



THE SIMPSONS'

#17  
\$4.99

# TREEHOUSE OF HORROR™

JIM WOODRING   ZANDER CANNON   GENE HA   TOM HODGES   *and*   JANE WIEDLIN



bongocomics.com

DIRECT EDITION



7 98342 02851 5

01711

MATT  
GROENING  
*Mo'iso*

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# Posferatu

a Simpsons  
of Horror



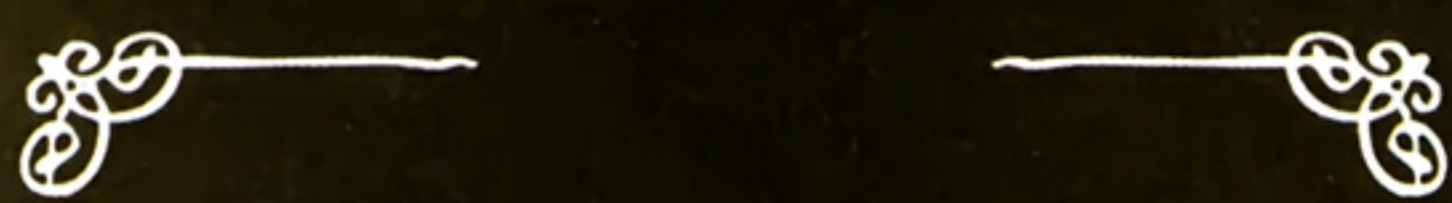
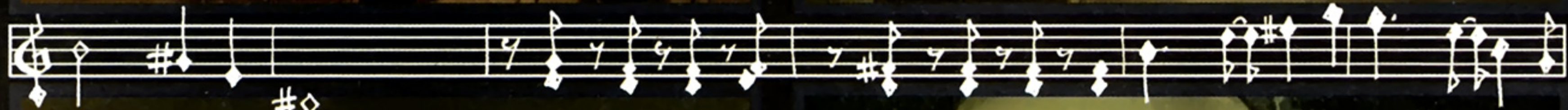
It is a fine  
morning in  
Springborg for  
handsome,  
lucky young  
Bartholomew  
Hutter.



By Zander Cannon and Gene Ha • Colors by Art Lyon

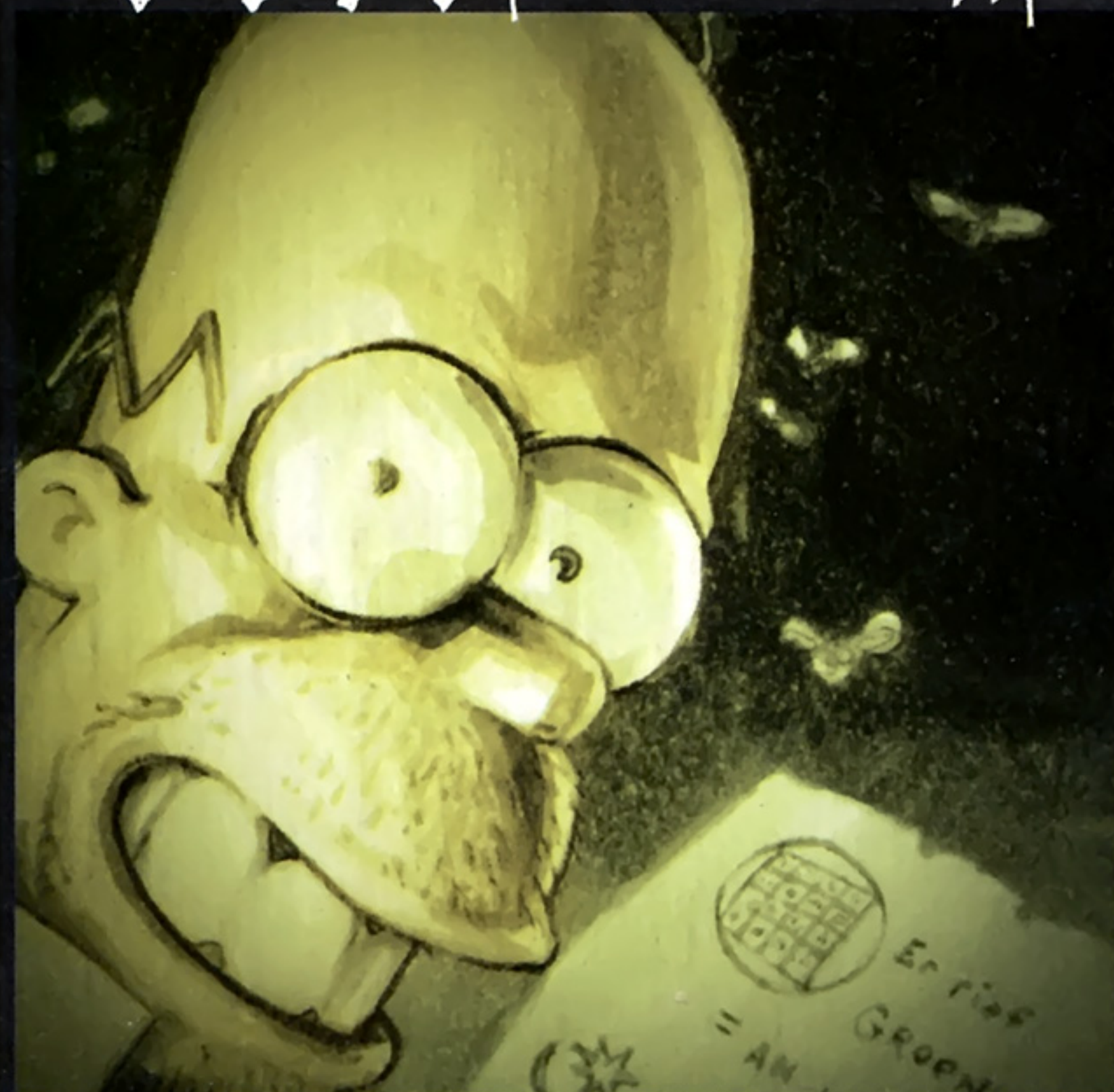


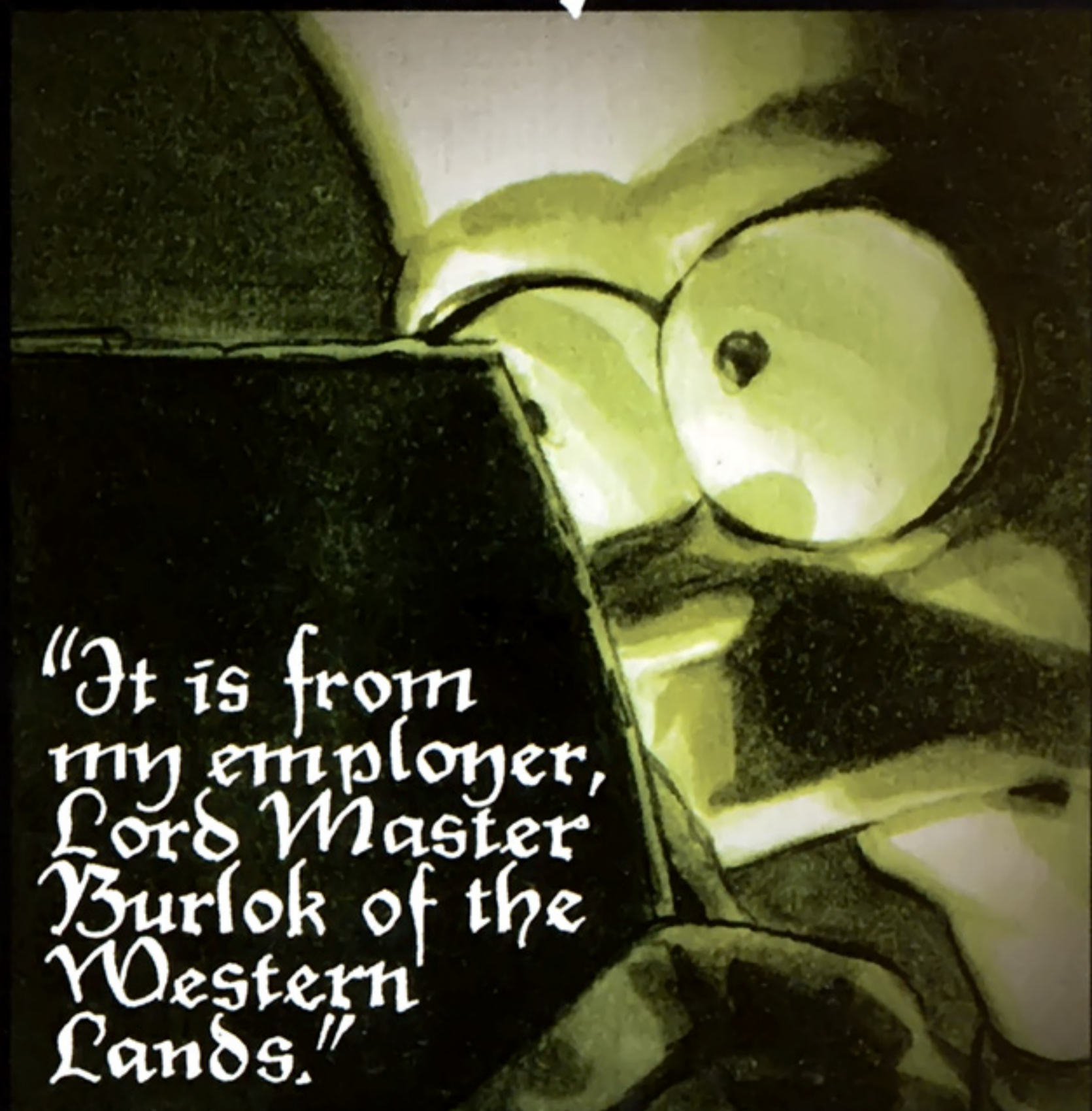
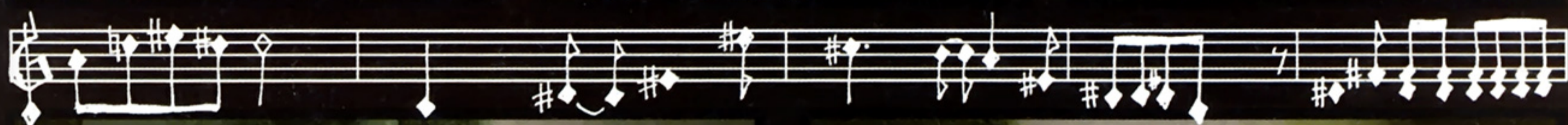
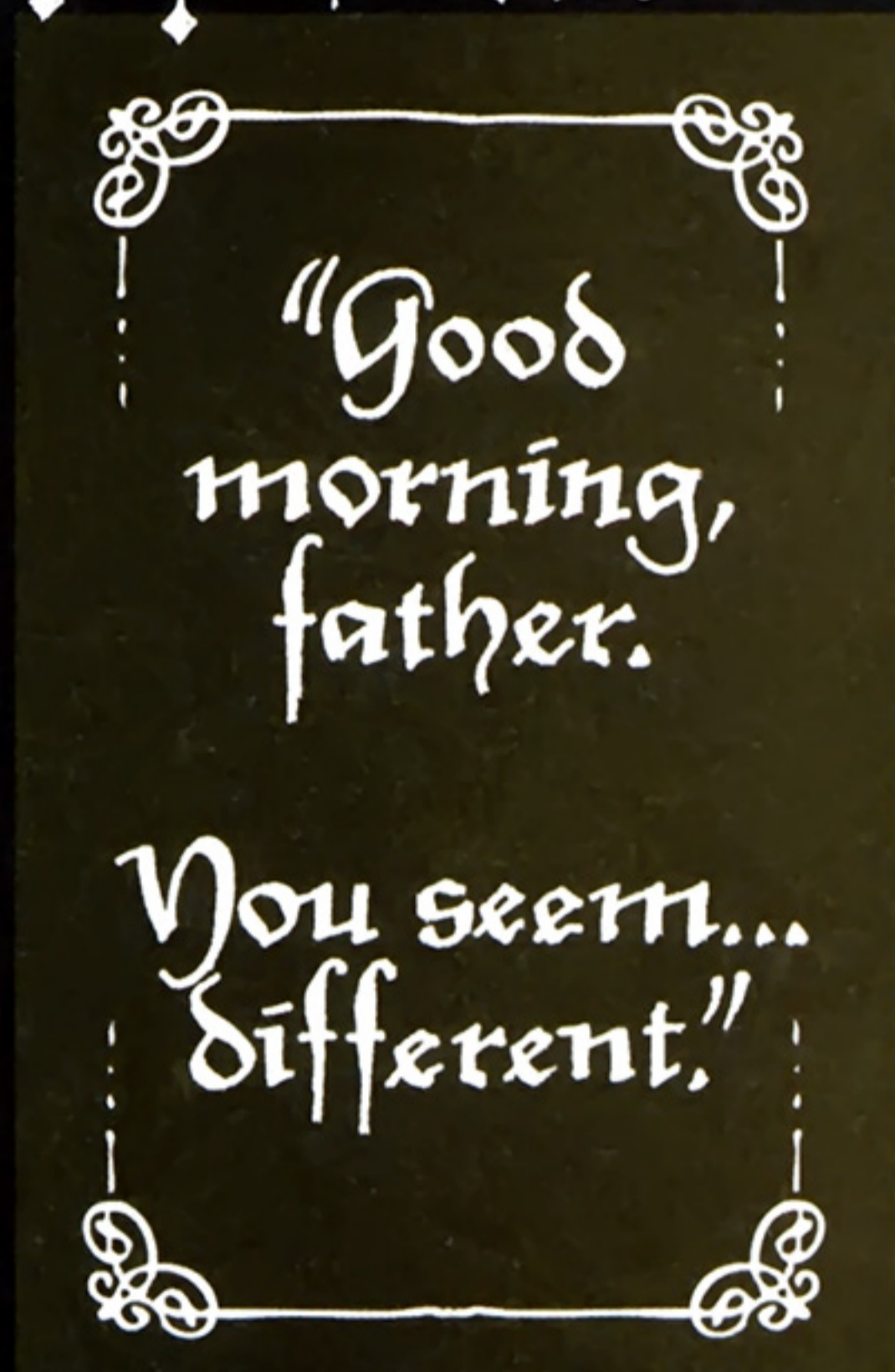
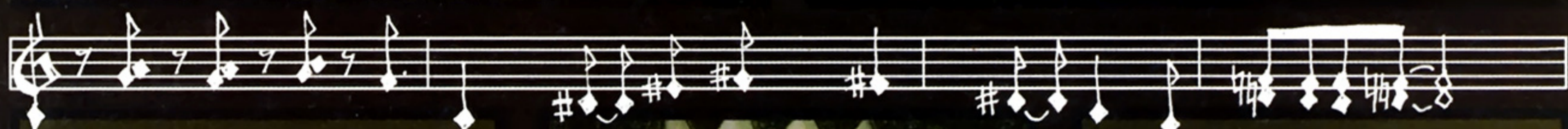
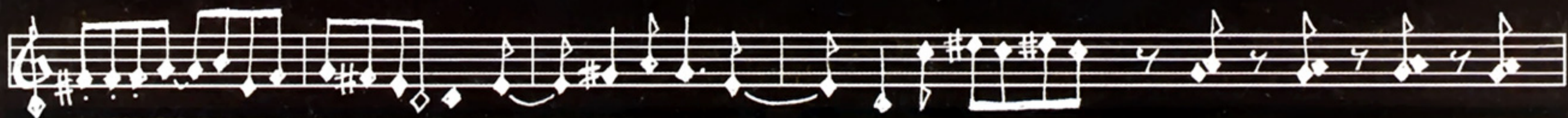
"Good morrow,  
dear mother  
and sisters!  
I haven't  
a care in the  
world!"



"And good  
morn--

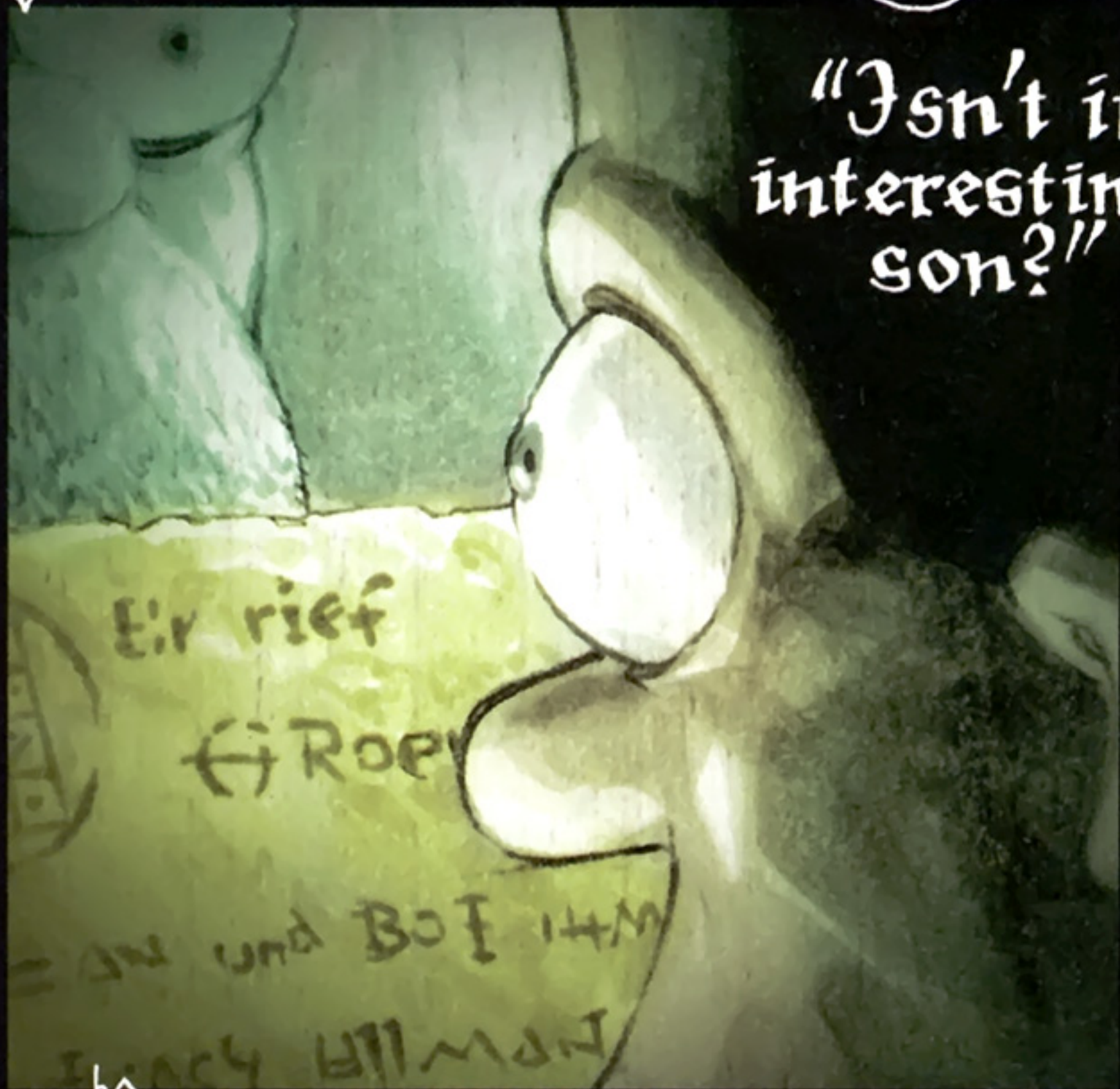
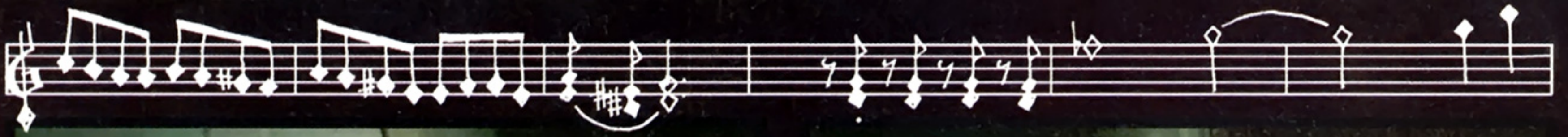
--usp!"





"It is from my employer, Lord Master Burlok of the Western Lands."

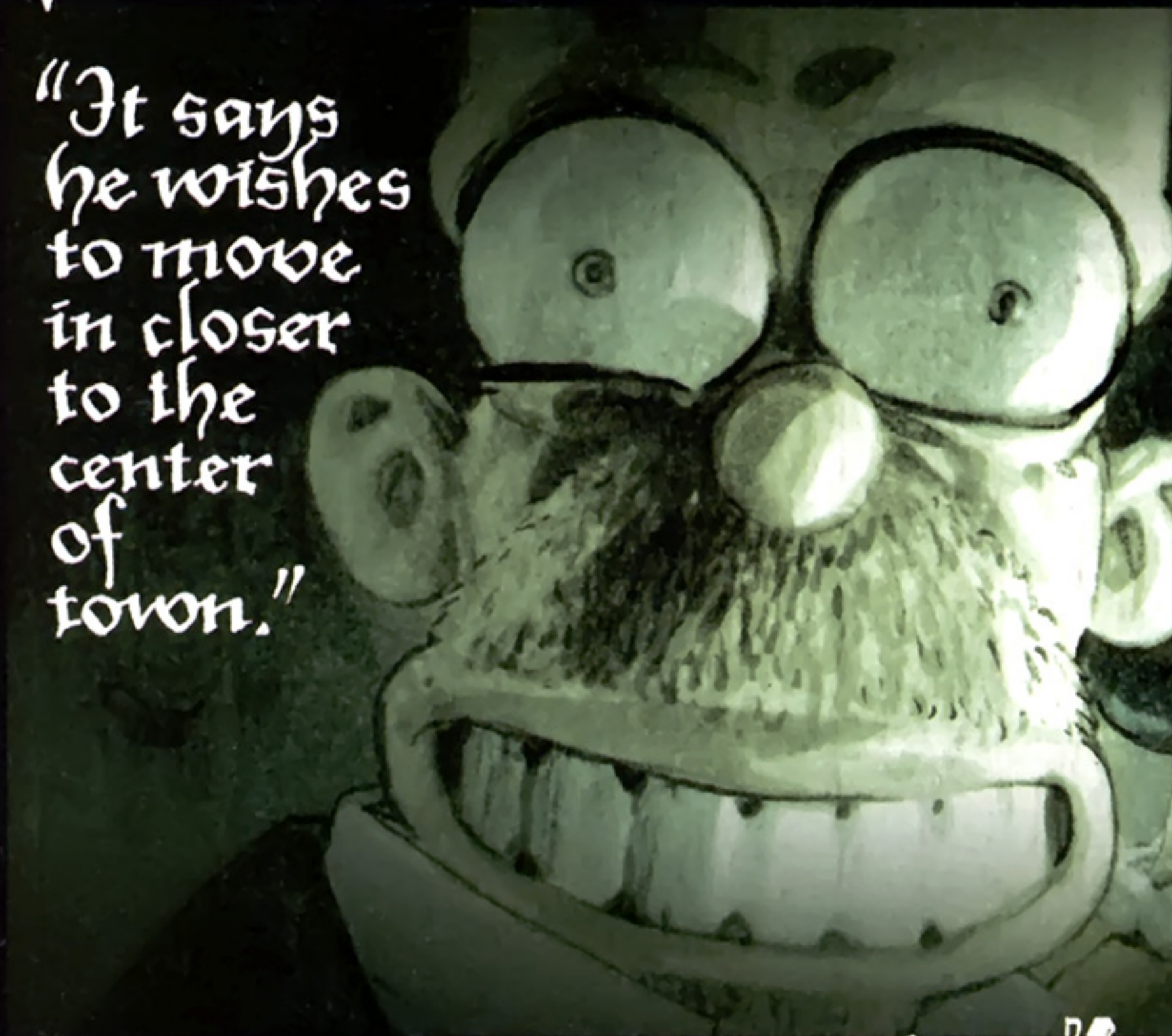
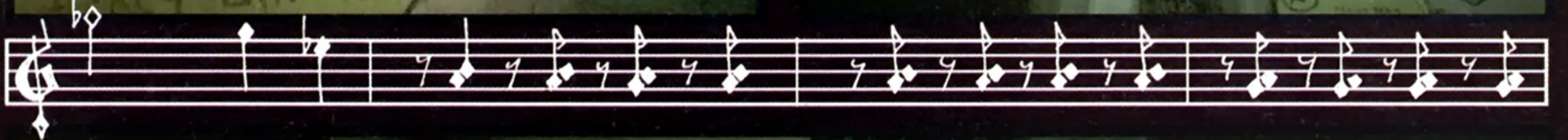
"I have received this memo, boy."



"Isn't it interesting, son?"

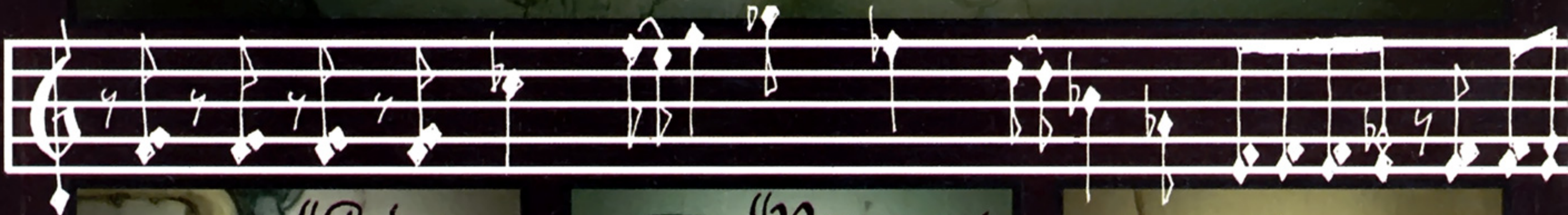


"Er... sure, Dad."



