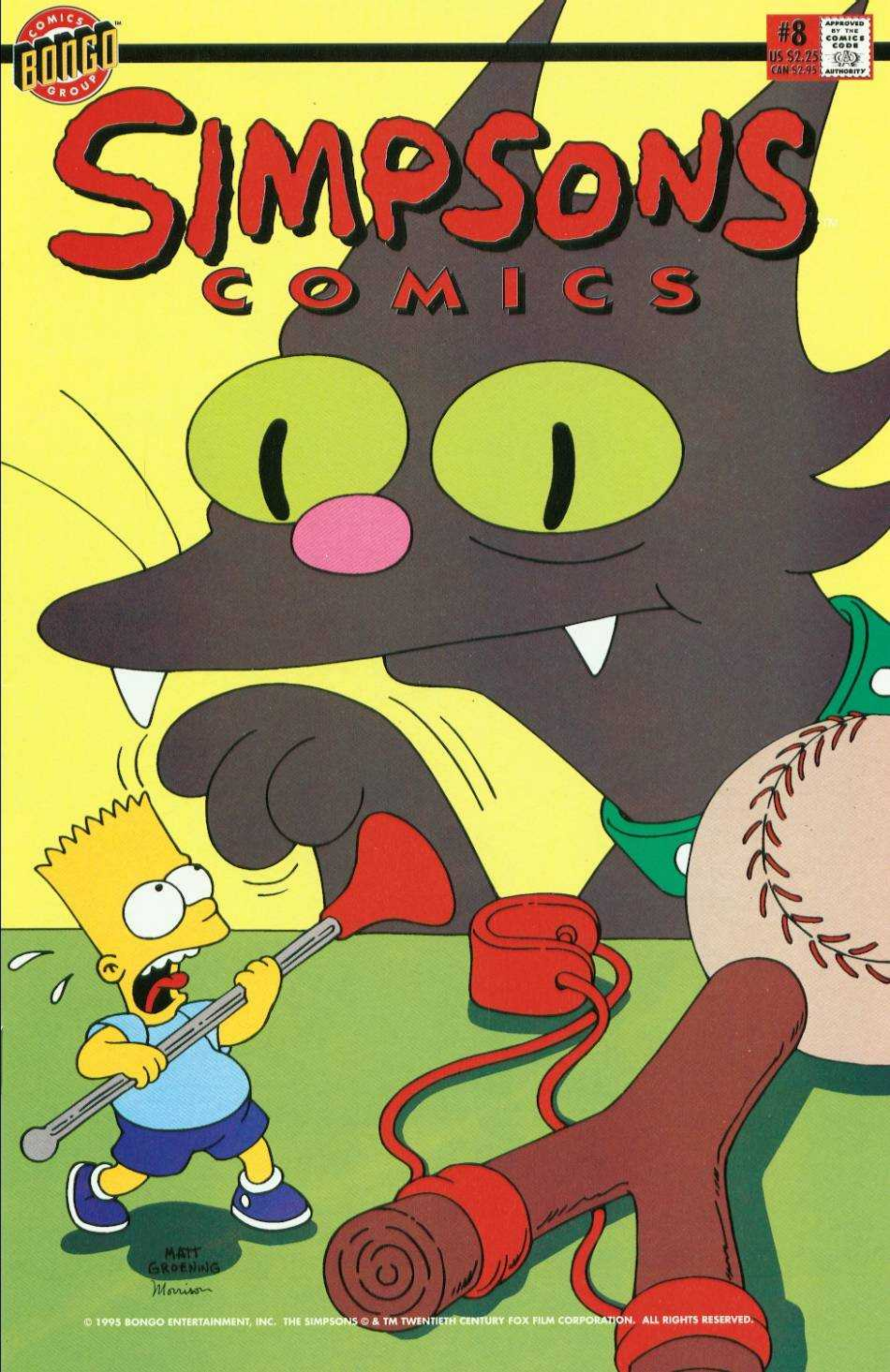


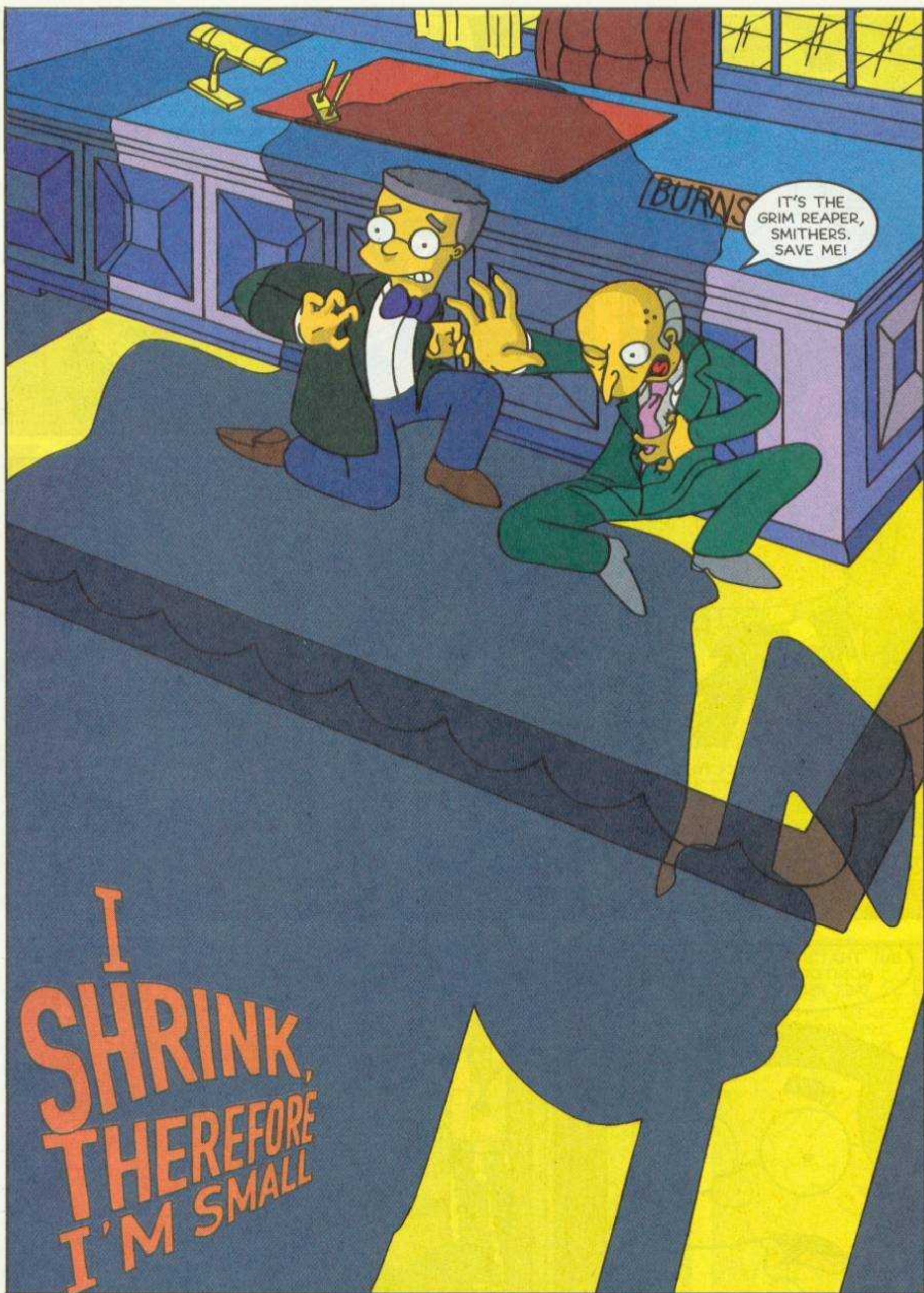
# SIMPSONS

## COMICS



MATT  
GREENING  
Morrison





GARY  
GLASBERG  
STORY

LUIS  
ESCOBAR  
PENCILS

TIM  
BAVINGTON  
INKS

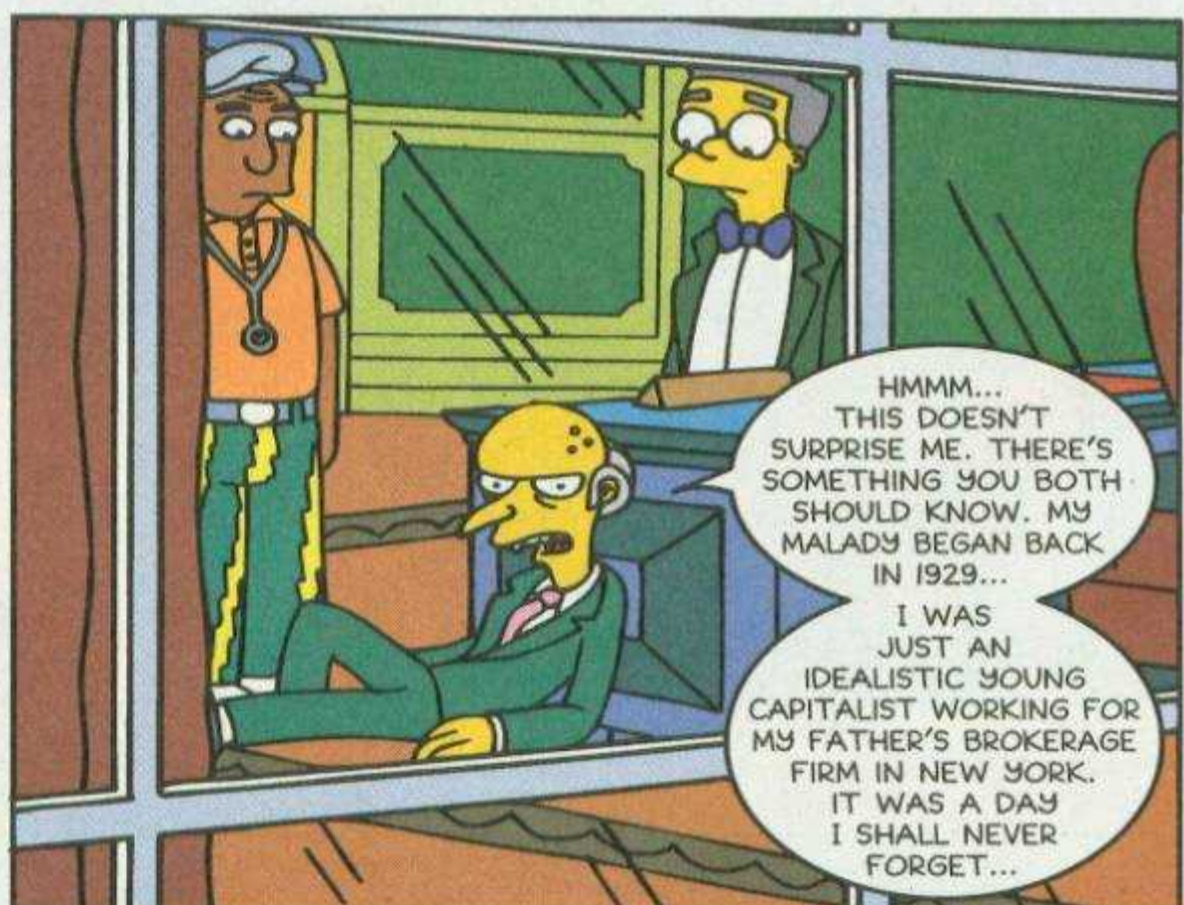
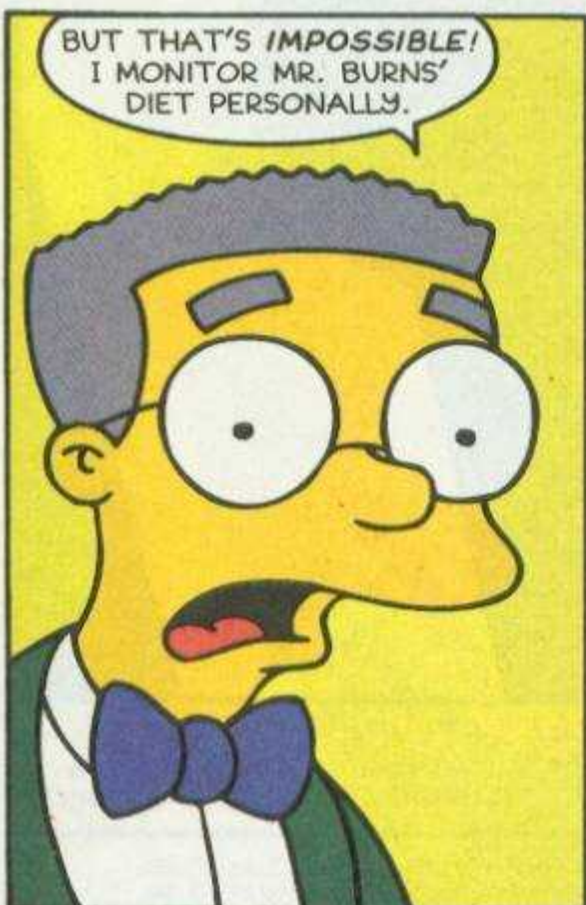
STARKINGS/  
COMICRAFT  
LETTERING

