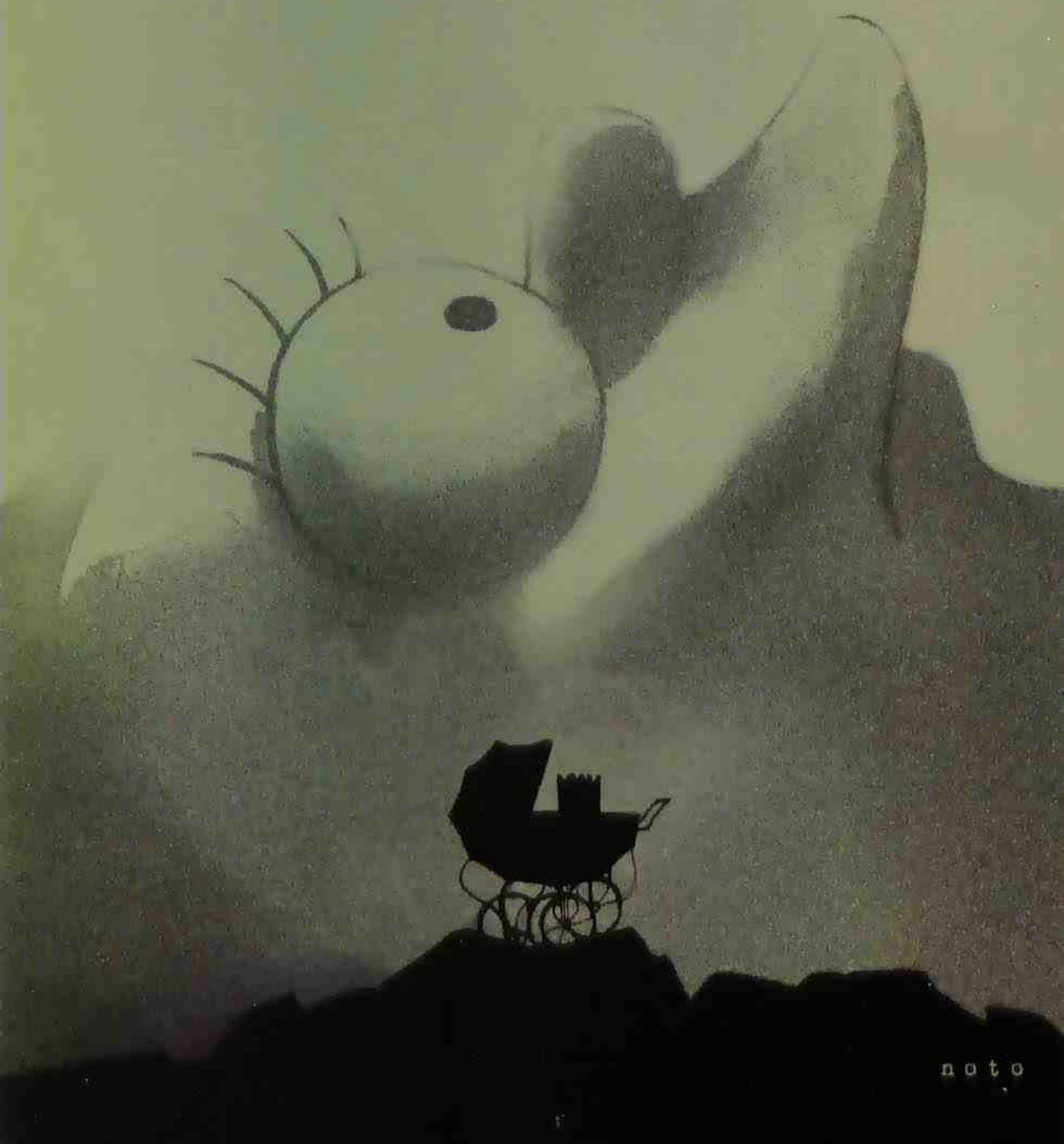


Margie's Baby



BART SIMPSON'S TREEHOUSE OF HORROR™



9TH ISSUE

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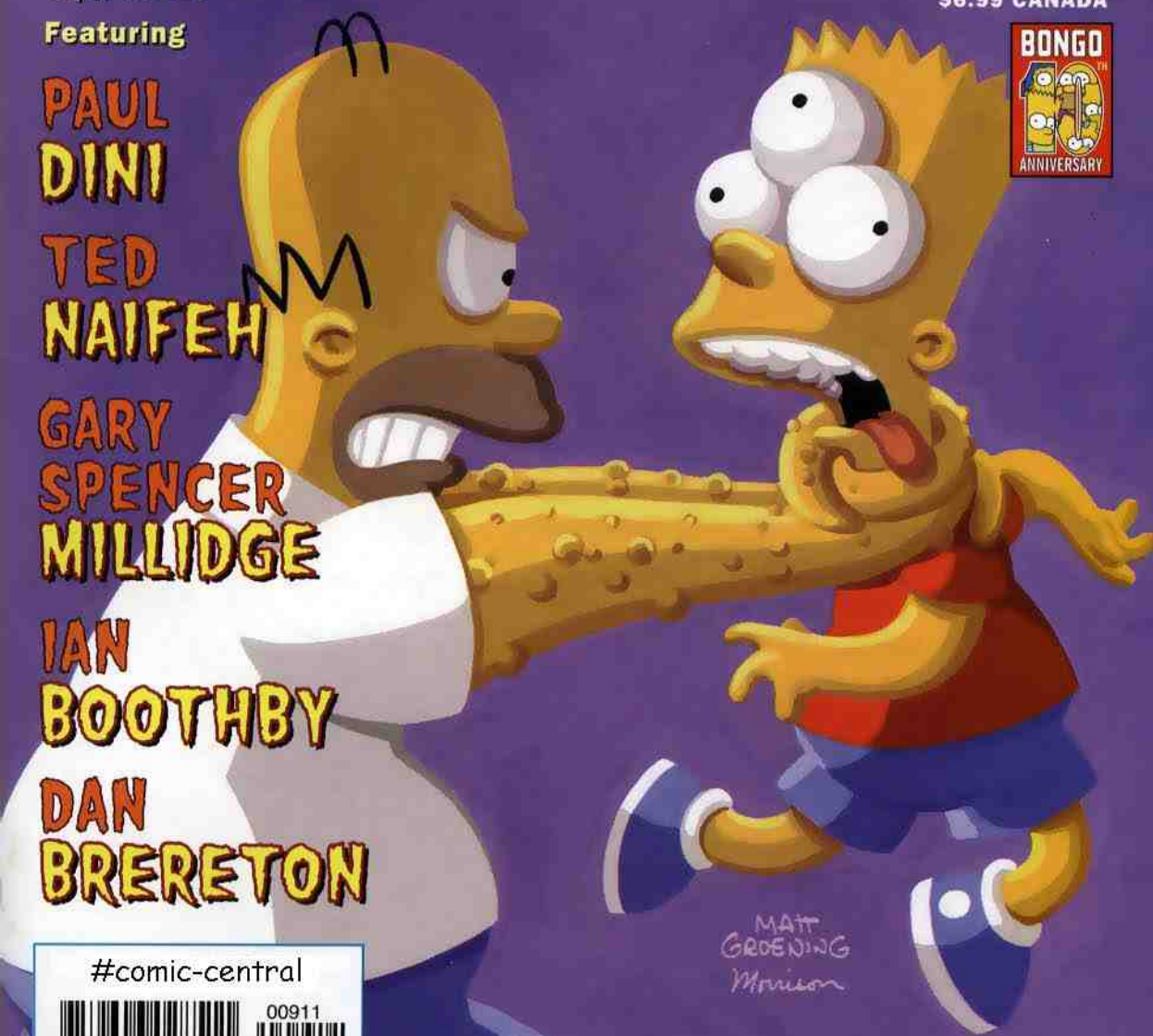
PAUL
DINI

