

B
O
N
G
O



BART SIMPSON'S TREEHOUSE OF HORROR™

NO. 11

\$4.99 US
\$6.99 CAN

FEATURING
ARTWORK BY

JAMES
LLOYD

MARK
SCHULTZ

JOHN
SEVERIN

ANGELO
TORRES

AL
WILLIAMSON



COVERING
MARTIN

B
O
N
G
O



BART SIMPSON'S TREEHOUSE OF HORROR

FEATURING A **DEMENTED CROP** OF
MARVELOUSLY MONSTROUS HORROR MASTERS!

NO. 11

\$4.99 US

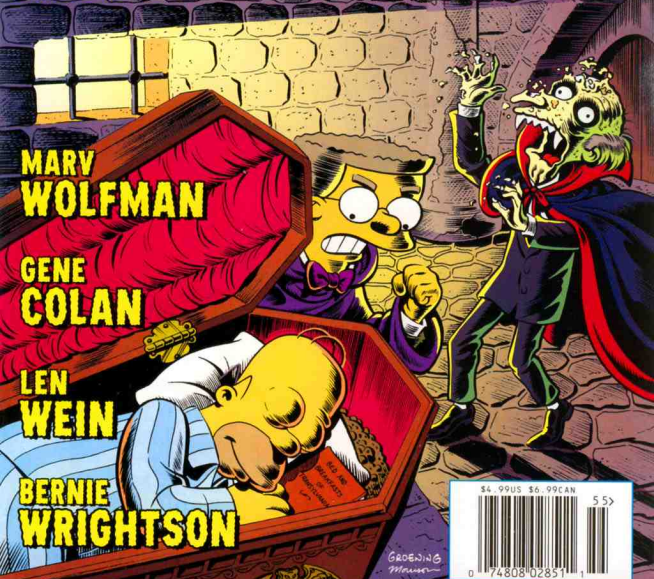
\$6.99 CAN

MARV
WOLFMAN

GENE
COLAN

LEN
WEIN

BERNIE
WRIGHTSON



\$4.99US \$6.99CAN



553

0 74808 02851 1

GROENING
Manga



A dark, cold chilly NIGHT enfolds them as they watch the slim shadowed figure call out to their UNHOLY MASTER.

EVIL MASTER, KING OF DARKNESS...



...LORD OF HELL, EMPLOYER OF SLACKERS AND HOPELESS IDIOTS-

YES, YES, COME TO ME, MY LITTLE PROTEIN MORSEL.



I BESEECH YOU TO RISE FROM THE FITFUL SLEEP OF THE UNDEAD AND RETURN YOUR WONDERFUL GLORIOUSNESS TO OUR TROUBLED WORLD--

CLOSER, MY PET. I HAVEN'T DINED ON WINGS FOR WEEKS NOW.

The SUB-BASEMENT of Dracula



WHY ARE YOU AVOIDING ME? YOU KNOW HOW HUNGRY I AM.

From Chris To Drac
Thanks for
Coochin'
me -
You the
bomb!
Let's
have
luncheon

I DO APOLOGIZE, SIR.

OH, WILL YOU SILENCE YOURSELF, SMITHERS... I MEAN RENFIELD! HOW DARE YOU AWAKEN ME WHILE I WAS ENGAGED IN SUCH AN EXCELLENT DREAM?

QUIET. I'M REMINISCING. WHERE WAS I? OH YES, THE DREAM.

BETTY GRABLE AND I WERE REENACTING THAT WONDERFUL SCENE FROM "GOLDFINGER." I CAN STILL SMELL FORT KNOX. ;sigh;

Written by: "MONSTROUS" MARY WOLFGAN
Illustrated by: "GOREY" GENE COLAN
Lettered by: "JUGULAR" JOHN COSTANZA
Colored by: "NASTY" NATHAN KANE,
"NASTIER" NATHAN HAMILL
Edited by: "BLOODY" BILL MORRISON



RENFIELD, ALONG WITH MY TRYST WITH MS. GRABLE, I DREAMT I NEEDED A **PLAN** IF I AM TO TURN THE WORLD INTO MY WILLING SLAVES.