"It says he wishes to move in closer to the center of town."

"He needs a house nearby in order to keep an eye on his best employee."



"And so, son, we must all make sacrifices for Lord Burlok, even you."



"You must sell him your tree house."



"What?"



click

"Don't argue  
with me, boy!"



"No, Dad, I  
can't hear you  
over this  
organ music!"



"We really  
need the  
money, Bart..."



"We don't want  
you to have to sell  
your comics,  
honey."



"M-My  
comics?"

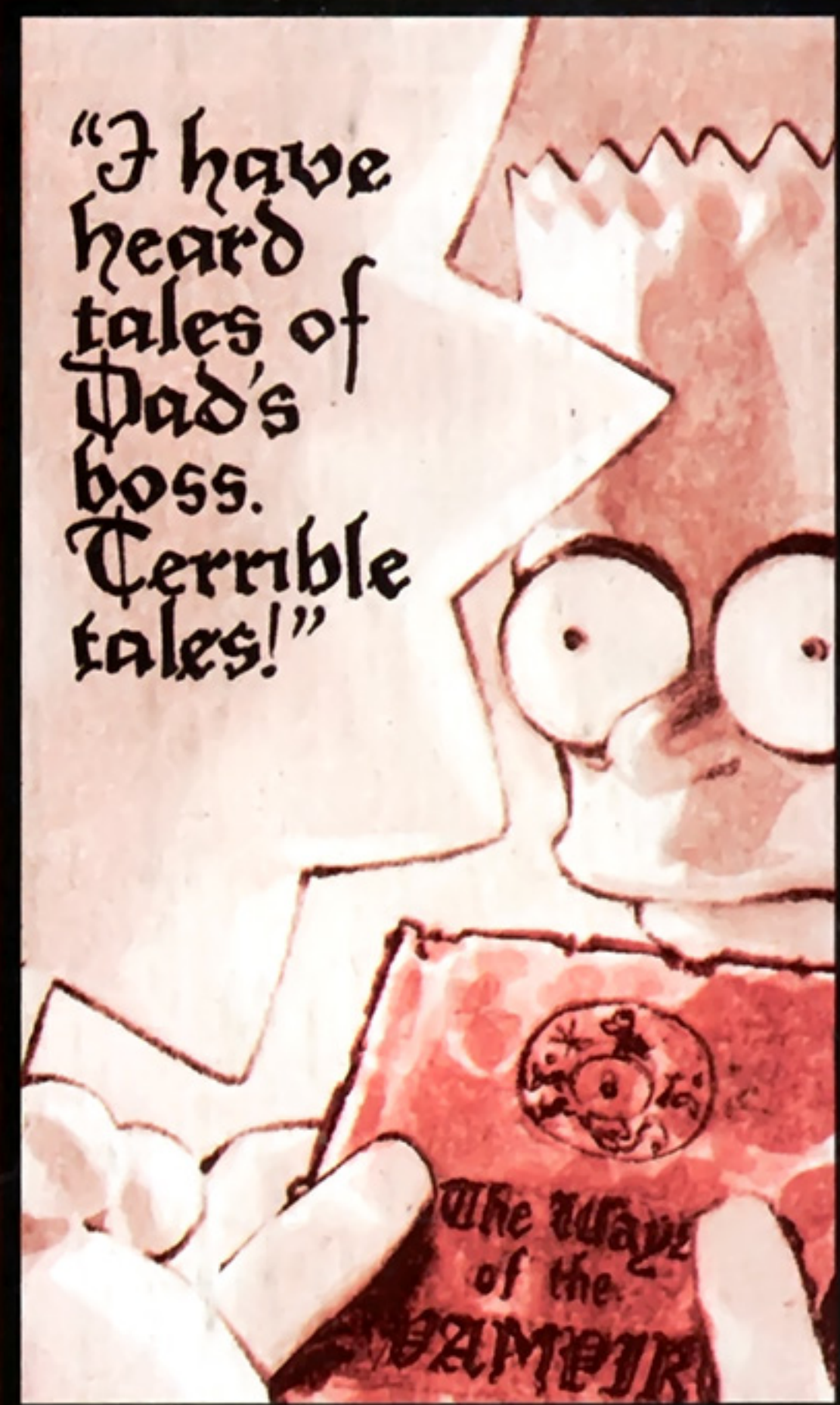
No, you're  
right,  
I'll go."

"Woo-hoo."



Bartholomew  
sets out later  
that day to  
the dark lands  
to the west.

But a voice  
behind him  
bids him  
wait...



"This book  
will prepare  
you for what  
you will find  
in the lands  
beyond the  
power plant.

The land  
called...

"Transformaxia!"



After long tens  
of minutes of  
walking,  
Bartholomew  
reaches the  
dwelling of  
Lord Master  
Burluk.



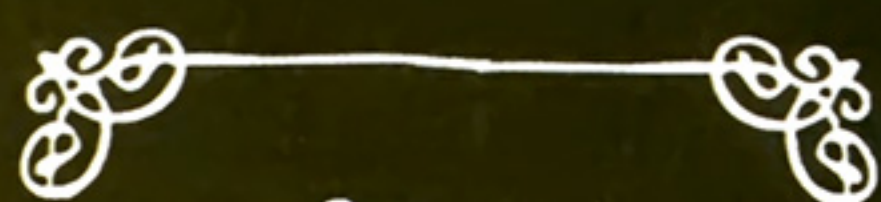
"Welcome to my  
home.

Please come in.

I'd like to  
have you for  
dinner."

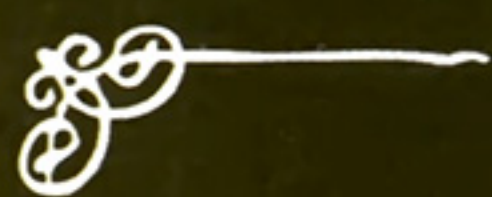
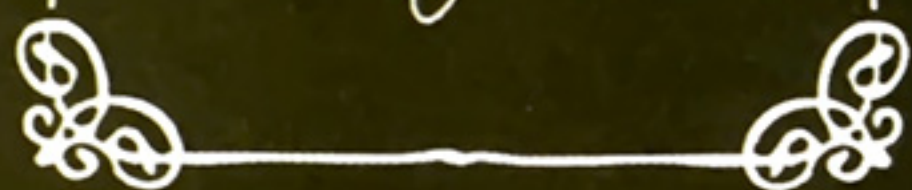


"Aye,  
carumba."



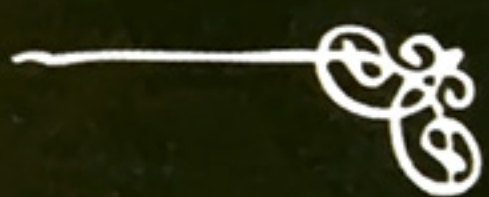
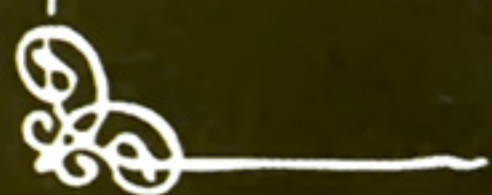
In  
Springborg,  
a chill grows  
in the air...

...and strange  
ideas take  
root in the  
minds of  
certain  
citizens.



“Everyone, listen!  
The master says  
that power is  
within Everything!”

Even in that so  
small as a fly!”

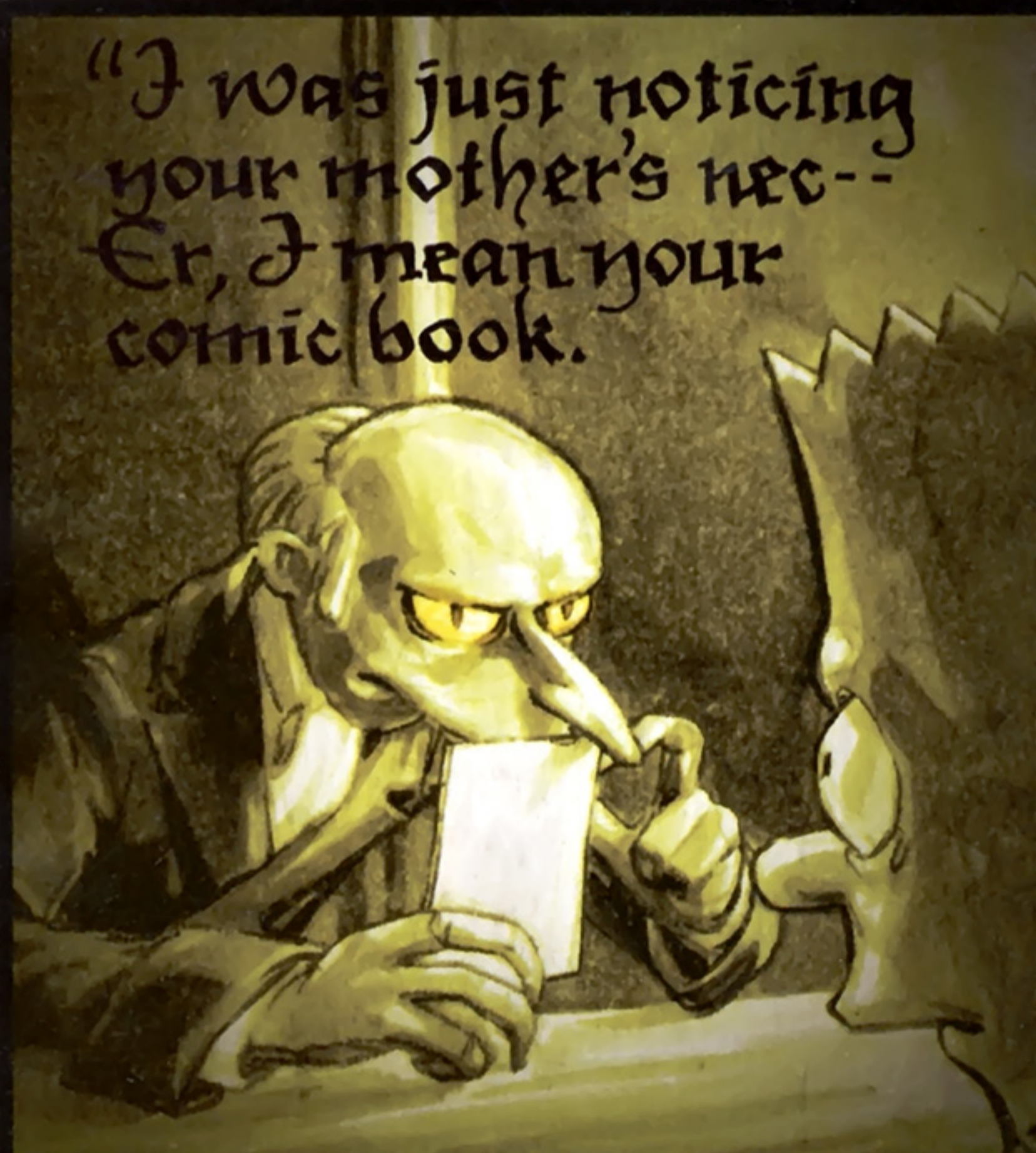


“We must Drink that  
power! Drink it from...



“Mmm...  
Beer.”

Lord Burlok is a most gracious host, and after a fine meal, it is time to sign the papers for the treehouse.



"My special  
little guy!"



"Hiss!"

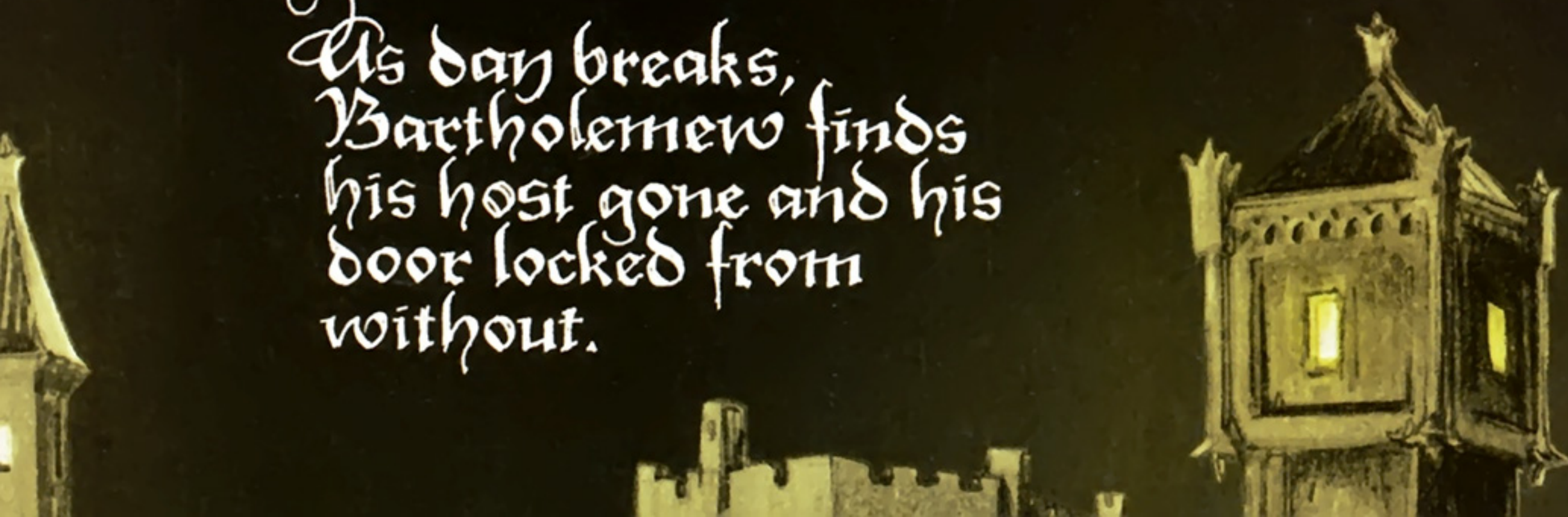


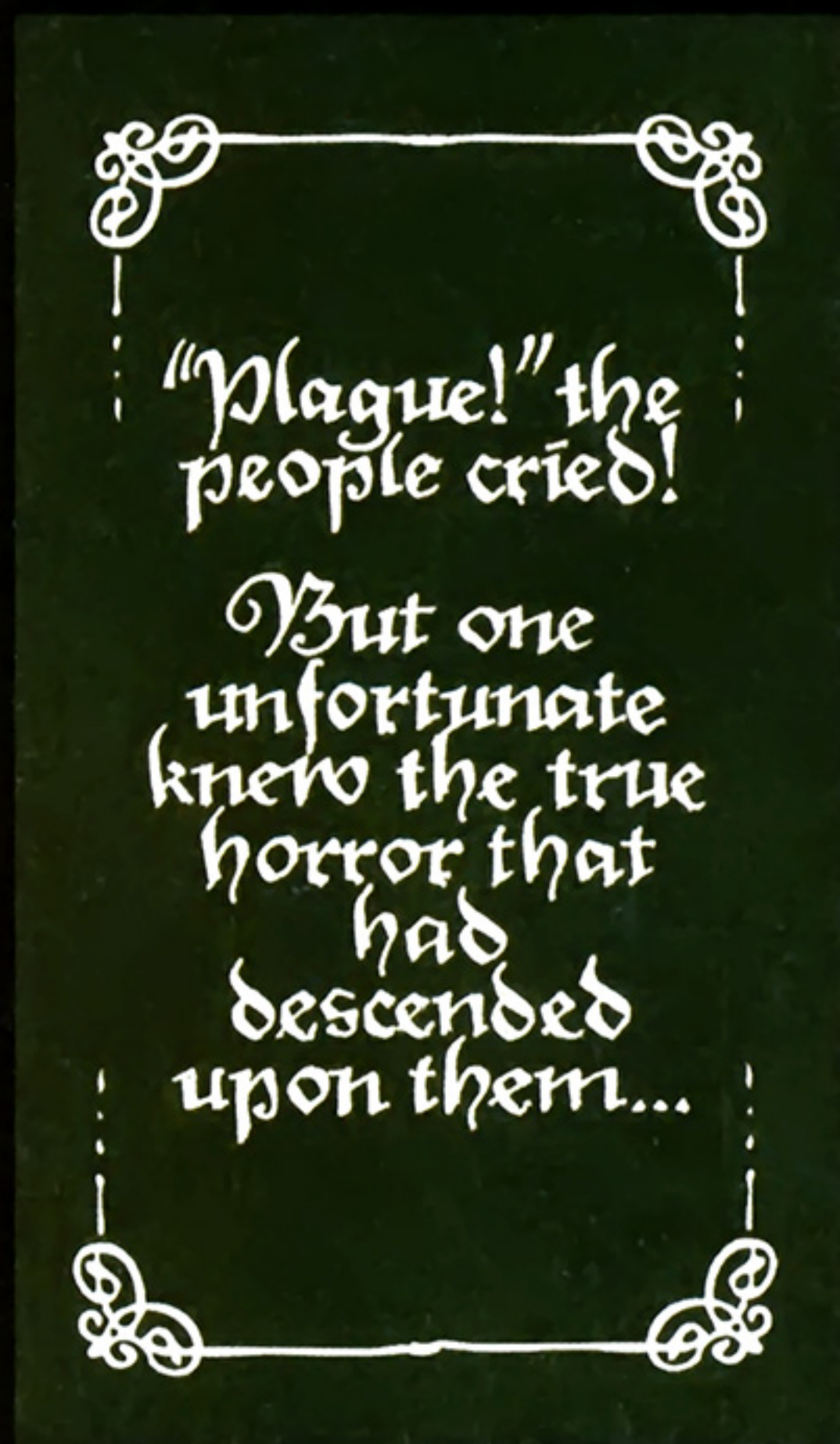
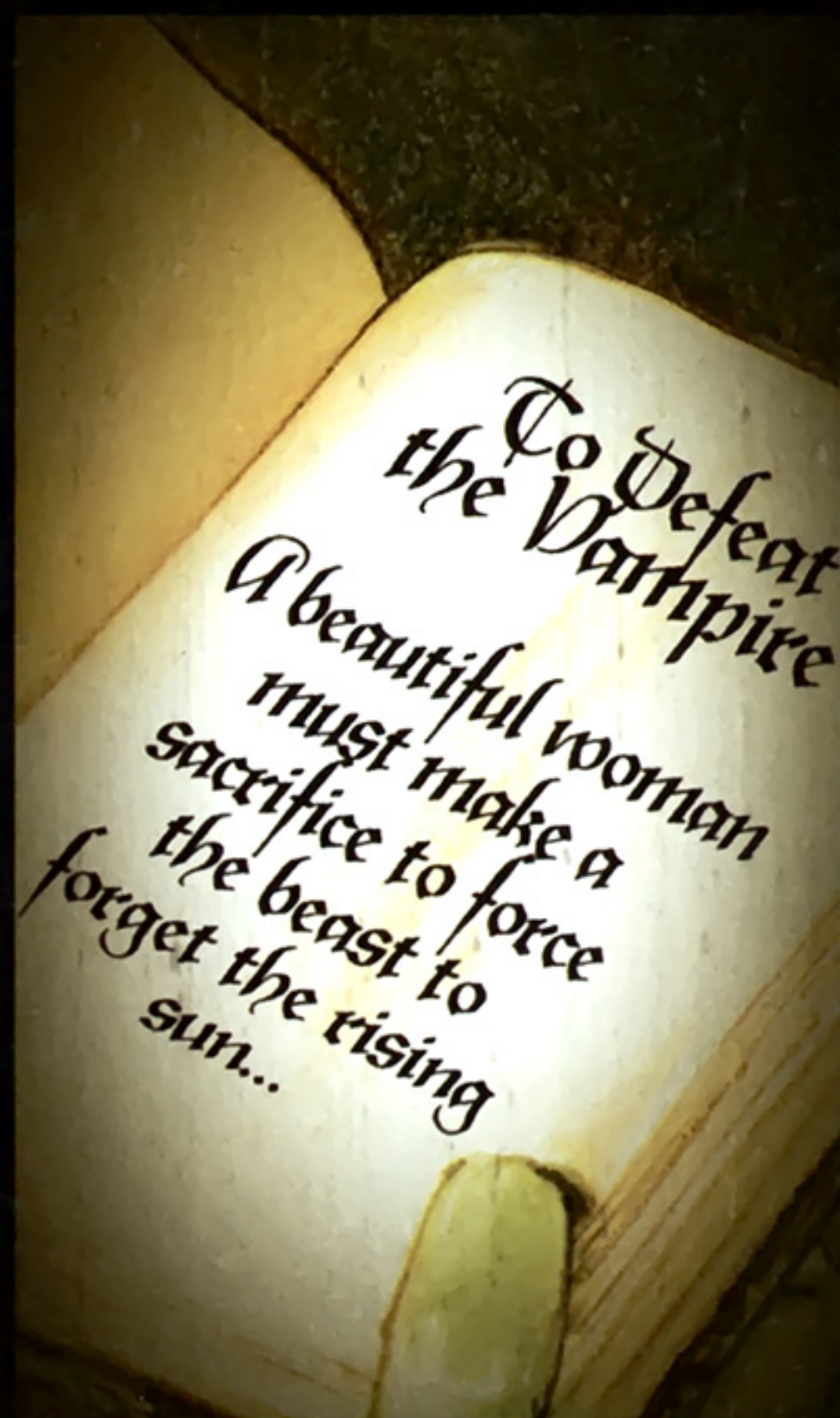
"pant,  
pant."



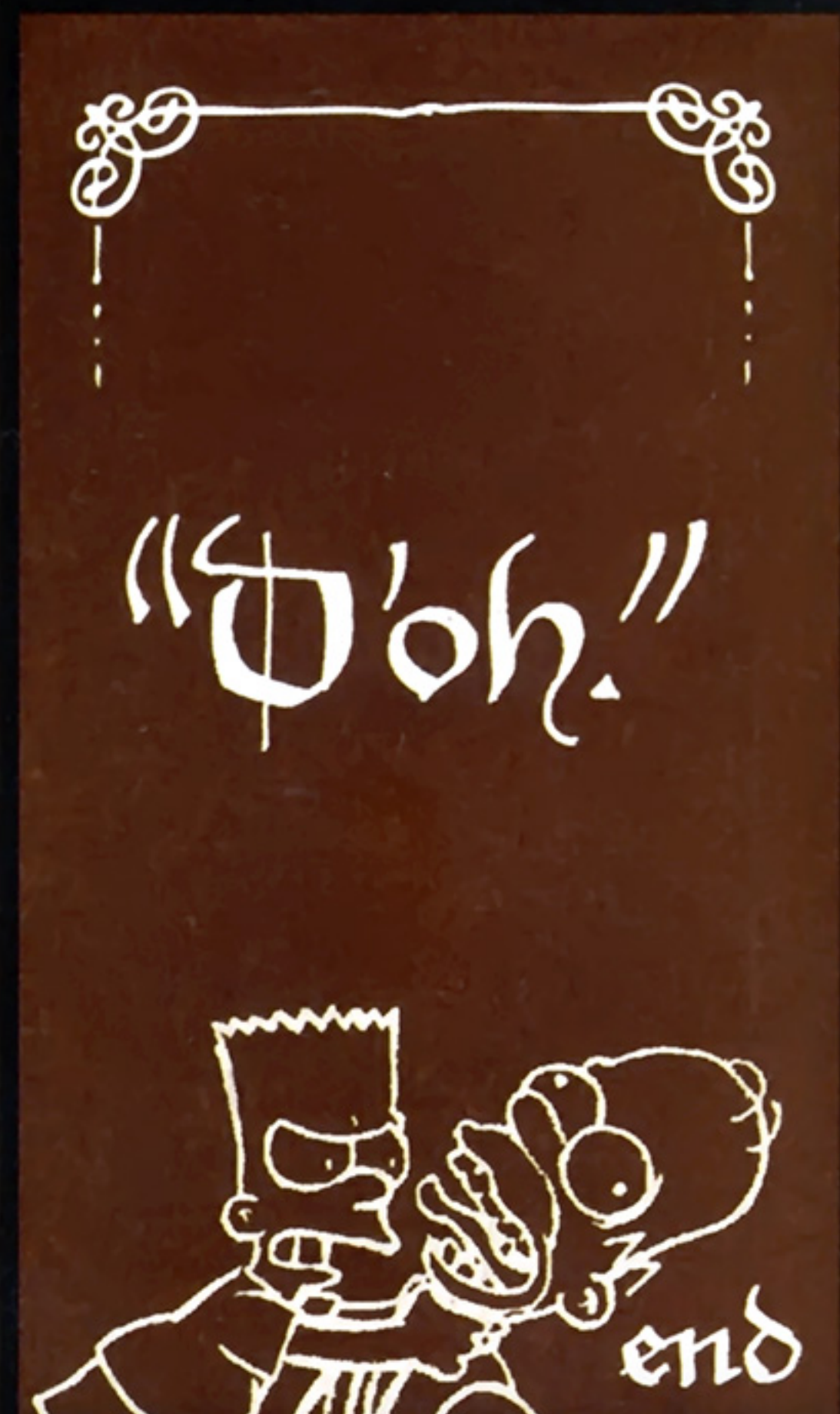
As day breaks,  
Bartholemew finds  
his host gone and his  
door locked from  
without.

"Help!"











