

# SIMPSONS<sup>TM</sup>

## COMICS



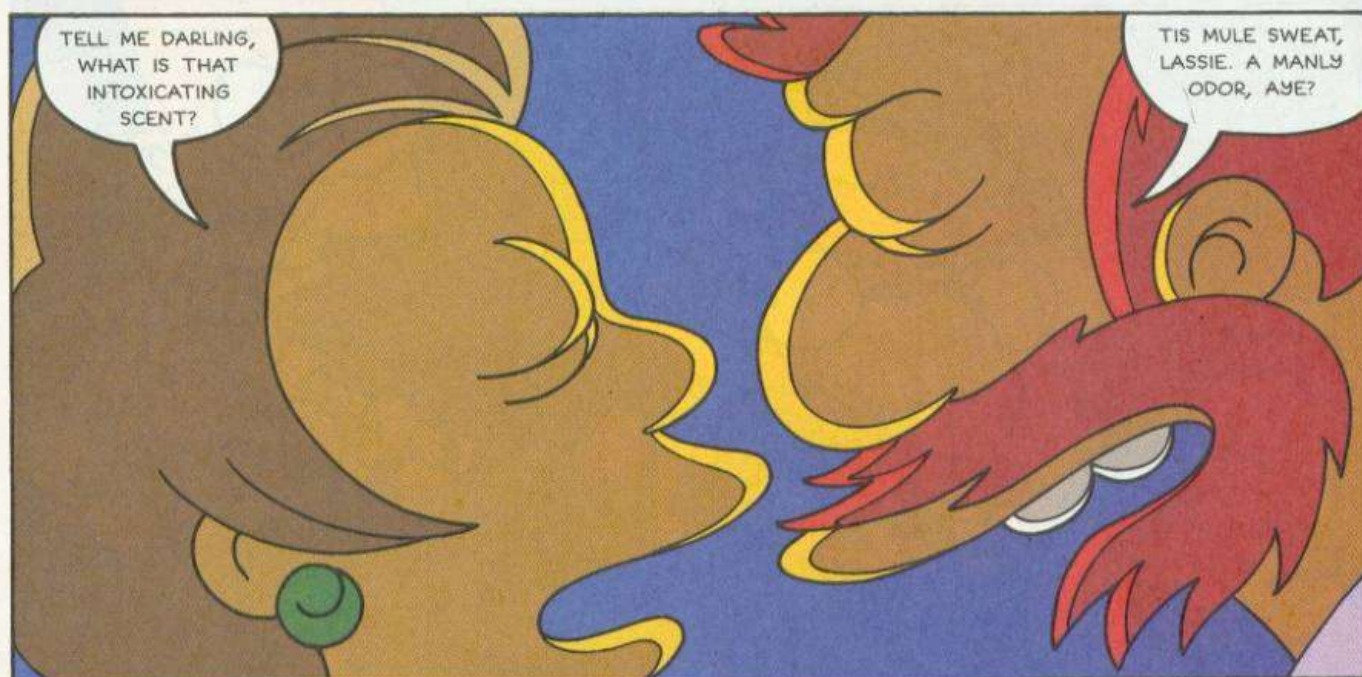
GROENING  
S. VANCE  
MORRIS





OH, WILLIE, HOW  
I'VE LONGED FOR  
THIS MOMENT.

AND ME  
AS WELL,  
EDNA.



TELL ME DARLING,  
WHAT IS THAT  
INTOXICATING  
SCENT?

TIS MULE SWEAT,  
LASSIE. A MANLY  
ODOR, AYE?



MANLY, YES.  
BUT I LIKE  
IT TOO.

AH HA!