TED
NAIFEH

GARY
SPENCER
MILLIDGE

IAN
BOOTHBY

DAN
BRERETON



MATT
GROENING
Morrison

#comic-central



BONUS PIN-UP BY **PHIL NOTO**

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MACABRE MATT GROENING PRETERNATURALLY PRESENTS

RING AROUND THE SIMPSONS
EEEEEE!-AN BOOTHBY.....STORY/SCRIPT
DANGER BRERETON.....STORY/ART
SCARIN' BATES.....LETTERS

THE CASK OF AMONTILLA-D'OH
PURLOINED PAUL DINI.....STORY
DAN "BURIAL"TON.....PENCILS
DEAD NAIFEH.....INKS
NATHAN "NEVERMORE" KANE.....COLORS
KRAVEN BATES.....LETTERS

FROM HELL AND BACK
GARY SUSPENSER MILLIDGE..STORY/ART/LETTERS
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INTERN

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RING AROUND The SIMPSONS

HOLD FAST!

PROTECT THE
RING AT ALL COSTS,
SMALL ONE!

BEHOLD...

...EVERY EVIL
THING THAT EXISTS
IN THE LAND HAVE
WE THROWN AT THEM,
OH DARK LORD, AND
ALL HAVE THEY
CONQUERED!

NOR SHOULD YOU,
GREAT ONE, BUT
THERE ARE WORLDS
BEYOND THIS ONE.
THOUGH EVEN I
HESITATE TO DRAW
ON SUCH VILE AND
DANGEROUS
FORCES.

**I WILL
NOT TOLERATE
FAILURE!**

**DO IT!
NOW!**



AS YOU WISH.

I SHALL CAST MY MYSTIC NET INTO THE NETHERWORLDS AND BRING FORTH BEINGS OF UNIMAGINABLE POWER!



SOON...

TELL ME, WHAT THOUGHTS TROUBLE YOUR MIND, ELF KING?

'TIS MY IMPENDING MARRIAGE THAT HANGS UPON MY BROW.

I AM WISTFUL OF THE MANY FAIR ELVES OF MY KINGDOM WHO SHALL NEVER COME TO ENJOY ME... ALAS, I PITY THEM.

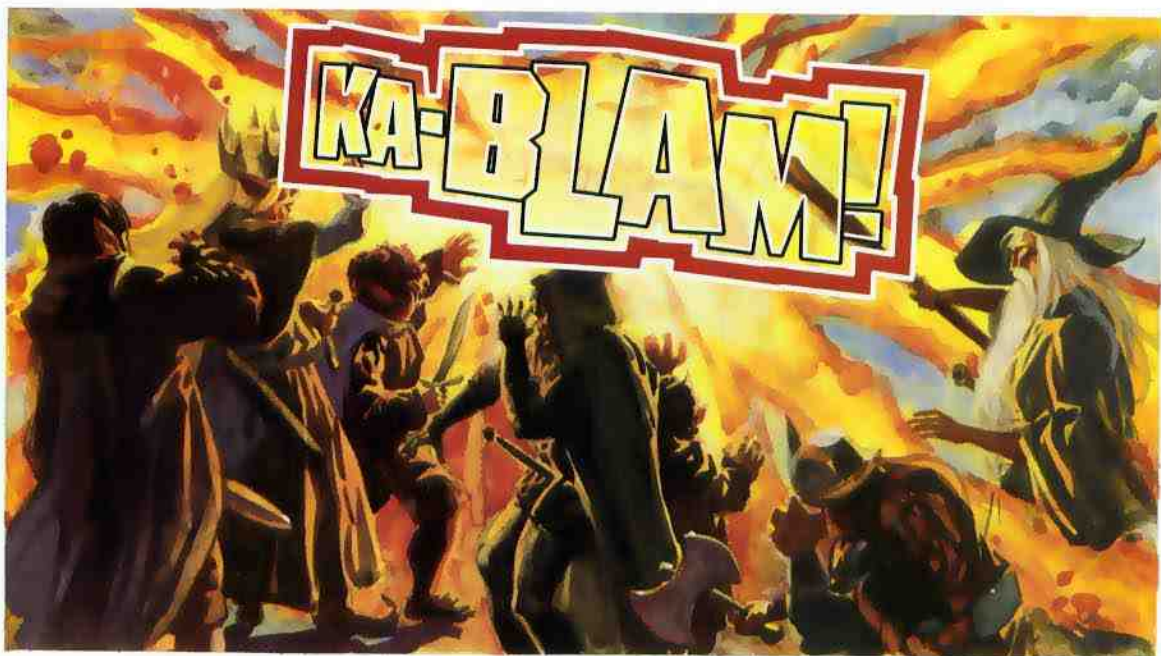


UM...YES. THE, AH, THE WOMEN.

HOW WELL YOU LOVE THE WOMEN, ELF KING.



FELLOWS, AFTER MUCH PERIL, OUR QUEST FINALLY DRAWS NEAR ITS END. LOOK WELL, FOR IT IS OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE NOW TO BE DISTRACTED BY NOTHING.





WHAT KIND OF GRANDFATHER ARE YOU? LETTING THESE CHILDREN GO BAREFOOT IN THE SNOW!

CHECK OUT THE HAIR! MAN, I WISH MY HEAD LOOKED LIKE YOUR FEET!

WHAT STRANGE BEINGS! THIS MAY BE THE WORK OF THE DARK LORD!



WE ARE ON A SACRED QUEST TO CAST THE RING OF POWER INTO THE FIERY MOUNTAIN OF...

I DIDN'T ASK FOR YOUR LIFE STORY. YOU GOT A QUEST, IT'S THIS OR GO TO WORK, SO COUNT THE SIMPSON FAMILY IN.



I SENSE GREAT EVIL IN THIS ONE.