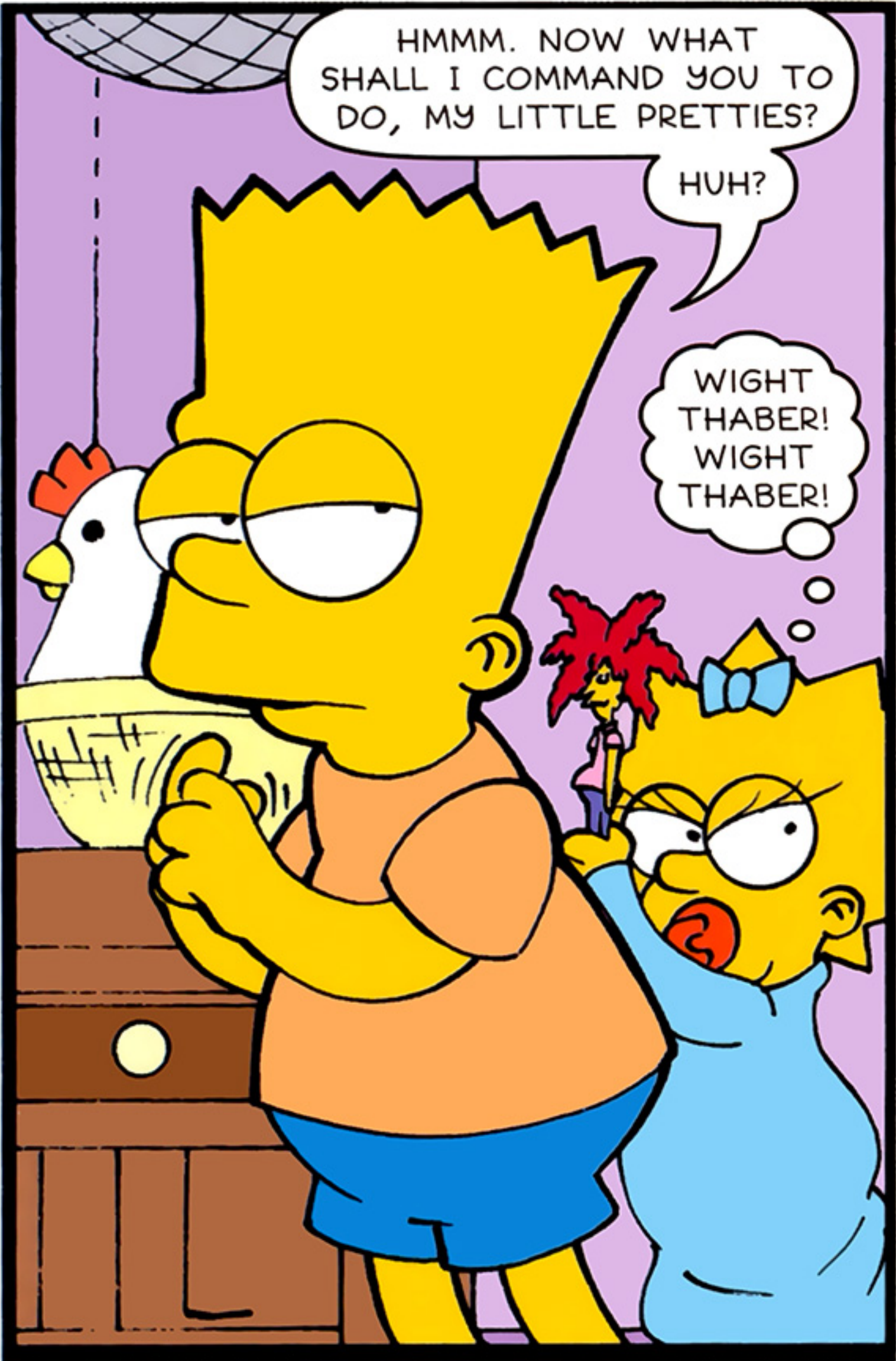
JANE WIEDLIN  
SCRIPT

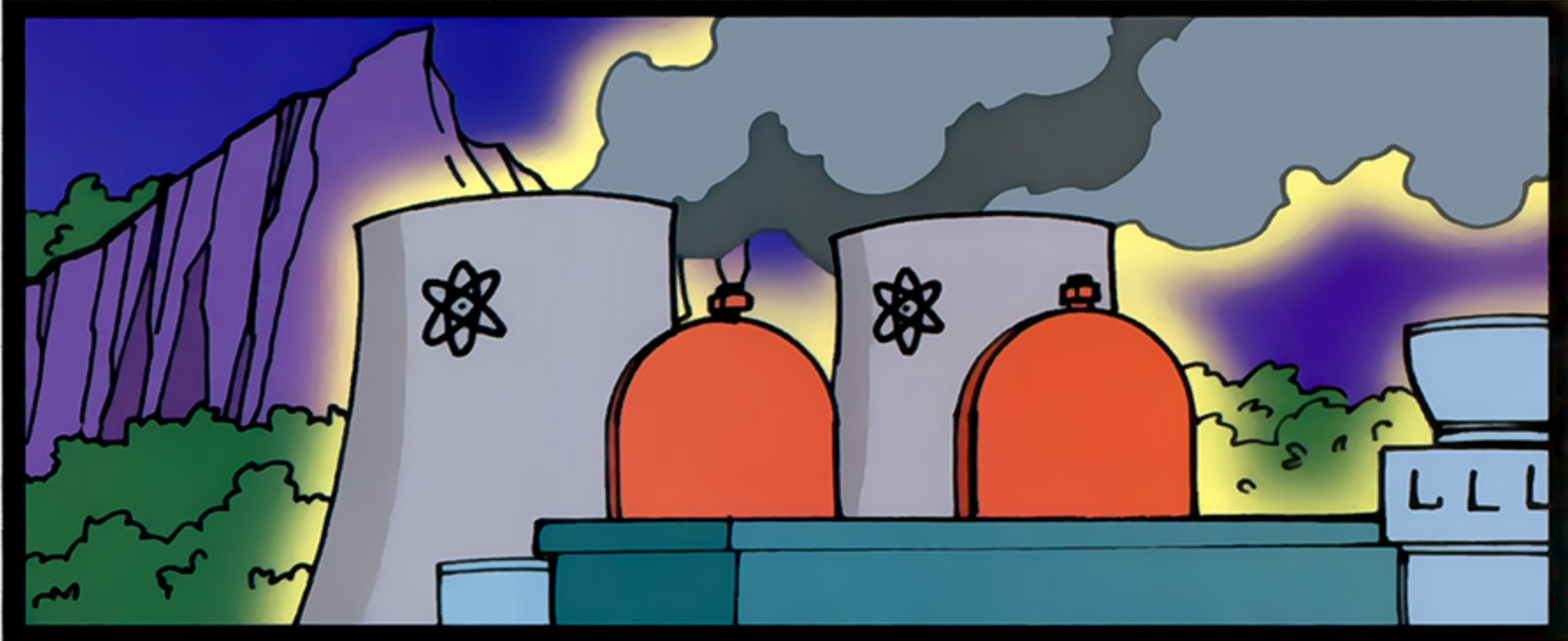
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PENCILS & INKS

NATHAN HAMILL  
COLORS

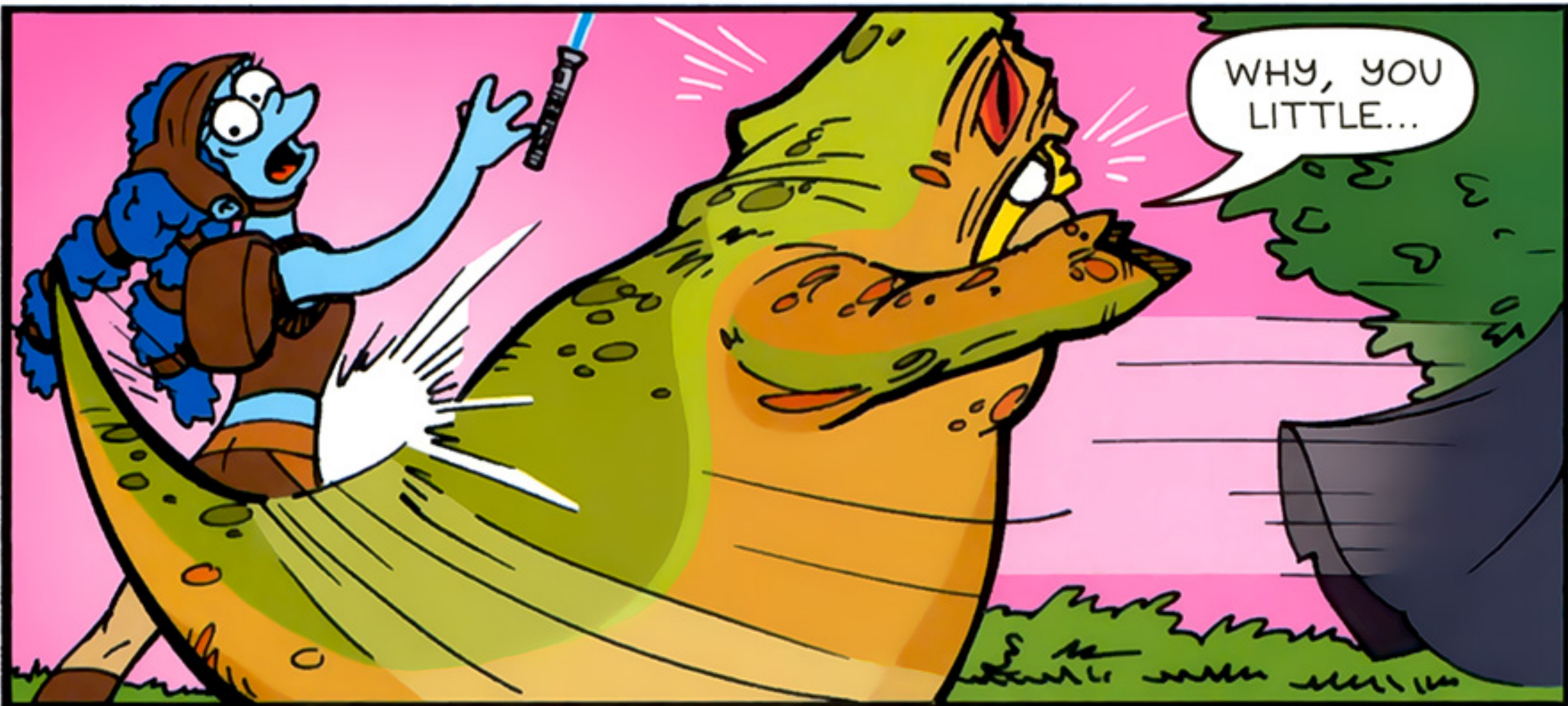
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EDITOR

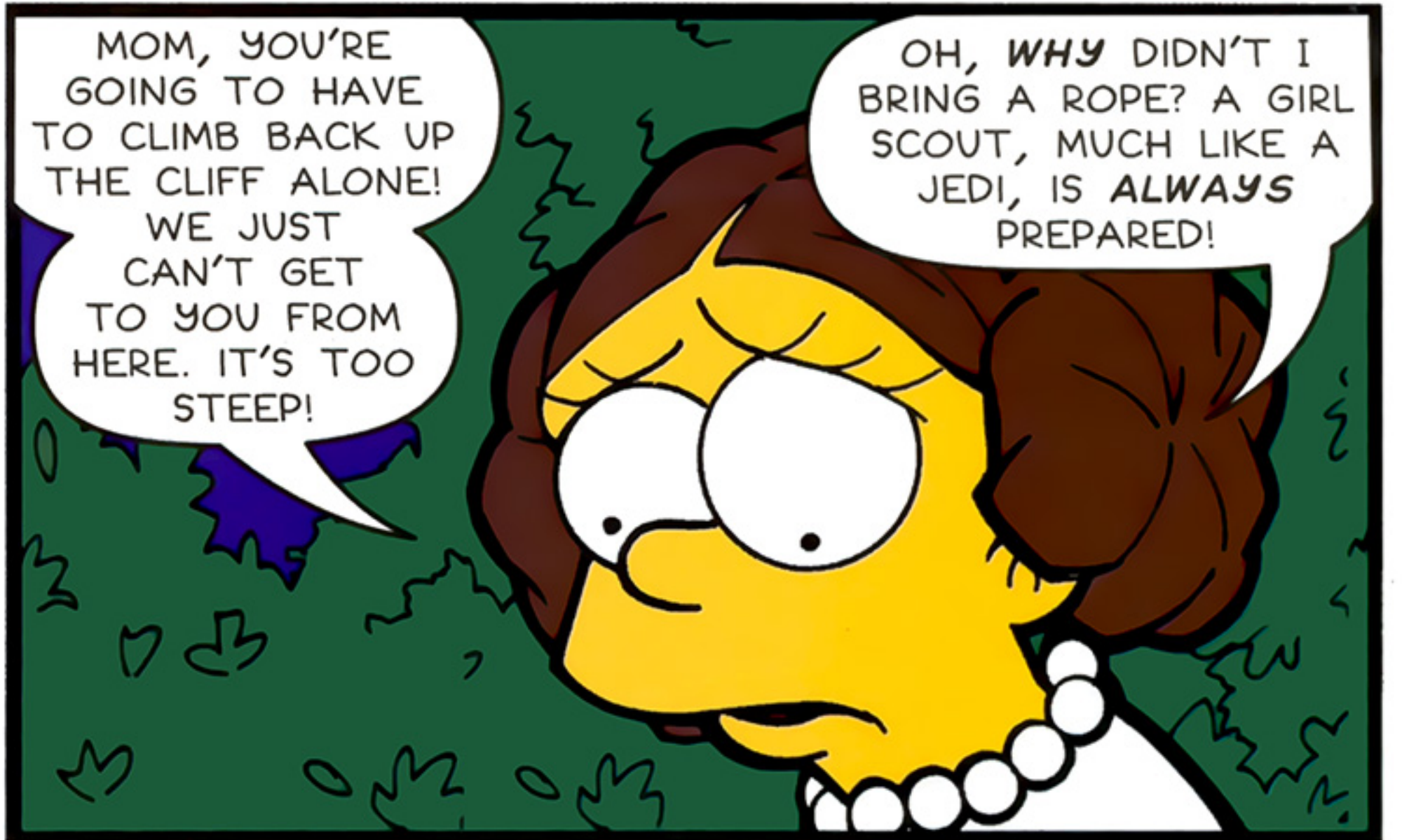


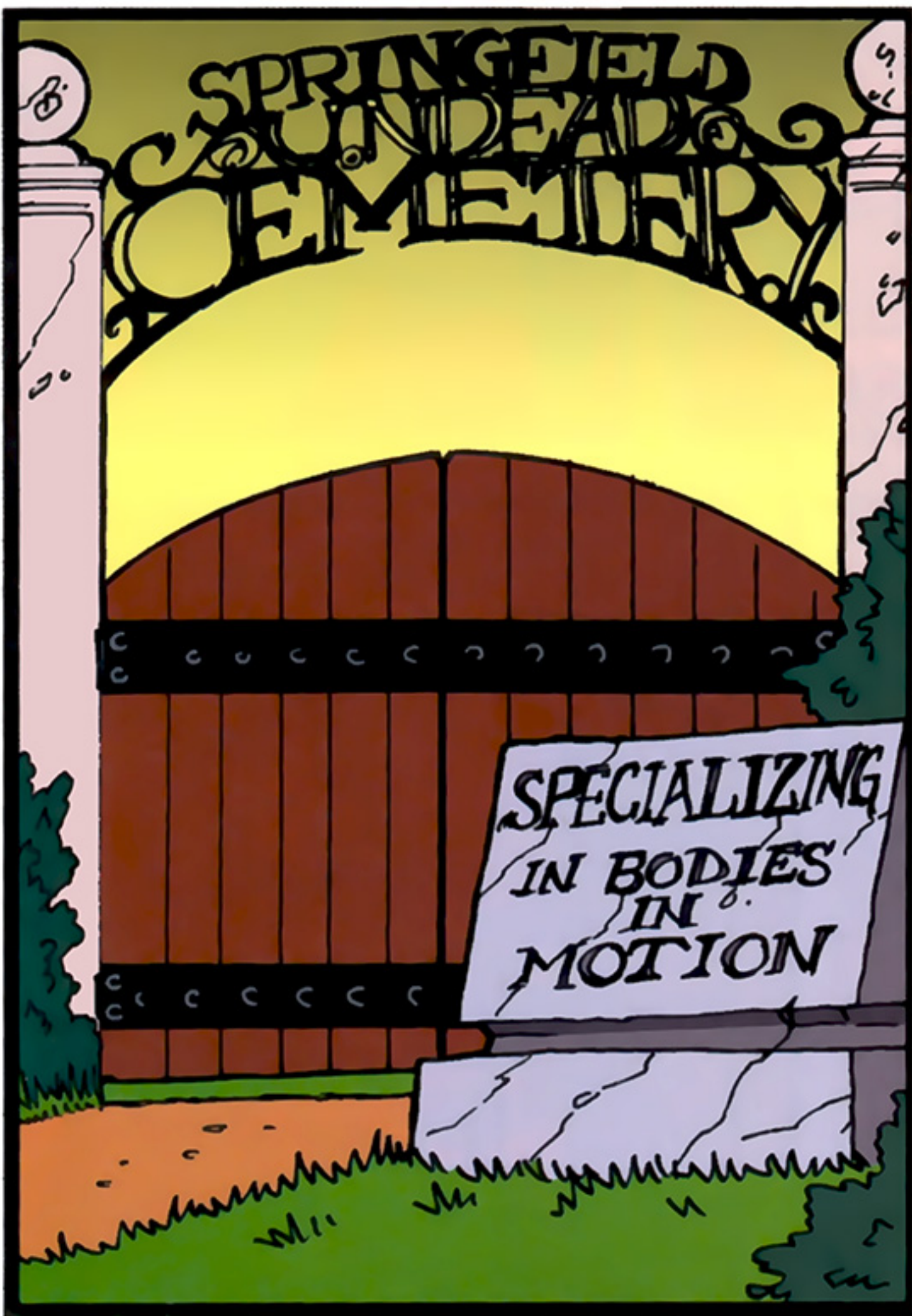
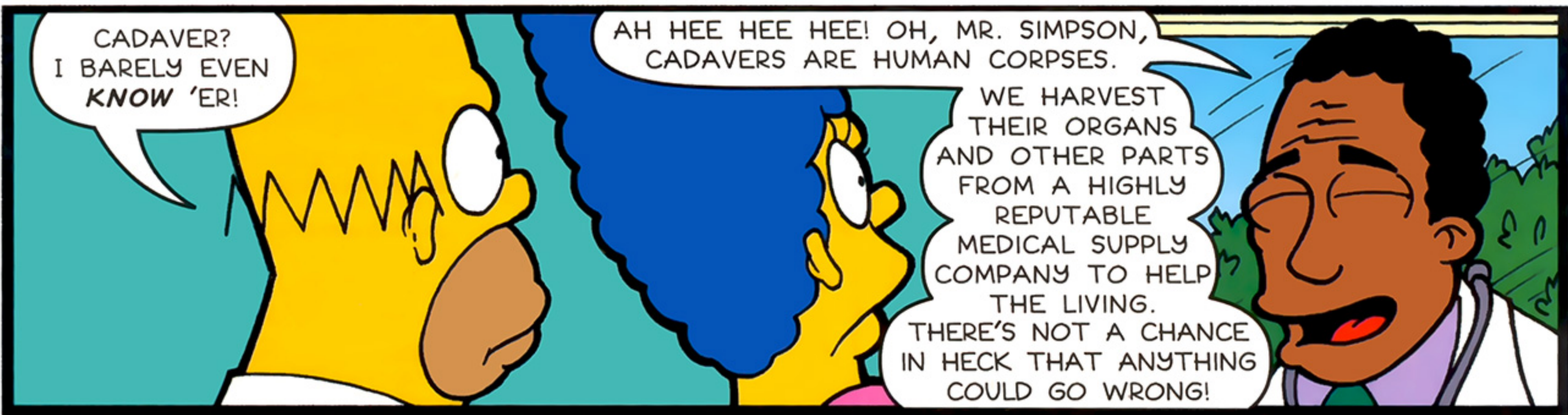
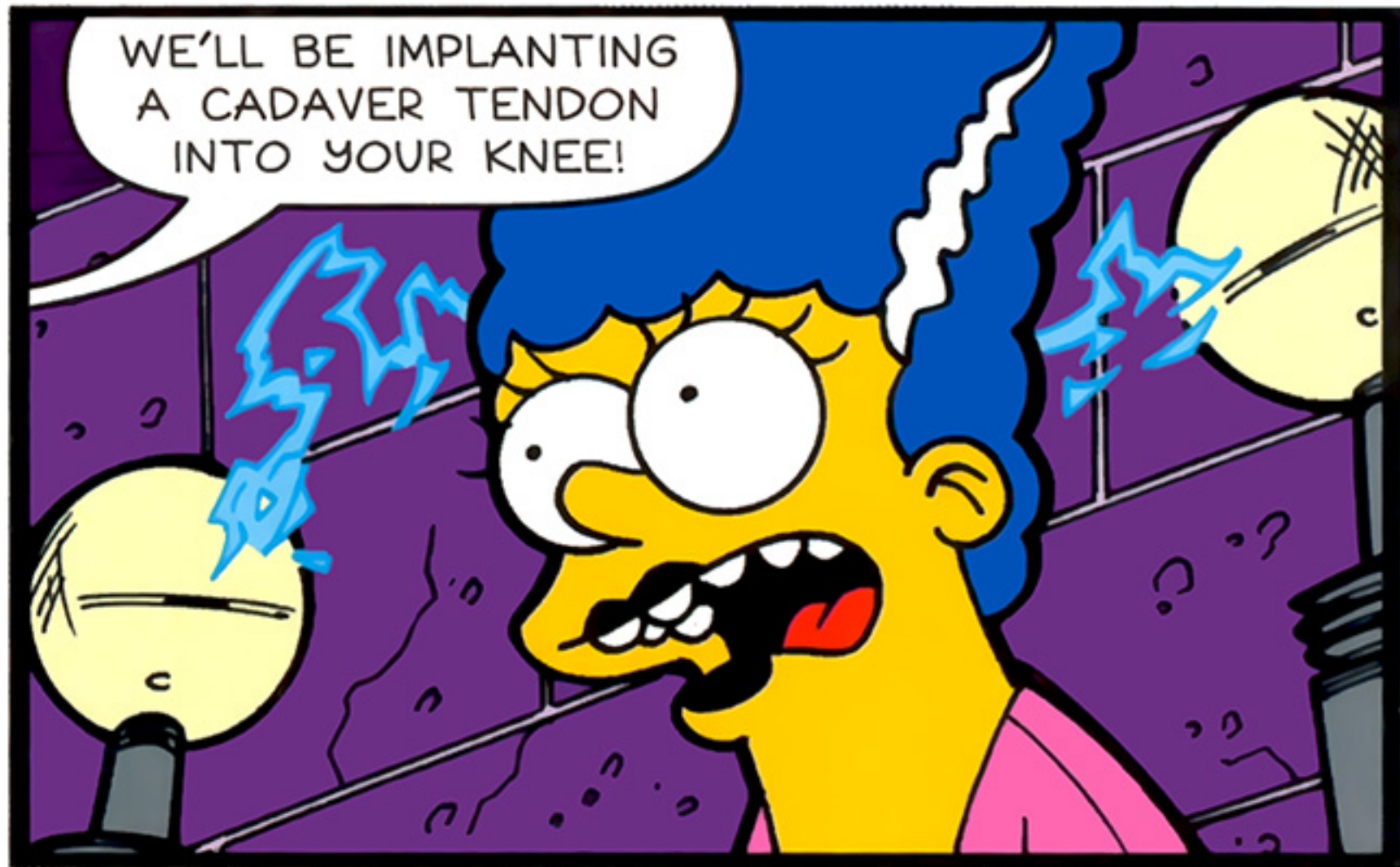


