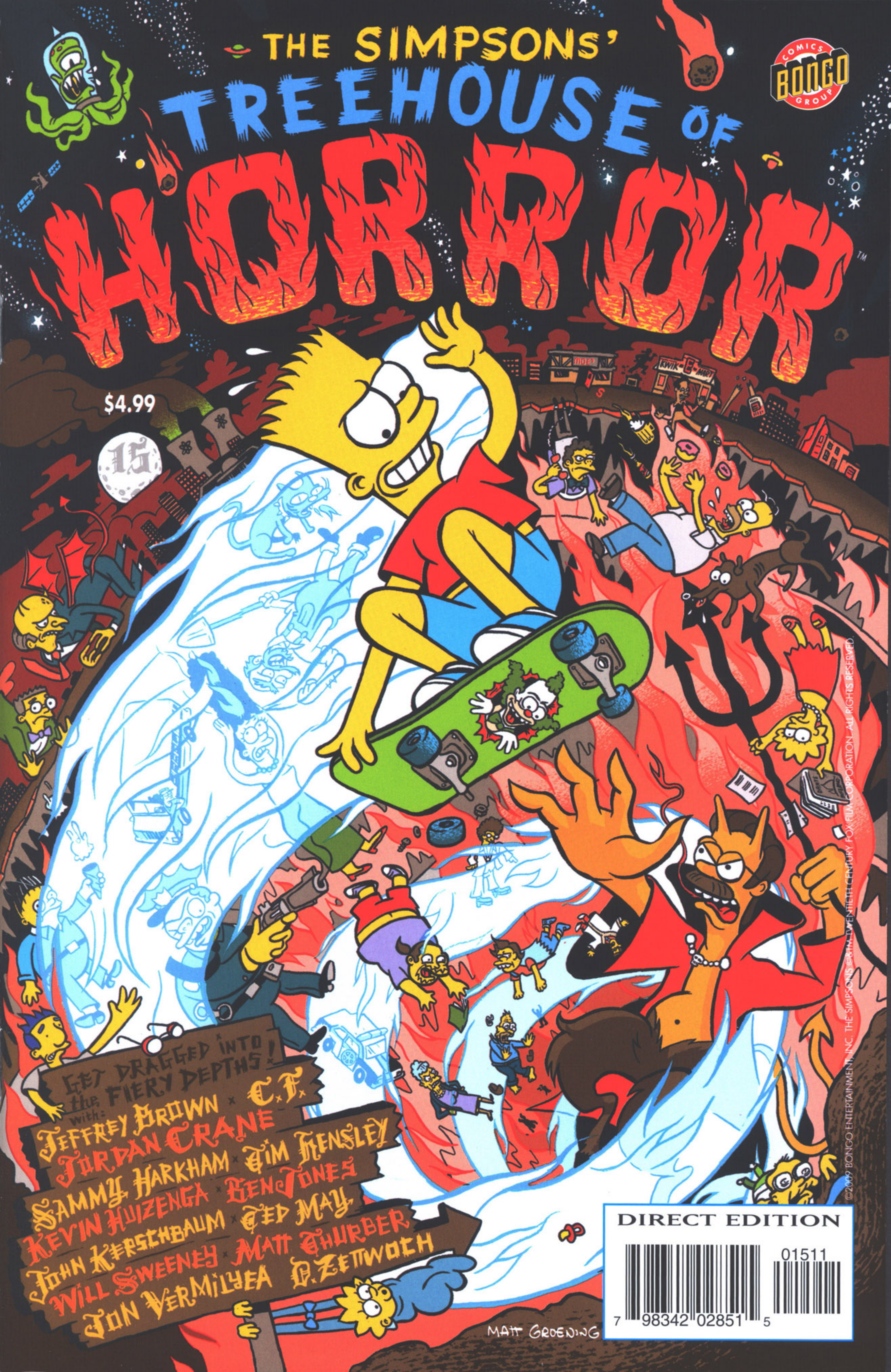




THE SIMPSONS' TREEHOUSE OF HORROR



\$4.99



GET DRAGGED INTO THE FIERY DEPTHS!
with:
JEFFREY BROWN x C.F.
JORDAN CRANE
SAMMY HARKHAM x JIM HENSLEY
KEVIN HUIZENGA x BEN JONES
JOHN KERSCHBAUM x TED MAY
WILL SWEENEY x MATT THURBER
JON VERMILYEA x D. ZETWICH

MATT GROENING

DIRECT EDITION

01511

7 98342 02851 5

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THIS IS ALL MATT GROENING'S FAULT

yet all our hands have been stained red and swollen while his remain hairy, unkempt, and idle.

Cloud 13.....Tim Hensley

The Call of VeguluWritten by Matthew Thurber
Art by Kevin Huizenga

Blurst Agin!.....Jordan Crane

Mo' Bodies Moe Problems...Written & colored by Ted May
Art by Sammy Harkham

The Gods Must Be Lazy!.....Will Sweeney

C.H.U.M.....Jon Vermilyea

Boo-tleg.....Ben Jones

Three Little Kids.....John Kerschbaum

Bad Milhouse.....Jeffrey Brown

The Slipsons.....C.F.

Cover.....Dan Zettwoch

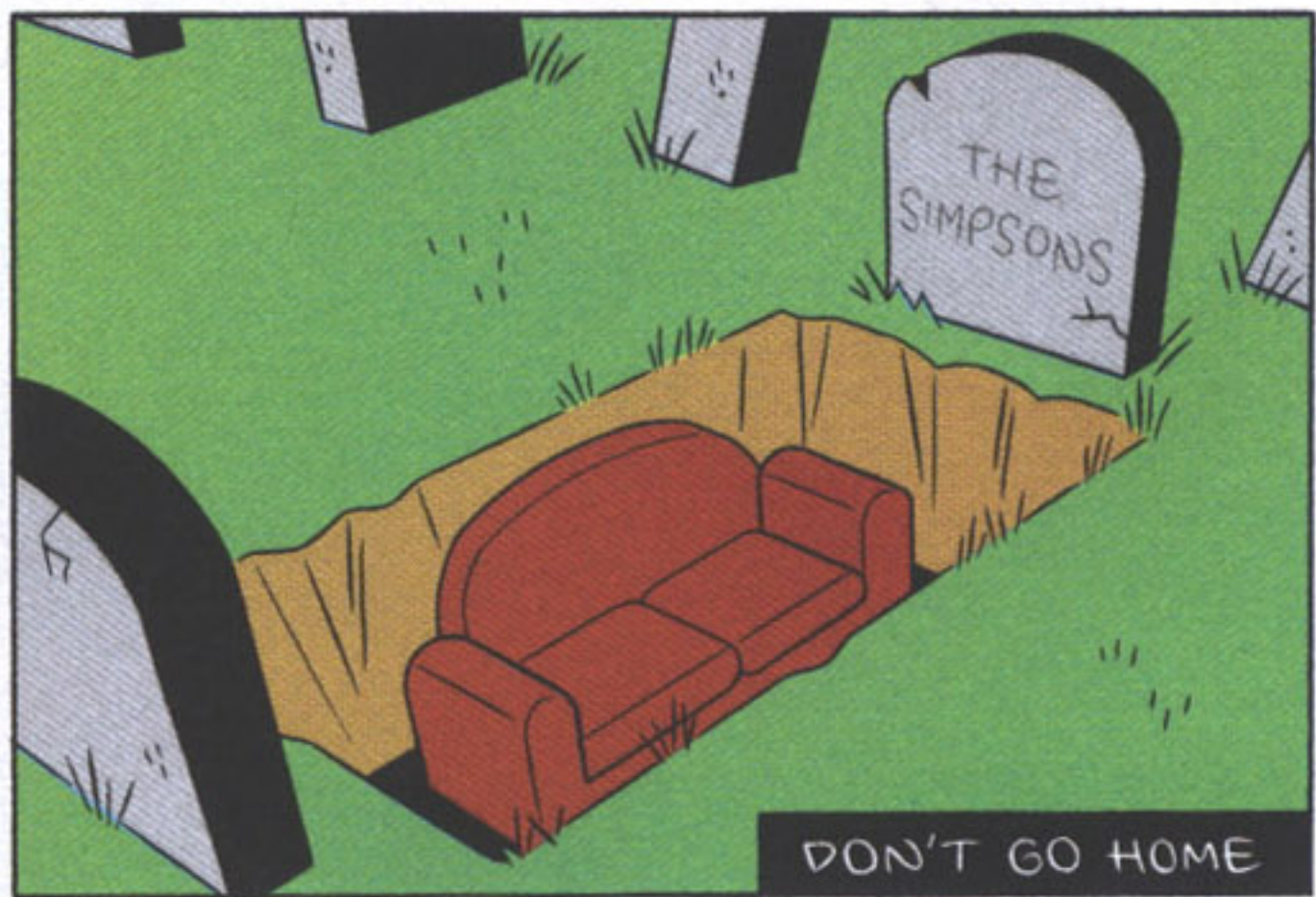
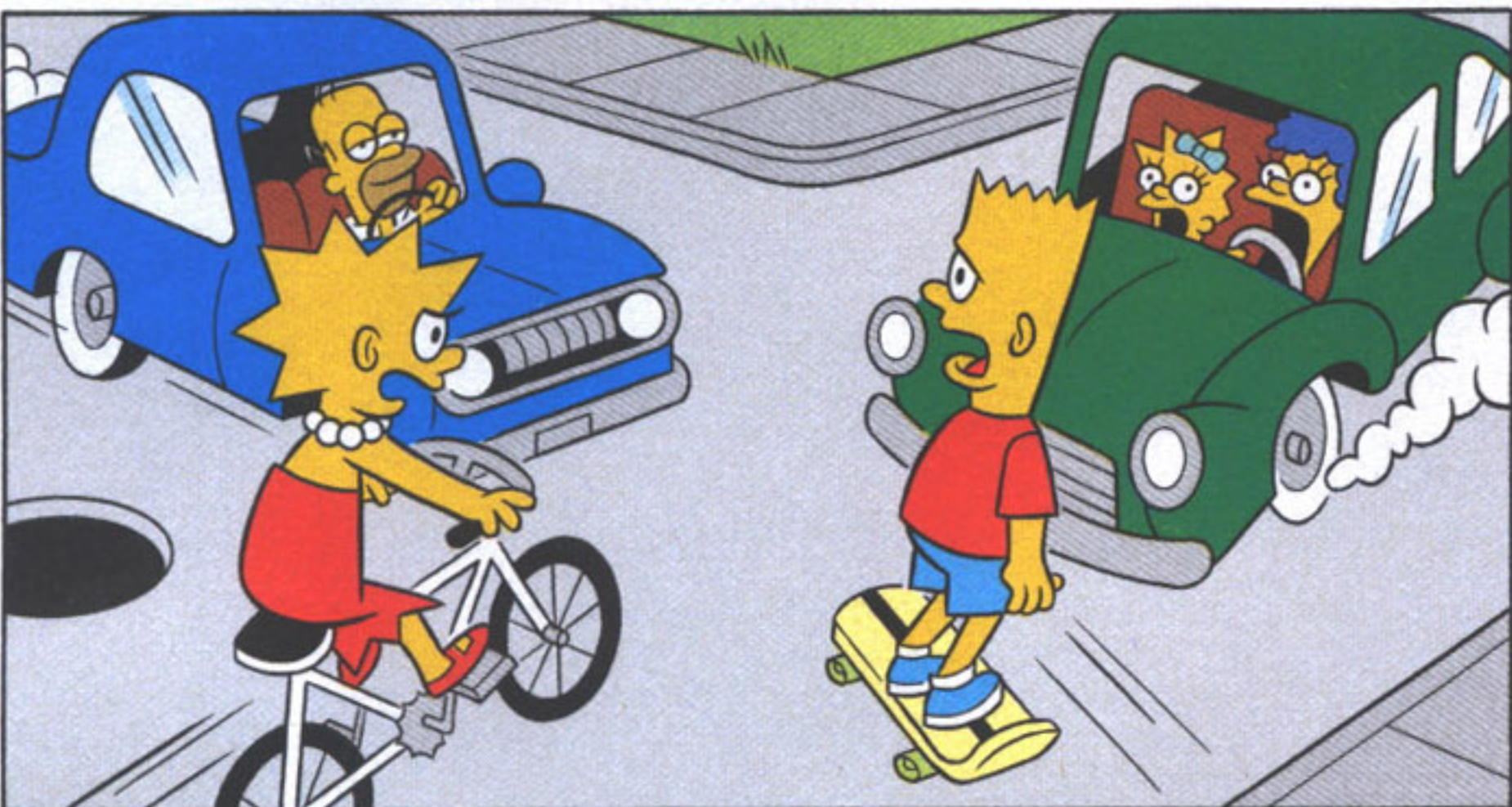
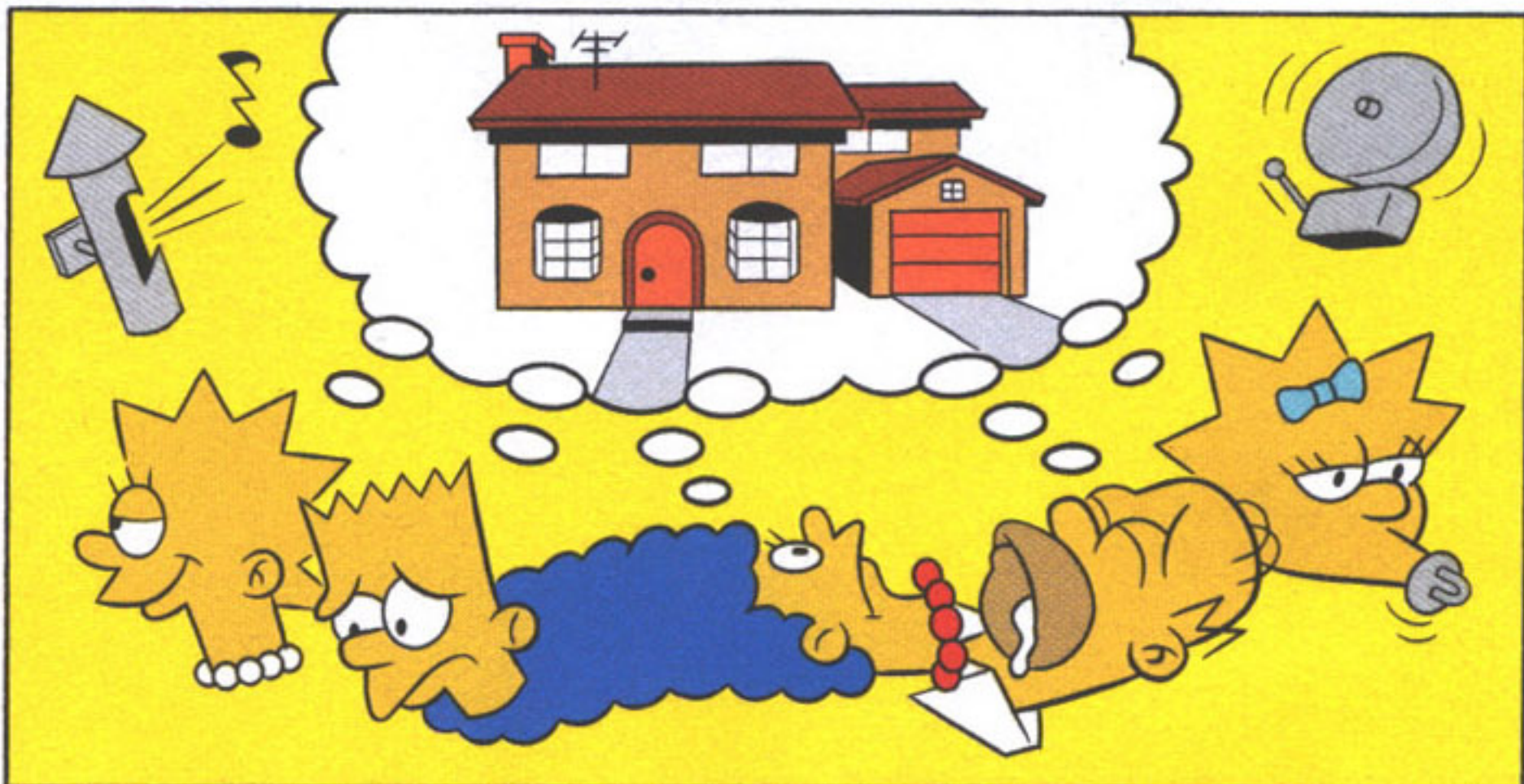
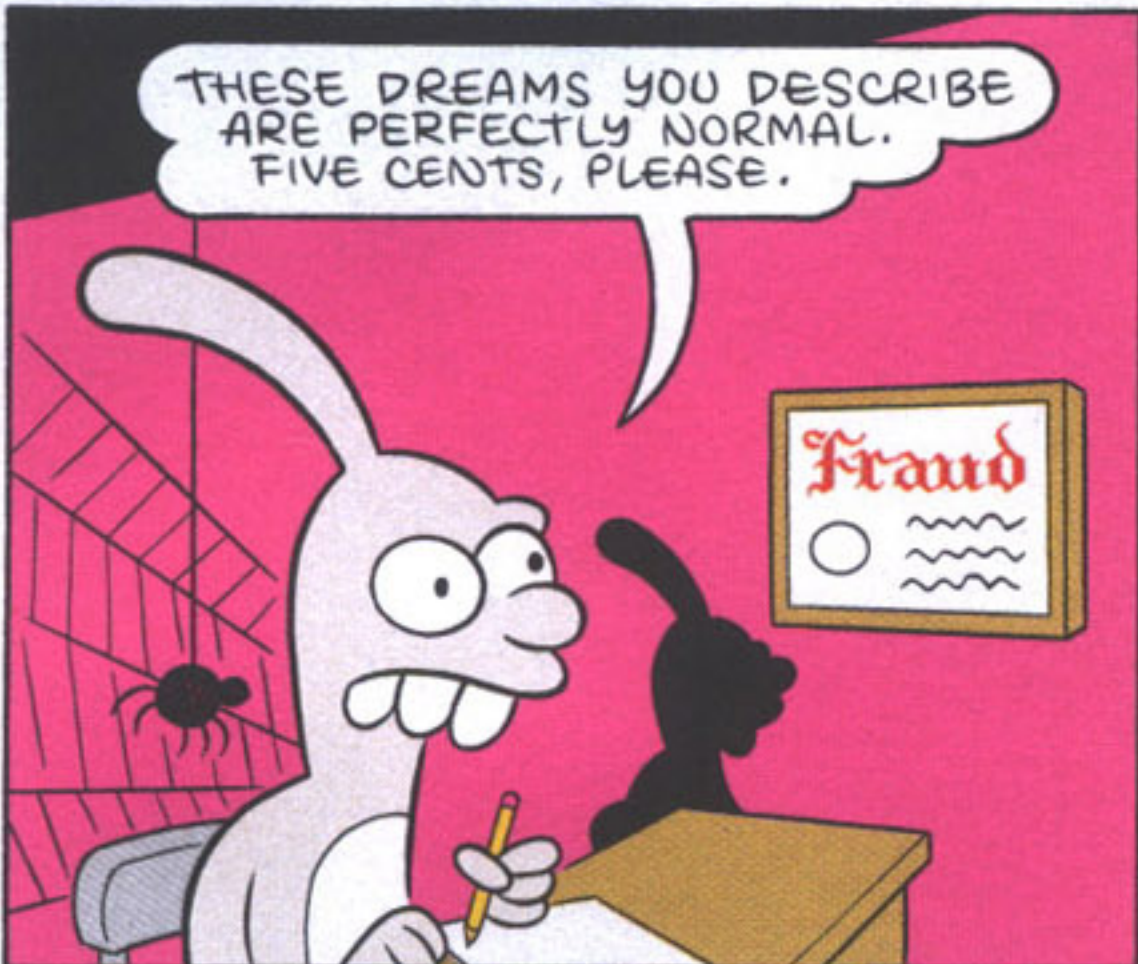
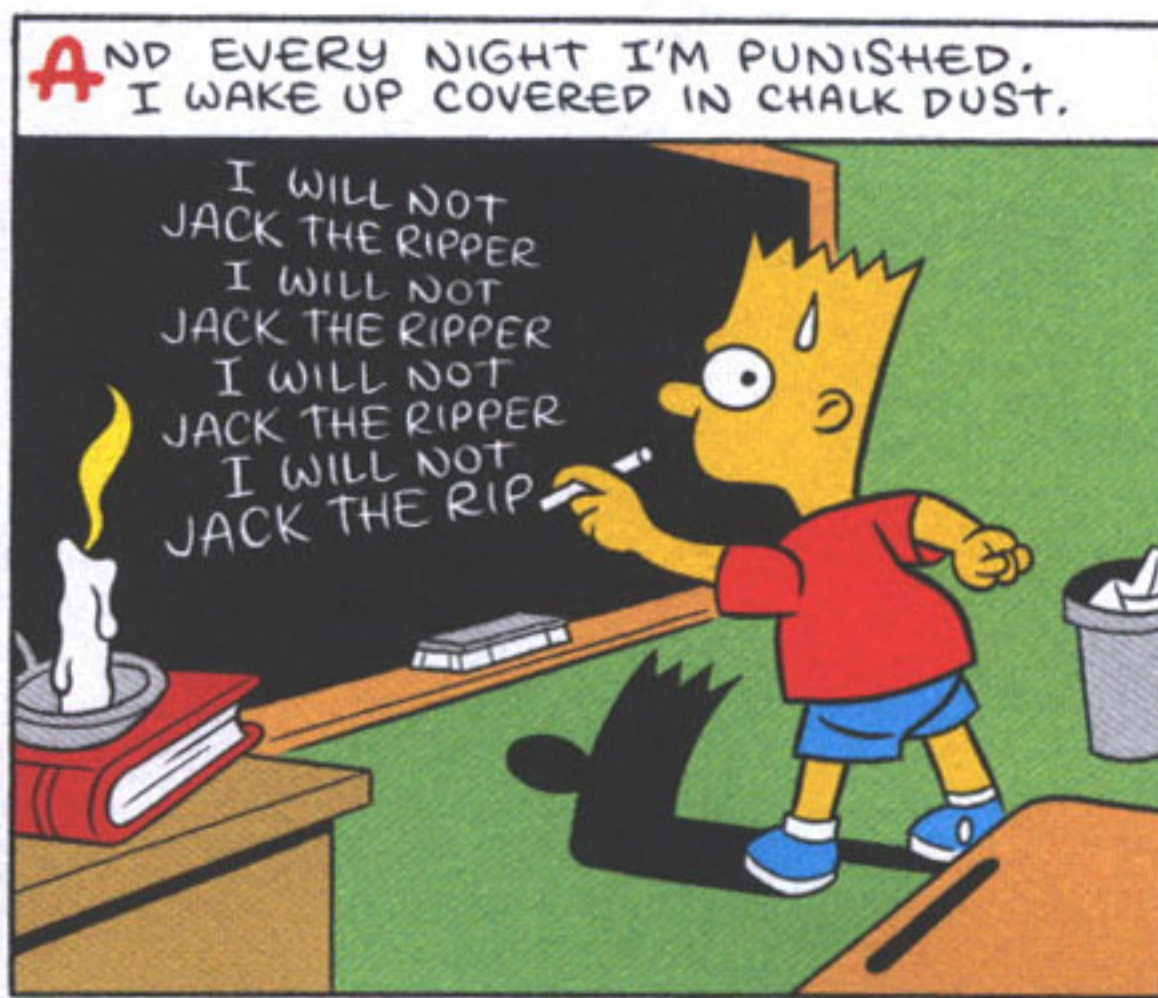
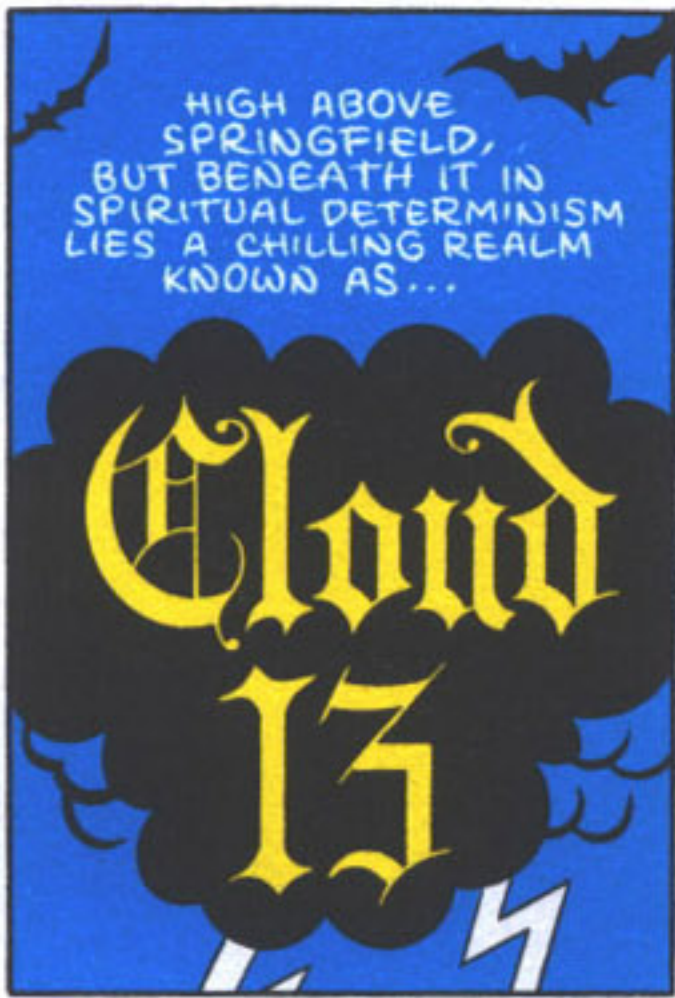
Guest Edited by Sammy Harkham

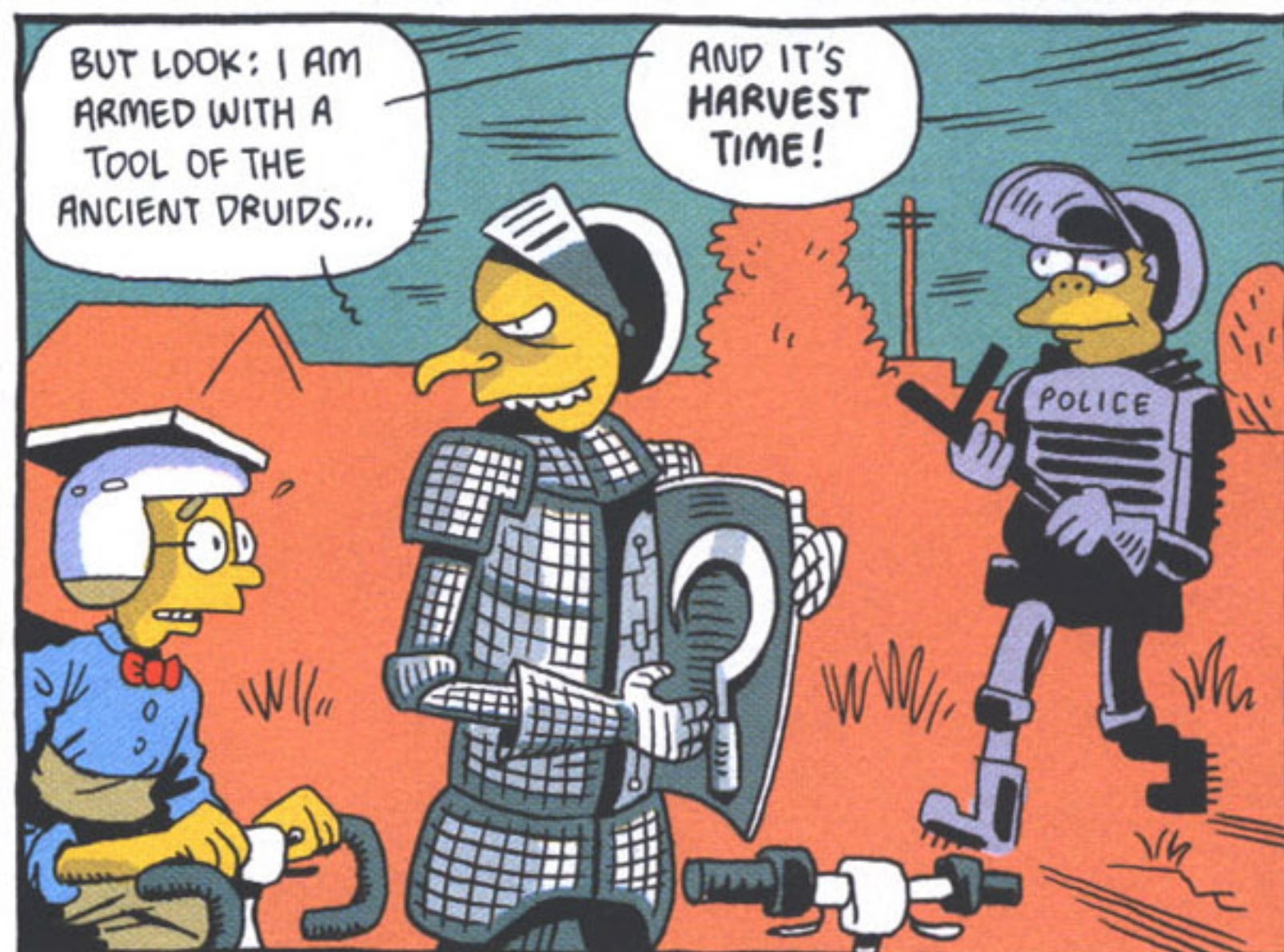
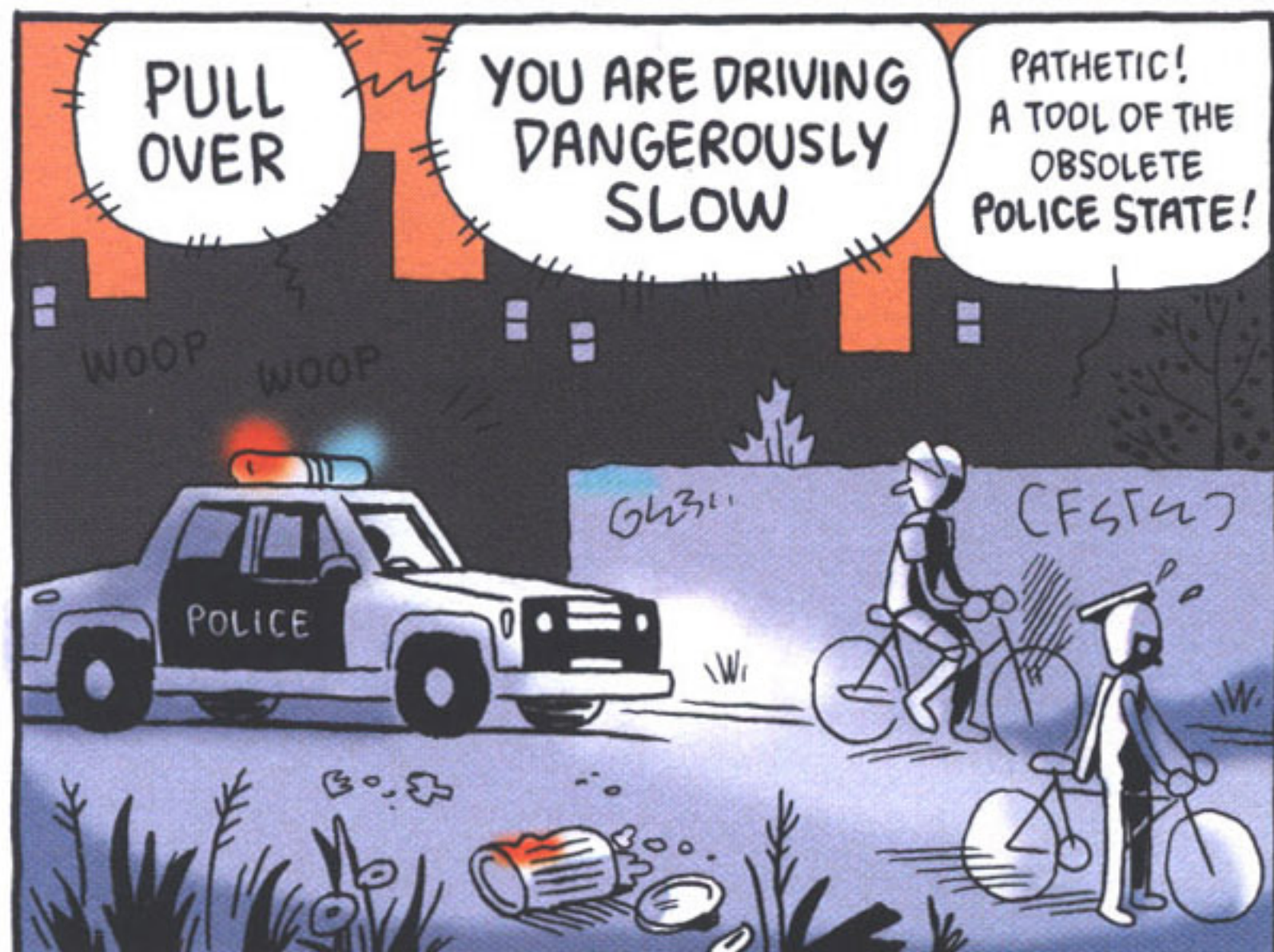
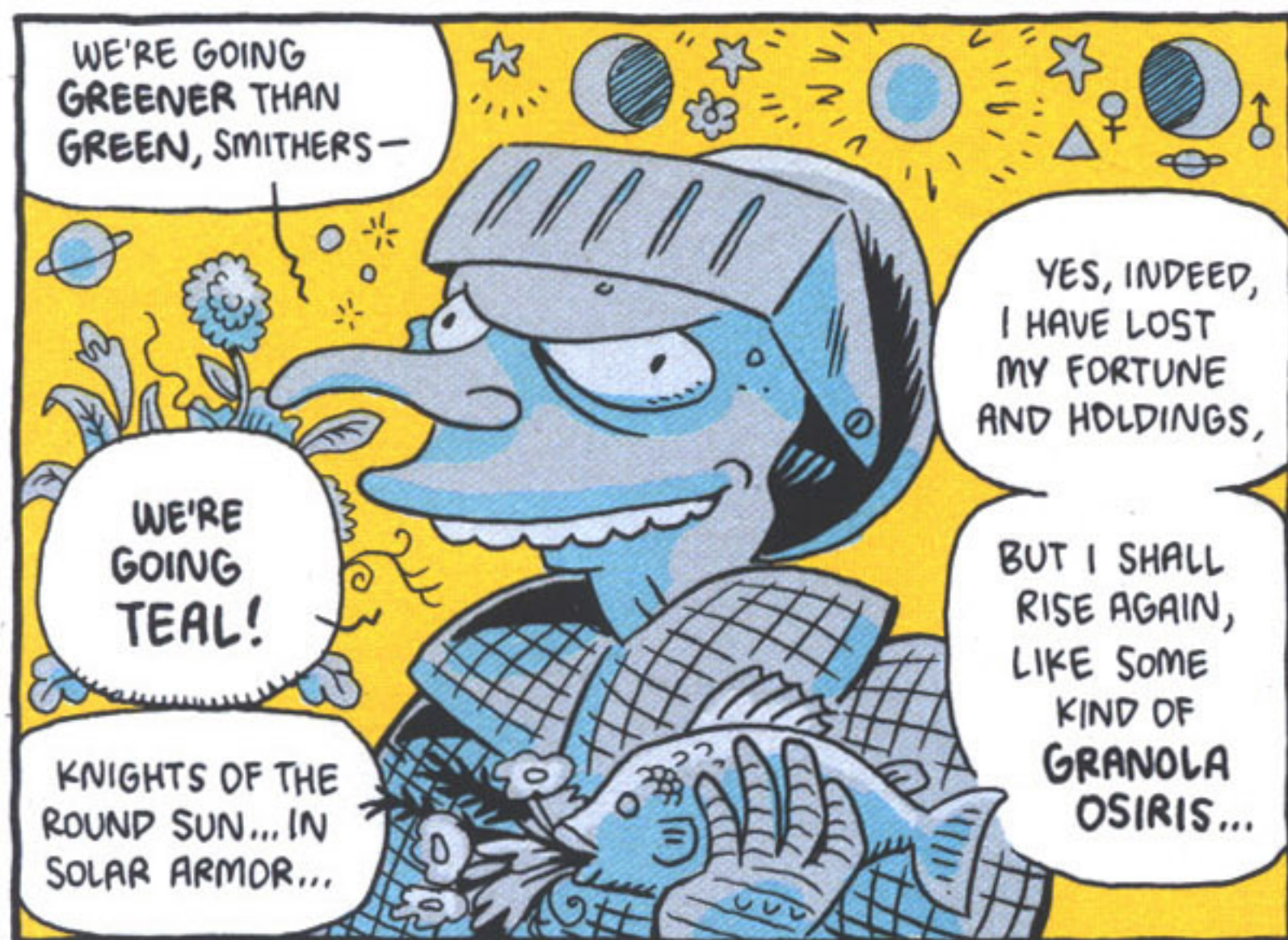
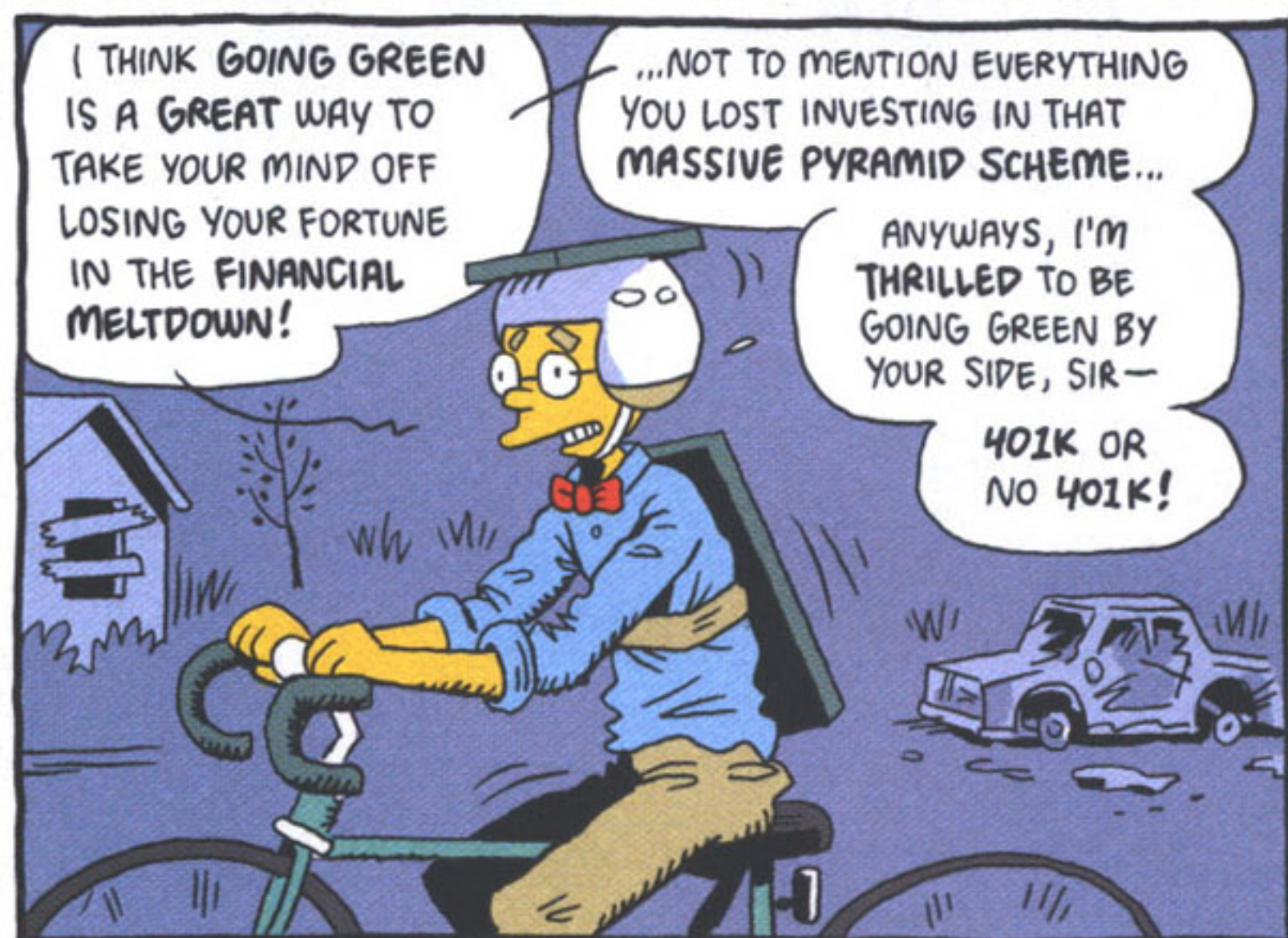
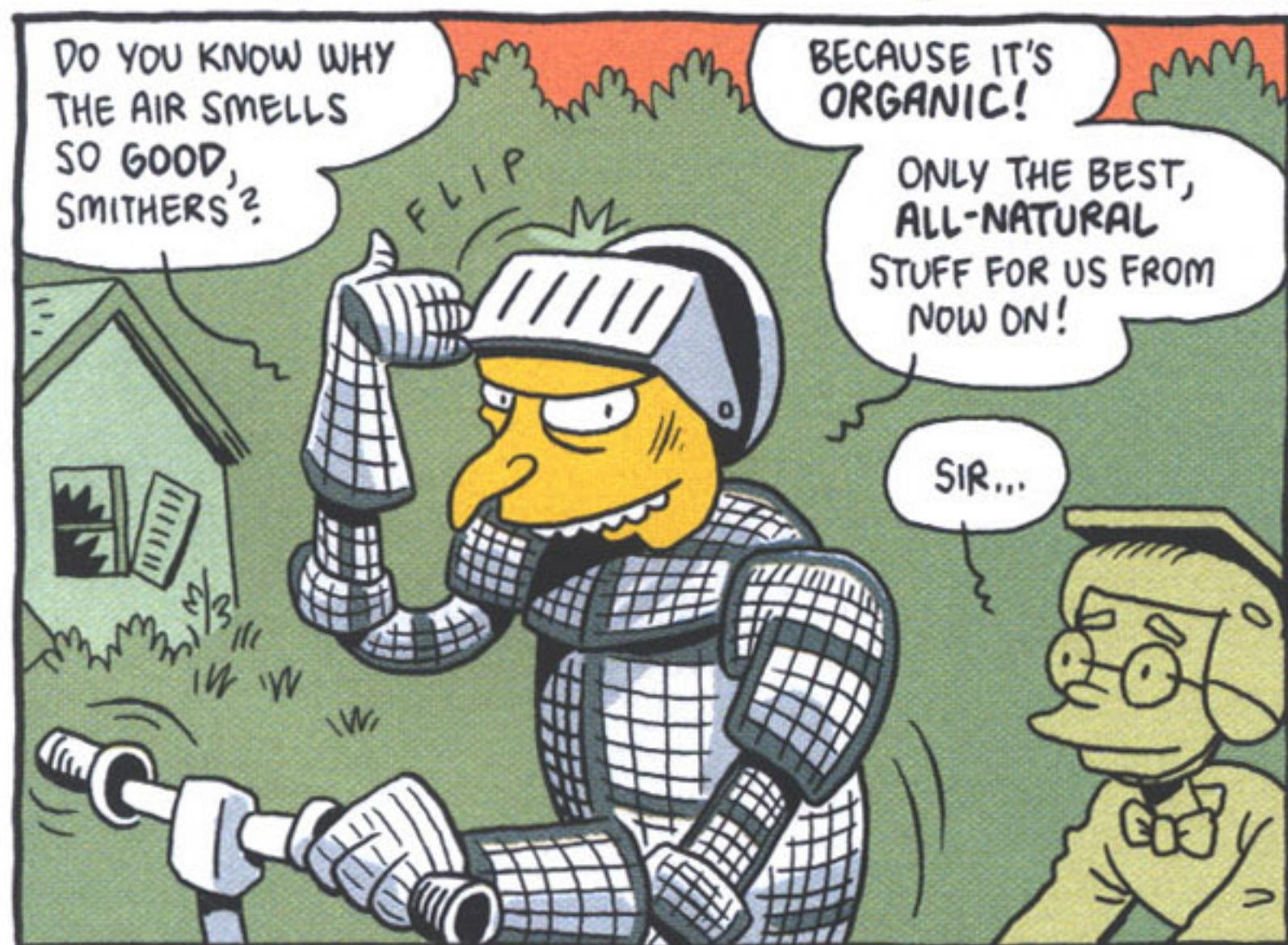
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Printed by World Color Press, Inc., Montreal, QC, Canada 9/16/09 in the Forest of unshed tears

S. HARKHAM

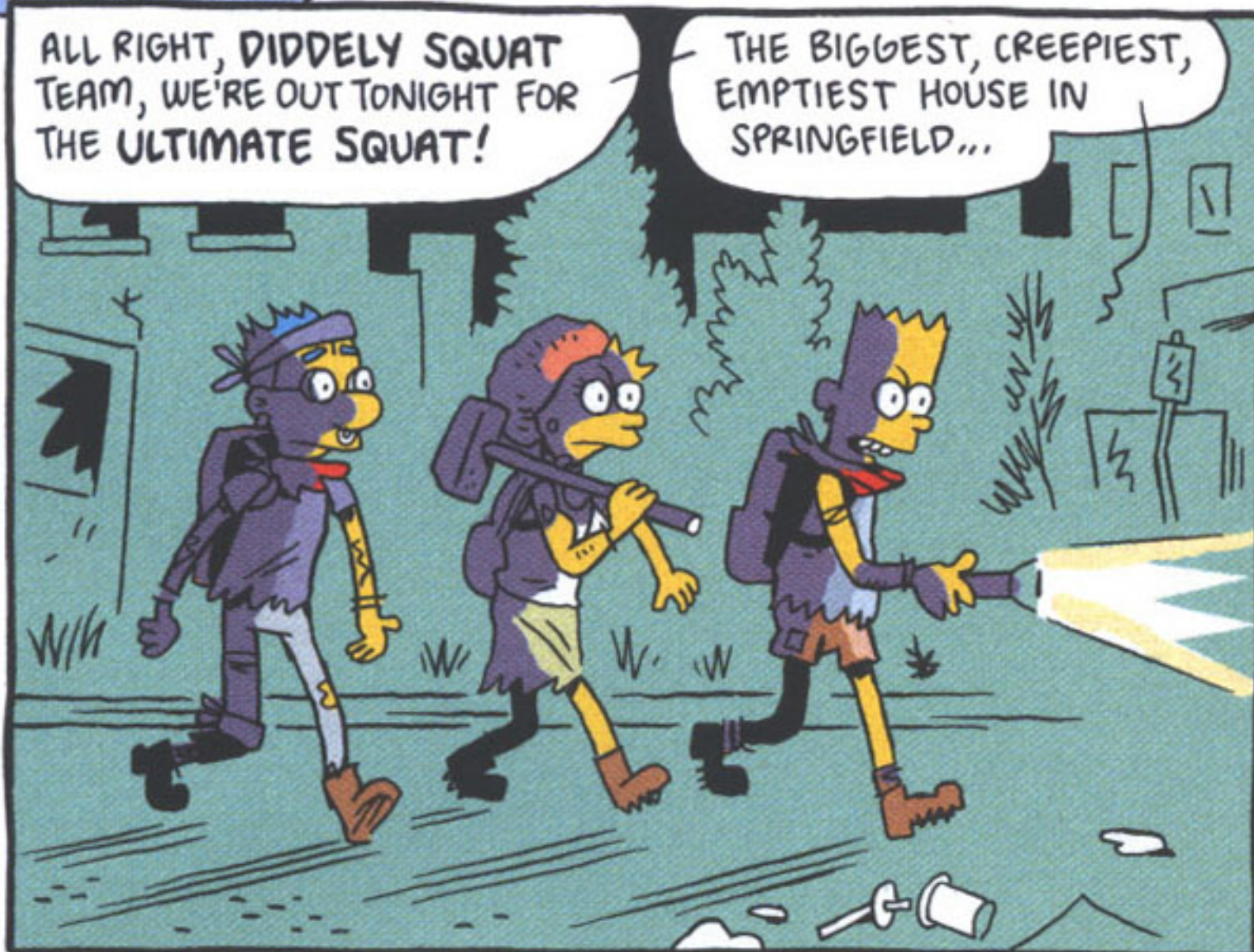




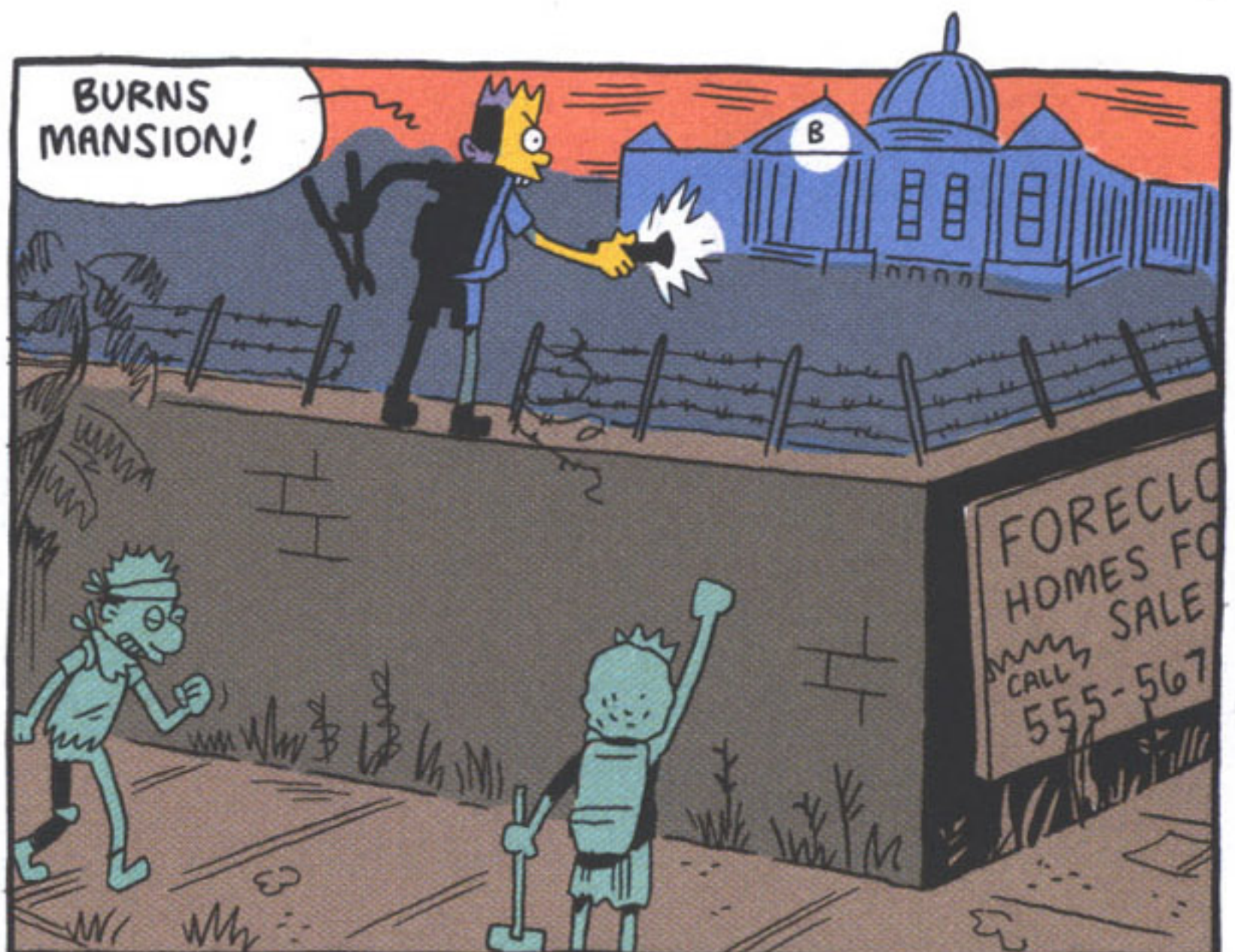
ELSEWHERE:

ALL RIGHT, DIDDLY SQUAT TEAM, WE'RE OUT TONIGHT FOR THE ULTIMATE SQUAT!

