

INDULGE YOURSELF!

SIMPSON'S COMICS



#180

\$2.99

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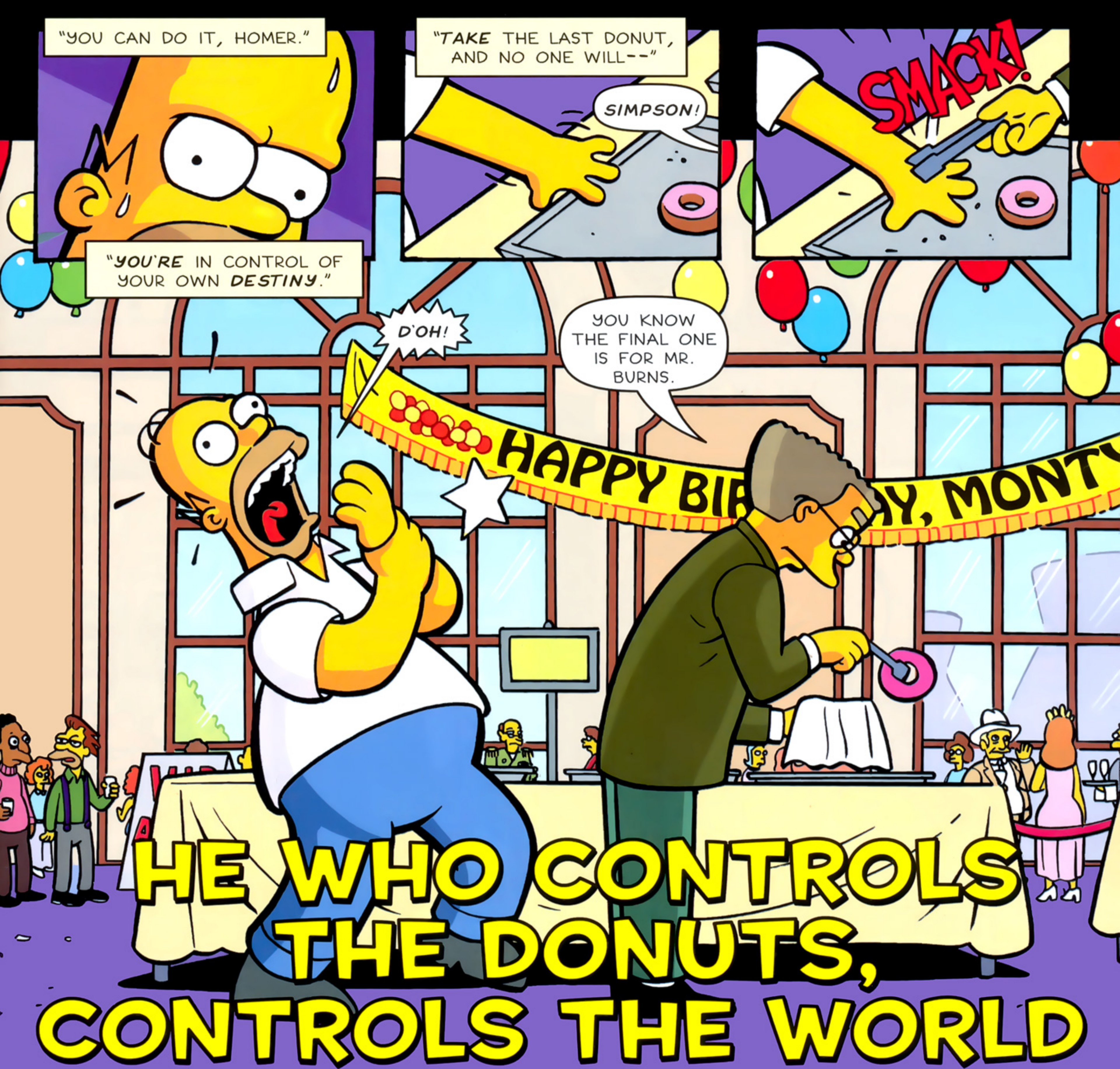


MATT GROENING
J.HO

DIRECT EDITION



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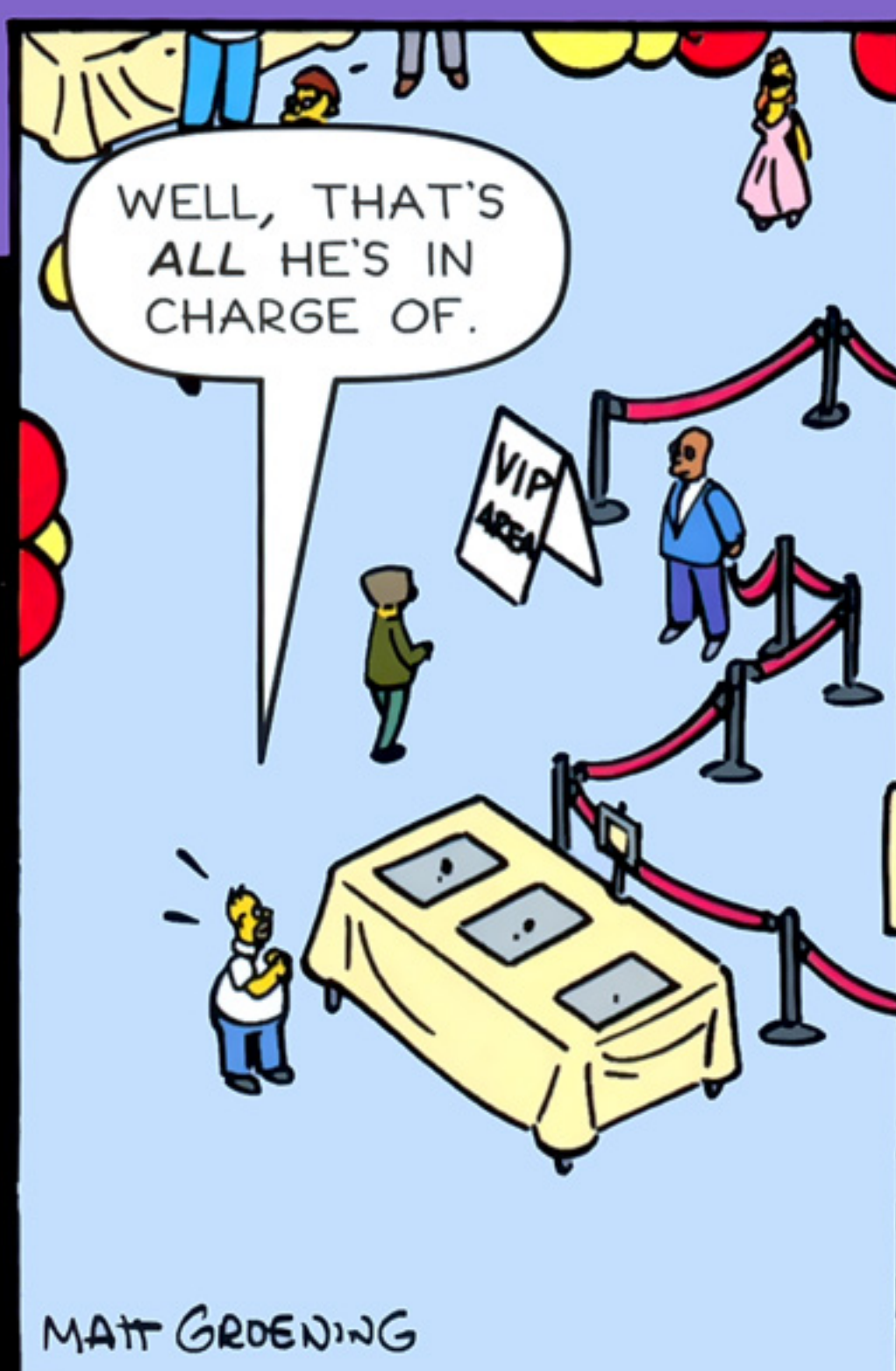
TY TEMPLETON
STORY & PENCILS

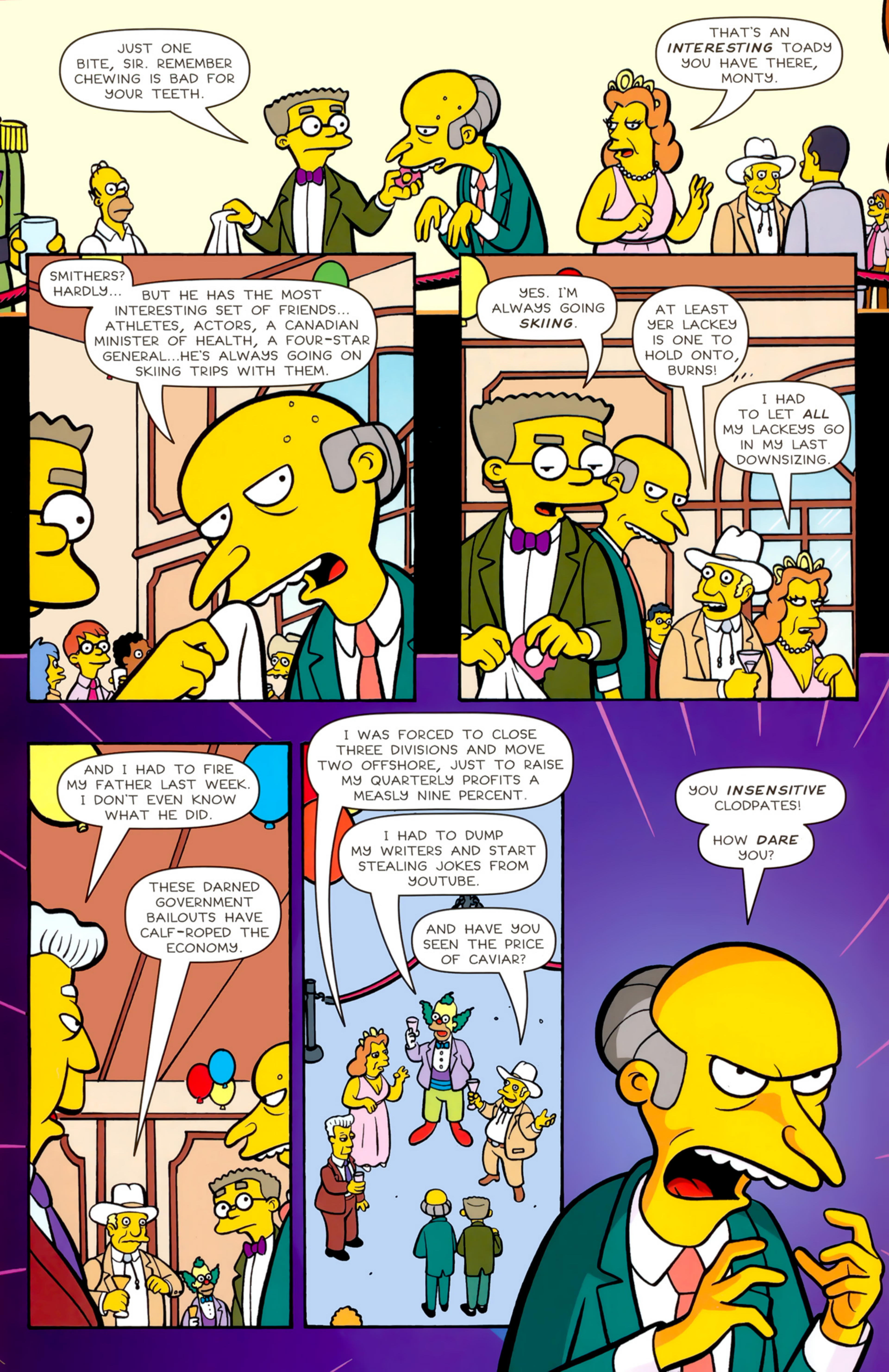
ANDREW PEPOY
INKS

ART VILLANUEVA
COLORS

KAREN BATES
LETTERS

BILL MORRISON
EDITOR





JUST ONE BITE, SIR. REMEMBER CHEWING IS BAD FOR YOUR TEETH.

THAT'S AN INTERESTING TOADY YOU HAVE THERE, MONTY.

SMITHERS? HARDLY... BUT HE HAS THE MOST INTERESTING SET OF FRIENDS... ATHLETES, ACTORS, A CANADIAN MINISTER OF HEALTH, A FOUR-STAR GENERAL...HE'S ALWAYS GOING ON SKIING TRIPS WITH THEM.

YES. I'M ALWAYS GOING SKIING.

AT LEAST YER LACKEY IS ONE TO HOLD ONTO, BURNS!

I HAD TO LET ALL MY LACKEYS GO IN MY LAST DOWNSIZING.

AND I HAD TO FIRE MY FATHER LAST WEEK. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE DID.

THESE DARNED GOVERNMENT BAILOUTS HAVE CALF-ROPED THE ECONOMY.

I WAS FORCED TO CLOSE THREE DIVISIONS AND MOVE TWO OFFSHORE, JUST TO RAISE MY QUARTERLY PROFITS A MEASLY NINE PERCENT.

I HAD TO DUMP MY WRITERS AND START STEALING JOKES FROM YOUTUBE.

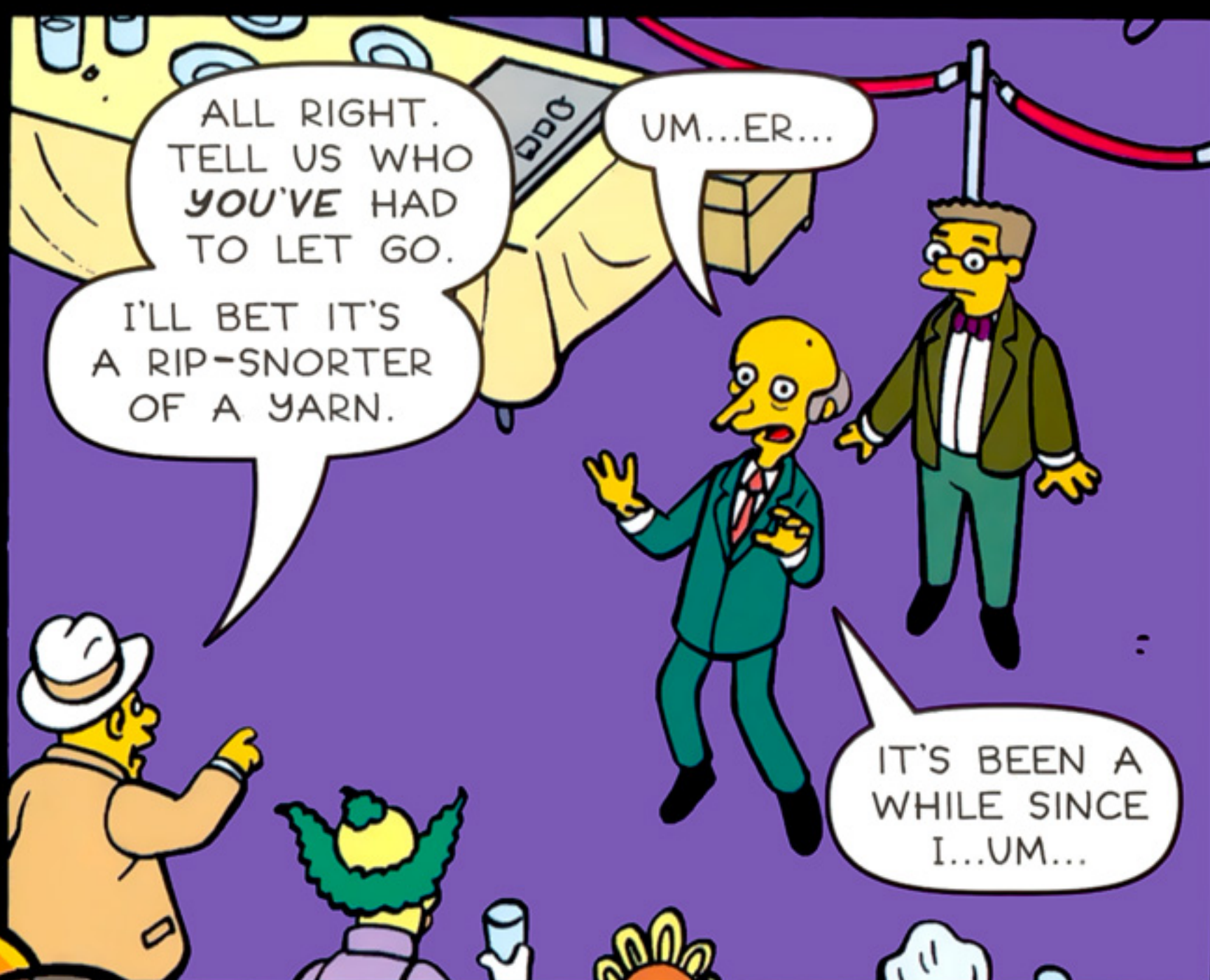
AND HAVE YOU SEEN THE PRICE OF CAVIAR?

YOU *INSENSITIVE* CLODPATES!
HOW *DARE* YOU?



MONTY...I THOUGHT IT WAS ENTERTAINING TO MOCK OUR DOWNSIZED EMPLOYEES...

YES, BUT IT'S *MY* PARTY. I SHOULD BE MAKING THE PLAYFUL JAPES.



ALL RIGHT. TELL US WHO *YOU'VE* HAD TO LET GO.

UM...ER...

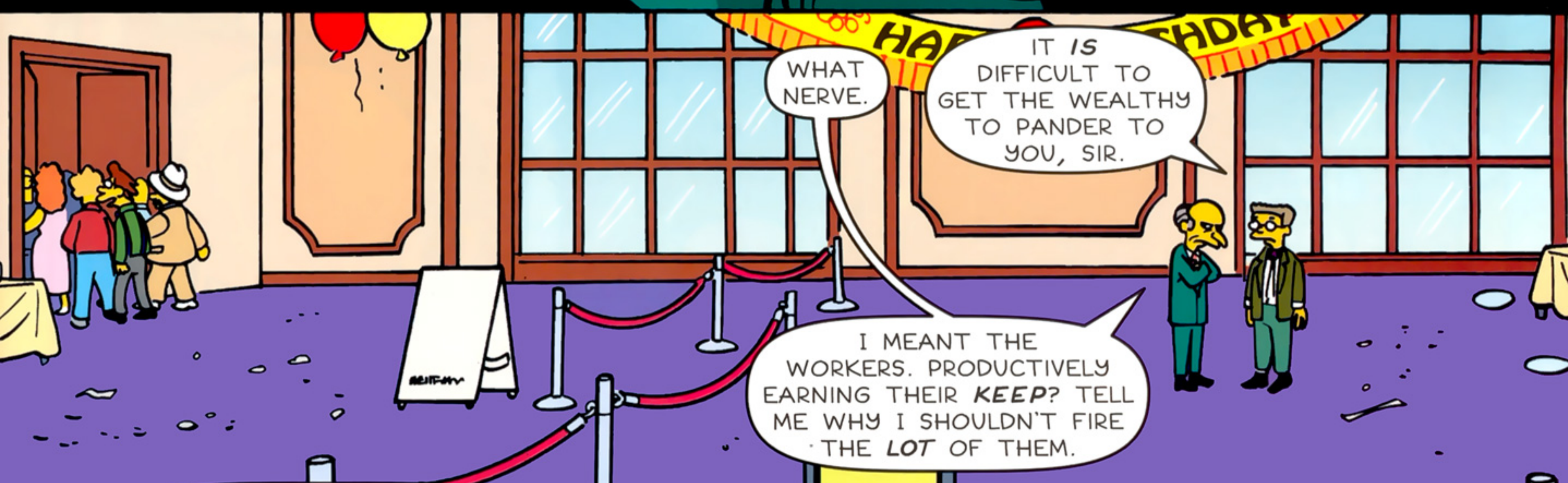
I'LL BET IT'S A RIP-SNORTER OF A YARN.

IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I...UM...



NO. I WILL *NOT* BE EMBARRASSED AT MY *OWN* BIRTHDAY. THIS CELEBRATION IS *ENDED*.

ATTENTION, EMPLOYEES. LEAVE THE ROOM IN AN ORDERLY FASHION AND GET BACK TO WORK.