ELECTRIC CRAYON/  
NATHAN KANE  
COLORS

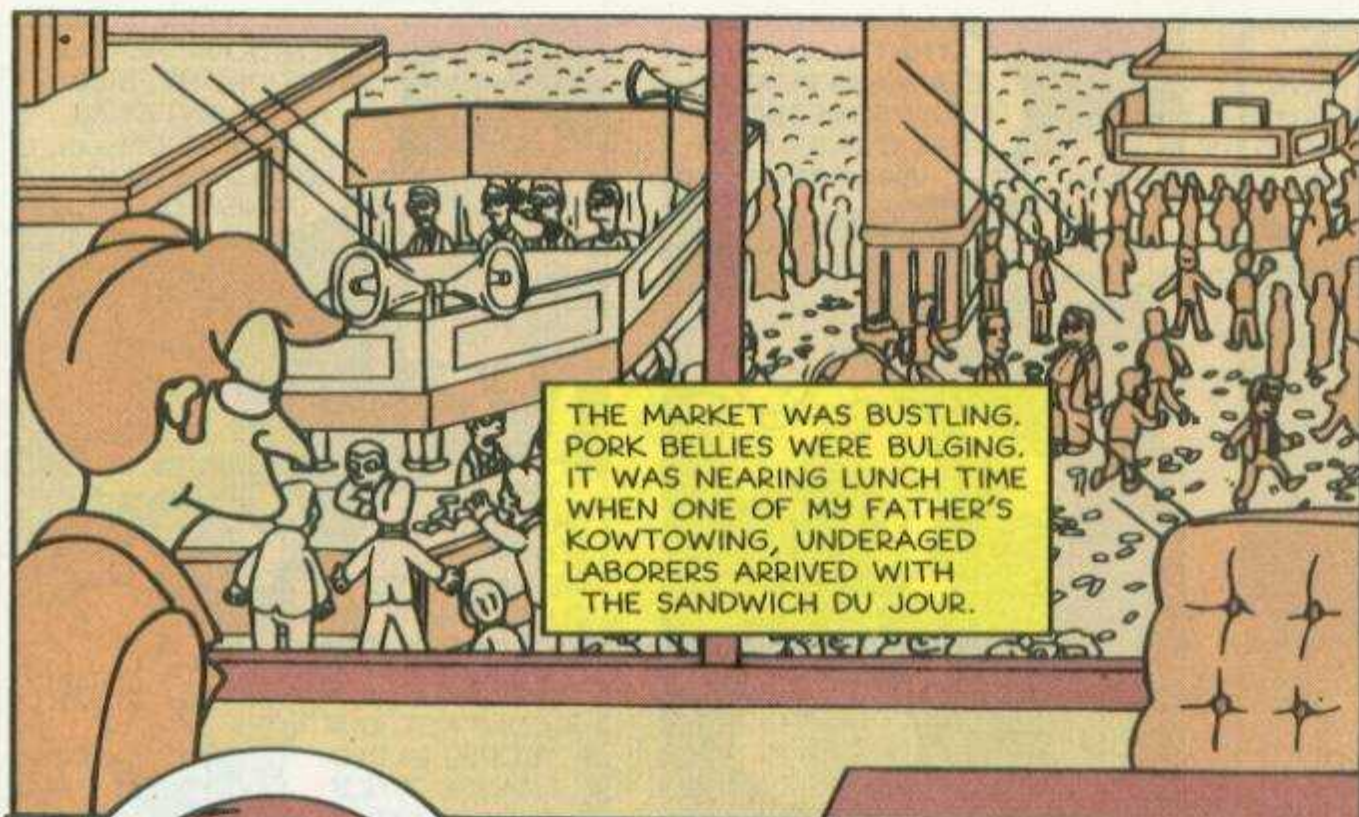
STEVE  
VANCE  
INSPIRATION

MATT  
GROENING  
LAB ASSISTANT







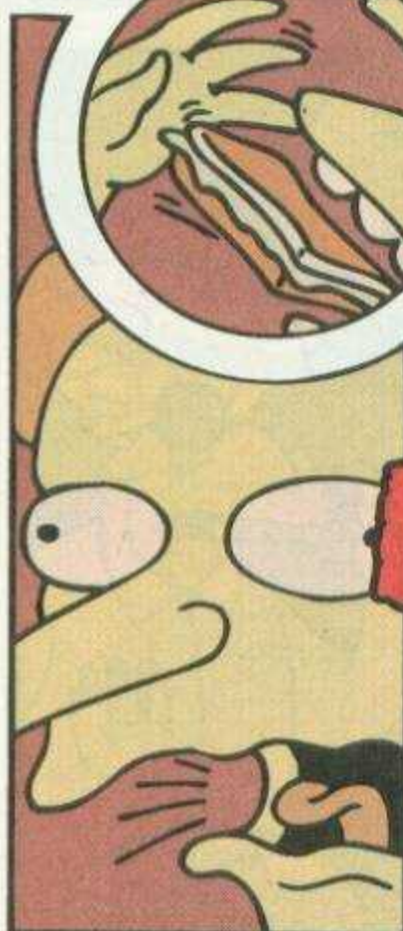


THE MARKET WAS BUSTLING. PORK BELLIES WERE BULGING. IT WAS NEARING LUNCH TIME WHEN ONE OF MY FATHER'S KOWTOWING, UNDERAGED LABORERS ARRIVED WITH THE SANDWICH DU JOUR.



I HAVE YOUR LUNCH, SIR. ALASKAN KING CRAB WITH CAVIAR ON CRACKED WHEAT.

WELL, DON'T DILLY-DALLY! GIVE IT TO ME. I'M STARVING!



GLOMPFF!

**BUUURRP**

THE UNEXPECTED BELCH WHICH FOLLOWED SEEMED TO CATCH EVERYONE BY SURPRISE! THE HUMILIATION WAS OVERWHELMING, BUT MERELY FORESHADOWED THE TERROR OF WHAT WAS ABOUT TO OCCUR!



HEH, HEH.

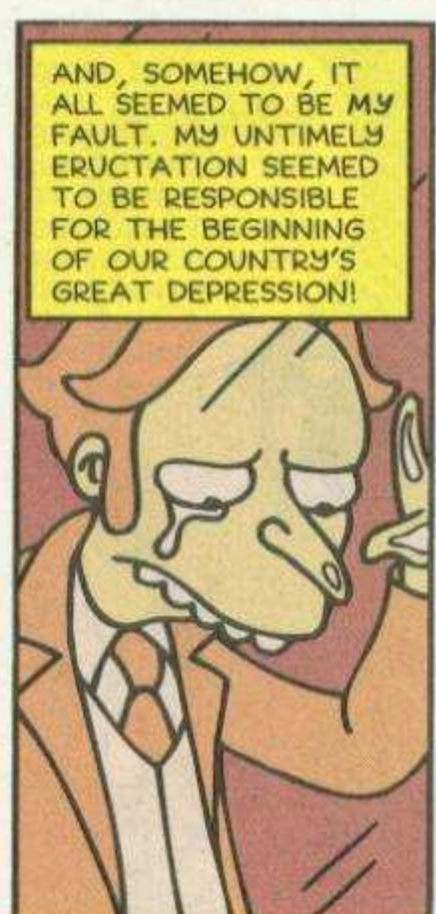


**RRRIIIINN**

THE MARKET BEGAN TO PLUMMET LIKE A LED ZEPPELIN. CORPORATIONS WERE COLLAPSING BEFORE MY VERY EYES!

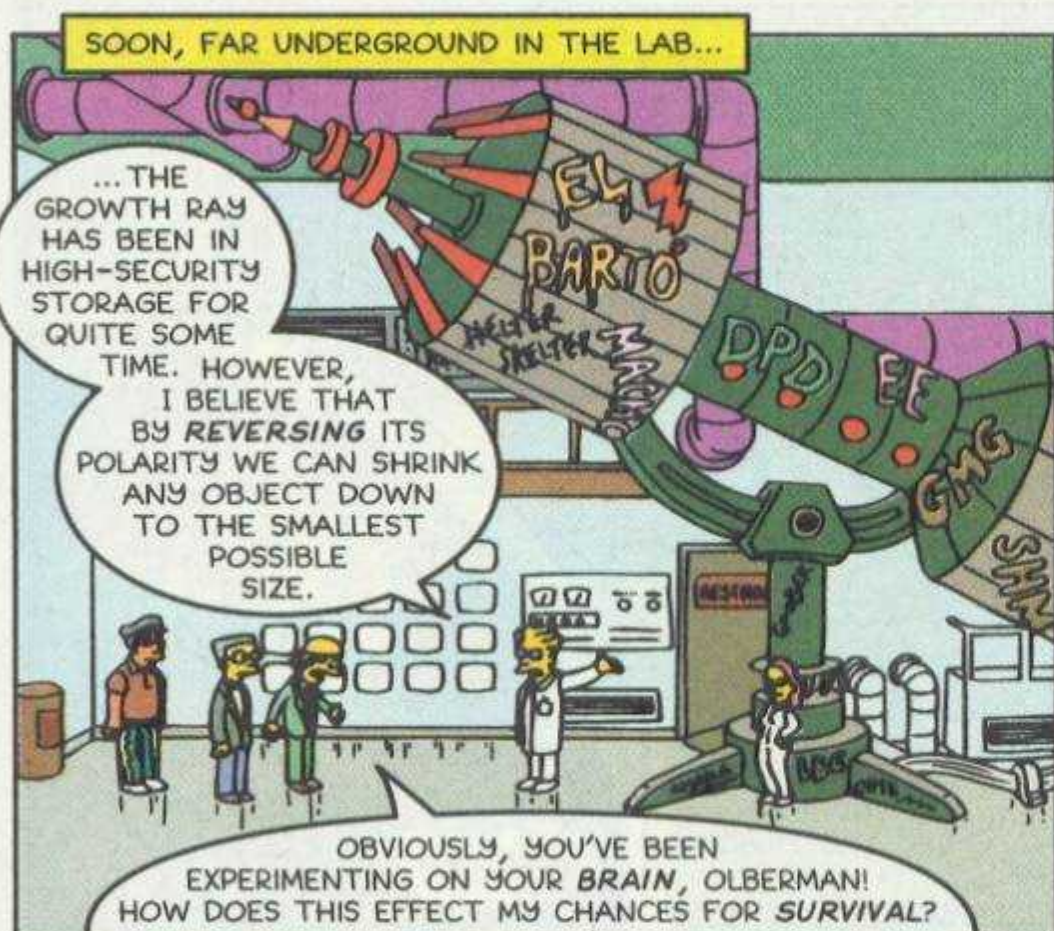


THE DESPERATION OF MY CO-WORKERS WAS HORRIFYING. I WAS WITNESSING THE DEMISE OF AMERICAN BUSINESS!

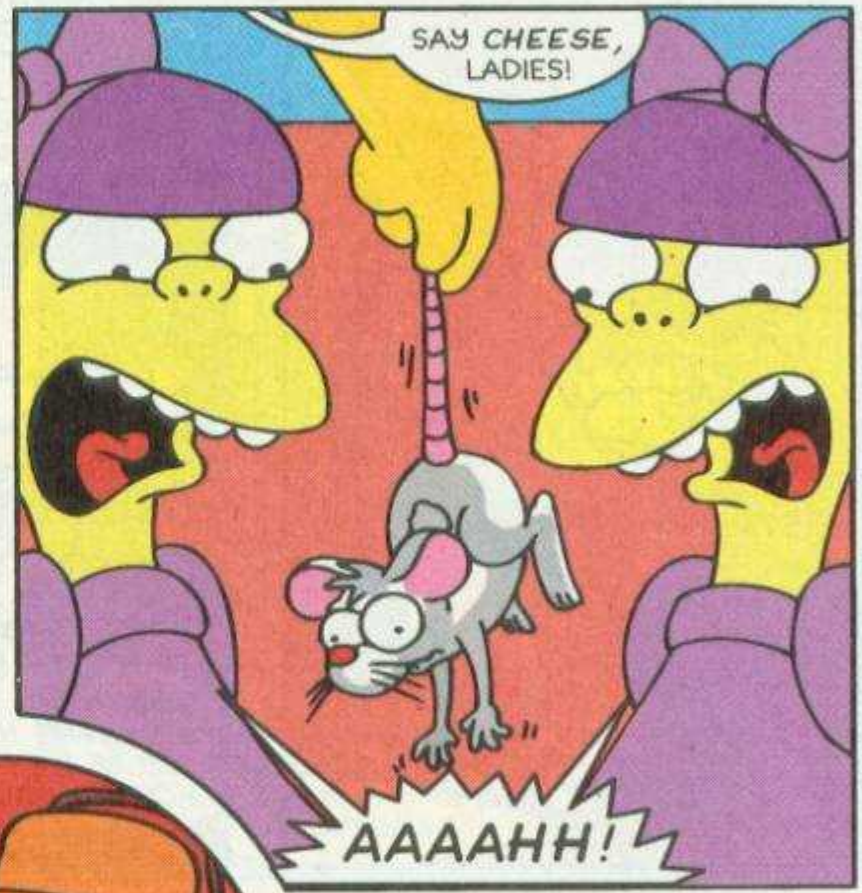
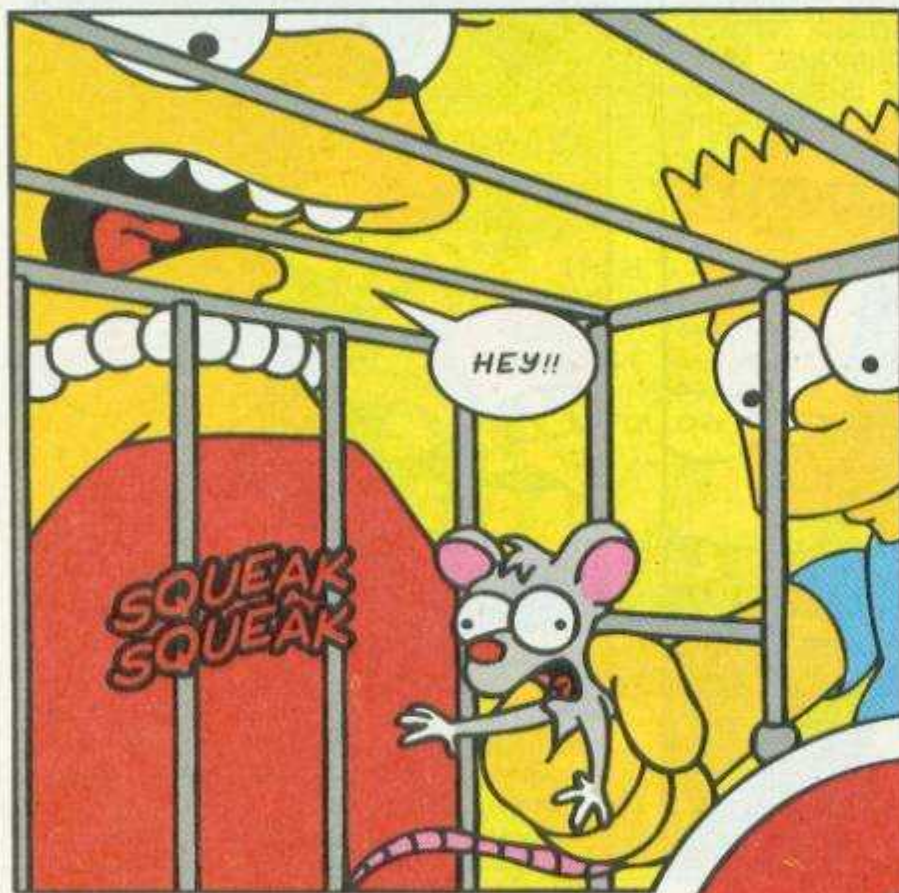


AND, SOMEHOW, IT ALL SEEMED TO BE MY FAULT. MY UNTIMELY ERUCTION SEEMED TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BEGINNING OF OUR COUNTRY'S GREAT DEPRESSION!