THE BIGGEST, CREEPIEST, EMPTIEST HOUSE IN SPRINGFIELD...



BURNS MANSION!



...TOTALLY ABANDONED BY THE GROWN-UPS AFTER THE COLLAPSE! THOSE LOSERS!

A SYMBOL OF LATE CAPITALIST DECADENCE!



YEAH, AND AFTER WE TAKE IT OVER WE CAN SUBLET IT OUT!

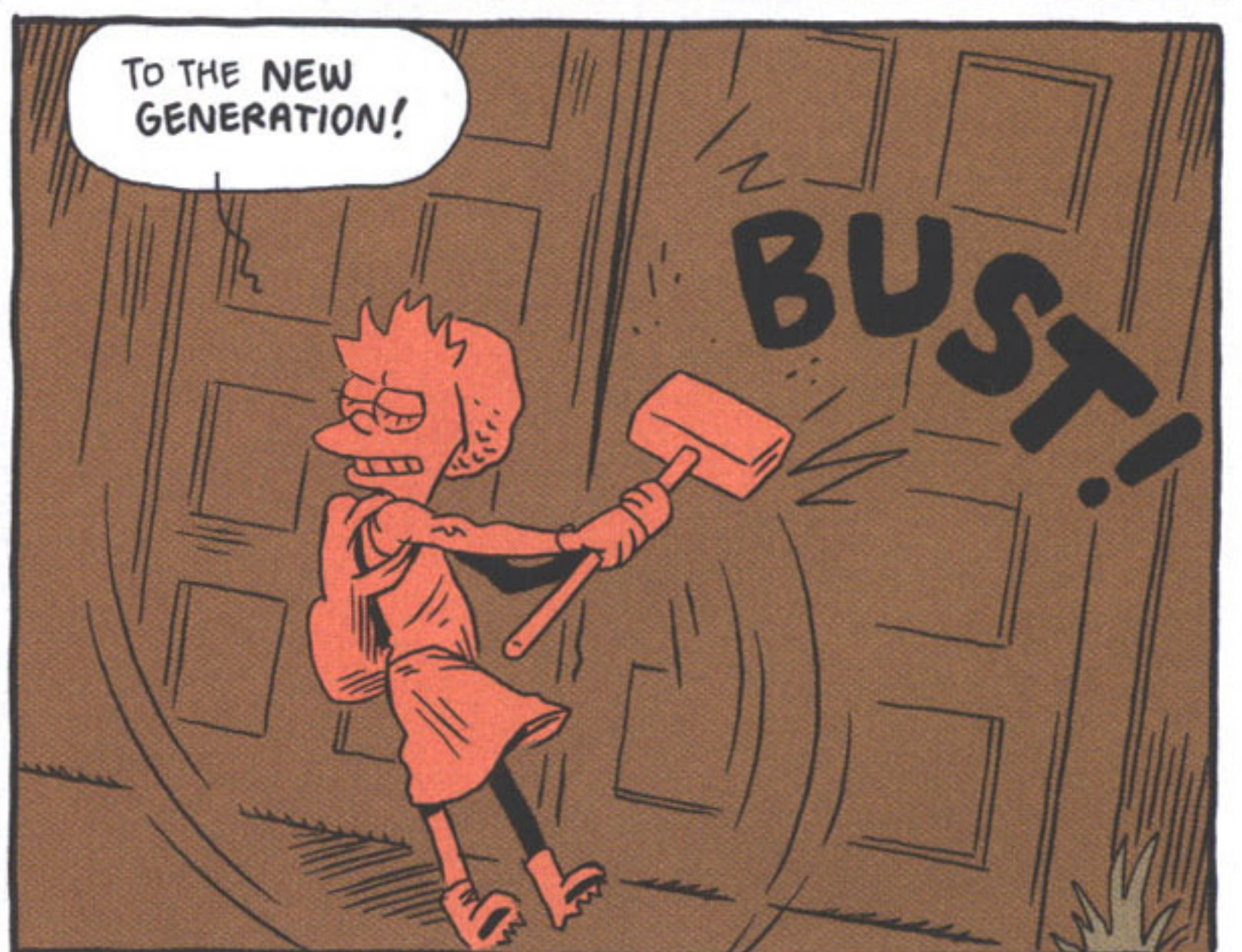
NO, DUMMY!

REMEMBER WHAT KRUSTY SAYS: "PRIVATE PROPERTY IS THEFT!"

EMPTY SPACE SHOULD BE RETURNED TO THE PEOPLE AND...

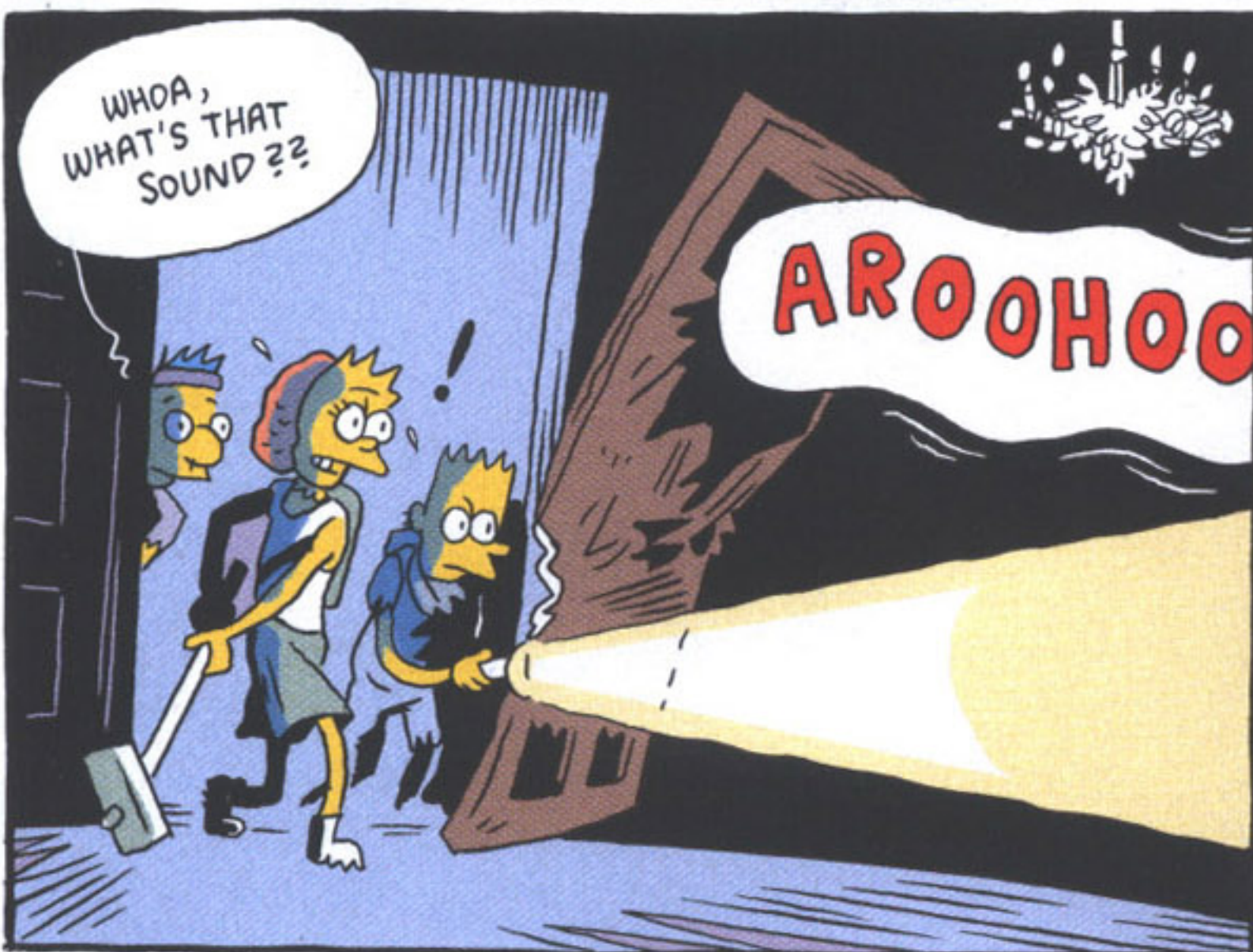


TO THE NEW GENERATION!



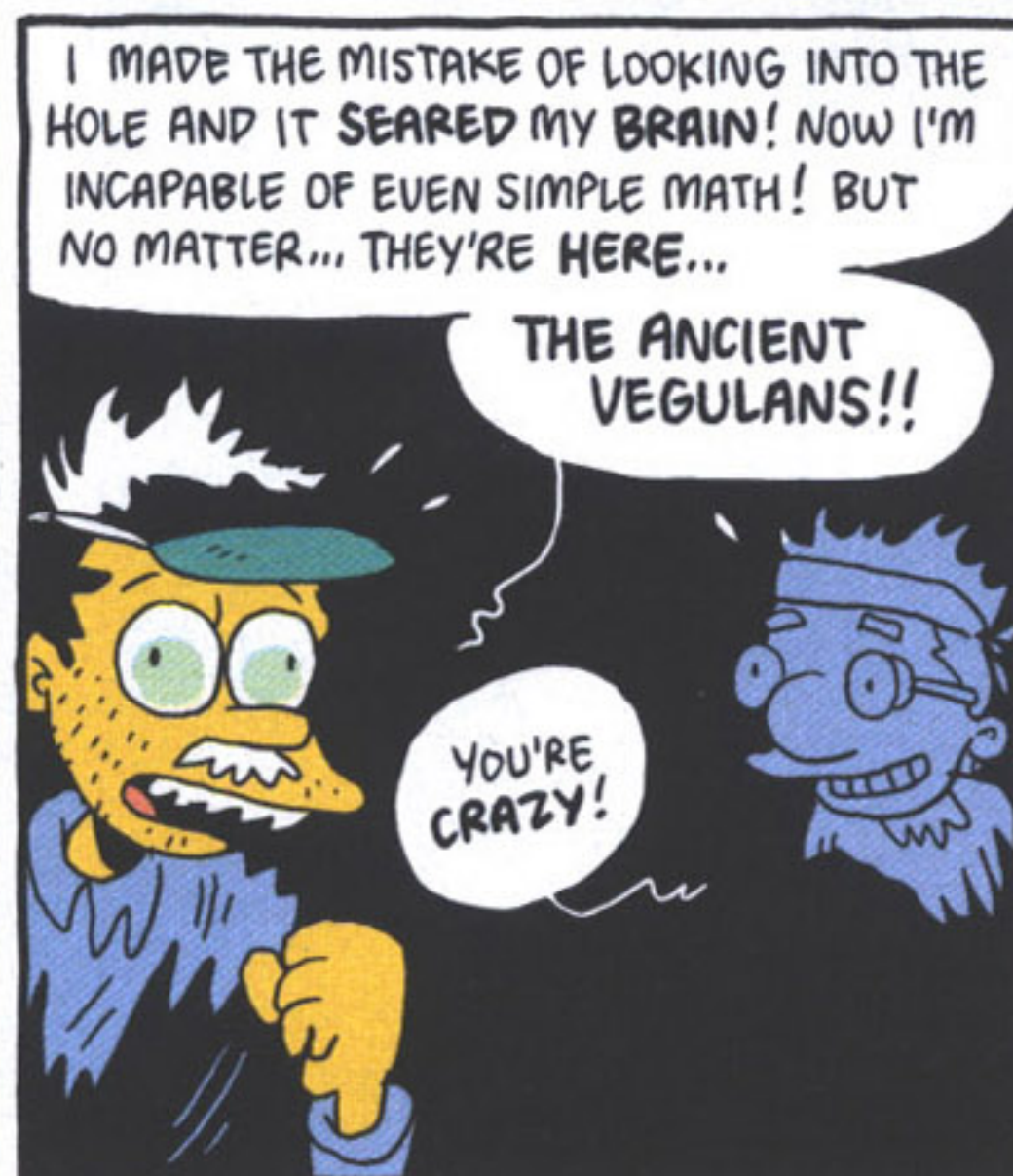
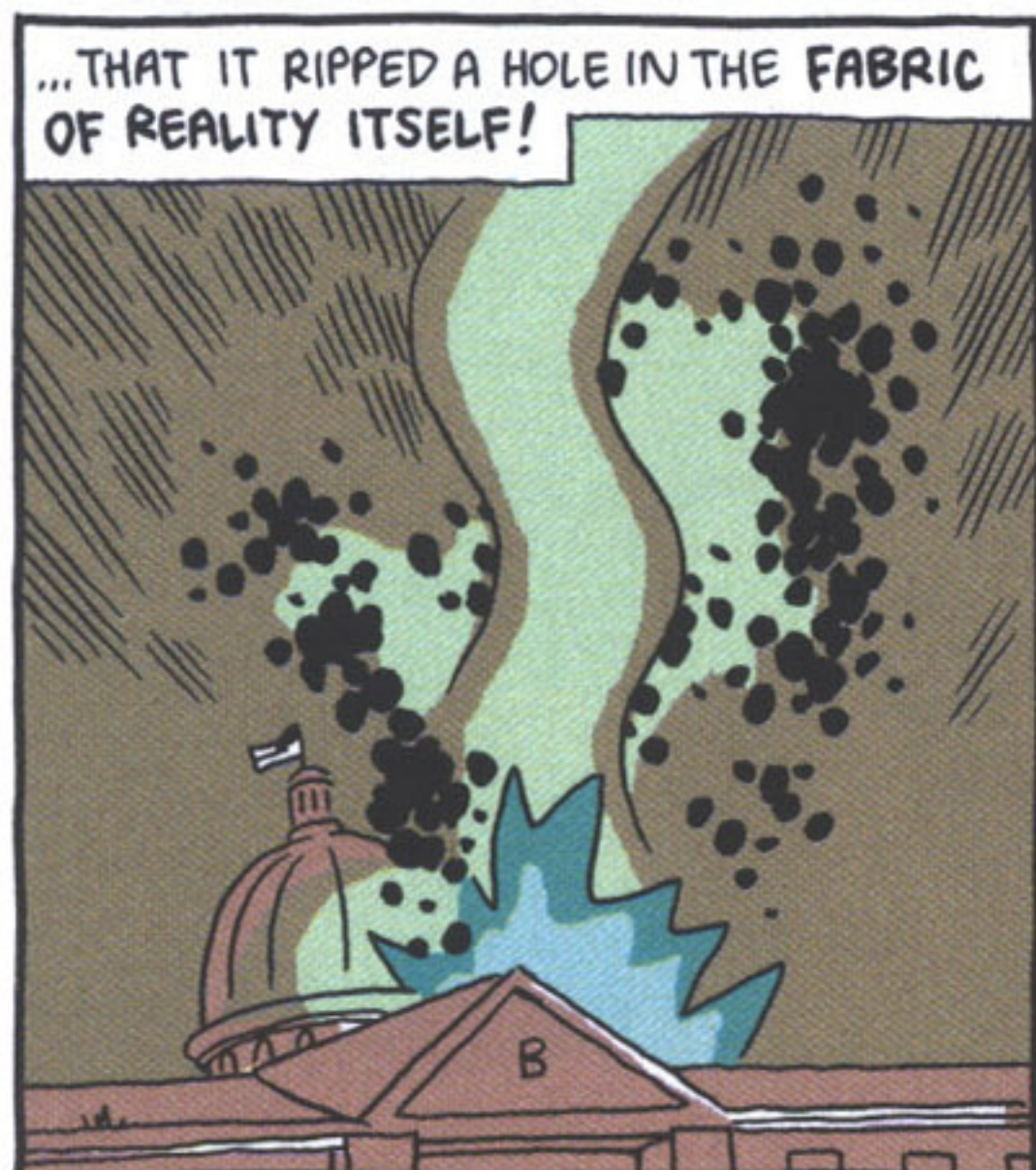
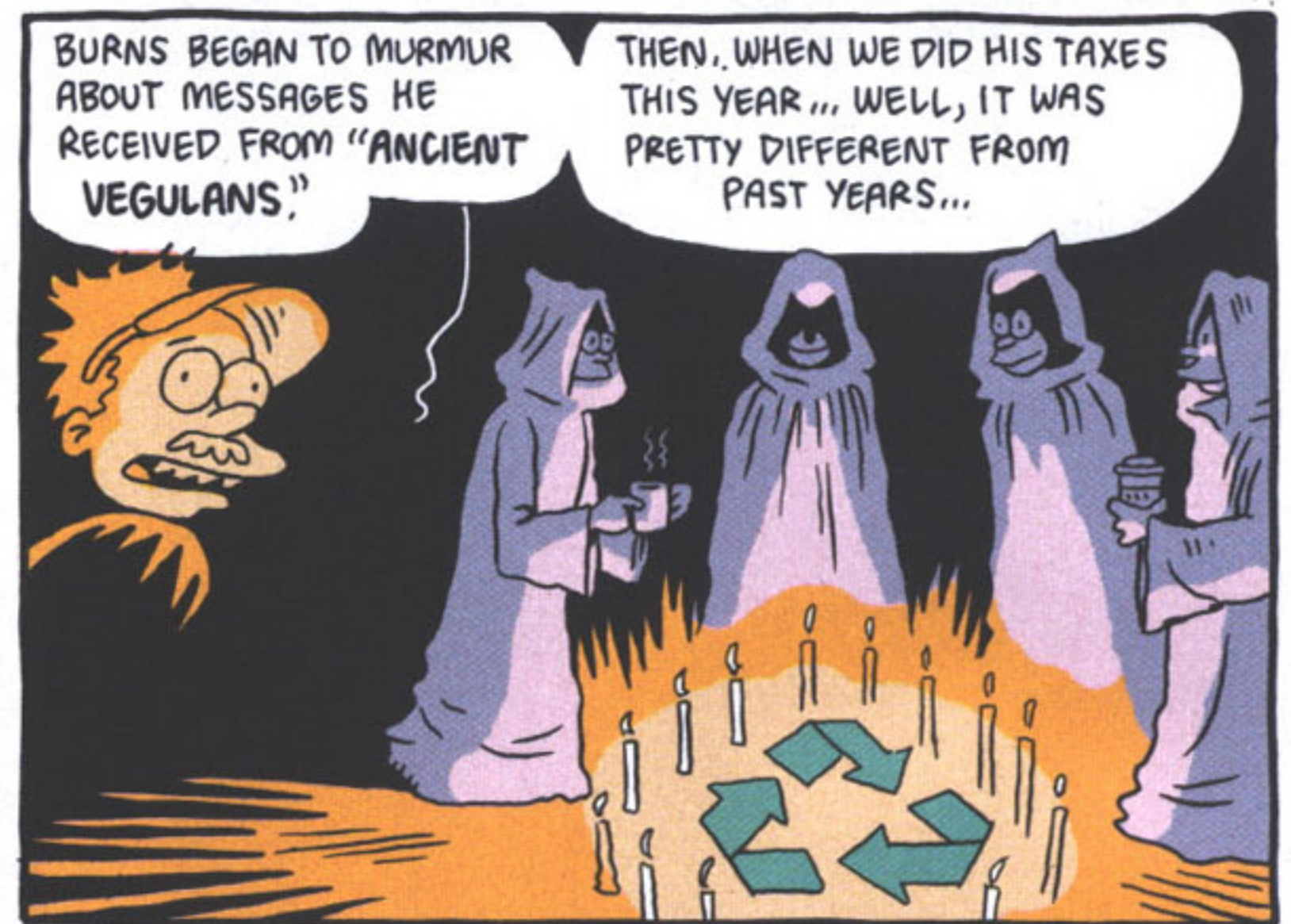
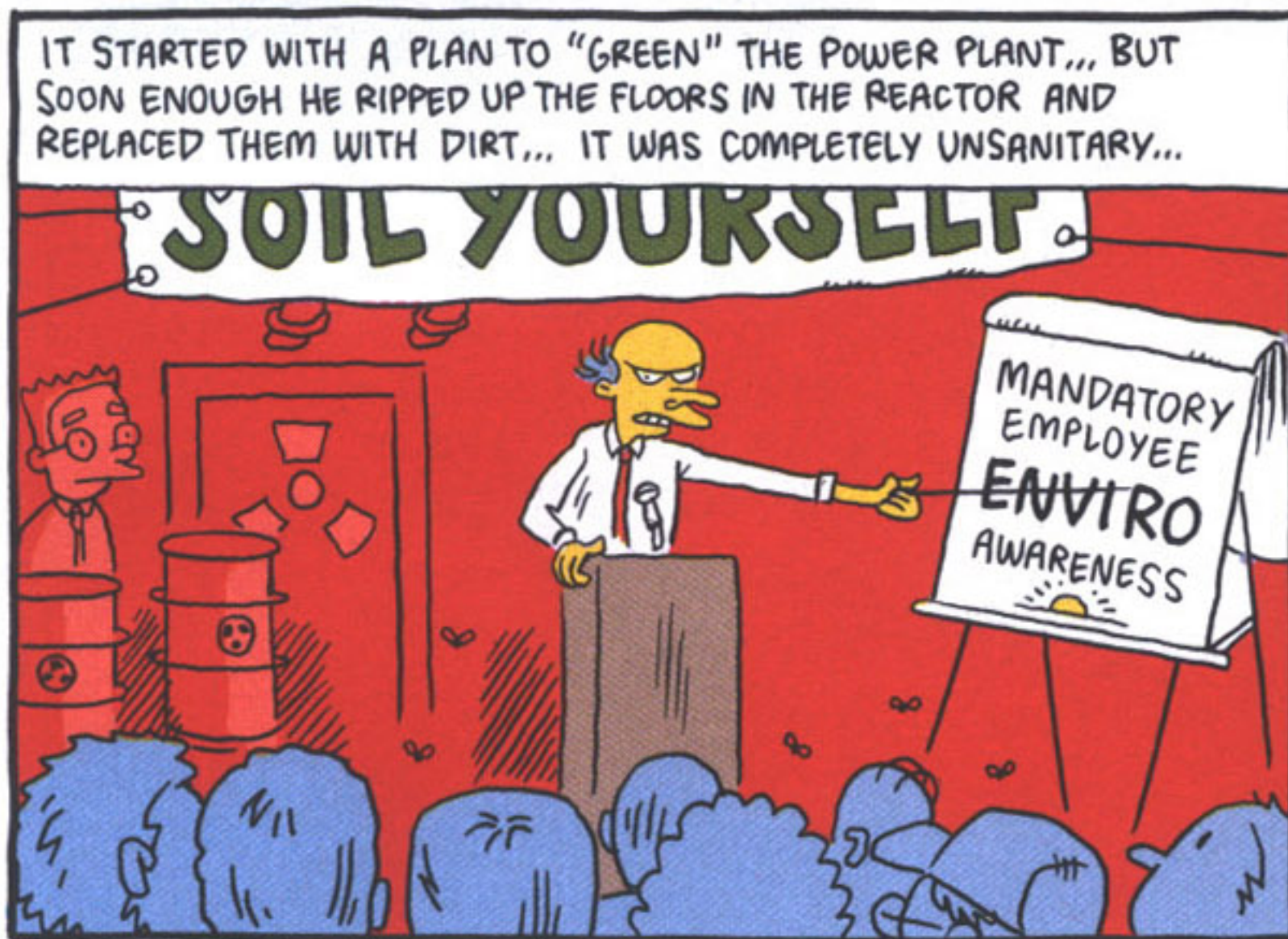
WHOA, WHAT'S THAT SOUND??

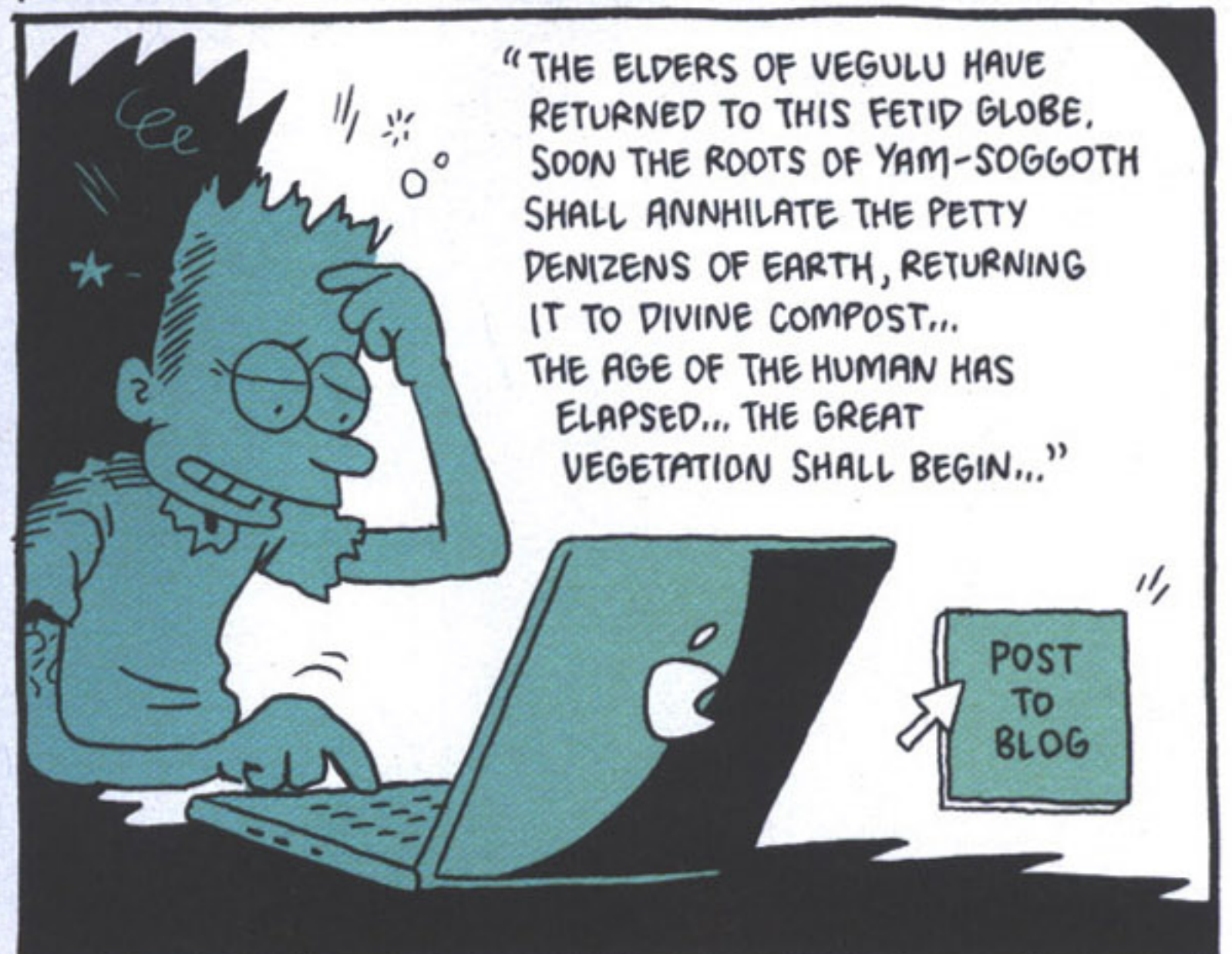
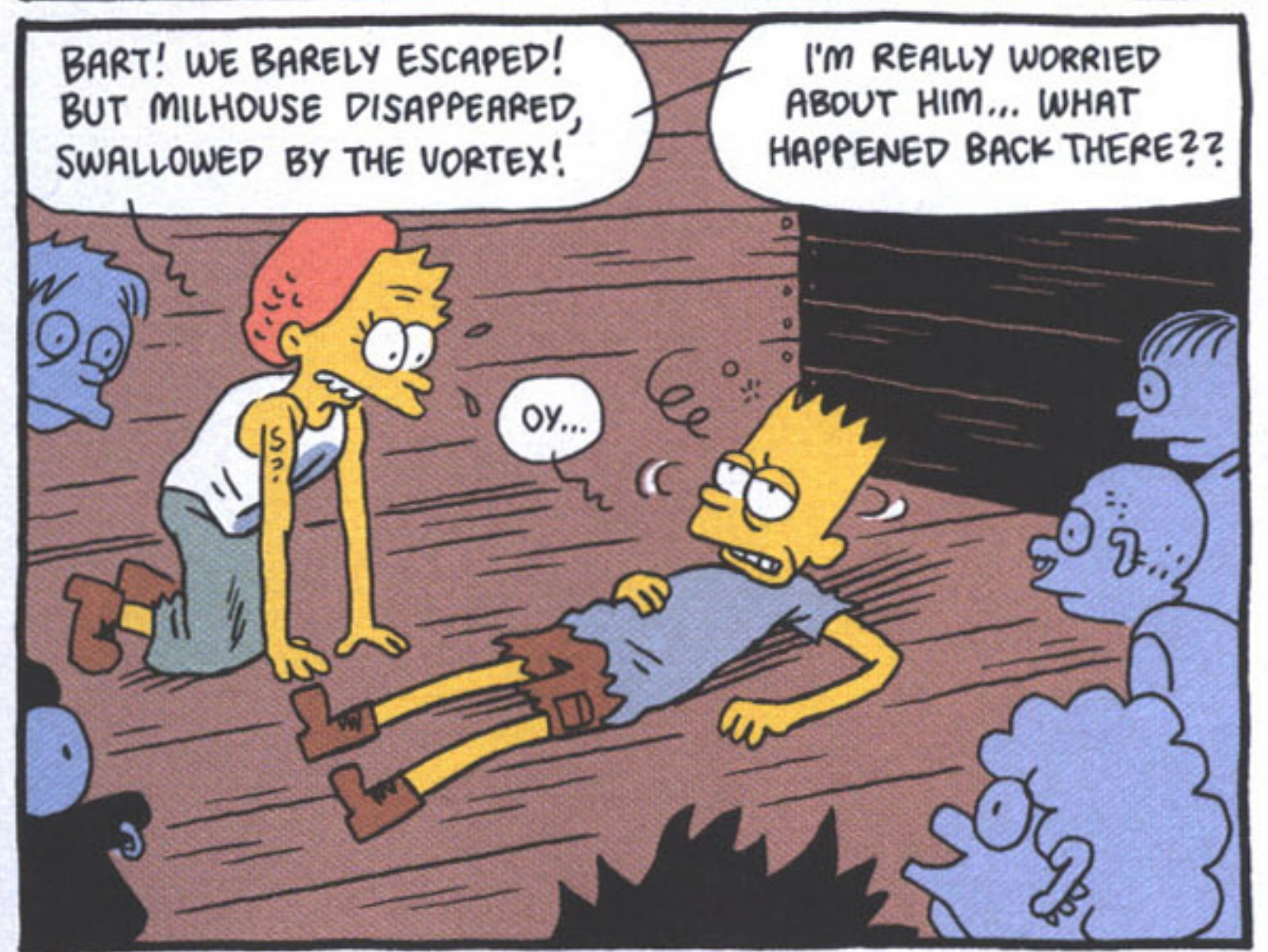
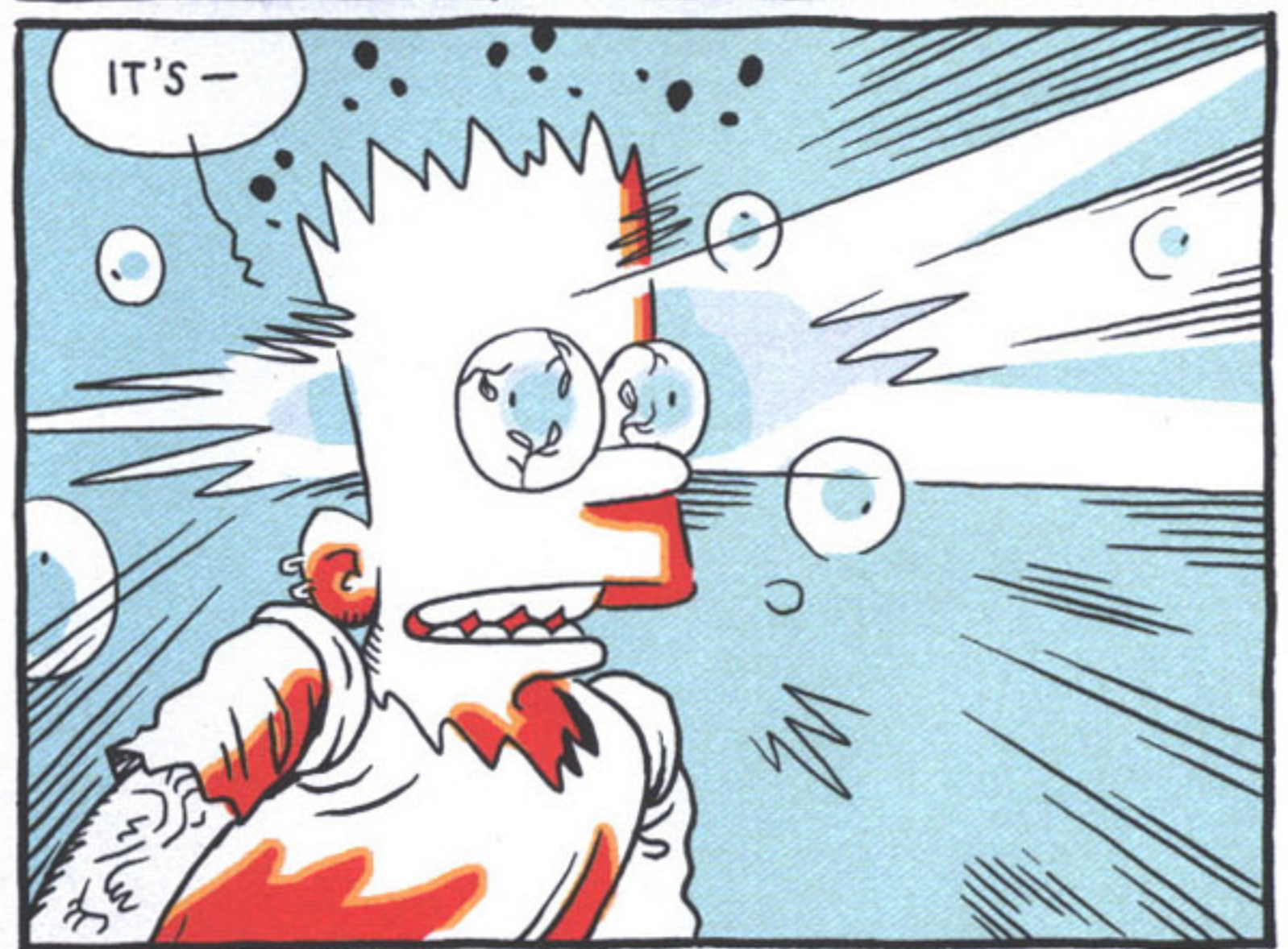
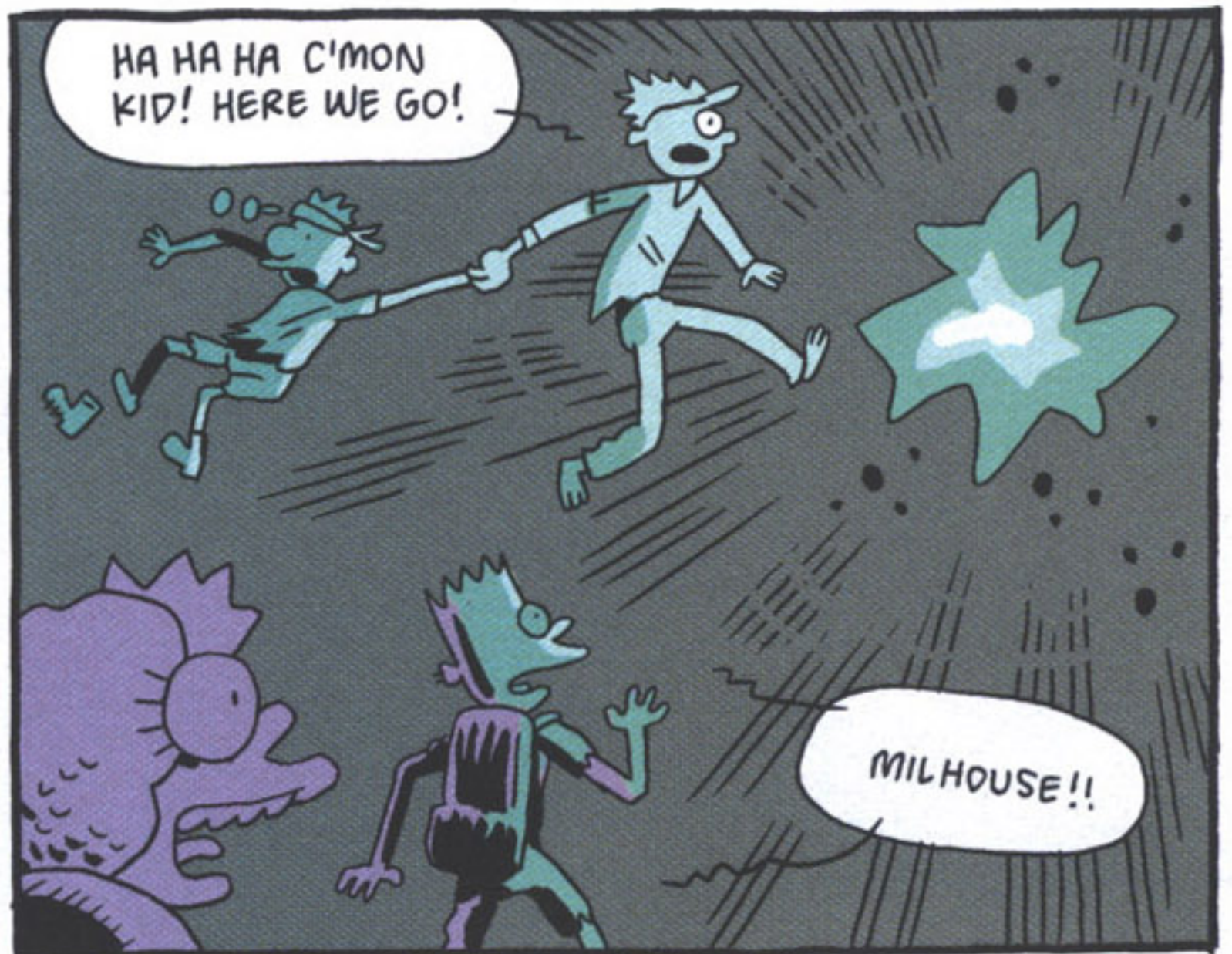
AROOHOOO

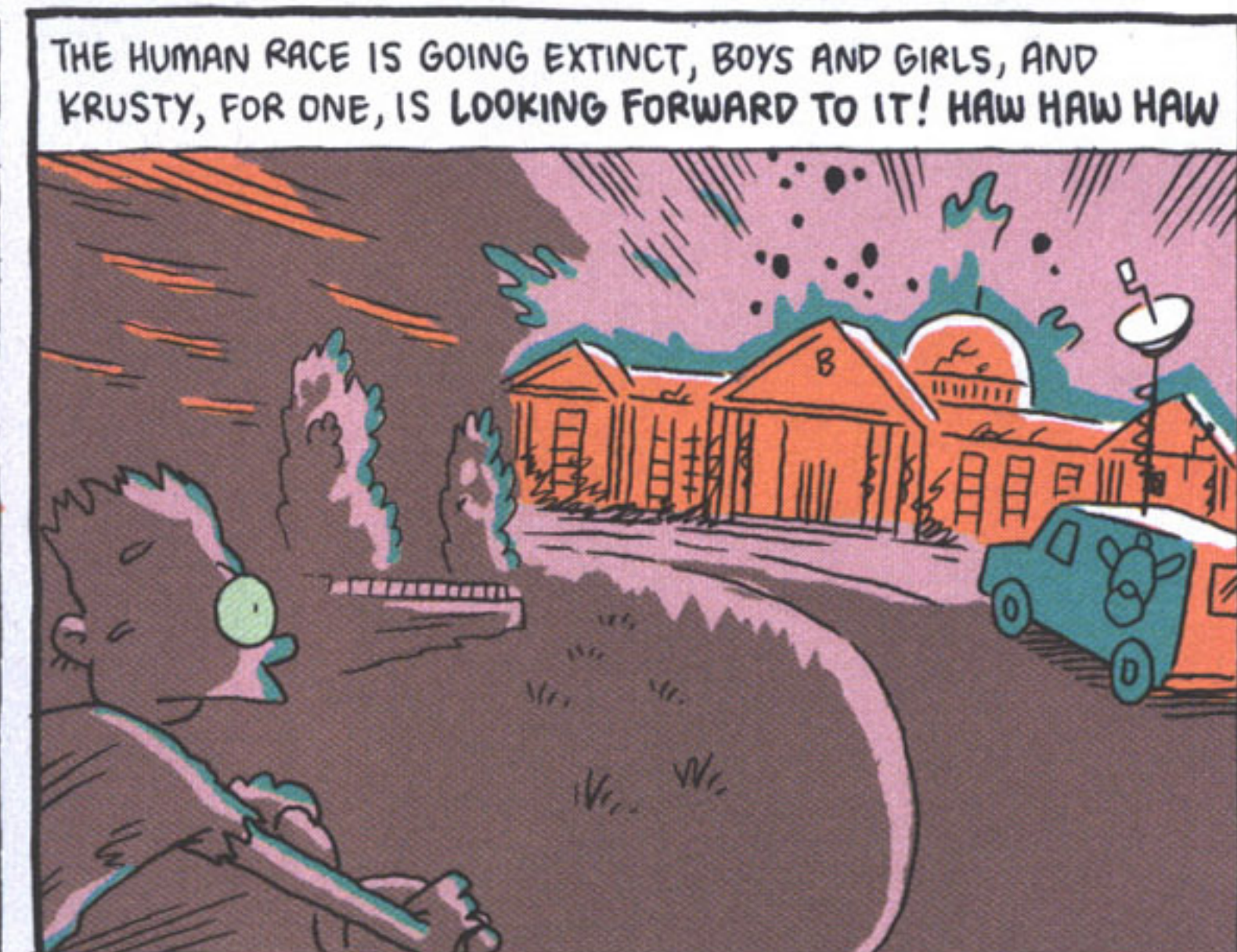
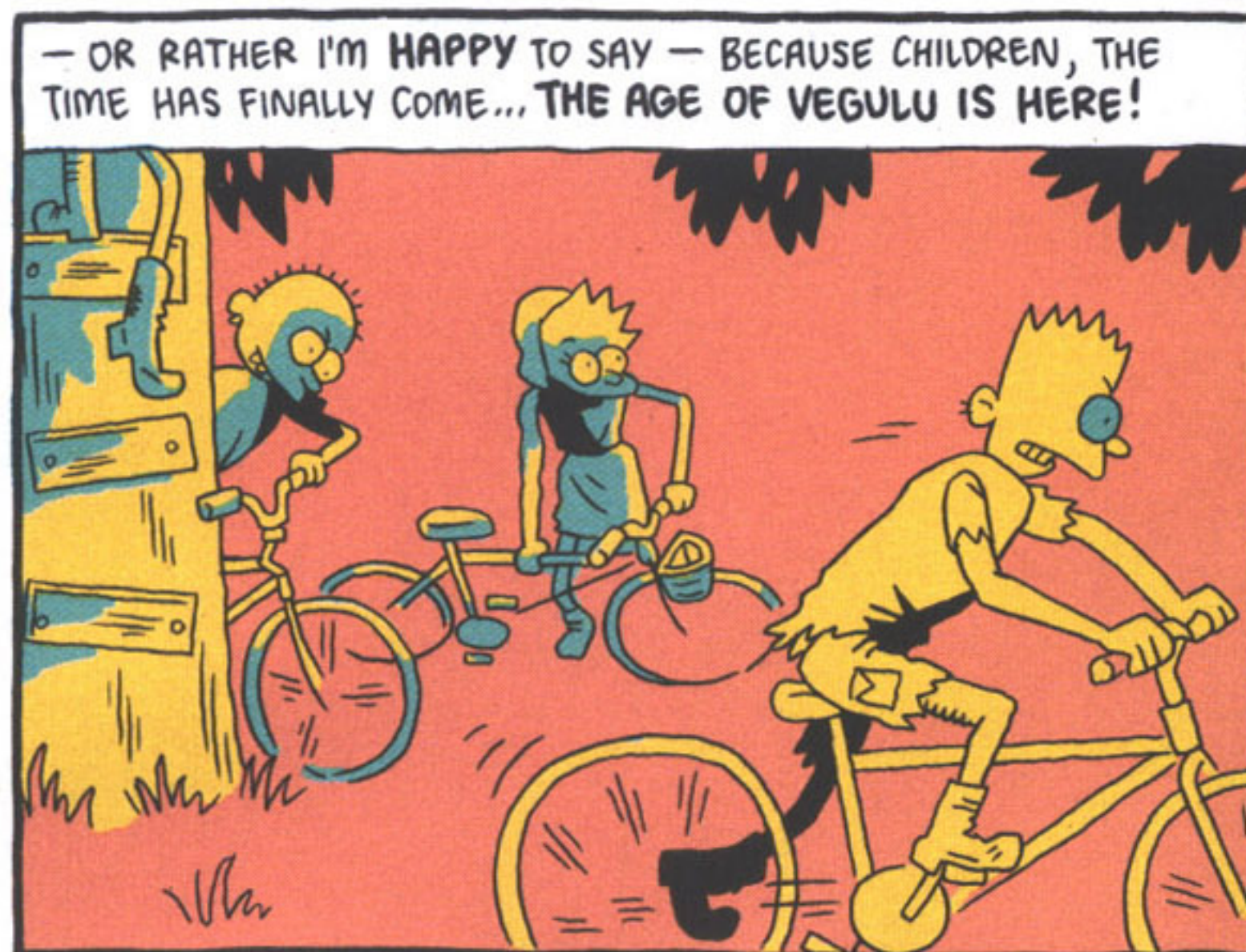


