

BART SIMPSON'S TREEHOUSE OF HORROR

**MONSTERS
OF ROCK ISSUE!**

STARRING

**ALICE
COOPER**

**GENE
SIMMONS**

**ROB
ZOMBIE**

**AND
PAT
BOONE**

#10

\$4.99 U.S.
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MATT GROENING
Bill Morrison

DIRECT EDITION



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Featuring

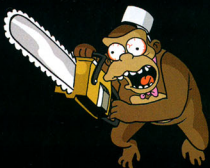
**BILL MORRISON • C. SCOTT MORSE
ANDREW PEPOY • TONE RODRIGUEZ
TY TEMPLETON • KEN WHEATON
AND CHRIS YAMBAR**



MATT "GORGO" GROENING

presents

Four Fearsome Fables by
the Hair-Raising Royalty of Rock



BART SIMMONS GOD OF THUNDER!

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INKED BY:

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COLOR BY:

JOEY "MORLOCKS" MASON

LETTERED BY:

KAREN "BRAIN EATERS" BATES

THE LEGEND OF BATTERFACE

PLOTTED BY:

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WRITTEN BY:

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ROBERT "SLIME PEOPLE" STANLEY

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HOUSE OF A THOUSAND DONUTS

CONCEIVED BY:

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WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY:

TY "TOBOR THE GREAT" TEMPLETON

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COLOR BY:

NATHAN "KING GHIDORAH" KANE

LETTERED BY:

KAREN "BODY SNATCHERS" BATES

We are grateful to Stacy E. Walker, Toby Mamis, Janet St. Pierre, Angus Vail,
and Jodie Wilson for helping this unique project into print!



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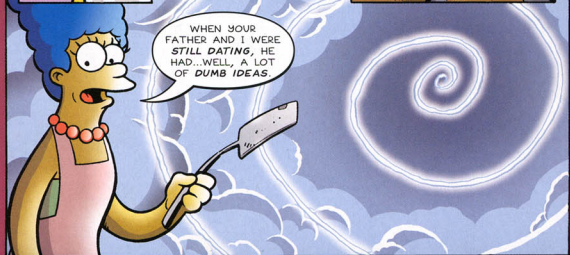
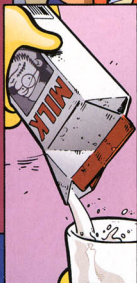
NOW YOU'VE
DONE IT, YOUNG MAN!
YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A
30-DAY SUSPENSION FOR
DESTROYING SCHOOL
PROPERTY!

PUT THAT
FIRE-BREATHING
TONGUE BACK WHERE
IT BELONGS AND
GO HOME!

I HATE
TO ADMIT IT,
BUT THAT
WAS PRETTY
COOL.

AT LEAST
HE DIDN'T
BURN MY
HAT.

BART SIMMONS
GOD OF THUNDER!



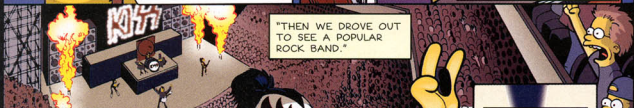
THAT'S THE DUMBEST THING I EVER HEARD! I WILL NOT SPEND MY ENTIRE WEEKEND LISTENING TO RECORDS AND EATING HASH WITH YOU! TONIGHT, I'M GOING OUT WITH MY GIRLFRIENDS!



BUT I BOUGHT A WHOLE CASE, HONEY. C'MON, EVERYBODY ELSE IS DOING IT. WHY CAN'T WE?



"THAT NIGHT TURNED OUT TO BE A REAL PARTY. THE GIRLS AND I MADE A WHOLE TRAY OF BROWNIES AND ATE THEM ALL OURSELVES."



"THEN WE DROVE OUT TO SEE A POPULAR ROCK BAND."

"WHEN WE GOT TO THE SHOW, WE JUMPED UP AND DOWN SO MUCH IT FELT LIKE AN AEROBICS CLASS."



"ONE BAND MEMBER KEPT MAKING 'BUNNY EARS', SO I KEPT MAKING THEM BACK."

"WHEN THE CONCERT WAS OVER, I COULDN'T FIND MY GIRLFRIENDS ANYWHERE, SO I WALKED TO A PAY PHONE TO CALL FOR A RIDE. THAT'S WHEN I HEARD **HIS VOICE**..."

