

# BART SIMPSON'S TREEHOUSE OF HORROR™



9<sup>TH</sup> ISSUE

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Featuring

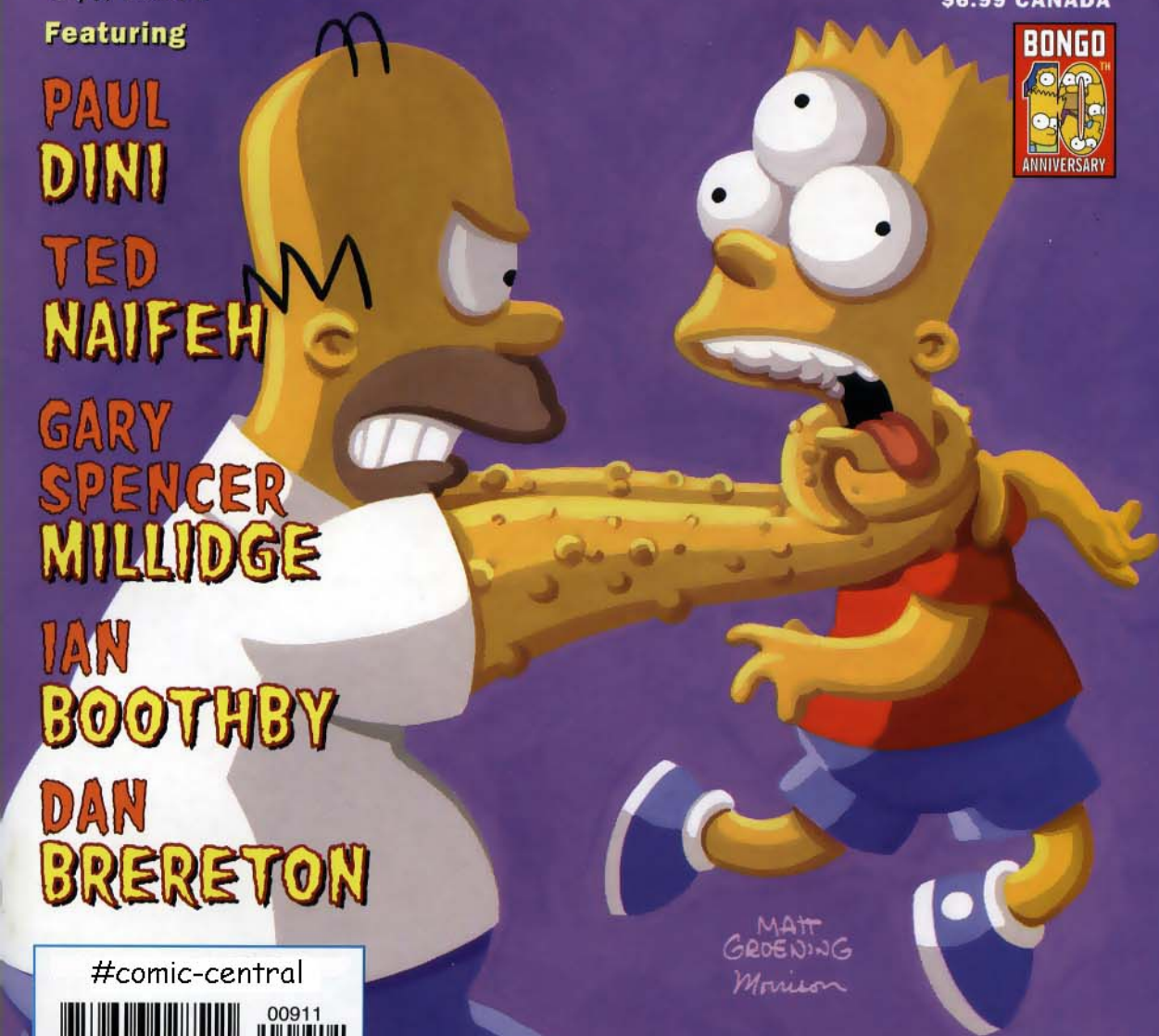
PAUL  
DINI

TED  
NAIFEH

GARY  
SPENCER  
MILLIDGE

IAN  
BOOTHBY

DAN  
BRERETON



#comic-central



**BONUS** PIN-UP BY **PHIL NOTO**

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# MACABRE MATT GROENING PRETERNATURALLY PRESENTS

**RING AROUND THE SIMPSONS**  
 EEEEE!-AN BOOTHBY.....STORY/SCRIPT  
 DANGER BRERETON.....STORY/ART  
 SCARIN' BATES.....LETTERS

**THE CASK OF AMONTILLA-D'OH**  
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 NATHAN "NEVERMORE" KANE.....COLORS  
 KRAVEN BATES.....LETTERS

**FROM HELL AND BACK**  
 GARY SUSPENSER MILLIDGE..STORY/ART/LETTERS  
 NATHAN "KILLER" KANE.....COLORS

**MARGIE'S  
BABY**  
 SHRILL  
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# RING AROUND The SIMPSONS

HOLD FAST!

PROTECT THE  
RING AT ALL COSTS,  
SMALL ONE!

BEHOLD...

...EVERY EVIL  
THING THAT EXISTS  
IN THE LAND HAVE  
WE THROWN AT THEM,  
OH DARK LORD, AND  
ALL HAVE THEY  
CONQUERED!

**I WILL  
NOT TOLERATE  
FAILURE!**

NOR SHOULD YOU,  
GREAT ONE, BUT  
THERE ARE WORLDS  
BEYOND THIS ONE.  
THOUGH EVEN I  
HESITATE TO DRAW  
ON SUCH VILE AND  
DANGEROUS  
FORCES.

**DO IT!  
NOW!**





AS YOU WISH.

I SHALL CAST MY MYSTIC NET INTO THE NETHERWORLDS AND BRING FORTH BEINGS OF UNIMAGINABLE POWER!



SOON...

TELL ME, WHAT THOUGHTS TROUBLE YOUR MIND, ELF KING?

'TIS MY IMPENDING MARRIAGE THAT HANGS UPON MY BROW.

I AM WISTFUL OF THE MANY FAIR ELVES OF MY KINGDOM WHO SHALL NEVER COME TO ENJOY ME... ALAS, I PITY THEM.



UM...YES. THE, AH, THE WOMEN.

HOW WELL YOU LOVE THE WOMEN, ELF KING.



FELLOWS, AFTER MUCH PERIL, OUR QUEST FINALLY DRAWS NEAR ITS END. LOOK WELL, FOR IT IS OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE NOW TO BE DISTRACTED BY NOTHING.









WHAT KIND OF GRANDFATHER ARE YOU? LETTING THESE CHILDREN GO BAREFOOT IN THE SNOW!

CHECK OUT THE HAIR! MAN, I WISH MY HEAD LOOKED LIKE YOUR FEET!

WHAT STRANGE BEINGS! THIS MAY BE THE WORK OF THE DARK LORD!



WE ARE ON A SACRED QUEST TO CAST THE RING OF POWER INTO THE FIERY MOUNTAIN OF...

I DIDN'T ASK FOR YOUR LIFE STORY. YOU GOT A QUEST, IT'S THIS OR GO TO WORK, SO COUNT THE SIMPSON FAMILY IN.



I SENSE GREAT EVIL IN THIS ONE.

YEAH, YEAH, I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE, YODA. NOW LET'S GET QUESTING!



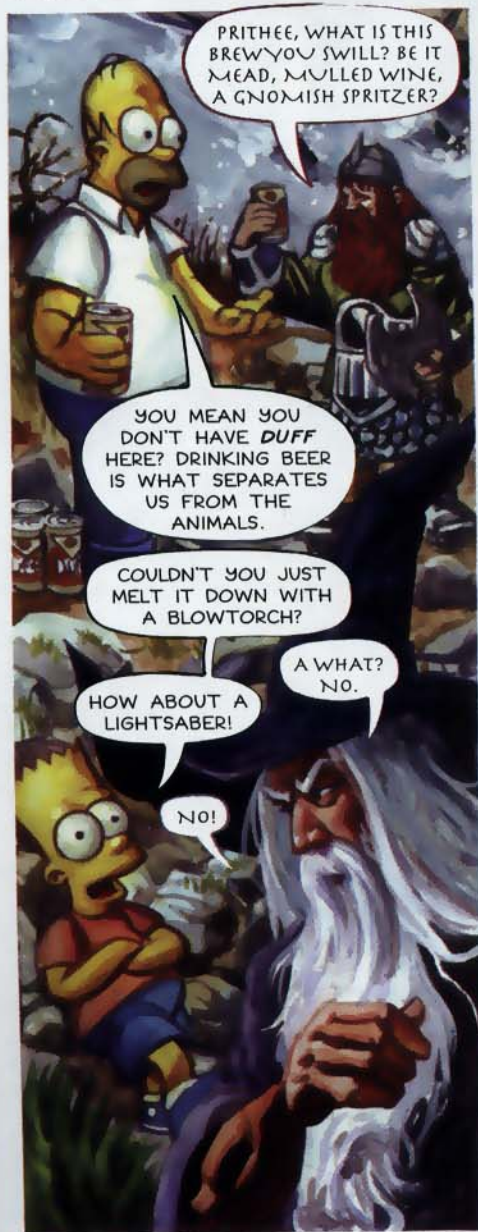
ARE WE THERE YET? ARE WE THERE YET? ARE WE THERE YET?

