



BART SIMPSON'S TREEHOUSE OF HORROR™

A KING-SIZED 64-PAGE CREEPFEST

UNLUCKY
#13

US \$4.99
CAN \$6.99



MATT GROENING
Maurice

Featuring

THE COMEDIANS OF COMICS

IAN GERRY THOMAS PATTON BRIAN
BOOTHBY · DUGGAN · LENNON · OSWALT · POSEHN

REPUGNANTLY RENDERED BY

TERRY HILARY PIA JASON ANDREW TONE MIKE
AUSTIN · BARTA · GUERRA · HO · PEPOY · RODRIGUEZ · ROTE

DIRECT EDITION



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TREEHOUSE OF HORROR™

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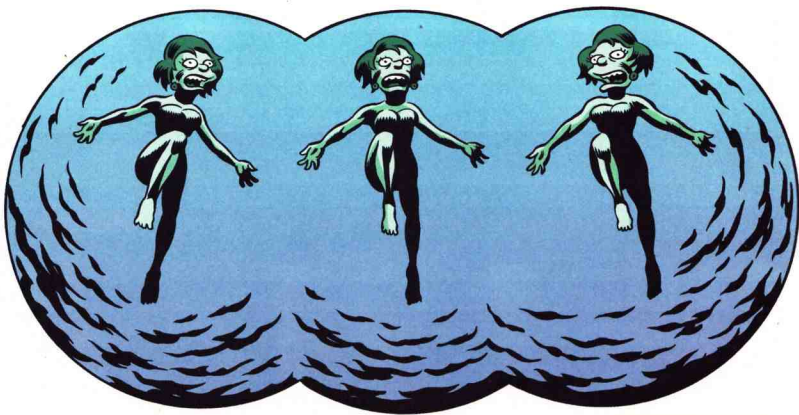
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THE NEXT MORNING...



LOU, BAG THESE
CRABS. THEY'RE EVIDENCE...
AND I LOVE CRAB
CAKES.

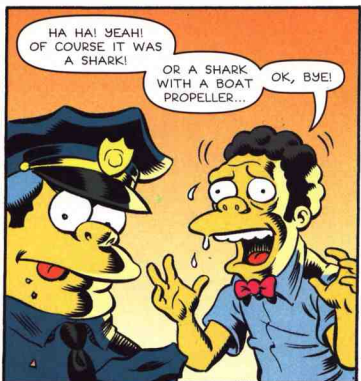
IT'S HAPPENING
AGAIN...I BLACKED
OUT AND THIS
TIME I SNUFFED
EDNA. THEY'LL GIVE
ME THE NEEDLE
FOR SURE!



YUCK!
LOOKS LIKE A
SHARK!

OR MAYBE A
BOAT PROPELLER...

WHAA--?!



HA HA! YEAH!
OF COURSE IT WAS
A SHARK!

OR A SHARK
WITH A BOAT
PROPELLER...

OK, BYE!



SORRY ABOUT
THE SHOES,
CHIEF.

MAYBE SOMEBODY
SHOULD, LIKE, CLOSE
THE BEACHES OR
SOMETHING.

THE NEXT DAY...

SEYMOUR!
QUIT USING THE
OCEAN AS A BATH-
ROOM! I CAN TELL
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING!

YES,
MOTHER...

SOMEBODY
REALLY SHOULD
HAVE...

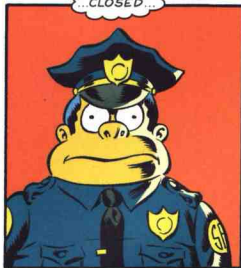
HAPPY NOW,
MOTHER?

CHOMP

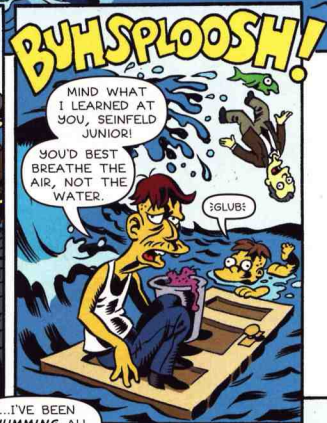
...CLOSED...

...THE...

...BEACHES.







MEANWHILE, AT THE MORGUE...

MY GOD! THE HORROR! I HAVE **NO IDEA** WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS BODY...BUT THIS WAS NO **SHARK ATTACK!**



IS IT MY TURN TO SEE THE DOCTOR YET?

I THINK **THIS** IS THE DEAD BODY FOR YOU.