ARENA
EXIT

DRESSING
ROOMS

WHAT'S A NICE
GIRL LIKE *YOU* DOING
IN A PLACE LIKE
THIS? HMMM?

Y'KNOW, A LOT OF GUYS WOULD
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF SOMEONE AS
YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL, AND HIGHLY
IMPRESSIONABLE AS YOU ARE. WHAT
YOU NEED IS AN EXPERIENCED FRIEND
WHO KNOWS HOW TO TREAT A LADY
OF YOUR SOPHISTICATION.

"THAT NIGHT HE SHOWED ME THE FULL
EXTENT OF HIS AMAZINGLY HONED PROWESS,
AND, WELL, WE GOT INTO SOME **TROUBLE**."

"HIS **HYPNOTIC GAZE** MADE ME
MELT INTO HIS SWEATY EMBRACE
WITH RECKLESS ABANDON."

HA! I WON
AGAIN! I COULD
KEEP THIS UP
ALL NIGHT!

SO COULD
I, MY PRECIOUS
MORSEL. SO
COULD I.

"WHEN I AWOKED THE NEXT DAY, HE WAS GONE. ALL
HE LEFT BEHIND WAS HIS BASS GUITAR, A LETTER
EXPLAINING THAT HE WAS ACTUALLY THE LEGENDARY
'GOD OF THUNDER'..."

"...AND *YOU*."

THE LETTER EXPLAINED THAT YOUR REAL FATHER WAS FROM A RACE OF **UNDER-WORLD DESTROYER GODS** WHO WOULD RISE TO RULE THE EARTH IN THE EVENT OF ITS TOTAL ANNIHILATION DURING THE AGE OF APOCALYPSE.

I SUPPOSE IT'S TIME TO GIVE YOU THE **INHERITANCE** YOUR FATHER LEFT FOR YOU. BEHOLD! THE **BASS OF ULTIMATE POWER!**

YOU MEAN YOU KEPT THIS HIDDEN IN YOUR **HAIR** ALL THESE YEARS, MOM?!

COOL!

WHY ELSE DO YOU THINK I'D WEAR MY HAIR THAT WAY?

TRY PLAYING A NOTE OR TWO ON YOUR NEW BASS. I TRIED TO KEEP IT TUNED FOR YOU.

STRUMMI!

KRACK-A-DOOM!





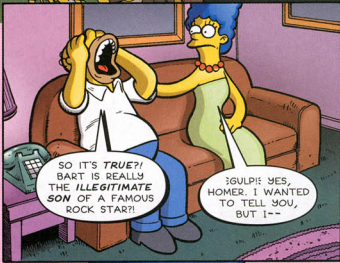
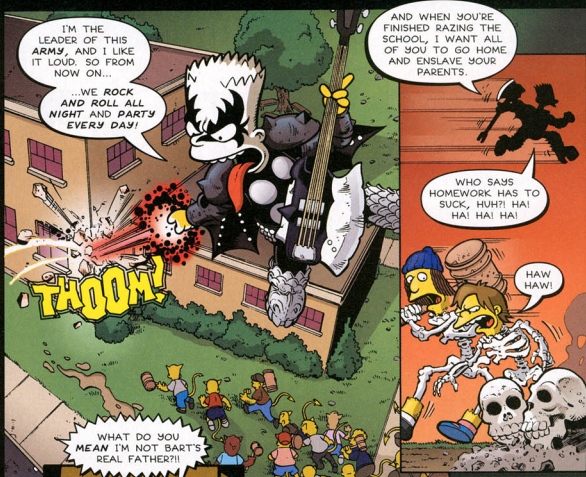
HOLD YOUR APPLAUSE. I SEEM TO REMEMBER YOU LAUGHING AT ME EARLIER TODAY. WELL, THE JOKE'S ON *YOU* NOW!



CONSIDER YOURSELVES "ANIMALIZED," MY LITTLE "CREATURES OF THE NIGHT!"



HELLO, KITTY!



WOW! ONE MINUTE I'M GETTING BEAT UP ON THE PLAYGROUND, AND THE NEXT MINUTE I'M THE MOST **POWERFUL PERSON** IN SPRINGFIELD. I CAN FLY, BREATHE FIRE, SHAPE ANYTHING TO MY WILL, COMMAND LIGHTNING, AND EVEN PLAY BASS GUITAR. WHO SAW THIS COMING?! I'M THE KING OF THE NIGHTTIME WORLD!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I CAN MAKE PEOPLE DO WHATEVER I WANT THEM TO NOW THAT I'VE GOT ALL THE CONTROL. THAT MAKES ME GREAT.

