

# Moeba

## ADVENTURES

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PRESS

11

JULY

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fanzine  
organization

SMALL PRESS SYNDICATE



UFO

# The Slimeball Speaks (words from Nik)

- This is the official **Chicagocon 1993 Issue of Amoeba Adventures**...accept no substitutes! Yes, as I write this I'm preparing to head to the nation's biggest convention July 2-4, where I hope to actually meet Neil Gaiman, Curt Swan, and some of the other legends of comicdom! If you're there, look for me--I'll be the tall, befuddled fellow in the shades. Next issue I'll have a full report on the con, with (if we're lucky) photos!
- This issue, by the by, is a perfect spot for new readers to catch the *Amoeba* wave before it passes them by! If you're reading this comic for the first time, and wondering, "what the hey is going on?", wonder no more--on the facing page you'll see a handy-dandy capsule summary of all that's gone before now, plus an illustration letting you know who's who and what's what. If you like *Amoeba Adventures*, recommend it to your friends! Relatives! Pets! And, of course, as always, subscriptions continue to be available at the mere price of \$5 for four issues---and considering that the price of a single issue tends to vary around here (next issue, all 70-80 pages of it, will be \$3.50, for example), a subscription is your best bet! Oh, and if you think I may end up pulling another hiatus, don't worry--I've got this comic currently plotted up to #28, believe it or not, with every intention of seeing it that far!
- I hope you "regulars" enjoy this issue, I consider it my favorite so far...a good story that ties up a lot of loose ends and does a bit of character-building, and has some amazing artwork by Max Ink and Larry Towsley! I'm sure you'll agree with me that Max and Larry outdid themselves with this issue--Max, of course, has previously worked on *Dr. Phlegm* and *Prometheus: The Silent Storm* for me, and among other books, *Dungar* and *A.G. Graphix Presents*, plus his new book *Maximum Inkage*, available from him at 486 E. Moler St, Columbus, OH 43207. Larry's done some work on *Ratman*, and this is his first Protoplasm Press material. Both may hopefully be returning for a special story in *Amoeba Adventures* #14, this Christmas.
- I must thank the generous folks who nominated Protoplasm Press for five Feedback awards in Bob Elinskas' first annual *Small Press Feedback* awards! Nominations included: *Silent Storm*, Best Small Press Comic; *Amoeba Adventures*, Best Writer, Best Digest; *Zine*, Best Reviewzine; and Max Ink scored a nomination for Best Artist for his work on *Dungar*, *Dr. Phlegm*, and *A.G. Graphix Presents*! Congratulations to all the winners and other nominees!
- Uh, so, Nik, where was the UFO checklist last ish? ...ah, sorry, folks! Didn't realize my error until the issue was already printed and half of 'em mailed. This time, I've included a "scaled down" version of the current monolithic checklist, in the inside back cover. Sorry again!
- Next issue, we've got what I like to call the "inventory" issue: the special fiftieth anniversary issue of *Amoeba Adventures*, (yes, that's right, I said "fiftieth": more next time on that) with lots of talented small

Continued on pg. 22

**Amoeba Adventures #11, July 1993.** Published when the cock crows three by Protoplasm Press, P.O. Box 2230, University, MS 38677-2230. Additional copies \$1, subscriptions \$5/4 issues. All contents are ©1993 Nik Dirga, all rights reserved, totally and irrevocably. A new catalog is available from me--send a stamp. This one's for you, because I like you just the way you are.



# Welcome to the story so far...



PROMETHEUS



RAMBUNNY



NINJA ANT



KARATE  
KACTUS



SPIF



RAOUL



HANK



KYOKO



DAWN  
STAR



ALEX

What? Who's he? And she? And what is that? Well, then, make yourself comfortable, friend, and listen. It's OK, you haven't missed much. And if you get lost along the way, I'm certain I shall find you again.

You see, it all started as a lark, really. The five of them had gotten together to play super-hero, with their first battle being against a giant mushroom. Yes, I know, hardly an auspicious beginning. But very quickly, it came to mean more than fun and games to them--but I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me introduce our cast to you.

First and foremost, there is Prometheus, brave-hearted little amoeba. Then of course you can't ignore Rambunny, simply because he is a seven-foot rabbit and doesn't take well to being neglected. And then we have Ninja Ant, merry prankster, Spif, the scientist, and Karate Kactus, our wise old sage.

These were the players that founded the troupe of do-gooders that are known as The All-Spongy Squadron--why? Well, Prometheus suggested the name, which admittedly sounded good at the time. Coming from a team that battles such villains as The Asbestos Mushroom, Velcroman, and Herr Heinous, it'll do.

The Squadron battled evil in all shapes, forms, and outfits all through Spongopolis and the world. After a particularly nasty battle with the sorcerer Agnus Dei, the Squadron decided to "take five." Ninja Ant and Karate Kactus went to Japan for a visit and some long-overdue sushi, while Prometheus and the others met Raoul the Boy Cockroach, battled some criminally-inclined apes, and went on *Late Night With David Letterman*, a media occasion that would've gone better if the Asbestos Mushroom hadn't happened to have shown up in a twenty-foot mushroom robot.

Prometheus, all during this, was wrestling with an identity crisis. This "hero" business was far more complex and, frankly, morally ambiguous than he'd thought. He sought comfort with a local priest. However, comfort turned into a most awful betrayal.

and Prometheus ended up kidnapped by the demonic Master Macabre.

Upon their discovery of Prometheus' abduction, Rambunny, Spif, and Raoul set off in search of him. They ended up suffering a major defeat under Macabre and his Huntsmen, Oscar, Werechuck, and the reluctant Alex the Inverted Man. Macabre's parting shot was the revelation that he no longer had Prometheus.

Where, then, was Prometheus? It was revealed that he was in the hands of a group of renegade scientists led by the fanatical Dr. Crane, who was convinced Prometheus held the secret of immortality. Crane planned to use his inventions to "extract" whatever powers Prometheus held, but all went awry when two of his scientists, Hank Jensen and Dawn Strauss, decided to rebel and free Prometheus. They did so, but not without conveniently gaining super-powers in the process (such is life).

Prometheus and his newfound allies Hank and Dawn then confronted Crane, who insisted that he'd won after all. Hank, overcome with anger, used his bizarre elemental powers to destroy Crane's hideaway, and presumably Crane with it.

The stage was then set for a reunion of the entire All-Spongy Squadron, new additions included. Ninja Ant and Karate Kactus had returned from Japan, along with their friend Kyoko. Prometheus declared to the assembled team that he now wanted to take the fight back to Macabre himself, who he saw as the true villain of the piece. No one could dissuade Prometheus from his quest for vengeance, and so the fortified team of nine members set off after Macabre.

In a huge confrontation with Macabre's Huntsmen, the All-Spongy Squadron seemed to have the winning hand, until Macabre's ally Alex used his time-controlling powers to defeat the team. However, Alex then turned on the domineering Macabre himself, turning the tide for the heroes.

As it was destined to be, Prometheus and Macabre confronted each other alone for the final battle.

Now, the Squadron has defeated their greatest enemy, but not without a cost: one of their members, Spif, was downed in action by the treachery of one of Macabre's Huntsmen, Werechuck.

The team has come to a turning point: are they ready to commit themselves to what this "superhero thing" can cost? Rambunny doubts he can carry the team much longer. Prometheus has tasted vengeance, and is frightened to find he likes it. Several members will make their decision, and some will leave forever. Others will take on new roles, while, in the distance, dark forces are working slowly to tear them apart once and for all...