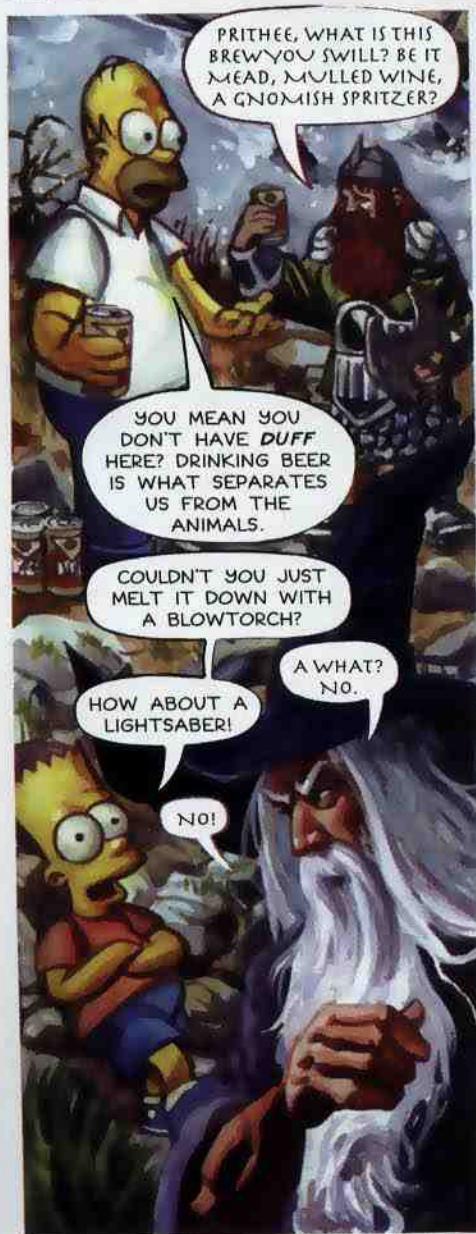
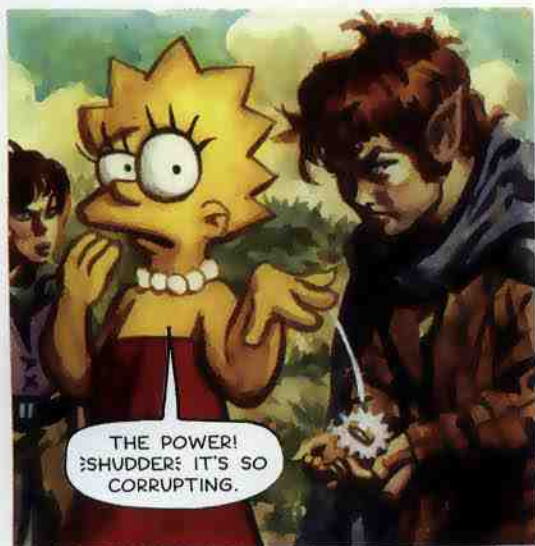
YEAH, YEAH, I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE, YODA. NOW LET'S GET QUESTING!



ARE WE THERE YET? ARE WE THERE YET? ARE WE THERE YET?

DOES THIS LOOK LIKE A VOLCANO TO YOU?