WHAT NERVE.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO GET THE WEALTHY TO PANDER TO YOU, SIR.

I MEANT THE WORKERS. PRODUCTIVELY EARNING THEIR *KEEP*? TELL ME WHY I SHOULDN'T FIRE THE *LOT* OF THEM.



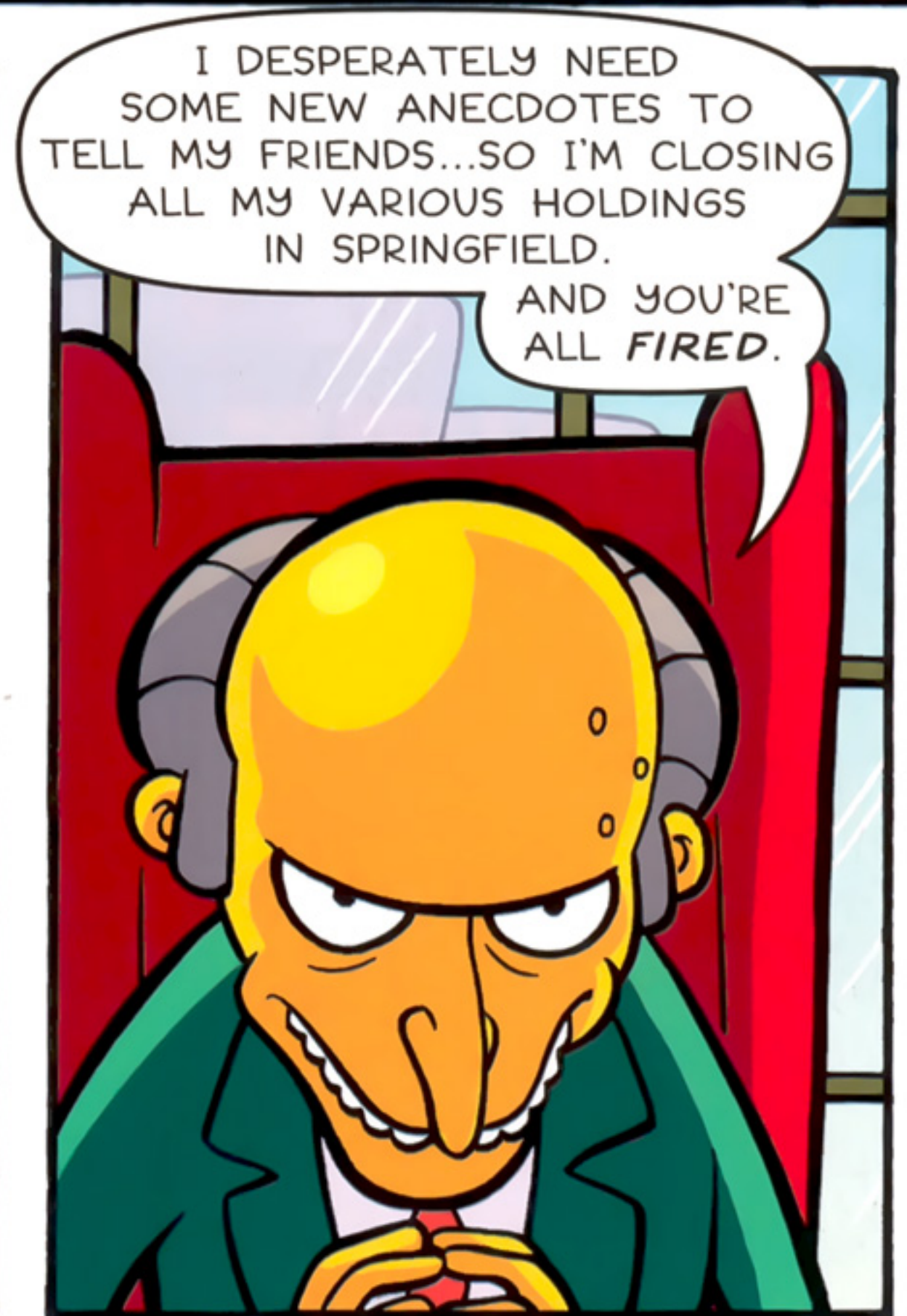
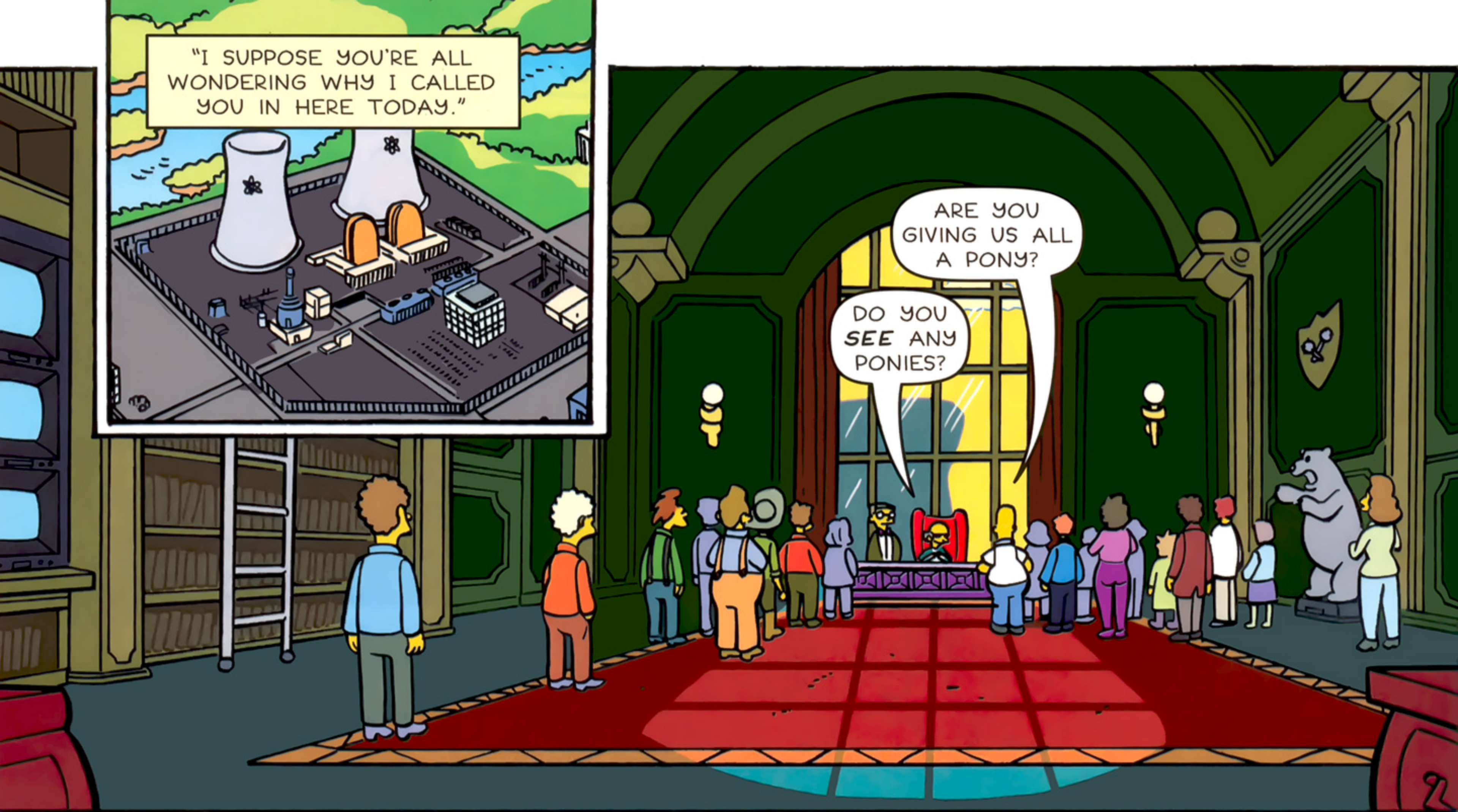
BECAUSE IT WOULD MEAN FINANCIAL RUIN FOR THE TOWN...TO SAY NOTHING OF *YOUR* INCOME, SIR.

BUT IT WOULD MAKE FOR A HUMDINGER OF A TALE AT THE NEXT TAX DODGER'S BALL.



AND THERE'S OUR REGULAR PAYMENTS TO THE ASIAN BANKS, MR. BURNS. I--

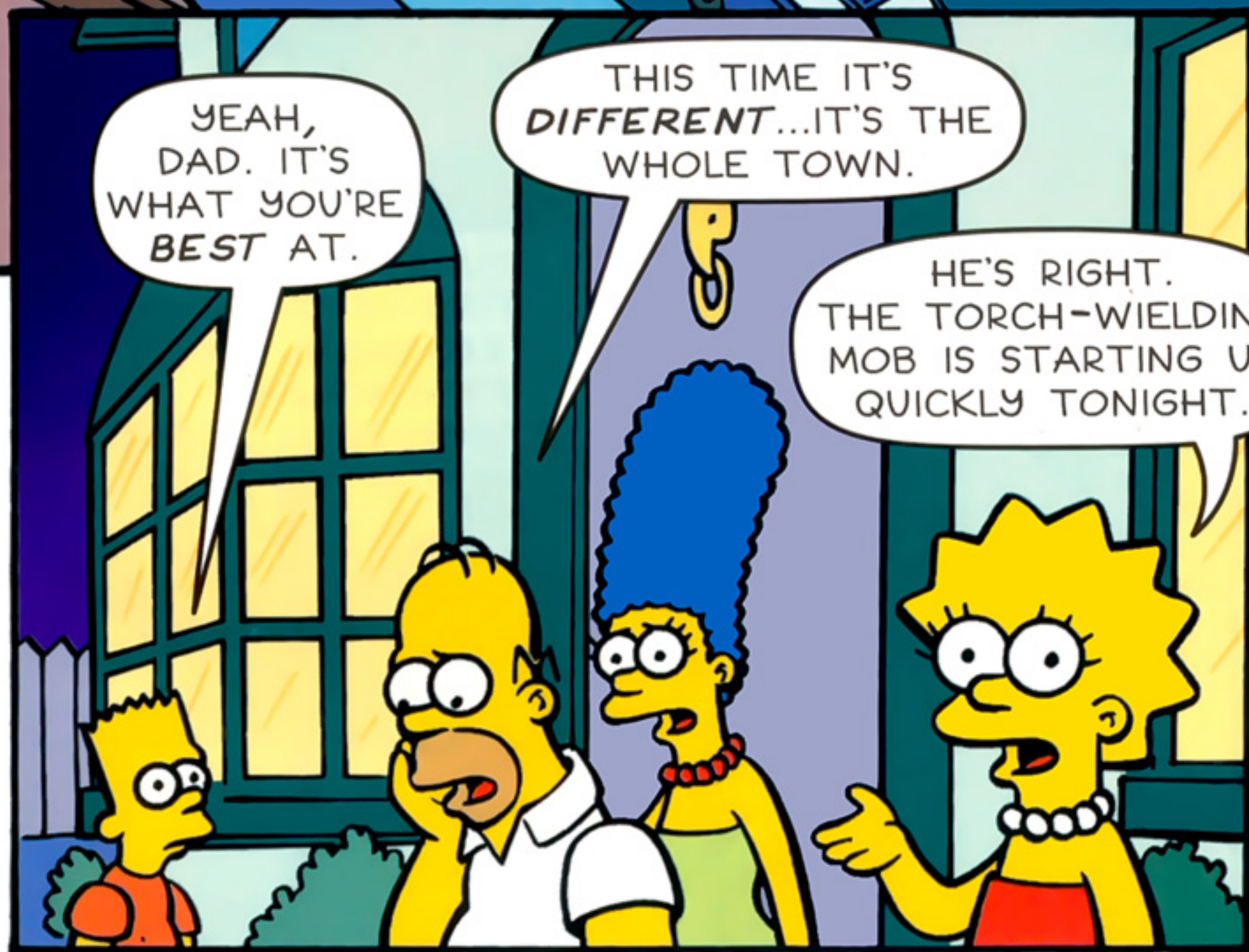
PISH TOSH. YOUR INPUT IS IRRELEVANT. FIRST THING TOMORROW, WE'RE CLOSING DOWN THIS TOWN!





I DIDN'T
EVEN GET
A PONY.

YOU'VE BEEN
FIRED BEFORE,
HOMIE...



YEAH,
DAD. IT'S
WHAT YOU'RE
BEST AT.

THIS TIME IT'S
DIFFERENT...IT'S THE
WHOLE TOWN.

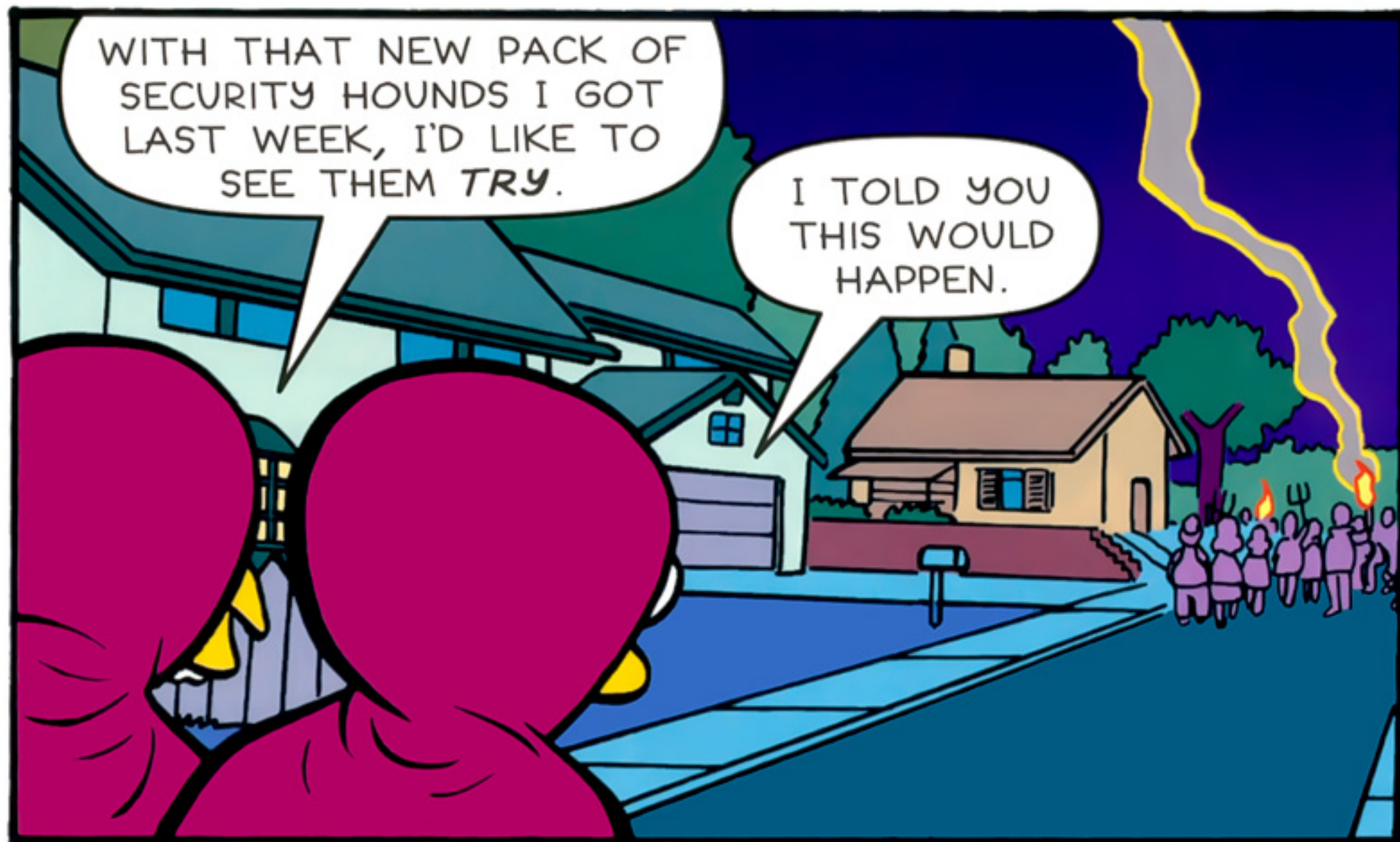
HE'S RIGHT.
THE TORCH-WIELDING
MOB IS STARTING UP
QUICKLY TONIGHT.



WHERE ARE YOU HEADING?
ANYTHING MOB-RELATED I
CAN HELP WITH?

BURNS
CLOSED THE
CRACKER
FACTORY!

WE'RE
GOING TO SET
HIS HOUSE ON
FIRE!



WITH THAT NEW PACK OF
SECURITY HOUNDS I GOT
LAST WEEK, I'D LIKE TO
SEE THEM *TRY*.

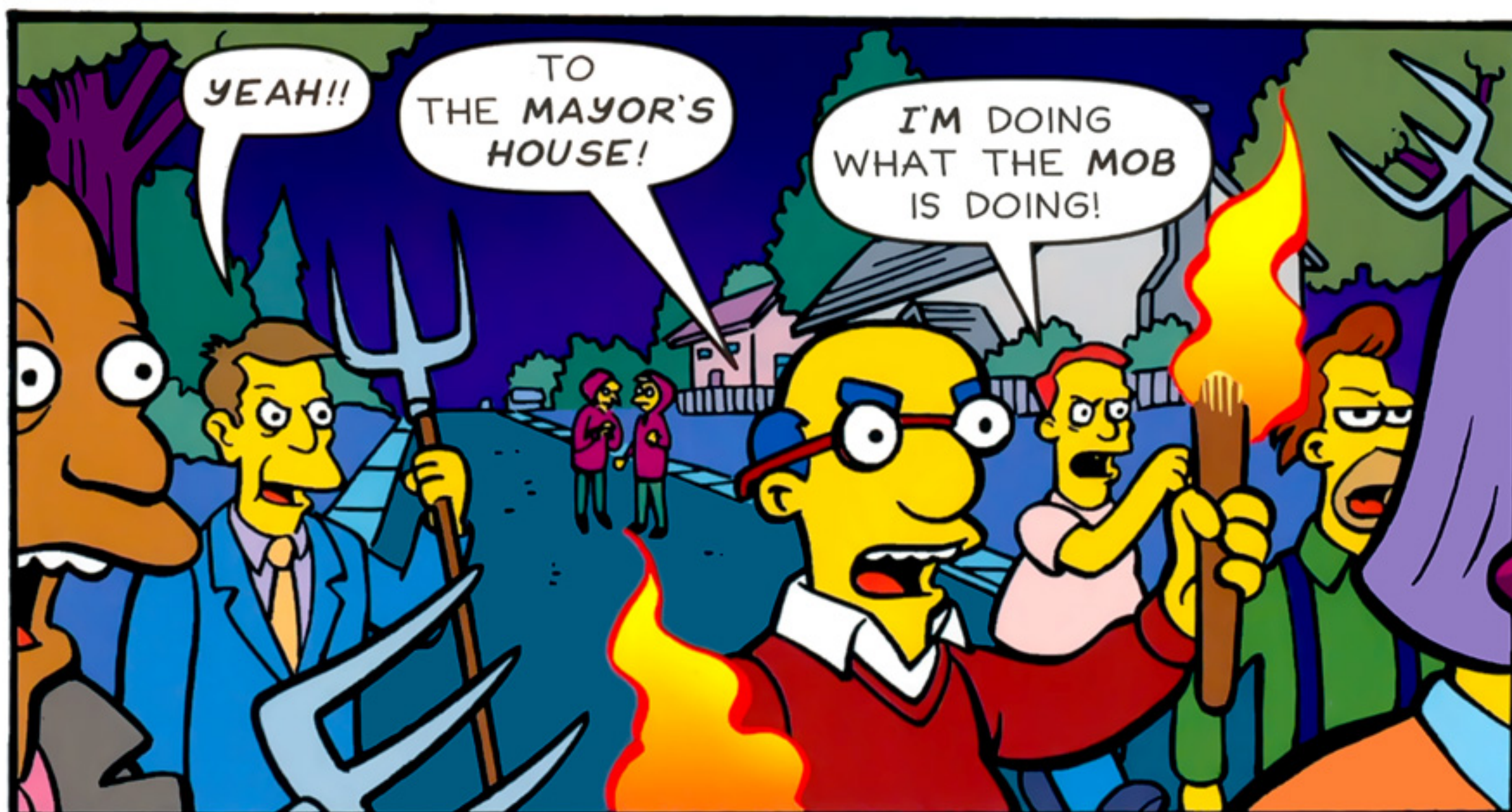
I TOLD YOU
THIS WOULD
HAPPEN.



