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# BART SIMPSON'S TREEHOUSE OF HORROR™

NO. 11

\$4.99 US  
\$6.99 CAN

FEATURING  
ARTWORK BY

JAMES  
LLOYD

MARK  
SCHULTZ

JOHN  
SEVERIN

ANGELO  
TORRES

AL  
WILLIAMSON

GREENING  
MILNER



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# BART SIMPSON'S TREEHOUSE OF HORROR

FEATURING A **DEMENTED CROP** OF  
**MARVELOUSLY MONSTROUS HORROR MASTERS!**

NO. 11

\$4.99 US

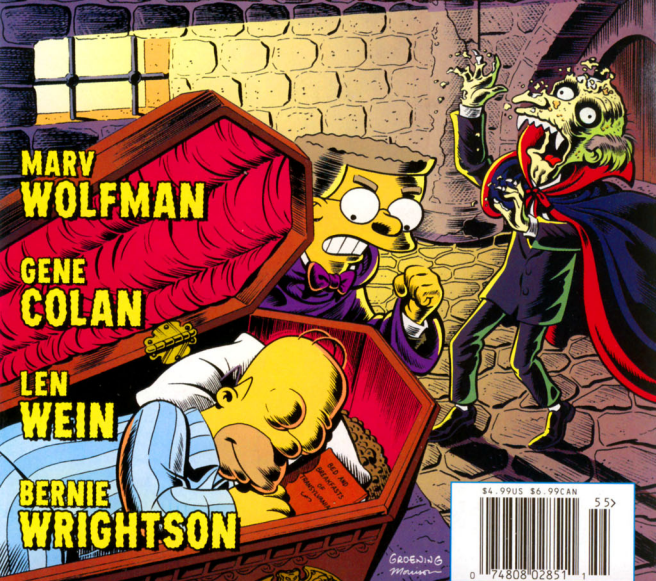
\$6.99 CAN

MARV  
WOLFMAN

GENE  
COLAN

LEN  
WEIN

BERNIE  
WRIGHTSON

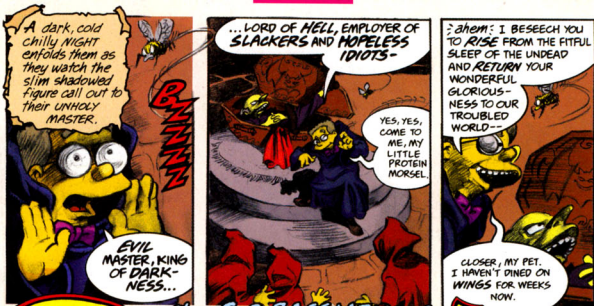


GROENING  
Manga

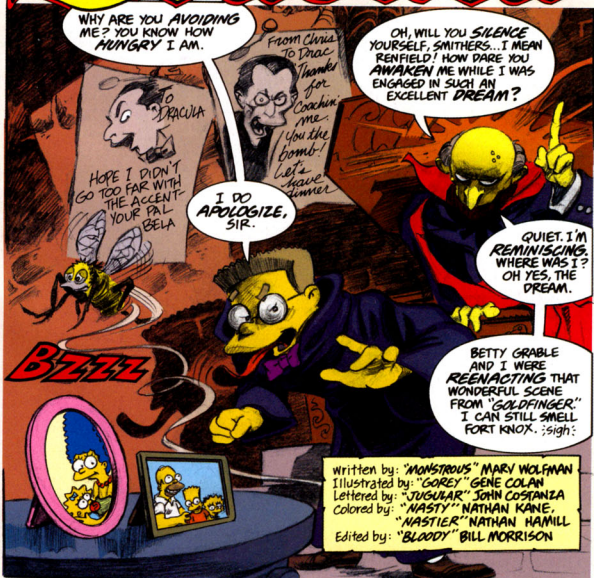
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# The SUB-BASEMENT of Dracula







RENFIELD, ALONG WITH MY TRYST WITH MS. GRABLE, I DREAMT I NEEDED A **PLAN** IF I AM TO TURN THE WORLD INTO MY WILLING SLAVES.

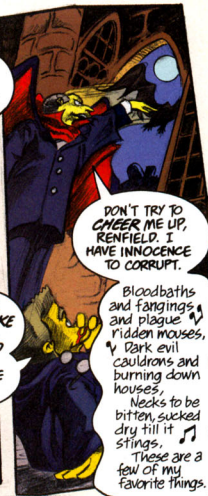
I'M **ALREADY** WILLING, SIR.

OF COURSE YOU ARE. BUT I NEED SOMEONE **ELSE**, SOMEONE **INNOCENT** AND **PERFECT**. BUT WHO--?



**YES! YES!** I HAVE IT. MOST **EXCELLENT**.

I THINK YOU **BROKE** MY NOSE, SIR. AND I'M IN **TERRIBLE PAIN**.



DON'T TRY TO **CHEER** ME UP, RENFIELD. I HAVE **INNOCENCE** TO **CORRUPT**.

Bloodbaths and fangings, and plague ridden mice, Dark evil cauldrons and burning down houses, Necks to be bitten, sucked dry till it stings. These are a few of my favorite things.



Her name is **MISS ELIZABETH HOOVER**, and for more years than she can remember she has **WASTED** her life teaching young and gullible children useless and pointless information.



Her only **SOLACE** from this endless brain-numbing horror has been at the bottom of an 80-proof bottle and the hopeful dreams that her tortured existence might soon be **OVER**.

Sadly for this poor, deluded college graduate, that undesired life...



...is doomed to be **CONTINUED...**



HOMER HARKER slew his first vampire with a garlic-riddled rattle when he was just an infant. Now he has assembled a crew of fearless vampire killers...

Carl LeBlade,  
PARTLY UNDEAD  
WEAPON'S MASTER.

