



FEARSOME FIFTH ISSUE!

#5
US \$3.50
CAN \$4.50



BART SIMPSON'S

TREEHOUSE OF

HORROR

FEATURING A HAUNTED
HOST OF TERRIFYING TALENT!



Sergio Aragones



Scott Shaw



Doug TenNapel



Jill Thompson



DIRECT EDITION



00511

PLUS

A PERILOUS PIN-UP BY
MIKE "MONSTER MAN" MANLEY

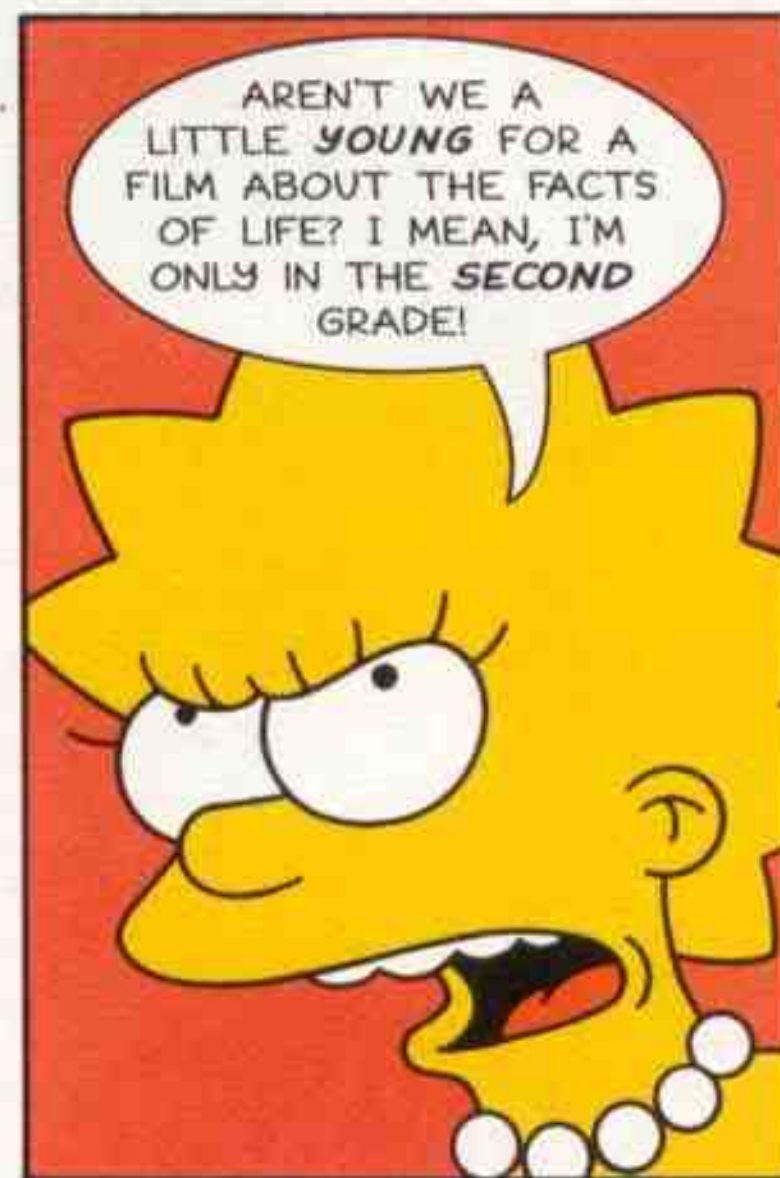
GARDNER
MANLEY

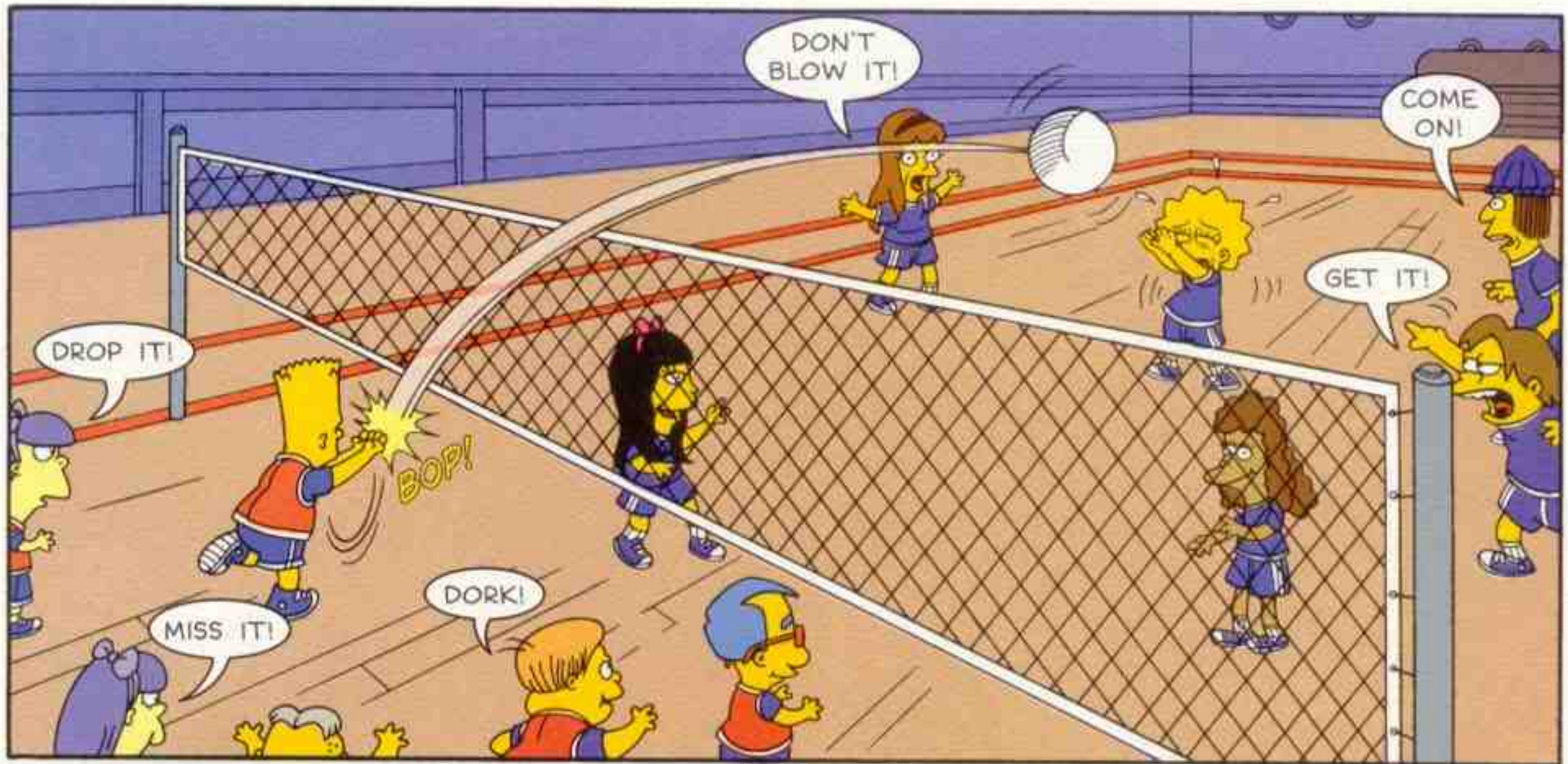
DARK LISA



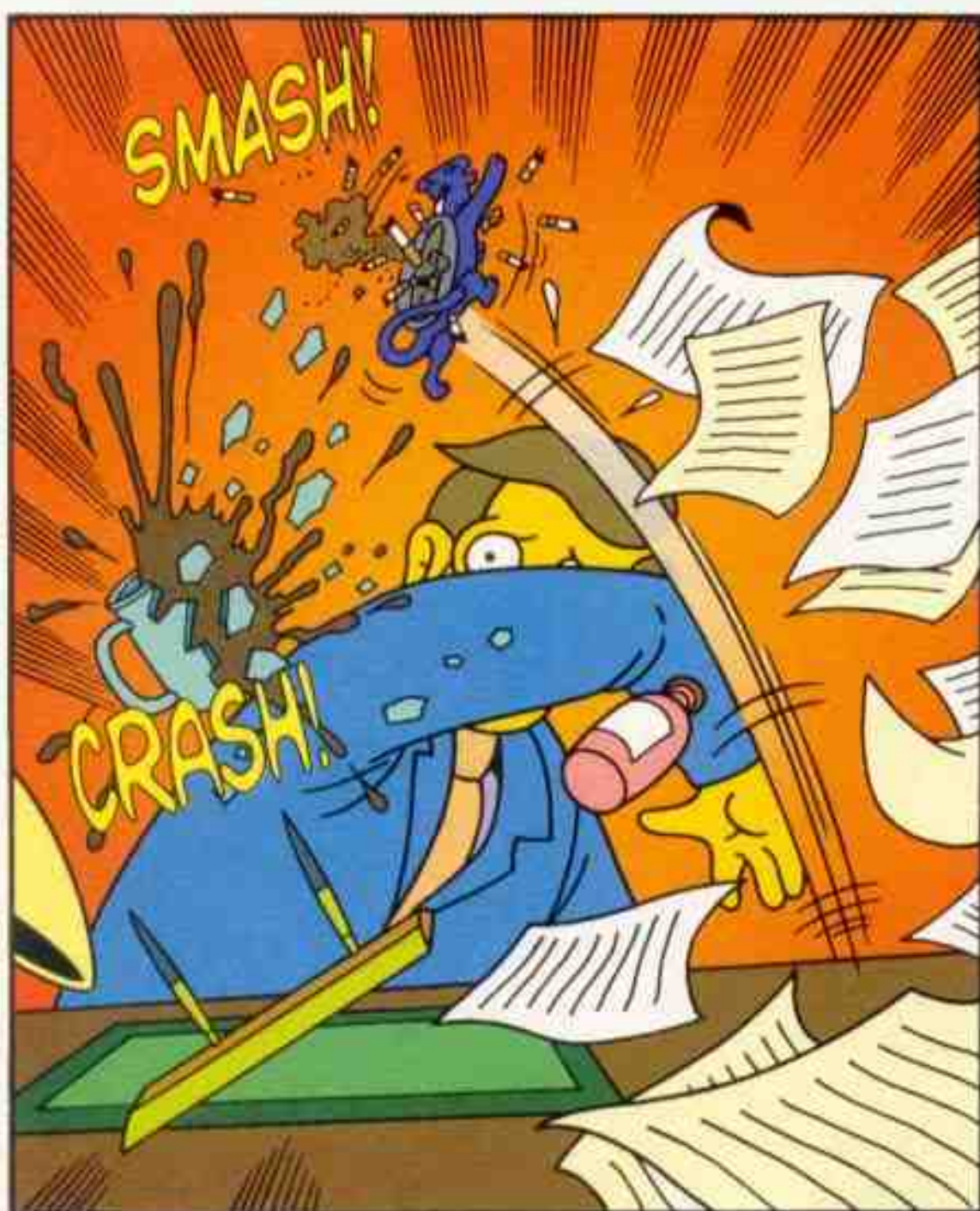
























IT ALL STARTED *INNOCENTLY* ENOUGH ONE MORNING AT THE SPRINGFIELD HOME OF THE *SIMPSON* FAMILY. THE DATE: OCTOBER 31ST --HALLOWEEN!

