



FIRST ISSUE COLLECTOR'S ITEM!

#1
US \$2.25
CAN \$2.95
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

SIMPSONS

COMICS

HE'S HERE...
AND HE'S HUNGRY!
"THE
AMAZING
COLOSSAL
HOMER!"



GIANT
SIMPSONS
PULL-OUT POSTER
INSIDE!

PART 1 OF ULTRA-GIANT 4-PART
BONGO UNIVERSE POSTER!

MATT
GROENING

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GREETINGS, COMICS FANS!

Thanks for picking up this first, #1, premiere, inaugural, sure-to-be-a-collector's-item issue of **SIMPSONS COMICS!**

Now if you'll be so kind as to take this comic book up to the cashier, dig around in your pockets for some money, and actually purchase this thing before you get it all grubby and dog-eared, we can continue.

This is not a library, you know.

What we're trying to do at the Bongo Comics Group is take our lifelong love of great comics and see if we can wade in with our own stuff -- putting out the best comic books we can, with good (deceptively simple) art and plenty of the laughs that seem so rare in comics these days.

If you're a fan of **THE SIMPSONS** TV show, we think you'll dig this comic, as well as **BARTMAN**, **ITCHY & SCRATCHY**, and **RADIOACTIVE MAN** — and all the other Simpsons-related and non-related comic books we have up our sleeves.

What we try to do with the TV show is quite unusual: We sneak in little details for real fans (like you). That's why we change the opening credits with different couch gags every week, why we sneak in funny signs in the backgrounds, and why we stick in what we call freeze-frame jokes — secret in-jokes that you'll only get by hunting and searching a videotaped Simpsons episode with your remote control.

We call this revolutionary concept in TV entertainment Rewarding You For Paying Attention. And now we're trying to do Reward You For Paying Attention to our comic books.

So please pay attention!
(And let us know if you dig your rewards.)

Your pal,

**MATT
GROENING**

Publisher



THE AMAZING COLOSSAL HOMER

WELL, BOY --
HOW BIG AM I?

6

A MATT GROENING PRODUCTION

STEVE
VANCE

BILL
MORRISON

TIM
BAVINGTON

CINDY
VANCE

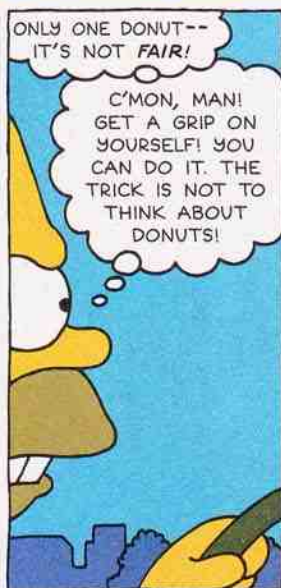
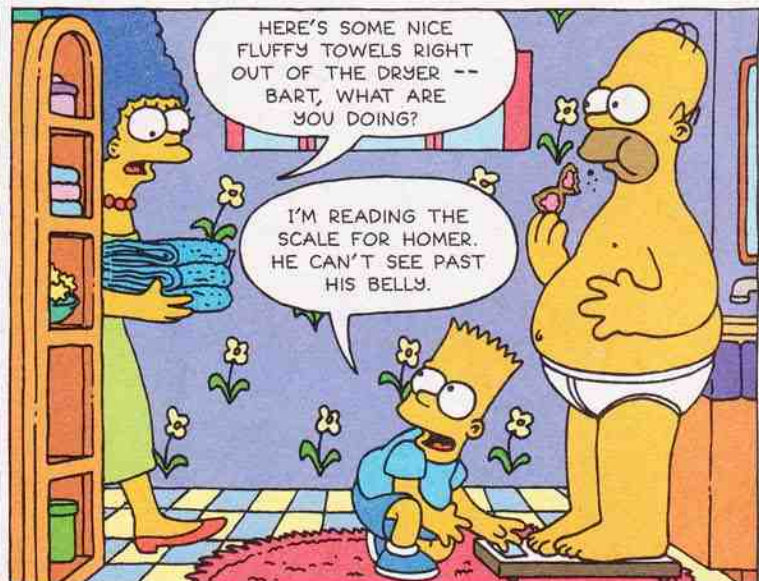
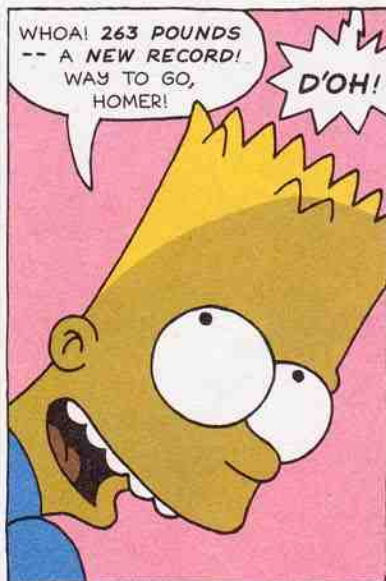
SCRIPT,
LAYOUTS

FINISHED
ART

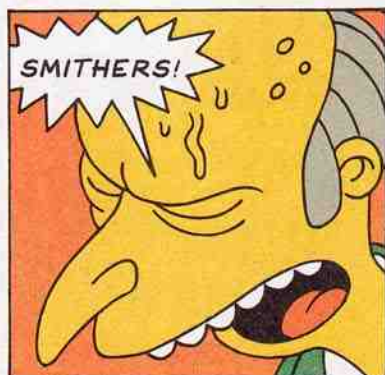
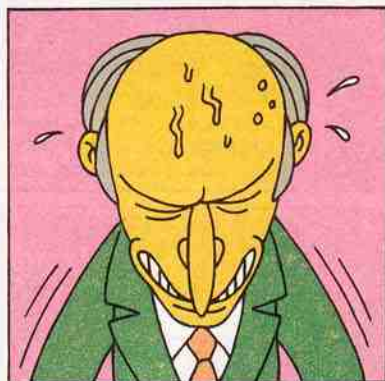
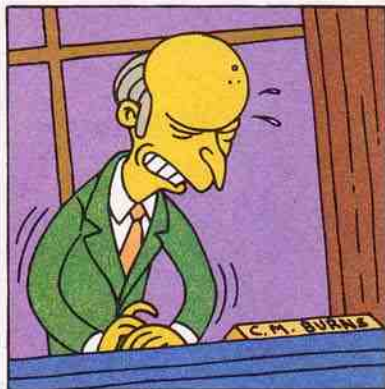
ADDITIONAL
INKS

CO-PLOT,
COLORS





MEANWHILE, AT
THE NUCLEAR
POWER PLANT...



YOU
BELLOWED,
SIR?

DEAL WITH
THIS BLASTED
ANNOYANCE!