I LIVE TO SLAY,  
FOLD, STAPLE, AND  
MUTILATE.

Lisa Van Helsing:  
DEADLY AS SHE IS  
BEAUTIFUL.

Santa's  
Little  
killer:  
ALL  
BITE.  
NO  
BARK.

EXCUSE ME,  
LE BLADE,  
I THINK THAT  
WAS MY  
LINE.

Bart Drake:  
DRACULA'S THIRD  
COUSIN, TWICE  
REMOVED.

DON'T EVEN  
THINK OF  
BITING ME,  
DUDE.

:chomp: VAMPIRE  
HUNTERS, I'VE RECEIVED  
WHAT SOME MIGHT TAKE AS  
TERRIBLE AND EVEN  
HORRIBLE NEWS. :chomp:  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
ULTIMATE EVIL. END  
OF THE WORLD. DOOM  
AND...

SAAYYYY, WHERE DID THIS  
DELICIOUS DONUT COME FROM?  
SOFT AND CRUSTY WITH  
JUST A HINT OF CINNAMON.  
YUMMMM.

HOMER!  
ULTIMATE EVIL,  
REMEMBER?

OH, RIGHT.  
DEATH. DESTRUCTION.  
DESPAIR. IT'S  
ALWAYS THE  
SAME THING.  
BUT THIS  
DONUT...

GRRR! ALL RIGHT. WE MUST  
KILL THE VAMPIRES. BUT HOW?  
LET ME COUNT THE WAYS.

A STAKE TO  
THE HEART IS  
ALWAYS FUN.

YOU CAN  
ALWAYS CUT OFF  
THEIR HEADS AND  
STUFF IT WITH  
GARLIC.

STEAK.  
YUMMMM!

BUT DON'T  
FORGET THE  
POTATOES  
AND  
CHEESE.

HOMER!!!

HOMER!

NOT  
NOW,  
LISA.  
DADDY'S  
THINKING  
ABOUT  
VAMPIRE  
FONDUE.  
MMM-  
MMM-  
M!

THERE'S ALWAYS THE OLD  
STANDBYS. CUT OUT THE  
HEART. BURN THEM IN  
SUNLIGHT. HOLY WATER.

HMM. WHY  
ISN'T THERE  
EVER ANY  
HOLY  
BEER?

LAST TIME  
IT TOOK HIM  
A MONTH TO  
FIND HIS WAY  
BACK FROM  
SHELBYVILLE.

⋮sigh⋮  
LET'S  
FIND OUR  
OWN  
VAMPIRES.

WILKAMP  
BEEEEER!

BEER

*Leather-winged creatures silently steal their way through the shadowed streets of Springfield. They are hungry, and when Vampires thirst, there is only one relief...*

GOT ANY  
LOW-CARB  
PLASMA, MOE?  
MY MISSUS  
PUT ME ON  
A DIET.

MOE'S  
BELFRY

NO WINGS, NO FANGS  
NO SERVICE

WEDNESDAYS:  
WELCOME  
Shriners

WANNA  
NECK?

SAY,  
DIDN'T  
I HORRIBLY  
KILL YOU  
ONCE?

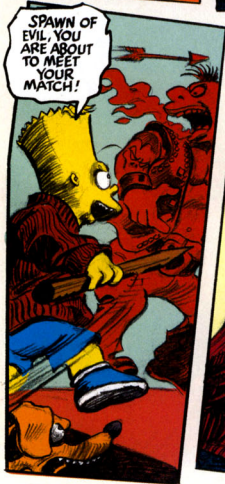
SWIT

SWIT

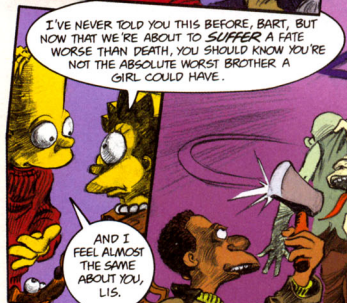
YOU THINK  
THIS IS THE  
PLACE, LISA?

BART, THERE'S  
EVIL EVERYWHERE. MONSTERS  
ARE TORTURING INNOCENT  
BYSANDERS. EVERYONE LIVES IN  
FEAR. WHAT DO YOU THINK  
THIS IS?

HIGH  
SCHOOL?









FORTUNATELY THERE'S ALWAYS VAMPIRES HANGING AROUND THE KWI-K MART ON PLASMA DELIVERY DAY.

HAH! THERE'S NO PAIN BAD ENOUGH TO MAKE ME REVEAL MY MASTER'S PLANS.

EVERY TIME HE TELLS A LIE HIS NOSE WILL GROW... UNTIL IT FORMS INTO A DEADLY STAKE!

Gorgonzola is the cheese that holds the universe together.

AGHHH! PLEASE, FOR PITY'S SAKE-- STOP HIM!

REALLY? THEN BEHOLD THE ULTIMATE TORTURE: THE LITTLE WOODEN PUPPET CALLED PINOCCHIO!

TALK OR BE SHISH-KABOBED!

TELL US WHAT DRACULA IS UP TO, OR YOU WILL SUFFER IN WAYS YOU'VE NEVER IMAGINED.

did you know the SQUARE of the HYPOTHEUSE is Liza Minnelli?

ALL RIGHT! I'LL TALK!

HURRY DUDE, BEFORE PINOCCHIO LIES AGAIN.

NOT YOU, POTATO-HEAD. IT'S A FEMALE, AND SHE LIVES AT 742 EVERGREEN TERRACE.

There are more than 12.7 poems that are lovelier than a tree.

TO TURN EVERYONE INTO HIS MINDLESS SLAVE DRACULA HAS TO DESTROY THE MOST PERFECT AND INNOCENT PERSON ON EARTH...

HE'S GOING TO DESTROY ME? BUT WHAT'VE I EVER DONE TO HIM?