# BE-BOP-A-LISA



SCRIPT & PENCILS  
BILL MORRISON

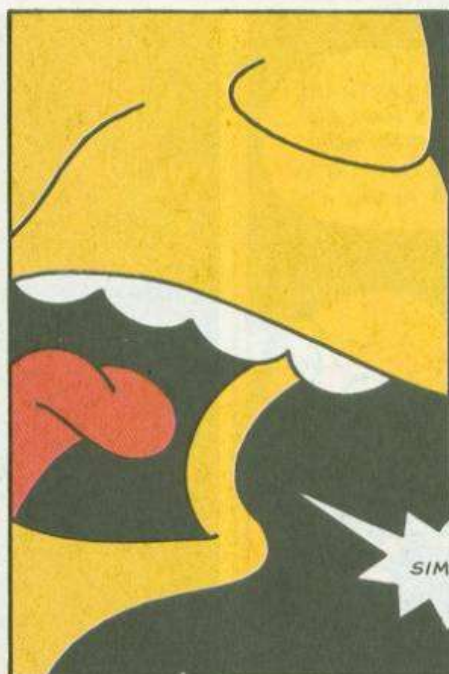
INKS  
TIM BAVINGTON

COLORS  
CINDY VANCE

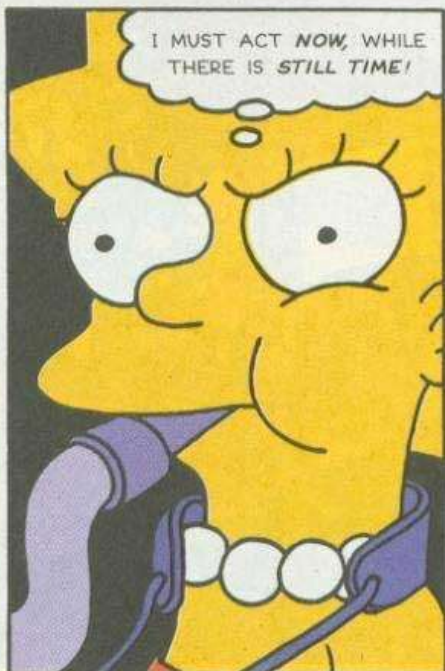
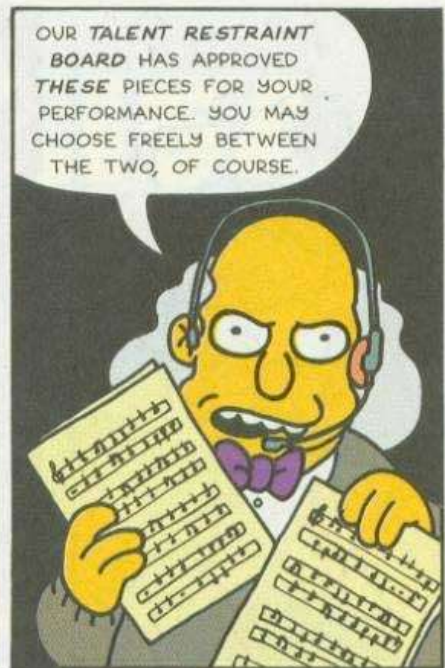
EDITOR  
STEVE VANCE

HEAD ROADIE  
MATT GROENING





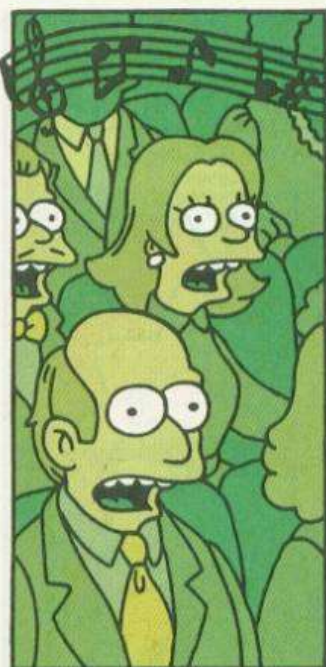








INSTEAD, HERE IS  
CHARLIE PARKER'S  
"BONGO BOP"!





...THAT WAS THE SCENE LAST NIGHT AT SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, AS MISS SIMPSON WAS *USHERED* FROM THE STAGE.



A *BRAWL* ERUPTED IN THE AUDIENCE BETWEEN RIVAL MUSIC FACTIONS. IT LASTED A FULL *20 SECONDS*, ENDING WHEN SOMEBODY ANNOUNCED "*FREE COFFEE AND DONUTS*" IN THE OUTER HALL.



AW, MARGE, I *TOLD* YOU WE SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE AFTER LISA. WE MISSED THE DONUTS.

LISA, I KNOW YOU'RE UPSET ABOUT THE DISAST-- UM, I MEAN, THE INCIDENT LAST NIGHT, BUT IT'S *SATURDAY*.



WHY DON'T YOU GO WITH BART TO THE MALL AND HAVE SOME FUN?



OKAY. THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED TO DO AT THE MALL, ANYWAY.



SPRINGFIELD MALL

GET THE LEAD OUT, LISA. YOU WALK LIKE MY OLD LADY.

I'M TELLING MOM YOU SAID THAT.



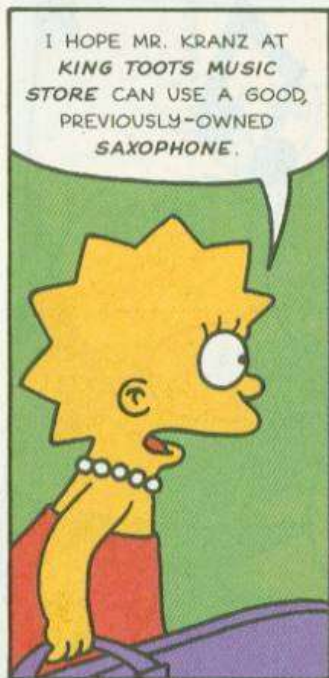
HEY, BART, NOISELAND IS PREMIERING THE NEW *ITCHY & SCRATCHY* GAME. IT'S CALLED *MORTAL BOMBCAT*!

WHY IS YOUR SISTER CARRYING A MACHINE GUN?