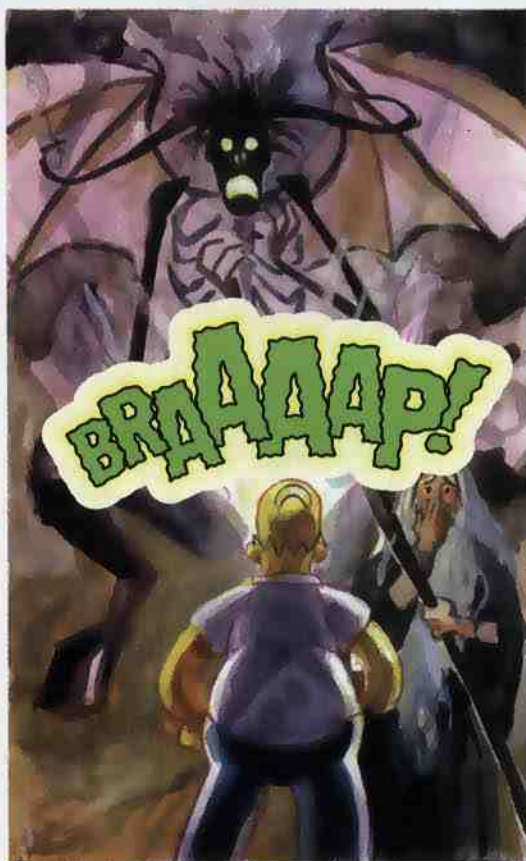




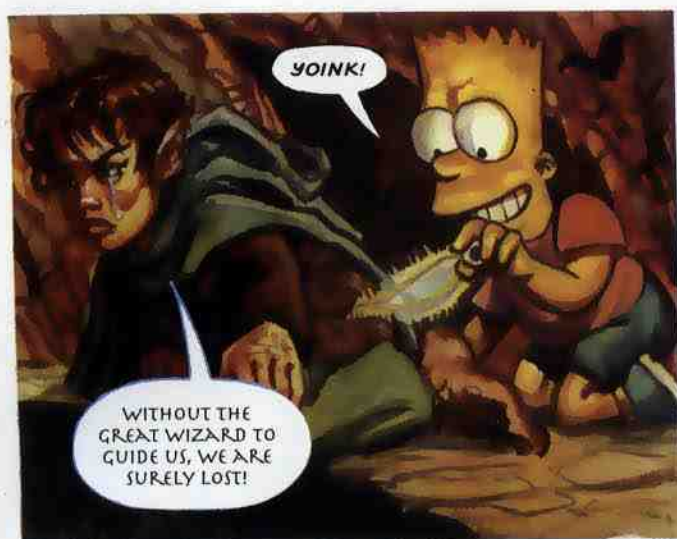


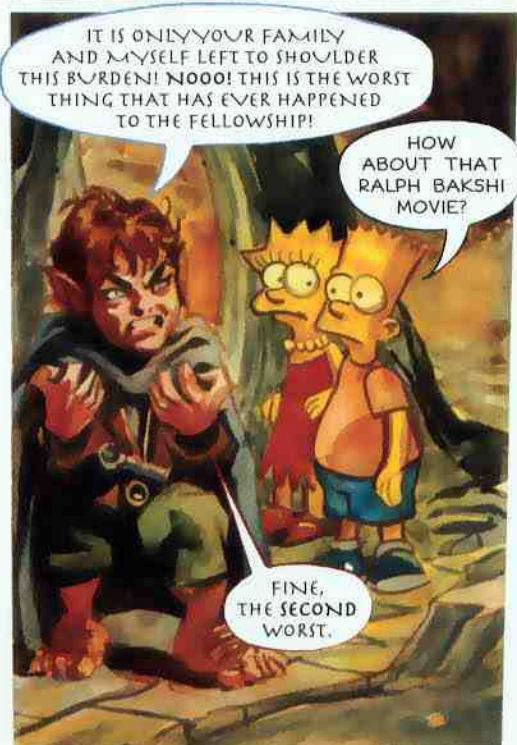
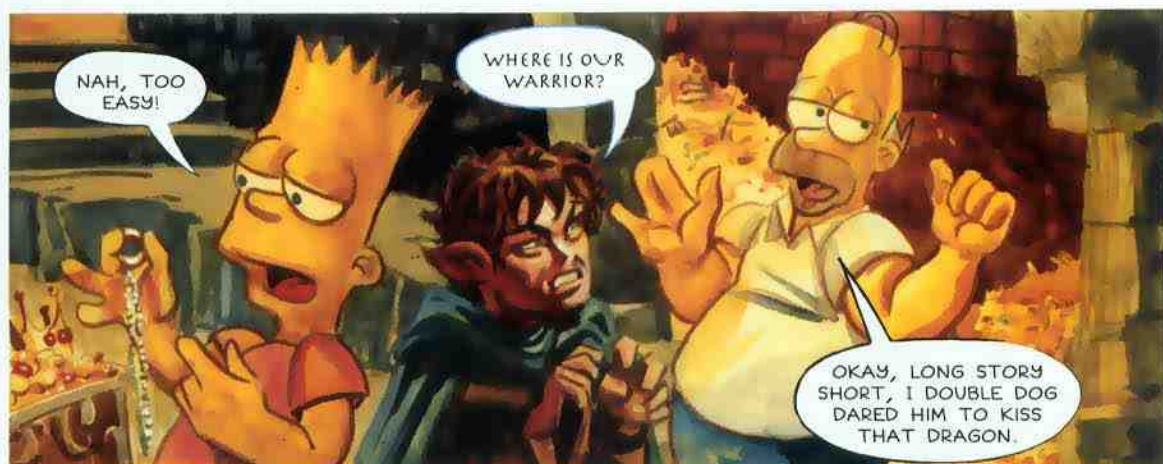