WAIT. I KNOW THAT ADDRESS. IT'S WHERE LIVES THE BEAUTIFUL AND ALWAYS SEXY MARGE SIMPSON.

HMMMM.

SHE IS THE MOST PERFECT AND INNOCENT PERSON I KNOW.

SKR-OOCH

PEF


SHHH





EXCELLENT.  
OUR UNWITTING  
TARGET IS IN  
SIGHT. HOLD  
ONTO ME  
TIGHT,  
RENFIELD.


HAPPILY,  
SIR.



OH, MAGGIE.  
WHY DO I FEEL SUCH  
**DREAD?** IT'S LIKE ALL  
THE EVIL IN THE WORLD  
IS FESTERING BENEATH  
US READY TO EXPLODE  
INTO **HELL** ITSELF.


OR MAYBE IT'S JUST  
THE **BROCCOLI**  
PIE I MADE FOR  
DESSERT!

**BURP!!!**  
THERE! THAT  
SHOULD DO  
THE TRICK.



NO. I'M FEELING  
WORSE. THE **EVIL** IS  
COMING **CLOSER**. IT'S  
LIKE EVERY TERRIBLE  
NIGHTMARE I'VE EVER  
HAD IS COMING BACK  
TO **HAUNT** ME.

EVEN THE  
ONE WITH UNCLE  
FESTER AND  
AUNTIE PETUNIA  
UNDER THE  
CHERRY TREE.  
**OOOOHHH!**



**HAHAHAHA**  
I'M BEING SO SILLY.  
THERE'S NO SUCH THINGS  
AS **MONSTERS** CLAWING  
THEIR WAY OUT OF THE FOG  
AND SHADOWS TO WREAK  
THEIR EVIL **HAVOC** UPON  
AN UNWITTING AND  
UNBELIEVING WORLD.

IT'S A GOOD  
THING THAT MONSTERS  
AREN'T REAL. OTHER-  
WISE, WE'D ALL BE  
IN TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE  
**TROUBLE**.



MAKE WAY,  
SPAWNS OF  
EVIL. CARL  
LEBLADE  
IS COMING  
FOR YOU.

OH, THAT  
STINGS!

PERHAPS THIS  
WILL TEACH YOU  
NOT TO ATTACK  
INNOCENT MOMMIES  
EVER AGAIN.

ARRRGHHHH  
TANNGG

HOMIE,  
SAVE  
ME!

I'M COMING, MARGE.  
I'M AIMING NOW. NO. THAT'S  
NOT RIGHT. A LITTLE MORE TO  
THE LEFT. NO. TO THE RIGHT. NO.  
TO THE LEFT. DARN IT, LET ME  
START OVER AGAIN...

HA!  
THAT'S USING  
YOUR HEAD.

NOW DON'T  
GO MAKE AN ASH  
OF YOURSELF.  
OBOY. THE  
QUIPS ARE  
COMING FAST  
AND FURIOUS  
TODAY.

AAGHHHH

HOMIE!



OKAY.  
HOLD ON.  
HERE I  
COME.

HMM. NICE HELLFIRE.  
YOU THINK THERE'S TIME  
TO MAKE SOME  
S'MORES?

**HOMER!!!**

GEEZ,  
YOU NEVER  
LET ME  
HAVE ANY  
FUN.

HOMER!  
YOU'RE GONNA  
NEED A  
WEAPON.

**TAKE  
MINE!**

MARGE!  
GRAB MY  
HAND LIKE  
YOU DID THAT  
TIME IN THE  
TUNNEL  
OF LOVE.

THAT  
WASN'T  
YOUR HAND,  
HOMIE.

DON'T ARGUE  
WITH ME, WOMAN.  
I'M HERE TO  
SAVE YOU.

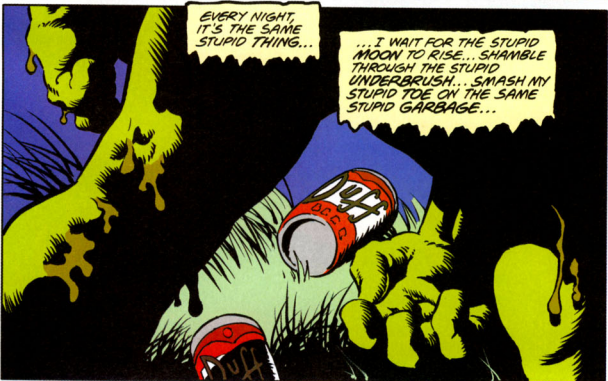
YEAH YEAH,  
THAT'S ALL FINE.  
BUT I STILL WANT  
S'MORES!

HA!  
I'VE FOILED  
YOUR EVIL  
PLANS,  
DRACULA.

YOU'LL  
NEVER GET  
MY WIFE TO BE  
YOUR INNOCENT  
VICTIM SO YOU  
CAN TURN THE  
WORLD INTO  
VAMPIRES.

MY HERO.  
I LOVE YOU,  
HOMIE.









...ALL SO I CAN MAKE  
MY WAY BACK HERE  
AGAIN...

... TO THE PLACE WHERE  
IT ALL BEGAN... THE PLACE  
WHERE I WAS CURSED  
TO BECOME A HIDEOUS,  
DISGUSTING...

# SQUISH THING

Written by "WEIRD" LEN WEIN • Illustrated by "WRETCHED" BERNIE WRIGHTSON •  
lettered by "CREEPY" JOHN COSTANZA • colored by "UNDEAD" CHRIS UNGAR •  
edited by "MORBID" BILL MORRISON • Disavowed by "GRUESOME" MATT GROENING

EVERY NIGHT FOR DAYS NOW, I'VE STOOD OUTSIDE THIS HOUSE... WAITING FOR SOMEBODY TO TURN ON THE TV... HOPING FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO WATCH...