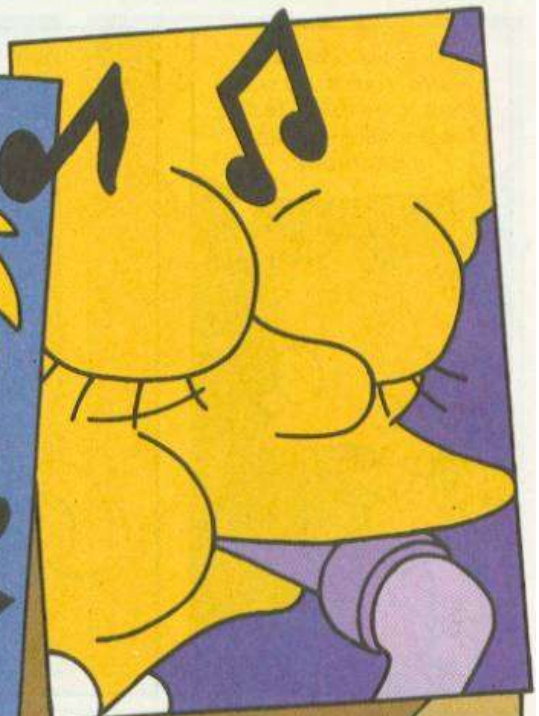
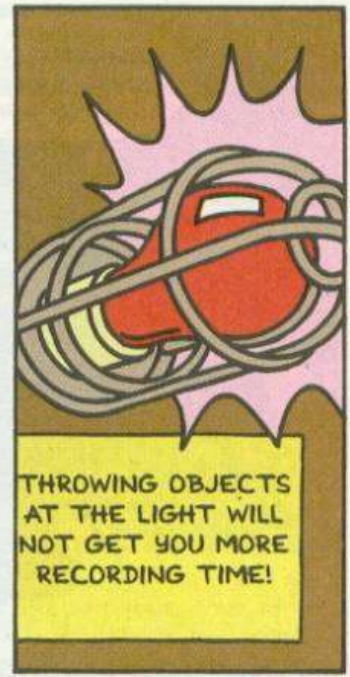
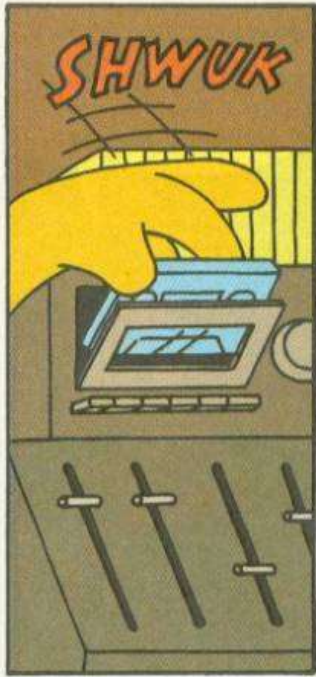
SHE'S JUST WEIRD. C'MON.





















MEANWHILE...

IT'S BLANK!  
THE MAN AT THE  
RECORDING STUDIO  
MUST HAVE GIVEN ME  
THE *WRONG* TAPE!



MOM, I NEED  
A RIDE TO THE  
MALL. IT'S AN  
EMERGENCY!



AFTER A WORDY  
EXPLANATION...

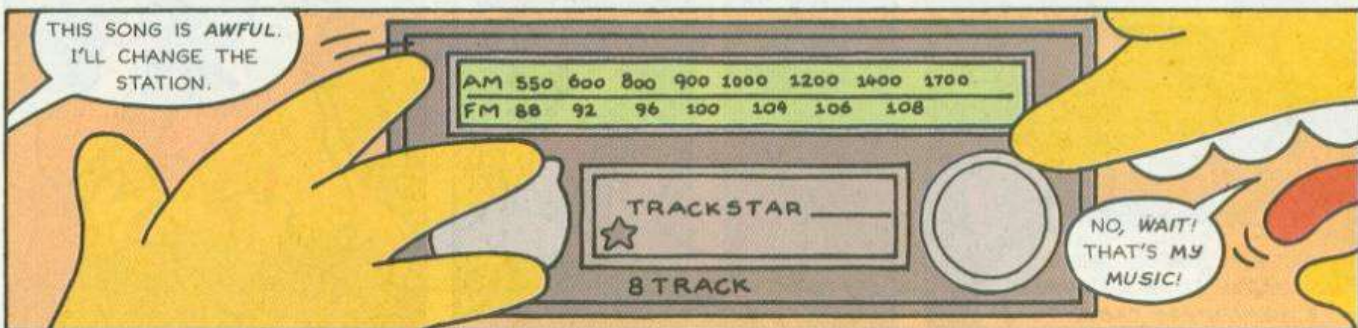
...SO MY TAPE MUST STILL BE AT  
THE STUDIO. NOW THAT I'VE SOLD  
MY SAXOPHONE, *THAT RECORDING*  
IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF MY  
SHATTERED DREAM.



ALRIGHT, LISA, JUST  
RELAX. LET'S PUT  
ON SOME MUSIC.

LIFE IS FUTILE, MY  
WORLD TURNING BLACK.  
I CLIPPED MY TOENAILS, BUT  
THEY KEEP GROWING BACK.

THIS SONG IS AWFUL.  
I'LL CHANGE THE  
STATION.



NO, WAIT!  
THAT'S MY  
MUSIC!

THAT WAS OTTO AND THE  
SCREAMING WHINERS...

OTTO CAME INTO THE  
STUDIO AFTER ME. THE  
TECHNICIAN MUST HAVE LEFT  
THE TAPE IN THE MACHINE  
AND COMBINED OTTO'S SONG  
WITH MY SAX SOLO!



TO THE RADIO  
STATION, MOM,  
AND STEP ON IT!



MINUTES LATER...

I'VE GOT TO  
SEE THE DJ.  
HE WAS PLAYING  
MY TAPE!

SURE, HONEY.  
YOU KNOW, I  
WAS THE FIFTH  
BEATLE.

G'WAN,  
BEAT IT!





