



SIMPSONS COMICS PRESENTS

#37  
US \$2.99  
CAN \$3.99

# BART SIMPSON

★ ROLE MODEL ★



DIRECT EDITION



7 98342 02854 6

©2007 BONGO ENTERTAINMENT, INC. THE SIMPSONS IS A TRADEMARK OF TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM CORPORATION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

MATT GROENING PRESENTS

# THE TEN-INATOR

## CHAPTER ONE: ATTEND THE TALE

"ANOTHER DAY OF  
BARTMAN PATROLLING THE  
CITY OF SPRINGFIELD."

"I'VE SOLVED THE  
DELTA DIAMOND THEFT..."

**TY  
TEMPLETON**  
SCRIPT & PENCILS

**ANDREW  
PEPOY**  
INKS

**NATHAN HAMILL &  
ART VILLANUEVA**  
COLORS

**KAREN  
BATES**  
LETTERS

**BILL  
MORRISON**  
EDITOR

"...RECOVERED THE MISSING  
RUSSIAN MICROCHIPS..."

"...STOPPED NELSON  
FROM MAKING FUN OF  
MILHOUSE'S HAIR..."

"...AND PICKED UP A SNACK..."

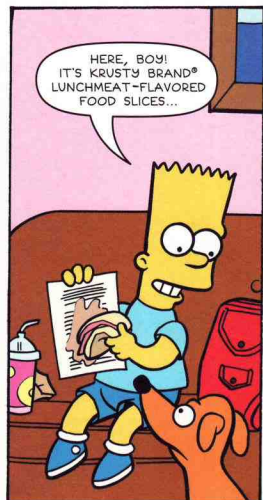
"...ALL ON MY WAY  
HOME FROM SCHOOL..."

"NOW THAT I'M TEN..."

"...I'M AT THE TOP  
OF MY GAME..."







"...SOCIAL COMMENTARY, WITH A  
PANTSING...SHEER GENIUS."

"IT'S REALLY ALL YOU  
NEED IN THE WORLD."

"DESTROYING YOUR  
SISTER'S HOMEWORK..."

"...DRINKING SQUISHEES..."

"...AND WATCHING TV."

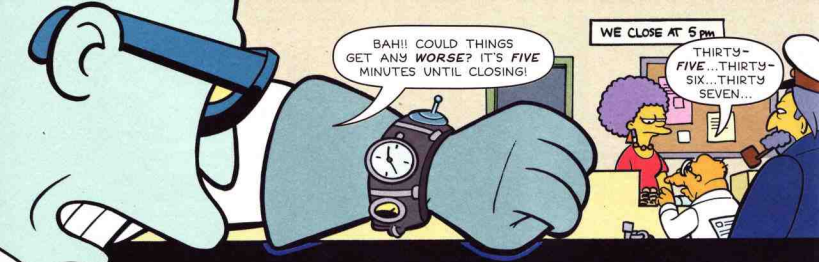
"COULD LIFE GET  
ANY **BETTER**?!?"

"BUT EVEN NOW, FAR ACROSS  
TOWN, EVENTS I COULDN'T POSSIBLY  
KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ARE  
TAKING PLACE..."

**SHLLURRRP**

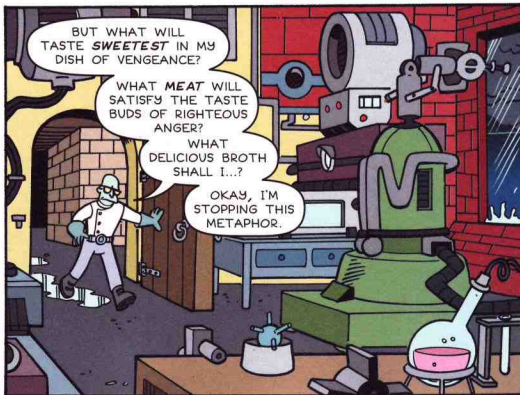
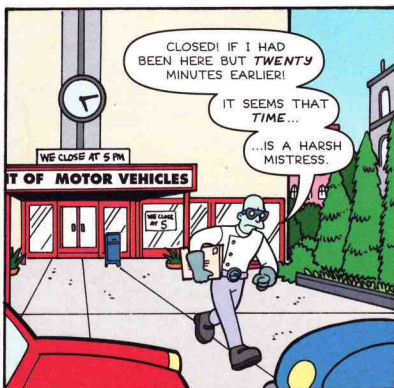