# I QUIT!

"Late, late yestereen, I saw the New Moon  
With the Old Moon in her arms;  
And I fear, I fear, my master dear,  
We shall have a deadly storm."

-Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence

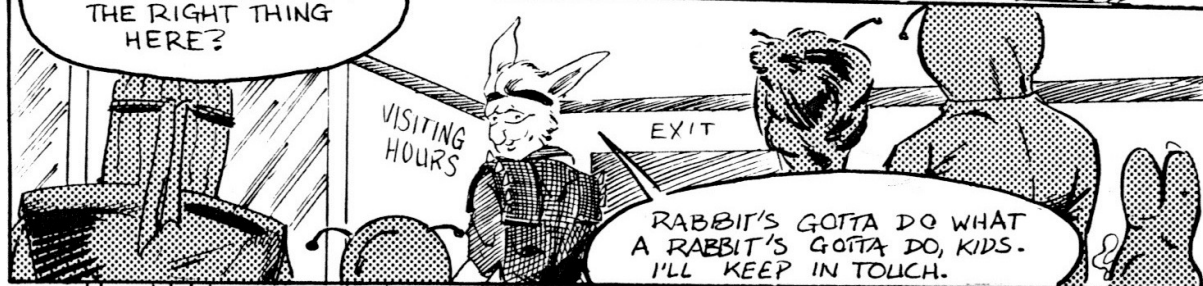
WRITTEN BY:  
NIK DIRGA  
DRAWN BY:  
MAX INK  
WITH  
NIK DIRGA  
LARRY  
TOWSLEY  
LETTERED BY:  
MAX INK

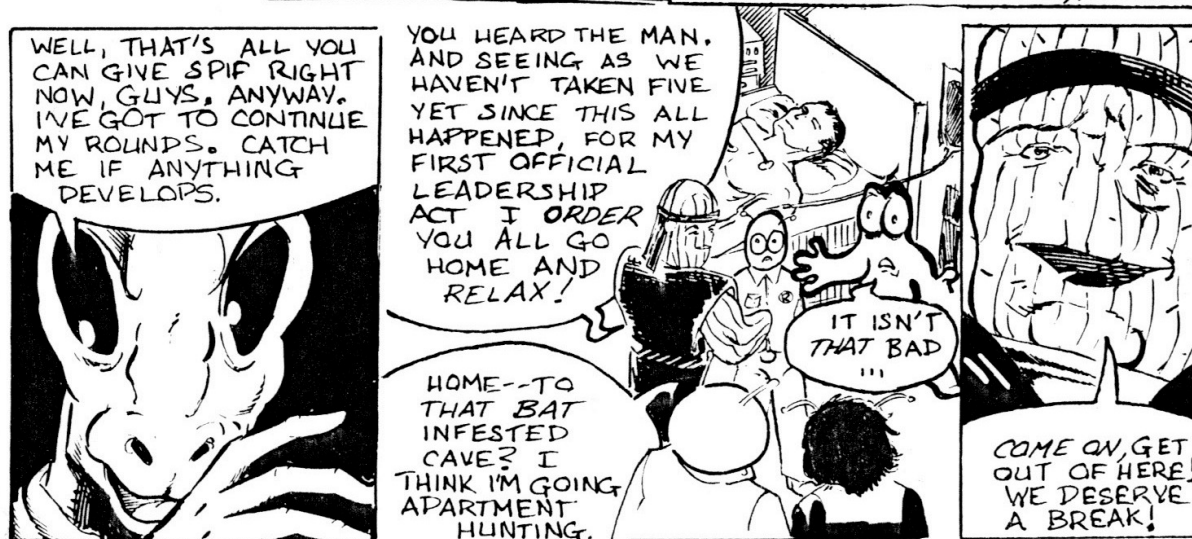
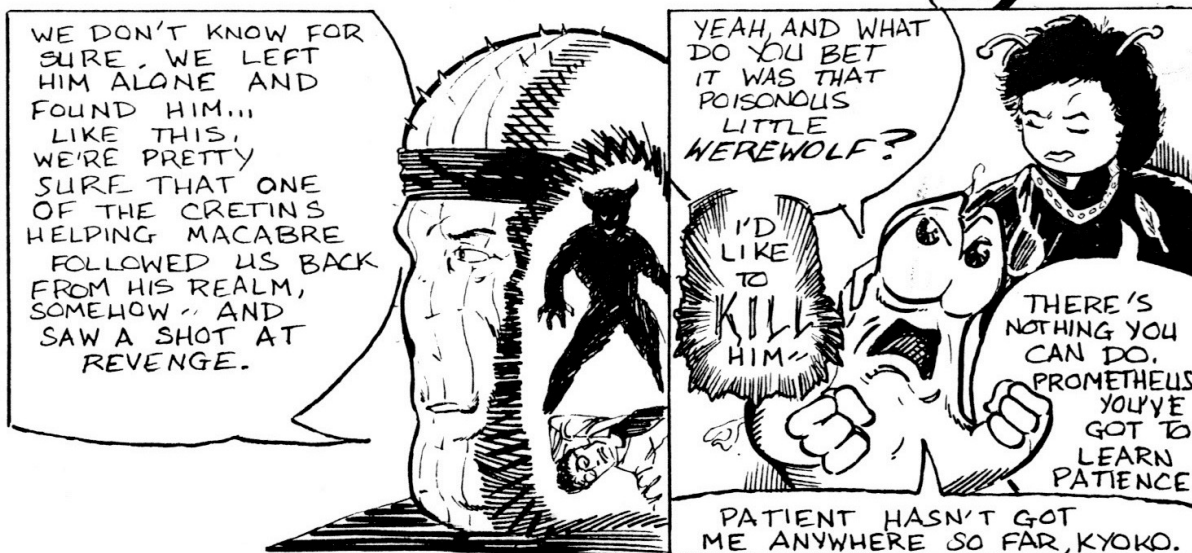
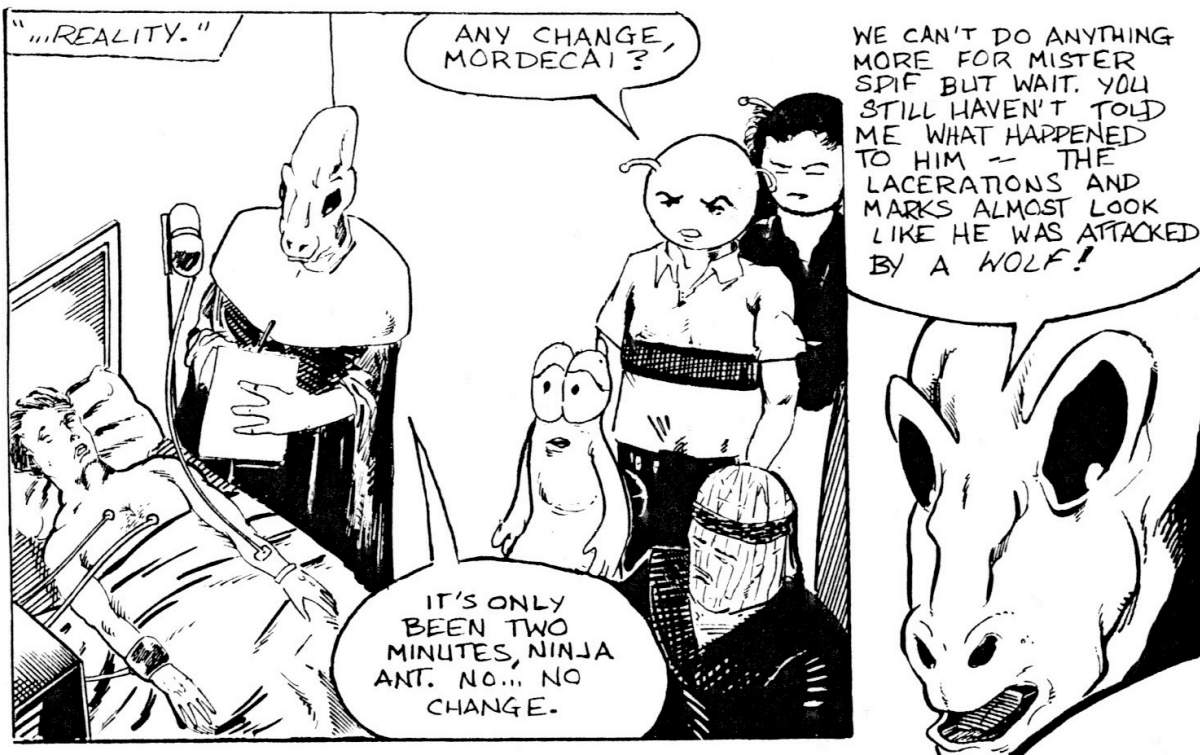
little