SO WHAT'S THE BIG *MYSTERY* ABOUT THIS YEAR'S HALLOWEEN COSTUME, BART? DIDN'T YOU LEARN YOUR LESSON LAST YEAR WITH THAT BEEKEEPER'S OUTFIT?

NOT REALLY, BUT HOMER HEALED UP PRETTY GOOD, ANYWAY! BESIDES, THIS YEAR I'VE HATCHED THE *PERFECT SCHEME* FOR GOODIE-GRABBIN'!!!

XT'TAPALATAKETTLE'S DAY

Story and Art by
Sergio Ara'goonie's

Edited by
Buried Bill Morrison

Script by
Shambling Scott Shaw!

Lettered by
Cursed Chris Ungar & Searn' Karen Bates

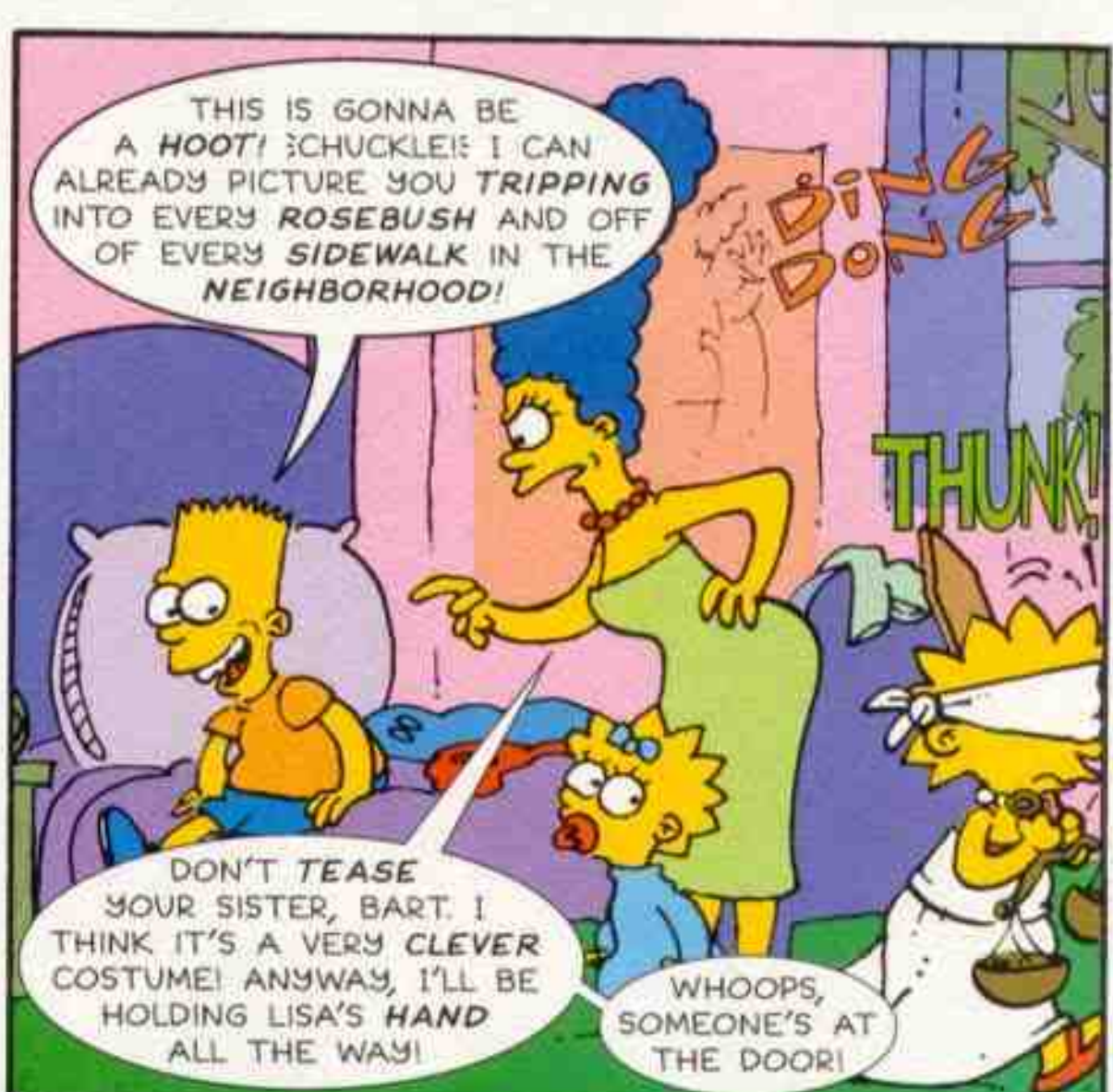
Colored by
Nathan "Krawling Hand" Kane

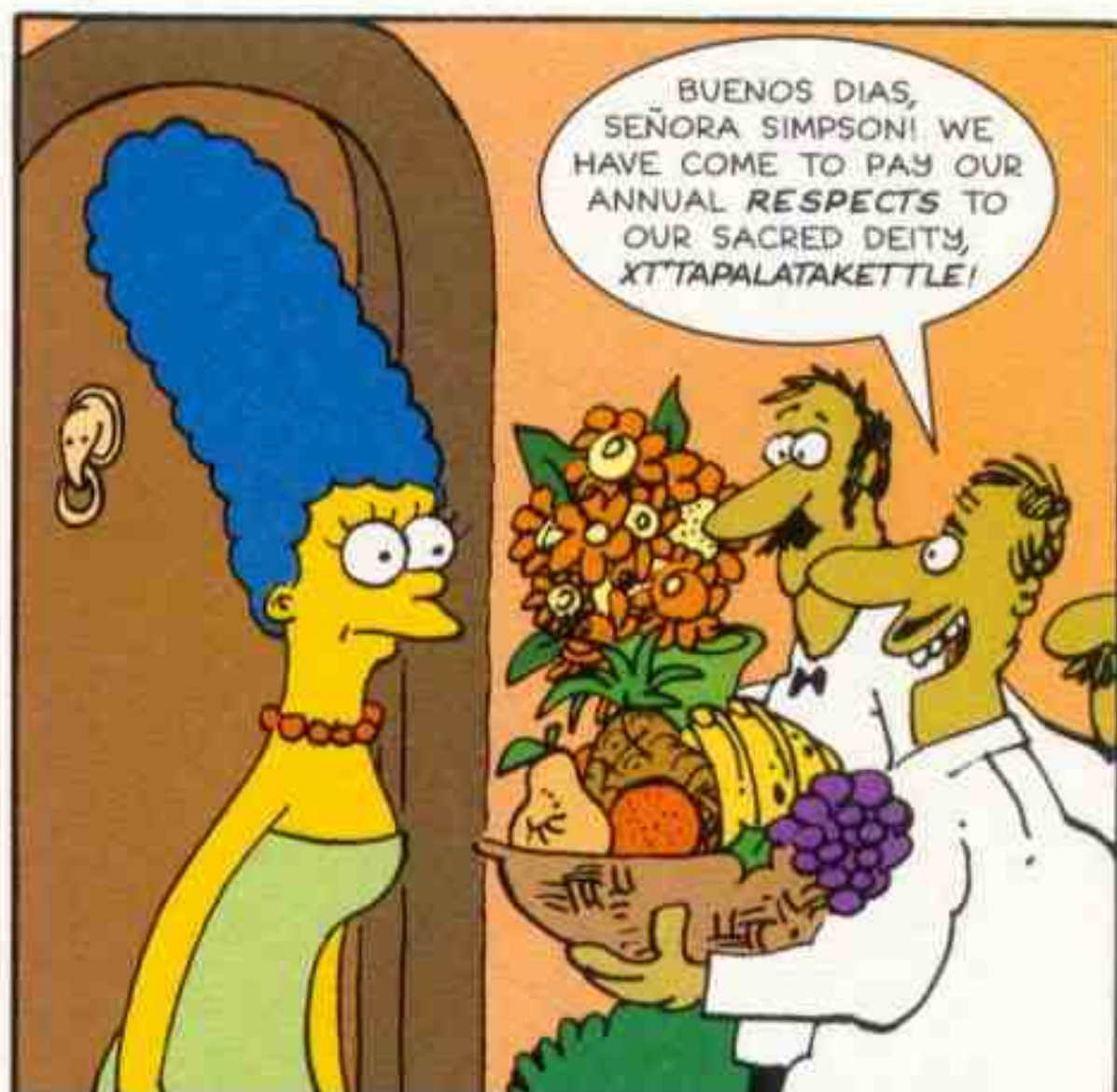
Zombie Wrangler
Matt "Ghastly" Groening

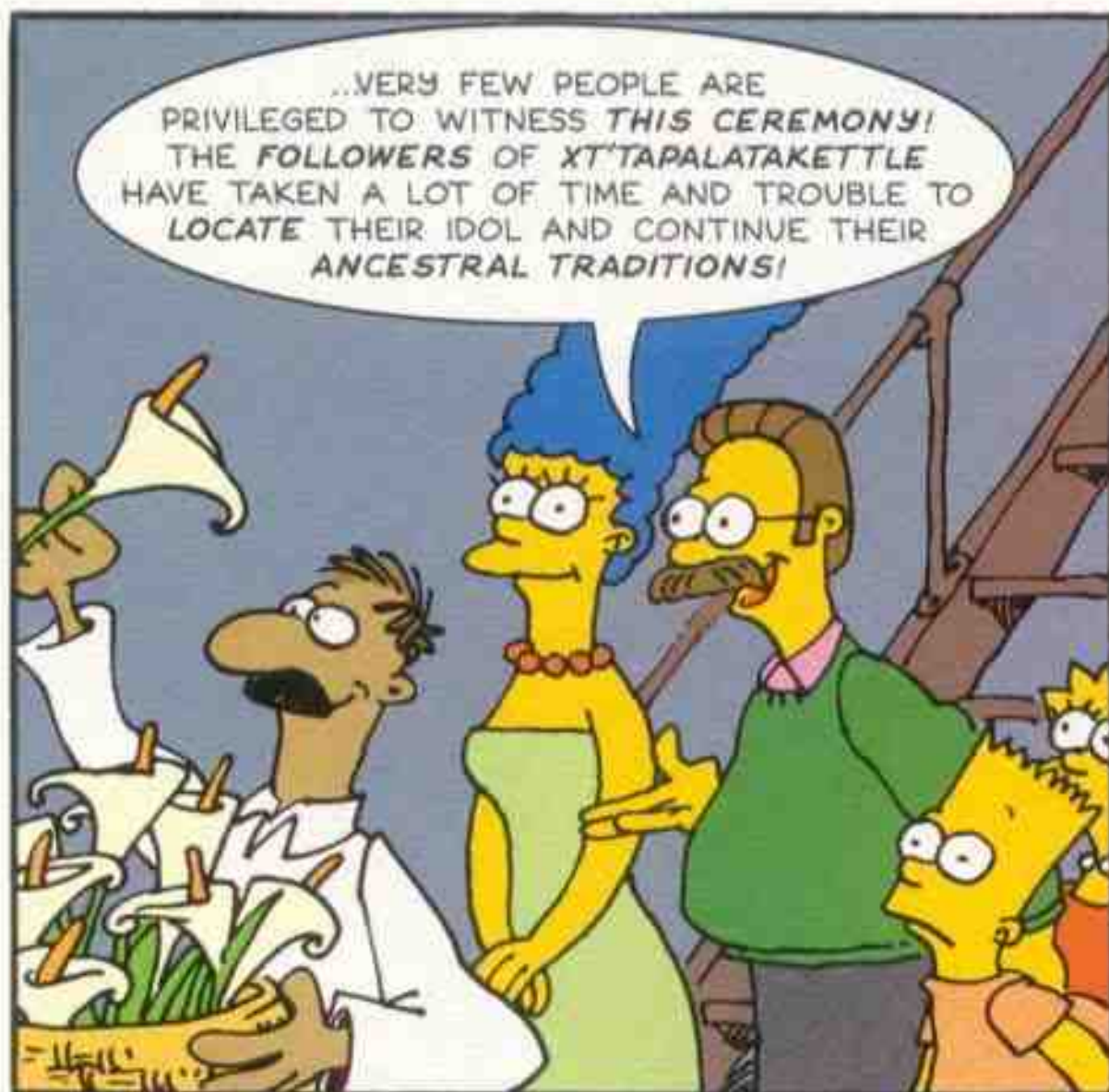
CONSIDER YOURSELF *PRIVILEGED*, LISA. YOU'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS HALLOWEEN *HISTORY-IN-THE-MAKING*! PREPARE YOURSELF FOR AN *ADVANCEMENT* GUARANTEED TO PUSH RIGHT *THROUGH* THE CANDY-COLLECTIN' ENVELOPE!

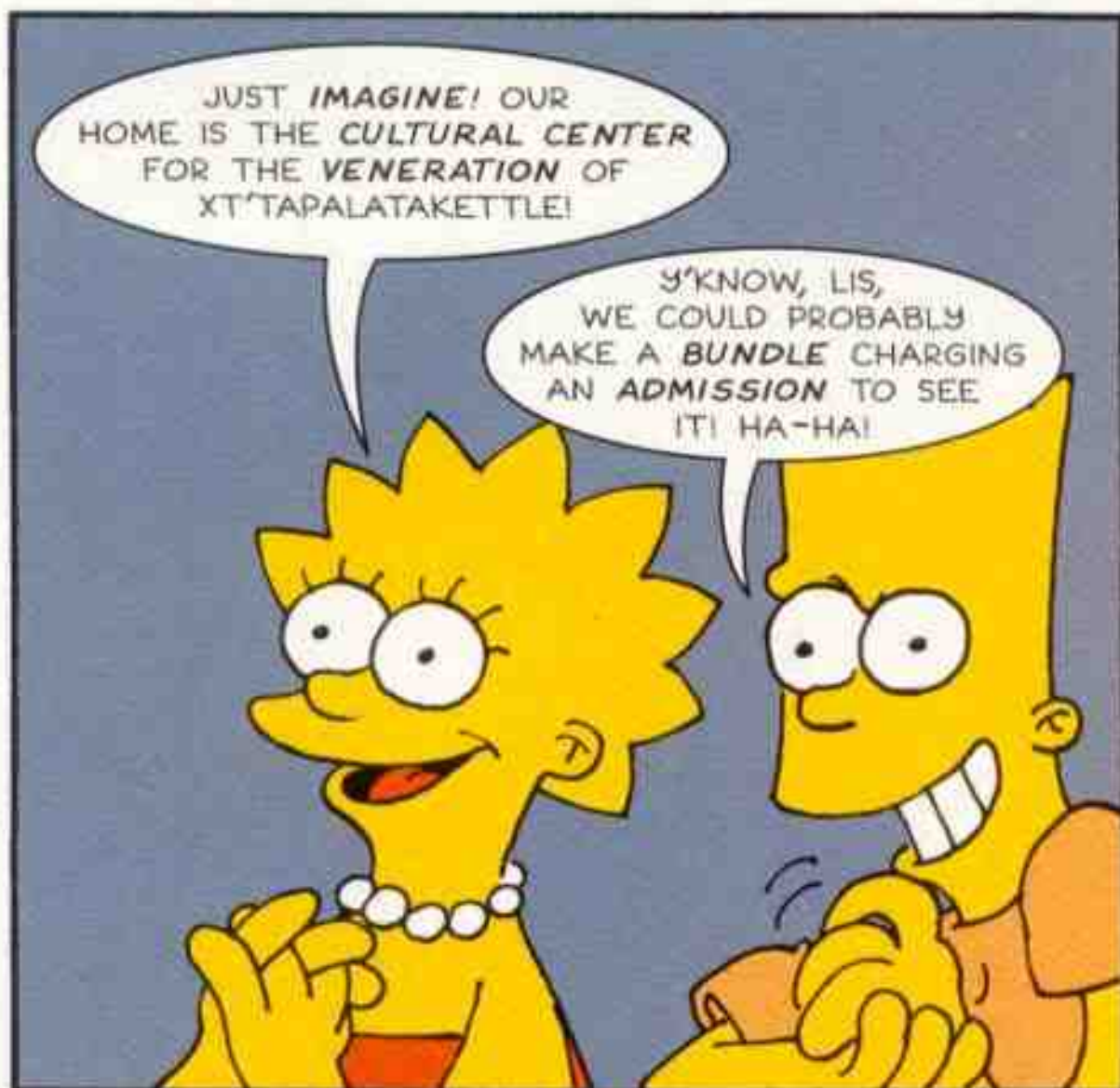
TA-DAAA! BEHOLD THE *WHITE GHOST*, OR AS I LIKE TO REFER TO IT: *COSTUME #1!*

