

**A
BONGO
PUBLICATION**

PARENTS BEWARE! GORIEST ISSUE EVER!



BART SIMPSON'S

**TREEHOUSE OF
HORROR** TM

**TREEHOUSE
of
HORROR
#8**

**\$3.50 US
\$4.95 CANADA**

FEATURING

**HILARY
BARTA**

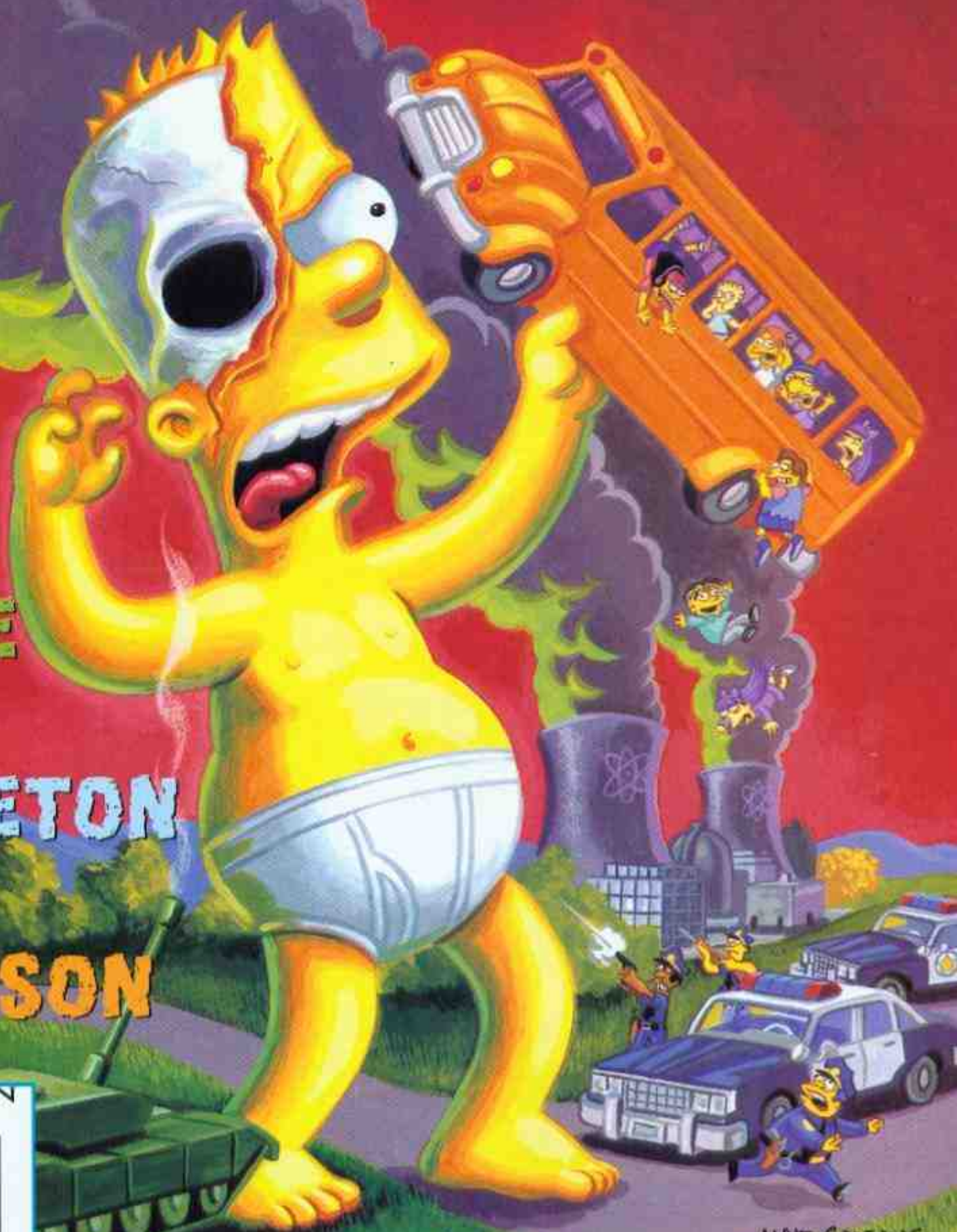
**SCOTT
SHAW!**

**GAIL
SIMONE**

**TY
TEMPLETON**

**JILL
THOMPSON**

DIRECT EDITION

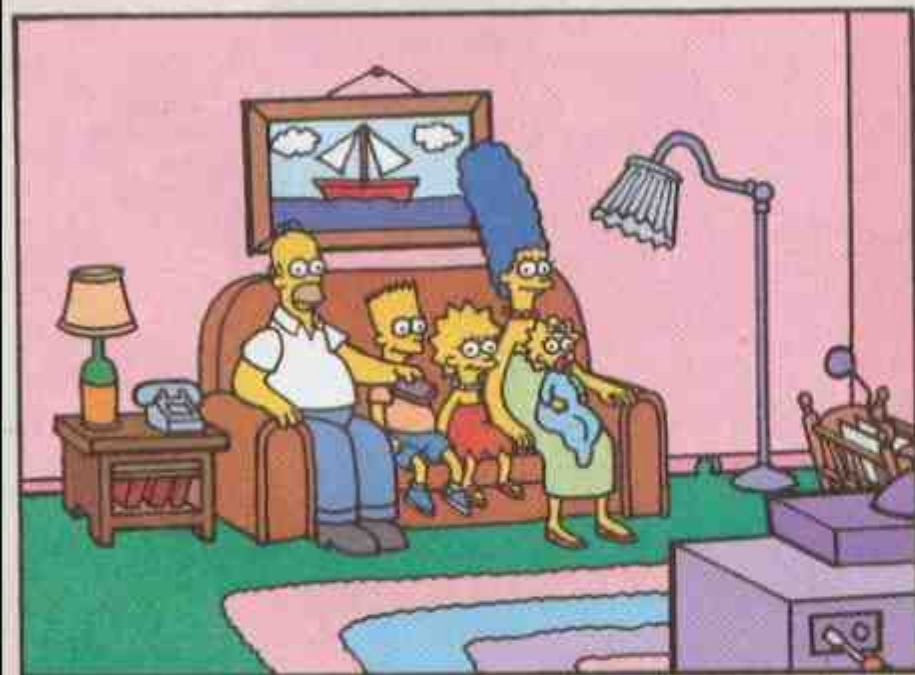
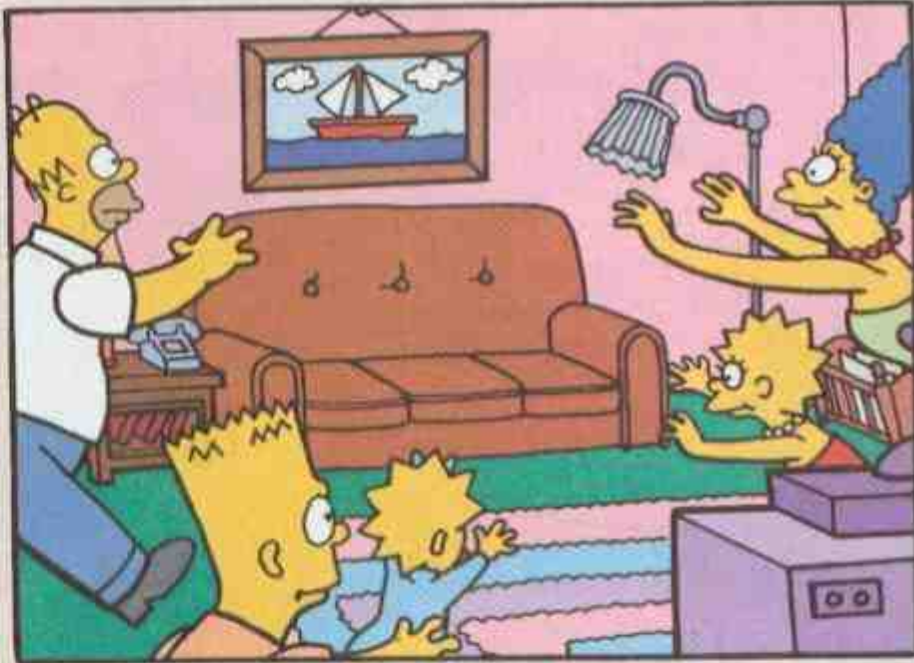


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**MATT GROENING
Bill Mousen**

the SIMPSONS

THERE ARE NO FRIENDLY GHOSTS
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NIGHT OF NINETEEN SCREAMS!



AND SO WE SAY FAREWELL TO THE SIMPSONS...ASHES TO ASHES...DUST TO DUST...

WELL, JUST ASHES, ACTUALLY. THAT'S ALL THAT WAS LEFT...

THE NEIGHBORS ARE IN HEAVEN, DADDY. YAYYY!

SNFFF!

PROBABLY BORROWING A CUPARONIE OF HOLY FLOUR FROM GOOD OL' MAUDE.

HOW ARE YOU DOING, OLD TIMER?

OH... OH...

I FEEL TERRIBLE. LIKE THIS WAS ALL MY FAULT.

IT WAS YOUR FAULT. YOU FRIED 'EM UP GOOD WITH THE TV, THERE.

BUT IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, I TELL YA.

AN ACCIDENT!

SURE IT WAS, GRAMPS... SURE.

AND NORMALLY, THAT WOULD BE FOR AN INQUEST AND A COURT TO DECIDE...

...BUT I HAVE A LOT OF TVS IN MY HOME...AND AT THE STATION...IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

SO I'M GOING TO BACK AWAY SLOW AND LEAVE YOU ALONE.

AND WE'RE JUST GOING TO CALL IT EVEN...

OH... OH...





GAAAA!!!

WHUZZAT?!?

WHATSIS?!?

SORRY TO SCARE YOU, MISTER HOMER'S FATHER, SIR...BUT THIS IS MY HOUSE, NOW. IT WAS WILLED TO ME ON A BAR NAPKIN ONE BEAUTIFUL EVENING LAST YEAR...

YEAH. HOMER WILLED IT TO ME ON A BAR NAPKIN, TOO.

I GOT IT TWICE!

WE ALL GOT 'EM. EVENTUALLY, I HAD HOMER'S WILL AND TESTAMENT NAPKINS PRINTED UP JUST TO SAVE EVERYONE TIME.



WE HAVE NO NAPKINS.

BUT WE'RE NOT LEAVING UNTIL WE'VE GONE THROUGH THEIR STUFF.

I MADE LEMONADE FOR THE NEW NEIGHBOR-EENOS!

¡YO NO CONOZCO ESTA GENTE!



HOT DANG DIGGITY! I AINT GONNA WASTE AWAY OF LONELINESS AFTER ALL...

...PROBABLY BE THE HEART OR LUNGS THEN.

NOW, EVERYBODY CLAM UP! IT'S TIME FOR MY NAP.



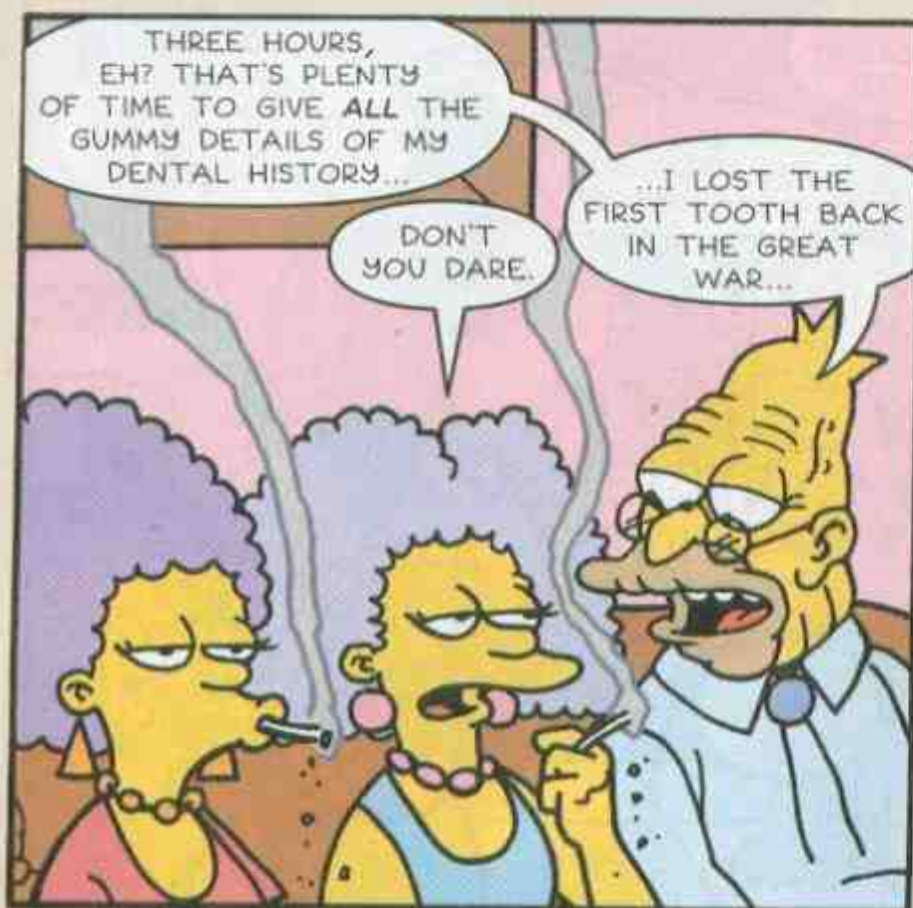
HOW MANY BEDROOMS UPSTAIRS, DO YOU THINK?

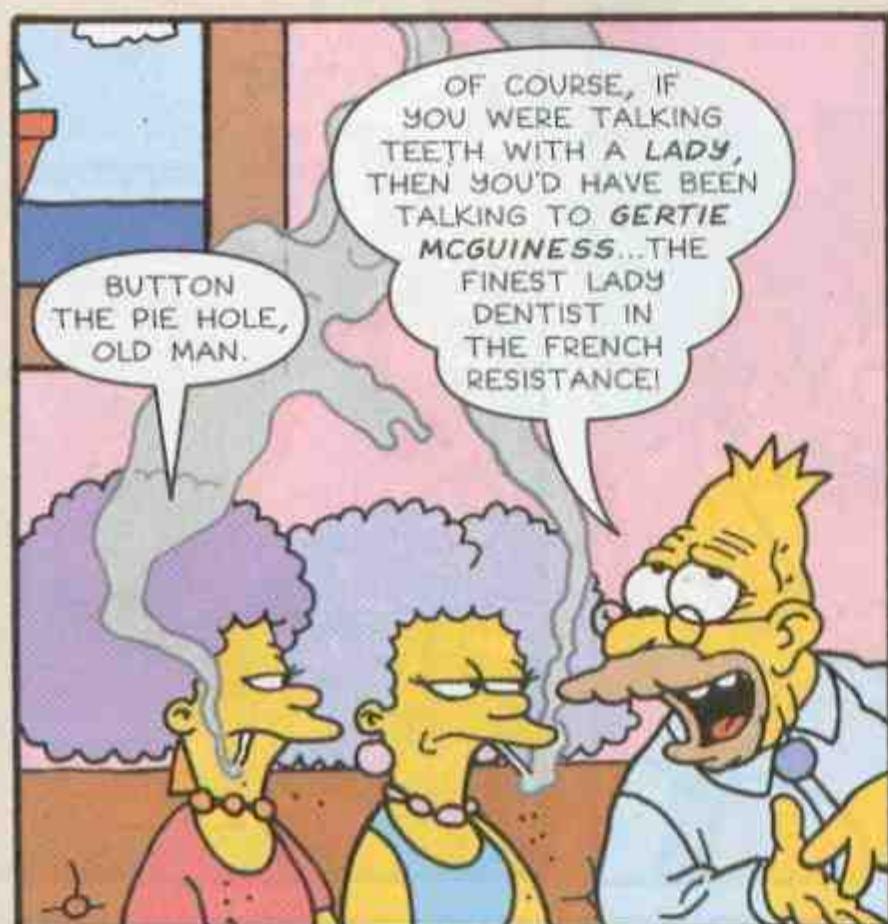
I'M WILLING TO SLEEP IN A CLOSET, IF IT'S CARPETED...