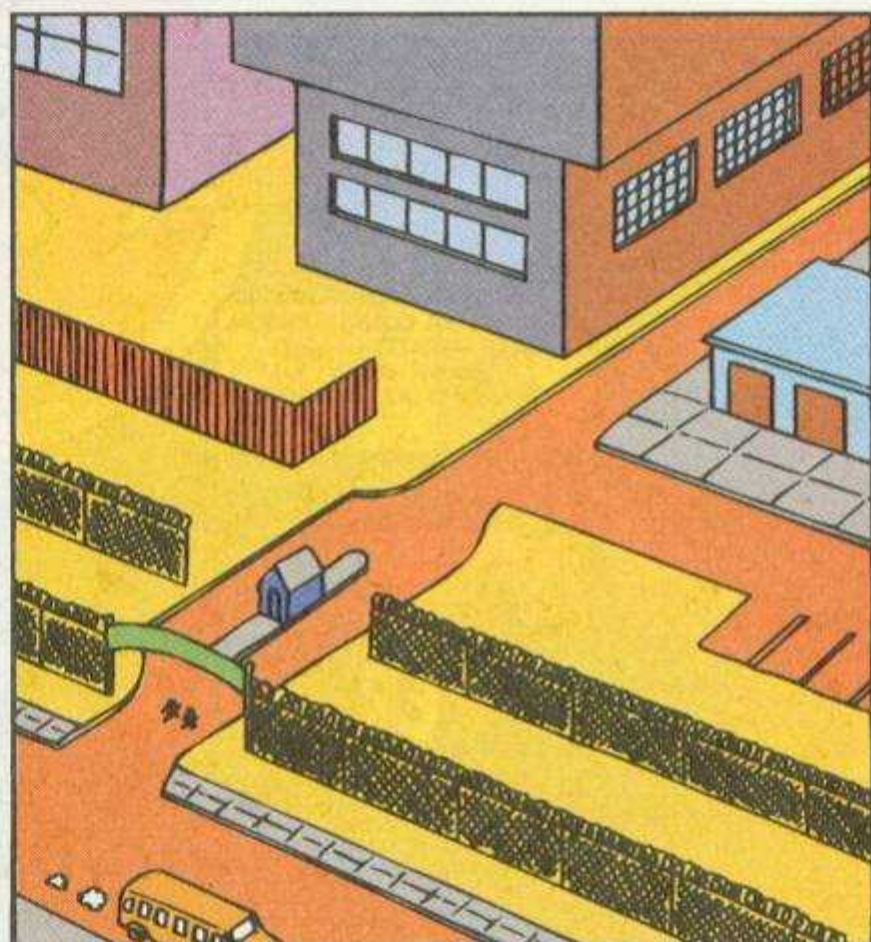
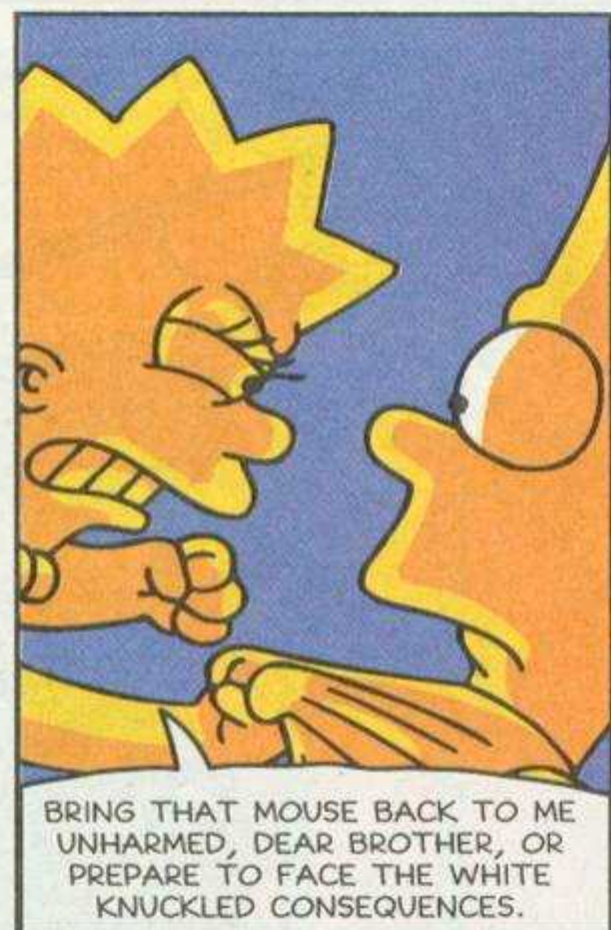
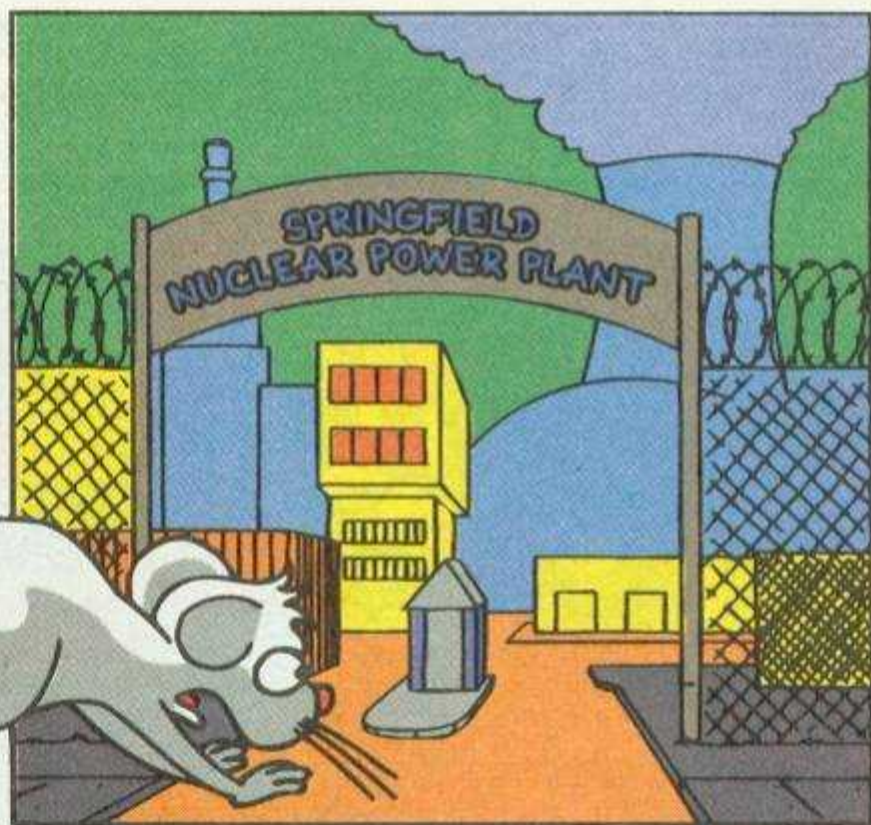
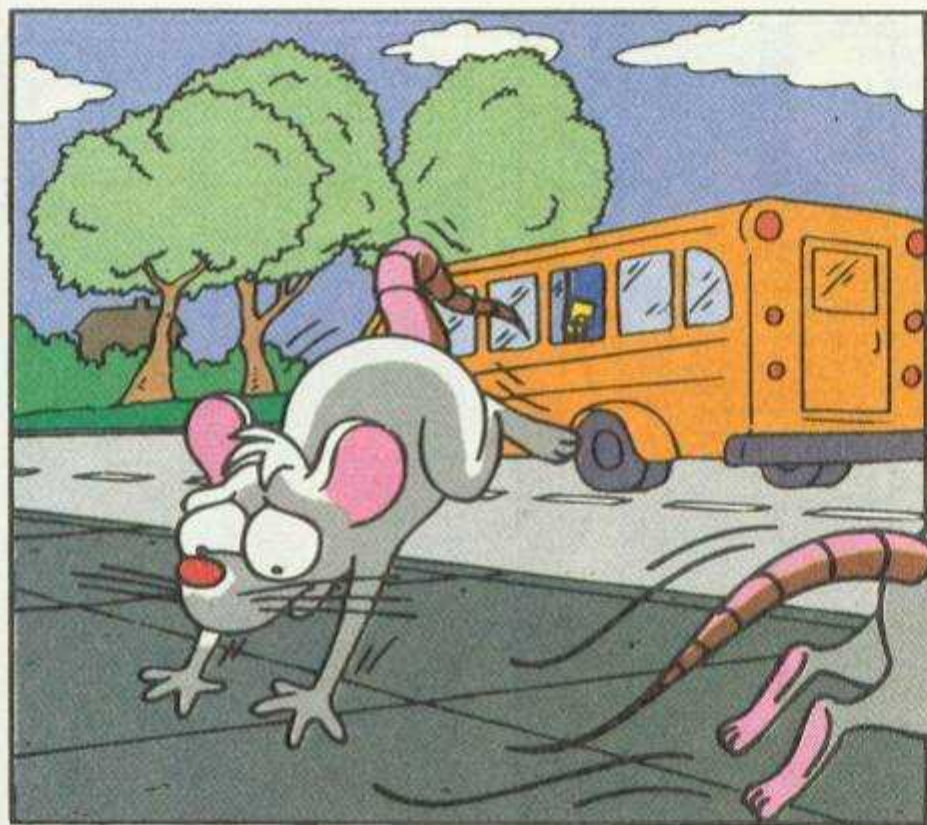




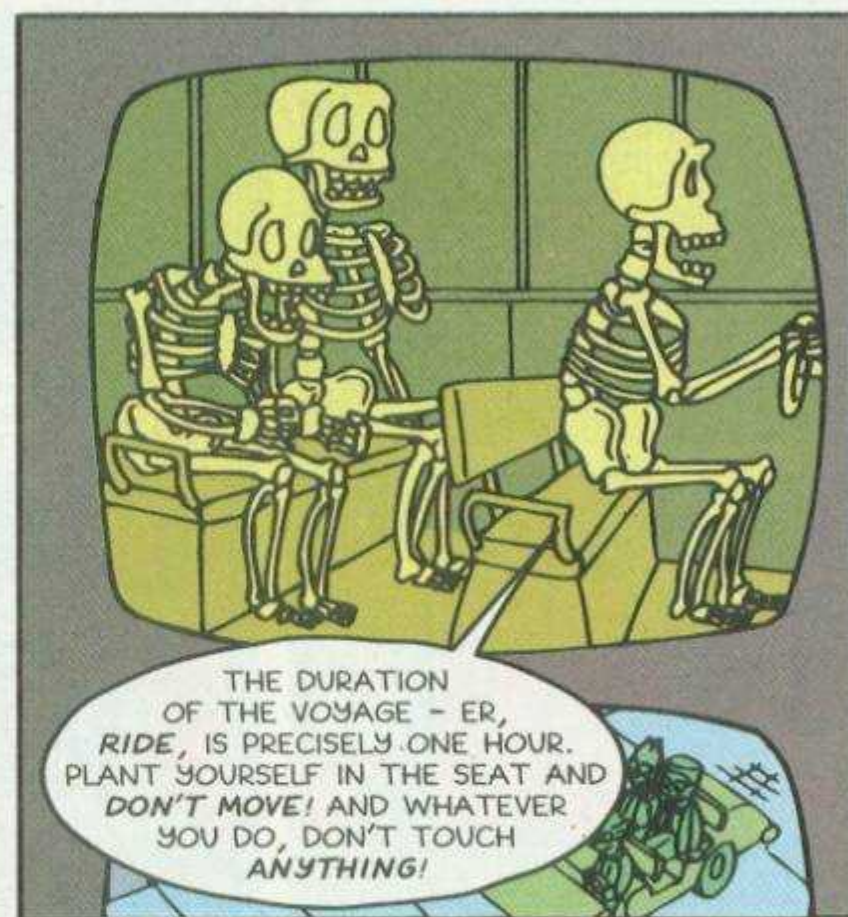
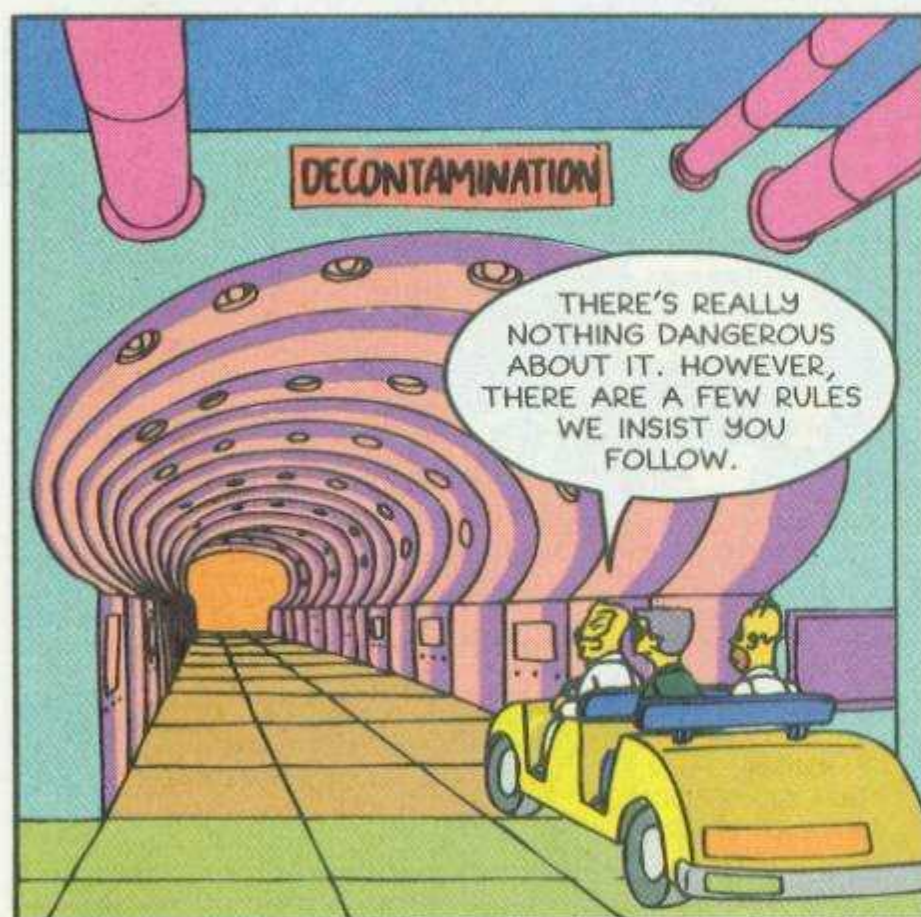
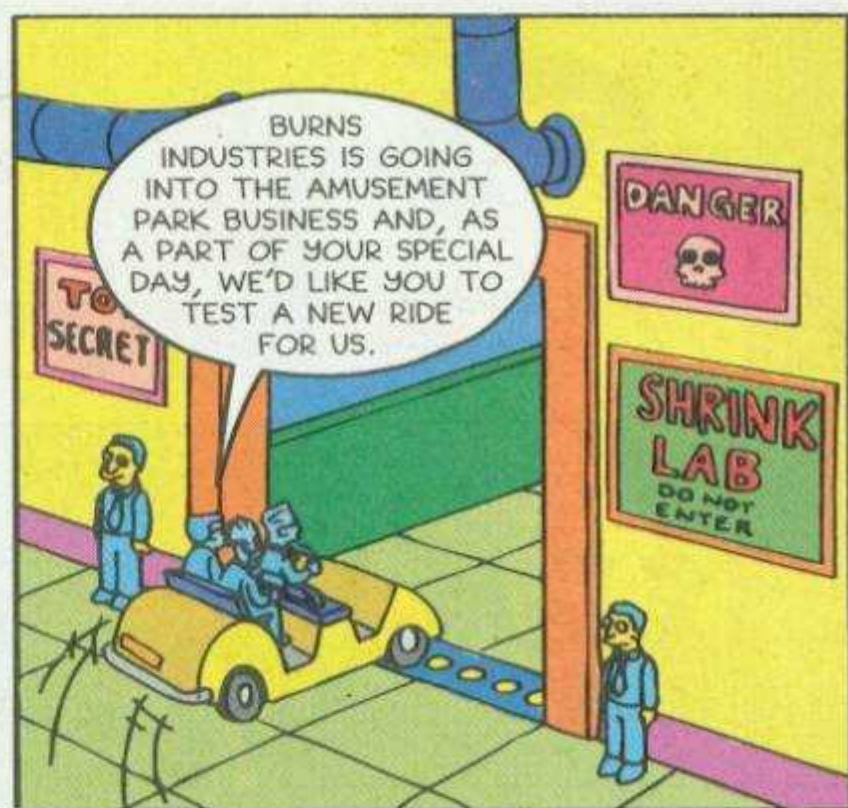
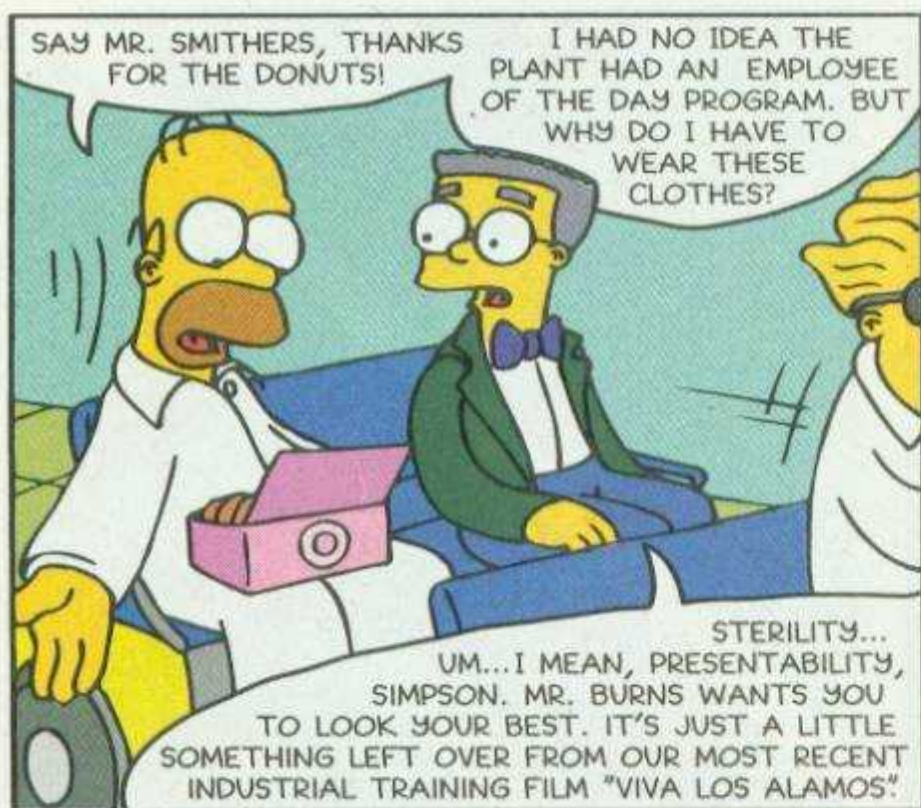




