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COMICS

BONGO
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#189

\$2.99



DIRECT EDITION



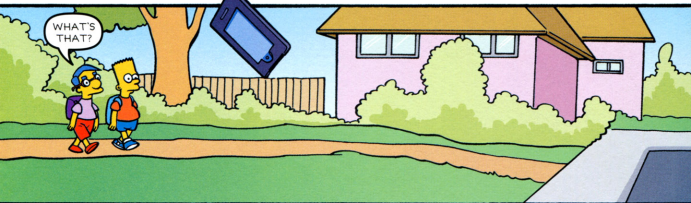
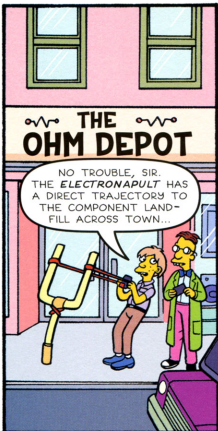
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MATT
GREENING

bongocomics.com

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POOP MY BABY SAYS

THE NEXT DAY...

HEY, BECKY...
WHAT ARE YOU
GUYS DOING?

YOU CAN'T
JOIN US IN SKIPPING,
LISA. NO ONE WANTS
TO LISTEN TO YOU.

WHAT?

NO OFFENSE, BUT
YOU'RE A BIG KNOW-IT-
ALL SMARTY-PANTS, AND
YOUR SKIPPING RHYMES
ARE POEMS BY MAYA
ANGELOU.

SIGH:
MOM,
CAN I...?

NOT NOW,
HONEY. I'M PAYING
ATTENTION TO
YOUR SISTER.

I THINK
SHE'S TRYING
TO TALK.

CAN I WALK
HOME WITH YOU,
LISA? JUST SO I
WON'T WANDER
INTO TRAFFIC?

I GUESS.
WHAT'S BART
LOOKING
AT?

A U-PHONE. I
FOUND IT YESTERDAY
ON MILHOUSE'S FACE.

IT'S GOT WEBMOVIES, SATELLITE
RADIO, AND A BUNCH OF STUFF PAID
UP 'TIL THE END OF THE MONTH,
AND I THINK I FOUND THE PHONE
NUMBER FOR AREA 51.

AND A CAMERA?
THAT LOOKS LIKE
MAGGIE, COVERED
IN MASHED
POTATOES.

TY
TEMPLETON
STORY & PENCILS

ANDREW
PEPOY
INKS

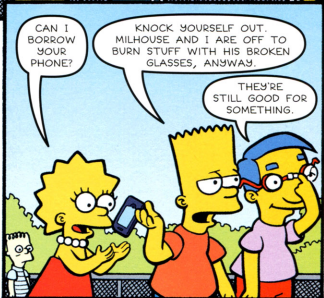
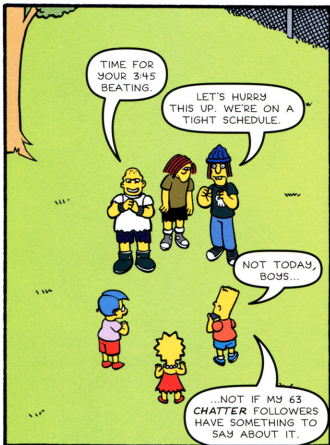
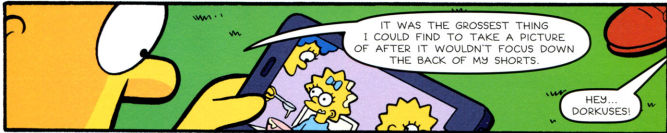
ART
VILLANUEVA
COLORS

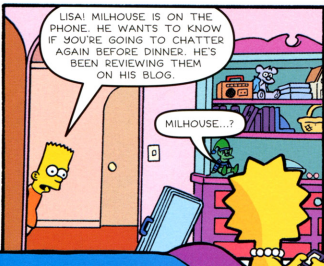
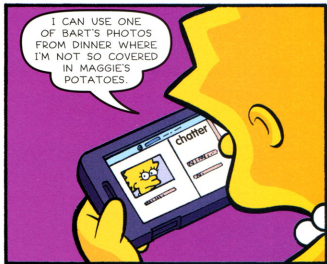
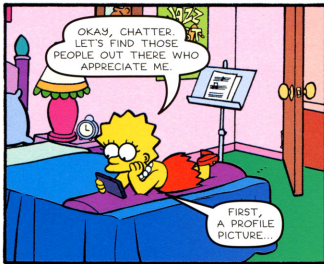
KAREN
BATES
LETTERS