DOES THIS LOOK LIKE A VOLCANO TO YOU?













COULD YOU  
CRUSH THE RING  
IN A VICE?

NO, JUST THE  
VOLCANO! NOW  
BE SILENT, BOY! I  
MUST HAVE TOTAL  
CONCENTRATION IF  
I AM TO DEFEAT  
OUR FOES!



YAAAAA!

OUT OF THE  
WAY, JERK-  
ASS!



ALAS, THE ELVEN  
KING AND DWARF LORD  
ARE LOST. WE SHALL  
GRIEVE FOR THEM.

LATER...

I SAID I  
WAS SORRY.  
HOW MUCH  
LONGER ARE  
WE GOING  
TO PLAY  
THE BLAME  
GAME?

¡SIGH! I  
GUESS OUR  
LOVE WASN'T  
MEANT TO  
BE.

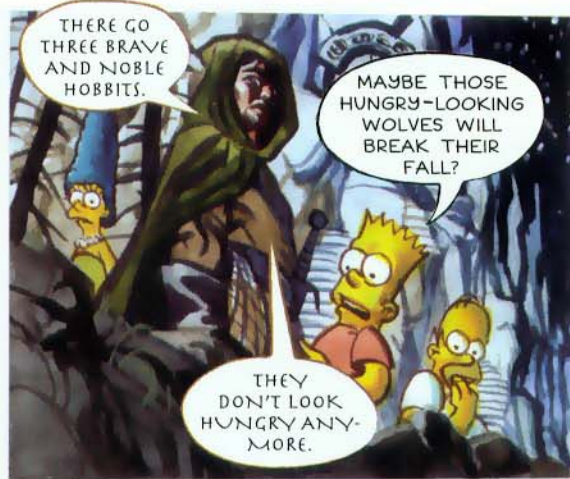
OUR TASK  
GROWS ALL THE MORE  
FROUGHT WITH PERIL.  
AND MUD.

P-U!  
WHAT SMELLS  
LIKE A PHISH  
CONCERT?