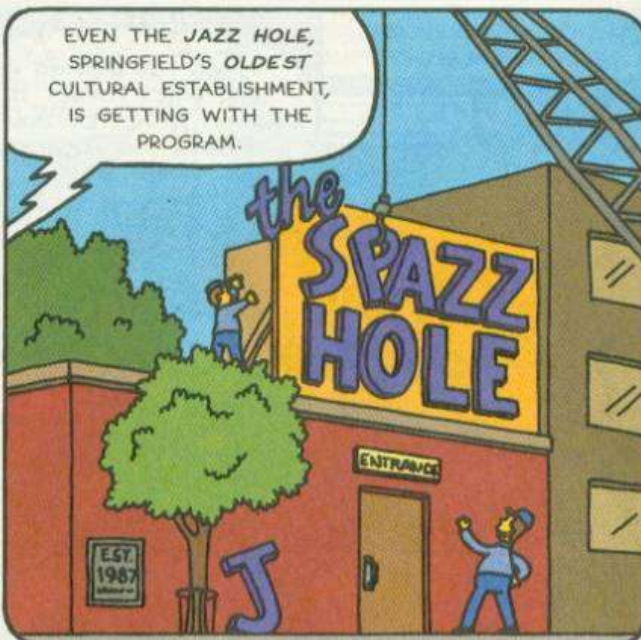




THEY CALL IT *SPAZZ* MUSIC, AND IT HAS TAKEN MUSIC CRITICS AND FANS ALIKE BY STORM.



EVEN THE JAZZ HOLE, SPRINGFIELD'S OLDEST CULTURAL ESTABLISHMENT, IS GETTING WITH THE PROGRAM.



AND THIS IS THE MAN TO THANK, ONE MR. OTTO MANE OF OTTO AND THE SCREAMING WHINERS.



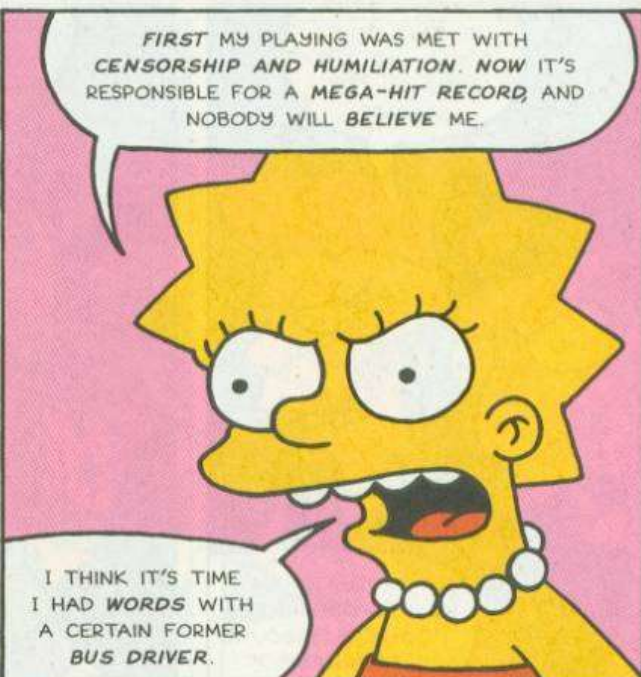
IT IS HE ALONE WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE HIT SONG "SMELLS LIKE FUTILITY", WHICH LAUNCHED SPAZZMANIA.



OTTO AND HIS BAND MAY BE SEEN PERFORMING THE MONSTER HIT AT THE SPRINGFIELD COLLISEUM TOMORROW NIGHT, AS THEY KICK OFF THEIR BIG TRI-COUNTY FUTILITY TOUR.



FIRST MY PLAYING WAS MET WITH CENSORSHIP AND HUMILIATION. NOW IT'S RESPONSIBLE FOR A MEGA-HIT RECORD, AND NOBODY WILL BELIEVE ME.