§SIGH§...AND SO CRUMBLES THE LAST BASTION OF *ORIGINALITY*!













MEANWHILE, ALL AROUND SPRINGFIELD...

WELL, SMITHERS, I WONDER WHAT THE POOR PEOPLE ARE DOING?

ERR...FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, THEY'RE NOT DOING SO WELL, MR. BURNS...

SHIFT!
MY ENTIRE LIFE HAS BEEN BUT A PRELUDE TO THIS MAGIC MOMENT!

BUT, KANG ACCORDING TO MY HISTORICAL RESEARCH, THIS DATE SHOULD BE IDEAL FOR THE INVASION OF EARTH.

WELCOME TO KRUSTYBURGER, MAY I TAKE YOUR-- ARGHH!!!

AHEM... WORST WALKING DEAD MAKEUP EVER...

...KENT BROCKMAN CONDUCTING ANOTHER OF MY ON-THE-STREET INTERVIEWS! I'M SPEAKING WITH BOTH LIVING AND DEAD LOCAL CITIZENS...

GET OUT, BARNEY! MY NEW WALKING DEAD CLIENTELE KEEP COMPLAINING ABOUT YOUR OFFENSIVE BODY ODOR!!

AW, MOE, WHAT DO THEY KNOW? BELCHHHH! THEY'RE DEAD! SOME OF THOSE GUYS DON'T EVEN HAVE NOSES ANY MORE!

HEY, GOOD LOOKIN', HOW ABOUT NIBBLING ON MY CLAVICLE?!

C'MON, DUDE. GIMME BACK MY SKATEBOARD!

HELLO, EVERYBODY! FOR ONLY \$49.95, I CAN GET YOU LOOKING LIKE NEW AGAIN!