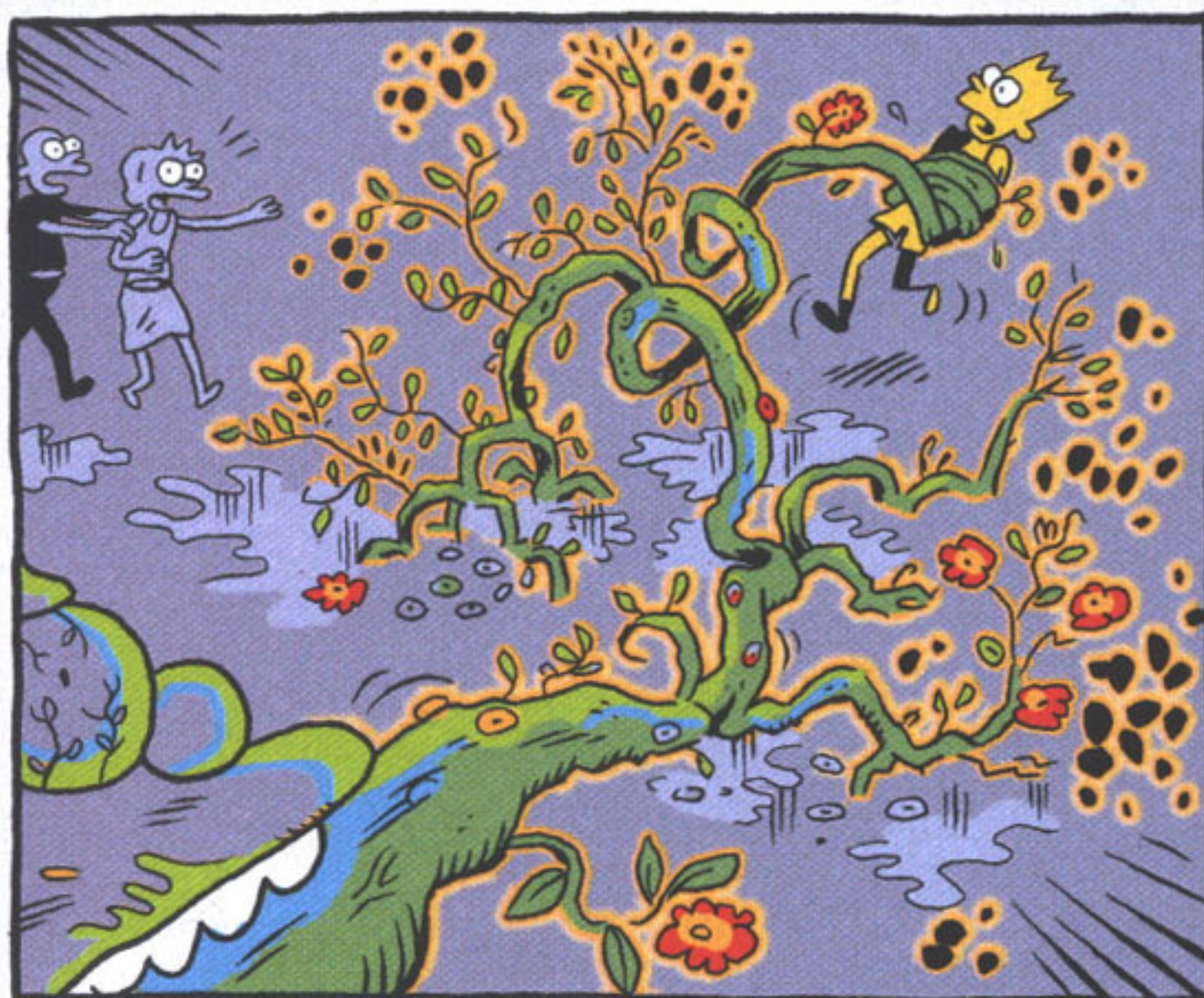
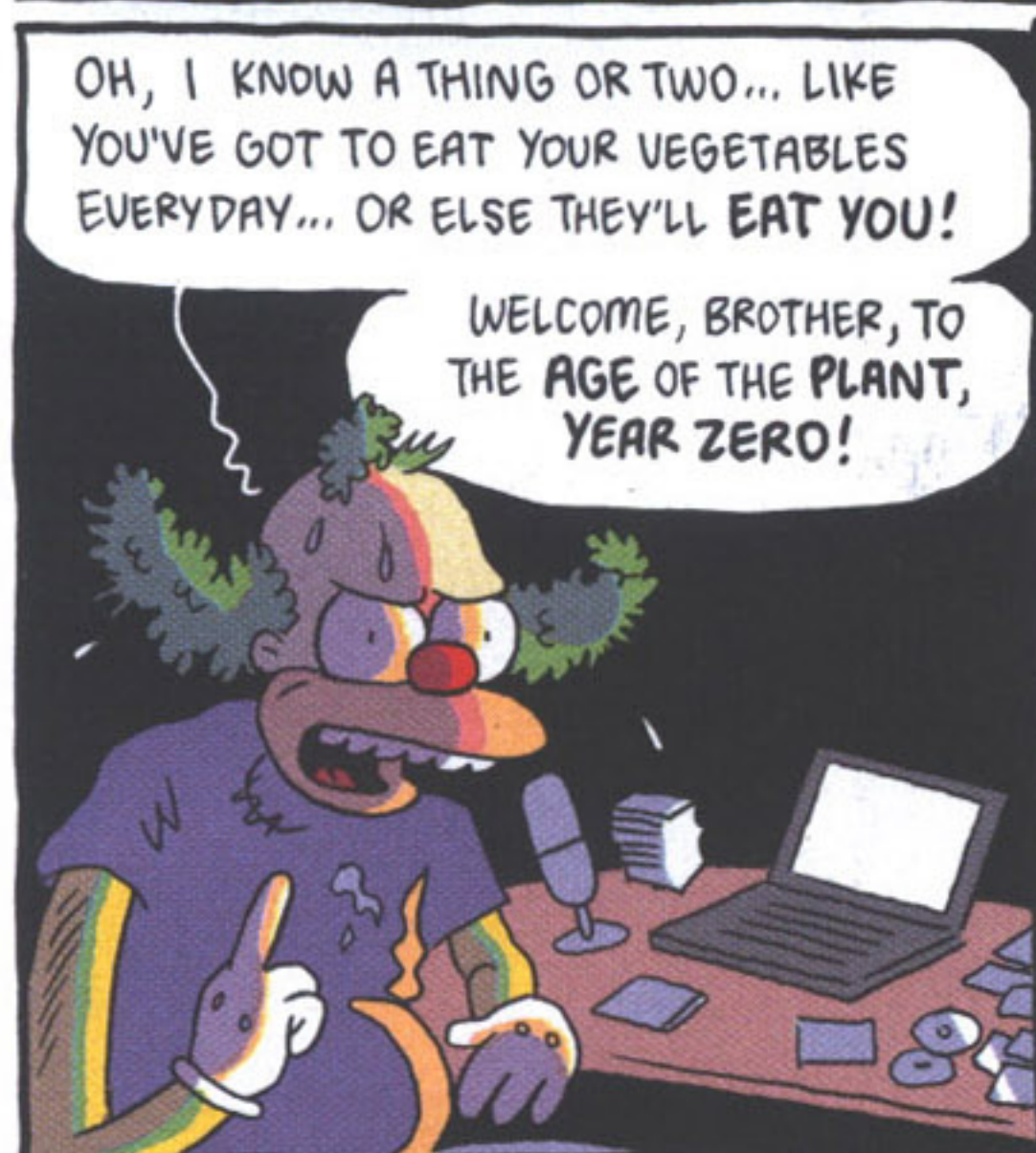
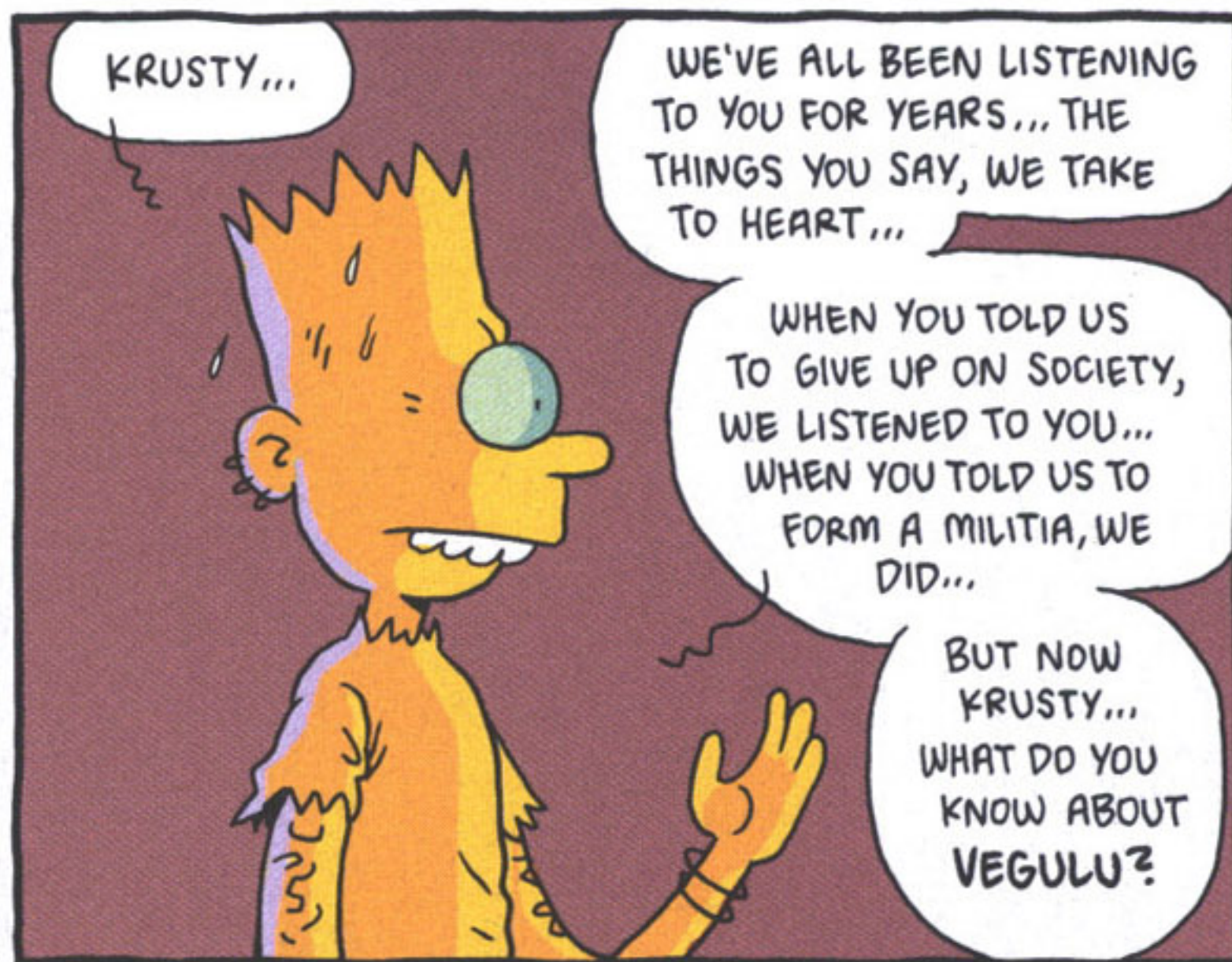
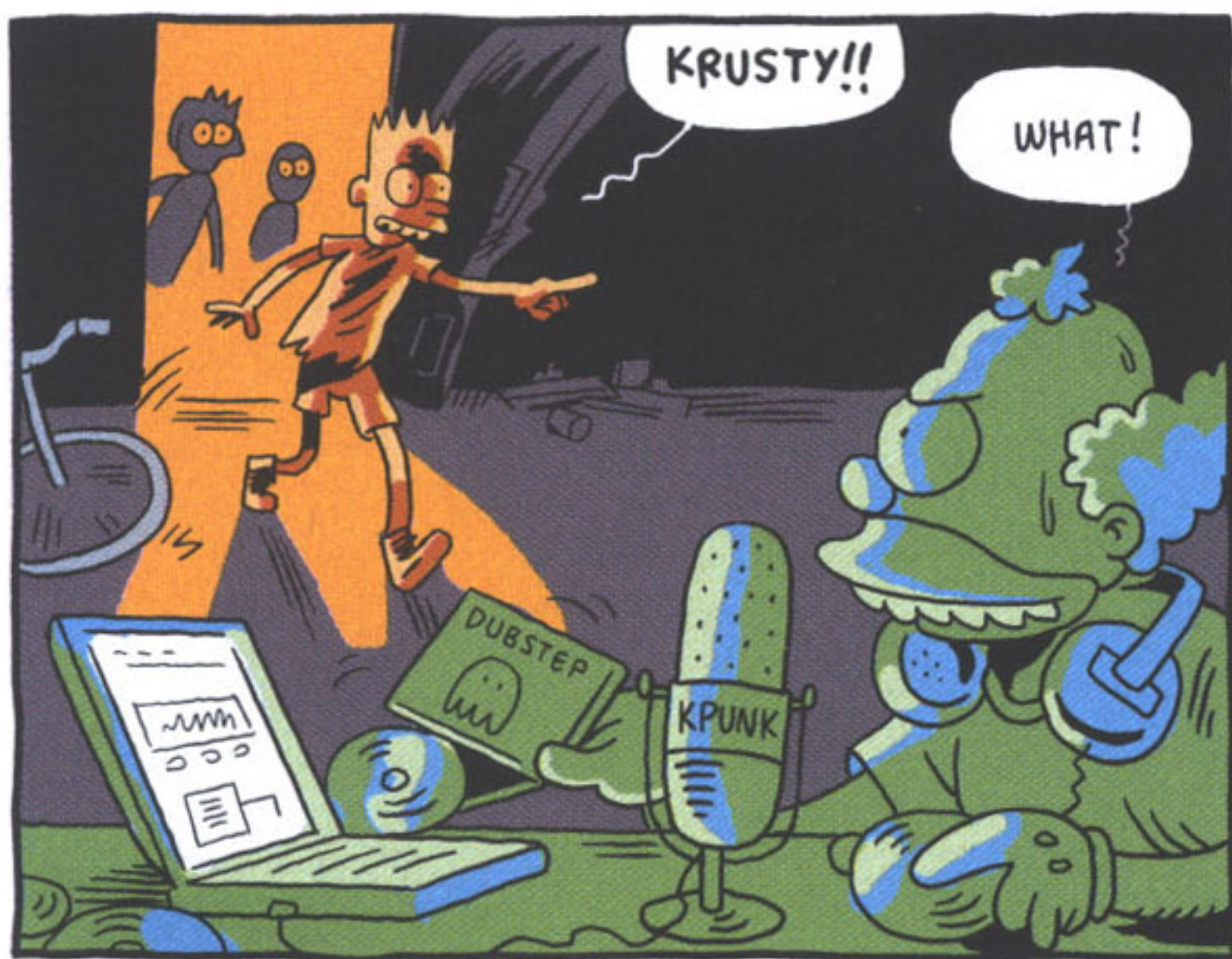
THE ACCOUNTANT HOWLING

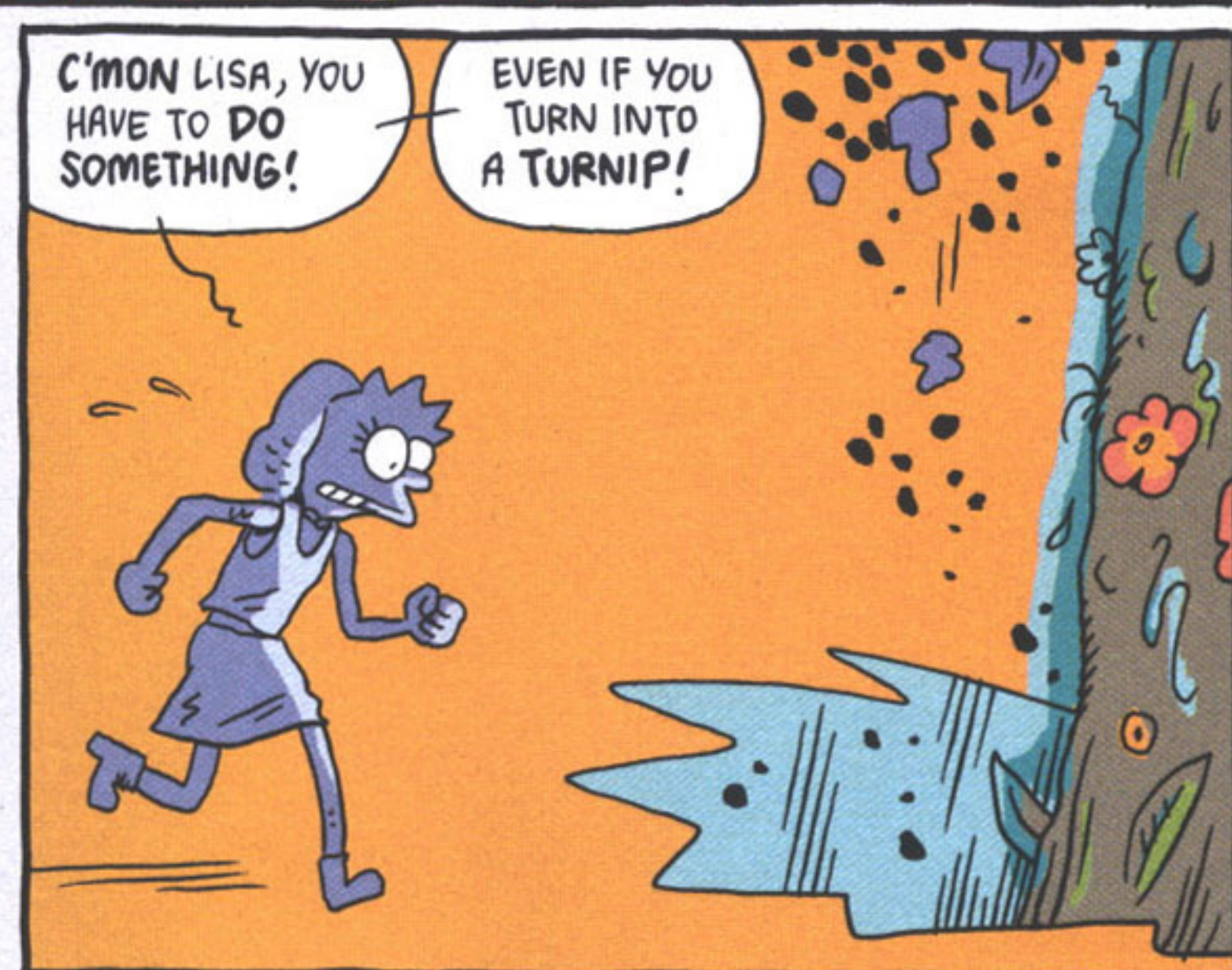
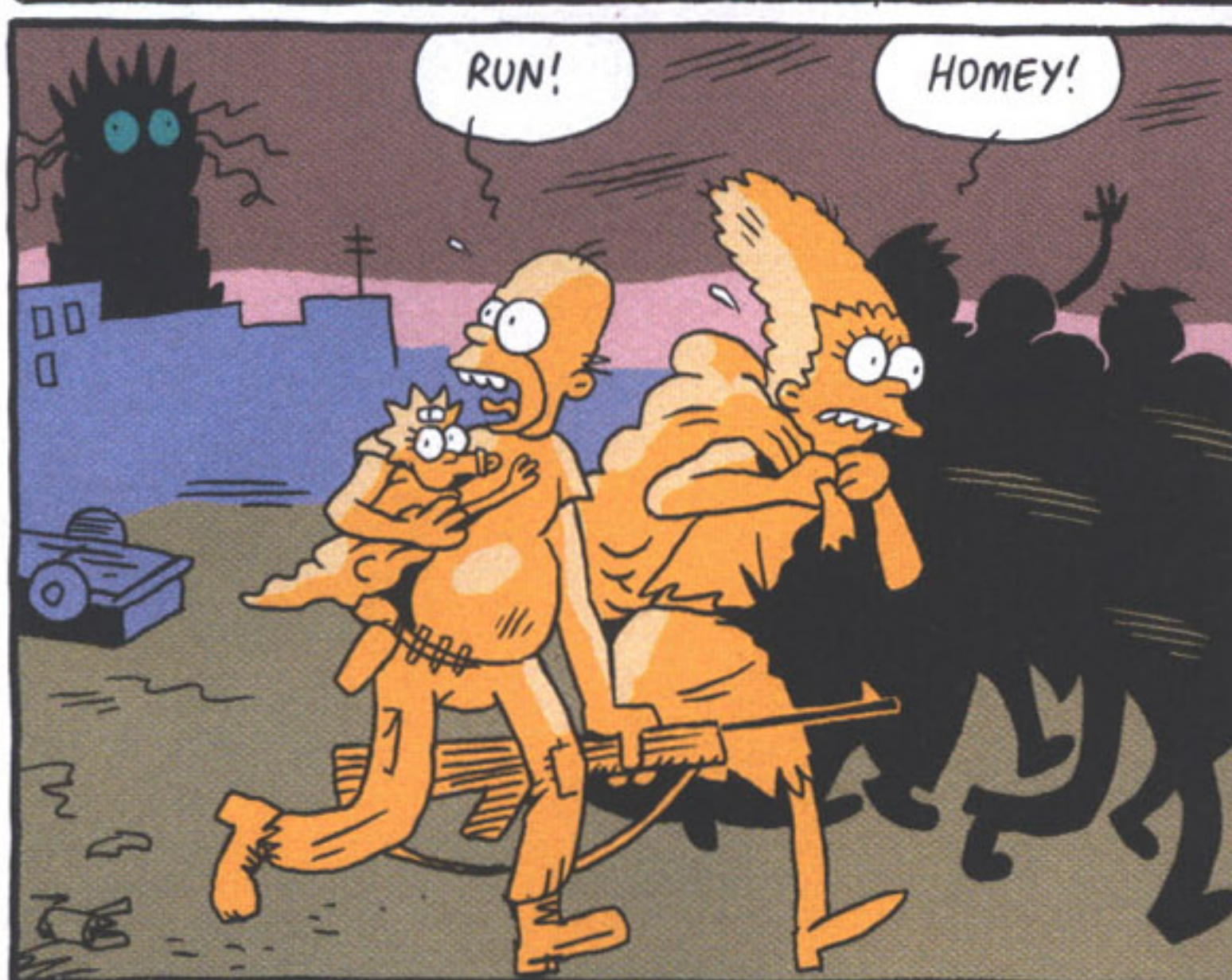
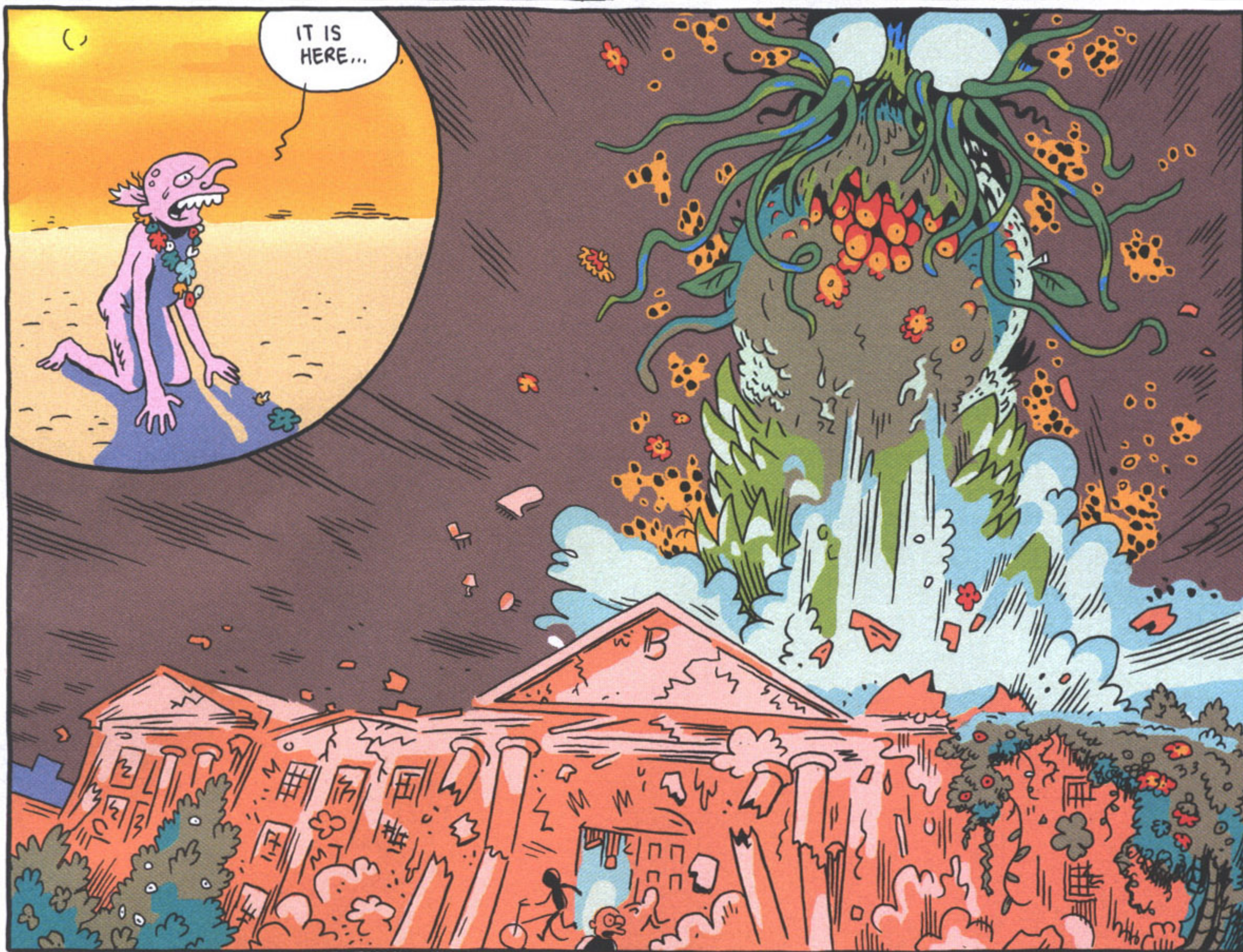
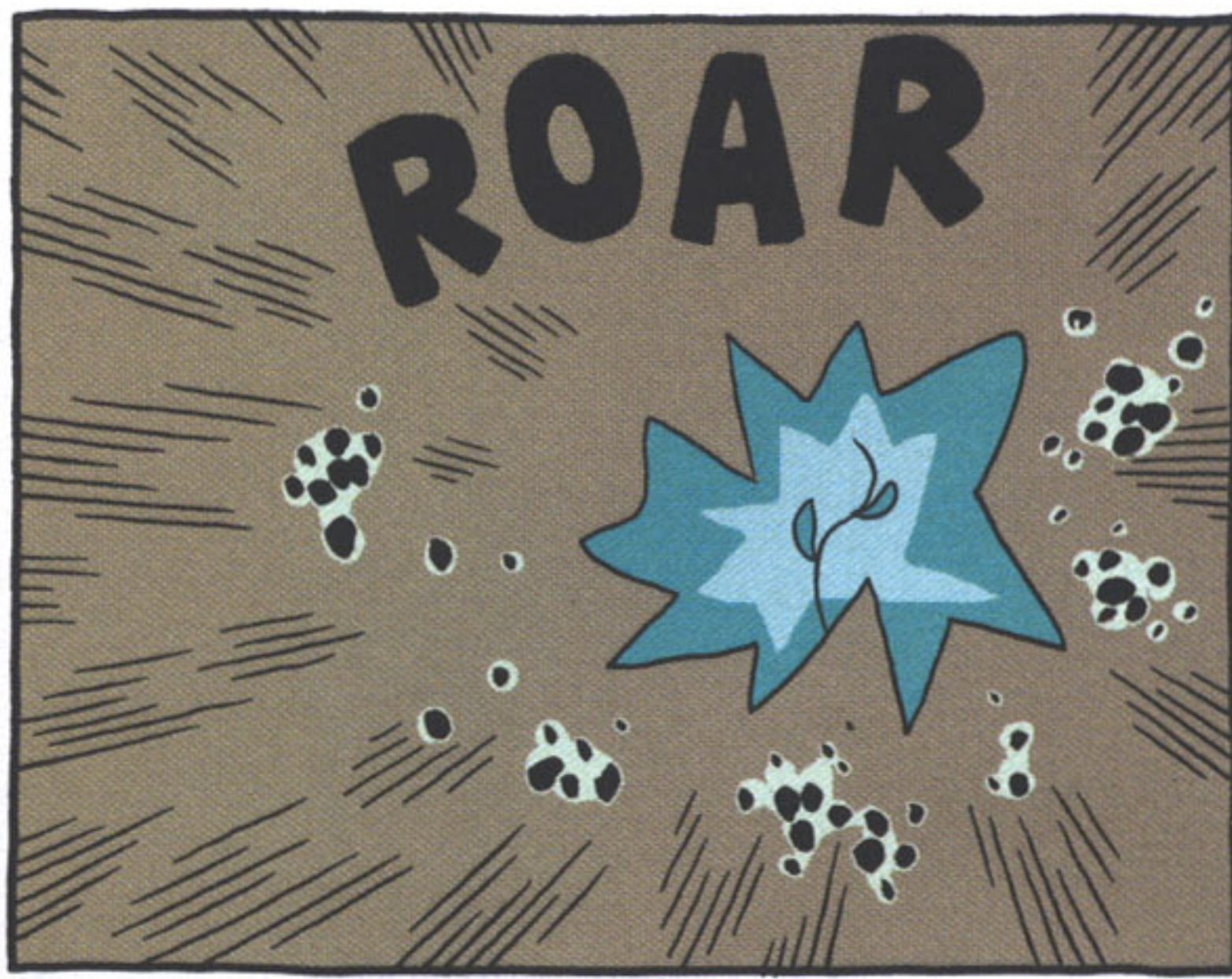


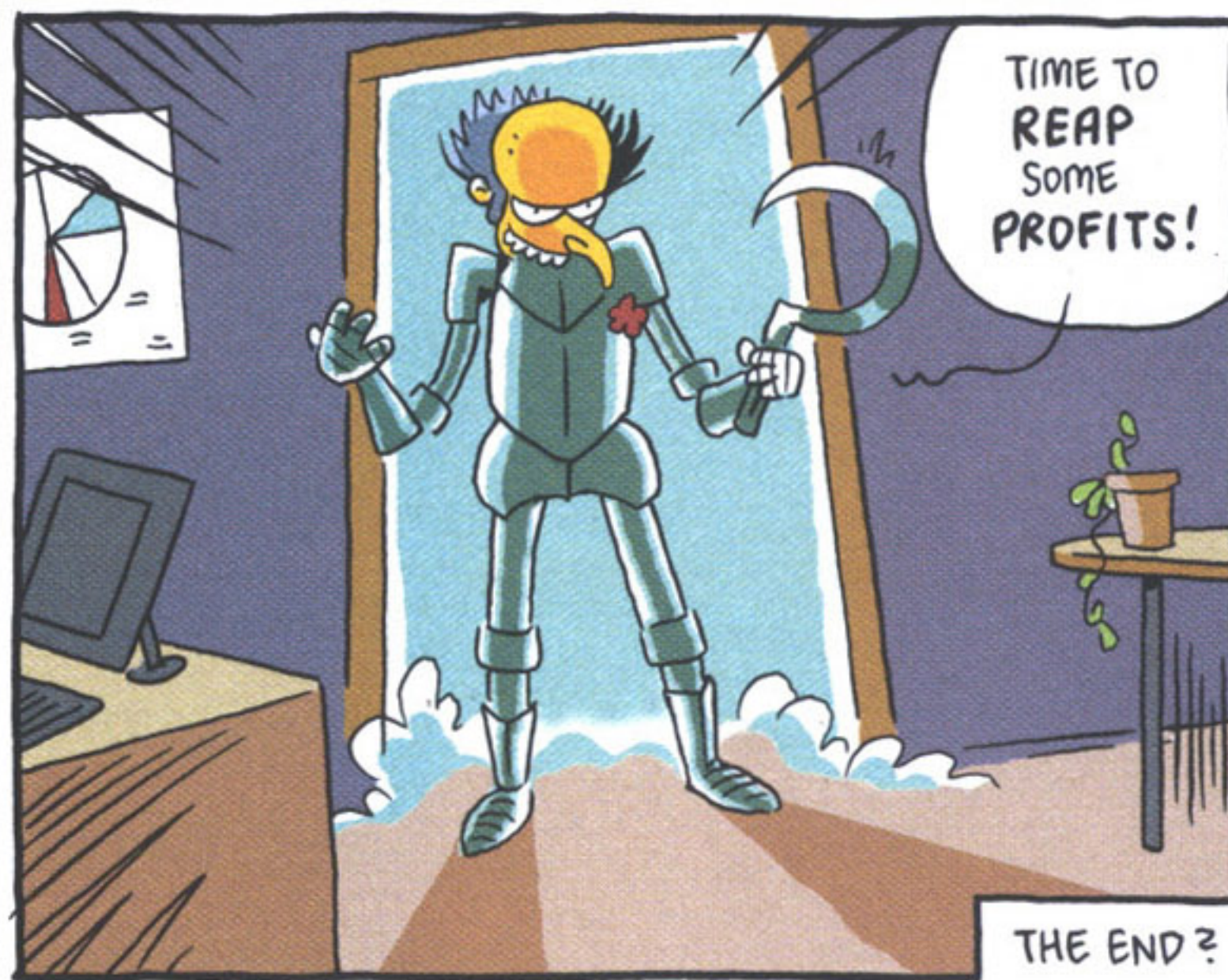
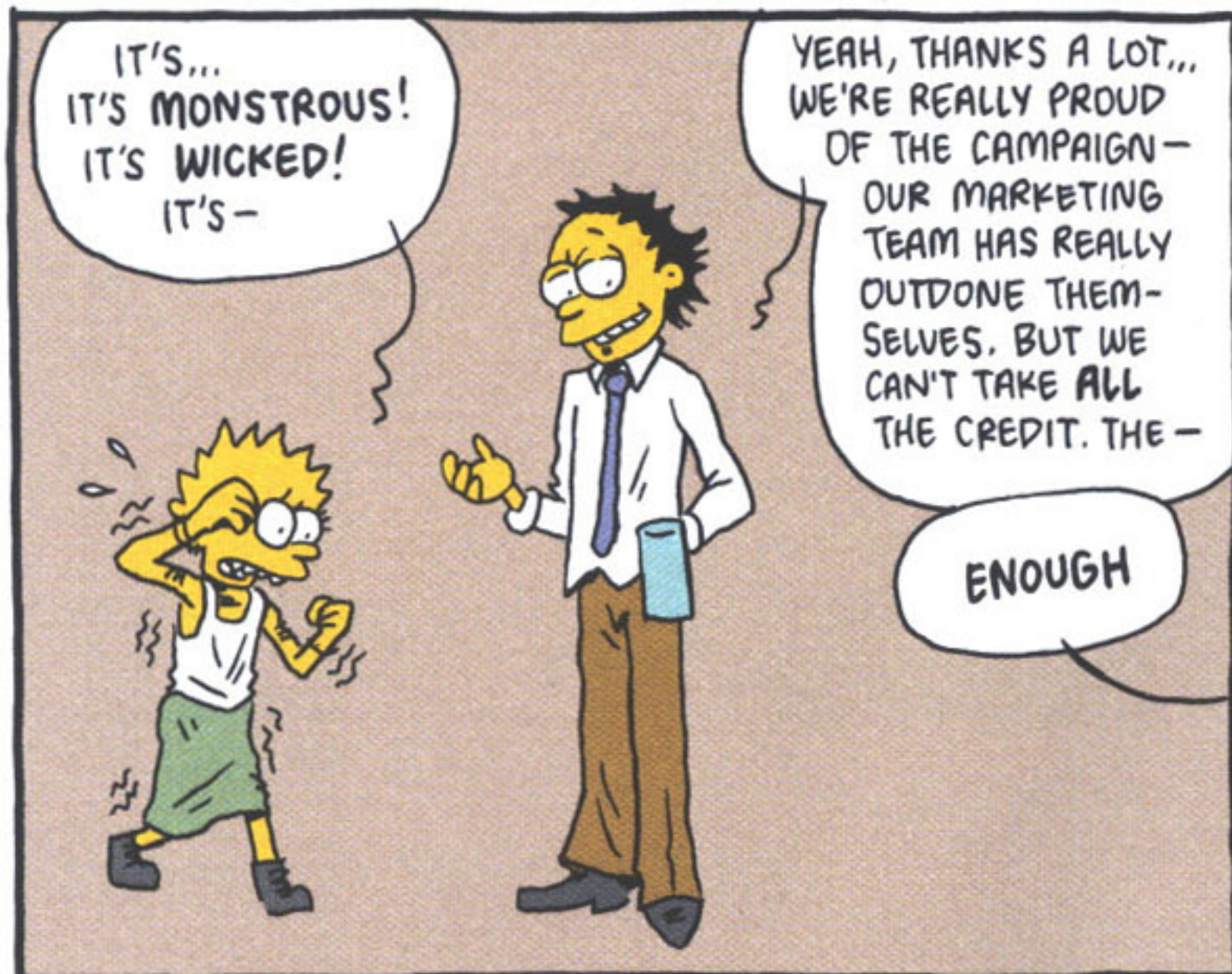
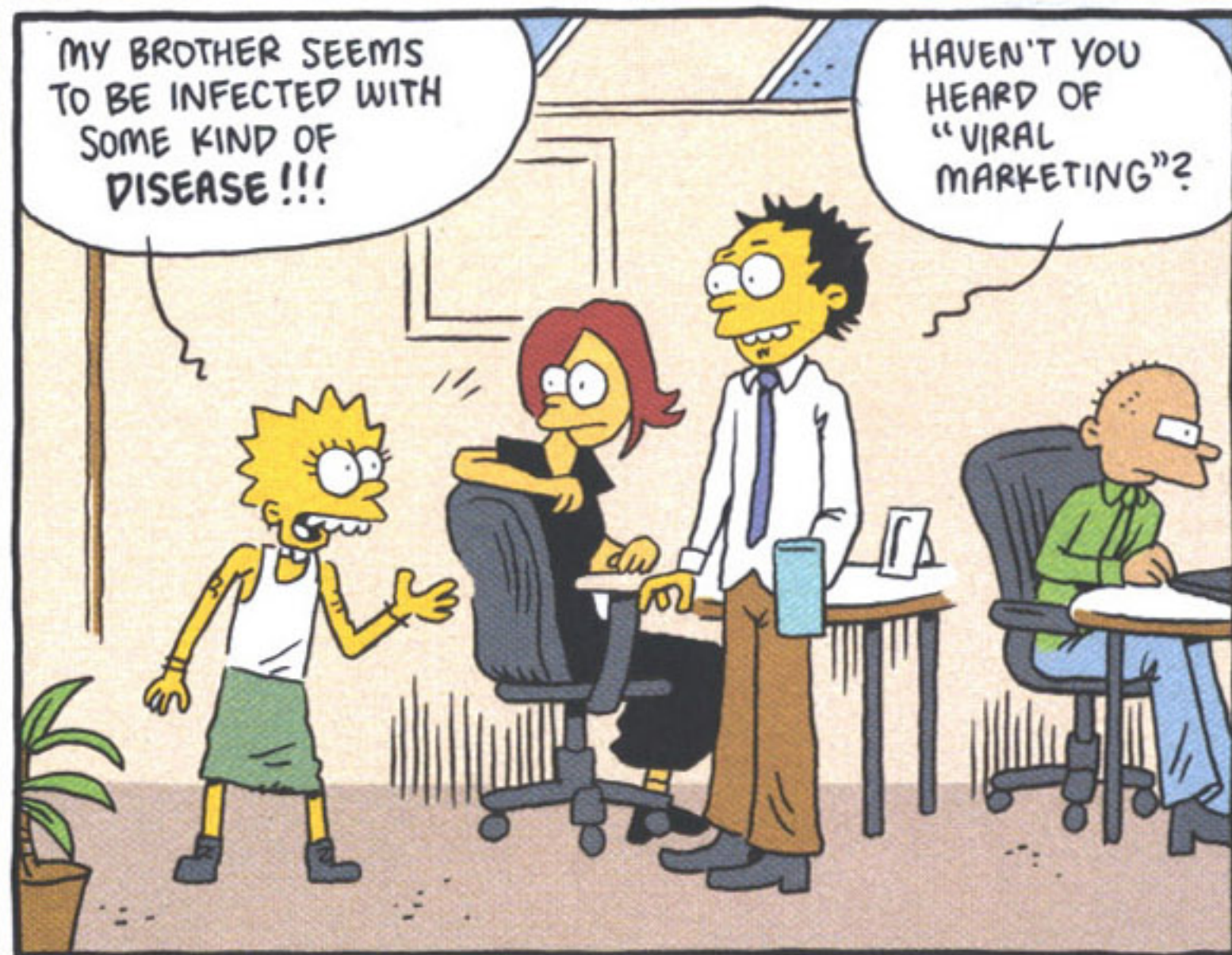
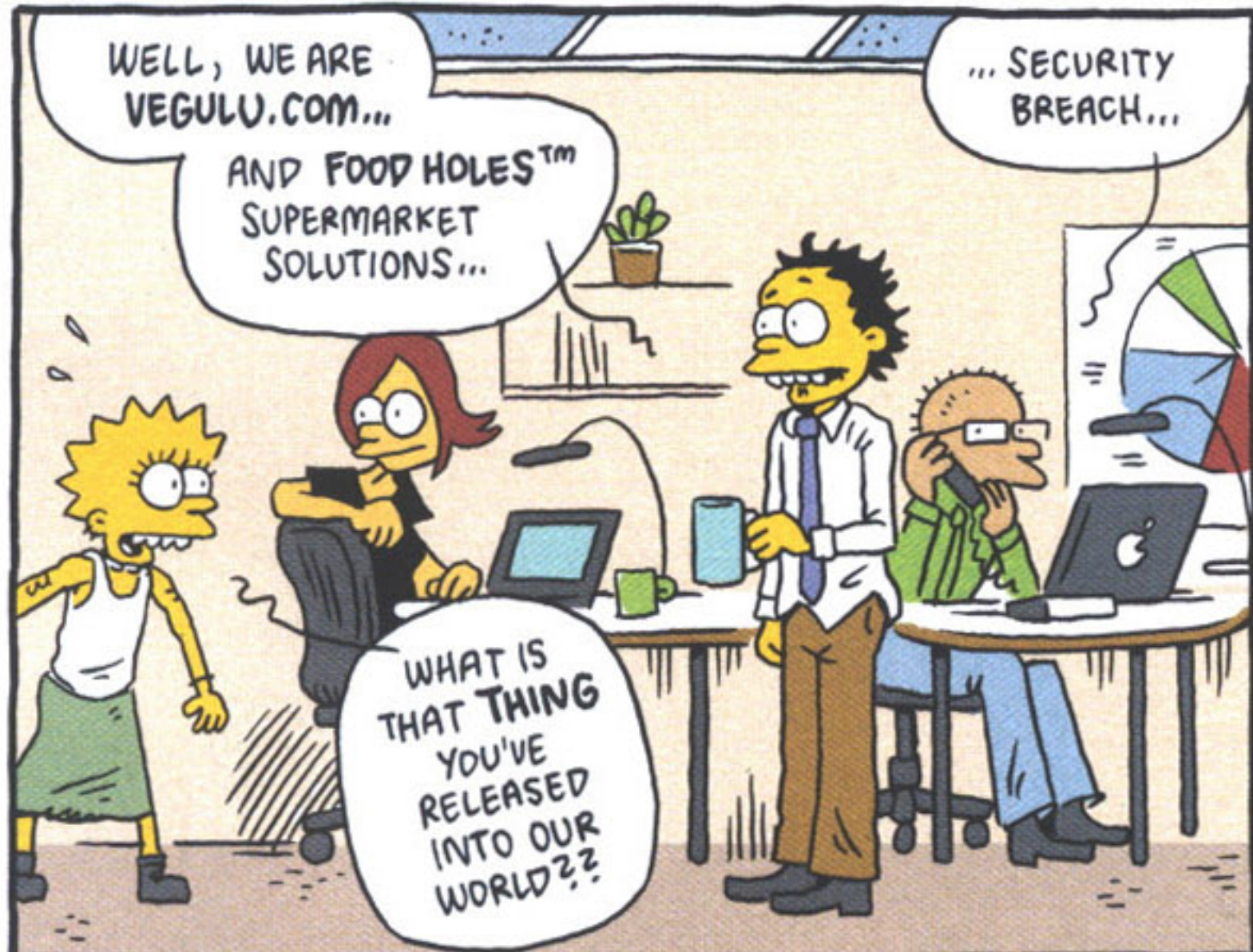
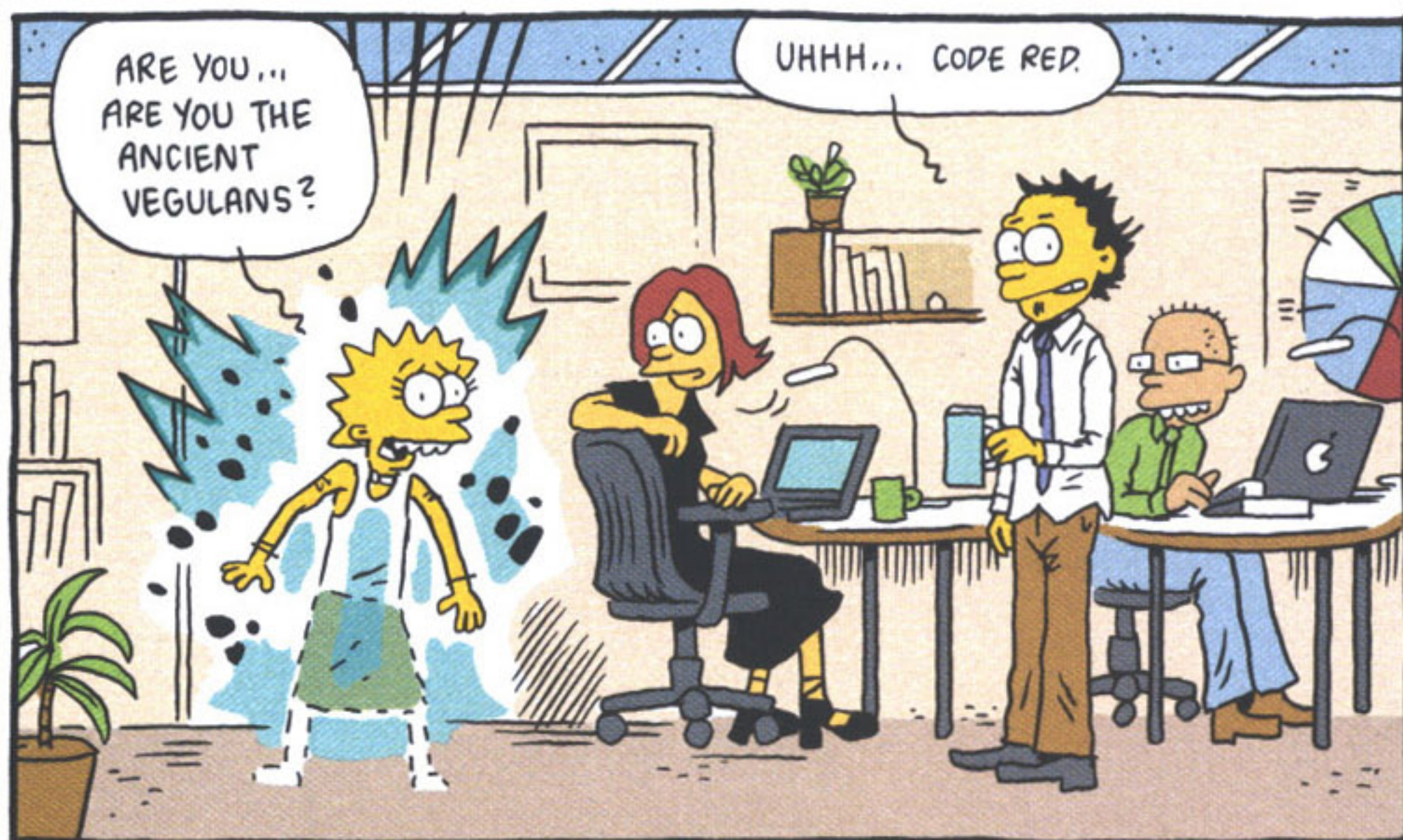
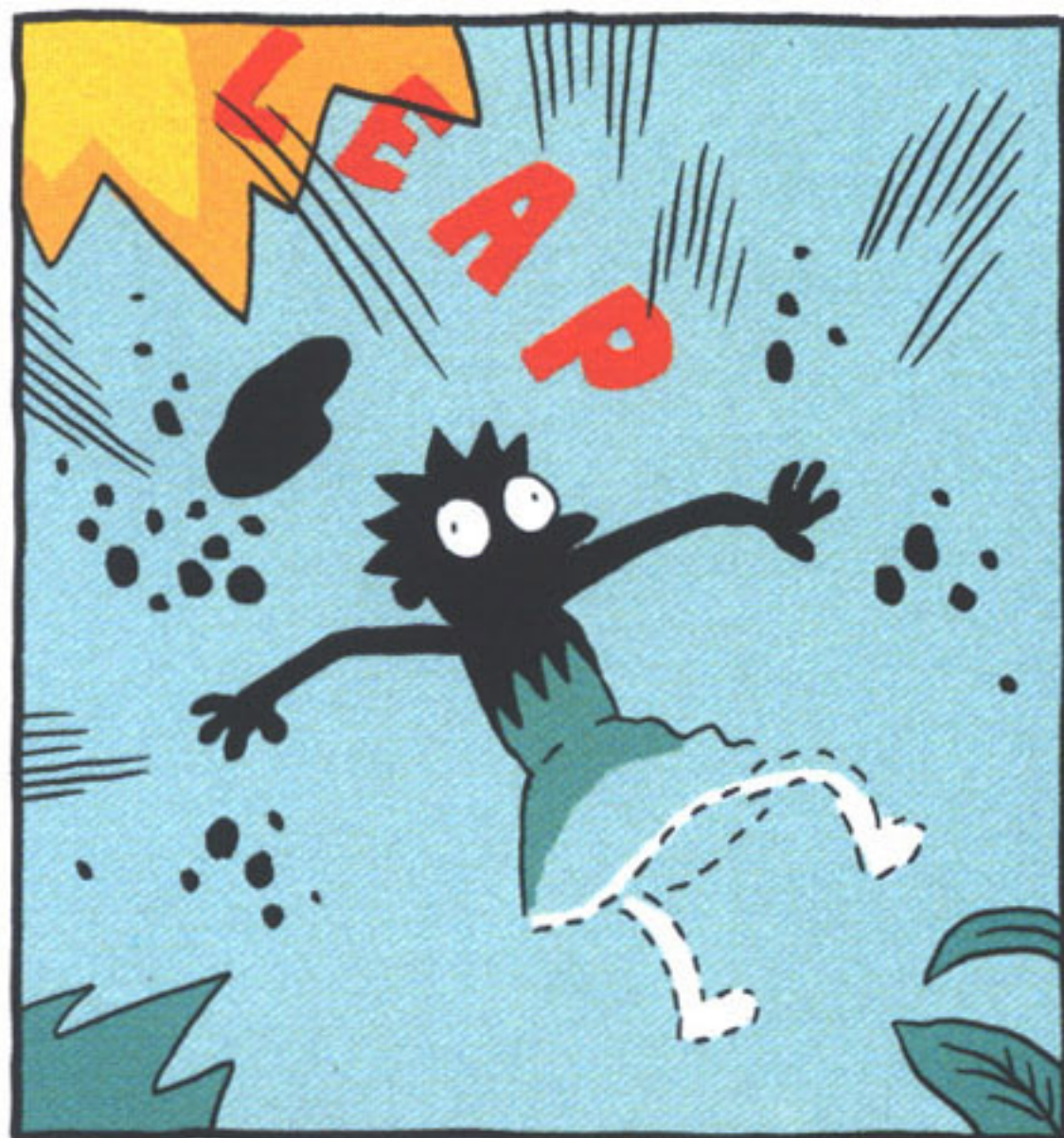










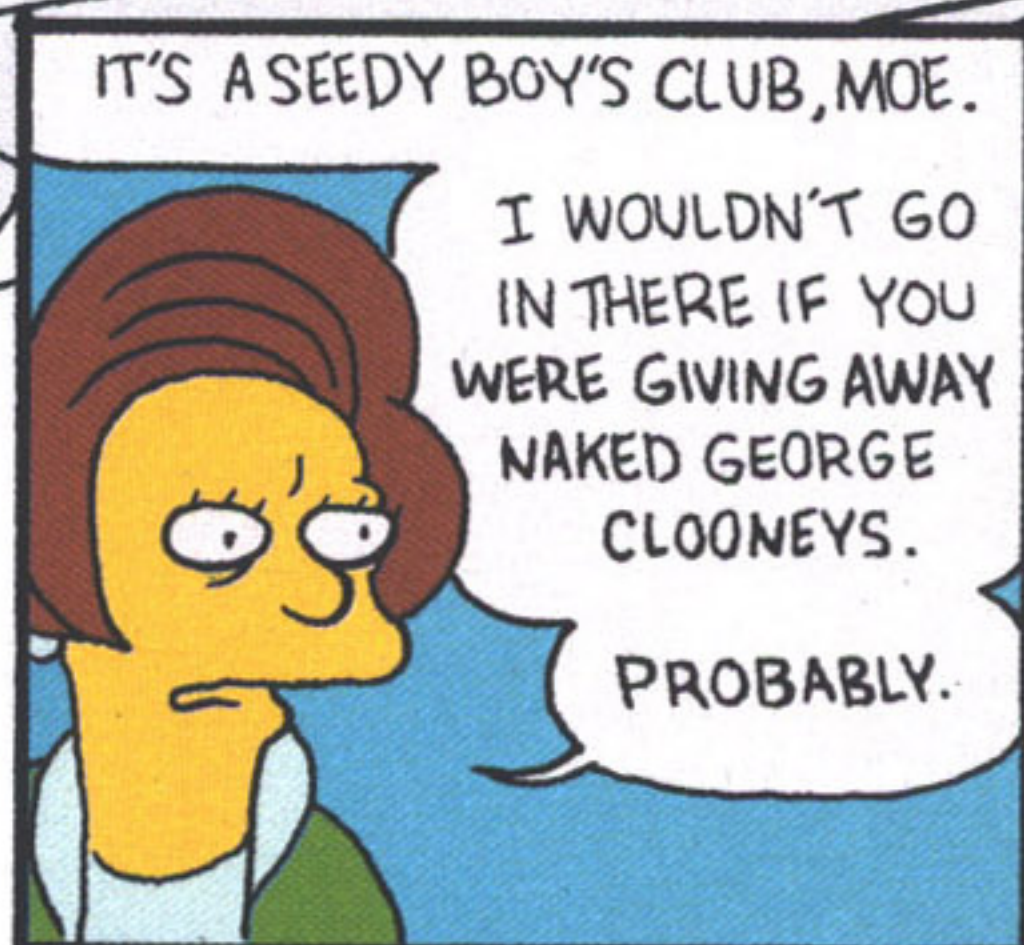


THE END?