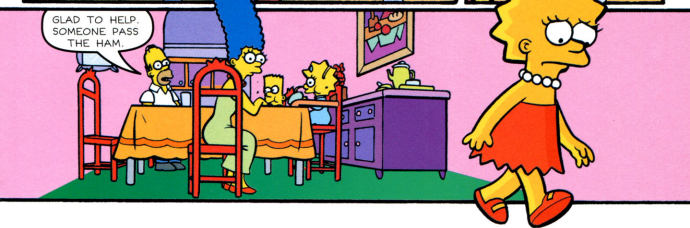
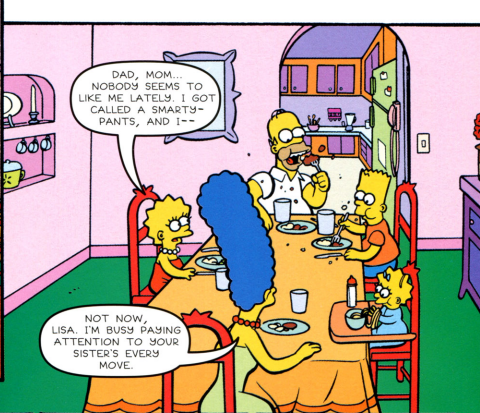
BILL
MORRISON
EDITOR

COVER ART BY
JASON HO,
MIKE ROTE, AND
NATHAN KANE

MATT
GREENING







THE NEXT DAY...

WELL I STARTED CHATTERING LAST NIGHT, AND I WAS WONDERING IF...

NO ONE WOULD FOLLOW YOU, LISA. YOU'RE JUST AS STUCK-UP ONLINE AS YOU ARE IN PERSON.

HEY, BECKY...DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CHATTER?

SURE. EVERYONE DOES.

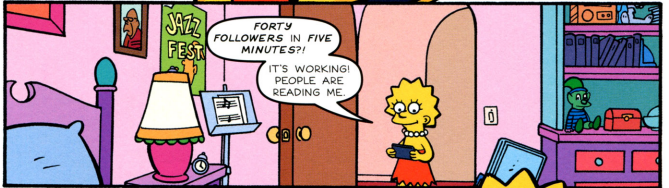
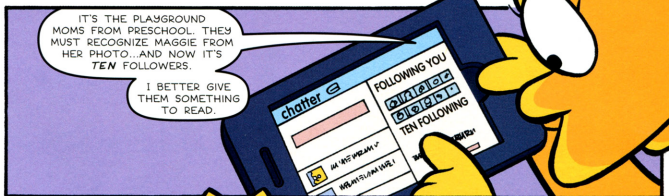
IT'S NOT FAIR. I KNOW MY WRITING WOULD MATTER TO PEOPLE IF THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS COMING FROM ME.

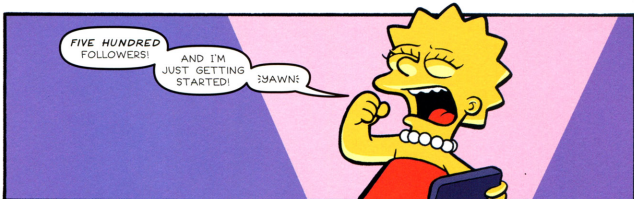
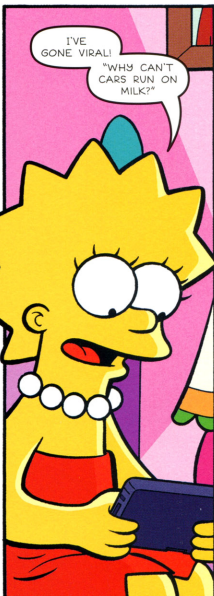
SO IN THE TRADITION OF FOUNDING FATHER THOMAS PAINE'S UNSIGNED PAMPHLETEERING, I'LL CHATTER ANONYMOUSLY!

I'LL NEED A NEW ICON AND A NAME, BUT THE ONLY PHOTOS ON HERE ARE PICTURES OF US AT DINNER AND BART'S UNFOCUSED BACKSIDE...

THAT'S IT!

NO ONE WILL THINK IT'S ME IF I USE A BABY AS MY ICON!





THE NEXT DAY...

HMM, THERE'S A
COMMOTION OVER IN
THE PRESCHOOL PLAY
AREA. I WONDER...

WHAT'S
GOING ON?

I'M NOT
SURE, BUT MAGGIE'S
BECOME FAMOUS.

SHE GOT A CHATTER
ACCOUNT, SOMEHOW. OR
SOMEONE HAS...AND THEY'RE
TALKING ABOUT LIFE AND
OTHER THINGS ONLINE.

DO YOU KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT
IT, LISA?

ME? NO! BUT I'VE
READ THAT SOME BABIES
CAN *TYPE* BEFORE THEY
CAN TALK.

REALLY?