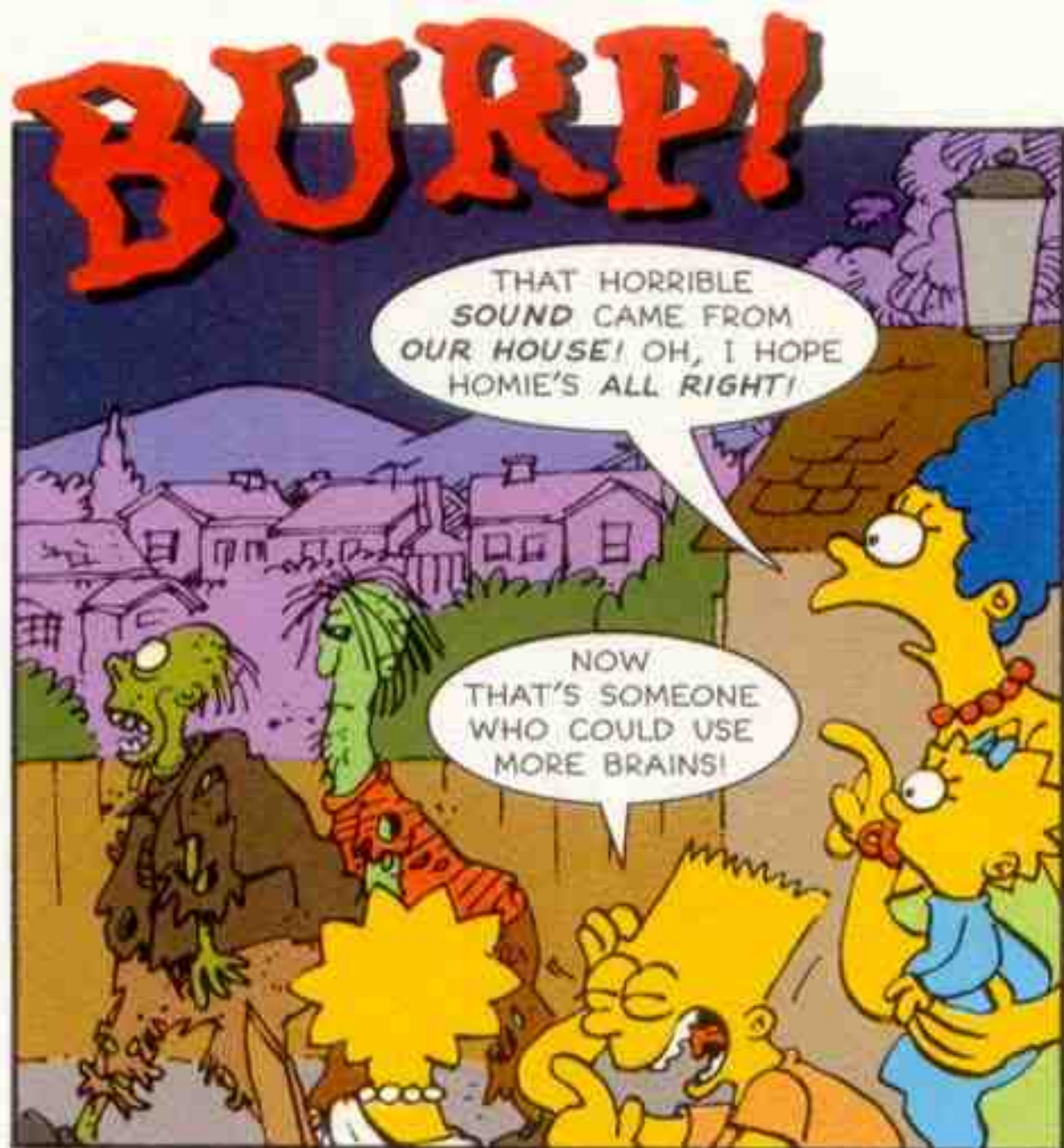
YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT: IF YOU CHOOSE TO GIVE UP THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT, ANYTHING YOU SAY CAN AND WILL BE USED AGAINST...AW, GEE, FORGET IT!

I'M GONNA NEED A REPLACEMENT PATROL CAR DOWN HERE ASAP! YEAH, AND A FEW CANISTERS OF SOME OF THAT ANTI-WALKING-DEAD REPELLENT, TOO!

HUH? WHADDAYA MEAN, YOU "DON'T HAVE ANY ANTI-WALKING-DEAD REPELLENT"?









MEANWHILE, IN THE SPRINGFIELD NUCLEAR POWER PLANT:

EGAD, SMITHERS, THIS TIME MY PLANT'S EMISSIONS ARE SO COMPLETELY-OUT-OF-CONTROL, THEY'VE CAUSED THE DEAD TO RETURN TO A SHAMBLING MOCKERY OF LIFE! SO MUCH DESTRUCTION! SO MUCH DEATH!

OH, YES SIR, IT'S JUST TERRIBLE!

BUT NOT AS TERRIBLE AS THE LONGING I HOLD IN MY HEART FOR THE APPARENT AUTHOR OF THIS HAVOC!

EVEN A CORRUPT TYCOON SUCH AS MYSELF IS NOT IMMUNE FROM THE PANGS OF SELF-GUILT! I SHALL SIGN THIS EXTREMELY GENEROUS CHECK TO INDEMNIFY THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY!

SCRITCH
SCRITCH

GOOD NEWS, SIR! THE WALKING DEAD ARE SUDDENLY RETURNING TO THE SPRINGFIELD CEMETERY!

AS I WAS JUST SAYING, NONE OF THIS IS OUR FAULT!

RIP
RIP
RIP!

THE WALKING DEAD ARE LEAVING! WE'RE SAVED!

ONCE AGAIN, THE POWER OF THE PULPIT HAS TURNED THE TIDE AGAINST EVIL!

I'VE GOT TO GET HOME AND CHANGE INTO A FRESH ROBE!

AND AT SPRINGFIELD CITY HALL...

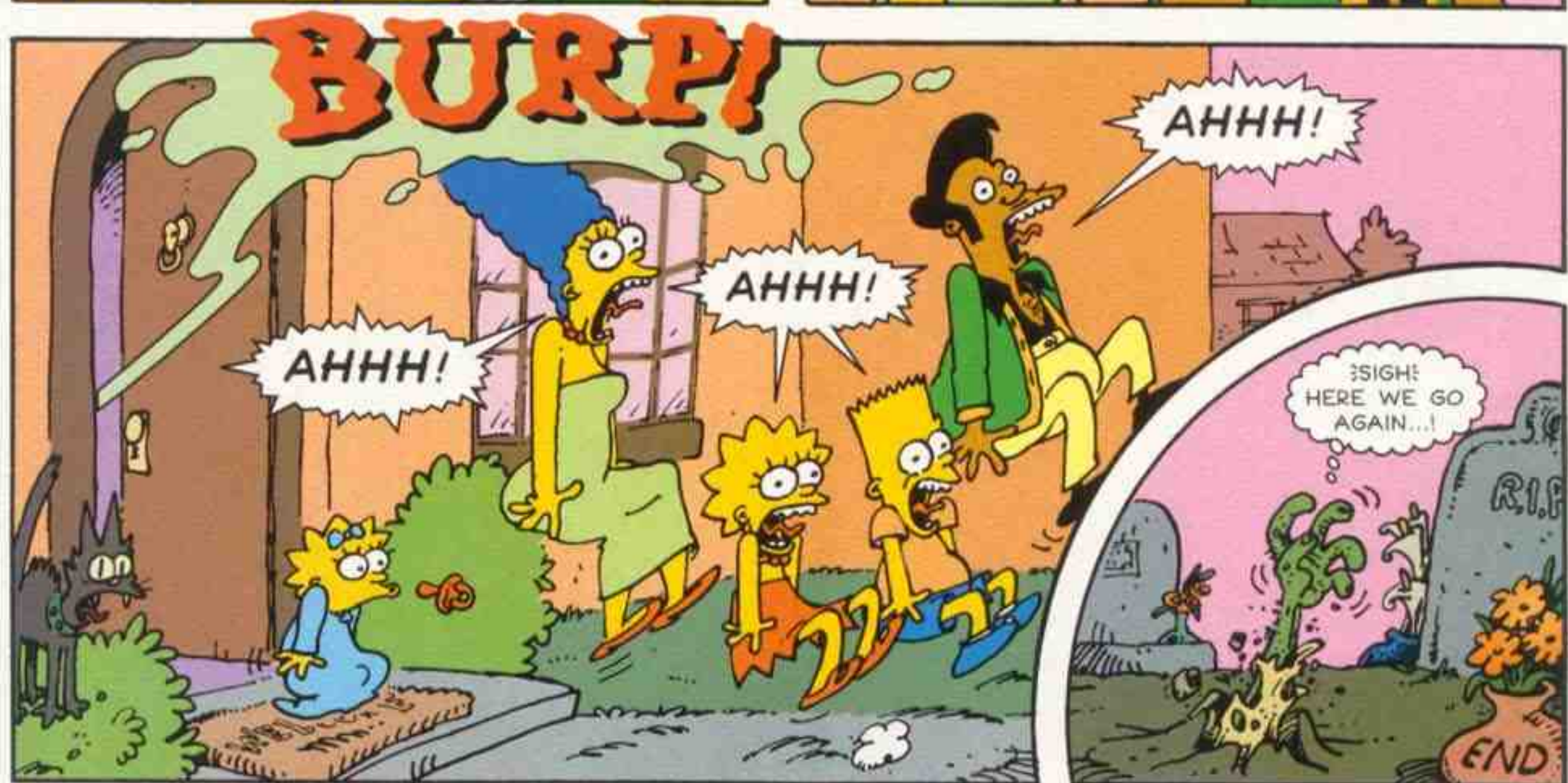
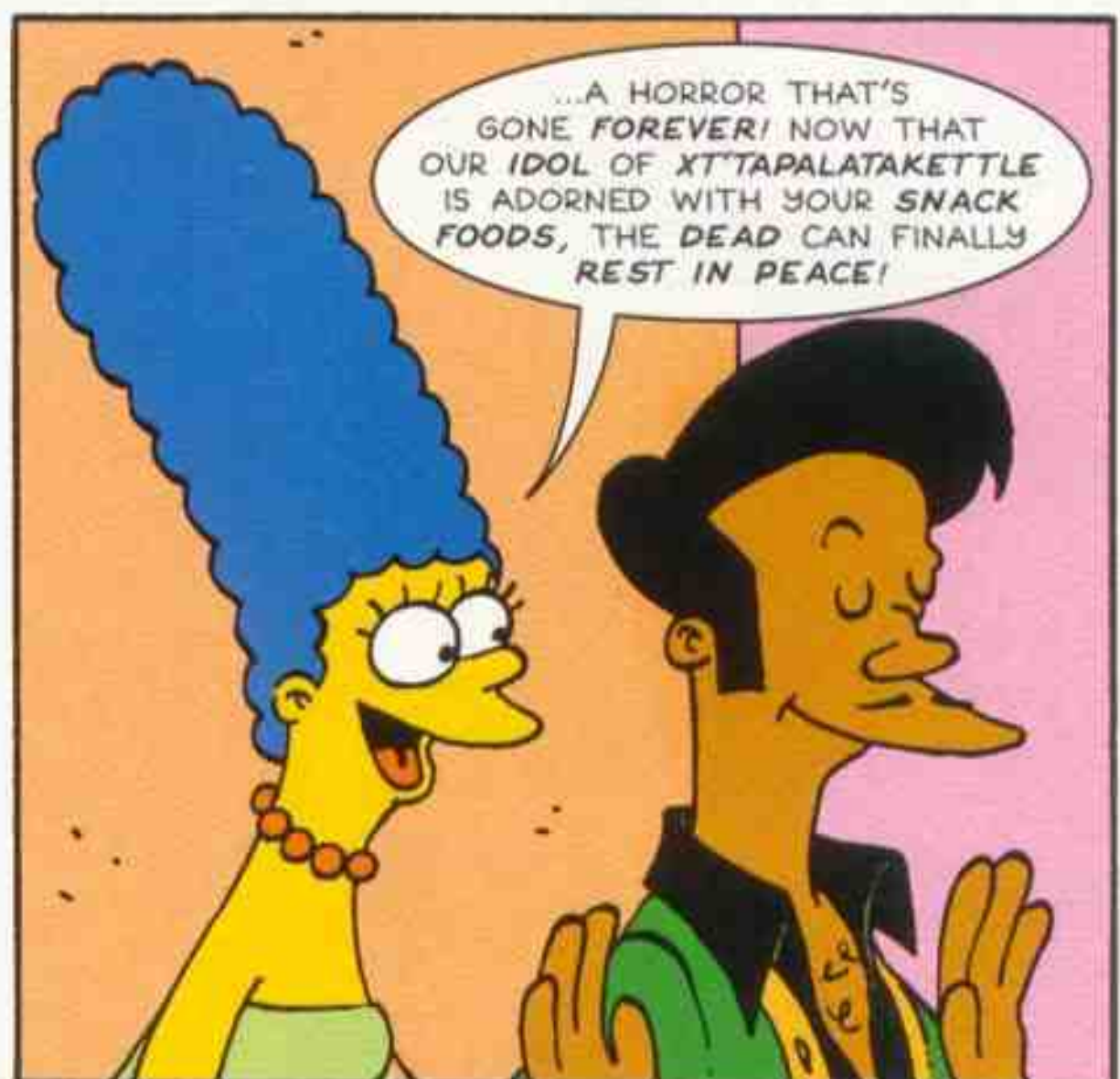
ONCE AGAIN, THE POWER OF THE MAYOR'S OFFICE HAS TURNED THE TIDE AGAINST EVIL!