BLURST AGIN!



MATT GROENING



THE FOLLOWING WEEK...

HOW'S TRICKS, GIL?
HOW'S OUR LITTLE PROJECT
COMIN' ALONG?

GOOD, YEAH,
GOOD-GOOD!

YOU, AH, GOT ANY
'SPECIAL' DELIVERIES FOR
ME?

I'M TRYIN' MOE! I GOT A LINE ON
ONE OR TWO ITEMS... I JUST DON'T
KNOW IF OL' GIL IS
CUT OUT FOR THIS
LINE OF WORK...

LORD KNOWS, I
NEED THE CASH-

I JUST KEEP
GETTING THESE... THESE
DARK THOUGHTS.

NOW, WAIT
A SECOND!

BUT, YOU
AIN'T GOING TO
RESORT TO-

SAY! KARAOKE'S
GOT A CUSTOMER!

'CARELESS
WHISPERS'?
AGAIN?

I'M NEVER GONNA DANCE AGAIN
GUILTY FEET HAVE GOT NO RHYTHM
THOUGH IT'S EASY TO PRETEND
I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A FOOL

LATER.

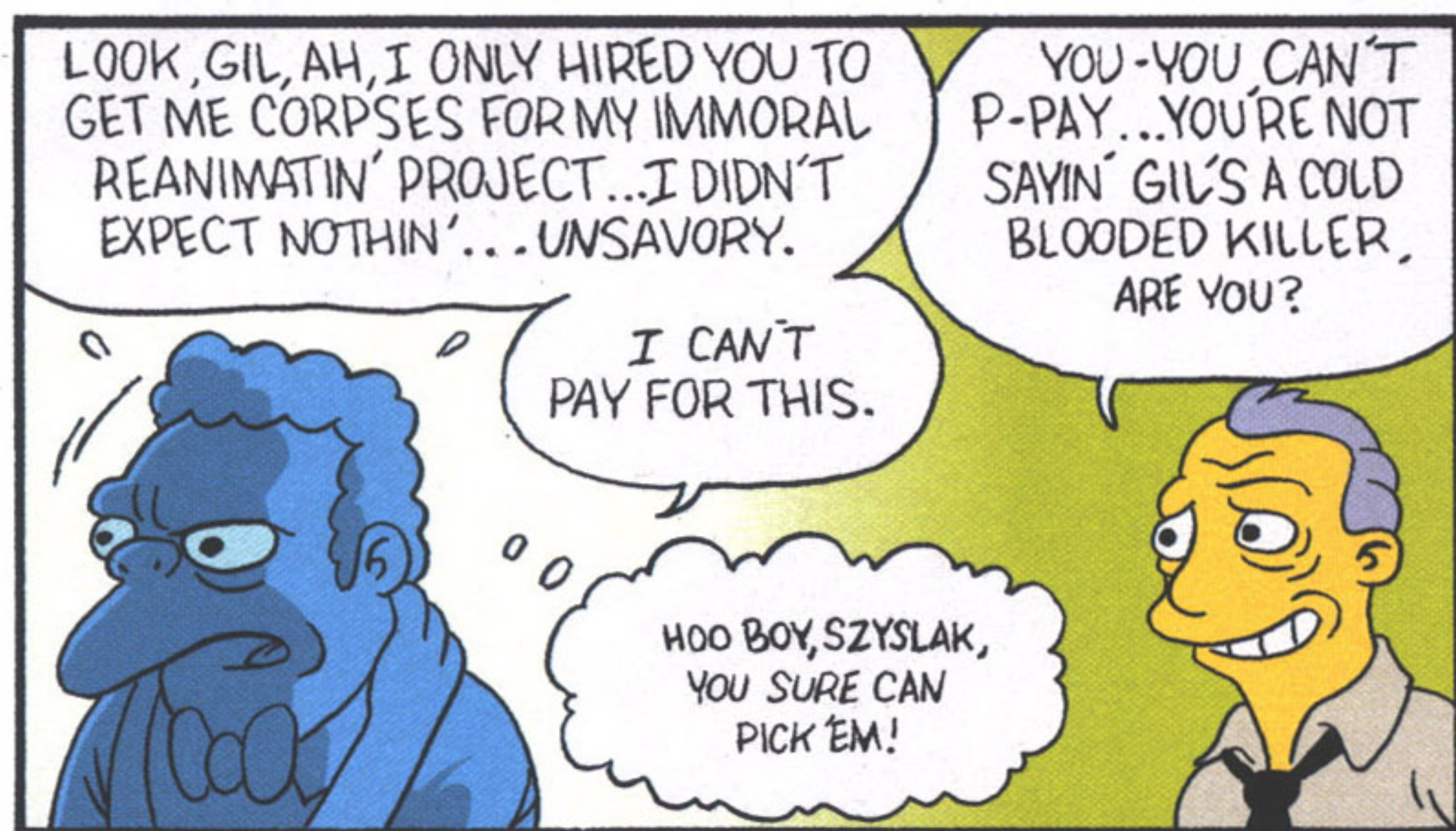
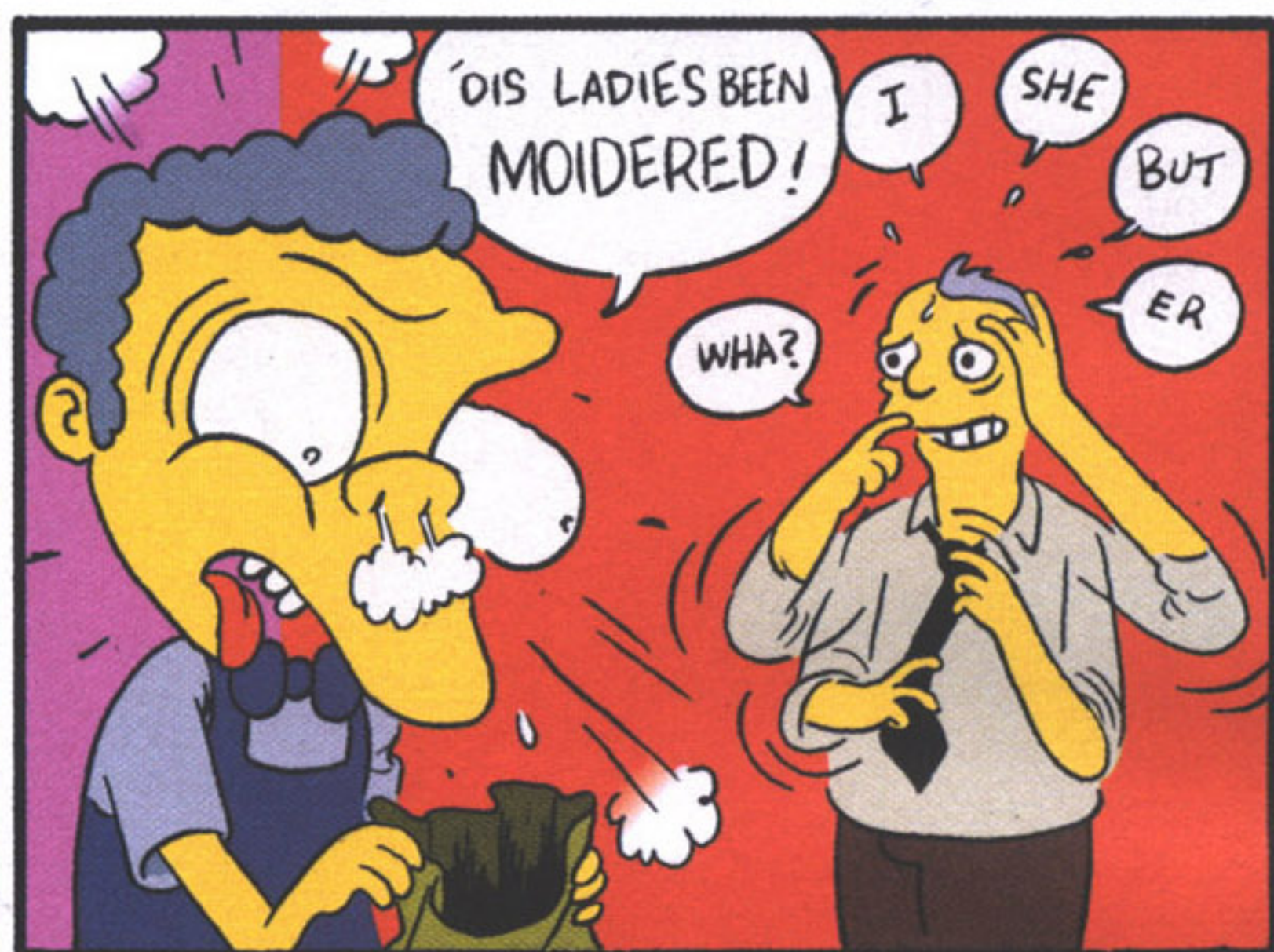
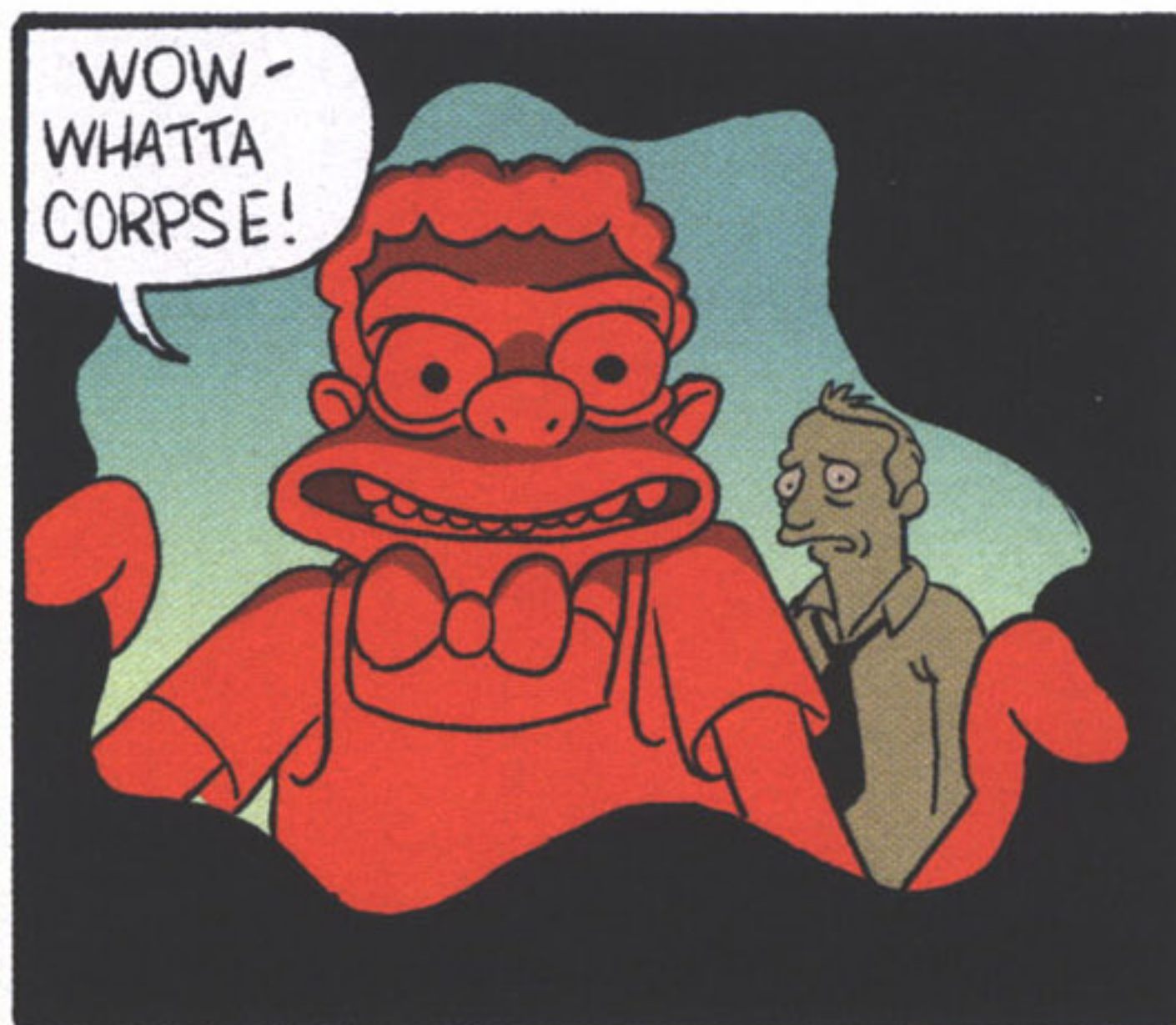
KARAOKE, MY SHINY BUTT!
IF I WANTED TO HEAR A DRUNK
SINGING PRINCE SONGS,
I'D BUY A TOM WAITS CD!

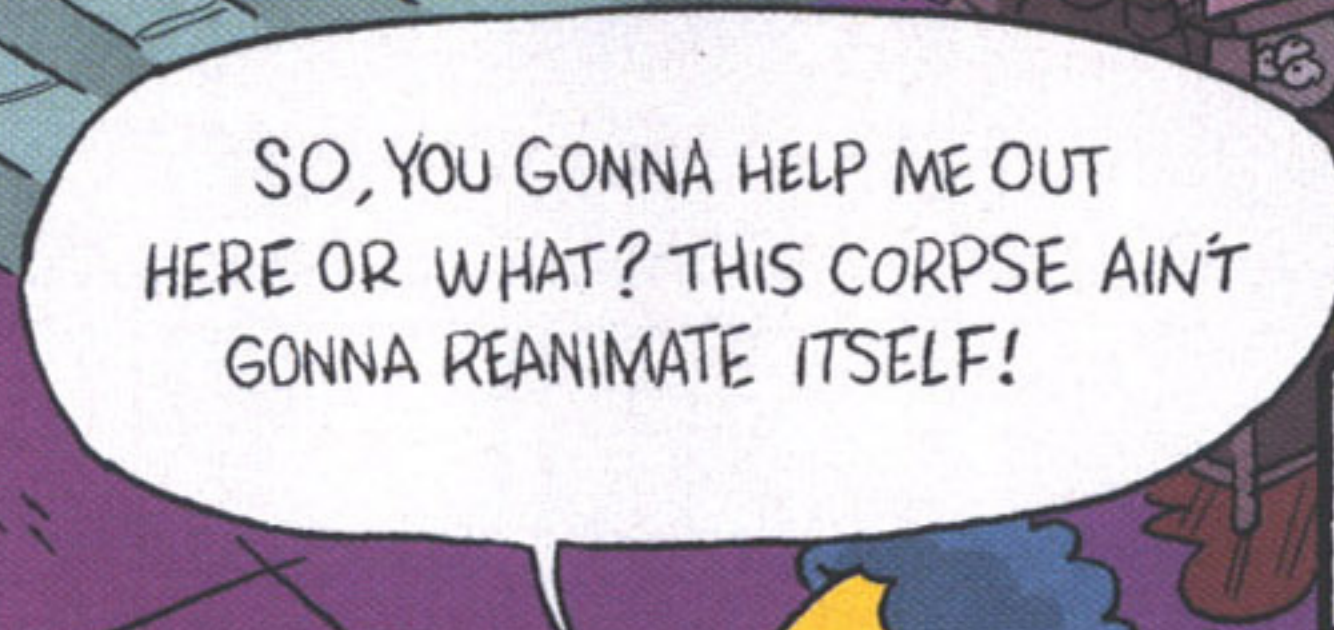
MUTTER.

HELLO,
MOE.

YEOW!

CRASH!





LATER THAT NIGHT

HOW ARE WE GONNA' HOOK UP THESE INTESTINES?

YOU DON'T KNOW? WHATTA THEY TEACHIN' YOU KIDS IN SCHOOL THESE DAYS?

SUTURE.

MAN, HOW'D YOU GET SO GOOD AT SEWIN' PEOPLE'S GUTS TOGETHER?

AH, WHEN YOU NURSEMAID DRUNKS FOR A LIVIN', YOU LEARN ALL KINDSA USELESS JUNK.

CLAMP.

ALRIGHT, LET'S FIRE THIS BABY UP!

BZZZZZTT!

KRRACKK!-

*\$!!@%
#?%&!!
*\$%&?
(:)%&?!

AY, WELL, YOU AIN'T EXACTLY KELLY LEBROCK NEITHER!

WEEKS LATER.

ONE MORE BEER
PLEASE, MRS. LADY
FRANKENSTEIN.

BRRP!

BOY - I DIDN'T THINK ANYONE
WOULD EVER MARRY OLD MOE.
I CAN'T IMAGINE WAKING UP TO
THAT MUG EVERY MORNING.

CRASH!

WELL, I PUT PICTURES OF
BRAD PITT UP IN STRATEGIC
LOCATIONS SO I CAN ALWAYS SEE
HIM WHENEVER I'M
KISSING MOE.

YEAH, AND IRONICALLY ENOUGH,
I'M FINALLY GETTIN' LADIES IN
HERE NOW THAT WE GOT
BEEFCAKE ALL OVER DA WALLS.

JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU, HOMER -
NEVER GIVE UP ON LOVE.

AHEM.

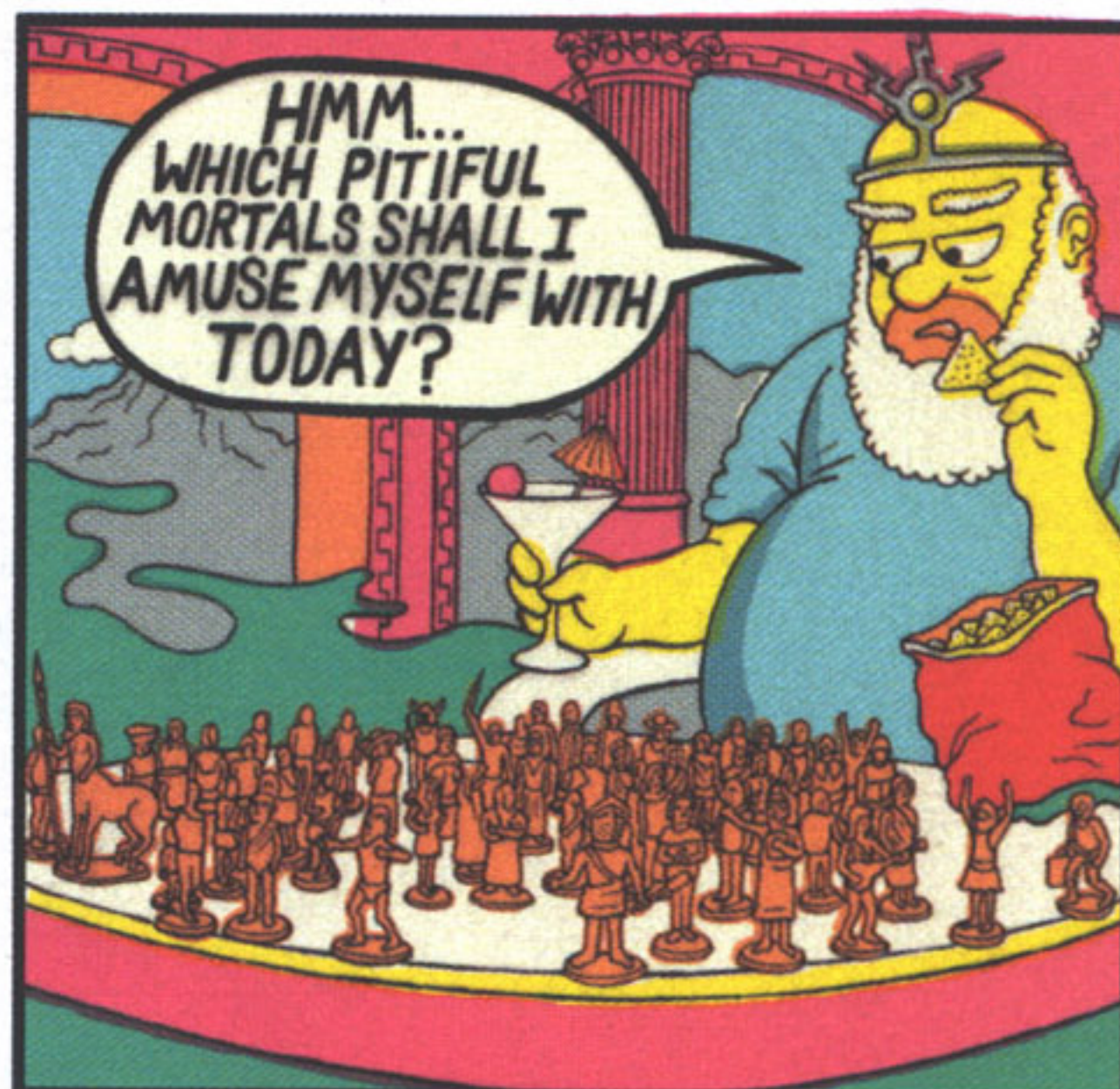
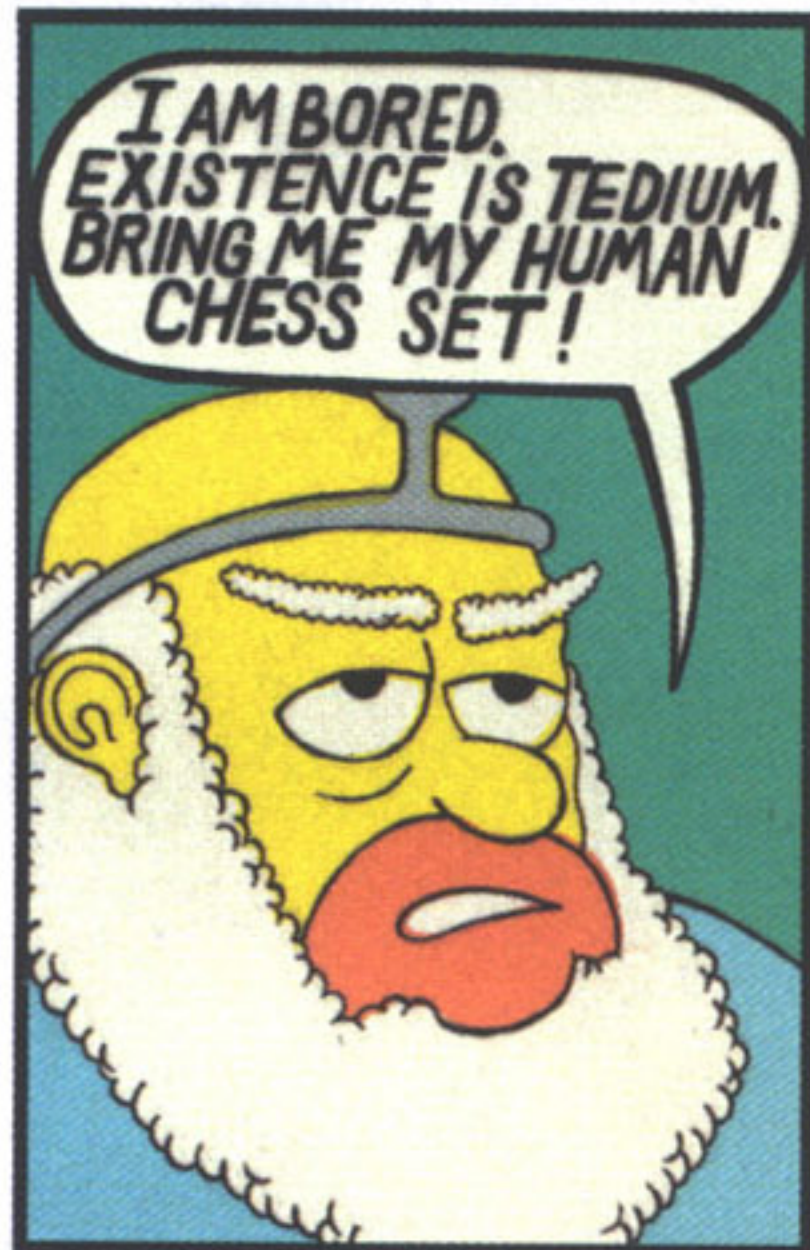
PRAY TELL, WHAT ARE
THESE DOING ON THE
THE LADIES ROOM
DOOR KNOB, MOE?

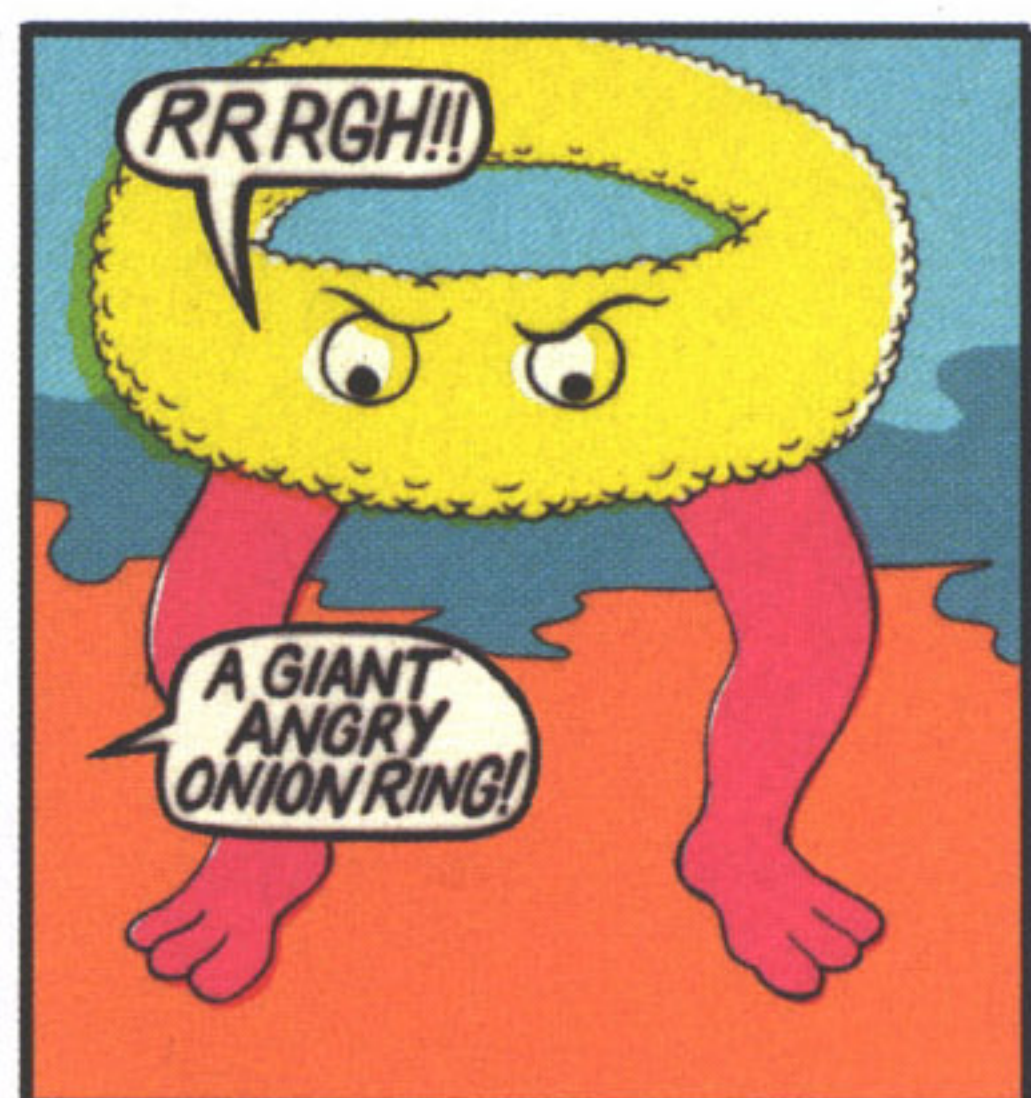
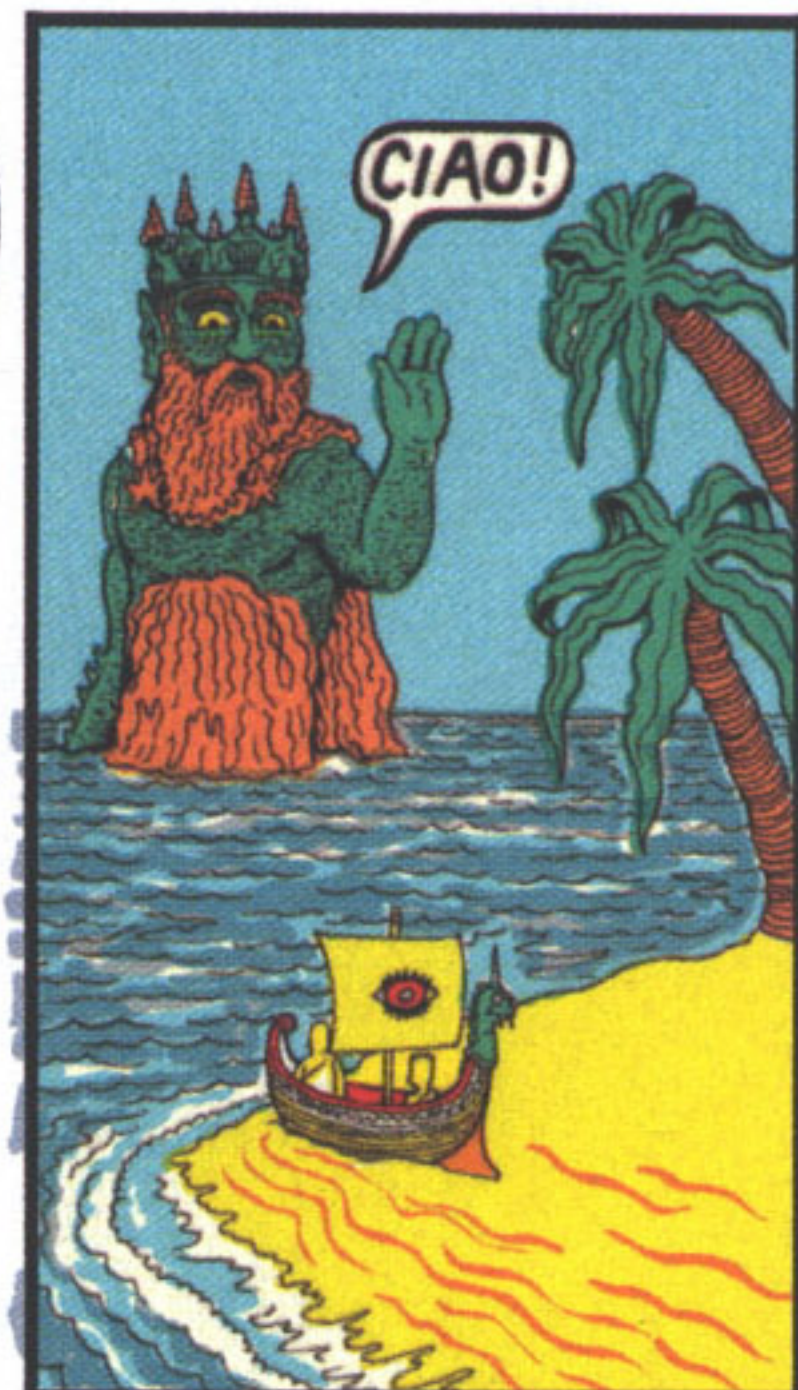
SNF
SNF

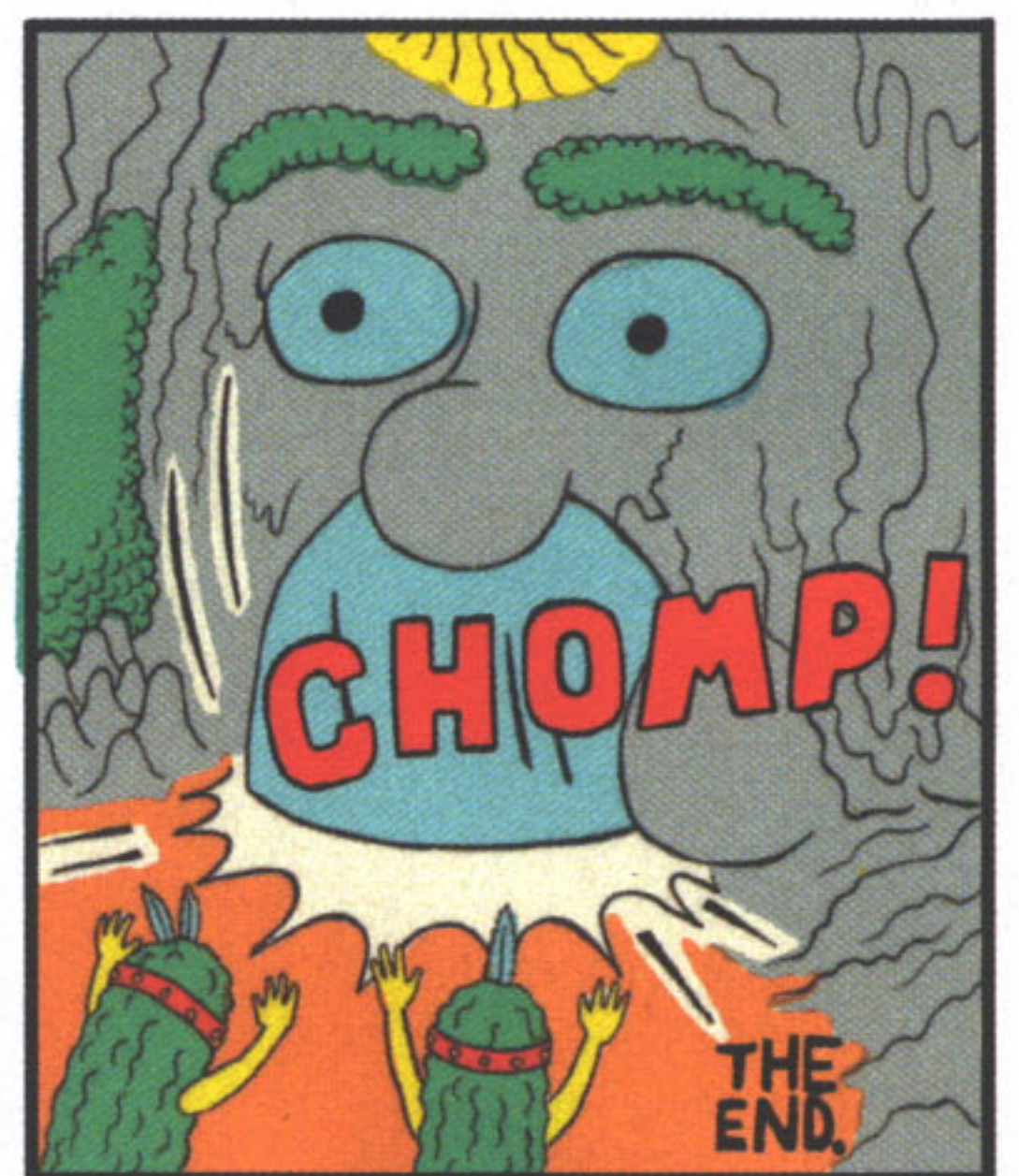
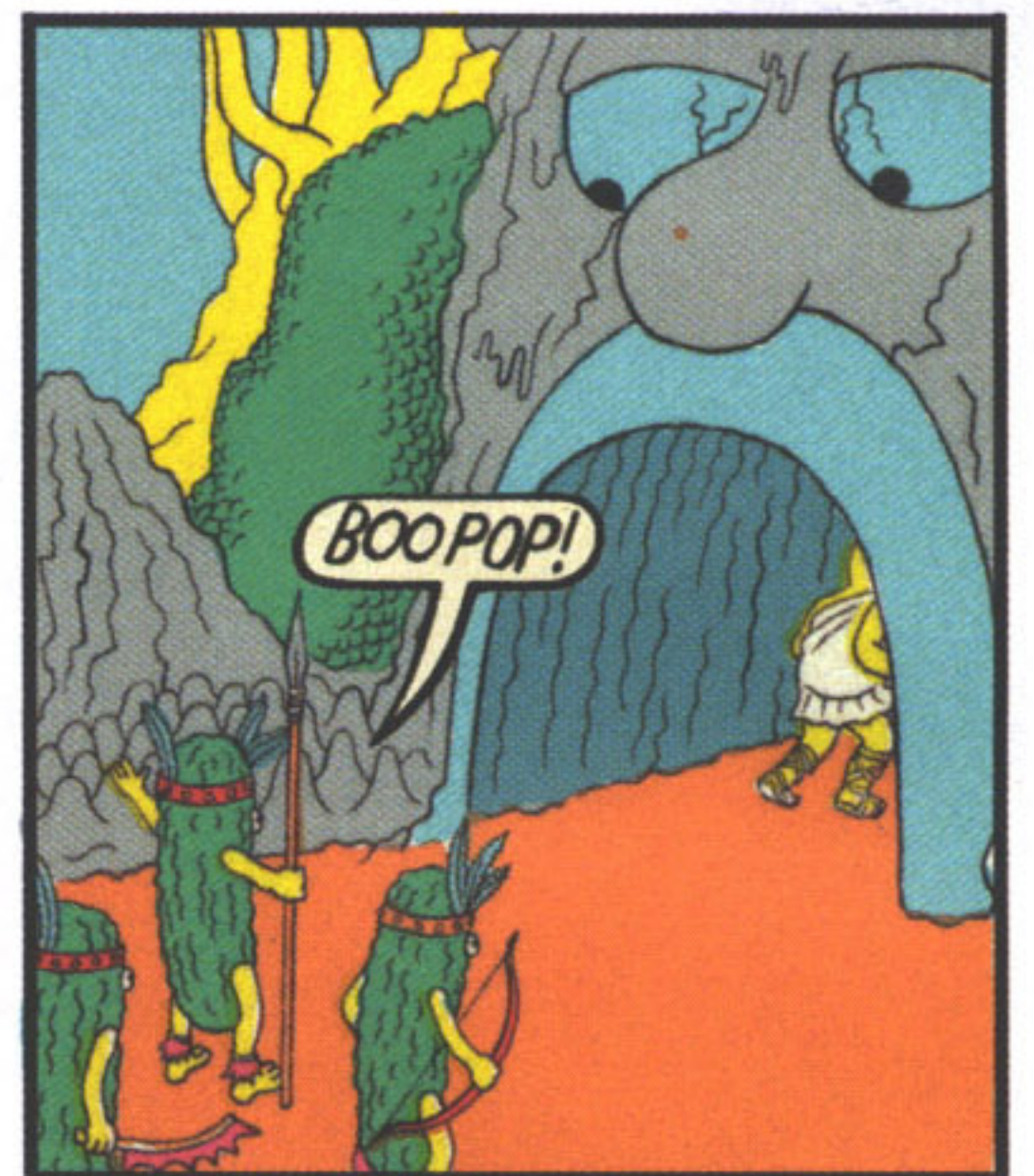
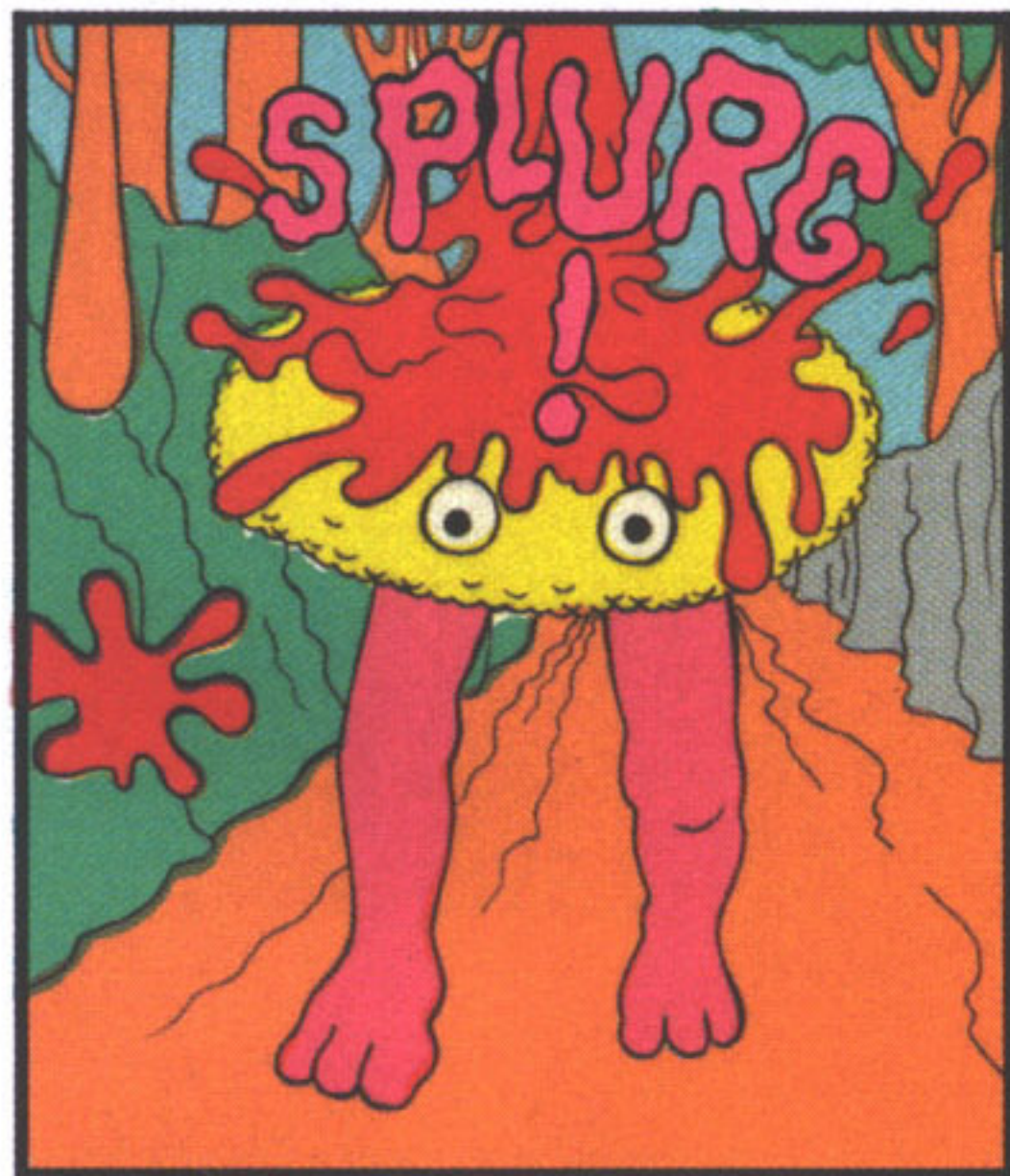
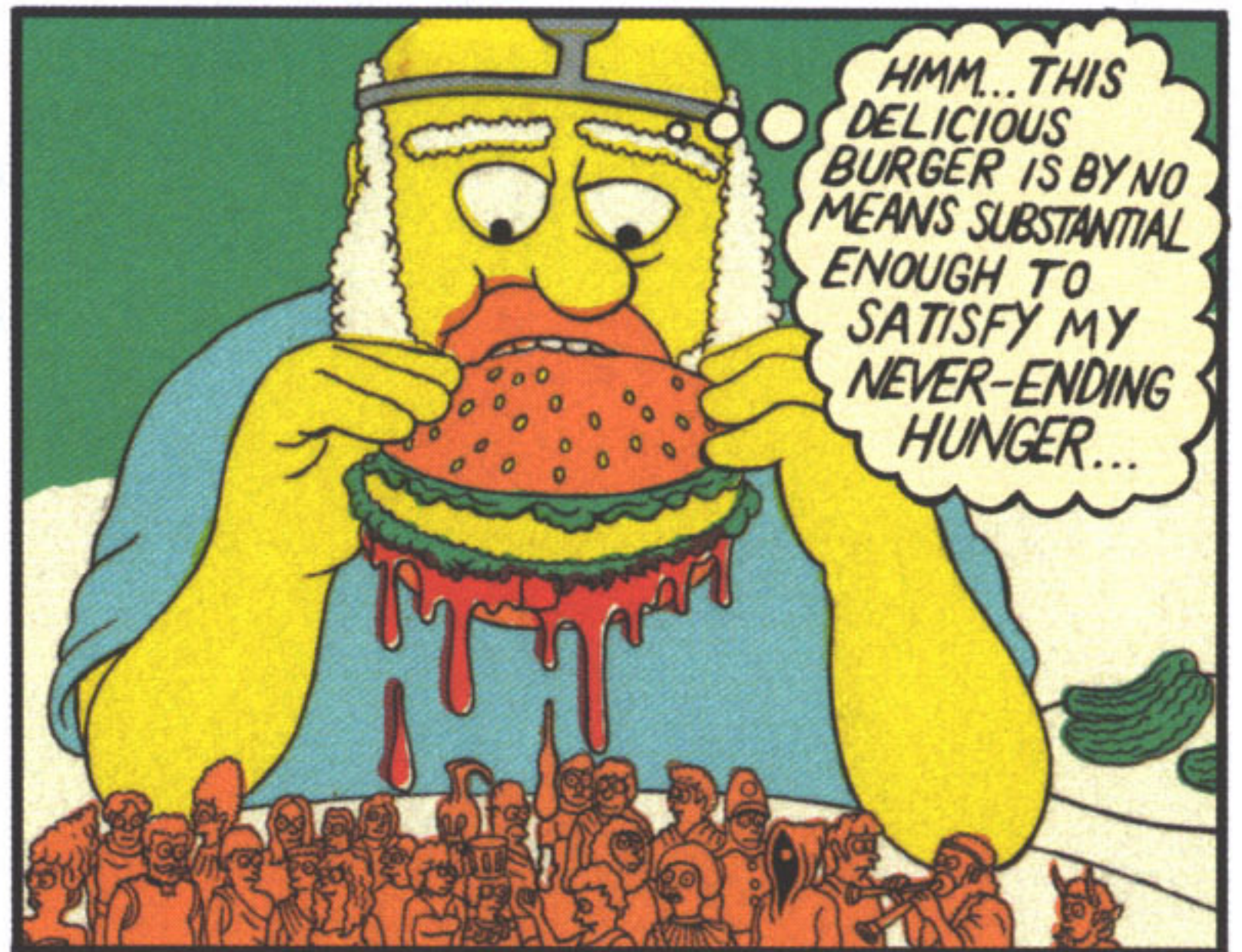
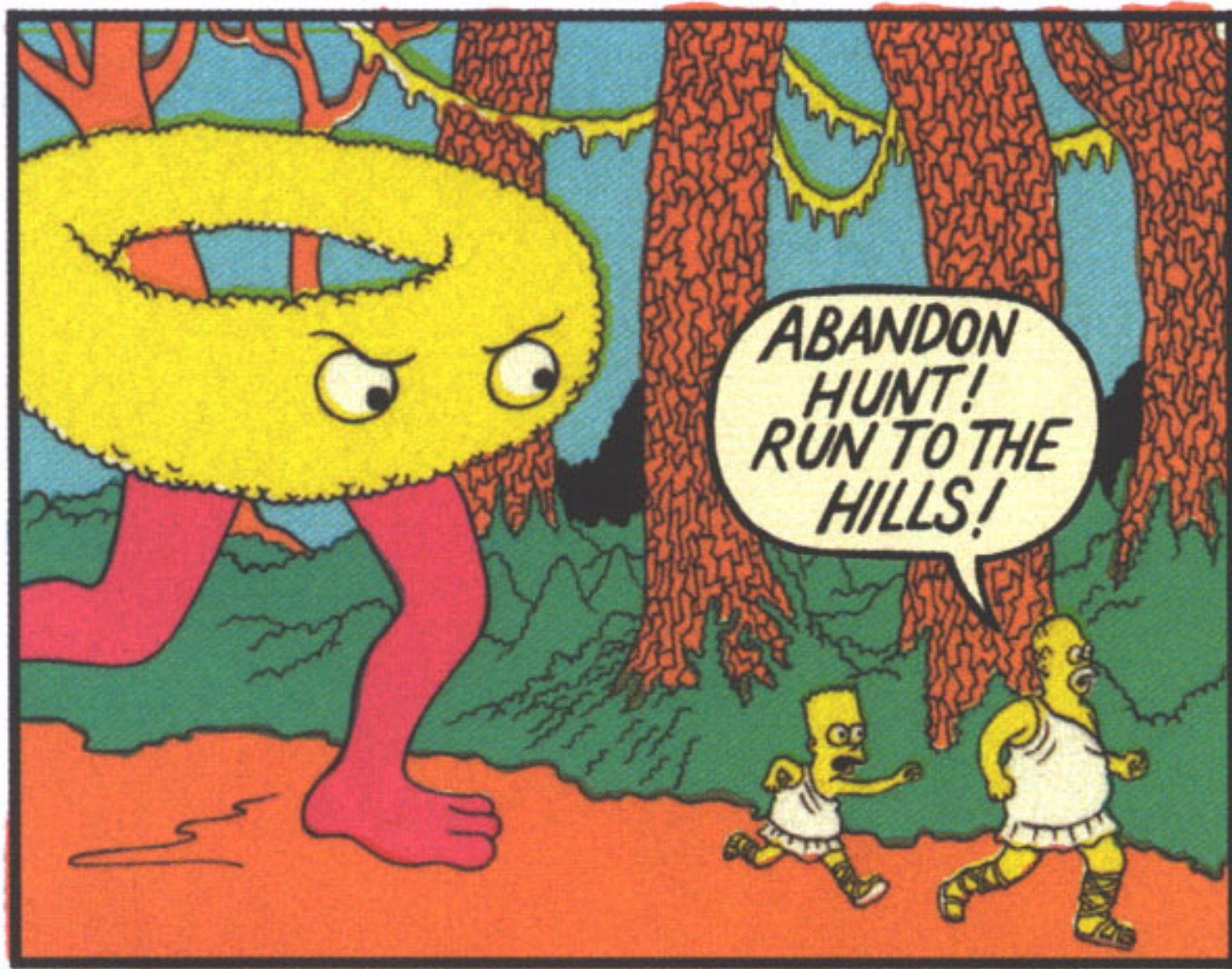
'DAT AINT NO
MARS BAR!