UH...
YEAH!

DO YOU THINK
YOUR SISTER IS ONE
OF THOSE SUPER-
BABIES, LISA?

UH...MAYBE...
I MEAN, IT'S
POSSIBLE...

MAGGIE'S A
SUPER-BABY?

I NEVER REALIZED YOUR FAMILY
WAS SO COOL. WE SHOULD HANG OUT
LATER, AND YOU CAN TEACH ME ABOUT
THAT SMART STUFF YOU'RE ALWAYS
BORING PEOPLE WITH.

REALLY? OKAY.

LATER...

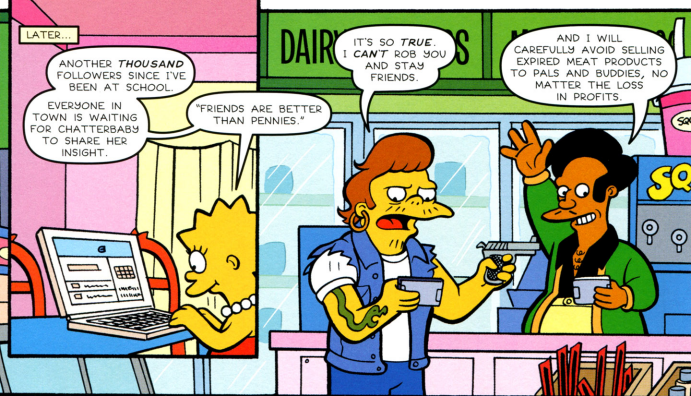
ANOTHER **THOUSAND** FOLLOWERS SINCE I'VE BEEN AT SCHOOL.

EVERYONE IN TOWN IS WAITING FOR CHATTERBABY TO SHARE HER INSIGHT.

"FRIENDS ARE BETTER THAN PENNIES."

IT'S SO **TRUE**. I CAN'T ROB YOU AND STAY FRIENDS.

AND I WILL CAREFULLY AVOID SELLING EXPIRED MEAT PRODUCTS TO PALS AND BUDDIES, NO MATTER THE LOSS IN PROFITS.



"PETS ARE FUZZY, BUT THEY ARE NOT PEOPLE."

chatter

THAT BABY'S **RIGHT**! I'VE BEEN A FOOL. I HAVE TO GET BACK TO MY LAW PRACTICE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

ONE OF YOUR CHILDREN IS CHEWING ON MY SHOE...



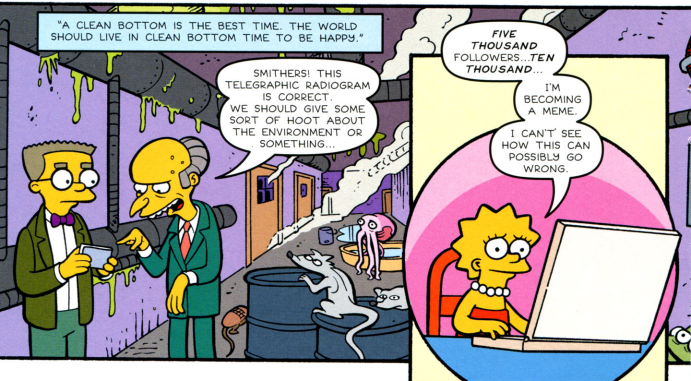
"A CLEAN BOTTOM IS THE BEST TIME. THE WORLD SHOULD LIVE IN CLEAN BOTTOM TIME TO BE HAPPY."

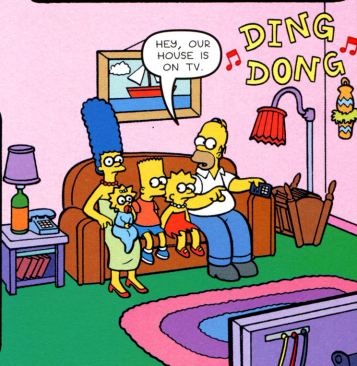
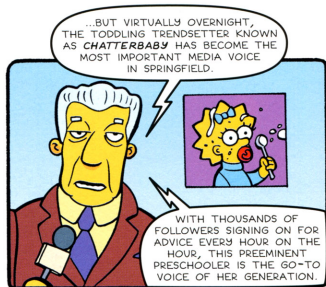
SMITHERS! THIS TELEGRAPHIC RADIOGRAM IS CORRECT. WE SHOULD GIVE SOME SORT OF HOOT ABOUT THE ENVIRONMENT OR SOMETHING...