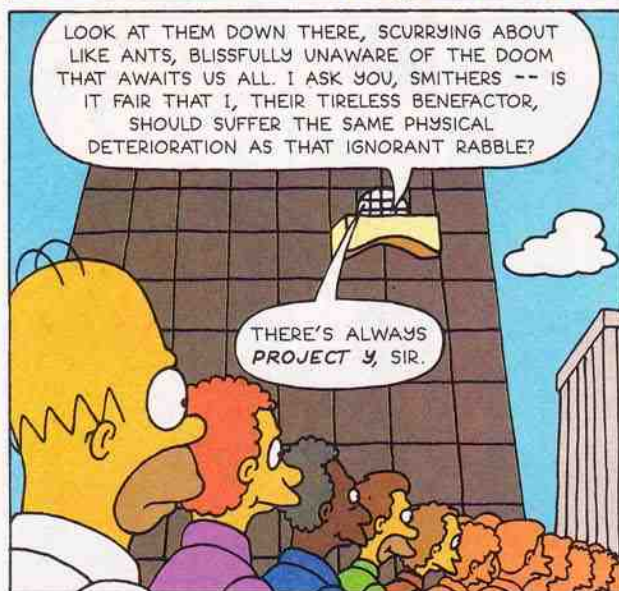
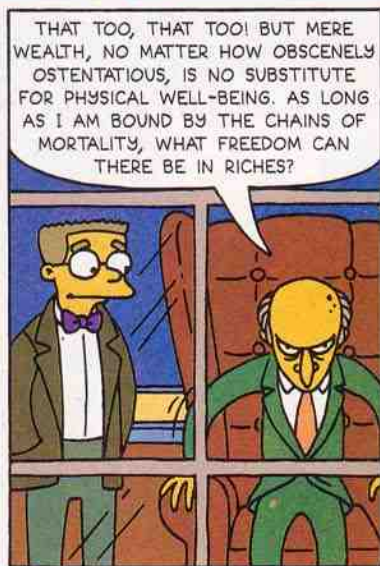
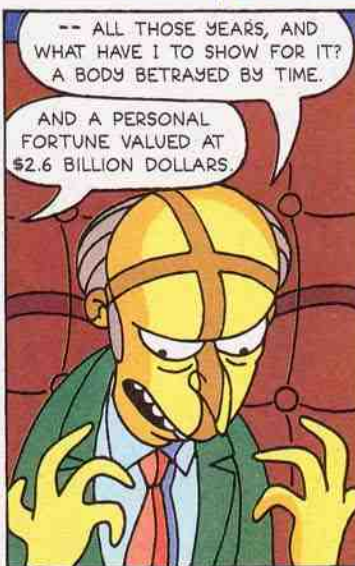
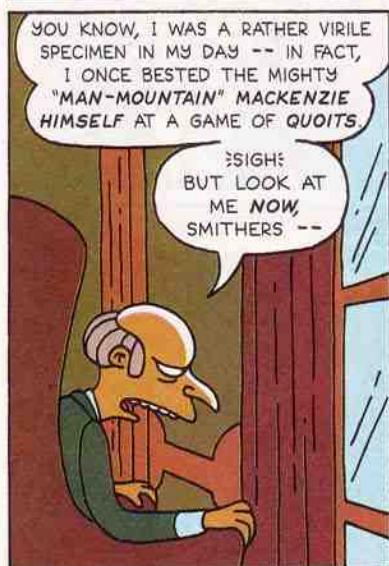
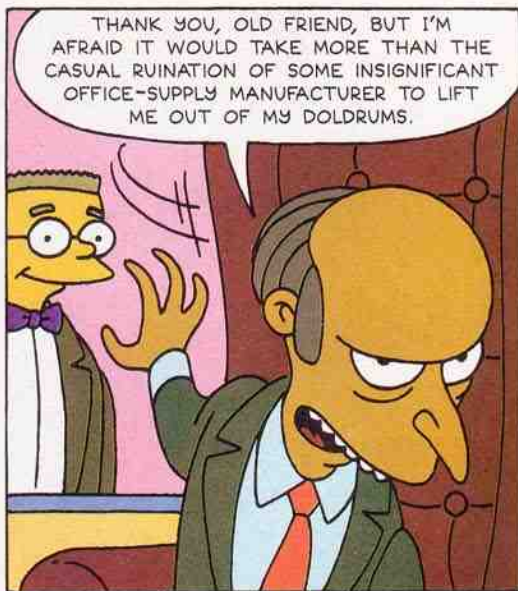
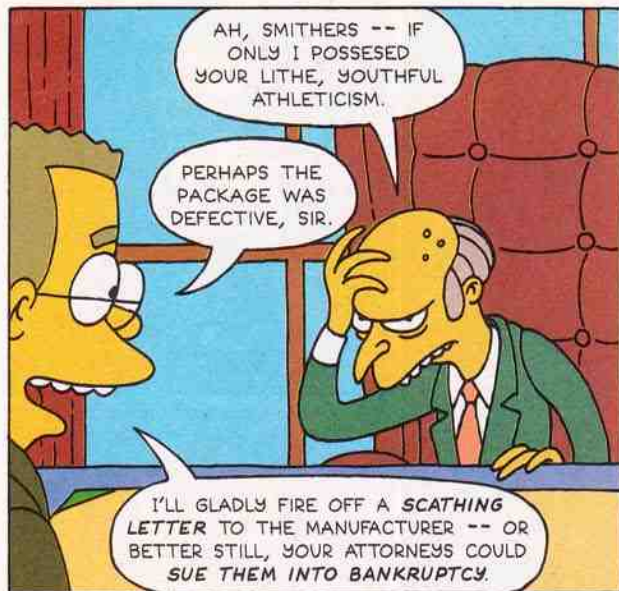
AND NEXT
TIME, GET THE
EASY-OPENING
KIND!



UH, THIS IS THE
EASY-OPENING
KIND, SIR.

ZIP!

NEW
**E-Z
OPENING**
14 KT GOLD
PAPER CLIPS



SOON, IN A SECRET ELEVATOR FAR UNDERGROUND...

PROJECT Y -- MY YOUTH RAY. WHY, JUST SAYING THE NAME SENDS A SUBLIME THRILL COURSE THROUGH MY VEINS.

IT CERTAINLY COULD BE A BOON TO HUMANITY, SIR.

BOON, SHMOON. DO YOU THINK I'VE POURED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS INTO THIS PROJECT SO THAT JOE SIX-PACK CAN HAVE AN EXTRA 50 YEARS TO WASTE SITTING ON HIS KEISTER READING COMIC BOOKS?

I DID IT FOR ME, SO THAT I MIGHT REGAIN THE VIGOR OF MY LOST YOUTH. THEN I'LL GIVE HUMANITY THE HELPING HAND IT DESERVES -- **THE IRON FIST!**

AH, DR. OLBERMAN. HOW GOES THE RESEARCH?

CONSTRUCTION IS COMPLETE, SIR! BEHOLD --

OFFICE
WINE CELLAR
ESCAPE TUNNEL
SUBMARINE PEN
LAB
RUMPUSS ROOM

-- THE REJUVENATOR RAY!

IT STIMULATES HORMONE PRODUCTION, INCREASING THE GROWTH OF NEW CELLS. THIS SHOULD ACTUALLY REVERSE THE AGING PROCESS. ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE HUMAN TESTING.

TESTING? NONSENSE! WHAT AM I, THE FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION? BEGIN MY TREATMENTS AT ONCE!

UH -- REMEMBER PROJECT Q, SIR.

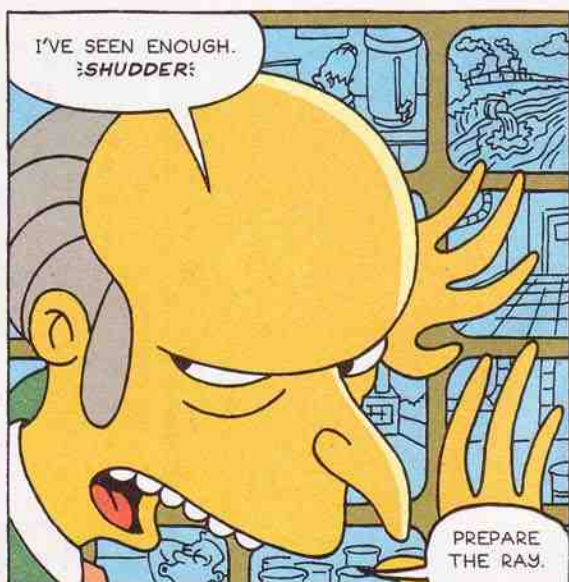
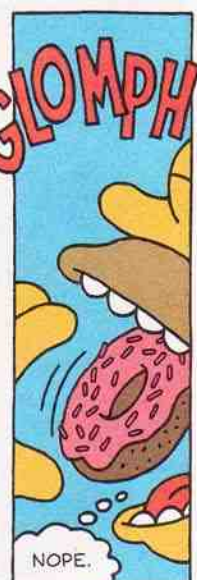
PROJECT Q

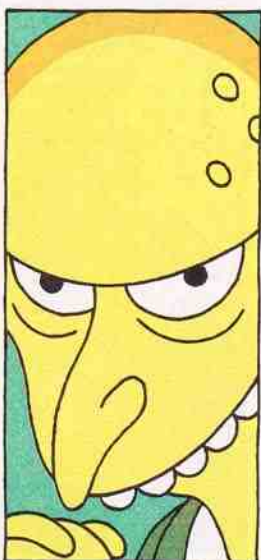


DANGER!
EXTREME
RADIATION HAZARD!
DO NOT OPEN BEFORE 10,000 A.D.

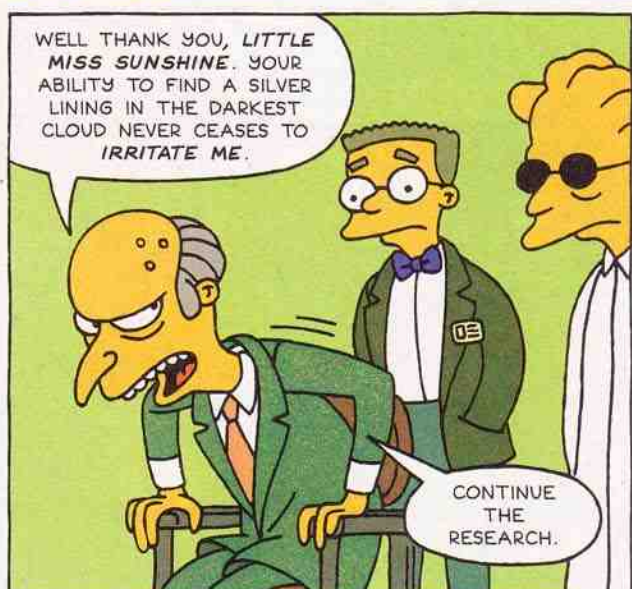
HMMM...

VERY WELL, PROCEED WITH THE TESTING.