...BUT ALL I EVER GET TO SEE IS THIS SAME OLD TIRED SCENE...

AW, C'MON, MARGE, PLEASE--YA GOTTA GO OUT WITH ME. THIS IS THE NINTH BOUQUET I'VE BRUNG YA THIS WEEK.

I'VE JUST ABOUT PICKED FLANDERS' GARDEN CLEAN.

I'M SORRY, MOE. I APPRECIATE THE THOUGHT--

--BUT IT'S STILL TOO SOON FOR ME TO START SEEING SOMEBODY NEW.

I MEAN, IT SEEMS LIKE POOR HOMIE HAS ONLY BEEN GONE A WEEK.

EIGHT DAYS, ACTUALLY-- BUT WHO'S COUNTING?

LOOK, IT DOESN'T EVEN HAVE T'BE A DATE. MAYBE JUST A CUP'A COFFEE OR SOMETHING...

...WIT' SOME FOOLIN' AROUND ON THE SIDE.

FOR THE LAST TIME, MOE-- THE ANSWER IS NO.

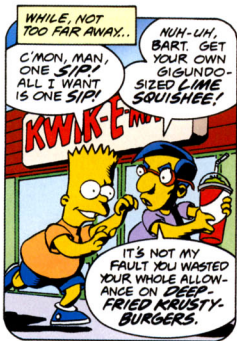
OKAY, FINE, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL, I'LL GO--

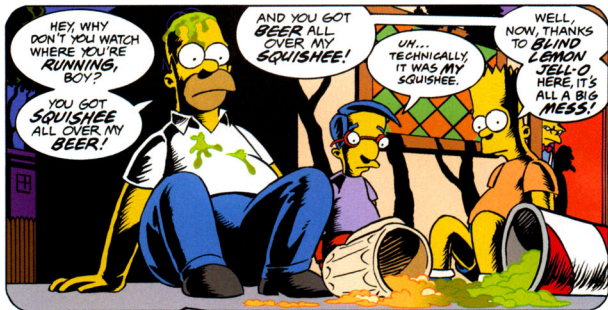
--BUT I PROMISE YOU, SOME NIGHT, WHEN YOU'RE SITTING ALONE IN THE DARK--

--YOU'RE GONNA REGRET HAVING TURNED DOWN MOE SZYSLAK!







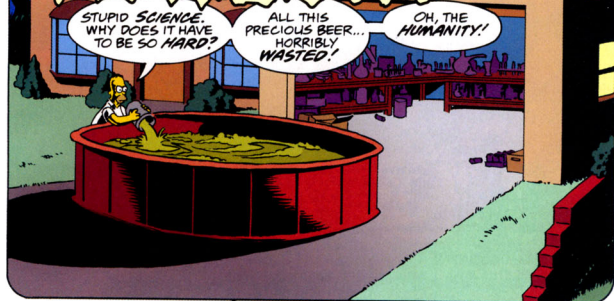


NIGHT DESCENDED LIKE AN ELEPHANT ON AN ESCALATOR... AND A FULL MOON HUNG IN THE SKY LIKE A FAT LADY ON A SWING... AS I BEGAN MY QUEST TO CREATE THE PERFECT BEVERAGE...

STUPID SCIENCE.  
WHY DOES IT HAVE  
TO BE SO HARD?

ALL THIS  
PRECIOUS BEER...  
HORRIBLY  
WASTED!

OH, THE  
HUMANITY!



HEY-- ah-- SO HOW'S  
IT COMIN', HOMER?

NOT SO GOOD. SO  
FAR EVERY DRINK  
I'VE MIXED  
TASTES  
EITHER  
LIKE  
MOUNTAIN DEW  
OR OLD  
SWEAT  
SOX.



UGGHHHH...  
MOUNTAIN  
DEW. MAN,  
THAT'S  
NASTY.

I'M JUST A  
BIG FAILURE,  
MOE. I'LL  
NEVER MAKE  
MARGE  
PROUD  
OF ME.

GEE, THAT'S...  
UH-- TOO BAD,  
HOMER. BUT  
THEM'S THE  
BREAKS.



NO, YOU'VE  
CONVINCED ME,  
MOE! FOR ONCE IN  
MY LIFE, I'M NOT  
GONNA  
QUIT!

I'M GOING TO  
PERFECT NEW DUFF  
BEER WITH LIME  
EVEN IF IT KILLS  
ME.



WELL, IF  
YOU INSIST--!

:WHOO!:

SMOKING...  
BOILING...  
NOT  
GOOD!



GANGWAY!  
STEP ASIDE!  
COMING  
THROUGH!

:sheesh:  
WHAT AN  
IDIOT!

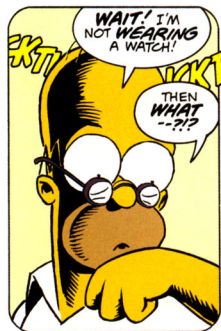


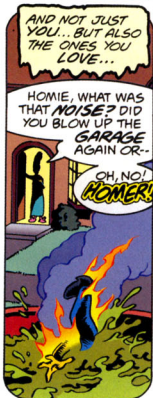
YOU DON'T  
DESERVE A  
WONDERFUL  
WOMAN LIKE  
MARGE,  
HOMER--

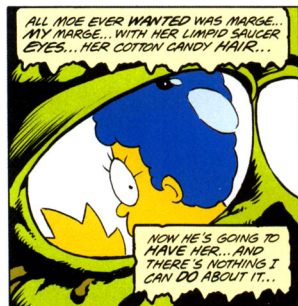
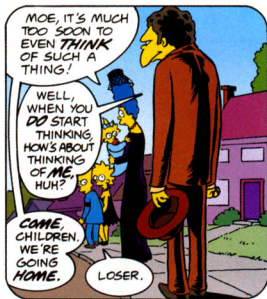
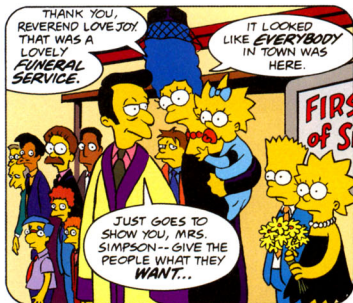
--AND  
YOU'RE NOT  
GONNA  
HAVE HER  
MUCH  
LONGER.