ZZZZZZ

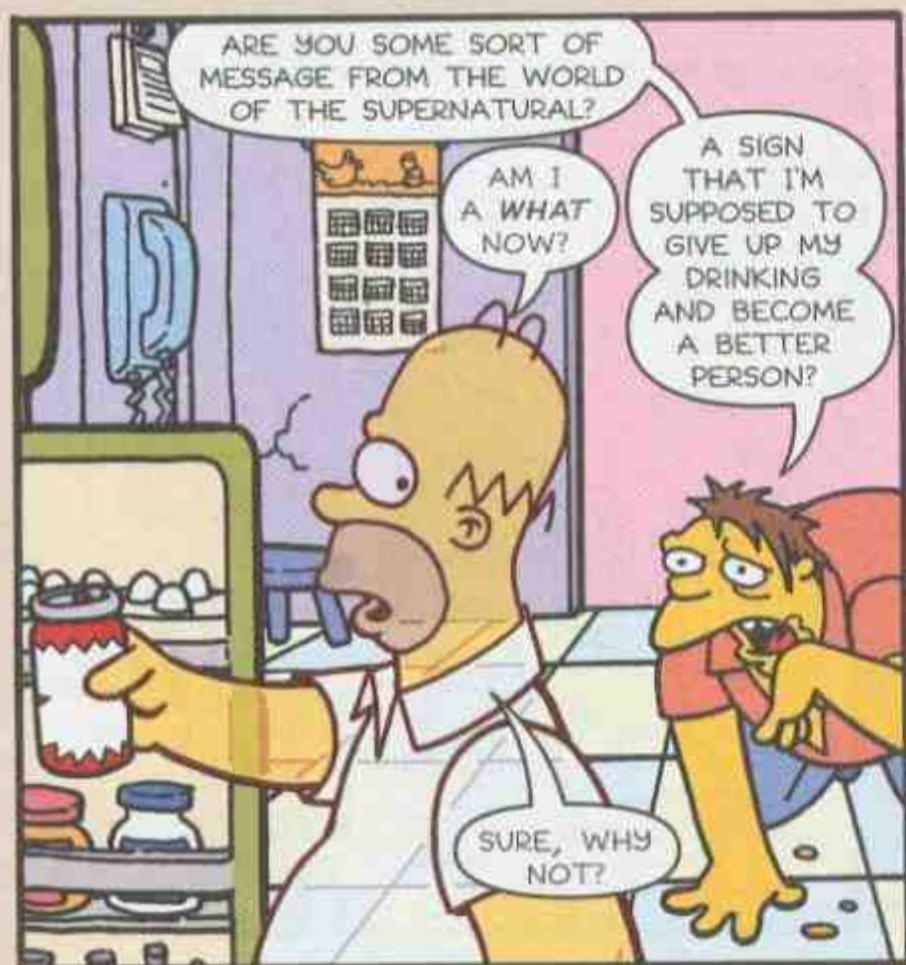








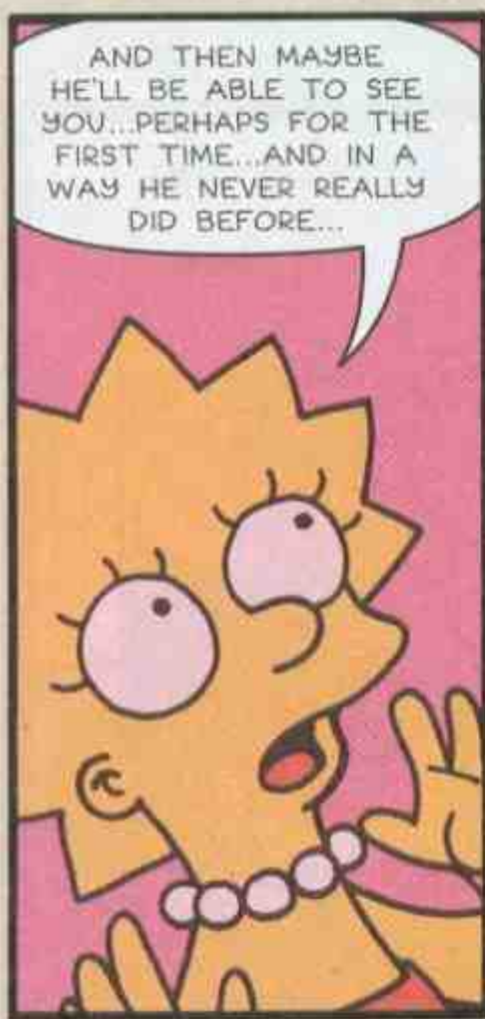


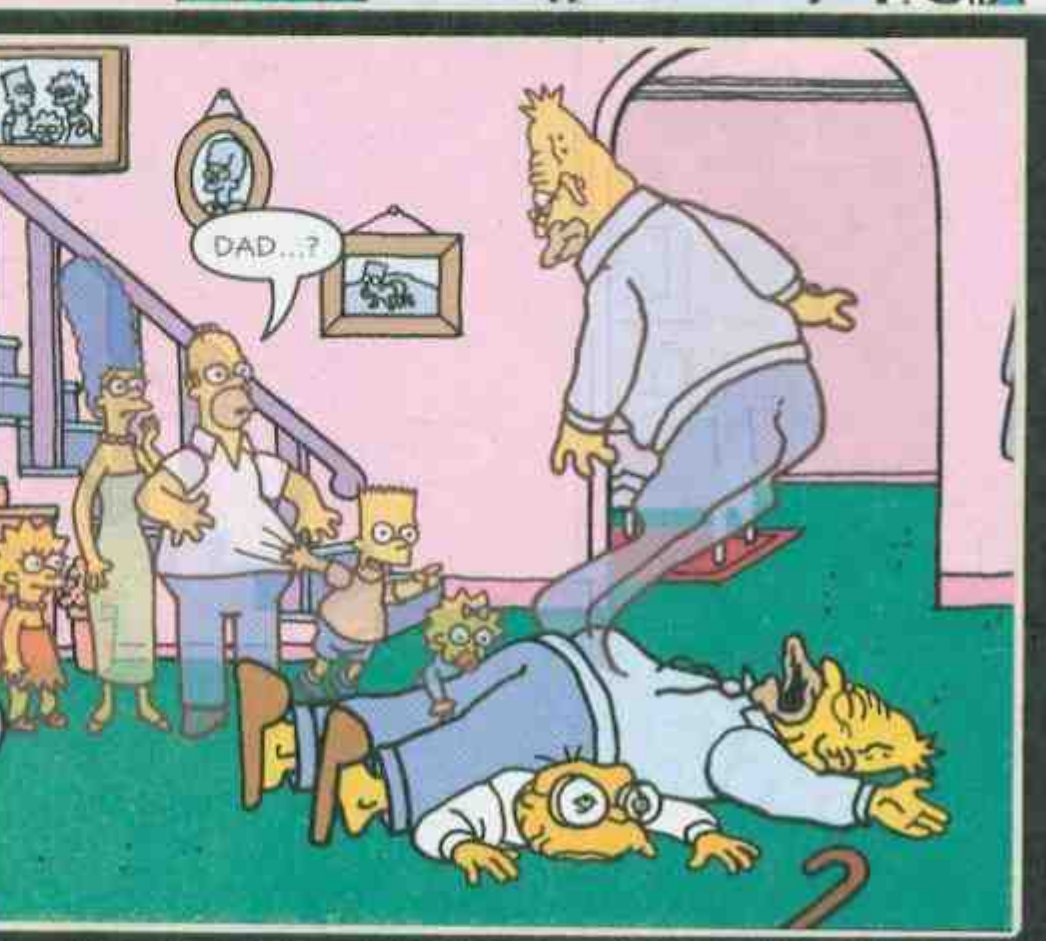












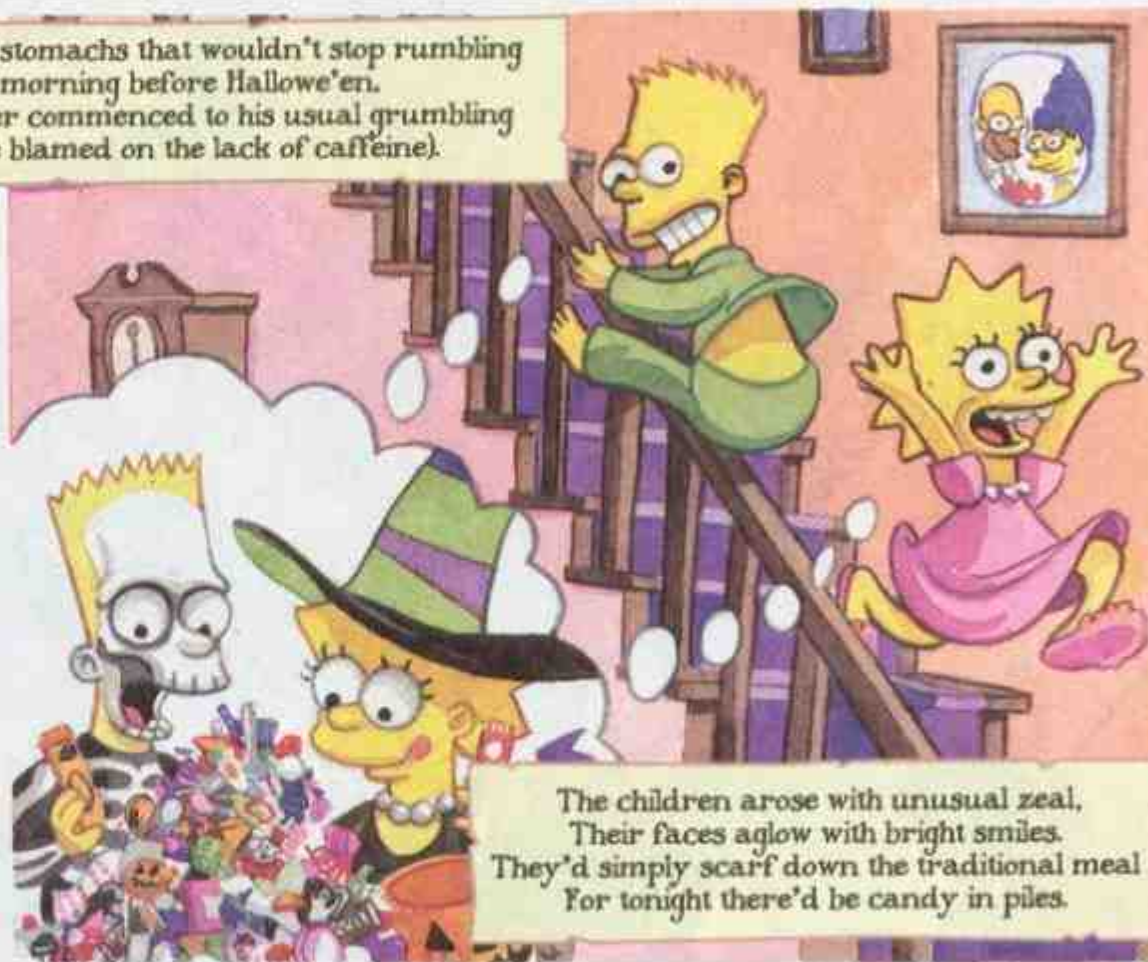


This tale that I tell, by my Squishee I swear,
Is most faithfully, awfully true.
So take heed when selecting your snack bill of fare,
Or this foul fate might befall YOU.

TALES FROM THE KWIK-E-MART

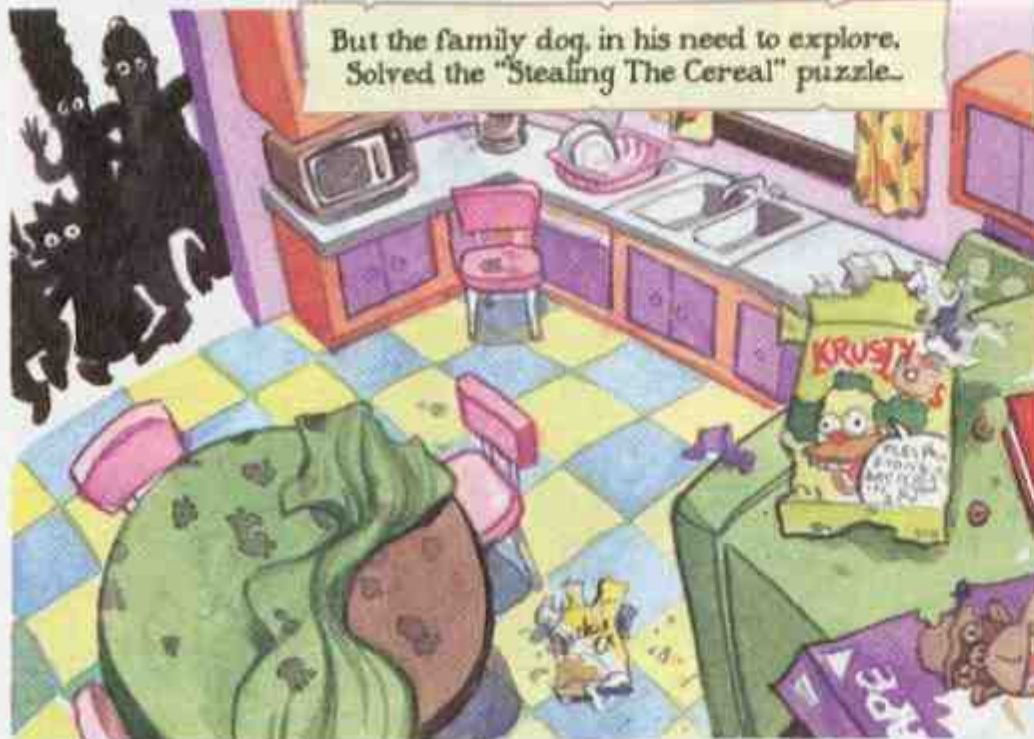
GAIL SIMONE	JILL THOMPSON
STORY	ART
KAREN BATES	BILL MORRISON
LETTERS	EDITOR
MATT GROENING	
CEREAL THRILLER	

'Tis a story of stomachs that wouldn't stop rumbling
That morning before Hallowe'en.
And how Homer commenced to his usual grumbling
(Which he blamed on the lack of caffeine).