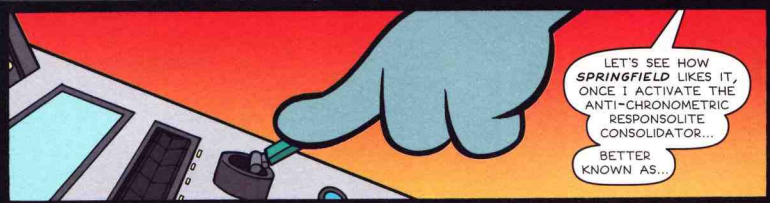
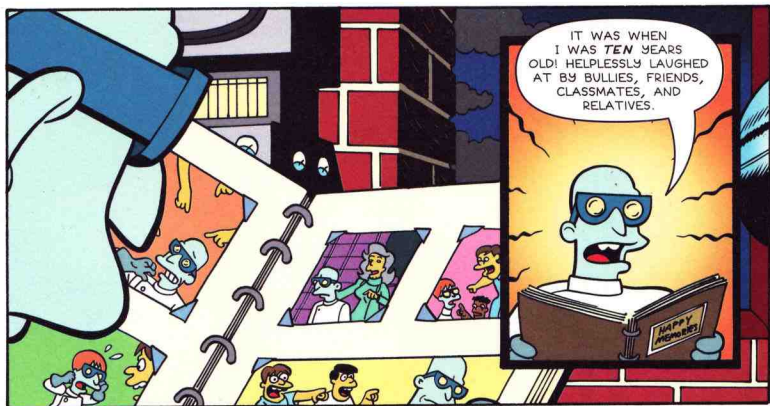
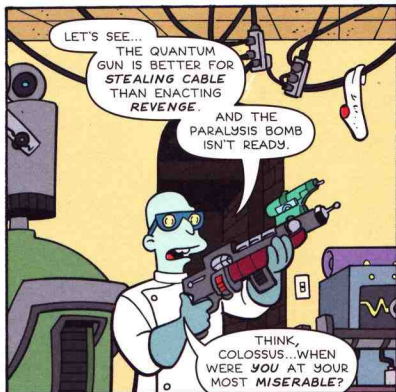


