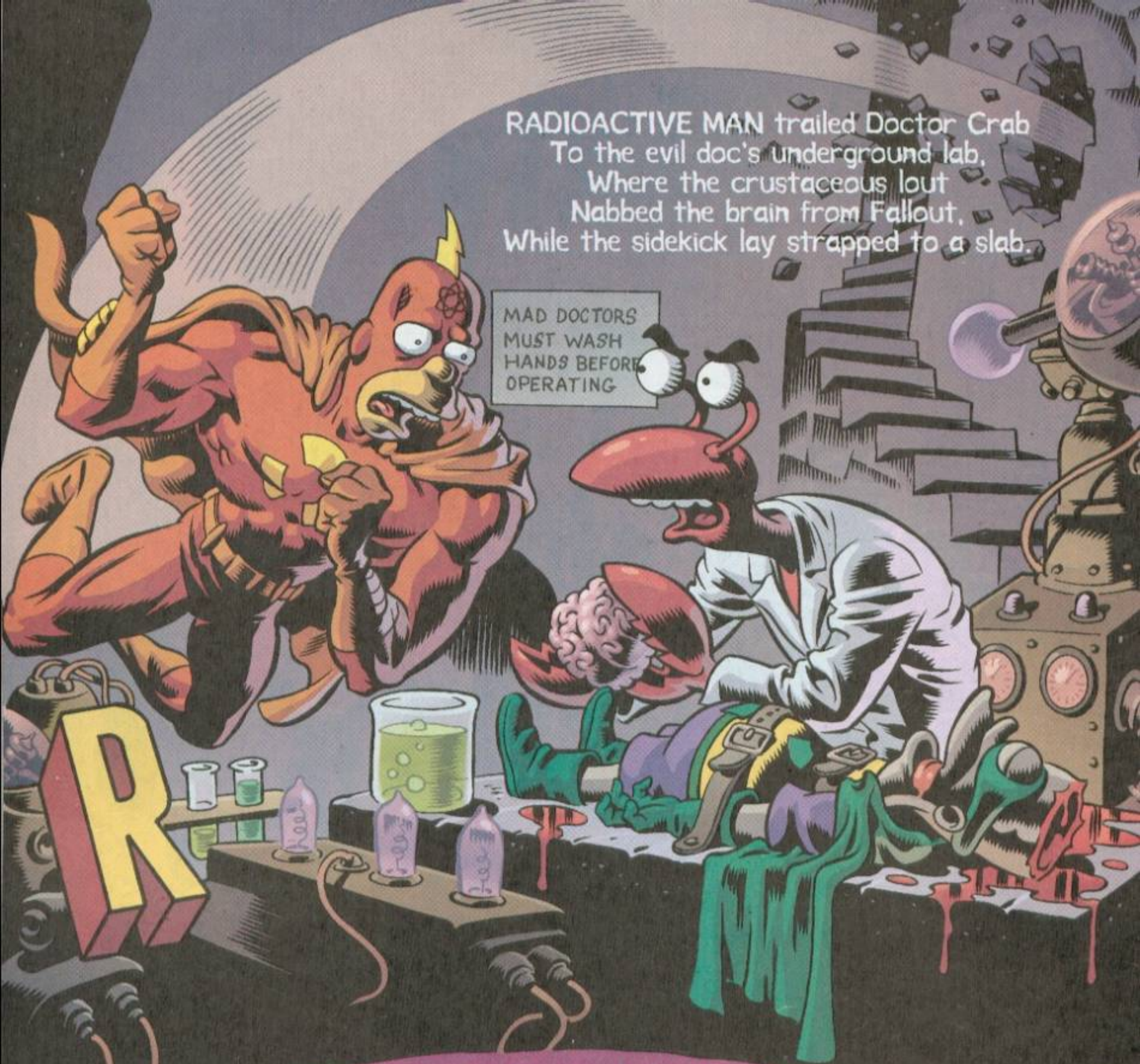


In the park all the bullies chuckled  
At the tots playing in the sandbox.  
But when they stepped inside,  
They wailed, and they cried  
As QUICKSAND sucked them up  
To their jocks.