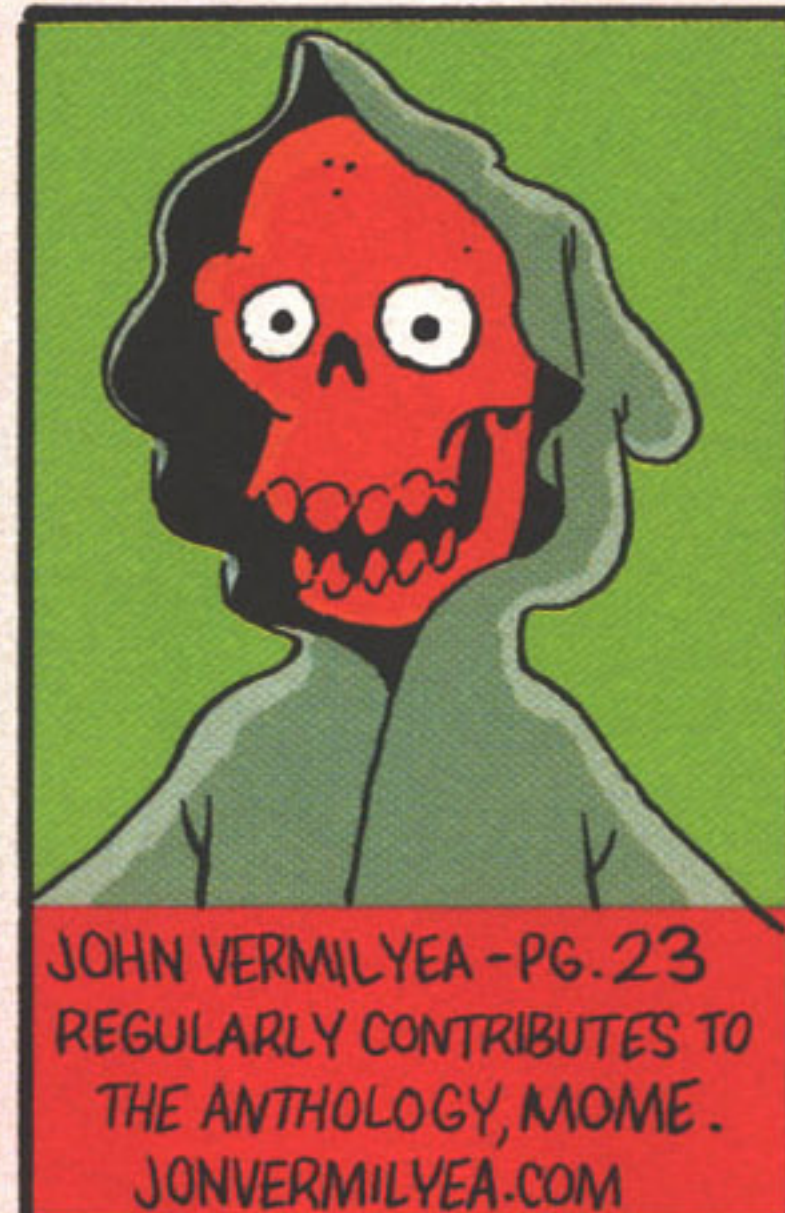
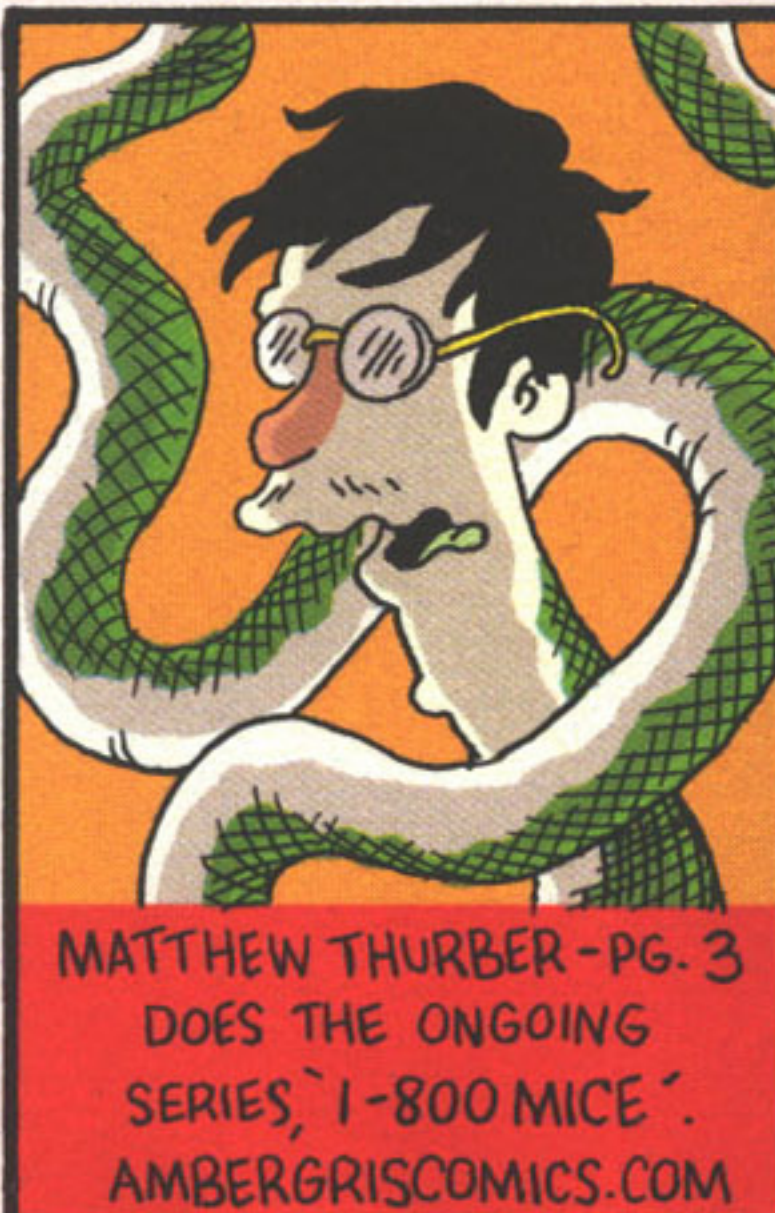
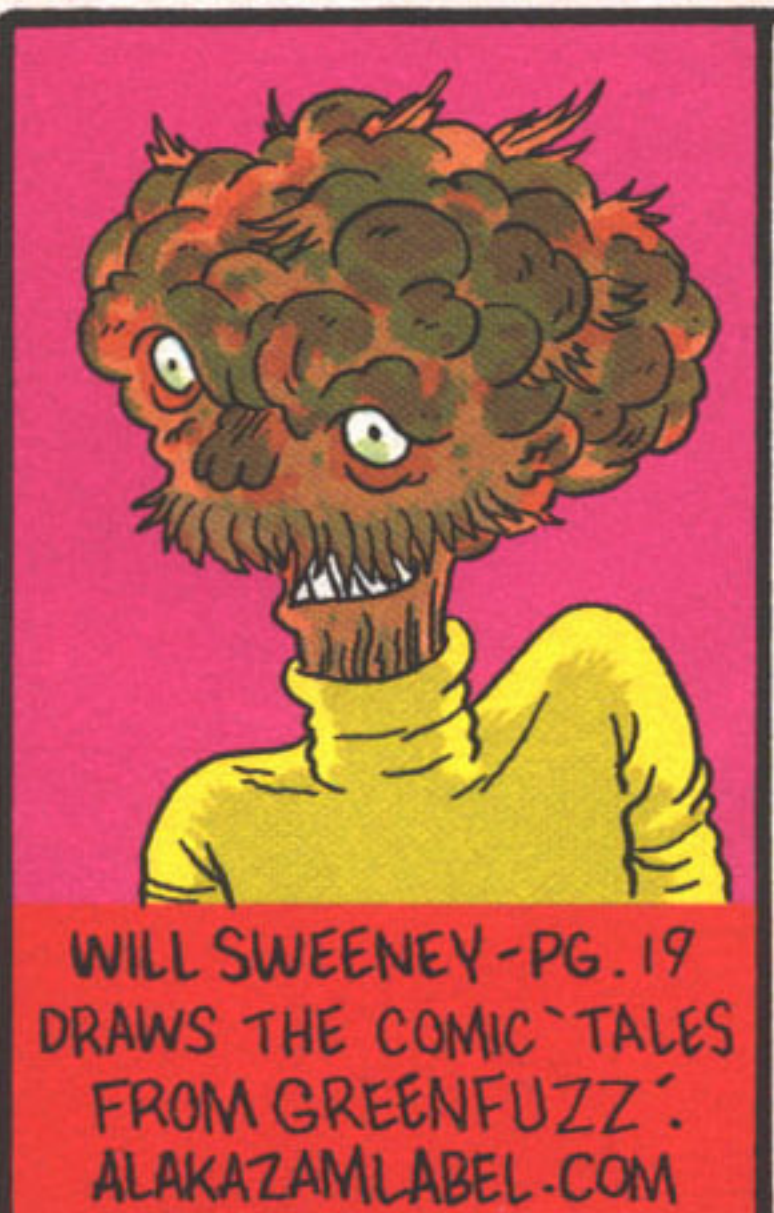
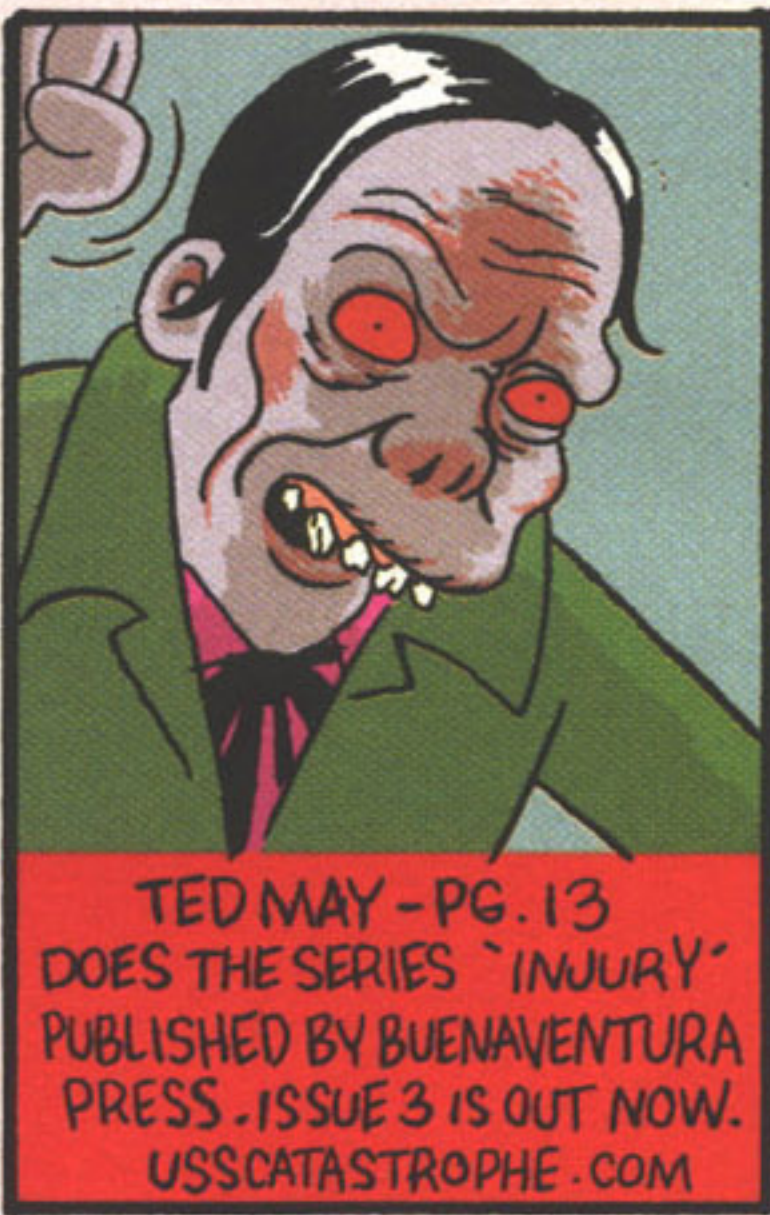
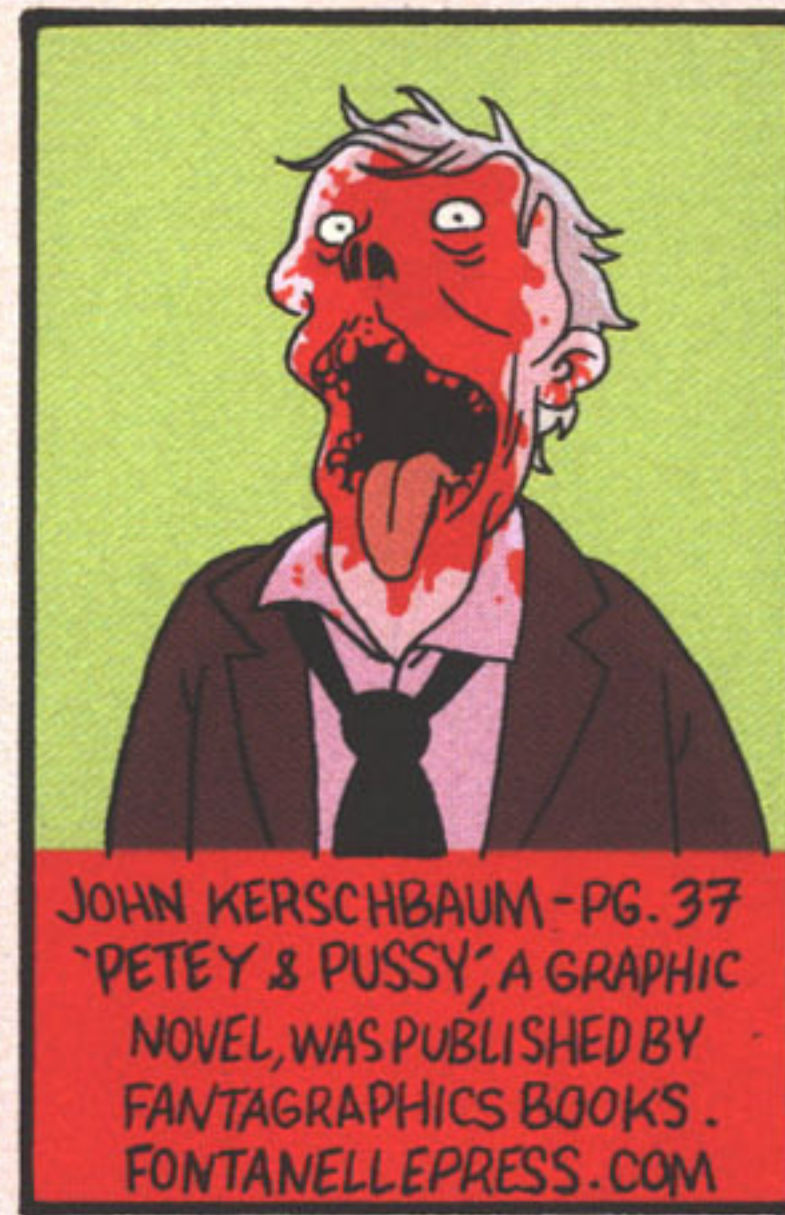
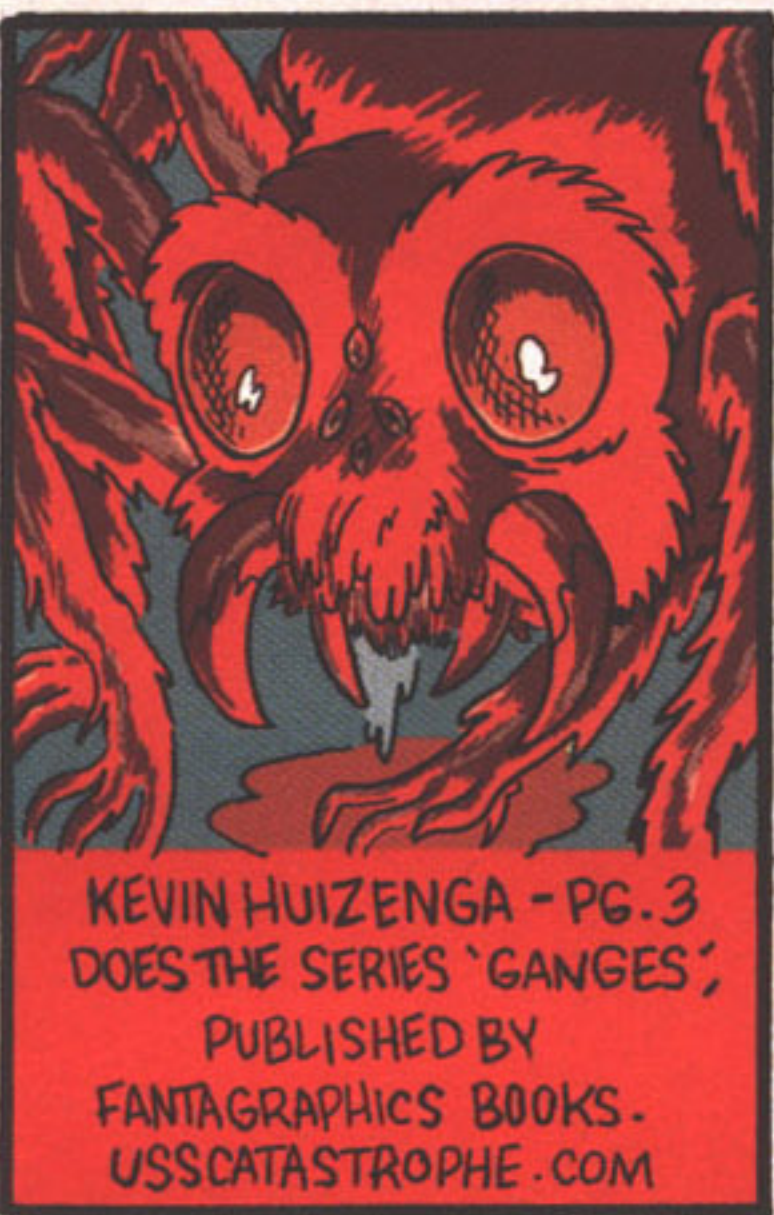
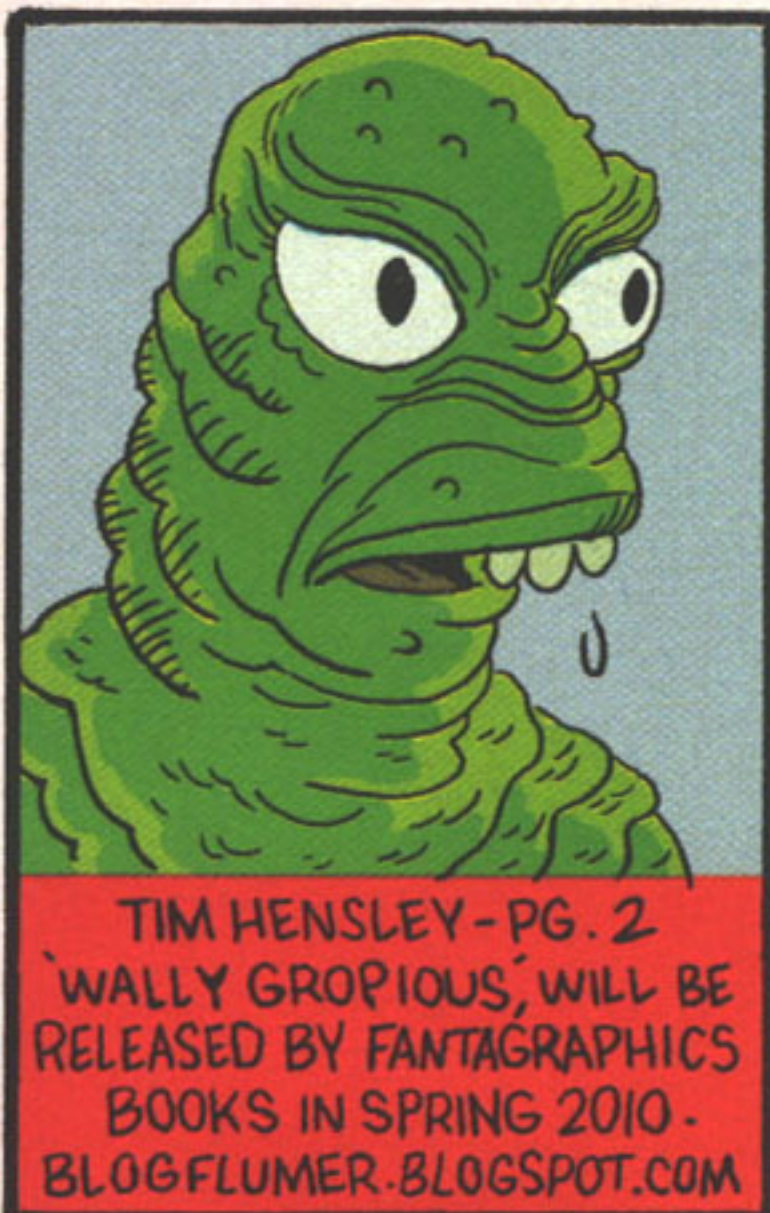
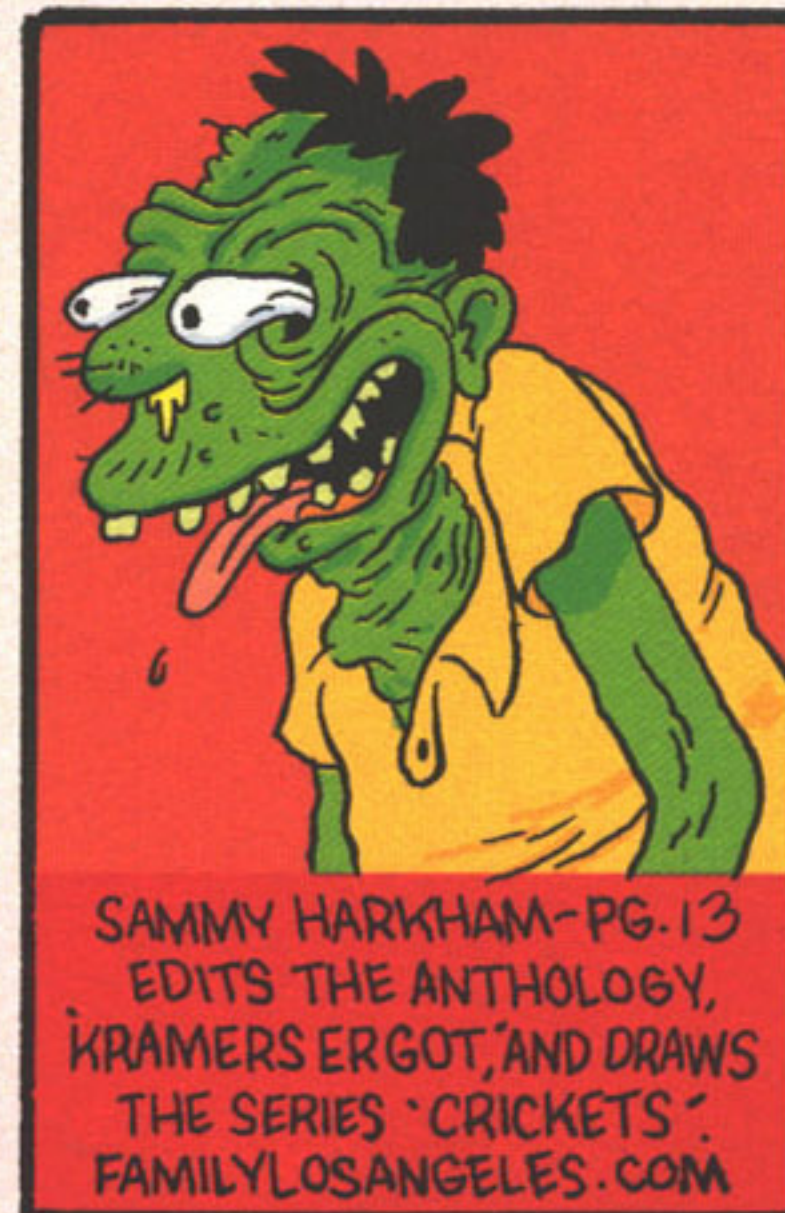
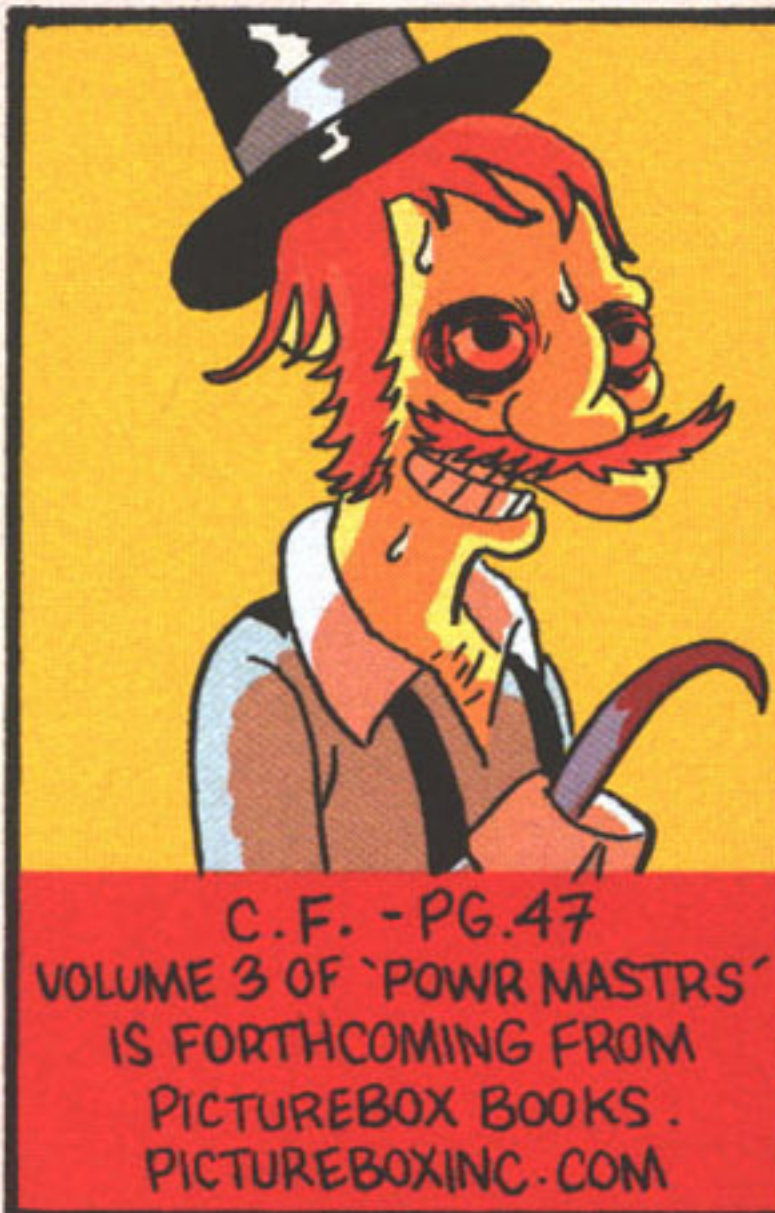
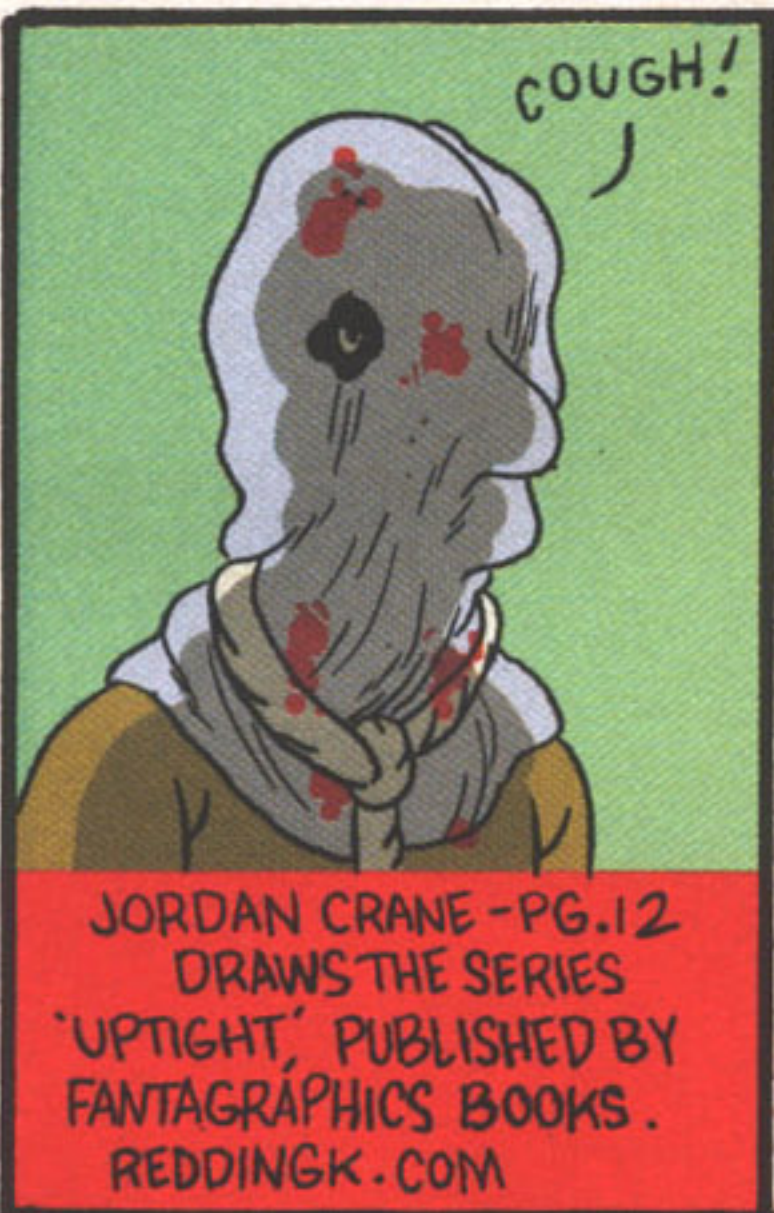
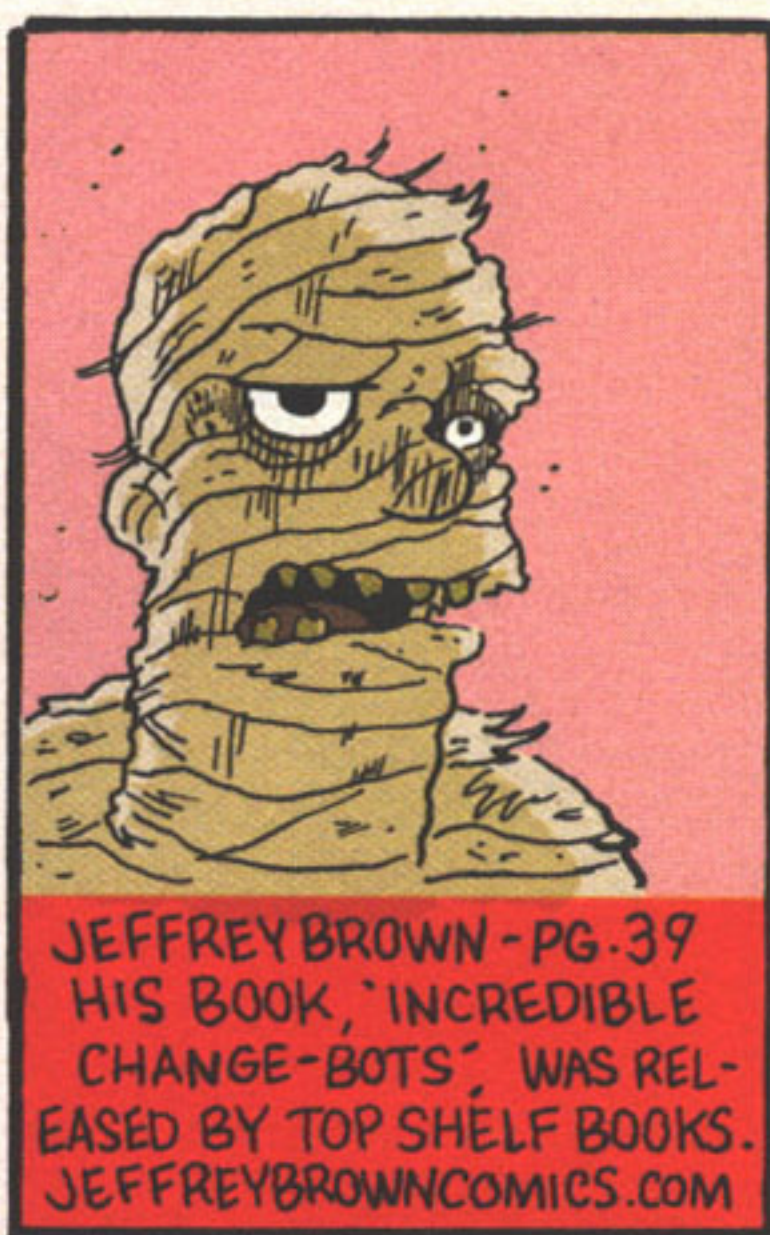
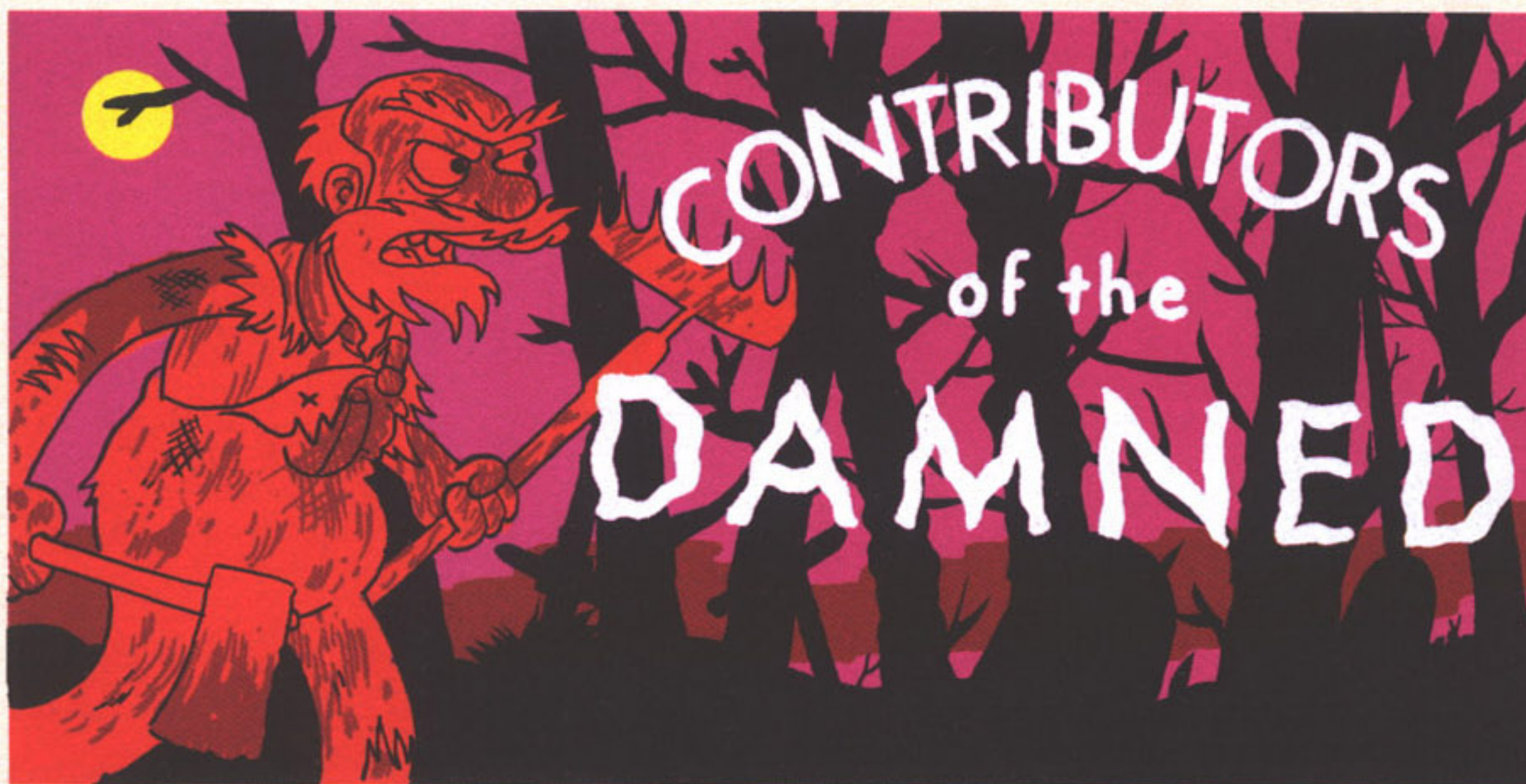
HAW
HAW!

RIP!