THAT JUST MAKES YOU **POWERFUL**. BEING GREAT COMES FROM DOING GREAT THINGS AT YOUR OWN RISK.

WHY WOULD ANYONE DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT? THAT WOULD BE **CRAZY!**

!SIGH! MAYBE YOU SHOULD THINK ABOUT TRADING IN YOUR MIGHTY BATTLE AXE FOR SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE USEFUL...

GREATNESS COMES FROM **WITHIN**, BART. NOT FROM A FREAK ACCIDENT WITH A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER, A GAMMA BOMB, OR FROM FINDING A MAGIC LANTERN.

...LIKE A LOVE GUN.

HA!
HA!
HA!

HA!

HA!

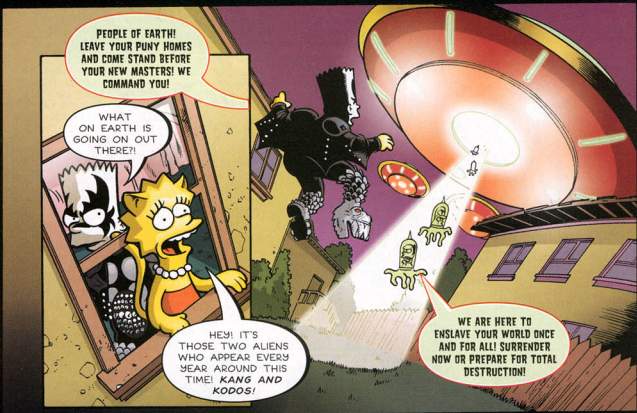
HA!

HA!

STOP IT, LISA. YOU'RE TAKING AWAY MY KILLER EDGE.

VOOOOOOOO...

SORRY, BART. I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN. !TEE HEE! BUT IT IS SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.



PEOPLE OF EARTH!
LEAVE YOUR PUNY HOMES
AND COME STAND BEFORE
YOUR NEW MASTERS! WE
COMMAND YOU!

WHAT
ON EARTH IS
GOING ON OUT
THERE?!


HEY! IT'S
THOSE TWO ALIENS
WHO APPEAR EVERY
YEAR AROUND THIS
TIME! KANG AND
KODOS!

WE ARE HERE TO
ENSLAVE YOUR WORLD ONCE
AND FOR ALL! SURRENDER
NOW OR PREPARE FOR TOTAL
DESTRUCTION!




YEAH, YEAH.
YOU SAY THAT
ALL THE TIME.

BUT THIS TIME
WE REALLY, REALLY,
REALLY MEAN IT.



WELL, YOU'RE A
LITTLE TOO LATE TO
ENSLAVE THE PLANET.
I STARTED DOING IT
TWO HOURS AGO.



LISTEN. GARISHLY DRESSED
GLAM ROCKER. OUR WARSHIPS HAVE
TRAVELED HALFWAY ACROSS THE
UNIVERSE TO TAKE OVER
THIS WORLD.

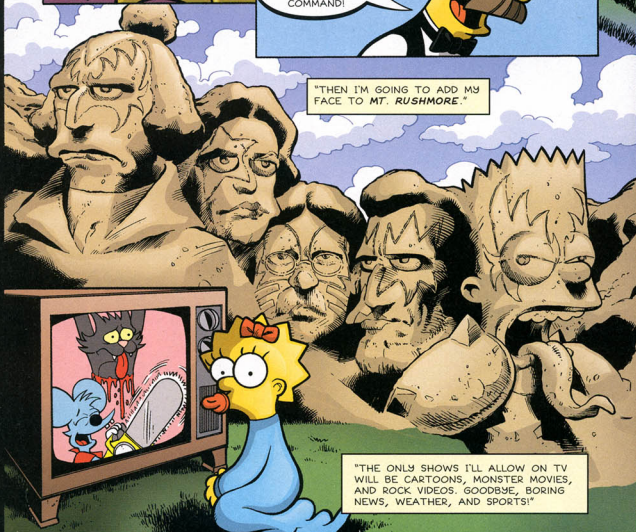
WE'VE GOT PLANS
AND EVERYTHING.