RADIOACTIVE MAN trailed Doctor Crab  
To the evil doc's underground lab,  
Where the crustaceous lout  
Nabbed the brain from Fallout,  
While the sidekick lay strapped to a slab.

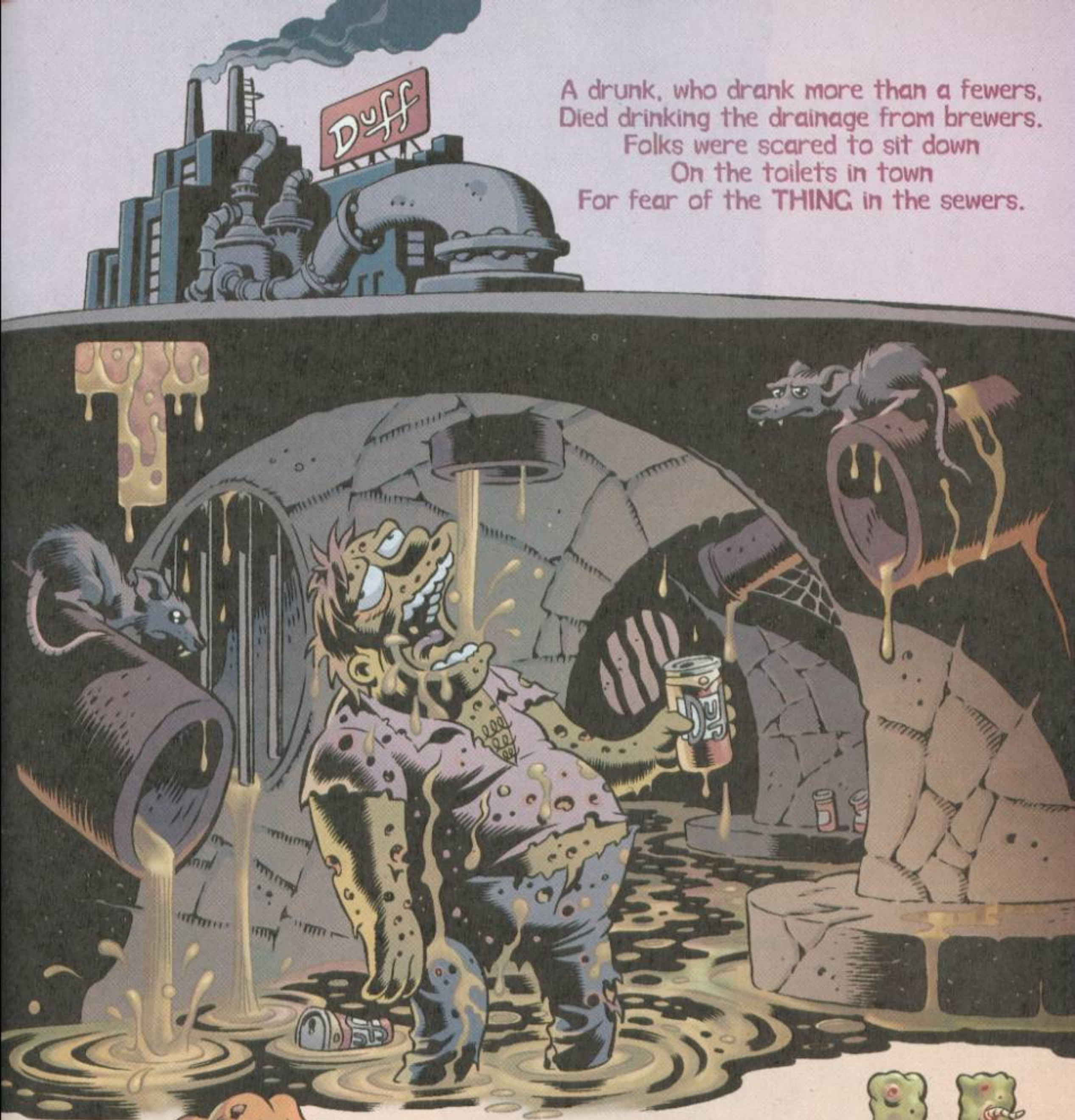
MAD DOCTORS  
MUST WASH  
HANDS BEFORE  
OPERATING



A pianist who mangled his hand  
Got a graft from a STRANGLER from Strand,  
Now he noodles the keys  
With great oodles of ease,  
While he throttles the boys in the band.