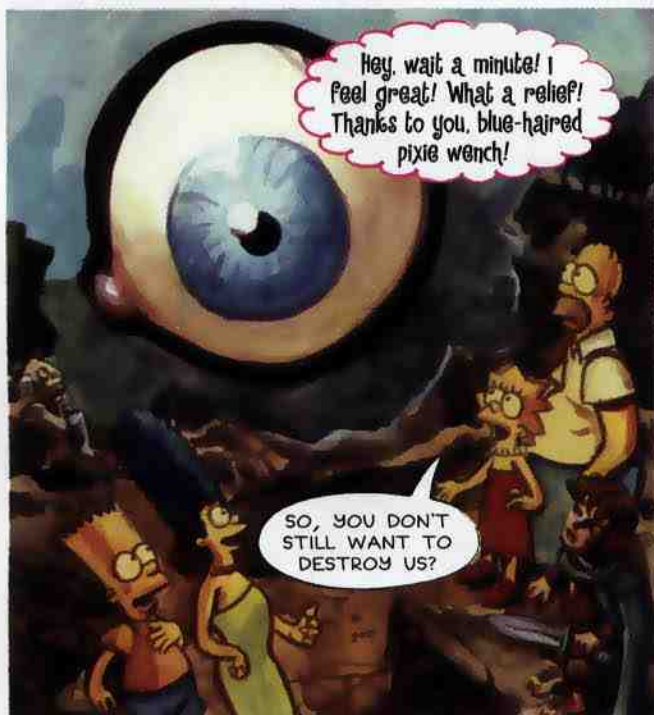








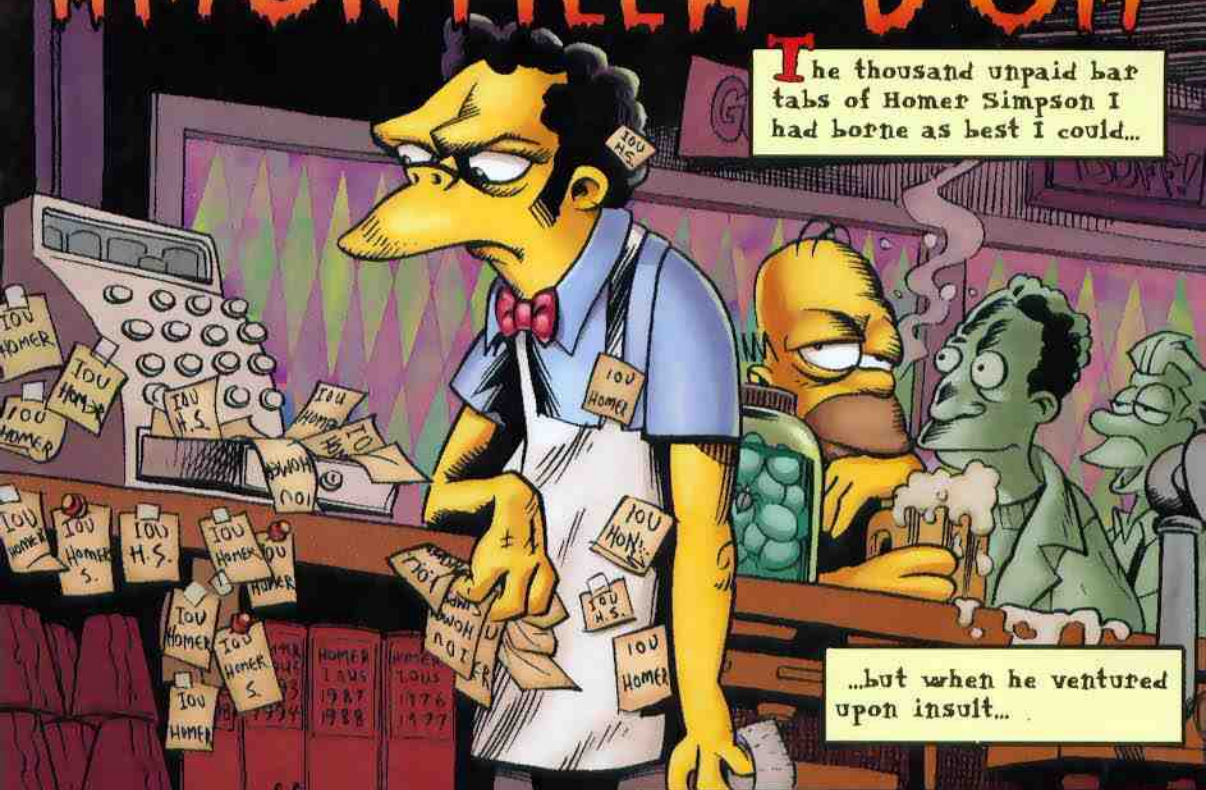




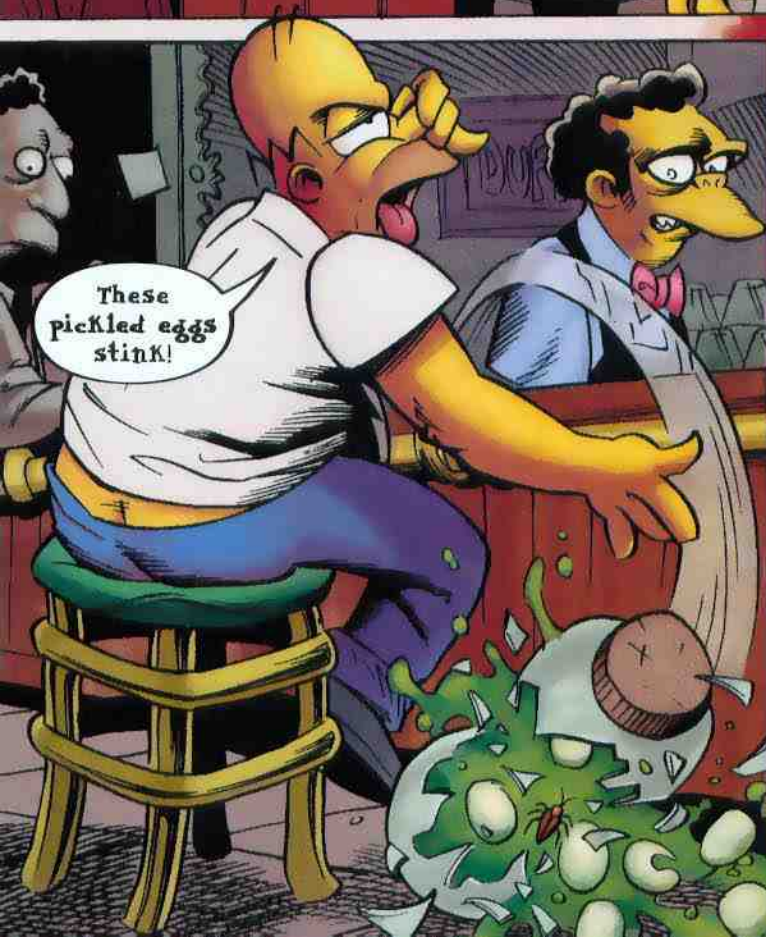
THE END

THE CASK OF AMONTILLA-D'OH

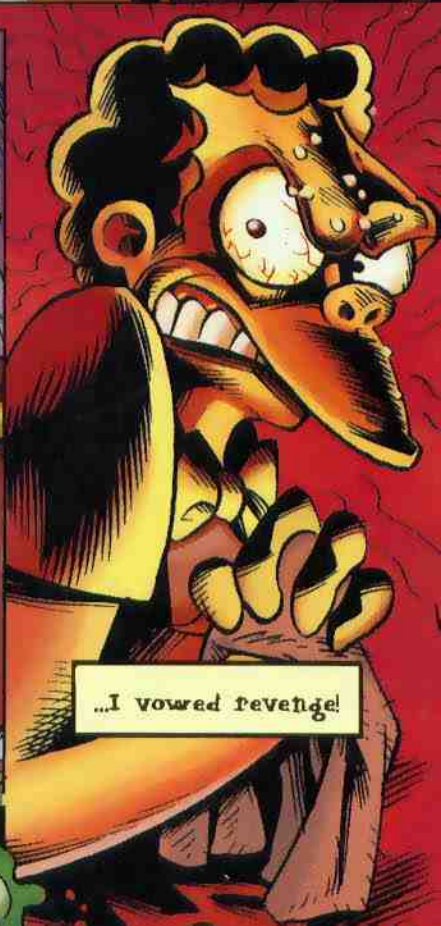
The thousand unpaid bar tabs of Homer Simpson I had borne as best I could...



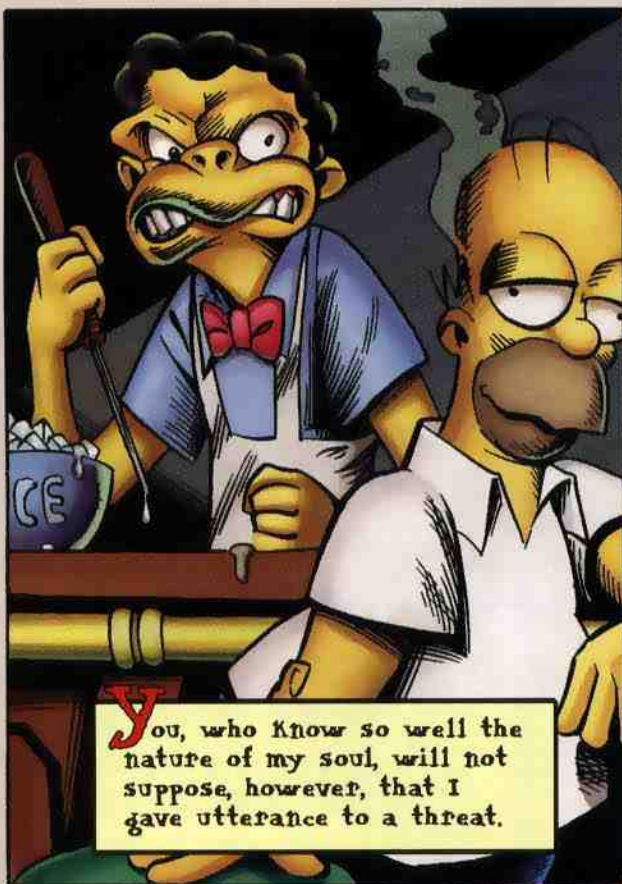
...but when he ventured upon insult...



These pickled eggs stink!



...I vowed revenge!



It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend.

Mmm... corn dog!

Ring toss! Everyone's a winner!

GAAAK!

I was so pleased to see him, that I thought I should have never done wringing his neck.

Uh, I mean, hand.

Homer, I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts.

Amontillado?!?

I dunno.
Cooking
sherry, I
think.



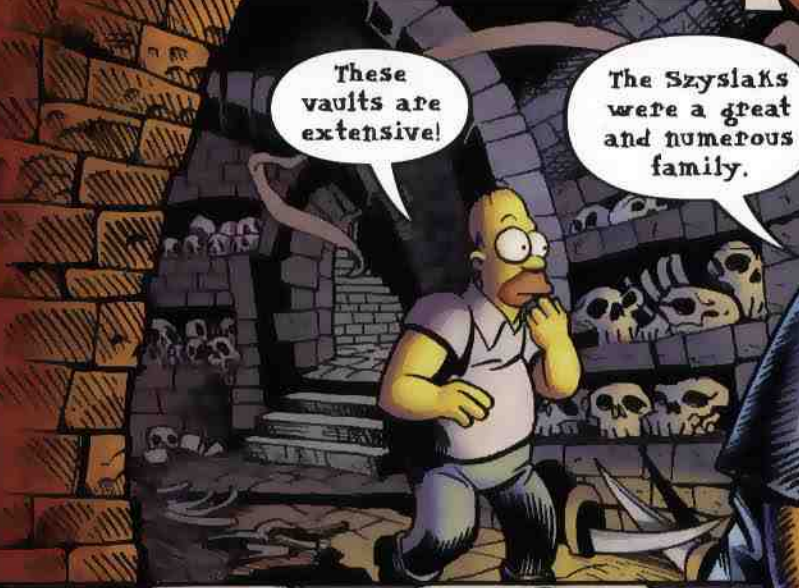
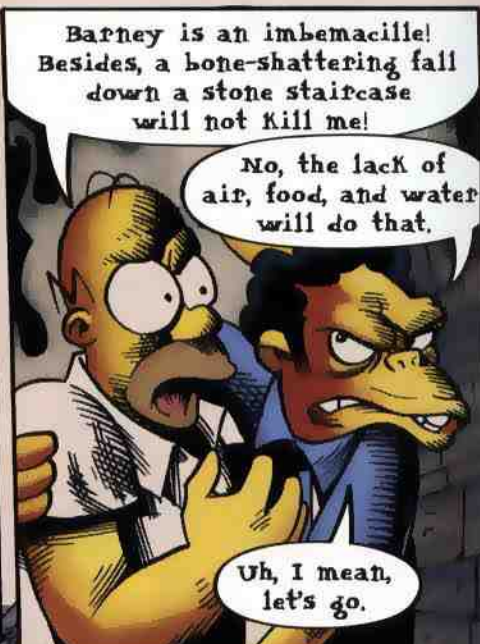
There were no barflies in the tavern; I had kicked them out on their drunken behinds right after happy hour.