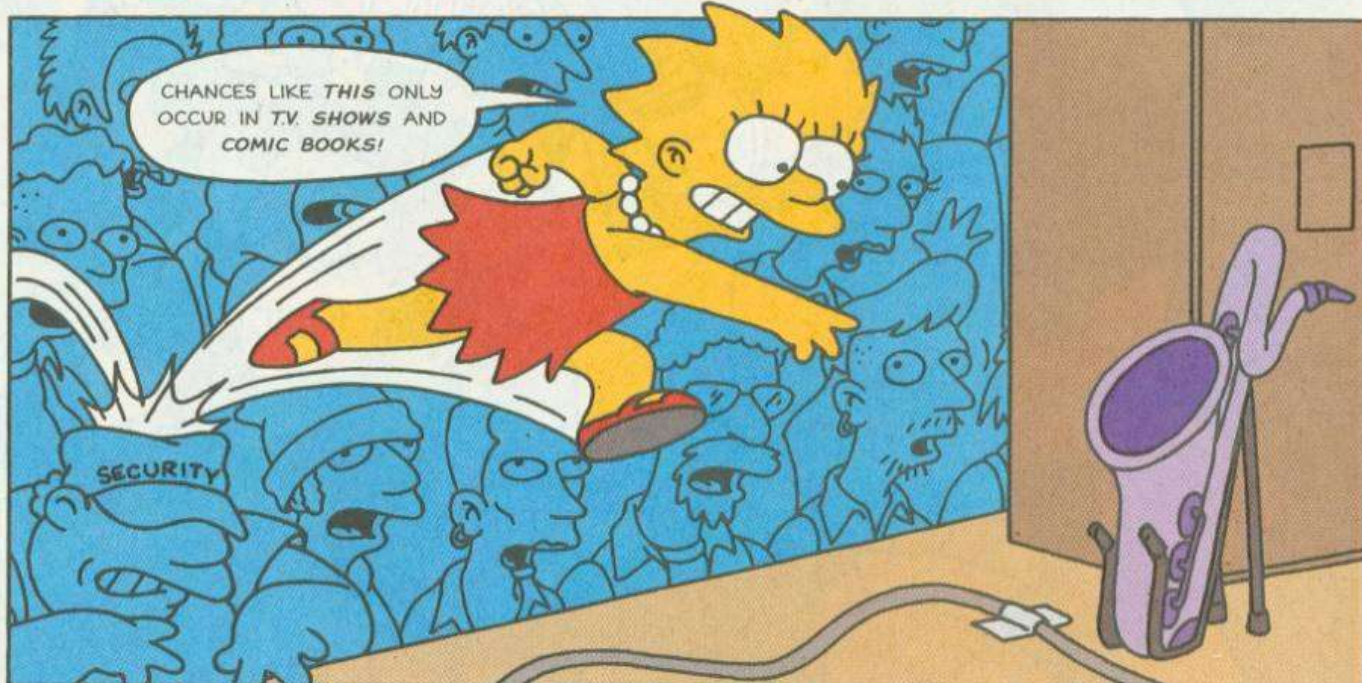
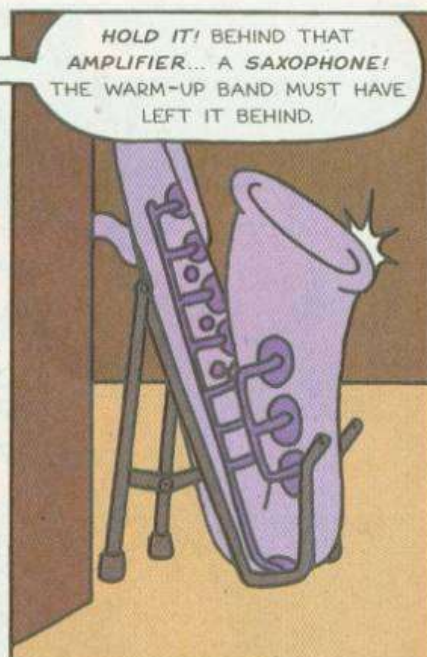
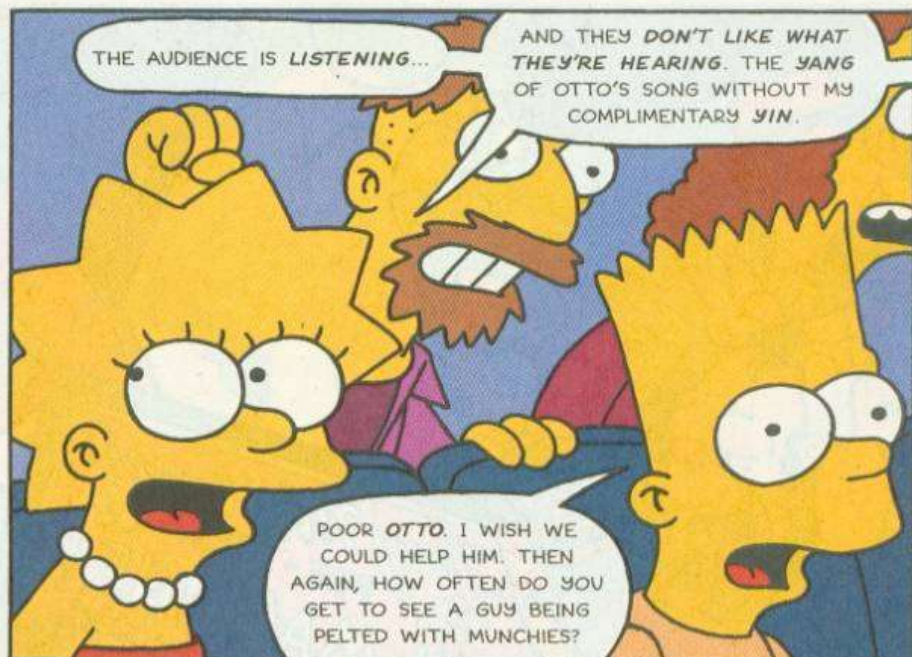


I THINK IT'S TIME I HAD WORDS WITH A CERTAIN FORMER BUS DRIVER.











THIS PAST WEEK HAS  
JUST BEEN FABULOUS!

THE  
CELEBRITY  
PARTIES...

THE HIGH-  
PROFILE GIGS...

Troy McClure's  
PRE-TEEN  
SOUL MACHINE!













THE NEXT EVENING, AT THE  
MEGA-DOME IN CAPITAL CITY...



THE HOUSE IS  
REALLY FILLING  
UP, OTTO.



I THINK I SEE SOME  
VERY BIG PEOPLE IN  
THE FRONT ROW.



ALL RIIIGHT!  
KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR  
& THE JOLLY GREEN  
GIANT GOT MY  
INVITATIONS!