ENOUGH
NEGATIVE
NINNYING.
DO
YOUR JOB,
SMITHERS.

DON'T BLAME
BURNS!

LET'S HOLD
MAYOR QUIMBY'S
FEET TO THE
FIRE!



YEAH!!

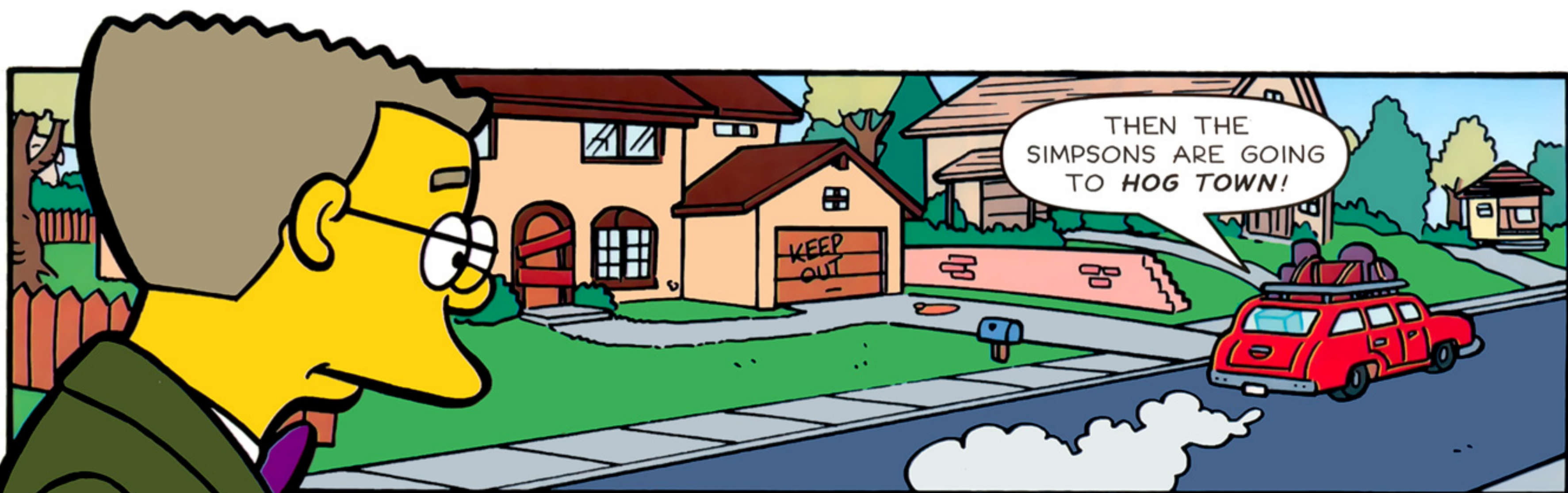
TO
THE MAYOR'S
HOUSE!

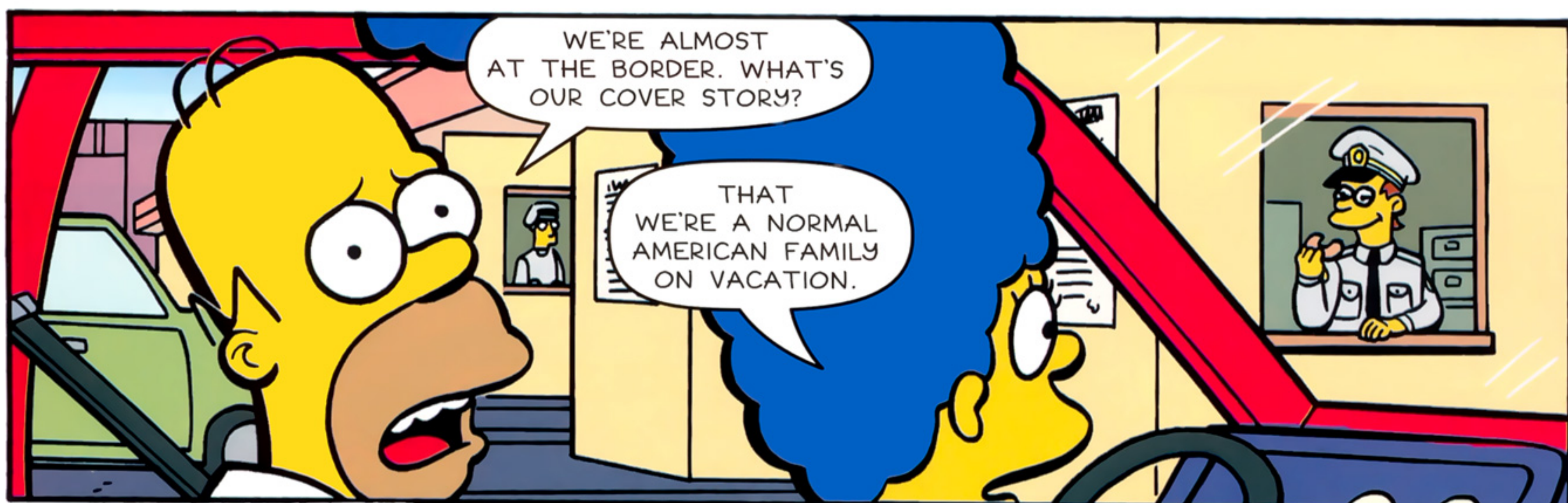
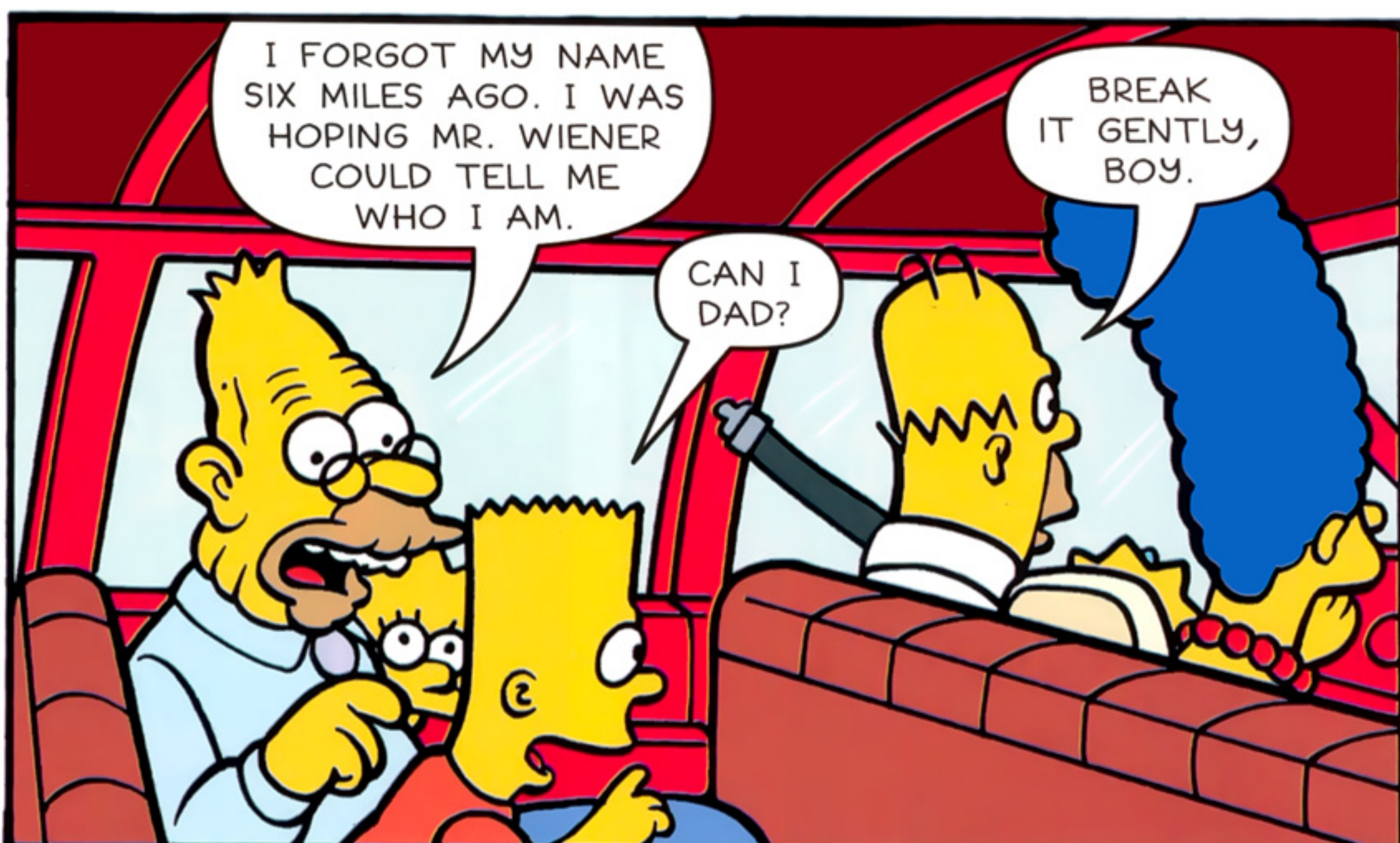
I'M DOING
WHAT THE MOB
IS DOING!

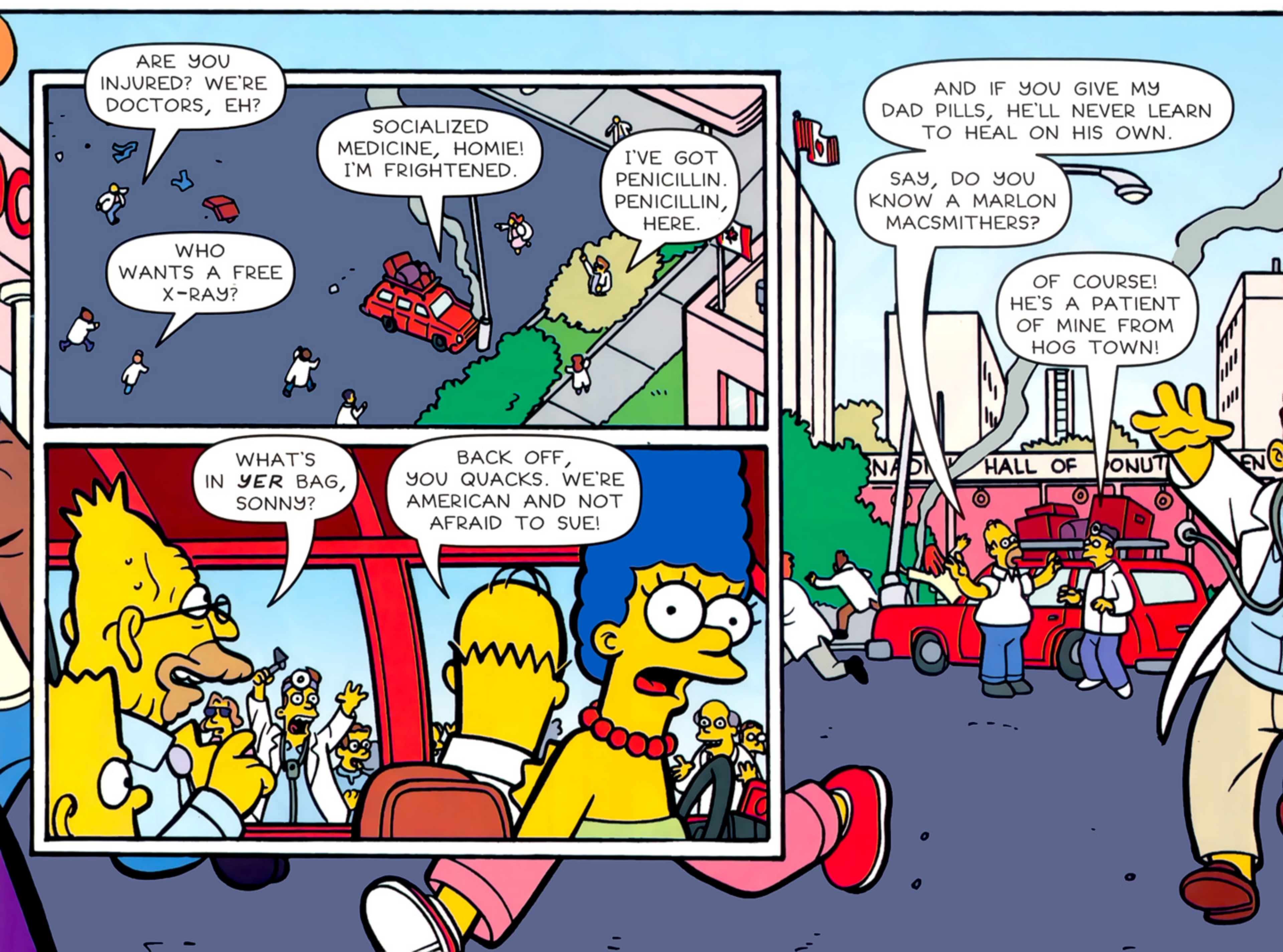
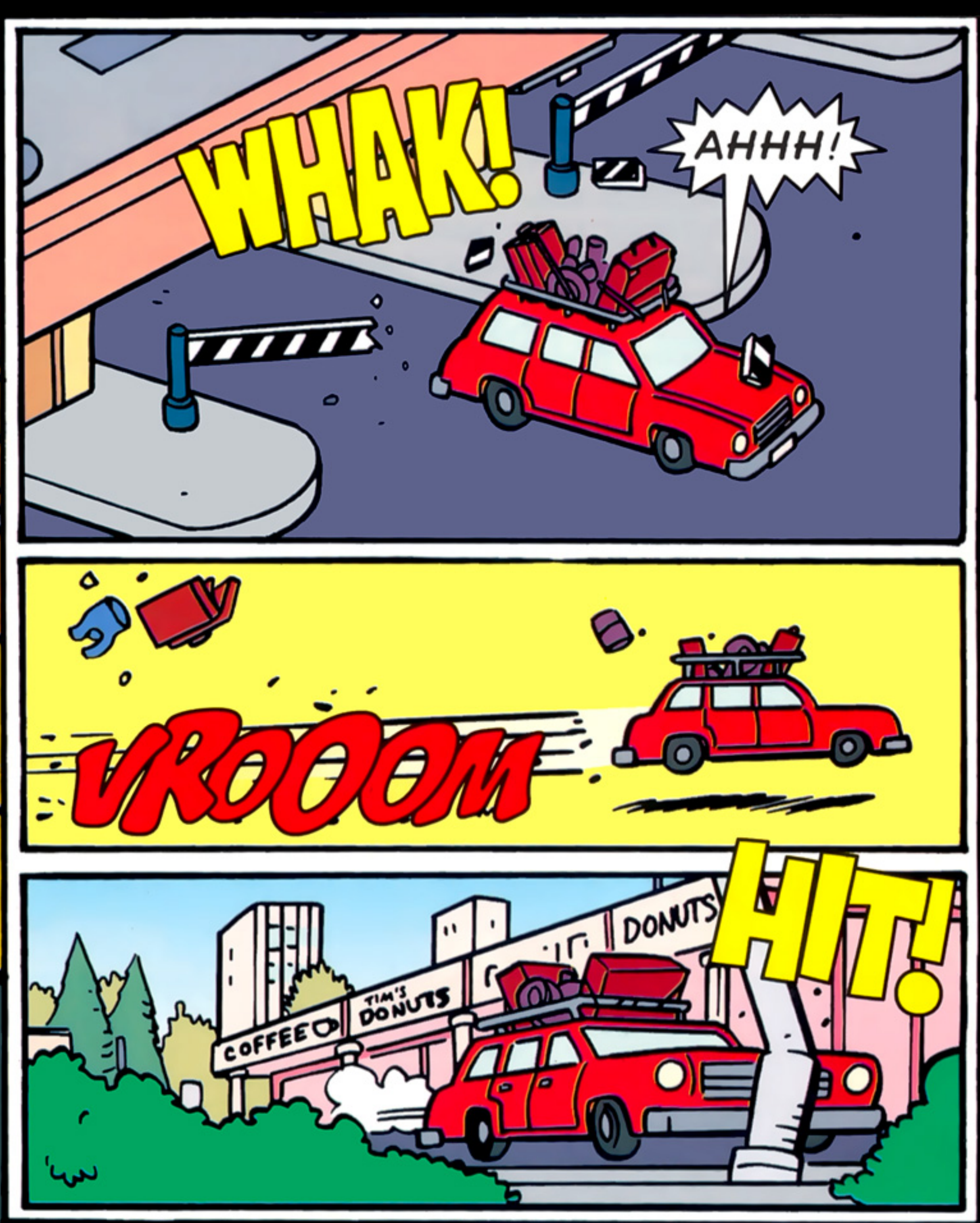


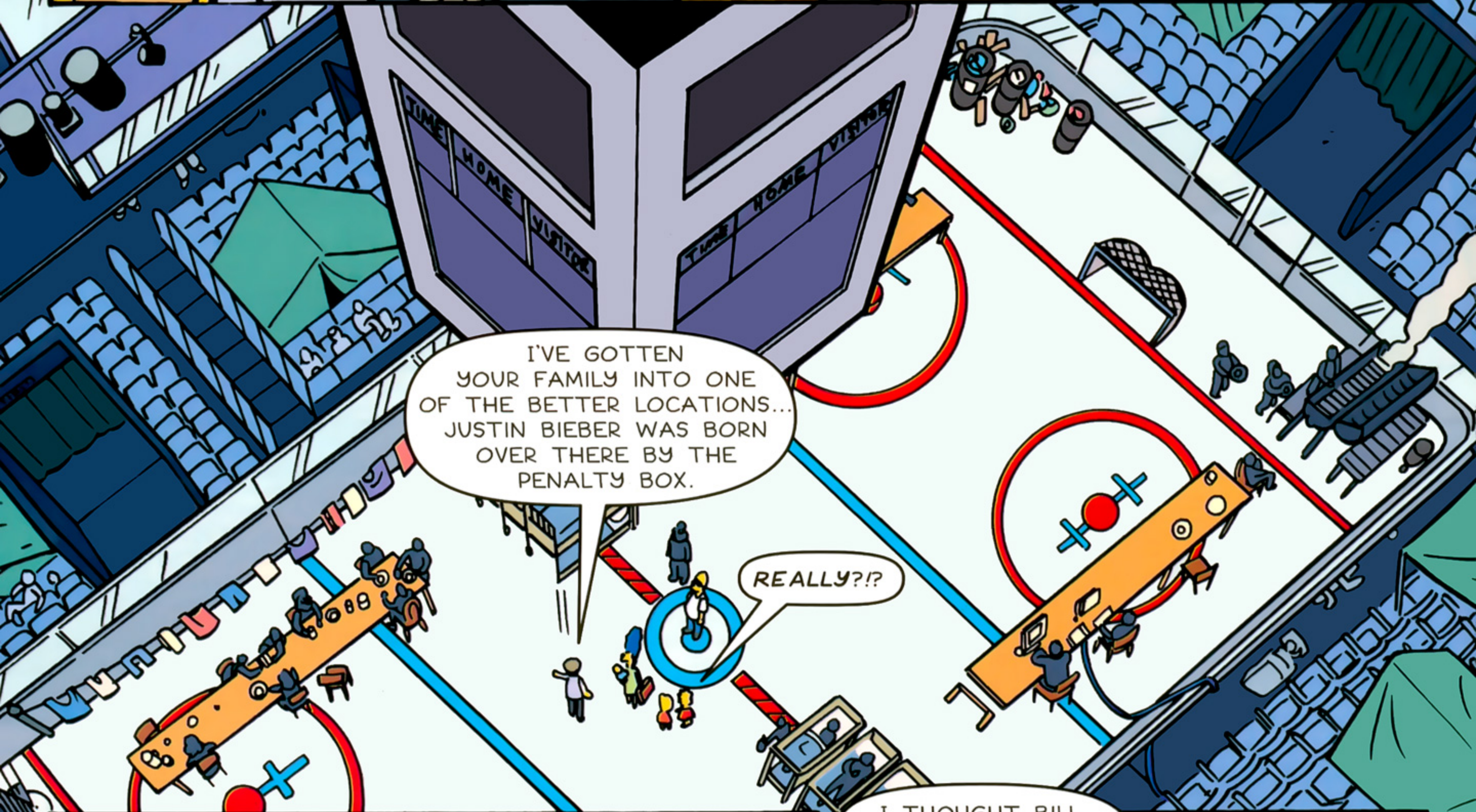
EXCELLENT.