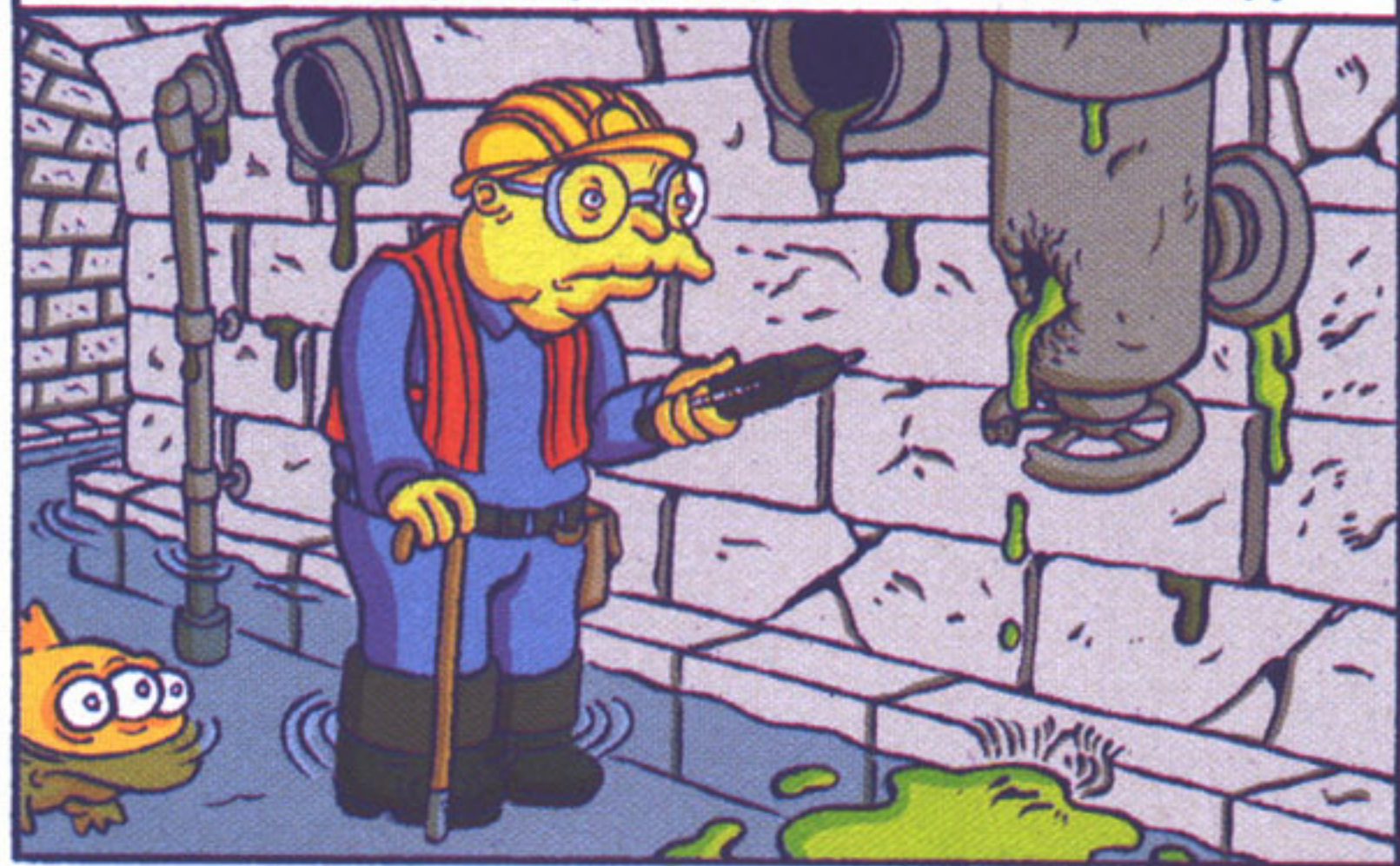








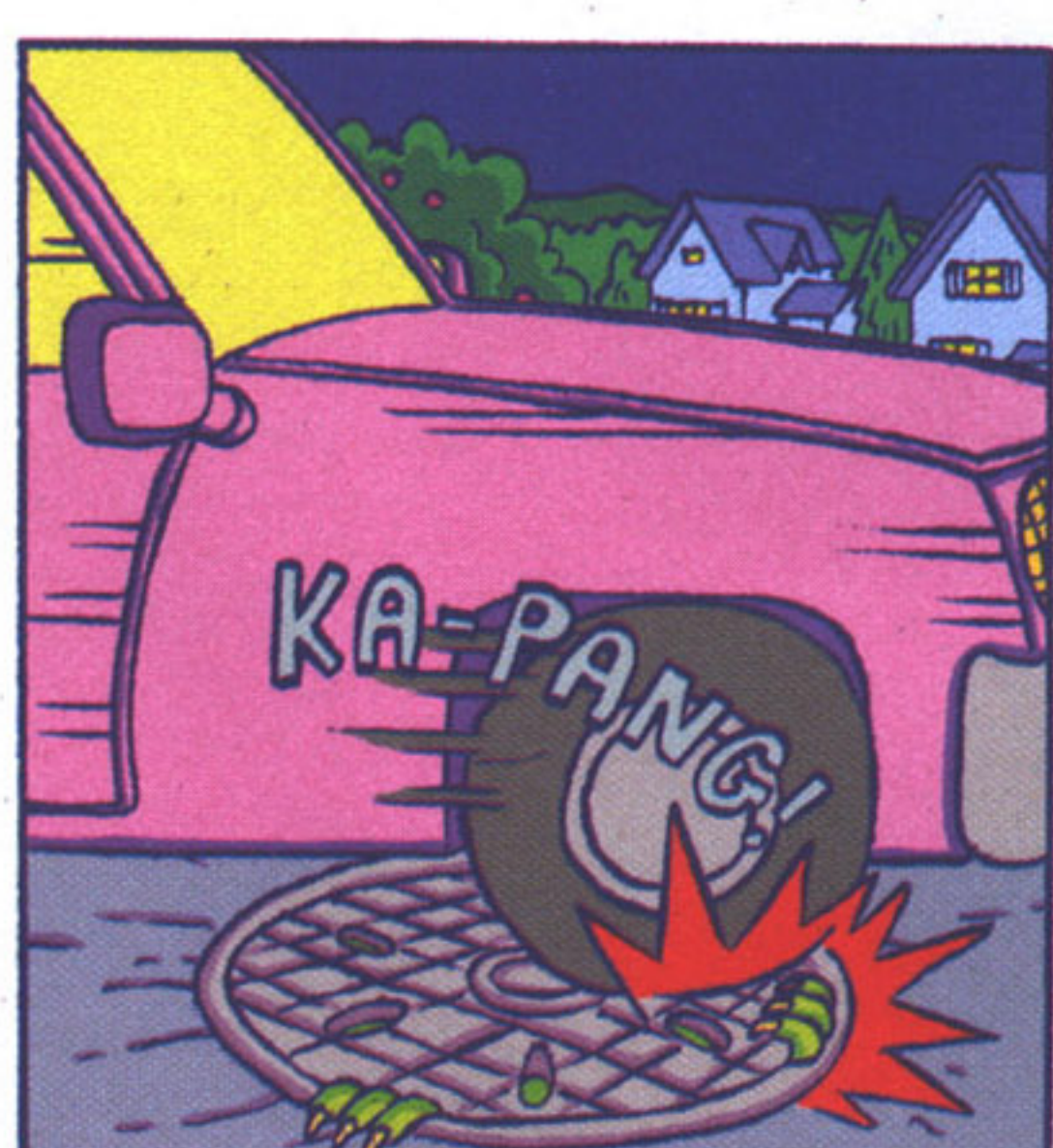
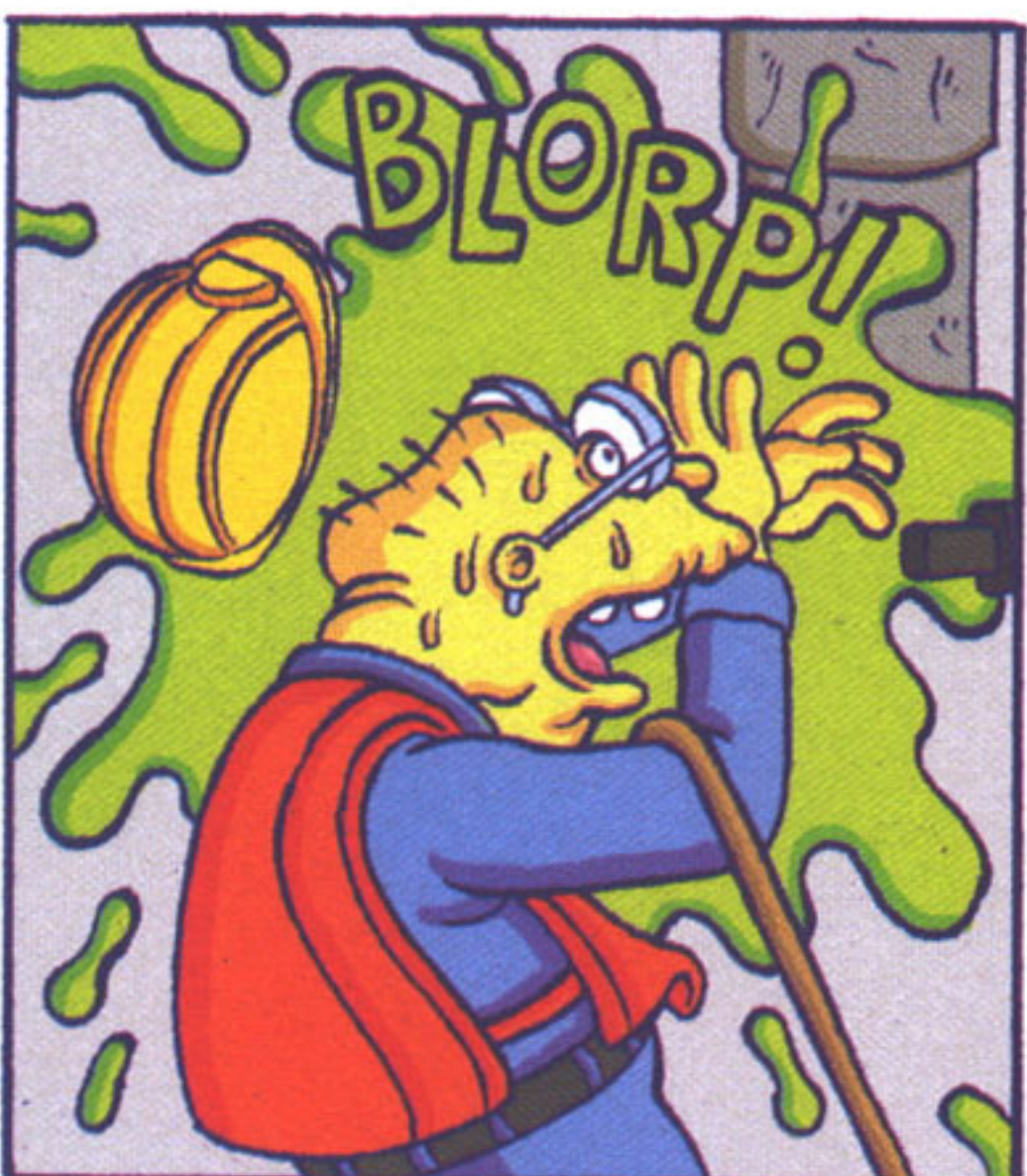
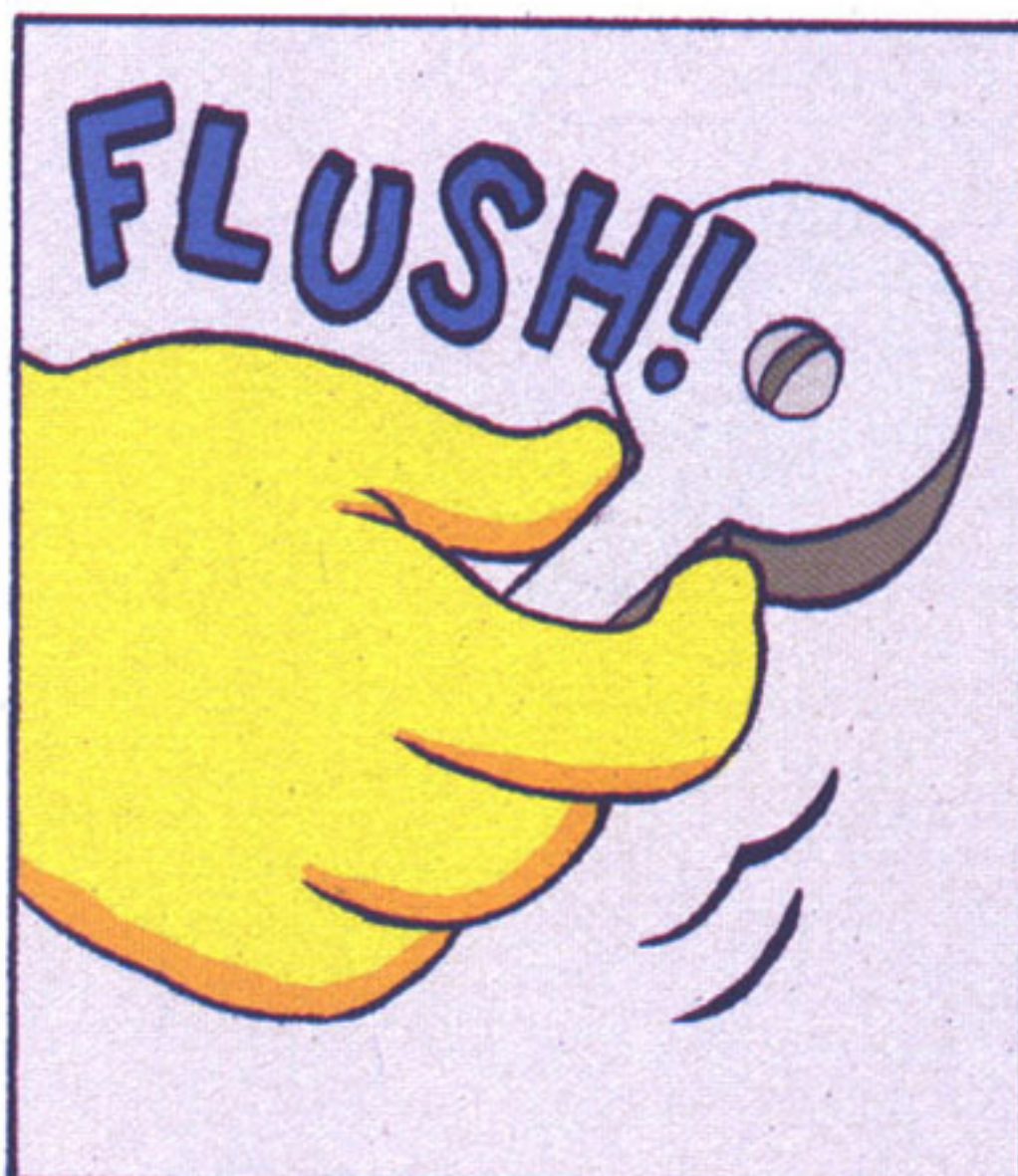
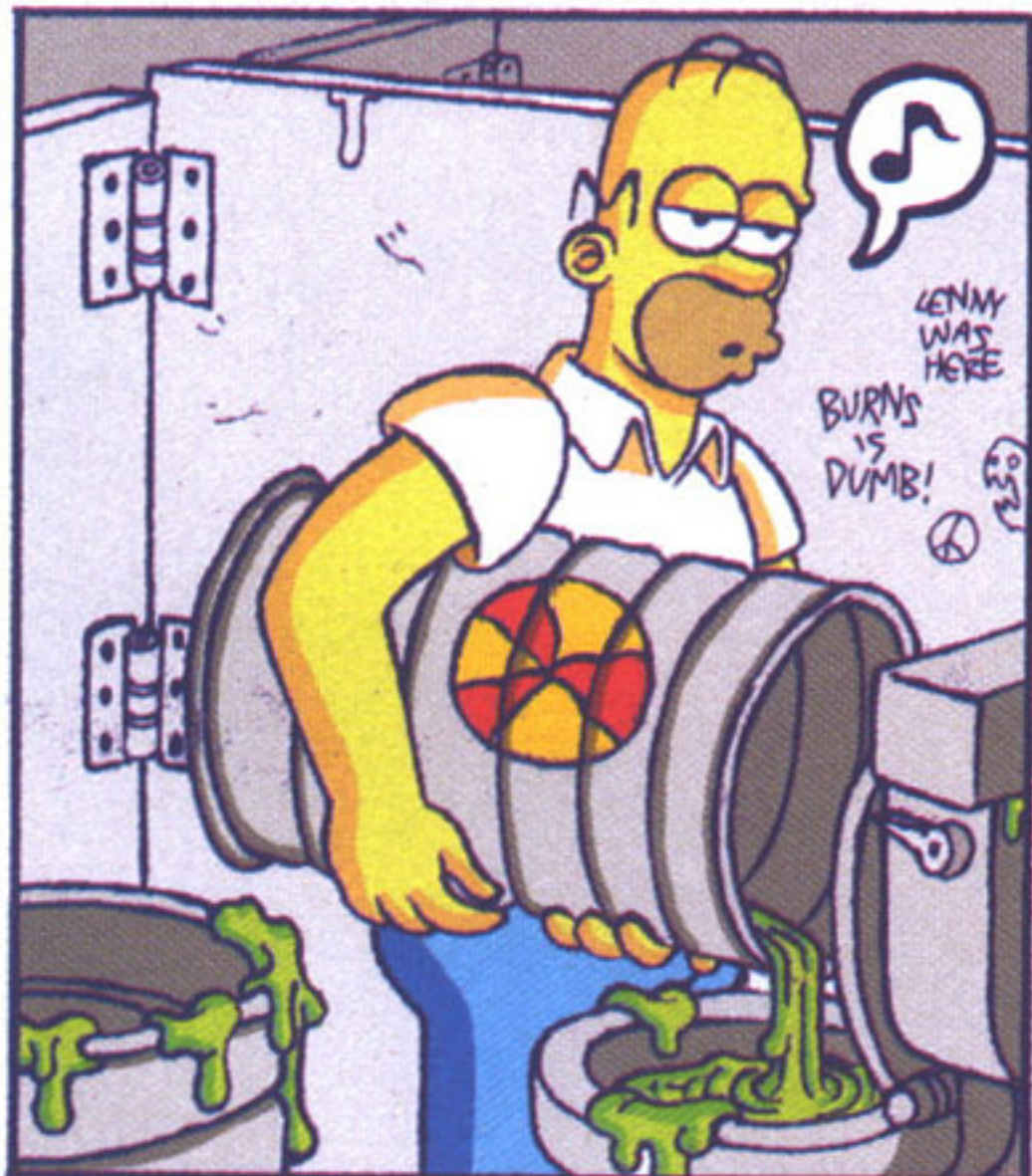
BENEATH SPRINGFIELD, SEWER WORKER HANS MOLEMAN MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

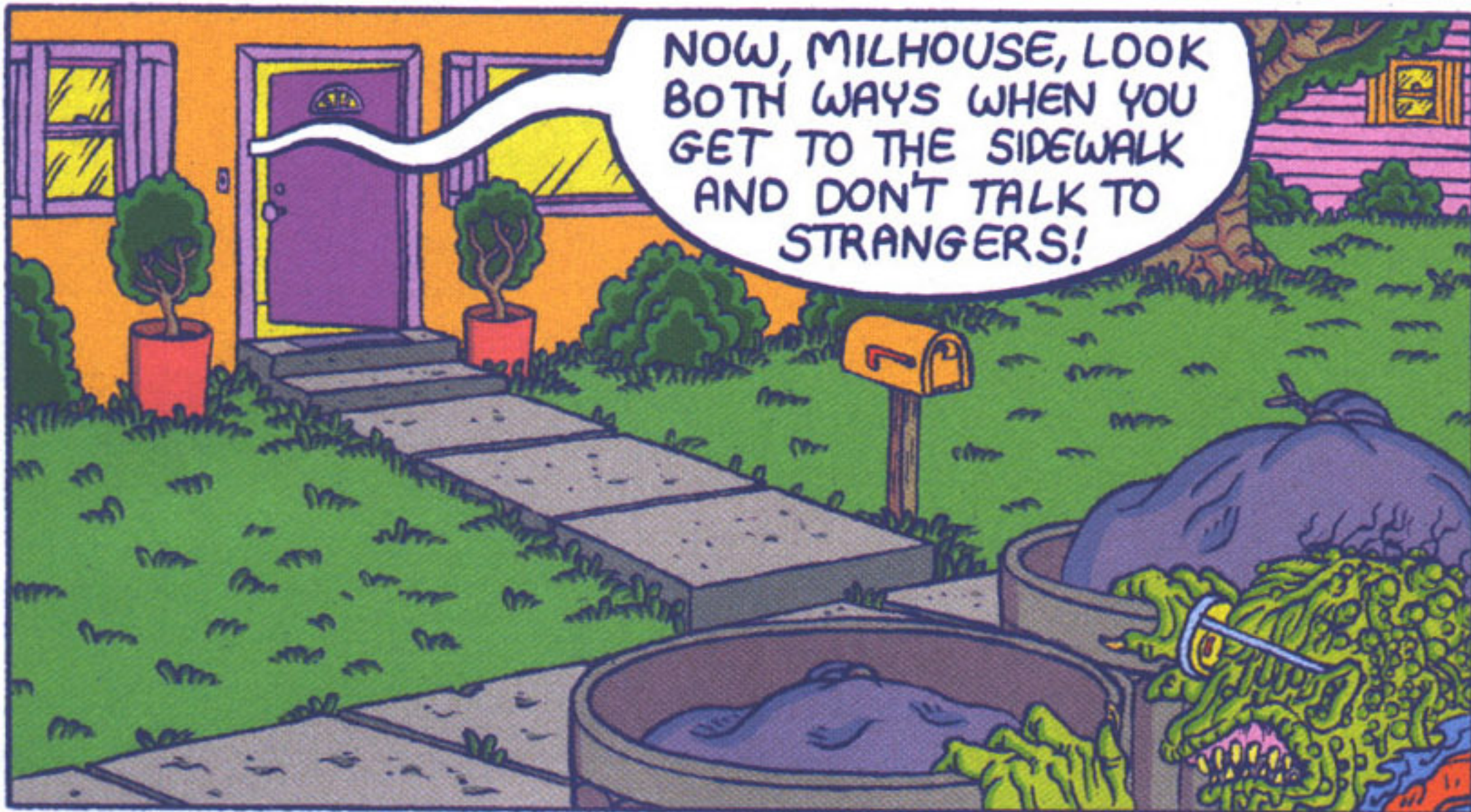
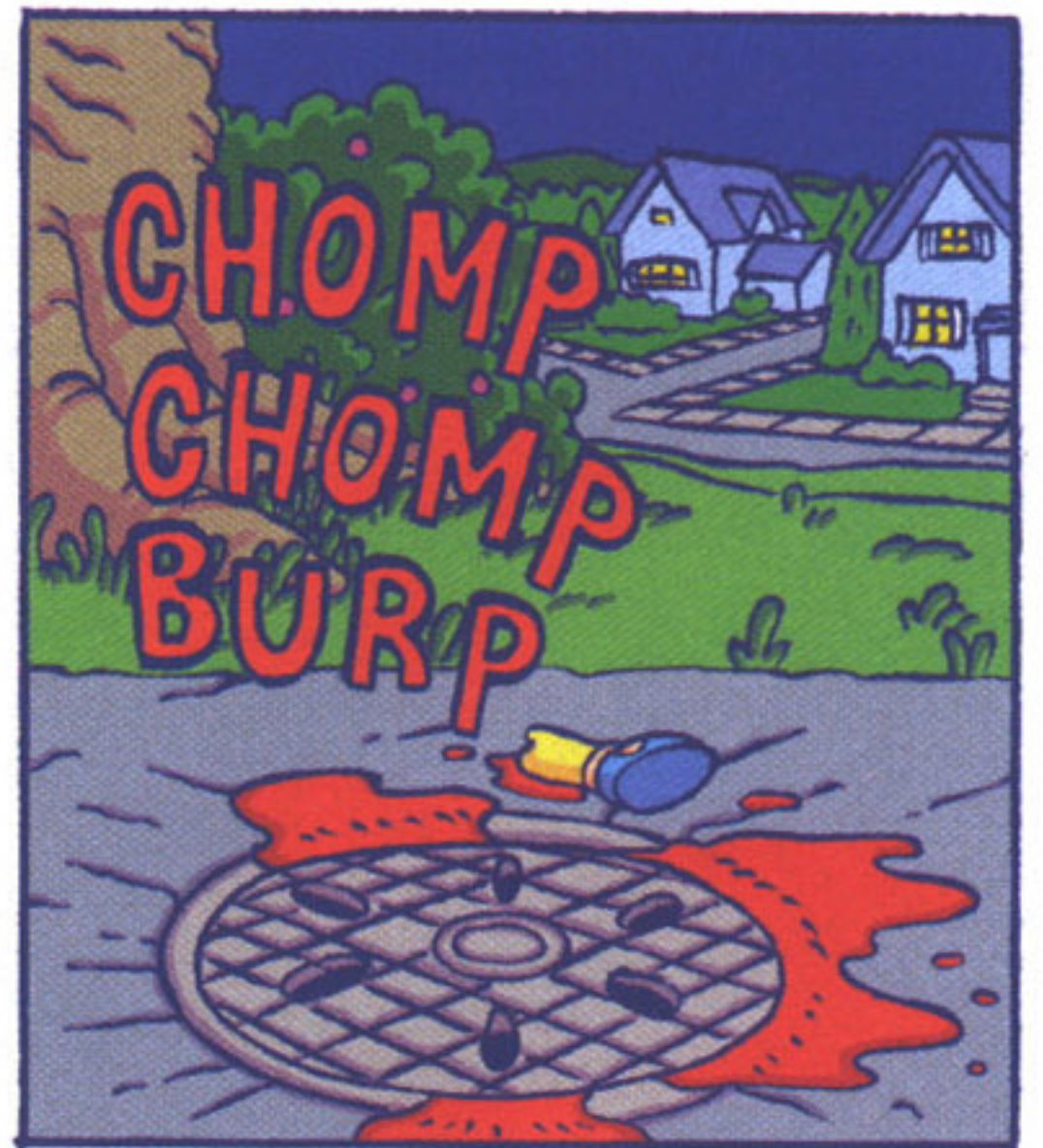


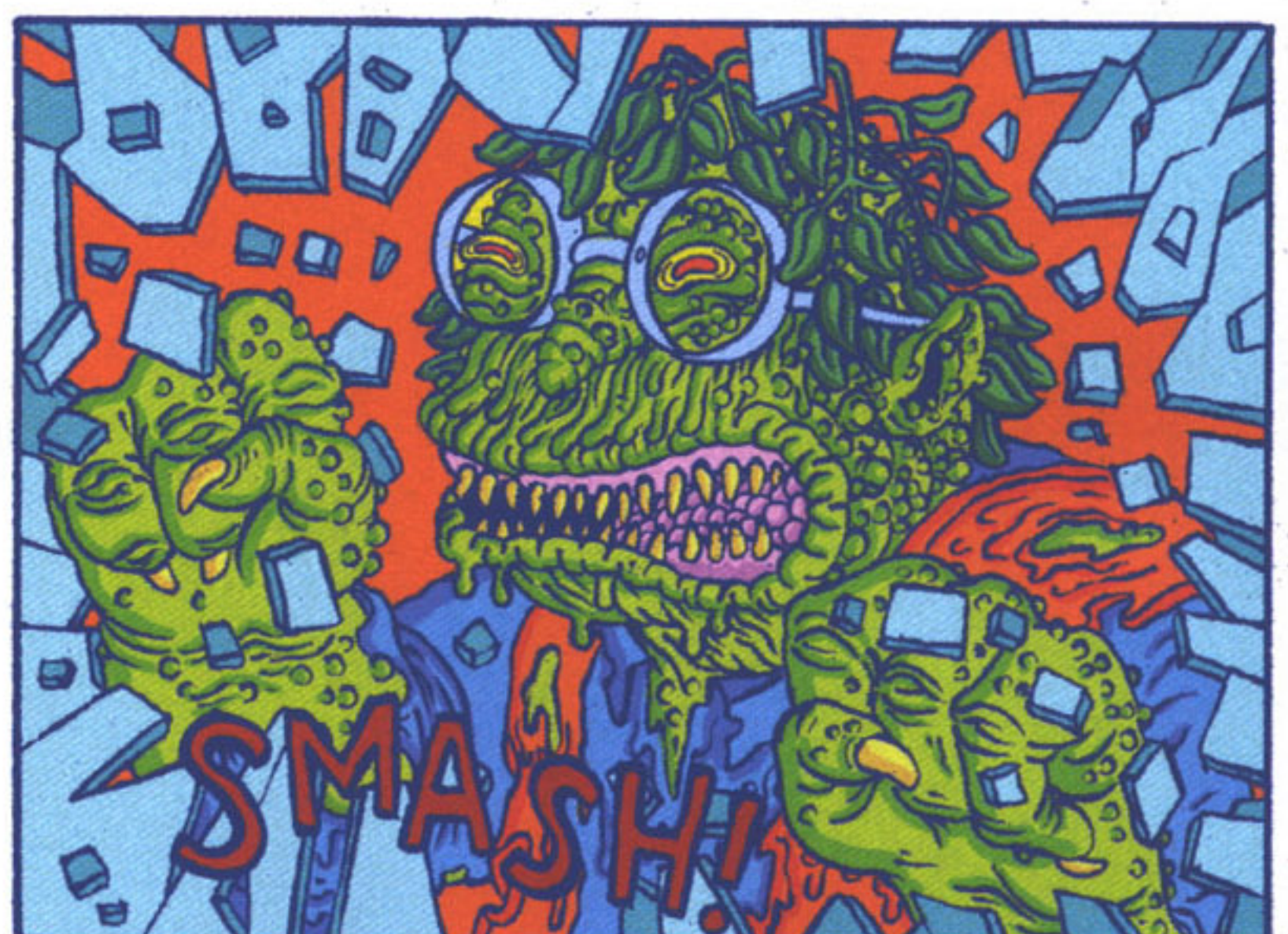
THIS IS TOXIC WASTE!



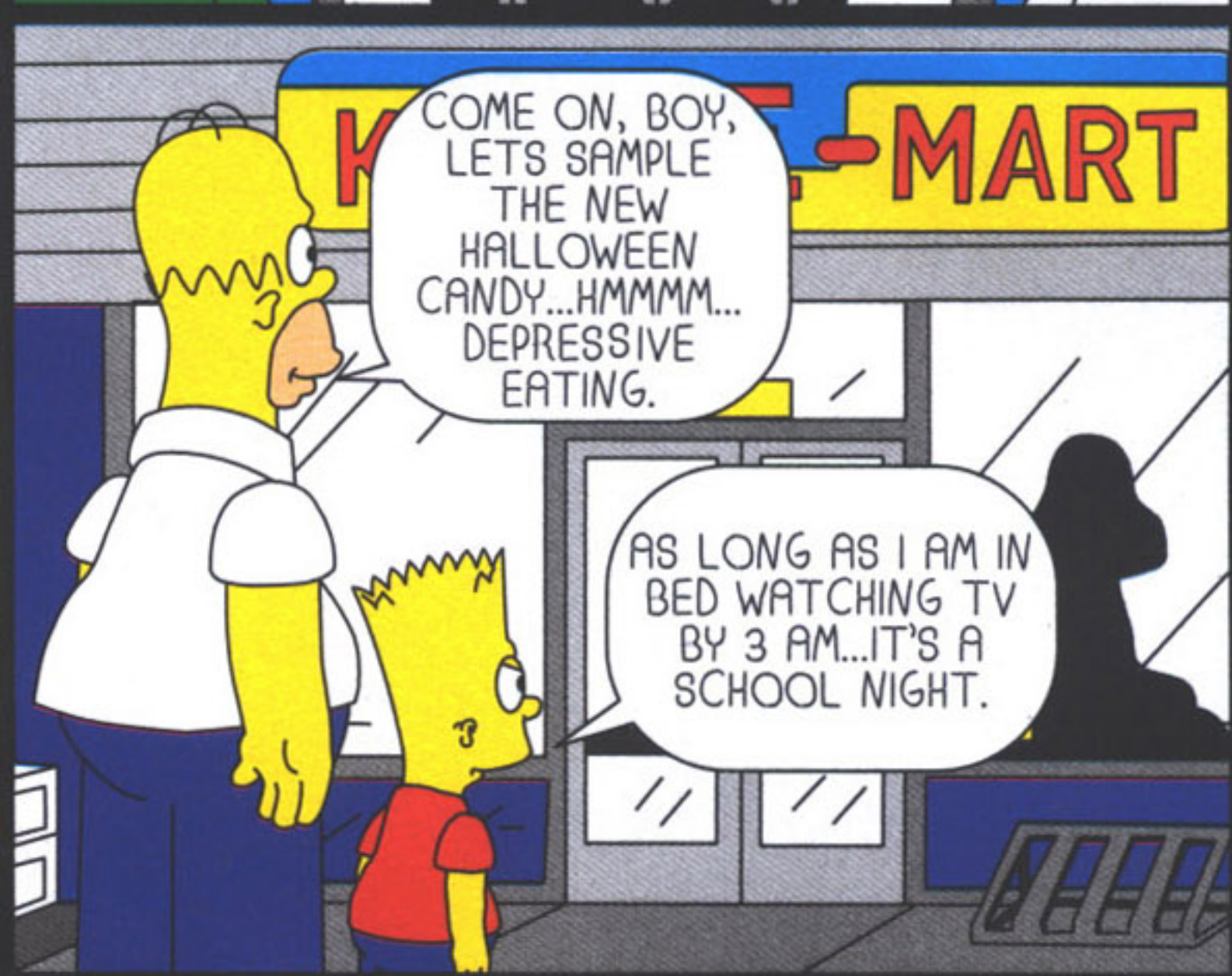
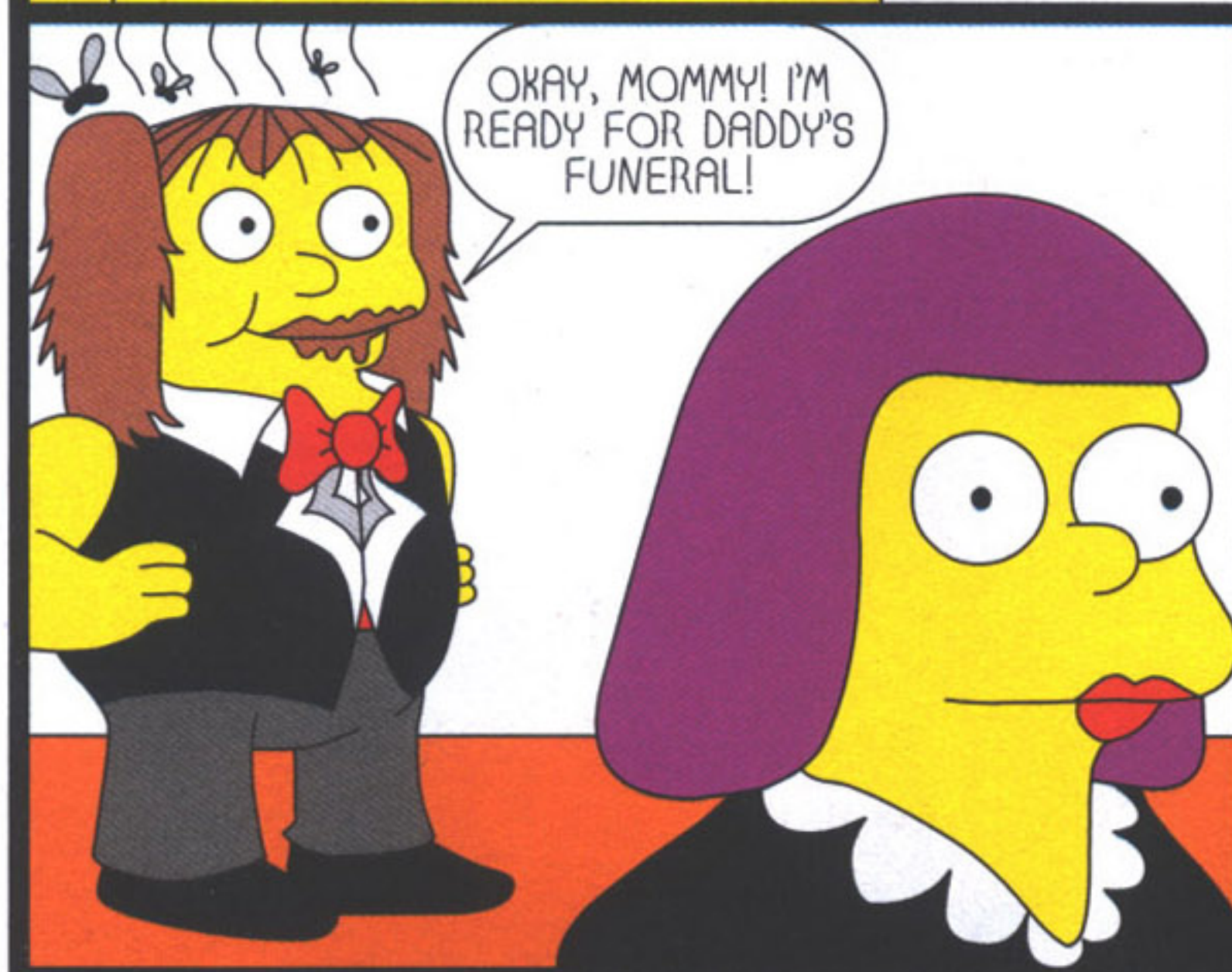
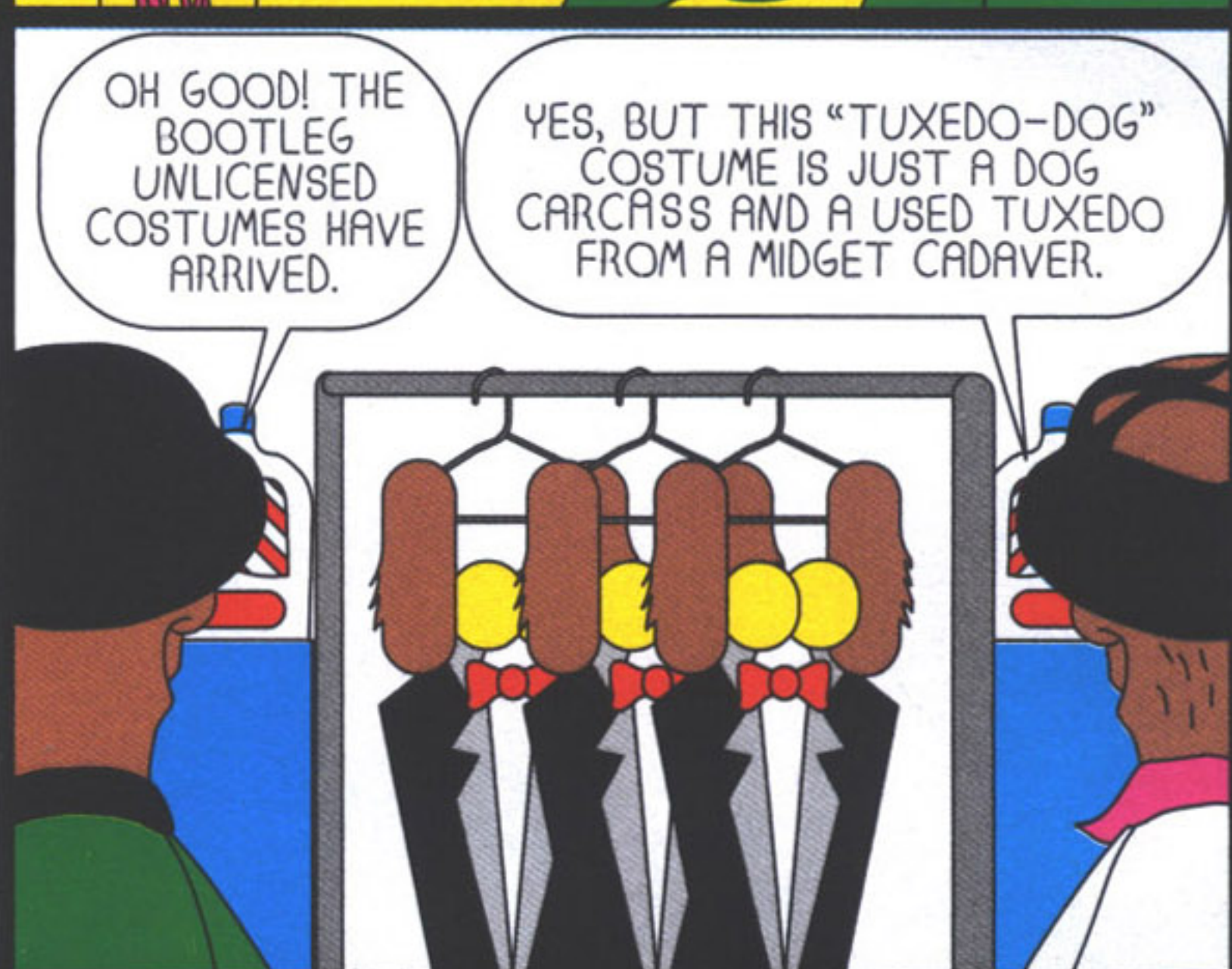
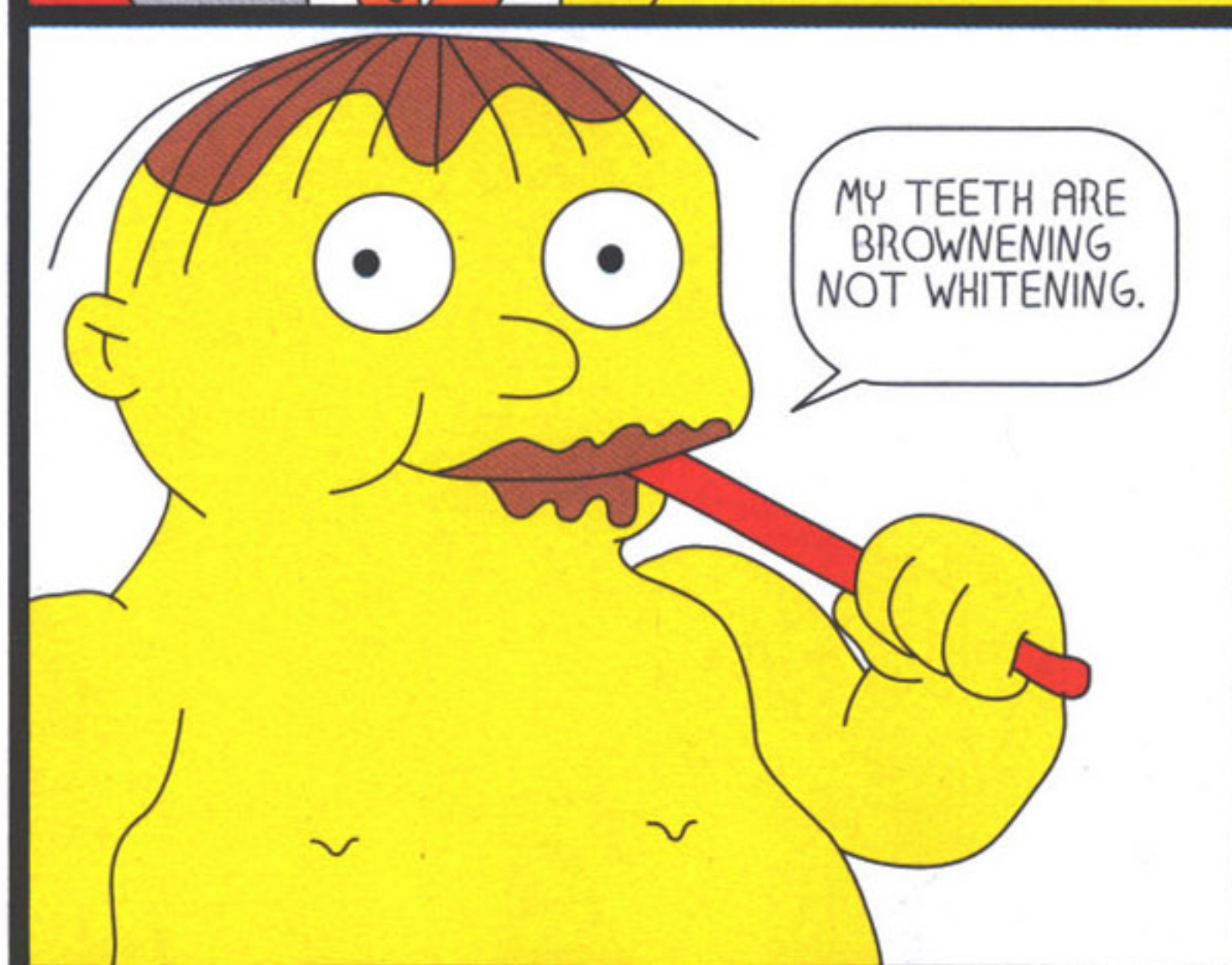
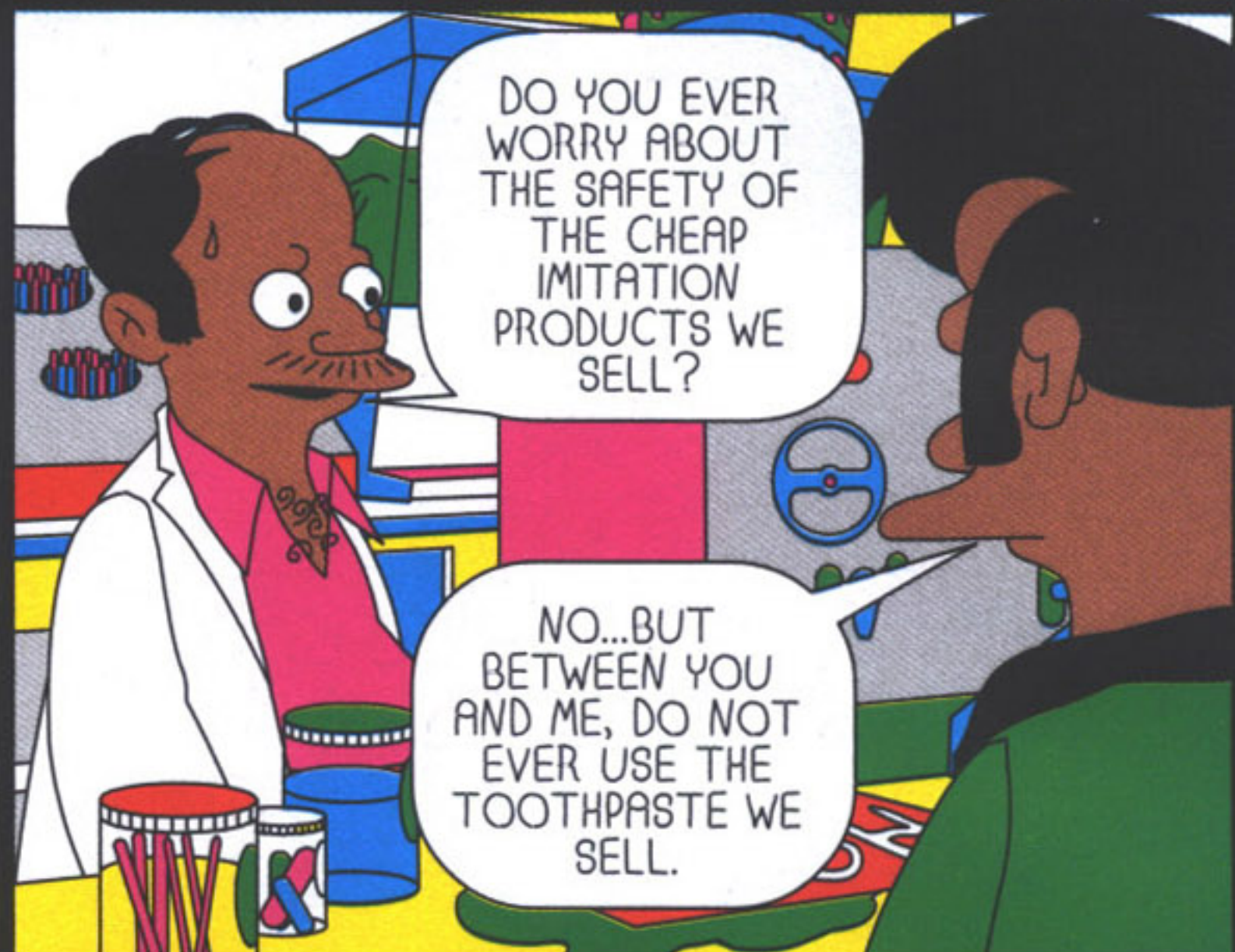
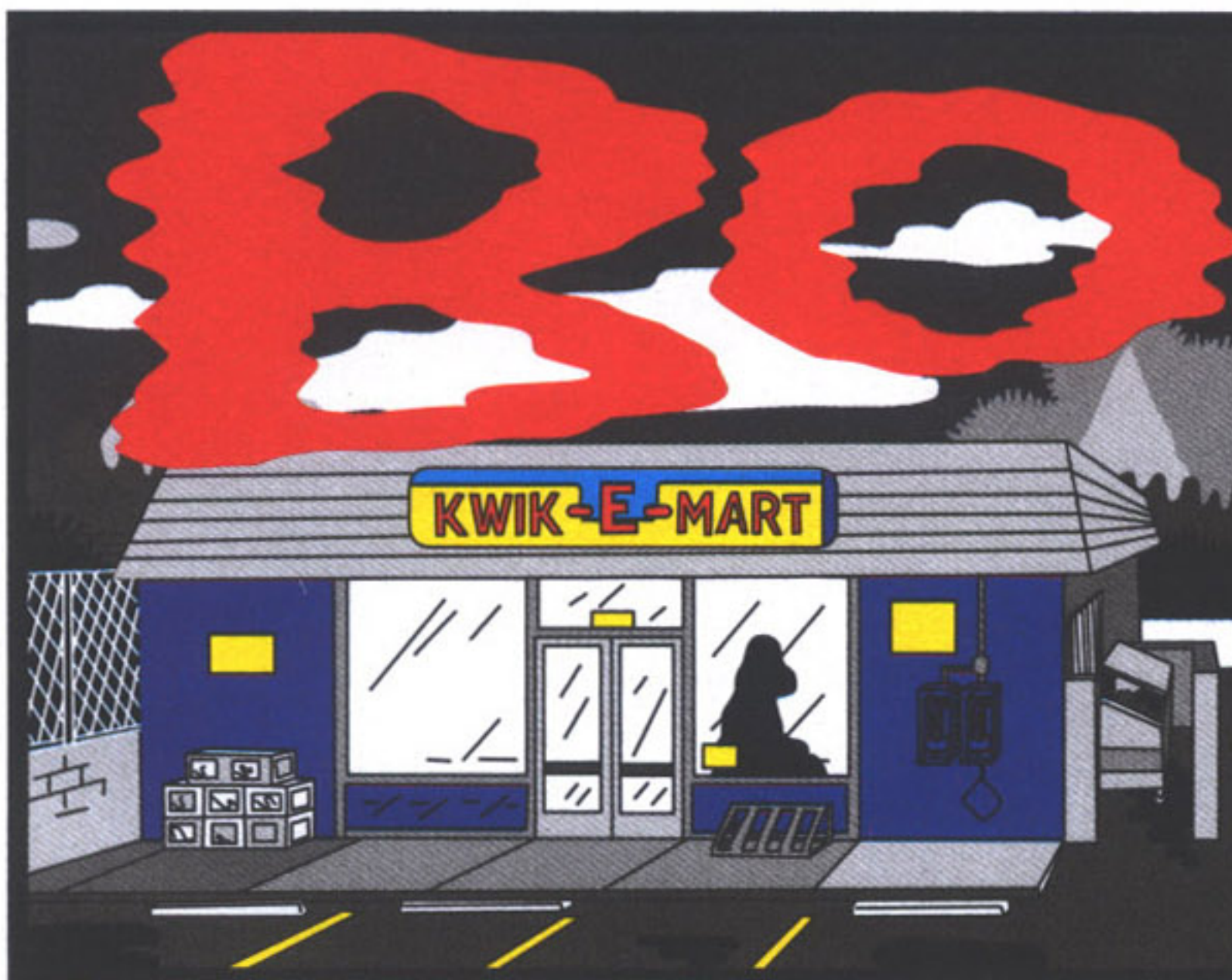
WHO COULD BE FLUSHING SUCH RADIOACTIVE MATERIAL?!