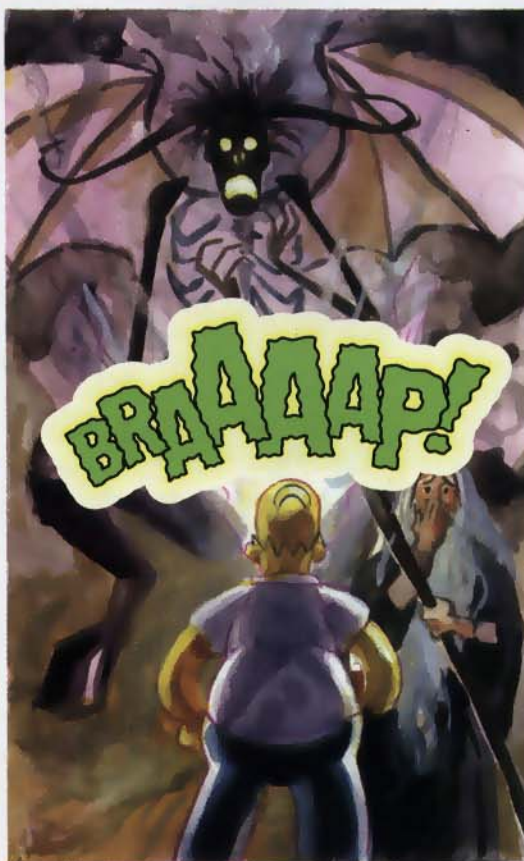




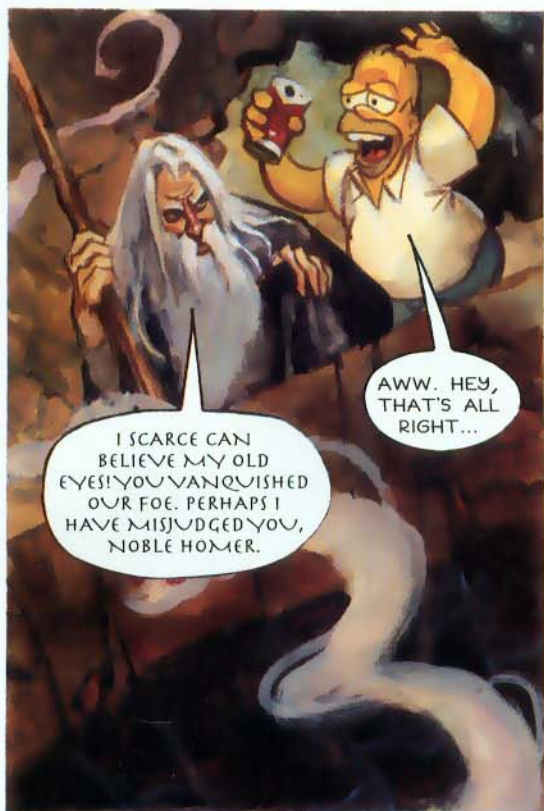








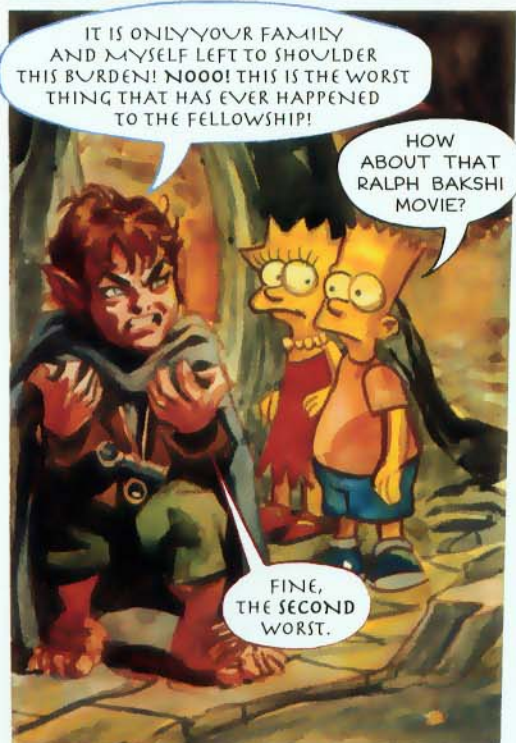




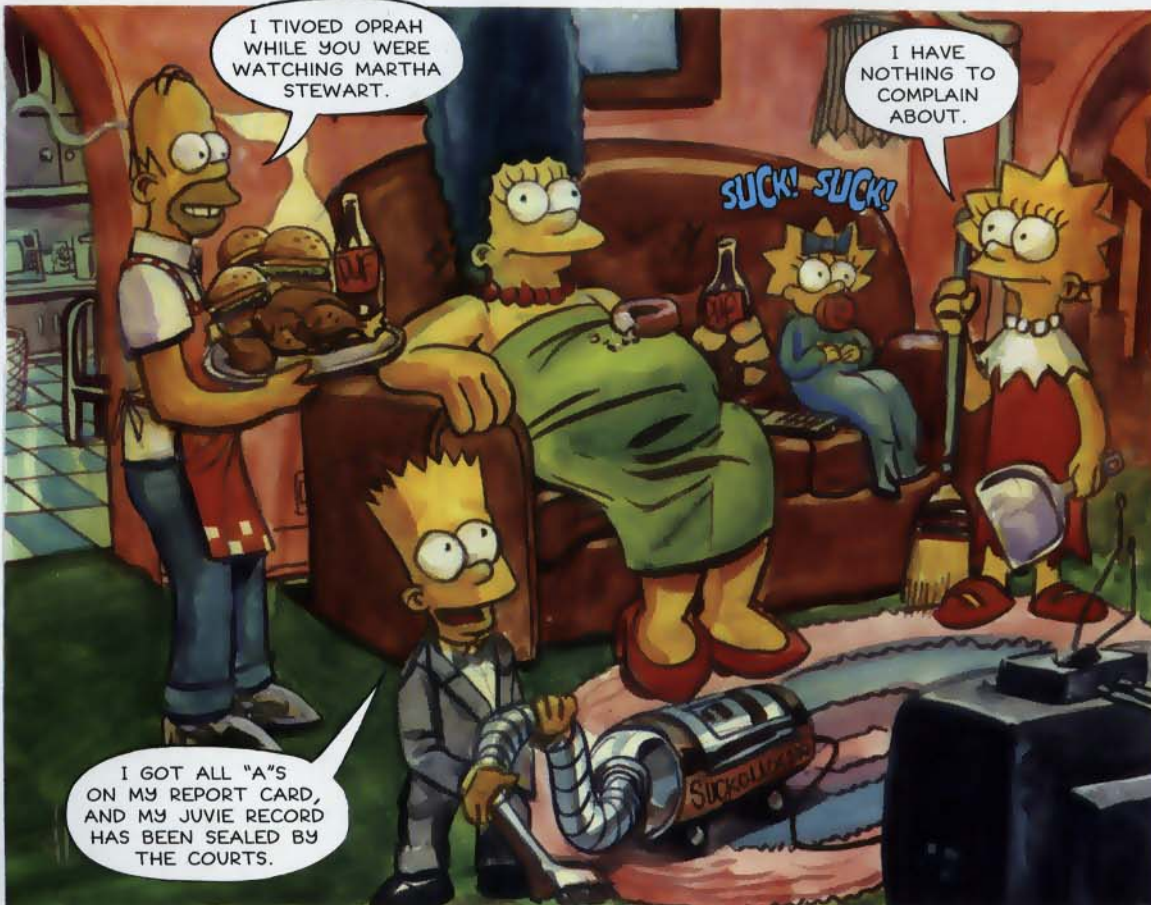


















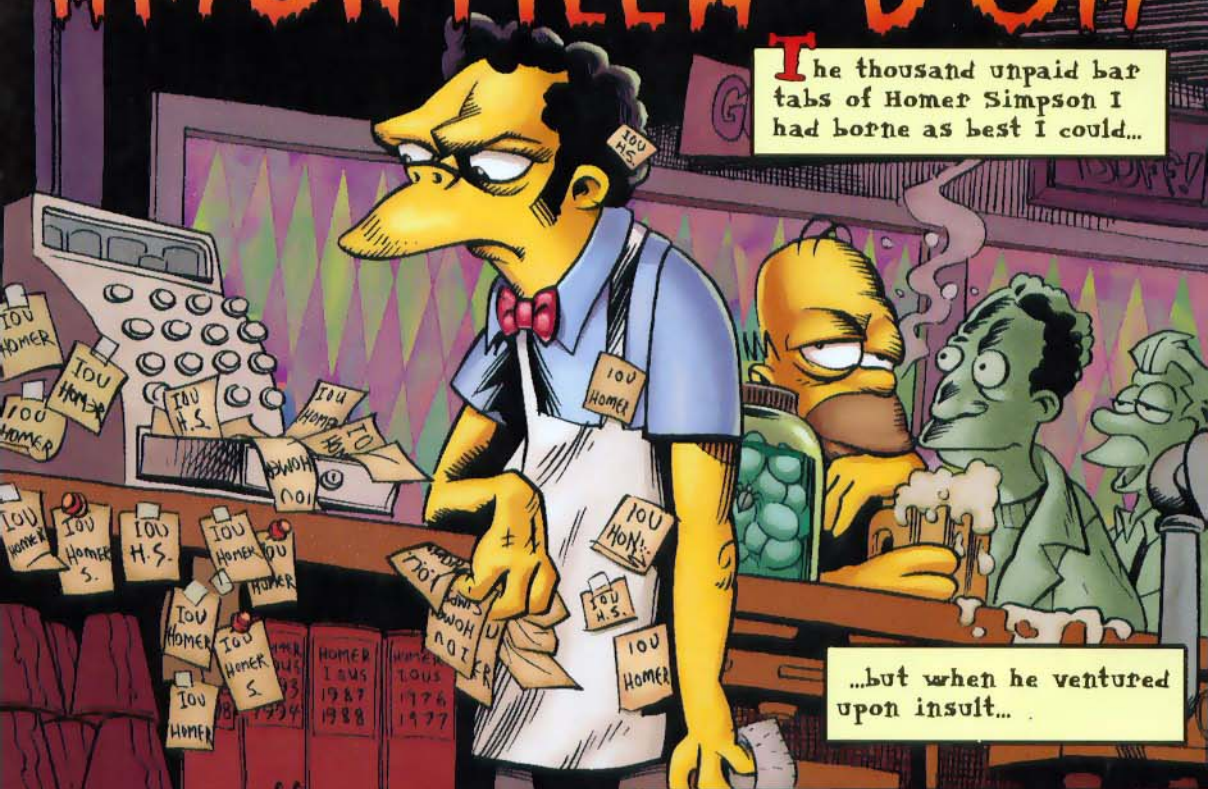


THE END



# THE CASK OF AMONTILLA-D'OW

The thousand unpaid bar tabs of Homer Simpson I had borne as best I could...



...but when he ventured upon insult...

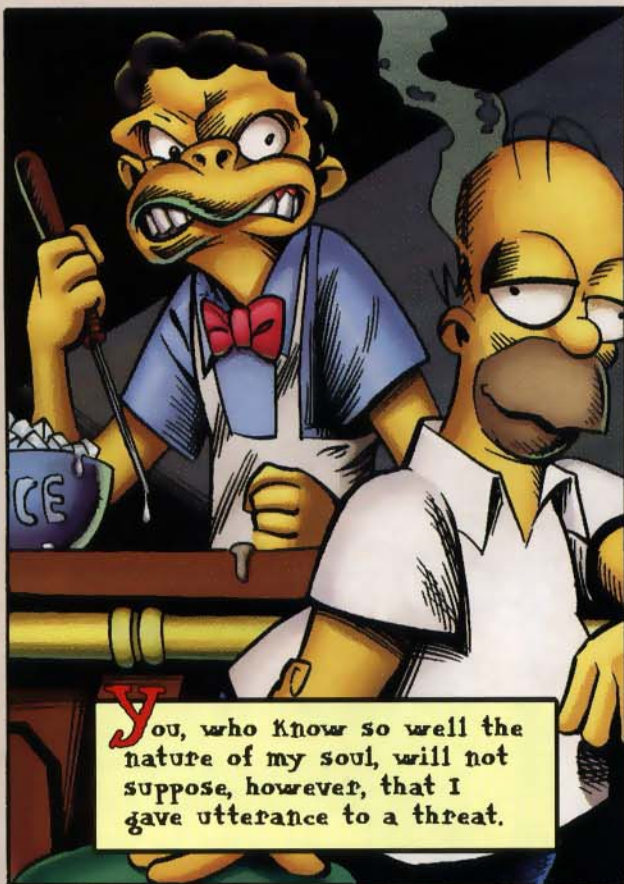


These pickled eggs stink!

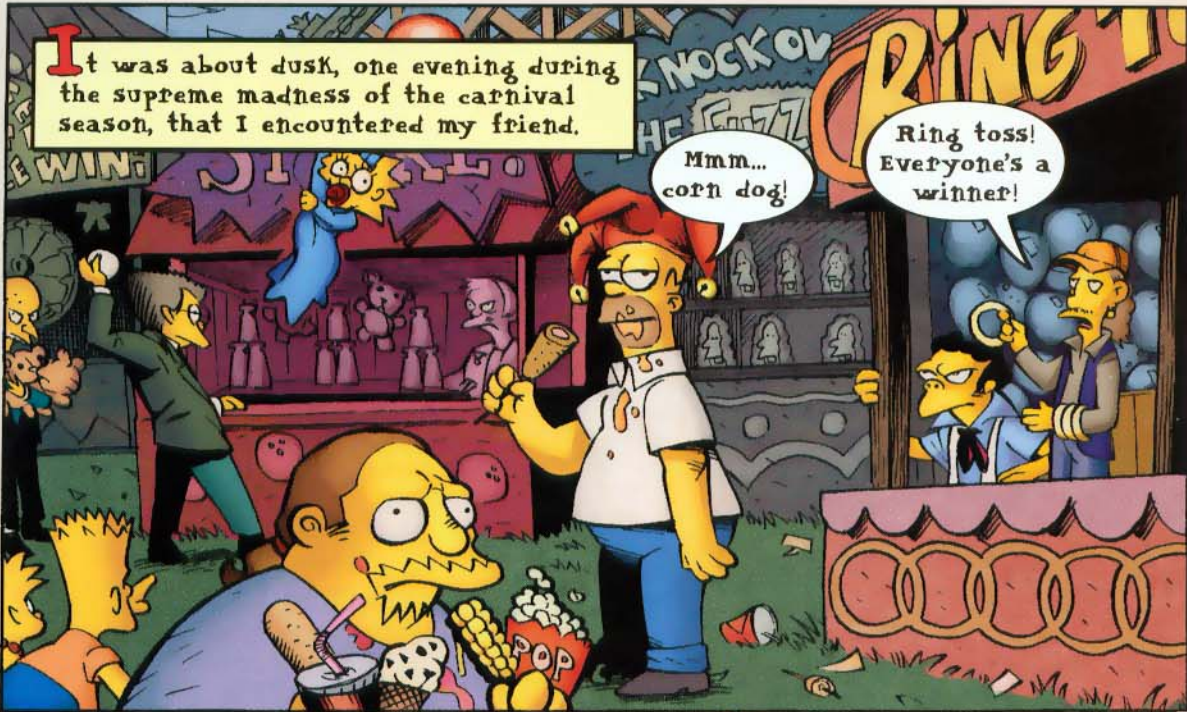


...I vowed revenge!





