

SIMPSONS

COMICS

#114

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DIRECT EDITION

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MATT GROENING
J.H. ROSS



MAIT GROENING
presents

RING-A-DING SPRINGFIELD

I DREAMED THIS
IS HOW THE GRIM
REAPER WOULD COME
FOR ME...RINGING HIS
CHIMES OF DEATH TO
LET ME KNOW MY
TIME IS UP!

AND
NOW...HE'S
HERE!

ERIC ROGERS
SCRIPT

JASON HO
PENCILS

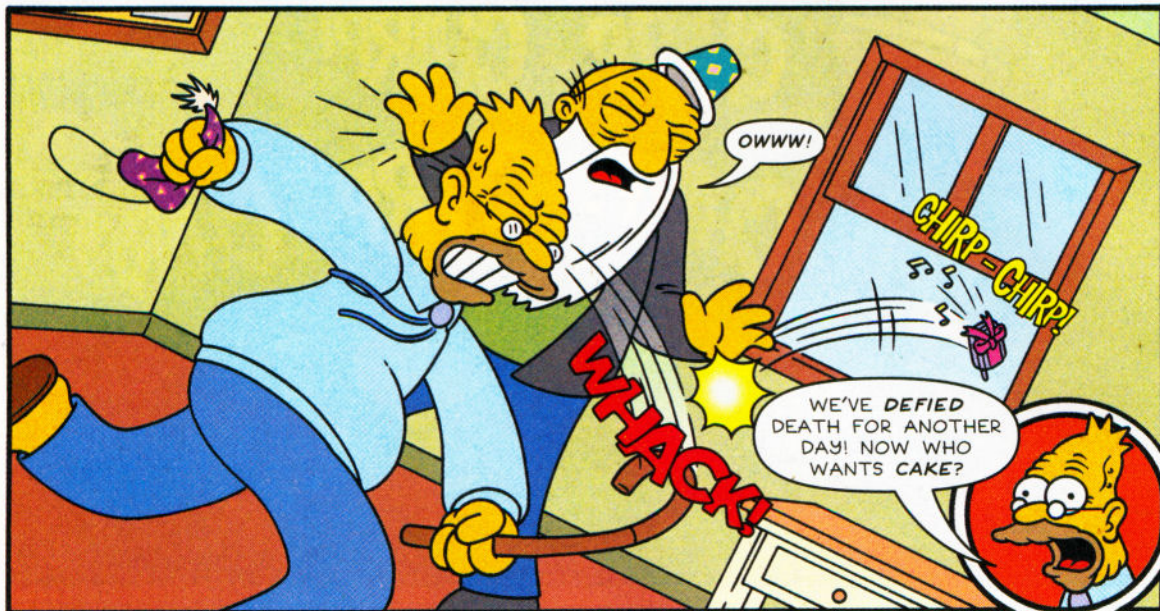
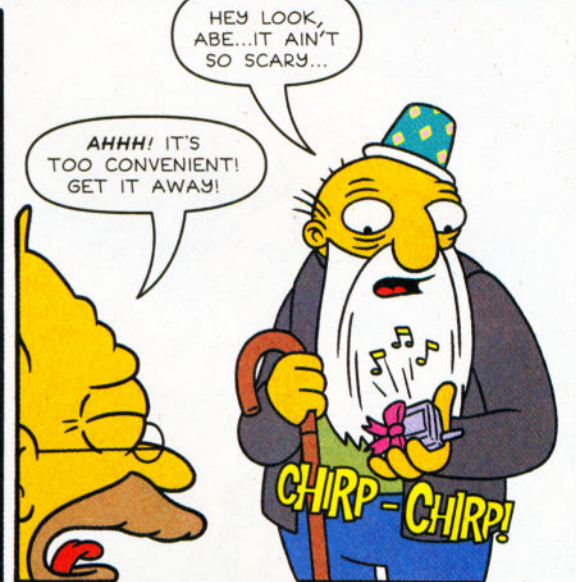
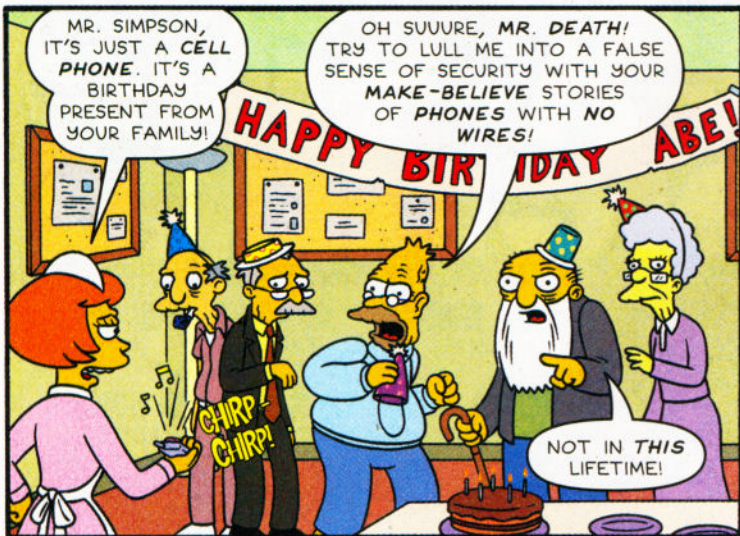
MIKE ROTE
INKS

