

SIMPSONSTM

COMICS



#117
US \$2.99
CAN \$3.99



DIRECT EDITION



MATT
GROENING
Moussa
Rose Karp



A TURKISH PRISON IN ISTANBUL...

«THROW THE
SEWER WATER AT
HIM, AHMED.»

«WITH
PLEASURE.»

HA! HA!

WHAT?
WHA...?

HA! HA!

SPLASH

WAKE UP,
AMERICAN
SCUM!

WE HAVE A
SURPRISE FOR
YOU...

...A NEW
ROOMMATE
TO KEEP YOU
COMPANY...

...FOR
THE REST OF
YOUR LIFE!

HA HAH
HA HA HA
HA!



TY TEMPLETON
SCRIPT & PENCILS

ANDREW PEPOY
INKS

ART VILLANUEVA
COLORS

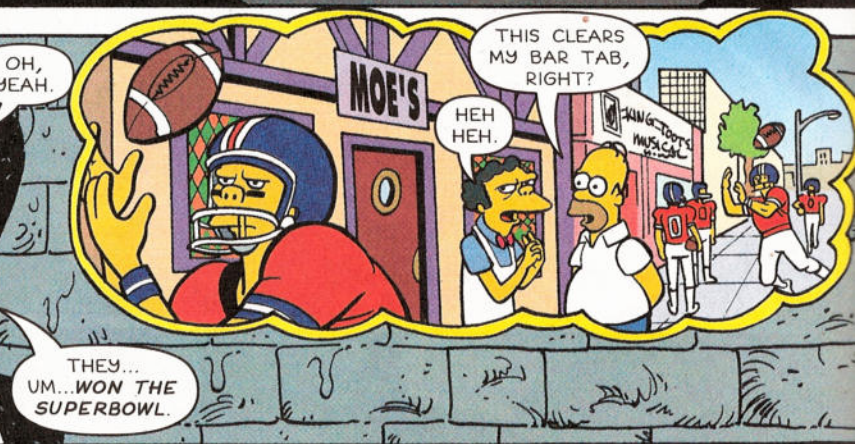
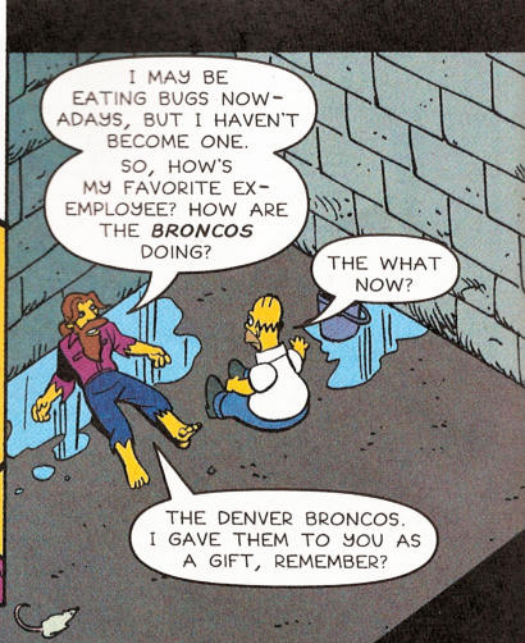
KAREN BATES
LETTERS



BILL MORRISON
EDITOR

MATT GROENING presents
**SANDWICHES
ARE FOREVER**

SIMPSONS COMICS is published twelve times a year by Bongo Entertainment, Inc., P.O. Box 1963, Santa Monica, CA 90406-1963.
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I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, HOMER. I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU LOVE SANDWICHES.

I DID... UNTIL I GOT HERE.

IT ALL STARTED A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO...

"I WAS IN LISA'S ROOM, THINKING ABOUT SANDWICHES AND CRACKING WALNUTS WITH A PAPERWEIGHT..."

"...WHEN I DISCOVERED SOMETHING THAT NO ONE EVER DISCOVERED BEFORE!"

TURKEY

ALL MY LIFE, I'VE BEEN EATING TURKEY SANDWICHES, BUT DID YOU KNOW THERE WAS AN ENTIRE COUNTRY NAMED TURKEY?

HOMER. WE'RE IN A PRISON CELL IN ISTANBUL, TURKEY. I HAD AN INKING.

"WELL, I EMPTIED THE SAVINGS ACCOUNT AND BROUGHT THE FAMILY OVER HERE..."

"...IN SEARCH OF THE ULTIMATE TURKEY SANDWICH."

"LAST WEEK, I FOUND IT...A TURKEY, CHEESE, AND MAYO ON RYE...THE SINGLE GREATEST SANDWICH EVER CREATED ON THE EARTH AT ANY POINT IN HISTORY!"

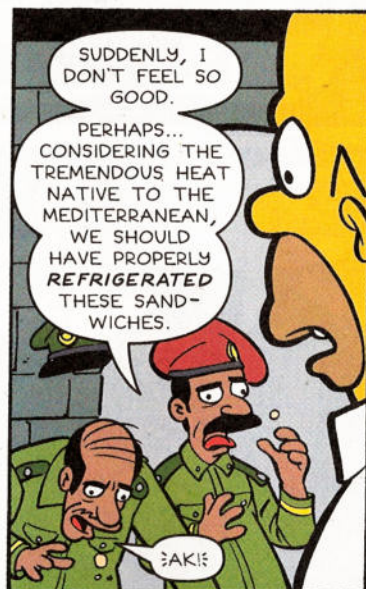
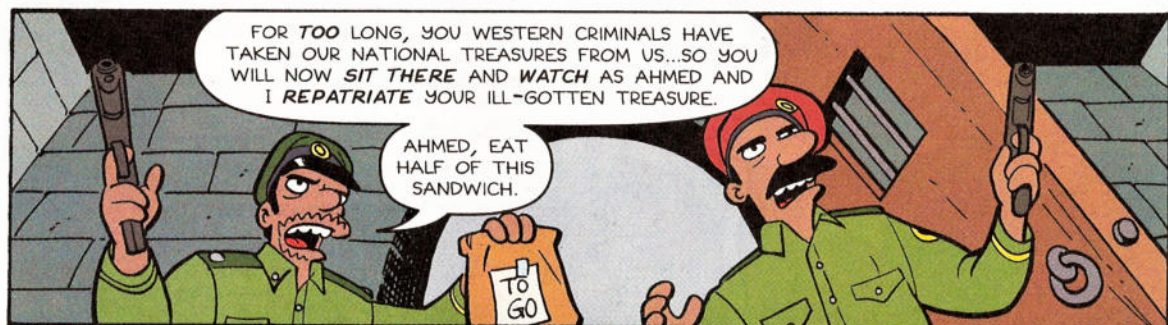
I ORDERED TWO TO GO...WITH A SIDE OF KRAB KALASH.

BUT...HOW DID YOU END UP HERE?

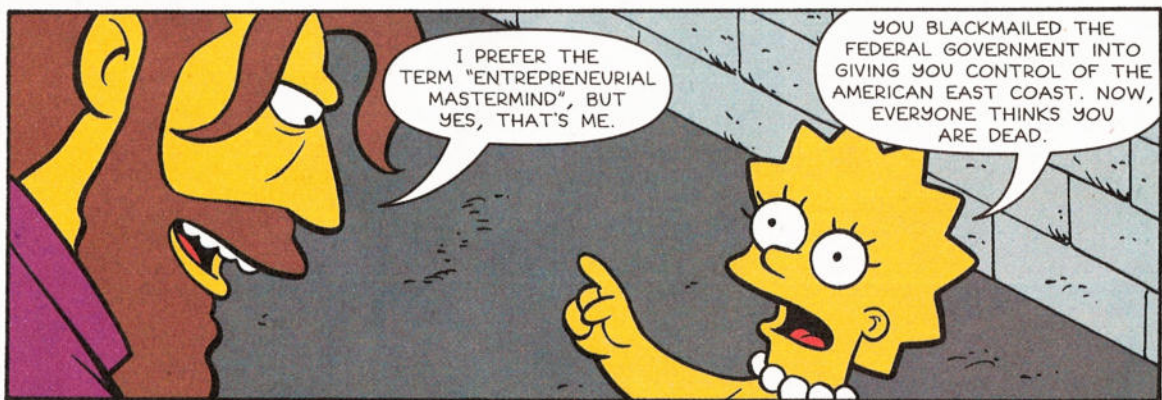
YOU KNOW AT THE AIRPORT WHEN THEY ASK YOU IF YOU HAVE ANY FRUITS, MEATS, OR VEGETABLES TO DECLARE...?