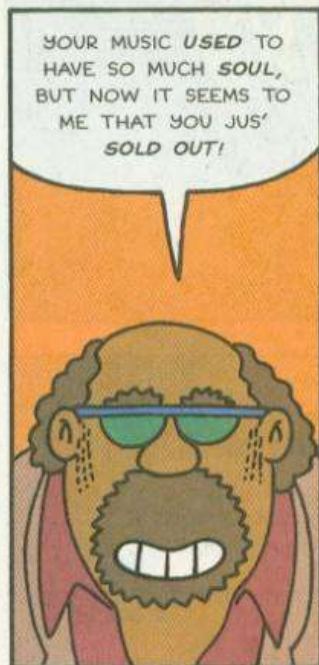
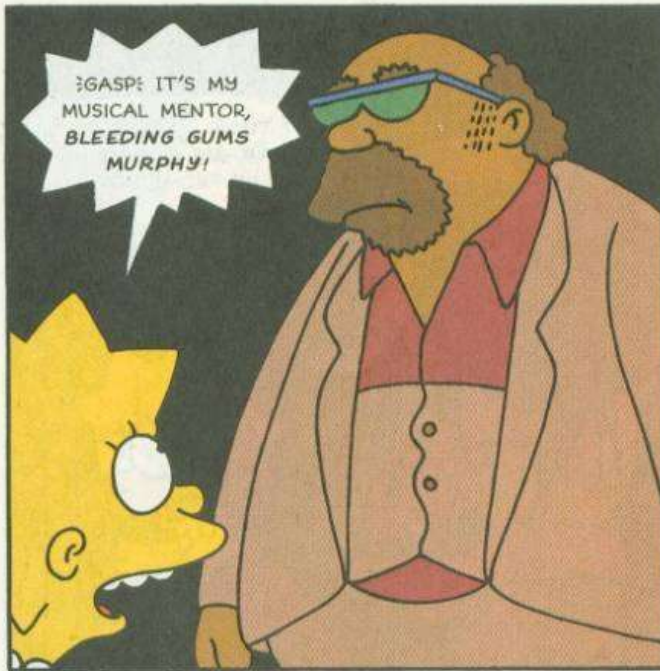


NO, I'M TALKING ABOUT  
RECORD COMPANY EXECUTIVES!

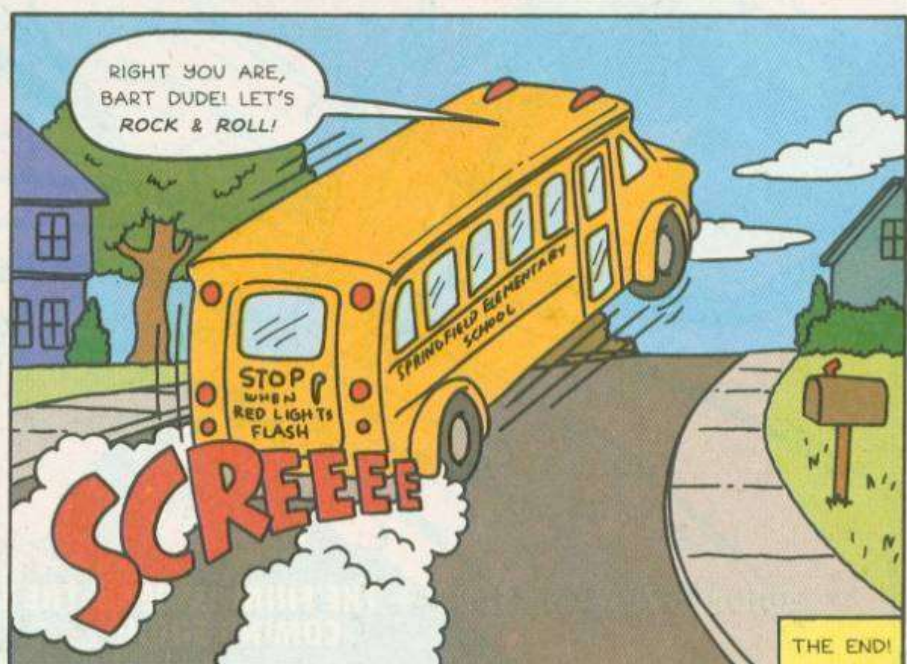
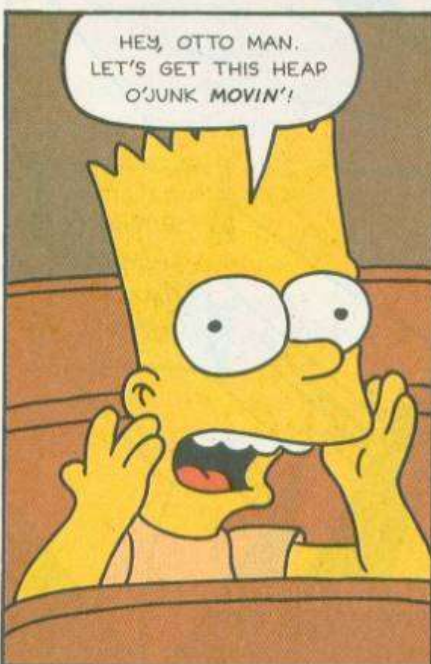
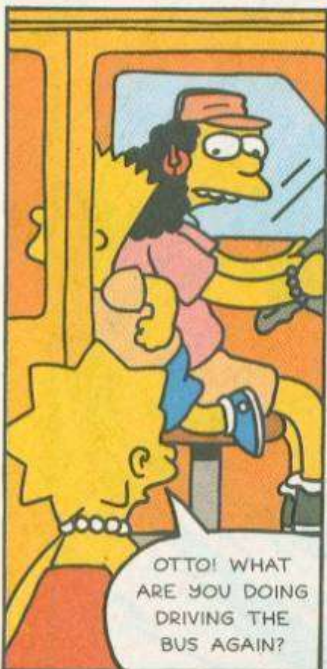
IF WE CAN GET A  
RECORDING CONTRACT  
WITH A MAJOR LABEL...