## CHAPTER TWO: THE TENSION MOUNTS



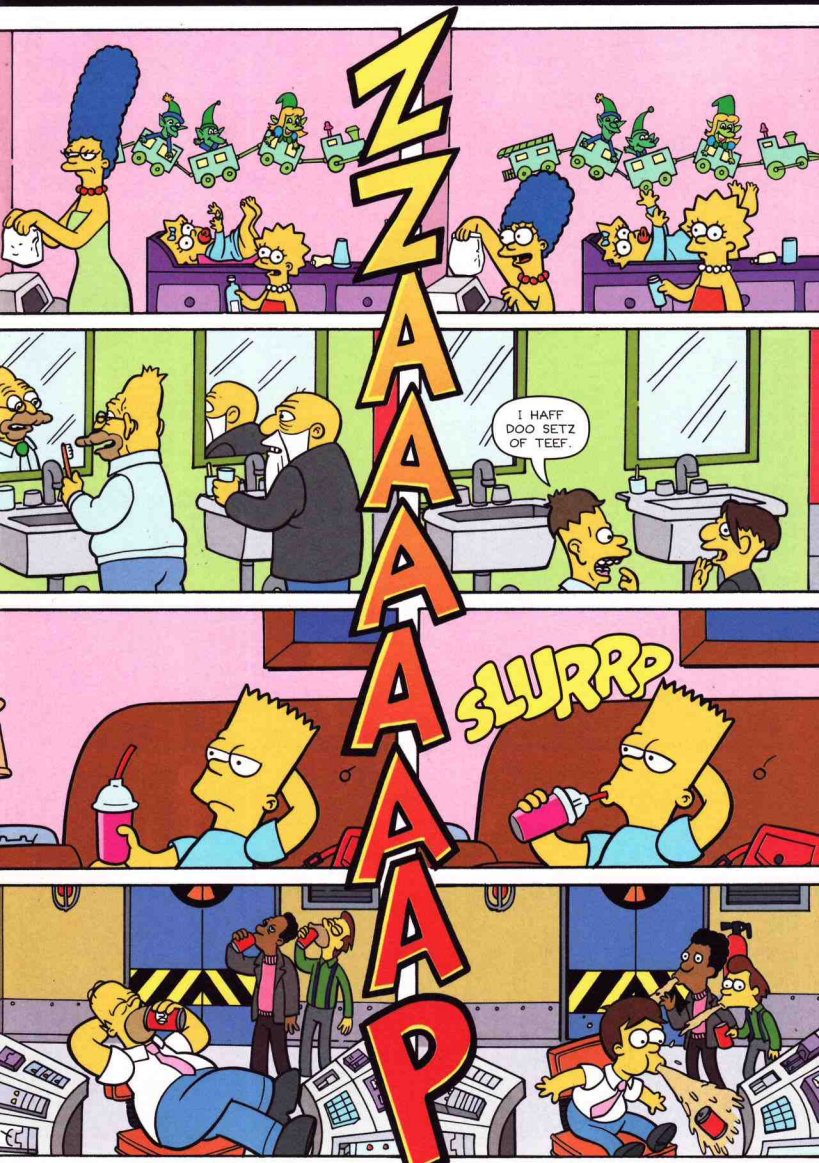






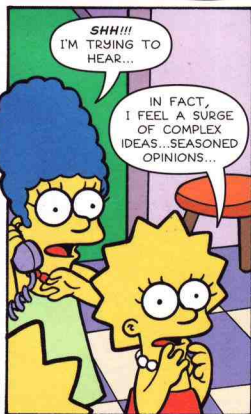


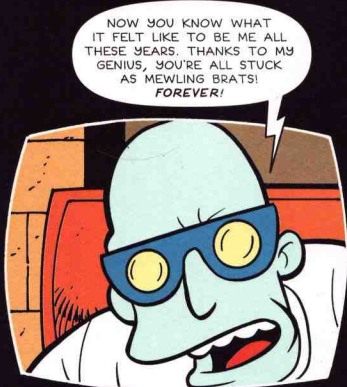
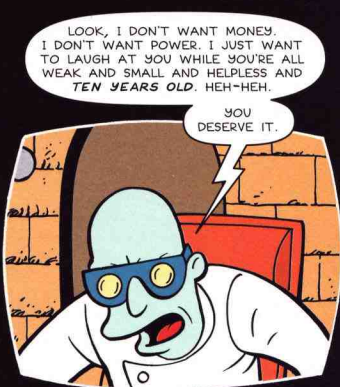
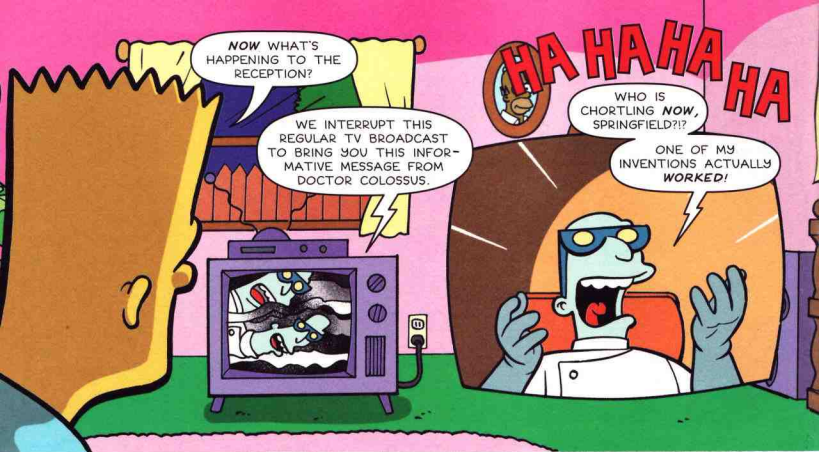
CHAPTER THREE: INTENSE RADIATION









