



#12

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BART SIMPSON'S TREEHOUSE OF HORROR

FEATURING

**KYLE
BAKER
TERRY
MOORE
ERIC
POWELL**

MATT GROENING
Manson

DIRECT EDITION



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THINK THE WORLD'S GOING
TO THE ROACHES? THEN
CLIMB ABOARD...

HOMER'S ARK!

STORY/ART BY TERRY MOORE

I CAN'T SERVE
YOU NO MORE
BEER, HOMER.
YOU'RE DRUNK!

RIDICUS! I ONLY
HAD FOUR-FIVE LIL'
BITTY... BARNEY,
TELL 'IM YOU'RE
NOT DRUNK.

SHHH!
DON'T WAKE
THE MONKEY.

THAT'S IT! YOU TWO—OUT!
NO DRUNKS ALLOWED IN THE BAR!

FINE!

WHERE'S MY CAR?

DON'T WORRY,
HOMER. I'LL
GIVE YOU A...

NOT IN THAT
POCKET...

NOT IN
THIS...

RIDE.

HEY!
SOMEBODY
STOLE
MY CAR!

BONK!

YOU GUYS KNOW THE DEAL,
YOU DON'T GET YOUR KEYS
BACK TILL YOU SOBER UP!

AWW...
I MISS MY
BUUUURP!
CAR.

BOYE
KEY
MOE'S

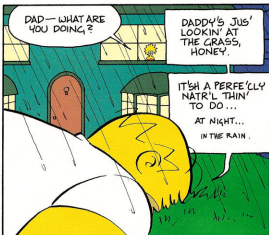
EA?

DAMN ROACHES!

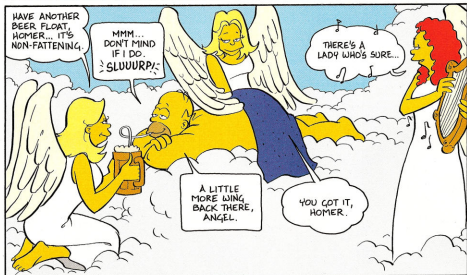
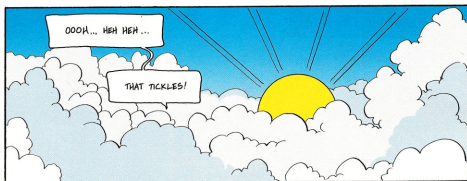
CRUNCH!

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Homer, I Have A
Job for You.

No Nudity.

IF IT REQUIRES
NUDITY I'M OUT.

I'm Going To Spray The
Earth for Roaches—
It's The Only Way
To Get Rid Of Them.



WELL IT'S ABOUT TIME!
THOSE THINGS ARE
EVERYWHERE!

Hold Still.



ZAP!



SEE? THAT'S WHAT
I'M TALKING ABOUT!

There's
No Time
To Lose.



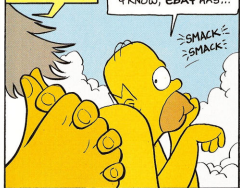
I Want You To Build A Ship,
But Two Of Everything On
Board And, When The Spraying
Starts, Duck And Cover, My Man!

MMM...
CHOCOLATE.

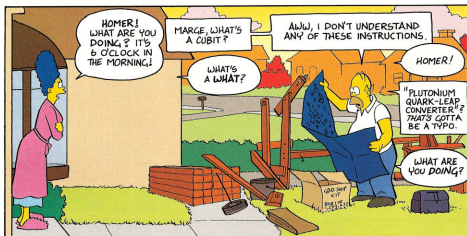
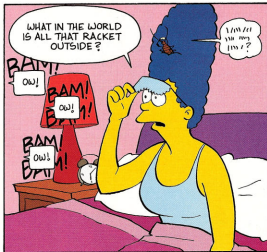


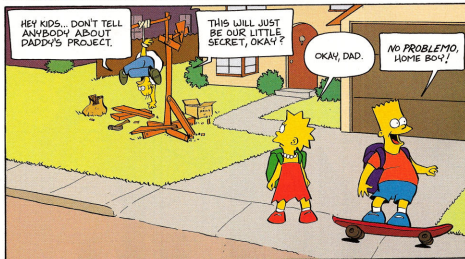
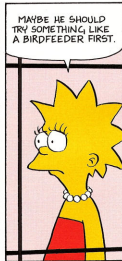
So... You'll
Do It?