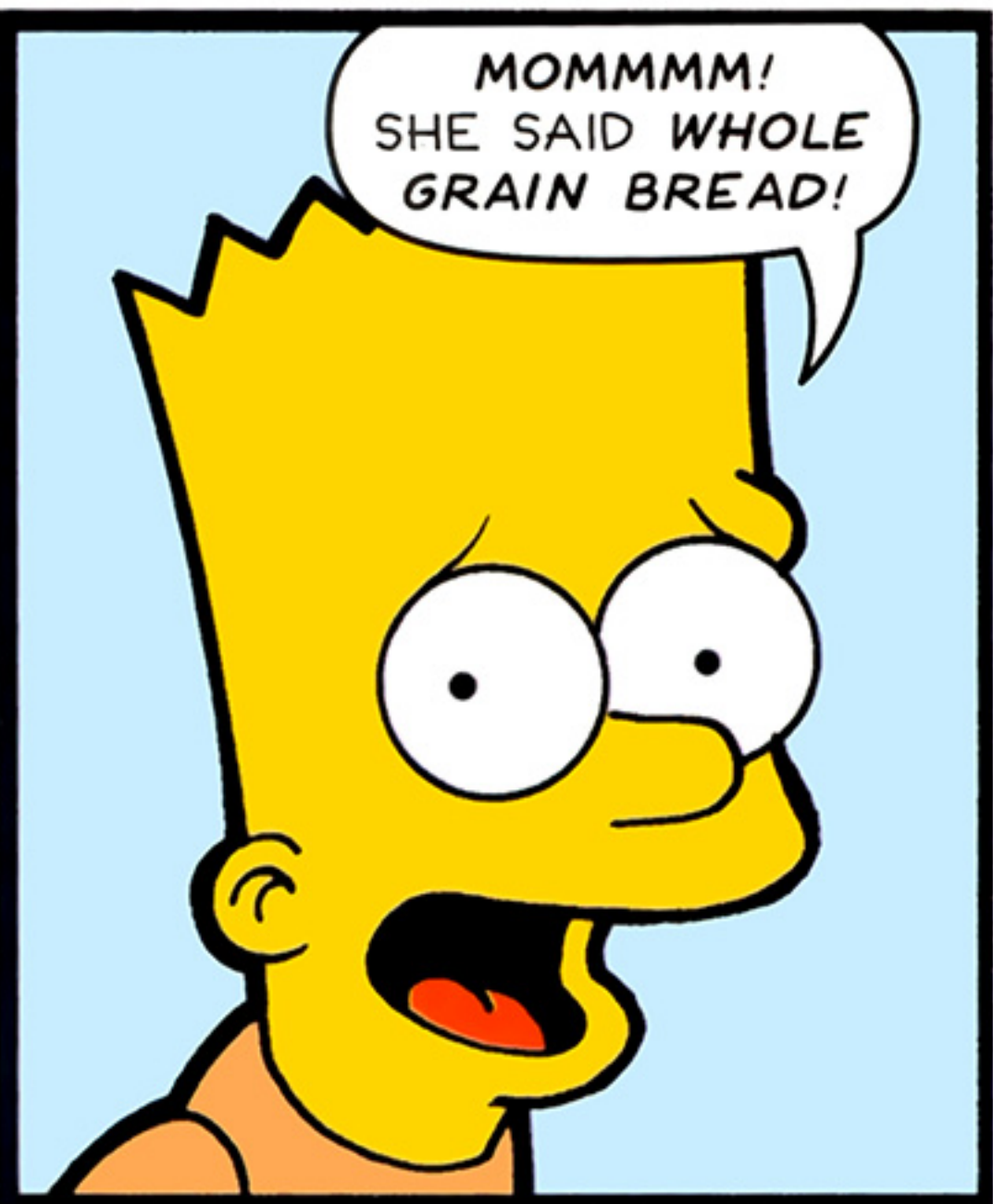
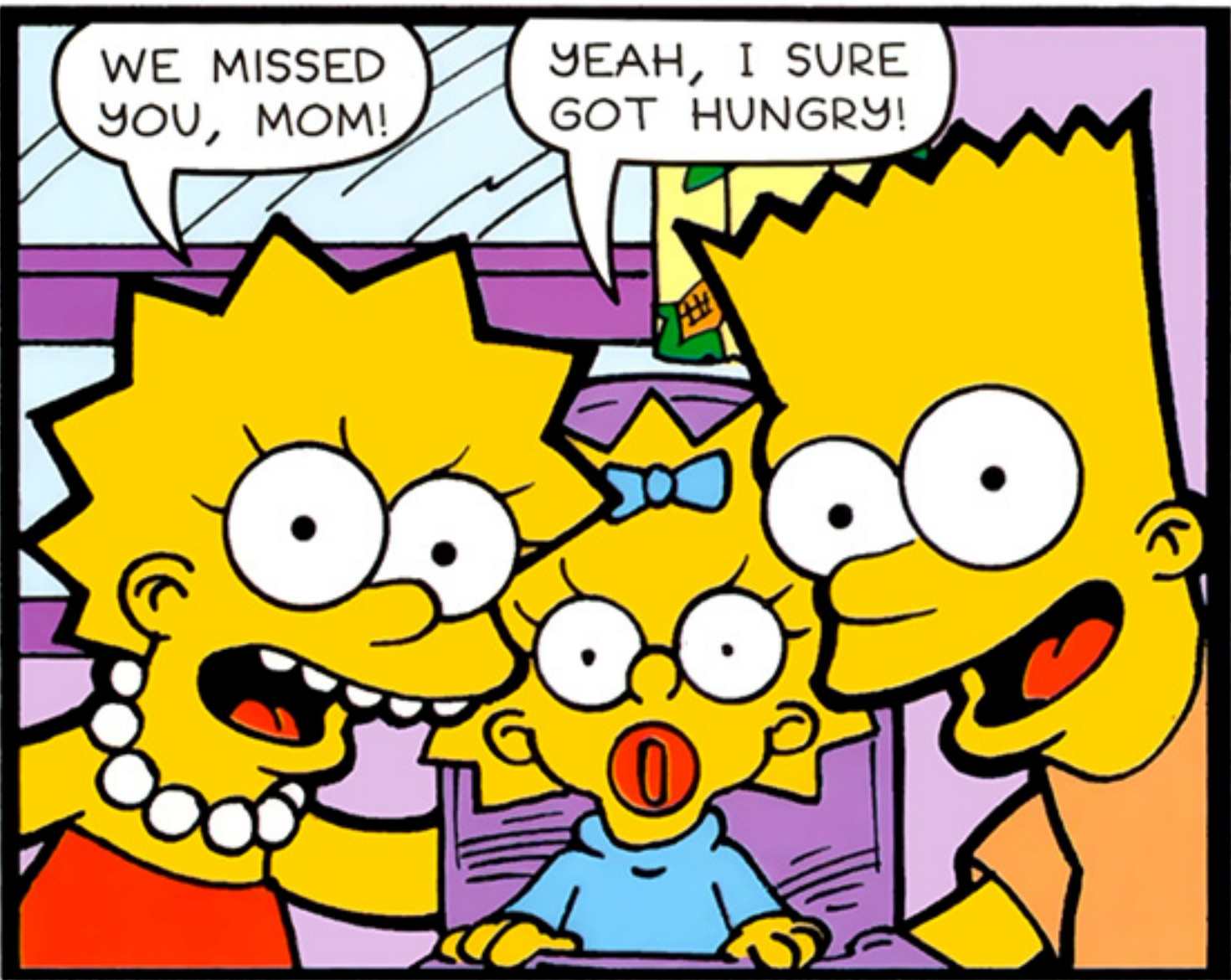
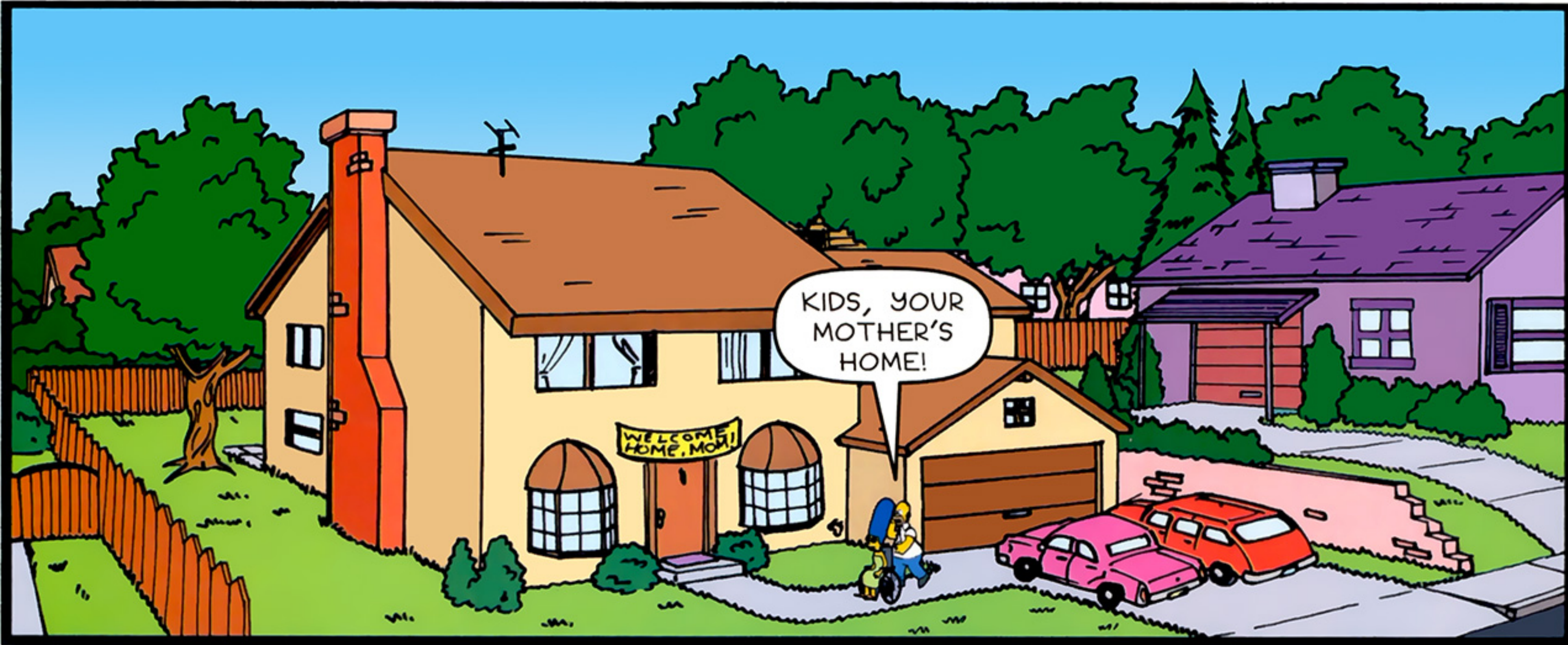
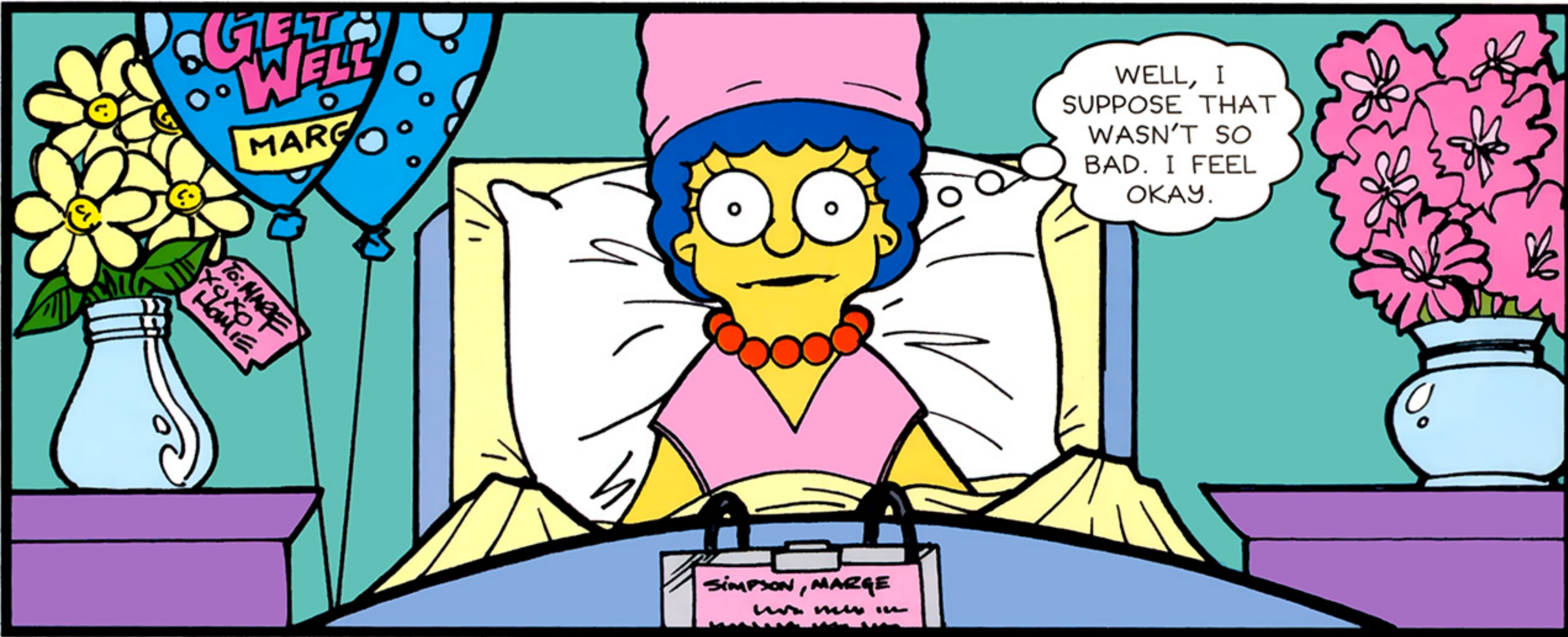


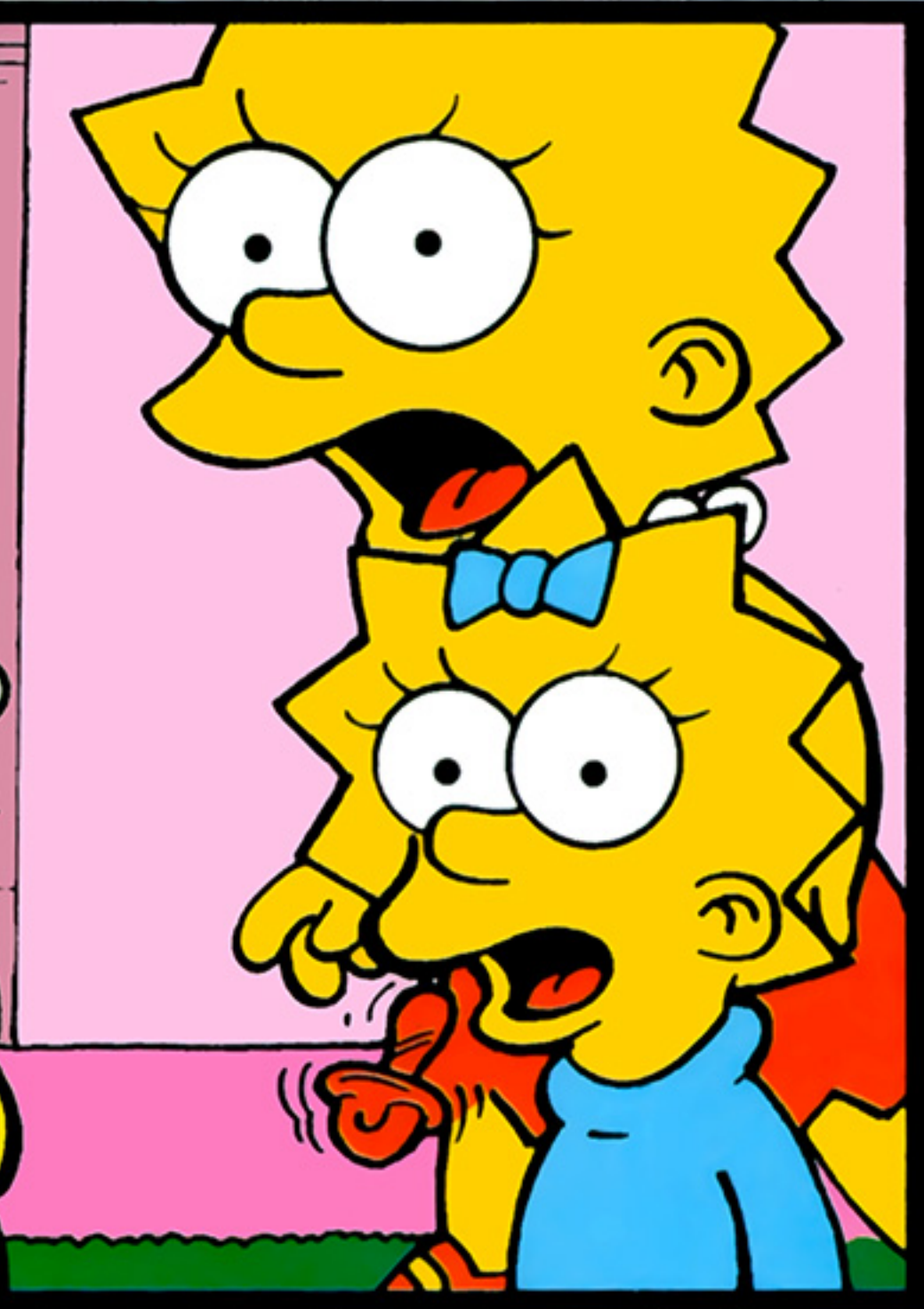
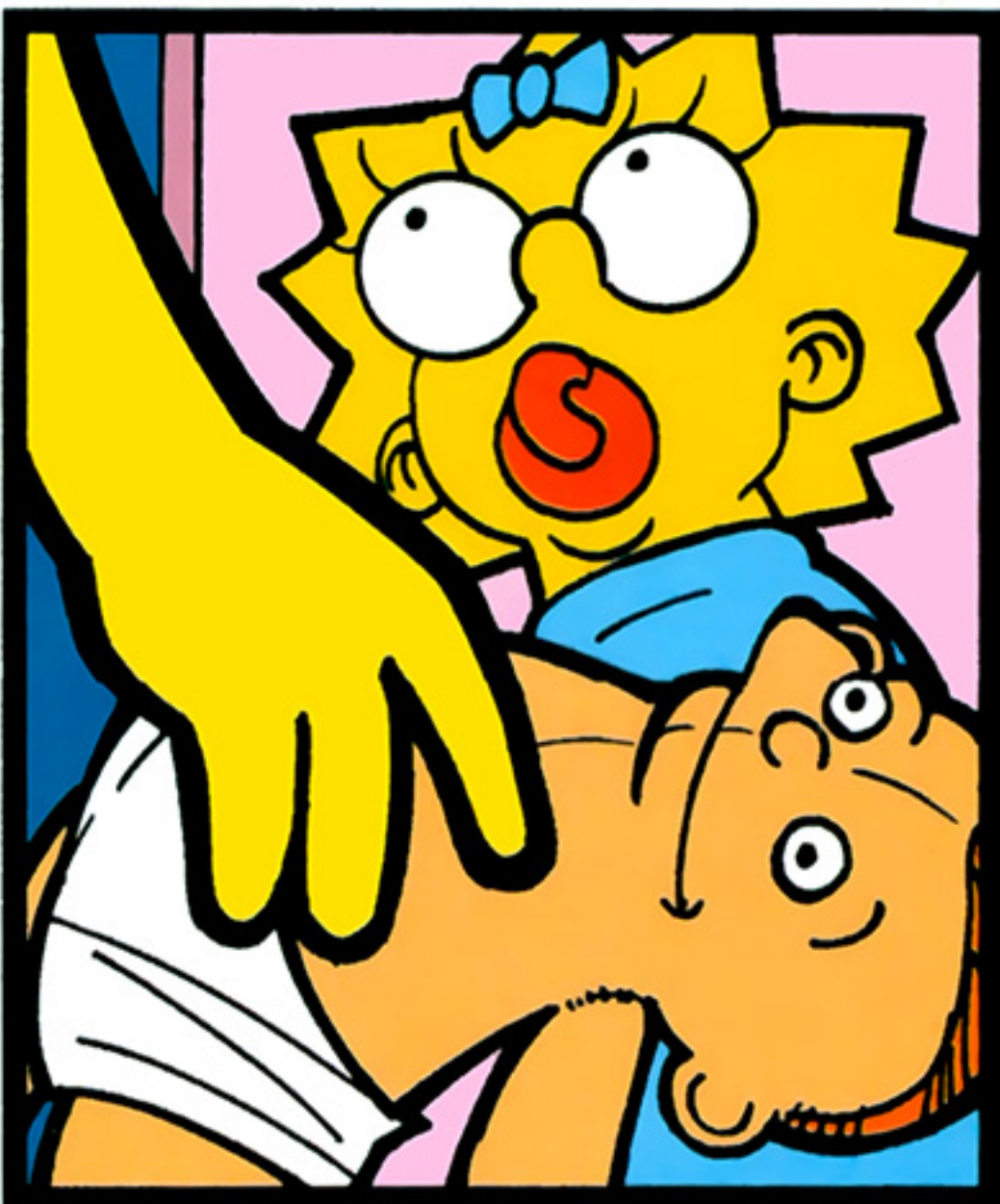
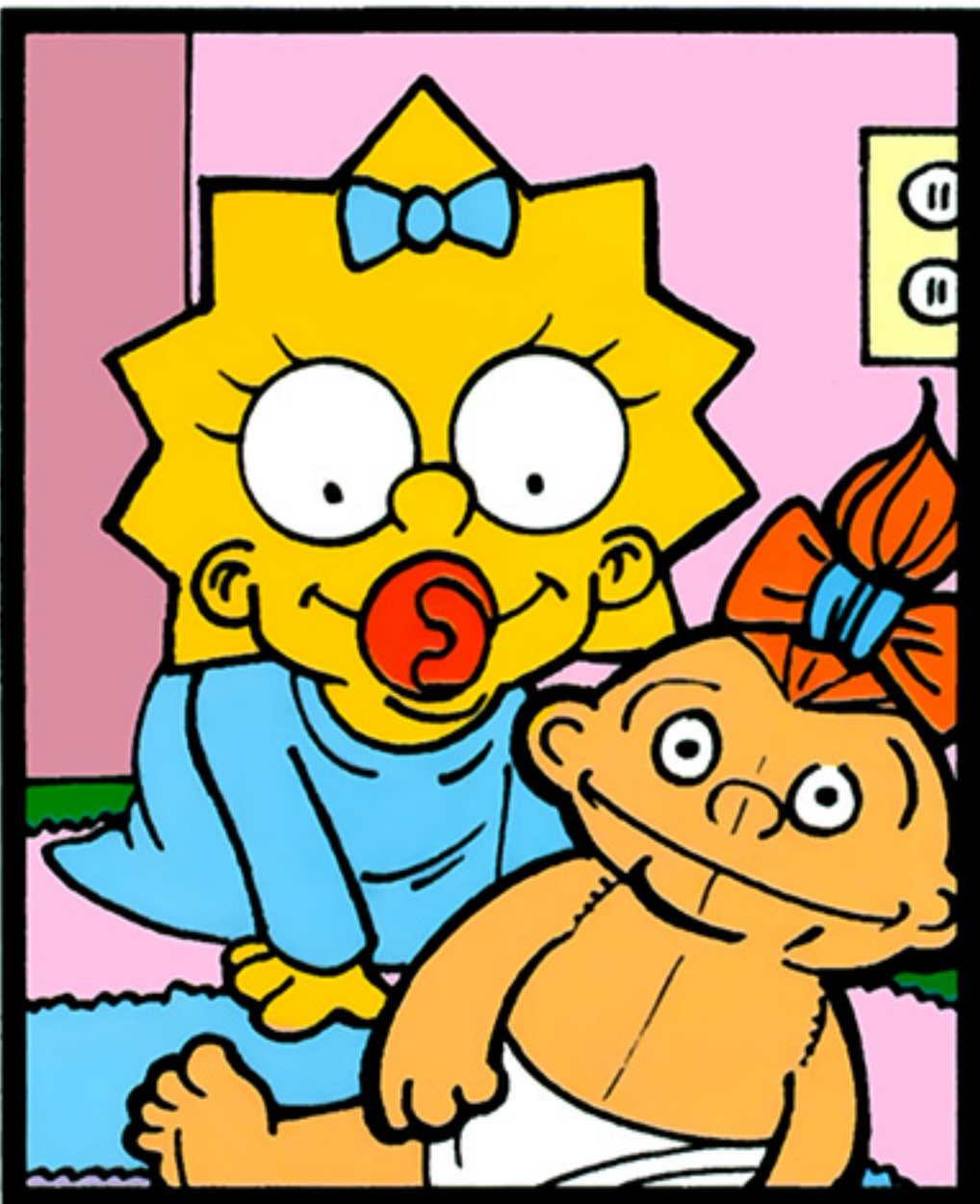