"FIRST OFF, I'M PUTTING KIDS IN CHARGE OF EVERYTHING! WHAT *THEY* SAY GOES! THEY'VE ALWAYS HAD BETTER IDEAS AND CAUSE WARS LESS OFTEN. ADULTS WILL DO AS THEY'RE TOLD!"



"THEN I'M GOING TO ADD MY FACE TO MT. RUSHMORE."







CALL OFF
THE INVASION? ARE
YOU NUTS?!

HEY, THE EARTH
BOY IS A VISIONARY
GENIUS. AND BESIDES,
HE DID HAVE
"DIBS."



SPEECH!
SPEECH!

LET THE
BOY KING
SPEAK!

GIVE BART A
MICROPHONE!

BART! YOU
DID IT! YOU SAVED
THE ENTIRE PLANET!
YOU'RE A TRUE
HERO!

THANK
YOU. THANK
YOU.



LET ME MAKE THIS
PERFECTLY CLEAR: I
AM THE LORD OF THIS
WASTELAND, A MODERN DAY
BOY OF STEEL! I GATHER
DARKNESS TO PLEASE ME.
AND I COMMAND
YOU TO...



...PARTY!



BART

**BART
SOUVE**

\$20 FOR AN
AUTOGRAPHED
PHOTO?! WHAT
A RIP-OFF!

YOU KNOW
YOUR MAN IS
WORKING HARD.
HE'S WORTH A
DEUCE!

HAW
HAW!

I DON'T
APPROVE
OF THIS.

SHUT UP,
SEYMOUR!



THE END

THE LEGEND OF BATTERFACE

There were thirteen of us huddled around the fire on the shoreline at Camp Krusty that night. Twelve from Springfield and ME, a stranger to the group from the nearby town of Shelbyville. Silently we listened beyond the crackling of the flames...



To the sounds of the camp laughingstock, Homer Simpson, as he struggled in the inky black water... Trying desperately to reach the raft of promise and the objects of his desire.



Homer was the fourteenth camper that fateful summer and, by all accounts, the dumbest.



I feared that my face paint, pot boa, and unusual attire would bring out the WORST in my fellow campers, but the outlandish antics of the Simpson boy overshadowed my oddness and made me look NORMAL by comparison.

HOMER JUST SET HIMSELF ON FIRE ROASTING MARSHMALLOWS!

THAT'S THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK.



His every effort seemed doomed to destruction. At first, we laughed behind his back...

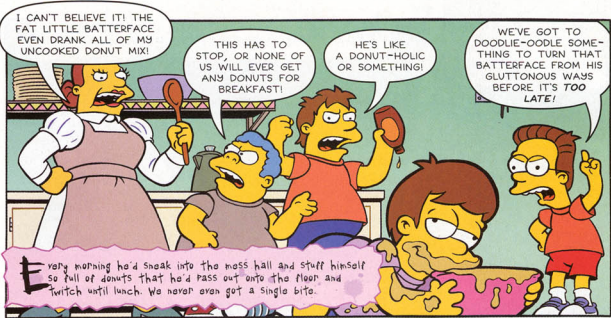


...But soon we laughed right in front of him, and he, in his ignorance, joined us.

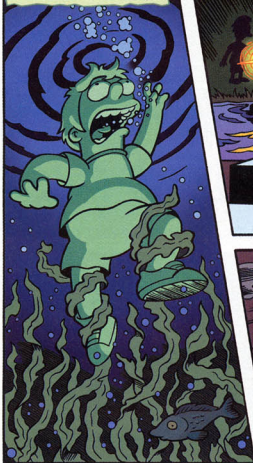


Homer sure loved to eat donuts! Sometimes at night we'd hear him calling for them in his sleep.

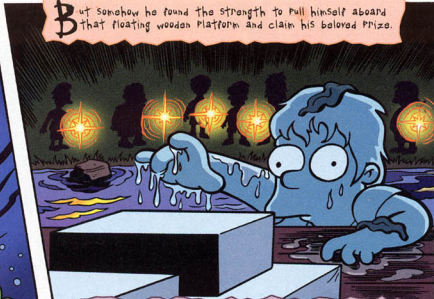




In the darkness we could hear his lungs heaving as he gasped for more air. At one point we heard him begin to splash and gurgle and thought he was DROWNING.