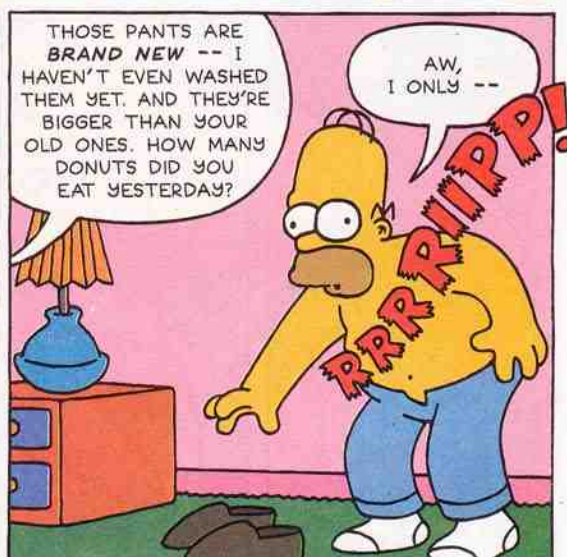
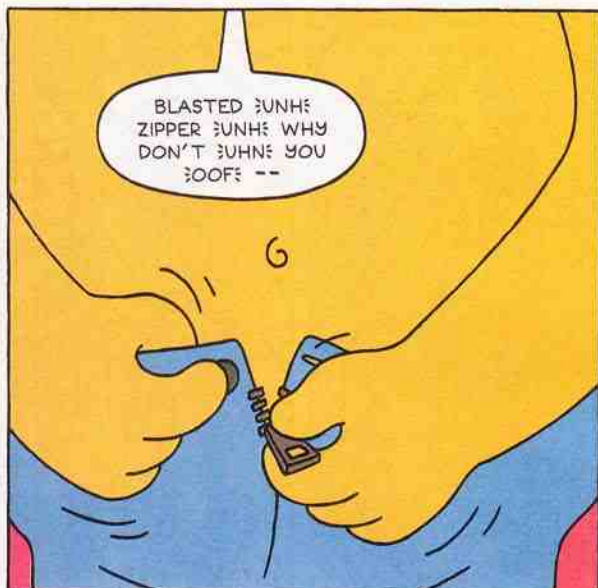
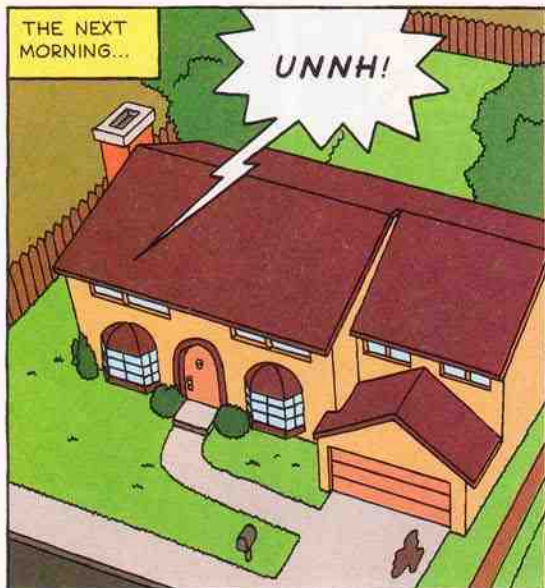


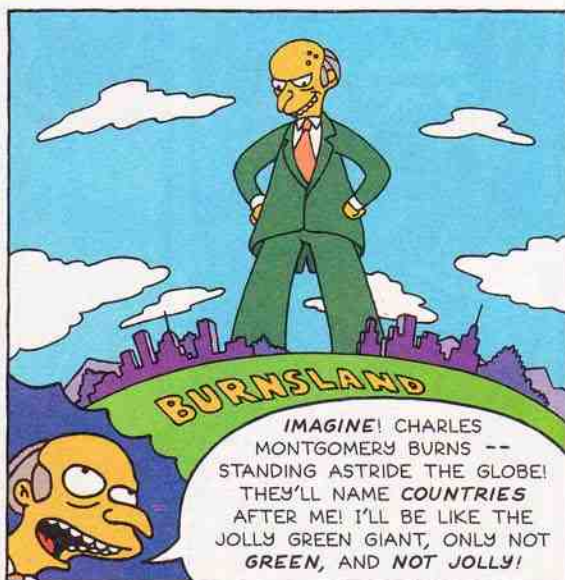


AT LEAST IT'S NOT AS BAD AS PROJECT Q, SIR.



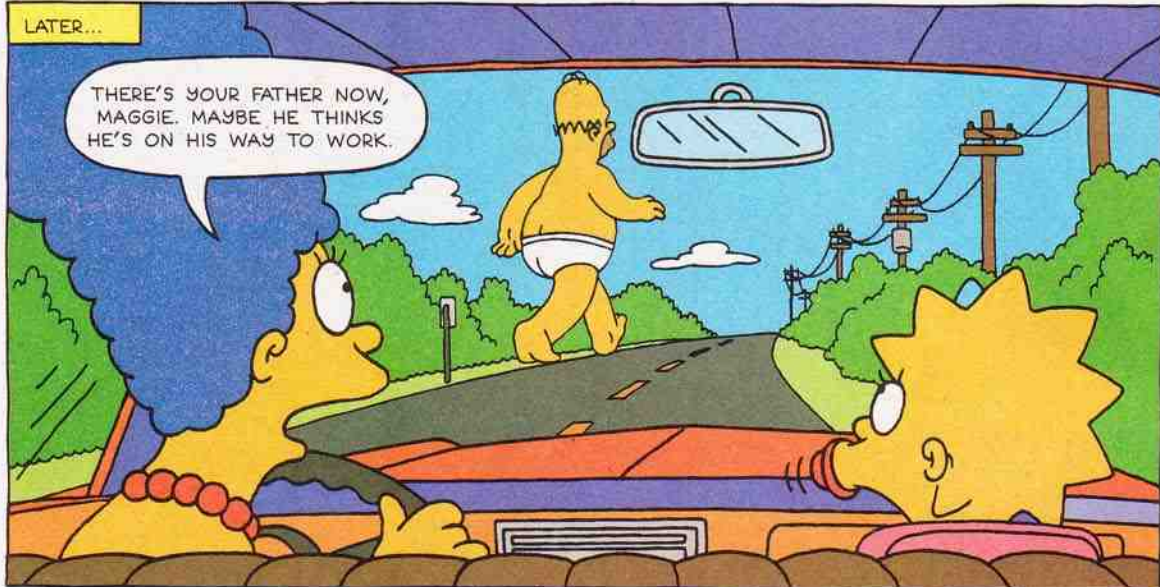
CONTINUE THE RESEARCH.





LATER...

THERE'S YOUR FATHER NOW, MAGGIE. MAYBE HE THINKS HE'S ON HIS WAY TO WORK.



HOMER! HOMER, IT'S ME -- MARGE! HOMER, PLEASE STOP!



HOMER!

IT'S NO USE. I GUESS HE'S JUST SO BIG HE CAN'T HEAR ME.



IF ONLY THERE WAS SOMETHING WE COULD DO! AT THAT SIZE HE MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY HURT SOMEONE!

OOOOH!



KONK

UUNNH!



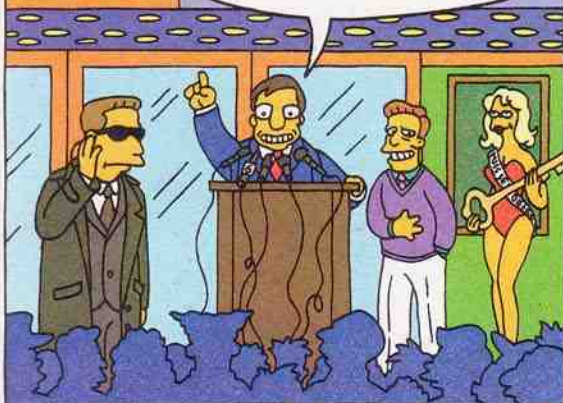
YAAAAAH!

OH, HOMER...



SOON...

GREETINGS, MY FELLOW MOVIE LOVERS. WE ARE GATHERED TODAY TO HONOR A HOLLYWOOD LEGEND -- THE STAR OF SUCH FILMS AS "JAGGED ATTRACTION" AND "LOOK WHO'S STILL OINKING"



HIS 24 FILMS HAVE GROSSED A TOTAL OF OVER \$900 IN SPRINGFIELD ALONE. I HEREBY DECLARE THIS "TROY MCCLURE DAY."



TROY WILL NOW PLACE HIS FOOTPRINTS IN CEMENT ALONGSIDE SUCH SHOW BIZ IMMORTALS AS KRUSTY THE CLOWN AND GLADYS THE GROOVY MULE...



GET THAT BIG PUNK'S NAME! NOBODY TRIES TO FIT DIAMOND JOE QUIMBY FOR A CEMENT OVERCOAT AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!



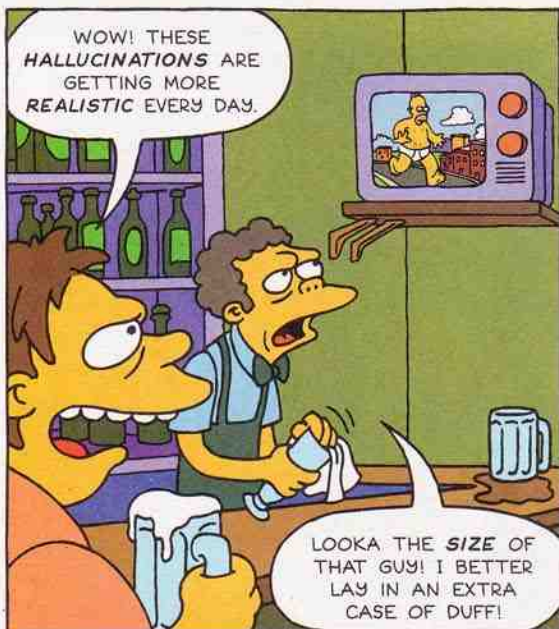
...AND THAT WAS THE SCENE AT THE SPRINGFIELD GOOGOLPLEX CINEMA. MAYOR QUIMBY HAS PUT THE POLICE ON FULL ALERT, PROMISING TO DO "WHATEVER IT TAKES" TO PROTECT THE CITY FROM THIS MENACING BEHEMOTH!