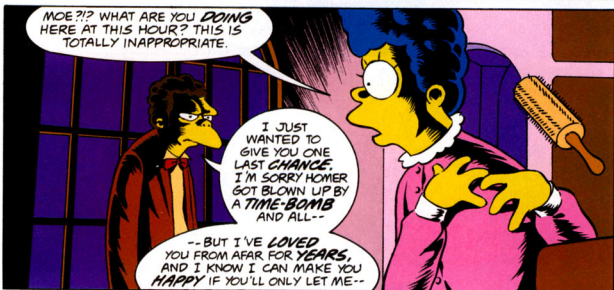
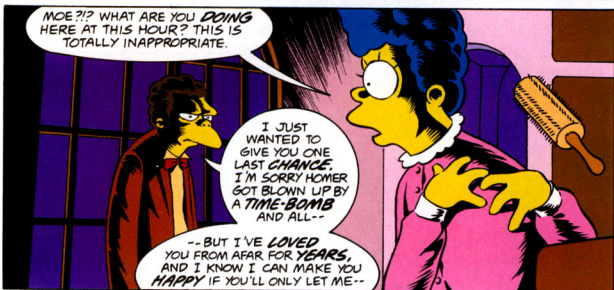
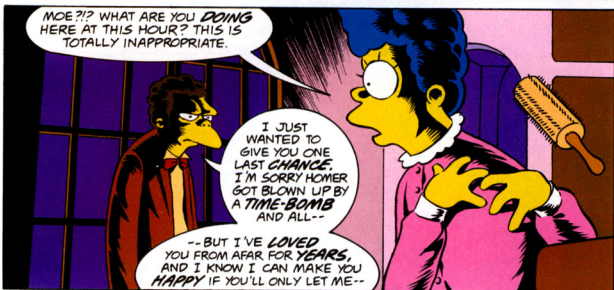
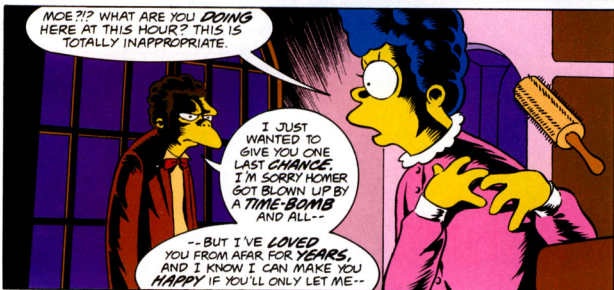


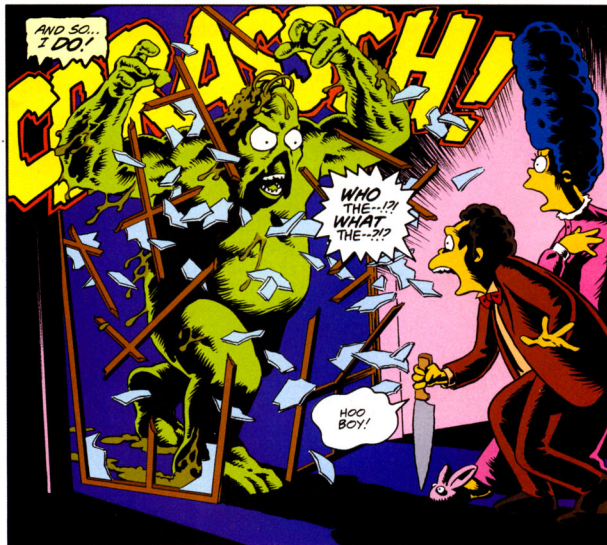


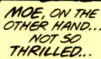
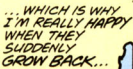






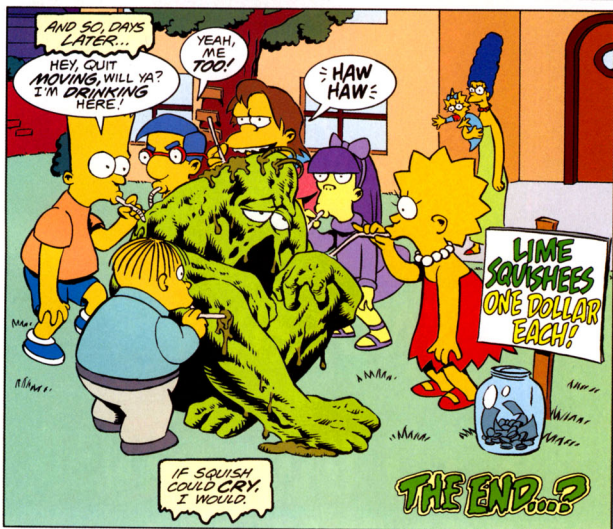












# TWO TICKETS TO HECK!

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT THEY COULD TRANSFORM THAT ITCHY AND SCRATCHY LAND INTO A HALLOWEEN FUN PARK!!

I HOPE IT'S NOT **TOO** SCARY FOR YOU, KIDS. HEH-HEH.

NORMALLY, I'M DOWN WITH ITCHY AND SCRATCHY LAND, BUT THIS "SPOOKYLAND" IS MORE LIKE "DOOKYLAND".