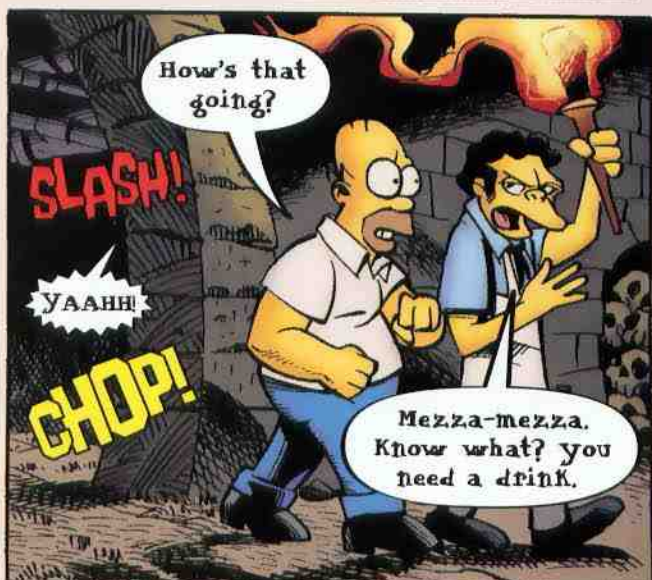
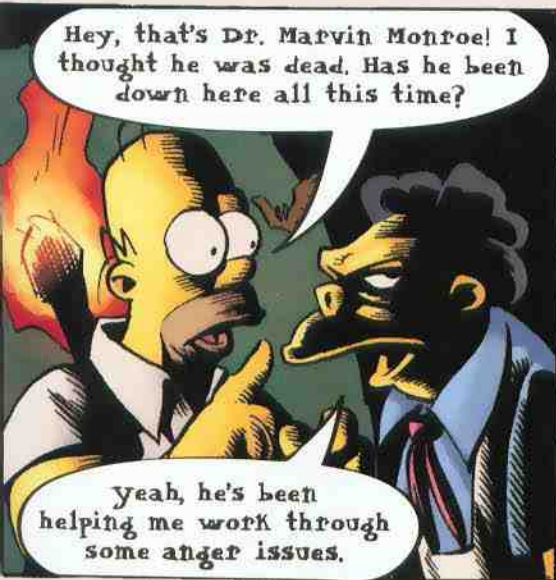


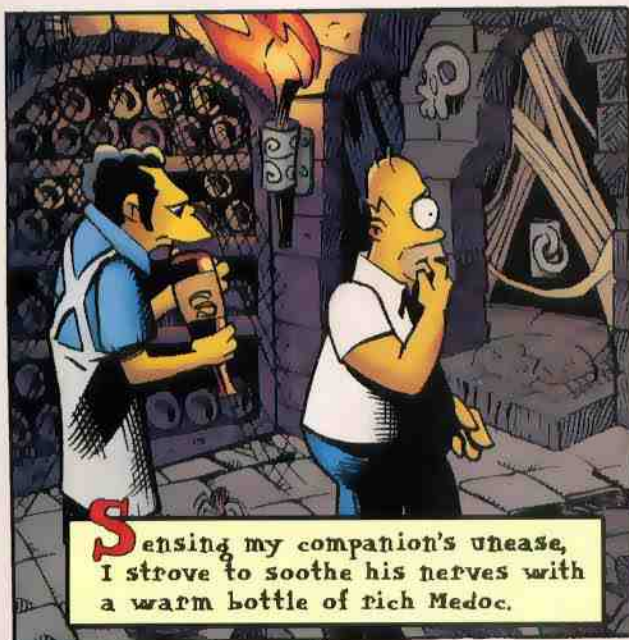
I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Homer--