"MEANWHILE, THIS STORY, LIKE ITS SUBJECT, JUST KEEPS GETTING BIGGER, AS JOURNALISTS FROM AROUND THE WORLD POUR INTO SPRINGFIELD..."



WOW! THESE
HALLUCINATIONS ARE
GETTING MORE
REALISTIC EVERY DAY.



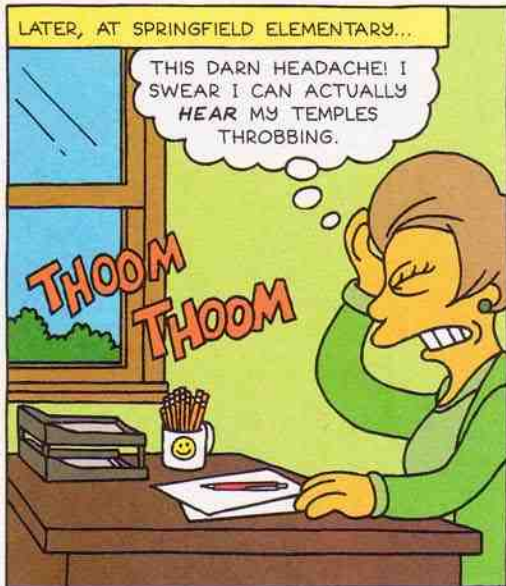
ALAS, FRIEND HOMER,
YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN
MY BIGGEST CUSTOMER,
BUT IT IS POSSIBLE TO
HAVE TOO MUCH OF A
GOOD THING.



LATER, AT SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY...

THIS DARN HEADACHE! I
SWEAR I CAN ACTUALLY
HEAR MY TEMPLES
THROBBING.

THOOM
THOOM



BART, I APOLOGIZE.
YOU MAY GO NOW.

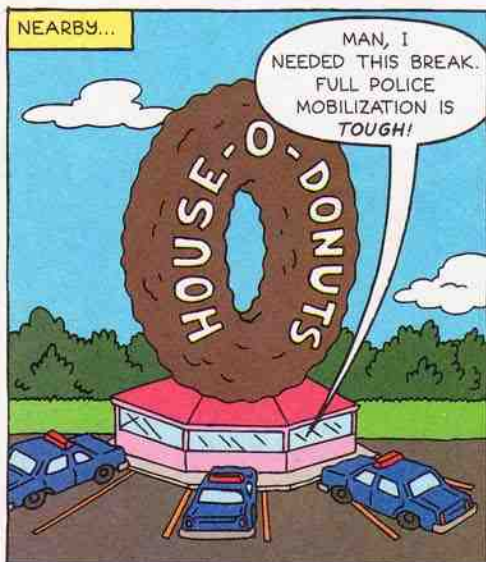
I WILL NOT EXAGGERATE MY
FATHER'S WEIGHT PROBLEM
I WILL NOT EXAGGERATE MY
FATHER'S WEIGHT PROBLEM.
I WILL NOT EXAGGERATE MY
FATHER'S WEIGHT PROBLEM
I WILL NOT EXAGGERATE MY
FATHER'S WEIGHT PROBLEM



NEARBY...

MAN, I
NEEDED THIS BREAK.
FULL POLICE
MOBILIZATION IS
TOUGH!

HOUSE-O-
DONUTS



I'LL SAY. WE'VE
BEEN ROLLING NONSTOP
SINCE THE ORDER CAME
DOWN. IT'S BEEN A
HELLUVA 45 MINUTES.



I HAVEN'T SEEN A
SIGN OF THIS GUY. IF
YOU ASK ME, THERE'S
NO SUCH THING AS
A GIANT MA--



CRUNCH!

AAAAIIIEEE!!!



...CHIEF WIGGUM EXPRESSED REGRET THAT HIS MEN WERE UNABLE TO **STOP** THE GIANT CREATURE, BUT COMMENDED THEM FOR THEIR CLEVER CHOICE OF A **STAKEOUT SITE**.



A GIANT STALKS SPRINGFIELD - DAY 1

JOINING ME NOW ARE TWO OF SPRINGFIELD'S LEADING HEALTH CARE EXPERTS, **DR. JULIUS HIBBERT** AND **DR. MARVIN MONROE**.

HIYA, KENT.



DR. HIBBERT, FROM THE MEDICAL PERSPECTIVE, WHAT CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT THIS CASE?

WELL, KENT, AS THE SIMPSONS' FAMILY PHYSICIAN I'VE SEEN MANY UNUSUAL THINGS, BUT FRANKLY, THIS ONE TAKES THE CAKE.

CHUCKLES

DR. JULIUS HIBBERT

TAKES THE **FRUITCAKE**, YOU MEAN! AS I EXPLAIN IN MY NEW BOOK, "**I'M OKAY, YOU'RE SICK AND TWISTED**," THIS SORT OF PHENOMENON IS ROOTED IN WHAT JUNG REFERS TO AS THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS!

THIS IS JUST A TYPE OF **MASS HYSTERIA**, FANNED BY THE SPECULATIVE RAMBLINGS OF ATTENTION-GRABBING, KNOW-NOTHING, SELF-APPOINTED **PSEUDO-EXPERTS**!

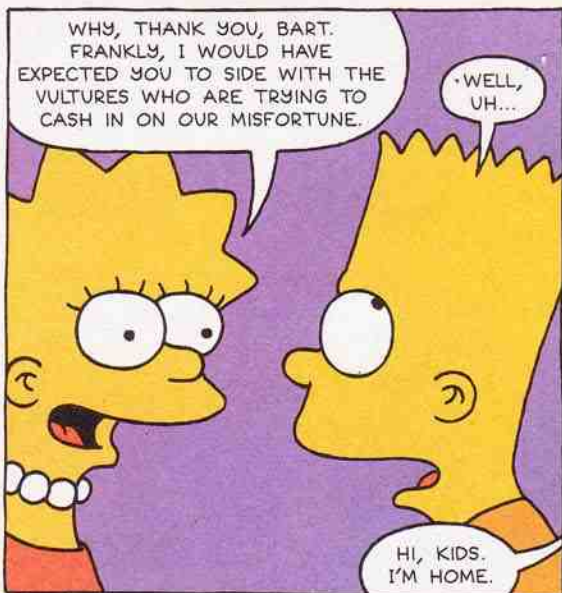
DR. MARVIN MONROE

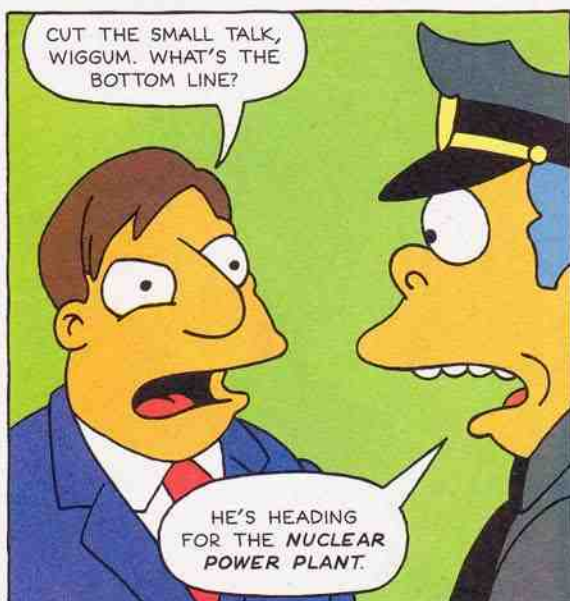
HMMM, YES, WELL...

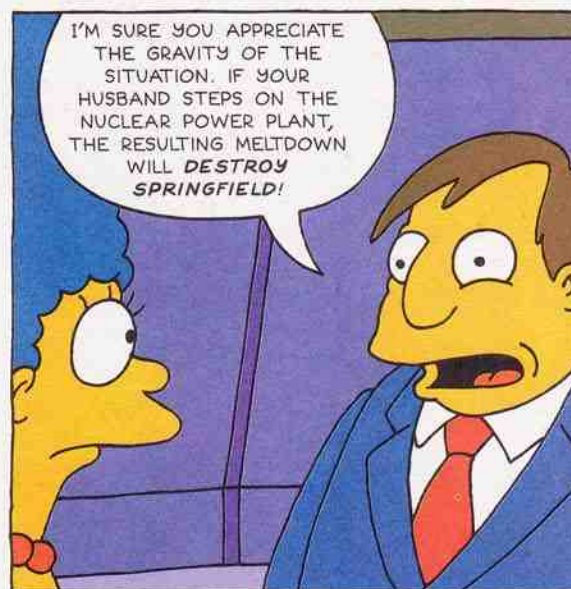
LET'S GO LIVE NOW TO THE HOME OF THE MAN WE'VE DUBBED "THE AMAZING COLOSSAL HOMER," AND SEE IF WE CAN HAVE A WORD WITH HIS UNFORTUNATE FAMILY.

