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the SIMPSONS

TM

**48
PAGES!**

#2

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WINTER WINGDING

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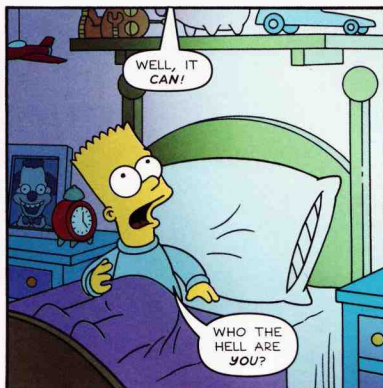
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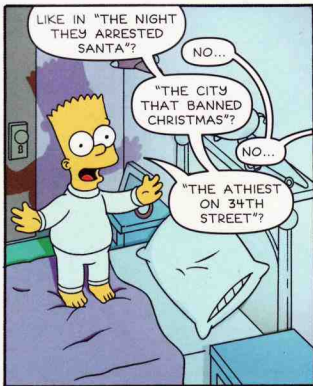
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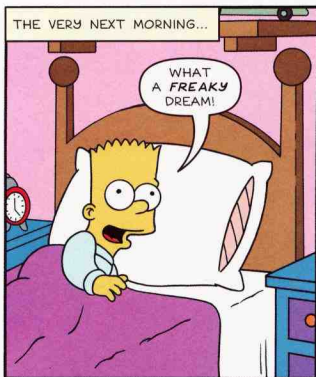
ROBERT STANLEY
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KAREN BATES
LETTERS

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EDITOR









BUT BART WAS SOON TO LEARN THAT THE ICING ON HIS CHRISTMAS COOKIE WAS BITTER INDEED...

A MERRY RE-CHRISTMAS TO YOU, MR FLANDERS.

AND A HAPPY JESUS' RE-BIRTHDAY, BART.

IT'D BE **MERRIER** IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO SHOVEL THE SAME SNOW OFF MY WALK EVERY DAY.

TOO BAD YOU DON'T HAVE A **FAIRY** TO WISH IT AWAY.

THAT'D BE **PEACHY**.

NOT HAVING A COOL YULE, MILHOUSE?

MY MOM AND DAD ARE FIGHTING OVER WHO **GETS** ME FOR CHRISTMAS.

IT'S LIKE THIS **EVERY** CHRISTMAS.

WHICH IS **EVERY** DAY.

I WAS PLANNING ON GETTING **DRUNK!**

I'VE GOT A **DATE!**

CAN WE PLAY AT **YOUR** HOUSE, BART?

ANOTHER UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCE OF MY CHRISTMAS WISH.

BUT I'M SURE THIS IS THE **LAST** ONE.

The Springfield Shopper
BOXING DAY
NO MORE!
CANADA AND
UK IN PANIC.

CHRISTMAS...DAY SEVEN...

WELCOME TO THE KRUSTY CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL.

HEY, HEY, HEY...

WE GOT A SANTA'S BAG FILLED WITH SEASONS GREETINGS, KIDS.

MORE LIKE SEASONS **BEATINGS** AFTER A WEEK OF THIS MISHEGOSS.

UM, HOMER...DO YOU THINK YOU COULD SHOVEL THE WALK?

DON'T I GET A **BREAK**? IT'S **CHRISTMAS**, MARGE.

GAAHH! THERE'S REINDEER POOP EVERYWHERE

IT'S **ALWAYS** CHRISTMAS.

A PAID HOLIDAY **EVERY** DAY. HOW **SWEET** IS THAT?

"THIS HOLIDAY IS **BANKRUPTING** US, SIR."

SPRINGFIELD NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

EGAD, THESE FIGURES DON'T **LIE**, SMITHERS.

I'LL FIRE THE **LOT** OF THOSE SLEIGH-RIDE LAYABOUTS!

CHRISTMAS...DAY TEN...

WELCOME
BACK TO OUR
CHRISTMAS CAROL
COUNTDOWN.

BUT BEFORE WE
HEAR "ROCKIN' AROUND
THE CHRISTMAS TREE"
FOR THE MILLIONTH
TIME...

HOLIDAYS
KBBL



"...LET'S GO TO *ARNIE PIE* FOR
A VIEW FROM THE *SKY*."

NOTHING'S
CHANGED, MARTY.
TRAFFIC IS LIGHT
AS USUAL.