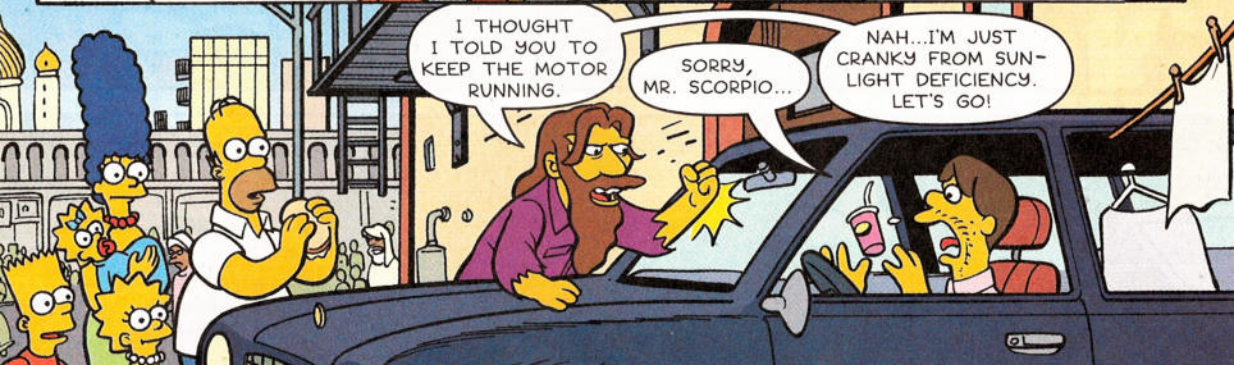
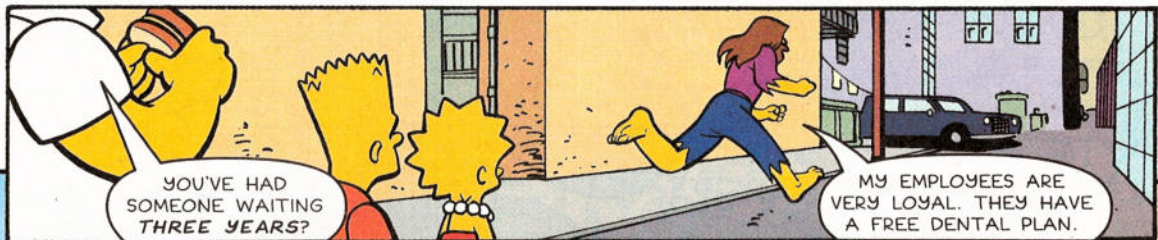
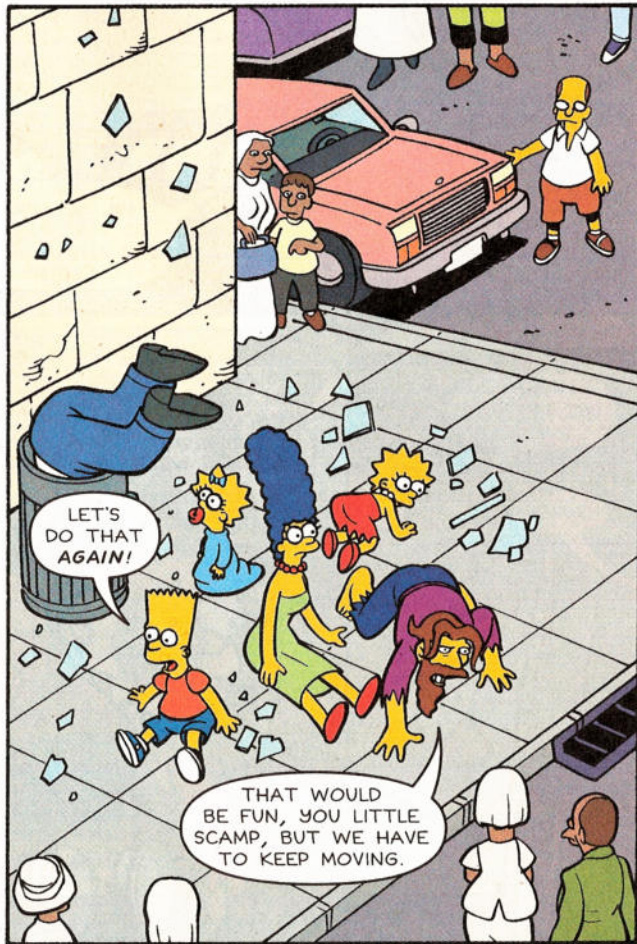
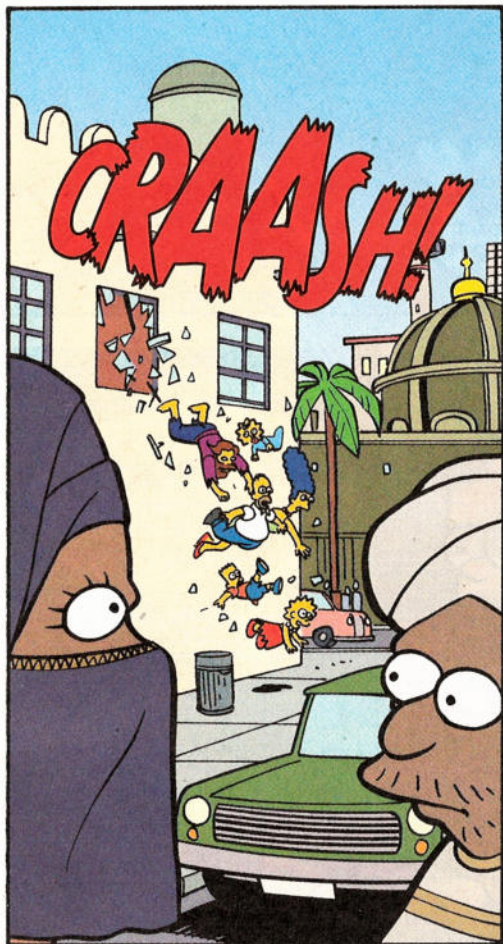
THEY TAKE IT VERY SERIOUSLY IF YOU LIE TO THEM.

YOU!



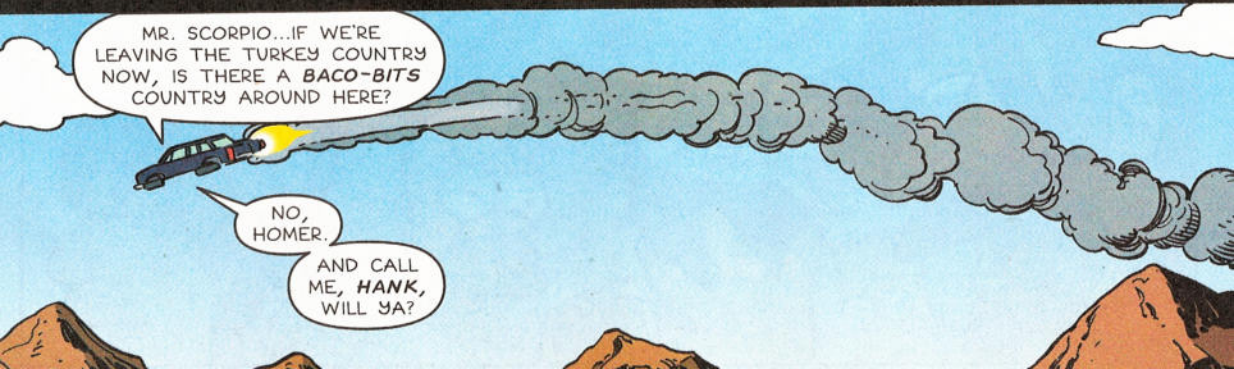
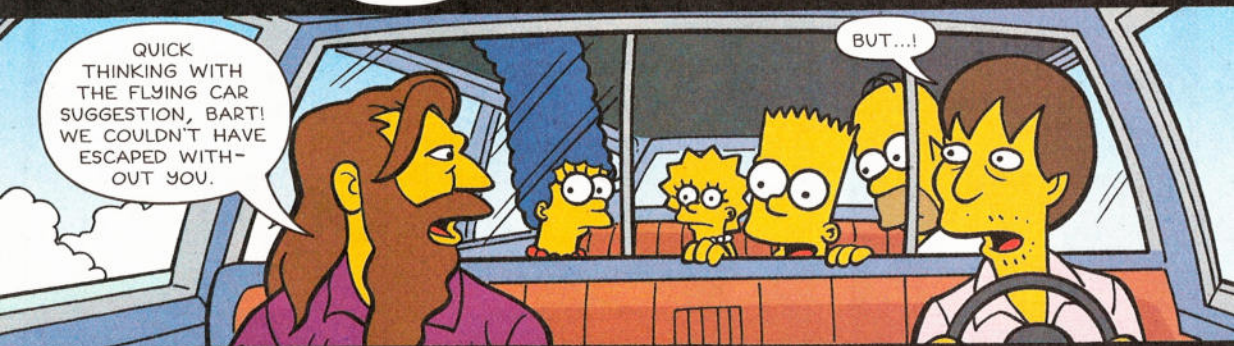








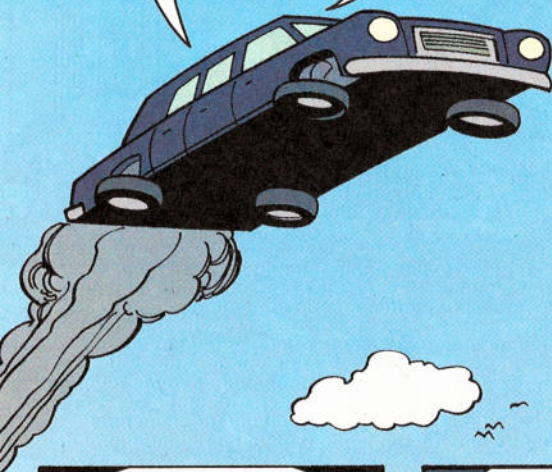




LATER...