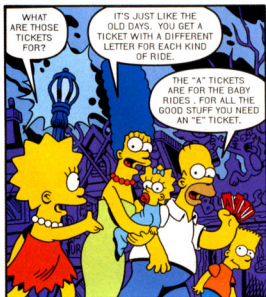
OH, QUIT COMPLAINING, BART. WE JUST GOT HERE!



WHAT ARE THOSE TICKETS FOR?

IT'S JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS. YOU GET A TICKET WITH A DIFFERENT LETTER FOR EACH KIND OF RIDE.

THE "A" TICKETS ARE FOR THE BABY RIDES. FOR ALL THE GOOD STUFF YOU NEED AN "E" TICKET.



MMM..."E" TICKET.

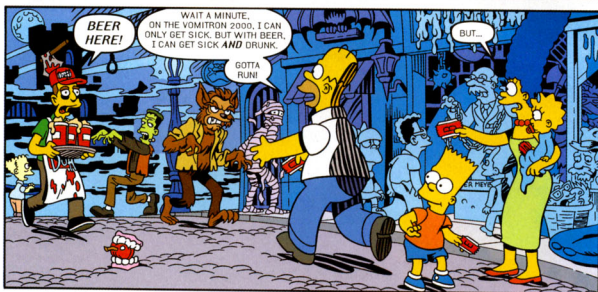
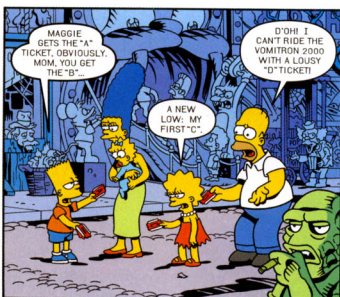


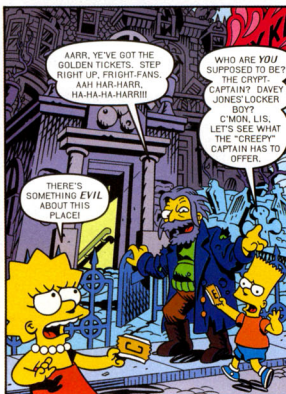
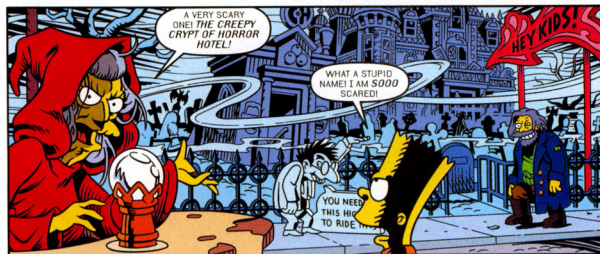
YOINK!

WHY YOU LITTLE—







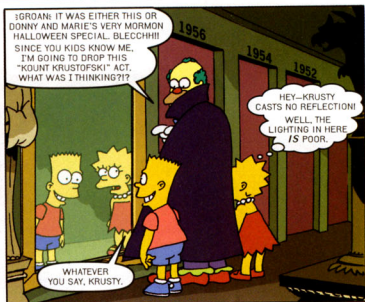
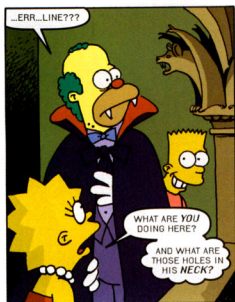
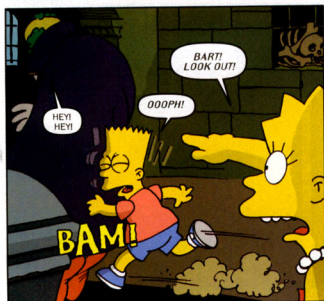
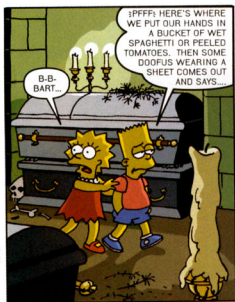


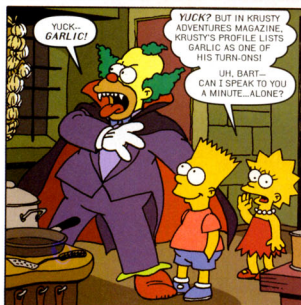
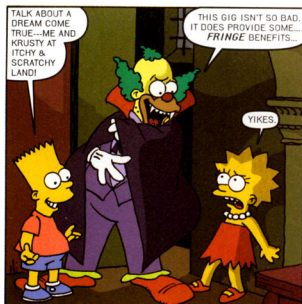
AAHRR! YE BE **HUNGRY** FOR SOME EXCITEMENT, EH, FIENDS? WELL, THEN, YE'VE COME TO THE PLACE WHERE CHILLS AND THRILLS ABOUND. AH-HA-HAR, CAN'T YE JUST **TASTE** THE TERROR THAT AWAITS INSIDE? GET YE READY FOR THE BLOOD-CURDLING **FRIGHT-FEST** I LIKE TO CALL:

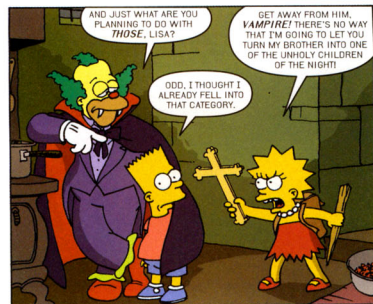
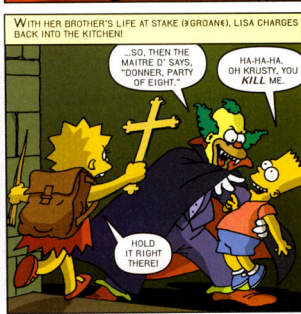
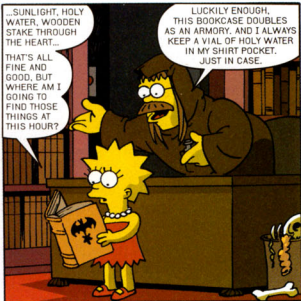
# A QUICK WAY TO A **KRUSTY DEATH!**