A drunk, who drank more than a fewers,  
Died drinking the drainage from brewers.  
Folks were scared to sit down  
On the toilets in town  
For fear of the **THING** in the sewers.



Each night as he knelt by his bed,  
Ned prayed for his wife (who was dead).  
After life without sin,  
Heaven should let her in,  
But she came back as **UNDEAD** instead.

TRY NOT TO SPILL  
ANY **BRAINS** ON THE  
NEW CARPET, HON!

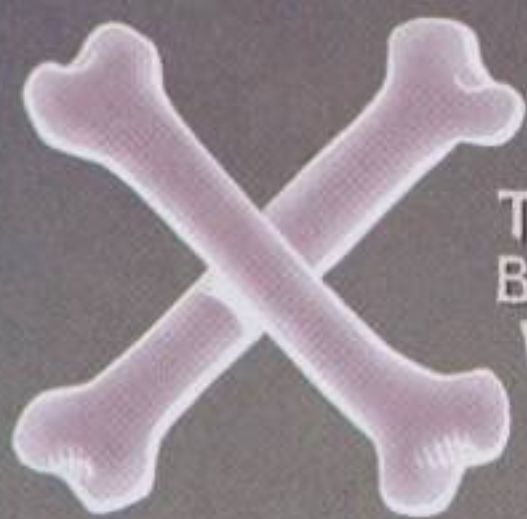
V

A volatile VAMPIRE named Gunn  
Drank all night at Moe's for some fun.  
But his luck took a tumble  
When he drained Barney Gumble  
And stumbled out into the sun.