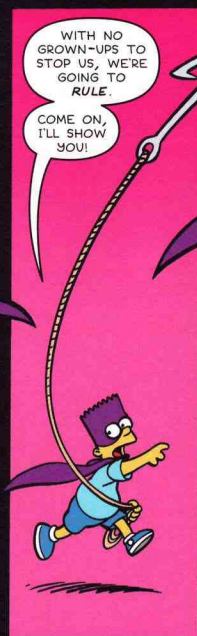












## CHAPTER FOUR: THE BEST INTENTIONS

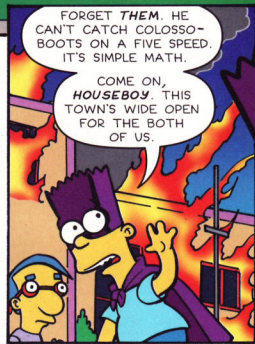






WAIT UP!  
I JUST WANNA  
TALK...REALLY.

YOU'RE MAKING  
THE CHIEF OF POLICE  
CRY! IS THAT WHAT  
YOU WANTED?



FORGET *THEM*. HE  
CAN'T CATCH COLOSSO-  
BOOTS ON A FIVE SPEED.  
IT'S SIMPLE MATH.

COME ON,  
*HOUSEBOY*. THIS  
TOWN'S WIDE OPEN  
FOR THE BOTH  
OF US.



TO THE  
KWIK-E-MART  
FOR *FREE*  
SQUISHEES!



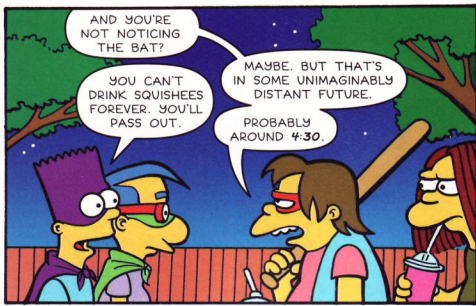
WHERE DO YOU  
THINK *YOU'RE*  
GOING?

IT'S NOT YOUR  
KWIK-E-MART  
NELSON.



NICE TRY, LOSERS. WE  
OWN THE SQUISHEE MACHINE  
NOW, AND IT'S NOT FOR  
*DORKUSES* LIKE YOU.

YOU'RE THE  
SAME SIZE AS US  
IF YOU HAVEN'T  
NOTICED.



AND YOU'RE  
NOT NOTICING  
THE BAT?

YOU CAN'T  
DRINK SQUISHEES  
FOREVER. YOU'LL  
PASS OUT.

MAYBE. BUT THAT'S  
IN SOME UNIMAGINABLY  
DISTANT FUTURE.

PROBABLY  
AROUND 4:30.



WHEN WE'RE DONE WITH THAT,  
WE'RE THINKING OF HEADING UP TO  
DEATH MOUNTAIN AND KICKING  
DOCTOR COLOSSUS' BUTT. NOT TO  
REVERSE THE RAY OR ANYTHING,  
BUT JUST BECAUSE WE CAN.