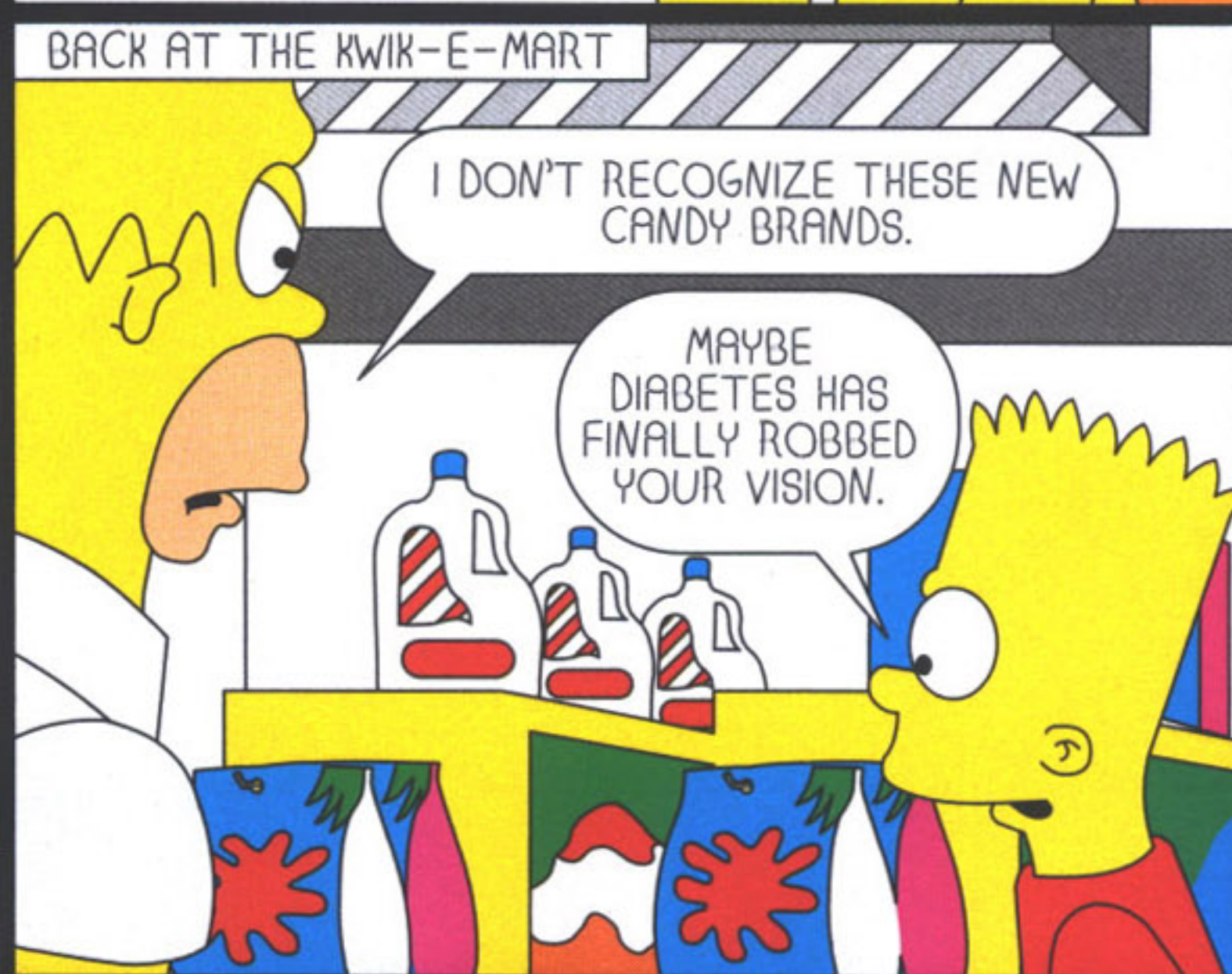


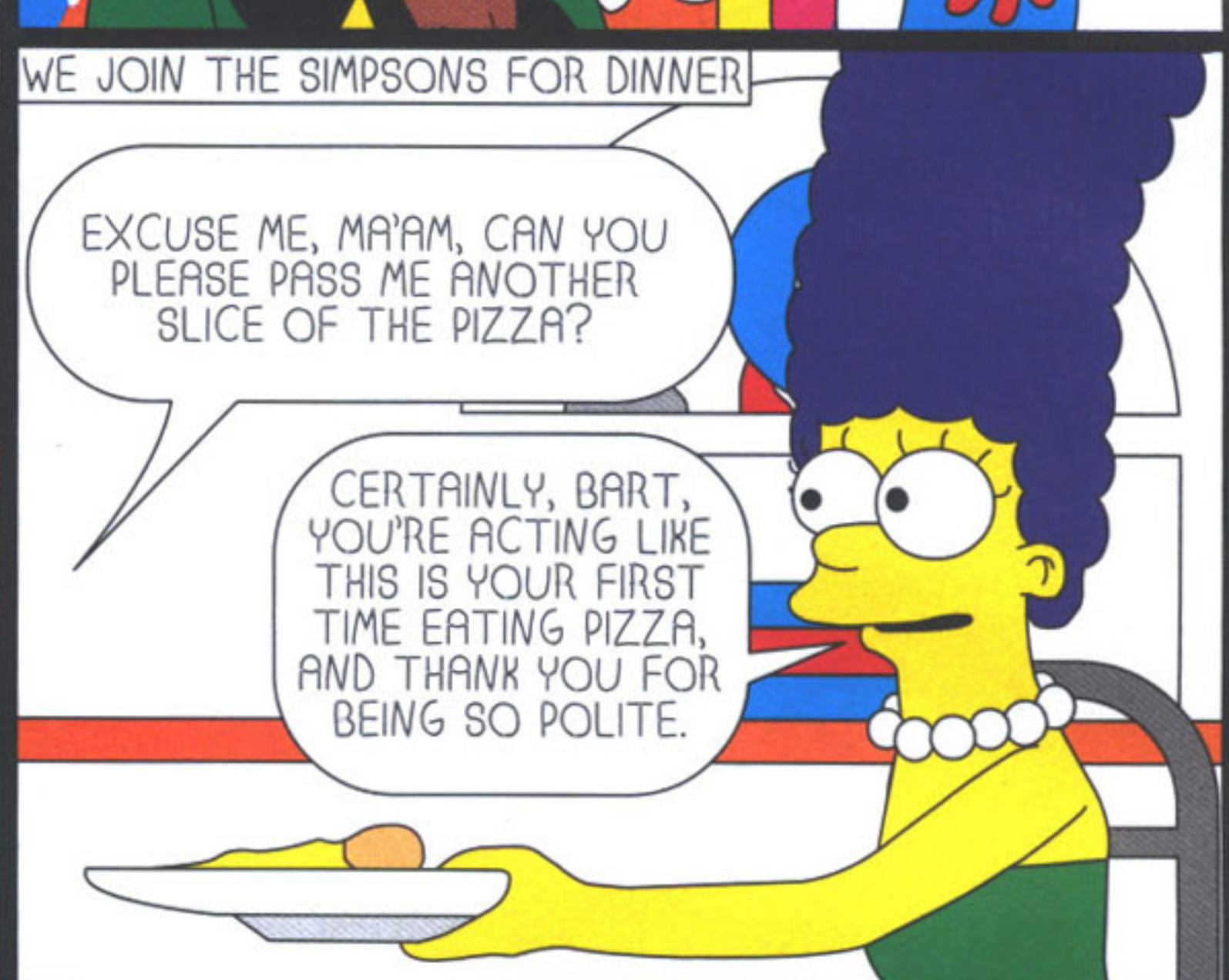
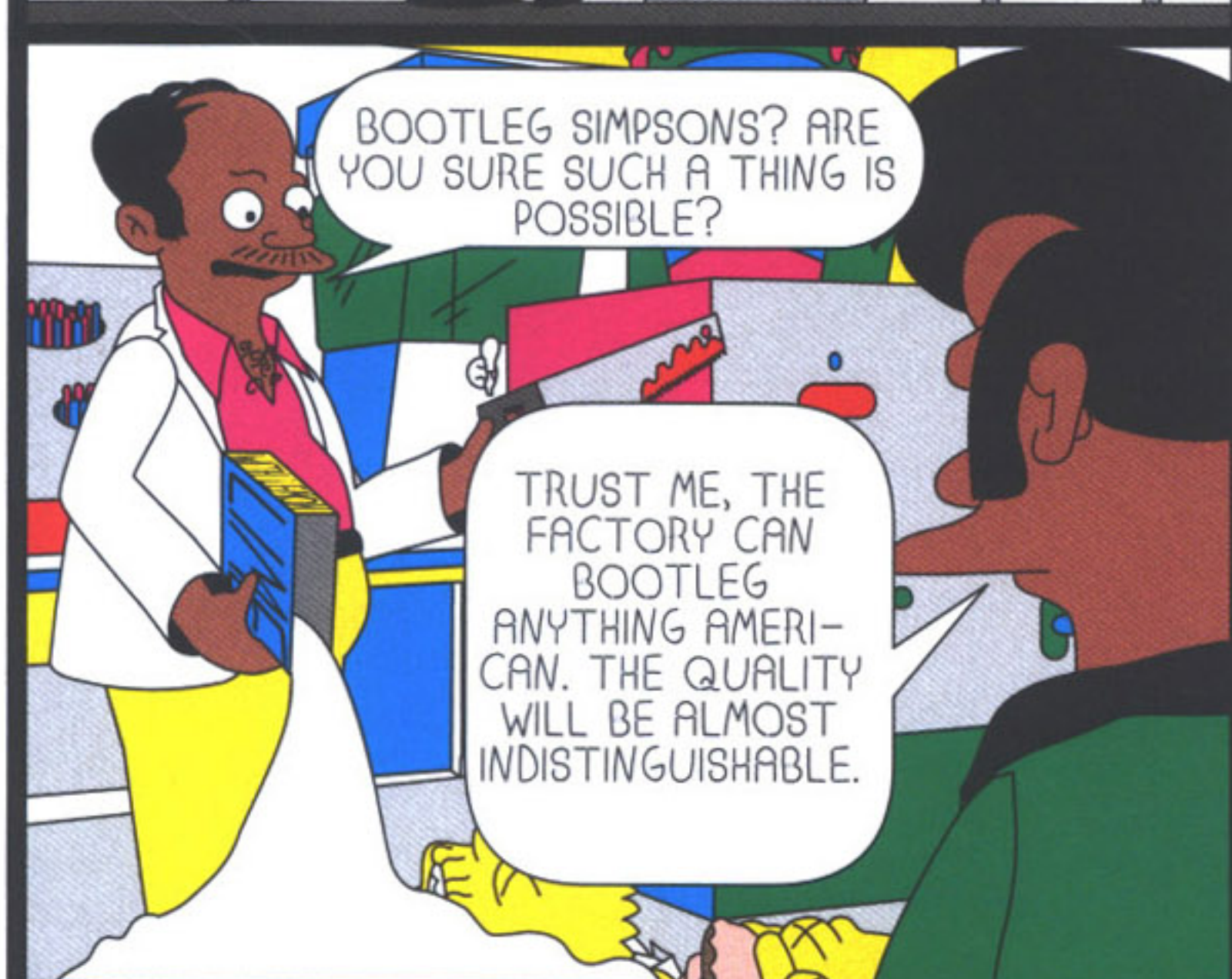


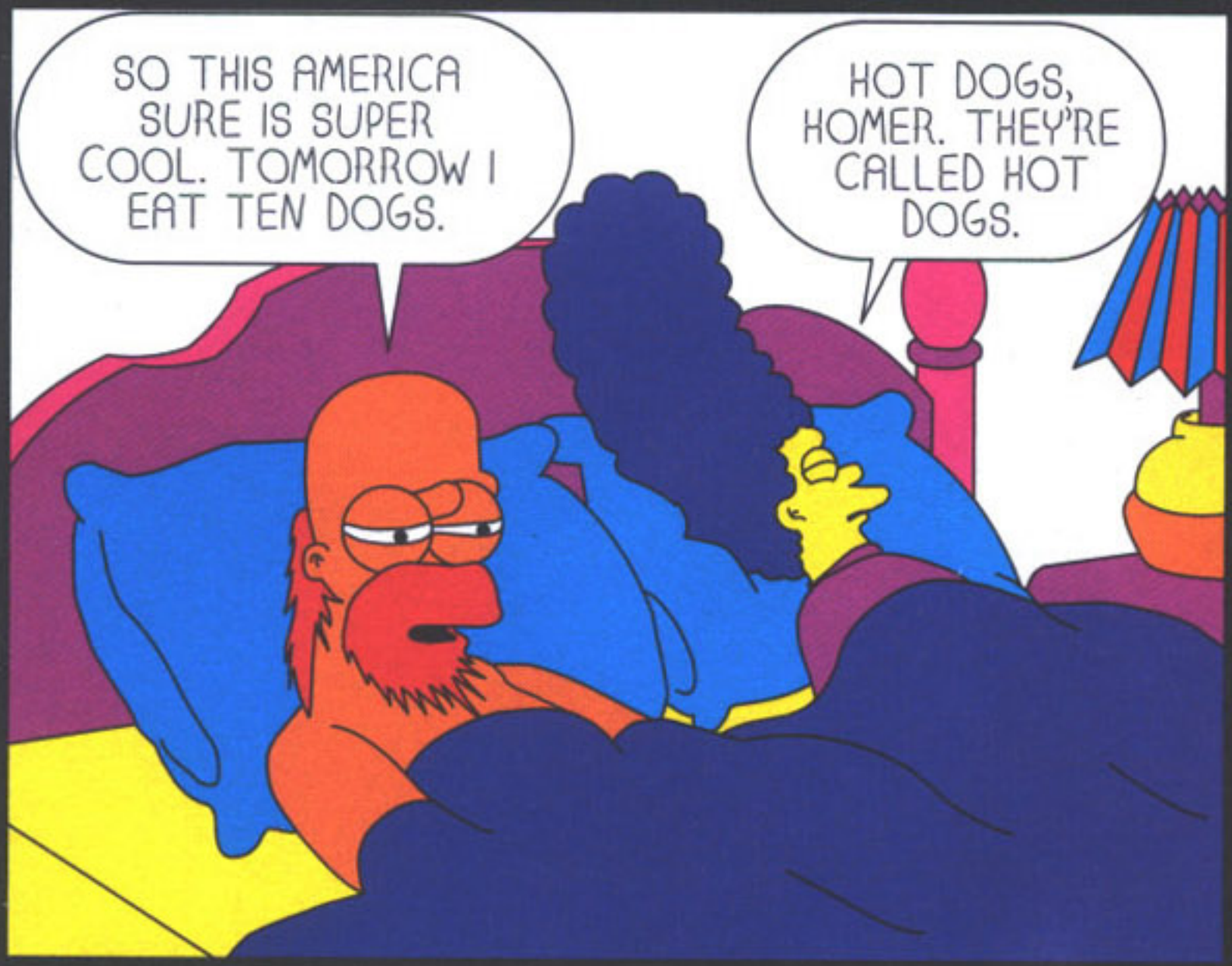
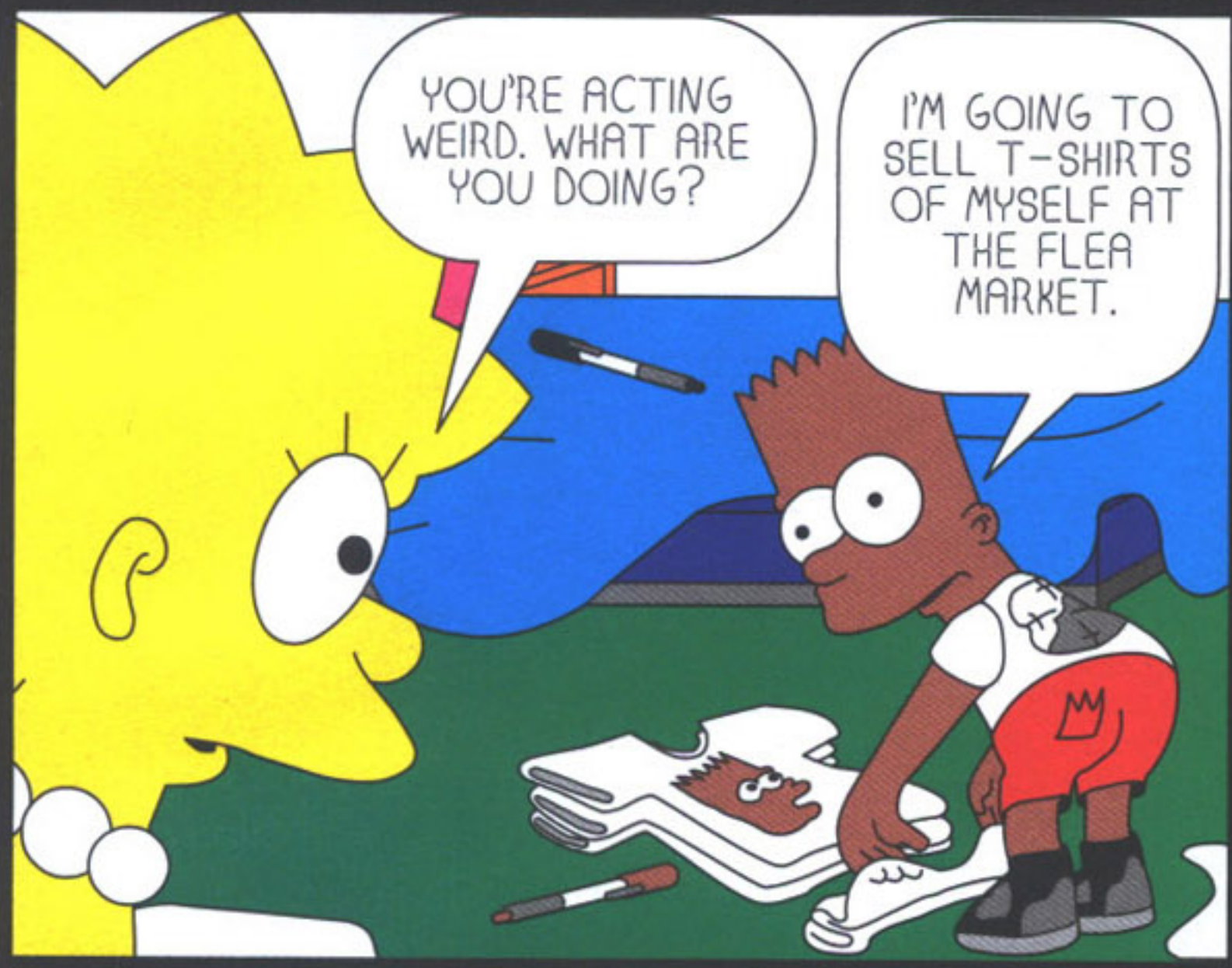
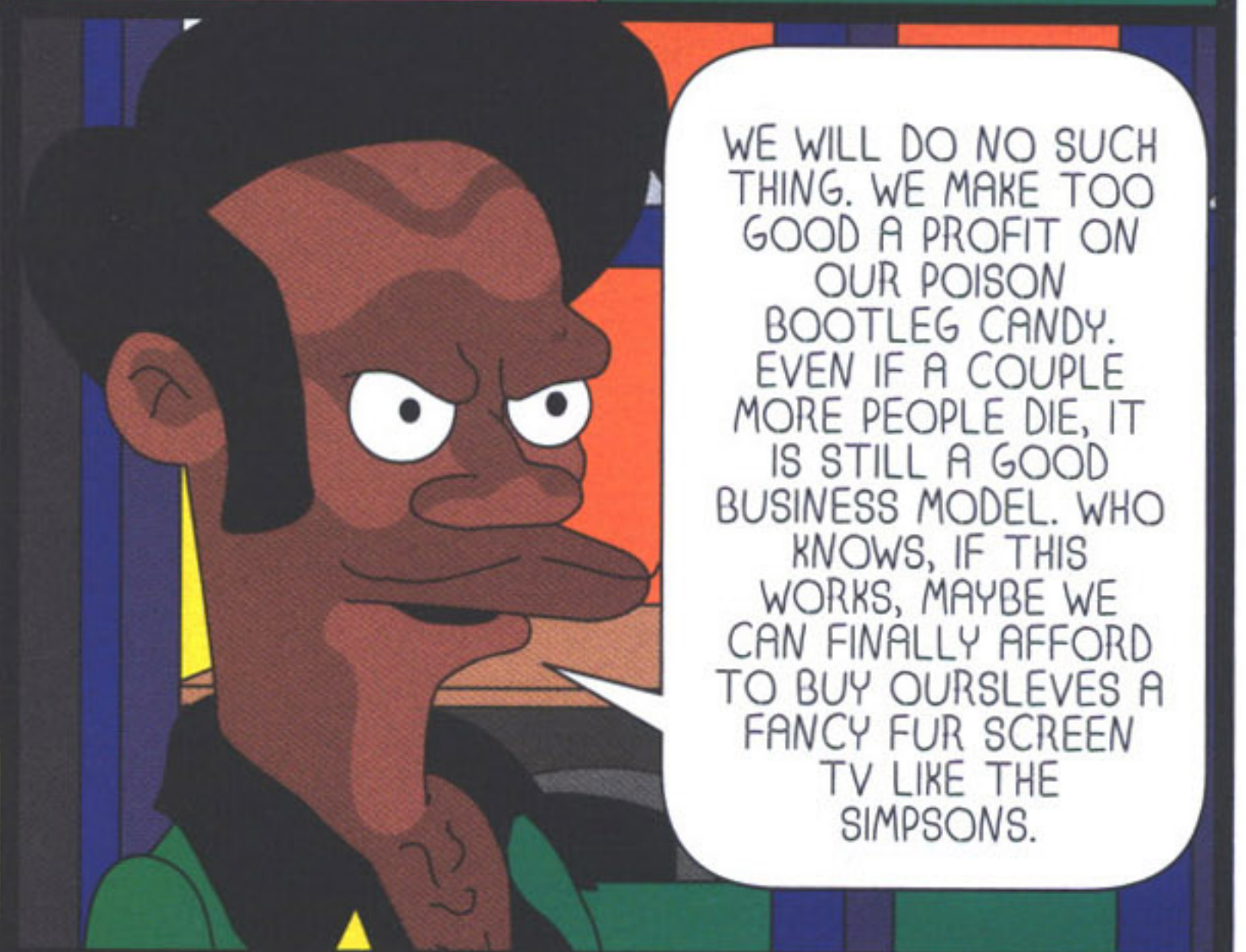
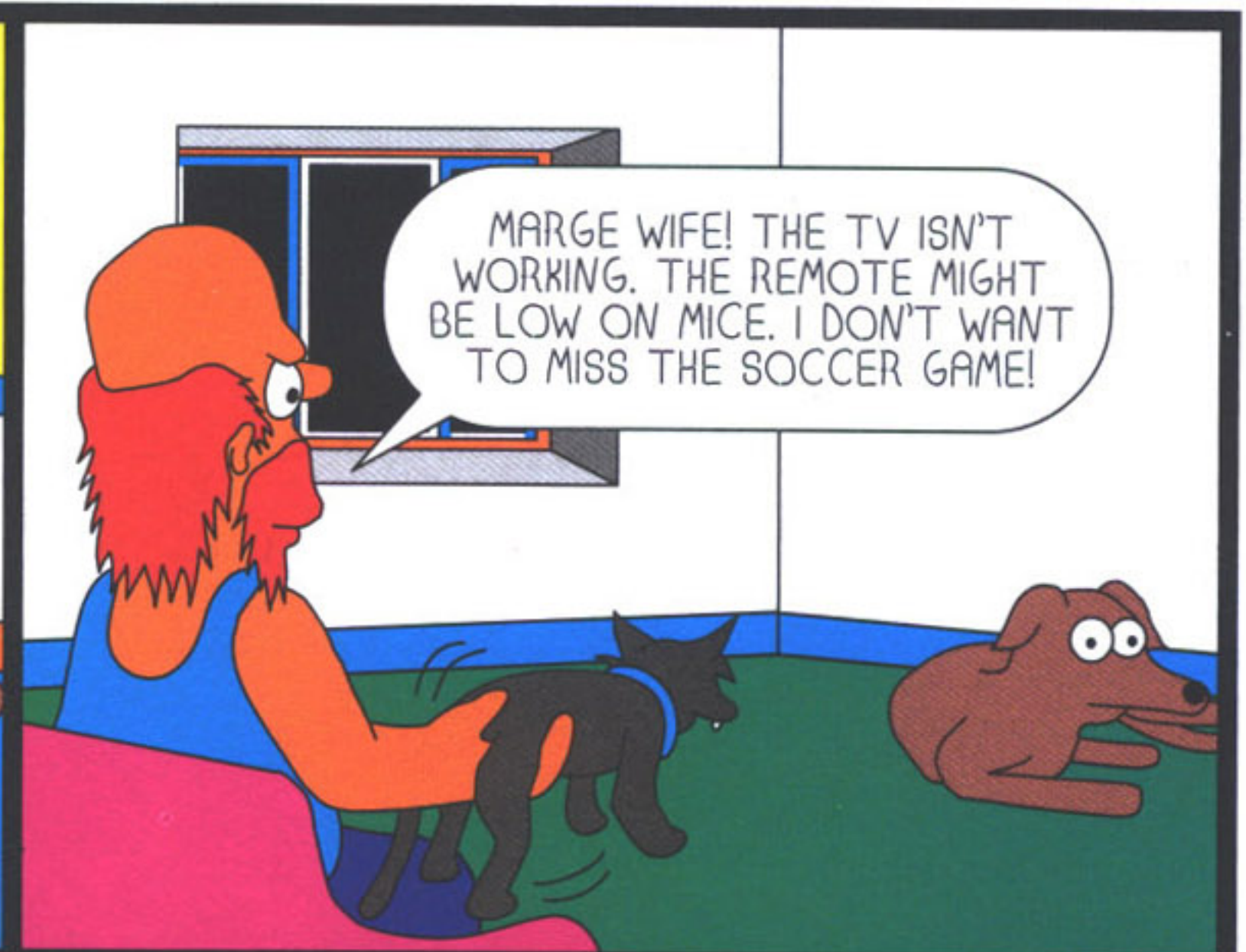




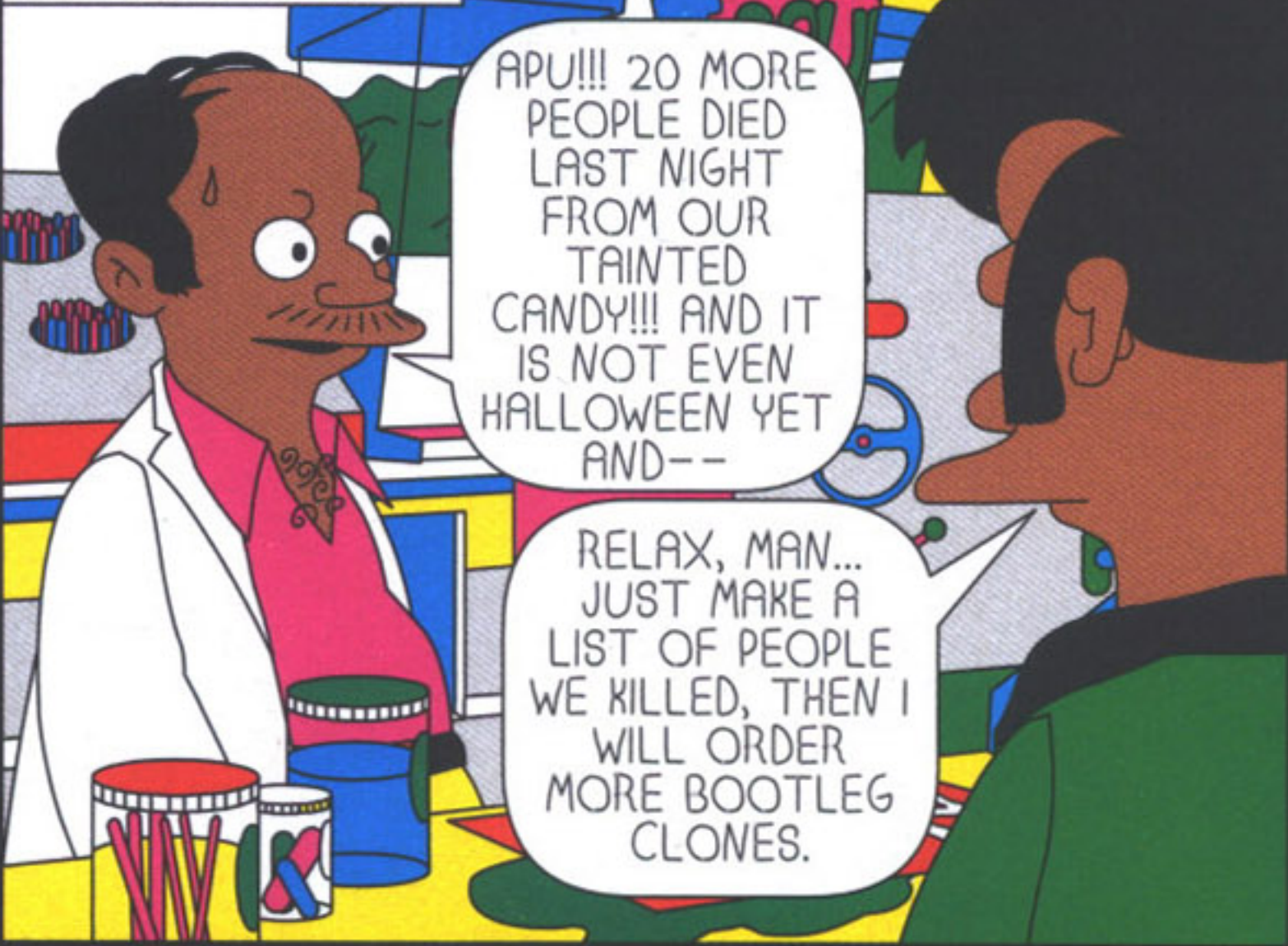








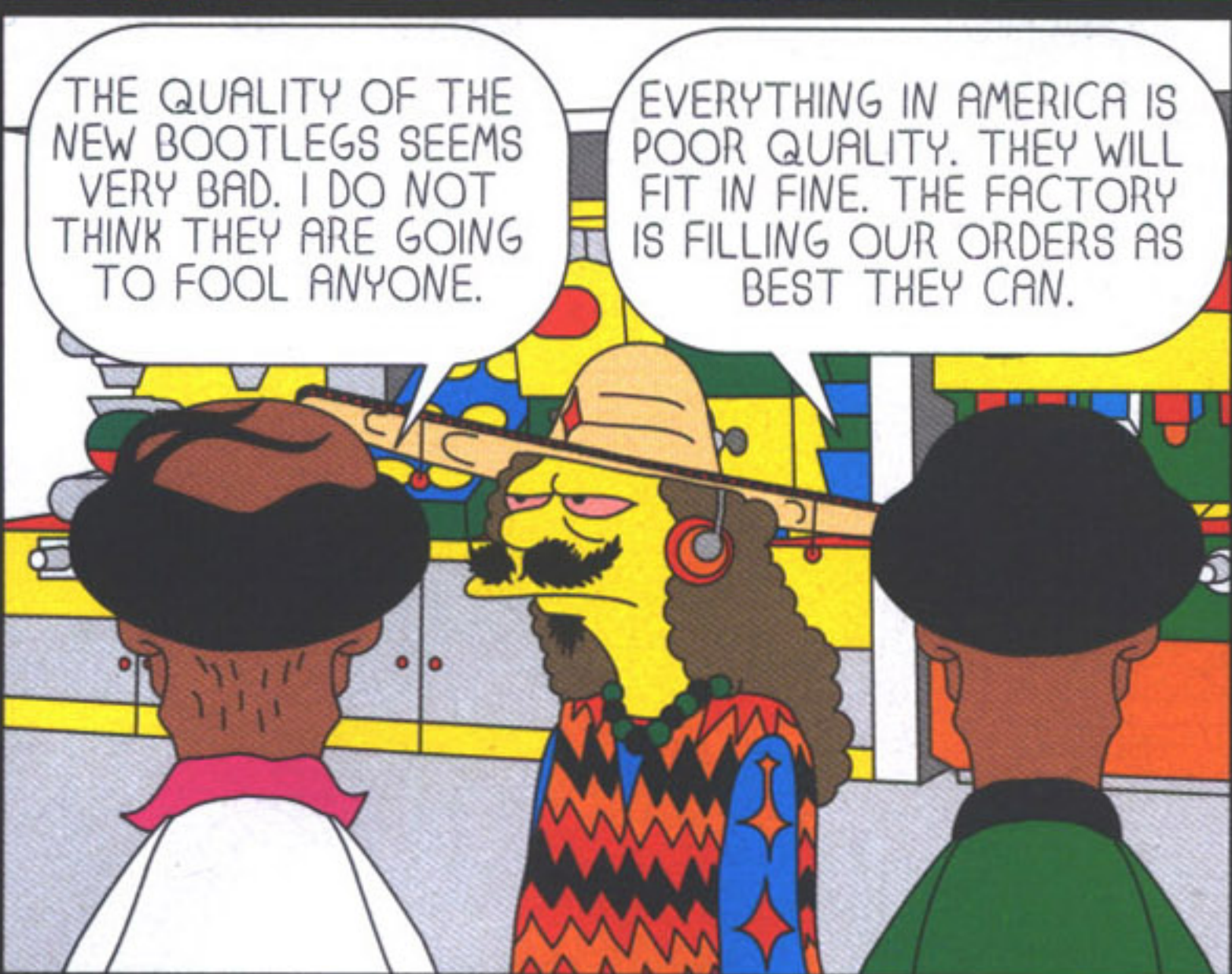
THE NEXT MORNING



APU!!! 20 MORE PEOPLE DIED LAST NIGHT FROM OUR TAINTED CANDY!!! AND IT IS NOT EVEN HALLOWEEN YET AND--

RELAX, MAN... JUST MAKE A LIST OF PEOPLE WE KILLED, THEN I WILL ORDER MORE BOOTLEG CLONES.

SPEEDY DELIVERY...



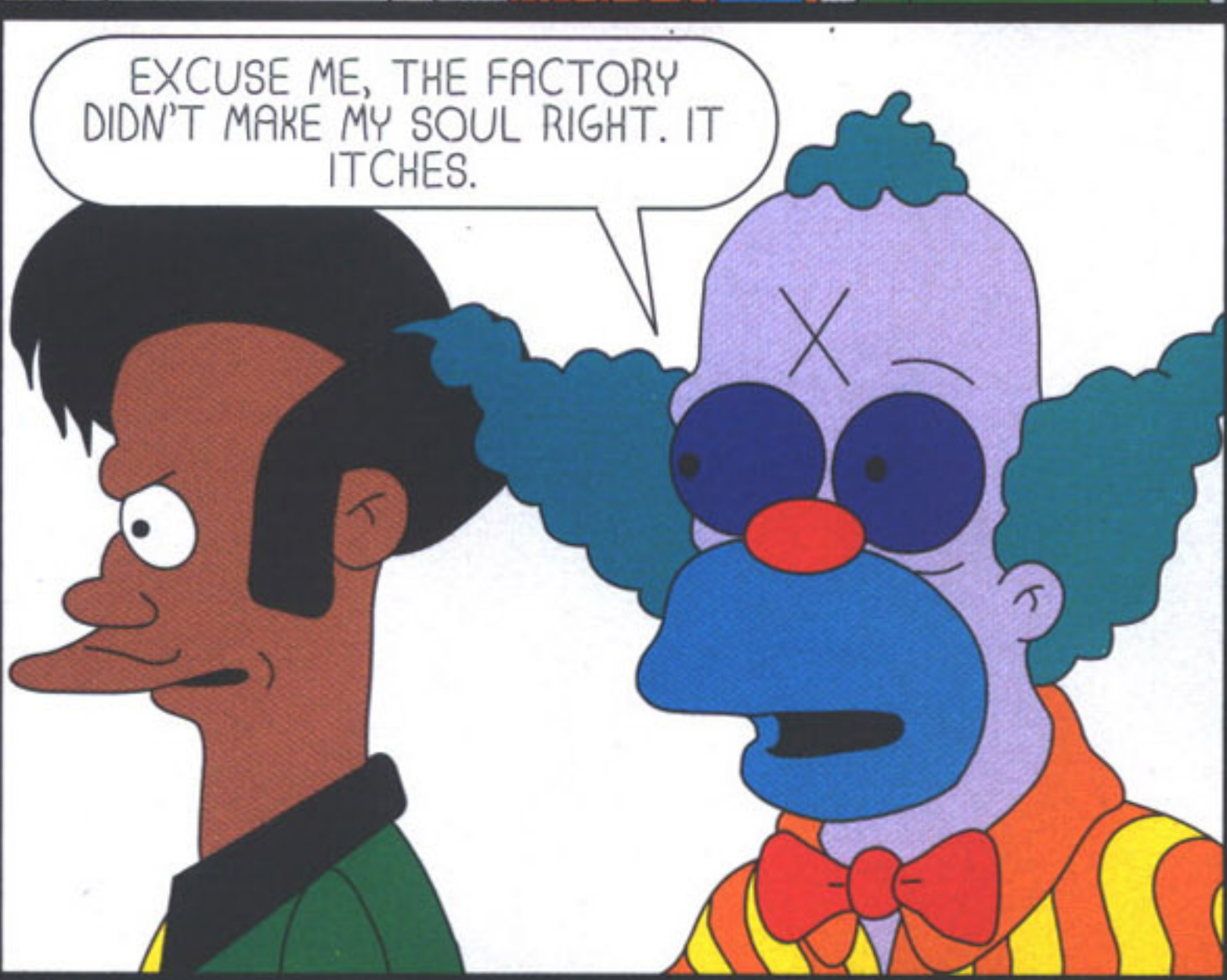
THE QUALITY OF THE NEW BOOTLEGS SEEMS VERY BAD. I DO NOT THINK THEY ARE GOING TO FOOL ANYONE.

EVERYTHING IN AMERICA IS POOR QUALITY. THEY WILL FIT IN FINE. THE FACTORY IS FILLING OUR ORDERS AS BEST THEY CAN.



ALL THIS MURDER AND DECEPTION IS GOING TO RUIN OUR KARMA.

DO NOT WORRY ABOUT KARMA, MAN. THE REASON WE HAVE SUCH A GOOD DEAL WITH OUR 3RD WORLD FACTORY IS THAT WE AGREED TO JOIN THE TALIBAN. SO, THE ONLY KARMA WE WILL EVER GET WILL BE A KAR-BOMBA.

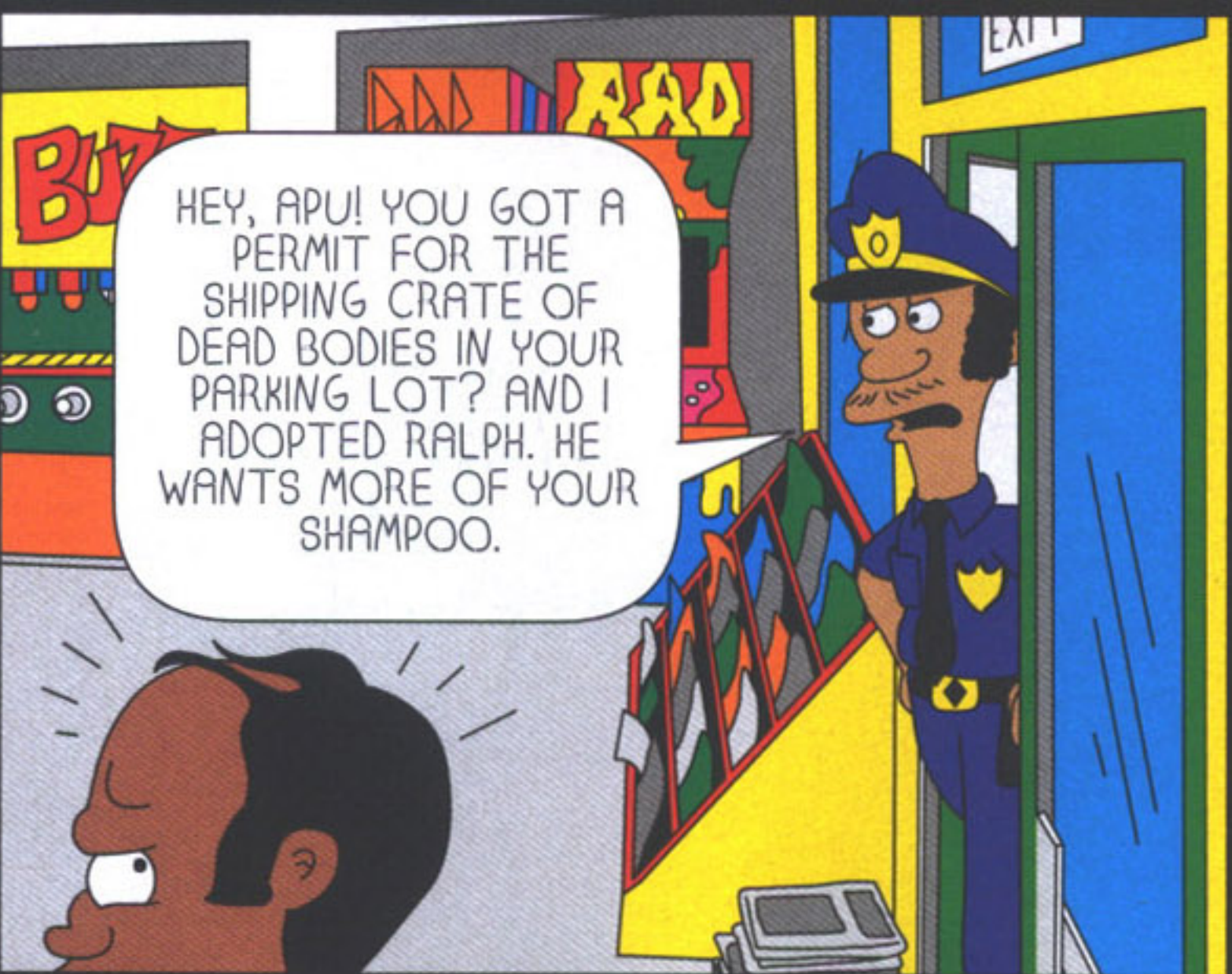


EXCUSE ME, THE FACTORY DIDN'T MAKE MY SOUL RIGHT. IT ITCHES.



AND WHERE SHOULD WE HIDE ALL THE CORPSES?

IF WE SEND THEM BACK TO THE FACTORY, THEY CAN RECYCLE THEM INTO FLUORESCENT BULBS. IT IS THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE THOSE THINGS.



HEY, APU! YOU GOT A PERMIT FOR THE SHIPPING CRATE OF DEAD BODIES IN YOUR PARKING LOT? AND I ADOPTED RALPH. HE WANTS MORE OF YOUR SHAMPOO.



YES, OFFICER, I HAVE THOSE PERMITS AND THE SHAMPOO, BUT FIRST, PLEASE TRY A FREE SAMPLE OF OUR NEW CANDY. IT IS TO DIE THREE, I MEAN, FOUR.



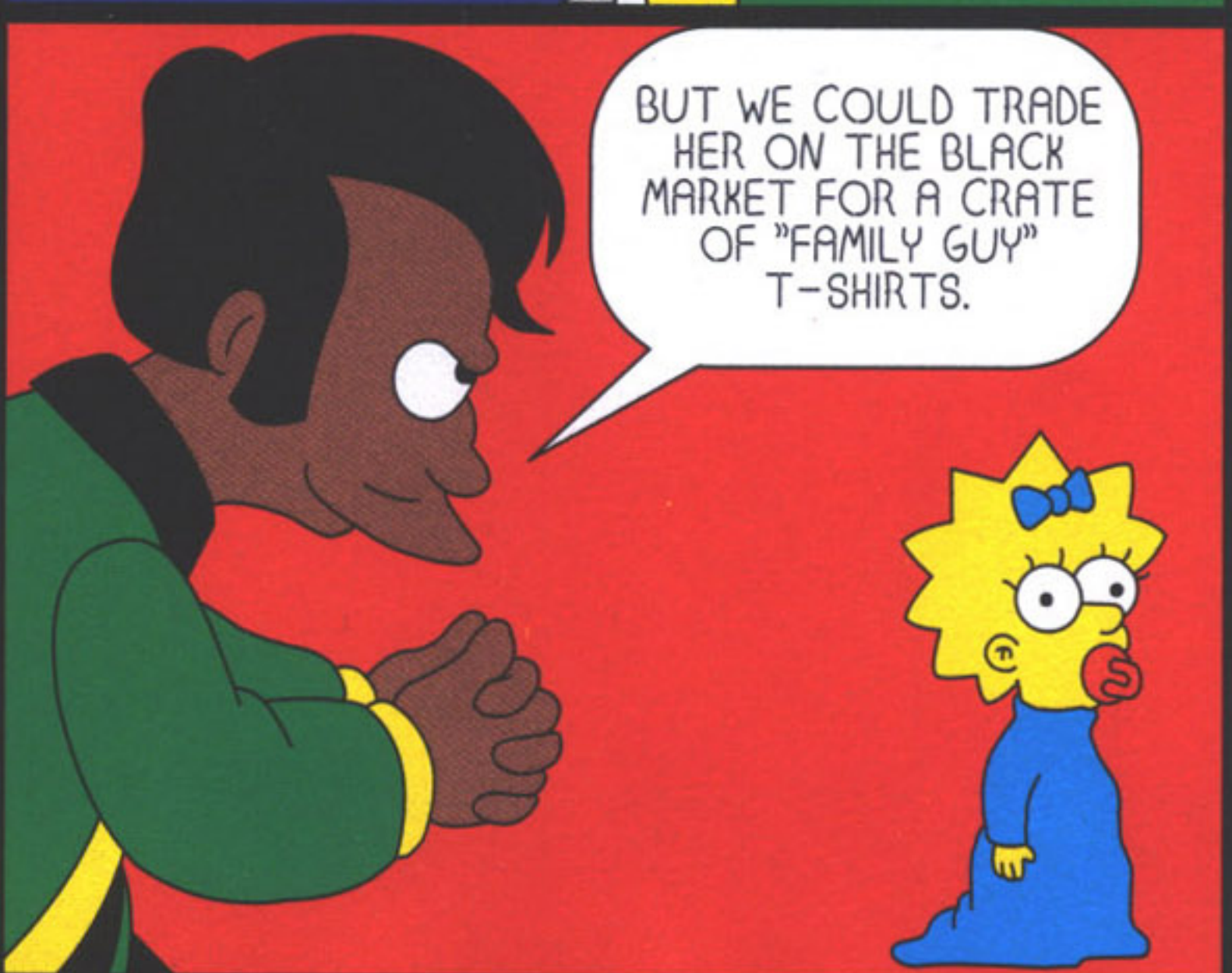
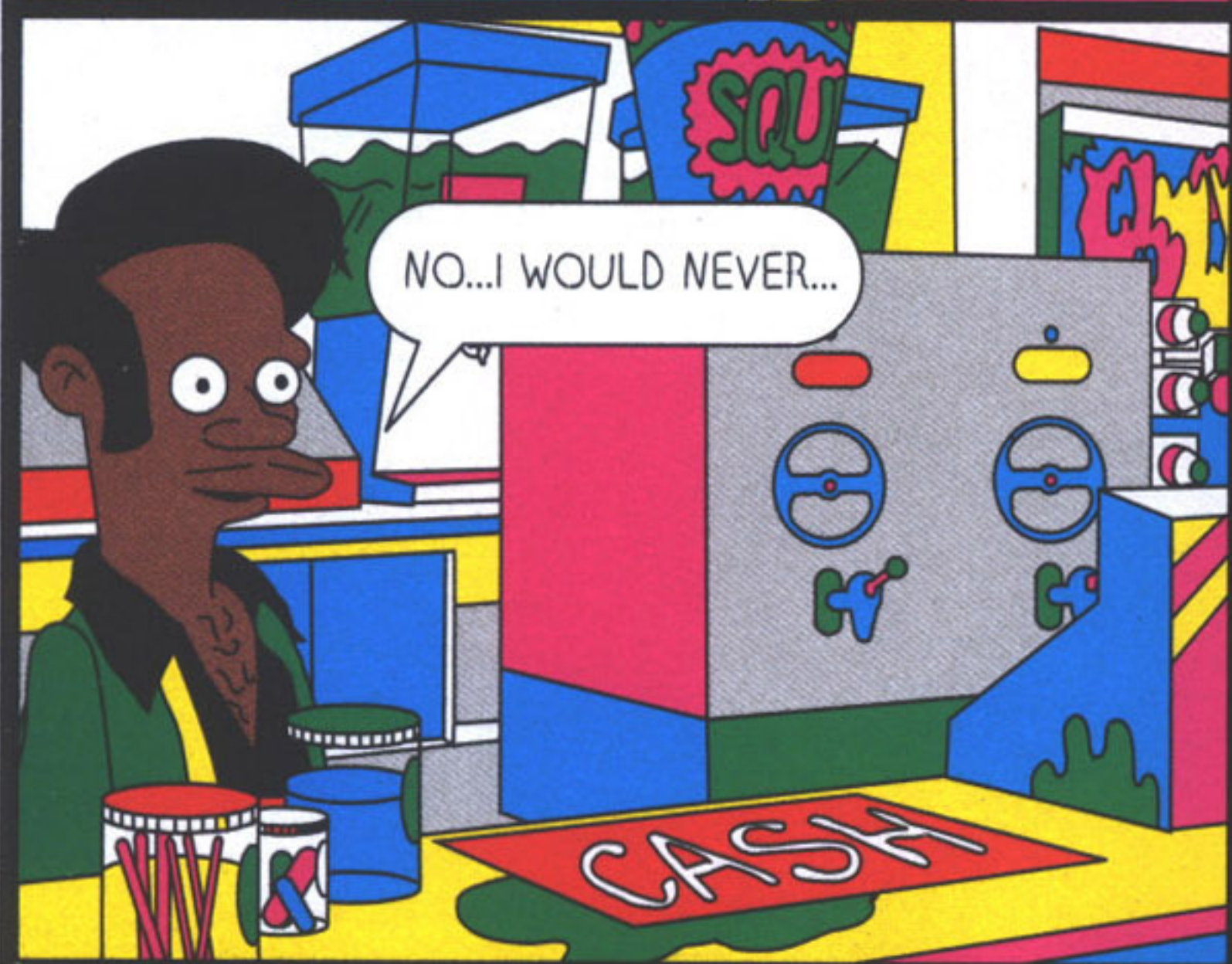
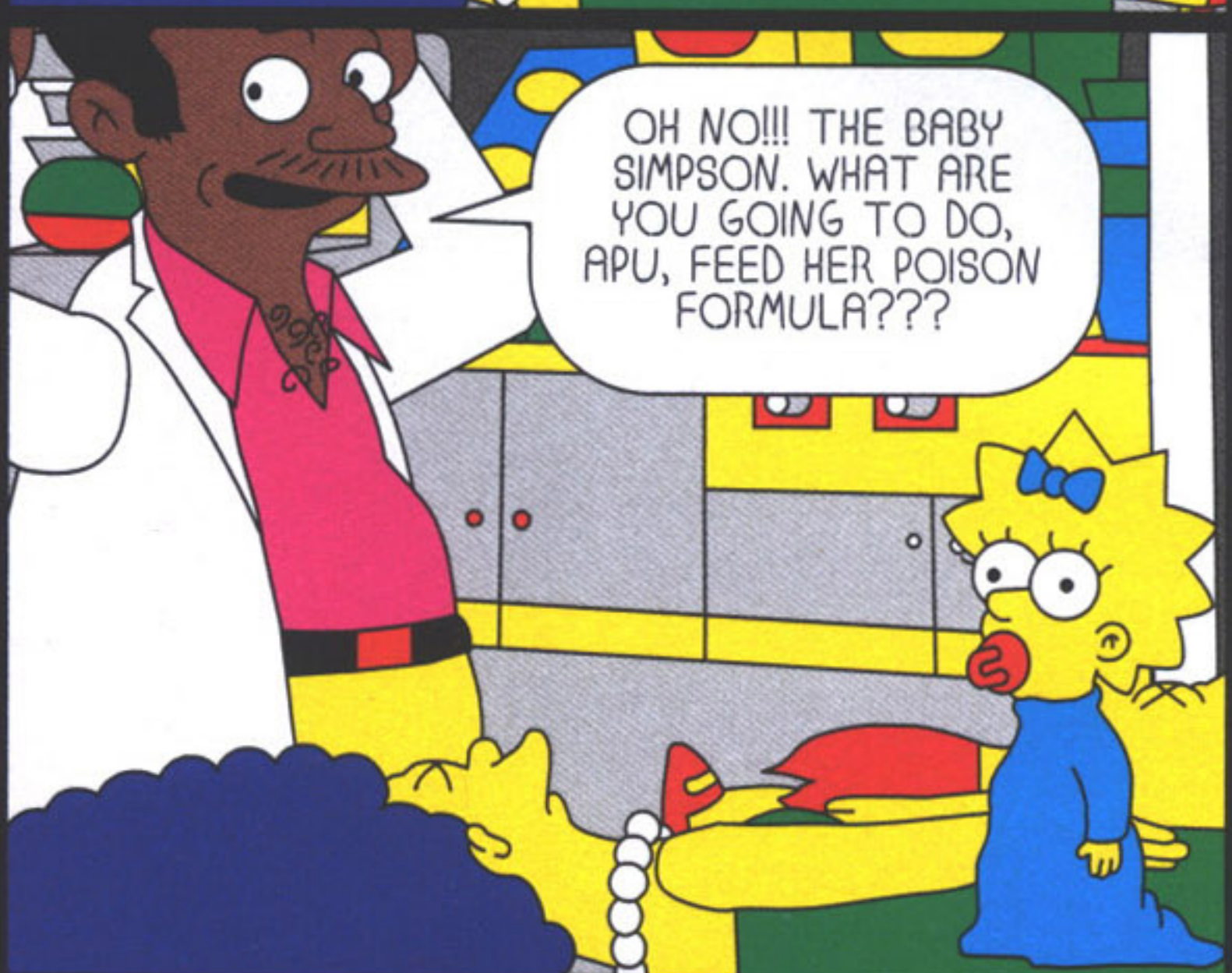
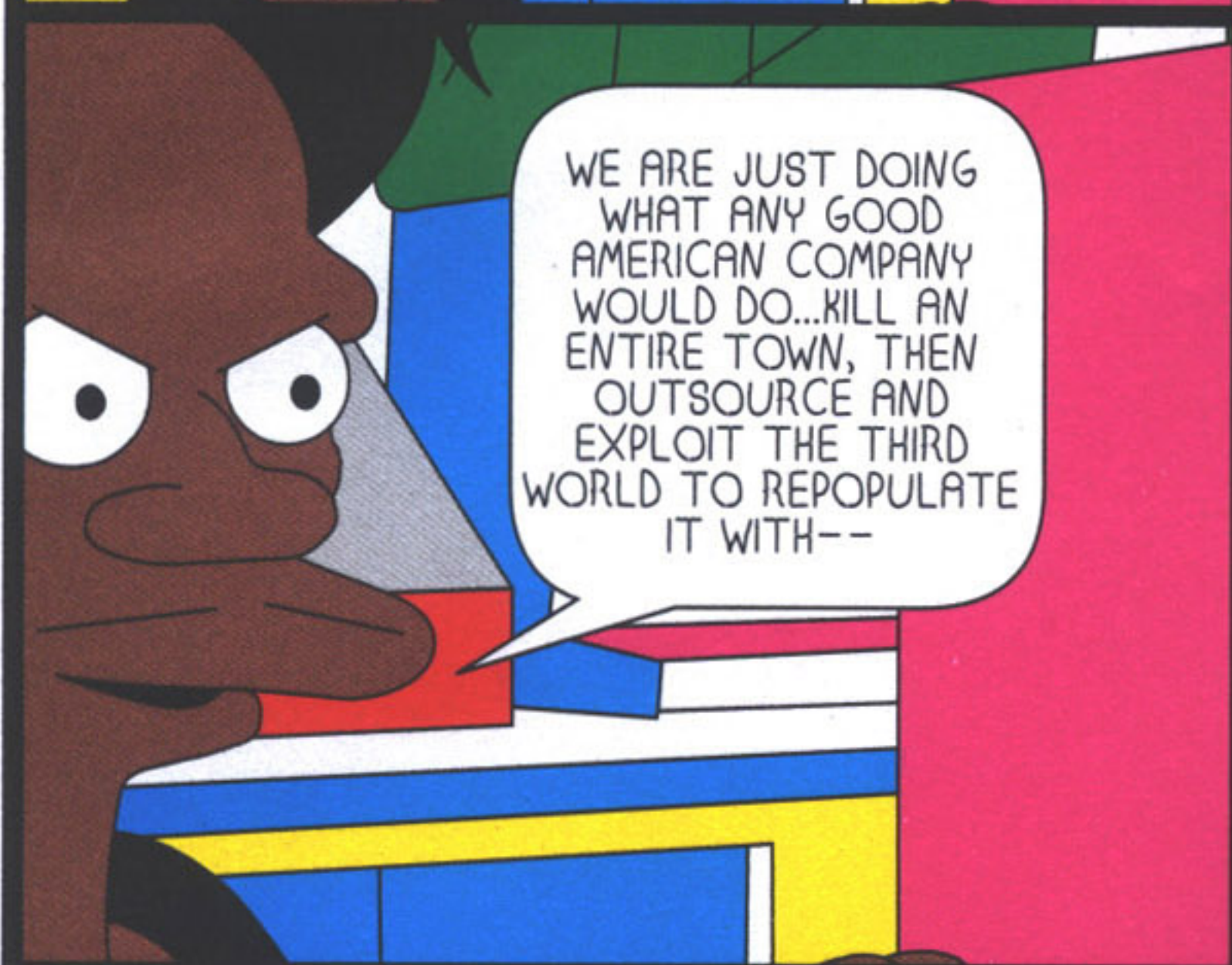
BACK AT DA HOUSE...