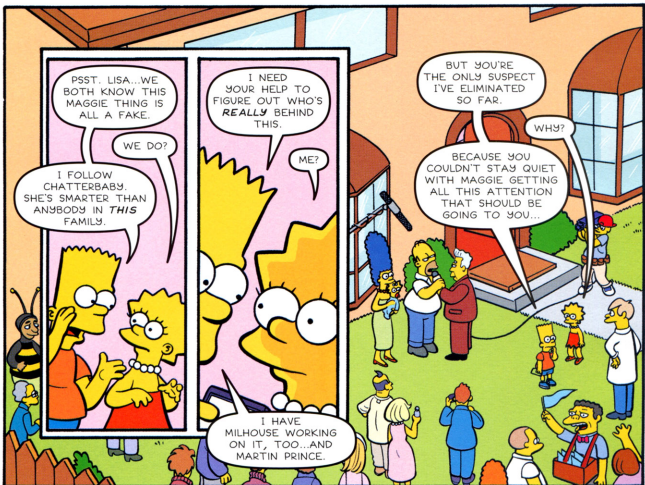
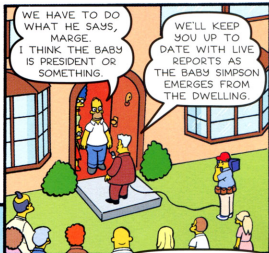
FIVE THOUSAND FOLLOWERS...TEN THOUSAND...

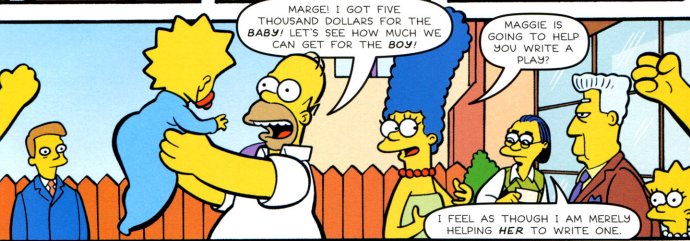
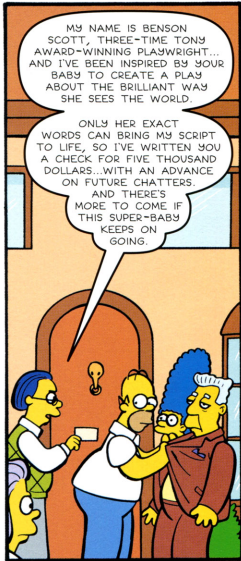
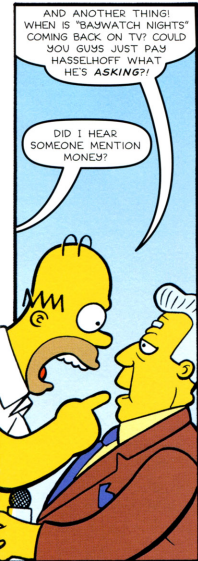
I'M BECOMING A MEME.

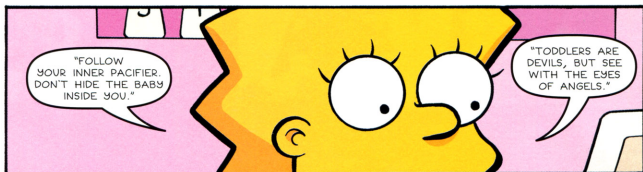
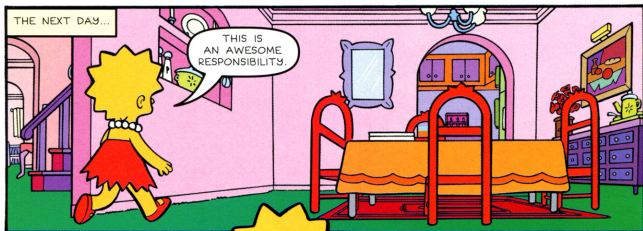
I CAN'T SEE HOW THIS CAN POSSIBLY GO WRONG.











THE NEXT DAY...

THOSE PEOPLE
ARE IN OUR YARD
AGAIN.

BACK! BACK,
YOU ANIMALS!

WELCOME
MAGGIE FANS

NOT AS MANY
AS I'D HOPED FOR.
I'VE BEEN PHONING
TV STATIONS ALL
MORNING.

BACK!