IT'S MISSING A LOT OF PARTS, INCLUDING THE HANDS ...AND THE LEG HANDS.



BITES AND GNAWING, THE DENUDED BONE **FLAVENS**... THIS WASN'T ANY **BOATING ACCIDENT!** THIS WASN'T ANY **PROPELLER**...ANY **CORAL REEF!**

SO IT WAS A **SHARK!**



ISIGH!

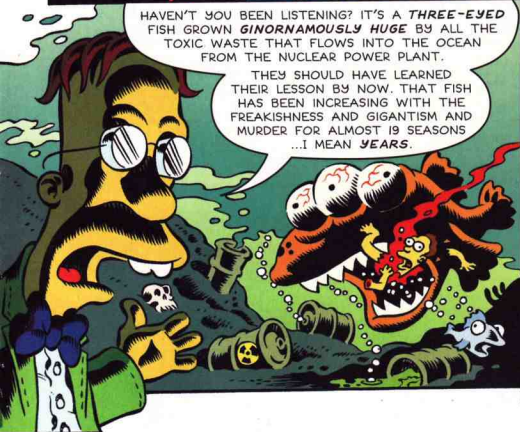
WHAT?



HAVEN'T YOU BEEN LISTENING? IT'S A **THREE-EYED** FISH GROWN **GINORNAMOUSLY HUGE** BY ALL THE TOXIC WASTE THAT FLOWS INTO THE OCEAN FROM THE **NUCLEAR POWER PLANT**.

THEY SHOULD HAVE LEARNED THEIR LESSON BY NOW. THAT FISH HAS BEEN INCREASING WITH THE **FREAKISHNESS** AND **GIGANTISM** AND **MURDER** FOR ALMOST 19 SEASONS ...I MEAN **YEARS**.

SO...IT WASN'T A **SHARK?**



LATER, AT THE DOCKS...

SORRY,
MRS. SKINNER.

IT MUST STINK
THAT *SOMEBODY*
FORGOT TO CLOSE
THE BEACH BEFORE
YOUR SON WAS
EATEN.



WHAT ARE *YOU* APOLOGIZING
FOR? MY IDIOT SON WAS BOUND TO
BE KILLED ONE OF THESE DAYS. HE WAS
ALWAYS DOING *DUMB THINGS*...LIKE
GOING IN THE WATER AND GETTING
DRAFTED TO VIETNAM--

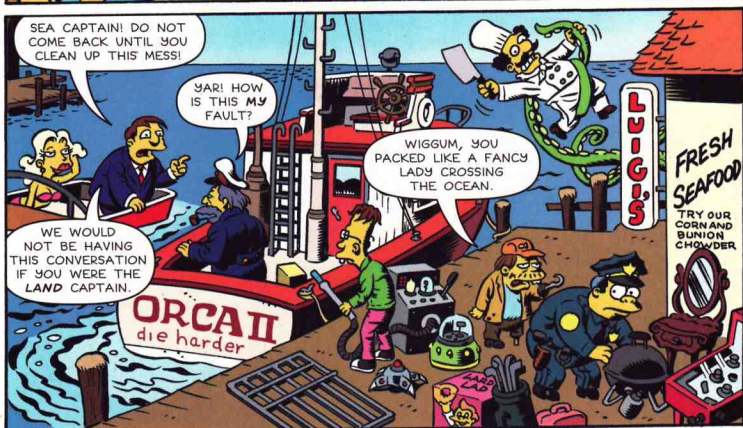
DO YOU
HAFTA RUIN
EVERYTHING?



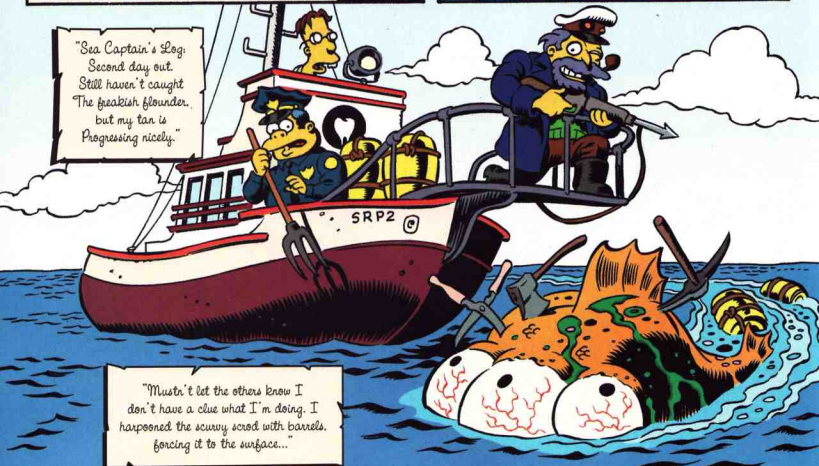
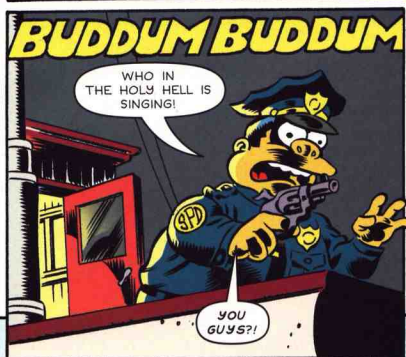
CAN'T A GUY
JUST APOLOGIZE FOR
LETTING YOUR SON GET
EATEN? GEEZ.