But somehow he found the strength to pull himself aboard that floating wooden platform and claim his beloved prize.



It was then that he learned THE HORRIBLE TRUTH. He'd been PRANKED...the boxes were EMPTY.



The combination of physical exhaustion, humiliation, and the sheer shock of the empty boxes must have been too much for him. Homer SHAPPED, and KRUSTY, the camp's owner, had him taken away to the local NUTHOUSE.

At the end of the summer, Homer's father came to pick him up.



NOW REMEMBER, MR. SIMPSON, AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T HEAR THE PHRASE "FREE DONUT DAY AT CAMP KRUSTY," HE'S GOING TO BE JUST FINE!

YEAH! YEAH! DON'T GET HIM WET AND DON'T FEED HIM AFTER MIDNIGHT! I GOT IT ALREADY! NOW WHERE'S MY CAR KEY?

We campers vowed to keep the entire incident shrouded in secrecy for as long as we lived...



HEY! HEY! WASN'T THAT A GREAT CARTOON?

REMEMBER, KIDS, IT'S "FREE DONUT DAY" AT KAMP KRUSTY TOMORROW! THAT'S RIGHT! ALL THE FREE DONUTS YOU CAN EAT, AND IT'S ONLY \$60 PER FAMILY TO TOUR THE CAMP! SO BUG YOUR PARENTS UNTIL THEY BEG FOR MERCY! SEE YOU THERE!



HEH! HEH! THAT MOUSE SURE HATES THAT CAT.

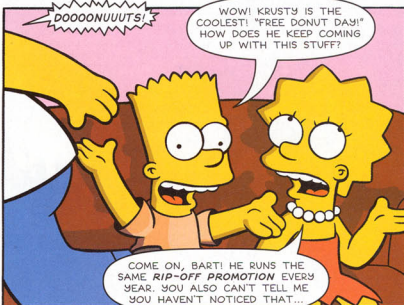
EEEEAAAAHH!

AND VICE VERSA, HOMER!

SHHH! I WANT TO HEAR KRUSTY.

DOOOOONUUTS!

WOW! KRUSTY IS THE COOLEST! "FREE DONUT DAY!" HOW DOES HE KEEP COMING UP WITH THIS STUFF?

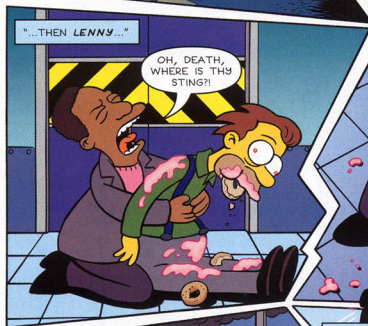


COME ON, BART! HE RUNS THE SAME RIP-OFF PROMOTION EVERY YEAR. YOU ALSO CAN'T TELL ME YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED THAT...

...EVERY YEAR AT THIS TIME SOMEONE ENDS UP DEAD?!



GULP!



"THEN THERE WAS SIDESHOW MEL..."

HE DIED
THE WAY HE
LIVED, KENT...
HILARIOUSLY.

"...MR. TEENY..."

WELL,
ONE MONKEY
DON'T STOP
NO SHOW!

"...NED FLANDERS..."

DADDY WAS
A SWEET SOUL,
EVEN TO THE
END.

HE'S A
DECORATED
VETERAN OF
GOODNESS.

"...MOE..."

MOE'S

HMMM...SO
CANDY IS DANDY,
BUT LIQUOR ISN'T
QUICKER!

"...DAD'S BEST FRIEND BARNEY..."

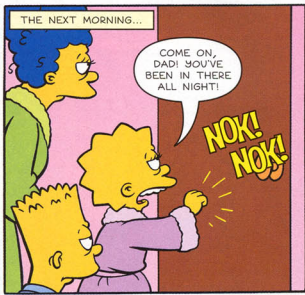
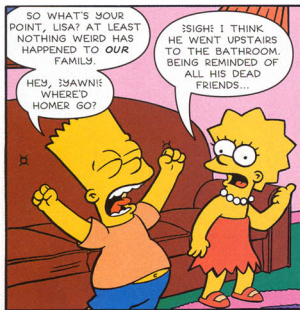
"...AND LAST YEAR THEY FOUND **COMIC BOOK GUY**
STUFFED TO DEATH WITH DONUTS IN THE BACK
ROOM OF HIS STORE! ALTHOUGH HIS DEATH WAS
RULED A PROBABLE LUNCH-RELATED SUICIDE, IT
WAS **EXACTLY** LIKE THE OTHER ELEVEN!"