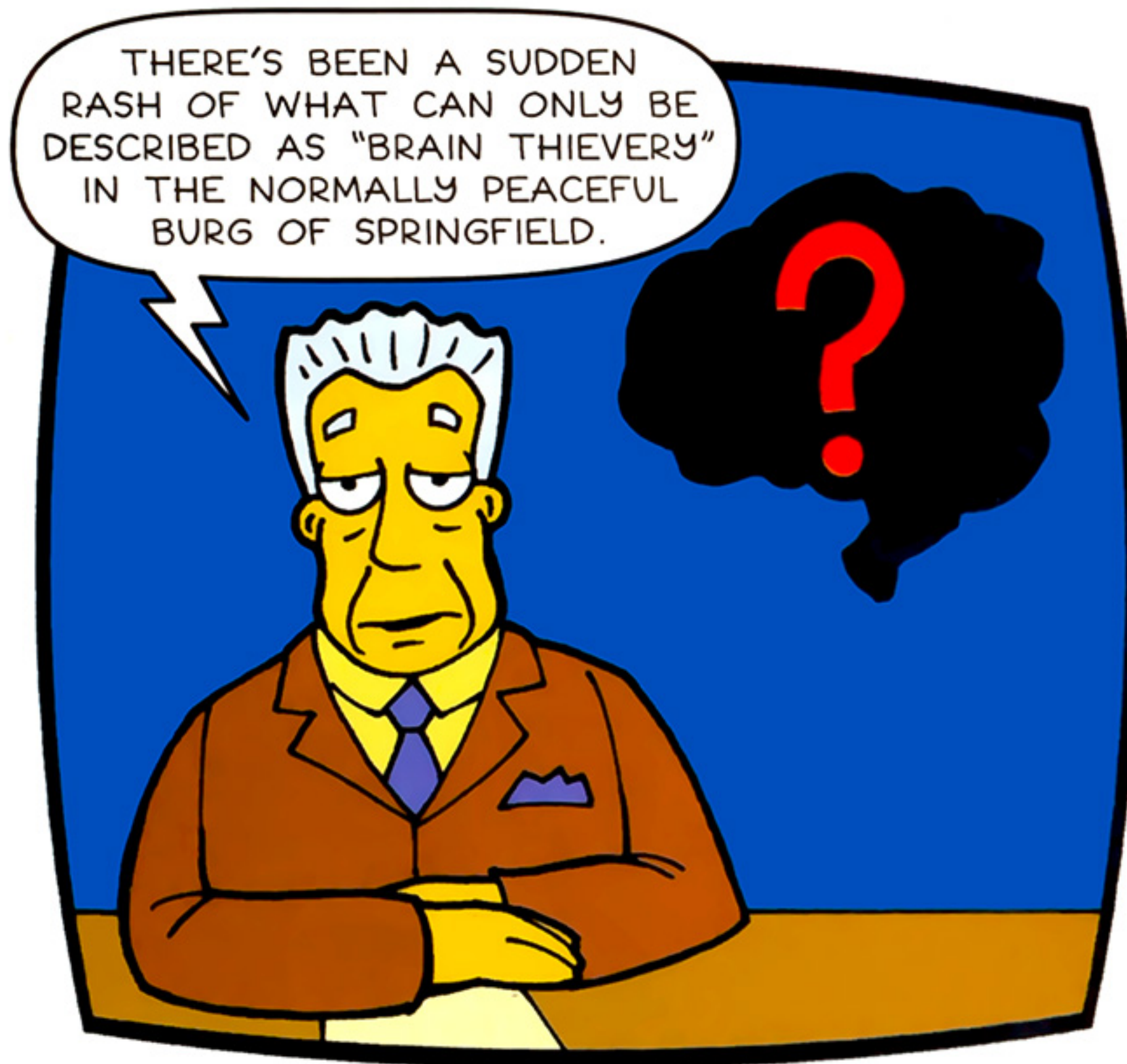






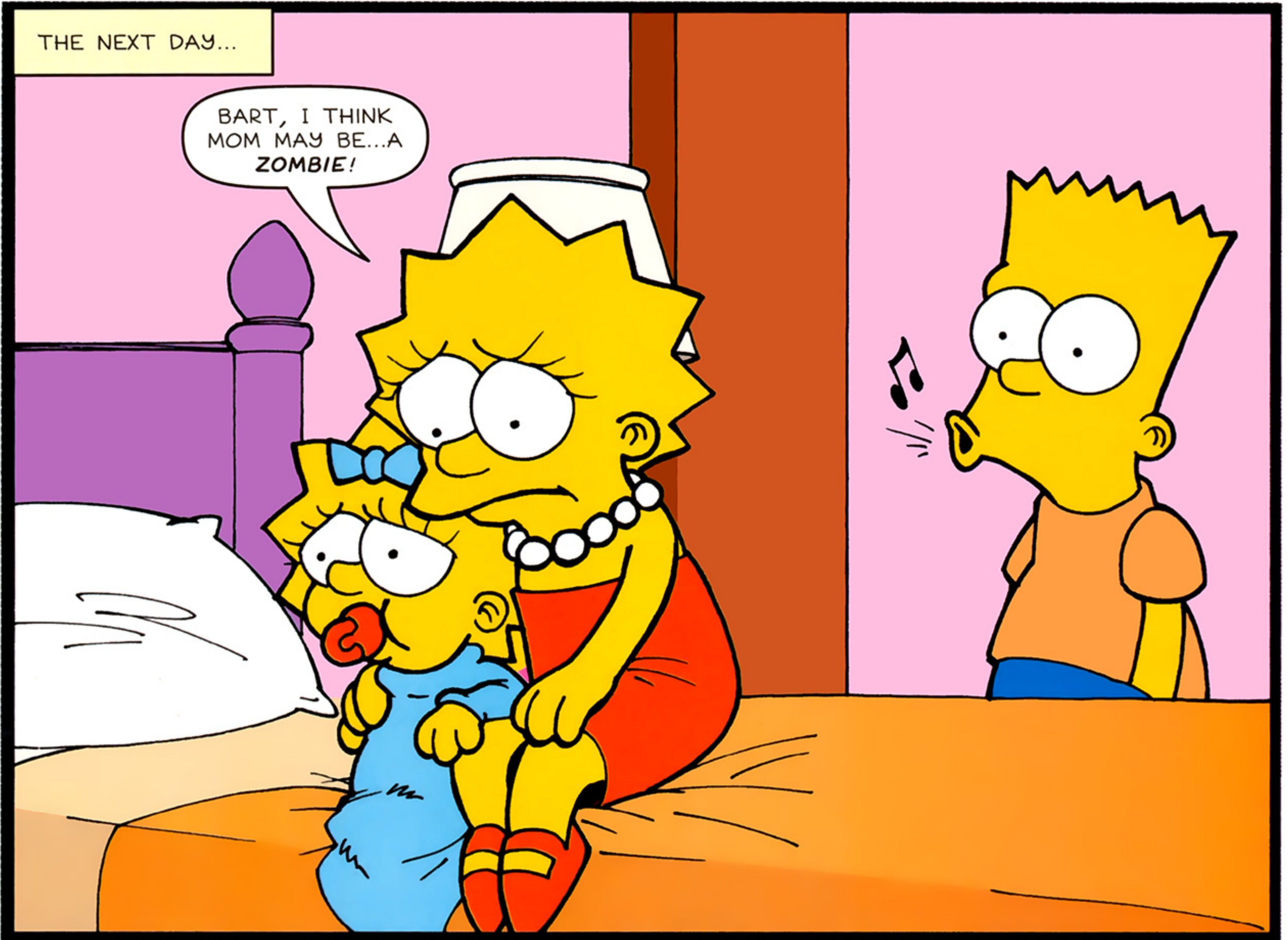




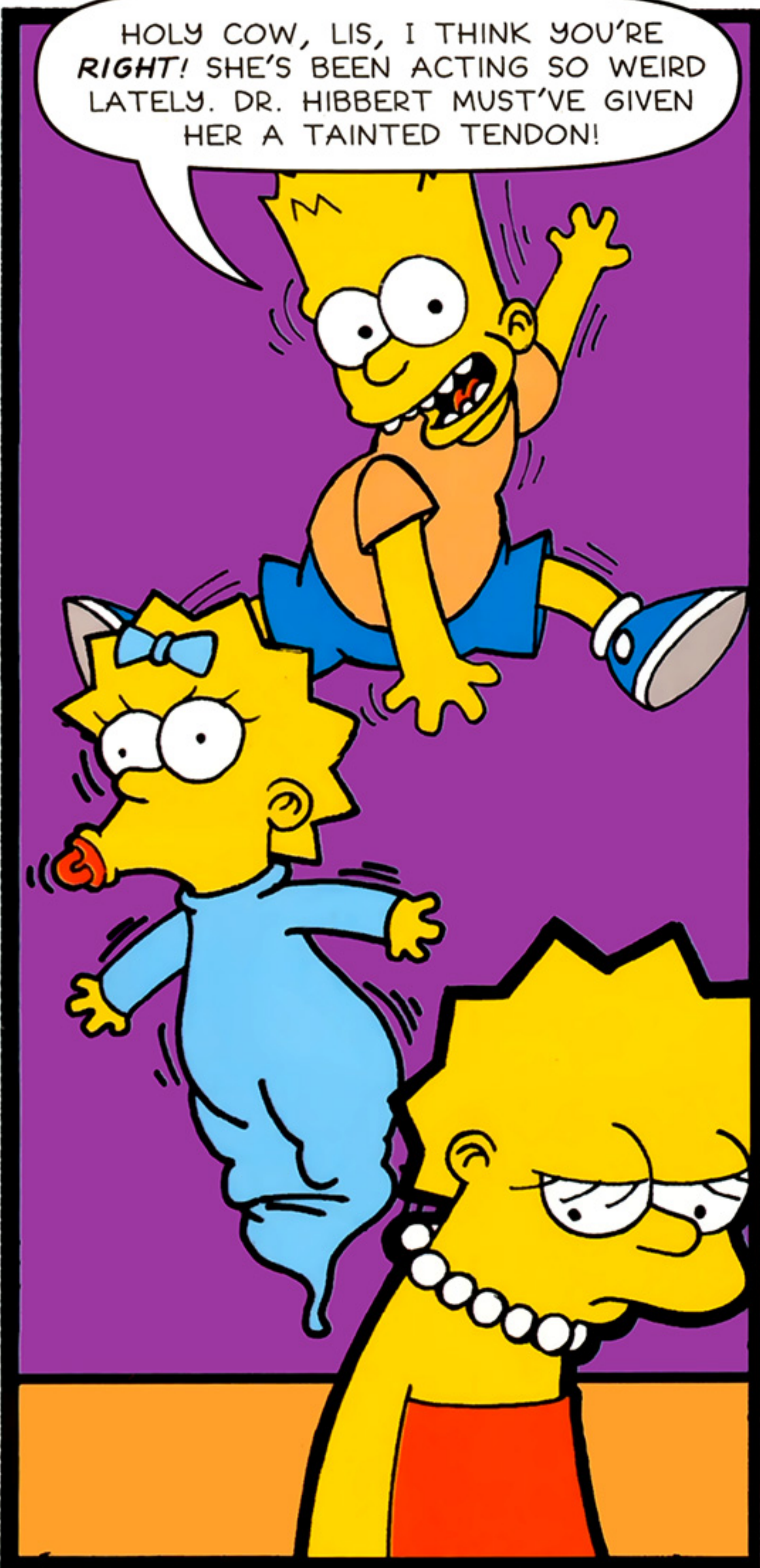


THE NEXT DAY...

BART, I THINK  
MOM MAY BE...A  
ZOMBIE!



HOLY COW, LIS, I THINK YOU'RE  
**RIGHT!** SHE'S BEEN ACTING SO WEIRD  
LATELY. DR. HIBBERT MUST'VE GIVEN  
HER A TAINTED TENDON!



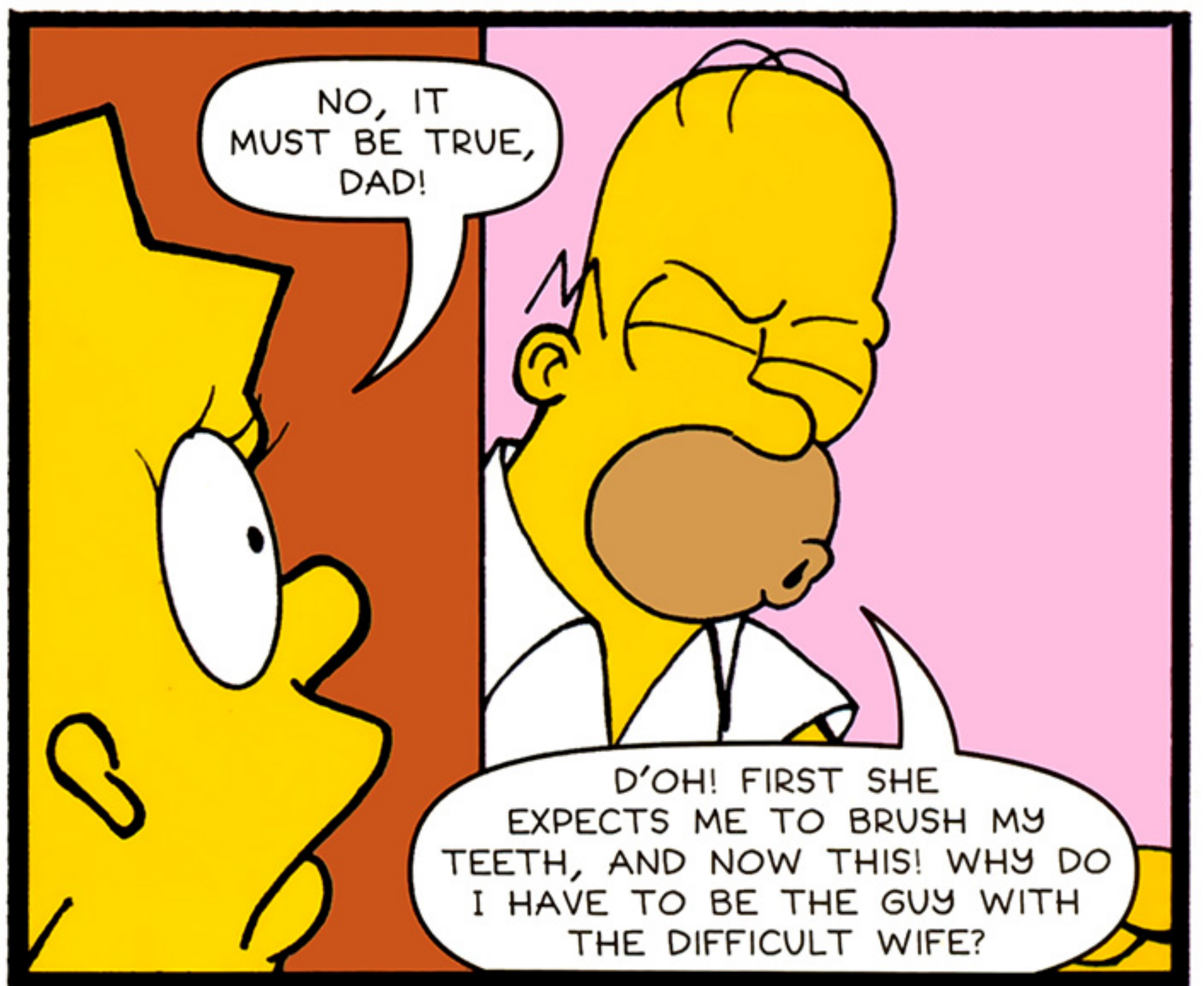
HOMER!  
MOM'S A  
ZOMBIE!

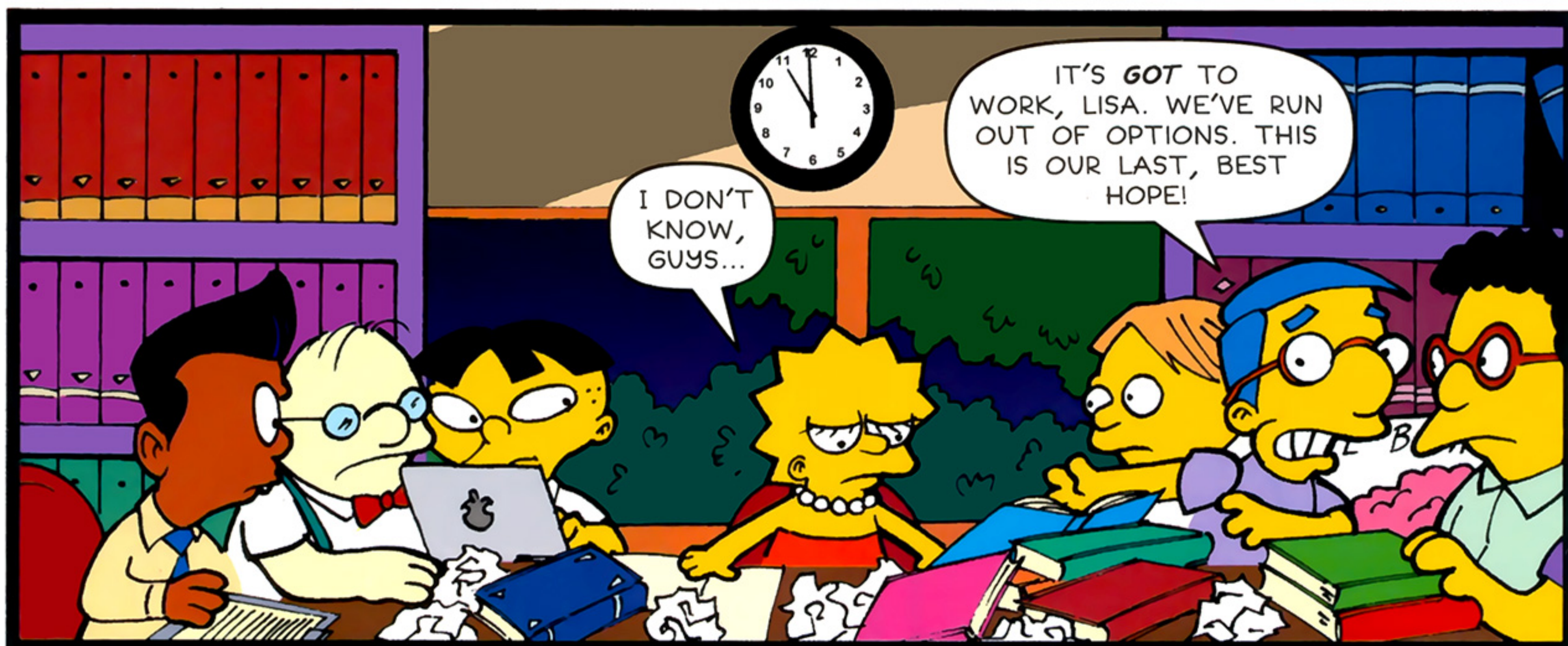
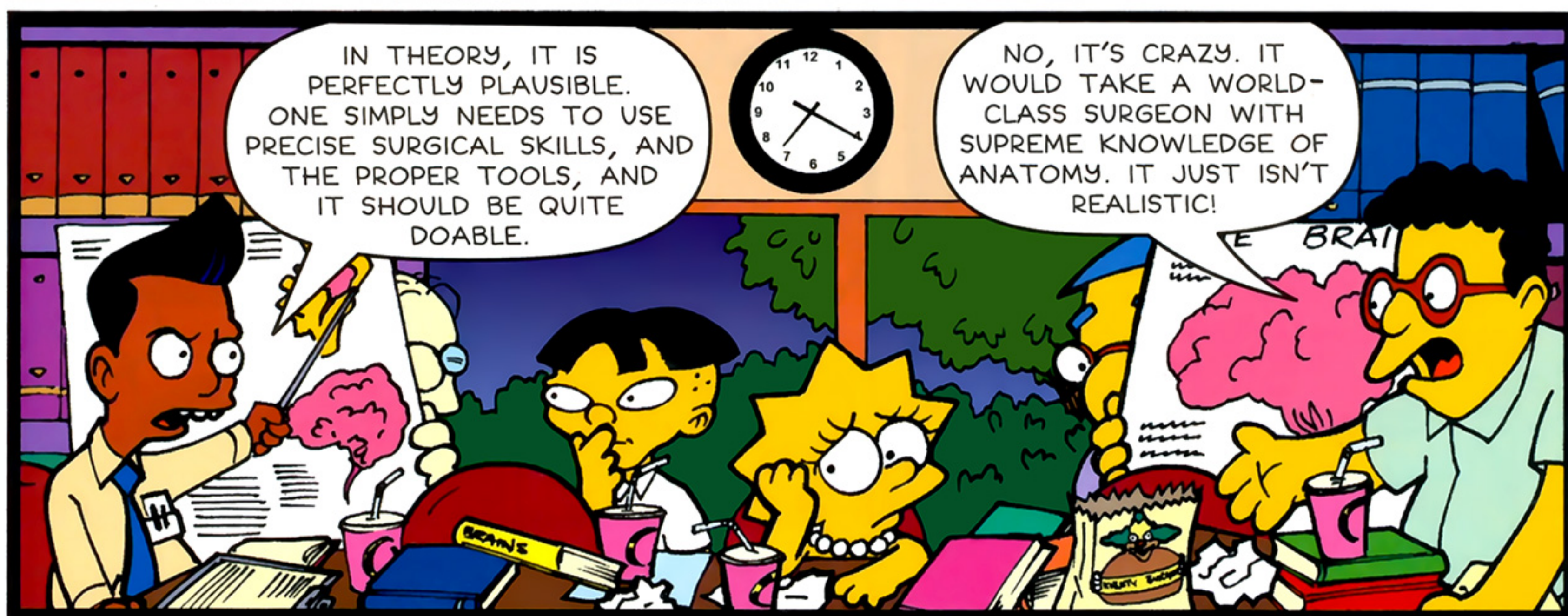
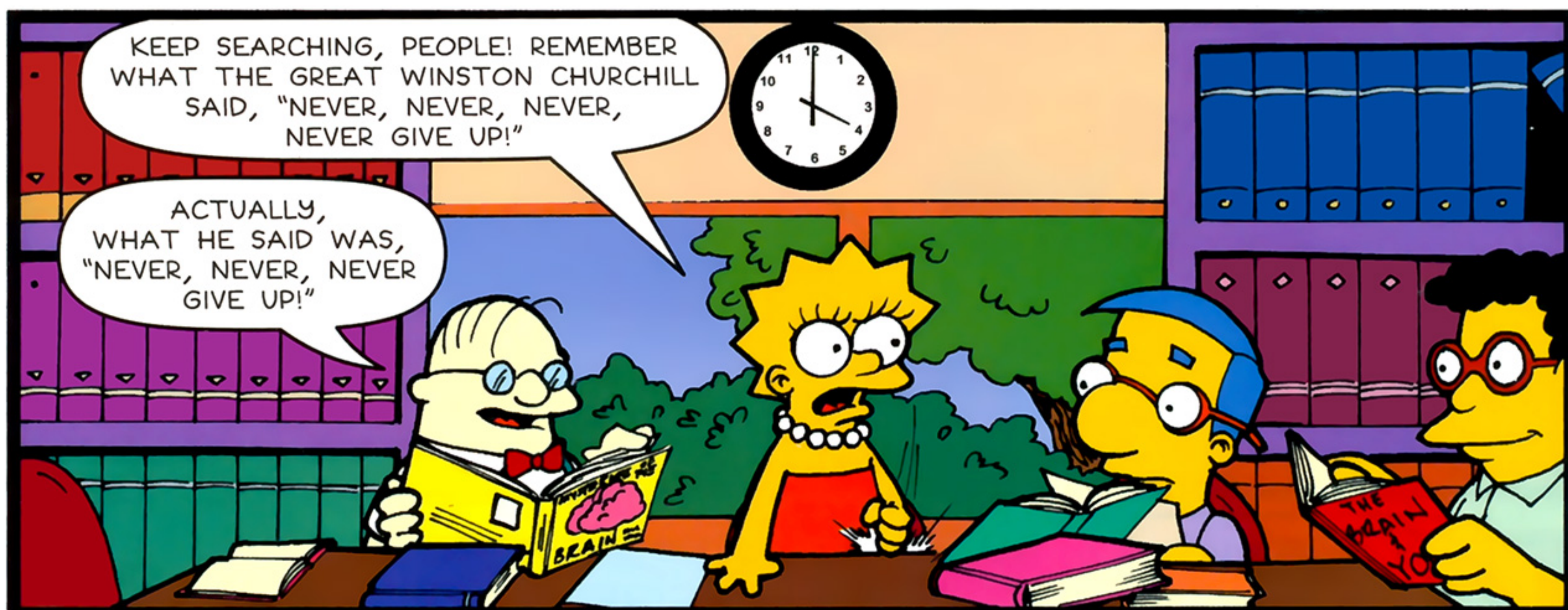
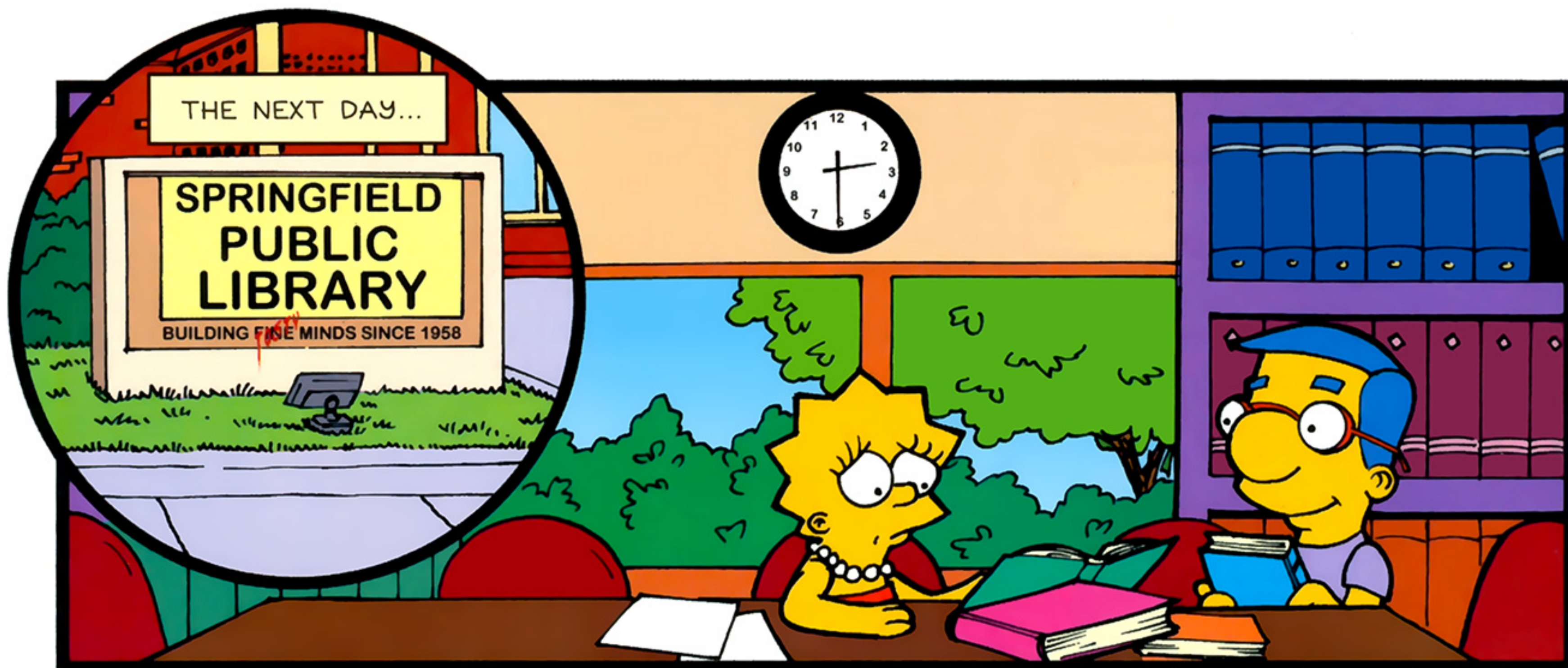
DON'T YOU  
CALL YOUR MOTHER  
A ZOMBIE, BOY!