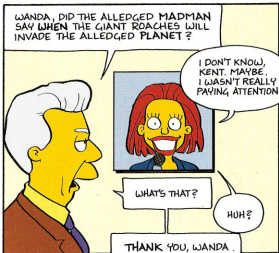
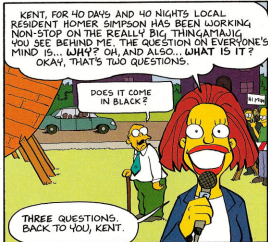
Awww...
I DON'T KNOW...
IT SOUNDS LIKE A LOT
OF WORK, CAN'T WE
JUST BUY A SHIP?
Y'KNOW, EBAY HAS...

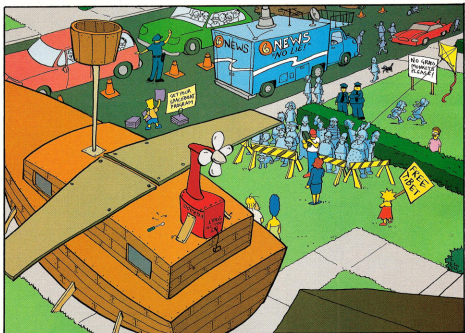
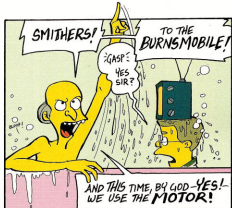


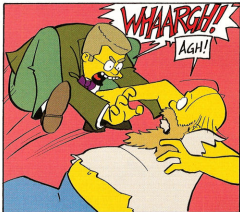


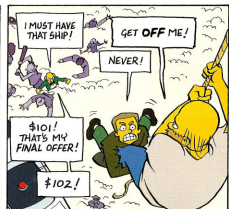
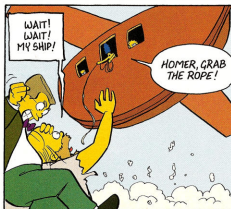


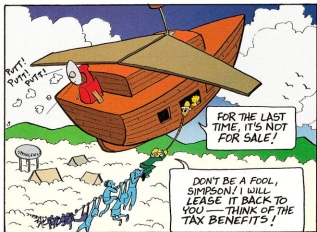




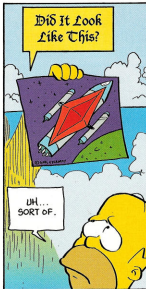




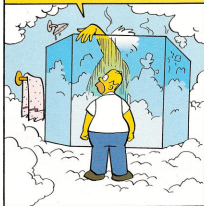








Right. Okay, You And All Your Generations, A Box Upon You, Yada, Yada, Yada. Hand Me A Towel, Will Ya?



Oh Why Did I Ever Promise You People No More fLOODs?



HOMER! ARE YOU OKAY?

OOHHA
... WHA?
HAPPENED?



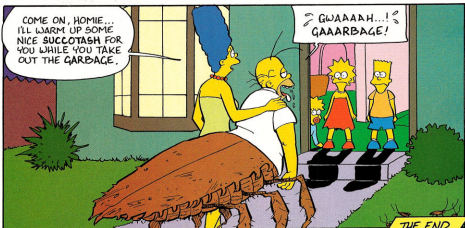
YOU WERE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING!

I—I WAS?
DID IT HURT?