MOM! MAKE
BART STOP SPITTING
OUT THE SIDE OF
THE CAR.

WE'RE AMERICANS
IN EUROPE, LISA. WE
DON'T *HAVE* TO
BEHAVE.



THEY
WHAT?
WHEN?



OH THAT'S
TERRIBLE!



WHILE I'VE BEEN
OUT OF TOUCH, MY
EMPIRE HAS BEEN
REPOSSESSED BY THE
BANK. EXCEPT FOR THIS
FLYING CAR AND ONE
ORBITAL SATELLITE,
I'M DESTITUTE.

AND I JUST
HEARD *BENNIFER*
SPLIT UP.



THAT DOESN'T SOUND
SO BAD. MOST PEOPLE
WON'T EVER *HAVE* THEIR
OWN SATELLITE OR
FLYING CAR.

AND BENNIFER
WASN'T MEANT TO BE.
WE'VE ALL GROWN TO
ACCEPT THAT.



YOU'RE
RIGHT.

HERE I AM,
FEELING SORRY FOR
MYSELF, WHEN I SHOULD
BE THINKING ABOUT
REBUILDING MY
CAREER.

I *STILL*
HAVE MY
DREAMS.

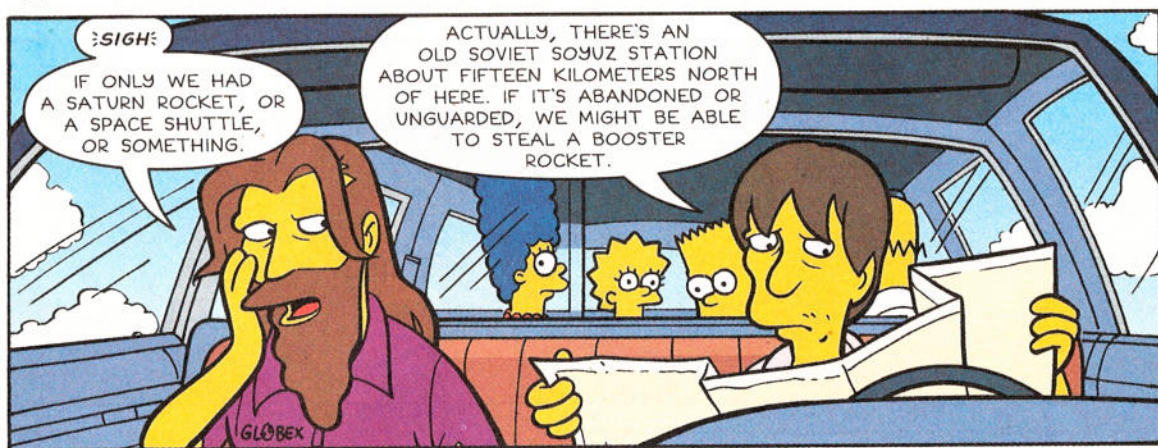


EVER SINCE I
WAS A TEENAGER, I'VE
WANTED TO RULE *MOST* OF
EUROPE. JUST THE GOOD
COUNTRIES, NONE OF
THE *STANS*.

WILL YOU
HELP ME FULFILL
MY DREAM,
HOMER?

ALL I
WANT IS TO
FINALLY EAT MY
SANDWICH.





LATER...

IT'S NOT
FAIR.
I'VE BEEN
A LOYAL MEMBER OF
THIS ORGANIZATION
FOR TEN YEARS...



...AND I'VE *NEVER* BEEN
PROMOTED...NEVER EVEN
GOTTEN A *THANK YOU*
FROM THE BOSS.

I'M SURE
YOU'RE A TERRIFIC
HENCHMAN. ALL YOU
NEED IS A LITTLE
CONFIDENCE.

DO YOU
HAVE ANY SPECIAL
ABILITIES OR
TALENTS?

OH SURE.
IT'S STANDARD
HENCHMAN PROTOCOL.
I HAVE THE *WORLD'S*
SHARPEST EARS.

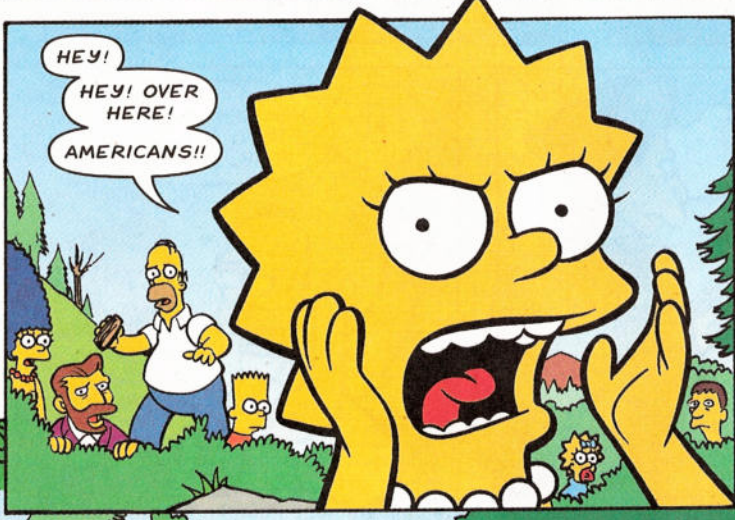
SEE? I'LL BET YOU
CAN HEAR THINGS FROM
REALLY FAR AWAY.
THAT'S USEFUL.

HMMM?
WHAT?

NO, NO. I MEAN
SHARP...LIKE A
RAZOR.

IF ANYTHING COMES
WITHIN THREE INCHES
OF THE SIDE OF MY
HEAD, I CAN CUT IT
TO RIBBONS.

MAYBE WE
CAN GIVE YOU A
MAKEOVER.
GOOD GROOMING IS
ALWAYS APPRECIATED IN
THE WORKPLACE.





<SURE. ABSOLUTELY. WHAT'S BROKEN?>

<OUR RIFLES FOR ONE THING. AND THE TOASTER OVEN BURNS OUR TOAST.>



<DO THE ROCKETS WORK, AT LEAST?>

DA...YES, BUT THERE ARE NO COSMONAUTS TO PILOT THEM. WE LEAD SORRY LIVES SINCE THE FALL OF THE SOVIET POLITBURO.

AND THE DEFECTIONS OF YAKOV SMIRNOV AND PAULINA PORIZKOVA.



WE LONG FOR THE DAYS WHEN OUR MIGHTY ROCKETS BLAZED INTO THE SKY.

YOU CAN RETURN TO THOSE DAYS OF GLORY, COMRADES! **THIS** IS HOMER SIMPSON, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ASTRONAUT.



THAT'S RIGHT! I REMEMBER! DAD WENT INTO SPACE!

I DID...?

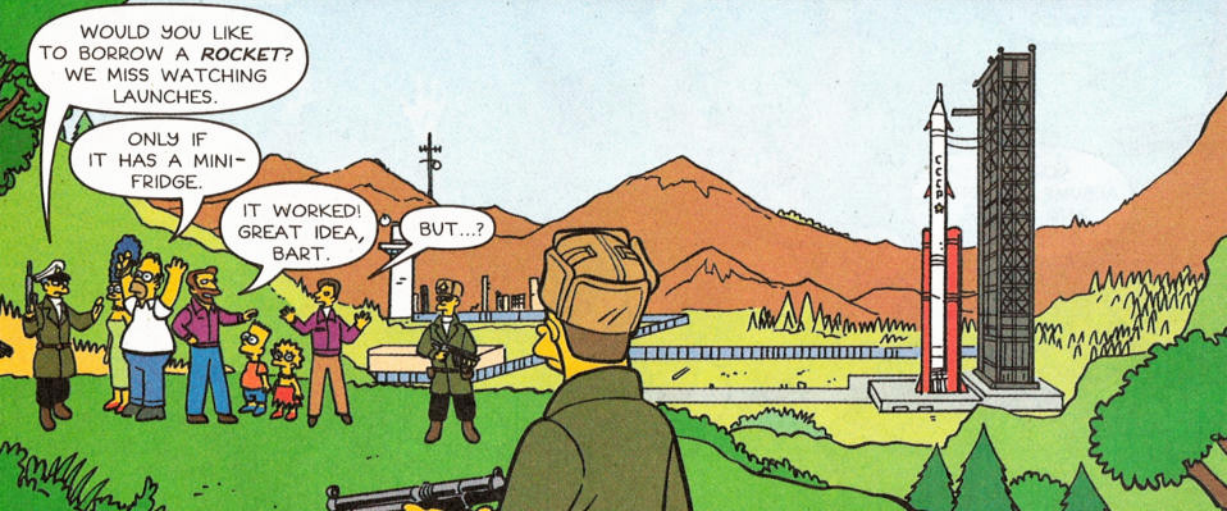
SURE, HOMER. EVERYONE SAW IT ON TV!