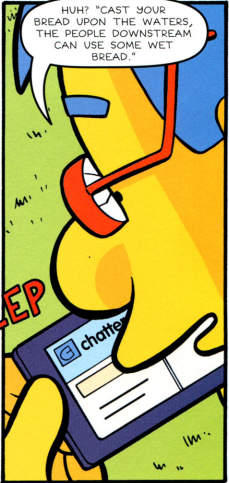
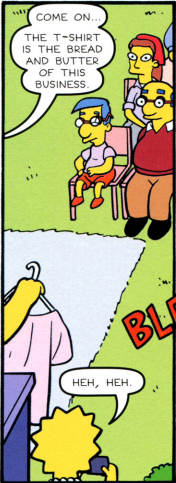
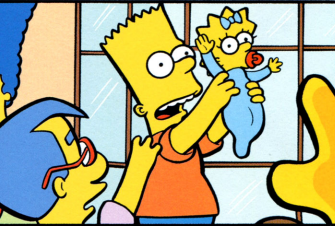
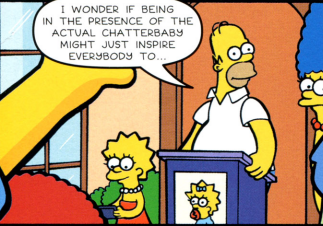
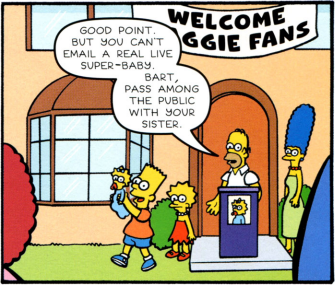
MR. SIMPSON.
WHAT IS THIS
ALL ABOUT?

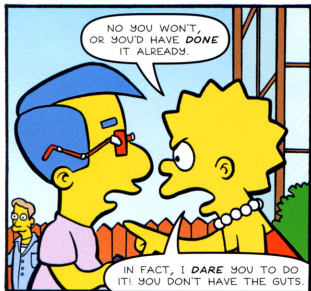
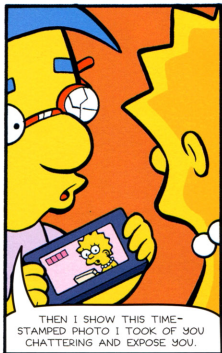
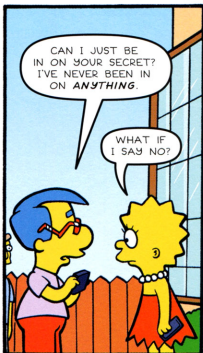
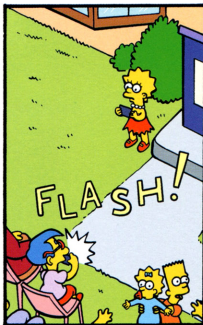
NO PHOTOS
WITHOUT OUR
PERMISSION.

WHAT'S THE BIG
ANNOUNCEMENT?

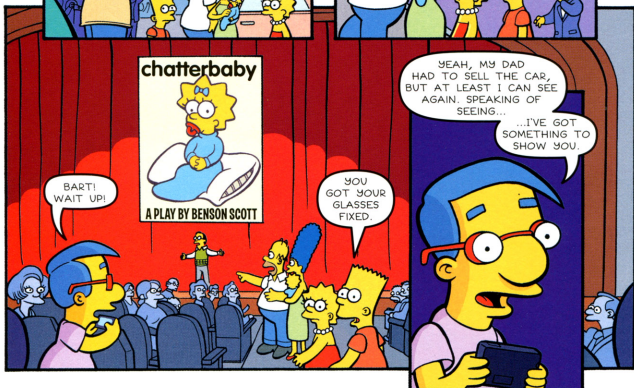
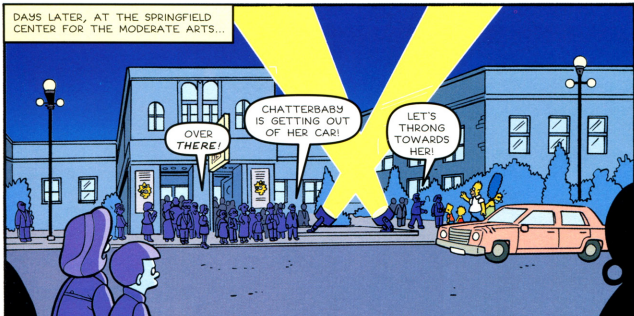
GOOD AFTERNOON. AS
THE PARENTS OF AN INTERNET
SUPER-BABY, WE'RE HERE TO TAKE
OFFERS FROM REALITY SHOW
PRODUCERS, TABLOIDS, AND
MERCHANDISING
PARTNERS...

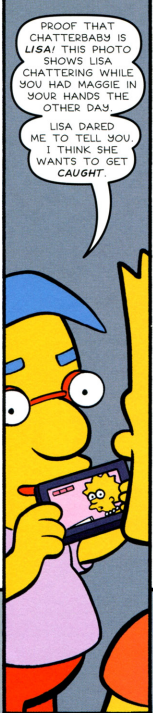
...AND ALSO TO ANNOUNCE
THAT THE OTHER CHILDREN ARE
AVAILABLE AS POTENTIAL SPIN-OFF
PROPERTIES...AT DISCOUNT PRICES,
WITH CLASSMATES AND FRIENDS
THROWN IN.