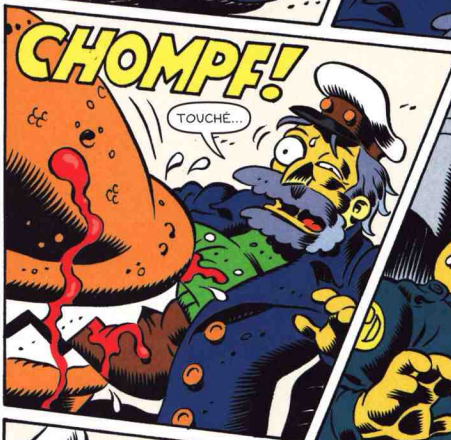
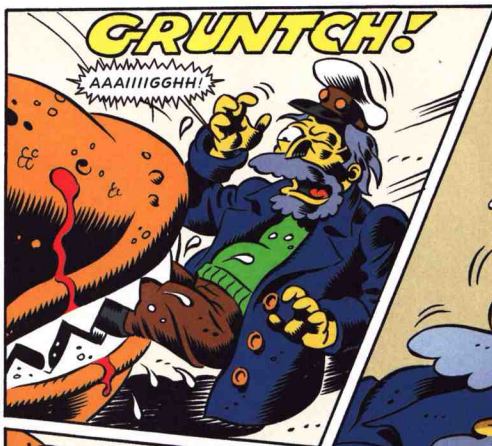