WHAT'S  
HAPPENIN',  
LITTLE SISTER?









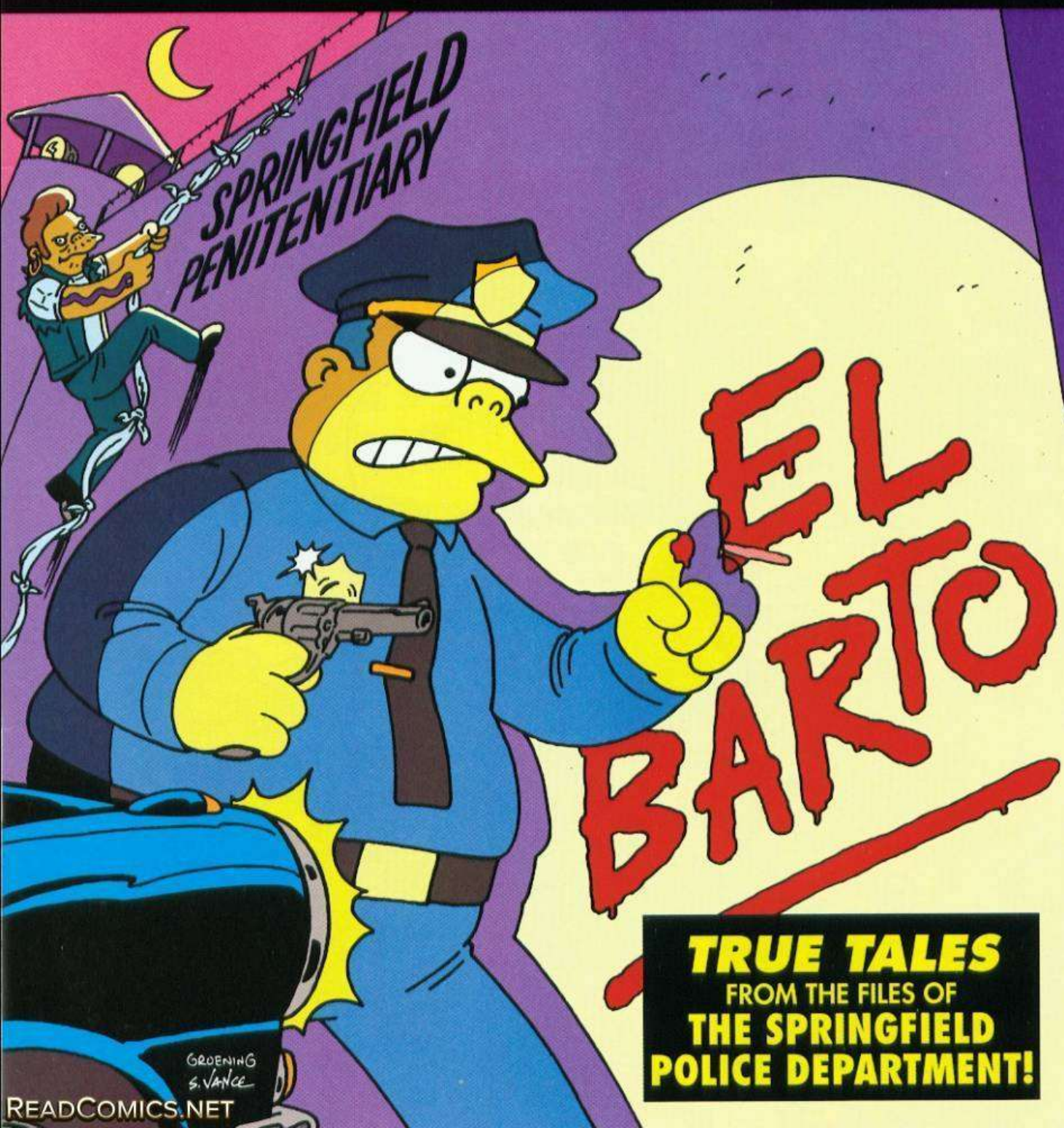




CHIEF WIGGUM'S PRE-CODE

#1  
OCT.