AND THE RIOT
OUTSIDE THE *KBBL* STUDIOS
IS IN ITS FIFTH DAY.

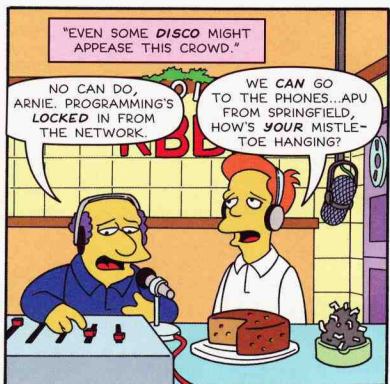
THINK YOU GUYS
COULD *CHANGE* THE
PLAYLIST?



"EVEN SOME *DISCO* MIGHT
APPEASE THIS CROWD."

NO CAN DO,
ARNIE. PROGRAMMING'S
LOCKED IN FROM
THE NETWORK.

WE CAN GO
TO THE PHONES...APU
FROM SPRINGFIELD,
HOW'S *YOUR* MISTLE-
TOE HANGING?



I AM AS
GIDDY AS KRISHNA
KRINGLE, BILL!

TO A HINDU,
DECEMBER 25TH IS
JUST *ANOTHER* DAY ON
THE CALENDAR.



"AND THE ONLY STORES OPEN IN
TOWN ARE THE KWIK-E-MART AND
MARV'S MENOR-AH-RAMA".



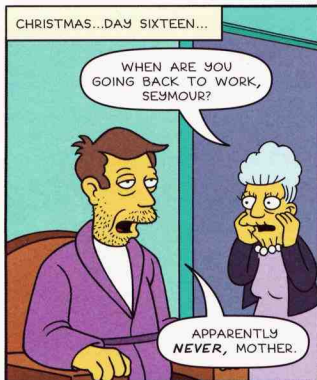
CHRISTMAS...DAY ELEVEN...



CHRISTMAS...DAY THIRTEEN...



CHRISTMAS...DAY SIXTEEN...



CHRISTMAS...DAY EIGHTEEN...



CHRISTMAS...DAY TWENTY...



"AND AN ANGEL OF THE LORD CAME UNTO THEM AND THEY WERE SORE AFRAID."

First Church
of Springfield
TODAY'S TOPIC:
JOY TO THE WORLD
AGAIN

AND DO YOU
KNOW WHAT MAKES
ME SORE?

SEEING THIS
CONGREGATION FALL
INTO SLOTH.

THIS IS THE
HOUSE OF THE LORD,
NOT YOUR LIVING
ROOMS, PEOPLE.

THAT SWEATER
IS AN ABOMINATION
IN THE EYES OF GOD,
DR. HIBBERT.

IF WE MUST
GATHER TOGETHER IN
HIS NAME, THEN LET
US PLEASE SHOW
SOME DECORUM.

CHRISTMAS
EVERY DAY!

CHURCH EVERY
MORNING!

WHAT KIND OF
WORLD HATH GOD
WROUGHT?

WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
BART?

NOTHING...

CHRISTMAS...DAY THIRTY-THREE...

GUYS, I THINK
THIS MIGHT ALL BE
MY FAULT.

WHAT'S
YOUR FAULT,
BART?

IT WAS ME
WHO WISHED IT
WOULD BE CHRISTMAS
EVERY DAY.

I DRINK
FROM THE
TREESTAND

I TRUSTED
A CHRISTMAS
FAIRY.

I SHOULD
HAVE CALLED
9-1-1 ON HIS
BUTT.

YOU WISHED FOR
THIS? THIS ENDLESS
TANNENBAUM
TREADMILL?

DON'T TELL
ANYONE, MILHOUSE!
PLEASE!

I HAVE TO GO.
MY NEW UNCLE IS
COMING OVER FOR
EGG NOG.

PROMISE
YOU WON'T TELL,
MILHOUSE!

I AM
SO DEAD.

MY DADDY SAYS
I'M DEAD FROM
THE NECK UP.