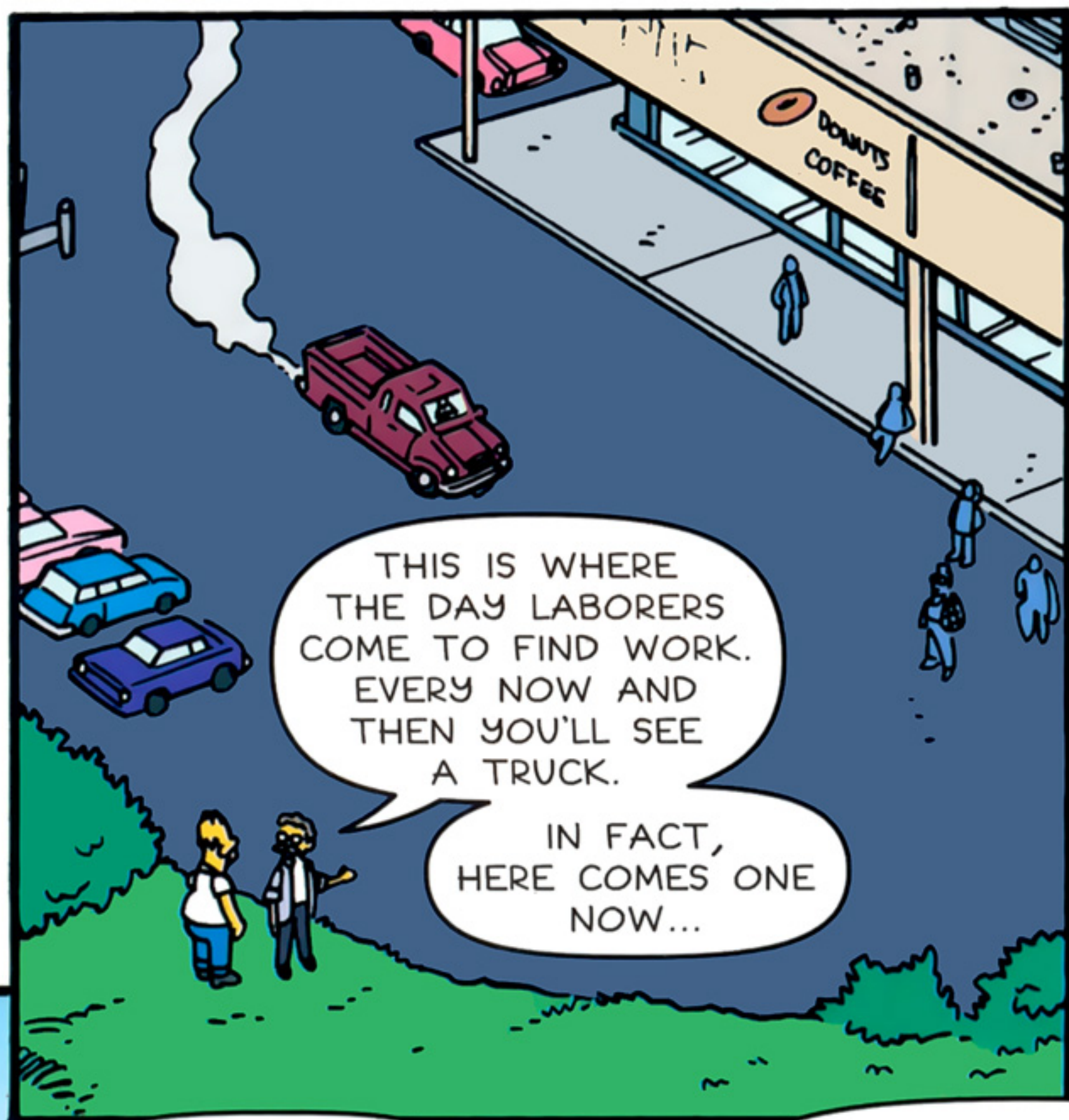










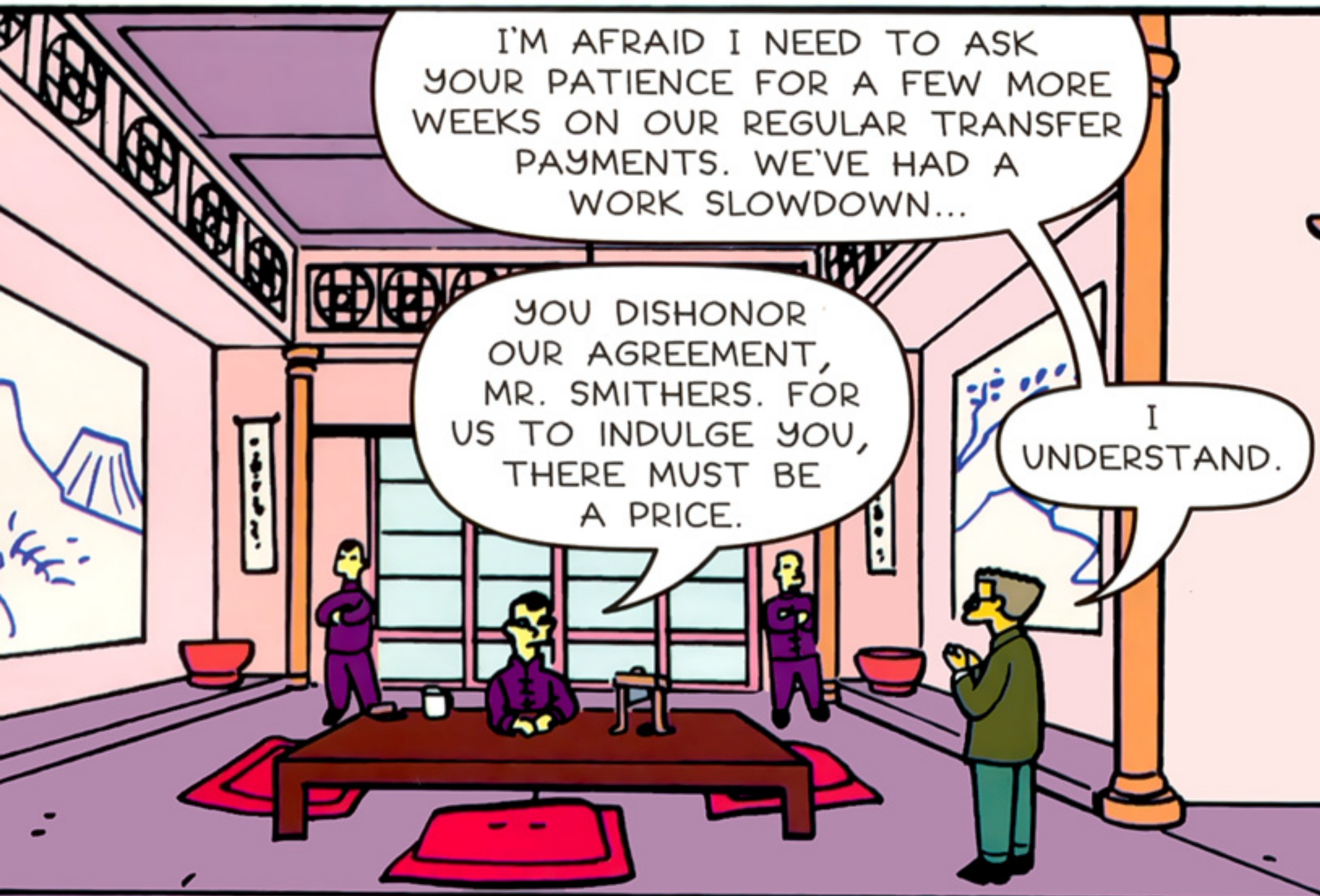




SIGH:
THIS PLACE IS
A GHOST TOWN...AND
FROM THE LOOKS OF
THINGS, IT'S GOING TO
GET WORSE BEFORE IT
GETS BETTER.



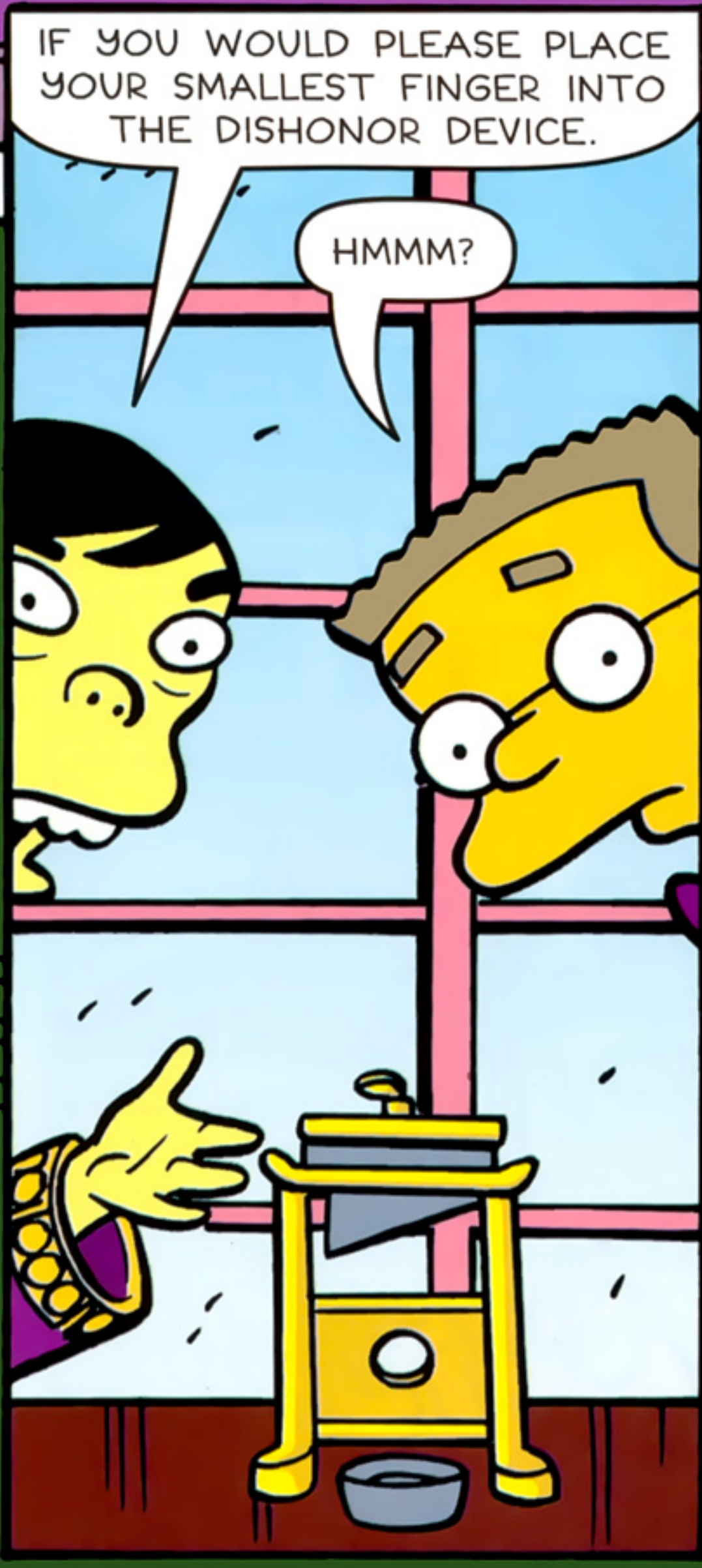
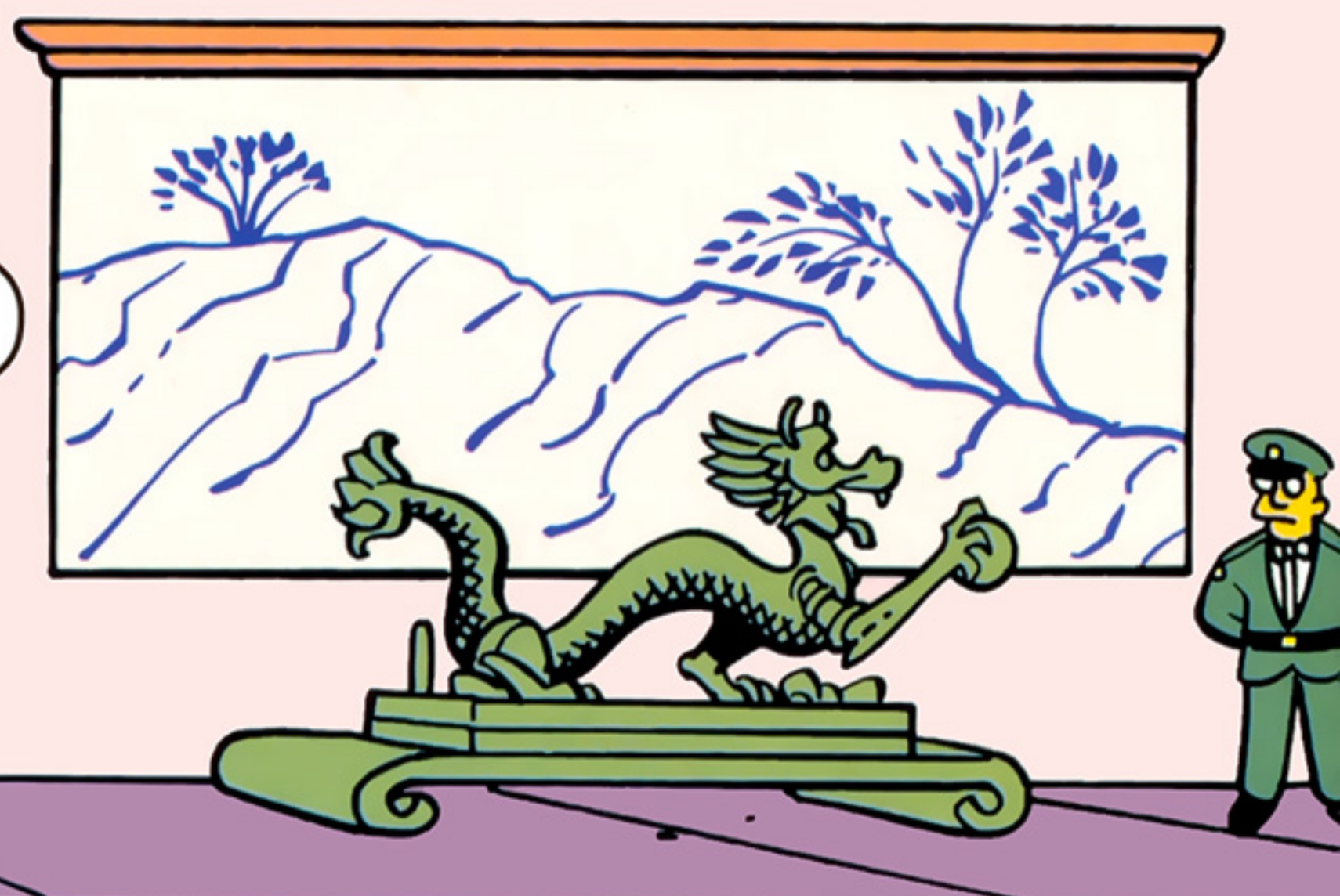
MIGHT AS
WELL GET THIS
OVER WITH...



I'M AFRAID I NEED TO ASK
YOUR PATIENCE FOR A FEW MORE
WEEKS ON OUR REGULAR TRANSFER
PAYMENTS. WE'VE HAD A
WORK SLOWDOWN...

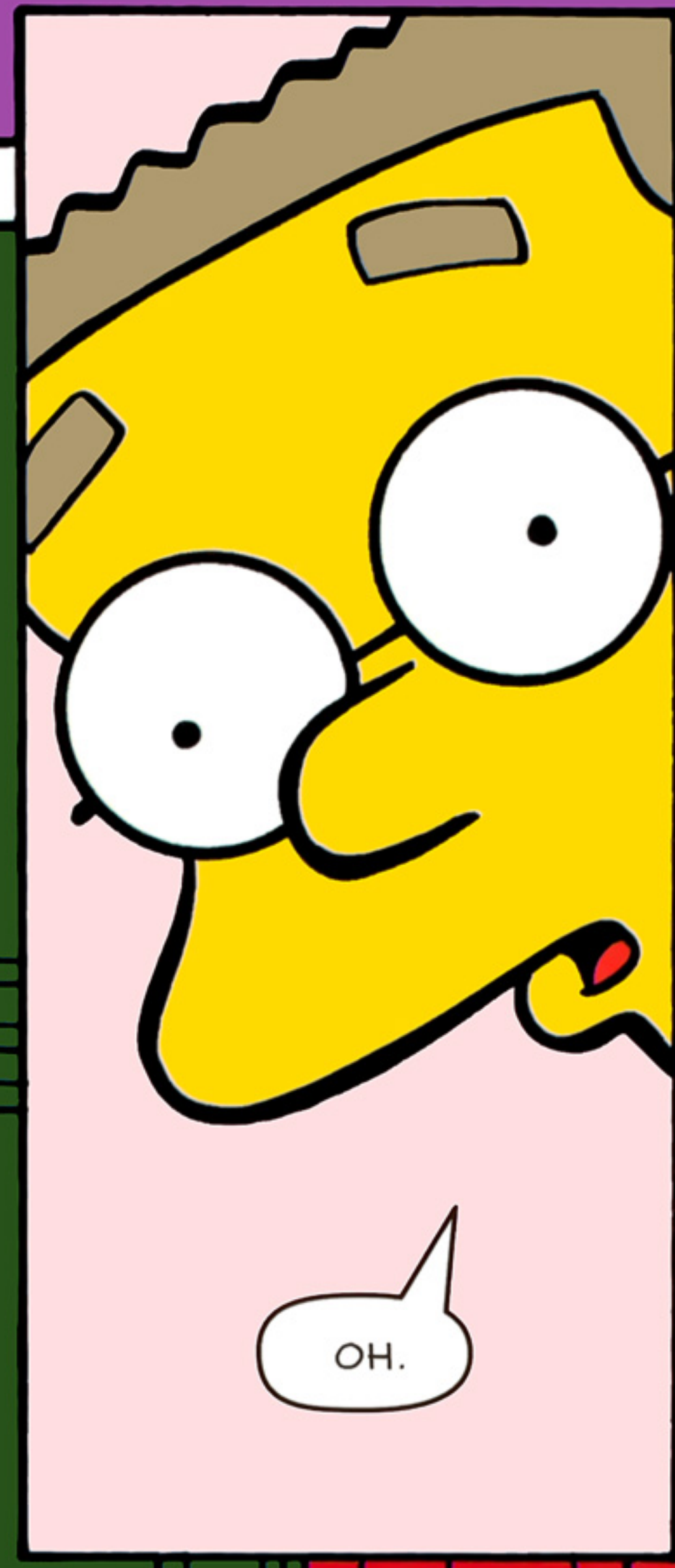
YOU DISHONOR
OUR AGREEMENT,
MR. SMITHERS. FOR
US TO INDULGE YOU,
THERE MUST BE
A PRICE.

I
UNDERSTAND.



IF YOU WOULD PLEASE PLACE
YOUR SMALLEST FINGER INTO
THE DISHONOR DEVICE.

HMMM?