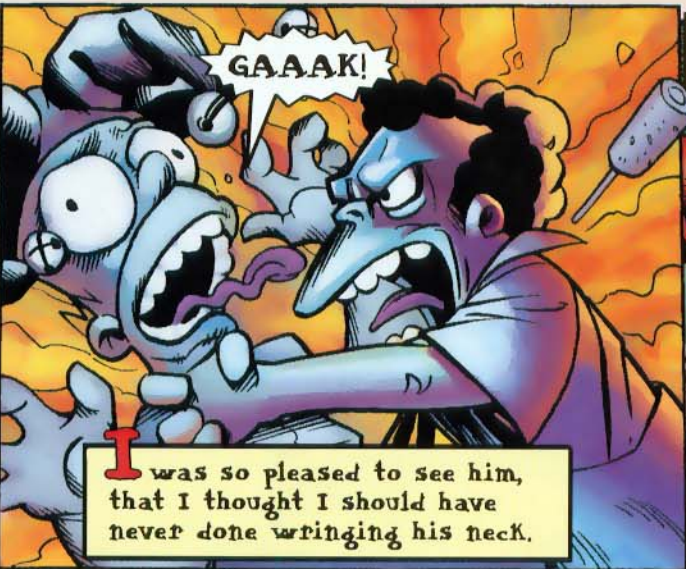




**I**t was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend.

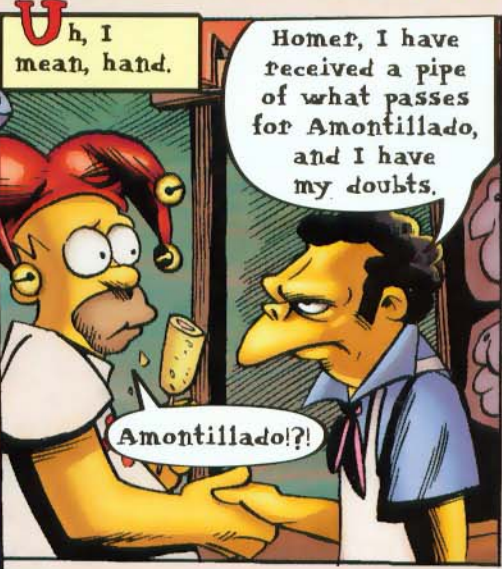
Mmm... corn dog!

Ring toss! Everyone's a winner!



GAAAK!

**I** was so pleased to see him, that I thought I should have never done wringing his neck.



**U**h, I mean, hand.

Homer, I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts.

Amontillado!?!?



I have my doubts.

Amontillado!



And I must satisfy them.

Amontillado! Gwaarr...



What's Amontillado?

I dunno. Cooking sherry, I think.





**T**here were no barflies in the tavern; I had kicked them out on their drunken behinds right after happy hour.



**I** took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Homer--



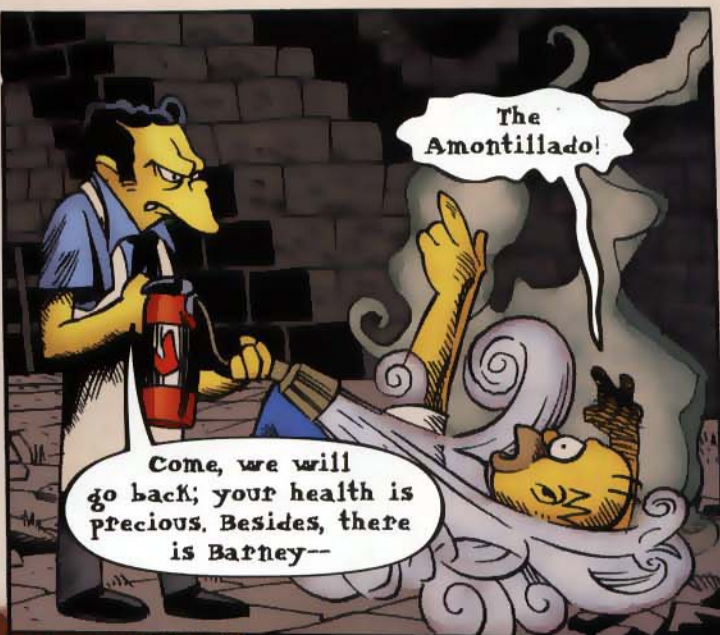




One more reason I hated my enemy...

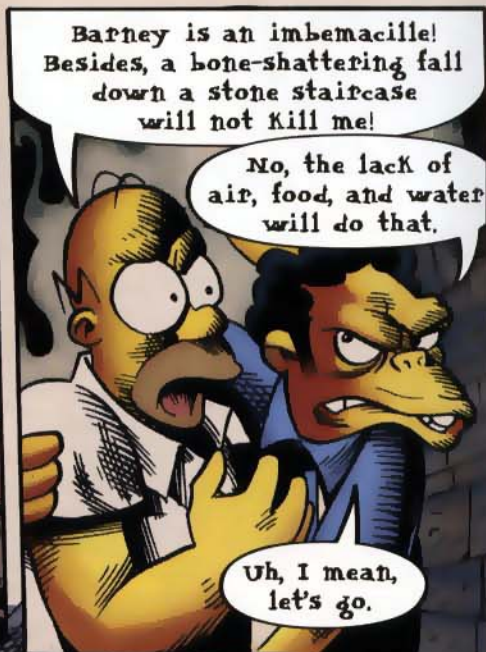
...he took all the magic out of a good revenge/murder.





The Amontillado!

Come, we will go back; your health is precious. Besides, there is Barney--



Barney is an imbecille! Besides, a bone-shattering fall down a stone staircase will not kill me!

No, the lack of air, food, and water will do that.

Uh, I mean, let's go.



These vaults are extensive!

The Szyslak's were a great and numerous family.



I forget your arms.

A huge human fist smashing the face of a fat bald guy.



And the motto?

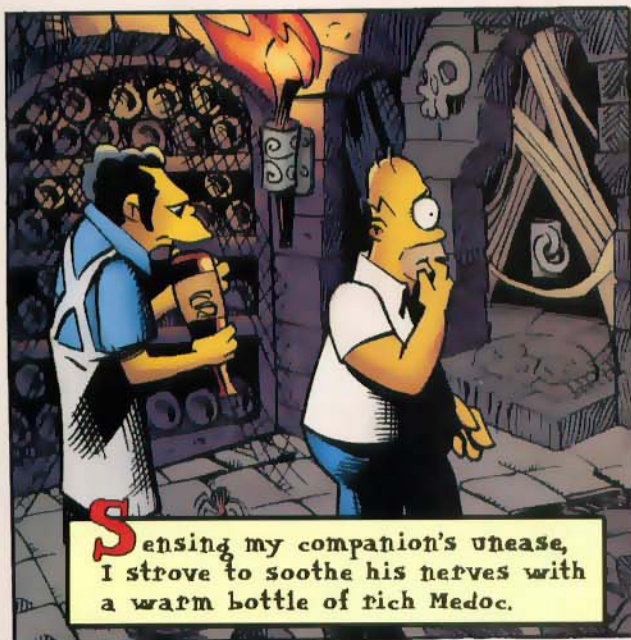
"Death to Homer Simpson."

Good! I hate him!