OH, DIAMOND JOEY TEE-HEE-HEE!

WHILE AT THE SPRINGFIELD POLICE STATION...

ONCE AGAIN, THE POWER OF THE POLICE HAS TURNED...UH... SOMETHIN' ABOUT EVIL AN' TIDES, I DUNNO...ANYWAY, ALL OF THE CULPRITS ARE HERE IN JAIL!

ACTUALLY, THE FOOD IN HERE AIN'T ALL THAT BAD! NICE AN' SOFT, JUST THE WAY ME AN' MY GUMS LIKE IT!



APU ON RIGEL 7

Gee, Mr. Burns, what quasi-legal means did you employ to get the Russians to part with their top-secret teleport?

Well, Smithers, when I was just a lad I won a bet with Catherine the Great!

Freshly Doug
TenNapel
Writer/Artist

Crawling
Chris Ungar
Letters

Nathan
"Nosferatu" Kane
Colors

Bill
Morbison
Editor

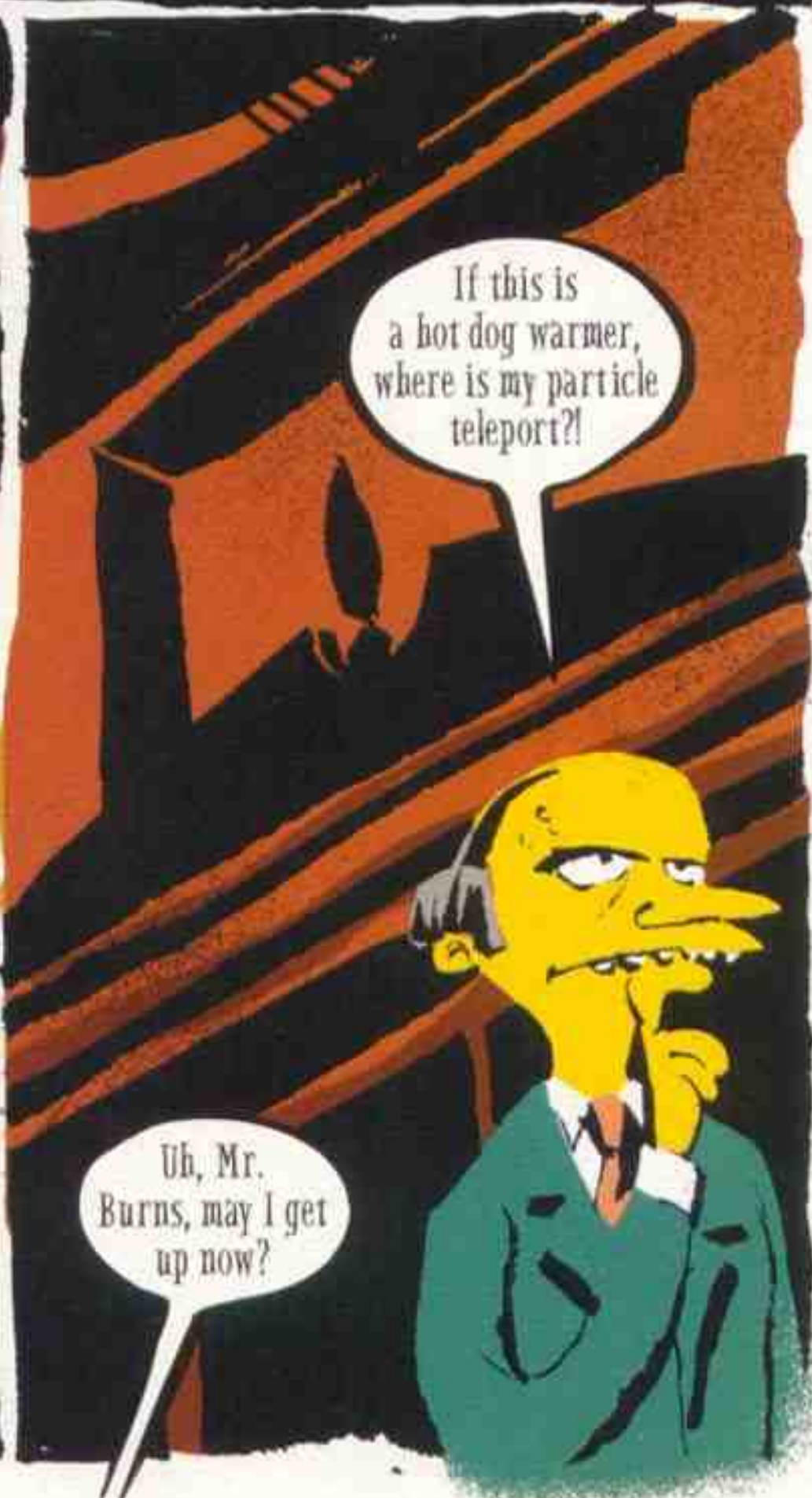
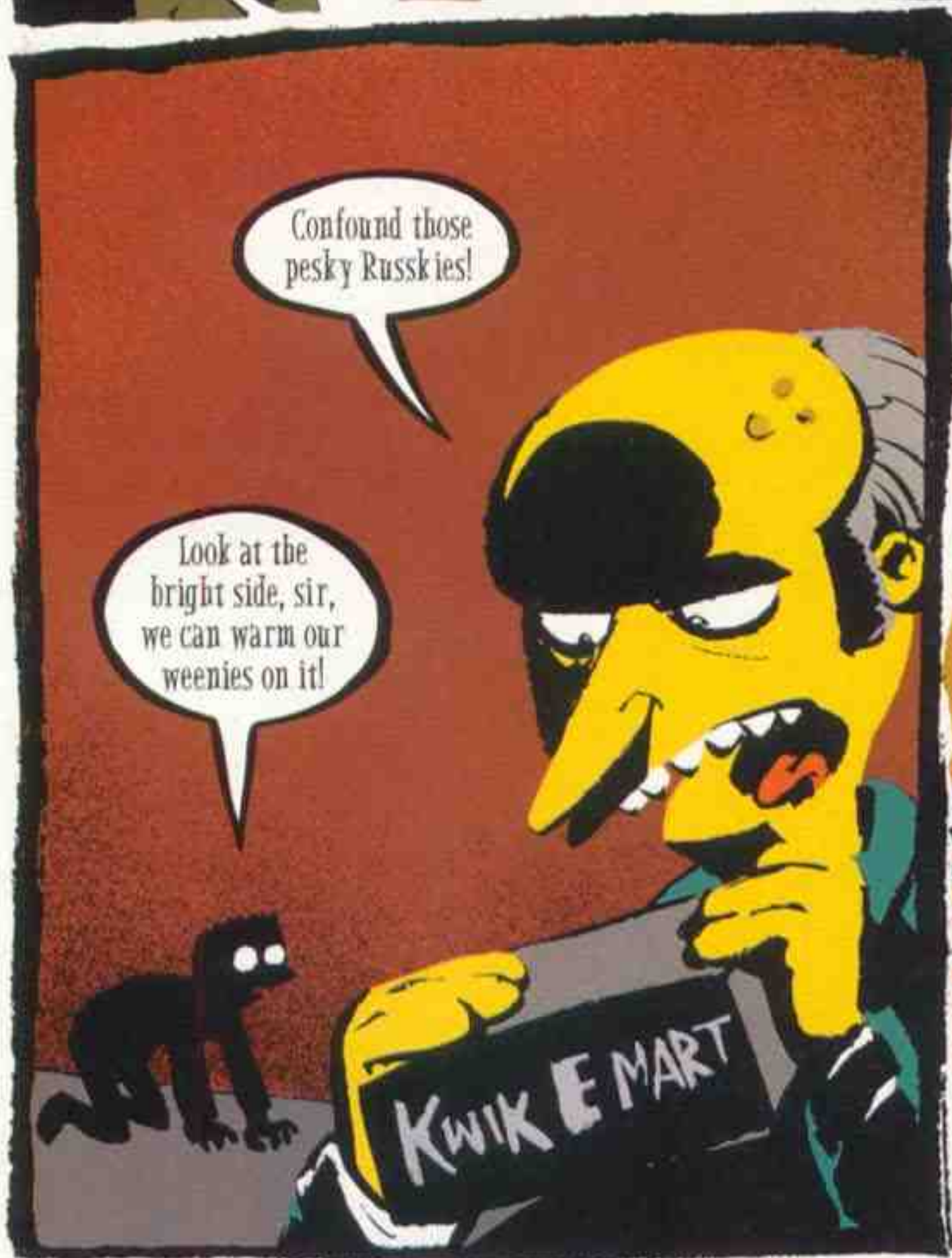
Monstrous
Matt Groening
BEM (Bug-Eyed Master)