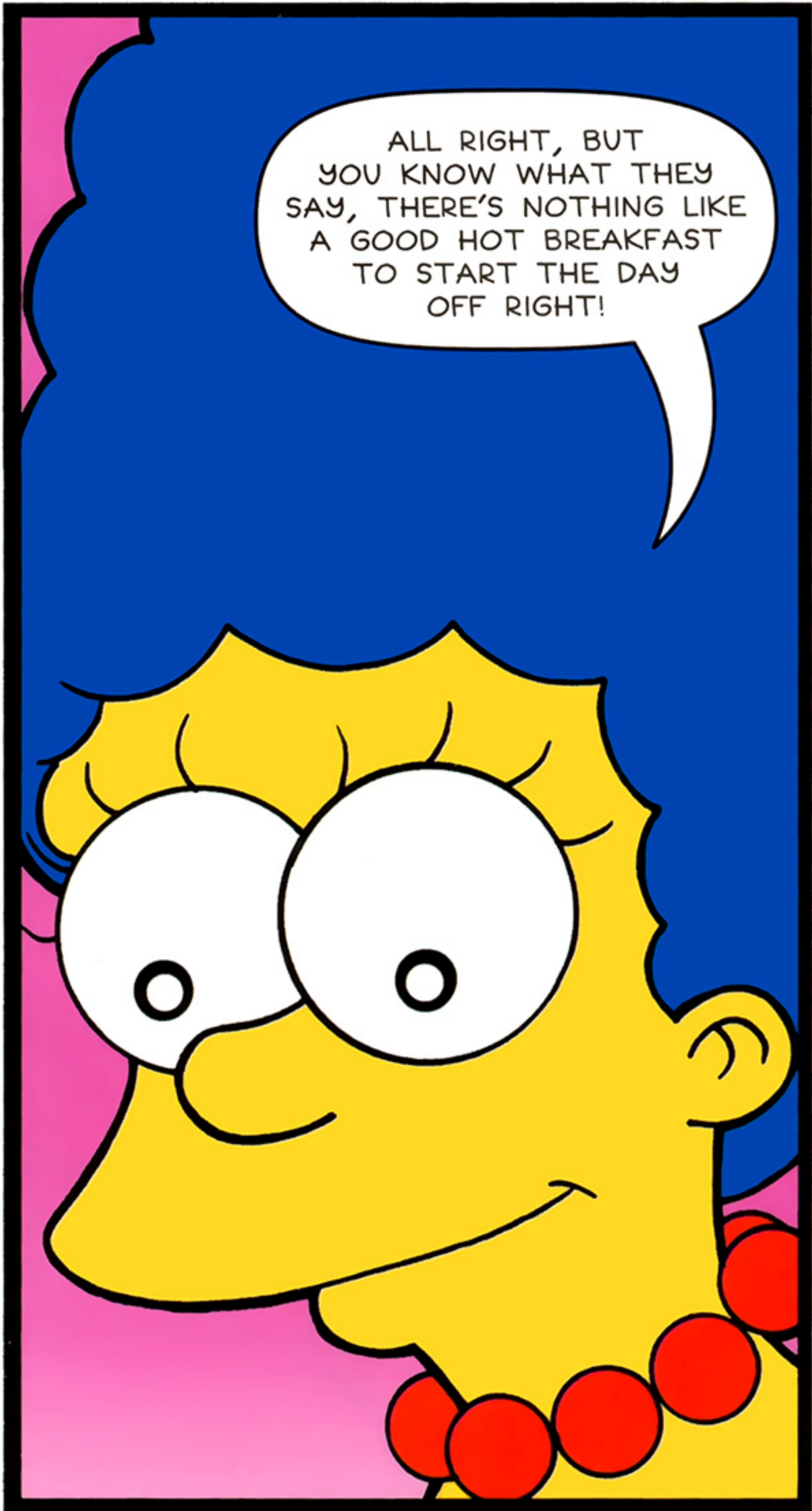
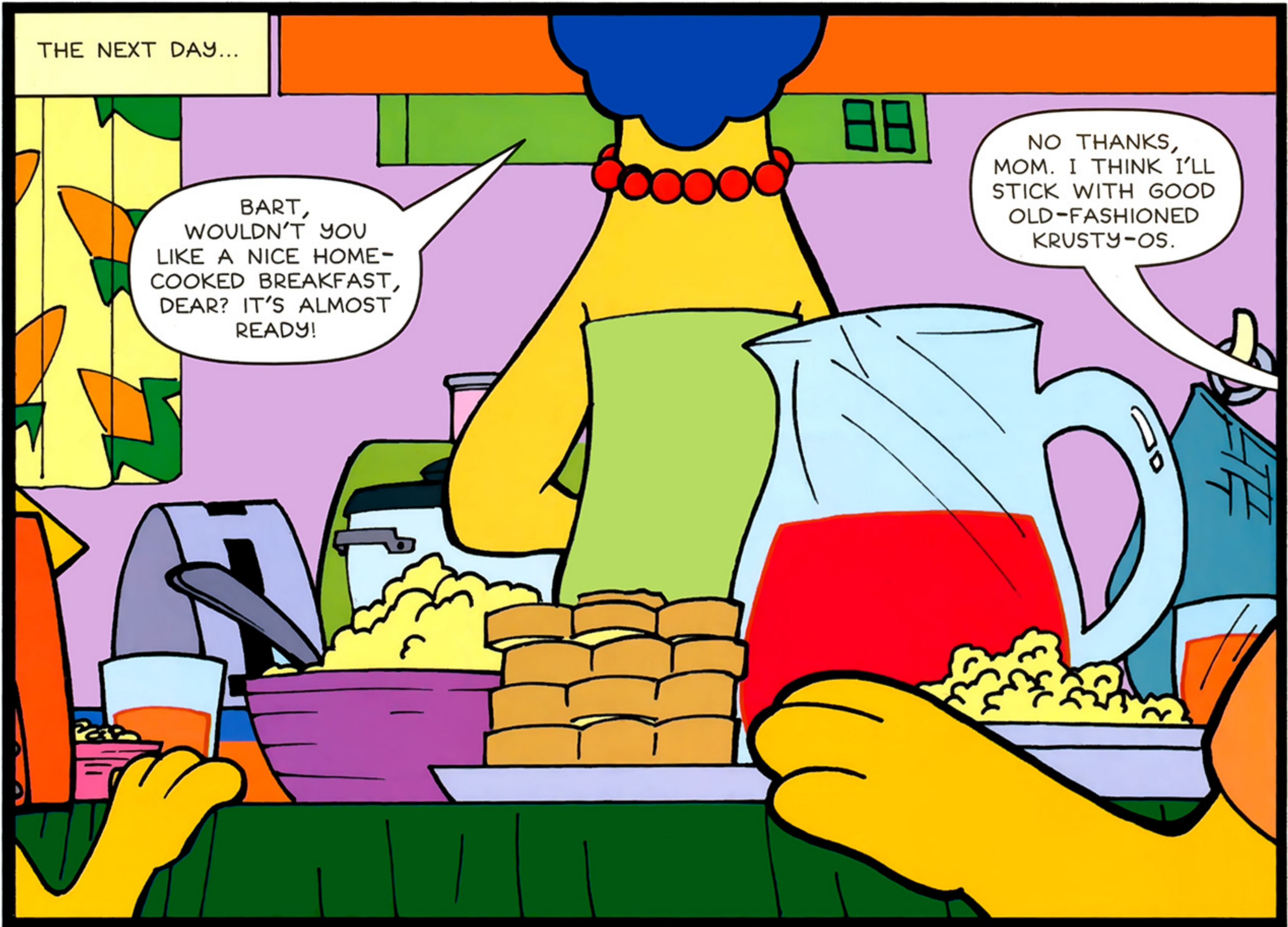


NO, IT  
MUST BE TRUE,  
DAD!

D'OH! FIRST SHE  
EXPECTS ME TO BRUSH MY  
TEETH, AND NOW THIS! WHY DO  
I HAVE TO BE THE GUY WITH  
THE DIFFICULT WIFE?









THE END



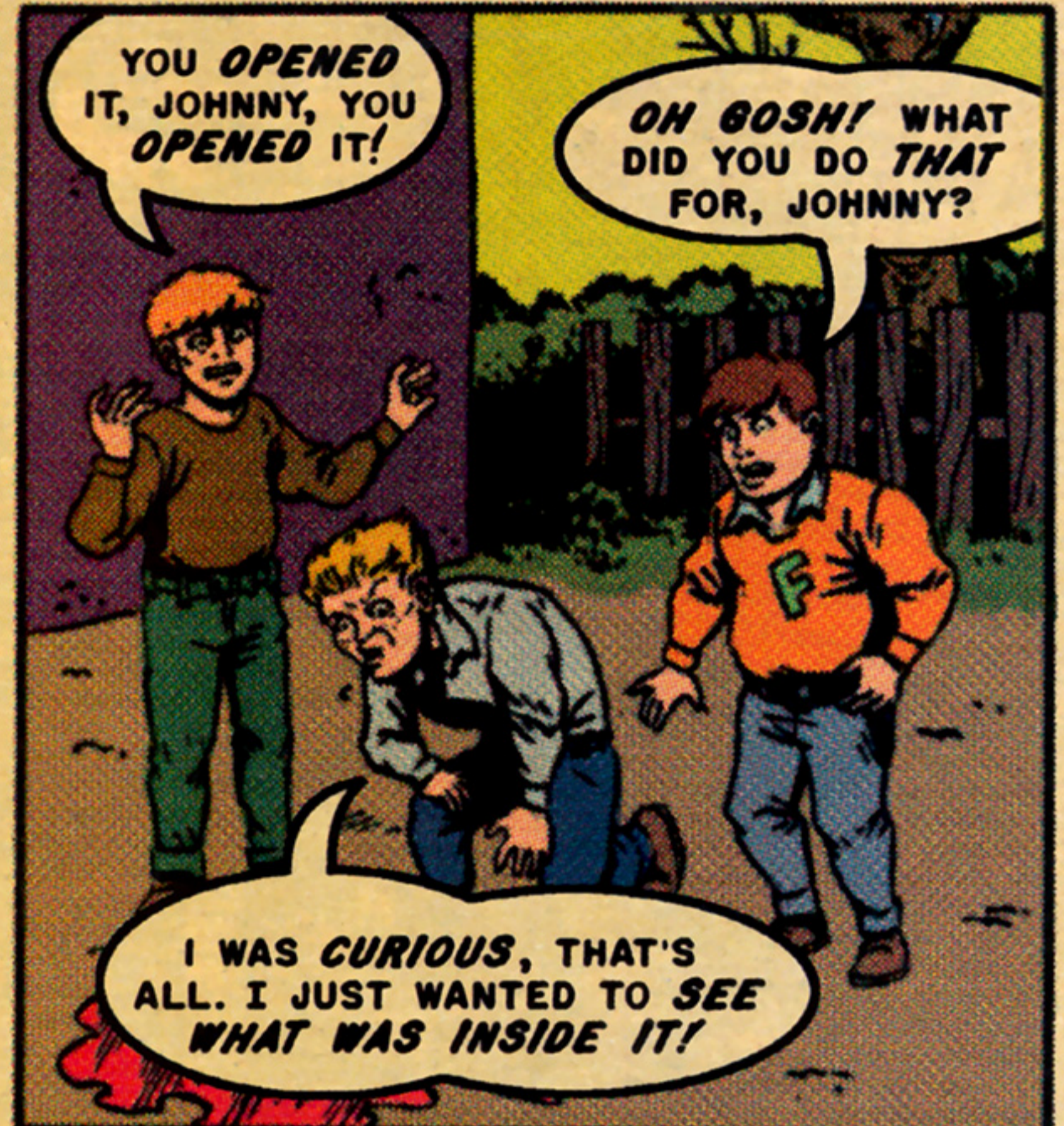
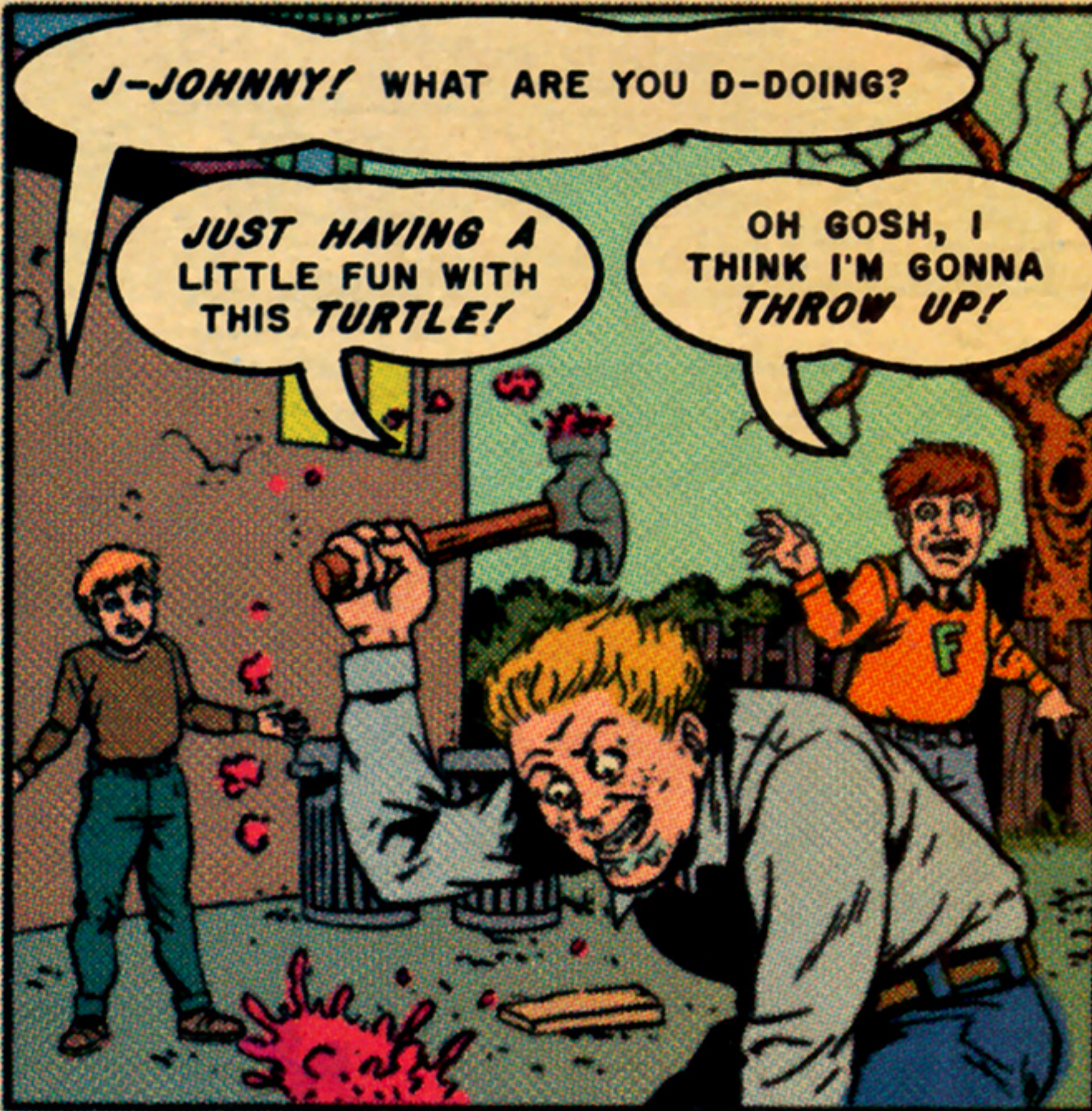




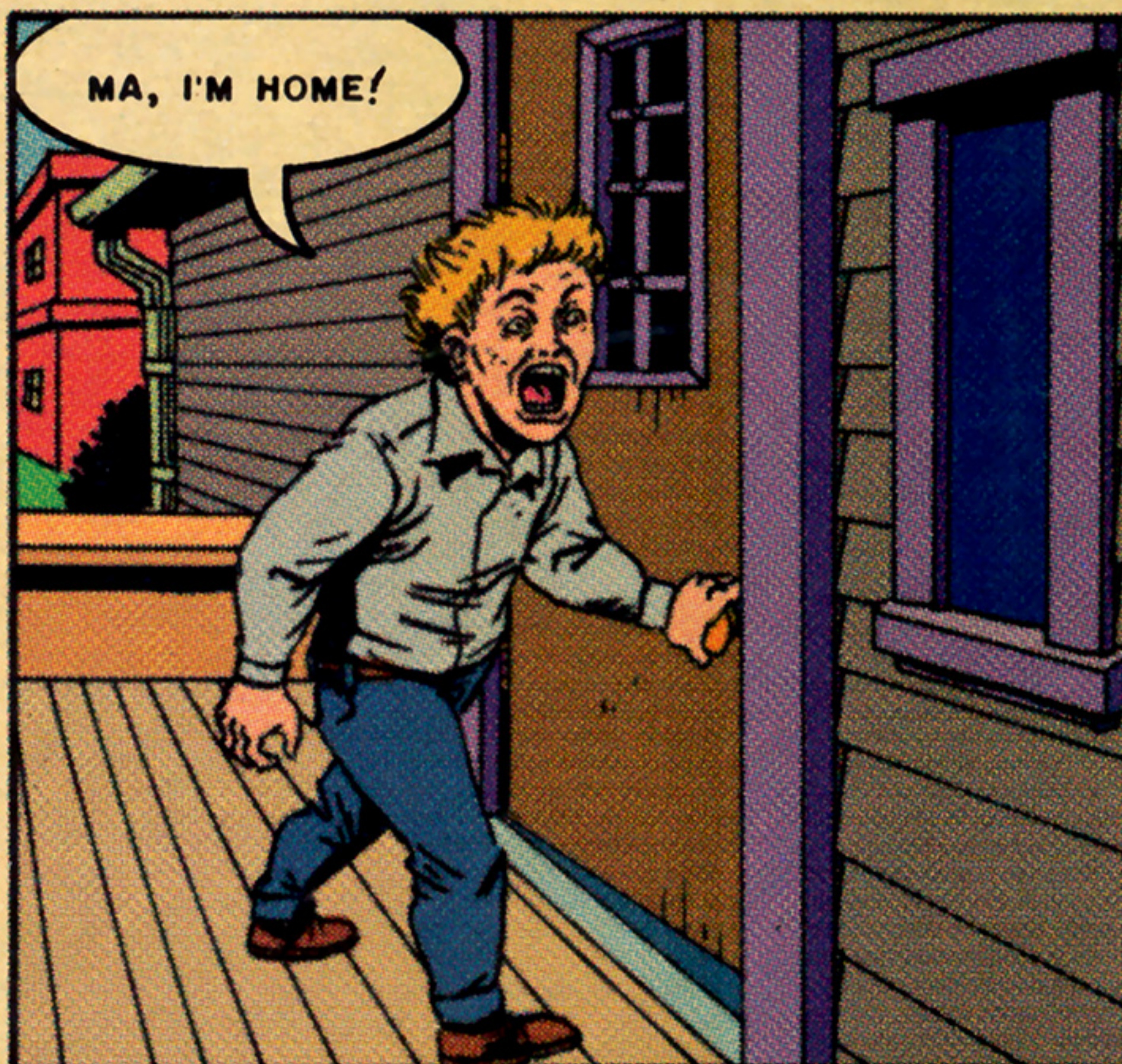
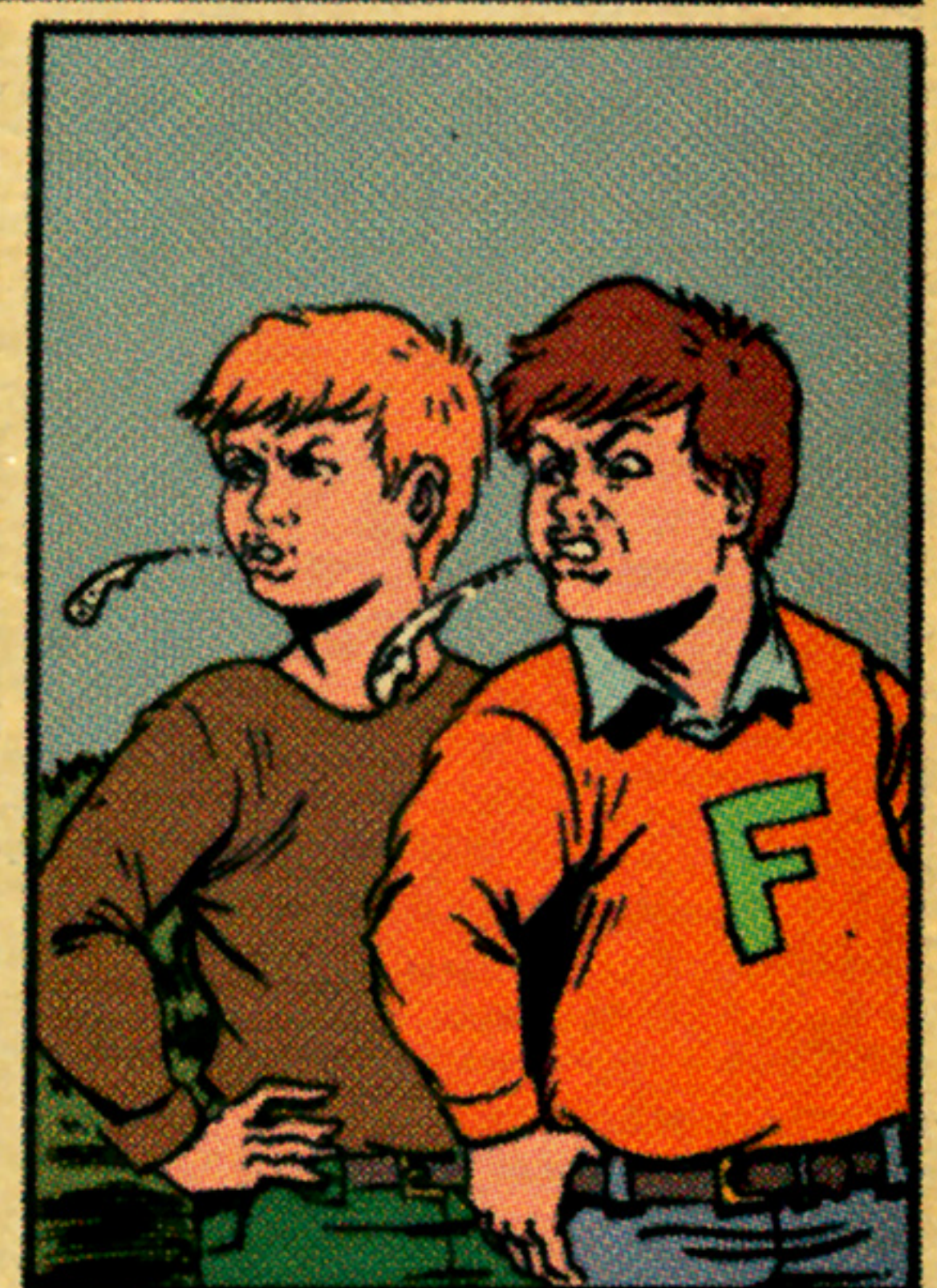
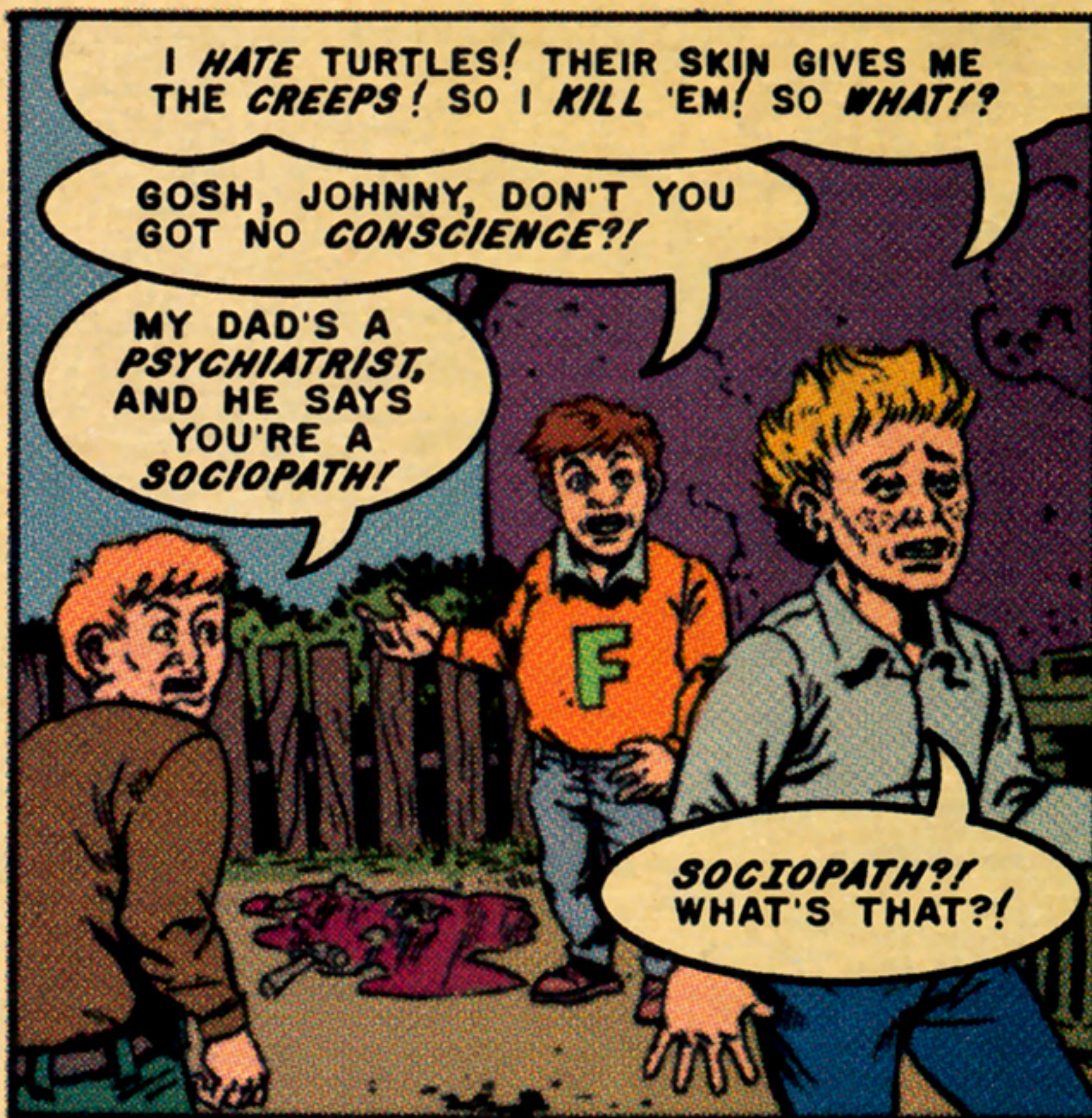
THE OLD LAMPLIGHTER

WELL, HELLO KIDDIES! HAVE YOU BEEN GOOD? HA! DON'T LIE TO ME! I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO! LYING! STEALING! DON'T TRY TO DENY IT! I CAN SEE IT ON YOUR LITTLE FACES! BUT DON'T WORRY...YOUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH ME! HEH HEH! ONLY...YOU MIGHT WANT TO THINK ABOUT CHANGING YOUR WAYS BECAUSE NOBODY GETS AWAY WITH NOTHING IN THIS WORLD! I SHOULD KNOW! AND SO SHOULD THE -- HEH HEH -- HERO OF THIS STORY...A BAD LITTLE LAD WHO WAS...