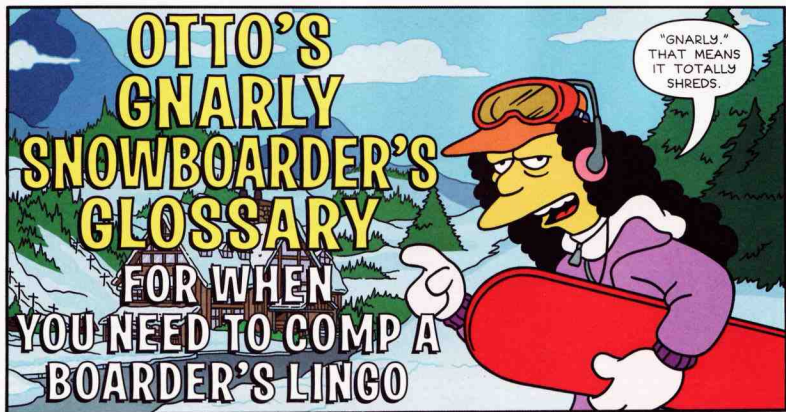
THE TIME IT TAKES TO FORM
AN ANGRY MOB LATER...











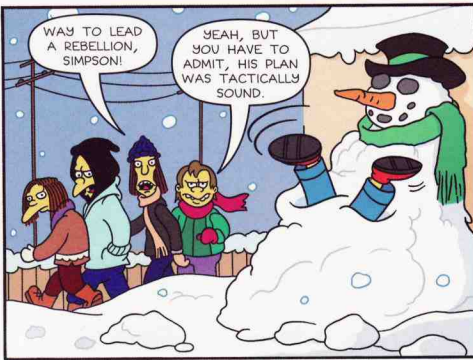
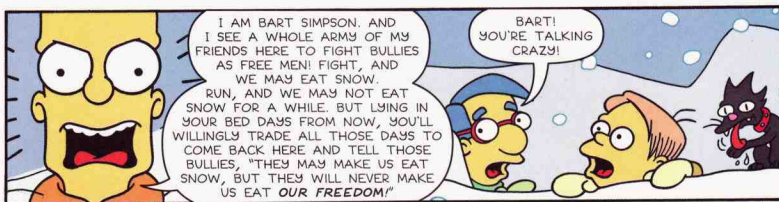


AND NOW *YOU* CAN UNDERSTAND BY USING THIS HANDY SNOWBOARDER'S TRANSLATOR!

SNOWBOARDER	ENGLISH
THAT HILL SHREDS.	THAT HILL WILL PROBABLY BREAK SOMEBODY'S COLLARBONE.
WHOA, DUDE! YOU'RE HARSHIN' MY BUZZ!	MY ENTHUSIASM WANES AS YOU SPEAK TO ME.
BOARDERS RULE! SKIERS DROOL!	I PREFER TO SNOWBOARD. SKIING IS DÉCLASSE.
MAN, I TOTALLY SURFED THAT 'LANCHE!	I WAS NEARLY KILLED BY AN AVALANCHE TODAY!
BOGUS! MY DEW'S BEEN BREACHED.	GRACIOUS! SOMEONE DRANK MY SODA.
I HAVE TO BLAST A DOOKIE.	I HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM.
WOW, THAT CHICK DID A TIGHT! WHO IS SHE?	I AM ENAMORED BY THAT WOMAN'S SNOW-RODEO. PERHAPS I WILL TALK TO HER.
DUDE! CHECK IT!	PAY ATTENTION TO ME GOOD FRIEND, FOR I AM AN EXPERT SNOWBOARDER, AND IF YOU DON'T LOOK, MY AMAZING TRICK WILL BE HISTORY, JUST LIKE SANDS THROUGH AN HOURGLASS LOST IN THE WINDS OF TIME.

BART SIMPSON in BRAVE BART





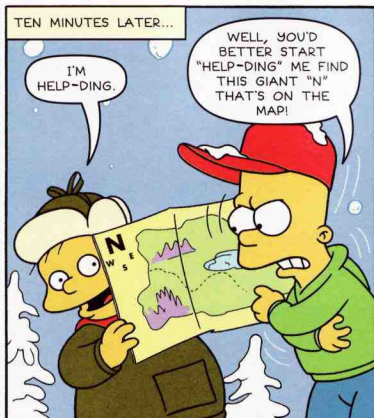
RALPH VS. THE WILD

Junior Camper SNOW SLED Jamboree





TEN MINUTES LATER...