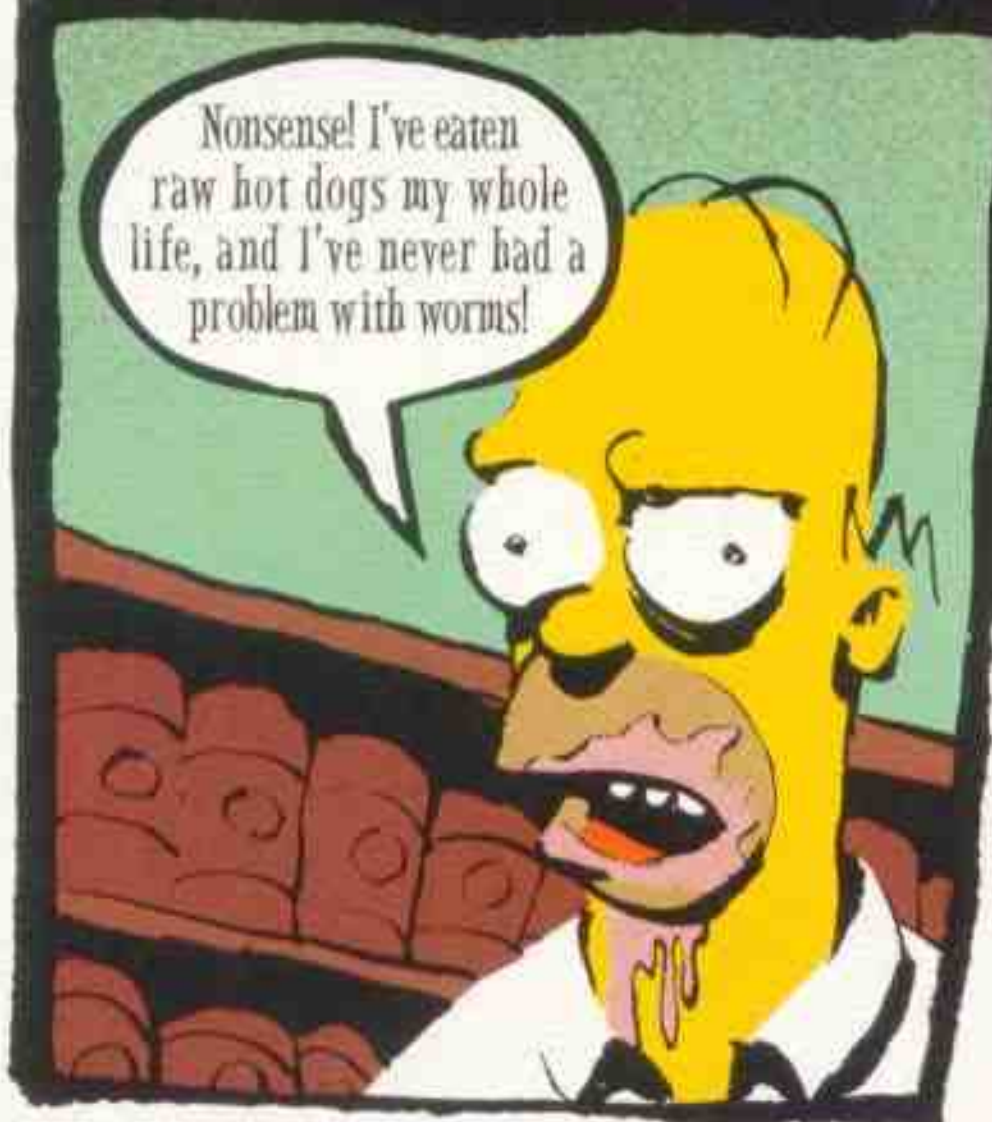
Lucky you.
She'd have won if the
rope didn't break.

I didn't collect my winnings,
allowing the interest to compound
over the years. It's a little trick
I learned from the I.R.S.

So last week, when the Russian
economy was at its weakest in years,
I demanded the full payment of my debt. It
was worth 8 billion, million rubles—
enough to bankrupt Russia!

Sir, you are
quite the financial
genius!





I wonder where the customary Kwik-E-Mart logo is? It is a seal of virtual quality on all Kwik-E-Mart products, from re-heating devices to security cameras.



Uh, shouldn't we warm a few hot dogs on it to make sure it works?!



Hey, there seems to be Chinese writing all over it!

That is not Chinese. It is Russian! Luckily all children in India must learn at least 7 languages to properly compete in the international business world!



Hey! I'll bet C3PO was from India! He knows over 71,000 languages!

Do not be a moron. C3PO was not from India! He was from England!



Woops!

By the six arms of Shiva! You dropped my Kwik-E-Mart brand hot dog warmer!





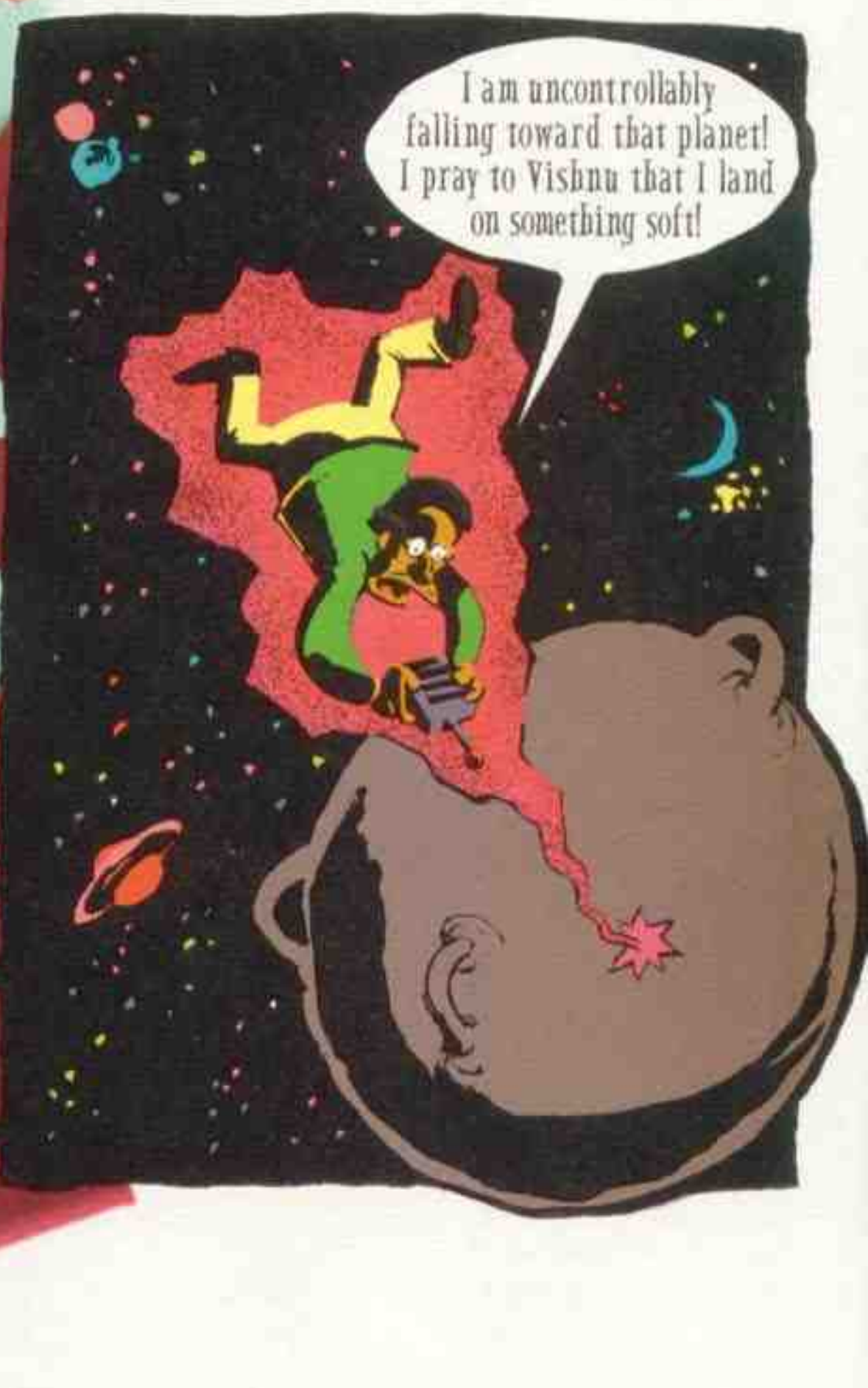
Where did this
wind storm come from? I
hope Mr. Homer did not consume
all of the nacho chili while my
back was turned.