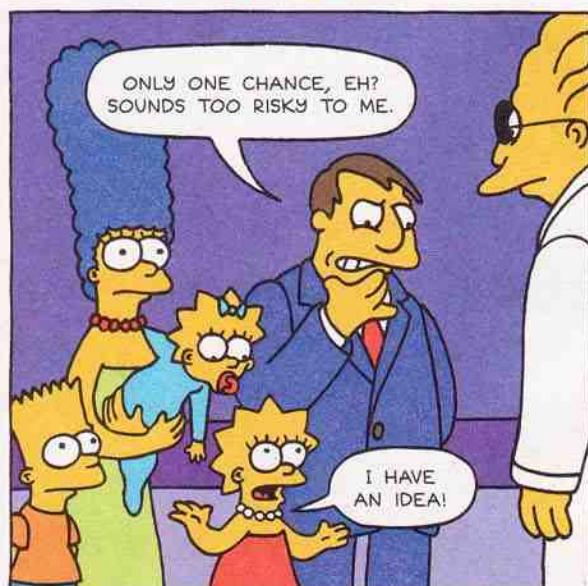
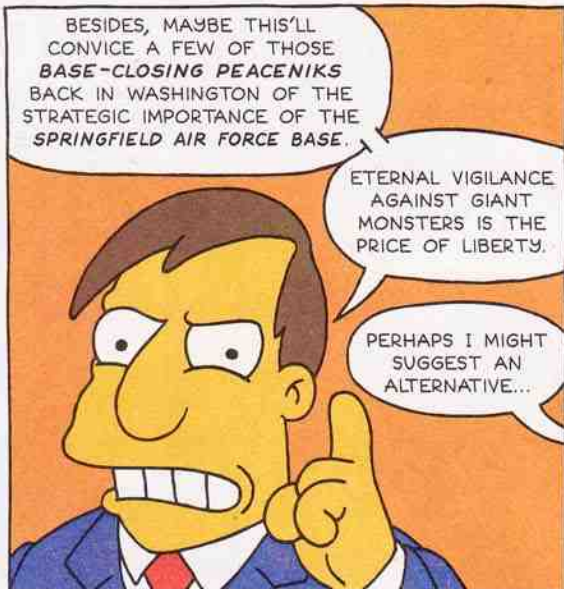
WE'D PREFER NOT TO PARTICIPATE IN THIS MEDIA CIRCUS. PLEASE LEAVE US ALONE WITH SOME SHRED OF OUR DIGNITY INTACT!

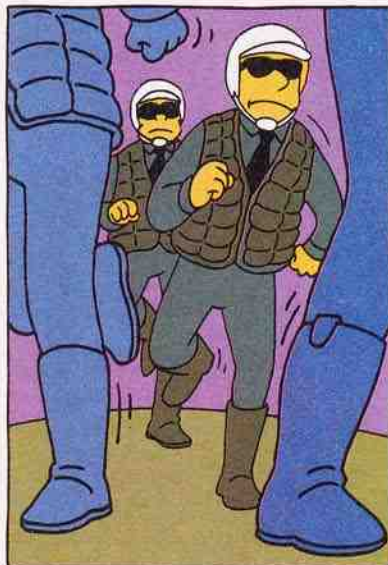
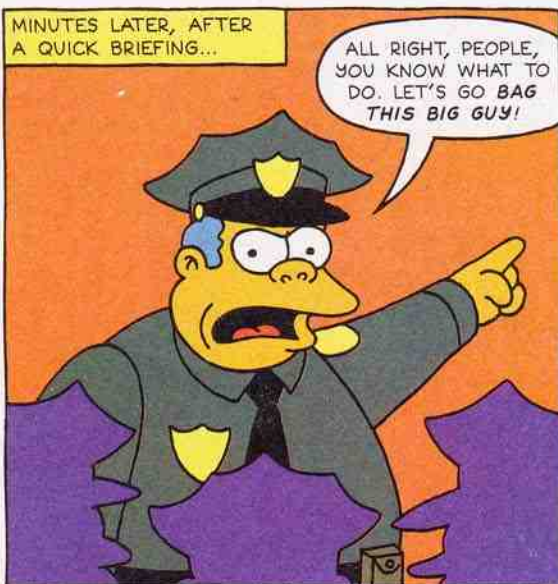
EYE ON SPRINGFIELD - LIVE