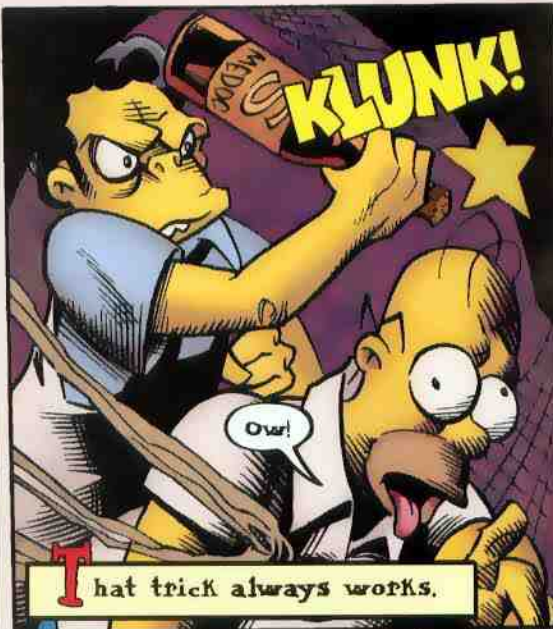




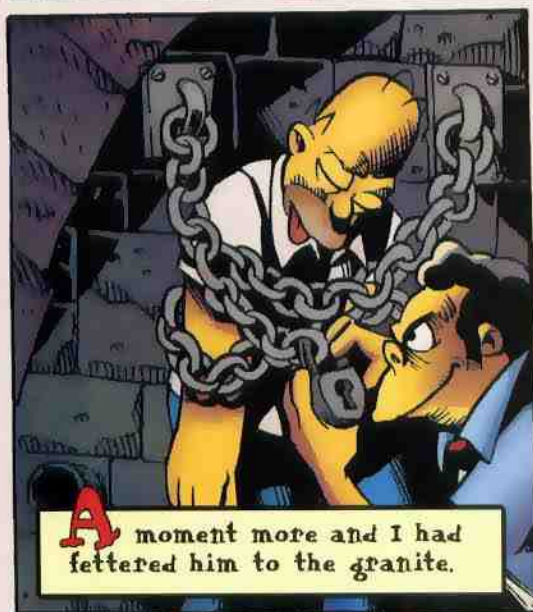




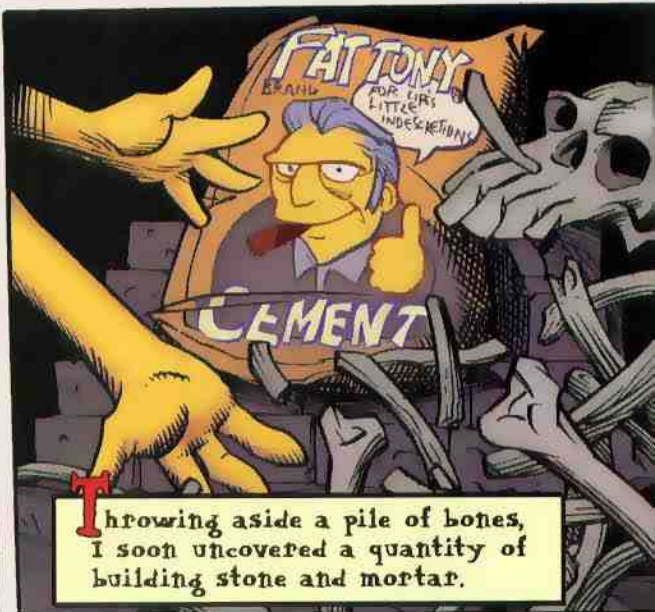
Sensing my companion's unease, I strove to soothe his nerves with a warm bottle of rich Medoc.



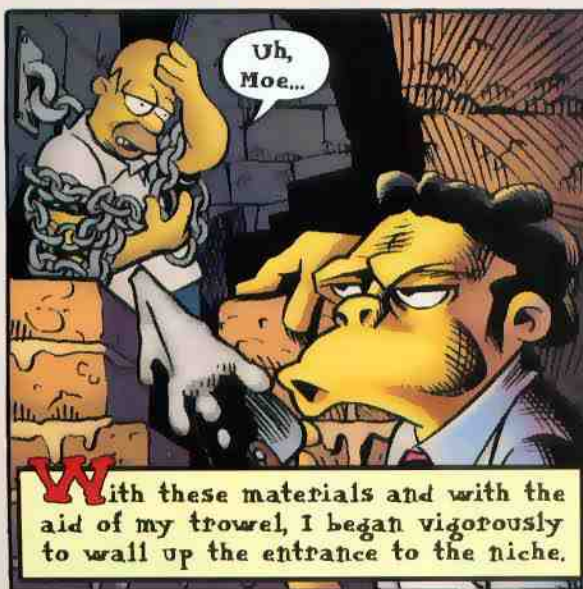
That trick always works.



A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite.



Throwing aside a pile of bones, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar.



With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance to the niche.

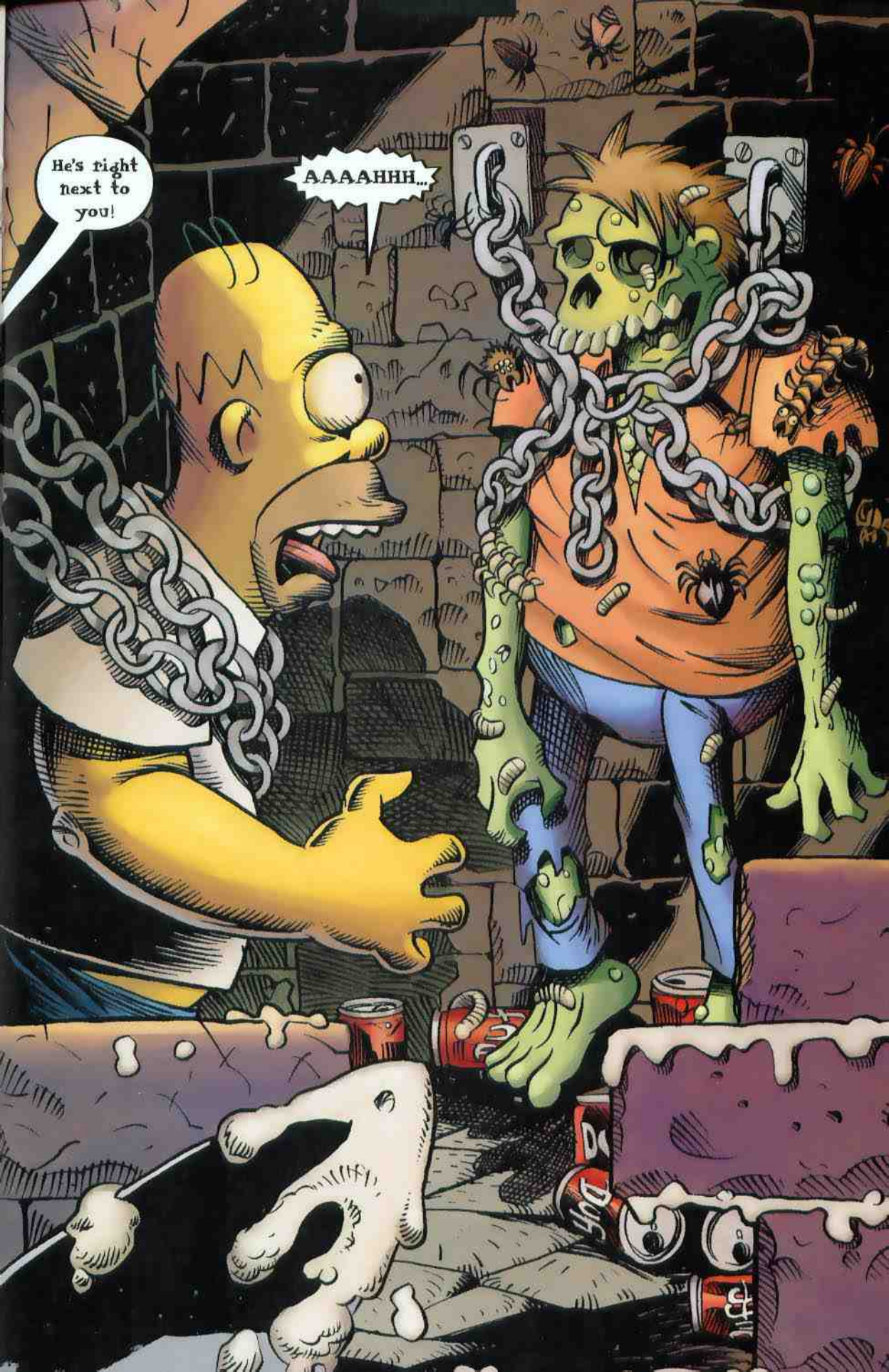


On second thought, Barney's a way better judge of booze! I'll go find him!

you won't have far to look.

He's right
next to
you!

AAAAHHH...





Sorry, Homer. Shoulda paid your tab when you had the chance!

Ha! Ha!
Ha! Hee! Hee!
A very good joke indeed!



An excellent jest! We shall have many a rich laugh about it! Hee! Hee! Hee! Over our wine! Hee! Hee! Hee!

The Amontillado!

Ah, the freakin' brick don't fit!