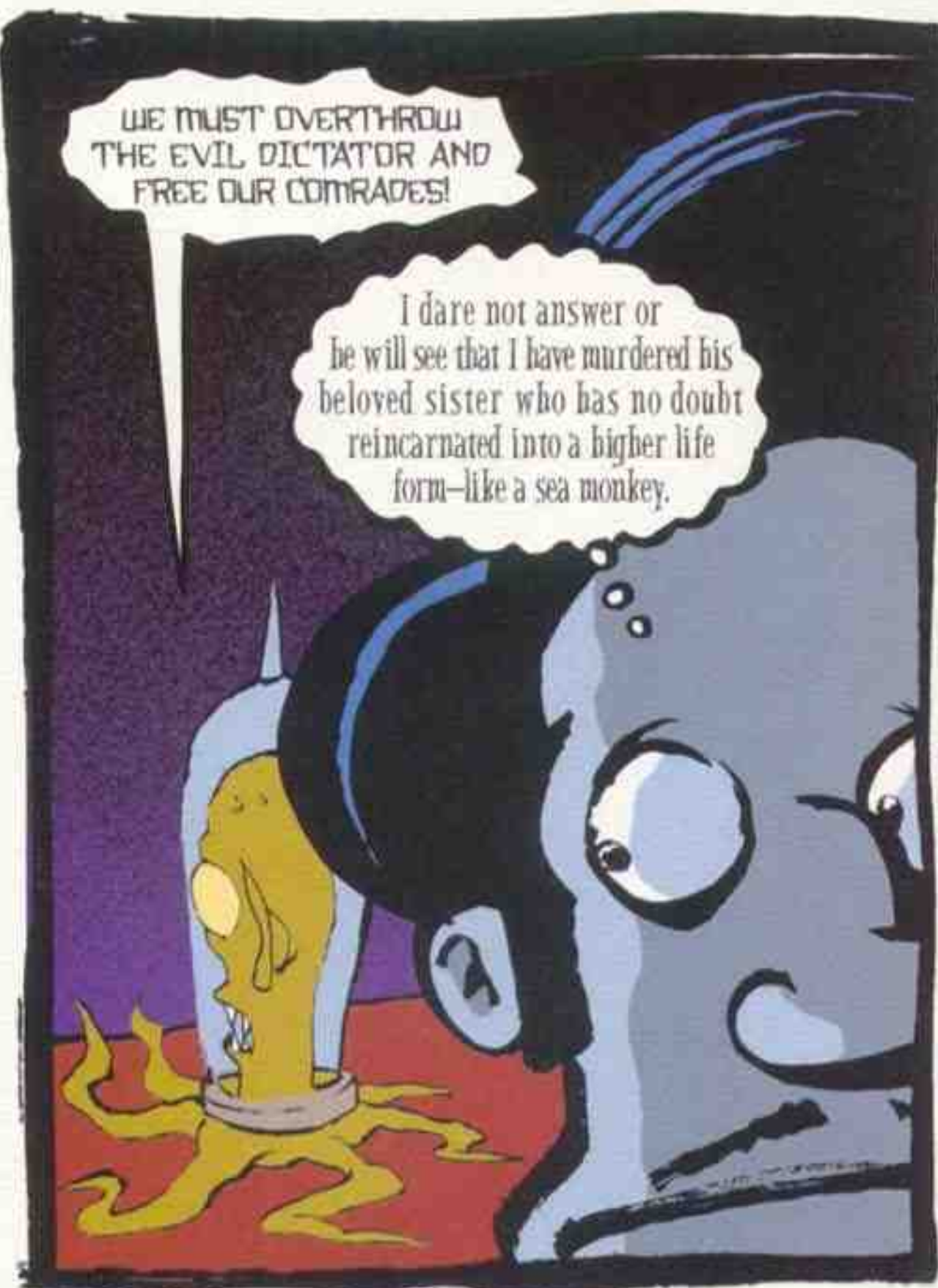
Where
am I?!

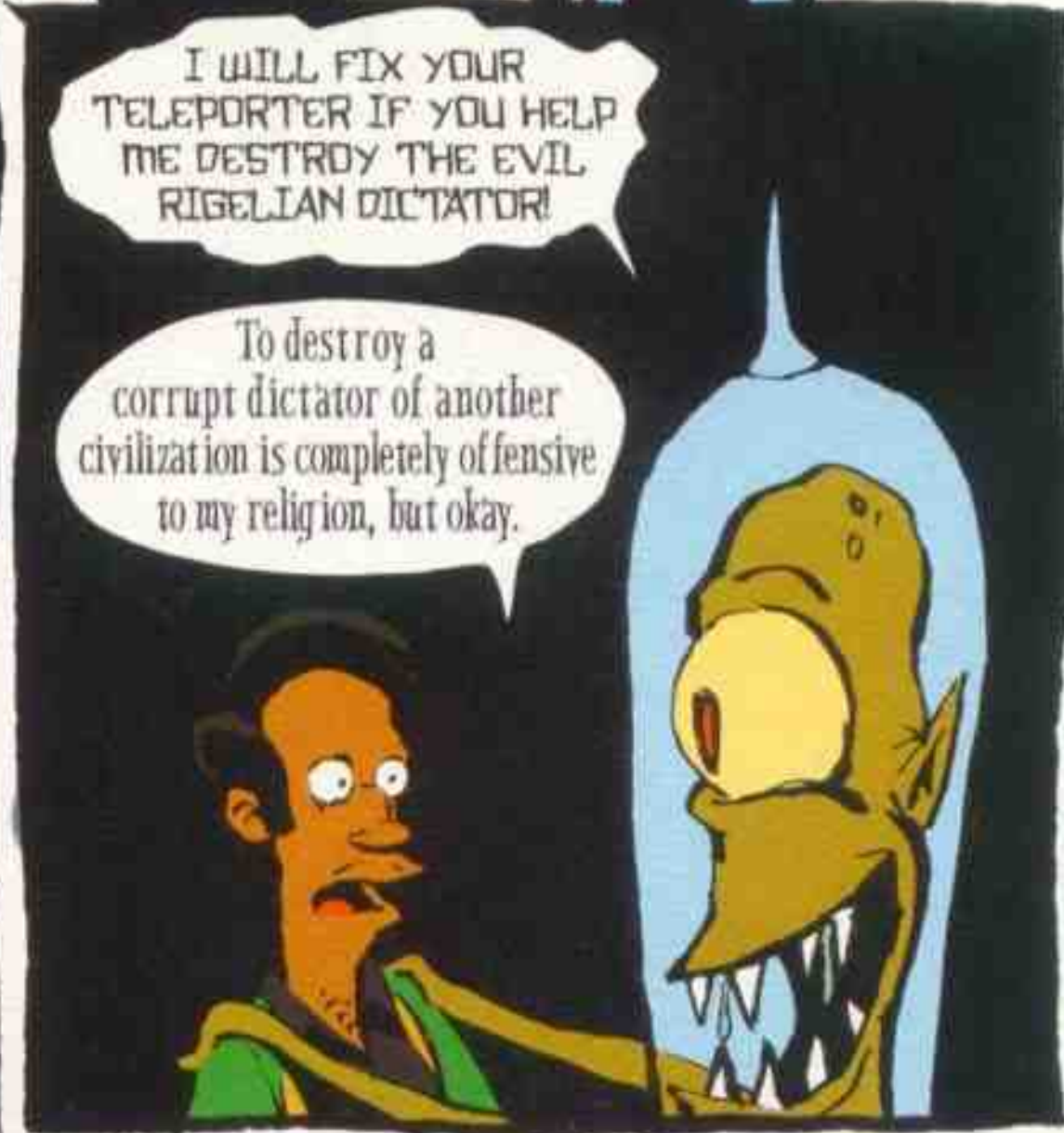


I haven't felt
this strange since I
sat too close to my grand-
father's bookab.



I am uncontrollably
falling toward that planet!
I pray to Vishnu that I land
on something soft!





How did
this dictator
take over your
world?

HE HAD
SUPERIOR
FIGHTING SKILLS
WITH HIS "BOARD AND
NAIL" TECHNIQUE. HE OVER-
THREW OUR PREVIOUS
PRESIDENT WHOM WE
PUT INTO POWER WITH
A DEMOCRATIC
ELECTION.

You have democratic
elections?

WELL, IT ISN'T
EXACTLY DEMOCRATIC.
OURS IS NOT A LEGITIMATE
DEMOCRACY LIKE YOUR UNITED
STATES. OUR ELECTIONS ARE BOUGHT
BY SPECIAL INTEREST GROUPS
WHO FLOOD THE MEDIA WITH IN-
FLAMMATORY AND EXAGGERATED
ADVERTISING TO INFLUENCE
A POORLY INFORMED
PUBLIC.