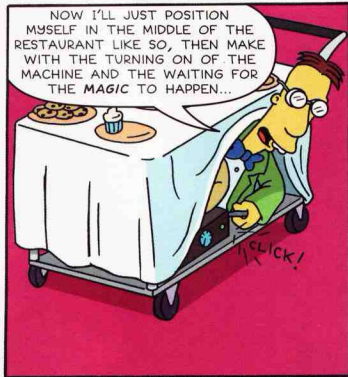
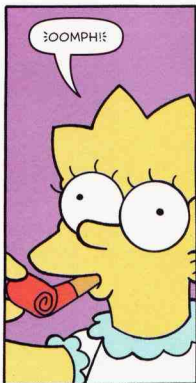
TWO HOURS LATER...



MINUTES LATER...







LISA
SIMPSON

in

that's So glavin'!



ERIC ROGERS
SCRIPT

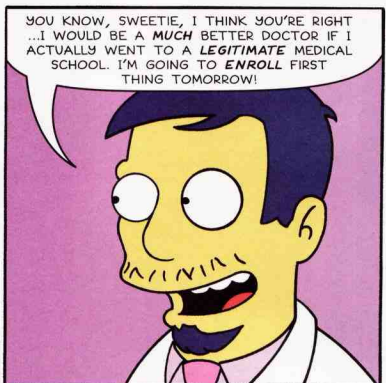
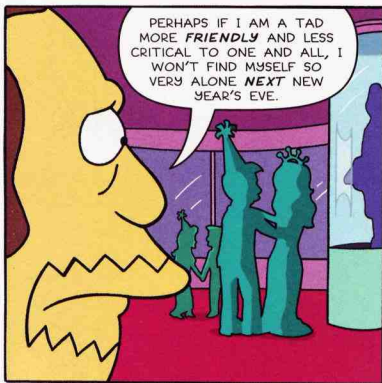
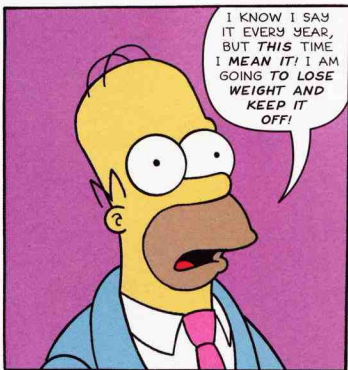
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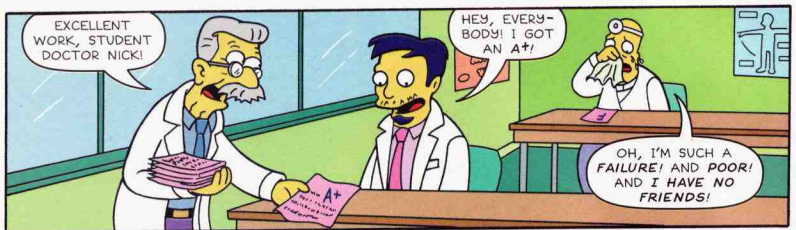
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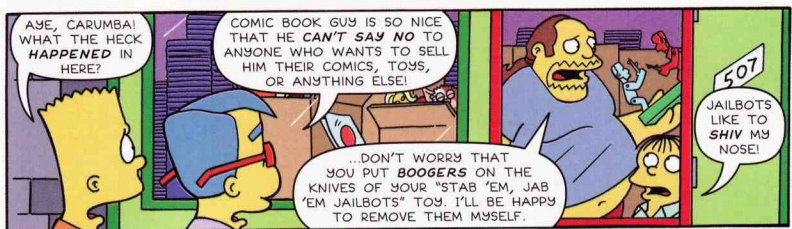
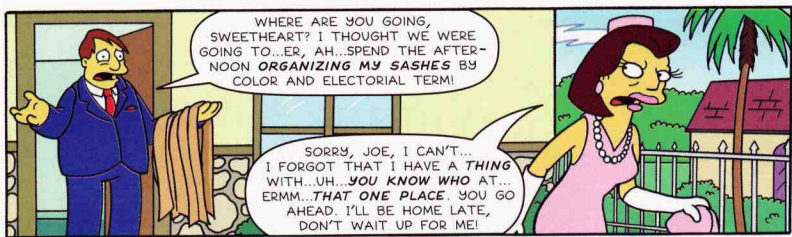
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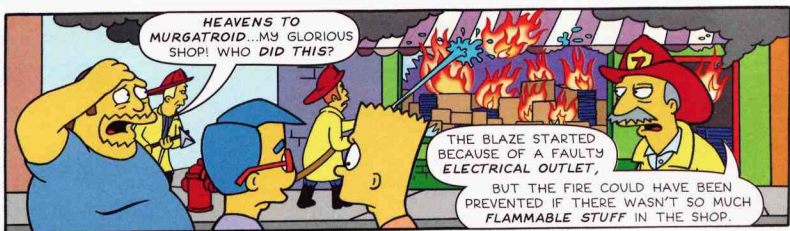
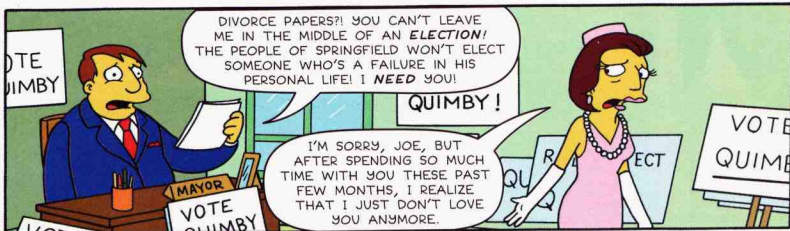
SIX MONTHS LATER...