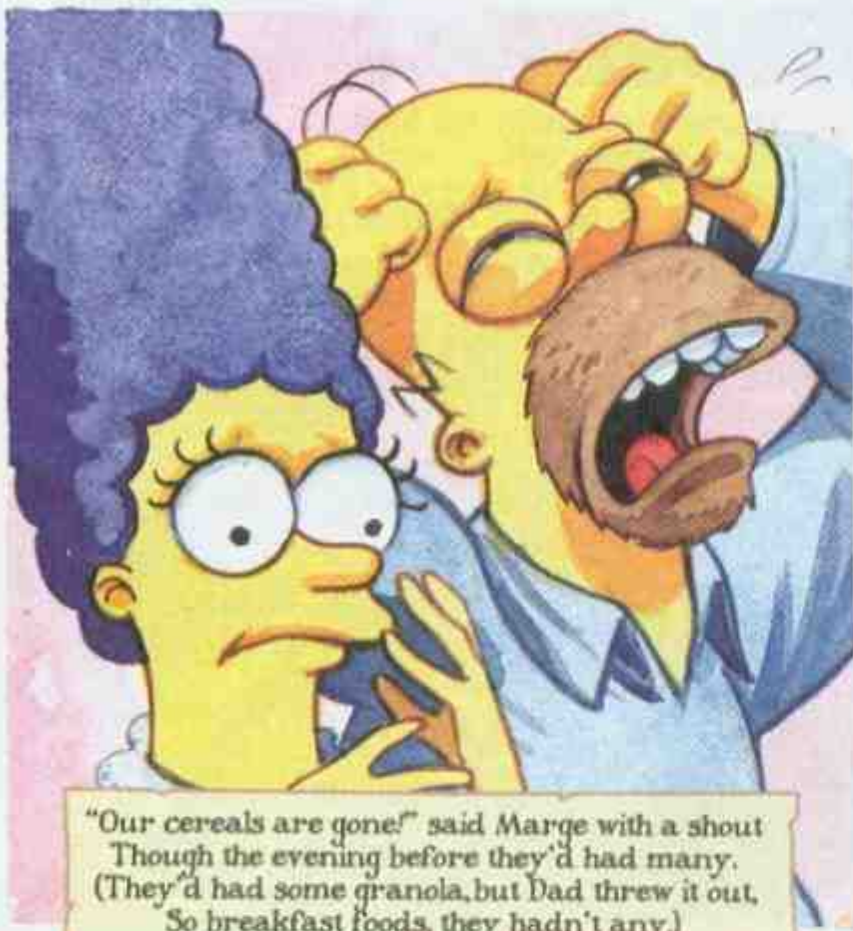


The children arose with unusual zeal,
Their faces aglow with bright smiles.
They'd simply scarf down the traditional meal
For tonight there'd be candy in piles.

But the family dog, in his need to explore,
Solved the "Stealing The Cereal" puzzle.



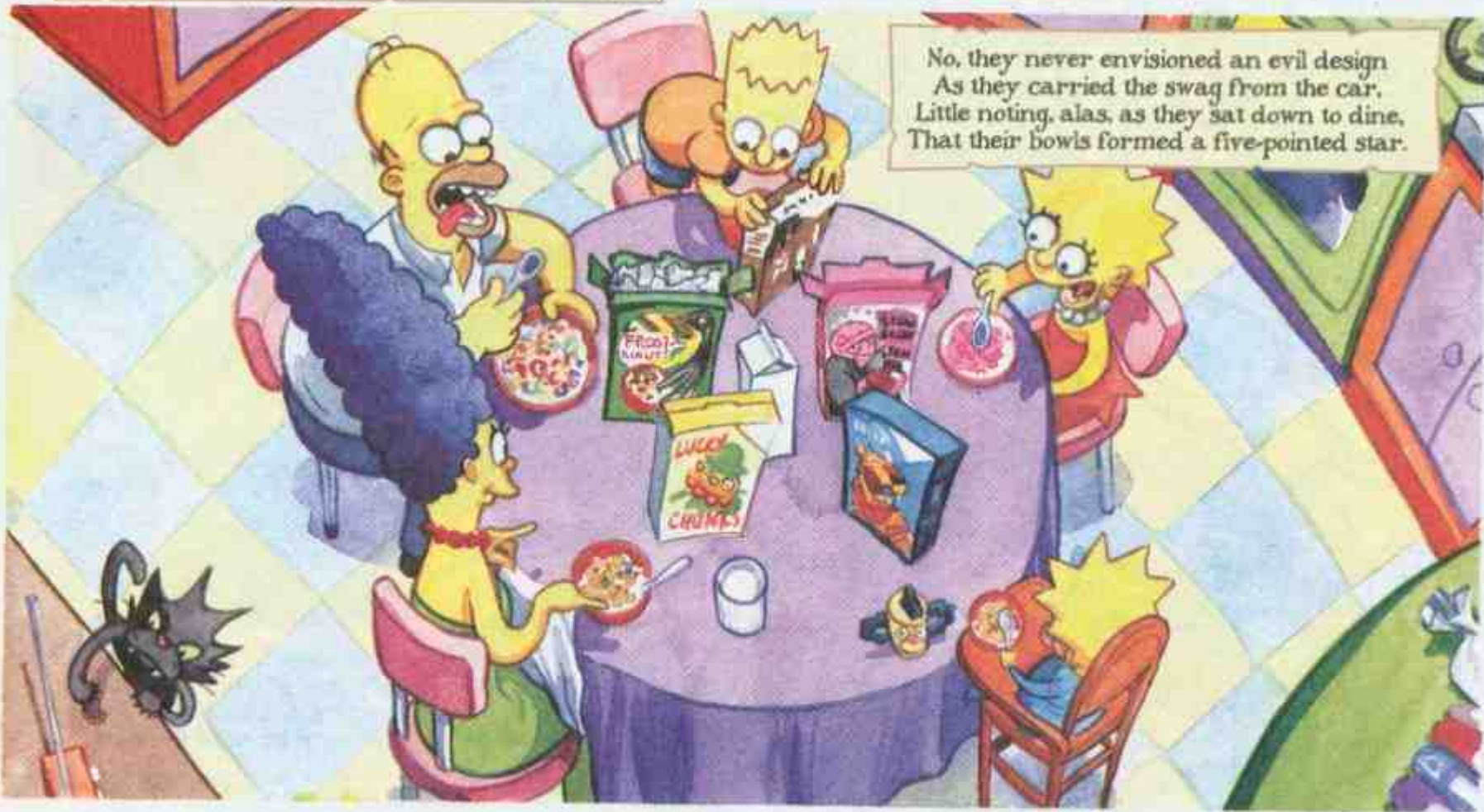
They found him akimbo, passed out on the floor.
Bits of marshmallow dotting his muzzle.



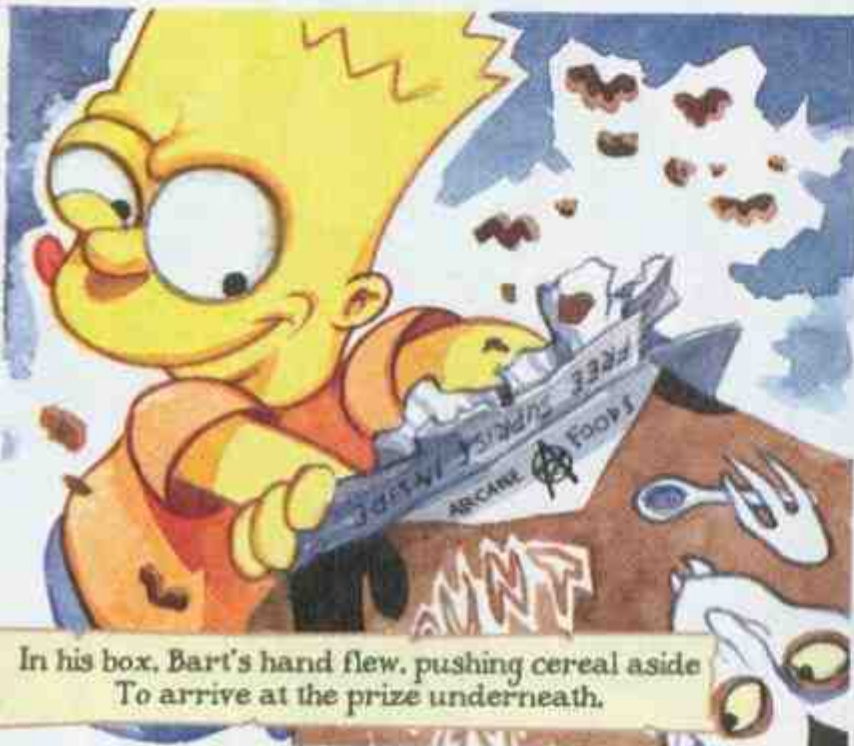
"Our cereals are gone!" said Marge with a shout
Though the evening before they'd had many.
(They'd had some granola, but Dad threw it out,
So breakfast foods, they hadn't any.)



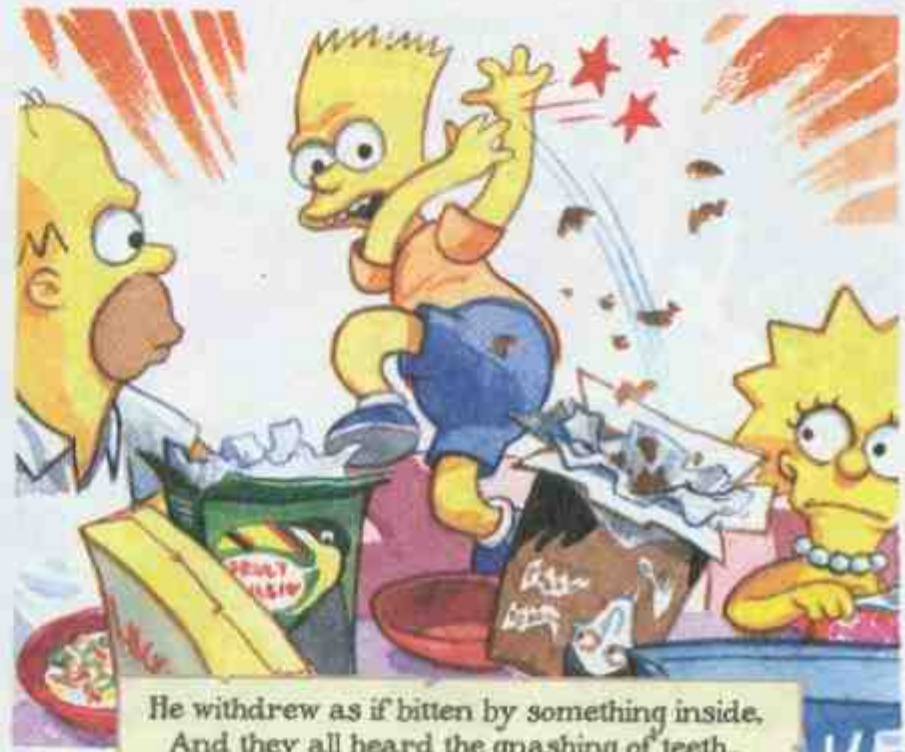
Then they came for fresh boxes, a gallon of milk.
Never knowing the danger they'd found.
For the factory that made all those boxes was built
On an Indian Burial Ground.



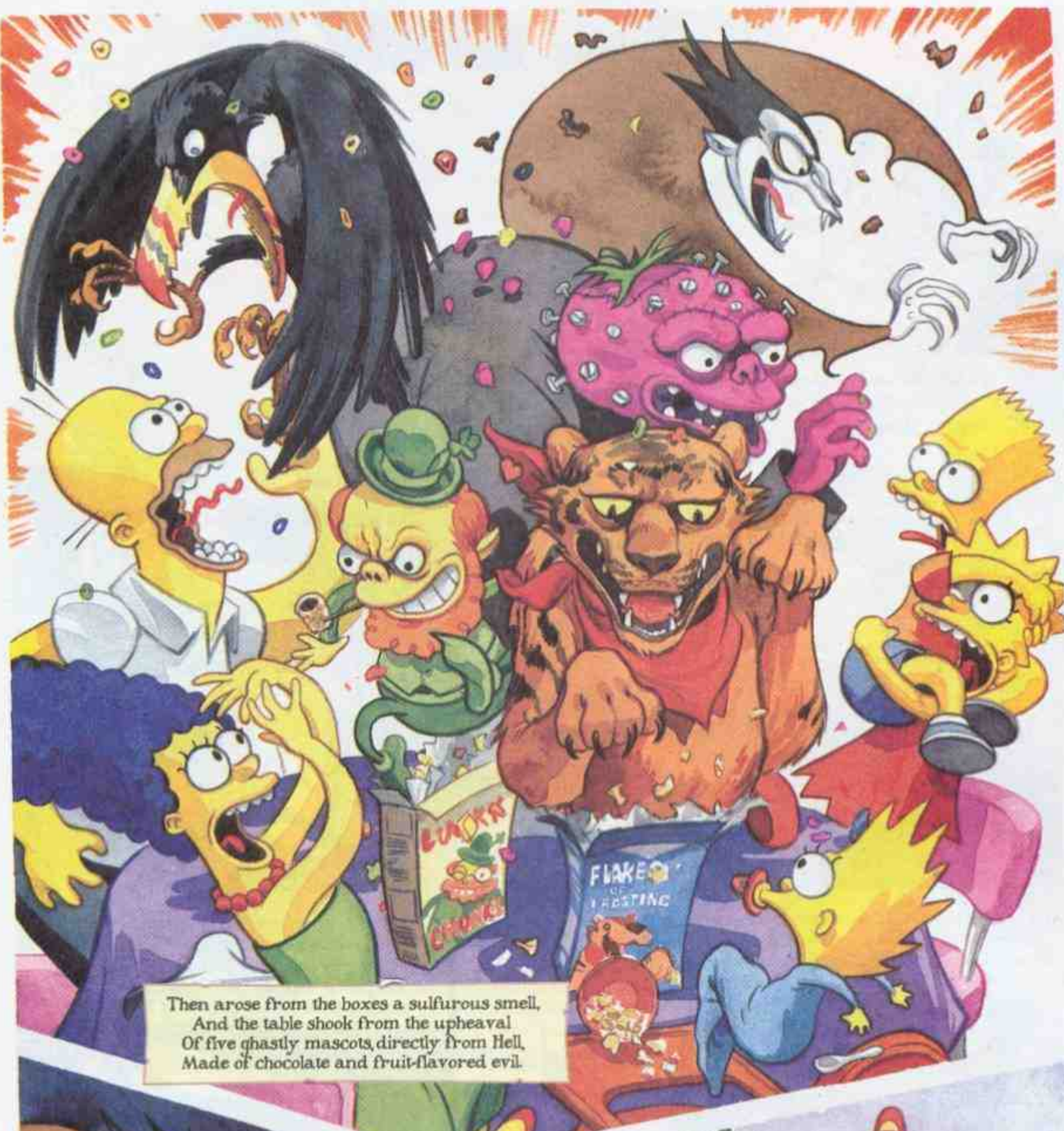
No, they never envisioned an evil design
As they carried the swag from the car.
Little noting, alas, as they sat down to dine,
That their bowls formed a five-pointed star.