I'M ALREADY WILLING, SIR.

YES! YES!
I HAVE IT. MOST EXCELLENT.

I THINK YOU **BROKE** MY NOSE, SIR. AND I'M IN **TERRIBLE PAIN**.

OF COURSE YOU ARE. BUT I NEED SOMEONE **ELSE**, SOMEONE **INNOCENT** AND **PERFECT**. BUT WHO--?



DON'T TRY TO **CHEER** ME UP, RENFIELD. I HAVE **INNOCENCE** TO CORRUPT.

Bloodbaths and fangings, and plague ridden mouses, Dark evil cauldrons and burning down houses,

Necks to be bitten, sucked dry till it stings.

These are a few of my favorite things.



Her name is **MISS ELIZABETH HOOVER**, and for more years than she can remember she has **WASTED** her life teaching young and gullible children useless and pointless information.



Her only **SOLACE** from this endless brain-numbing horror has been at the bottom of an 80-proof bottle and the hopeful dreams that her tortured existence might soon be **OVER**.

Sadly for this poor, deluded college graduate, that undesired life...



...is doomed to be **CONTINUED...**

HOMER HARKER slew his first vampire with a garlic-riddled rattle when he was just an infant. Now he has assembled a crew of fearless vampire killers...

Carl LeBlade,
PARTLY UNDEAD
WEAPON'S MASTER.

I LIVE TO SLAY,
FOLD, STAPLE, AND
MUTILATE.

Lisa Van Helsing:
DEADLY AS SHE IS
BEAUTIFUL.

Santa's
Little
killer:
ALL
BITE.
NO
BARK.

EXCUSE ME,
LE BLADE,
I THINK THAT
WAS MY LINE.

Bart Drake:
DRACULA'S THIRD
COUSIN, TWICE
REMOVED.

:CHOMP: VAMPIRE
HUNTERS, I'VE RECEIVED
WHAT SOME MIGHT TAKE AS
TERRIBLE AND EVEN
HORRIBLE NEWS. :CHOMP:
SOMETHING ABOUT
ULTIMATE EVIL. END
OF THE WORLD. DOOM
AND...

DON'T EVEN
THINK OF
BITING ME,
DUDE.

SAAYYYY, WHERE DID THIS
DELICIOUS DONUT COME FROM?
SOFT AND CRUSTY WITH
JUST A HINT OF CINNAMON.
YUMMMM.

HOMER!
ULTIMATE EVIL,
REMEMBER?

OH, RIGHT.
DEATH. DESTRUCTION.
DESPAIR. IT'S
ALWAYS THE
SAME THING.
BUT THIS
DONUT...

GRRR! ALL RIGHT. WE MUST
KILL THE VAMPIRES. BUT HOW?
LET ME COUNT THE WAYS.

A STAKE TO
THE HEART IS
ALWAYS FUN.

YOU CAN
ALWAYS CUT OFF
THEIR HEADS AND
STUFF IT WITH
GARLIC.

STEAK.
YUMMMM!

BUT DON'T
FORGET THE
POTATOES
AND
CHEESE.

HOMER!!!

HOMER!

NOT
NOW,
LISA.
DADDY'S
THINKING
ABOUT
VAMPIRE
FONDUE.
MMM-
MMM-
M!

THERE'S ALWAYS THE OLD
STANDBYS. CUT OUT THE
HEART. BURN THEM IN
SUNLIGHT. HOLY WATER.

HMM. WHY
ISN'T THERE
EVER ANY
HOLY
BEER?

LAST TIME
IT TOOK HIM
A MONTH TO
FIND HIS WAY
BACK FROM
SHELBYVILLE.

~sigh~
LET'S
FIND OUR
OWN
VAMPIRES.