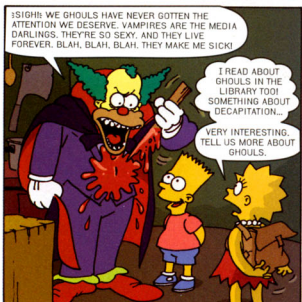
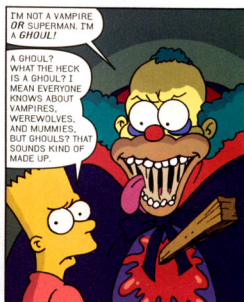
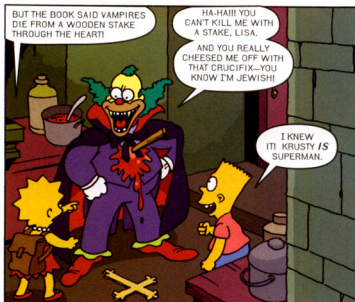


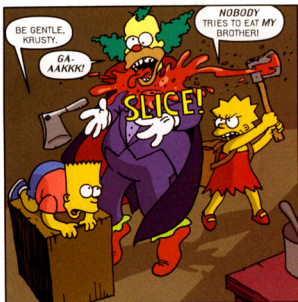


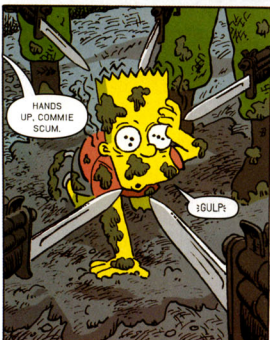
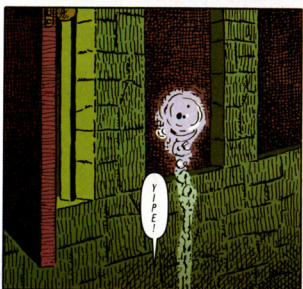
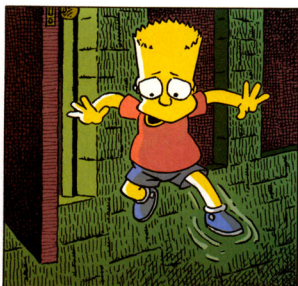
















WHAT'S YOUR MONIKER, DOGFACE?

MONIKER?



YOUR NAME, SOLDIER! WHAT DID YOUR **SAD SACK** OF A FATHER AND ROUND-HEELED MOTHER **WRITE DOWN** ON THE BLANK LINE ON YOUR **BIRTH CERTIFICATE**?!?!?!?

I'M BART SIMPSON. WHERE THE HELL AM I?



WHERE ARE YOU??? OH I SEE. YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE COVERT OPS. HEAVY UNDERCOVER.

YOU KNOW DAMN WELL YOU'RE IN INCHON, SOLDIER! SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE KOREAN WAR!

BUT I SEE YOUR GAME... PLAY IT DUMB, NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO RUN INTO THOSE STALINIZED RICE-EATERS.



THIS OUR MAN?

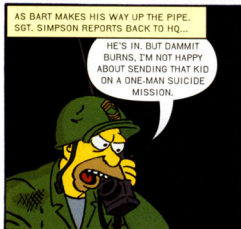
YES, HIS UNDERCOVER CONDITIONING IS SUPERB. PRETENDS HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW **WHY** HE'S HERE.

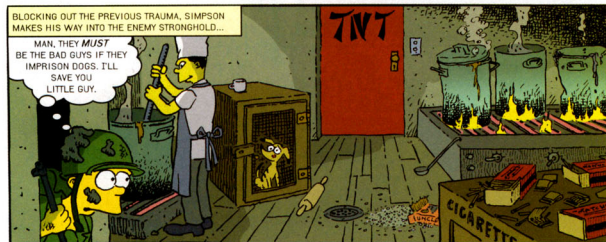
LOOK, KID, I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE OR WHERE YOU CAME FROM. WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO FOR US IS KNOCK OUT A CHICOM\* PILLBOX ON THE FAR RIDGE.

LIKE HELL I WILL!

**BART SIMPSON**  
**MIDGET COMMANDO**  
ART BY BART SEVERIN

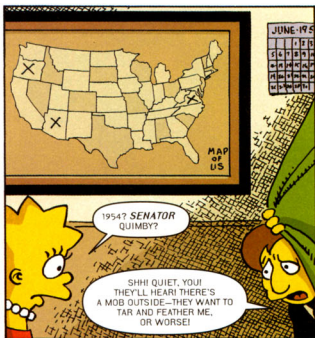
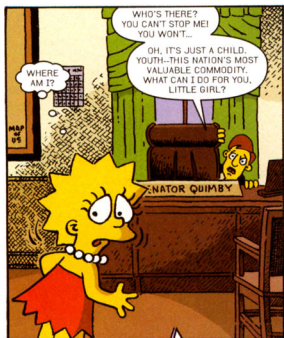
\*CHINESE COMMUNIST-EDITOR

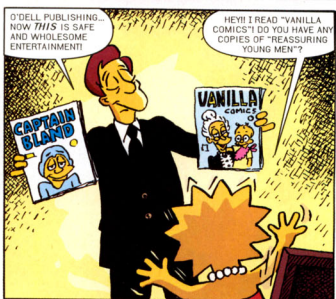
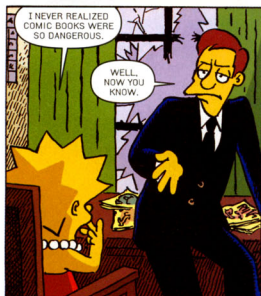
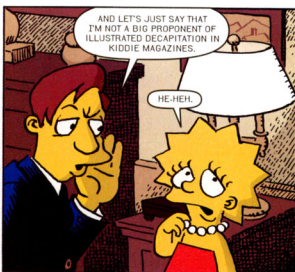
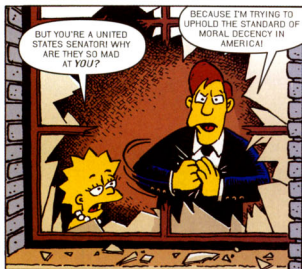