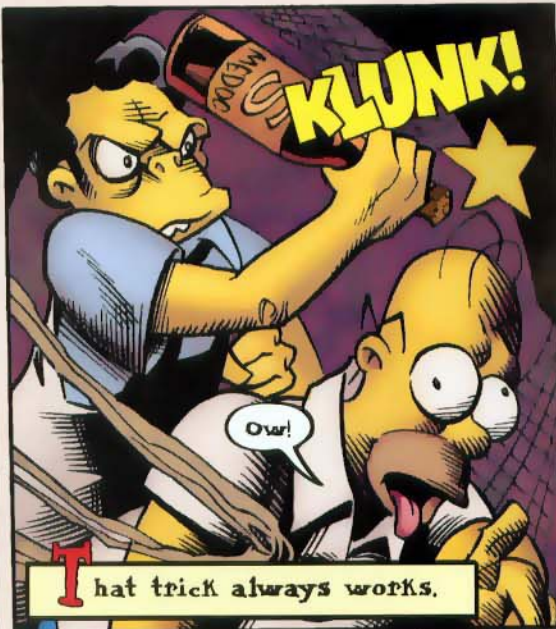




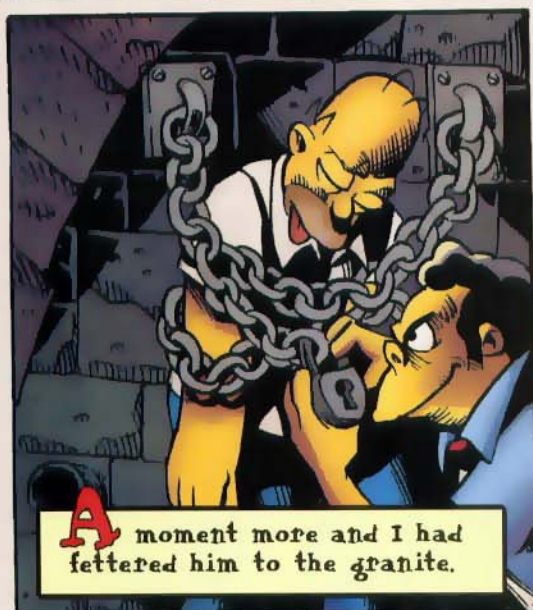




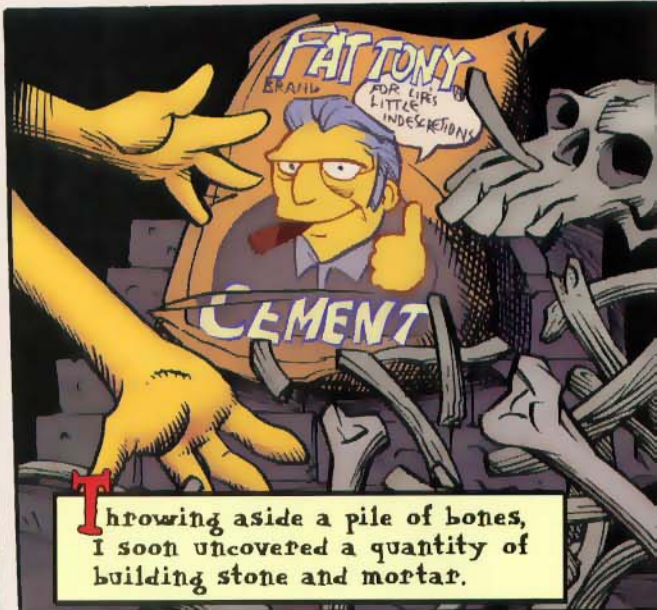
**S**ensing my companion's unease, I strove to soothe his nerves with a warm bottle of rich Medoc.



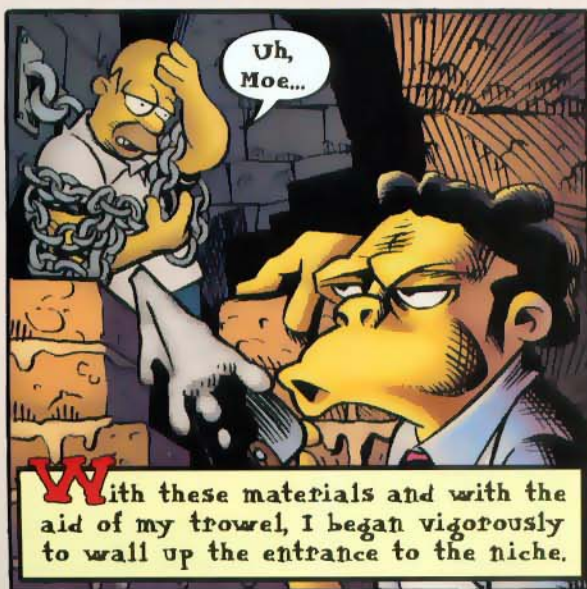
**T**hat trick always works.



**A** moment more and I had fettered him to the granite.



**T**hrowing aside a pile of bones, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar.



**W**ith these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance to the niche.

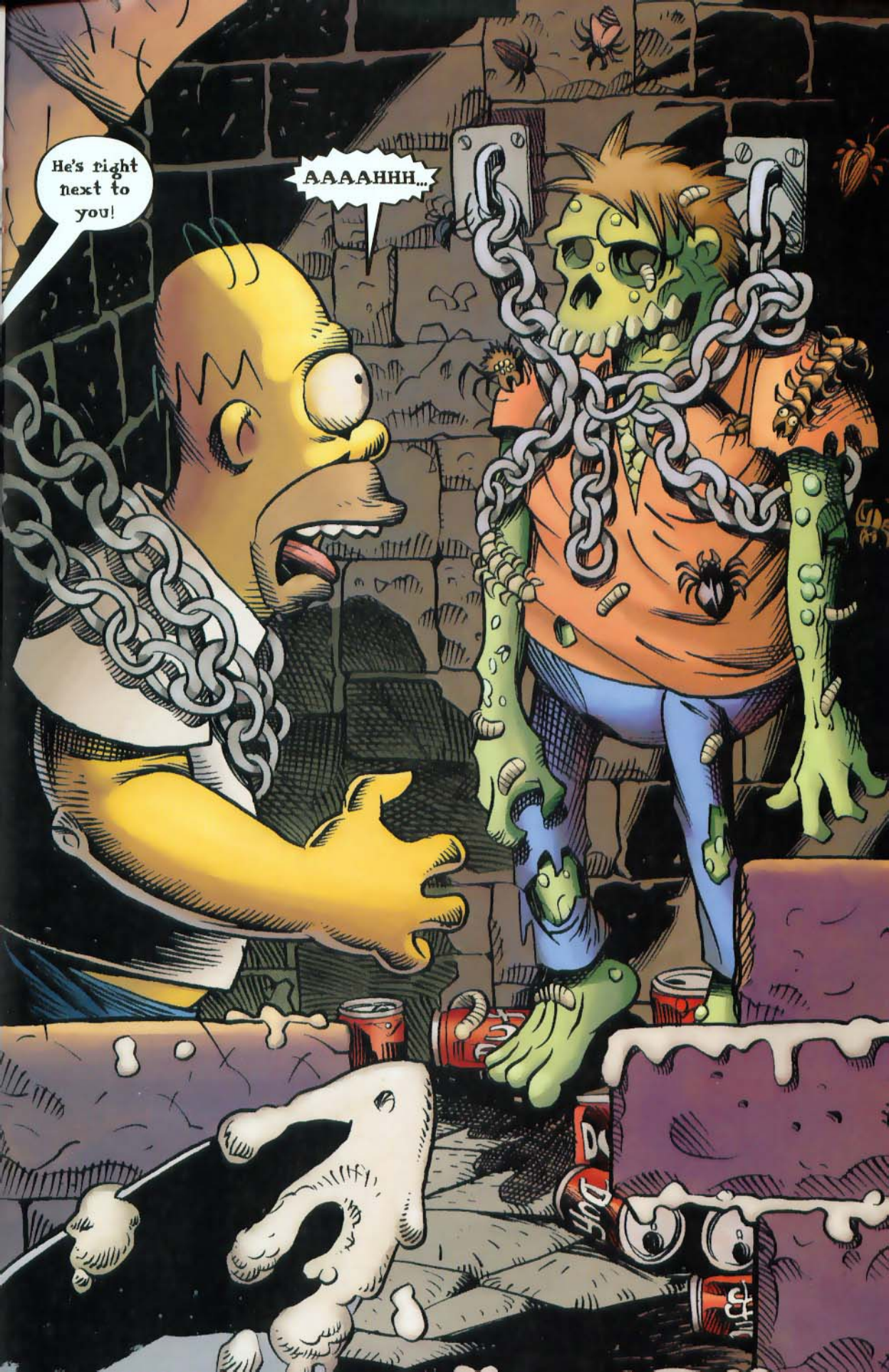


you won't have far to look.



He's right  
next to  
you!

AAAAHHH...







Sorry, Homer. Shoulda paid your tab when you had the chance!

Ha! Ha!  
Ha! Hee! Hee!  
A very good joke indeed!



An excellent jest! We shall have many a rich laugh about it! Hee! Hee! Hee! Over our wine! Hee! Hee! Hee!

The Amontillado!

Ah, the freakin' brick don't fit!



Push it a little to the left... there you go!

Thanks.

Hee! Hee!  
Hee! Yes, the Armadillo!



But is it not getting late?



Joke's over, Moe. Not funny anymore.

Hey! What are you laughing at, Laffy?



Will they not be awaiting us? The Lady Marge and the rest?

Moe?  
Hello?