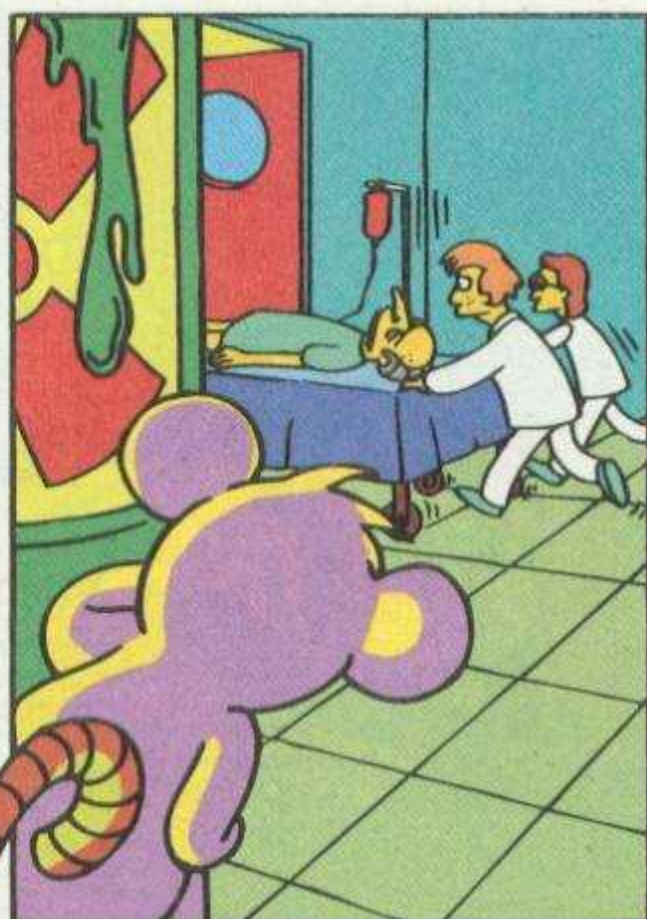
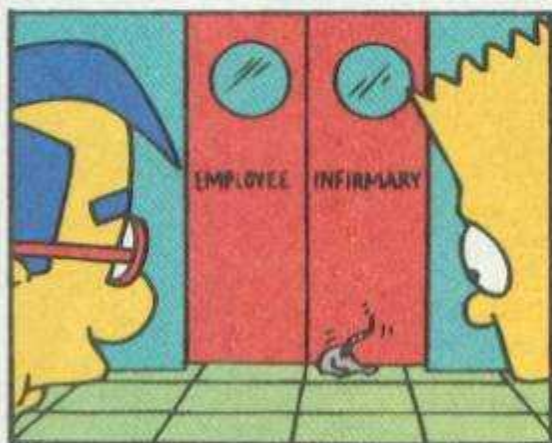
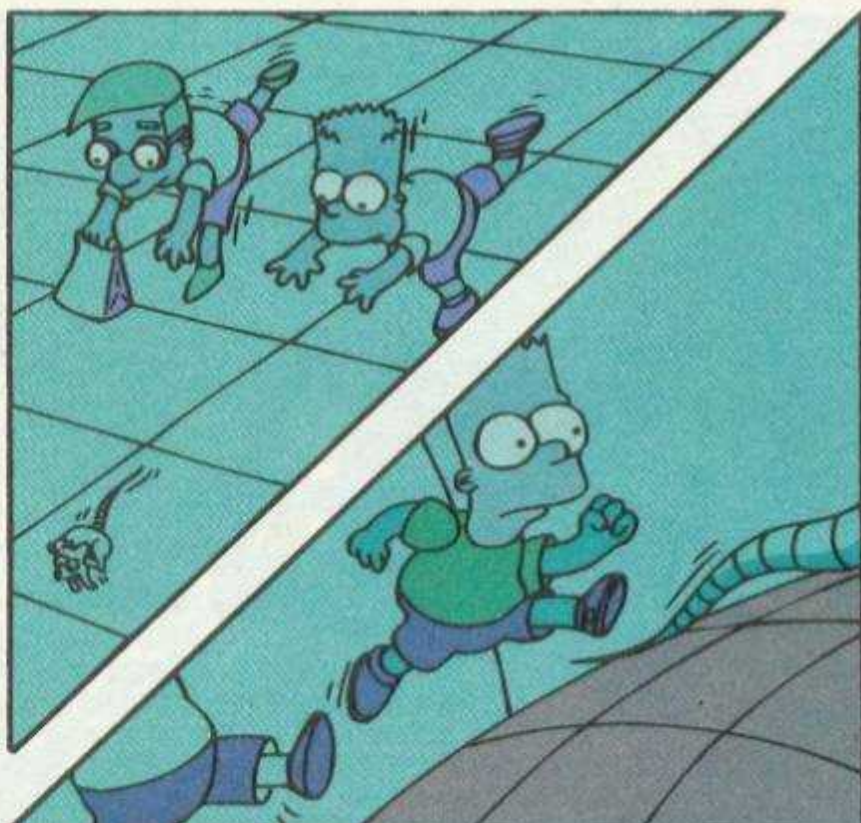
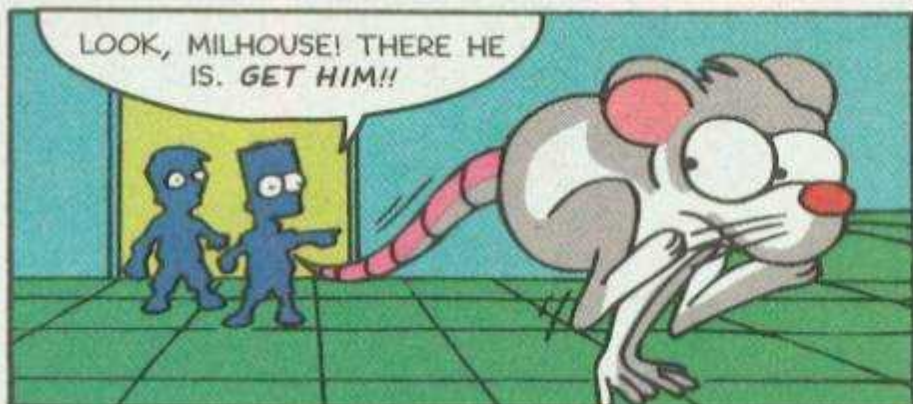
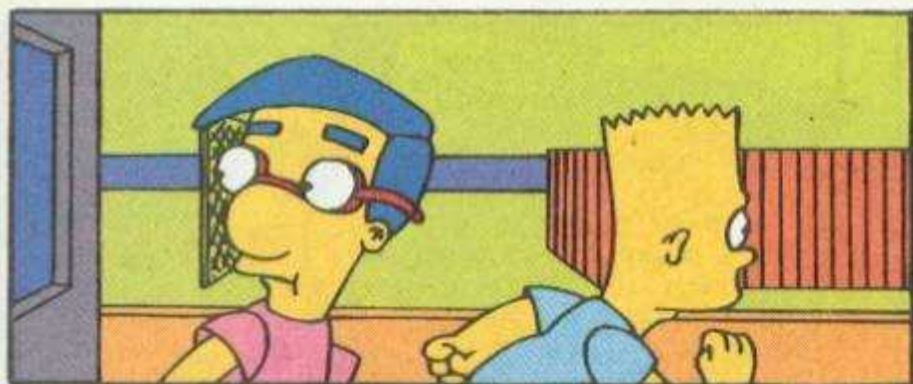






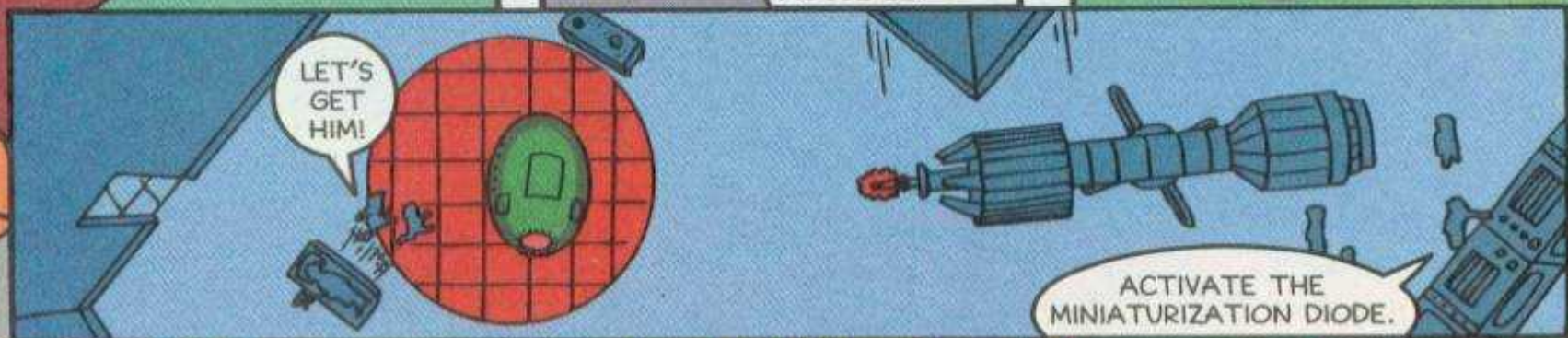
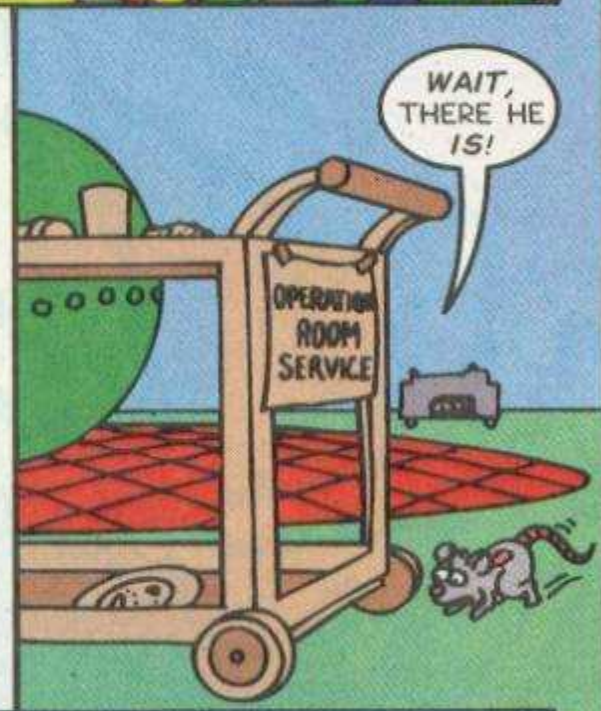
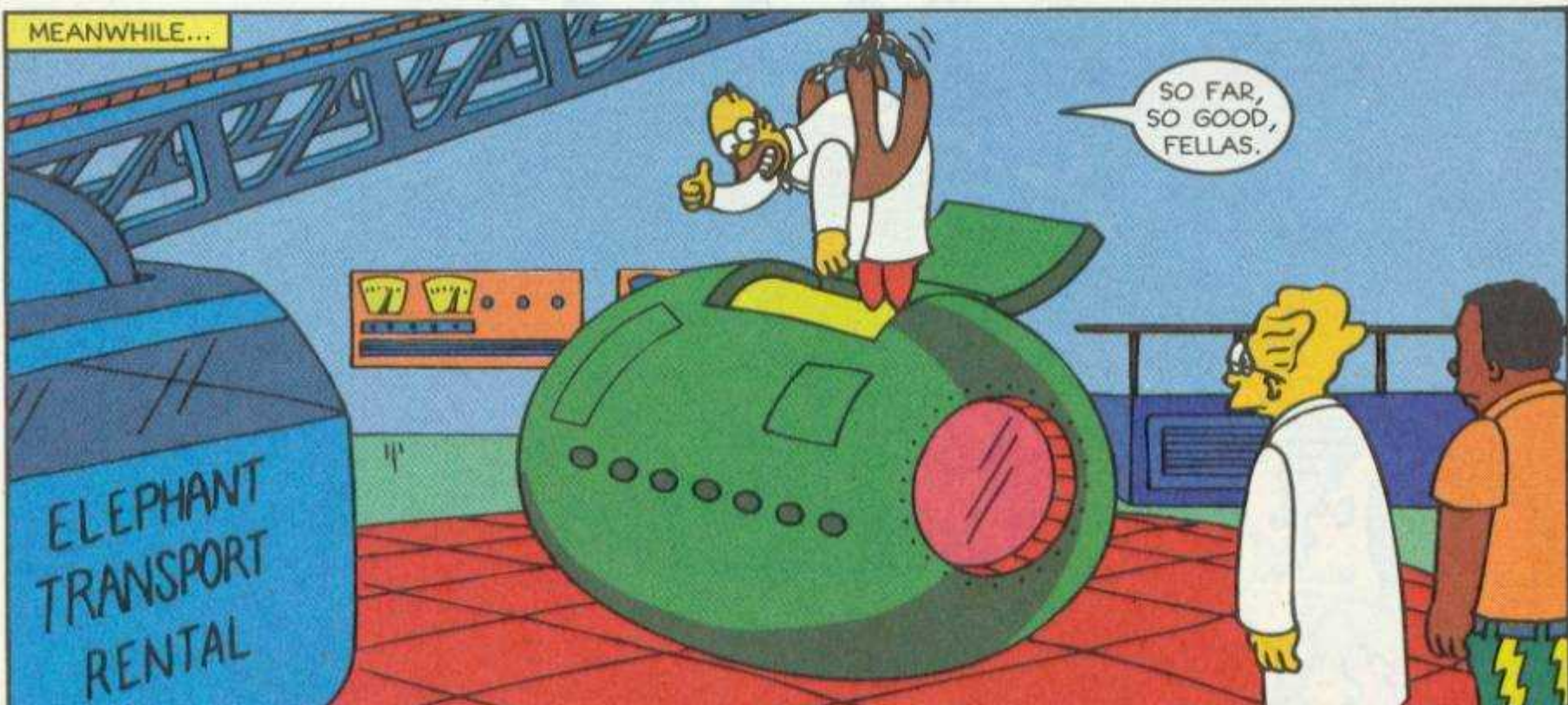