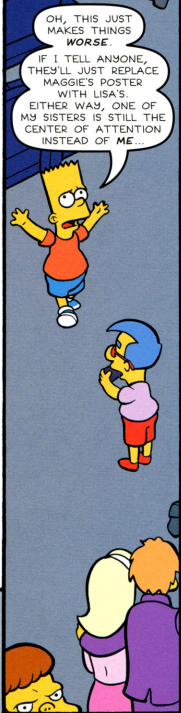
DAYS LATER, AT THE SPRINGFIELD
CENTER FOR THE MODERATE ARTS...





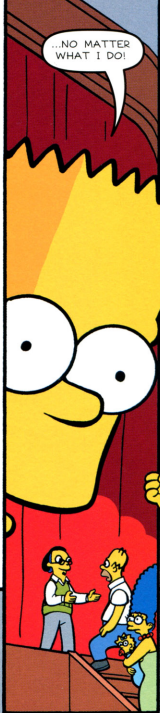
PROOF THAT CHATTERBABY IS LISA! THIS PHOTO SHOWS LISA CHATTERING WHILE YOU HAD MAGGIE IN YOUR HANDS THE OTHER DAY.

LISA DARED ME TO TELL YOU. I THINK SHE WANTS TO GET CAUGHT.

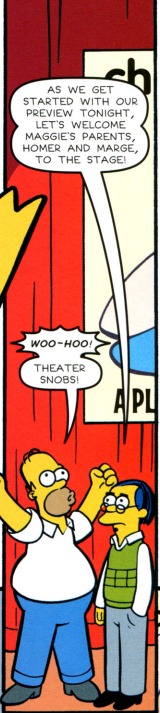


OH, THIS JUST MAKES THINGS WORSE.

IF I TELL ANYONE, THEY'LL JUST REPLACE MAGGIE'S POSTER WITH LISA'S. EITHER WAY, ONE OF MY SISTERS IS STILL THE CENTER OF ATTENTION INSTEAD OF ME...

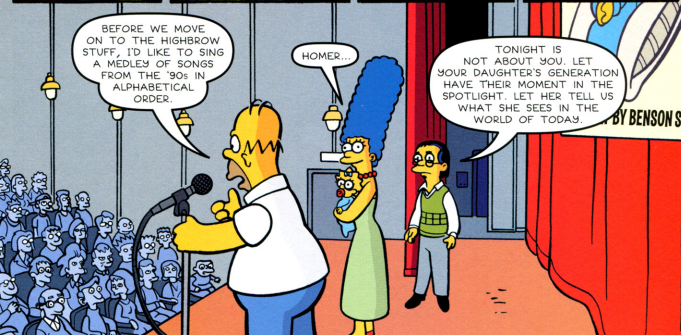


...NO MATTER WHAT I DO!



AS WE GET STARTED WITH OUR PREVIEW TONIGHT, LET'S WELCOME MAGGIE'S PARENTS, HOMER AND MARGE, TO THE STAGE!

WOO-HOO!
THEATER SNOBS!



BEFORE WE MOVE ON TO THE Highbrow STUFF, I'D LIKE TO SING A MEDLEY OF SONGS FROM THE '90s IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

HOMER...

TONIGHT IS NOT ABOUT YOU. LET YOUR DAUGHTER'S GENERATION HAVE THEIR MOMENT IN THE SPOTLIGHT. LET HER TELL US WHAT SHE SEES IN THE WORLD OF TODAY.

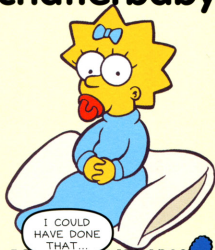
BY BENSON SCOT

chatterbaby

**SUCK!
SUCK!
SUCK!**



SHE'S RIGHT!
THE WORLD
SUCKS!



I COULD
HAVE DONE
THAT...

A PLAY BY BENSON



BUT SHE HAS
THE INNOCENCE OF
A BABY DESPITE
THAT REALITY.

IT'S ALL
BEARABLE WHEN
EXPRESSED THAT
WAY!



!SUCK!
!SUCK!

SEE? OUR
WHOLE FAMILY
IS BRAINY LIKE
THIS.
EXCEPT
THE BOY.

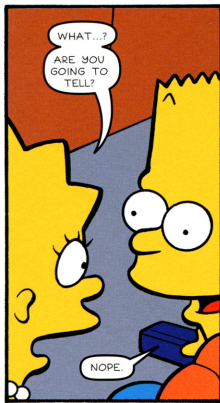


LISA, CAN YOU
THINK OF SOMETHING
SMART FOR DADDY TO
SAY RIGHT NOW?