Why do we
climb this mountain?
Could we not just sneak in
through the back door?

THE DICTATOR
WANTED KODDS AND I
KILLED. YOU CAN'T IMAGINE
WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE AN
ILLEGAL ALIEN IN YOUR
OWN HOME LAND!

WE MADE IT!
I SHOULD CALL YOU APU
THE CLIMBER!

Thank you,
my Rigelian
brother.



I DON'T GET IT, THE WHOLE TOWN IS EMPTY!

Perhaps there is a sports event being broadcast on television.



IMPOSSIBLE. WE STOPPED WATCHING TELEVISED SPORTS EVENTS AFTER WE EVOLVED BEYOND THE IQ OF A PARAKEET.



AND NOW MY RIGELIAN SLAVES, WE MUST BUILD A BRIDGE TO THE FUTURE! A MILLION POINTS OF LIGHT! WE MUST RACIALLY CLEANSE THE UNIVERSE OF...

ALAS! A CROWD GATHERS IN THE TOWN COURTYARD! THE DICTATOR IS FEEDING MY PEOPLE MORE PROPAGANDA! HE MUST BE STOPPED!

Yes, my oppressed brother!



I PROMISE A
COMPLIMENTARY COW
AND PROBE FOR EVERY
ALIEN! ALL YOU HAVE TO
DO IS WORSHIP ME!

HOORAY!
WE WORSHIP
YOU!



SIR, YOU
MAKE A GREAT
DICTATOR!

DON'T INTERRUPT
ME SMITHOS THE BROWN!
AND DON'T CALL
ME TATOR!



BURNZAK! YOU
HAVE OPPRESSED MY
PEOPLE ENOUGH!

My people
must be
avenged!

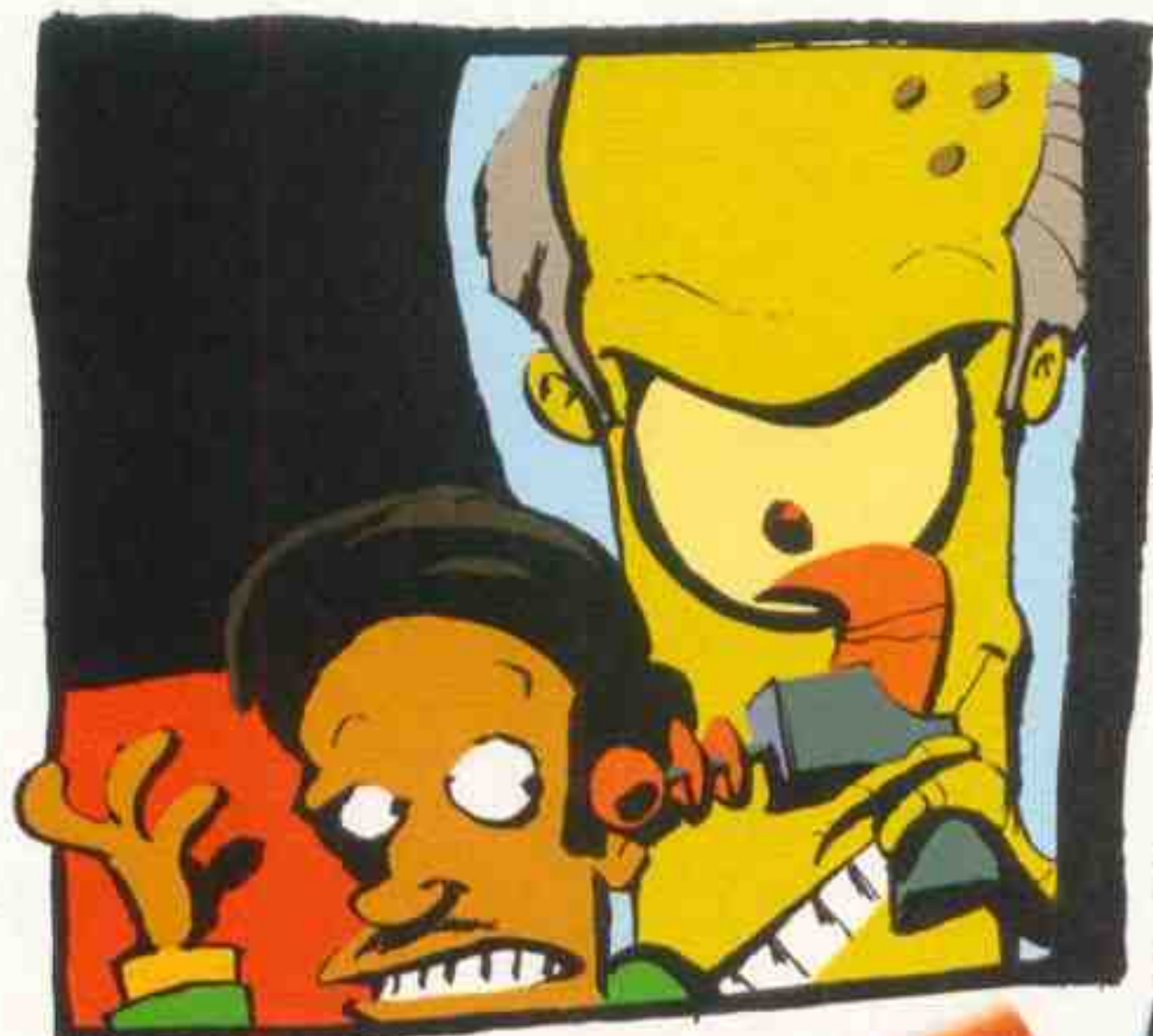


Your brain
weapons will not
sway us!



Poof!











Later, at Burns' Mansion...

Why this isn't a
super-growth beam! Smithers,
it appears to be a nacho
cheese dispenser!

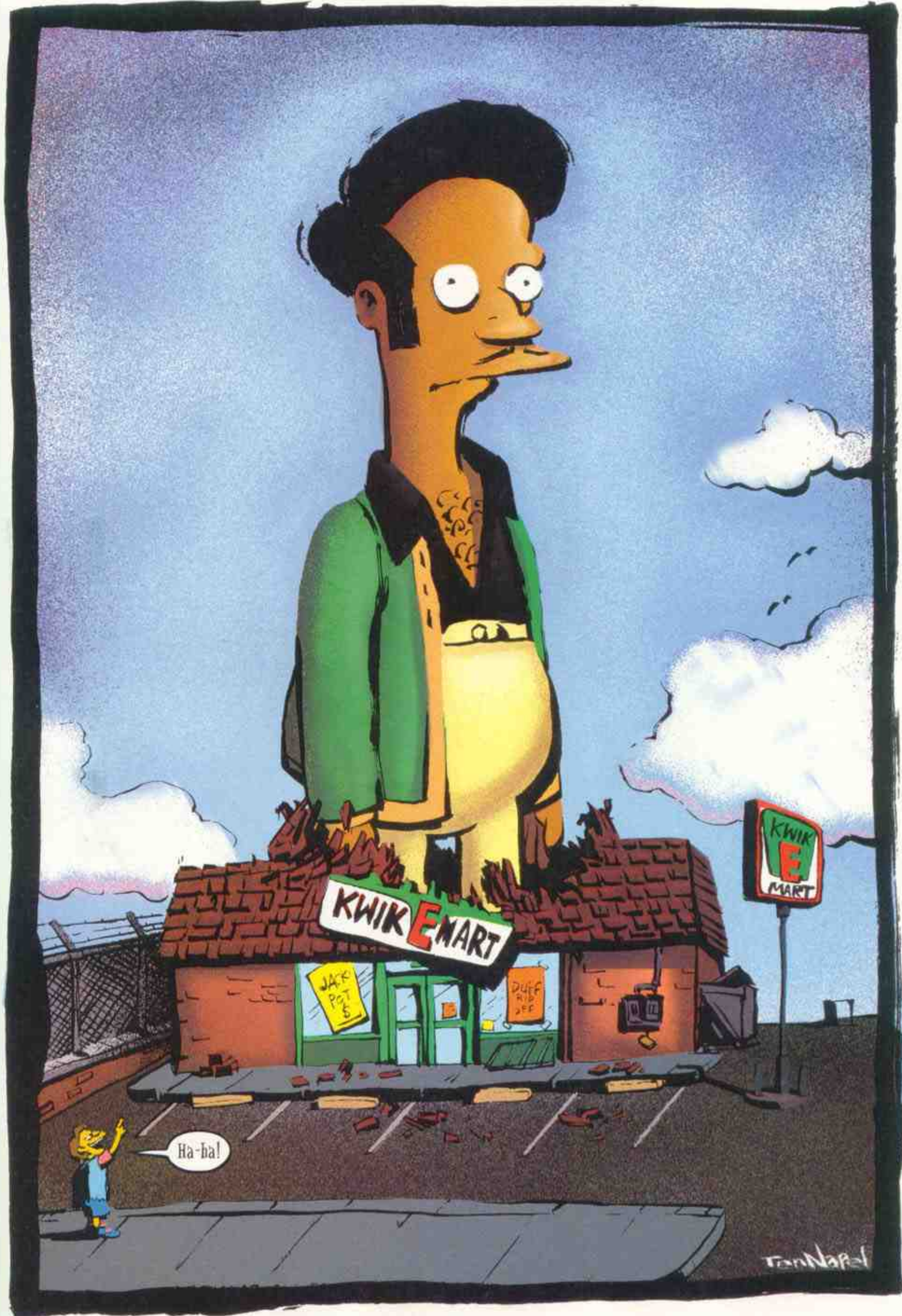
It does
say Kwik-E-Mart
on the side.

Dad-blast those
pesky Russians! Every
time they send me something
valuable, it gets switched
with a piece of Kwik-E-
Mart junk!

Hey!
What about
me?!

Shut up,
Walt!

If you got
the nacho warmer,
what do you suppose
happened to our super-
growth machine?



Tom Napol



THE BEER WITCH PROJECT