Push it a little to the left... there you go!

Thanks.

Hee! Hee! Hee! Yes, the Armadillo!



But is it not getting late?



Joke's over, Moe. Not funny anymore.

Hey! What are you laughing at, Laffy?



Will they not be awaiting us? The Lady Marge and the rest?

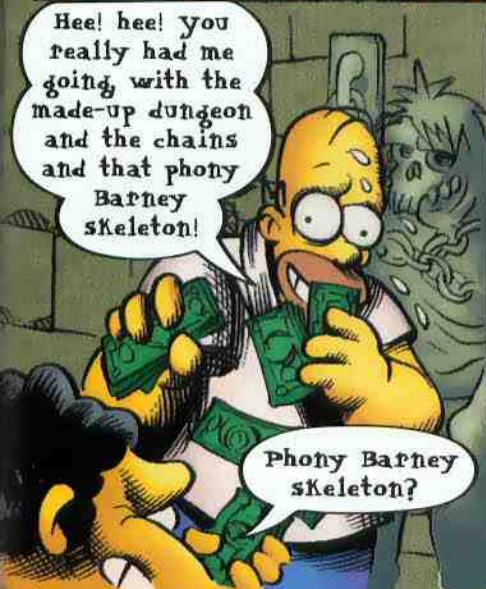
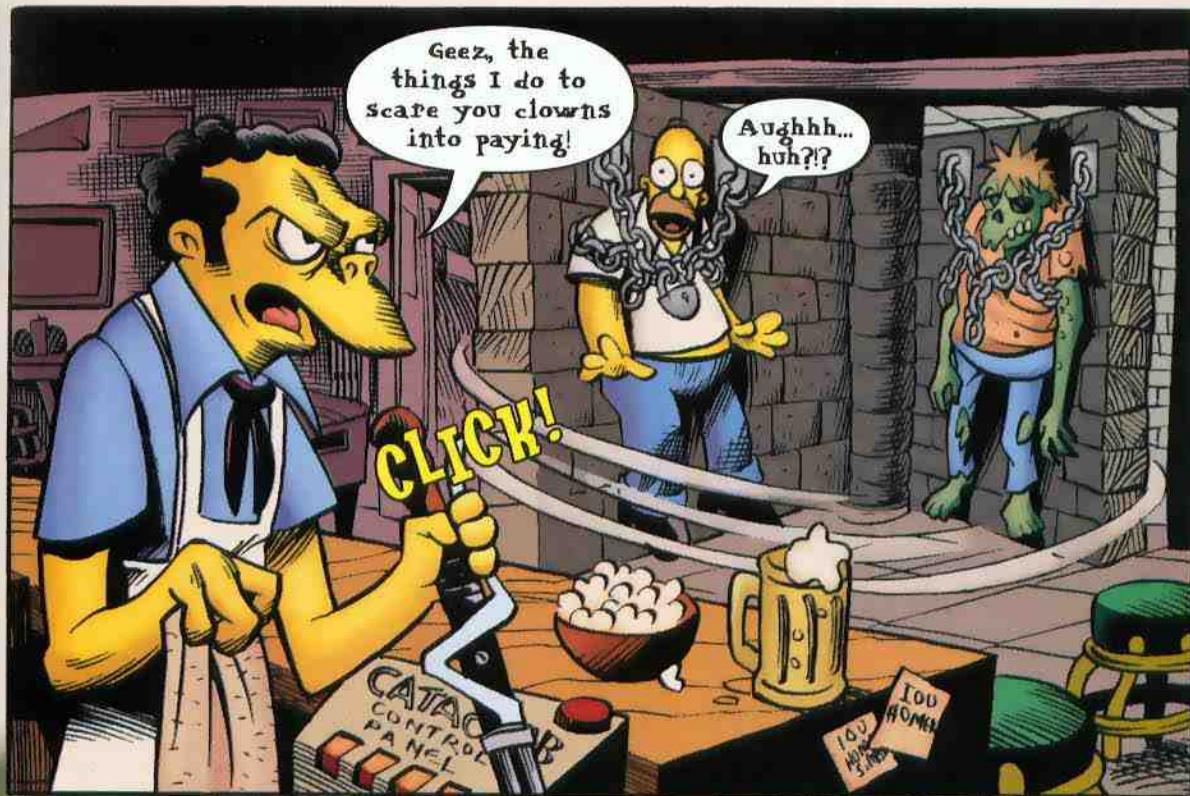
Moe?
Hello?

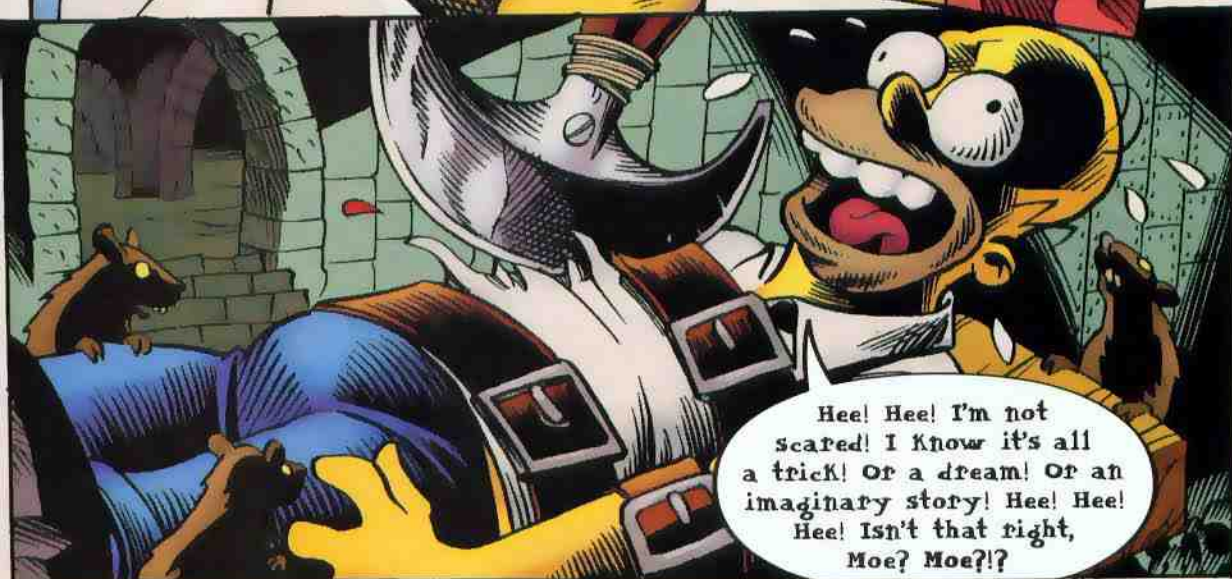


Augggh! The skeleton! Forgot about him... auuuughh!

Auuuughhh!

Auuuughhh!





Olde London Town. The year 1888.

GOODYEAR

FROM HELL AND BACK

OR: THE **TRUER** STORY OF **JACK THE RIPPER**