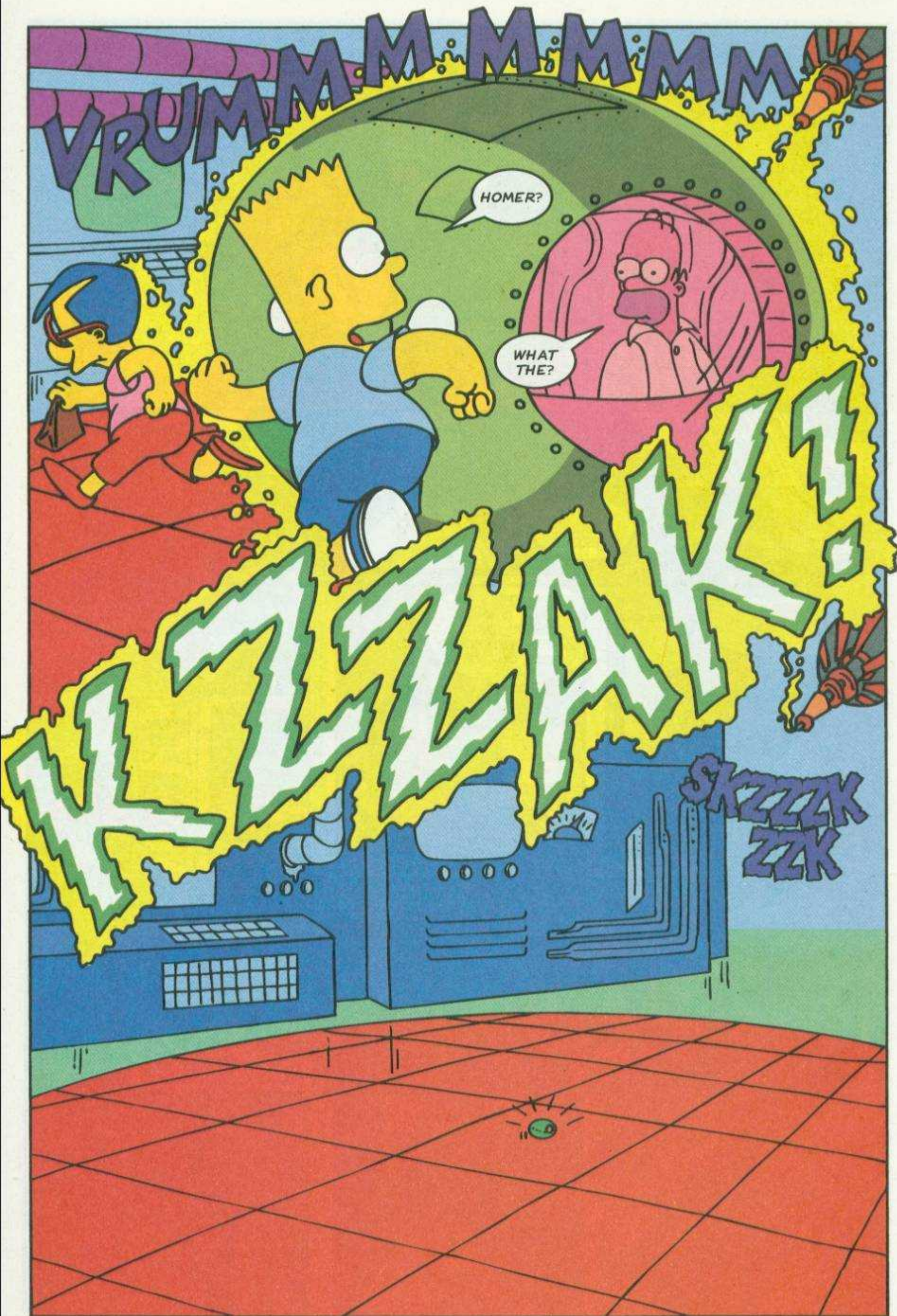




MEANWHILE...







VRUMMMM

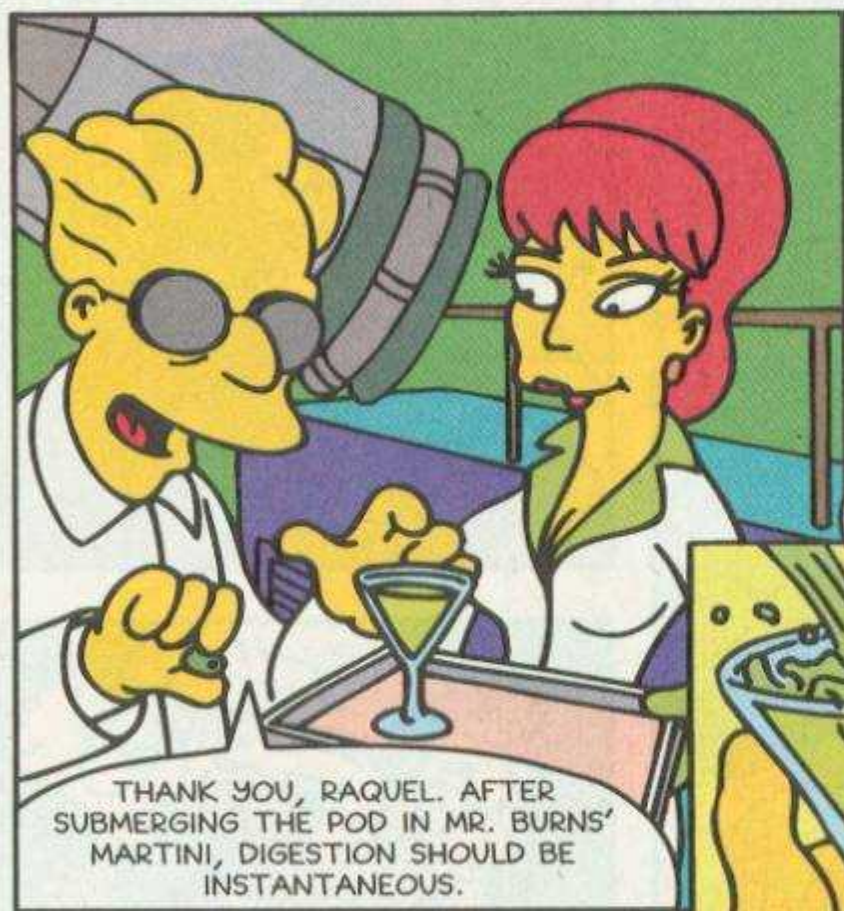
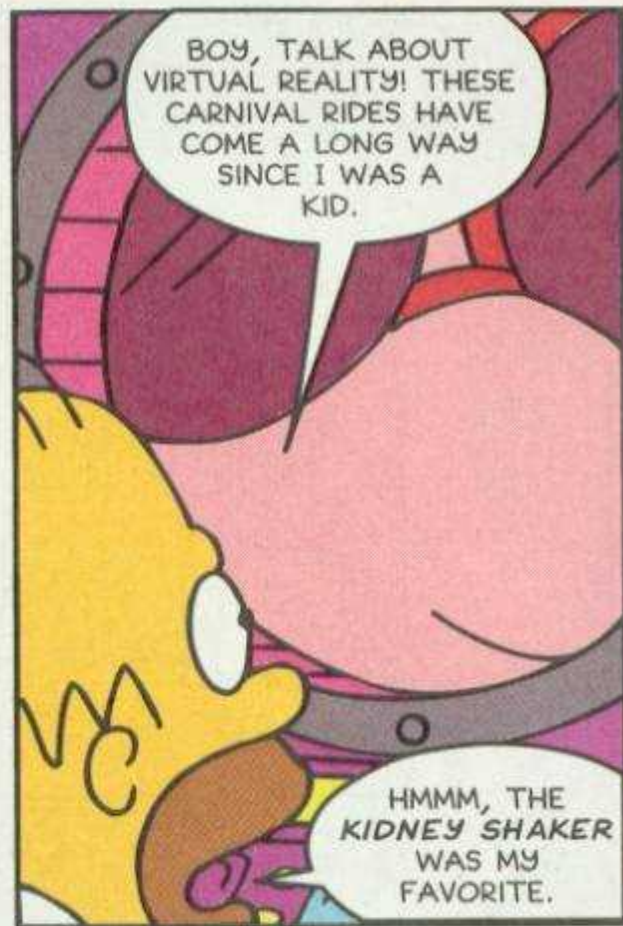
HOMER?

WHAT THE?

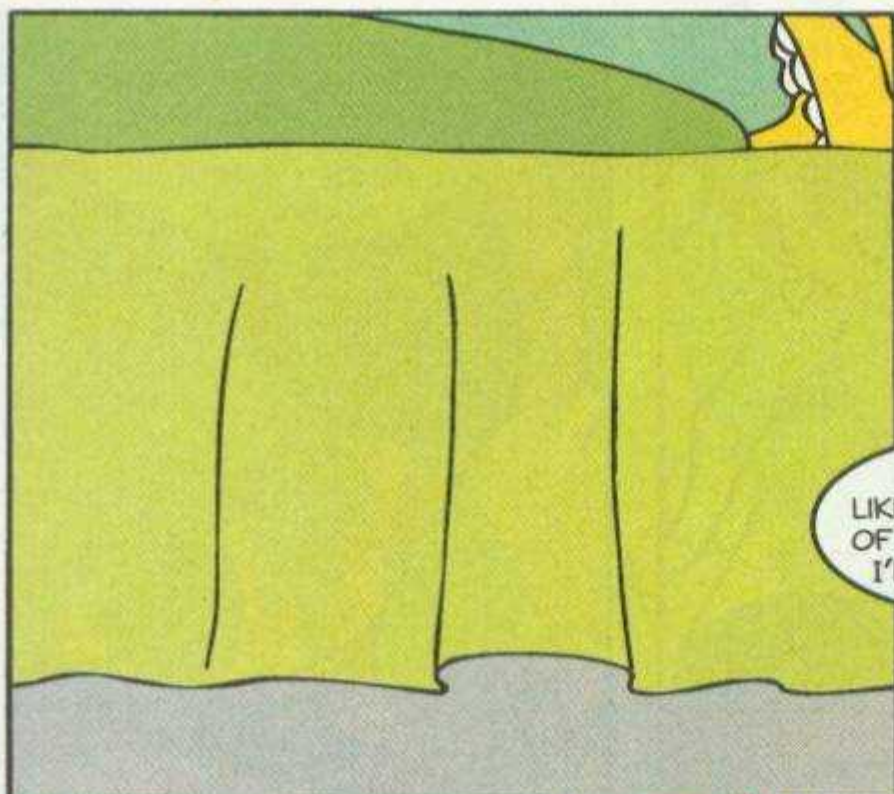
BOOM!

SKZZZK  
ZZK









I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS, BART. I'M SCARED.

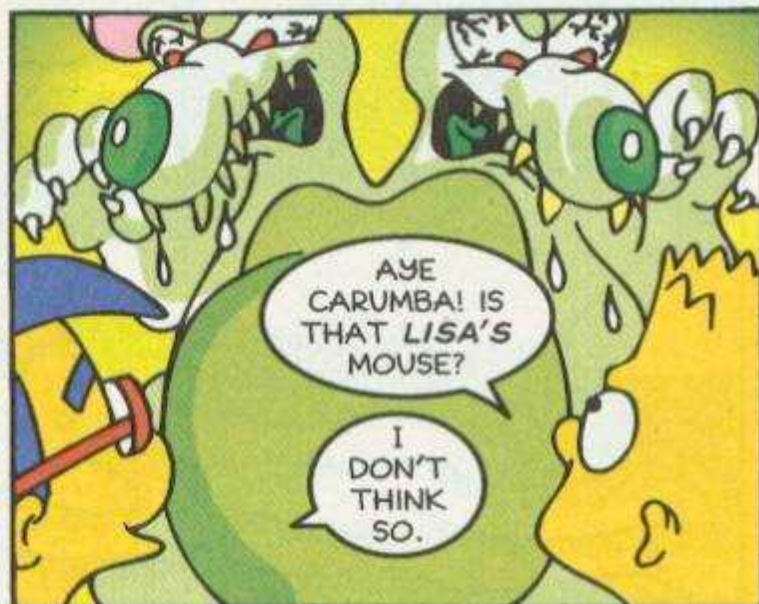
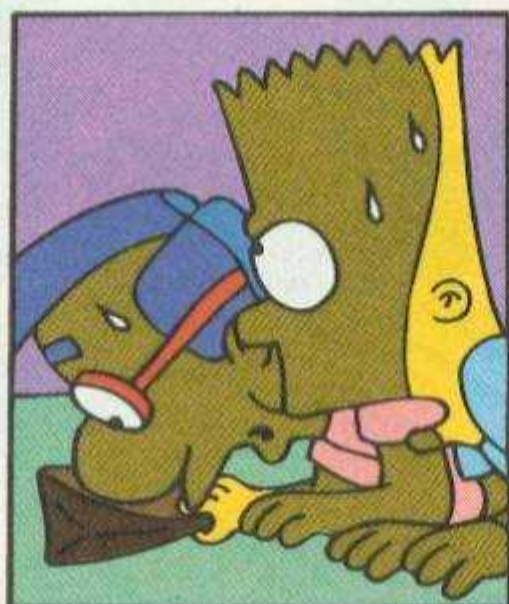
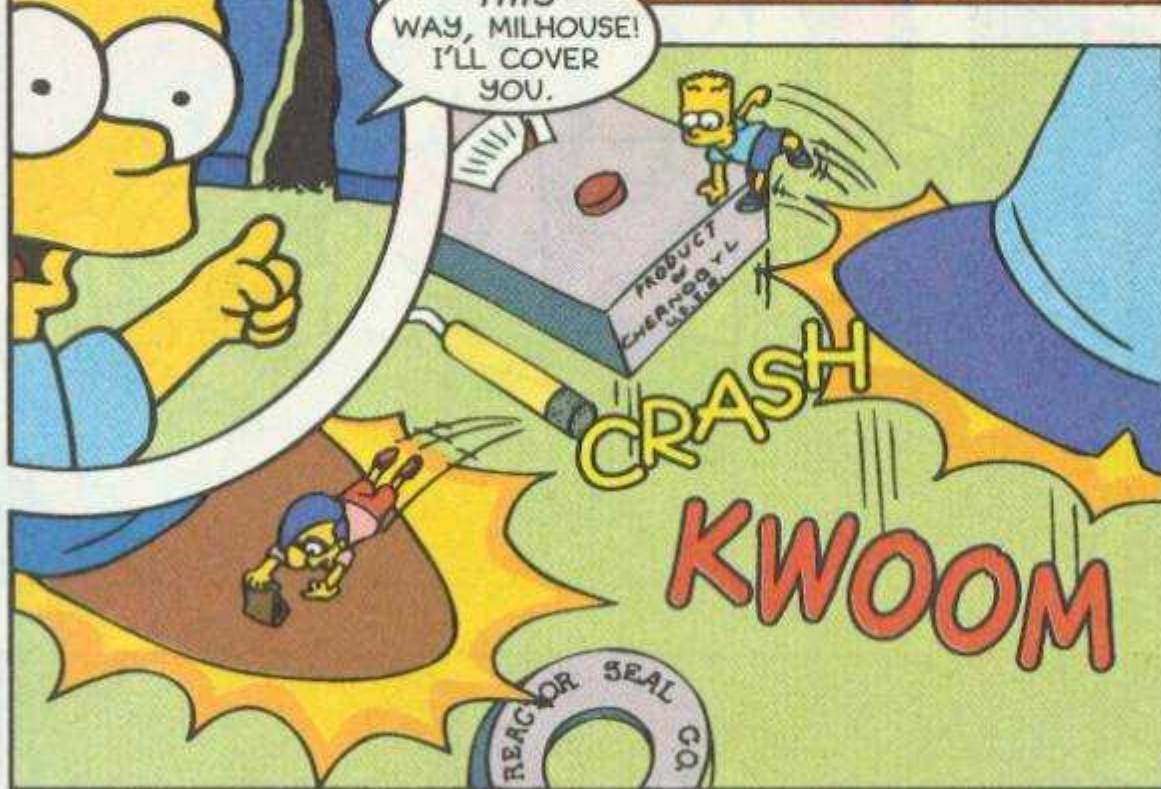
DON'T HAVE A COW, MAN. WHAT'S THERE TO BE SCARED OF?