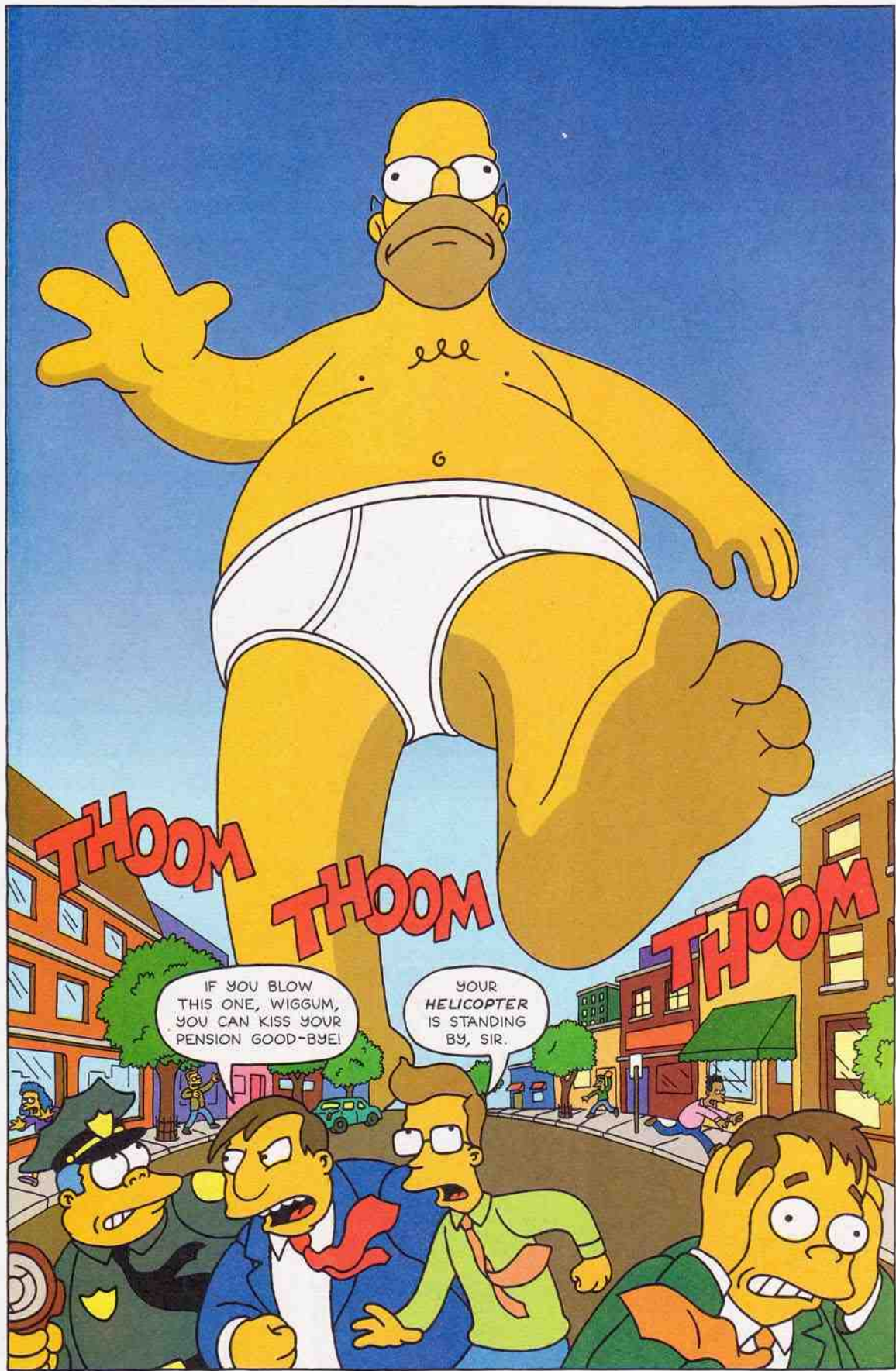


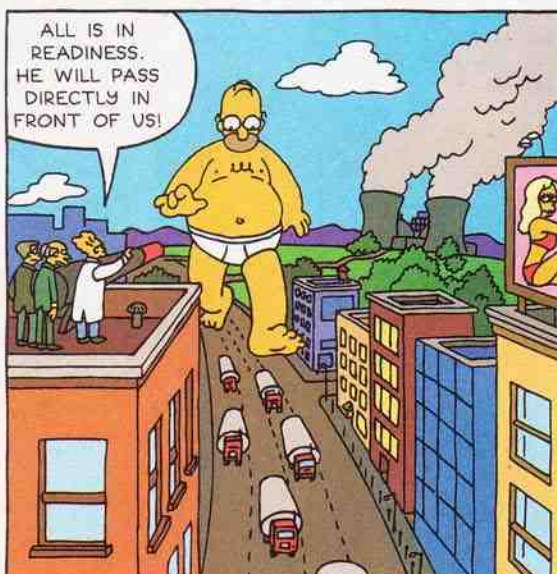
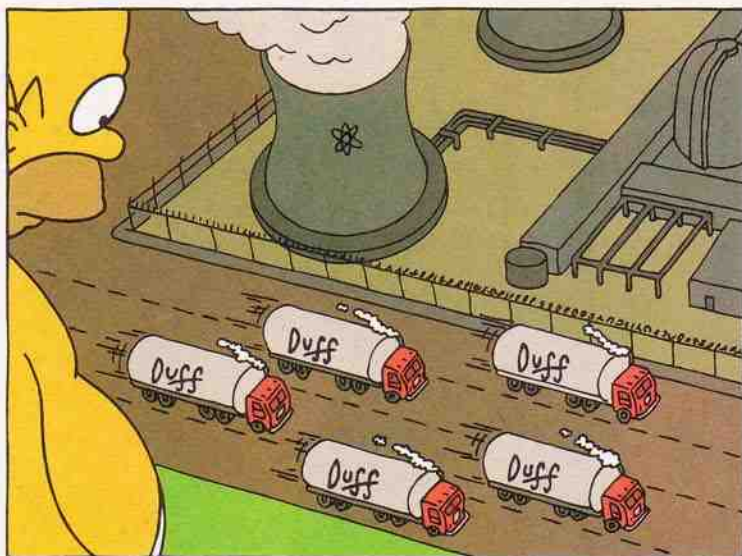
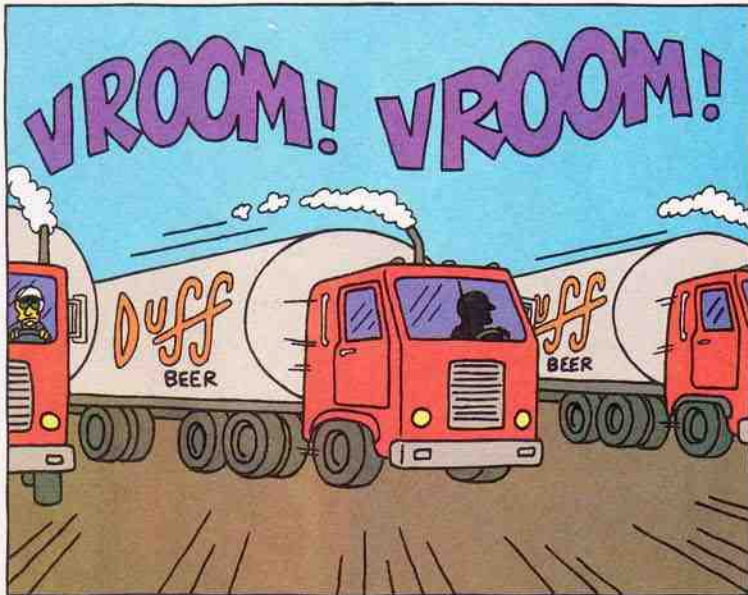
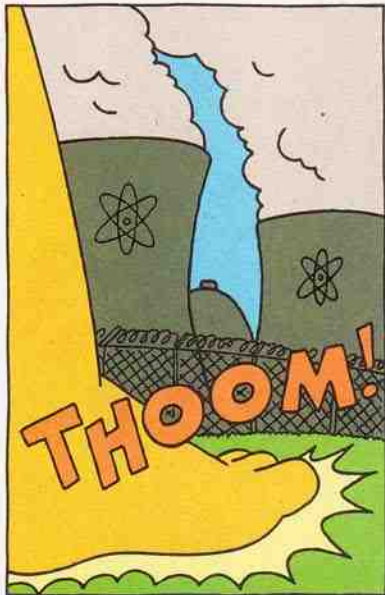


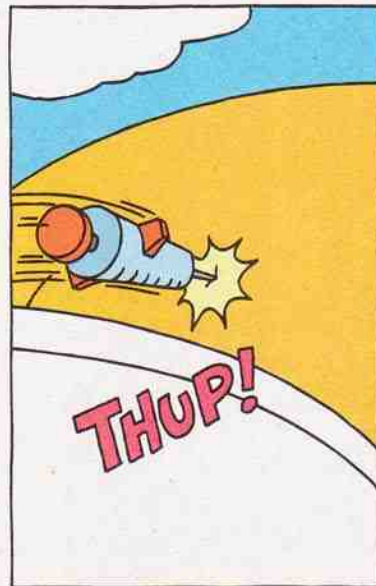
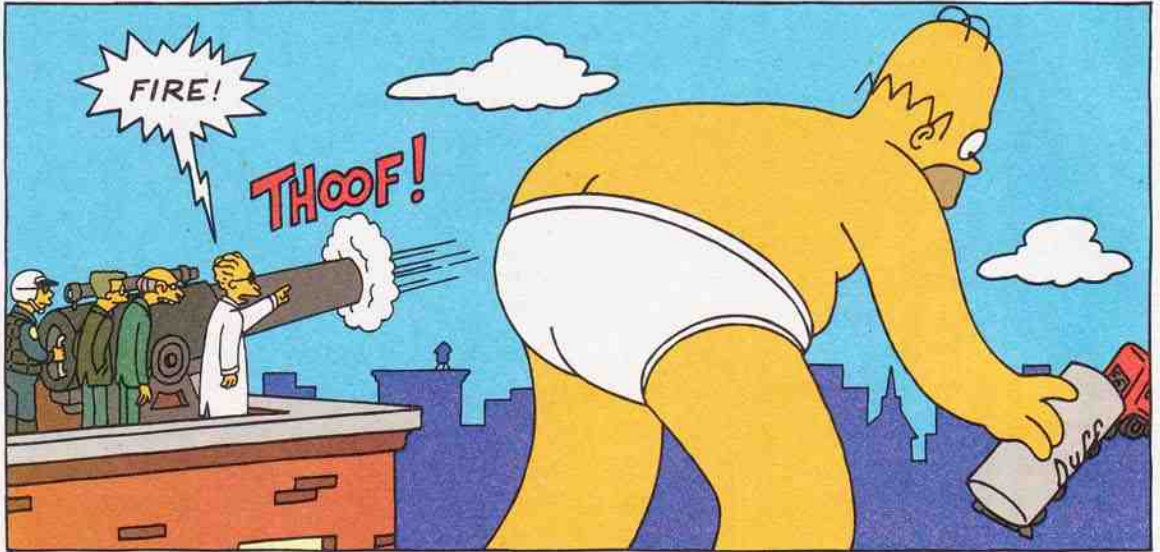
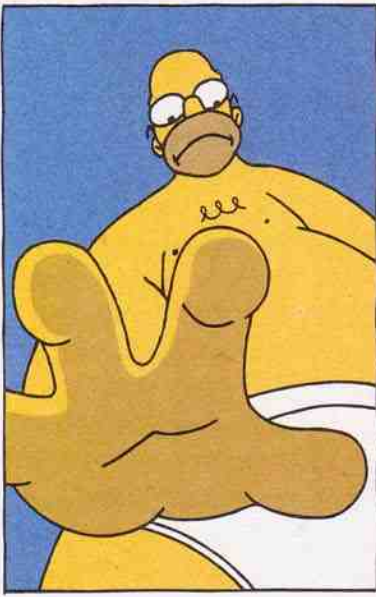


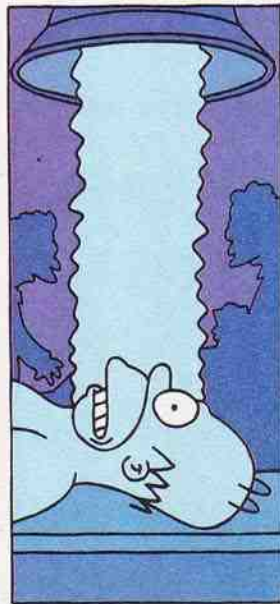
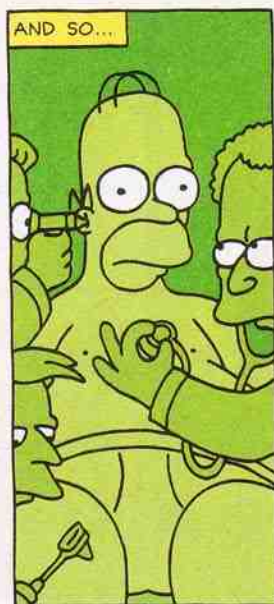
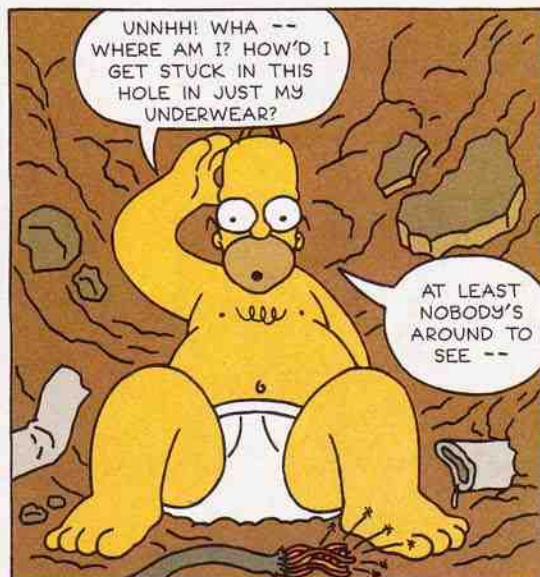












SOON, IN MR. BURN'S OFFICE...

I'M NERVOUS, MARGE. I'VE NEVER BEEN GOOD AT TESTS.

THESE WEREN'T THAT KIND OF TEST, HOMER.

THE TEST RESULTS ARE BACK. THEY'RE ALL -- PERFECTLY NORMAL.

AND LOOK, HOMEY -- ACCORDING TO THIS, YOU'VE LOST **THREE POUNDS**.

WOOHOO! DONUTS, HERE I COME!