OH, HELLO.

I'M GOING TO STRANGLE...

...YOU.

I LIKE.



IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE BOOTLEG FAMILY

DA SLIMPSONZ

MADE IN KRWAKISTAN

HOMER MAN! IT TIME
FOR SCHOOL WORK!!!

ME AND THE
BART GO
HUNTING FOR
DOGS INSTEAD
OF SCHOOL
LEARN TODAY.

ARE YOU
EXCITED FOR
HALLOWEEN
TIME?

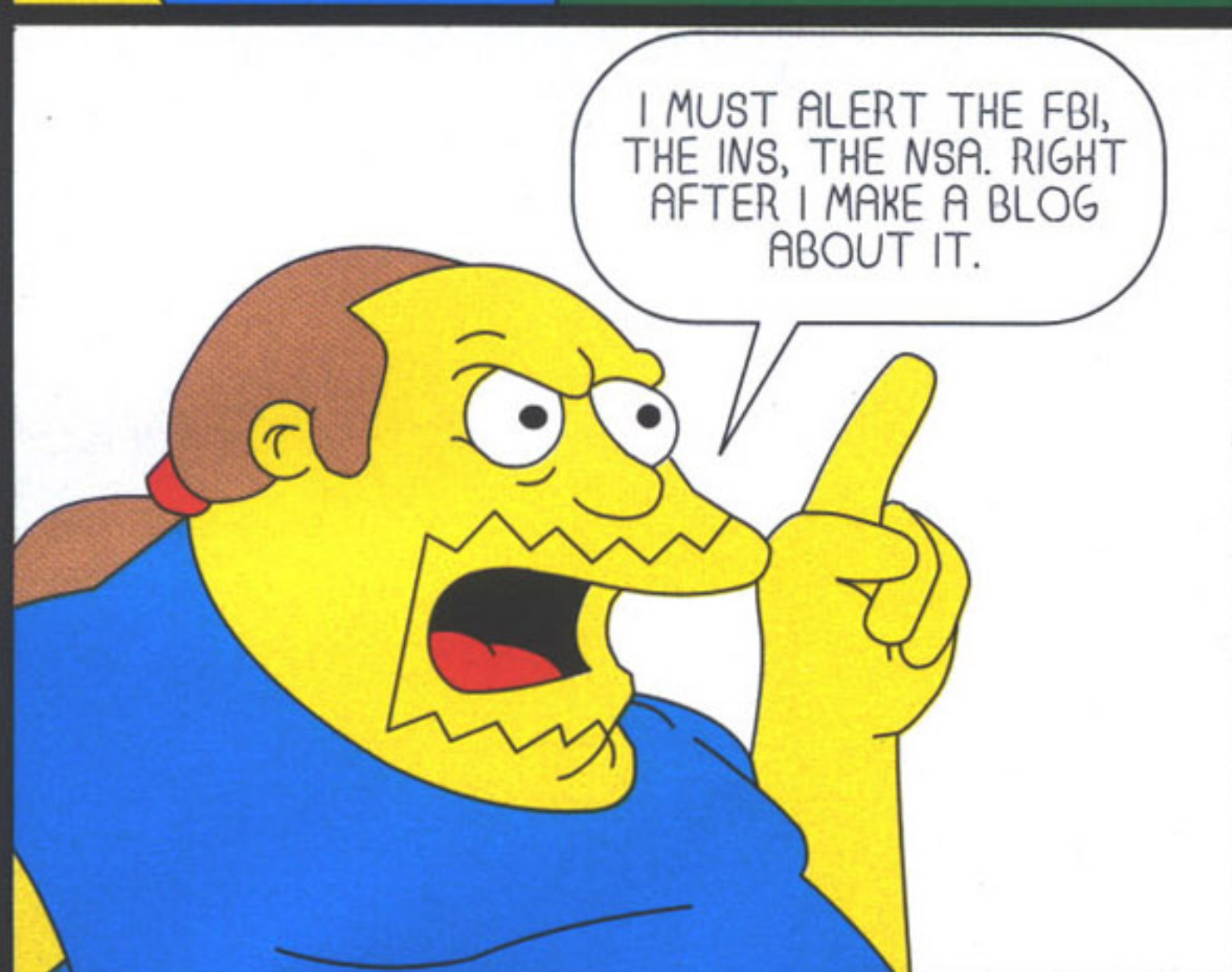
NOT
REALLY.

LISA!!! STOP
PLAYING YOUR
INSTRUMENT. IT
WAKE THE
MAGGIE BABY
THING.

HOMER! BART! IS
THAT YOU? WHAT'S
HAPPENING? THE
WORLD IS BEING
OVERRUN BY
IMPOSTERS!!!

OLD MAN, WE ARE
LOOKING FOR SOME
DOGS. HAVE YOU
SEEN ANY BIG SIZE
ONES?

BUT WAIT, THERE'S ONE LAST HOPE FOR JUSTICE AND "THE AMERICAN WAY". PERHAPS SPRINGFIELD'S FOREMOST EXPERT ON BOOTLEGS CAN SAVE THE DAY...



ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WERE
THREE LITTLE KIDS
WHO SET OUT TO SEEK THEIR
FAME AND FORTUNE...



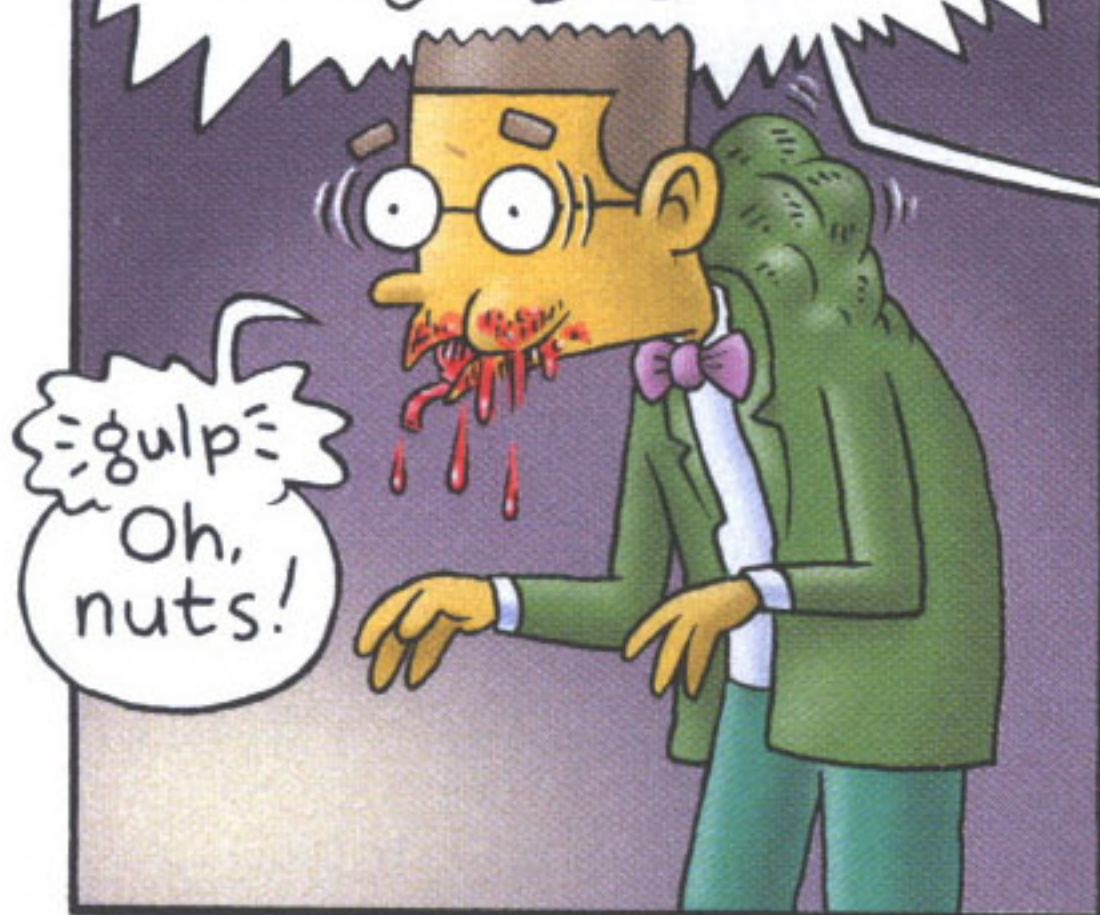
THE MAN AGREED, BUT THE
KID ATE THE BOOGERS INSTEAD
AND GOT VERY, VERY SICK...



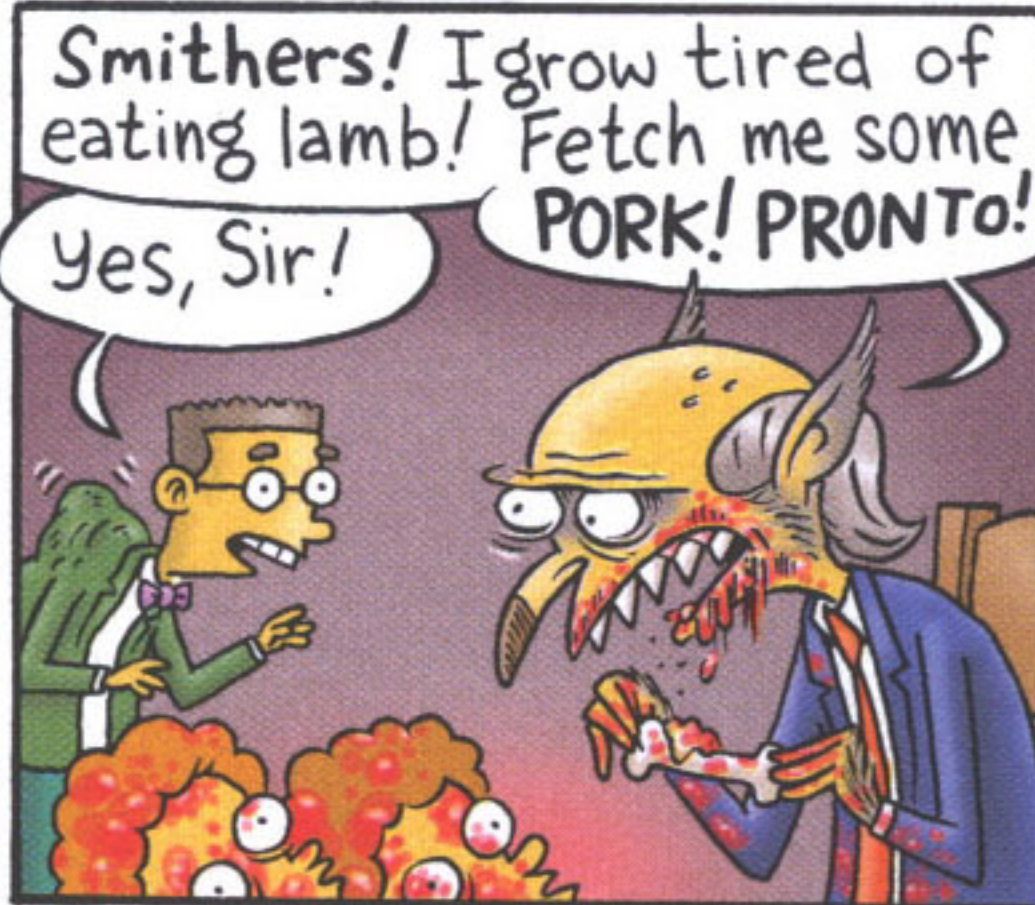
THE SECOND LITTLE KID MET A
GUY WITH AN ACID-FREE BOX
FULL OF MYLAR-BAGGED
COMIC BOOKS AND ASKED...



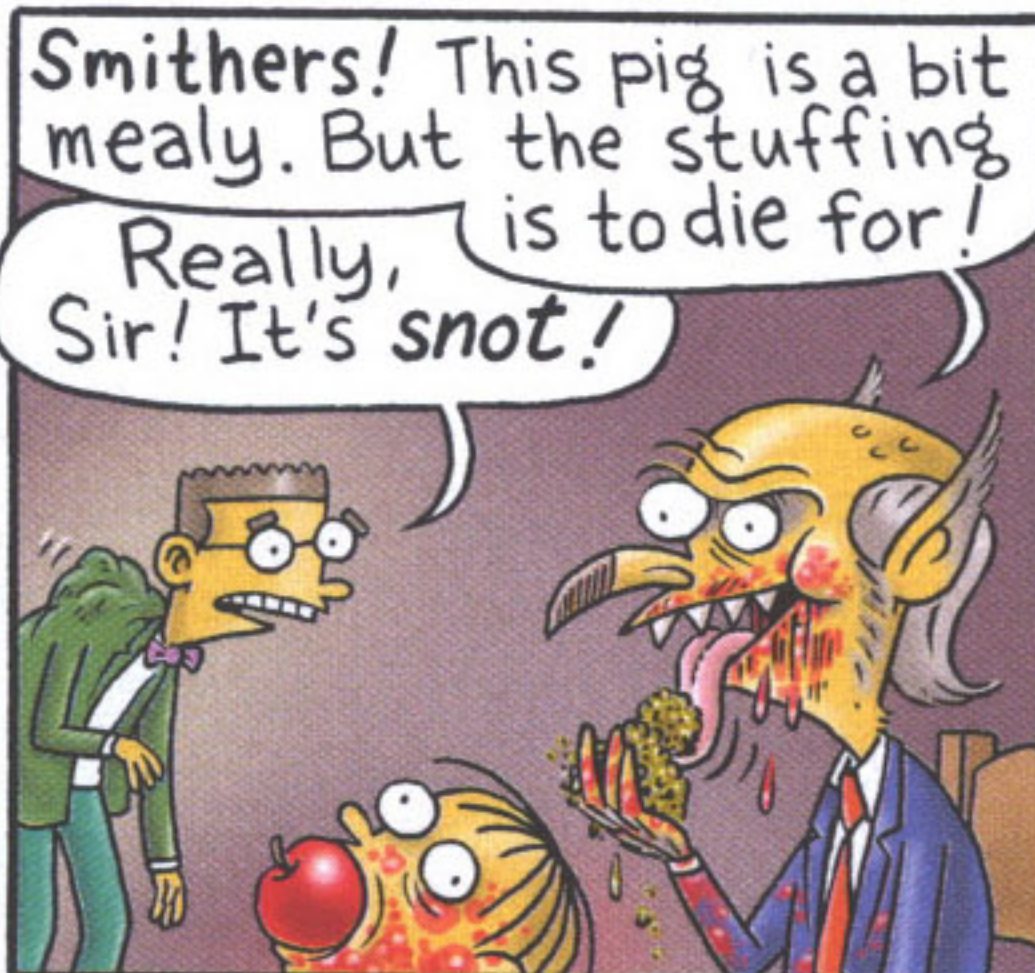
I've warned you for
the last time about
finking my giblets!



MEANWHILE, THERE LIVED NEARBY
A BIG, BAD WOLFMAN WITH AN
INSATIABLE APPETITE AND HIS
HUNCHBACK MANSERVANT...



HE WAS QUICKLY CAPTURED,
SPIT-ROASTED AND DEVoured
BY THE BIG, BAD WOLFMAN...



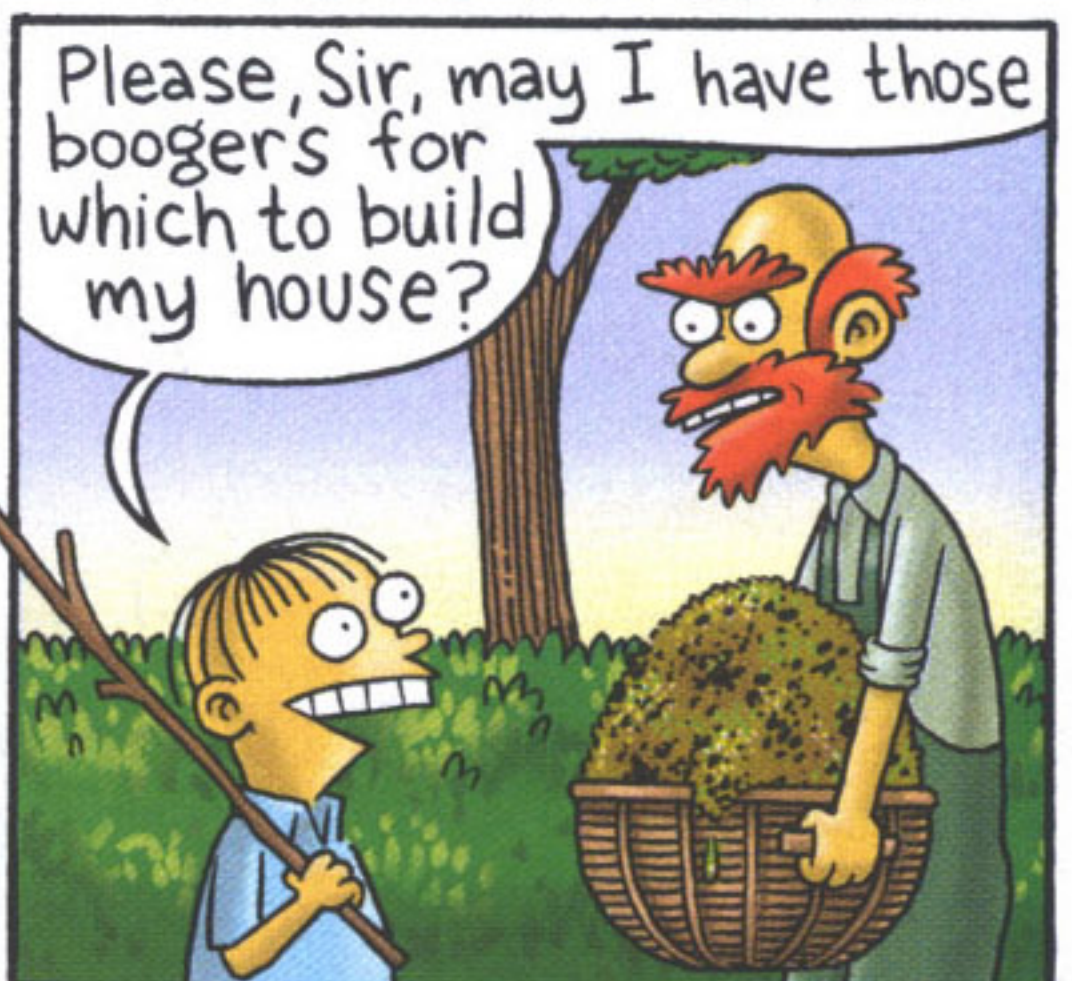
For your information, these
are *not* comic books. They
are graphic novels, and
they are *not* for little
kids with nary a hair on
their chinny-chin-chin...
Now please be gone!



Hmpff! If you want
something well-done, you
have to do it yourself...
Now, for some
fresh meat!



THE FIRST LITTLE KID SOON MET
A MAN WITH A BIG BASKET OF
BOOGERS AND ASKED...



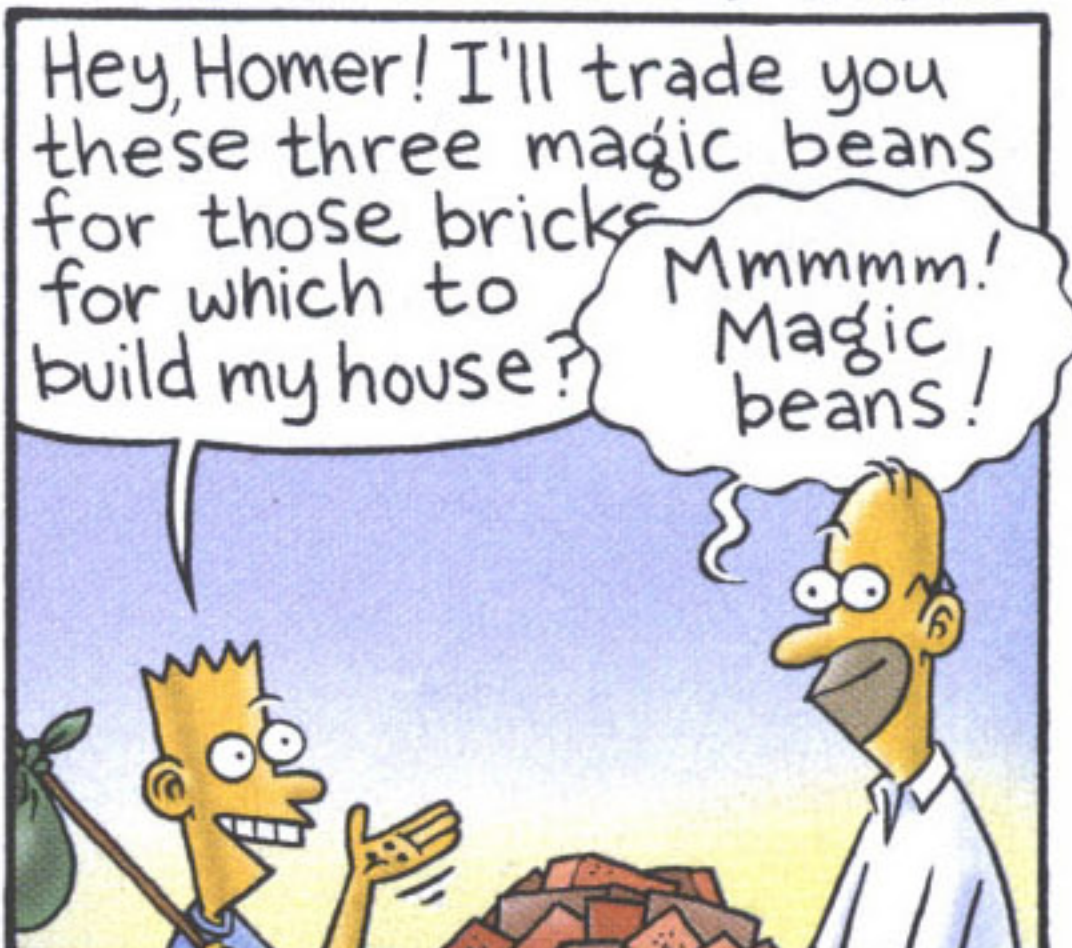
Pish! Posh! You're too modest!
Now quickly! I suddenly
hanker for some **turkey!**



AND SO HE TOO WAS QUICKLY
SUBDUED AND GOBBLED-UP
BY THE BIG, BAD WOLFMAN...



THE THIRD LITTLE KID MET
A MAN WITH A WHEEL BARROW
FULL OF BRICKS AND SAID...



THE MAN AGREED, BUT THE BEANS WERE **NOT** MAGIC BEANS. IN FACT, THEY WEREN'T BEANS AT ALL. THEY WERE MAGIC RABBIT BUPKES...



SO THE BIG, BAD WOLFMAN HUFFED AND PUFFED AND HUFFED AND PUFFED...

MEANWHILE, THE BIG, BAD WOLF-MAN ARRIVED AT THE DOOR OF THE KID'S NEW BRICK HOUSE...

Little kid, little kid, let me in, or I'll huff and puff and blow your house in!



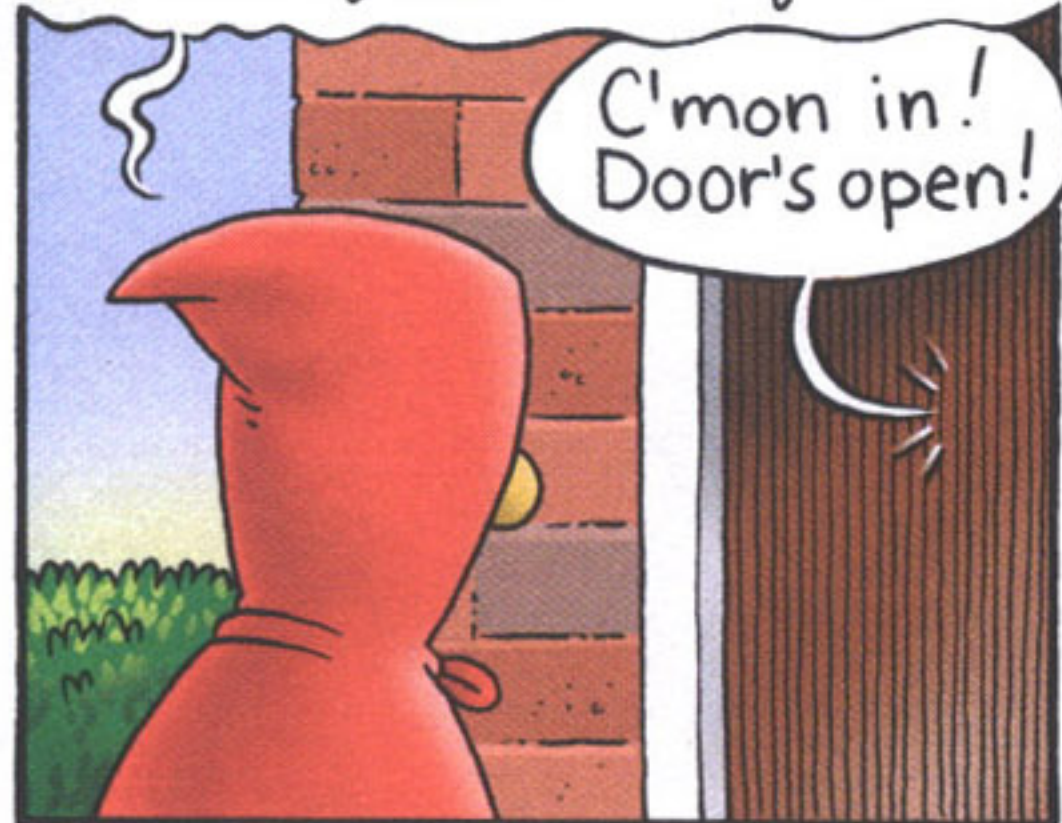
'TIL HE HYPERVENTILATED AND FAINTED DEAD AWAY...



AS THE KID PREPARED WOLFMAN STEW, THERE WAS ANOTHER KNOCK AT THE DOOR...



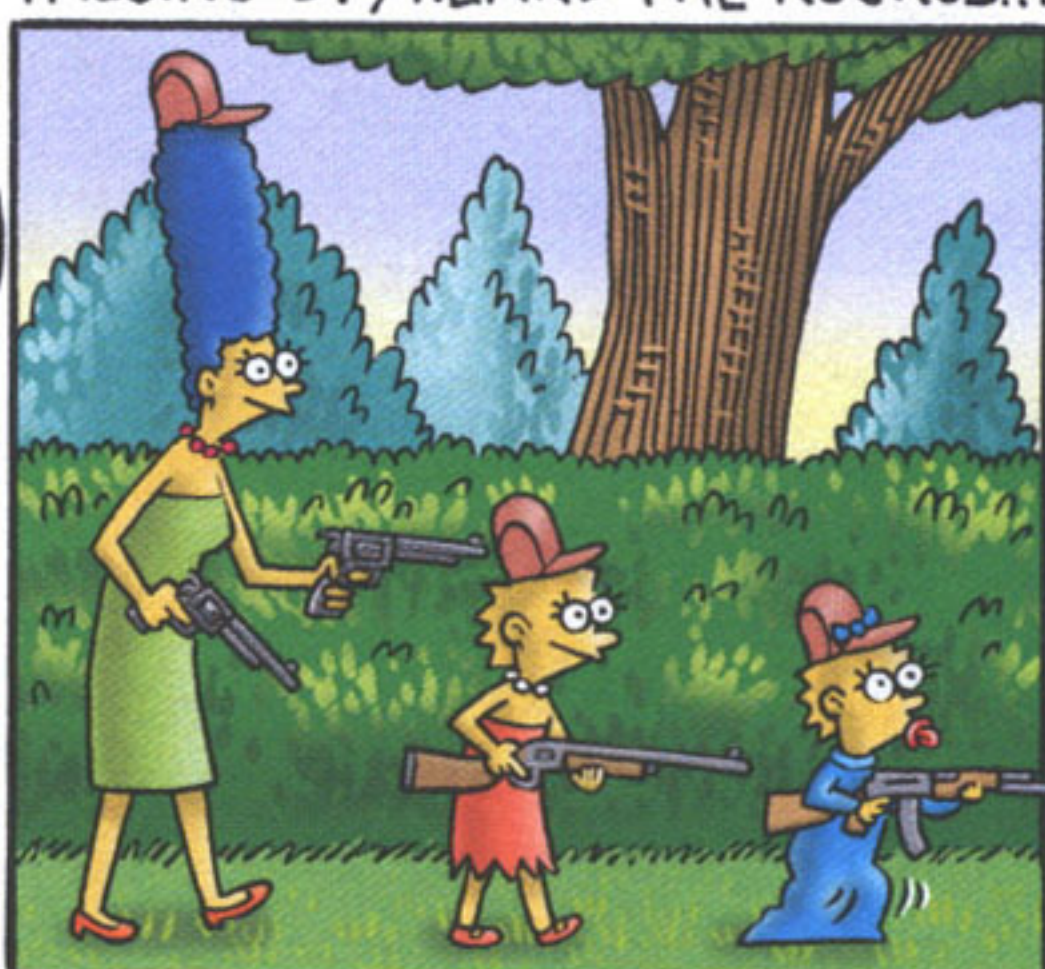
It is I...ahem ahem...
It is I! Little Red Riding Hood with my basket of delicious goodies!



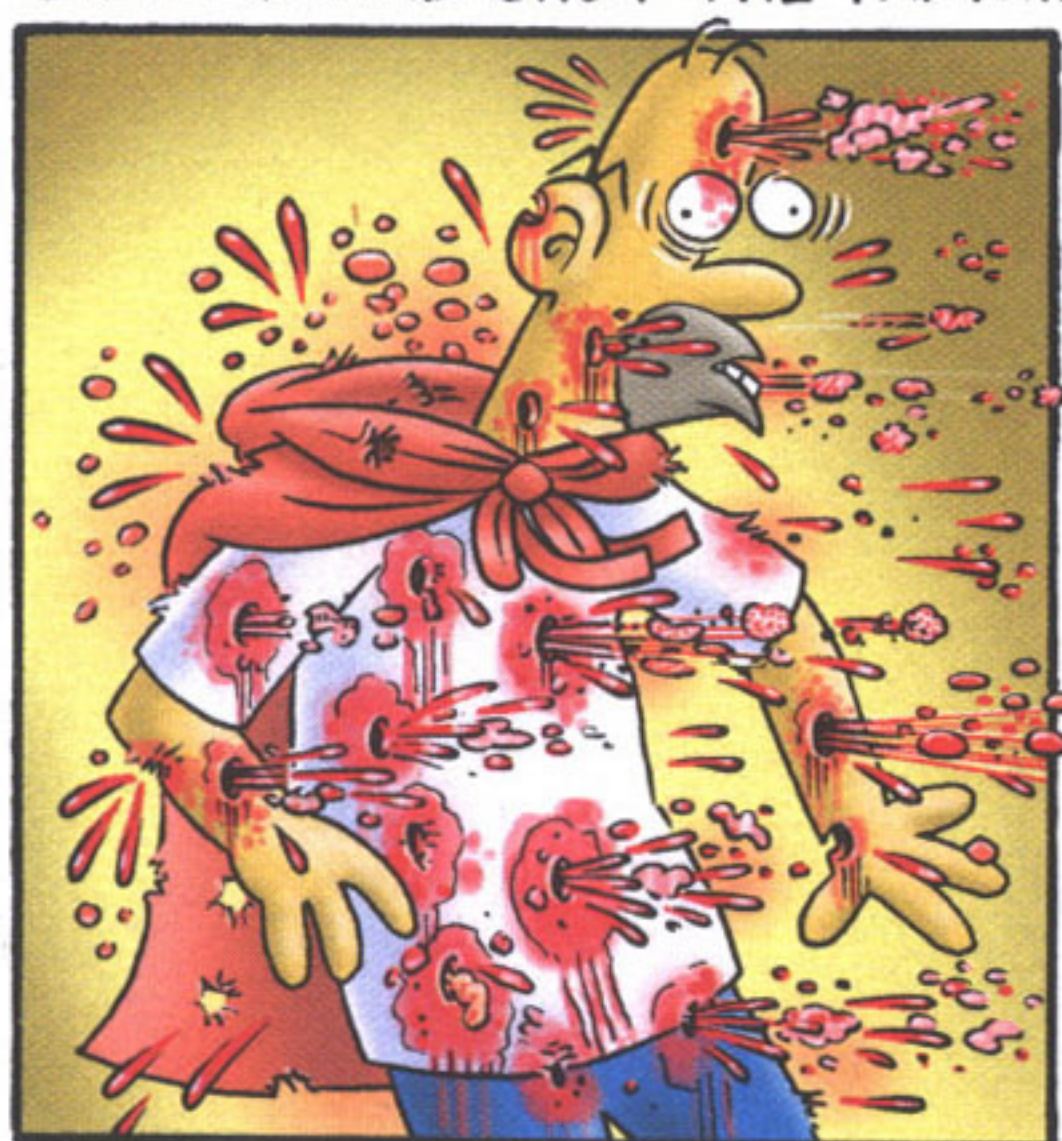
BUT IT WASN'T MS. HOOD AT ALL. IT WAS THE MAN WITH THE MAGICALLY BAD BREATH SEEKING REVENGE!



LUCKILY, JUST THEN, THREE HUNTERS WHO HAPPENED TO BE PASSING BY, HEARD THE RUCKUS...



CAME IN AND SHOT THE MAN...



AND THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER...



OR AT LEAST UNTIL "GOLDILOCKS" AND THE THREE ZOMBIE BEARS SHOWED UP...



BAD MILHOUSE

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SON!

WOW! 48 COLORS! NOW I CAN FINISH MY LARRY SNOTTER FAN FICTION!

ACTUALLY, IT'S 64- THERE'S 16 FREE BONUS CRAYONS.

HEY, WAIT, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I'M GONNA RIDE AROUND AND SEE IF ANYONE SAYS HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME.

YOU'LL BE BACK!

JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER.

HEY LOOK, IT'S BABY SNOTTER!

I'M NOT A BABY! TODAY'S MY BIRTHDAY!

THAT MEANS YOU'RE AN EVEN BIGGER BABY!

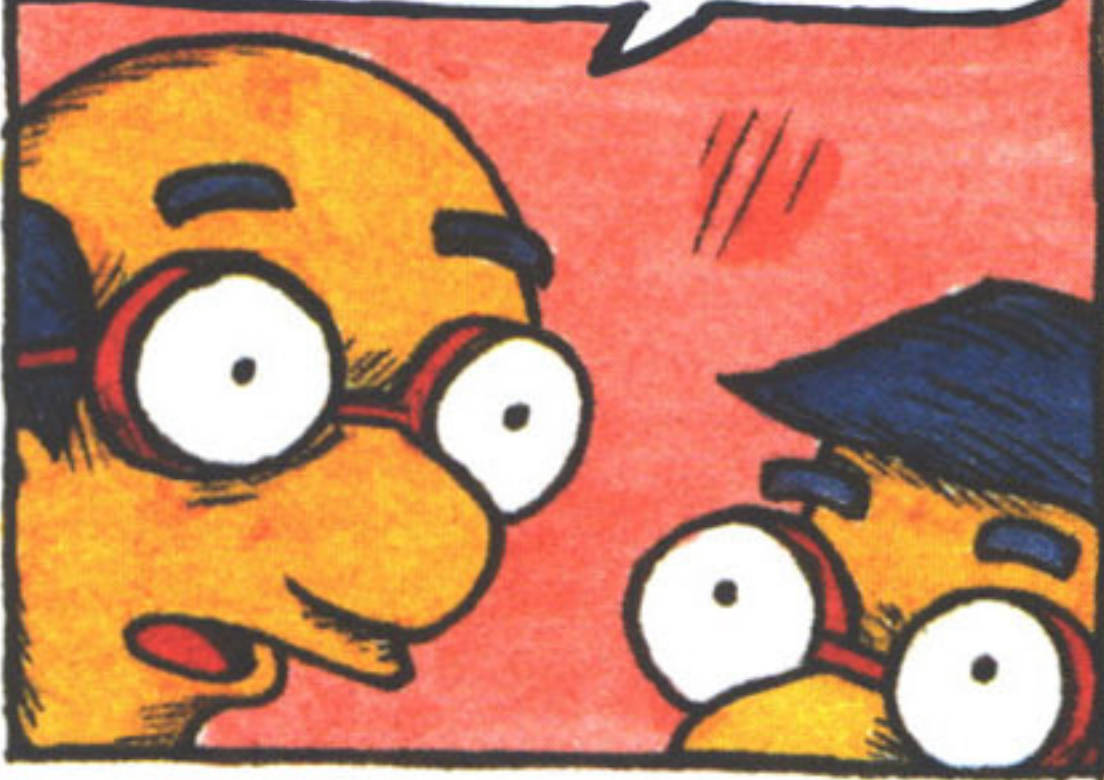
HE'S GOING TO CRY- LET'S LAUGH AT HIM!

HA HA!

WANHHH! I DO NOT CRY LIKE A BABY!



IF THE POLICE FIND OUT IT WAS YOU, I'LL LOSE CUSTODY AND YOUR MOM WON'T HAVE A REASON TO COME BACK TO ME.



FORTUNATELY, I BUILT THIS SECRET LAIR IN THE WALLS TO LIVE IN WHENEVER YOUR MOM KICKED ME OUT.



IT'S LIKE MY OWN LITTLE ART STUDIO!



DING
DONG



REMEMBER THE PLAN, DON'T COME OUT FOR ANY REASON!



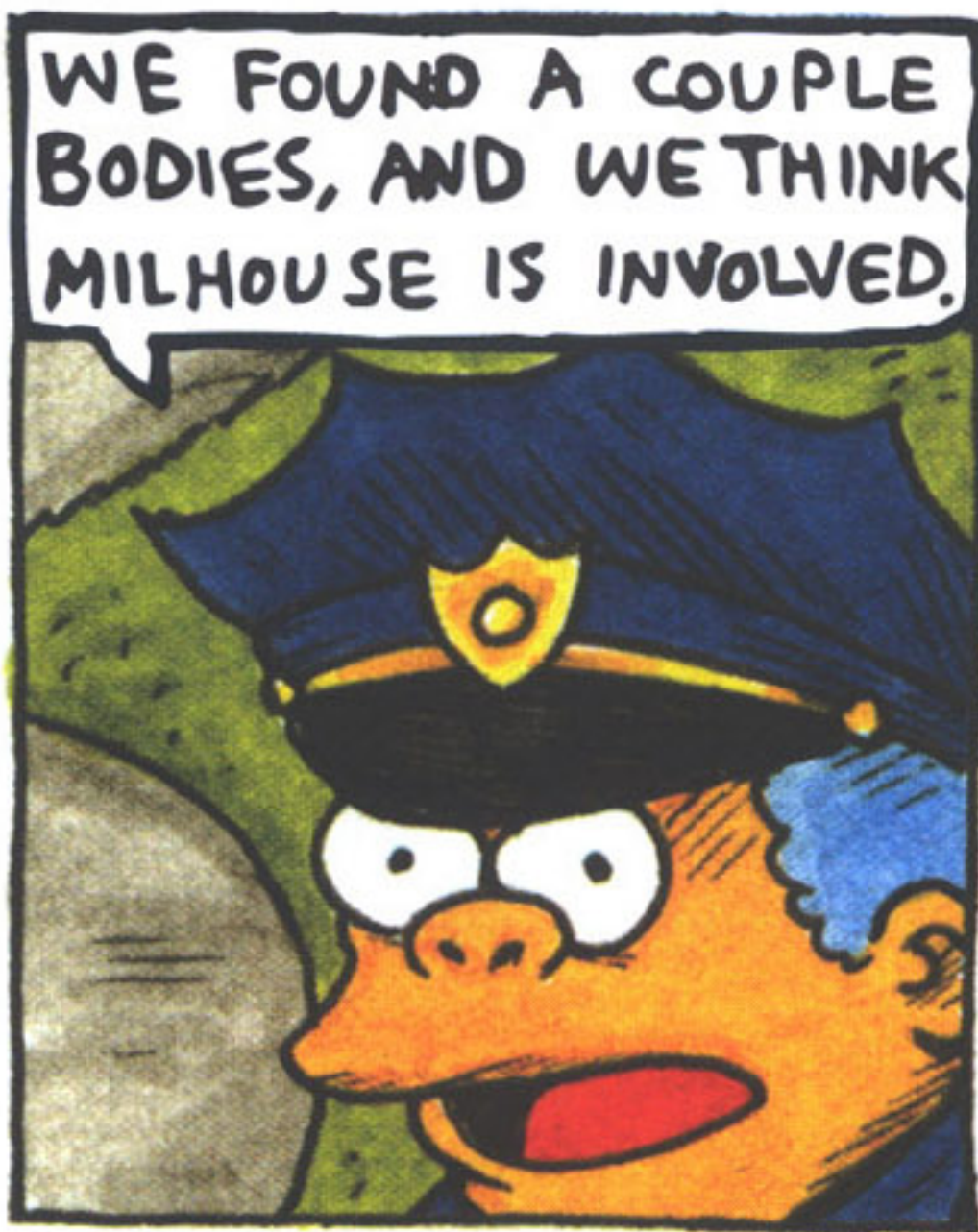
YES, OFFICER?



SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, MILHOUSE'S DAD...



WE FOUND A COUPLE BODIES, AND WE THINK MILHOUSE IS INVOLVED.



I DON'T THINK SO. WELL, HE WAS SEEN IN THE AREA WEARING THIS JACKET FOUND AT THE SCENE.



THAT'S A VERY COMMON JACKET. AND WE FOUND HIS TRICYCLE BY THE BODIES. COULD BE COINCIDENCE.



AND THERE WAS THIS NOTE: "I'M SORRY I KILLED THE TWINS. SINCERELY, MILHOUSE"



UM, I'LL CALL YOU WHEN HE GETS HOME. GREAT! THEN I DON'T HAVE TO WAIT AROUND HERE.