MAGGIE'S NOT
THE VOICE OF A
GENERATION. THIS
IS KILLING ME.

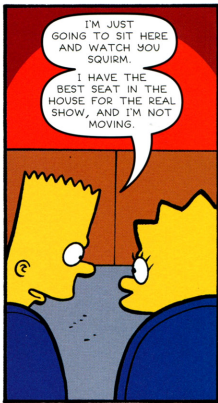
I KNOW. YOU'RE
CHATTERBABY, AND
YOU SHOULD BE
UP THERE.



WHAT...?

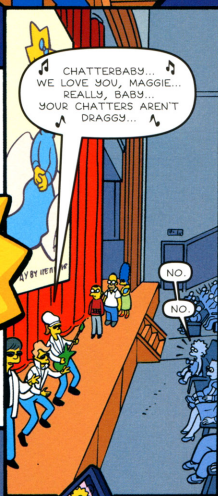
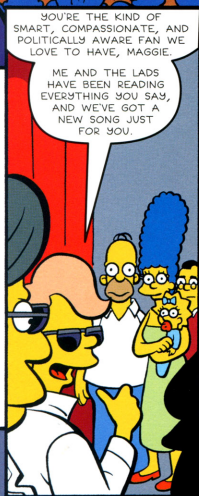
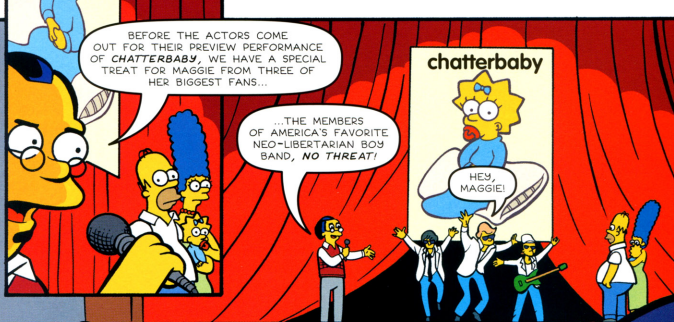
ARE YOU
GOING TO
TELL?

NOPE.



I'M JUST
GOING TO SIT HERE
AND WATCH YOU
SQUIRM.

I HAVE THE
BEST SEAT IN THE
HOUSE FOR THE REAL
SHOW, AND I'M NOT
MOVING.





AND WHO ARE YOU?!

LAY BY BENSON SCOTT

I'M LISA SIMPSON, MAGGIE'S SISTER AND THE REAL CHATTERBABY!



SO THIS WHOLE THING HAS BEEN A BIG FAT LIE THEN?

NOT SO MUCH A LIE AS A MISUNDERSTANDING.



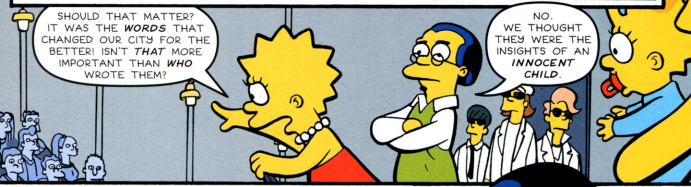
YOU'RE CHATTERBABY?

NS IN SCOTT

UH-HUH. HERE'S PROOF. BOYS CAN SING TO ME NOW. IT'S ALL OUT IN THE OPEN. SING.

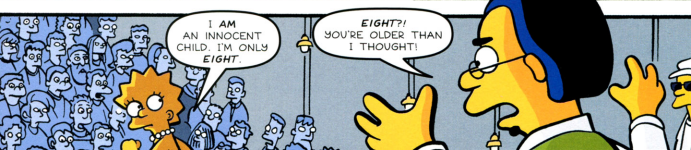


BUT YOU'RE NOT A BABY. YOU'RE A SCHOOLGIRL.



SHOULD THAT MATTER? IT WAS THE WORDS THAT CHANGED OUR CITY FOR THE BETTER! ISN'T THAT MORE IMPORTANT THAN WHO WROTE THEM?

NO. WE THOUGHT THEY WERE THE INSIGHTS OF AN INNOCENT CHILD.



I AM AN INNOCENT CHILD. I'M ONLY EIGHT.

EIGHT?! YOU'RE OLDER THAN I THOUGHT!



THIS IS THE 21ST CENTURY. BY YOUR AGE, MOST EIGHT-YEAR-OLDS HAVE SEEN MORE VIOLENCE THAN THE AVERAGE SENIOR CITIZEN A GENERATION AGO. THERE ARE NO "INNOCENT" CHILDREN ANY MORE, ONLY **BABIES**.