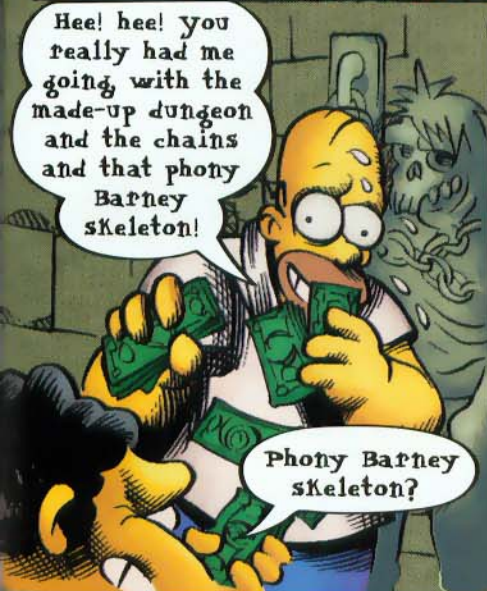
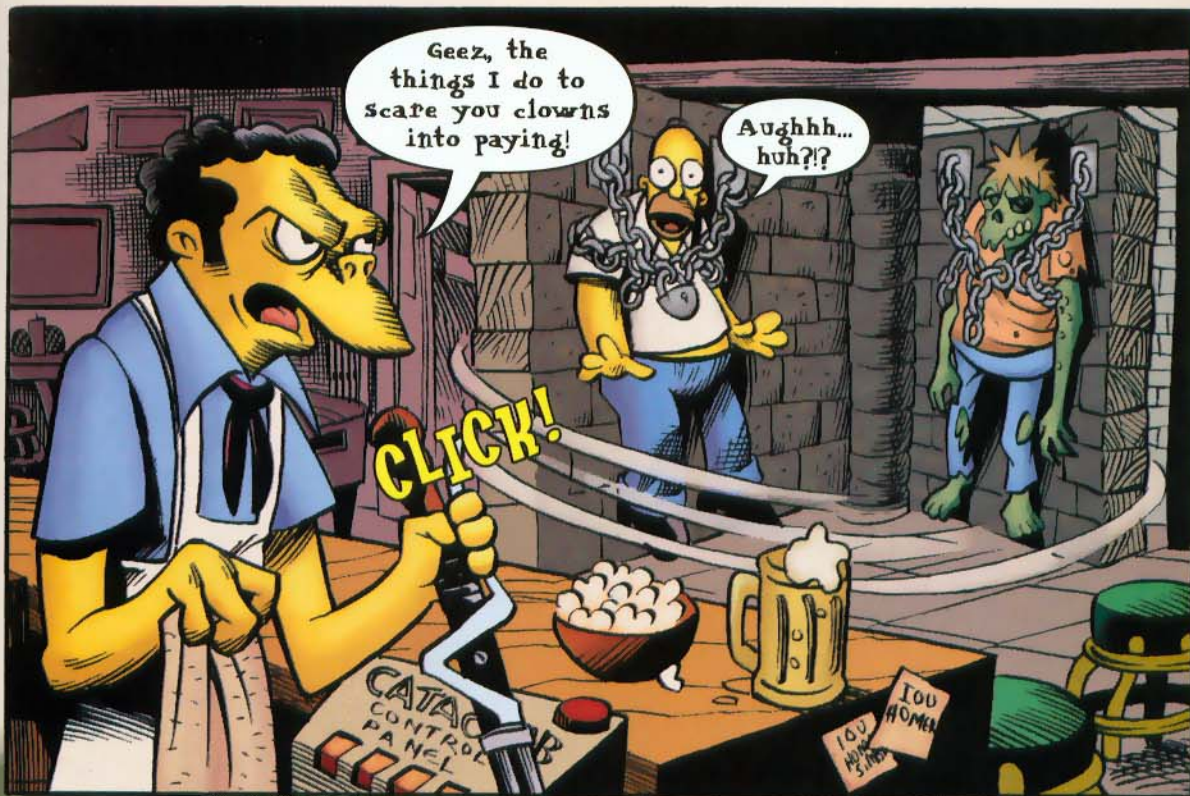


Auggghh! The skeleton! Forgot about him... auuuughh!

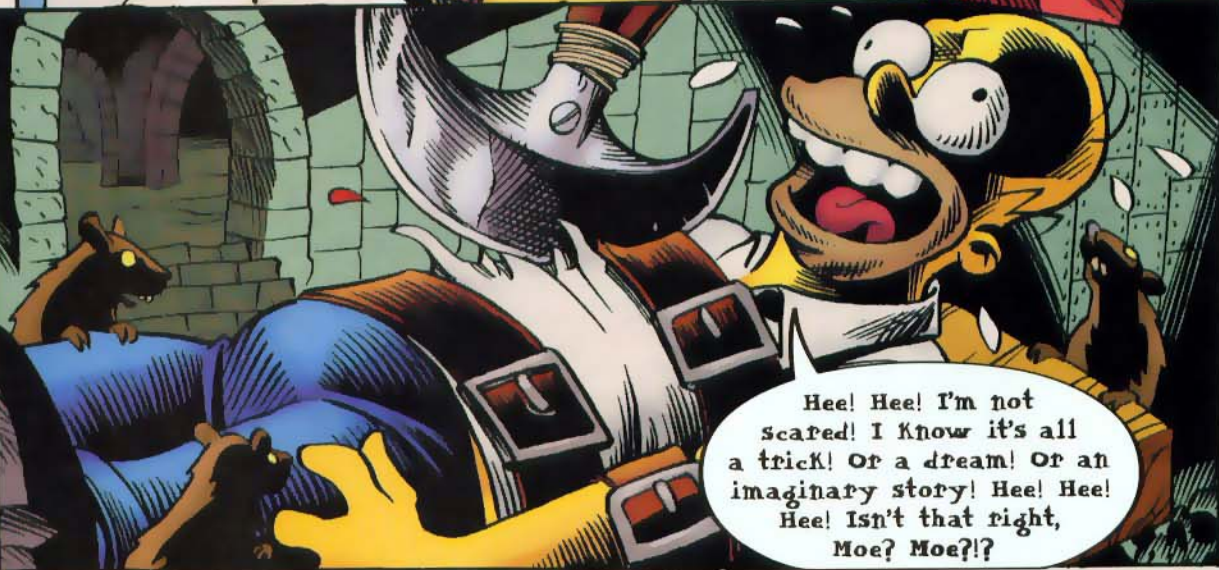
Auuuughhh!

Auuuughhh!











Olde London Town. The year 1888.

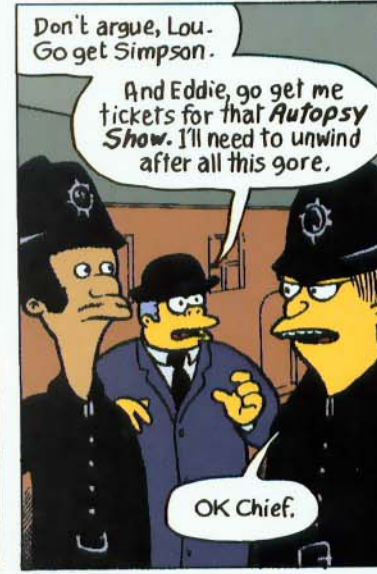
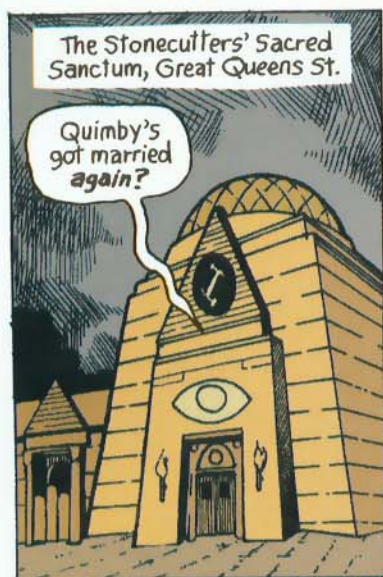
GOODYEAR

# FROM HELL AND BACK

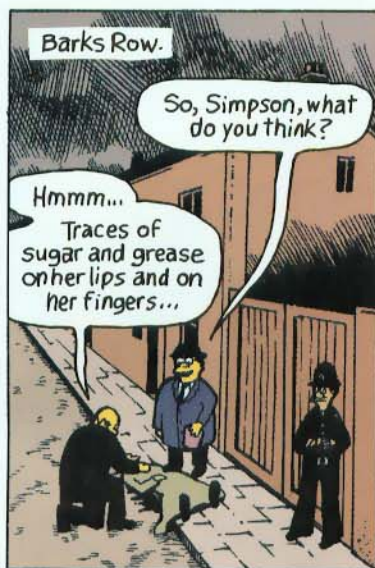
OR: THE **TRUER** STORY OF **JACK THE RIPPER**