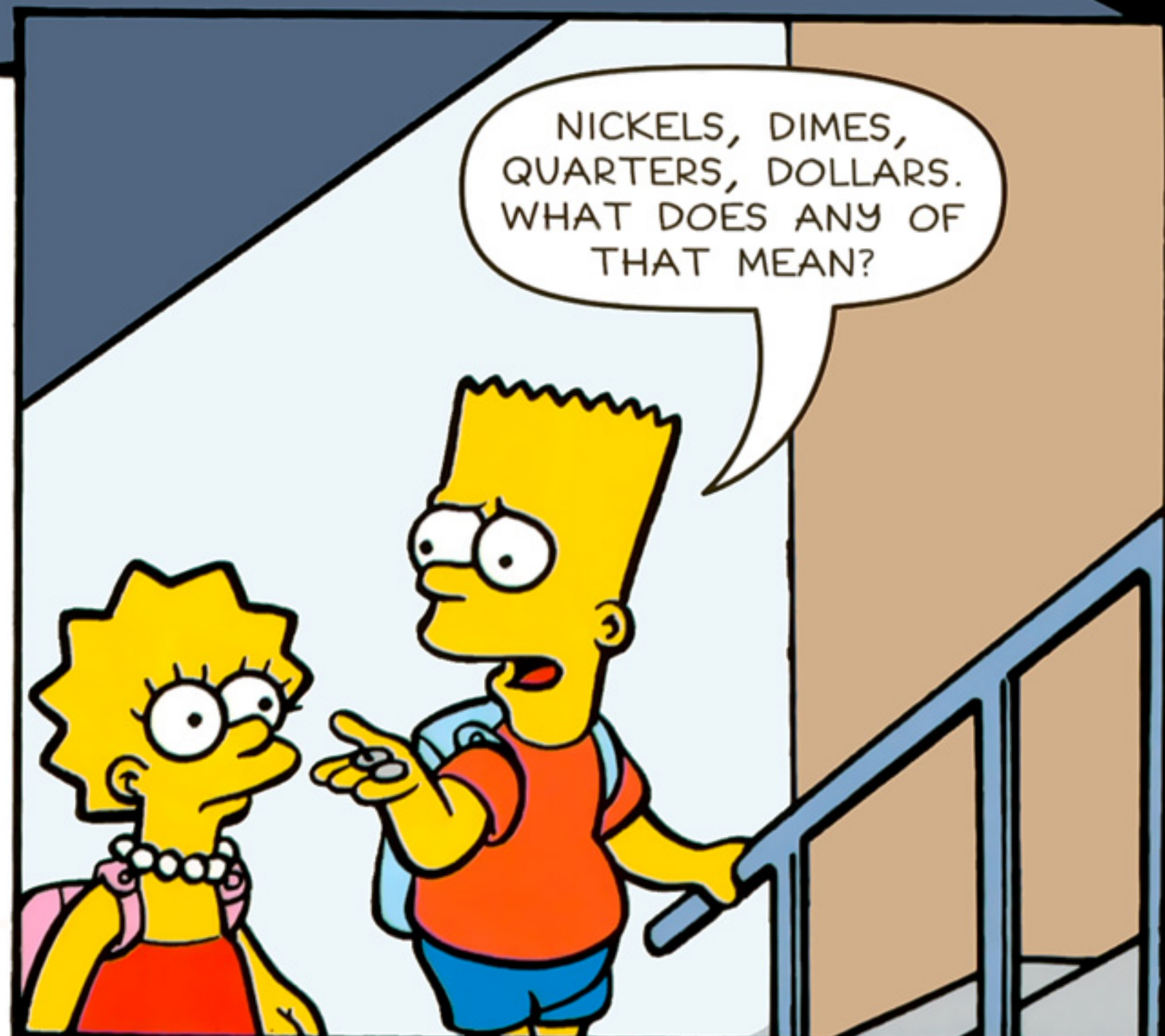
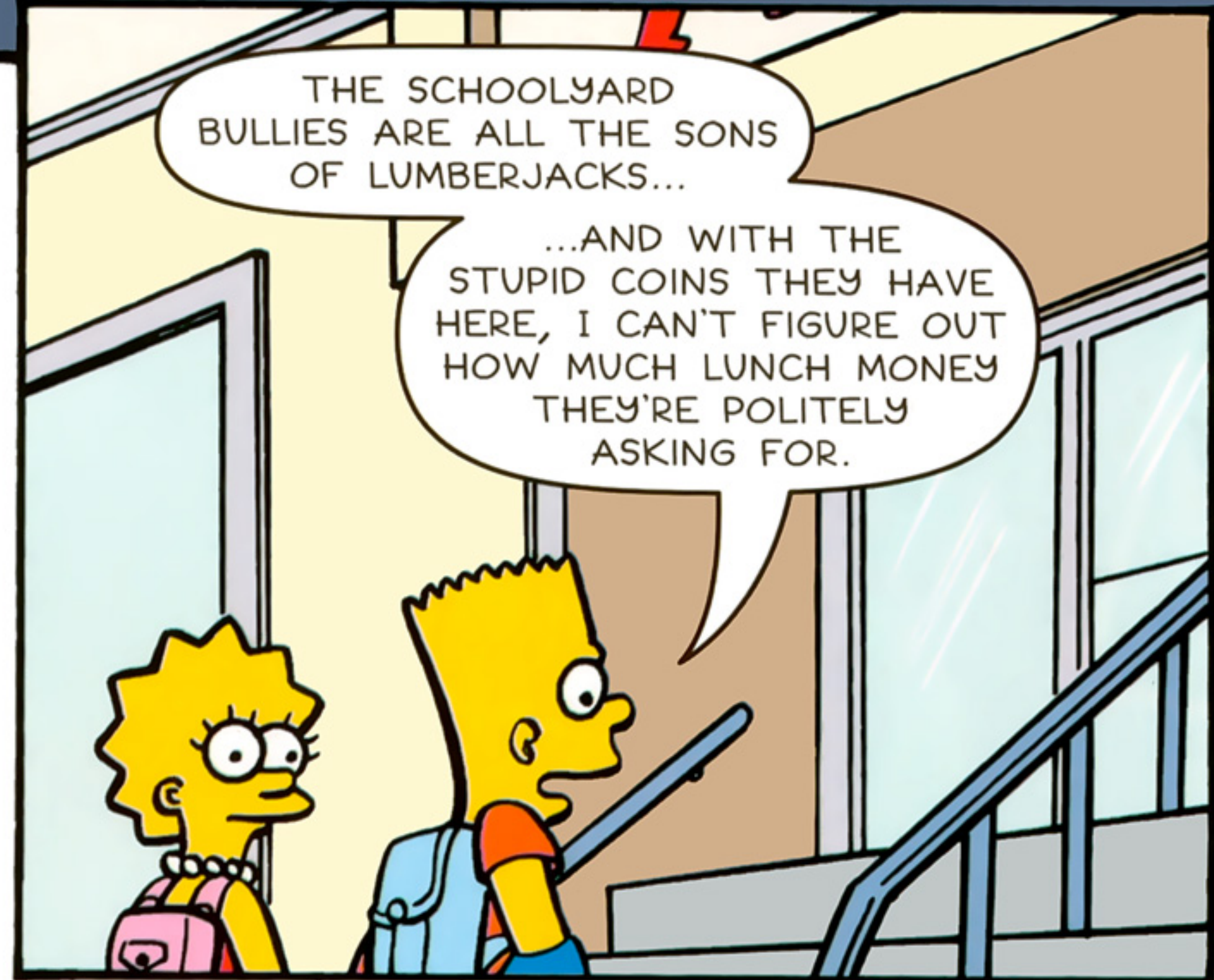
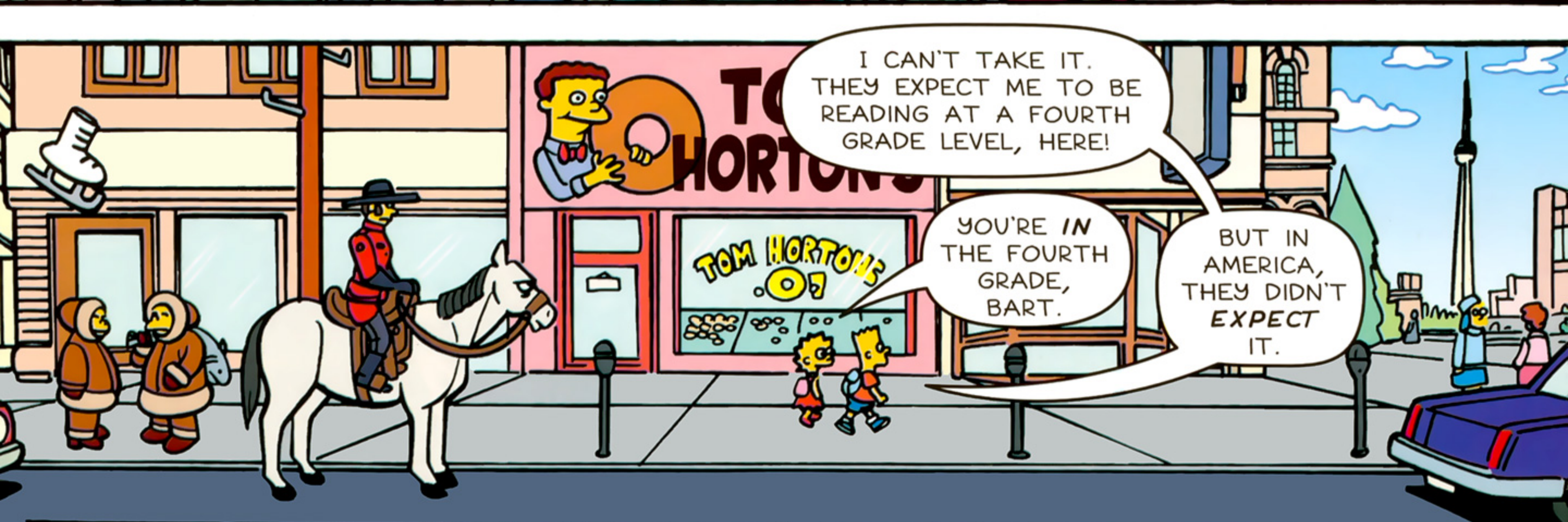
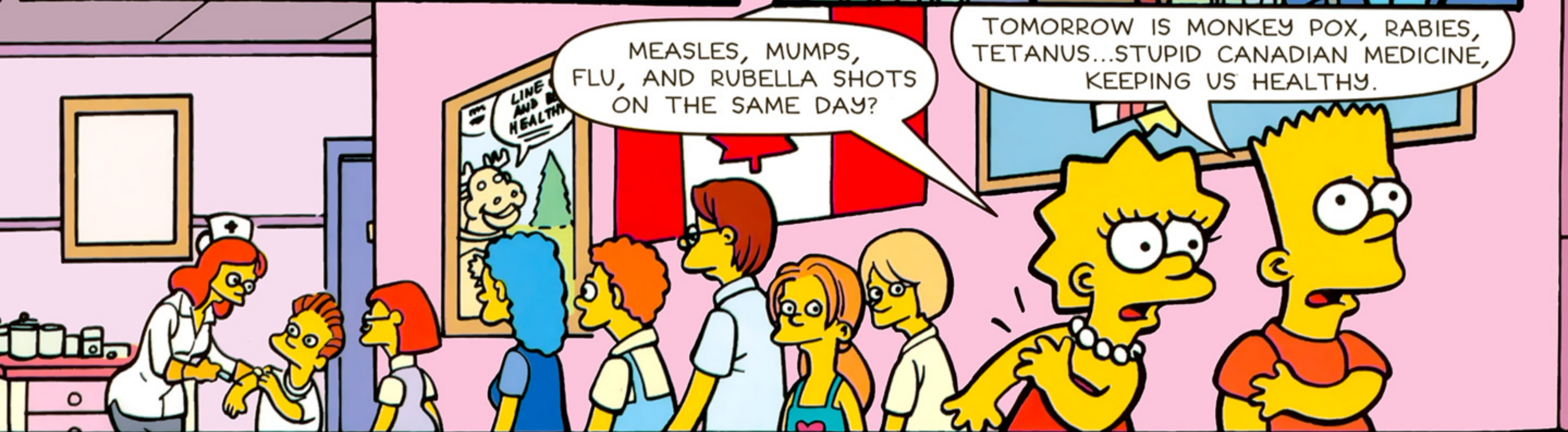
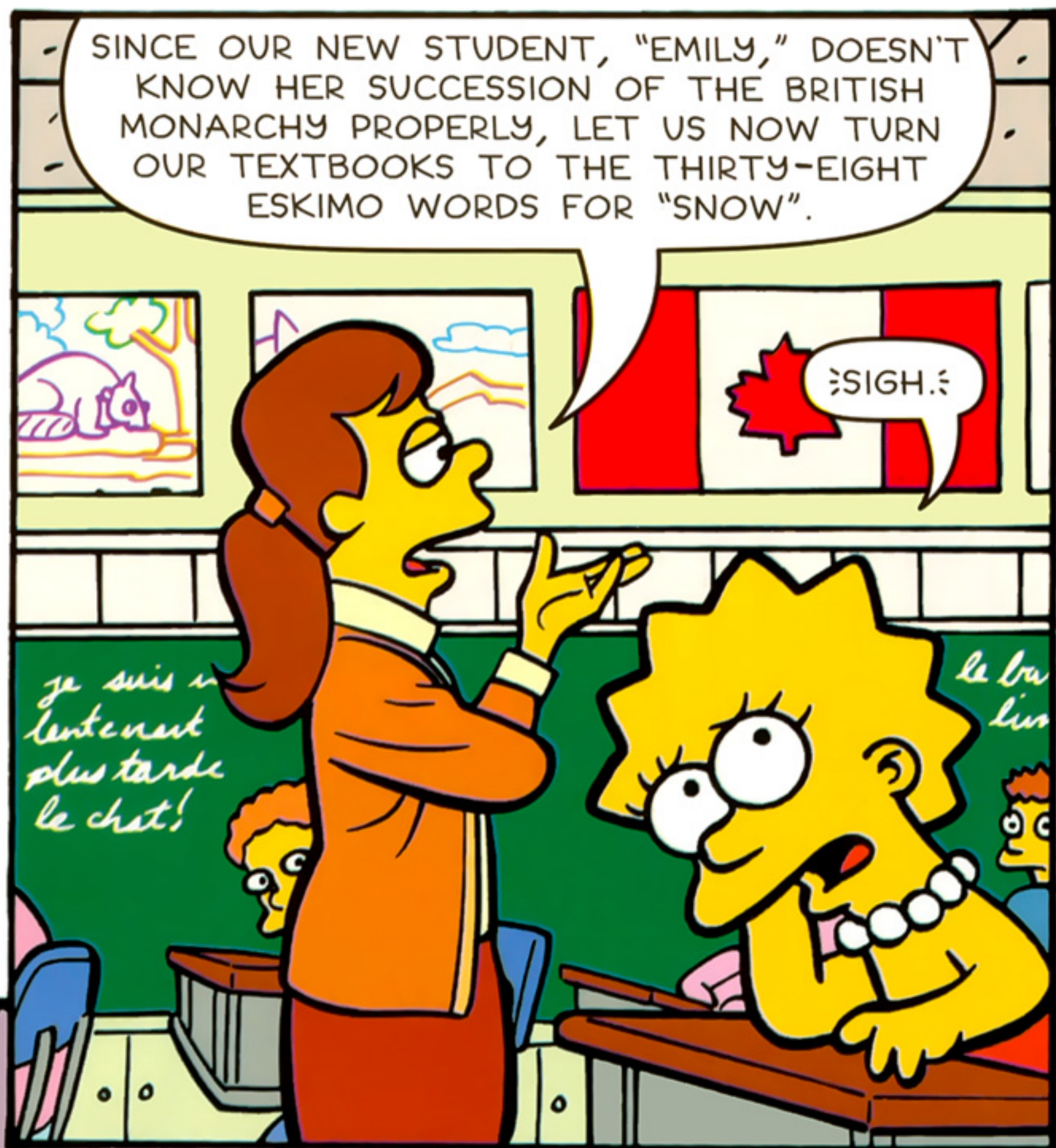
OH.