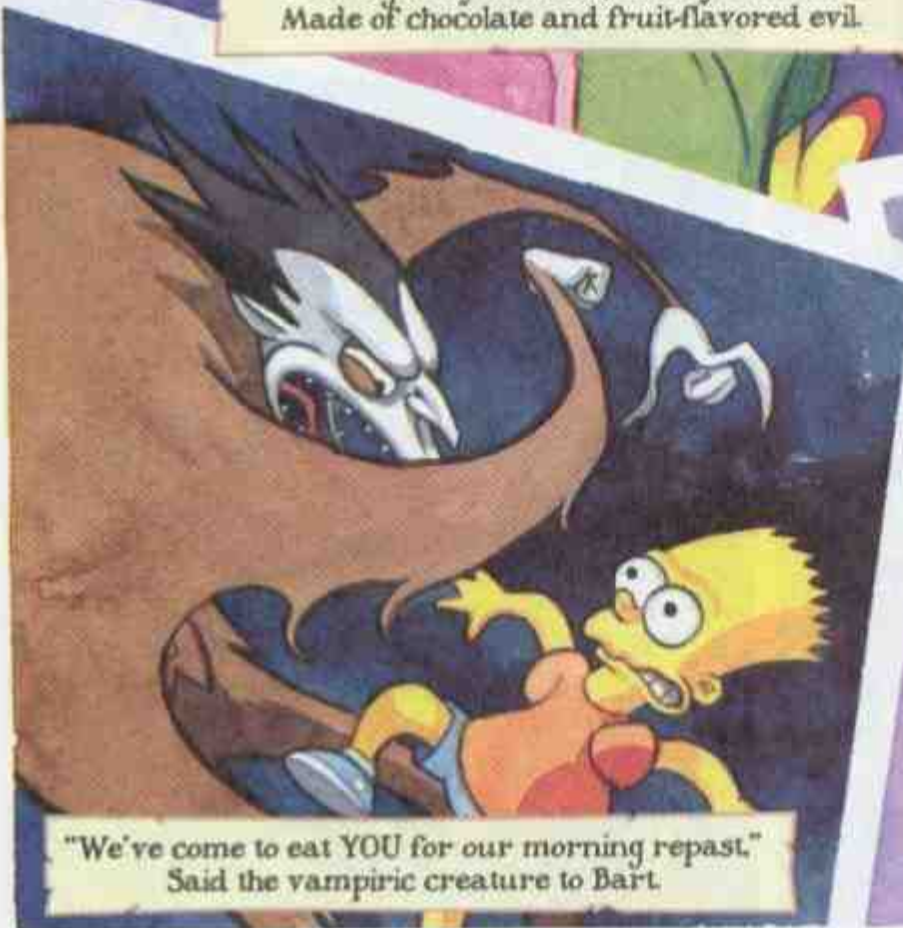
In his box, Bart's hand flew, pushing cereal aside
To arrive at the prize underneath.



He withdrew as if bitten by something inside,
And they all heard the gnashing of teeth.



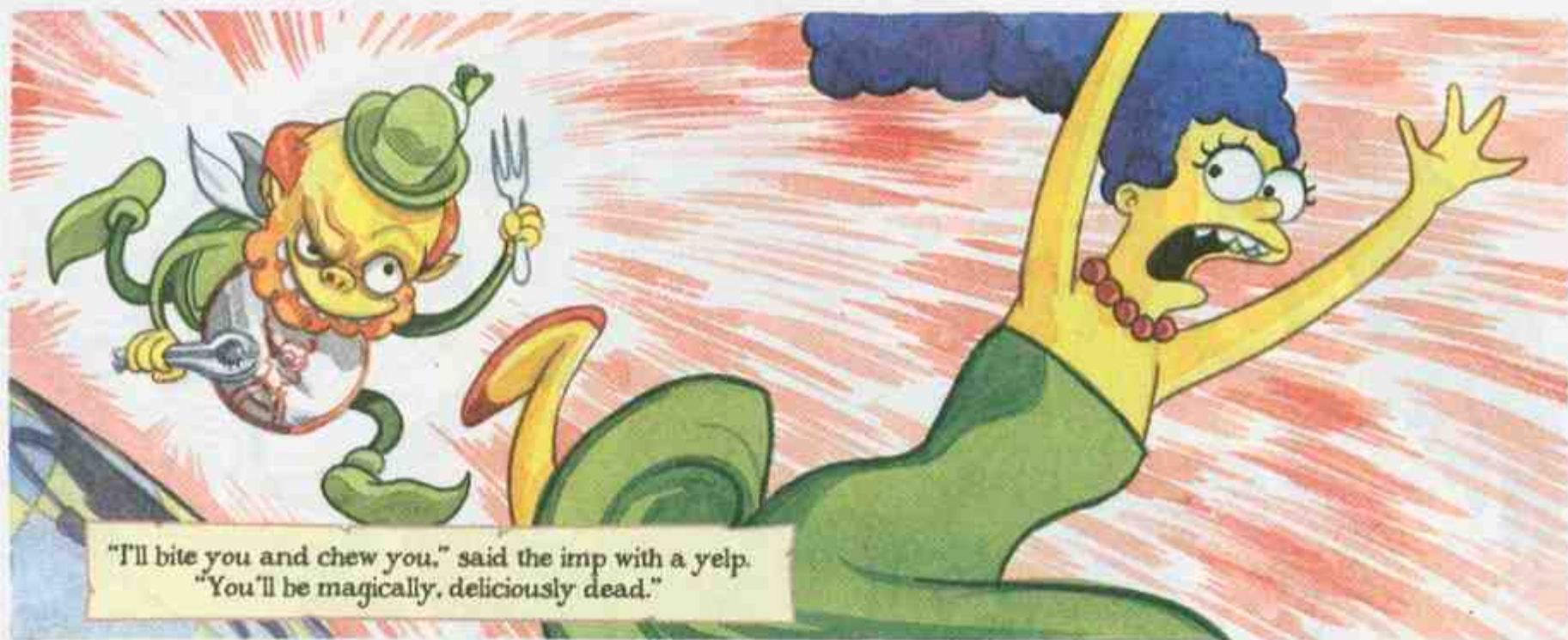
Then arose from the boxes a sulfurous smell,
And the table shook from the upheaval
Of five ghastly mascots, directly from Hell,
Made of chocolate and fruit-flavored evil.



"We've come to eat YOU for our morning repast,"
Said the vampiric creature to Bart.



While Lisa in horror, was being harassed
By a beast made of dead body parts.



"I'll bite you and chew you," said the imp with a yelp.
"You'll be magically, deliciously dead."



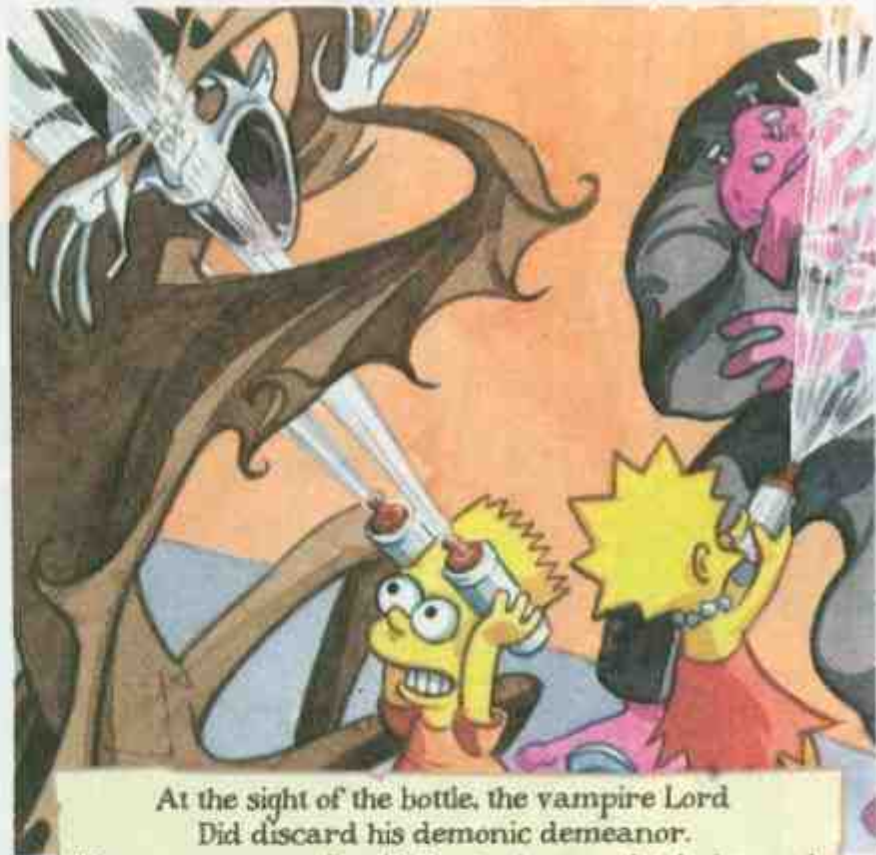
And Homer responded, "Marge, I'd like to help.
But this toucan keeps pecking my HEAD!"

And the youngest of all faced a great jungle cat,
Sharp fangs showed above his bandanna.
He growled to the babe, "Now, I do believe that
You'd be GRRRRRREAT with a small sliced banana."

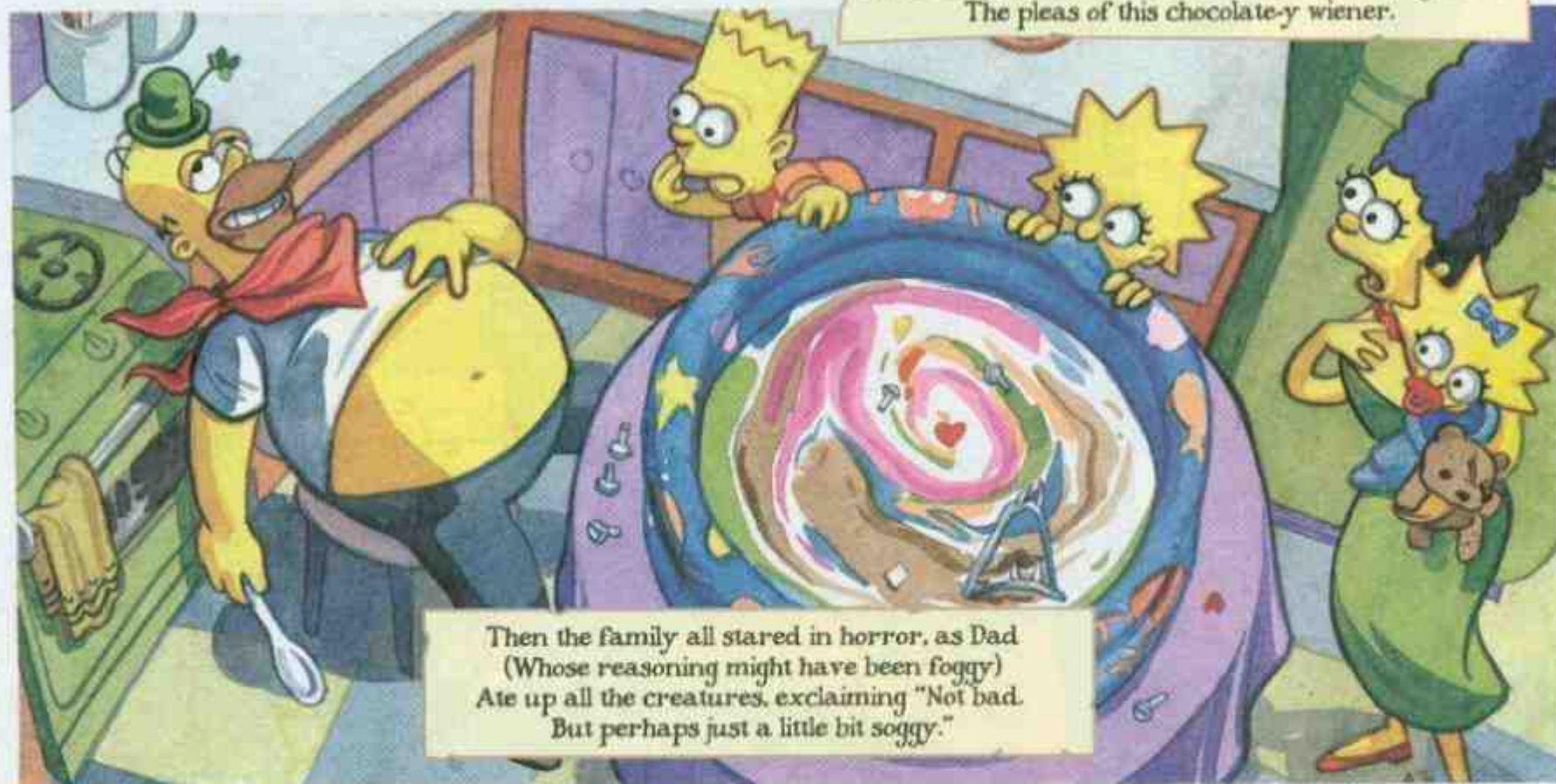


Who can say what it was that gave them a thirst
That only the SIMPSONS could quench?
Perhaps it is true that the family was cursed
And had earned a big bowl of REVENGE!