WILK AMP
BEEEEEER!

Leather-winged creatures silently steal their way through the shadowed streets of Springfield. They are hungry, and when Vampires thirst, there is only one relief...

GOT ANY
LOW-CARB
PLASMA, MOE?
MY MISSUS
PUT ME ON
A DIET.

WANNA
NECK?

SAY,
DIDN'T
I HORRIBLY
KILL YOU
ONCE?

YOU THINK
THIS IS THE
PLACE, LISA?

BART, THERE'S
EVIL EVERYWHERE. MONSTERS
ARE TORTURING INNOCENT
BYSTANDERS. EVERYONE LIVES IN
FEAR. WHAT DO YOU THINK
THIS IS?

HIGH
SCHOOL?

MOE'S
BELFRY

NO WINGS, NO FANGS
NO SERVICE

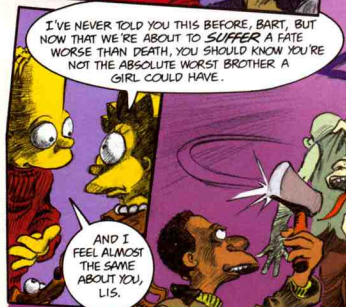
WEDNESDAYS:
WELCOME
Shriners

HABLO
TRANSYLVANIA

SWIT

SWIT







FORTUNATELY THERE'S ALWAYS VAMPIRES HANGING AROUND THE KWIK-E MART ON PLASMA DELIVERY DAY.

HAH! THERE'S NO PAIN BAD ENOUGH TO MAKE *ME* REVEAL MY MASTER'S PLANS.

EVERY TIME HE TELLS A LIE HIS NOSE WILL GROW... UNTIL IT FORMS INTO A DEADLY STAKE!

Gorgonzola is the cheese that holds the universe together.

AGHHH! PLEASE, FOR PITY'S SAKE-- STOP HIM!

REALLY? THEN BEHOLD THE ULTI-MATE TORTURE: THE LITTLE WOODEN PUPPET CALLED PINOCCHIO!

TALK OR BE SHISH-KABOBED!

TELL US WHAT DRACULA IS UP TO, OR YOU WILL SUFFER IN WAYS YOU'VE NEVER IMAGINED.

did you know the SQUARE of the HYPOTENUSE is Liza Minnelli?

ALL RIGHT! I'LL TALK!

HURRY DUDE, BEFORE PINOCCHIO LIES AGAIN.

NOT YOU, POTATO-HEAD. IT'S A FEMALE, AND SHE LIVES AT 742 EVERGREEN TERRACE.

There are more than 127 poems that are lovelier than a tree.

TO TURN EVERYONE INTO HIS MINDLESS SLAVE DRACULA HAS TO DESTROY THE MOST PERFECT AND INNOCENT PERSON ON EARTH...

HE'S GOING TO DESTROY ME? BUT WHAT'VE I EVER DONE TO HIM?

WAIT. I KNOW THAT ADDRESS. IT'S WHERE LIVES THE BEAUTIFUL AND ALWAYS SEXY MARGE SIMPSON.

HMMMM.

SHE *IS* THE MOST PERFECT AND INNOCENT PERSON I KNOW.

SKR-*skritch*

ZZZ



EXCELLENT.
OUR UNWITTING
TARGET IS IN
SIGHT. HOLD
ONTO ME
TIGHT,
RENFIELD.

HAPPILY,
SIR.



OH, MAGGIE.
WHY DO I FEEL SUCH
DREAD? IT'S LIKE ALL
THE EVIL IN THE WORLD
IS FESTERING BENEATH
US READY TO EXPLODE
INTO **HELL** ITSELF.

OR MAYBE IT'S JUST
THE **BROCCOLI**
PIE I MADE FOR
DESSERT!

BURP!!!
THERE! THAT
SHOULD DO
THE TRICK.