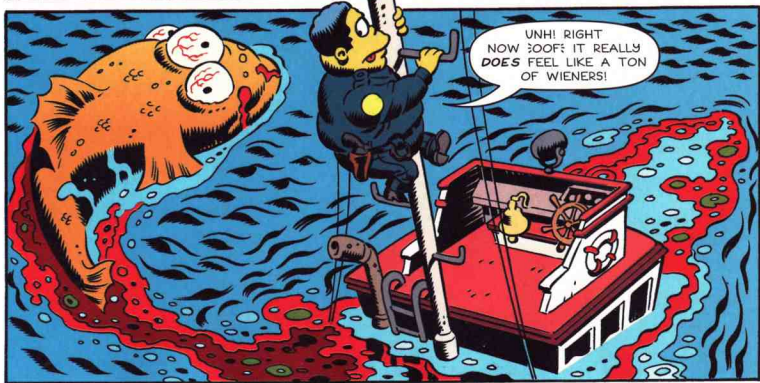


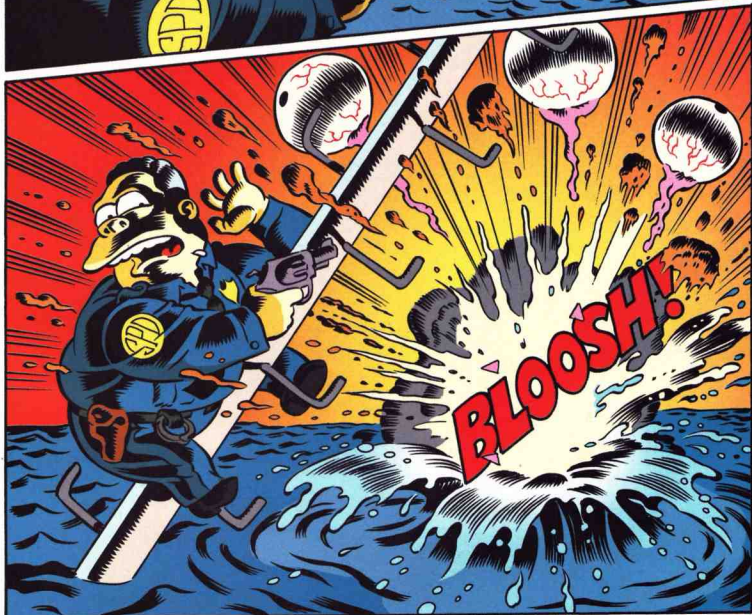


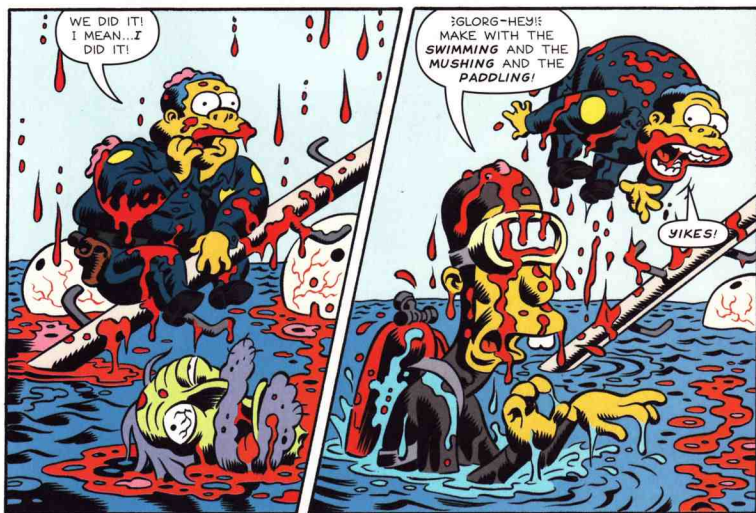




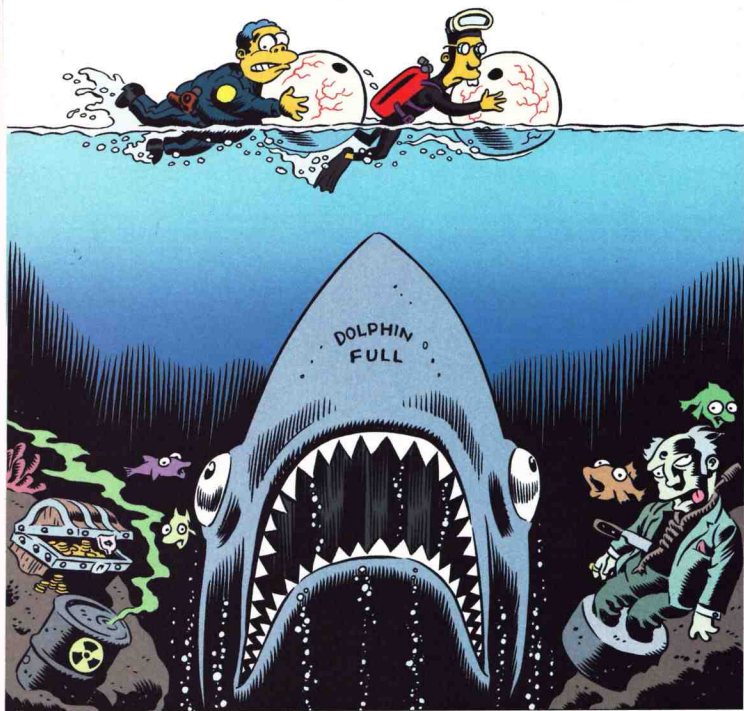








GNAWS



**CHIEF CLANCY
WIGGUM**

**CAPTAIN HORATIO
McCALLISTER**

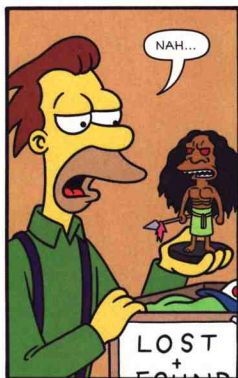
**PROFESSOR
JOHN FRINK**

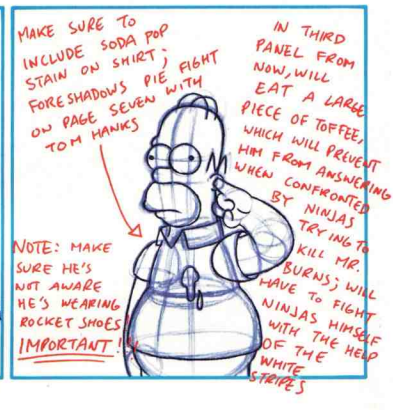
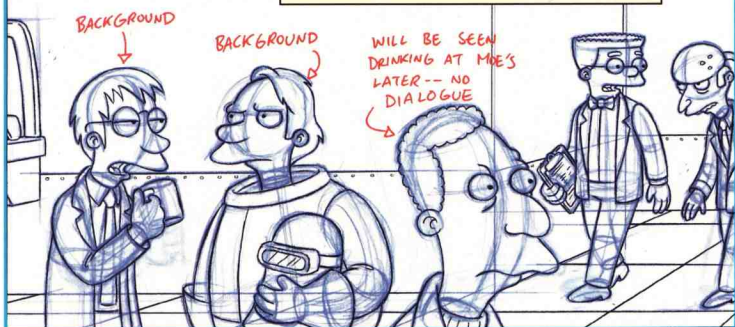
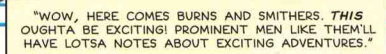
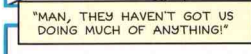
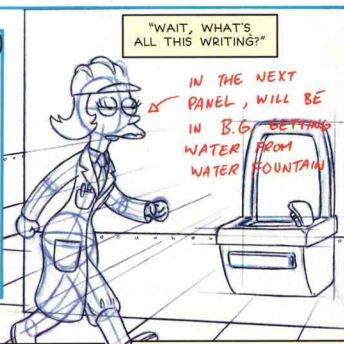
Co-starring AGNES SKINNER • JOSEPH QUIMBY • RALPH WIGGUM
and BLINKY as himself

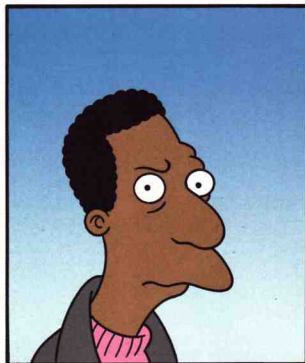
A MATT GROENING production • Screenplay by BRIAN POSEHN and GERRY DUGGAN • Based on something we can't mention for legal reasons, by someone we have nothing but the greatest respect for, really. • Directed by HILARY BARTA • Colorized by GUY INCOGNITO in BONGOCOLOR
• Titles by KAREN BATES • Edited by BILL MORRISON • Produced by MATT GROENING