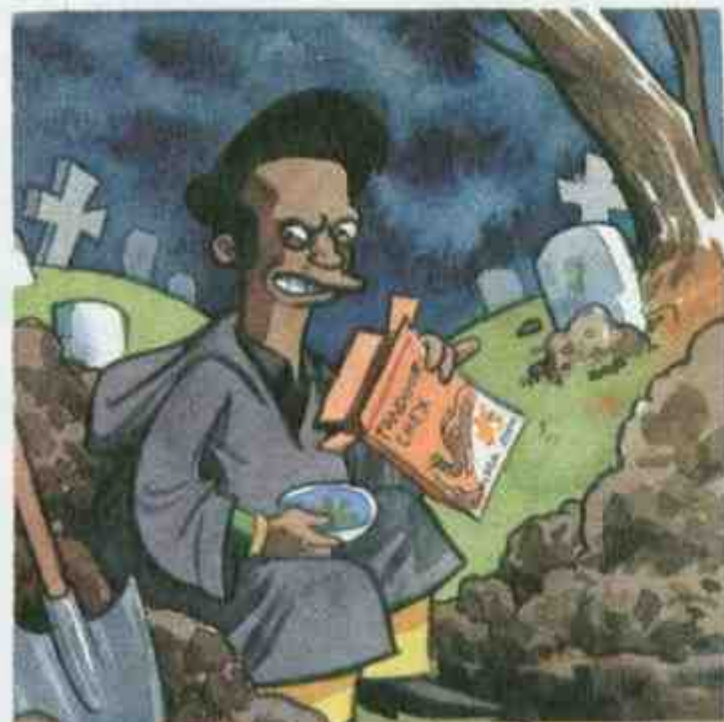
It was Maggie who got the idea to attack
With a milk spray to ward off the fiends.
Bart knew that his sister was on the right track
(He was grateful she hadn't been weaned).



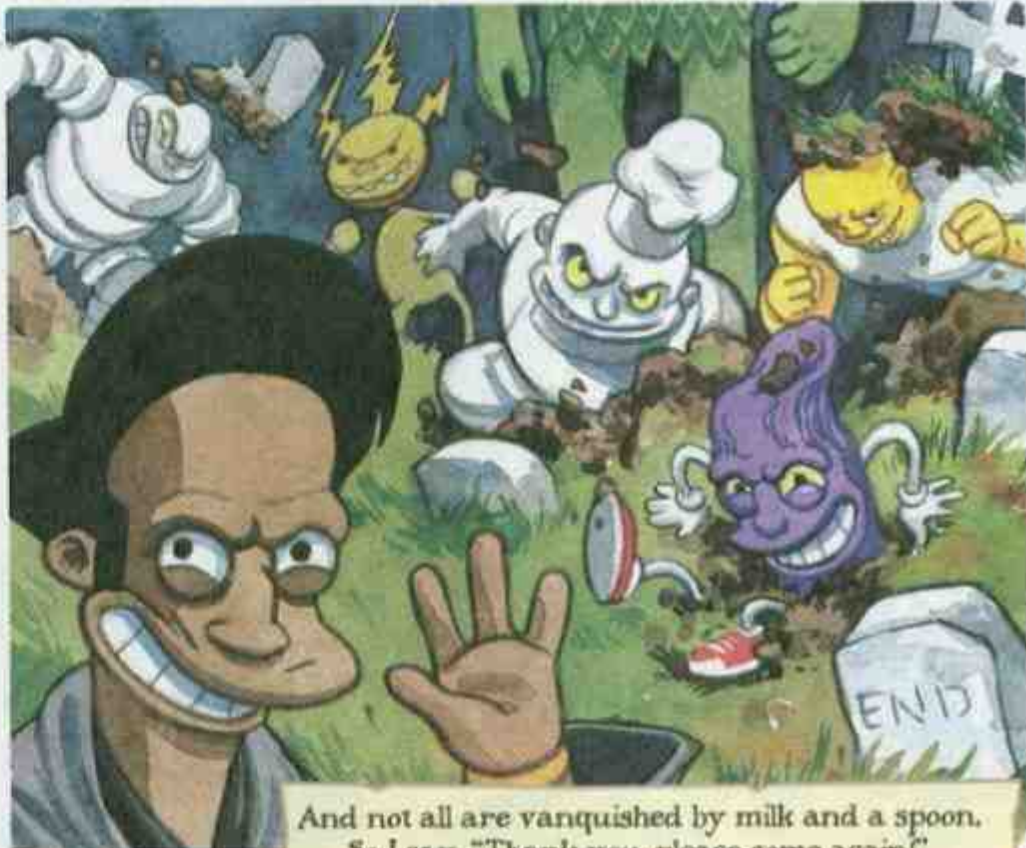
At the sight of the bottle, the vampire Lord
Did discard his demonic demeanor.
"Have a cow, man," said Bart, who completely ignored
The pleas of this chocolate-y wiener.



Then the family all stared in horror, as Dad
(Whose reasoning might have been foggy)
Ate up all the creatures, exclaiming "Not bad.
But perhaps just a little bit soggy."



The lesson to learn is that corporate 'toons
Strike fear in the strongest of men.



And not all are vanquished by milk and a spoon.
So I say, "Thank you, please come again!"
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

"LATER, HOMER'S FAMILY (BARELY) REACTS TO HIS BAD NEWS..."



"THE NEXT MORNING, HOMER TURNS TO THE CLASSIFIED ADS IN THE SPRINGFIELD SHOPPER..."



"THAT AFTERNOON, TAKING A CAB, HOMER INVESTIGATES A PROMISING USED CAR AD, OUT ON THE EDGE OF TOWN, NEAR THE CORNER WHERE THE MEN WITHOUT WORK HANG OUT."



"SPEAKING OF ANXIOUS, HOMER'S OFFSPRING ARE GETTING PRETTY IMPATIENT TO GET STARTED WITH THEIR HALLOWEEN FESTIVITIES."

CMON, MOM, IT'S ALREADY GETTING DARK. IF WE DON'T GET GOIN' SOON, WE'RE GONNA MISS OUT ON ALL THE REALLY GOOD JUNK!

BART'S GOT A POINT, MOM! WHERE ARE OUR HALLOWEEN COSTUMES?

OH, HOLD YOUR HORSES, YOU TWO!

JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE FIFTY CLOWN COSTUMES I'VE HAND-MADE FOR ALL OF YOU!

PLEASE, MOM, PLEASE TELL ME YOU DIDN'T JUST UTTER THE WORD "CLOWN"!

I CERTAINLY DID! WHY NOT?

BECAUSE EVERYONE KNOWS THAT CLOWNS ARE CREEPY AS ALL GET-OUT--EXCEPT FOR KRUSTY, OF COURSE!

WELL, I THINK THAT YOU TWO ARE JUST OVER-REACTING! THESE OUTFITS I MADE ARE REALLY QUITE CUTE! AND THE PATTERNS AND FABRIC WERE SO REASONABLE, TOO! A REAL BARGAIN!

"BARGAIN"? I HATE THAT WORD ALMOST AS MUCH AS "CLOWN"!

THAT'S TRUE, MOM--KRUSTY'S MORE SLEAZY THAN CREEPY!

"AND SO, AGAINST THEIR BETTER JUDGEMENT, THE SIMPSON CHILDREN HURRIEDLY DON THEIR "CUTE" ECHH! NEW CLOWN COSTUMES."

BART, THAT'S NOT THE COSTUME I MADE! YOU LOOK LIKE A VAMPIRE CLOWN!

I CUSTOMIZED MY CREEPY CLOWN COSTUME TO BE SUPER-CREEPY, SO I CAN REALLY PUT THE BITE ON OUR NEIGHBORS! BOO-WHA-HA-HA-HAAAA!!!

WELL, I THINK YOU STILL LOOK ADORABLE, MY SPECIAL LITTLE GUY!

LISA, THAT'S NOT THE COSTUME I MADE FOR YOU, EITHER!

I JUST IMPROVED ON IT! YOU CAN CALL ME "EDUCATIONAL EDNA, THE ECO-LOGICAL CLOWN"!

I'M COLLECTING PENNIES FOR P.E.T.A.!

LITTLE MAGGIE MAKES THE PERFECT CLOWNY VERSION OF CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S "LITTLE TRAMP" CHARACTER!

BUT IF YOU WANT TO BE AUTHENTICALLY SILENT, STOP SUCKING ON YOUR PACIFIER SO LOUD!

suck! suck!

MADE FROM RECYCLED "PLEASE RECYCLE" BUMPER STICKERS

"MEANWHILE, HOMER IS PROUDLY HEADED HOME IN HIS NEW CLOWN-CAR."



"SUDDENLY, HOMER *DISCOVERS* A SURPRISE *HITCHIKER*."



"BUT BEFORE LONG, THE LILLIPUTIAN PROPORTIONS OF KRUSTINE'S INTERIOR BEGIN TO CRAMP HOMER'S STYLE."



"KRUSTINE BEGINS A BIZARRE TRANSFORMATION! FIRST, HER PUNY HAMSTER-WHEEL MOTOR BECOMES SUPERCHARGED!"



"NEXT, KRUSTINE'S PATCHED AND NEARLY BALD REAR TIRES BECOME HIGH-QUALITY RACING SLICKS!"



"THEN KRUSTINE'S MUFFLER DROPS OFF LIKE A VESTIGIAL TAIL, TO BE REPLACED BY A SET OF FIRE-BELCHING CHROME EXHAUST PIPES!"



"HOMER UNDERGOES AN EQUALLY (MONDO-WEIRDO) TRANSFORMATION! FIRST, HOMER'S EYES BEGIN TO BULGE AND ENLARGE UNTIL THEY RESEMBLE A PAIR OF BLOOD-SHOT HEADLIGHTS!"



"NEXT, HOMER'S TEETH BECOME SNAGGLE-TOOTHED, FLYSPECKED FANGS! HIS LIPS BECOME SWOLLEN AS WEEK-OLD ROADKILL! HIS SKIN BECOMES COVERED WITH STUBBLE, ZITS, WARTS, AND CARBUNKLES!"



"THEN HOMER'S HANDS MORPH INTO RAW-KNUCKLED MEAT HOOKS, WITH ONE OF 'EM GRASPING THE CLOWN-CAR'S GEARSHIFT KNOB IN A POWERFUL DEATH-GRIP!"



"SOON, HOMER IS COMPLETELY UNDER KRUSTINE'S STRANGE AND EVIL INFLUENCE! IN FACT, HE IS HOMER SIMPSON NO LONGER--"

"--FOR HE HAS NOW BECOME THE HELLISH HOT ROD HOOLIGAN KNOWN ONLY AS-- BIG DADDY HOMER-FINK!!"



ROARRR!

"BIG DADDY HOMER-FINK'S FIRST STOP IS SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, WHERE ITS FACULTY HAS SET UP THEIR HALLOWEEN CARNIVAL..."



"NEXT, HE SWINGS BY THE SPRINGFIELD DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES TO PUT HIS SISTERS-IN-LAW TO A TERROR-TEST..."



"FINALLY, ON HIS WAY HOME TO THE SUBURBS HE TAKES A DETOUR THROUGH DOWNTOWN SPRINGFIELD..."



"MEANWHILE, THE SIMPSON KIDS DO THE NEIGHBORHOOD TRICK 'R' TREAT ROUTINE..."



HEY, NICE OVER-SIZED CLOWN SHOES, BART! :SNICKER:

WELL, DON'T BE SURPRISED IF ONE OF 'EM SOCKS IT TO YOUR OVERSIZED PRESIDENTIAL BUTT, MILHOUSE!

OH, PAY NO ATTENTION TO HIM, BART!

YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND, LOOK LOVELY, LISA!

"FIRST THEY STOP AT THE HOME OF NED FLANDERS AND HIS YOUNG SONS ROD AND TODD..."



TRICK 'R' TREAT, MAN!

AND A HOLY HALLOWEENIE TO YOU! HERE'RE SOME SPIFFY COMIC-STYLE RELIGIOUS TRACTS FOR MY FAVORITE PAGANS-NEXT-DOOR!

DADDY, THAT CLOWN-BOY IS SCARING ME!

HEH! MAYBE BEING A CREEPY CLOWN AINT SO BAD AFTER ALL!

"THEN THEY DROP BY THE DOMICILE OF RECOVERING ALCOHOLIC BARNEY GUMBLE..."



TRICK 'R' TREAT, DUDE!

HAVE SOME CHOCOLATE-COVERED COFFEE BEANS KIDS! I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF 'EM!

SHMPH! IF I HAVE TO PRY MY OVER-CAFFEINATED KIDS OFF THE CEILING, I'M CALLING YOU, BARNEY!

ANY TIME, MARGE! I'M ALWAYS AWAKE!

"NEXT, A STOPOVER AT THE HOME OF EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT WAYLON SMITHERS..."



TRICK 'R' TREAT, LADY! --ER, MAN-- ER...!

HEH, HEH! YOU CAUGHT ME IN MY OUTFIT FOR THE ANNUAL MALIBU STACY COLLECTOR'S HALLOWEEN COSTUME BALL AND COTILLION!

UHH, SO WHY NOT GO DRESSED AS AS MALIBU STACY'S BOY-FRIEND?

TRES CHIC!

"THEN, A VISIT TO THE RESEARCH LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR JOHN FRINK..."



TRICK 'R' TREAT, GUV'NOR!

I'VE WHIPPED UP A SUBSTANCE THAT ACTUALLY TRICKS WHILE IT TREATS! :SNERK! OPEN WIDE, PRE-ADOLESCENTS

OH, NO YOU DON'T! THESE ARE MY CHILDREN, NOT LAB HAMSTERS!

"FINALLY, THE SIMPSONS FIND THEMSELVES ON THE DOORSTEP OF KRUSTY THE CLOWN!"