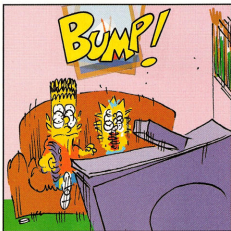
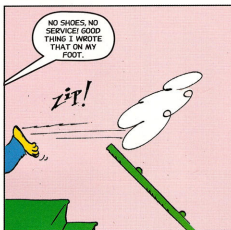
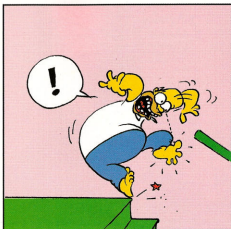


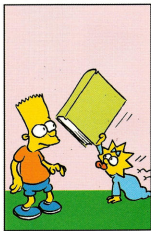
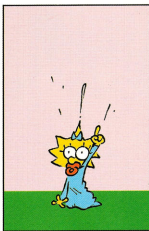
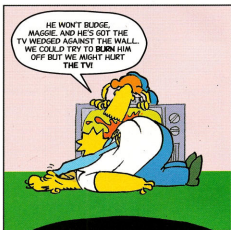
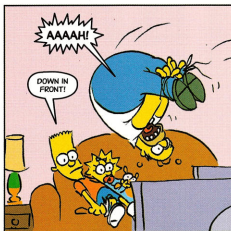
COME ON, HOMIE...
I'LL WARM UP SOME
NICE SUCCOTASH FOR
YOU WHILE YOU TAKE
OUT THE GARBAGE.

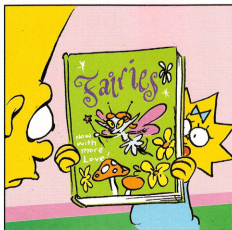
GWAAAAH...!
GAAARBAGE!



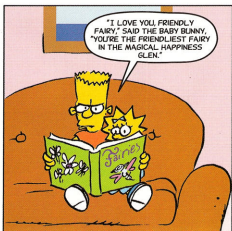
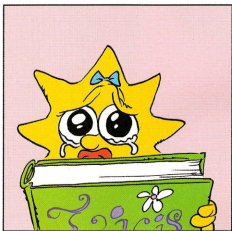
THE END



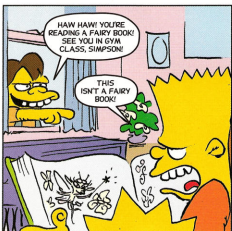




YOU WANT ME TO READ
YOU A BOOK? EWI! BOOKS ARE FOR
BABIES! IF ANYBODY SAW ME READING
THAT TO YOU, IT WOULD DESTROY MY
REPUTATION AS A FEARSOME
DELINQUENT!



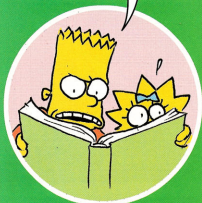
"I LOVE YOU, FRIENDLY
FAIRY," SAID THE BABY BUNNY,
"YOU'RE THE FRIENDLIEST FAIRY
IN THE MAGICAL HAPPINESS
GLEN."



THIS
ISN'T A FAIRY
BOOK!

WHAT WE'RE READING HERE IS A
BANNED FORBIDDEN MYSTICAL TOME! A
DOCUMENT SO HAIR-RAISINGLY VILE IT IS
SPOKEN OF ONLY IN FRIGHTENED
WHISPERS AS THE...

BLOOD CURSE OF THE EVIL FAIRIES!



"ENCHANTINA CAVORTED RELENTLESSLY, DESPERATELY HOPING TO FLEE THE CHILL IN
HER SPINE, THAT TERRIFYING PREMONITION OF HER OWN IMMINENT CERTAIN DEATH."