a BONGO COMICS PRODUCTION filmed in BONGOVISION











THE NEXT DAY...

PROFESSOR FRINK,
GET THOSE DUPLICATE
GLASSES READY!

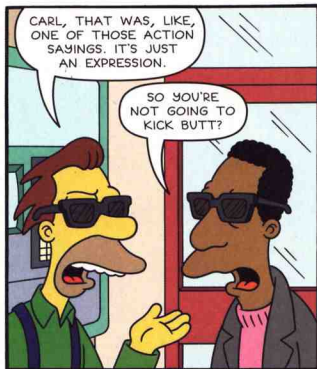
I HAVE COME
HERE TO KICK BUTT
AND CHEW BUBBLEGUM.
AND I'M ALL OUT OF
BUBBLEGUM...

OH, WHY
DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?
HERE, HAVE SOME
OF MINE.



CARL, THAT WAS, LIKE,
ONE OF THOSE ACTION
SAYINGS. IT'S JUST
AN EXPRESSION.

SO YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO
KICK BUTT?



EVERYBODY,
EYES ON ME! OKAY,
I NEED--
YOU!

BACKGROUND



YOU,
WITH THE
ZITS!

BACK-
GROUND



OLD
DUDE!

BACK-
GROUND

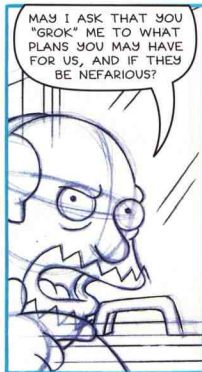


AND OLD DUDE
WITH A BEARD!

BACK-
GROUND



MAY I ASK THAT YOU
"GROK" ME TO WHAT
PLANS YOU MAY HAVE
FOR US, AND IF THEY
BE NEFARIOUS?



OH, THEY'RE
NEFARIOUS ALL
RIGHT...



IF BY NEFARIOUS
YOU MEAN "EXTREMELY
WICKED OR VILLAINOUS" OR,
PERHAPS, "INQUITOUS",
AS IN "A NEFARIOUS
PLOT..."



LATER...

WOW,
HERE COMES
THAT GUY LENNY
AND HIS EXCITING
FRIENDS!