# EARTHQUAKES



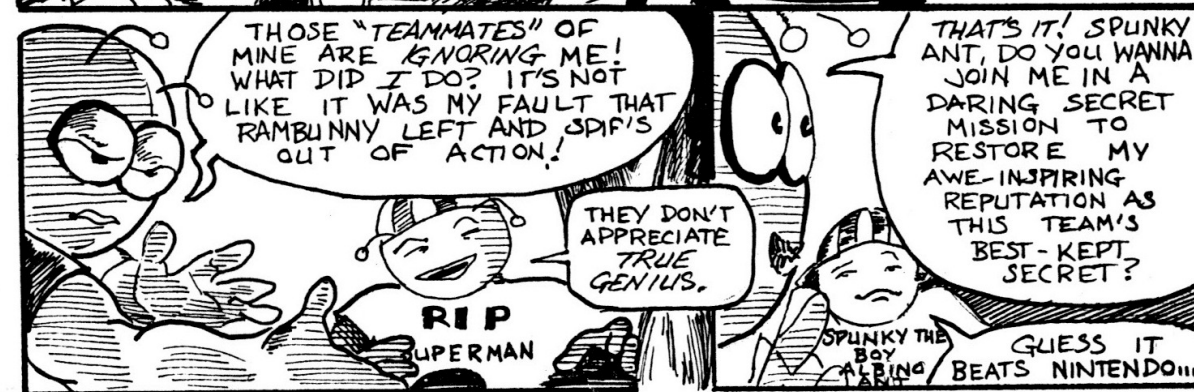














TOGETHER, WE  
SHALL BECOME  
A BOLD NEW  
CRIMEFIGHTING  
FORCE AND  
MAKE OTHERS  
RESPECT US--  
US--

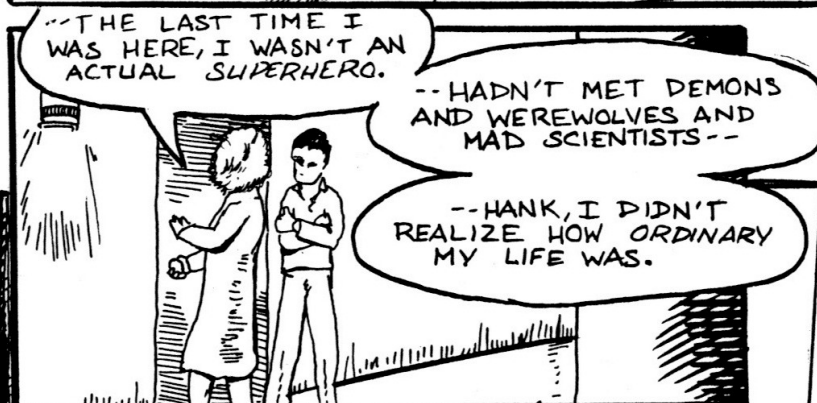
**NIGHTROACH**  
and  
**SPUNKY**  
THE  
BOY  
WONDER!



DENVER, COLORADO--

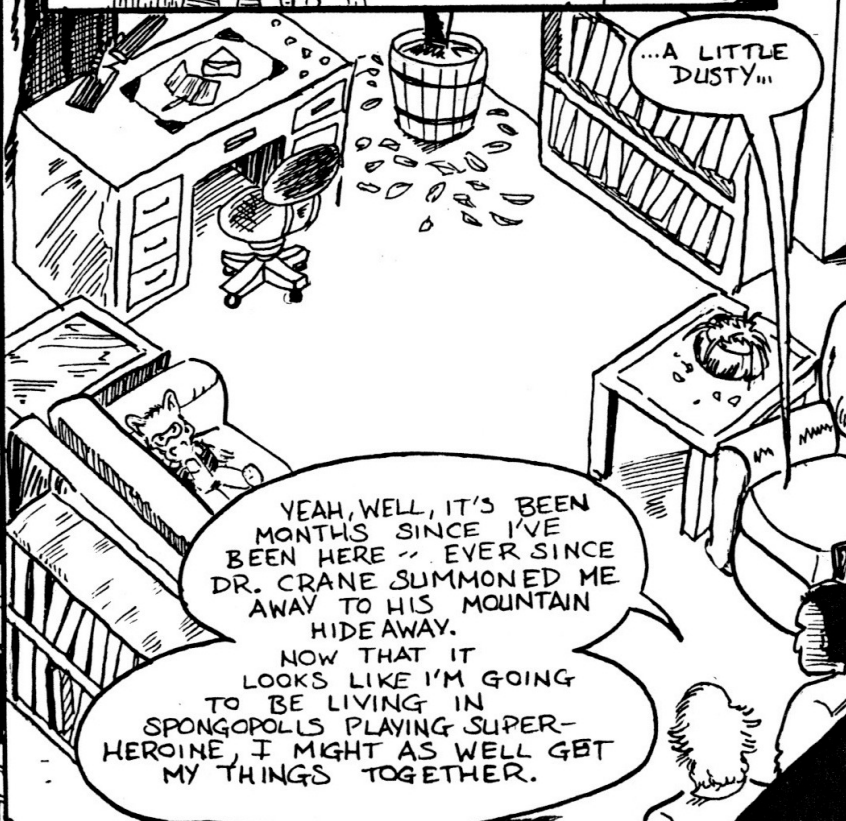


--THE LAST TIME I  
WAS HERE, I WASN'T AN  
ACTUAL SUPERHERO.



--HADN'T MET DEMONS  
AND WEREWOLVES AND  
MAD SCIENTISTS--

--HANK, I DIDN'T  
REALIZE HOW ORDINARY  
MY LIFE WAS.



YEAH, WELL, IT'S BEEN  
MONTHS SINCE I'VE  
BEEN HERE -- EVER SINCE  
DR. CRANE SUMMONED ME  
AWAY TO HIS MOUNTAIN  
HIDEAWAY.

NOW THAT IT  
LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING  
TO BE LIVING IN  
SPONGOPOLIS PLAYING SUPER-  
HEROINE, I MIGHT AS WELL GET  
MY THINGS TOGETHER.

YEAH,  
SUPERHEROES.