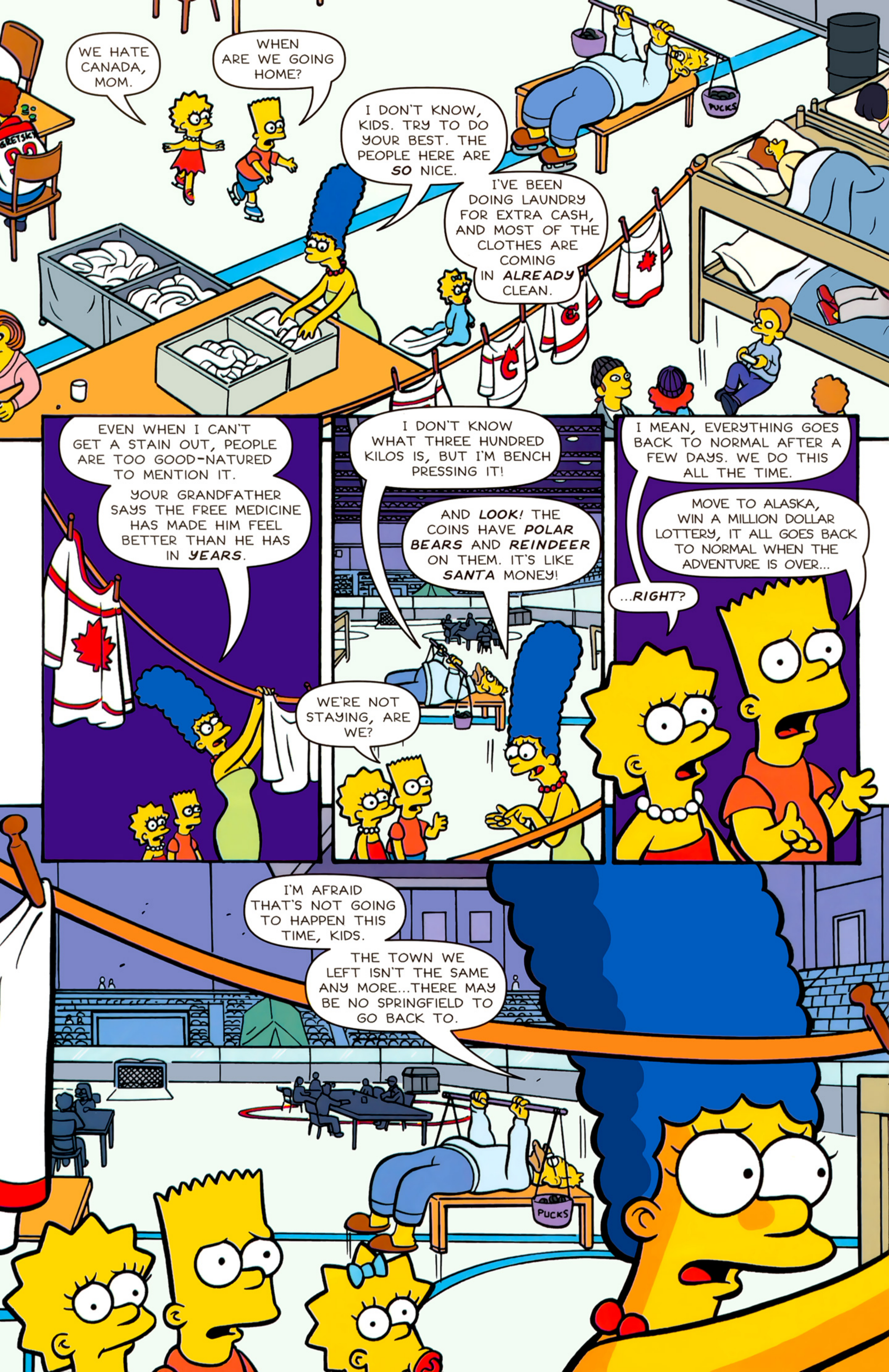


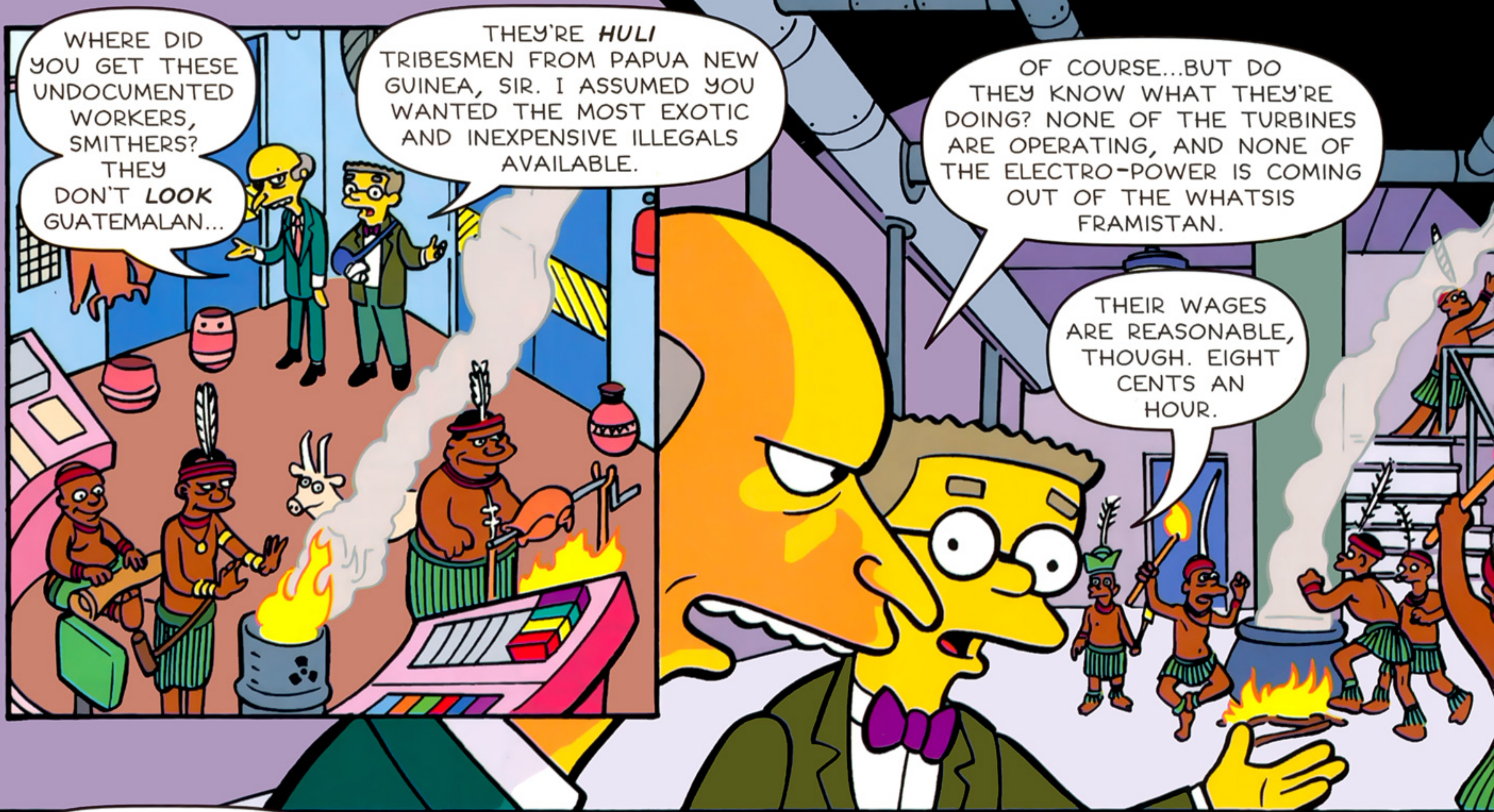
WE NEED TO HIRE
SOMEONE TO RUN
THE PLANT, SIR.

AND OUR HEALTH
PLAN HAS A THREE-HUNDRED
DOLLAR DEDUCTIBLE FOR
REATTACHMENT SURGERY
I'LL NEED TO BE
REIMBURSED FOR.

GET SOME ILLEGAL
ALIENS TO RUN IT, AND
DON'T BOTHER ME WITH
DETAILS. MARY WORTH
IS IN A PICKLE OF
A FIX.







WHERE DID YOU GET THESE UNDOCUMENTED WORKERS, SMITHERS? THEY DON'T **LOOK** GUATEMALAN...

THEY'RE **HULI** TRIBESMEN FROM PAPUA NEW GUINEA, SIR. I ASSUMED YOU WANTED THE MOST EXOTIC AND INEXPENSIVE ILLEGALS AVAILABLE.

OF COURSE...BUT DO THEY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING? NONE OF THE TURBINES ARE OPERATING, AND NONE OF THE ELECTRO-POWER IS COMING OUT OF THE WHATSIS FRAMISTAN.

THEIR WAGES ARE REASONABLE, THOUGH. EIGHT CENTS AN HOUR.



THIS ALL BETTER WORK OUT, SMITHERS. IF IT DOESN'T...

...THERE'S NO ONE TO BLAME BUT YOU.

OH, LOOK AT THE TIME...IT'S EXACTLY 4:30...



...I HAVE TO MAKE A PRIVATE PHONE CALL. EXCUSE ME.

YES. TAKE A MOMENT.

IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'RE THE HIGHEST PAID EMPLOYEE HERE...



SO...

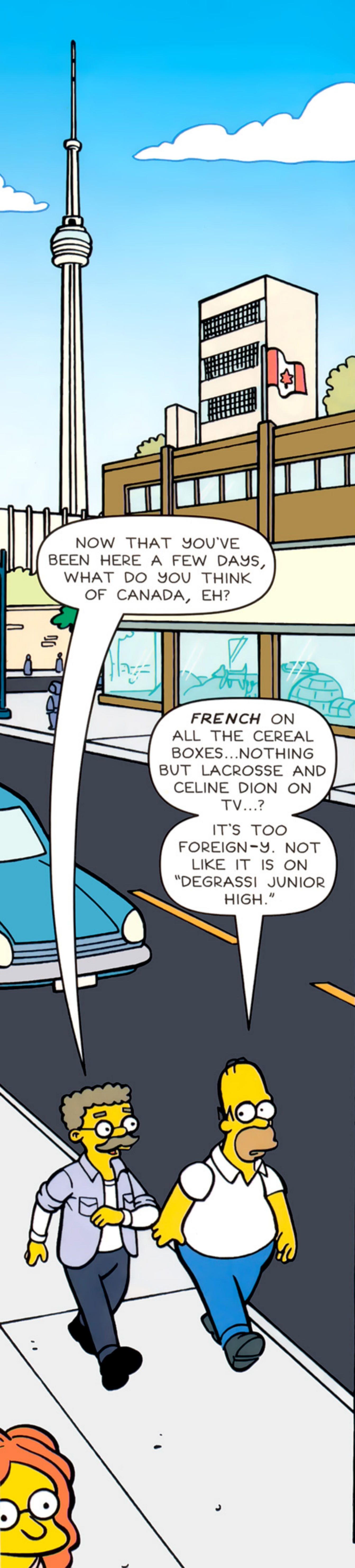
NEW TO THE AREA?

WE HAVE SOME LOVELY LOCAL PARKS.



SMITHERS! THESE FELLOWS AREN'T PRACTICING CANNIBALS, ARE THEY?

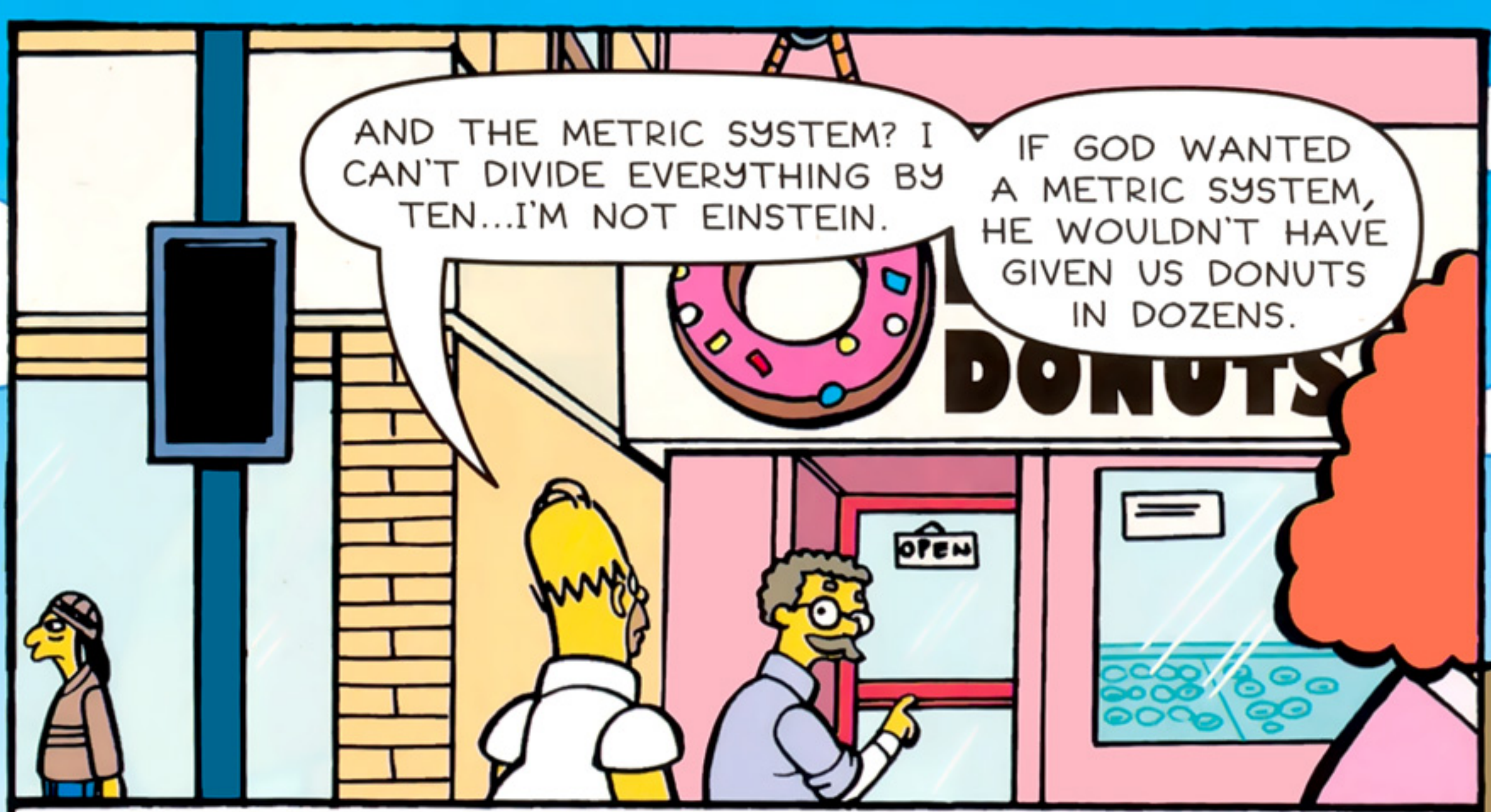
THEY MIGHT BE. LET ME LOOK IT UP ON WIKIPEDIA.



NOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN HERE A FEW DAYS, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF CANADA, EH?

FRENCH ON ALL THE CEREAL BOXES...NOTHING BUT LACROSSE AND CELINE DION ON TV...?

IT'S TOO FOREIGN-Y. NOT LIKE IT IS ON "DEGRASSI JUNIOR HIGH."



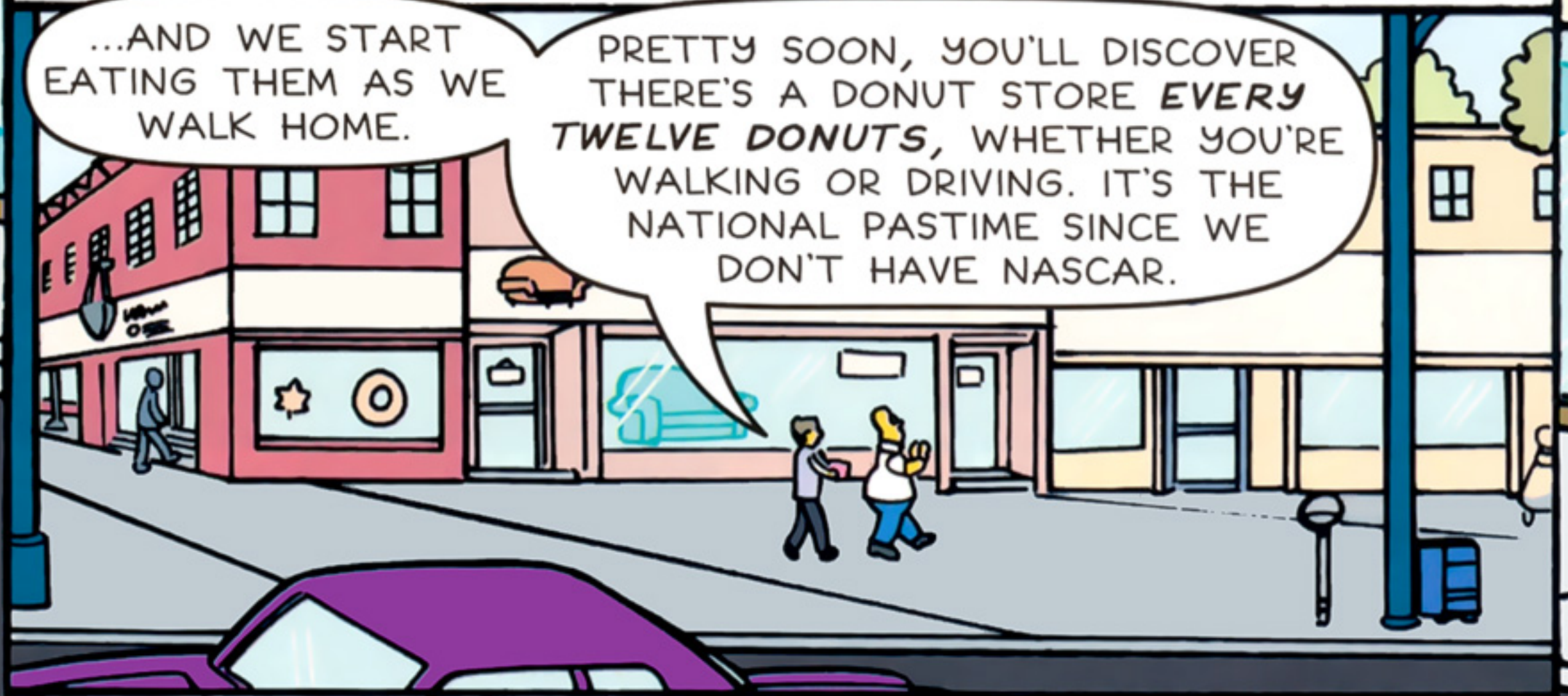
AND THE METRIC SYSTEM? I CAN'T DIVIDE EVERYTHING BY TEN...I'M NOT EINSTEIN.

IF GOD WANTED A METRIC SYSTEM, HE WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN US DONUTS IN DOZENS.



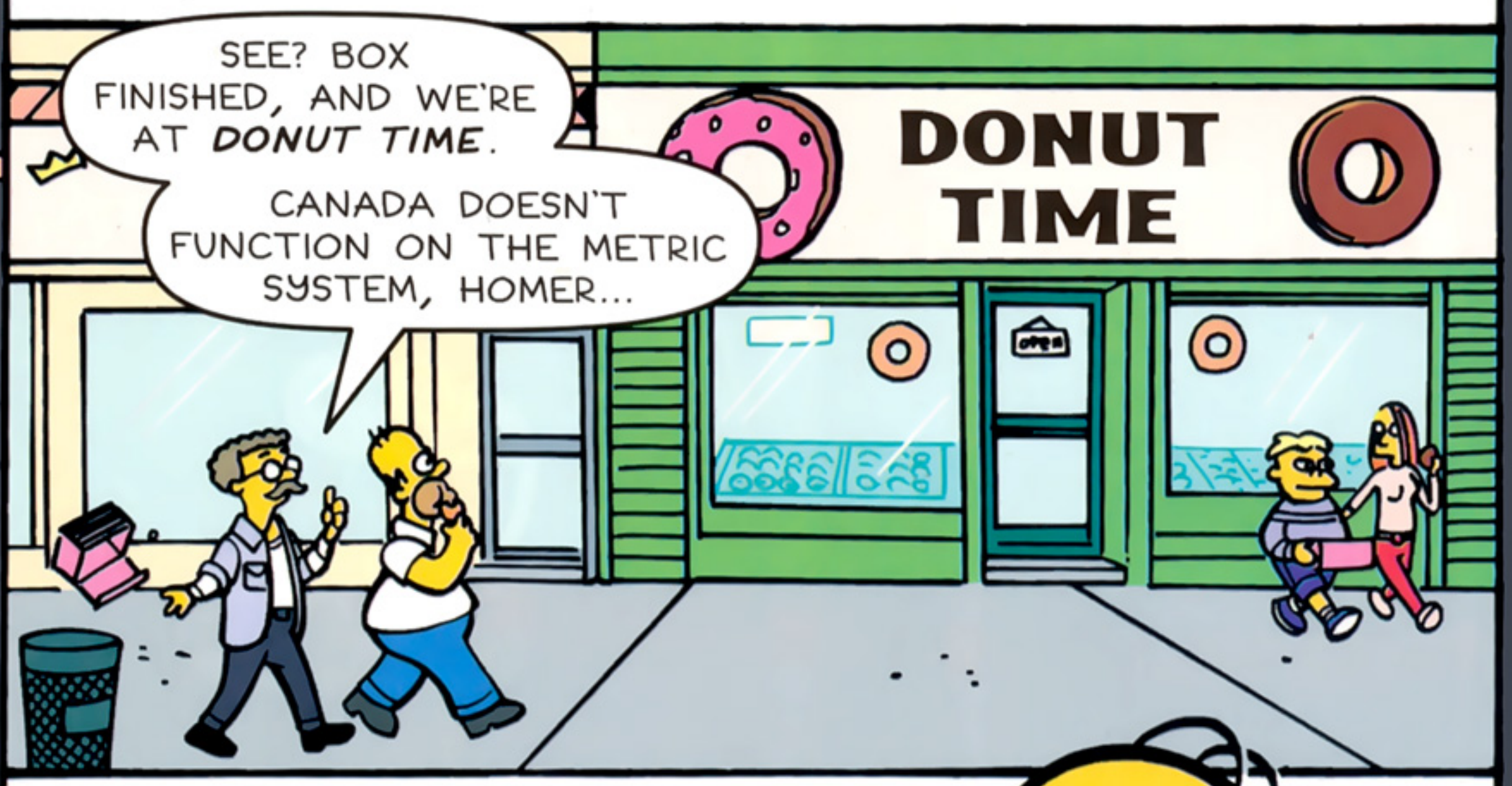
ACTUALLY, THERE'S A SECRET REASON FOR THE DOZEN DONUTS, HOMER. WATCH THIS...

LET'S BUY TWELVE HERE AT LAND OF DONUTS...



...AND WE START EATING THEM AS WE WALK HOME.

PRETTY SOON, YOU'LL DISCOVER THERE'S A DONUT STORE **EVERY TWELVE DONUTS**, WHETHER YOU'RE WALKING OR DRIVING. IT'S THE NATIONAL PASTIME SINCE WE DON'T HAVE NASCAR.



SEE? BOX FINISHED, AND WE'RE AT **DONUT TIME**.

CANADA DOESN'T FUNCTION ON THE METRIC SYSTEM, HOMER...



...WE'RE ON THE **DONUT SYSTEM**.

OOOH...



THE NEXT DAY...

I HAVE TO REHIRE **ALL** MY FORMER EMPLOYEES?

THE CHIEF SAYS IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO STAY OUT OF JAIL.