KENT BROCKMAN "LIVE" ON THE SCENE TO PRESENT THIS YEAR'S "FITTEST MAN IN *SPRINGFIELD*" AWARD TO NONE OTHER THAN HOMER J. SIMPSON!

AN OUTSTANDING HONOR I HAVE WON THIRTEEN TIMES MYSELF, HOMER.

IN LIGHT OF YOUR TREMENDOUS ACHIEVEMENTS, I AM OFFERING YOU THE FULL-TIME JOB OF BEING MY PERSONAL TRAINER.

WOO-HOO! YOUR OPTIMUM FITNESS WILL COME BEFORE *NOTHING ELSE* IN MY LIFE!



DECEMBER 31ST...

...I'M SORRY, MARGE, BUT RAINIER'S NEW MOVIE STARTS SHOOTING MONDAY IN A REMOTE AREA OF ANTARCTICA AND I HAVE TO FLY OUT **FIRST** THING IN THE MORNING.

BUT IT'S **NEW YEAR'S EVE**, HOMER...WHAT ABOUT THE KIDS? WHAT ABOUT ME? WHO'S GOING TO TAKE CARE OF US?

YOU'LL BE FINE. I'LL ONLY BE GONE FOR EIGHT MONTHS. AND WITH ALL YOUR FREE TIME, MAYBE YOU CAN GET IN SHAPE, TOO.



MEANWHILE, AT THE SIMPSON HOME...

KNOCK! KNOCK!

WHO IS IT?

IT'S PROFESSOR FRINK! HAPPY NEW YEAR'S EVE, SIMPSONS!

WHAT DO YOU WANT? DID YOU COME BY TO MAKE OUR LIVES EVEN MORE MISERABLE?

I'M SIMPLY HERE TO ASK YOU ALL TO VOLUNTEER TO GIVE TESTIMONY TO THE NOBEL PRIZE AWARD COMMITTEE ABOUT HOW MY RESOLUTION KEEPER 3000 HAS MADE YOUR LIVES SO MUCH BET--

WAIT! DID YOU JUST SAY YOUR LIVES ARE MISERABLE, TOO?!

I THOUGHT MY INVENTION WOULD IMPROVE LIVES, THAT I WAS HELPING PEOPLE BETTER THEMSELVES...BUT EVERYONE WHO WAS EXPOSED TO THE MACHINE IS WORSE OFF THAN BEFORE!

SO YOU'RE SAYING A MACHINE CAUSED OUR DAD TO TURN INTO A FITNESS FREAK WHO DOESN'T CARE ABOUT US ANYMORE?

CORRECT, AS WELL AS ALTERING THE LIVES OF COMIC BOOK GUY, FORMER MAYOR QUIMBY, DR. NICK RIVIERA, AND BARNEY GUMBLE :NG-HEY!:

EVERYONE HAS SUCH A HARD TIME KEEPING THEIR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS...I THOUGHT I WAS DOING THEM ALL A FAVOR.

WELL, MAYBE THE REASON PEOPLE DON'T FOLLOW THROUGH ON THEIR RESOLUTIONS IS THAT THEY'RE LAZY...OR MAYBE THEY JUST WANT TO STAY THE WAY THEY ARE.