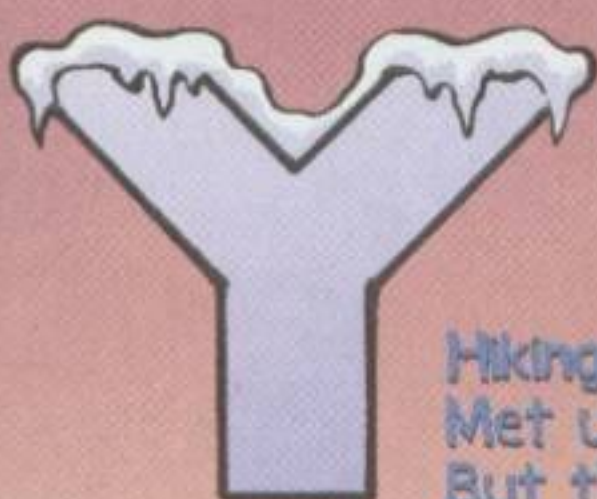
El Puerto



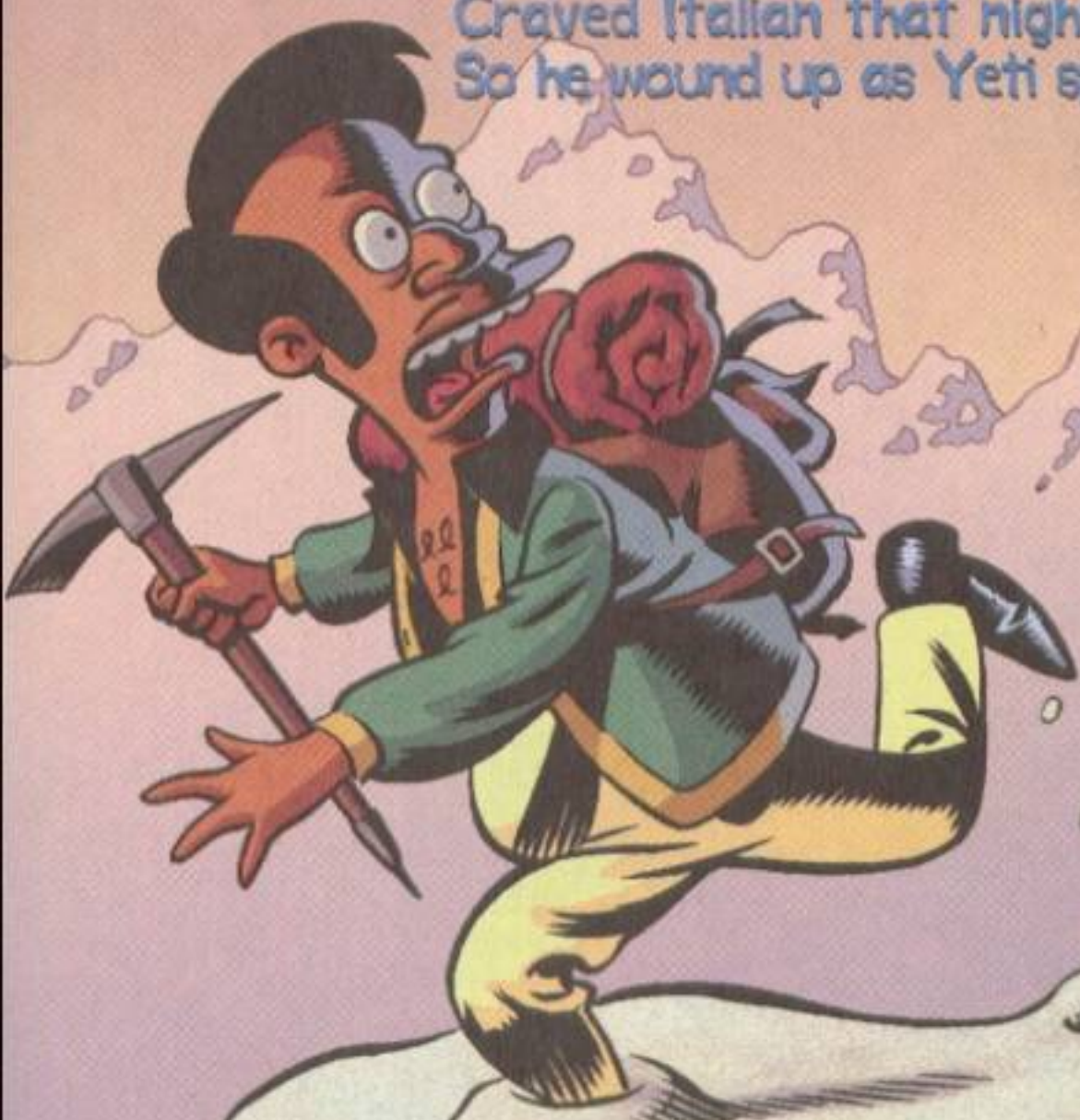
A WEREWOLF, bald like a baboon,  
Caused his prudish neighbors to swoon,  
While chasing his spouse  
One night 'round the house,  
He gave them a glimpse of the moon.




Like a scene from "The Lord of the Flies,"  
The teen hoodlums in school terrorize.  
But they stopped kicking asses  
When they broke the thick glasses  
Of the boy with the X-RAY eyes.



Hiking mountainous slopes in Tibet, he  
Met up with a wandering YETI.  
But the snowman of white  
Craved Italian that night,  
So he wound up as Yeti spaghetti.





EGAD, SMITHERS!  
WHATEVER DO YOU  
W-WANT?

I WANT  
TO SUCK YOUR  
BRAINS OUT,  
SIR!

All the devious dumping by Burns  
Put Springfielders in caskets and urns.  
But soon that nuked spillage  
Revived the dead village,  
And for brains now each ZOMBIE returns.

THE  
END