YOU KNOW, DAWN, I HAVEN'T DECIDED FOR SURE I WANT TO DO THIS THING YET.

I MEAN, I NEVER SAW MYSELF AS THE HERO TYPE-- I SURE DIDN'T DO ANY GOOD AGAINST MACABRE, DID I?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T DECIDED? I THOUGHT YOU WERE AS INTO THIS AS ANYONE! I MEAN, GOING BACK TO LAB WORK DOESN'T QUITE SEEM IN THE CARDS FOR US ANYMORE--

--YOU WITH YOUR ELEMENTAL POWERS, ME WITH MY FIRES.

THAT'S EXACTLY IT! I CAN'T GO BACK TO LIFE AS IT WAS--

--NOT WHEN I CAN JUST THINK ABOUT IT AND TURN SOMETHING INTO GOLD, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!

AM I A MAN-- OR A GOD?

YOU'RE IN A LOT OF TROUBLE, BUSTER.

LOOK, HANK, IT'S TIME YOU JUST DEAL WITH IT. NO, NOTHING'S THE SAME, AND NEVER WILL BE FOR US NOW.

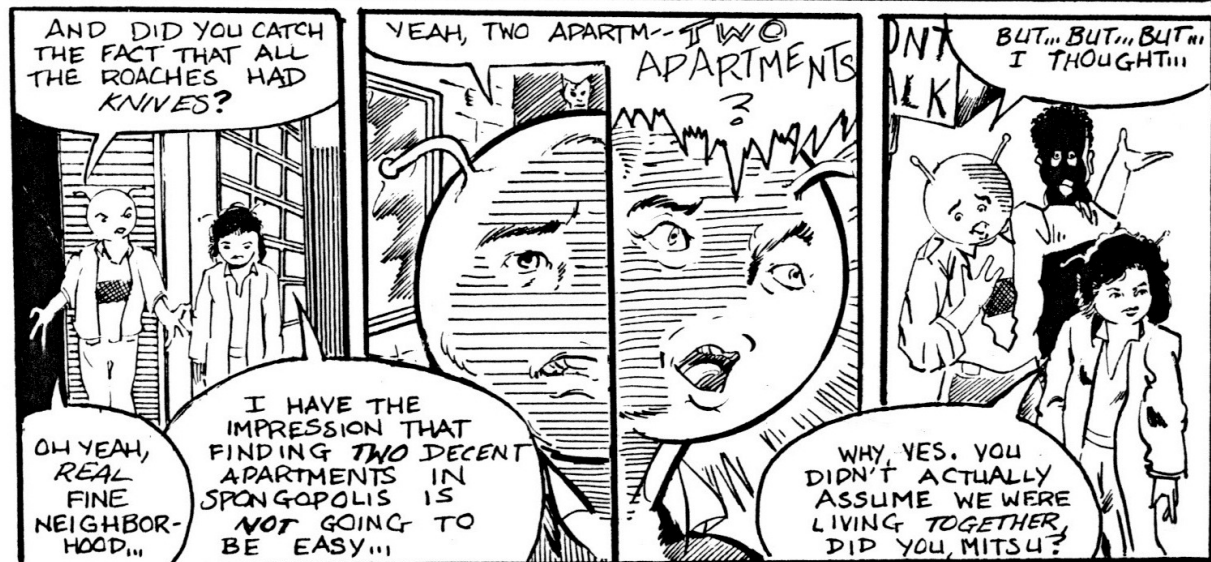
CHANGE HAPPENS-- THE BEST THING FOR ME RIGHT NOW IS TRYING OUT THIS HERO BUSINESS.

THE SQUADRON ARE GREAT FOLKS, A LOT OF FUN AND THEY'RE DOING GOOD THINGS, TOO-- WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US?

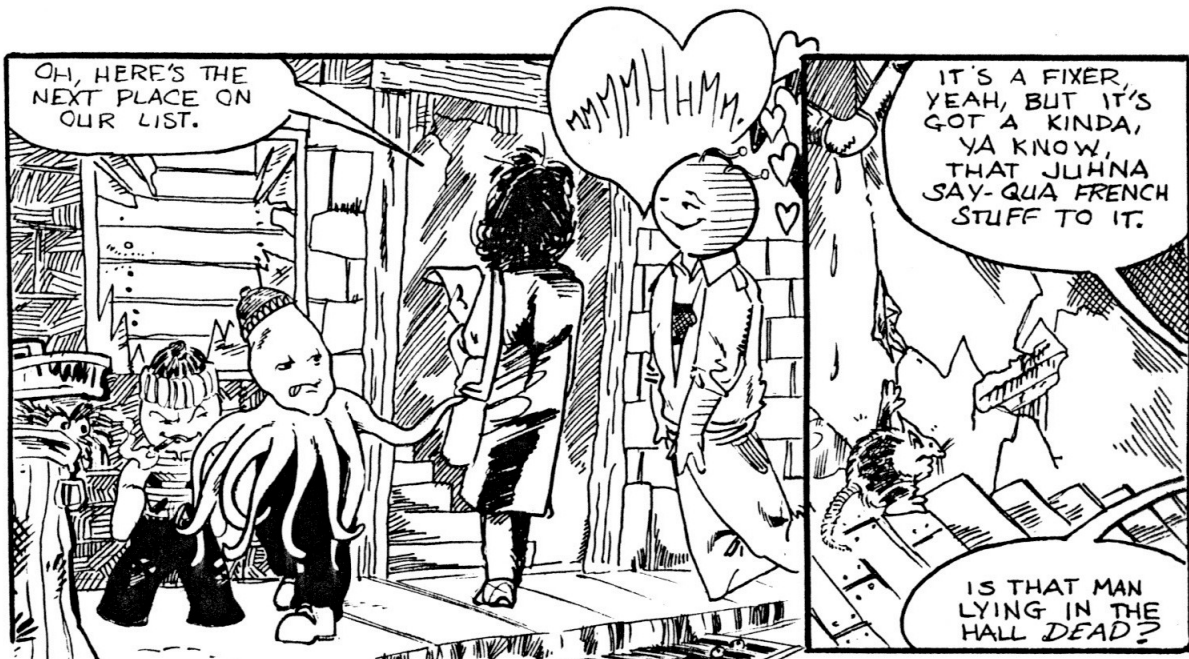
OKAY, I'LL THINK ABOUT IT SOME MORE.

THAT'S MORE LIKE THE HANK I'VE KNOWN SINCE COLLEGE. NOW, WOULD YOU LOOK AND SEE IF THERE'S ANY PACKING TAPE IN THAT DRAWER? ... AND ALSO, YOU KNOW, HANK, IF YOU DIDN'T JOIN THE SQUADRON, WHERE WOULD YOU GO NOW ANYWAY?