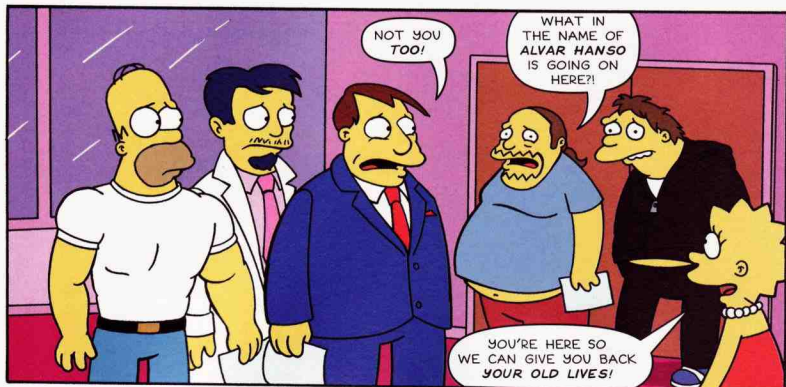
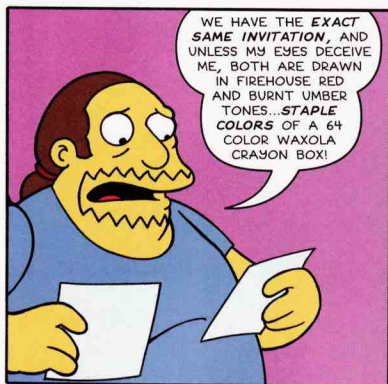
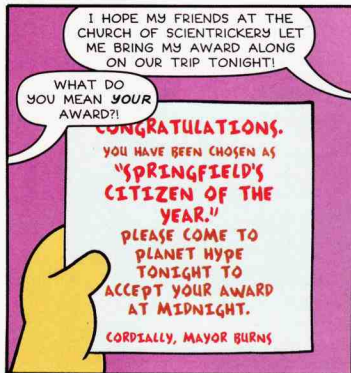
YOU'RE A WISE YOUNG MAN, BART. I'M SORRY I HURT YOU AND YOUR FAMILY. I RESOLVE NEVER TO CREATE ANOTHER STUPID INVENTION EVER AGAIN!

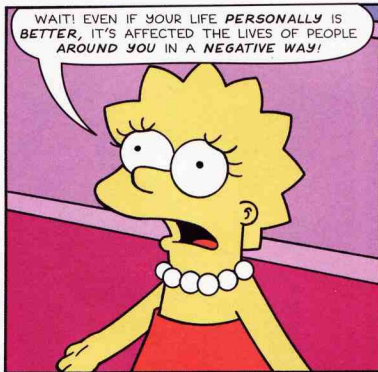
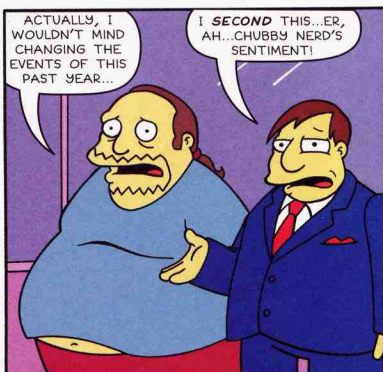
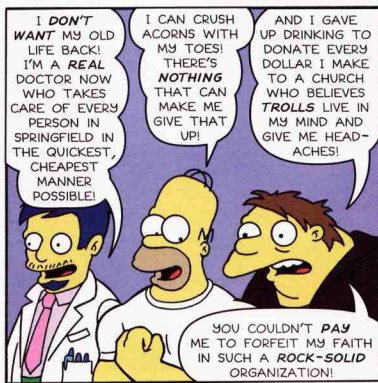
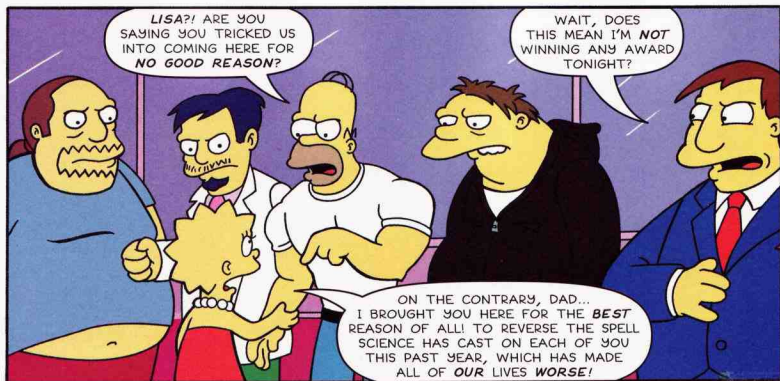
NOT SO FAST, PROFESSOR! IF YOU STILL HAVE THAT MACHINE, MAYBE THERE'S A WAY TO REVERSE THE EFFECT SO THAT EVERYONE WILL RETURN TO NORMAL?!