NO. I'M FEELING
WORSE. THE **EVIL** IS
COMING **CLOSER**. IT'S
LIKE EVERY TERRIBLE
NIGHTMARE I'VE EVER
HAD IS COMING BACK
TO **HAUNT** ME.

EVEN THE
ONE WITH UNCLE
FESTER AND
AUNTIE PETUNIA
UNDER THE
CHERRY TREE.
OOOOHHH!



HAHAHAHA
I'M BEING SO SILLY.
THERE'S NO SUCH THINGS
AS **MONSTERS** CLAWING
THEIR WAY OUT OF THE FOG
AND SHADOWS TO WREAK
THEIR EVIL **HAVOC** UPON
AN UNWITTING AND
UNBELIEVING WORLD.

IT'S A GOOD
THING THAT MONSTERS
AREN'T REAL. OTHER-
WISE, WE'D ALL BE
IN TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE
TROUBLE.



WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW?
MONSTERS **ARE** REAL.
AGENT MULDER WAS
RIGHT ALL ALONG.

SO I'M THINKING YOU
HAD MOMMY ISSUES
WHILE GROWING UP.

WHY, HOW
ASTUTE OF
YOU, MY
BLUE-HAIRED
BEAUTY. I
ALWAYS
WANTED TO
BITE THE
HAND THAT
FED ME.

PERHAPS
YOU WOULD
LIKE TO **TALK**
IT OVER?

No. No. It would
Rekindle too much
pain. It's time,
Marge Simpson,
for you to go to
HELL!

DRAT! I
KNEW I
SHOULD
NEVER
HAVE
BOUGHT
THIS CHEAP
KOREAN
LIGHTER.

FLIK FLIK FLIK

MARGE SIMPSON, PREPARE
TO BE THROWN INTO THE VERY
PITS OF HELL ITSELF WHERE
WORMS SHALL DINE ON YOUR
INTESTINES THEN GORGE THEM-
SELVES ON A FINE DESSERT OF
AORTAS AND FINGERNAILS.

TAKE
MINE, SIR.
IT'S A
QUALITY
JAPANESE
PRODUCT.

SMUGNESS
DOES NOT
BECOME
YOU,
RENFIELD.

HELP!
SOMEONE
SAVE
ME!

I WILL : **OOF AKK Ouch** : SOON
AS I CAN GET THIS BLASTED WHEEL
CHAIR OVER THE WINDOW TRANSON
: **OOF** : AND THEN FIRE MY WOODEN
DART THINGIES AT THE BAD VAMPIRE.

WHY ISN'T THERE EVER
WHEELCHAIR ACCESS WHEN
YOU NEED IT?--: **OOF AKK**
OUCH :

LISA, WE'VE
GOT TO SAVE
MOM FROM
THE FIRES
OF HELL!

DESTROY
HIS HORDES
OF HADES,
BART.

MAKE WAY,
SPAWNS OF
EVIL. CARL
LEBLADE
IS COMING
FOR YOU.

OH, THAT
STINGS!

PERHAPS THIS
WILL TEACH YOU
NOT TO ATTACK
INNOCENT MOMMIES
EVER AGAIN.

ARRRGHHHH
TANNGGG

HOMIE,
SAVE
ME!

I'M COMING, MARGE.
I'M AIMING NOW. NO. THAT'S
NOT RIGHT. A LITTLE MORE TO
THE LEFT. NO. TO THE RIGHT. NO.
TO THE LEFT. DARN IT, LET ME
START OVER AGAIN...

HA!
THAT'S USING
YOUR HEAD.

NOW DON'T
GO MAKE AN ASH
OF YOURSELF.
OBOY. THE
QUIPS ARE
COMING FAST
AND FURIOUS
TODAY.

AAGHHHH

HOMIE!



HER? YOU THOUGHT I WAS AFTER THAT FINE-BONED, BIG-HAIRED BEAUTY? NO. I WAS JUST SENDING HER TO HELL FOR FUN IS ALL.