AAAAAH!



THIS WAY, MILHOUSE! I'LL COVER YOU.





BACK IN  
THE POD...

BEEP BEEP

LIVER

MMM...  
LIVER! I'M  
HUNGRY. GOOD THING  
I SAVED THIS JELLY  
DONUT FOR THE  
ROAD.

WHEEZ  
POOT

CHOMP

SPLORT

OOPS!  
AT LEAST I  
DIDN'T GET  
ANY JELLY ON  
THIS NEAT  
JUMPSUIT.

GLITCH

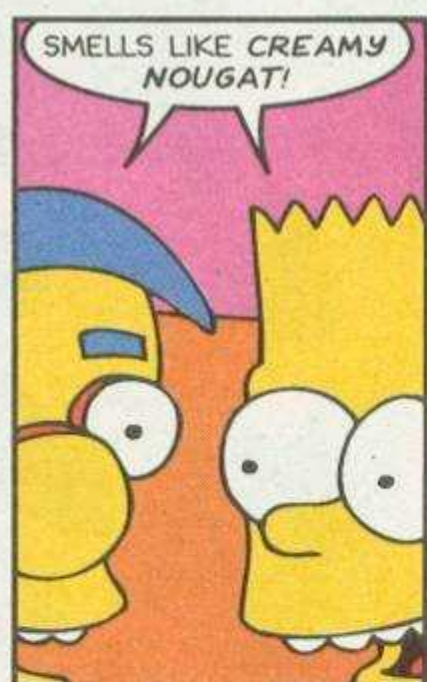
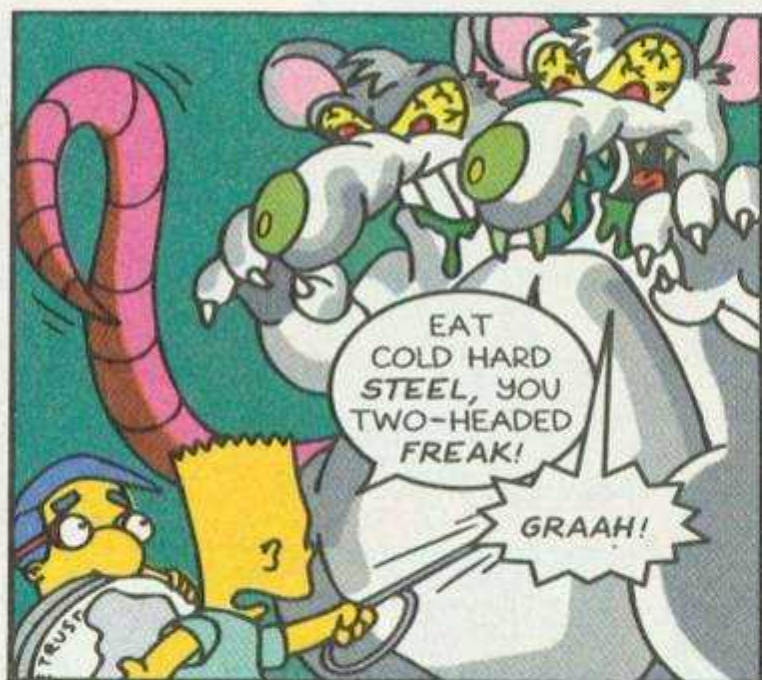
SIZZLE  
FZZT

SOMETHING'S  
WRONG! CONFOUND  
IT! SMITHERS, I'VE LOST  
CONTROL OF THE  
POD!

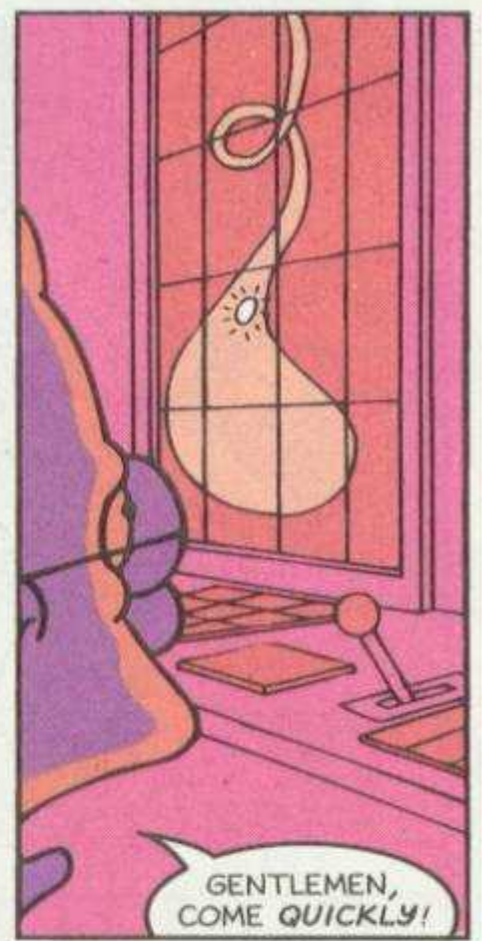
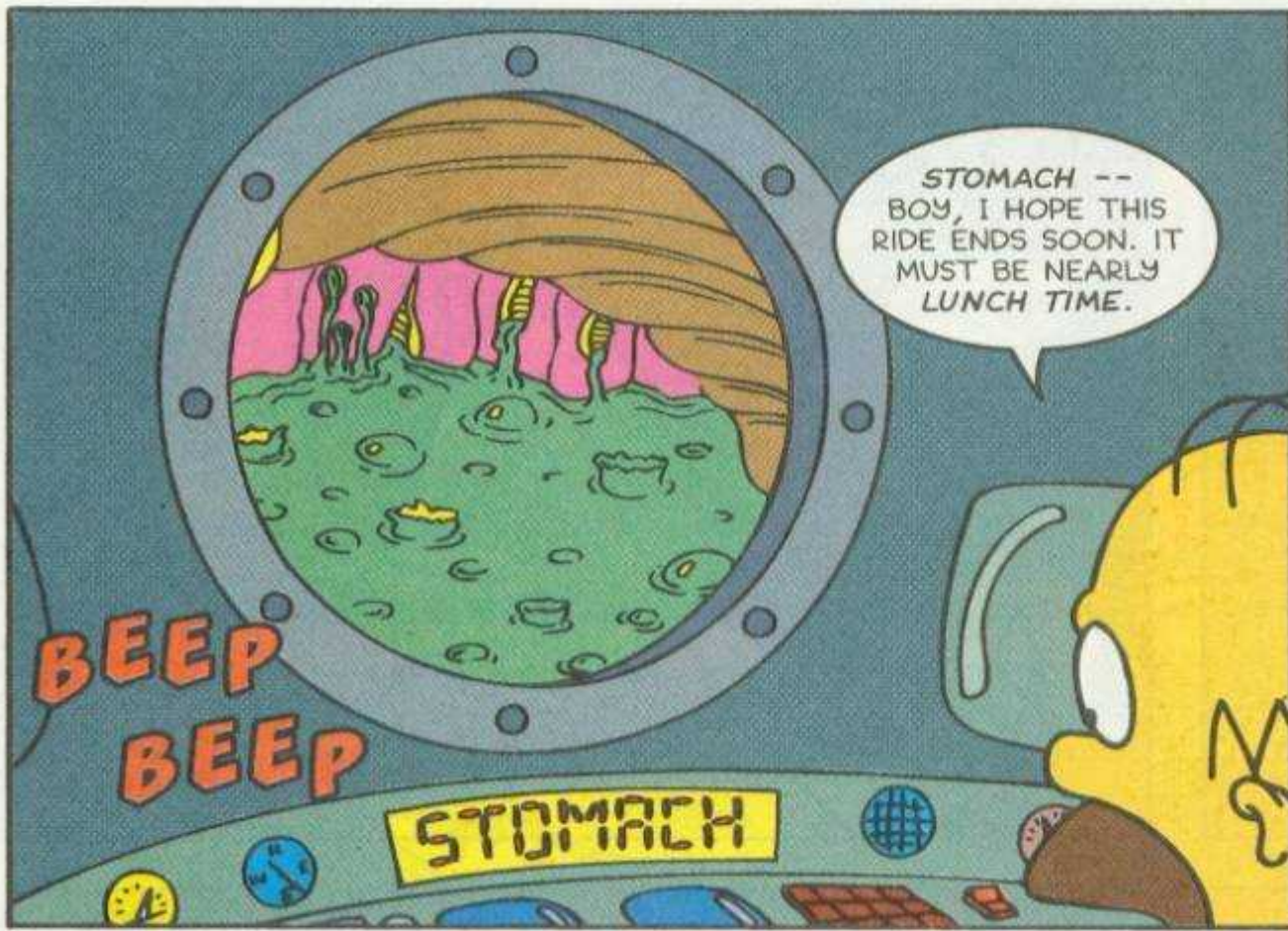
WEEEE!

GURGLE  
GURGLE

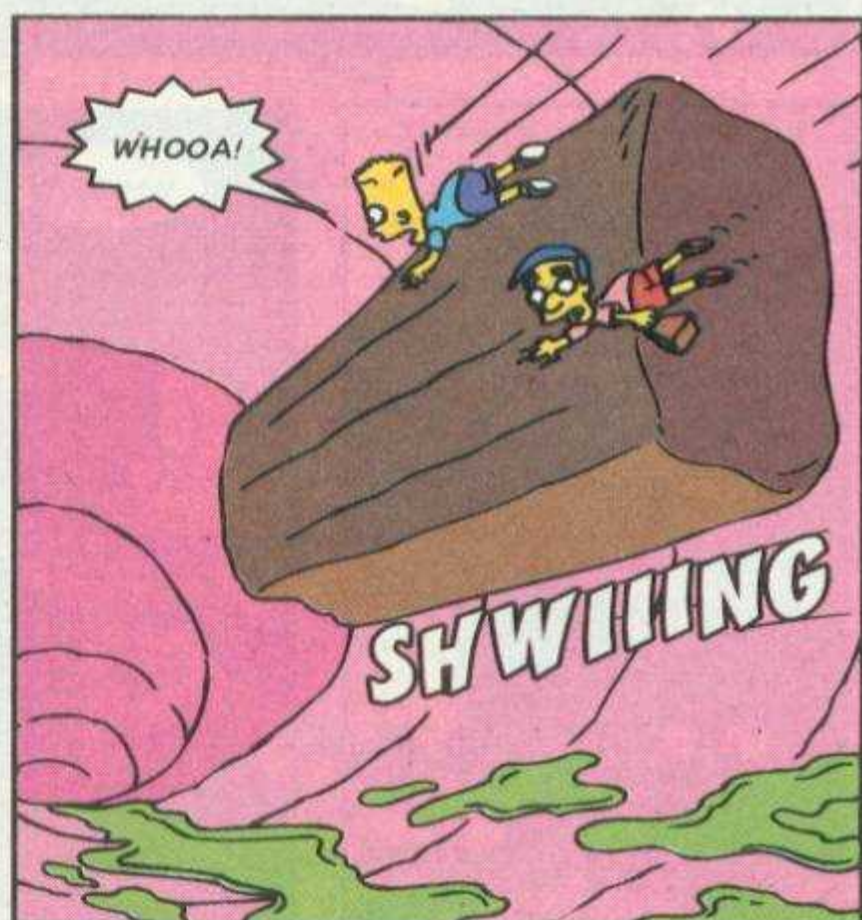
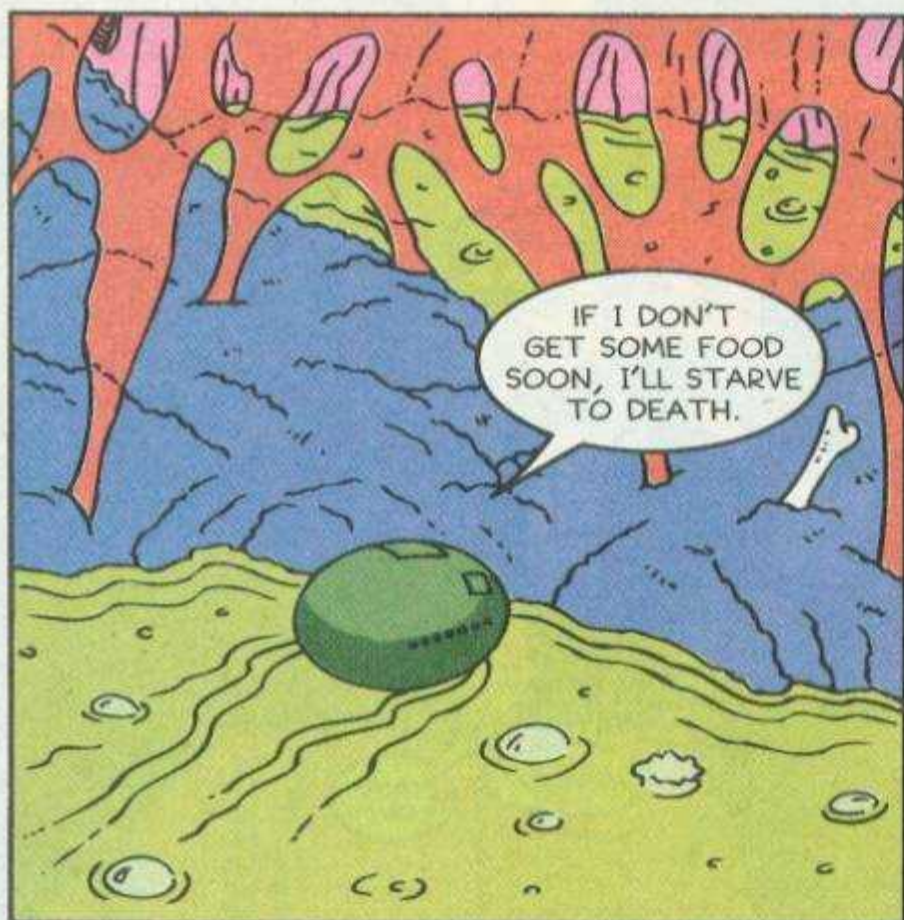