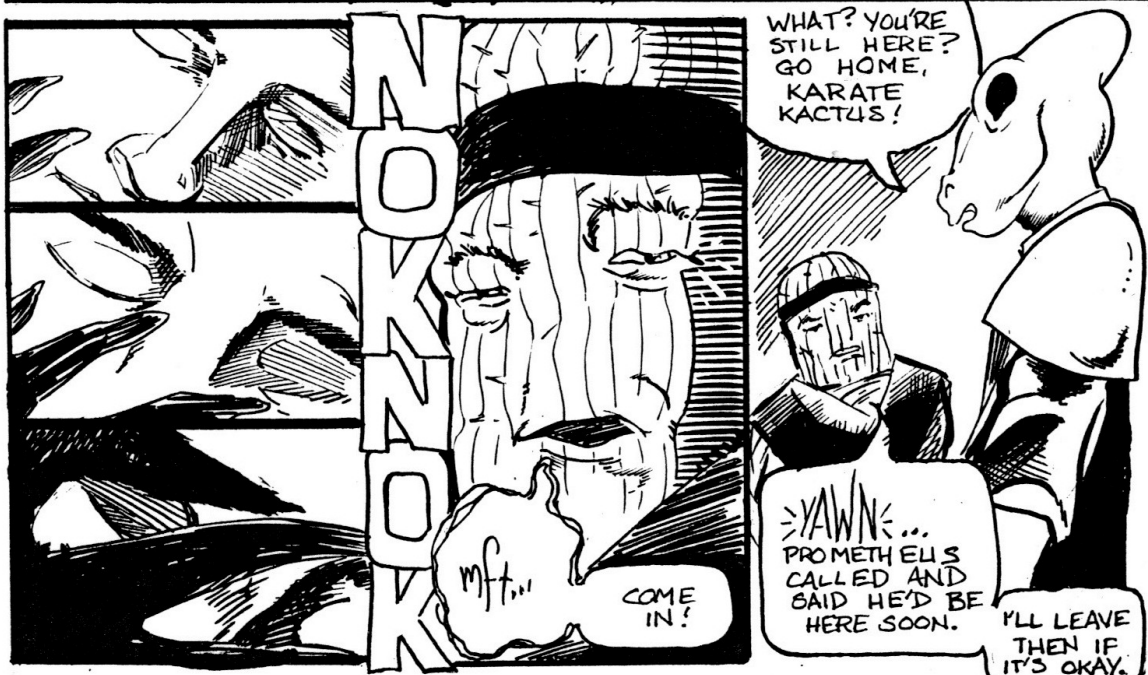
...maybe nowhere.



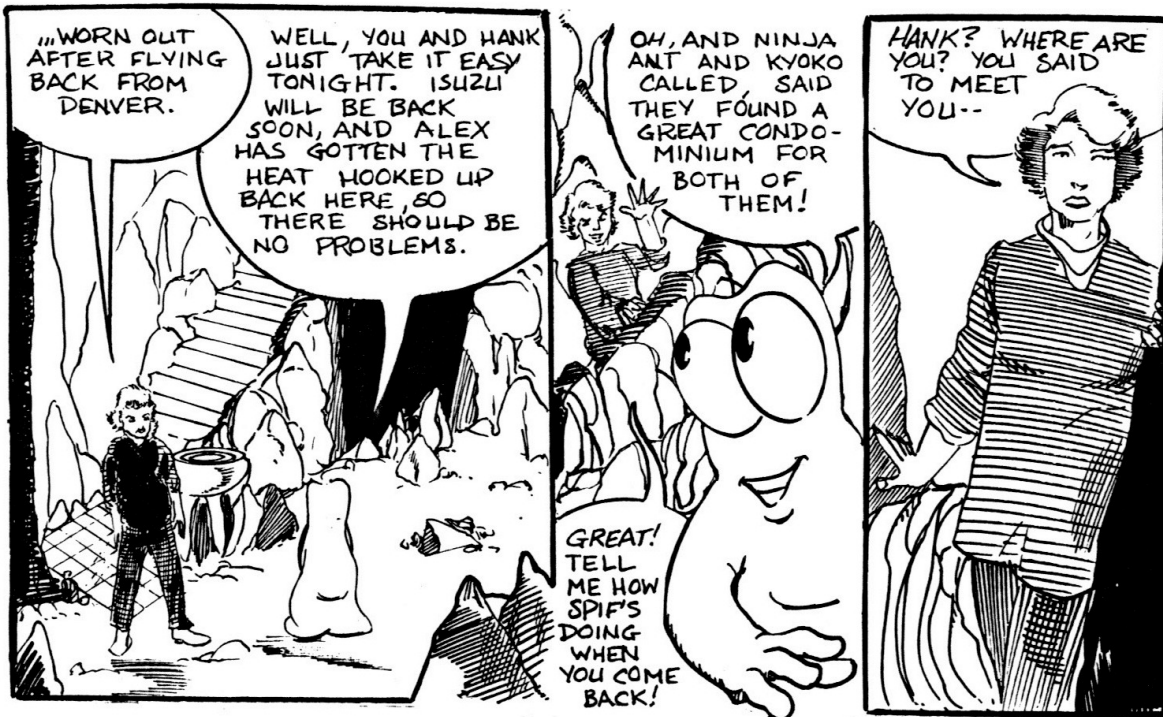














I WAS THERE, HOVERING IN THE CEILING OF THE WORLD, WONDERING WHAT TO DO NEXT. I WANTED TO KNOW, JUST WHAT COULD I DO? I MEAN, IT LOOKS AS IF I'M MASTER OVER ALL THE ELEMENTS -- MASTER OF EVERYTHING.

I PLAYED WITH CLOUDS FOR A TIME -- TURNING THEM INTO STONE, AND LETTING THEM FALL -- THEN TURNING THEM TO HELIUM RIGHT BEFORE THEY HIT THE GROUND.

I THEN TURNED TO HARDER EFFORTS -- I SAW A BIRD, AND TRIED TO TURN IT INTO A CAT --

--AND DID!

I COMPLETELY CHANGED THE NATURE OF ITS BEING!

I... I WAS GOD, DAWN.

H-HANK, I DON'T THINK YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. I MEAN, ALL CRANE'S MACHINES DID TO ME WAS GIVE ME THESE FLAME POWERS -- NOTHING MORE. I MEAN, TURNING BIRDS INTO CATS... THAT... THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE, HANK. IMPOSSIBLE.

NO... NO, IT'S NOT.

I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU WHAT HAPPENED NEXT, THIS AFTERNOON.

I THINK... I THINK I WENT INSANE, FOR A TIME.

WHEN I SAW WHAT I COULD DO, WHAT I HAVE BECOME.

I... DAWN... THERE'S NO EASY WAY TO PUT THIS...

DAWN, TODAY I DESTROYED THE UNIVERSE.

YOU BASTARD!

WHAT IS THIS? IF YOU WANT TO GET OUT, THEN GO! YOU DON'T NEED TO MAKE UP STORIES AND LIES ABOUT--

I DO NOT LIE, DAWN.

WHAT'S THE POINT, NOW?



I DID IT, DAWN, I DESTROYED IT ALL.  
NOT OUT OF EVIL, OR HATE --  
BUT FRUSTRATION.

AND THE WORST  
PART WAS, AFTER-  
WARDS -- I WAS  
STILL HERE. I  
EXISTED IN A VOID  
WITHOUT SOUND  
OR FORM OR  
SHAPE, EMPTY  
BEYOND EMPTINESS.  
AND I WAS STILL  
HERE! THE ONLY  
THING THAT EVER  
WAS AND EVER  
WILL BE.

I EXISTED  
ALONE FOR ETERNITY  
OR MAYBE A  
MILLION ETERNITIES;  
I DON'T KNOW --  
BEFORE I CAME  
ABOUT THE IDEA  
OF TRYING TO BRING  
IT ALL BACK.

THE  
UNIVERSE,  
JUST  
THE WAY  
IT WAS,

AND  
YOU  
KNOW  
WHAT?

I  
DID.

HANK -- YOU'RE  
SCARING ME.  
YOU DON'T HAVE  
TO JOIN THE  
TEAM IF YOU DON'T  
WANT TO...  
JUST...