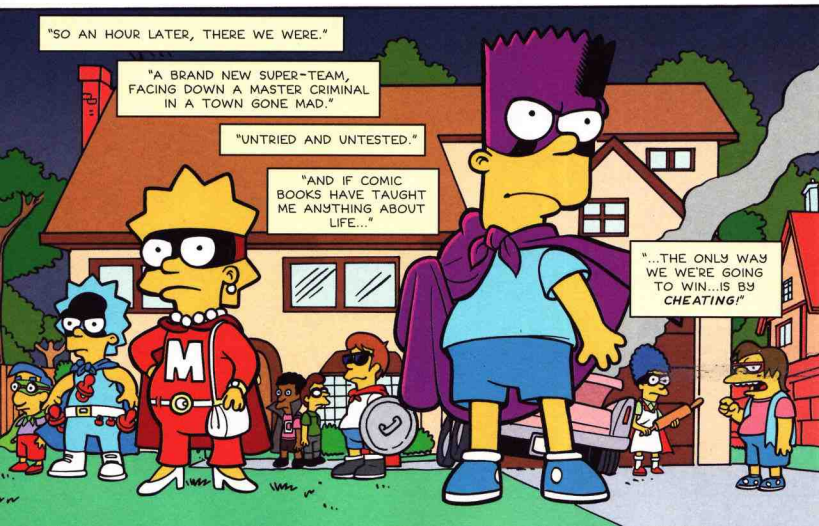
YOU WANNA  
COME WITH,  
BARTMAN?

NO  
THANKS.





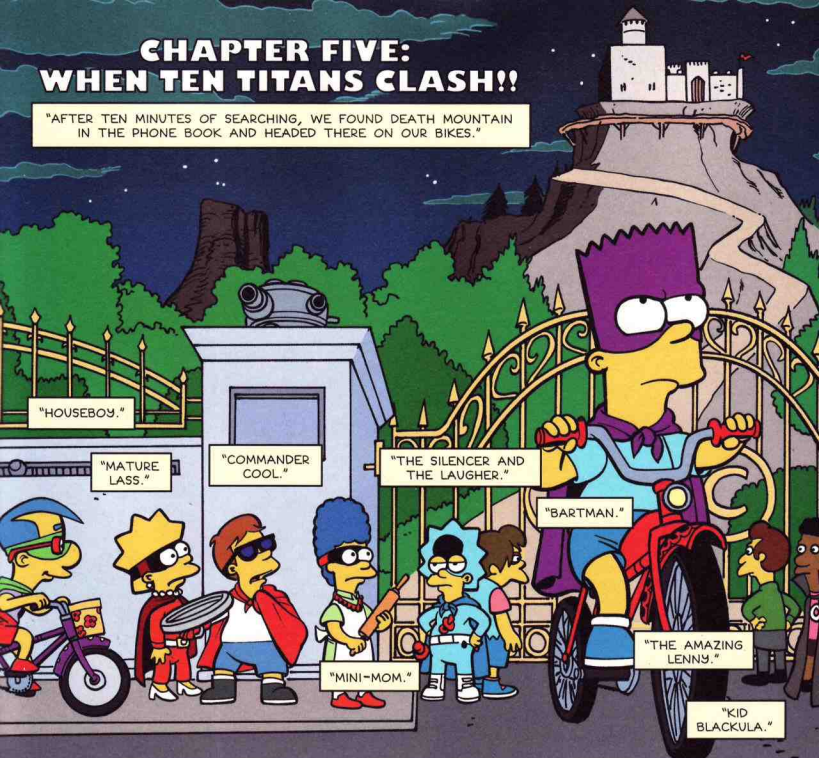






# CHAPTER FIVE: WHEN TEN TITANS CLASH!!

"AFTER TEN MINUTES OF SEARCHING, WE FOUND DEATH MOUNTAIN IN THE PHONE BOOK AND HEADED THERE ON OUR BIKES."



"BUT BEFORE THE SUPER-TEAM COULD SAVE THE CITY, THEY FIRST HAD TO FACE THE CHALLENGE..."