FAREWELL, MY LITTLE LABORATORY RAT.

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET MY TREATMENTS BEGIN!

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT I THOUGHT IT BEST NOT TO TELL THEM THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT THE TEST RESULTS.

THE RAY HAD HORRIBLE **SIDE EFFECTS** -- IT TURNED THE MAN INTO A **BALDING, OBESE, DONUT-OBSESSED BUFFOON!**

WHAT'S MORE, THERE'S NO TELLING HOW LONG THE EFFECTS OF THE **SHRINKING SERUM** WILL LAST.

BLAST!

ONCE AGAIN, MY DREAMS ARE DASHED AND THE MOCKING LAUGHTER OF DAME FORTUNE RINGS IN MY EARS.

BUT WE SHALL SEE WHO LAUGHS LAST. CONTINUE THE RESEARCH.

IN THE MEAN TIME, BEEF UP SECURITY AROUND HERE. I HAVE THE STRANGEST FEELING I'M **BEING WATCHED!**

THE END?

IRONY



BART SIMPSON'S



CREEPY CRAWLY TALES



D'OOH!

A GHASTLY TALE OF UNSPEAKABLE HORROR...

"THE COLLECTOR"



GREETINGS, ALL YOU COAGULATING COMICS FANS! IT'S YOUR BLOOD-CURDLING BUDDY **BART SIMPSON** HERE, WITH A TRAUMATIZING LITTLE TALE THAT'S GUARANTEED TO GIVE YOU A **FOUR-COLOR FRIGHT**. DO YOU GET A THRILL OUT OF TRACKING DOWN A NEAR-MINT TREASURE? DOES YOUR HAPPY LITTLE HEART PALPITATE WITH PLEASURE WHEN YOU PURCHASE A RARE BACK ISSUE? WELL, YOU MAY WANT TO **RECONSIDER** AFTER YOU READ THIS! I CALL IT...

THE COLLECTOR!



A MATT GROENING
PRODUCTION

STEVE VANCE
SCRIPT & LAYOUTS

SONDRA ROY
PENCILS

BILL MORRISON
INKS

CINDY VANCE
COLORS

SUSAN GRODE
INSPIRATION

THE EERIE OLD MANSION STANDS ALONE ON A HILL AT THE EDGE OF TOWN. THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE LEADS A RECLUSIVE EXISTENCE, WITH ONLY A SINGLE SERVANT TO ATTEND TO HIM.



LITTLE IS KNOWN ABOUT THE OWNER, FOR HE IS GRUMPY AND ANTI-SOCIAL AND SHUNS CONTACT WITH THE TOWNSFOLK BELOW. RUMOR HAS IT, HOWEVER, THAT HE IS FABULOUSLY WEALTHY, AND THAT HIDDEN DEEP IN THIS HOUSE IS A TREASURE BEYOND IMAGINING.



INSIDE THE GREAT HOUSE, THE SAME ROUTINE IS OBSERVED EVERY EVENING. AFTER GORGING HIMSELF ON AN ENORMOUS MEAL OF GOURMET DELICACIES, THE OWNER RETIRES TO THE COMFORT OF HIS FAVORITE CHAIR. WITH HIS FAITHFUL DOG AT HIS FEET, HE SAVORS A FINE CIGAR AND AN AFTER-DINNER DRINK.

THE PORK CHOPS WERE SLIGHTLY OVERCOOKED, SMEDLEY. DO IT AGAIN AND YOU'RE FIRED.

VERY GOOD, SIR.

THEN COMES THE HIGHLIGHT OF HIS EVENING -- IN FACT, THE ONLY PART OF HIS ENTIRE EXISTENCE THAT GIVES HIM ANY TRUE PLEASURE -- AS HE SETTLES IN TO READ A SELECTION FROM HIS ENORMOUS LIBRARY -- A LIBRARY PAINSTAKINGLY ASSEMBLED AT UNSPEAKABLE EXPENSE THROUGH YEARS OF OBSSIVE COLLECTING -- **THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIBRARY OF COMIC BOOKS!**

AH, CAPTAIN SQUID #7 -- WITH THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF HIS SIDEKICK, LIL' SQUIDDIE! HOW WELL I REMEMBER THE DAY I BOUGHT THIS BOOK.

"THE OWNER OF THE LOCAL COMICS SHOP REFUSED TO NEGOTIATE ON THE PRICE -- UNTIL I THREATENED TO TELL THE VICE SQUAD THAT HE WAS SELLING BETTY PAGE TRADING CARDS TO MINORS. WE SETTLED ON 10% OF GUIDE. I LEFT THE SHOP CLUTCHING MY LATEST PRIZE -- ONLY TO BE ACCOSTED BY SOME LOWLIFE LOITERING OUTSIDE."

'SCUSE ME -- DO YOU HAVE A LIGHT?

"I TAUGHT THE RUFFIAN A SHARP LESSON!"

YAAAH! KEEP AWAY FROM MY PRECIOUS MINT COPY!

"OF COURSE, AFTER THAT DISTASTEFUL INCIDENT, I'LL NEVER PATRONIZE THAT STORE AGAIN!"

LATER, HIS READING DONE, THE COLLECTOR COMPLETES HIS EVENING RITUAL. HE CAREFULLY RETURNS THE PRECIOUS COMIC TO ITS PROTECTIVE SLEEVE...

...THEN HE CARRIES HIS TREASURE DOWN AN ANCIENT STAIRCASE TO HIS CELLAR.

THERE, AMIDST BOXES AND CRATES OF LONG-FORGOTTEN HEIRLOOMS, HE HAS CONSTRUCTED A HOME FOR HIS COLLECTION...

...A GIANT, CLIMATE-CONTROLLED VAULT, WHICH KEEPS TEMPERATURE AND HUMIDITY AT OPTIMUM LEVELS TO PRESERVE HIS COLLECTION!

THOUSANDS OF COMICS -- AND THEY'RE MINE, ALL MINE! I'LL NEVER SHARE THEM WITH ANYONE!

LARVA GIRL THRU MOLLUSK MAN

MANY MIGHT CONSIDER THE COLLECTOR'S SECLUDED, SINGLE-MINDED LIFE TO BE SAD, LONELY, EVEN PATHETIC -- BUT ONCE HE ENTERS HIS VAULT, HE FEELS SURROUNDED BY THOUSANDS OF FRIENDS.

ONE DAY, A FATEFUL EVENT CAUSES AN ALTERATION IN THE COLLECTOR'S BELOVED ROUTINE -- HIS FAITHFUL BUTLER SMEDLEY TAKES A WEEKEND OFF TO VISIT HIS AGING MOTHER!

GOODBYE, SIR. I SHALL SEE YOU ON MONDAY.

LOUSY INGRATE! I PAY HIS SALARY FOR 14 YEARS, AND HE REPAYS ME BY DESERTING ME FOR TWO DAYS!

THAT NIGHT, THE COLLECTOR GOES TO THE VAULT AS USUAL, BUT WHEN HE OPENS THE MASSIVE DOOR...

IT'S WARM! OH, NO!

HEAT! ONE OF THE GREATEST ENEMIES OF OLD COMICS! CALMLY, THE COLLECTOR CHECKS THE THERMOSTAT...

OHMIGOSH! 97 DEGREES! THE CONTROL ISN'T WORKING! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?!

QUICKLY AND DECISIVELY, HE SETS TO WORK TO REPAIR THE MALFUNCTIONING UNIT. FIRST, HE ASSEMBLES HIS TOOLS...

OOOH!

AAAH!

OWWW!

...THEN, WITH HIS VAST STORE OF TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE, HE BEGINS HIS TASK...

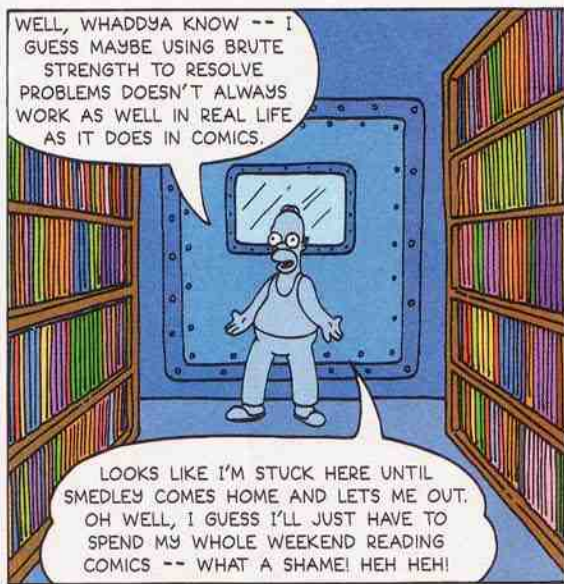
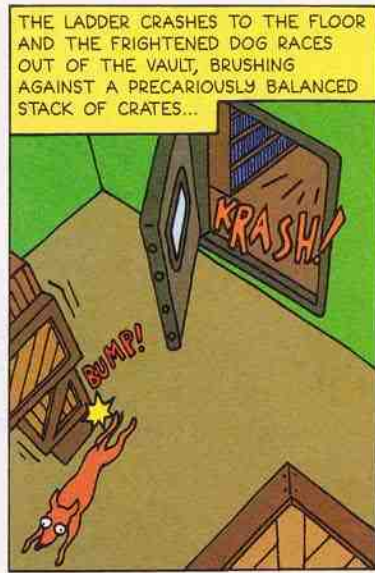
HMMM...MAYBE IF I POKE THIS DOOHICKEY--

KZAK!