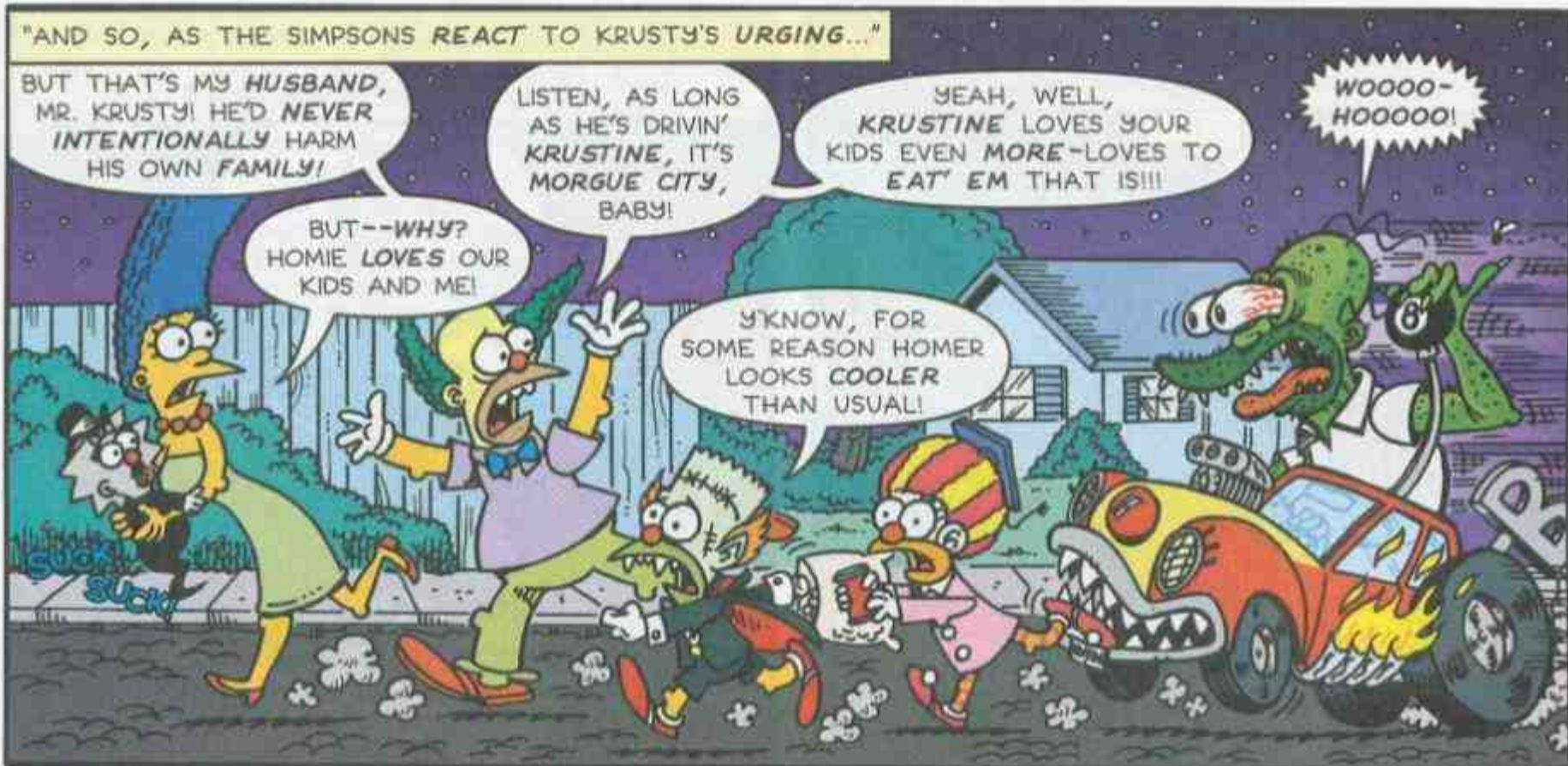
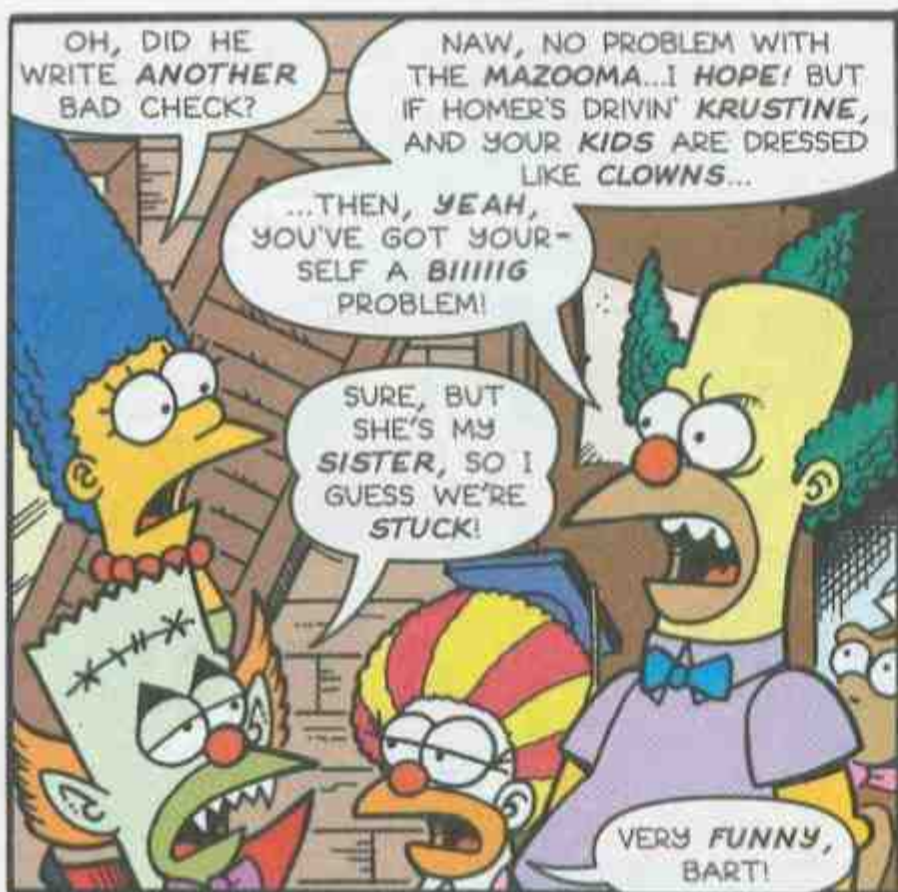
TRICK 'R' TREAT! HEY, COOL! IT'S KRUSTY THE CLOWN!

YEAH, YEAH, THAT'S ME, KID! BUT I'M OUTTA CANDY. THE MONKEY ATE IT ALL!

MR. KRUSTY, HAVE YOU SEEN MY HUSBAND? HOMER CAME HERE THIS AFTERNOON TO BUY A CAR FROM YOU!

THAT WAS HIM? YOINKS!

:BURRRP!



"AND SO, KRUSTY LAPSES INTO WHAT WE HORROR-HOSTS LIKE TO CALL AN 'EXPOSITIVE FLASHBACK'--"

"HEY, BUTT OUT, POINDEXTER--I'M NARRATIN' NOW! Y'KNOW, I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST TIME I LAID MY BULGY EYES ON KRUSTINE!"

HOMINA-HOMINA-HOMINA--!!!

I TAKE IT YOU'RE IN THE MARKET FOR A SLIGHTLY PRE-OWNED CLOWN CAR?

JUST CLOWNS USED CLOWN-CARS

AAAAHOOOGAH!

"BUT AFTER I BOUGHT HER, I NOTICED THAT OTHER CLOWNS TENDED TO DISAPPEAR AROUND KRUSTINE!"

HEY, RUBE, HAVE YOU SEEN ANY OF MY GREASE-PAINTED GOONS? IT'S FIVE MINUTES TIL SHOW TIME, AND THEY'VE VANISHED!

HEY, I'M THE ONLY CLOWN I'VE SEEN ALL DAY, PALLY!

UH...EXCUSE YOU, KRUSTINE HONEY!

BLORTCH!

"FORTUNATELY, SHE COULDN'T GET HER FILL OF THE OL' KRUST-MEISTER! (AN' I MEAN THAT IN A GOOD, NON-BLOODTHIRSTY KINDA WAY!)"

HEY, WHADDAYA KNOW? SHE REALLY LIKES ME!

PURRRRR!

HEY, GET A PARKING SPACE, YOU TWO!

THEN THE GRISLY DEATHS STARTED GETTING CLOSER TO HOME! OF COURSE, IT WAS ALL THAT LOUSY SIDESHOW BOB'S FAULT...

OOH, WHAT A TEENY-WEENY LITTLE KIDDIE CAR, KRUSTY! SOMEHOW I EXPECTED YOU TO BE THE OVER-COMPENSATING TYPE!

SNARPP!

HEY, DON'T TALK SMACK ABOUT MY RIDE, HAIR-BOY! SHE BITES BACK!

"AT LEAST SIDESHOW BOB'S UNTIMELY DEMISE GAVE ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO REPLACE THE CRUMB-BUM! BUT ALL TOO SOON KRUSTINE WAS HUNGRY AGAIN..."

YOINKS!!!

THAT'S THE SECOND SECOND BANANA YOU'VE EATEN IN TWO WEEKS! AND HAVE YOU SEEN THE PRICE OF BANANAS THESE DAYS?

CHOFF!

EATEN ALIVE ON LOCAL TELEVISION! HOPEFULLY, I'LL RECEIVE A POSTHUMOUS EMMY!

"AFTER THAT ON-AIR DISASTER, MY TV CAREER WAS KAPUTSKI! THAT'S WHEN I HAD A SICKENING REALIZATION..."

OY VEY! KRUSTINE SEES ALL OTHER CLOWNS AS MY POTENTIAL COMPETITION...

...SO SHE OVER-PROTECTIVELY EATS 'EM TO ELIMINATE ANY POTENTIAL THREAT TO MY CAREER!

(I NEVER SHOULD HAVE SHOWED HER MY DVD OF "LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS"!!)

"HOLY CRUD! I'M HANDIN' THE NARRATION BACK TO YOU, JUNIOR!"

"ARE YOU KIDDIN' FROM HERE ON, THIS STORY'S ON ITS OWN!"

KRUSTINE! NO NEED TO CHOW DOWN ON THESE LI'L CLOWNS...THEY'RE JUST, ER, MY NEW UNDERSTUDIES ...YEAH, THAT'S IT!

BIG DADDY HOMER FINK IS IN DA' HOUSE!

DUDE, THAT "IN DA' HOUSE" LINE IS SOOO TWENTIETH CENTURY!

OH, DON'T HAVE A COW, BART!

THAT ONE, TOO!

CRASSSSH!

HOMER, WE HAD THAT WALL PAINTED JUST LAST MONTH!

SHAME ON YOU, HOMER!

VROOM! ZOOM! HONK! TWEET! MEEP-MEEP!

OOH, NO YOU DON'T! NO AMOUNT OF SWEET TALK IS GOING TO HELP YOU WEASEL OUT OF THIS ONE!

IN FACT, I DARE YOU TO SAY THAT DIRECTLY TO MAGGIE'S INNOCENT LITTLE FACE...

suck! suck!

PAT!

PAT!

HUH? AWWW...

THAT MIGHT SNAP YOUR HUSBAND BACK TO NORMAL, BUT I KNOW MY CAR, AN' SHE'S NOT GONNA GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT!

THROW IT IN REVERSE, KRUSTINE! THESE KIDS AINT IN YOUR DEAL-A-MEAL CARDS!

OH, MY!

GRRRRR!

WHOA, MAMA! KRUSTINE JUST ATE KRUSTY IN ONE BITE!

DON'T LOOK, MAGGIE!

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL JUNK FOOD!

GULPP!

YOINKS!



HEY, LISA, LOOK AT KRUSTINE! SHE LOOKS KINDA SICK TO HER STOMACH!

WHO CAN BLAME HER! HE WASN'T CALLED "KRUSTY" FOR NOTHING!



WHO! NOW SHE'S TOSsing HER KRUSTIES...ER, COOKIES! NEVER EAT ANYTHING BIGGER THAN YOUR ENGINE BLOCK, I ALWAYS SAY!

OYY...

HEAVE!



KRUSTY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

WHAT WAS IT LIKE INSIDE KRUSTINE?

LET'S JUST SAY I'LL NEVER LOOK AT A VEGETATIC THE SAME WAY AGAIN!



YEAH, WELL, WE ALL DO CRAZY THINGS SOMETIMES...

BUT WHAT MADE KRUSTINE REGURGITATE YOU?

LIKE I SAID--KRUSTY'S LACK OF PERSONAL HYGIENE MAKES HIM THE HUMAN EQUIVALENT OF GREASY JUNK FOODS! KRUSTINE JUST COULDN'T DIGEST HIM!



MMM... GREASY JUNK FOOD...

WHEN KRUSTINE BLEW CHUNKS, HER SPELL OVER YOU WAS BROKEN!

HOMIE! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

SO--ANY CHANCE I CAN BUY KRUSTINE BACK? SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT HER CLOWN-CHOMPIN' DAYS ARE FINALLY OVER--AN' I COULD USE A CAR!

SORRY, KRUSTY! I'VE GOT BIG PLANS FOR THIS LI'L LADY...



AND SO, A FEW MONTHS LATER, AT THE SPRINGFIELD CONVENTION CENTER...

HEY, DID THAT CAR REALLY EAT HITLER'S LIMO?

YEAH, AH HEERD THAT SHE ET UP TH' BATMOBILE, TH' MONKEEMOBILE AN' BOB HOPE'S SKI-NOSED GOLF CART, TOO!

NOT TO MENTION THE ENTIRE "HOT WHEELS" AISLE AT THE LOCAL "TOYS 'B' OURS"!

SPRINGFIELD HOT ROD AND CUSTOM CAR SHOW

SHOW ME THE COLOR OF YOUR MONEY, OR STEP BACK, YOU CLOWNS!

EASY, KRUSTINE HONEY, E-A-S-Y...

GRRROWELL!!

YOUR PHOTO WITH KRUSTINE THE KILLER CLOWN-CAR ONLY \$10.00!

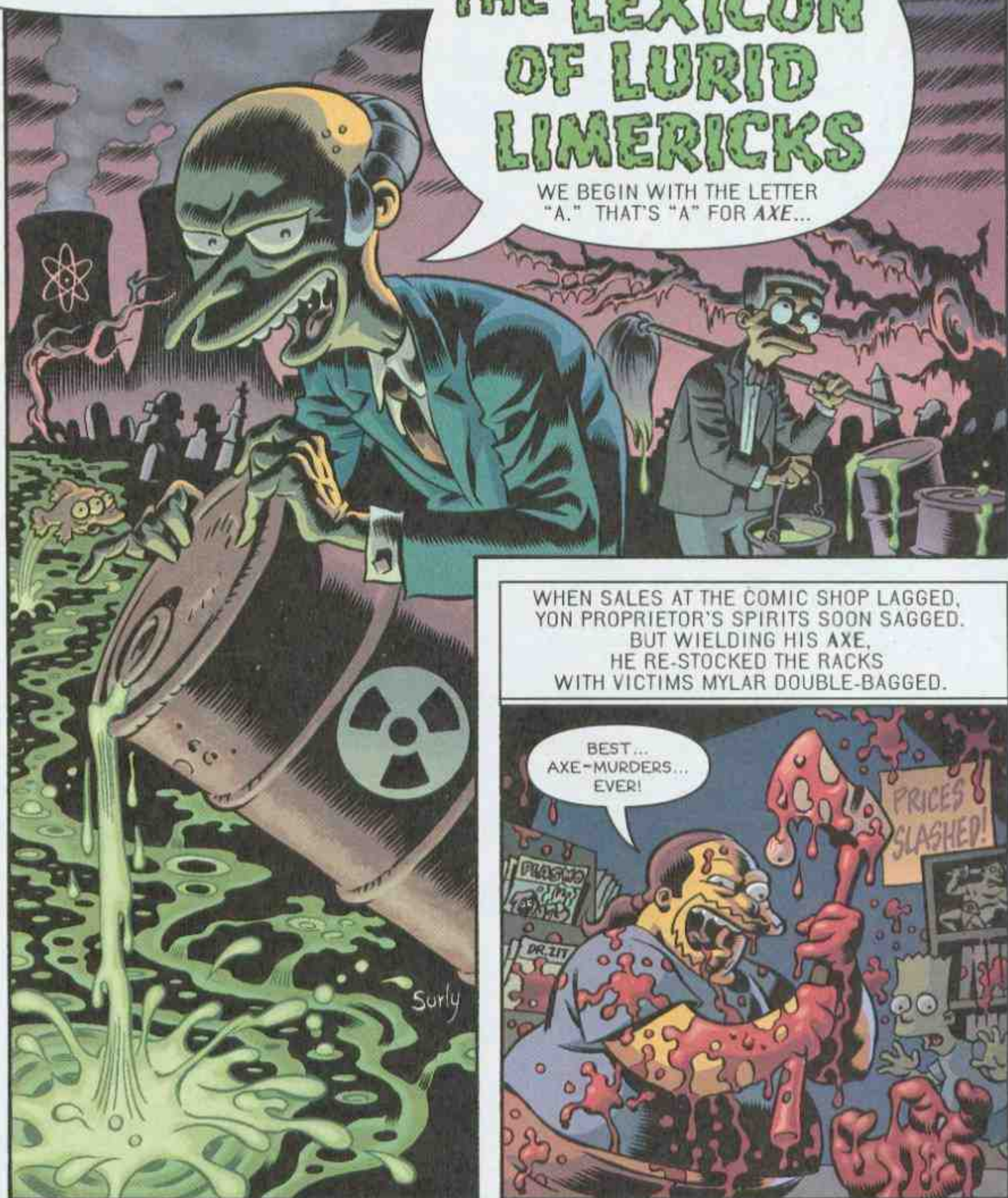
ENDSVILLE, DADDY-O!