THE SIDEKICKS

FINDS A
NO-HANGOVER BEER
AND NO-POOCHY BELLY
FRENCH FRY RESTAURANT

CHASED BY
ROBOT BUT
MAKES FRIENDS
WITH A WERE-
WOLF MOTORCYCLE
GANG AND THEY
FIGHT THE
ROBOT (AND
WIN)

TAKES
WINNER OF
LENNY'S
MAKE-OUT
CONTEST
ON A JET
PLANE
FULL OF
GOLD

ABOUT TO BE SURPRISED BY A
THREE-WAY MAKE-OUT CONTEST
WITH ANGELINA JOLIE, CAMERON DIAZ
AND HALBE BERRY AFTER FALLING
IN A PIT OF DIAMONDS AND MONEY

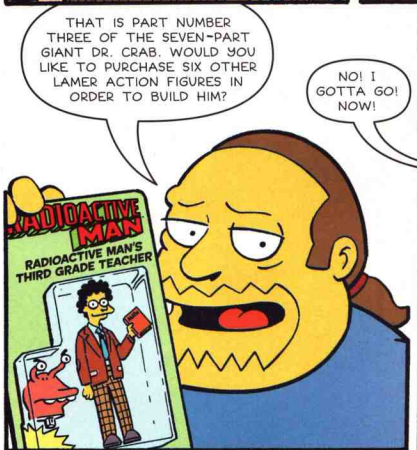
WILL LATER WIN AN
INDIAN WRESTLING CONTEST
WITH HONG KONGPHOEY

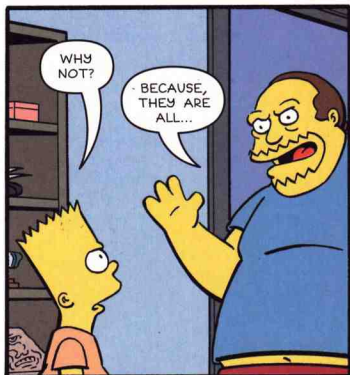
BECOMES PRESIDENT OF
EVERYTHING

WOLVERINE
POWERS

BACKGROUND

THE END



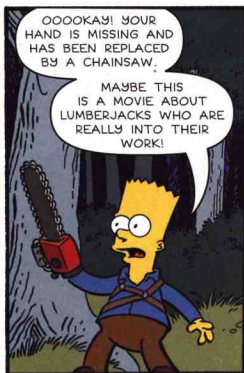




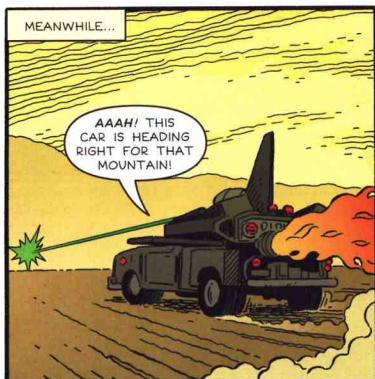












BACK IN THE
ANDROID'S DUNGEON...

WHERE ARE BART, LISA,
AND THAT LITTLE WIENER
KID? WE NEED TO GET TO THE
MOVIE SNACK STAND BEFORE
THE HOT DOGS GET THAT
HARD SKIN ON THEM!

I'M AFRAID
I HAVE SOME
BAD NEWS!
YOU SEE...

WOW!
IS THAT A
LIGHTSABER?
COOOOL!

I MUST
LEARN TO TALK
FASTER...

POP!

WHEW! IS IT
HOT IN HERE OR
IS IT JUST...

AAAAH!
LAVA!

BETRAYS!

AAAAH!
THE GUY
FROM MOULIN
ROUGE!



SHORTLY...

YOUR ARMOR
IS IN PLACE! RISE,
DARK LORD!
RISE!

MAN, ALL THOSE
THIRD DEGREE BURNS
REALLY MAKE A
GUY THIRSTY!

CAN YOU
GET ME A
BEER?

I'M AFRAID
THERE'S NO BEER IN
OUTER SPACE.

NO...
BEER...?

D'OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!



A LOT OF PROP SMASHING LATER...

AND SO, TO MAKE UP FOR ANY PAIN AND SUFFERING THAT MAY HAVE OCCURRED, I'D LIKE TO OFFER YOU ALL A FIVE-PERCENT DISCOUNT ON ALL COMICS IN THE STORE.

I FEEL SO FUNKY!