...BUT HIS EFFORTS ARE IN VAIN!

OOOPS...I GUESS I SHOULD'VE TRIED THAT OTHER THINGAMAJIG...

AS HE CONTEMPLATES THE MELTED RUIN OF THE CLIMATE CONTROL, HIS FAITHFUL DOG ENTERS THE VAULT...





THE TEMPERATURE INSIDE THE VAULT CONTINUES TO PLUNGE. NOW IT IS FAR BELOW FREEZING! THE COLLECTOR Huddles AGAINST THE DOOR FOR A LONG TIME, FIGHTING THE COLD. HE FEELS THE HORRIBLE NUMBNESS OF FROSTBITE OVERTAKING HIM.

ON MONDAY MORNING, SMEDLEY RETURNS. WHEN HE FINDS THAT HIS MASTER IS NOT UPSTAIRS, HE HEADS FOR THE VAULT. SEEING THE CRATES PILED AGAINST THE DOOR, HE IMMEDIATELY GRASPS THE SITUATION...

FRANTICALLY, HE MOVES THE CRATES AND OPENS THE DOOR. SMEDLEY IS HORRIFIED AS HIS MASTER EMERGES, HALF-FROZEN AND GIBBERING INSANELY...



SMEDLEY GAZES INTO THE VAULT AND SUDDENLY REALIZES WHAT HAS DRIVEN HIS MASTER MAD. THE SHELVES ARE EMPTY, AND ON THE FLOOR IS A GIANT PILE OF ASHES. IN ORDER TO KEEP FROM FREEZING TO DEATH, THE COLLECTOR HAD TO BURN HIS ENTIRE COMIC BOOK COLLECTION!



THAT LITTLE SAGA CERTAINLY LEFT ME WITH A **WARM GLOW!** AFTER THAT WAY-COOL EXPERIENCE, I GUESS THE OL' MASTER WILL BE LUCKY IF HE CAN EVEN COLLECT HIS **WITS!** THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, SCREAM-FIENDS! UNTIL NEXT TIME, SEE YOU IN THE FUNNY PAGES!



JUNK MAIL



Hey! Send your mail and pictures to: **Junk Mail, Bongo Comics Group, 1999 Avenue of the Stars, 15th Floor, Los Angeles, CA 90067.** If you send art or photos, please write on the back, "For consideration for publication in Bongo Comics. I agree if you publish my submission it becomes your property," and sign your name. If you don't, our bossy lawyers won't let us print 'em. Thanks!

So how can there be a letters page in our first issue, you ask? What are these people writing about, anyway? Well, in case you missed it, we did a one-shot mag called *Simpsons Comics and Stories* a few months back. It was so well received that we started the Bongo Comics Group so we could bring you lots more. So now you've got something to write about, too!



"BARF SIMPSON"
Ivana Duric
Toronto, Ont., Canada

Simpsons Comics and Stories was great! I hope there will be more issues in the future. But I found an error in "Lo, There Shall Come... A Bartman!" which needs to be rectified.

Grampa Simpson tells Bart that his first published letter of complaint appeared in *Radioactive Man* #27. But in the book *The Simpsons Uncensored Family Album*, a letter to the *Springfield Shopper* is shown to be his first recorded letter of complaint! If you don't stop making these stupid mistakes, you're going to lose this reader and a lot of others too, I bet. (Sorry about that; there's a little bit of Grampa Simpson in all of us.)

Don't have a cow, man; I've got two ways to solve this problem. Let's see...

1) For whatever reason, the letter to the *Springfield Shopper* was never mailed! In the *Family Album*, Marge describes it as

his first recorded letter of complaint — perhaps she discovered it one day and kept it as a memento.

(Of course, that doesn't explain why Marge's fan letter to Ringo Starr, which we know that she *did* send, is also in there. Perhaps she kept a copy to prove that she really did write to Ringo, and that's what we see in the *Family Album*.)

2) As Grampa Simpson got older, he lost his interest in comic books; note that he refers to Morty Mann's collection as "a pile of crap." Grampa Simpson now sees comics as being so far beneath him that, had Morty Mann not presented him with that *Radioactive Man* book, he'd



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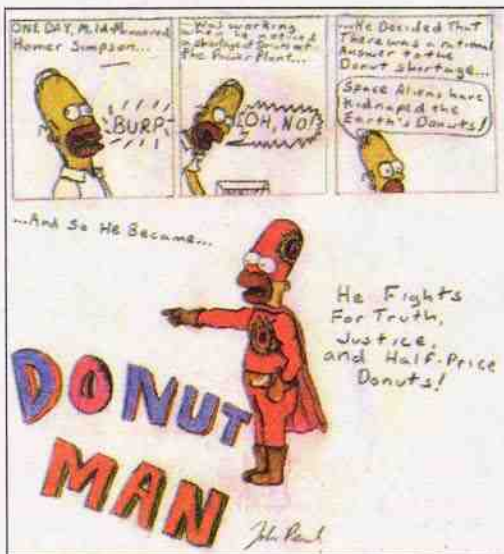
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Steve Vance/Bill Morrison

SPECIAL THANKS TO DON WELSH



John Pearl, Canton, OH

**Got a burning question?
We'll try to give you...**

THE ANSWERS, MAN!

Q: Why doesn't Homer actually yell back at his boss when his boss yells at him?

Jason Coberly
Kileen, TX

A: Does the word "unemployment" mean anything to you, Jason?

Q: How old was Homer when he had his first Duff?

Mark Miller
Independence, MO

A: Obviously not old enough, Mark.

Q: How old is Mr. Burns?

Gary Shipman
Cedar Hill, TX

A: Obviously too old, Gary.

Q: Why are the Simpsons the only family that have spiked hair?

Mark Miller
Independence, MO

A: Blame the cut-rate barber Homer takes 'em to.

Q: Will Maggie ever talk again?

Gary Shipman
Cedar Hill, TX

A: We asked her, but she wouldn't tell us.

Q: Do the Simpsons wear the same clothes every day or are all their clothes the same?

Lauren Carr
Birmingham, AL

A: Yes.

never have remembered that particular letter!

What do you think?

—Gary Dunaier
Flushing,
Queens, NY

Actually, Gary, Marge put together the family album long before she learned of Grampa's embarrassing past as a disgruntled fan-boy.

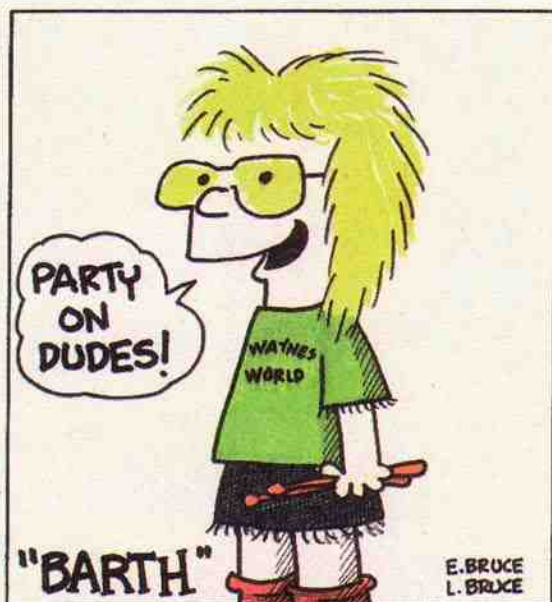


"BART DRACULA"
Adam Blackerby
Gadsden, AL

one helluva a ride!

I especially appreciate the in-jokes sprinkled throughout the stories. In "Lo, There Shall Come a Bartman!!", Arnold Leach's announcement that he intended to 'kill' Radioactive Man is an obvious parallel to the current Superman death, a loss that has disrupted so many lives. Talk about milking something for all it's worth.

"Bring Me the Head of El Barto" really shows how moronic the good citizens of Springfield can be—imagine not



E. BRUCE
L. BRUCE

Leonard & Eileen Bruce, Jackson, TN

I LOVED the first issue of *Simpsons Comics and Stories*! It's the perfect companion piece to the magazine and hit TV show. The humor and drawings are so much like the show that I couldn't tell where one began and the other ended. One thing is clear: Those yellow bug-eyed misfits have invaded and conquered our pop culture and is it

realizing who 'El Barto' is! Ned Flander is a dense, self-righteous Mary Poppins from Hell—he's a great foil for Homer. I actually KNOW people like the Flanderses and they frankly terrify me. I hope you focus on Ned sometimes. Back to the "El Barto" story—those cops are the dumbest guys supposedly protecting the fair city of Springfield. Lisa should be mayor of Springfield—she's the only intelligent character in the whole town.

"Maggie's Excellent Adventure" was cute, but I feel that the slap-stick humor would have been better executed had it been animated, rather than drawn for a comic. It had more action than verbal wit, and would have been funnier if we could see Maggie actually being tossed down the power plant chute, into the Acme delivery truck and into Otto's grocery bag. Having her win the Berger Baby Search was a good touch, though.

On the whole, it was great entertainment and I anxiously await the second *Simpsons* comic book. More, more, more!



Mark Miller
Independence, MO

—Michelle Beaubien
Burnaby, BC