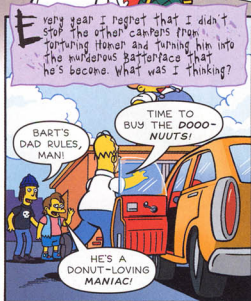
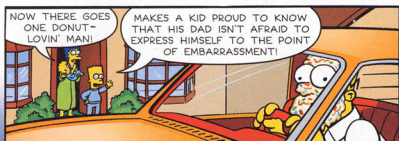
WE CAN'T
MOVE HIM.
WE'RE JUST
GOING TO HAVE
TO CREMATE
HIM RIGHT
HERE.

HE WAS LIKE
A **PATRON**
TO ME!

SOB!
OH DEAR GOD,
MY LEGS!

I'LL GET THE
KEROSENE. WITH ALL
OF THESE COMICS AROUND,
WE SHOULD HAVE NO
PROBLEM GETTING A
FIRE STARTED.







After all, I AM the
thirteenth camper...

HELLO,
BATTERFACE.

...And it does take 13 to make
up a "BAKER'S DOZEN."

THE COOP

STAND
OUT
WICKED
DAY!

LARDOLAD
DONUTS

TIME TO EAT THE
DONUTS, SNAKE BOY!
DOOO-NUUTS!

DOOO-NUUTS!

WELCOME TO MY
NIGHTMARE!

WELCOME... TO MY...

...BREAK...

...FAST...

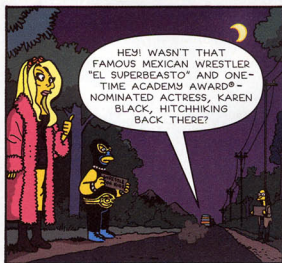
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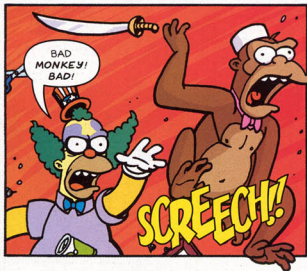
THE BACKWOODS...

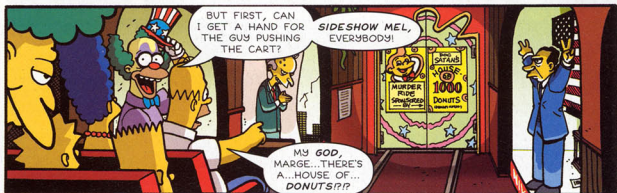
MIDNIGHT...

ADMIT
WE'RE LOST,
DAD.

HOUSE OF A THOUSAND DONUTS









SURELY, NOT BEFORE
YOU VISIT DR.
SATAN'S HALL OF
DONUTS...

...THE FABLED
LIFE'S WORK OF THE
WORLD'S FOREMOST
RESEARCHER IN THE
FIELD OF DONUT-
OLOGY.

THIS COLLECTION
HAS TAKEN MILLIONS
OF DOLLARS AND MANY
YEARS FOR DR. SATAN
TO COMPLETE.

WITH DONUTS
FOUND MUMMIFIED IN
ANCIENT TOMBS, AND
SOME BAKED FRESH
THIS MORNING...

...ALL OF
THEM ARE
FOUND WITHIN
THE WALLS
OF--

WHAT THE
HELL...??

HE ATE UP
THE HALL OF
DONUTS, MA.

YOU INHUMAN
MONSTER!!

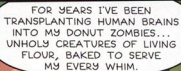
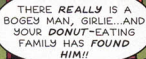
YOU FOUND
SOMETHING BIGGER
THAN A MEAL,
HERE!!

...MUMMIFIED
ONES...WERE
CRUNCHY.

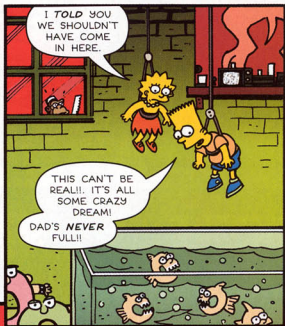
TAKE THEM
DOWNSTAIRS, BOYS!
THEY GETS TO MEET
DR. SATAN!

"IT'S SHOWTIME!!"