OH, I GET IT!

HEH HEH. SUUUURE I WENT INTO SPACE. YEAH, THAT'S IT!

NO, HOMER. YOU REALLY DID.

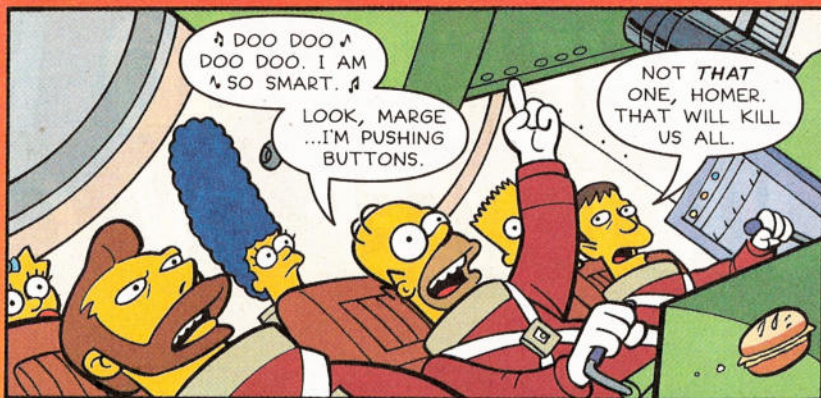
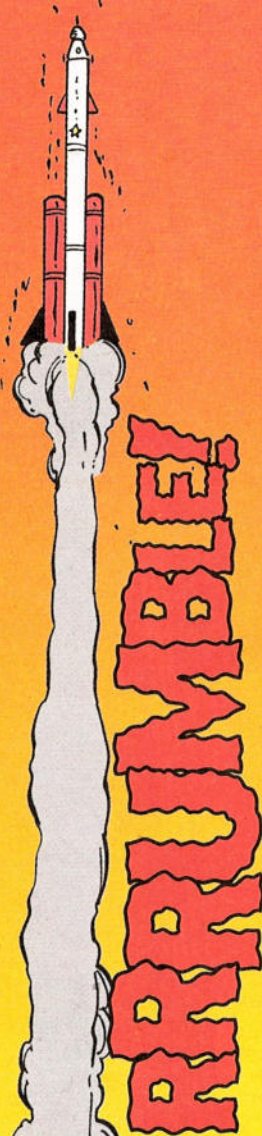


WOULD YOU LIKE TO BORROW A **ROCKET**? WE MISS WATCHING LAUNCHES.

ONLY IF IT HAS A MINI-FRIDGE.

IT WORKED! GREAT IDEA, BART.

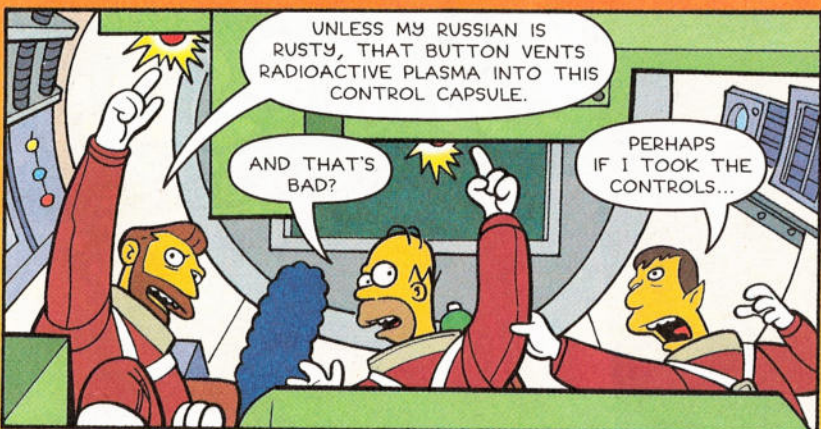
BUT...?



♪ DOO DOO ♪
DOO DOO. I AM
SO SMART. ♪

LOOK, MARGE
...I'M PUSHING
BUTTONS.

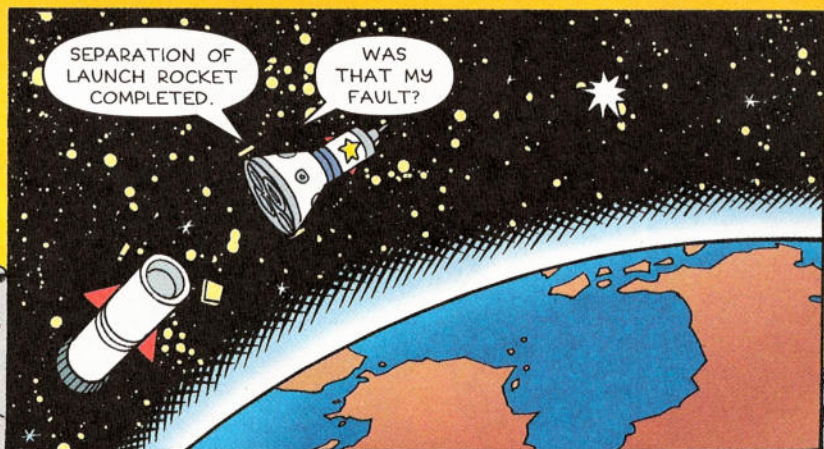
NOT THAT
ONE, HOMER.
THAT WILL KILL
US ALL.



UNLESS MY RUSSIAN IS
RUSTY, THAT BUTTON VENTS
RADIOACTIVE PLASMA INTO THIS
CONTROL CAPSULE.

AND THAT'S
BAD?

PERHAPS
IF I TOOK THE
CONTROLS...



SEPARATION OF
LAUNCH ROCKET
COMPLETED.

WAS
THAT MY
FAULT?