KYLE BAKER
STORY & ART

KAREN BATES BILL MORRISON
LETTERS EDITOR

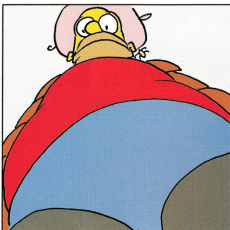
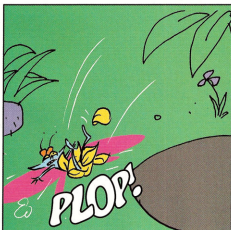
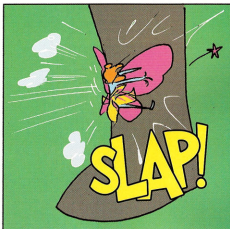
"THE FAIRY, PREOCCUPIED BY HER OWN DREAD, REFLECTED TOO LATE UPON HER FOLLY-A FOLLY THAT WOULD END IN...MURDER!"

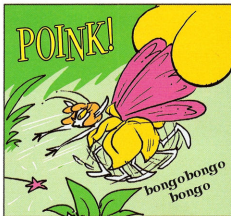


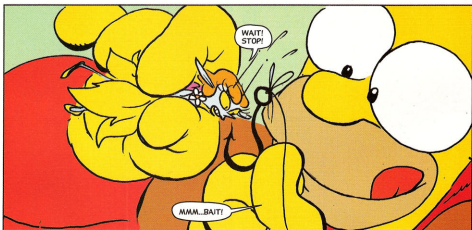
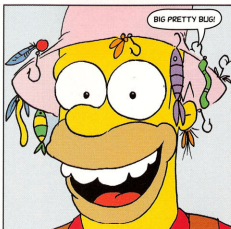
"AS THE MONSTER HISSED AND RAISED ITS WEAPON, ENCHANTINA INTONED THE POWERFUL SPELL."

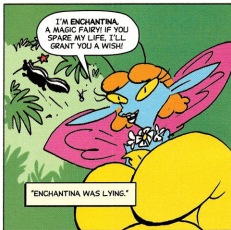


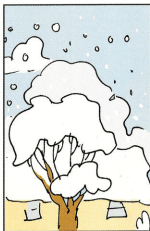
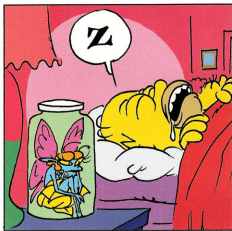
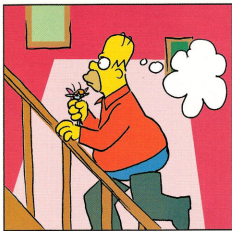
BRAAAAAPP!

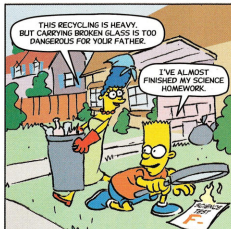


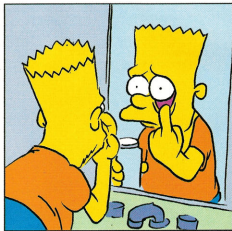
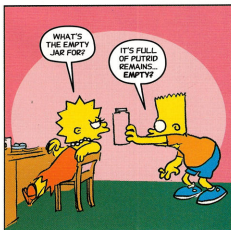
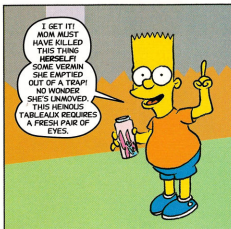


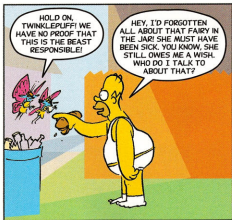
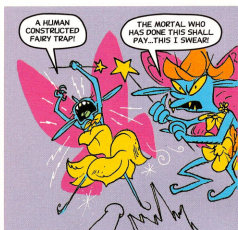
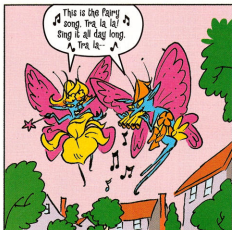