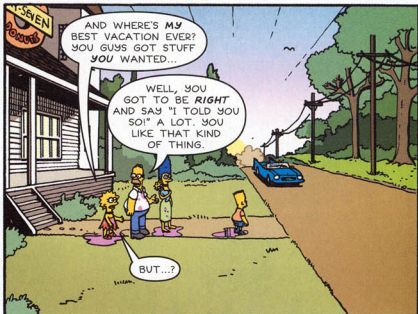
HOUSE OF
THIRTY-SEVEN
DONUTS



GLUE
GLUE
GLUE







SCAREWAY to HEAVEN!

Well, camperoos,
I hope you had a dandy
first day here at THE CAMP
PENTECOST YOUTH RETREAT!
Wasn't dinner scrum-diddly-
umptious?

Yes, did you all get
enough loaves and fishes?
The cook told me they had
lots of leftovers...just like
in the story of our
Lord's miracle!

It's a miracle
I was able to keep
'em down!

Now, here's what
you've waited all day for...
that time when we gather in
the DARKNESS with only this
campfire to protect us
from the EVIL that's
all around!

That's right
kids, it's STORY
TIME!

So, who'd like
to be first to share
their CHRISTIAN
TESTIMONY?

Ooh!

WHAT?!
You've gotta be
kidding!



This churchy stuff is okay on Sunday in limited doses, but this is a **CAMPFIRE!** We want to hear some **SCARY** stories!

Amen! Preach it!



Scary stories, huh? Hmmmm...I don't know...you kids could end up having nightmares.

Yes, their parents might sue the church for emotional distress.



We'll sign a waiver! **ANYTHING!** Just make with the **GOOSEFLESH**, man!

YEAH!



Well, okilly-dokilly then. Let's see... scary story... scary story...

Oh, I've GOT one!



It's about the first time I gave a devotional at church! I got **STAGE FRIGHT!** I was so **SCARED** that I actually started reading from **JOHN** instead of **FIRST John!**

BZZZZZT!
Try again!

Wellll...there **WAS** that time I picked up a hitchhiker on a deserted road one night.



Yeah? W-was he an escaped mental patient with a hook for a hand?

No, he was an insurance salesman. He **DID** have a hangnail though. What a dandy fellow. Sold me a honey of a whole life policy!



Oh, for the love of--!

SMEK!

YEAH!

Mr. Flanders, with all due respect, **YOUR STORIES SUCK!** We demand to hear something with **GHOSTS** or **KILLING**...preferably **BOTH**, or we **WALK!**

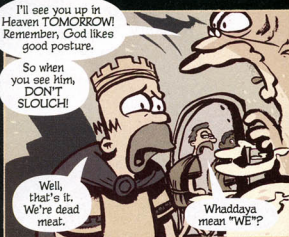
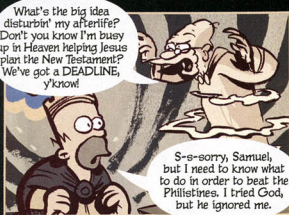


Golly, I wouldn't want that.

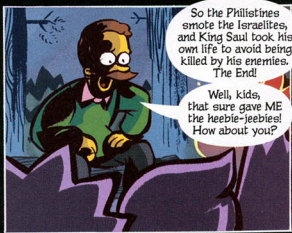
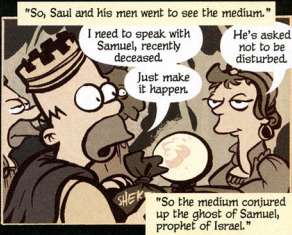
Hmmmm... okay, I've got **JUST** the thing! This one has a ghost, killings, and even a witch!

COOL!

"This is a story about Saul, King of Israel. Now Saul and his army were in a dilly of a pickle! The Philistine army had picked a fight with Saul and the Israelites."



"The Lord didn't answer Saul, so he decided to consult a fortuneteller for advice."

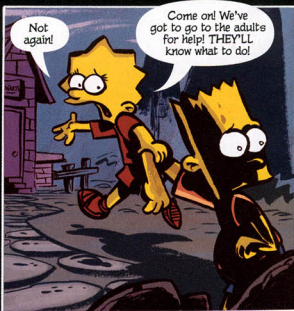




Later, in the Boys Cabin...







One penitent explanation later...