◁ IT IS GOOD
TO SEE ANOTHER
LAUNCH. ▷

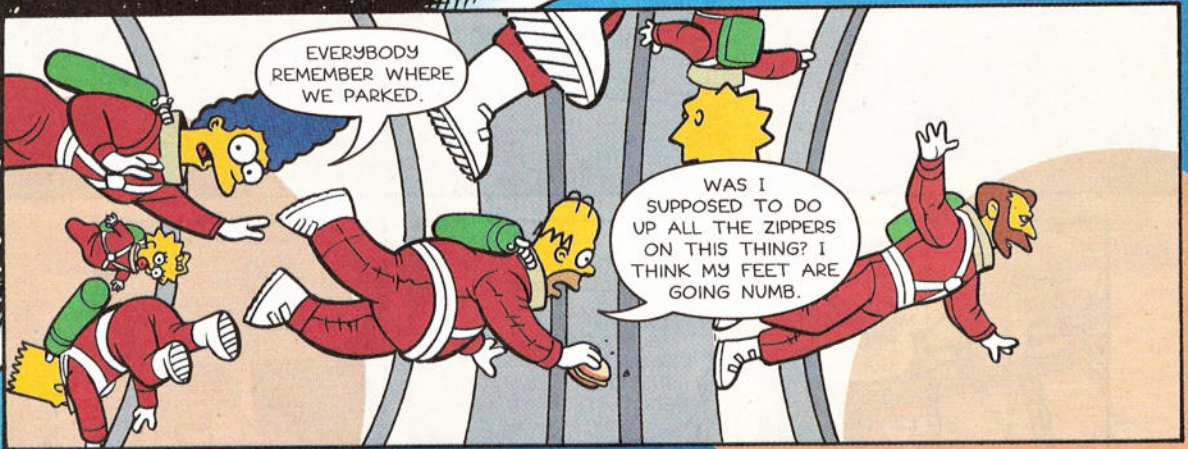
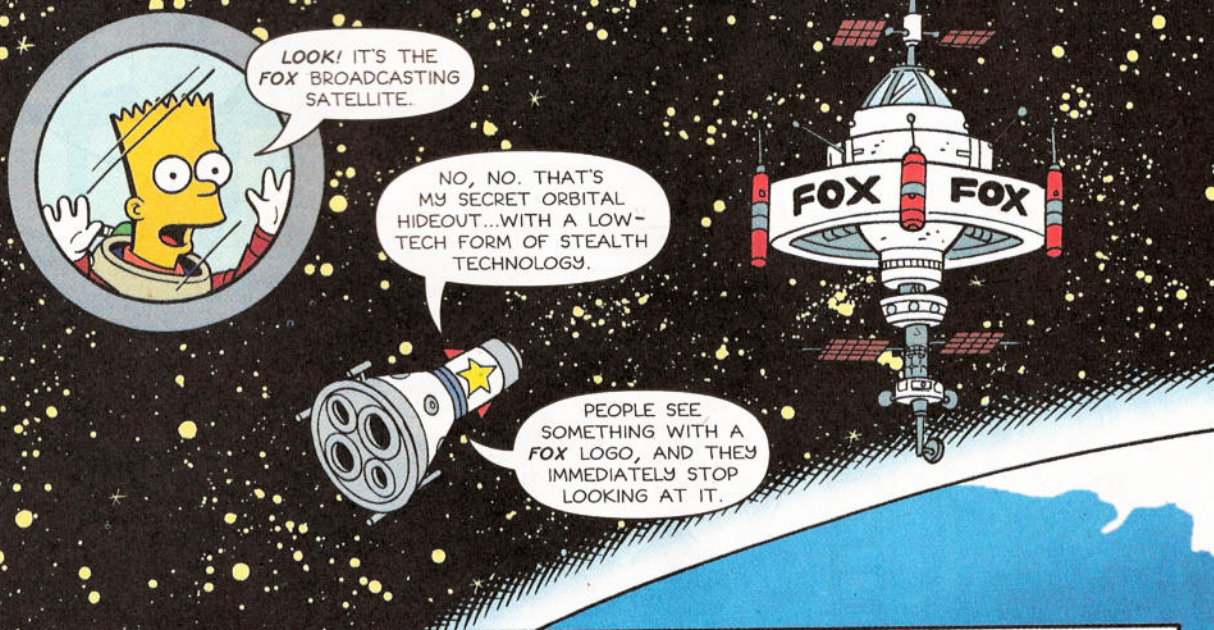
◁ I SWELL
WITH PRIDE. ▷

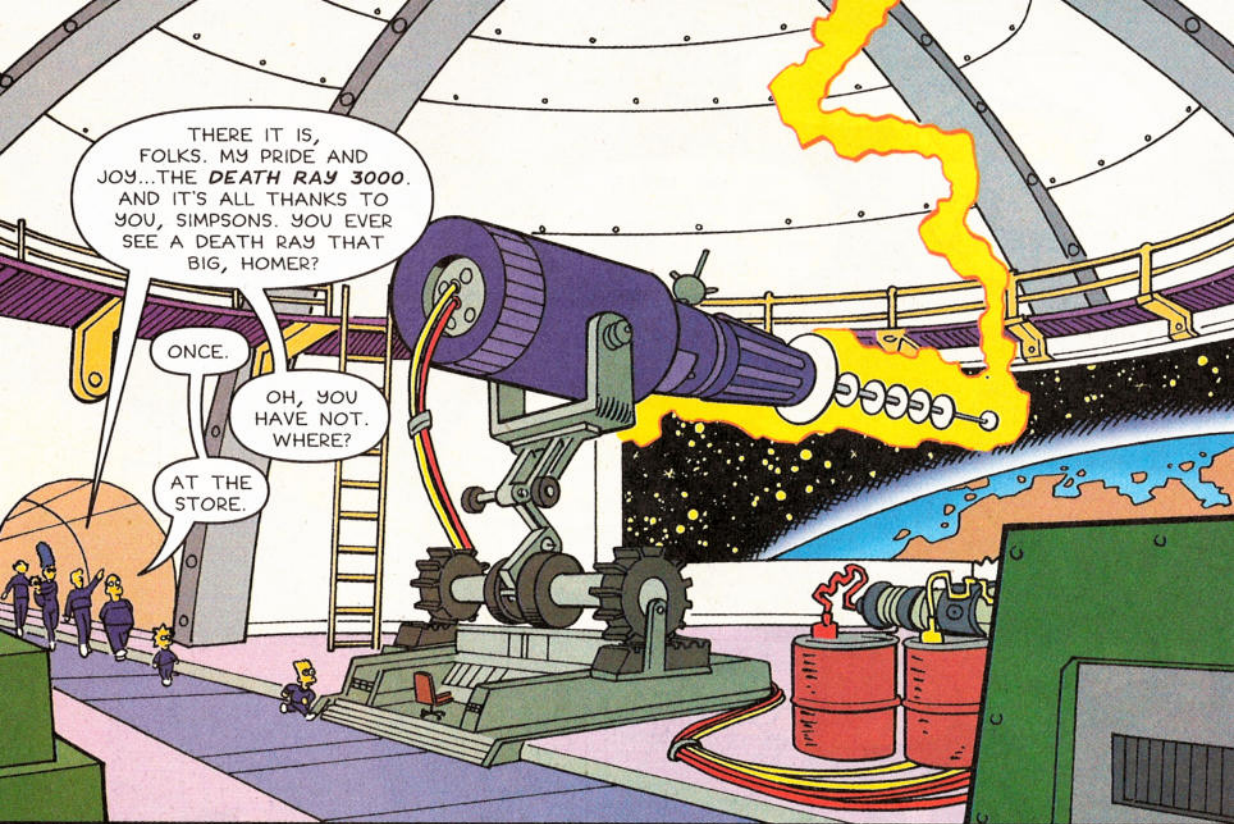


I'M CONFLICTED.
WHILE I'M ENJOYING THIS
UNEXPECTED OPPORTUNITY
TO TAKE A TRIP INTO SPACE,
I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK THAT
A CONSPIRACY TO RULE
SOVEREIGN NATIONS BY
FORCE IS WRONG.

OH, LISA. WE'RE
TALKING ABOUT TAKING
OVER EUROPE. IT'S
NOT LIKE THEY WERE
FREE COUNTRIES TO
BEGIN WITH.

HEY,
EVERYBODY!





THERE IT IS, FOLKS. MY PRIDE AND JOY...THE **DEATH RAY 3000**. AND IT'S ALL THANKS TO YOU, SIMPSONS. YOU EVER SEE A DEATH RAY THAT BIG, HOMER?

ONCE.

OH, YOU HAVE NOT. WHERE?

AT THE STORE.



CAN I TRY IT OUT? CAN I?

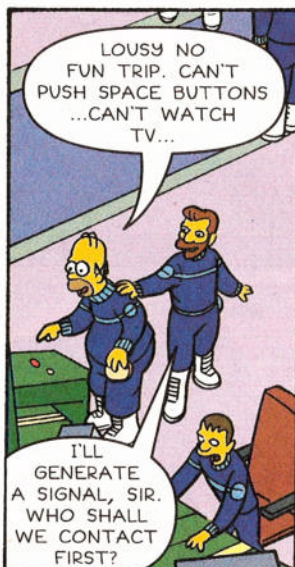
NO DEATH RAYING, YOUNG MAN. WE'RE HERE AS GUESTS.

TV!



TV?! CAN YOU GET "NIGHT BOAT" ON THIS?

STOP, HOMER! THAT'S A DELICATE PLASMA STREAM COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM. I NEED IT TO NEGOTIATE WITH WORLD GOVERNMENTS.



LOUSY NO FUN TRIP. CAN'T PUSH SPACE BUTTONS ...CAN'T WATCH TV...

I'LL GENERATE A SIGNAL, SIR. WHO SHALL WE CONTACT FIRST?