THAT *JUST MIGHT* WORK! IF I REVERSE THE IONIZATION FIELD, INCREASE RADIATION WAVES, SUBLIMATE TEMPORAL REACTORS, CARRY THE THREE, FACTOR 2 SQUARED OVER X--

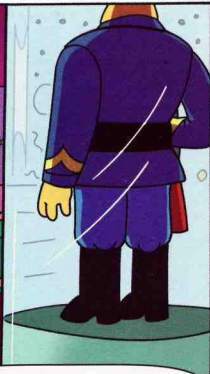
ENOUGH NERD TALK! WE NEED TO ACT FAST! BUT HOW DO WE GET EVERYONE IN THE SAME PLACE AT THE SAME TIME??

WITH THESE! LET'S GET TO WORK, BOYS!









VSI ♡

VALENTINE SCENE INVESTIGATORS









THESE ARE THE FOUR SAUCES I MADE TO SERVE WITH TODAY'S MEATLOAF AT LUNCH: **BARBECUE**, **ZESTY RANCH**, **JAMBALAYA**, AND **PORCINI MUSHROOM**.



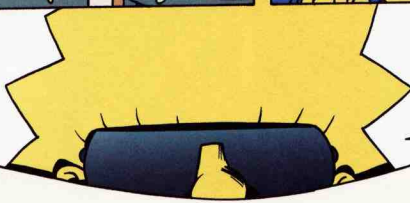
I COMPARED THE STAINS IN YOUR CARD TO MY SAUCES AND DETERMINED THAT IT'S **DEFINITELY** THE JAMBALAYA!

DO YOU KEEP RECORDS OF WHAT KID CHOOSES WHAT SAUCE DAILY?



WHAT KIND OF LUNCHLADY WOULD I BE IF I **DIDN'T**?

THESE ARE THE CHILDREN WHO HAD THE JAMBALAYA SAUCE WITH THEIR MEATLOAF!



AND ONLY **ONE** OF THESE STUDENTS MATCHES NELSON'S HANDWRITING SAMPLE RESULTS! WHICH MEANS I NEED TO FIND...



...**MARTIN PRINCE!** ARE YOU MY SECRET VALENTINE?

LISA, AS MUCH AS IT WOULD PLEASE ME TO SAY YES, I'M AFRAID I'VE BARELY **LEFT THE GYM** SINCE I CAME TO SCHOOL THIS MORNING.

THEY WON'T LET ME INTO FOURTH GRADE UNTIL I PASS THE PRESIDENTIAL FITNESS TEST, AND THE ONLY WAY TO DO THAT IS BY DOING A SINGLE **PULL-UP**, WHICH I **STILL** CAN'T DO!



BUT YOU WERE ONE OF THE ONLY KIDS WHO HAD THE JAMBALAYA MEATLOAF! LUNCHLADY DORIS SERVED IT TO YOU!

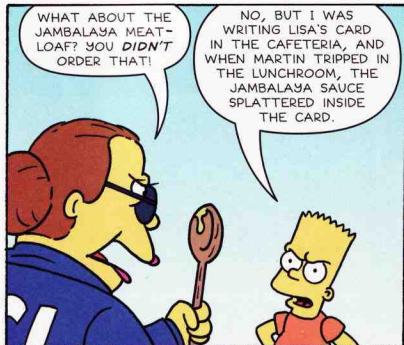
TRUE, BUT I **TRIPPED** LEAVING THE LUNCHROOM AND DROPPED MY TRAY, SO I NEVER EVEN GOT TO **EAT LUNCH** TODAY!



THAT SAID, WOULD YOU MIND GETTING ME AN APPLE OR A SALTINE BEFORE I PASS OUT?

0 FOR 2. MAYBE GROUNDS-KEEPER WILLIE HAS BEEN ABLE TO MAKE SOME HEADWAY, BUT I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME NOW...





THE END

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