FOR MY PLAN TO SUCCEED I NEED TOTAL INNOCENCE AND PERFECTION. AND I HAVE FOUND IT.



HUH? YOU MEAN MY MOM *ISN'T* THE BEST?

OH, YEAH? WHO ELSE CAN TURN THE WORLD ON WITH HER SMILE?

OR TAKE A NOTHING DAY AND SUDDENLY MAKE IT ALL SEEM WORTH-WHILE?



THERE-- ONLY THIS LITTLE ONE IS PURE INNOCENCE AND PERFECTION! THROUGH HER ALL THE WORLD SHALL BE MINE!

Heheh

HA HAHA HAHAHA

D'OH!

COWABUNGA!

GULP

TH-TH-THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

The End



I CANNOT REMEMBER THE MORNING
ANY MORE... OR WHAT I HAD FOR LUNCH...
OR WHERE I LEFT MY CAR KEYS... OR...



OW! MY
BRAIN HURTS!



UH, WHAT WAS
I SAYING? OH,
RIGHT.

IT SUCKS
TO BE ME.



EVERY NIGHT,
IT'S THE SAME
STUPID THING...

...I WAIT FOR THE STUPID
MOON TO RISE... SHAMBLE
THROUGH THE STUPID
UNDERBRUSH... SMASH MY
STUPID TOE ON THE SAME
STUPID GARBAGE...



...ALL SO I CAN MAKE
MY WAY BACK HERE
AGAIN...

... TO THE PLACE WHERE
IT ALL BEGAN... THE PLACE
WHERE I WAS CURSED
TO BECOME A HIDEOUS,
DISGUSTING...

SQUISH THING

Written by "WEIRD" LEN WEIN • Illustrated by "WRETCHED" BERNIE WRIGHTSON •
lettered by "CREEPY" JOHN COSTANZA • colored by "UNDEAD" CHRIS UNGAR •
edited by "MORBID" BILL MORRISON • Disavowed by "GRUESOME" MATT GROENING

EVERY NIGHT FOR DAYS NOW, I'VE STOOD OUTSIDE THIS HOUSE... WAITING FOR SOMEBODY TO TURN ON THE TV... HOPING FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO WATCH...

...BUT ALL I EVER GET TO SEE IS THIS SAME OLD TIRED SCENE...

AW, C'MON, MARGE, PLEASE-- YA GOTTA GO OUT WITH ME. THIS IS THE NINTH BOUQUET I'VE BRUNG YA THIS WEEK.

I'VE JUST ABOUT PICKED FLANDERS' GARDEN CLEAN.

I'M SORRY, MOE. I APPRECIATE THE THOUGHT--

--BUT IT'S STILL TOO SOON FOR ME TO START SEEING SOMEBODY NEW.

I MEAN, IT SEEMS LIKE POOR HOMIE HAS ONLY BEEN GONE A WEEK.

EIGHT DAYS, ACTUALLY-- BUT WHO'S COUNTING?

LOOK, IT DOESN'T EVEN HAVE T'BE A DATE. MAYBE JUST A CUP'A COFFEE OR SOMETHING...

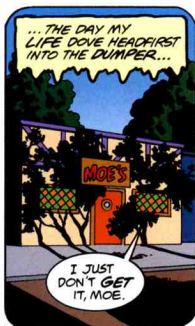
...WIT' SOME FOOLIN' AROUND ON THE SIDE.

FOR THE LAST TIME, MOE-- THE ANSWER IS NO.

OKAY, FINE, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL, I'LL GO--

--BUT I PROMISE YOU, SOME NIGHT, WHEN YOU'RE SITTING ALONE IN THE DARK--

--YOU'RE GONNA REGRET HAVING TURNED DOWN MOE SZYSLAK!







NIGHT DESCENDED LIKE AN ELEPHANT ON AN ESCALATOR... AND A FULL MOON HUNG IN THE SKY LIKE A FAT LADY ON A SWING... AS I BEGAN MY QUEST TO CREATE THE PERFECT BEVERAGE...