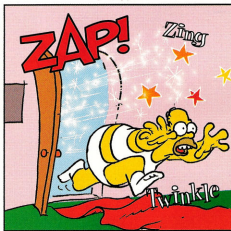
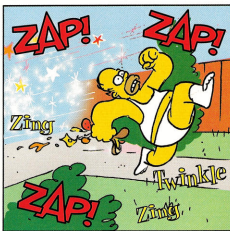
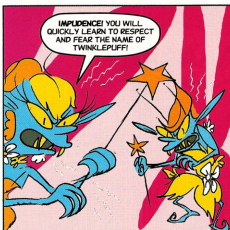


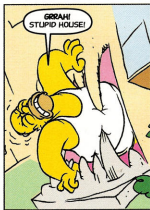


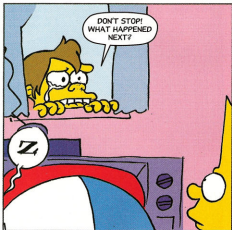
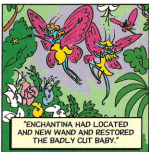












WILLIE:

PORTRAIT OF A GROUNDSKEEPER

ERIC POWELL

SCRIPT & ART

KAREN BATES BILL MORRISON
LETTERS EDITOR

I SAID A
BOXING KANGAROO,
YOU NINNY! THAT ANIMAL
KNOWS NOTHING OF THE
SWEET SCIENCE!

SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY...

HEY, BART!
CHECK THIS
OUT!

WHOA, DUDE! **MAXIMUM MAGAZINE!**
THE MEN'S MAGAZINE WHERE B-LIST
CELEBRITY HOTTIES GET ALMOST
NAKED TO TRY TO FURTHER
THEIR CAREERS!

YEAH, IT'S
JUST LIKE **PLAY-
DUDE** BUT WITHOUT
THE INSIGHTFUL
JOURNALISM AND
ACTUAL NUDITY!

CHECK OUT
THE ADS IN THE
BACK!

EMU FARMING...
PENILE IMPLANT...RUSSIAN
MAIL ORDER BRIDES...X-RAY
SPECS THAT REALLY WORK...
**MACHO CHEST HAIR IN
THIRTY DAYS!!!**

THINK ABOUT
THE LOCKER
ROOM THEN!

HOLA,
CHICOS!

SUCH
MACHISMO!



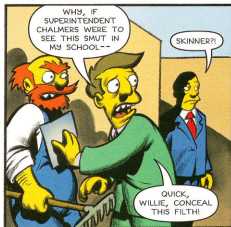
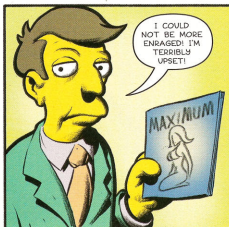
HERE COMES
SKINNER!

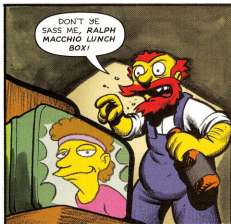


HE HATES BUXOM PSEUDO-
CELEBRITY HOTTIES! QUICK! RIP
THAT ORDER FORM OUT AND
DITCH THE MAGAZINE!



WILLIE, THE URINAL CAKE QUOTA
IN THE BOYS LAVATORY IS UNACCEPTABLE
AND...GOOD GOD! A MEN'S PUBLICATION
FULL OF BUXOM PSEUDO-CELEBRITIES!





TWO WEEKS LATER...

DELIVERY FOR
GROUNDSKEEPER
WILLIE.

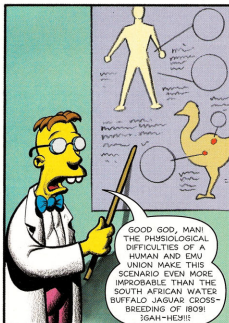
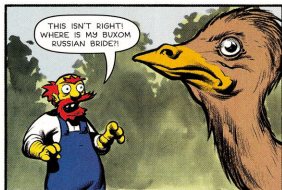
AHE, I'M WILLIE,
YA BESPECTACLED,
PANTS WEARIN',
BISCUIT MAKER!