STOP.

I'M  
SORRY  
DAWN...

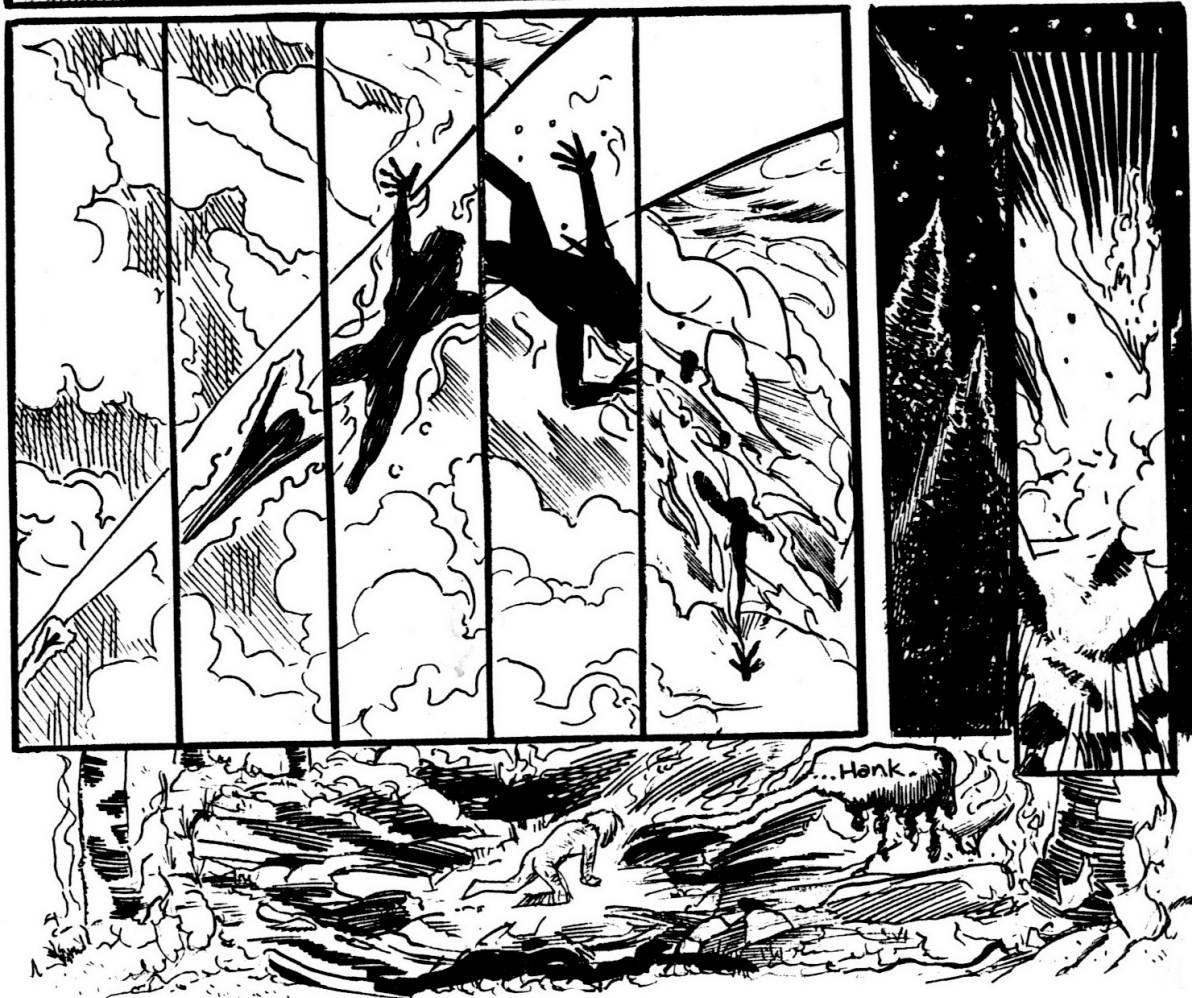
I DIDN'T  
MEAN TO SCARE  
YOU. YOU'RE ONE  
OF MY OLDEST  
BEST FRIENDS...

...AND THE  
LAST  
PERSON  
I WOULD  
HURT.

BUT, IT'S  
TIME FOR  
ME TO GO  
NOW.

GO? GOWHERE?  
WHERE CAN YOU  
GO?

WHERE ELSE?  
AWAY FROM THIS  
LITTLE WORLD  
AND ITS  
LITTLE WORRIES.



I HAVE HIGH HOPES FOR HIS RECOVERY, FRANKLY-- BUT I WON'T KNOW FOR SURE UNTIL HE COMES OUT OF THIS COMA.



ANY SIGNS OF LIFE YET?


NO, AND THAT'S THE DISTR-GOOD LORD!



WELL, AN' HERE I'D THOUGHT DOCTORS DINNAE MAKE HOUSE CALLS ANYMORE.



I HAVE A PRE-SCRIPTION FOR YE, LADDIE!



WERECHUCK! IT WAS YOU WHO ATTACKED SPIF! YOU SOMEHOW GOT OUT OF MACABRE'S REALM WITH US AND AMBUSHED HIM WHEN HE WAS ALONE!

--BUT YE FORGET THE PART WHERE I COME BACK TO FINISH THE JOB.




BRILLIANT DEDUCTIVE REASONING, BOYO



BUT WHY SPIF? WHAT DO YOU HAVE AGAINST HIM?



HERE! NAE FAIR!



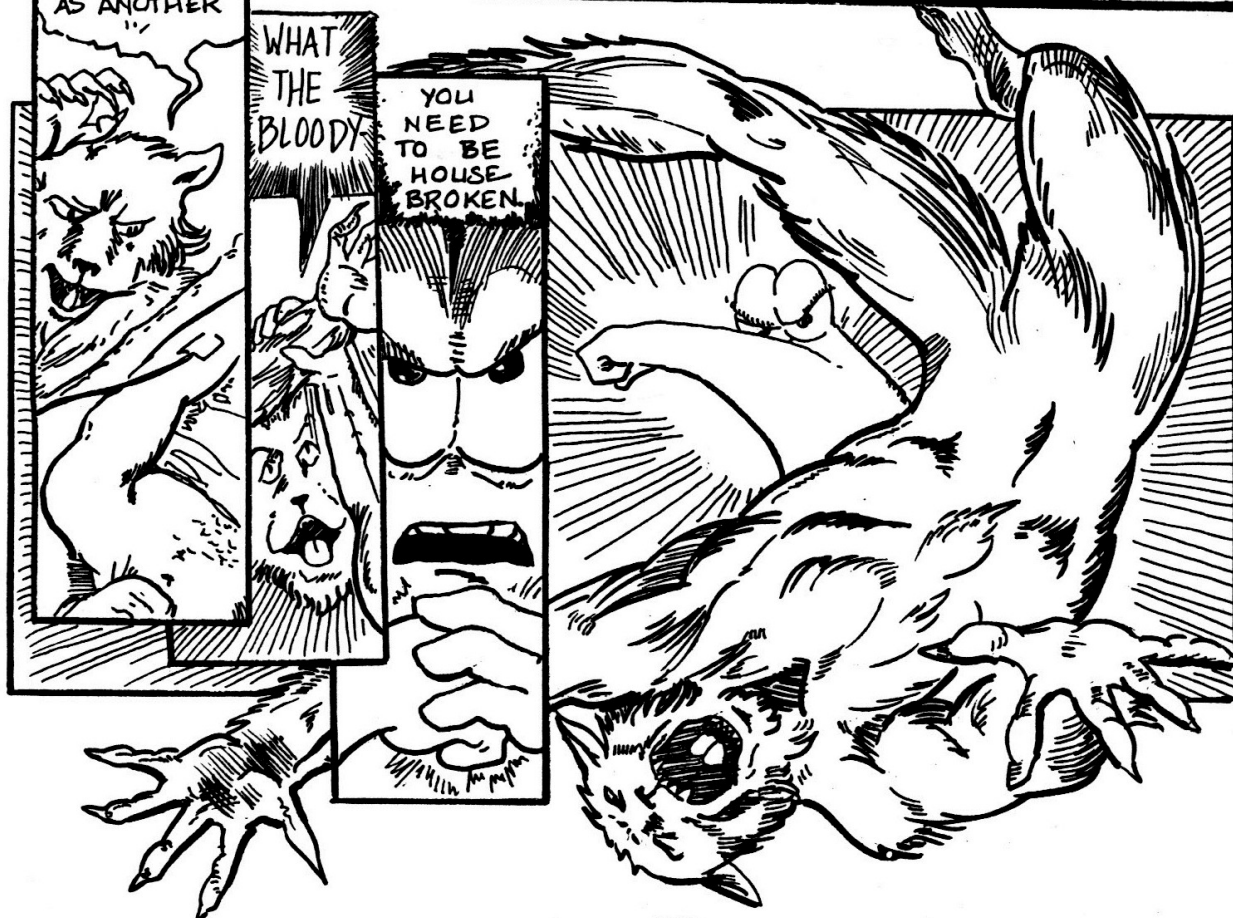
"FIGHTING FOR MY LIFE AGAINST A SCOTTISH WEREWOLF" AND I USED TO THINK MY LIFE COULDN'T GET ANY WEIRDER.