STUPID SCIENCE.
WHY DOES IT HAVE
TO BE SO HARD?

ALL THIS
PRECIOUS BEER...
HORRIBLY
WASTED!

OH, THE
HUMANITY!

HEY-- AH-- SO HOW'S
IT COMIN', HOMER?

NOT SO GOOD. SO
FAR EVERY DRINK
I'VE MIXED
TASTES
EITHER
LIKE
MOUNTAIN DEW
OR OLD
SWEAT
SOX.

UGGHHHH...
MOUNTAIN
DEW. MAN,
THAT'S
NASTY.

I'M JUST A
BIG FAILURE,
MOE. I'LL
NEVER MAKE
MARGE
PROUD
OF ME.

GEE, THAT'S...
UH-- TOO BAD,
HOMER. BUT
THEM'S THE
BREAKS.

NO, YOU'VE
CONVINCED ME,
MOE! FOR ONCE IN
MY LIFE, I'M NOT
GONNA
QUIT!

I'M GOING TO
PERFECT NEW DUFF
BEER WITH LIME
EVEN IF IT KILLS
ME.

WELL, IF
YOU INSIST--!

:WHOO!:

SMOKING...
BOILING...
NOT
GOOD!

GANGWAY!
STEP ASIDE!
COMING
THROUGH!

:sheesh:
WHAT AN
IDIOT!

YOU DON'T
DESERVE A
WONDERFUL
WOMAN LIKE
MARGE,
HOMER--

--AND
YOU'RE NOT
GONNA
HAVE HER
MUCH
LONGER.

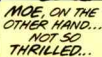




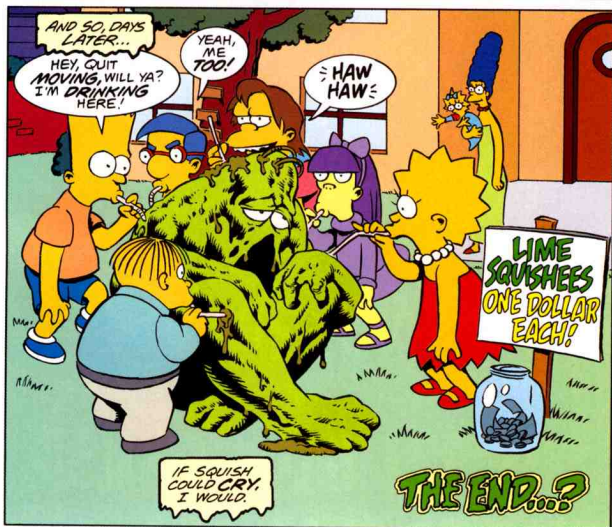












TWO TICKETS TO HECK!







AAHRR! YE BE **HUNGRY** FOR SOME EXCITEMENT, EH, FIENDS? WELL, THEN, YE'VE COME TO THE PLACE WHERE CHILLS AND THRILLS ABOUND. AH-HA-HAR, CAN'T YE JUST **TASTE** THE TERROR THAT AWAITS INSIDE? GET YE READY FOR THE BLOOD-CURDLING **FRIGHT-FEST** I LIKE TO CALL:

A QUICK WAY TO A **KRUSTY DEATH!**







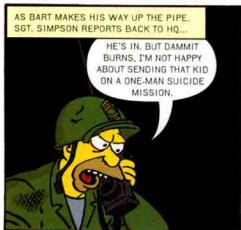






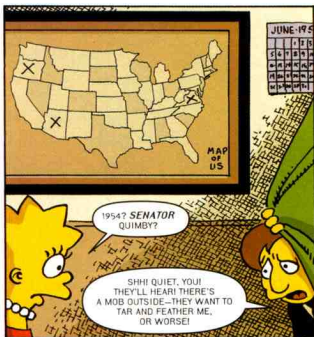


















HEARTS POUNDING, BART AND LISA RACE AWAY TOWARD THE NEAREST BUILDING...