THE POWERPLANT OF PAIN

OOPS! HOW CLUMSY OF ME! I SEEM TO HAVE ACCIDENTALLY SPILLED ANOTHER CANISTER. CLEAN THAT UP, SMITHERS! HEH, HEH. WELL, ROTTEN READERS, ONCE AGAIN IT'S TIME FOR RANCID RHYMES AND PUTRID POETRY. TONIGHT, WE PRY OPEN A DICTIONARY OF THE DISGUSTING TO REVEAL AN AWFUL ALPHABETTE NOIR! THIS INTERMINABLE TOME OF THE LOWBROW LITERATI IS CALLED...

THE LEXICON OF LURID LIMERICKS

WE BEGIN WITH THE LETTER
"A." THAT'S "A" FOR AXE...



HILARY BARTA
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EDITOR

MATT GROENING
THE ALPHABETIZER

Though the monster stole brains for a bride,
Wedded bliss with a miss was denied.
When Igor failed to explain
Which snatched BRAIN was insane,
Dr. Nick stitched the wrong brain inside.



Tropic isles chant a seductive tune
Luring lovers to strip beneath the moon.
But soon lust turns to fright
When the crooner that night
Is the CREATURE from the Blue Lagoon.



D

The last thought of the terrorist cell
Was in paradise soon they would dwell.
But how quickly they learned.
Instead of virgins, they'd earned
A hot date with the DEVIL in Hell.

MAN, DO THESE
GUYS NEED A NEW
CATCH-PHASE!

DEATH
TO THE
GREAT
SATAN!

bin Laden

the
ONION
ROCKS!

E

On peanuts
the Simpsons did fatten
In the seats
at the circus they sat in.
Each peanut they ate
Spurred on pachyderm hate.
And what ELEPHANTS hate,
they soon flatten.

JUST
DROP THE
PEANUTS!

NEVER!

TR

A carnival geek billed as "Sleazy"
Thought that dating twin FREAKS would be easy.
But they split up his heart
When he saw them apart
For the siblings were not Siamesey.

SO, WHO DO
YOU WANT FIRST,
BIG BOY?

Down yonder
where GARBAGE piles seep
A thing bubbled up from the deep.
From their tar-paper shacks
The hillbillies made tracks.
Rednecks fled from the white trash heap.

When attacked by a huge body part,
Right-wingers were soon hacked apart.
"Not a liberal died!"
The conservatives cried
In the rampage of the bleeding HEART!



Appalled aliens let out a squeal.
Their **INVASION** had lost all appeal.
In the subject they tested
They saw undigested
The contents of Homer's last meal.

If you raise the reptilian ire
Of LARGE LIZARDS with bad breath afire,
You have nowhere to turn
For at both ends they burn.
You'll expire on a flatulent pyre.



An eccentric artiste went quite MAD
When a critic critiqued her as "fad."
Sipping bloody red claret,
Dripping gore around her garret,
She made "art" of the critical cad.



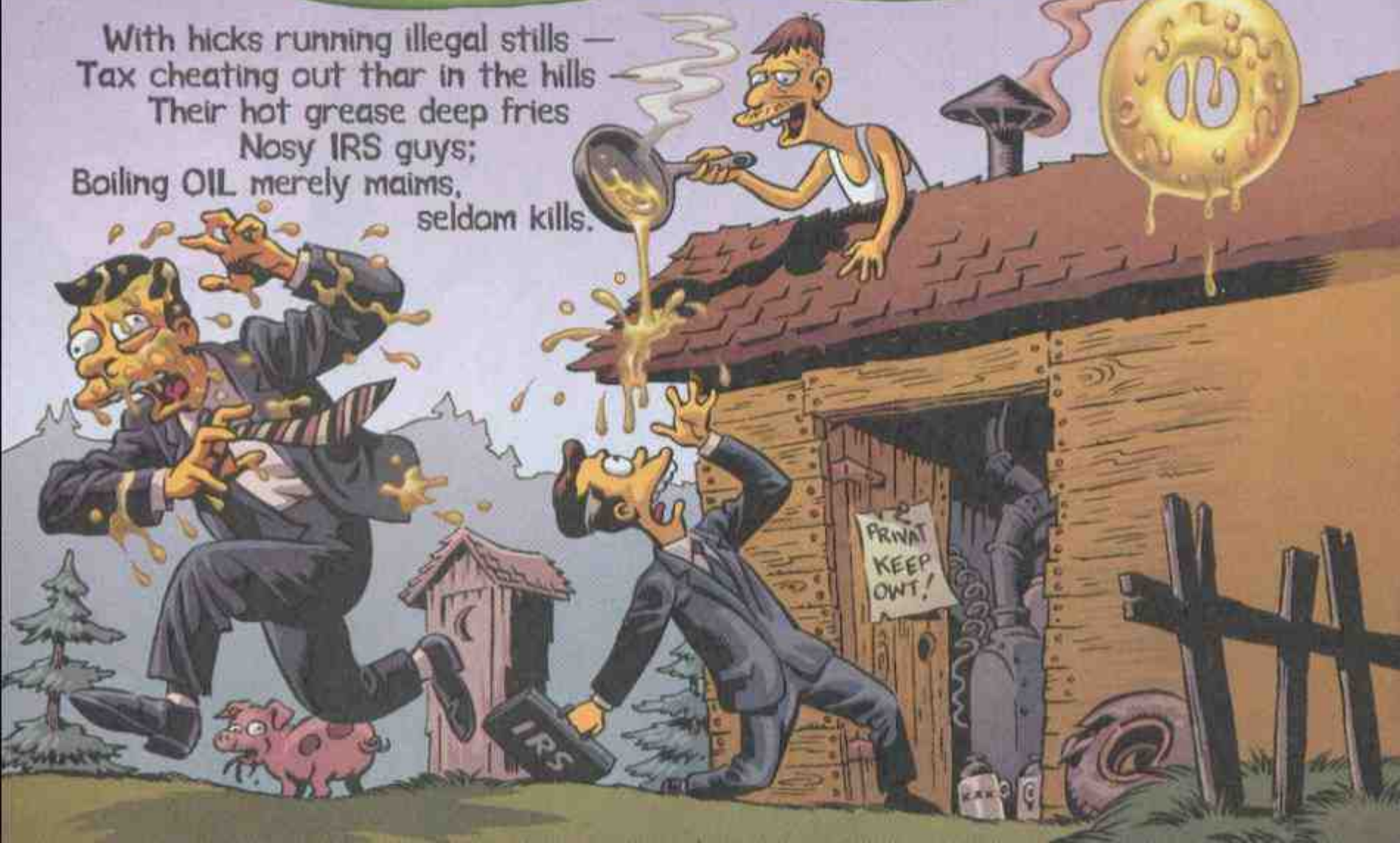
N

When age seeks a cure for its ills
It leaks hazardous **NUCLEAR SPILLS**.
This toxic waste dumping
Gets elder hearts pumping
With a vigor that's not found in pills.

I'VE GOT BACK
THAT YOUTHFUL GLOW,
SMITHERS!

THAT'S THE
RADIATION, SIR.

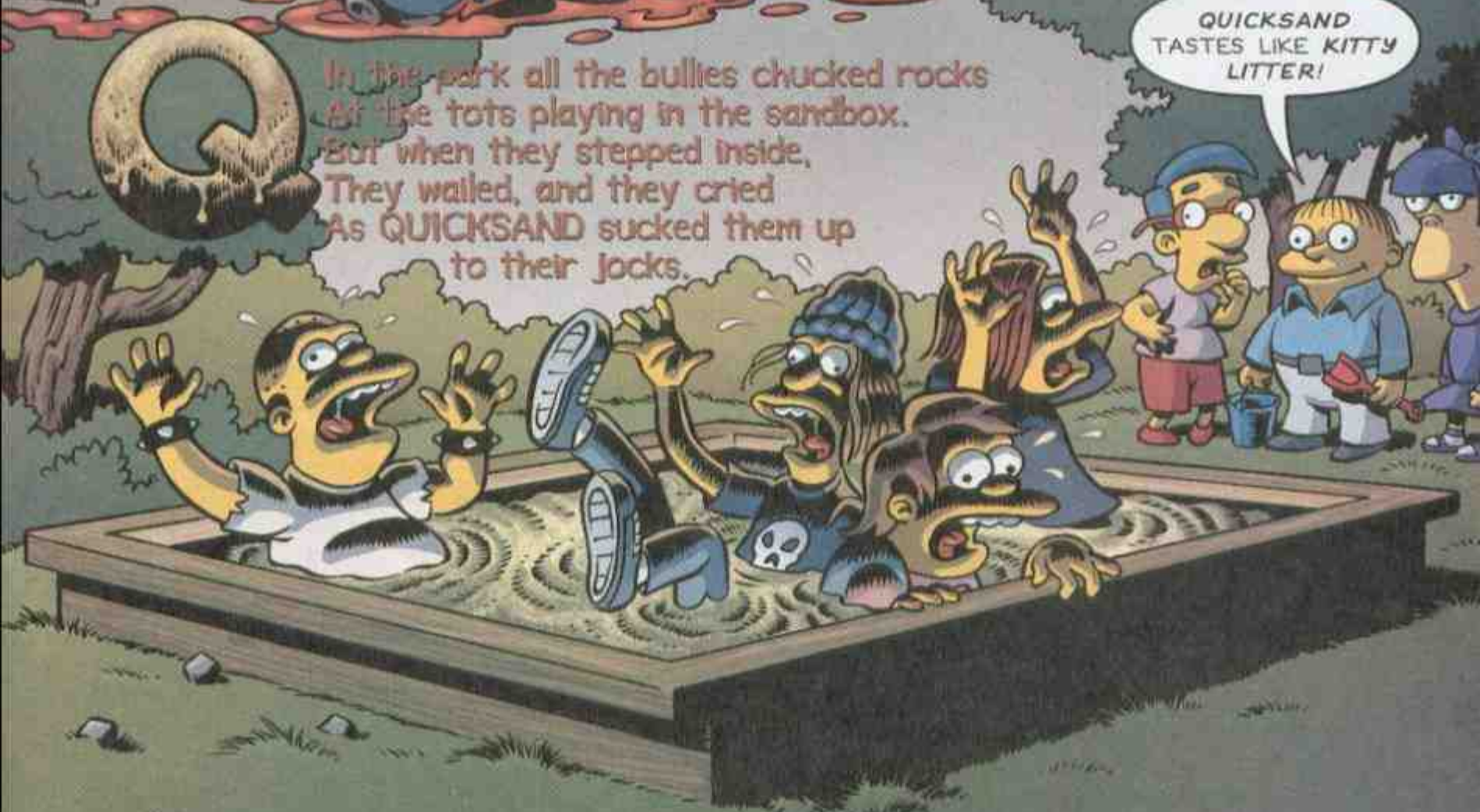
With hicks running illegal stills —
Tax cheating out thar in the hills
Their hot grease deep fries
Nosy IRS guys;
Boiling OIL merely maims,
seldom kills.



Oozing through a dimensional PORTAL
Drooling goo, thirsty dark gods did chortle.
They found four yahoos
So bloated from booze
Each got sloshed on the blood of a mortal.

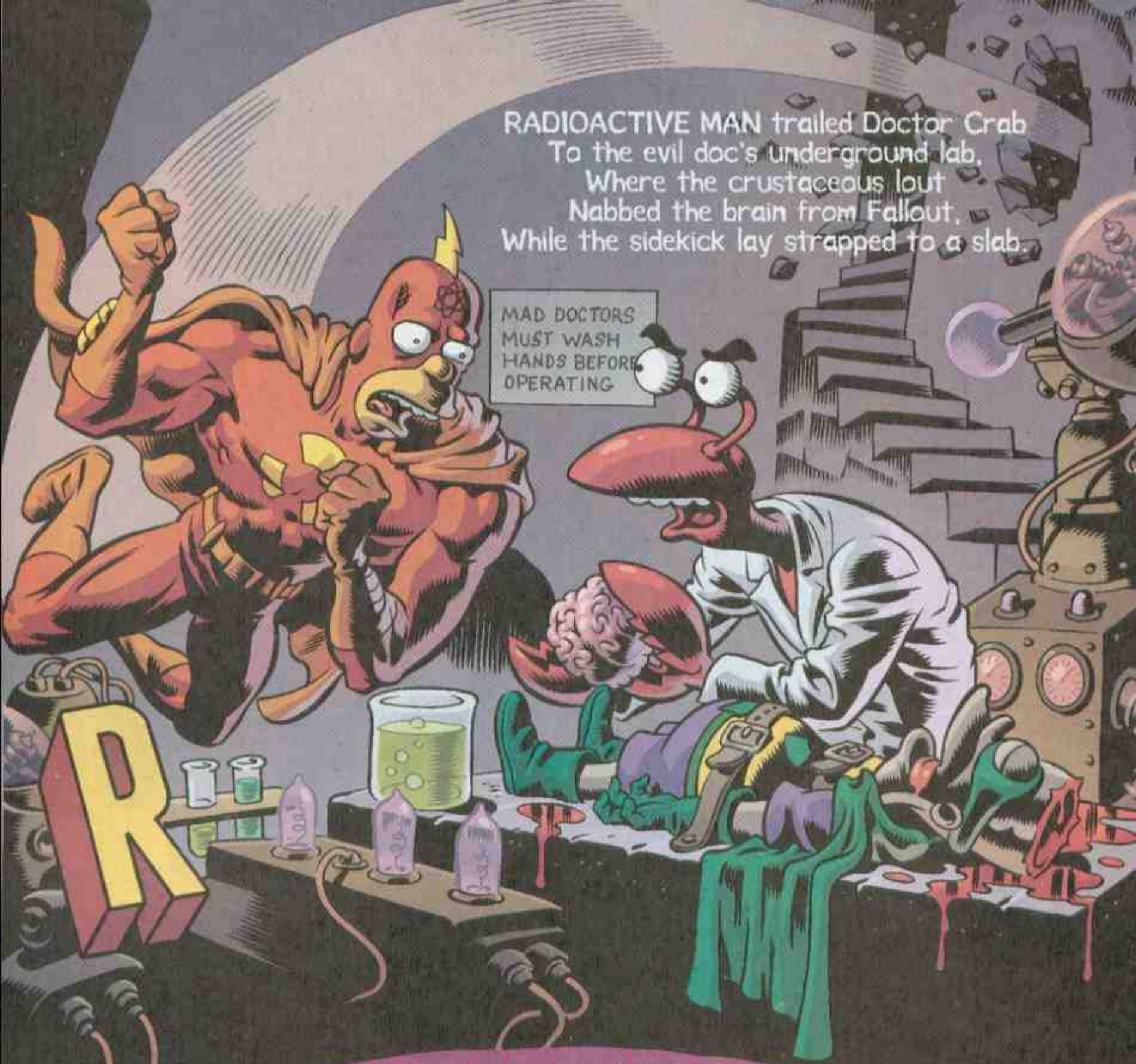


In the park all the bullies chucked rocks
At the tots playing in the sandbox.
But when they stepped inside,
They wailed, and they cried
As QUICKSAND sucked them up
to their jocks.