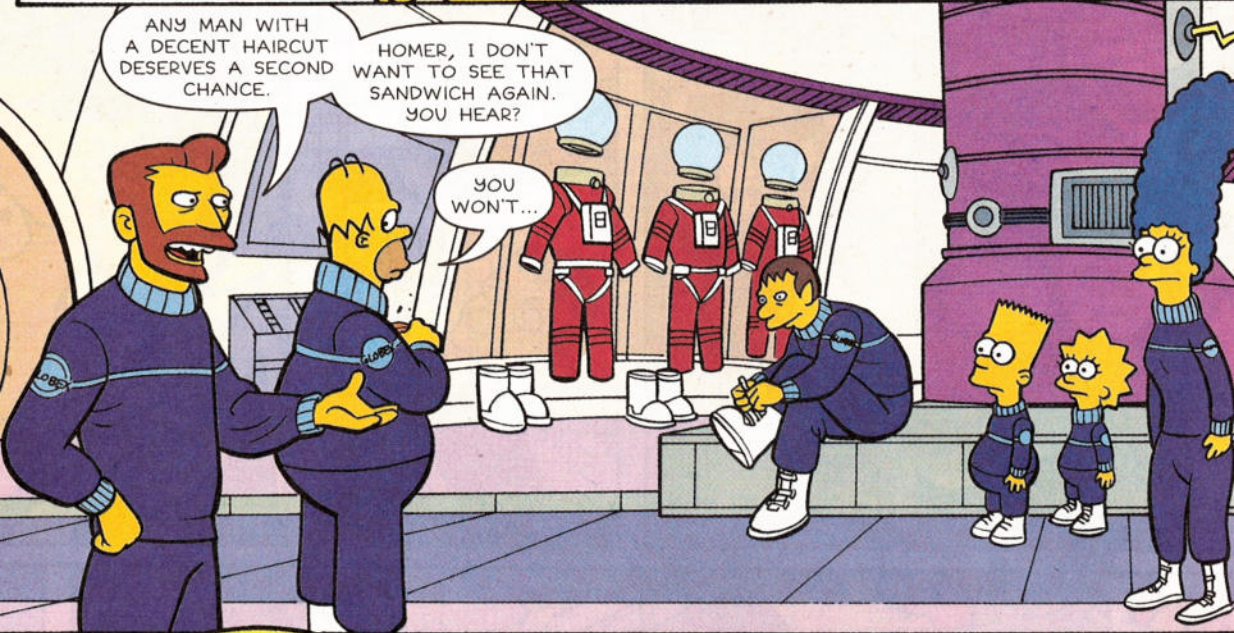


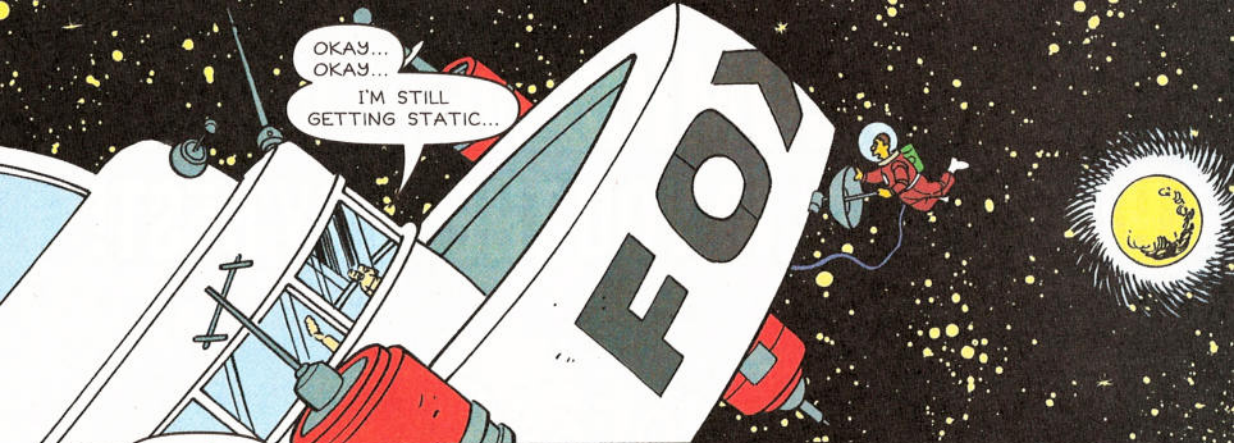
I DON'T KNOW...

LET'S START WITH THE SWISS. NO ONE'S CONQUERED THEM SINCE THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, AND THEY'RE GETTING A LITTLE COCKY.

BY THE WAY, HENCHMAN 13...I LOVE YOUR NEW HAIRCUT.





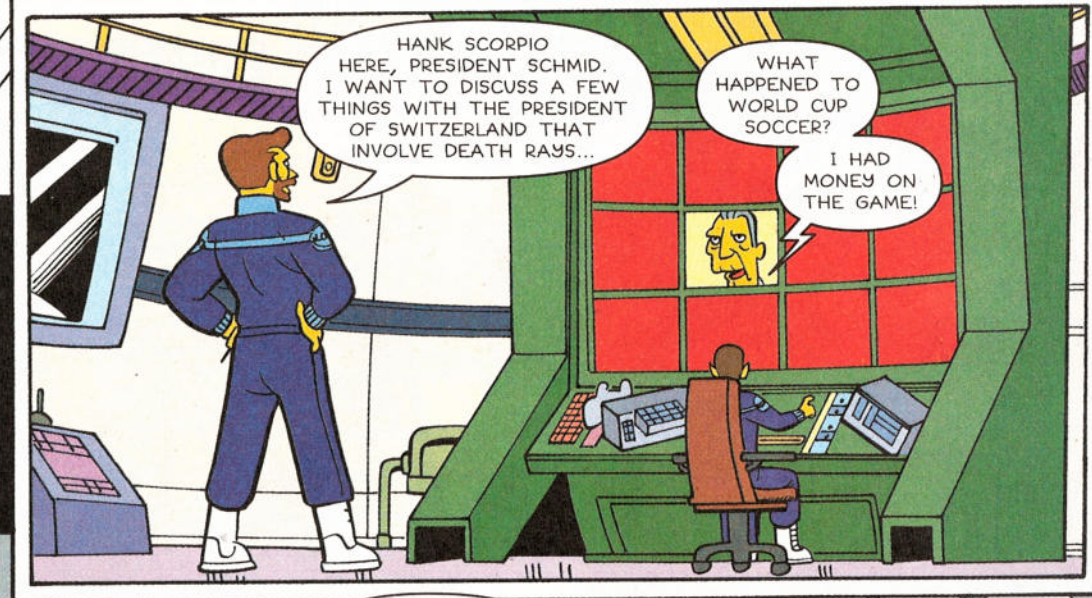


OKAY...
OKAY...
I'M STILL
GETTING STATIC...



QU'EST QUE
C'EST?

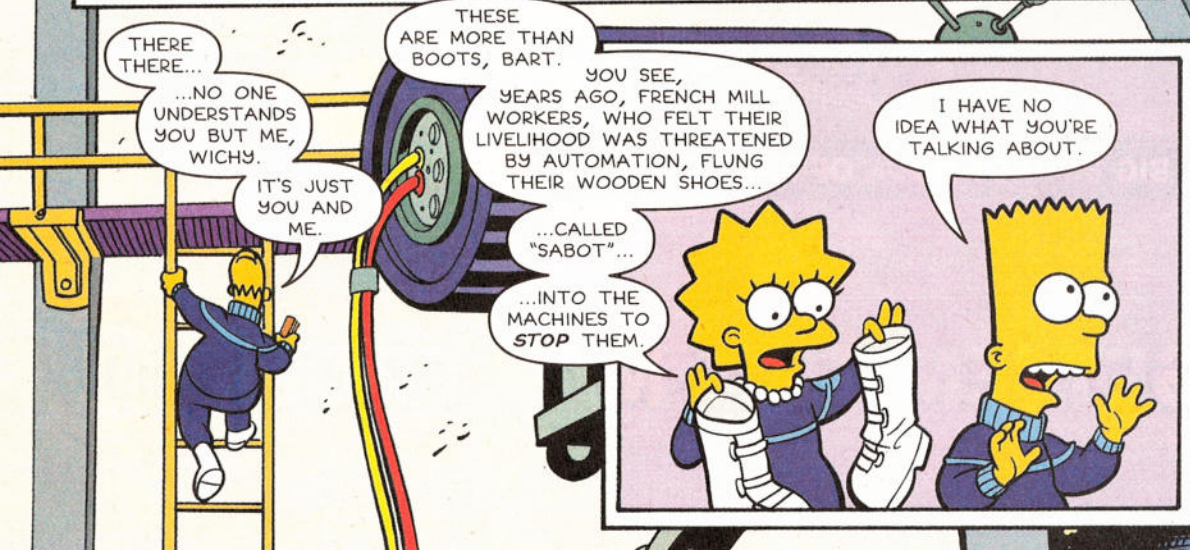
THAT'S IT!
BEAUTIFUL!



HANK SCORPIO
HERE, PRESIDENT SCHMID.
I WANT TO DISCUSS A FEW
THINGS WITH THE PRESIDENT
OF SWITZERLAND THAT
INVOLVE DEATH RAYS...

WHAT
HAPPENED TO
WORLD CUP
SOCCER?

I HAD
MONEY ON
THE GAME!



THERE
THERE...

...NO ONE
UNDERSTANDS
YOU BUT ME,
WICHY.

IT'S JUST
YOU AND
ME.

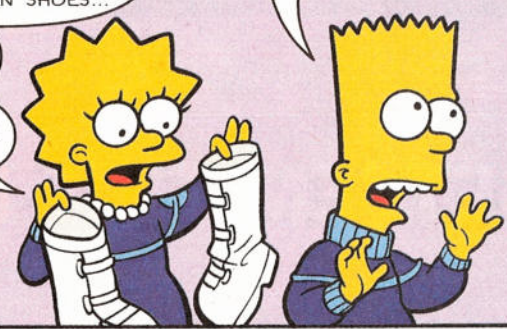
THESE
ARE MORE THAN
BOOTS, BART.