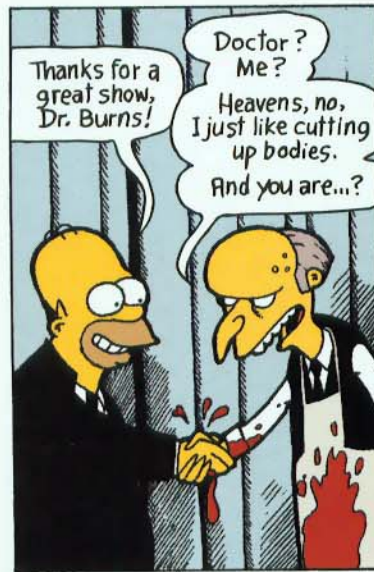
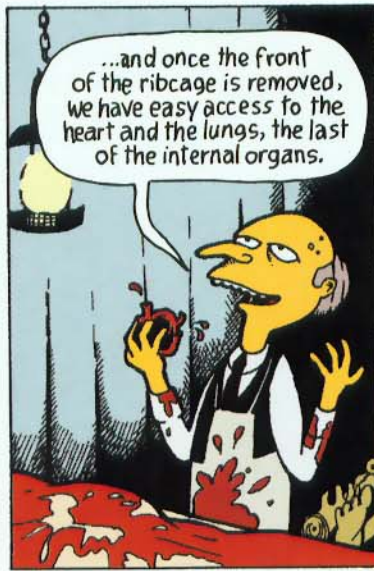
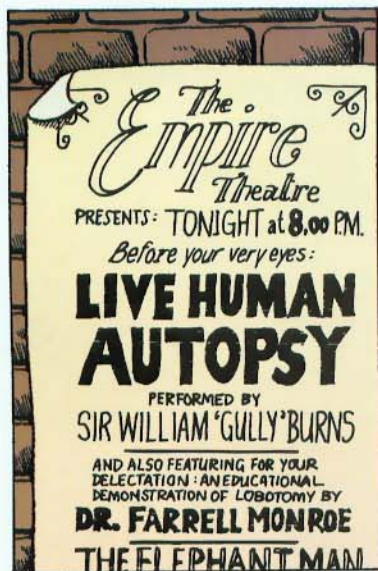
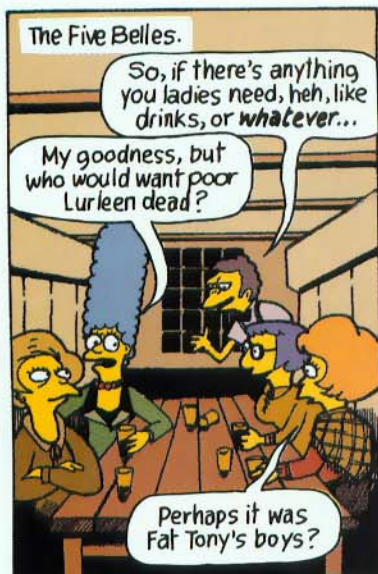












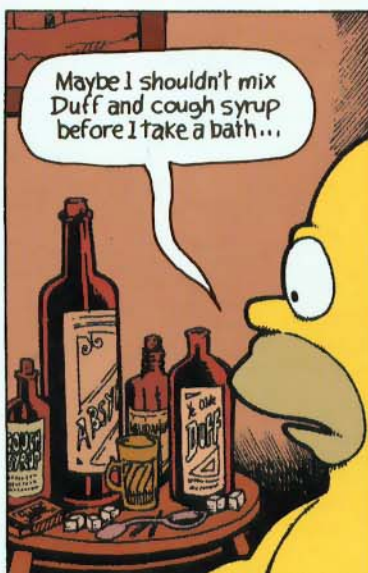
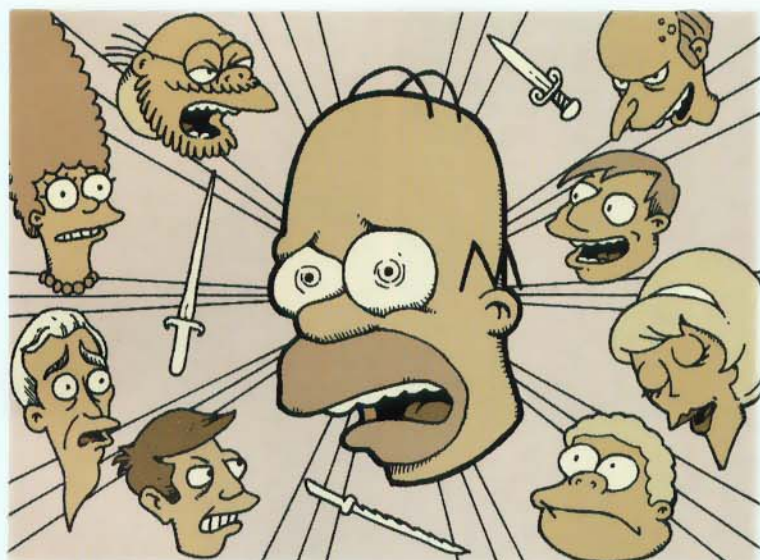




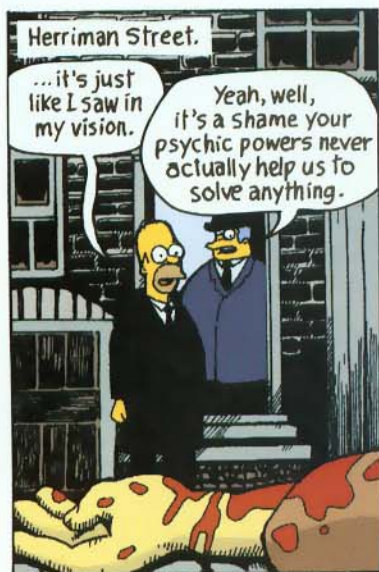




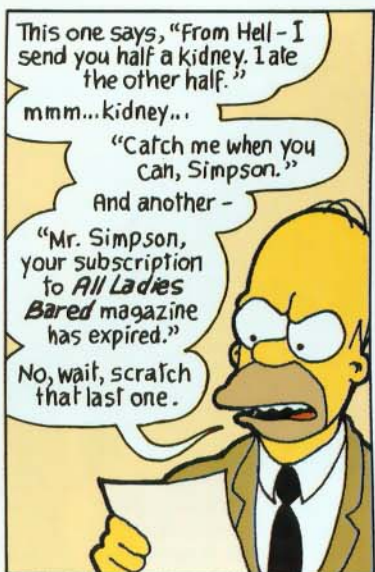
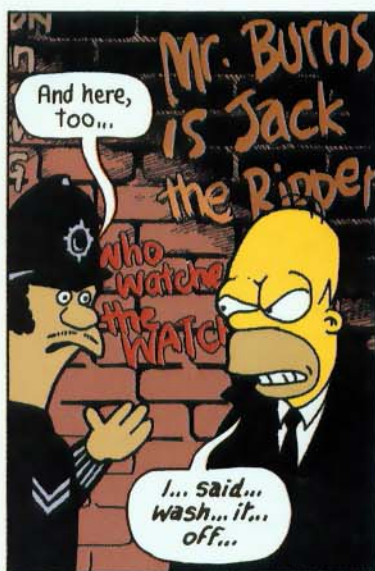
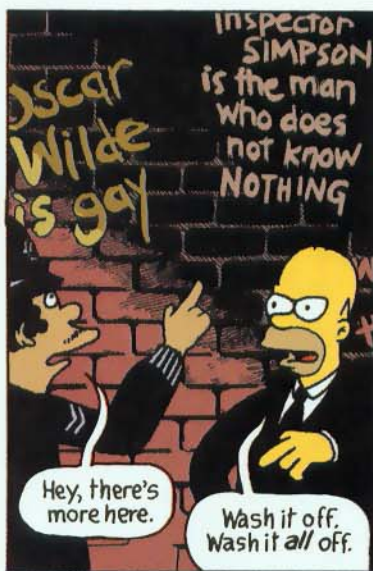