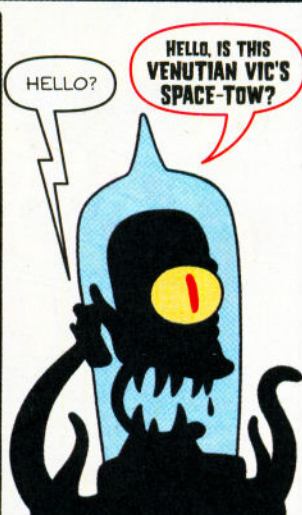
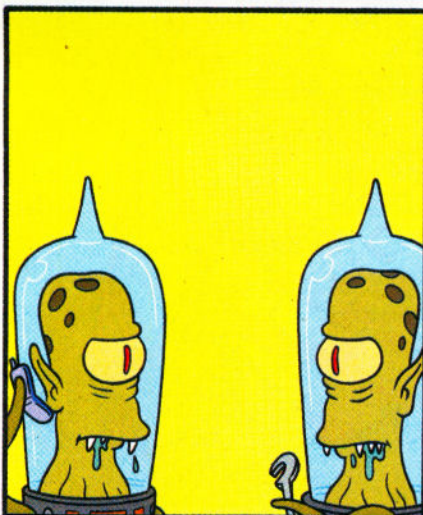
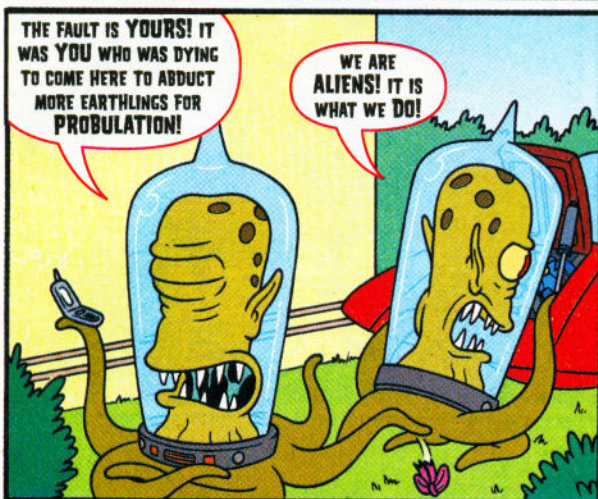
ART VILLANUEVA
COLORS

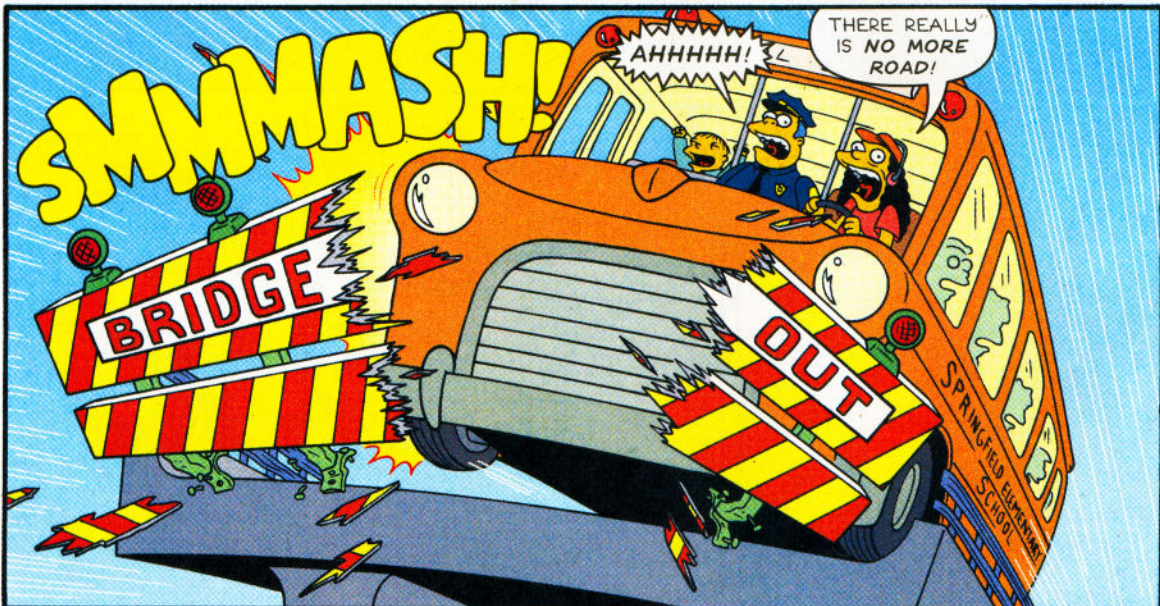
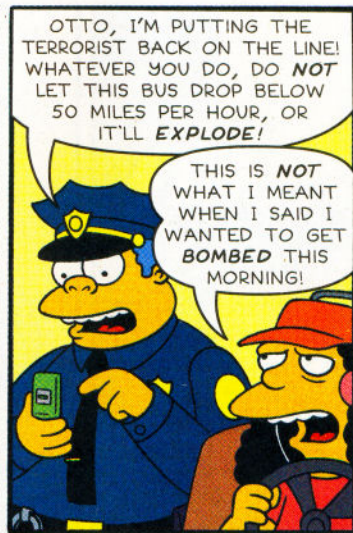
KAREN BATES
LETTERS

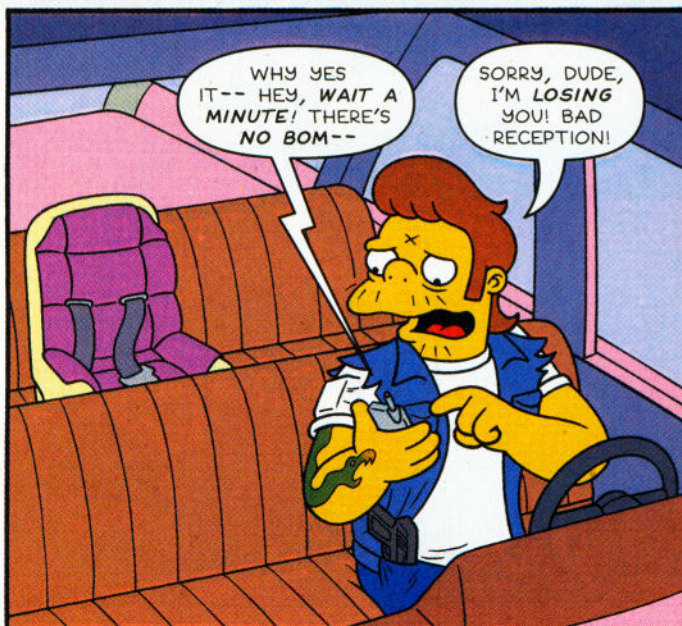
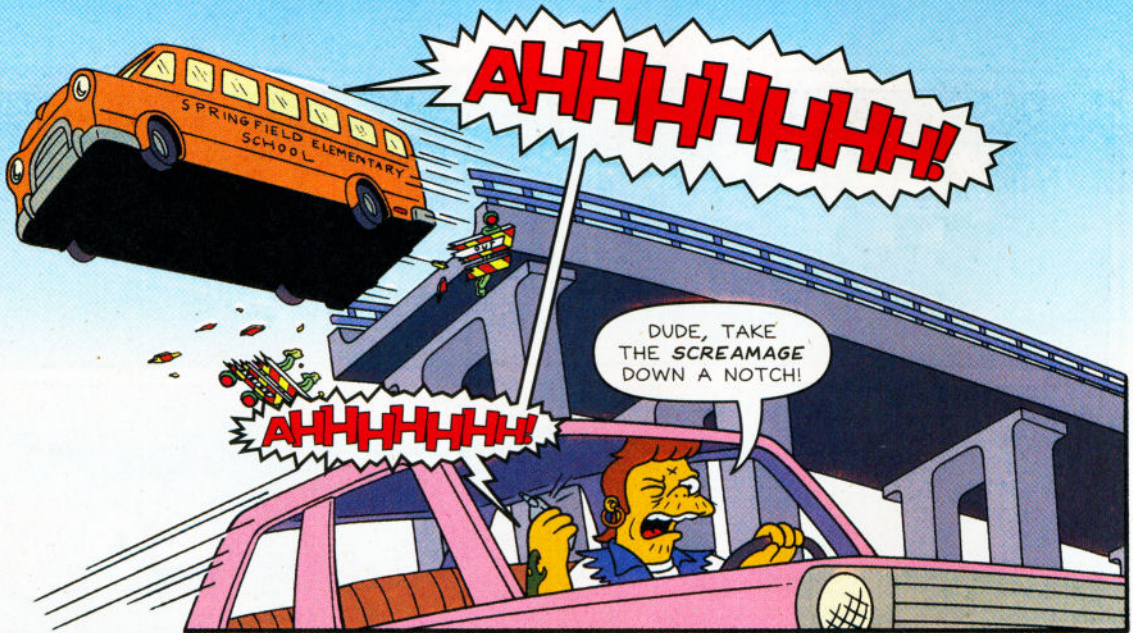
BILL MORRISON
EDITOR











HRMMM...
NOW WHAT? WAIT!
I ALMOST FORGOT, I
HAVE A **CELL PHONE**
IN MY PURSE!

CLICK!

RUSTLE-RUSTLE!

DON'T WORRY, MAGGIE,
I'LL JUST CALL DADDY AND
TELL HIM TO HAVE THE POLICE
LOOK FOR OUR CAR. WE'LL
BE OUT OF HERE IN
NO TIME!

SUCK! SUCK!

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

UH-OH...
I HOPE YOU
HAVE **VOICEMAIL!**
AH HEE HEE!

CHIRP-CHIRP!

YOU SAID YOU
ATE YOUR CELL PHONE
AT WORK WHEN IT
DROPPED OUT OF YOUR
SHIRT POCKET AND
INTO A BOX OF
DONUTS?

CHIRP-CHIRP!

I CAN'T BE
SURE. I ATE SO FAST
THAT I COULDN'T SEE
THROUGH THE CLOUD OF
POWDERED SUGAR!

YOU CAN GET IT
OUT OF ME, CAN'T
YOU, DOC?

SHORT OF
CRACKING YOU OPEN
LIKE A **CADBURY EGG**,
THE BEST ALTERNATIVE
WE HAVE IS TO LET
THE PHONE PASS
NATURALLY!

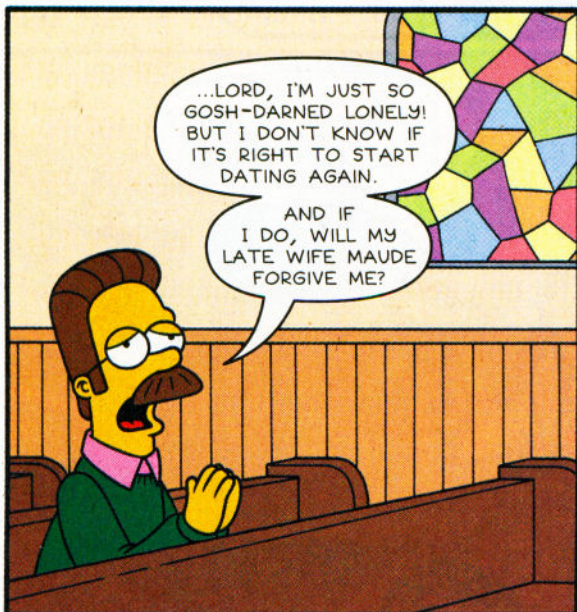
CHIRP-CHIRP!

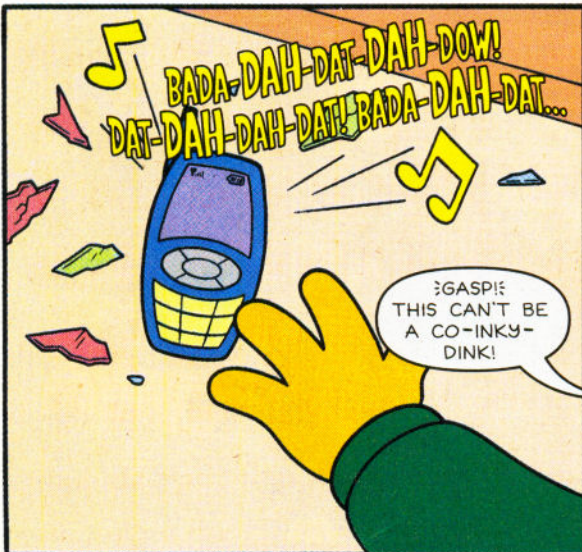
BY "NATURALLY," YOU
MEAN THAT MY STOMACH
ACIDS WILL DISSOLVE THE
PHONE, ALLOWING IT TO
EXIT EASILY THROUGH
MY PORES?

AH HEE HEE
HEE!

NO.







START TALKIN', FISH FOOD. WHERE'S MY MONEY?

IS THIS "PRETENTION MAGAZINE"? I WANT TO RENEW MY SUBSCRIPTION AND RECEIVE A FREE FLEECE PULLOVER...

HELLO?
HELLO?

CLICK!

COME ON, BOB, IT'S TIME TO GO BACK TO YOUR CELL.

I JUST NEED A LITTLE **CONTACT** WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD. IS THAT SO MUCH TO ASK?

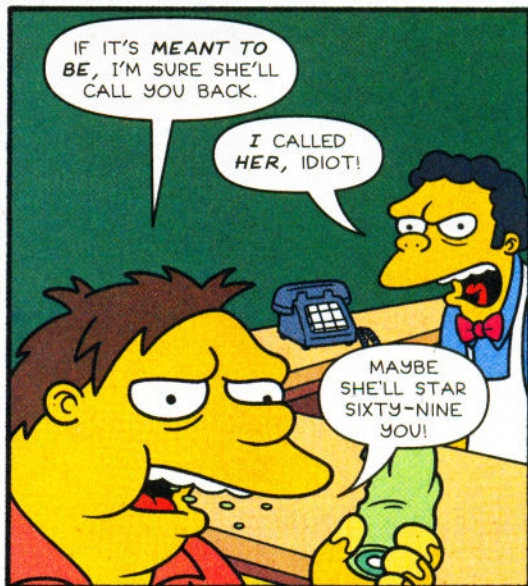
I'LL GET IT!

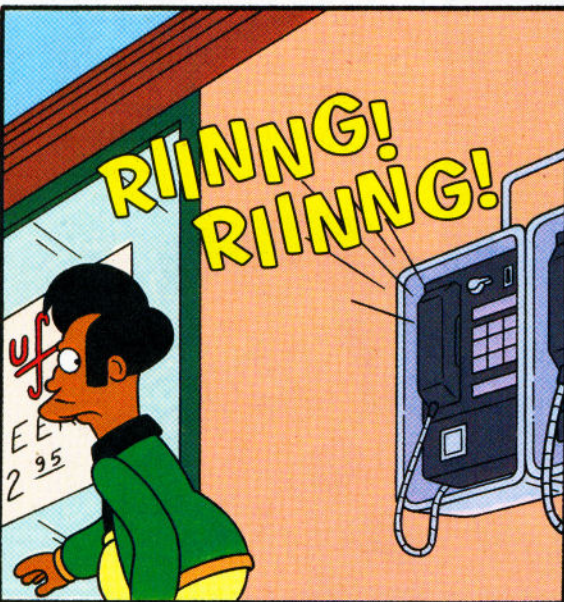
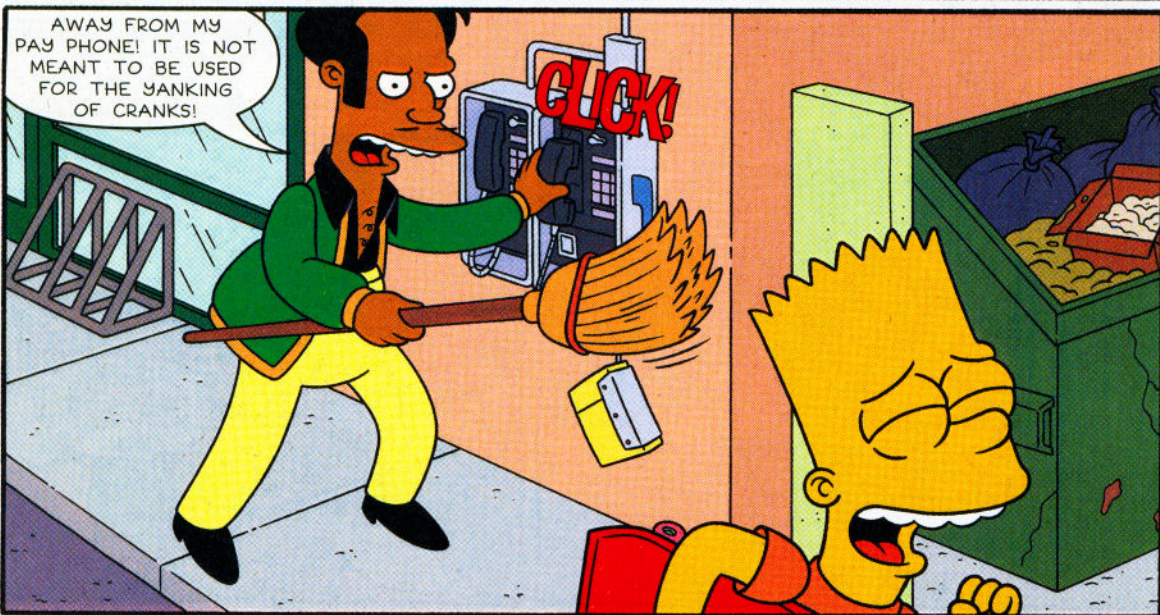
BRRRRING!
BRRRRING!

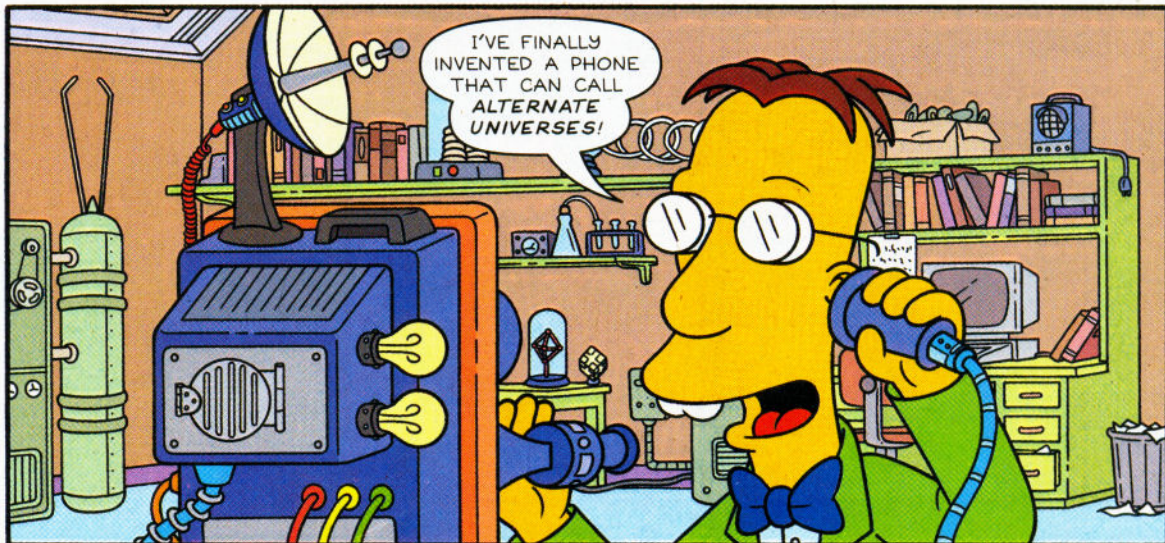
GREETINGS! PLEASE SPEAK **SLOWLY** AND DON'T HESITATE TO TAKE **PREGNANT PAUSES** DURING THE COURSE OF OUR DELIGHTFUL CONVERSATION!

ER, UH, OKAY. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND THAT I GOT YOUR NUMBER OFFA THE BUS STATION TOILET WALL.

SO, HOW'S IT GOING? I'M JUST HANGING OUT HERE IN MY BACHELOR PAD, WEARIN' **NOTHIN'**, STARING AT MY TEQUILA WORM FARM. YOU LIKE TEQUILA? OR WORMS? IF NOT, WE COULD TALK ABOUT MY COLLECTION OF BELLY BUTTON LINT IN THE SHAPES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE...





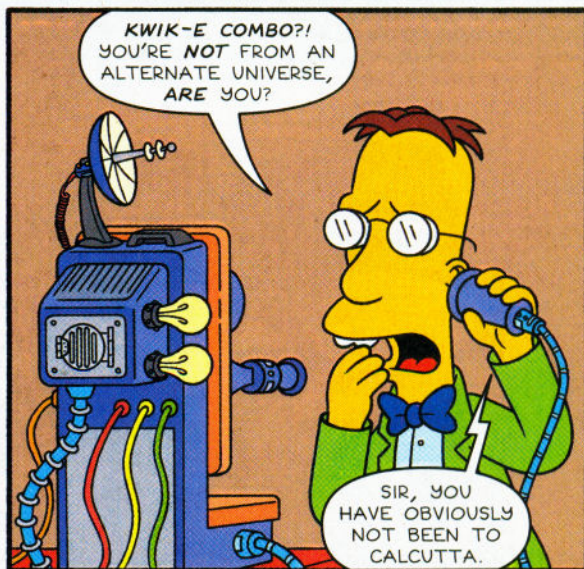


I'VE FINALLY
INVENTED A PHONE
THAT CAN CALL
ALTERNATE
UNIVERSES!



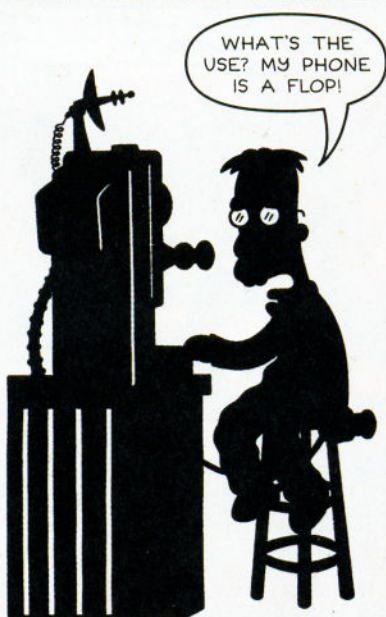
GREETINGS, OH
MIGHTY **PEER OF
PARALLEL-ITUDE**
:NNG-HEY! TELL ME,
HOW IS YOUR UNIVERSE
DIFFERENT FROM MINE?
WHAT MAKES IT
SPECIAL?

SPECIAL? WELL, FOR A LIMITED
TIME WE ARE OFFERING THE **KWIK-E
COMBO**...A 72-OUNCE SQUISHEE, A KWIK-E
CORN DOG, AND A DIRTY MAGAZINE OF
YOUR CHOOSING FOR ONLY \$9.99 PLUS TAX!



KWIK-E COMBO?!
YOU'RE **NOT** FROM AN
ALTERNATE UNIVERSE,
ARE YOU?

SIR, YOU
HAVE OBVIOUSLY
NOT BEEN TO
CALCUTTA.



WHAT'S THE
USE? MY PHONE
IS A FLOP!



BUT I WON'T GIVE
UP! DID **POPEIL** QUIT AFTER
HIS FIRST FORTY-SEVEN ATTEMPTS
TO INVENT **THE VEGEMATIC**?
NO! AND NOW THE WORLD
ENJOYS THE CONVENIENCE OF
CRINKLE-CUT CARROTS AT HOME
WITH THE SLICING AND THE
DICING AND THE JULIENNE
FRIES :GLAVIN!:

I'VE GOT
TO TRY **ONE
MORE TIME!**



UH-OH! THIS THING'S MAKING SOME KINDA FYEW-CHO-RISTIC NOISES! IS IT ABOUT TO EXPLODE?

FOR THE LAST TIME, IT'S A CELL PHONE. YOU CAN TALK TO PEOPLE ON IT.

CHIRRP
CHIRRP!



BUT I DON'T SEE NO CURLY STRING COMIN' OUT THE BOTTOM!

IT DOESN'T NEED THAT, DUDE. IT WORKS WITH SATELLITES AND CELLULAR WAVES AND OTHER SCIENCE-Y STUFF.

CHIRRRP

CHIRRRP!



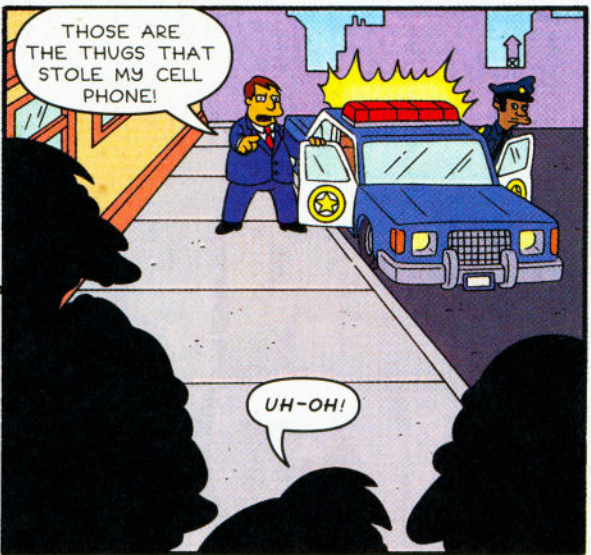
ARE YOU SAYIN' IF N I BUY THIS HERE "SCIENCE PHONE," I CAN TALK TO ASTRONAUTS AND ALIENS?

YEAH, SURE, WHATEVER! IT'S TWENTY BUCKS, TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT.

I DON'T KNOW... HOW COME IT AIN'T IN A BOX OR GOT NO STORY-BOOK THAT SHOWS YOU HOW TO USE IT?

ER, AH, THERE THEY ARE!

BECAUSE IT TALKS TO YOU AND TELLS YOU HOW TO USE IT, ALL RIGHT?!



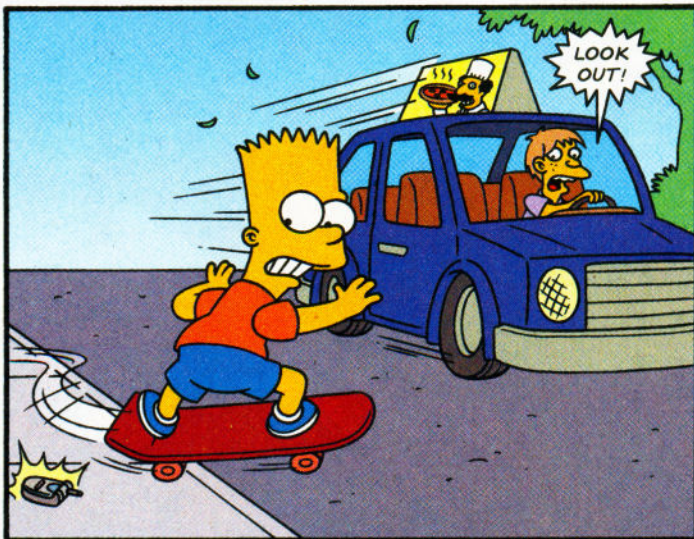
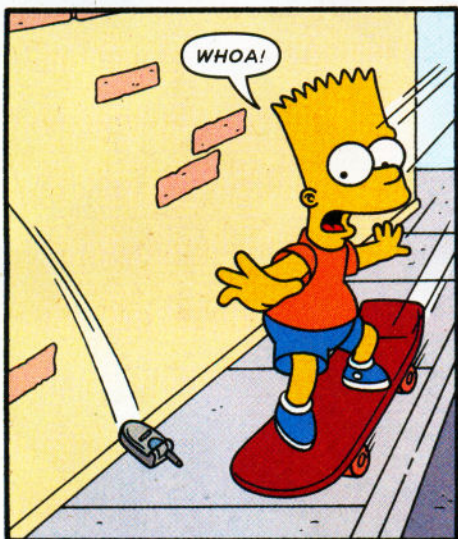
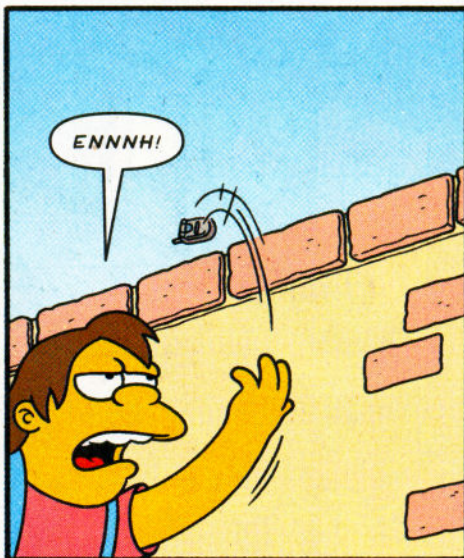
THOSE ARE THE THUGS THAT STOLE MY CELL PHONE!

UH-OH!



HEY, WHAT ABOUT MY TELLY-PHONE?

RUN FOR IT!



AND SO...



KENT BROCKMAN HERE
WITH AN EYE-IN-THE-SKY
LOOK AT THE ALIEN ATTACK ON
SPRINGFIELD! THIS IS THE MOST
AMAZING AND IMPORTANT
STORY THIS REPORTER HAS
EVER COVERED--

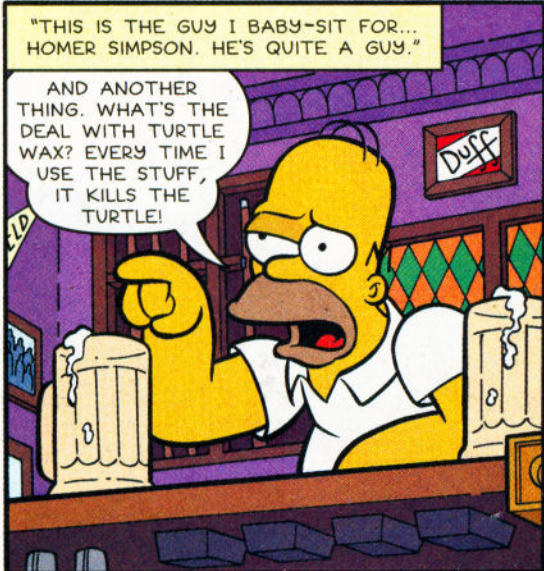
UH, GIVE ME
ONE SEC...I JUST
HAVE TO TAKE
THIS CALL...

CHIRRP
CHIRRP!

THE END

"THIS IS THE GUY I BABY-SIT FOR...
HOMER SIMPSON. HE'S QUITE A GUY."

AND ANOTHER
THING. WHAT'S THE
DEAL WITH TURTLE
WAX? EVERY TIME I
USE THE STUFF,
IT KILLS THE
TURTLE!

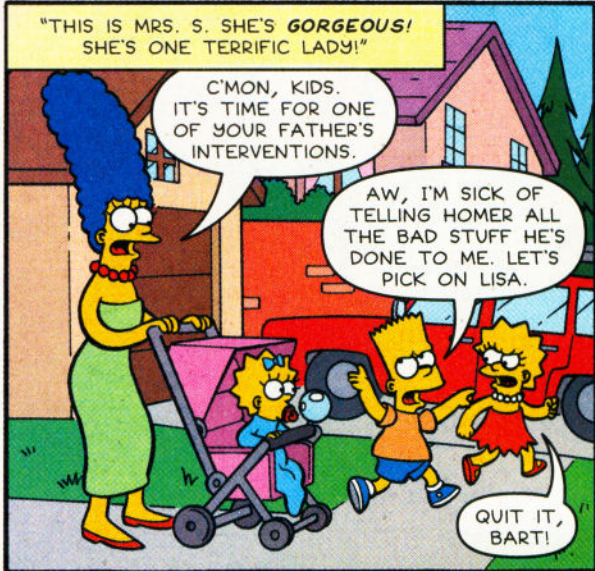


"THIS IS MRS. S. SHE'S **GORGEOUS!**
SHE'S ONE TERRIFIC LADY!"

C'MON, KIDS.
IT'S TIME FOR ONE
OF YOUR FATHER'S
INTERVENTIONS.

AW, I'M SICK OF
TELLING HOMER ALL
THE BAD STUFF HE'S
DONE TO ME. LET'S
PICK ON LISA.

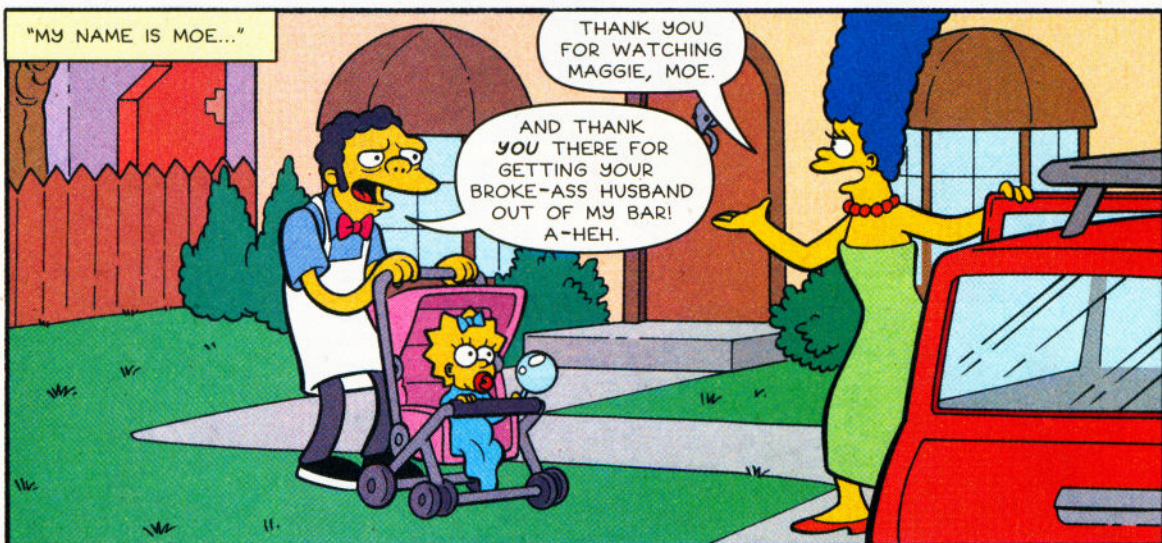
QUIT IT,
BART!



"MY NAME IS MOE..."

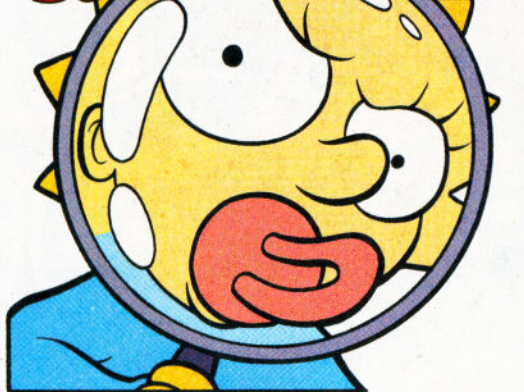
THANK YOU
FOR WATCHING
MAGGIE, MOE.

AND THANK
YOU THERE FOR
GETTING YOUR
BROKE-ASS HUSBAND
OUT OF MY BAR!
A-HEH.

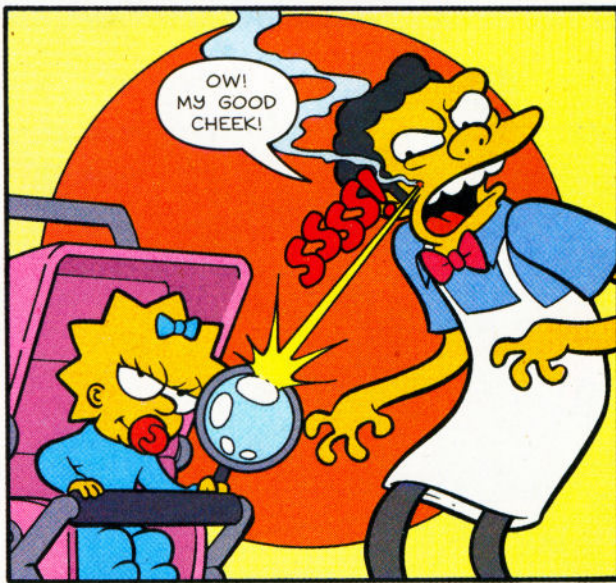


"I TAKE CARE OF THEIR BABY,
BECAUSE HER HOBBY IS...MURDER!"

SUCK! SUCK!



OW!
MY GOOD
CHEEK!



THE MAGGIE & MOE MYSTERIES!

IN
COLOR!



SOLVING A CRIME! DURING PLAYTIME!



THEY'LL PIN THE RAP... THEN IT'S TIME FOR A NAP!



THE COPS NEVER KNOW... IT'S MAGGIE AND MOE!



TONIGHT'S EPISODE: M IS FOR ZIRCONIA!