AND NOW THAT YOU STAND REVEALED AS A CHARLATAN, A MENTAL REVIEW OF YOUR CHATTERS DEMONSTRATES WORK **HIGHLY DERIVATIVE** OF ALLEN GINSBERG, SO YOU'RE NOT THAT CLEVER, EVEN FOR AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD

NYAH NYAH, SMARTY-PANTS.



IN LIGHT OF THIS HOAX, THE PLAY IS CANCELLED. I CANNOT CONTINUE WITH THIS LIE.

EVERYONE GO HOME AND AWAIT MY NEXT WORK. I'M CONSIDERING CALLING IT **BETRAYAL!** I LIVE VERY MUCH IN THE MOMENT.

A PLAY BY BENSON SCOTT



ARE YOU GOING TO BE ASKING FOR YOUR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS BACK?

I EXPECT TO HAVE SUED YOU INTO BANKRUPTCY BY THIS TIME NEXT YEAR.



BUT I GET TO KEEP THE MONEY UNTIL THEN?

WOO-HOO!

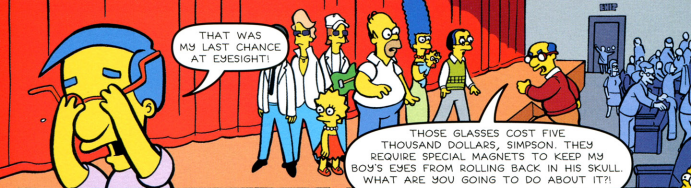
IT'S ALL THE INTERNET'S FAULT.

BOUNCE!

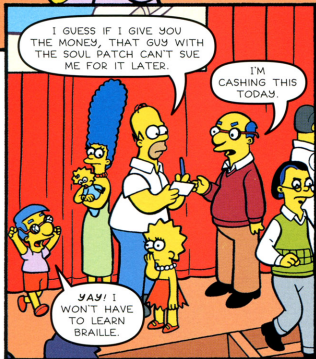


KA-CRAK!

OW.



THOSE GLASSES COST FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, SIMPSON. THEY REQUIRE SPECIAL MAGNETS TO KEEP MY BOY'S EYES FROM ROLLING BACK IN HIS SKULL. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?!

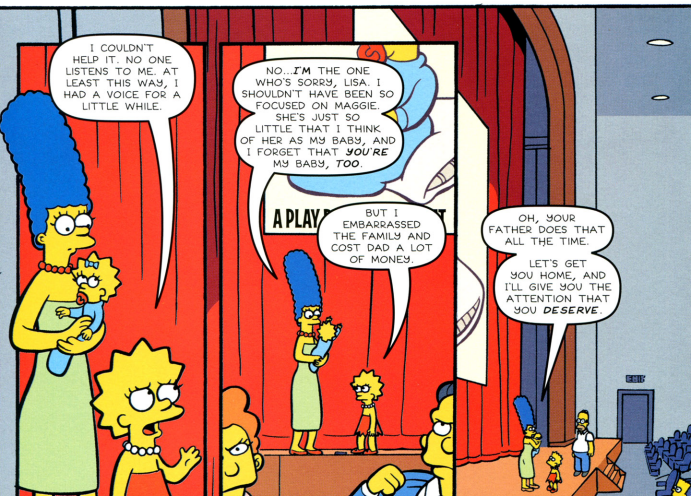


I'M CASHING THIS TODAY.

YAY! I WON'T HAVE TO LEARN BRAILLE.



I KNOW. I'M SORRY, MOM.



NO...I'M THE ONE WHO'S SORRY, LISA. I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO FOCUSED ON MAGGIE. SHE'S JUST SO LITTLE THAT I THINK OF HER AS MY BABY, AND I FORGET THAT YOU'RE MY BABY, TOO.

A PLAY

BUT I EMBARRASSED THE FAMILY AND COST DAD A LOT OF MONEY.

OH, YOUR FATHER DOES THAT ALL THE TIME.

LET'S GET YOU HOME, AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE ATTENTION THAT YOU DESERVE.

THE NEXT DAY...

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD CHATTER ONE LAST TIME BEFORE THIS U-PHONE RUNS OUT OF PAID MINUTES.

BUT I'LL DO IT FROM MY LISA SIMPSON ACCOUNT.

NO MORE FAKE IDENTITIES.

"...AND TO THE MAYOR, AND THE PRINCIPAL, AND TO EVERY FOLLOWER EVERYWHERE... I'M SORRY."

OH GREAT. NOW EVEN MILHOUSE IS GONE FROM MY FOLLOWER LIST. THIS IS A WASTE OF...

WAIT! I'VE GOT A NEW FOLLOWER...

..."PROUDPAPA."

THANKS, DAD.

IT'S OKAY, HONEY.

DADDY MADE A KILLING ON THE T-SHIRTS.

HUG!

THE END