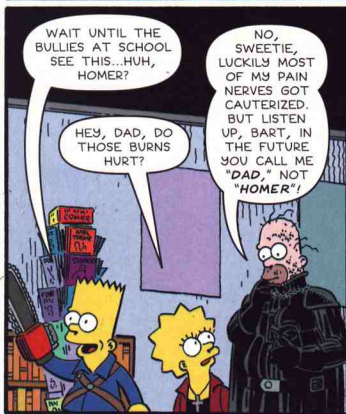
NOT VALID ON TRADES OR HARDCOVERS!



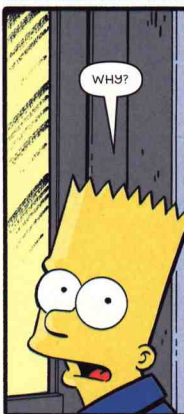
WAIT UNTIL THE BULLIES AT SCHOOL SEE THIS...HUH, HOMER?

HEY, DAD, DO THOSE BURNS HURT?

NO, SWEETIE, LUCKILY MOST OF MY PAIN NERVES GOT CAUTERIZED. BUT LISTEN UP, BART, IN THE FUTURE YOU CALL ME "DAD," NOT "HOMER"!



WHY?



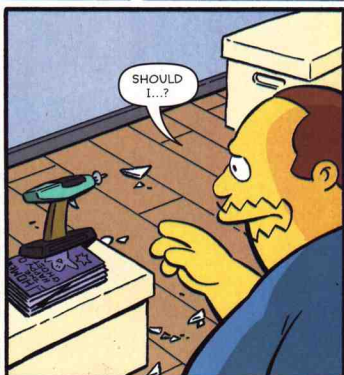
BECAUSE I AM YOUR FATHER!

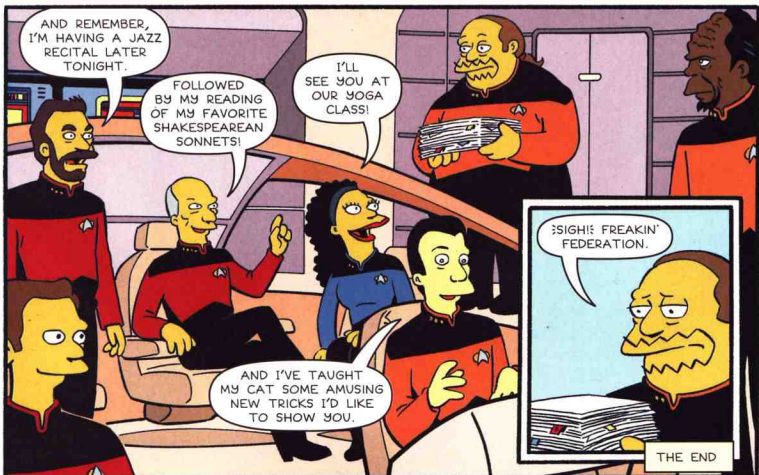
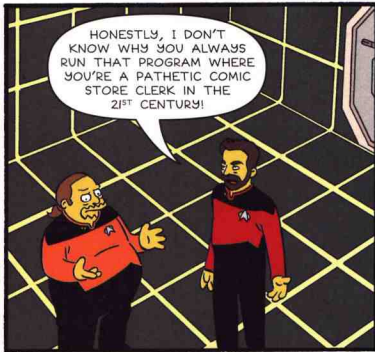


OH WAIT, THERE'S ONE PROP LEFT!



SHOULD I...?





THE PYGMY ELIXIR



EXOSKELETON
FOR C. MONTGOMERY
BURNS.

EXCELLENT!
BRING IT TO THE
PORT-COCHÈRE.

REMAND
ME WHAT
THAT IS?

WHAT'S A
PORT-COCHÈRE?!
YOU GREASY
LACK-WIT!



THIS IS
HOW WE GOT
KICKED OUT OF "FRUIT
OF THE MONTH,"
REMEMBER?

FINE.
BRING IT TO
THE SIDE
DOOR.



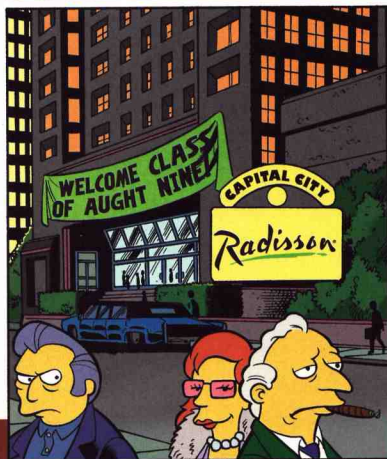
LATER...

I'M
NOT COMING
OUT! IT LOOKS
RIDICULOUS.