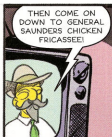
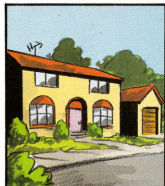
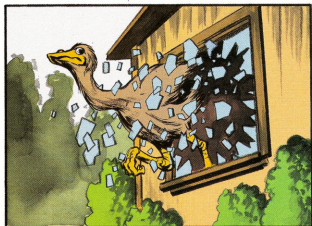
SIR, I DON'T
WEAR GLASSES, AND
I'VE NEVER MADE BISCUITS
IN MY LIFE. SIGN HERE
PLEASE.

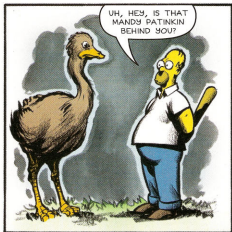
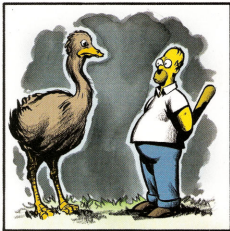
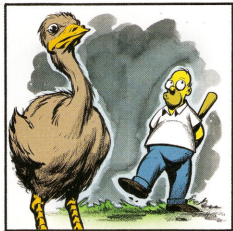
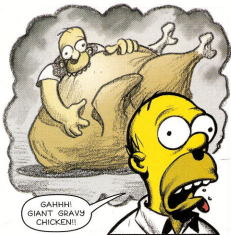
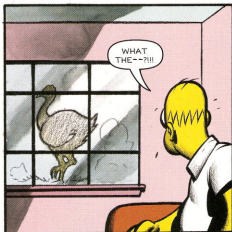
!GASP! IT'S
MUH MAIL ORDER
WOMAN!

HOLD ON,
SWEETIE! WILLIE
WILL BUST YE
OUTTA THAT
CRATE!

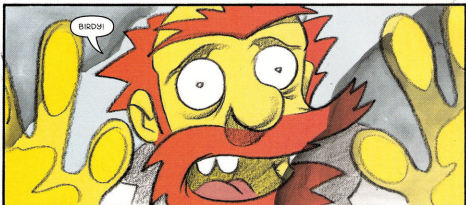
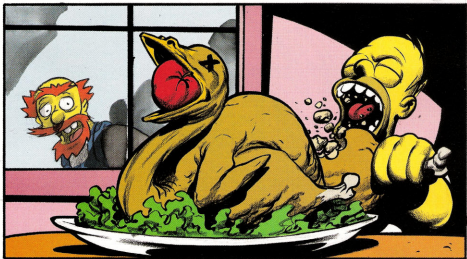
OCH! MUH
BRIDE IS A
GARGANTUAN
BIRD!



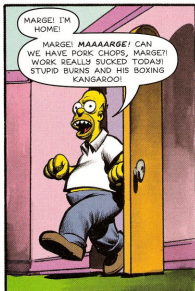




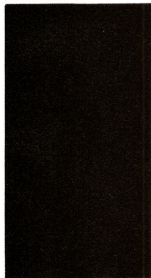








KLANG!



WE WON'T
BE HAVIN' PORK
CHOPS TONIGHT,
HOMER.

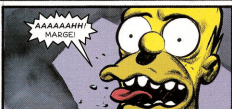
WE'LL BE HAVIN' AN **EXTRA
SPECIAL MEAL** TONIGHT! YE
TOOK MUH BIRDY! YOU'VE GOT
TA PAY FOR TAKIN' MY LOVE!
SO I'M TAKIN' YERS!



DINNER IS
SERVED! HA!
HA! HA!

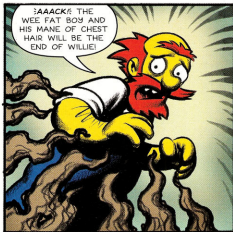
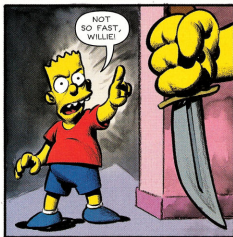


AAAAAAHH!
MARGE!



HA!
HA! HA!







THE END