

The Origins Of

Ambush Ant



No. 13

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Perils of Paula

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*...because
YOU asked for it!*

It all started long long ago, when my real parents put me into a tiny spacecraft to save me from the destruction of the planet Buggoff.



Luckily, a lovely farmer and his kindly wife were taking a walk out to see the cows on that fateful morning. Having nothing better to do that day, they took me in.

Though I grew up without any siblings, I was never lonely, for I had my trusty and ever-faithful companion.



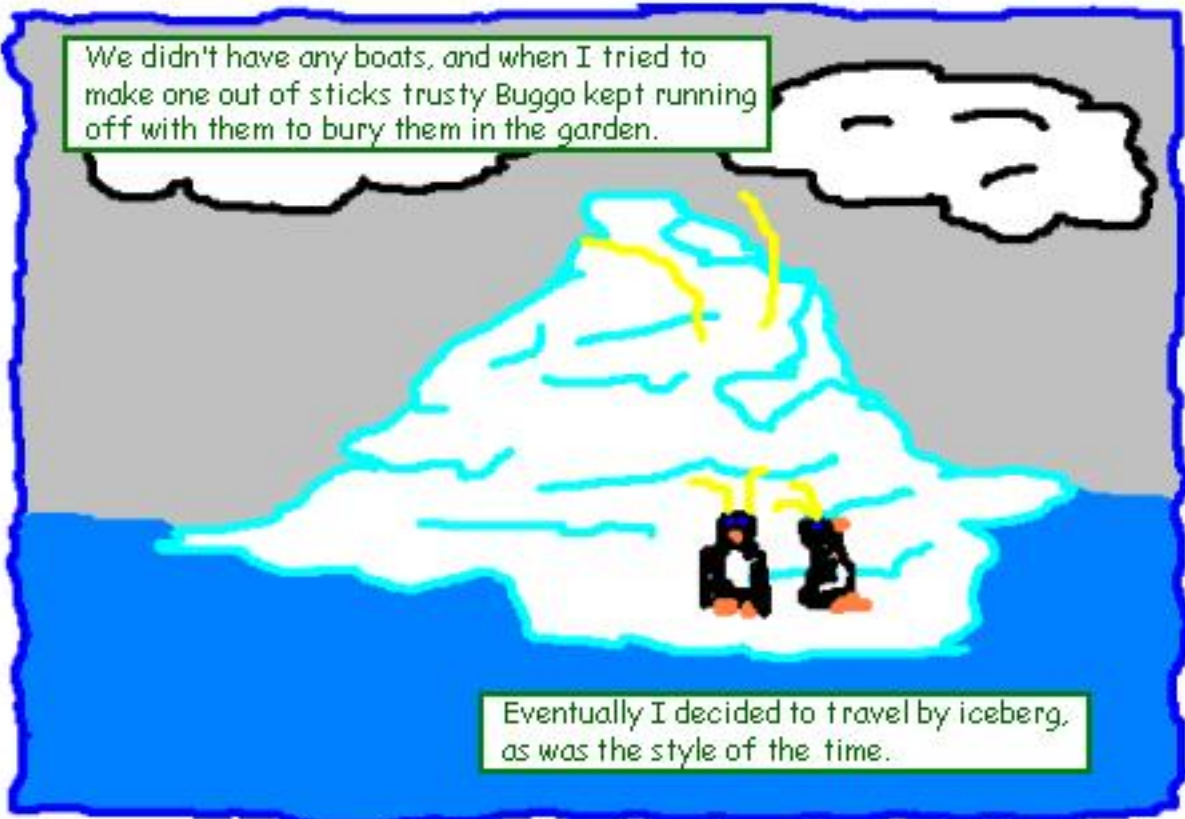
To honor the home planet I never knew, I wanted to call him Bugger Dog, but mom and pop suggested I name him Buggo instead. Boy, could he ever fetch!

Then one day, the time came for me to leave the nest.

After countless hours of endless training, I battled with my sisters to win the right to travel to man's world!



We didn't have any boats, and when I tried to make one out of sticks trusty Buggo kept running off with them to bury them in the garden.



Eventually I decided to travel by iceberg, as was the style of the time.



After forty or fifty years, I found my way in the New York harbor, saying hello to Lady Liberty herself. What a looker!

I knew at that moment that I had found my new home, my calling, my destiny...

...and that soon I'd have to find a job.



My first job as a world-renowned research scientist ended poorly when I was suddenly struck by a bolt of lightning while holding a highly unstable flask of a glowing green substance. I blamed it on the rain.

I soon found other employment as a janitor for a nuclear waste company.

One day, I overheard my coworkers talking about how they sometimes hid **COOKIES** in the barrels marked hazardous, just to keep people out.

So one day, when nobody was looking, I snuck out back to get me some of those cookies.

All I found was bunny-tasting dough, and myself out of another job.

Finally I decided there was something missing in the big city, something missing inside myself. It was time to seek out the big picture, the great oneness, enlightenment.

I trekked out into the desert for days on end until I located the mysterious swami who would show me the way to nirvana..

MMMMMMMM

...but eventually he just showed me the door.


CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING...





Lil Countess
IN
No Stomach for Crime

Lil Countess, the darling of Paragon City, confronts contaminated thugs harassing passersby.



Hey you, quit throwing rocks, it's not nice! You should learn to behave.

Bite me, princess!



So I went back to the city,
dejected and depressed.

Then when I was going to pass out behind
the 7-11 a green midget with a big head
offered me the once-in-a-lifetime
opportunity to join the Bug Lamp Corps.

It was great for a
while, but after a
couple centuries I
started to chafe at the
authority, and the way
the costume kept riding
up didn't help, neither.

Anyway, I ended up turning in my ring.

And then one night, a radioactive ant broke through my bed room
window... and then it bit me... yeah, that's it, it BIT me!

AAAAAH!

At that moment, I knew my
place in this crazy universe.

That very night, I took up the cape and antennae and assumed a name that would strike fear into the hearts of evil-doers everywhere - the **AMBUSH ANT!**



And to this day, I stand watch in eternal vigilance, ever staying up late for the night watch to keep watch over the city that needs watching....

...the city of paragons...

...the city that never wants to see the back of me...

...Rhode Island's own...



(that means me!)



*The
End*