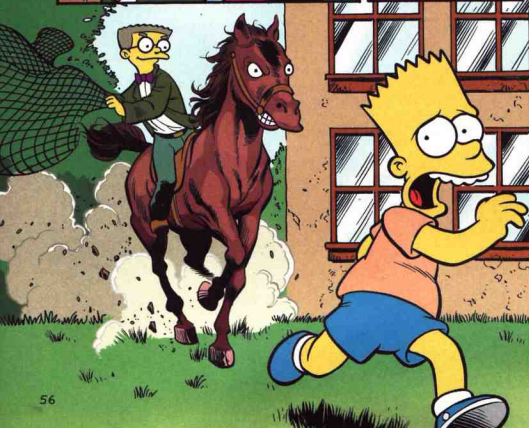
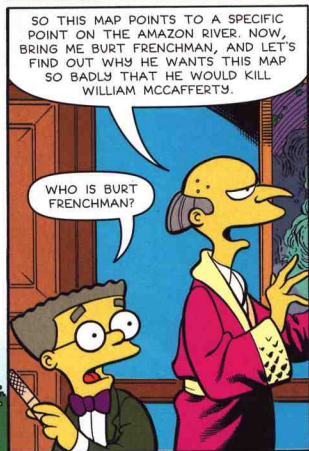
BUT, SIR,
YOU'VE WANTED A
ROBOTIC JAPANESE
EXOSKELETON FOR
MONTHS!

IT'S YOUR 98TH HIGH
SCHOOL REUNION, AND YOUR
BONES CAN'T TAKE THE STRESS
OF EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE
ANYMORE.

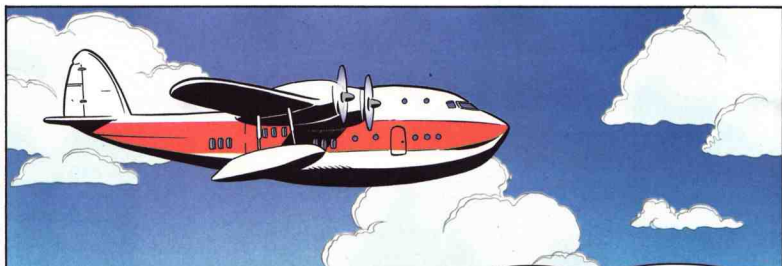
ALL RIGHT. BUT
ONE CHORTLE OUT OF
YOU AND I'M SENDING
IT BACK.











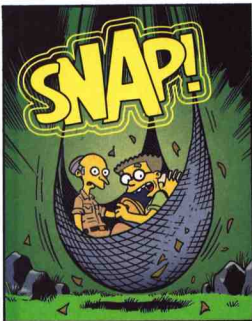


LATER...

A SLIGHT SETBACK,
BUT WE'RE IN THIS
TOGETHER AND SHALL
PERSEVERE!

IS THAT WHAT
YOU MEANT BY
"TAKE THE BOY,
TAKE HIS HEAD?"

YOU'RE GETTING
YOUR \$9.50 AN HOUR,
BURT FRENCHMAN.



CLA-HAKA
HO! NIB NIB
IKKA.



WHAT
DID YOU
SAY?

STOP LOOKING
UP MY GRASS SKIRT.
OLD PYGMY JOKE.



EXCELLENT.
THEY'VE STEPPED
RIGHT INTO OUR
TRAP.

I AGREE. DESPITE
THE FACTS THAT WERE
IN THEIR TRAP AND THE
SITUATION IS PRECISELY
THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT
YOU JUST SAID. I
STILL AGREE.

LATER...

BURT!
GETTING
PRETTY WARM
IN HERE!

WORKING
ON IT!

CLA-KA NIB.
NIB ACKA
HO.





EPILOGUE

THANK YOU, BART, FOR
NOT ALLOWING THOSE
AWFUL PYGMIES TO
DEVOUR US...

...ENTIRELY.

NO PROBLEM.
HEY, I NEVER GOT
MY \$9.50 AN
HOUR.

YEAH...THANKS,
BART. IF YOU HADN'T
STOPPED THEM 3 HOURS
INTO EATING US, WHO
KNOWS WHAT MIGHT
HAVE HAPPENED?

IT'S
IN THE MAIL.

NOW, IF
YOU GENTLEMEN
WILL EXCUSE US, GLADYS
AND I HAVE 98 YEARS
OF LOST TIME TO
MAKE UP FOR.

YECCH!
GET A SHELF!

THE END