RADIOACTIVE MAN trailed Doctor Crab
To the evil doc's underground lab,
Where the crustaceous lout
Nabbed the brain from Fallout,
While the sidekick lay strapped to a slab.

MAD DOCTORS
MUST WASH
HANDS BEFORE
OPERATING



A pianist who mangled his hand
Got a graft from a STRANGLER from Strand.
Now he noodles the keys
With great oodles of ease,
While he throttles the boys in the band.



A drunk, who drank more than a fewers,
Died drinking the drainage from brewers.
Folks were scared to sit down
On the toilets in town
For fear of the **THING** in the sewers.

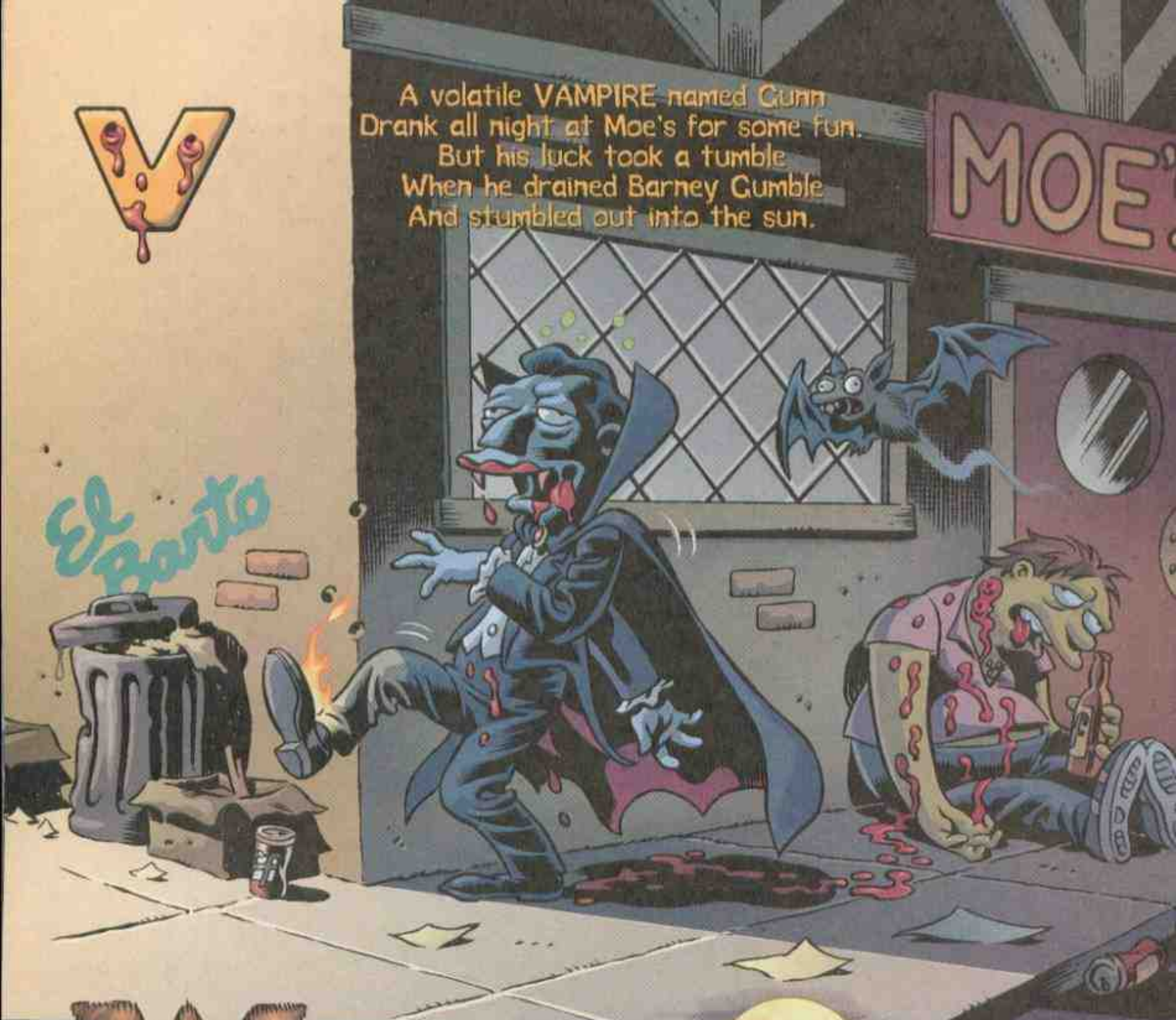


Each night as he knelt by his bed,
Ned prayed for his wife (who was dead).
After life without sin,
Heaven should let her in,
But she came back as **UNDEAD** instead.

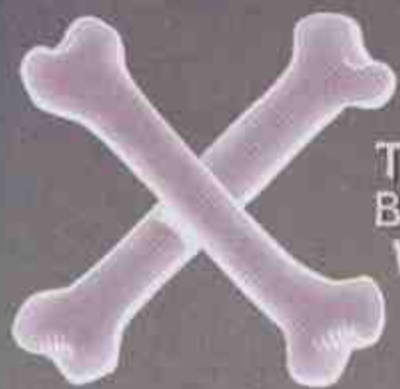
TRY NOT TO SPILL
ANY **BRAINS** ON THE
NEW CARPET, HON!

V

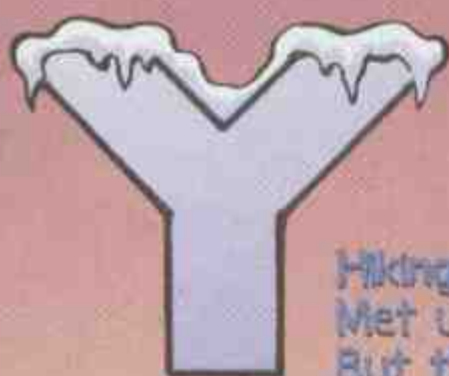
A volatile VAMPIRE named Gunn
Drank all night at Moe's for some fun.
But his luck took a tumble
When he drained Barney Gumble
And stumbled out into the sun.



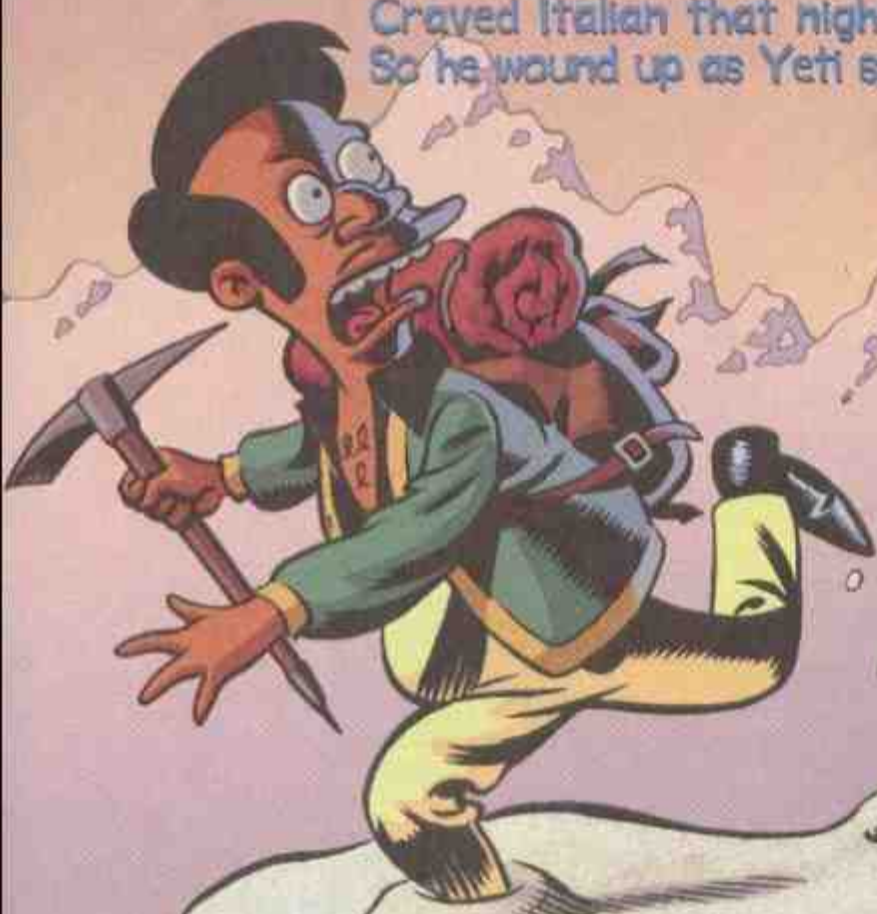
A WEREWOLF, bald like a baboon,
Caused his prudish neighbors to swoon,
While chasing his spouse
One night 'round the house,
He gave them a glimpse of the moon.



Like a scene from "The Lord of the Flies,"
The teen hoodlums in school terrorize.
But they stopped kicking asses
When they broke the thick glasses
Of the boy with the X-RAY eyes.



Hiking mountainous slopes in Tibet, he
Met up with a wandering YETI.
But the snowman of white
Craved Italian that night,
So he wound up as Yeti spaghetti.





EGAD, SMITHERS!
WHATEVER DO YOU
W-WANT?

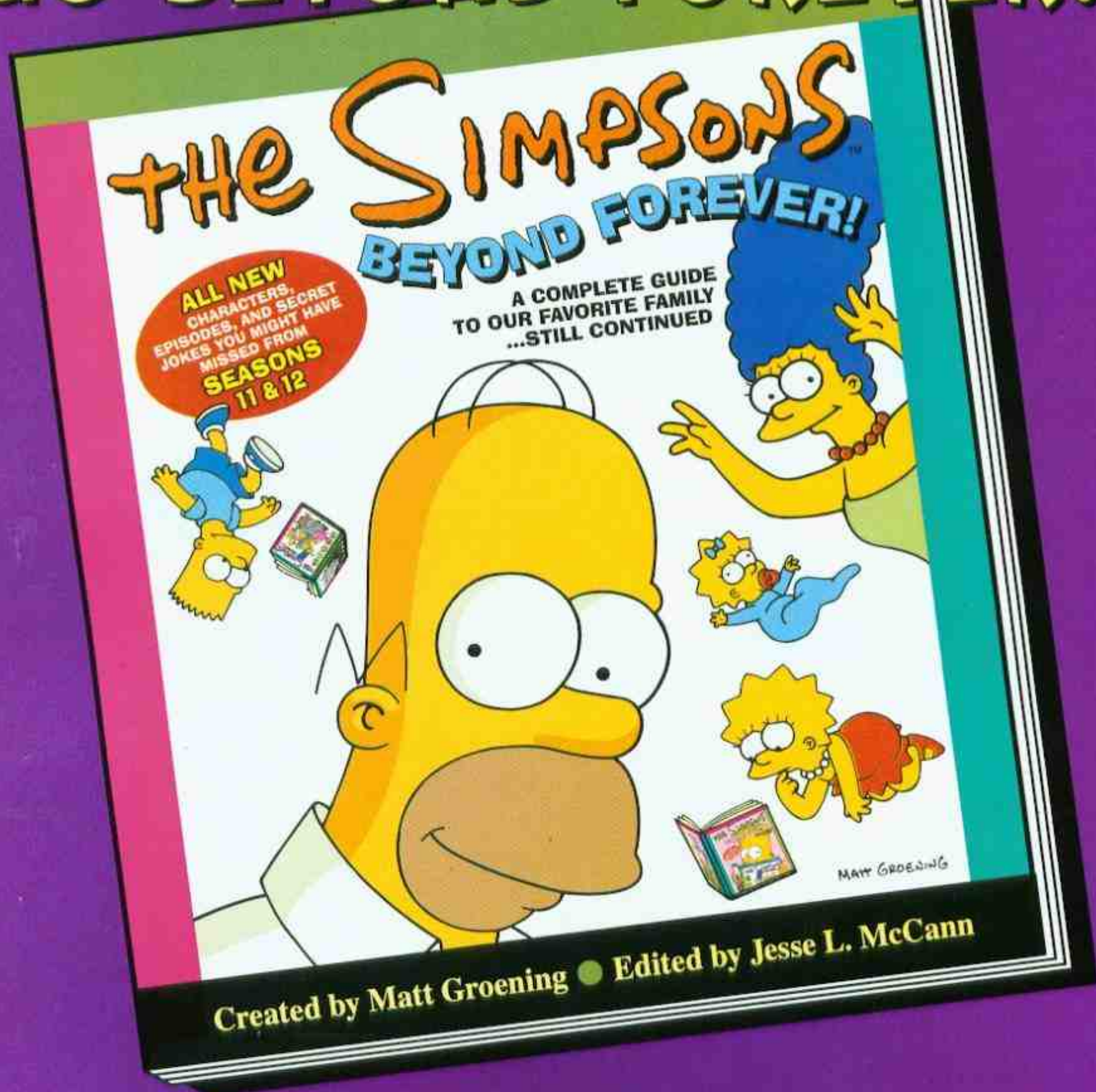
I WANT
TO SUCK YOUR
BRAINS OUT,
SIR!

All the devious dumping by Burns
Put Springfielders in caskets and urns.
But soon that nuked spillage
Revived the dead village,
And for brains now each ZOMBIE returns.

**THE
END**

GO BEYOND FOREVER!

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