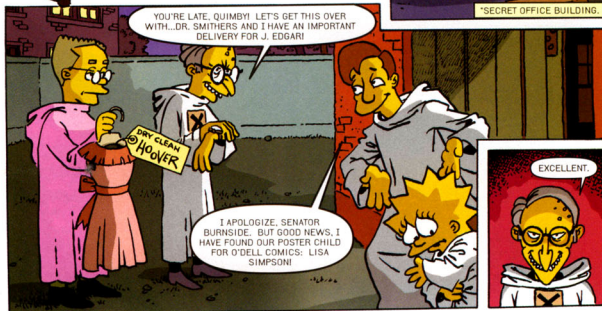
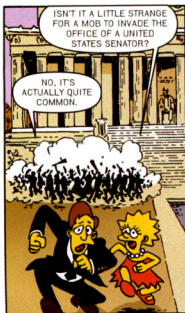


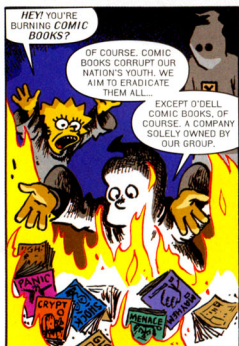
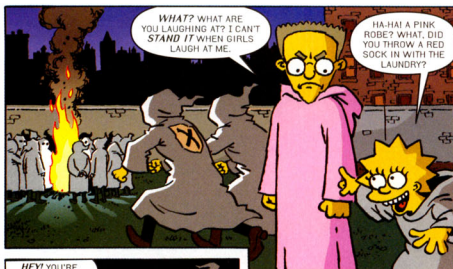












HEARTS POUNDING, BART AND LISA RACE AWAY TOWARD THE NEAREST BUILDING...

HEY, YOU KIDS—YOU CAN'T JUST RUN IN HERE! THIS IS A TOP-SECRET MILITARY INSTALLATION!

WE'RE RUNNING FROM THAT UNRULY MOB OVER THERE!

YEAH! THEY SAID THAT RICHARD M. NIXON WAS A CROOK!

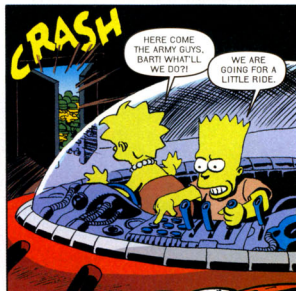
THEY SAID THAT??? ABOUT THE VICE-PRESIDENT?!? WELL, HE'S **NOT** A CROOK. C'MON, STEVE, LET'S GO SHOOT OUR GUNS.



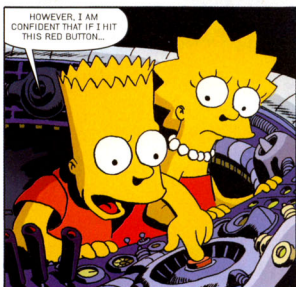
INSIDE THE VAST CHAMBER, A MYSTERIOUS CIRCULAR SHAPE GLEAMS IN THE DARKNESS.

A FLYING SAUCER! LET'S GET IN.

THAT MUST BE THE ONE THAT CRASHED IN ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO IN 1947! SO THERE WAS A COVER-UP!



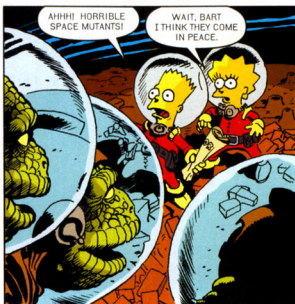
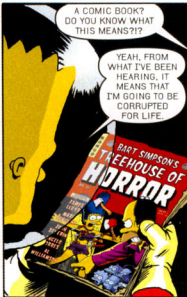
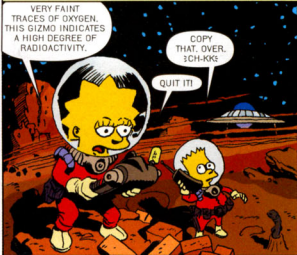


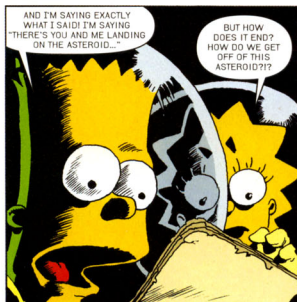
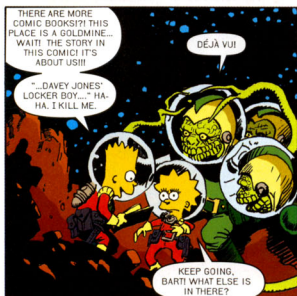


THE SPACE CRAFT DRAWS CLOSE TO A TINY INCANDESCENT PARTICLE, A FRAGMENT OF A ONCE PROUD PLANET...



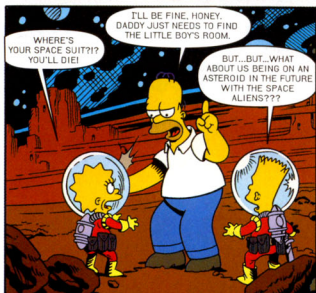
UTILIZING EQUIPMENT THAT THEY FIND ONBOARD THE SHIP, BART AND LISA DESCEND FROM THEIR CRAFT AND BEGIN TO EXPLORE THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET FRAGMENT...















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