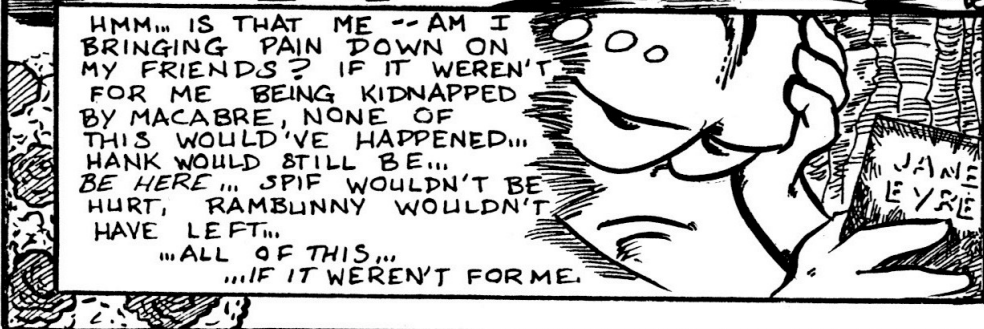
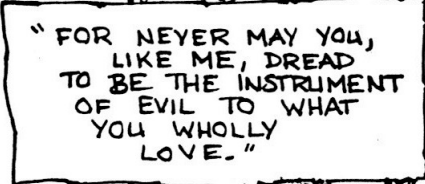
--YE ALL BURNED THE BEST JOB A SCOTS WEREWOLF CAN GET THESE DAYS HERE--

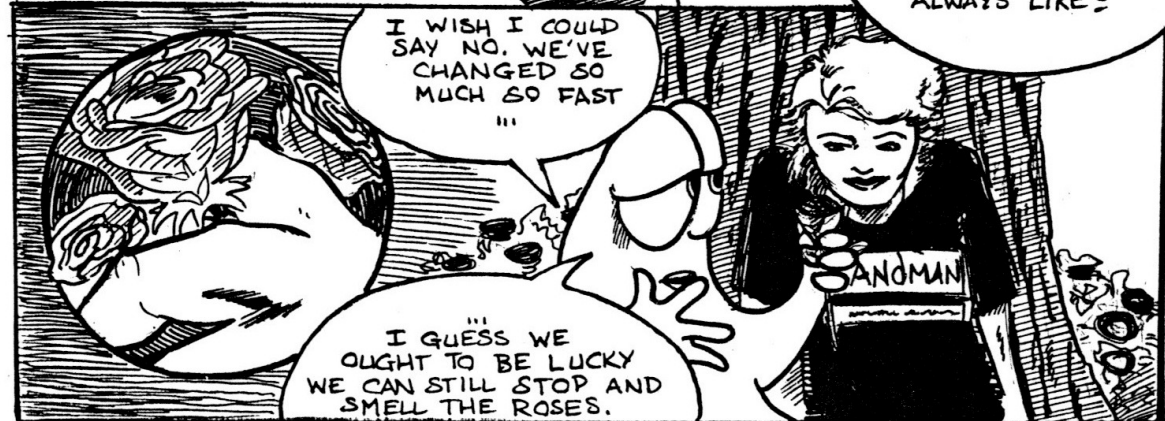
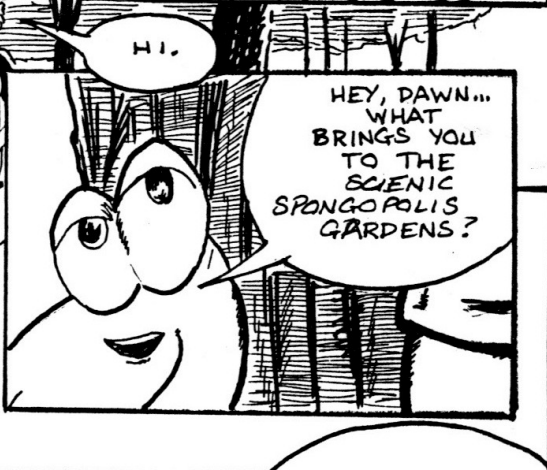
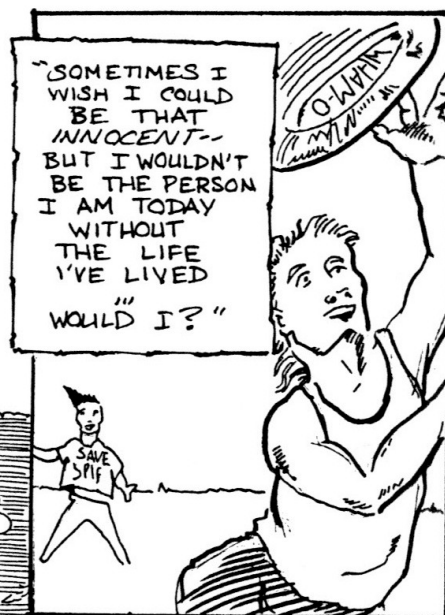
I'LL AS SOON KILL ANY OF YE!















### Continued from inside front cover


pressers, including Troy Hickman, Sam Gafford, Scott Shriver, Tony Lorenz, John Hurley, Lynn Allen, and many, many more, taking their cracks at the Amoeba gang. This sucker may actually top 80 pages! Look for it in late August or so--following that is #13, which I'll be writing, drawing, and inking, featuring the return of the villain most requested by readers, Herr Heinous!

- The title for this issue's tale comes from a superlative CD of the same name by Tori Amos. I advise anyone into Peter Gabriel, Kate Bush, or pretty much any sort of introspective, haunting music to seek it out. She also does a cover of Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit" that was quite possibly my favorite song of 1992.

- I'd like to thank Oscar Stern for providing the breathtaking back cover illo of Rambunny this issue--a very different look at everyone's favorite rodent! Oscar puts out a fascinating 'zine of his own, a combination of avant-garde comics, sketches, essays, and gallery work called *Wu Wei*. A single copy of the latest issue, #7, is available for \$1 from Oscar at F.D.R. Station, P.O. Box 1267, New York, NY 10150-1267. Tell him Nik sent ya!

- Next issue, the lettercol will return with a vengeance, along with Chicagocon coverage, tons of stories and pin-ups by the best in small press, and a very, very Marvelous surprise as well! Be here in 60!

Peace,



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## AMOEBA MAIL

P.O. Box 2230

University, MS 38677-2230

(Short version this time, kids--#10's been out only two weeks as of this writing, and I only have two responses yet. Besides, time is scarce this time! Continue writing, though--next issue will also feature results of the "Design A Costume" contest for Dawn Star! Don't miss the boat on that one! - Nik)

Troy Hickman  
Lafayette, IN

OK, here's my prediction of what will happen to the Squadron: the emphasis will move away from anthromorphics, but not totally. Rambunny will remain a member, as he's too popular with the fans, and a great visual. Ninja Ant or Karate Kactus might stick around too (but in a more "realistic" style), but not both of them; one or the other. Raoul will go, and even Pro! (How's that for going out on a limb?) New to the membership will be Alex the Inverted Man, cured of his affliction, but still possessing time powers (as this would open up all sorts of time travel stories and such). So, the final membership would be Manipulator, Dawn Star, Spif, Rambunny, Alex, and maybe

either Ninja Ant or KK (or Kyoko?). Hey, maybe I'm no psychic, but I'll bet Jeanne Dixon can't write a decent small press comic, so we're even.

Ha! Read the story, Hickman! You got three out of six. You can't second-guess *me*, you scum-sucking winner of the Feedback "Best Writer" Award, you! Congrats, buddy!)

J. Kevin Carrier  
Cincinnati, OH

...Impressive as all get-out. The circular motif really holds this issue together...the "rotating" chapter titles is a great touch. In a lot of ways, Prometheus is right back where he started; fresh from an encounter with powerful beings who have manipulated him for their own ends, and trying to deal with the consequences. I have a feeling that Macabre's plans for the little guy extend even beyond MM's death.

(Thanks for the comments, guys! I'm sorry I can't run the entirety of your letters this issue, but I'll be sure to run the rest of them next time, along with more on #10 & #11! Keep writing, folks!)

# THE UFO CHECKLIST

THESE ARE THE LATEST RELEASES FROM THE **UFO** (UNITED FANZINE ORGANIZATION) PUBLISHING CO-OP, CURRENTLY AVAILABLE SUMMER 1993. FOR INFO ON JOINING THIS NIFTY GROUP, WRITE CHAIRMAN SAM GAFFORD, 53 ANAWAMSCUTT DR., BRISTOL RI 02809.

**CHUTNEY POINT #1** (\$2 from Matt Kelleigh, Abalone Press, 7485 Woodridge Ln., Bremerton WA 98310) A gripping, offbeat murder mystery in the "Twin Peaks" vein.

**DUNGAR THE BARBARIAN #45** (\$1 from Ian Shires, Dimestore Productions, P.O. Box 360041, Strongsville, OH 44136) Written and drawn by *Amoeba* #11's guest artist Max Ink! Dungar finds himself haunted by his past crimes.

**ETERNITY #4** (\$3 from Sam Gafford, address above) Paul Quinn, Ruth Frey, and Larry Johnson are among the contributors this issue to this exemplary anthology.

**JOHN DOE, THE GENETIC DEFECT #1:** (\$1.75 from Joe Meyer, 250 W. 19th St., Apt 9D, New York, NY 10011) A wonderfully wacky comic about three roommates, a very odd werewolf, and betrayals. **Recommended!**

**POWERWUS #19:** (50¢ from Jason Marcy, 3 Rowanwood St., Hamilton, ONT Canada L8L 7H1) It's the Wus vs. "Dark Gavin" to the death!

**SANITY IMPAIRED KAT #1:** (\$1.00 plus some stamps from Kel M. Crum, 2031 Balmoral Ct., Columbus, OH 43229) Crum and Daniel Nauenburg update the classic "Krazy Kat" for the 90's.

**TALES OF FANTASY #11:** (\$2 from Larry Johnson, 9 St. Peter St., Jamaica Plain, MA 02130) A 32-pg. Madame Boogala epic!

**TETRAGRAMMATON FRAGMENTS** (The UFO Newsletter): (\$2 for sample issue from Sam Gafford, address above) Always fascinating reading!

**THE UFO CATALOG #1:** (FREE!--but you could send a few stamps--from Sam Gafford, address above) All the best of the UFO members' books!

**THE 1993 UFO COMICS ANNUAL** (\$2.00 from Sam Gafford, yep, address above) Did you miss this one? You'll regret it! TWO volumes and 116 pages of comics from all 25 of the UFO members! *Amoeba* readers: An 8-pg. teamup between Rambunny and Jason Marcy's Powerwus, currently not available anywhere else, is included!

**THE COMIC STRIP GAZETTE #4:** (\$2 from Verl Holt Bond, 1475 Tabor Ave., Kettering, OH 45420) Amazing artwork and rivetting storytelling in Verl's latest anthology!

**HEROIC #4:** (\$1.25 from Jim Main, 14 Bostwick Pl., New Milford, CT 06776) Lots of great articles and a never-before-seen Rob Hanes adventure by Randy Reynaldo, winner of three Feedback awards!





## SPECIAL 2020 BONUS SECTION



So wayyyyyy back in 1993, the making of this issue was a bit of a "dog's breakfast." The marvellous Max Ink pencilled, but I needed an inker. A fellow named Larry Towsley offered to ink the pages, but only partially completed them - and regrettably, he often redrew some of Max's original pencils! I ended up finishing the inking myself in my typically awkward way. So sadly Max's great art for this issue ended up a bit butchered. (No offense meant to Larry T. - it was many years ago now!) Here's a sample of a few of the pencilled pages that I still have in photocopy form from the old Amoeba Archive just to give you an idea of what Max's original pencils looked like. (And again, sorry brother!)







I DID IT, DAWN. I DESTROYED IT ALL.  
NOT OUT OF EVIL, OR HATE --  
BUT FRUSTRATION.

AND THE WORST  
PART WAS, AFTER-  
WARDS -- I WAS  
STILL HERE. I  
EXISTED IN A VOID  
WITHOUT SOUND  
OR FORM OR  
SHAPE, EMPTY  
BEYOND EMPTINESS --  
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I DON'T KNOW --  
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THE  
UNIVERSE  
JUST  
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IT WAS.

AND  
YOU  
KNOW  
WHAT?

HANK - YOU'RE  
SCARING ME.  
YOU DON'T HAVE  
TO JOIN THE  
TEAM IF YOU DON'T  
WANT TO...  
JUST...

STOP.

...AND THE  
LAST  
PERSON  
I WOULD  
HURT.

BUT, IT'S  
TIME FOR  
ME TO GO  
NOW.

GO? GO WHERE?  
WHERE CAN YOU  
GO?

I  
DID.

I'M  
SORRY  
DAWN...

I DIDN'T  
MEAN TO SCARE  
YOU. YOU'RE ONE  
OF MY OLDEST

WHERE ELSE?  
AWAY FROM THIS  
LITTLE WORLD  
AND ITS