# CRIME COMICS



**TRUE TALES**  
FROM THE FILES OF  
**THE SPRINGFIELD**  
**POLICE DEPARTMENT!**

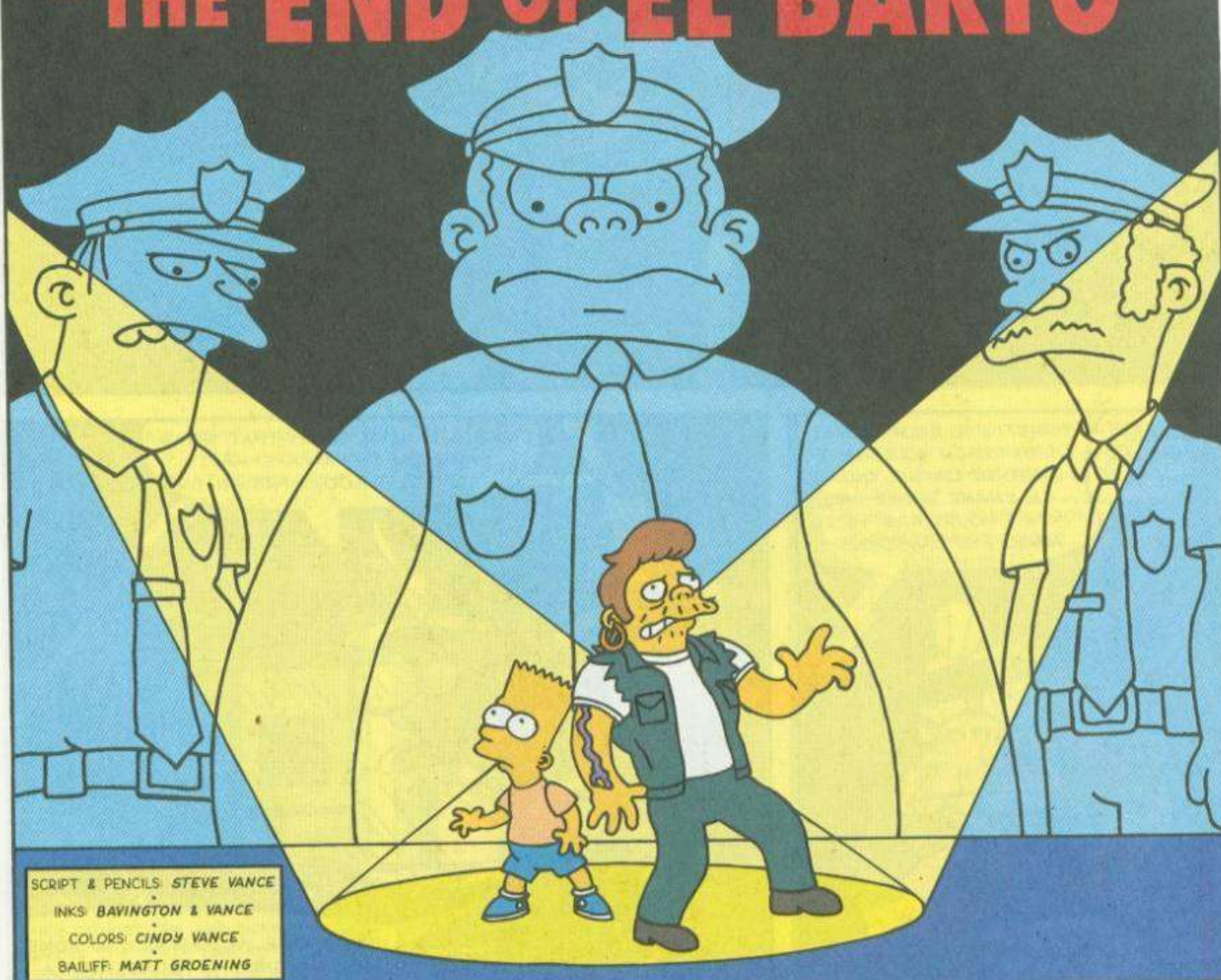
GROENING  
S. VANCE

READCOMICS.NET



HELLO TO ALL YOU YOUNG COMIC BOOK READERS. **POLICE CHIEF WIGGUM** HERE, TO GIVE YOU THE INSIDE POOP ON ONE OF THE **TOUGHEST CASES** IN MY LONG AND ILLUSTRIOUS CAREER IN LAW ENFORCEMENT! THIS PARTICULAR BAD GUY WAS BOTH **SLIPPERY** AND **RESOURCEFUL**, BUT HIS LUCK **RAN OUT**, AS IT DOES FOR ALL CRIMINALS! SO IF YOU'RE EVER TEMPTED TO CHEAT ON A TEST OR KNOCK OVER A CONVENIENCE STORE OR IN ANY OTHER WAY BREAK THE RULES OF OUR SOCIETY, JUST REMEMBER...

# "THE END OF EL BARTO"



SCRIPT & PENCILS: STEVE VANCE  
INKS: BAVINGTON & VANCE  
COLORS: CINDY VANCE  
BAILIFF: MATT GROENING

THIS SORDID TALE BEGAN WHEN I WAS CALLED TO THE MANSION OF **MONTGOMERY BURNS**, OWNER OF THE SPRINGFIELD NUKE PLANT AND LEADING CONTRIBUTOR TO THE **POLICEMEN'S RECREATIONAL FUND**. BURNS'S ASSISTANT, **WAYLON SMITHERS**, REPORTED THAT ONE OF MR. BURNS'S CARS WAS MISSING AFTER THE POWER PLANT EMPLOYEES' ANNUAL MANDATORY PICNIC...

HUH? ALL THIS FUSS OVER THAT OLD PIECE OF JUNK? I WOULD'VE THOUGHT NUKE-BOY COULD AFFORD A NEW CAR!

SIGH: OUR SYSTEM OF JUSTICE IS IN THE HANDS OF CRETINS!



THAT'S MR. BURNS'S PRIZED **BUGATTI ROYALE**, VALUED AT \$9.8 MILLION.

OH. SURE. I KNEW THAT.



HEY, CHIEF...

...IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR OLD NEMESIS **EL BARTO** LEFT HIS CALLING CARD!

SO HE'S GRADUATED TO **HOT CARS** NOW, EH? I ALWAYS KNEW EXPERIMENTING WITH **GRAFFITI** WOULD LEAD HIM TO THE HARDER STUFF!