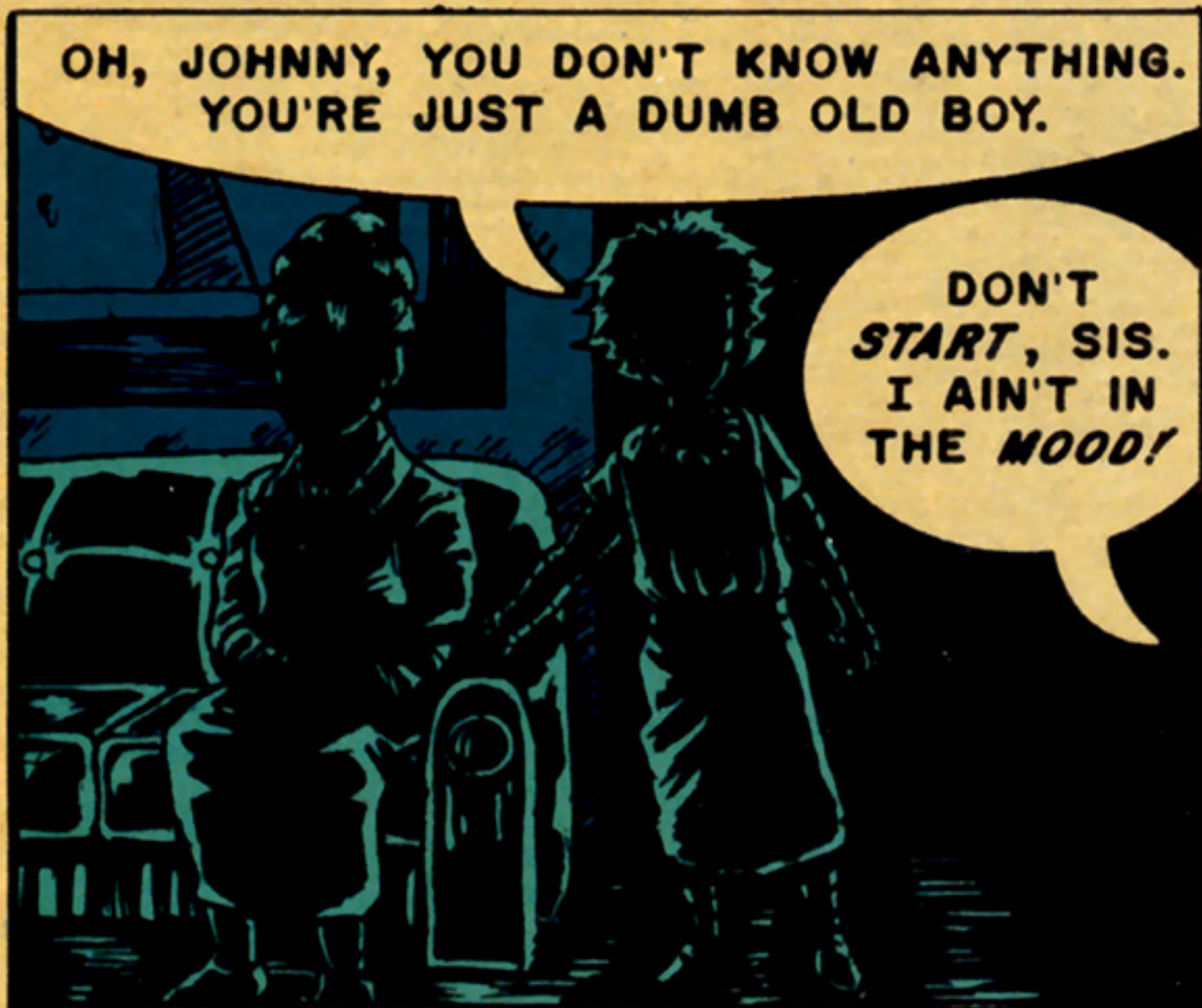
# QUILTY AS SIN!



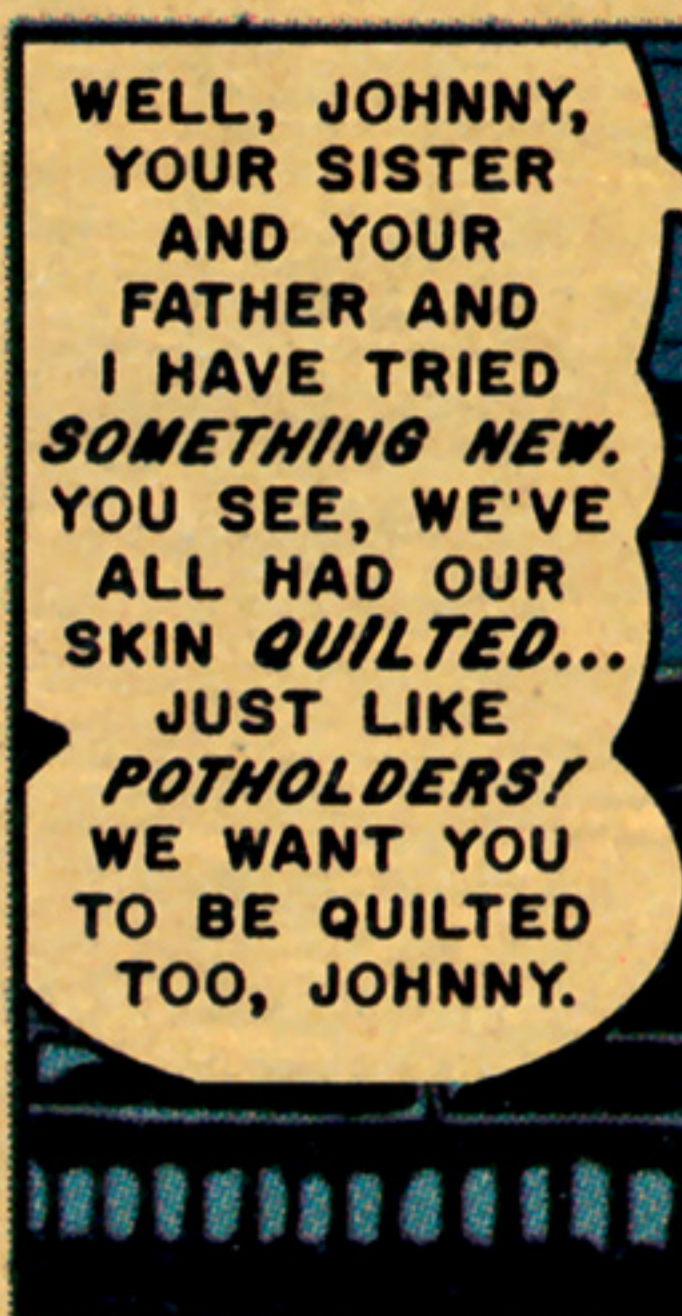
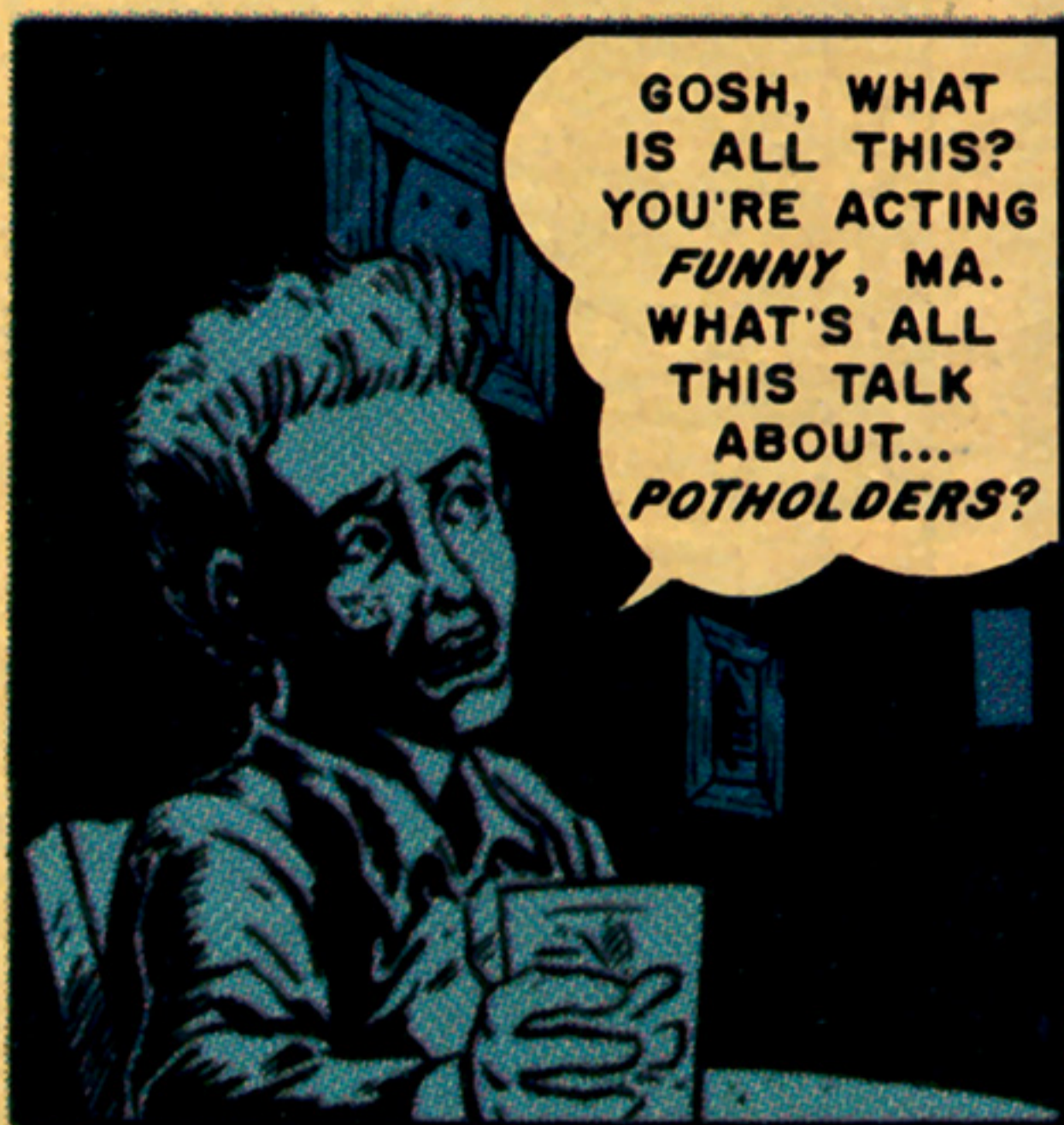
HARVEST OF FEAR

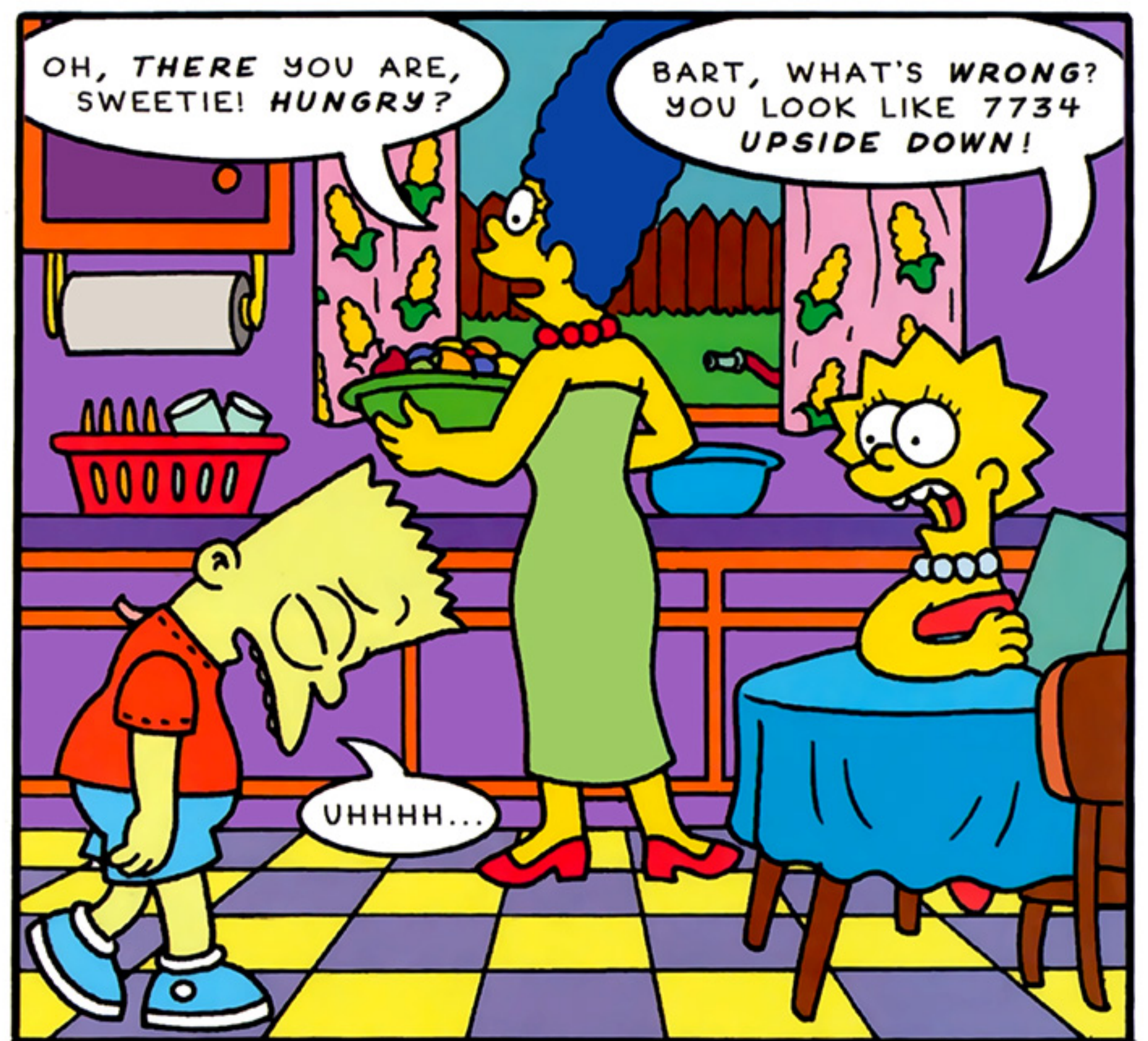
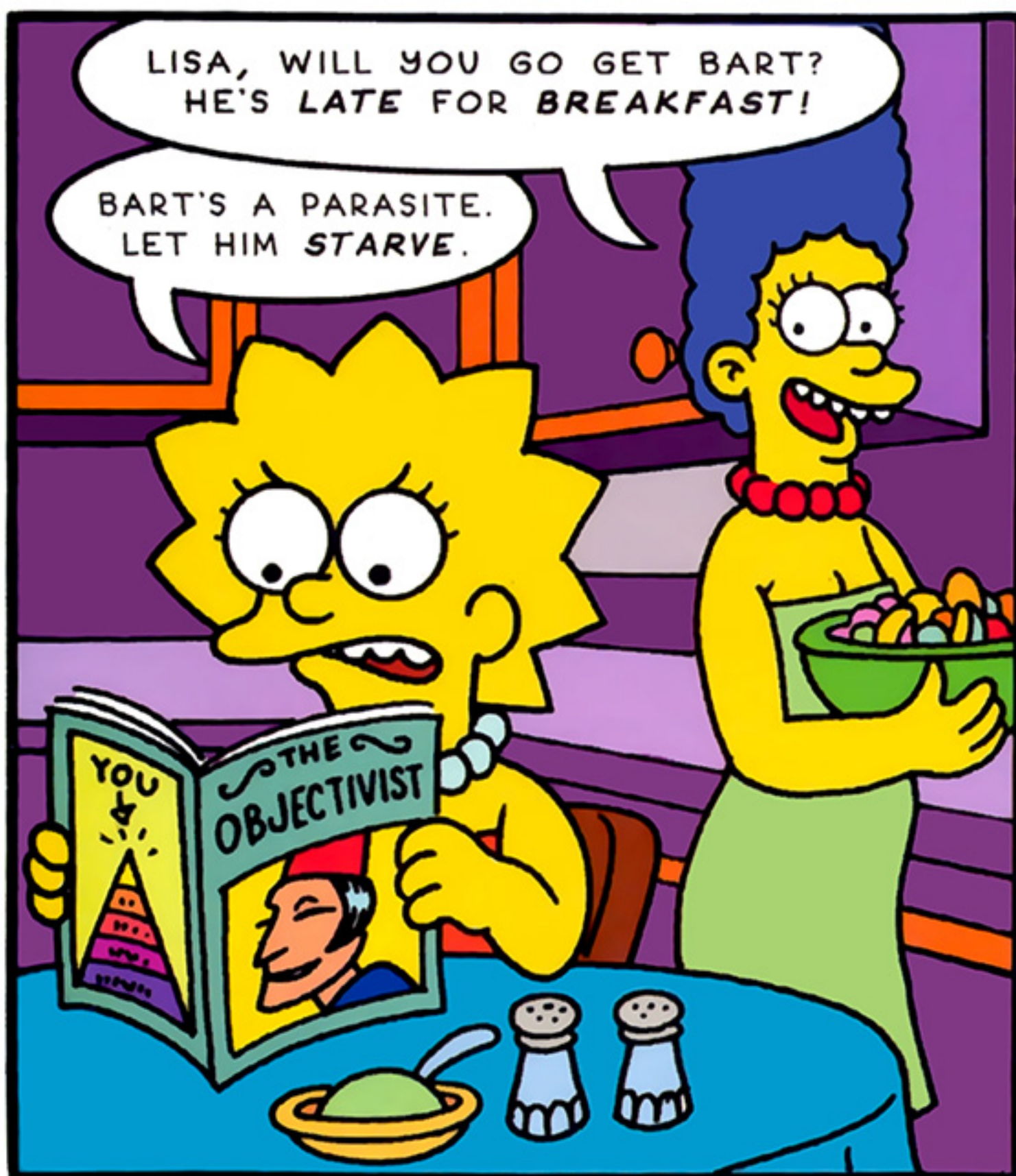
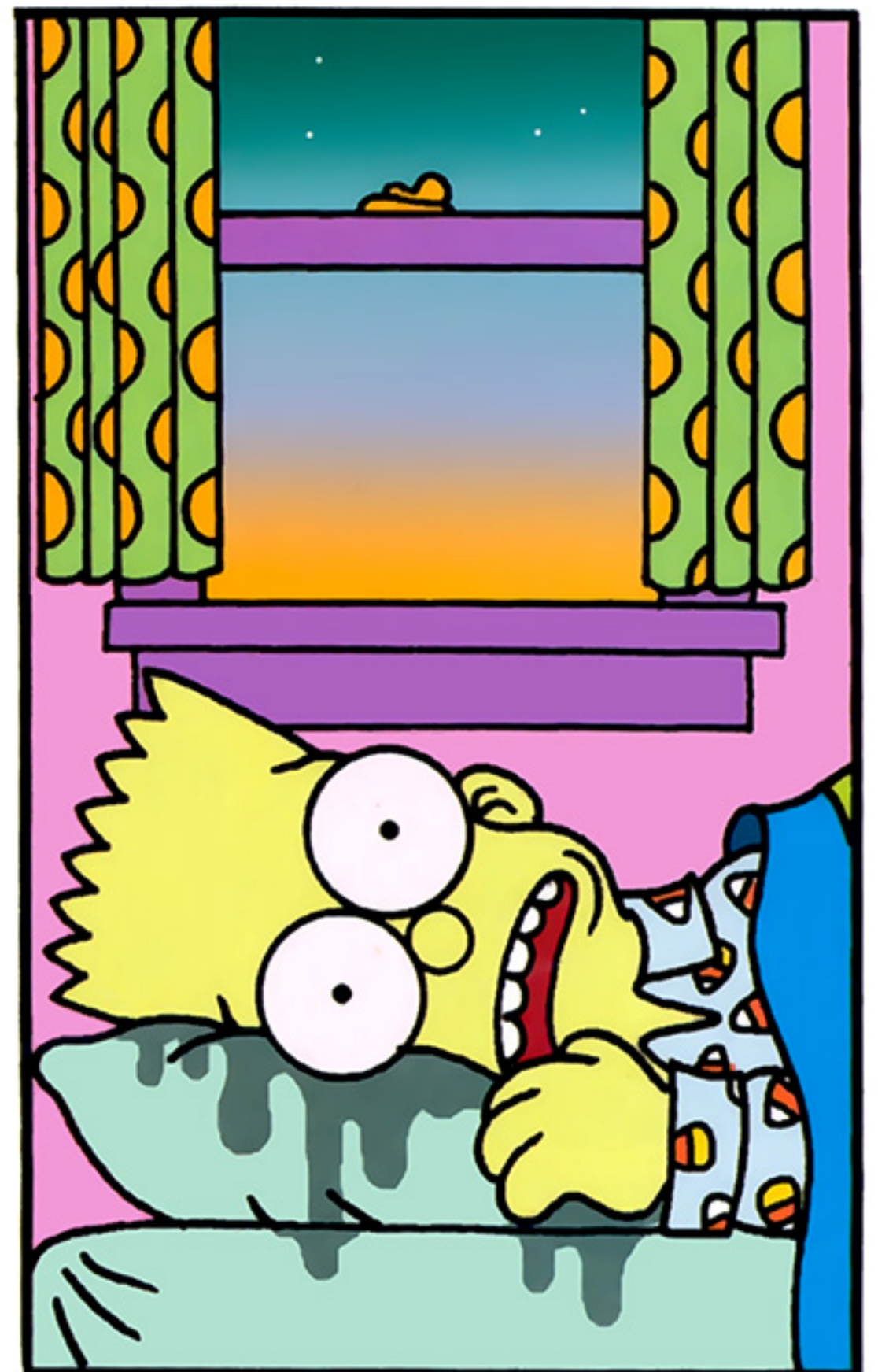