HEY, YOU KIDS—YOU CAN'T JUST RUN IN HERE! THIS IS A TOP-SECRET MILITARY INSTALLATION!

WE'RE RUNNING FROM THAT UNRULY MOB OVER THERE!

YEAH! THEY SAID THAT RICHARD M. NIXON WAS A CROOK!

THEY SAID THAT??? ABOUT THE VICE-PRESIDENT?!? WELL, HE'S **NOT** A CROOK. C'MON, STEVE, LET'S GO SHOOT OUR GUNS.



INSIDE THE VAST CHAMBER, A MYSTERIOUS CIRCULAR SHAPE GLEAMS IN THE DARKNESS.

A FLYING SAUCER! LET'S GET IN.

THAT MUST BE THE ONE THAT CRASHED IN ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO IN 1947! SO THERE WAS A COVER-UP!

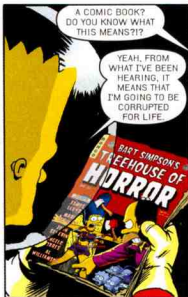




THE SPACE CRAFT DRAWS CLOSE TO A TINY INCANDESCENT PARTICLE, A FRAGMENT OF A ONCE PROUD PLANET...



UTILIZING EQUIPMENT THAT THEY FIND ONBOARD THE SHIP, BART AND LISA DESCEND FROM THEIR CRAFT AND BEGIN TO EXPLORE THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET FRAGMENT...











GRUESOME MATT GROENING Presents a Trio of Terrifying Tales
by a Monstrous Mob of Comics Most Tremendous Talents!

TWO TICKETS TO HECK!

Written by **CREEPY CHRIS BONHAM** and **SCARY STEVE RINGGENBERG**

Colored by **JACK THE RIPPER JOEY MASON**

Lettered by **KILL-CRAZY KAREN BATES**

Edited by **BLOODTHIRSTY BILL MORRISON**

BOOKEND SEQUENCES

Pencils by **JUGULAR JAMES LLOYD**

Inks by **SPOOKY STEVE STEERE JR.**

Colored by **NECROMANTIC NATHAN KANE**

A QUICK WAY TO A

KRUSTY DEATH!

Art by **AWFUL ANGELO TORRES**

BART SIMPSON MIDGET COMMANDO

Art by **JAUNDICED JOHN SEVERIN**

SHOCK! SUSPENSE! SIMPSONS!

Art by **JITTERY JOHN SEVERIN**

BLAST FROM the FUTURE PAST!

Pencils by **MARTIAN MARK SCHULTZ**

Inks by **ALIEN AL WILLIAMSON**

The SUB-BASEMENT of Dracula

Written by **MURDEROUS MARY WOLFMAN** • Art by **GORY GENE COLAN**
Colored by **NETHER-WORLDLY NATHAN KANE, NECROPHILOUS NATHAN HAMILL**

Lettered by **JACK-O-LANTERN JOHN COSTANZA**

Edited by **BODY-SNATCHING BILL MORRISON**

SQUISH THING

Written by **LETHAL LEN WEIN** • Art by **BUTCHERING BERNIE WRIGHTSON**
Colored by **CADAVEROUS CHRIS UNGAR** • Lettered by **JUJU JOHN COSTANZA**
Edited by **BRAIN-EATING BILL MORRISON**



Matt Groening
PUBLISHER

Bill Morrison
CREATIVE DIRECTOR

Terry Delegeane
MANAGING EDITOR

Robert Zaugh
OPERATIONS

Nathan Kane
ART DIRECTOR

Serban Cristescu
SPECIAL PROJECTS

Christopher Ungar
PRODUCTION MANAGER

Karen Bates, Art Villanueva
PRODUCTION/DESIGN

Jason Ho, Mike Rote
STAFF ARTISTS

Sherri Smith, Pete Benson
ADMINISTRATION

Nathan Hamill
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT