

# SIMPSONS<sup>TM</sup>

## COMICS

HE'S HERE...  
AND HE'S HUNGRY!  
"THE  
AMAZING  
COLOSSAL  
HOMER!"



MATT  
GROENING

GIANT  
SIMPSONS  
PULL-OUT POSTER  
INSIDE!

PART 1 OF ULTRA-GIANT 4-PART  
BONGO UNIVERSE POSTER!



# GREETINGS, COMICS FANS!

Thanks for picking up this first, #1, premiere, inaugural, sure-to-be-a-collector's-item issue of **SIMPSONS COMICS!**

Now if you'll be so kind as to take this comic book up to the cashier, dig around in your pockets for some money, and actually purchase this thing before you get it all grubby and dog-eared, we can continue.

This is not a library, you know.

What we're trying to do at the Bongo Comics Group is take our lifelong love of great comics and see if we can wade in with our own stuff -- putting out the best comic books we can, with good (deceptively simple) art and plenty of the laughs that seem so rare in comics these days.

If you're a fan of **THE SIMPSONS** TV show, we think you'll dig this comic, as well as **BARTMAN**, **ITCHY & SCRATCHY**, and **RADIOACTIVE MAN** — and all the other Simpsons-related and non-related comic books we have up our sleeves.

What we try to do with the TV show is quite unusual: We sneak in little details for real fans (like you). That's why we change the opening credits with different couch gags every week, why we sneak in funny signs in the backgrounds, and why we stick in what we call freeze-frame jokes — secret in-jokes that you'll only get by hunting and searching a videotaped Simpsons episode with your remote control.

We call this revolutionary concept in TV entertainment Rewarding You For Paying Attention. And now we're trying to do Reward You For Paying Attention to our comic books.

So please pay attention!  
(And let us know if you dig your rewards.)

Your pal,

**MATT  
GROENING**

Publisher





# THE AMAZING COLOSSAL HOMER

WELL, BOY --  
HOW BIG AM I?

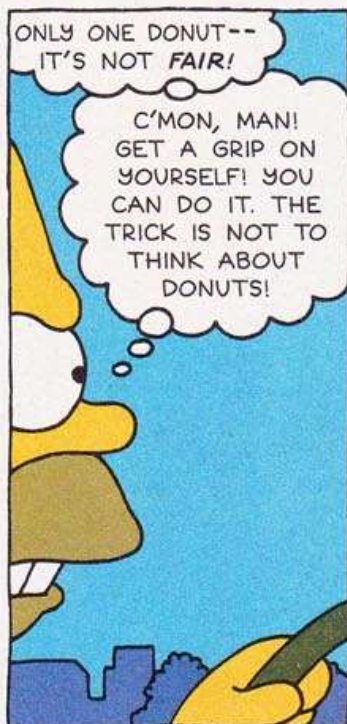
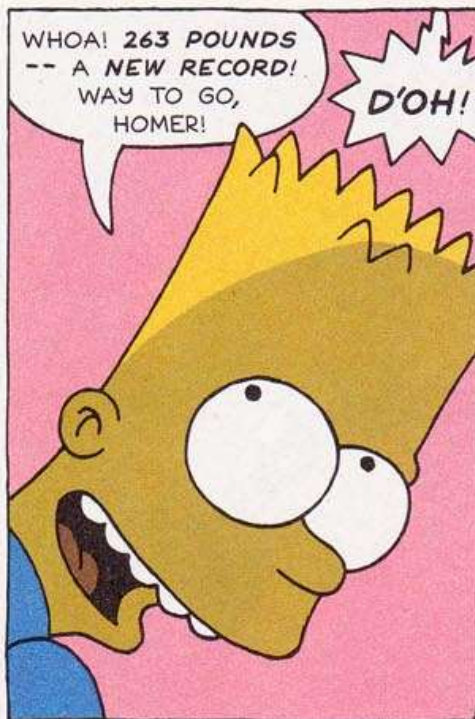
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A MATT GROENING PRODUCTION

STEVE VANCE	BILL MORRISON	TIM BAVINGTON	CINDY VANCE
●	●	●	●
SCRIPT, LAYOUTS	FINISHED ART	ADDITIONAL INKS	CO-PLOT, COLORS

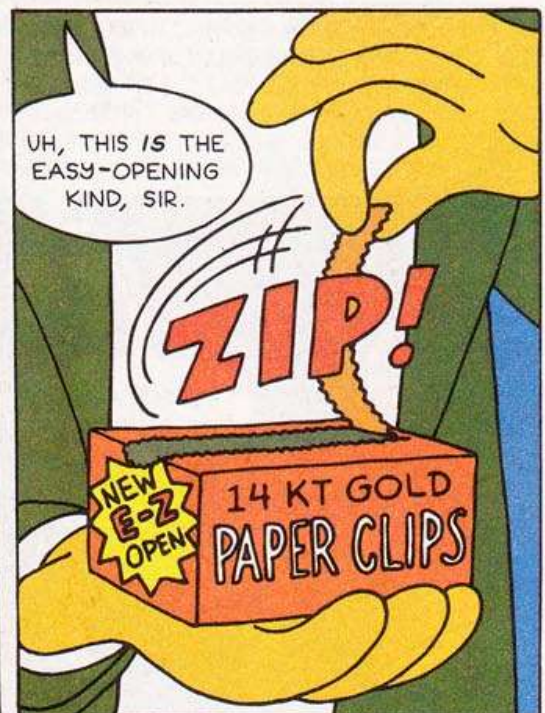
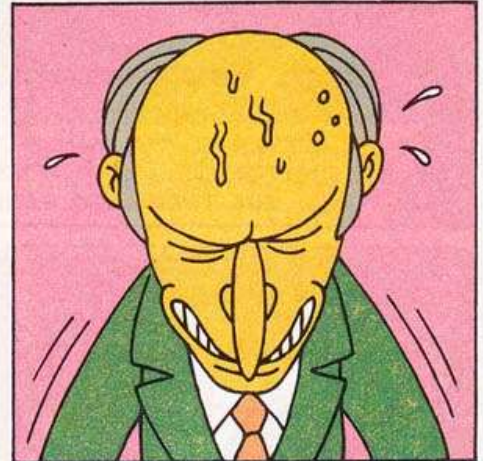




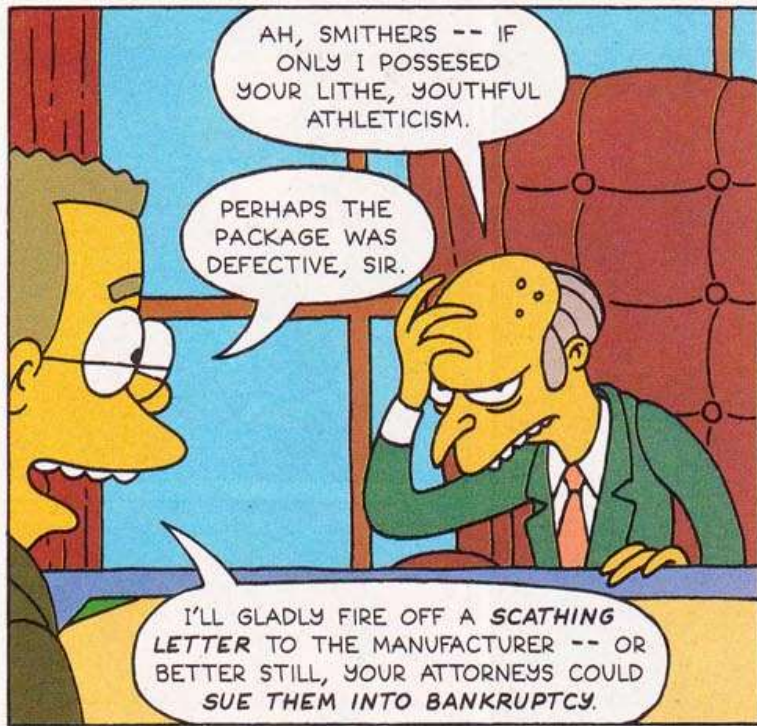




MEANWHILE, AT  
THE NUCLEAR  
POWER PLANT...



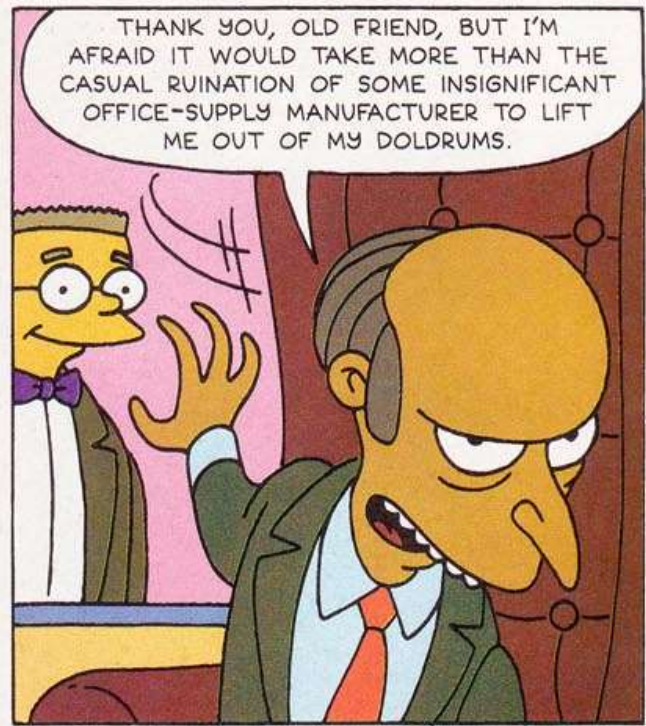




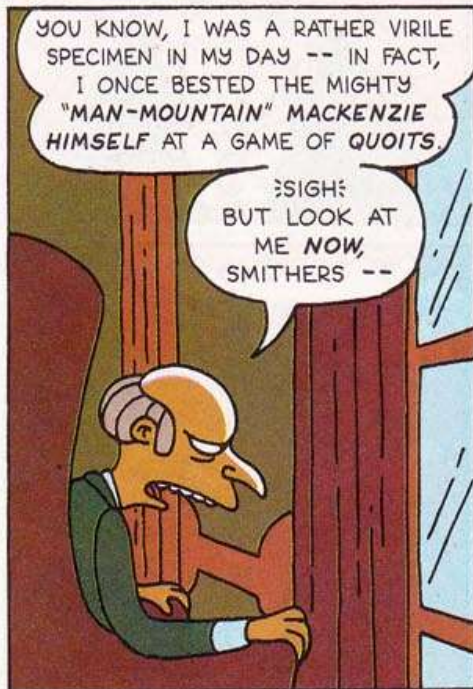
AH, SMITHERS -- IF ONLY I POSSESSED YOUR LITHE, YOUTHFUL ATHLETICISM.

PERHAPS THE PACKAGE WAS DEFECTIVE, SIR.

I'LL GLADLY FIRE OFF A **SCATHING LETTER** TO THE MANUFACTURER -- OR BETTER STILL, YOUR ATTORNEYS COULD **SUE THEM INTO BANKRUPTCY**.



THANK YOU, OLD FRIEND, BUT I'M AFRAID IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN THE CASUAL RUINATION OF SOME INSIGNIFICANT OFFICE-SUPPLY MANUFACTURER TO LIFT ME OUT OF MY DOLDRUMS.



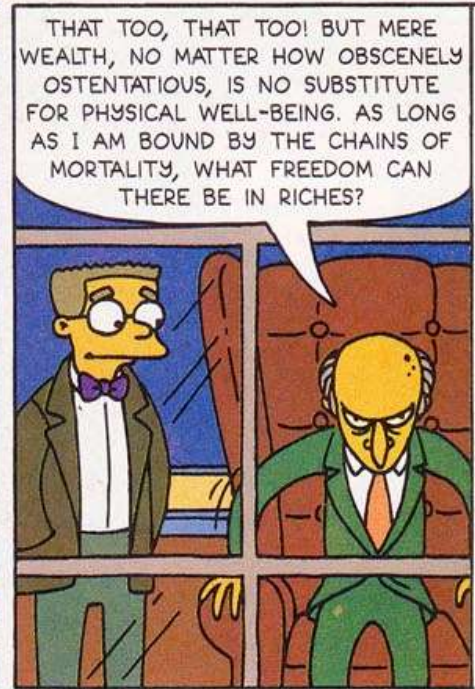
YOU KNOW, I WAS A RATHER VIRILE SPECIMEN IN MY DAY -- IN FACT, I ONCE BESTED THE MIGHTY "MAN-MOUNTAIN" MACKENZIE HIMSELF AT A GAME OF QUOITS.

§SIGH§  
BUT LOOK AT ME **NOW**, SMITHERS --



-- ALL THOSE YEARS, AND WHAT HAVE I TO SHOW FOR IT? A BODY BETRAYED BY TIME.

AND A PERSONAL FORTUNE VALUED AT \$2.6 BILLION DOLLARS.



THAT TOO, THAT TOO! BUT MERE WEALTH, NO MATTER HOW OBSCENELY OSTENTATIOUS, IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR PHYSICAL WELL-BEING. AS LONG AS I AM BOUND BY THE CHAINS OF MORTALITY, WHAT FREEDOM CAN THERE BE IN RICHES?



LOOK AT THEM DOWN THERE, SCURRYING ABOUT LIKE ANTS, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE DOOM THAT AWAITS US ALL. I ASK YOU, SMITHERS -- IS IT FAIR THAT I, THEIR TIRELESS BENEFACTOR, SHOULD SUFFER THE SAME PHYSICAL DETERIORATION AS THAT IGNORANT RABBLE?

THERE'S ALWAYS **PROJECT Y**, SIR.



BUT OF COURSE! **PROJECT Y!**

COME, SMITHERS -- WHAT SAY WE DROP IN ON THE BOYS IN R & D?



SOON, IN A SECRET ELEVATOR FAR UNDERGROUND...

PROJECT Y -- MY YOUTH RAY. WHY, JUST SAYING THE NAME SENDS A SUBLIME THRILL COURSE THROUGH MY VEINS.

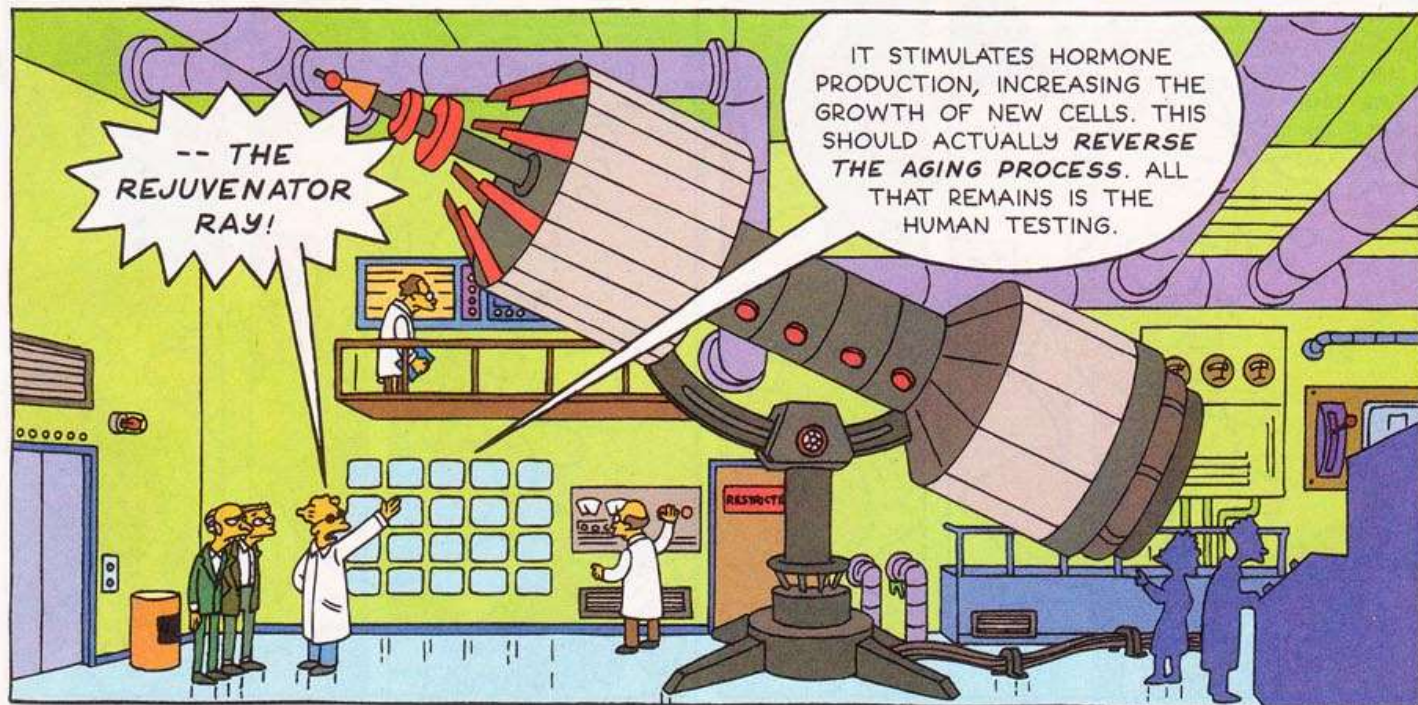
IT CERTAINLY COULD BE A BOON TO HUMANITY, SIR.

BOON, SHMOON. DO YOU THINK I'VE POURED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS INTO THIS PROJECT SO THAT JOE SIX-PACK CAN HAVE AN EXTRA 50 YEARS TO WASTE SITTING ON HIS KEISTER READING COMIC BOOKS?

I DID IT FOR ME, SO THAT I MIGHT REGAIN THE VIGOR OF MY LOST YOUTH. THEN I'LL GIVE HUMANITY THE HELPING HAND IT DESERVES -- **THE IRON FIST!**

AH, DR. OLBERTMAN. HOW GOES THE RESEARCH?

CONSTRUCTION IS COMPLETE, SIR! BEHOLD --



TESTING? NONSENSE! WHAT AM I, THE FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION? BEGIN MY TREATMENTS AT ONCE!

UH -- REMEMBER PROJECT Q, SIR.

PROJECT Q

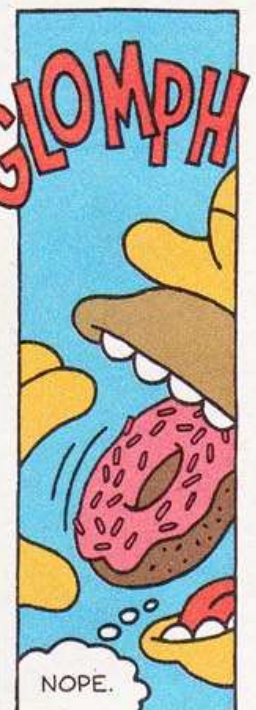


**DANGER!**  
EXTREME  
RADIATION HAZARD!  
DO NOT OPEN BEFORE 10,000 A.D.

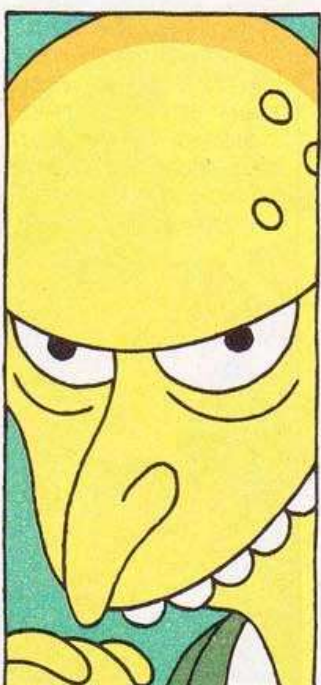
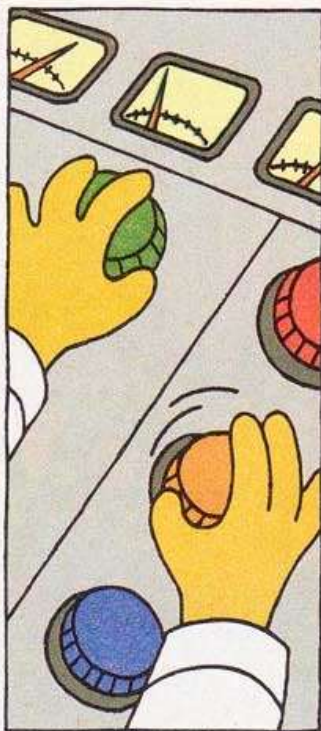
HMMM...

VERY WELL, PROCEED WITH THE TESTING.

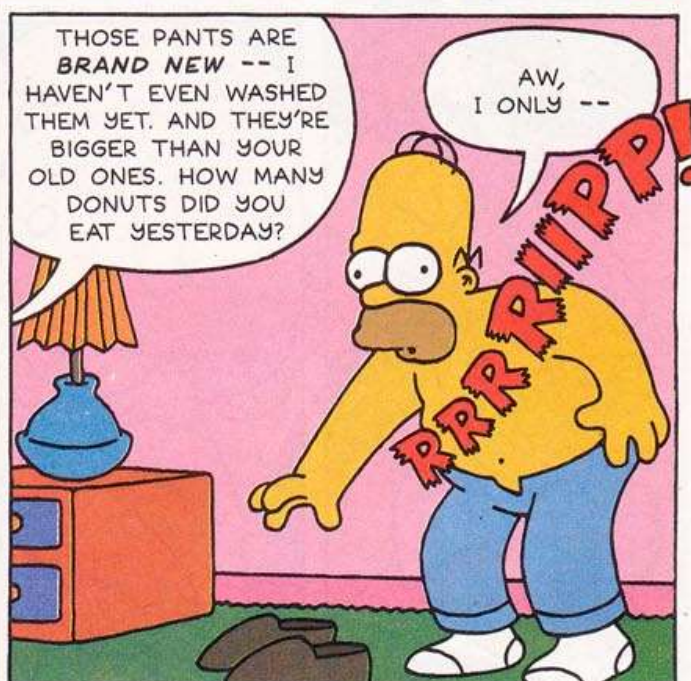
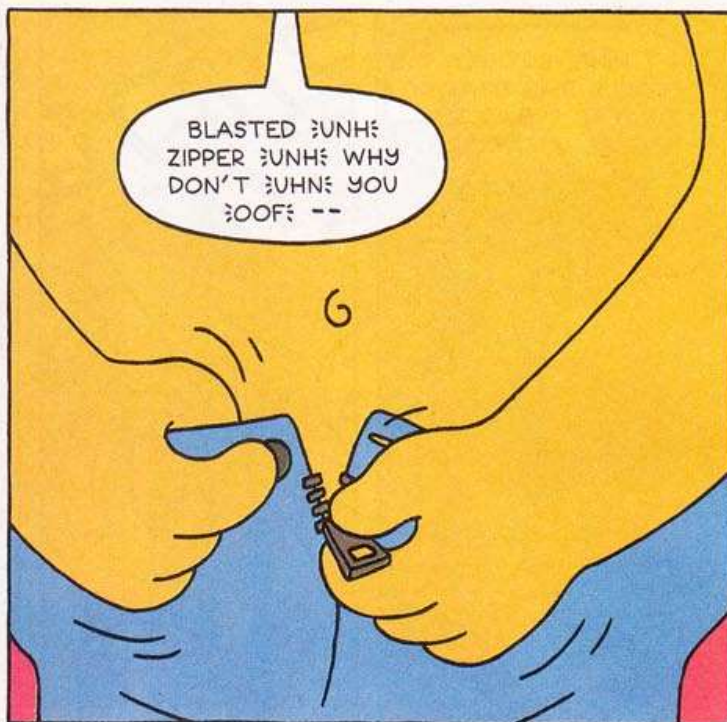




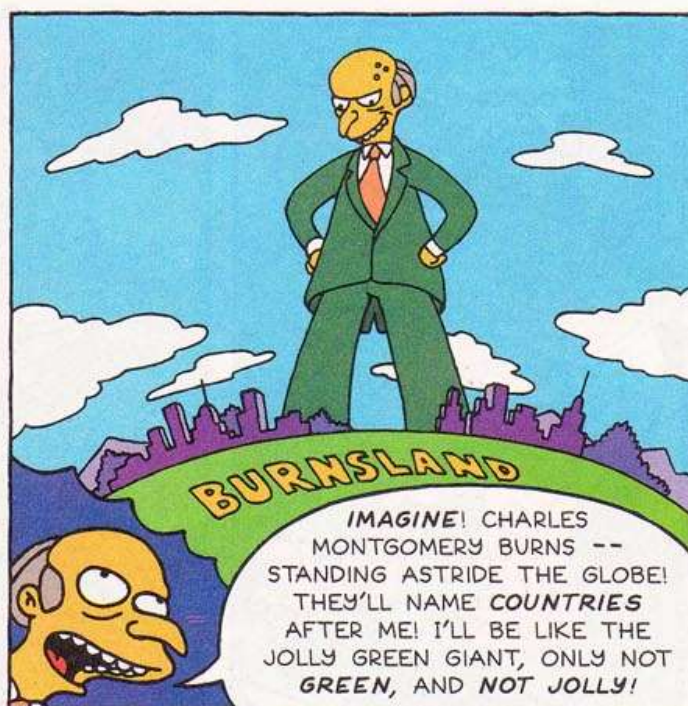








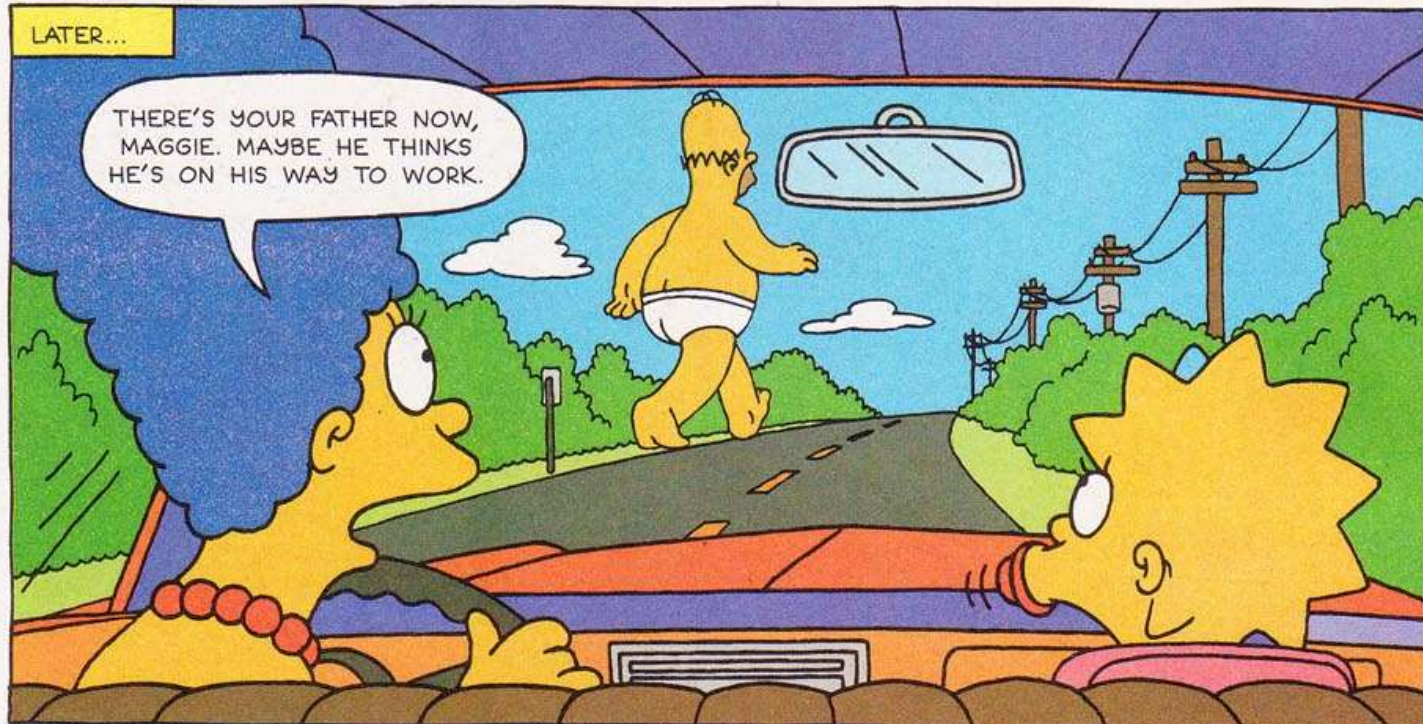






LATER...

THERE'S YOUR FATHER NOW, MAGGIE. MAYBE HE THINKS HE'S ON HIS WAY TO WORK.



HOMER! HOMER, IT'S ME -- MARGE! HOMER, PLEASE STOP!



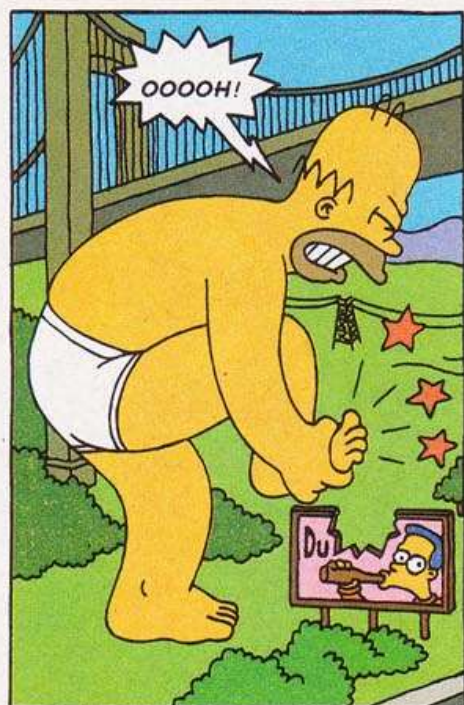
HOMER!

IT'S NO USE. I, GUESS HE'S JUST SO BIG HE CAN'T HEAR ME.



IF ONLY THERE WAS SOMETHING WE COULD DO! AT THAT SIZE HE MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY HURT SOMEONE!

OOOOH!



YAAAAAH!

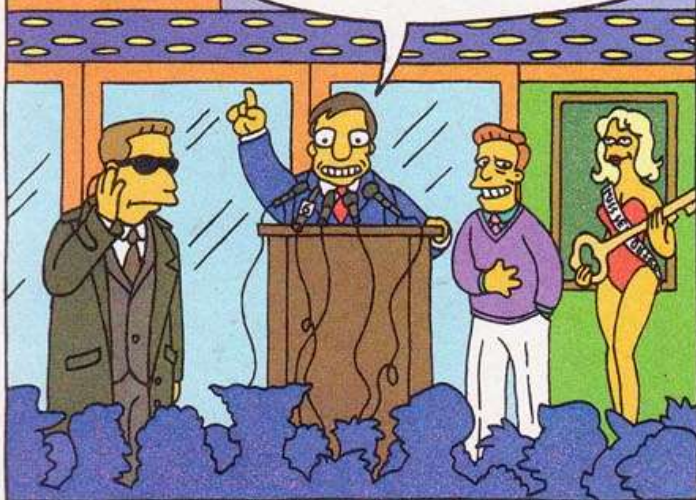
OH, HOMEY...





SOON...

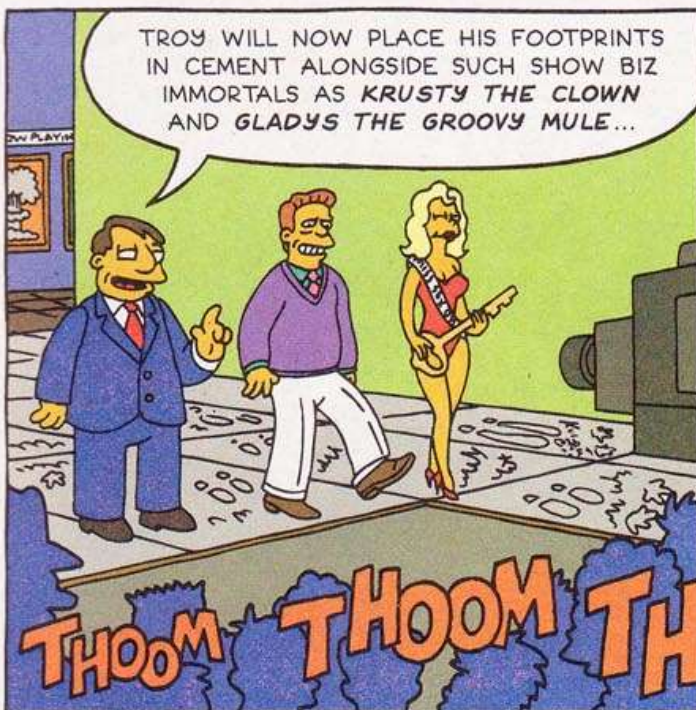
GREETINGS, MY FELLOW MOVIE LOVERS. WE ARE GATHERED TODAY TO HONOR A **HOLLYWOOD LEGEND** -- THE STAR OF SUCH FILMS AS "JAGGED ATTRACTION" AND "LOOK WHO'S STILL OINKING."



HIS 24 FILMS HAVE GROSSED A TOTAL OF OVER \$900 IN SPRINGFIELD ALONE. I HEREBY DECLARE THIS "**TROY MCCLURE DAY**."



TROY WILL NOW PLACE HIS FOOTPRINTS IN CEMENT ALONGSIDE SUCH SHOW BIZ IMMORTALS AS **KRUSTY THE CLOWN** AND **GLADYS THE GROOVY MULE**...



GET THAT BIG PUNK'S NAME! NOBODY TRIES TO FIT DIAMOND JOE QUIMBY FOR A CEMENT OVERCOAT AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!



...AND THAT WAS THE SCENE AT THE SPRINGFIELD GOOGOLPLEX CINEMA. MAYOR QUIMBY HAS PUT THE POLICE ON FULL ALERT, PROMISING TO DO "WHATEVER IT TAKES" TO PROTECT THE CITY FROM THIS MENACING BEHEMOTH!





"MEANWHILE, THIS STORY, LIKE ITS SUBJECT, JUST KEEPS GETTING BIGGER, AS JOURNALISTS FROM AROUND THE WORLD POUR INTO SPRINGFIELD..."



WOW! THESE HALLUCINATIONS ARE GETTING MORE REALISTIC EVERY DAY.



LOOKA THE SIZE OF THAT GUY! I BETTER LAY IN AN EXTRA CASE OF DUFF!

ALAS, FRIEND HOMER, YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MY BIGGEST CUSTOMER, BUT IT IS POSSIBLE TO HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

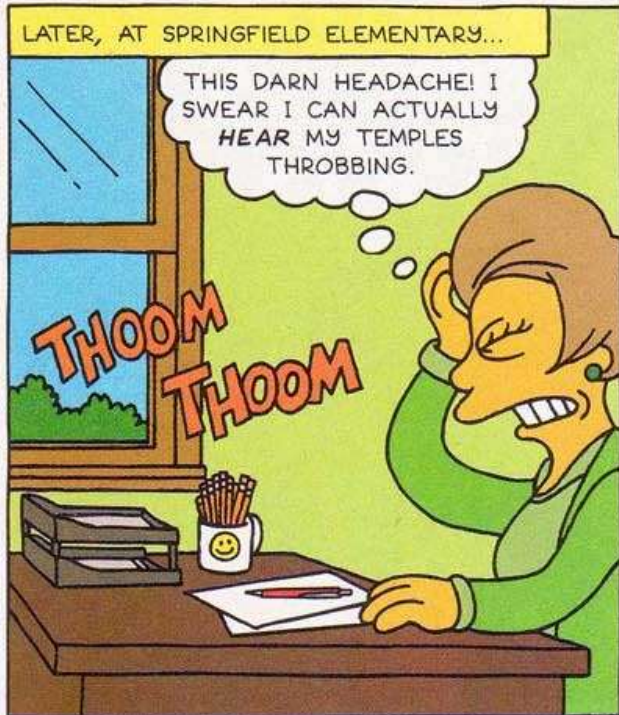




LATER, AT SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY...

THIS DARN HEADACHE! I SWEAR I CAN ACTUALLY HEAR MY TEMPLES THROBBING.

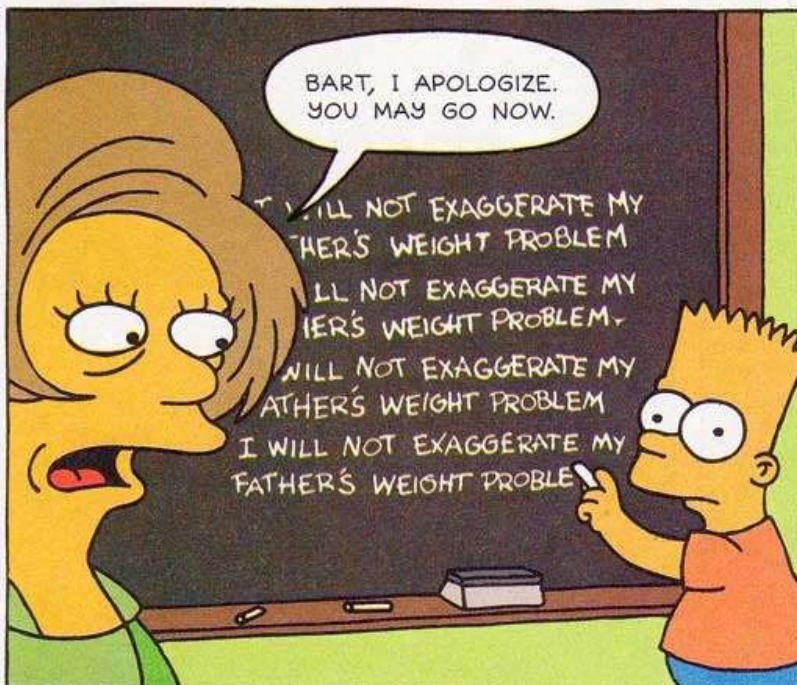
THOOM  
THOOM



GASP!

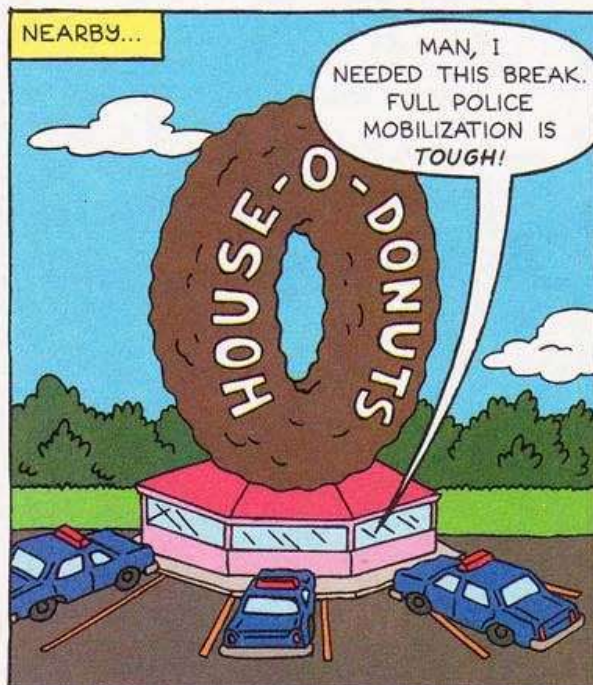
BART, I APOLOGIZE. YOU MAY GO NOW.

I WILL NOT EXAGGERATE MY FATHER'S WEIGHT PROBLEM  
I WILL NOT EXAGGERATE MY FATHER'S WEIGHT PROBLEM  
I WILL NOT EXAGGERATE MY FATHER'S WEIGHT PROBLEM  
I WILL NOT EXAGGERATE MY FATHER'S WEIGHT PROBLEM



NEARBY...

MAN, I NEEDED THIS BREAK. FULL POLICE MOBILIZATION IS TOUGH!



I'LL SAY. WE'VE BEEN ROLLING NONSTOP SINCE THE ORDER CAME DOWN. IT'S BEEN A HELLUVA 45 MINUTES.



I HAVEN'T SEEN A SIGN OF THIS GUY. IF YOU ASK ME, THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A GIANT MA--





...CHIEF WIGGUM EXPRESSED REGRET THAT HIS MEN WERE UNABLE TO **STOP** THE GIANT CREATURE, BUT COMMENDED THEM FOR THEIR CLEVER CHOICE OF A **STAKEOUT SITE**.



A GIANT STALKS  
SPRINGFIELD - DAY 1

JOINING ME NOW ARE TWO OF SPRINGFIELD'S LEADING HEALTH CARE EXPERTS, **DR. JULIUS HIBBERT** AND **DR. MARVIN MONROE**.

HIYA,  
KENT.



DR. HIBBERT, FROM THE MEDICAL PERSPECTIVE, WHAT CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT THIS CASE?

WELL, KENT, AS THE SIMPSONS' FAMILY PHYSICIAN I'VE SEEN MANY UNUSUAL THINGS, BUT FRANKLY, THIS ONE TAKES THE CAKE.

CHUCKLE

DR. JULIUS HIBBERT

TAKES THE **FRUITCAKE**, YOU MEAN! AS I EXPLAIN IN MY NEW BOOK, "**I'M OKAY, YOU'RE SICK AND TWISTED**," THIS SORT OF PHENOMENON IS ROOTED IN WHAT JUNG REFERS TO AS THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS!



THIS IS JUST A TYPE OF **MASS HYSTERIA**, FANNED BY THE SPECULATIVE RAMBLINGS OF ATTENTION-GRABBING, KNOW-NOTHING, SELF-APPOINTED **PSEUDO-EXPERTS**!

DR. MARVIN MONROE

HMMM,  
YES, WELL...

LET'S GO LIVE NOW TO THE HOME OF THE MAN WE'VE DUBBED "THE AMAZING COLOSSAL HOMER," AND SEE IF WE CAN HAVE A WORD WITH HIS UNFORTUNATE FAMILY.

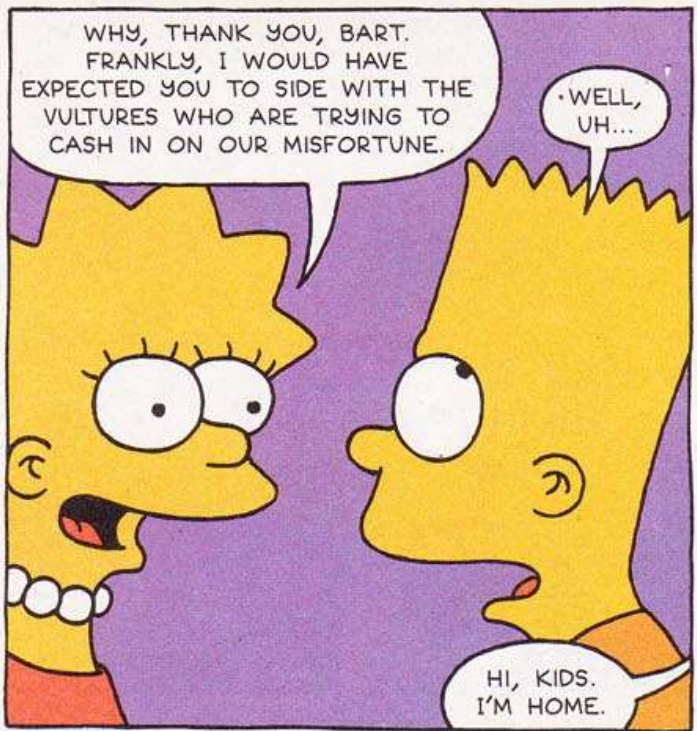


WE'D PREFER NOT TO PARTICIPATE IN THIS MEDIA CIRCUS. PLEASE LEAVE US ALONE WITH SOME SHRED OF OUR DIGNITY INTACT!

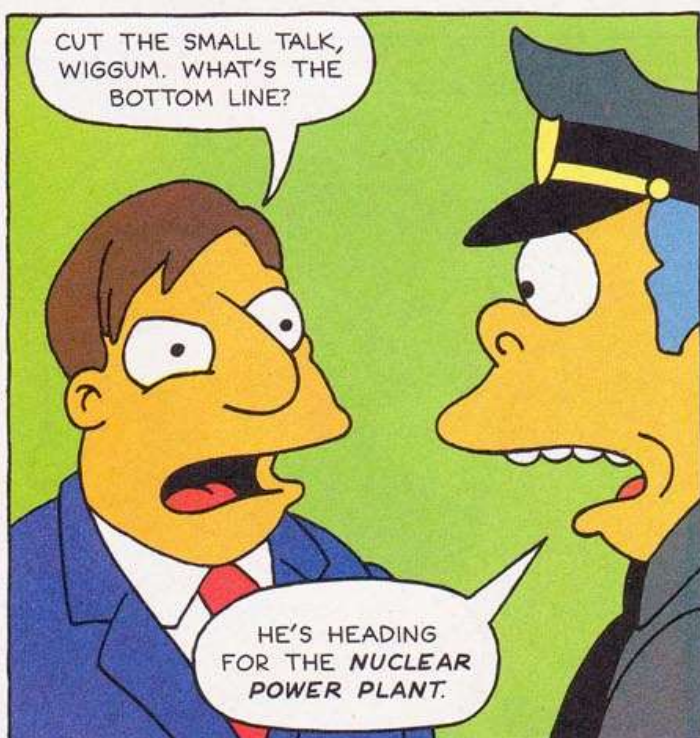
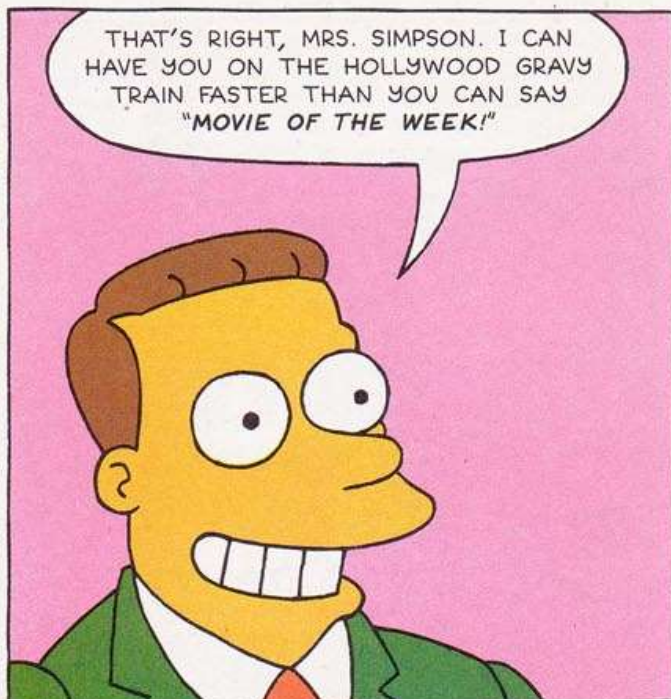


EYE ON SPRINGFIELD - LIVE





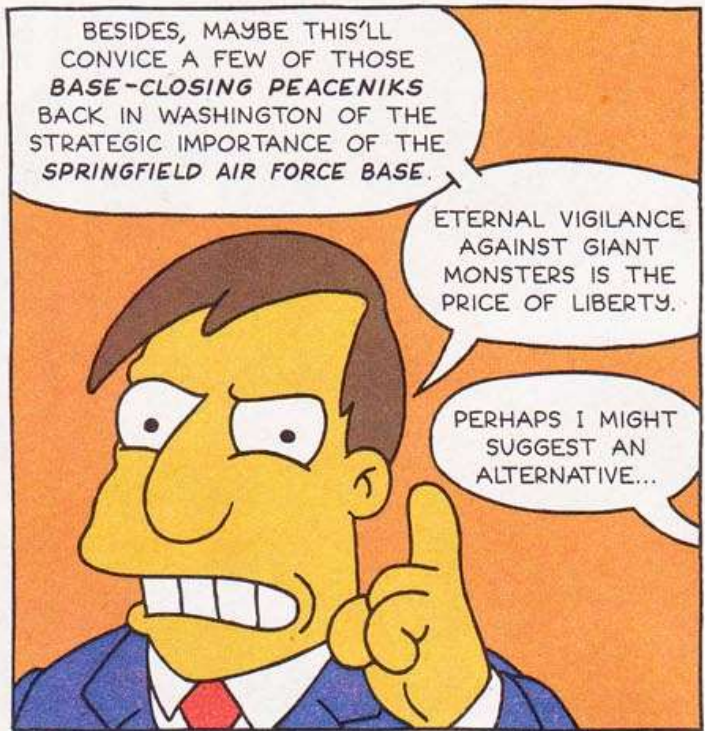




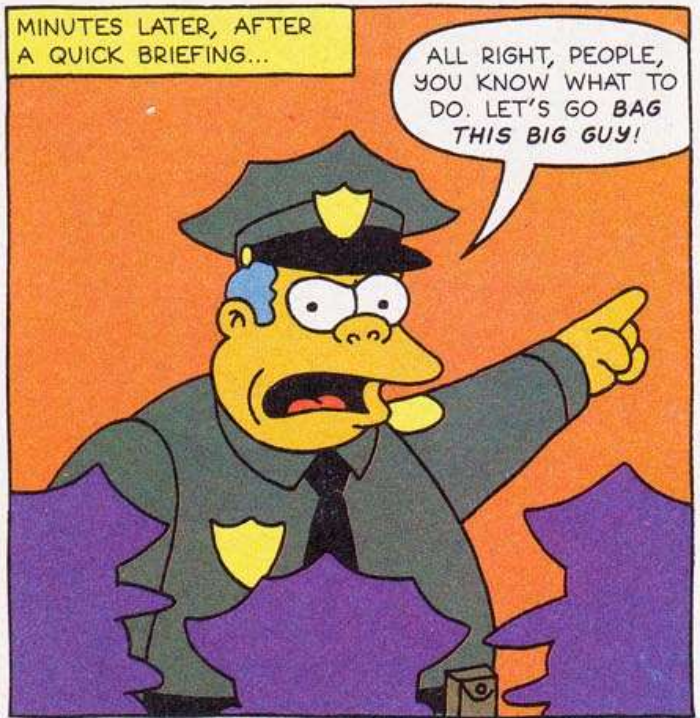




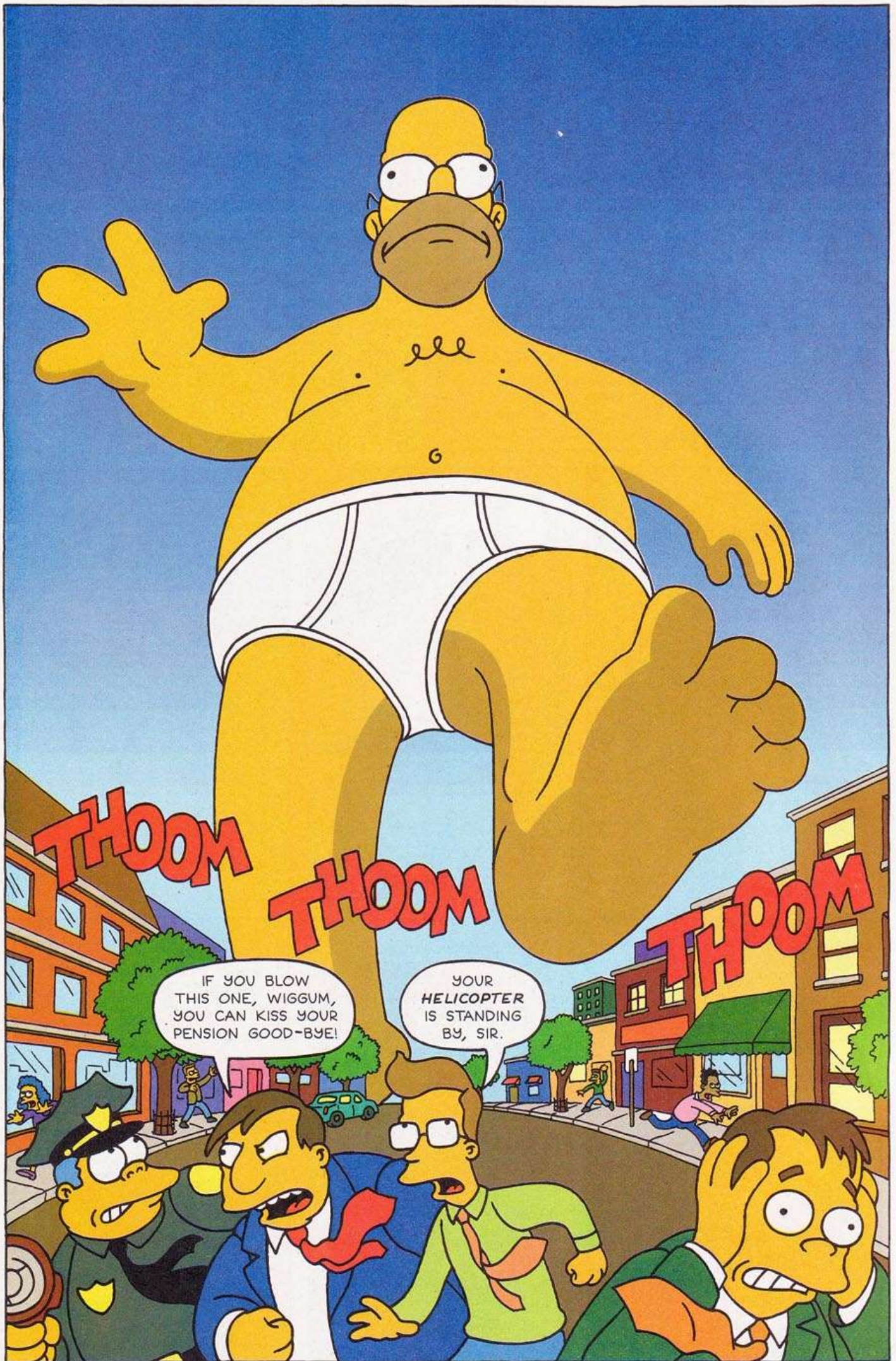




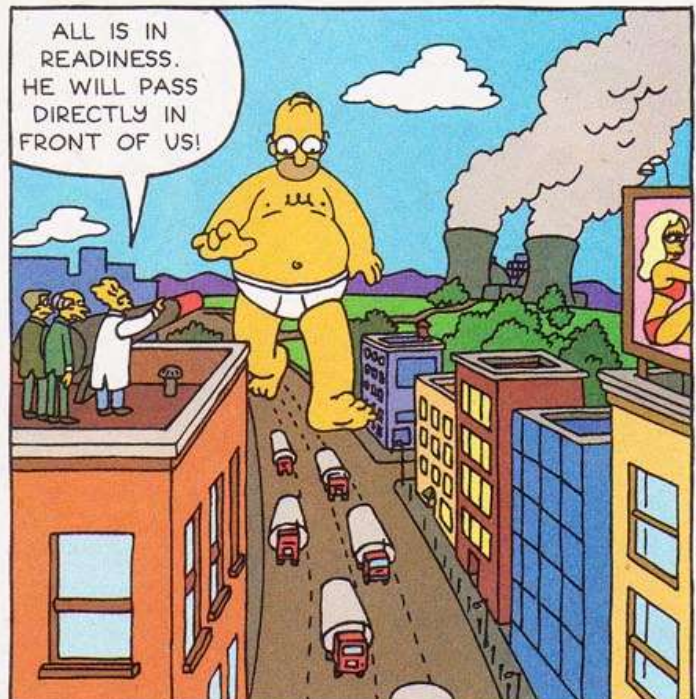
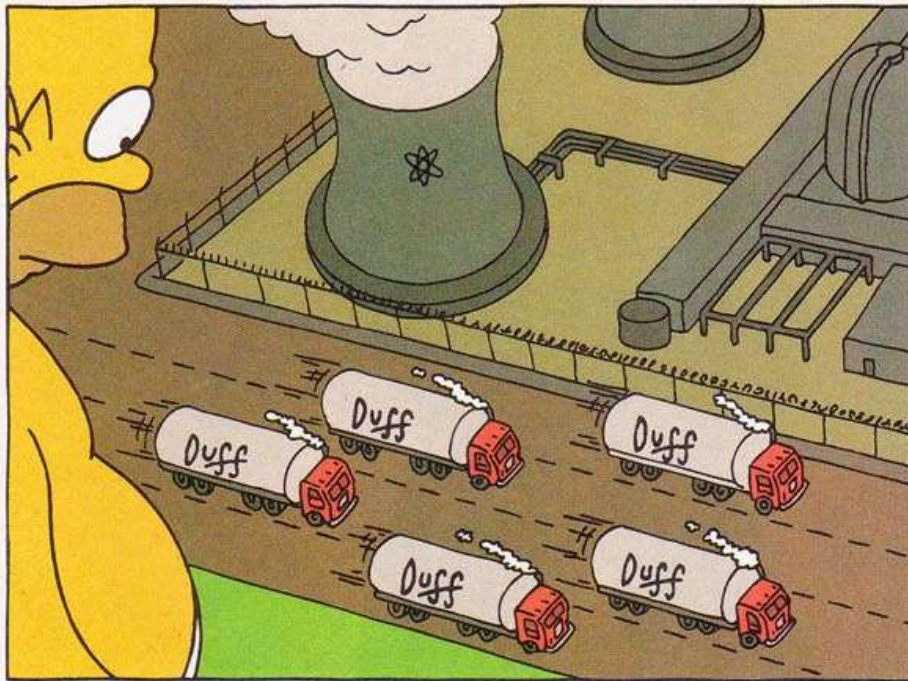
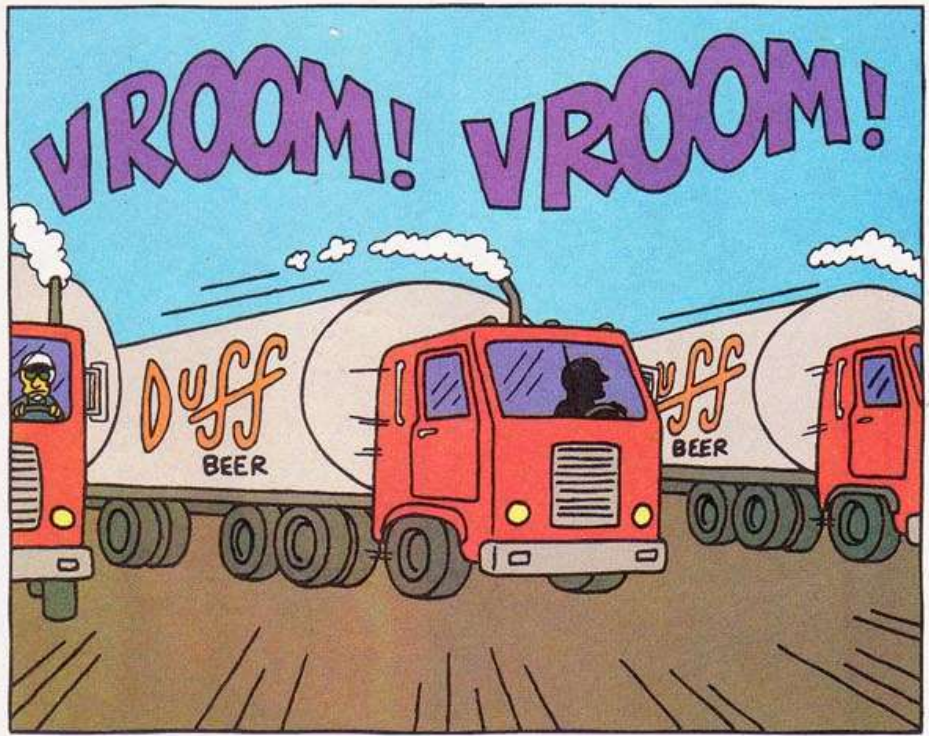
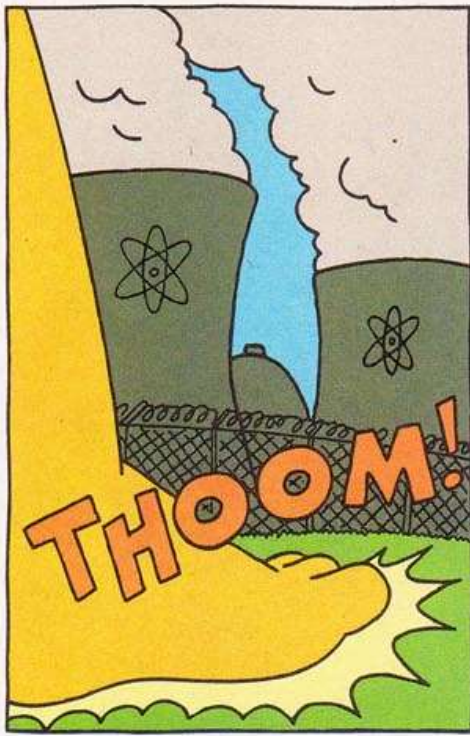




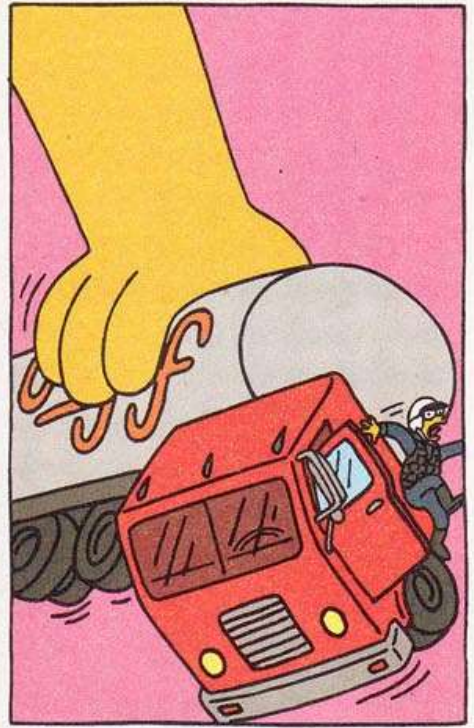












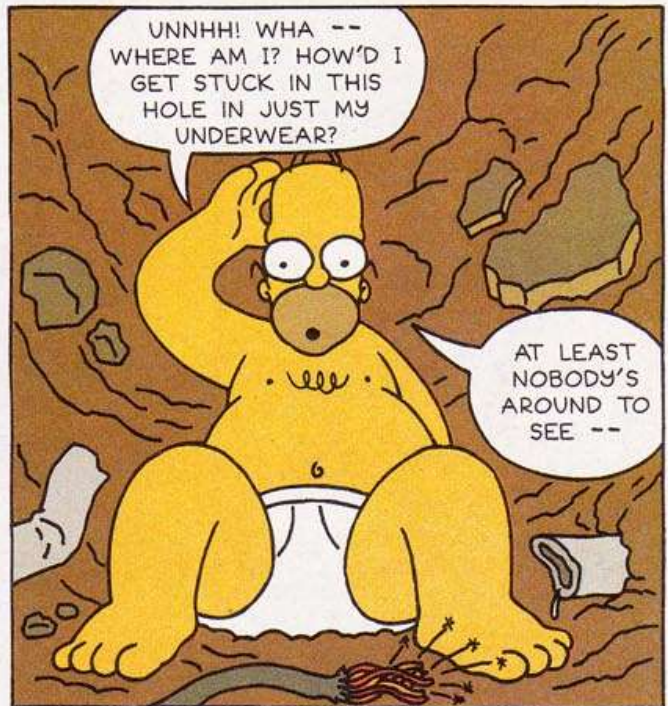


THE DRUG IS  
COUNTERACTING  
THE GROWTH RAY.  
HE IS REVERTING  
TO NORMAL SIZE.



WELL DONE,  
DOCTOR.

UNNNH! WHA --  
WHERE AM I? HOW'D I  
GET STUCK IN THIS  
HOLE IN JUST MY  
UNDERWEAR?

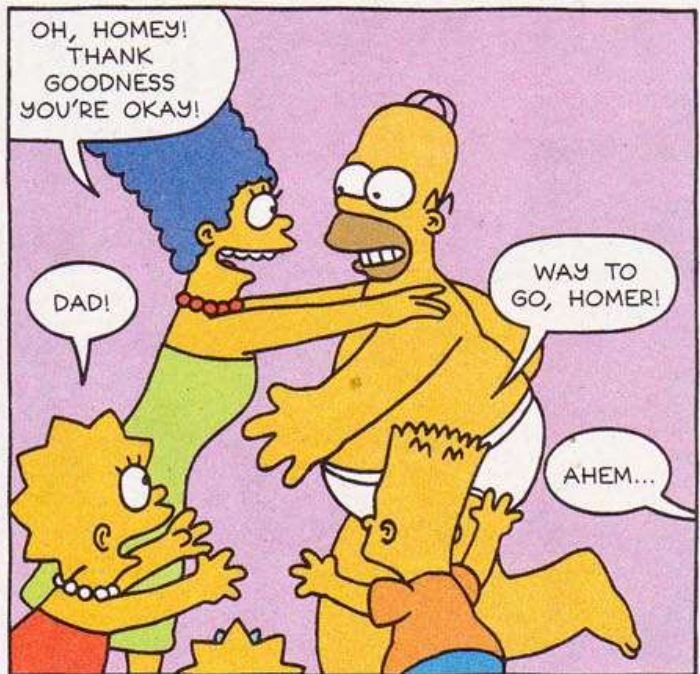


AT LEAST  
NOBODY'S  
AROUND TO  
SEE --



YAAAAAH!

OH, HOMER!  
THANK  
GOODNESS  
YOU'RE OKAY!



DAD!

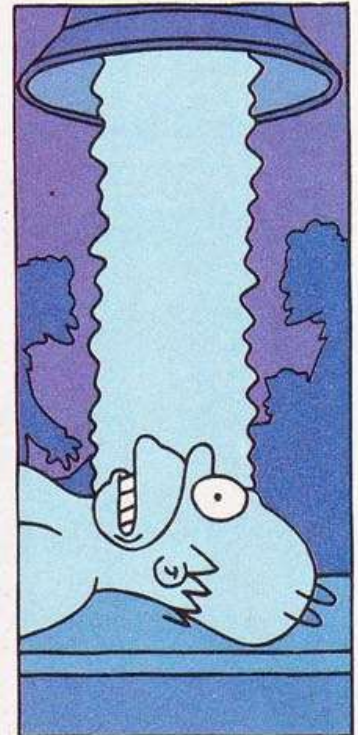
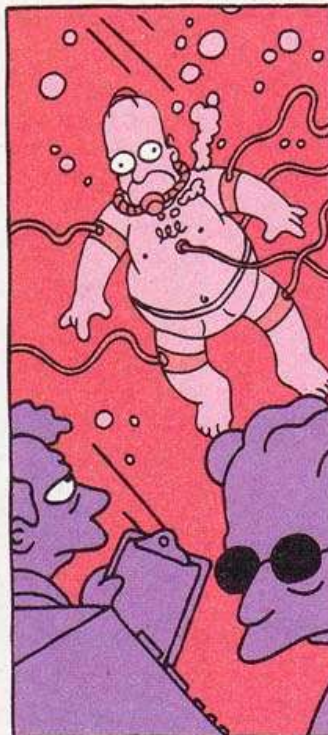
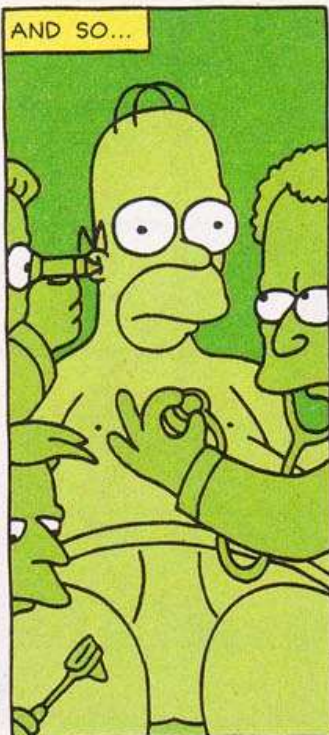
WAY TO  
GO, HOMER!

AHEM...

I DON'T WISH TO  
INTERRUPT THIS  
TOUCHING SCENE, BUT  
AS A BENEVOLENT  
EMPLOYER, I'M  
CONCERNED ABOUT THE  
HEALTH OF MY LOYAL  
EMPLOYEE. I'D LIKE MY  
LAB TO RUN A FEW  
TESTS ON YOU.



AND SO...





SOON, IN MR. BURN'S OFFICE...

I'M NERVOUS, MARGE. I'VE NEVER BEEN GOOD AT TESTS.

THESE WEREN'T THAT KIND OF TEST, HOMER.

THE TEST RESULTS ARE BACK. THEY'RE ALL -- PERFECTLY NORMAL.

AND LOOK, HOMEY -- ACCORDING TO THIS, YOU'VE LOST **THREE POUNDS**.

WOOHOO! DONUTS, HERE I COME!

FAREWELL, MY LITTLE LABORATORY RAT.

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET MY TREATMENTS BEGIN!

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT I THOUGHT IT BEST NOT TO TELL THEM THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT THE TEST RESULTS.

THE RAY HAD HORRIBLE **SIDE EFFECTS** -- IT TURNED THE MAN INTO A **BALDING, OBESE, DONUT-OBSESSED BUFFOON!** WHAT'S MORE, THERE'S NO TELLING HOW LONG THE EFFECTS OF THE **SHRINKING SERUM** WILL LAST.

BLAST!

ONCE AGAIN, MY DREAMS ARE DASHED AND THE MOCKING LAUGHTER OF DAME FORTUNE RINGS IN MY EARS.

BUT WE SHALL SEE WHO LAUGHS LAST. CONTINUE THE RESEARCH.

IN THE MEAN TIME, BEEF UP SECURITY AROUND HERE. I HAVE THE STRANGEST FEELING I'M **BEING WATCHED!**

THE END?





GREETINGS, ALL YOU COAGULATING COMICS FANS! IT'S YOUR BLOOD-CURDLING BUDDY **BART SIMPSON** HERE, WITH A TRAUMATIZING LITTLE TALE THAT'S GUARANTEED TO GIVE YOU A **FOUR-COLOR FRIGHT**. DO YOU GET A THRILL OUT OF TRACKING DOWN A NEAR-MINT TREASURE? DOES YOUR HAPPY LITTLE HEART PALPITATE WITH PLEASURE WHEN YOU PURCHASE A RARE BACK ISSUE? WELL, YOU MAY WANT TO **RECONSIDER** AFTER YOU READ THIS! I CALL IT...

# THE COLLECTOR!



A MATT GROENING  
PRODUCTION

STEVE VANCE  
SCRIPT & LAYOUTS

SONDRA ROY  
PENCILS

BILL MORRISON  
INKS

CINDY VANCE  
COLORS

SUSAN GRODE  
INSPIRATION

THE EERIE OLD MANSION STANDS ALONE ON A HILL AT THE EDGE OF TOWN. THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE LEADS A RECLUSIVE EXISTENCE, WITH ONLY A SINGLE SERVANT TO ATTEND TO HIM.



LITTLE IS KNOWN ABOUT THE OWNER, FOR HE IS GRUMPY AND ANTI-SOCIAL AND SHUNS CONTACT WITH THE TOWNSFOLK BELOW. RUMOR HAS IT, HOWEVER, THAT HE IS FABULOUSLY WEALTHY, AND THAT HIDDEN DEEP IN THIS HOUSE IS A TREASURE BEYOND IMAGINING.





INSIDE THE GREAT HOUSE, THE SAME ROUTINE IS OBSERVED EVERY EVENING. AFTER GORGING HIMSELF ON AN ENORMOUS MEAL OF GOURMET DELICACIES, THE OWNER RETIRES TO THE COMFORT OF HIS FAVORITE CHAIR. WITH HIS FAITHFUL DOG AT HIS FEET, HE SAVORS A FINE CIGAR AND AN AFTER-DINNER DRINK.

THE PORK CHOPS WERE SLIGHTLY OVERCOOKED, SMEDLEY. DO IT AGAIN AND YOU'RE FIRED.

VERY GOOD, SIR.

THEN COMES THE HIGHLIGHT OF HIS EVENING -- IN FACT, THE ONLY PART OF HIS ENTIRE EXISTENCE THAT GIVES HIM ANY TRUE PLEASURE -- AS HE SETTLES IN TO READ A SELECTION FROM HIS ENORMOUS LIBRARY -- A LIBRARY PAINSTAKINGLY ASSEMBLED AT UNSPEAKABLE EXPENSE THROUGH YEARS OF OBSSIVE COLLECTING -- **THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIBRARY OF COMIC BOOKS!**

AH, **CAPTAIN SQUID** #7 -- WITH THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF HIS SIDEKICK, **LI'L SQUIDDIE!** HOW WELL I REMEMBER THE DAY I BOUGHT THIS BOOK.

"THE OWNER OF THE LOCAL COMICS SHOP REFUSED TO NEGOTIATE ON THE PRICE -- UNTIL I THREATENED TO TELL THE VICE SQUAD THAT HE WAS SELLING BETTY PAGE TRADING CARDS TO MINORS. WE SETTLED ON 10% OF GUIDE. I LEFT THE SHOP CLUTCHING MY LATEST PRIZE -- ONLY TO BE ACCOSTED BY SOME LOWLIFE LOITERING OUTSIDE."

'SCUSE ME -- DO YOU HAVE A LIGHT?

"I TAUGHT THE RUFFIAN A SHARP LESSON."

YAAAH! KEEP AWAY FROM MY PRECIOUS MINT COPY!

"OF COURSE, AFTER THAT DISTASTEFUL INCIDENT, I'LL NEVER PATRONIZE THAT STORE AGAIN."

LATER, HIS READING DONE, THE COLLECTOR COMPLETES HIS EVENING RITUAL. HE CAREFULLY RETURNS THE PRECIOUS COMIC TO ITS PROTECTIVE SLEEVE...

...THEN HE CARRIES HIS TREASURE DOWN AN ANCIENT STAIRCASE TO HIS CELLAR.

THERE, AMIDST BOXES AND CRATES OF LONG-FORGOTTEN HEIRLOOMS, HE HAS CONSTRUCTED A HOME FOR HIS COLLECTION...



...A GIANT, CLIMATE-CONTROLLED VAULT, WHICH KEEPS TEMPERATURE AND HUMIDITY AT OPTIMUM LEVELS TO PRESERVE HIS COLLECTION!

THOUSANDS OF COMICS -- AND THEY'RE MINE, ALL MINE! I'LL NEVER SHARE THEM WITH ANYONE!

LARVA  
GIRL  
THRU  
MOLLUSK  
MAN

MANY MIGHT CONSIDER THE COLLECTOR'S SECLUDED, SINGLE-MINDED LIFE TO BE SAD, LONELY, EVEN PATHETIC -- BUT ONCE HE ENTERS HIS VAULT, HE FEELS SURROUNDED BY THOUSANDS OF FRIENDS.

ONE DAY, A FATEFUL EVENT CAUSES AN ALTERATION IN THE COLLECTOR'S BELOVED ROUTINE -- HIS FAITHFUL BUTLER SMEDLEY TAKES A WEEKEND OFF TO VISIT HIS AGING MOTHER!

GOODBYE, SIR. I SHALL SEE YOU ON MONDAY.

LOUSY INGRATE! I PAY HIS SALARY FOR 14 YEARS, AND HE REPAYS ME BY DESERTING ME FOR TWO DAYS!

THAT NIGHT, THE COLLECTOR GOES TO THE VAULT AS USUAL, BUT WHEN HE OPENS THE MASSIVE DOOR...

IT'S WARM!  
OH, NO!

HEAT! ONE OF THE GREATEST ENEMIES OF OLD COMICS! CALMLY, THE COLLECTOR CHECKS THE THERMOSTAT...

OHMIGOSH! 97 DEGREES! THE CONTROL ISN'T WORKING! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?!

QUICKLY AND DECISIVELY, HE SETS TO WORK TO REPAIR THE MALFUNCTIONING UNIT. FIRST, HE ASSEMBLES HIS TOOLS...

OOOH!

AAAH!

OWWW!

...THEN, WITH HIS VAST STORE OF TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE, HE BEGINS HIS TASK...

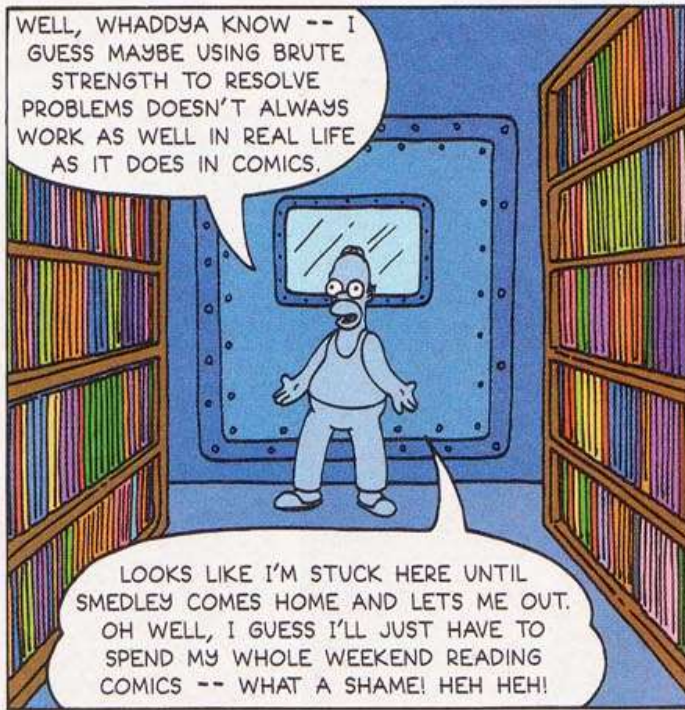
HMMM...MAYBE IF I POKE THIS DOOHICKEY--

...BUT HIS EFFORTS ARE IN VAIN!

OOPS...I GUESS I SHOULD'VE TRIED THAT OTHER THINGAMAJIG...

AS HE CONTEMPLATES THE MELTED RUIN OF THE CLIMATE CONTROL, HIS FAITHFUL DOG ENTERS THE VAULT...









WAIT A MINUTE! I CAN SEE MY BREATH! IT'S GETTING COLD IN HERE!

WHEN THE CLIMATE CONTROL SHORTED OUT, THE REFRIGERATION UNIT MUST HAVE KICKED IN FULL BLAST!



ONCE AGAIN HE BRAVELY TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF...

HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME! GET ME OUT OF HERE! HEEEEELP!



FINALLY, HE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR, EXHAUSTED AND SHIVERING...

THE TEMPERATURE INSIDE THE VAULT CONTINUES TO PLUNGE. NOW IT IS FAR BELOW FREEZING! THE COLLECTOR HUGGLES AGAINST THE DOOR FOR A LONG TIME, FIGHTING THE COLD. HE FEELS THE HORRIBLE NUMBNESS OF FROSTBITE OVERTAKING HIM.



FINALLY, INEVITABLY, HE KNOWS WHAT HE MUST DO...

ON MONDAY MORNING, SMEDLEY RETURNS. WHEN HE FINDS THAT HIS MASTER IS NOT UPSTAIRS, HE HEADS FOR THE VAULT. SEEING THE CRATES PILED AGAINST THE DOOR, HE IMMEDIATELY GRASPS THE SITUATION...



GOOD LORD!

FRANTICALLY, HE MOVES THE CRATES AND OPENS THE DOOR. SMEDLEY IS HORRIFIED AS HIS MASTER EMERGES, HALF-FROZEN AND GIBBERING INSANELY...



NEAR MINT! HEH HEH! SLIGHT SPINE ROLL! VERY FINE! HEH HEH!

SMEDLEY GAZES INTO THE VAULT AND SUDDENLY REALIZES WHAT HAS DRIVEN HIS MASTER MAD. THE SHELVES ARE EMPTY, AND ON THE FLOOR IS A GIANT PILE OF ASHES. IN ORDER TO KEEP FROM FREEZING TO DEATH, THE COLLECTOR HAD TO BURN HIS ENTIRE COMIC BOOK COLLECTION!



ULTRA-RARE! HEE HEE! ONLY KNOWN COPY! HAHAHAAAA!

THAT LITTLE SAGA CERTAINLY LEFT ME WITH A WARM GLOW! AFTER THAT WAY-COOL EXPERIENCE, I GUESS THE OL' MASTER WILL BE LUCKY IF HE CAN EVEN COLLECT HIS WITS! THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, SCREAM-FIENDS! UNTIL NEXT TIME, SEE YOU IN THE FUNNY PAGES!



THE END!