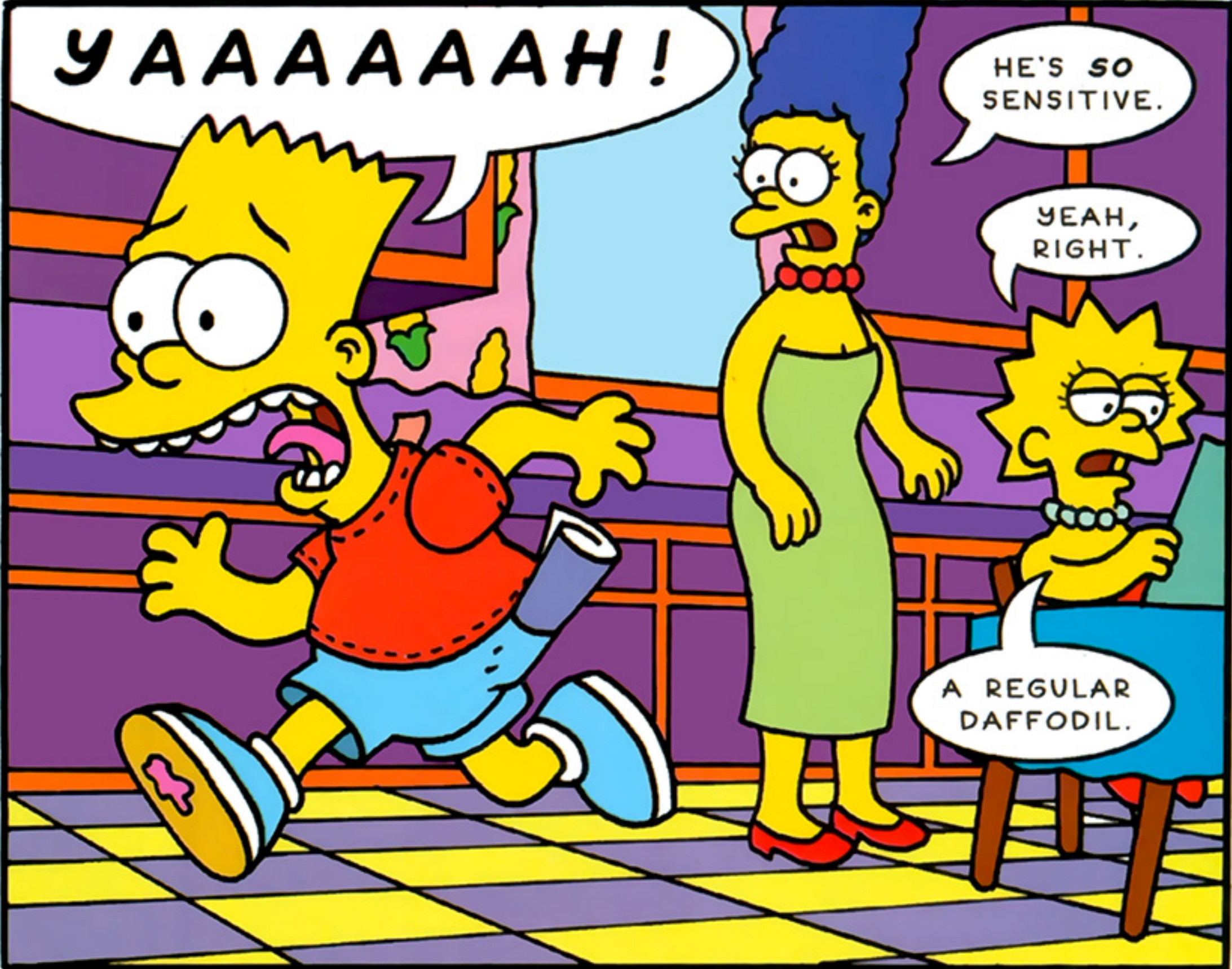
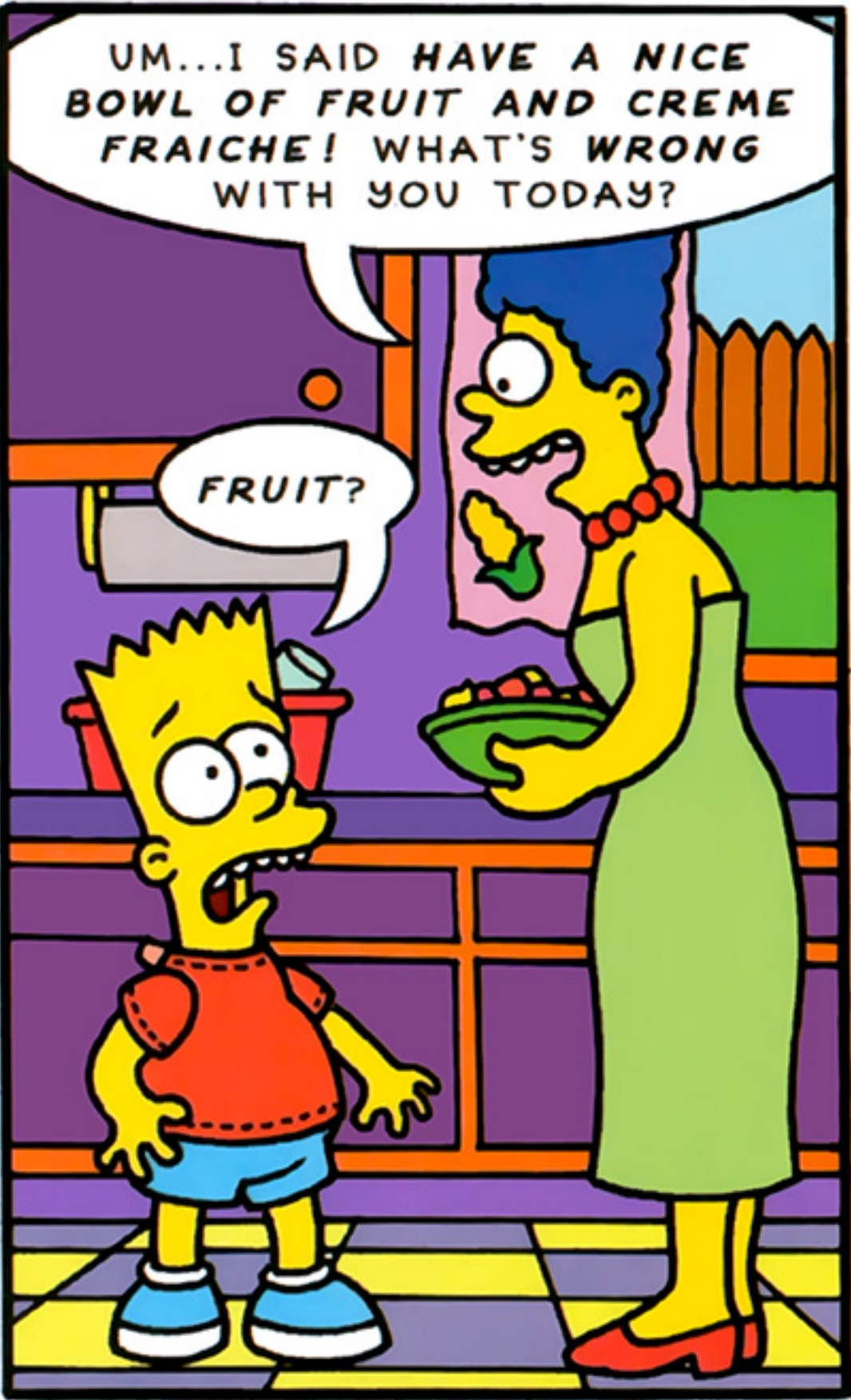
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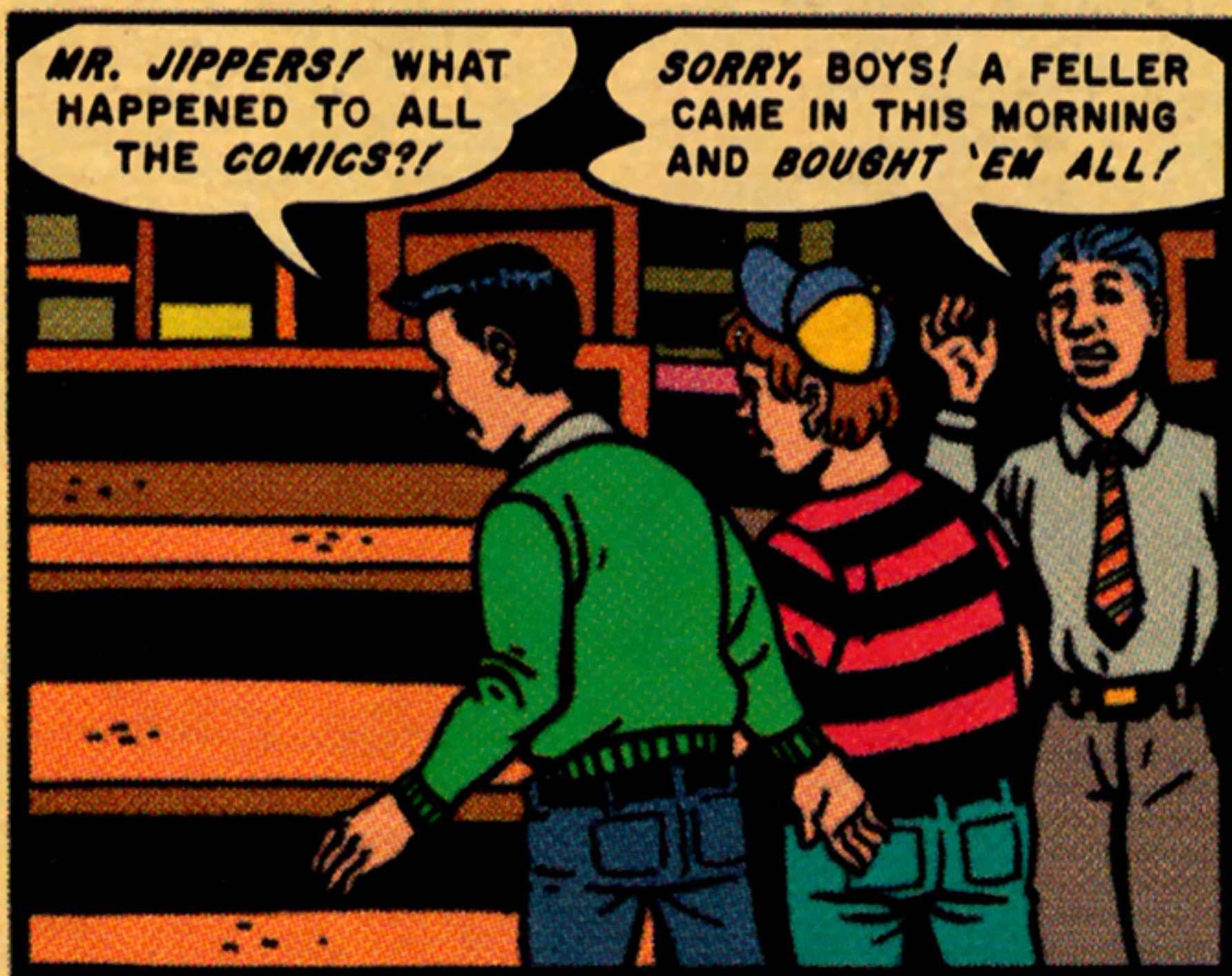
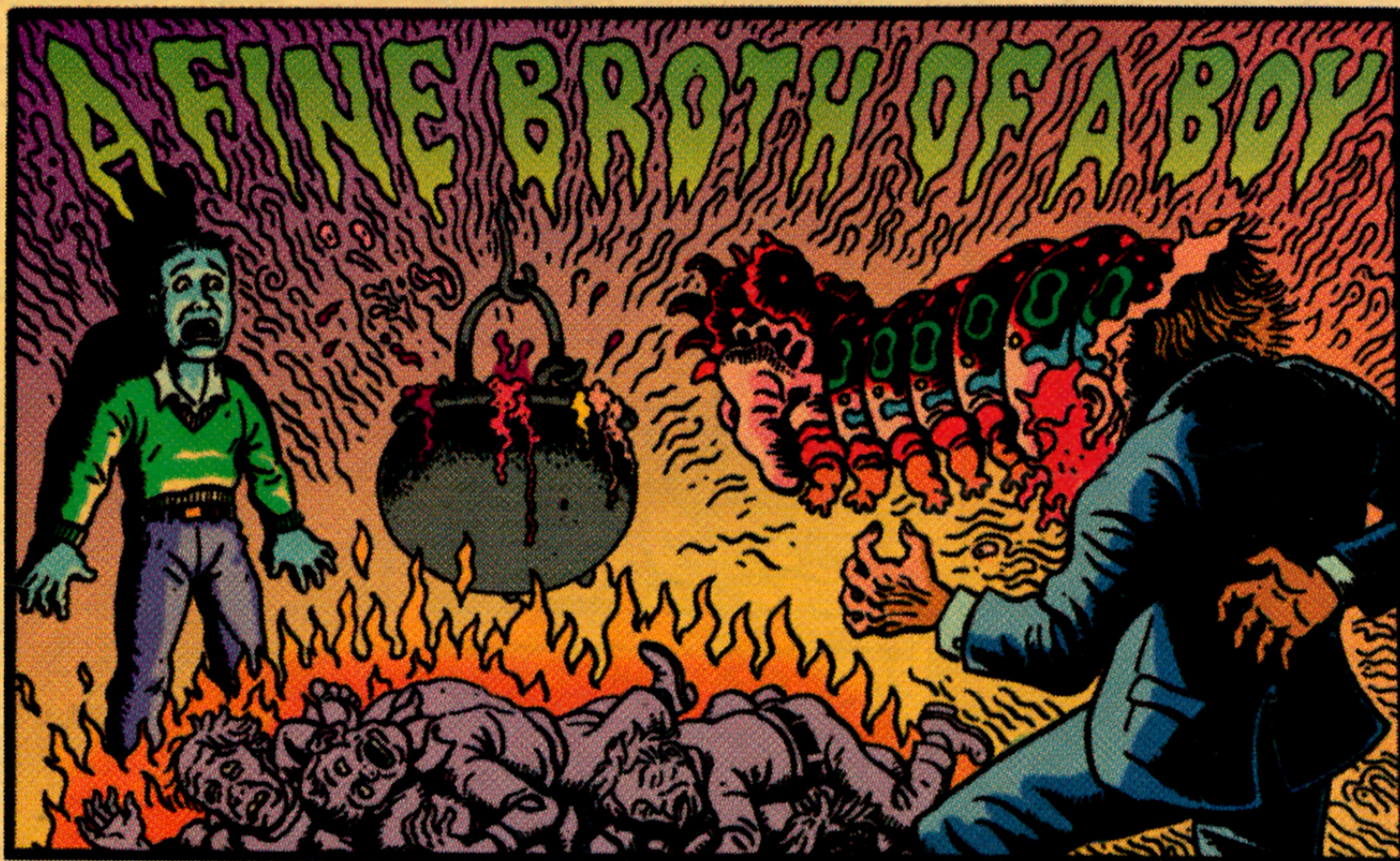
HARVEST OF FEAR



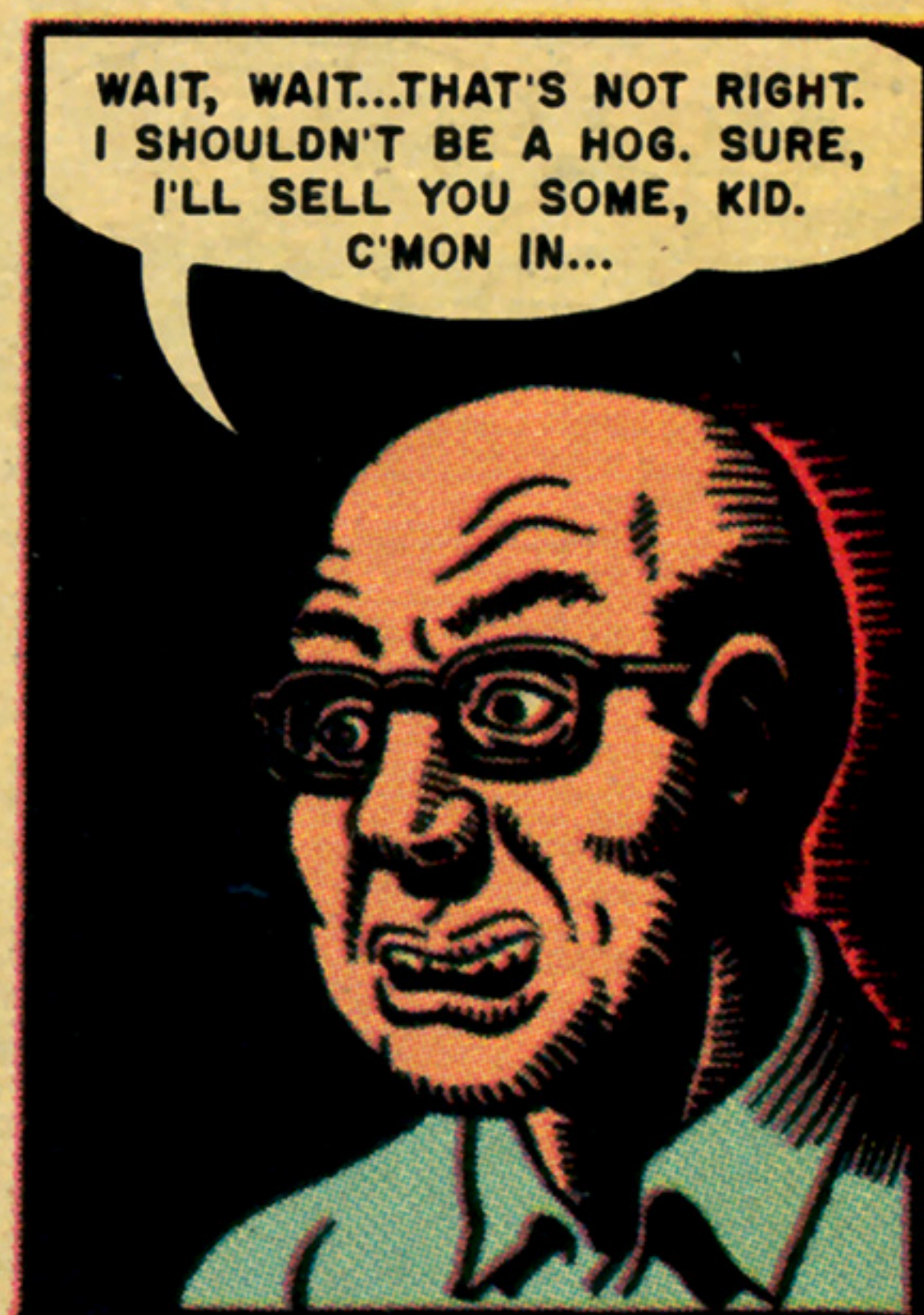
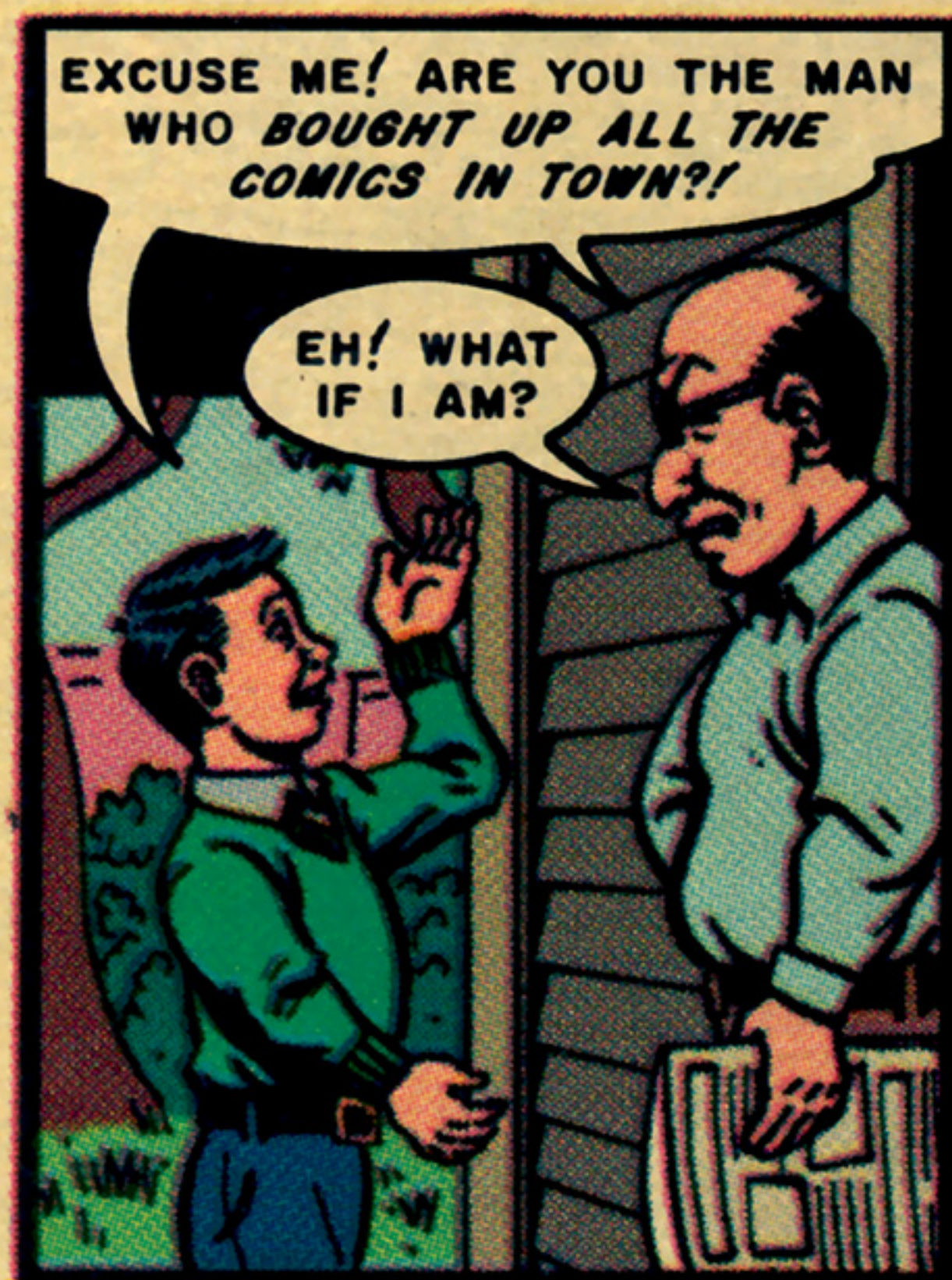
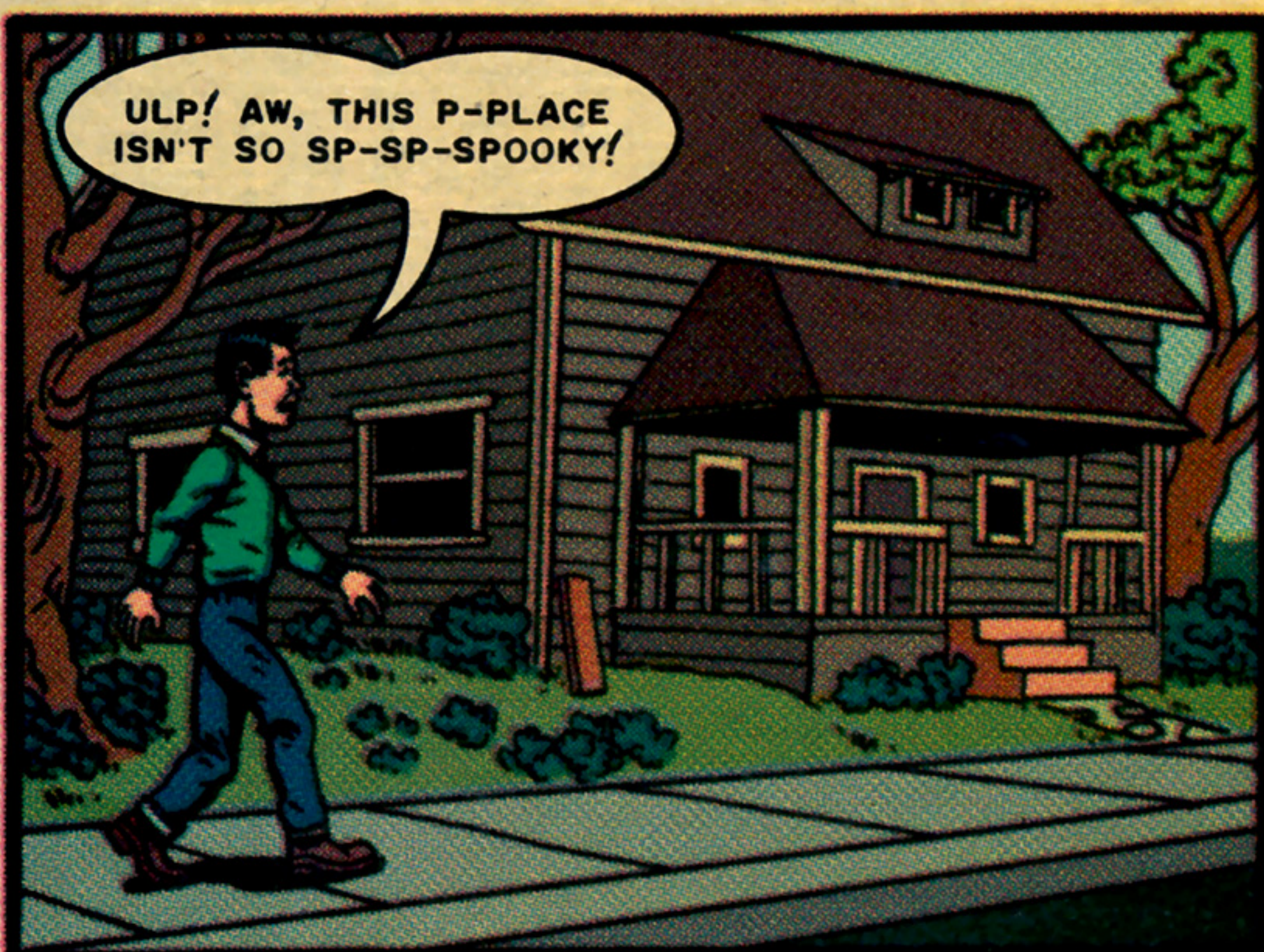




# HARVEST OF FEAR



# HARVEST OF FEAR



## HARVEST OF FEAR