Well, I'm fresh out of ideas. Really, Bart, summoning demons at a church camp? What were you thinking?

I know, I know...

Say, I attended a men's luncheon once where PAT BOONE was the featured speaker.

He was AMAZING! During the meal, he administered THE HEIMLICH MANELIVER to a choking man, EXORCIZED A DEMON from another, and caused a hysterical man to pass out with a VULCAN NERVE PINCH.

That's IT! We'll perform EXORCISMS on the children! How did Pat Boone DO it?

I don't know, I missed it. I was the hysterical man.

Oh, if only Pat Boone was here with us now!

:GASP!: IT'S THE GHOST OF PAT BOONE!

What do you mean "GHOST?" I'm not DEAD yet!

I was just trying to sleep in the cabin next door, but all this commotion is keeping me awake.

You people could learn a lesson from OZZY OSBOURNE. Now THERE was a good neighbor!

Sorry about that Mr. Boone. But listen, we're in a bit of a jam-jam, and we could really use your help!

Yes, it seems young Simpson here managed to summon up the SPAWN OF HADES. They're possessing some of our young campers as we speak.

Well, golly, sleep can wait! Quick, take me to the victims!

Soon...

Oh, my gosh... this looks pretty bad!

My boys! :CHOKE!: I can't BELIEVE what they're DOING!

I KNOW! Rod has a royal flush and Todd's holding four of a kind...and they both FOLDED!



I tire of this exercise in human self-gratification! We should be tending to the task at hand!

I concur! Once we have found host bodies for our brethren, we will summon our Master. He will surely find favor in our accomplishment!

Word!

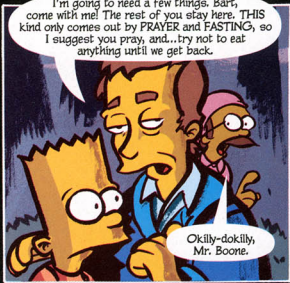


I wonder where they got the playing cards, cigars, and dirty magazines.



I'm going to need a few things. Bart, come with me! The rest of you stay here. THIS kind only comes out by PRAYER and FASTING, so I suggest you pray, and...try not to eat anything until we get back.

Okilly-dokilly, Mr. Boone.



Evenin', Lord! Ned Flanders here. You're not going to believe this, but...oh, how do I put this without incurring your wrath...?



Well, how about this? There's good news and bad news. The GOOD news is that NOT EVERYONE was possessed...



Three possessions later...



KRAAAAASH!

NOT so fast,
SATAN!

VROOOON!

I'm sending you
BACK to Hell where
you belong!

GUH?!!

Hold it! This is
MY mess, Mr. Boone,
and I want to clean
it up!

Bart, are
you sure?

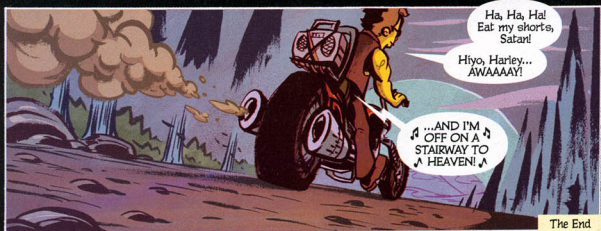
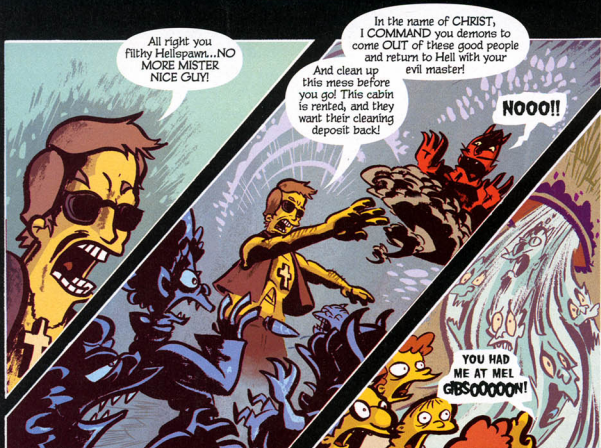
Yes,
sir!

OH, THIS
I'VE GOT TO
SEE!

Well, okay, but
just remember what
I taught you.

Demon from
Hell, in the name of
MEL GIBSON, get
out of my sister!

Uh...no, Bart.
Here, you'd better
let ME handle
this.



The End