"...OF THE GATE!"

THERE'S NO WAY IN. I'VE ALREADY TRIED KICKING IT.

MY POWERS OF MATURITY SUGGESTS WE TAKE OFF THE HINGES.

I STILL HAVE A FEW TRICKS UP MY BART-SLEEVE.

LIKE INTIMIDATING IT WITH INSULTS!!

STUPID GATE! YOUR MOTHER WAS A BARN DOOR!

IT DIDN'T WORK. I'M STUMPED.

HEY, THERE'S A DOOR BUZZER UP THERE.

IT'S A WELL KNOWN FACT THAT GIRLS GROW UP FASTER THAN BOYS. I SHOULD CLEARLY BE IN CHARGE.



DOCTOR  
COLOSSUS!

WHAT? IS  
THAT THE  
CHINESE  
FOOD?



IT'S THE MASKED  
KIDS OF SPRINGFIELD,  
HERE TO BRING YOU  
TO JUSTICE.

GOOD LUCK!  
I HAVE LETHAL  
DEFENSES AT MY  
FRONT GATES THAT  
SHOULD DEAL WITH  
THE LIKES OF  
YOU!



HE SAYS HE'S  
GOING TO TURN  
DEADLY WEAPONS  
ON US.

BAD GUYS  
CAN'T KILL SUPER-  
KIDS! THEY'D NEVER  
KILL BUCKY OR  
ROBIN, WOULD  
THEY?!!



HEY! ALL THE  
ARROWS, SAWBLADES,  
AND FLAMETHROWERS ARE  
AIMED ABOUT SEVEN  
FEET IN THE AIR...

...ABOVE OUR  
HEADS!

AAAAHHHH!!!



CURSES! I SET UP MY  
DEFENSES TO ELIMINATE ALL MY  
ARCHENEMIES, FREAKISHLY TALL  
CELEBRITIES **BRAD GARRETT**,  
**SHAQUILLE O'NEAL**, AND  
**ANTHONY ROBBINS**!

MY PLAN  
WORKED!



WHAT  
PLAN?

I HAVE A  
SCREWDRIVER,  
IF WE WANT  
TO TRY MATURE  
LASS'S IDEA  
ABOUT THE  
HINGES.

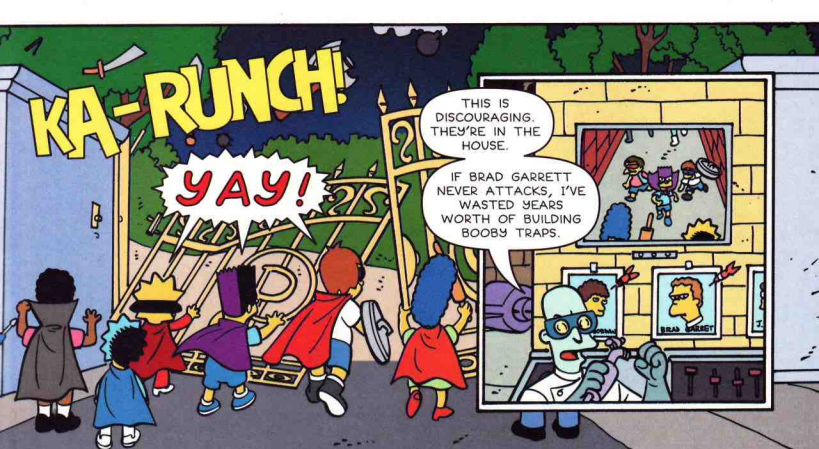


CRIMINAL  
MASTERMINDS NEVER  
REMEMBER TO PROTECT  
THEIR HINGES.

AIN'T IT THE  
TRUTH.