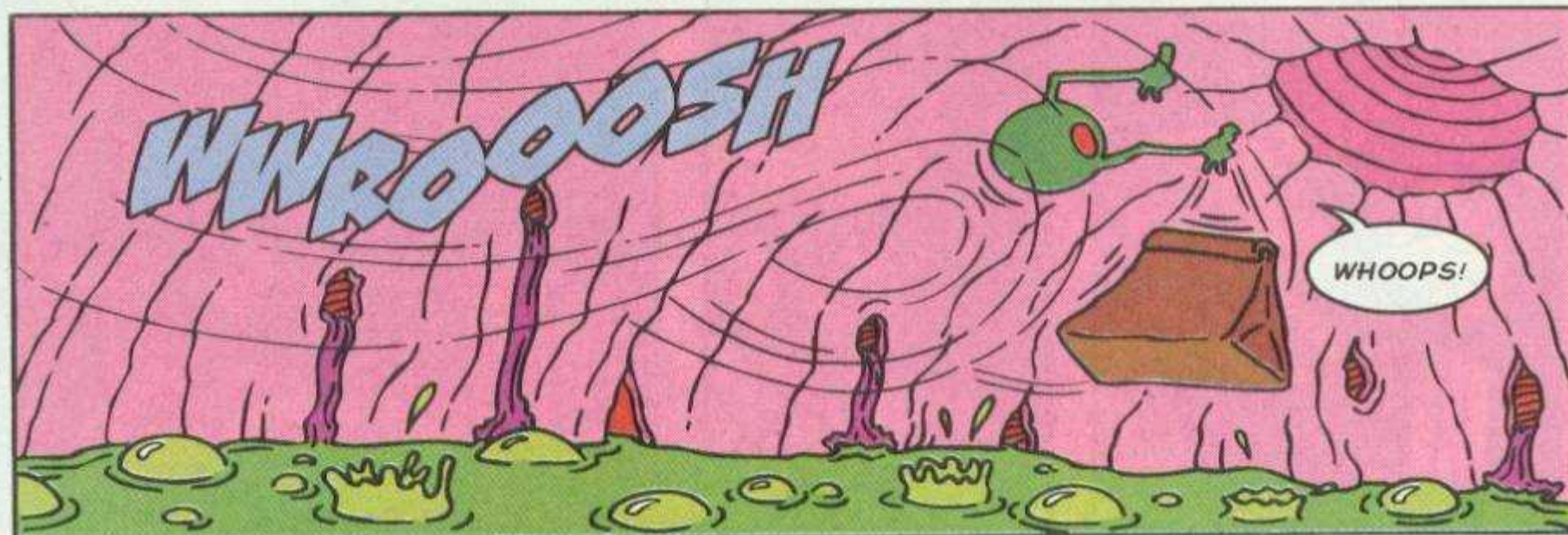




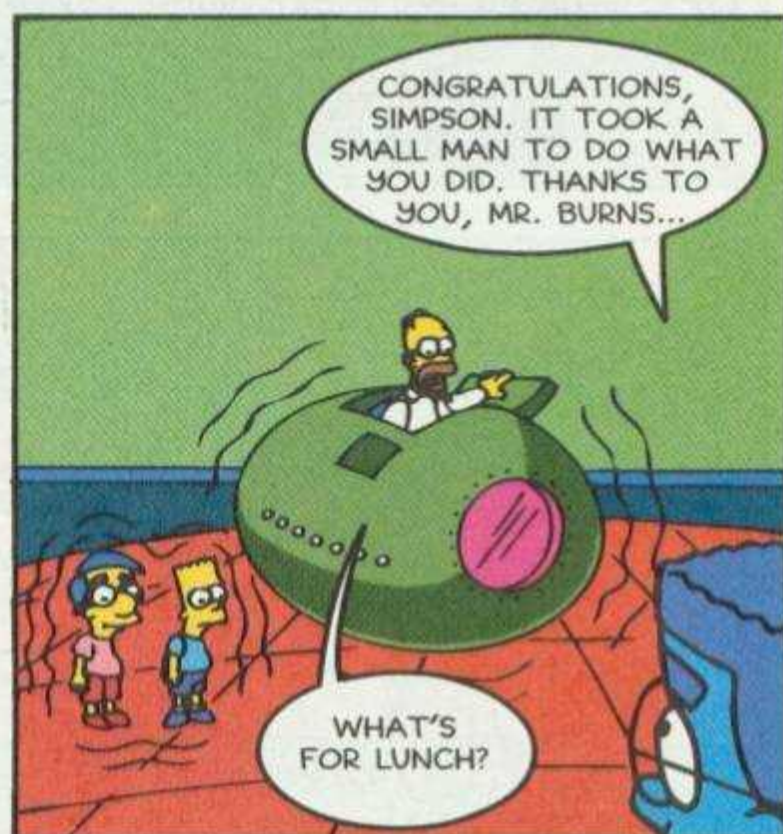
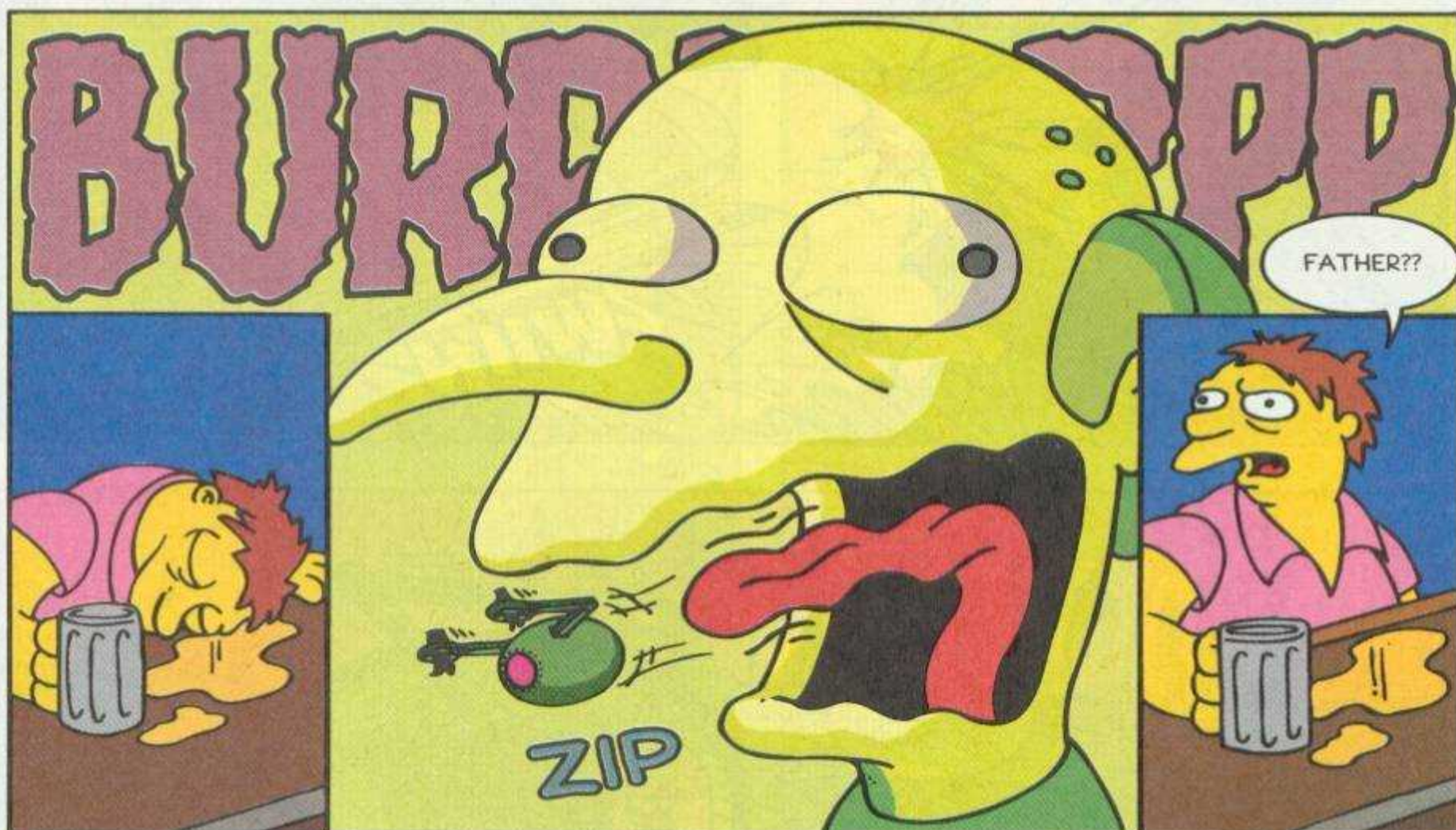




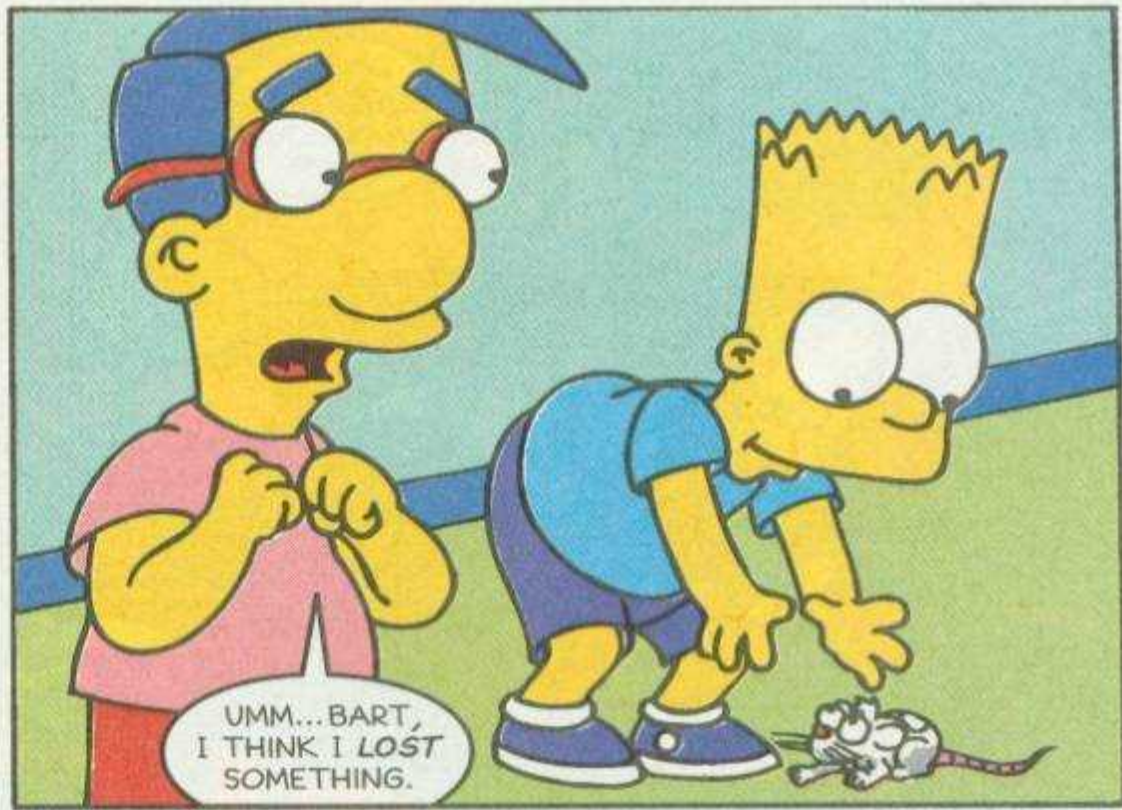
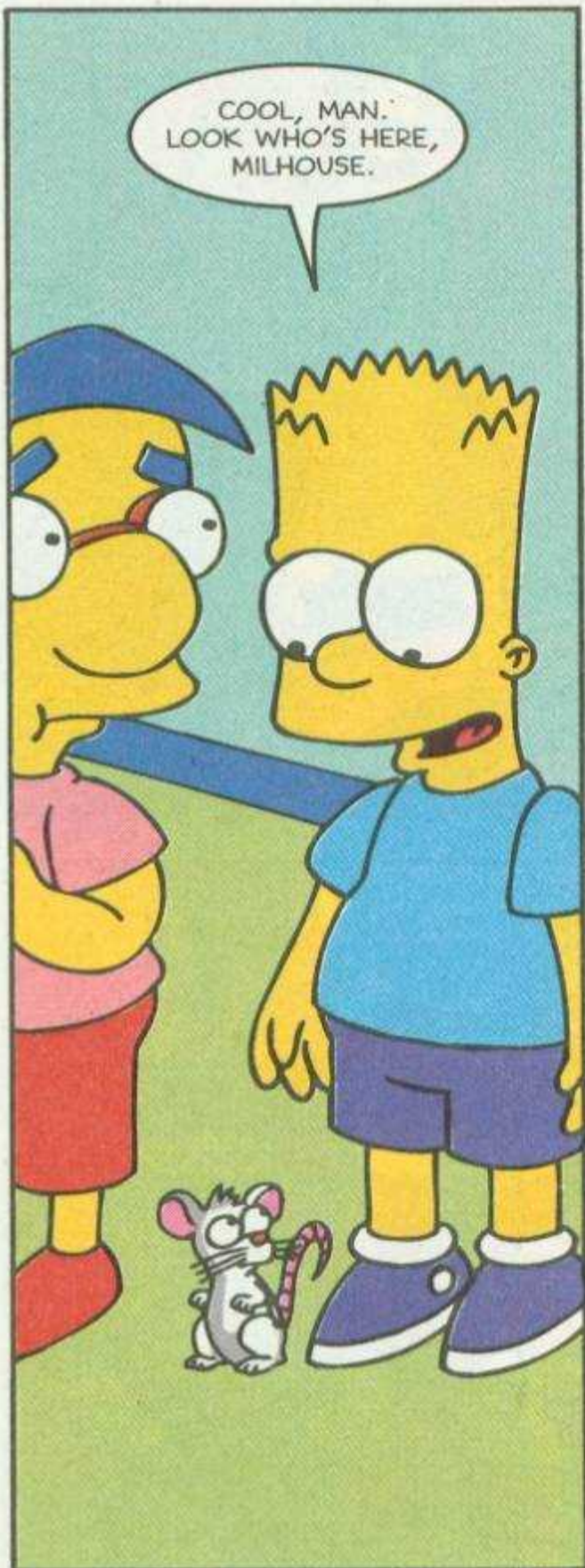