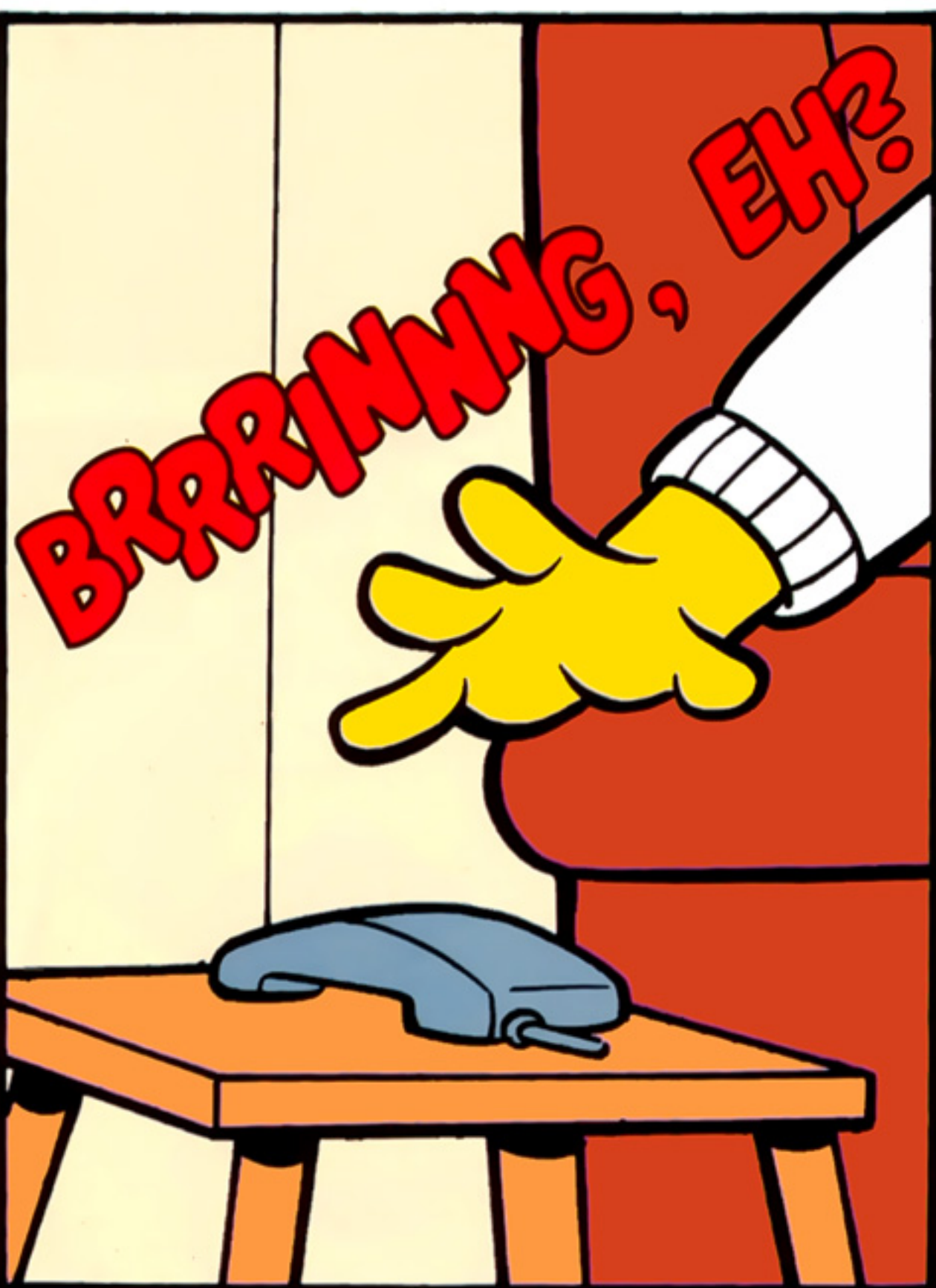
BUT THEY MUST HAVE SCATTERED TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE WORLD BY NOW.

HERE'S A LIST OF CONTACT NUMBERS YOU CAN TRY.

GOOD LORD! SOME OF THESE ARE LONG DISTANCE. I'M NOT **MADE** OF MONEY.

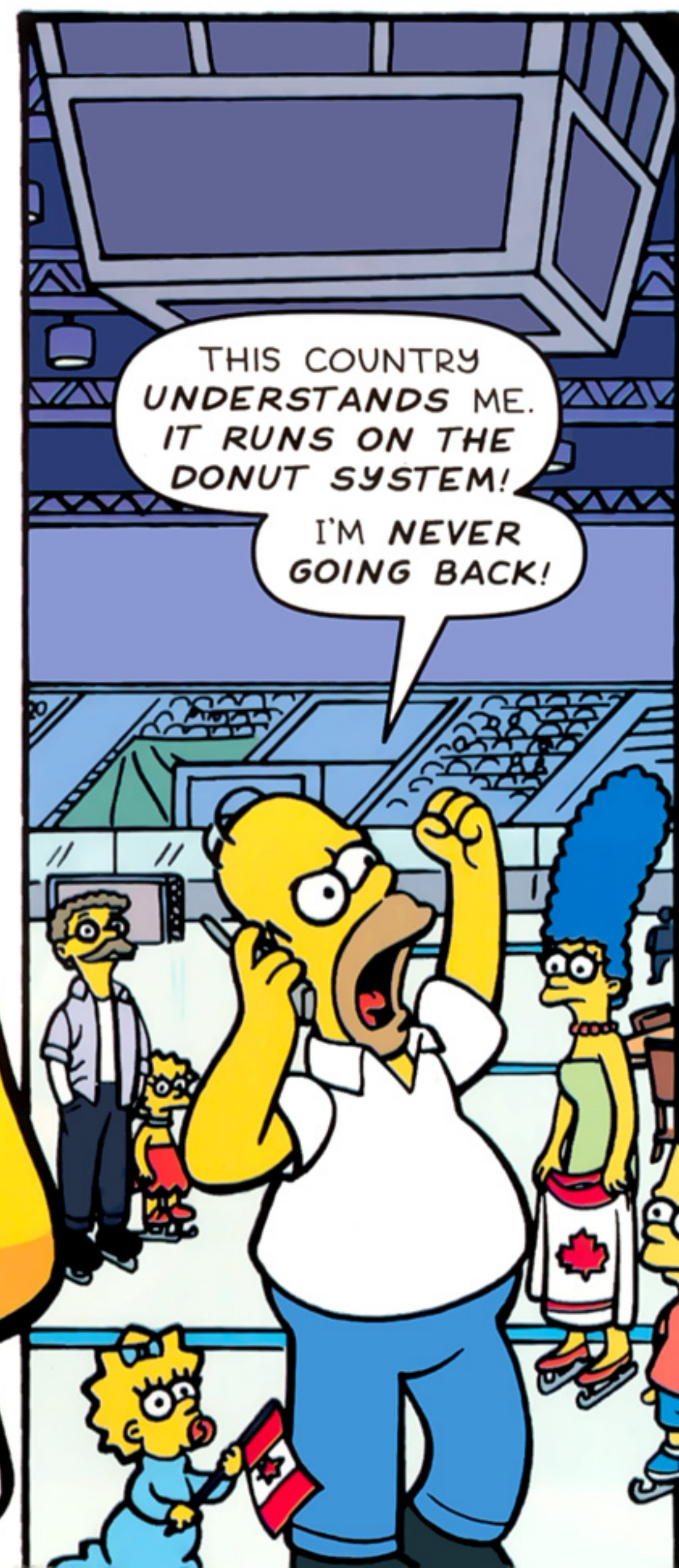
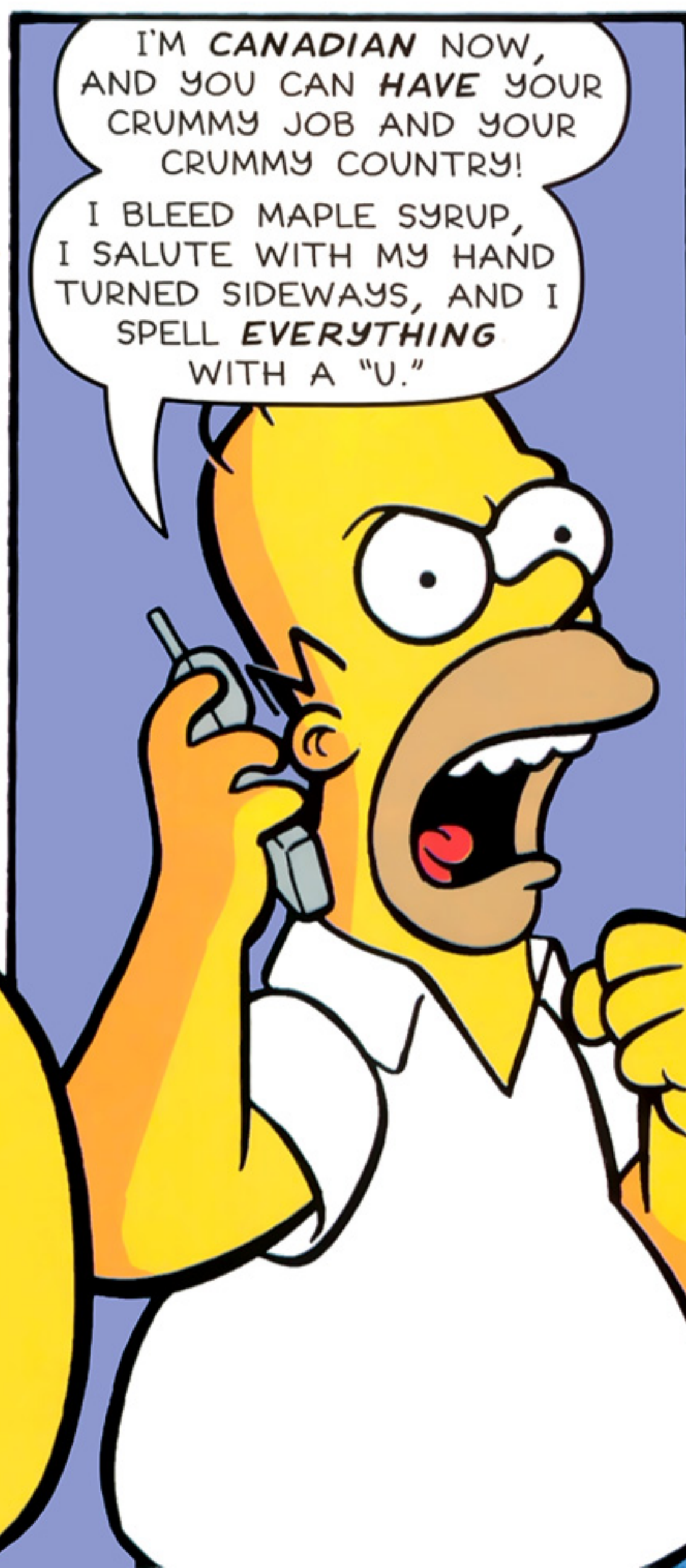
CHIEF WIGGUM INSISTS YOU HAVE NO CHOICE, SIR.

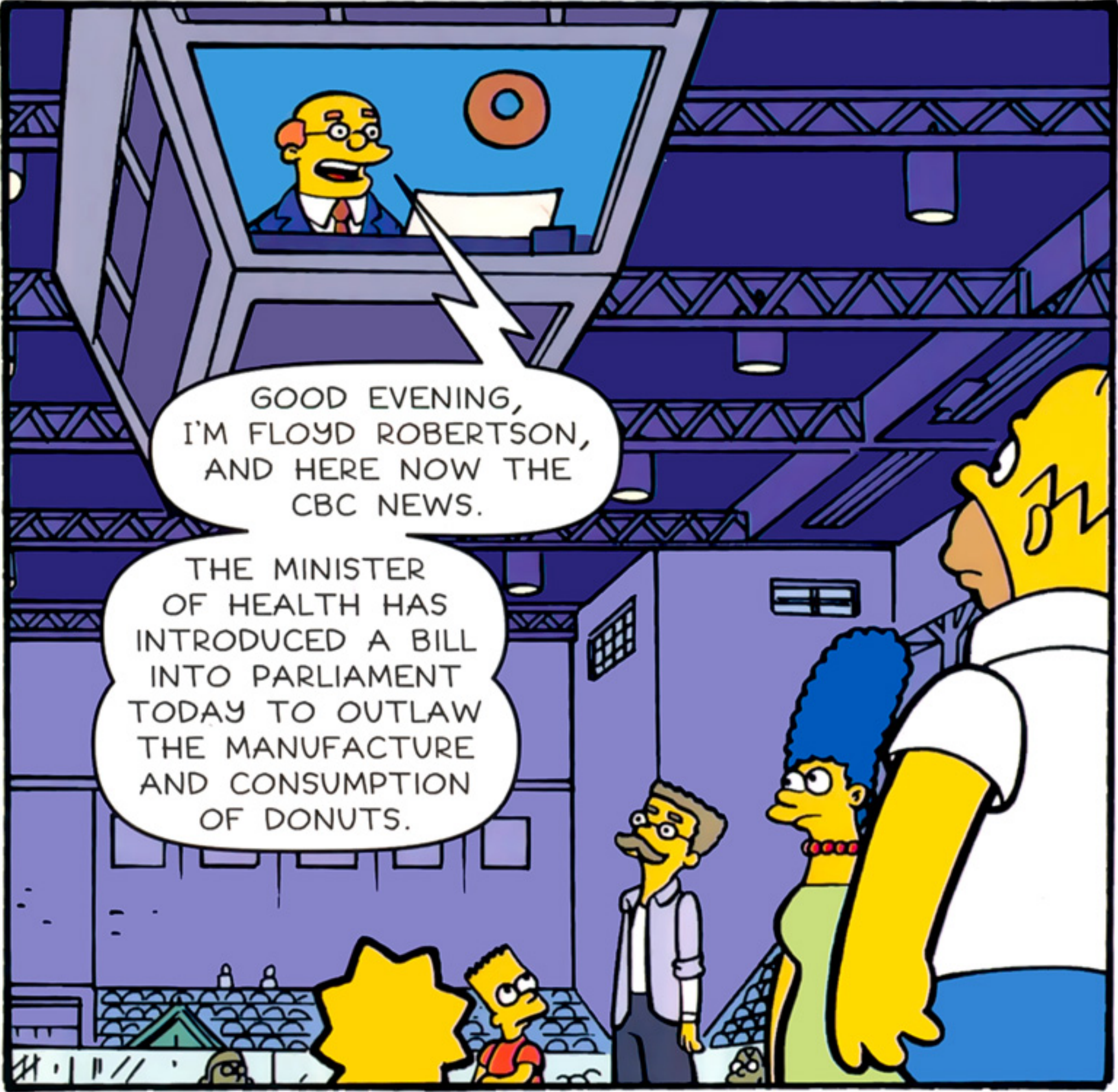
YEAH. WHATEVER... NO CHOICE. AND I NEED A SODA WITH THIS SANDWICH, OR SOMEONE'S GOING TO JAIL.

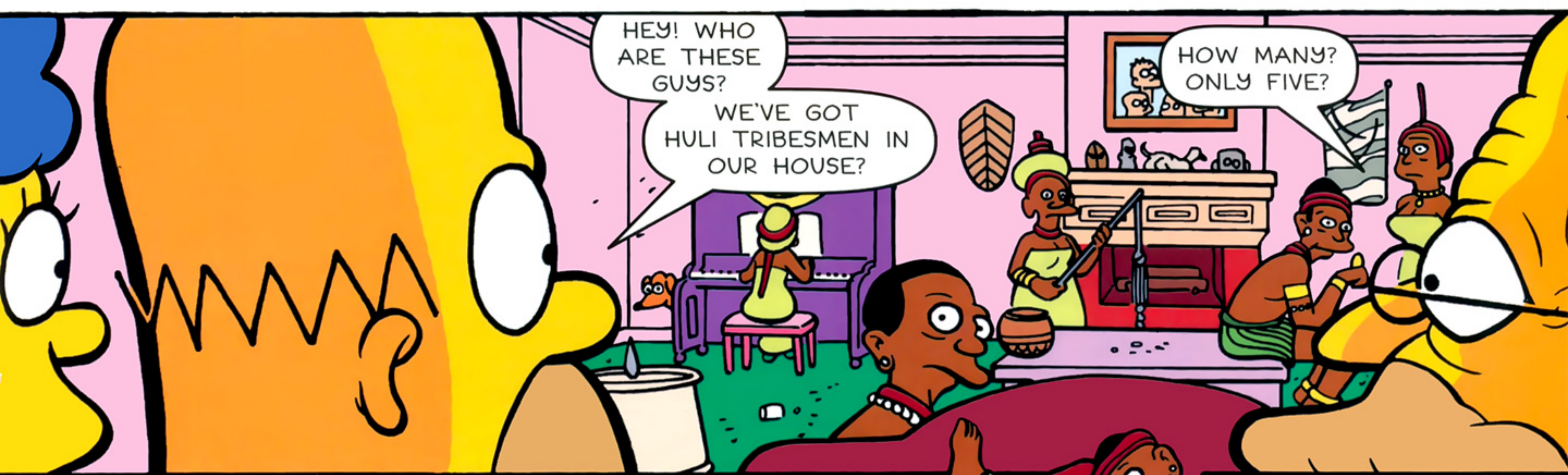
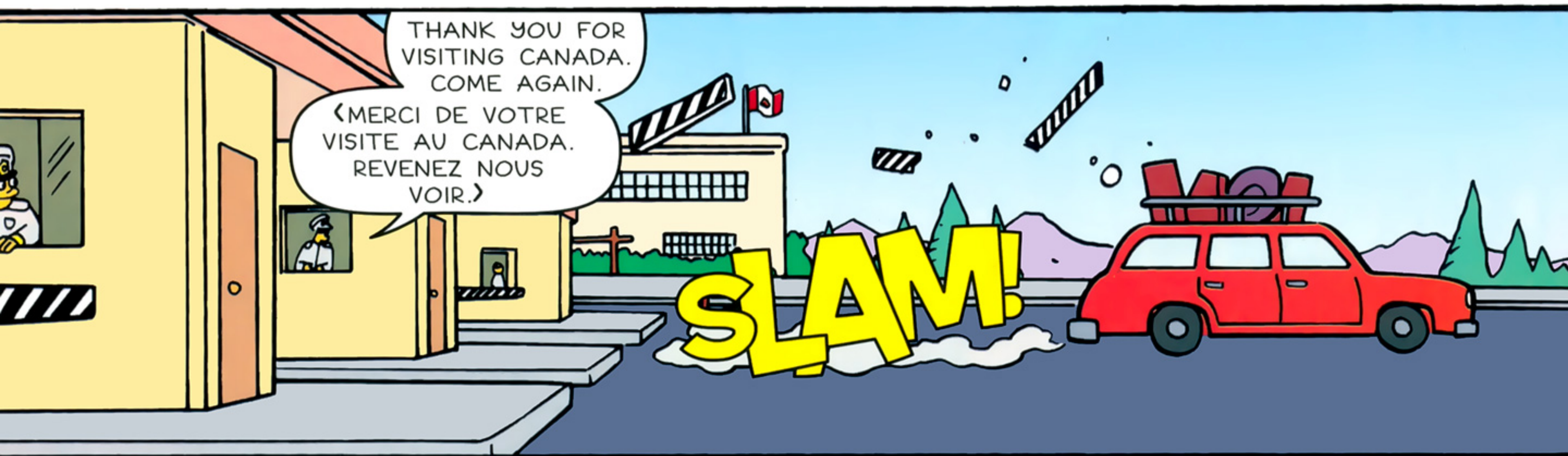
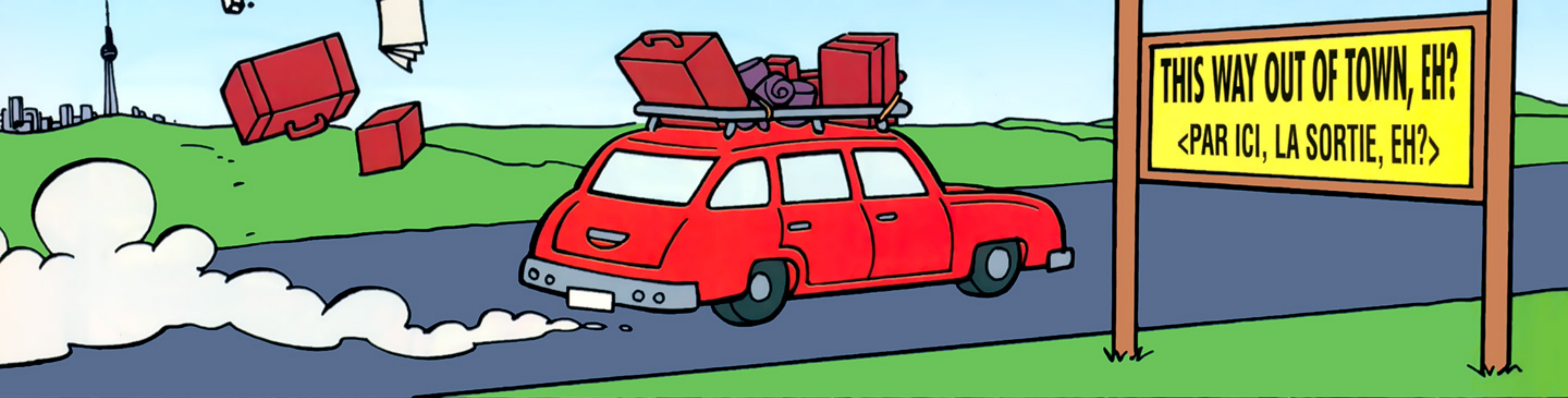