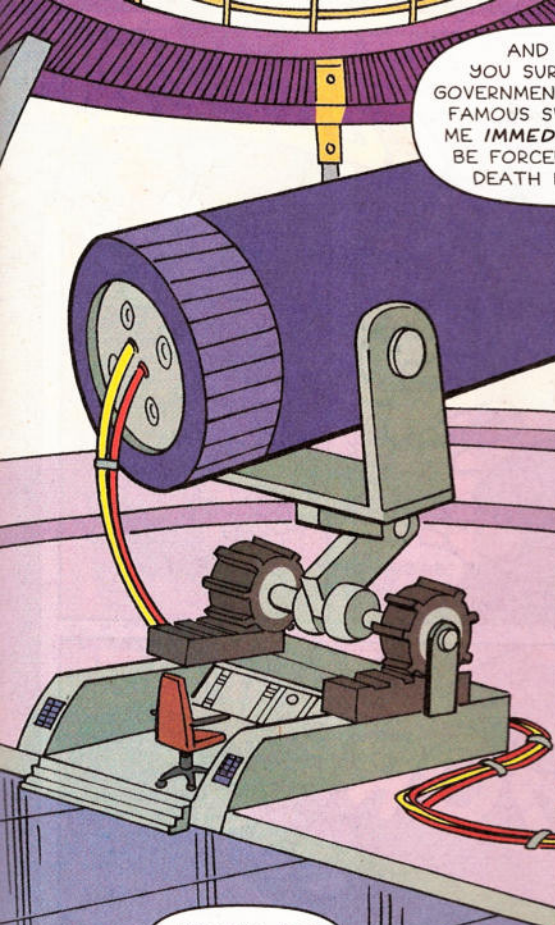
YOU SEE,
YEARS AGO, FRENCH MILL
WORKERS, WHO FELT THEIR
LIVELIHOOD WAS THREATENED
BY AUTOMATION, FLUNG
THEIR WOODEN SHOES...

...CALLED
"SABOT"...

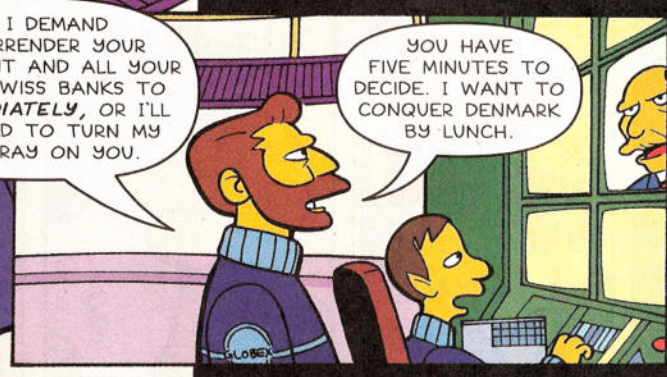
...INTO THE
MACHINES TO
STOP THEM.

I HAVE NO
IDEA WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT.





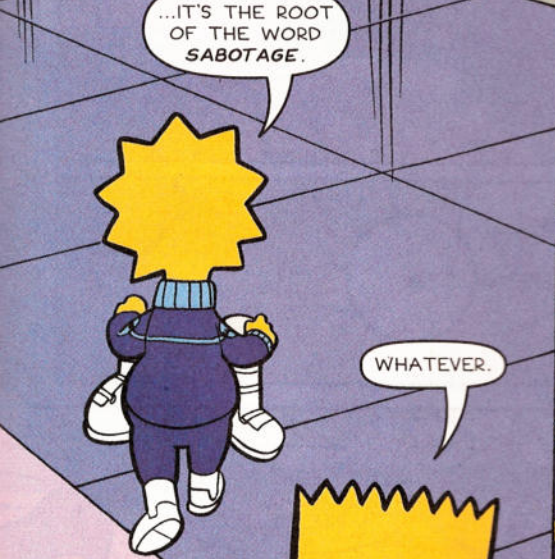
AND I DEMAND
YOU SURRENDER YOUR
GOVERNMENT AND ALL YOUR
FAMOUS SWISS BANKS TO
ME **IMMEDIATELY**, OR I'LL
BE FORCED TO TURN MY
DEATH RAY ON YOU.



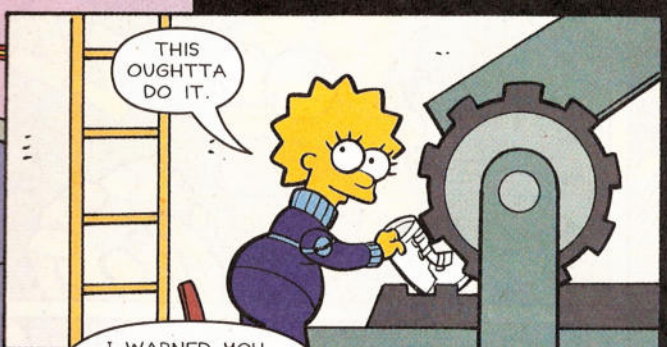
YOU HAVE
FIVE MINUTES TO
DECIDE. I WANT TO
CONQUER DENMARK
BY LUNCH.



HEH HEH.
COME TO
HOMER, LITTLE
SANDWICH...I
WON'T HURT
YOU.



...IT'S THE ROOT
OF THE WORD
SABOTAGE.

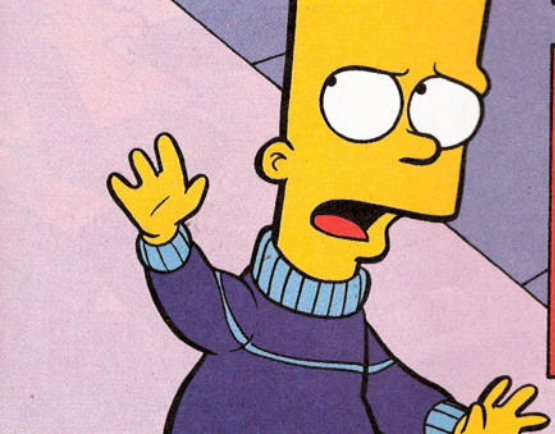


THIS
OUGHTTA
DO IT.



I WARNED YOU.
SAY "AU REVOIR"
TO THE ALPS. I'M
TURNING THE DEATH
RAY ON THEM.