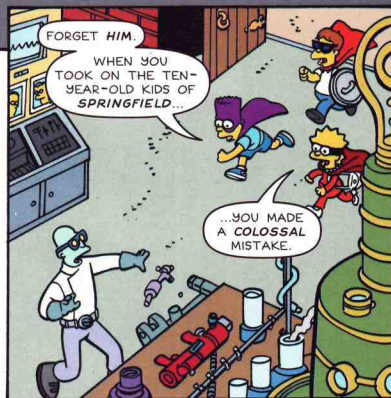
STUPID UGLY  
GATE.





THIS IS DISCOURAGING. THEY'RE IN THE HOUSE.

IF BRAD GARRETT NEVER ATTACKS, I'VE WASTED YEARS WORTH OF BUILDING BOOBY TRAPS.









BAH! THE TAUNTING  
CHORTLES OF YOUTH! I  
CANNOT STAND IT!

BUT NOW  
YOU LIVE IN  
A TOWN OF  
NOTHING BUT  
CHILDREN...  
AND IT'S  
ALL YOUR  
DOING!

IRONIC,  
ISN'T IT?

YES, I GET  
THE IRONY. MY  
OWN DOING.

IT'S THE LACK  
OF FORESIGHT  
THING. WE'VE BEEN  
OVER THIS.



ALL  
RIGHT! STOP  
LAUGHING!

I'LL REVERSE  
THE RAY AND PUT  
EVERYBODY BACK  
TO NORMAL!



NOW I OWE  
COUNT NIGHTMARE  
TWENTY DOLLARS.  
HE BET ME  
THIS WOULD  
HAPPEN.

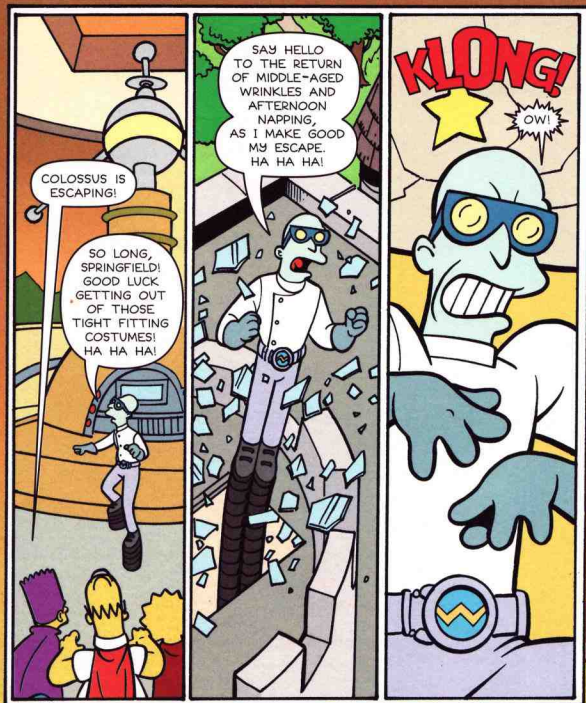


IT WORKED!

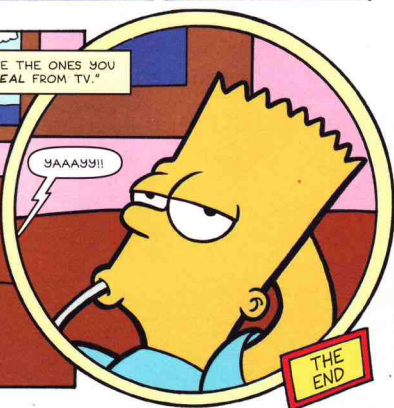
I'M DECADES  
CLOSER TO DEATH!  
I INSTANTLY  
REGRET THIS!

AND MY COSTUME'S  
STARTING TO PINCH IN  
PLACES TEN-YEAR-OLDS  
DON'T HAVE.

LOOK!







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

Jason Ho  
ASST. ART DIRECTOR

Karen Bates  
LETTERING/DESIGN

Art Villanueva  
COLORS

Mike Rote  
STAFF ARTIST

Nathan Hamill  
ART PRODUCTION

Sherri Smith, Pete Benson  
ADMINISTRATION