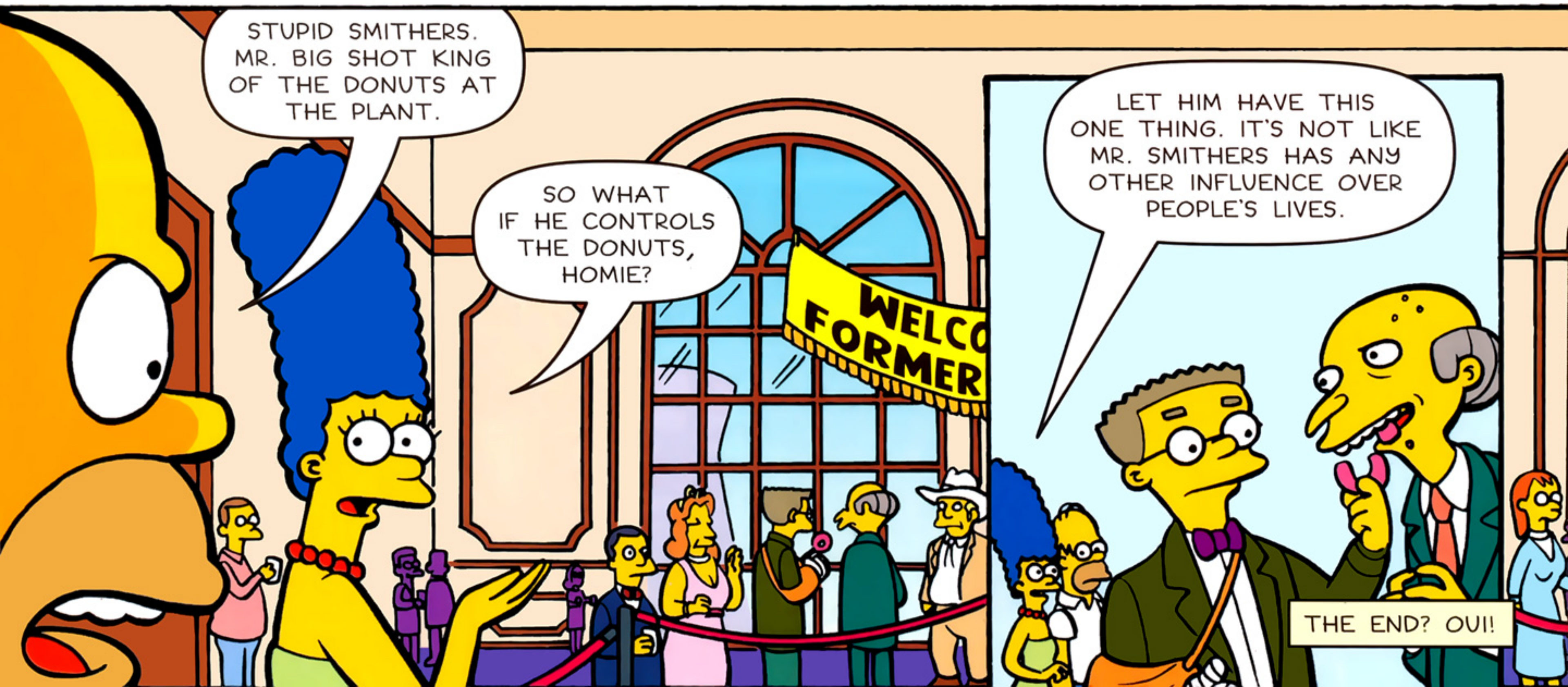
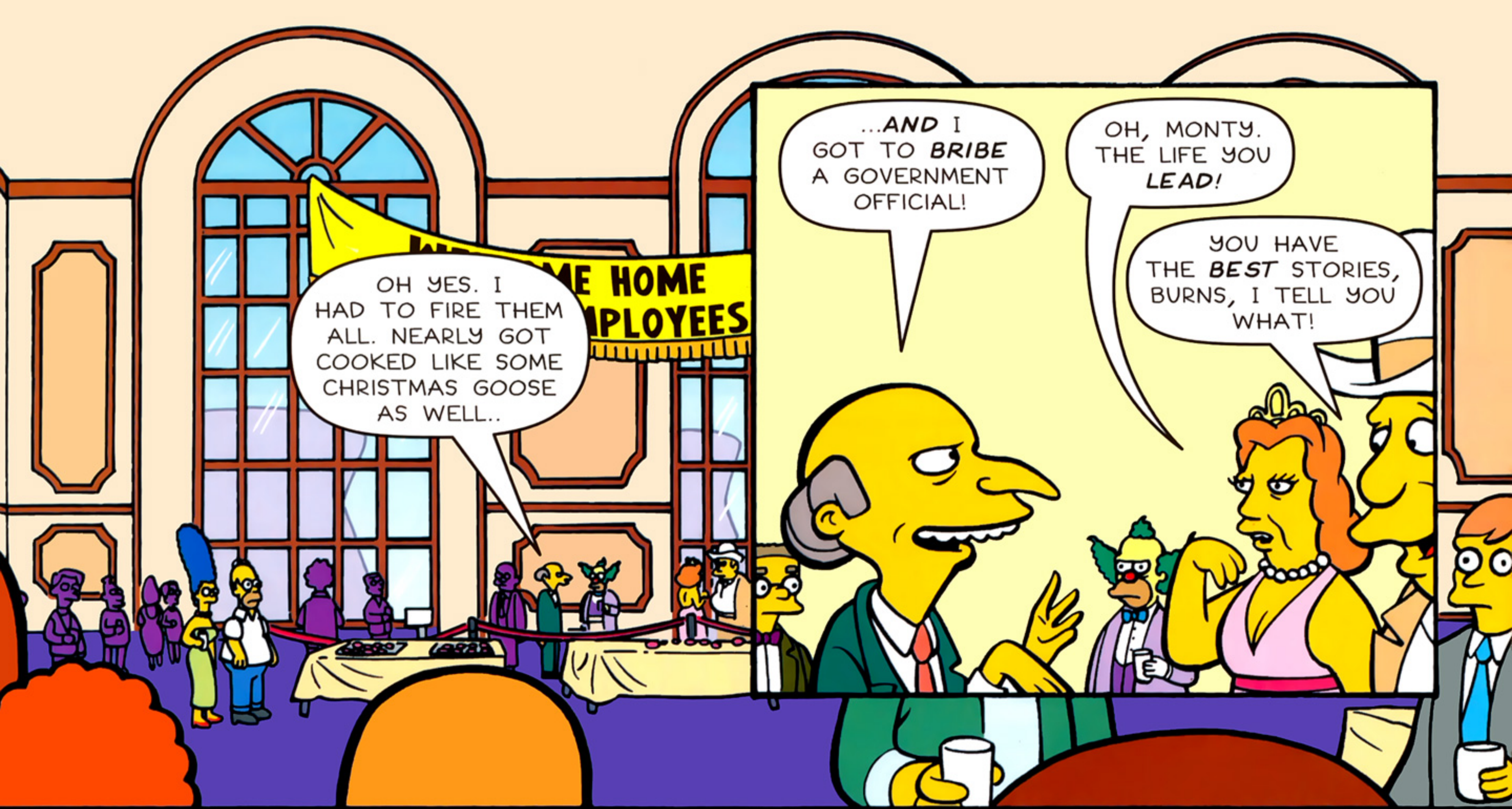
HELLO. **<BONJOUR.>** WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU? **<QUE PUIS-JE FAIRE POUR VOUS?>**

OH, NOT MUCH...**<OH, PAS GRAND CHOSE...>** I'M EATING SOME POUTINE. **<JE MANGE DU GARBAGE.>**









ITCHY & SCRATCHY

in

FACE-LIFT FELINE



MATT
GROENING

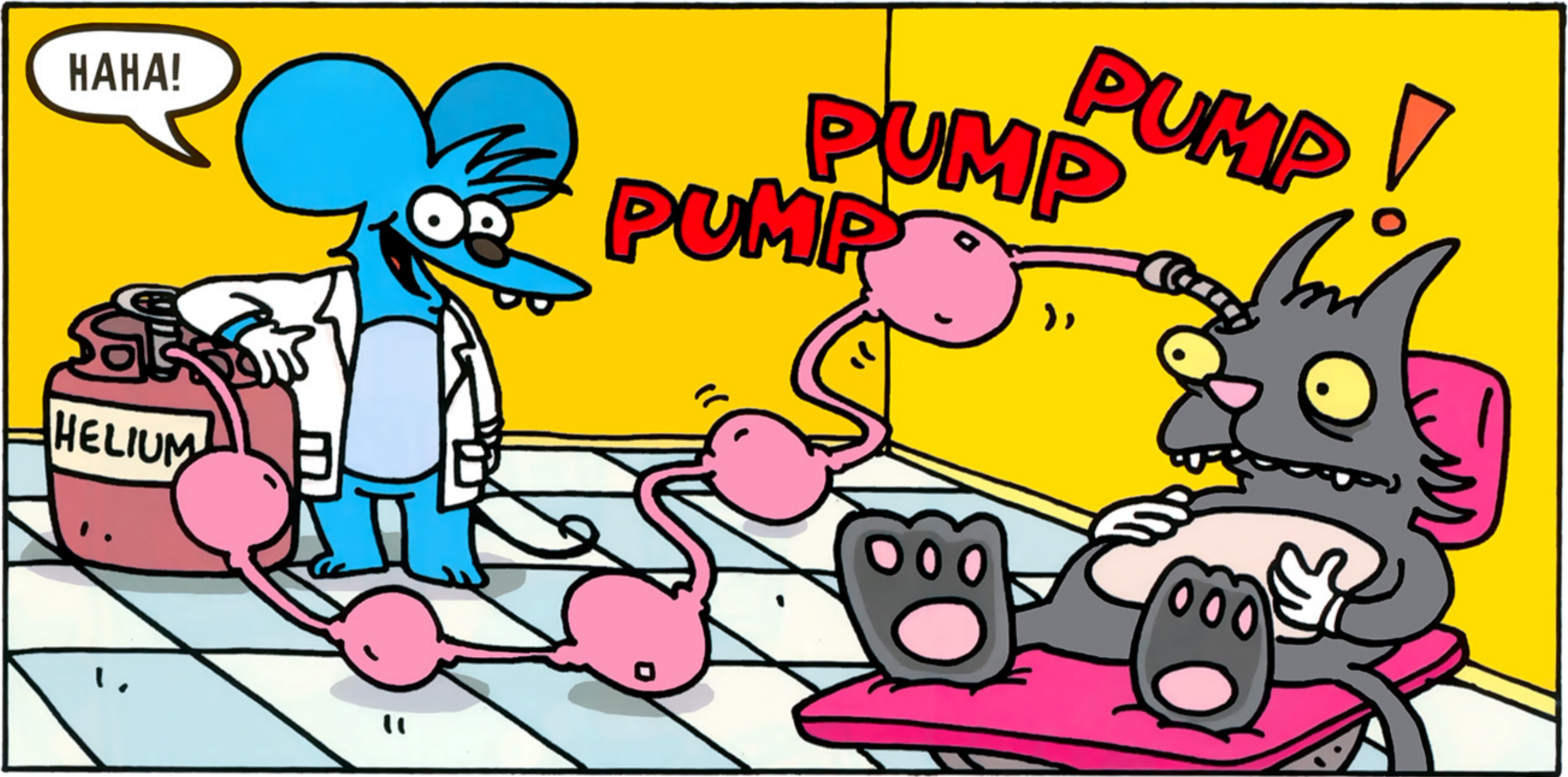


DEAN RANKINE
STORY & ART



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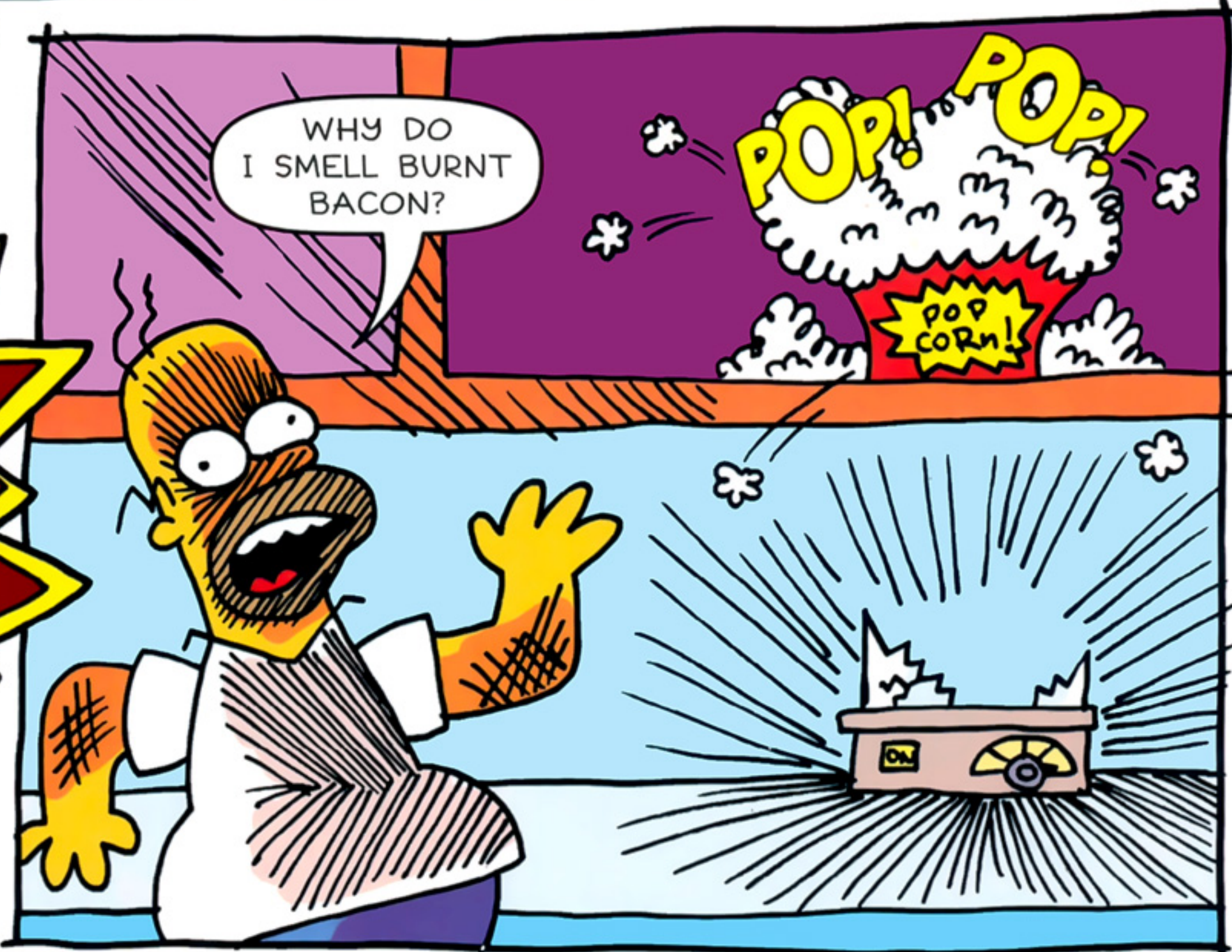
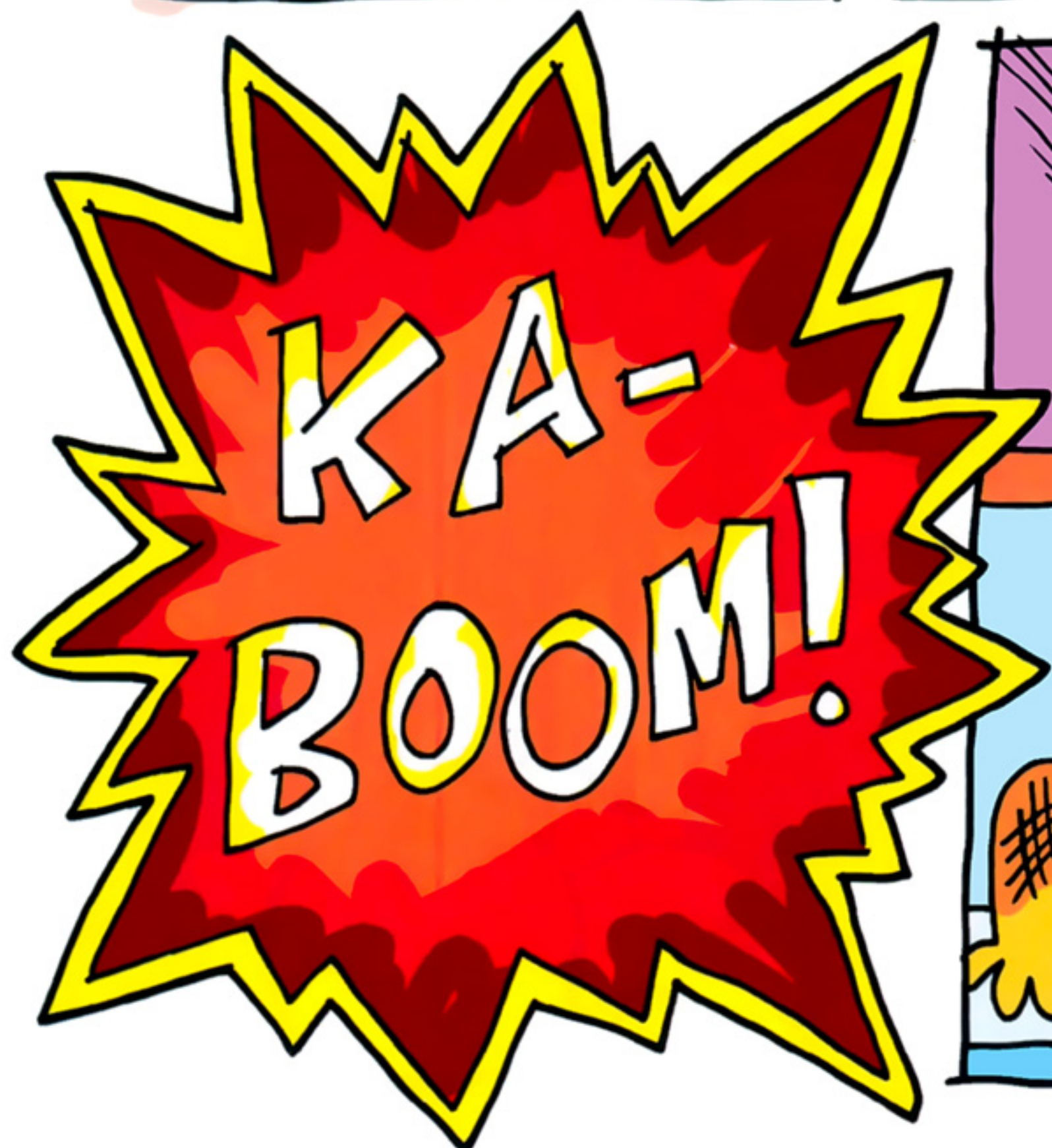


ANGRY
DAD

IN

POPPIN' MAD

by BART SIMPSON



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