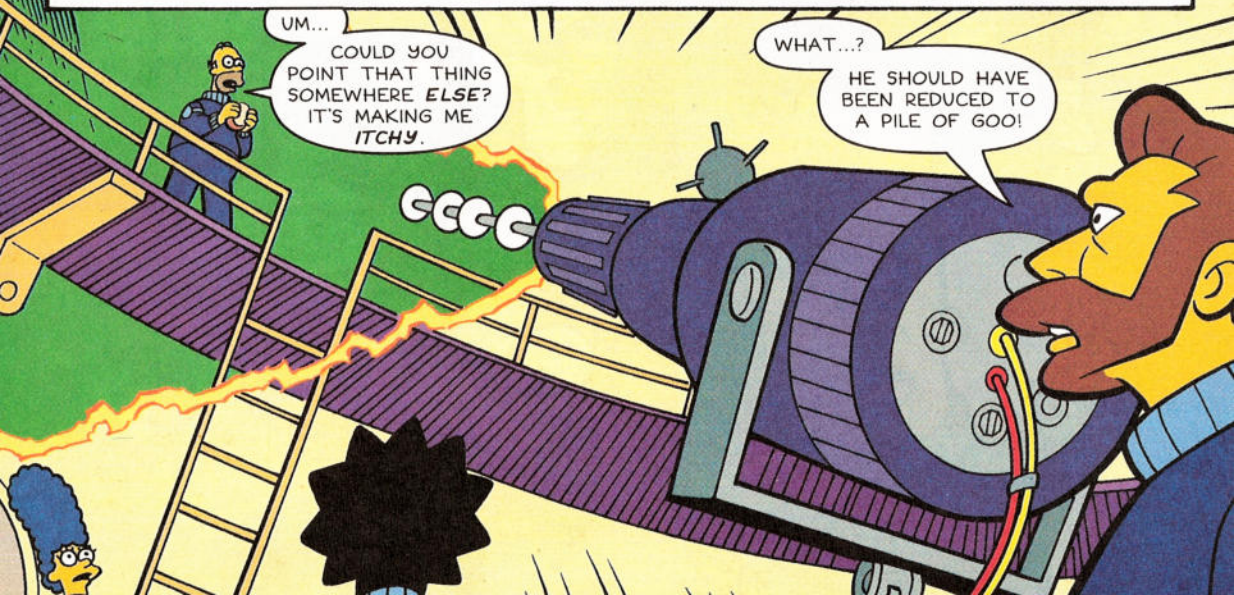
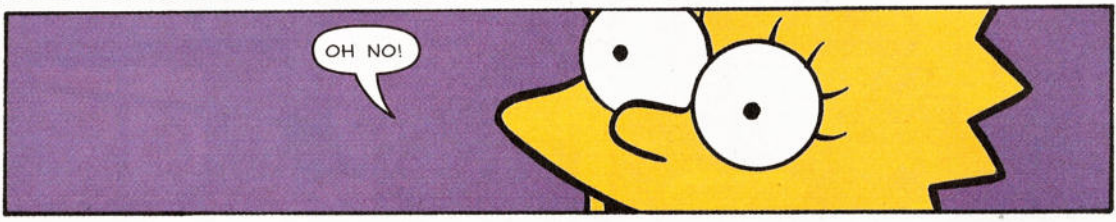
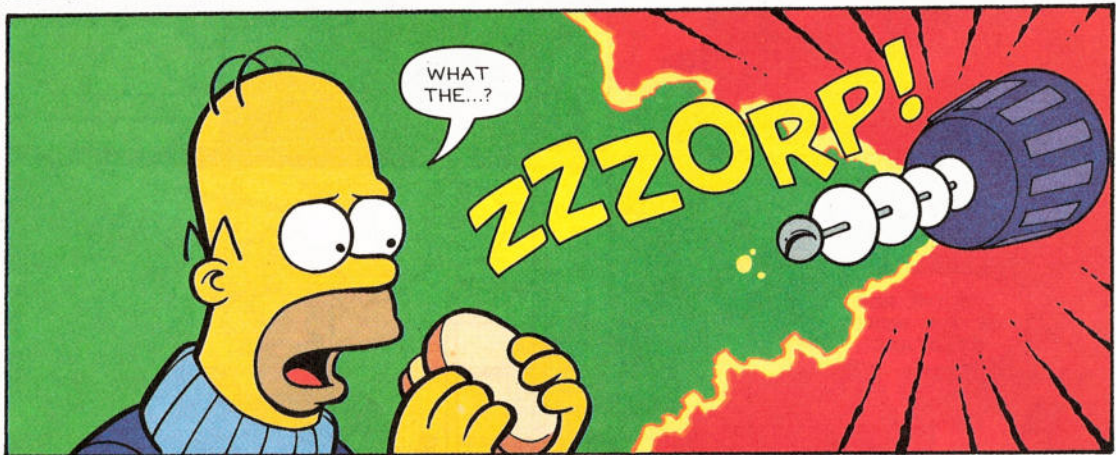
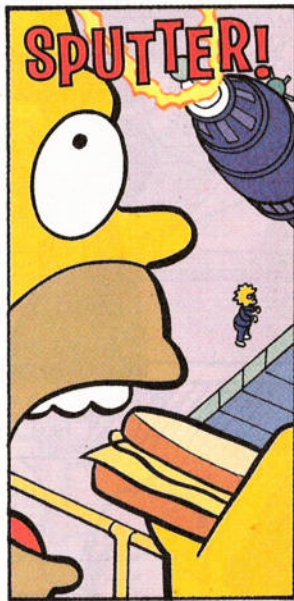
BART,
MY BOY, WOULD
YOU LIKE TO DO
THE HONORS?

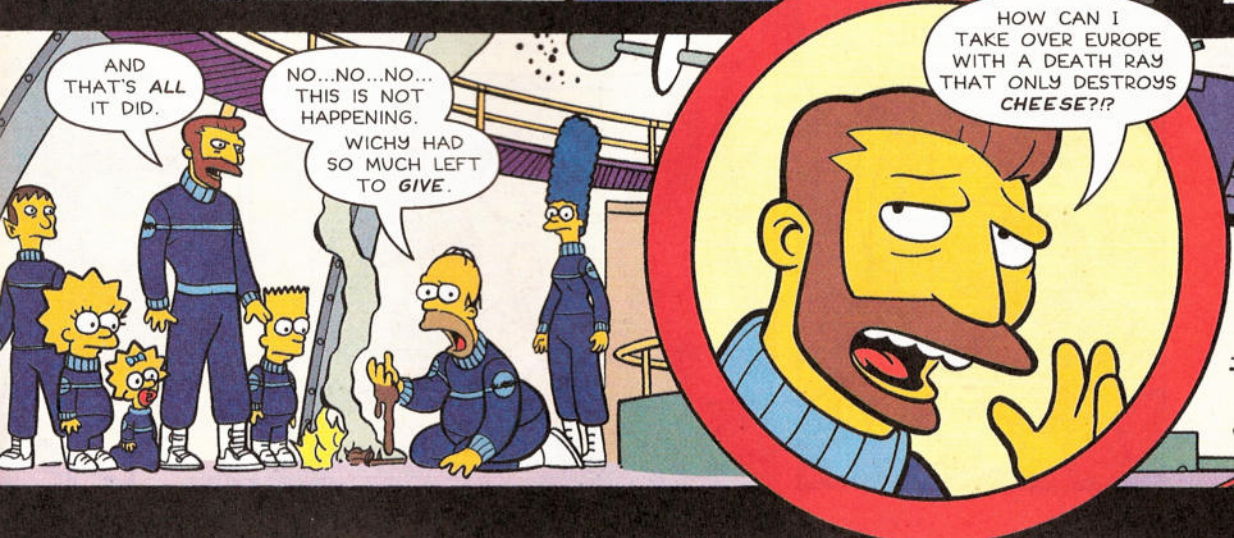
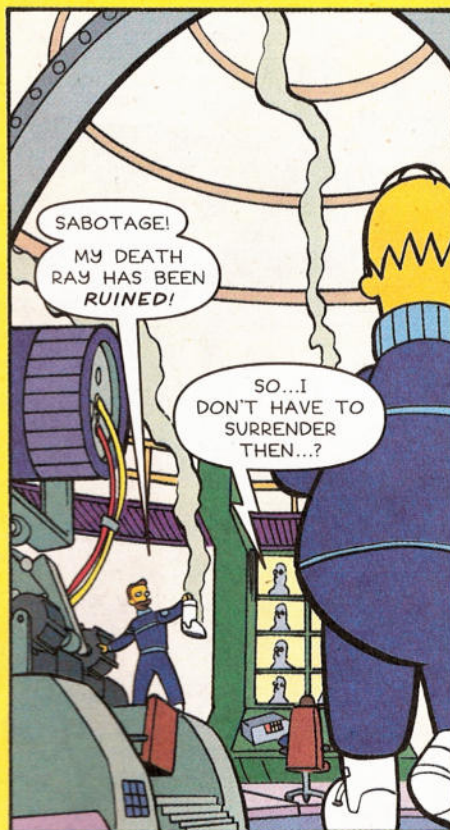


WHATEVER.



IT'S A DREAM
COME TRUE,
MR. SCORPIO.





SOON AFTER...

I WOULD RATHER
CAPITULATE TO THIS
MADMAN, THAN LIVE
IN A WORLD WITH-
OUT CHEESE.

BRAVO!

WELL, HOMER, THANKS
TO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY, I'M
PRESIDENT OF FRANCE. ANYONE CAN
MAKE THE FRENCH SURRENDER, BUT
AT LEAST IT'S A START.

SO, HERE'S THAT SANDWICH
I PROMISED YOU, STRAIGHT FROM
THE KITCHEN AT THE CORDON
BLEU SCHOOL OF COOKING.

URP!
S'ALLRIGHT.
NEEDS MAYO.

SPEAKING
OF MAYO...

I'M MAKING
YOU THE MAYOR
OF PARIS. YOU AND
YOUR HAIRCUT ARE
GOING PLACES!

DO I **HAVE**
TO BE MAYOR
OF PARIS?

AHHH...YOU'LL
LOVE IT. FRENCHMEN
KISS YOUR CHEEKS ALL
DAY LONG. YOU'LL SLICE
THEM TO RIBBONS WITH
YOUR EARS. IT'LL
BE FUN.

AND FOR YOU, BART, A
MINI-DEATH RAY. DON'T POINT
IT AT YOUR SISTER.

COOOL! CAN
I POINT IT AT
MILHOUSE?

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT A MILHOUSE
IS, BUT SURE.

FOR YOU, SWEETIE, A SOLID GOLD
GLOBE. I LIFTED IT FROM THE PALACE
OF VERSAILLES. IT'S A SOUVENIR OF
YOUR TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

BUT I
CAN'T...ACCEPT...
DID YOU
SAY **SOLID**
GOLD?

MMM...
CHILI.

HERE
WE GO
AGAIN!

MARGE! LOOK!
THERE'S A COUNTRY
NAMED **CHILE!**

THE END?