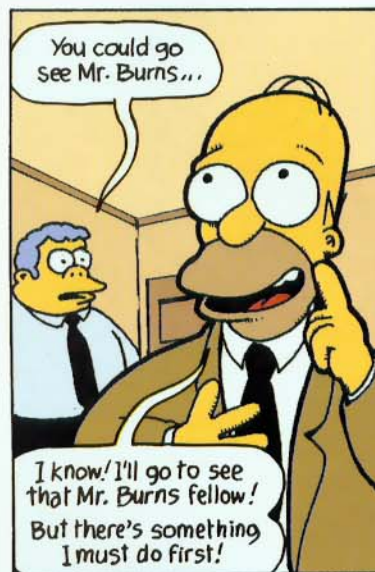
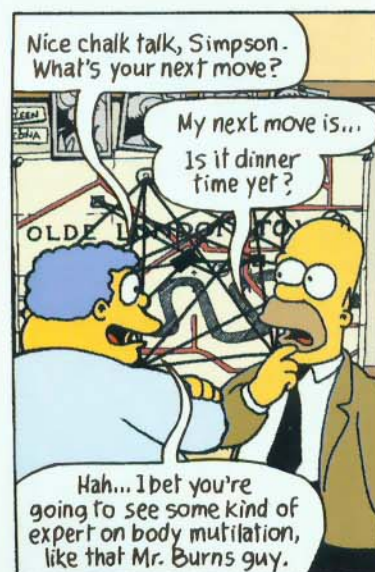
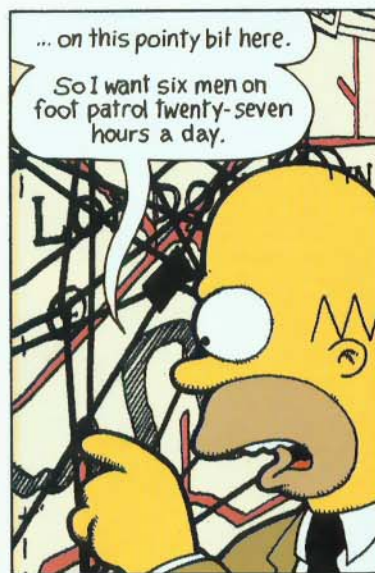
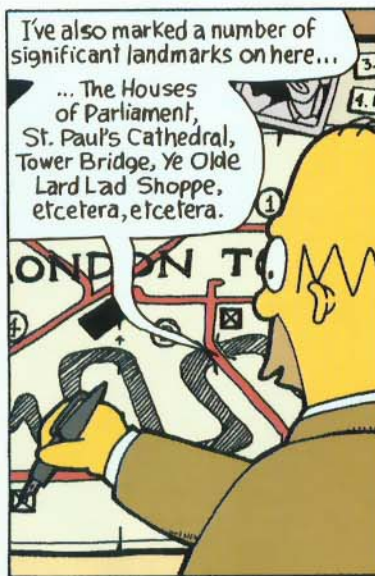




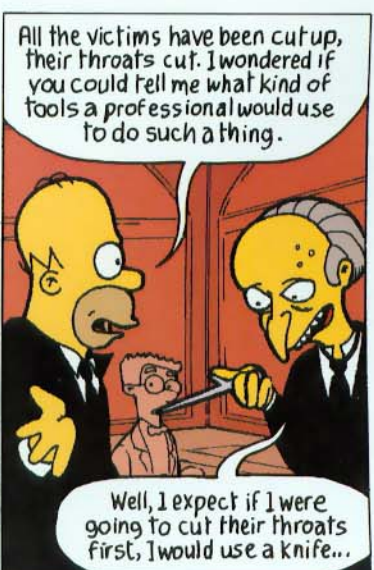
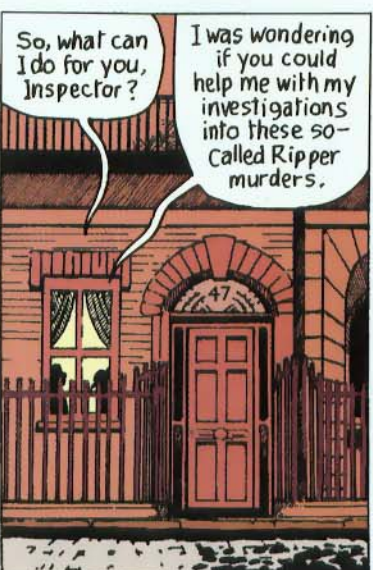
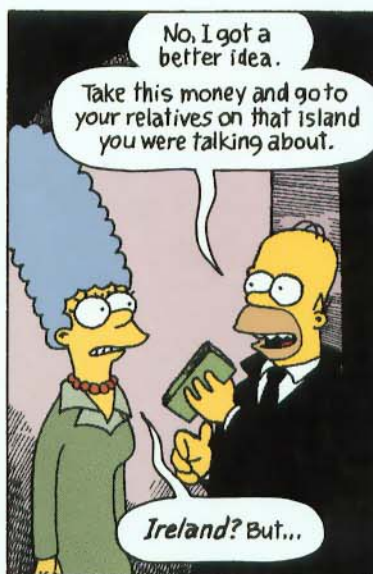




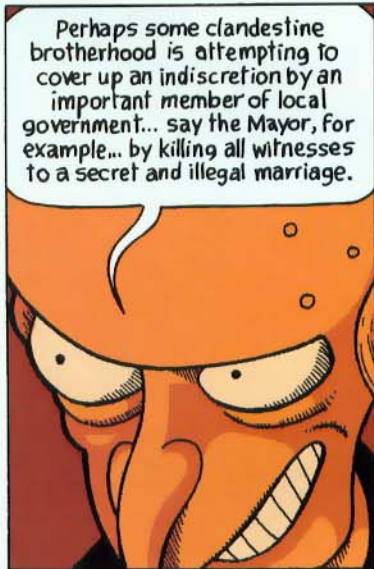
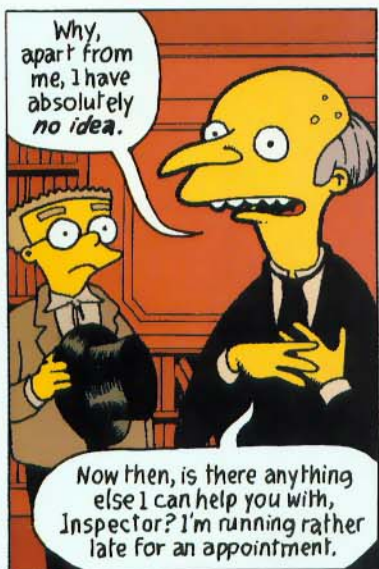




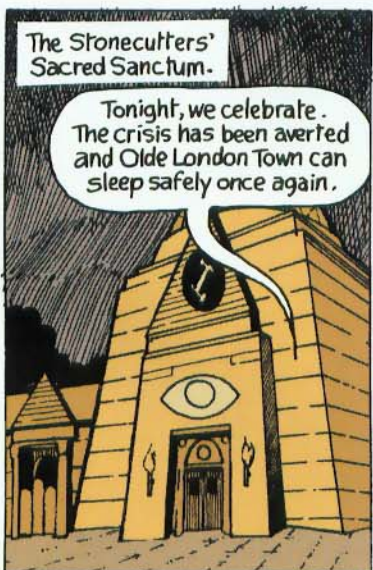
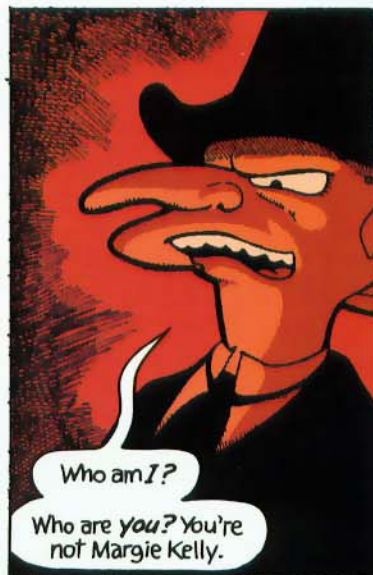




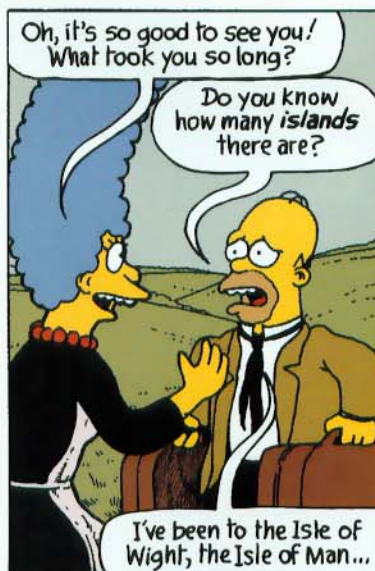
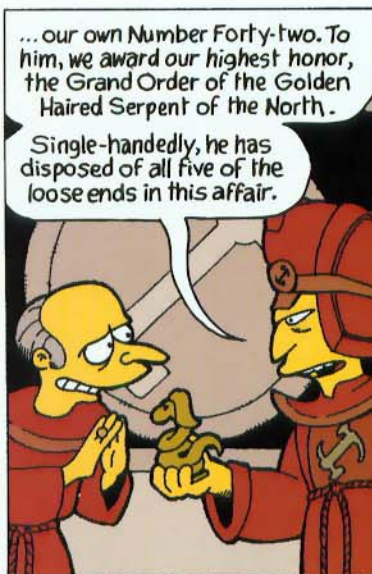














# Margie's Baby