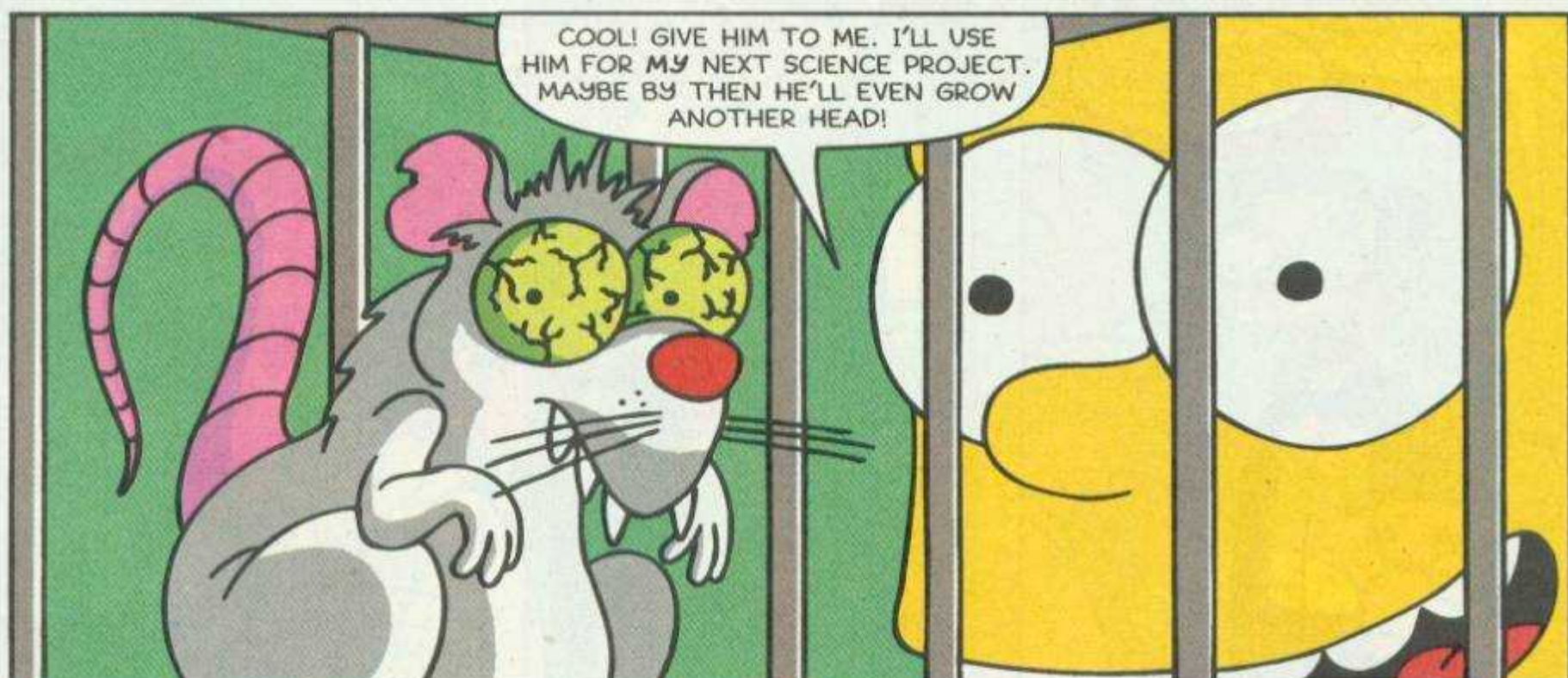




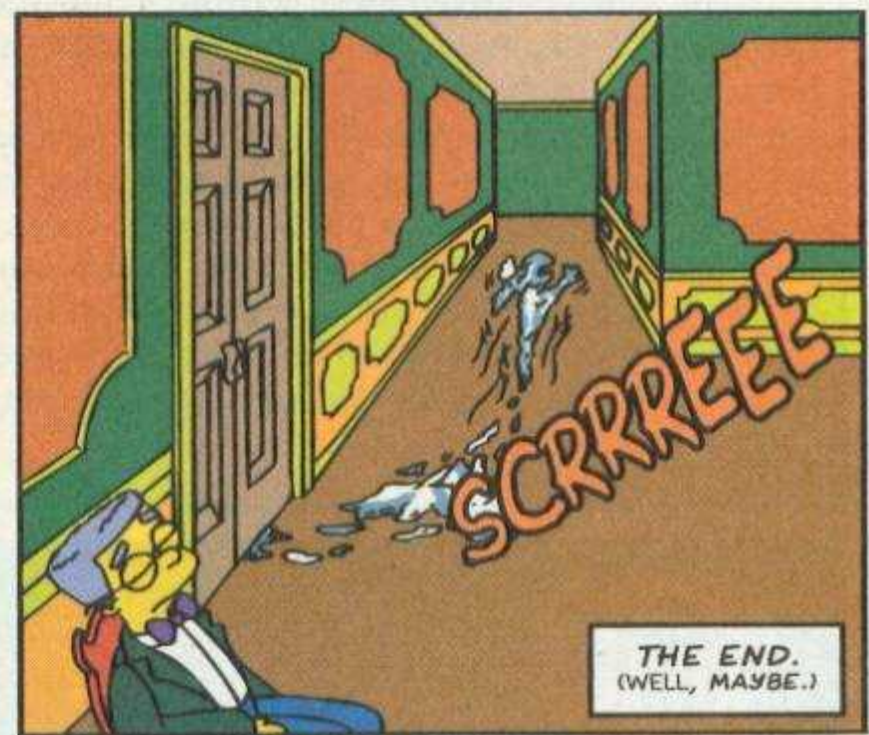












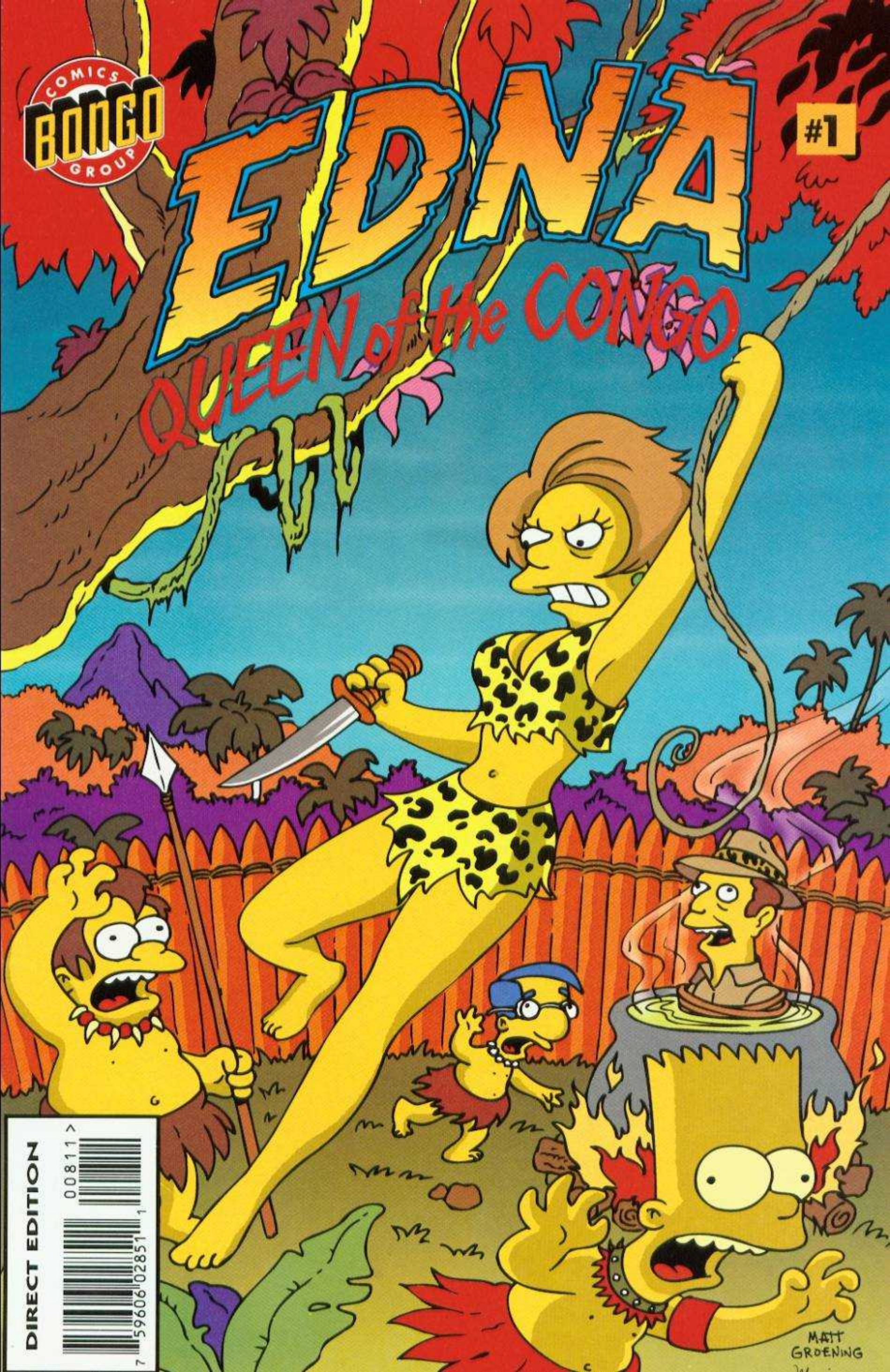


COMICS  
**BONGO**  
GROUP

#1

# EDNA

QUEEN of the CONGO



DIRECT EDITION

00811 >

7 59606 02851 1

MATT  
GROENING



# EDNA IN JUNGLE BUNGLER!

## QUEEN of the CONGO

A HUNTING PARTY HACKS ITS WAY THROUGH THE DENSE AFRICAN JUNGLE, LED BY BWANA SEYMOUR, THE WHITEST OF THE GREAT WHITE HUNTERS.

LET'S GET THE LEAD OUT, PEOPLE!

SO, ANOTHER BAND OF WESTERN MALES DARES TO ENTER MY JUNGLE!

BILL MORRISON  
STORY, LAYOUTS, INKS

LUIS ESCOBAR  
PENCILS

STARKINGS/  
COMICRAFT  
LETTERING

ELECTRIC CRAYON/  
NATHAN KANE  
COLORS

MATT GROENING  
BUSHWHACKER





NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT, BUT I'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON THEM JUST THE SAME.



TAKE HEART, WILLIE. OUR EXCURSION IS NEARING ITS END.



THESE RUINS WERE ONCE THE TEMPLE OF AN INDIGENOUS TRIBE OF CAT LOVERS.

THE NATIVES ARE EXTINCT, BUT THE OBJECT OF THEIR WORSHIP STILL ROAMS THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE...

...THE ULTRA-RARE PURPLE PUMA!



ACH, GIVE US A BREAK, SEYMOUR...

CALL ME BWANA!

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SAY THAT!

ARR...OKAY, BWANA! WE'VE BEEN TRAIPS'N THROUGH THIS GOD-FORSAKEN JUNGLE ALL DAY WITH NARY A BREAK.

WE'RE NA MACHINES, SIR. WE CAN NA TAKE THIS KIND O' PUNISHMENT!



THERE IT IS! THE PUMA PALACE!



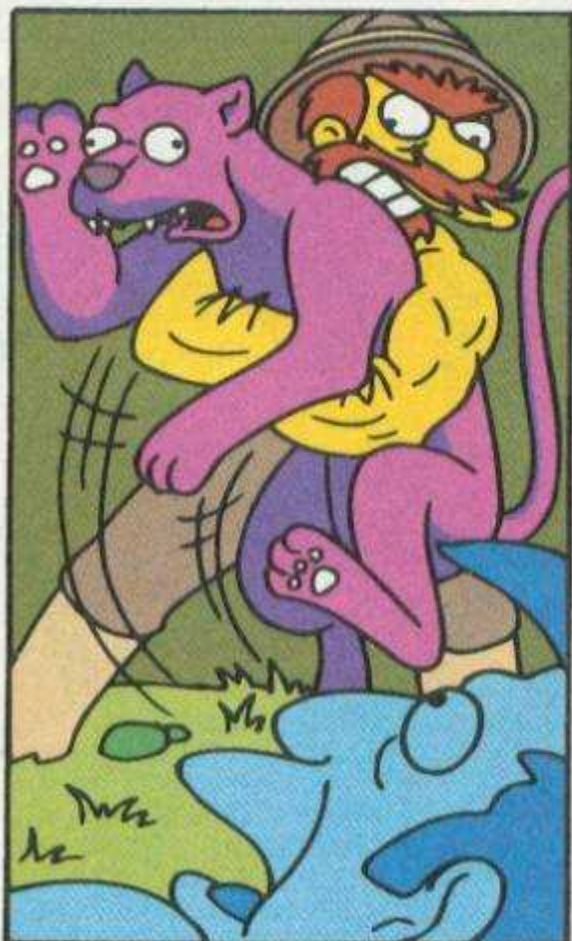
BUT SIR... I MEAN, BWANA, I DON'T BELIEVE PUMAS ARE FOUND IN THE CONGO.

I SAID IT WAS ULTRA-RARE, DIDN'T I?

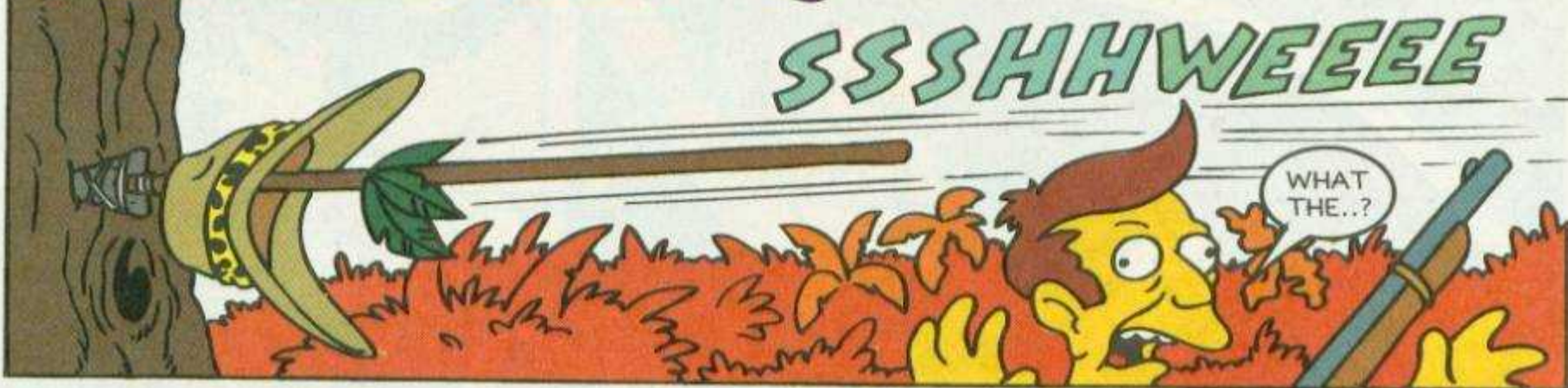














LATER...

YOU KNOW, THIS IS ONE OF THOSE DAILY CHORES THAT I JUST NEVER SEEM TO GET TIRED OF.

WHY, YOU LITTLE...! MOTHER SHALL HEAR OF THIS! THEN YOU LITTLE JUNGLE HOOLIGANS WILL BE SORRY!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, PLAYTIME'S OVER!

YAAAAH!

YOU DON'T SCARE ME, LADY. I WORSHIP KRUS-TEE, GOD OF HILARITY. HIS POWER WILL PROTECT ME.

DON'T HAVE A SACRED COW, MAN.

NO, YOU'RE THINKING INDIA. THIS IS AFRICA.

OH, RIGHT.

IT'S EDNA, QUEEN OF THE CONGO... AND SHE'S GOT A PADDLE!

AND SHE'S DRILLED HOLES IN IT. RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

OH, YEAH? WELL TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!



